

# The Unquiet Grave

[Jo Freya](#)

(traditional ballad circa 1400)  
The wind doth howl today m'love  
And a winter's worth of rain  
I never had but one true love  
In cold grave she was lain  
Oh I adored my sweetest love  
As any young man may  
So I'll sit and weep upon her grave  
For twelve-month and a day  
One true love is eternity for two  
Three four nevermore  
Will I see my love true  
The twelve-month and a day foregone  
The dead began to speak  
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave  
And will not let me sleep?"  
"'Tis I, m'love, upon thy grave  
Who will not let you sleep  
For I crave one kiss of your lips  
And that is all I seek"  
"You crave one kiss of my cold lips  
But I am one year gone  
If you have one kiss of my lips  
Your time will not be long  
Let me remind thee, dearest one  
A patient heart to keep  
For we professed eternal love  
That lives though I may sleep"  
There down in yonder garden grove  
Love, where we once did walk  
The finest flower that ever was seen  
Has withered to a stalk  
The stalk is withered dry, my love  
Though our hearts shan't decay  
So make yourself content, my love  
Till god calls you away"

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