

Pure Records

"I Am Stretched on Your Grave"

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I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie here for ever.
If your hands were in mine,
I'd be sure they would not sever.
My apple tree, my brightness,
It's time we were together,
For I smell of the earth,
And I'm worn by the weather.

When my family think
That I'm safely in my bed.
Oh, from morn' until night,
I am stretched out at your head.
Calling out unto the earth
With tears hot and wild
For the loss of a girl
That I loved as a child.

Do you remember the night
Oh, the night when we were lost
In the shade of the black-thorn
And the touch of the frost?
And thanks be to Jesus
We did all that was right,
And your maidenhead still
Is your pillar of light.

Oh, the priests and the friars
they approach me in dread,
Oh, for I love you still,
Oh, my life and you're dead.
I still will be your shelter
Through rain and through storm,
And with you in your cold grave,
I can not sleep warm.

(Repeat First Verse)

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