

ROOTS (Shanty)

Wolfram Reisinger 24.06.2023

1. Go back, go back,
Down to the ground,
And tell me what you see.
Who did cut down the tree?
And left behind the roots alone
Who broke the wood as marble bone?
To carry it over the sea
A dutchman that was he.

2. He sailed and sailed on dirty wind,
The tree's under the deck.
They'll never coming back.
A Zutphen guy stood at the wheel,
With strong believe for trade en deal.
Called Heyndrick Dirrecksen Jolinck,
These cutten roots are howling.

3. He brought the trees to Portugal
And put them on a field,
To help enhance the yield.
The wounded souls on ruthless land,
No rootless tree can hold the sand.
Their leaves are starting to die,
You know the reason why.

4. With punishment and alcohol
They tried them to revive.
No consession to their strive.
That homeless plants with stolen past
They turned to golems and work at last,
As if they fully agree,
But cutten trees they will be.

5. Then centuries are passing by
And history has changed.
The world is new arranged.
The golden Dutch prosperity
Is rooted on trade and on charity.
Believe me, they say, that is true.
Look forward, the heaven is blue.

6. But back we look just to the ground,
I tell you what I see:
The history that's me.
The ghosts of those we did cut down
Are constantly groaning in every town,
And want us to correct,
And nevermore neglect.

7. Let's sow and sow and kiss the ground,
Make fertile every inch.
Embrace the past to clinch.
Be grounded on your feets again,
It's you to sing a new refrain,
To ship you down to fruits,
That grow on healthy roots.