

The Oracle

Rick Wakeman

Once an Oracle warned of danger to the King of Thebes
For his life and for his child
So from the crib he took his new-born son
Gave him to a herdsman with orders he should kill him
But the herdsman, filled with pity
Could not kill the child but left him tied against a tree
Found by a peasant who took him to his masters
Where he was adopted: Oedipus they named him
After many years the King was travelling
When his way was blocked by a chariot
He ordered him to move away
But because he was slow to obey
They killed his steed
The stranger, enraged, murdered the King
The stranger's name was Oedipus
He, unaware, had killed his father
Little did he know he would soon be King
So the prophecy reached fulfilment
The warning of the Oracle had had its way.