

## Rider, Pass By

Joan Baez

Tell me when you see them  
Gathered at the shore  
Dancing on their broken chains  
Ah, the ladies are no more  
In their blue jeans and their necklaces  
Against an evening sky  
But some of them are weeping  
Crying rider, please pass by

The ship with all the riders  
Has drifted out to sea  
Compass cracked and stars unnamed  
It's lost to history  
And the riders in captivity  
Watch ancient waves roll high  
And hear the distant voices  
Crying rider, please pass by

All you men who should have been  
Your fathers beat you down  
Your mothers loved you badly  
Your teachers stole your crowns  
And the wars you fought have taken toll  
The price was far too high  
You've buried all the images  
Of riders passing by

The horses of the riders  
Have waited at the tide  
But years have passed, they know at last  
Their heroes will not ride  
So the women oh so gracefully  
Mount noble horses high  
Shattering the timelessness  
Of rider, please pass by

But who can dare to judge us  
The women or the men?  
If freedom's wings shall not be clipped  
We all can love again  
So the choice is not of etiquette  
Or finding lonesome ways to die  
But liberty to ships at sea  
And riders passing by

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