

The Magic Wood

Joan Baez

The wood is full of shining eyes
The wood is full of creeping feet
The wood is full of tiny cries
You must not go to the wood at night!

I met a man with eyes of glass
And a finger as curled as the wriggling worm
And hair all red with rotting leaves
And a stick that hissed like a summer snake

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He sang me a song in backwards words
And drew me a dragon in the air
I saw his teeth through the back of his head
And a rat's eyes winking from his hair

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He made me a penny out of a stone
And showed me the way to catch a lark
With a straw in a knot and a whispered word
Penny worth of ginger wrapped up in a leaf

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He asked me my name and where I lived
I told him a name from my book of tales
He asked me to come with him into the wood
And dance with the kings from under the hills

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But I saw that his eyes were turning to fire
And I watched the nails grow in his wriggling hand
And I said my prayers all out in a rush
And found myself safe on my father's land

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