The Whistler

Hauswerks

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 daySo come on, I'm the whistler
I have a pipe and a drum to play
Get ready for the whistler
I whistle along on the seventh day
Whistle along on the seventh dayAll kinds of sadness, I've left behind me
Many's the day when I have done wrong
But I'll be yours forever and ever
Climb in the saddle and whistle alongSo come on, I'm the whistler
I have a pipe and a drum to play
Get ready for the whistler
I whistle along on the seventh day
Whistle along on the seventh dayDeep red are the sunsets in mystical places
Black are the nights on summer day sands
We'll find the speck of truth in each riddle
Hold the first grain of love in our handsSo come on, I'm the whistler
I have a pipe and a drum to play
Get ready for the whistler
I whistle along on the seventh daySo come on, I'm a whistler
I have a pipe and a drum to play
Get ready for the whistler
I whistle along on the seventh day
Whistle along on the seventh day

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