

Joan Baez, So We'll Go No More A-Roving

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night
Though the heart be still as loving
And the moon be still as bright
For the sword outwears the sheath
And the soul wears out the breast
And the heart must pause to breathe
And love itself must rest
Though the night was made for loving
And the day returns too soon
Still we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon