A Poem by Michael Sohns. Giddings Deutsches Volksblatt, 5 Dec 1907. Image 112000123.

Per Auger ber Lopi mir balb bereint. list tet ted jo rules serense. D taten bie Lente bod jahlen Es lifte fic fet friner mehr feb Bringt feiner ein Cotton Ballen Leslif bed fürmele simmer b 34 meis nicht mes foll es bebente De fin id und binte int Pud De find viel beidriebene Beiten. Radhabiae Tollars genre Må titen bie tente bod tommer Mit Cifer, Gall aber Benfer es mirre era Xien millione 34 molite nod banten baffir. Midte id fears fibrmelt. Du bit eine blie Euten La modit je san Corec und Scia!

The Merchants Lorelei for 1907

I do not know what it might mean
My head is buzzing with anger
I am not receiving any money from the people
Although I am pumping everyone.
Oh, if the people would only pay up
Instead, no one is to be seen
None will bring a cotton bail
That is, in truth, never nice.

I do not know what it might mean
Here I sit and stare at the book
There are many pages of writing
With enough passed due dollars
If the people would only come
With silver, gold or paper
And even a nickel would be welcome
I would be thankful for such.

I do not know what it might mean
It is certainly a bad year
These are really very bad times
I would like to say, in truth.
Oh, nineteen hundred and seven
One might want to cry out in anger
You only cause worry and pain!

M. Sohns

Translated by John Buerfeind