

## Tull Jethro

### "The Whistler"

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I'll buy you six bay mares to put in your stable ---  
six golden apples bought with my pay.  
I am the first piper who calls the sweet tune,  
but I must be gone by the seventh day.

So come on, I'm the whistler.  
I have a fife and a drum to play.  
Get ready for the whistler.  
I whistle along on the seventh day ---  
whistle along on the seventh day.

All kinds of sadness I've left behind me.  
Many's the day when I have done wrong.  
But I'll be yours for ever and ever.  
Climb in the saddle and whistle along.

So come on, I'm the whistler.  
I have a fife and a drum to play.  
Get ready for the whistler.  
I whistle along on the seventh day ---  
whistle along on the seventh day.

Deep red are the sun-sets in mystical places.  
Black are the nights on summer-day sands.  
We'll find the speck of truth in each riddle.  
Hold the first grain of love in our hands

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