

# THE WHISTLER

[ozzie](#)

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 day So 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 day All 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 along So 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 day Deep 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 hands So 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 So 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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