



Teutonic New Year

I was a child on New Year's Eve
Berlin, nineteen-thirty three
Before the Brown-shirts came
Who didn't like my name.

Paper streamers everywhere
People shouting in the Square
Where on that morning Mutti bought
Traditional carp, freshly caught.

We children joined in everything,
Bells ringing, voices singing
Frohes Neu Jahr, prosit Neu Jahr,
Good will to all men

So said we all.
But when? When...?