

Under The Lime Tree

Angelo Branduardi

Down in the greenwood, under the lime tree
we spent lover's hours
and if you pass by you'll know we lay there,
look how we crushed all the flowers.
The insects buzzed and the nightingales sang
high above the forest on a soft south wind,
point and laugh if you come walking past
I don't care at all how red her mouth is.
Down in the greenwood, under the lime tree
crushing the grass and the sweet herbs
there in the roses I laid my head down,
see where the petals are disturbed.
And if you accuse her of lying there with me
this I know for sure she will never be ashamed:
she was the one, the one and only woman
I ever came to wish would whisper my name.
Down in the greenwood, under the lime tree
the lily embraces the ivy
and if you pass by, stop look and marvel
at how she has grown to survive him
for she stayed here with me for just a year
and bound her hair with gold,
oh my little white dove...
one fine day she turned into a hawk
and flew off to the sun to find a new love.
Up in the blue sky ever the wind flies
searching the clouds of his dreamland,
the dream is for beauty but he'll
never catch her...
She'll always slip through his hands
and thus we live forever and the dream
just like the wind and clouds will escape us...
And thus we live forever and the world
just like the wind and clouds will escape us