BYLAAG A

Inleiding

- 1. The most beautiful sound I ever heard
- 2. Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria
- 3. All the beautiful sounds of the world in a single word
- 4. Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria

Strofe

- 5. I just met a girl named Maria
- 6. And suddenly that name
- 7. Will never be the same to me
- 8. Maria
- 9. I just kissed a girl named Maria
- 10. And suddenly I found
- 11. How wonderful a sound can be
- 12. Maria
- 13. Say it loud and there's music playing
- 14. Say it soft and it's almost like praying
- 15. Maria
- 16. I'll never stop saying
- 17. Maria

BYLAAG B

Snit 11



Snit 12



Snit 13



Snit 14



BYLAAG C

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute Wohl an dem Ufer stand, Und sah's mit kaltem Blute, Wie sich das Fischlein wand. So lang dem Wasser Helle, So dacht ich, nicht gebricht, So fängt er die Forelle Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht Das Bächlein tückisch trübe, Und eh ich es gedacht, So zuckte seine Rute, Das Fischlein zappelt dran, Und ich mit regem Blute Sah die Betrogene an.

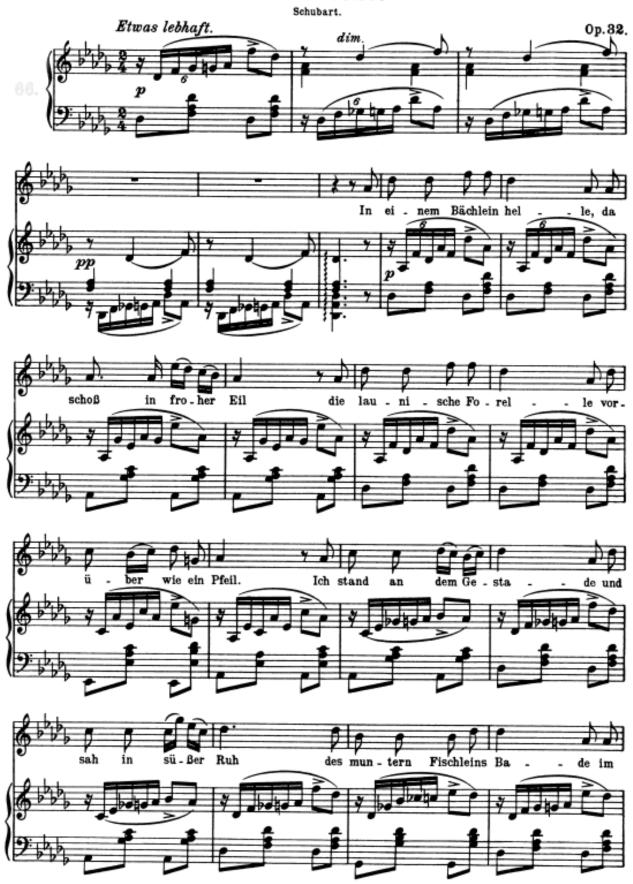
The Trout

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

A fisherman with his rod stood on the water-side and watched with cold blood as the fish swam about. So long as the clearness of the water remained intact, I thought, he would not be able to capture the trout with his fishing rod.

But (suddenly) the thief grew weary of waiting. He stirred up the brook and made it muddy, and before I realized it, his fishing rod was twitching: the fish was squirming there, and with raging blood I, gazed on the deceived (fish).

Die Forelle.









BYLAAG D















ROFWERK		

BLANKO MANUSKRIP				