

# Procol Harum, In The Wee Small Hours Of Sixpence

In the wee small hours of sixpence  
And the lighted chandelier  
Stands a rusty old retainer  
Whose old eyes are filled with tears  
For his master, Good Sir Galant,  
Who is now off to the wars  
And although his eyes are crying  
We know grief is not the cause  
And if grief is not the reason  
He must be of sterner stuff  
And his sword though old and rusty  
Must be blunt as sharp enough

In the wee small hours of sixpence  
And the broken window pane  
Stand the remnants of the evening  
Who are waiting all in vain  
For the crowing of the cockerel  
Showing morning is not night  
But the air is filled with silence  
And the daylight is not bright  
But still darkness is no reason  
We are men of sterner stuff  
And our swords though old and rusty  
Still are blunt as sharp enough.

In the wee small hours of sixpence  
And the hat-stand in the hall  
Waiting only for the morning  
Shadows flitting 'cross the wall  
And perhaps that old retainer  
Whom now giving of his all  
May have once been just as we are  
And now has no face at all.  
But still grief was not the reason  
He was made of sterner stuff  
And his sword though old and rusty  
Still was blunt as sharp enough.