

The Seven Ages

Lyrics: John Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

$\text{♩} = 80$ $E\flat$ $B\flat 7/f$ Cm $G7$ Cm $G7/b$

The first age of life is held tight in a ring, a circle of love to which small

5 Cm F $B\flat 7$ $E\flat$ $A\flat$

fin-gers cling. The child is small and high above two pa-rents

8 Fm $B\flat$ $E\flat$ Fm $B\flat$ $E\flat$ Fm $B\flat$

guard it with their love. They let it find its right-ful place and slow-ly loo-sen their em-

13 $E\flat$ $A\flat/b\flat$ $E\flat$ $F7$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$

brace. Turn the years and turn the page. We climb the stair from age to age.

The first age of life is held tight in a ring,
 a circle of love to which small fingers cling.
 The child is small, and high above
 two parents guard it with their love.
 They let it find its rightful place
 and slowly loosen their embrace.
Turn the years and turn the page.
We climb the stair from age to age.

The home of our love is a house to explore;
 we try out the ceiling, the walls and the floor.
 And windows show us fairy lands;
 we fashion castles with our hands.
 As circles spread beyond our ken,
 we picture how and why and when.
Turn the years...

The third is a rainbow that conjures its arc
and carries us off in the dreams of the dark.
The circles form and shape their spheres;
we hear their music in our ears.
We fly like bubbles quick to burst
or ride the nightmare of the cursed.
Turn the years...

The rainbow has joined in a ring we pass through.
We hold up our daydreams to see which is true.
We juggle hopes from hand to hand;
They fall and break upon the sand,
until there's one that is still whole;
that one we choose to be our goal.
Turn the years...

The dream in our fingers turns now into glass,
a crystal, a future that must come to pass.
Inside the glass a face appears
and breathes a secret in our ears;
new love is born, and we begin
to build a crib to lay it in.
Turn the years...

The crib is a square is a room is a home,
and over the roof is the blue of a dome.
Outside the dome and high above
our parents' eyes look down with love.
Our children grow, our roots sink down;
we are the centre and the crown.
Turn the years...

The crown is of gold and it spreads its own glow
of love in those eyes looking up from below;
The children grow and find the door,
and we are left alone once more.
And time now sinking down the sky
begins to sing its lullaby.
Turn the years...

We sit on the porch and our memories run
in circles of time like the course of the sun.
Around us play our children's clan,
they play the game, the race we ran.
And sometimes as the sunset dies
we dream of spheres beyond the skies.
Turn the years...