

The Unquiet Grave

Asonance

1. Cold blows the wind to my true love
and gently drops the rain
I've never had but one true love
and in greenwood he lies slain.
2. I'll do as much for my true love
as any young girl may
I'll sit and mourn all on his grave
for twelve month and a day.
3. And when twelve month and a day was passed
the ghost did rise and speak.
why sittest thou all on my grave
and will not let me sleep?
4. Go fetch me water from desert
and blood from out the stone
go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast
that young man never has known.
5. My breast it is as cold as clay
my breath is earthly strong
and if you kiss my cold clay lips
your days they won't be long.
6. When will we meet again sweetheart
when will we meet again?
when the autumn leaves that fall from the trees
are green and spring up again.