

The Unquiet Grave

Kate Rusby

How pleasant is the wind tonight
I feel some drops of rain
I never had but one true love
In greenwood he lies slain
I'll do so much for my true love
As any young girl may
I'll sit and mourn all on your grave
For twelve months and a day

The twelve months and a day being up
The ghost began to speak
Why sit you here and mourn for me
And you will not let me sleep
What do you want of me sweetheart
Oh what is it you crave
Just one kiss of your lily white lips
And that is all I crave

Oh don't you see the fire sweetheart
The fire that burns so blue
Where my poor soul tormented is
All for the love of you
And if you weren't my own sweetheart
As I know you well to be
I'd rend you up in pieces small
As leaves upon a tree

Mourn not for me my dearest dear
Mourn not for me I crave
I must leave you and all the world
And turn into my grave