Cold Blows the Wind (Shropshire)



I'll sit and weep down by his grave

For twelve months and a day.

But when twelve months were come and gone, This young man he arose, "What makes you weep down by my grave? I can't take my repose." "One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips, One kiss is all I crave; One kiss, one kiss of your lily-white lips And return back to your grave."

"My lips they are as cold as clay My breath is heavy and strong; If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips, Thy days would not be long!" "O don't you remember the garden grove, Where we was used to walk? Pluck the finest flower of them all 'Twill wither to a stalk."

"Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon keep And water from a stone, And white milk froma maiden's breast That babe bare never none." "Go dig me a grave both wide, and deep, (As quickey as you may) I will lie down in it and take one sleep For a twelve month and a day."