

Still Waters At Night

Joan Baez

Still waters at night
In the darkest of dark
But you rise as white
As the birch tree's bark
Or a pale wolf in winter
You look down and shiver
At still waters at night

Your eyes are as black
As the blackness you're fearing
And yonder a bridge
And a voice within hearing
Come walk on me softly
Look down and you'll see
Still waters at night

You've reason to fear
There is no protection
But a garland of emeralds
And a moonlit reflection
Of a boat in the distance
Will the devil take his chance
At still waters at night

So dance me a small dance
And the night cannot hurt you
Nor the waters be silent
Nor the emeralds desert you
For the boat's full of bright scarves
And wild hats among them
Songs of the vagabond
It's to you he has sung them
And shattered the stillness
Of still waters at night