

Those Dancing Days Are Gone

Carla Bruni

Come, let me sing into your ear
Those dancing days are gone
All the silk and satin gear
Crouch upon a stone
Wrapping that foul body up
In as foul a rag:
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag

Curse as you may I sing it through
What matter if the knave
That the most could pleasure you
The children that he gave
Are somewhere sleeping like a top
Under a marble flag?
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag

I thought it out this very day
Noon upon the clock
A man may put pretence away
Who leans upon a stick
May sing, and sing until he drop
Whether to maid or hag:
I carry the sun in a golden cup
The moon in a silver bag