

## **Oconnor Sinead**

# **"I Am Stretched On Your Grave"**

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I am stretched on your grave and will lie there forever  
if your hands were in mine I'd be sure we'd not sever  
my apple tree my brightness it's time we were together  
for I smell of the earth and am worn by the weather  
when my family thinks that I'm safe in my bed from  
night until morning I am streteched 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 we were lost in the shade of the blackthorn and  
the chill of the frost thanks be to Jesus we did what was  
right and your maidenhead still is your pillar of light  
the priests and the friars approach me in dread  
because I still love you my love and you're dead I still  
would be your shelter through rain and through storm  
and with you in your cold grave I cannot sleep warm so  
I'm stretched on your grave and will lie there forever if  
you hands were in mine I'd be sure we'd not sever my  
apple tree my brightness it's time we were together for  
I smell of the earth and am worn by the weather.

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