Seals and Crofts, Ancient Of The Old

(lyrics by James Seals; music by James Seals & Dash Crofts, 1971)
From the album YEAR OF SUNDAY (1972).

On a crisp as bacon morning with the sunshine on my head,
From the twilight of the dawning raised myself up from my bed.
Fixed mine eyes upon a favor like no mortal eye behold,
Then I chose to taste the flavor of the ancient of the old.

On a chill as winter evening in a doubtful circumstance,
He stopped the evil breathing of a one time's serpent's chance.
Old black sea with silver lining how I long with all my soul,
To quaff the mystic fragrance of the ancient of the old.

From a red as amber burning with a chalice in my hand,
I know there is no turning I must now obey command.
At last decree has destined now the mystery untold,
Will shine in all its glory from the ancient of the old.