

Hotel Gellert, Budapest

Snow falls on past heroes  
Heavily the Danube flows  
Hungary spreads her .....  
Yes unbelievable tale,  
Wide-eyed baroque streets  
Cocooned in communism  
Emerge like butterflies,  
The pallor of Winter  
Embalms the Citadel behind,  
Ionic water retreats age  
Beneath these marble halls,  
King Stephens holy crown  
Still smoulders in the eyes  
Of wine happy students,  
How much there is too learn  
Behind these pale faces  
Which give nothing away.