

Danse Macabre "Cypress Tree"

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Long I've roamed lands which are not mine
Admired Cappadocia, enjoyed Greek wine
Tea at the Bosphorus, travelled the river Rhine
Heard the Lorelei sing, a song divine

My grave is easily found
And there I shall gladly be
Buried in the shadow
Beneath my cypress tree

My spirit travelled The Highlands
The North Sea taught me humbleness
My mind got drunk by the beauty of France
In Bretagne and Ireland a Celtic dance

My grave is easily found
And there I shall gladly be
Buried in the shadow
Beneath my cypress tree

No trace of Helen at the remains of Troy
But her glorious beauty shining through
On many a gracious peasant girl
In picturesque villages far below
Winds of Galicia, mountains of Spain
Portuguese valleys, English domain
Skandinavia, Alexandria
Passion for wandering, impossible to restrain

My grave is easily found
And there I shall gladly be
Buried in the shadow
Beneath my cypress tree

When my time on earth is over
And my journey has come to an end
Remembering the white cliffs of Dover
Or the breeze of our Lowlands

Of our Lowlands

