

Sweet Sir Galahad  
(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.

1968, 1970 Chandos Music (ASCAP)