

I Am Stretched On Your Grave

Kate Rusby

I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie here forever
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 by 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 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.

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 cannot sleep warm

I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie here forever
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 by the Earth
And I'm worn by the weather.