Xiphea, Cinderella

"No you will never go to the feast!
Are you mad? You can`t dance!
What would everybody think?
When I look at you all I see is dirt and dust"
You know how the story goes –
All alone after chore, very sad,
with ashes on her head she is begging now
standing at her mother`s grave

"My little tree, shake your branches and leaves! Drop silver and gold down on me! All I want is dancing and dreaming, admiring the prince Could I be gleaming?"

Oh she is beautiful! What a dress, what a girl! At the ball she is dancing with the prince and with no one else - He is falling just for her The next day of the royal feast — He is waiting so long "will she come?" She is standing at the grave for the second time truly begging once again:

"My little tree, shake your branches and leaves! ...

A dress much more splendid -As she enters the ballroom the prince cannot hide it - he`s adoring her, too - yes But soon she will have to leave -Just in time! Suddenly all magic disappears

"Stop my dear! I wish you were here Now I' m thinking of a trick: I will smear the stairs with pitch I will do it secretly for the dream of you and me" It's the last day of the party At her mother's grave again she's begging:

"My little tree, shake your branches and leaves! ...

All I've ever wanted is here in my heart and it calls I cannot even pretend This is more like my dream and I dream of secrets undone!" True love!

And you know how the story goes - that the prince picked up her shoe Many pretty ladies showed, tried the golden slipper, too Cinderella`s dream came true -There was no blood in the shoe Like a lovely melody - Play it to me!