

## **Ween**

# **"Cold Blows The Wind"**

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Cold blows the wind over my true love  
Cold blows the drops of rain  
I never had but one true love  
And in Cam Ville he was slain

I'll do as much for my true love  
As any young girl may  
I'll sit and weep down by his grave  
For twelve month and one 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 my clay  
My breath is heavy and strong  
If thou was to kiss my lily white lips  
Thy days would not be long  
Oh, don't you remember the garden grove  
Where we used to walk?  
Pluck the finest flower of them all  
Twill wither to a stalk

Go fetch me a nun from the dungeon deep  
And water from a stone  
And white milk from a maiden's breast  
That babe were never known

Go dig me a grave both long, wide and deep  
As quickly as you may  
I'll lie down in it and take one sleep  
For twelve month and one day

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