

III.  
The Unquiet Grave.  
or  
Cold blows the Wind.

[N. DEVONSHIRE.]

*Andante espressivo.*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system shows a treble clef staff with a whole rest and a bass clef staff with a whole rest. The second system shows the piano accompaniment starting with a *legato* marking. The music is in G major and 3/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble.

The first system of the vocal line begins with the lyrics: "Cold blows the wind o'er my true love, Cold blow the drops of.... rain, I". The vocal melody is in G major and 3/4 time, with a piano accompaniment that continues from the introduction.

The second system of the vocal line continues with the lyrics: "ne-ver had but one true love, In green-wood he..... was slain.....". The vocal melody is in G major and 3/4 time, with a piano accompaniment that includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

The final system of the piano accompaniment shows the continuation of the eighth-note accompaniment and chords, concluding the piece.

1.

"Cold blows the wind o'er my true love,  
Cold blow the drops of rain,  
I never had but one true love,  
In the greenwood he was slain."

2.

I'll do as much for my true love  
As any young girl may:  
I'll sit and weep down by his grave  
For twelve months and a day."

3.

But when twelve months were come and gone  
This young man he arose:  
"What makes you weep down by my grave?  
I can't take my repose?"

4.

"One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips,  
One kiss is all I crave!  
One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips,  
And return back to your grave."

5.

"My lips they are as cold as clay,  
My breath is heavy and strong;  
If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,  
Thy days would not be long!"

6.

O don't you remember the garden grove  
Where we was used to walk?  
Pluck the finest flower of them all,  
'Twill wither to a stalk."

7.

"My time be long, my time be short,  
To-morrow or to-day,  
Sweet Christ in heaven will have my soul,  
And take my life away."

8.

"Don't grieve, don't grieve for me, true love,  
No mourning do I crave;  
I must leave you and all the world,  
And sink down in my grave."

[Sung by Mrs. Jeffreys, 1893.]