

The King

Strawbs

The soft blush of evening
Returns to the folded hills
The sky rains magenta
In praise of the shepherd's skills
The lion lies down beside the lamb
At peace in the holy ground.

The King is returning
And those that were lost are found.

The old moon is resting
She sleeps in the new moon's arms
The love of a mother
Eclipsed by her daughter's charms
The robin bares his wounded breast
And sings with a joyful sound.

The glory of Heaven
Explodes in the rising sun
The long wait is over
The new reign just begun
The ransom of the holly bush
Was paid when the King was crowned.

A symphony of harmonies
In one triumphant sound.