

The Unquiet Grave

Solas

Cold blows the wind upon my true love
Soft falls the gentle rain
I never had but one true love
And in Greenwood she lies slain

I'd lose much for my true love
As any young man may
I'll sit and I'll mourn all on your grave
For twelve months and a day

When the twelfth month and a day had passed
The ghost began to speak
"Who is it that sits all on my grave
And will not let me sleep?"

"'Tis I, 'tis I, thine own true love
That sits all on your grave
I ask of one kiss from your sweet lips
And that is all that I crave"

"My lips, they are as clay, my love
My breath is earthy strong
And if you should kiss my clay-cold lips
Your time, 'twould not be long"

"Look down in the yonder garden fair
Love, where we used to walk
The fairest flower that ever bloomed
Has withered and too the stalk"

"The stalk, it has withered and dried, my love
So will our hearts decay
So make yourself content, my love
'Til death calls you away"

1