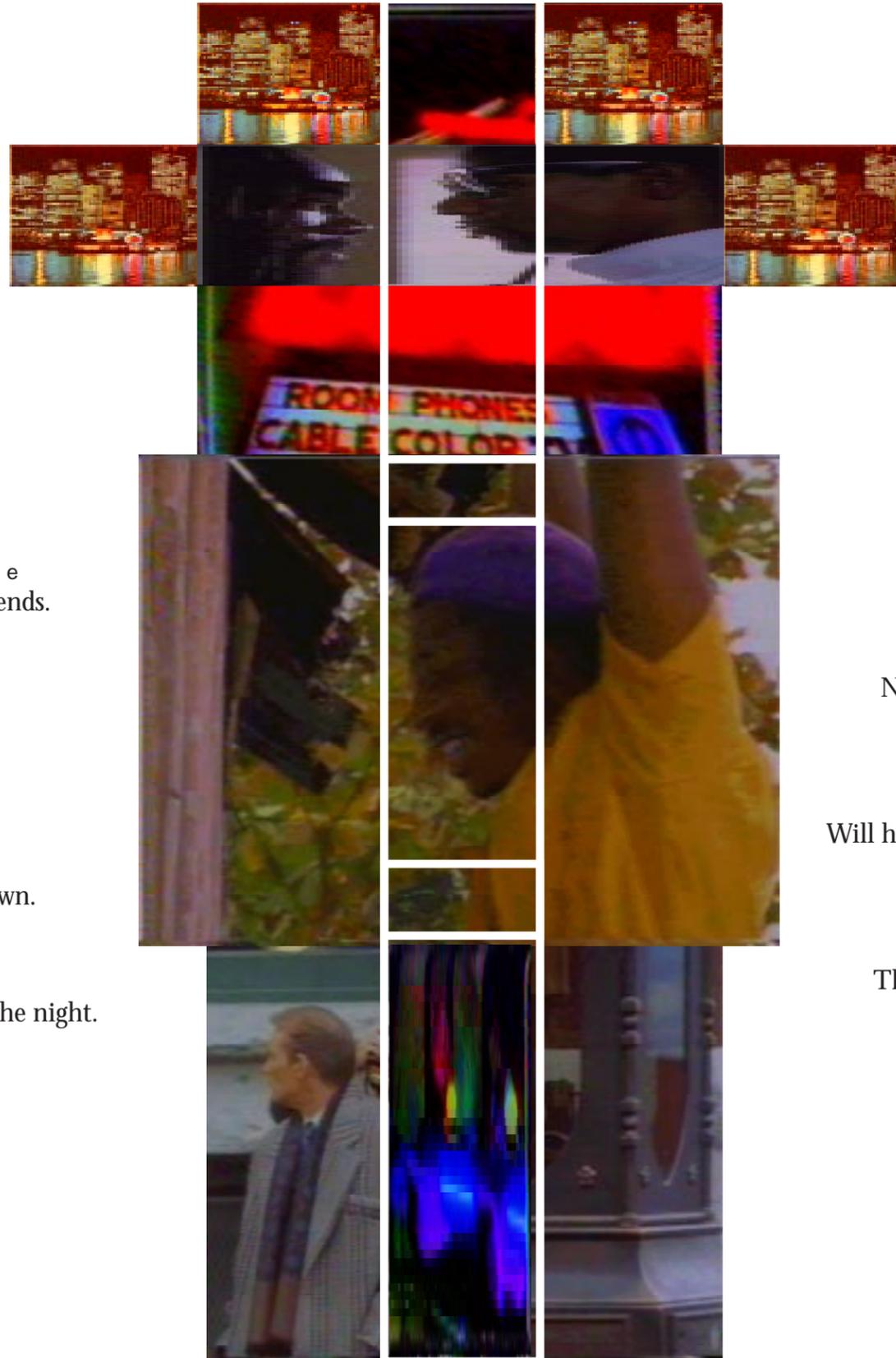


Luxembourg Palace

- 1** b e e e e d e f] e d e
 In Luxembourg Palace they say there's a King.
 g A B B B f] A g A B
 On an ivory throne He sits sight unseen
 g B B C B g g A f] d e
 In bracelets of silver that join His two hands
 e f] g g A f] e d e f] d e
 To the trunk of the Tree of the long-hanging Man.
- 2** A A A A f] A g A B
 Luxembourg Palace! City of Light!
 f] A A B A f] g A g B B
 I drift in your dawn in the wake of the night.
 g B B C B g g A f] d e
 Four sails on my vessel to catch the four winds
 f] g g A f] d e f] e d e
 That shriek through the heavens from where the earth ends.
- 1** The Queen in ermine and sable was born.
 The words She speaks like diamonds are worn
 On the ears of the nobles and ladies of grace.
 She writes their play and She sets their race.
- 1** At the foot of the King they say there's a Clown
 Whose hatred of kingdoms cost him the crown.
 Now he sits in the shadow of majesty's throne,
 Tickling the King's feet and scratching, scratching his own.
- 2** The Queen, his mother, is also his wife.
 In their dark patterns the light of his life
 Burns bright through the shadows, burns long through the night.
 This poor Clown of misery is Luxembourg's only light.
- 1** At the gate, by the entrance, they say there's a Thief
 Who once saw scorpions under the Tree.
 He stole the King's boots to cover his heel
 And cut off his feet on their shackles, shackles of steel.
- 1** Now the Thief remembers his dancing with shame,
 Telling the others that all kings are lame,
 That the mighty are weak and the timid all are grand,
 But hiding from sight the long hanging Man.



The Thief is a Priest who once was a Clown **2**
 Who would not see glory, but ugliness found.
 Now he sits in the court with the boots all around
 Tying their laces in knots and cursing, cursing the Clown.

Luxembourg Palace, a Thief is at your gate **2**
 Tying the knots that are binding your fate,
 Denying the Tree, detesting the stand,
 But loving the chains that bind royal hands.

For the long-hanging Man is known only to the Clown **2**
 And in him resides as dancers wheel 'round.
 On the Clown's tongue the Queen's flickering fire
 Lights up the faces dancing, dancing in desire.

The Tree that rises and grows from the sea, **1**
 Shading the mountains with leaves that are free
 To blow where they will and lie where they land
 Is the body of life to the long-hanging Man.

When He descends to Luxembourg's plain **2**
 With life for the living and death for the maimed,
 The Thief at the entrance, this salesman of chains,
 Not knowing himself in the Fall, must wither in the Spring.

When Luxembourg Palace is lit by the sun **2**
 The Clown and his dancers will have only begun.
 The Thief in his coffin, that Worm in his chains,
 Will hear their feet dancing a living, a laughing, a loving refrain.

Luxembourg Palace! City of Light! **2**
 I drift in your dawn in the wake of the night.
 Four sails on my vessel to catch the four winds
 That shriek through the heavens from where the earth ends.

