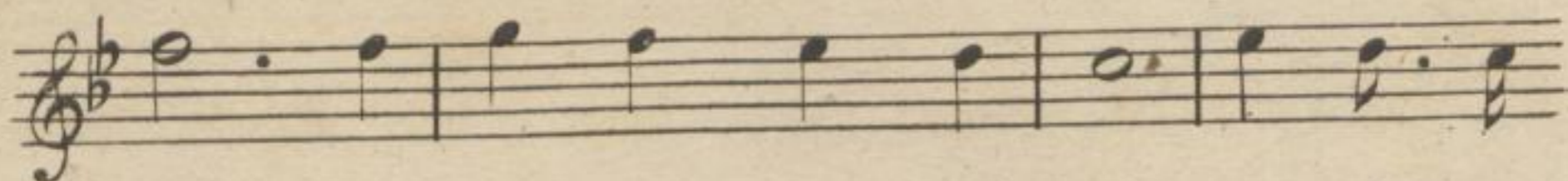


*Poco Adagio maestoso.*



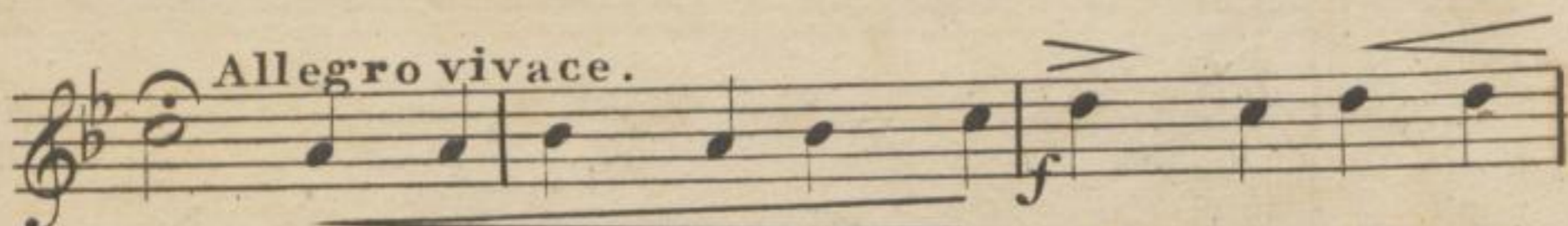
frei, wie du, doch wär'! Heil, Heil dem frei-en



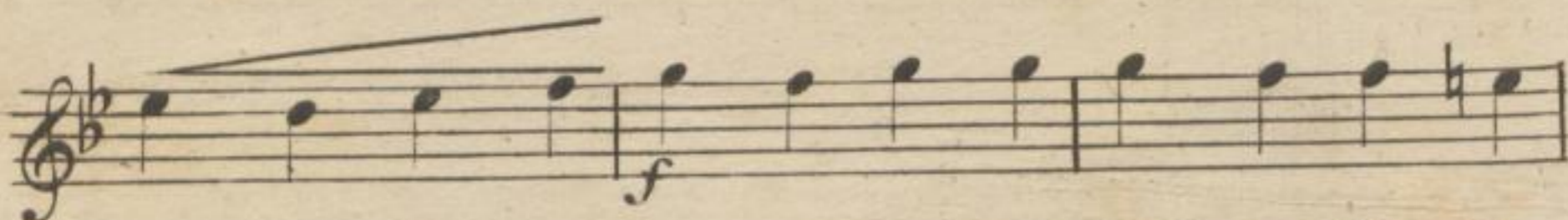
Wein, den du uns führst her-ein, von dei-nes



Mee-res Sta-pelstrand in un-ser lie-bes Va-ter-



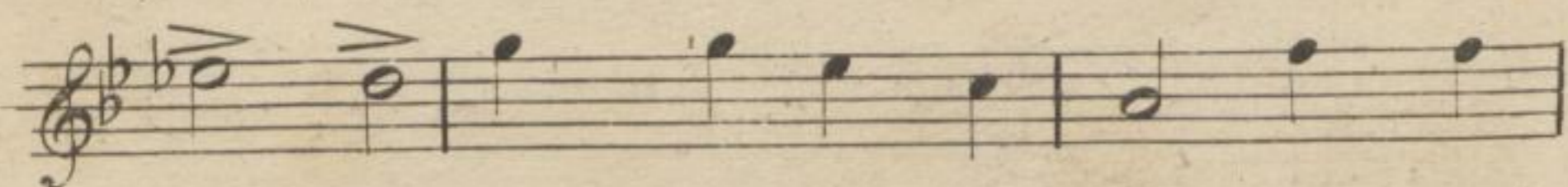
land! Kei-nes frem-den Herr-schers Lip-pen dür-fen



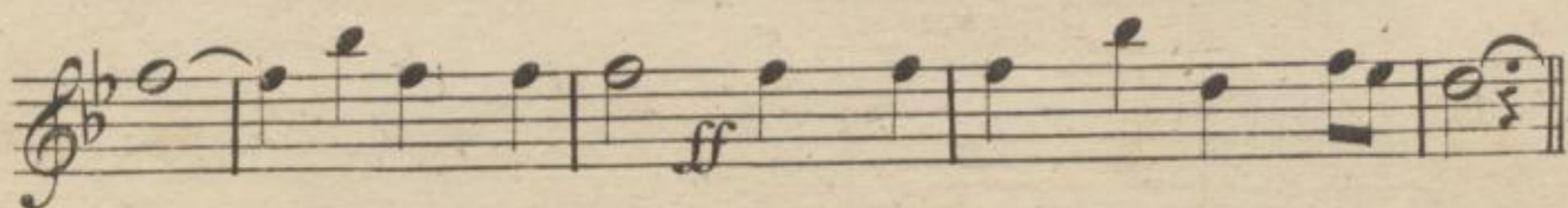
mir den Wein be-nip-pen, kei-ne Zöll-ner ihn be-



le-cken, soll er mei-nem Gau-men schmecken.



Heil! er glänzt so hell und rein— Heil dir!



Heil — dir, freier Wein! Heil dir! Heil dir, frei-er Wein!