

Sweet Sir Galahad (Live Woodstock Version)

Joan Baez

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 a lot
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.

Songwriters

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