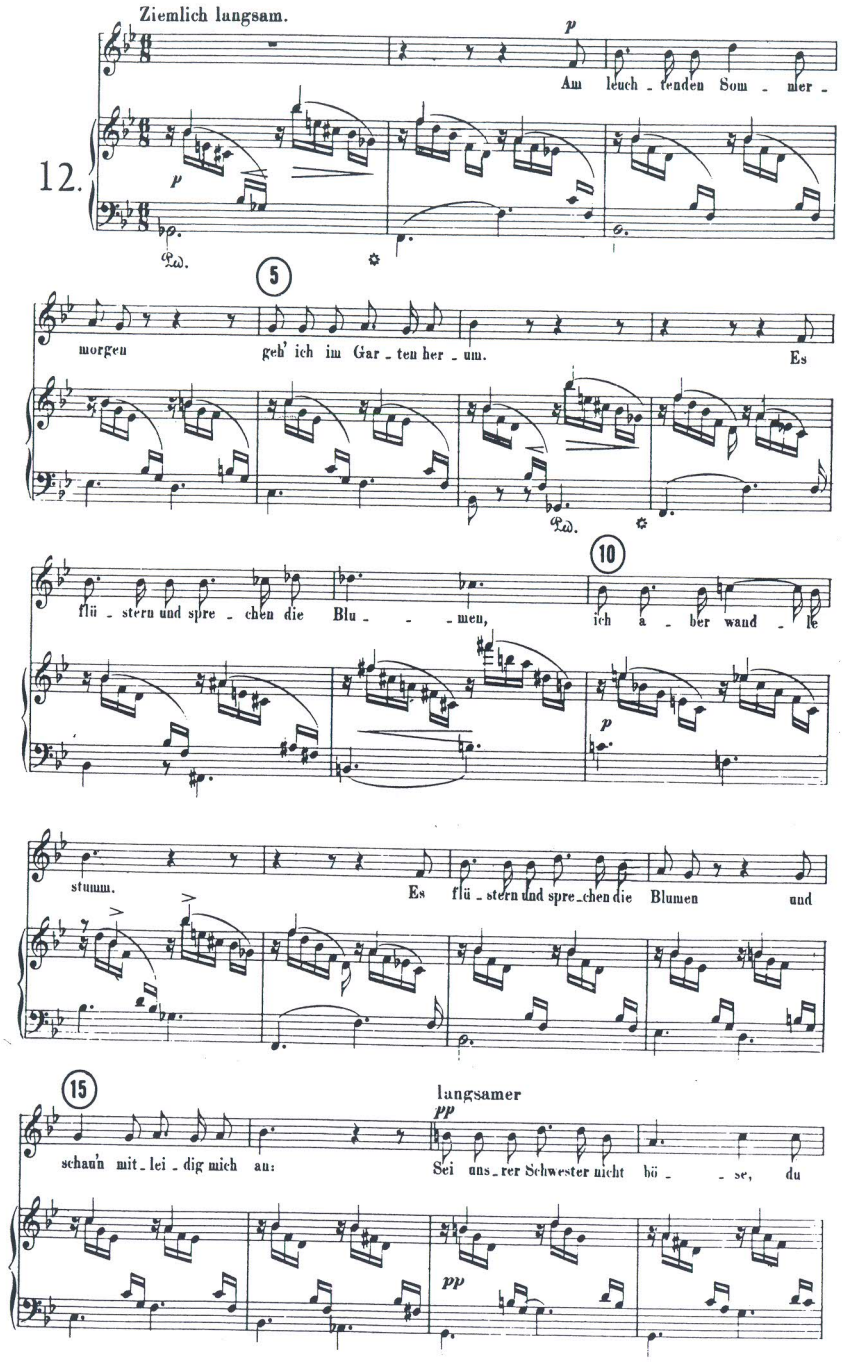

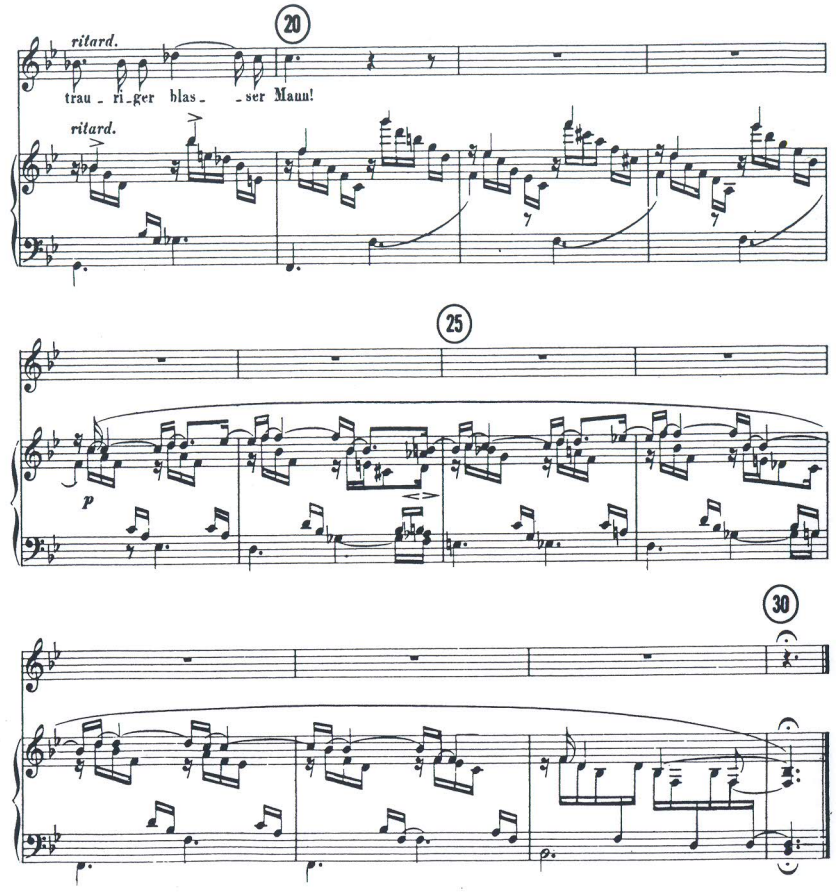

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,

Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen

Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger blasser Mann!

In the bright summer morning
I walk about the garden.
The flowers are whispering
and talking,
but I wander in silence.

The flowers are whispering
and talking,
and they look pityingly at me:
"Don't be angry with our sister,
you doleful, pale man."