Sweet Sir Galahad

Sweet Sir Galahad Came in through the window In the night when The moon was in the yard. He took her hand in his And shook the long hair From his neck and he told her She'd been working much too hard. It was true that ever since the day Her crazy man had passed away To the land of poet's pride, She laughed and talked alot With new people on the block But always at evening time she cried.

And here's to the dawn of their days.

She moved her head A little down on the bed Until it rested softly on his knee. And there she dropped her smile And there she sighed awhile, And told him all the sadness Of those years that numbered three. Well you know I think my fate's belated Because of all the hours I waited For the day when I'd no longer cry. I get myself to work by eight But oh, was I born too late, And do you think I'll fail At every single thing I try?

And here's to the dawn of their days.

He just put his arm around her And that's the way I found her Eight months later to the day. The lines of a smile erased The tear tracks upon her face, A smile could linger, even stay. Sweet Sir Galahad went down With his gay bride of flowers, The prince of the hours Of her lifetime.

And here's to the dawn Of their days, Of their days. Joan Baez