

Even This Shall Pass Away

Robert Plant

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his ruling ring
Etched a caption true and wise Which if held before his eyes
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance Solemn words and these are they
'Even this shall pass away' Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to rival these But he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main
"What is wealth?" The king would say
"Even this shall pass away" In the revels of his court
At the zenith of his sport
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests Amid his figs and wine
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine
Pleasures come but not to stay
Even this shall pass away" Towering in the public square
Way up high into the air
Rose his statue, carved in stone
Of the skies unknown Gazing at his sculptured name
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay
And even this shall pass away Sick and tired and frail, finished, beat and old
Waiting at the Gates of Gold
Speaking with his dying breath
"Life is done so what is death?" Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring
Blinding light through fading gray
'Cause even this shall pass away
Even this shall pass away
Even this shall pass
Even this shall pass away, away, away, away

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