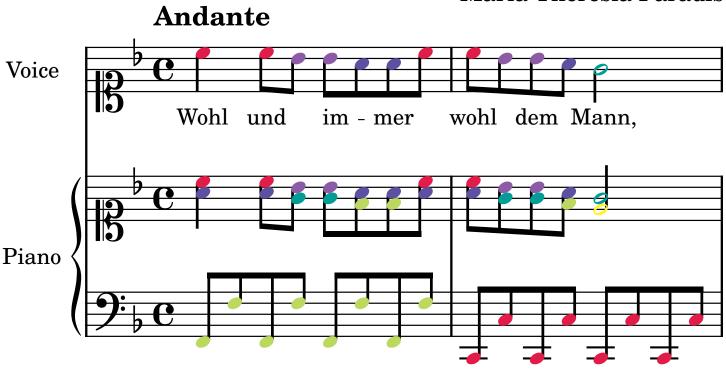
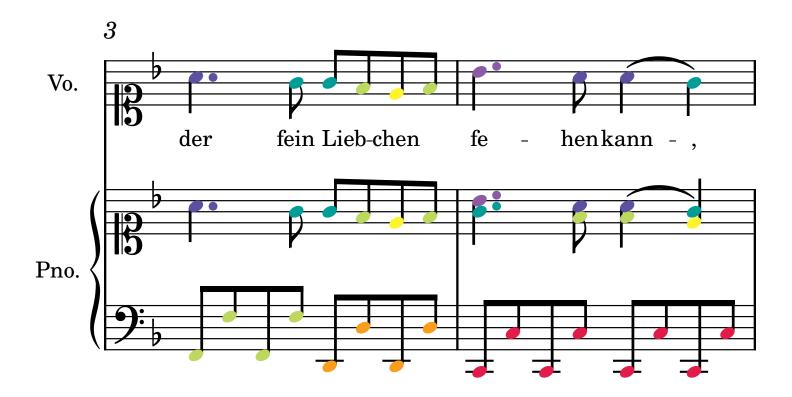
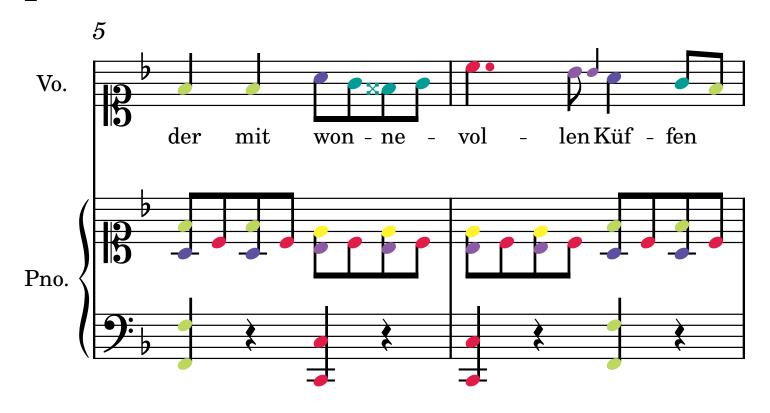
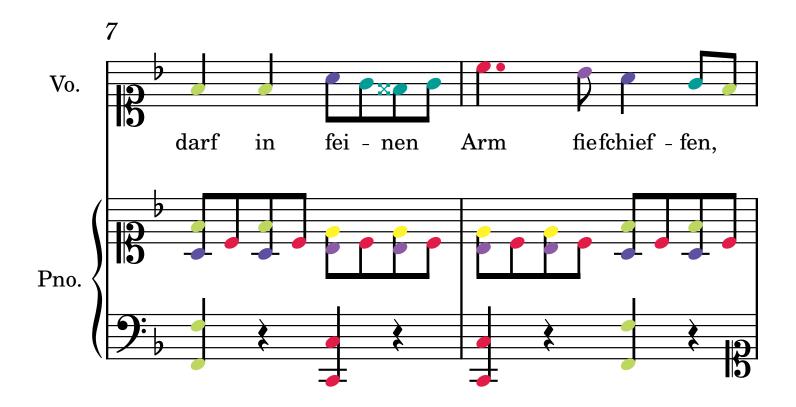
Aus Siegwart.

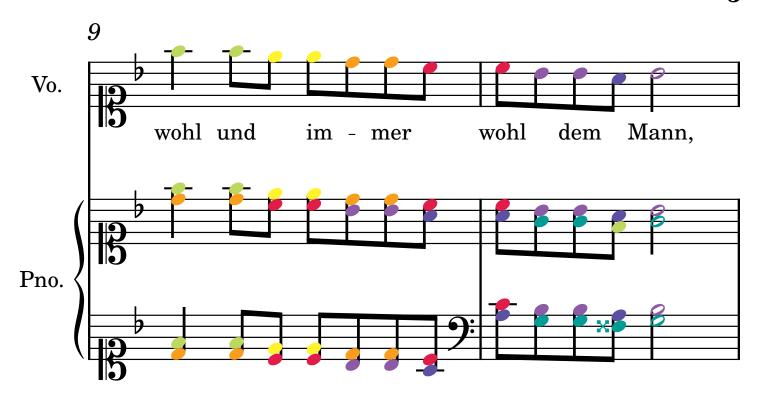
Maria Theresia Paradis

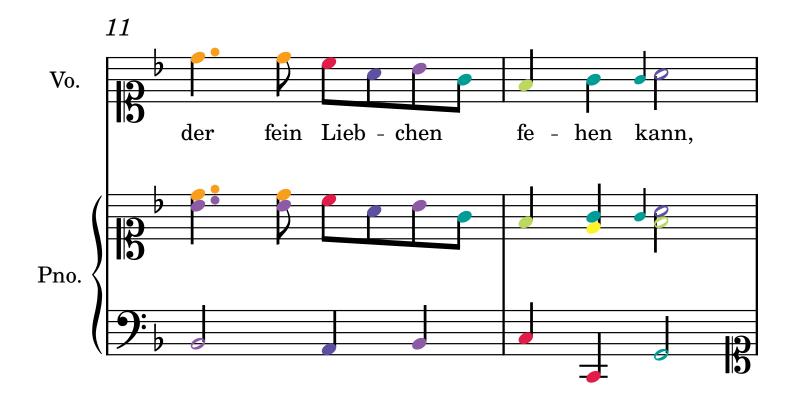


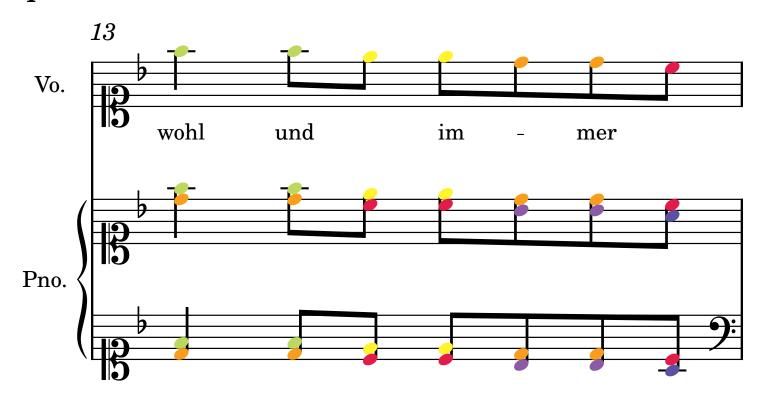


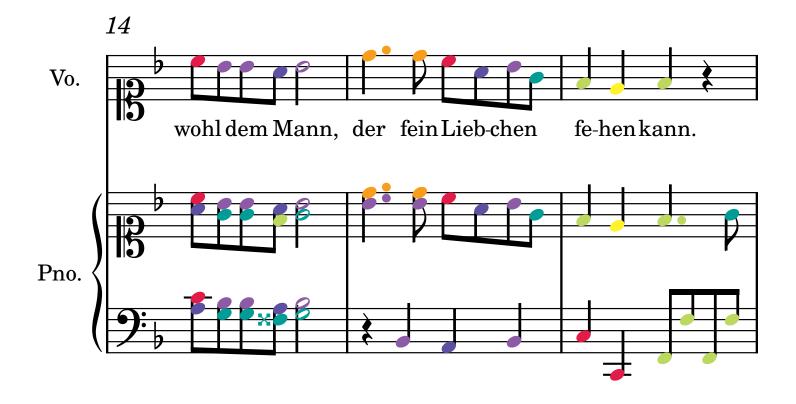


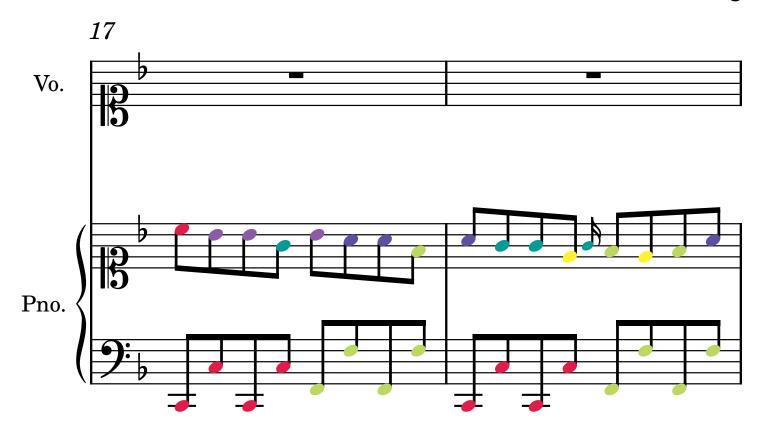


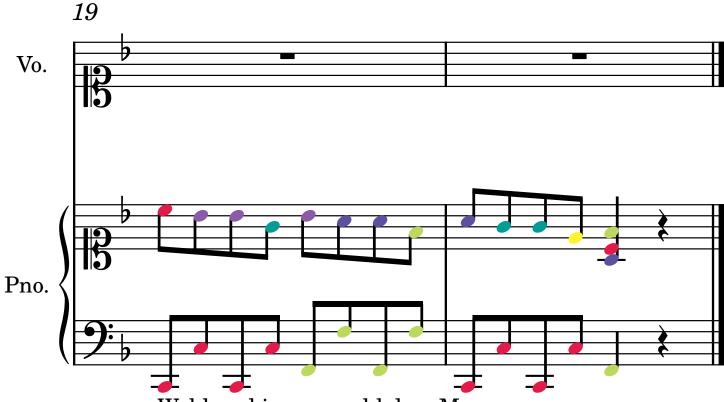












Wohl und immer wohl dem Mann;
Der fein Liebchen fehen kann,
Der mit wonnevollen Küffen
Daf in feinen Arm fie fchliefsen,
Wohl und immer wohl dem Mann,
Der fein Liebchen fehen kann.
Aber weh dem armen Mann,
Der nichts Liebes fehen kann,
Der wie ich in Minna Banden
Trauern mufs in fremden Landen!
Weh und immer weh dem Mann,
Der nichts Liebes fehen kann.