

# The Lorelei

Jack Jones

Sometimes I hear the Lorelei  
Ever so near, the Lorelei  
At night she'll hum to me, and whisper come to me  
From her place among the shadows.

Who can she be, the Lorelei  
Why is it me who hears her sigh  
Oh, if that sigh became a face, a shape, a name,  
A lover, I would love her till I die, the Lorelei.

I would love her till I die, the Lorelei  
Must you go away, Lorelei  
Come and stay, Lorelei.