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Title: The Unquiet Grave

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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 betrothed 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!