The Unquiet Grave

Jean Ritchie

(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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