



Little Door to the 24th of December

Coronation by Heinrich Heine

Oh songs of mine! beloved songs of mine,
Up, up! and don your armor,
And let the trumpets blare,
And lift upon your shield
This youthful maiden
Who now shall reign supreme
Over my heart, as queen!
Hail! hail! thou youthful queen!

From the sun above
I snatch the beaming red gold,
And weave therewith a diadem
For thy consecrated head.
From the fluttering azure-silken canopy
of heaven,
Where blaze the diamonds of night,
A precious fragment I cut:
And as a coronation mantle,
I hang it upon thy royal shoulders.
I bestow on thee a court
Of richly-attired sonnets,
Haughty Terzine and stately stanzas.
My wit shall serve thee as courier,
My fancy shall be thy fool,
Thy herald, whose crest is a smiling
tear,
Shall be my humor.

But I myself, oh Queen,
Low do I kneel before thee,
On the cushion of crimson samite,
And as homage I dedicate to thee.
The tiny morsel of reason,
That has been compassionately spared
me
By thy predecessor in the realm.



While Heinrich Heine wasn't talking
about Hatsune Miku, I think he'd be
pretty fond of her in the right attire.