

Byzantine

"Where The Church-bells Still Ring"

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My countryside, you gave me
Everything you had.
The sweet perfume of roses
And the smell of baking bread.
The black-tailed swallow on the wing
And the village school so old.
Your summerdays were blazing hot
And your winters icy cold.

Where the church-bells still ring
And the nightingales sing,
Where we spent our youth
So long ago.
Where we played in the park
And we kissed in the dark,
I will always stay here
Where I belong.

Where the church-bells still ring
And the nightingales sing,
I will always be here,
Even dead and gone.

How I recall,
Our childhood passed away.
Messin' around the backyard,
Hide and seek we used to play.
My pockets full of jellybeans
That felt like bars of gold.
Your summerdays were blazing hot
And your winters icy cold.

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