

The Unquiet Grave

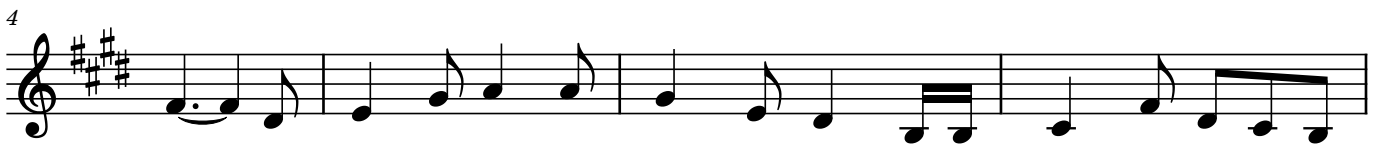
Alto

trad. arr. R. Jeffrey

♩. = 50



Cold blows the wind to - night, true love, Cold are the drops of



rain, I've ne - ver had but one true love, And in green-wood he lies



slain, and in green - wood he lies slain.