Ter lange Solo 3a feinem Stuble folift ein, ber Gnid, Es if fowil und tifter im Gribden Ceine Guleffinter bie fluttern leid Die fleinen Mitden und Bilden, Eir fellen fic bin wa ben Schlifer bicht Der Greis aber folummert er merft et nicht. Gine braune fifr gangt an ber Benb Bang faubig, gang letfe that fie geben Sie werb vom Schlummer thermant Auf einmal Rodt fie unn bleibt fie fteben Bum erftramele verfagt fie ber Bflide Der Greis ber folummeit u. merttet nicht, Die Rinter bie bliden per Thar berein Bie molten ben Greis aufmeden, Grofrater muß beute recht mabe fein Grif ger nicht enfanneden, Ge fdimmert burde genfter bas Mbentret Der Greis in feinem Stuble war tot.

The Long Sleep.

The old man is asleep in his chair, It's muggy and gloomy in the little room. His grandchildren are whispering quietly. The little girls and boys Quietly approach the sleeper up close. The old man is slumbering and doesn't notice.

A brown clock hangs on the wall Very dusty, and runs very silently It was overcome by the slumber It struck once and now it stands still. It failed to meet its responsibility for the first time The old man is slumbering and doesn't notice.

The children are looking from the door They did not want to waken the old man, Grandfather must be very tired today He can't be awakened.

The sunset shimmers through the window The old man is dead in his chair.

M. Sohns

Translated by John Buerfeind