

# The Unquiet Grave

Solas

Cold blows the wind upon my true love  
Soft falls the gentle rain  
I never had but one true love  
And in Greenwood she lies slain

I'd lose much for my true love  
As any young man may  
I'll sit and I'll mourn all on your grave  
For twelve months and a day

When the twelfth month and a day had passed  
The ghost began to speak  
"Who is it that sits all on my grave  
And will not let me sleep?"

"'Tis I, 'tis I, thine own true love  
That sits all on your grave  
I ask of one kiss from your sweet lips  
And that is all that I crave"

"My lips, they are as clay, my love  
My breath is earthy strong  
And if you should kiss my clay-cold lips  
Your time, 'twould not be long"

"Look down in the yonder garden fair  
Love, where we used to walk  
The fairest flower that ever bloomed  
Has withered and too the stalk"

"The stalk, it has withered and dried, my love  
So will our hearts decay  
So make yourself content, my love  
'Til death calls you away"

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