

Angelo Branduardi, The Stolen Bride

Three long nights and sleep eludes me
Wait and watch and listen
But all I hear is the viper sliding
And hissing along the river
There I wrote this song I sing now
Darkly dressed with sorrow
About the bride who left her wedding
Slipped out...none saw none followed.
No one saw the extra guest
Beguile her to the threshold
With smiles and pretty words about the beauty of her dress
And persuade her from the feasting
So naive she followed him
She thought but for a moment
We waited her return till the candles burnt away
We searched...but none could find her

A fiddler present at the wedding
Was walking out next morning
When the strange guest appeared before him
Good day musician said he
I know you search for one who's missing
Vanished from her wedding
If you have a brave heart walk behind me
And I will lead you to her
A boat as black as fishes bowels
He rode 'cross shrowded waters
Untill they came upon the waxen bride
In a dress of gold and silver

She bade the fiddler take her ring
Back safe to her beloved
And said here I remain and suffer not the world
No pain desire or hatred
The fiddler took the ring and turning
Had hardly walked but one step
When he heard a stifled cry "Forgive me"
As the misty waters took her
Shining bright as summer light
The morning that she married
What unholy place was she taken to that day
And by what cold of darkness.