Moderate Waltz

The branch of the linden is leafy and green. The Rhine gives its gold to the sea. But somewhere a glory waits unseen. Tomorrow belongs to me. The
babe in his cradle is closing his eyes. The blossom embraces the

bee. But soon, says a whisper: "Arise, arise. To-

FRAU KOST: (spoken) Everyone! ALL

morrow belongs to me."

Oh, Fatherland, Fatherland

CA.899 - Finsch-Cendebve
show us the sign Your children have waited to see.

[58]

morning will come when the world is mine, tomorrow be-

Molto Pesante

longs to me! Oh Father-land, Father-land,
show us the sign your children have waited to see.

The morning will come when the world is mine, tomorrow belongs to me!