

# Fairport Convention, Wizard Of The Worldly Game

For seven years I've stood right here  
And the flowers ?don't be? by day  
All for the yarns that I was told  
I spread my arms when they grew cold  
And warded off the rain  
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots  
The grass that is trodden underfoot  
Give it time and it will surely rise again  
I'm rocked by winds and am soaked by rains  
And I bow and sometimes bend  
Until I fall and crush the forms  
Of a few small friends who stood through storms  
And will surely rise again  
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots  
The grass that is trodden underfoot  
Give it time and it will surely rise again  
It's . . . dust, the Derby's just  
We do . . . done  
?Wild to wind? and wise to pain  
Wizard of the worldly game  
Treason into trust  
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots  
The grass that is trodden underfoot  
Give it time and it will surely rise again