

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.