

# I Am Stretched On Your Grave

Kate Rusby

I am stretched on your grave  
And I'll lie here forever  
If you 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

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