

ILSE PRACHT-FITZELL

**LIEBESPAAR**

<i>am morgen sassen</i>	<i>da standen sie auf</i>
<i>sie am hügel und</i>	<i>nach osten bliesen</i>
<i>warteten auf die</i>	<i>sie in die hände</i>
<i>sonne sie kam nicht</i>	<i>die sonne gingauf</i>

**WENN WIR BEISAMMEN SIND**

**(in der Form des Meistersang)**

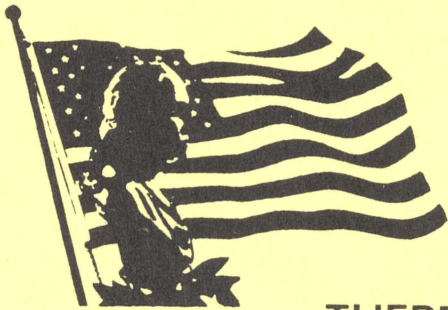
*O wie wunderschön  
dich so anzusehn  
leise Worte hin und her  
und die Blicke nun  
ineinander ruhn  
sich erkennen mehr und mehr.*

*Seelenlaube licht  
friedlich dein Gesicht  
Honigtropfen Zeit  
Gold voll Süßigkeit  
still das Herz.*

*Wie geschmückte Boote ziehn  
selig leise Worte hin.*

**GERMAN-AMERICAN EPITAPH**

*Andrew Yundt is my name  
America was my station;  
Hinkletown was my dwelling place  
And Christ is my salvation.  
When I am dead and in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotten;  
When this you see remember me,  
Lest I should be forgotten.  
Remember me as you pass by.  
As you are now,  
so once was I  
As I am now  
so must you be.  
Prepare for death  
and follow me.*



AT YOUR SIDE  
THERE WERE GERMANS TOO

by

K O N R A D K R E Z

Not as burdens to these shores we throng,  
From our cherished German Fatherland.  
Indeed, we have brought so much along,  
Unknown to you, yet by our hand.  
And when from the dense forestal shields,  
and the open wilderness you  
wreath'd your vast and verdant fields,  
At your side there were Germans too.

So much of that which in earlier days  
you brought here from across the sea,  
We taught you how to prepare, and ways  
to produce more goods, yes, 'twas we.  
Dare not forget this, deny it n'er —  
Say not that we did not so do,  
For a thousand forges witness bear:  
At your side there were Germans too.

And though your art and your sciences now  
bring their strength and power to this land,  
Their fame rests still on the German brow,  
'Twas mostly done by German hand,  
And when from your songs melodies ring  
memories of hearts once so true,  
'Tis known to me, in the songs you sing  
is much put there by Germans too!

Thus, with great pride on this soil we stand,  
Which from the wilds our strength brought claim,  
Ever wonder then, what kind of land,  
'twould be if n'er a German came!  
And so we declared in Lincoln's day,  
And that day freedom's horn first blew —  
Yes, we dare undeniably say:  
At your side there were Germans too!

Translated from the German original by Dr. Robert E. Ward, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.