

# Ween, COLD BLOWS THE WIND (Traditional Chinese)

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