

## 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