



On a tree
in the park of the big city
among thousands of leaves hung a leaf.
Sung of the night wind in the trees
swayed the leaf in dreams
of the wide wonderful world.

If I could only once, like the wind,
Fly .
With the clouds over the sea ,
oh my life I'd give away
If I could Fly
If I could Fly

Soon autumn came
gave the leaf its most beautiful dress
but it complained to the clouds its suffering:
"I must stay and wither
If I could go with the swans
to where the summer never goes away ..."

So the autumn wind roared : " Thou shalt fly, fly !"
And he tore the leaf from the tree,
sent it in the big city , let it fly , let it fly.

Short was its luck
Tired the leaf fell down
on the road, its rain -wet grave
Already at the end of its life
cried the little leaf in vain
to the silent houses up above :

"If I could only once more in the wind
Fly!
I'd flew towards my tree
and would forget the dream
of flying
of flying ..."

