

The wind doth blow today my love, a few small drops of rain
I never had but one true love, in cold clay she is laid
I'll do as much for my true love, as any young man may
I'll sit and mourn upon her grave for twelve months and a day

The twelve-month and the day being gone a voice came 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 sits upon your grave
I crave a kiss from your sweet lips for that is all I seek

When shall we come together again
When shall we meet again, sweetheart?
When the autumn leaves that fall from the trees
Are green and rise up again

A kiss you crave from my cold lips, but my breath is earthly strong
One kiss of my cold clay lips and your time would not be long
My time be long, my time be short, tomorrow or today
May gods or devils have my soul but I'll kiss your lips of clay

See down in the garden green where we used to walk
The sweetest flower that ever I saw is withered to a stalk

The stalk has withered dry my love, so will our hearts decay
I'll make myself content my love, till death calls me away