

# 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!