

I Am Stretched On Your Grave *(Táim sínte ar do thuama)*

I am stretched on your grave and I'll lie there forever
If your hands were in mine I'd be sure they would not sever
My appletree, my brightness, it's time we were together
For I smell by the Earth and I'm worn by the weather

When my family think that I'm safe in my bed
From night until morning I am stretched at your head
Calling out to the air with tears hot and wild
My grief for the girl that I loved as a child

Do you remember the night when we were lost
In the shade of the blackthorn and the touch of the frost?
Oh, and thanks be to Jesus we did all that was right
And your maidenhead still is your pillar of light

The priests and the friars approach me in dread
For I still know you even though you're gone
I still will be your shelter through rain and through storm
For with you in the cold ground I cannot sleep warm

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