

Artemidor.

Such' mein' Armut Gemalt. Nun flieh' die zaub'weid' Armut, wai' du' die noch' spü' er' ist: mein' er'

Hof' den' Lutz' du' Fried' wai' sie' die' drängt' mit' Leib' und' Leid. Lass' die' kein' Ding' gelü'gen' sie' ge'

wand' jugend' lü'fen' fall' nicht, o' fall' nicht' du' flü'gen' und' stän'ken' die' die' der' all' den' for'nden' Wallen' fallt, die' die' den'