

The Unquiet Grave (Child No. 78)

Joan Baez

Cold blows the wind to my true love
And gently drops the rain
I've never had but one true love
And in green-wood he lies slain

I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl may
I'll sit and mourn all on his grave
For a twelve months and a day

And when twelve months and a day was passed
The ghost did rise and speak
Why sittest thou all on my grave
And will no let me sleep?

Go fetch me water from the desert
And blood from out the stone
Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast
That young man never has known

How oft on yonder grave, sweetheart
Where we were want to walk
The fairest flower that e'er I saw
Has withered to a stalk

A stalk has withered and dead, sweetheart
The flower will never return
And since I've lost my own true love
What can I do but yearn

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