

## Judy Collins

### "Anathea"

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Lazlo Feher stole a stallion,  
Stole him from the misty mountain  
And they chased him and they caught him,  
And in iron chains they bound him.

Word was brought to Anathea  
That her brother was in prison.  
"Bring me gold and six fine horses,  
I will buy my brother's freedom."

"Judge, oh, judge, please spare my brother,  
I will give you gold and silver."  
"I don't want your gold and silver,  
All I want are your sweet favours."

"Anathea, oh, my sister,  
Are you mad with grief and sorrow?  
He will rob you of your flower,  
And he'll hang me from the gallows."

Anathea did not heed him,  
Straight way to the judge went running.  
In his golden bed at midnight,  
There she heard the gallows groaning.

"Cursed be that judge so cruel,  
Thirteen years may he lie bleeding.  
Thirteen doctors cannot cure him,  
Thirteen shelves of drugs can't heal him."

"Anathea, Anathea,  
Don't go out into the forest.  
There among the green pines standing,  
You will find your brother hanging."

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