

Greg Irwin

"Tangerine Hill"

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Tangerine trees blossoming beautifully on the way
Up and down the hill we'd go, wonderful was the day
Far off in the distance there, as far as the eye could see
Ships would come then fade away into the deep blue see

Puffing, puffing clouds of smoke, into the sky so blue
Mighty ships out on the sea, where were they going to?
Rocking, rolling in the waves, riveting to and fro.
Oh, what fun those steamships gave, hearing the whistle's blow

Long ago she brought me here to this little path I love
Up the hill she'd walk with me, looking out way above
When I see that island there, I think of Mother yet
Mother's love and gentle care, I never shall forget

Submitter's comments:Â

Please translate this song into German

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