

Rakoth, The Unquiet Grave

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!