

# The Merry Dancer

## Abbey Lincoln

Mama told me of a beauty that is made of purest gold,  
One the weather will not tarnish, one that never will grow old.  
She said beauty comes from understanding,  
looking at the things we see.

Beauty of the human spirit, beauty that will set us free. In a house with shuttered windows lives a dancer tall and  
fair.

Like the rainbow's many, many colors, crowned with scarlet purple hair.

It's been said the merry dancer has been never ever seen.  
That in the house there lives a wretched soul who's old and mean.  
But the merry, merry dancer always makes its presence known.

When you stand before the mirror in the secret of the throne,

There is a golden mirror,  
On the temple wall,  
Lighted by a candle,  
Shining through the hall,

Red and purple colors flaming with desire,  
Dance before the mirror reflecting holy fire,

See the spirit, merry spirit, in the mirror standing there,

When you stand before the mirror, you will see the golden stair. Free from care and worry,

Images of grace, dance before the mirror,  
Whirl in time and space,

Whirl and shine and shimmer,

Purple, green and blue, dance before the mirror,  
aurora borealis hue.

Dance before the mirror,

Dance the night away,

Dance before the mirror 'til the light of day. There is an ancient mirror,

Made of purest gold,

When you stand before the mirror

you will see the dance unfold,

When you stand before the mirror

you will see the dance unfold.

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