

[The Emcee plays a recording on a phonograph.]

[BOY SOPRANO]

The sun on the meadow is summery warm.

The stag in the forest runs free.

But gather together to greet the storm.

Tomorrow belongs to me.

The branch of the linden is leafy and green,

The Rhine gives its gold to the sea.

But somewhere a glory awaits unseen.

Tomorrow belongs to me.

The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes

The blossom embraces the bee.

But soon, says a whisper;

"Arise, arise,

Tomorrow belongs..."

[EMCEE (spoken)]

To me!