

The Whistler

Jethro Tull

1. I'll buy you six bay mares to put in your stable
six golden apples bought with my pay.
I am the first piper who calls the sweet tune,
but I must be gone by the seventh day.

R: So come on, I'm the whistler.
I have a fife and a drum to play.
Get ready for the whistler.
I whistle along on the seventh day
whistle along on the seventh day.

2. All kinds of sadness I've left behind me.
Many's the day when I have done wrong.
But I'll be yours for ever and ever.
Climb in the saddle and whistle along.

R: So come on...

3. Deep red are the sunsets in mystical places.
Black are the nights on summerday sands.
We'll find the speck of truth in each riddle.
Hold the first grain of love in our hands.

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