Blackthorn

AnÃºna

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
And my love is like sloe-blossom on the blackthorn

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