

marie celeste

Musik: Hans-Georg Hering Text: Nicholas Woodland

noon farewell, the king, his friend, your son
tarring decks, unfurling sails unsung
dawn will bring another course to chart
six bells ringing out another start

see the sun rising high
friendship wind –
clear blue sky ...blue sky

holding deck, masters words –
salt tattoo
big white birds ...white birds

eyes are filled, tears of rage –
hands they speak, speak too soon
Marie Celeste, sails on dead ...on dead