

## Magna Carta

### "Lord of the Ages"

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Lord of the Ages rode one night  
Out through the gateways of time  
Astride a great charger  
In a cloak of white summit  
He flew on the air  
Like a storm  
Dark was the night  
For he gathered the stars in his hand  
To light a path through the sky  
Rather hoofs of his charger  
Made comets of fire  
Bewitching all eyes  
Beheld them

Lord of the Ages, nobody knows  
Whether he goes, nobody knows

Below a dark forest in caves of black granite  
The children of darkness dwelt in oblivion  
Betraying one another in endless confusion  
But the Lord of the Dark  
Had bewitched them  
From time's first creation  
The wise men and prophets  
And all workers of magic  
Had warned of the reckoning  
The wind and the fire  
And the plague of destruction that follows the path  
Of evil

Lord of the Ages, nobody knows  
Whether he goes, nobody knows

Far above the wide ocean and thundering rivers  
Through the sun and the rain

The turn of the seasons  
Rode the god of all knowing  
While all around him celestial companions  
Friends from the void before time was woven  
Honour his crown with words of white fire  
And carry his robes with light

Whether he goes, nobody knows

But in the peace of a valley  
A young child was born  
Filling the night with his crying  
And an old man gave thanks to the lord of the ages  
Who's battle is not with innocence  
But the birds of the air were silent  
Knowing that time had come when time was forgotten  
The waters were stilled  
The mountains stood empty  
And the cities were deaf  
Long, long ago

Enough  
Cried a voice  
And the earth was awaking  
Poor and the rich fell to ring of the fire  
Death and destruction rode out together  
Turning the world to a funeral pyre

It was the Lord of the Ages - Gathering in the harvest  
I thank the Lord of the Ages - Gathering in the harvest  
Oh, Lord - Gathering in the harvest

Gathering in the harvest (4,25x)

And from the blood and the thunder of men in their dying  
His eyes dark with sorrow  
The Lord of the Ages  
Gathered in his harvest

Gathering in the harvest, gathering in the harvest . . .

But to the old and helpless  
The weak and the humble  
To the children of light  
His words of compassion breezed on them gently

Dissolving the darkness across the great valley that rumbled with fire  
And from the death and destruction  
The Lord of the Ages  
Carried the fruit to the harvest  
To freedom

Lord of the Ages, nobody knows  
Whether he goes, nobody knows

Submitter's comments:Â

IÂ´d like the transaltion of this good old song into Spanish please. Thank you

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