

# 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 life  
In 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 strife  
Once in Lisbon, twice in London  
Traveling around for all of his time  
Looking for and finding a goddess  
He took Diana to be his wife  
Of 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 kind  
Casey 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 fire  
On 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 died  
Bring 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

Songwriters

PHILLIPS, SHAWN Published by

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