

Mutter, Mutter, sieh die Blumen (Music Recording, Translation)

Poet: Margarethe Thulcke

English Translation: Andrea Atkinson

Composer: Luise Greger

Mother, mother, look at the flowers,
Make them into a bouquet.
Then we'll take these lovely, sweet flowers home,
Then we'll take them home!

And they will tell us of the meadow,
Of the hall, as described in the song of the bird.
Slowly, slowly they wilt.
Slowly, slowly they wilt.

Mother, mother, look at the flowers,
Make them into a bouquet.
Then we'll take these lovely, sweet flowers home,
Then we'll take them home!