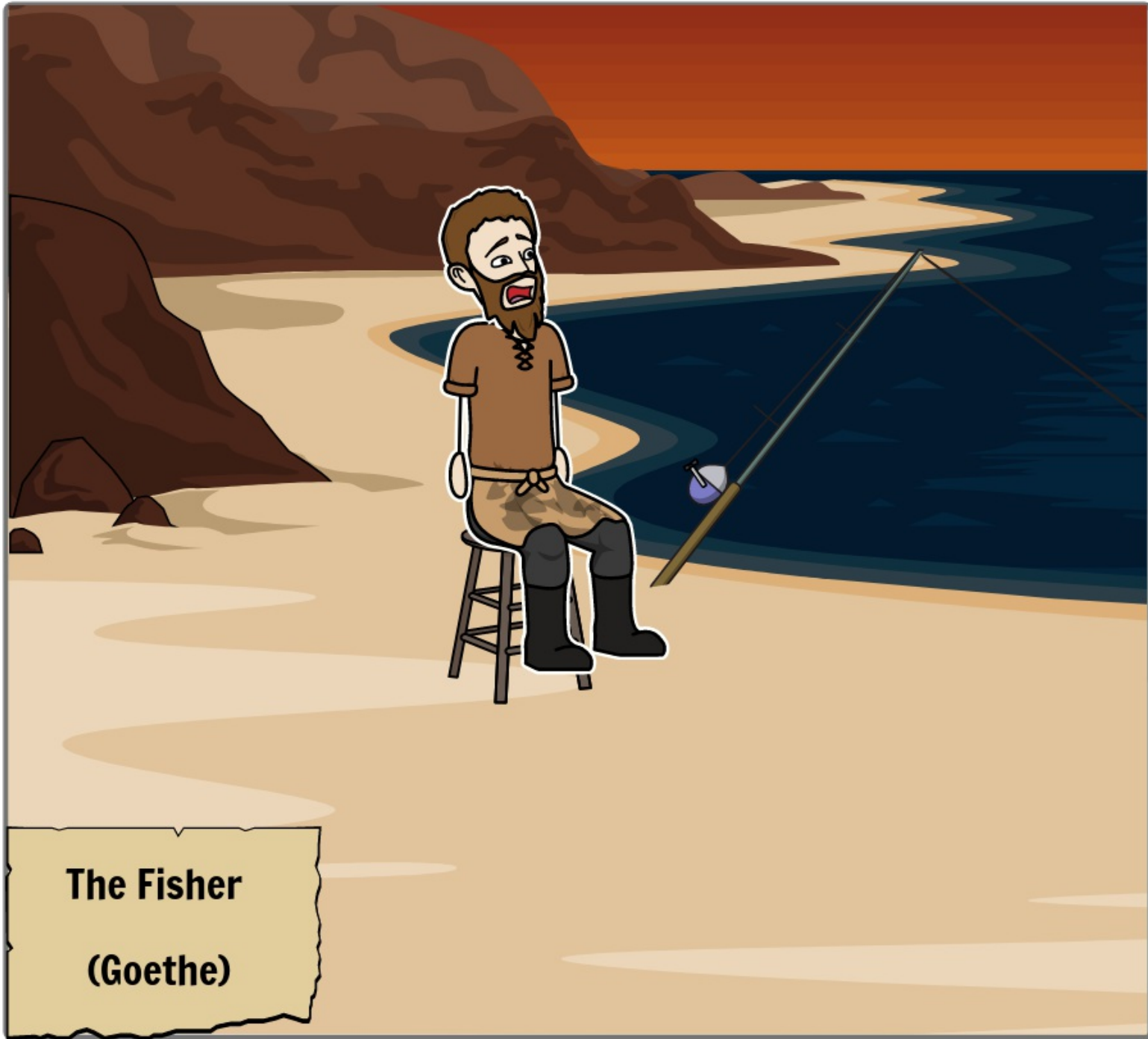


By Balázs Csányi

Erstellen Sie Ihre eigenen Storyboard That




The Fisher
(Goethe)




**The water rushed, the water rose
A fisherman by the sea
Observed his line in deep repose,
Cool to his heart was he.
And as he sits and listens well,
The billow breaks and parts,
And from the waters' churning swell
A dripping woman darts.**







**Why lure my kind
away
With human wit
and cunningly
To the deadly blaze
of day?**



**She sang to him, she spoke to him:
"Why lure my..."**



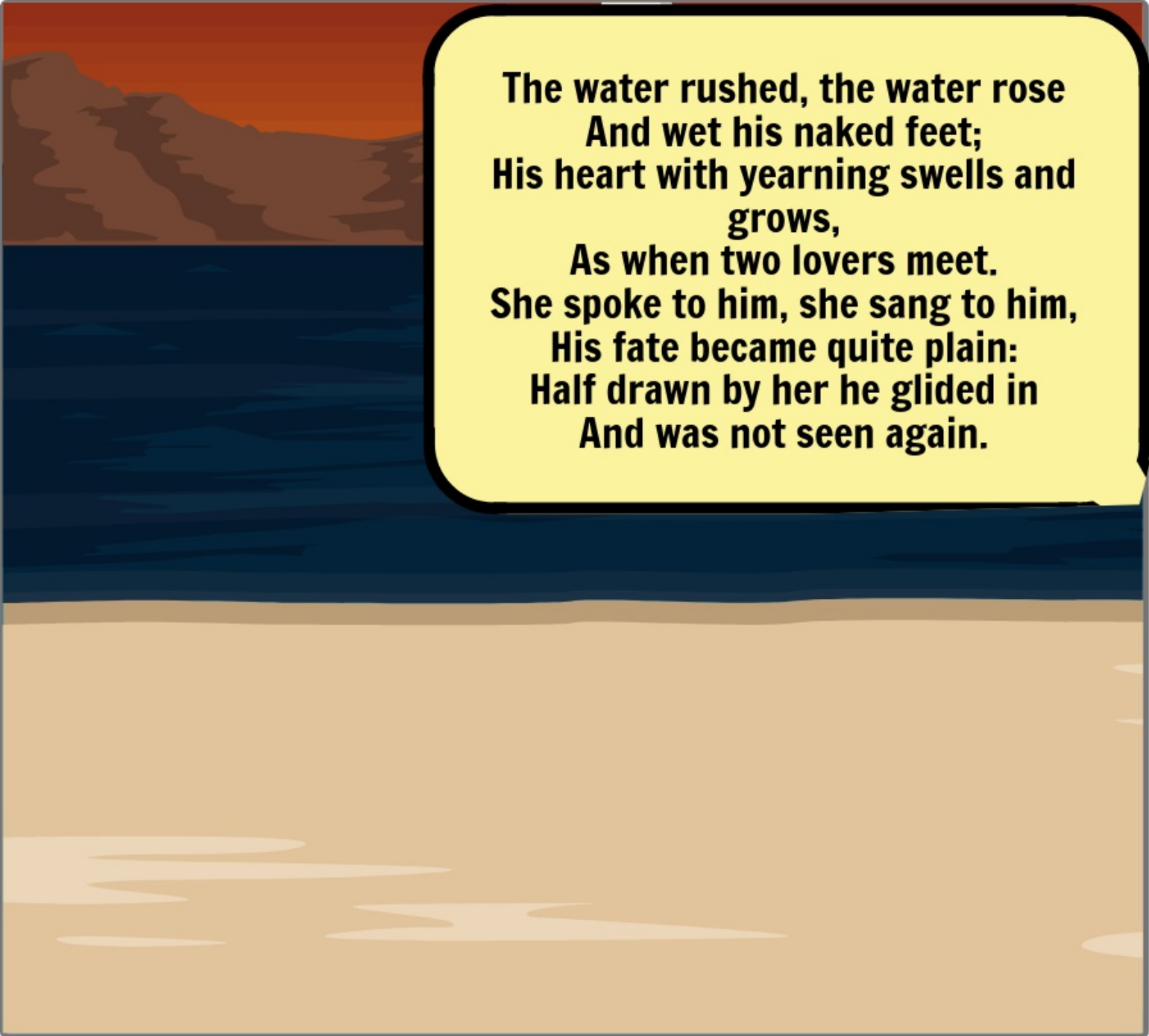


**This sky-like
depth, it calls you
not,
This dank
transfigured blue?
Your mirrored form
enthalls you not
To seek the endless
dew**





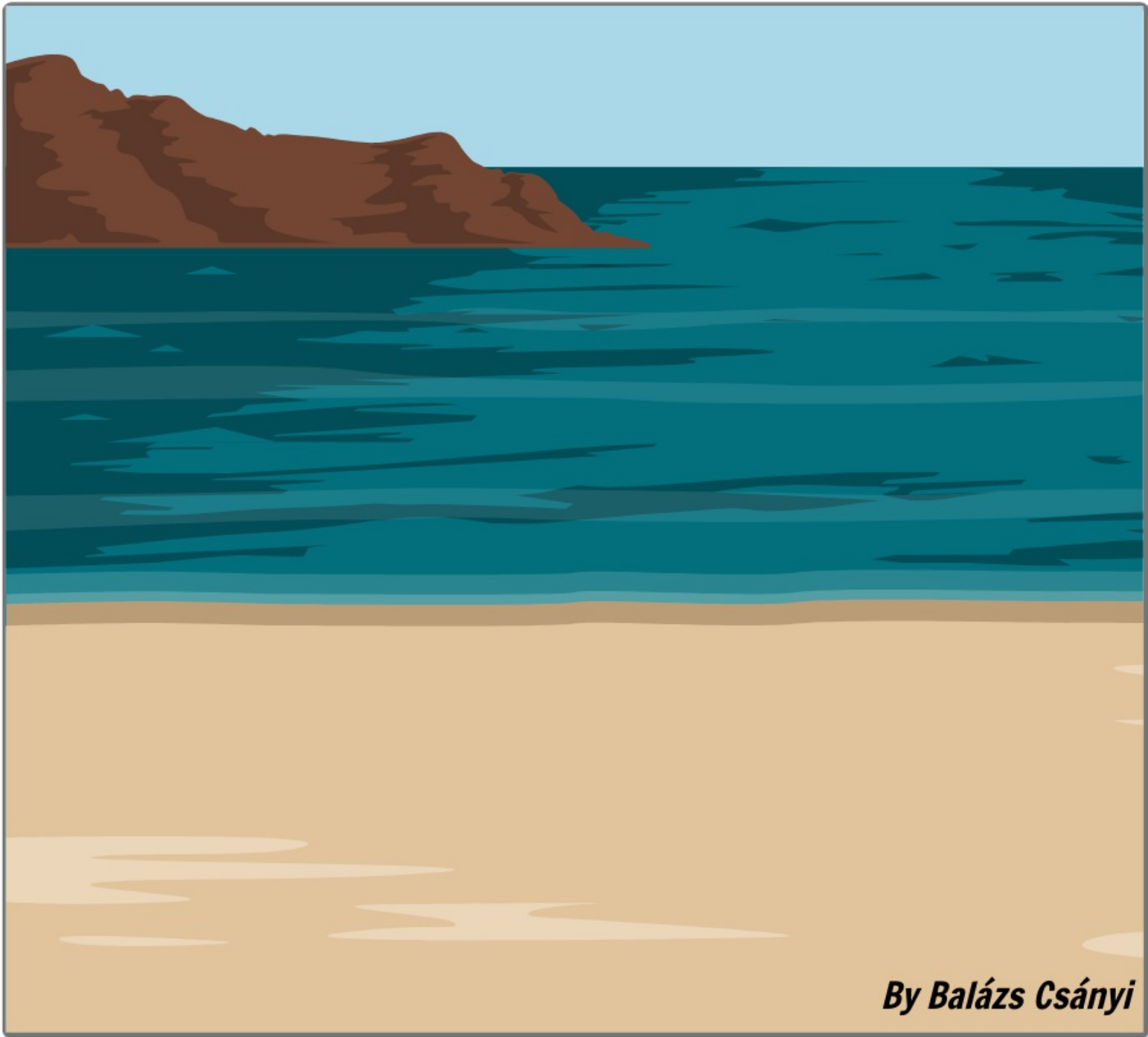




**The water rushed, the water rose
And wet his naked feet;
His heart with yearning swells and
grows,
As when two lovers meet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him,
His fate became quite plain:
Half drawn by her he glided in
And was not seen again.**







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