

The Unquiet Grave

Gryphon

Cold blows the wind to my true love and gently drops the rain
I only had but one true love and in greenwood she lies slain
I'll do as much for my true love as any young man may
I'll sit and mourn along her grave for a twelve-month and a day
When the twelve months and one day was past the ghost began to speak:
"Why sit thou'st here along my grave and will not let me sleep?"
"There's one thing that I want sweetheart, there's one thing that I crave
And that is a kiss from your lily white lips then I'll go from your grave"
"My lips they are as cold as clay my breath smells earthy strong
And if you kiss my cold clay lips your days they won't be long
Go fetch me water from the desert and blood from out of stone
Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast that a young man never had known"

'Twas down in Cupid's Garden where you and I would walk
The finest flower that ever I saw is withered to a stalk
The stalk is withered and dry sweetheart the flower will ne'er return
And since I lost my one true love what can I do but mourn?
"When shall we meet again sweetheart? When shall we meet again?"
"Ere the oaken leaves that fall from the trees are green and spring up again"

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