

## Angelo Branduardi "The Stag"

Visit "[The Stag](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Tell us our good master  
Why you sit there so quietly  
And where are the trophies  
You usually bring home  
Like the heads of the Bengal tiger  
That decorate your great hall  
And the skins of lion and zebra  
That you've laid wall to wall..."  
"My friends, in the foothills before the rainy season  
I went out hunting one day all by myself,  
Keeping the wind in my face I crept up  
To where a herd of deer were grazing  
When suddenly before me  
Stood a great horned king of stags  
And it's the truth I tell you, believe me  
As the lord above's my witness,  
The great beast did not quaver  
But softly began to speak..."  
"It's written in the stars, lord  
Upon this day I die  
So these my gifts I offer  
To you this Eastertide:  
These majestic antlers for you  
To hang your bows on  
And these my ears as fine cups  
For you to toast your ladies,  
Take both my bright eyes  
For a pair of shining mirrors  
And all these bristles  
For brushes to shave your face.  
I pray that you eat my flesh for ten days  
And from my hide you make a warm coat  
And as for your strength and courage  
My liver will serve you well  
Thus in the stars it's written, my good sir  
That the body of this your servant  
Seven times will be fruitful  
And seven times be reborn..."  
"Tell us our good master  
why you sit there so quietly  
and where are all the trophies  
you usually bring home..."

Visit [Angelo Branduardi](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.