

# Jethro Tull, A Passion Play Part 2

[Spoken:]

This is the story of the hare who lost his spectacles.

Owl loved to rest quietly whilst no one was watching.

Sitting on a fence one day, he was surprised when suddenly a kangaroo ran close by.

Now this may not seem strange, but when Owl overheard Kangaroo whisper to no one in particular  
"The hare has lost his spectacles," well, he began to wonder.

Presently, the moon appeared from behind a cloud and there, lying on the grass was hare.

In the stream that flowed by the grass a newt.

And sitting astride a twig of a bush a bee.

Ostensibly motionless, the hare was trembling with excitement,

For without his spectacles he appeared completely helpless.

Where were his spectacles? Could someone have stolen them?

Had he mislaid them? What was he to do?

Bee wanted to help, and thinking he had the answer began:

"You probably ate them thinking they were a carrot."

"No!" interrupted Owl, who was wise.

"I have good eye-sight, insight, and foresight.

How could an intelligent hare make such a silly mistake?"

But all this time, Owl had been sitting on the fence, scowling!

A Kangaroo were hopping mad at this sort of talk.

She thought herself far superior in intelligence to the others.

She was their leader, their guru. She had the answer:

"Hare, you must go in search of the optician."

But then she realized that Hare was completely helpless without his spectacles.

And so, Kangaroo loudly proclaimed, "I can't send Hare in search of anything!"

"You can guru, you can!" shouted Newt.

"You can send him with Owl."

But Owl had gone to sleep.

Newt knew too much to be stopped by so small a problem

"You can take him in your pouch."

But alas, Hare was much too big to fit into Kangaroo's pouch.

All this time, it had been quite plain to hare that the others knew nothing about spectacles.

[Sung:]

As for all their tempting ideas, well Hare didn't care.

The lost spectacles were his own affair.

And after all, Hare did have a spare a-pair.

A-pair.

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==Forest Dance No.2==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

"This section of the song is instrumental."

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==The Foot Of Our Stairs==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

We sleep by the ever-bright hole in the door,

Eat in the corner, talk to the floor,

Cheating the spiders who come to say "Please", (politely).

They bend at the knees.

Well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs.

Old gentlemen talk of when they were young

Of ladies lost, of erring sons.

Lace-covered dandies revel (with friends)

Pure as the truth, tied at both ends.

Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.

Scented cathedral spire pointed down.

We pray for souls in Kentish Town.  
A delicate hush  
The gods, floating by  
Wishing us well,  
Pie in the sky.  
God of Ages, Lord of Time,  
Mine is the right, right to be wrong.  
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.  
Jack rabbit mister spawn a new breed of love-hungry pilgrims (no bodies to feed).  
Show me a good man and I'll show you the door.  
The last hymn is sung and the devil cries "More."

Well, I'm all for leaving and that being done,  
I've put in a request to take up my turn  
In that forsaken paradise that calls itself "Hell";  
Where no-one has nothing and nothing is- well -meaning fool,  
Pick up thy bed and rise up from your gloom smiling.  
Give me your hate and do as the loving heathen do.

</lyrics>

==Overseer Overture==

</lyrics>

Colours I've none dark or light, red, white or blue.  
Cold is my touch (freezing).

Summoned by name - I am the overseer over you.  
Given this command to watch o'er our miserable sphere.  
Fallen from grace, called on to bring sun or rain.  
Occasional corn from my oversight grew.  
Fell with mine angels from a far better place,  
Offering services for the saving of face.  
Now you're here, you may as well admire  
All whom living has retired from the benign reconciliation.  
Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights  
Seen in the sky (flashing).  
I just lit a fag then took my leave in the blink of an eye.  
Passionate play join round the maypole in dance  
(primitive rite) (wrongly).  
Summoned by name - I am the overseer over you.

</lyrics>

==Flight From Lucifer==

</lyrics>

Flee the icy Lucifer.  
Oh he's an awful fellow!  
What a mistake!  
I didn't take a feather from his pillow.  
Here's the everlasting rub: neither am I good nor bad.  
I'd give up my halo for a horn and the horn for the hat I once had.  
I'm only breathing.  
There's life on my ceiling.  
The flies there are sleeping quietly.  
Twist my right arm in the dark. I would give two or three for  
One of those days that never made impressions on the old score.  
I would gladly be a dog barking up the wrong tree.  
Everyone's saved we're in the grave.  
See you there for afternoon tea.  
Time for awaking the tea lady's making  
A brew-up and baking new bread.

Pick me up at half past none  
There's not a moment to lose.  
There is the train on which I came.  
On the platform are my old shoes.  
Station master rings his bell.  
Whistles blow and flags wave.  
A little of what you fancy does you good (Or so it should).  
I thank everybody for making me welcome.  
I'd stay but my wings have just dropped off.

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==10.08 To Paddington==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
"This section of the song is instrumental."  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==Magus Perd==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

Hail! Son of kings make the ever-dying sign  
Cross your fingers in the sky  
For those about to BE.  
There am I waiting along the sand.  
Cast your sweet spell upon the land and sea.

Magus Perd, take your hand from off the chain.  
Loose a wish to still, the rain, the storm about to BE.  
Here am I (voyager into life).  
Tough are the soles that tread the knife's edge.  
Break the circle, stretch the line, call upon the devil.  
Bring the gods, the gods' own fire.  
In the conflict revel.  
The passengers upon the ferry crossing, waiting to be born,  
Renew the pledge of life's long song rise to the reveille horn.  
Animals queuing at the gate that stands upon the shore  
Breathe the ever-burning fire that guards the ever-door.

Man - son of man - buy the flame of ever-life  
(Yours to breathe and breath the pain of living): living BE!  
Here am I! Roll the stone away  
From the dark into ever-day.

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==Epilogue==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

There was a rush along the Fulham Road  
Into the Ever-passion Play.