

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.