Rupert Hine
"Anvils In Five"

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A space between three transverse lines
That move toward a point sublime
Each in it's turn each turn in time
First one before then one behind
We lift the bell across the chime
The watcher sees with watchman eyes
Each in it's turn each turn in time
First one before then one behind
We shield the soul with faces cold
To feed the young we eat the old
Each in it's turn each turn in time
First one before then one behind
The grave is waste hear people cry
As peeling lips they wait to die
Each in it's turn each turn in time
First one before then one behind
The point is named
where hands combine
eternally
doubtfully
zero
linger on
longer than known
What Pagan Jester planned our lives
And laid our heads on anvils five
Who civilised the fateful line
Between the point where hands combine
You've reached your turn
You're next in line
Step up my friend
I am behind...
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Lyric: David MacIver
Music: Rupert Hine & Simon Jeffes
Orchestra: The Martyn Ford Anvil Orchestra & Quartet
Linger on: The Anvil Chorus
Church Organ: Rupert Hine
Conductor: Gilbert Biberian
Orchestration: Simon Jeffes
There is an anvil for each sense