



Margraten

Lyrics & Music: Martin Diederer & Guido Frissen

1

In the morning when the fog recedes, out of that cloud thousands of white crosses slowly emerge.

A vast field of honor, and every name is that of a hero, on every cross a black raven perches.

(chorus)

Was it worth it, forfeiting one's life
For a small country, the existence of which you didn't even know.
Was it worth it, fighting for other people here
When your mother was so much against your going.
When I'm looking at those endless rows of white crosses
Only now do I realize what you did for Limburg
For to expel the enemy you had to jeopardize your life
And could not return to America

2

Every cross is a monument for some foreign bloke
Who gave his life for us
Most of them barely twenty years of age, ready to help our Limburg
"The hell on wheels", that nobody could stop.

(bridge)

For sixty years we have been free, and all that time they have been here
They gave there all
And in the early morning sun, here lies "private Washington"
I wonder, would I do the same for you?

Translated by:
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