

Girl from the Rhine

... and then that day at Bastille
showed up the most precious thrill
from the deepest of mighty Rhine
with 'eine wundersame melodei'.

"Blessed are my eyes,
Psyche would envy,
how could you treasure,
not being Cupid?"

Now turn to God? Get Orpheus's lyre?
Can music rule modern siren's ear?!

'Ich weiß nicht', but 'ich so traurig bin'.
Cortisol? Or Seretonin? What needs to win?

Spoke the head,
exiled my heart,
She's from your land, Heine!
Not just an art!

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