

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

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