

Cold Blows the Wind

Bellowhead

Cold blows the wind of my true love
Cold blow the drops of rain
I never had but one true love
And in Greenwood he lies 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 months and a day But when twelve months they were up and gone
This young man, he arose
What makes you sit by my grave and weep?
I can't take my repose One kiss, one kiss from your lily-white lips
One kiss is all I crave
One kiss, one kiss from your lily-white lips
Then return back to your grave These lips, they are as cold as clay
My breath is heavy and strong
If you were to kiss these lily-white lips
Your life would not be long Oh don't you remember the garden grove
Where once we used to walk
Go pick the finest flower of the morn
It will wither to a stalk Go fetch me a flower from the dungeon deep
Bring water from a stone
Bring white milk from a virgin's breast
That baby never bore none Go dig me a grave both wide and deep
Do it as quick as you may
That I may lay down and take a long sleep
For twelve months and a day

Songwriters

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