

The Stag

Angelo Branduardi

"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..."