

# Joan Baez, All In Green Went My Love Riding

on a great horse of gold  
into the silver dawn.  
four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
the merry deer ran before.  
Fleeter be they than dappled dreams  
the swift sweet deer  
the red rare deer.  
Four red roebuck at a white water  
the cruel bugle sang before.  
Horn at hip went my love riding  
riding the echo down  
into the silver dawn.  
four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
the level meadows ran before.  
Softer be they than slippered sleep  
the lean lithe deer  
the fleet flown deer.  
Four fleet does at a gold valley  
the famished arrow sang before.  
Bow at belt went my love riding  
riding the mountain down  
into the silver dawn.  
four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
the sheer peaks ran before.  
Paler be they than daunting death  
the sleek slim deer  
the tall tense deer.  
Four tell stags at a green mountain  
the lucky hunter sang before.  
All in green went my love riding  
on a great horse of gold  
into the silver dawn.  
four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
my heart fell dead before.