

The Unquiet Grave

Rakoth

I am stretched on your grave, and you'll find me
there always, If I had bounty of your arms I
should never leave you. Little apple, my
beloved, it is time for me to lay with you, There
is the cold smell of clay on me, the tan of the
sun and the wind. There is a lock on my heart,
which is filled with love for you, And melancholy
beneath it as black as the sloes. If anything
happens to me, and death overthrows me, I
shall become a fairy wind-gust down on the
meadows before you. When my family thinks
that I'm in my bed, It is on your grave I am
stretched from night till morning, Telling my
distress and lamenting bitterly For my quiet
lovely girl who was bethrothed to me as a child.
Do you remember the nights when you and I
were under the blackthorn tree, And the night
freezing? A hundred praises to gods that we did
nothing harmful, And your crown of maidenhood
is a tree of light before you! The priests and the
monks every day were angry with me For being
in love with you, young girl, when you are dead.
I would be a shelter from the wind for you And
protection from the rain for you; And oh, keen
sorrow to my heart that you are under the
earth!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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