

# The Dutchman

Celtic Thunder

The Dutchman's not the kind of man  
Who keeps his thumb jammed in the dam  
That holds his dreams in,  
But that's a secret that only Margaret knows.

When Amsterdam is golden in the summer,  
Margaret brings him breakfast,  
She believes him.  
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow.

He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees that sometimes,  
Sometimes she sees her unborn children in his eyes.

Let us go to the banks of the ocean  
Where the walls rise above the Zuider Zee.  
Long ago, I used to be a young man  
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes,  
His cap and coat are patched with the love  
That Margaret sewed there.  
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.

And he watches the tug-boats down canals  
An' calls out to them when he thinks he knows the Captain.  
Till Margaret comes  
To take him home again

Through unforgiving streets that trip him, though she holds his arm,  
Sometimes he thinks he's alone and he calls her name.

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Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee.  
Long ago, I used to be a young man  
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.

The winters whirl the windmills 'round  
She winds his muffler tighter  
And they sit in the kitchen.  
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the dew.

And he sees her for a moment, calls her name,  
She makes the bed up singing some old love song,  
A song Margaret learned  
When it was very new.

He hums a line or two, they sing together in the dark.  
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret blows the candle out.

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Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee.  
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And dear Margaret remembers that for me.