

II. The Unquiet Grave

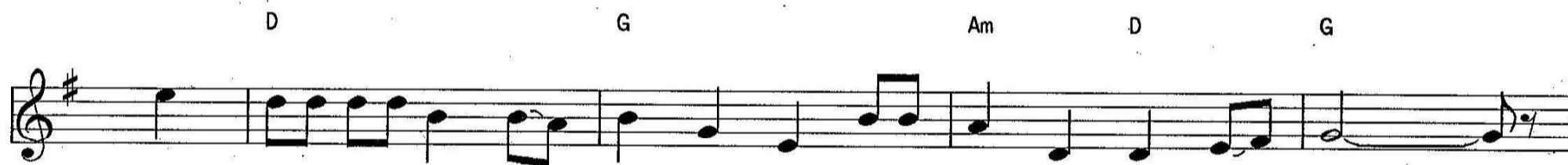
or How Cold the Winds Do Blow

No. 19.

With expression



1. "How cold the winds do blow, dear..love! And a few small drops of... rain!
2. I'll do as much for my true..love As an- y young girl. may:
3. When twelve months and a day were..up Then he be- gan to... speak
4. "It's I, it's I, your own true..love, Your own true love!" said. she



I nev-er,nev-er had but.. one true love, In the green-wood he was.. slain.
I'll sit and mourn all.. on his grave For twelve months and a.... day."
"Oh, who is it sits up.. on my grave And will not let me... sleep?"
One sing- le 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,
And 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."