I Am Stretched Out On Your Grave

Charlotte Martin

I am stretched on your grave And I'll lie here forever With your hands 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 safely in bed
From night until morning
I am stretched at your head

Calling out to the earth With tears hot and wild For the loss of the girl That I loved as a child

The priests and the friars Approach me in dread Because I still love you My love, and you're dead

I'll still 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 lie here forever If your hand's 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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