

The Unquiet Grave

Faith and the Muse

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 upin 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 forgone the dead began to speak
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave and will not let me sleep?"

"Tis I, my love, upon my grave that 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 me, 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 finesst flower that ever was seen has withered to a stalk
the stalk has withered dry, my love though our hearts shan't decay
so make yourself content, my love till god calls you away"