

David Pajo "Unquiet Grave"

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The wind blew up the wind blew down
It brought some drops of rain
My own true love is only one
And she in the grave has lain
Ah weep your tear and make a moan
As many a lover may
And sit and grieve upon her grave
For a season and a day
And when the season's past and gone
The fair young maid did say
What man is weeping on my grave
The night and most the day
Tis I tis I my fair young love
That can no longer sleep
For want of a kiss of your darling lips
The day and night I seek
Cold clay I am my lips cold clay
To kiss them would be wrong
For if you go against god's law
Your time will not be long
See there see there the sun has set
The day has past for e'er
You cannot bring it back again
By means foul or fair
See there alas the garden green
Where often we did walk
The fairest flower that e'er was seen
Is withered at the stalk
Our own hearts too will die my love
And like the stalk decay
So all that you can do my love
Is to wait your dying day

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