

Kumm mit (Music Recording, Translation)

Poet: Alwine Wuthenow

English Translation from Plattdeutsch: Prof. Hans-Wilhelm Kelling

Composer: Luise Greger

Come with me, Come with me, the thrush flies through the forest green, so softly...
The heavens laugh out loud, so full of joy are they. They sunshine rests upon flower
and
leaf, as if, as if...No, I won't! I'll only caress the dear flower softly, it would be much
too sad if it were plucked.

Come with me, Come with me, where it smells sweetly of fresh grass and bushes,
forests
and meadows. The stream sings its dreamy song of love and life, of stillness and
happiness. The narcissus listens reverently and nods and dreams along, dreams of
peace
and springtime joys.

Come with me, Come with me, the time has now come when your heart feels open
wide,
so wide! When the flower awakens and blooms and grows toward the sky, spreading its
wings, celebrating life, laughing, cheering, thriving, and singing in sweet abandon.