



Frühlingshaftes

Was rauschet, was rieselt, was rinnet so schnell?
Was blitzt in der Sonne? Was schimmert so hell?

Was knospet, was keimet, was duftet so lind?
Was grünet so fröhlich? Was flüstert im Wind?

Was klingelt, was klaget, was flötet so klar?
Was jauchzet, was jubelt so wunderbar?

Und als ich so fragte, die Nachtigall schlug:
"Der Frühling, der Frühling!" – da wußt ich genug!

(HEINRICH SEIDEL, 1842-1906)

