

In the wee small hours of the morning, while the whole wide world is fastest asleep, you lie awake and think about the girl and never ever think of counting sheep. When your lonely heart has learned its lesson, you'd be hers if only she would call. In the wee small as of the morning, that's the time you miss her most of all.

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson--

--and take his wife along. My great-great-great grandfather-- I do not even know their name. Women-- they cannot walk. Maybe he pushed a wagon. I have no idea whether he walked, or pushed a wagon, or pushed the family in. I only know he could leave. And you--

So your family was in Westphalia for 130 years?

For more than 130 years. Oh, yes. I do not know how long it took to go from Frankfurt to Westphalia. The city, when I was born, was 700-year-old city. Now it is about a 800-year-old city. There was a great, great celebration at-- when it was 700. And there was a duke, and Jews could live there. And there, of course, was little antisemitism, but we didn't suffer from it.

The high school-- we were the princesses of the high school, the Jewish children, because we were the most educated ones.. They always said that-- look at Martha, look at Gretel, look at Else. Look what they could answer. They couldn't answer.

In 1933, when Hitler came to power, you were still living in Westphalia?

I was?

You had not yet gone to Berlin?

Of course. I went 1922 to Berlin.

Oh, so you were in Berlin for a long time.

This is where I was born, 1920 in Berlin. I was 19 years old or 20. And there I was born. There I got everything I would-- what I needed here. I didn't need clothes. I didn't need food. I needed answers here.

So in 1933, when you were in Berlin when Hitler came to power, what were the differences started to see in regard to Jews?

We couldn't go-- not directly, but in the next year-- to no theater, to no concert, to no -- no restaurants, nothing.

So life changed.

Restaurants I didn't miss, but the concerts I did miss, and all the talks, and--

So life changed drastically?

Yeah.

But you didn't think about leaving until that Nazi told you that you had better.

I did think of it, but I didn't succeed. I didn't know-- I wanted to go to America.

And you couldn't get that number?

Of course I did. At the same time, I was frightened. I wanted to go, that was frightening, to an unknown world, unknown situation, unknown civilization, everything unknown.

Well, you've had quite a life.

I am so tired. Now everything is so much-- every night I cannot fall asleep unless I take something because I think of my family who were burned in the oven-- in the ovens.

Everything's packed up, and the things, everything. They had boxes with wonderful clothes and shoes, rooms full of wonderful clothes and shoes and boxes of gold, and rings, and everything from the Jews. Before they put in the oven, naked. Everything was taken off.

And stolen.

And they sold it and made millions of dollars. There were some very rich Jews, but most of them middle-class, as we were. But there were-- for instance, the cousin of my mother was a very rich one, the one who took me-- gave me the position in Berlin. He was very rich.

But there were well-to-do people. My grandfather was well-to-do, as were many people. They were honest people and wonderful people, very, very few poor Jews. I didn't know of any poor-- later, when they came from Poland to Berlin, I worked in a Jewish Agency, and I got contact with these poor people from Poland. They came by foot from Russia to Warsaw to Berlin. There, there I saw suffering.

Yes, Polish Jews were.

And I worked there in this agency for-- it was only after my work in the office, and weekends I worked in the agency to help these poor people from Poland. But the Germans Jews were not so poor, very, very, very few.

Well, you've been very helpful, and I very much appreciate your taking the time. I know that a conversation like this takes a lot out of you and it's hard to relive it. So I'm very appreciative that you see the importance of this and that gave us this your time.

I hope America will never experience or any people what we experienced. You have to be very strong. It is amazing that I still have a memory. It's amazing that I'm still alive. I cannot believe it myself.

It is amazing. It's a tribute to your strength, your instinct.

And I met wonderful people here, wonderful friends here who care, who care for me, and call, and come, and take me out. I can hardly walk. I told you-- and I fell-- I have a broken hip-- six months ago, and I put-- I cannot walk miles anymore, which I used to do and loved to do. So they come here to help me. I have wonderful, wonderful friends here, Christian and Jewish friends, wonderful, who care and want to be with me.

This I do not believe. I am a terrible person. I have a terrible experience, and it is constantly with me. Only when I listen to an intelligent talk here or something-- to see some dancing, I am-- my mind is grateful for my terrible thoughts. Otherwise-- if I could take my eyes off it, my ears are bad the whole girl is bad.

But your intelligence is not, and for that you should be grateful.

[MUSIC PLAYING - "I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU VERY WELL"]

(SINGING) But get along without you very well. I've forgotten you just like I should. Of course I have, except to hear your name or someone's laugh that is the same. But I've forgotten you just like I should.

What a guy, what a fool am I to think my breaking heart could kid the moon. What's in store? Should I phone once

more? No, it's best that I stick to my tune.

I get along without you very well. Of course I do, except perhaps in spring. But I should never think of spring, for that would surely break my heart in two.

I dim all the lights, and I sink in my chair. The smoke from my cigarette climbs through the air. The walls of my room fade away in the blue, and I'm deep in a dream of you.

The smoke makes a stairway for you to descend. You come to my arms. May this bliss never end. For we'll love anew just as we used to do when I'm deep into dream of you.

Then from the ceiling sweet music comes stealing. We glide through a lover's refrain. You're so appealing that I'm soon revealing my love for you over again.

My cigarette burns me. I wake with a start. My hand isn't hurt, but there's pain in my heart. Awake or asleep, every memory I'll keep, deep in a dream of you.

I see your face before me, crowding my every dream. There is your face before me. You are my only theme. It doesn't matter where you are. I can see how fair you are. I close my eyes, and there you are, always.

If you could share the magic, yes, if you could see me, too, there would be nothing tragic in all my dreams of you. Would that my love could haunt you so, knowing I want you so. I can't erase your beautiful face before me.

Would that my love could haunt you so, knowing I want you so. I can't erase your beautiful face before me.

I took each word she said as gospel, true, the way a silly little child would. I can't excuse it on the grounds of you. I was no babe in the wild, wild wood. She didn't mean it. I should have seen it. But now it's too late.

I thought I'd found the girl of my dreams. Now it seems this is how the story ends. She's going to turn me down and say, can't we be friends?

I thought for once it couldn't go wrong, not for long. I can see the way this ends. She's going to turn me down and say, can't we be friends?

Why should I care, though she gave me the air? Why should I cry, heave a sigh, and wonder why, and wonder why?

I thought I'd found a gal I could trust. What a bust. This is how the story ends. She's going to turn me down and say, can't we be just friends?

What good is the scheming, the planning, and dreaming that comes with each new love affair. The love that you cherish so often may perish and leave you with castles in air.

When you're alone, who cares for star-lit skies? When you're alone, the magic moonlight dies. At break of dawn, there is no sunrise when your lover has gone.

What lonely hours the evening shadows bring. What lonely hours with memories lingering. Like faded flowers, life can't mean anything when your lover has gone.

[MUSIC PLAYING - "WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE"]

What is this thing called love, this funny thing called love? Just who can solve its mystery? Why should it make a fool of me?

I saw you there one wonderful day. But you took my heart, and you threw my heart away. That's why I ask the lord up

in heaven above, just what is this thing called love?

Last night, when we were young, love was a star, a song unsung. Life was so new, so real, so right, ages ago, last night. Today, the world is old. You flew away, and time grew cold.

Where is that star that seemed so bright ages ago, last night. To think that spring had depended on merely this, a look, a kiss, to think that something so splendid could slip away in one little daybreak.

So now let's reminisce and recollect the sighs and the kisses, the arms that clung when we were young, last night.

I'll be around no matter how you treat me now. I'll be around from now on. Your latest love can never last. And when it's past, I'll be around when he's gone.

Goodbye again. And if you find a love like mine, just now and then drop a line to say you're feeling fine. And when things go wrong, perhaps you'll see you're meant for me. So I'll be around when he's gone.

Goodbye again. Now and then, drop a line to say that you're feeling fine. And when things go wrong, perhaps you'll see you're meant for me.

So I'll be around when he's gone.

Blow, ill wind, blow away. Let me rest today. You're blowing me no good, no good. Go, ill wind, go away. Skies are oh-so gray around my neighborhood. And that ain't good.

You're only misleading the sunshine I'm needing. And ain't that a shame? It's so hard to keep up with troubles that creep up from out of nowhere when love's to blame.

So ill wind, blow away. Let me rest today. You're blowing me no good.

So ill wind, blow away. Please let me rest today. You're blowing me no good. No good, no good.

Once I laughed when I heard you say that I'd be playing solitaire, uneasy in my easy chair. It never entered my mind. Once you told me I was mistaken, that I'd awaken with the sun and order orange juice for one. It never entered my mind.

You have what I lack myself. Now I even have to scratch my back myself. Once you warned that if you scorned me I'd say a lonely prayer again and wish that you were there again to get into my head again. It never entered my mind.

[MUSIC PLAYING - "DANCING ON THE CEILING"]

The world is lyrical because a miracle has brought my lover to me. Though she's some other place, her face I see. At night I creep in bed and never sleep in bed but look above in the air. And to my greatest joy, my love is there.

She dances overhead, on the ceiling near my bed, in my sight all through the night. I try to hide in vain underneath my counterpane, but there's my love, up there above.

I whisper, go away, my lover. It's not fair. But I'm so grateful to discover that she's still there. I love my ceiling since it is a dancing floor just for my love.

I'll never be the same. Stars have lost their meaning for me. I'll never be the same. Nothing's what it once used to be. And when the songbirds that sing tell me it's spring, I can't believe their song. Once love was king, but kings can be wrong.

I'll never be the same. There is such an ache in my heart, never be the same since we're apart. Though there's a lot that a smile may hide, I know down deep inside I'll never be the same, never be the same again.

I'll never be the same, never be the same again.

[MUSIC PLAYING - "THIS LOVE OF MINE"]

This love of mine goes on and on. Though life is empty since you have gone. You're always on my mind, though out of sight. It's lonesome through the day but, oh, the night. I cry my heart out. It's bound to break. Since nothing matters, let it break.

I ask the sun and the moon, the stars that shine, what's to become of you, this love of mine?

I ask the sun and the moon, the stars that shine, what's to become of you, this love of mine? This love of mine goes on and on.