

The old, nearly blind man

"I only see the shadows,
And I'm about to die.
All I do is dreaming,
Of all the big, green meadows,
were I felt high,
galloping across with my horse.

I used to be young and agile,
I lived a nice, long life,
Full of happiness and joy.
Today, I'm old and fragile,
But me and my equally old wife
are still happy together."

And with a big, heavy sigh,
The old, nearly blind man,
lies down, and leaves his body behind.

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