Ballad Of Casey Deiss

Shawn Phillips

T'was a man of youthful features
T'was a boy of sorrowful eyes
Watching out by looking inward
Tall and stately and full of lifeIn his life, he spoke but rarely
In his mind he cried for light
Painting perceptions trying to capture
That which he saw in his questioning strifeOnce in Lisbon, twice in London
Traveling around for all of his time
Looking for and finding a goddess
He took Diana to be his wifeOf the children, they'd begotten
Two had died without knowing life
And the third I know not whereof
But if she lives, she will yet be kindCasey had a mark of simple value
He had a star between his eyes
In his hands he held an axe blade
The Greek symbol of thunder and fireOn a night when the heavens were crying
He went out and took his blade
Chopping wood to warm his heart side
The lightning came and my brother diedBring him no wine from faraway vineyards
Tell him no tales of the canyon's might
But wish him peace and eternal wisdom
For he has died and he died by light

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