

MY HOLLAND

My HOLLAND, the Lowlands, where I was born and raised
Its meadows and windmills the world is so amazed

Behind the mighty dykes, old churches with their chimes
Cows and cheese and cattle surround us at all times

My dear old windy Holland, where tulips bloom in spring
Your beauty is inspiring - you even make me sing

Another city, a foreign country, strolling through the night
Eyes are staring at me, there's no-one on my side

All those endless journeys, far beyond worldwide
Take me back to Holland - my longing never died

Modernizing hist'ry, inventions with great range
Dutch are slightly diff'rent - they simply love **The Change**

Dear Holland, my own Holland, once nothing but a marsh
So many unique people, often friendly sometimes harsh

Sitting warmly dressed outdoors to catch a ray of sun
Apple pie with small talk – say cheers and have some fun

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Your beauty is inspiring - you even make me sing

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Its meadows and windmills the world is so amazed

My HOLLAND, my Lowlands, will keep the world amazed
My country, my homeland, proudly born and raised