

## Anathea

Joni Mitchell

Laszlo Thea stole a stallion  
Stole him from the misty mountains  
And they chased him and they caught him  
And in iron chains they bound him

Word was sent to Ana Thea  
That her brother was in prison  
Bring me gold and six fine horses  
I will buy my brother's freedom

Judge, oh, judge, please spare my brother  
I will give you gold and silver  
I don't want your gold and silver  
All I want are your sweet favors

Ana Thea, oh my sister  
Are you mad with grief and sorrow?  
He will rob you of your flower  
And he'll hang me from the gallows

Ana Thea did not listen  
Straight way to the judge went running  
In his golden bed at midnight  
There she heard the gallows groaning

Curses be that judge so cruel  
Thirteen years may he lie bleeding  
Thirteen doctors cannot cure him  
Thirteen shelves of drugs can't heal him

Ana Thea, Ana Thea  
Don't go out into the forest  
There among the green pines standing  
You will find your brother hanging