

Oh a family of bards
A travelling went to distant lands
A singing sweet
With pipes and strings and an open
Heart, just to wish their brothers
The good life

Greensleeves was all our joy
Greensleeves was our delight
Greensleeves our heart of gold
And who but our noble greensleeves

In "Dantes" land, oh there they
Marble strong, to see this celtic
Bloods sincerety, a look a smile
Even a tiny gift and turned
Their backs though curtesely

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Then come to the citiy of a waltz
They say: "There theyll love you
Passionately". But in truth they
Were given no time and even
Scorned, for the city of music
Is gone for gold

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So they danced their way
Though scared and pained
To Shillers sweet haven
And dearest folk and at
Last they were watched with
Wondering love, and that lifted
This familys saddened heart