

# Silverblade

Josh Ritter

I have myself a silver blade  
The edges sharp, the handle bone  
A little thing of silver made  
Now it's the only thing I own

Once I knew a lordling fine  
I heard him whistle as he rode  
And I was bold to call him mine  
The shoes upon his horse were gold

One look in my eyes and he  
Bid me climb onto his horse  
And asked if I'd his lady be  
And go away for ever more

He spoke of love songs at each kiss  
And I who was a young girl then  
Was promised every young girl's bliss  
Got up and rode away with him

He led me through his castle tall  
With promises and jewels until  
He led me through his castle hall  
Then took my clothes and worked his will

And when he had and I lay there  
From my head with a silver blade  
He cut a lock of my cold black hair  
And bid me dress and go my way

But I marked well the silver blade  
And where he sit it when he did  
And when his back was turned I laid it  
Buried deep beneath his ribs

I used my dagger as a spade  
Where the thorns and lilacs grow  
I cut the ground into a grave  
In a place even God don't know

Every evening, I returned  
To the place for him I chose  
Until his skin had turned to worms  
Wild dogs scattered his bones

And all I have of what I was  
Is the memory of a maid  
Who mistook a thief for love  
But who gained a silver blade

Silver blade