

**Phillips Anthony****"Magdalen"**

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She takes the morning air  
She take the utmost care  
She's very good  
She sets the flowers aright  
She gives the birds their flight  
She's very good - she's very good to me  
Westminster strolling  
Battersea rolling by

And in the night  
You will find her  
At her easel drawing  
Ducks and drakes,  
Cathedral eyes  
She is one of the best  
You can be sure of it

Magdalen, of the misty eyes  
You didn't think I'd lose you again  
Magdalen, sees the shifting skies  
Her majesty makes mighty of men  
Magdalen's gone to Edinburgh spires  
And she's holding your life in her hands - in her hands

Who holds the world outside?  
Who stills the rising tide?  
She's very good  
Who weaves the stars display?  
Who seals the dwindling day?  
She's very good - she's very good to me,  
Oxford bells ringing,  
Phantom choirs singing

Magdalen, of the misty eyes  
The world is waiting at behest  
Magdalen, sees the shifting skies  
And old St. Ives stands firm in the West  
Magdalen's gone to Edinburgh spires  
And she's holding your life in her hands  
Holding your life in her hands - In her hands

We watch the Autumn glow  
We take the evening slow  
It's very good  
We hear the vespers rung  
And night's web deftly spun  
It's very good, it's very good that she  
Sleepy car stories;  
Lighthouse lives  
Gulls crying, "storm"!

And in the night  
You will find her  
In the sistine chapel  
Looking down  
Cathedral mind  
She was here from the start  
She has seen all of it...

Magdalen, of the misty eyes  
You didn't think I'd lose you again  
Magdalen, sees the shifting skies  
Her majesty makes mighty of men  
Magdalen's gone to Edinburgh spires  
And she's holding your life in her hands - in her hands  
And she's holding your life in her hand  
Holding our lives in her hands, in her hands

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