

Crimson King

"The Night Watch"

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Shine, shine, the light of good works shine

The watch before the city gates depicted in their prime

That golden light all grimy now

Three hundred years have passed

The worthy Captain and his squad of troopers standing
fast

The artist knew their faces well

The husbands of his lady friends

His creditors and councillors

In armour bright, the merchant men

Official moments of the guild

In poses keen from bygone days

The city fathers frozen there

Upon the canvas dark with age

The smell of paint, a flask of wine

And turn those faces all to me

The blunderbuss and halberd-shaft

And Dutch respectability

They make their entrance one by one

Defenders of that way of life

The redbrick home, the bourgeoisie

Guitar lessons for the wife
So many years we suffered here
Our country racked with Spanish wars
Now comes a chance to find ourselves
And quiet reigns behind our doors
We think about posterity again
And so the pride of little men
The burghers good and true
Still living through the painter's hands
Request you all to understand

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