

II.
The Unquiet Grave
or
How cold the Winds do blow.

[SURREY.]

Andante espressivo.

"How cold the winds do

blow, dear love! And a few small drops of.... rain, I

cresc. *dim.* Verses 1-6.
ne-ver ne-ver had but one true love, In the greenwood he was slain..... I'll

dim. *rit.* Last verse.
Christ calls us a - way."

1.

"How cold the winds do blow, dear love!
And a few small drops of rain!
I never, 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 mourn upon his grave
For twelve months and a day."

3.

When twelve months and a day were up
Then he began to speak
"O, who is it sits upon my grave
And will not let me sleep?"

4.

"It's I, it's I, your own true love,
Your own true love!" said she
"One single sweet kiss from your clay-cold lips!
That's all I want from thee!"

5.

"My lips they are as cold as [any] clay,
My breath is heavy and strong,
If you were to kiss my clay-cold lips
Your life it won't be long.

6.

It's down in yonder garden, love,
Where we were used to walk,
There's finest flowers that ever grew
All withered to the stalk.

7.

They're withered and dried up, dear love,
Never to return any day,
So it's you, and I, and all must die,
When Christ calls us away."

[Sung by Mrs. Rugman, 1896]