

Cold Blows the Wind

Bellowhead

Cold blows the wind of my true love Cold blow the drops of rain
I never had but one true love And in Greenwood he lies slain

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

But when twelve months they were up and gone This young man, he
arose What makes you sit by my grave and weep? I can't take my
repose

Instrumental

One kiss, one kiss from your lily-white lips One kiss is all I
crave One kiss, one kiss from your lily-
white lips Then return back to your grave

These lips, they are as cold as clay My breath is heavy and str
ong If you were to kiss these lily-
white lips Your life would not be long

Oh don't you remember the garden grove Where once we used to wa
lk Go pick the finest flower of the morn It will wither to a st
alk

Instrumental

Go fetch me a flower from the dungeon deep Bring water from a s
tone Bring white milk from a virgin's breast That baby never bo
re none

Go dig me a grave both wide and deep Do it as quick as you may
That I may lay down and take a long sleep For twelve months and
a day