

The Night Watch

Hesperion XXI, Jordi Savall

Shine, shine
The light of good works shine
The watch before the city gates
Depicted in their prime That golden light all grimy now
300 years have passed
The worthy captain
And his squad of troopers standing fast The artist knew their faces well
The husbands of his lady friends
His creditors and councilors
In armor bright, the merchant men Official moments of the guild
In poses keen from bygone days
The city fathers frozen there
Upon the canvas dark with age The smell of paint, a flask of wine
And turn those faces all to me
The blunderbuss and halberd-shaft
And Dutch respectability They make their entrance one by one
Defenders of that way of life
The redbrick home, the bourgeoisie
Guitar lessons for the wife So many years, we suffered here
Our country racked with Spanish wars
Now comes a chance to find ourselves
And quiet reigns behind our doors We think about posterity again
And so the pride of little men
The burghers, good and true
Still living through the painter's hand
Request you all to understand

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