

Marieke

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living In Paris

Ay, Marieke, Marieke
The Flanders sun burns the sky
Since you are gone
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
In Flanders field the poppies die
Since you are gone
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Waaie de wind de stomme wind
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Weent de zee de grijze zee
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Lijdt het licht het donk're licht
En schuurt het zand o ver mijn land
Mijn platte land mijn Vlanderland
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
The stars look down, so soon, so soon
The day is done
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
The Flanders moon won't light your way
The day is done
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Waaie de wind c'est fini
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Weent de zee dj fini
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Lidjt het licht tout est fini
En schuurt het zand over mijn land
Mijn platte land mijn Vlanderland
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
The bells have rung, the echoes sound
The day is gone
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
In Flanders field the echoes sound
The day is gone
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Licht duivel de zwarte duivel
Zonder liefde, warme liefde
Brandt mijn hart mijn oude hart
Zonder liefde, warme liefde

Sterft de zomer de droeve zomer
En schuurt het zand over mijn land
Mijn platte land mijn Vlanderland
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
Come back again, come back again
The day is gone
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
Your love alone, your love alone
The day is gone
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
Come back again, come back again
The day is gone
Ay, Marieke, Marieke
Your love alone, your love alone
The day is gone, the day is gone, the day is gone

18. BRUSSELS

It was the time when Brussels could sing
It was the time of the silent movies
It was the time when Brussels was king
It was the time when Brussels bristled
Pick out a hat so dashing and gay
Go take a walk, it's a beautiful day
Put on your spats and your high-buttoned shoes
Get on the tram, get the gossip and news
Not a time for crying
How the heart was flying
There was my grandfather
There was my grandmother
He was a young soldier
And she was so much bolder
He had no brains, neither did she
How bright could I turn out to be
Oh, it was the time when Brussels could sing
It was the time of the silent movies
It was the time when Brussels was king
It was the time when Brussels bristled
Pick out a dress so dashing and gay
Go take a walk, it's a beautiful day
Put on your spats and your high-buttoned shoes
Get on the tram , get the gossip and news
Not a time for crying
How the heart was flying
There was my grandfather
There was my grandmother
He knew how to do it

And she let him do it
They lived in sin - deliciously
Now they pray for my virginity
Oh, it was the time when Brussels could sing
It was the time of the silent movies
It was the time when Brussels was king
It was the time when Brussels bristled
Sing out a song so dashing and gay
Walk hand-in-hand, it's a beautiful day
Put on your spats and your high-buttoned shoes
Get on the tram, get the gossip and news
Not a time for crying
How the heart was flying
There was my grandfather
There was my grandmother
Ten million guns got loaded
World War I exploded
It was such fun - oh, what a game
They saved the world but I bring it shame
Oh, it was the time when Brussels could sing
It was the time of the silent movies
It was the time when Brussels was king
It was the time when
It was the time when
Oh, it was the time when Brussels could sing
It was the time of the silent movies
It was the time when Brussels was king
It was the time when Bruuuuuuhhhhhhhhhh!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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