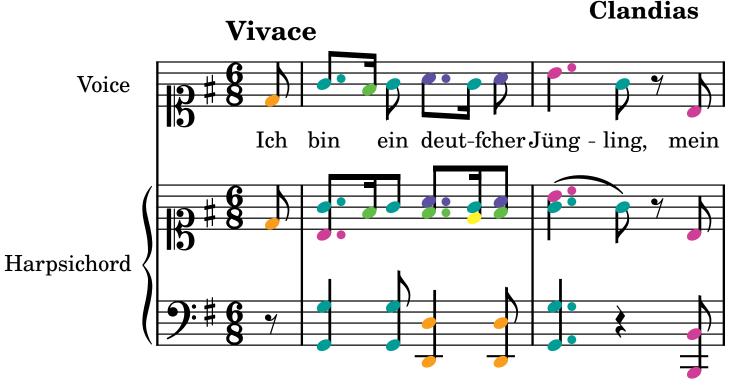
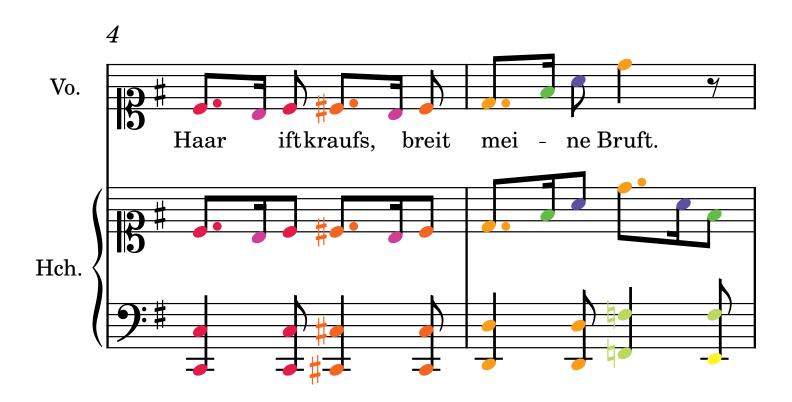
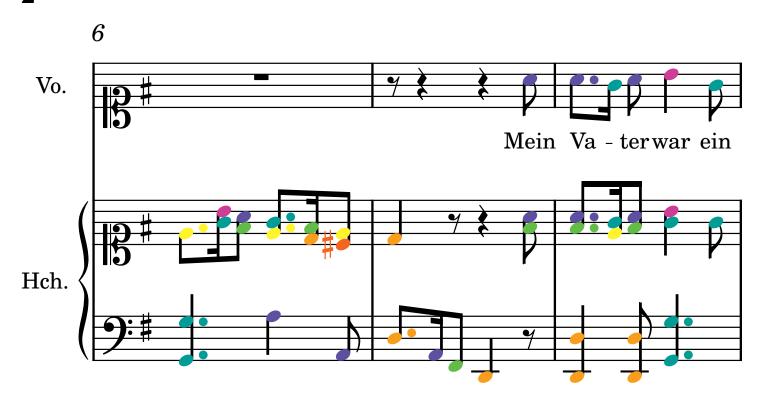
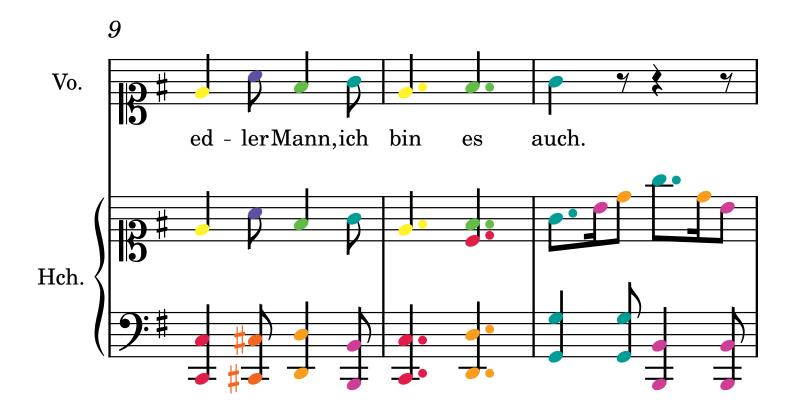
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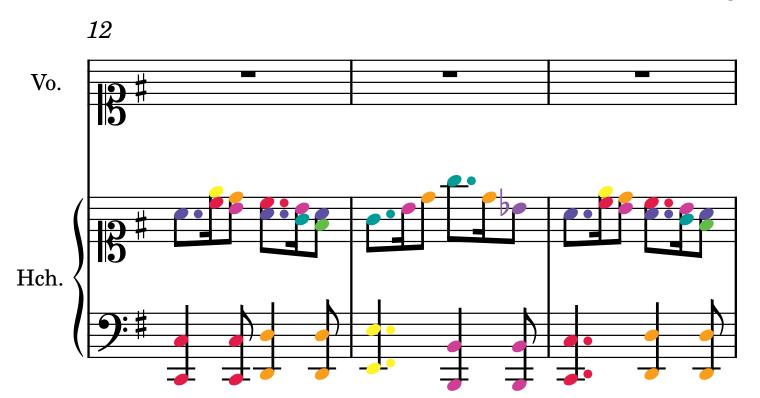
M. Th. Paradis Clandias

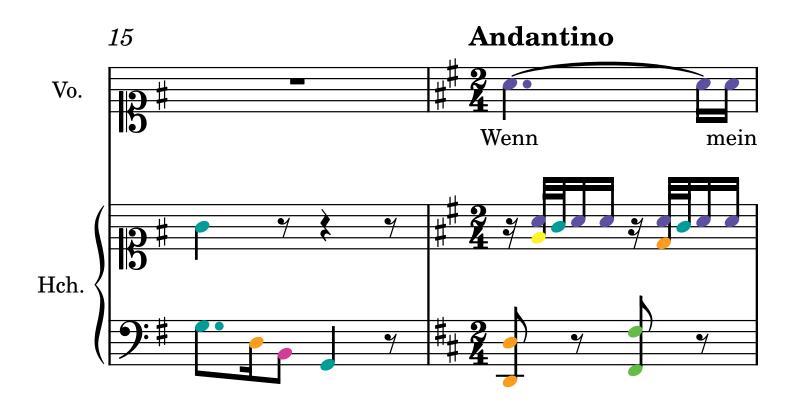


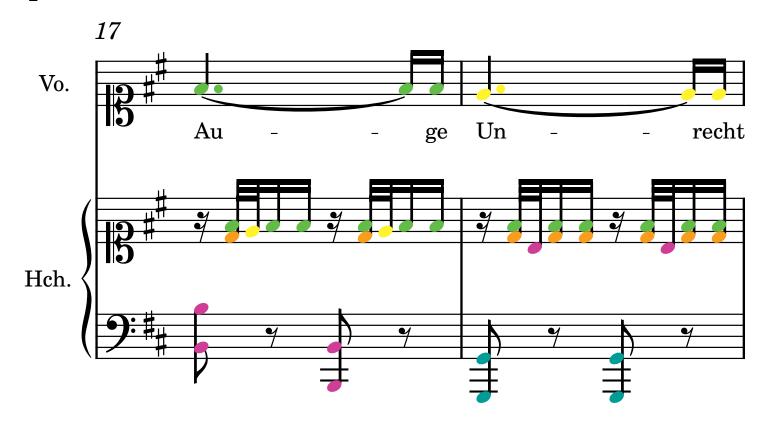


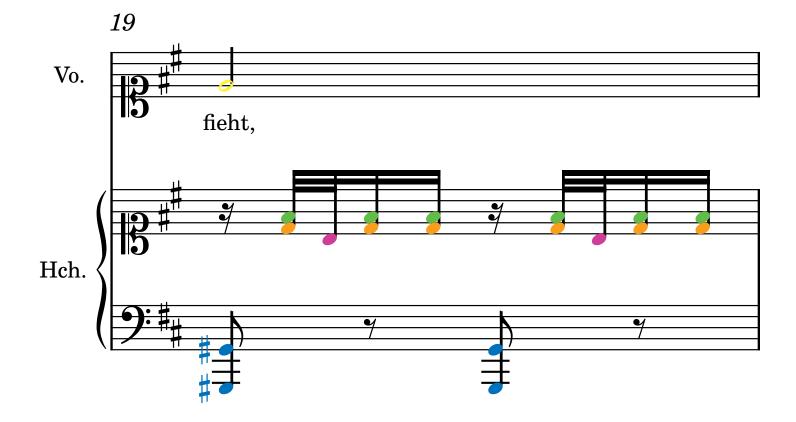


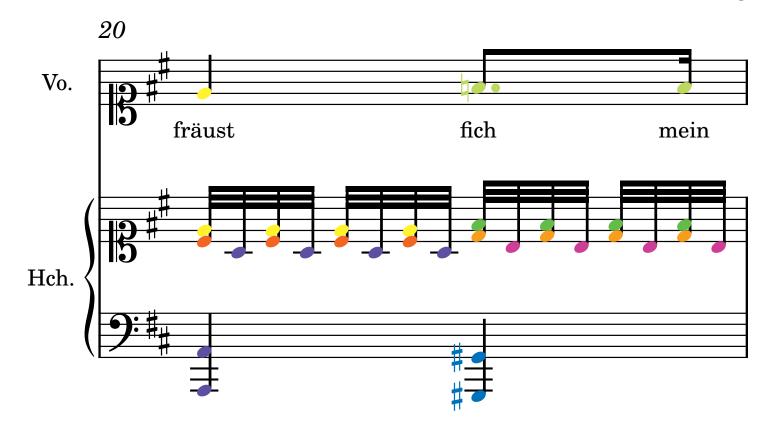


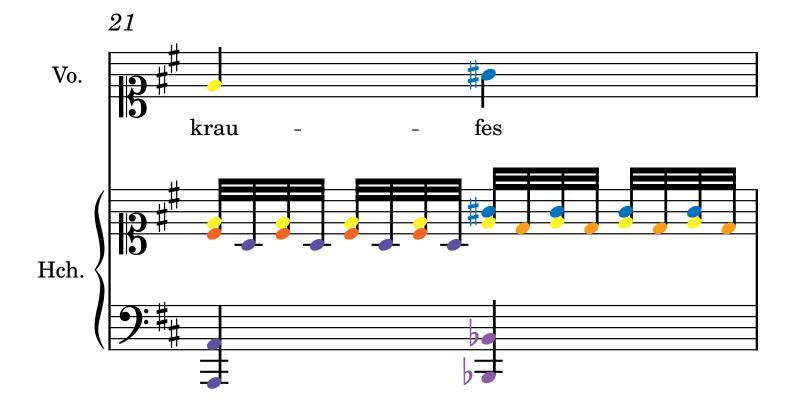


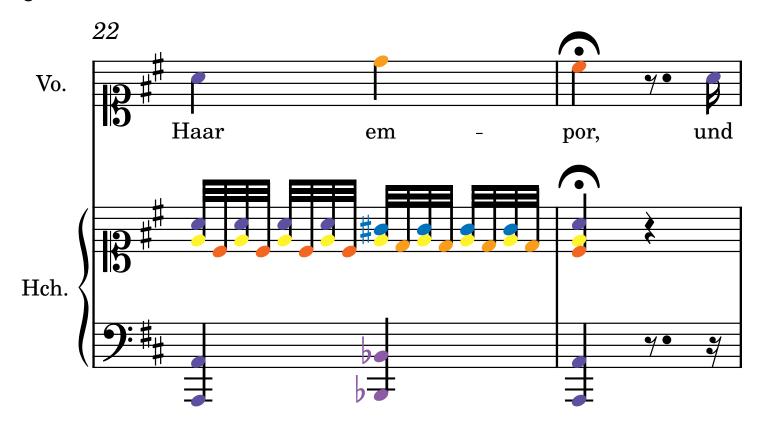


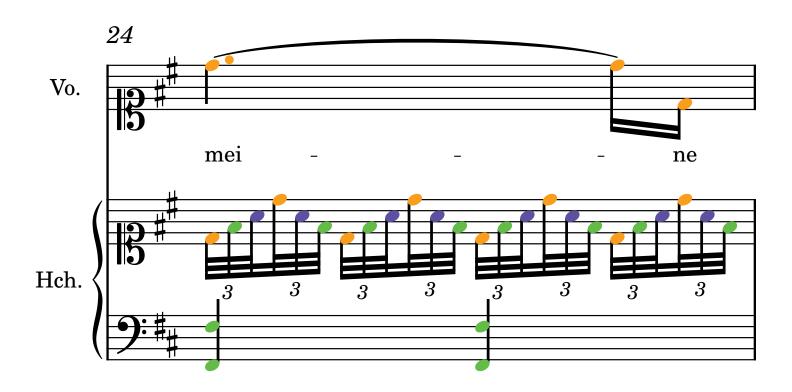


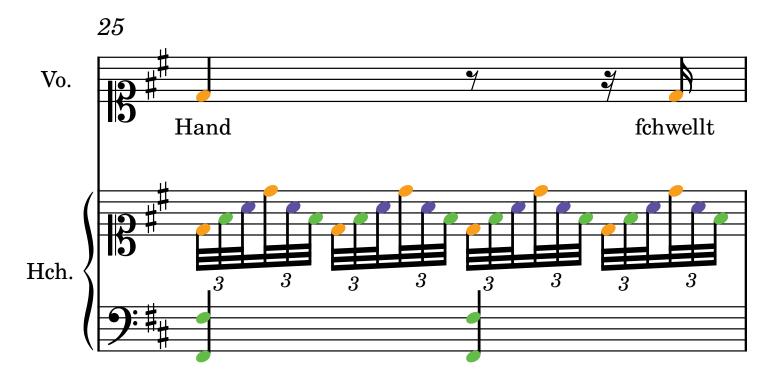


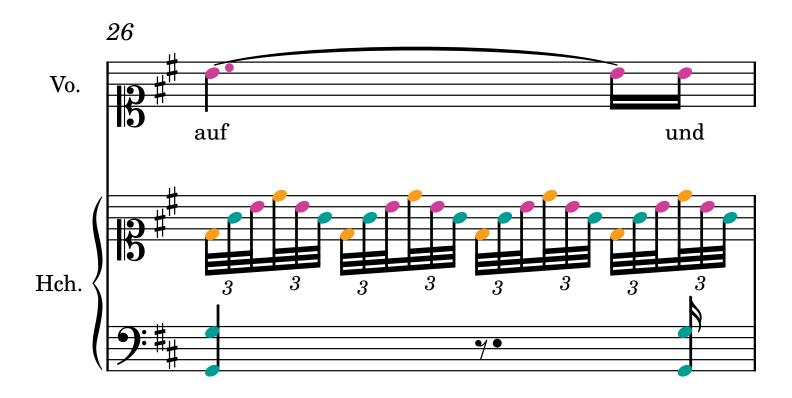


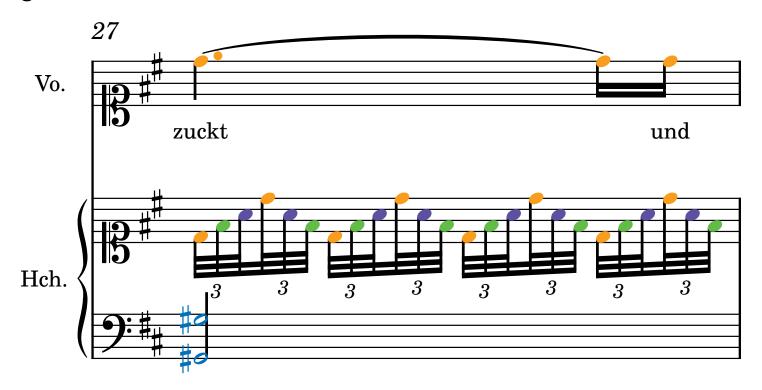


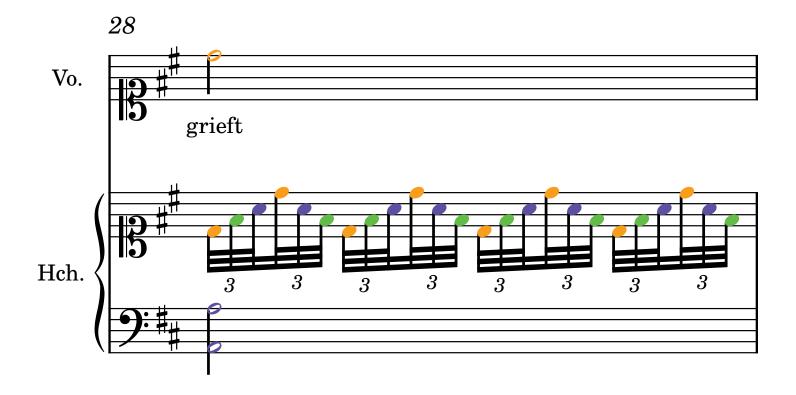


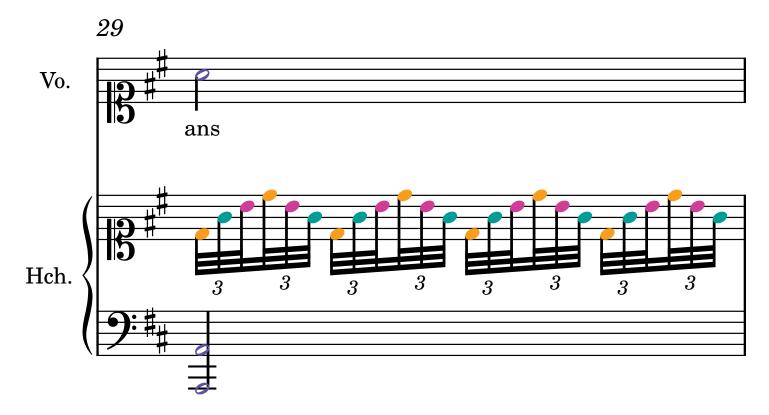


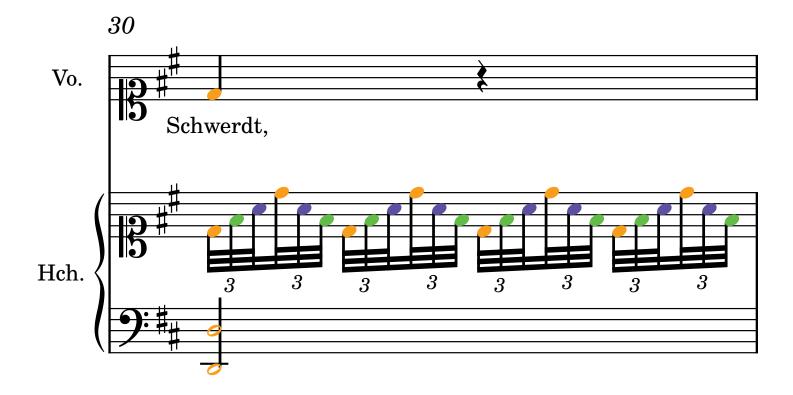


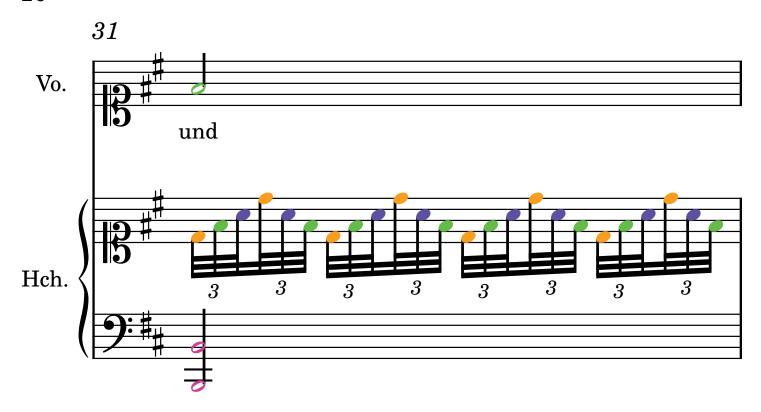


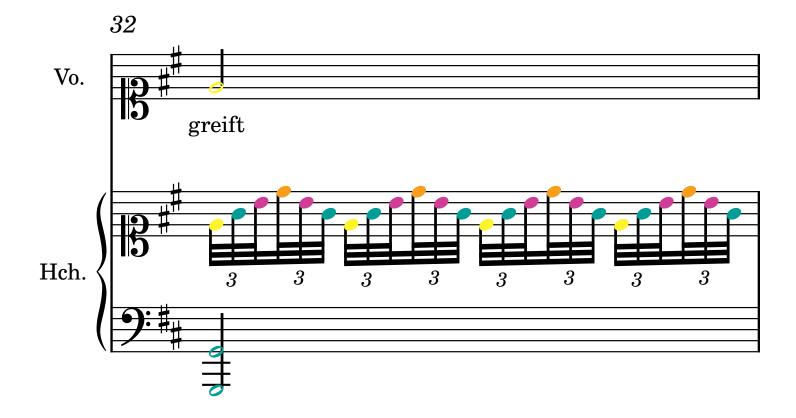


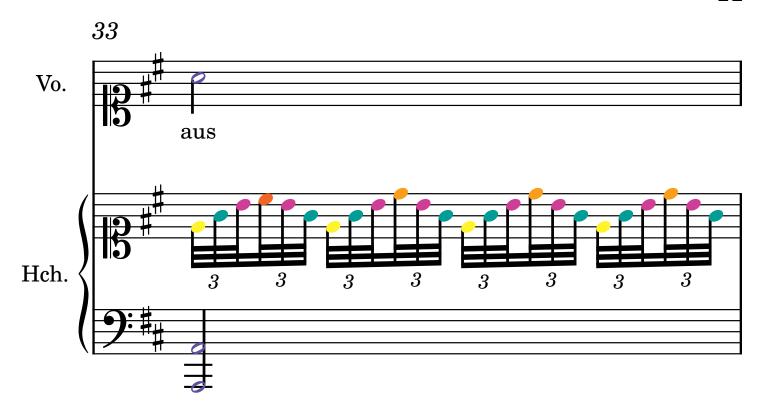


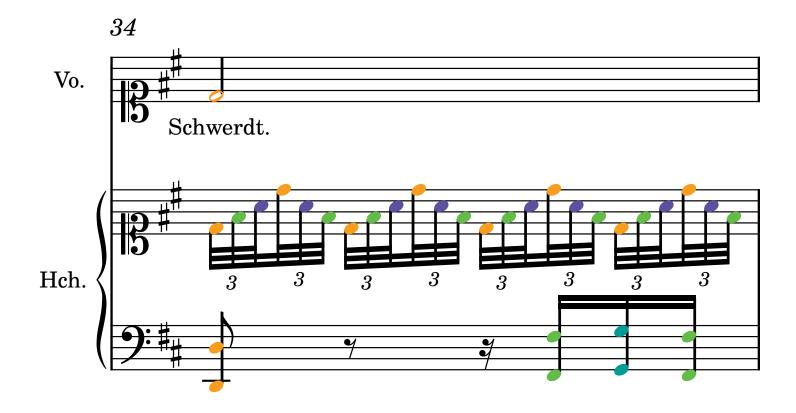


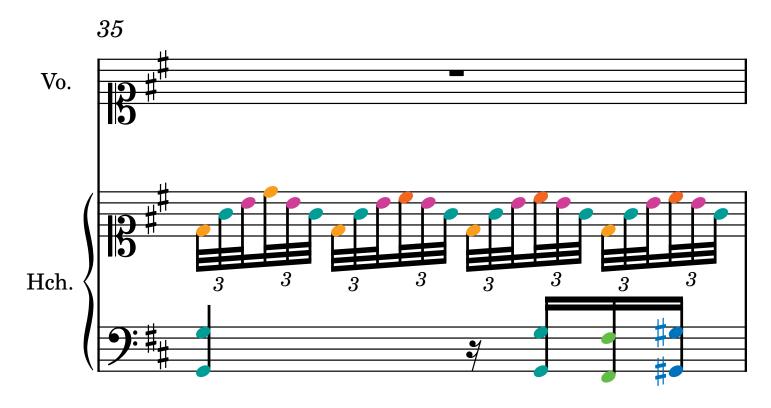


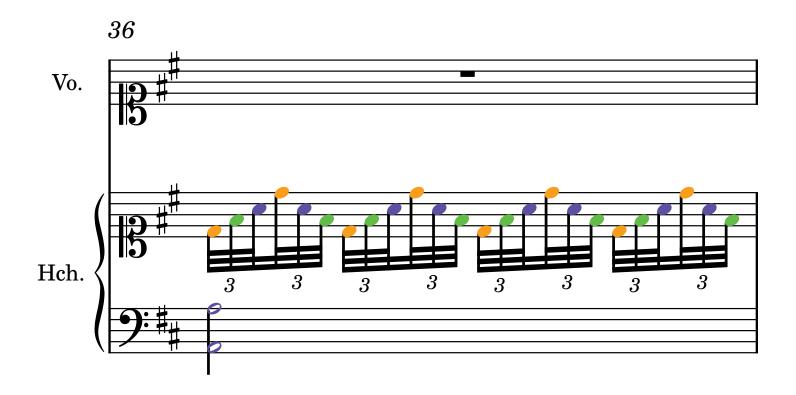


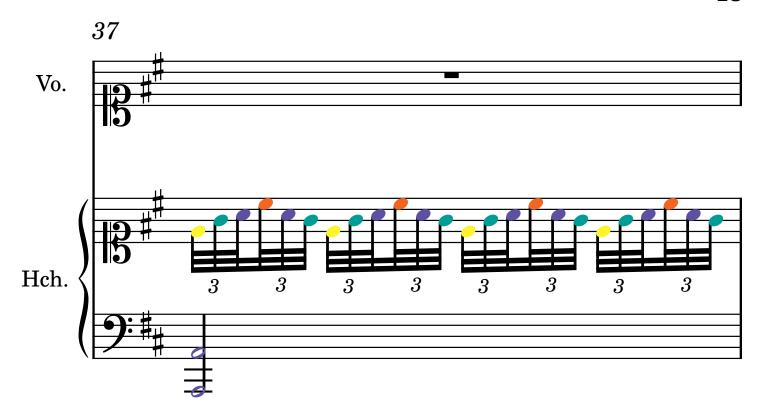


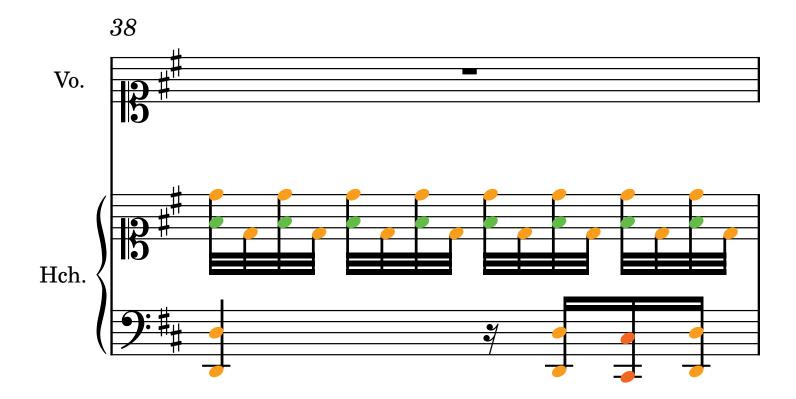


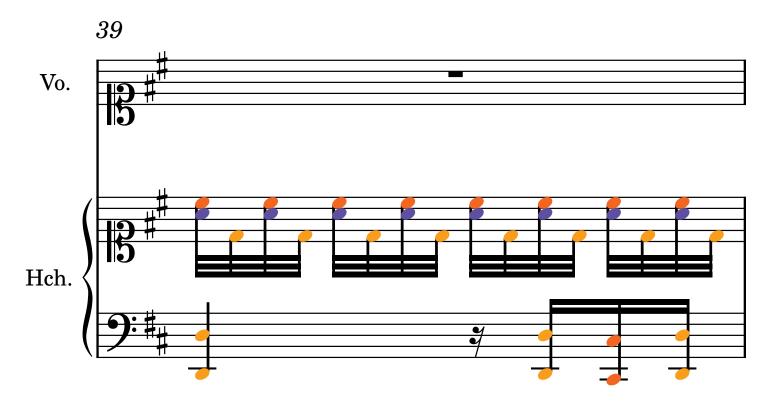


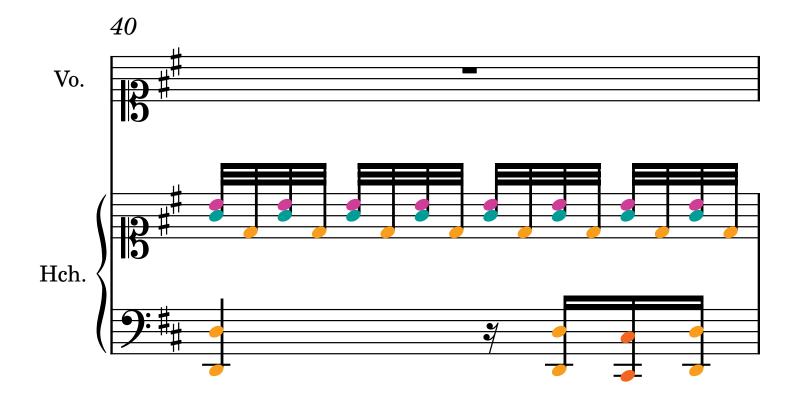


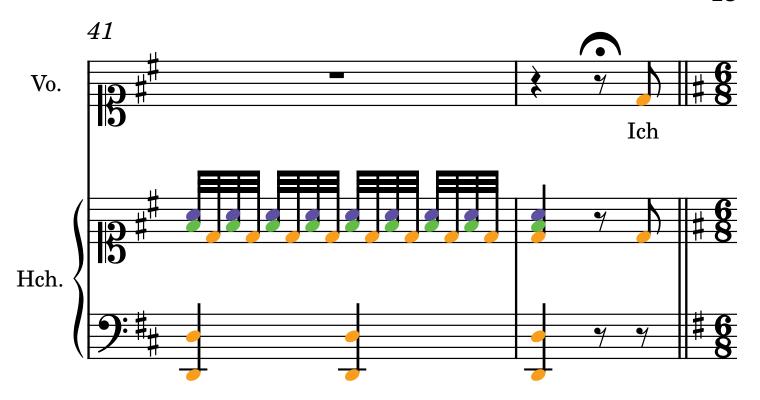


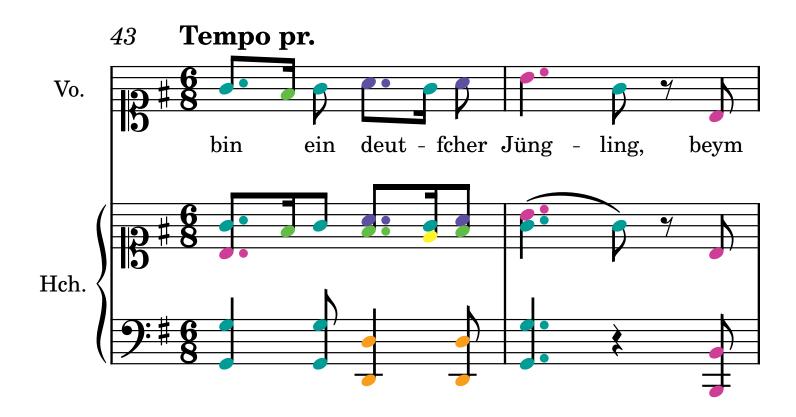


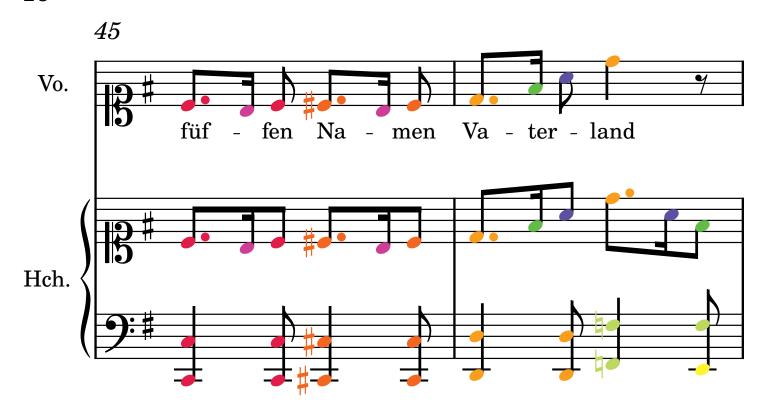


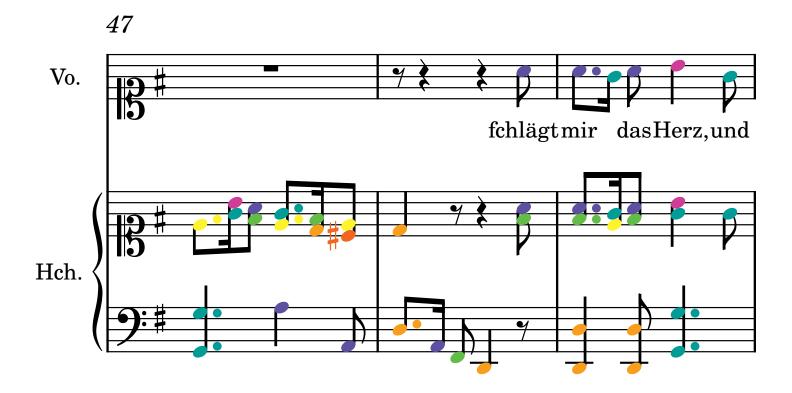


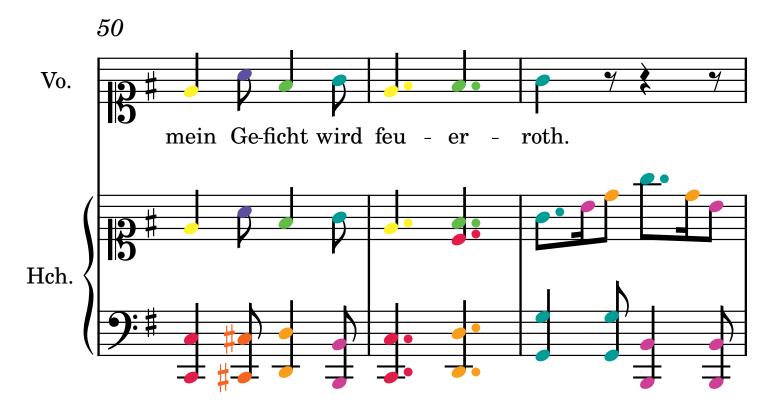


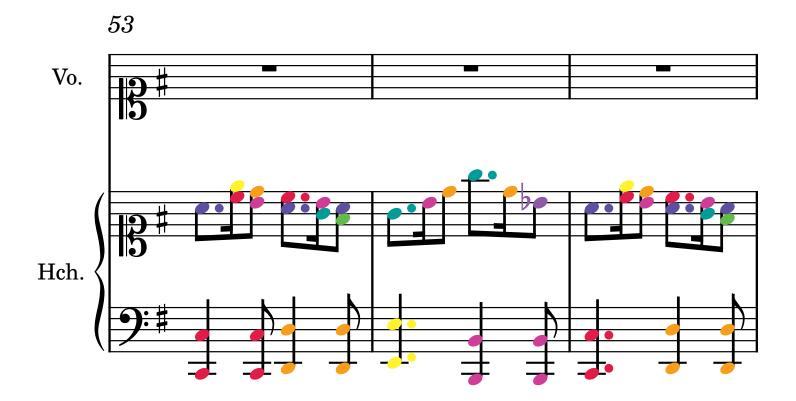


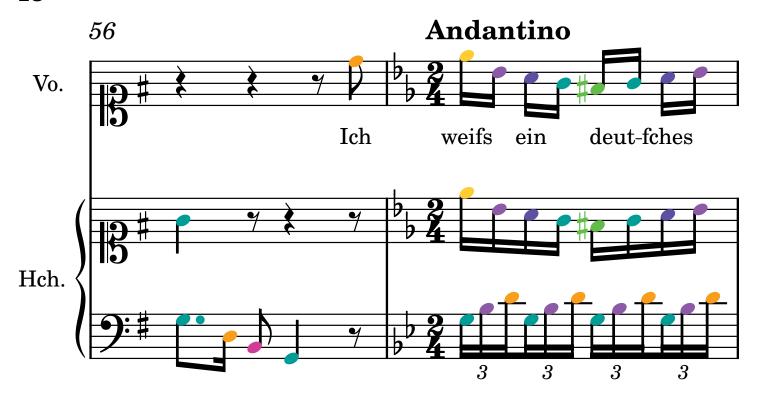


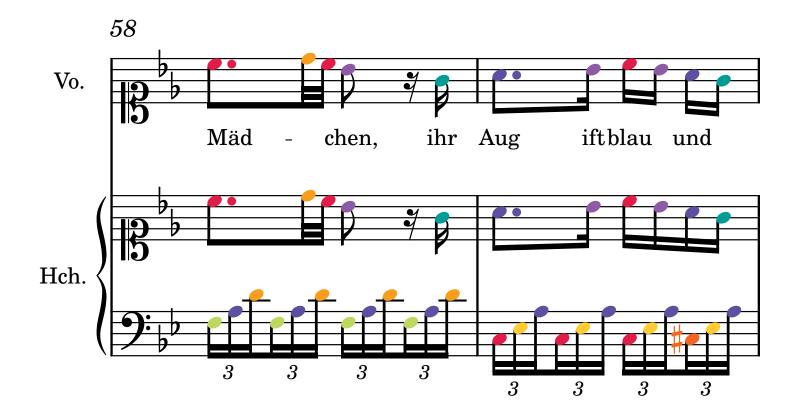


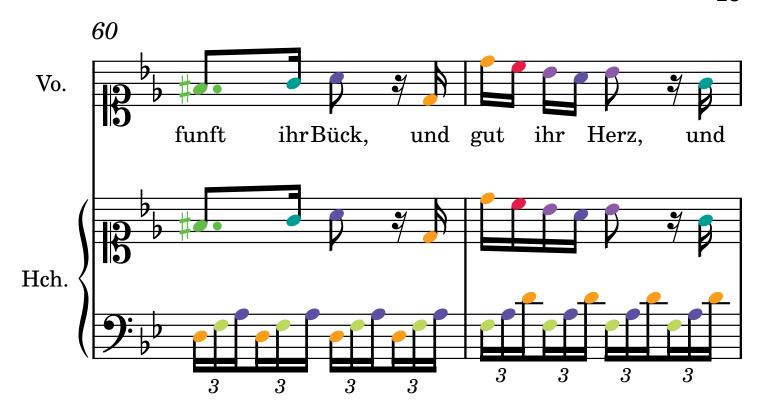


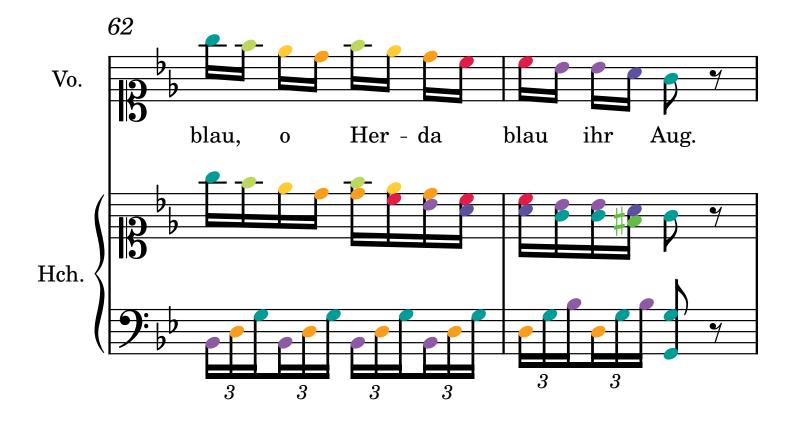


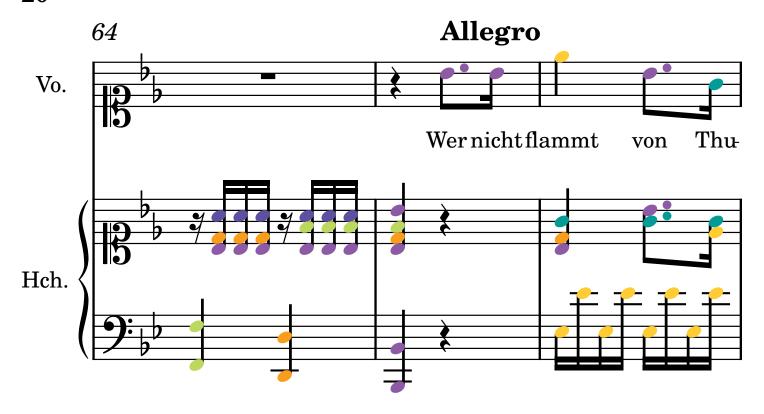


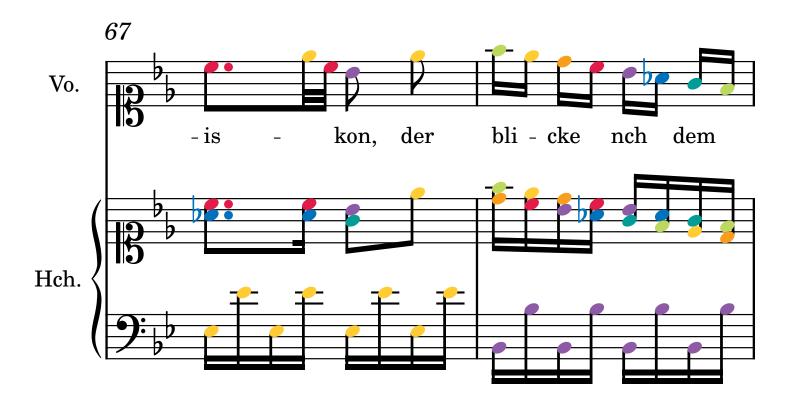


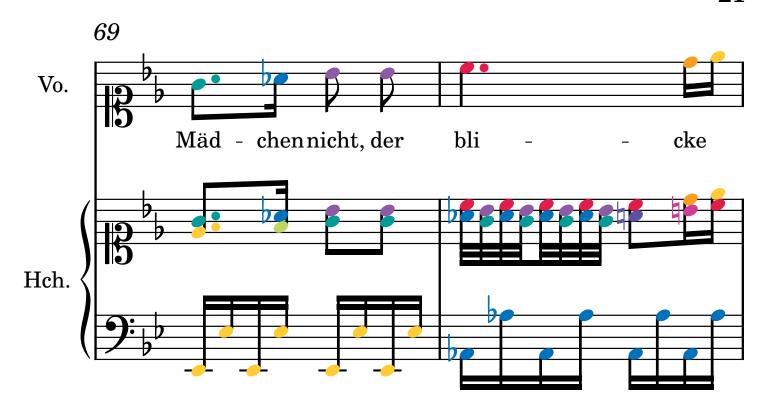


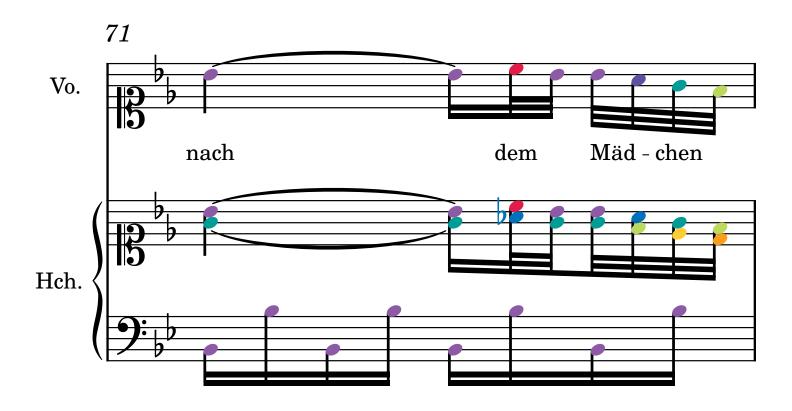


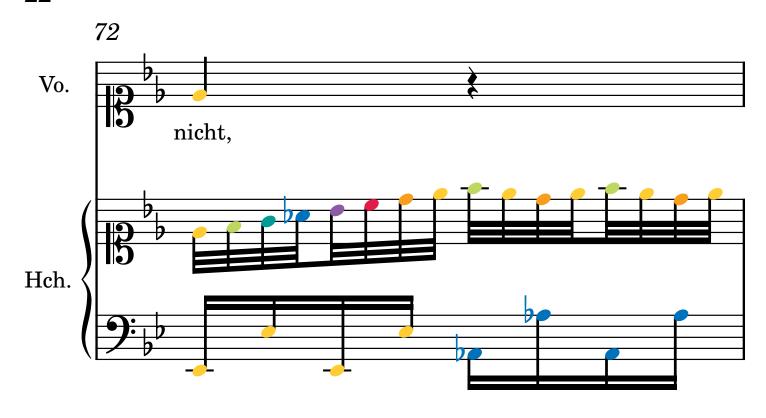


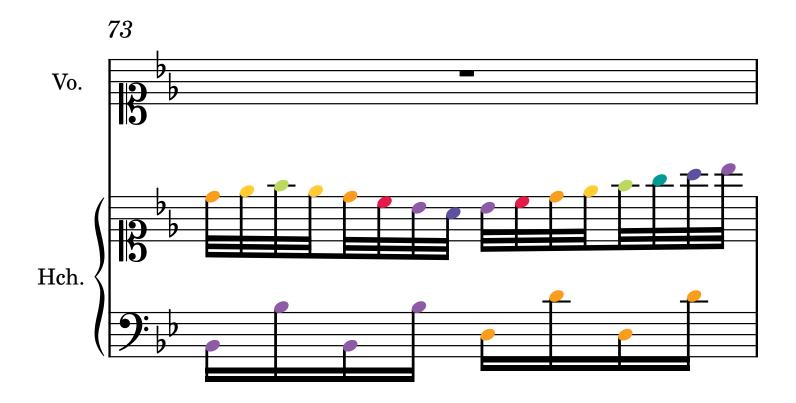


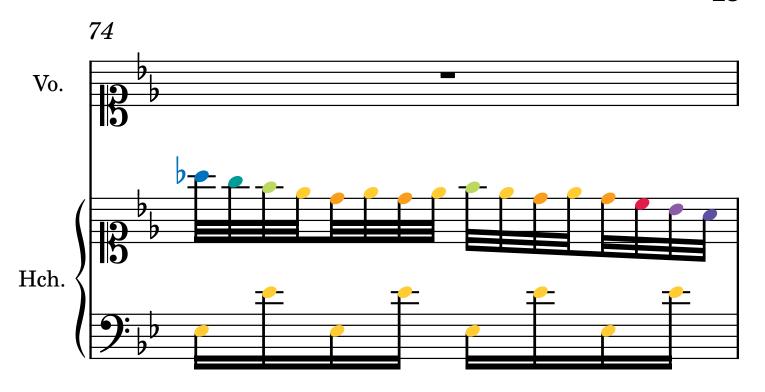


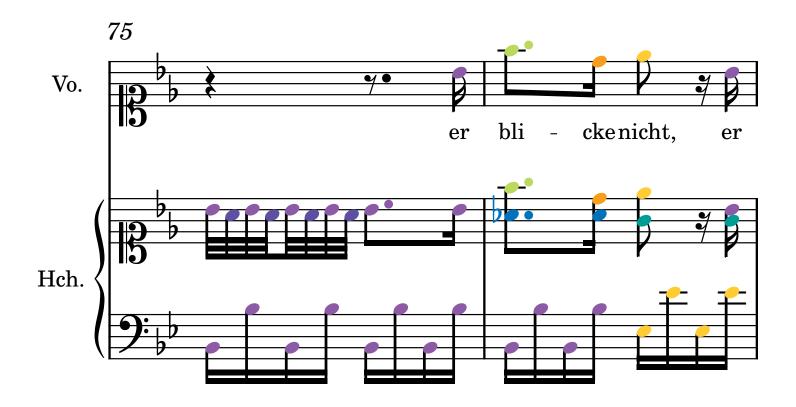


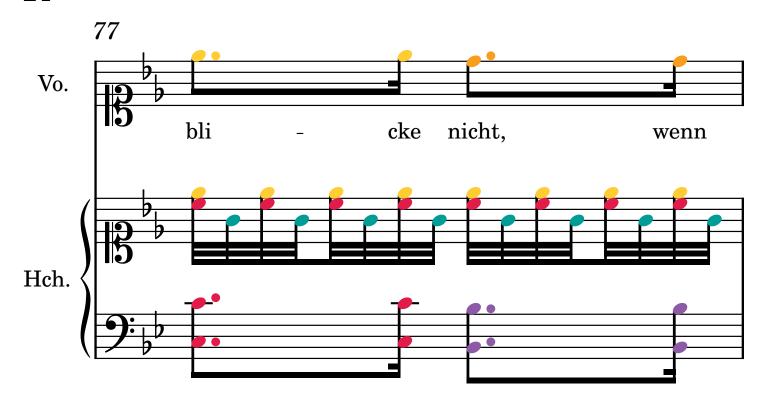


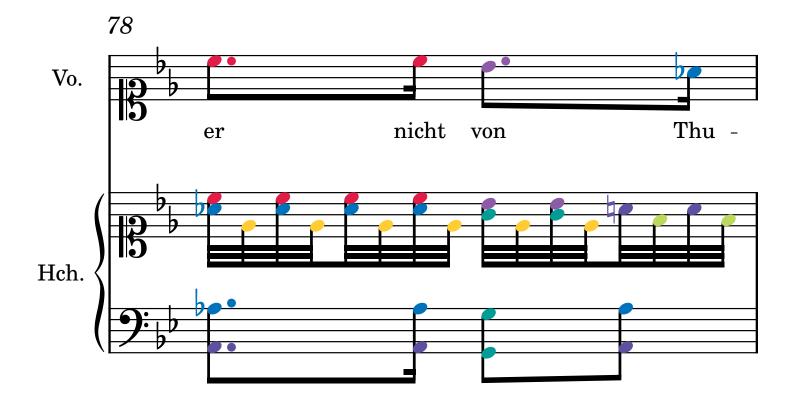


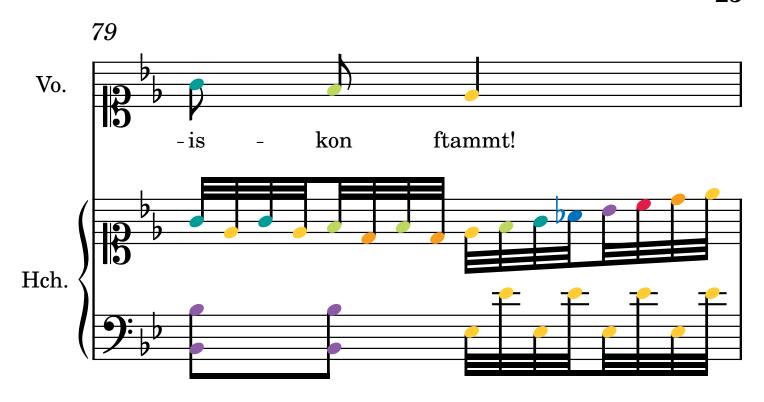


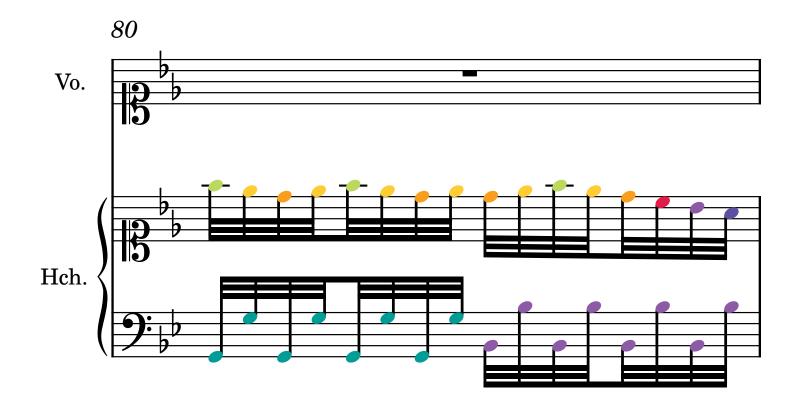


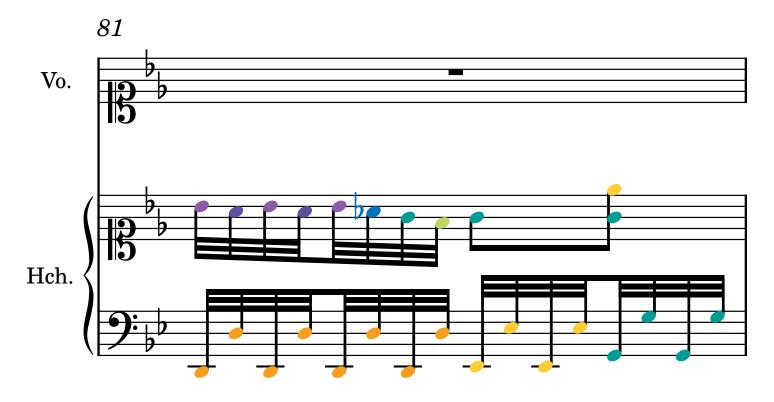


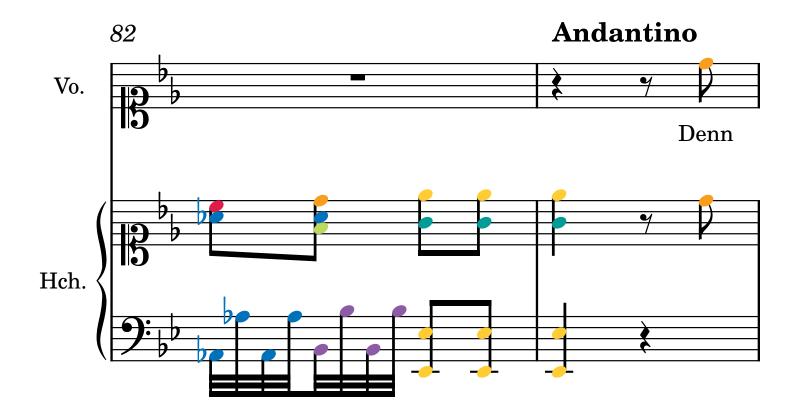


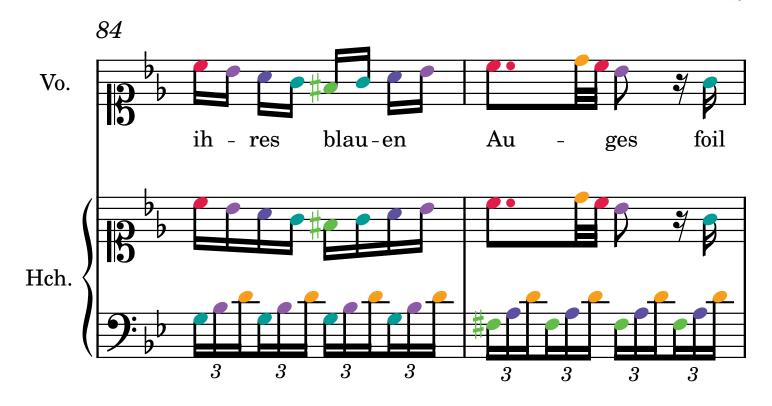


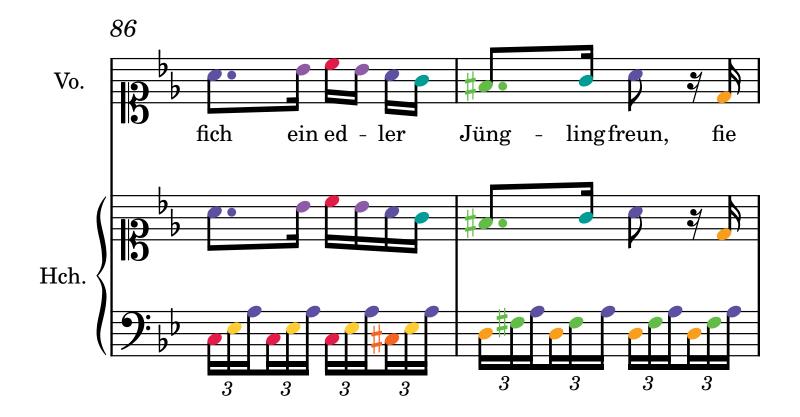


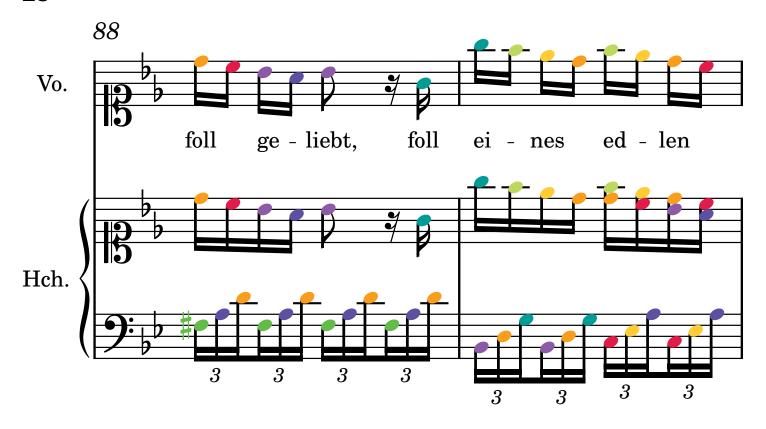


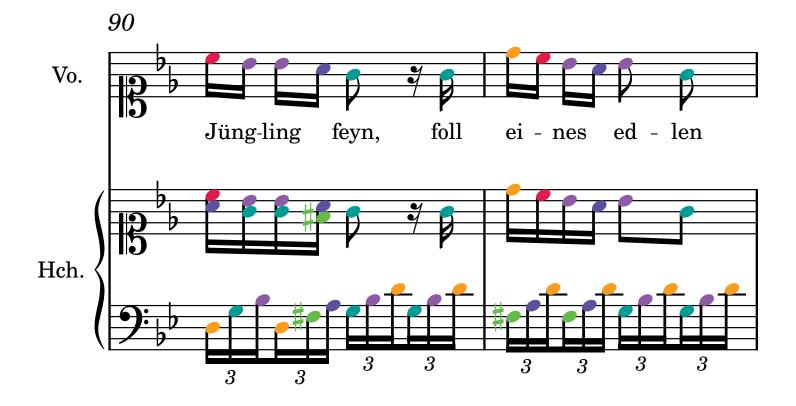


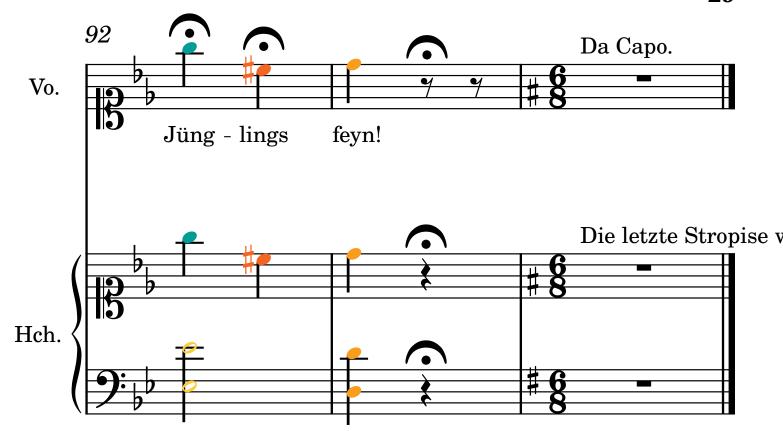












30

Ich bin ein deutfeher Jingling! Nein Haar ift kraus, breit meine Bruft; Mein Vater war Ein edier Mant, ich bin es auch.

Wenn mein Aug' Unrecht fiehet, Sträubt fich mein kraufes Haar empor, Und meine Hand Schwellt auf und zuckt und greift ans Schwerdt.

Ich bin ein deutscher Jüngling! Beym füfsen Namen Vaterland Schlägt mir das Herz, Und mein Geficht wird feuerroth.

Ich weiß ein deutsches Müdchen; Ihr Ang ift blau and fanft ihr Blick, Und gut ihr Herz Und blau, a Hertha, blau ihr Aug.

Wer nicht fammt von Thuiskon, Der blicke nach dem Mädchen nicht! Er blicke nicht Wenn er nicht von Thuiskon fammt

Denn ihres blauen Auges Soll fich ein edler Jüngling freun! Sie foll geliebt, Soll eines edlen Jünglings feyn!!

Ich bin ein deutscher Jüngling, Und sehaue kalt und kühn umber, Ob einer fey, Der nach dem Mädchen blicken will.

Clandias.