

One True Love

Steeleye Span

Cold blows the wind o'er my true love,
Cold blows the drops of rain,
I never had but one true love
And never will again.

I'll do as much for my true love
As any lover may,
I'll sit and weep down by his grave
A twelve-month in one day.

One kiss, one kiss from your sweet lips,
One kiss is all I crave.
One kiss, one kiss from your sweet lips,
And sink down in your grave.

And your lips, they are not sweet my love
Your kiss is cold as clay,
My time be long, my time be short,
Tomorrow or today.

And down beyond the garden wall,
Where we both used to walk,
Are finest flowers that ever grew
All withered to a stalk.

Cold blows the wind o'er my true love,
Cold blows the drops of rain,
I never had but one true love
And never will again.