

# Blackthorn

## Blackthorn

So many men think that I am theirs  
When I sit with them, when I drink with them  
Nothing compares to all that was shared  
Between you and I, between you and I

Snow falls on the mountain of Sliabh UÃ- Fhloinn  
And my love is like sloe-blossom on the blackthorn

So many men reach for the highest branch  
To find the bitter fruit, to find the bitter fruit  
Close within reach of the hand lies the sweetest berry  
On the lowest branch, on the lowest branch

Snow falls on the mountain of Sliabh UÃ- Fhloinn  
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