Dali's Dilemma

"Liebeslied Jener Sommernacht"

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Where the mothers of sonsnever cease their weeping Where the fathers of faith in the ground lie sleeping Where the seeds of time have a whirlwind reaping Oh lerusalem is. Where the cobblestones Wet with the blood of ages Hear the echo of wheels turning hist'ry's pages -Where the cries of fools stilled the words of sages Oh Jerusalem is. 'neath an olive tree branch anyone can listen To the song of songs as the green leaves glisten. Then a summer rain falls and the raindrops christen What Jerusalem is. And the river runs on and the world keeps turning And the water's cold Tho the sands are burning And the mountains know while we still are learning What Jerusalem is. Oh When will tomorrow's sons Tomorrow's daughters Never taste of the bread cast upon the waters And put down the sword that performed the slaughters Where lerusalem is ? Where the cobblestones Wet with the blood of ages Hear the echo of wheels turning hist'ry's pages -Where the cries of fools stilled the words of sages Oh lerusalem is. And the river Oh The river runs and the world keeps turning And the water's cold Tho the sands are burning And the mountains know while we still are learning What Jerusalem is. And the river Oh

The river runs and the world keeps turning.

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