

Angelo Branduardi "The Song Of Eternal Numbers"

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Come here my angel and sit on my knee
and tell me what song you would hear from me.
"Sing me the song of eternal numbers
and from this day I shall well remember".
One is for the reaper
Waiting for his harvest of life,
Two is for the oxen straining at the cart,
Three is for the world and its every part,
Four there are the standing stones of Merlin
Where the hero's swords were ever sharpened...
One is for the reaper
Waiting for his harvest of life.
And the sum of the golden times
In all ages of man is five
Sang the dwarf in a cloud of steam,
Threw six herbs in the draught which he stirred
And he laughed... he went "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,"
And there are seven suns and there are seven moons,
Eight the blazing fires by the first of June,
Nine is for the maidens dancing round the fountain
Worshipping the moon rising on the mountain...
One is for the reaper
Waiting for his harvest of life.
Ten is for the galleons coming from the war
Which our young men fought on a distant shore
And walking with their flag we counted eleven,
All that now remain of a hundred young men...
One is for the reaper
Waiting for his harvest of life.
And the sum of the golden times
In all the ages of man is five
And the months of the year are twelve
Made of days, made of hours and minutes that pass
And they pass and they pass, they pass...
Now twelve is for the signs in the starbright sky
In envy of his neighbour challenge and defy,
I sing you the song of eternal numbers
But I see a time when all is ended...
One is for the reaper
Waiting for his harvest of life.
There will come a day when the trumpet splits the sky
And thunder, fire and wind will lay waste the low and

high

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