

Folk Songs

"The Unquiet Grave"

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Two were the sisters, one the bride,
John was so young and so brave.
The sisters stood silently side by side,
The one betrothed sobbed by his grave.
Cold blows the wind today, my love,
Bringing the clouds that rain.
Oh what can I do or say, my love,
To bring you near me, near me again?

I'll do as much for my true love,
As any young girl may.
I'll come and I'll mourn on his lonely grave,
For fully twelve months and one more day.

Time has gone by, a year, a day,
Lo! And a ghost did rise.
Said he: I beg you to let me stay,
And sleep forever, with my closed eyes.

How can I let you sleep, my love,
Now that your dear voice I hear?
I crave but a kiss from your clay-cold lips,
I long to kiss you, holding you near.

Then spoke the spirit angrily:
This would be harming you,
If you feel the touch of my clay-cold lips,
Your days, oh dear one, they will be through.

The spoke the maid in warm sweet tone:
This I would gladly do,
I so want to join you, my love, my own,
If this be dying, take me to you.

So goes the tale that time has told,
She rests beside him at last,
She's close to her love as in days of old,
She's with her lover, as in the past.

Unquiet grave, be still, be still,
Unquiet soul rest in peace.

Your lov'd ones will join thee, they will, they will,
When once their journey here has to cease.

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