

## **Baez Joan**

### **"Three Horses"**

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In the early dawn  
A stallion white  
Prances the hills  
In the morning light  
His bridle is painted  
With thunder and gold  
Orchids and dragons  
Pale knights of old  
Hes the horse of the ages past.

And now the children run  
To see the stallion on the hill  
Bringing bags of apples  
And of clover they have filled  
And the white horse  
Tells his stories  
Of the days  
Now passed and gone  
And the children stand  
A-wondering  
Believing  
Every song  
How brightly glows the past.

When the sun is high  
Comes a mare so red  
A-trampling the graves  
Of the living and dead  
Her mantle is heavy  
With mirrors and glass  
All is reflected  
When the red mare does pass  
Shes the horse of the here and now.

And now there is confusion  
mongst the children on the hill  
They cling to one another  
And no longer can be still  
While the red mares  
Voice is trembling  
With a rare and

Mighty call  
The children  
Start remembering  
The bearers  
And the the pall  
And though their  
Many-colored sweaters  
Are reflecting  
In the glass  
And though the sun  
Shines down upon them  
They are frightened  
In the grass  
How stark is the here and now.

When the night does fall  
Comes a stallion black  
So proud and tall  
He never looks back  
He wears him no emeralds  
Silver or gold  
Not even a covering  
To keep him from cold  
Hes the horse of the years to come.

And I will get me down  
Before this steed upon my knees  
And sing to him the sorrows  
Of a thousand centuries  
And the children  
Now will scatter  
As their mothers  
Call them home  
For the sadness  
Of the evening horse  
No child  
Has ever known  
And I will  
Hang about him  
A bell thats  
Never rung  
And thank him  
For the many words  
Which from his throat  
Have never sprung  
And Ill thank God  
And all the angels  
That the stallion  
Of the evening  
The black horse  
Of the future

Comes to earth but has no tongue.

Joan Baez

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