

The Unquiet Grave

The Dubliners

The Wind doth blow today my love,
A few small drops the rain.
Never have i had but one true love,
In cold clay she is lain.

I'll do as much for my true love,
As any young man may.
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave,
A twelve month and a day.

The twelve month and a day been gone,
A voice spoke from the deep.
"Who is it sits all on my grave.
And will not let me sleep?"

Tis I Tis I thine own true love,
Who site upon your grave,
For I crave one kiss from your sweet lips,
And that is all i seek.

"You crave one kiss from my clay cold lips,
But my breath is earthy strong.
Had you one kiss from my clay cold lips,
You're time would not be long"

My time be long, my time be short,
Tomorrow or today,
May God in heaven have all my soul
But I'll kiss you lips of clay.

See down in yonder garden green.
Love where we used to walk.
The sweetest flower that ever grew.
Is withered to the stalk.

The stalk is withered dry sweetheart,
So will our hearts decay.
So make yourself content, my love,
'Til death calls you away