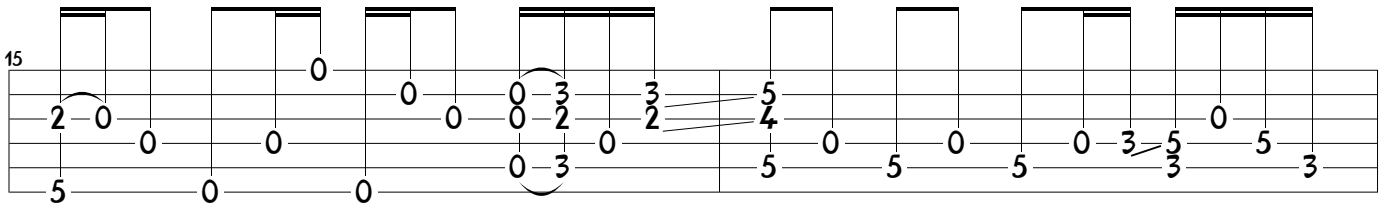
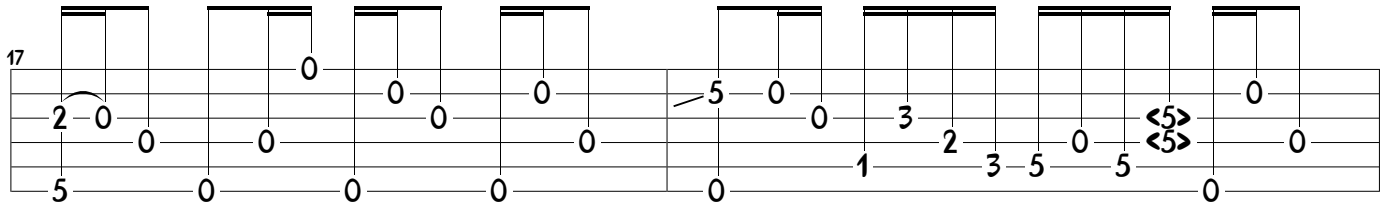
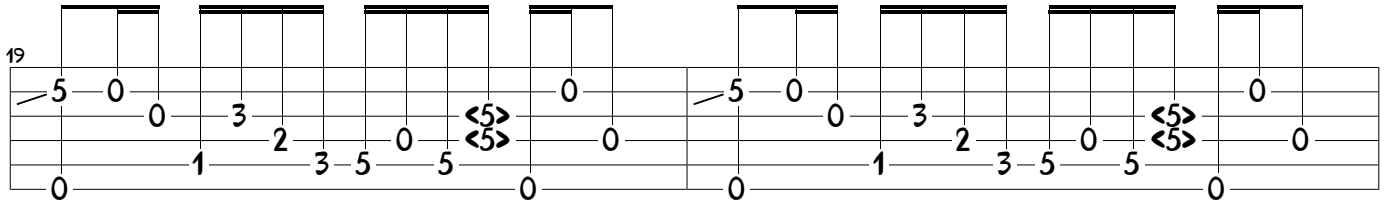


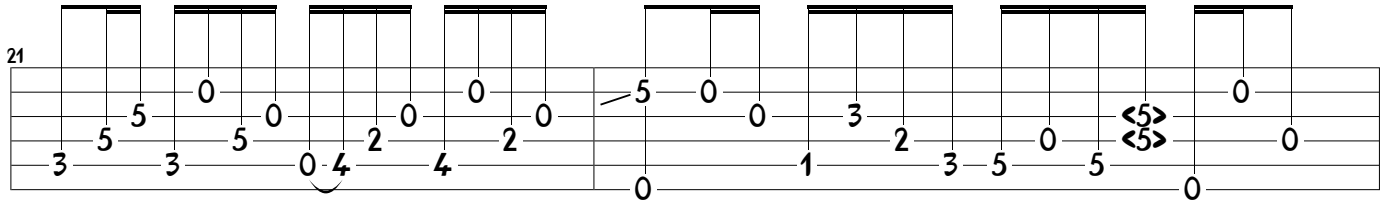
Sieh den Sturm die Wellen bie- gen ! Hoch am



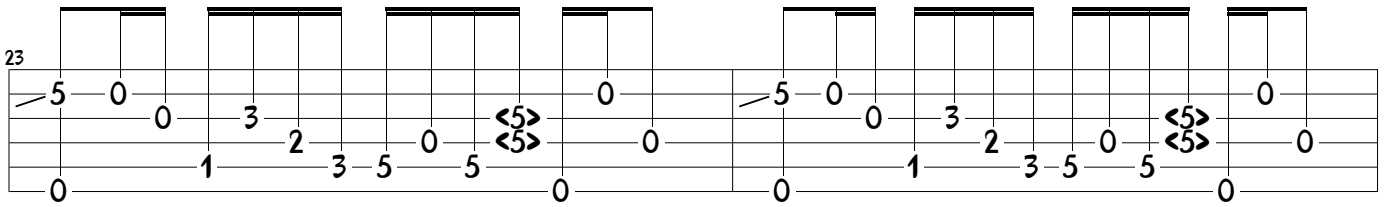
Strand die Illu- sion. Aller Är- ger könn- te flie- gen, wie die



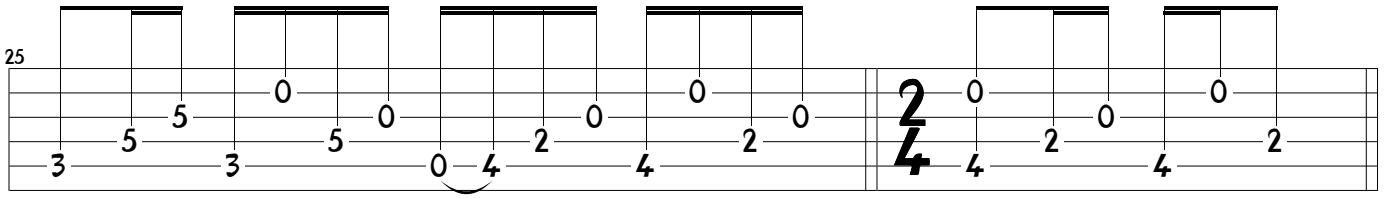
Drachen dort davon. Hör die Mö- wen hei- ser krei- schen, mit dem



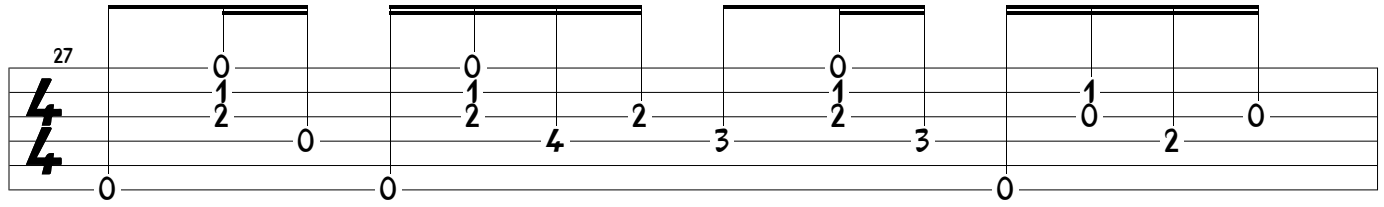
rau- hen Un- terton, wie ein Schrei aus al- ten Zei- ten, seit Mil-



lio- nen Jah- ren schon. Wie oft ist er da,



dieser Ehr- geiz nach



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