Don Quixote

Gordon Lightfoot

Through the woodland, through the valley Comes a horseman wild and free Tilting at the windmills passing Who can the brave young horseman be

He is wild but he is mellow He is strong but he is weak He is cruel but he is gentle He is wise but he is meek

Reaching for his saddlebag
He takes a battered book into his hand
Standing like a prophet bold
He shouts across the ocean to the shore
Till he can shout no more

I have come over moor and mountain Like the hawk upon the wing I was once a shining knight Who was the guardian of a king

I have searched the whole world over Looking for a place to sleep I have seen the strong survive And I have seen the lean grown weak

See the children of the earth Who wake to find the table bare See the gentry in the country Riding off to take the air

Reaching for his saddlebag
He takes a rusty sword into his hand
Then striking up a knightly pose
He shouts across the ocean to the shore
Till he can shout no more

See the jailor with his key Who locks away all trace of sin See the judge upon the bench Who tries the case as best he can

See the wise and wicked ones Who feed upon life's sacred fire See the soldier with his gun Who must be dead to be admired

See the man who tips the needle See the man who buys and sells See the man who puts the collar On the ones who dare not tell

See the drunkard in the tavern Stemming gold to make ends meet See the youth in ghetto black Condemned to life upon the street Reaching for his saddlebag
He takes a tarnished cross into his hand
Then standing like a preacher now
He shouts across the ocean to the shore
Then in a blaze of tangled hooves
He gallops off across the dusty plain
In vain to search again
Where no one will hear

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