

Title of the Contribution

(TITLE: Times New Roman 14pt, bold; centered text, line spacing: 18pt exactly)

Thomas Mann¹, Author2¹, Author3¹, Author4²

(AUTHOR(S): Presenting Author underlined; Times New Roman 12pt; centered text, line spacing: 16pt exactly)

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[1] S. Weber, Author2, Author3, and Author4, *Journal of Spin Chemistry* 1 (2018) 1–15.

[2] A. van der Est, Author2, Author3, Author4, and Author5, *Stunning Data Bulletin* 123 (2015) 815–816.

[3] C. Timmel and Author2, in “Understanding Spin Chemistry is Cool”, 2nd edition, P. Hore (editor), Hore Oxford Press Ltd., Cambridge 2018, pp. 20345–20891.

(REFERENCES: Times New Roman 9pt; left aligned text, hanging 0.6 cm, line spacing 12pt exactly, 2pt spacing after paragraph)

(FIGURE: If you intend to include a figure, please submit the figure as a separate high-resolution (>600 dpi) file (TIFF, PNG, PDF, AI), and also a figure caption in an additional file (without any specific format). The figure and the figure caption will be inserted by the SCM2017 Editorial Staff and scaled such that the entire abstract fits one page! Do not use color if not absolutely required.)

The Song of the Earth: The Drunkard in Spring

Gustav Mahler¹ and Hans Bethge²

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If life is but a dream, why work and worry? I drink until I no more can, the whole, blessed day! And if I can drink no more as throat and soul are full, then I stagger to my door and sleep wonderfully! What do I hear on waking? Hark [1]! A bird sings in the tree. I ask him if it's spring already; to me it's as if I'm in a dream. The bird chirps [2] "Yes!". The spring is here, it came overnight! From deep wonderment I listen; the bird sings and laughs! I fill my cup anew and drink it to the bottom and sing until the moon shines in the black firmament [3]! And if I can not sing, then I fall asleep again. What to me is spring? Let me be drunk! (Universal Edition score of 1911 for "Das Lied von der Erde": "Der Trunkene im Frühling")



Gustav Mahler (1892)

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist, warum denn Müh' und Plag!/? Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann, den ganzen, lieben Tag! Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann, weil Kehl' und Seele voll, so tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür und schlafe wundervoll! Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch! Ein Vogel singt im Baum. Ich frag' ihn, ob schon Frühling sei. Mir ist als wie im Traum. Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja! Der Lenz ist da, sei kommen über Nacht! Aus tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf, der Vogel singt und lacht! Ich fülle mir den Becher neu und leer' ihn bis zum Grund und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt am schwarzen Firmament! Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann, so schlaf' ich wieder ein. Was geht mich denn der Frühling an!/? Lasst mich betrunken sein!

[1] K. Nakadai, H.G. Okuno, and T. Mizumoto, *Journal of Robotics and Mechatronics* 29 (2017) 16–25.

[2] F.J. Paredes-Trejo, H.A. Barbosa, and T.V.L. Kumar, *Journal of Arid Environments* 139 (2017) 26–40.

[3] C. Paul, *Poetry Wales* 52 (2016) 87–89.