

Silver Blade

Joan Baez

I have myself a silver blade
The edge is sharp the handle bone
A little thing of silver made
Now it's the only thing I own
Once I knew a lordling fine
I heard him whistle as he rode
And I was bold to call him mine
The shoes upon his horse were gold

One look in my eyes and he
Bid me climb onto his horse
He asked if I'd his lady be
And go away forever more
He spoke of love songs in each kiss
And I who was a young girl then
Was promised every young girl's bliss
Got up and rode away with him

He led me to his castle tall
With promises and jewels until
He led me through his castle hall
Then took my clothes and worked his will
And when he had and I lay there
From my head with a silver blade
He cut a lock of coal black hair
And bid me dress and go my way

But I marked well the silver blade
And where he set it when he did
And when his back was turned I laid
It buried deep beneath his ribs
I used my dagger as a spade
Where the thorns and lilacs grow
Cut the ground into a grave
In a place even God don't know

And every evening I returned
To the place for him I'd chose
Until his skin had turned to worms
Wild dogs scattered his bones
And all I have of what I was
Is the memory of a maid
Who mistook a thief for love
But who gained a silver blade