

THE DUTCHMAN

Michael Peter Smith

1. 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.
Sometime she sees her unborn children in his eyes.

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

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

And he watches the tug boats down canals,
And calls out to them when he thinks he knows the captain,
Til 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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(Chorus)

3. 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.

Then, he sees her for a moment, calls her name,
While 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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(Chorus)