

Cold Blows the Wind

Ween

Cold blows the wind over my true love
Cold blows the drops of rain
I never had but one true love
And in Cam Ville he was 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 month and one day

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

One kiss, one kiss of your lily white lips
One kiss is all I crave
One kiss, one kiss of your lily white lips
And return back to your grave

My lips they are as cold as my clay
My breath is heavy and strong
If thou was to kiss my lily white lips
Thy days would not be long

Oh, don't you remember the garden grove
Where we used to walk?
Pluck the finest flower of them all
Twill wither to a stalk

Go fetch me a nun from the dungeon deep
And water from a stone
And white milk from a maiden's breast
That babe were never known

Go dig me a grave both long, wide and deep
As quickly as you may
I'll lie down in it and take one sleep
For twelve month and one day

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