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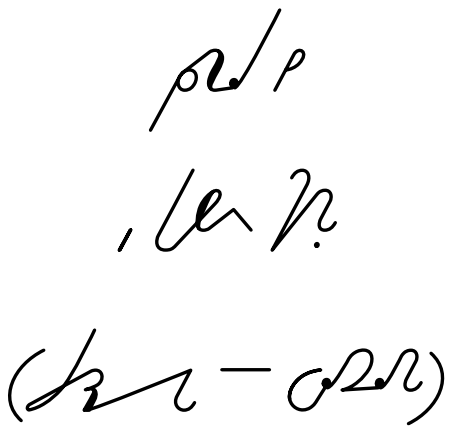

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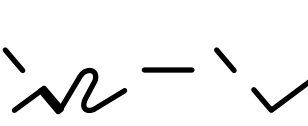

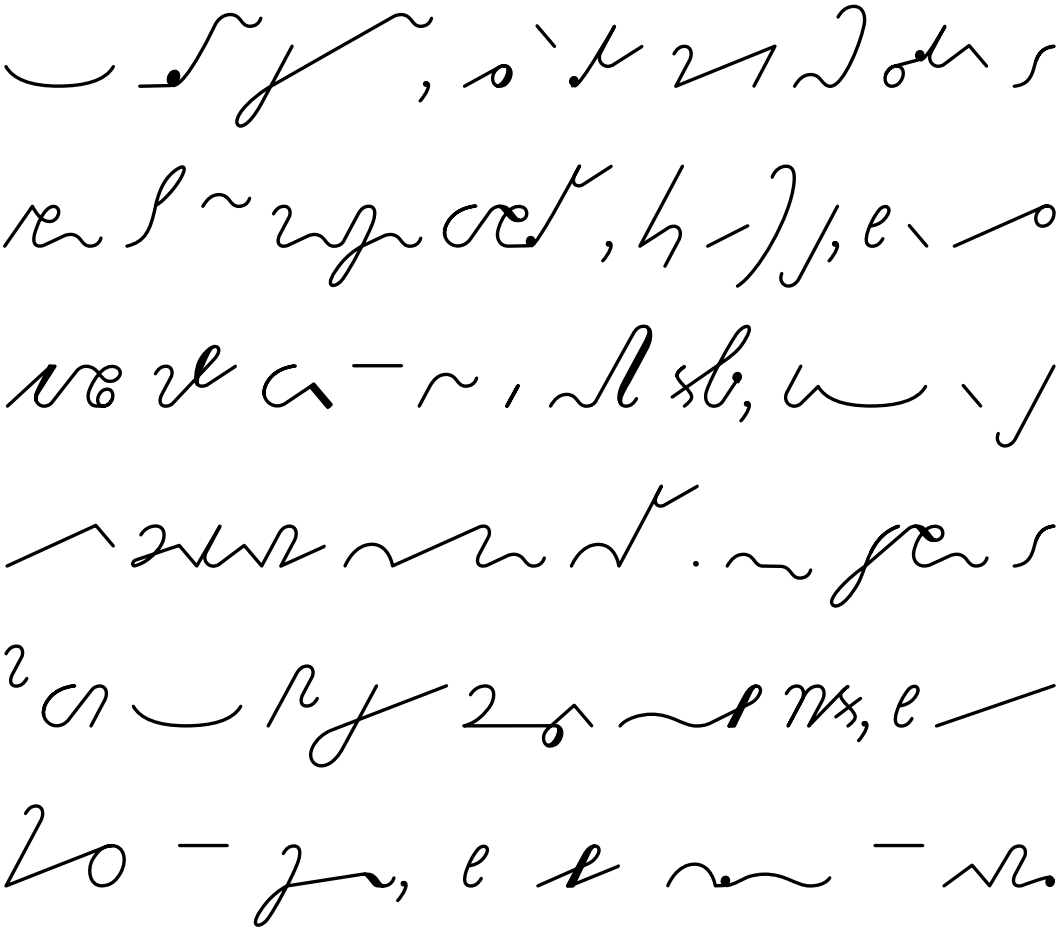

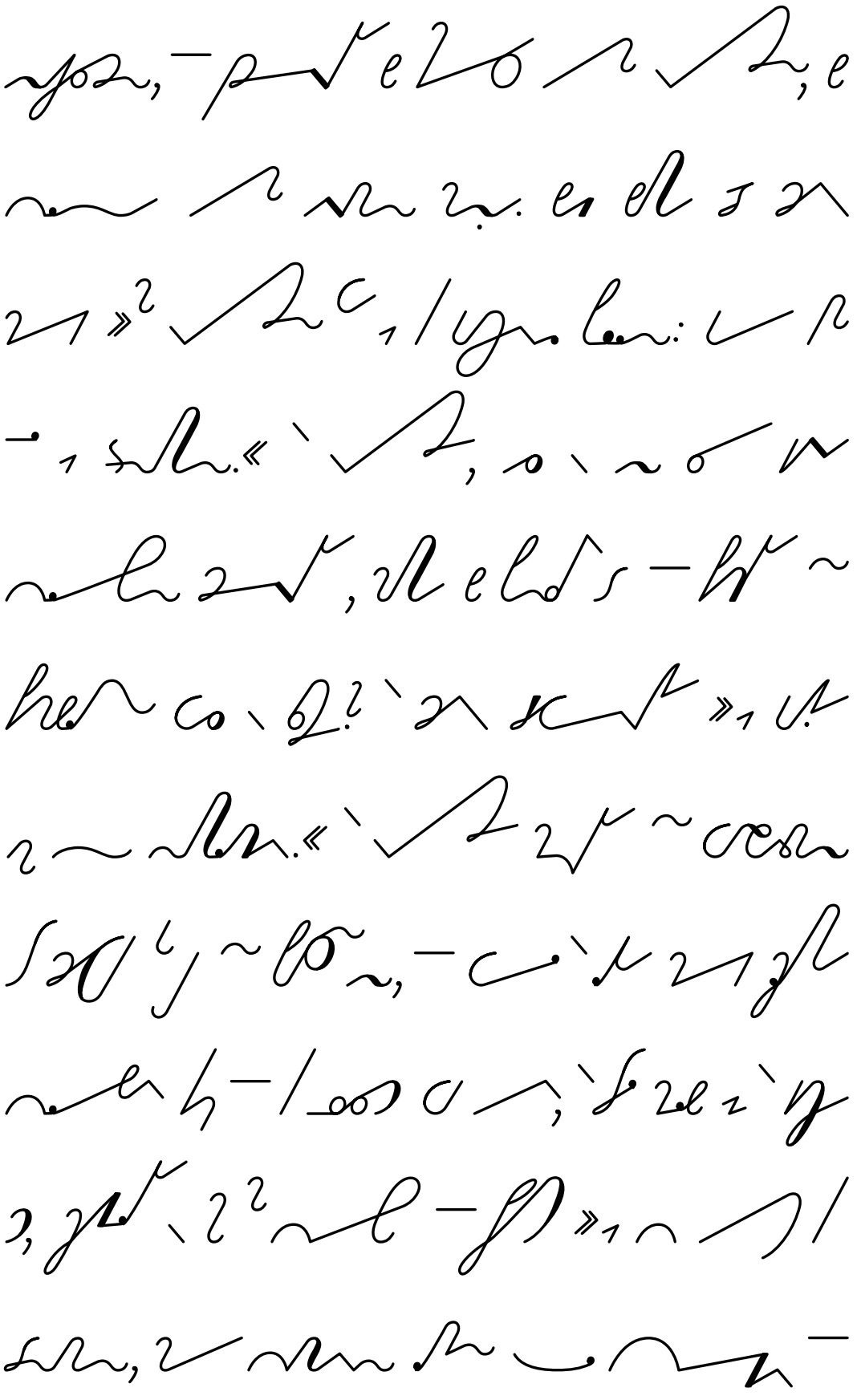

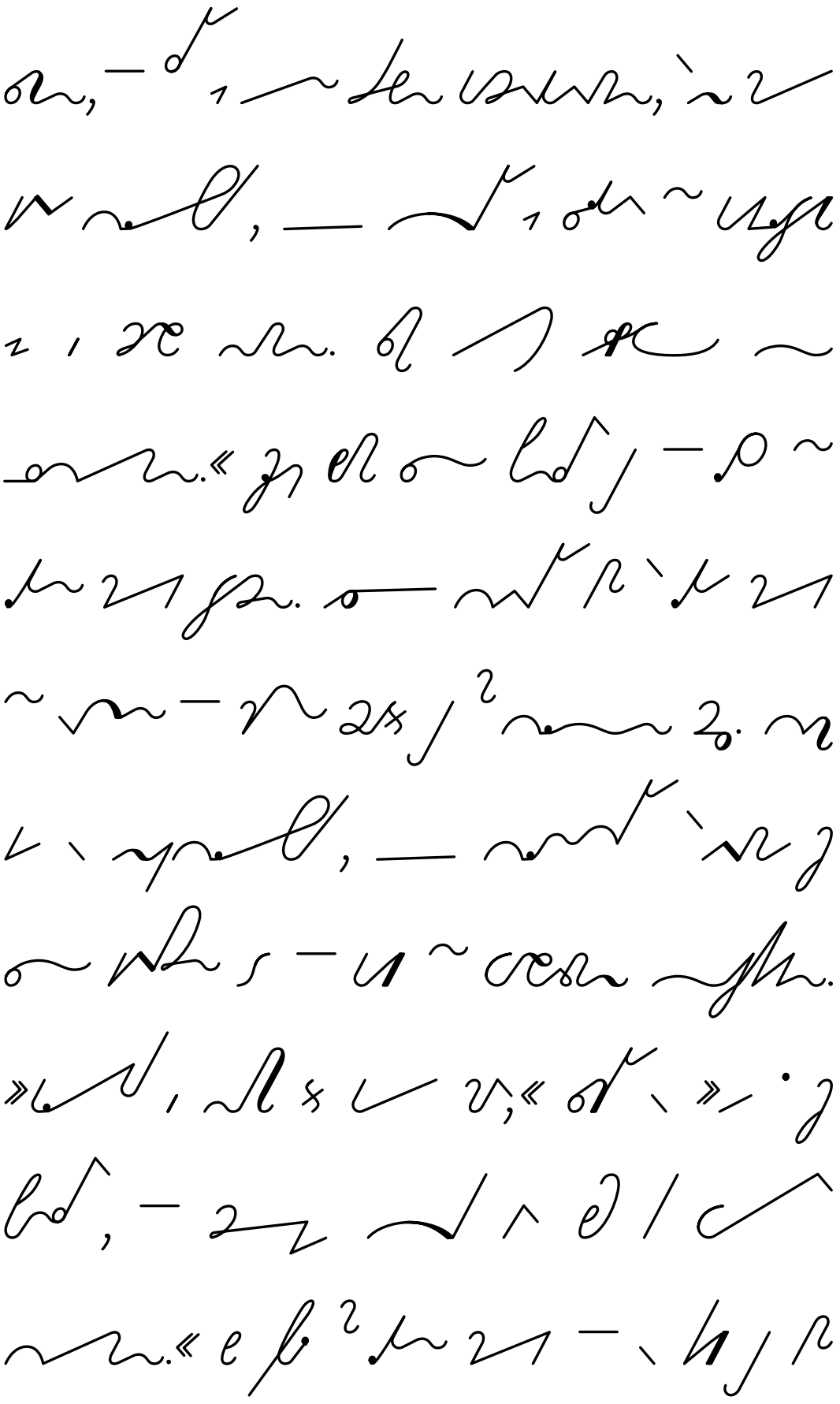

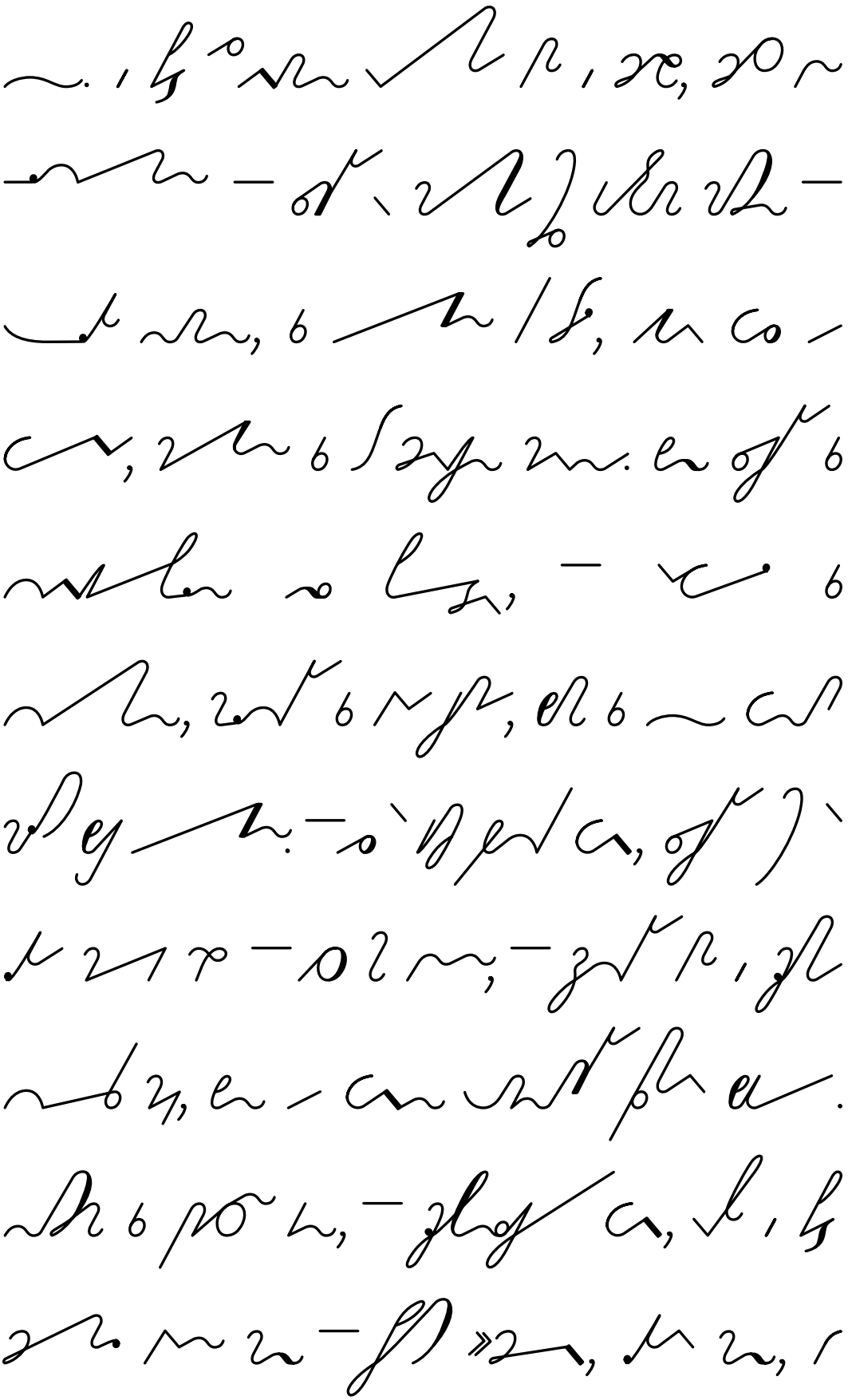

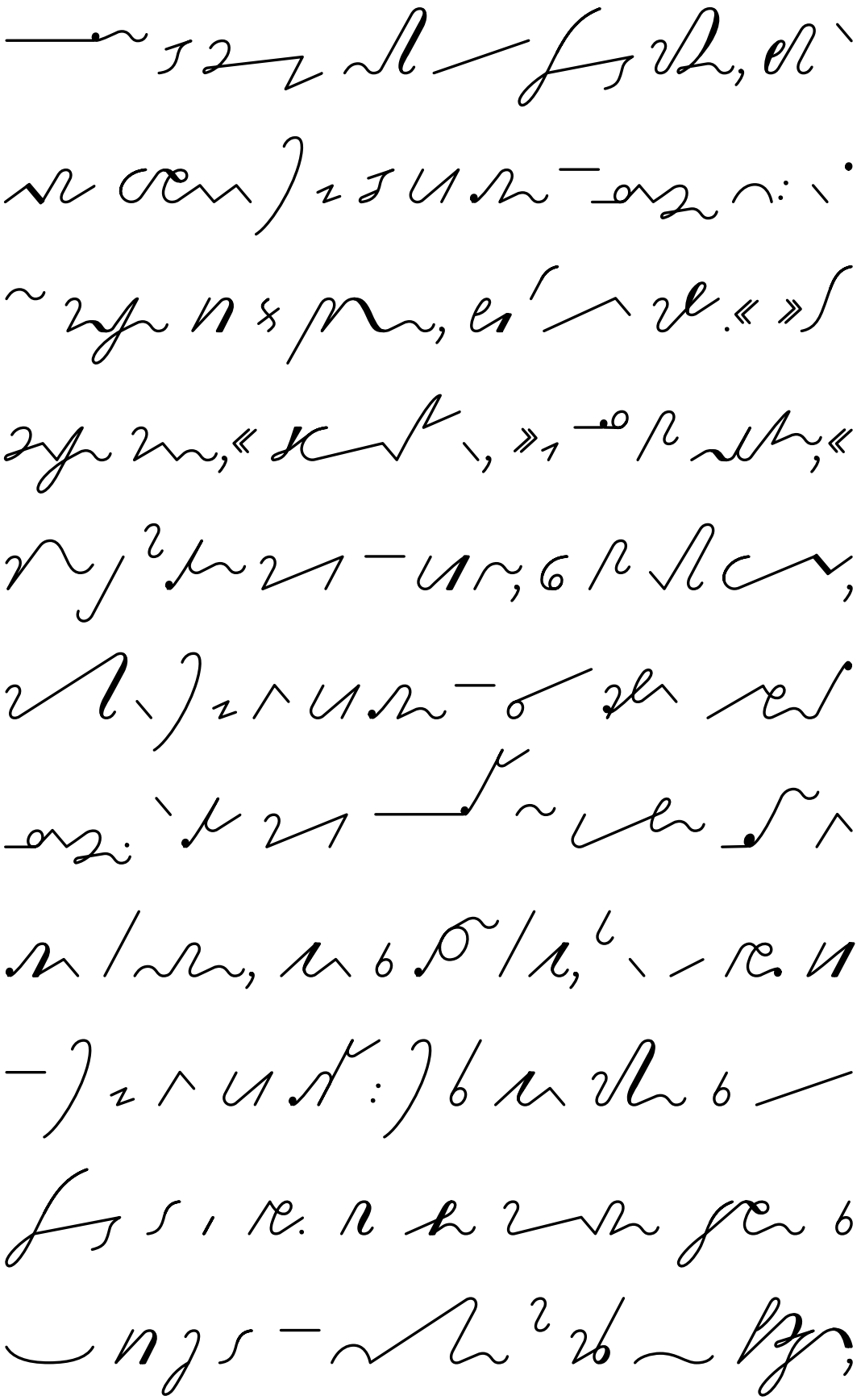

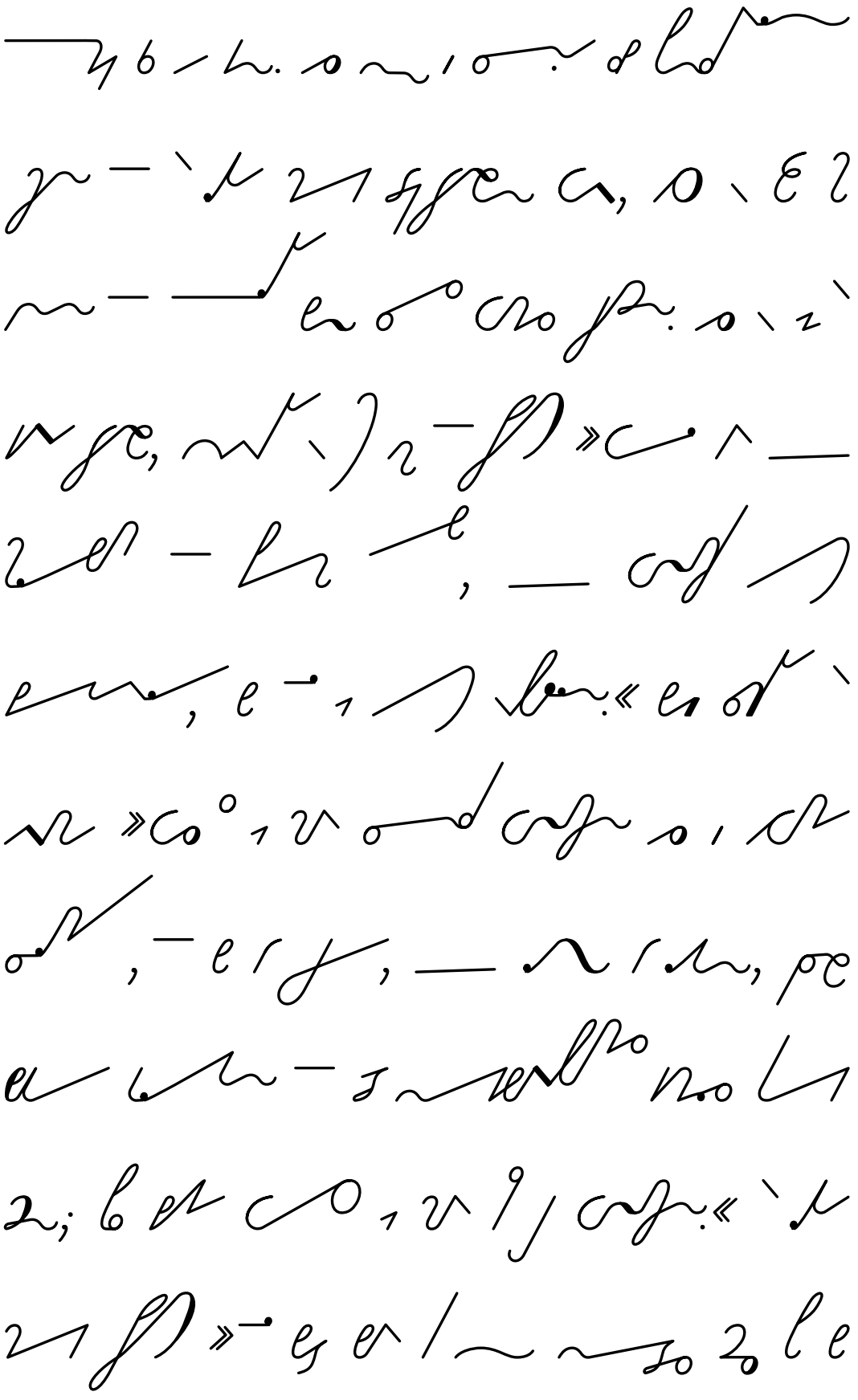

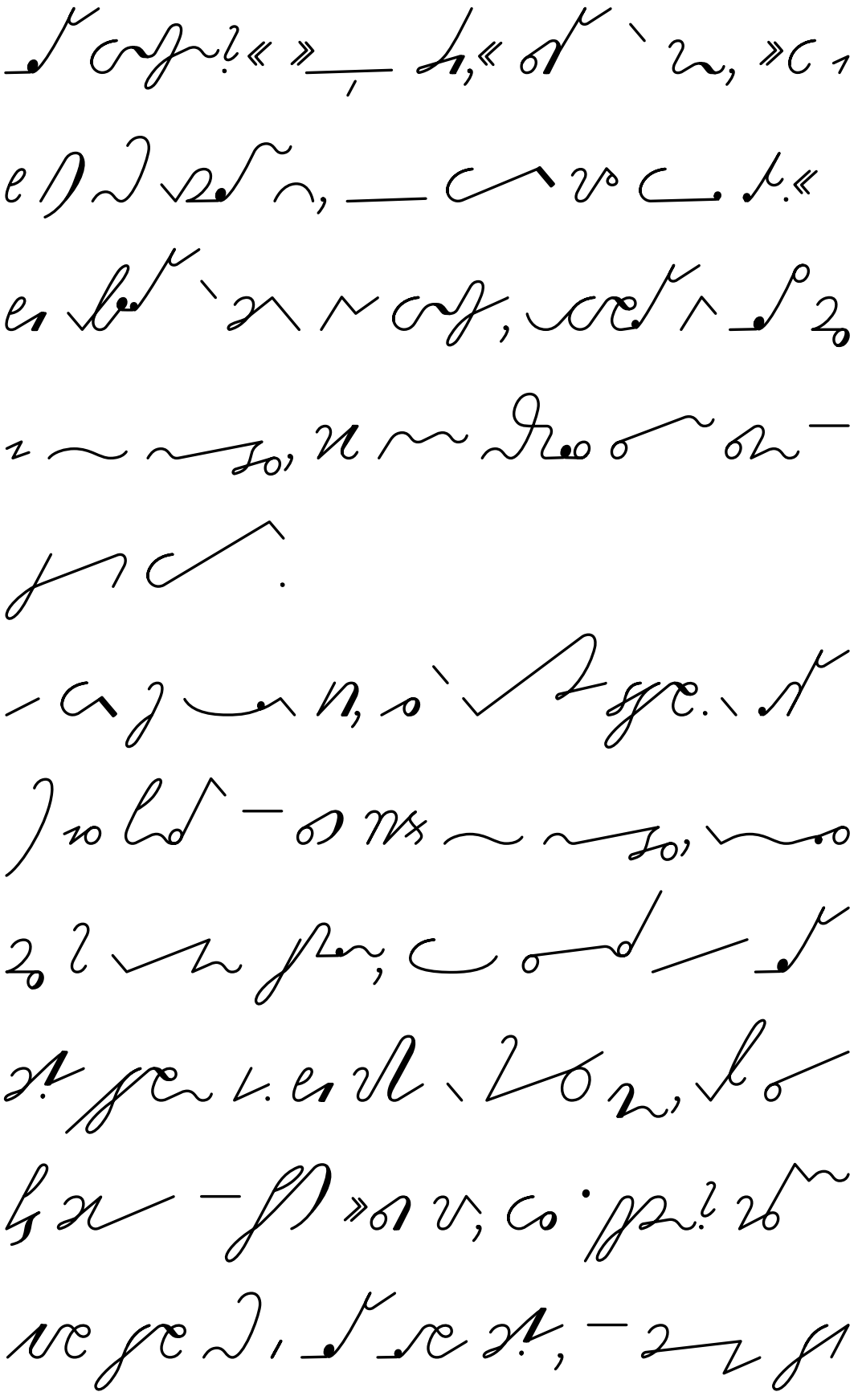

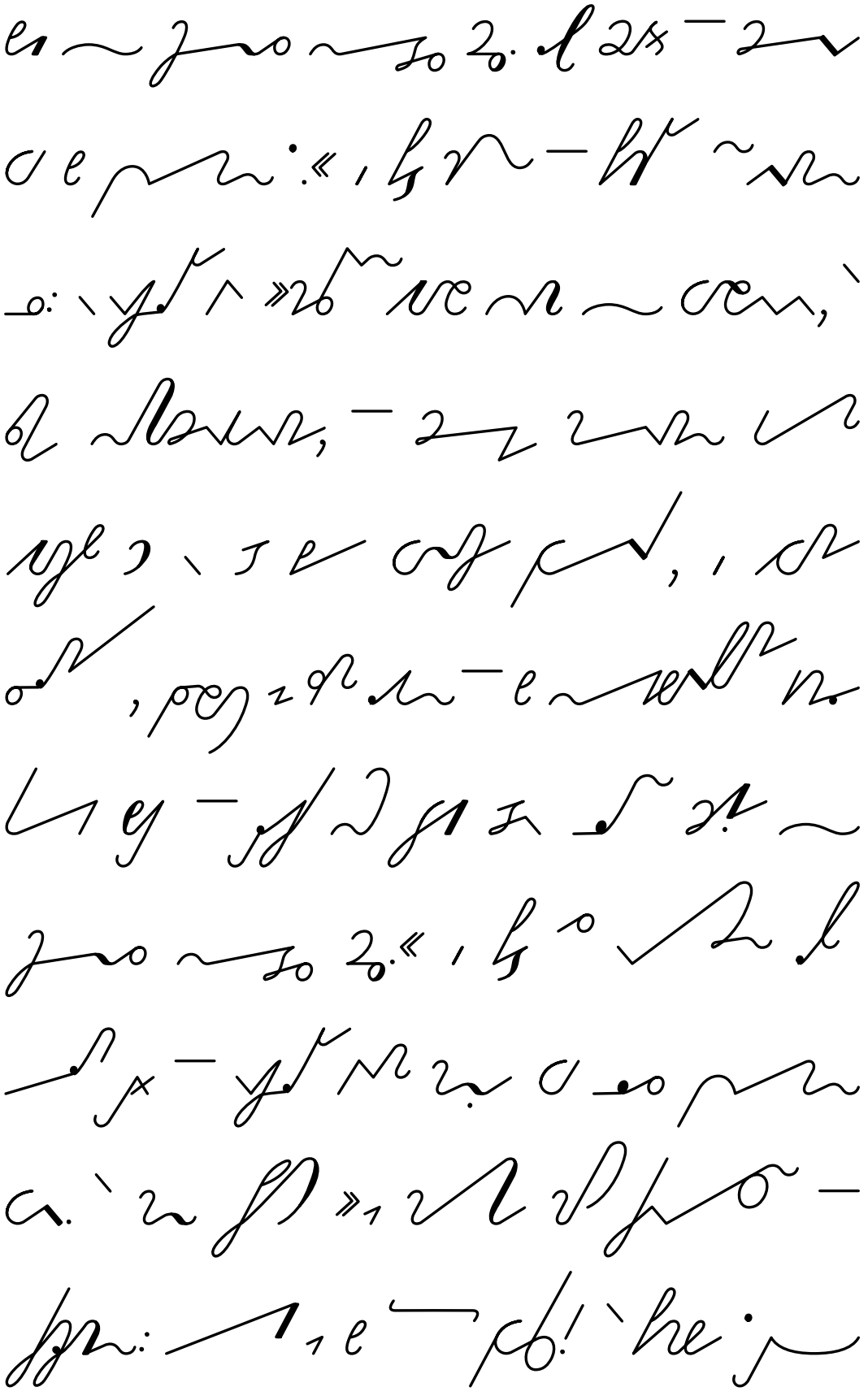

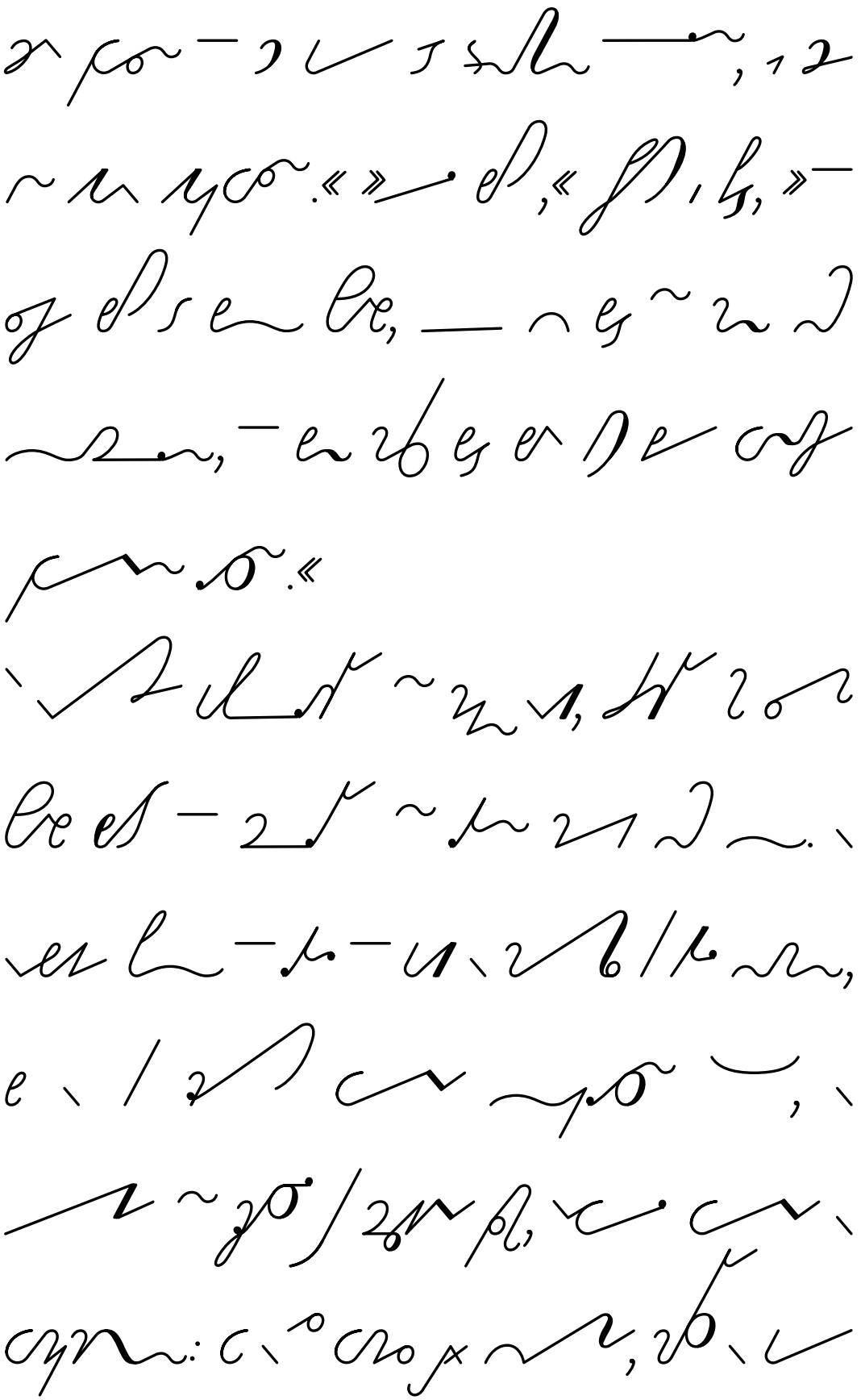

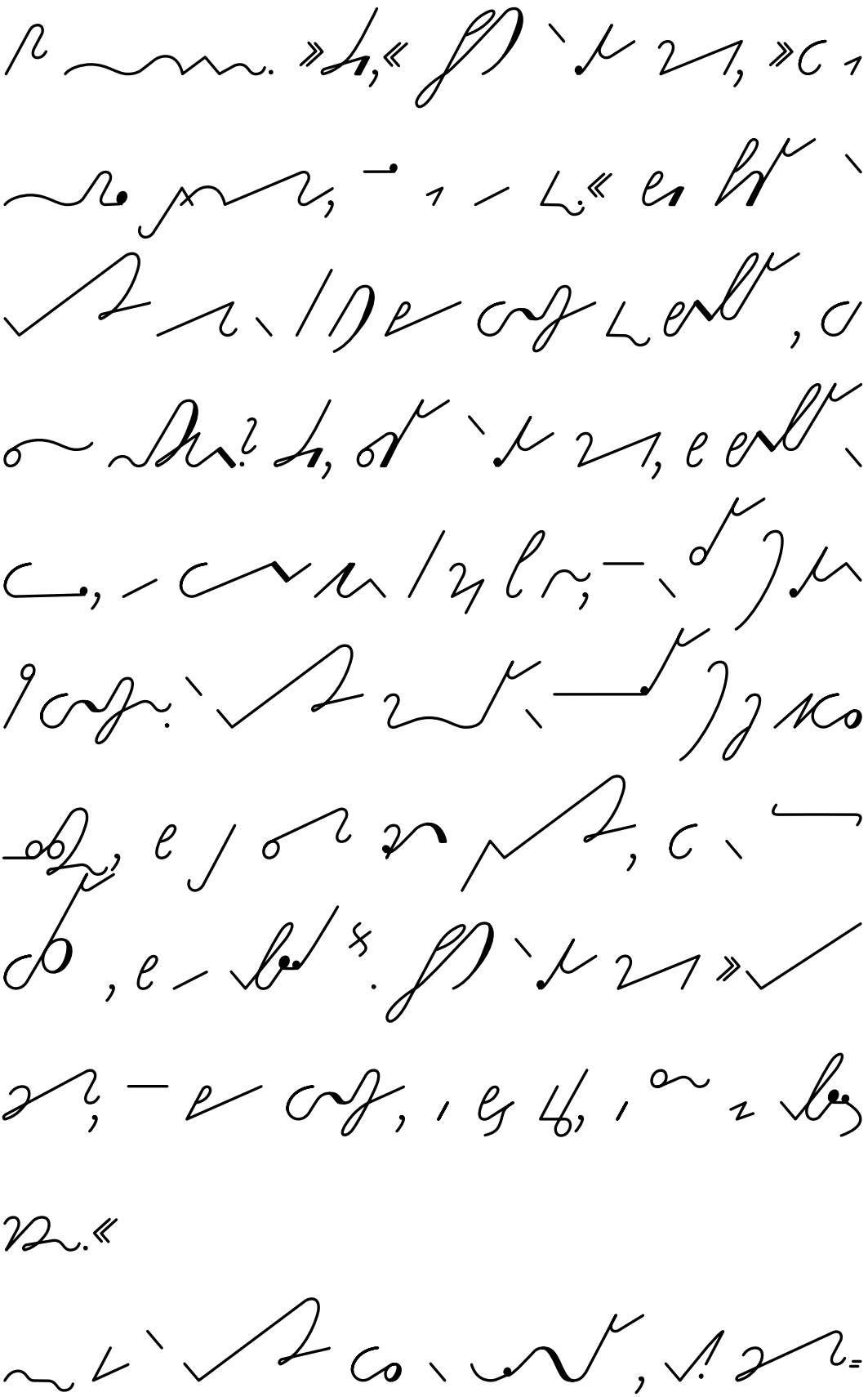

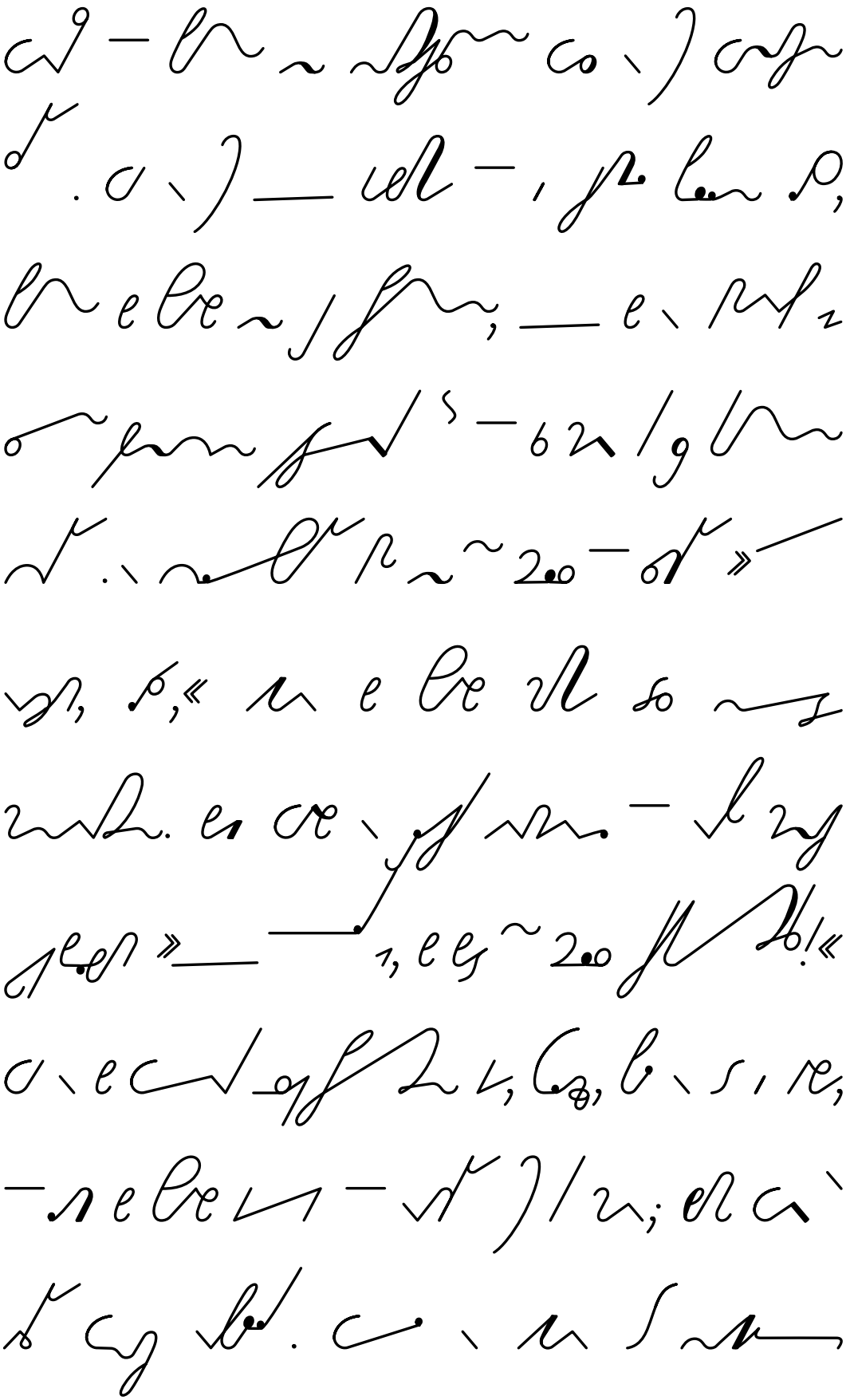

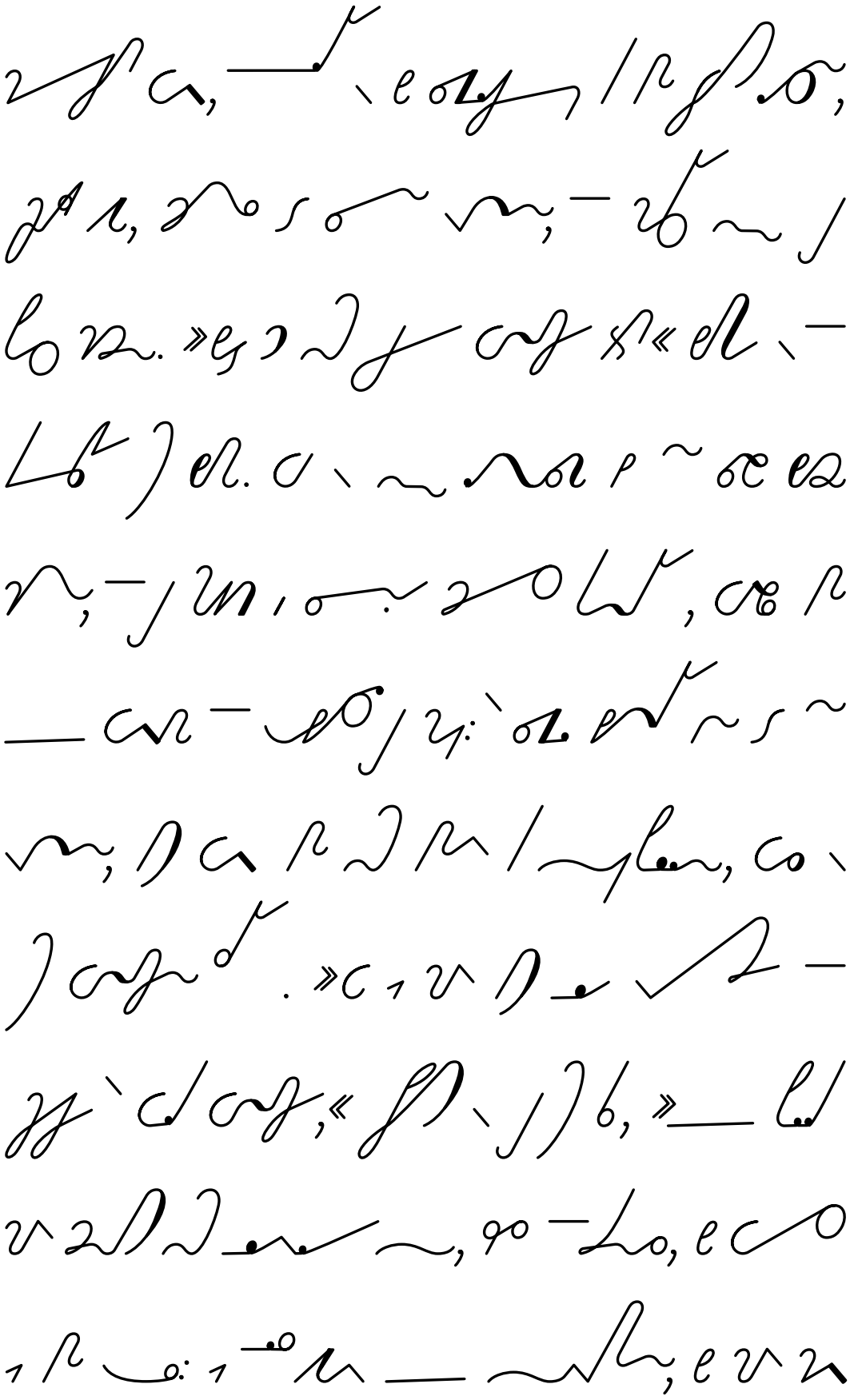

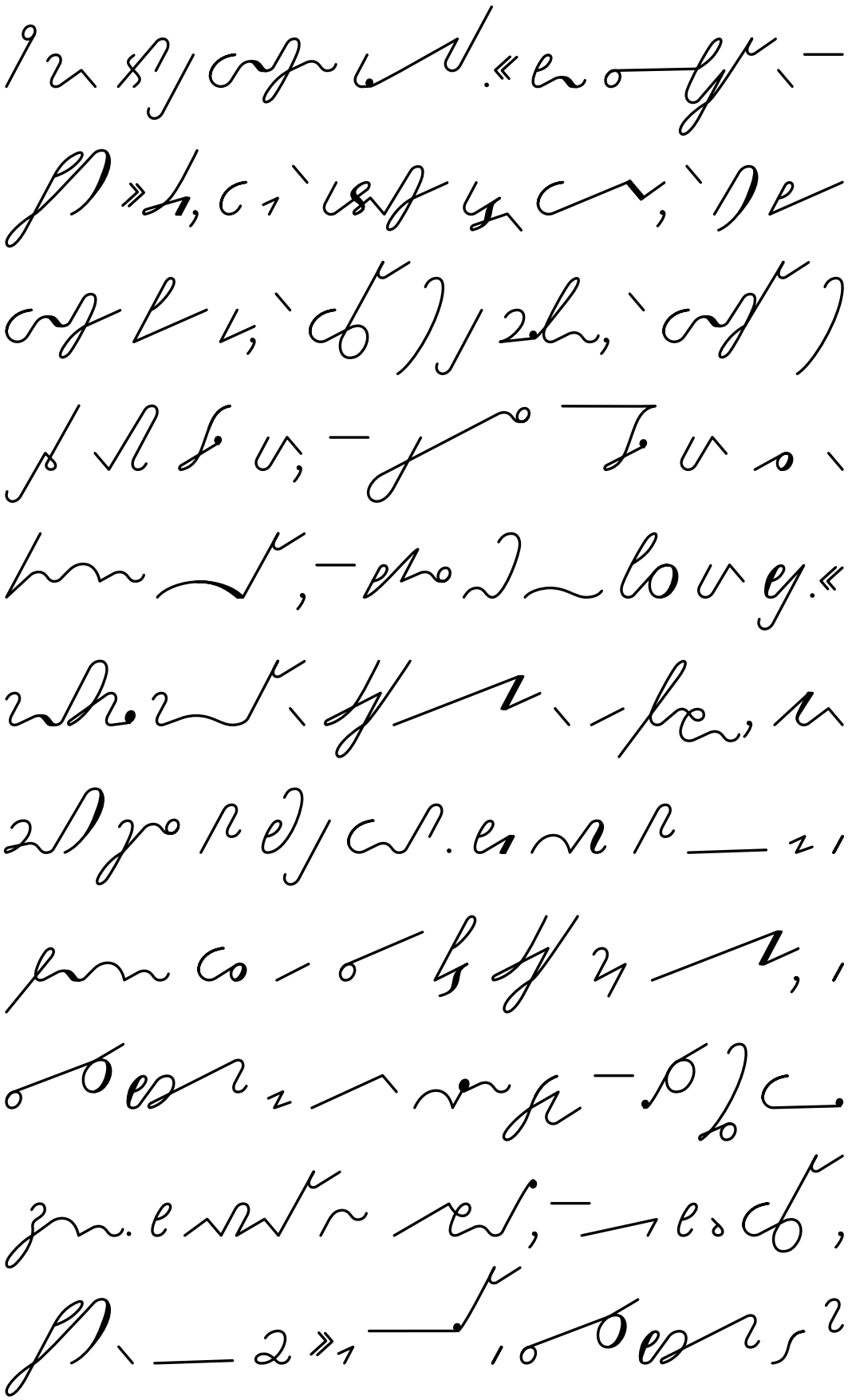

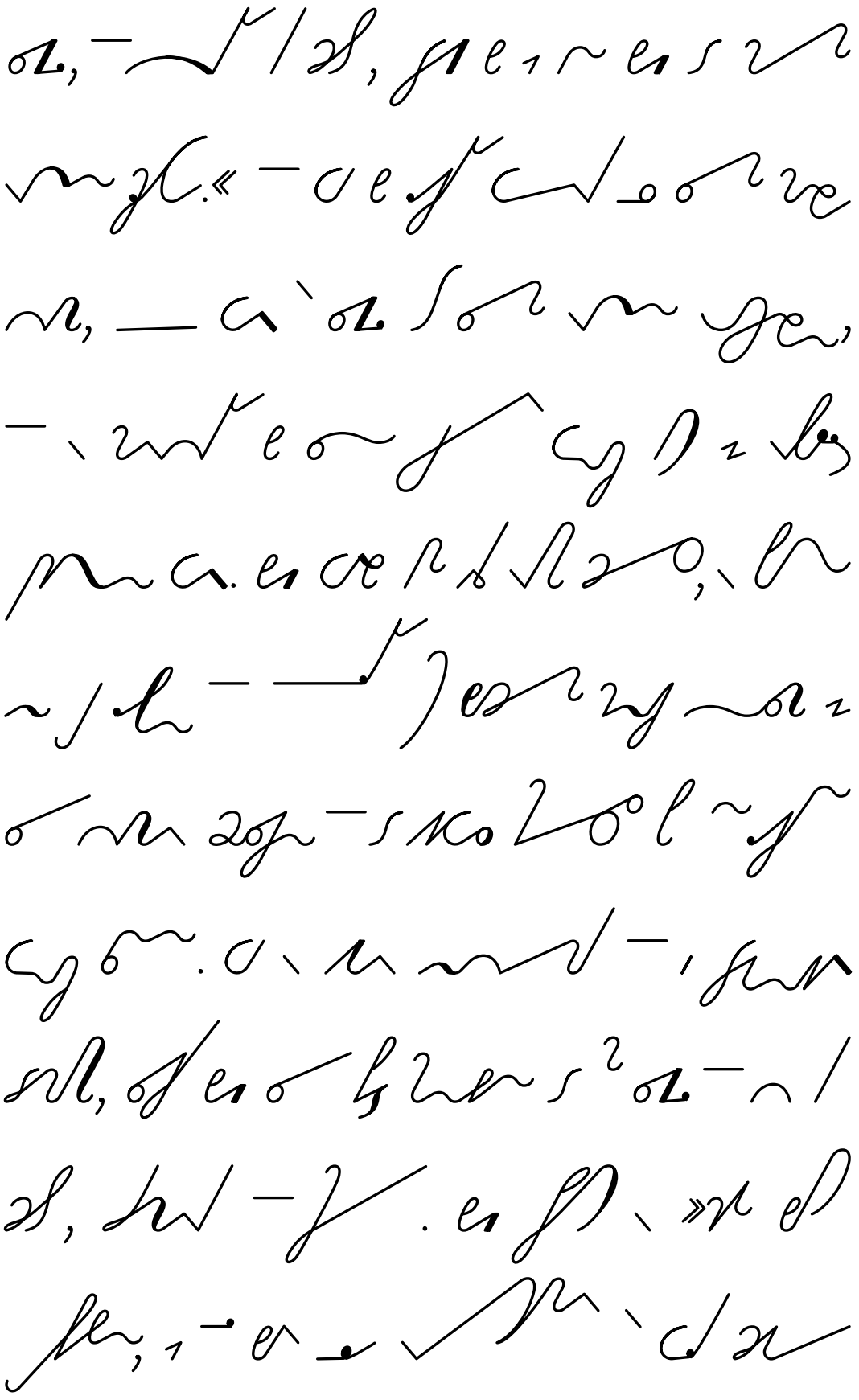

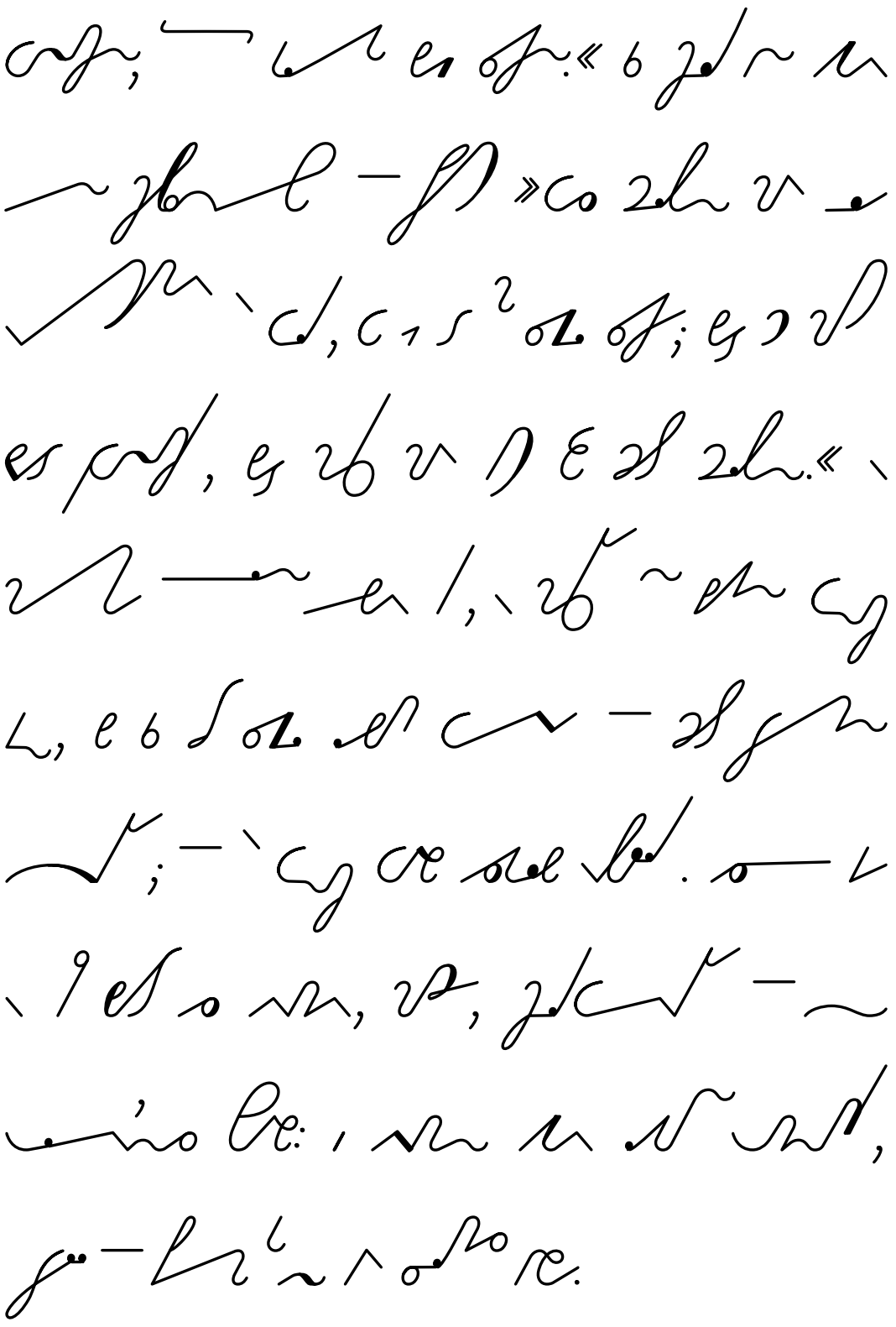

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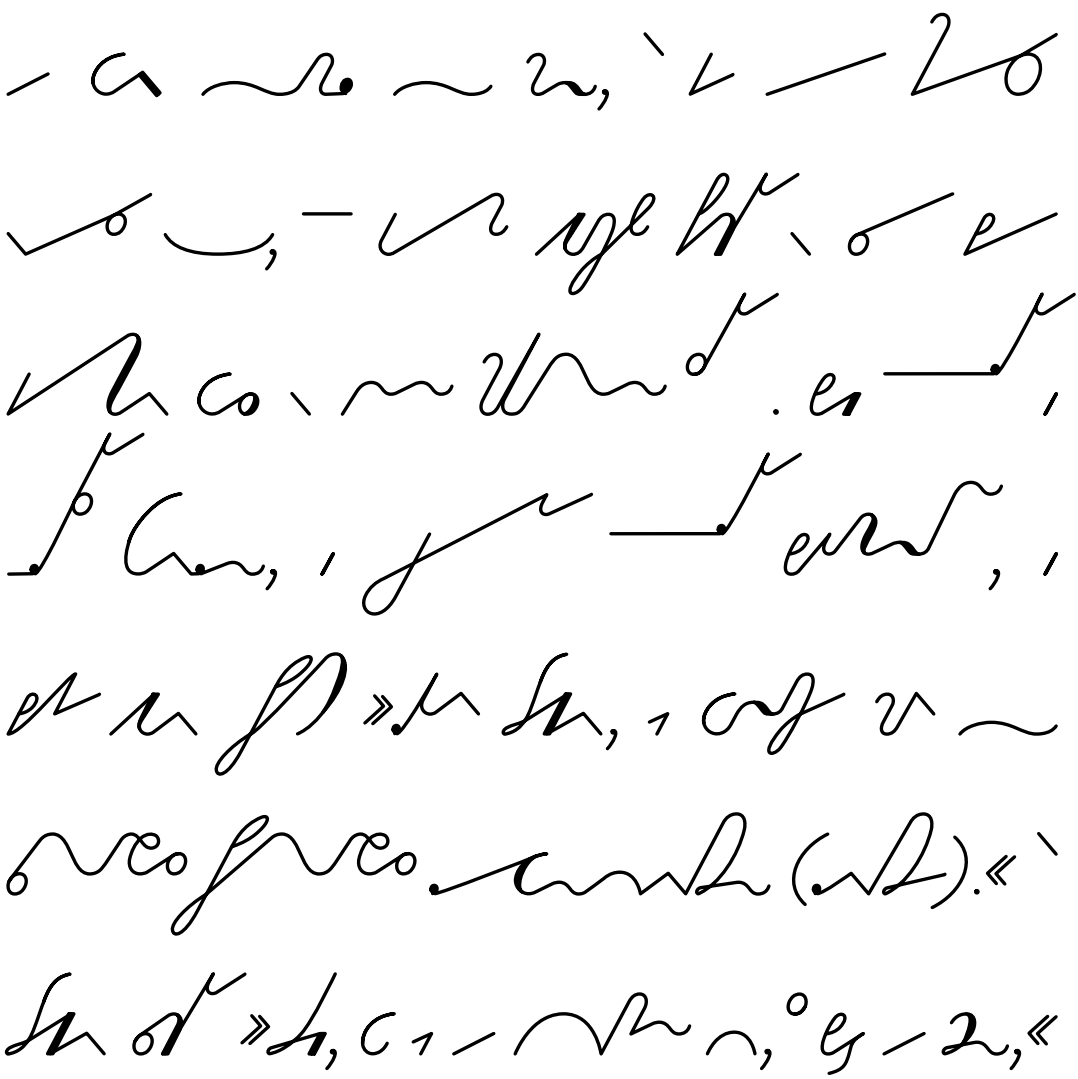
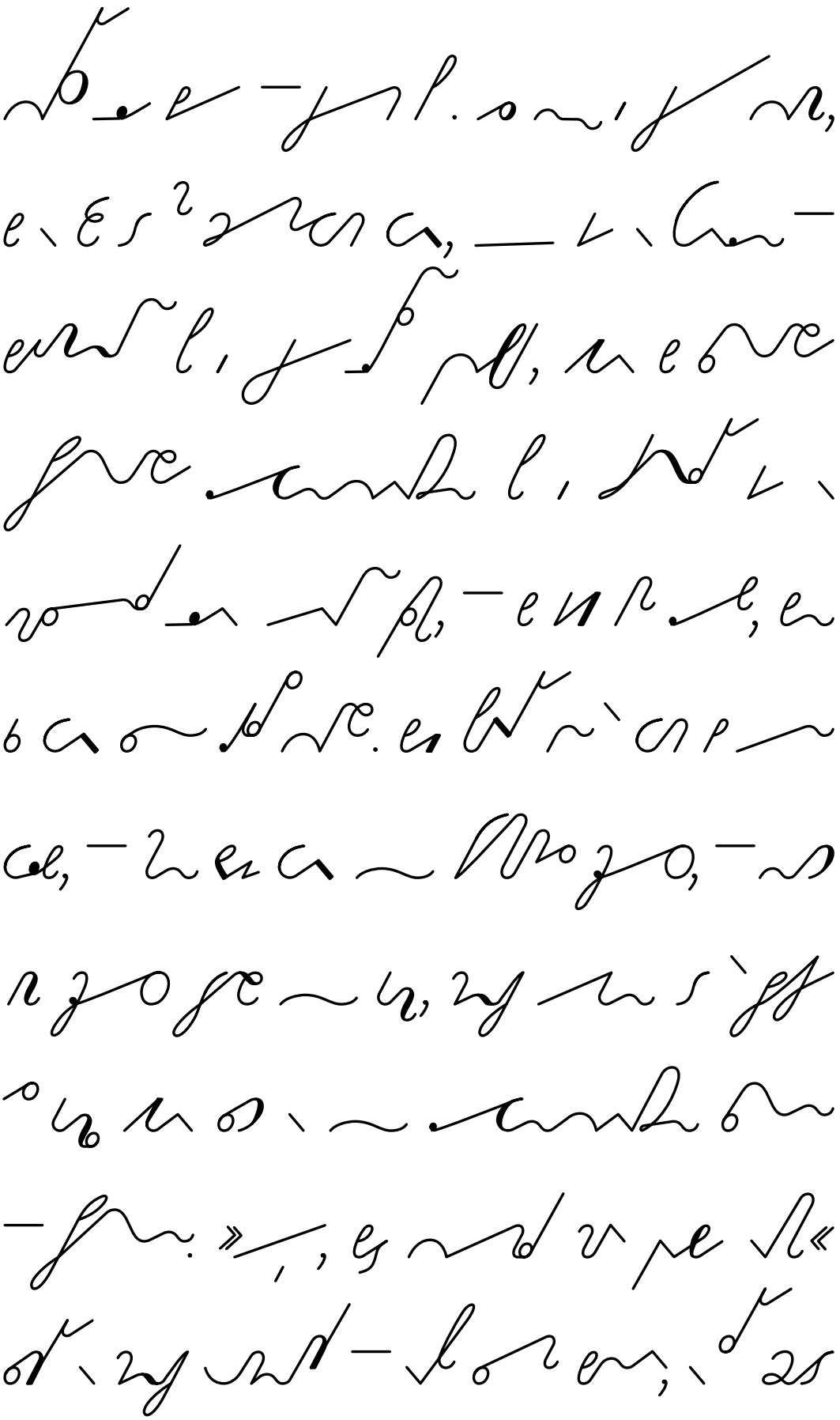
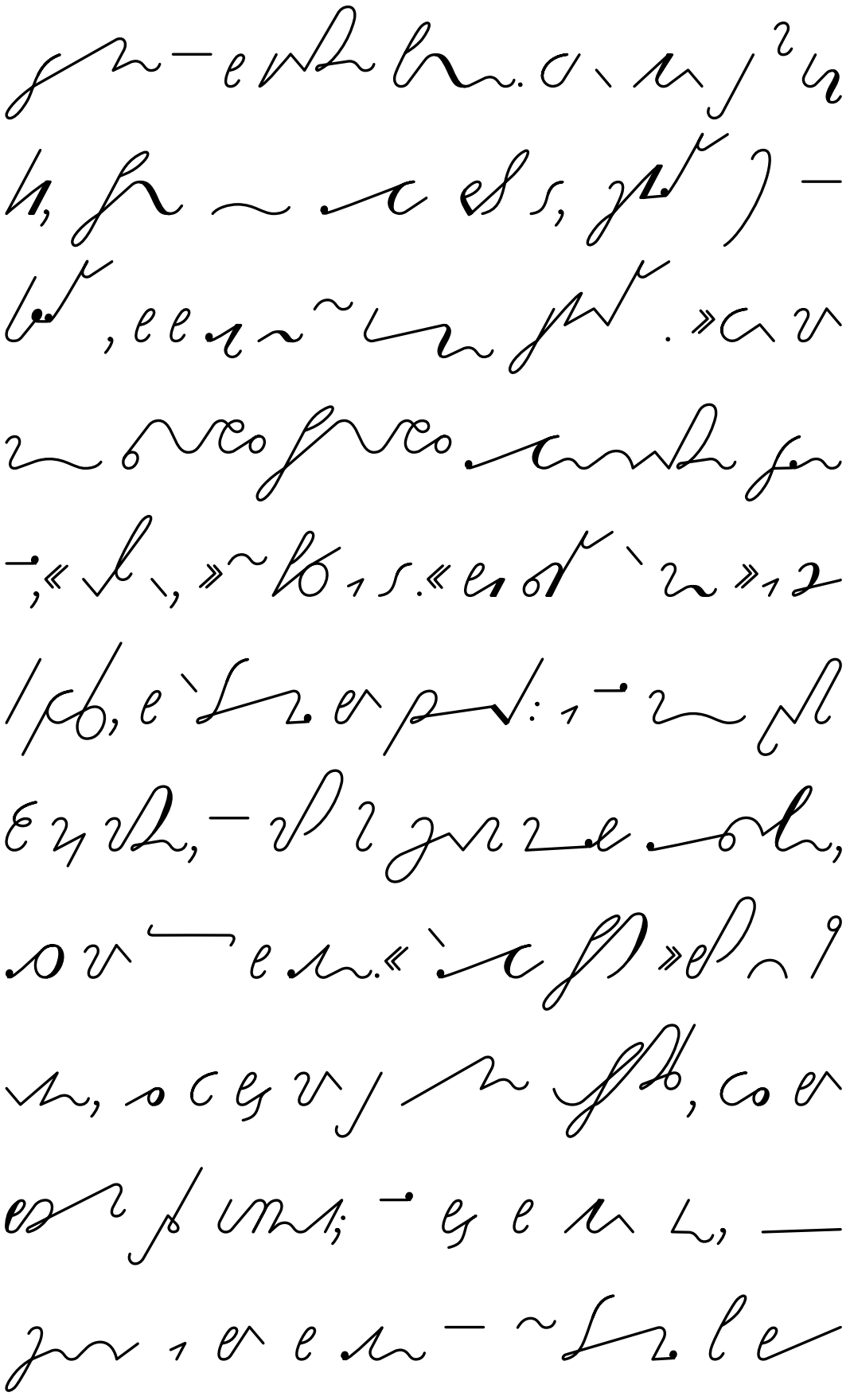
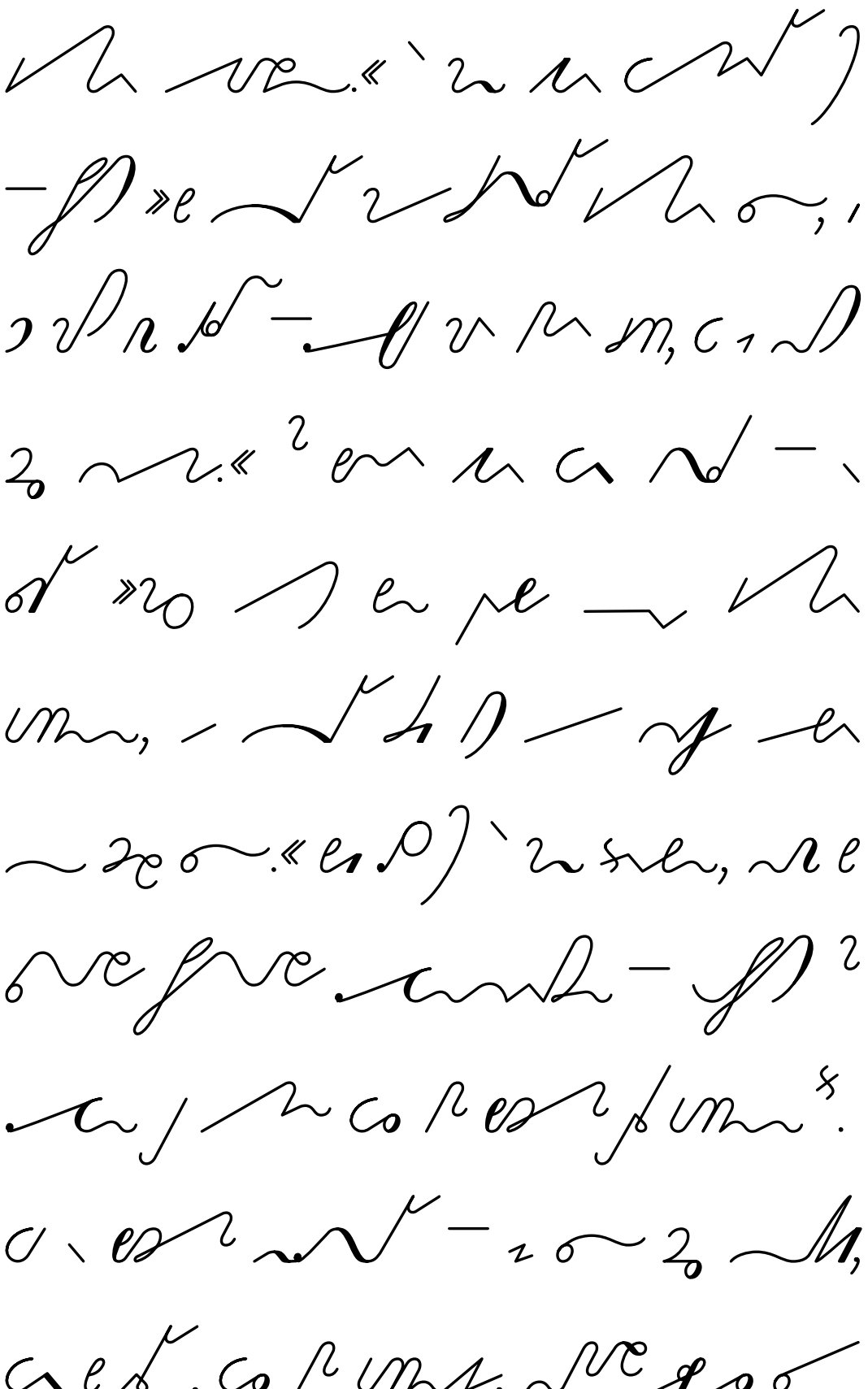
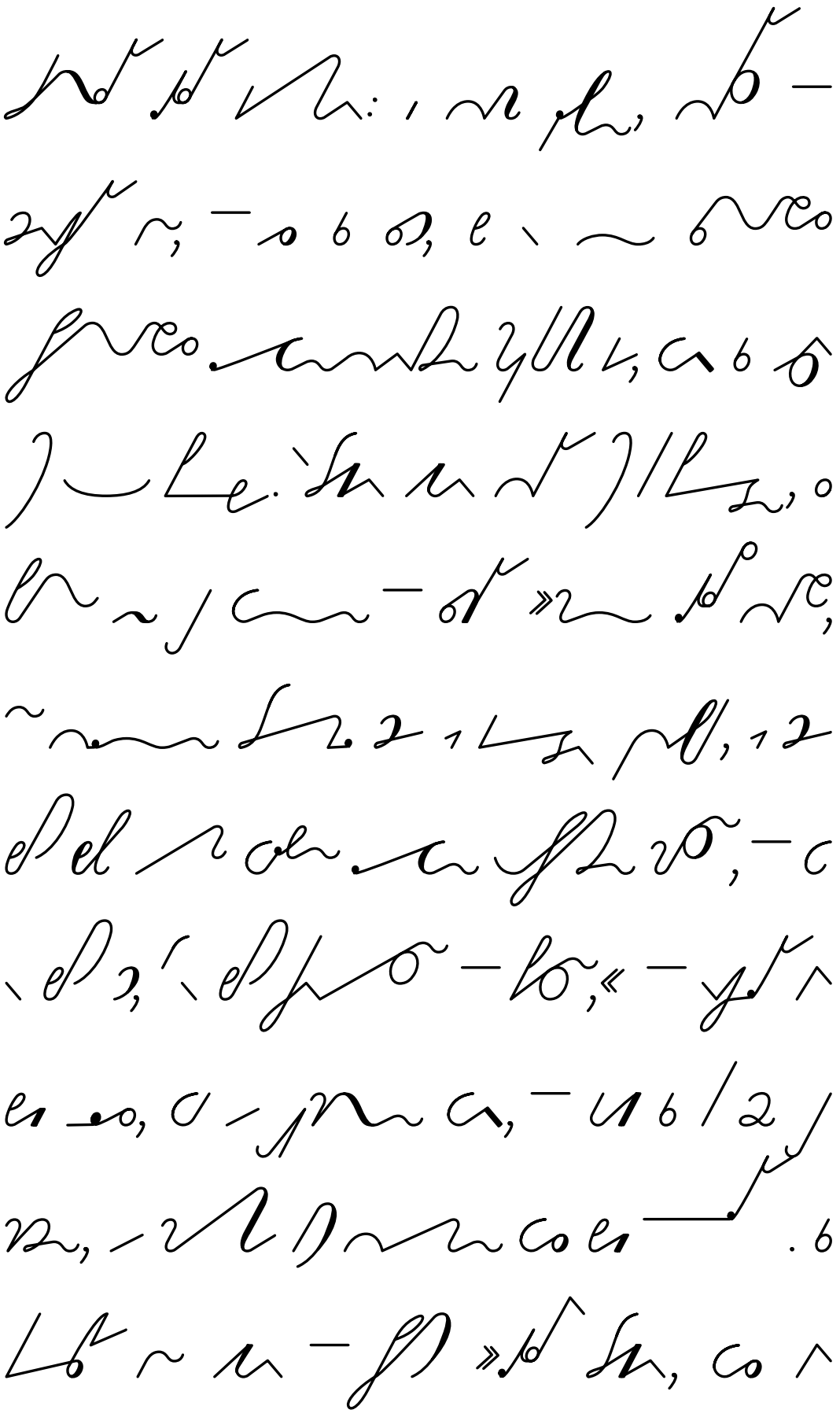
[Löweneckerchen]

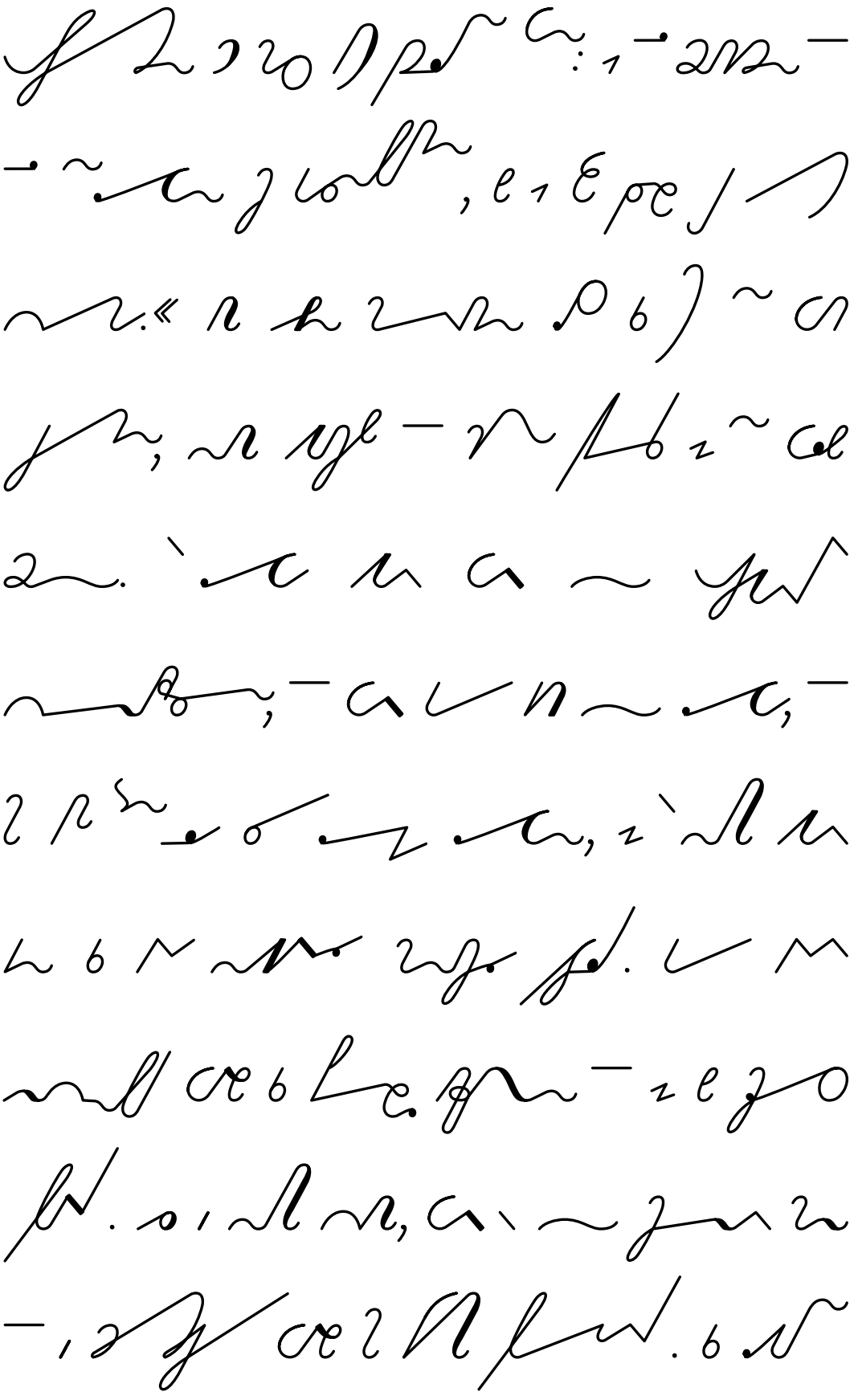


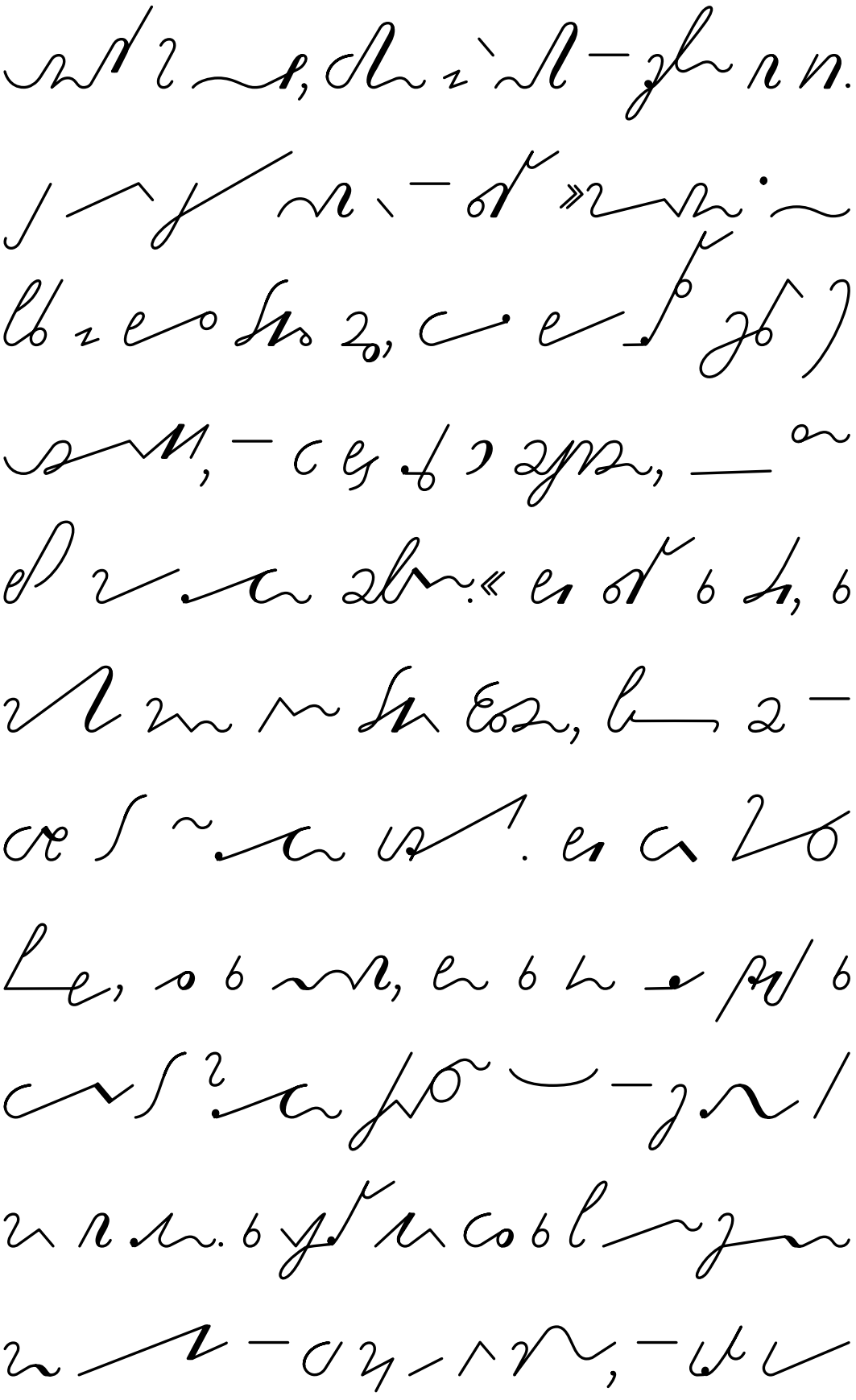


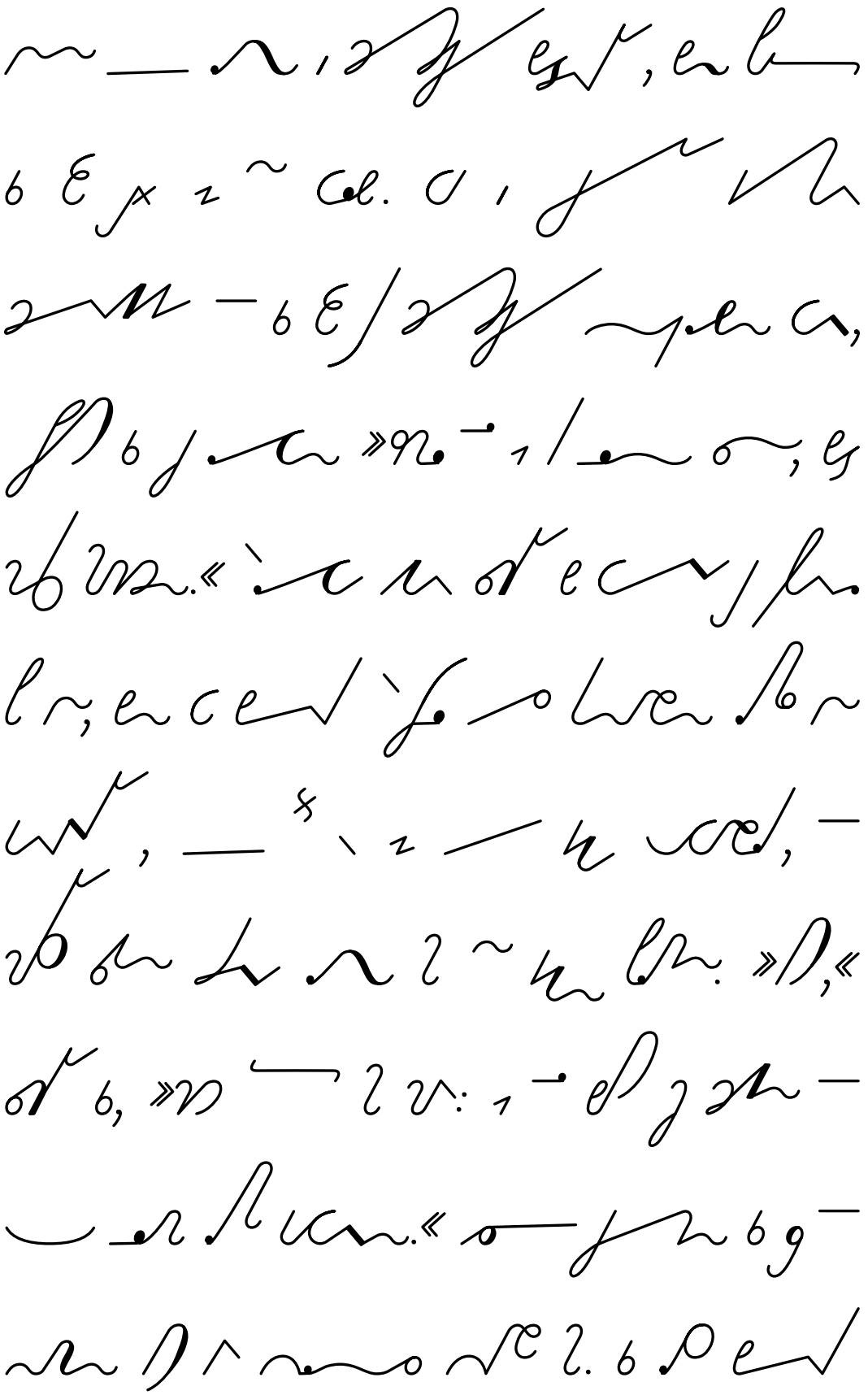


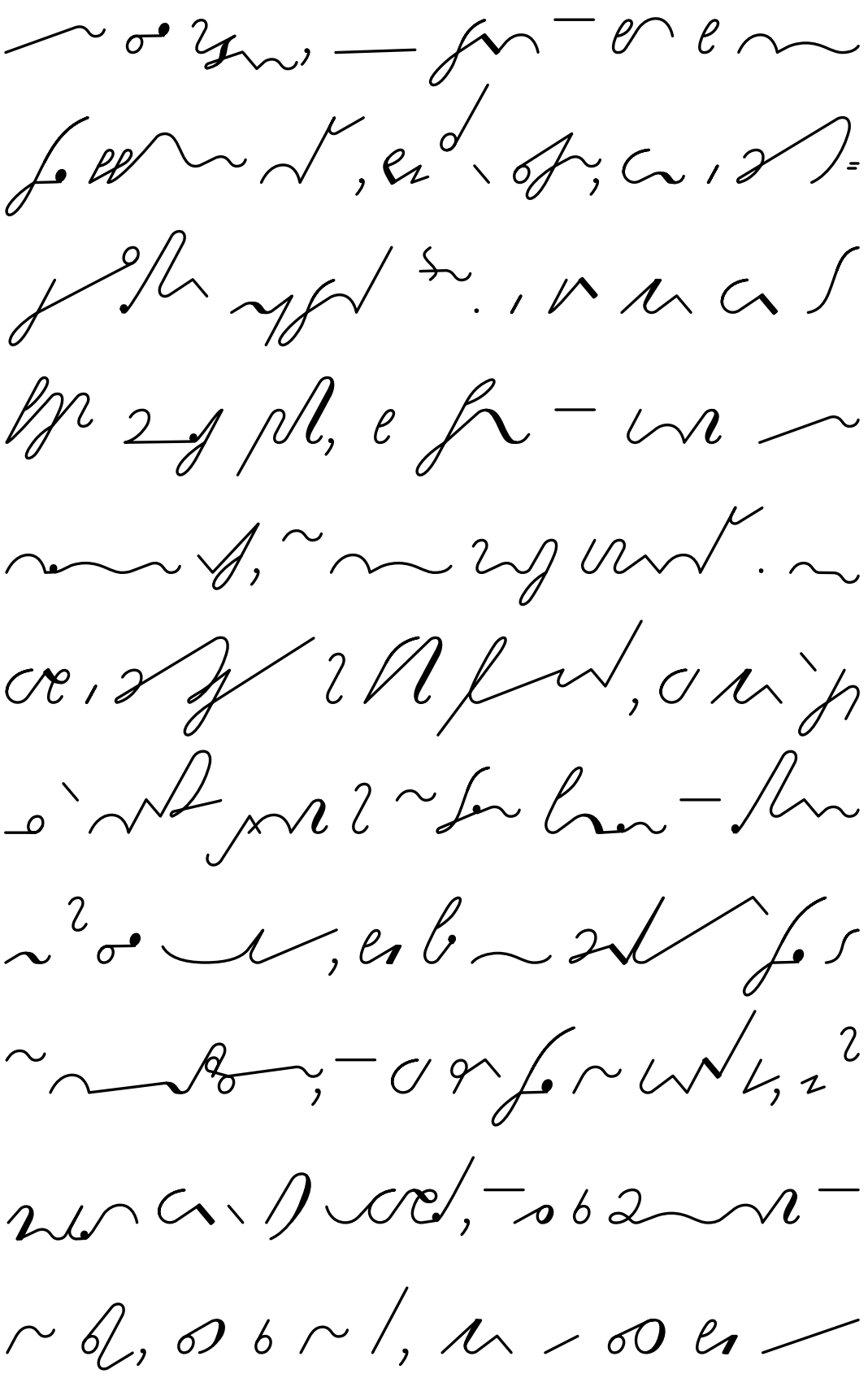


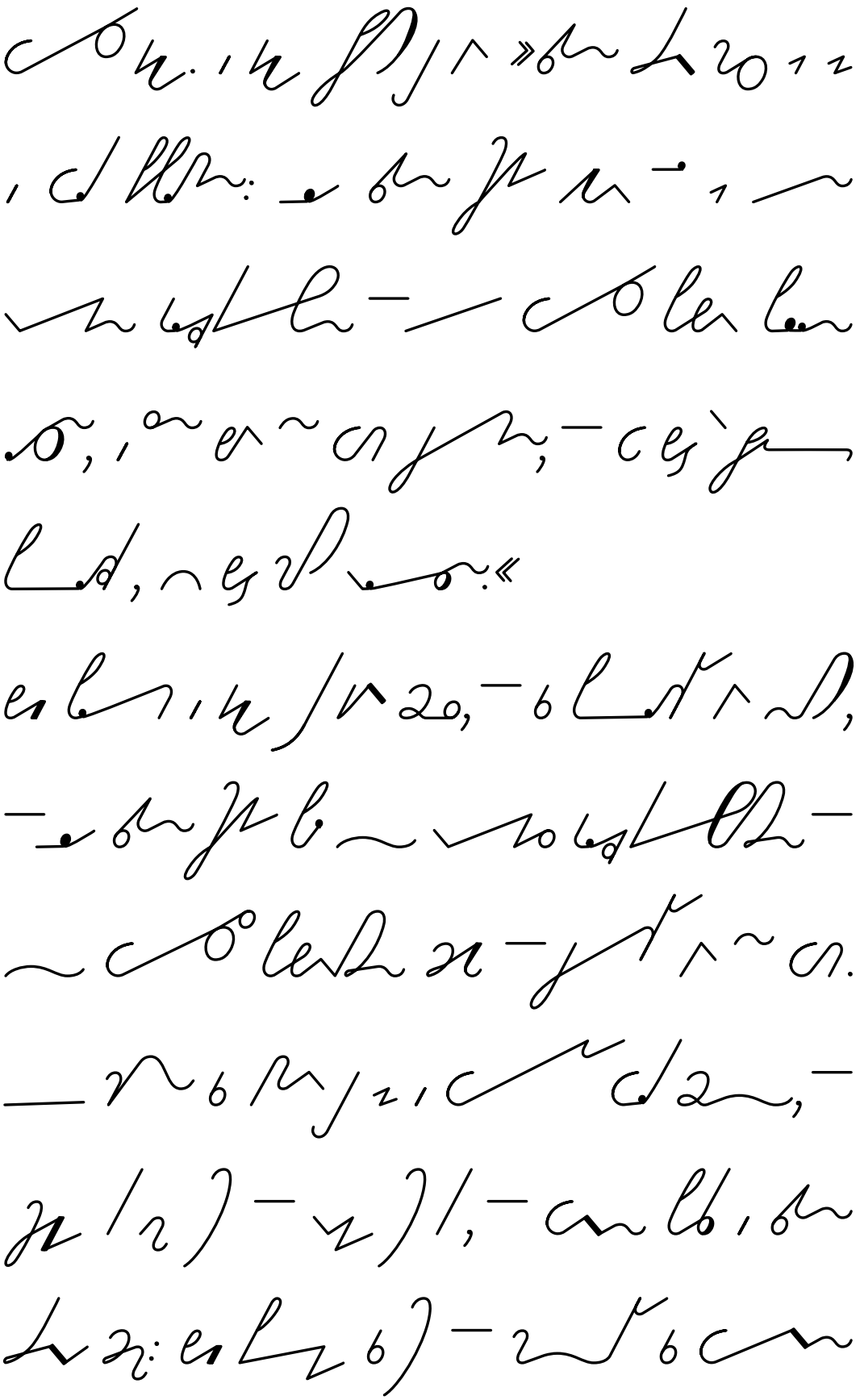


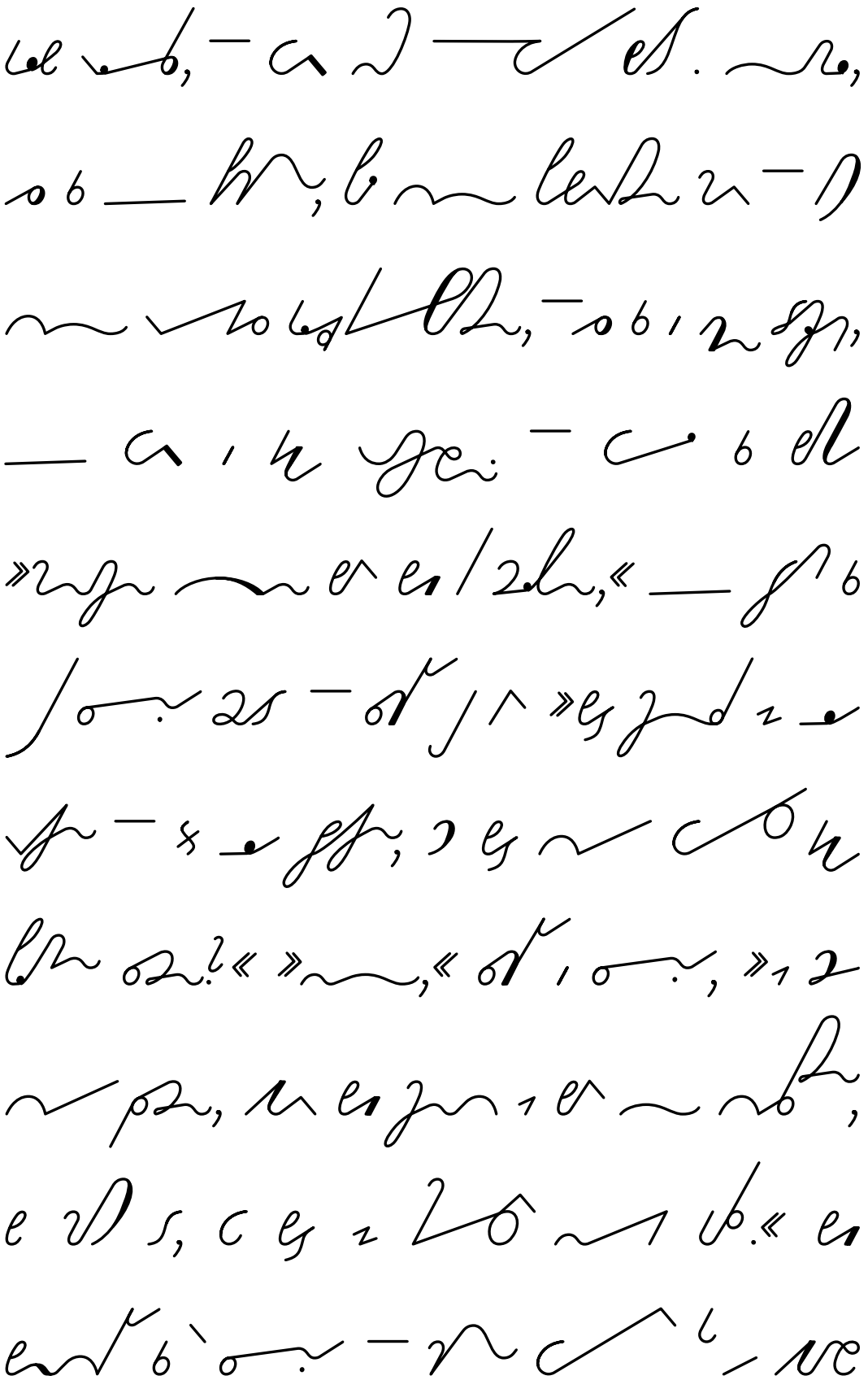


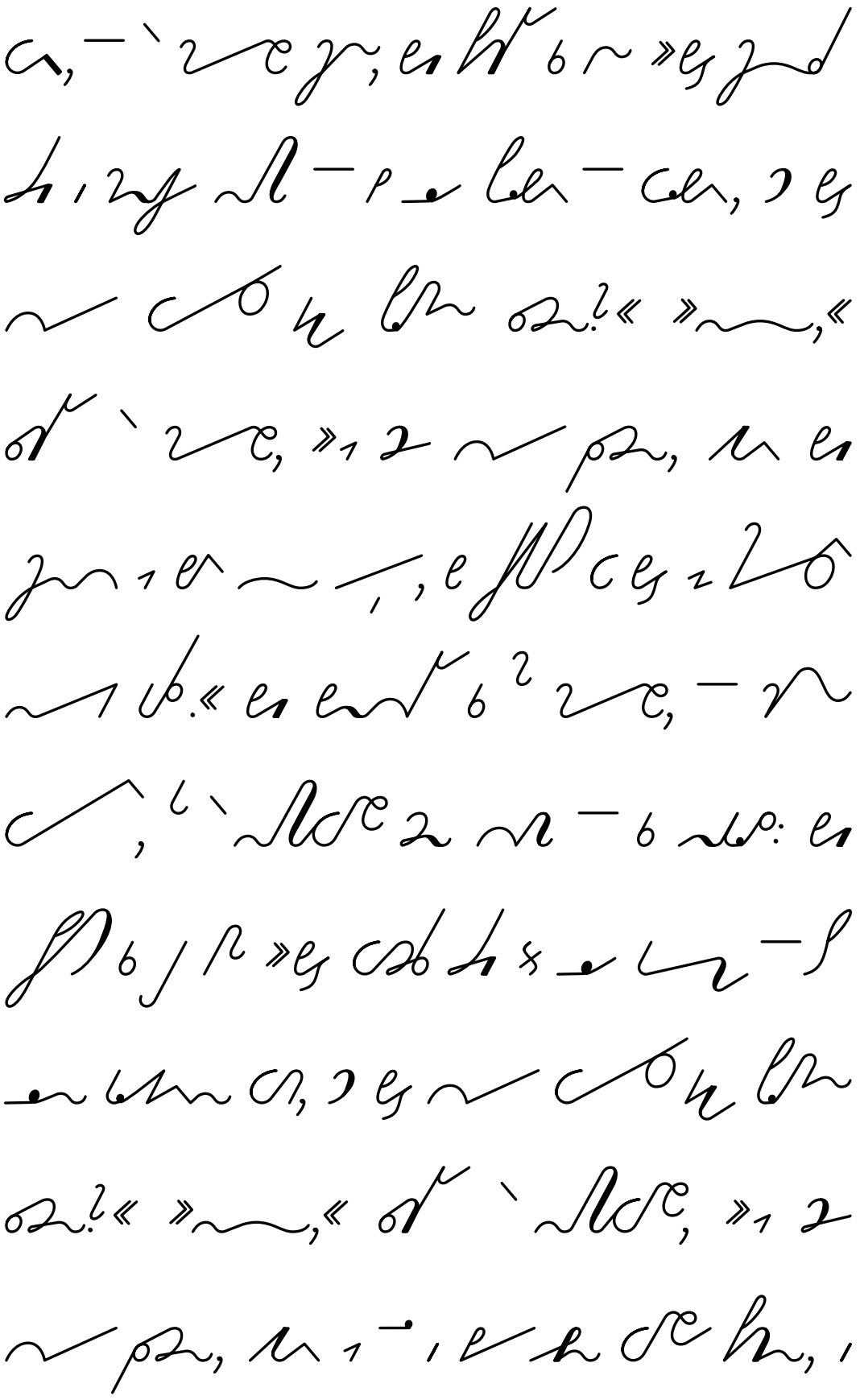


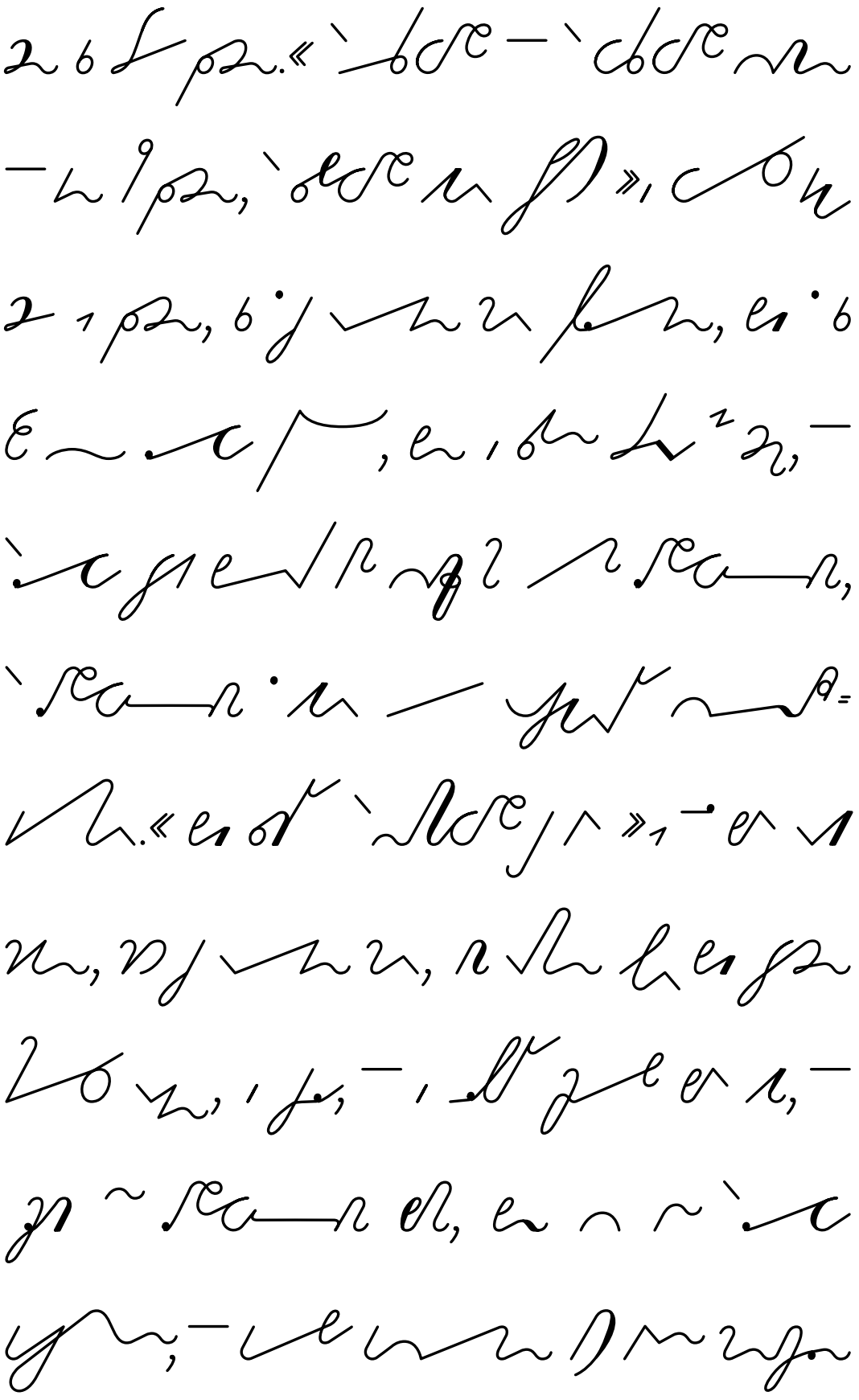


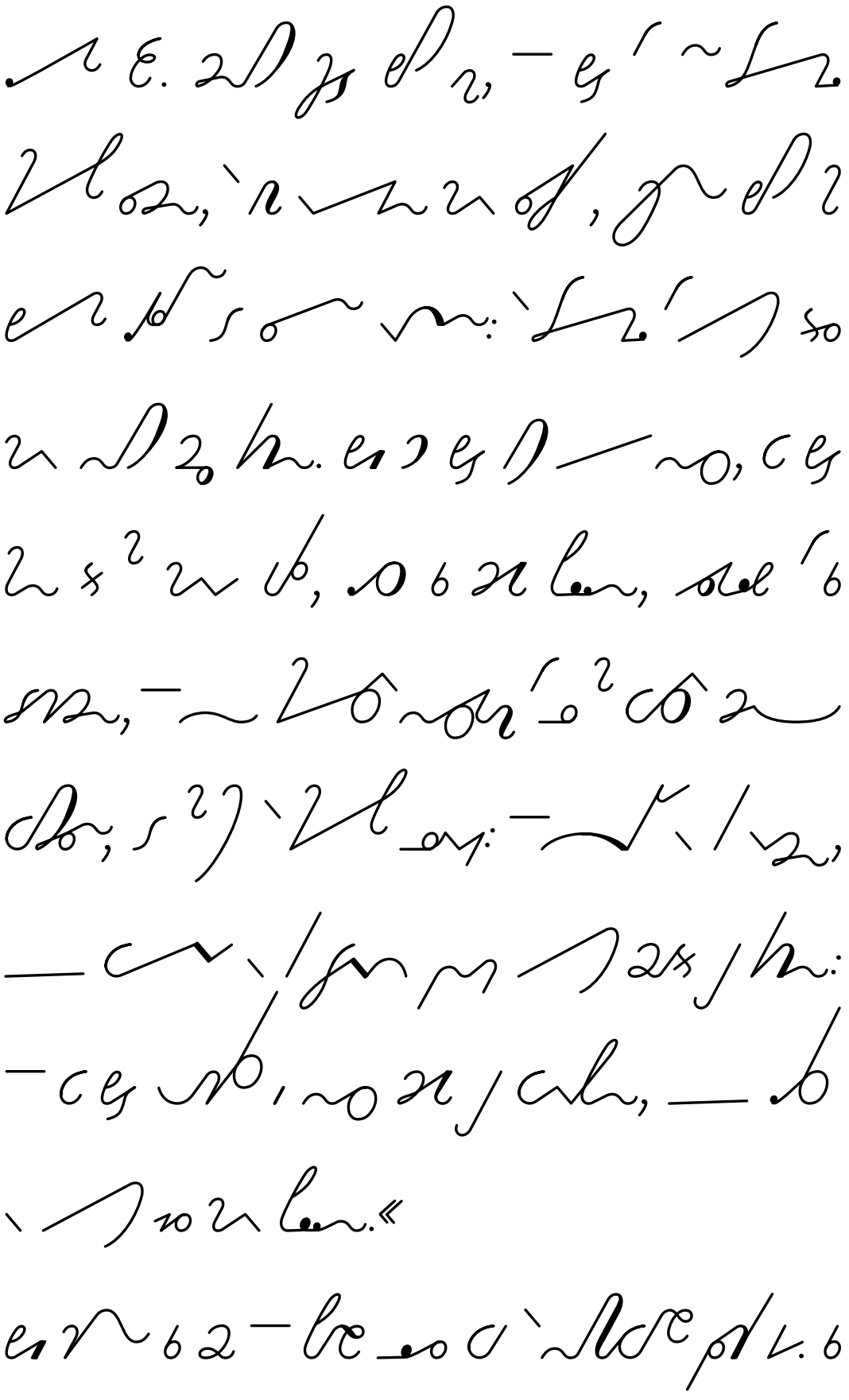


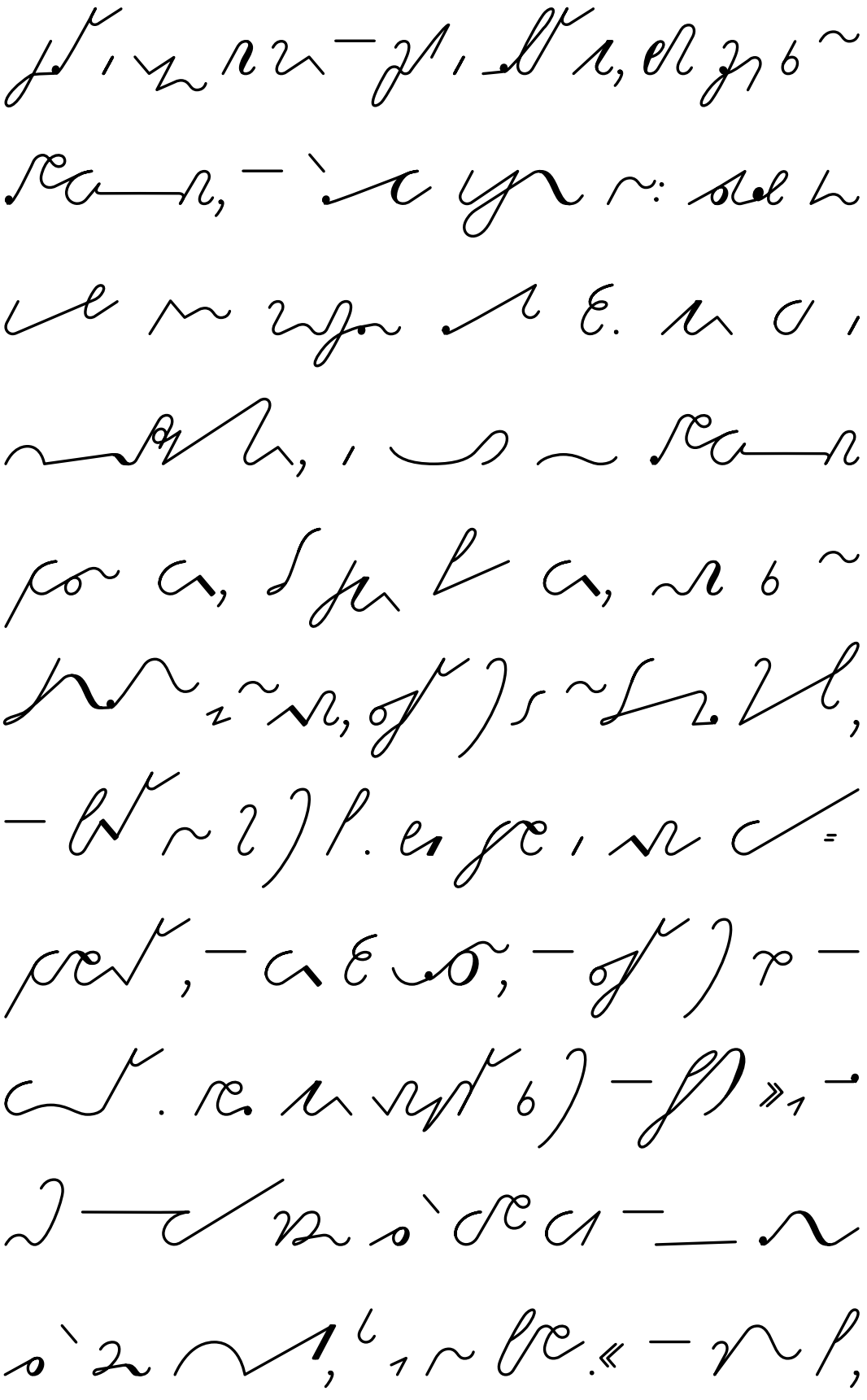


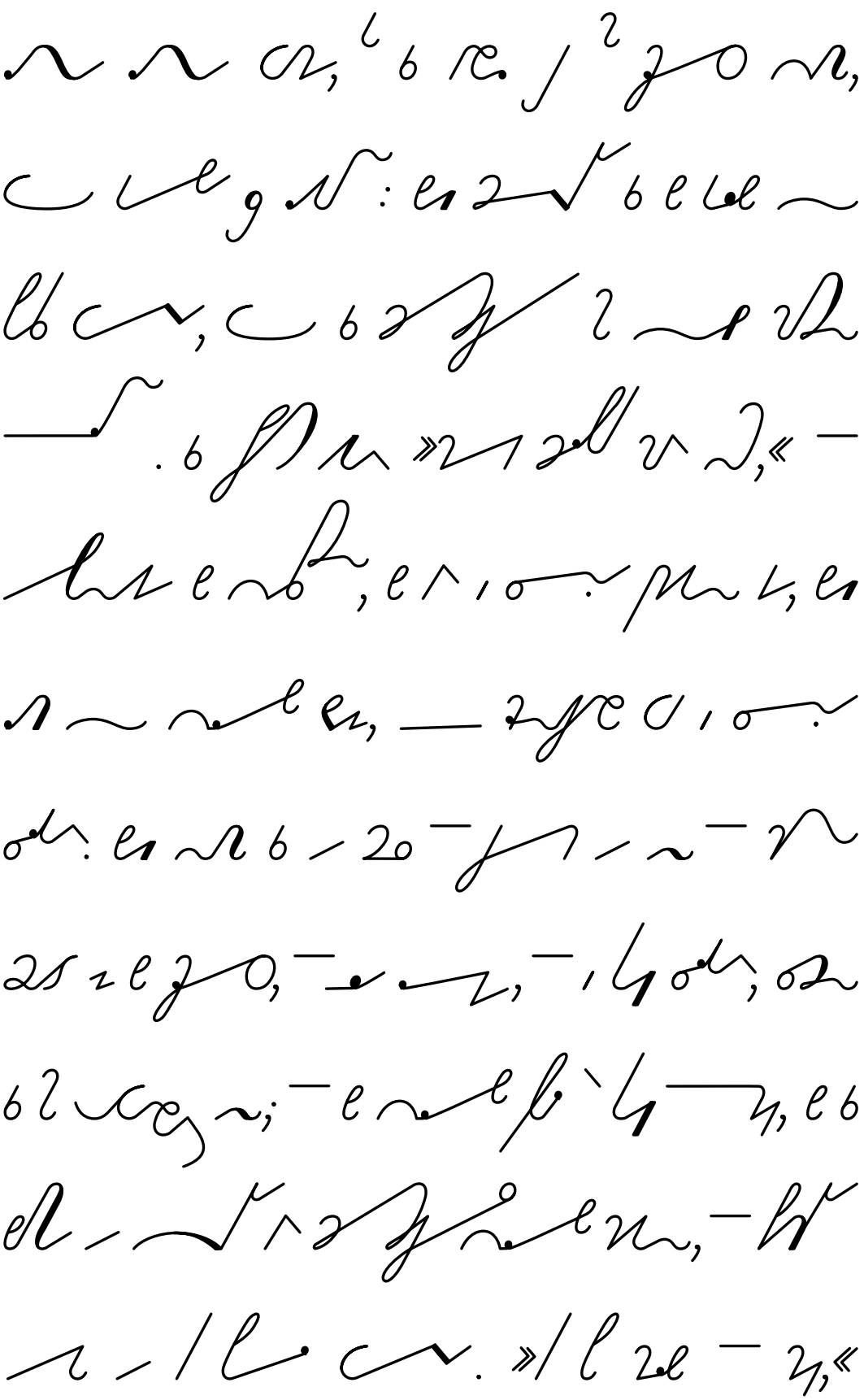


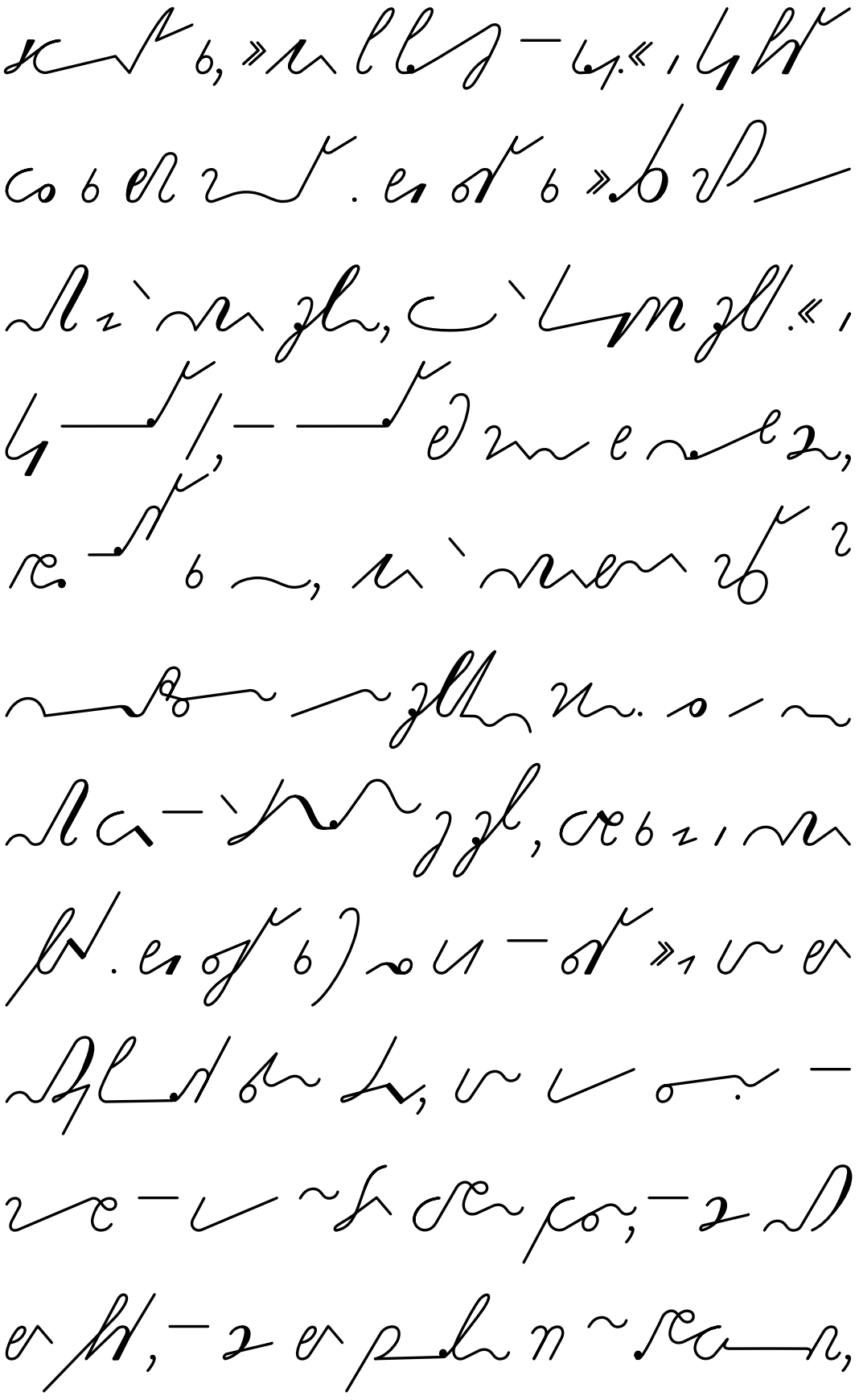


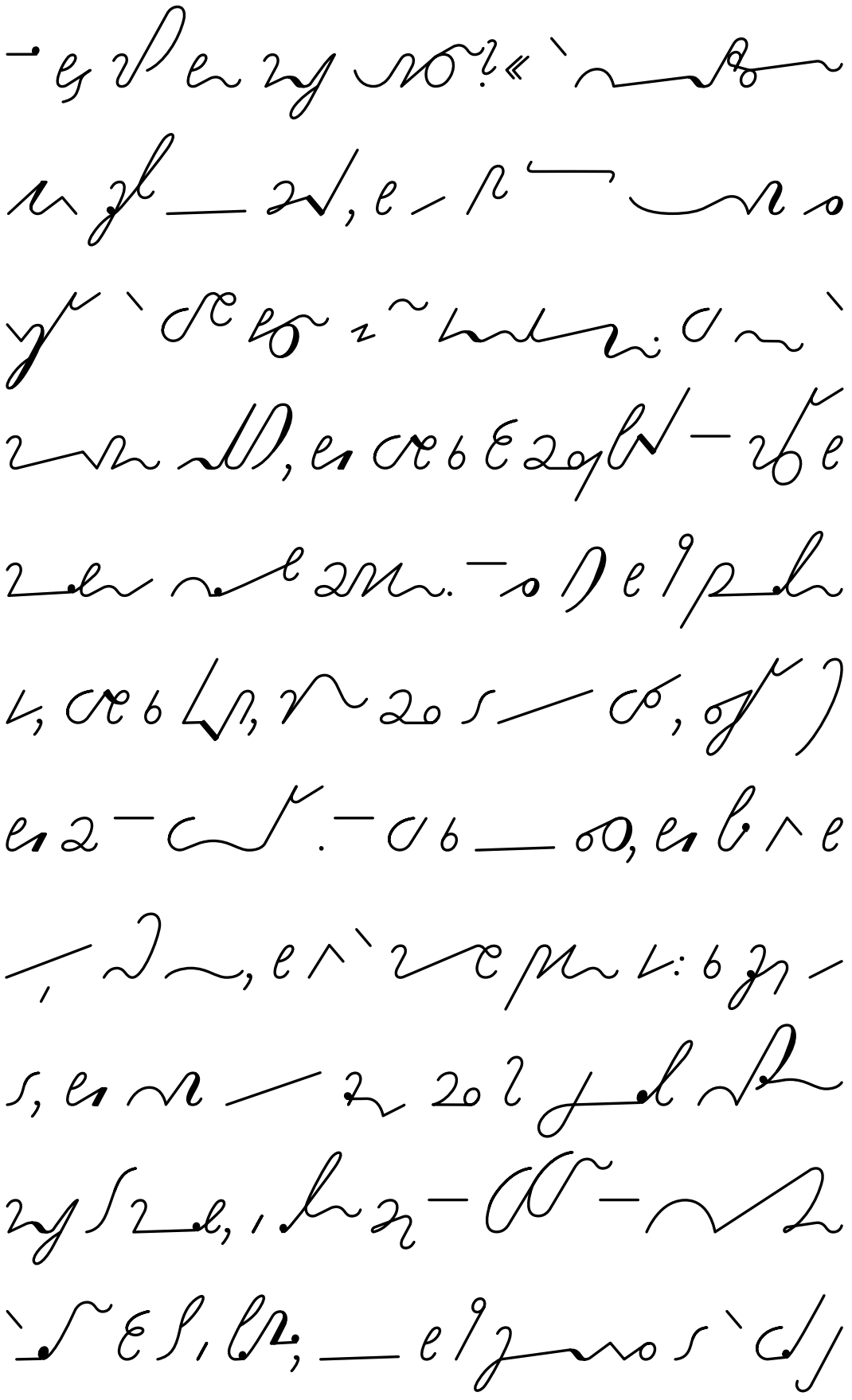


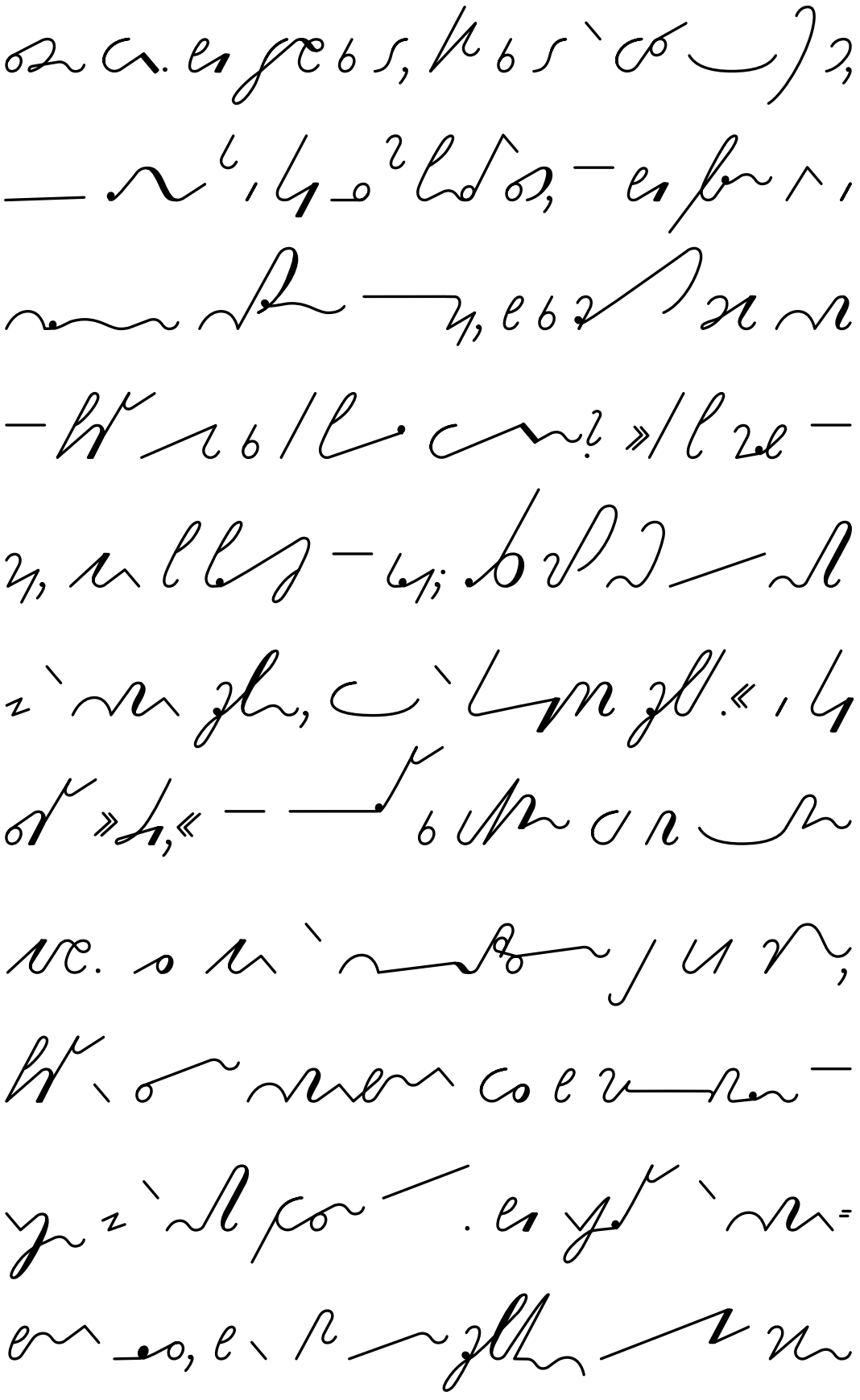


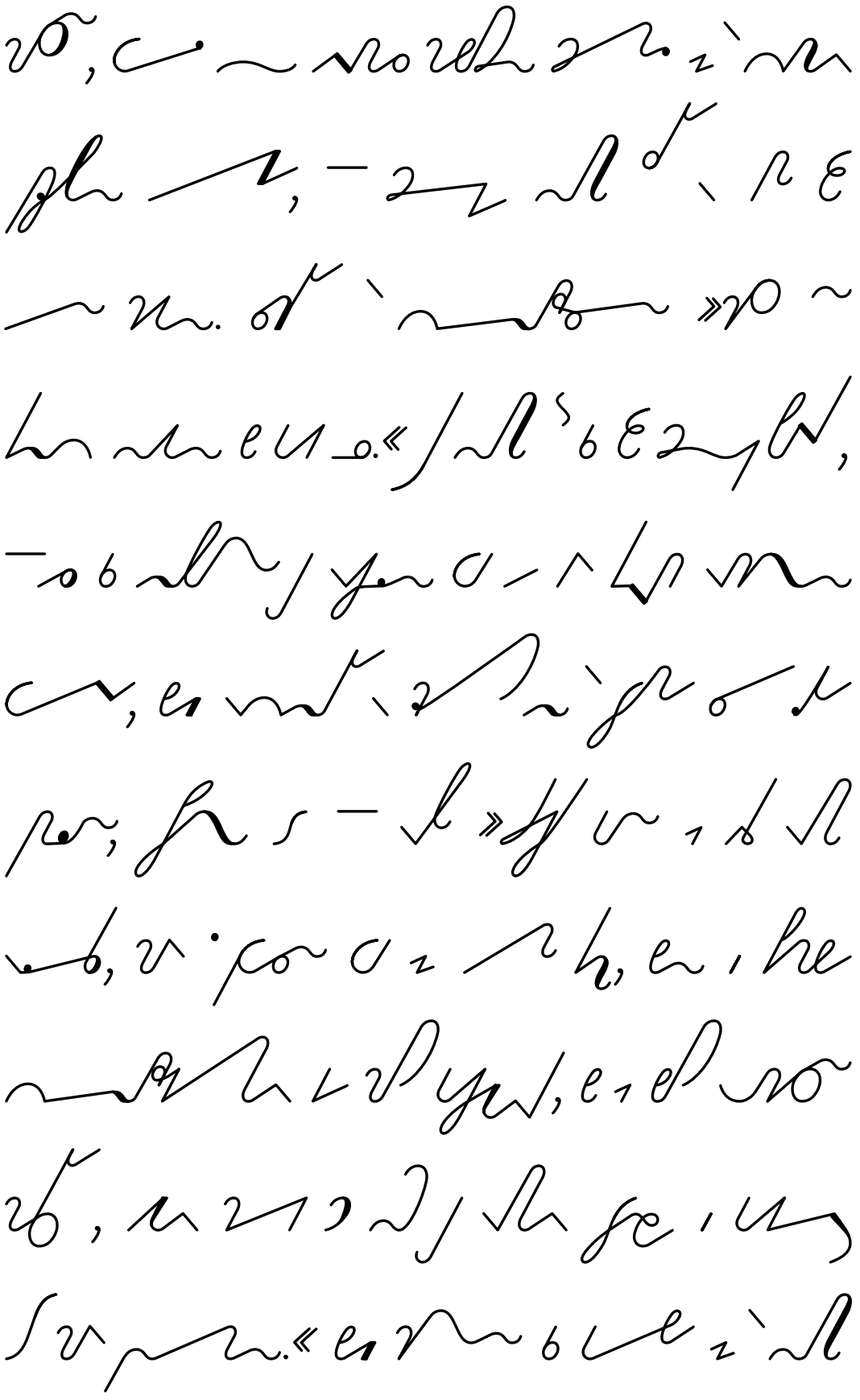


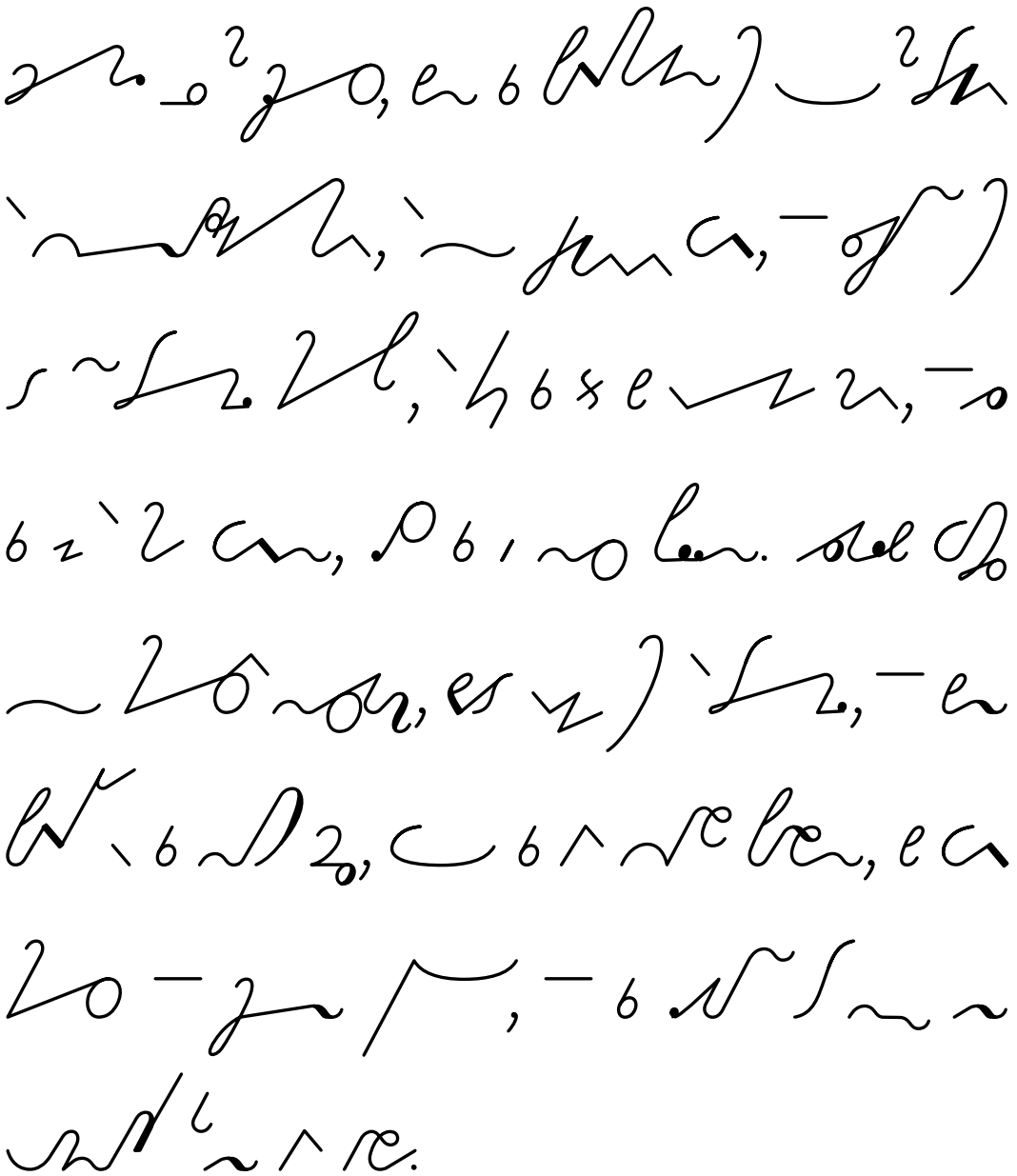












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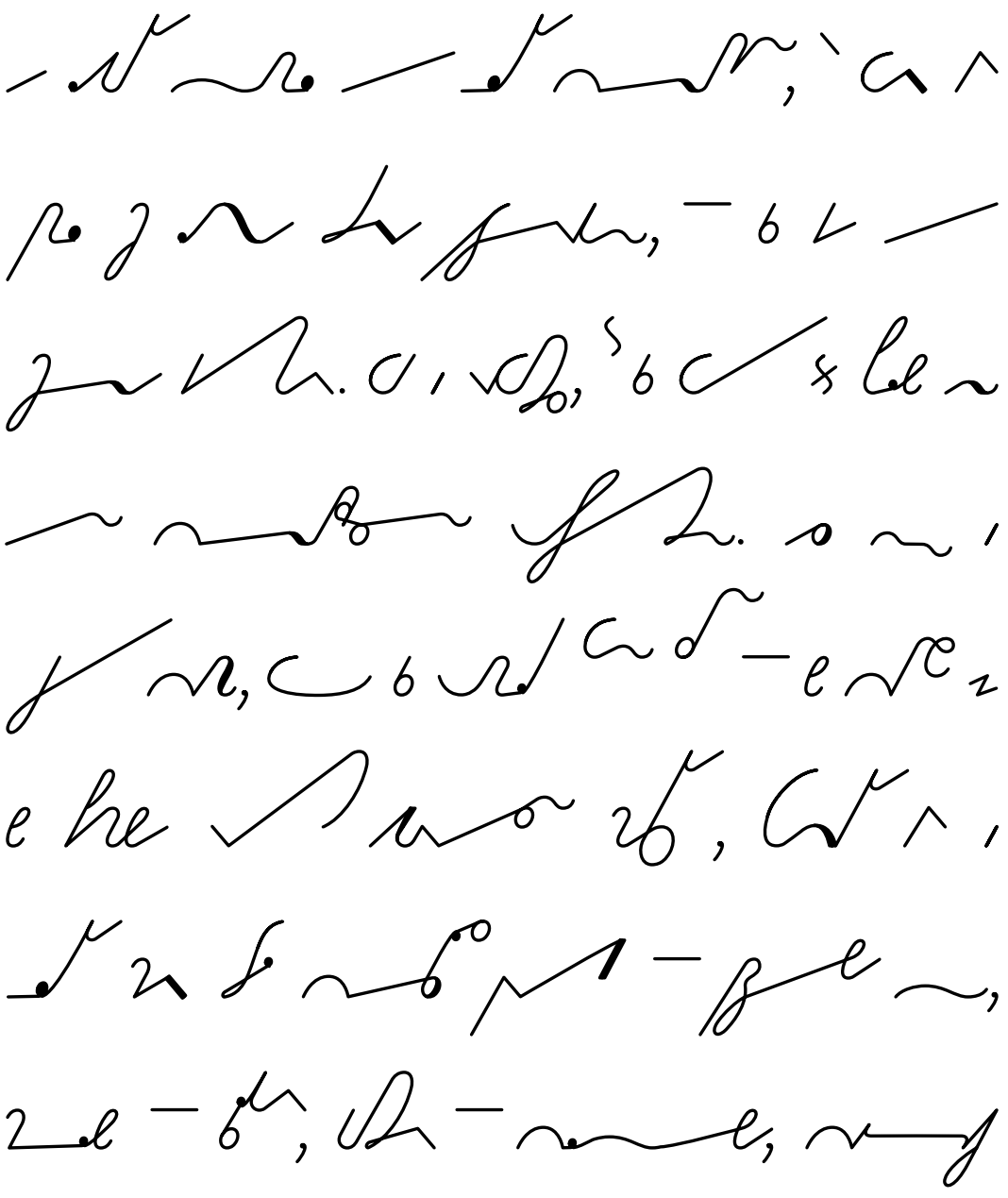

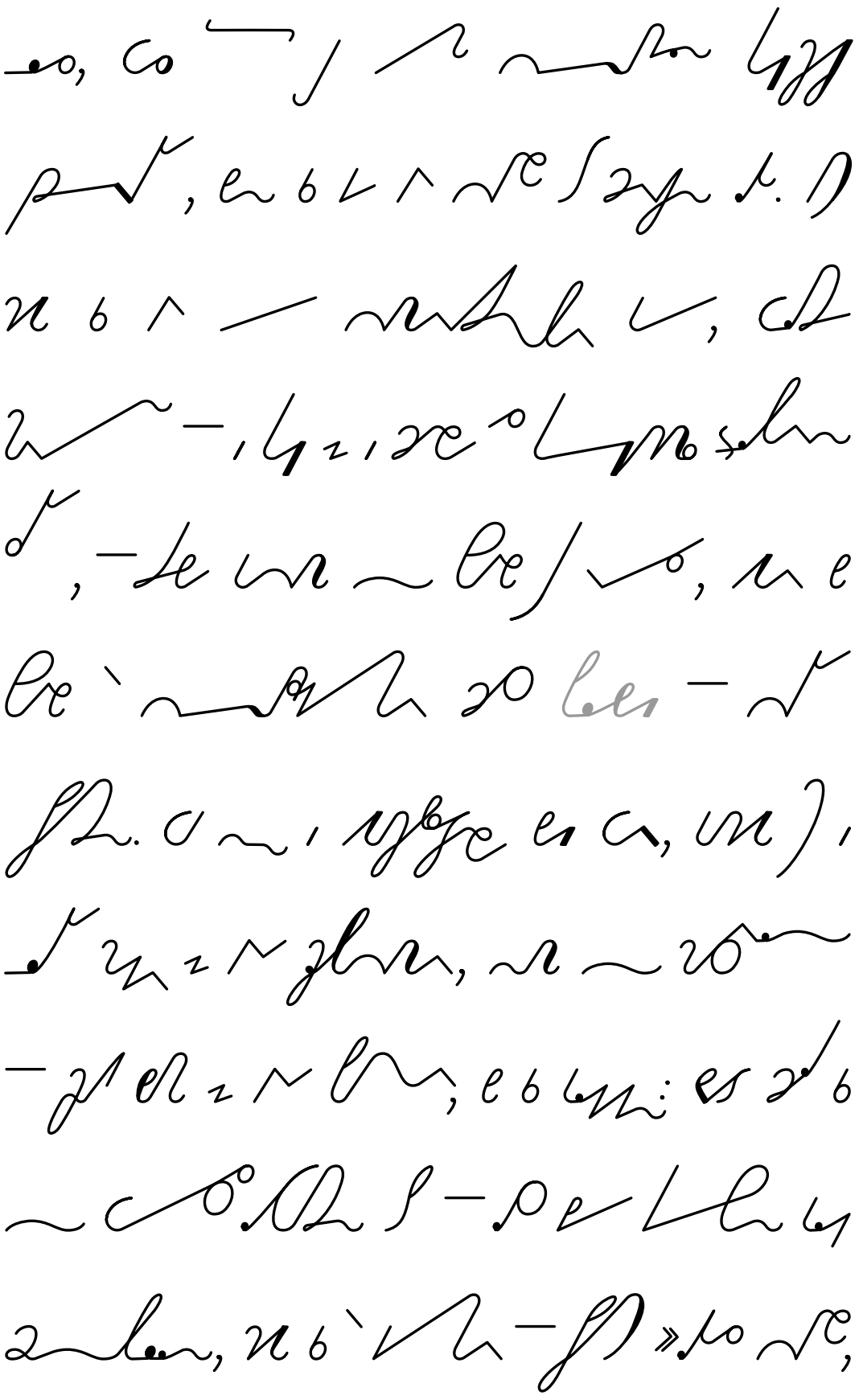

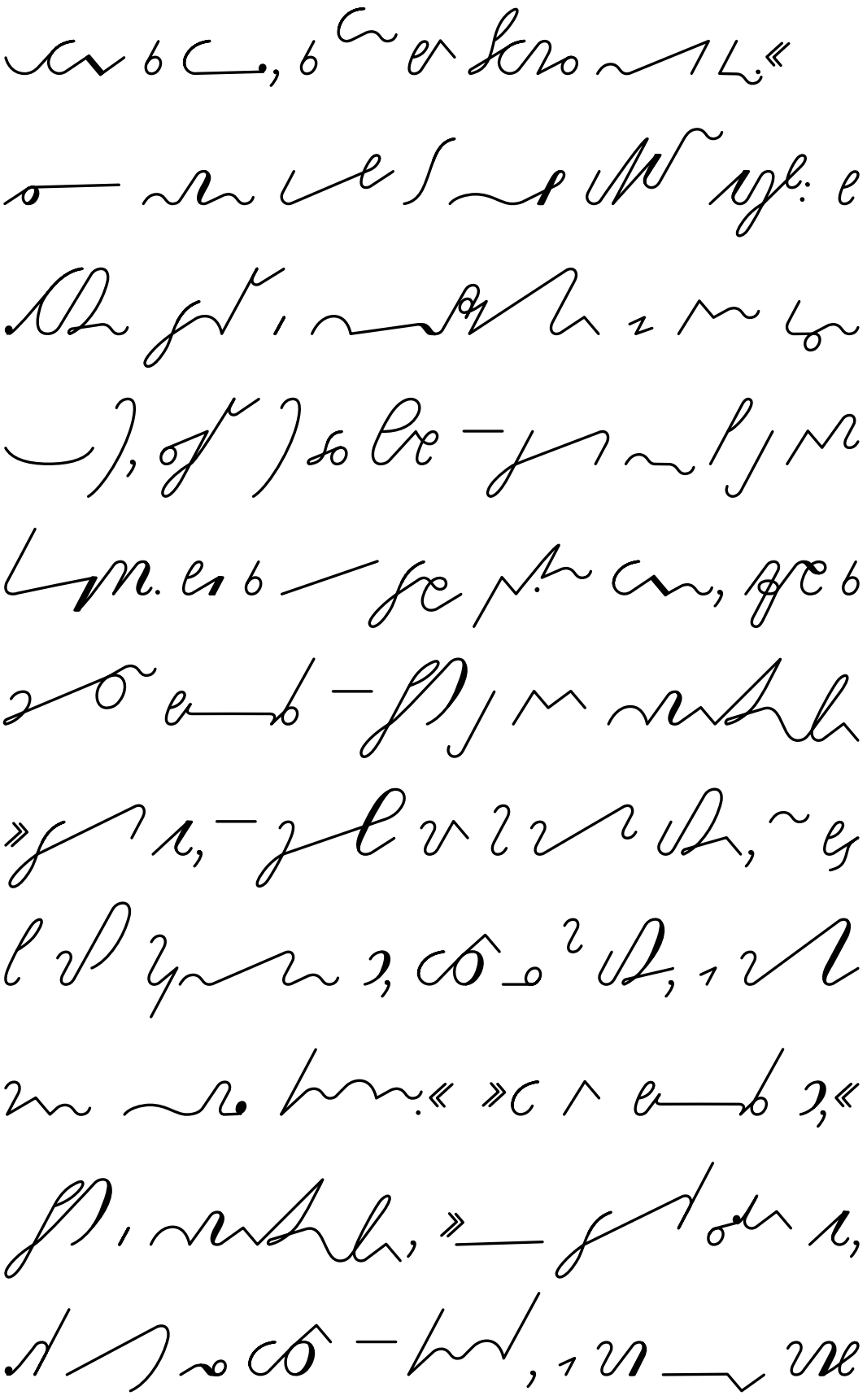

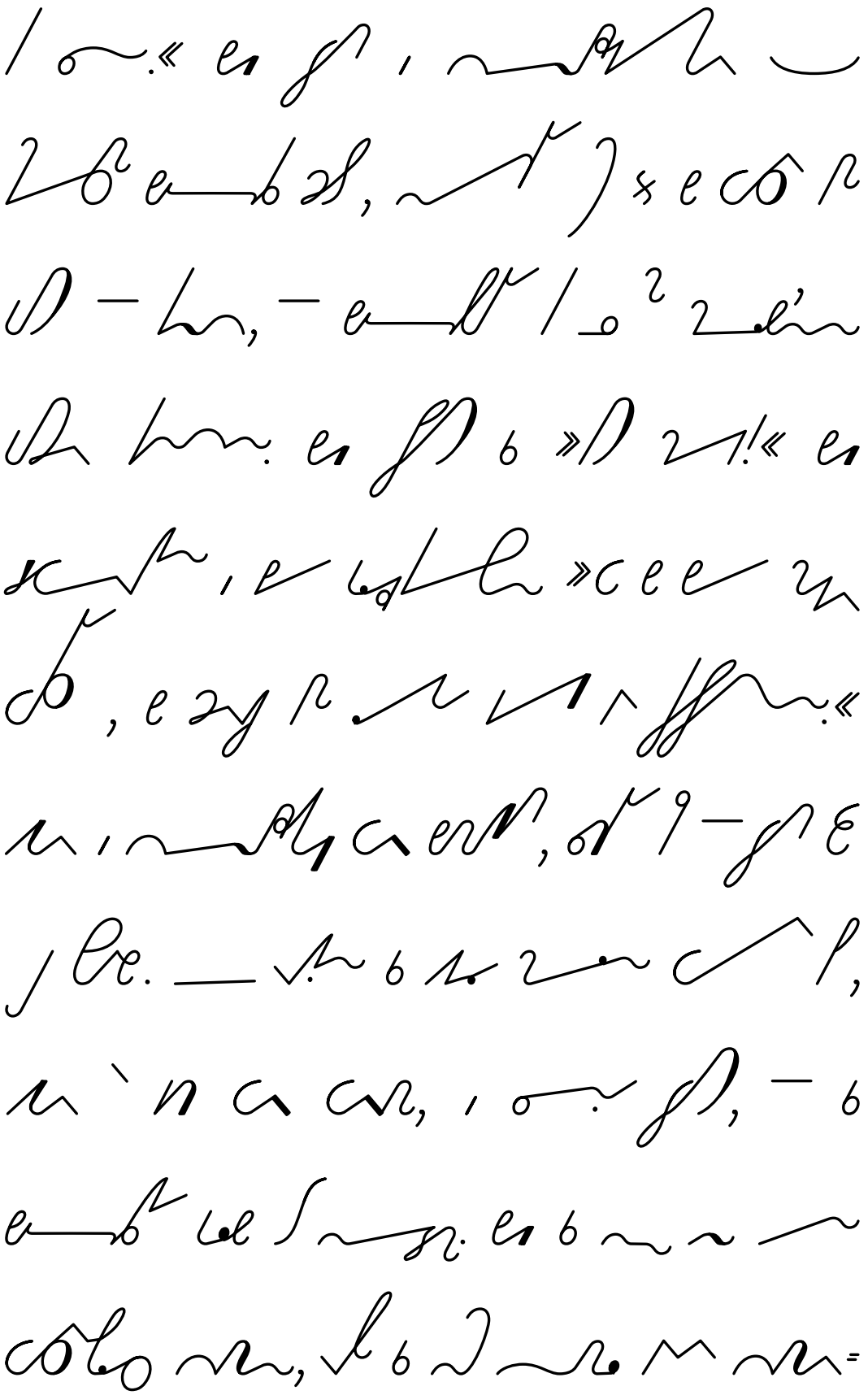

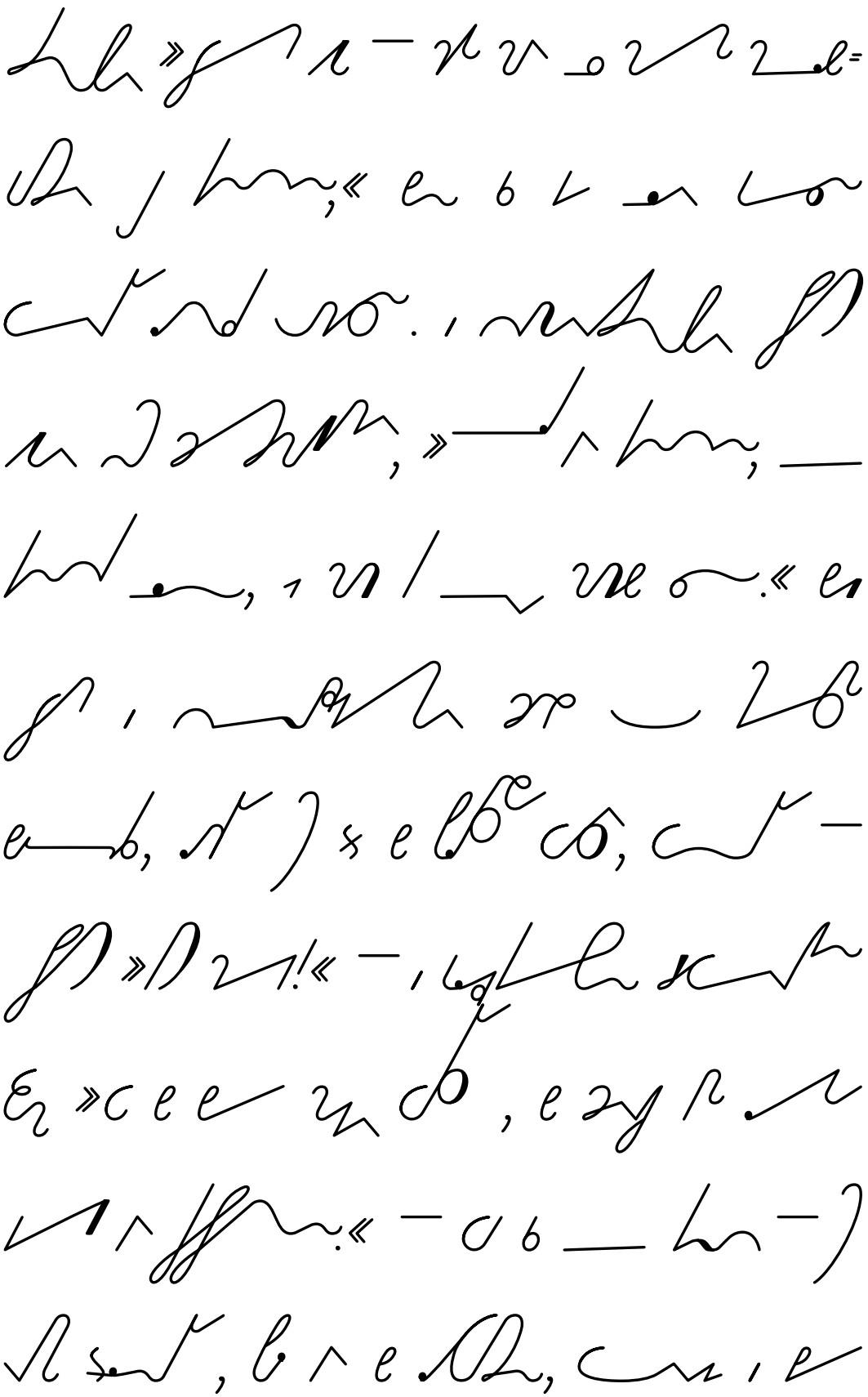

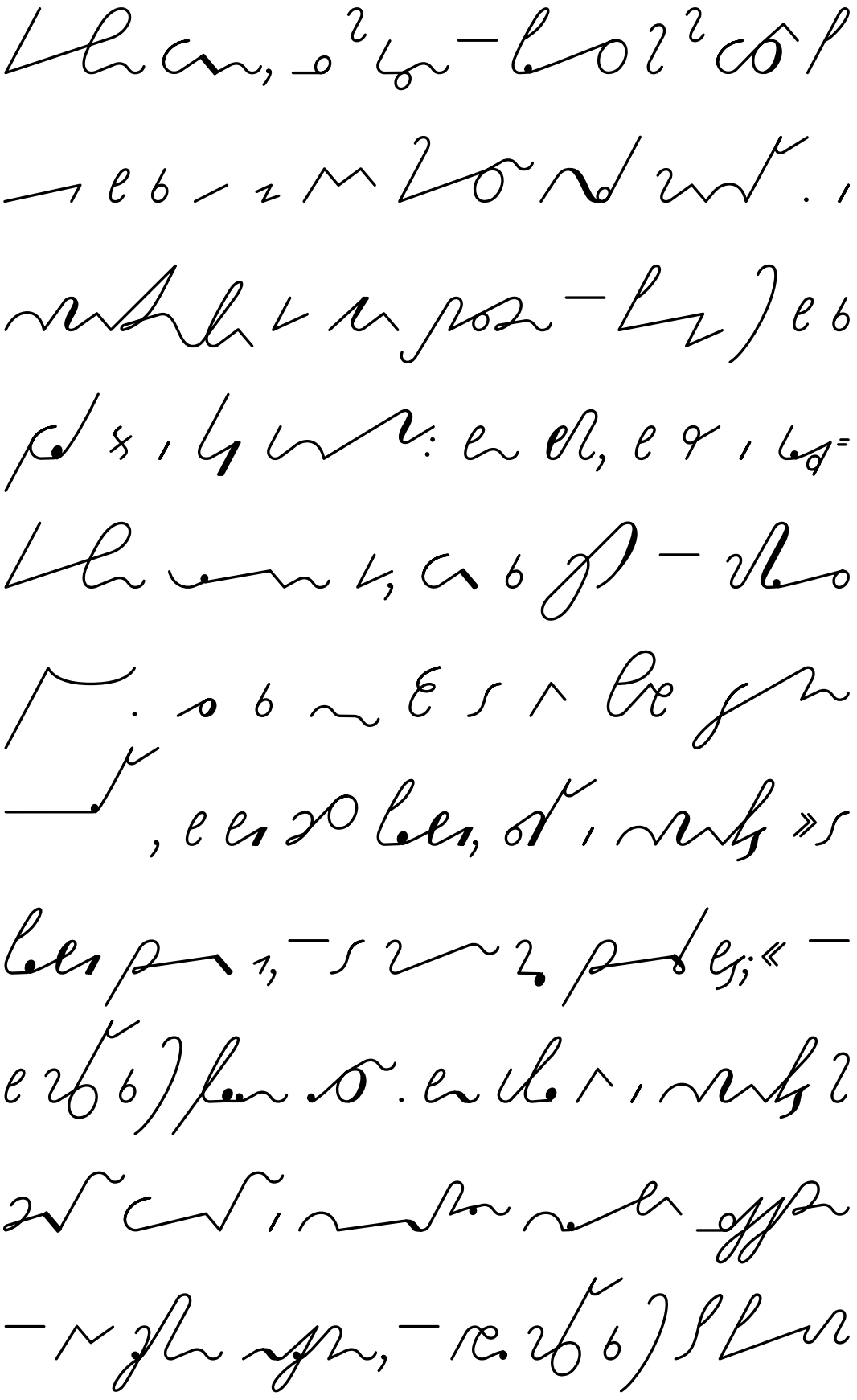

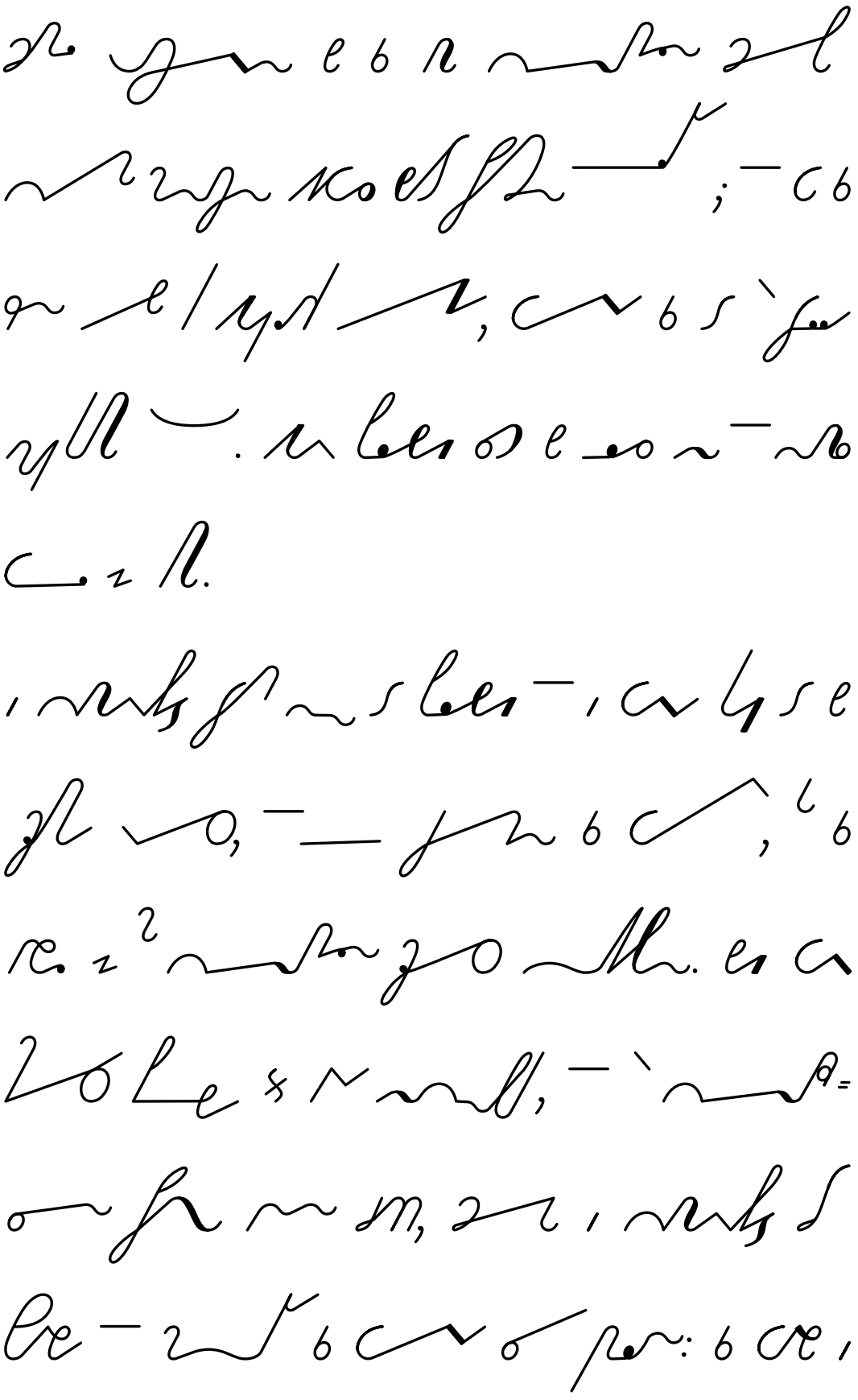

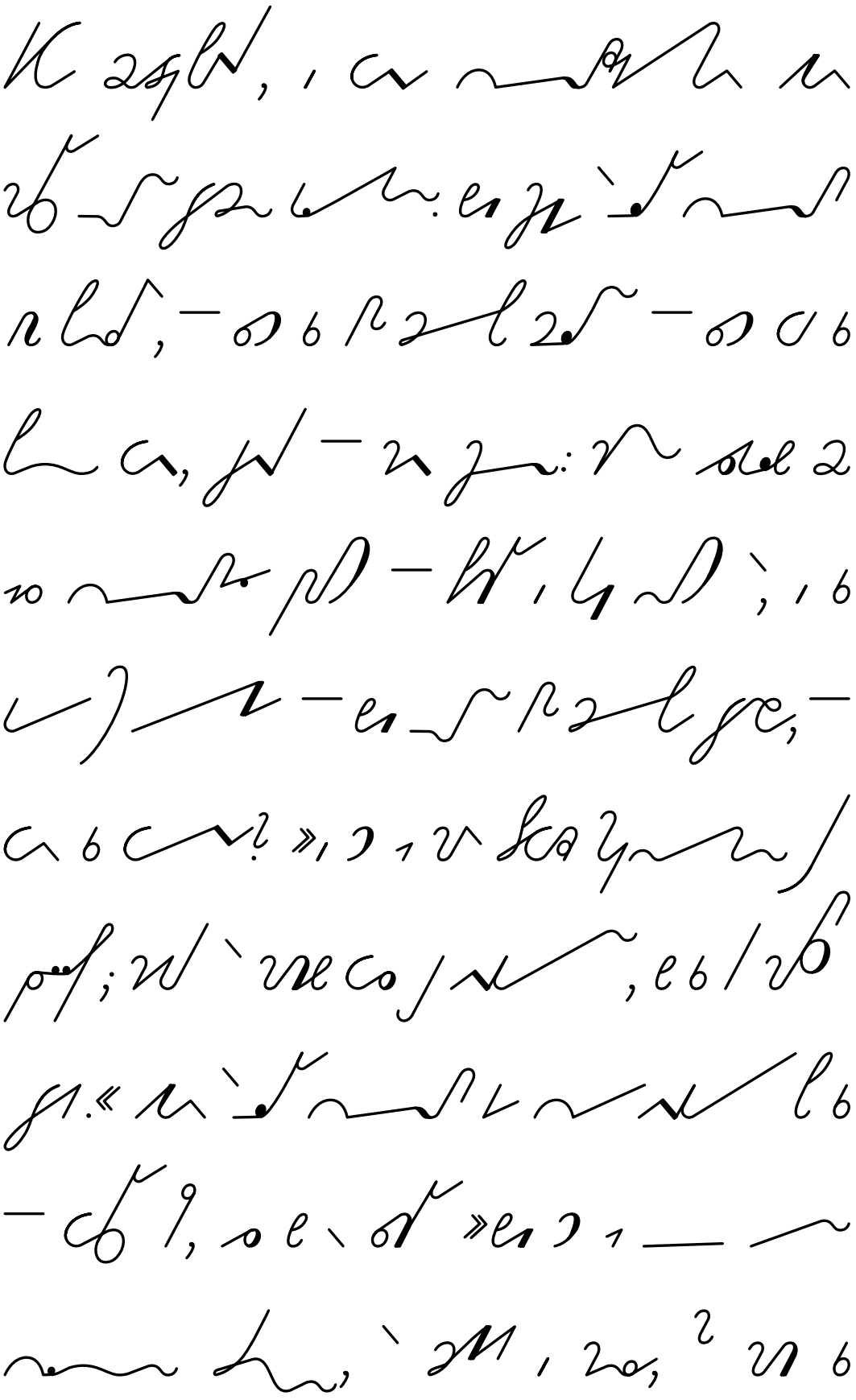

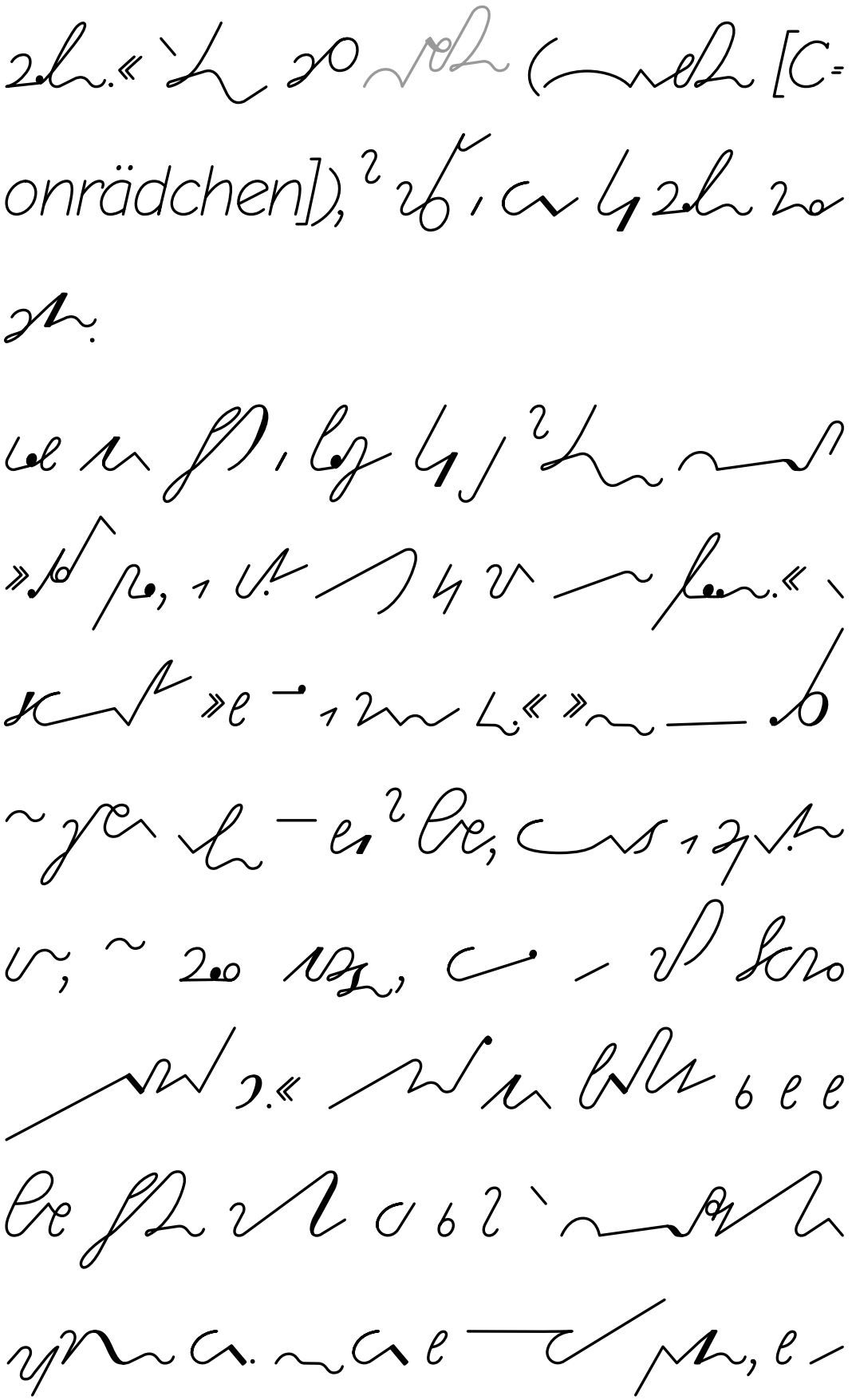

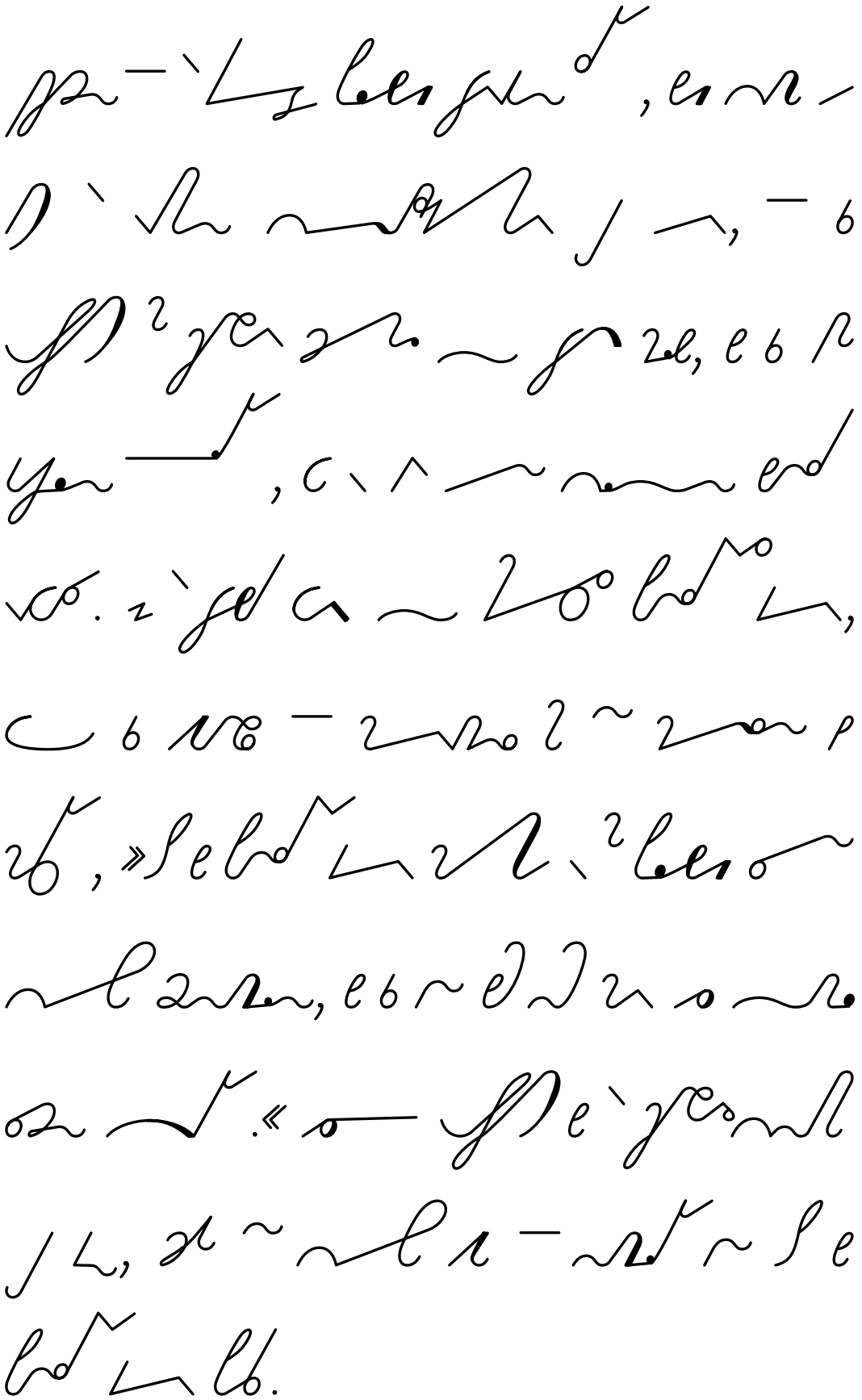

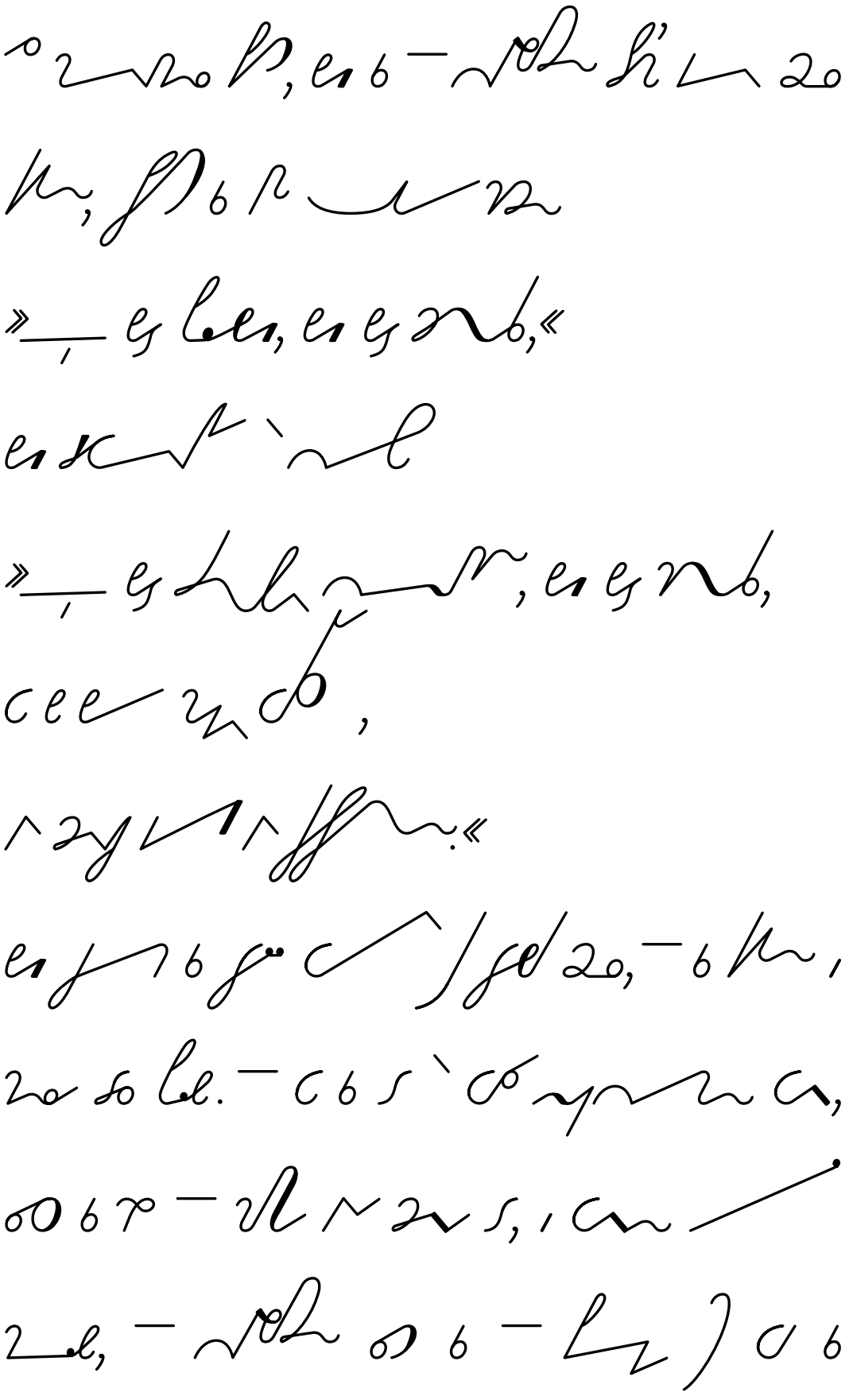

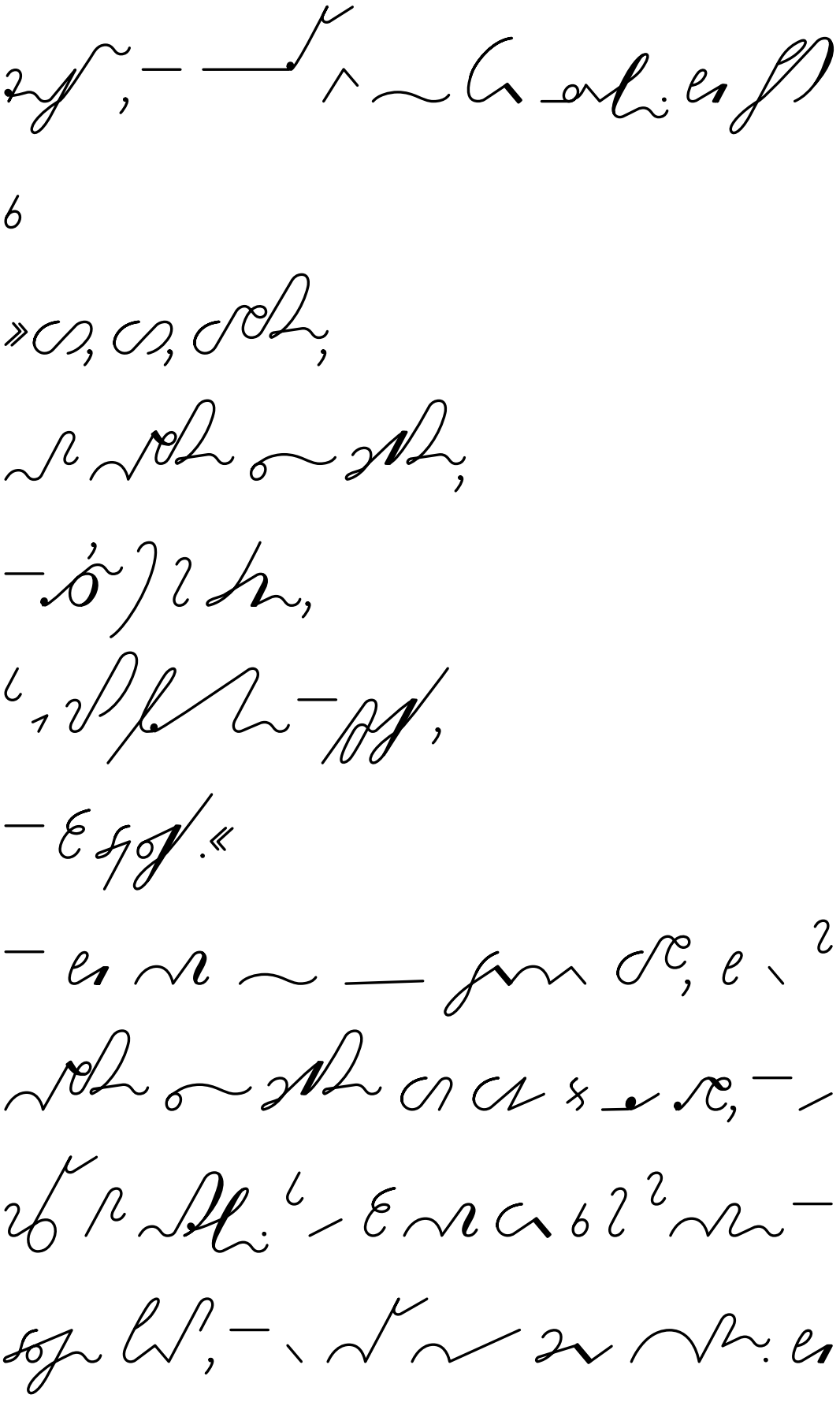

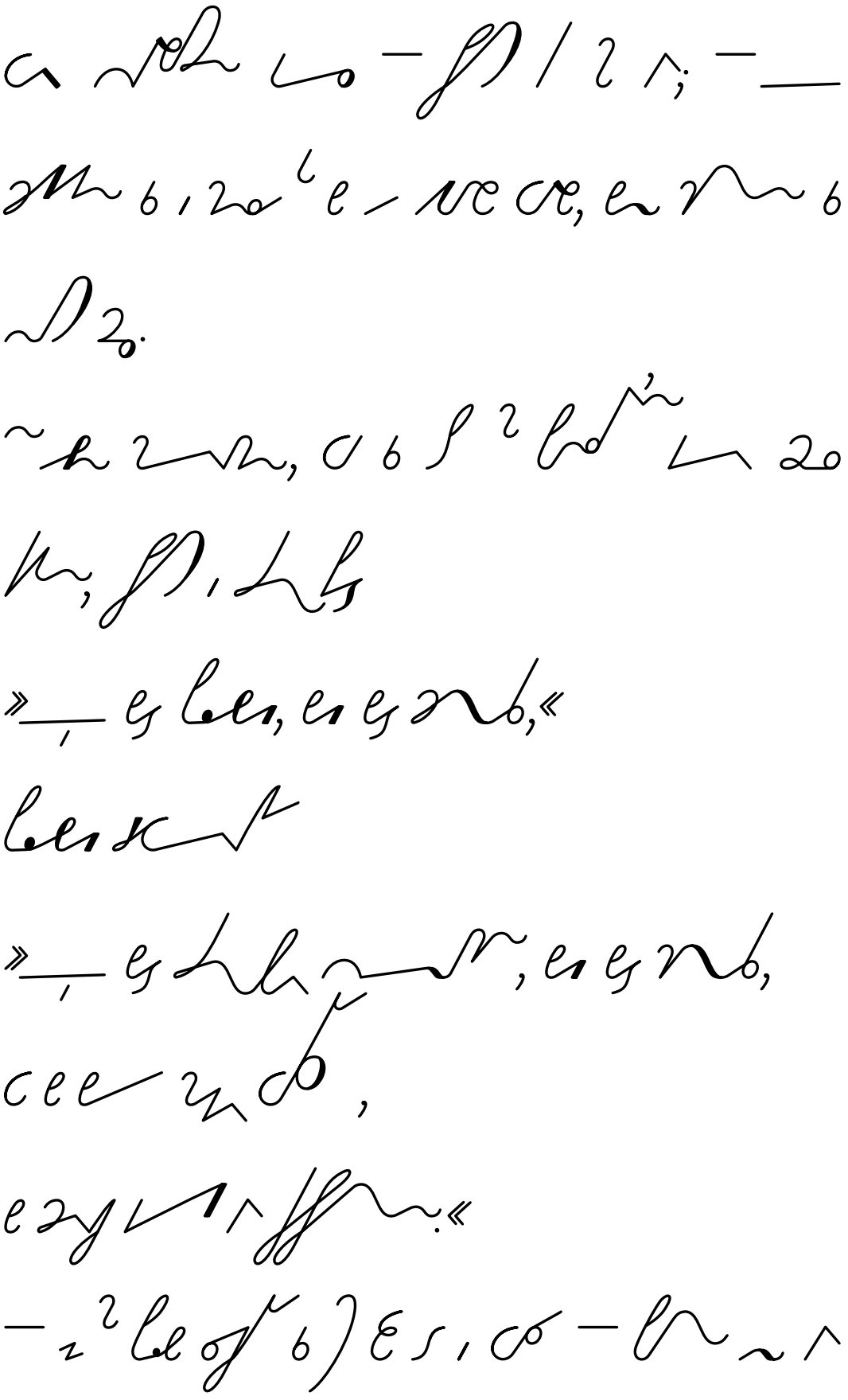

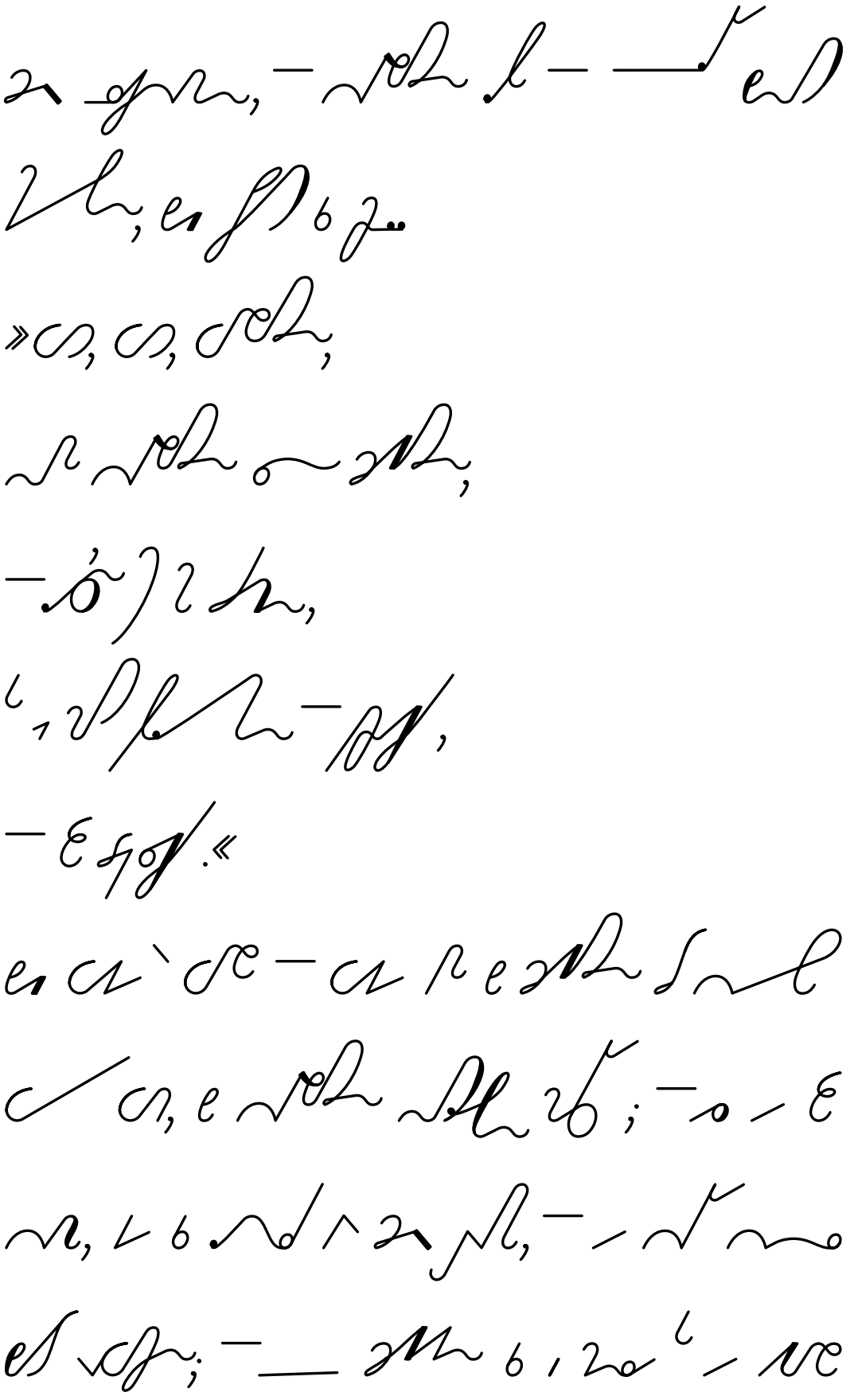

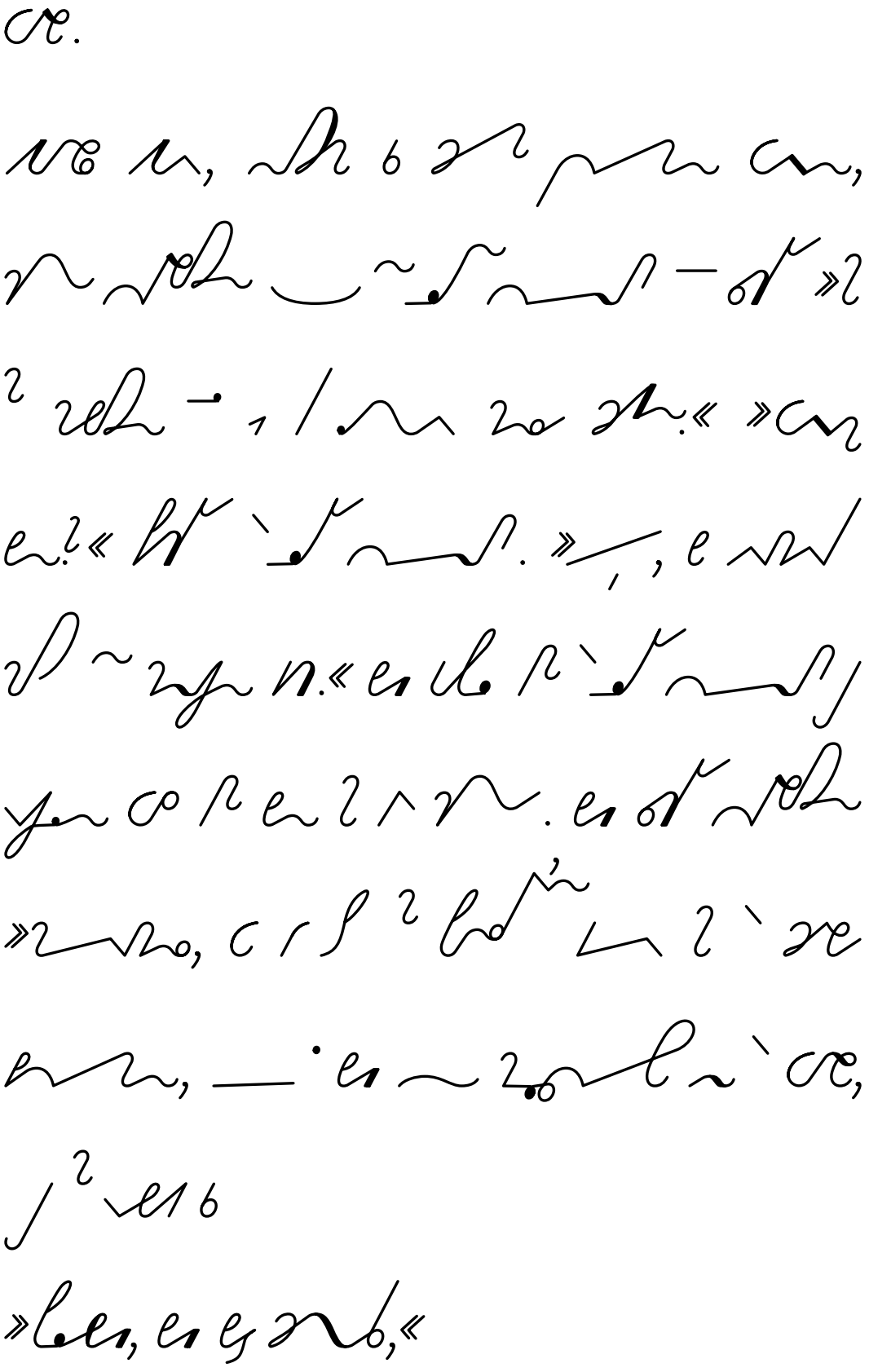

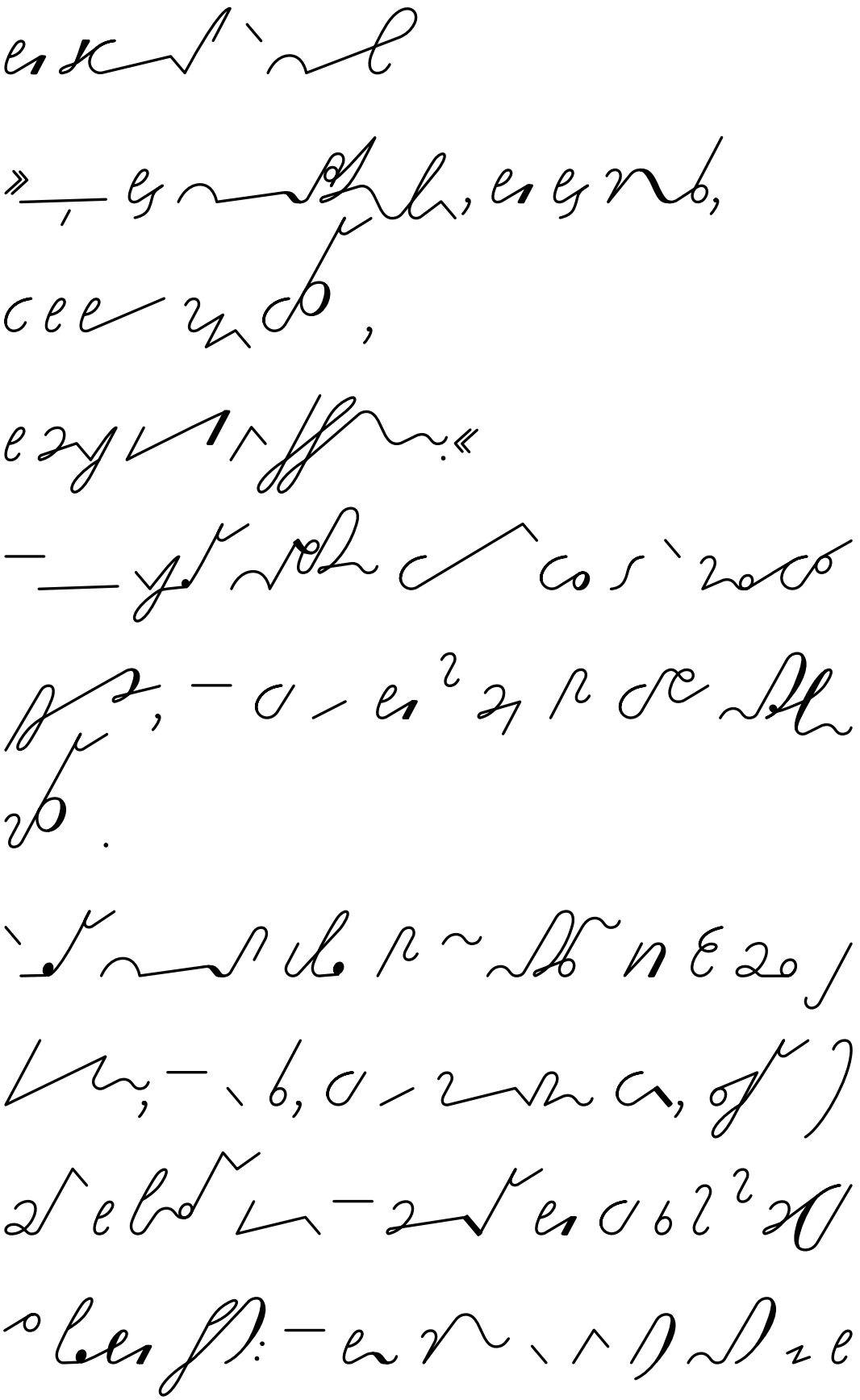

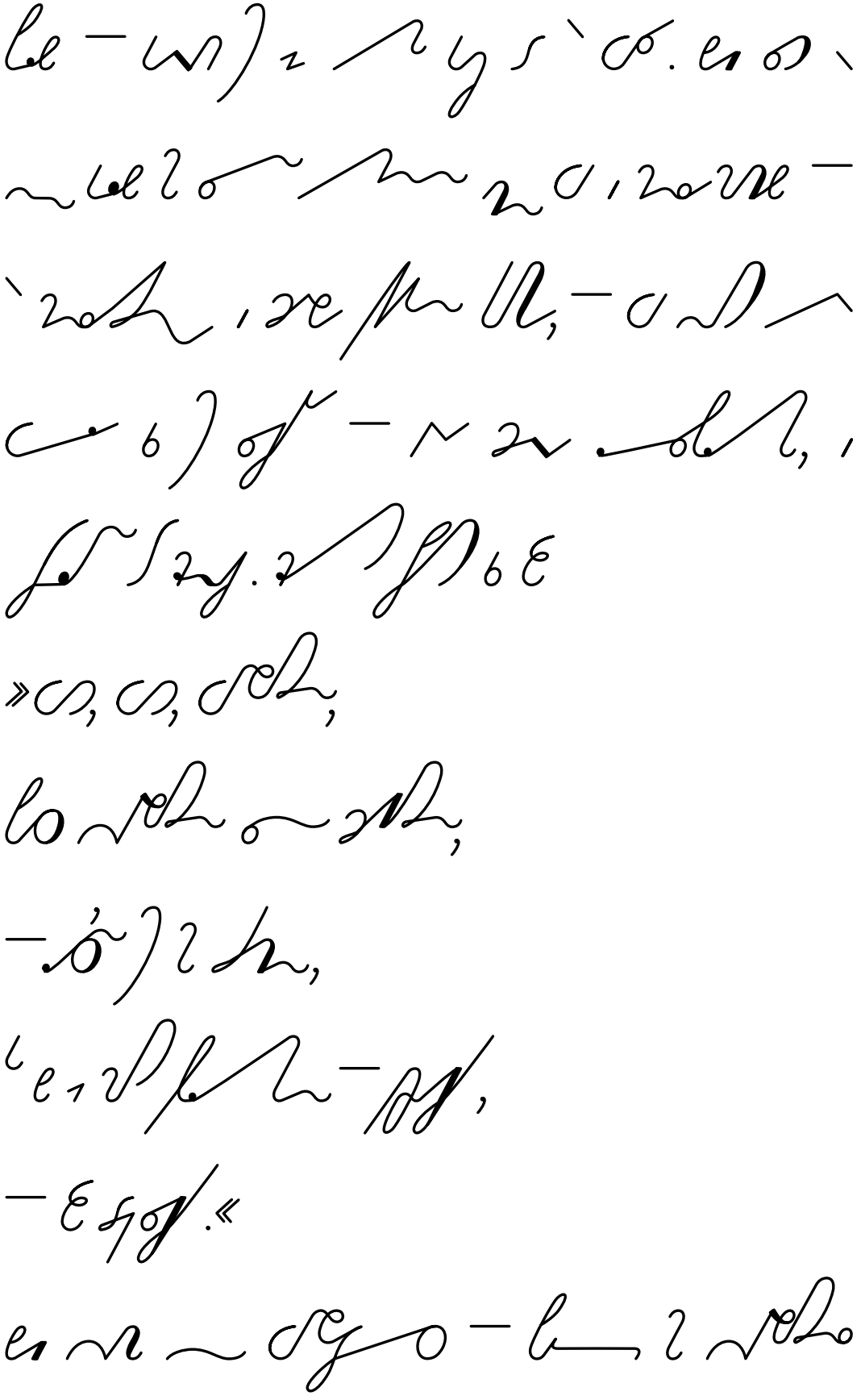

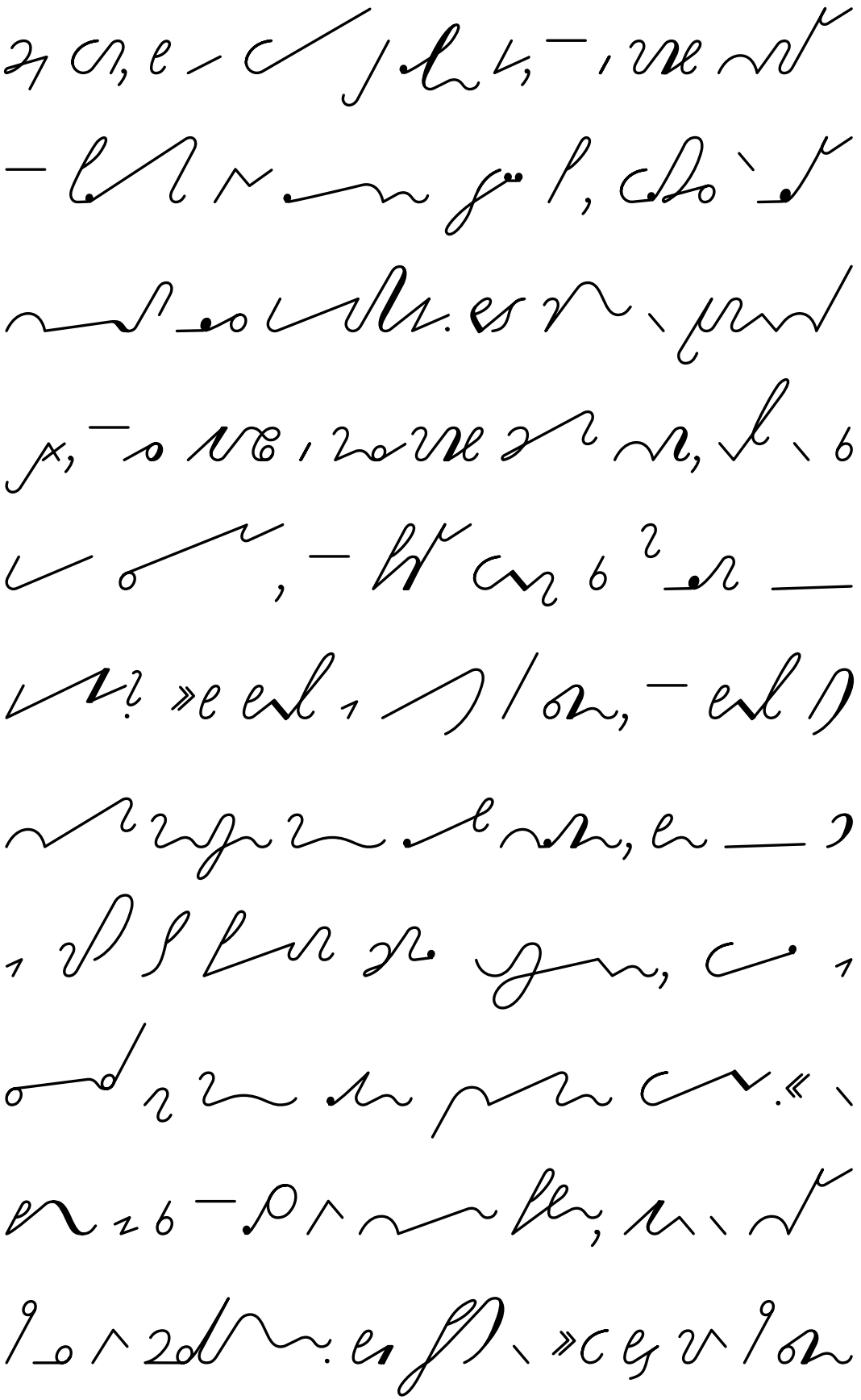

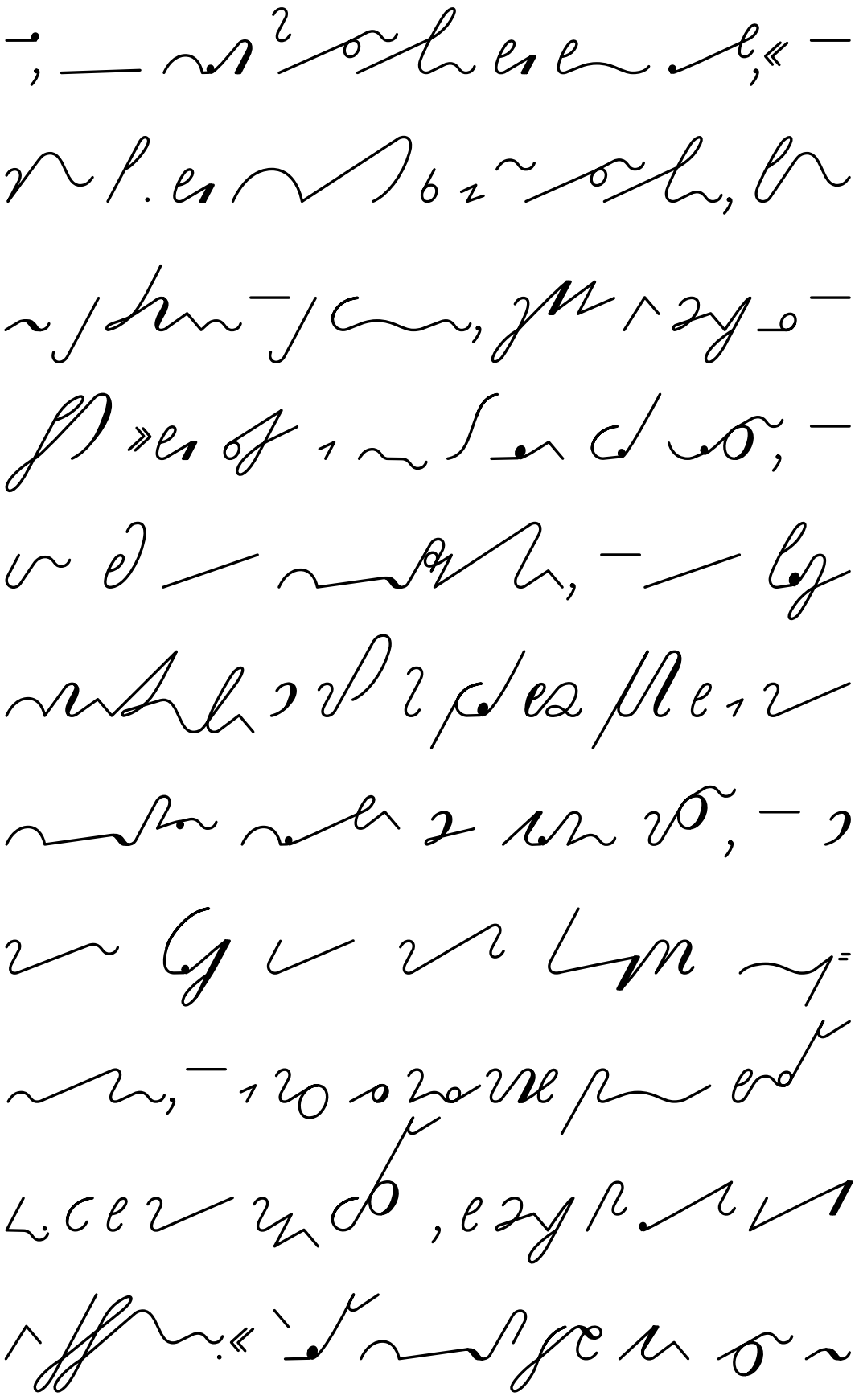

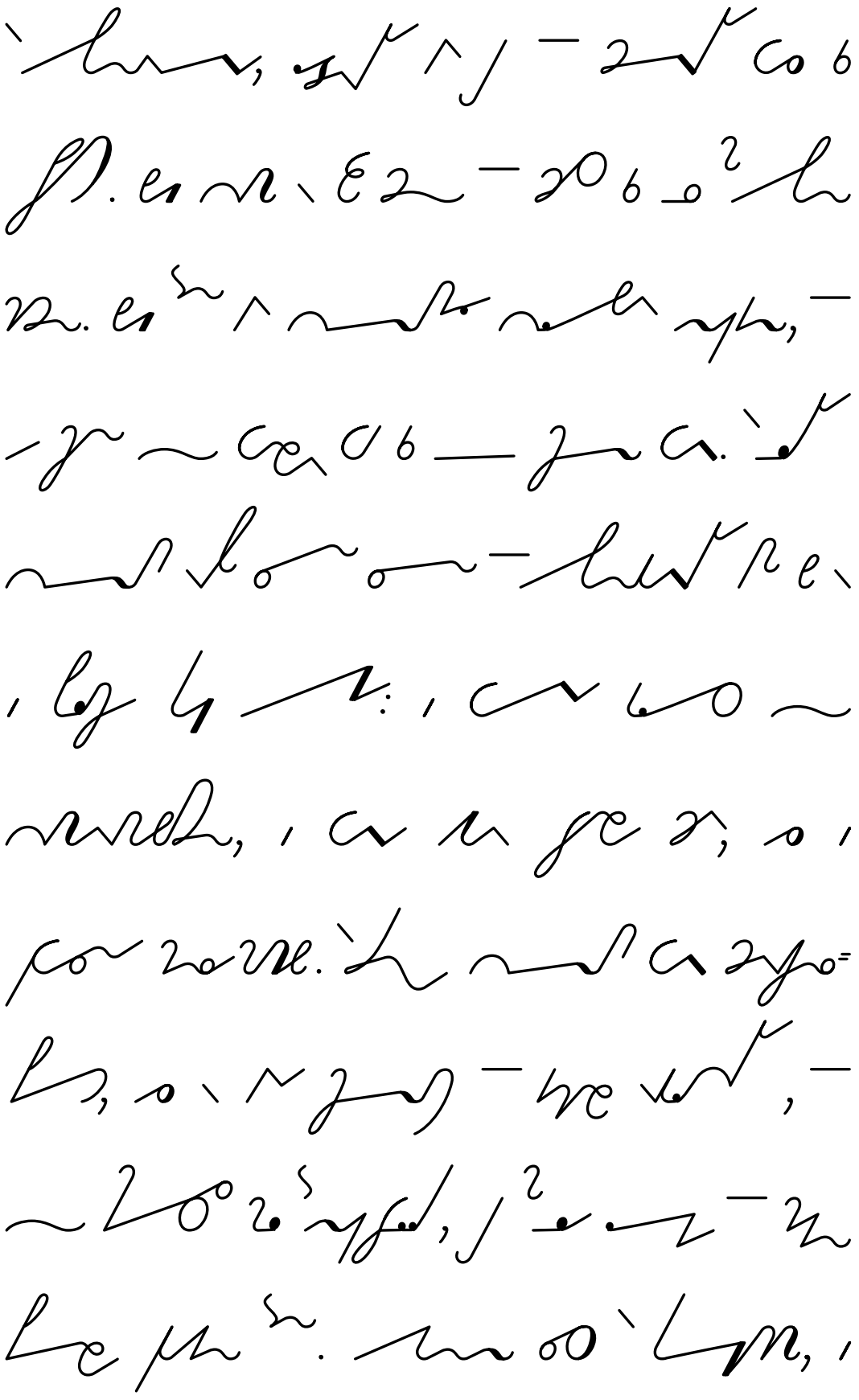

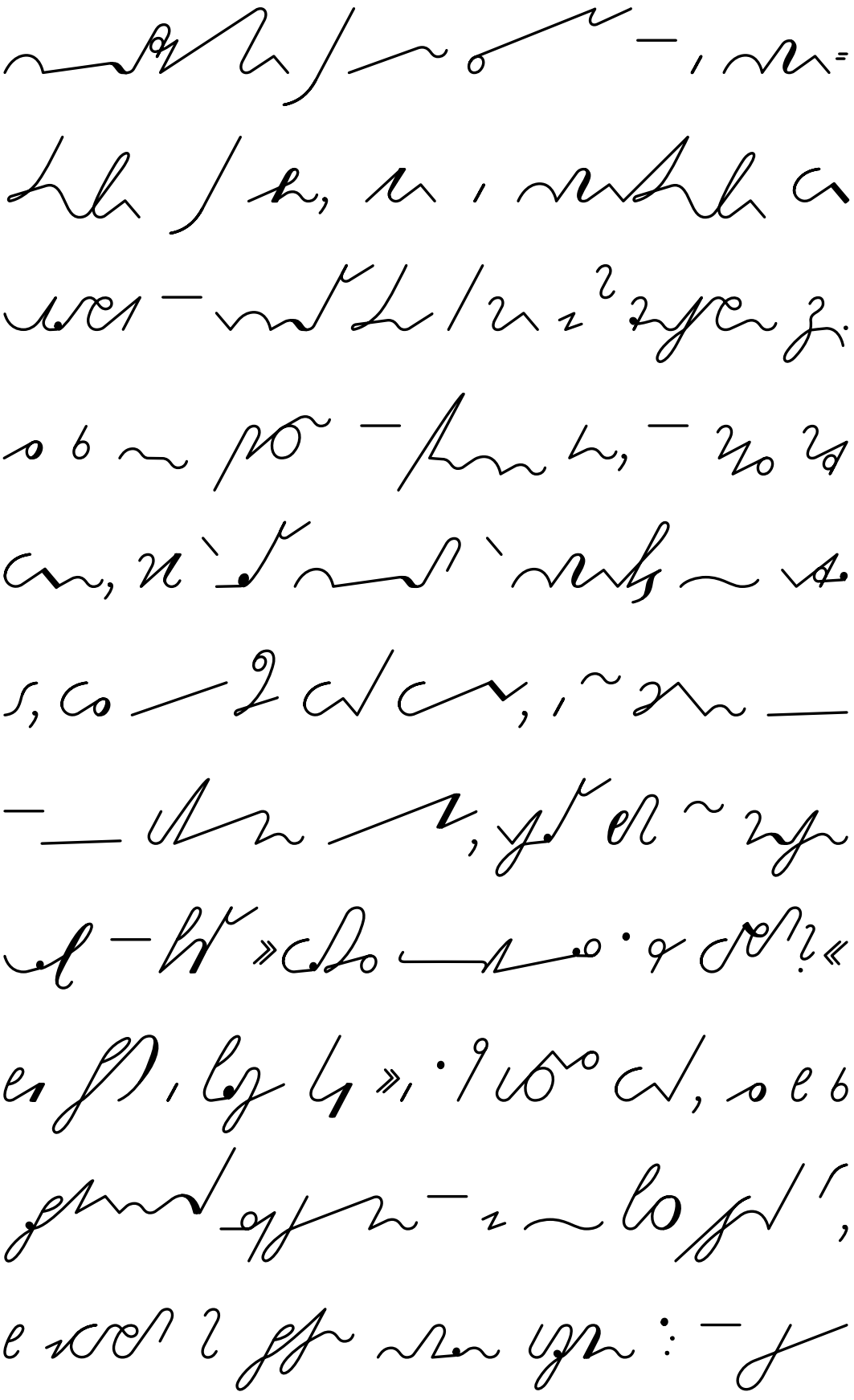

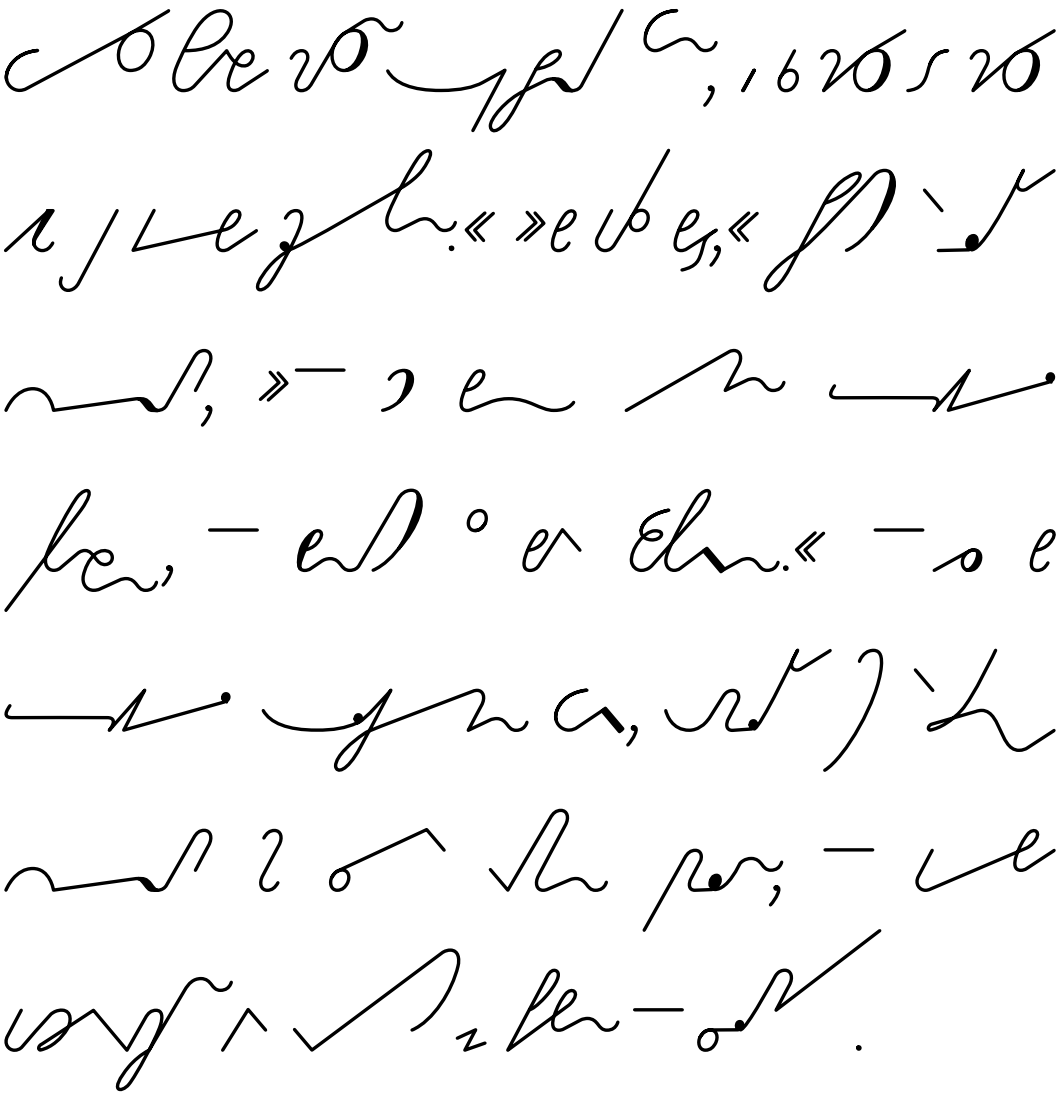

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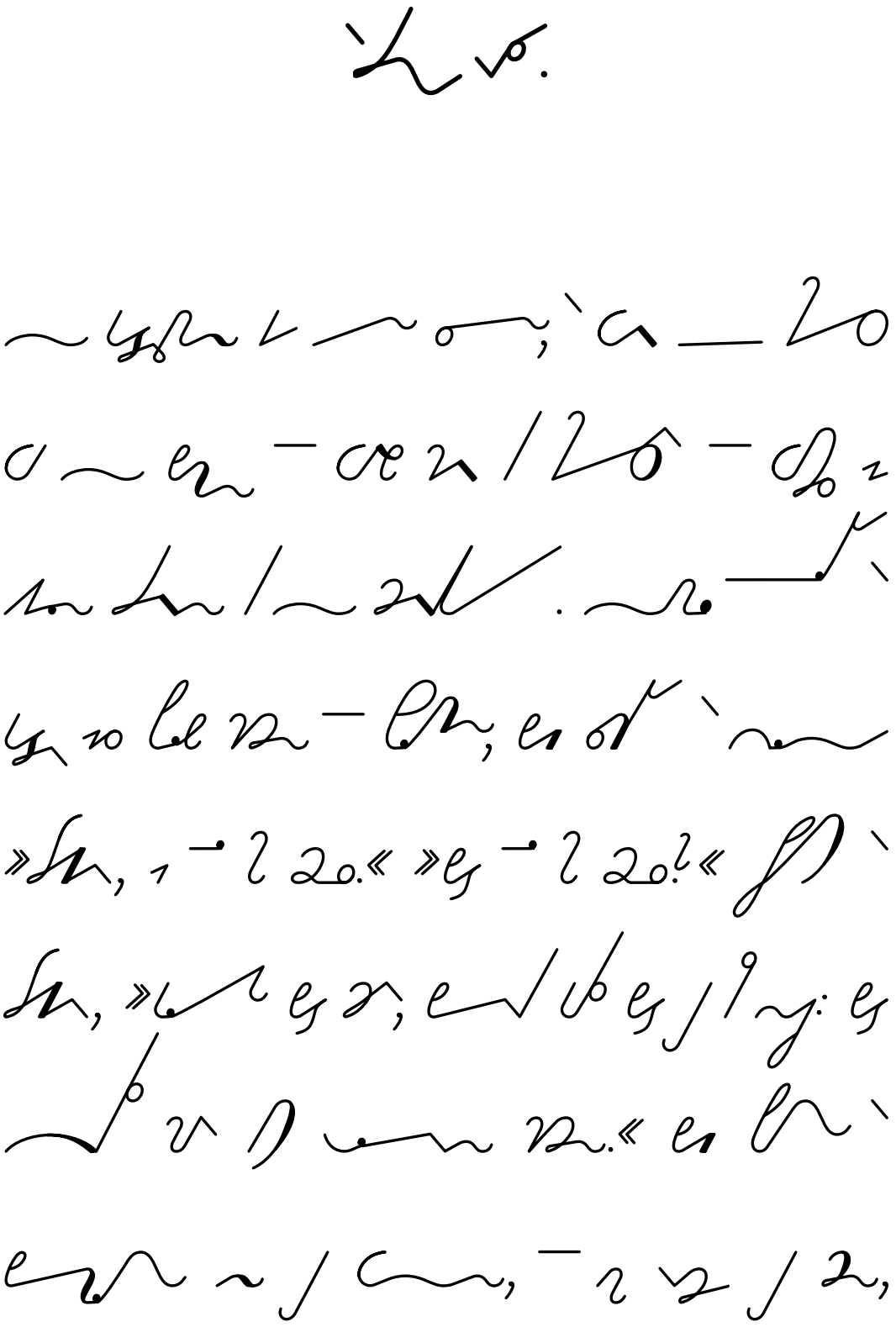
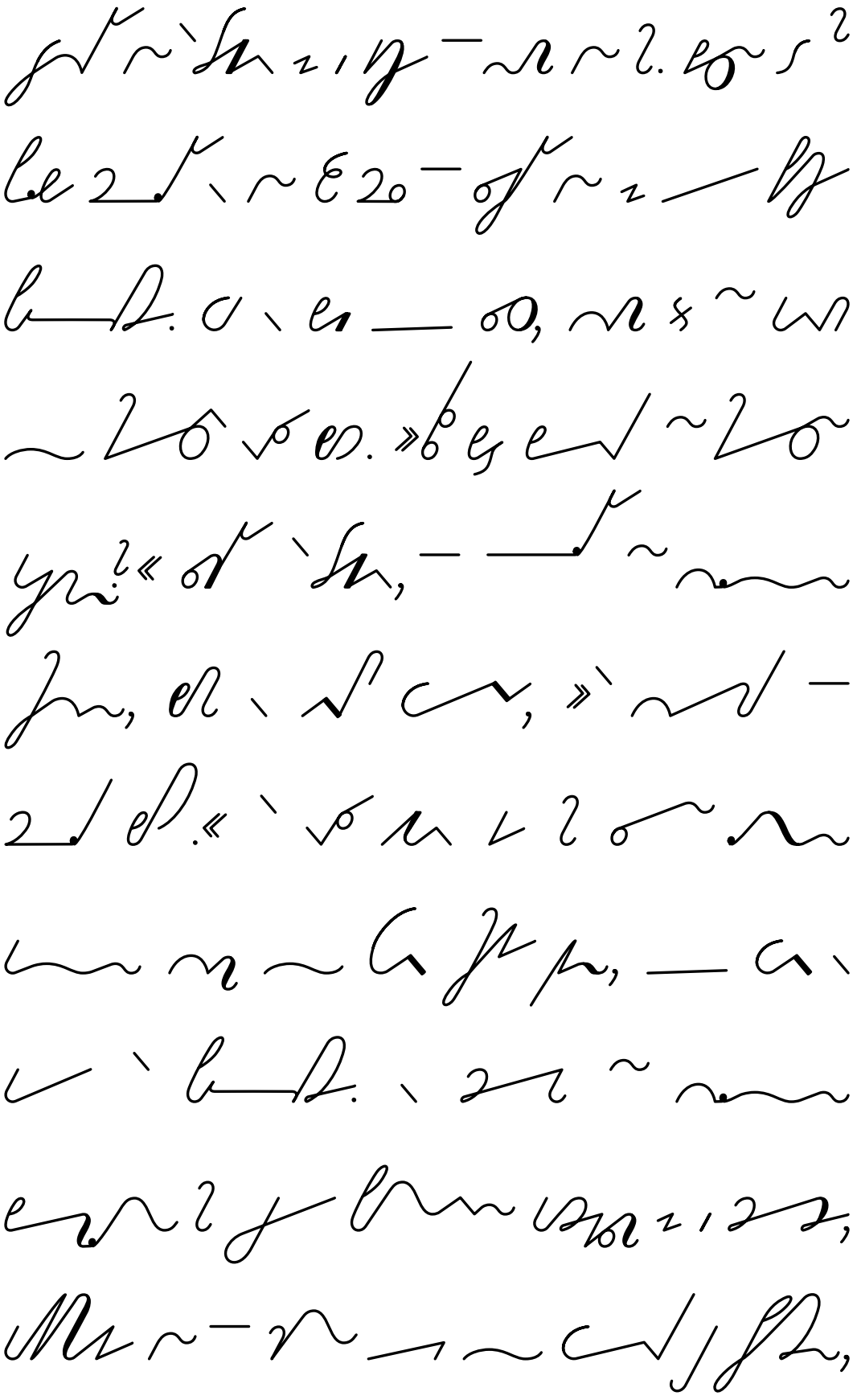
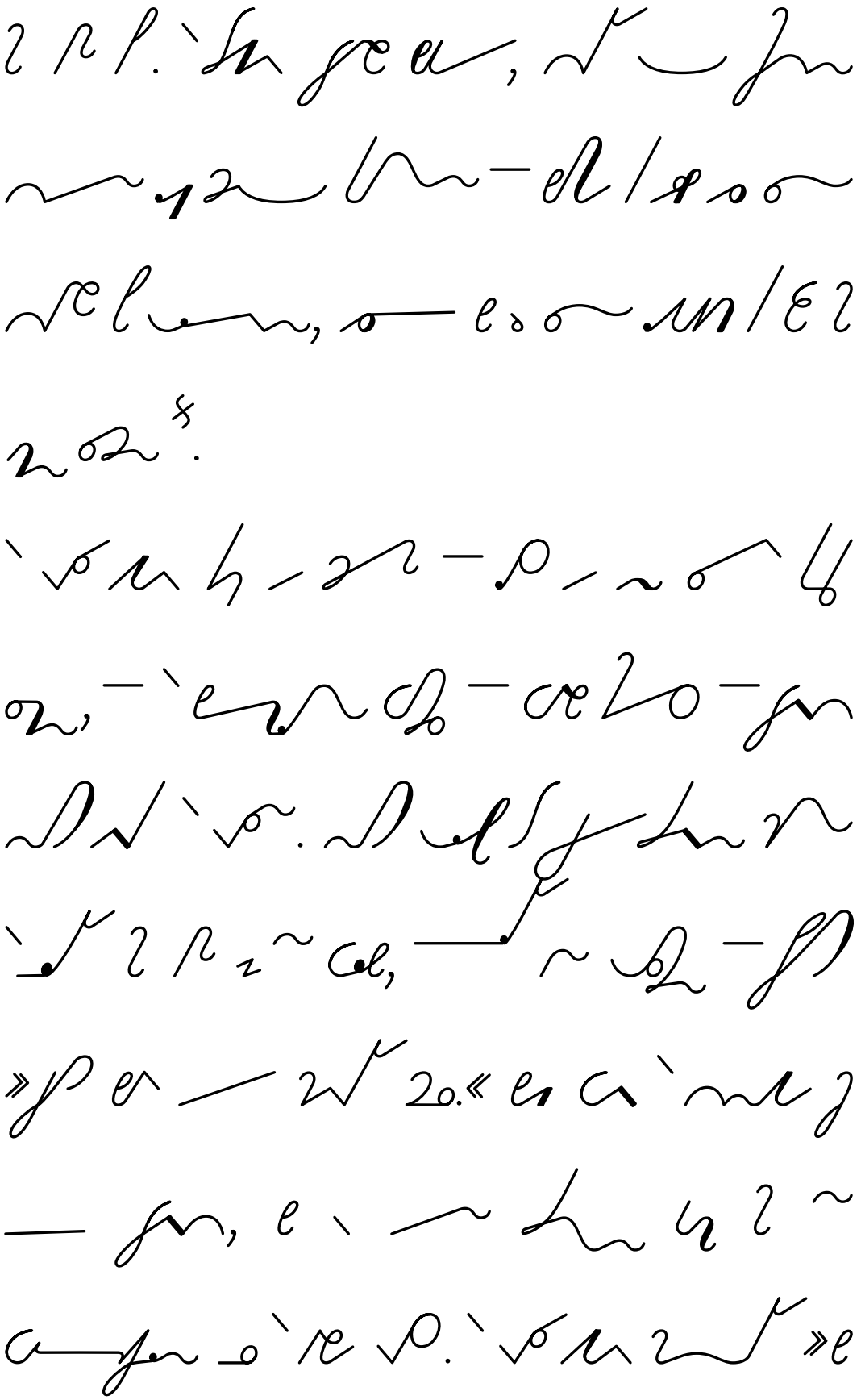
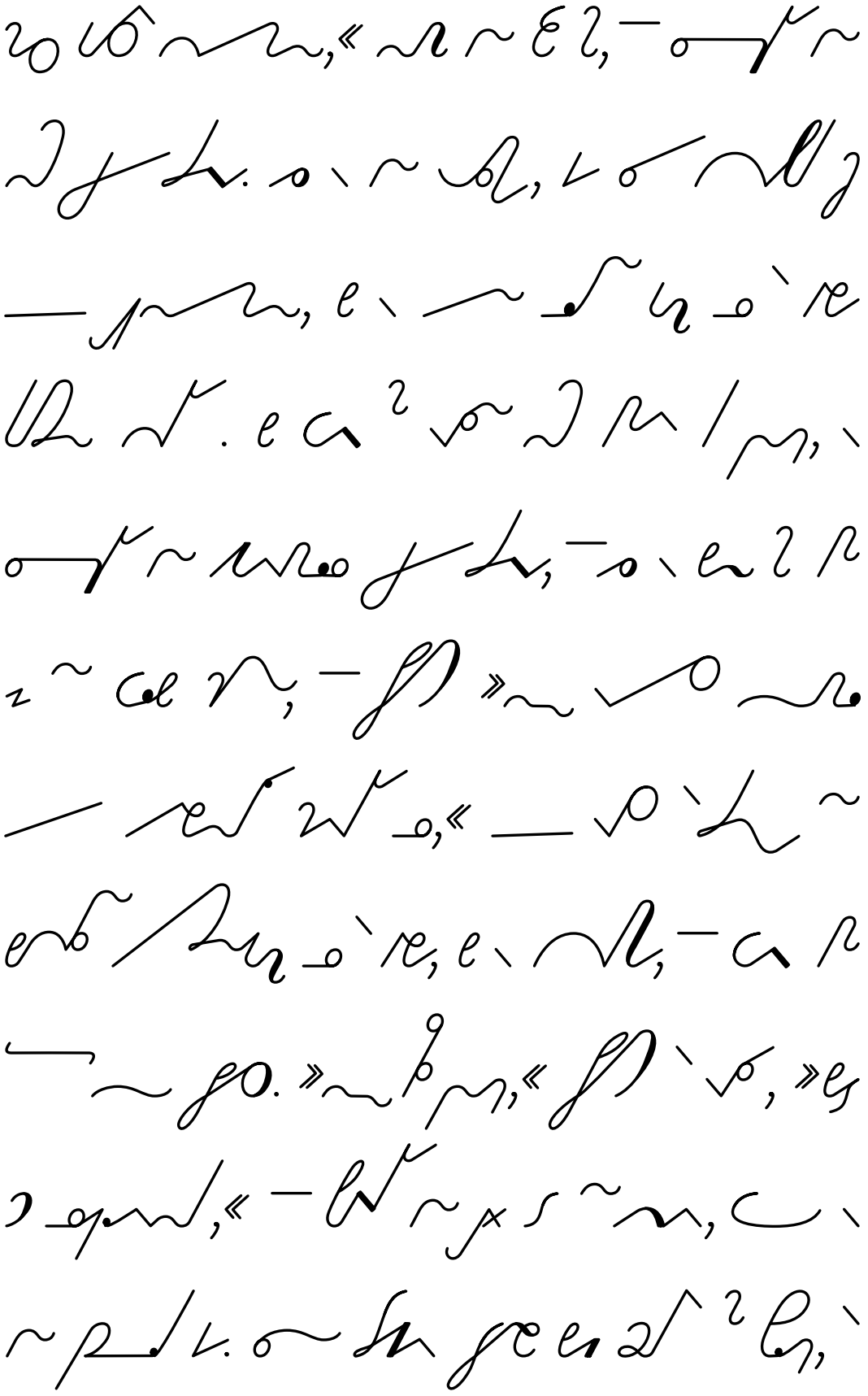
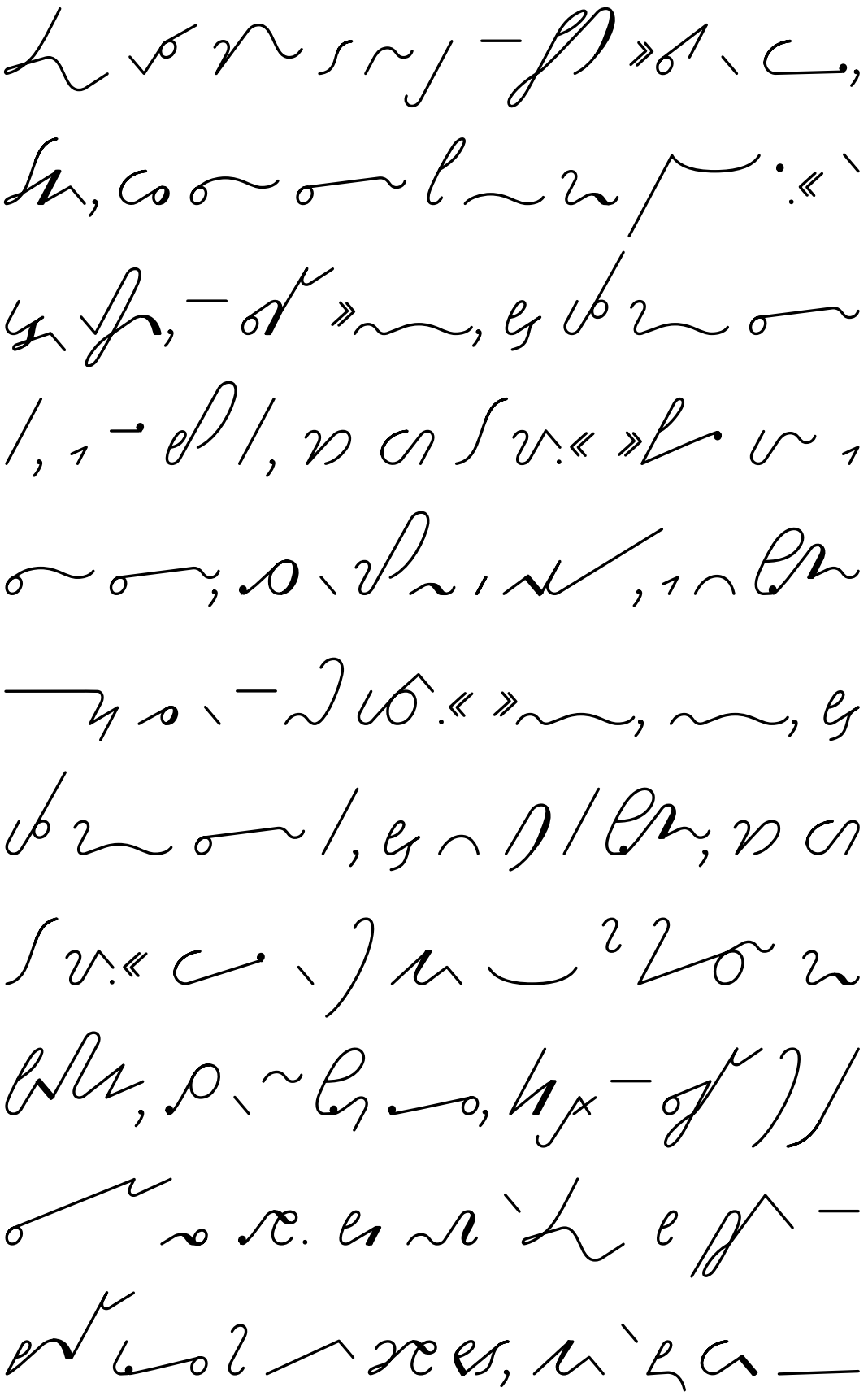
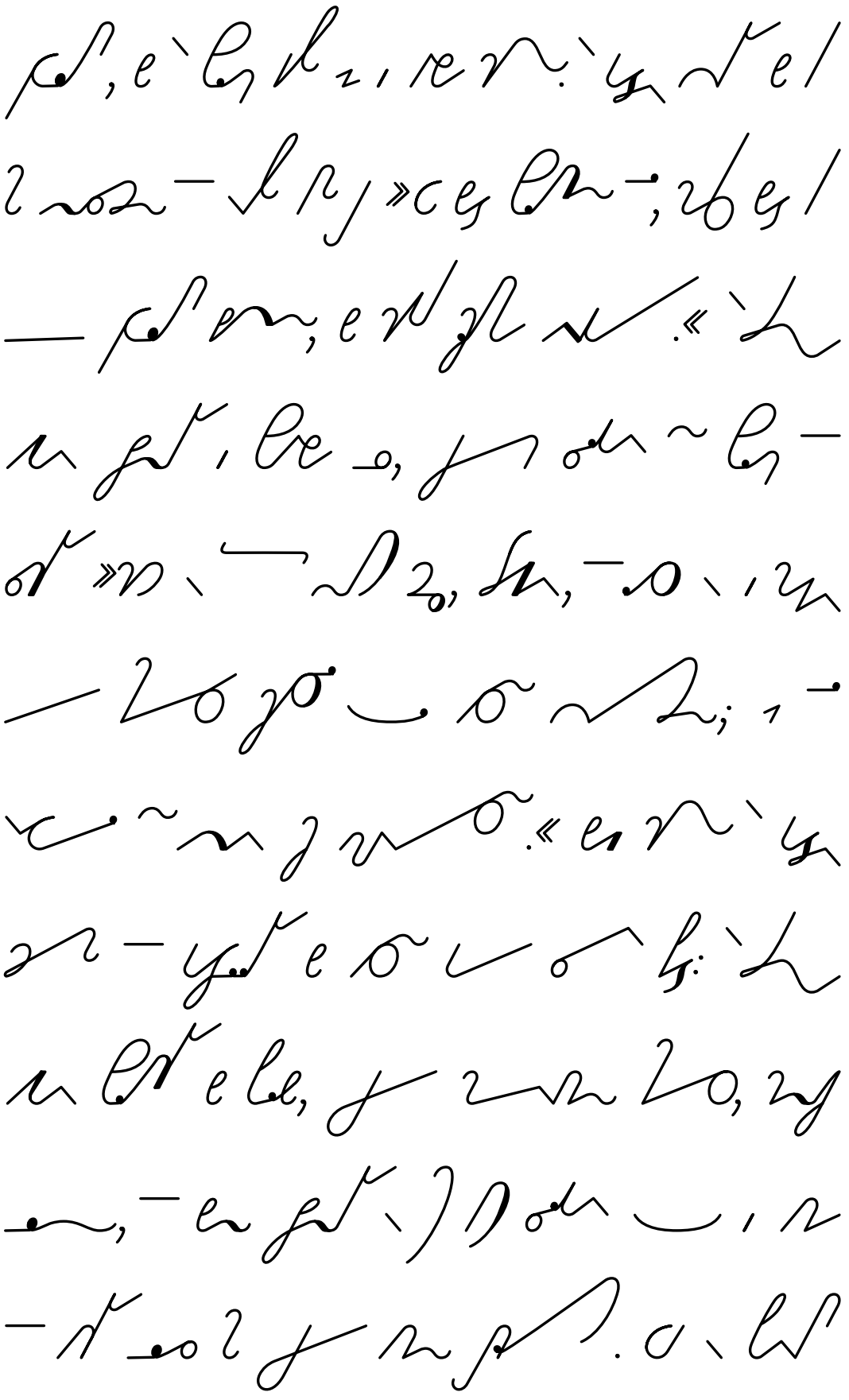


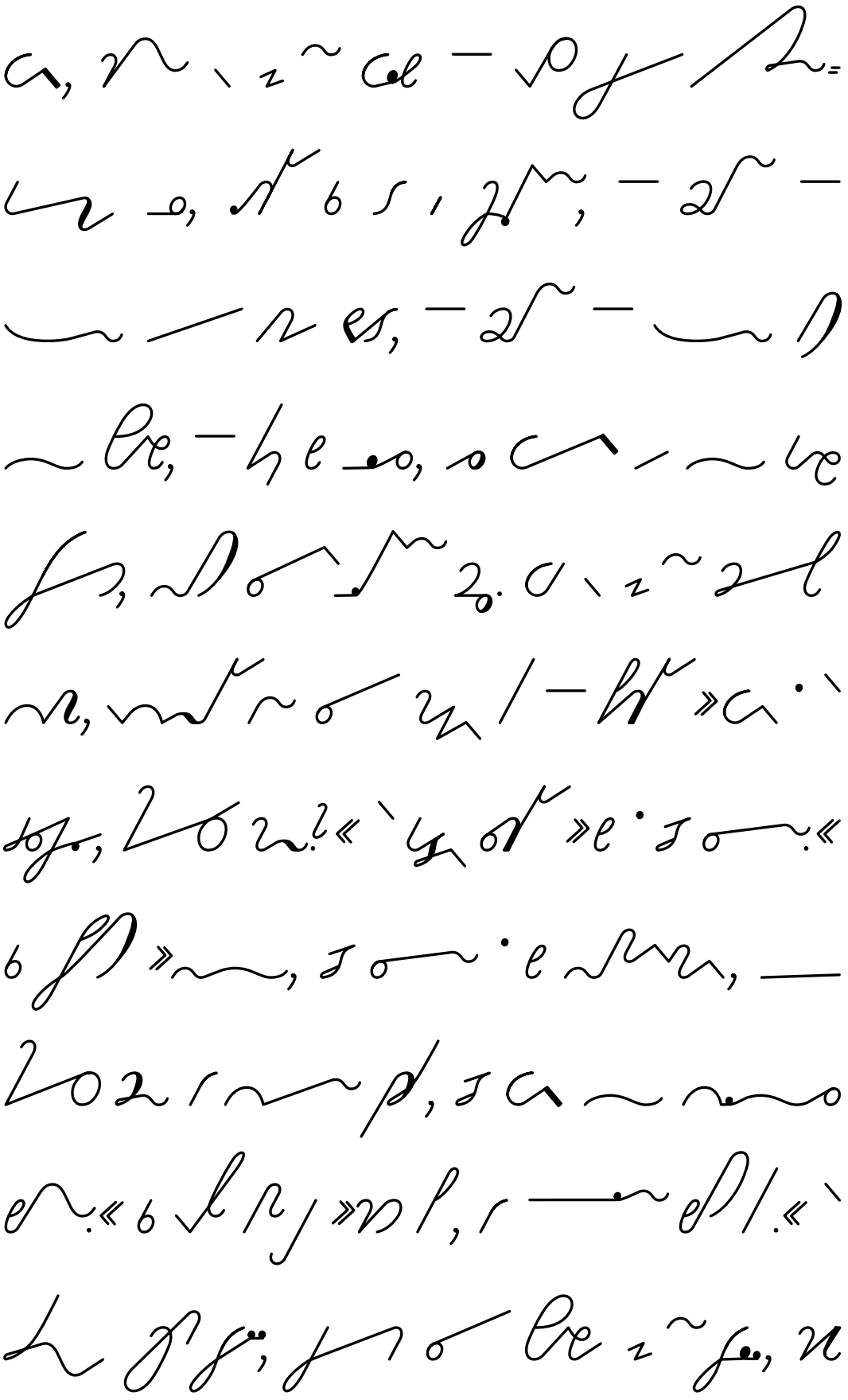


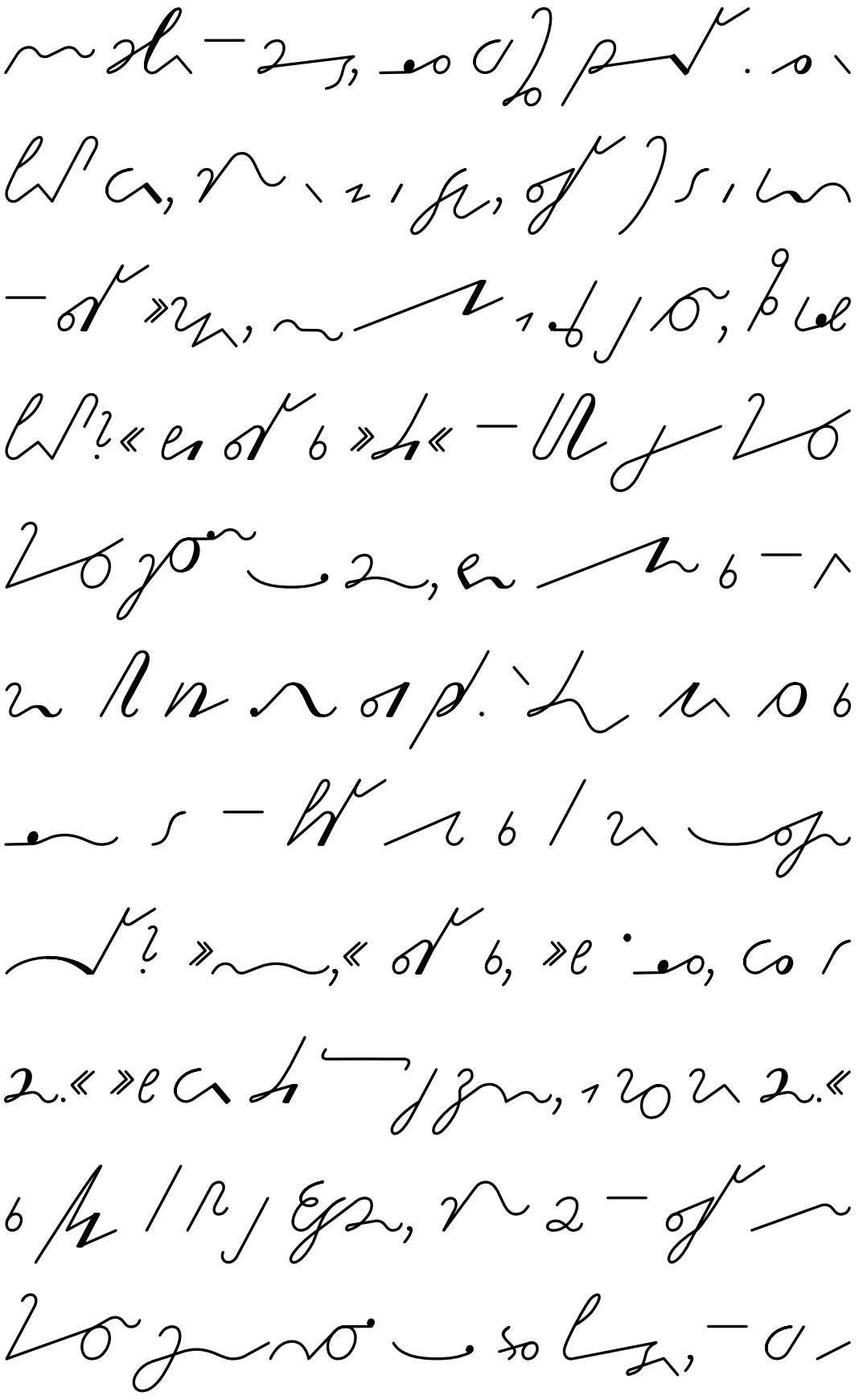


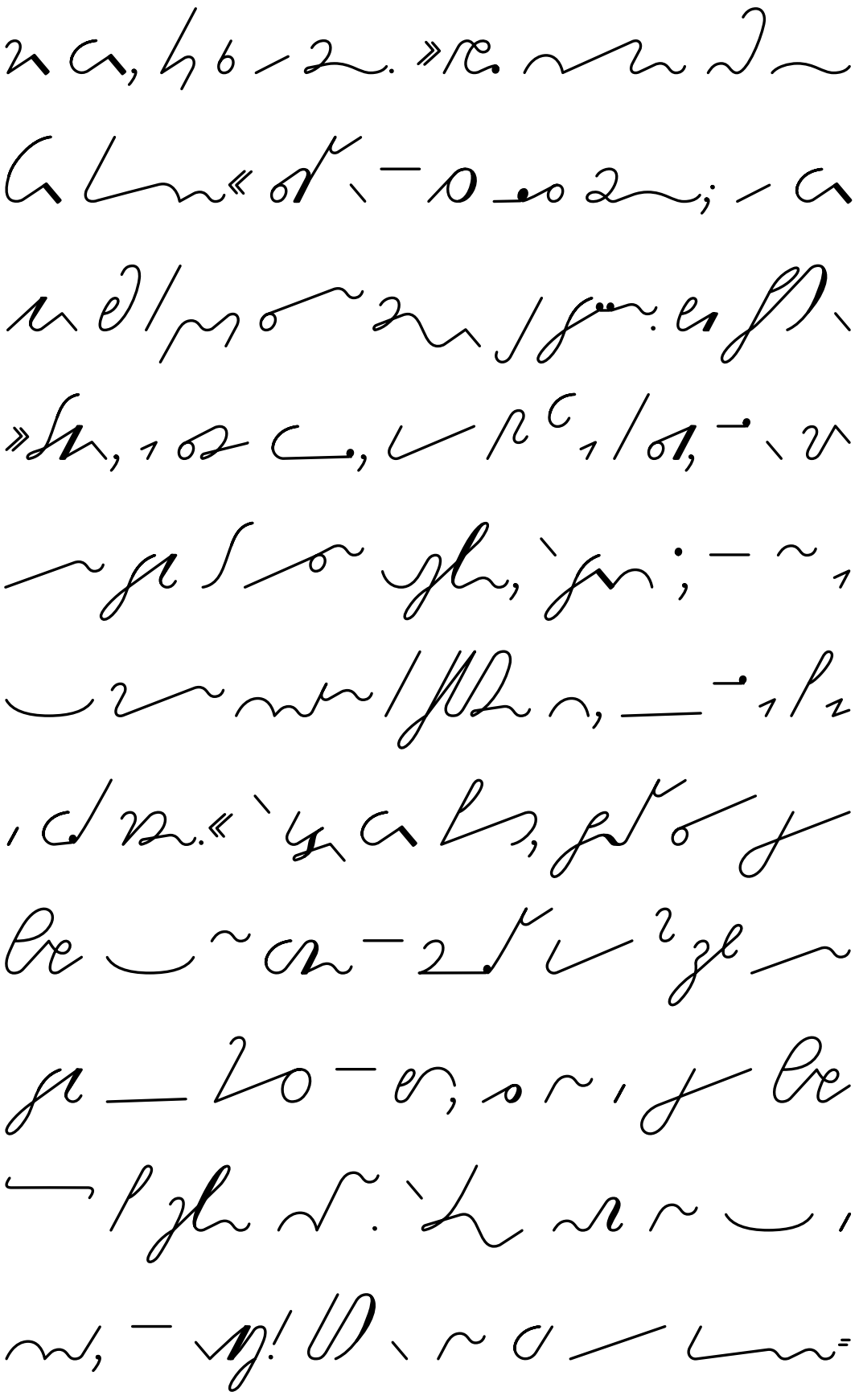


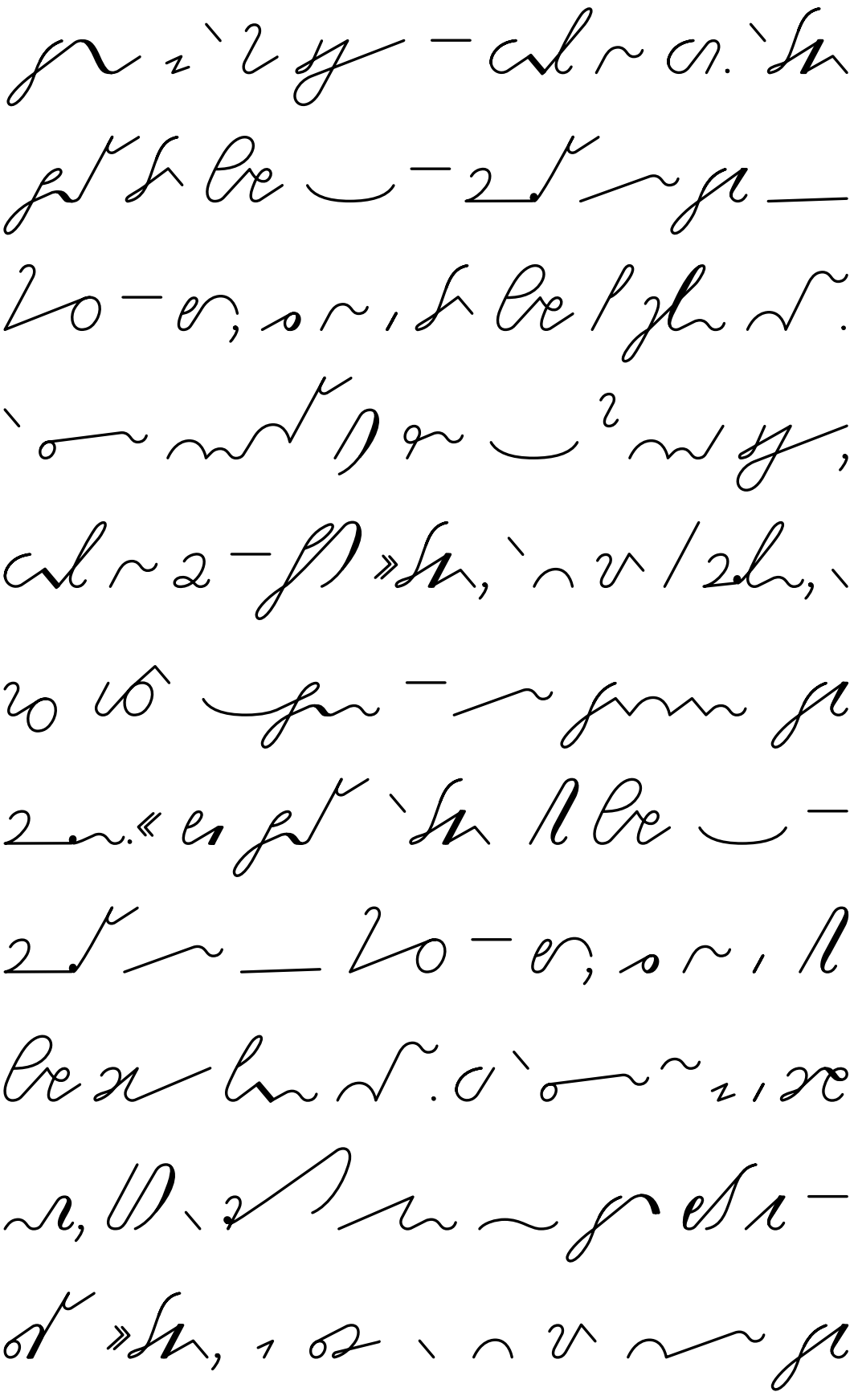


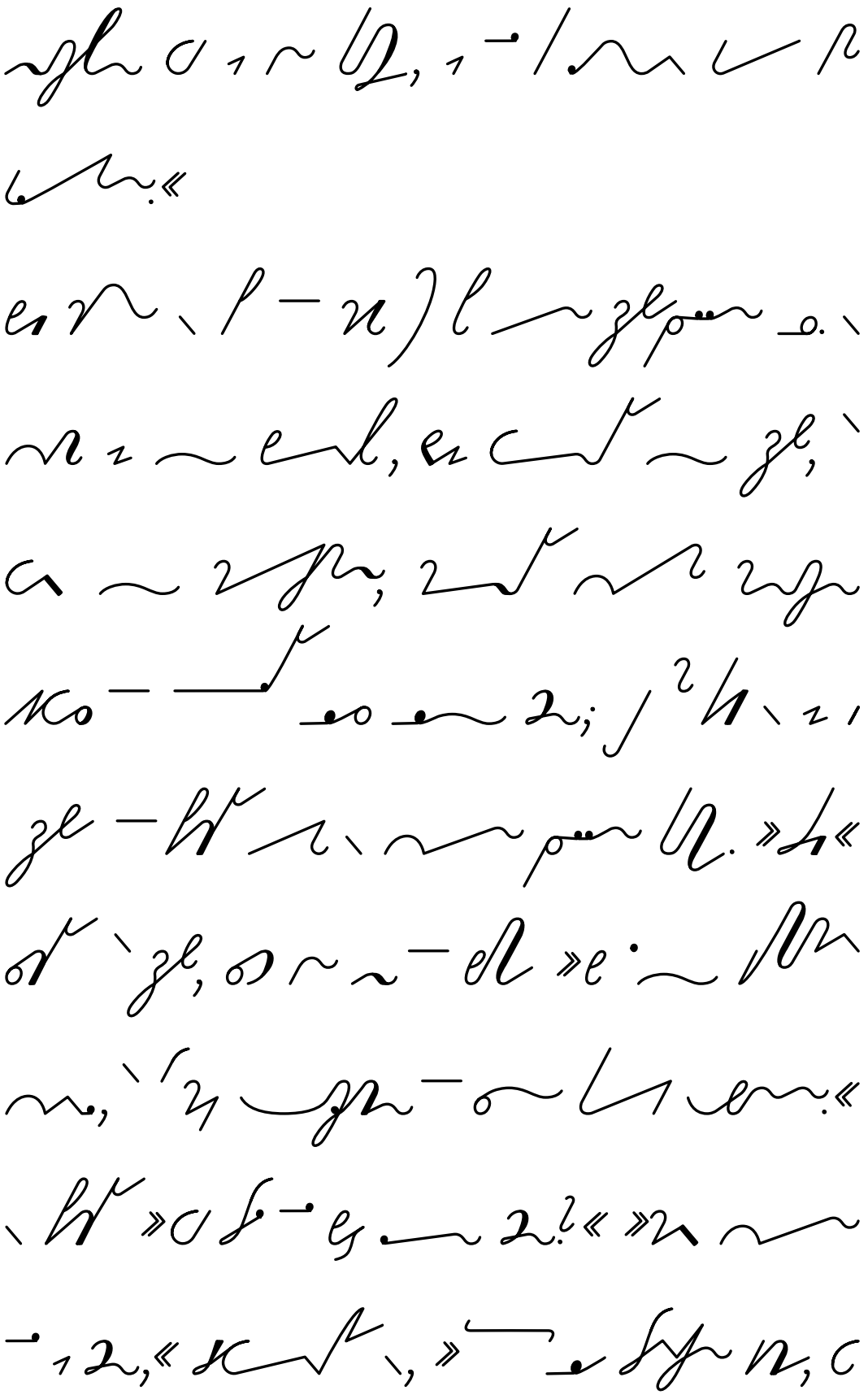


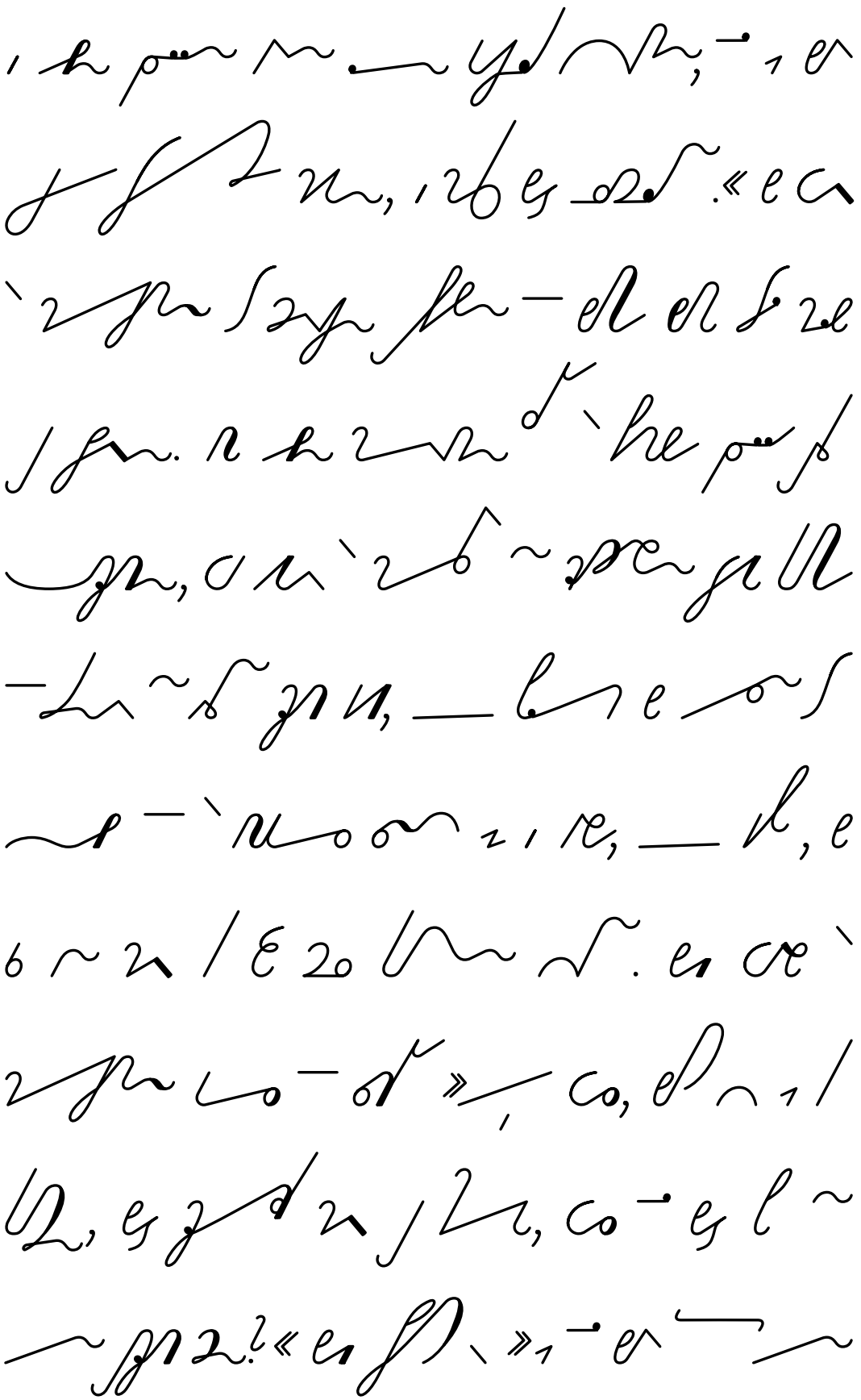


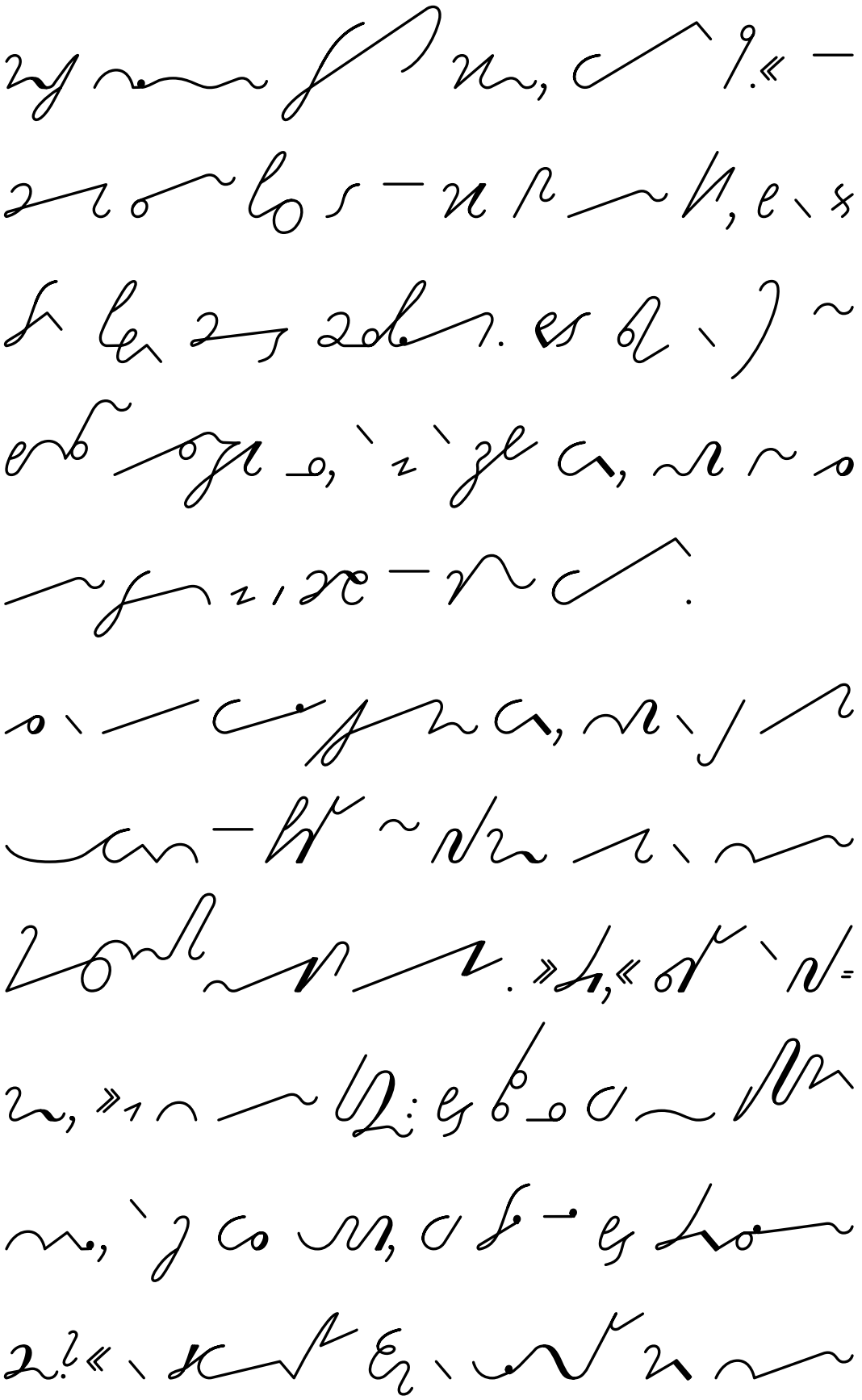


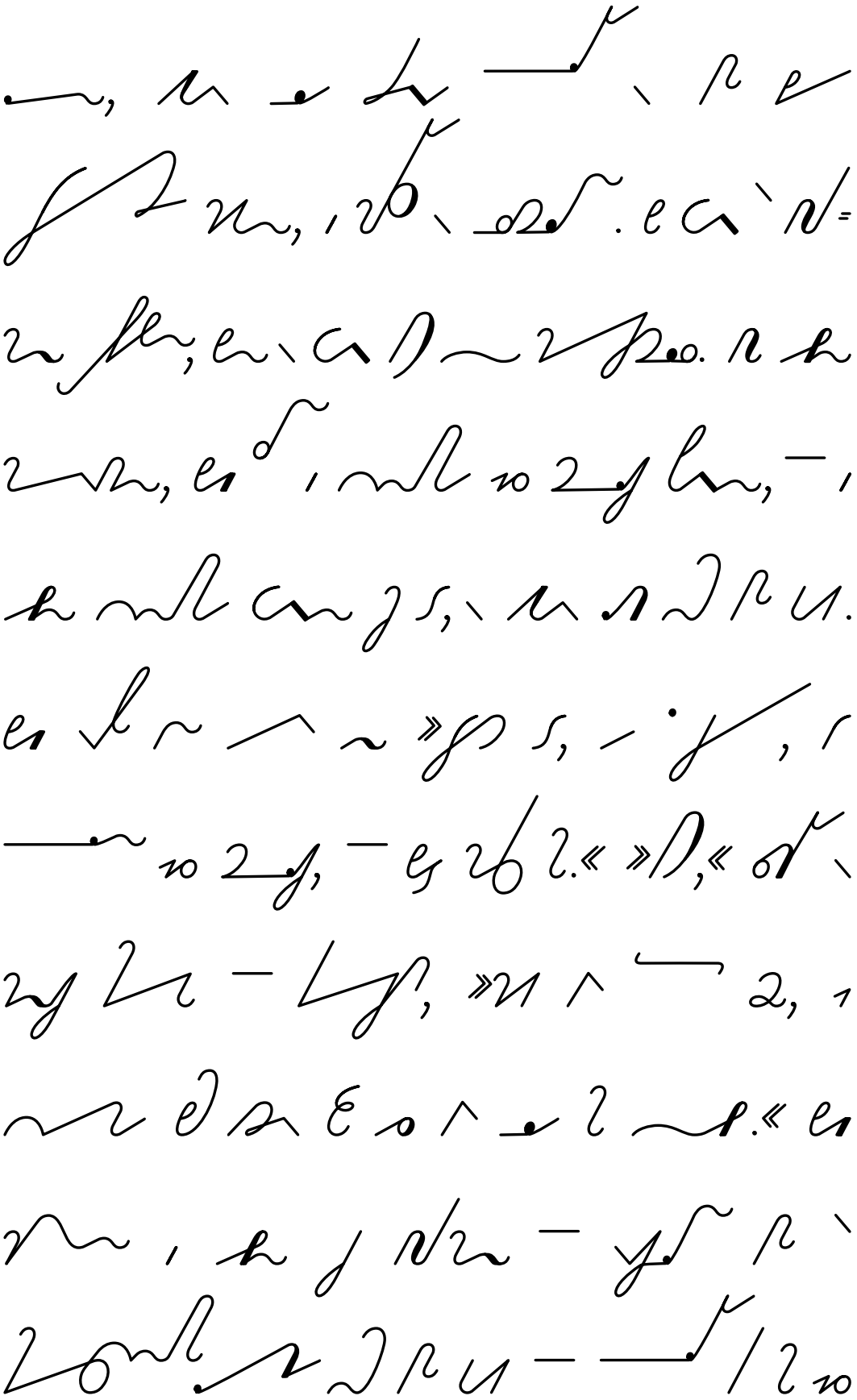


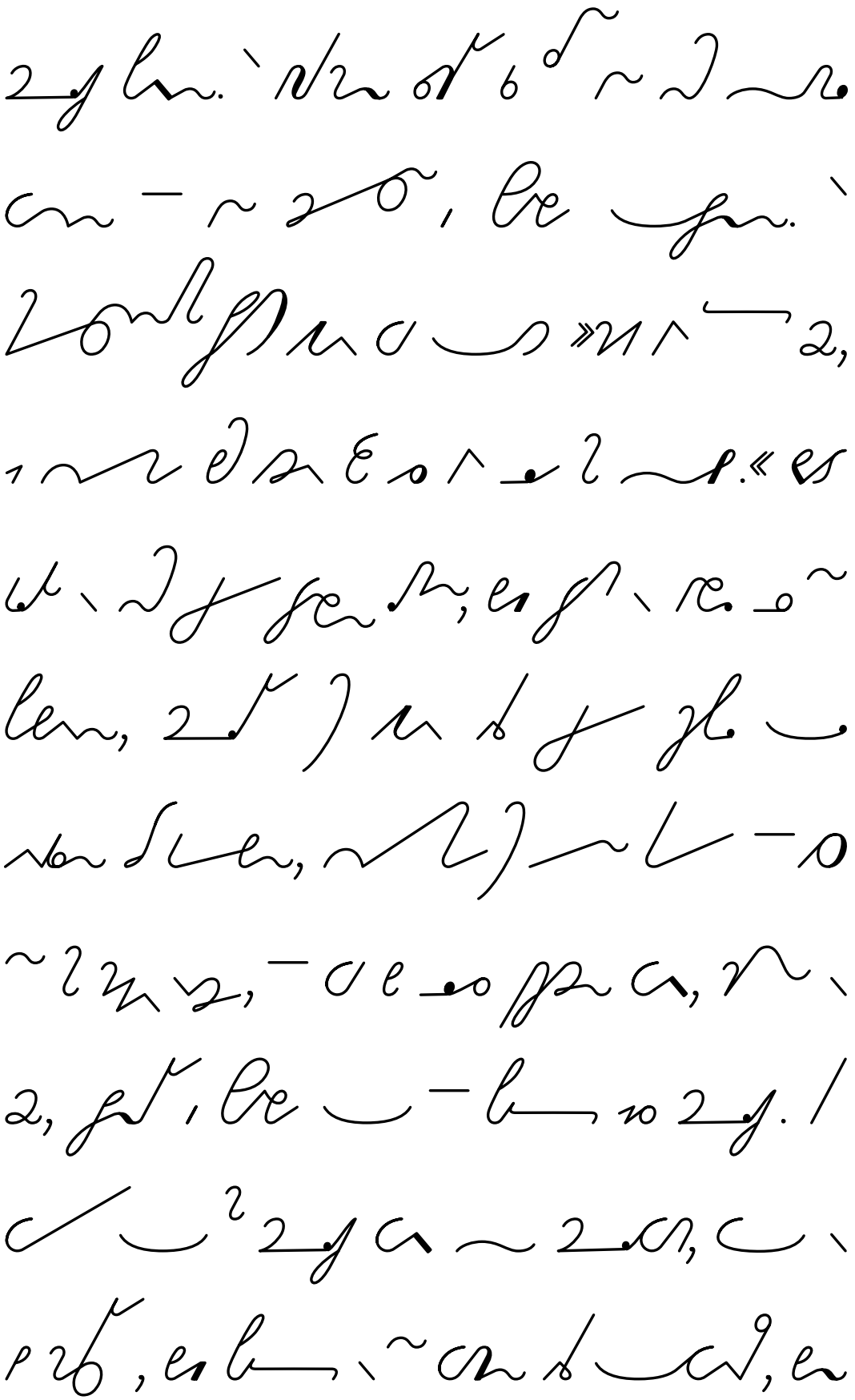


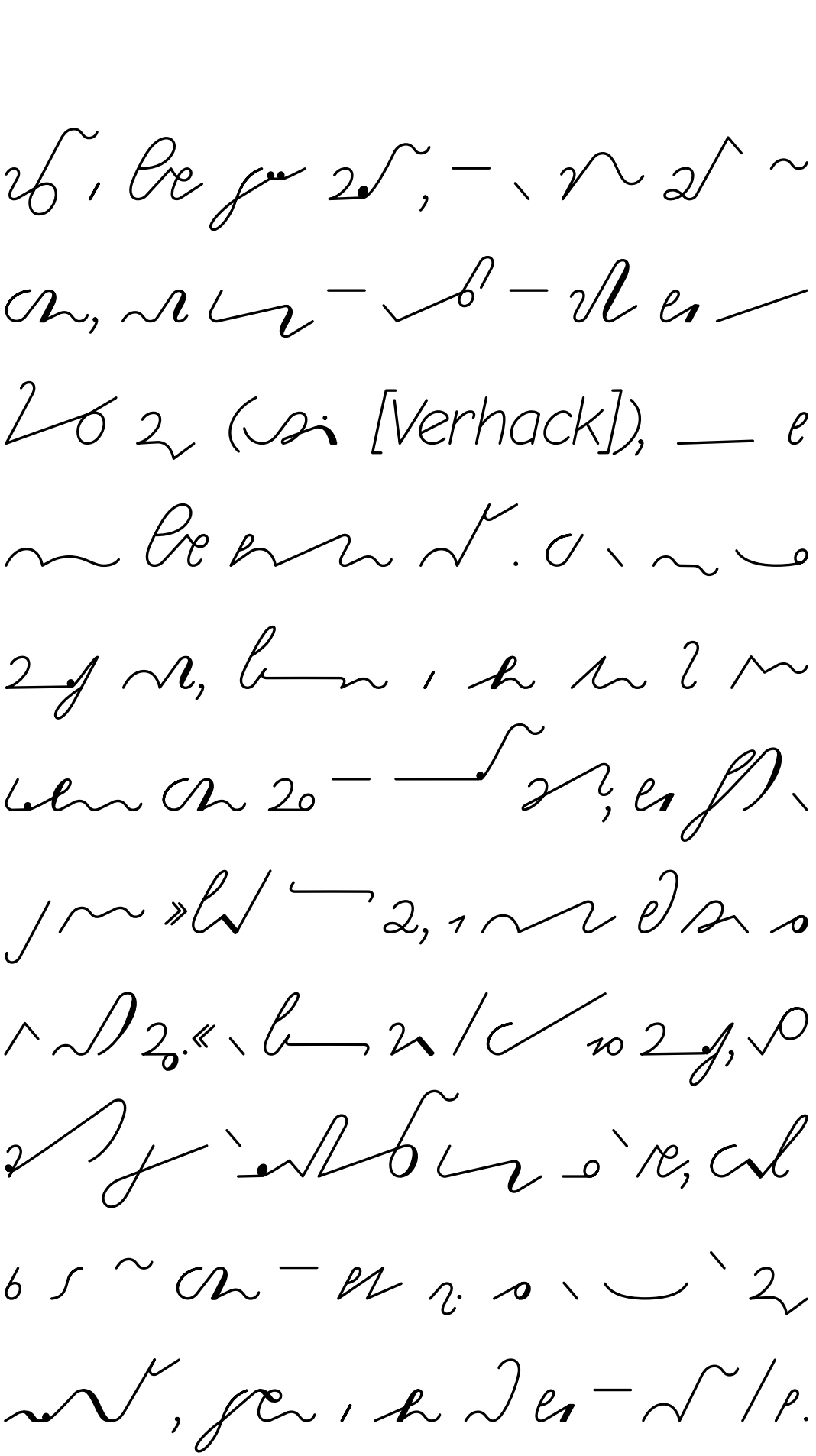


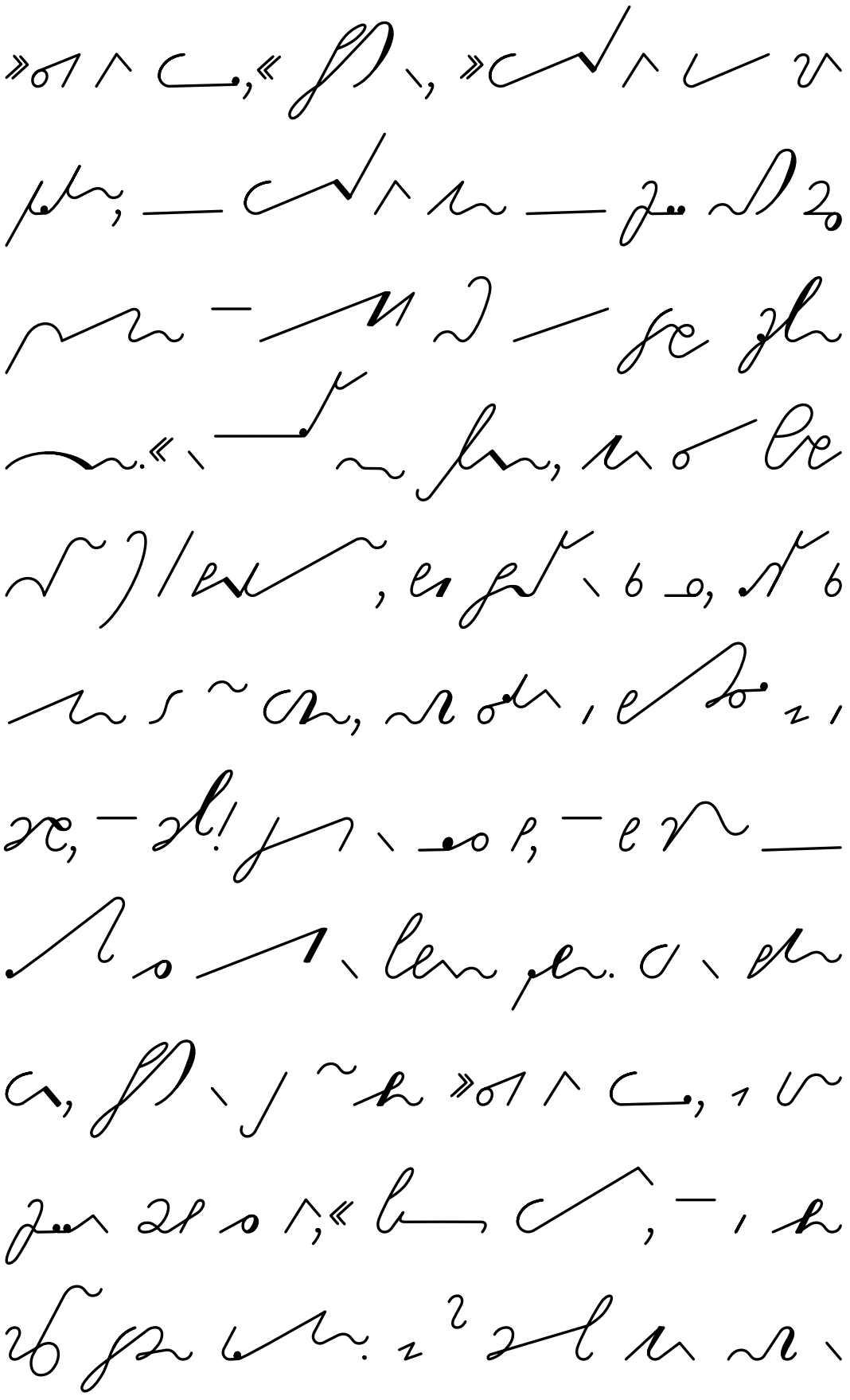


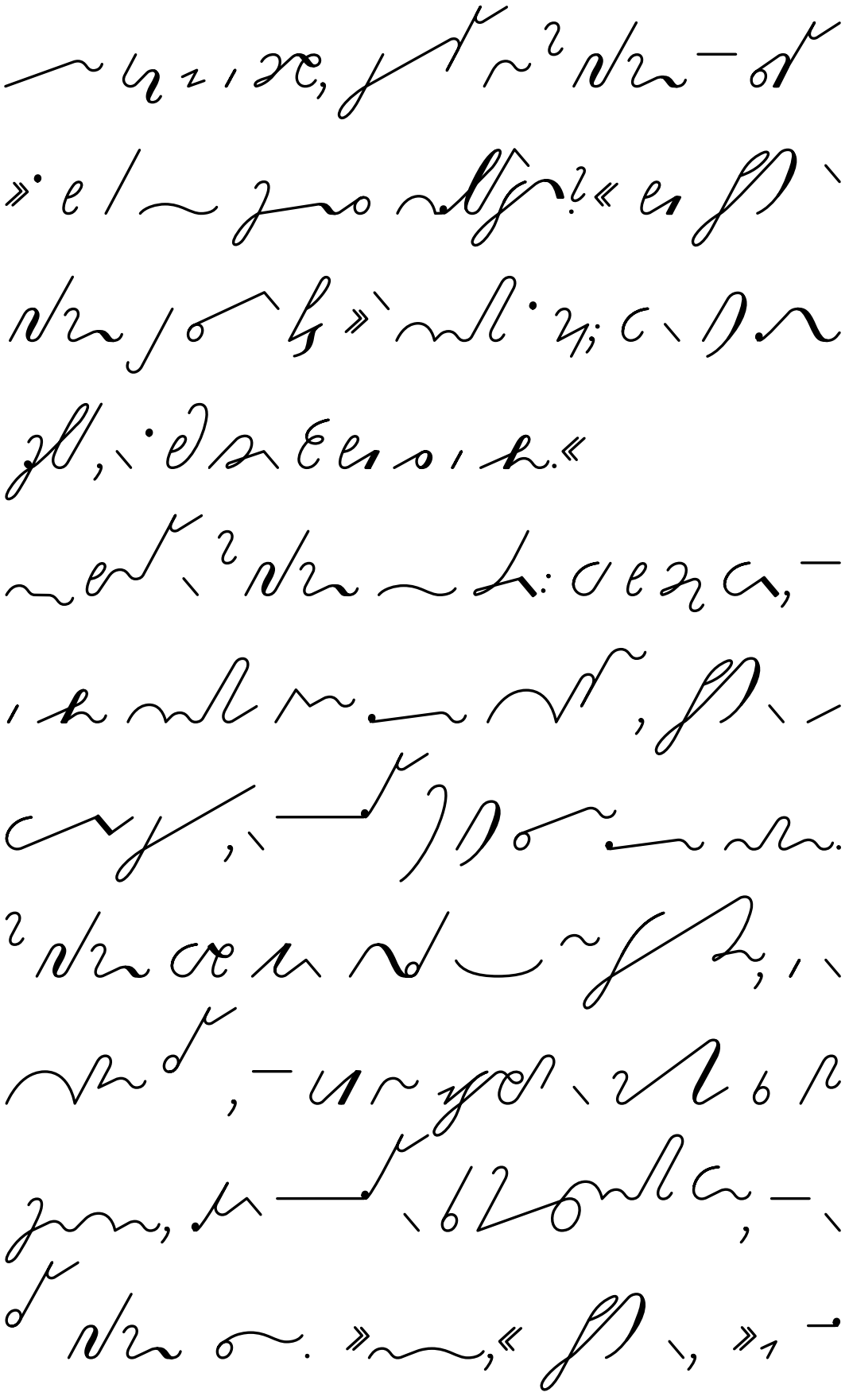


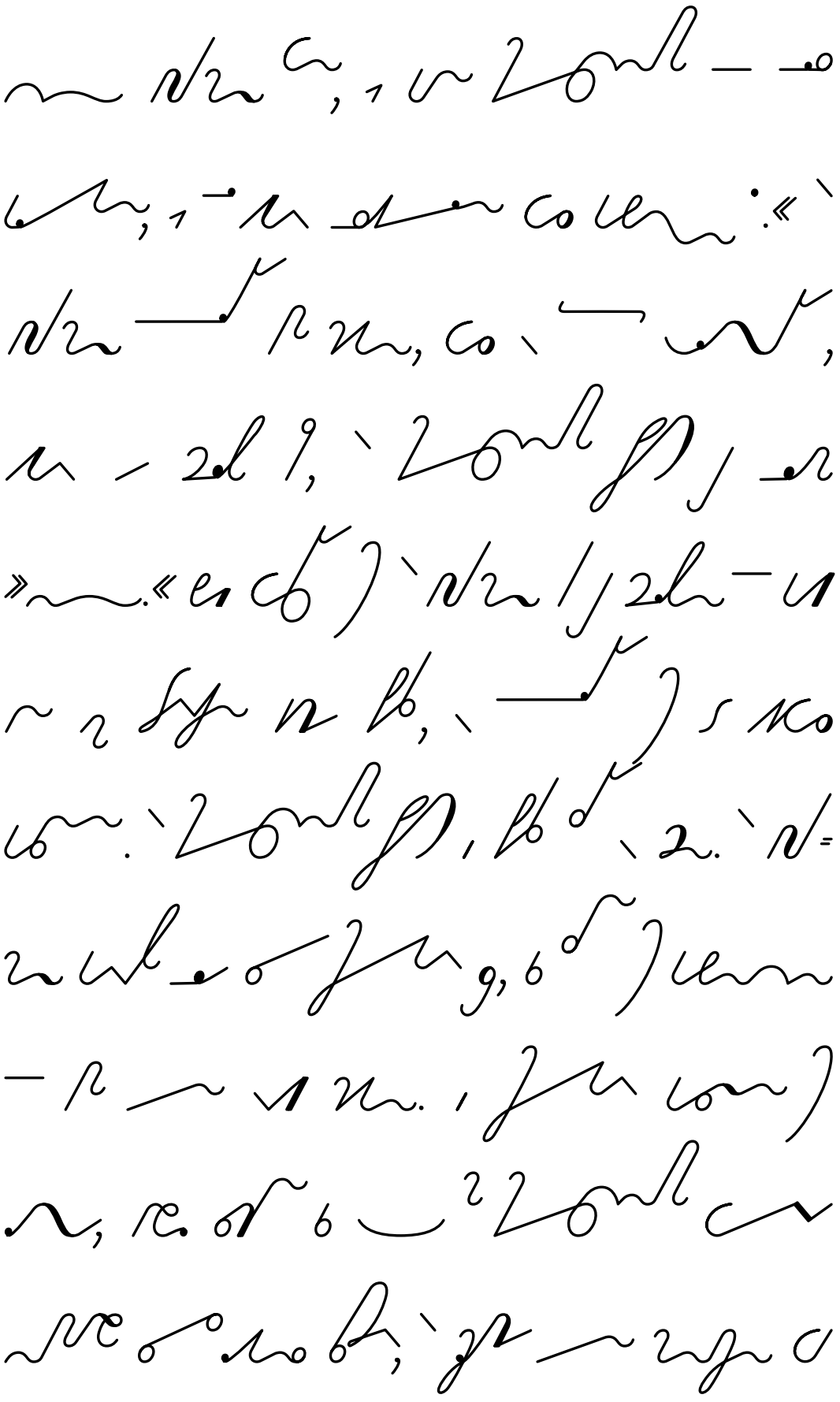


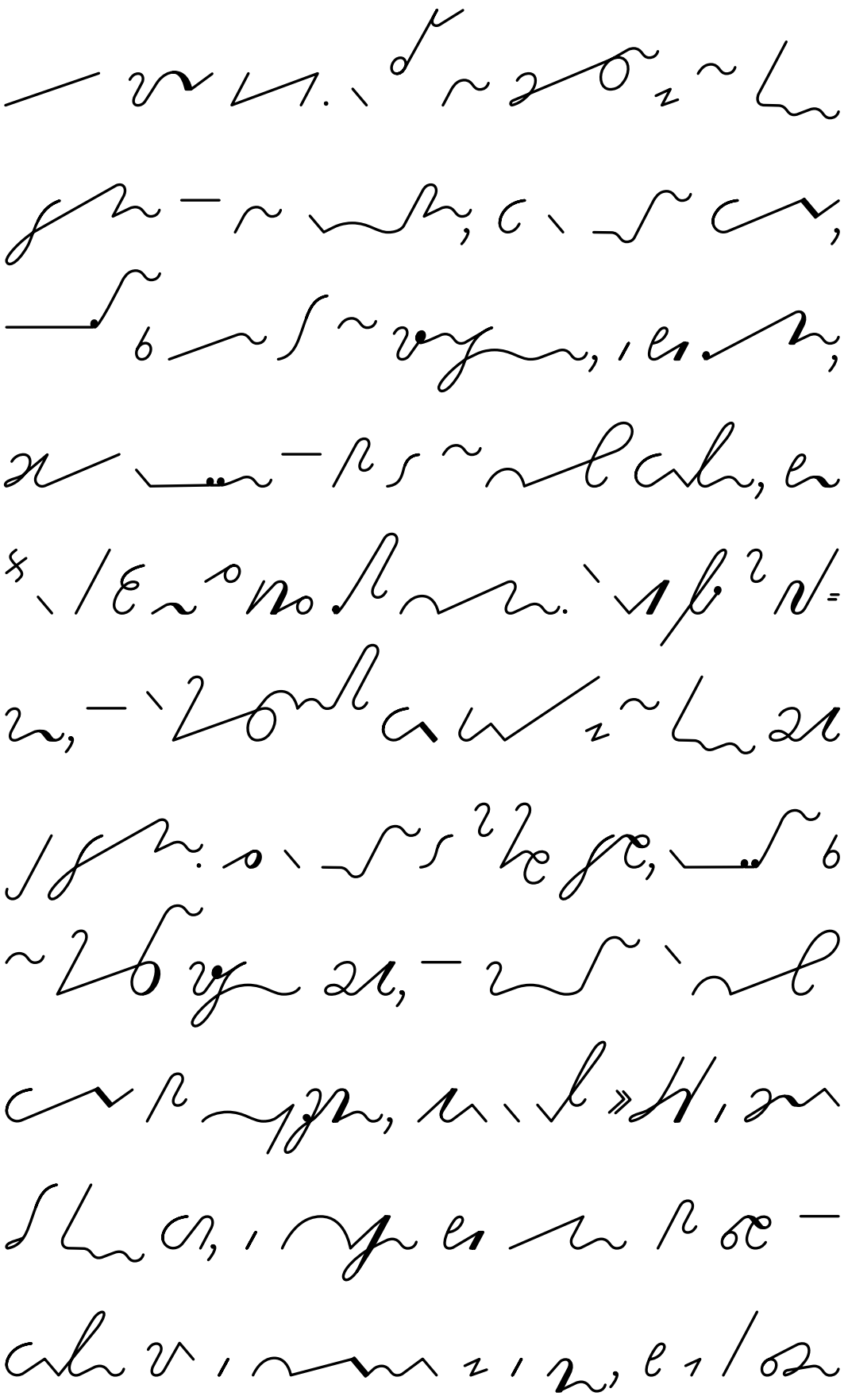


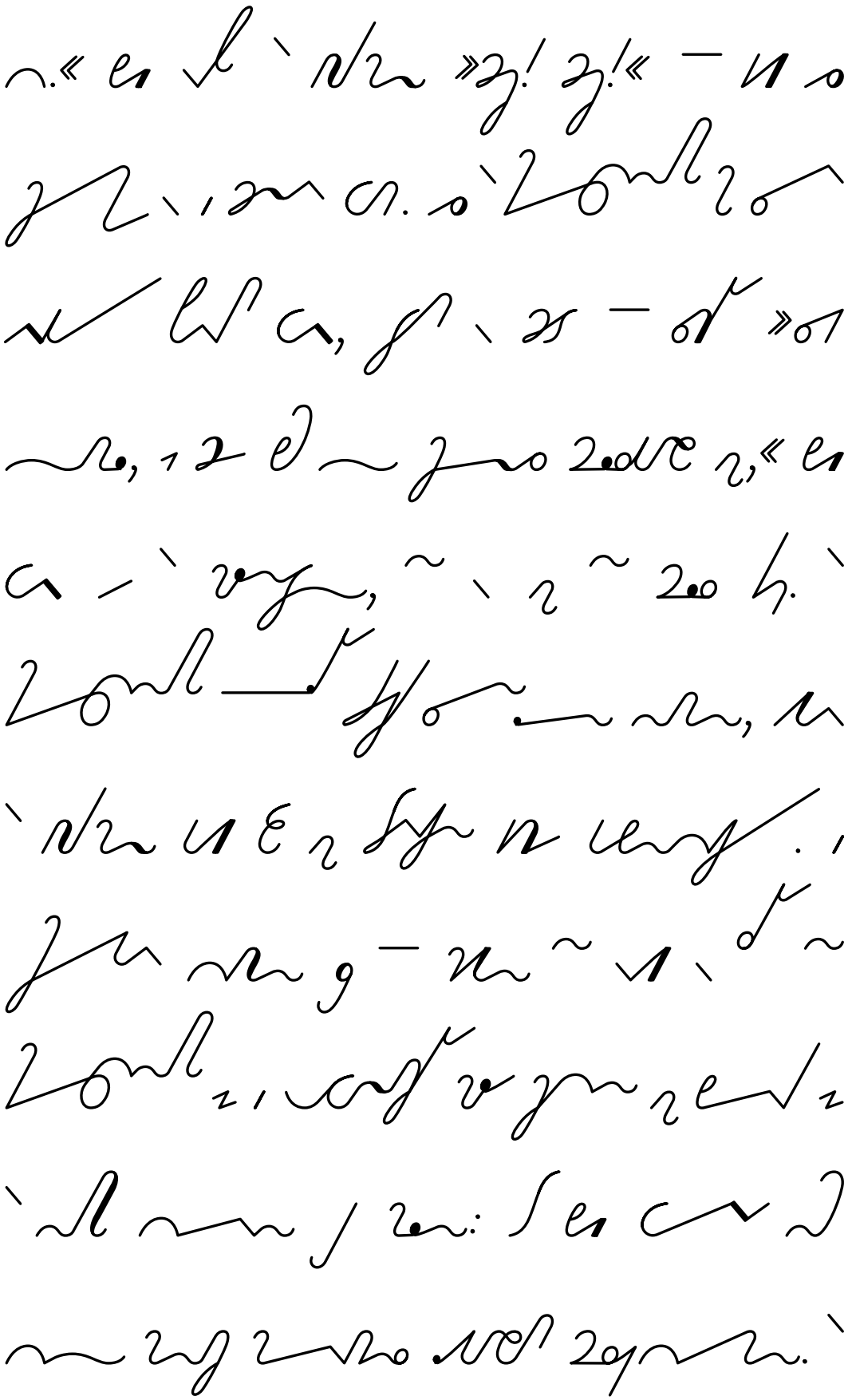


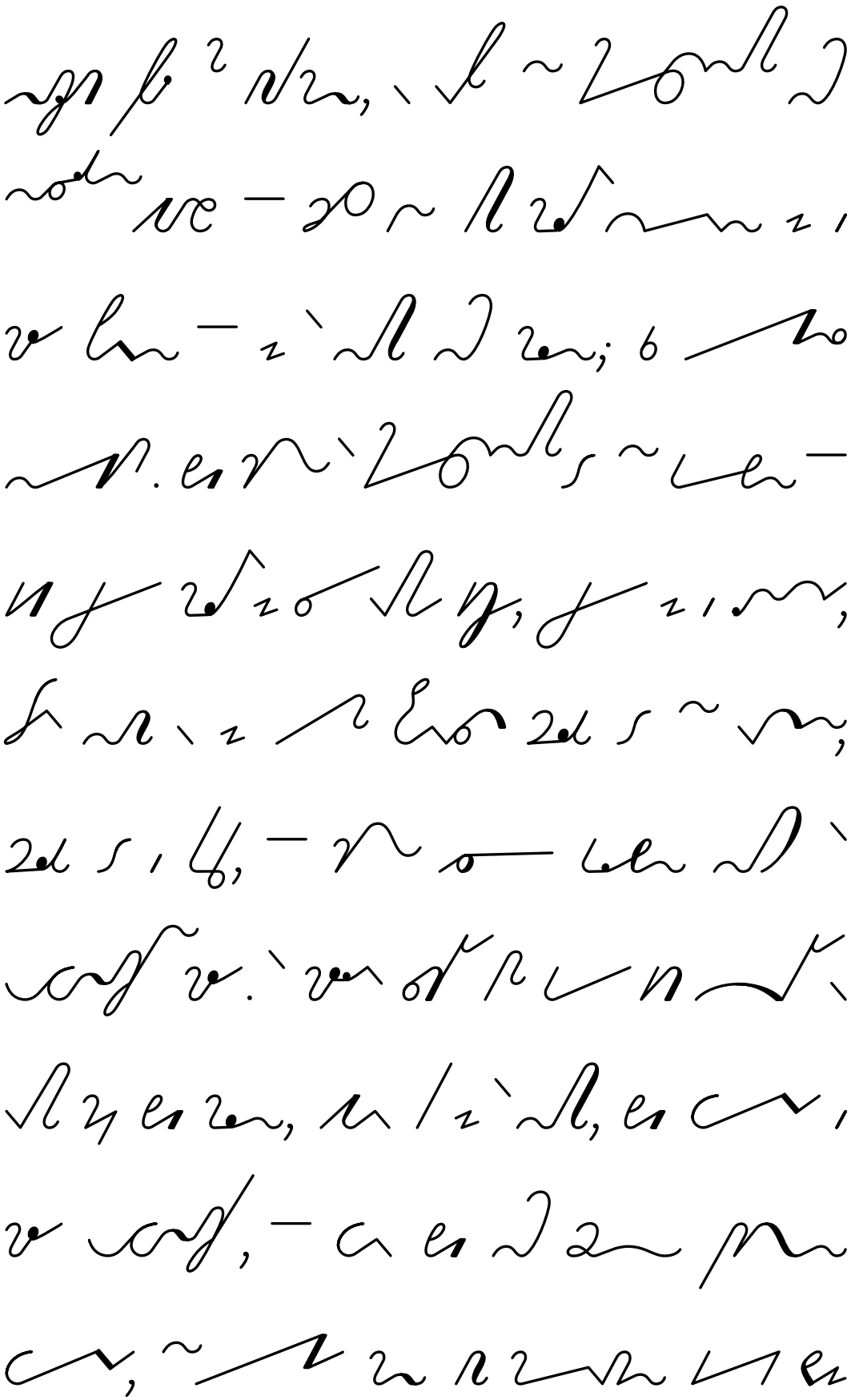


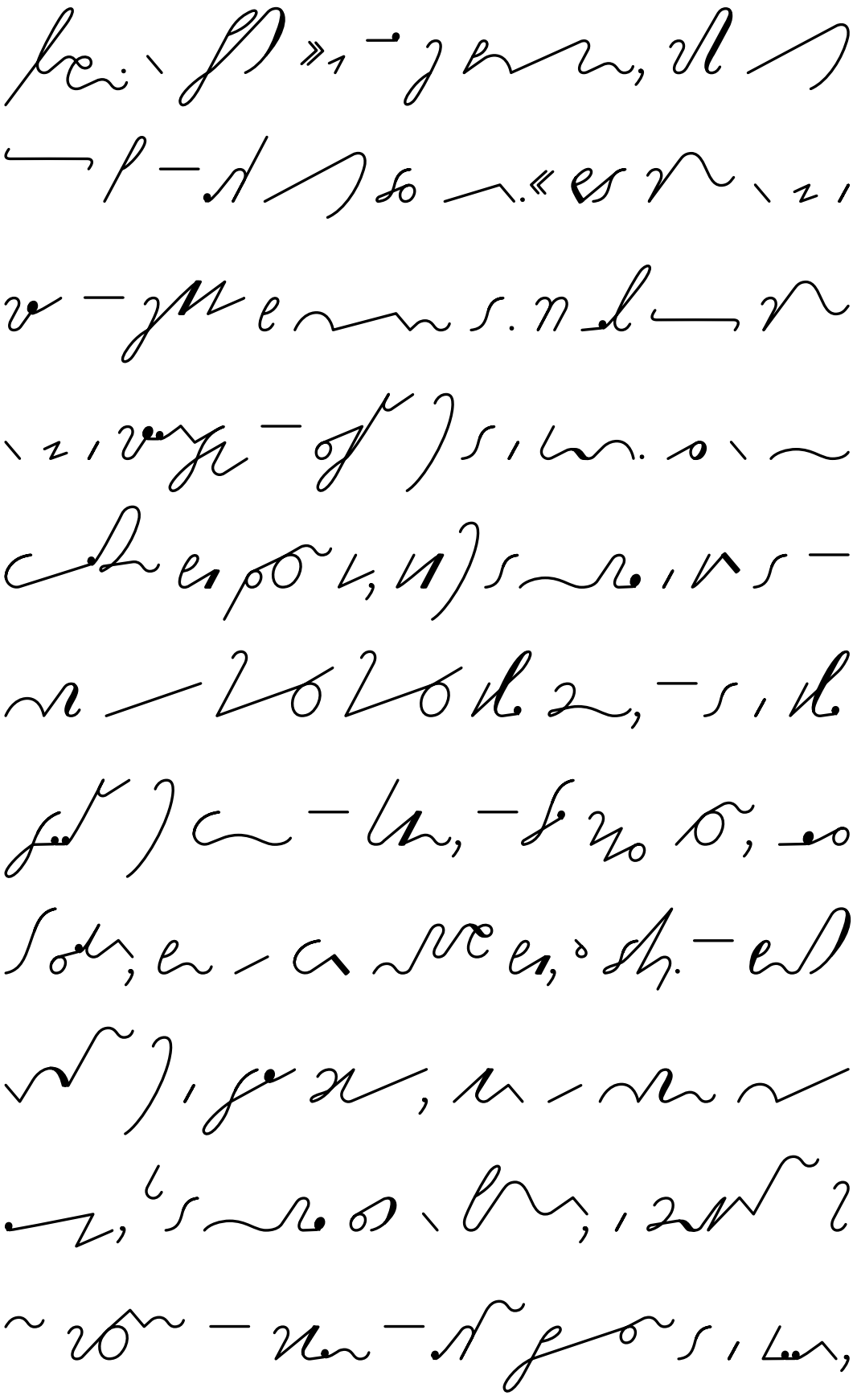


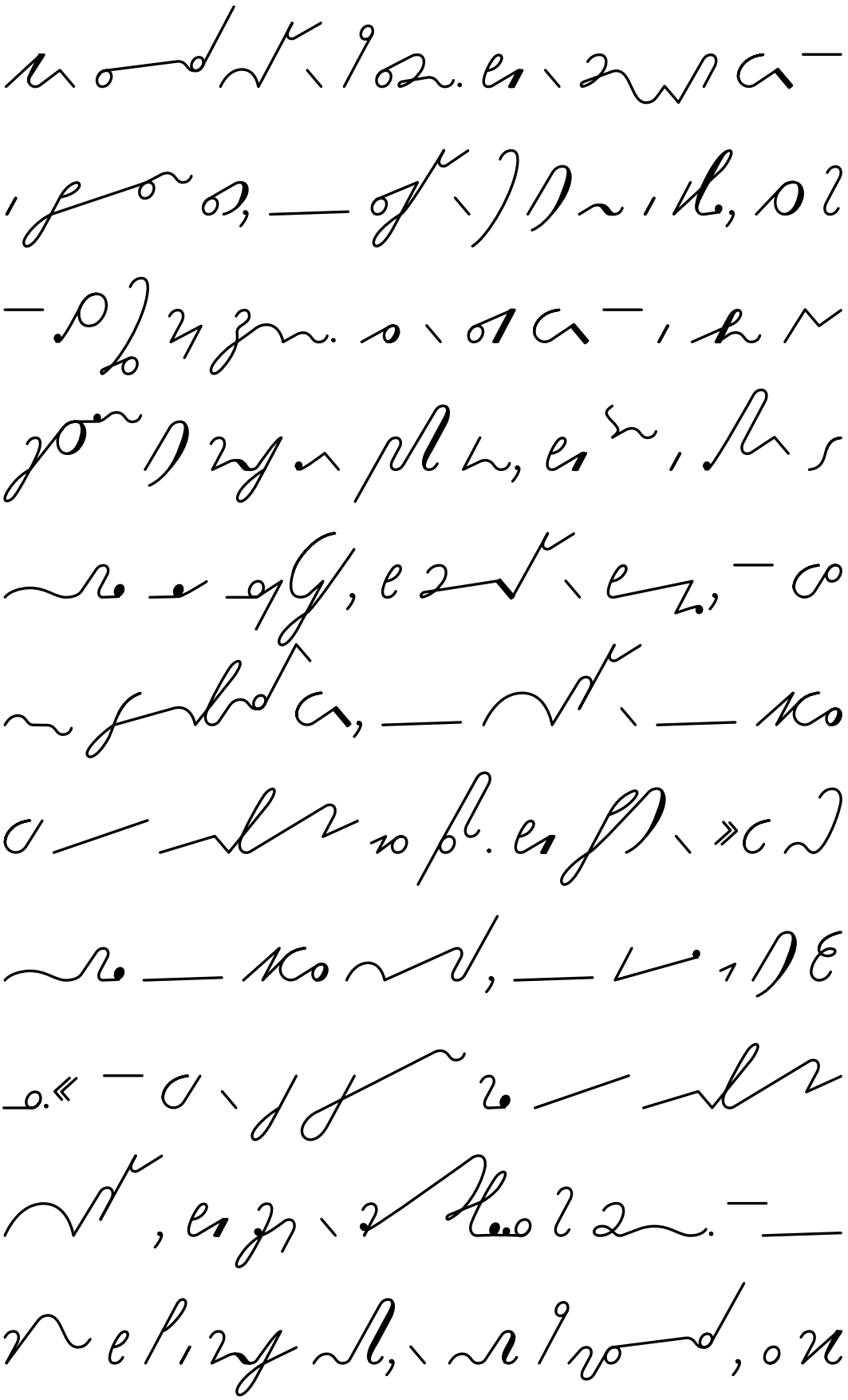


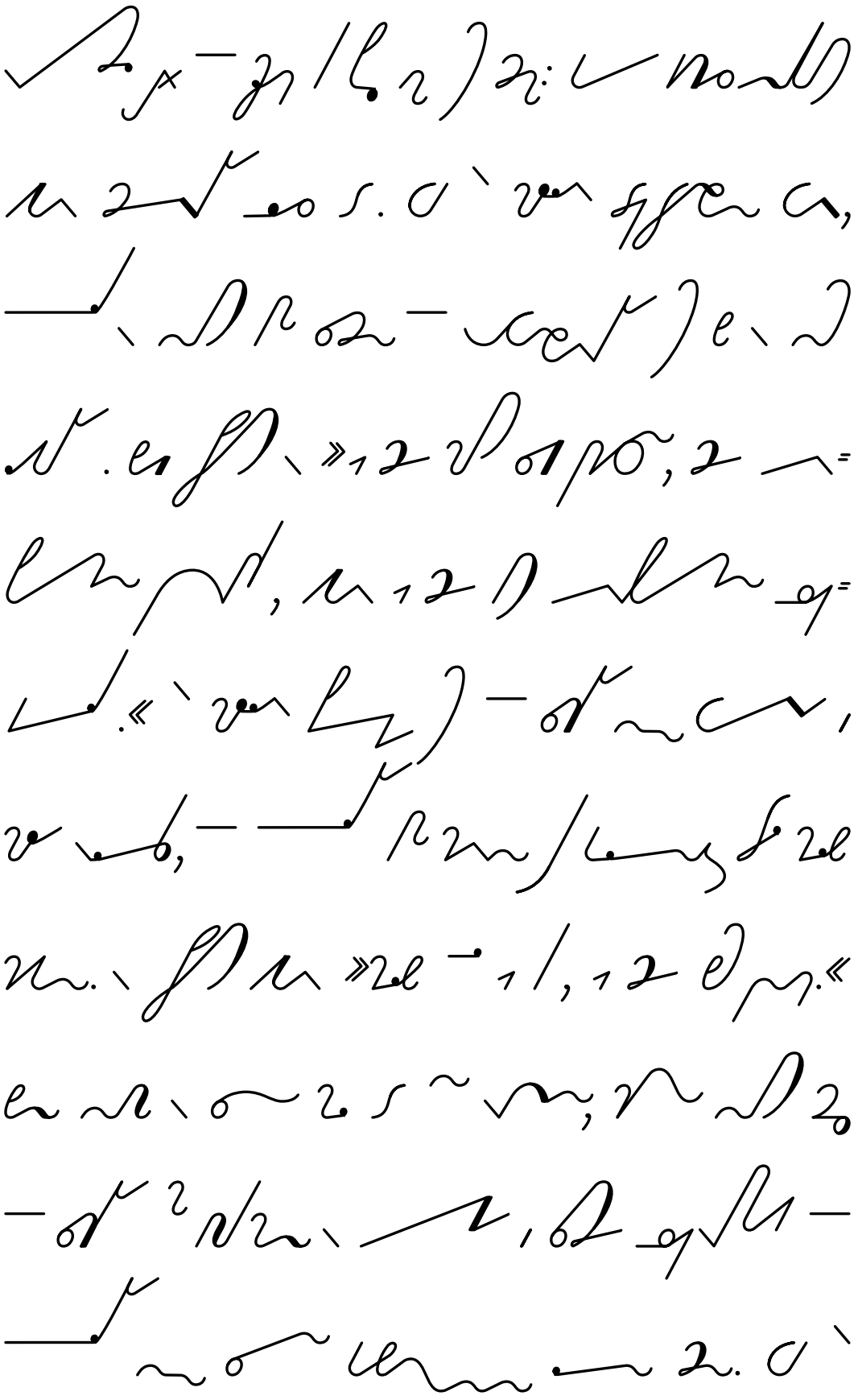


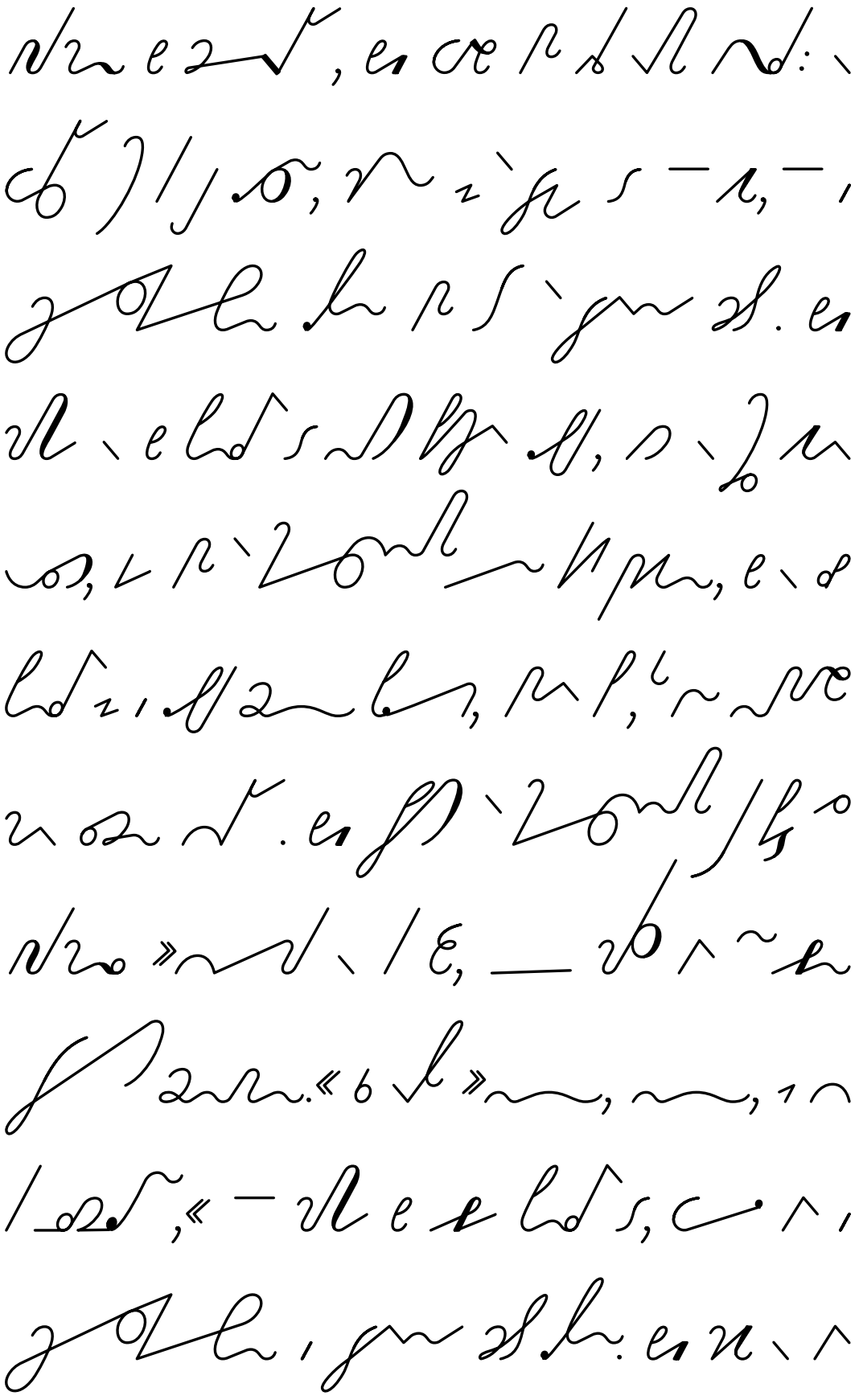


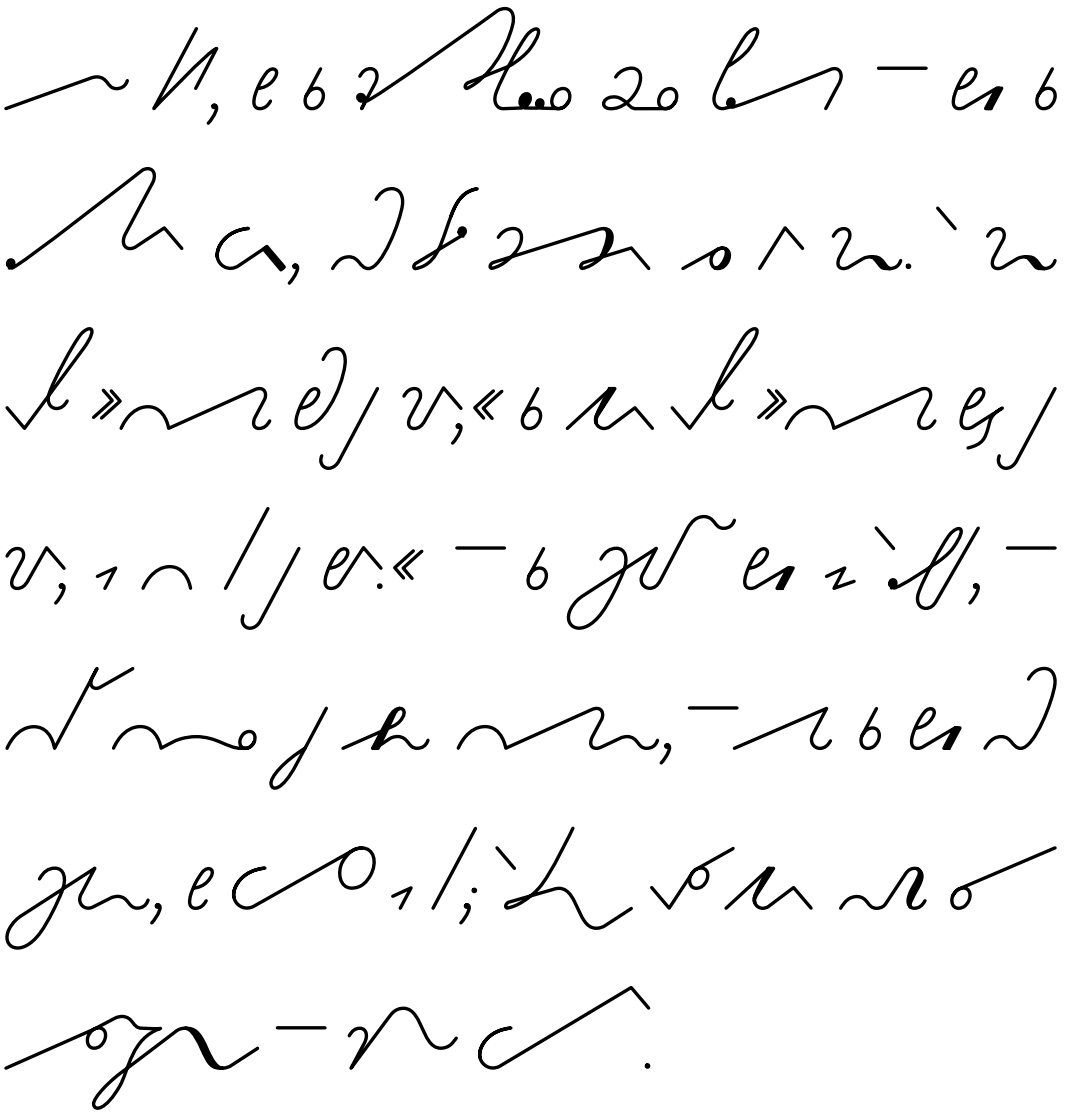












91.

Dat Erdmänneken.

Et was mal en rik Künig west, de hadde drei Döchter had, de wören alle Dage in den Schlottgoren spazeren gaen, un de Künig, dat was so en Leivhawer von allerhand wackeren Bömen west: un einen, den hadde he so leiv

had, dat he denjenigen, de ümme en Appel dervon plückede, hunnerd Klafter unner de Eere verwünschede. Als et nu Hervest war, da worden de Appel an den einen Baume so raut ase Blaud. De drei Döchter gungen alle Dage unner den Baum un seihen to ov nig de Wind'n Appel herunner schlagen hädde, awerst se

fannen ir Levedage kienen, un de Baum de satt so vull, dat he breken wull, un de Telgen (Zweige) hungen bis up de Eere. Da gelustede den jungesten Künigskinne gewaldig un et segde to sinen Süstern »use Teite (Vater), de hett us viel to leiv, ase dat he us verwünschen deihe: ik glöve dat he dat nur wegen de frümden

Lude dahen hat.« Un indes plücked dat Kind en gans dicken Appel af un sprunk fur sinen Süstern un segde »a, nu schmecket mal, mine lewen Süsterkes, nu hew ik doch min Levedage so wat schones no nig schmecket.« Da beeten de beiden annern Künigsdöchter auch mal in den Appel, un da versünken se alle drei deip un-

ner de Eere, dat kien Haan mer danach krähete.

As et da Middag is, da wull se de Künig do Diske roopen, do sind se nirgends to finnen: he söket se so viel im Schlott un in Goren, awerst he kun se nig finnen. Da werd he so bedrö-wet un let dat ganse Land up-beien (aufbieten), un wer ünne sine Döchter wier brechte, de

sull ene davon tor Fruen he-
wen. Da gahet so viele junge
Lude uwer Feld un söket, dat
is gans ut der Wiese (über alle
Maßen), denn jeder hadde de
drei Kinner geren had, wiil se
wören gegen jedermann so
fründlig un so schön von An-
gesichte west. Un et togen
auck drei Jägerburschen ut,
un ase da wol en acht Dage

rieset hadden, da kummet se up en grot Schlot, da woren so hübsche Stoben inne west, un in einen Zimmer is en Disch decket, darup wören so söte Spisen, de sied noch so warme dat se dampet, awerst in den ganzen Schlott is kien Minsk to hören noch to seihen. Do wartet se noch en halwen Dag, un de Spiesen bliewet immer

warme un dampet, bis up et lest, da weret se so hungerig, dat se sik derbie settet un et= tet, un macket mit en anner ut, se wüllen up den Schlotte wuhnen bliewen, un wüllen da= rümme loosen, dat eine in Hu= se blev un de beiden annern de Dochter söketen; dat doet se auck, un dat Loos dreppet den ölesten. Den annern Dag

da gaet de twei jüngesten söken, un de öleste mot to Huse bliewen. Am Middage kümmt der so en klein klein Männeken un hölt um 'n Stükesken Braud ane, da nümmt he von dem Braude, wat he da funnen hädde, un schnitt en Stücke rund umme den Braud weg un will ünne dat giewen, indes dat he et ünne rei-

ket, lett et dat kleine Männe-
ken fallen un segd he sulle dok
so gut sin un giewen ün dat
Stücke wier. Da will he dat
auck doen un bucket sik, mit
des nümmt dat Männeken en
Stock un päckt ünne bie den
Haaren un giwt ünne düete
Schläge. Den anneren Dag, da
is de tweide to Hus bliewen,
den geit et nicks better. Ase

de beiden annern da den Avend nah Hus kümmet, da segd de öleste »no, wie hätt et die dann gaen?« »O, et geit mie gans schlechte.« Da klaget se sik enanner ere Naud, awerst den jungesten hadden se nicks davonne sagd, den hadden se gar nig lien (leiden) mogt un hadden ünne jum-
mer den dummen Hans hei-

ten, weil he nig recht van de Weld was.

Den dritten Dag, da blivt de jungeste to Hus, da kümmet dat kleine Männeken wier un hölt um en Stücksken Braud an; da he ünne dat giewen hätt, let he et wier fallen un segd he mügte dock so gut sien un reicken ünne dat Stücksken wier. Da segd he to

den kleinen Männeken »wat! kannst du dat Stücke nig sul-wens wier up nümmen, wenn du die de Möhe nig mal um dine dägliche Narunge giewen wust, so bist du auck nich wert, dat du et etest.« Da word dat Männeken so bös un sehde he möst et doen: he awerst nig fuhl, nam min lewe Männeken un drosch et duet

dör (tüchtig durch). Da schrie-
ge dat Männeken so viel un
rep »hör up, hör up, un lat
mie geweren, dann will ik die
auck seggen wo de Künigs-
döchter sied.« Wie he dat
hörde, häll hei up to slaen, un
dat Männeken vertelde he
wör en Erdmänneken, un sul-
ke wären mehr ase dusend, he
mögte man mit ünne gaen,

dann wulle he ünne wiesen wo de Künigsdöchter weren. Da wist he ünne en deipen Born, da is awerst kien Water inne west. Da segd dat Männeken he wuste wohl dat et sine Ge-sellen nig ehrlich mit ünne meinten, wenn he de Künigs-kinner erlösen wulle, dann möste he et alleine doen. De beiden annern Broer wullen

wohl auck geren de Künigs-
döchter wier hewen, awerst se
wullen der kiene Möge un
Gefahr umme doen, he möste
so en grauten Korv nümmen,
un möste sik mit sinen Hirsch-
fänger un en Schelle darinne
setten un sik herunter winnen
laten: unnen da wören drei
Zimmer, in jeden sette ein
Künigskind un hädde en Dra-

chen mit villen Köppen to lu-
sen, den möste he de Köppe
afschlagen. Ase dat Erdmän-
neken nu dat alle sagd hadde,
verschwand et. Aset Awend is,
da kümmet de beiden annern
un fraget wie et ün gaen häd-
de, da segd he »o, so wit gud,«
un hädde keinen Minsken se-
hen, ase des Middags, da wer
so ein klein Männeken kum-

men, de hädde ün umme en Stücksken Braud biddit, do he et ünne giewen hädde, hädde dat Männeken et fallen laten un hädde segd he mögtet ün-ne doch wier up nümmen, wie he dat nig hädde doen wullt, da hädde et anfangen to puchen, dat hädde he awerst unrecht verstan un hädde dat Männeken prügelt, un da häd-

de et ünne vertellt wo de Kü-
nigsdöchter wären. Da ärger-
ten sik de beiden so viel, dat se
gehl un grön wören. Den an-
nern Morgen da gungen se to
haupe an den Born un mack-
ten Loose, wer sik dat erste in
den Korv setten sulle, da feel
dat Loos wier den öllesten to,
he mot sik darin setten un de
Klingel mitnümmen. Da segd

he »wenn ik klingele, so mutt gi mik nur geschwinne wier herupwinnen.« Ase he en bit-ken herunner is, da klingelte wat, da winnen se ünne wier heruper: da sett sik de tweide herinne, de maket ewen sau: nu kümmet dann auck de Rie-ge an den jungesten, de lät sik awerst gans drinne runner winnen. Ase he ut den Korve

stiegen is, da nümmet he sinen Hirschfänger un geit vor der ersten Doer staen un lustert, da hort he den Drachen gans lute schnarchen. He macket langsam de Döre oppen, da sitt da de eine Künigsdochter un häd op eren Schot niegene (neun) Drachenköppe ligen un luset de. Da nümmet he sinen

Hirschfänger un hogget to, da siet de niegne Koppe awe. De Künigsdochter sprank up un fäl ünne um den Hals un drucket un piepete (küßte) ünn so viel, un nümmet ihr Bruststücke, dat wor von rauen Golle west, un henget ünne dat umme. Da geit he auck nach der tweiden Künigs-dochter, de häd en Drachen

mit sieven Köppe to lusen un erlöset de auck, so de jungeste, de hadde en Drachen mit viere Köppen to lusen had, da geit he auck hinne. Do froget se sich alle so viel, un drucketen un piepeten ohne uphören. Da klingelte he sau harde, bis dat se owen hört. Da set he de Künigsdöchter ein nach der annern in den

Korv un let se alle drei herup-trecken, wie nu an ünne de Riege kümmt, da fallet ün de Woore (Worte) von den Erd-männeken wier bie, dat et sine Gesellen mit ünne nig gut meinden. Da nümmet he en groten Stein, de da ligt un legt ün in den Korv, ase de Korv da ungefähr bis in de Midde herup is, schnien de falsken

Broer owen dat Strick af, dat de Korv mit den Stein up den Grund füll, un meinten he wöre nu daude, un laupet mit de drei Künigsdöchter wege un latet sik dervan verspreken dat se an ehren Vater seggen willt dat se beiden se erlöset hädden; da kümmet se tom Künig, un begert se tor Fru-
gen. Unnerdies geit de jun-

geste Jägerbursche gans be-
dröwet in den drei Kammern
herummer un denket dat he
nu wull sterwen möste, da
süht he an der Wand 'n Fleu-
tenpipe hangen, da segd he
»worümme hengest du da
wull, hier kann ja doch keiner
lustig sin?« He bekucket auck
de Drachenköppe, un segd »ju
künnt mie nu auck nig

helpen.« He geit so mannig-mal up un af spatzeren, dat de Erdboden davon glat werd. Up et lest, da kriegt he anne-re Gedanken, da nümmet he de Fleutenpipen van der Wand un blest en Stücksken, up eenmahl kummet da so viele Erdmännekens, bie jeden Don, den he däht, kummt eint mehr: da blest he so lange dat

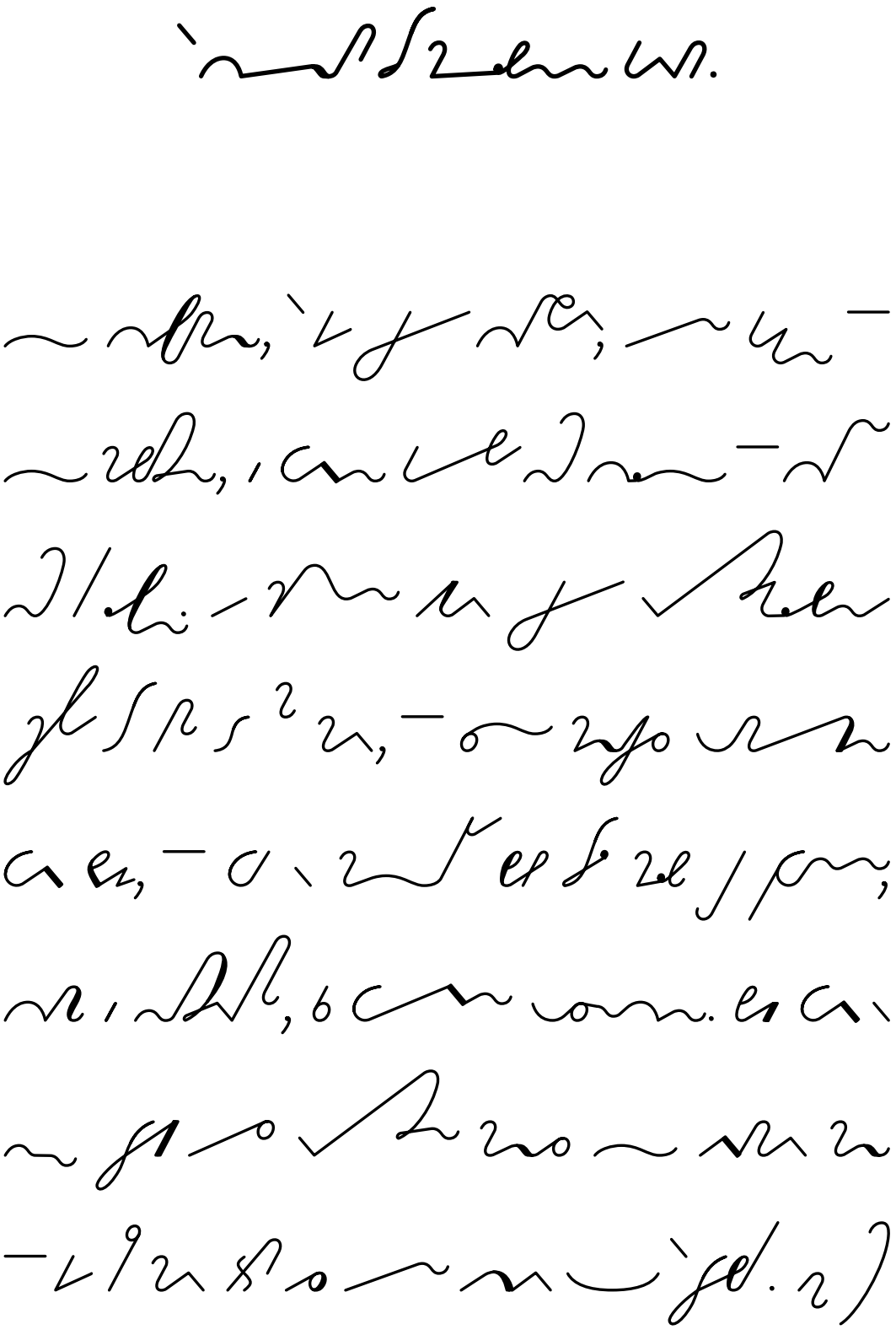
Stücksken, bis det Zimmer stopte vull is. De fraget alle wat sin Begeren wöre, da segd he he wull geren wier up de Ere an Dages Licht, da fatten sie ünne alle an, an jeden Spir (Faden) Haar, wat he up sinen Koppe hadde, un sau fleiget se mit ünne herupper his up de Ere. Wie he owen is, geit he glick nach den Künigsschlott,

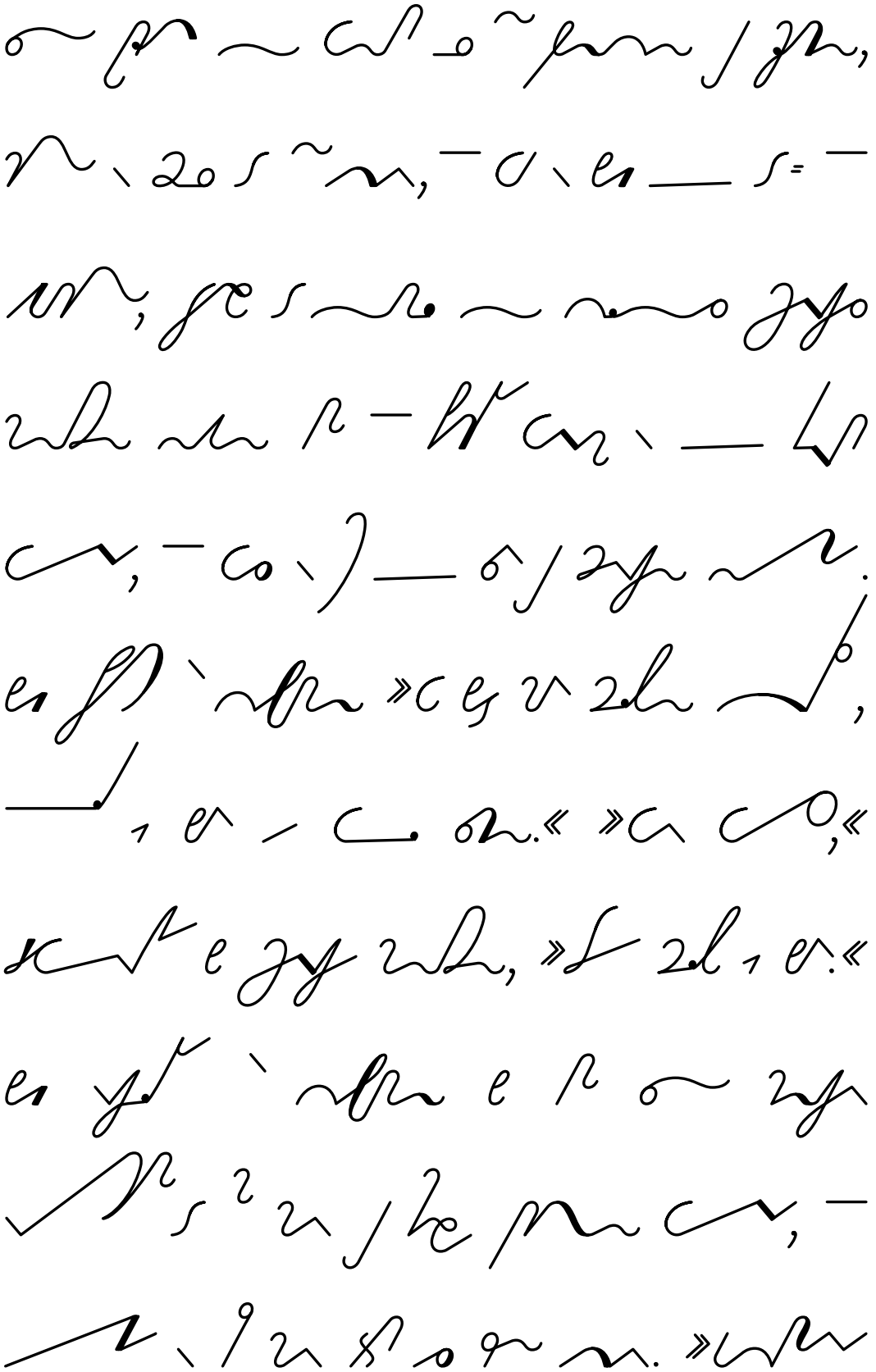
wo grade de Hochtit mit der einen Künigsdochter sin sulle, un geit up den Zimmer, wo de Künig mit sinen drei Döchtern is. Wie ünne da de Kinner seihet, da wered se gans bes-chwämt (ohnmächtig). Da werd de Künig so böse un let ünne glick in een Gefängnisse setten, weil he meint he häd-de den Kinnern en Leid anne

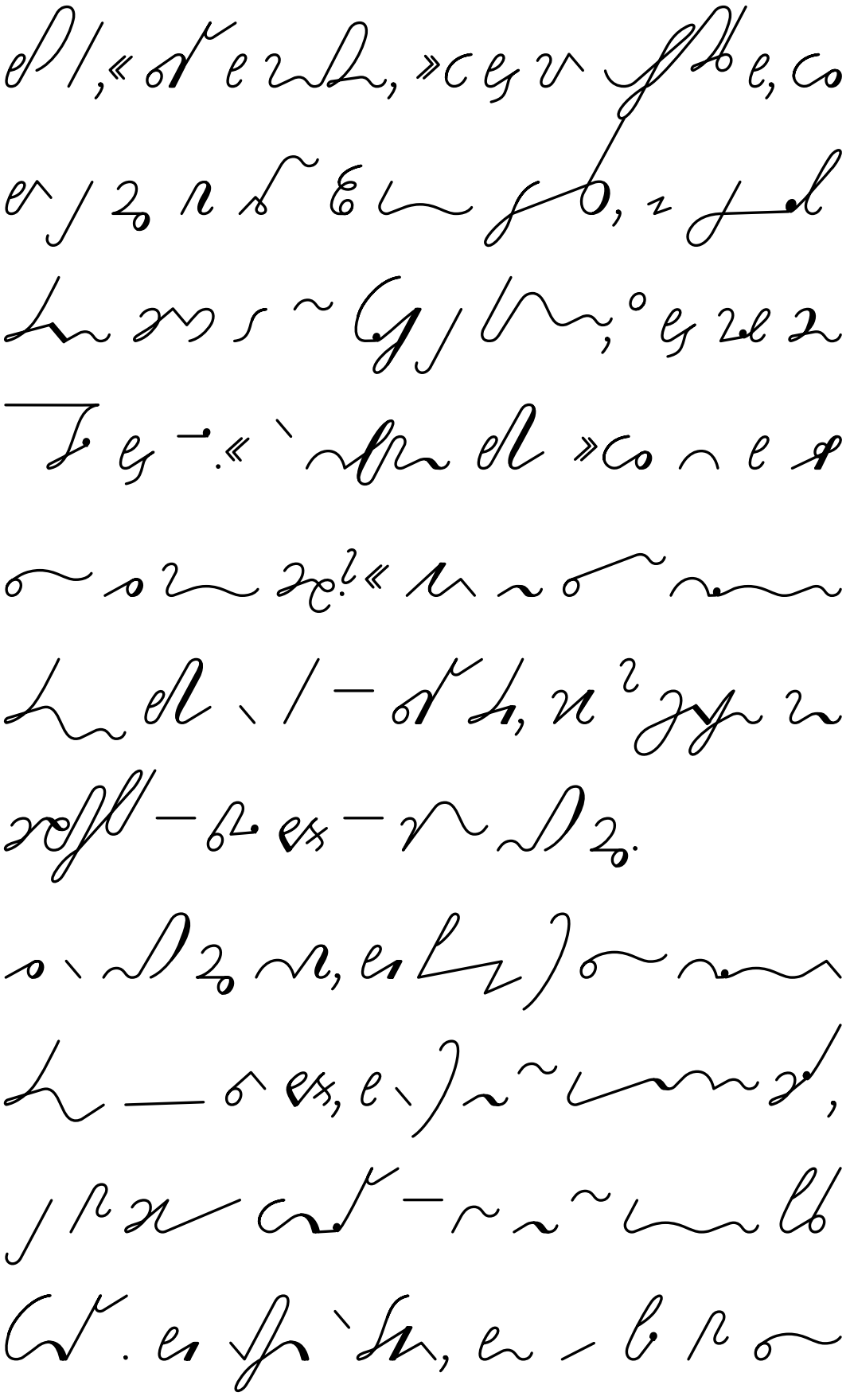
daen. Ase awer de Künigsdöch-
ter wier to sik kummt, da bid-
det se so viel he mogte ünne
doch wier lose laten. De Künig
fraget se worümme, da segd
se dat se dat nig vertellen
dorften, awerst de Vaer de
segd se sullen et en Owen
(Ofen) vertellen. Da geit he
herut un lustert an de Döre
un hört alles. Da lät he de bei-

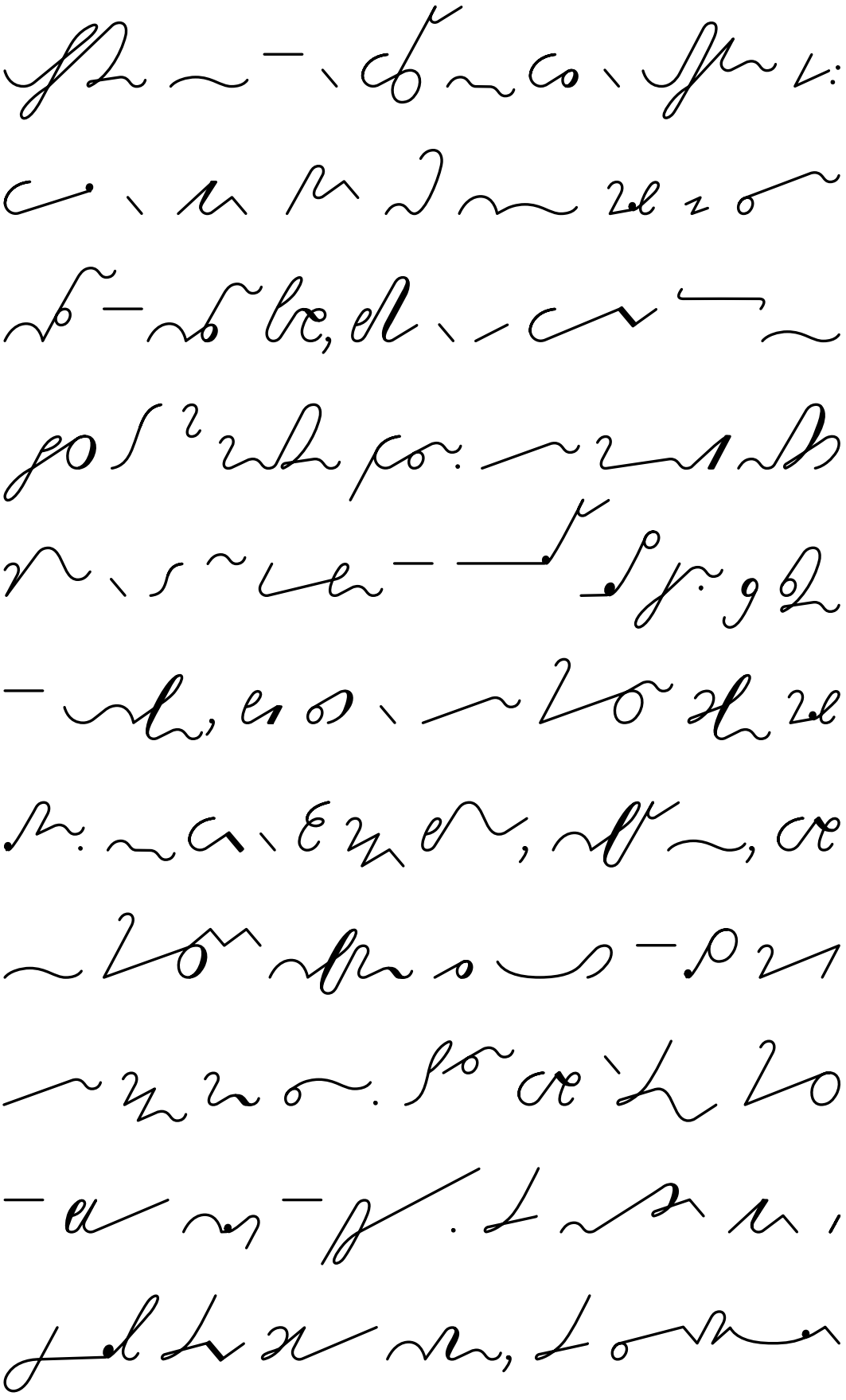
den an en Galgen hängen, un den einen givt he de jungeste Dochter: un da trok ik en Paar gläserne Schohe an, un da stott ik an en Stein, da segd et »klink!« da wören se caput.

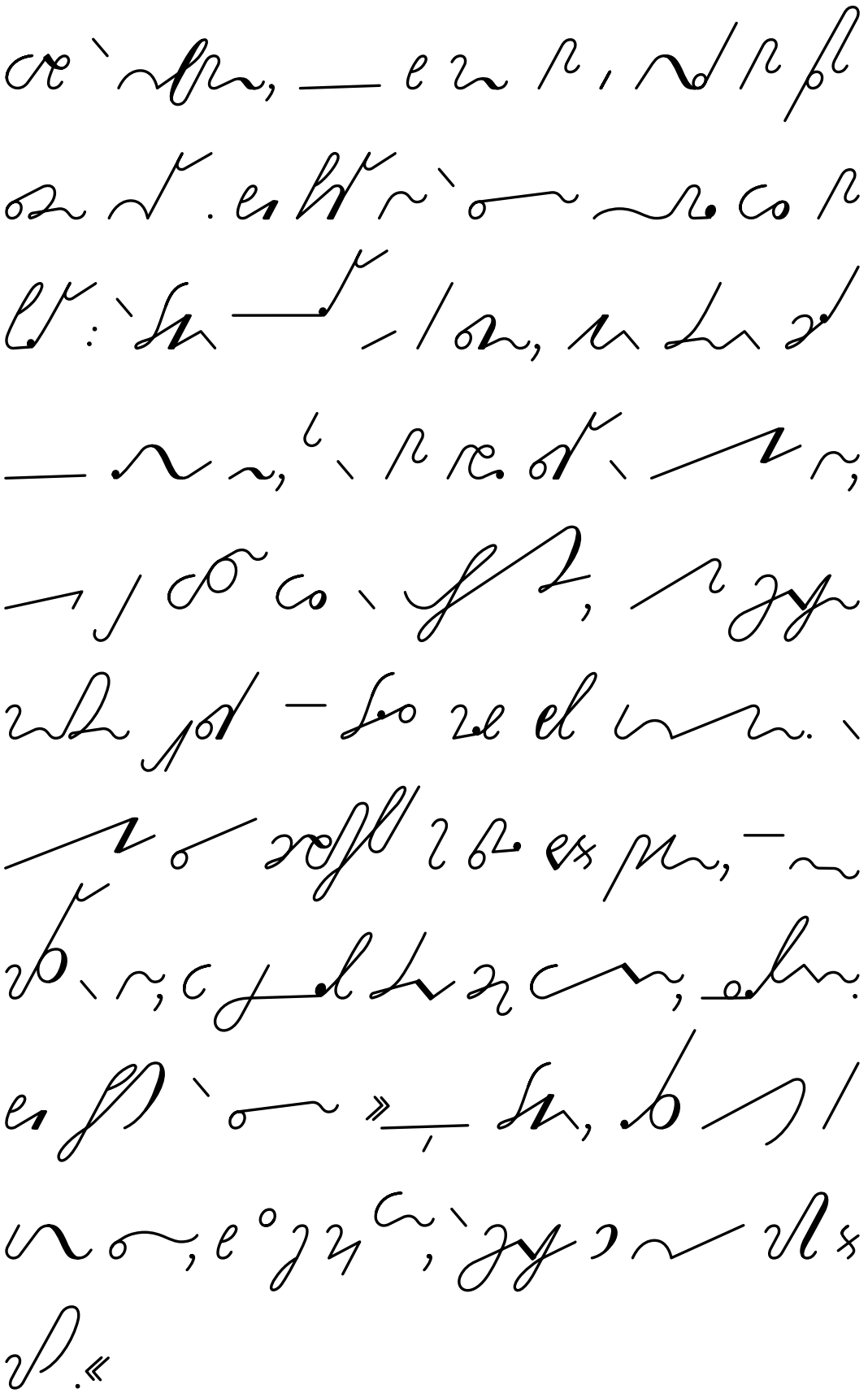
92.

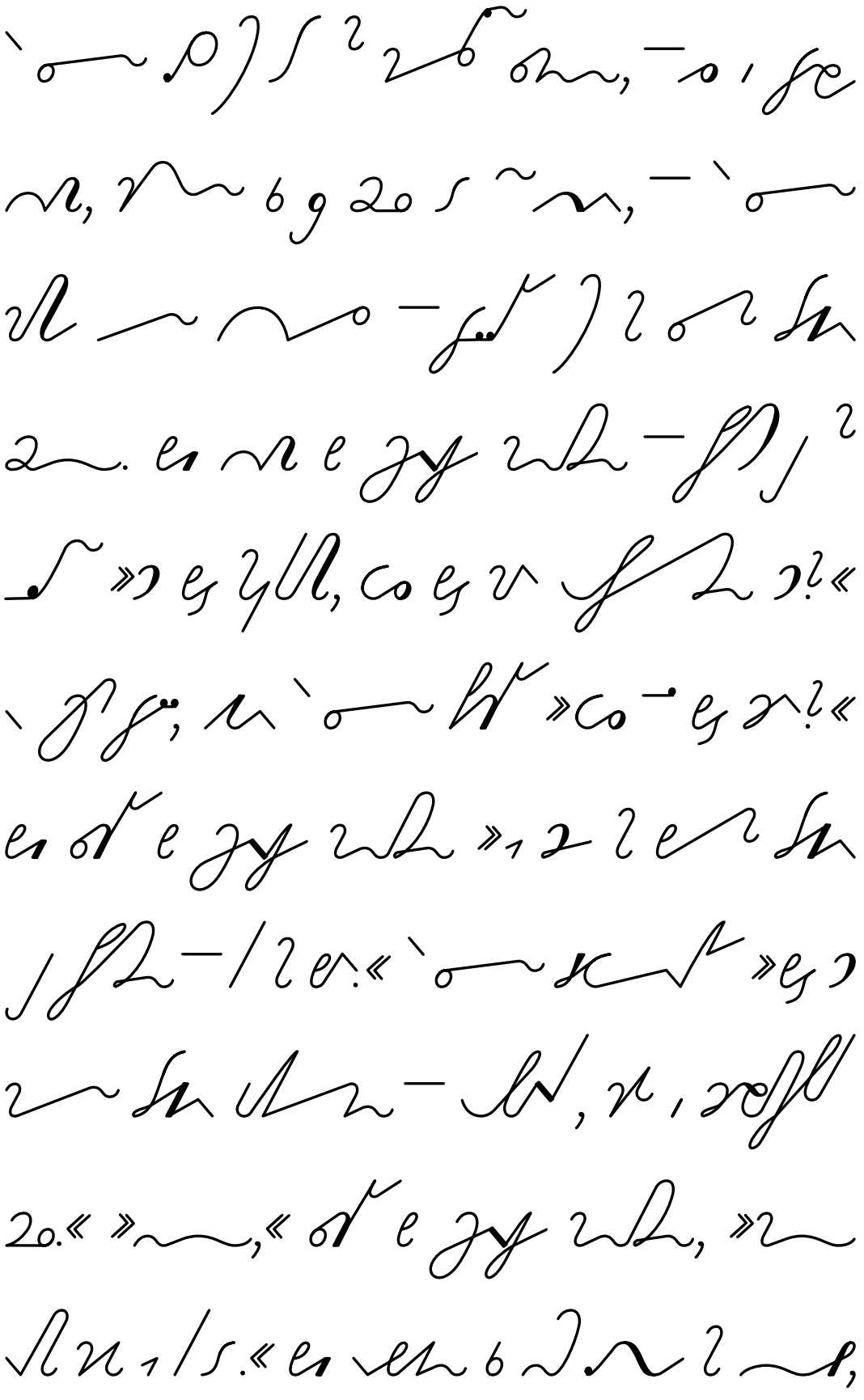


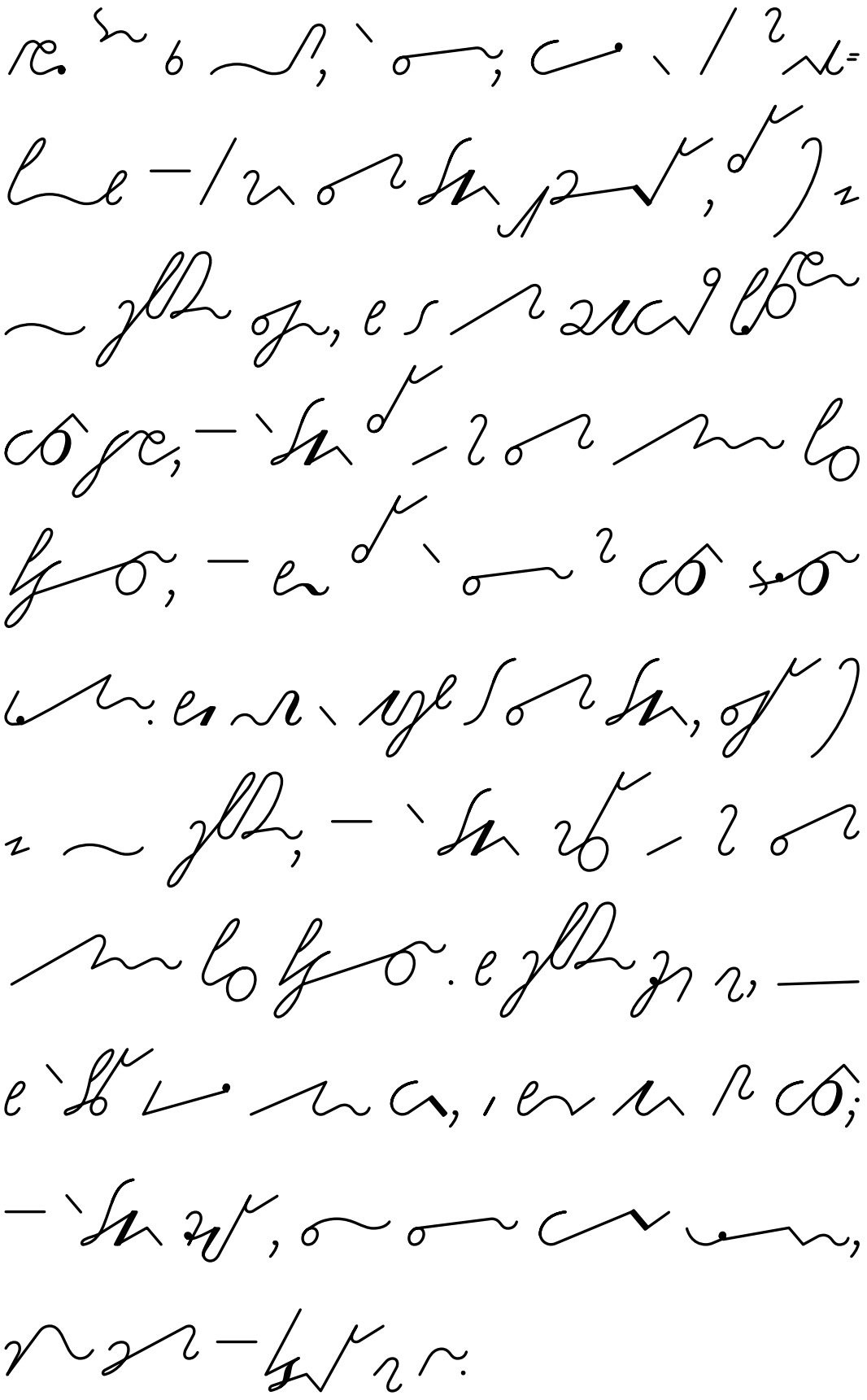


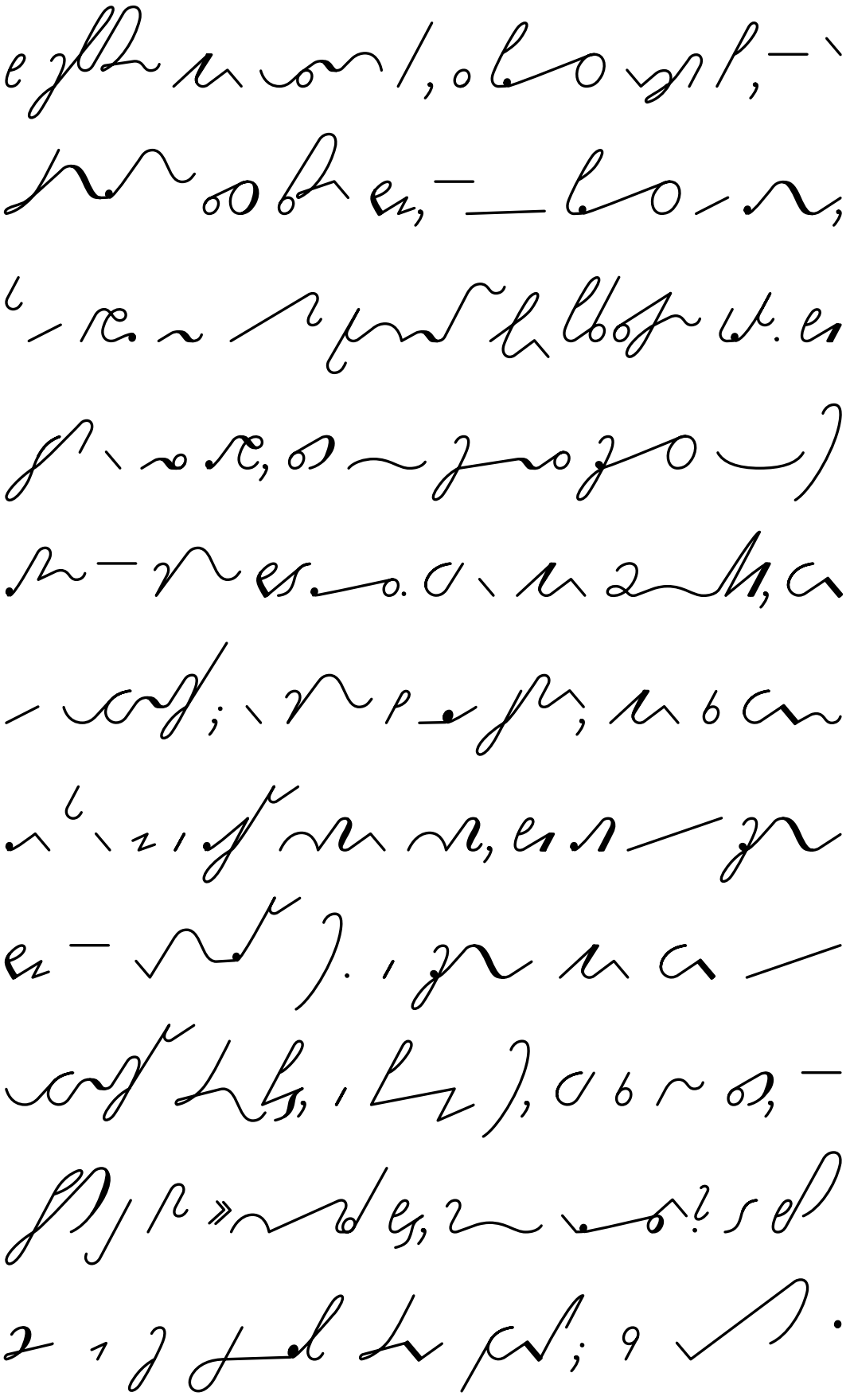


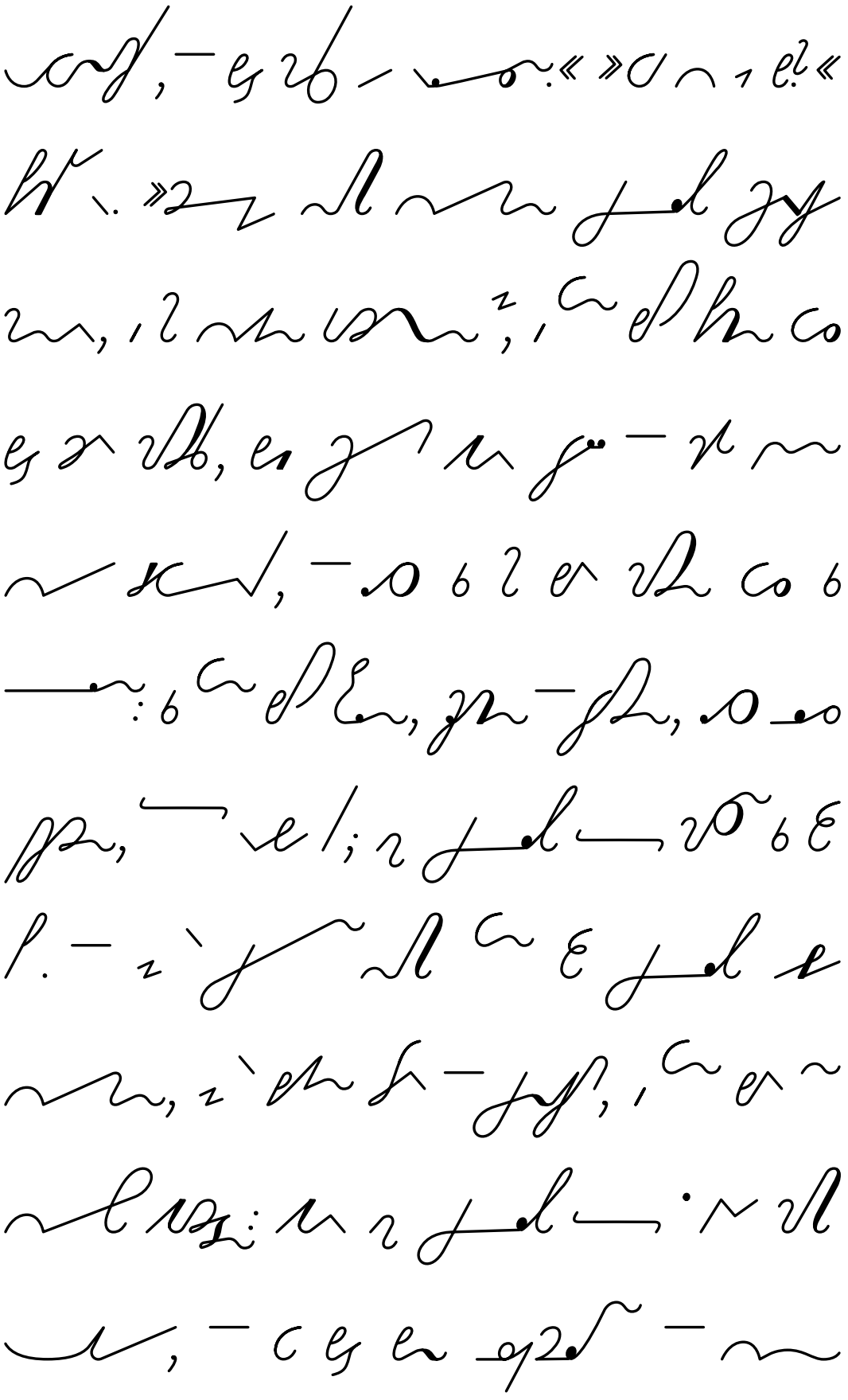


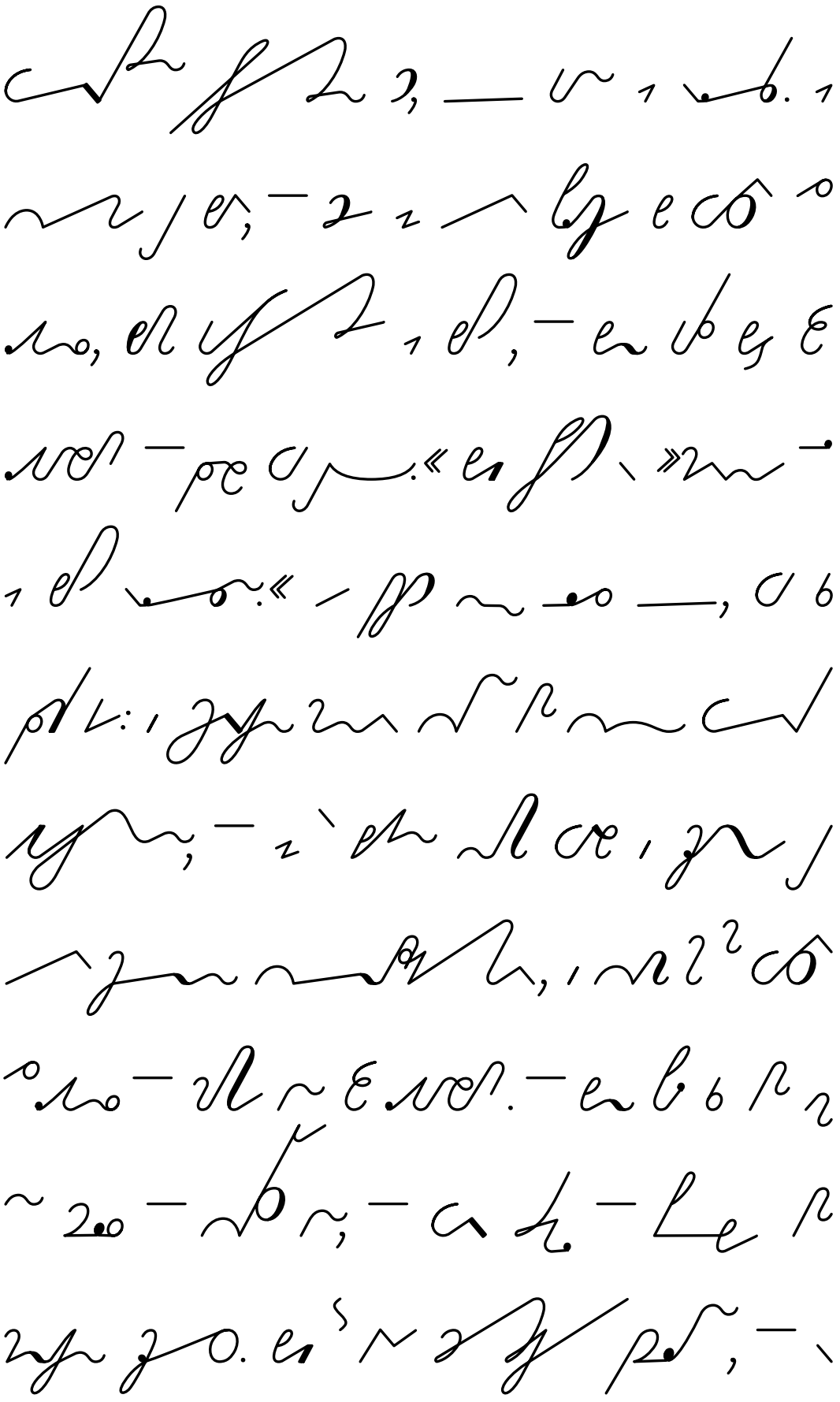


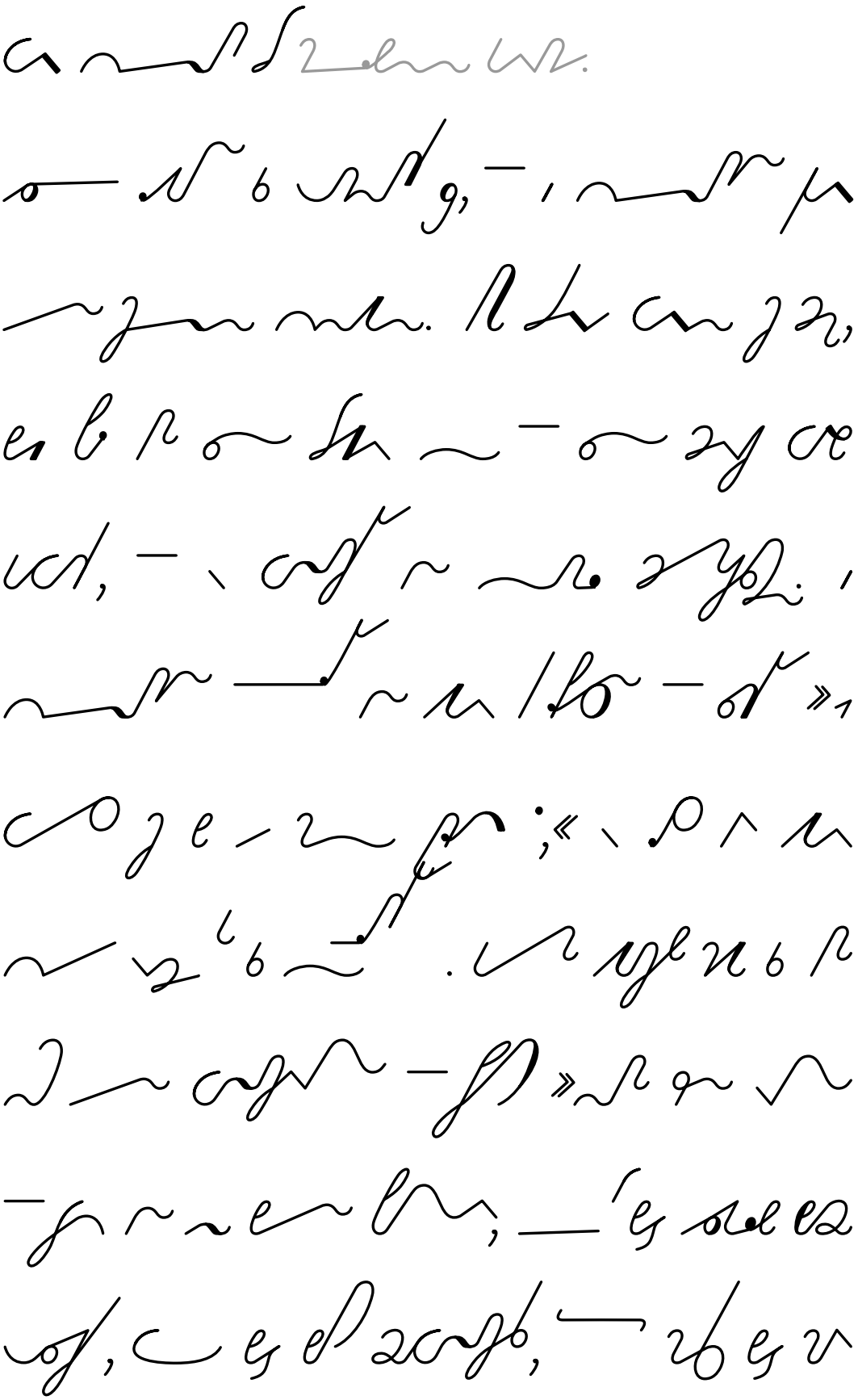


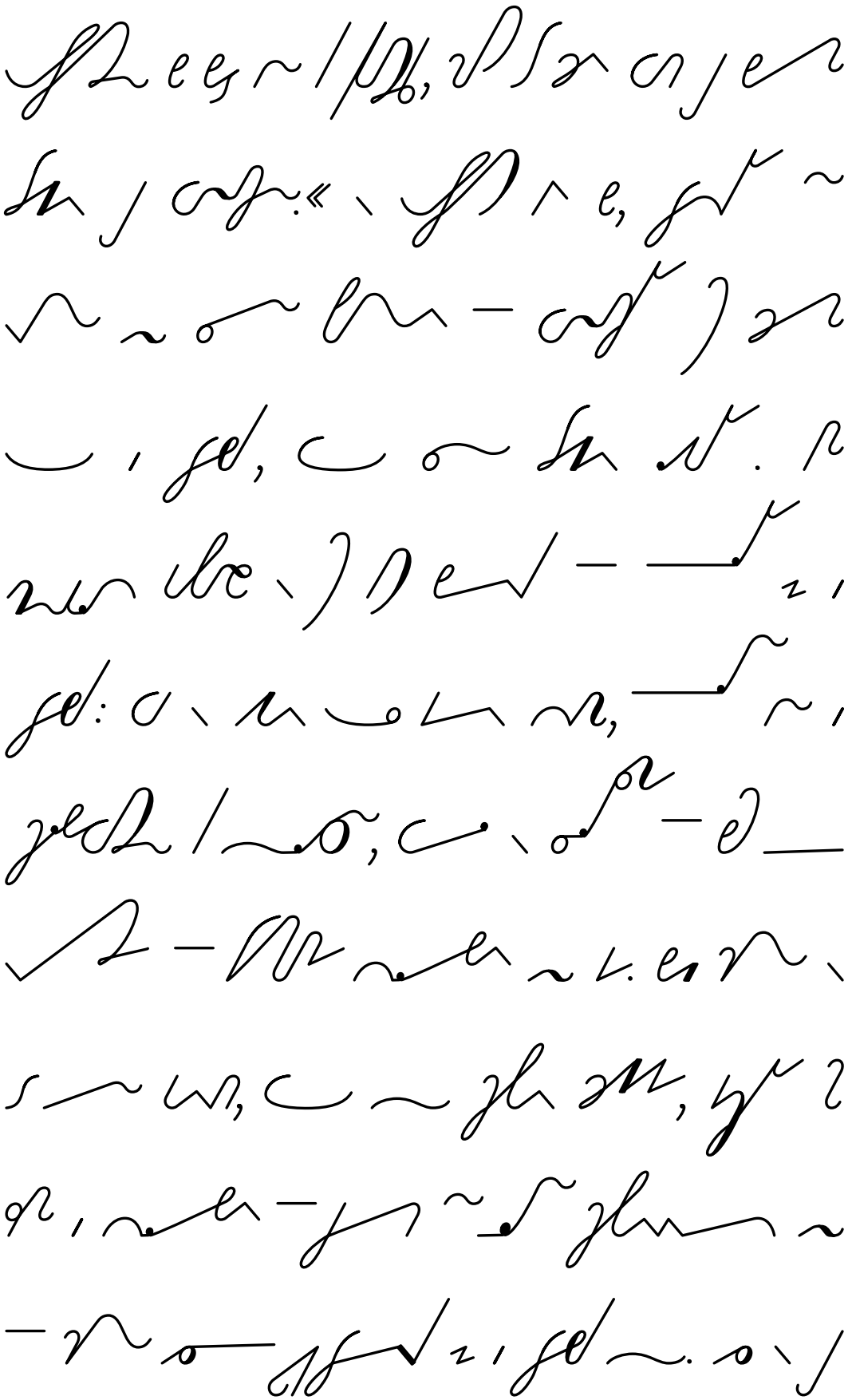


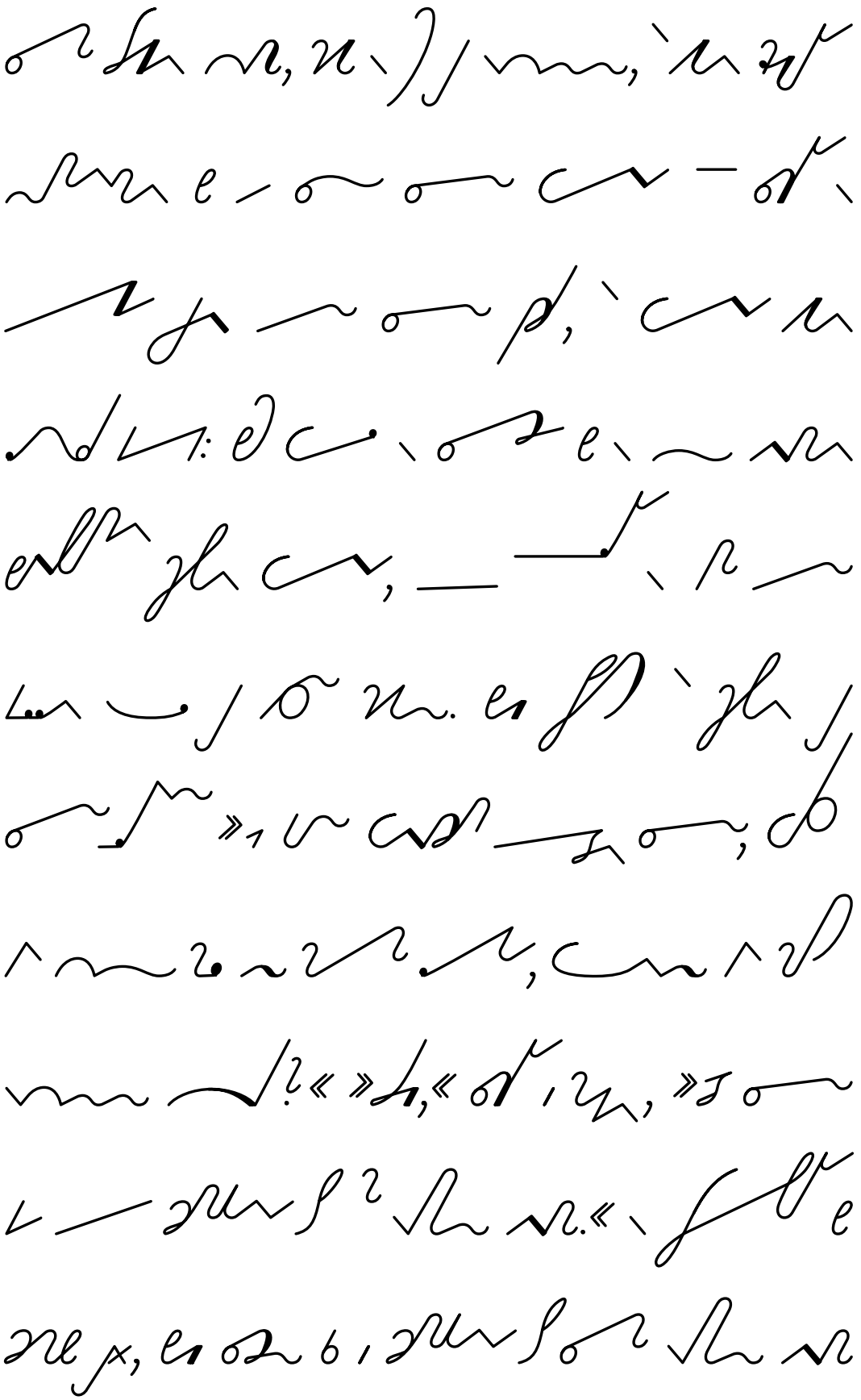


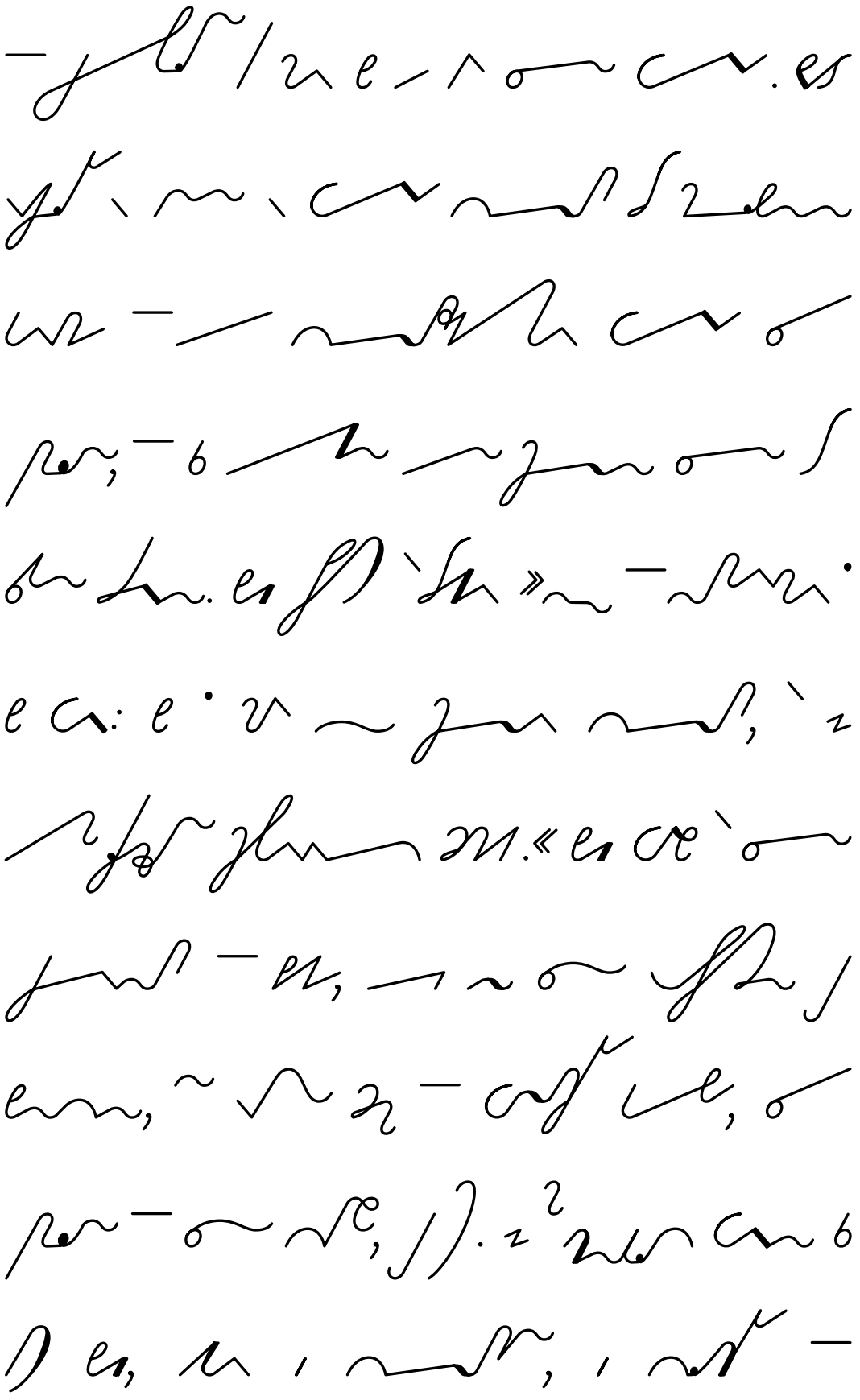


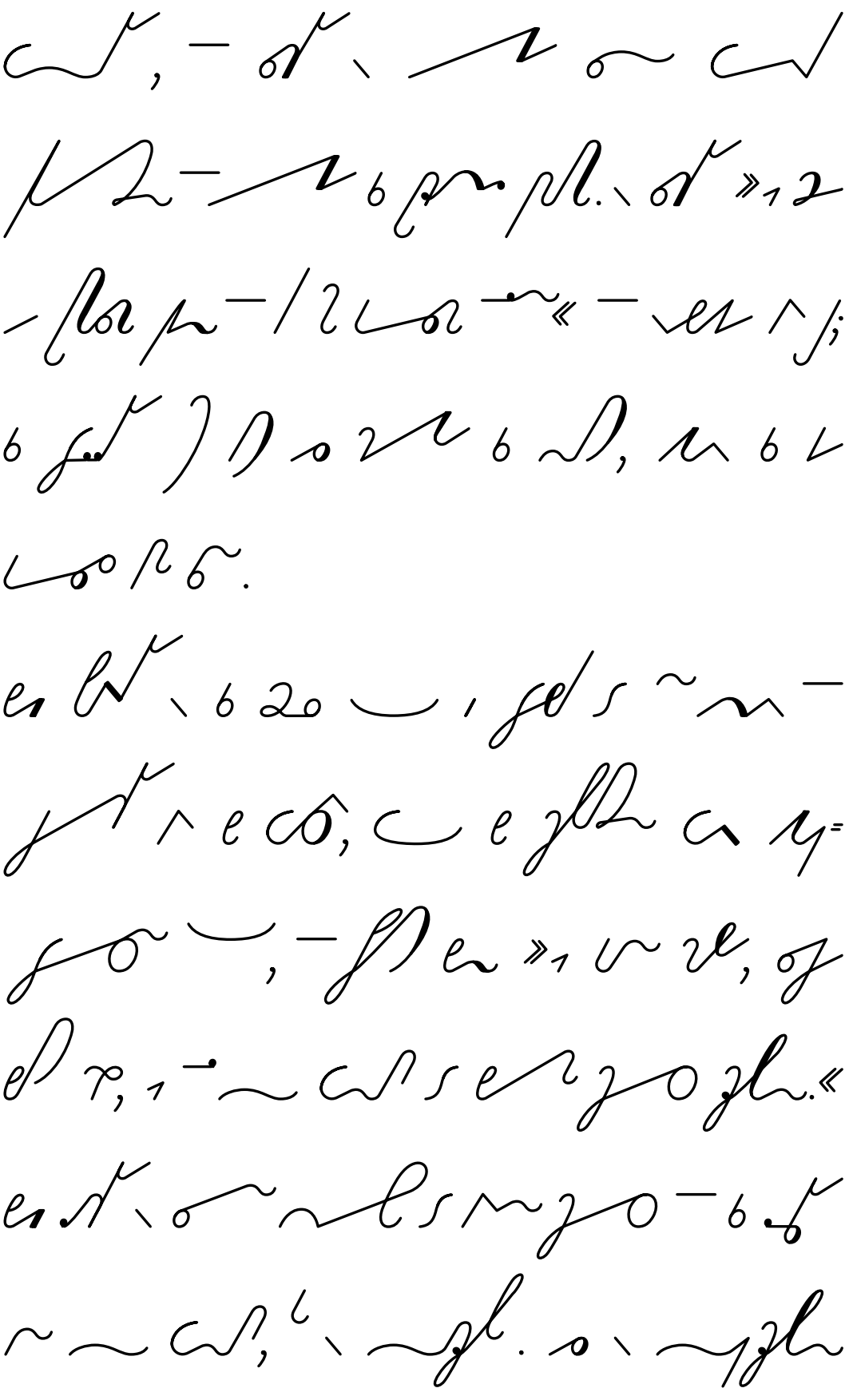


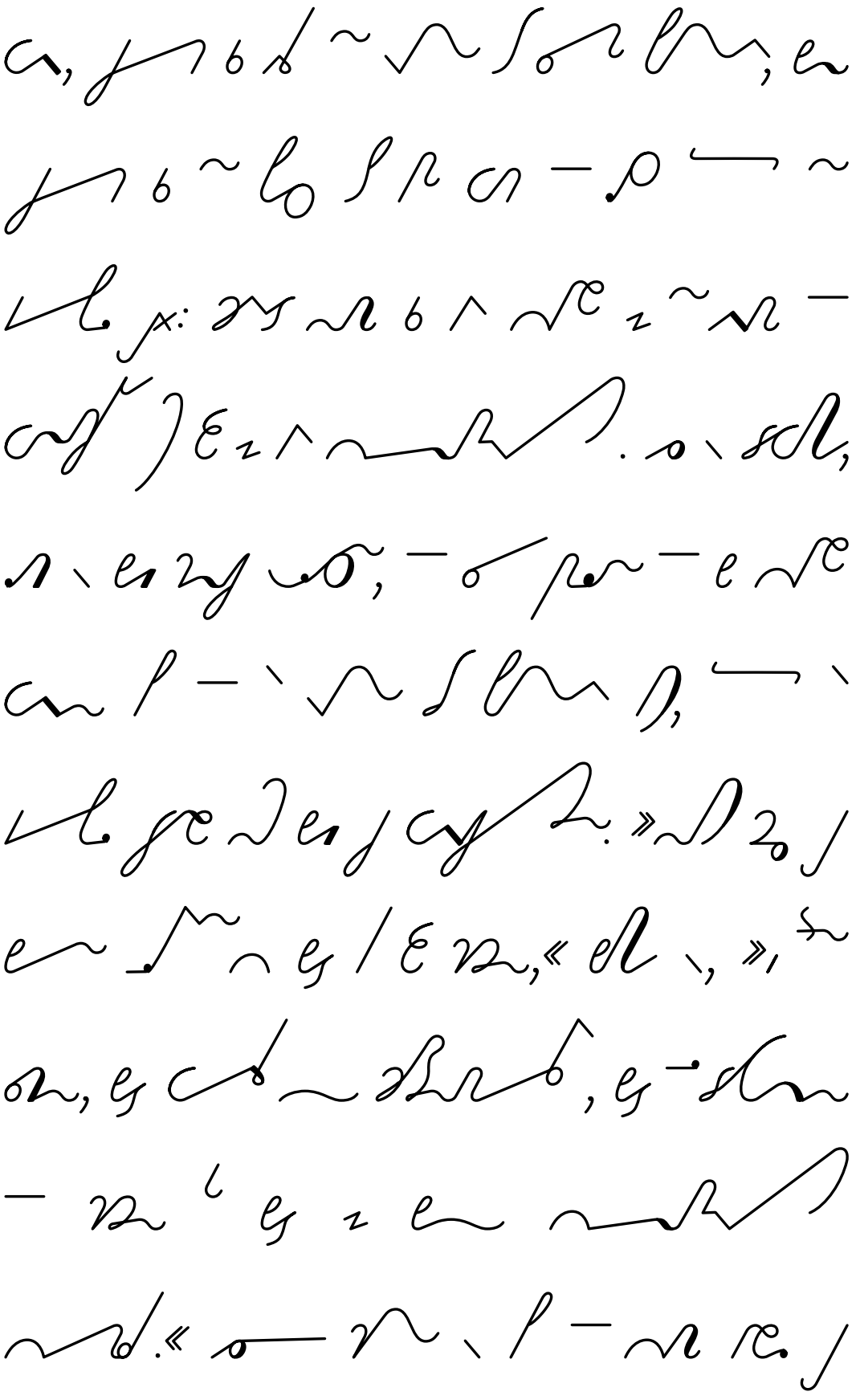


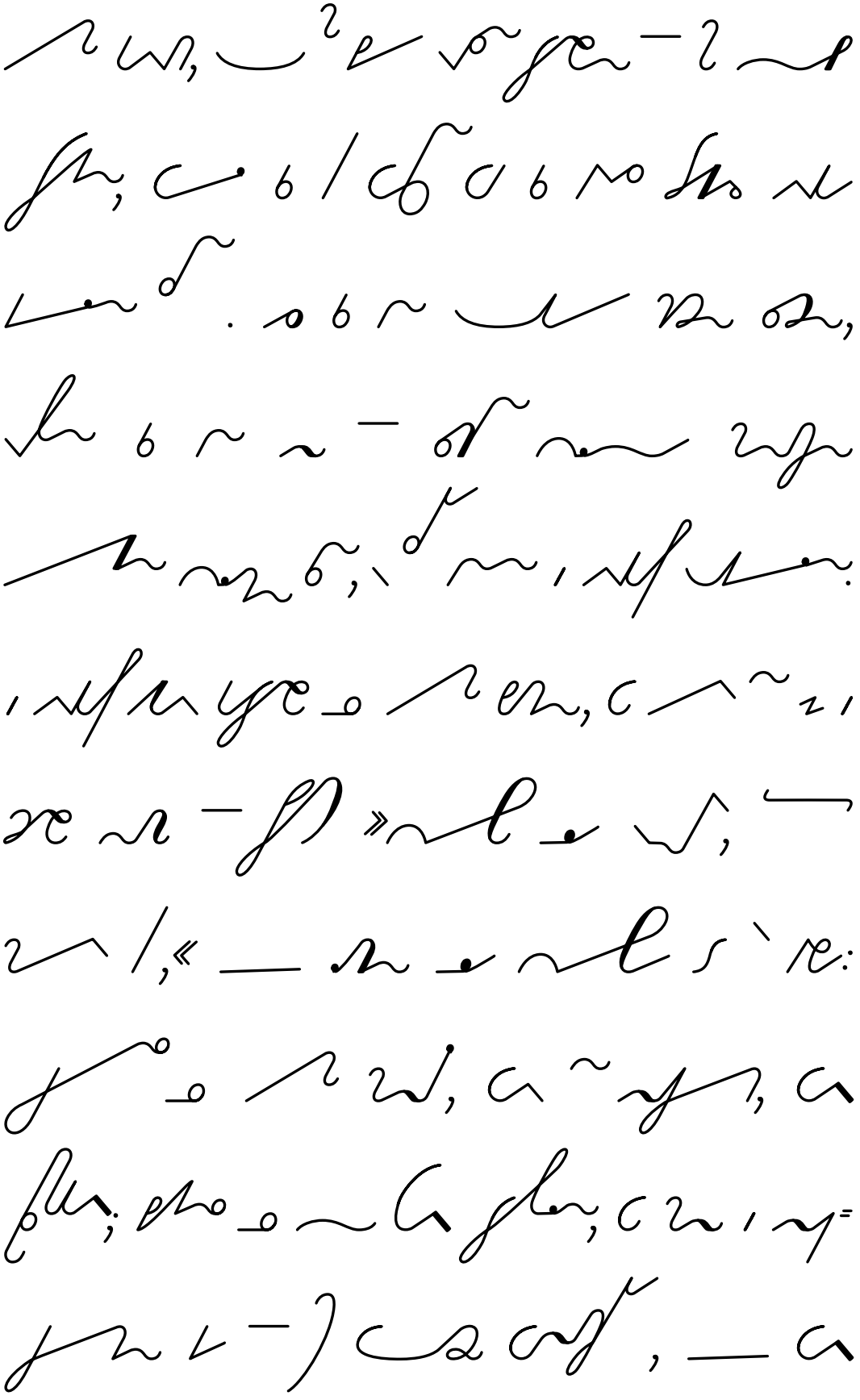


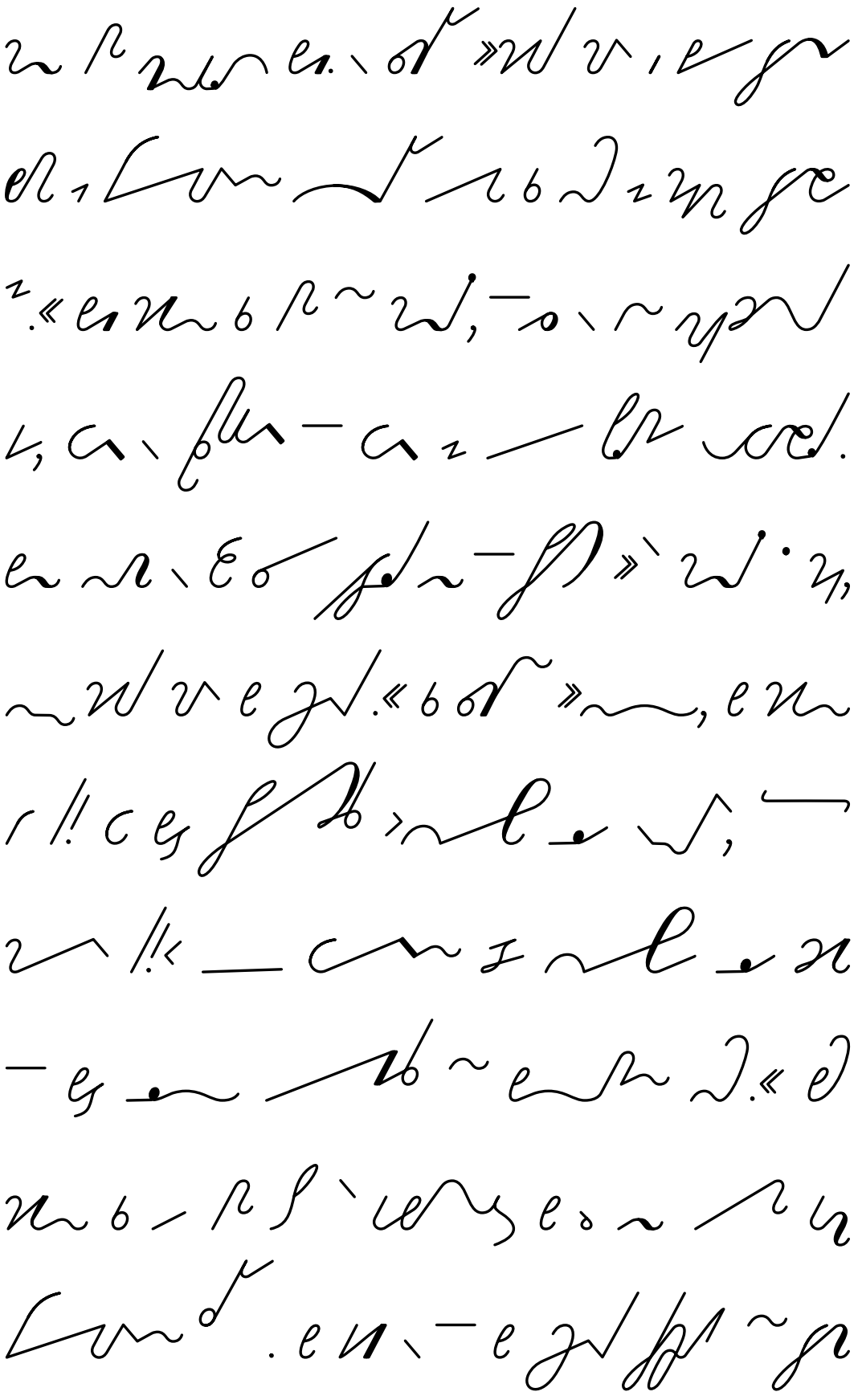


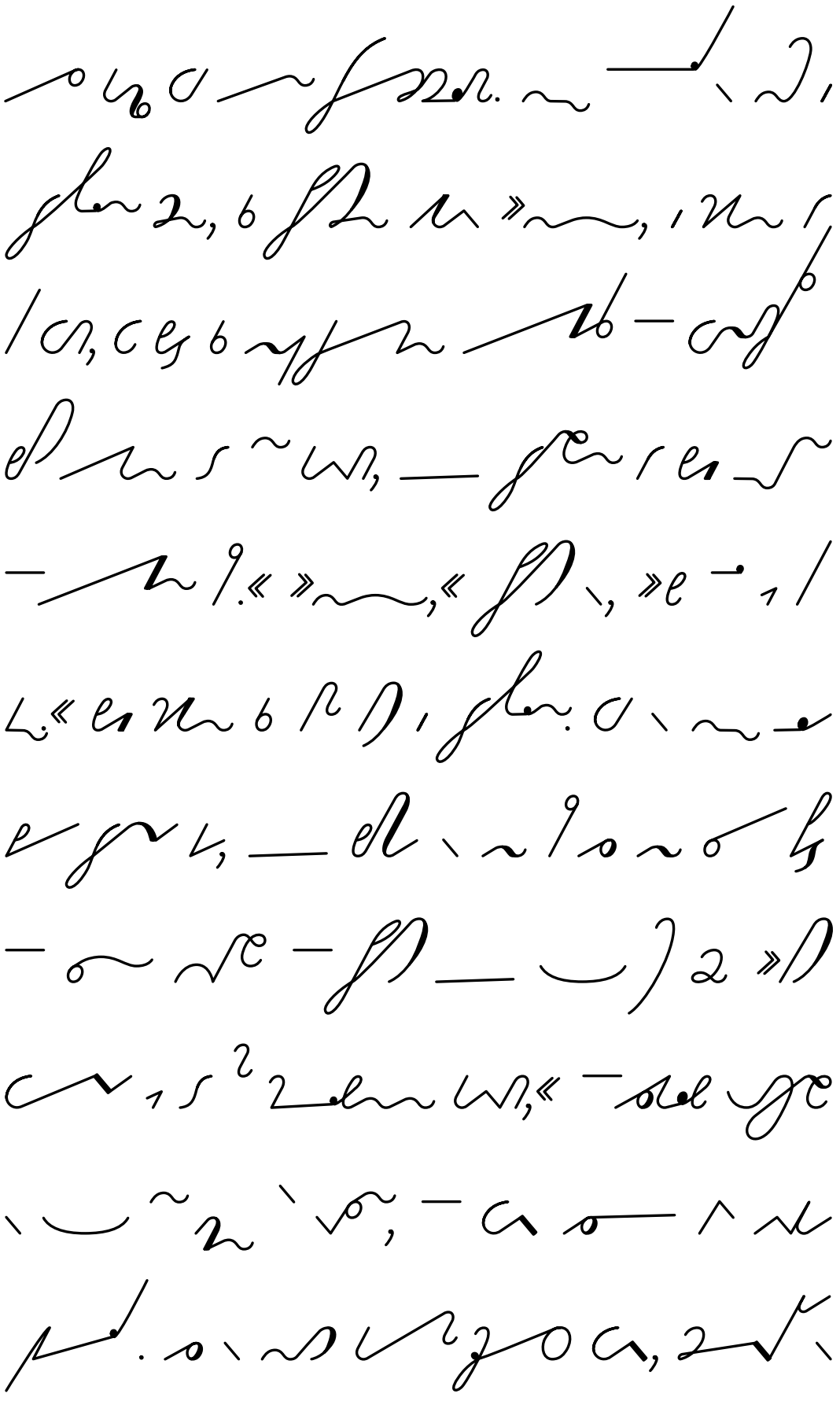


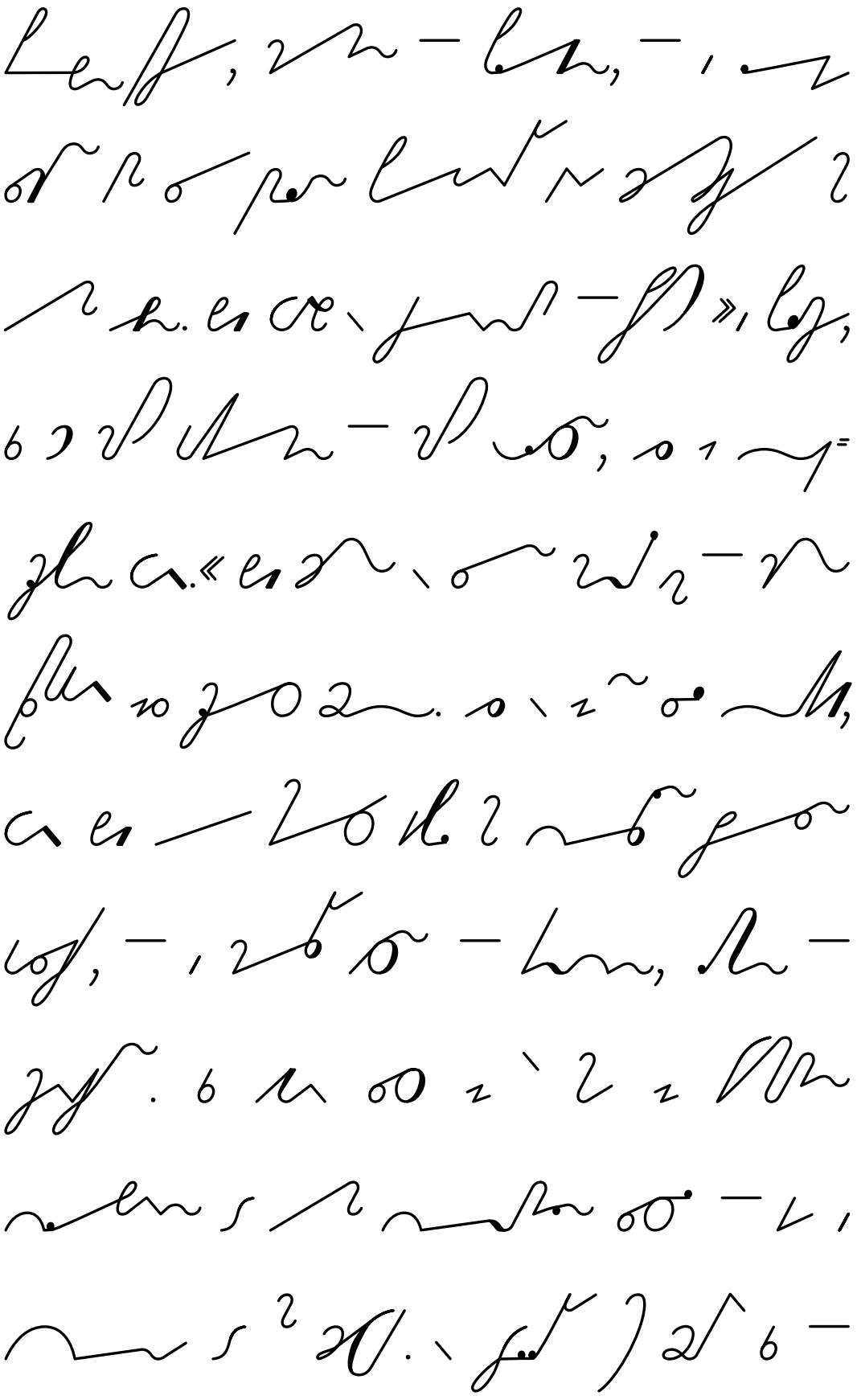


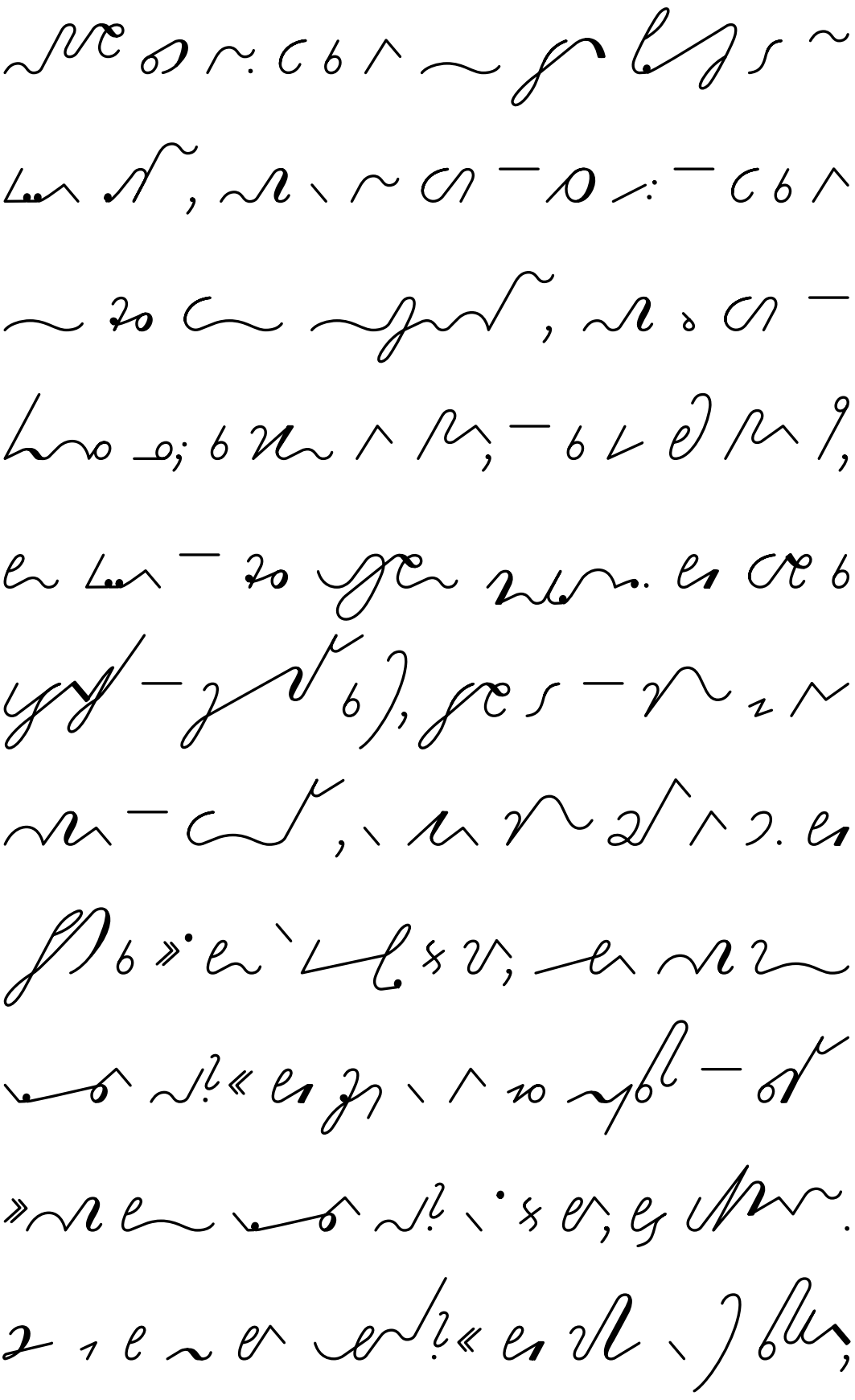


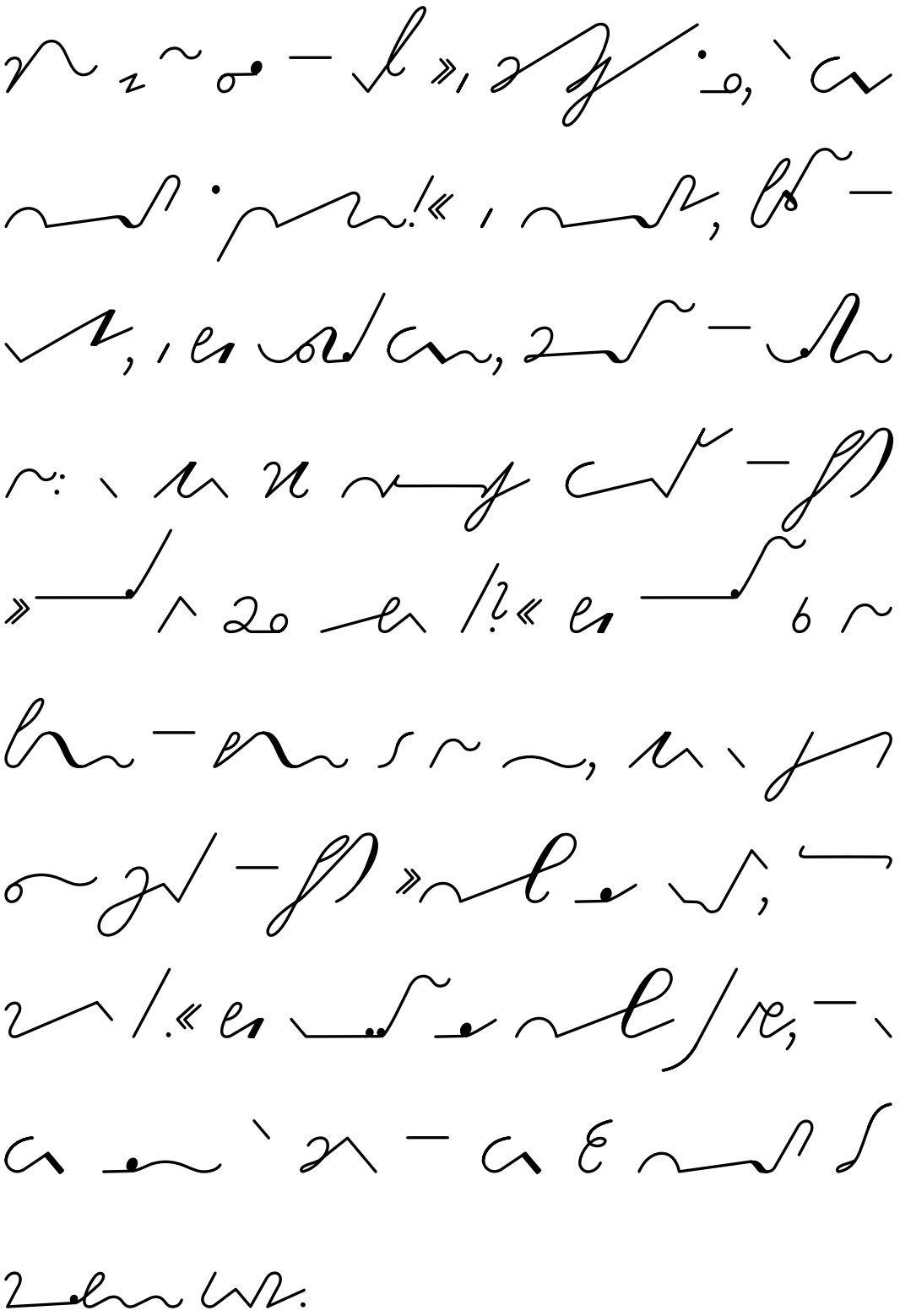












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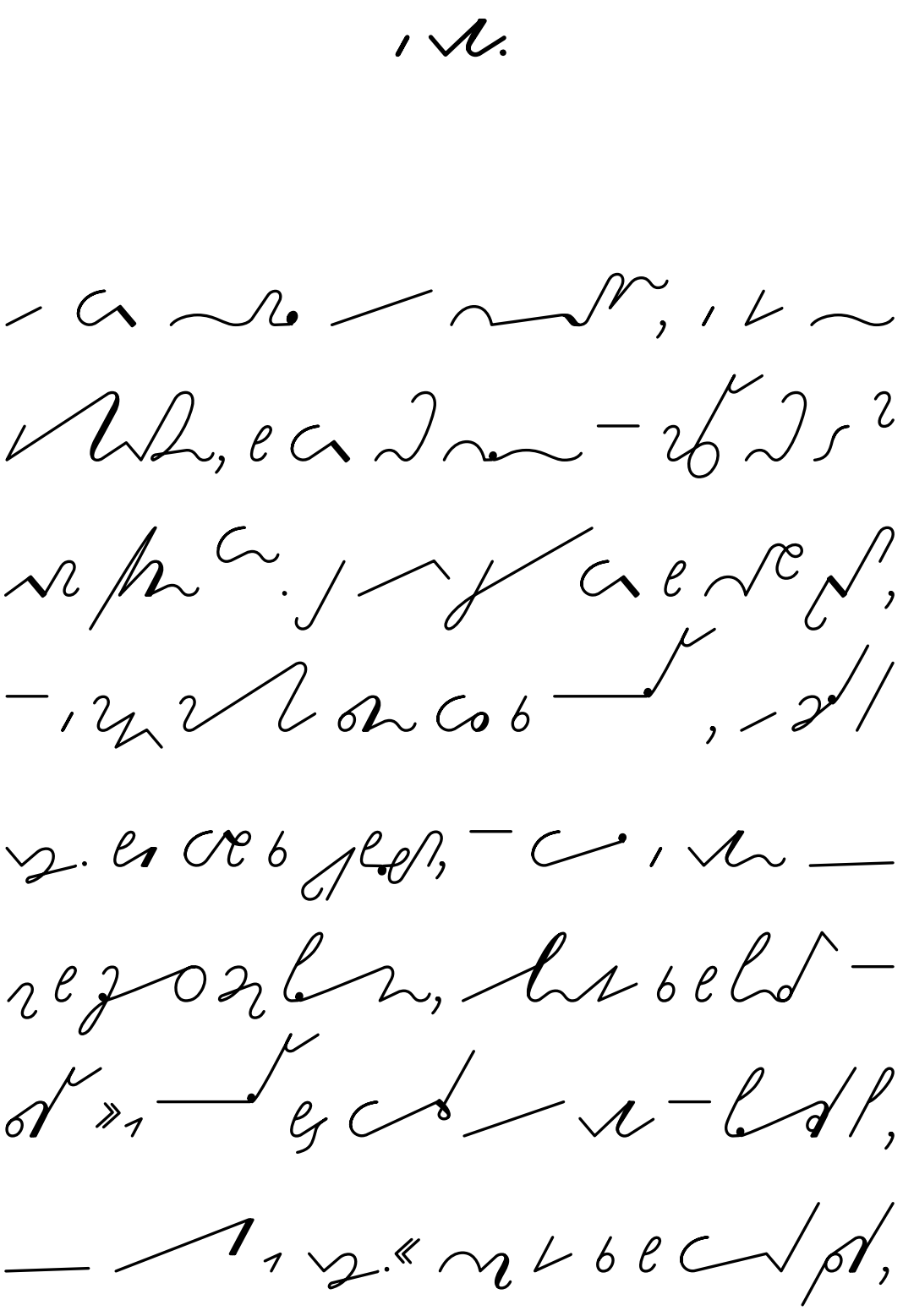

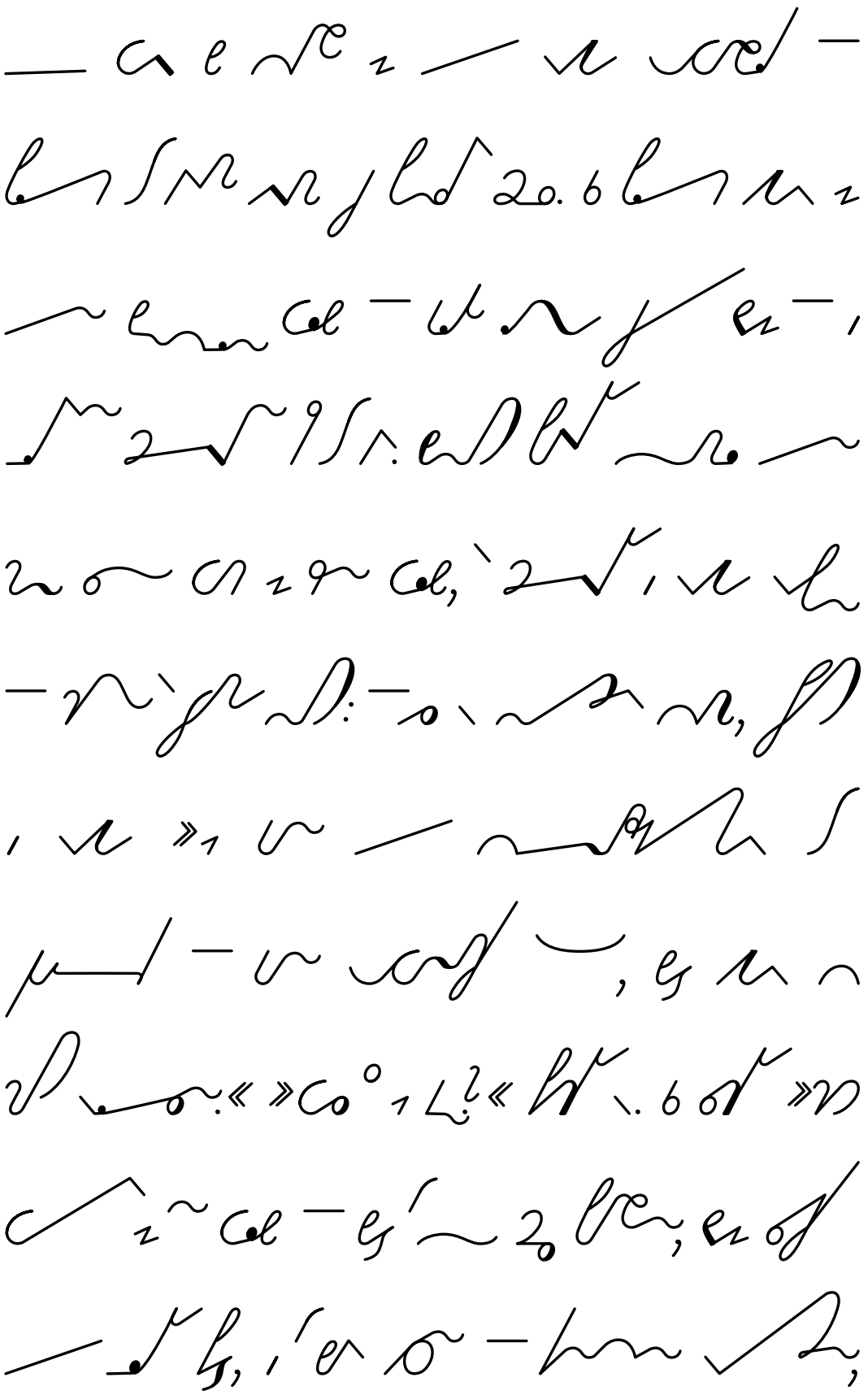

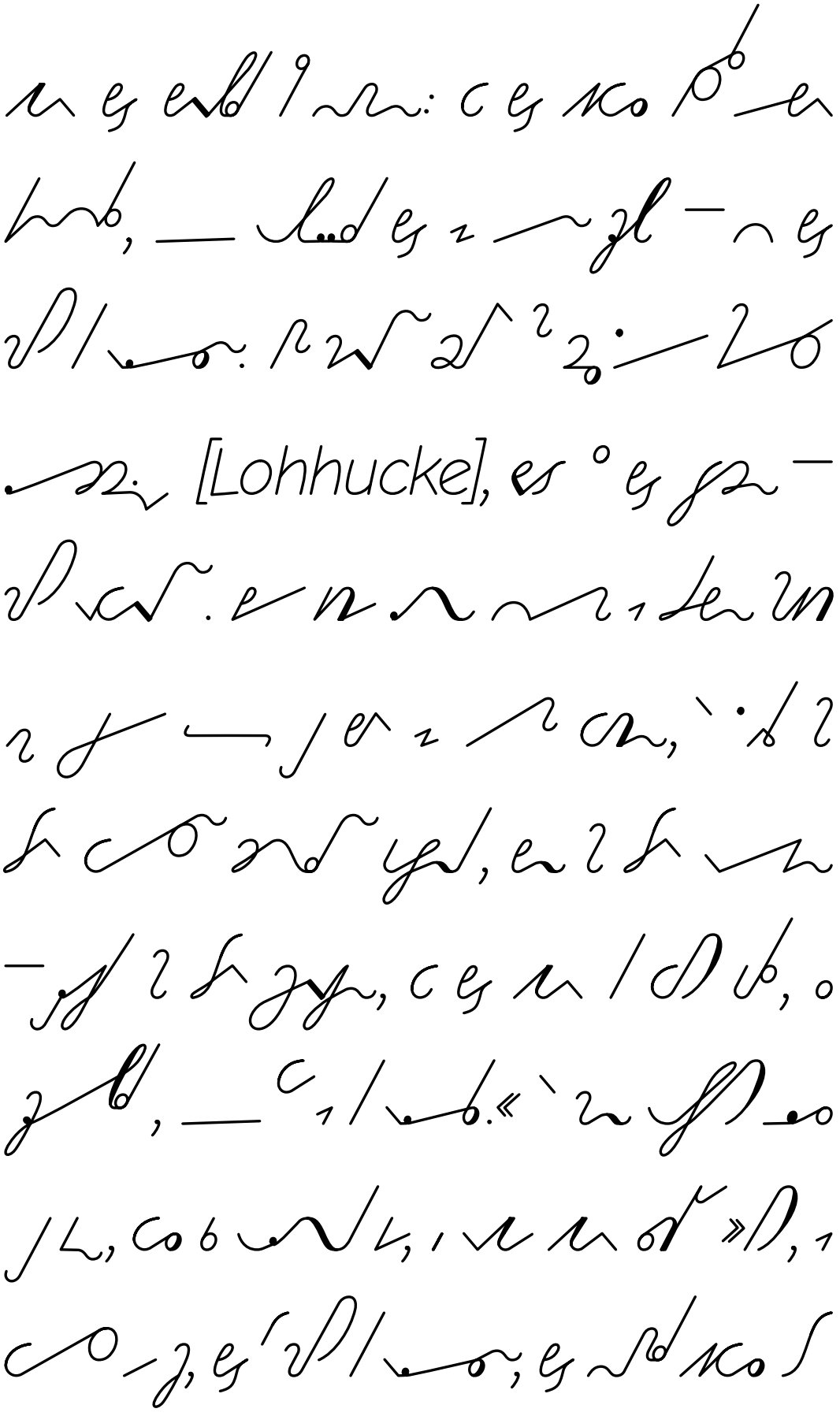

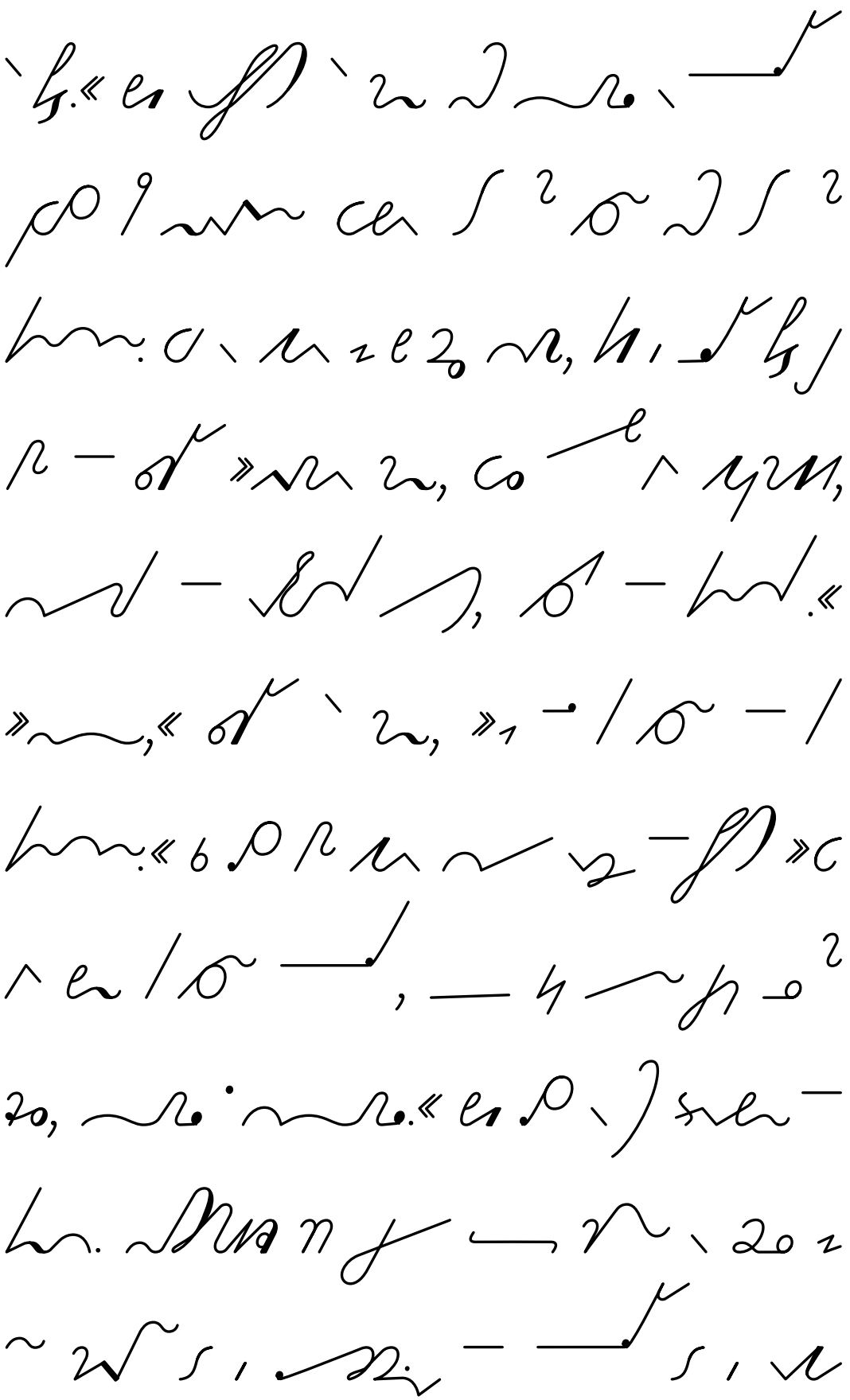

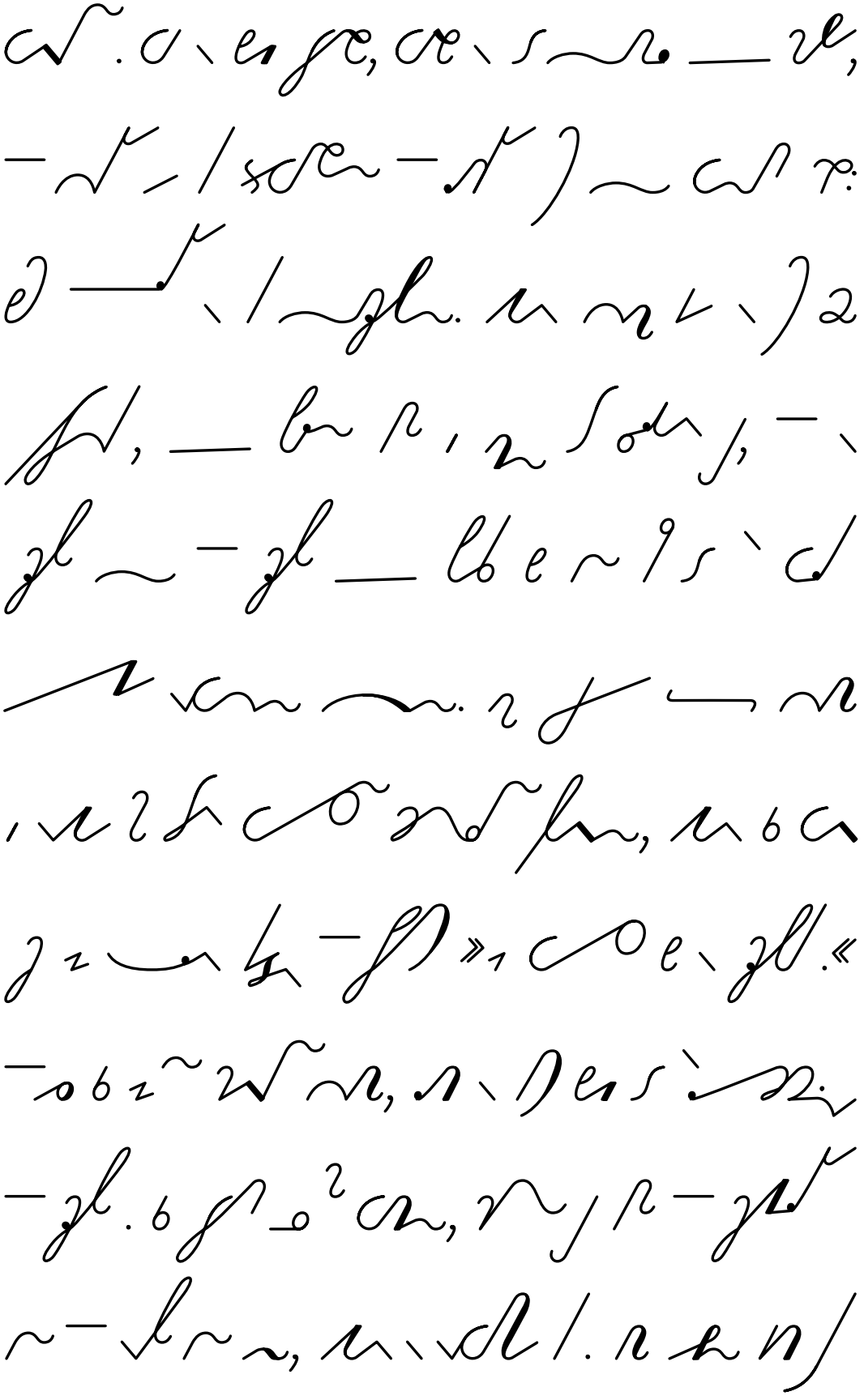

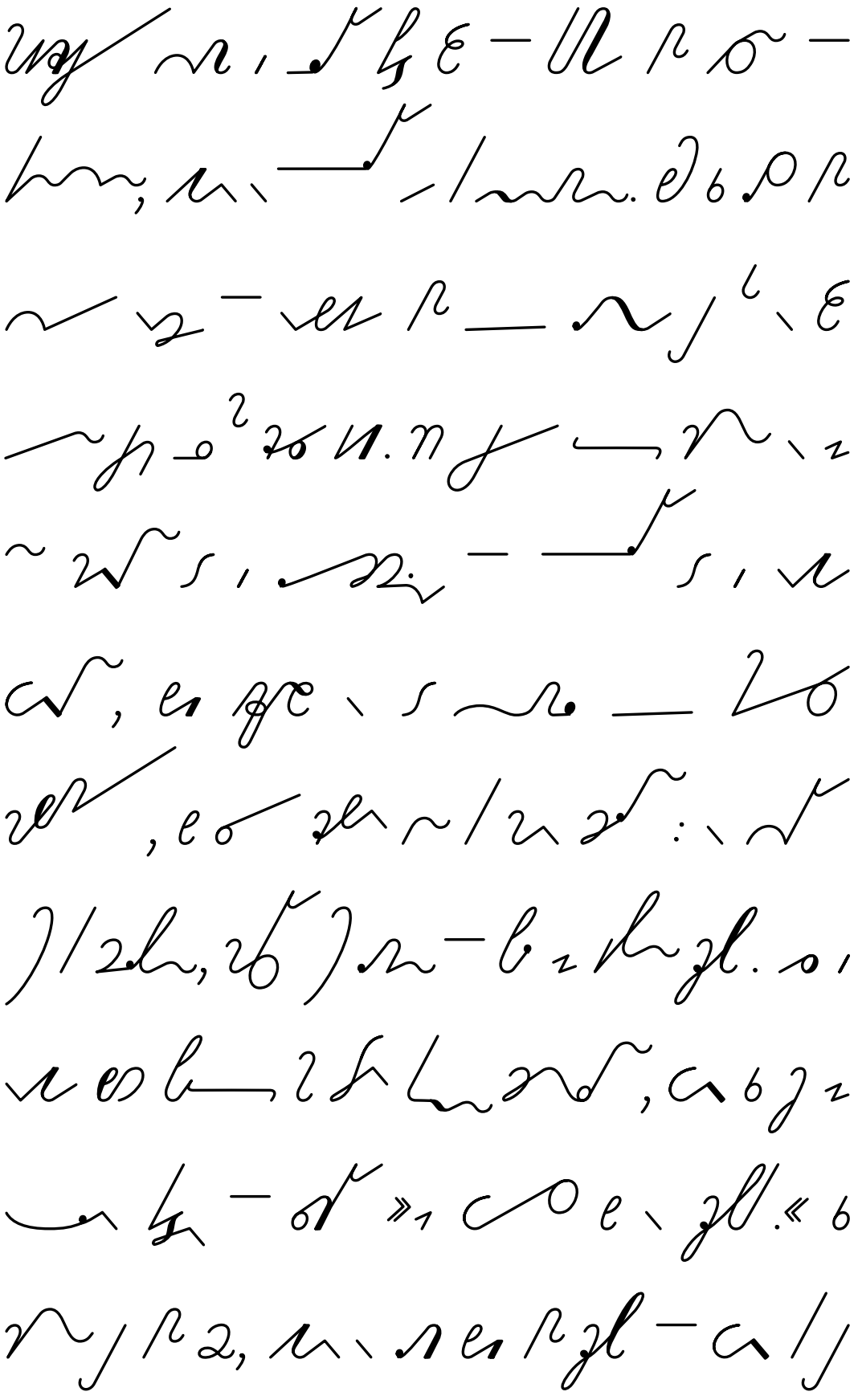

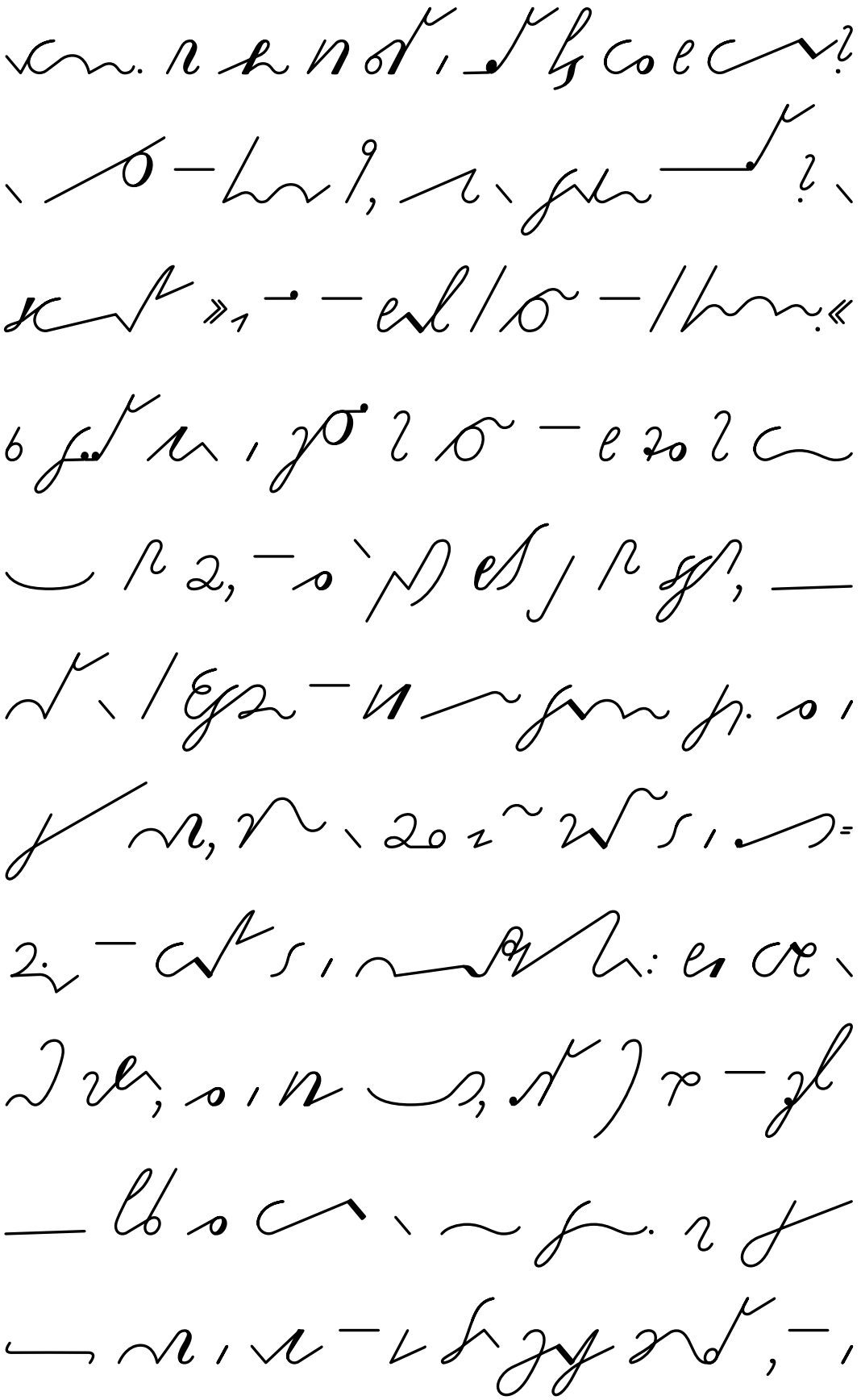

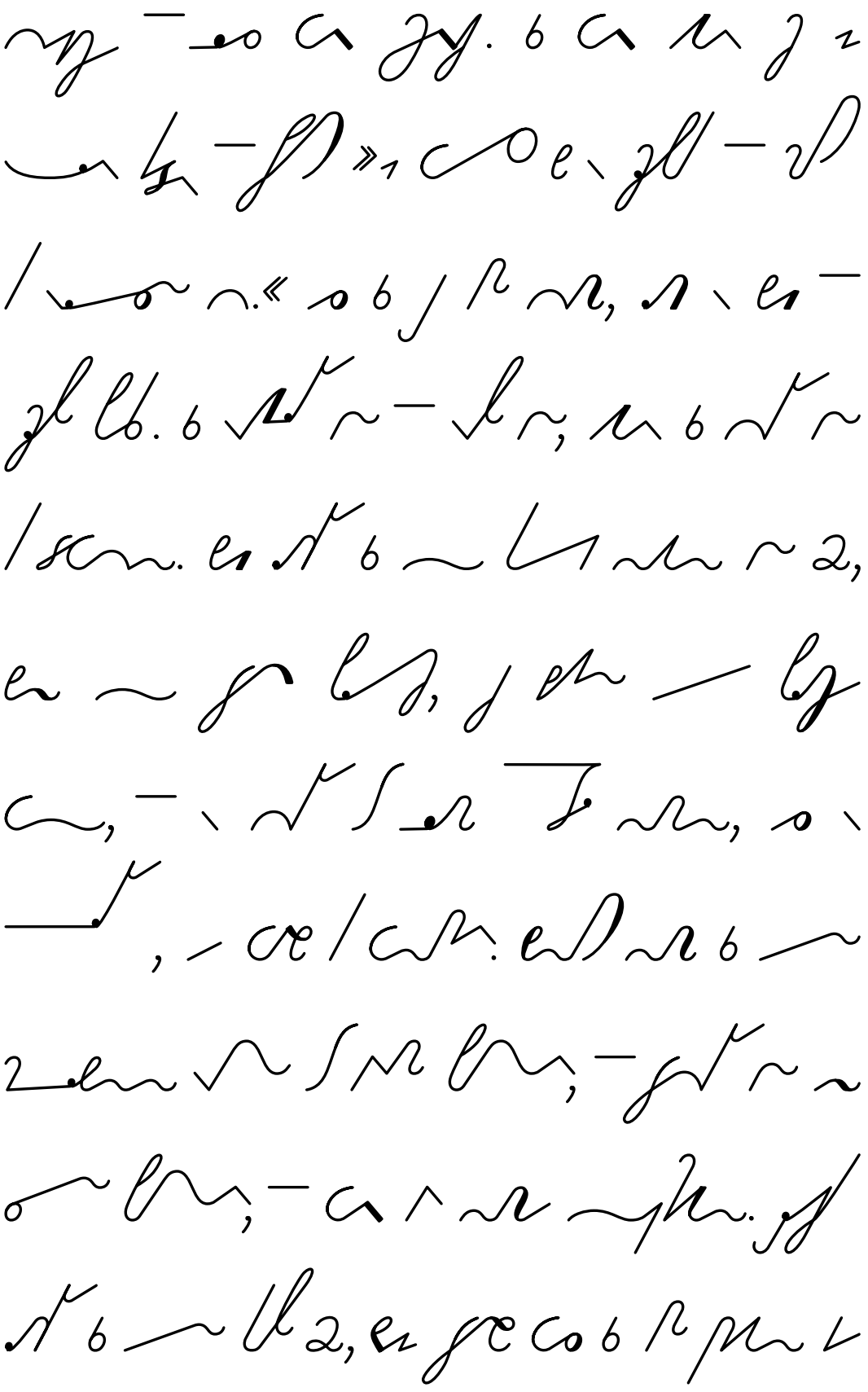

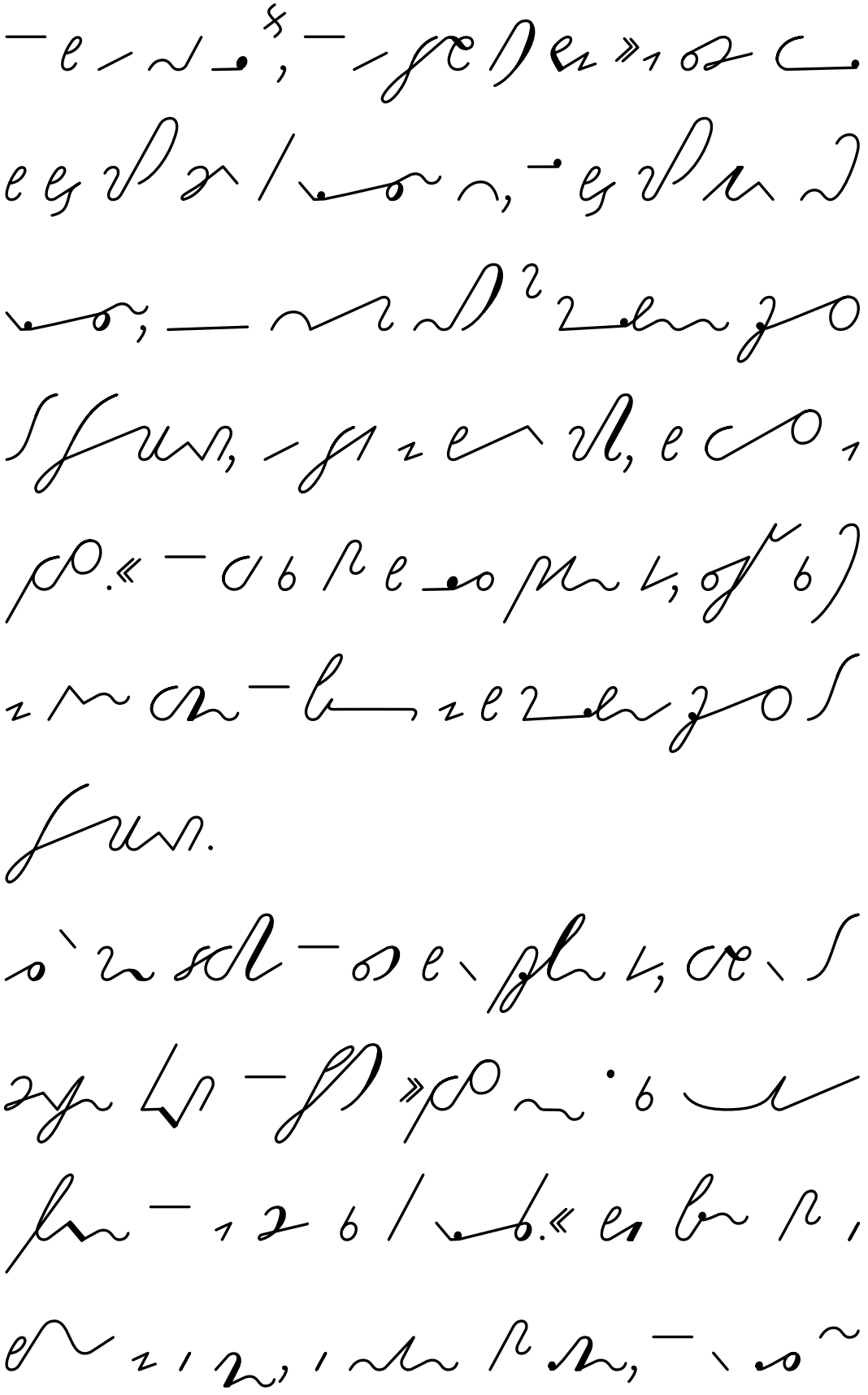

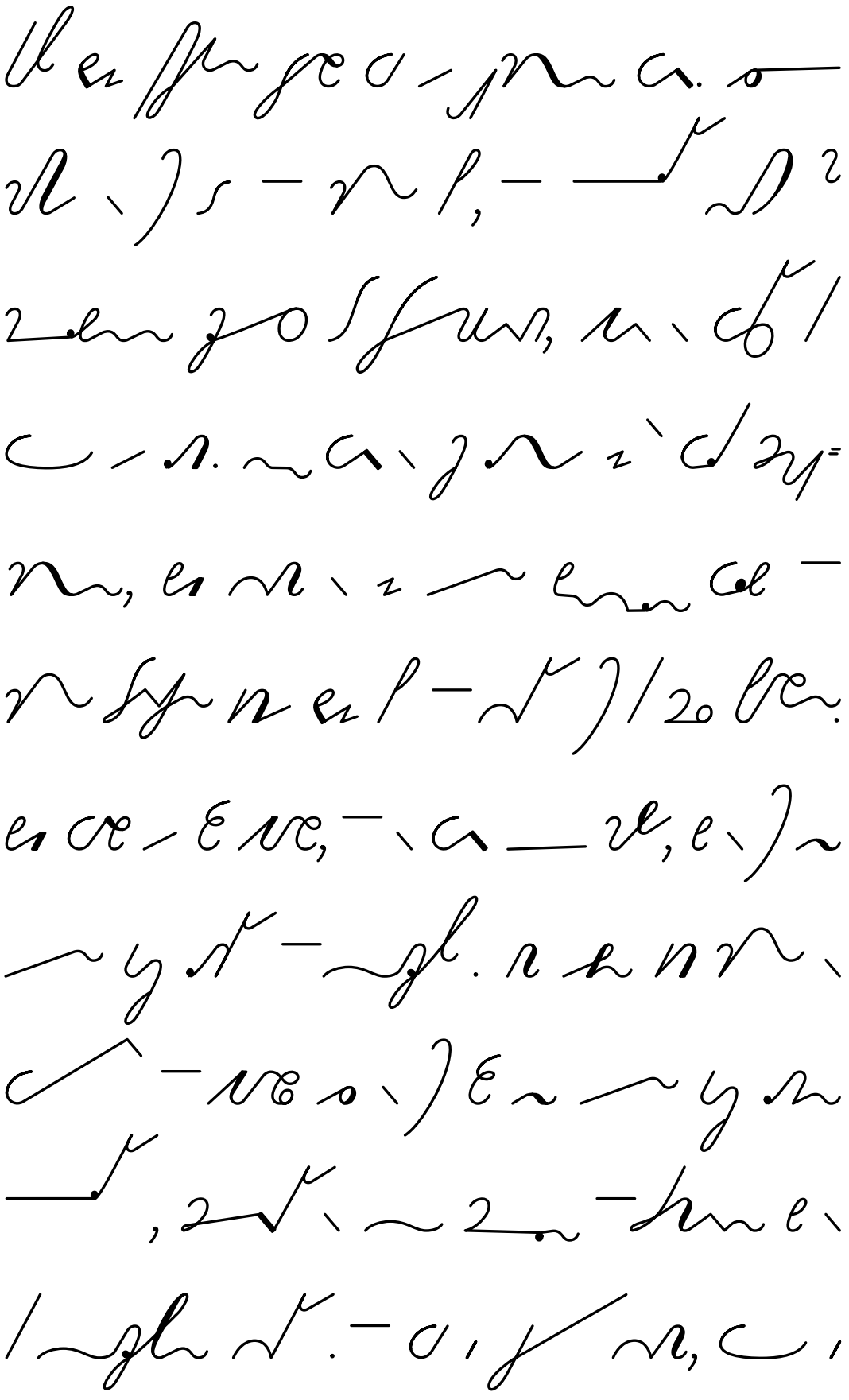

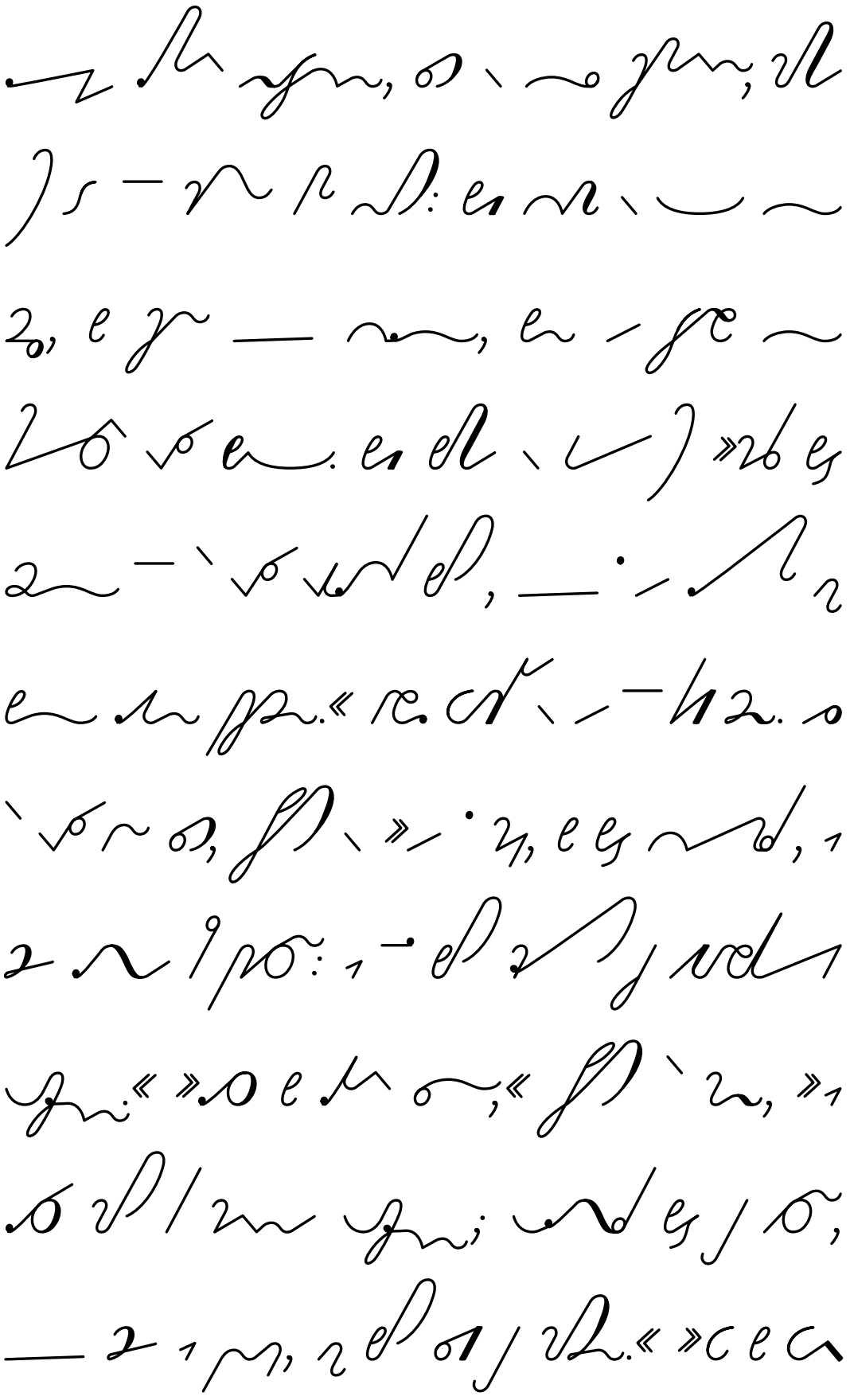

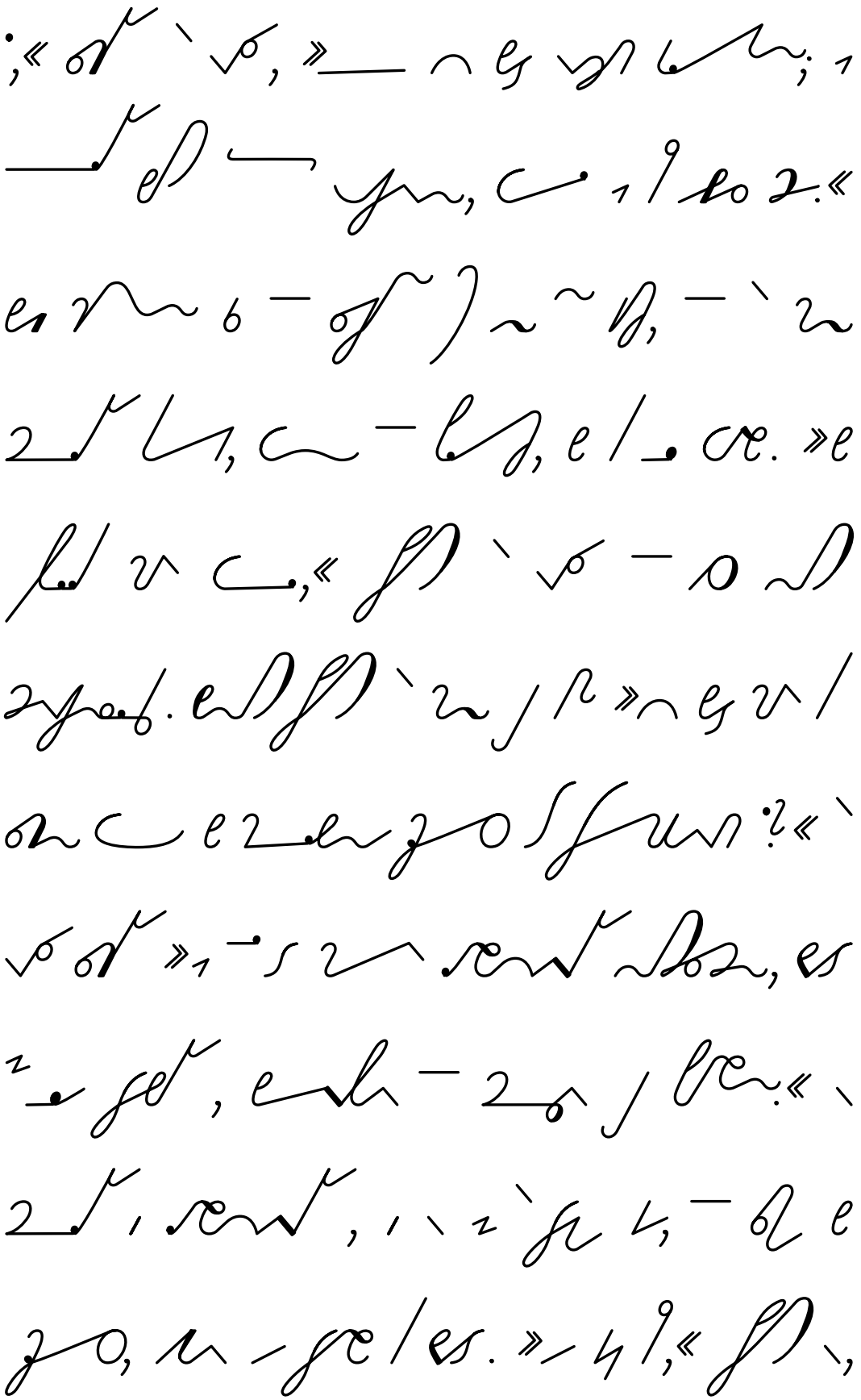

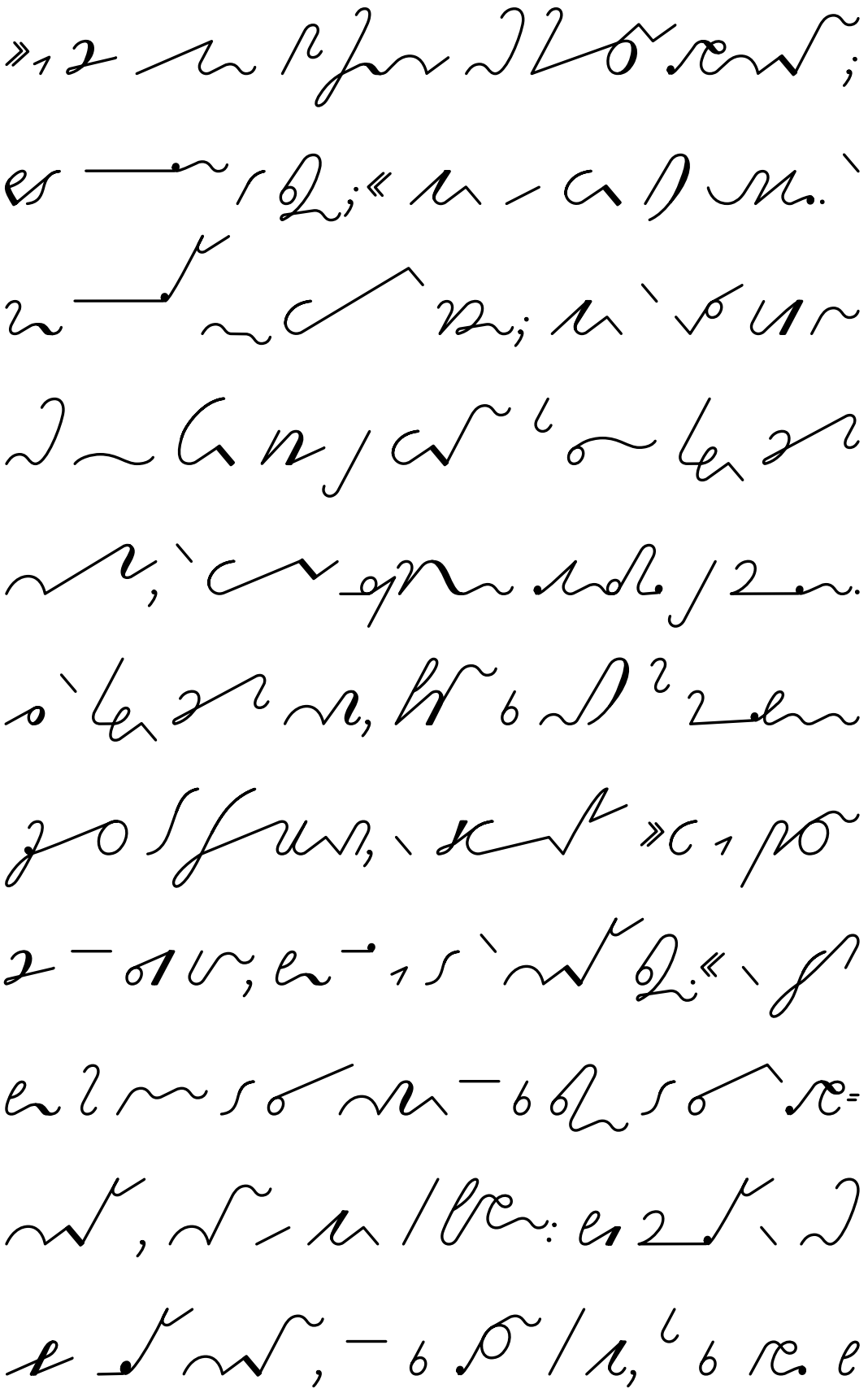

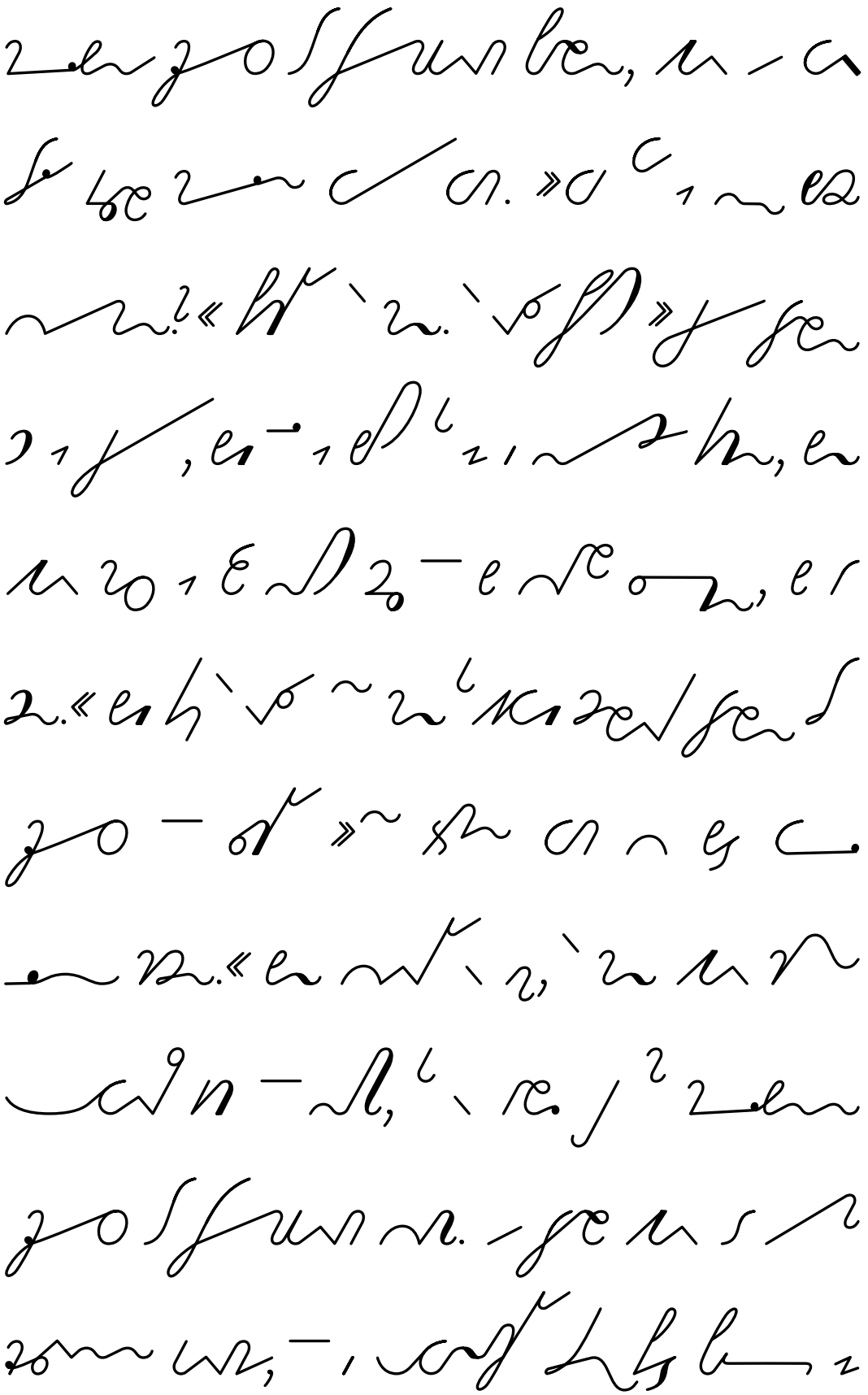

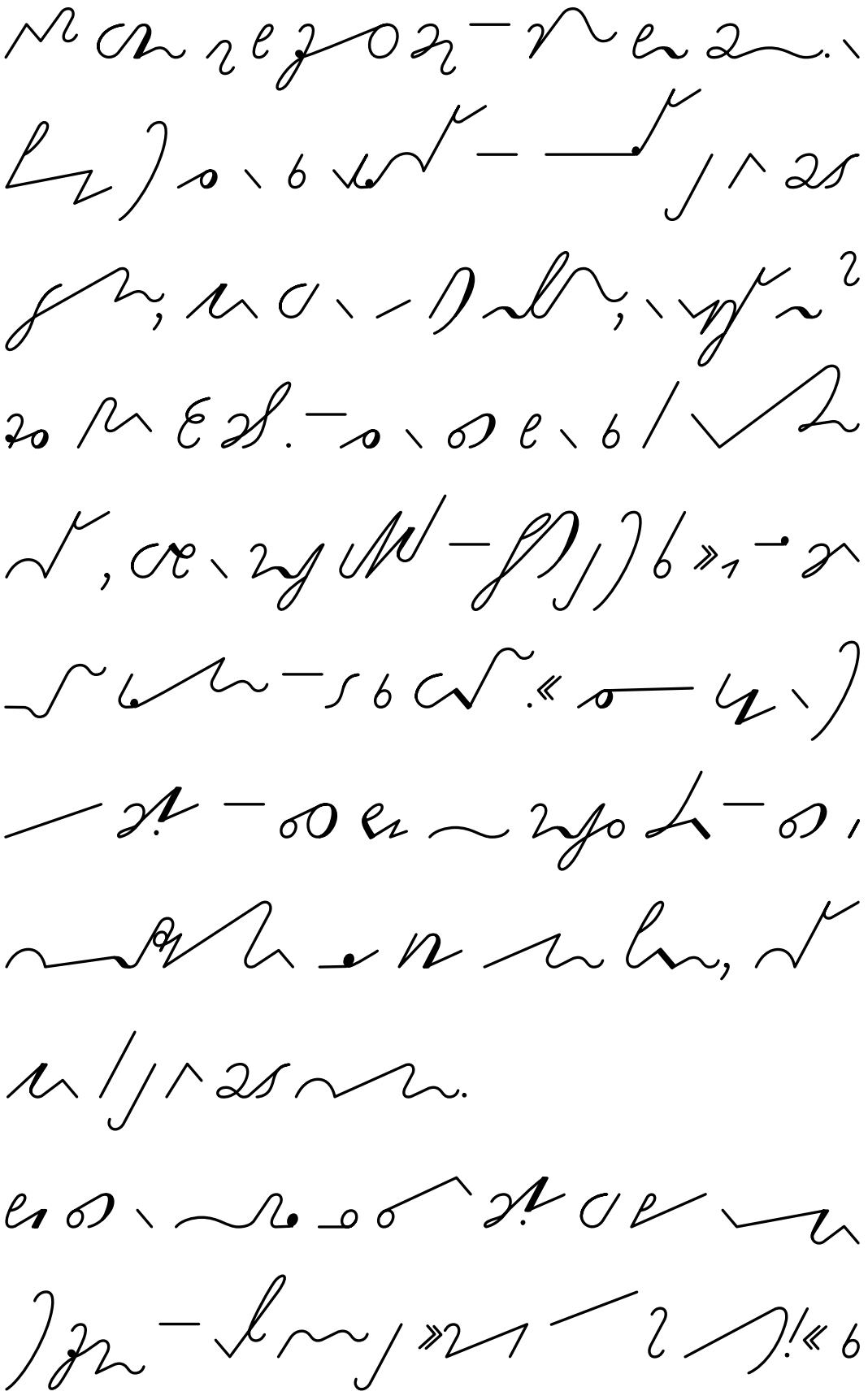

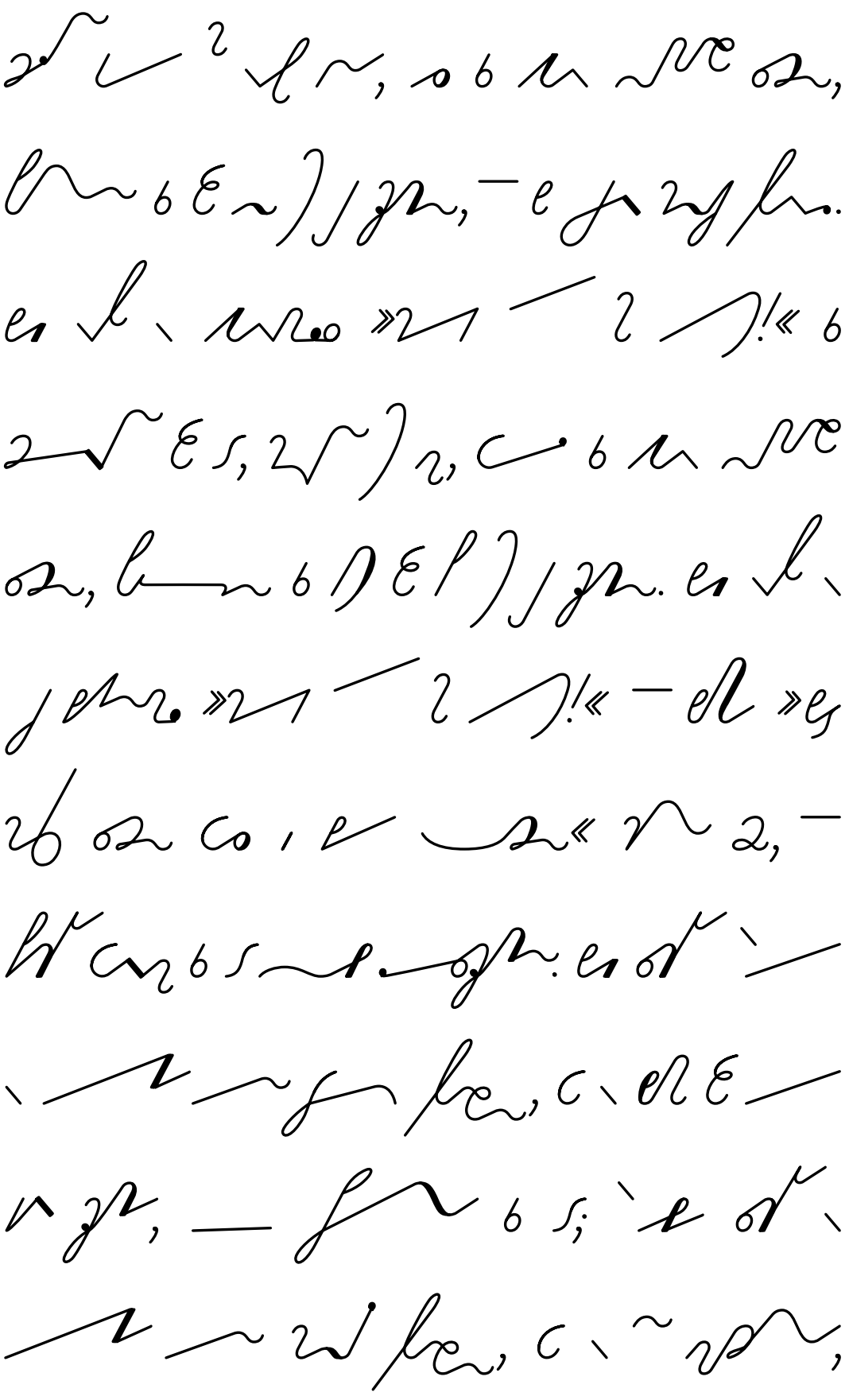

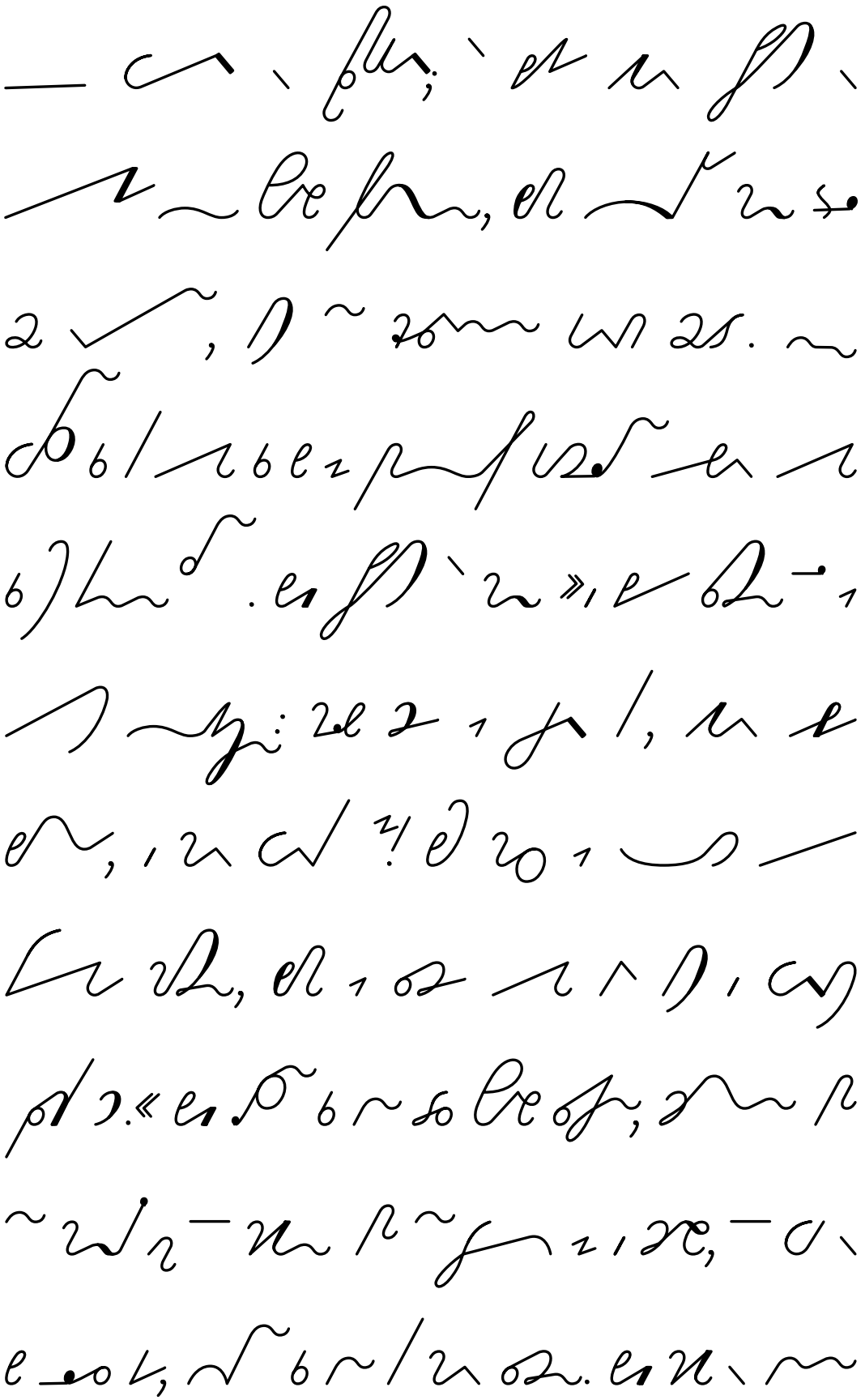

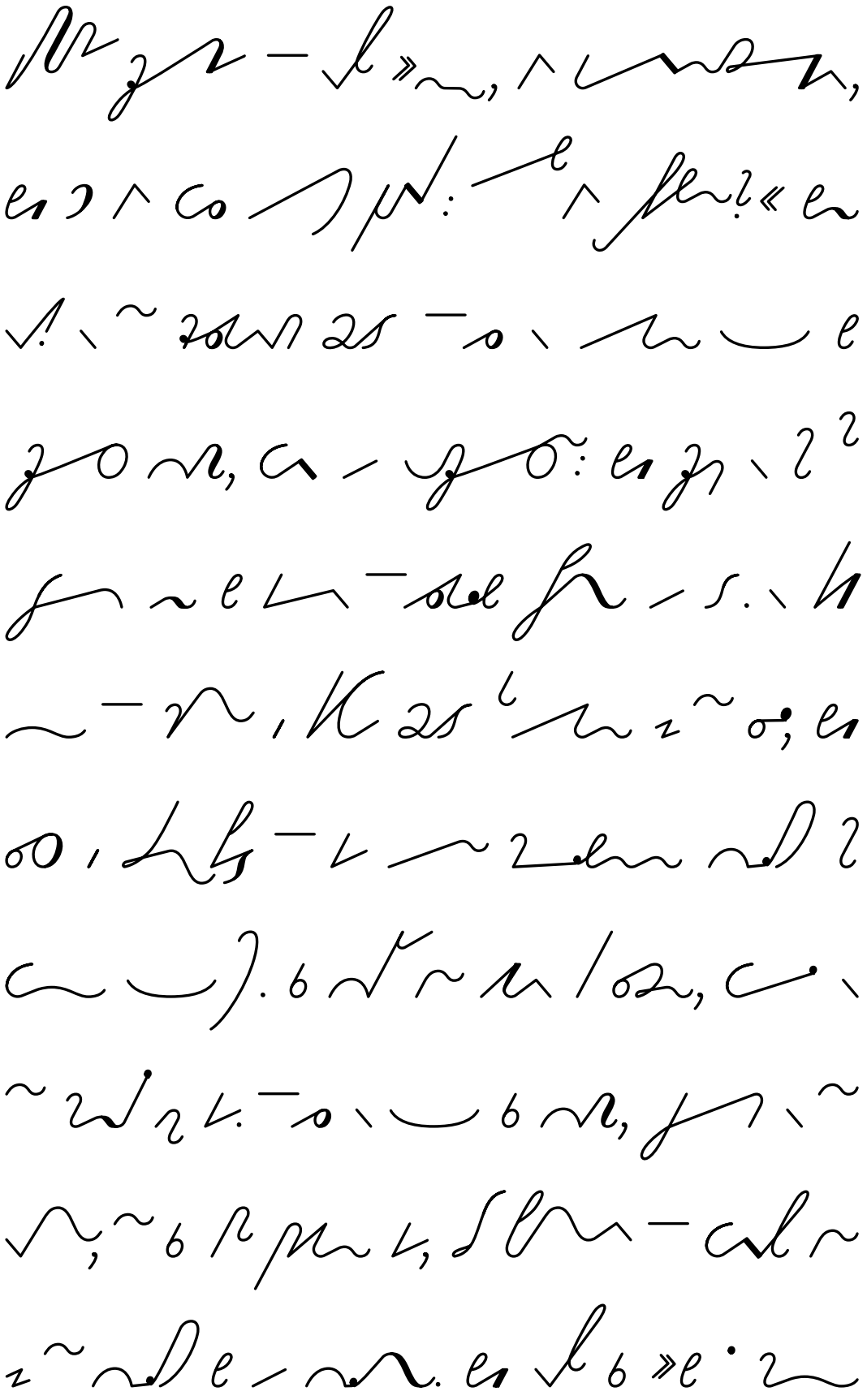

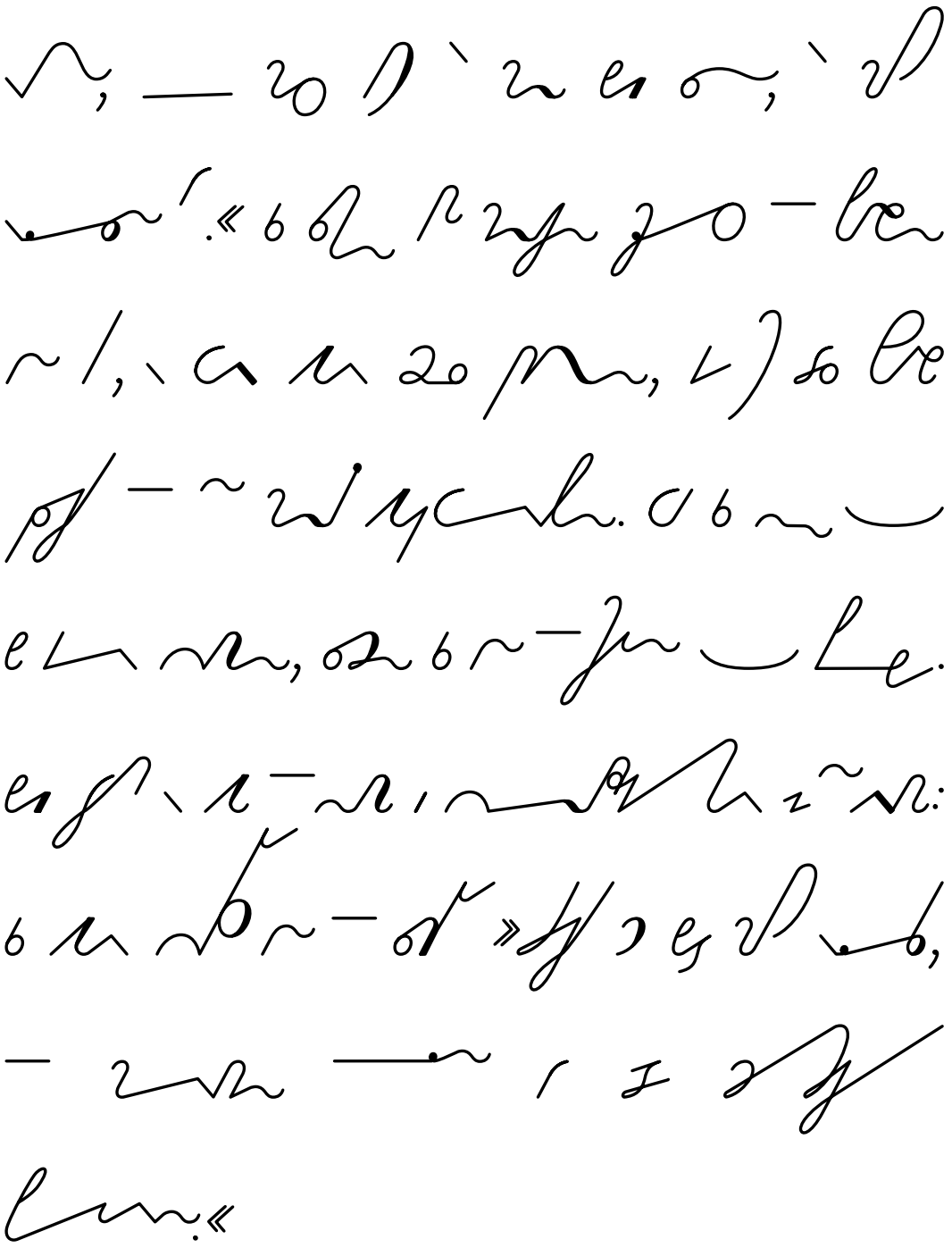

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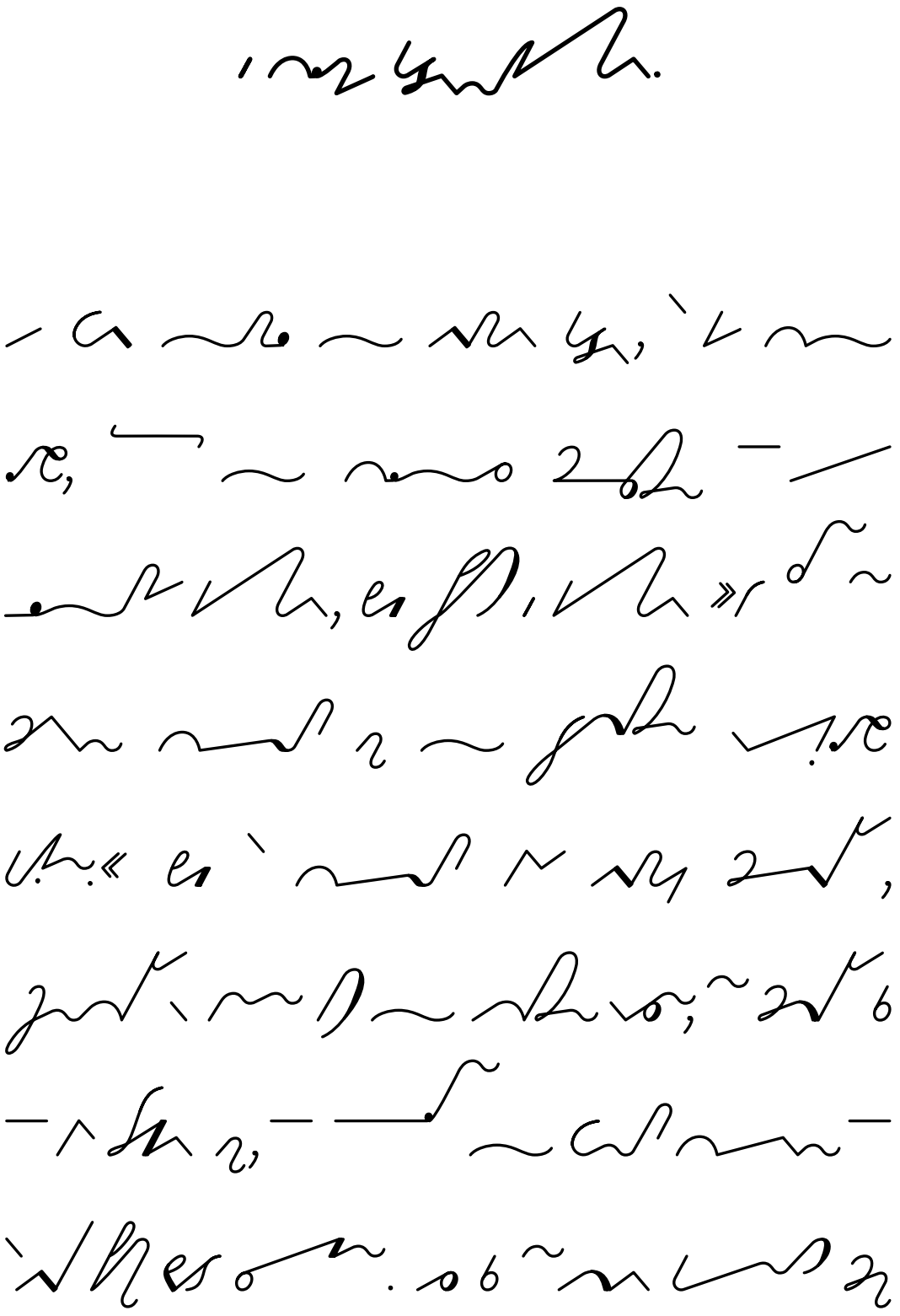
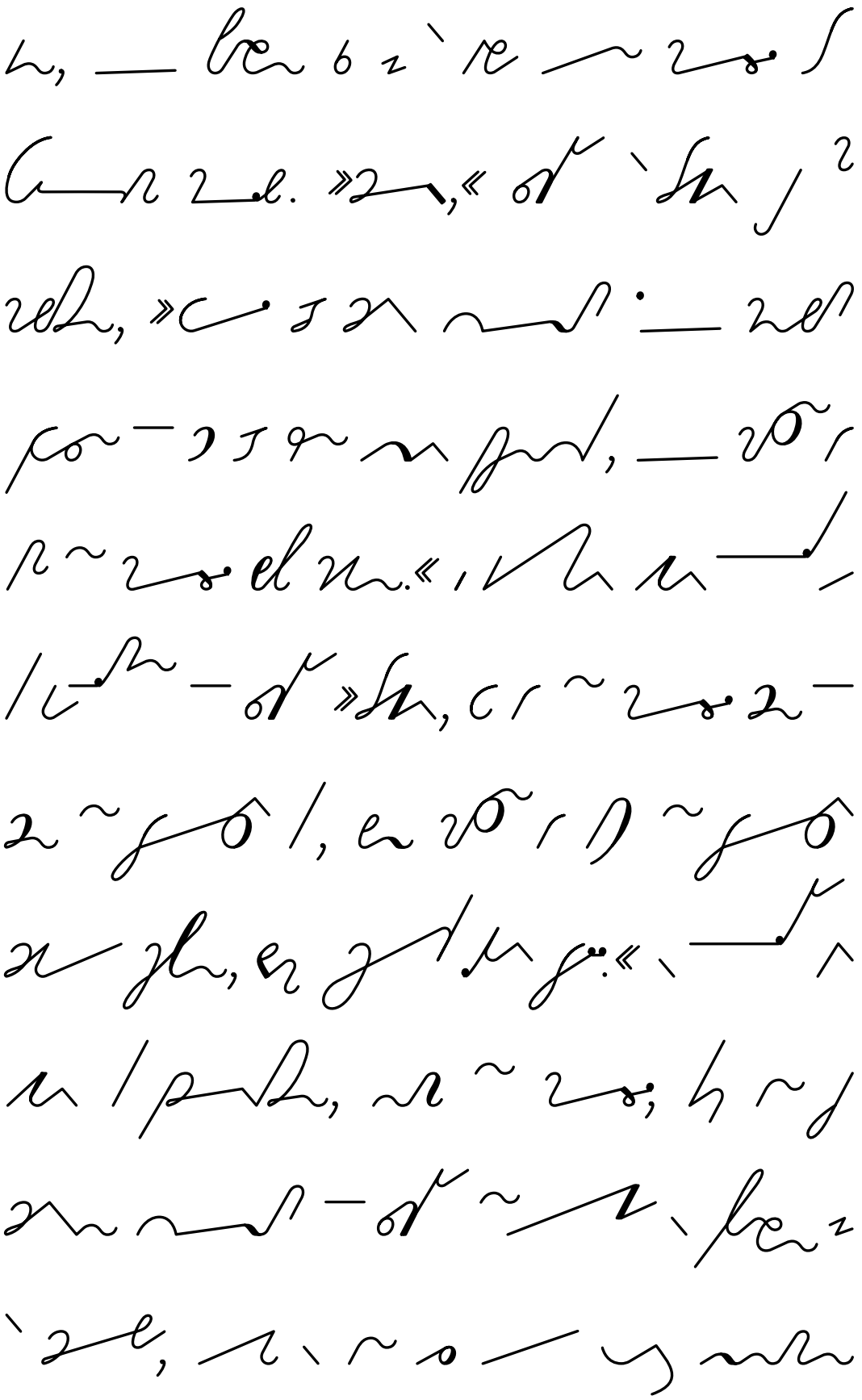
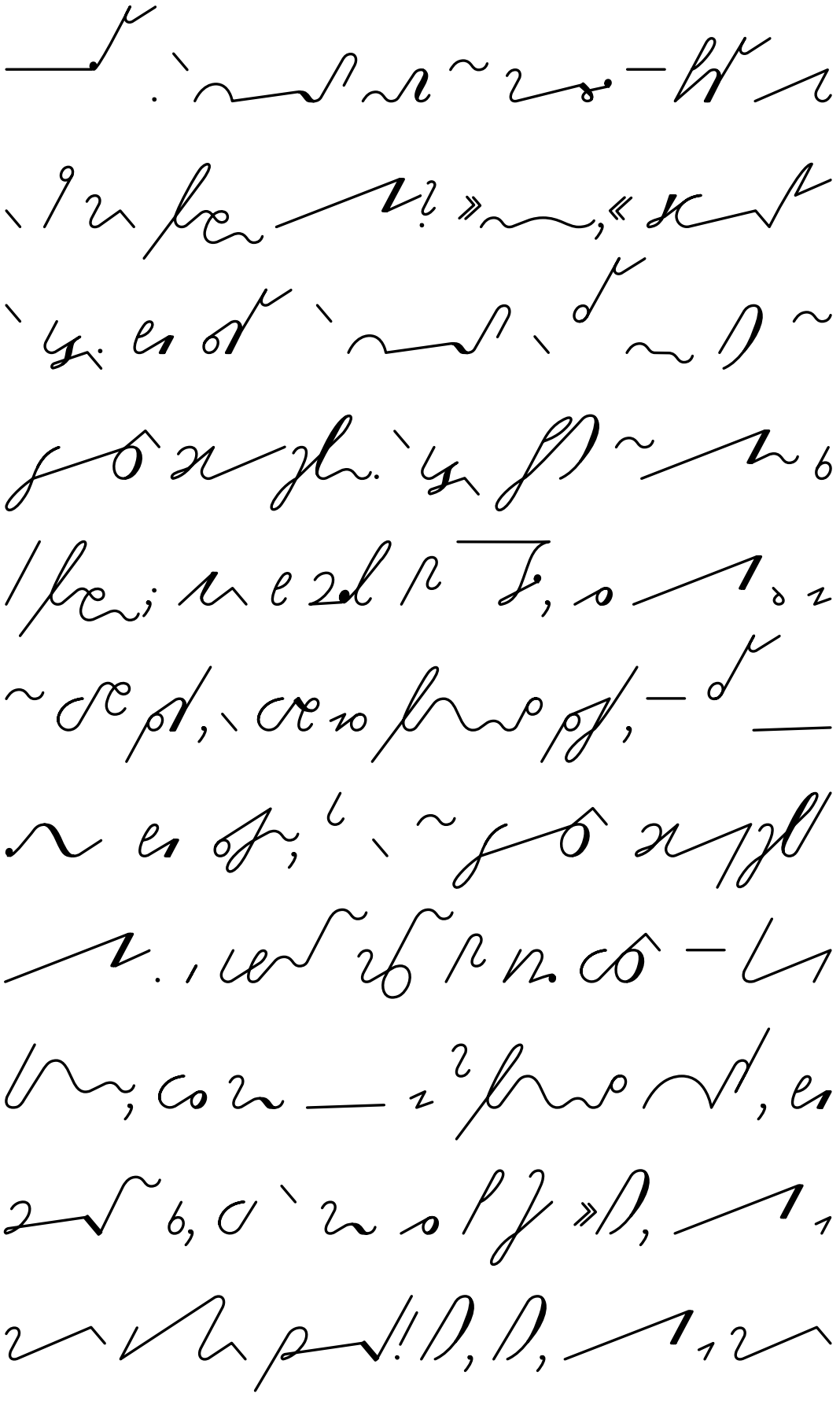
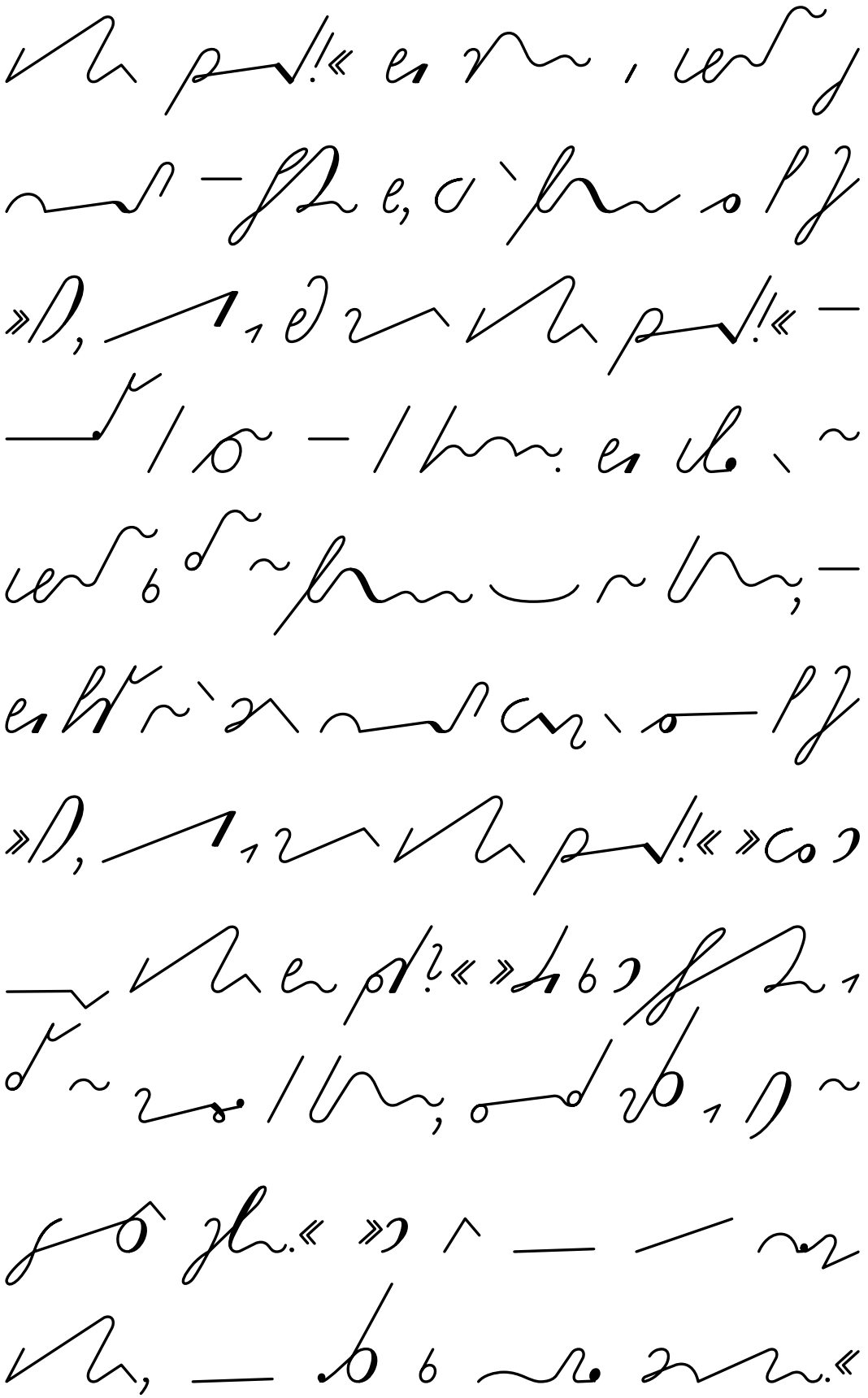
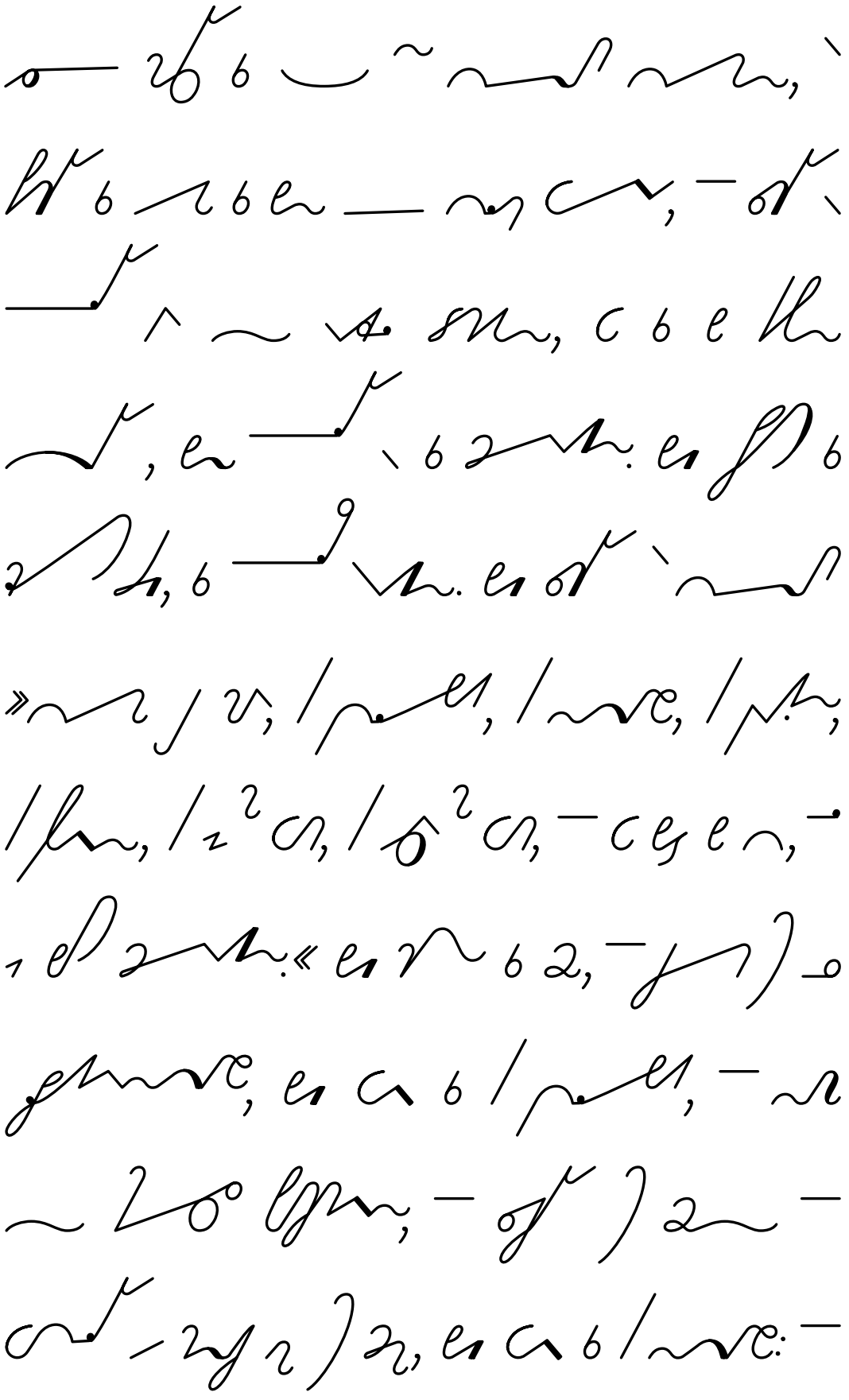
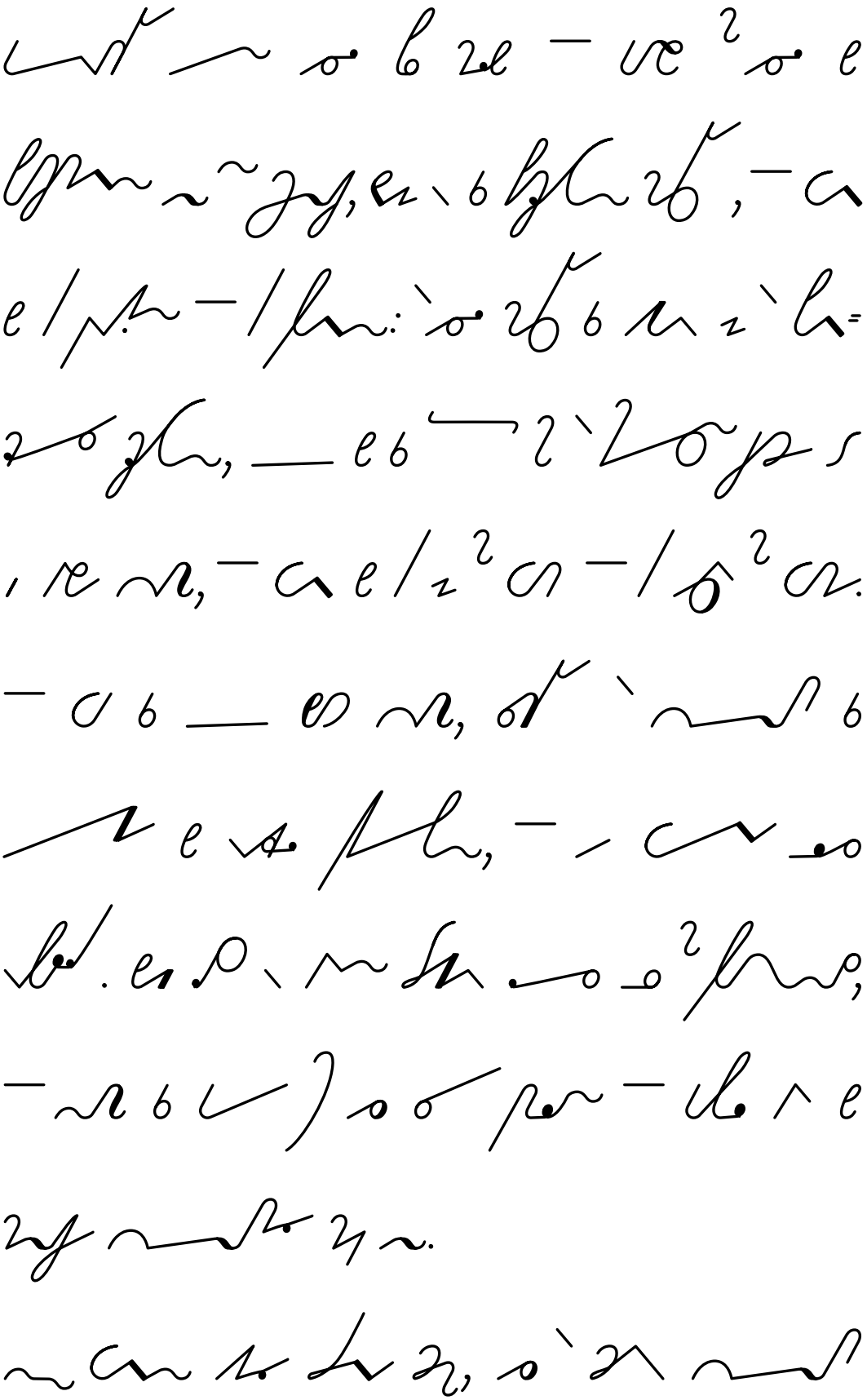


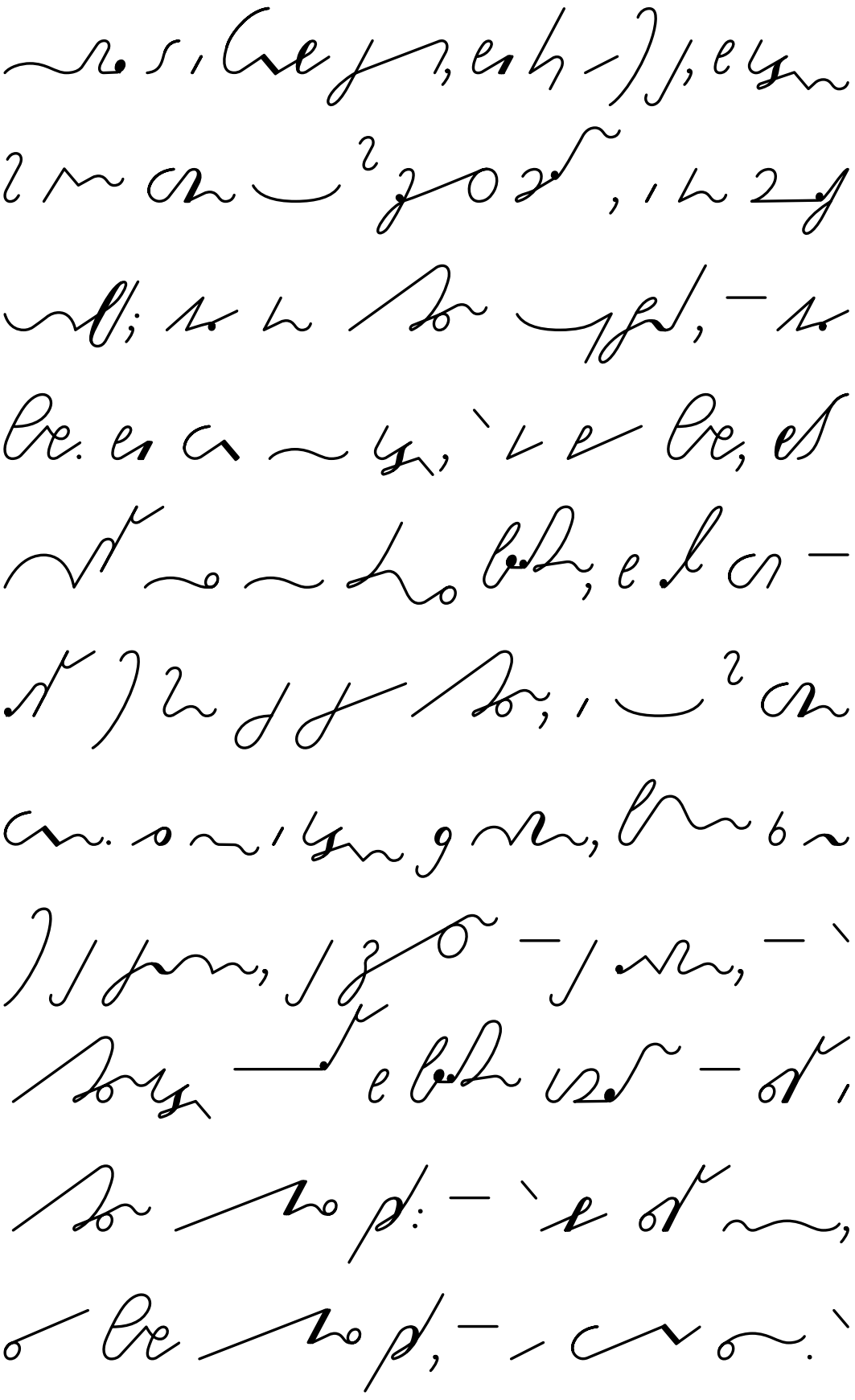


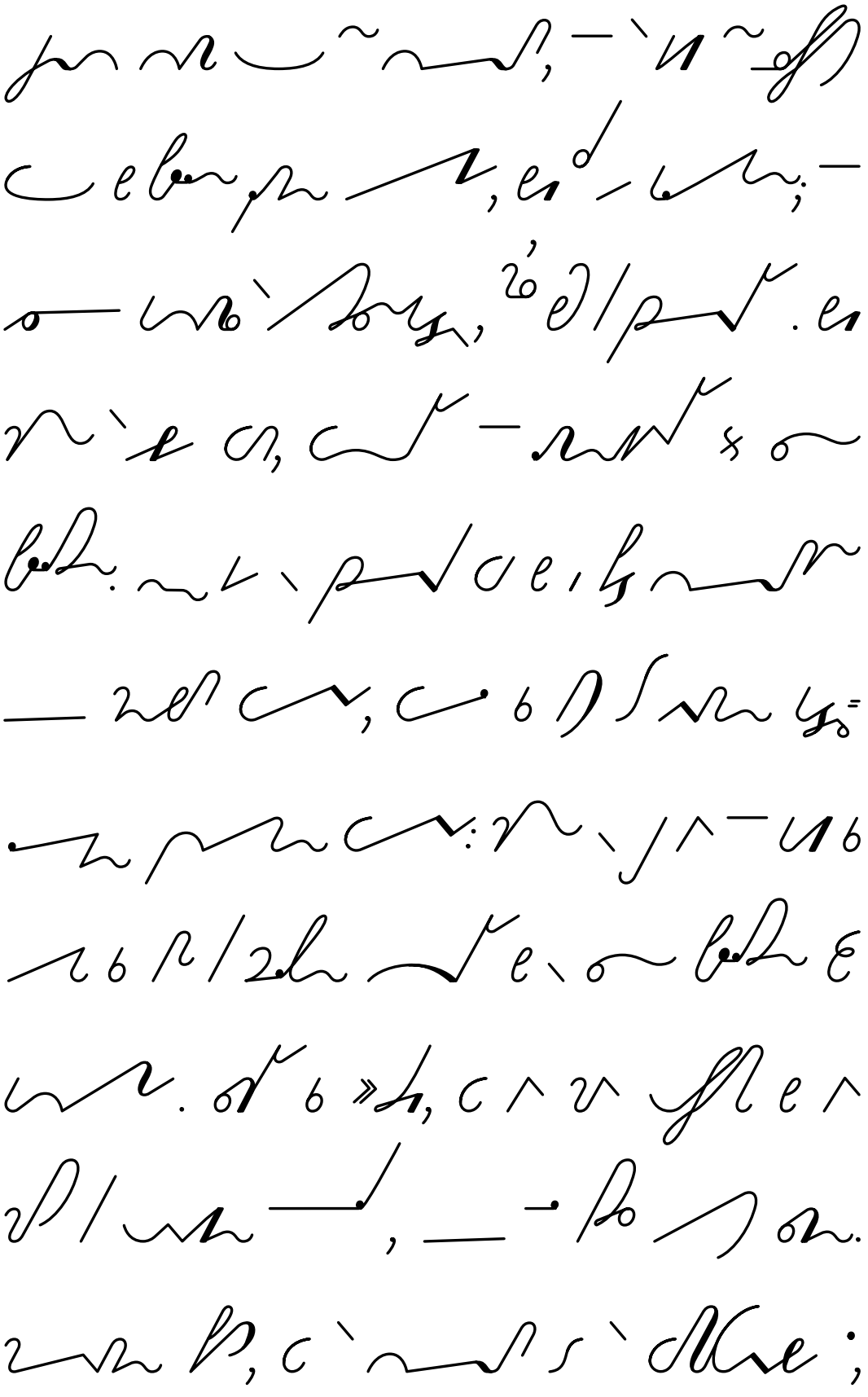


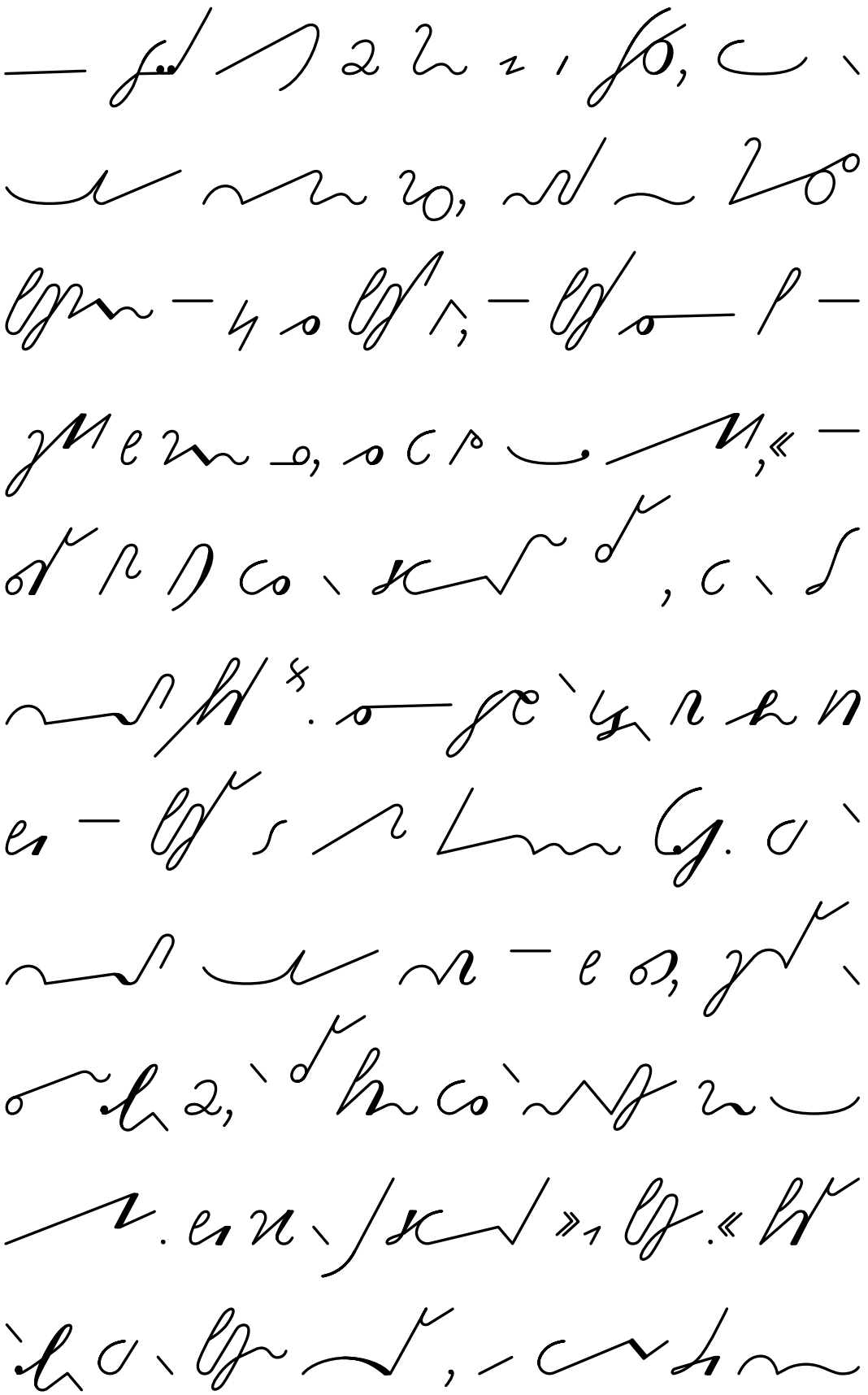


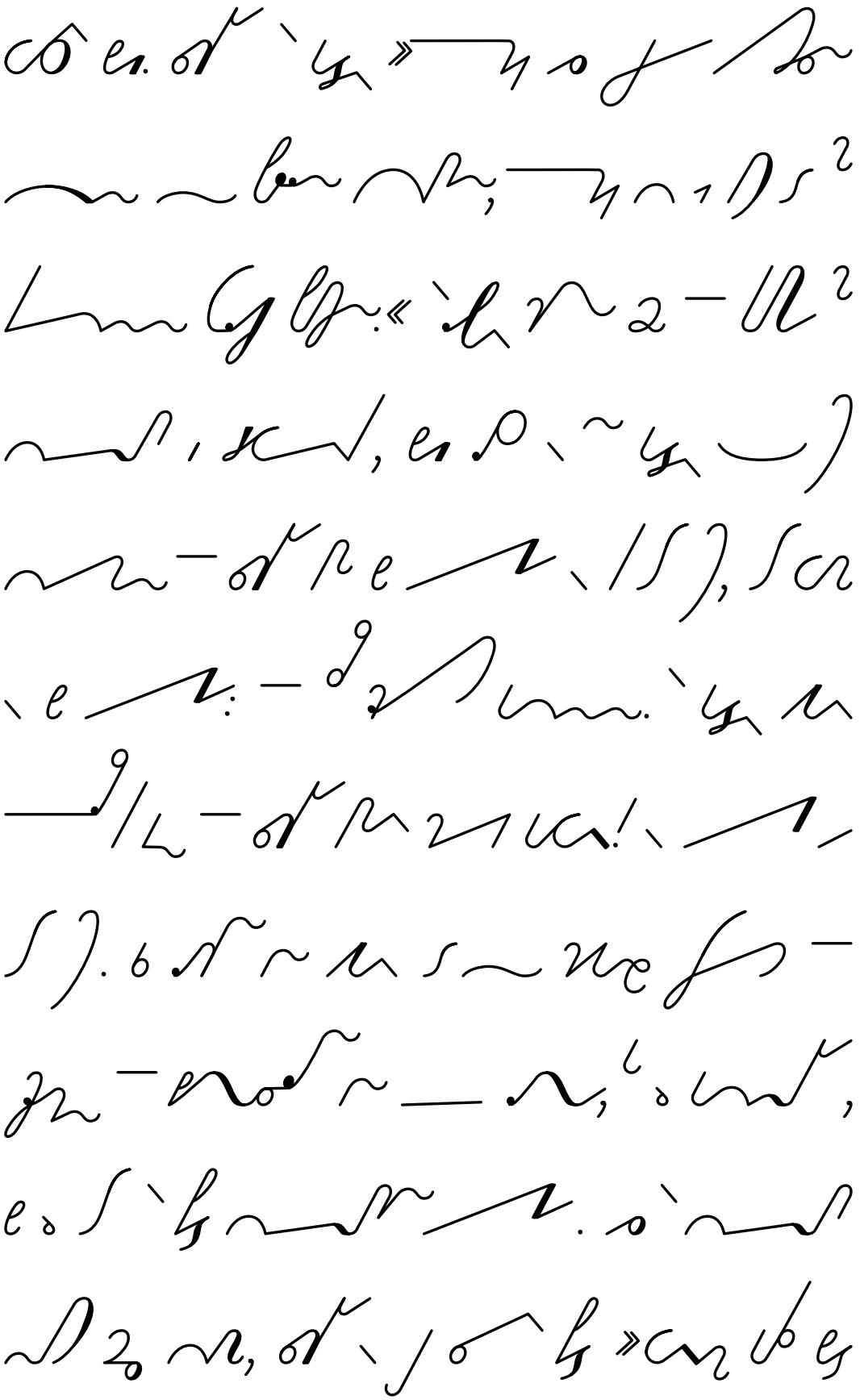


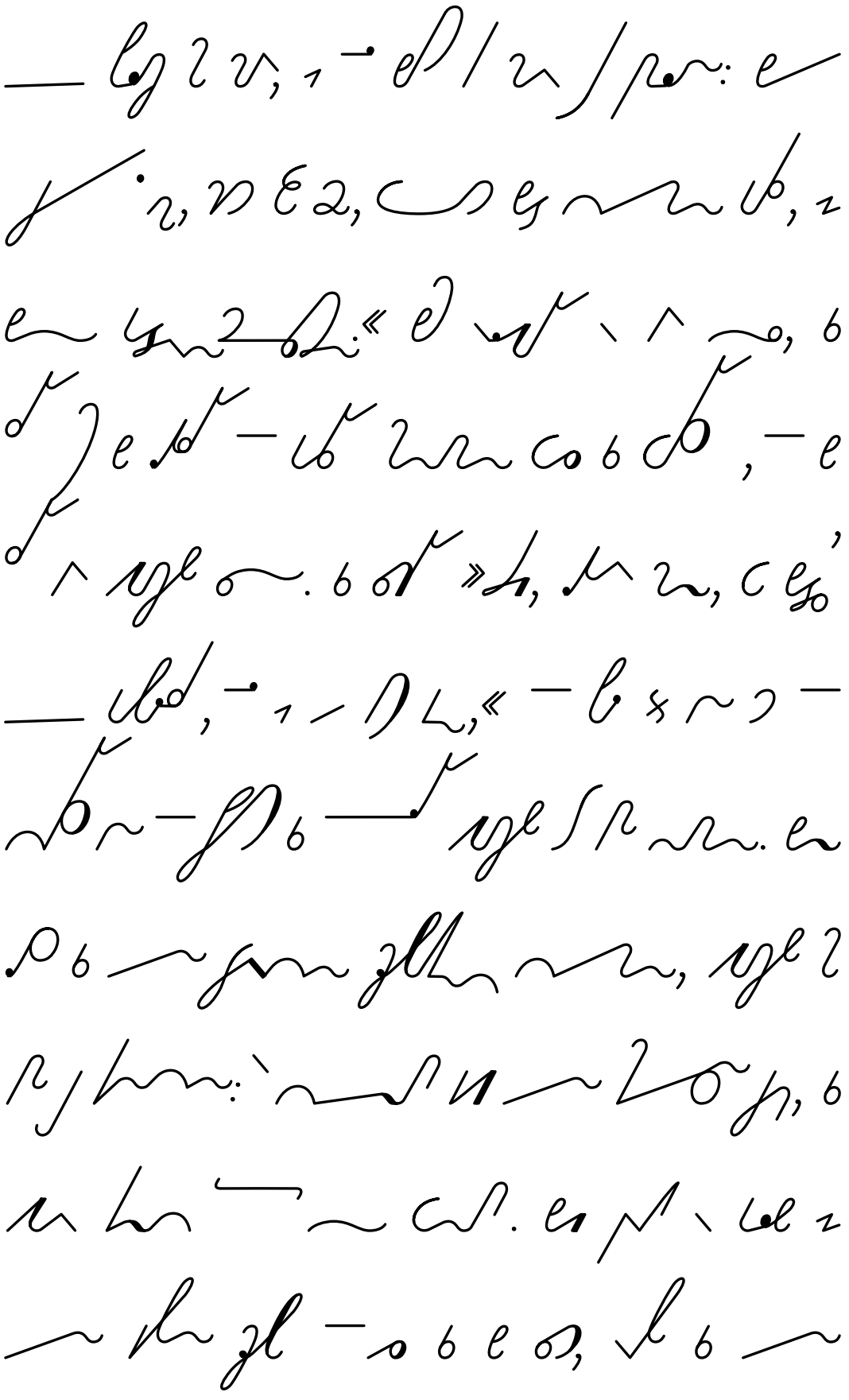


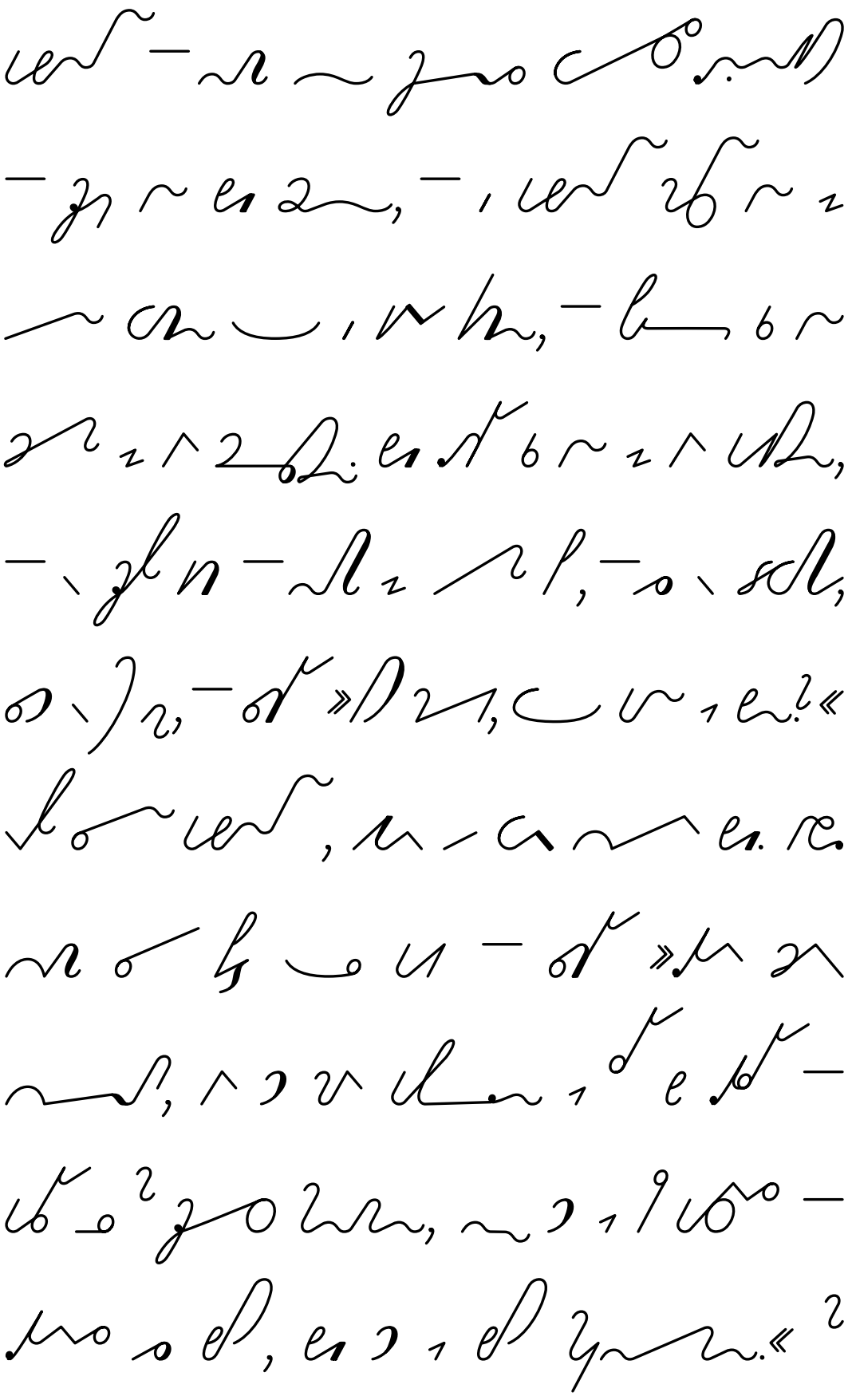


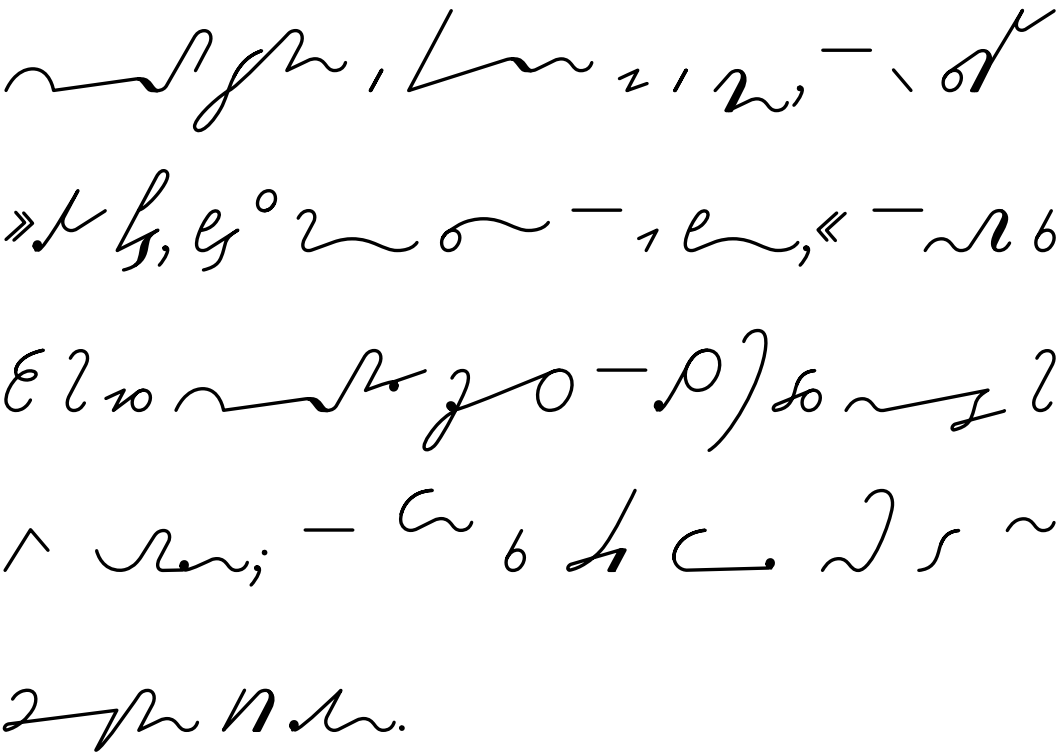












95.

Der alte Hildebrand.

Es war amahl a Baur und a Bäurin, und dö Bäurin, dö hat der Pfarra im Dorf gern gesegn, und da hat er alleweil gwunschen, wann er nur amahl an ganzen Tag mit der Bäurin allan recht vergnügt zubringa kunnt, und der Bäu-

rin der wars halt a recht gwesn. No, da hat er amahl zu der Bäurin gsagt »hanz, mei liebi Bäurin, hietzt hab i was ausstudiert, wie wir halt amahl an ganzen Tag recht vergnügt mitanander zubringa kunnten. Wißts was, ös legts eng aufm Mittwoch ins Bett und sagts engern Mon ös seits krang, und lamatierts

und übelts nur recht, und das treibts fort bis aufm Sunta, wann i die Predi halt, und da wir (werde) i predigen daß wer z' Haus a krangs Kind, an krangen Mon, a krangs Weib, an krangen Vader, a krange Muader, a krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst nacha is, hat, und der tut a Wollfart aufm Göckerliberg in

Wälischland, wo ma um an Kreuzer an Metzen Lorberbla-den kriegt, dem wirds krange Kind, der krange Mon, 's kran-ge Weib, der krange Vader, d' krange Muader, d' krange Schwester, oda wers sunst nacha is, auf der Stell gsund.«

»Dös wir i schon machen« hat die Bäurin drauf gsagt. No, drauf, aufm Mittwoch hat sie

halt d' Bäurin ins Bett glegt und hat glamatiert und gübelt als wie, und ihr Mon hat ihr alles braucht, was er nur gwißt hat, 's hat aber halt nix gholfn. Wie denn der Sunta kuma is, hat d' Bäurin gsagt »mir is zwar so miserabel als ob i glei verschaden sollt, aber ans möcht i do no vor mein End, i möcht halt in Herrn

Pfarra sei Predi hörn, dö er heund halten wird.« »A, mei Kind,« sagt der Baur drauf, »tu du dös nit, du kunntst schlechter wern, wann aufstundst. Schau, es wir i in d«Predi gehn und wir recht acht gebe und wir dir alles wieder derzöhln, was der Herr Pfarra gsagt hat.« »No,« hat d'Bäurin gsagt, »so geh halt und gib recht

Acht und derzöhl mir alles, was d'ghört hast.« No, und da is der Baur halt in d' Predi ganga, und da hat der Herr Pfarra also an gfangt zun predigen und hat halt gsagt, wann ans a krangs Kind, an krangen Mon, a krangs Weib, an krangen Vader, a krange Muader, a krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst

nacha war, z' Haus hät, und der wollt a Wollfart machen aufm Göckerliberg in Wälisch= land, wo der Metzen Lorber= bladen an Kreuzer kost, dem wirds krange Kind, der krange Mon, 's krange Weib, der kran= ge Vader, d' krange Muader, d' krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst nacha war, auf der Stell gesund wern,

und wer also dö Ras unter-
nehma wollt, der soll nach der
Meß zu ihm kuma, da wird er
ihm den Lorbersack gebn und
den Kreuzer. Da war niembd
fröher als der Bauer, und nach
der Meß is er gleich zum
Pfarra ganga, und der hat
ihm also den Lorbersack gebn
und den Kreuzer. Drauf is er
nach Haus kuma und hat

schon bei der Haustür eini gschrien »juchesha, liebes Weib, hietzt is so viel als obs gsund warst. Der Herr Pfarra hat heunt predigt, daß wer a krangs Kind, an krangen Mon, a kranges Weib, an krangen Vader, a krange Muader, a krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst nacha war, z' Haus hat, und der macht a

Wollfart aufm Göckerliberg in Wälischland, wo der Metzen Lorberbladen an Kreuzer kost, dem wird 's krange Kind, der krange Mon, 's krange Weib, der krange Vader, d' krange Muader, d' krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst nacha war, auf der Stell gsund; und hietzt hab i mir schon den Lorbersack gholt

vom Herrn Pfarra und den Kreuzer, und wir glei mein Wanderschaft antreten, daß d'desto ehender gsund wirst;« und drauf is er fort ganga. Er war aber kam fort, so is die Bäurin schon auf gwesn, und der Pfarra war a glei do. Hietz lassen wir aber dö zwa indes-sen auf der Seiten und gänga mir mit'n Baur. Der is halt alle-

weil drauf los ganga, damit er desto ehender aufm Göckerliberg kummt, und wie halt so geht, begegnt ihm sein Gvatter. Sein Gvatter dös war an Armon (Eiermann), und der is just von Mark kuma, wo er seine Ar verkauft hat. »Globt seist,« sagt sein Gvatter, »wo gehst denn so trabi hin, Gvatter?« »In Ewig-

keit, Gvatter,« sagt der Baur, »mein Weib is krang worn, und da hab i heund in Herrn Pfarra sein Predi ghört, und da hat er predigt, daß wann aner z' Haus an krangs Kind, an krangen Mon, a krangs Weib, an krangen Vader, a krange Muader, a krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst nacha war, hat, und er

macht a Wollfart aufm Göckerliberg in Wälischland, wo der Metzen Lorberbladen an Kreuzer kost, dem wird's krange Kind, der krange Mon, s« krange Weib, der krange Vader, d' krange Muader, d' krange Schwester, Bruader, oda wers sunst nacha war, auf der Stell gsund, und da hab i mir von Herrn Pfarra

den Lorbersack und den Kreu-
zer gholt, und hietzt trit i halt
mein Wanderschaft an.«
»Aber hanz, Gvatter,« hat der
Gvatter zum Baur gsagt,
»seits denn ar so dacket (ein-
fältig), daß so was glauben
könts? Wißts was is? der
Pfarra möcht gern mit
engern Weib an ganzen Tag
allan recht vergnügt zubringa,

drum habn's eng den Bärn an-
bunden, daß ihr«en ausn
Füßen kumts.« »Mein,« hat der
Baur gsagt, »so möcht i do
wissen, ob das wahr is.« »No,«
hat der Gvatter gsagt, »wast
was, setz di in mein Arkorb
eini, so will i di nach Haus
tragn, und da wirst es selber
segn.« No, das is also gschegn,
und den Baur hat sein

Gvatter in sein Arkorb eini gsetzt, und der hat'n nach Haus tragn. Wie's nach Haus kuma san, holla, da is schon lusti zuganga. Da hat die Bäurin schon fast alles, was nur in ihren Hof war, abgsto-chen ghabt, und Krapfen hats bachen, und der Pfarra war a schon da und hat a sein Geige mitbracht ghabt. Und da hat

halt der Gvatter anklopft, und d' Bäurin hat gfragt, wer draussen war. »J bins, Gevatterin,« hat der Gvatter gesagt, »mei, gebts mir heund Nacht a Herberg, i hab meini Ar aufm Mark nit verkauft, und hietzt muß i's wieder nach Haus trage, und sö san gar z' schwar, i bring's nit fort, es is a schon finster.« »Ja, mein

Gvatter,« sagt d' Bäurin drauf, »ös kumts mir recht zur unglegna Zeit. No, weils halt her nit anders is, so kömts eina und setzt's eng dort auf d' Ofenbank.« No hat sie der Gvatter also mit sein Buckelkorb auf d' Ofenbank gsetzt. Der Pfarra aber und d' Bäurin dö warn halt recht lusti. Endli fangt der Pfarra an und sagt

»hanz, mein liebi Bäurin, ös könnts ja so schön singa, singts mir do ans.« »A,« sagt die Bäurin, »hietzt kann i nix mehr singa, ja in mein junge Jahren, da hab i's wohl könna, aber hietzt is schon vorbei.« »Ei,« sagt wieder der Pfarra, »singts do nur a bißl.« No, da fangt die Bäurin an und singt »J hab mein Mon wohl ausge-

sandt

aufm Göckerliberg in Wälisch-

land.«

Drauf singt der Pfarra

»J wollt er blieb da a ganzes

Jahr,

was fragt i nach dem Lorber-

sack.

Halleluja!«

Hietzt fangt der Gvatter

hinten an und singt (da muß i

aber derzöhln daß der Baur Hildebrand ghassen hat), singt also der Gvatter

»Ei du, mein lieber Hildebrand, was machst du auf der Ofenbank?

Halleluja!«

Und hietzt singt der Baur in Korb drinna

»Hietzt kann i das Singa nimmermehr leiden,

hietzt muß i aus mein Buckel-
korb steigen.«
Und steigt aus'n Korb und prü-
gelt den Pfaffen beim Haus
hinaus.

96.

De drei Vügelkens.

Et is wul dusent un meere Jaare hen, da wören hier im Lanne luter kleine Künige, da hed auck einer up den Keuter-berge wünt (gewohnt), de gink san geren up de Jagd. Ase nu mal mit sinen Jägern vom Schlotte herruttrok, höen

(hüteten) unner den Berge drei Mäkens ire Köge (Kühe), un wie sei den Künig mit den vielen Lüen (Leuten) seien, so reip de ölleste den annern beden Mäkens to, un weis up den Künig, »helo! helo! wenn ik den nig kriege, so will ik keinen.« Da antworde de zweide up de annere Side vom Berge, un weis up den, de dem

Künige rechter Hand gink, »helo! helo! wenn ik den nig kriege, so will ik keinen.« Da reip de jüngeste, un weis up den, de linker Hand gink, »helo! helo! wenn ik den nig kriege, so will ik keinen.« Dat wören averst de beden Ministers. Dat hörde de Künig alles, un ase von der Jagd heime kummen was, leit he de

drei Mäkens to sik kummen un fragete se wat se da gistern am Berge segd hedden. Dat wullen se nig seggen, de Künig frog awerst de ölleste, ob se ün wol tom Manne hewen wulle? Da segde se ja, un ere beiden Süstern friggeten de beiden Ministers, denn se wören alle drei scheun un schir (klar, schön) von Angesicht,

besunners de Künigin, de had-
de Hare ase Flass.
De beiden Süstern awerst kre-
gen keine Kinner, un ase de
Künig mal verreisen moste, let
he se tor Künigin kummen,
um se up to munnern, denn se
was grae (gerad) swanger. Se
kreg en kleinen Jungen, de
hadde ’n ritsch roen (roten)
Stern mit up de Weld. Da

sehden de beiden Süstern,
eine tor annern, se wullen den
hübsken Jungen in't Water
werpen. Wie sen darin worpen
hadden (ick glöwe, et is de
Weser west), da flügt 'n Vügel-
ken in de Högte, dat sank
»tom Daude bereit,
up wietern Bescheid
tom Lilienstrus:
wacker Junge, bist dus?«

Da dat de beiden hörten, kregen se de Angst up'n Lieve un makten, dat se fort keimen. Wie de Künig na Hus kam, sehden se to üm de Künigin hedde 'n Hund kregen. Da segde de Künig »wat Gott deiet, dat is wole dahn.«

Et wunde averst 'n Fisker an den Water, de fiskede den klei-

nen Jungen wier herut, ase

noch ewen lebennig was, un da sine Fru kene Kinner hadde, foerden (fütterten) s«en up. Nan Jaar was de Künig wier verreist, da krig de Künigin wier 'n Jungen, den namen de beiden falsken Süstern un warpen 'n auck int Water, da flügt dat Vügelken wier in de Högte un sank:

»tom Daude bereit,

up wietern Bescheid

tom Lilienstrus:

wacker Junge, bist dú́s?«

Un wie de Künig torügge kam, sehden se to üm, de Künigin hedde wier ’n Hund bekummen, un he segde wier »wat Gott deit, dat is wole dahn.« Awerst de Fisker trok düsen auck ut den Water un foerd ’n up.

Da verreisede de Künig wier, un de Künigin kreg 'n klein Mäken, dat warpen de falsken Süstern auck in't Water. Da flügt dat Vügelken wier in de Högte un sank

»tom Daude bereit,

up wietern Bescheid tom Lilienstrus:

wacker Mäken, bist du's?«

Un wie de Künig na Hus kam,

sehden se to üm, de Künigin hedde 'ne Katte kregt. Da worde de Künig beuse, un leit sine Fru int Gefängnis smieten, da hed se lange Jaare in setten.

De Kinner wören unnerdes anewassen, da gink de ölleste mal mit annern Jungens herut to fisken, da wüllt ün de annern Jungens nig twisken

sik hewen un segget »du Fündling, gaa du diner Wege.« Da ward he gans bedröwet un fräggt den olen Fisker ob dat war wöre? De vertellt ün dat he mal fisked hedde, un hedde ün ut den Water troken (gezogen). Da segd he he wulle furt un sinen Teiten (Vater) söken. De Fisker de biddet 'n he mögde doch bliven, awerst he

let sik gar nicht hallen, bis de Fisker et tolest to givt. Da givt he sik up den Weg un geit meere Dage hinner'n anner, endlich kümmt he vor 'n graut allmächtig Water, davor steit 'ne ole Fru un fiskede. »Guden Dag, Moer,« segde de Junge. »Groten Dank.« »Du süst da wol lange fisken, e du 'n Fisk fängest.« »Un du wol lange

söken, e du dinen Teiten findst. Wie wust du der denn da övert Water kummen?« sehde de Fru. »Ja, dat mag Gott witten.« Da nümmt de ole Fru ün up den Rüggen un dragt 'n derdörch, un he söcht lange Tiid un kann sinen Teiten nig finnen. Ase nu wol 'n Jahr ver-öwer is, da trekt de tweide auck ut un will sinen Broer

söken. He kümmt an dat Water, un da geit et ün ewen so, ase sinen Broer. Nu was nur noch de Dochter allein to Hus, de jammerde so viel na eren Broern, dat se upt lest auck den Fisker bad he mögte se treken laten, se wulle ere Broerkes söken. Da kam se auck bie den grauten Water, da sehde se tor olen Fru

»guden Dag, Moer.« »Groten Dank.« »Gott helpe ju bie juen fisken.« Ase de ole Fru dat hörde, da word se ganz fründ-lich un drog se över't Water un gab er 'n Roe (Ruthe), un sehde to er »nu gah man jümmer up düsen Wege to, mine Dochter, un wenn du bie einen groten swarten Hund vorbei kümmst, so must du

still un drist un one to lachen un one ün an to kicken, vorbie gaan. Dann kümmest du an ’n grot open Schlot, up’n Süll (Schwelle) most du de Roe fallen laten un stracks dörch dat Schlott an den annern Side wier herut gahen; da is ’n olen Brunnen, darut is ’n groten Boom wassen, daran hänget ’n Vugel im Buer, den

nümm af: dann nümm noch 'n Glas Water ut den Brunnen un gaa mit düsen beiden den sülvigen Weg wier torügge: up den Süll nümm de Roe auck wier mit, un wenn du dann wier bie den Hund vorbie kummst, so schlah ün in't Gesicht, awerst sü to dat du ün treppest, un dann kumm nur wier to me torügge.« Da

fand se et grade so, ase de Fru et sagd hadde, un up den Rückwege da fand se de beiden Broer, de sik de halve Welt durchsöcht hadden. Se gienk tosammen bis wo de swarte Hund an den Weg lag, den schlog se in't Gesicht, da word et 'n schönen Prinz, de geit mit ünen, bis an dat Water. Da stand da noch de

ole Fru, de frögede sik ser, da se alle wier da wören, un drog se alle övert Water, un dann gink se auck weg, denn se was nu erlöst. De annern awerst gingen alle na den olen Fisker, un alle wören froh dat se sik wier funnen hadden, den Vügel awerst hüngen se an der Wand.

De tweide Suhn kunne awerst

nig to Huse rasten, un nam ’n Flitzebogen un gink up de Jagd. Wie he möe was, nam he sine Flötepipen un mackte ’n Stücksken. De Künig awerst wör auck up de Jagd un hörde dat, da ging he hin, un wie he den Jungen drap, so sehde he »we hett die verlöwt hier to jagen?« »O, neimes (niemand).« »Wen hörst du

dann to?« »Jk bin den Fisker sin Suhn.« »De hett ja keine Kinner.« »Wenn dut nig glöwen wust, so kum mit.« Dat dehe de Künig un frog den Fisker, de vertälle ün alles, un dat Vügelken an der Wand fing an to singen

»de Möhme (Mutter) sitt allein,

wol in dat Kerkerlein.

o Künig, edeles Blod,

dat sind dine Kinner god.

De falsken Süstern beide

de dehen de Kinnerkes Leide,

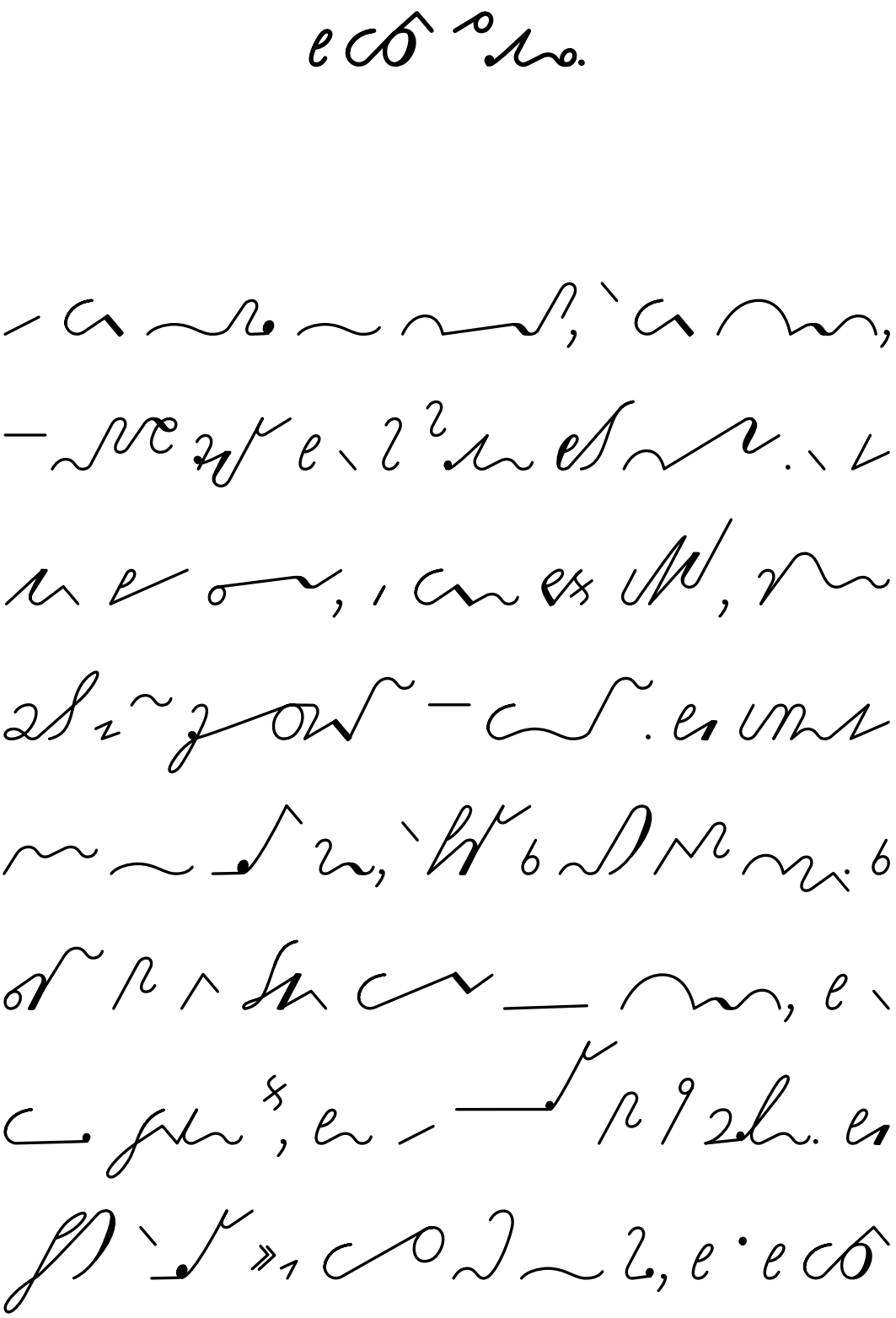
wol in des Waters Grund,

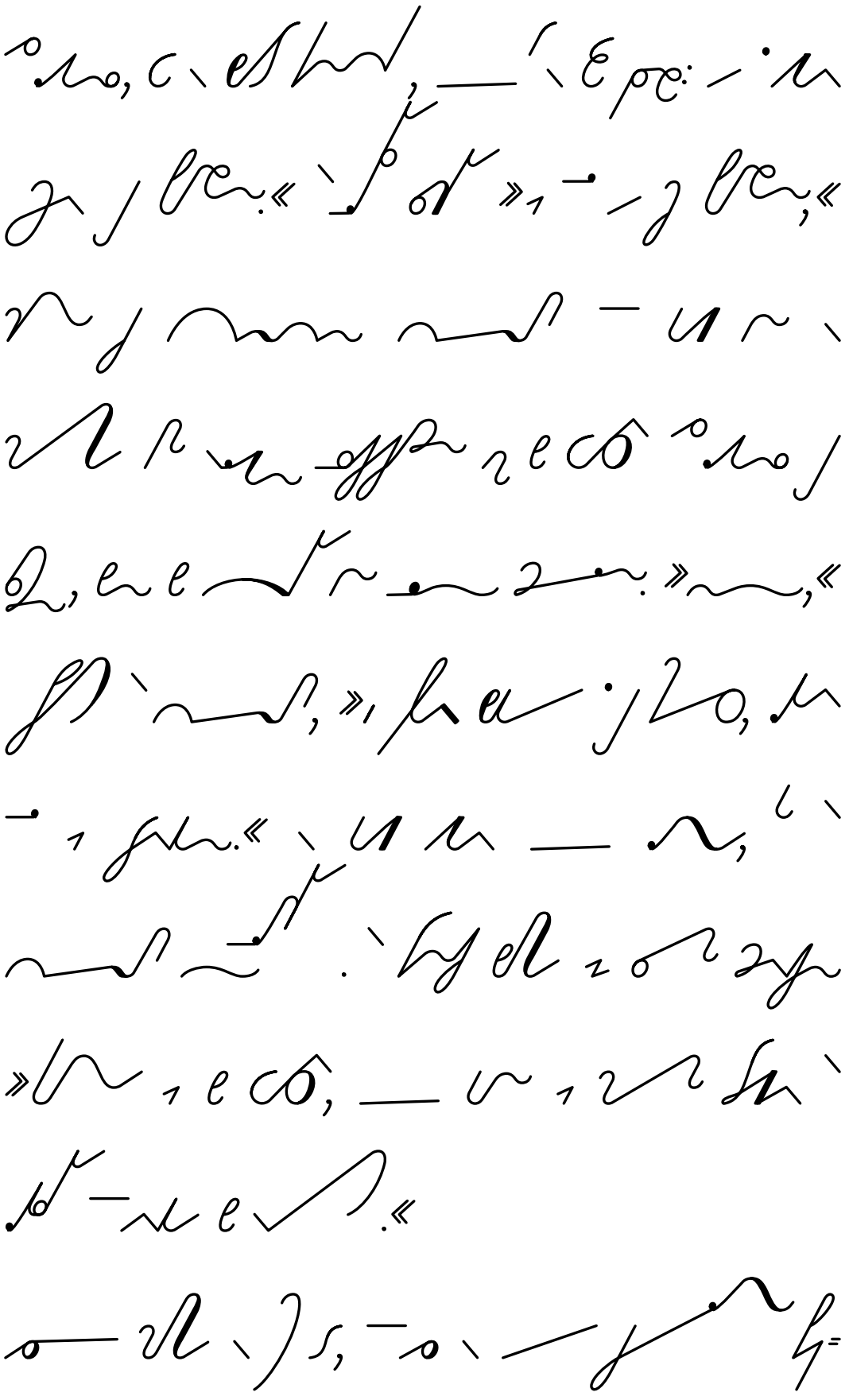
wo se de Fisker fund.«

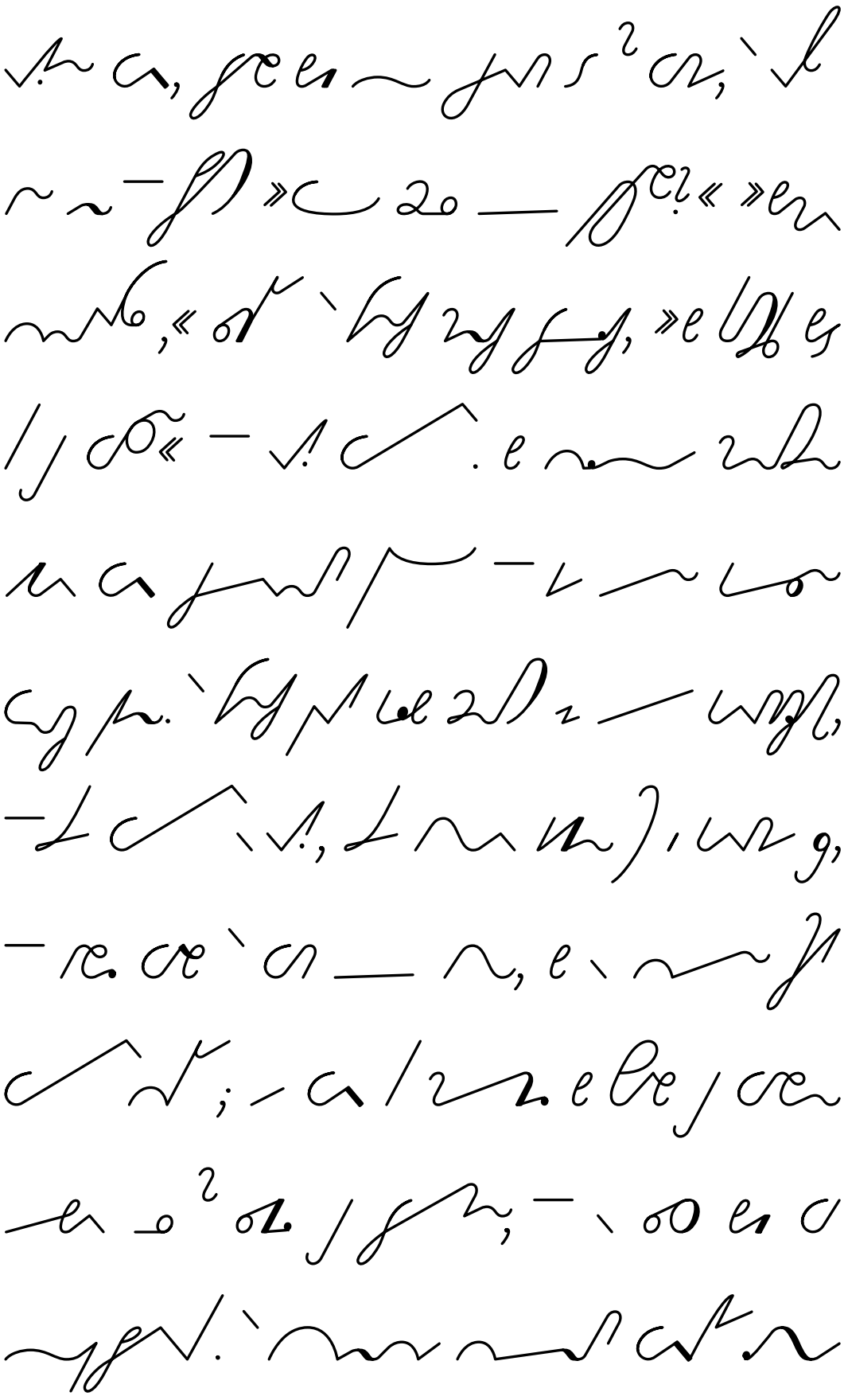
Da erschraken se alle, un de Künig nahm den Vugel, den Fisker un de drei Kinner mit sik na den Schlotte un leit dat Gefänknis upschluten un nam

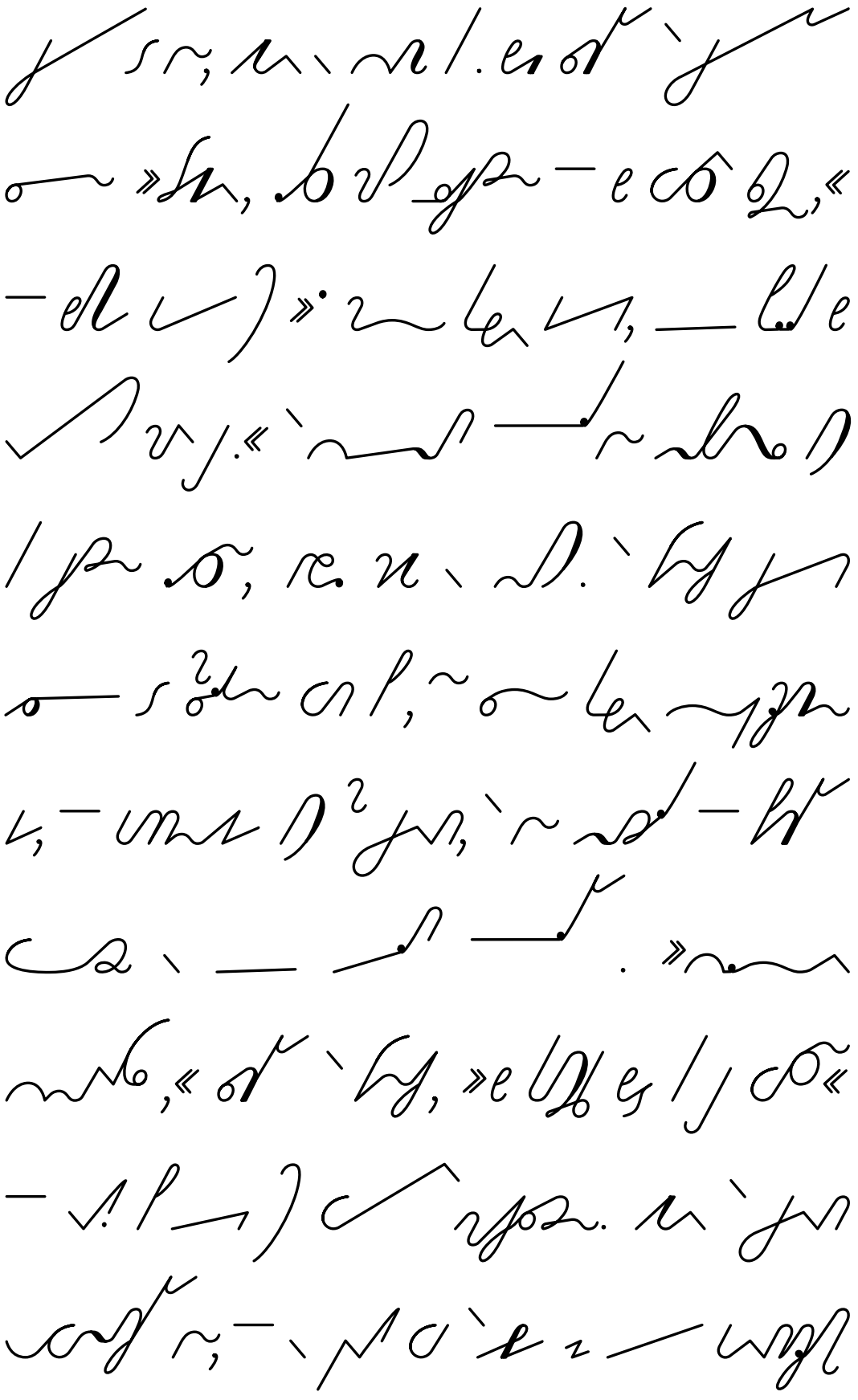
sine Fru wier herut, de was awerst gans kränksch un elen-nig woren. Da gav er de Dochter von den Water ut den Brunnen to drinken, da war se frisk un gesund. De beiden falsken Süstern wören awerst verbrennt, un de Dochter friggede den Prinzen.

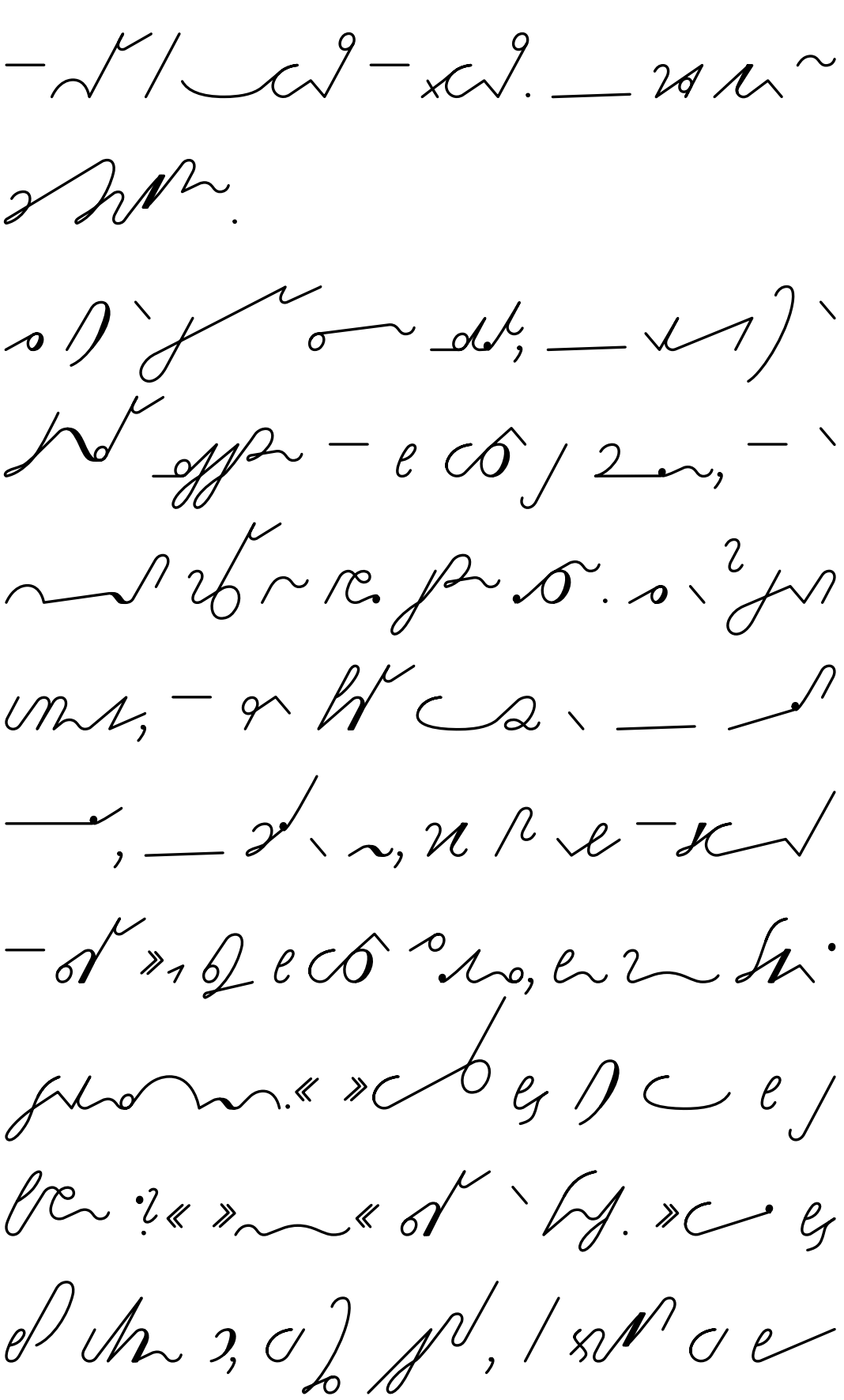
97.

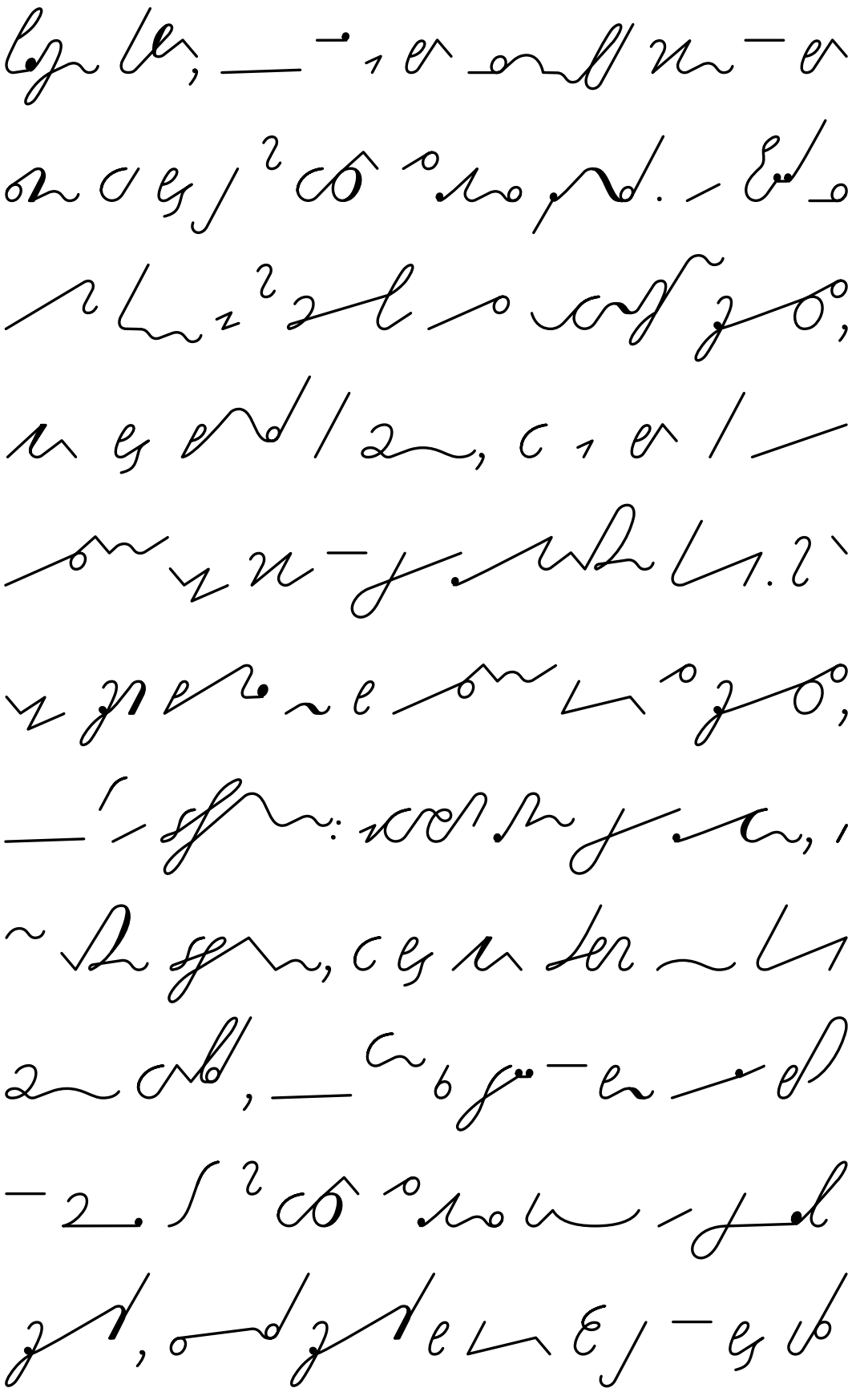


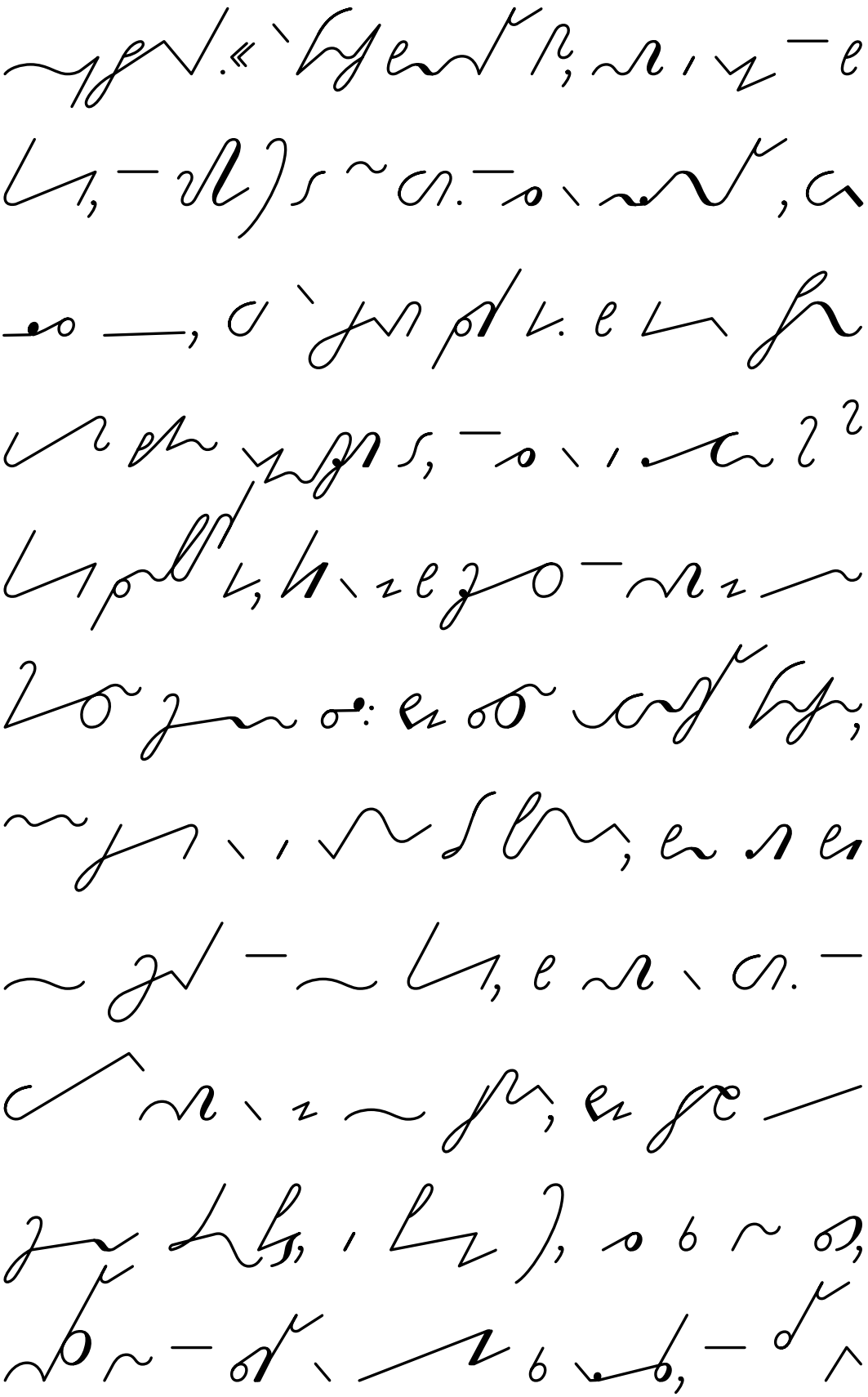


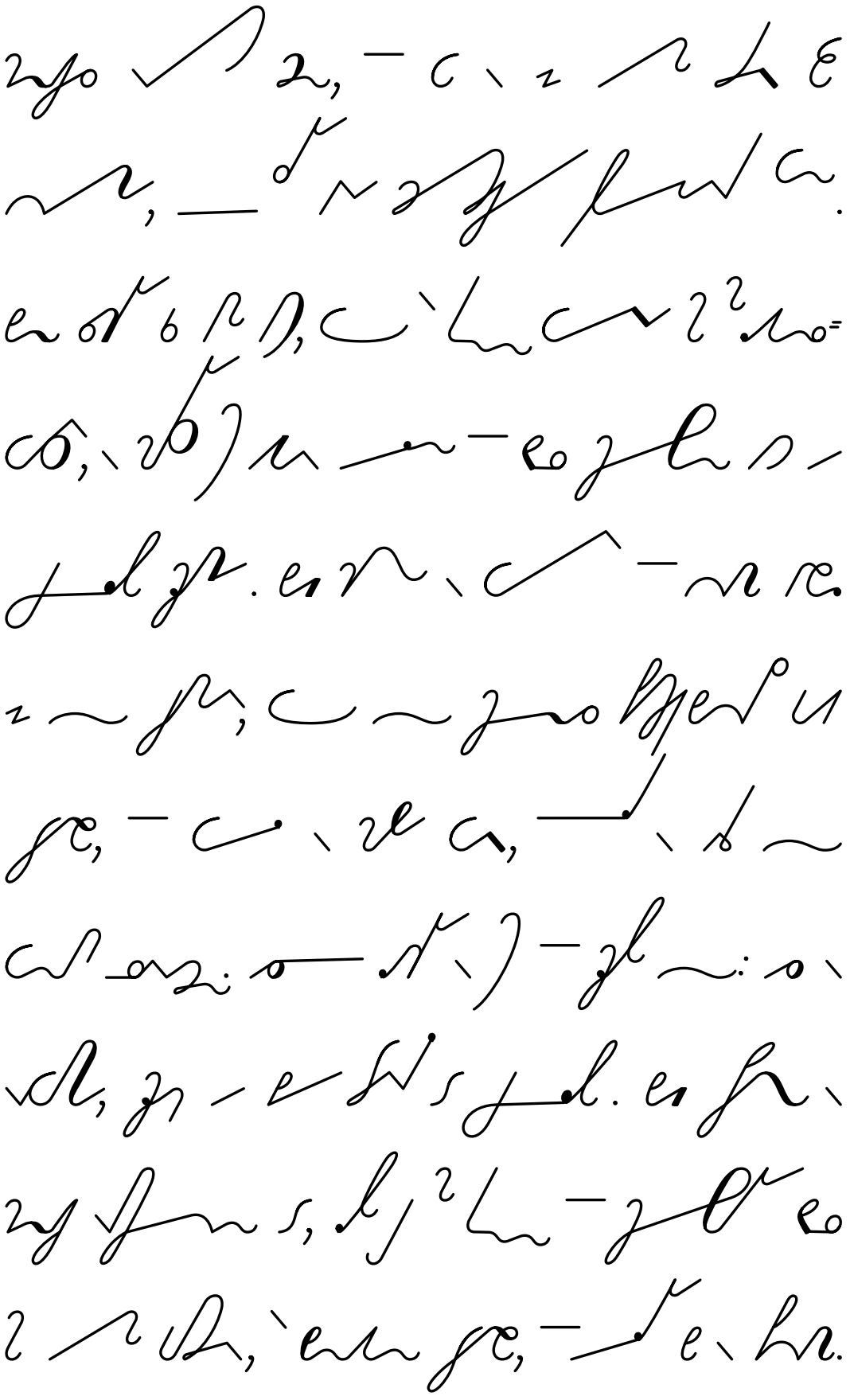


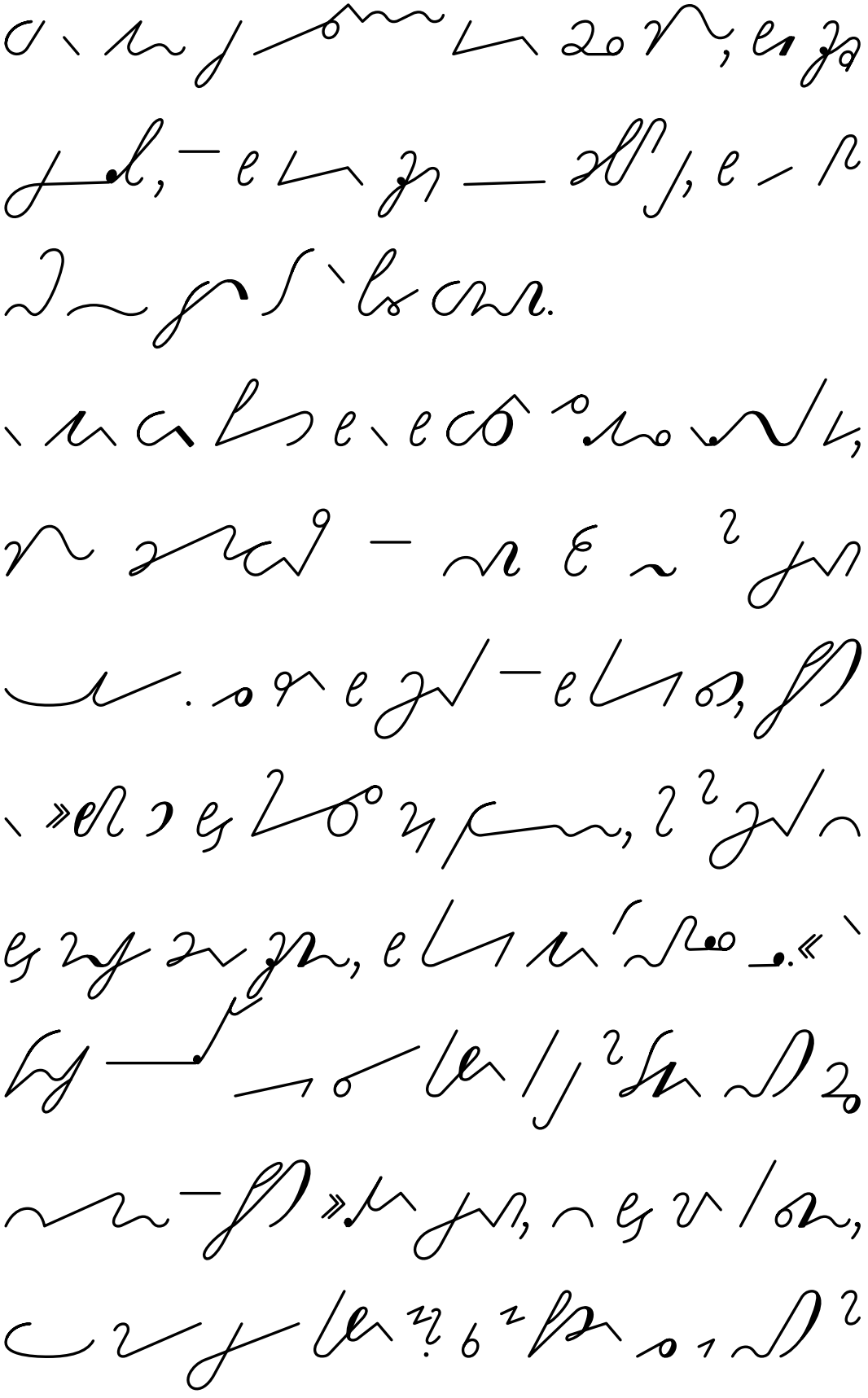


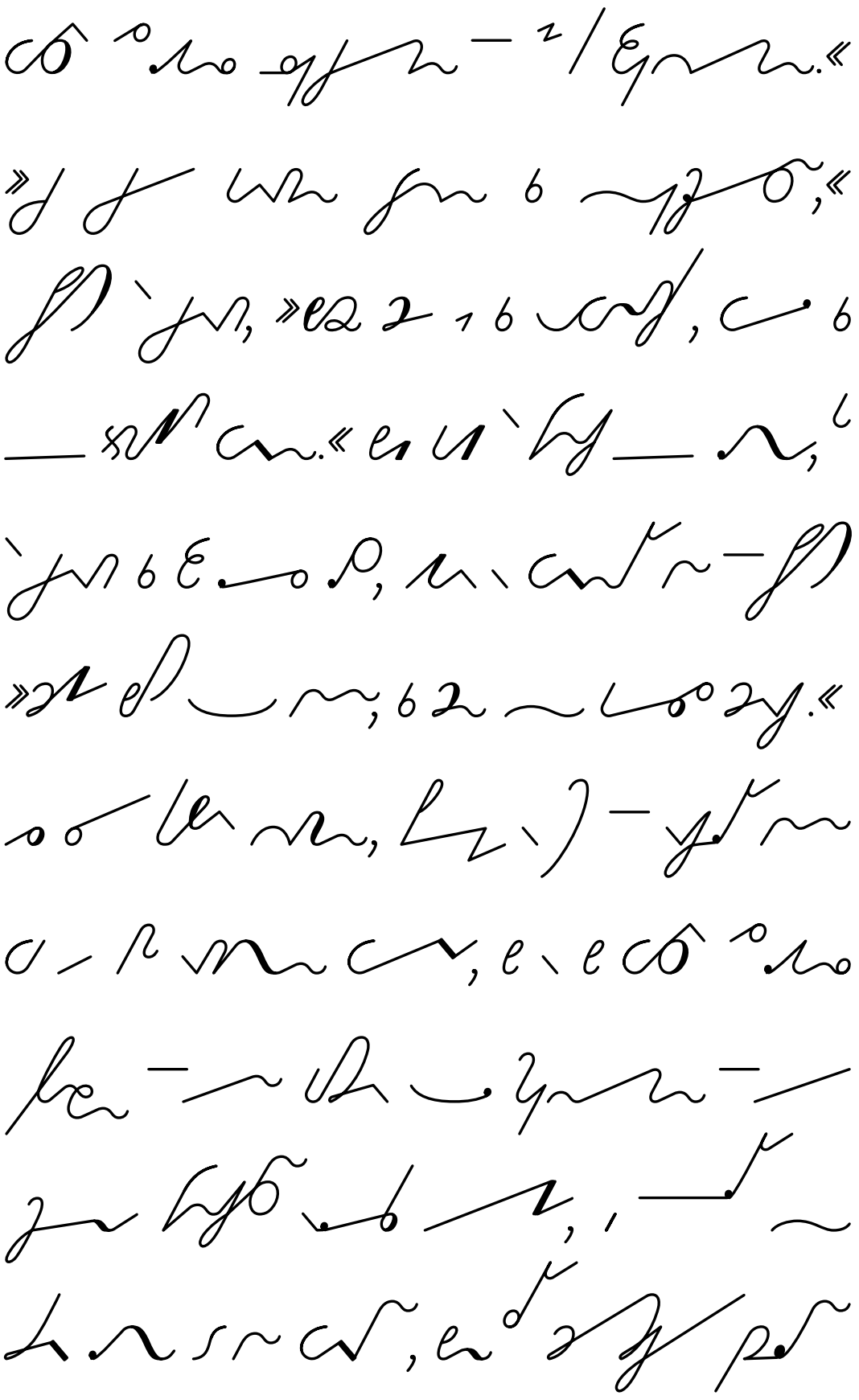


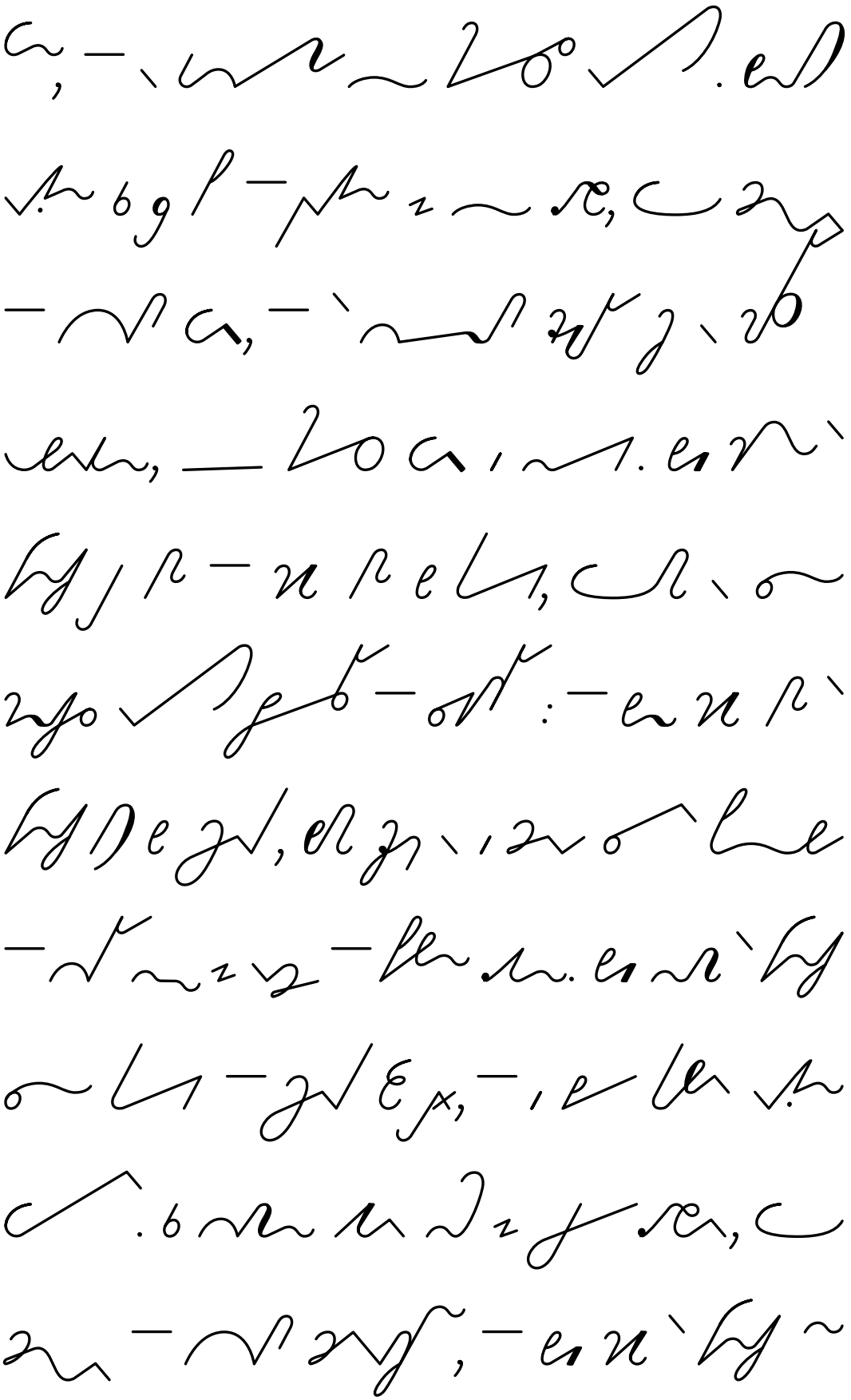


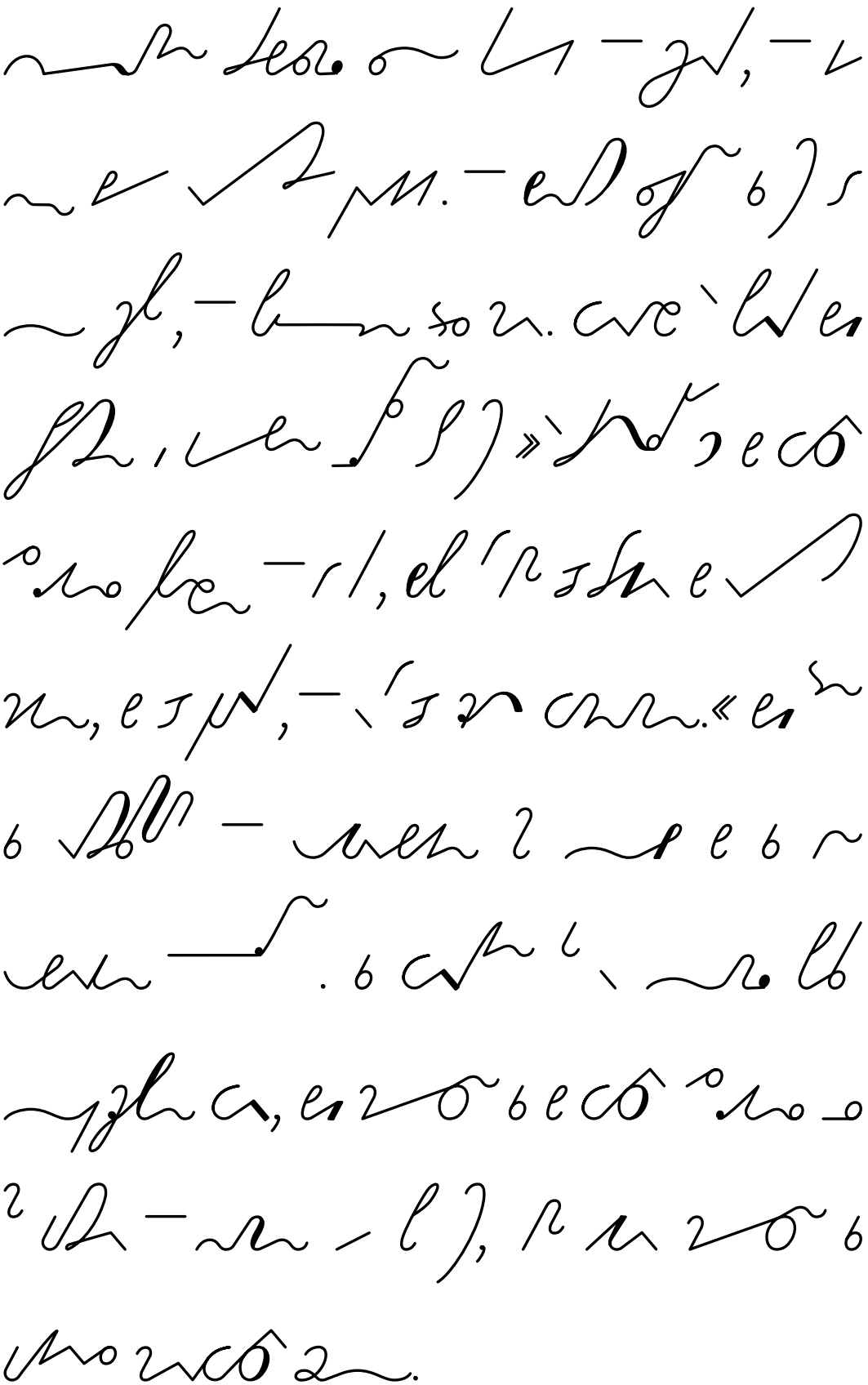


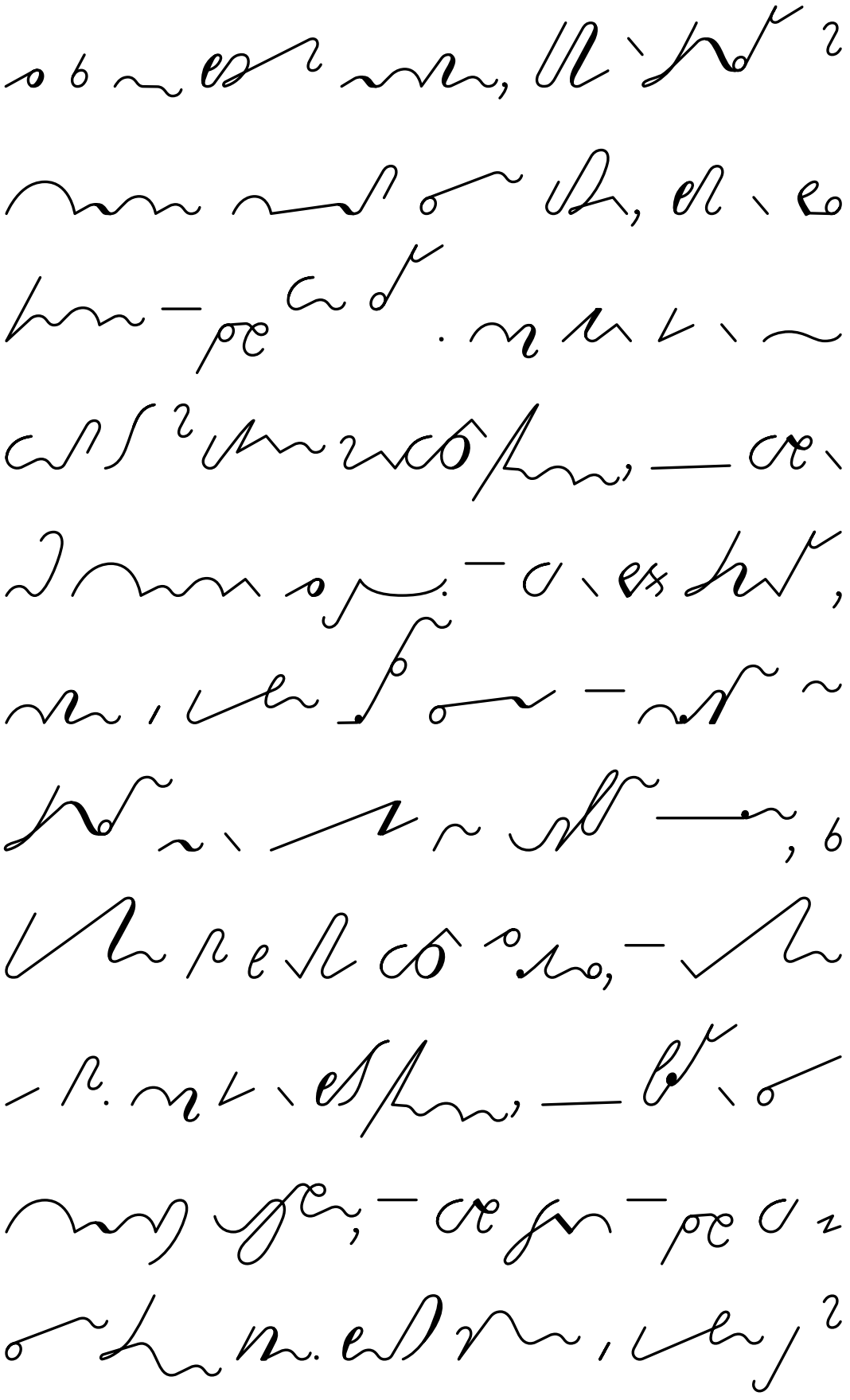


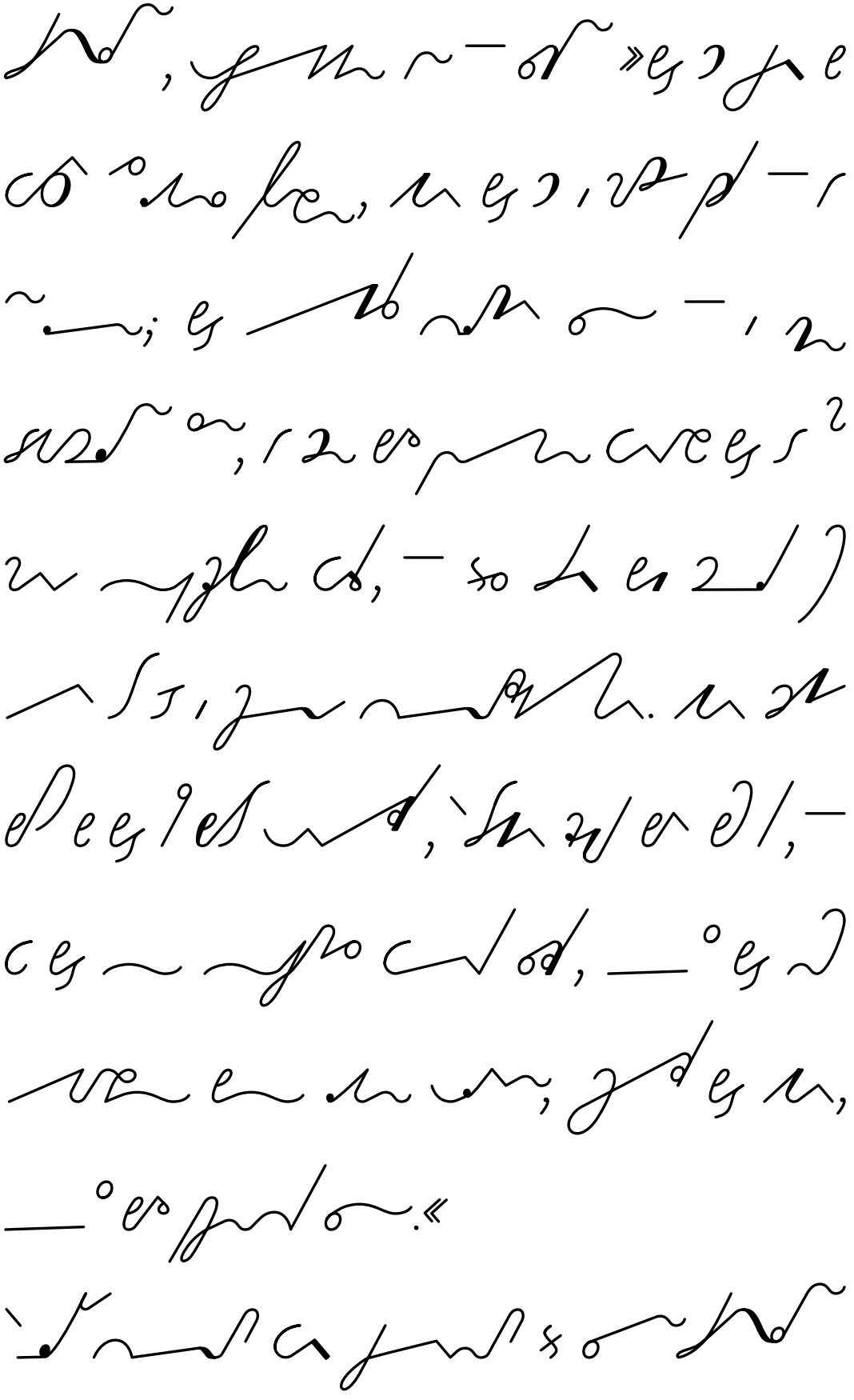


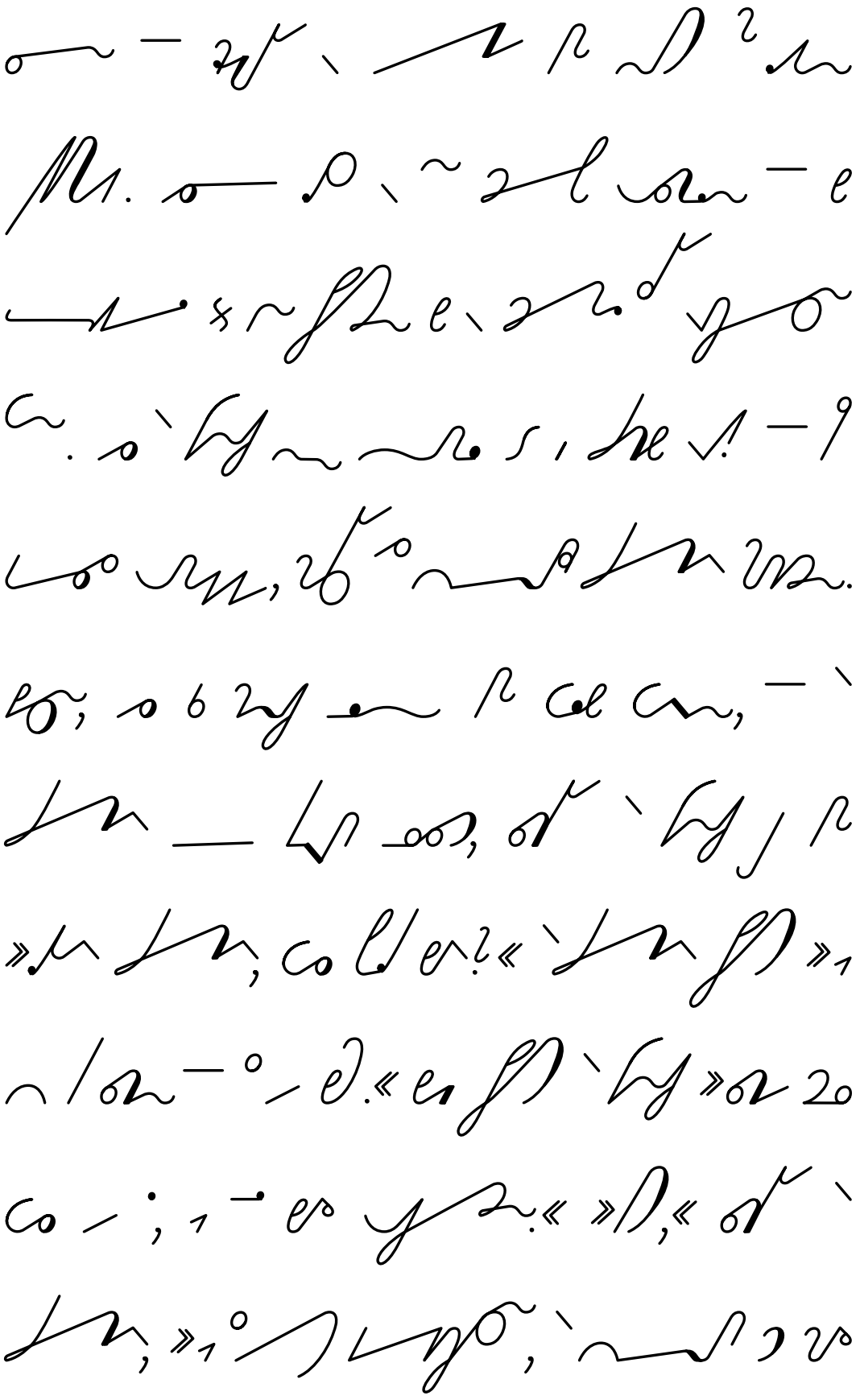


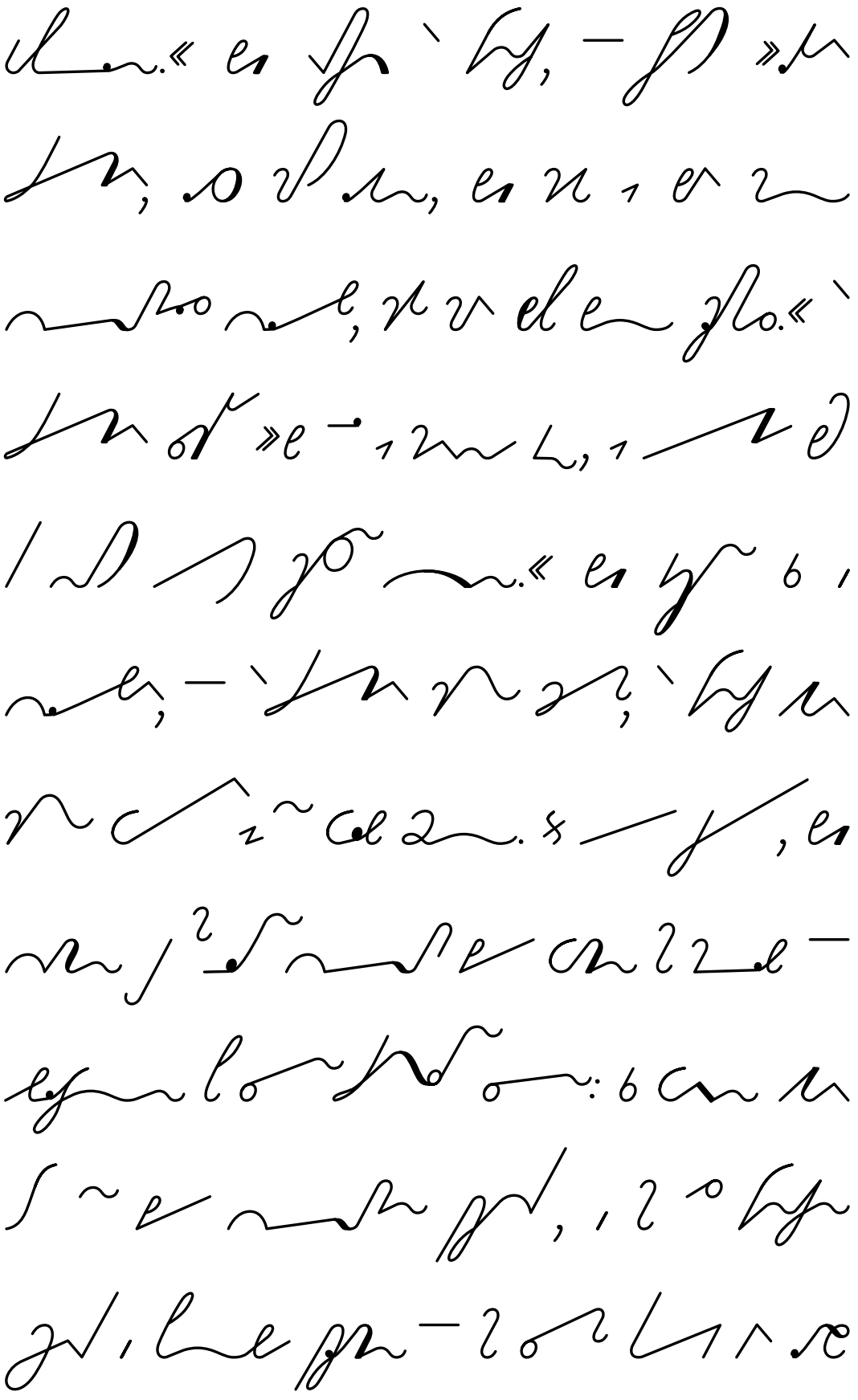


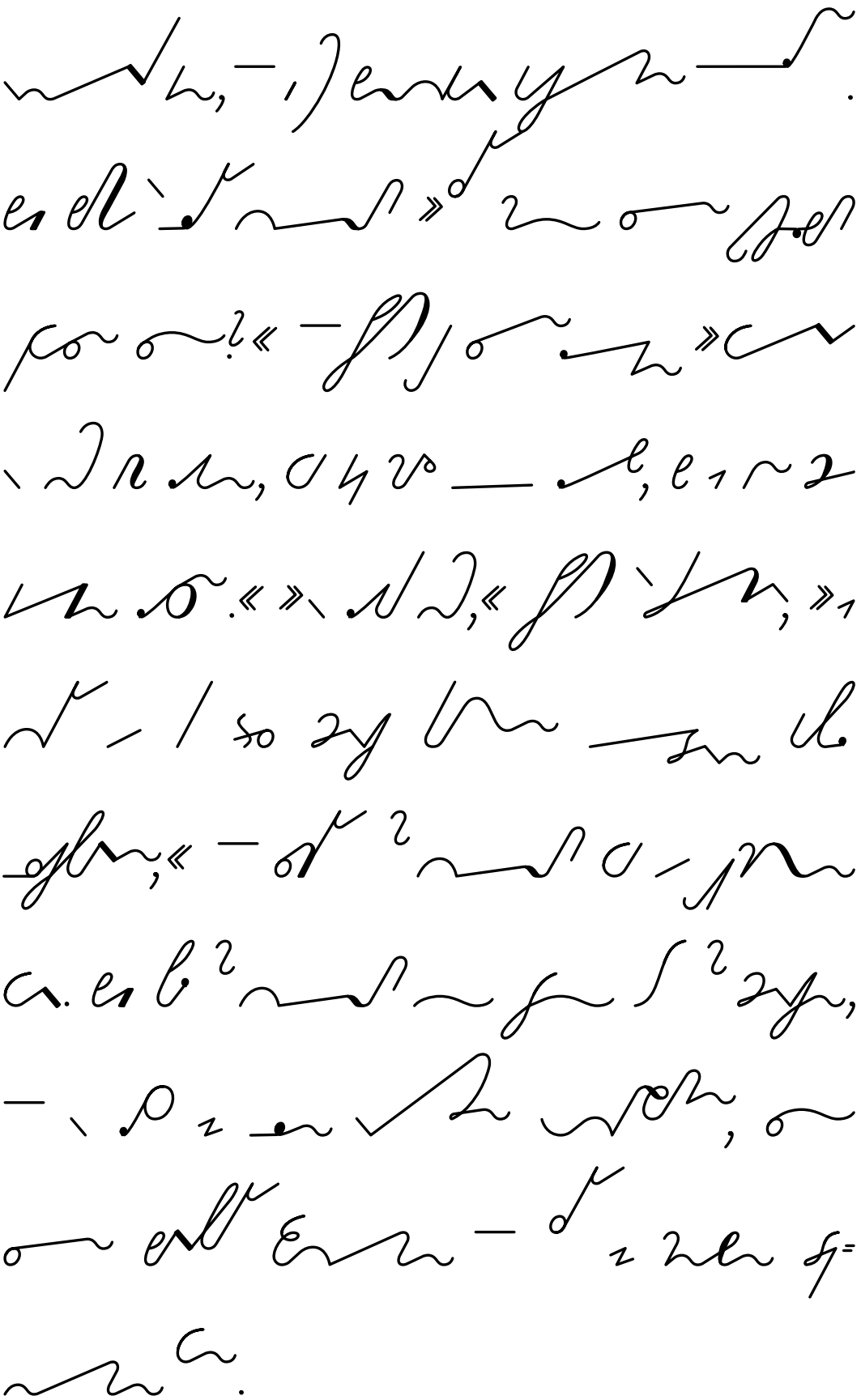


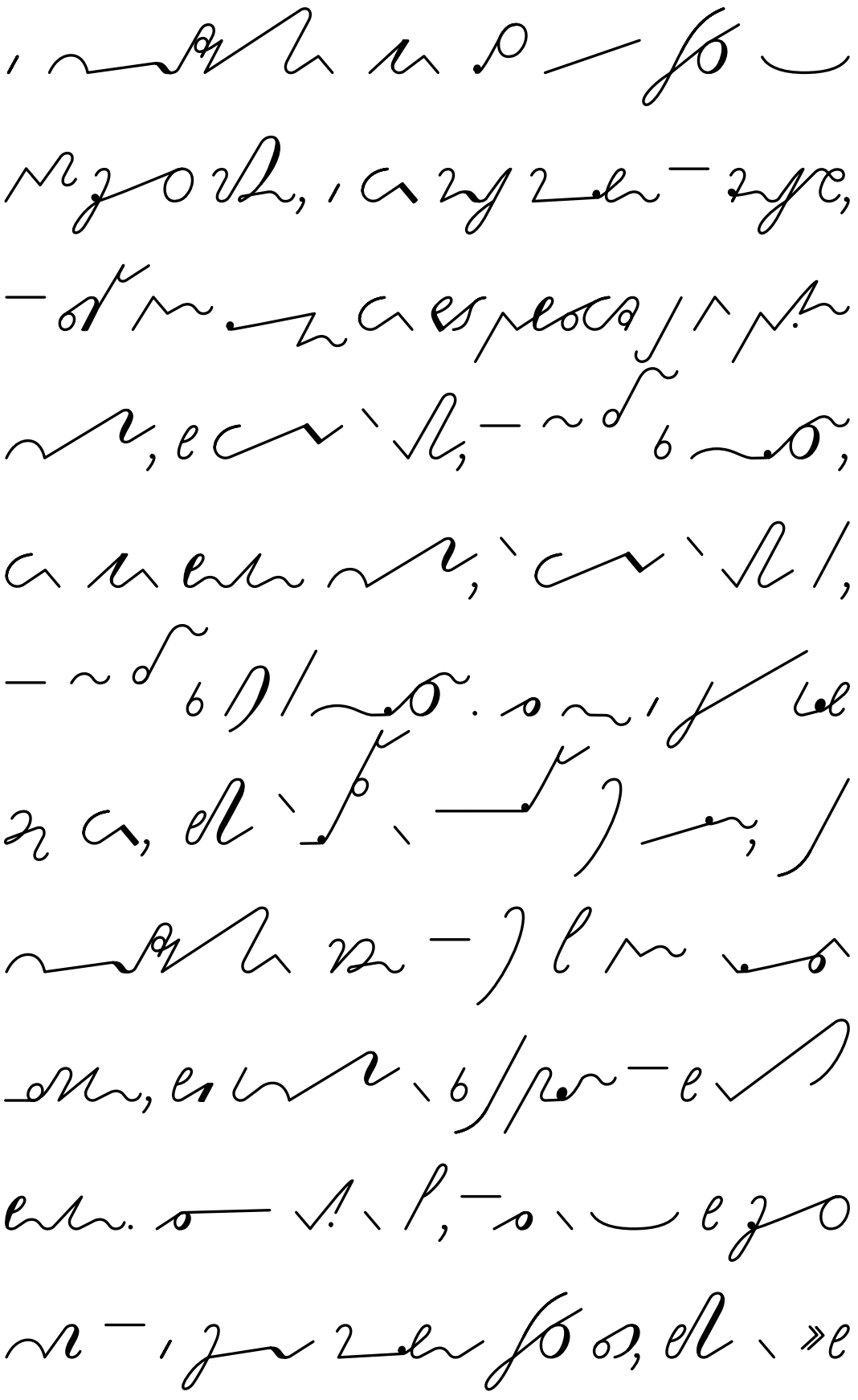


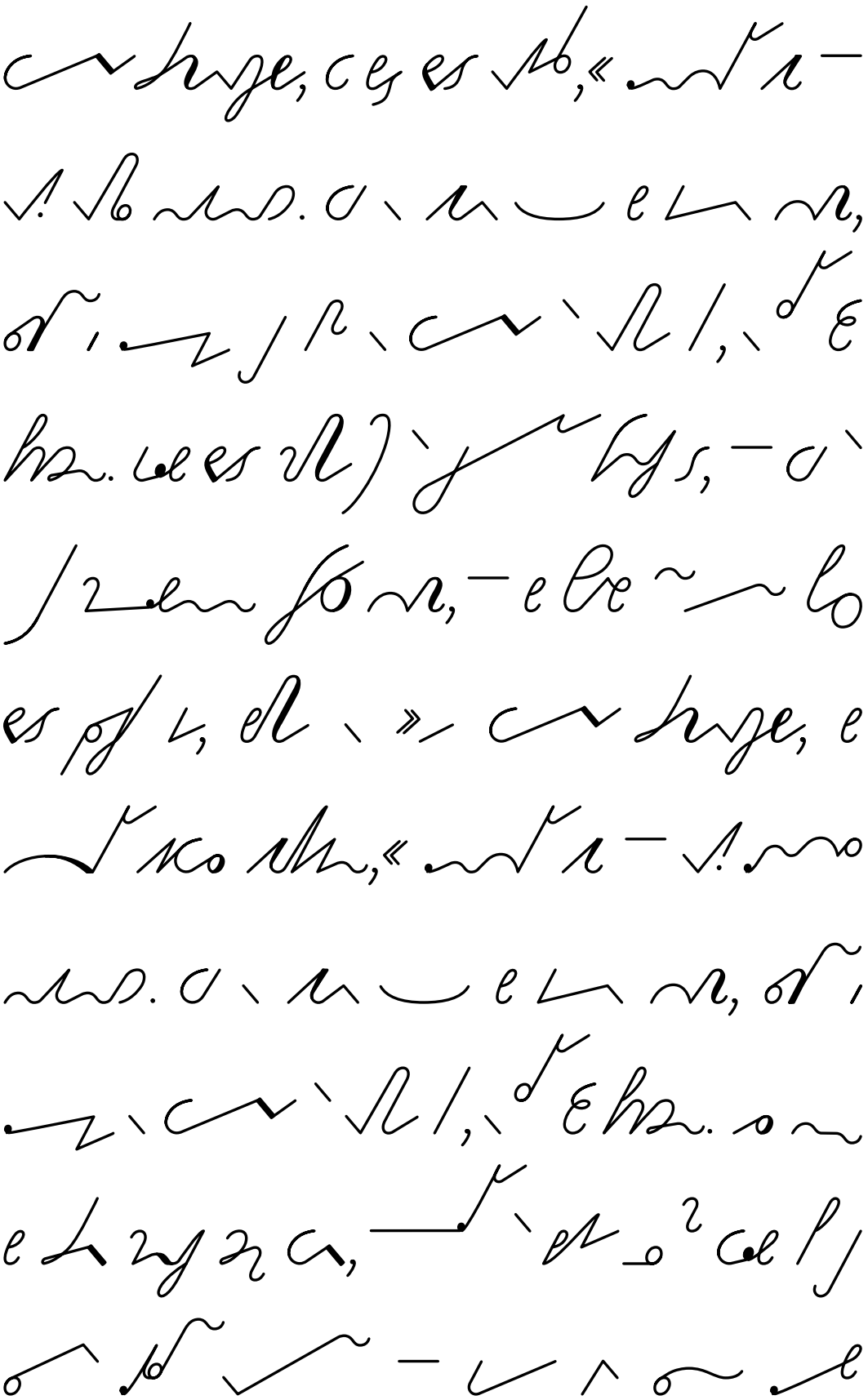


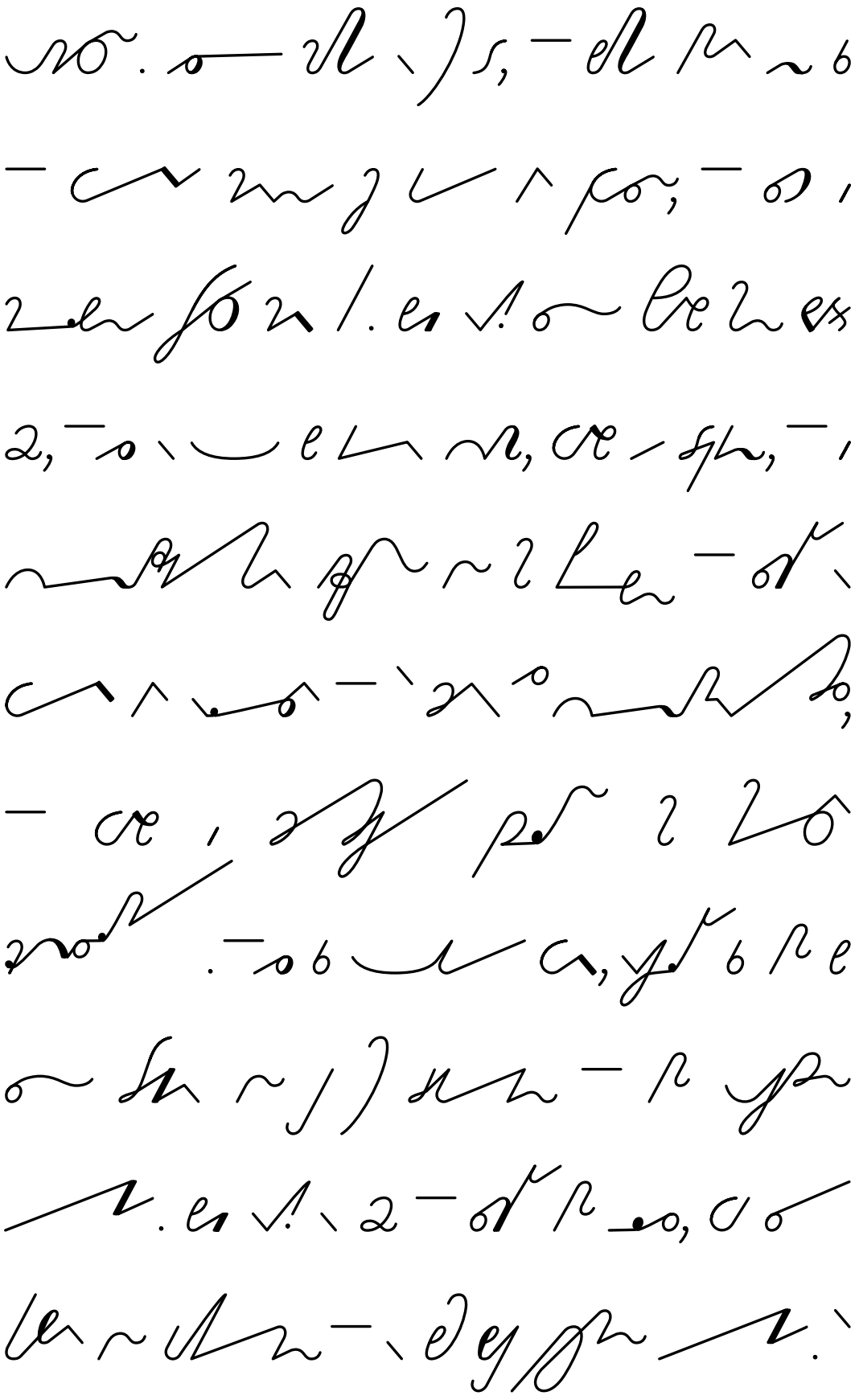


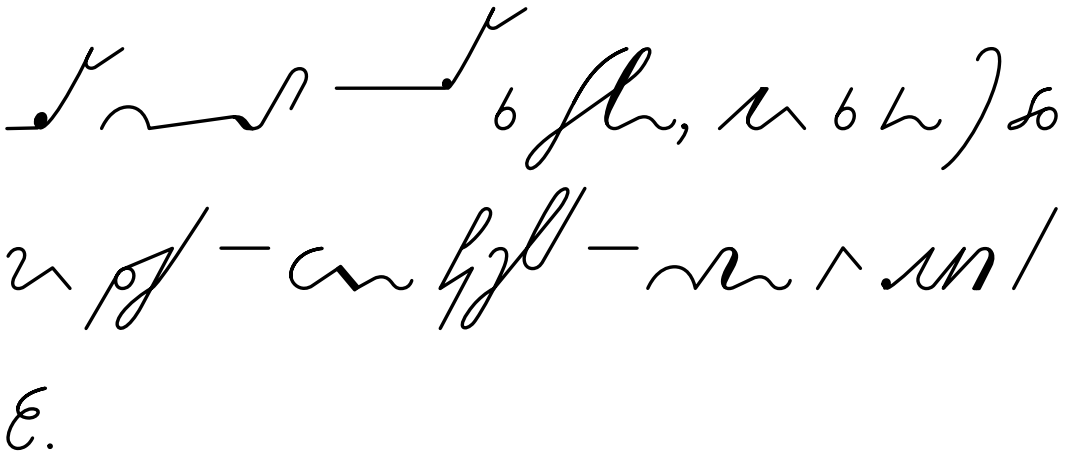












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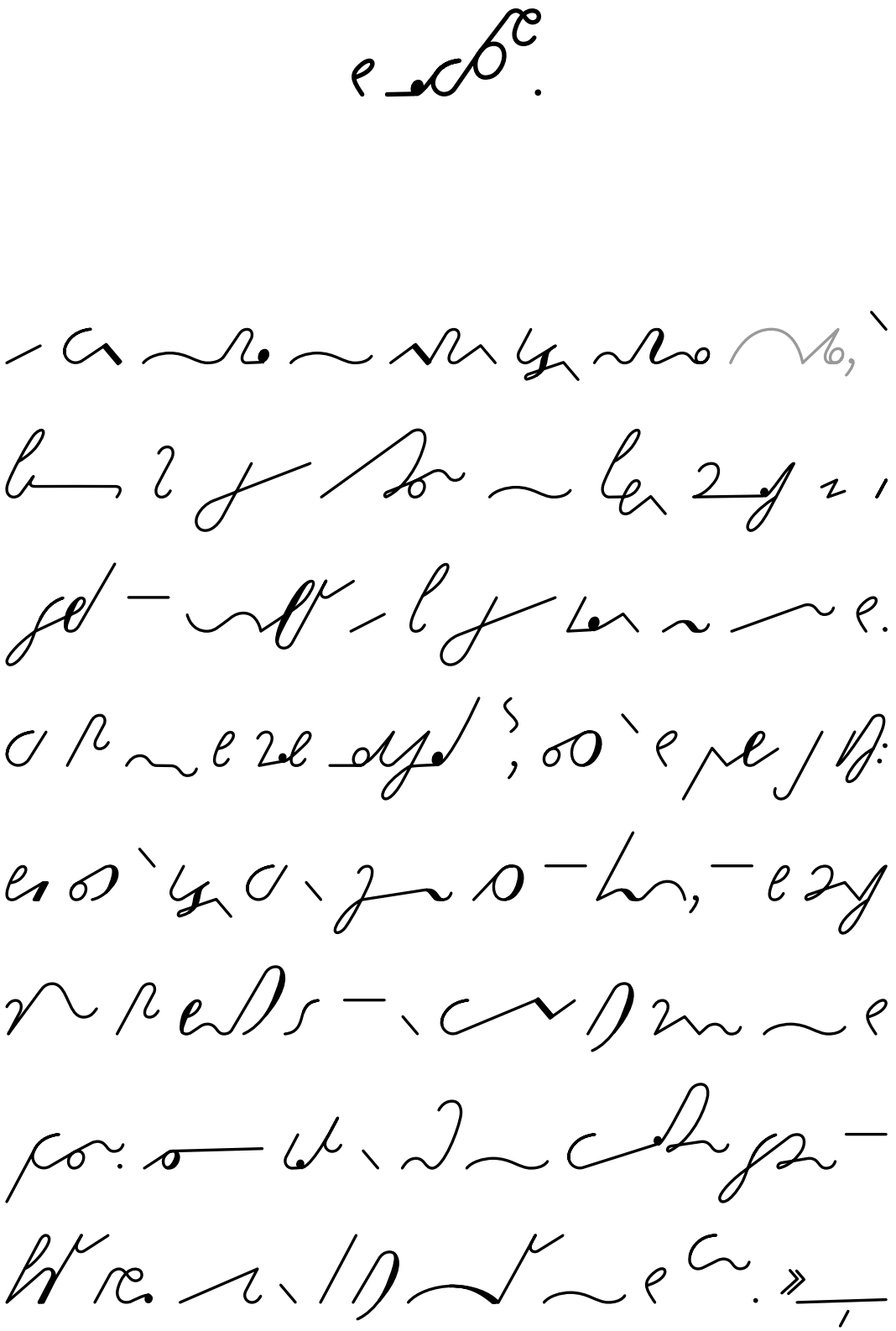

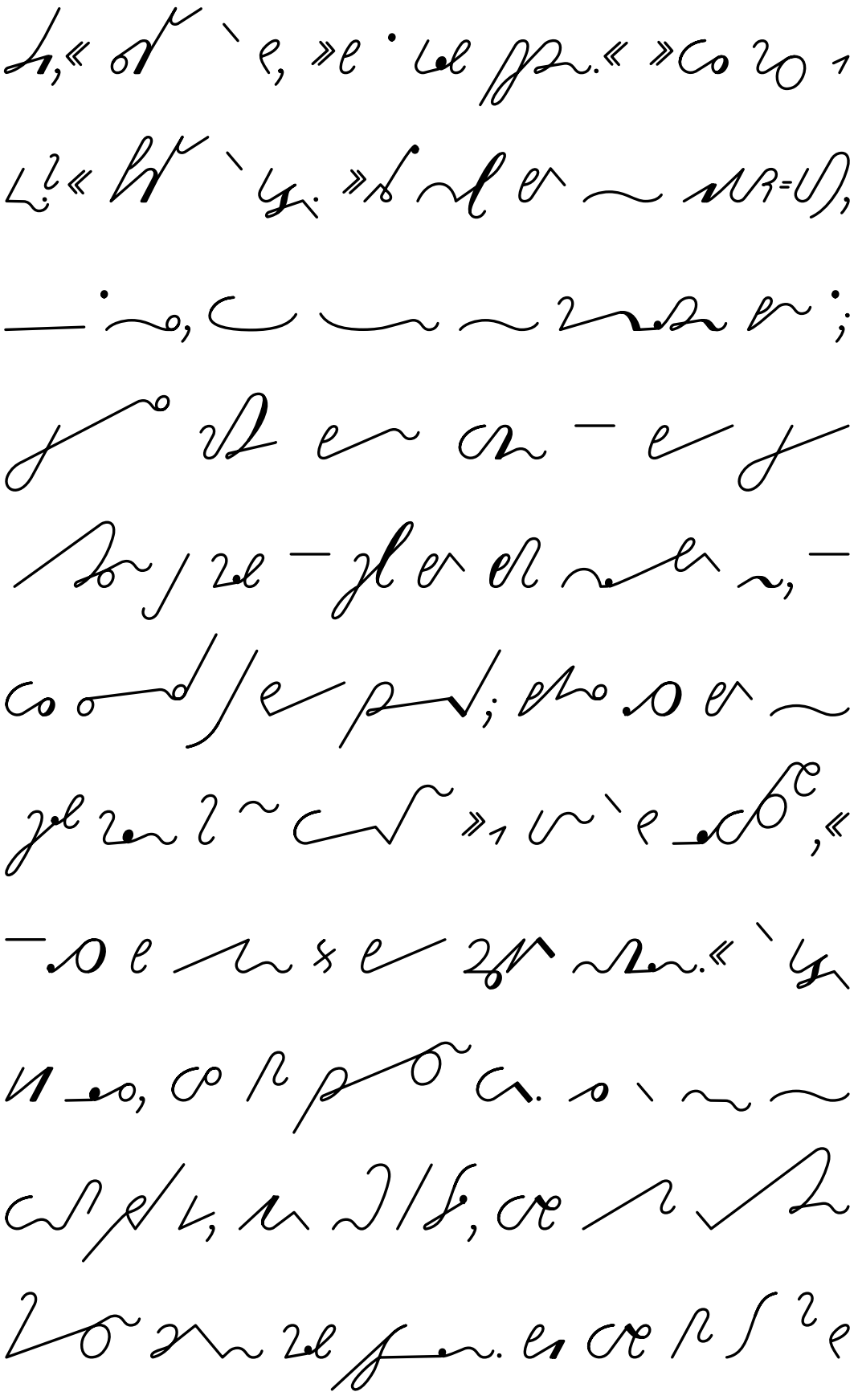

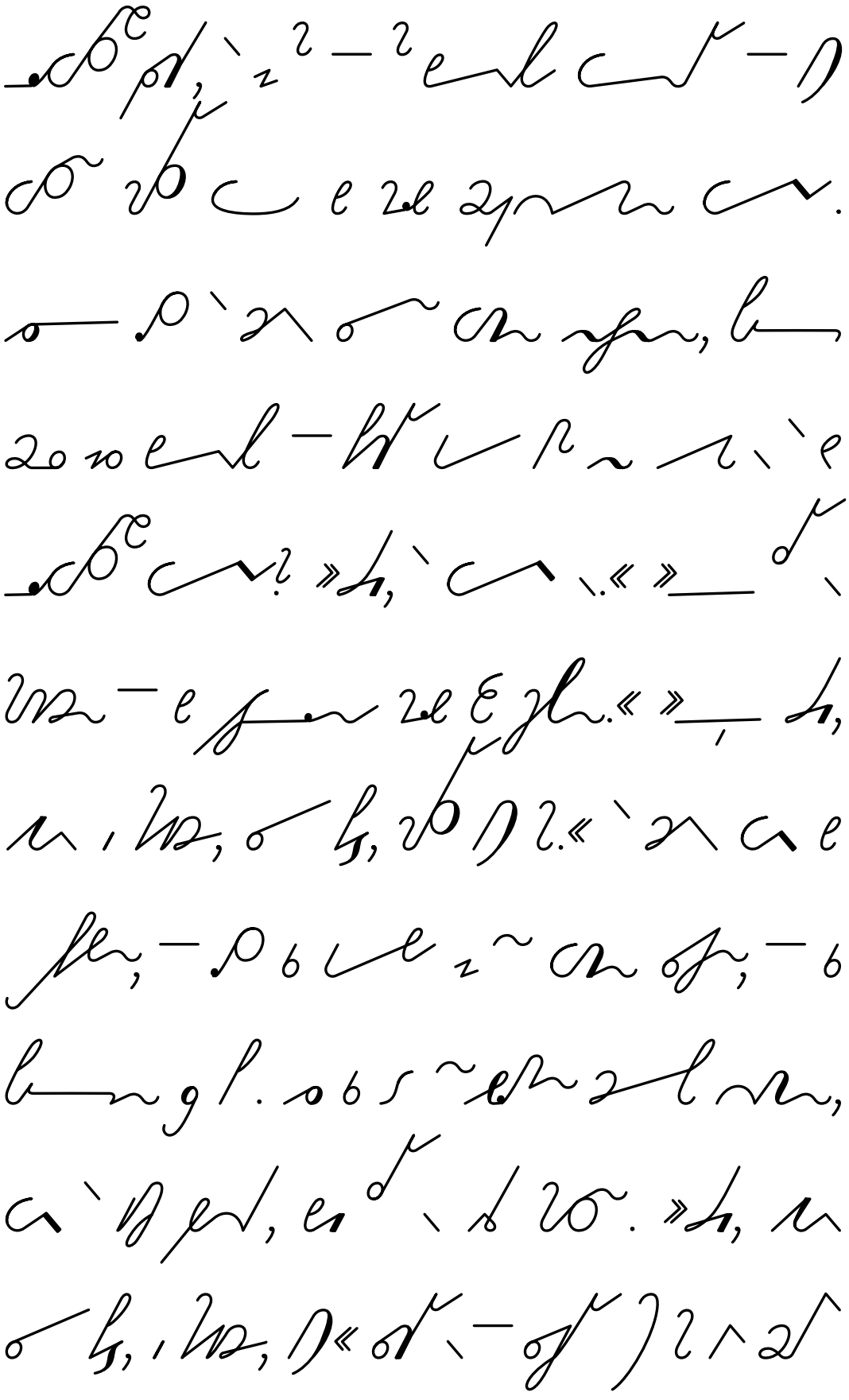

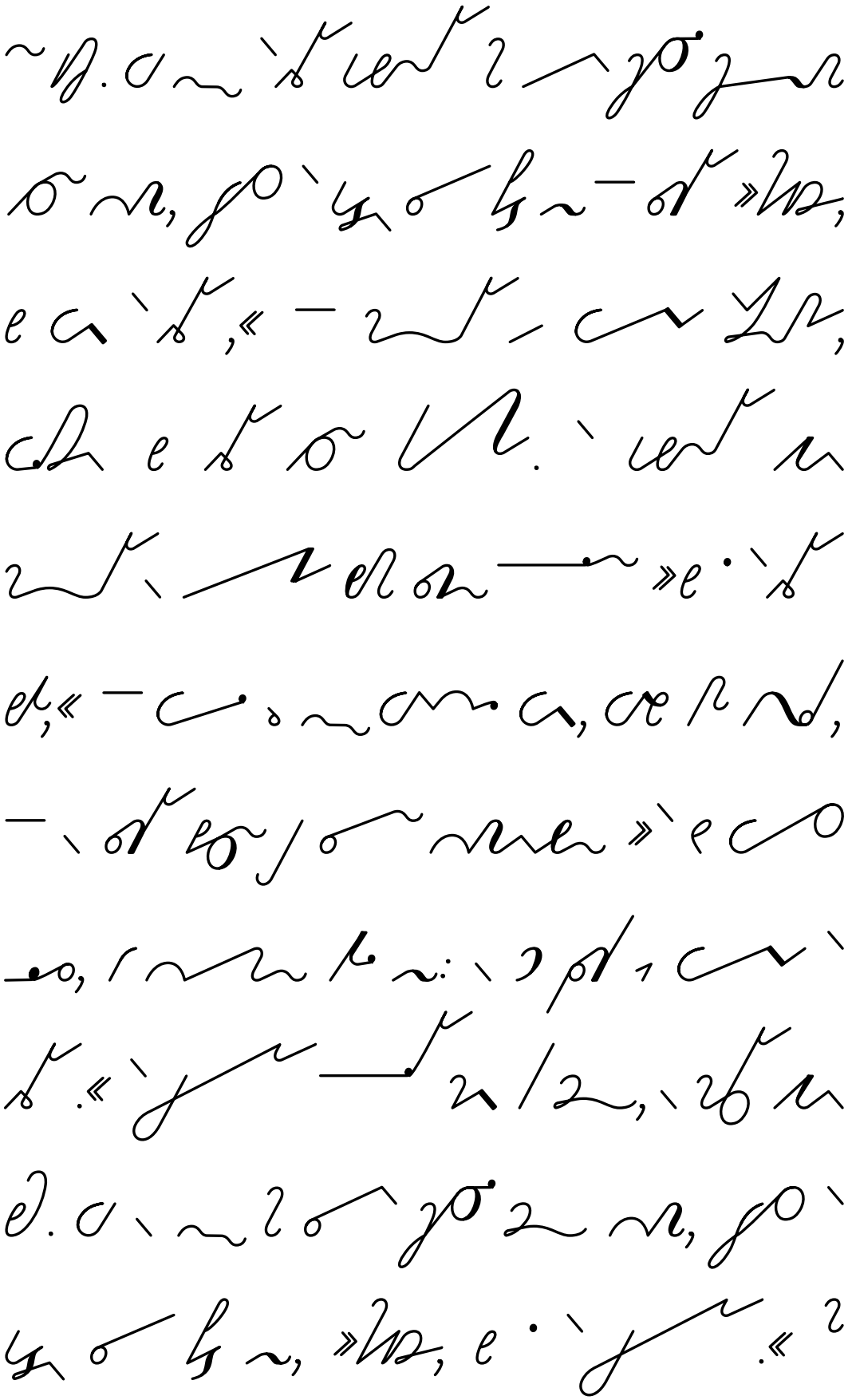

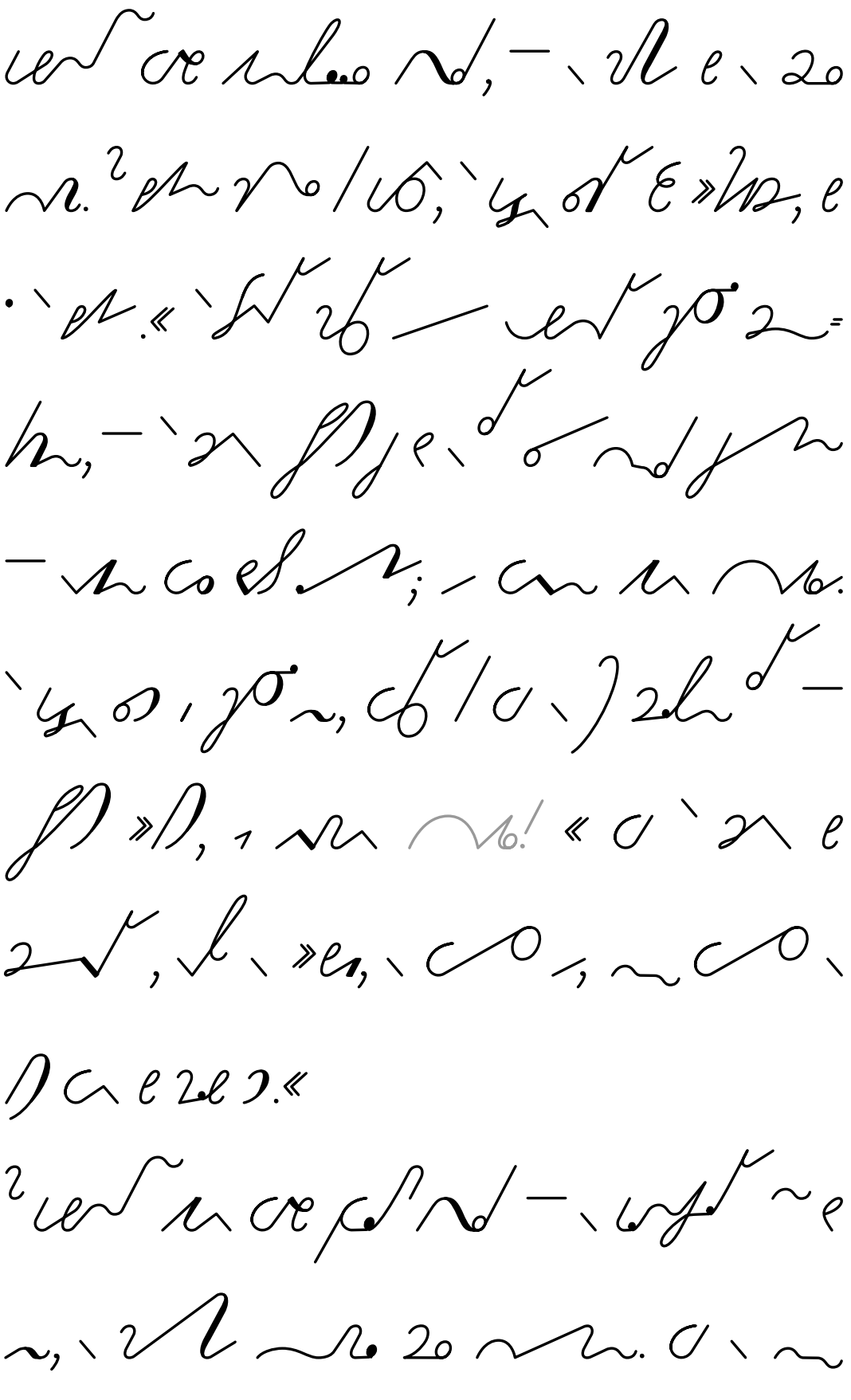

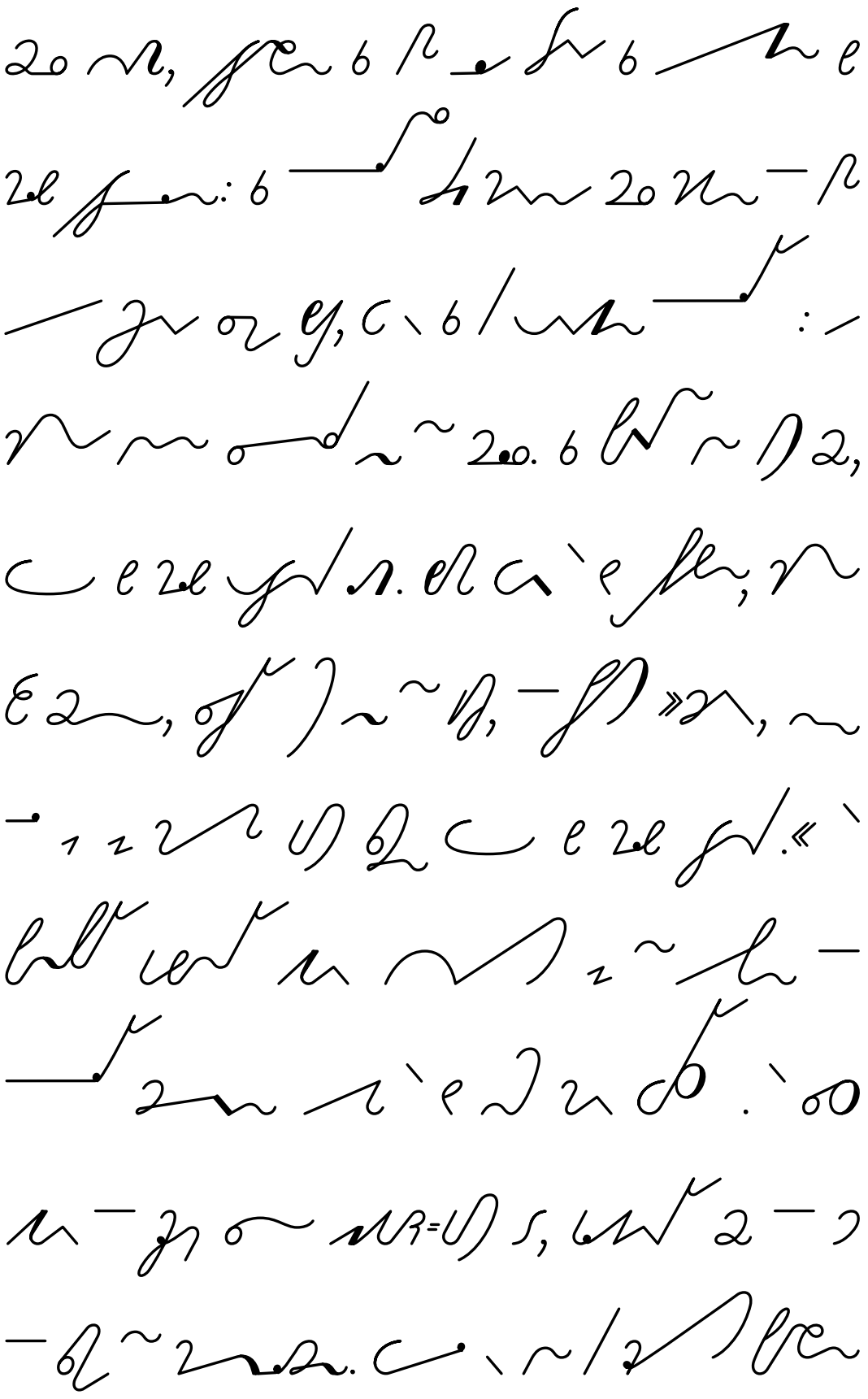

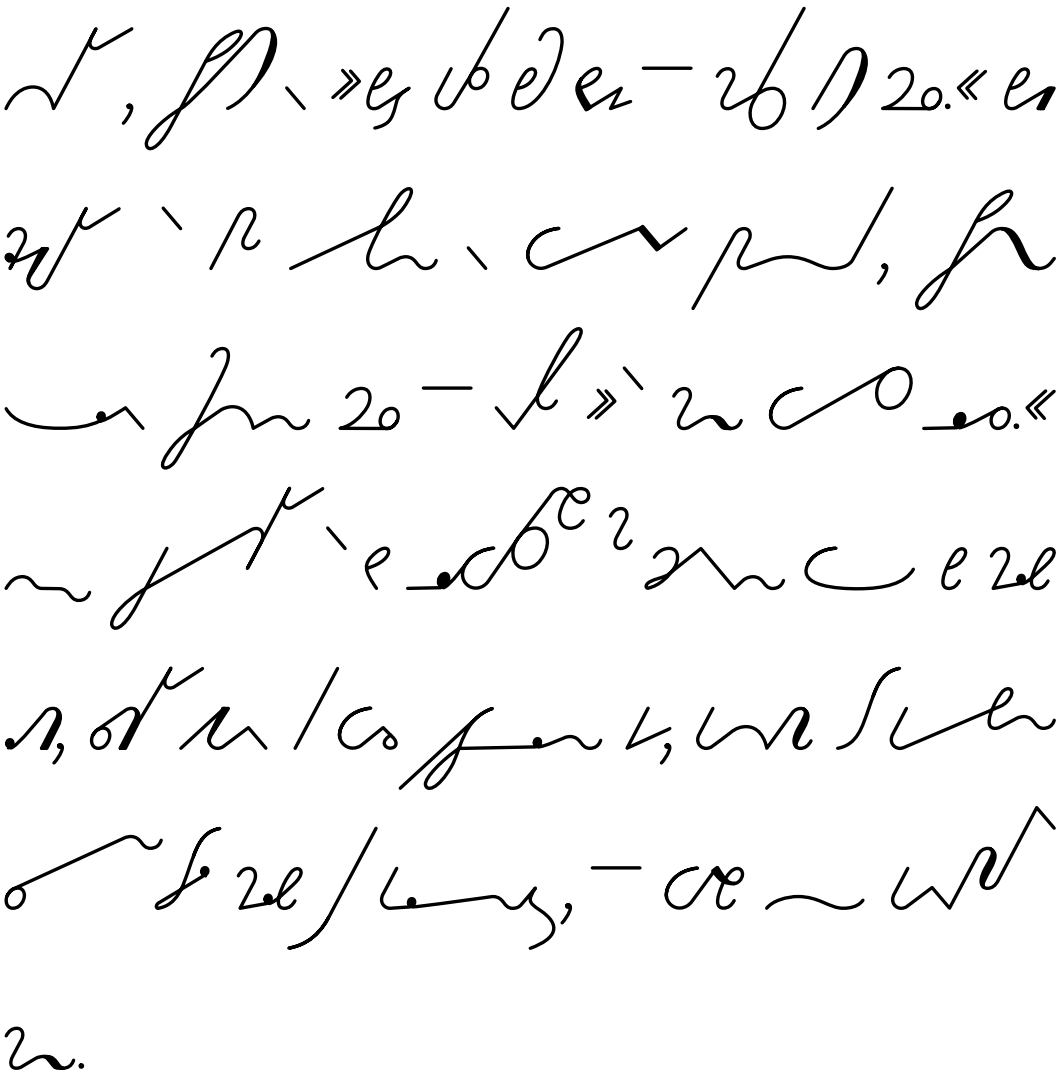

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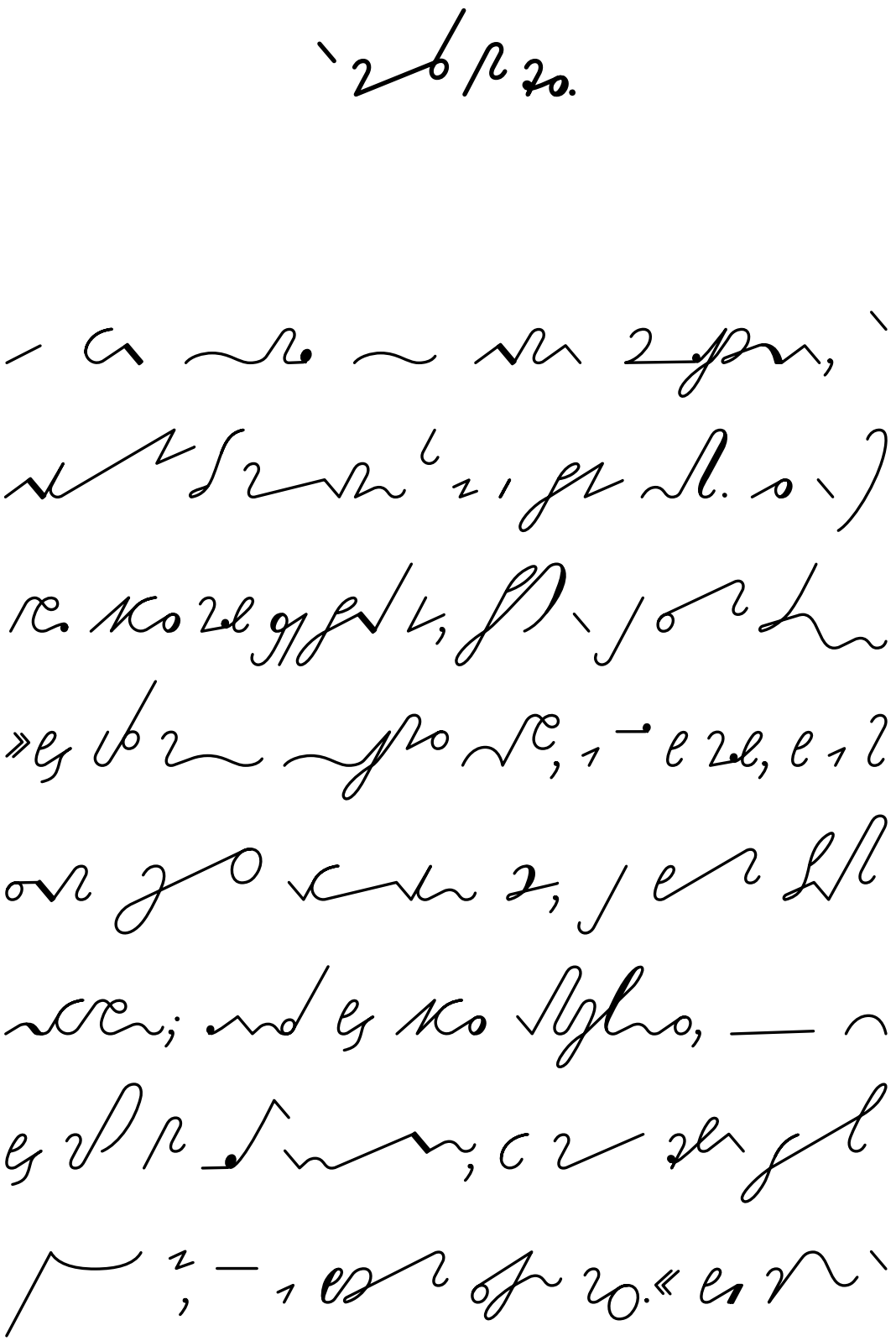

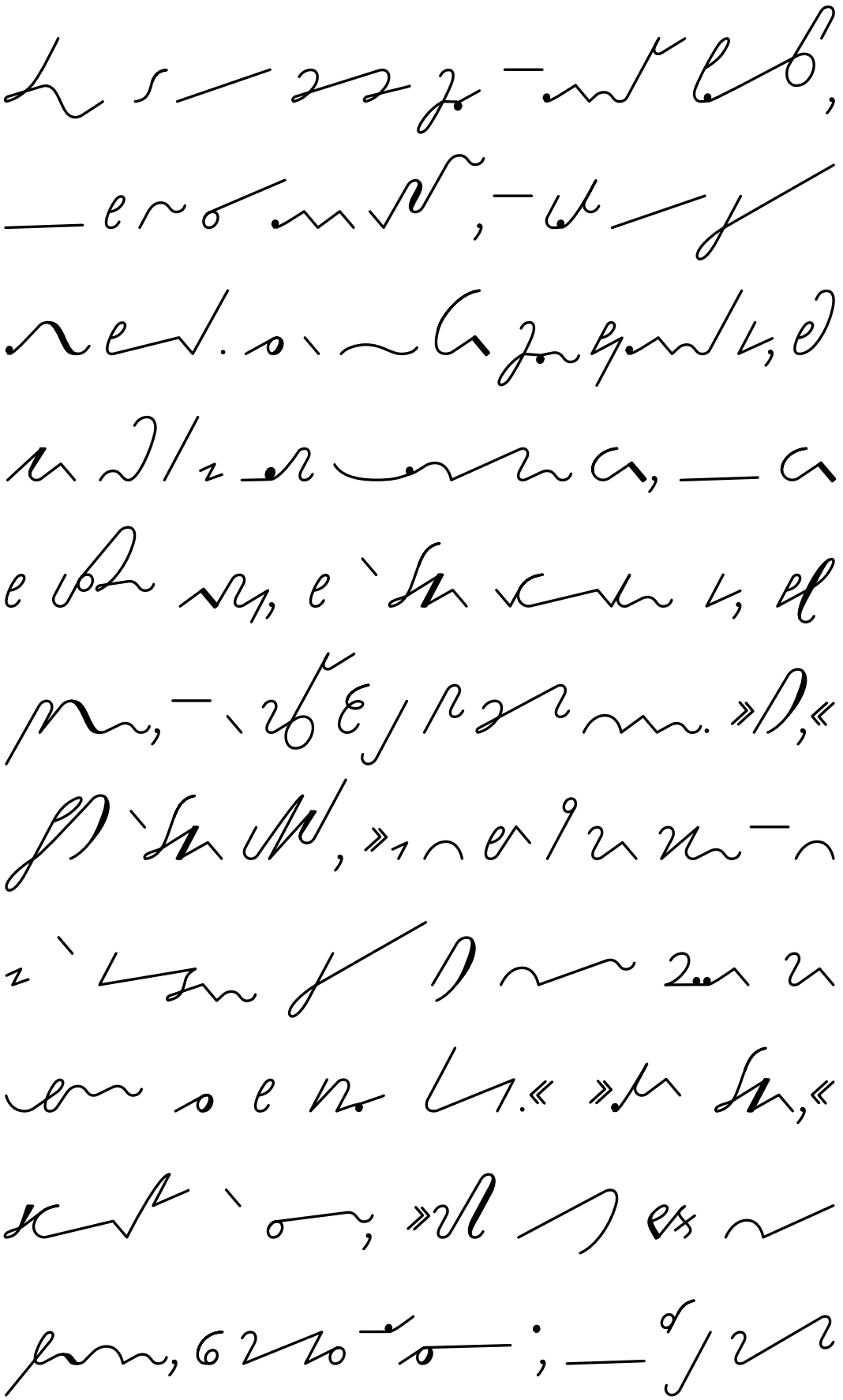

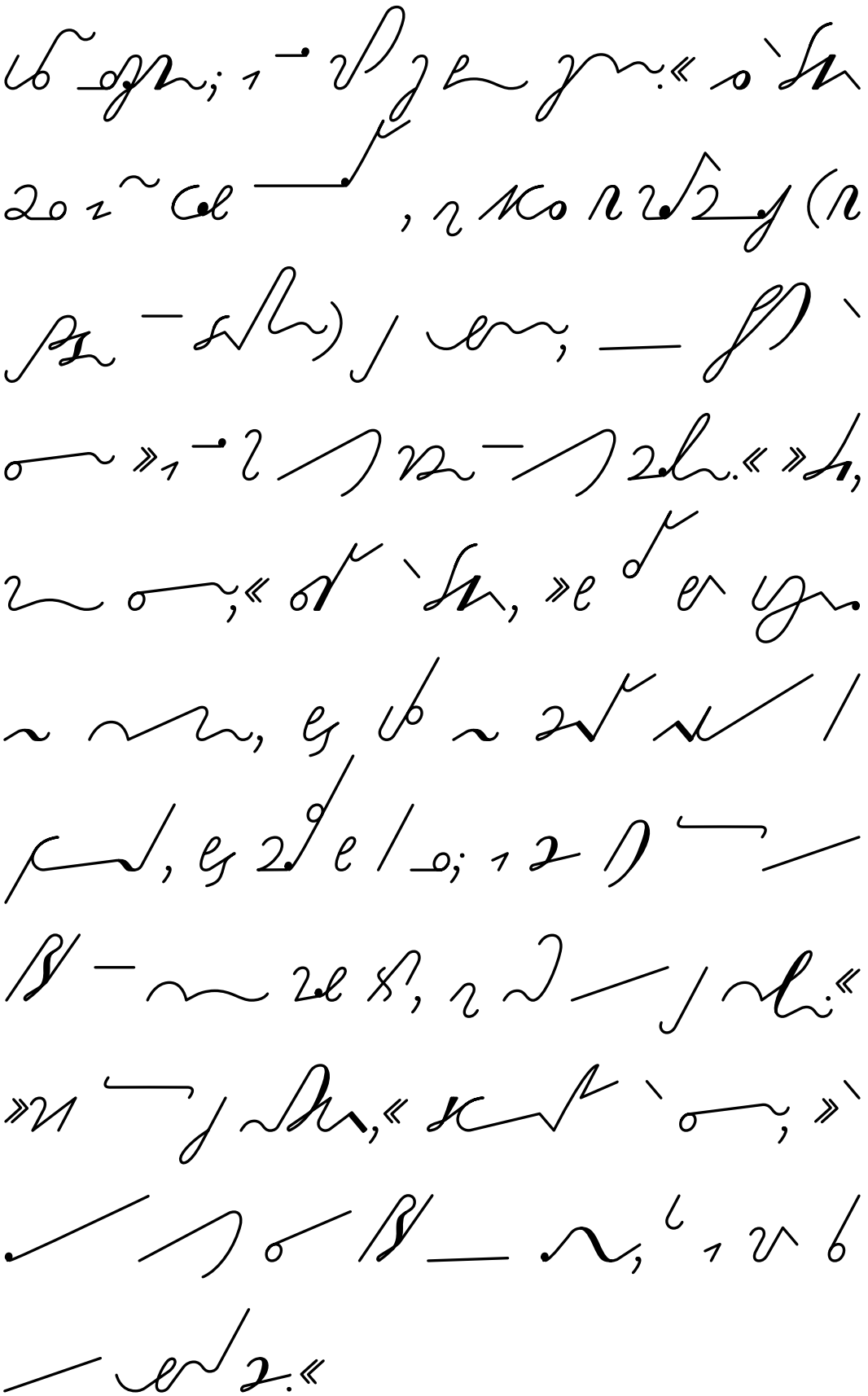

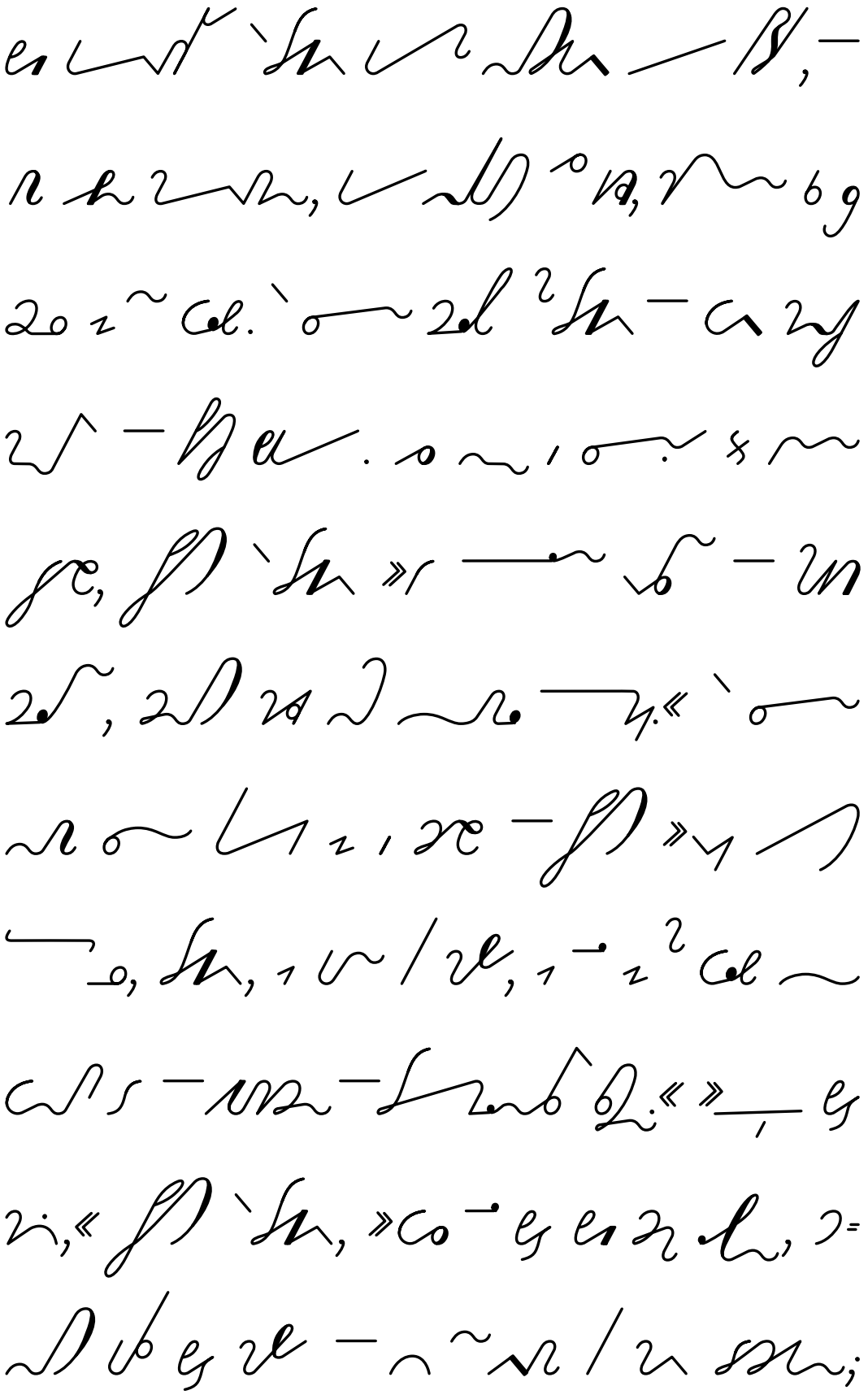

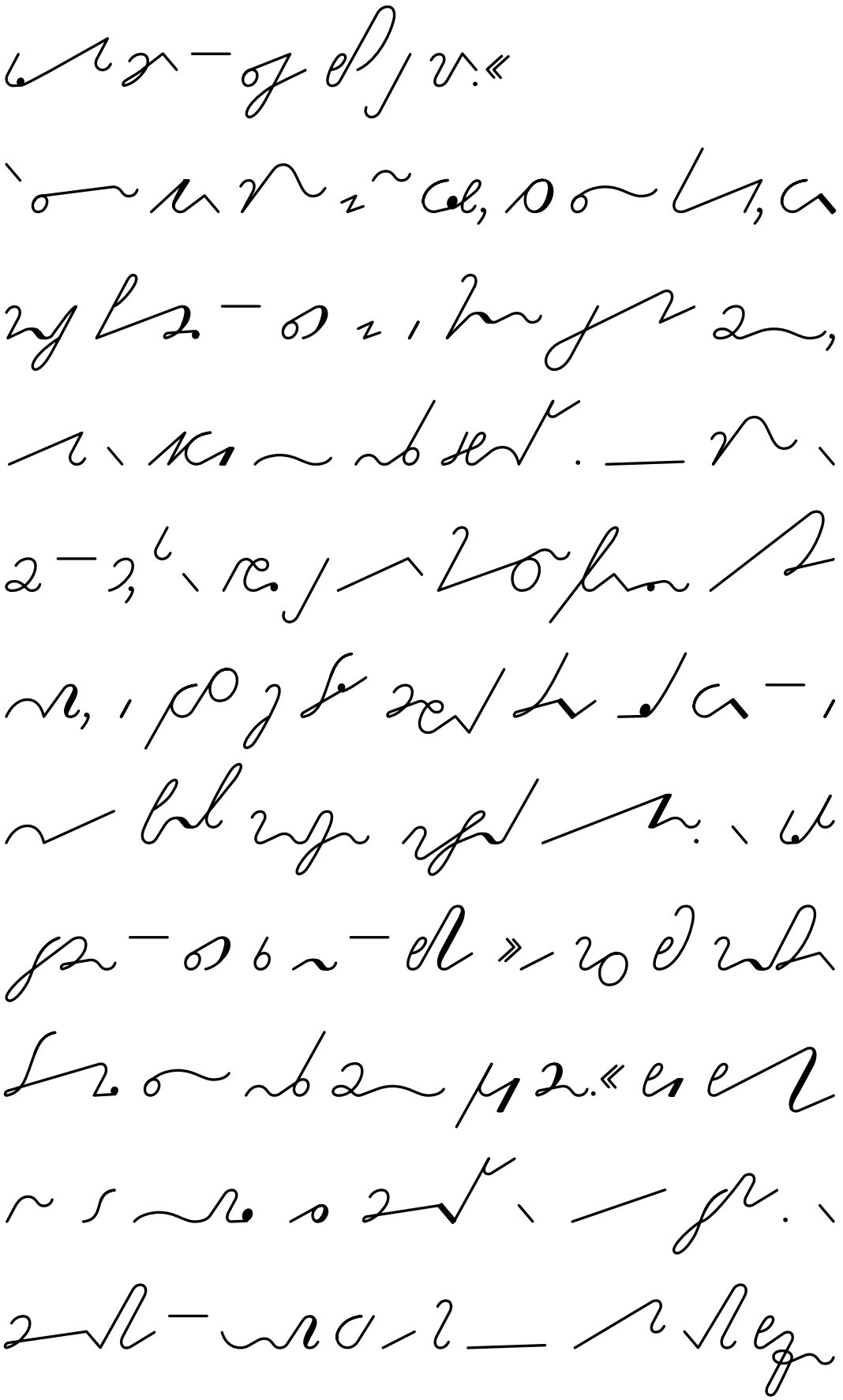

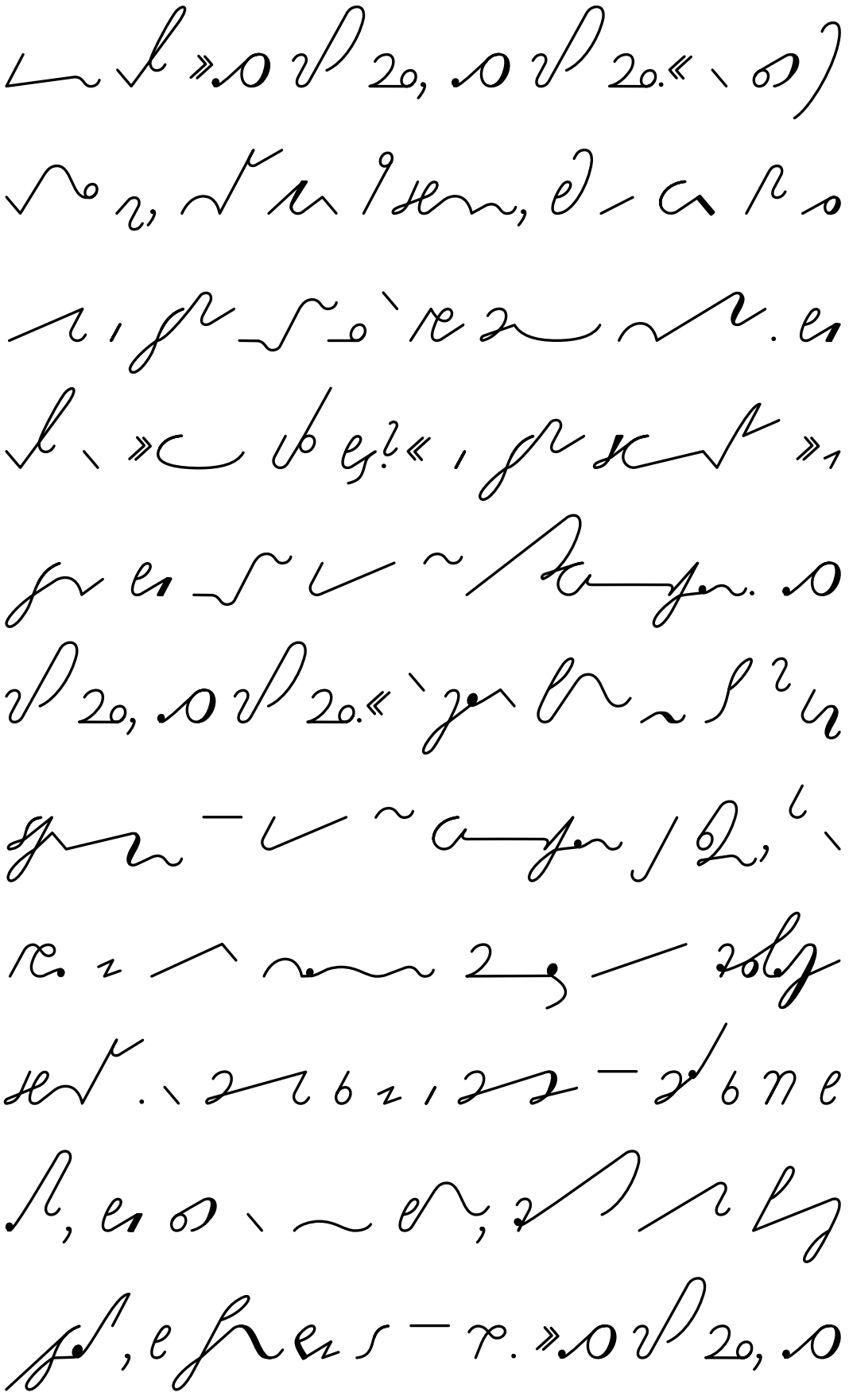

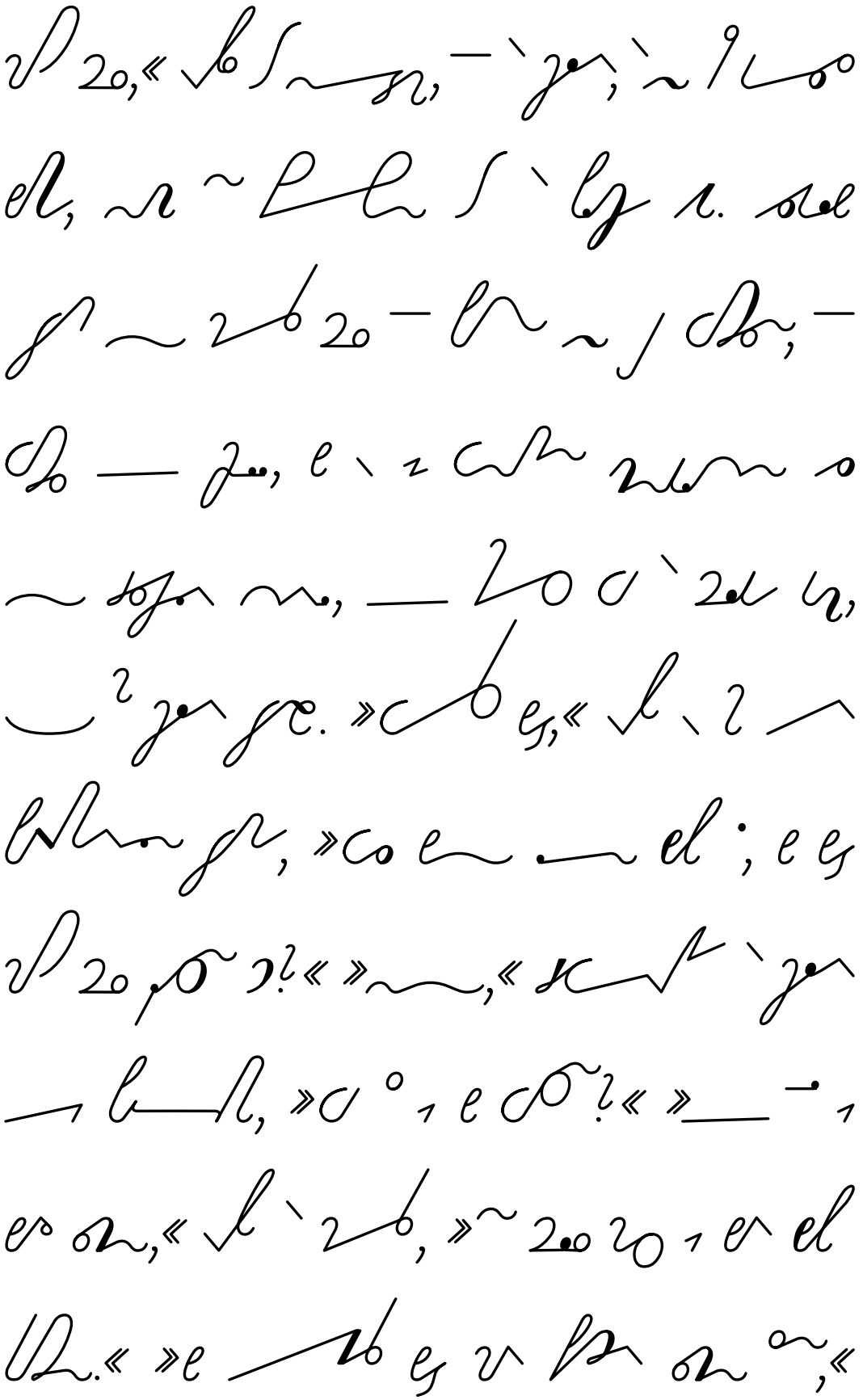

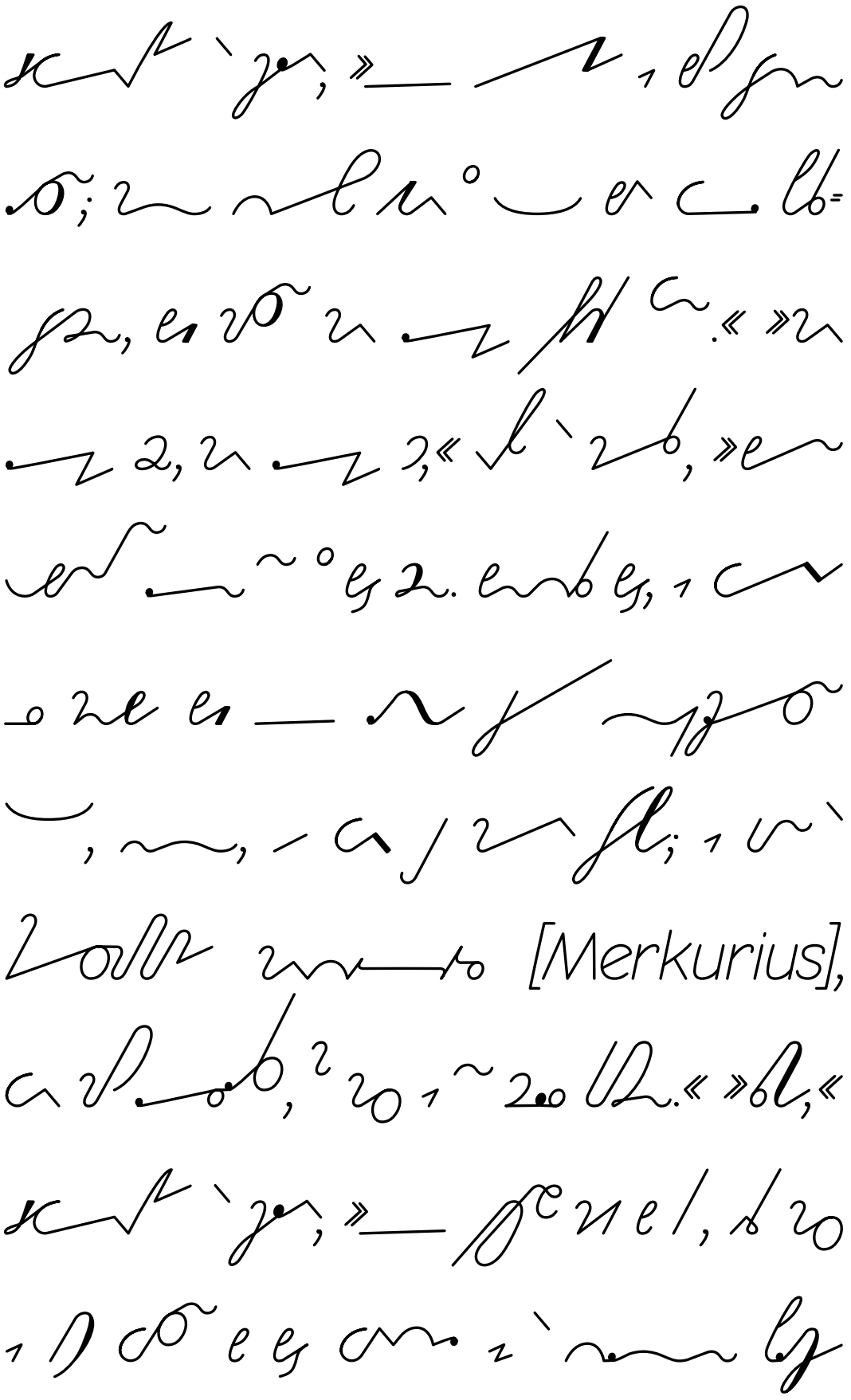
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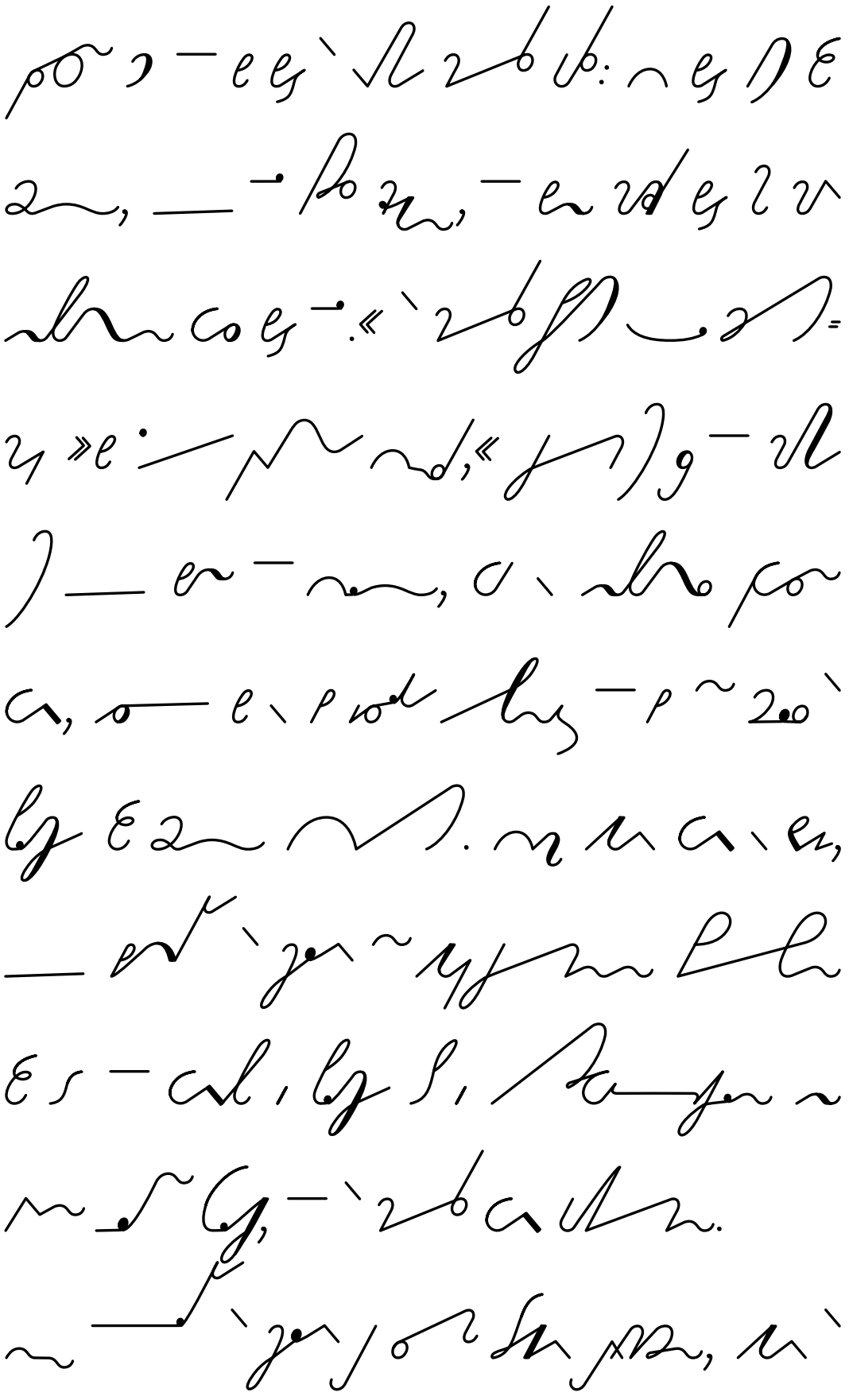

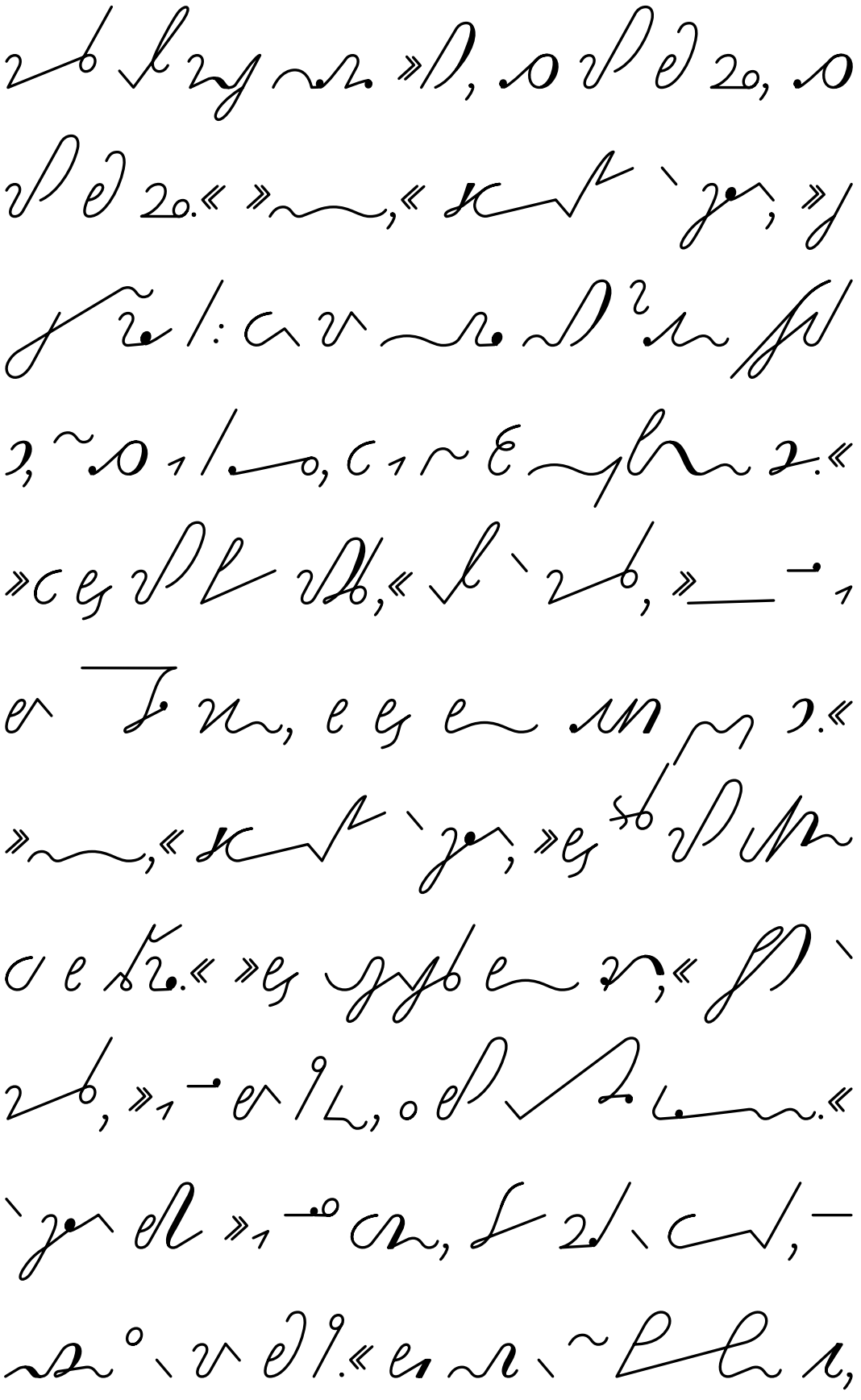

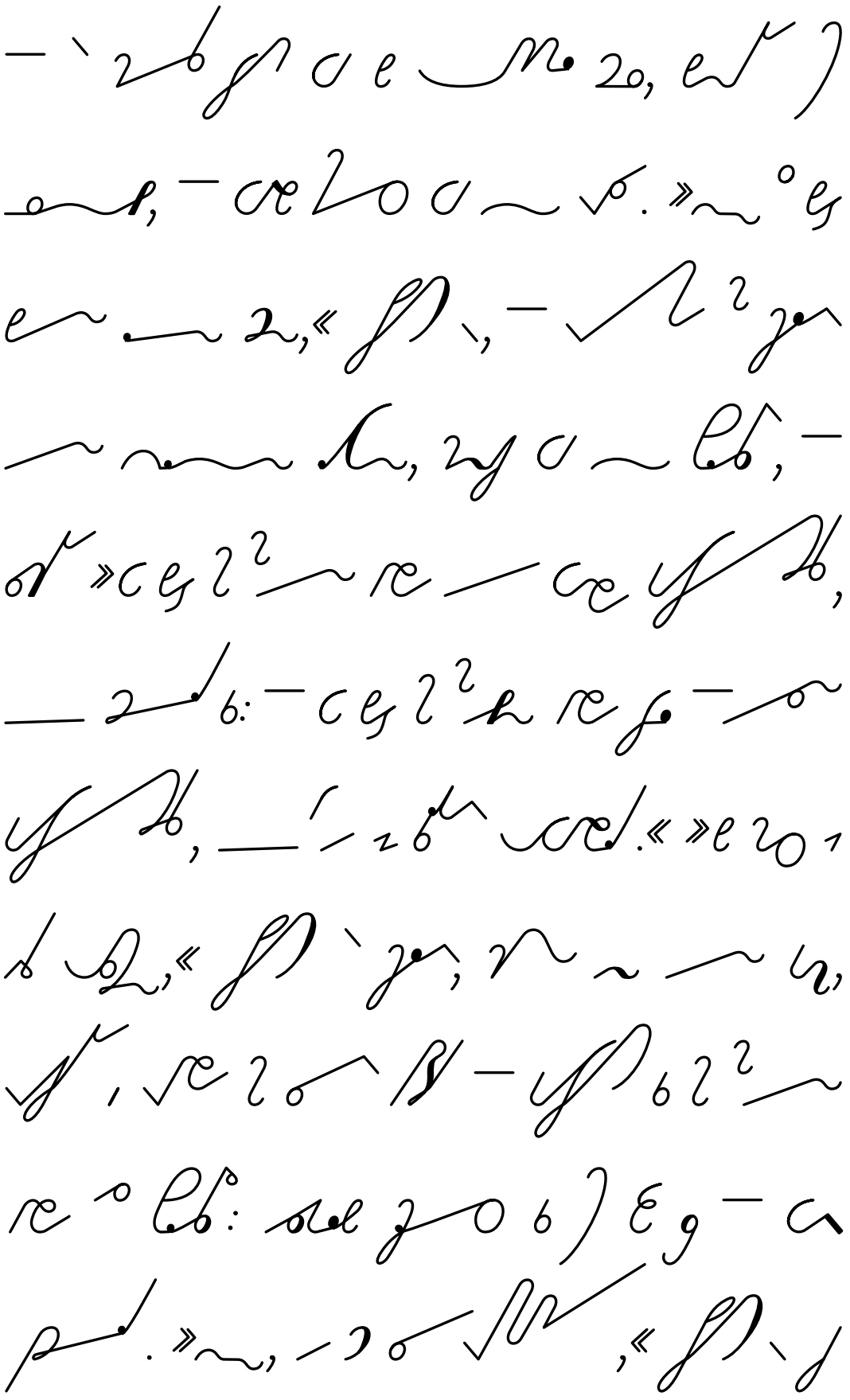

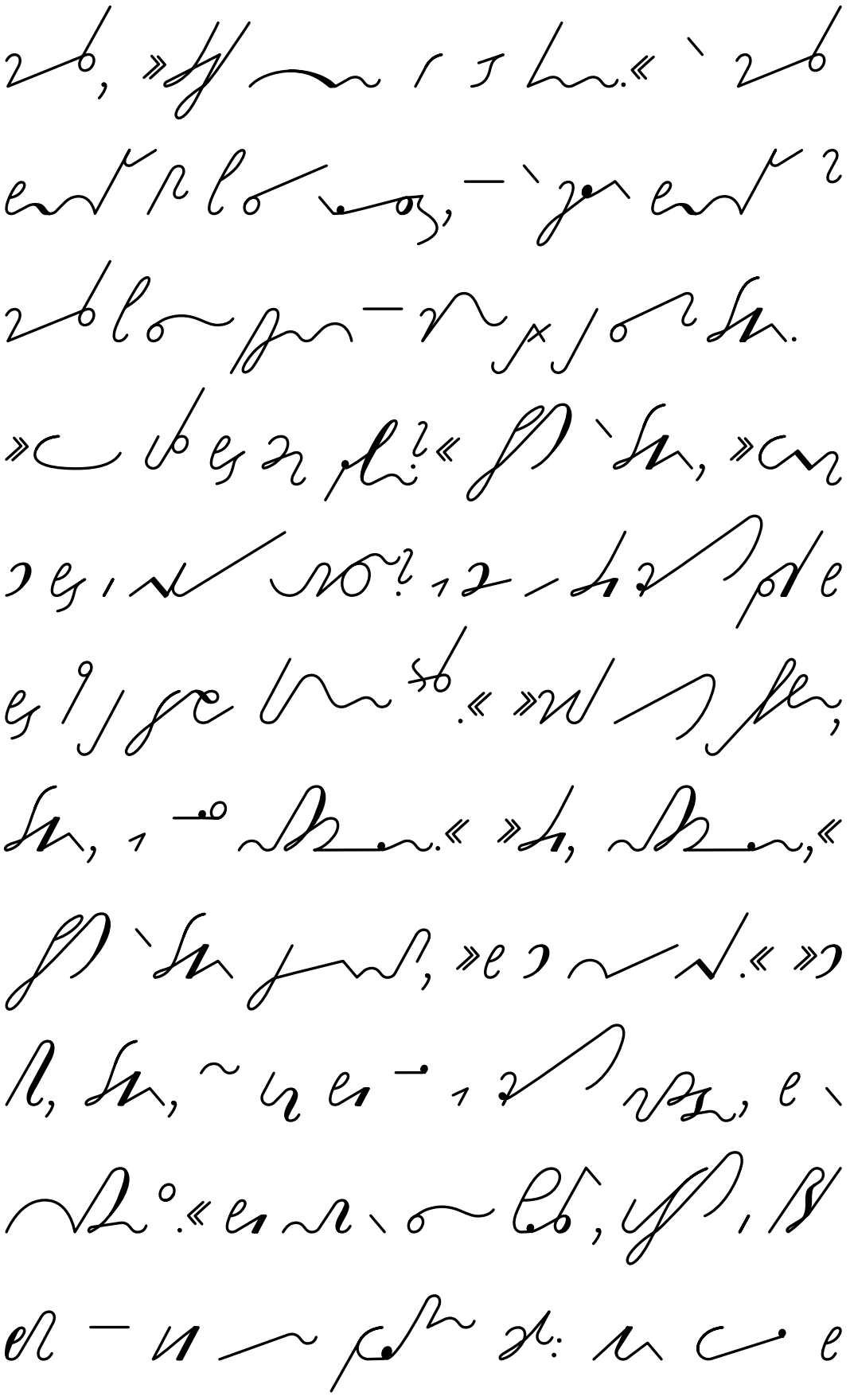

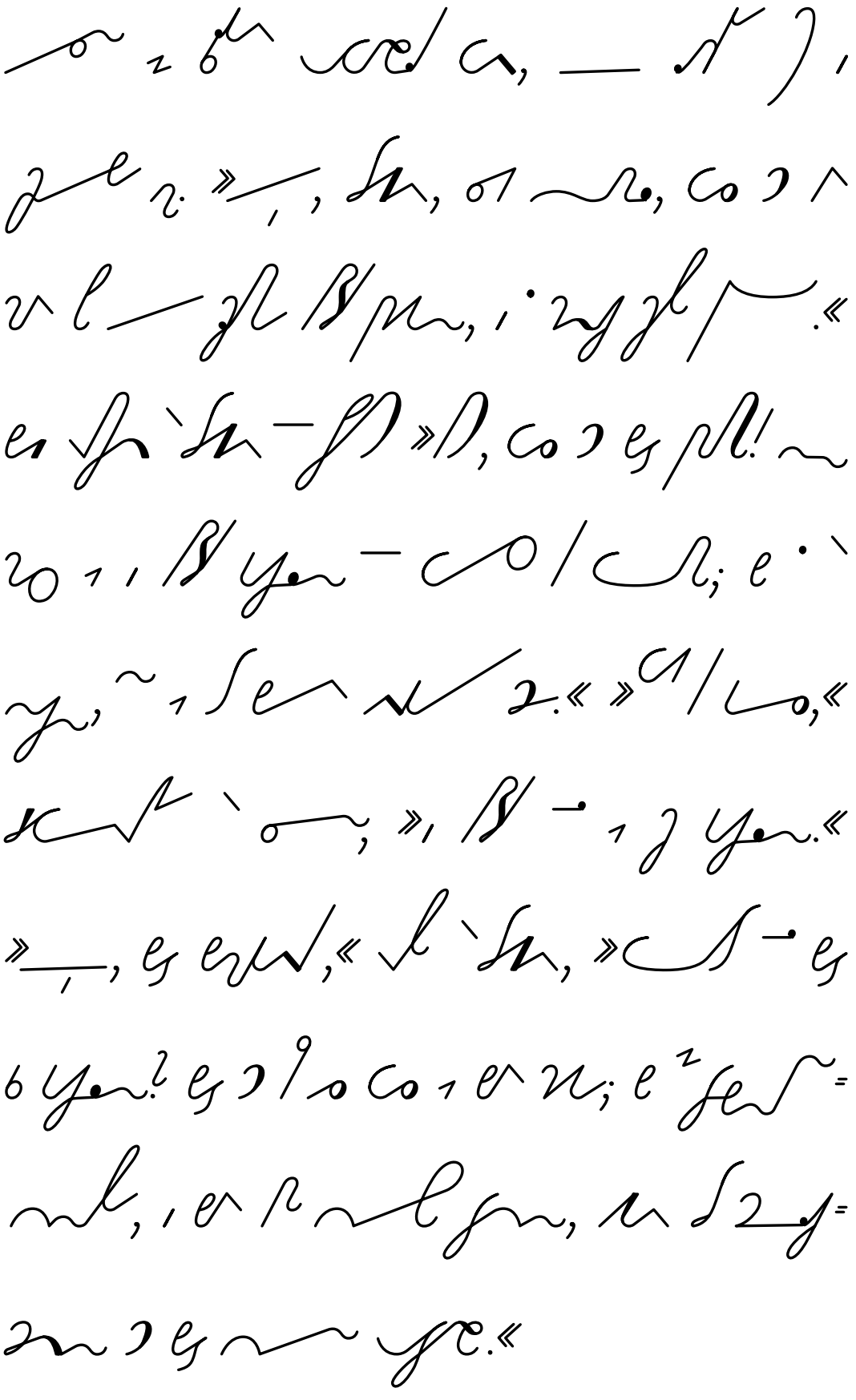

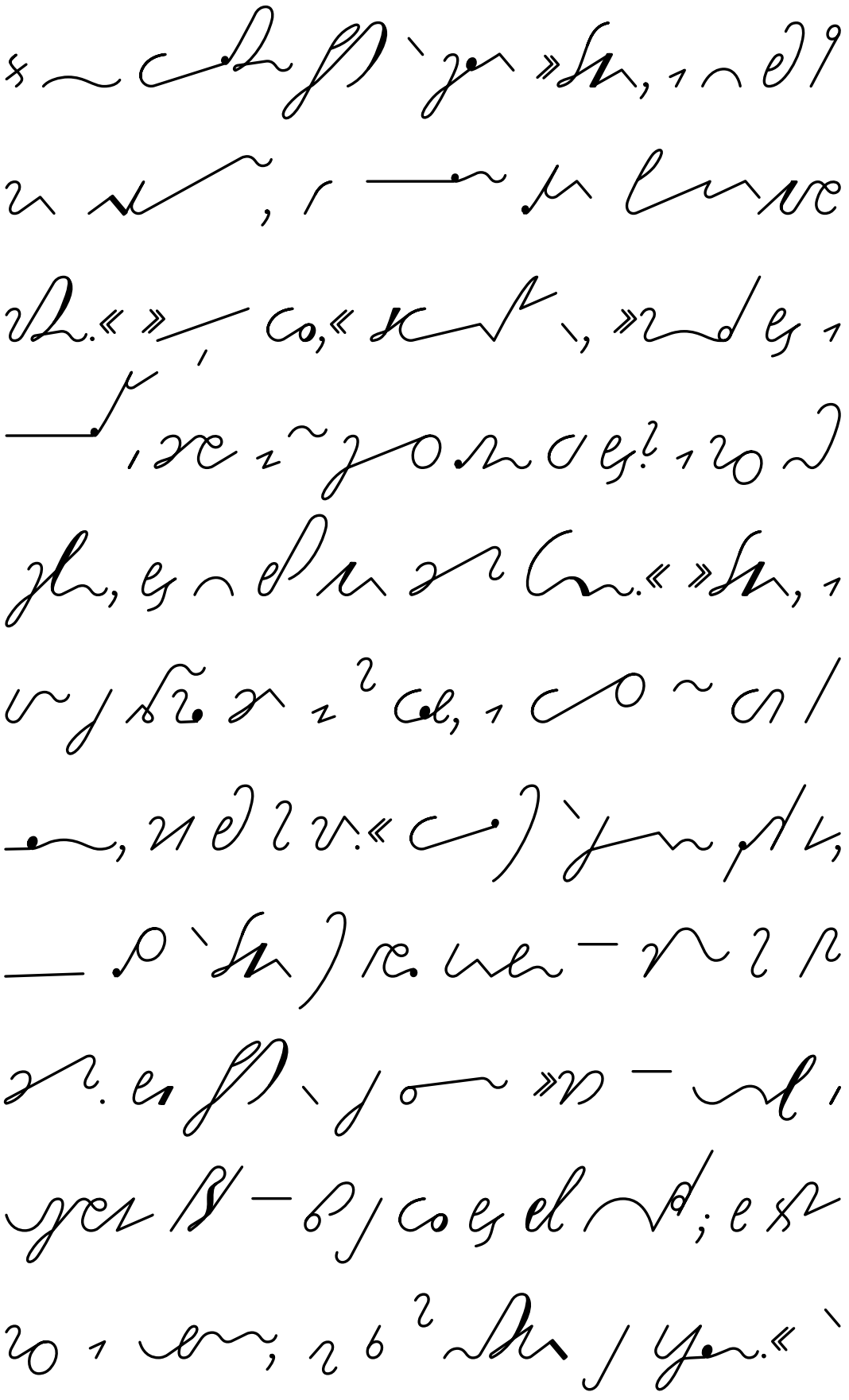

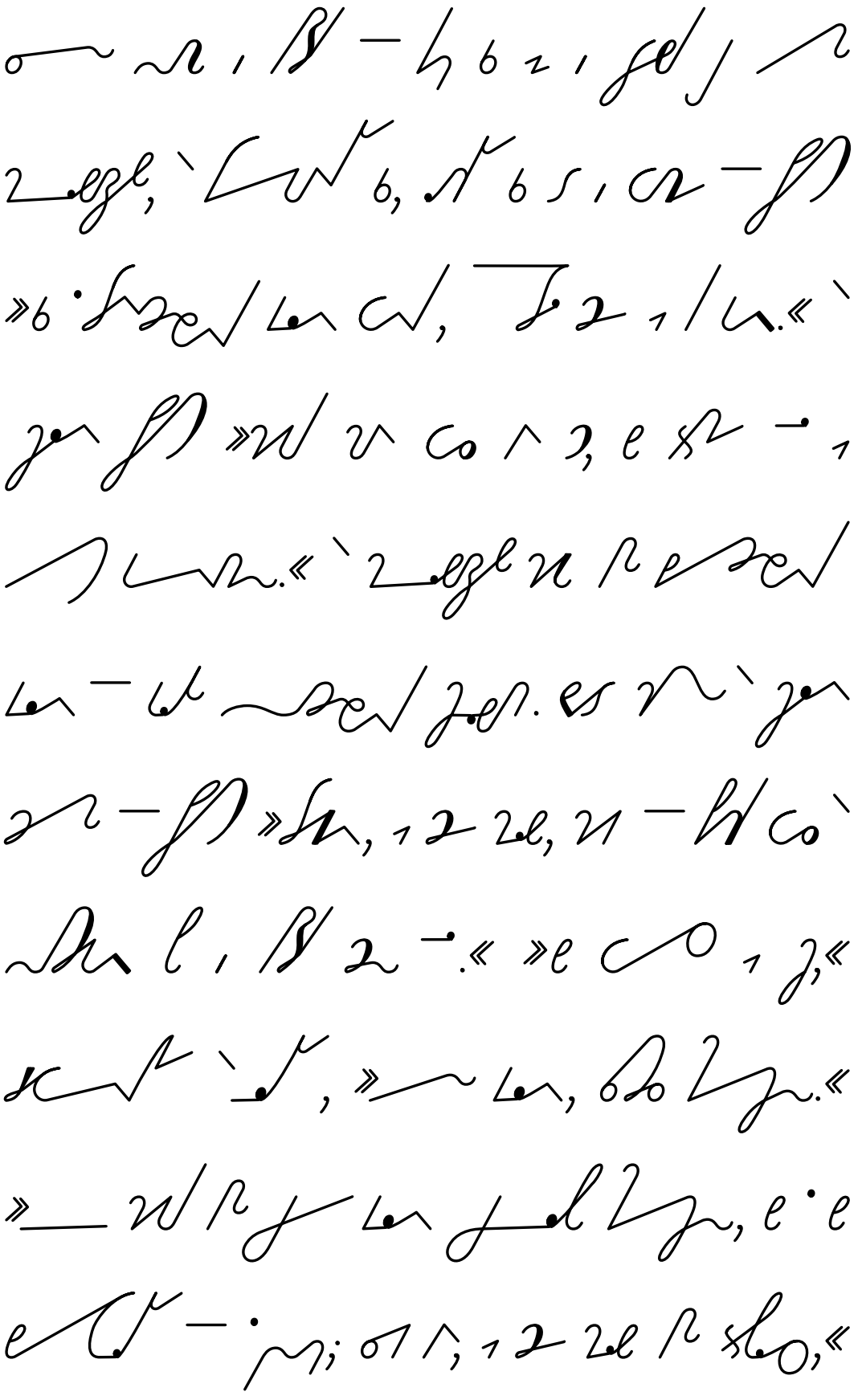

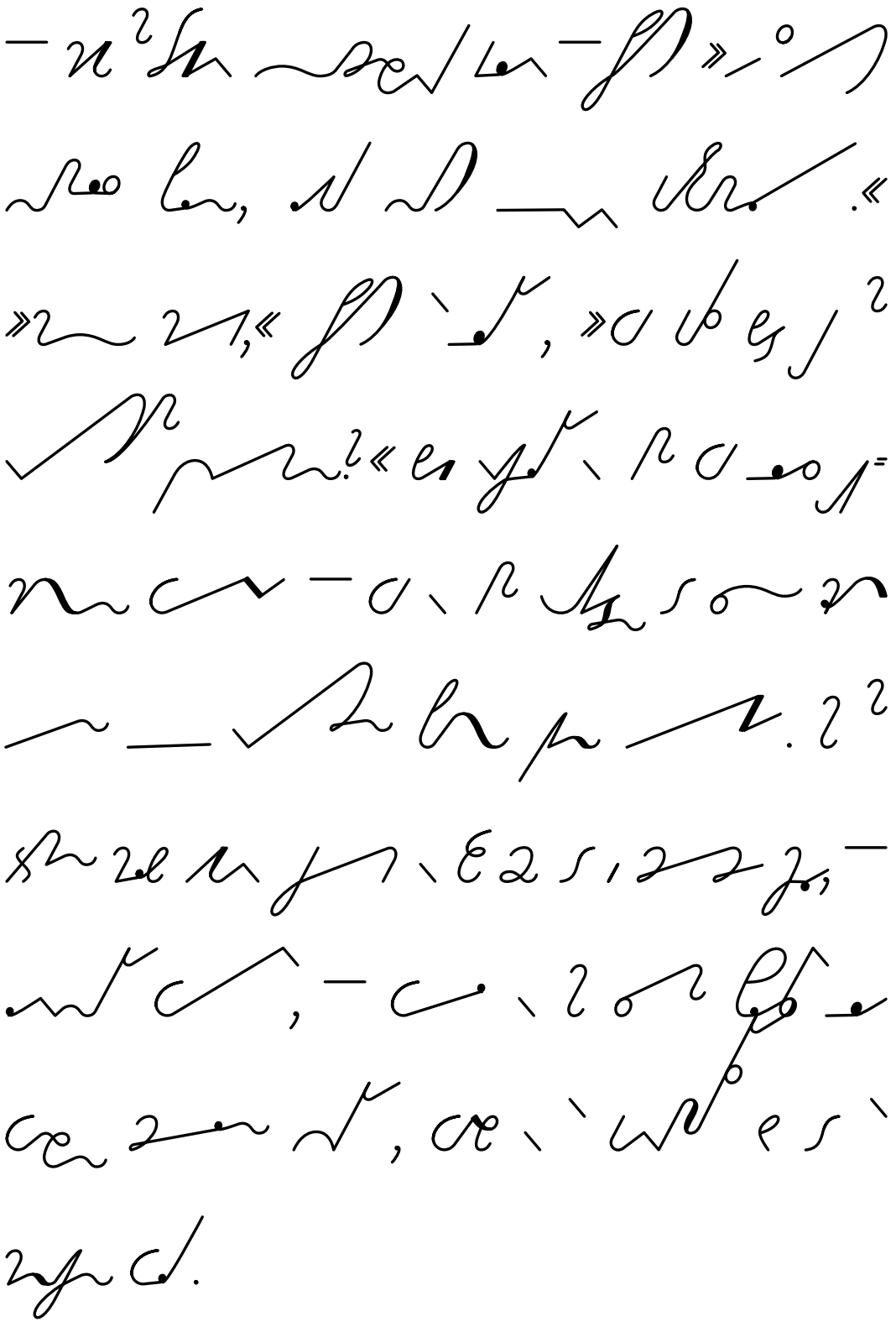

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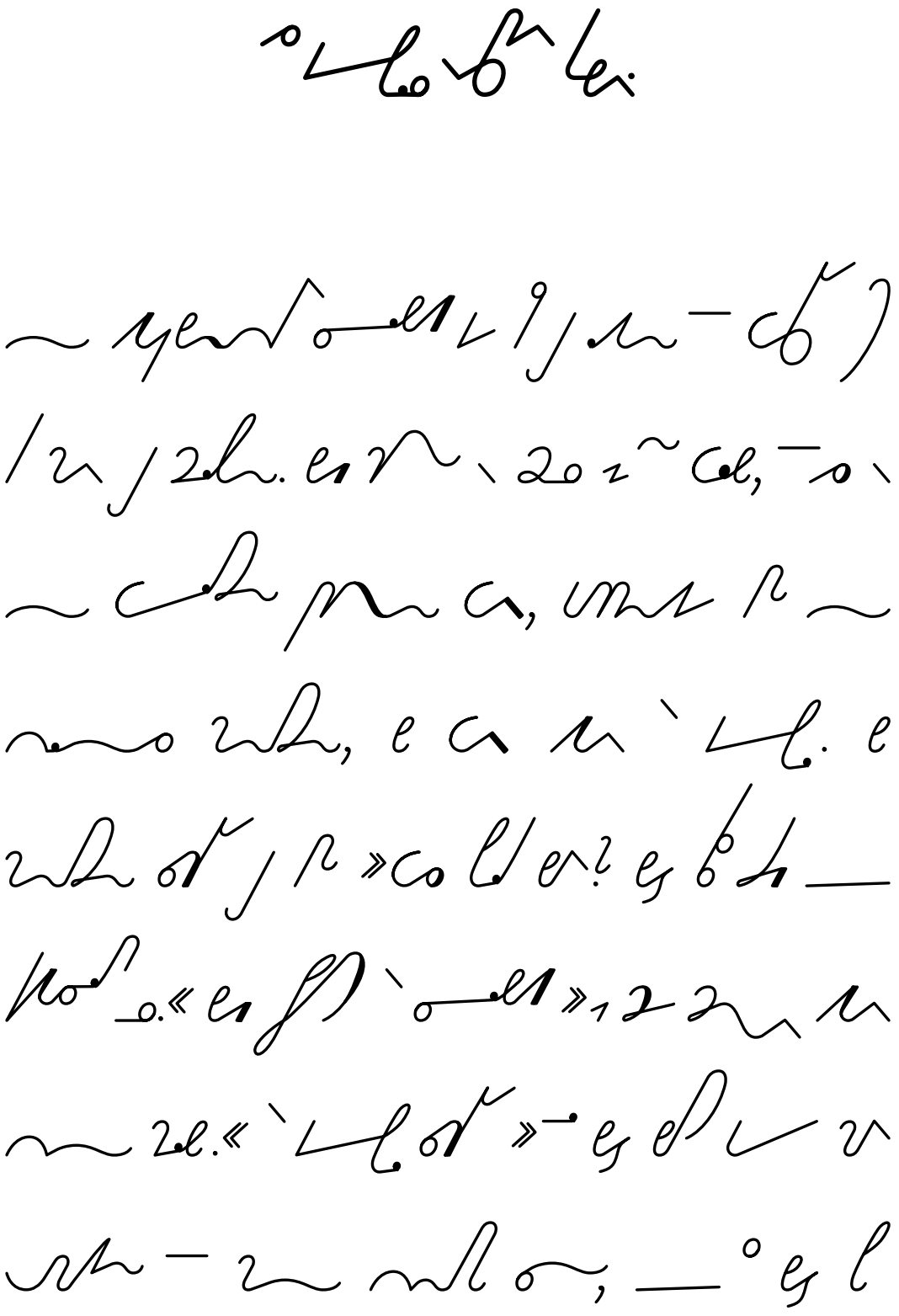

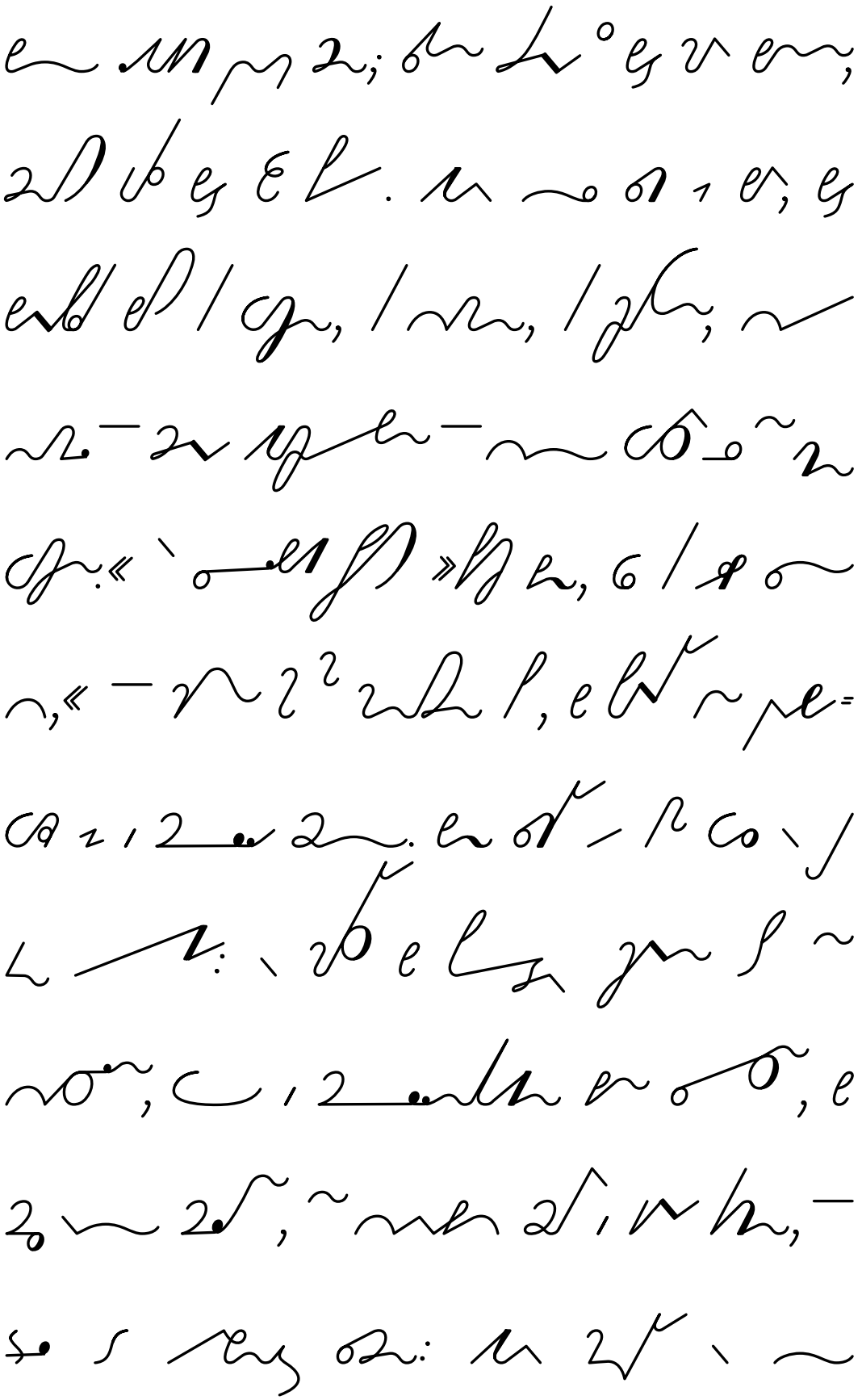

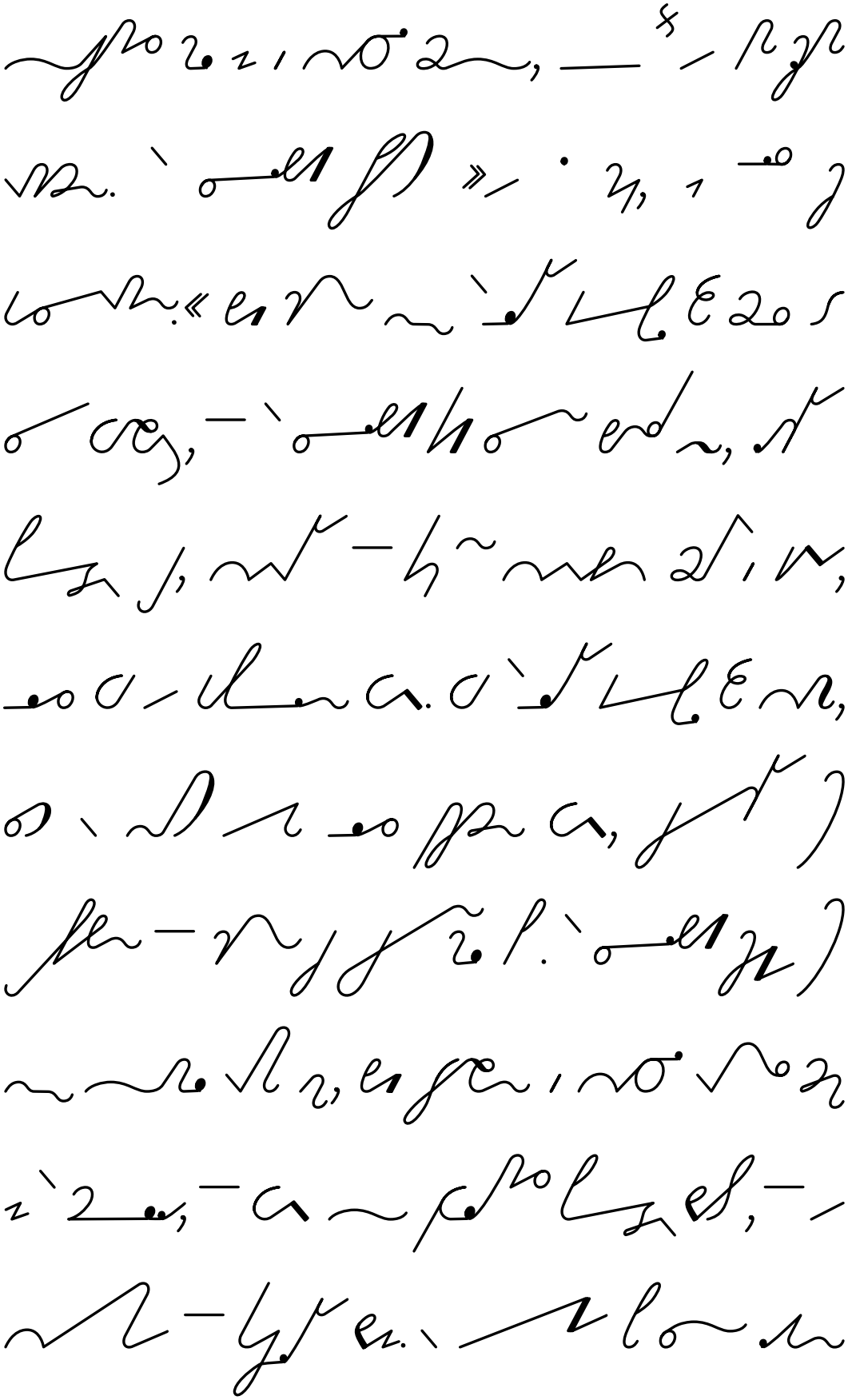

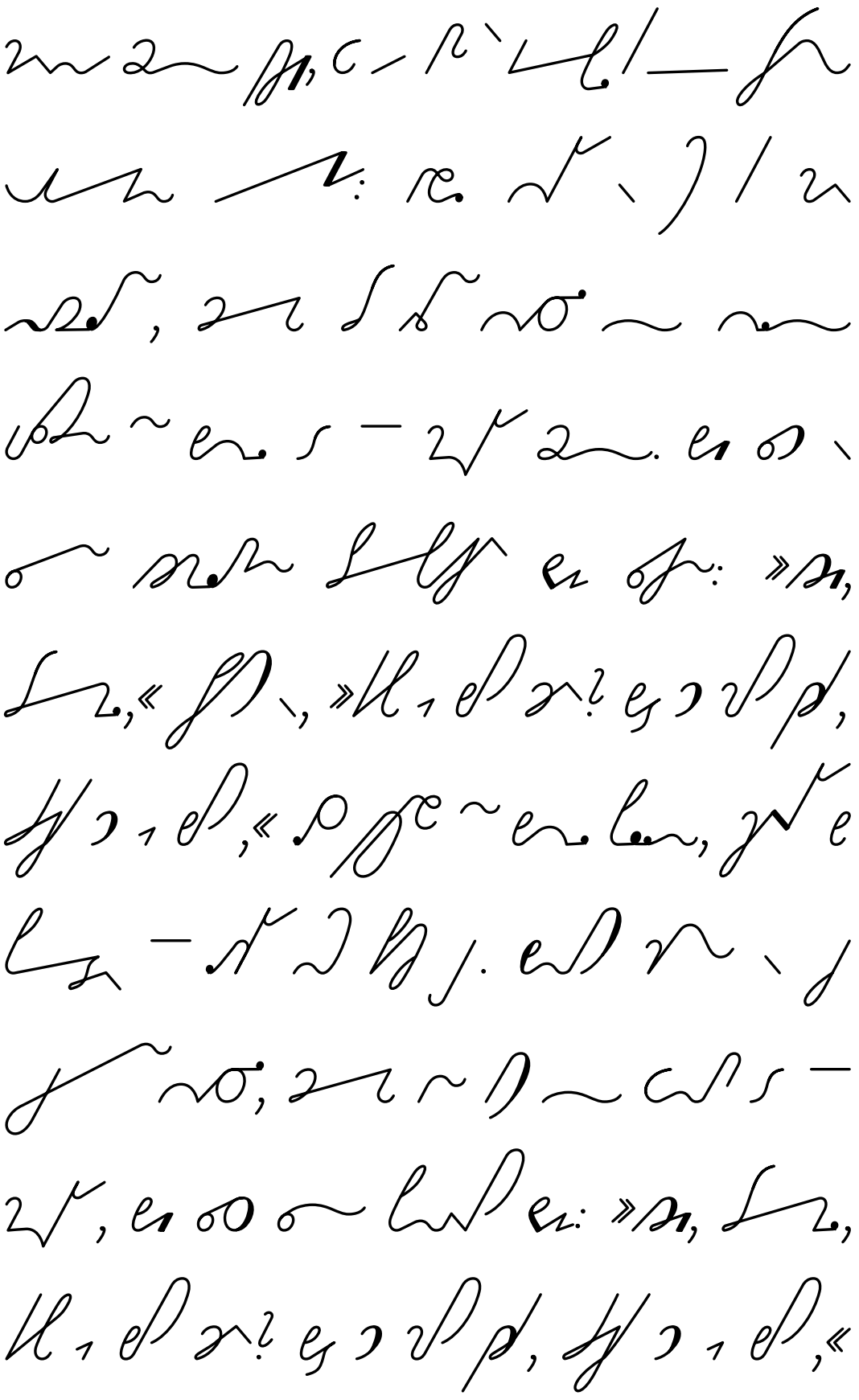

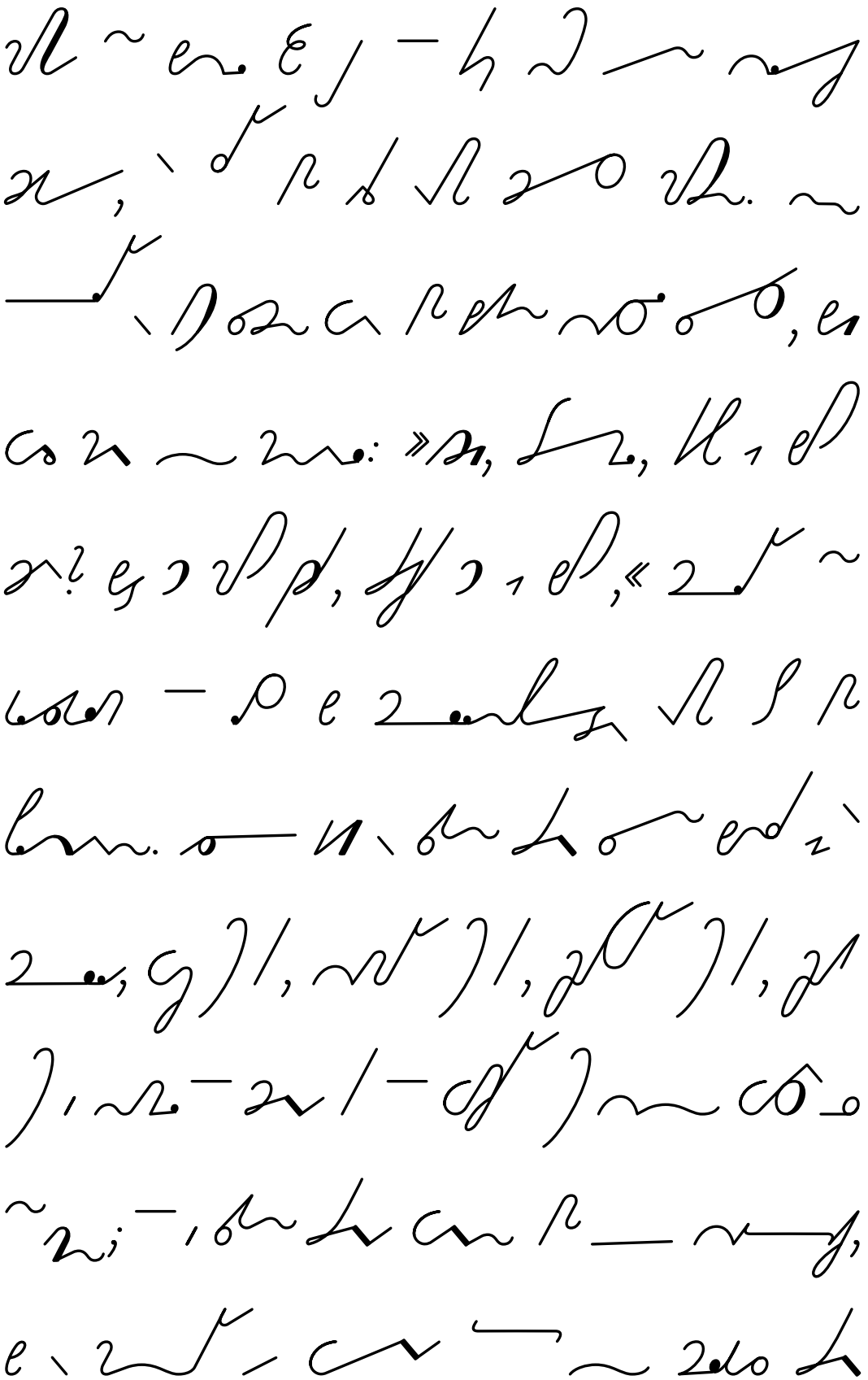

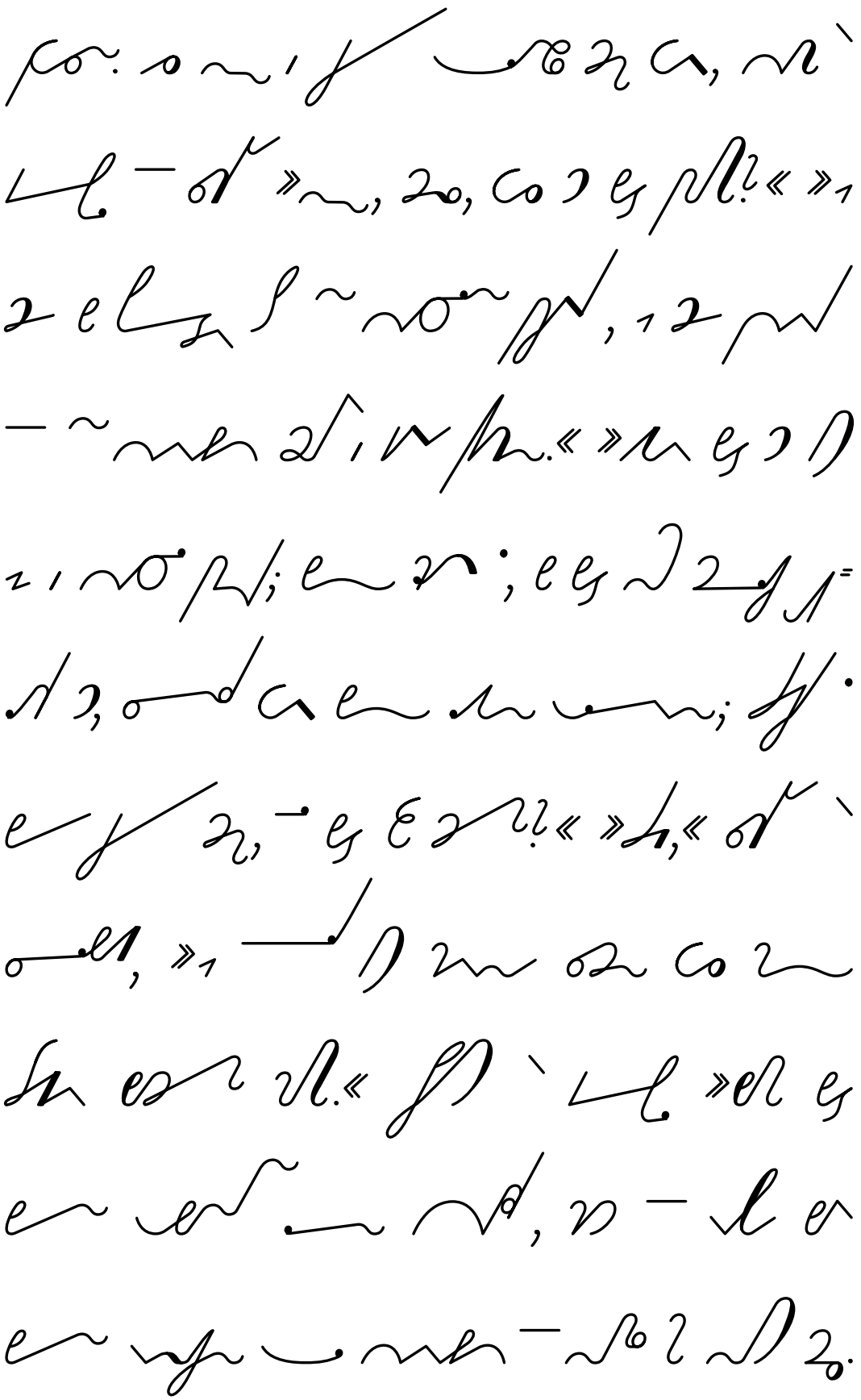

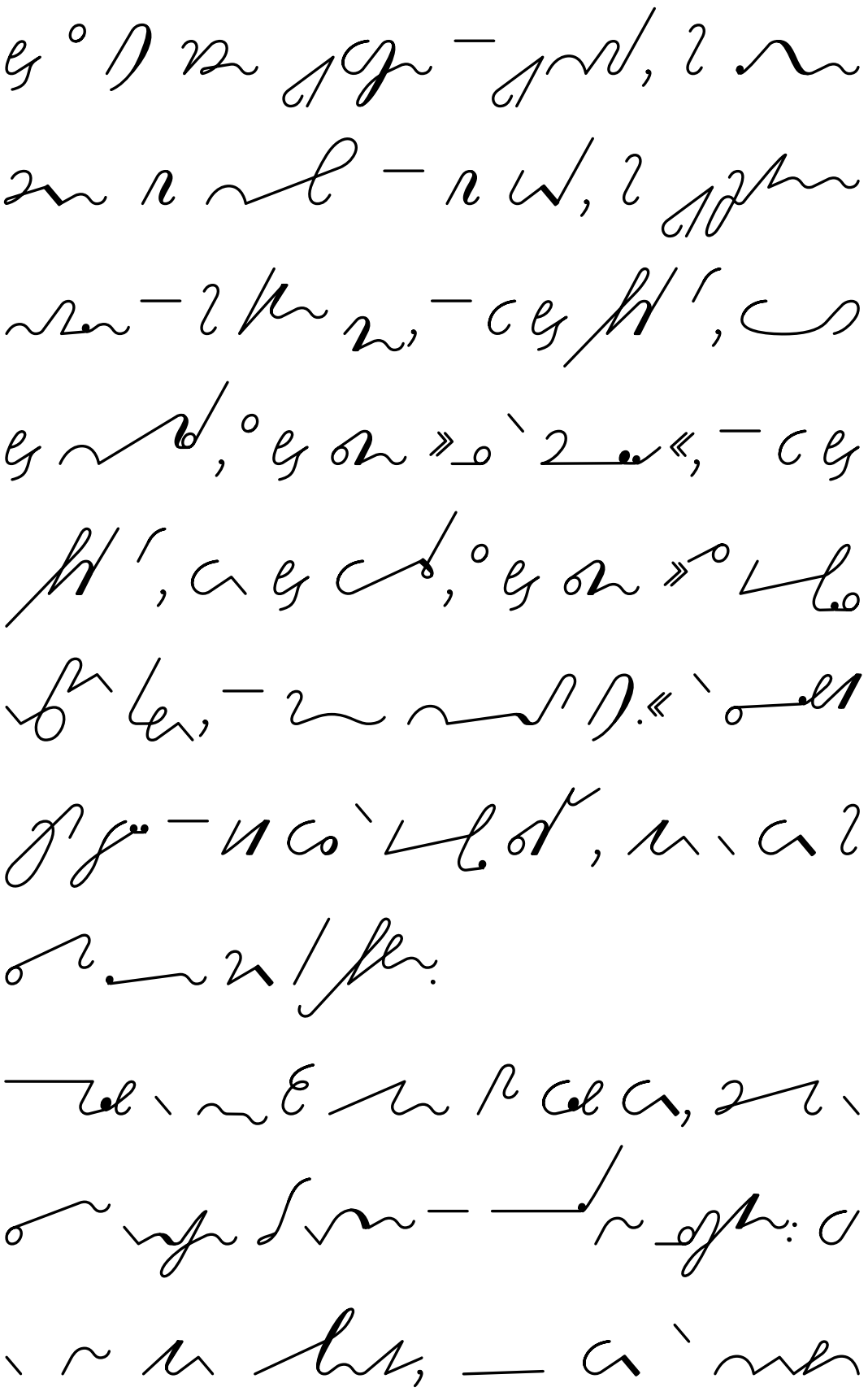

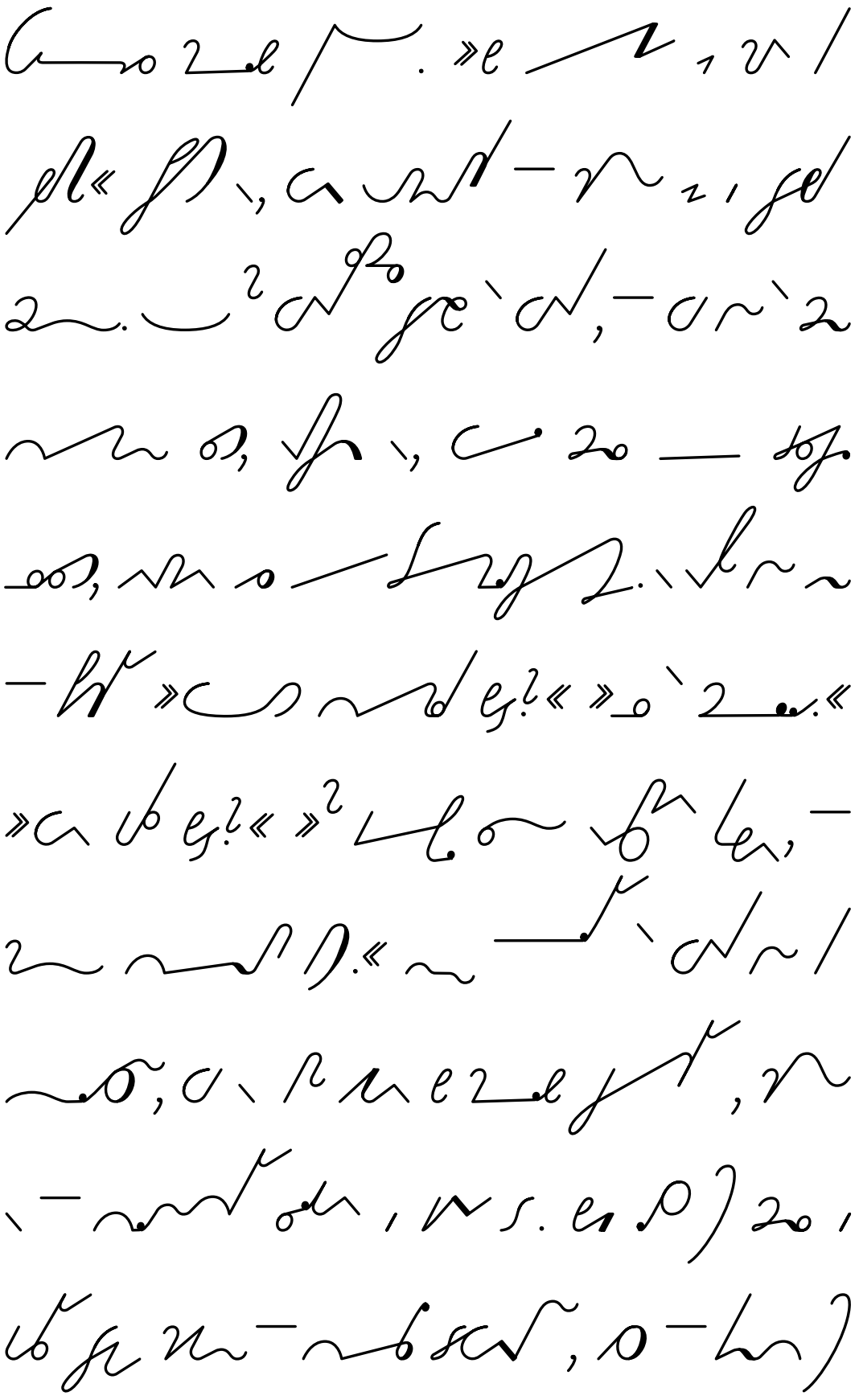

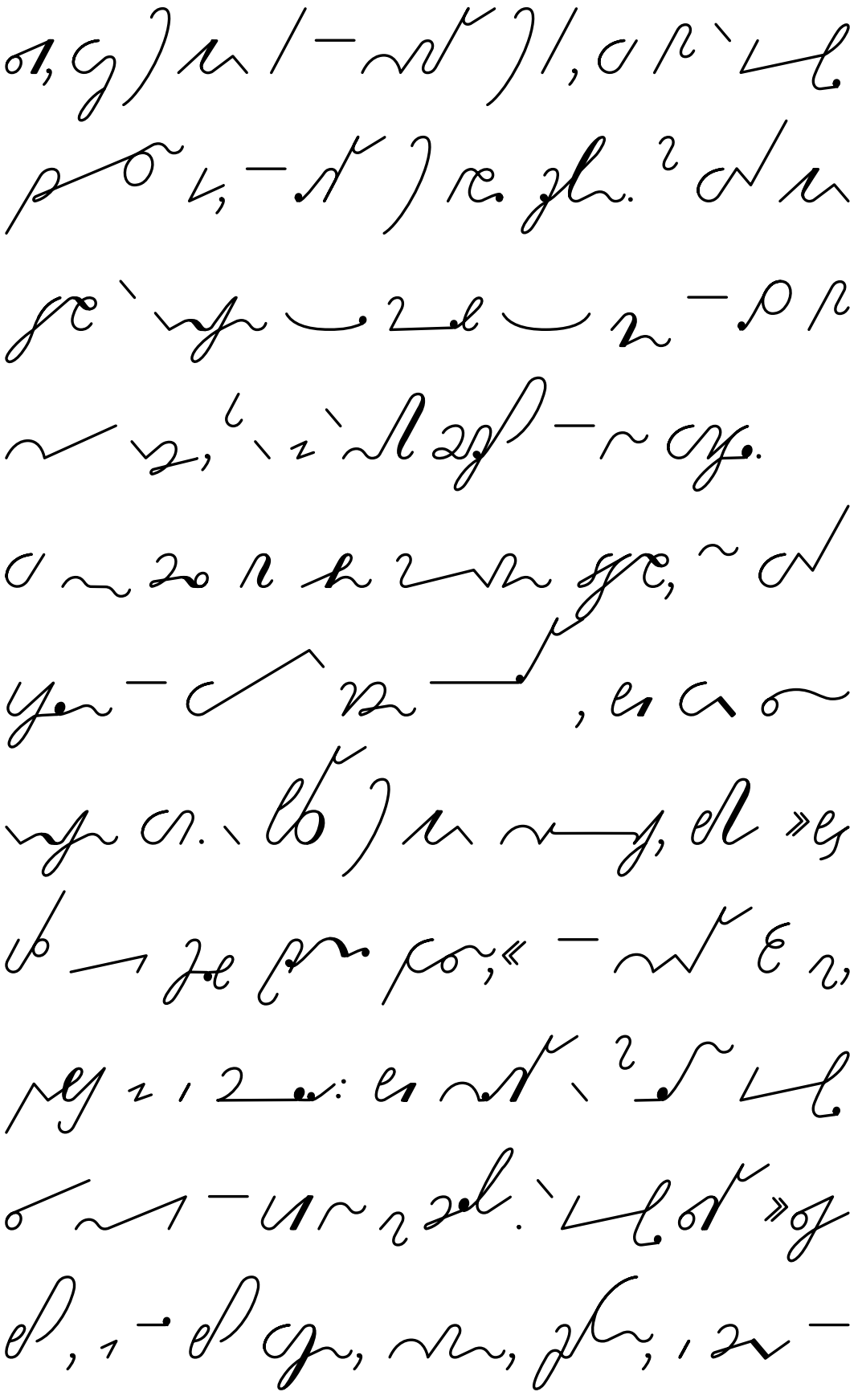

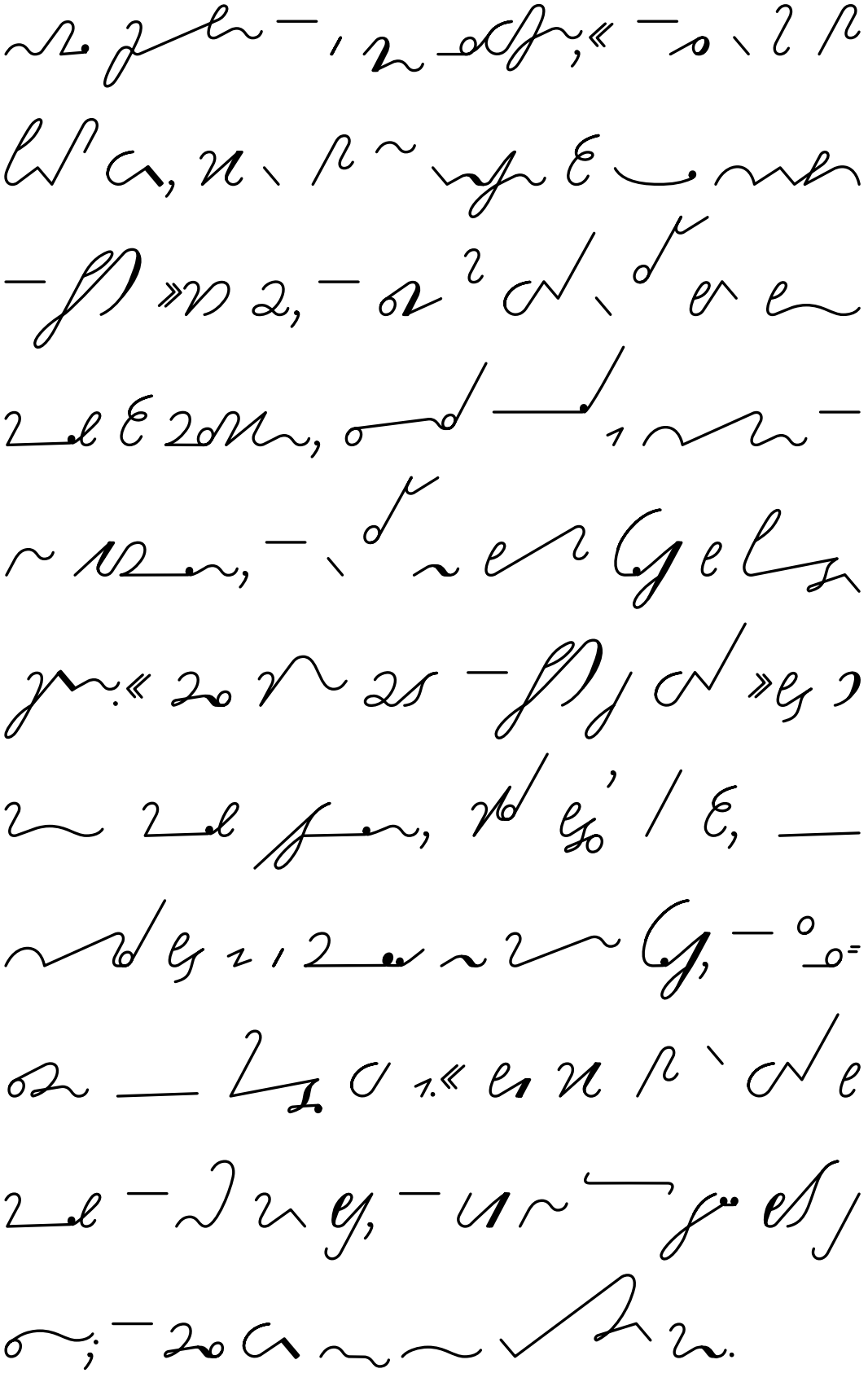

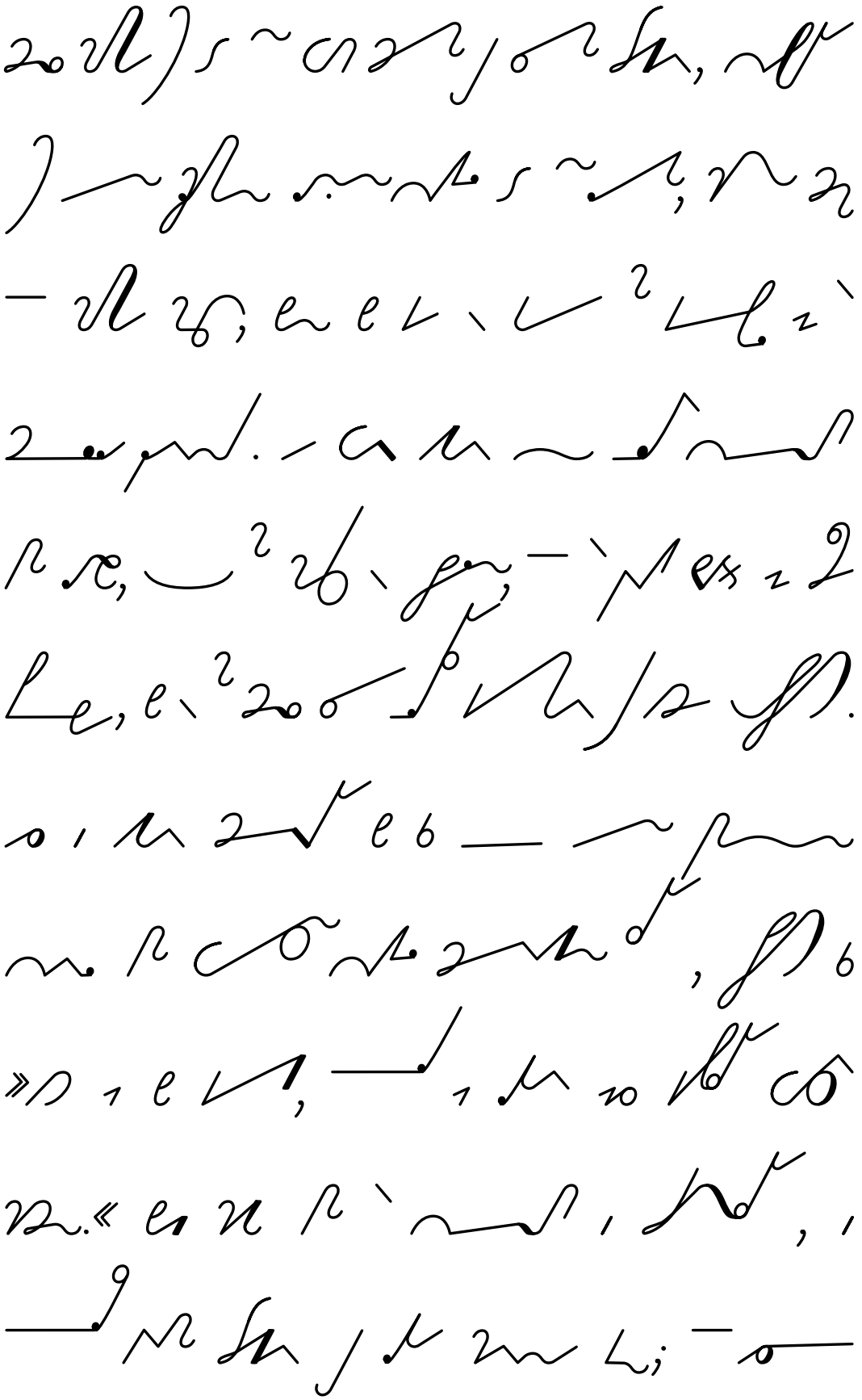

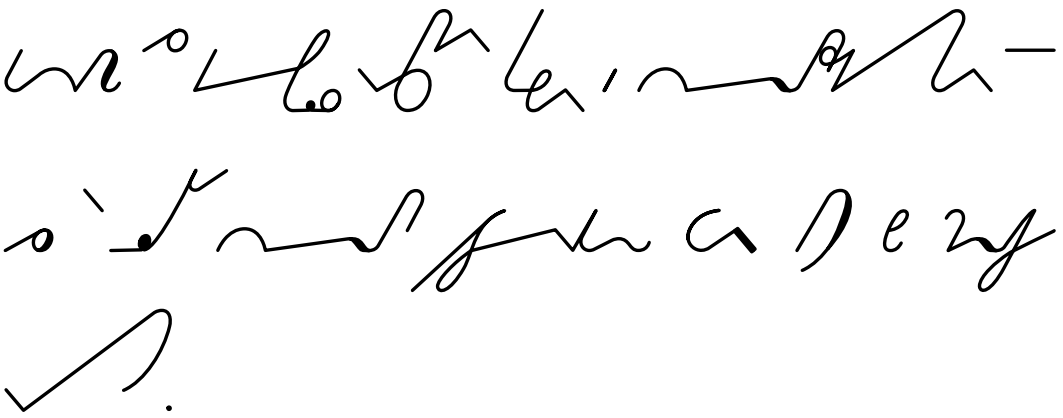

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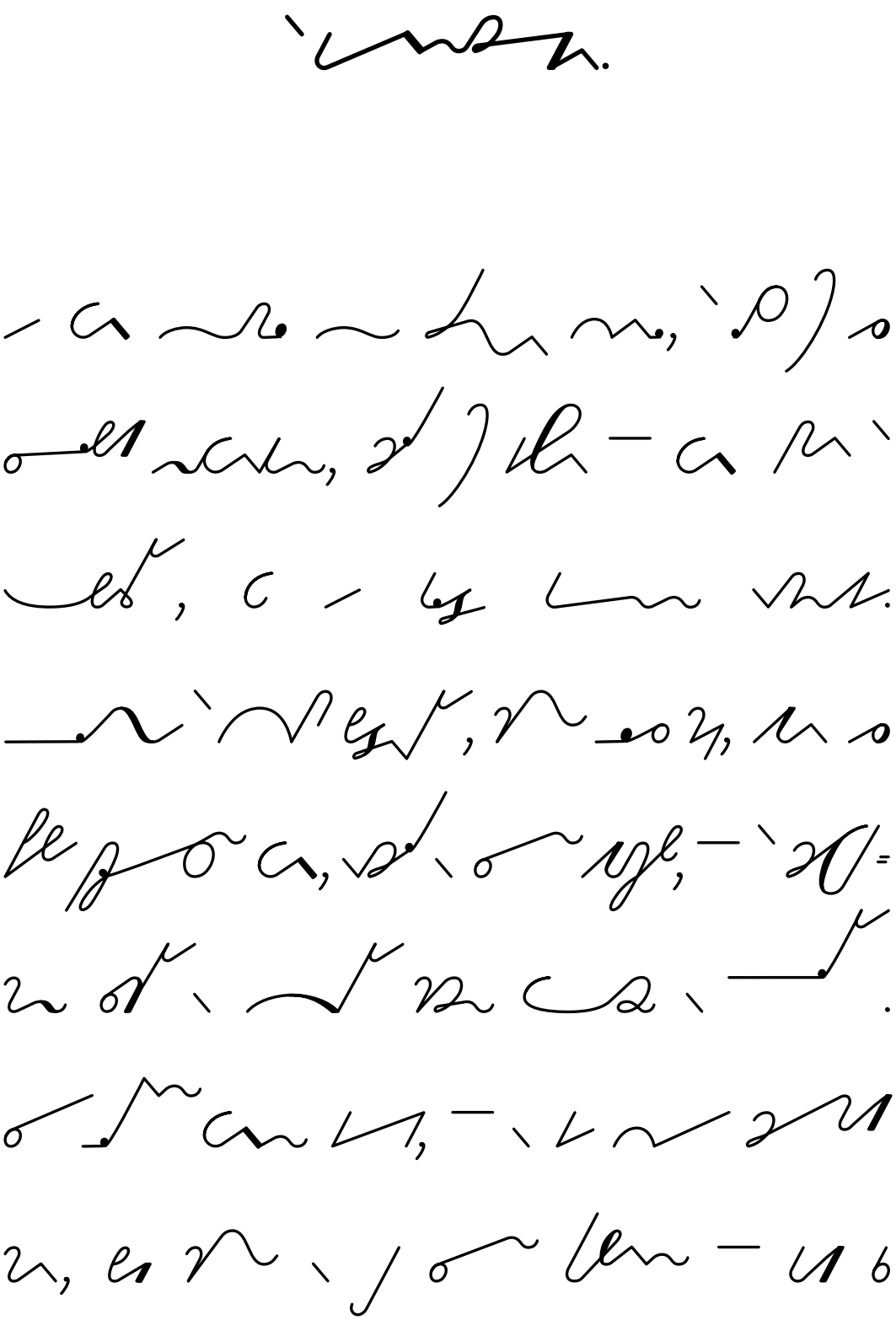

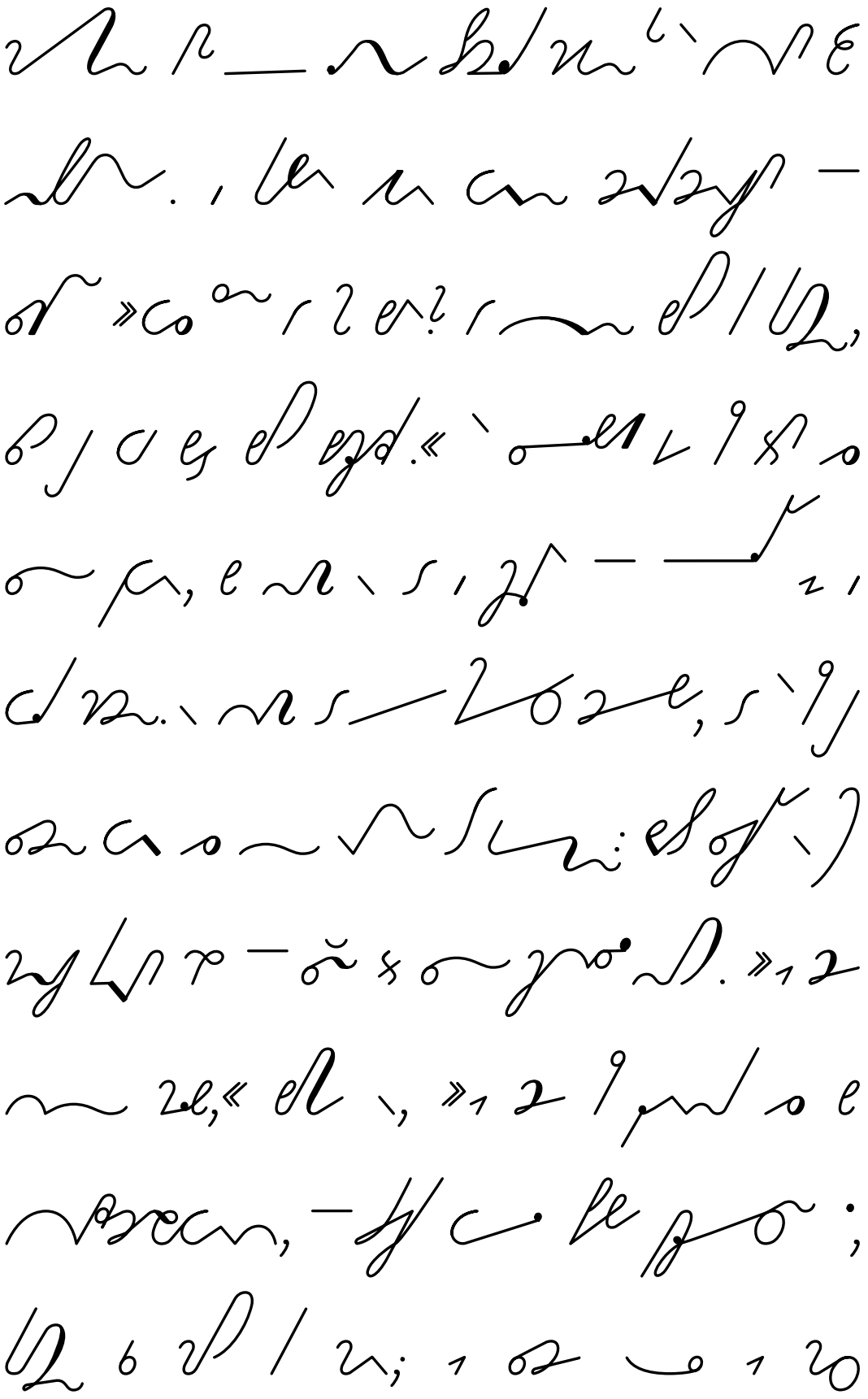

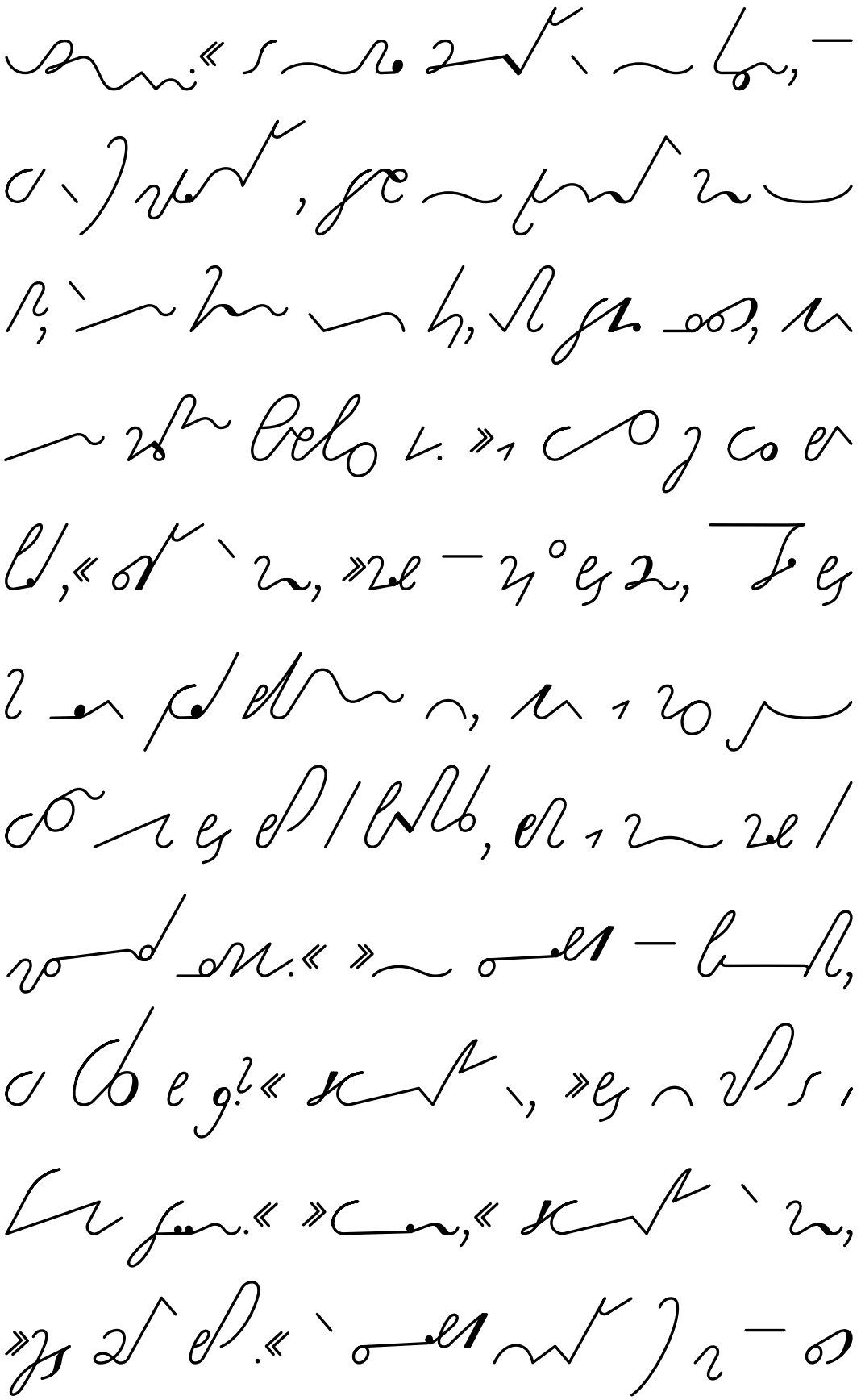

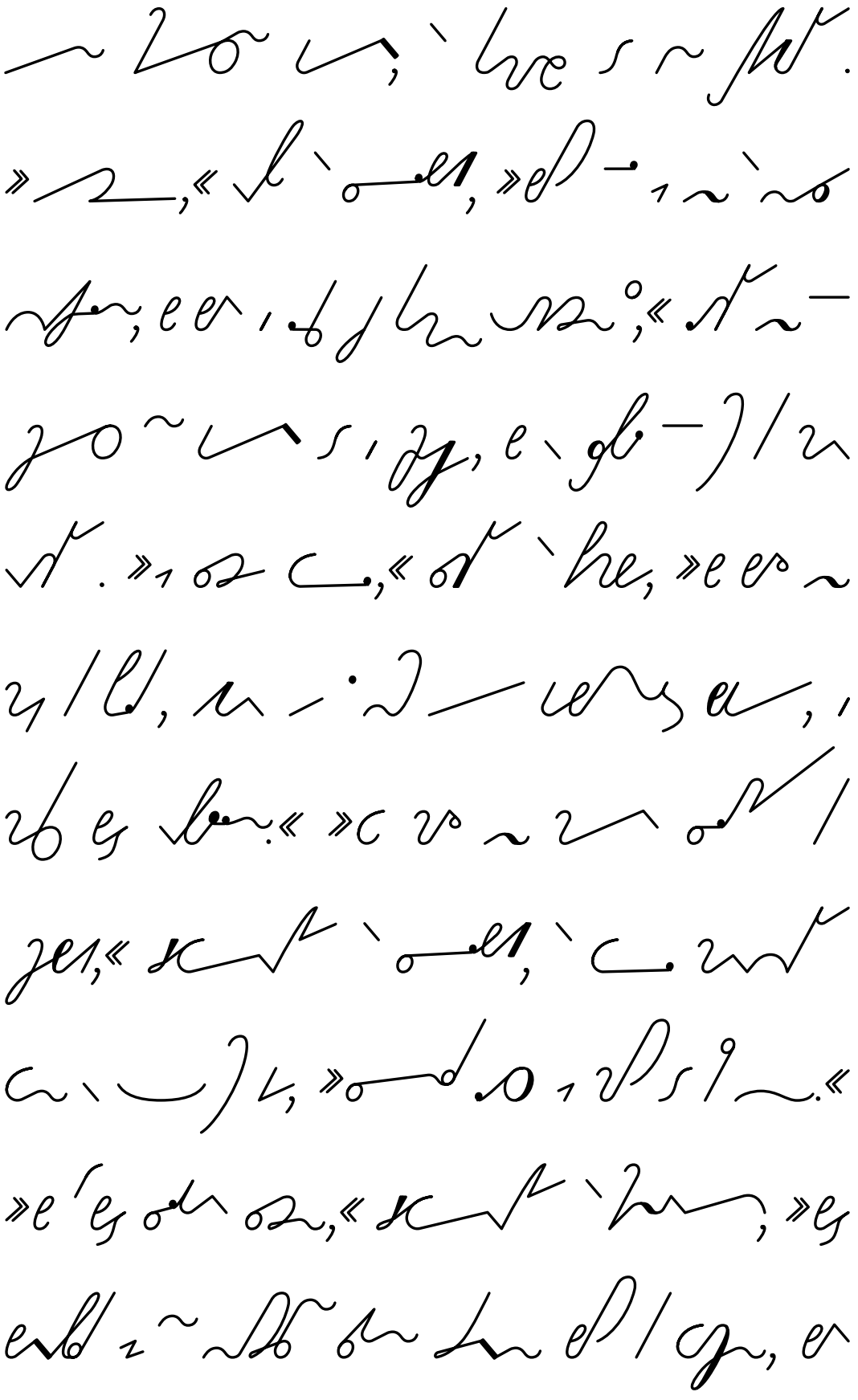

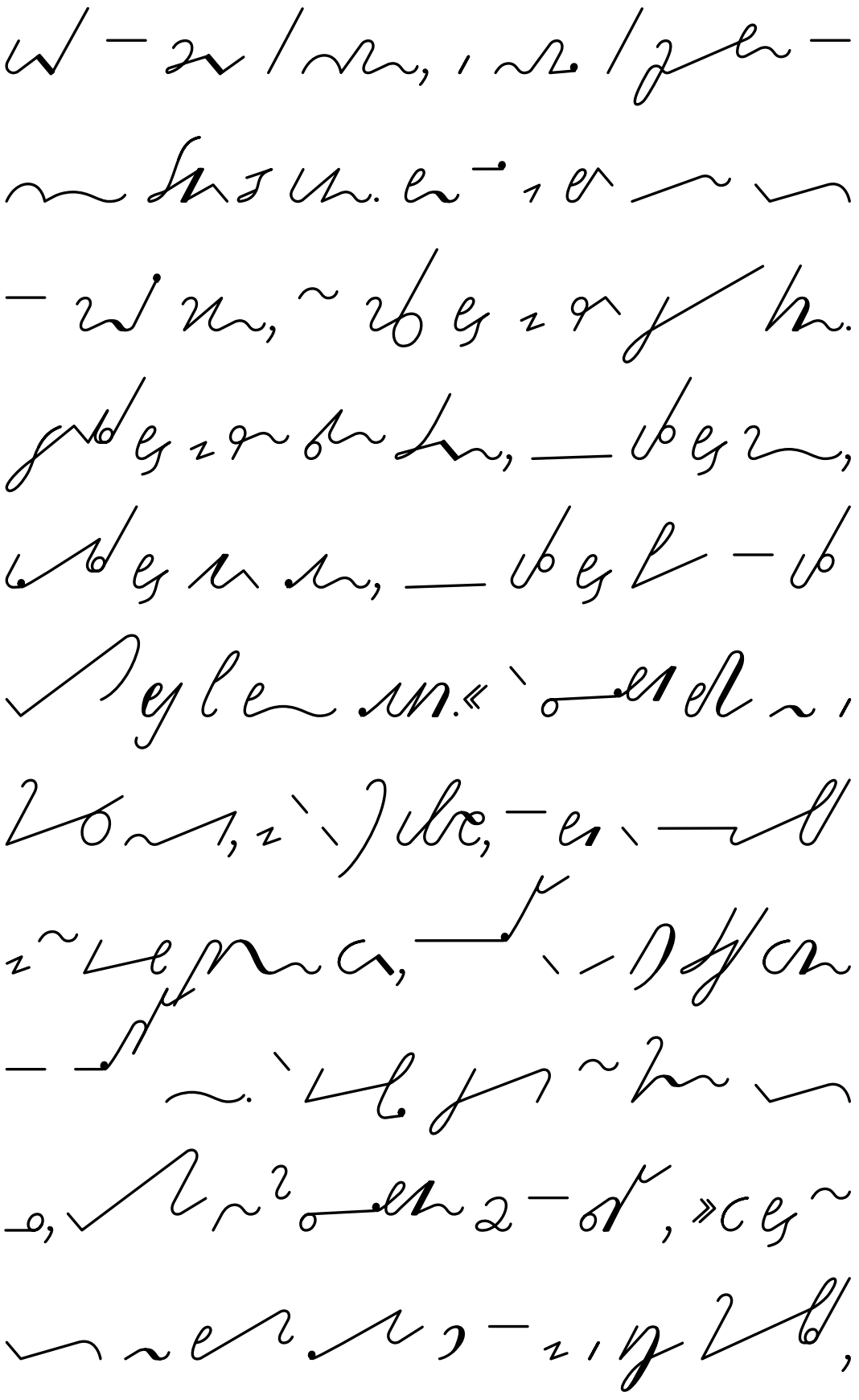

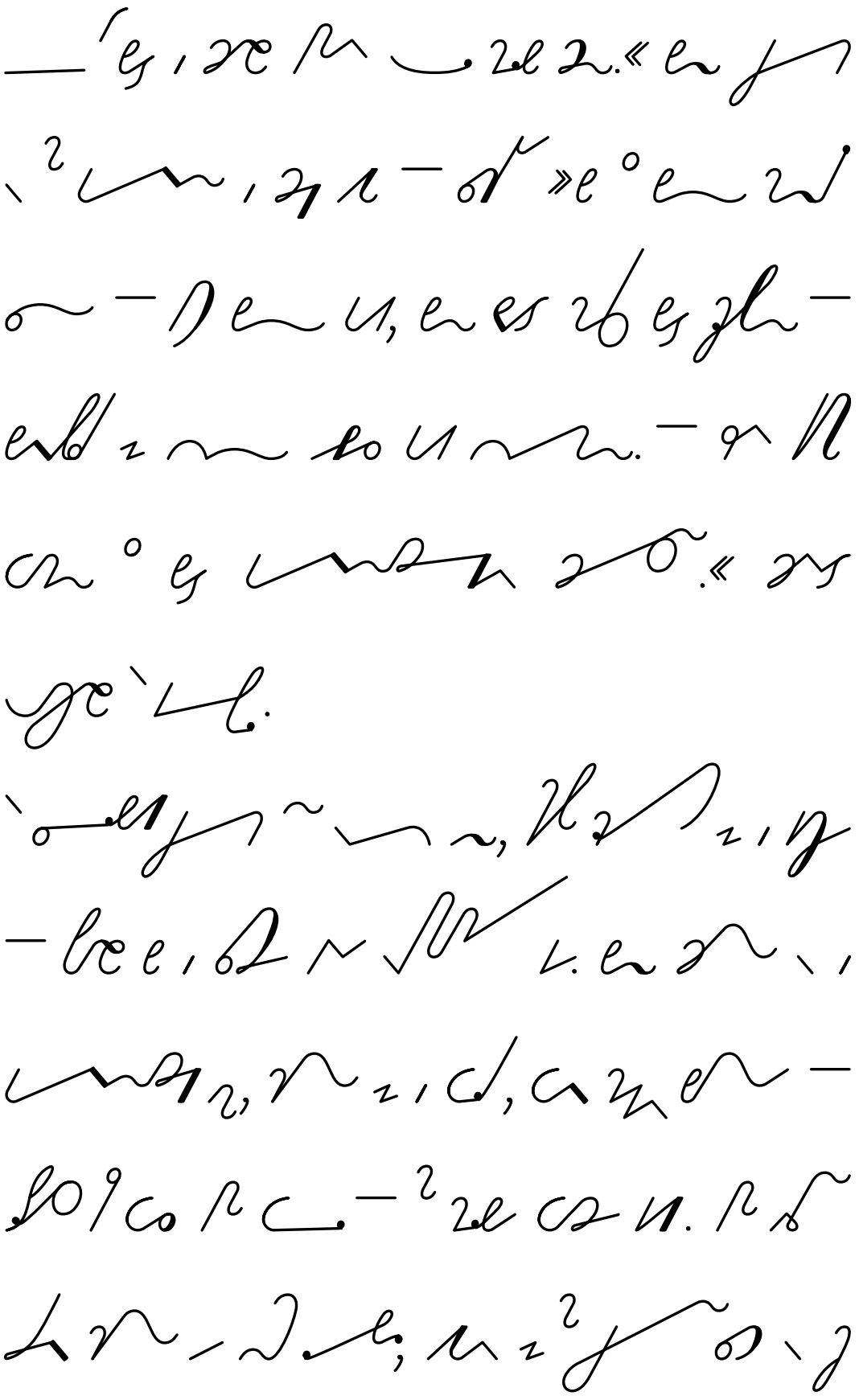

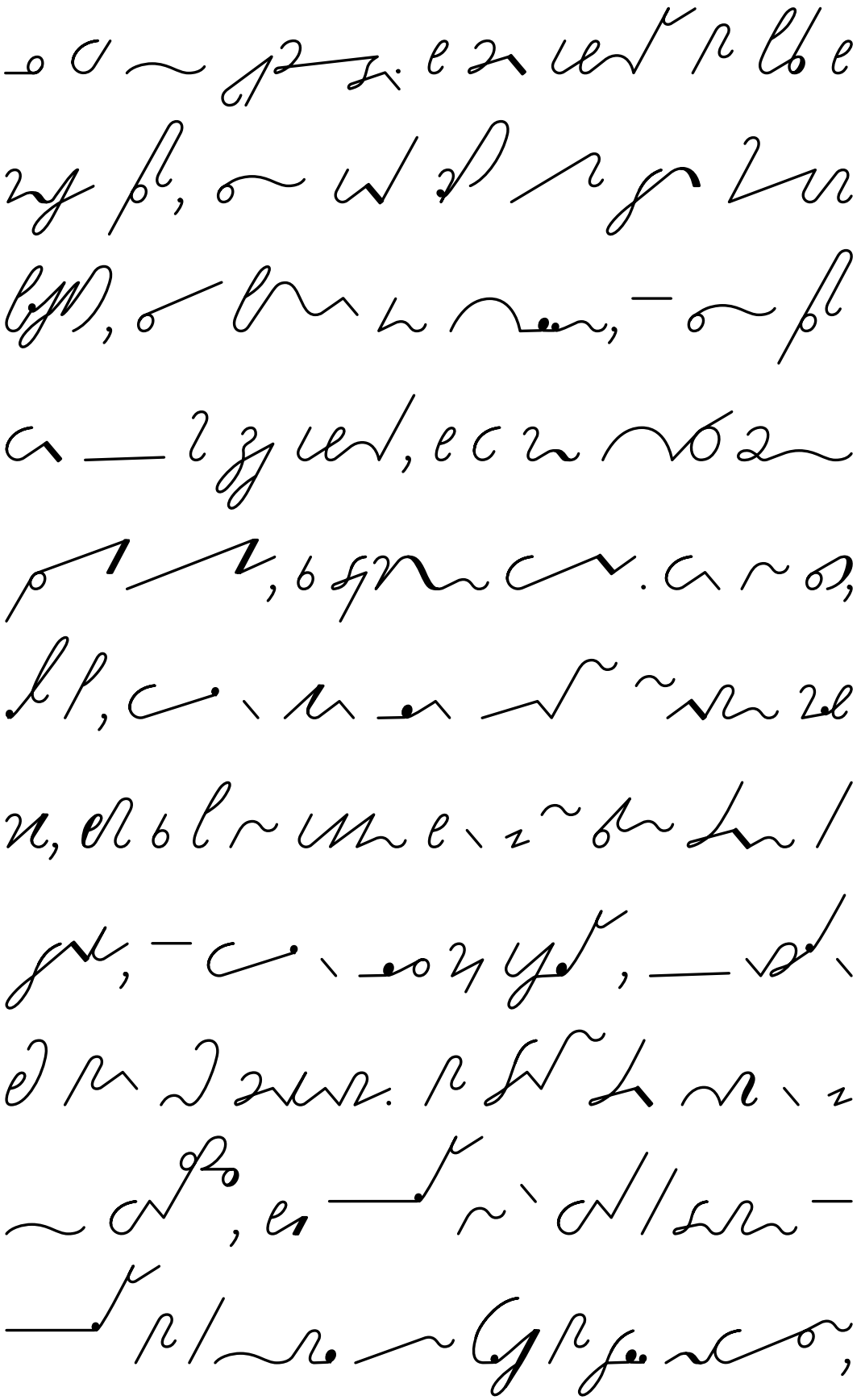

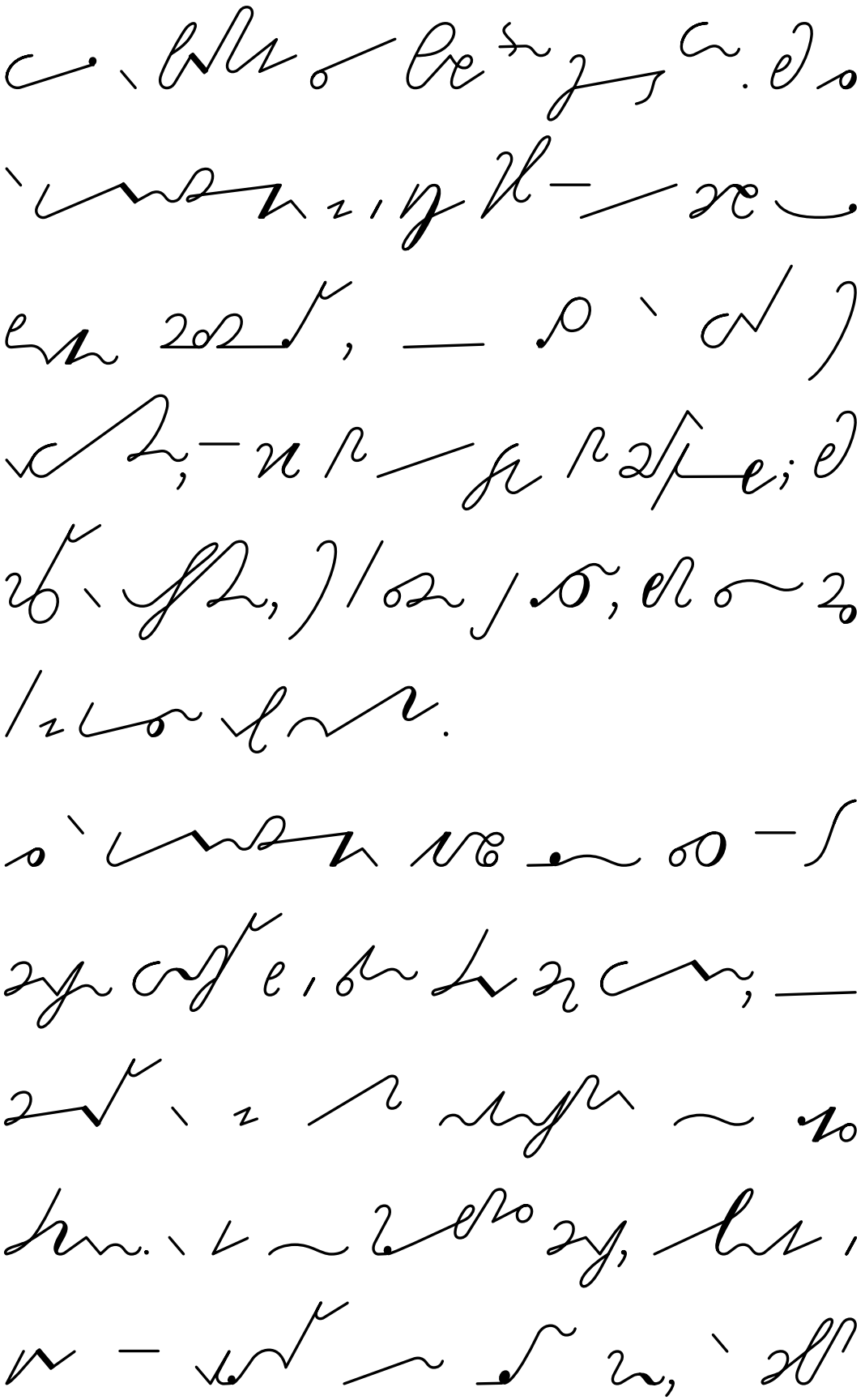

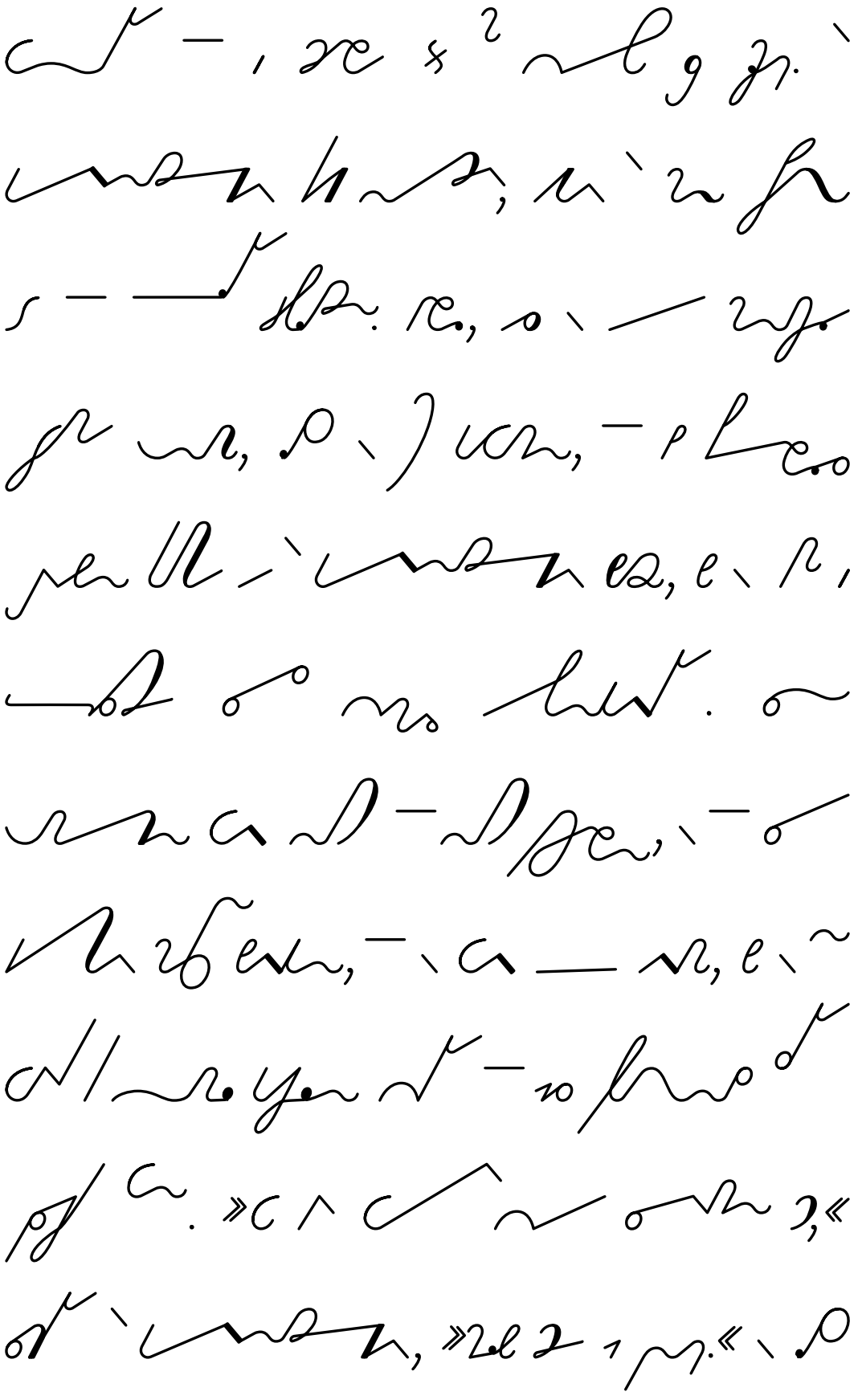

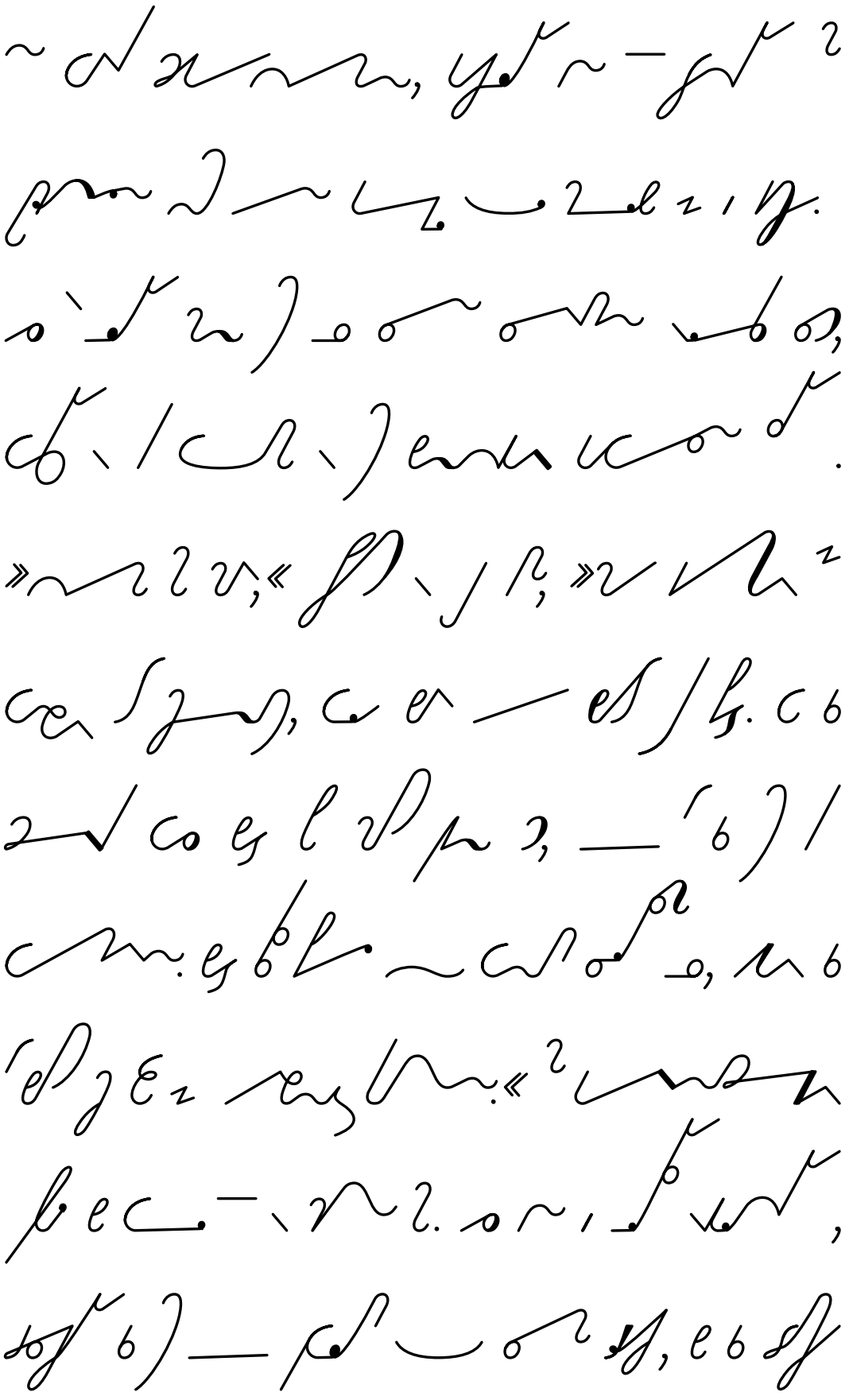

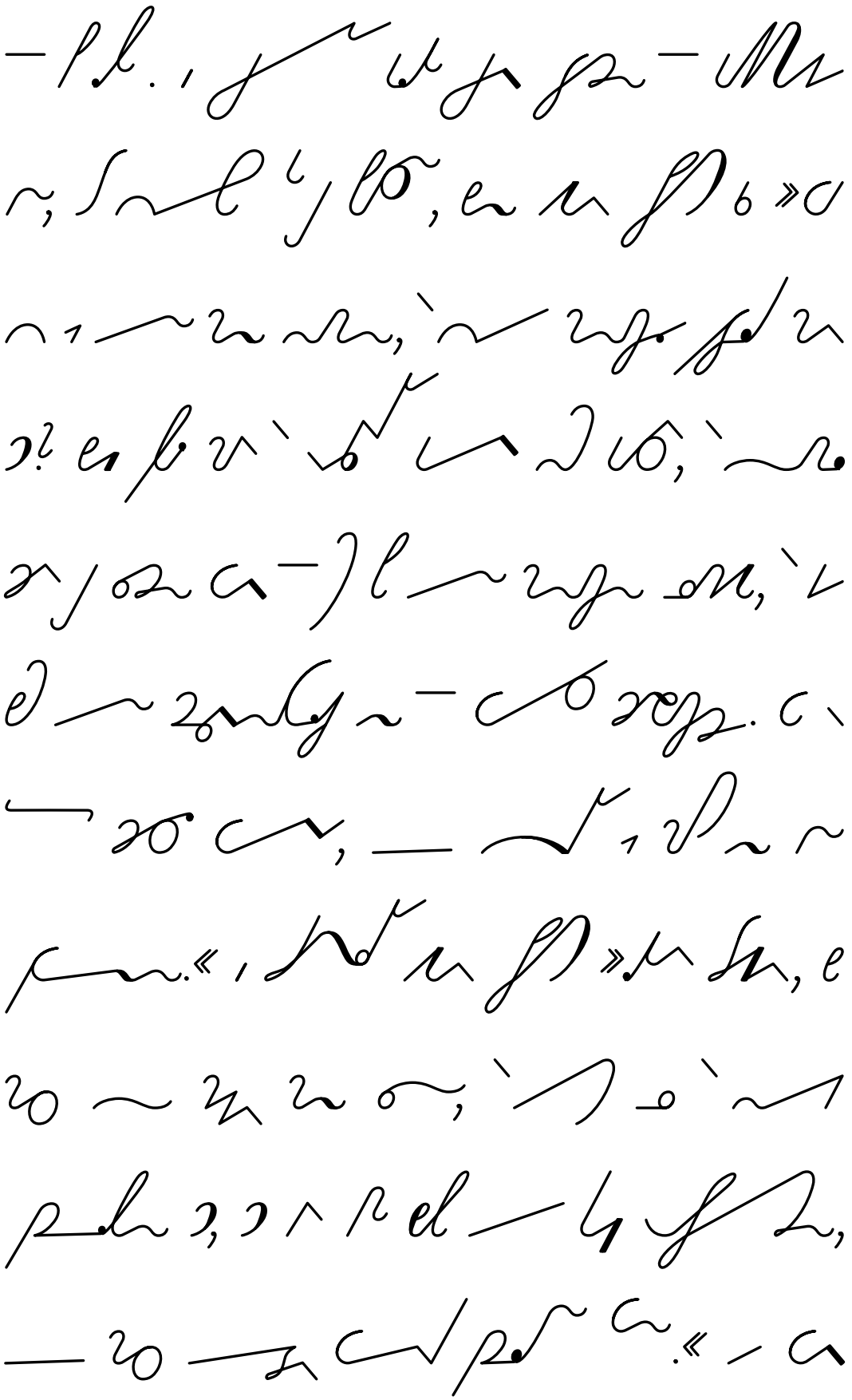

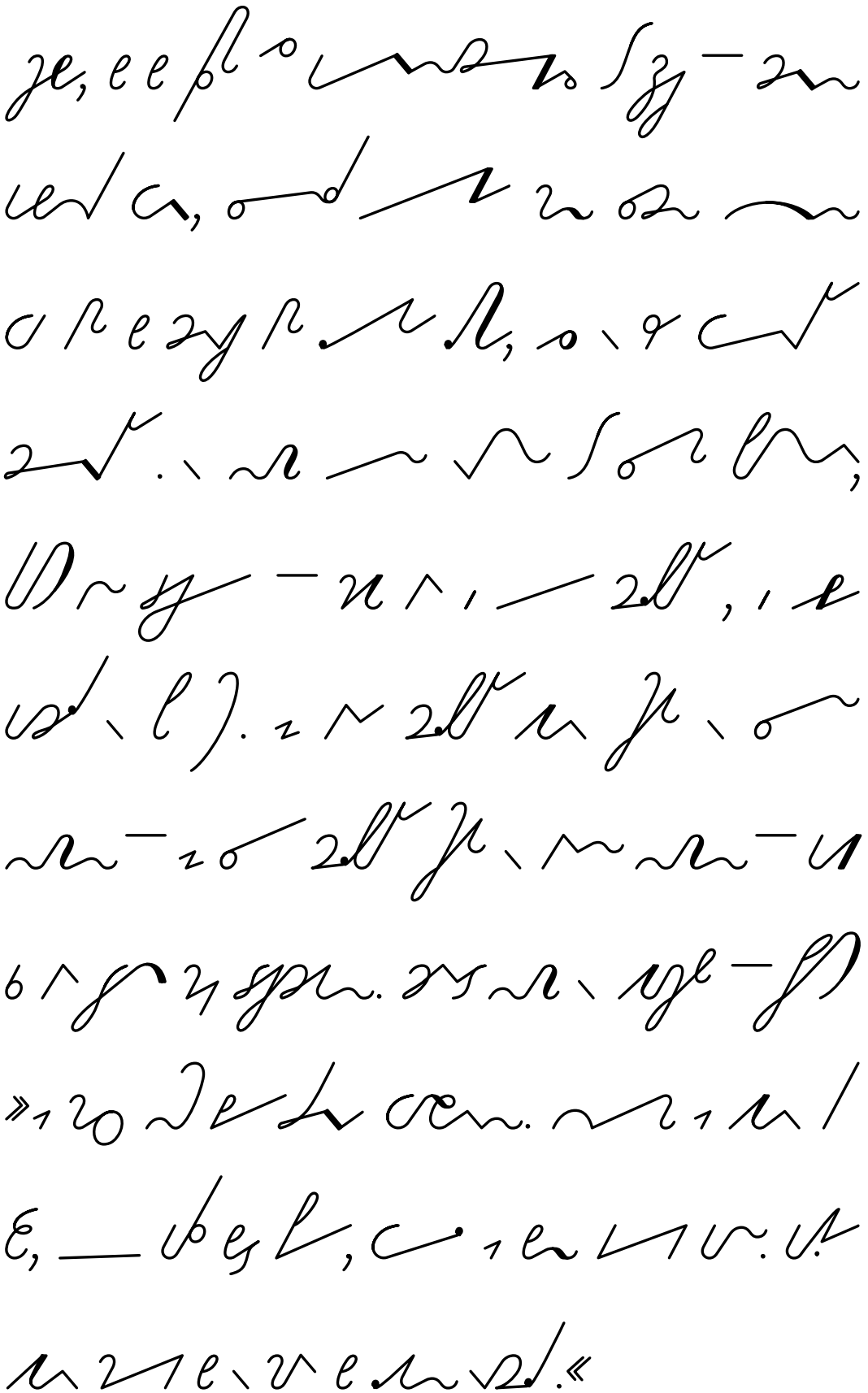

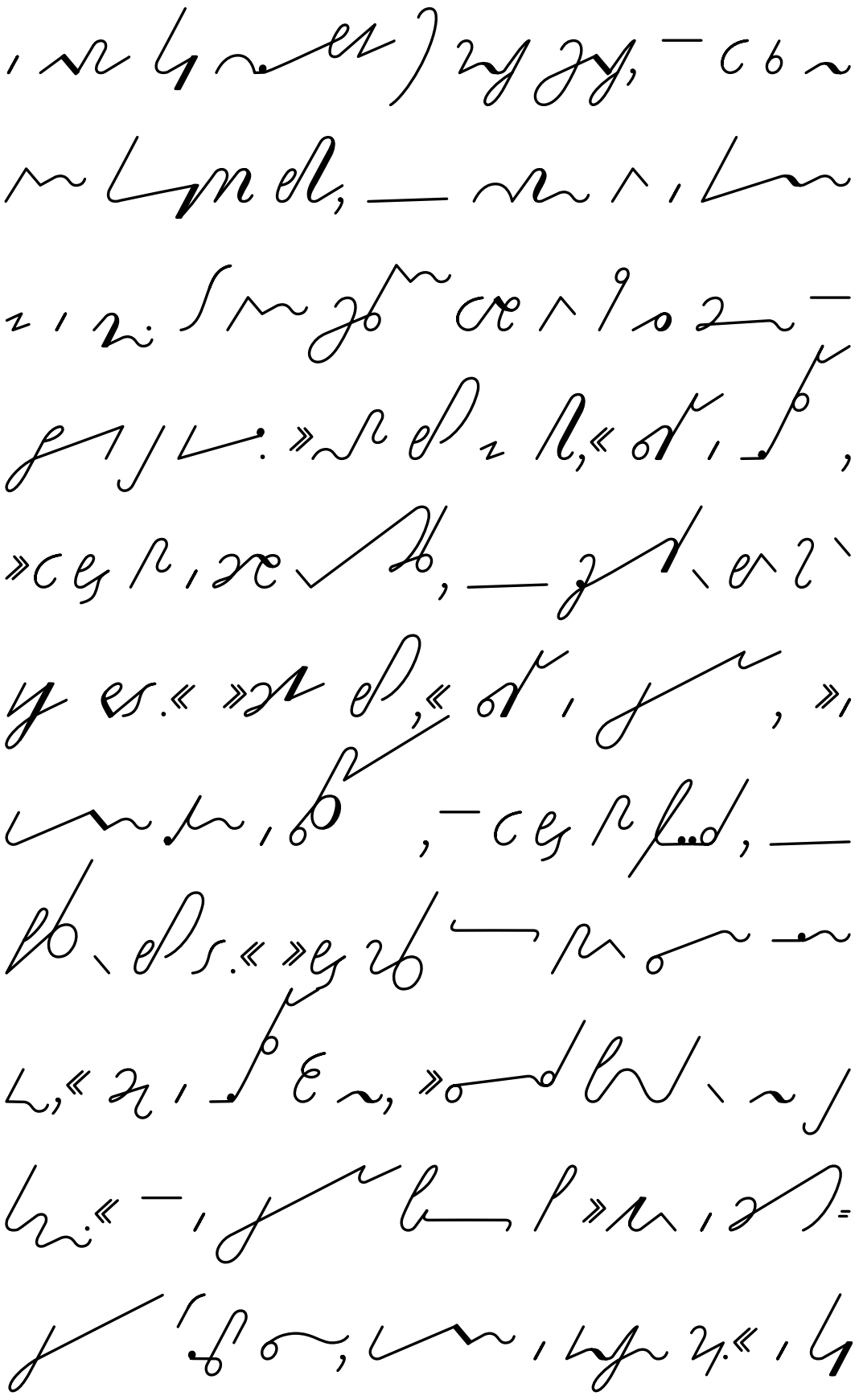

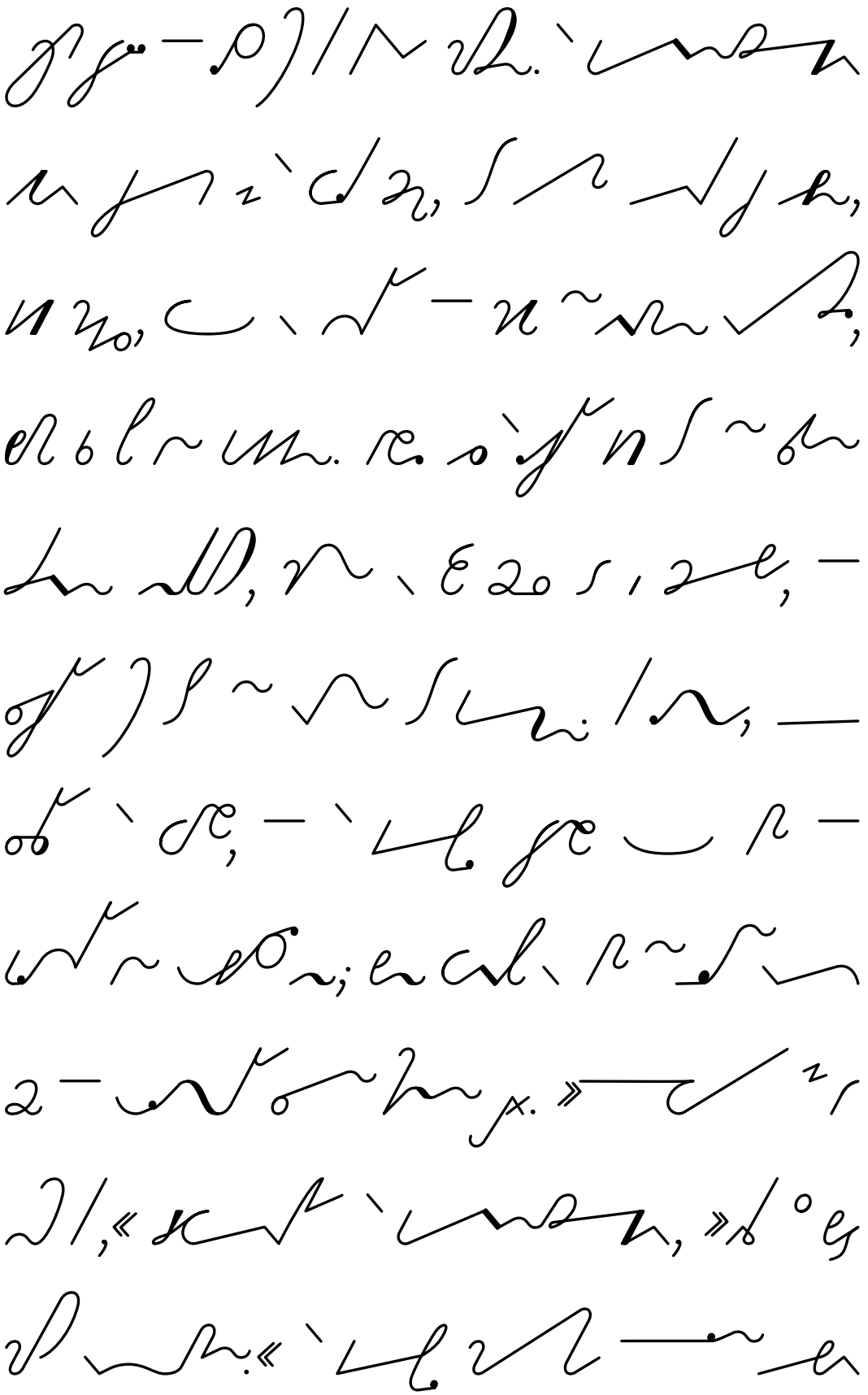

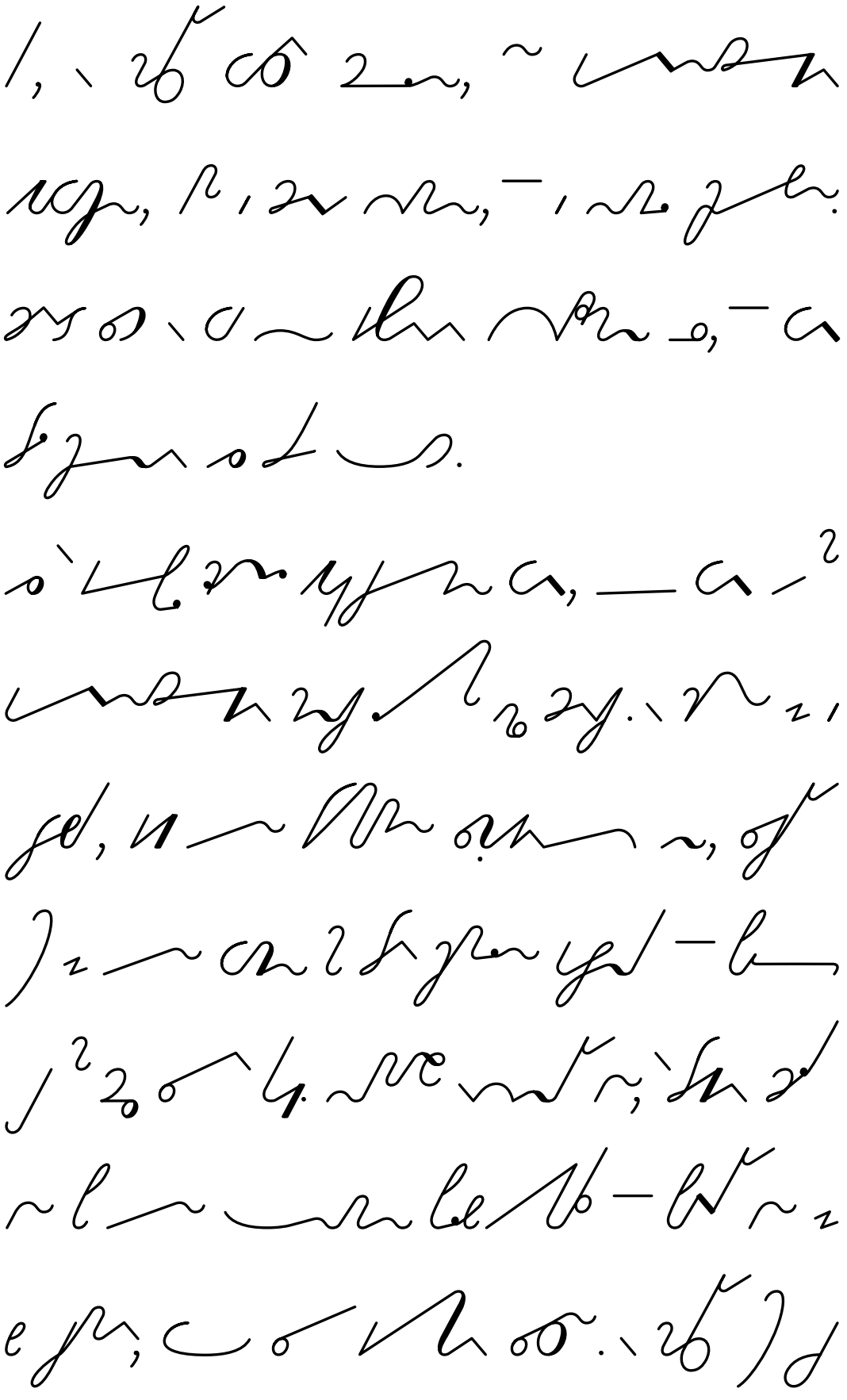

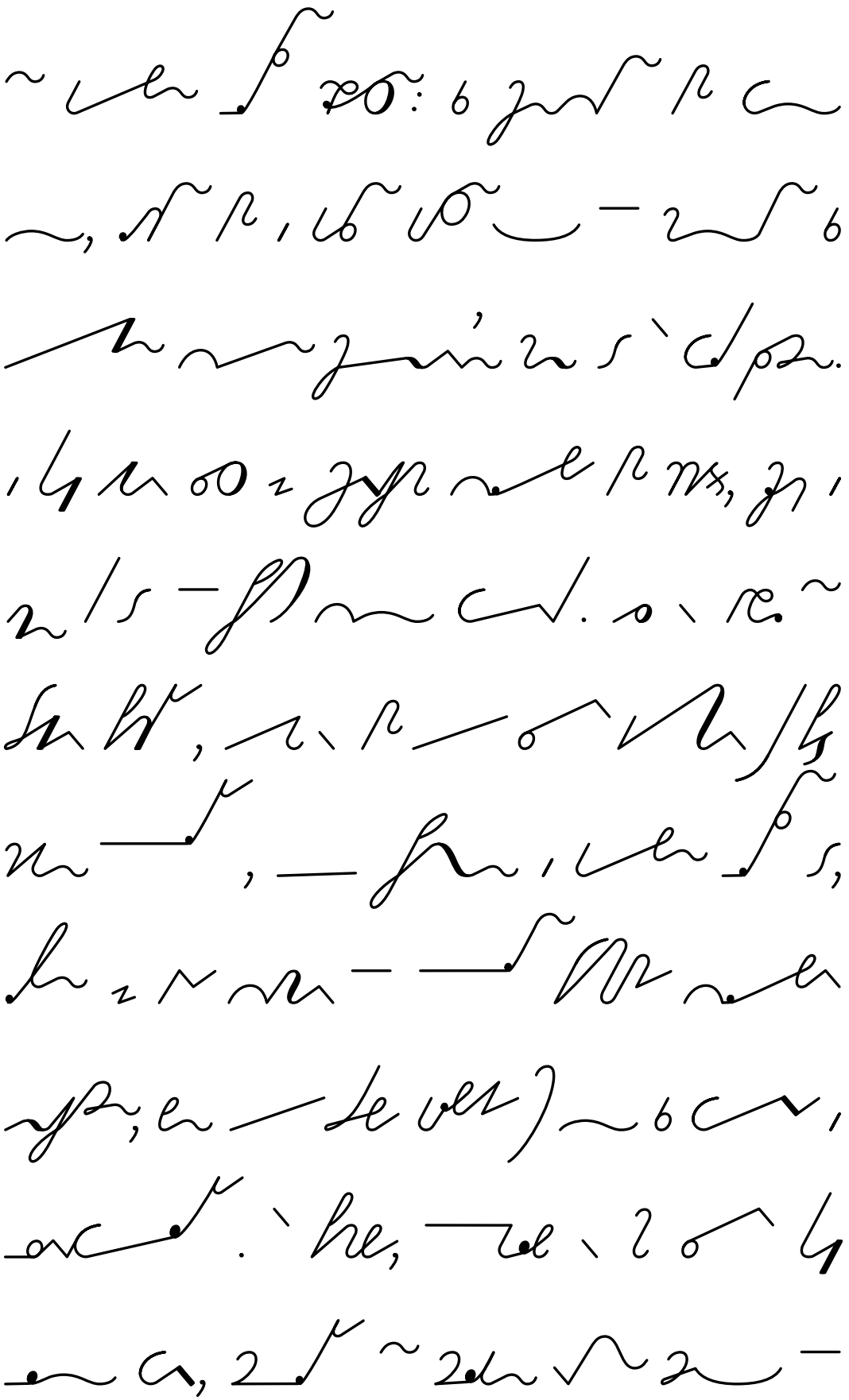

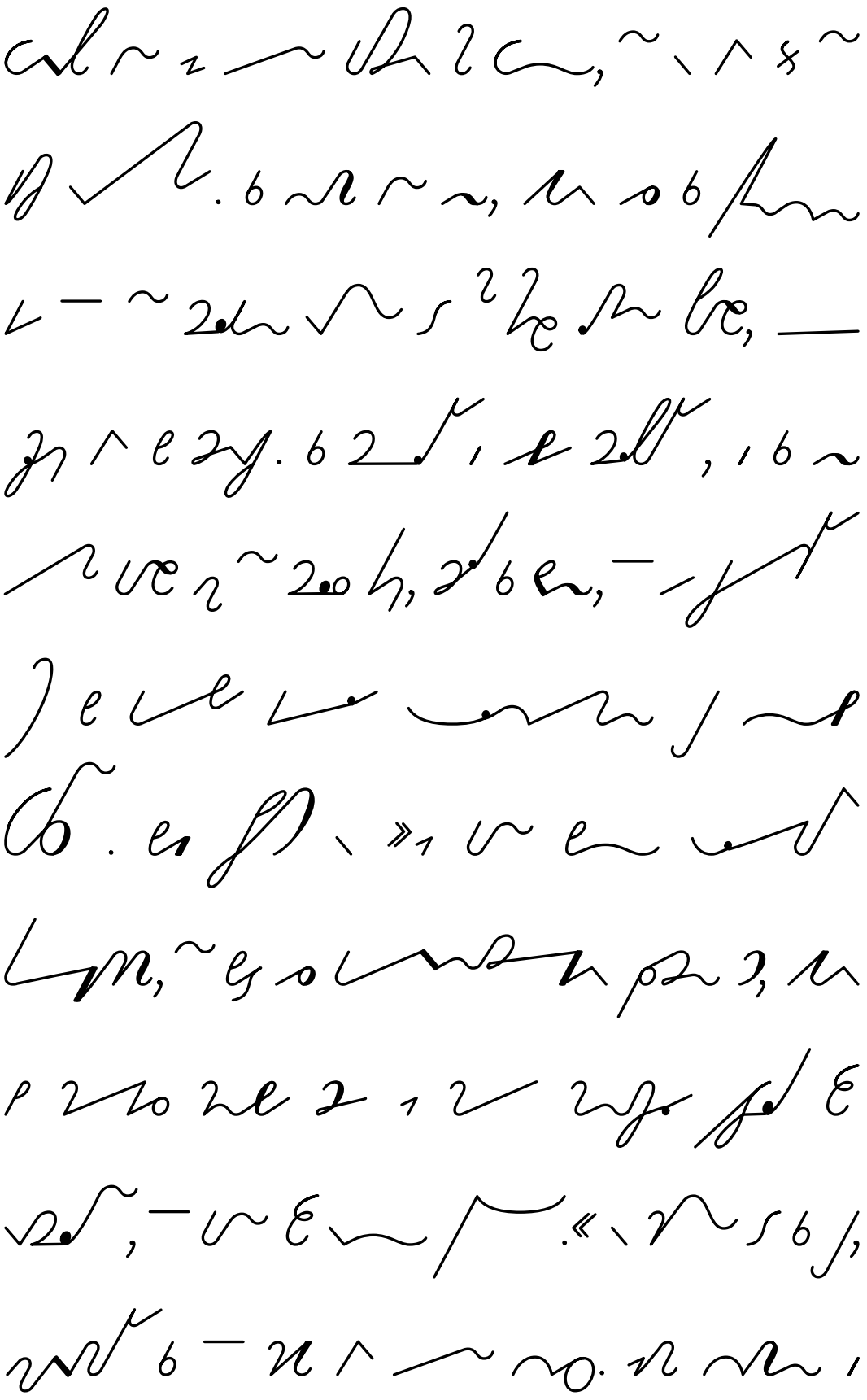

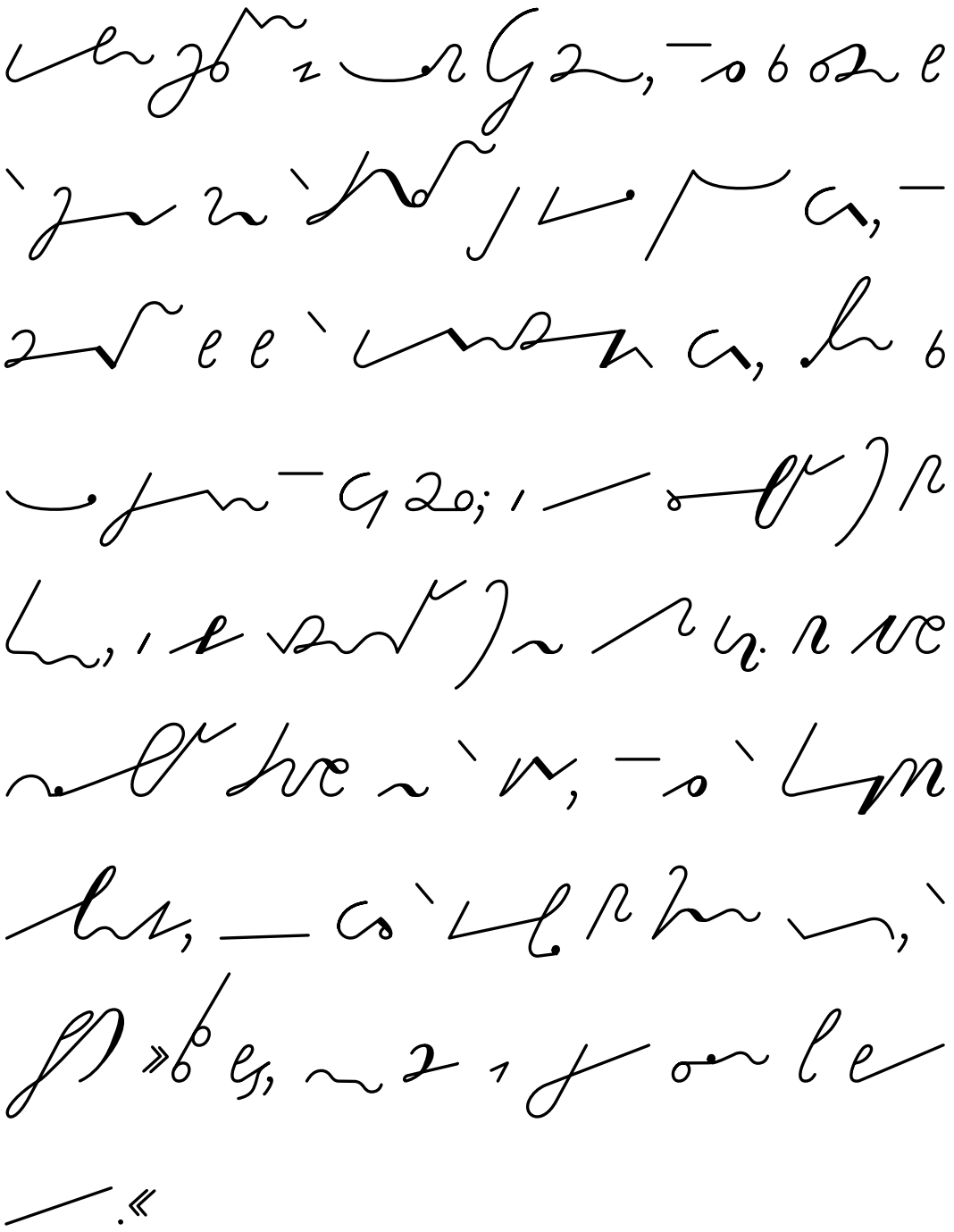

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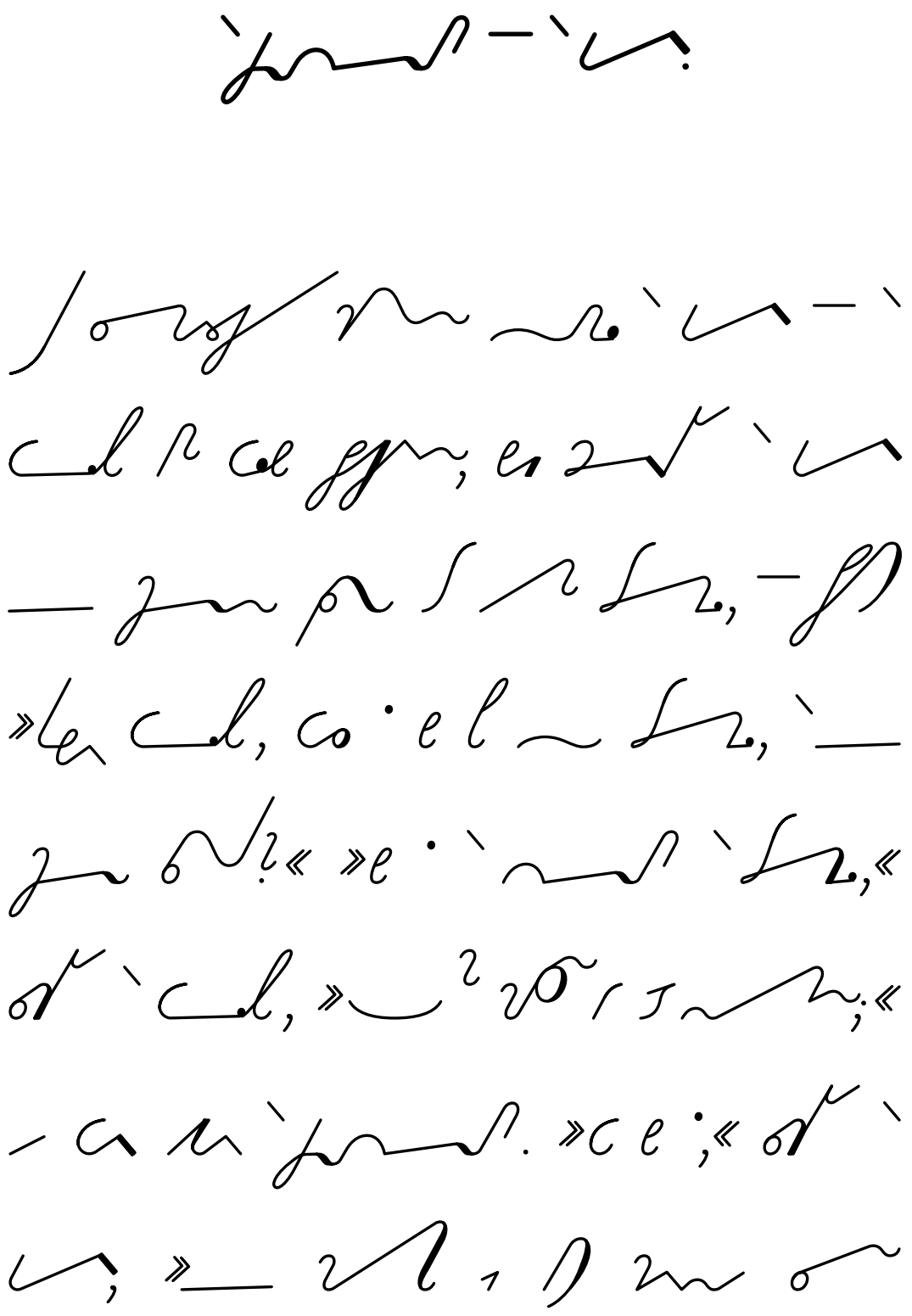

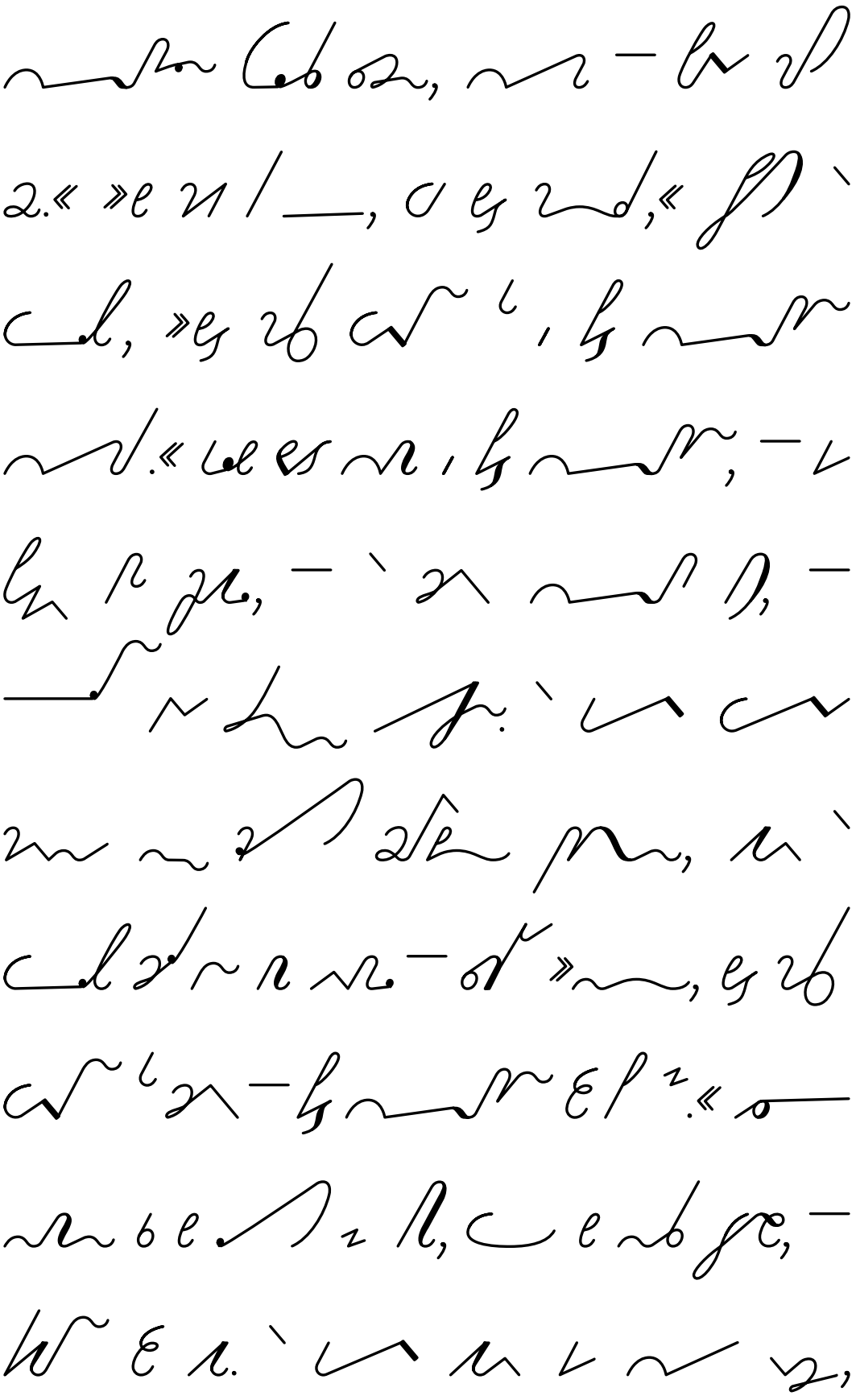

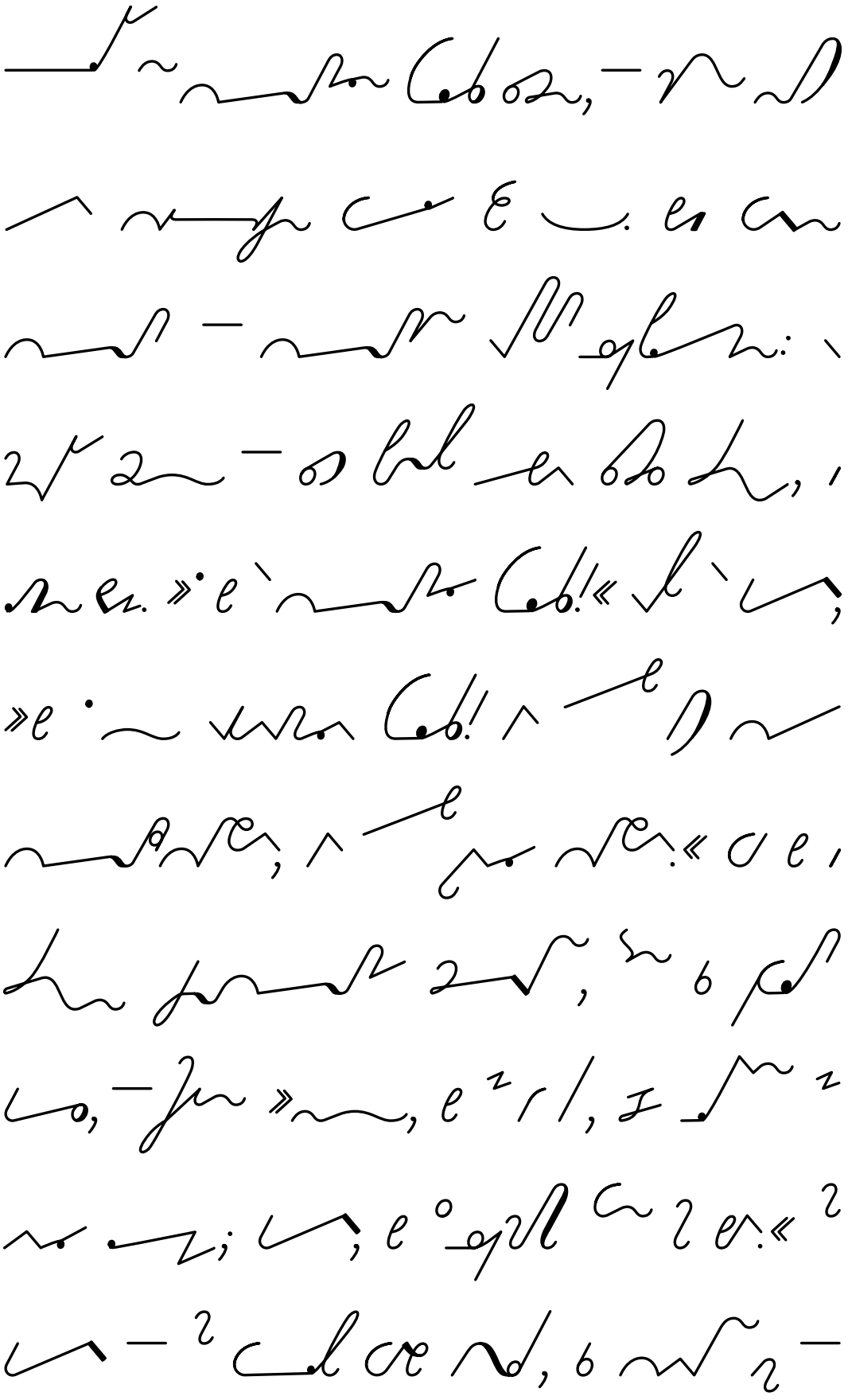

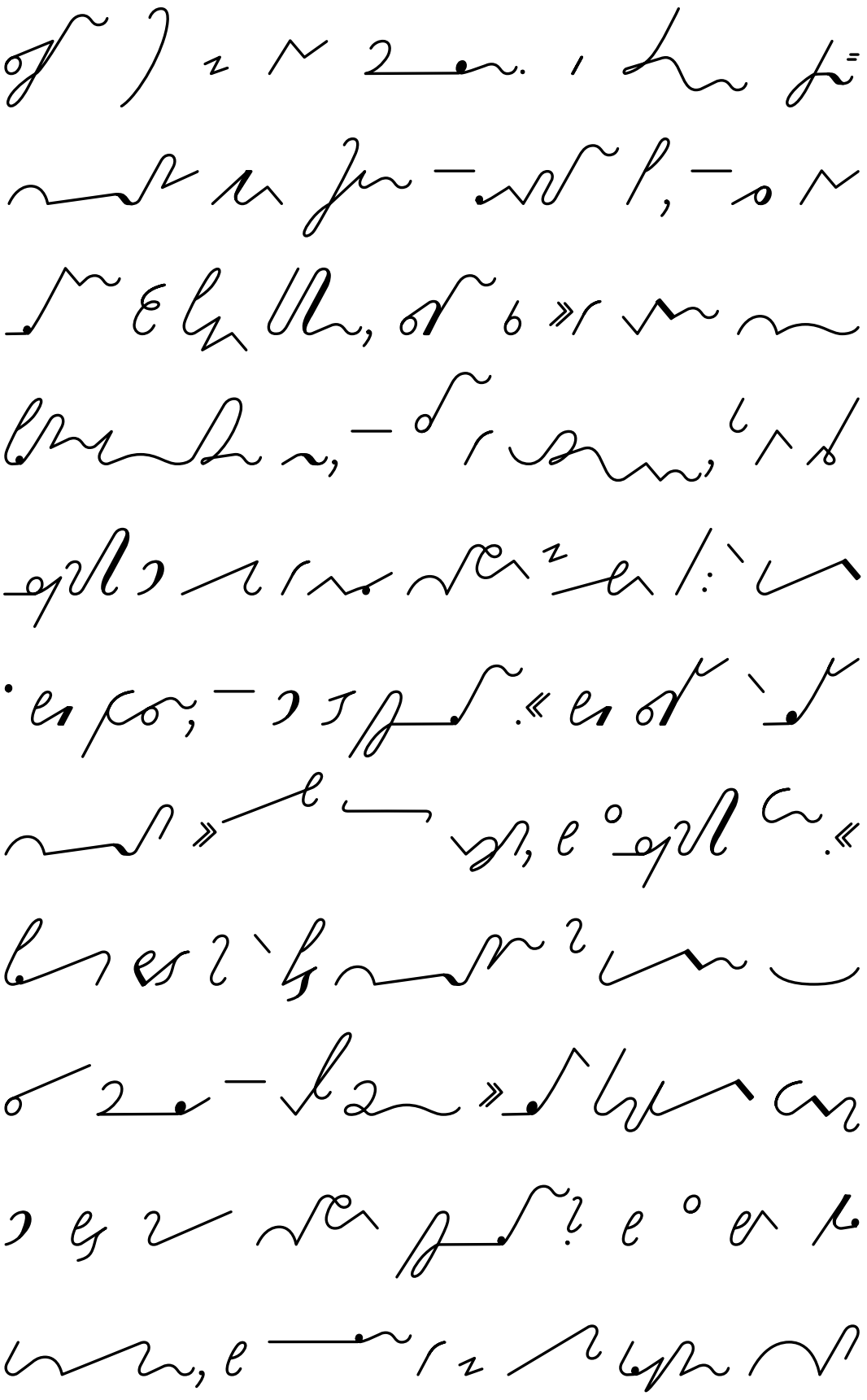

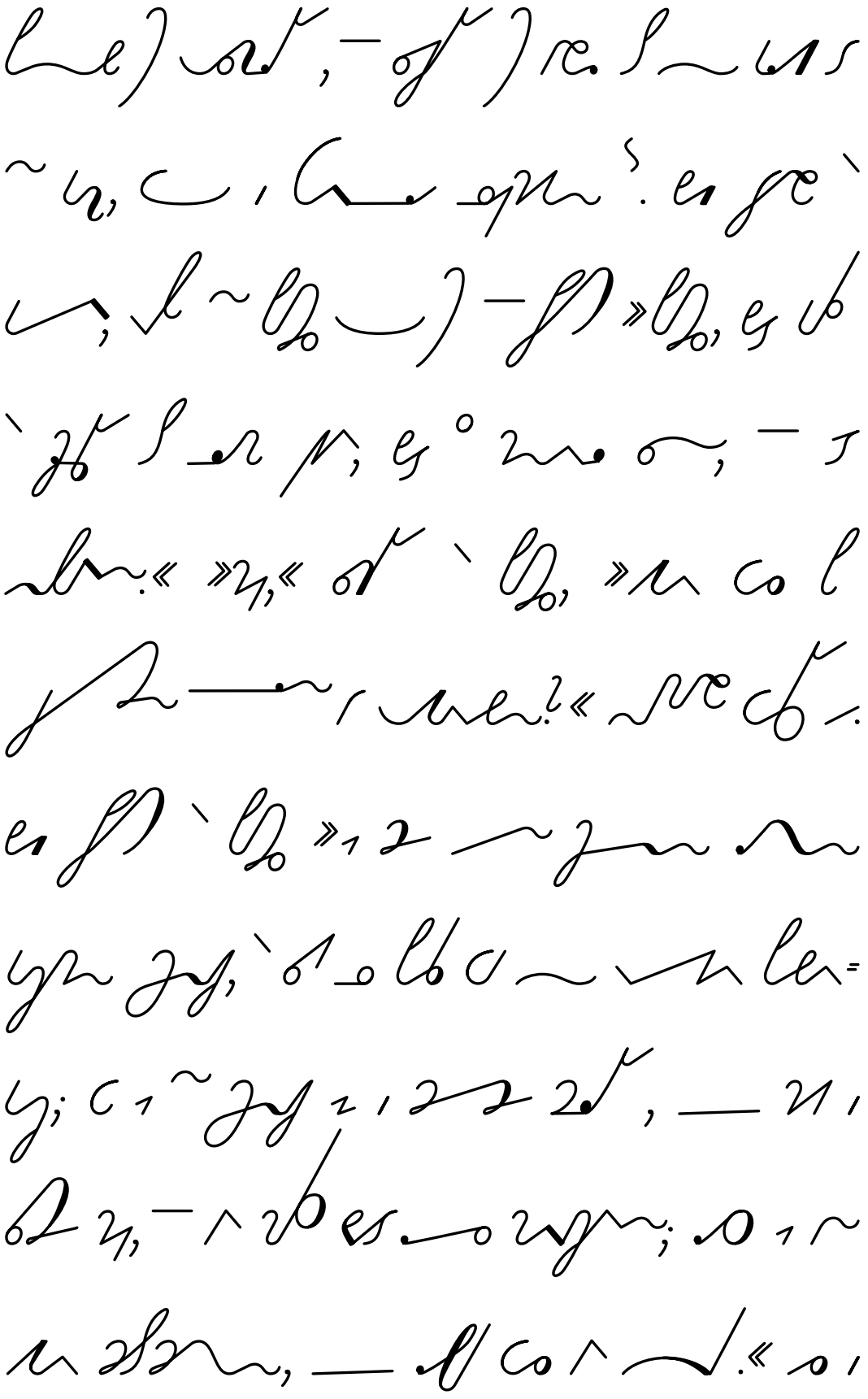

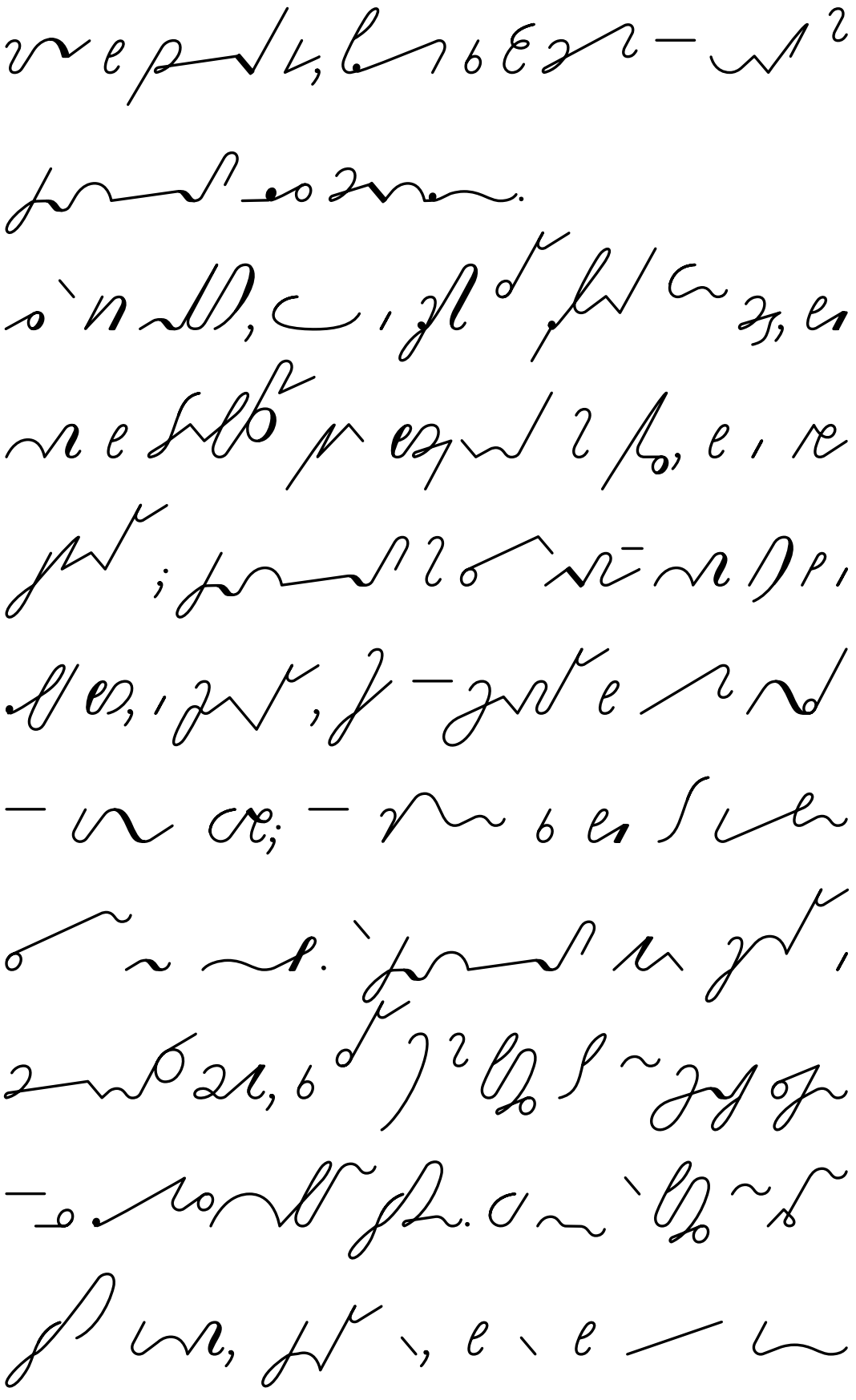

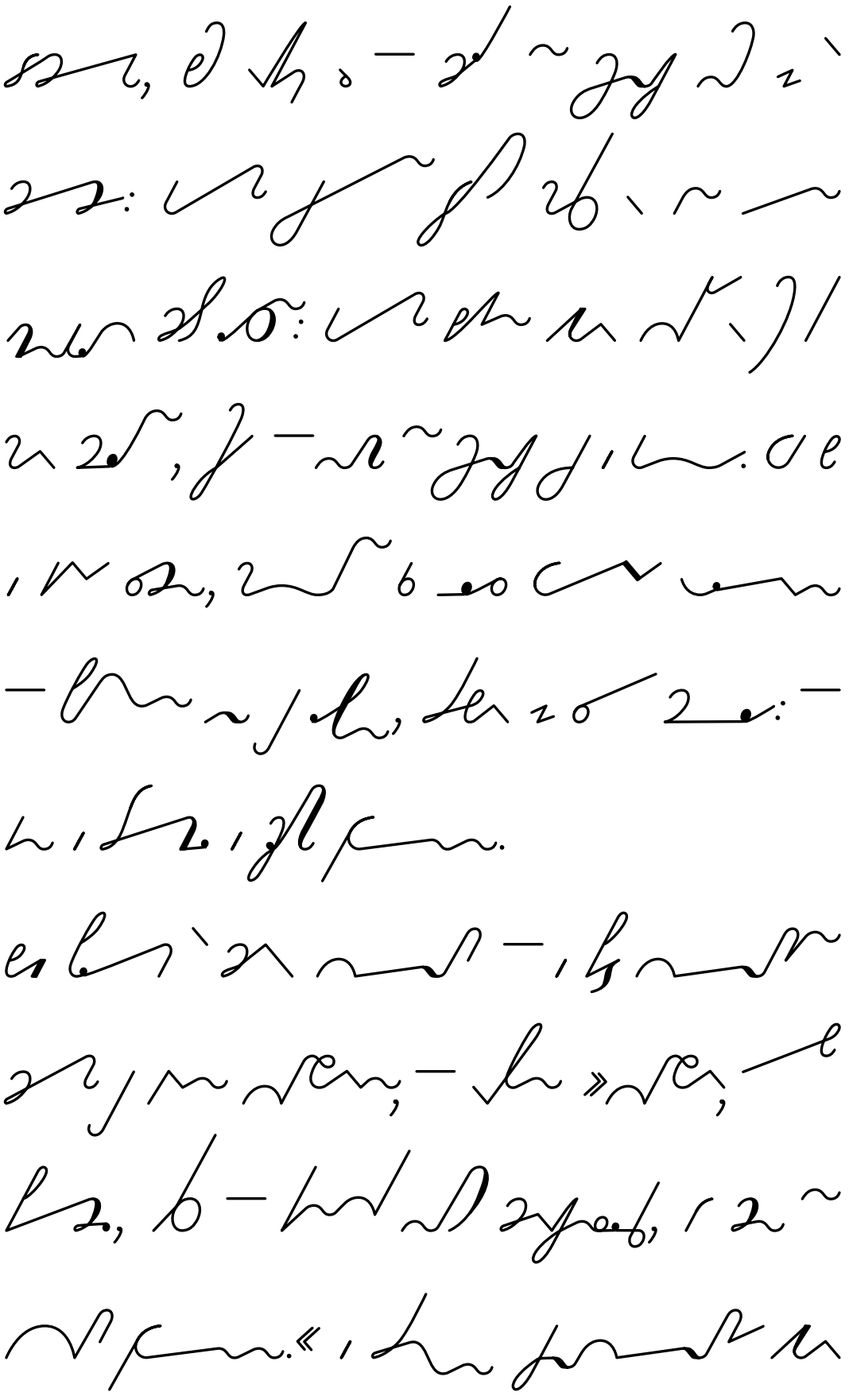

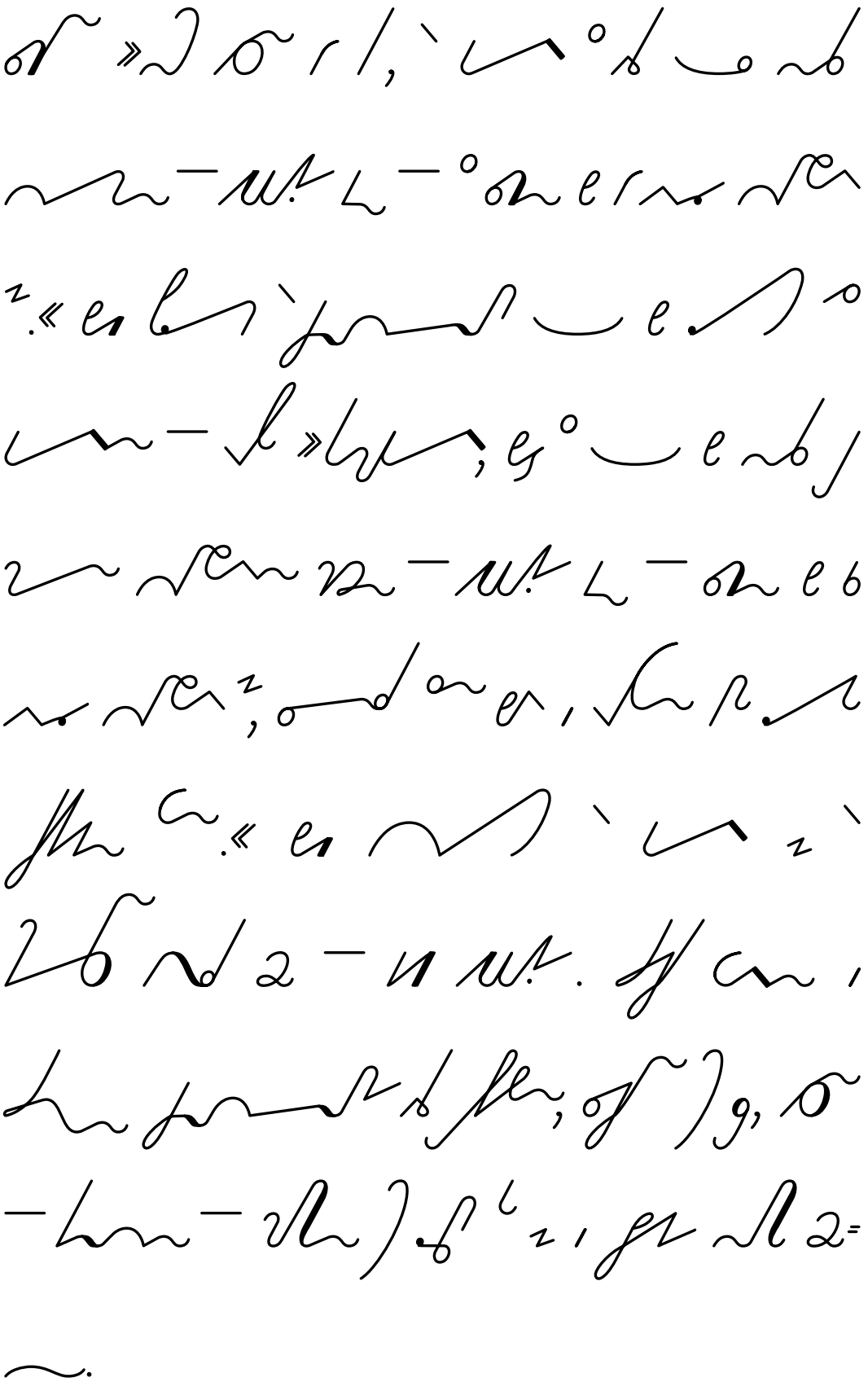

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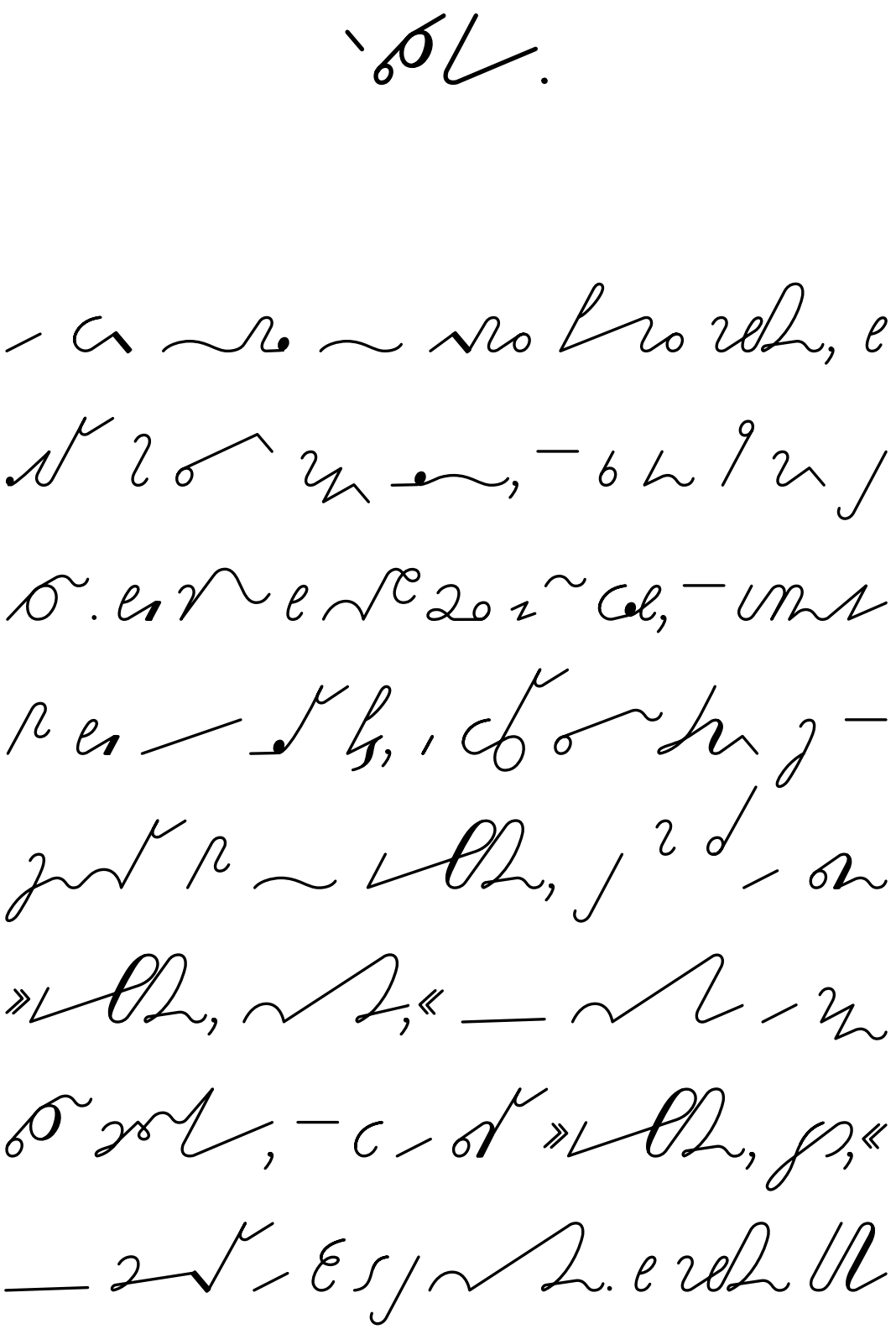

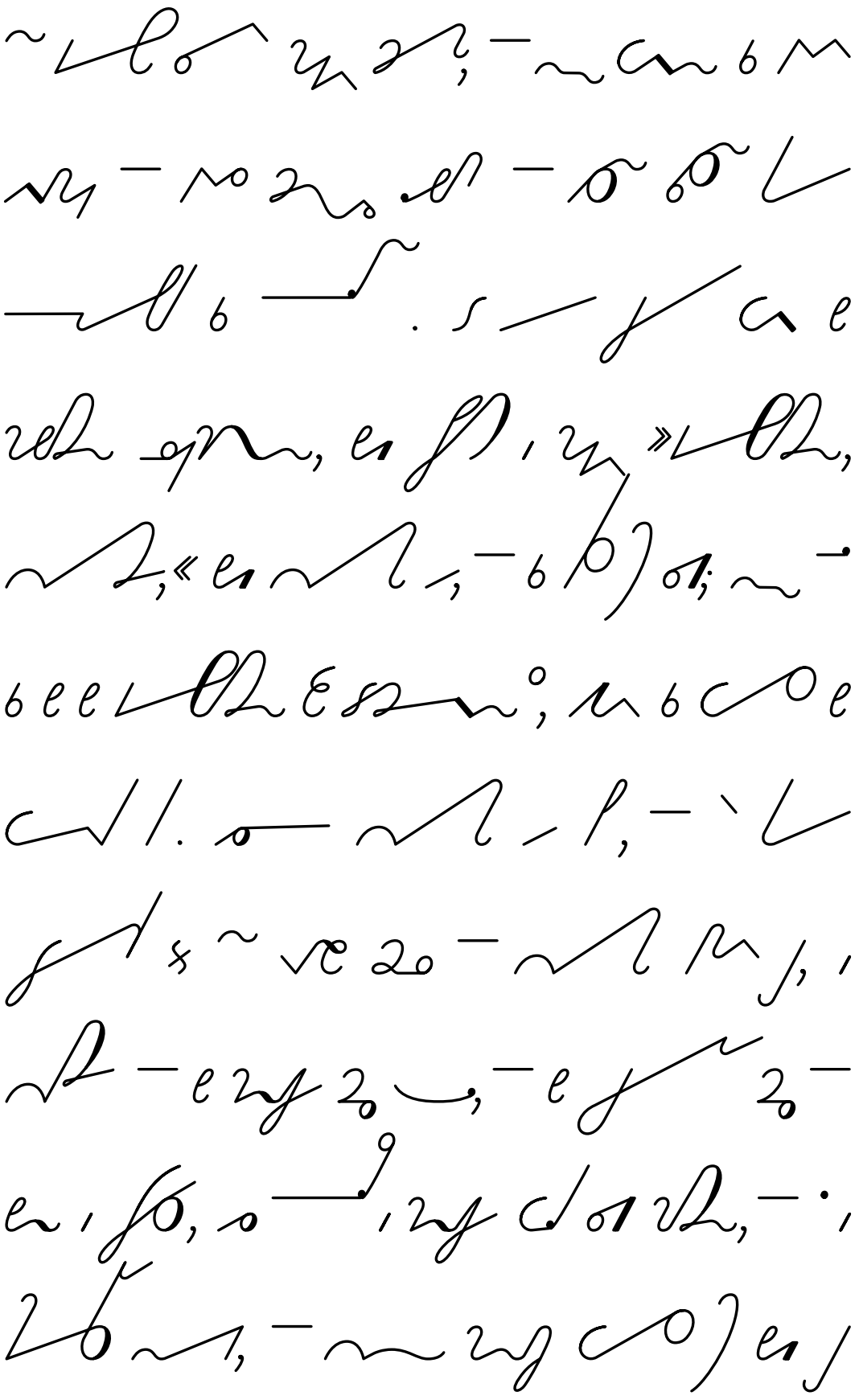

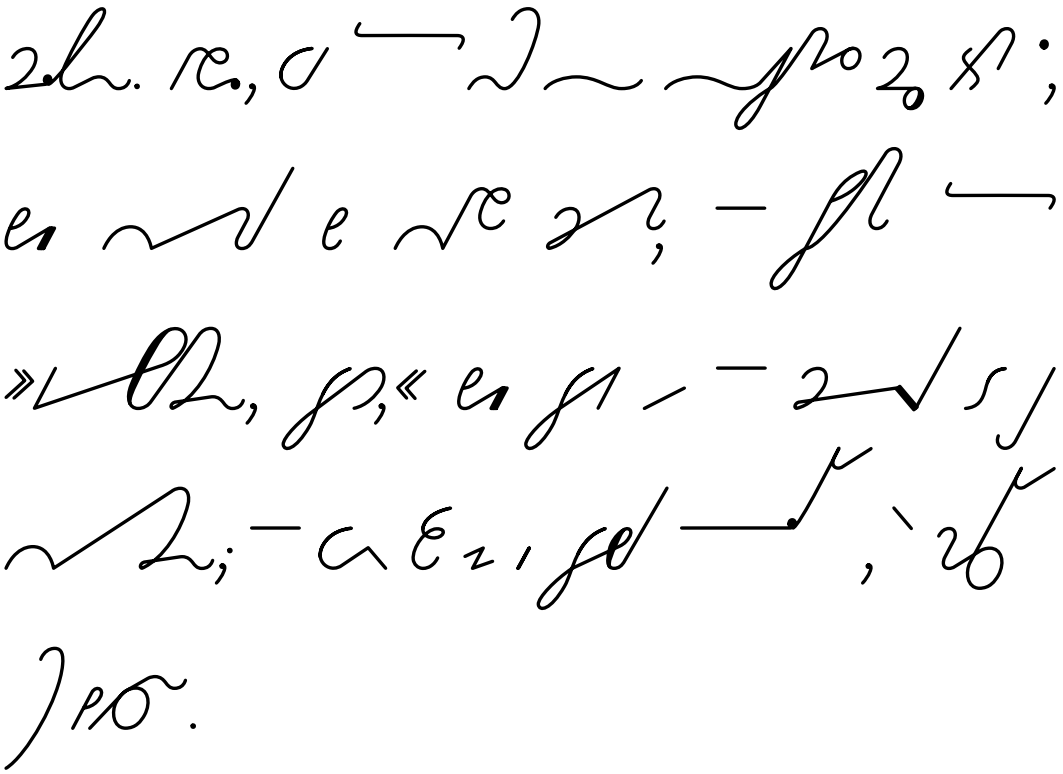

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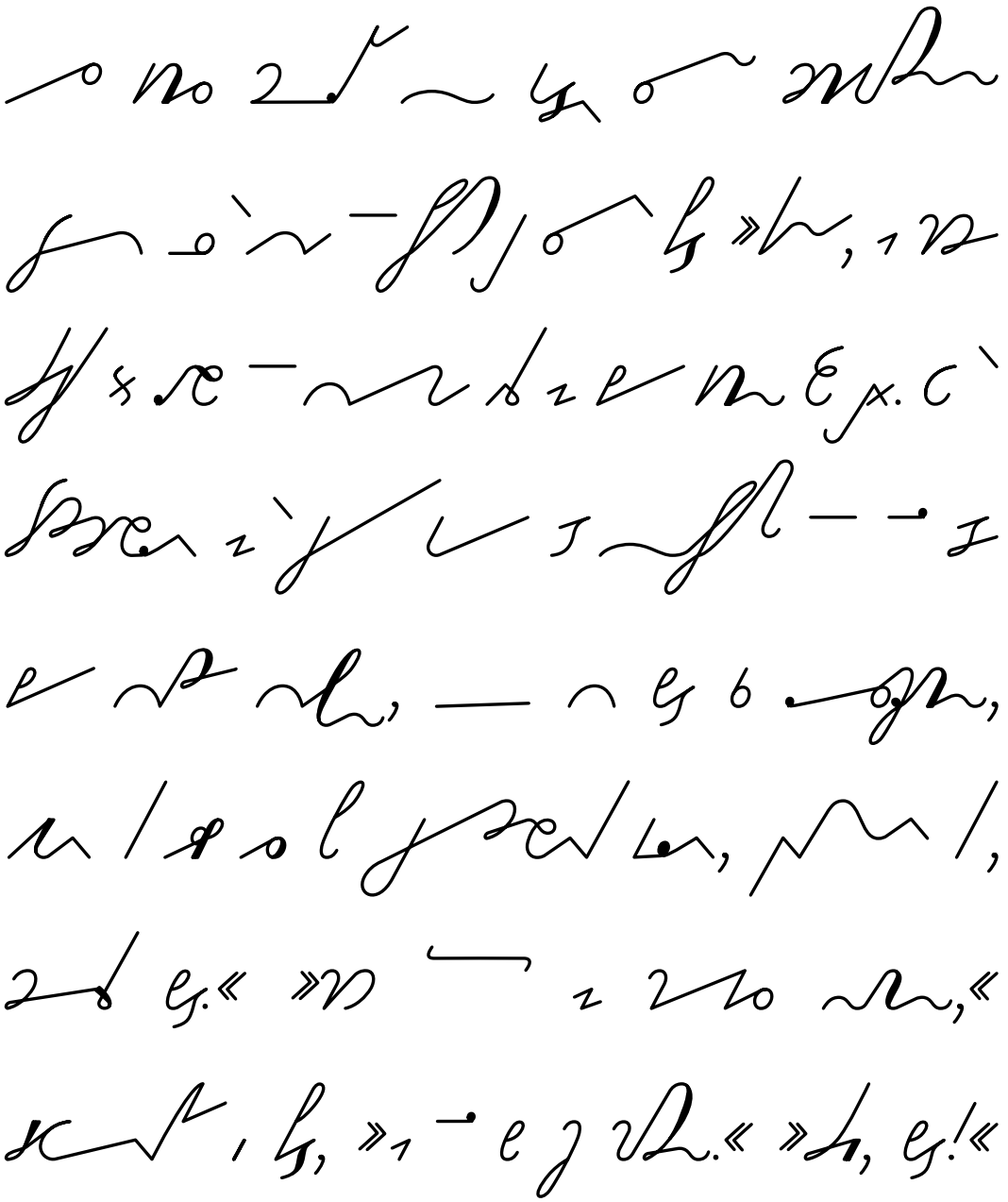

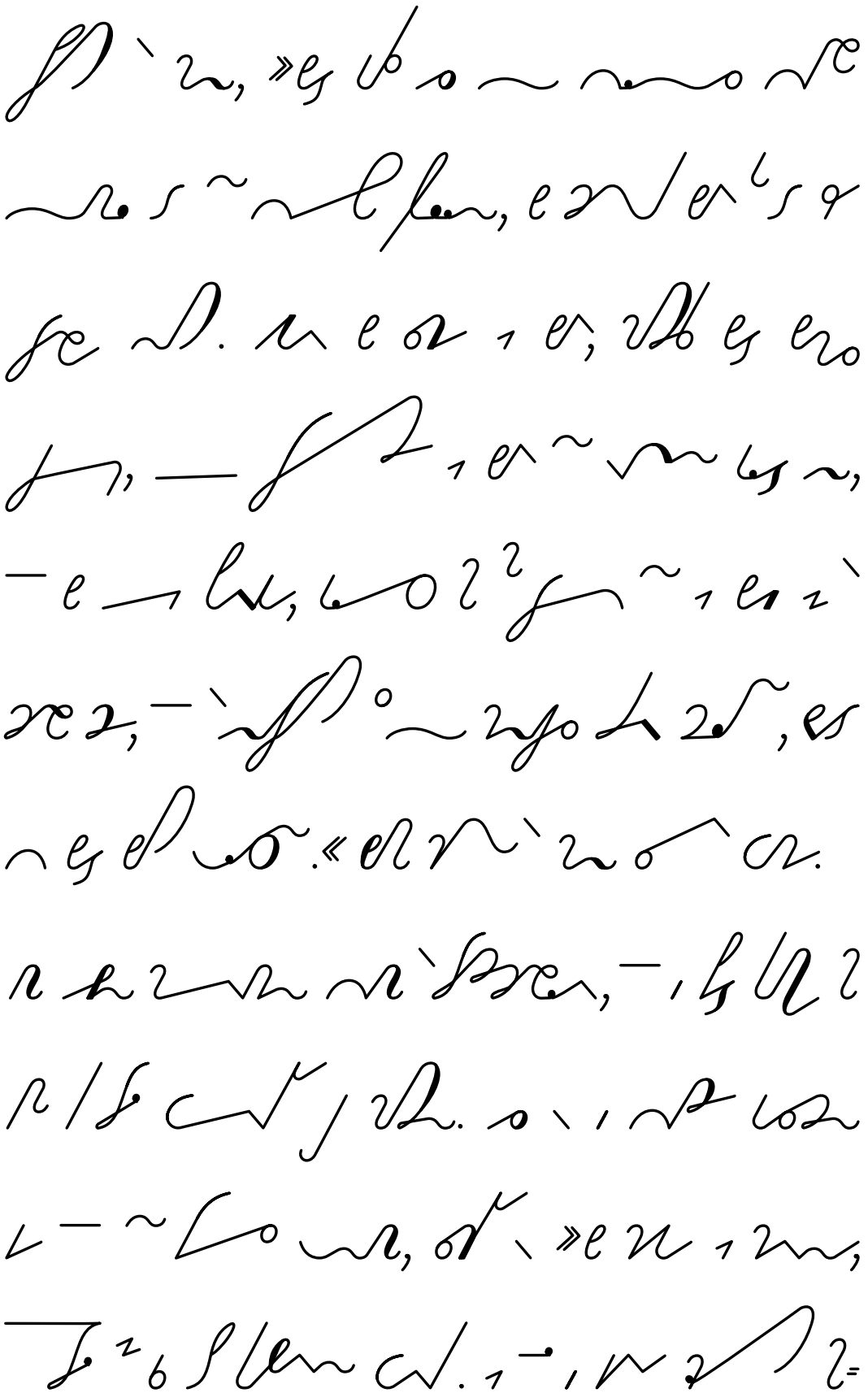

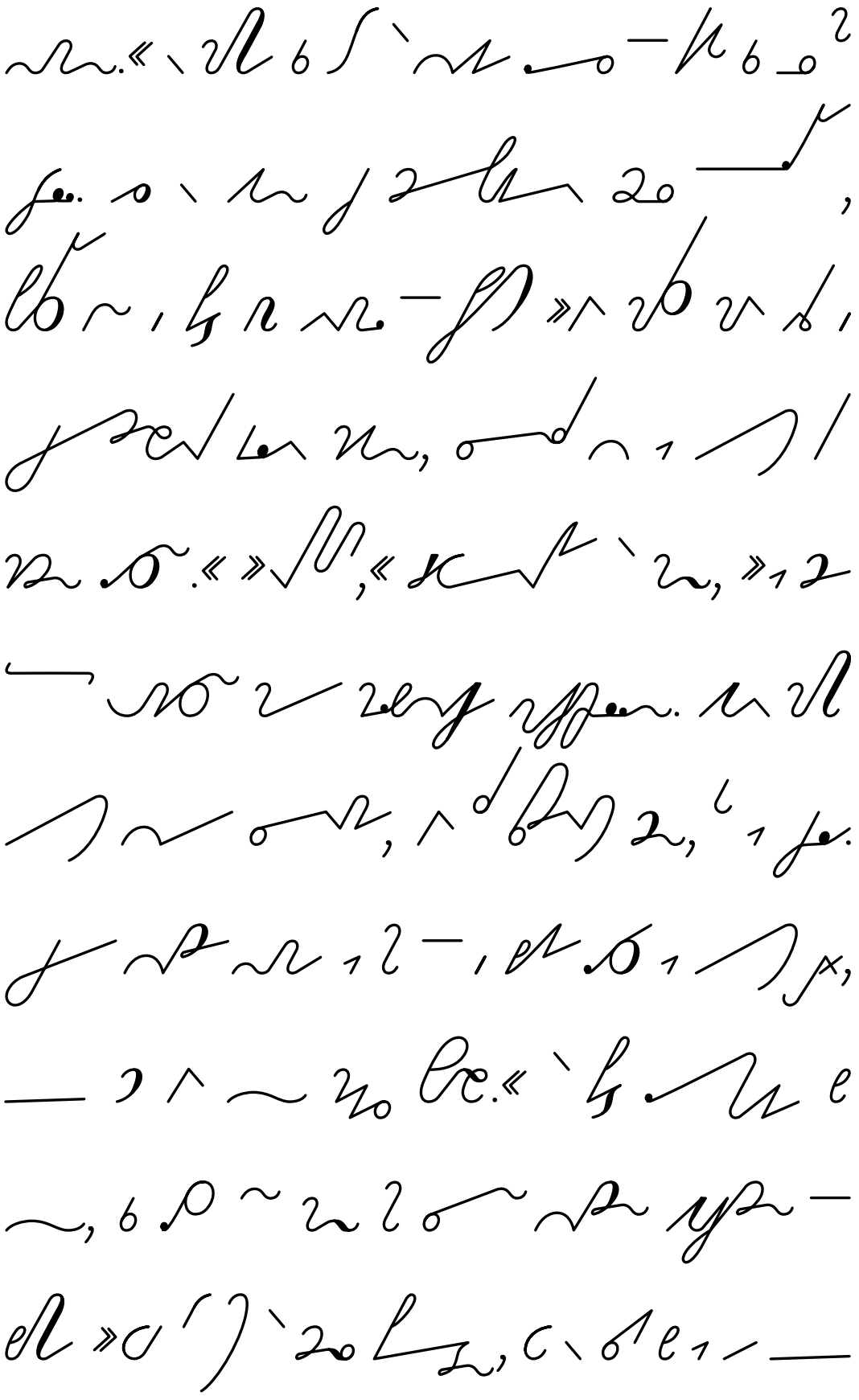

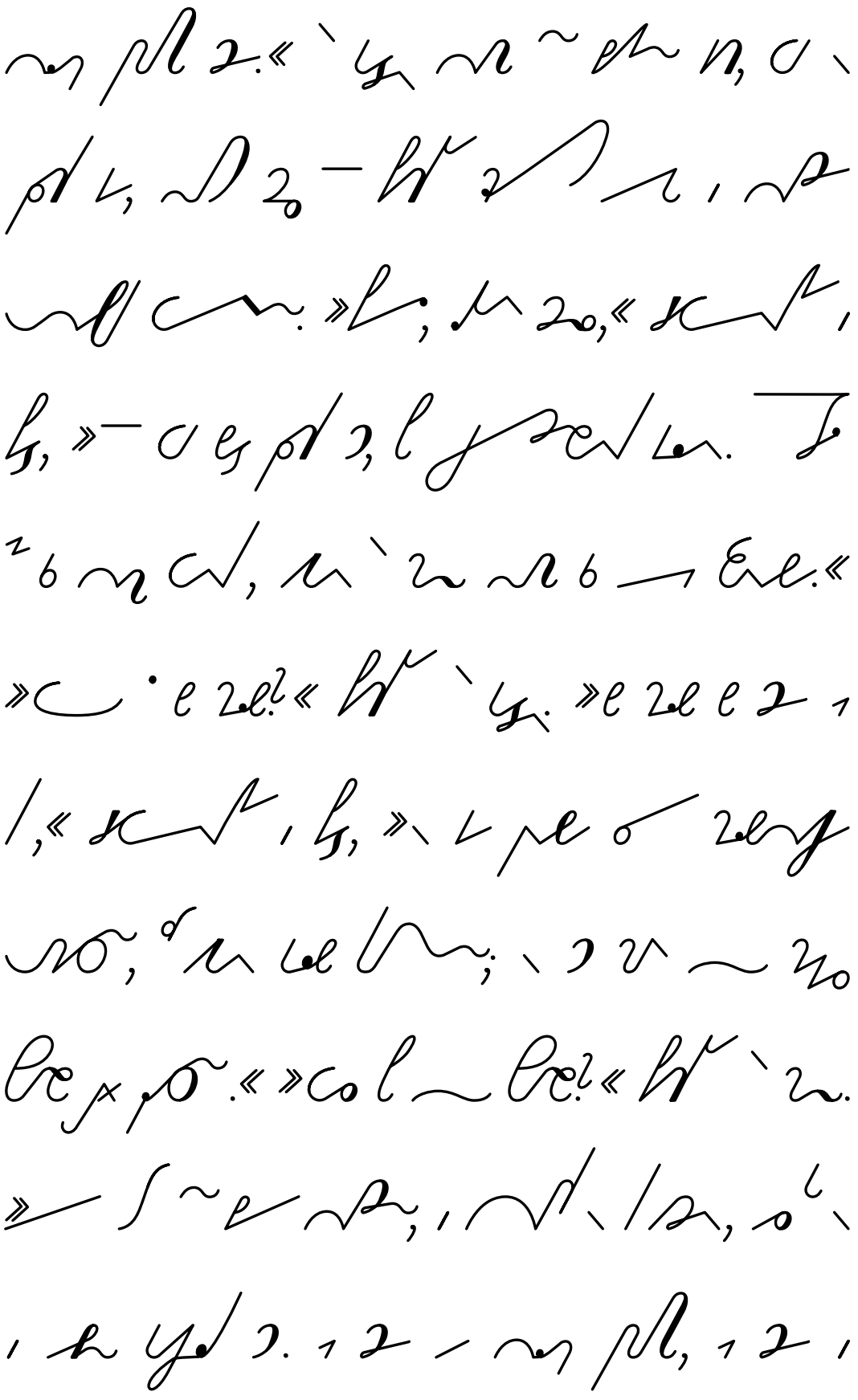

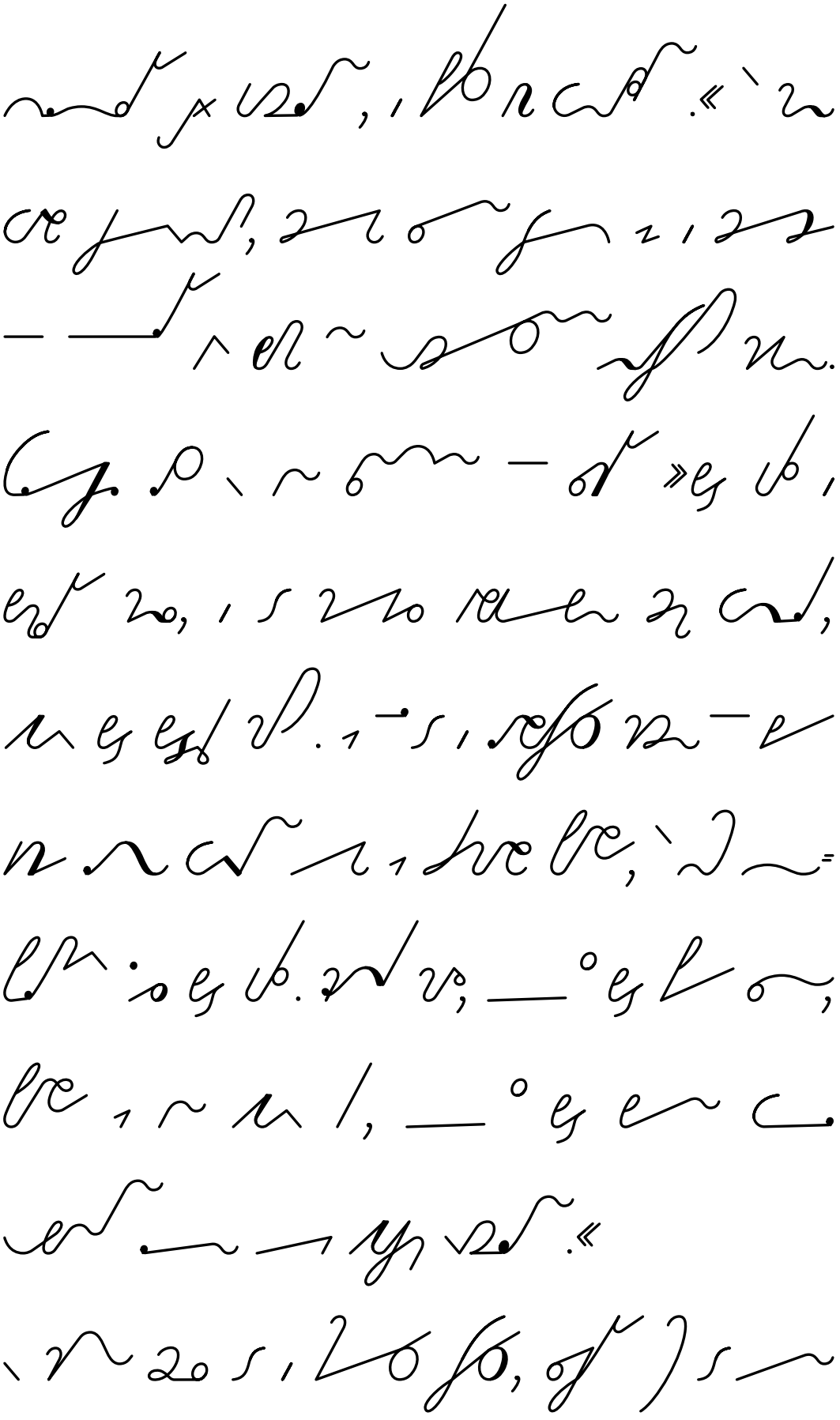

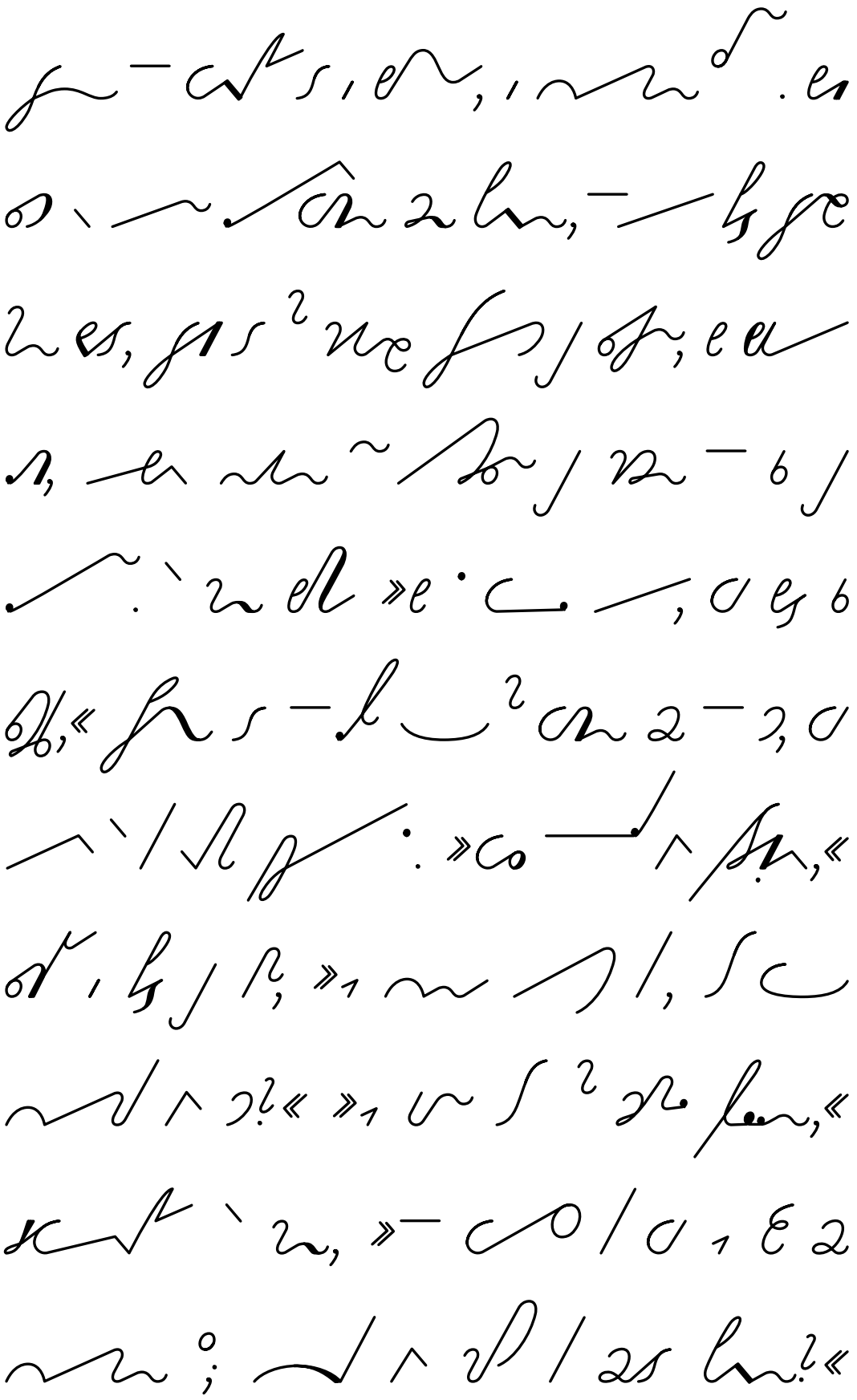

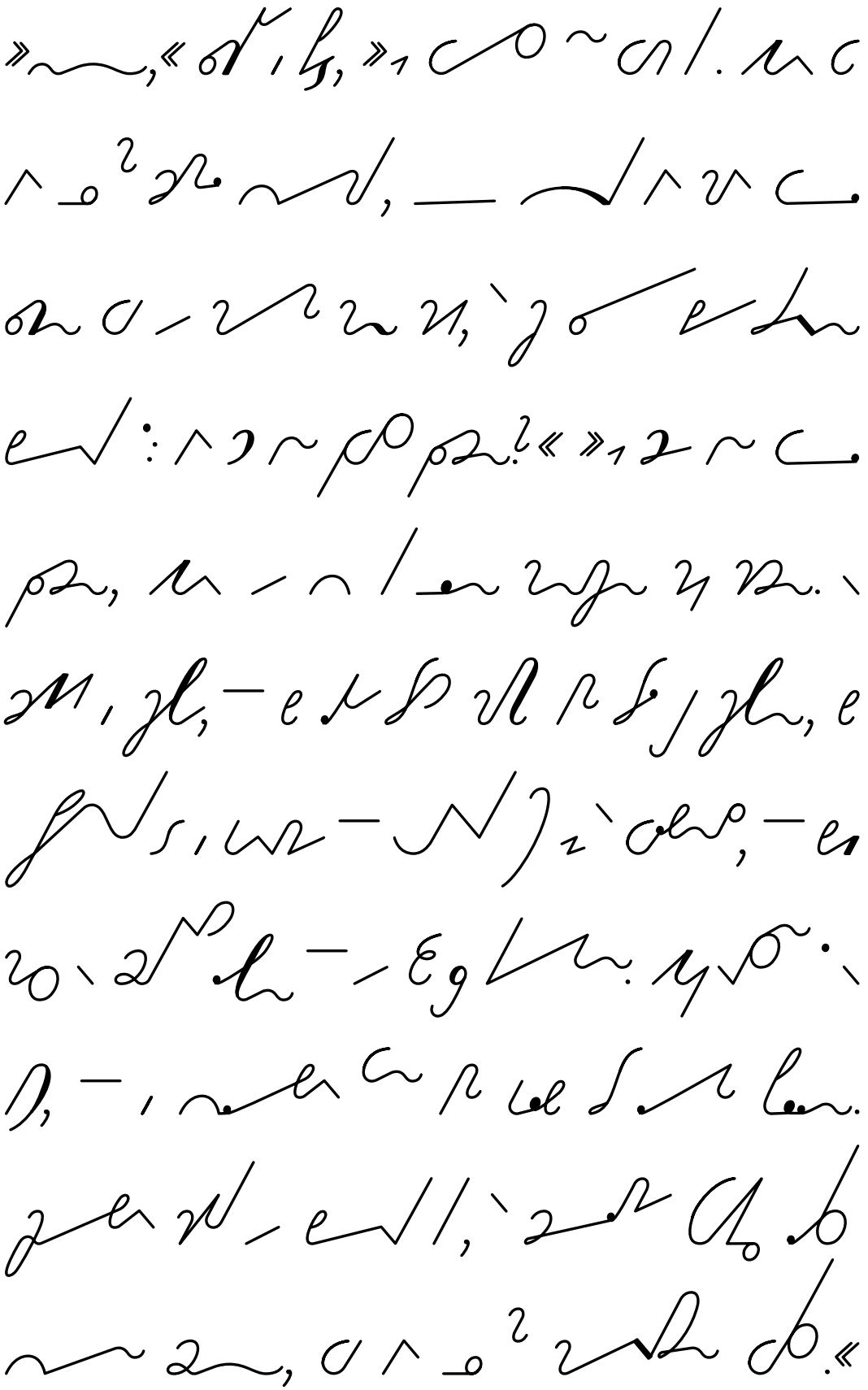

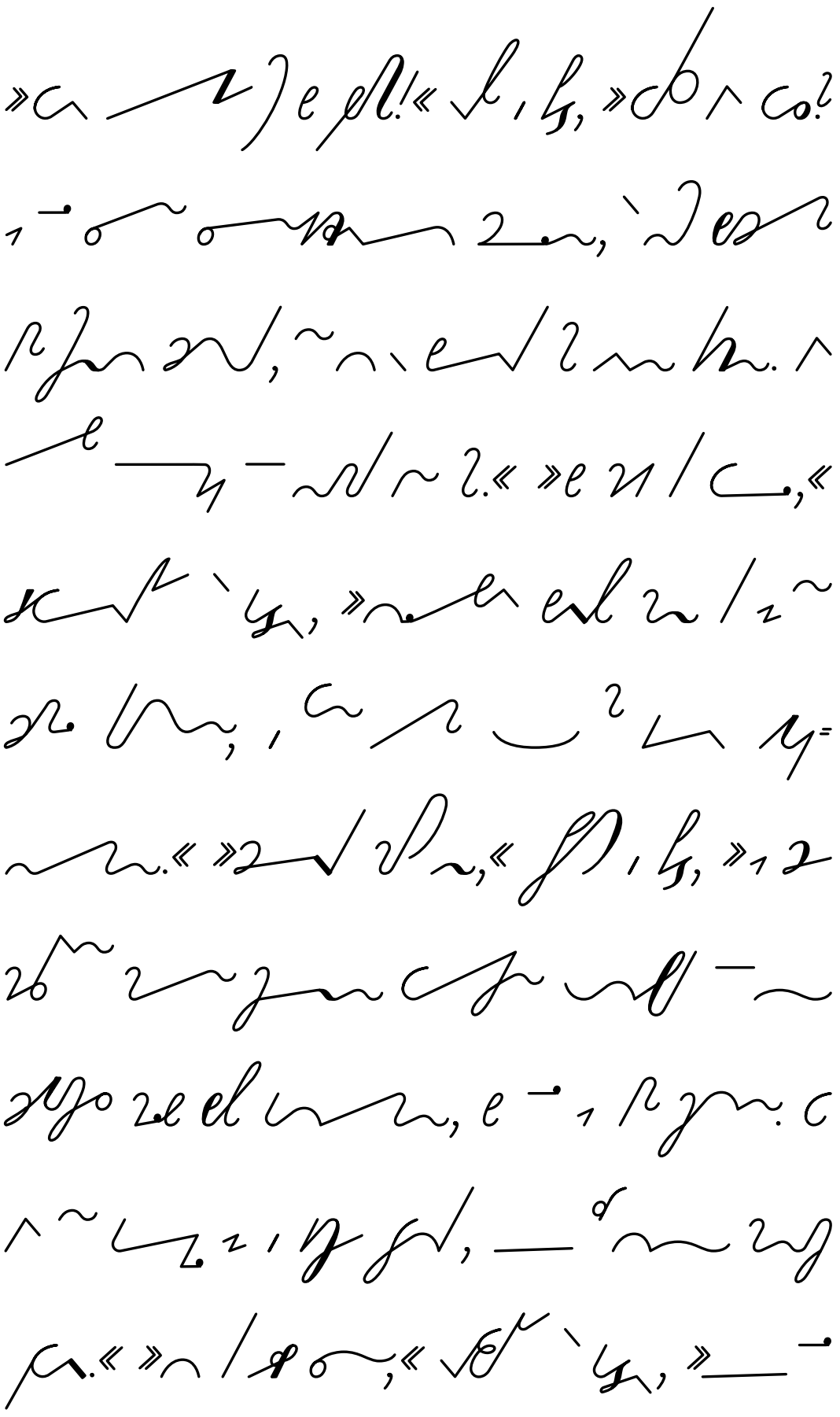

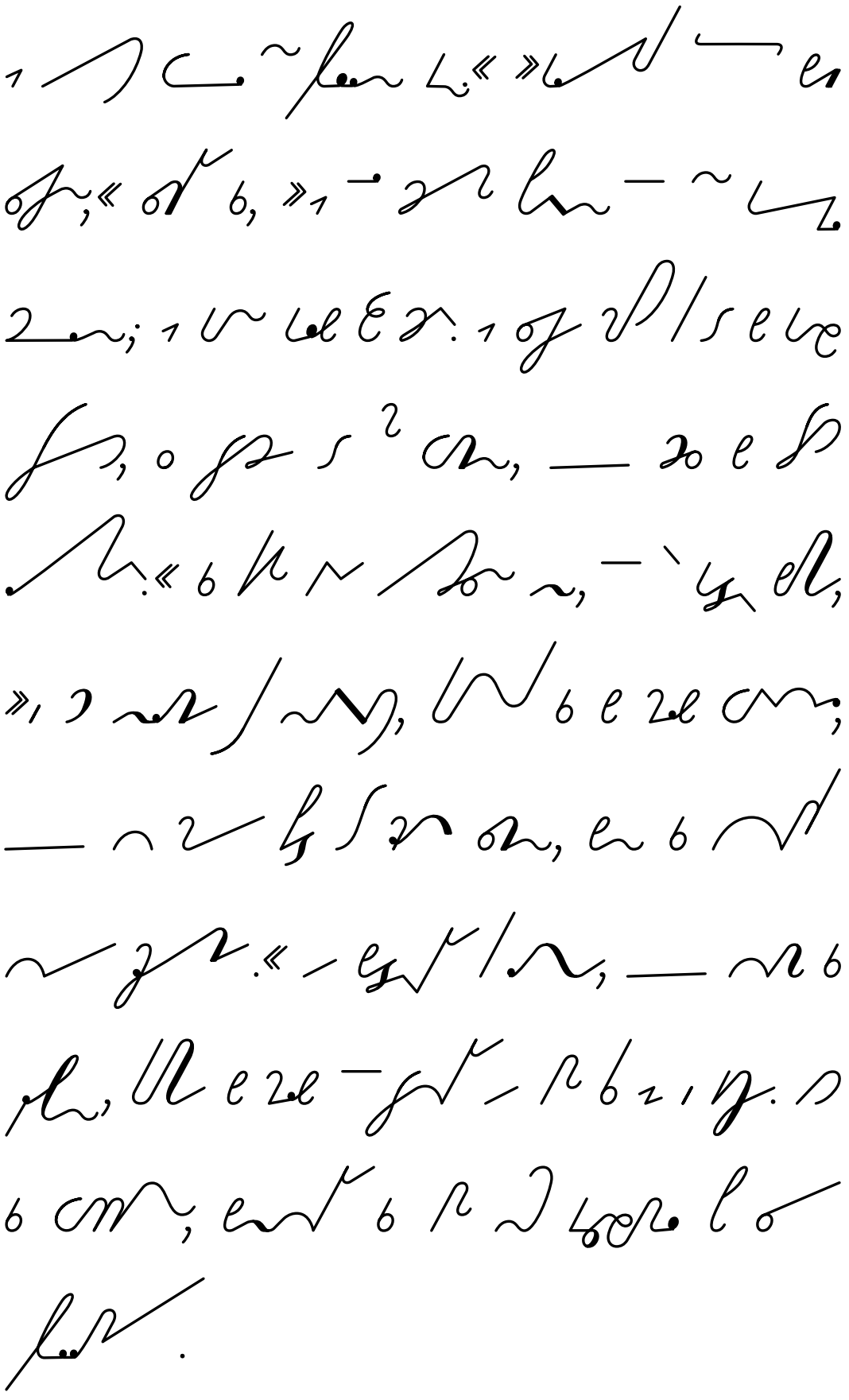

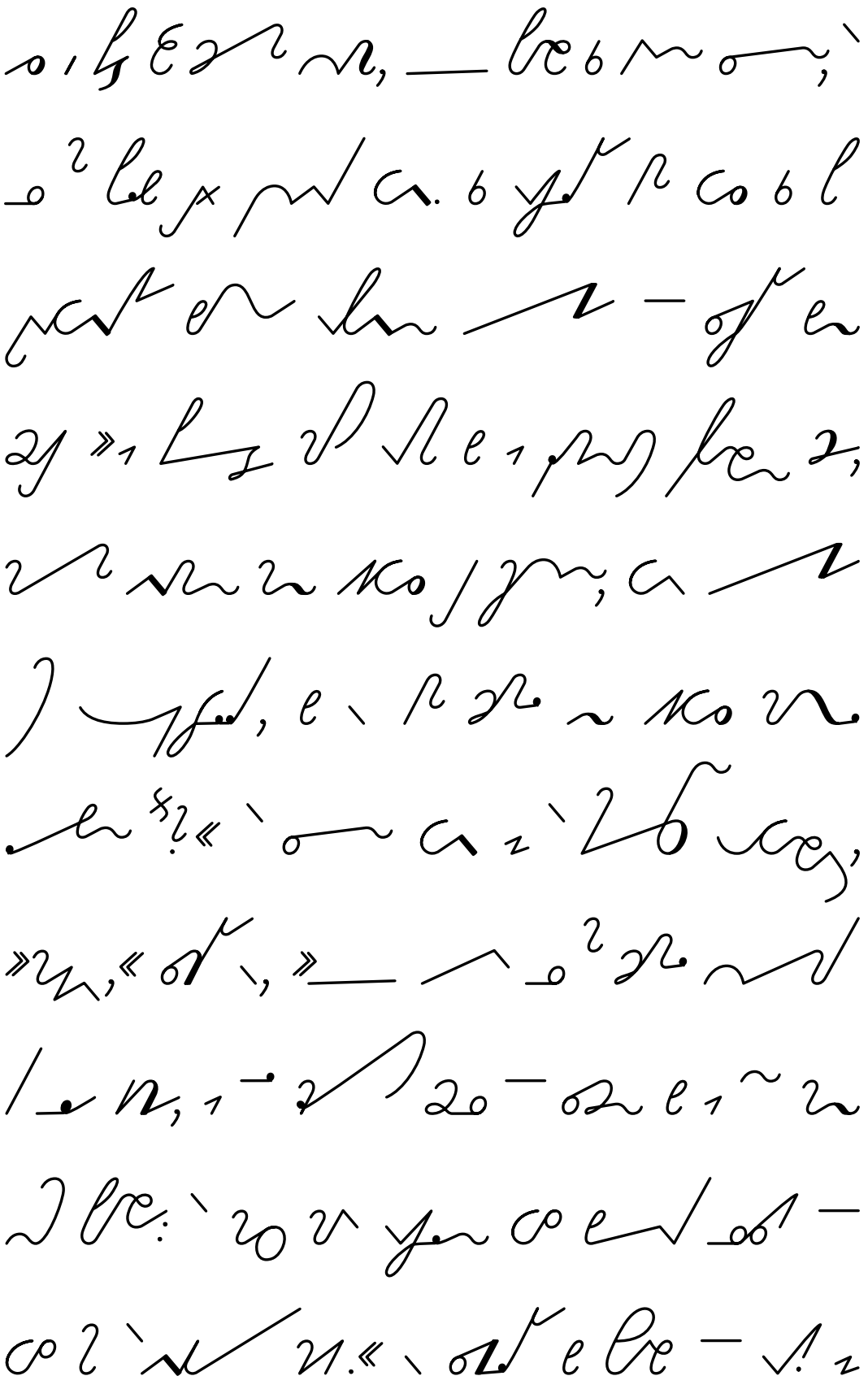

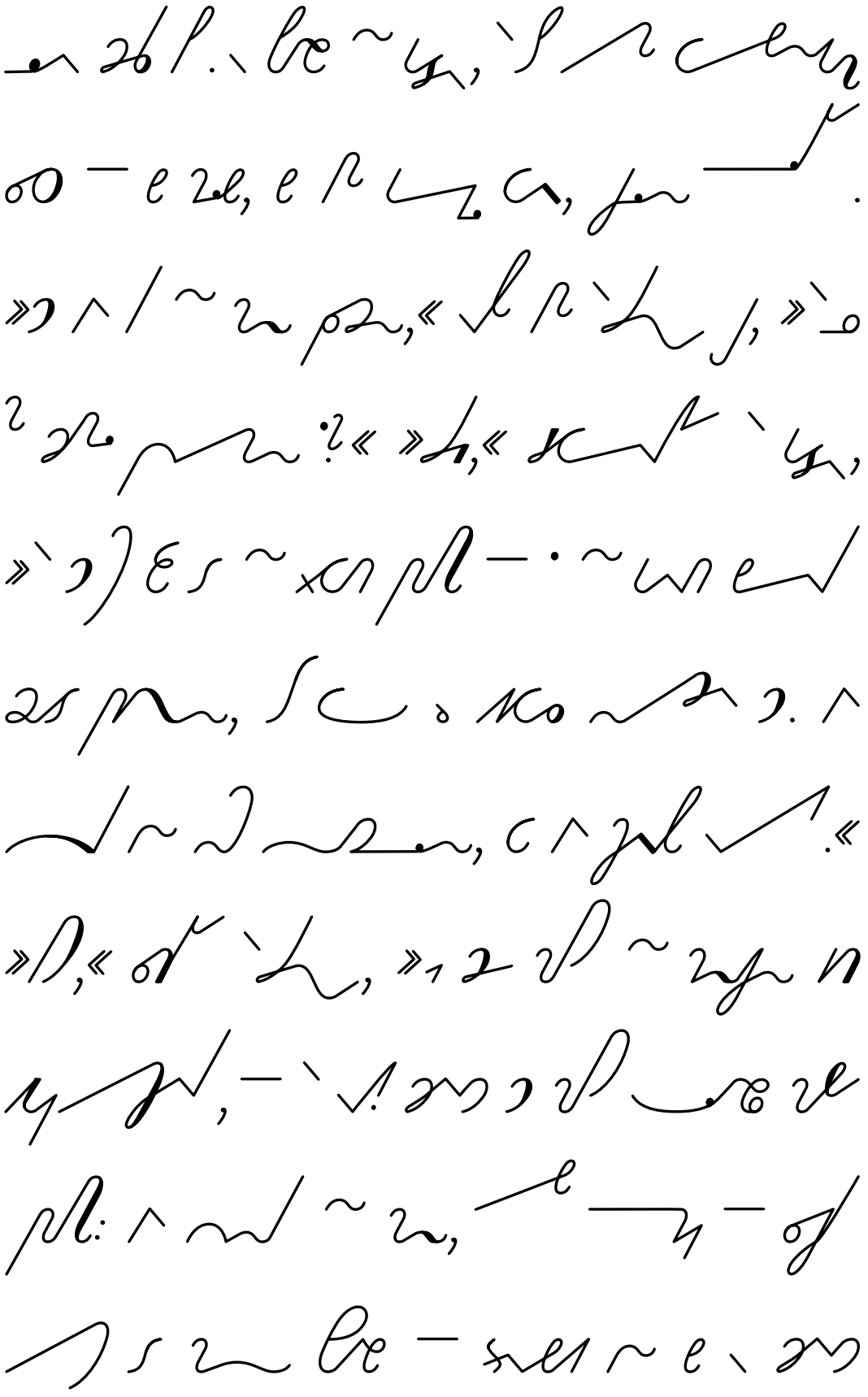

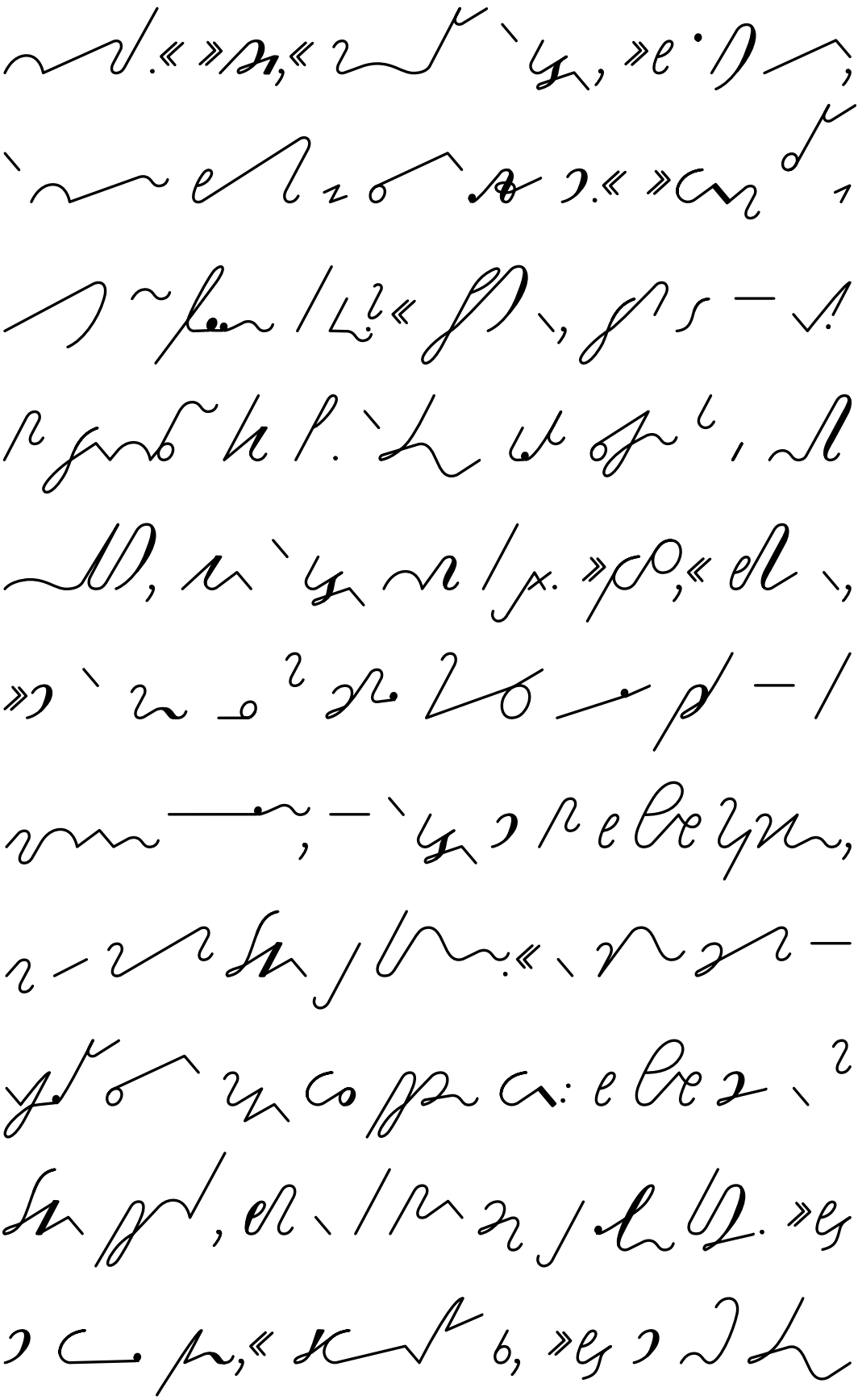

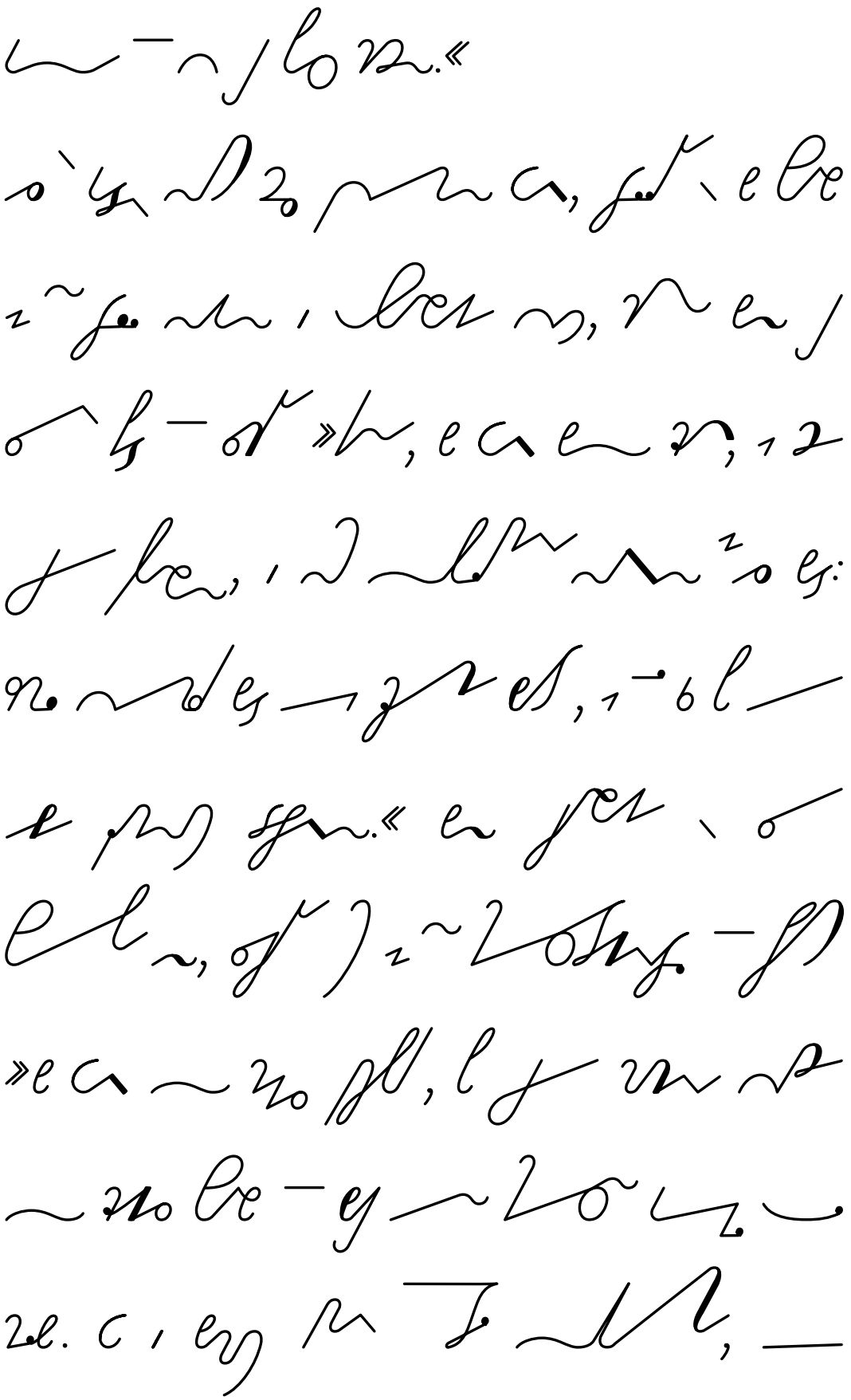

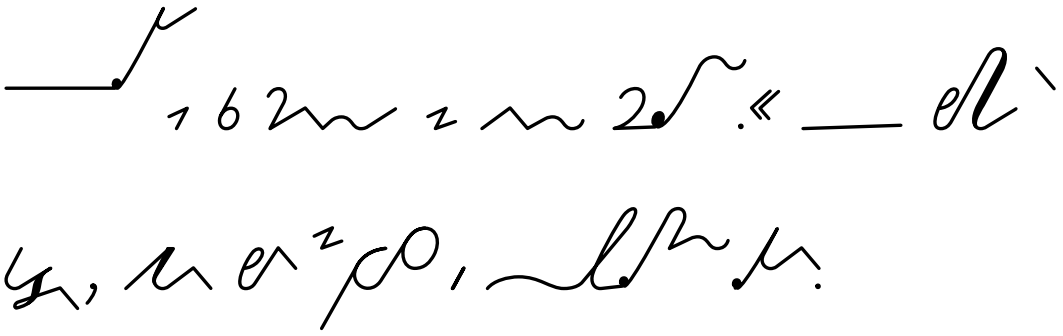

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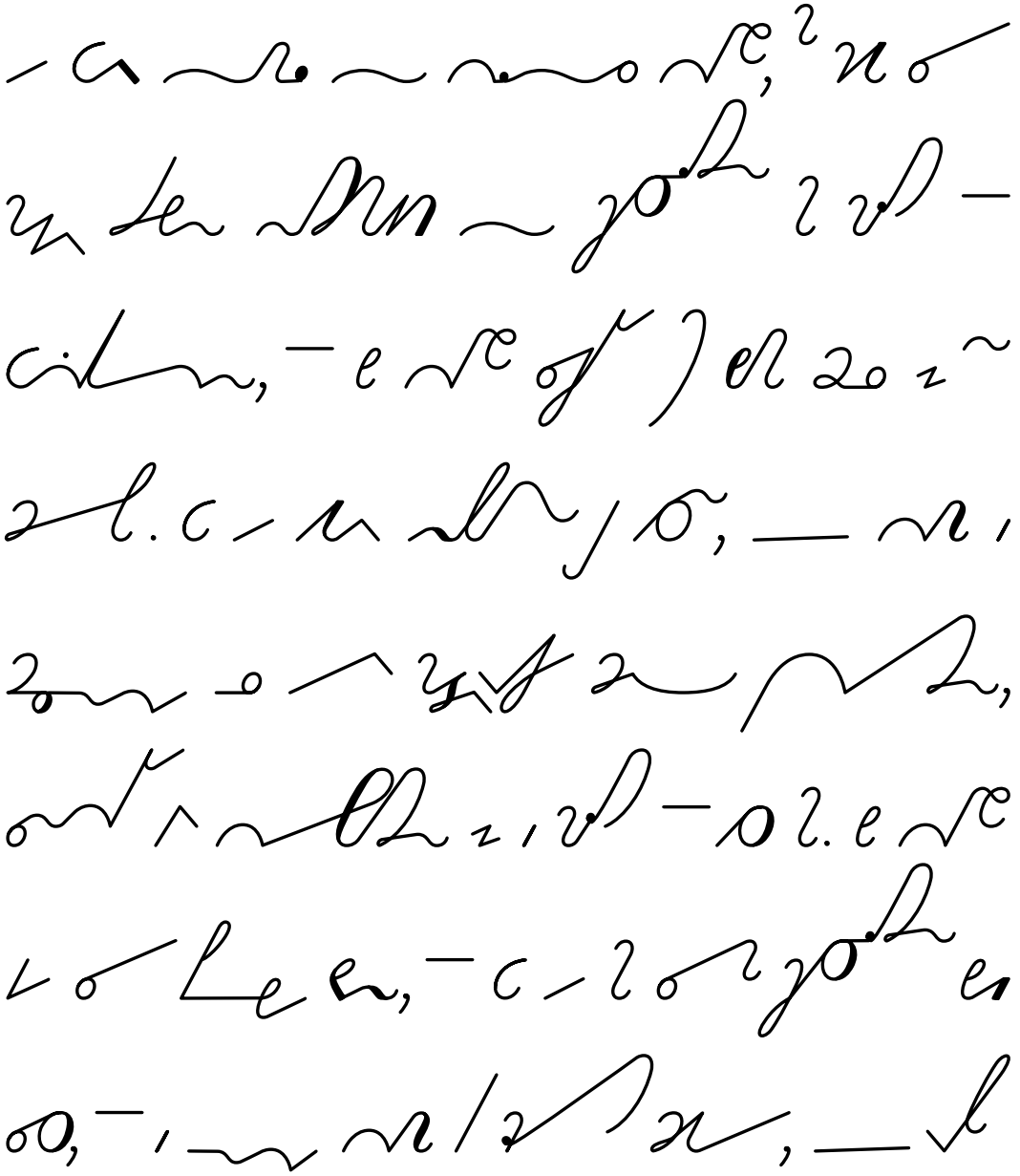

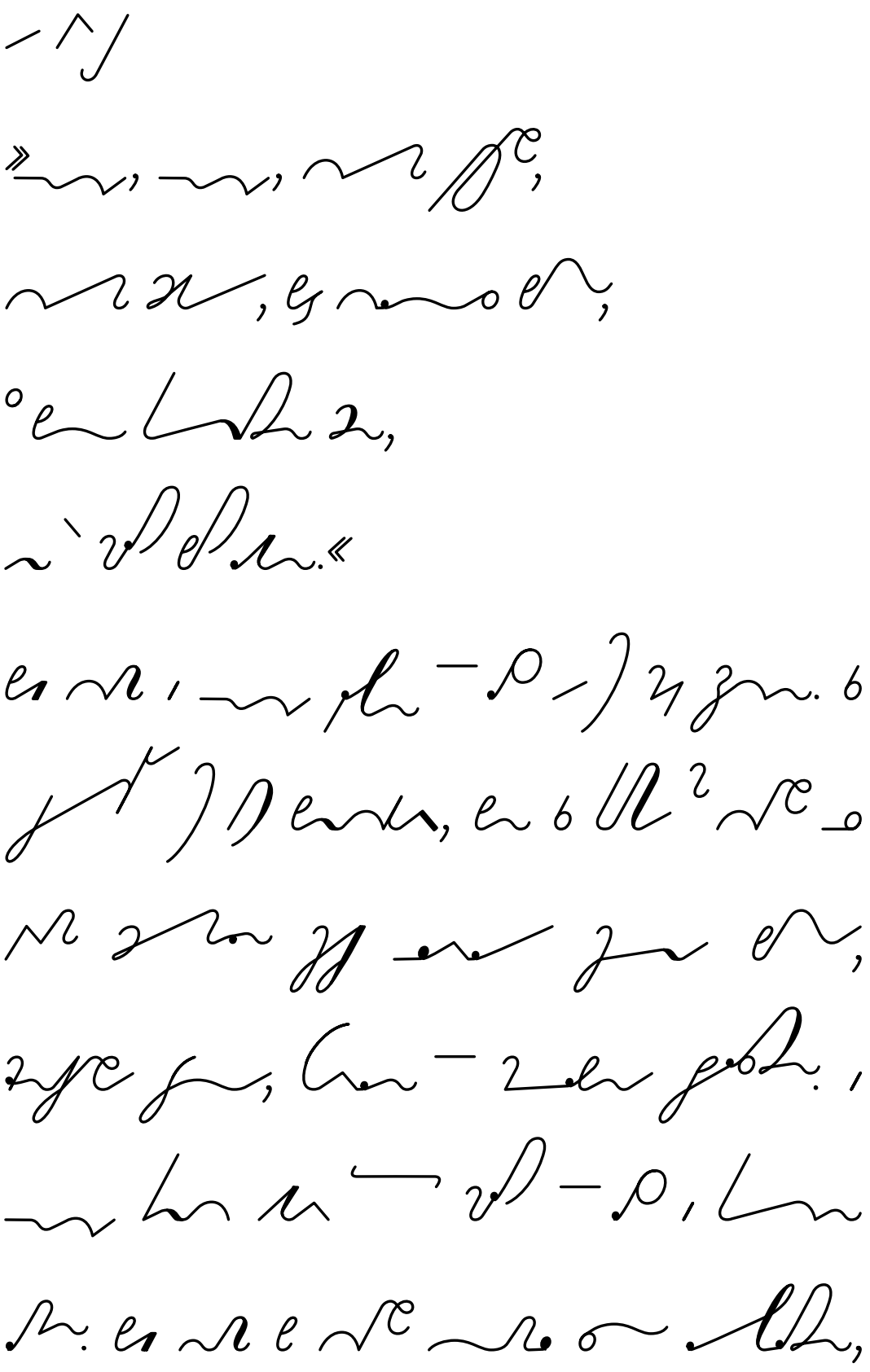

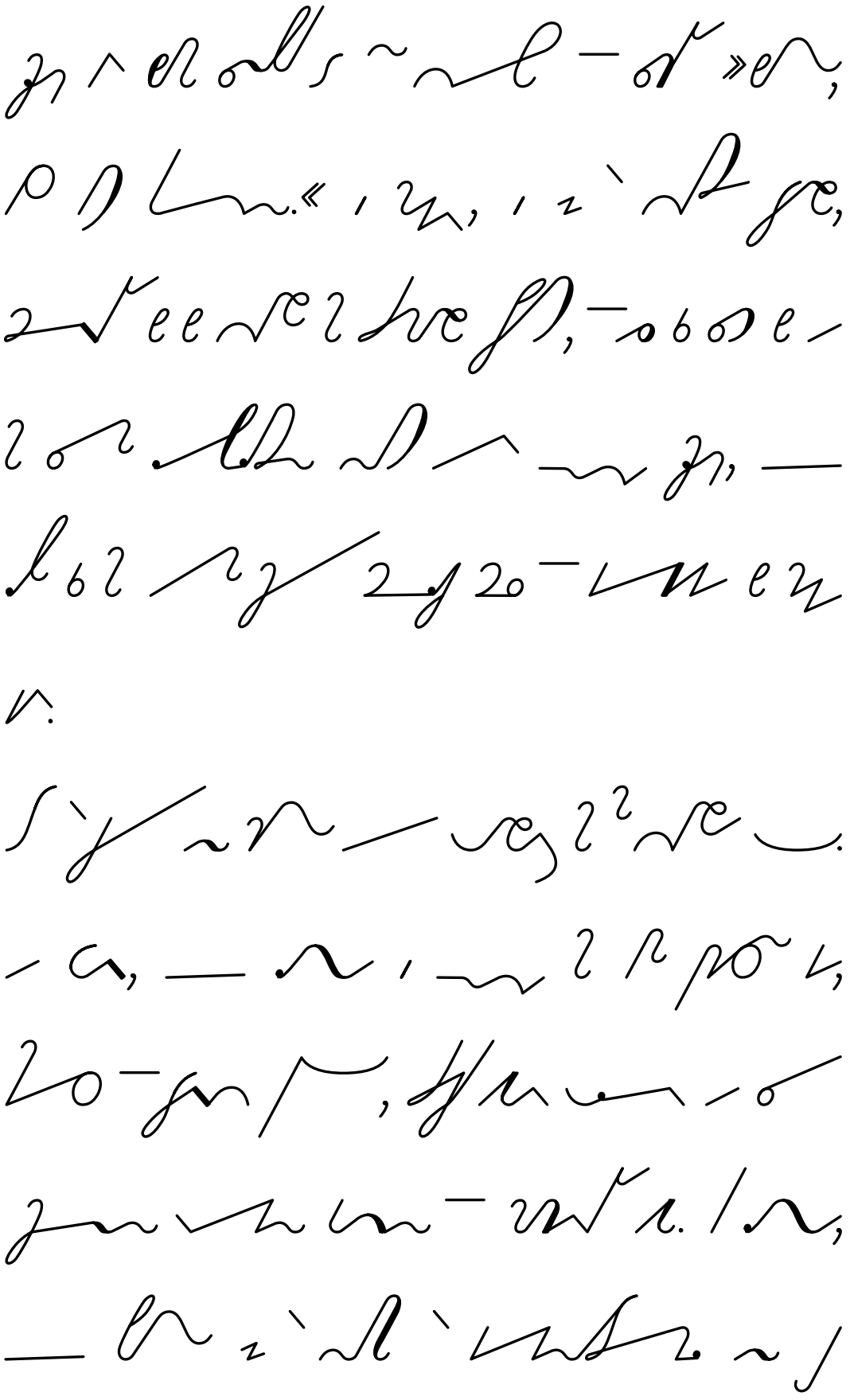

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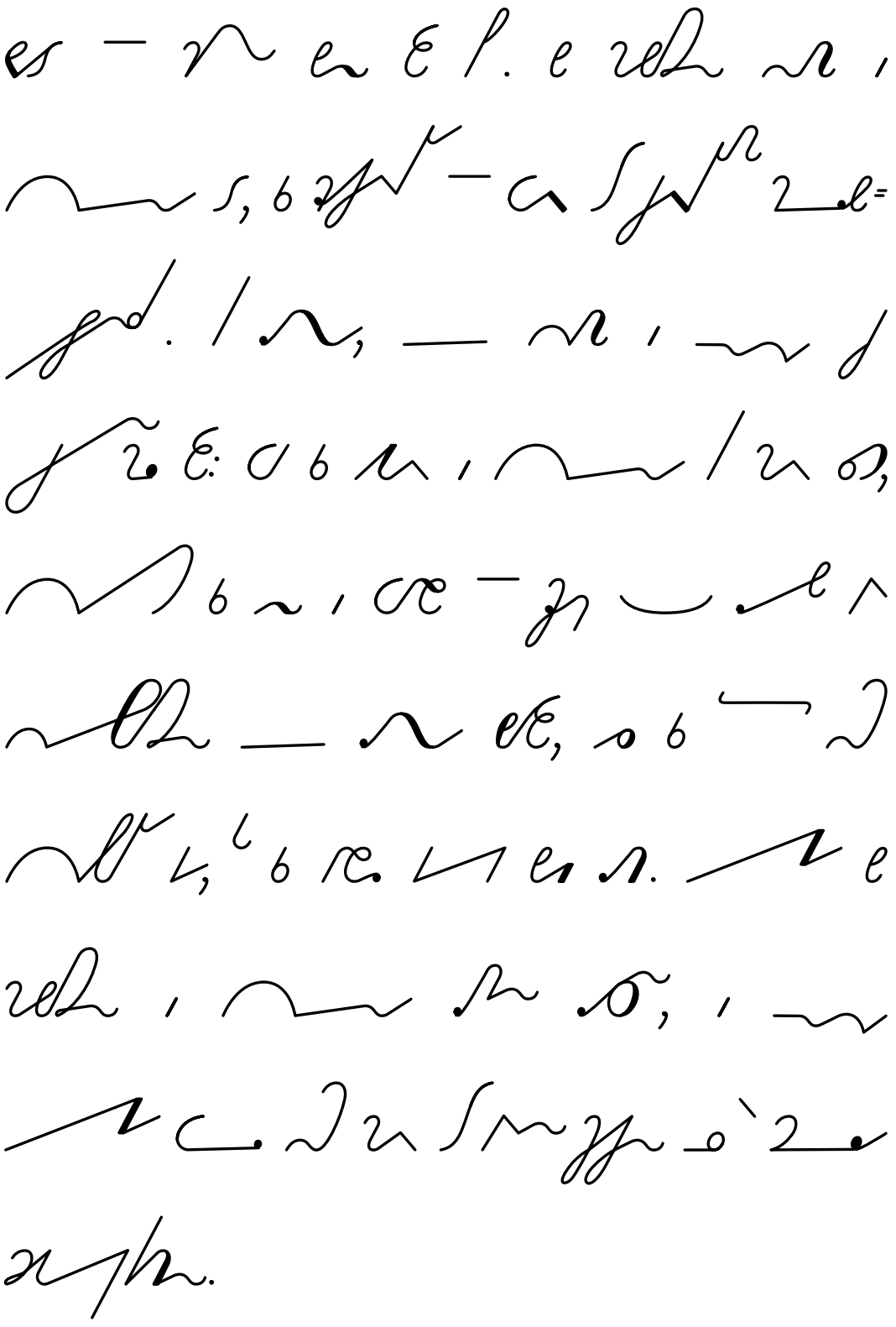

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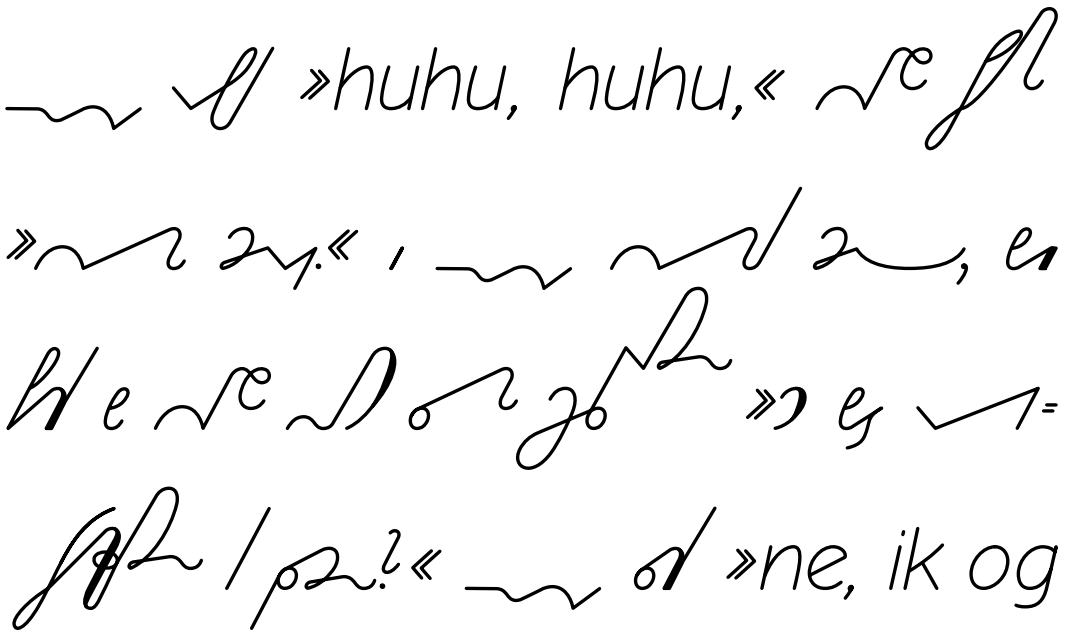

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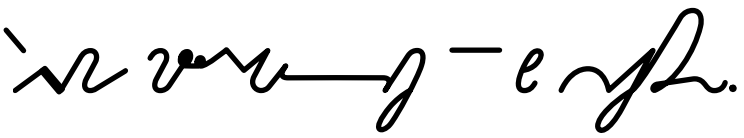

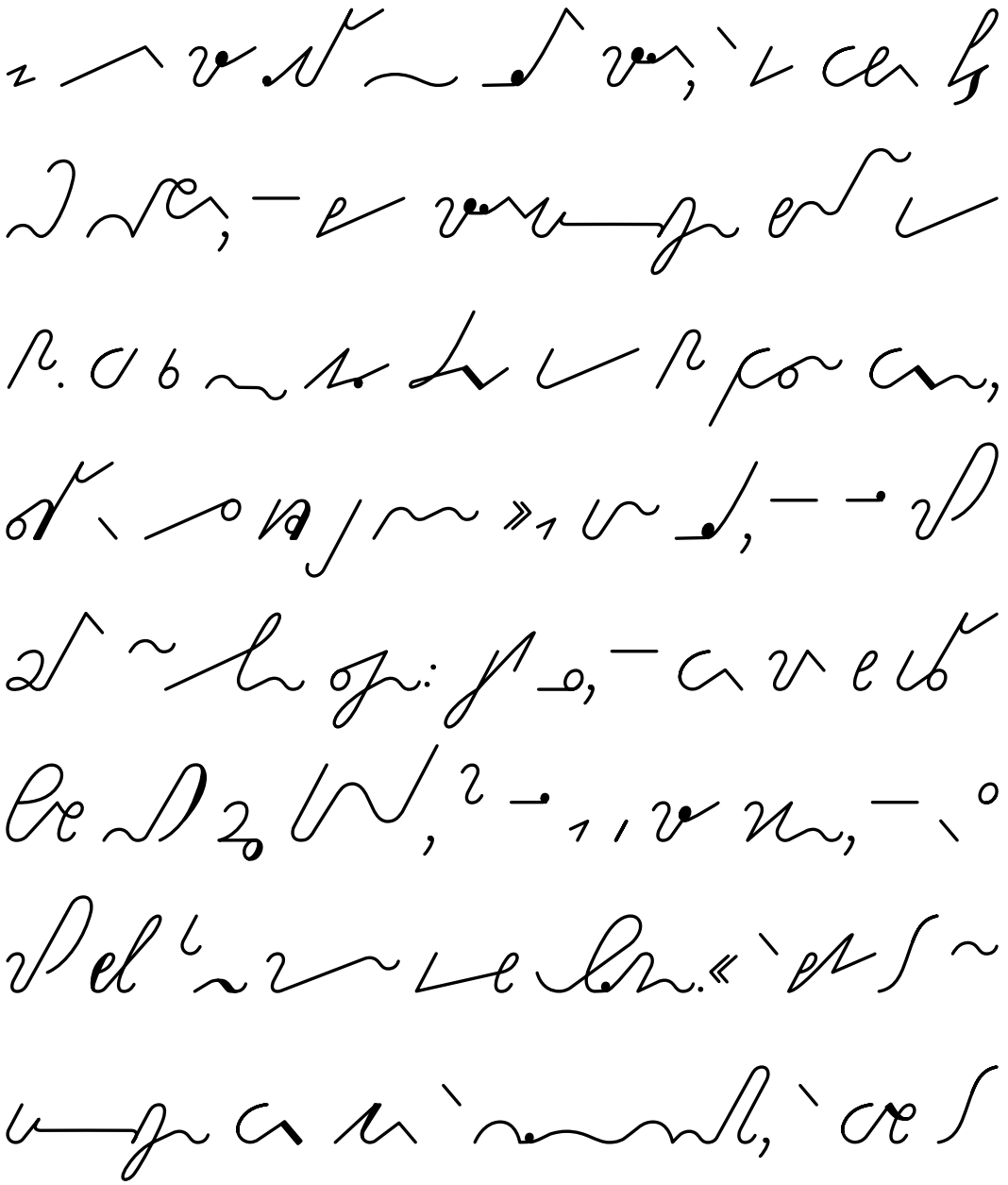

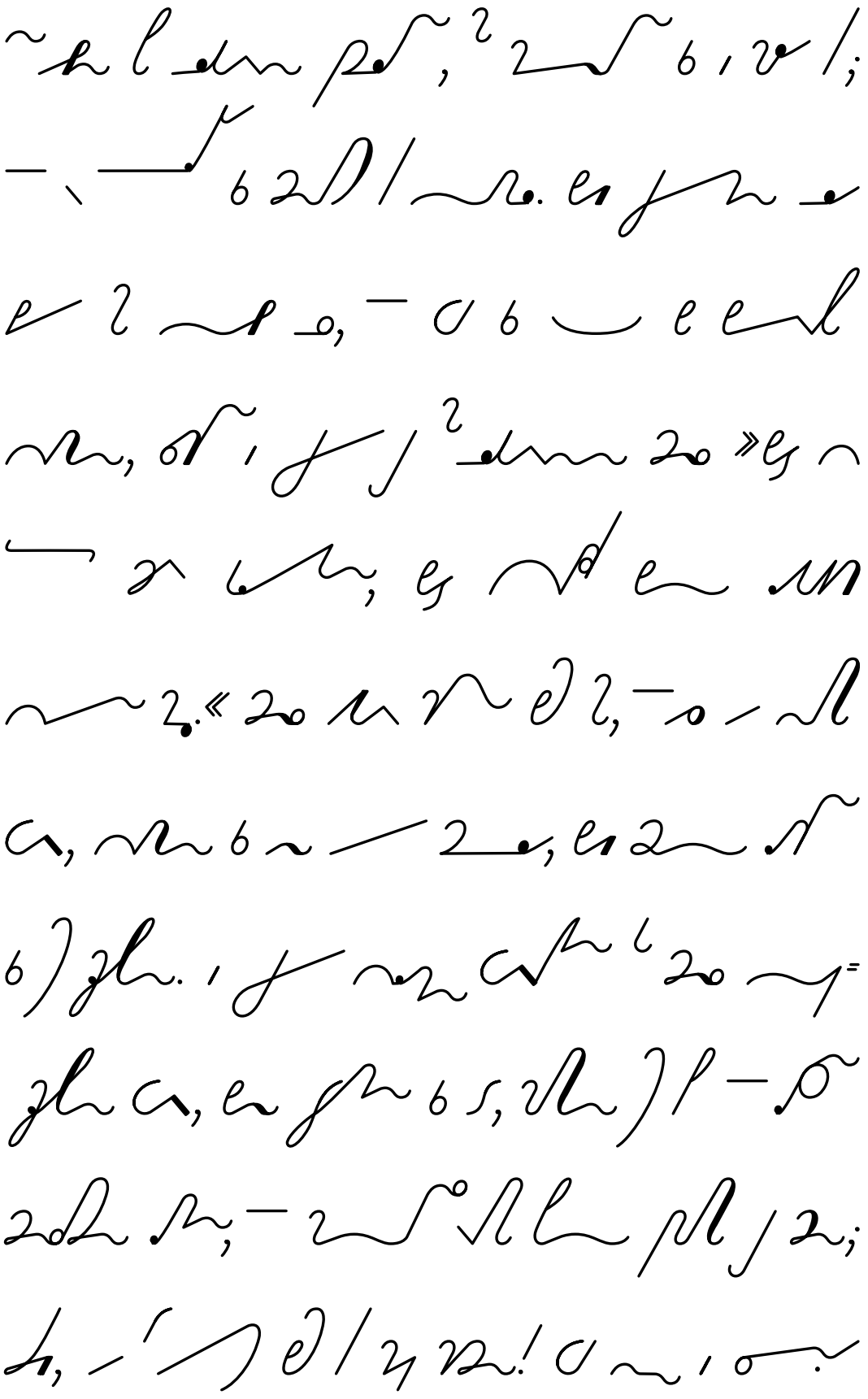

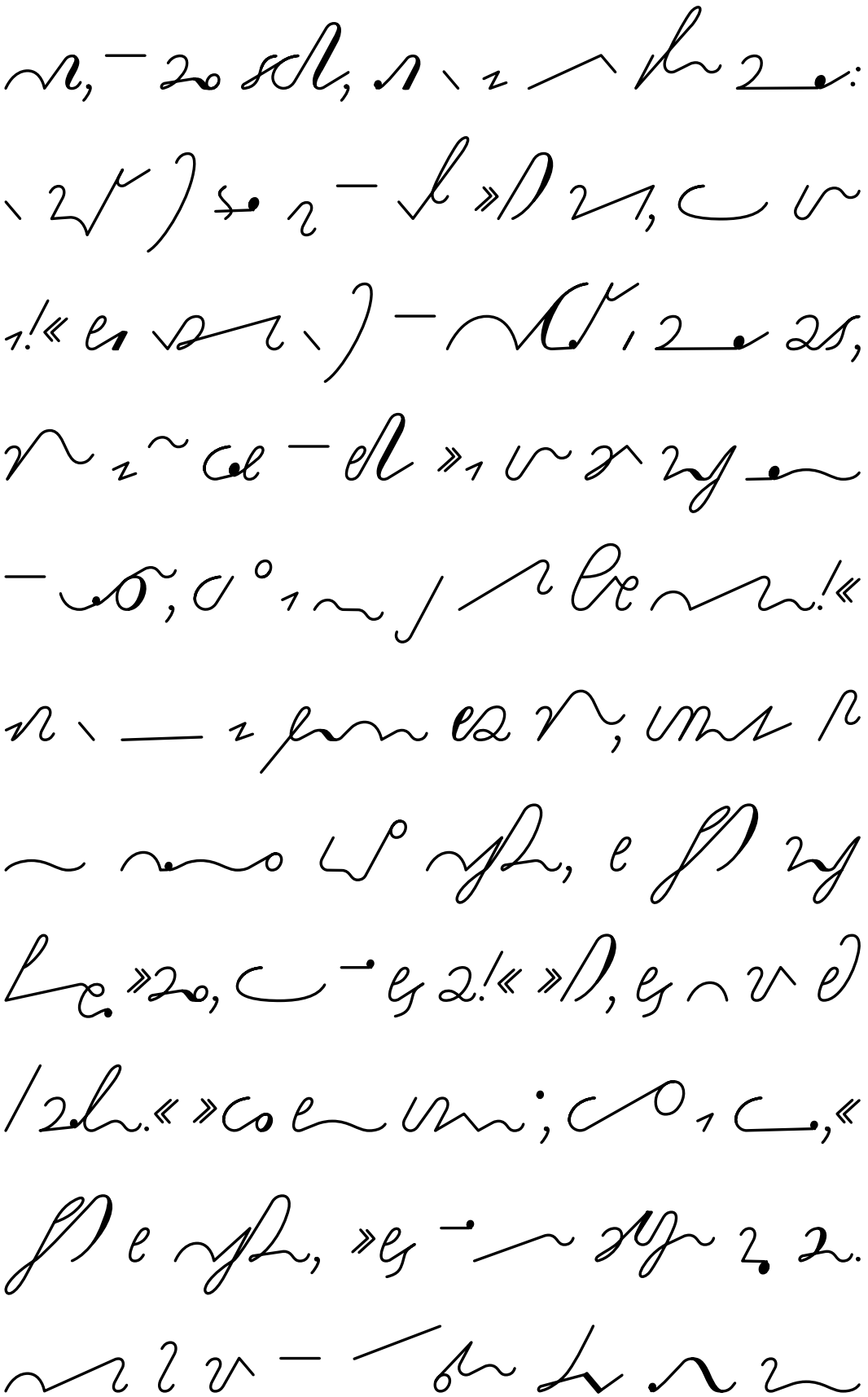

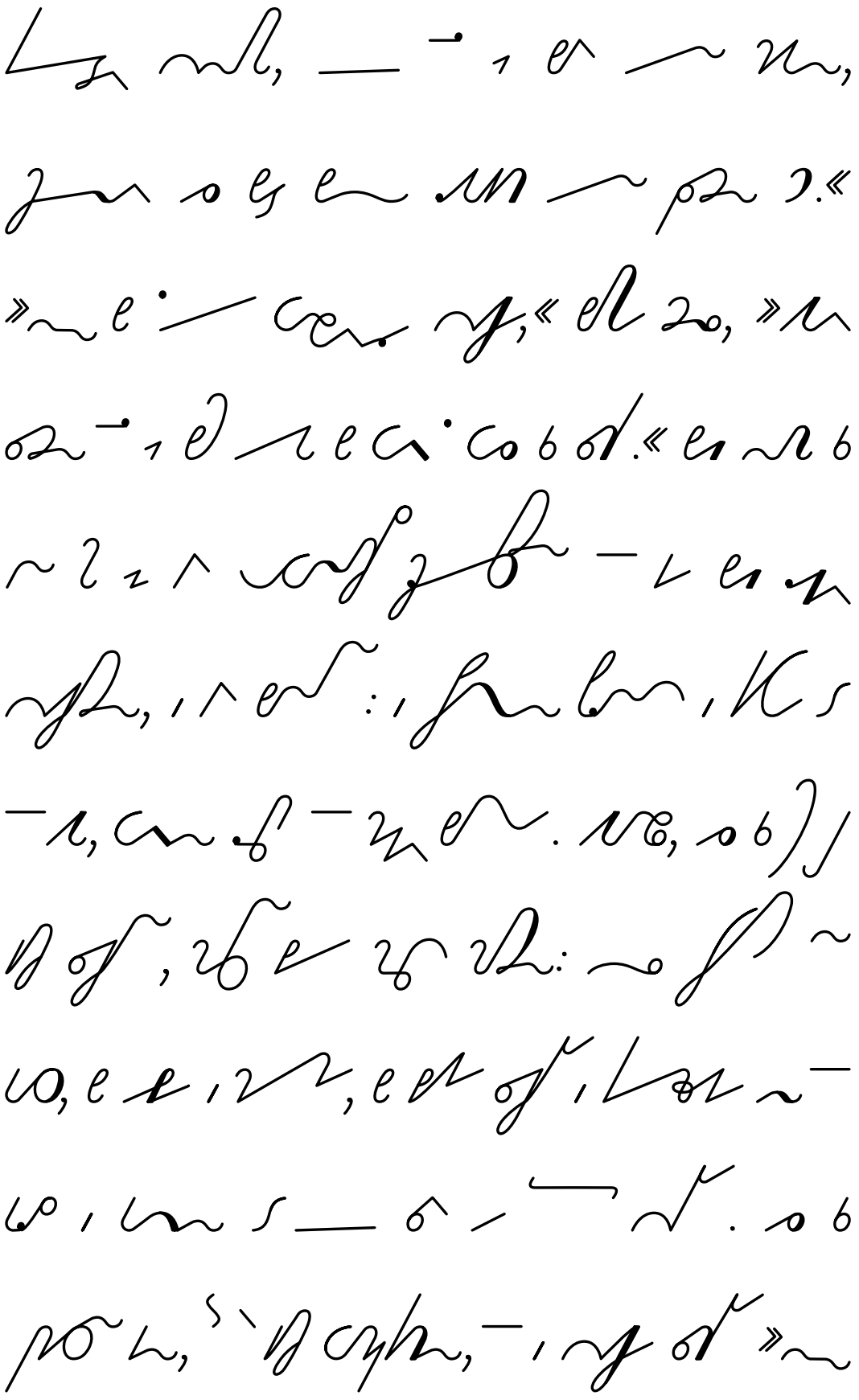

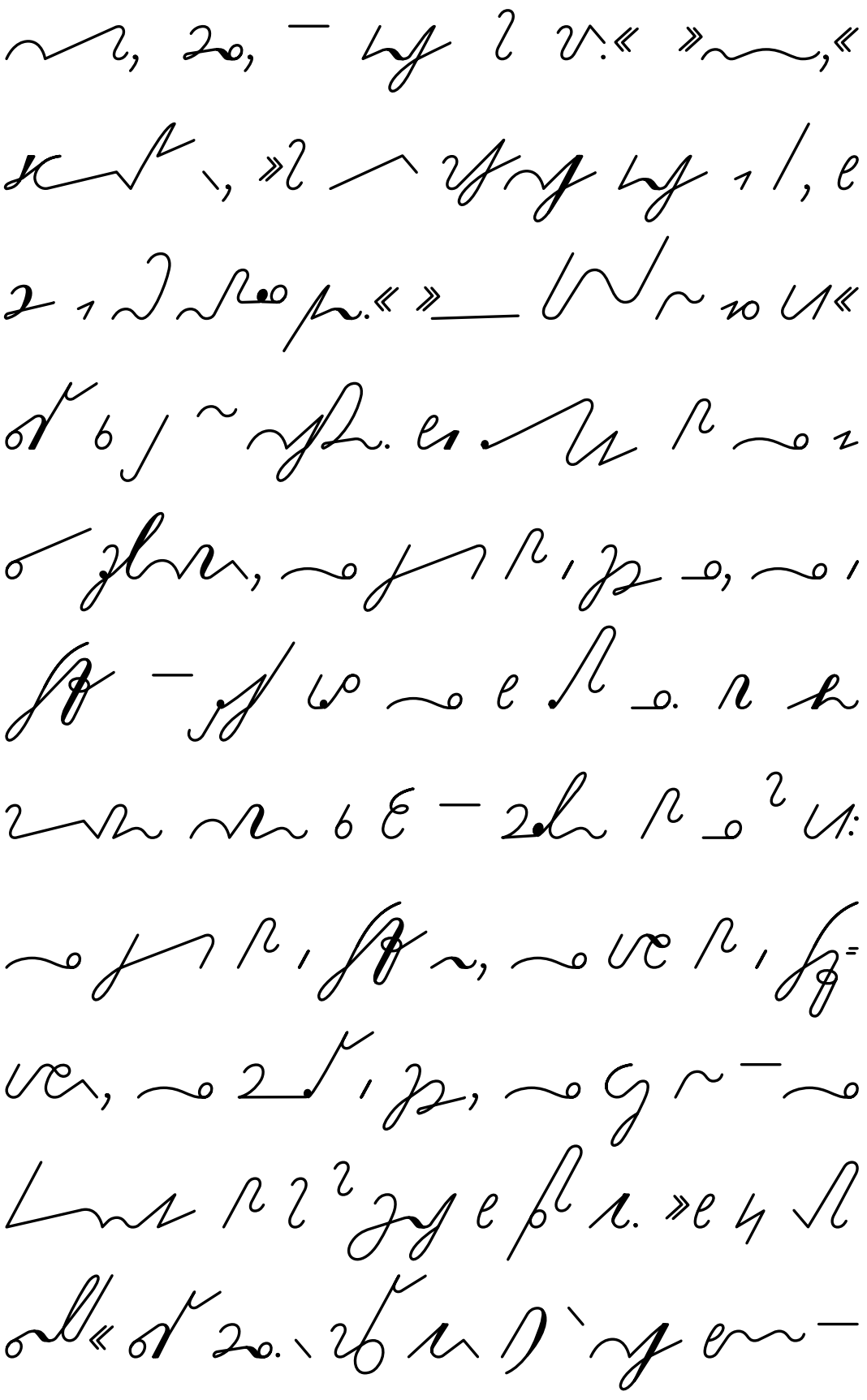

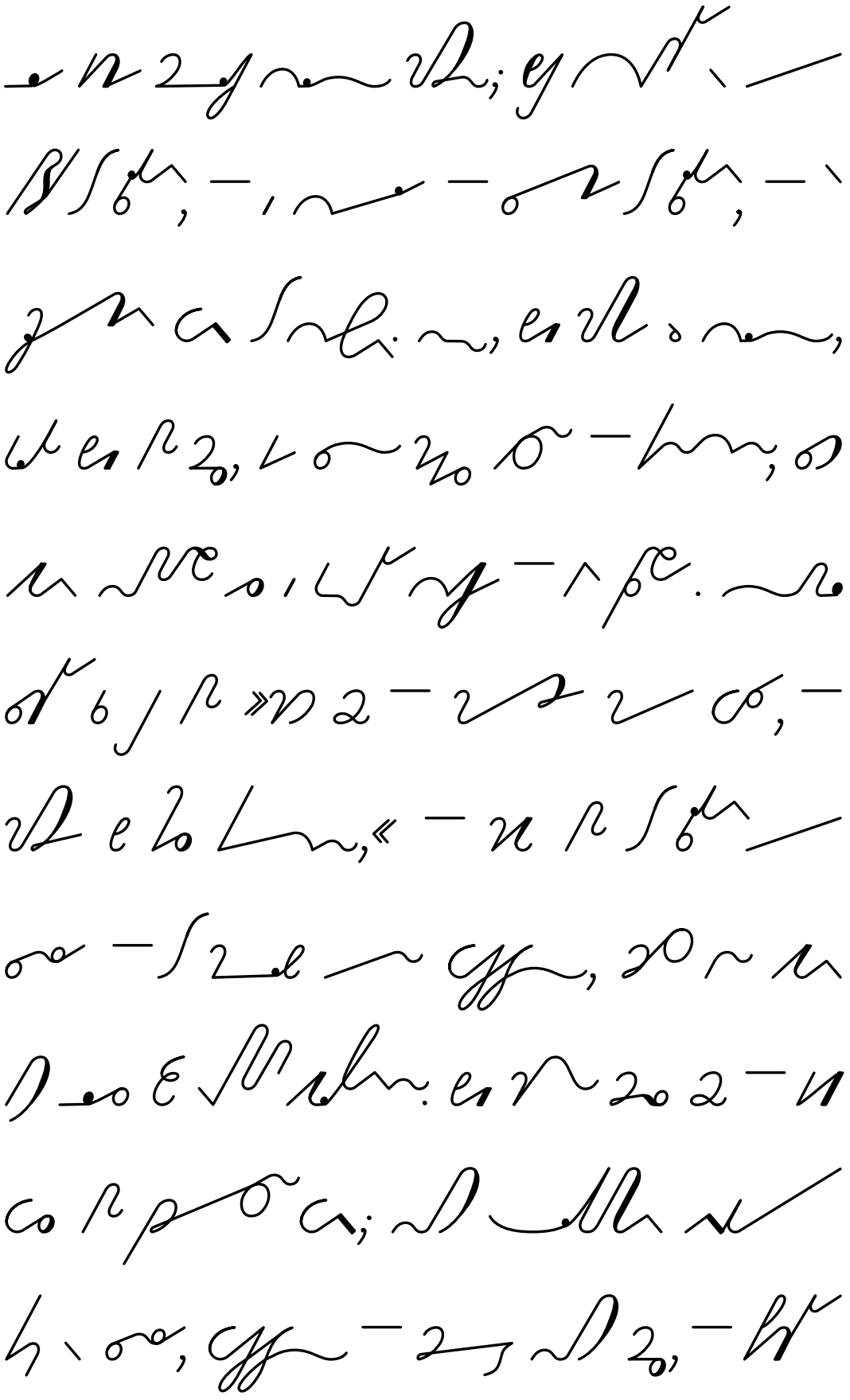

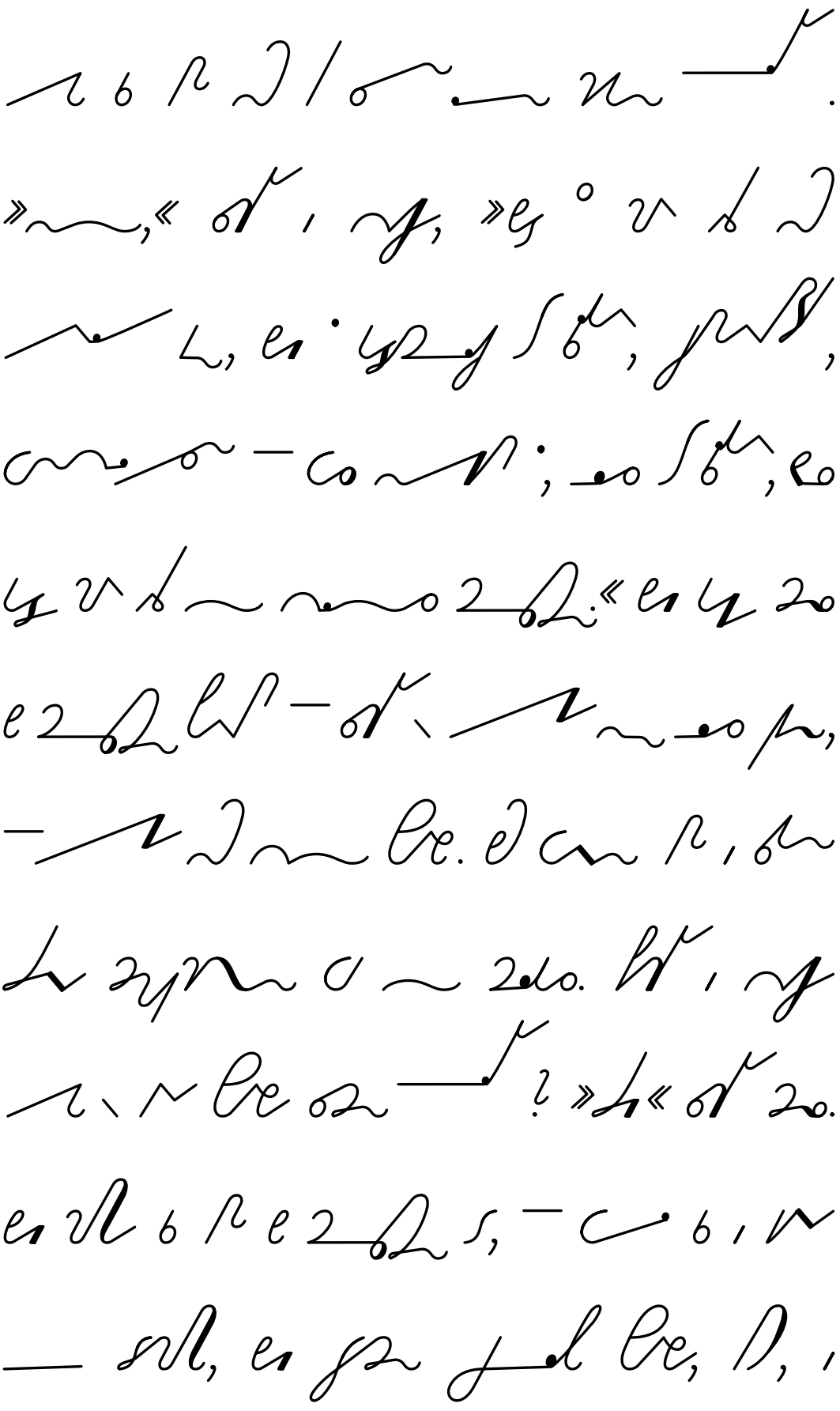

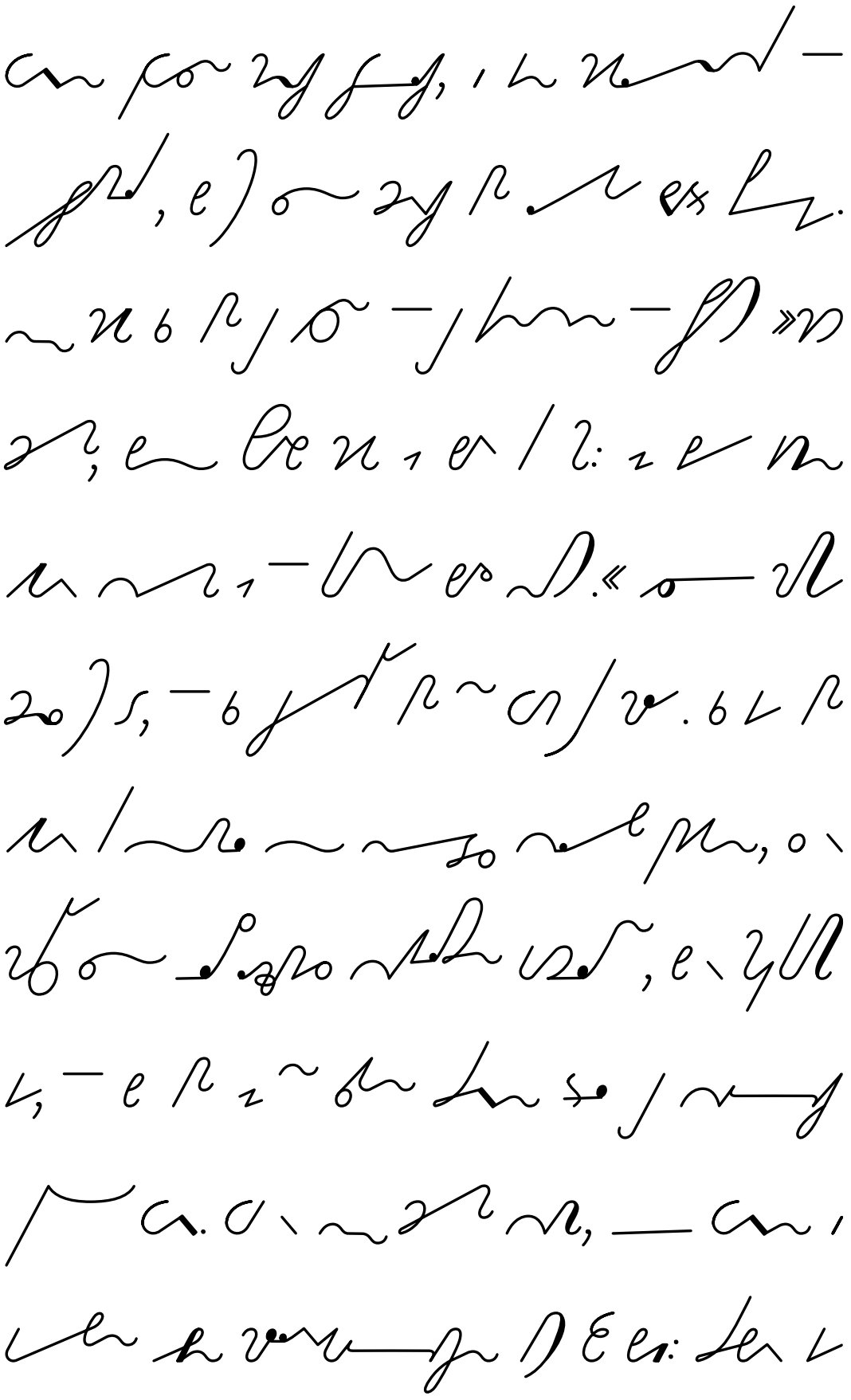

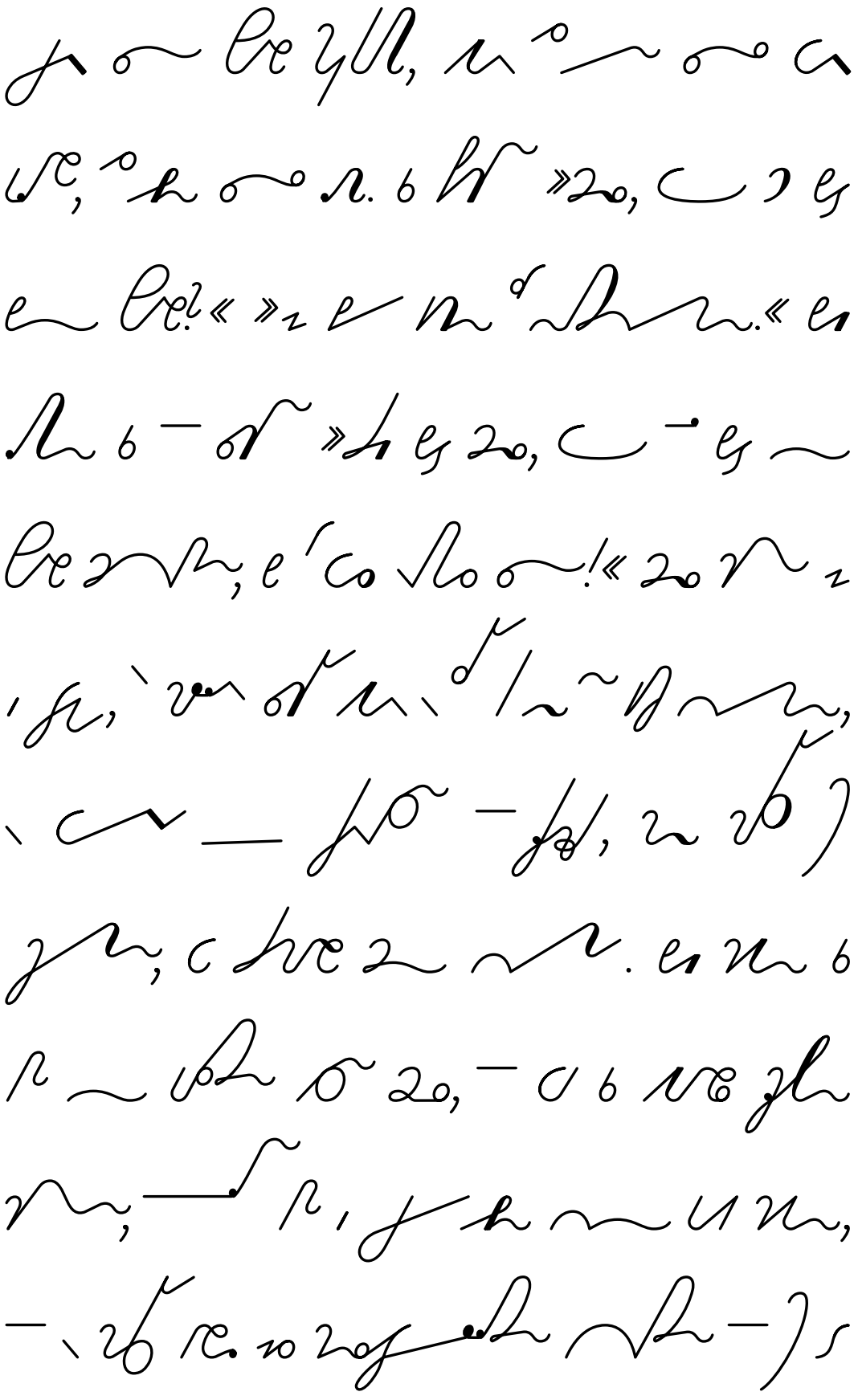

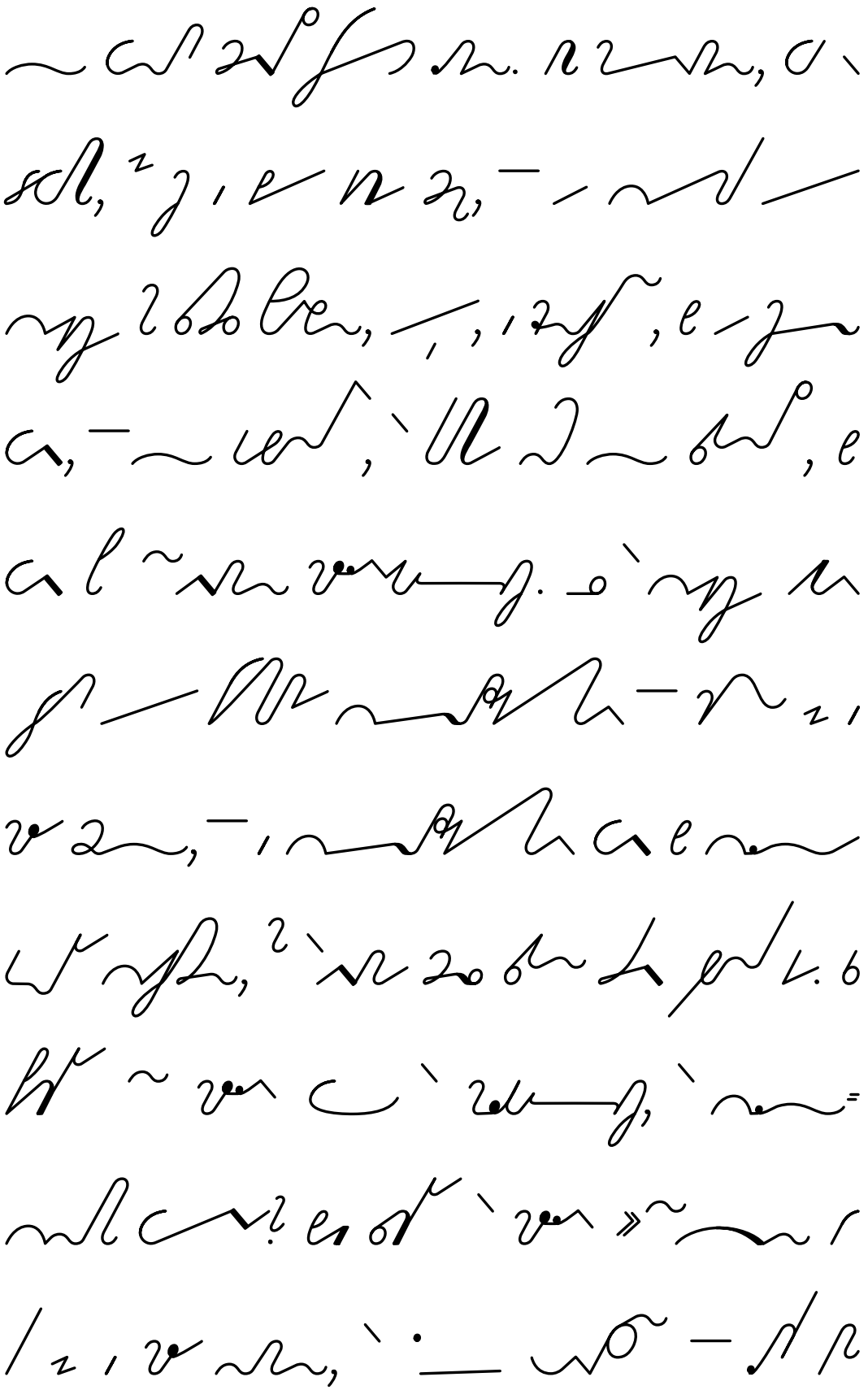

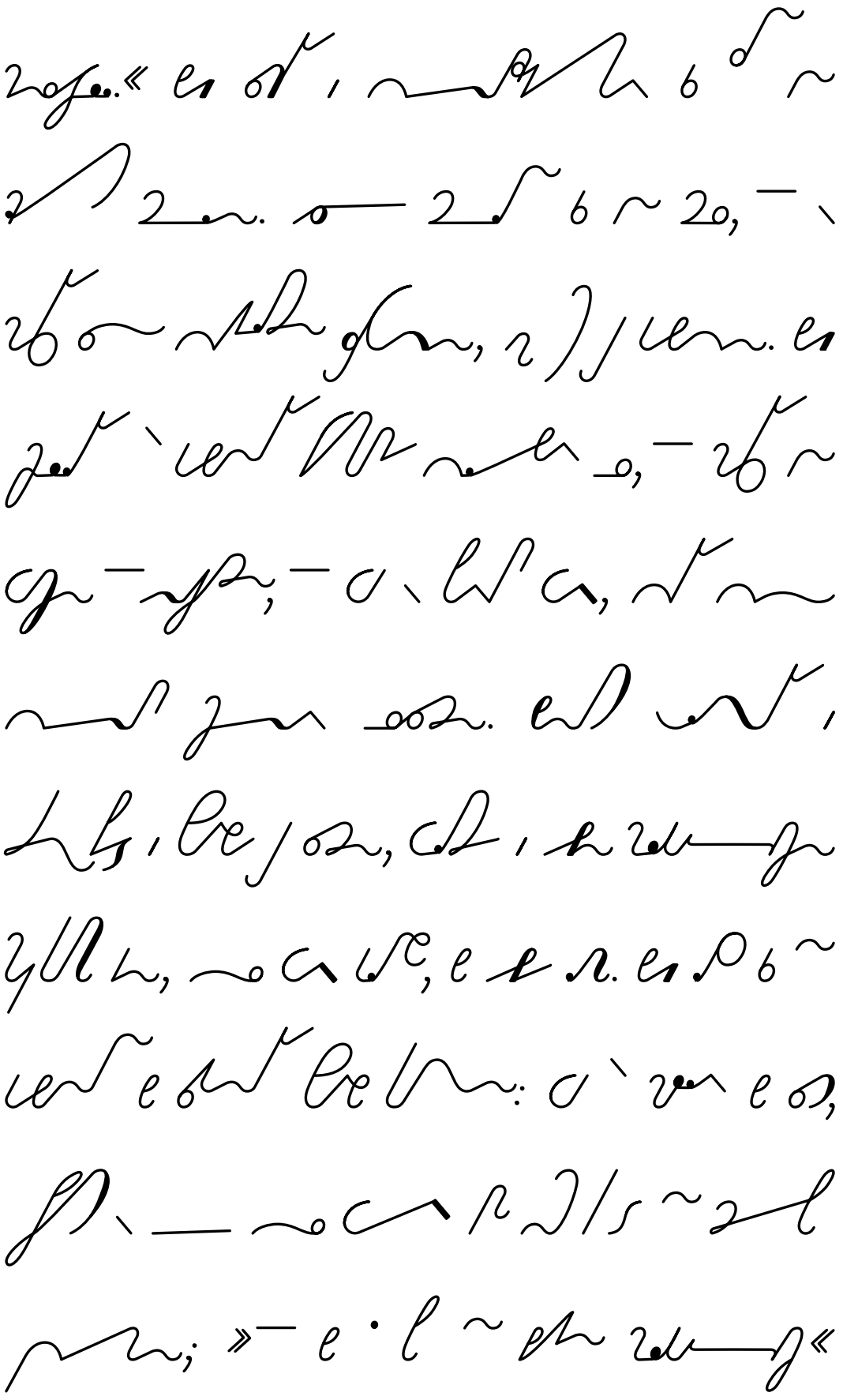

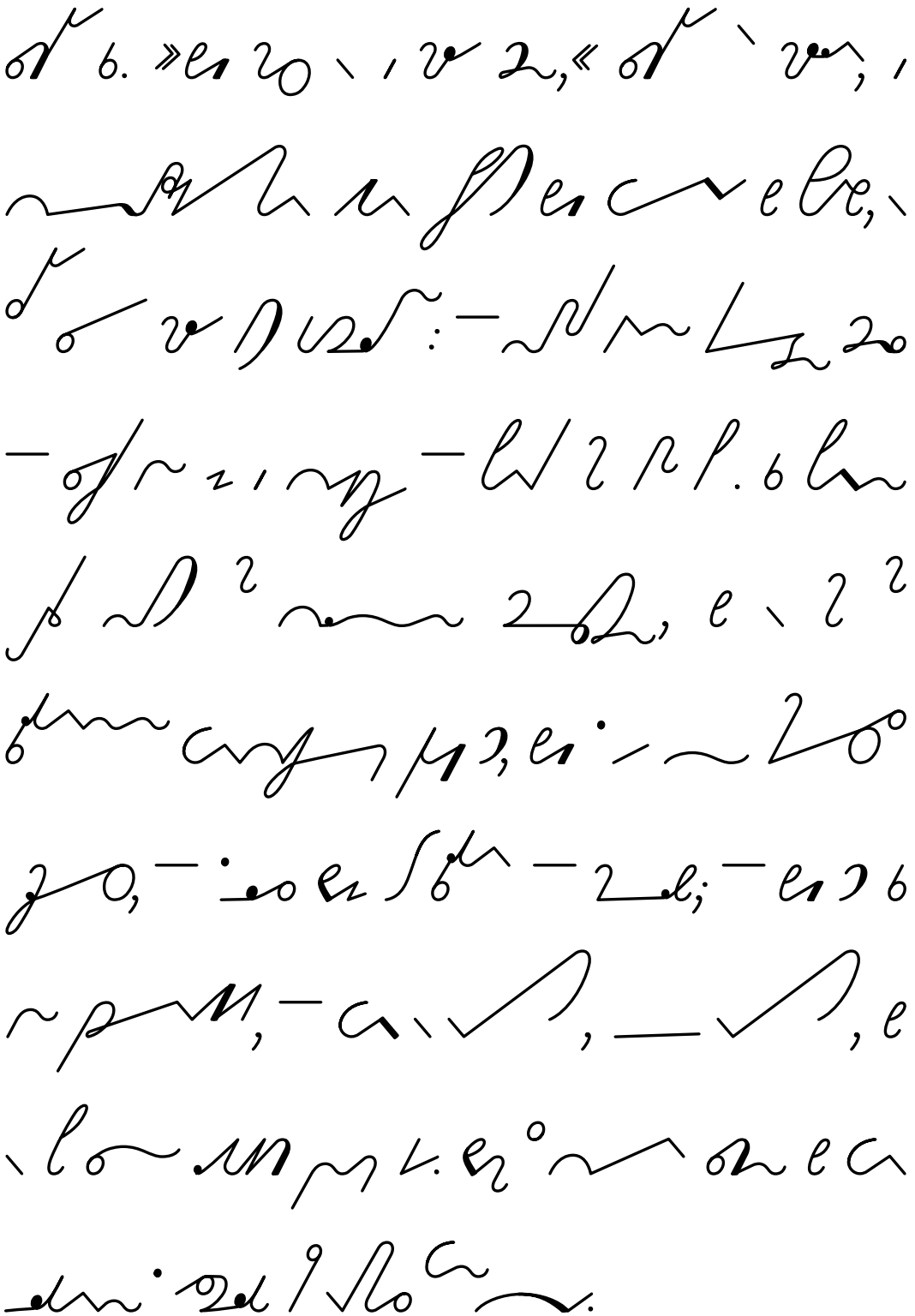

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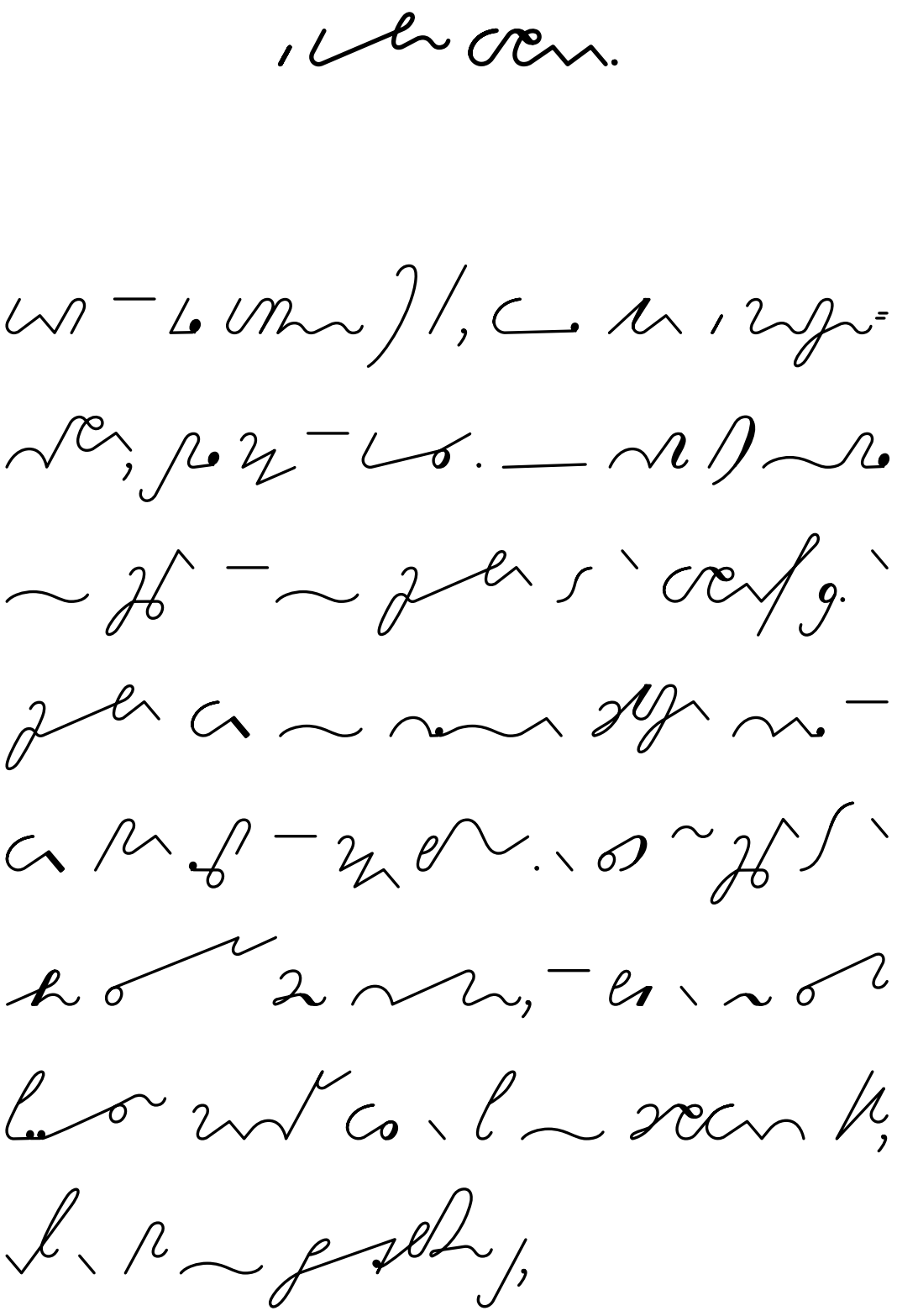

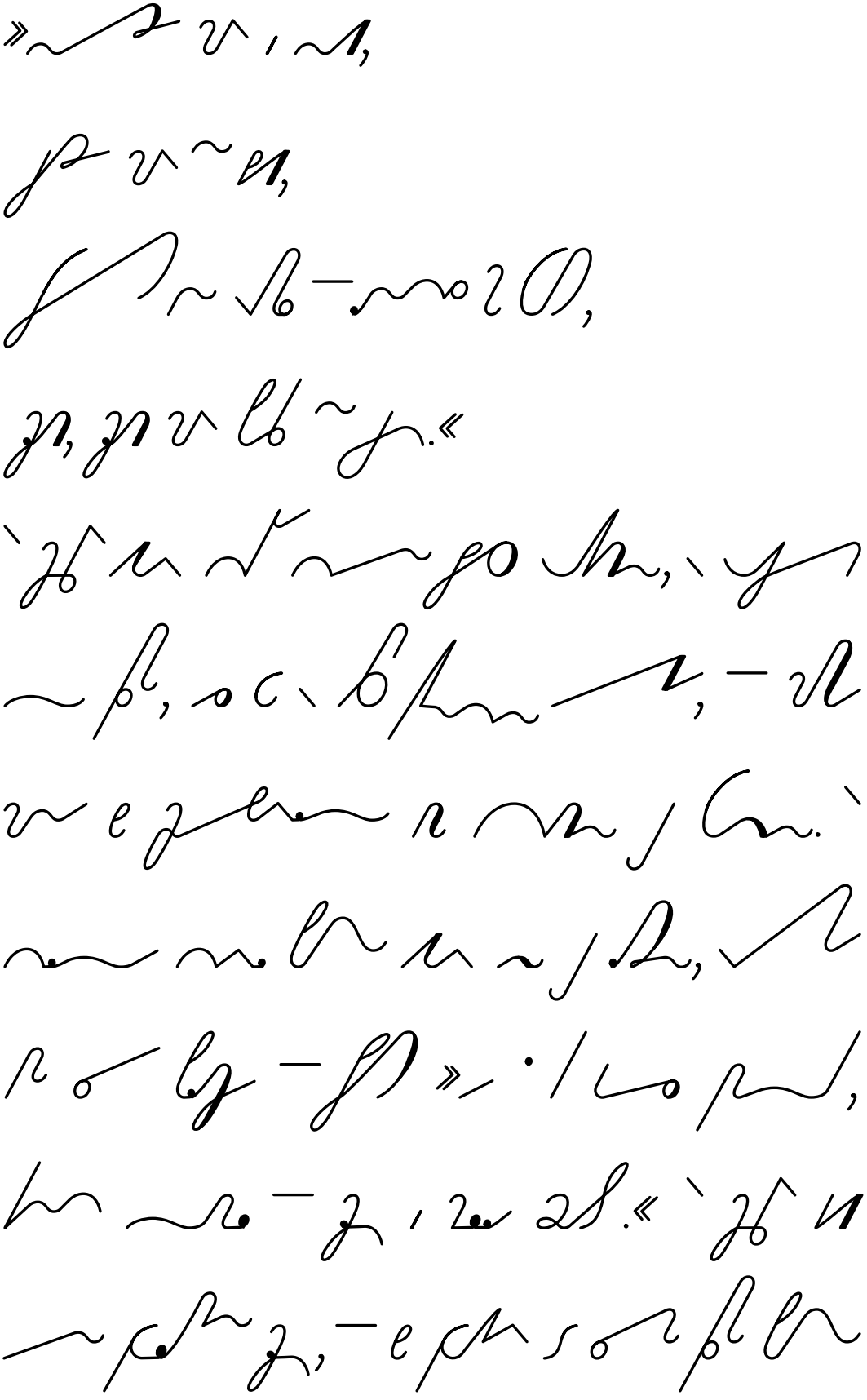

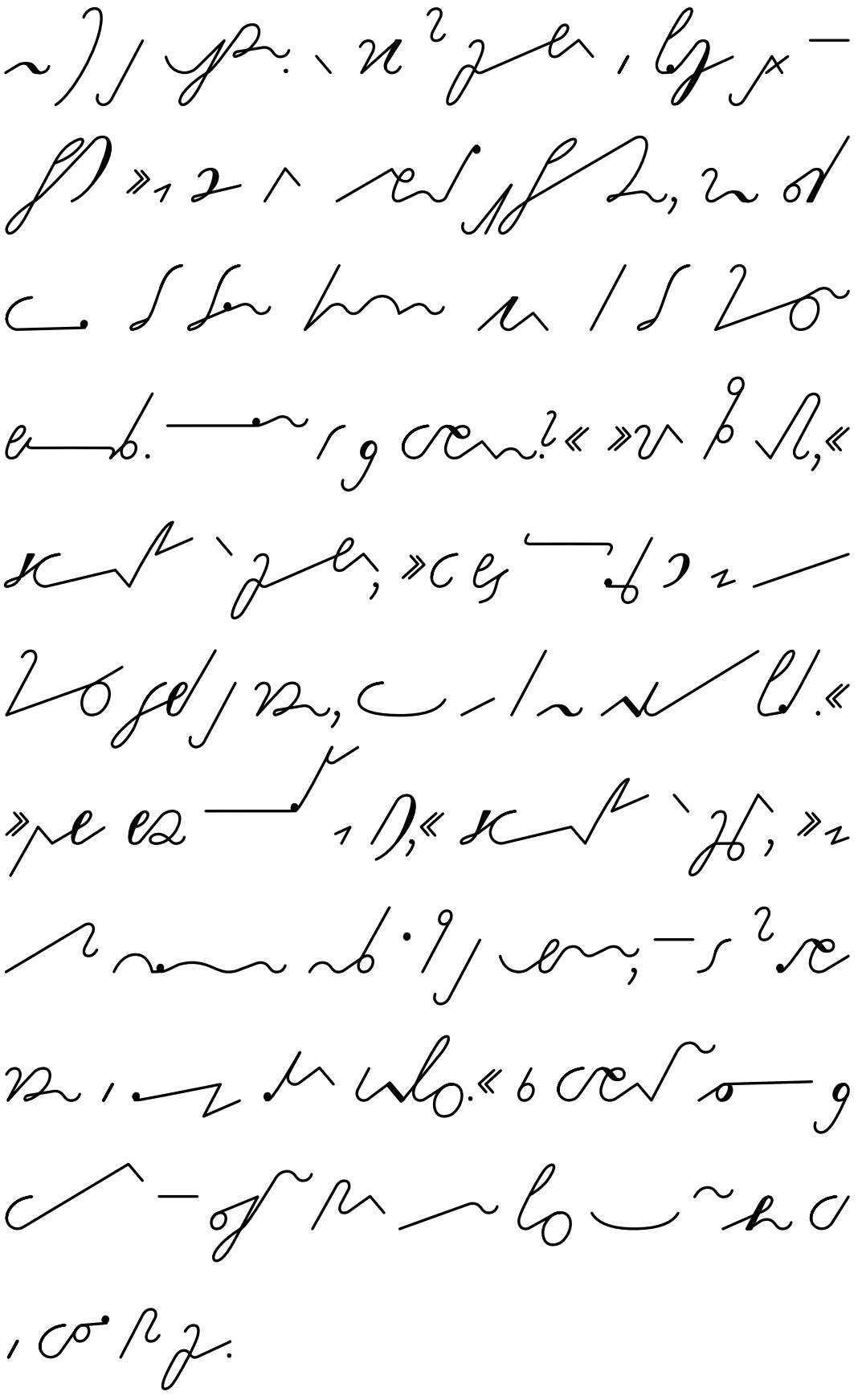

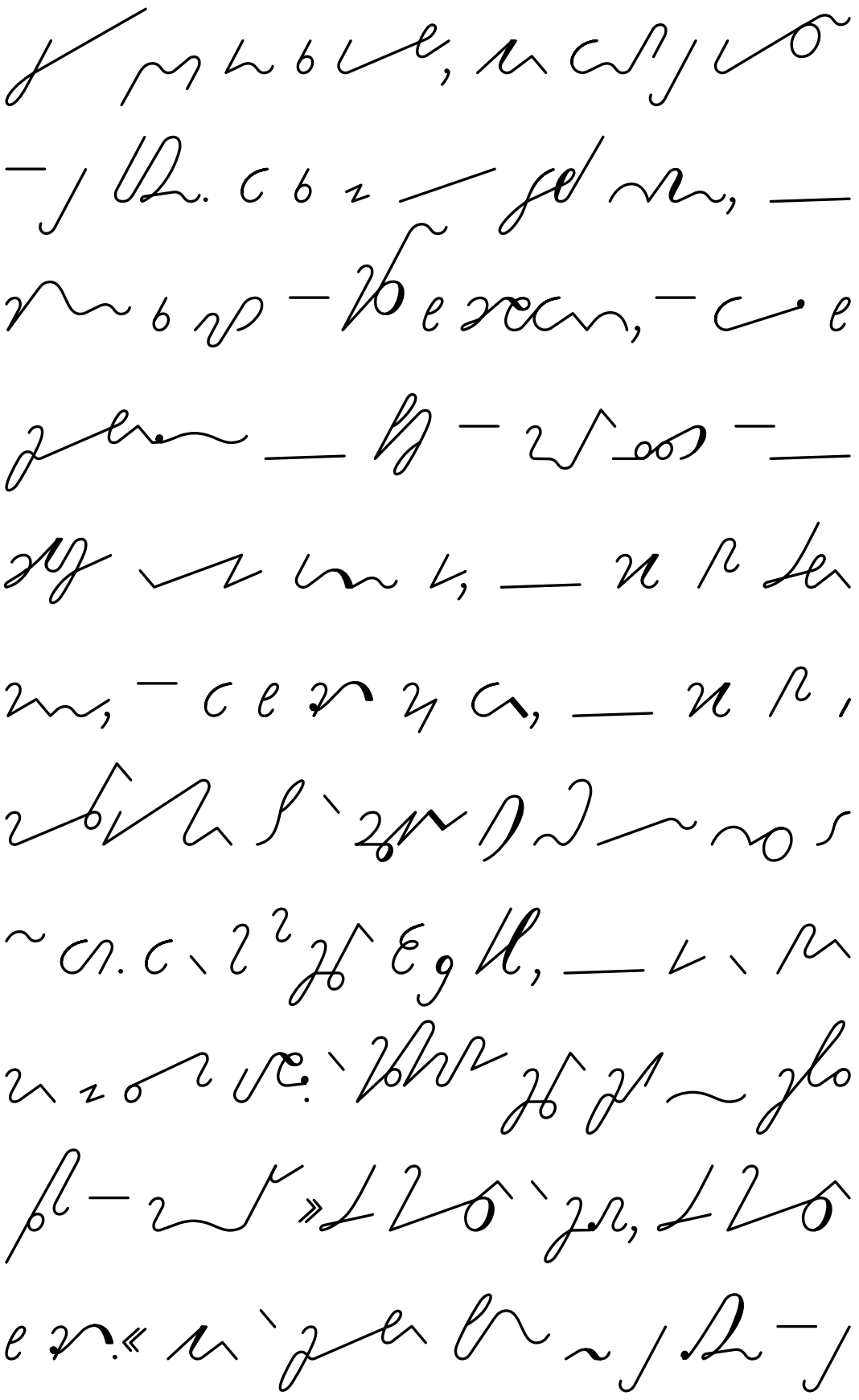

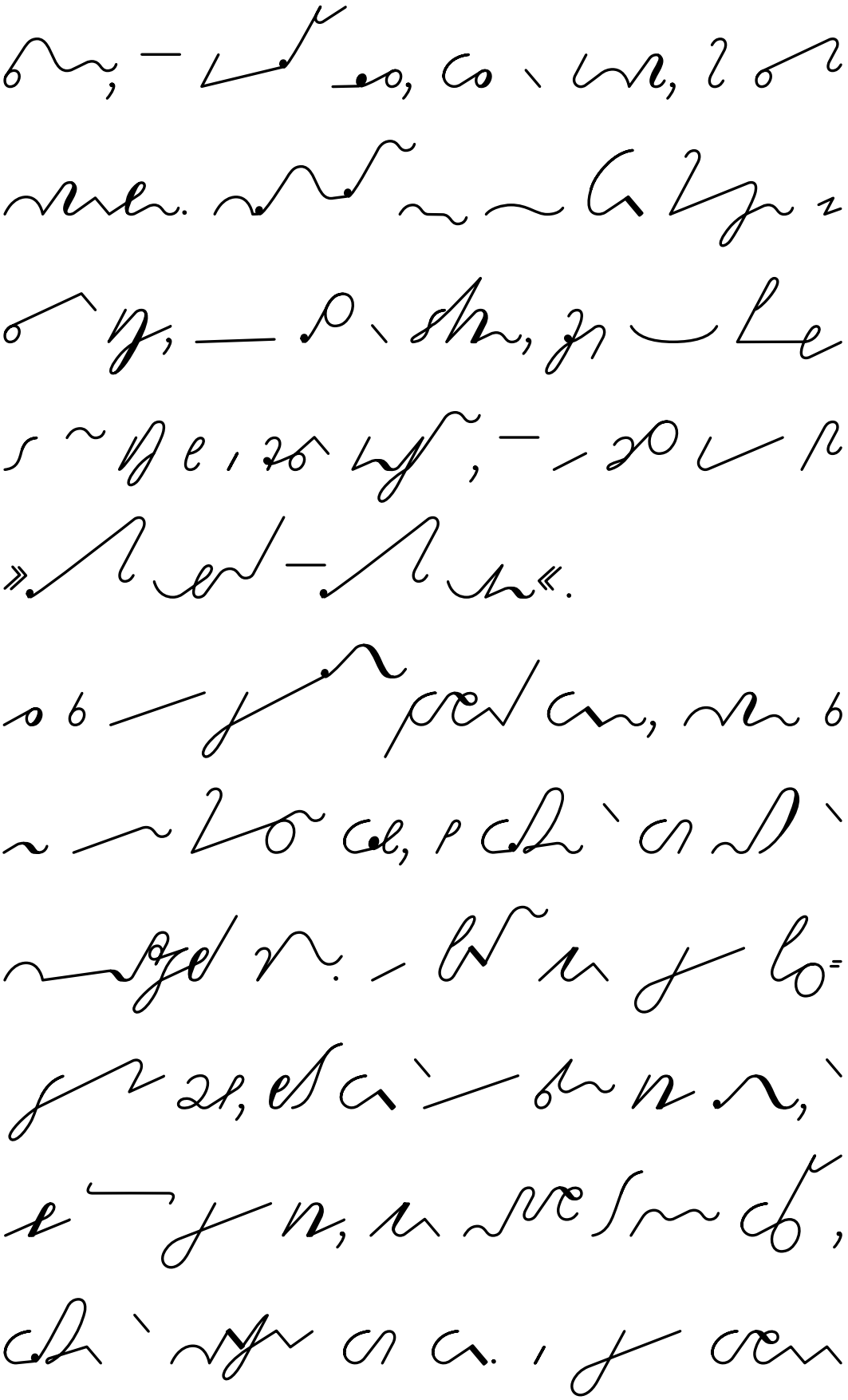

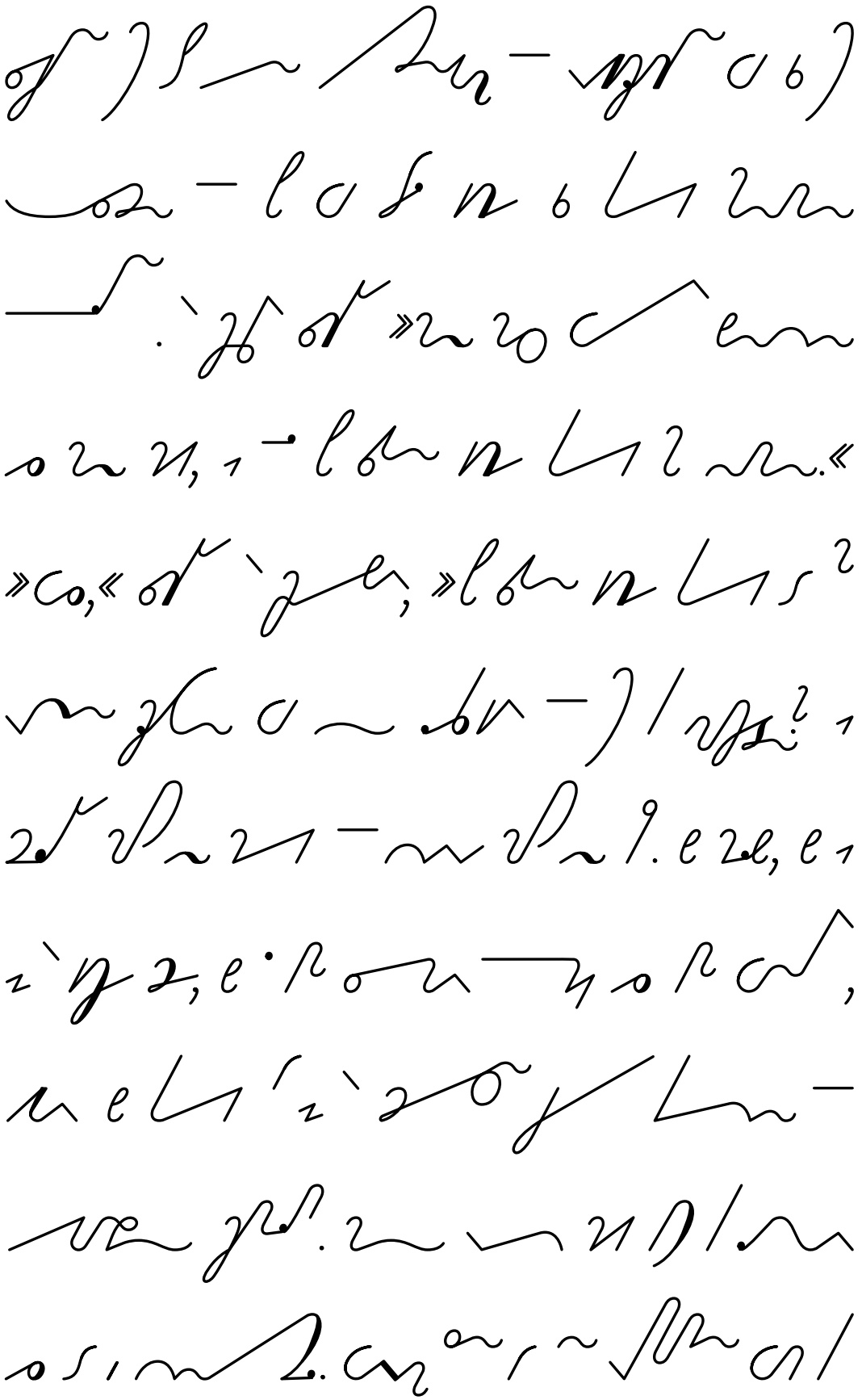

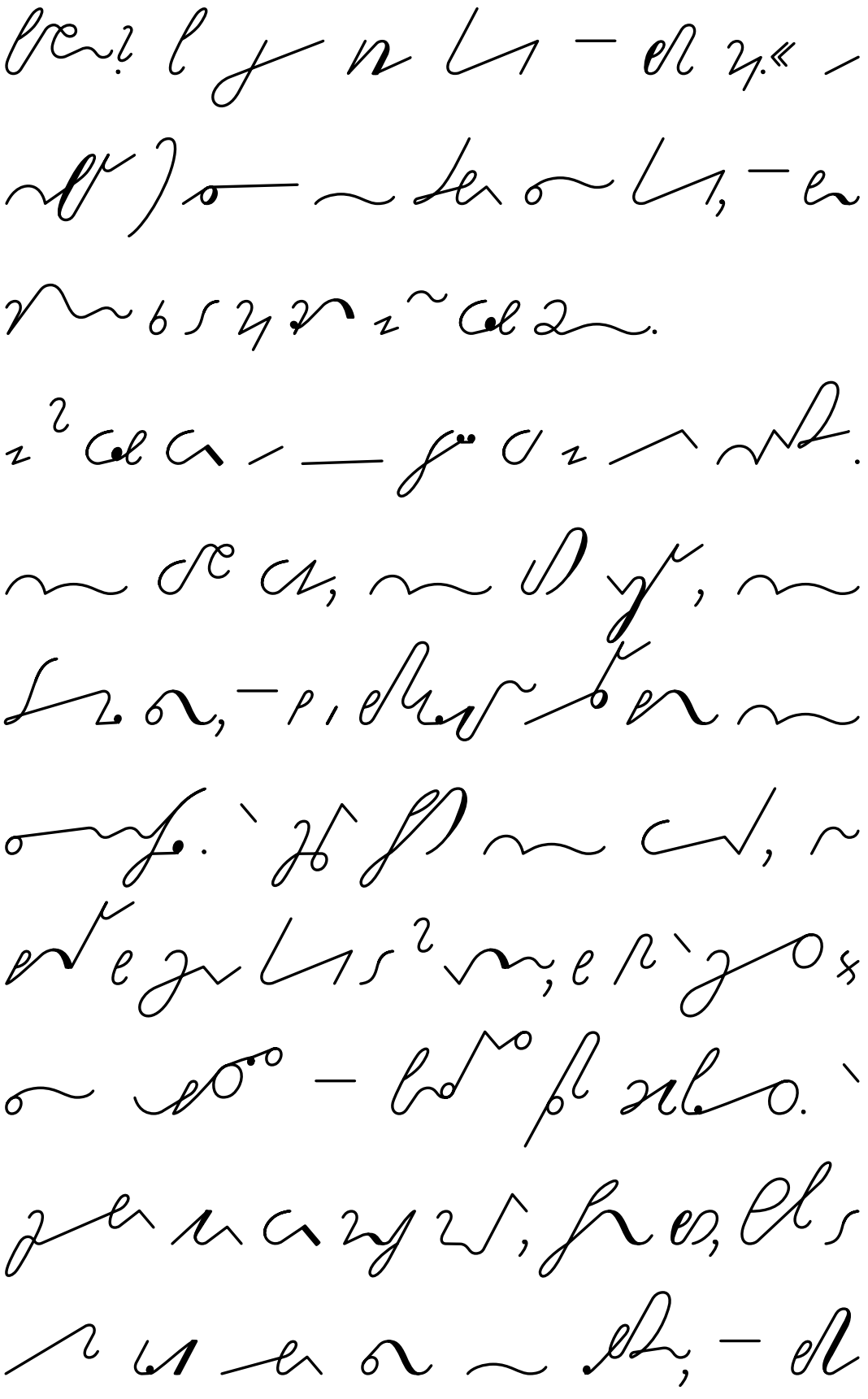

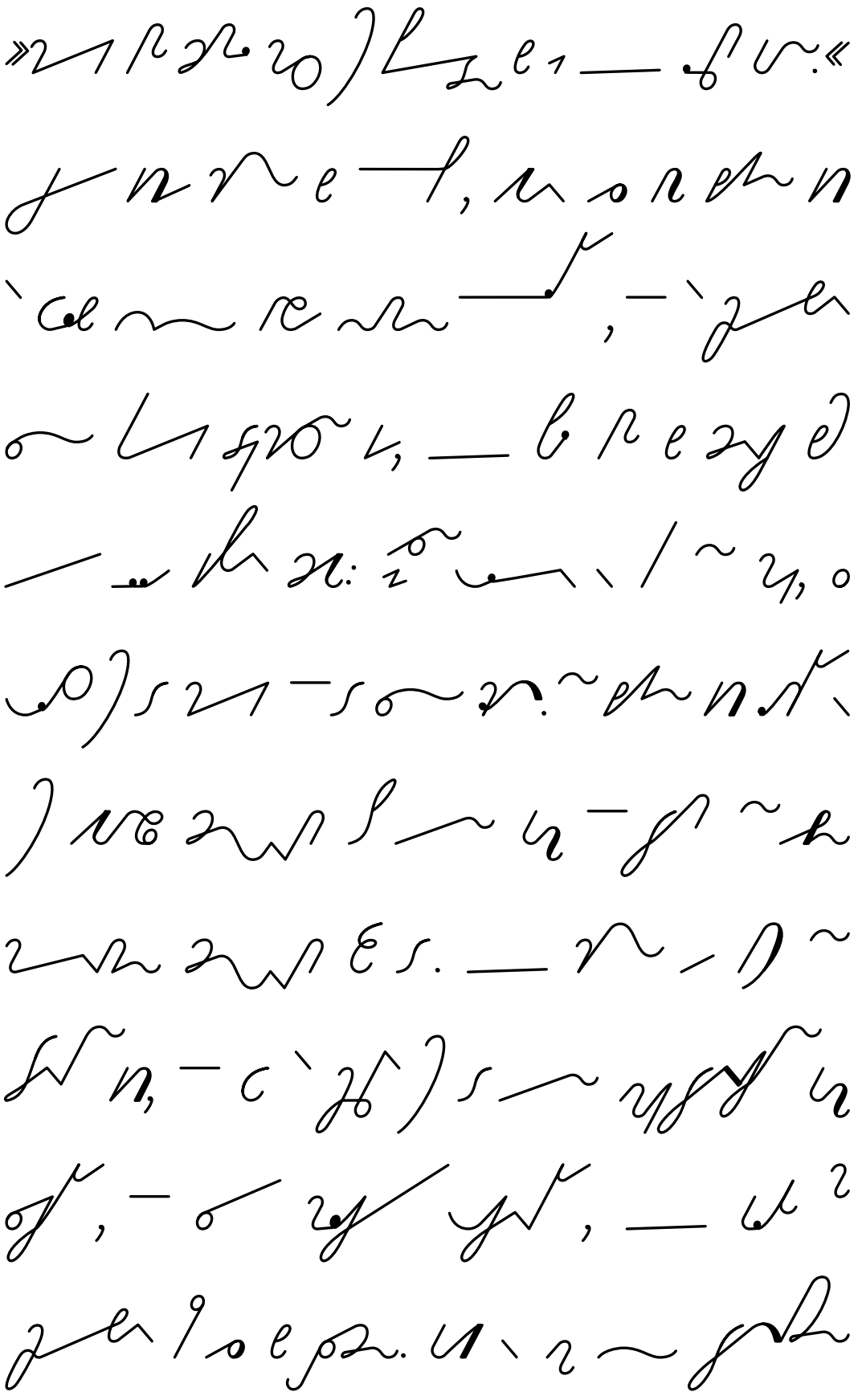

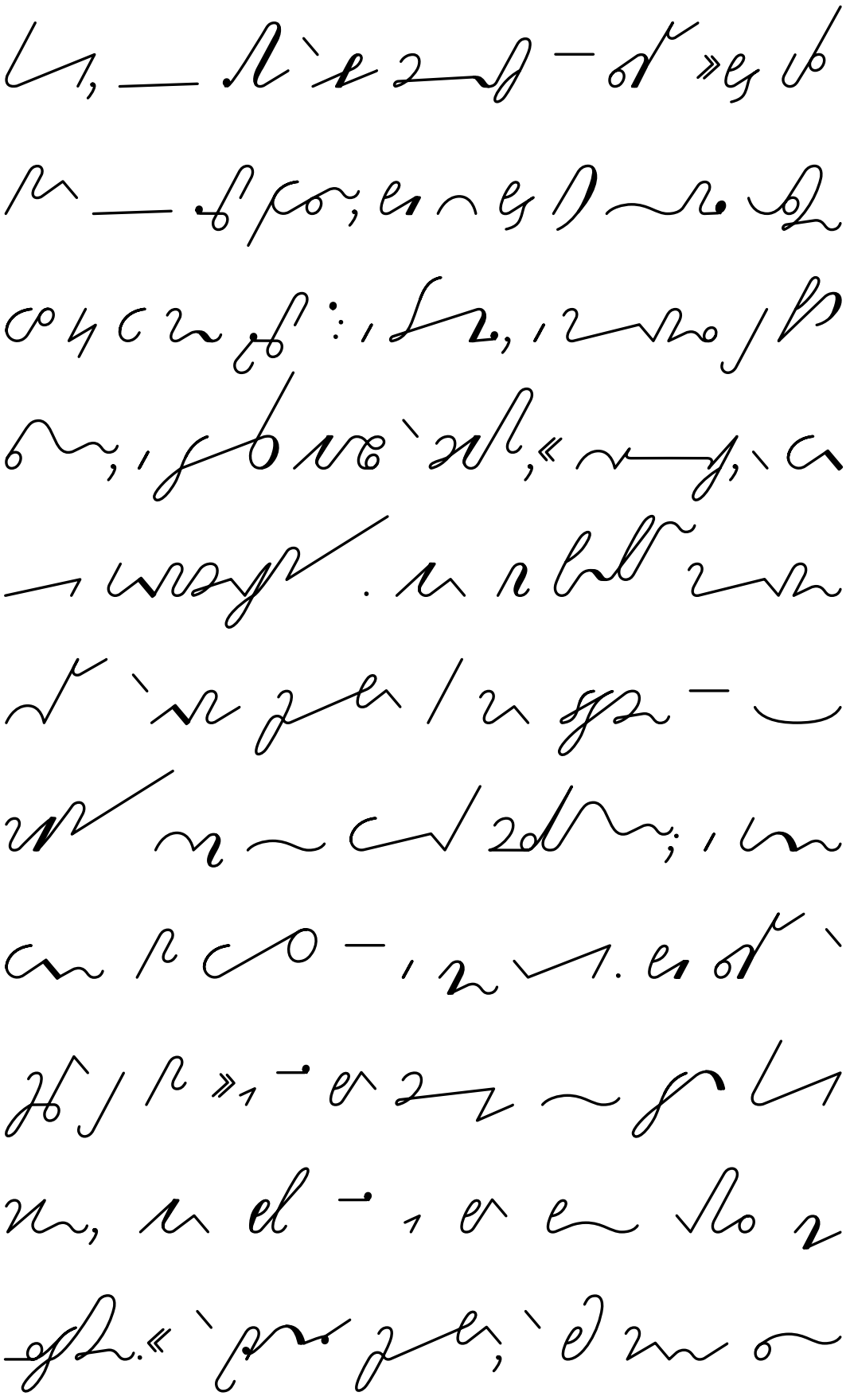

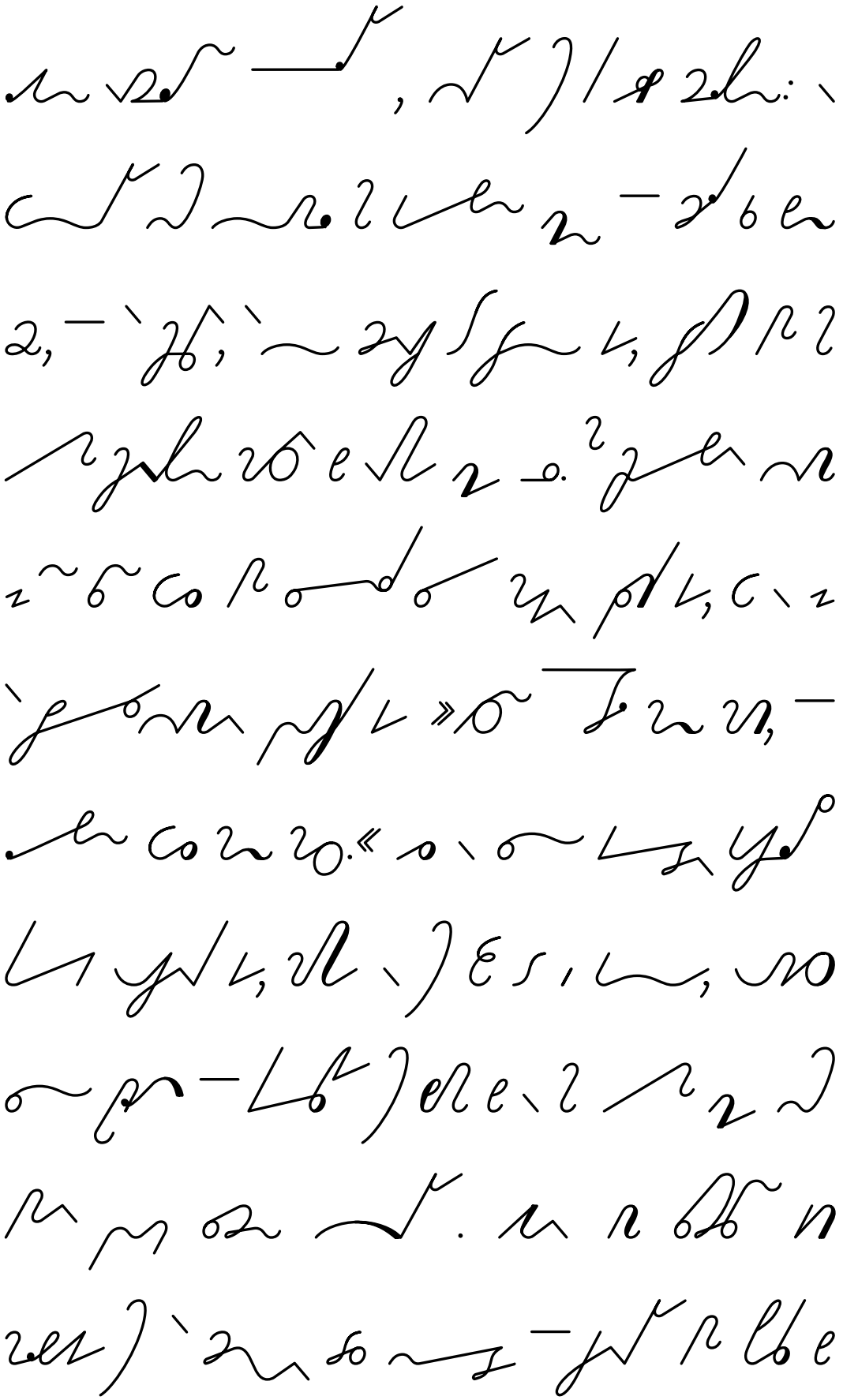

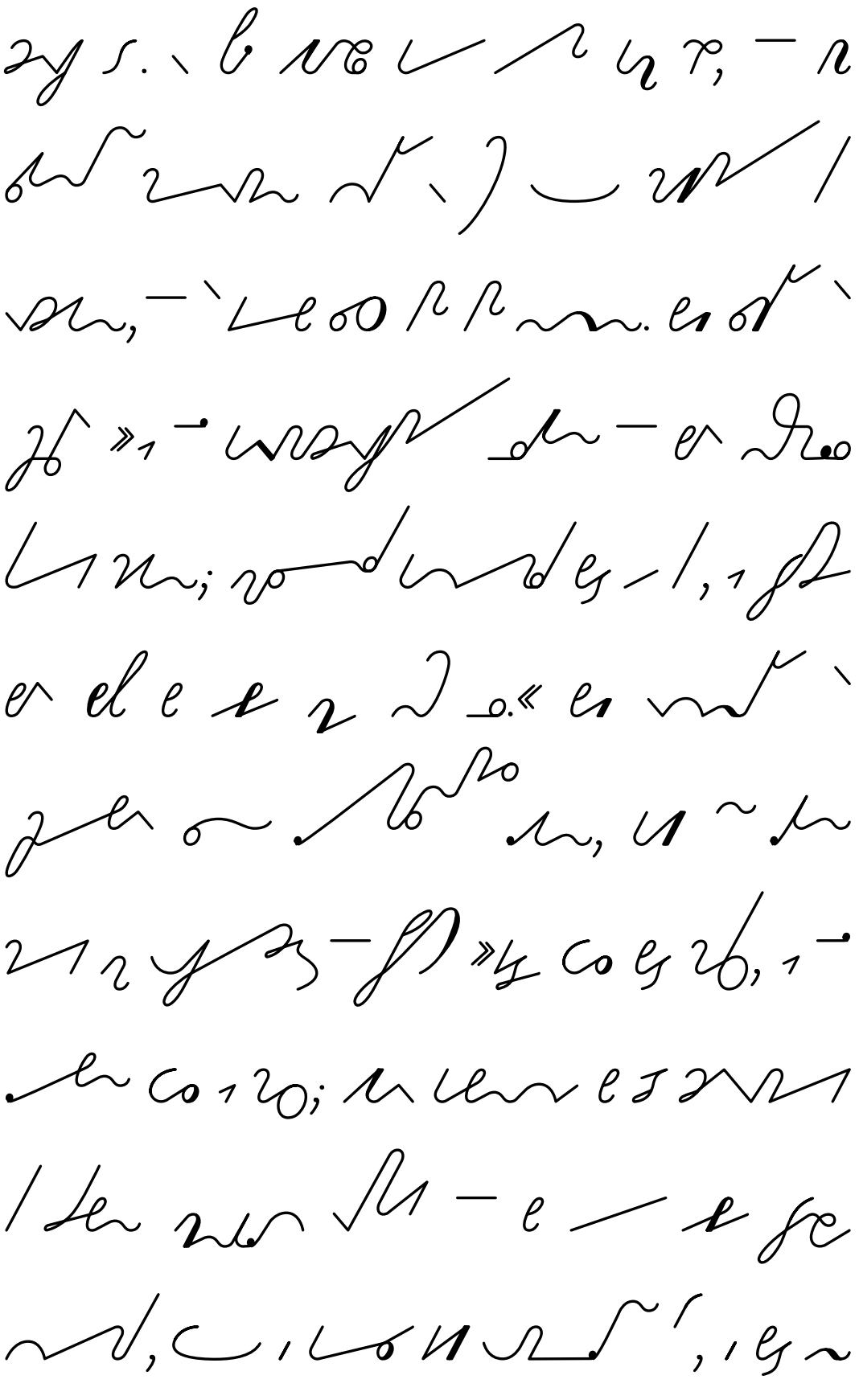

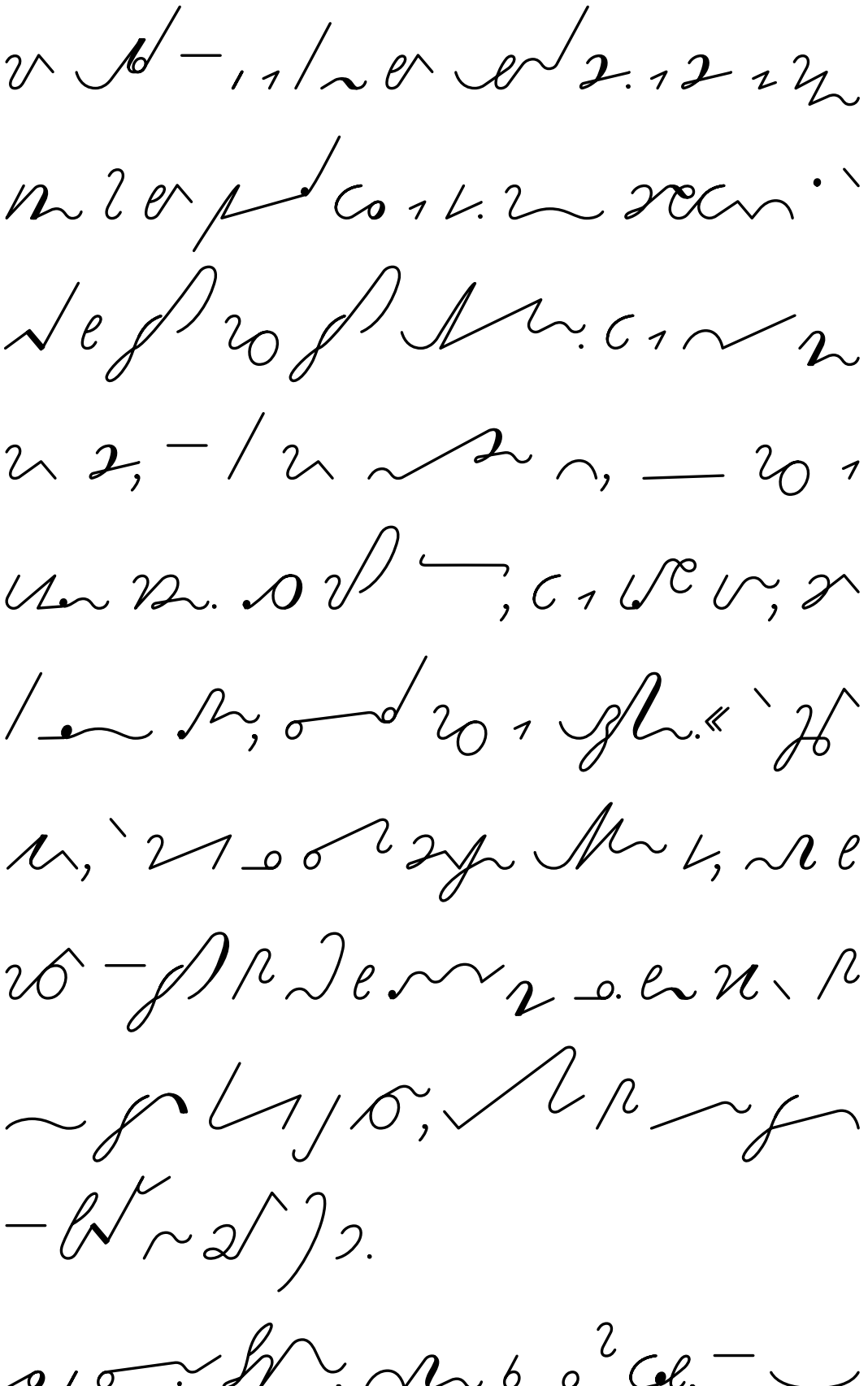

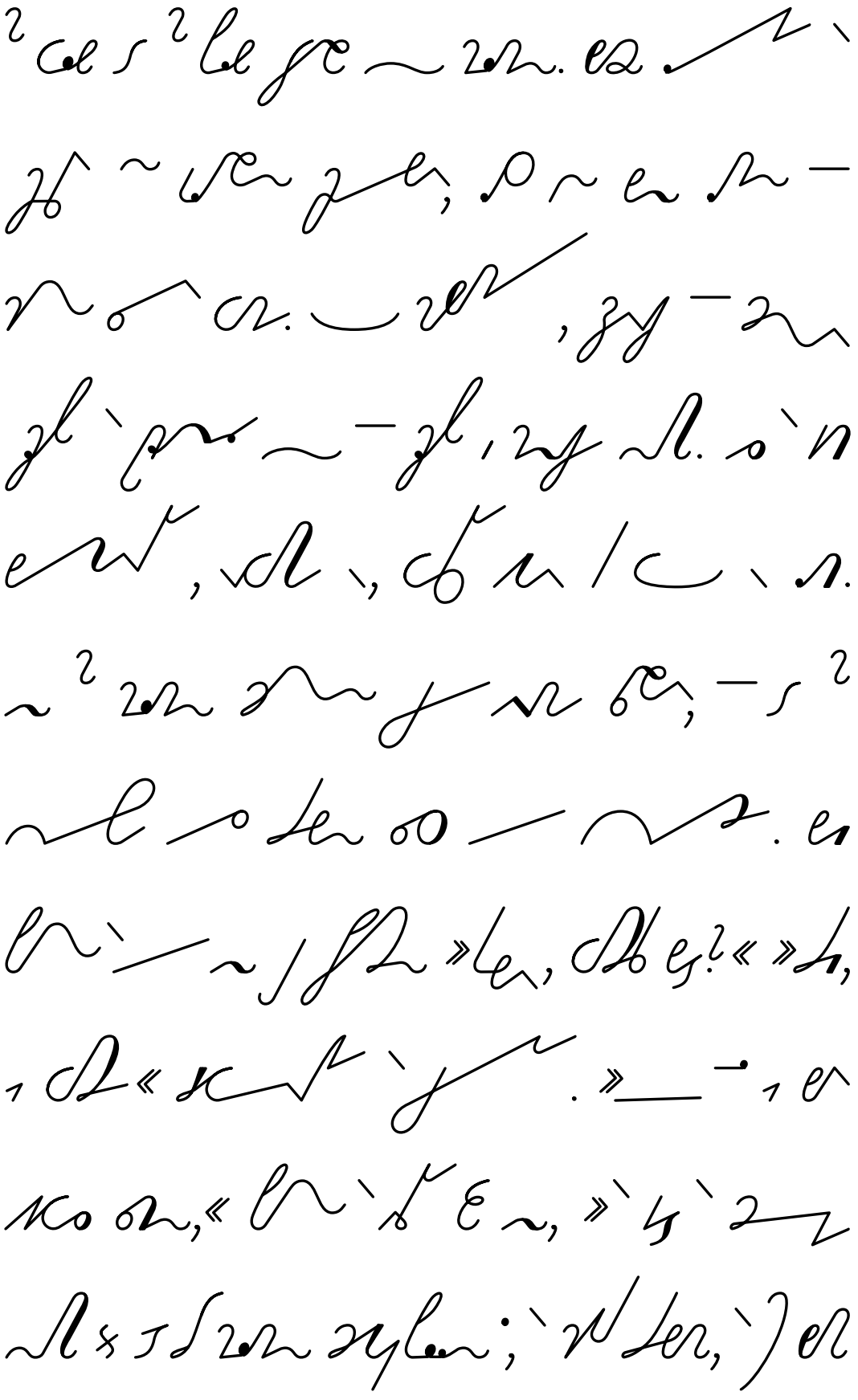

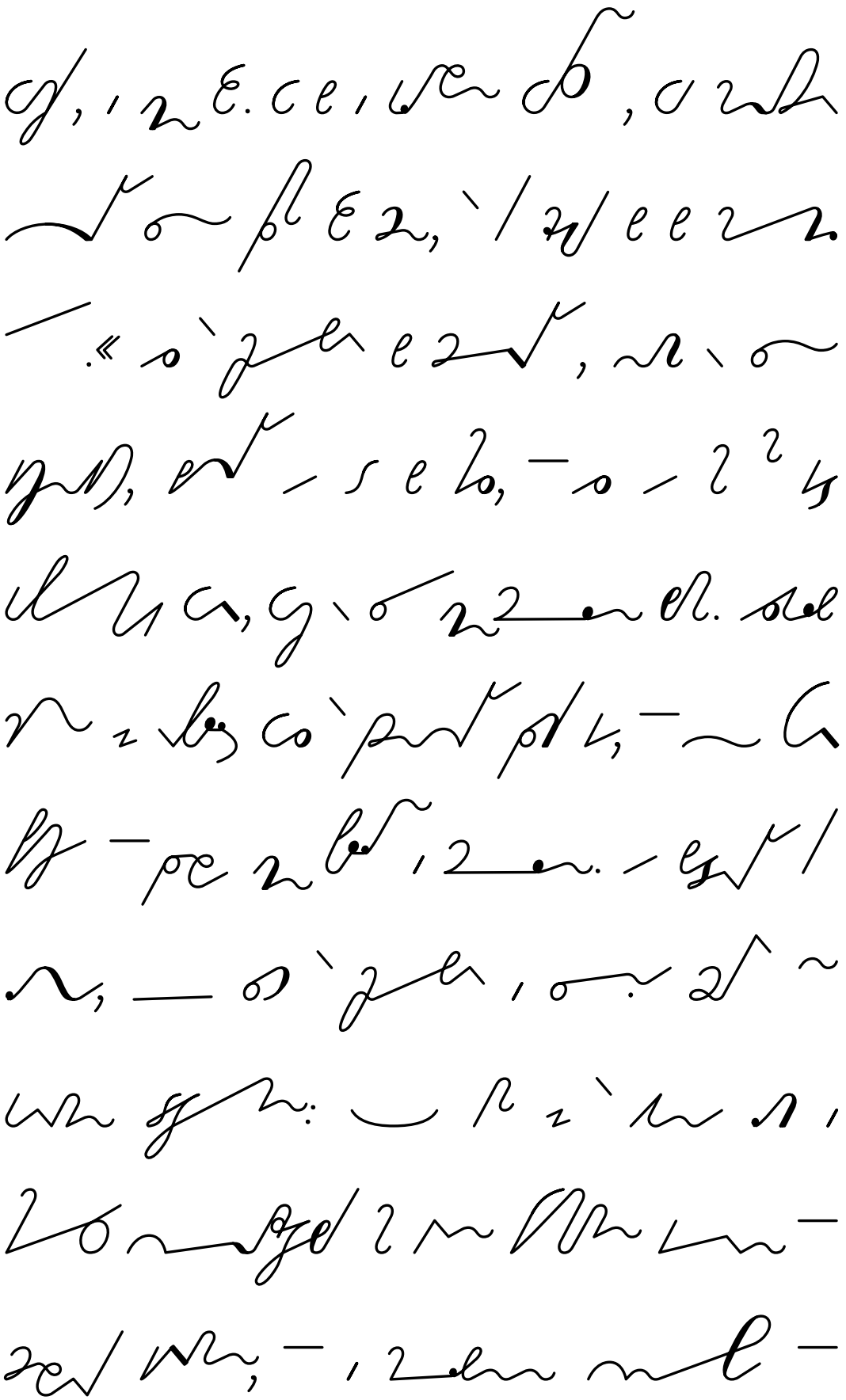

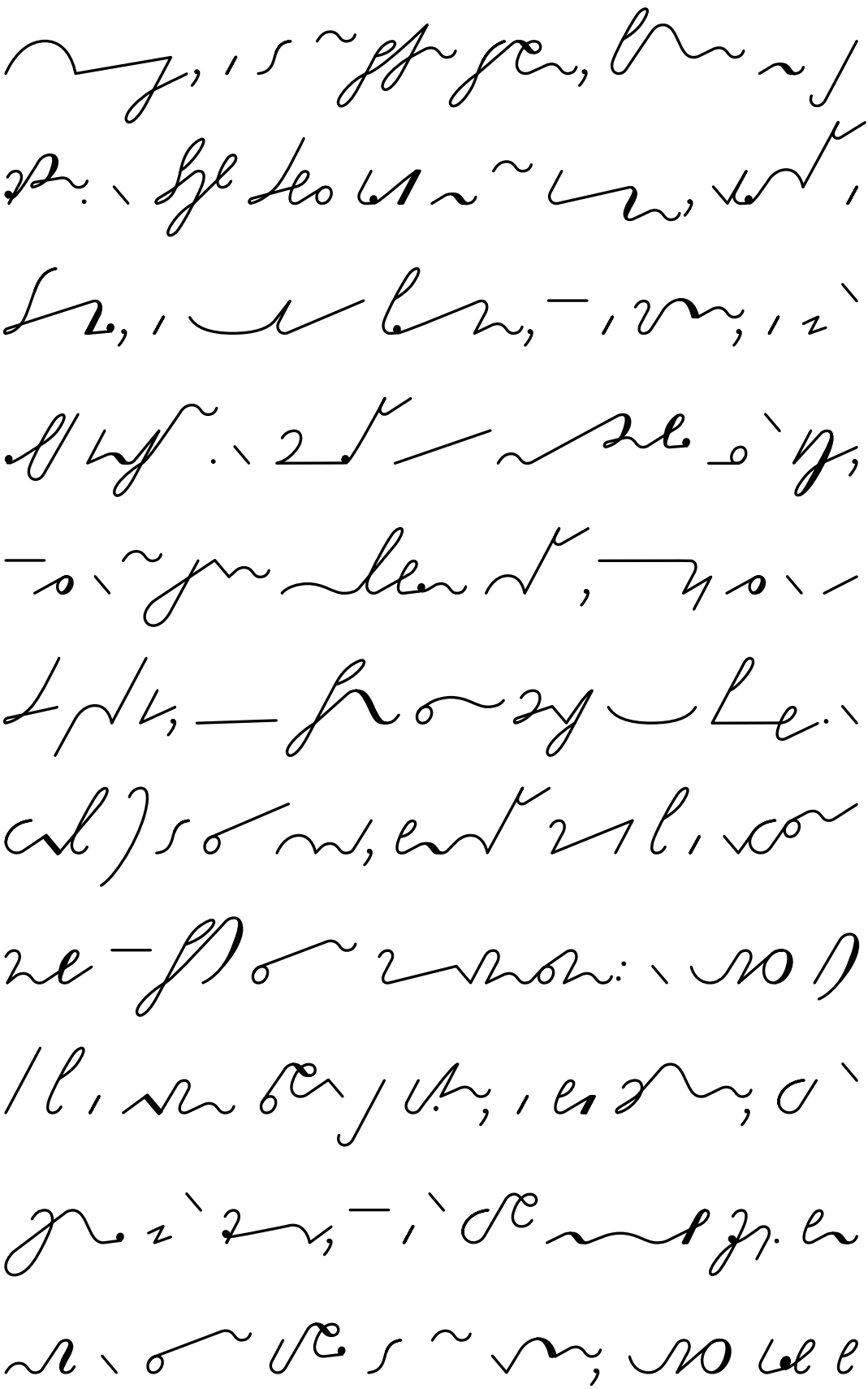

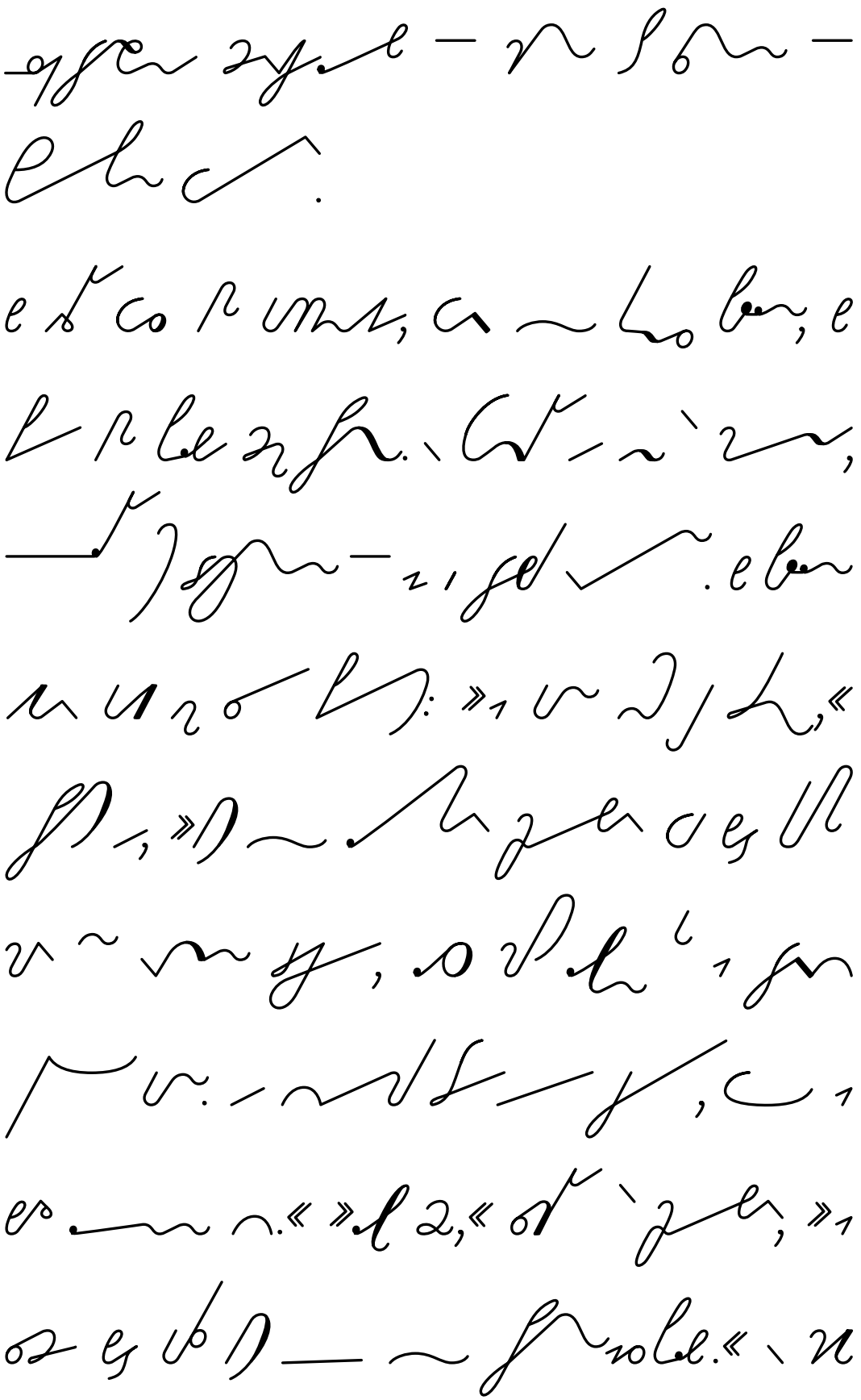

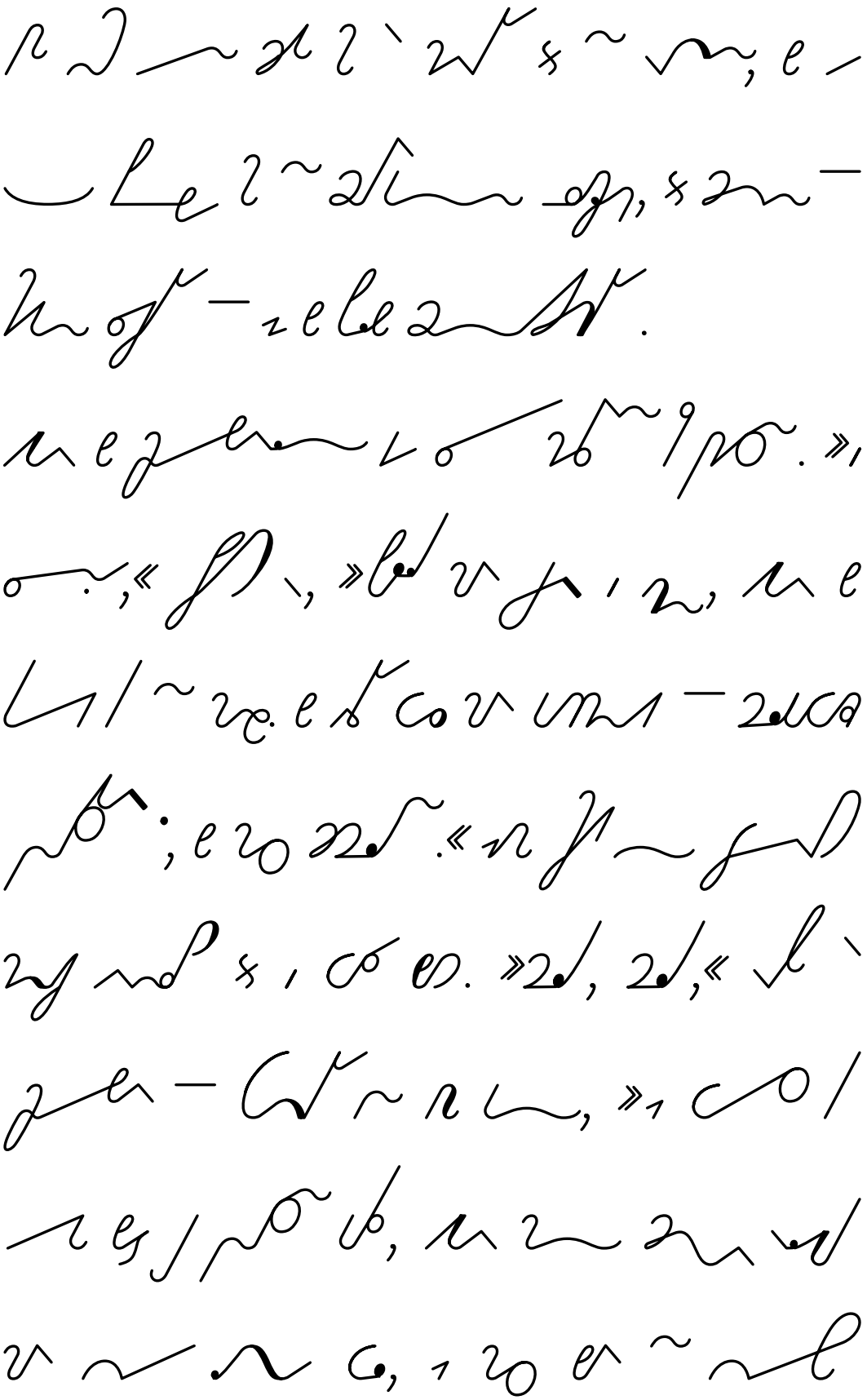

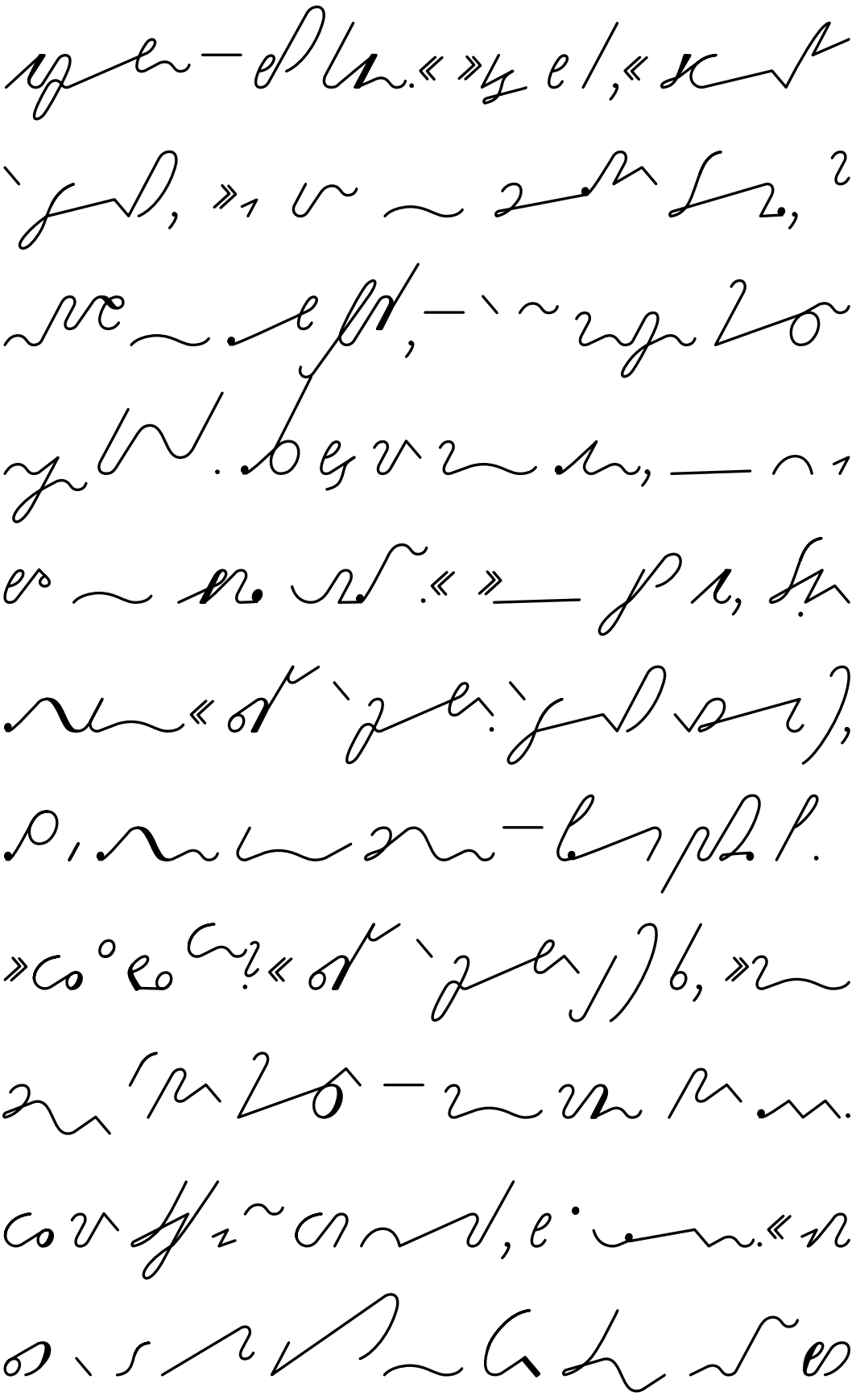

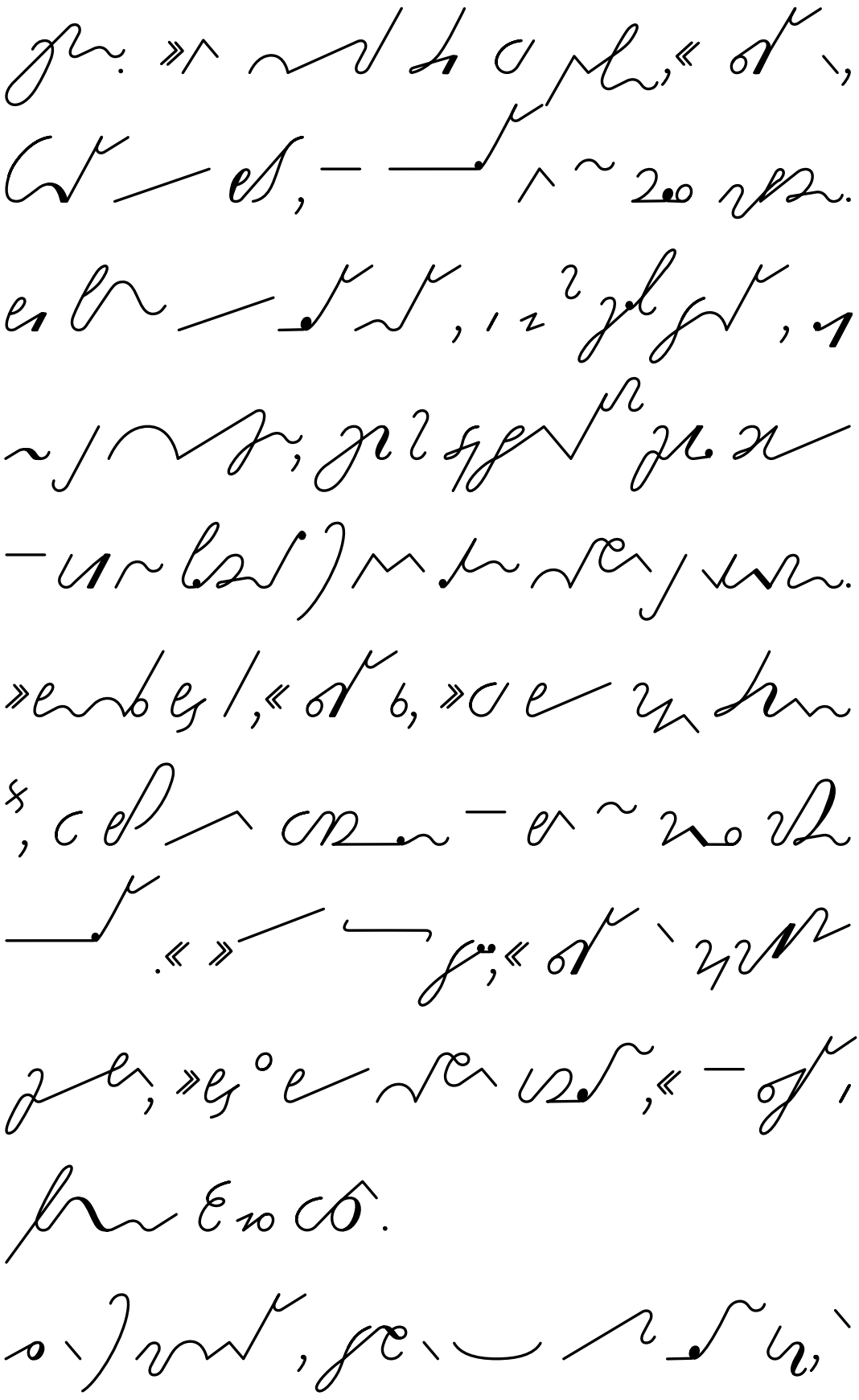

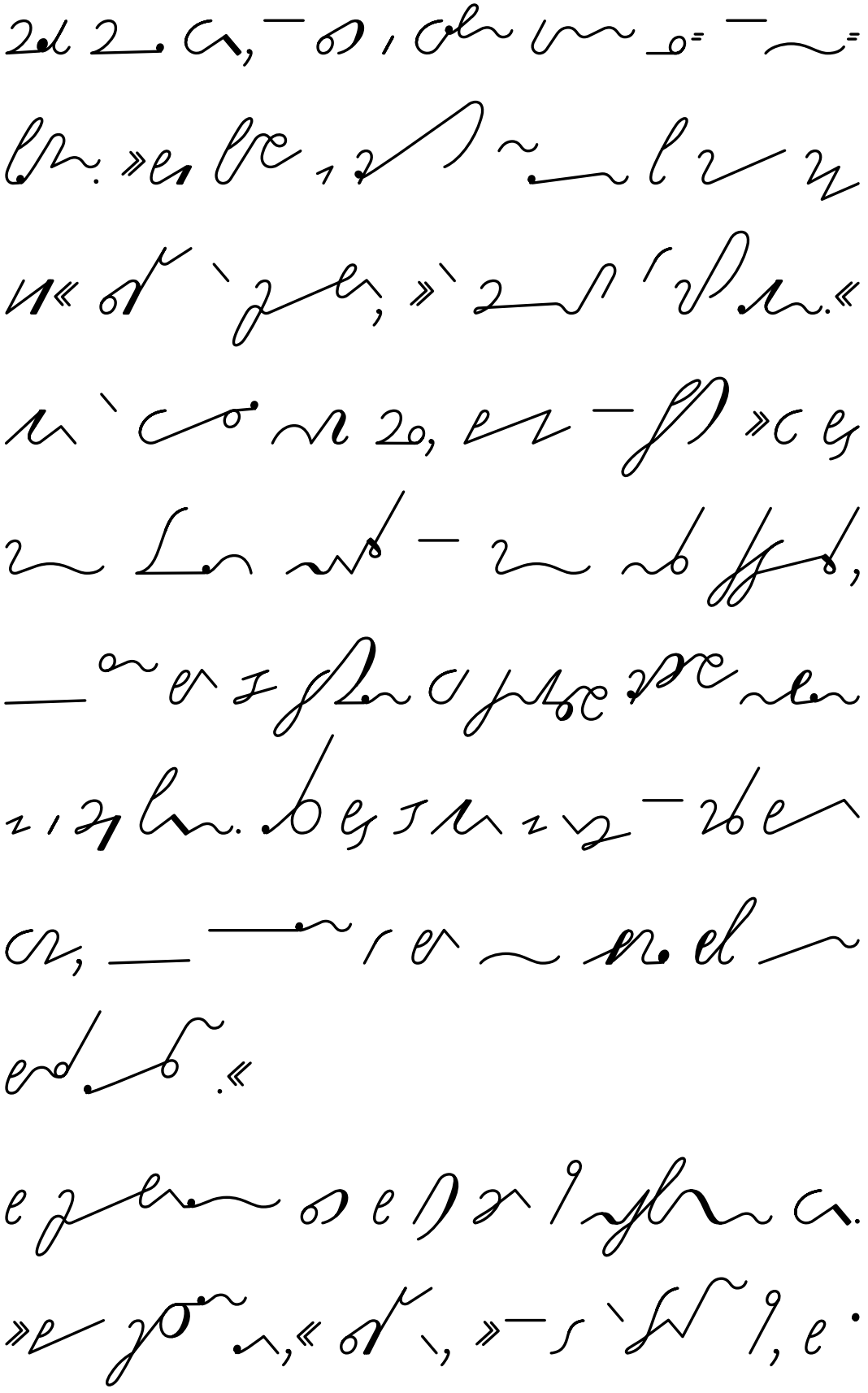

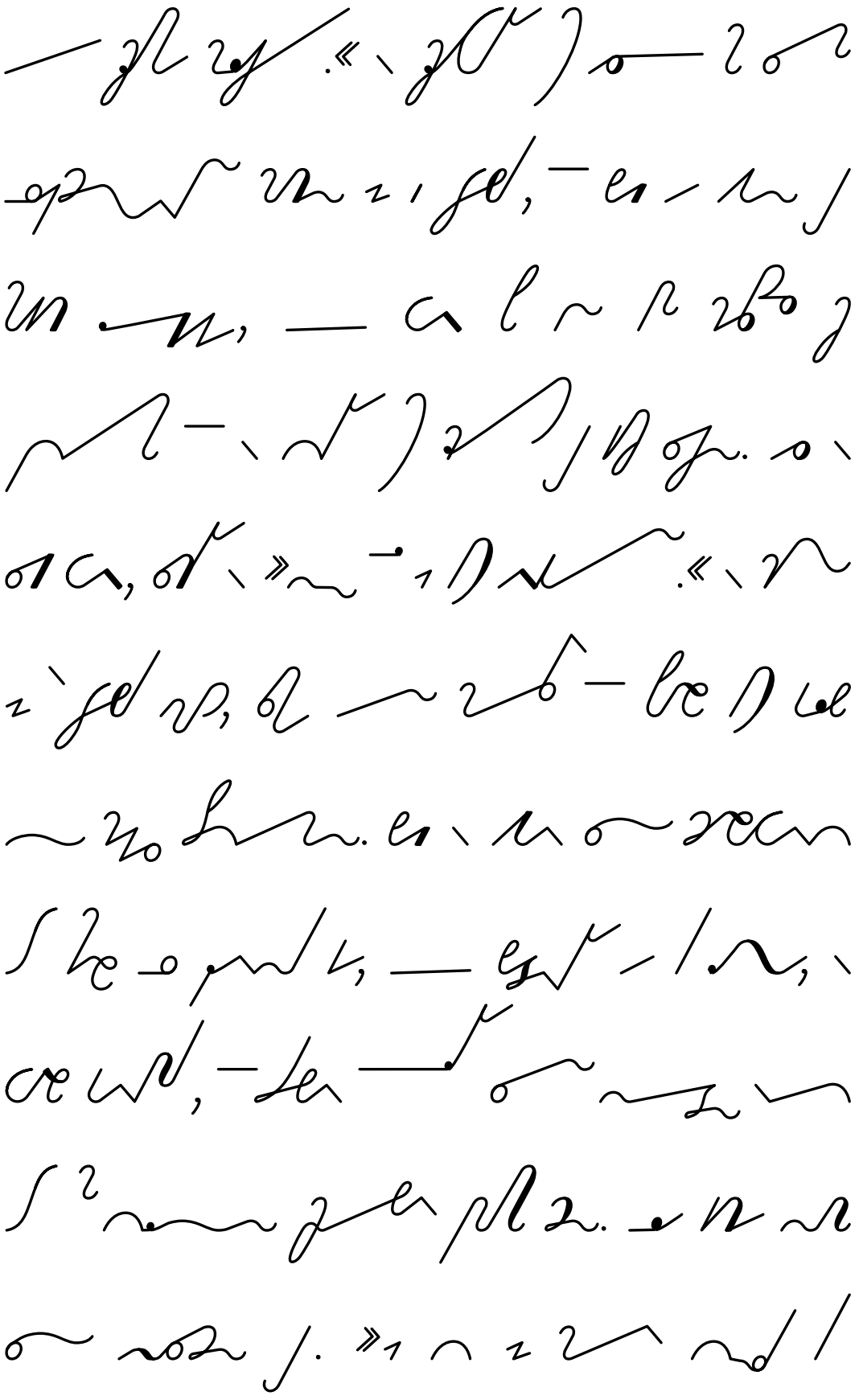

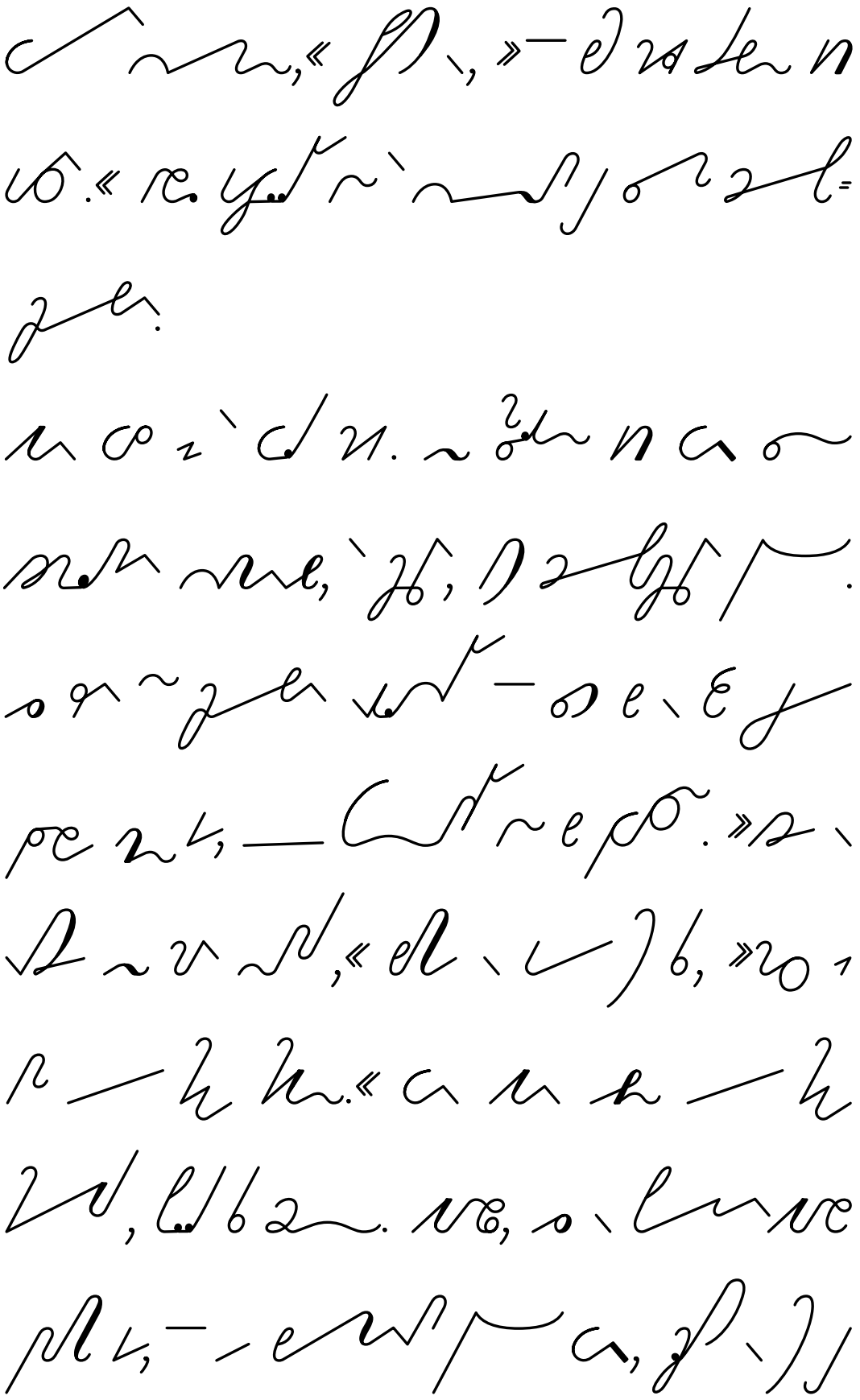

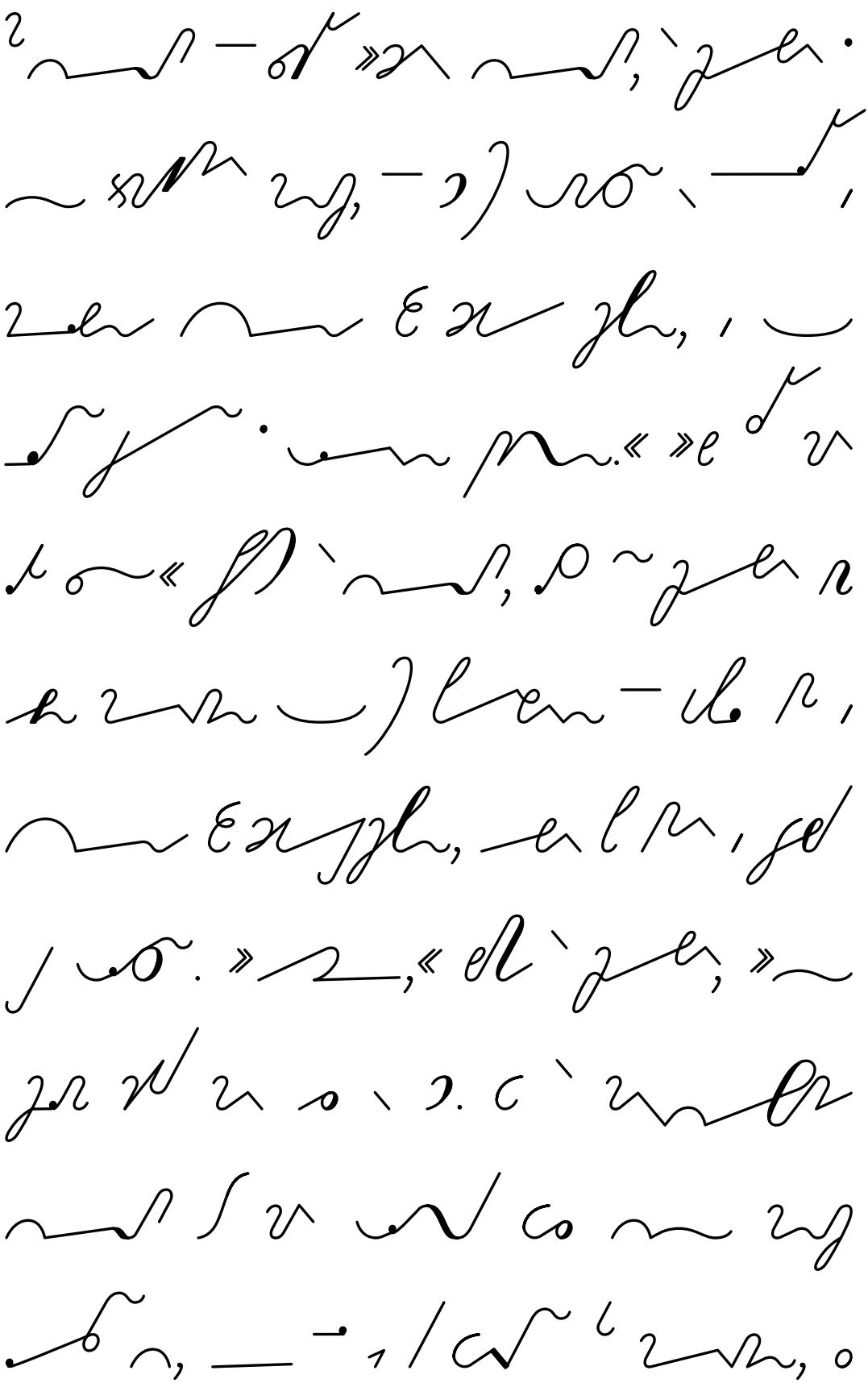

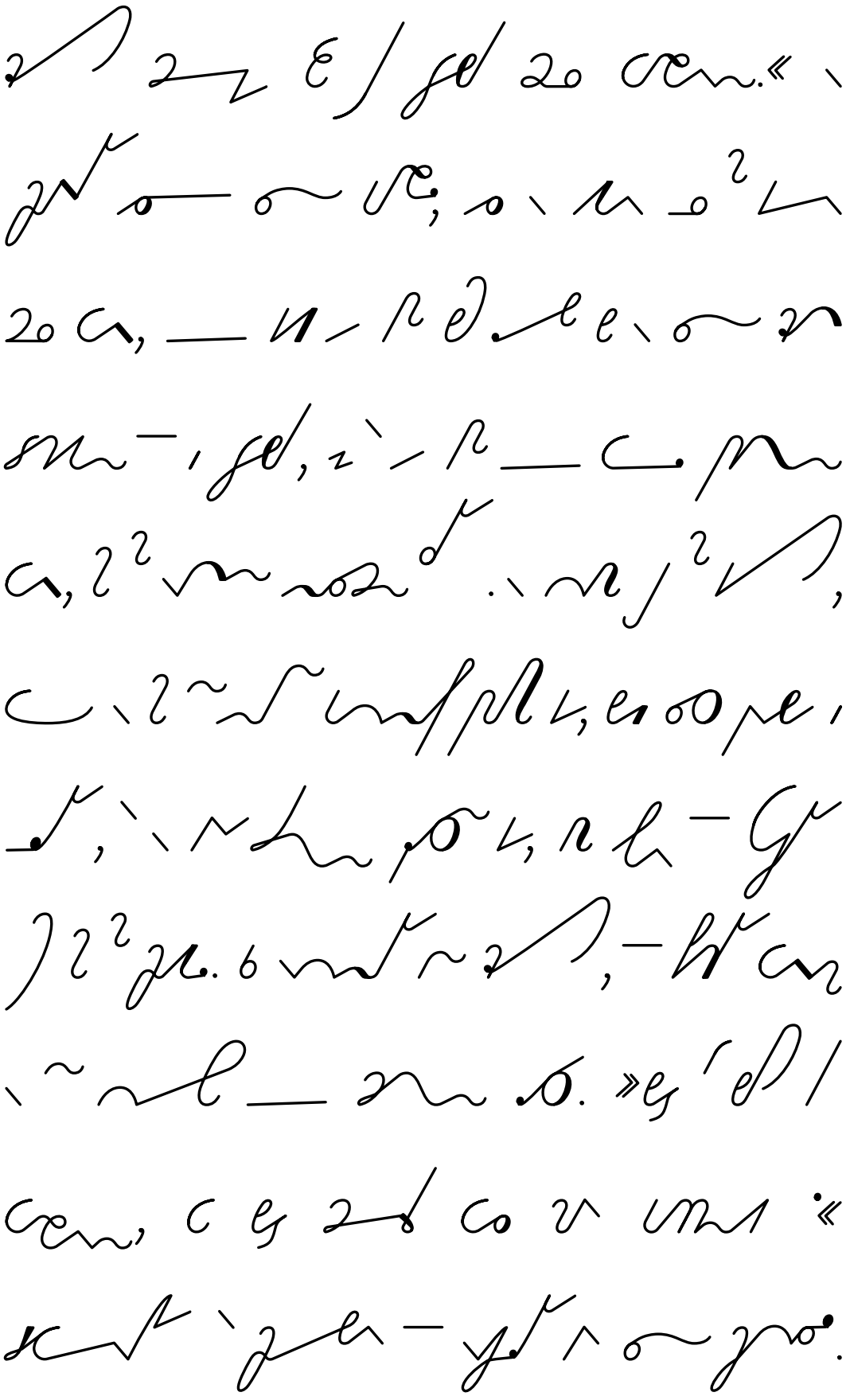

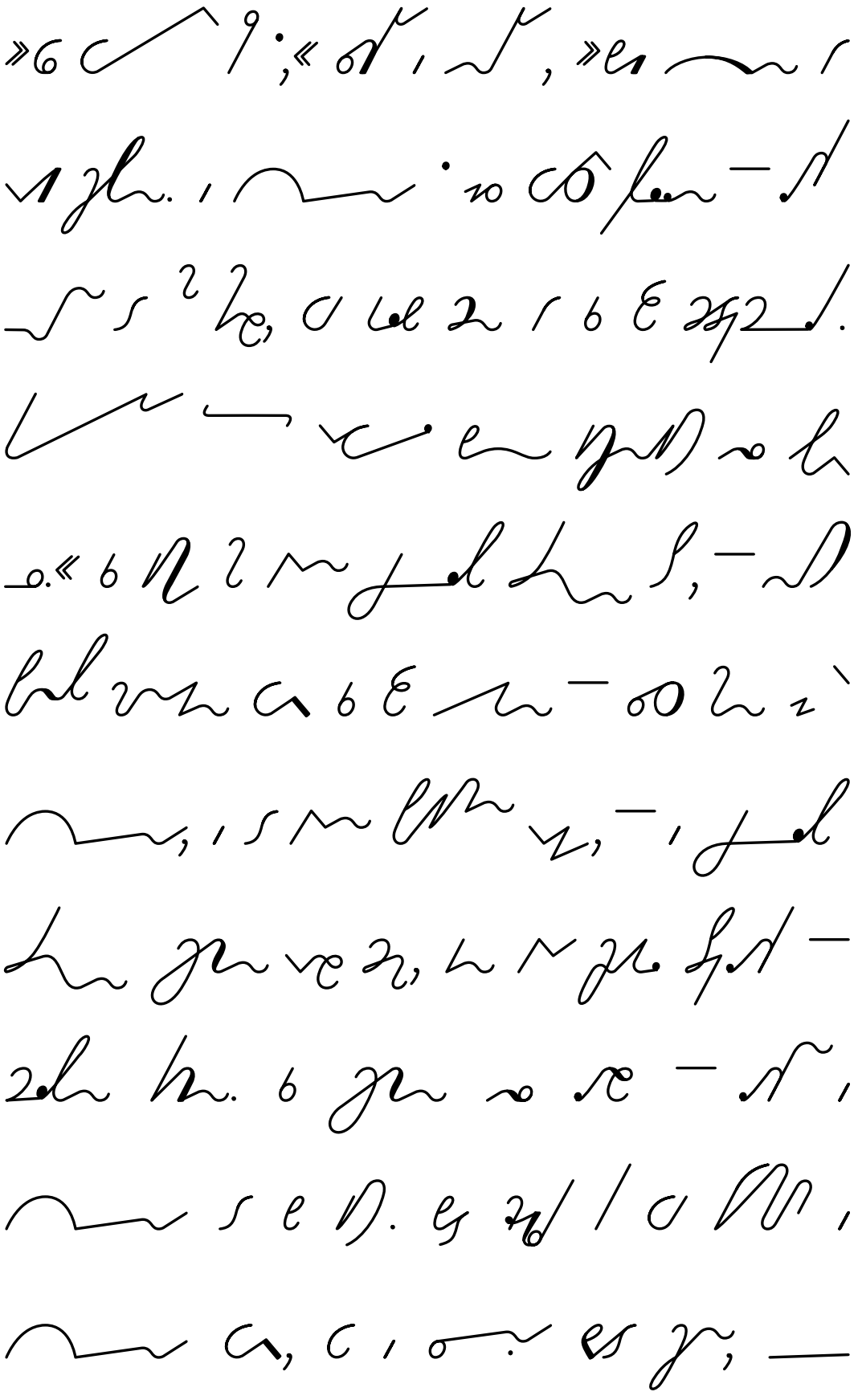

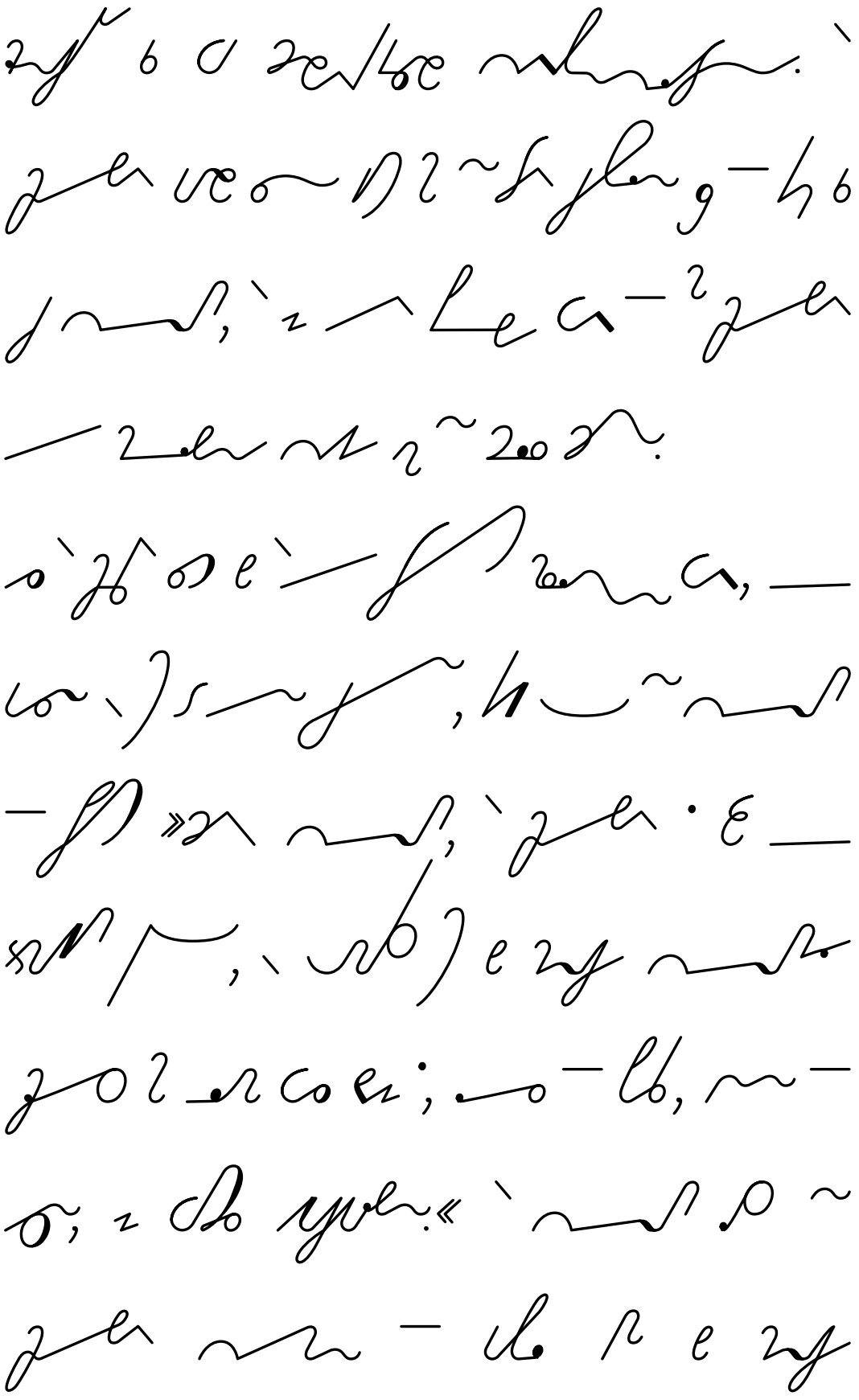

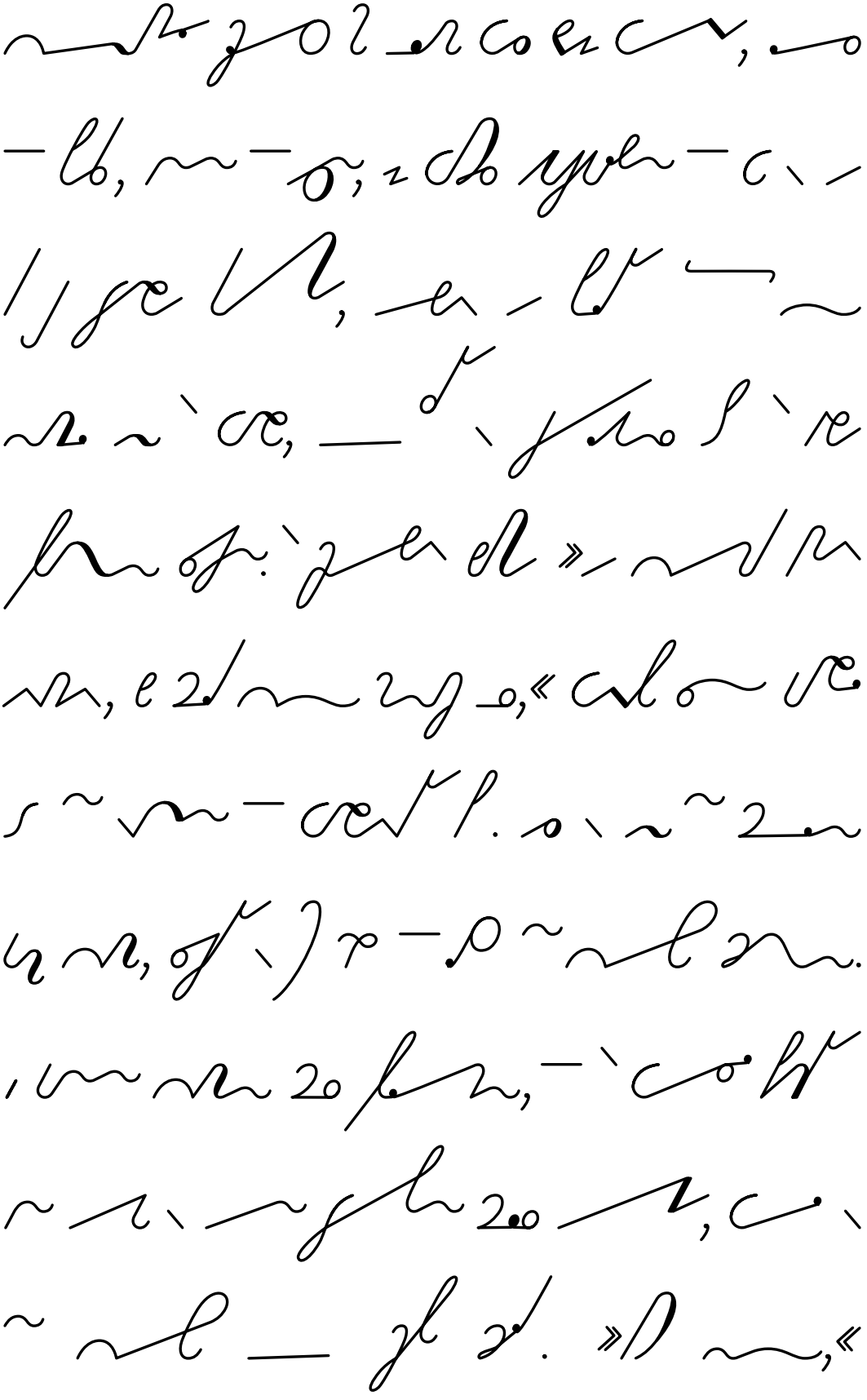

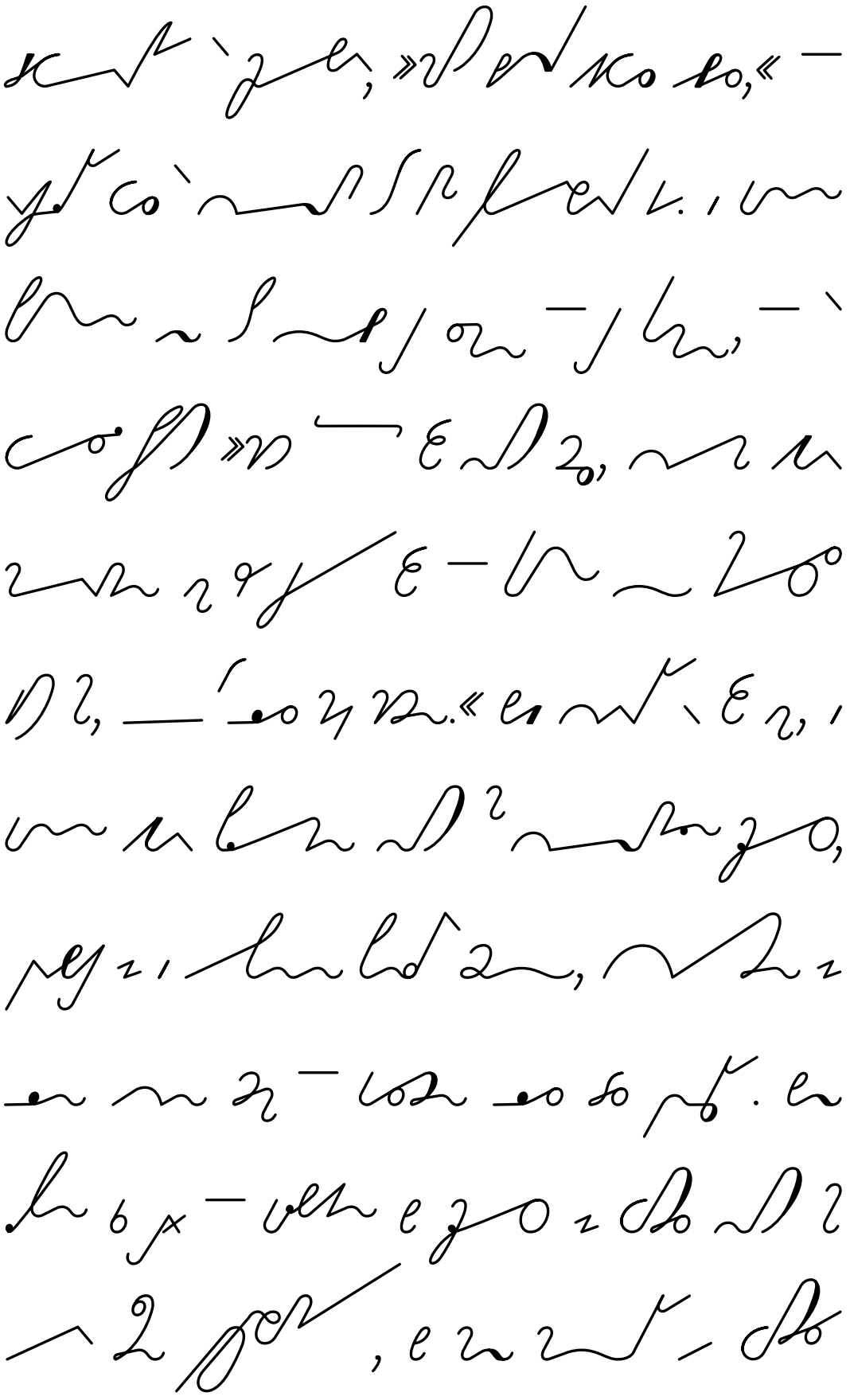

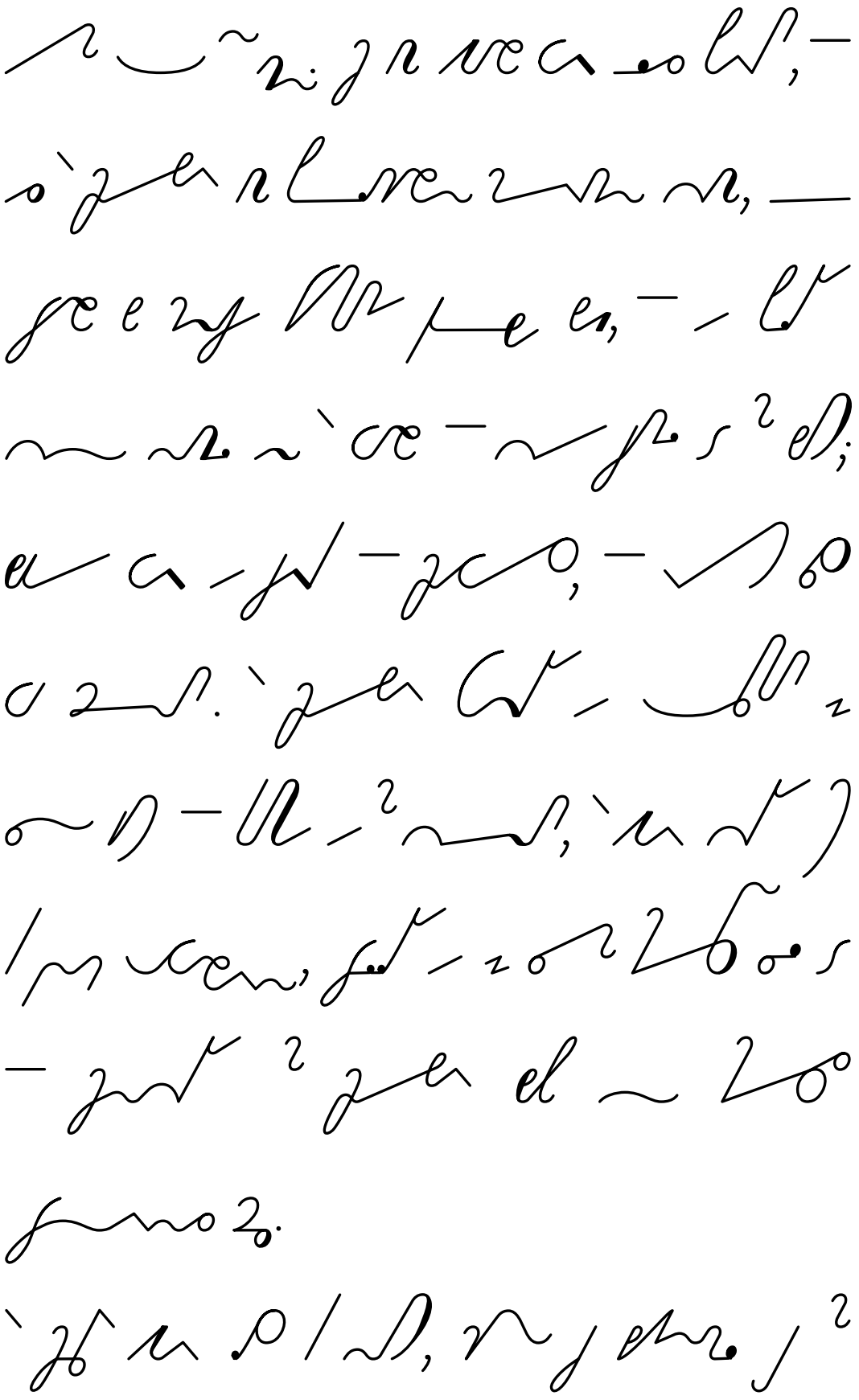

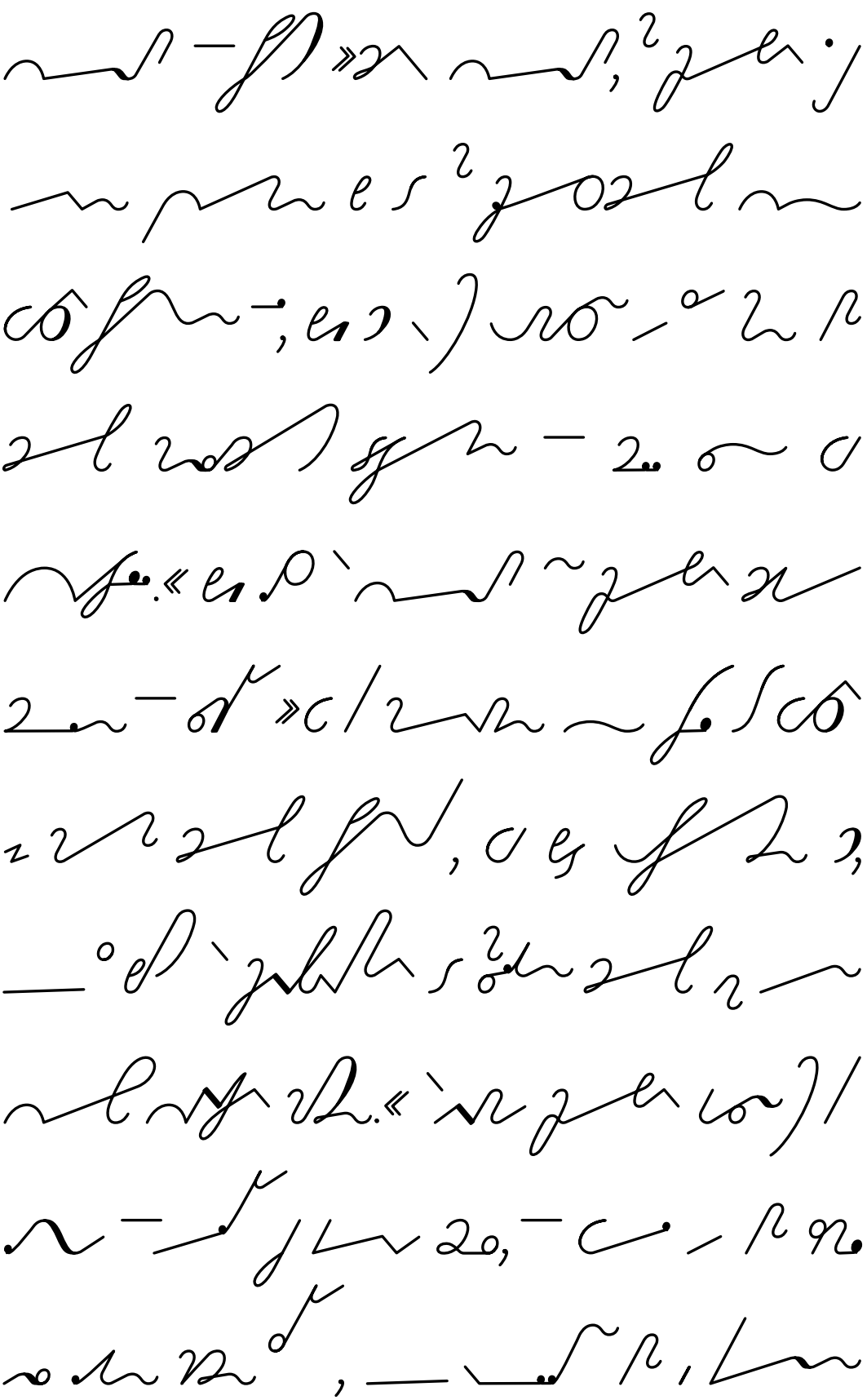

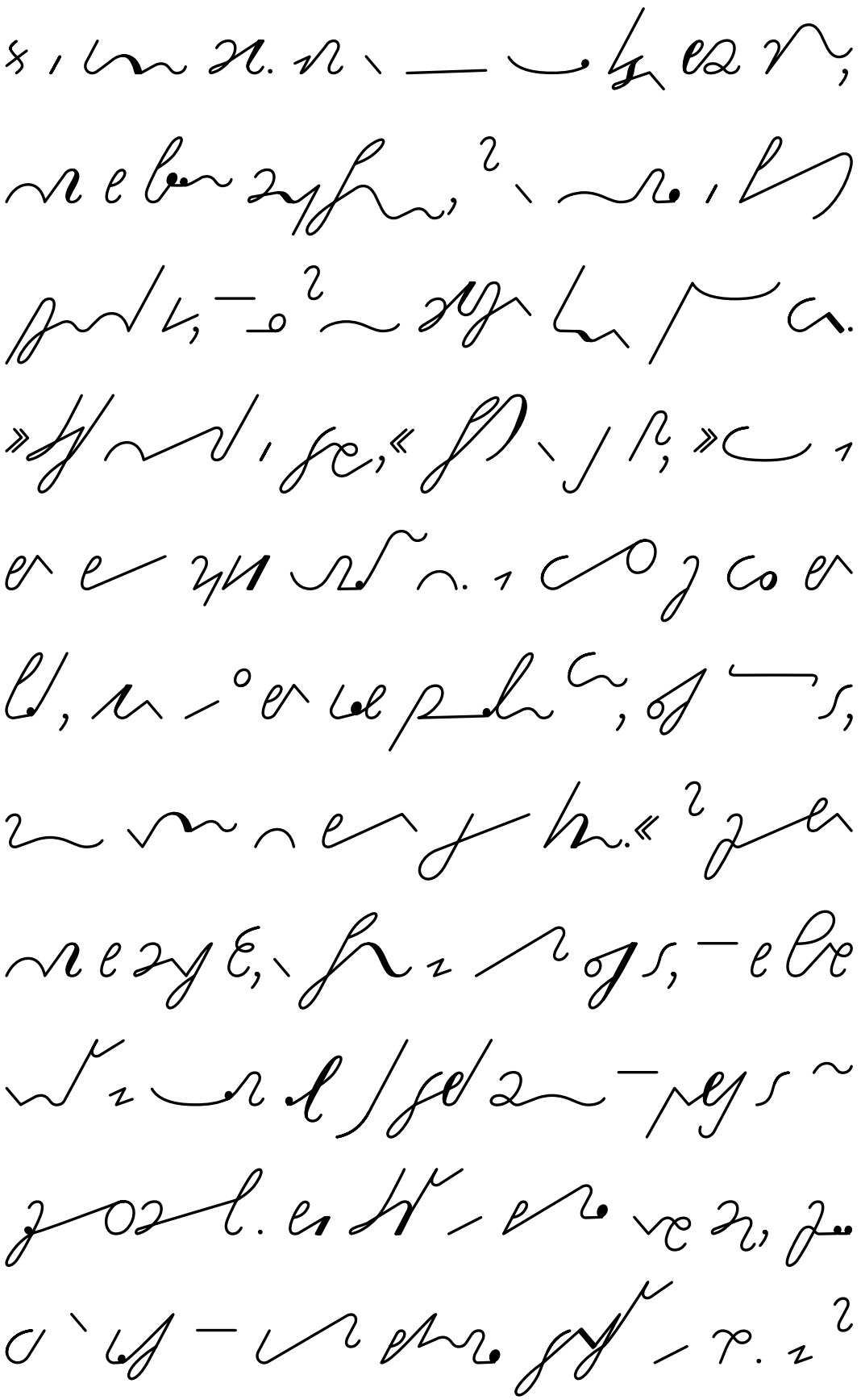

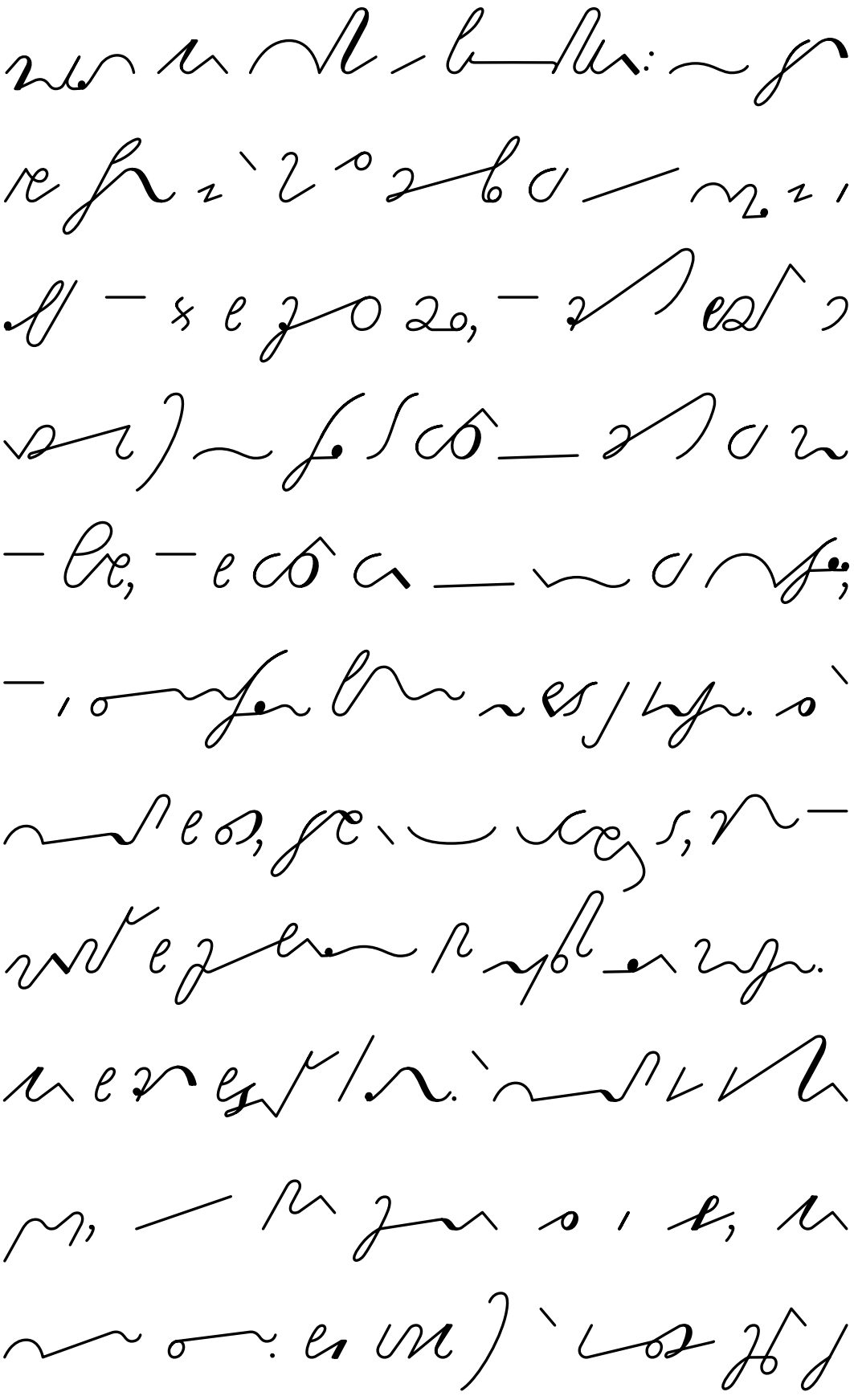

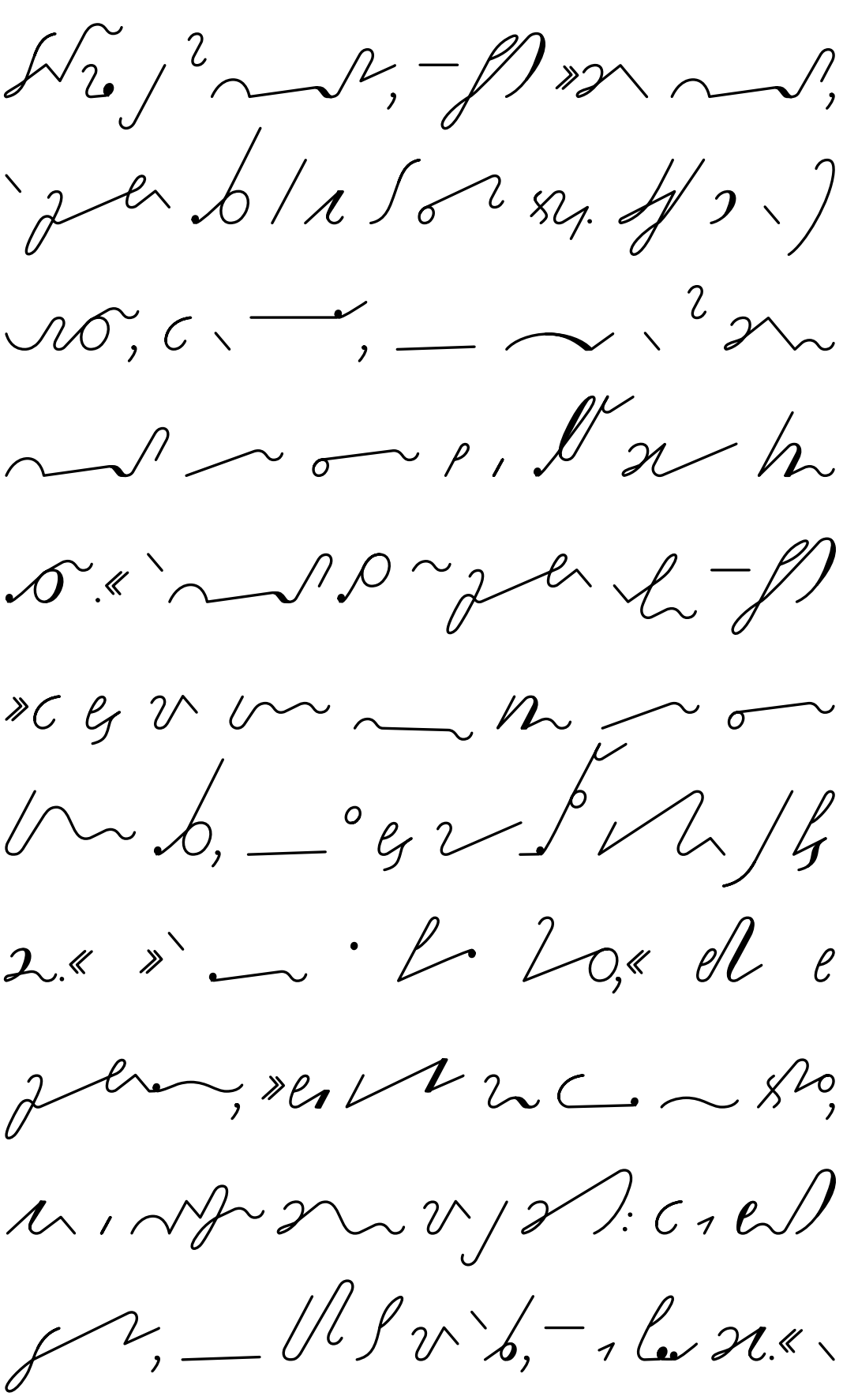

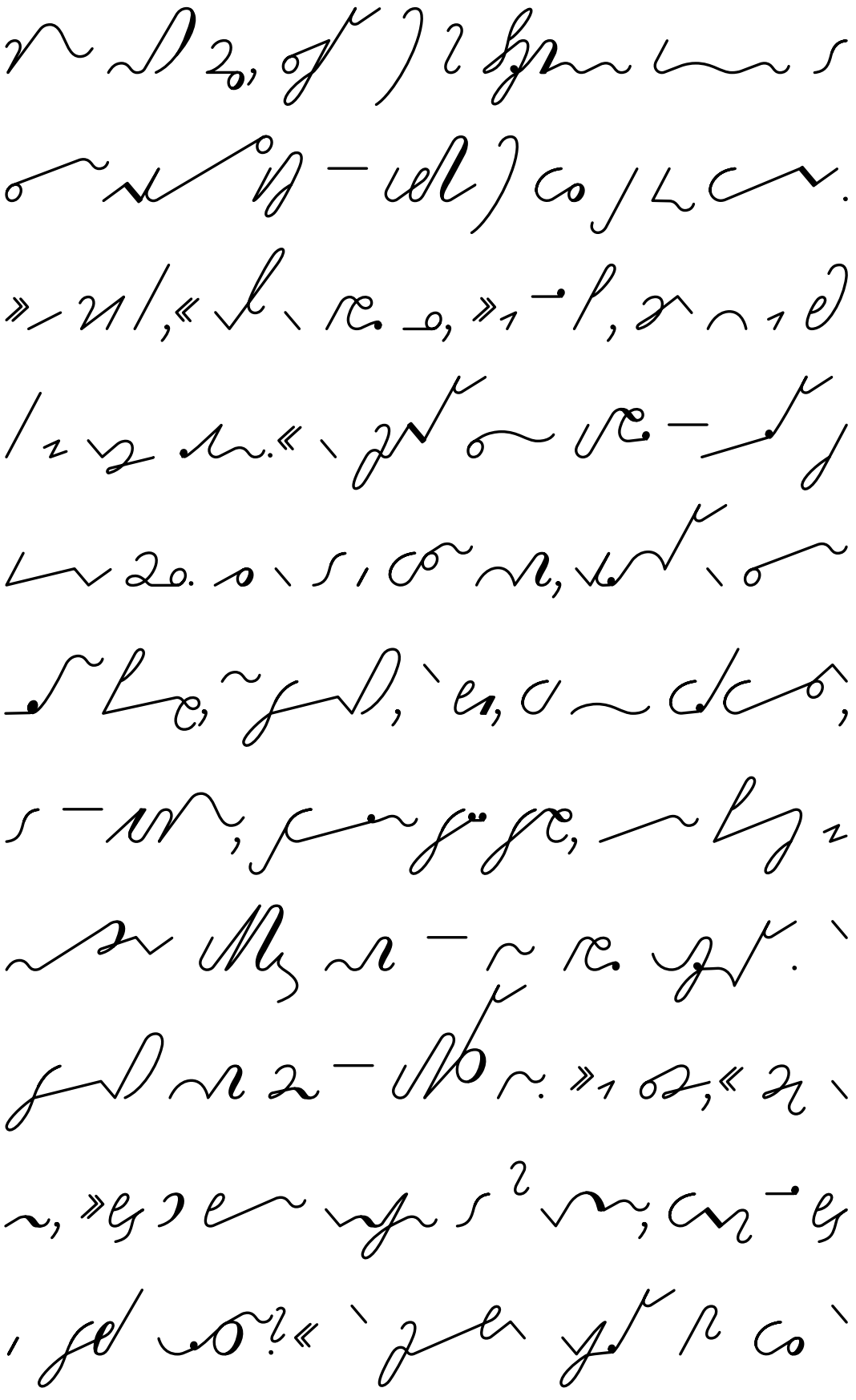

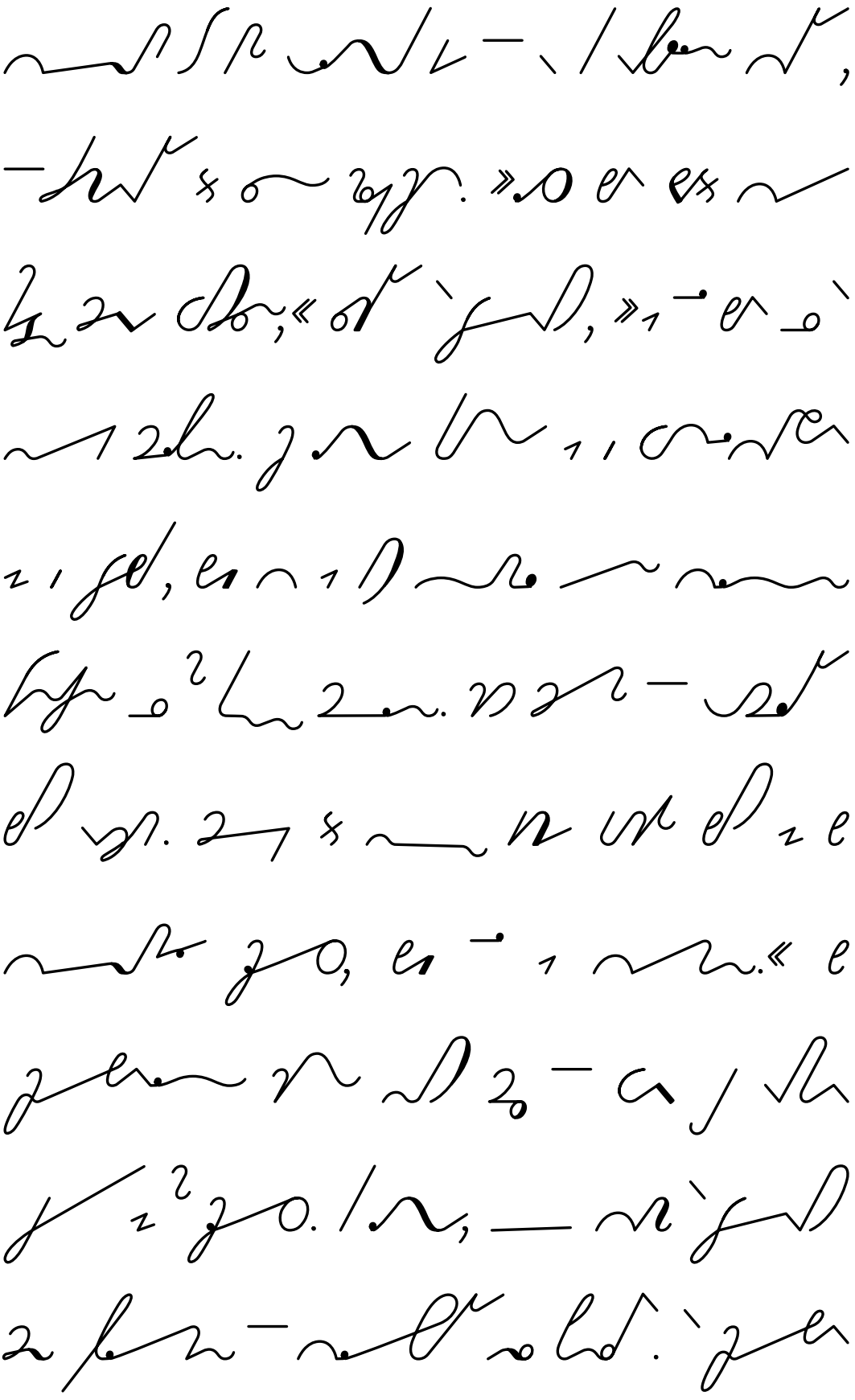

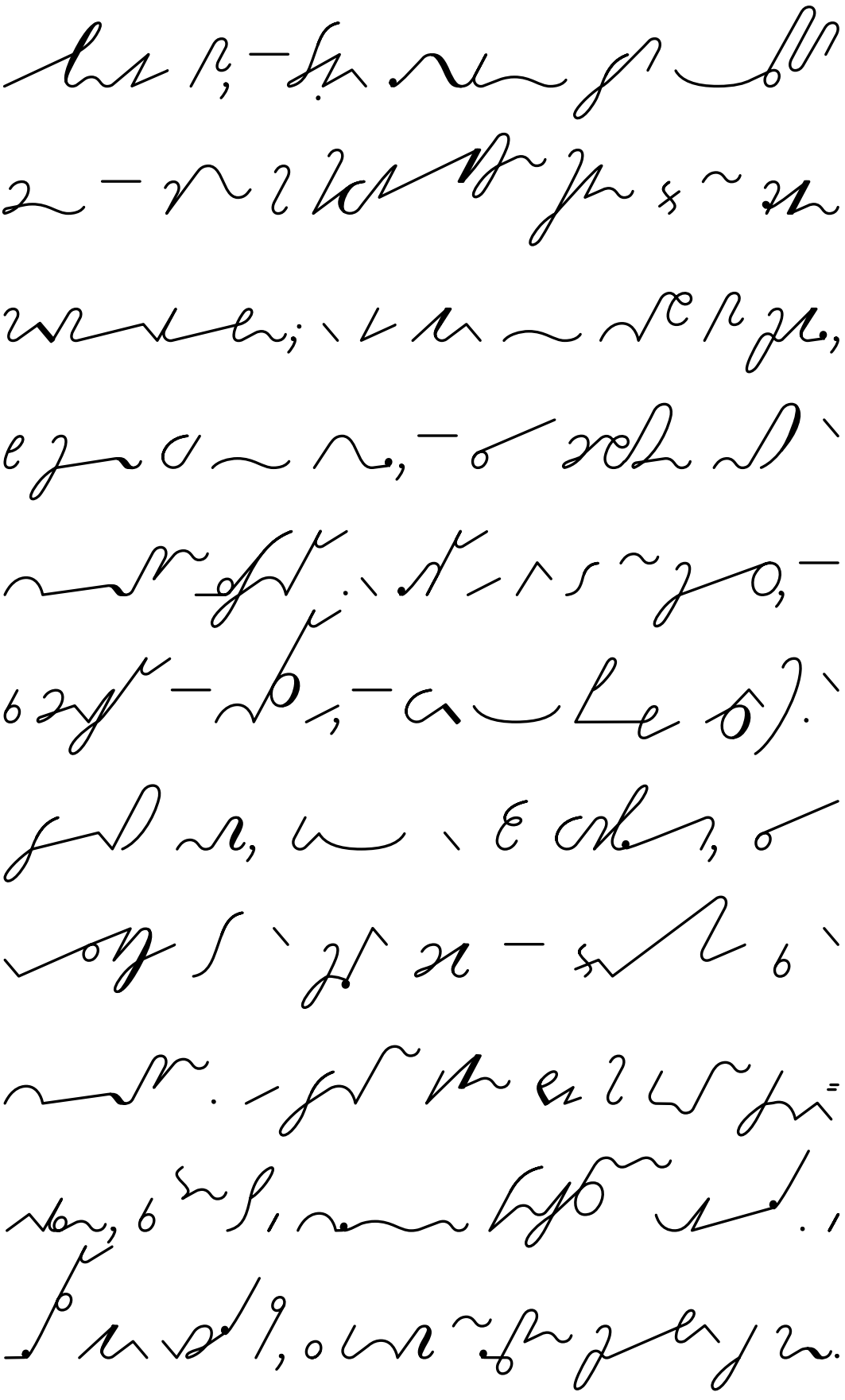

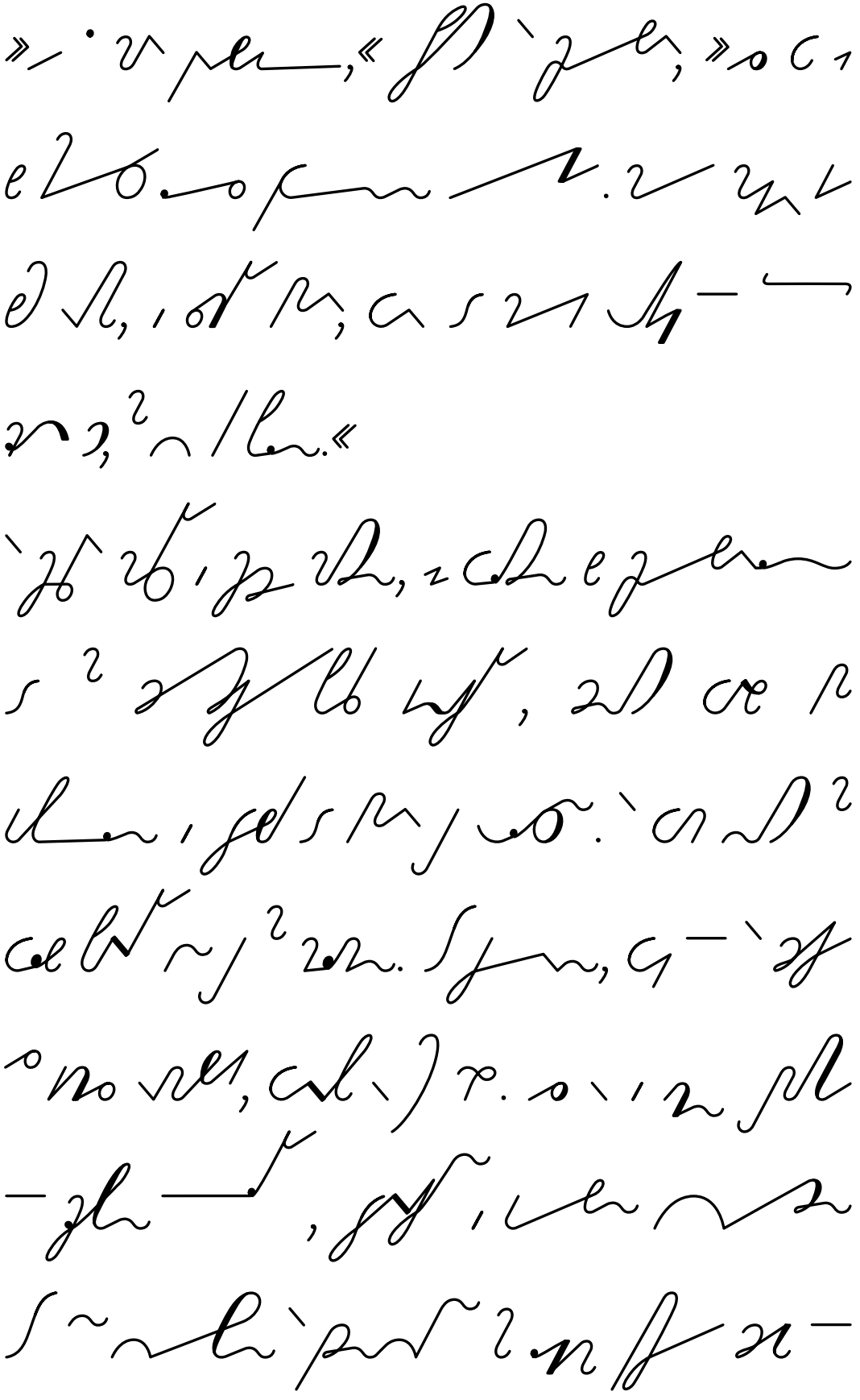

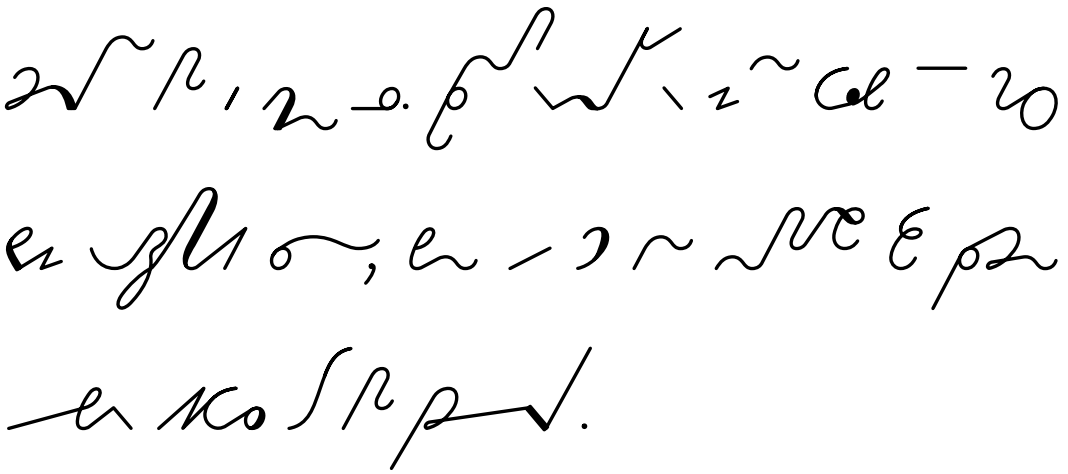

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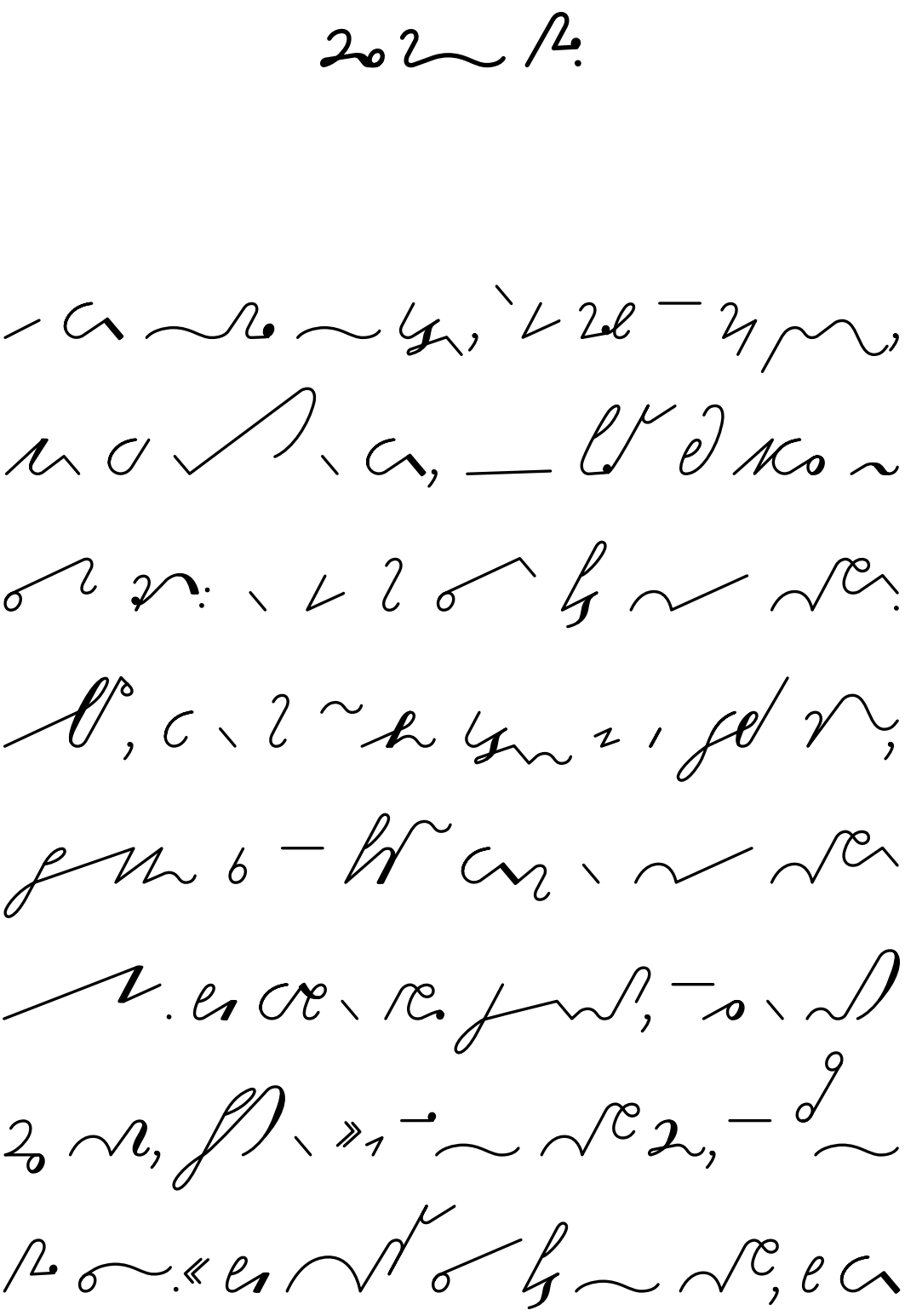

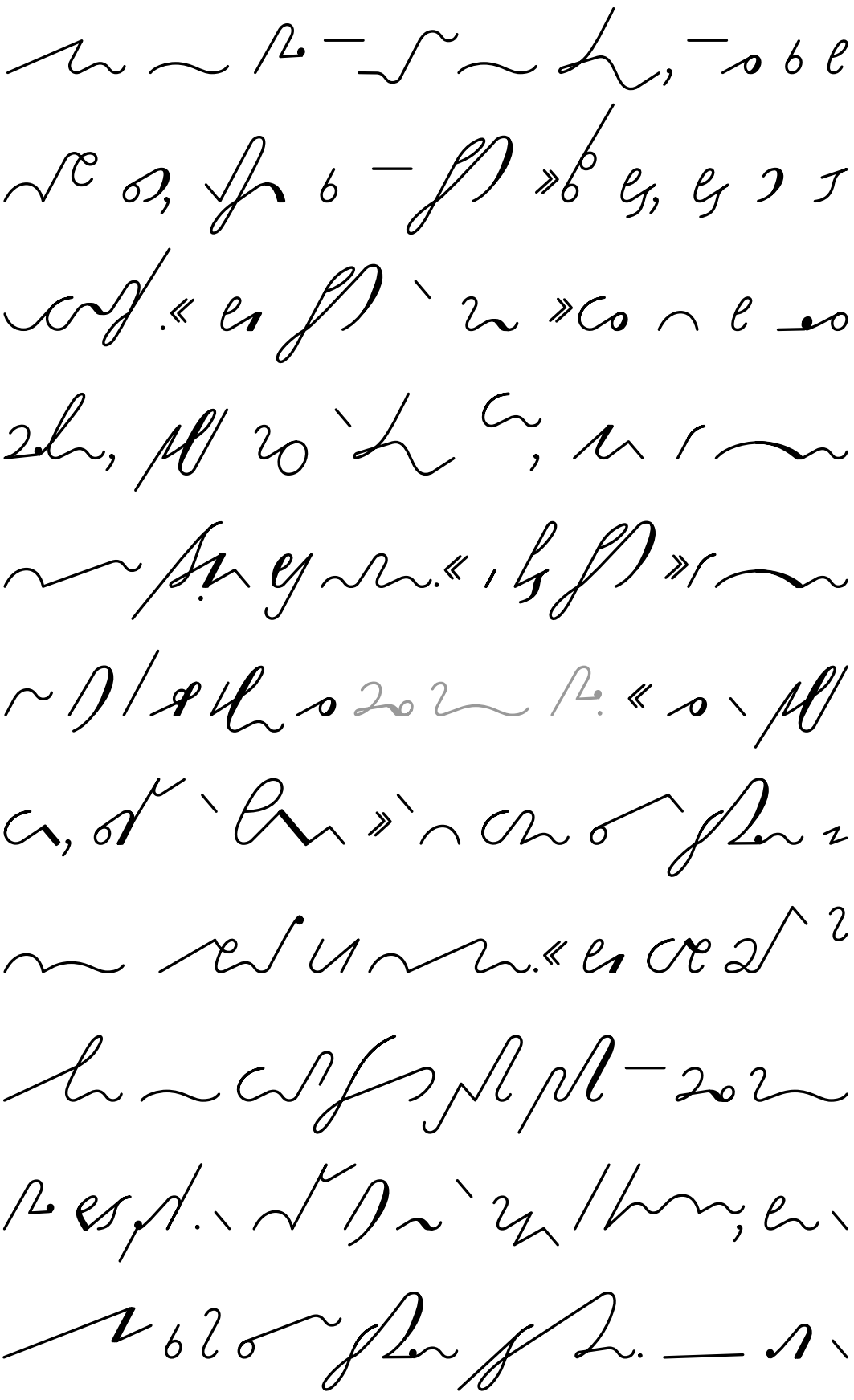

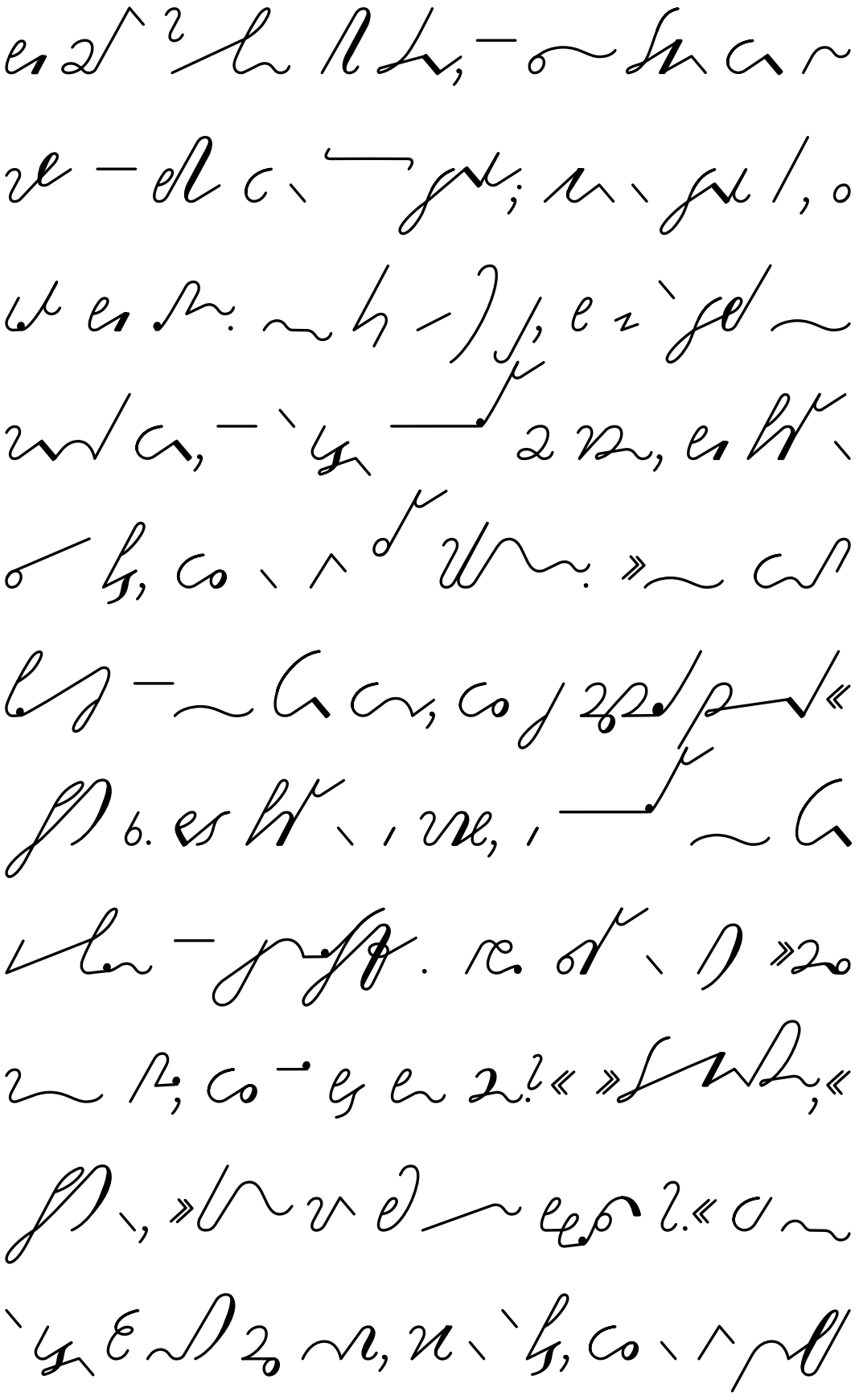

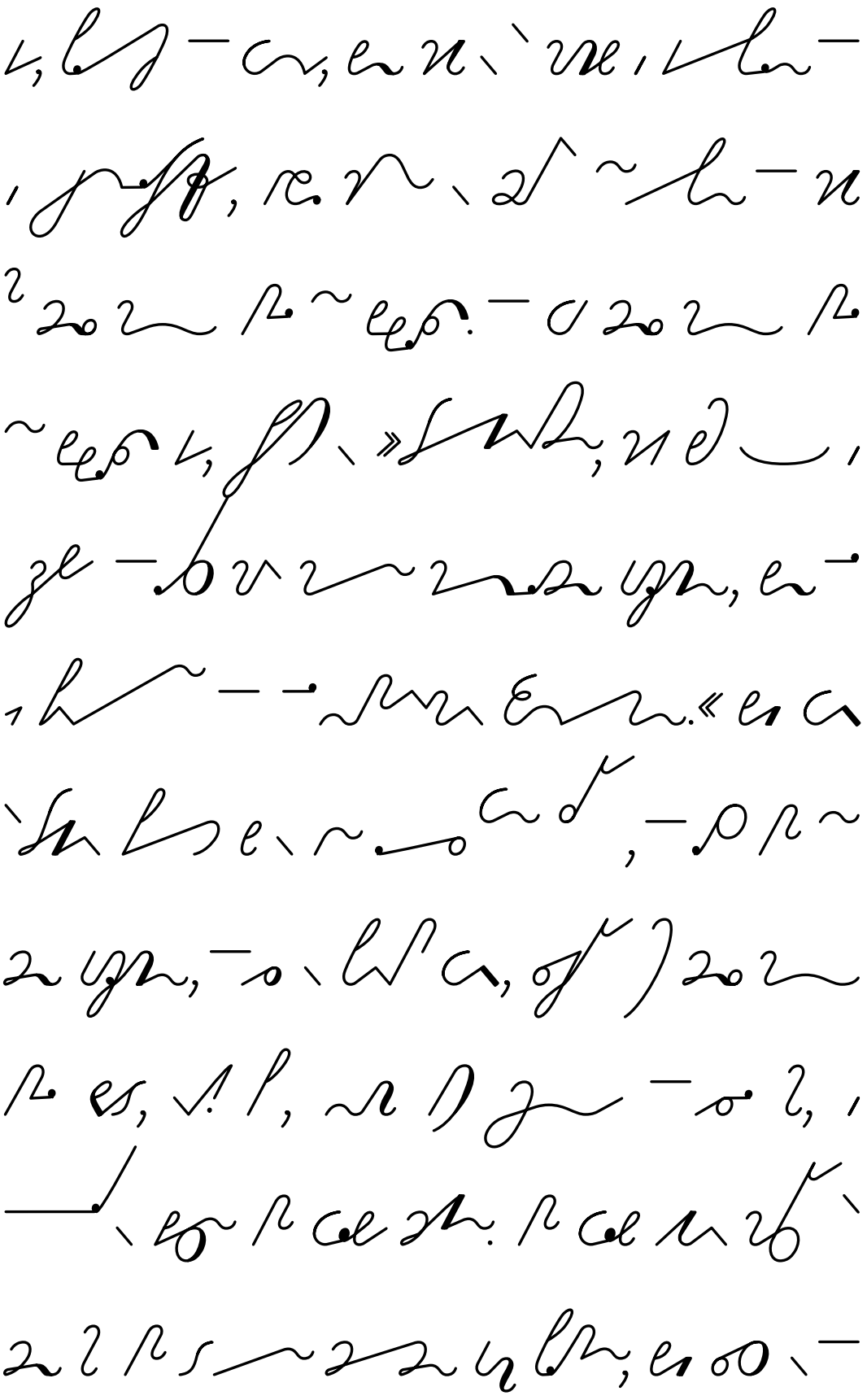

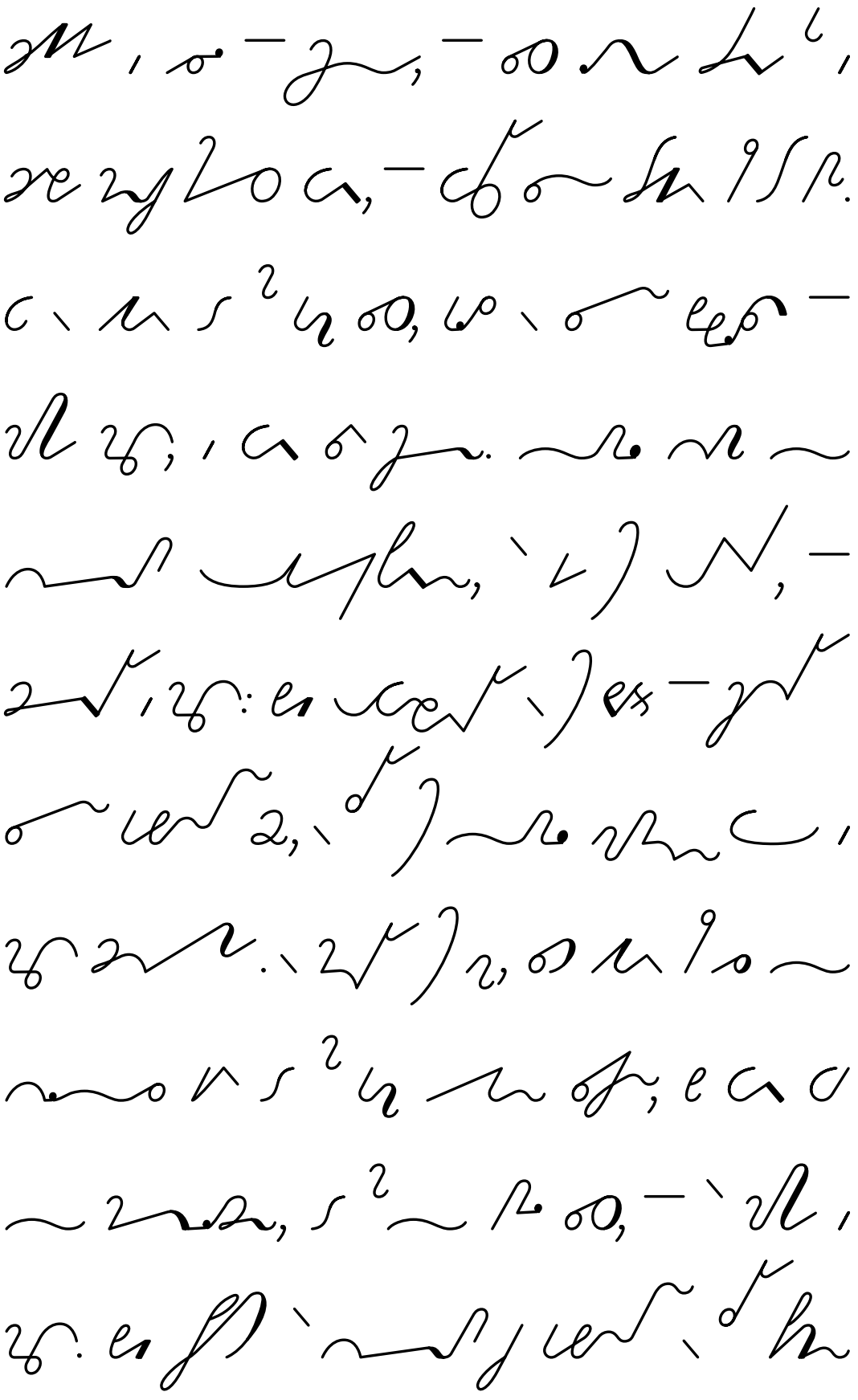

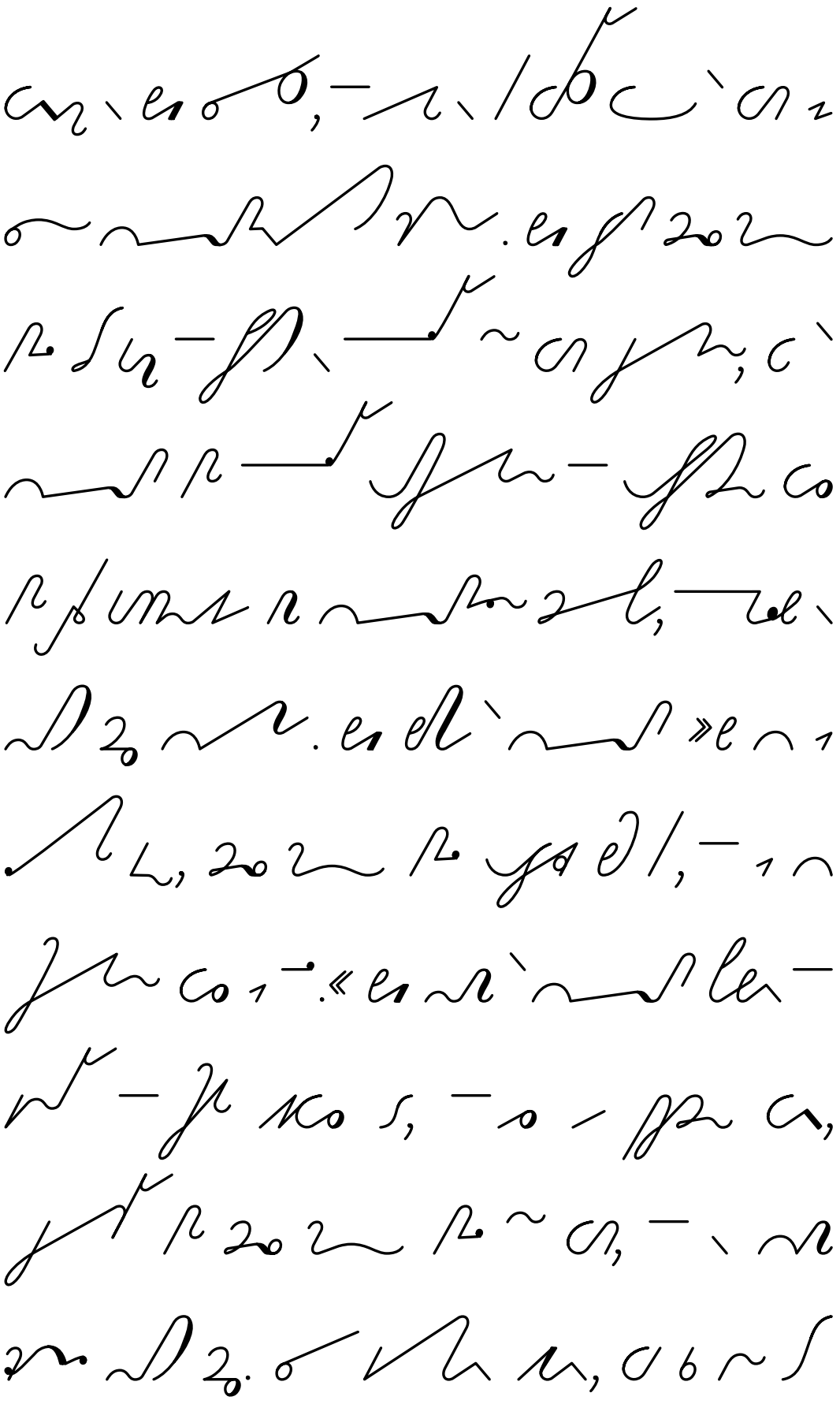

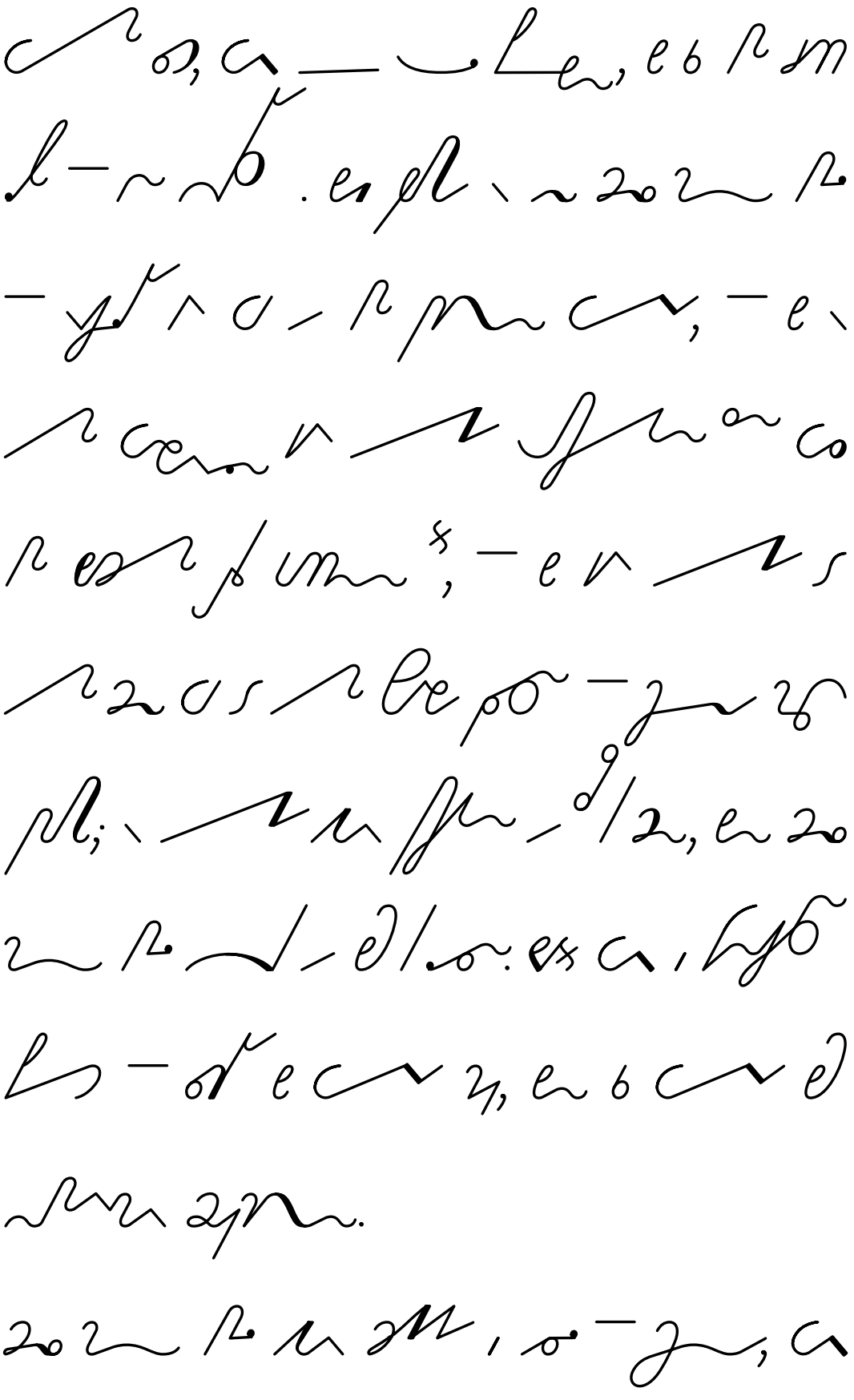

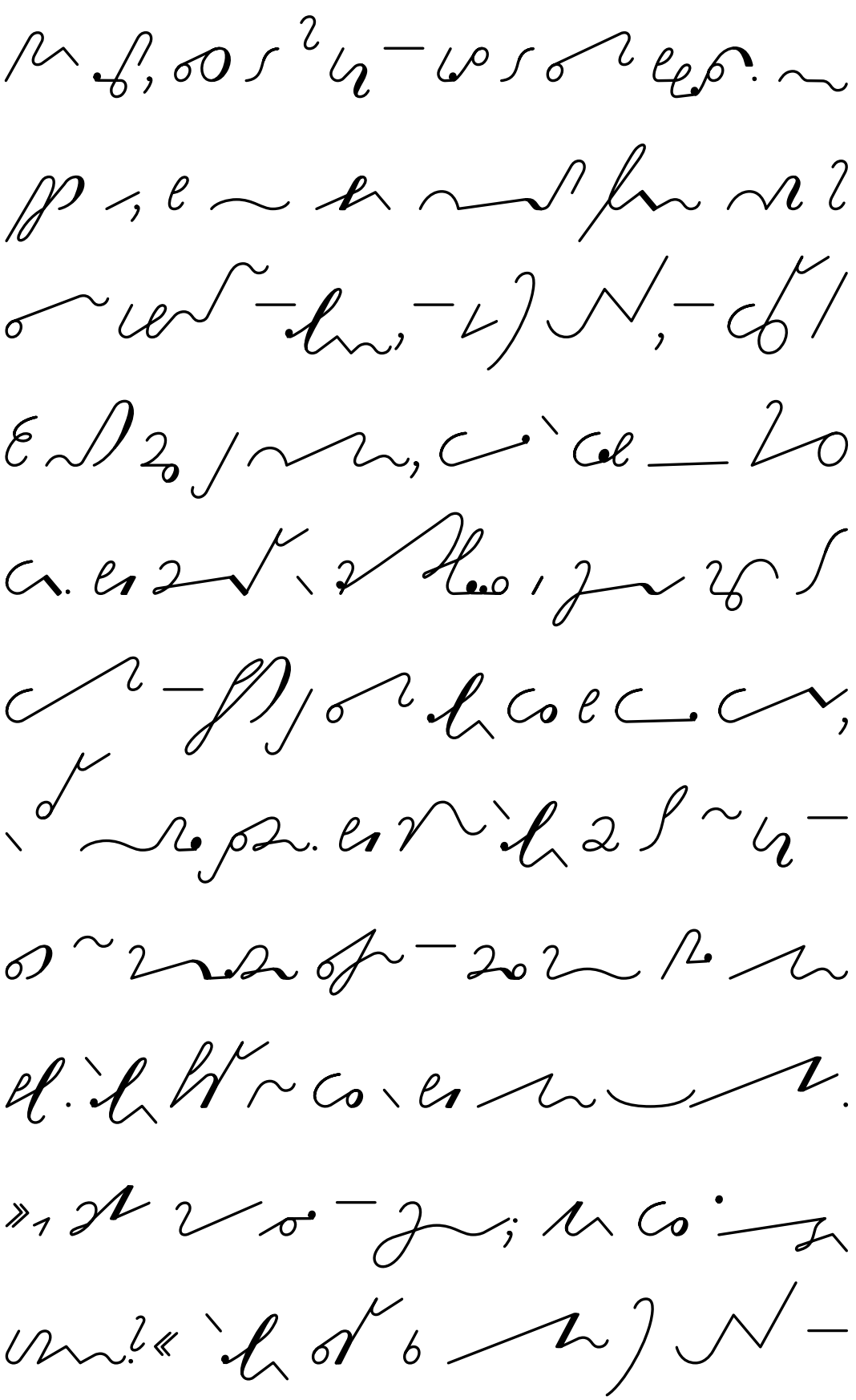

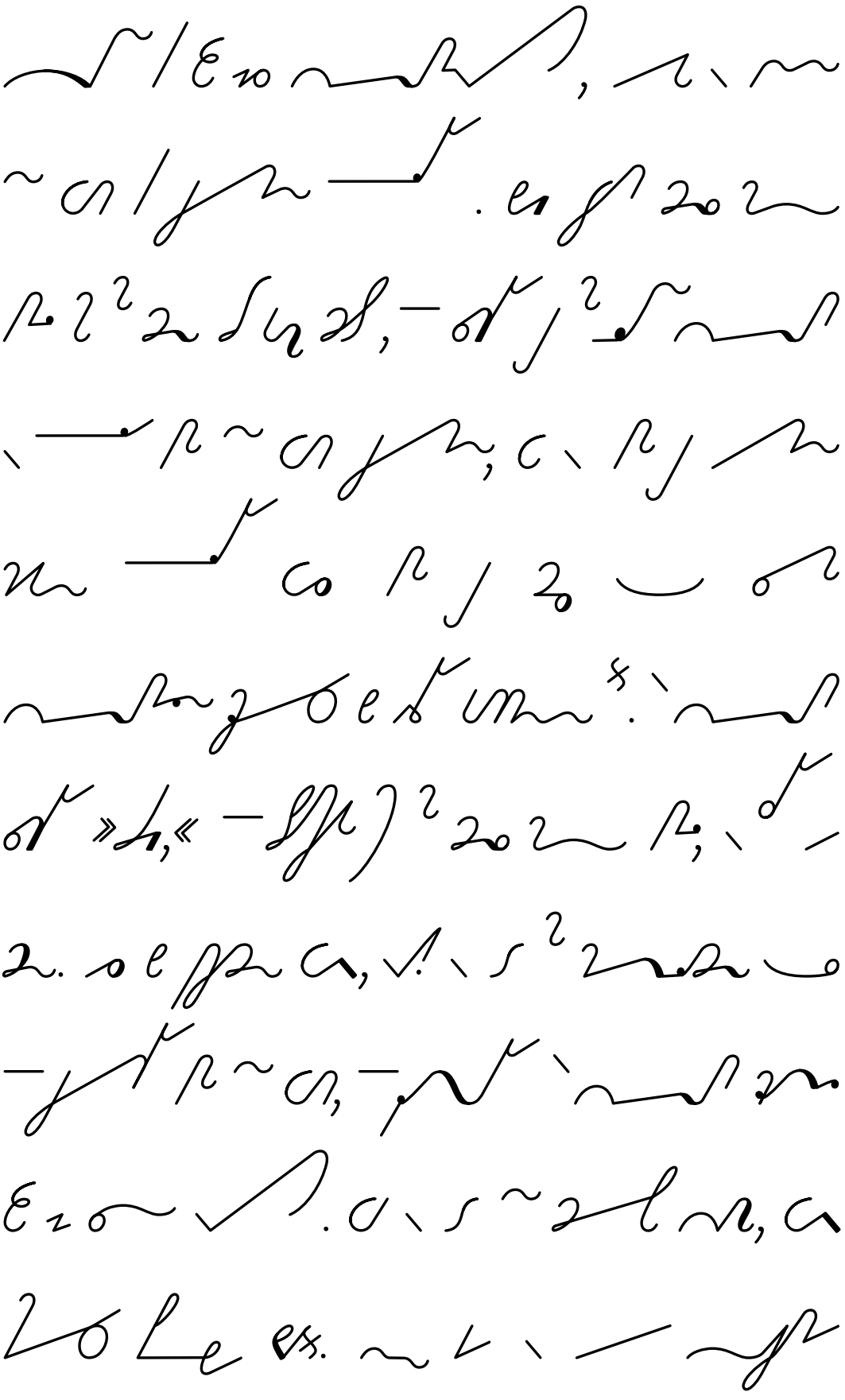

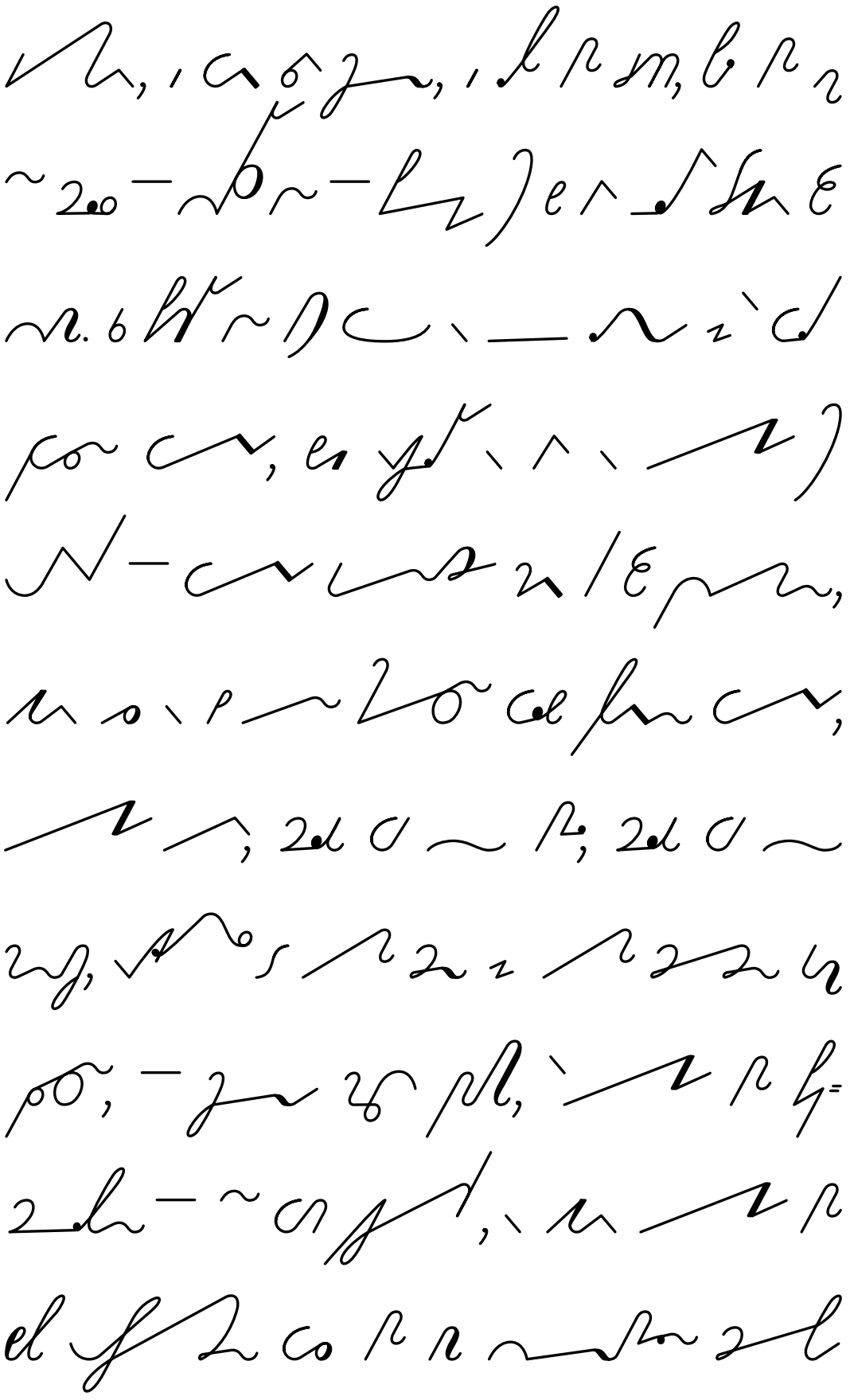

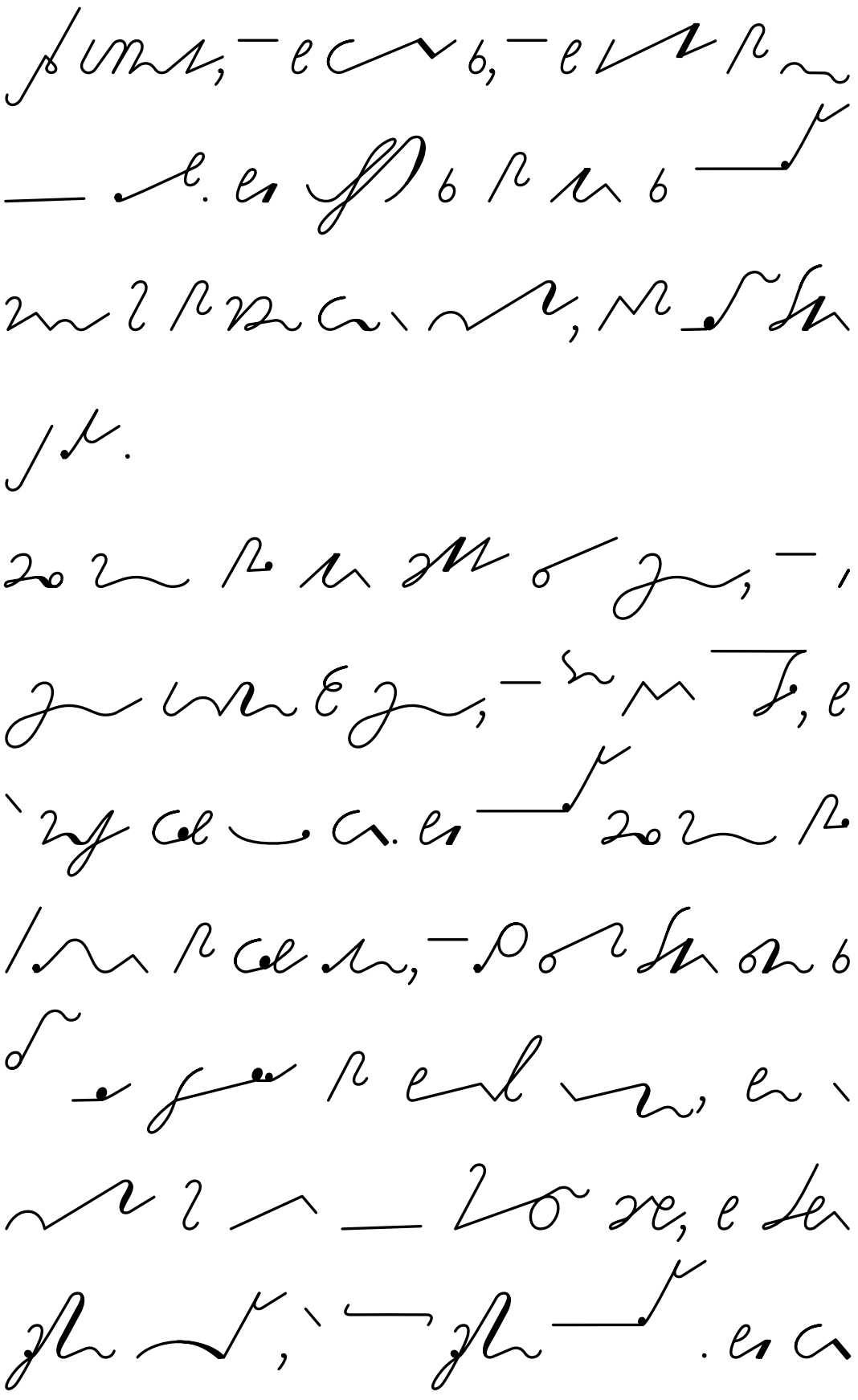

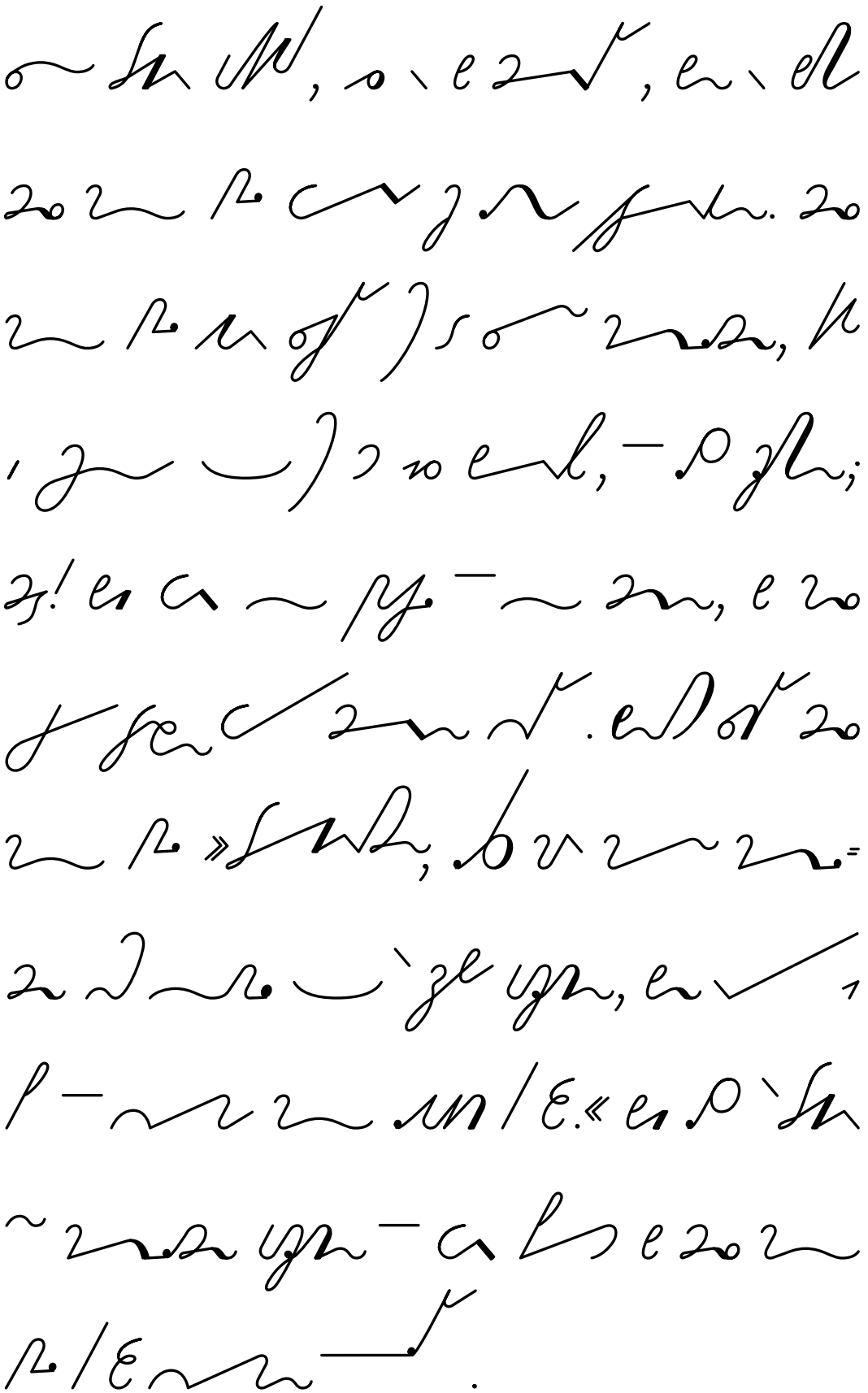

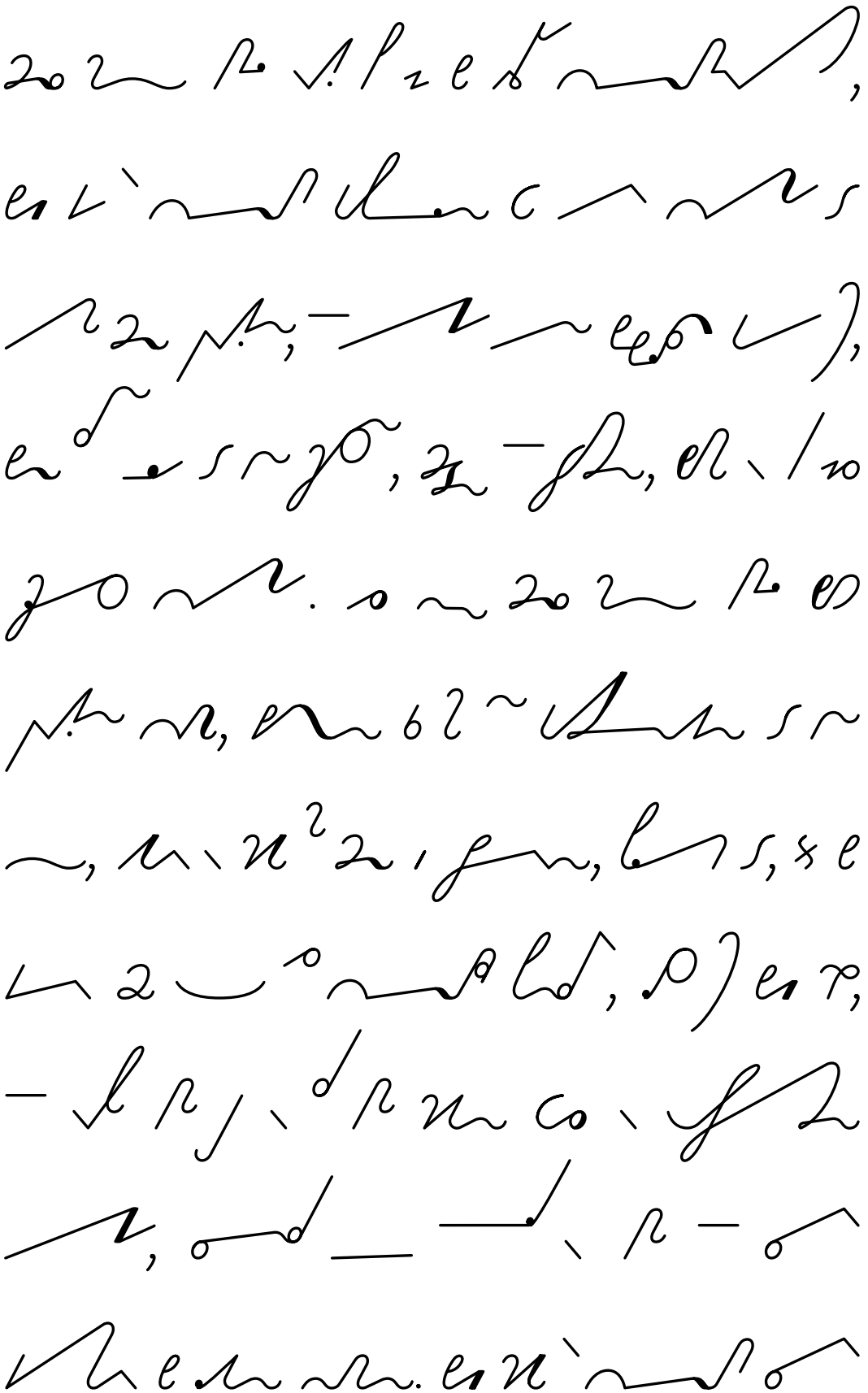

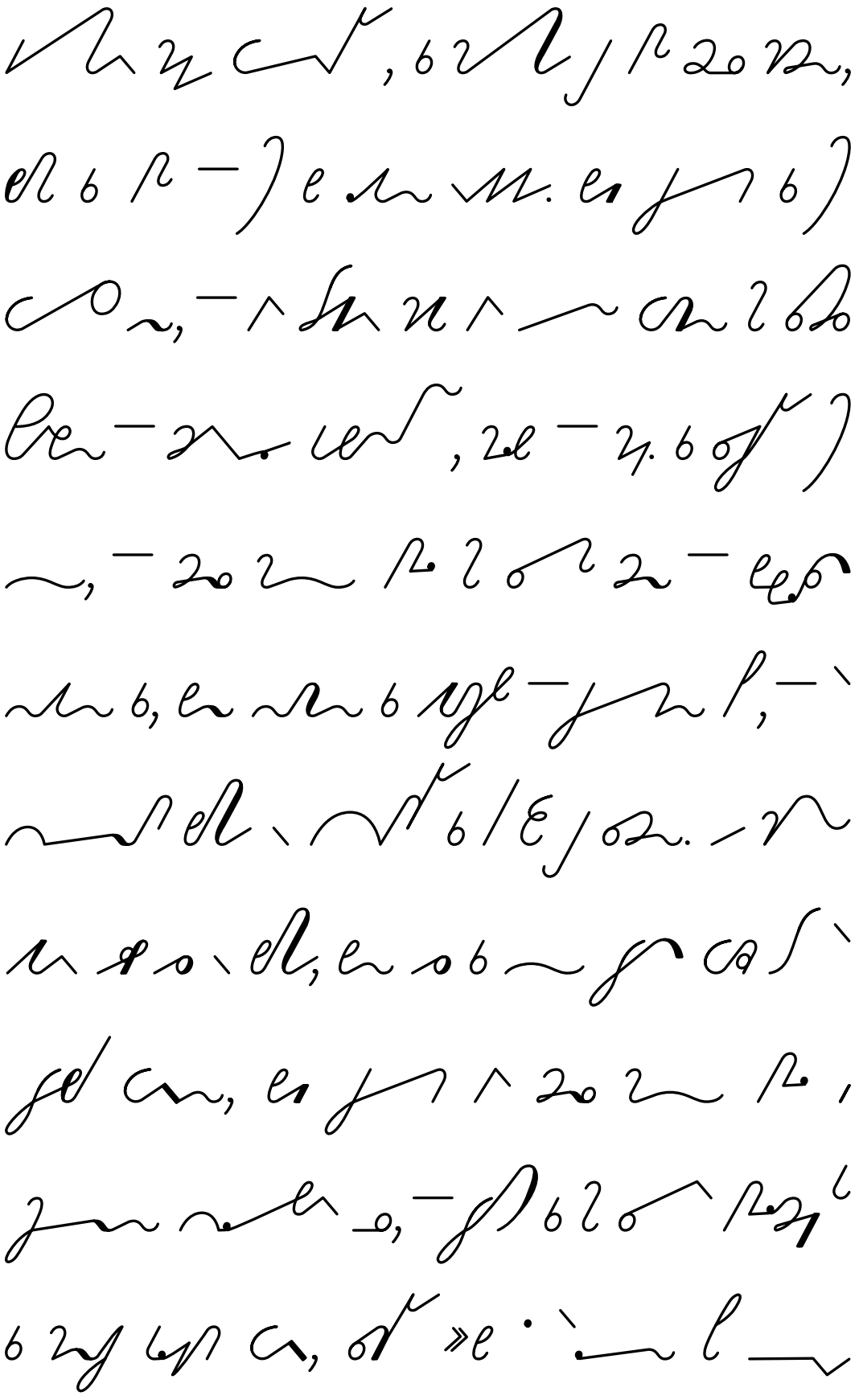

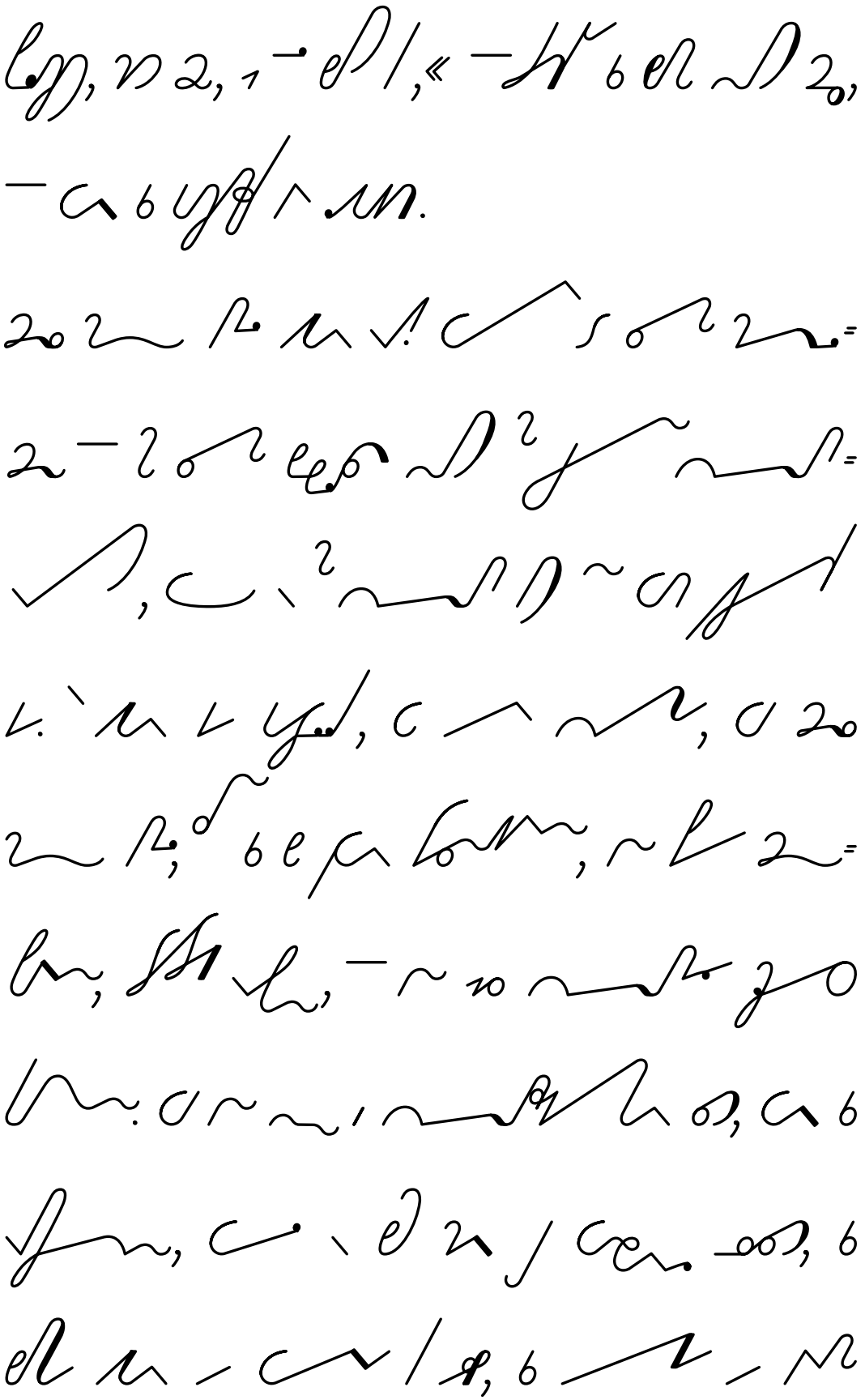

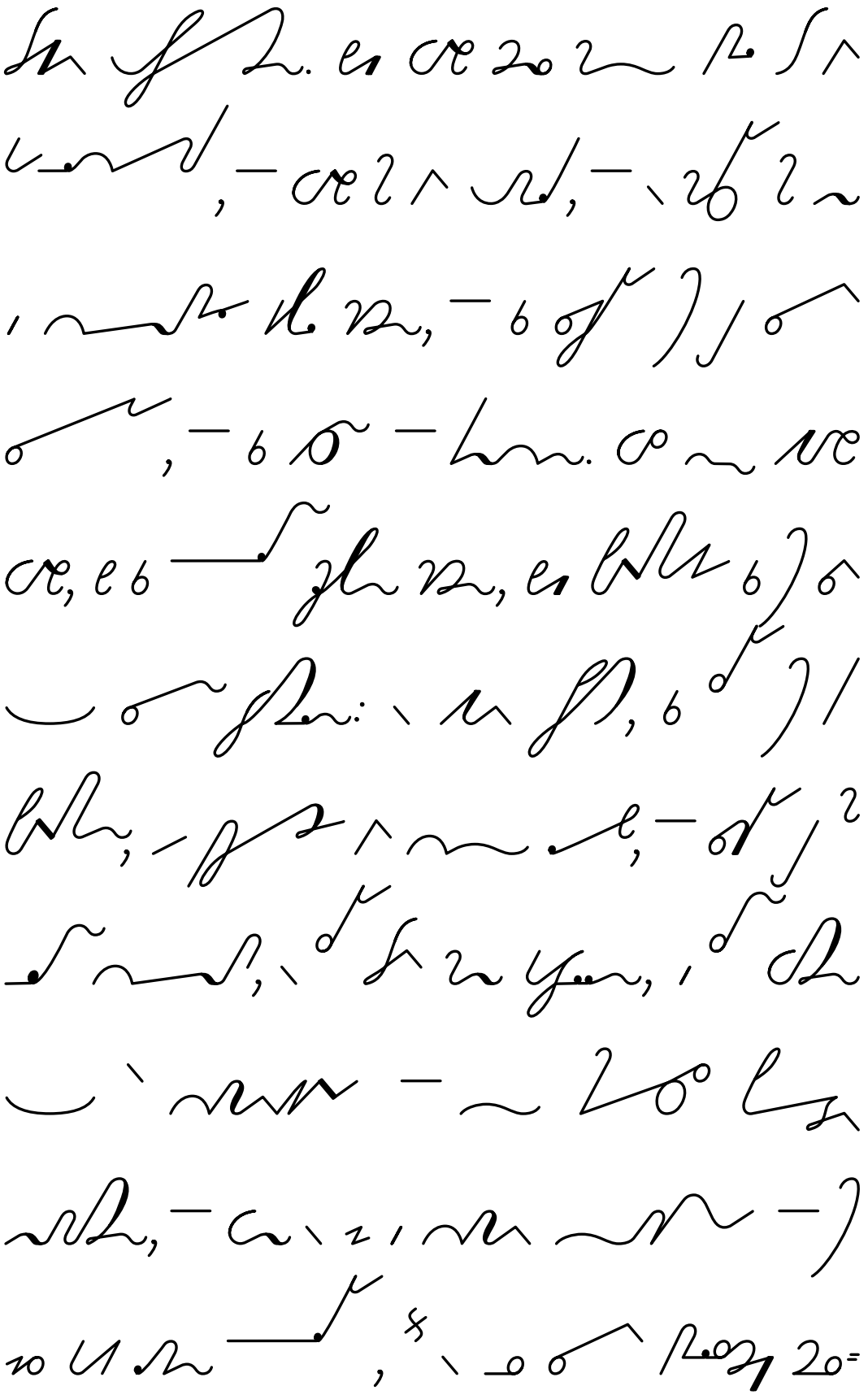

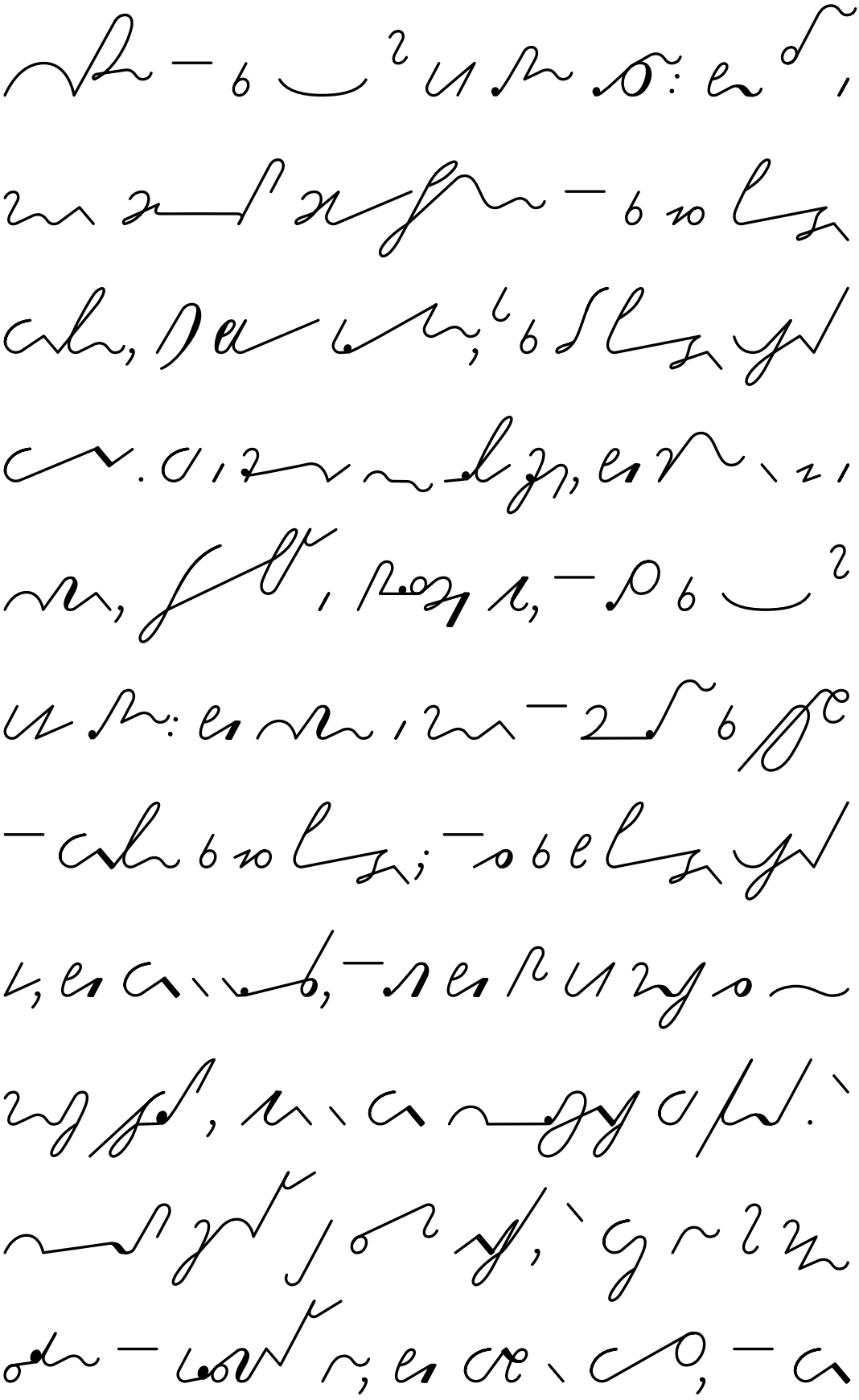

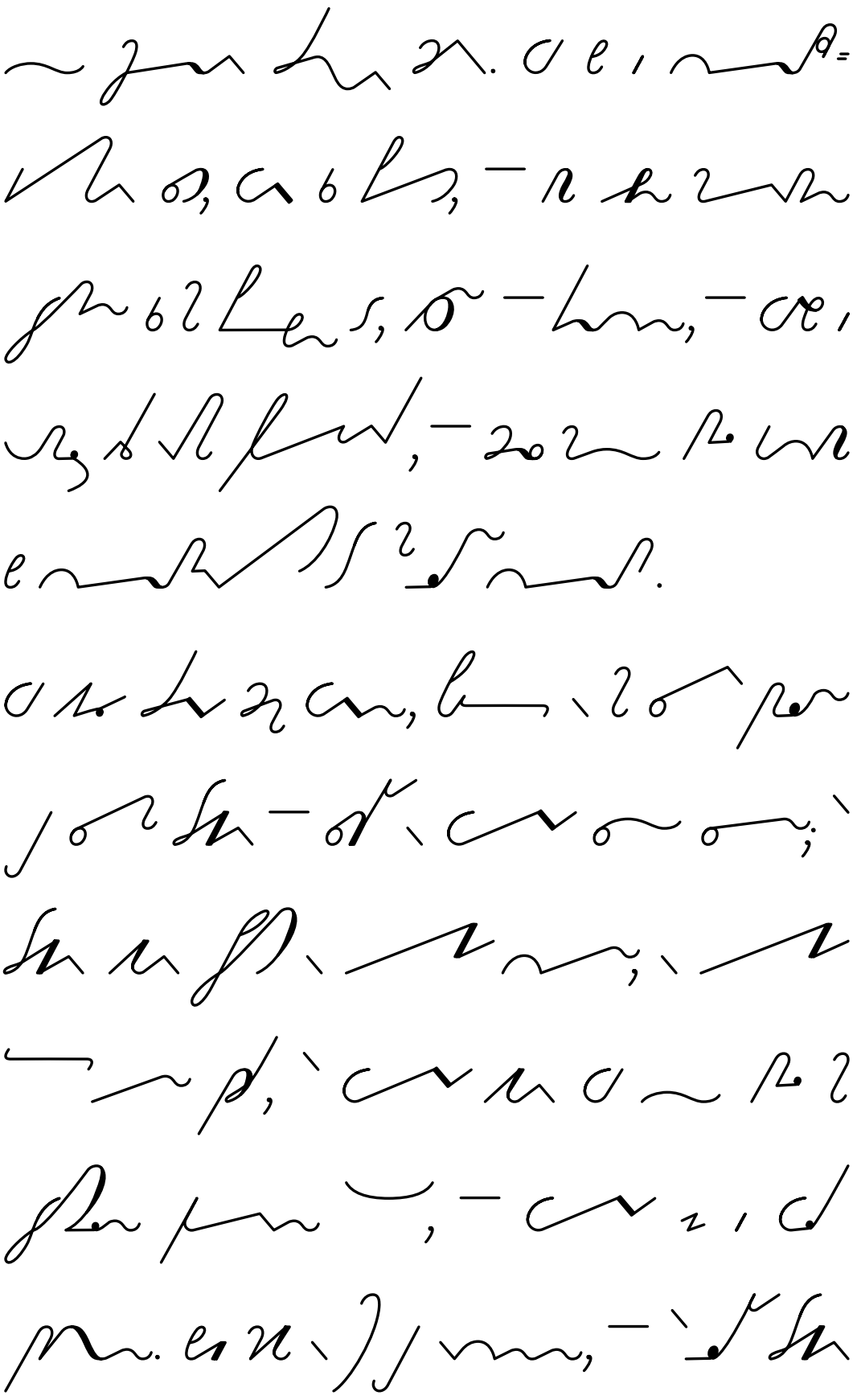

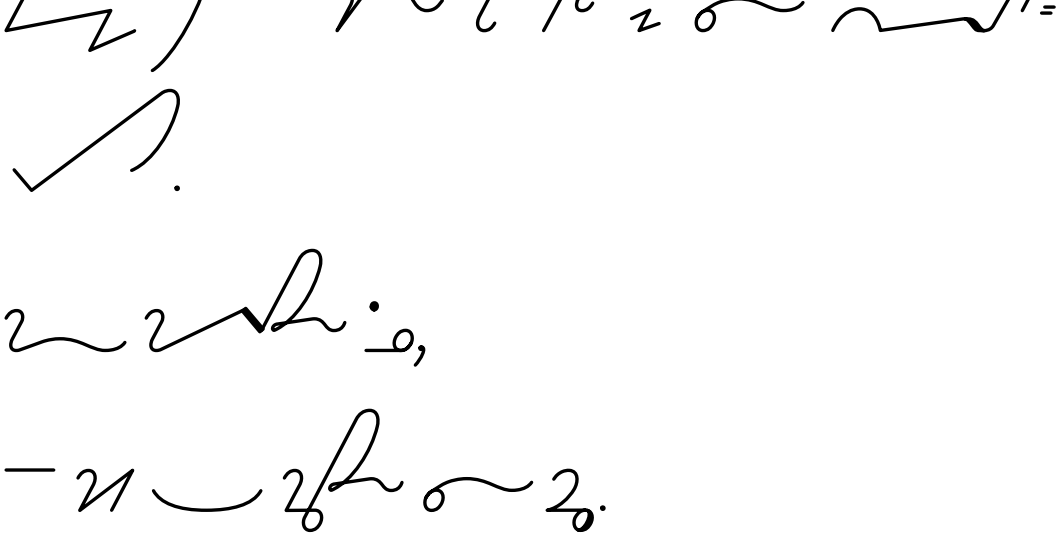

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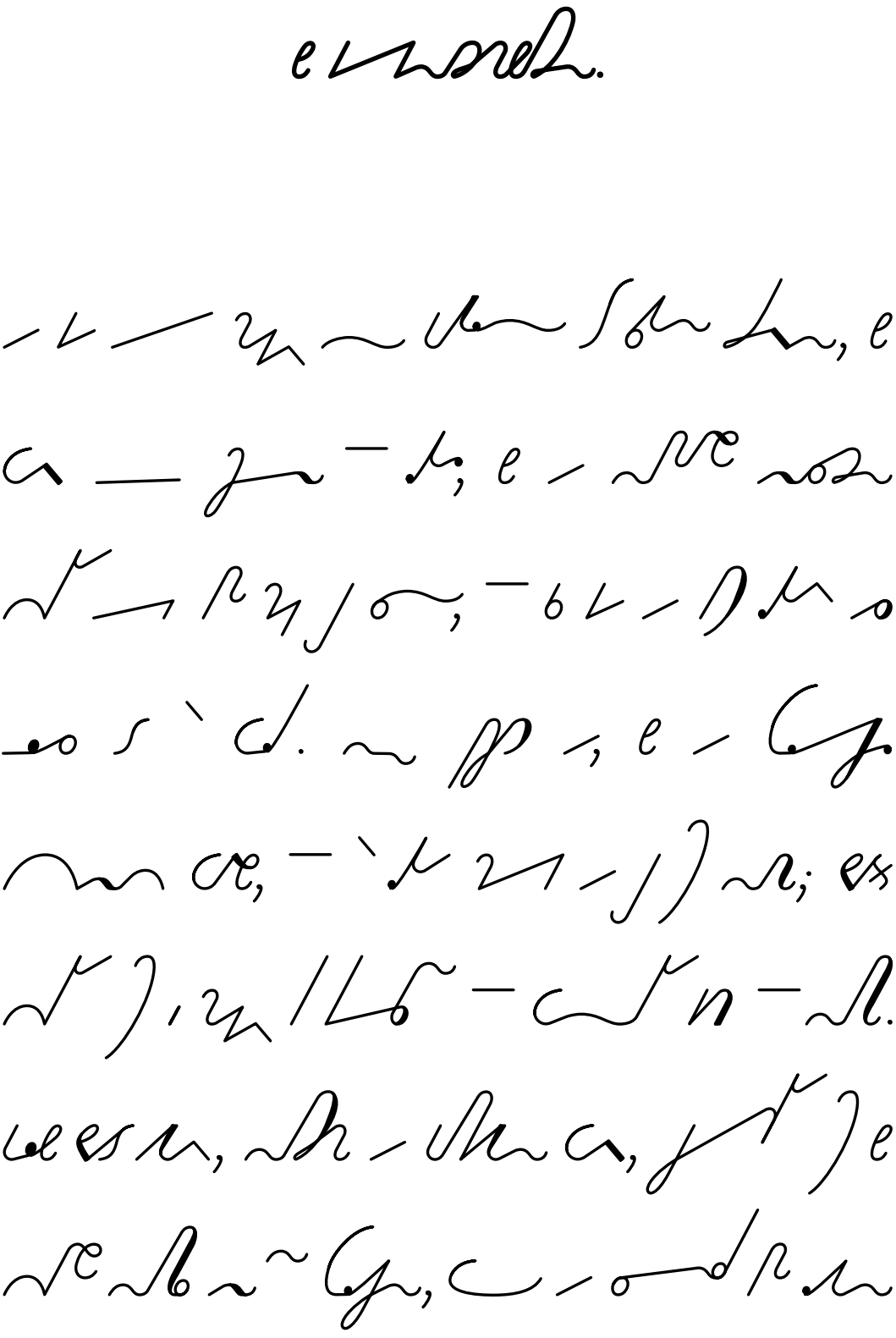

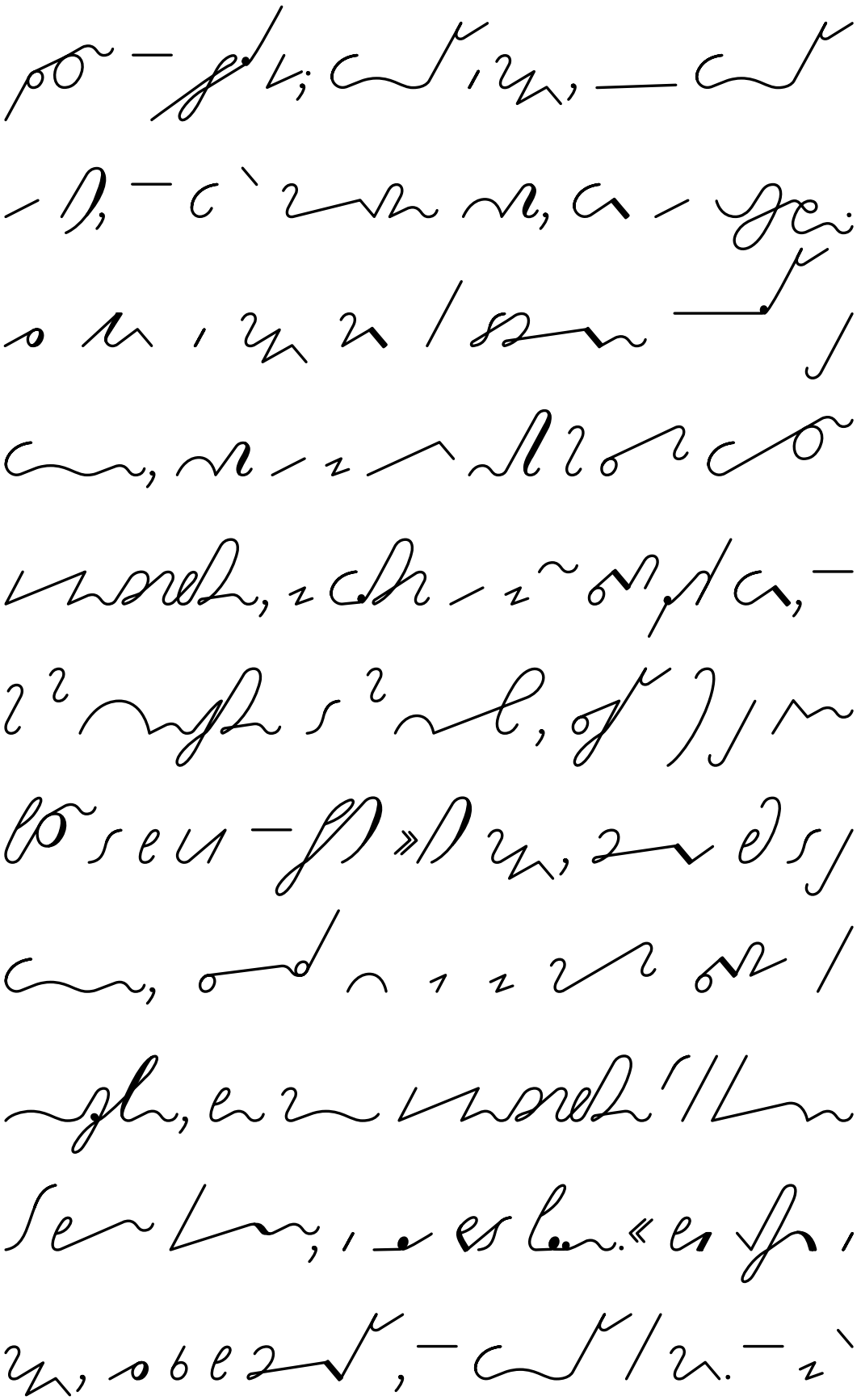

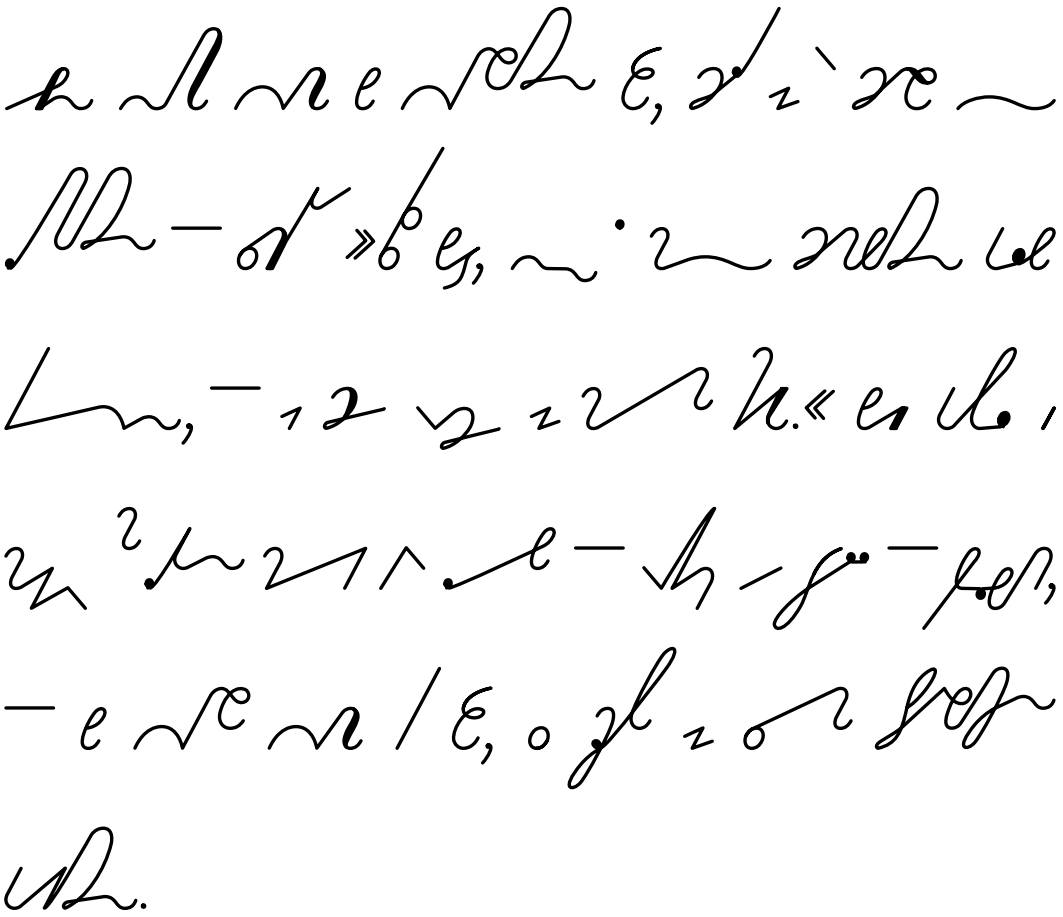

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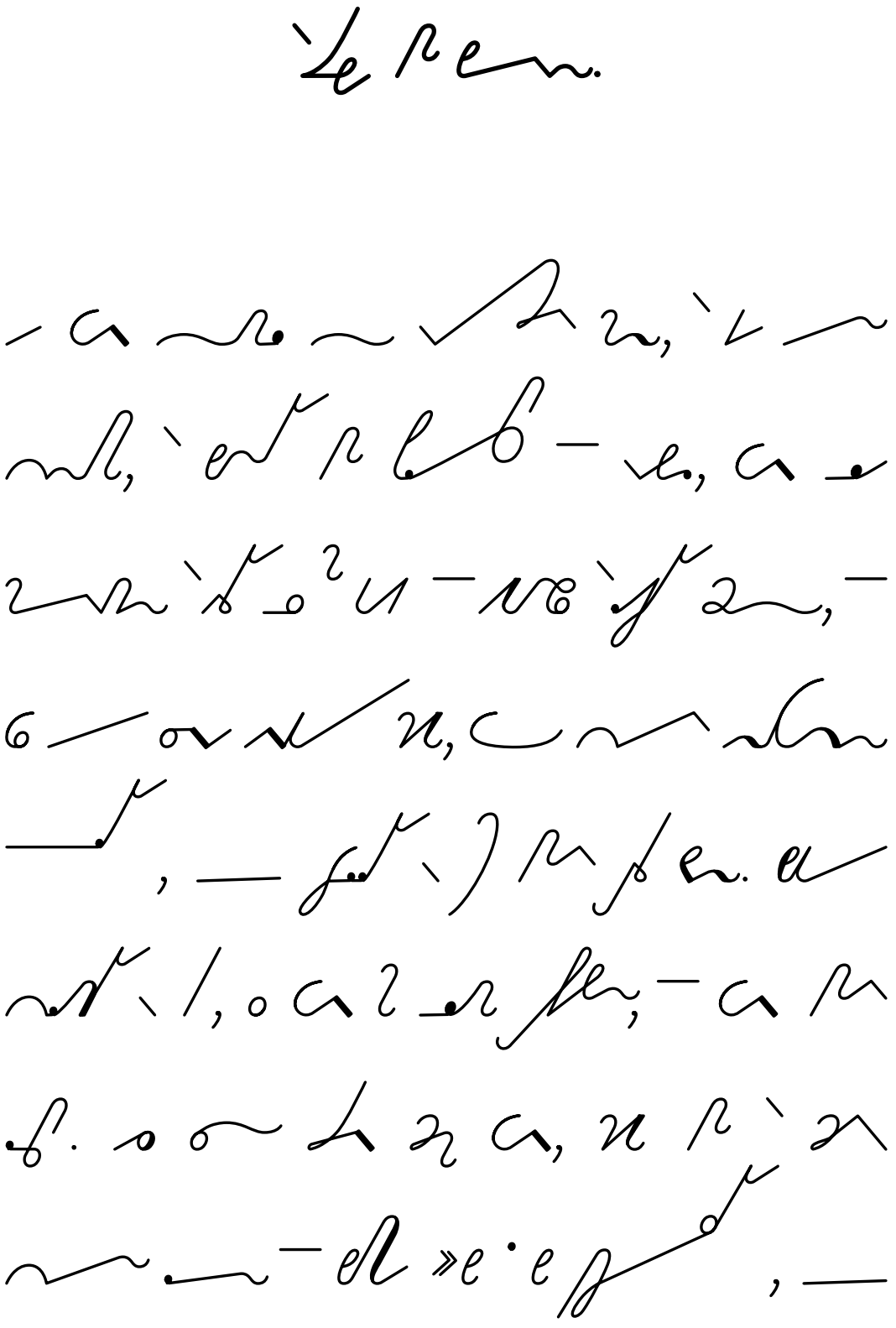

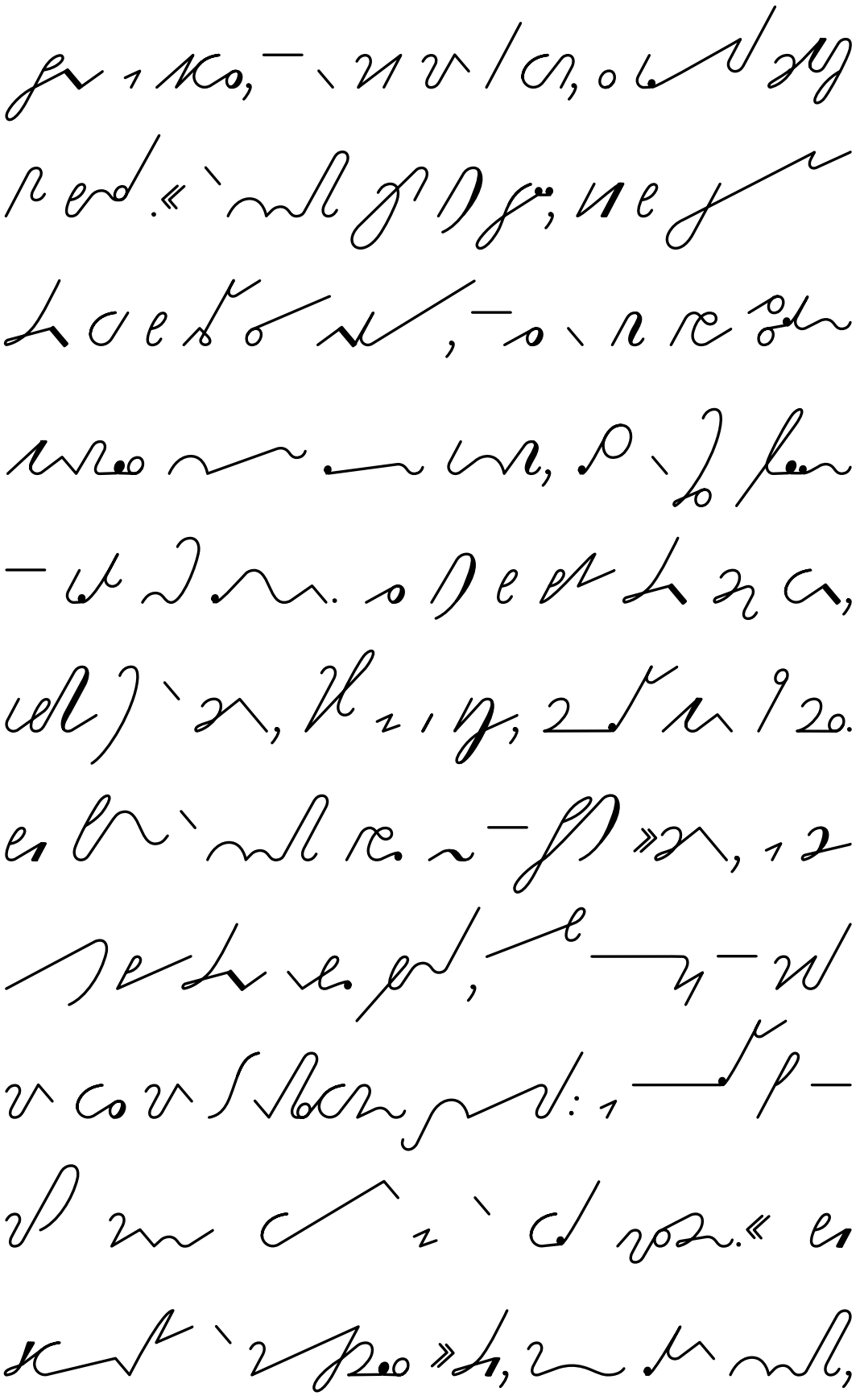

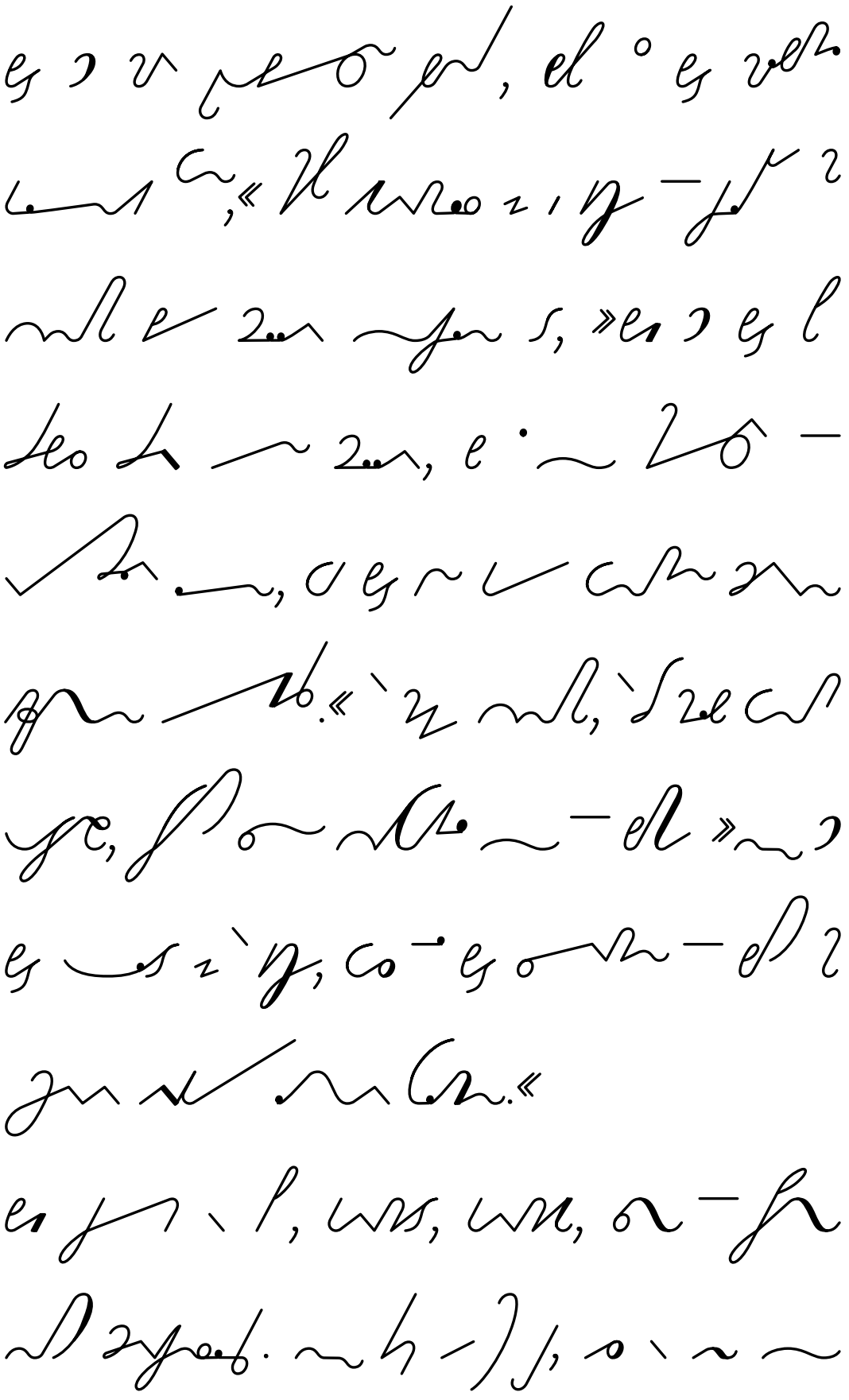

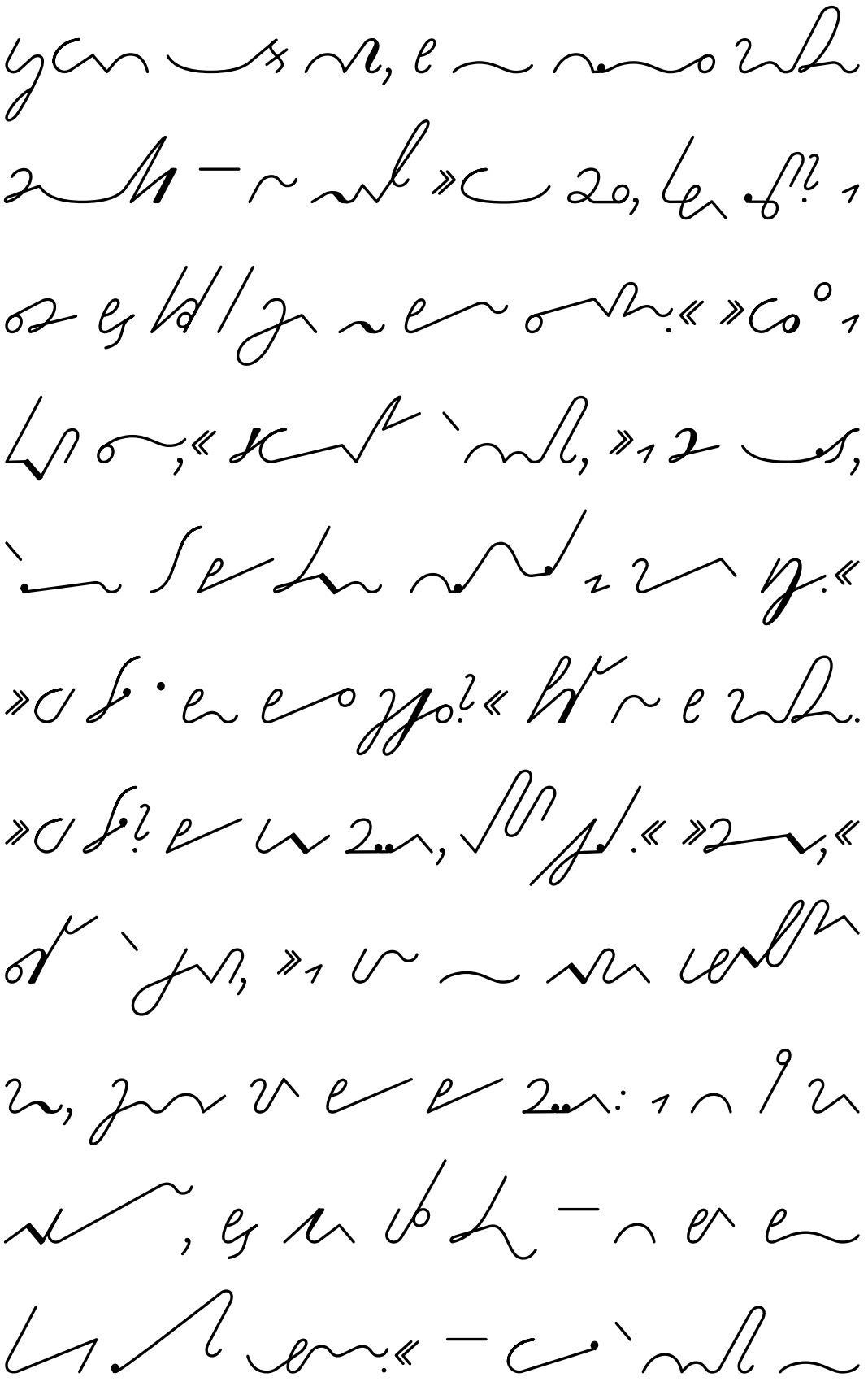

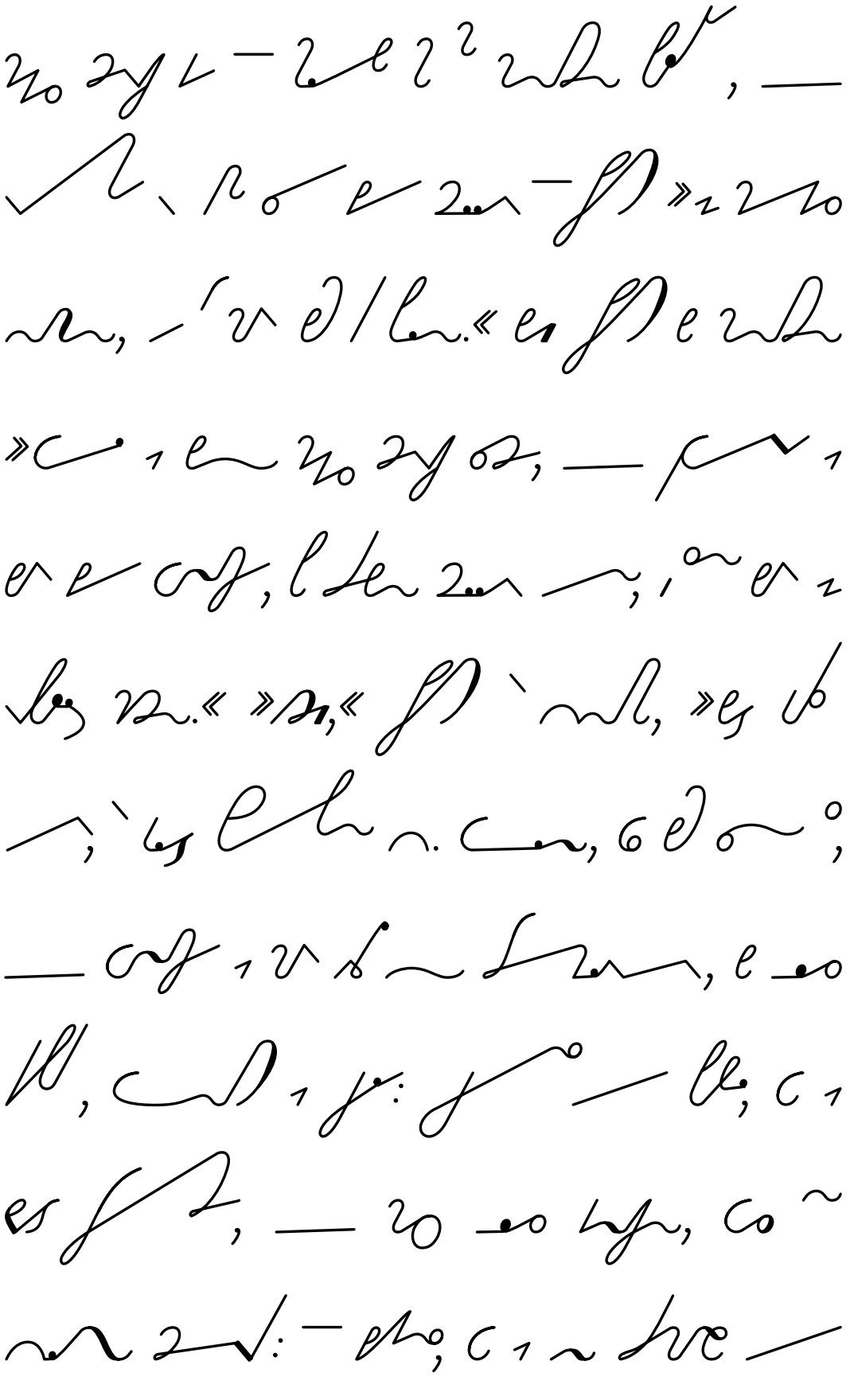

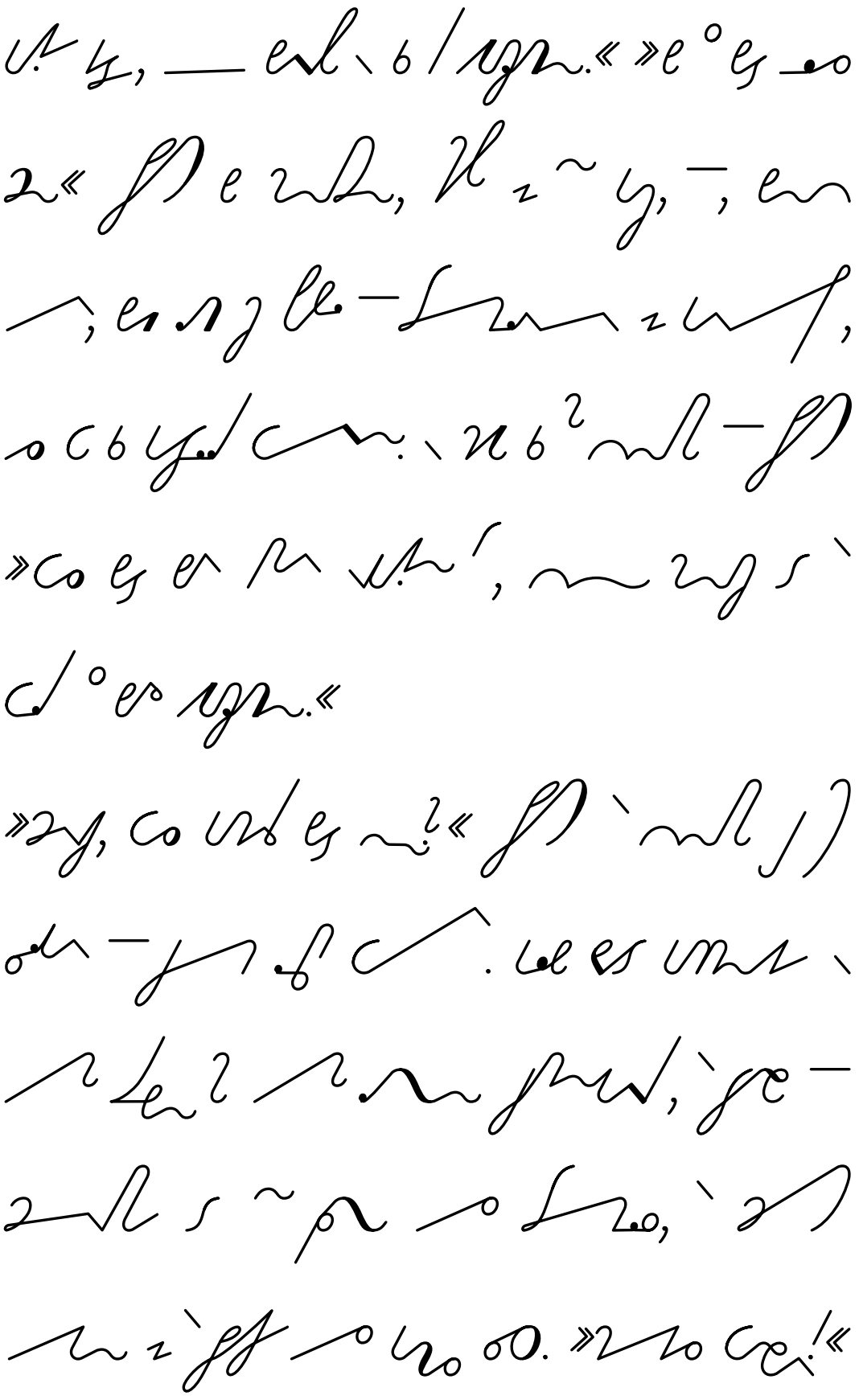

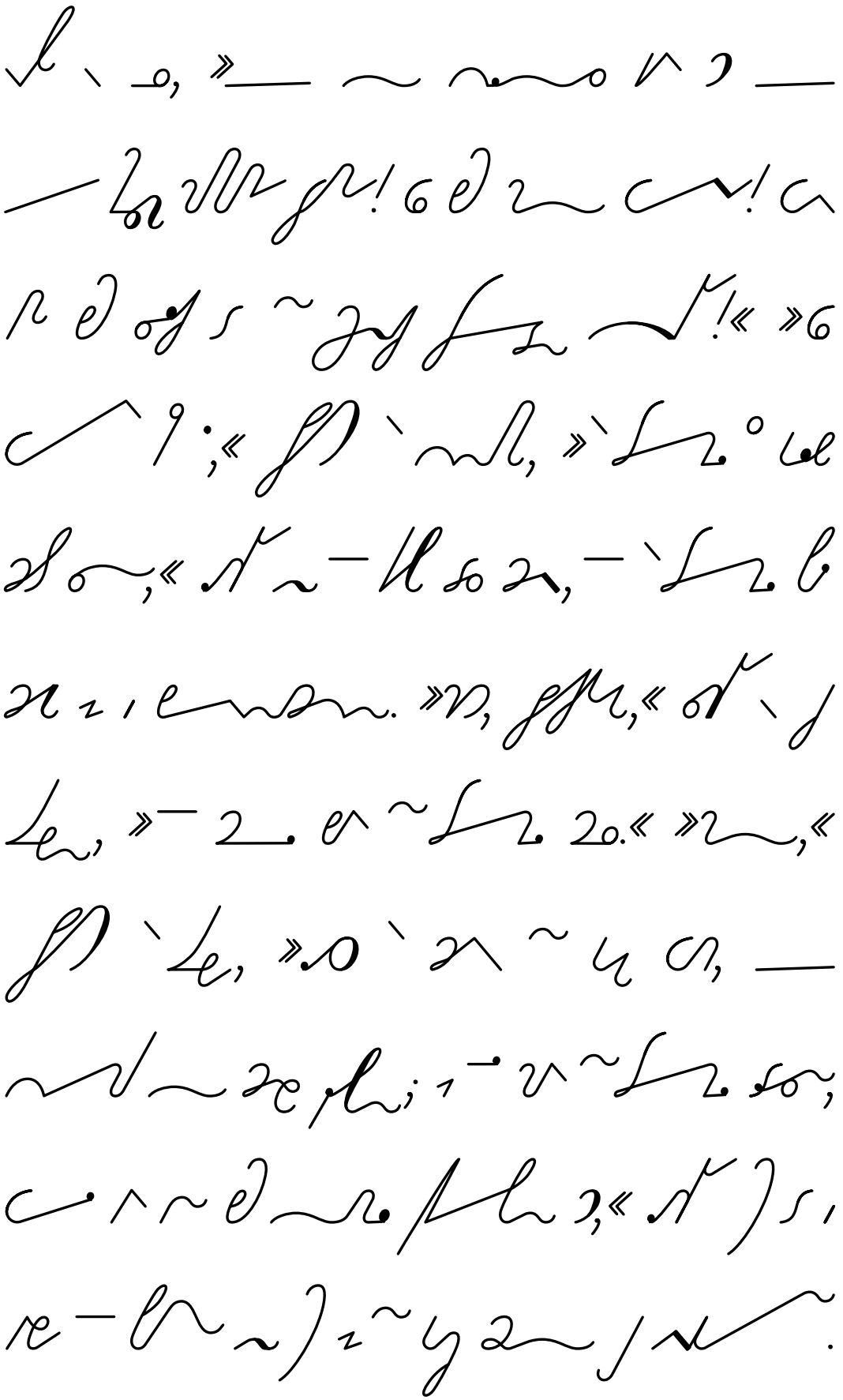

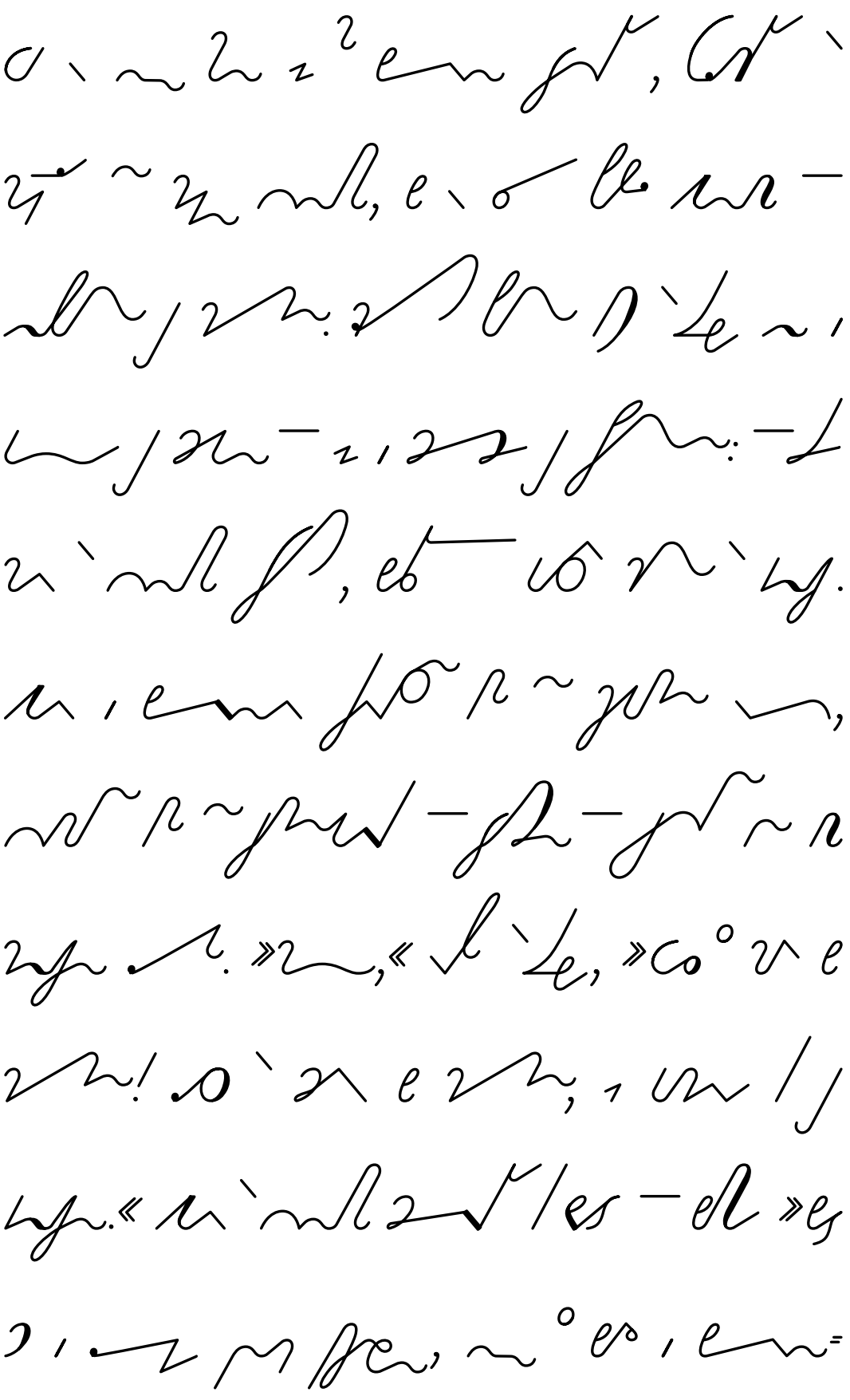

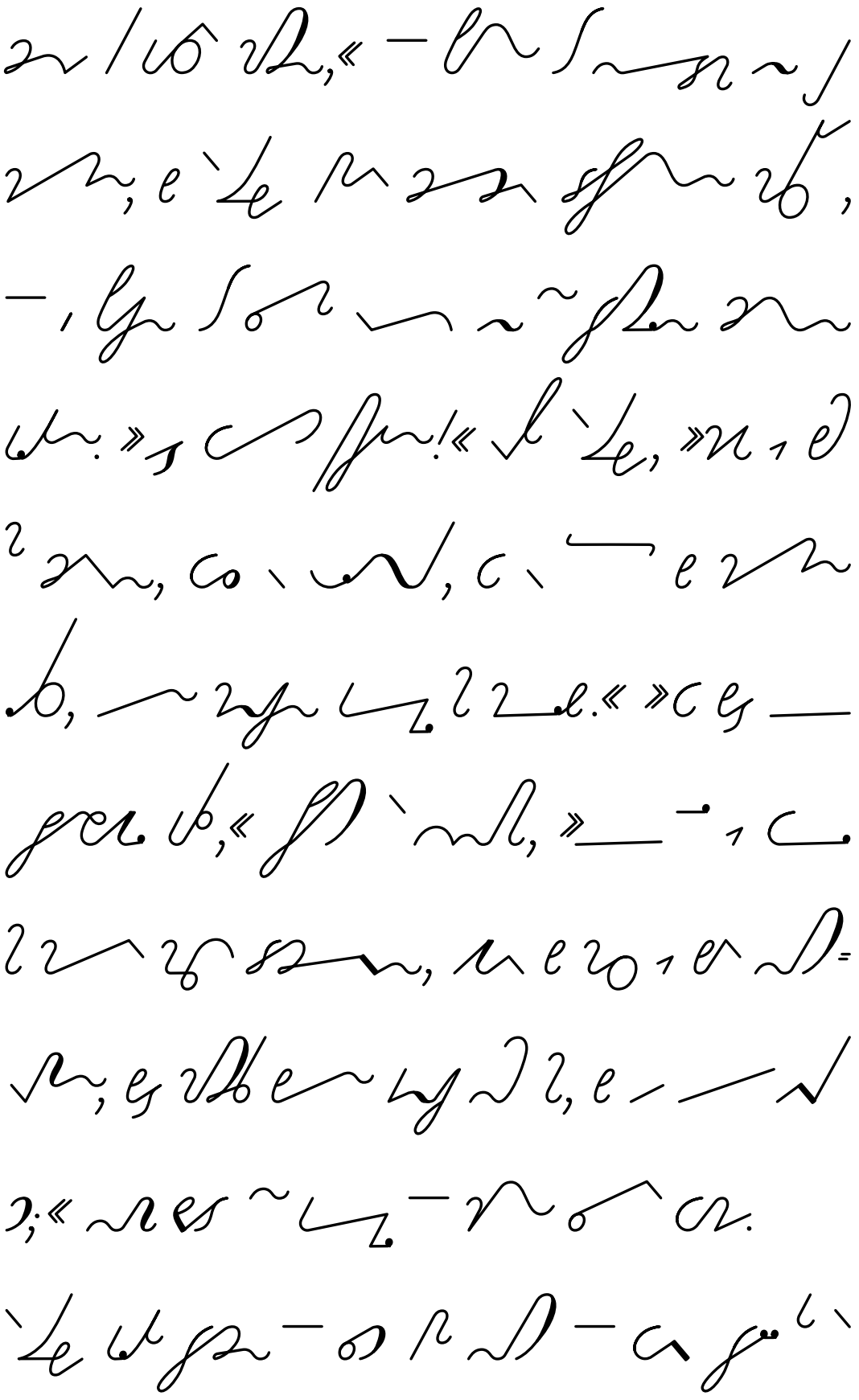

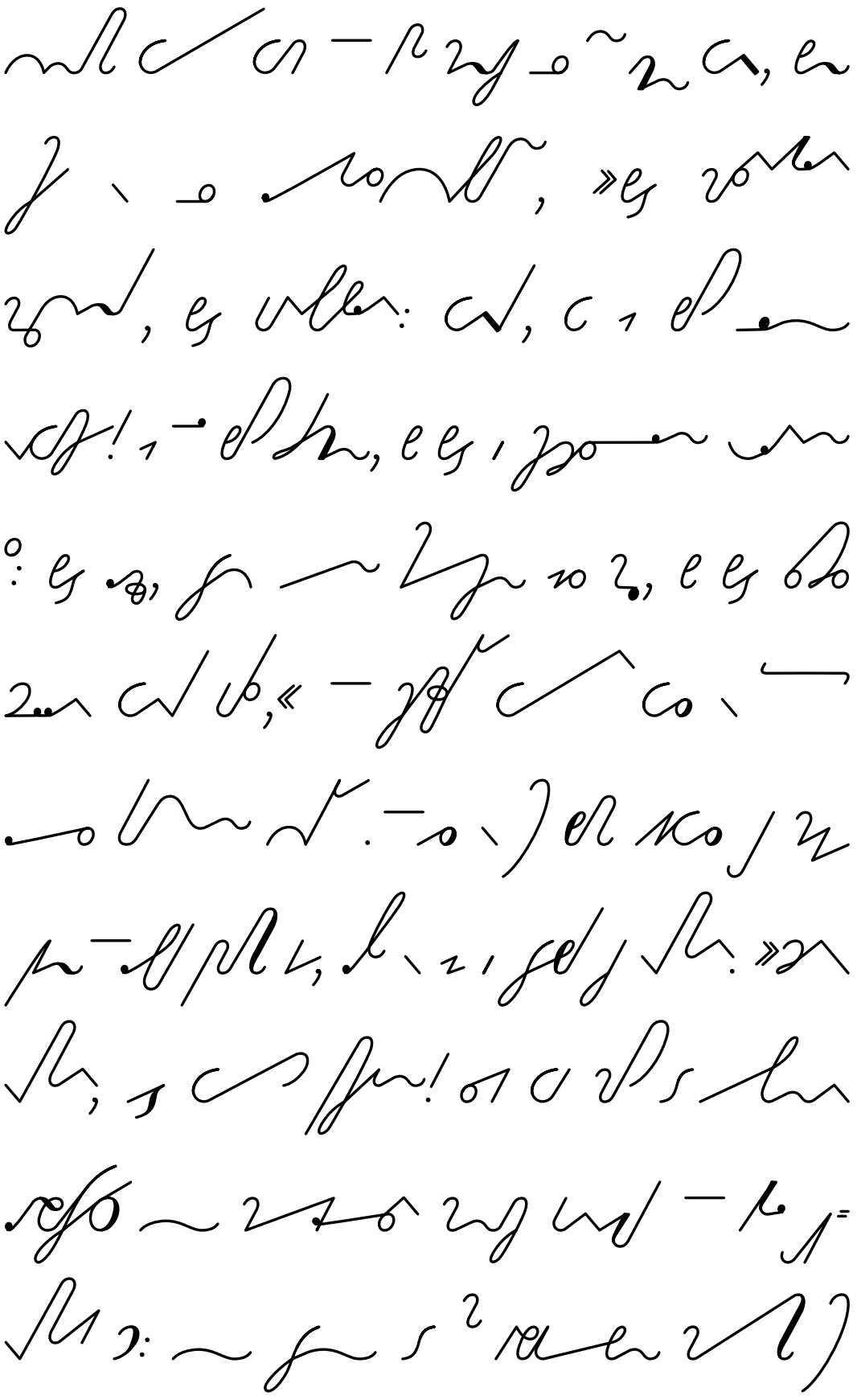

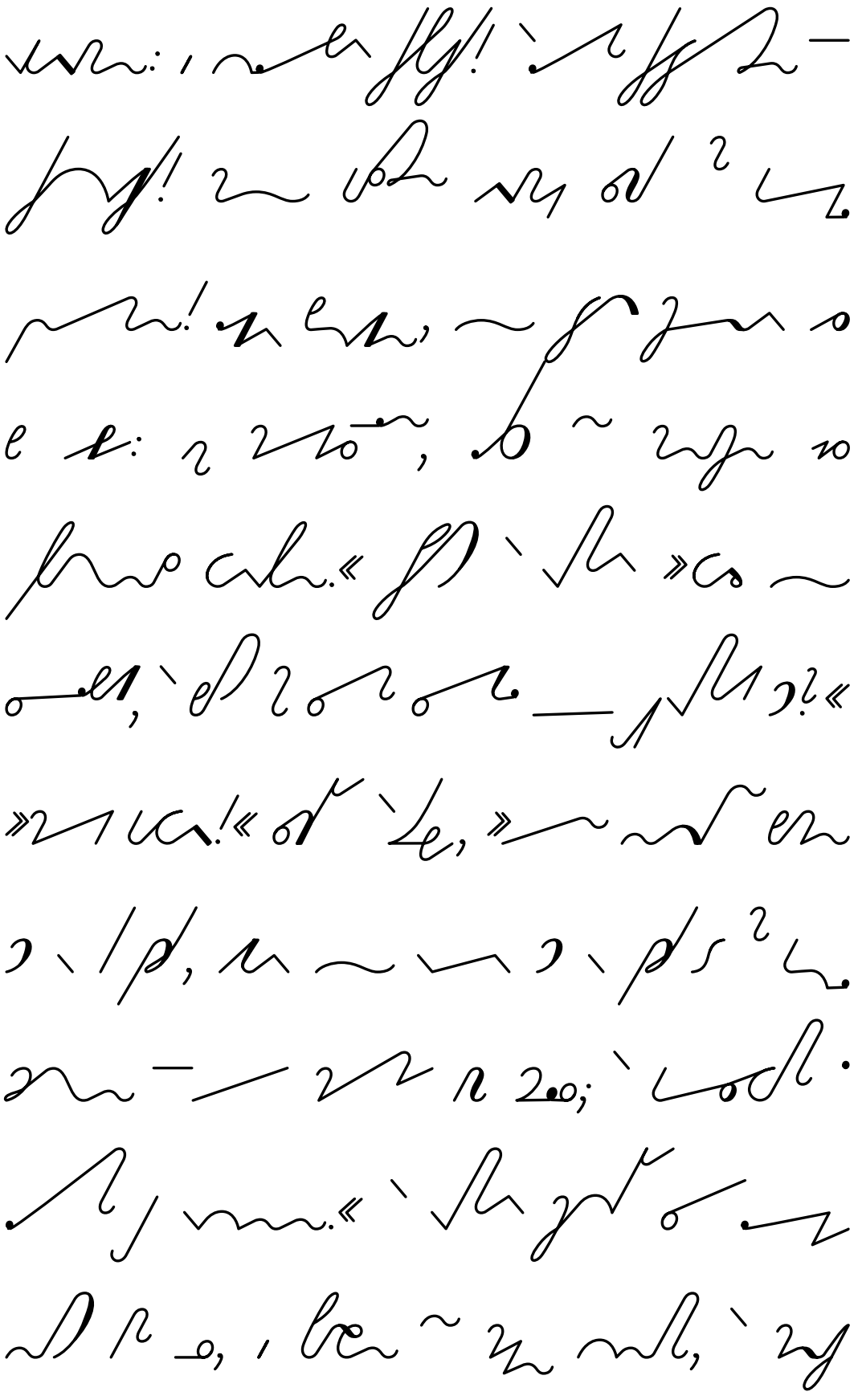

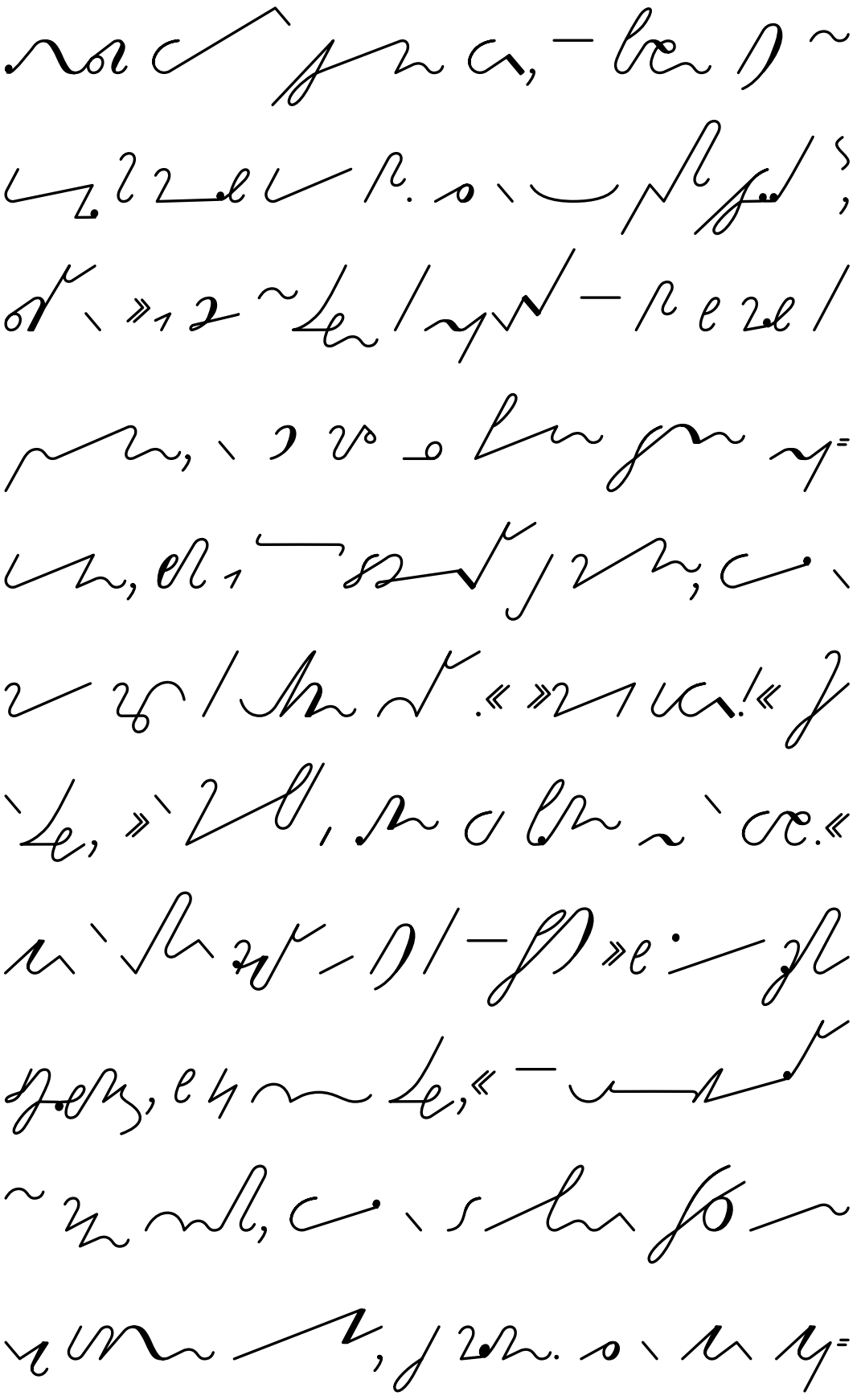

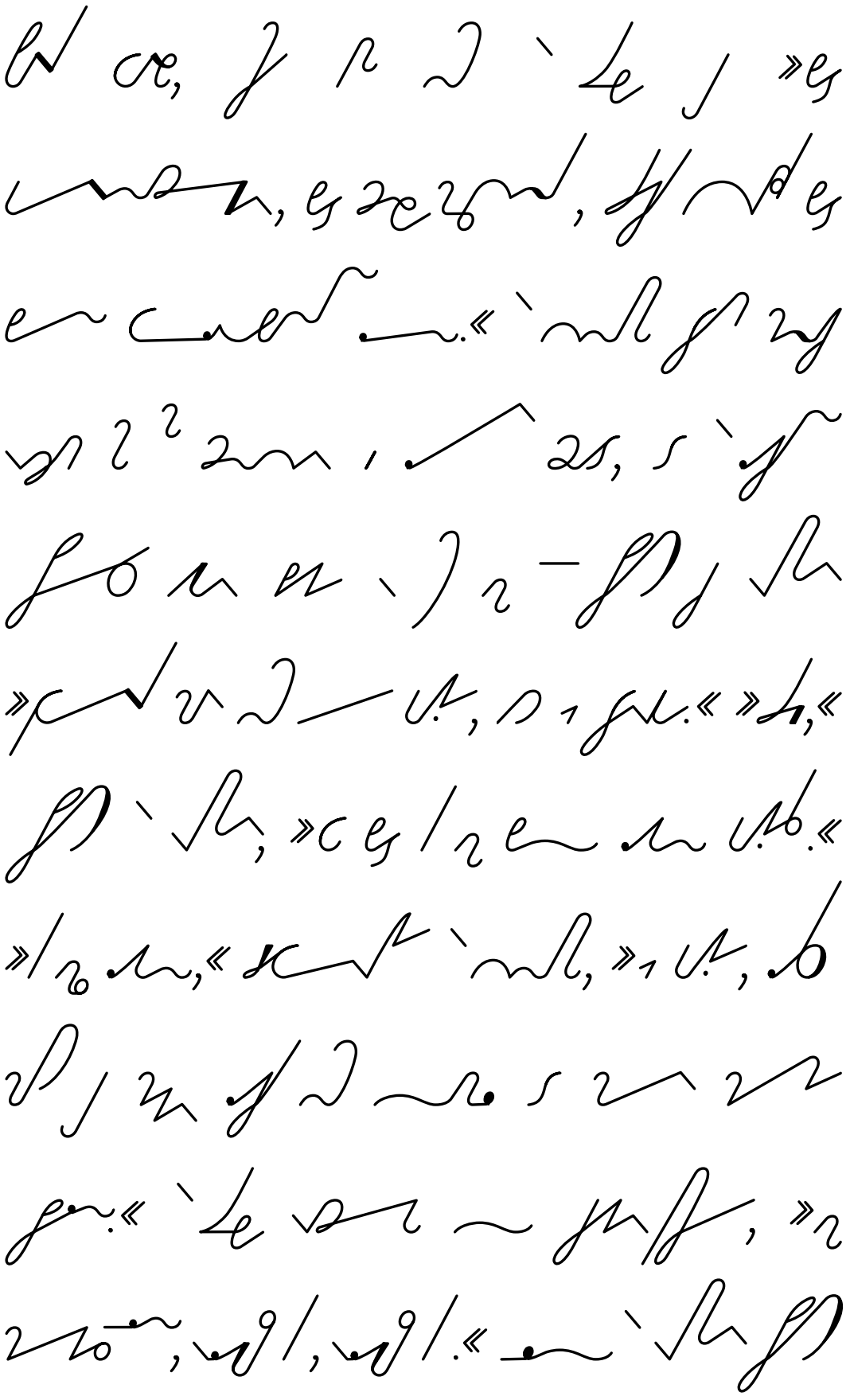

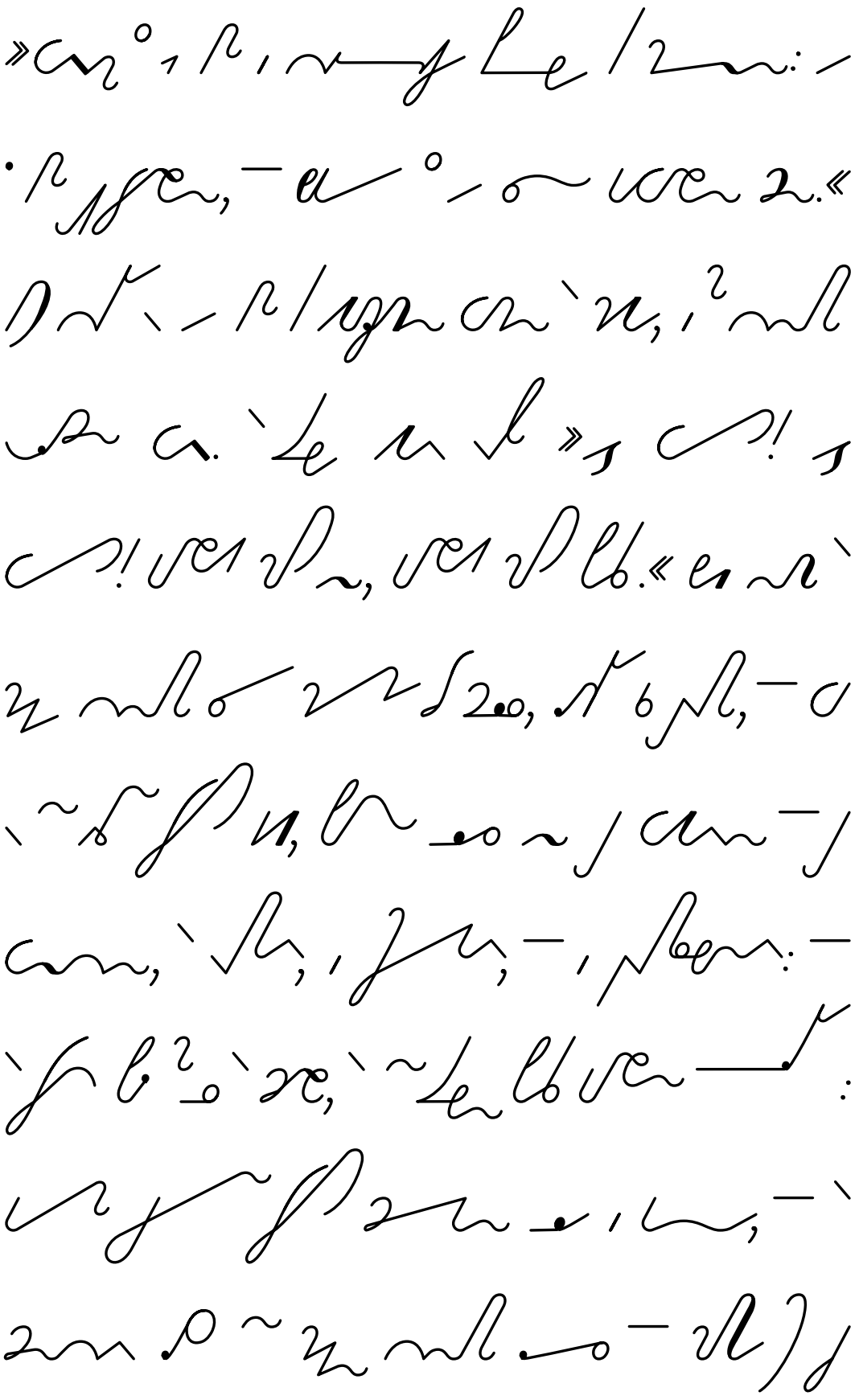

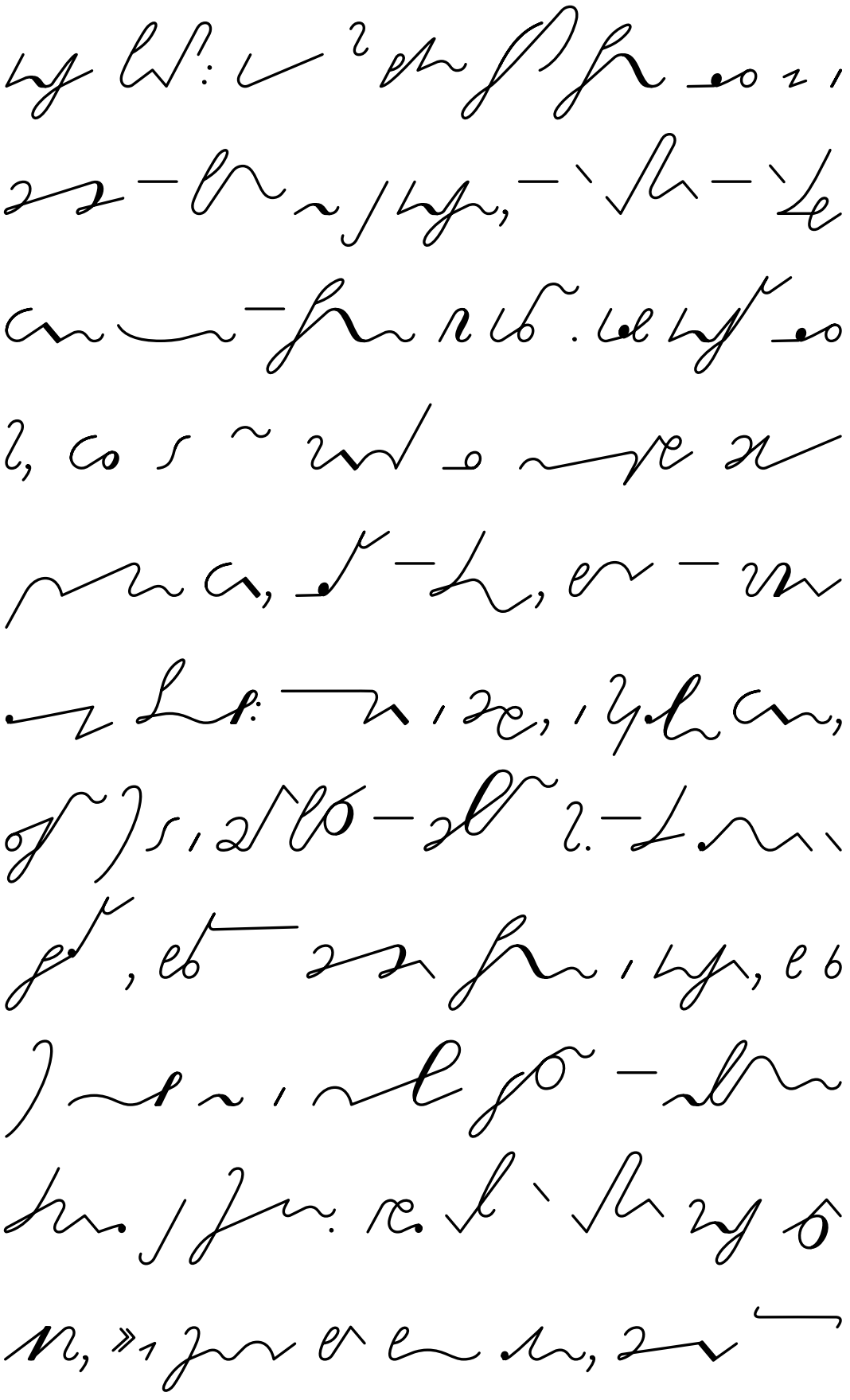

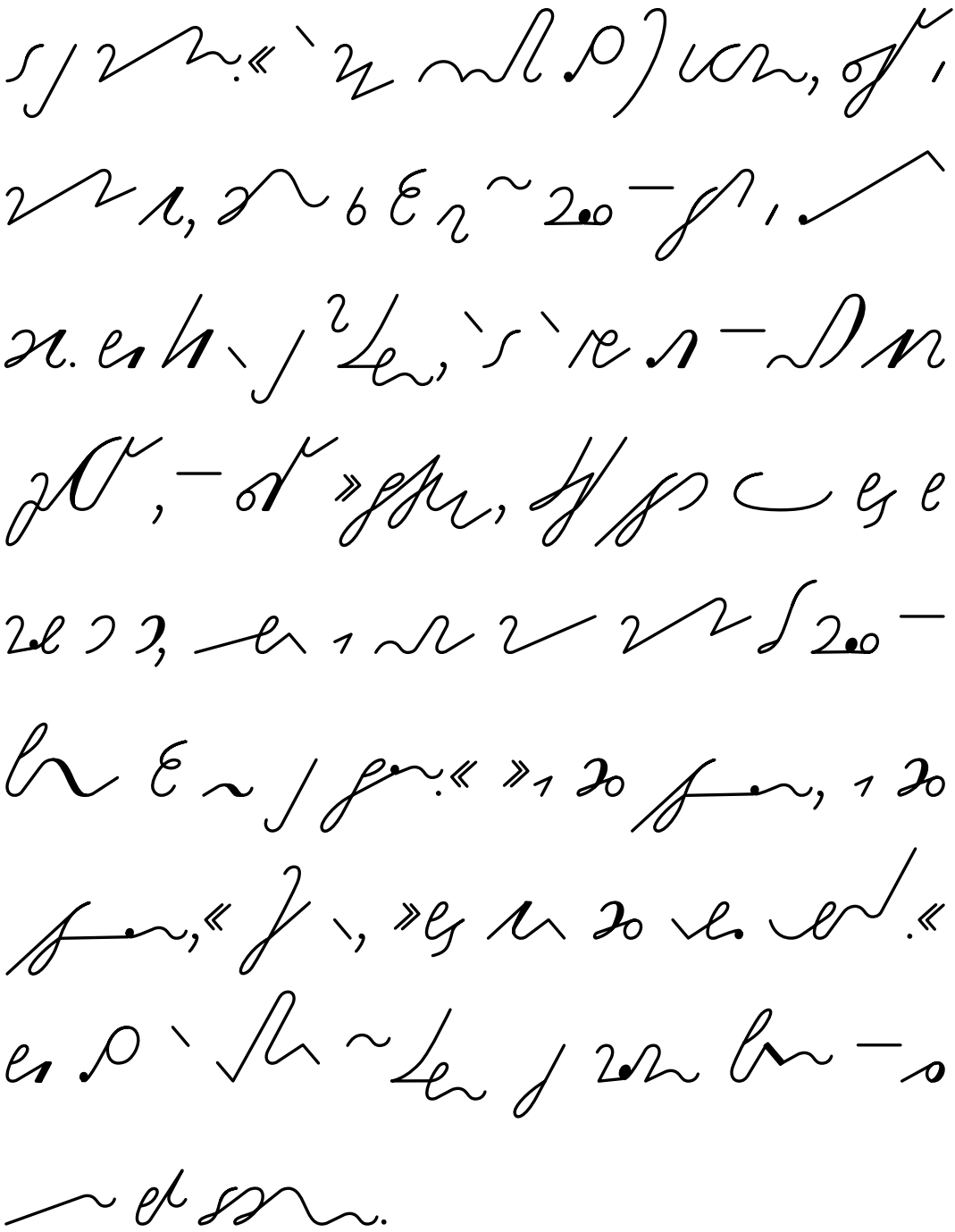

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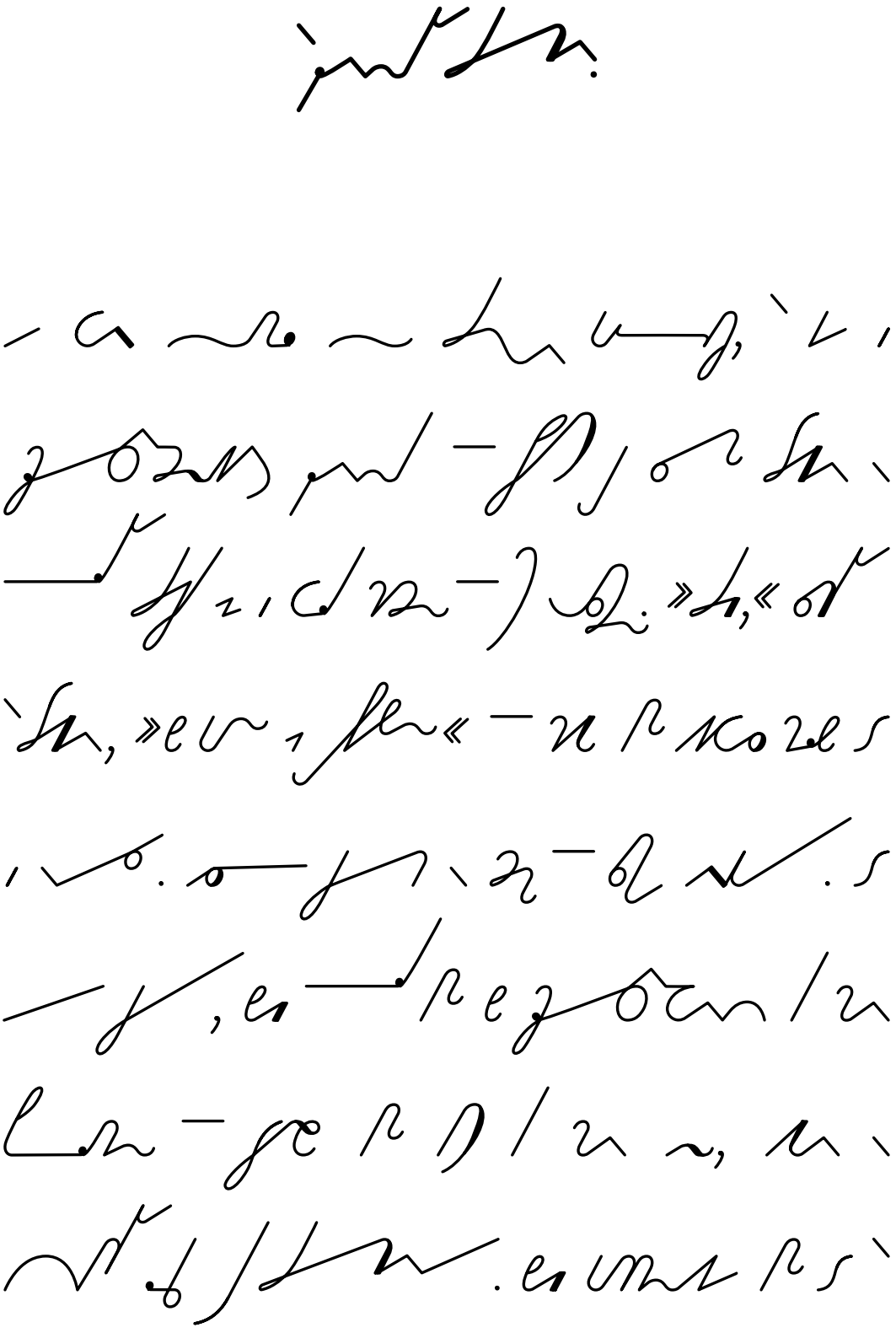

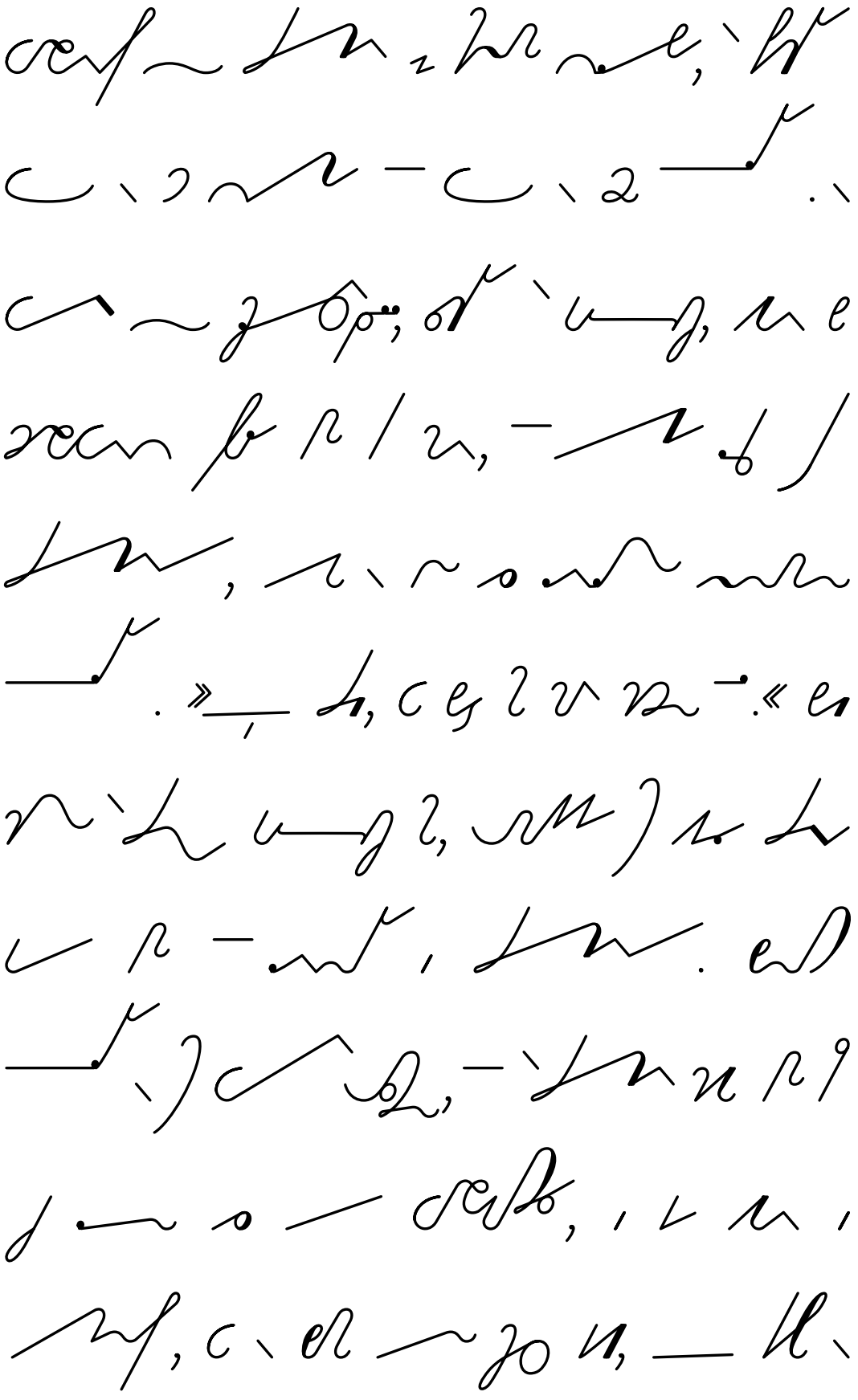

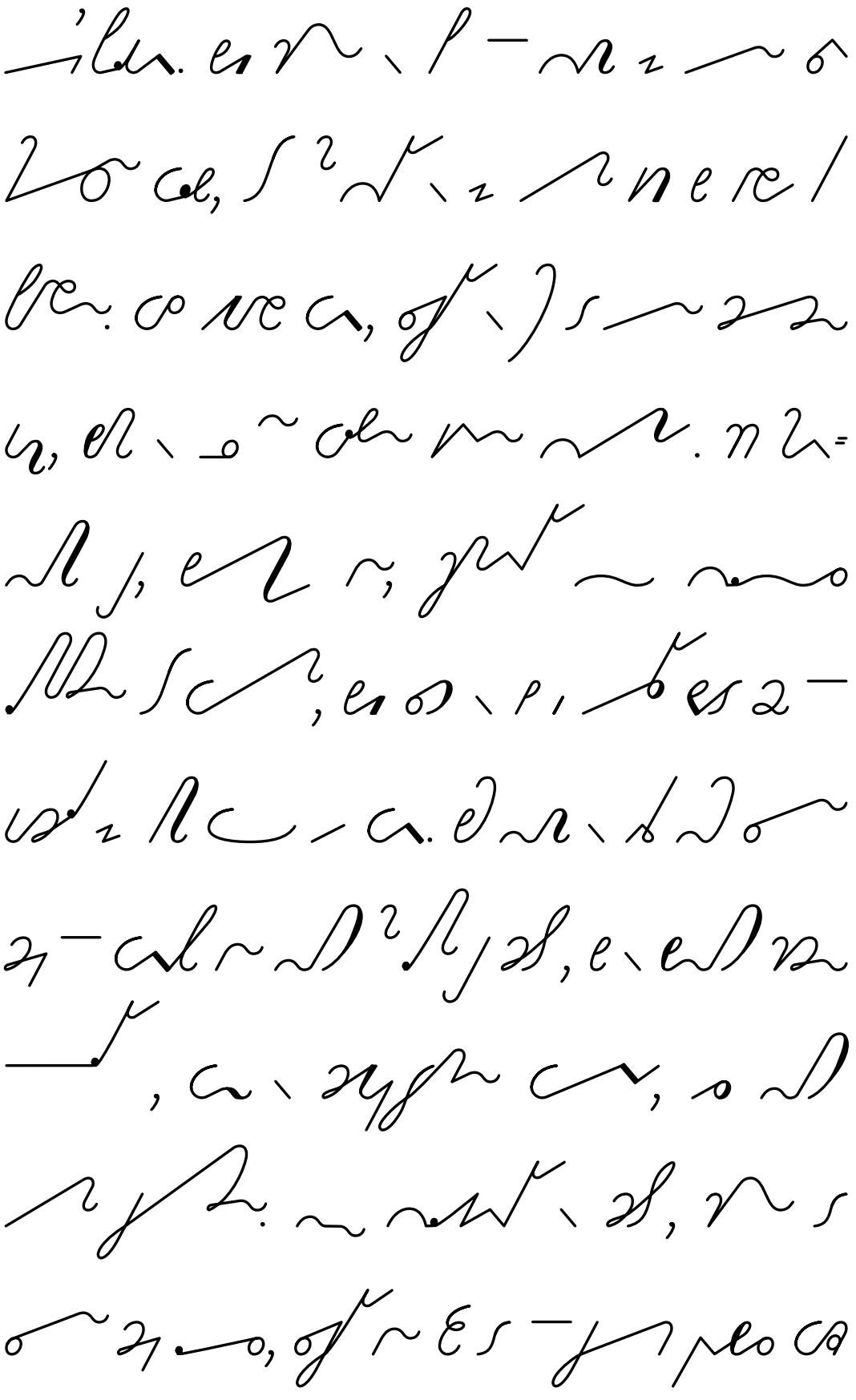

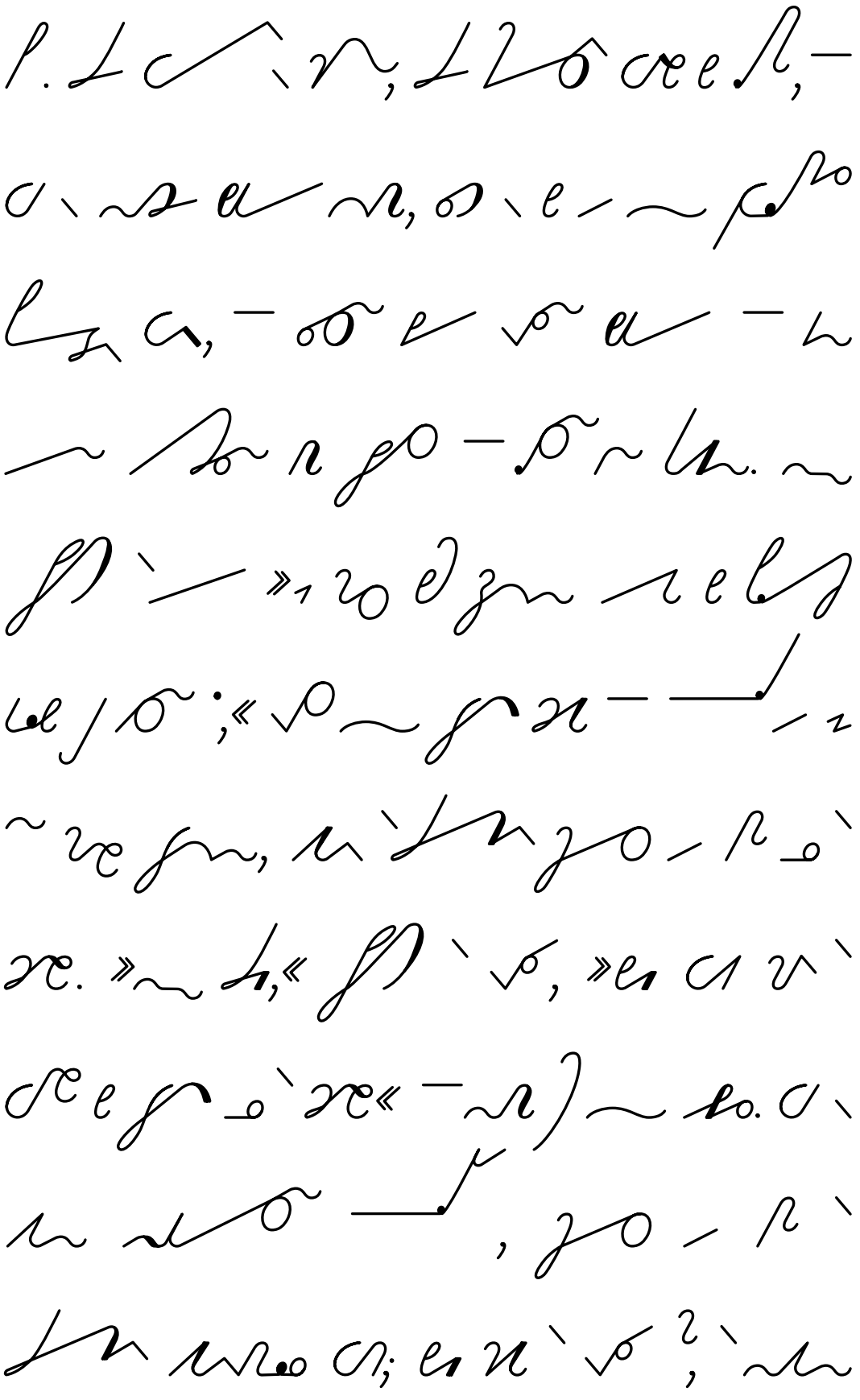

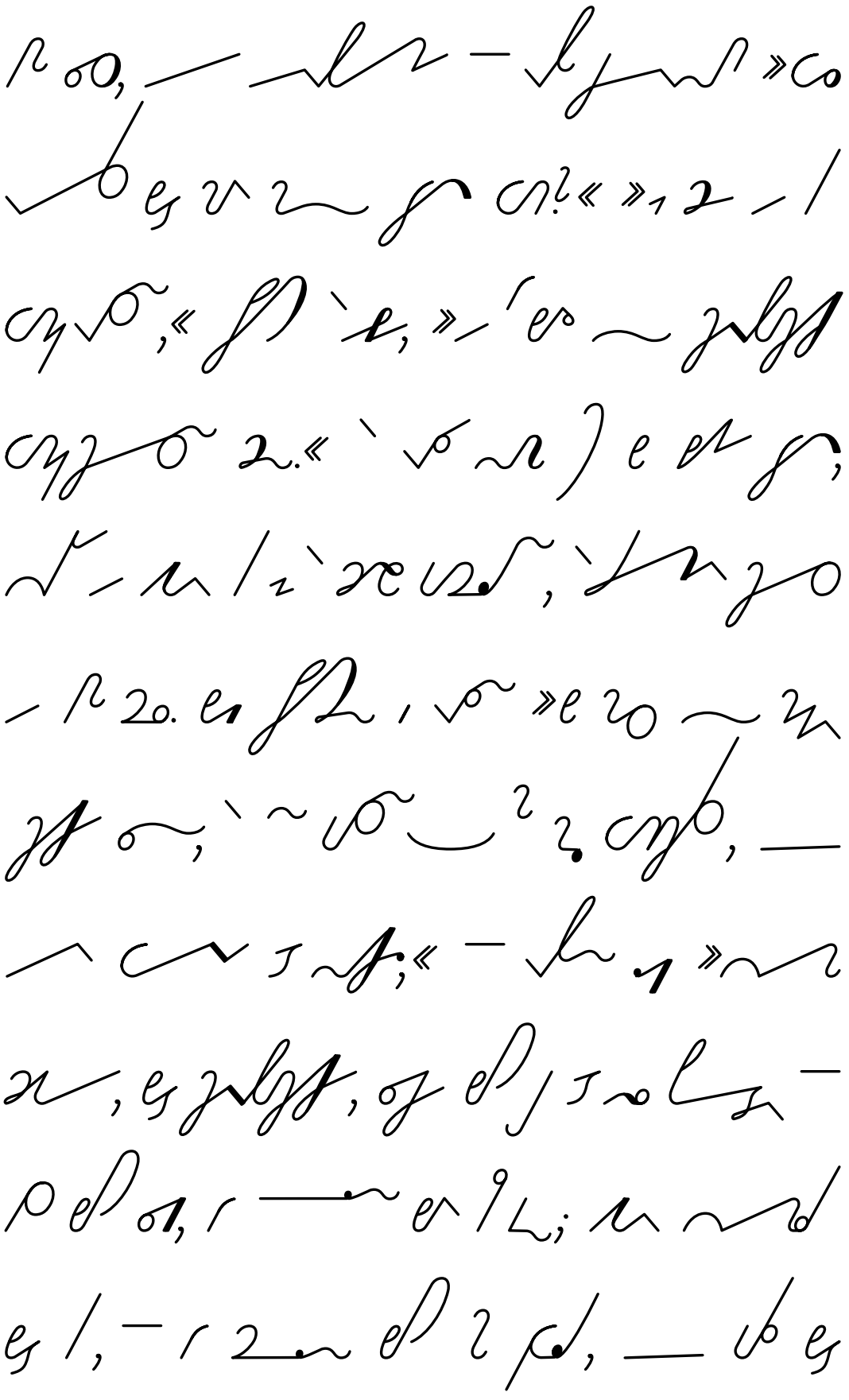

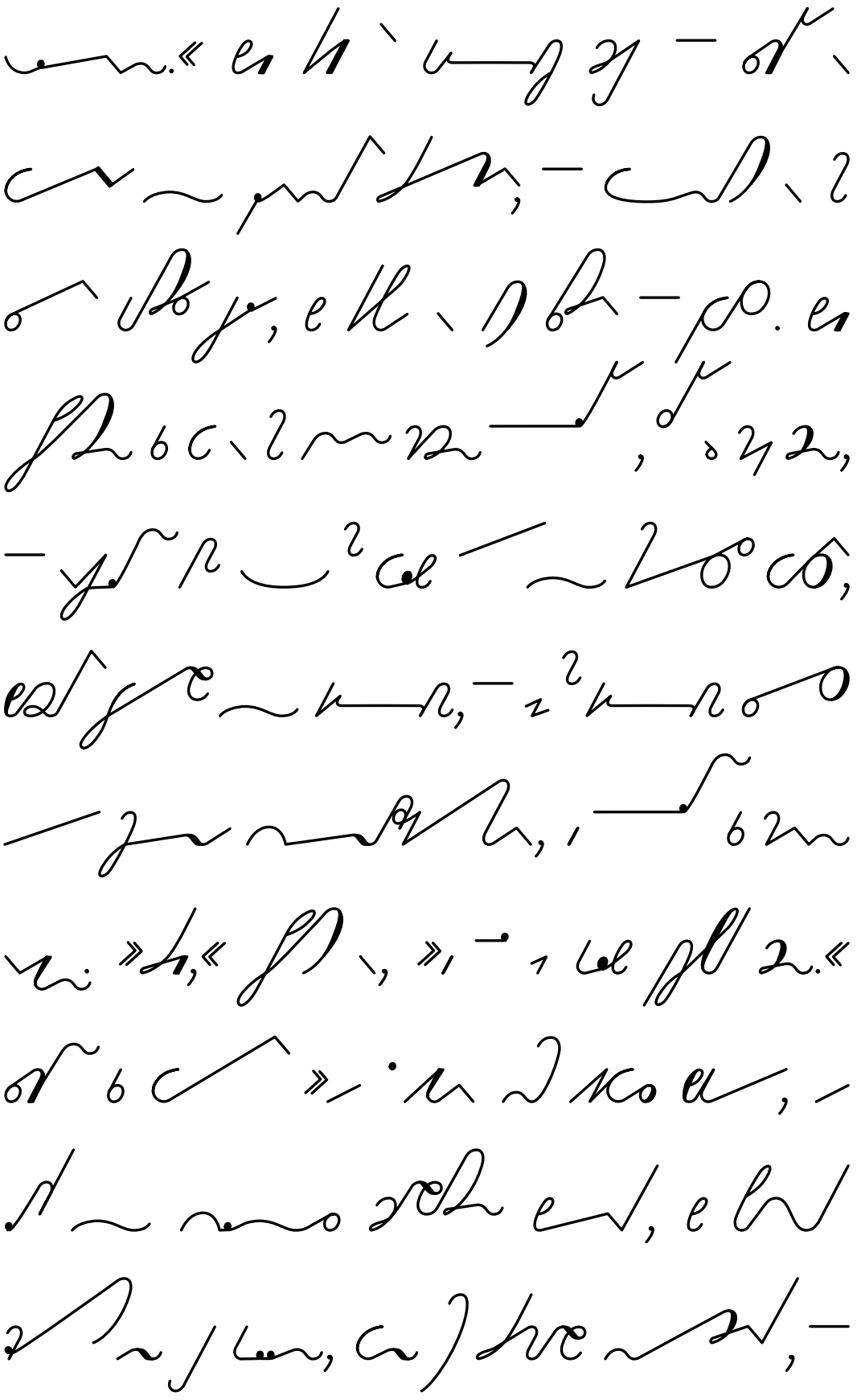

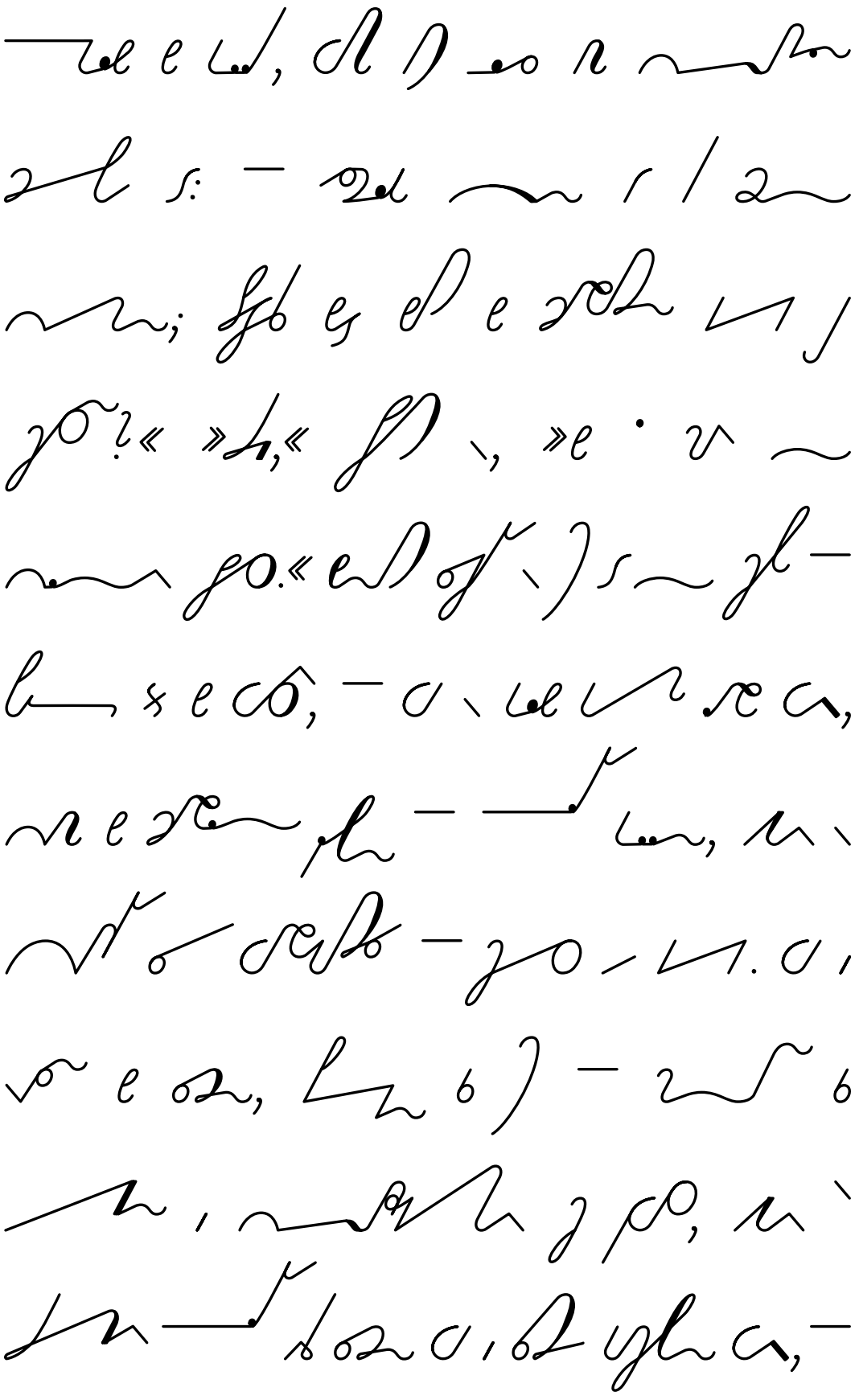

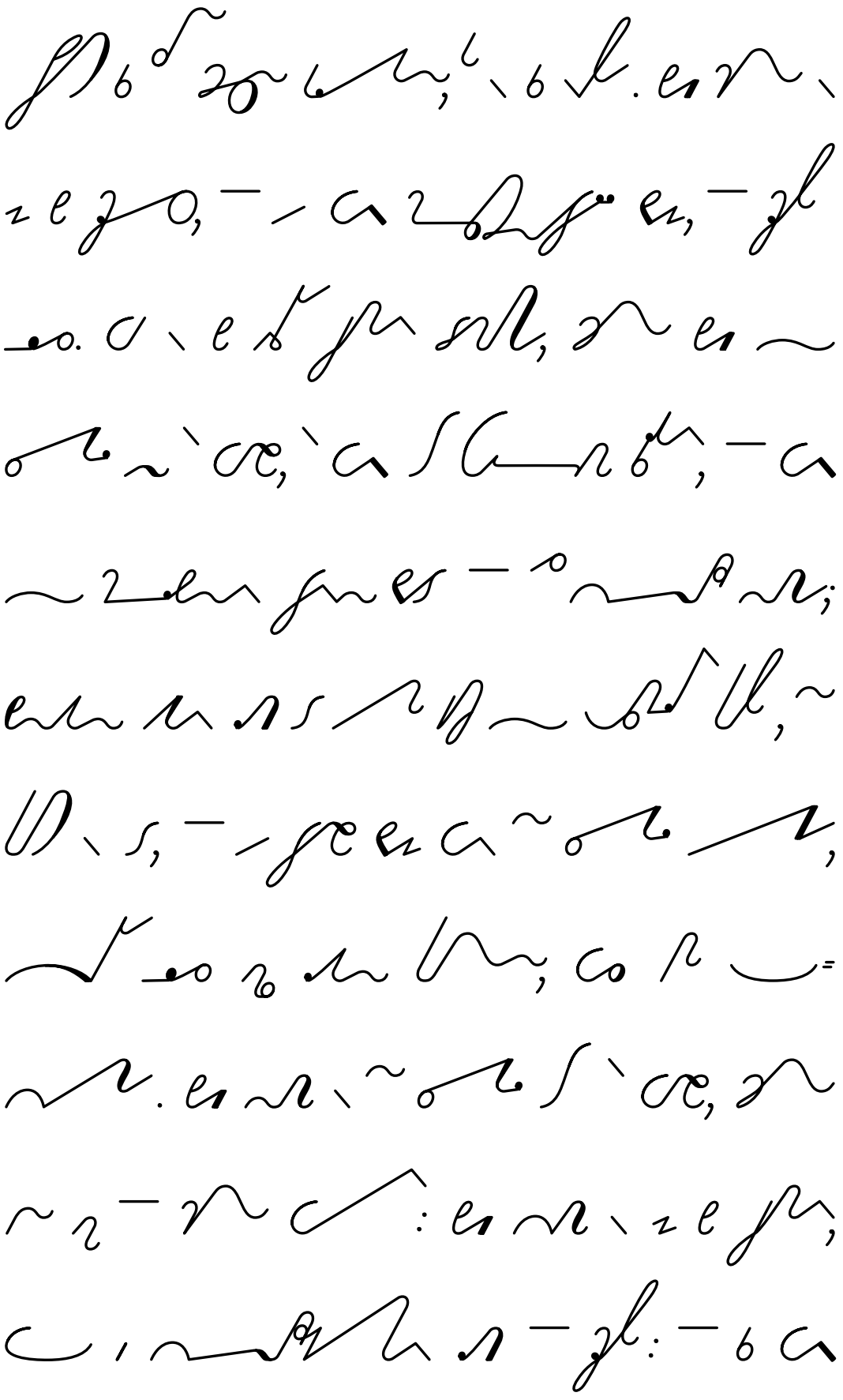

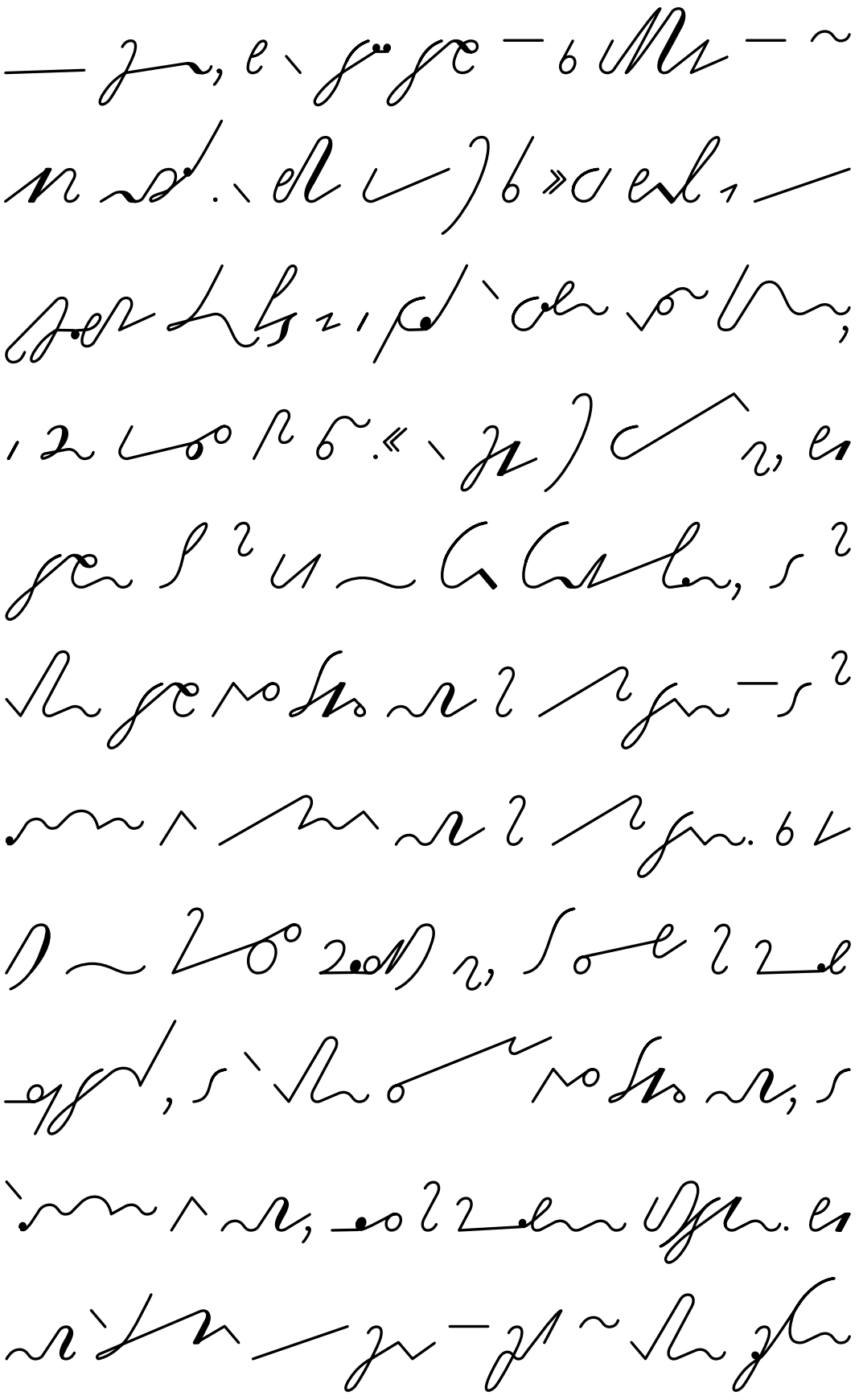

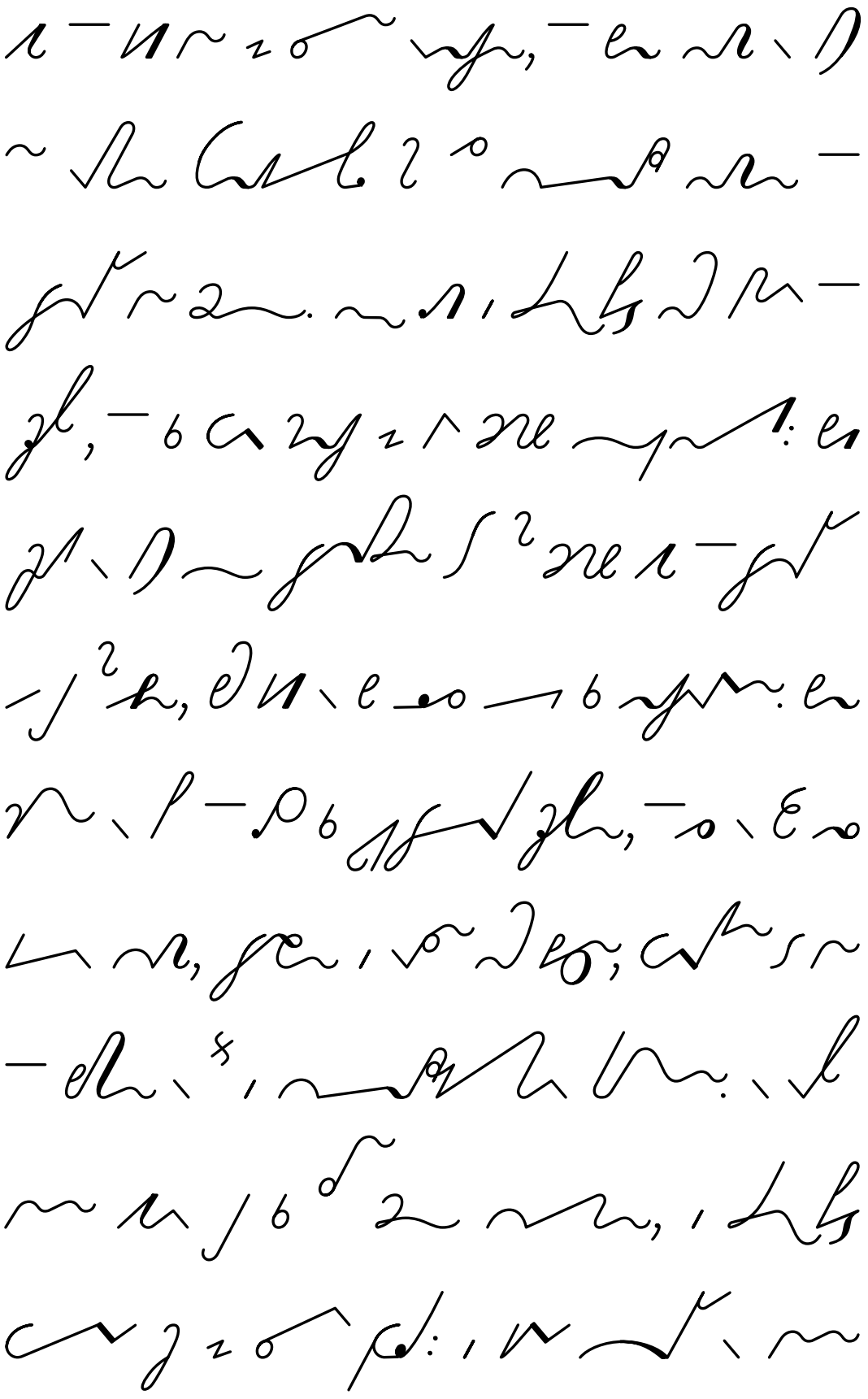

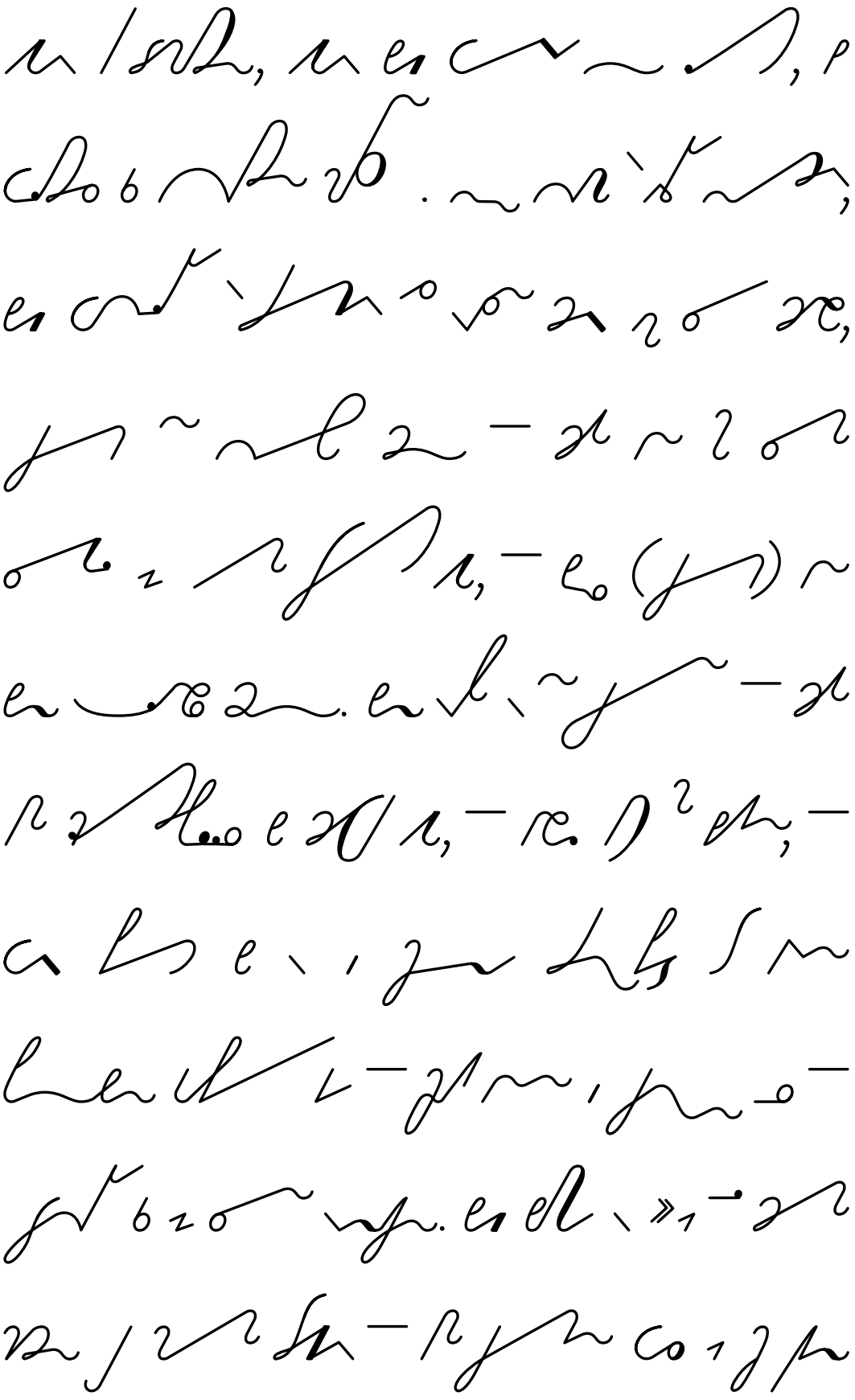

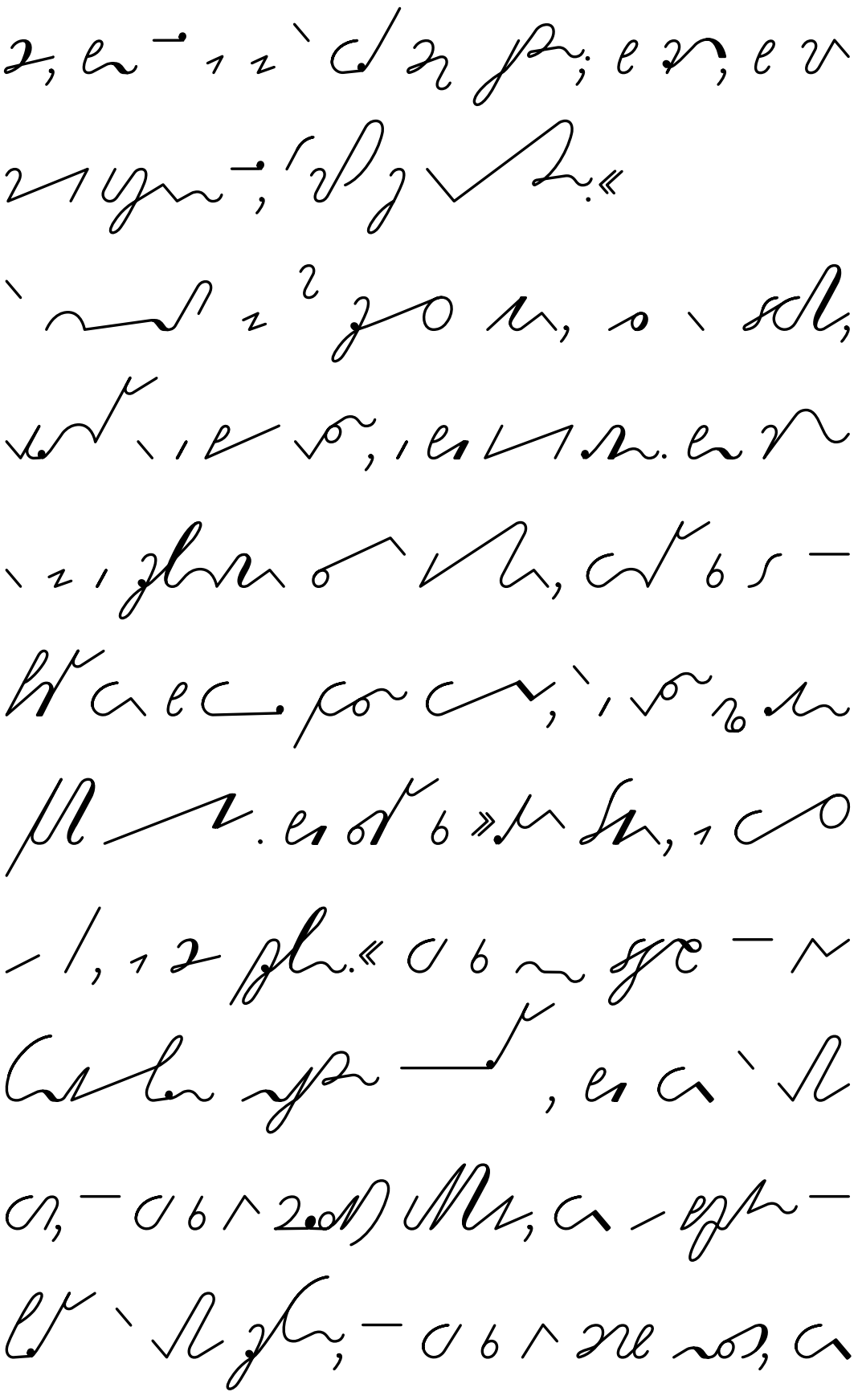

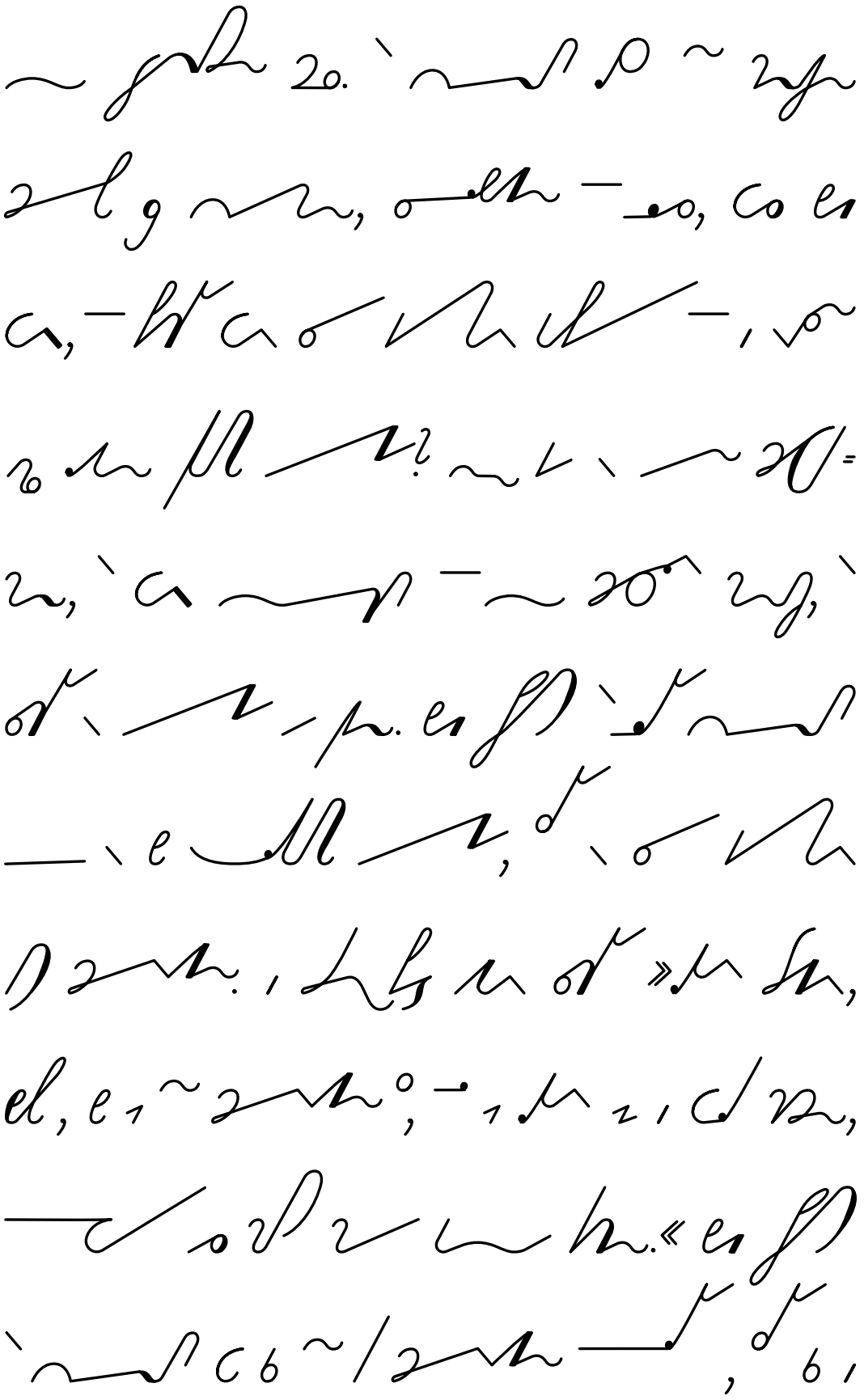

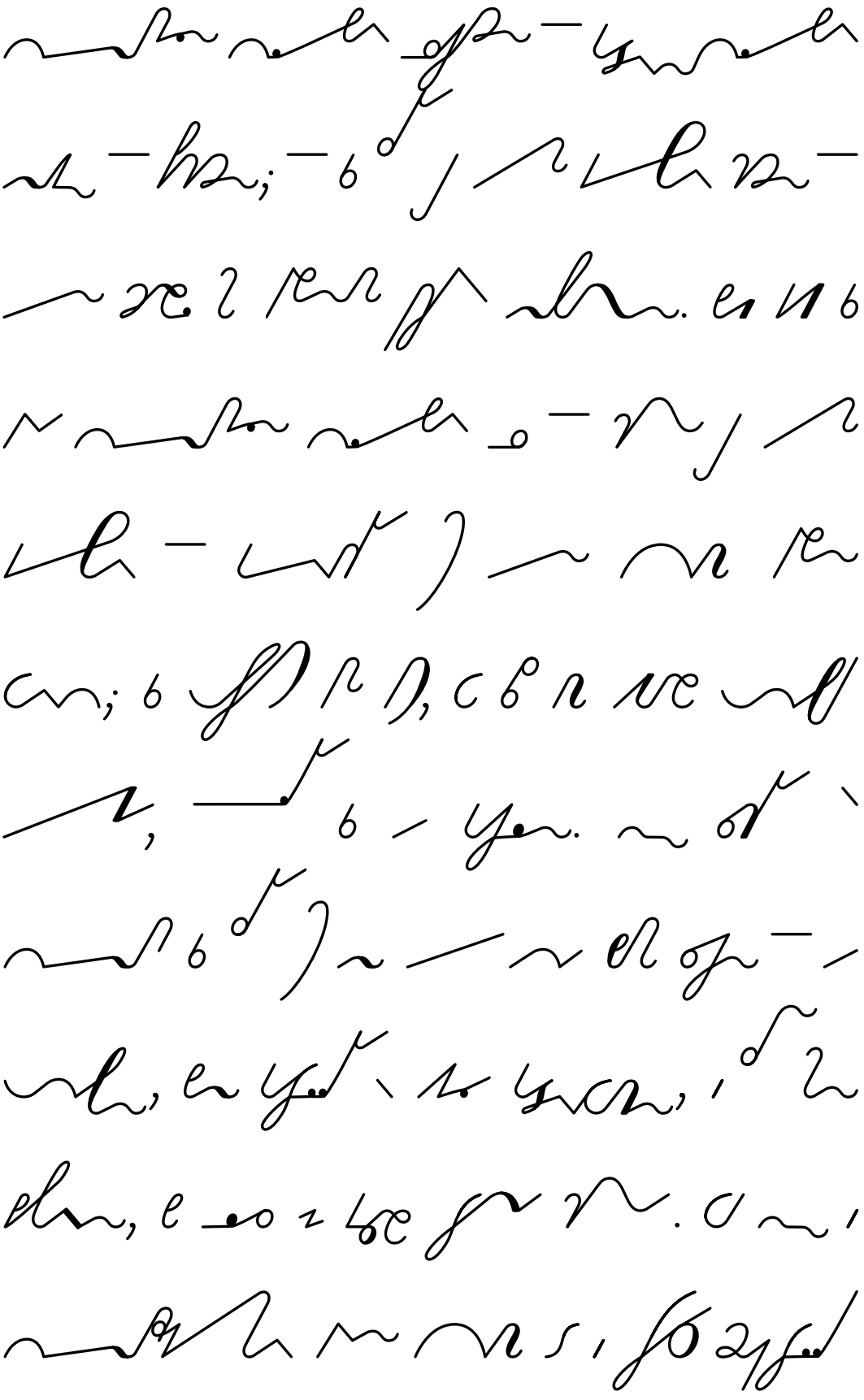

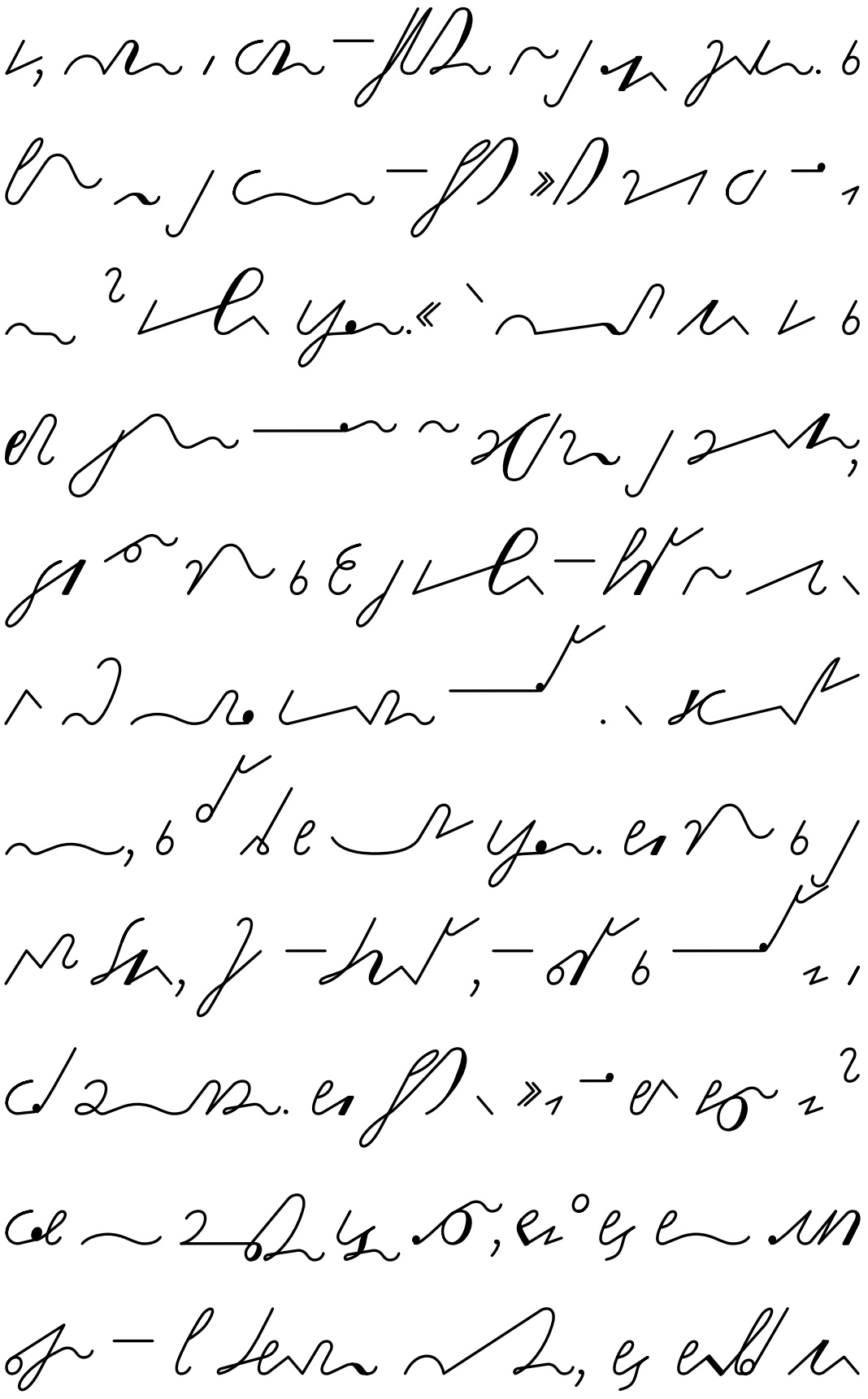

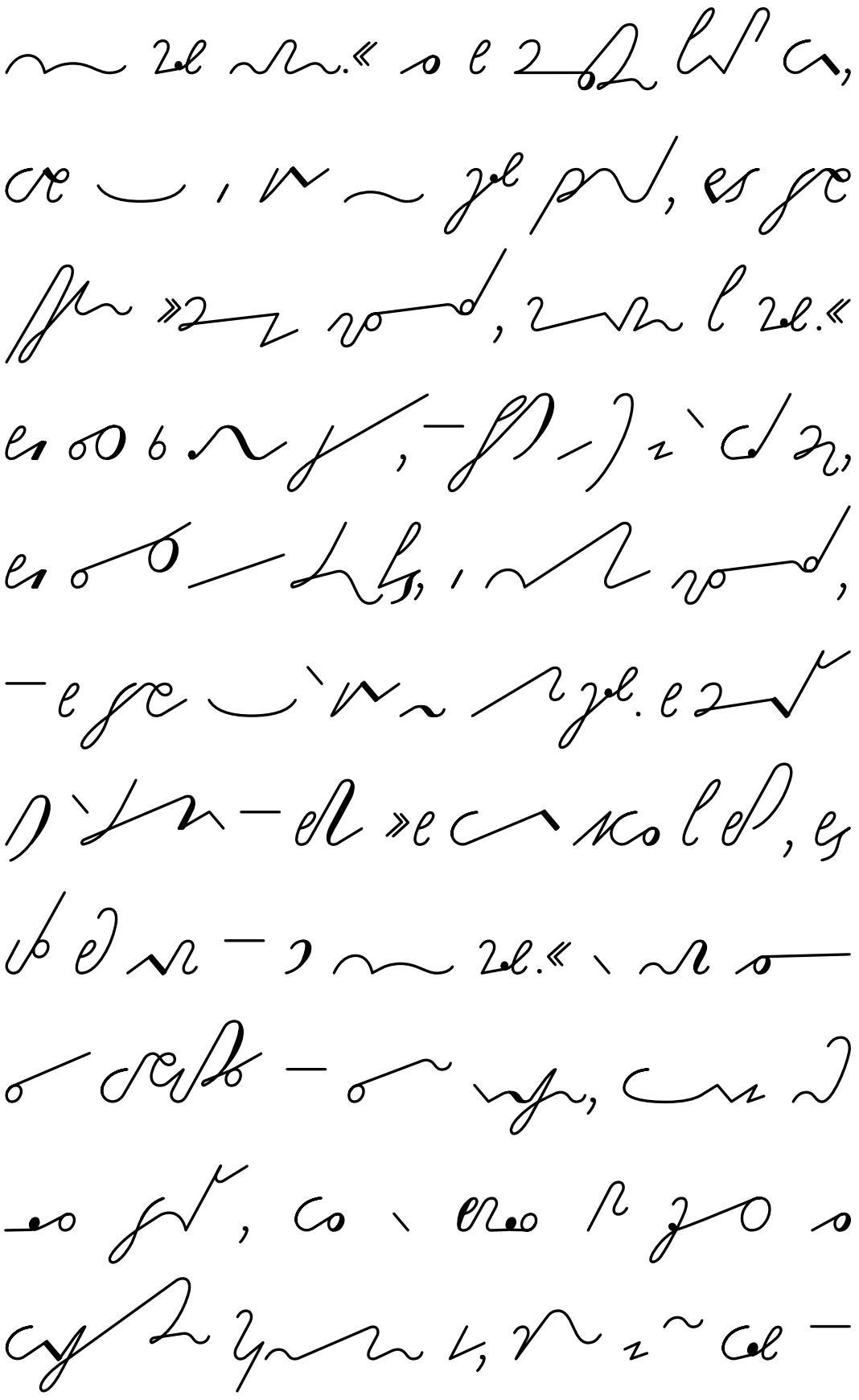

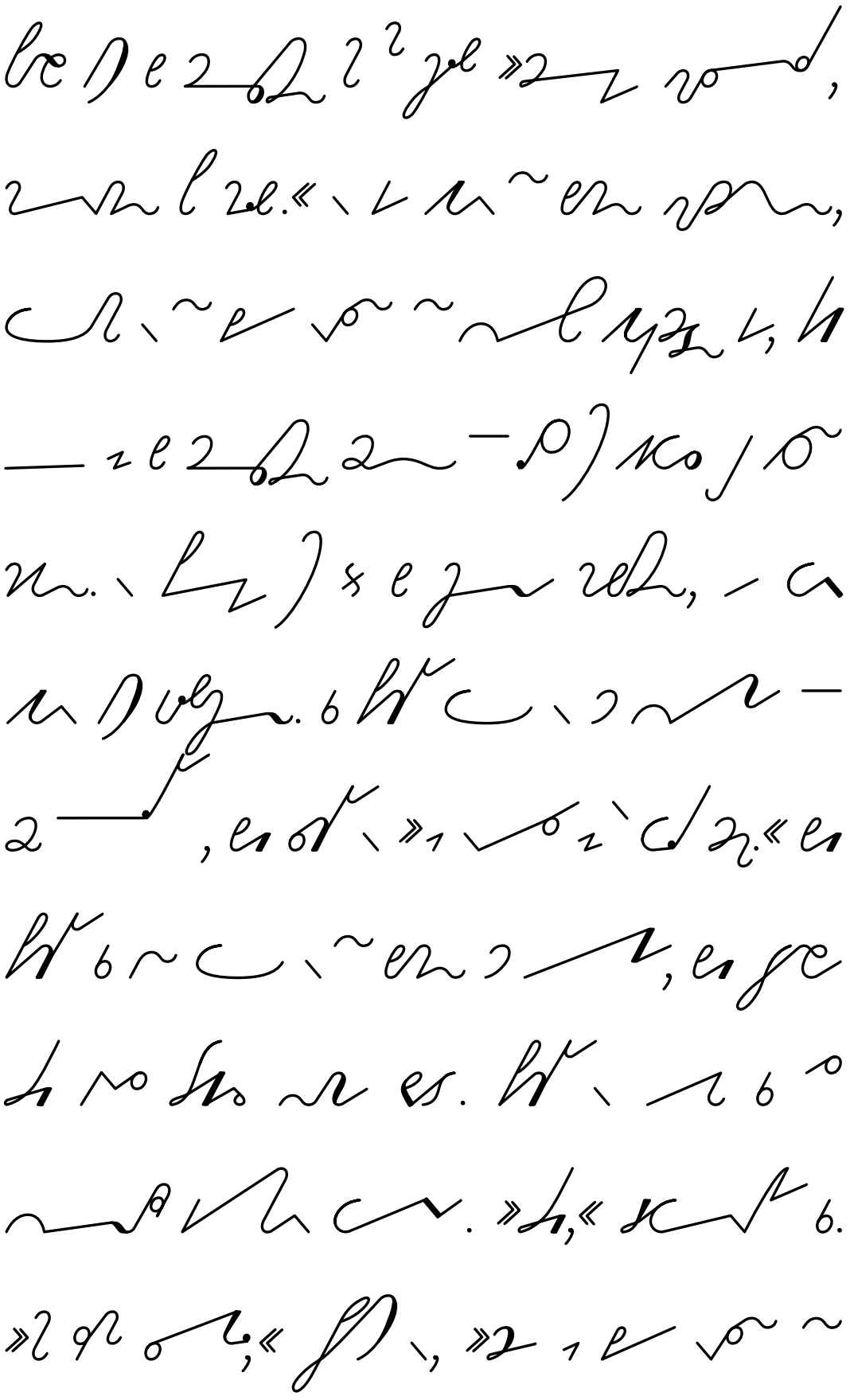

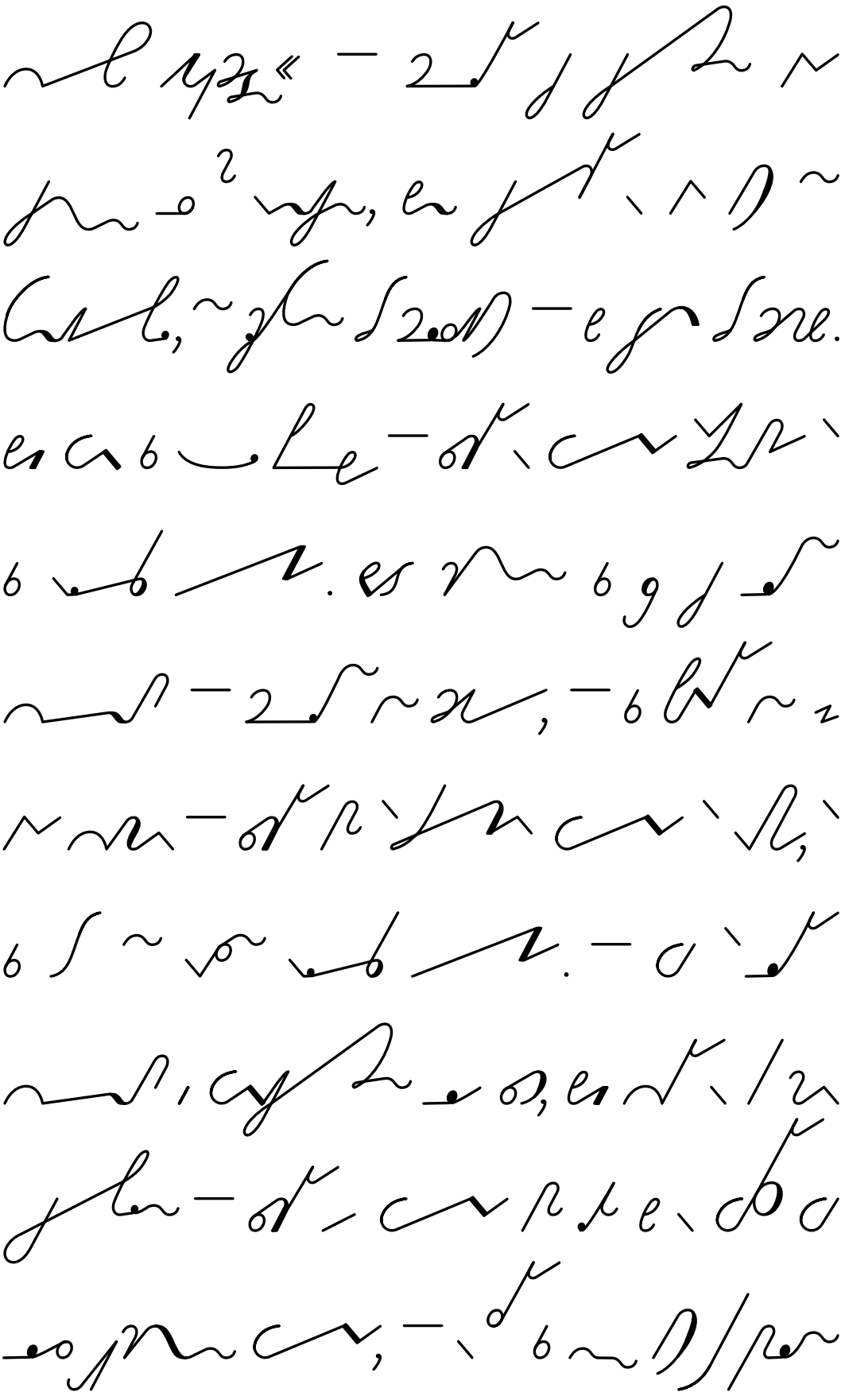

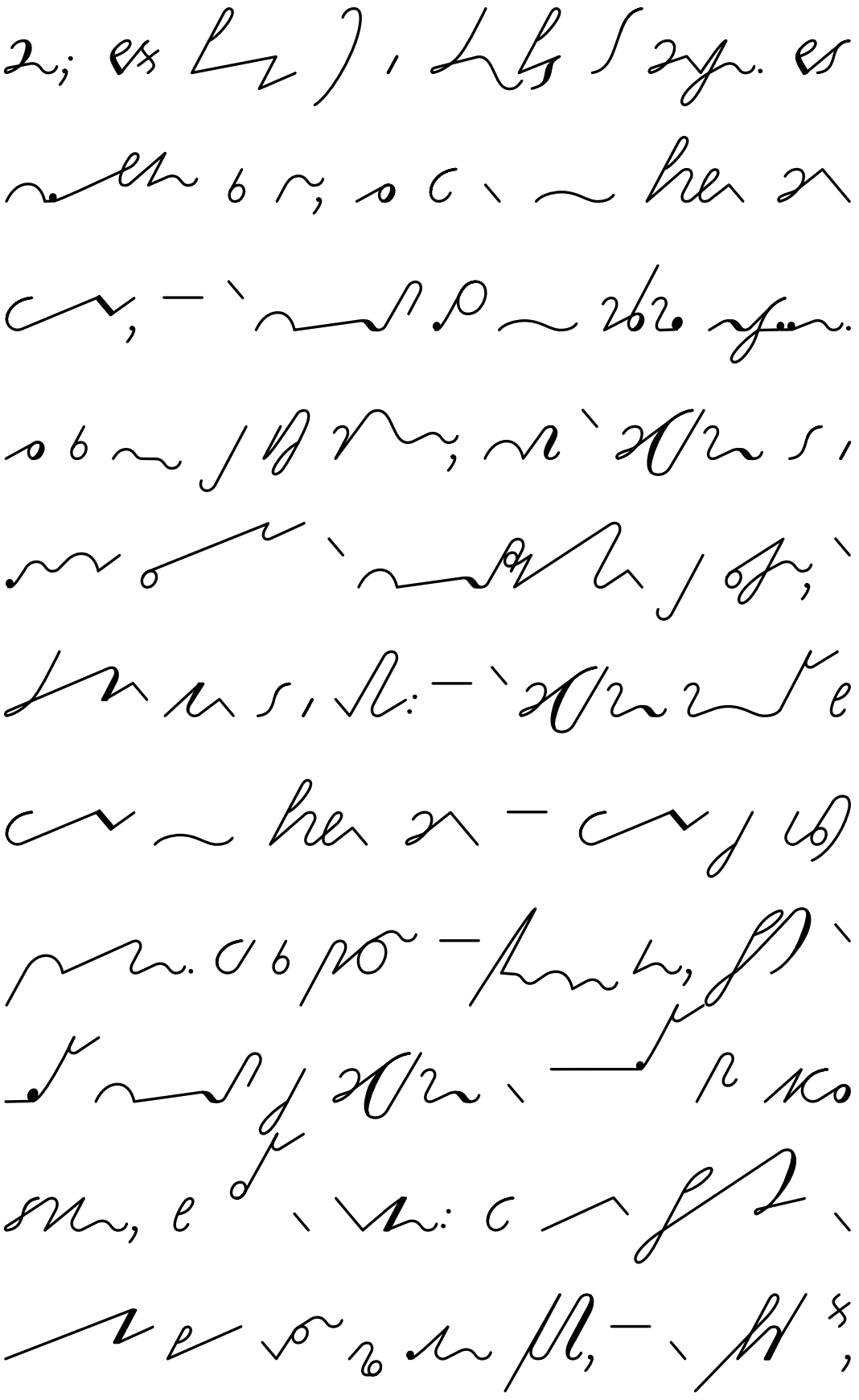

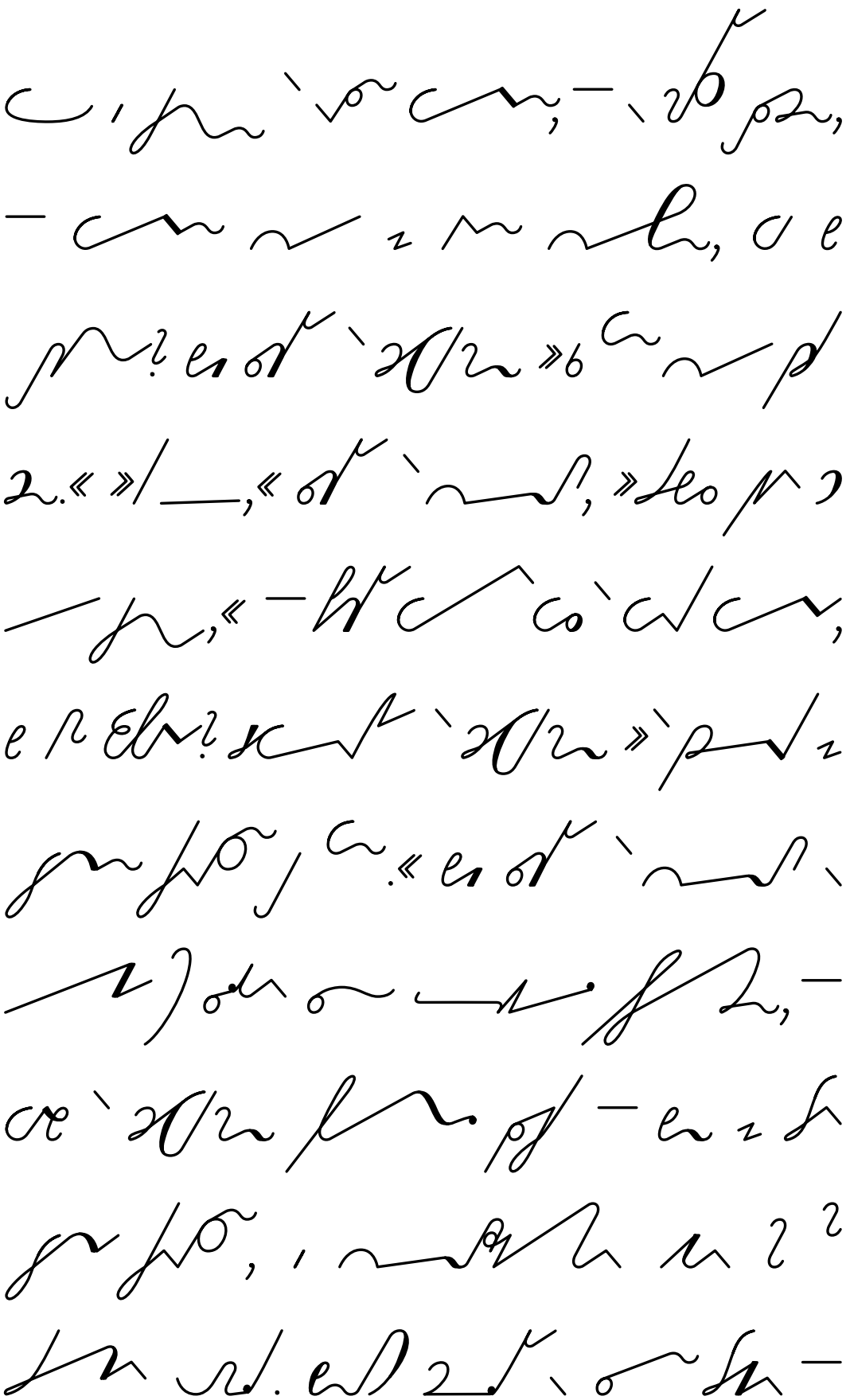

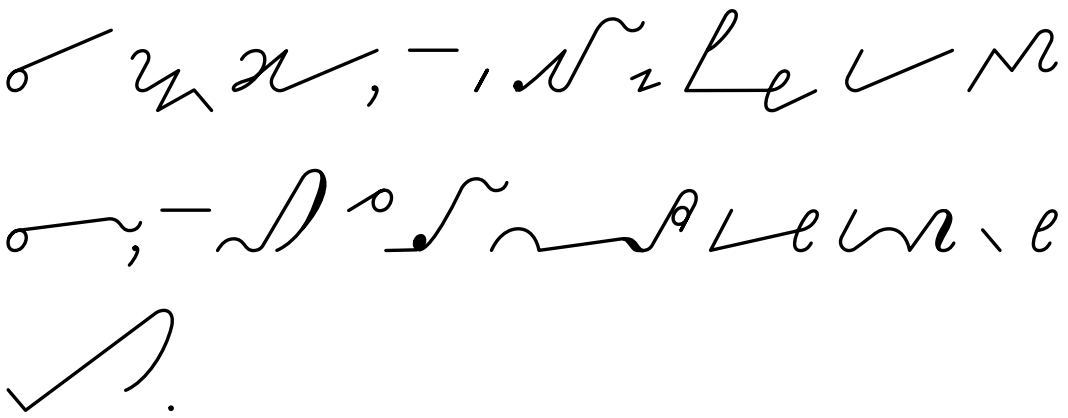

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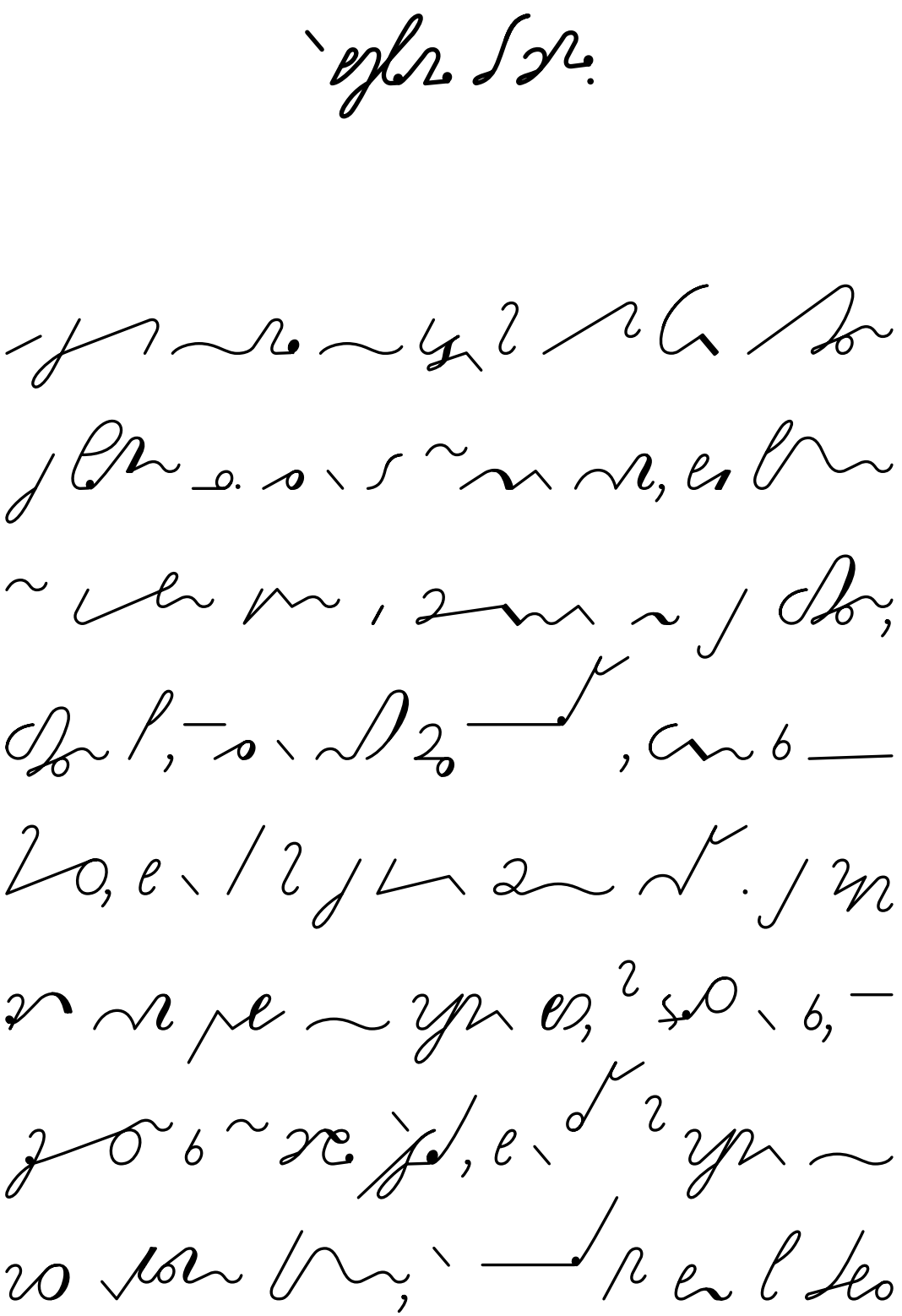
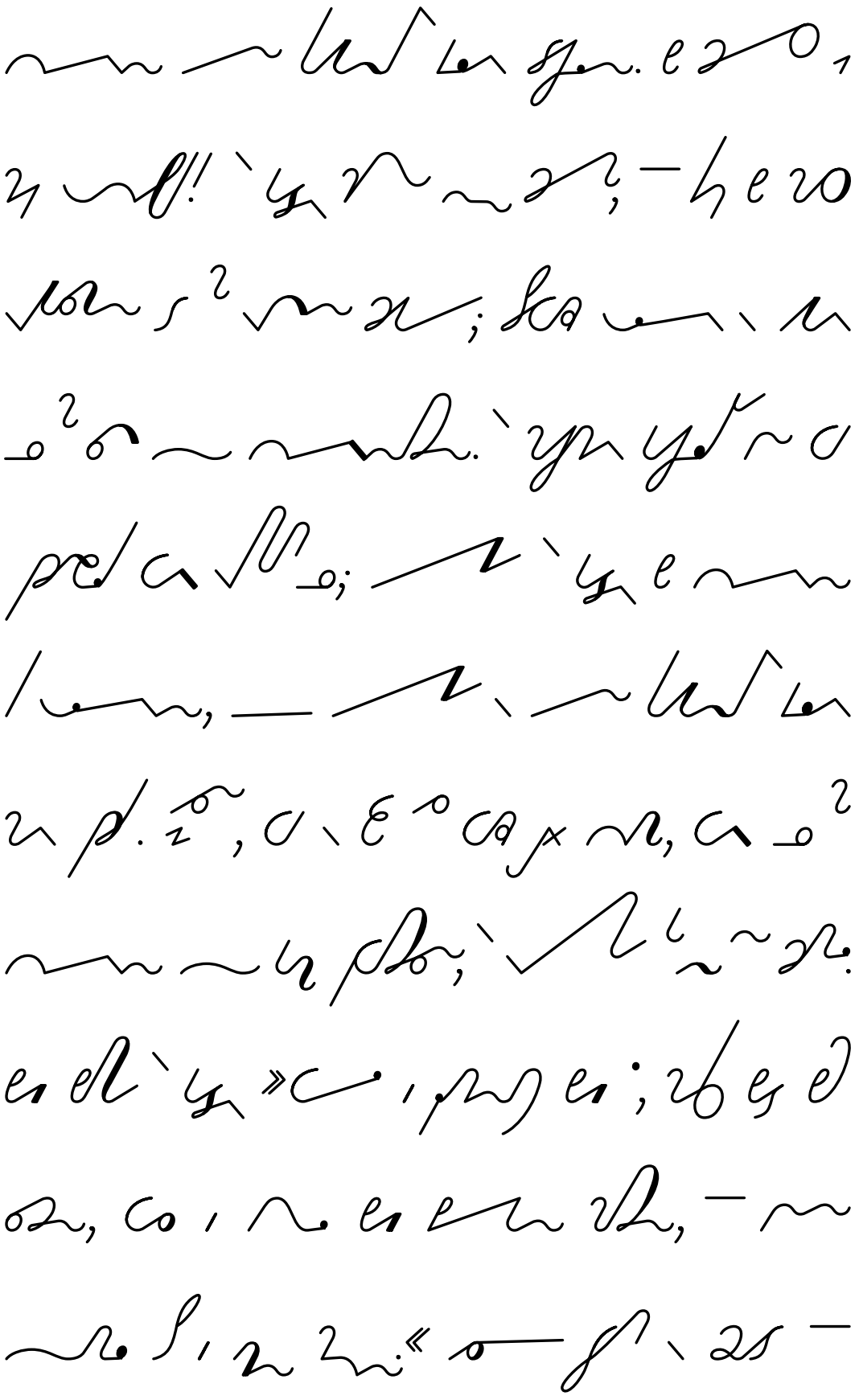
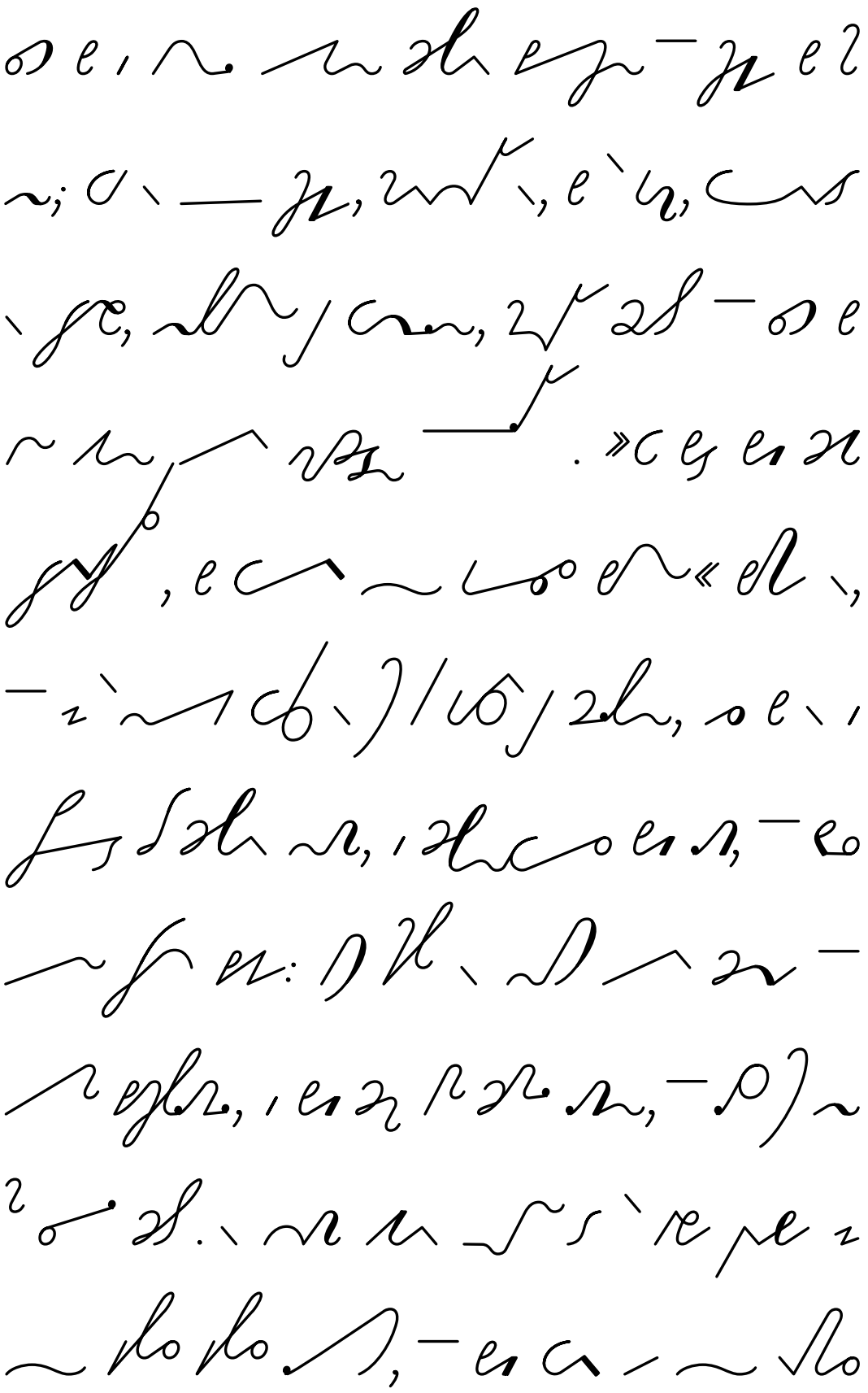
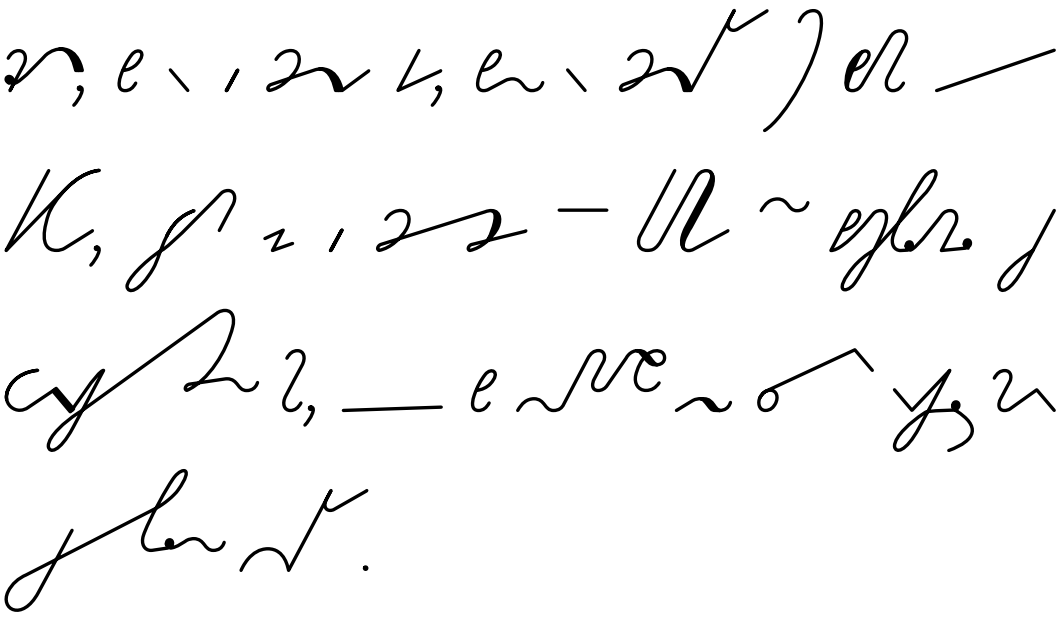








113.

De beiden Künigeskinner.

Et was mol en Künig west, de hadde en kleinen Jungen kregen, in den sin Teiken (Zeichen) hadde stahn, he sull von einen Hirsch ümmebracht weren, wenn he sestein Johr alt wäre. Ase he nu so wit anewassen was, do gingen de

Jägers mol mit ünne up de Jagd. In den Holte, do kümmt de Künigssohn bie de anneren denne (von den andern weg), up einmol süht he do ein groo-ten Hirsch, den wull he schei-ten, he kunn en awerst nig dreppen; upt lest is de Hirsch so lange für ünne herut lau-pen, bis gans ut den Holte, do steiht do up einmol so ein grot

lank Mann stad des Hirsches, de segd »nu dat is gut, dat ik dik hewe; ik hewe schon sess paar gleserne Schlitschau hinner die caput jaget un hewe dik nig kriegen könnt.« Do nümmet he ün mit sik un schlippet em dur ein grot Water bis für en grot Künigsschlott, da mut he mit ann Disk un eten wat. Ase se to-

sammen wat geeten hed, segd de Künig »ik hewe drei Döchter, bie der öllesten mußt du en Nacht waken, von des Obends niegen Uhr bis Morgen sesse, un ik kumme jedesmol, wenn de Klocke schlätt, sülwens un rope, un wenn du mie dann kine Antwort gifst, so werst du Morgen ümmebracht, wenn

du awerst mie immer Ant-
wort givst, so salst du se tor
Frugge hewen.« Ase do die
jungen Lude up de Schlop-
kammer kämen, do stund der
en steineren Christoffel, do
segd de Künigsdochter to
emme »um niegen Uhr kum-
met min Teite (Vater), alle
Stunne bis et dreie schlätt,
wenn he froget, so giwet gi

em Antwort statt des Künigs-
suhns.« Do nickede de steiner-
ne Christoffel mit den Koppe
gans schwinne un dann jüm-
mer lanksamer, bis he to leste
wier stille stand. Den anneren
Morgen, da segd de Künig to
emme »du hest dine Sacken
gut macket, awerst mine
Dochter kann ik nig hergiewen,
du möstest dann en Nacht bie

de tweiden Dochter wacken, dann will ik mie mal drup be-denken, ob du mine ölleste Dochter tor Frugge hewen kannst; awerst ik kumme olle Stunne sülwenst, un wenn ik die rope, so antworte mie, un wenn ik die rope un du ant-wortest nig, so soll fleiten din Blaud für mie.« Un do gengen de beiden up de Schlopkam-

mer, do stand do noch en grö-
teren steineren Christoffel,
dato seg de Künigsdochter
»wenn min Teite frögt, so ant-
worte du.« Do nickede de grote
steinerne Christoffel wier mit
den Koppe gans schwinne un
dann jümmer lanksamer, bis
he to leste wier stille stand. Un
de Künigssohn legte sik up den
Dörsüll (Türschwelle), legte de

Hand unner den Kopp un schläp inne. Den anneren Morgen seh de Künig to ünne »du hast dine Sacken twaren gut macket, awerst mine Dochter kann ik nig hergiewen, du möstest süs bie der junges-ten Künigsdochter en Nacht wacken, dann will ik mie beden-ken ob du mine tweide Doch-ter tor Frugge hewen kannst;

awerst ik kumme olle Stunne sülwenst un wenn ik die rope, so antworte mie, un wenn ik die rope un du antwortest nig, so soll fleiten din Blaud für mie.« Do gingen se wier tohope (zusammen) up ehre Schlopkammer, do was do noch en viel grötern un viel längern Christoffel, ase bie de twei ersten. Dato segte de

Künigsdochter »wenn min Teite röpet, so antworte du,« do nickede de grote lange steinerne Christoffel wohl ene halwe Stunne mit den Koppe, bis de Kopp tolest wier stille stand. Un de Künigssohn legte sik up de Dörsül un schläp inne. Den annern Morgen, do segd de Künig »du hast twaren gut wacket, awerst ik

kann die nau mine Dochter nig giewen, ik hewe so en groten Wall, wenn du mie den von hüte Morgen sesse bis Obends sesse afhoggest, so will ik mie drup bedenken.« Do dehe (tat, d. i. gab) he ünne en gleserne Exe, en glesernen Kiel un en gleserne Holthacke midde. Wie he in dat Holt kummen is, do hoggete he

einmal to, do was de Exe entwei; do nam he den Kiel un schlett einmal mit de Holt= hacke daruppe, do is et so kurt un so klein ase Grutt (Sand). Do was he so bedröwet un glövte nu möste he ster= wen, un he geit sitten un grient (weint). Asset nu Middag is, do segd de Künig »eine von juck Mäken mott

ünne wat to etten bringen.« »Nee,« segged de beiden öllesten, »wie willt ün nicks bringen, wo he dat leste bie wacket het, de kann ün auck wat bringen.« Do mutt de jungeste weg un bringen ünne wat to etten. Ase in den Walle kummet, do frägt se ün wie et ünne ginge? »O,« sehe he, »et ginge ün gans

schlechte.« Do sehe se he sull herkommen un etten eest en bitken; »ene,« sehe he, »dat künne he nig, he möste jo doch sterwen, etten wull he nig mehr.« Do gav se ünne so viel gute Woore, he möchte et doch versöken: do kümmt he un ett wat. Ase he wat getten hett, do sehe se »ik will die eest en bitken lusen, dann

werst du annerst to Sinnen.« Do se ün luset, do werd he so möhe un schlöppet in, un do nümmet se ehren Doock un binnet en Knupp do in, un schlätt ün dreimol up de Eere un segd »Arweggers, herut!« Do würen gliek so viele Eerdmännekens herfur kummen un hadden froget wat de Künigsdochter befelde.

Do seh se »in Tied von drei Stunnen mutt de grote Wall afhoggen un olle dat Holt in Höpen settet sien.« Do gingen de Eerdmännekens herum un boen ehre ganse Verwanschap up, dat se ehnen an de Arweit helpen sullen. Do fingen se gliek an, un ase de drei Stunne ümme würen, do is olles to Enne (zu Ende) west: un do

keimen se wier to der Künigs-
dochter un sehent ehr. Do
nümmet se wier ehren witten
Doock un segd »Arweggers,
nah Hus!« Do siet se olle wier
wege west. Do de Künigssohn
upwacket, so werd he so frau,
do segd se »wenn et nu sesse
schloen het, so kumme nah
Hus.« Dat het he auck
bevolget, un do frägt de Künig

»hest du den Wall aawe (ab)?« »Jo« segd de Künigssuhn. Ase se do an een Diske sittet, do seh de Künig »ik kann di nau mine Dochter nie tor Frugge giewen, he möste eest nau wat umme se dohen.« Do frägt he wat dat denn sien sulle. »Jk hewe so en grot Dieck,« seh de Künig, »do most du den annern Morgen

hünne un most en utschloen, dat he so blank is ase en Spegel, un et müttet von ollerhand Fiske dorinne sien.« Den anneren Morgen do gav ünne de Künig ene gleserne Schute (Schüppe) un segd »umme sess Uhr mot de Dieck ferrig sien.« Do geit he weg, ase he bie den Dieck kummet, do stecket he mit de Schute in

de Muhe (Moor, Sumpf), do brack se af: do stecket he mit de Hacken in de Muhe, un et was wier caput. Do werd he gans bedröwet. Den Middag brachte de jüngeste Dochter ünne wat to etten, do frägt se wo et ünne ginge? Do seh de Künigssuhn et ginge ünne gans schlechte, he sull sienen Kopp wohl mißen mutten:

»dat Geschirr is mie wier klein gohen.« »O,« seh se, »he sull kummen un etten eest wat, dann werst du anneren Sinnes.« »Nee,« segd he, »etten kunn he nig, he wer gar to bedröwet.« Do givt se ünne viel gude Woore bis he kum-met un ett wat. Do luset se ünn wier, un he schloppet in: se nümmet von niggen en

Doock, schlett en Knupp do inne un kloppet mit den Knuppe dreimol up de Eere un segd »Arweggers, herut!« Do kummt gliek so viele Eerdmännekens un froget olle wat ehr Begeren wür. In Tied von drei Stunne mosten se den Dieck gans utschloen hewen, un he möste so blank sien, dann man sik inne speigelen künne,

un von ollerhand Fiske mosten dorinne sien. Do gingen de Eerdmännekens hünn un boen ehre Verwanschap up, dat se ünnen helpen sullen; un et is auck in zwei Stunnen ferrig west. Do kummet se wier un seged »wie hät dohen, so us befolen is.« Do nümmet de Künigsdochter den Doock un schlett wier dremol up de

Eere un segd »Arweggers, to Hus!« Do siet se olle wier weg. Ase do de Künigssuhn upwacket, do is de Dieck ferrig. Do geit de Künigsdochter auck weg, un segd wenn et sesse wär, dann sull he nah Hus kummen. Ase he do nah Hus kummet, do frägt de Künig »hes du den Dieck ferrig?« »Jo,« seh de Künigssuhn. Dat

wür schöne. Do se do wier to Diske sittet, do seh de Künig »du hast den Dieck twaren ferrig, awerst ik kann die mine Dochter noch nie giewen, du most eest nau eins dohen.« »Wat is dat denn?« frögte de Künigssuhn. He hedde so en grot Berg, do würen luter Dorenbuske anne, de mosten olle afhoggen weren, un

bowen up moste he en grot Schlott buggen, dat moste so wacker sien, aset nu en Menske denken kunne, un olle Ingedömse, de in den Schlott gehorden, de mösten der olle inne sien. Do he nu den anneren Morgen up steit, do gav ünne de Künig en gleser-nen Exen un en glesernen Boren mie: et mott awerst um

sess Uhr ferrig sien. Do he an den eersten Dorenbuske mit de Exen anhogget, do ging se so kurt un so klein dat de Stücker rund um ünne her-floen, un de Boren kunn he auck nig brucken. Do war he gans bedröwet un toffte (wartete) up sine Leiweste, op de nie keime un ünn ut de Naut hülpe. Aset do Middag is,

do kummet se un bringet wat to etten: do geit he ehr in de Möte (entgegen) un vertellt ehr olles un ett wat, un lett sik von ehr lusen un schloppet in. Do nümmetse wier den Knupp un schlett domit up de Eere un segd »Arweggers, herut!« Do kummet wier so viel Eerdmännekens un froget wat ehr Begeren wür? Do seh

se »in Tied von drei Stunnen müttet ju den gansen Busk afhoggen, un bowen uppe den Berge do mot en Schlott stohen, dat mot so wacker sien, aseʼt nu ener denken kann, un olle Ingedömse muttet do inne sien.« Do ginge se hünne un boen ehre Verwanschap up, dat se helpen sullen, un ase te Tied

umme was, do was alles ferrig. Do kümmet se to der Künigs-dochter un segged dat, un de Künigsdochter nümmet den Doock un schlett dreimol domit up de Eere un segd »Arweggers to Hus!« Do siet se glik olle wier weg west. Do nu de Künigssuhn upwecket, un olles soh, do was he so frau ase en Vugel in der Luft. Do et

do sesse schloen hadde, do gingen se tohaupe nah Hus. Do segd de Künig »is dat Schlott auck ferrig?« »Jo« seh de Künigssuhn. Ase do to Diske sittet, do segd de Künig »mine jungeste Dochter kann ik nie giewen, befur de twei öllesten frigget het.« Do wor de Künigssuhn un de Künigs-dochter gans bedröwet, un de

Künigssuhn wuste sik gar nig to bergen (helfen). Do kum-met he mol bie Nachte to der Künigsdochter un löppet dermit furt. Ase do en bitken wegsiet, do kicket sik de Dochter mol umme un süht ehren Vader hinner sik. »O,« seh se, »wo sull wie dat macken? min Vader is hinner us un will us ummeholen: ik will

die grade to'n Dörenbusk macken un mie tor Rose un ik will mie ümmer midden in den Busk waaren (schützen).« Ase do de Vader an de Stelle kum-met, do steit do en Dörenbusk un ene Rose do anne: do will he de Rose afbrecken, do kummet de Dören un stecket ün in de Finger, dat he wier nah Hus gehen mut. Do frägt

sine Frugge worumme he se nig hädde middebrocht. Do seh he he wür der balt bie west, awerst he hedde se uppen mol ut den Gesichte verloren, un do hädde do en Dörenbusk un ene Rose stohen. Do seh de Künigin »heddest du ment (nur) de Rose afbrocken, de Busk hedde sullen wohl kummen.«

Do geit he wier weg un will de Rose herholen. Unnerdes waren awerst de beiden schon wiet öwer Feld, un de Künig löppet der hinner her. Do kicket sik de Dochter wier umme un süht ehren Vader kummen: do seh se »o, wo sull wie et nu macken? ik will die grade tor Kerke macken un mie tom Pastoer: do will ik up

de Kanzel stohn un predigen.« Ase do de Künig an de Stelle kummet, do steiht do ene Kerke, un up de Kanzel is en Pastoer un priediget: do hort he de Priedig to un geit wier nah Hus. Do frägt de Küni-ginne worumme he se nig midde brocht hedde, da segd he »nee, ik hewe se so lange nachlaupen, un as ik glovte ik

wer der bold bie, do steit do en Kerke un up de Kanzel en Pastoer, de priedigte.« »Du häddest sullen ment den Pastoer bringen,« seh de Fru, »de Kerke hädde sullen wohl kummen: dat ik die auck (wenn ich dich auch) schicke, dat kann nig mer helpen, ik mut sülwenst hünne gohen.« Ase se do ene Wiele wege is un

de beiden von fern süht, do kicket sik de Künigsdochter umme un süht ehre Moder kummen un segd »nu si wie unglücksk, nu kummet miene Moder sülwenst: ik will die grade tom Dieck macken un mie tom Fisk.« Do de Moder up de Stelle kummet, do is do en grot Dieck, un in de Midde sprank en Fisk herumme un

kickete mit den Kopp ut den Water un was gans lustig. Do wull se geren den Fisk krigen, awerst se kunn ün gar nig fangen. Do werd se gans böse un drinket den gansen Dieck ut, dat se den Fisk kriegen will, awerst do werd se so üwel, dat se sick spiggen mott un spigget den gansen Dieck wier ut. Do seh se »ik sehe do wohl

dat et olle nig mer helpen kann:« sei mogten nu wier to ehr kummen. Do gohet se dann auck wier hünne, un de Küniginne givt der Dochter drei Wallnütte un segd »do kannst du die mit helpen, wenn du in dine högste Naud bist.« Un do gingen de jungen Lüde wier tohaupe weg. Do se do wohl tein Stunne gohen

hadden, do kummet se an dat Schlott, wovon de Künigssuhn was, un dobie was en Dorp. Ase se do anne keimen, do segd de Künigssuhn »blief hie, mine Leiweste, ik will eest up dat Schlott gohen, un dann will ik mit den Wagen un Bedeinten kummen un will die afholen.« Ase he do up dat Schlott kummet, do werd se

olle so frau dat se den Künigs-
suhn nu wier hett: do vertellt
he he hedde ene Brut, un de
wür ietzt in den Dorpe, se
wullen mit den Wagen hin-
trecken un se holen. Do
spannt se auck gliek an, un
viele Bedeinten setten sich up
den Wagen. Ase do de Künigs-
suhn instiegen wull, do gab ün
sine Moder en Kus, do hadde

he alles vergeten, wat schehen was un auck wat he dohen will. Do befal de Moder se sullen wier utspannen, un do gingen se olle wier in't Hus. Dat Mäken awerst sitt im Dorpe un luert un luert un meint he sull se afholen, et kummet awerst keiner. Do vermaiet (vermietet) sik de Künigsdochter in de Muhle, de hoerde bie dat

Schlott, do moste se olle Noh-
middage bie den Watter sitten
un Stunze schüren (Gefäße
reinigen). Do kummet de Küni-
ginne mol von den Schlotte
gegohen, un gohet an den
Water spatzeiern, un seihet
dat wackere Mäken do sitten,
do segd se »wat is dat für en
wacker Mäken! wat geföllt mie
dat gut!« Do kicket se et olle

an, awerst keen Menske hadde et kand. Do geit wohl ene lange Tied vorbie, dat dat Mäken eerlick un getrugge bie den Müller deint. Unnerdes hadde de Küniginne ene Frugge für ehren Suhn socht, de is gans feren ut der Weld west. Ase do de Brut anküm-met, do söllt se gliek tohaupe giewen weren. Et laupet so

viele Lüde tosamen, de dat olle seihen willt, do segd dat Mäken to den Müller he mögte ehr doch auck Verlöv giewen. Do seh de Müller »goh menten hünne.« Aset do weg will, do macket et ene van den drei Wallnütten up, do legt do so en wacker Kleid inne, dat trecket et an un gienk domie in de Kerke gigen den Altor

stohen. Up enmol kummt de Brut un de Brüme (Bräutigam), un settet sik für den Altor, un ase de Pastor se do insegnen wull, do kicket sik de Brut van der Halwe (seitwärts), un süht et do stohen, do steit se wier up, un segd se wull sik nie giewen loten, bis se auck so en wacker Kleid hädde, ase de Dame. Do

gingen se wier nah Hus un läten de Dame froen ob se dat Kleid wohl verkofte. Nee, verkaupen dau se't nig, awerst verdeinen, dat mögte wohl sien. Do fragten se ehr wat se denn dohen sullen. Do segd se wenn se van Nachte fur dat Dohr van den Künigssuhn schlapen döffte, dann wull se et wohl dohen. Do seged se jo,

dat sul se menten dohen. Do muttet de Bedeinten den Künigssuhn en Schlopdrunk ingiewen, un do legt se sik up den Süll un günselt (winselt) de heile Nacht, se hädde den Wall für ün afhoggen loten, se hädde de Dieck fur ün utschloen, se hädde dat Schlott für ün bugget, se hädde ünne ton Dörenbusk

macket, dann wier tor Kerke un tolest tom Dieck, un he hädde se so geschwinne ver= geten. De Künigssuhn hadde nicks davon hört, de Bedein= ten awerst würen upwacket un hadden tolustert un hadden nie wust wat et sull bedüen. Den anneren Morgen, ase se upstohen würen, do trock de Brut dat Kleid an, un

fort mit den Brümen nah der Kerke. Unnerdes macket dat wackere Mäken de tweide Wallnutt up, un do is nau en schöner Kleid inne, dat thüt et wier an un geit domie in de Kerke gigen den Altor stohen, do geit et dann ewen wie dat vürge mol. Un dat Mäken liegt wier en Nacht für den Süll, de nah des Künigsuhns Stobe

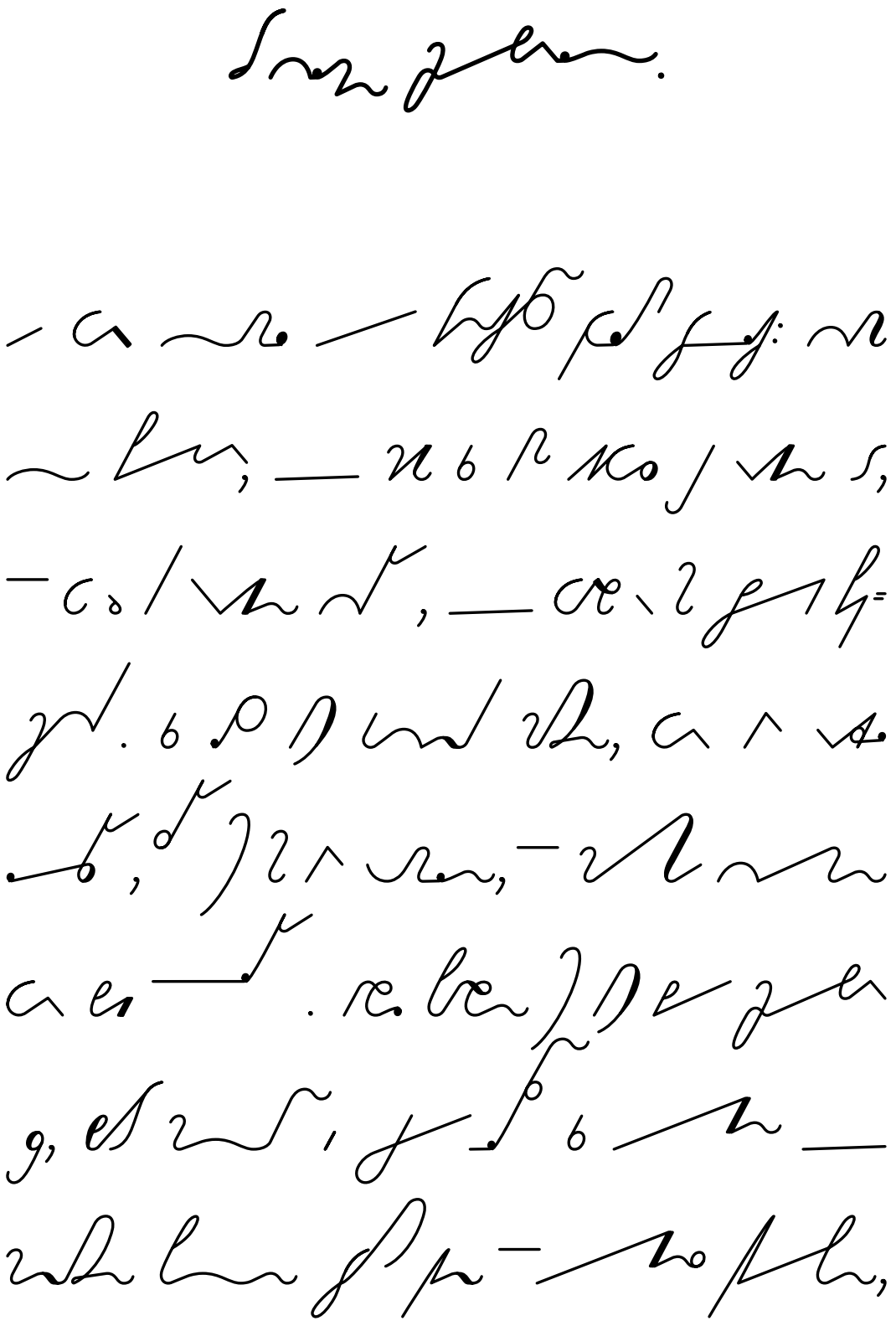
geit, un de Bedeinten süllt ün wier en Schlopdrunk ingiewen; de Bedeinten kummet awerst un giewet ünne wat to wacken, domie legt he sik to Bedde: un de Müllersmaged fur den Dörsüll günselt wier so viel un segd wat se dohen hädde. Dat hört olle de Künigssuhn un werd gans bedröwet, un et föllt ünne olle

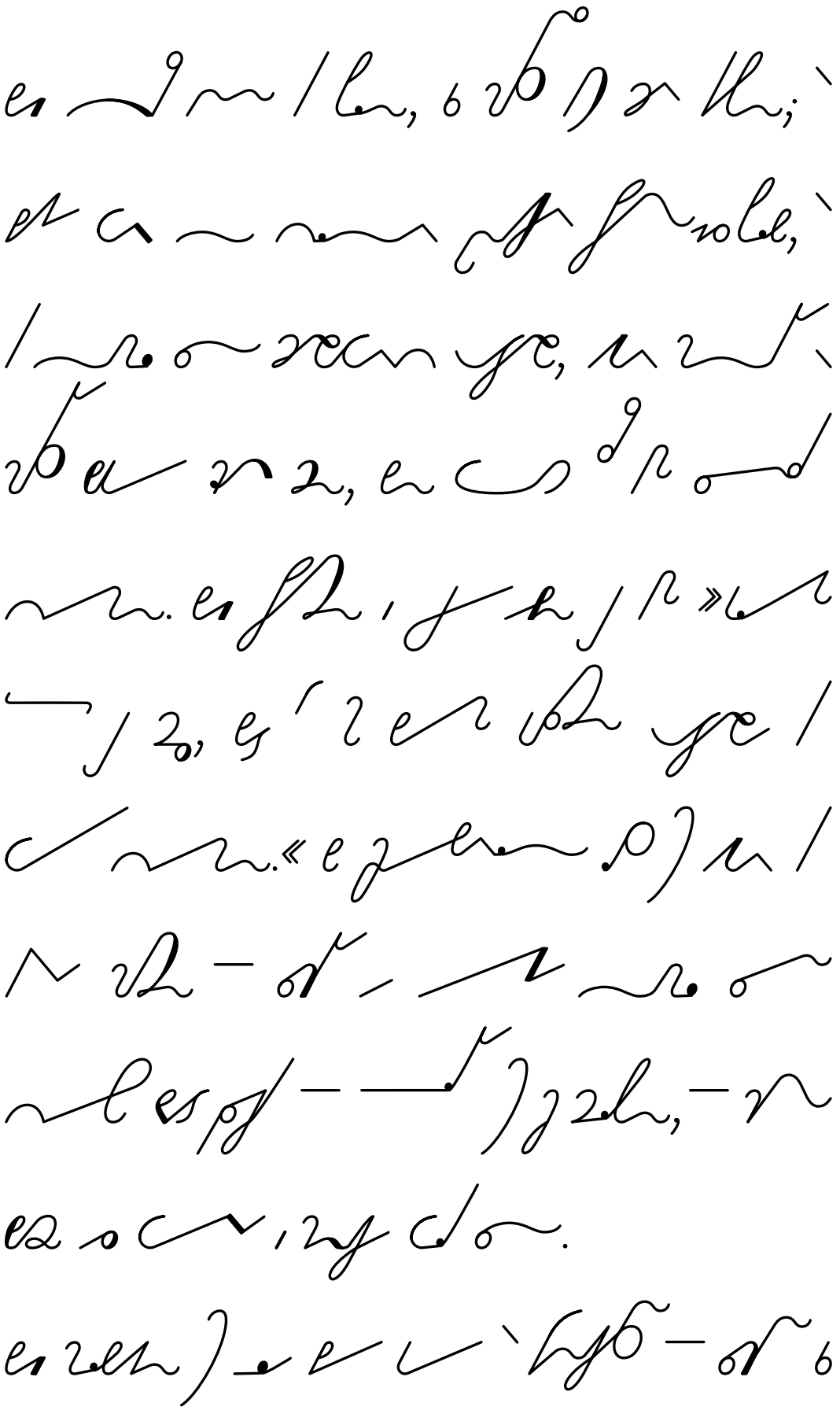
wier bie wat vergangen was. Do will he nah ehr gohen, awerst sine Moder hadde de Dör toschlotten. Den annern Morgen awerst ging he gliek to siner Leiwesten un vertellte ehr olles, wie et mit ünne togangen wür, un se mögte ünne doch nig beuse sin dat he se so lange vergetten hädde. Do macket de Künigs-

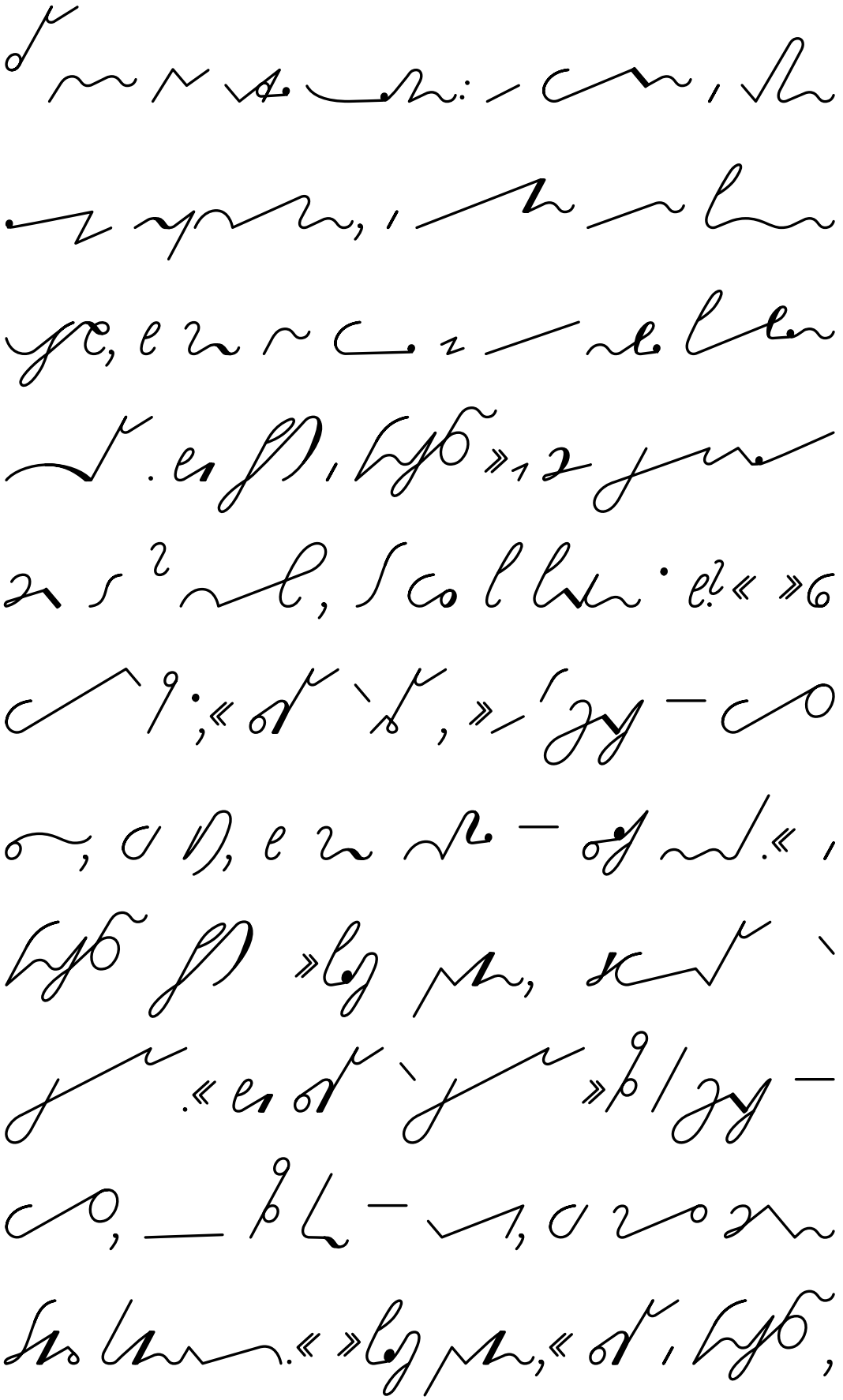
dochter de dridde Wallnutt up, do is nau en viel wackerer Kleid inne: dat trecket sie an un fört mit ehrem Brünen nah de Kerke, un do keimen so viele Kinner, de geiwen ünne Blomen un hellen ünne bunte Bänner fur de Föte, un se leiten sik insegnen un hellen ene lustige Hochtied; awerst de falske Moder un Brut

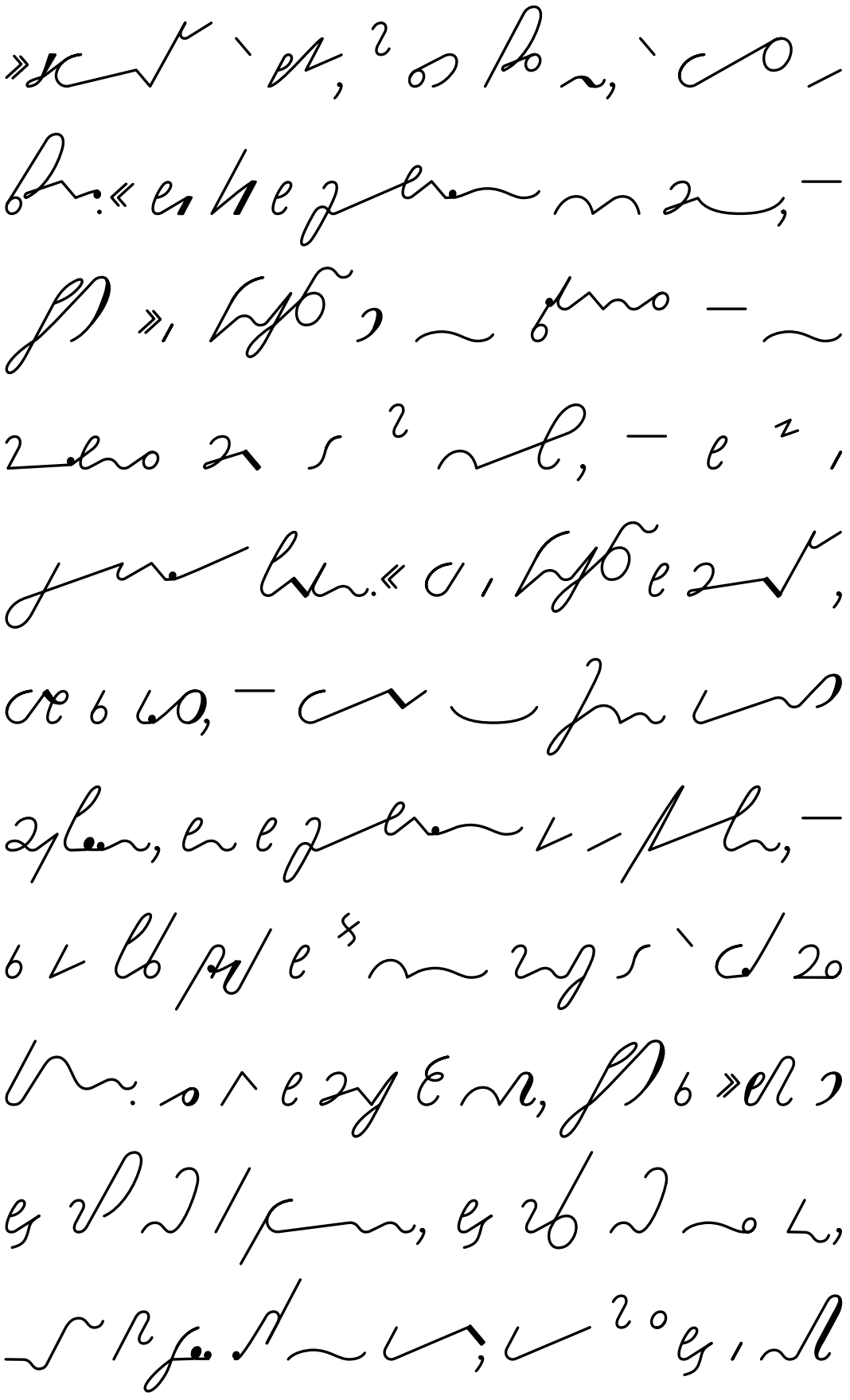
mosten weg. Un we dat lest vertellt het, den is de Mund noch wärm.

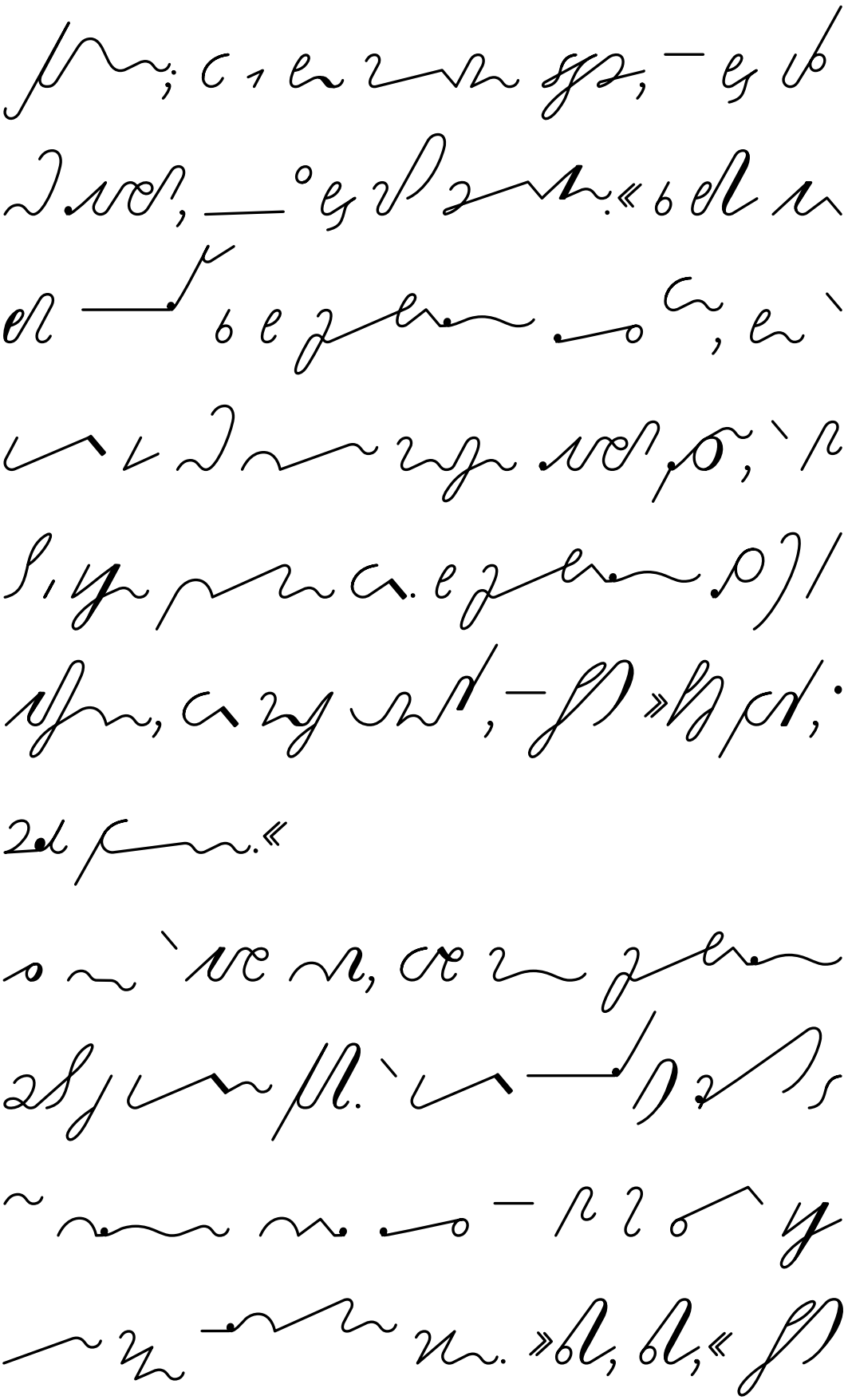
114.

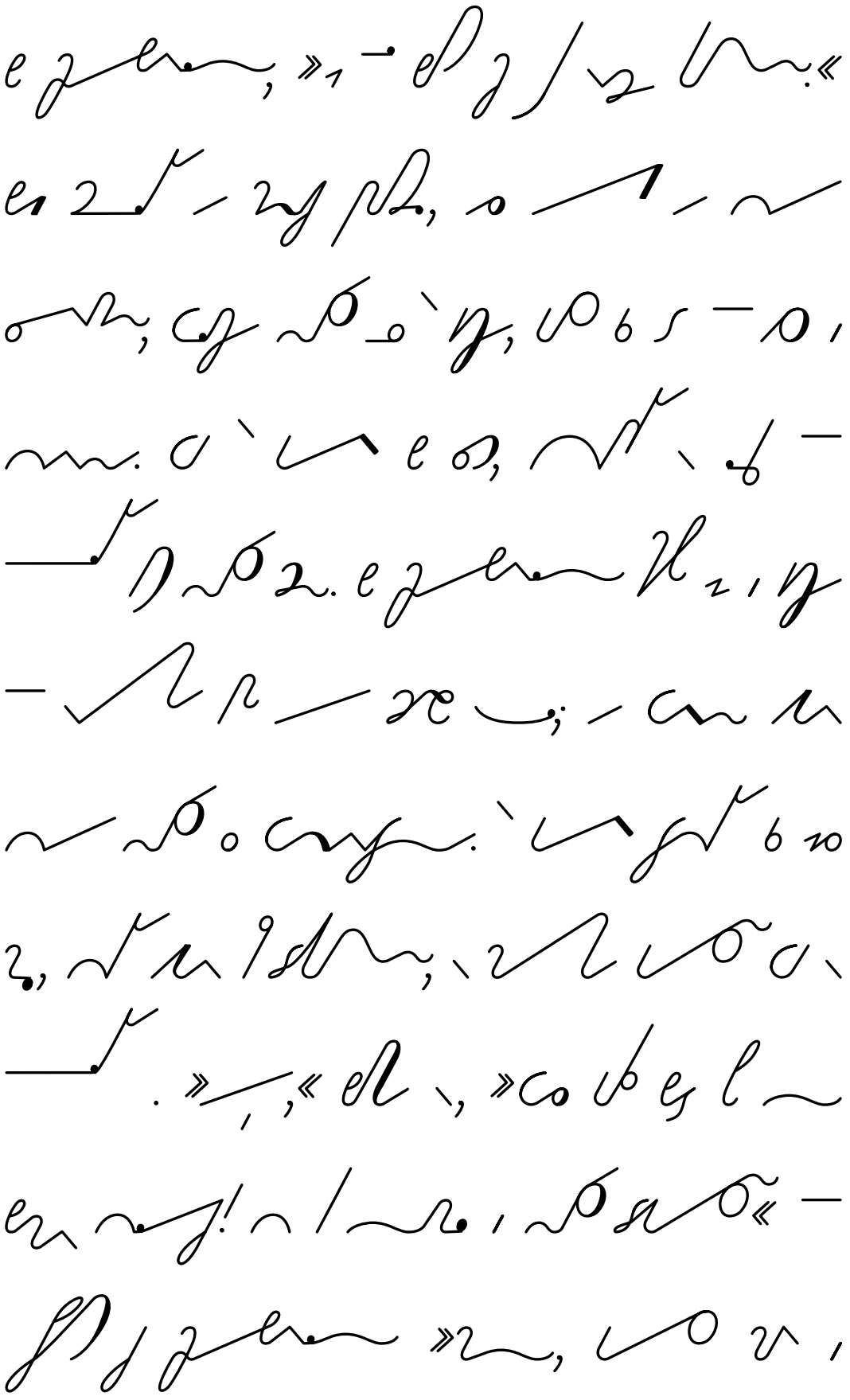


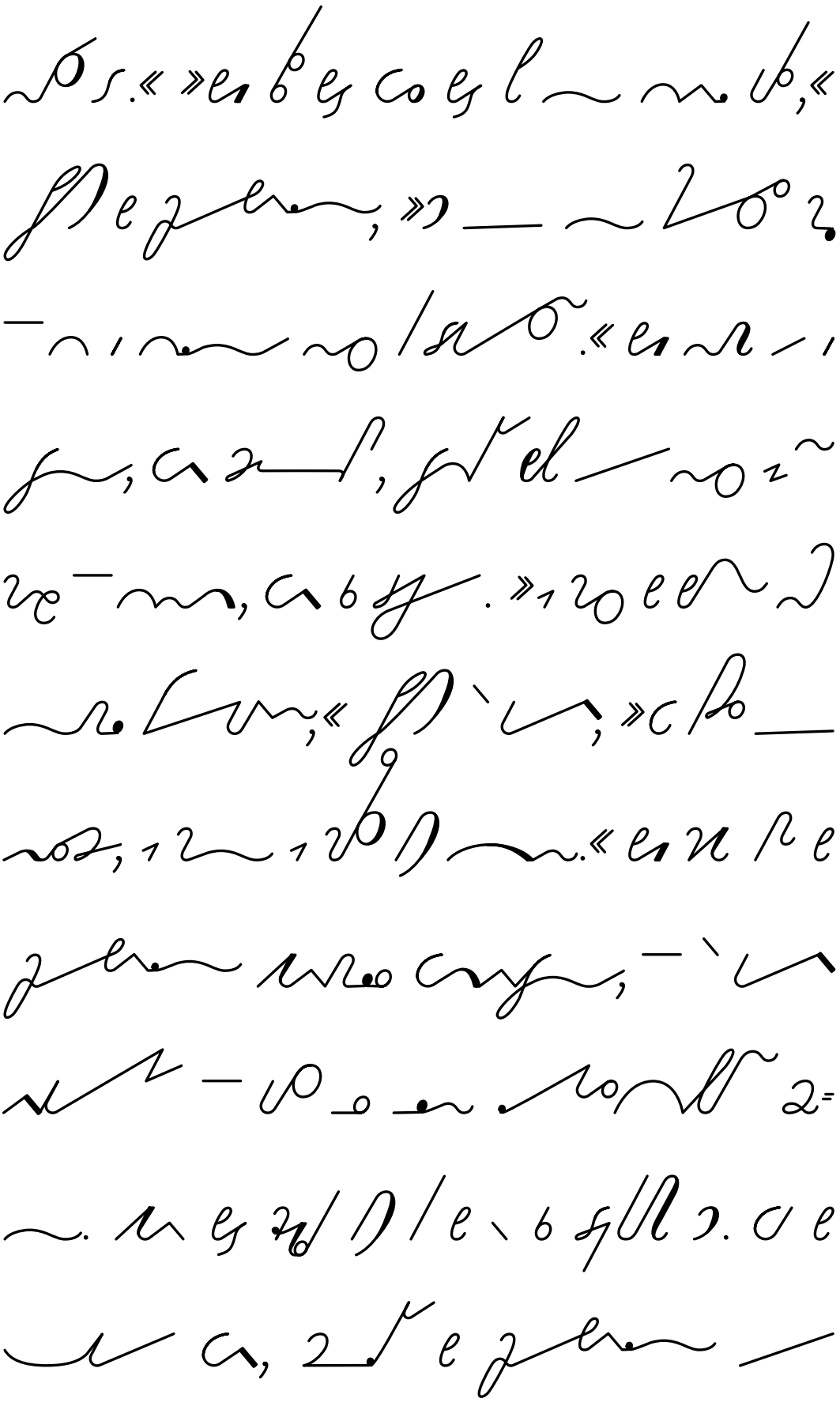


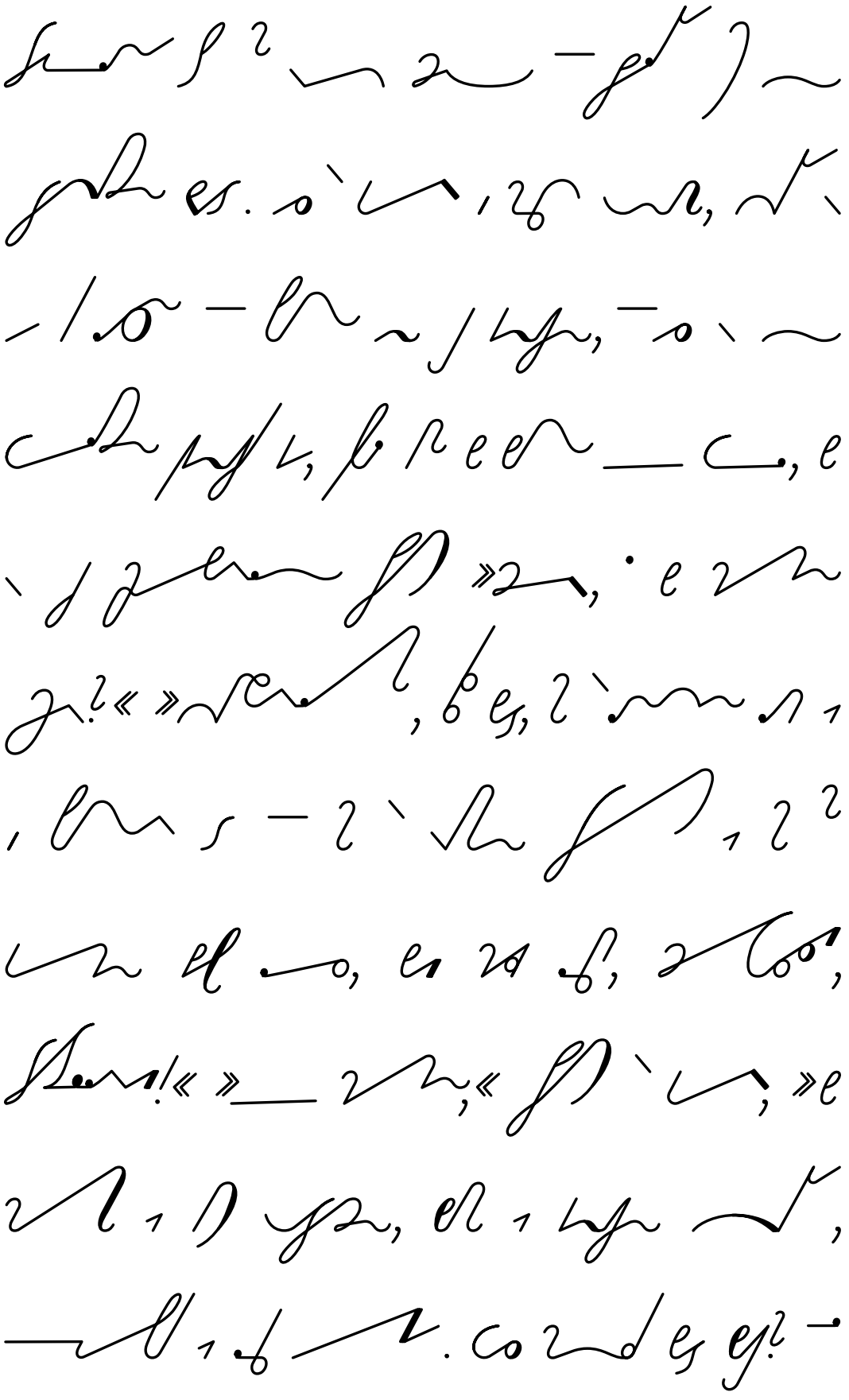


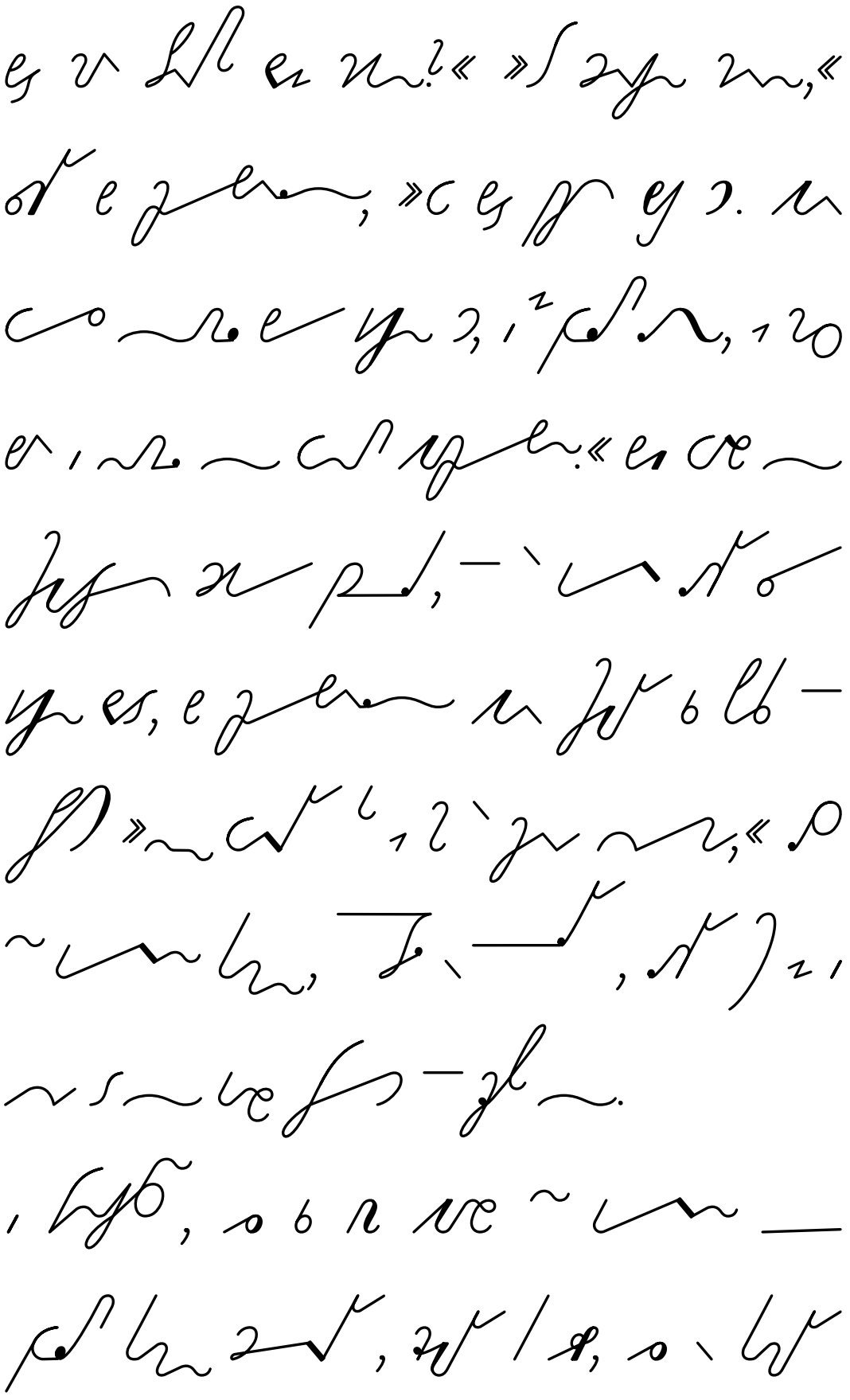


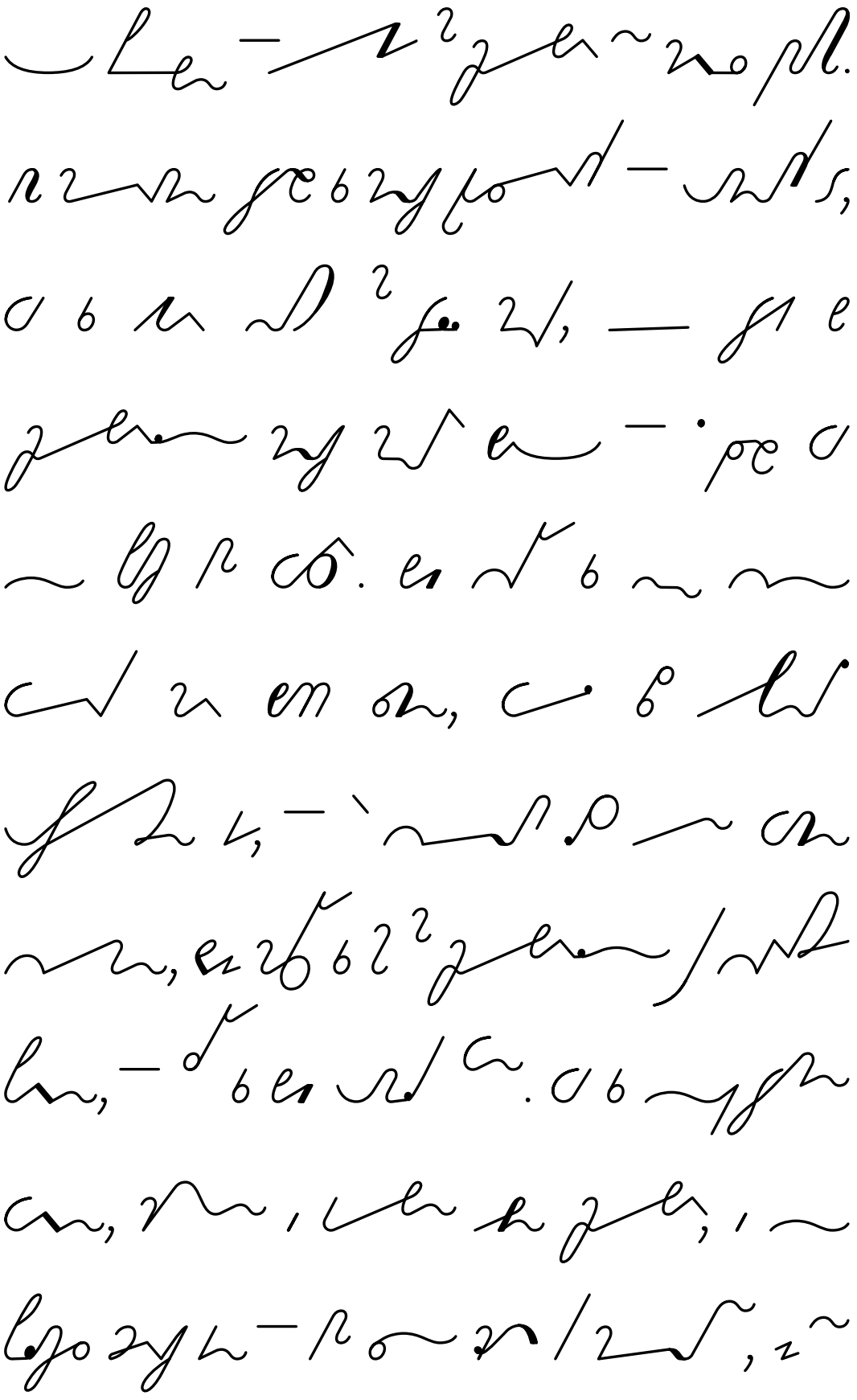


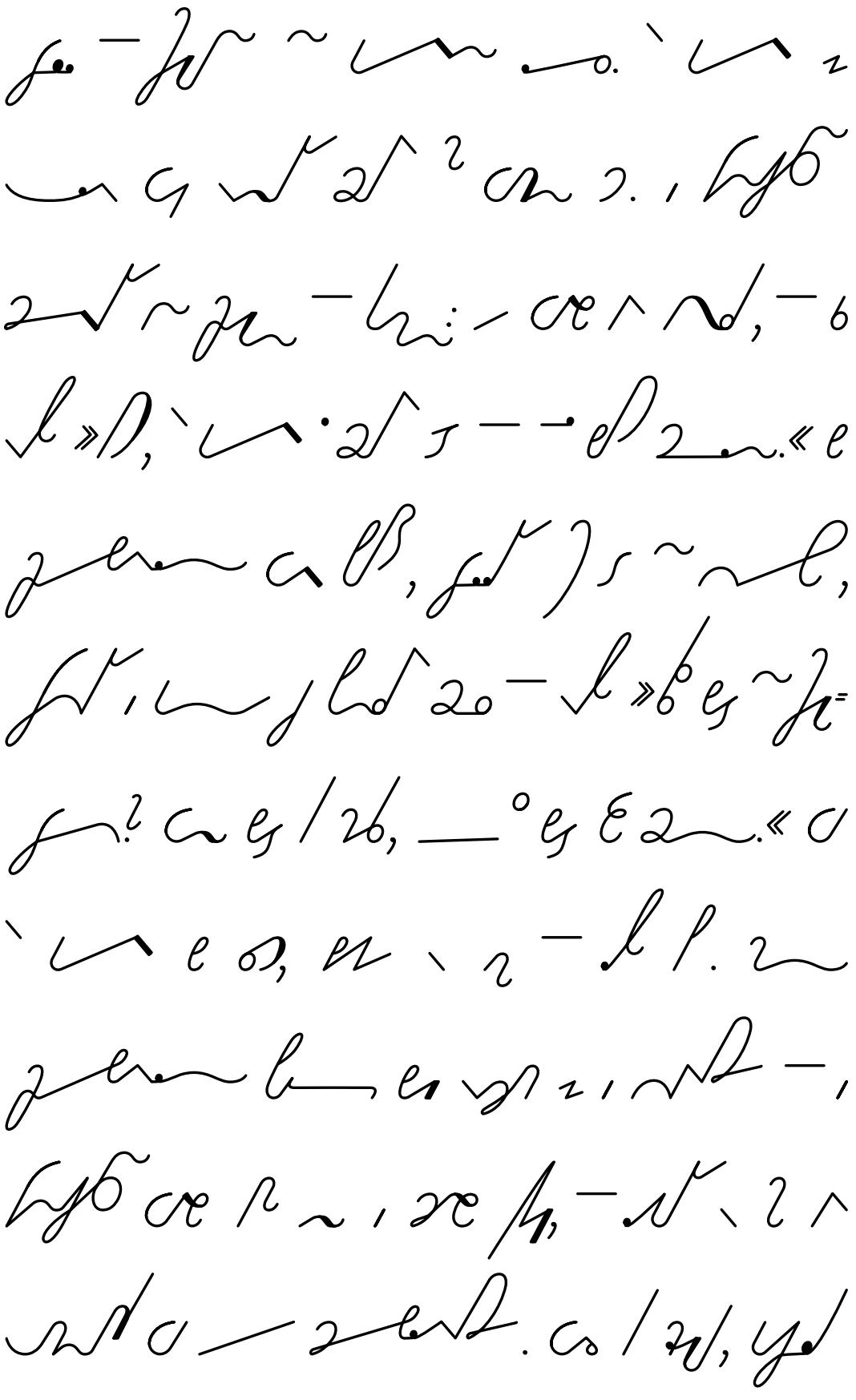












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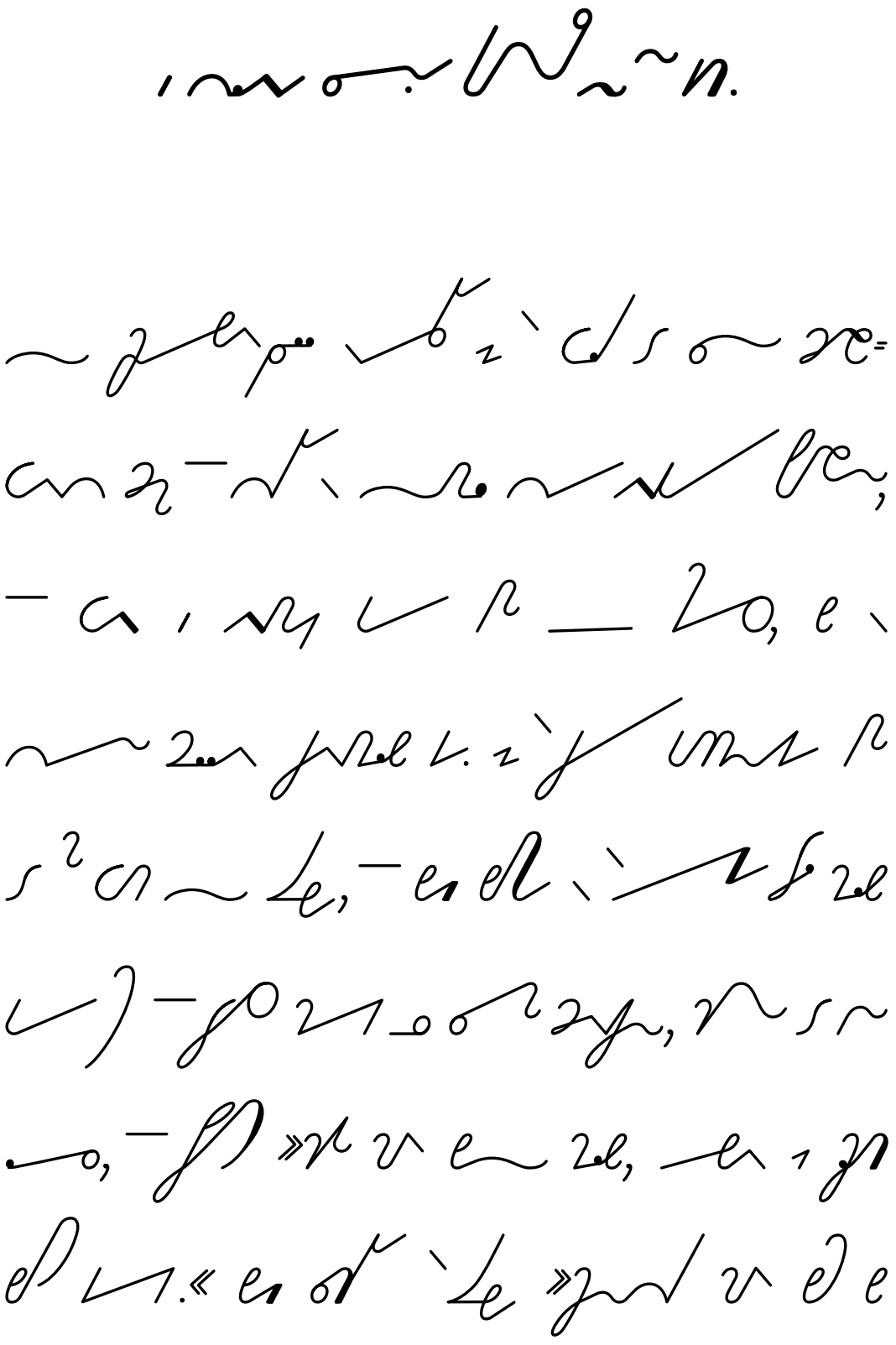

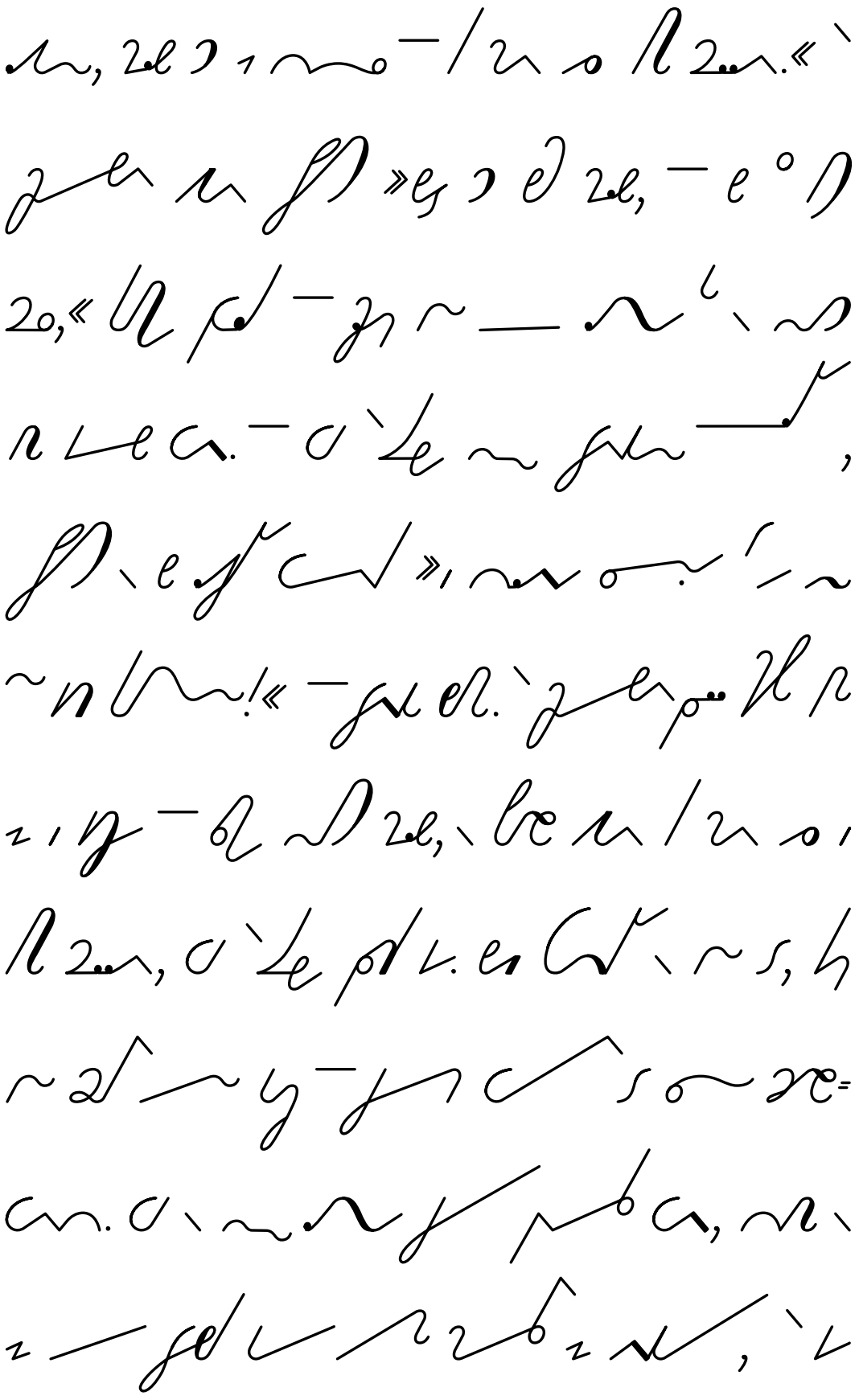

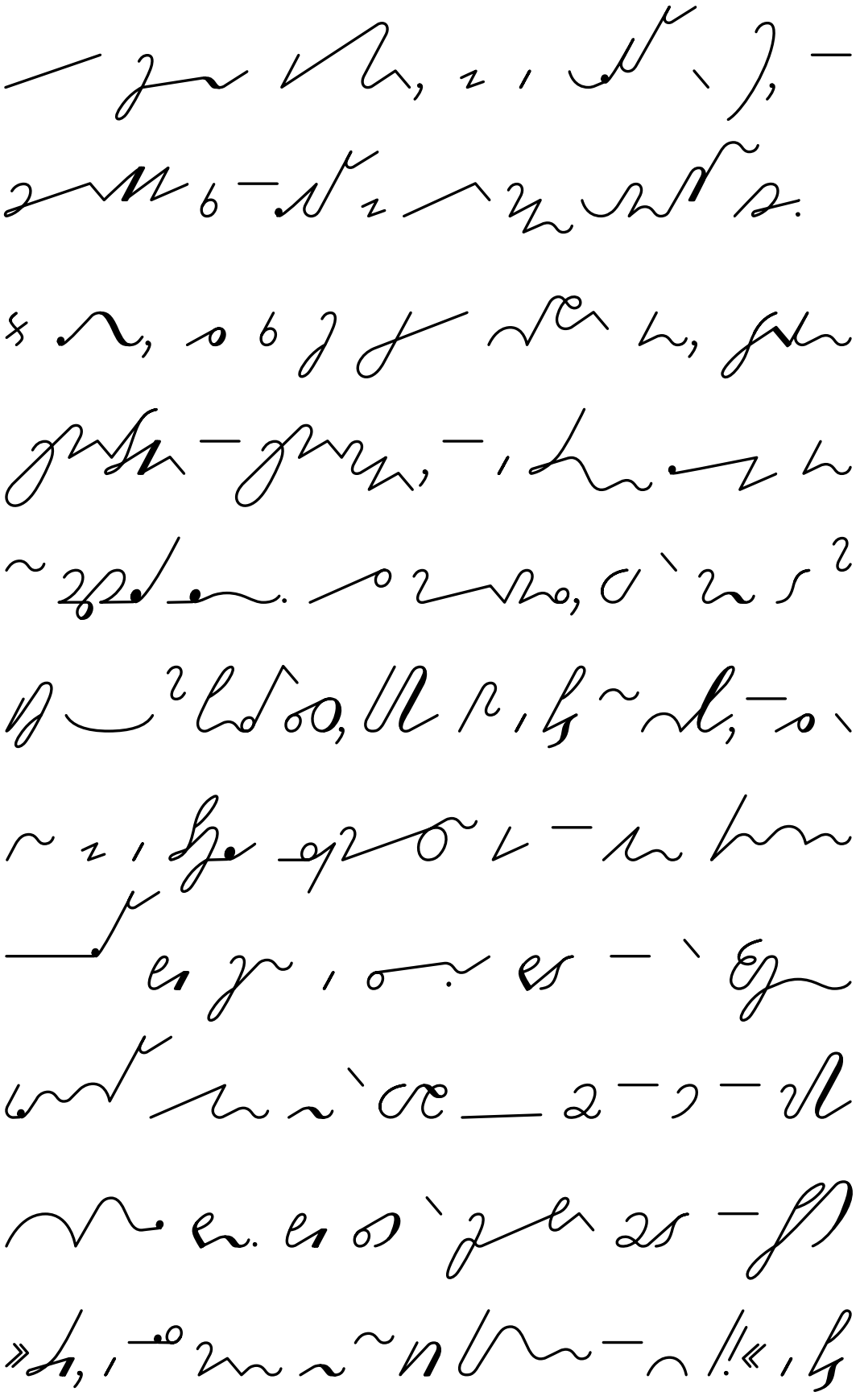

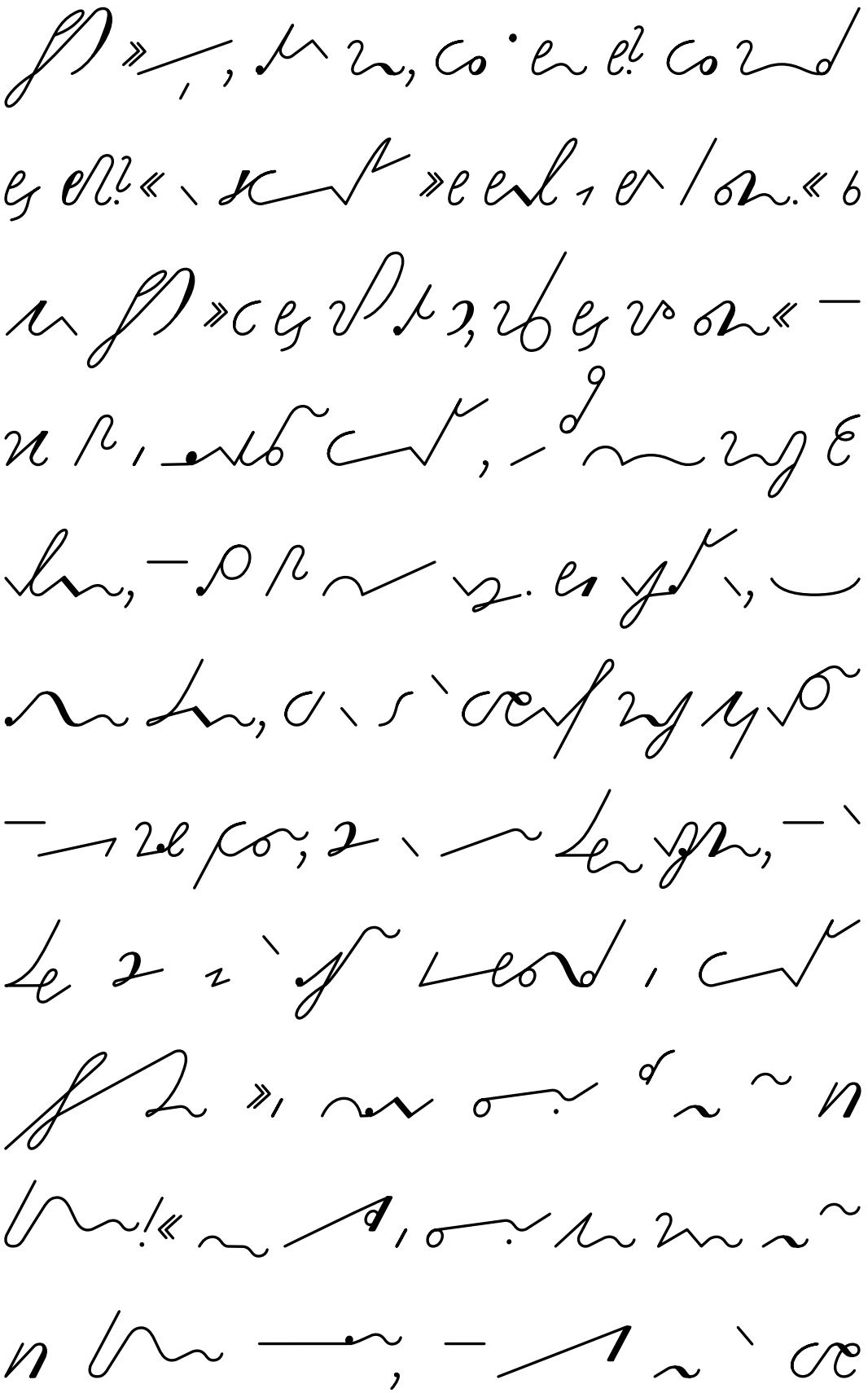

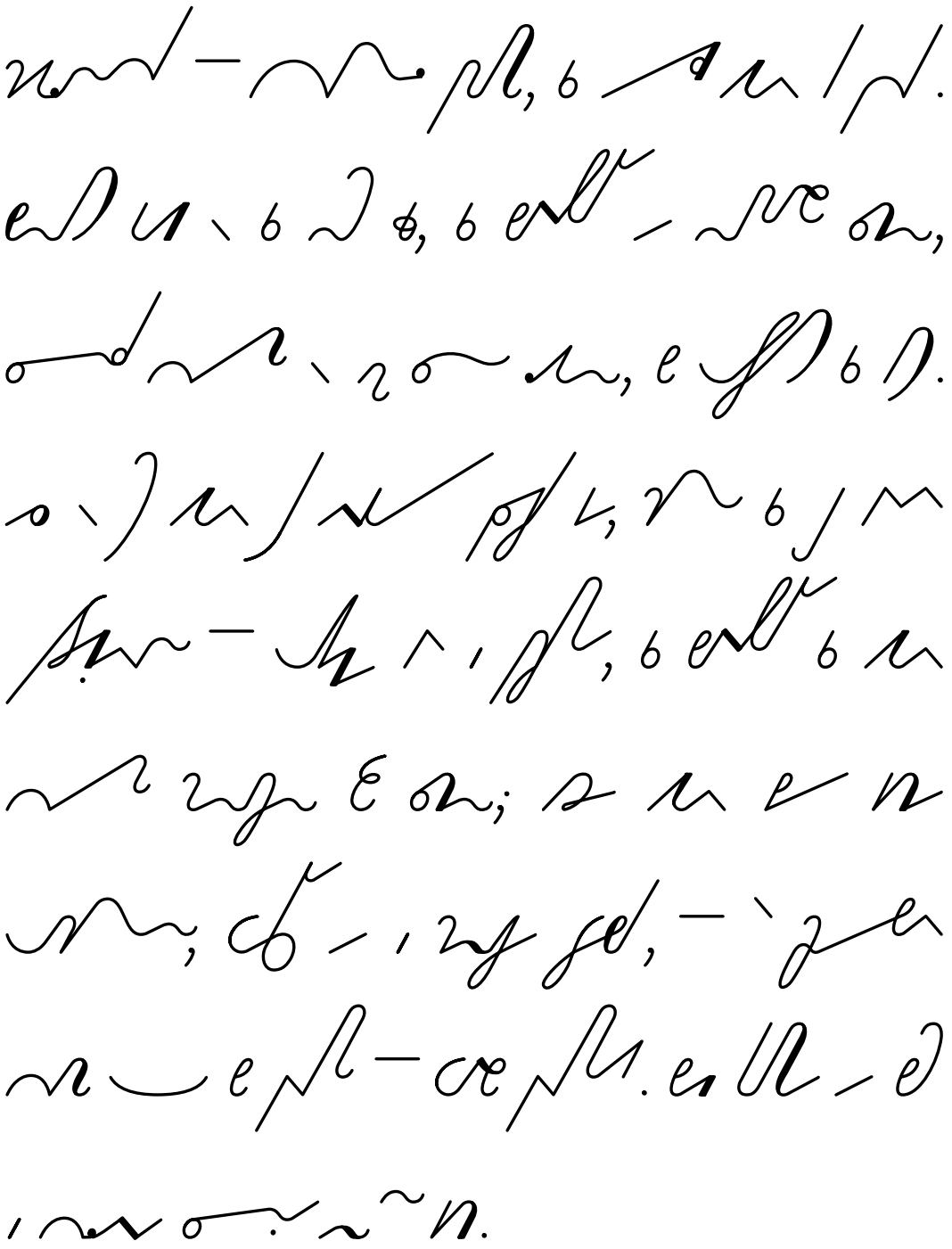

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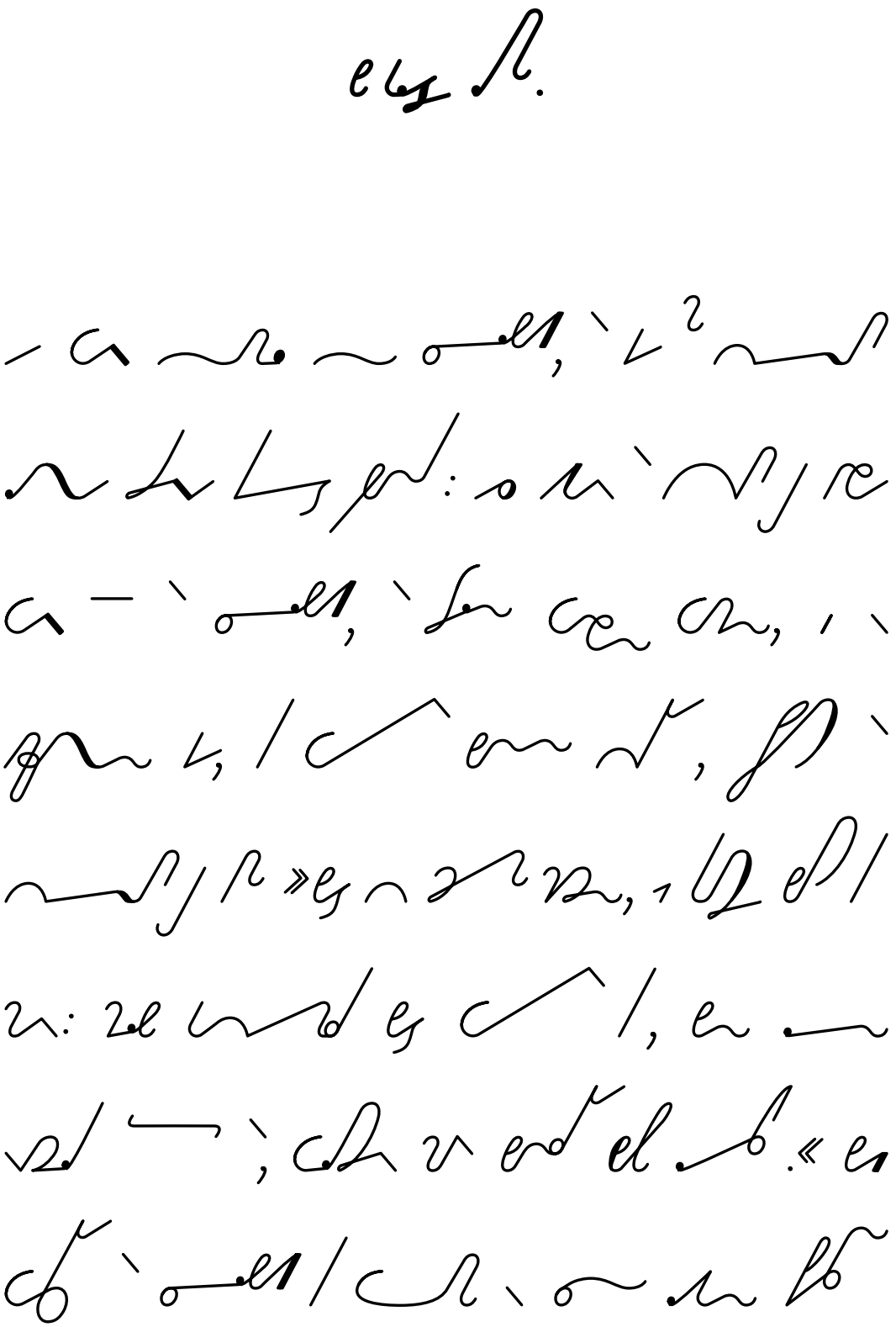

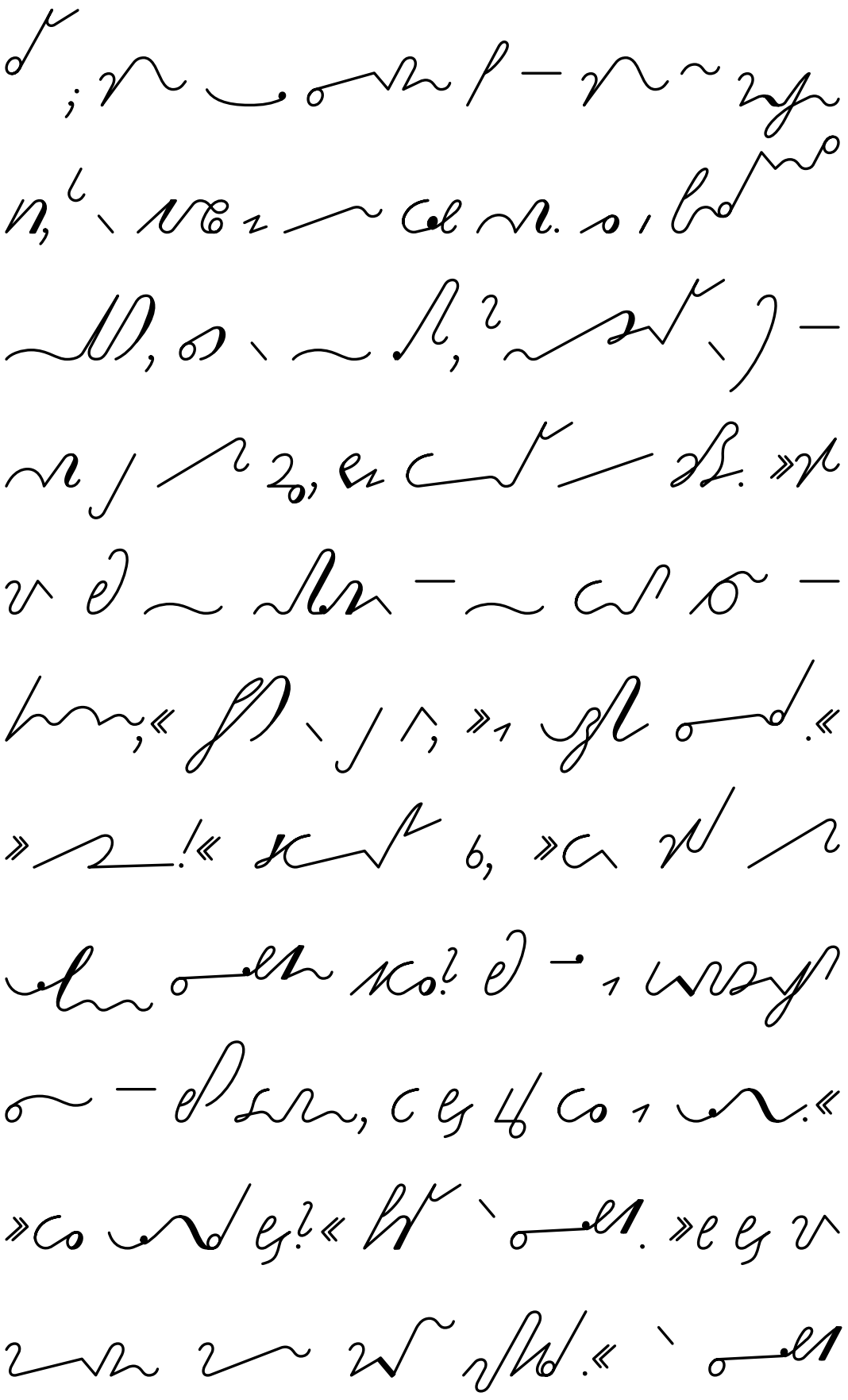

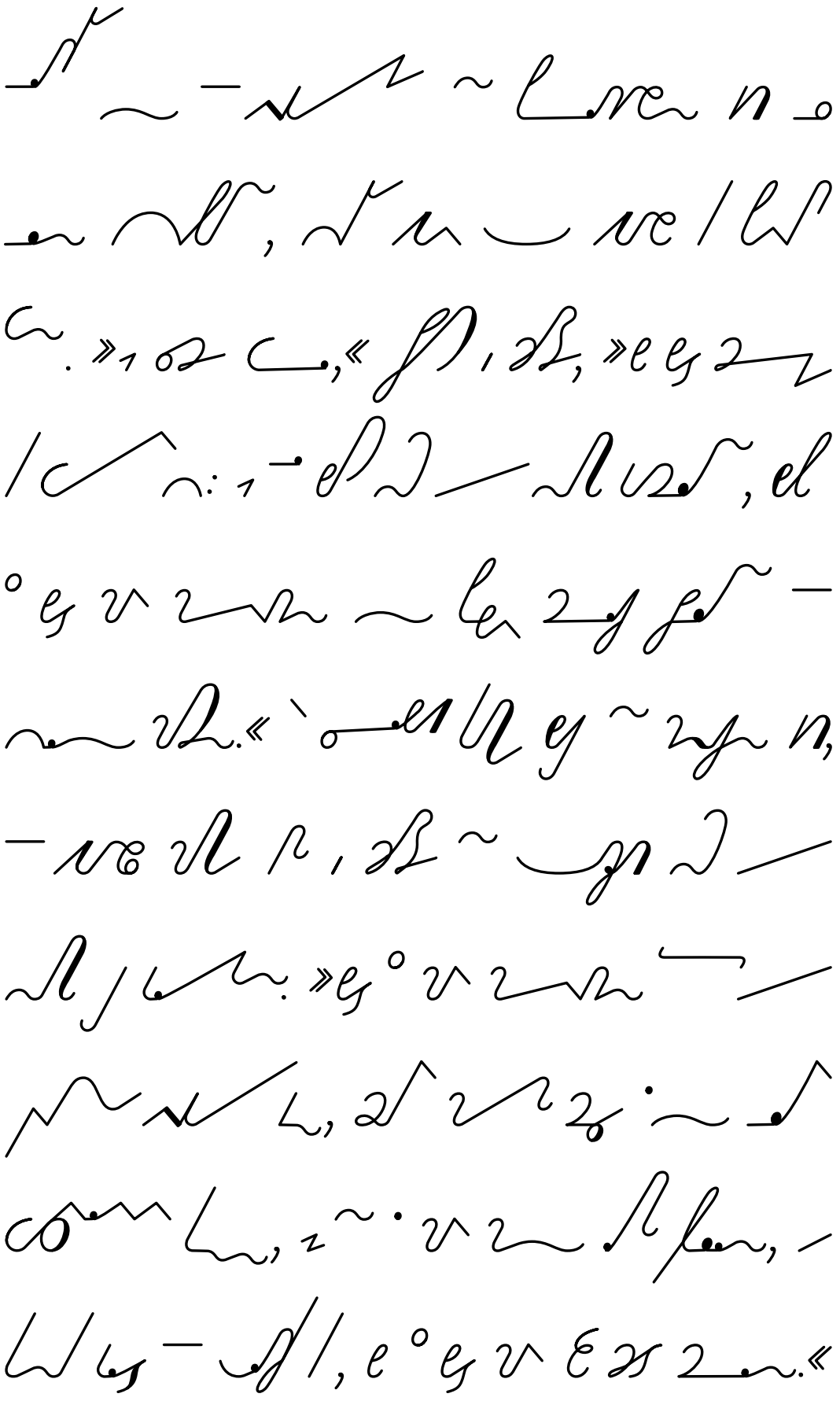

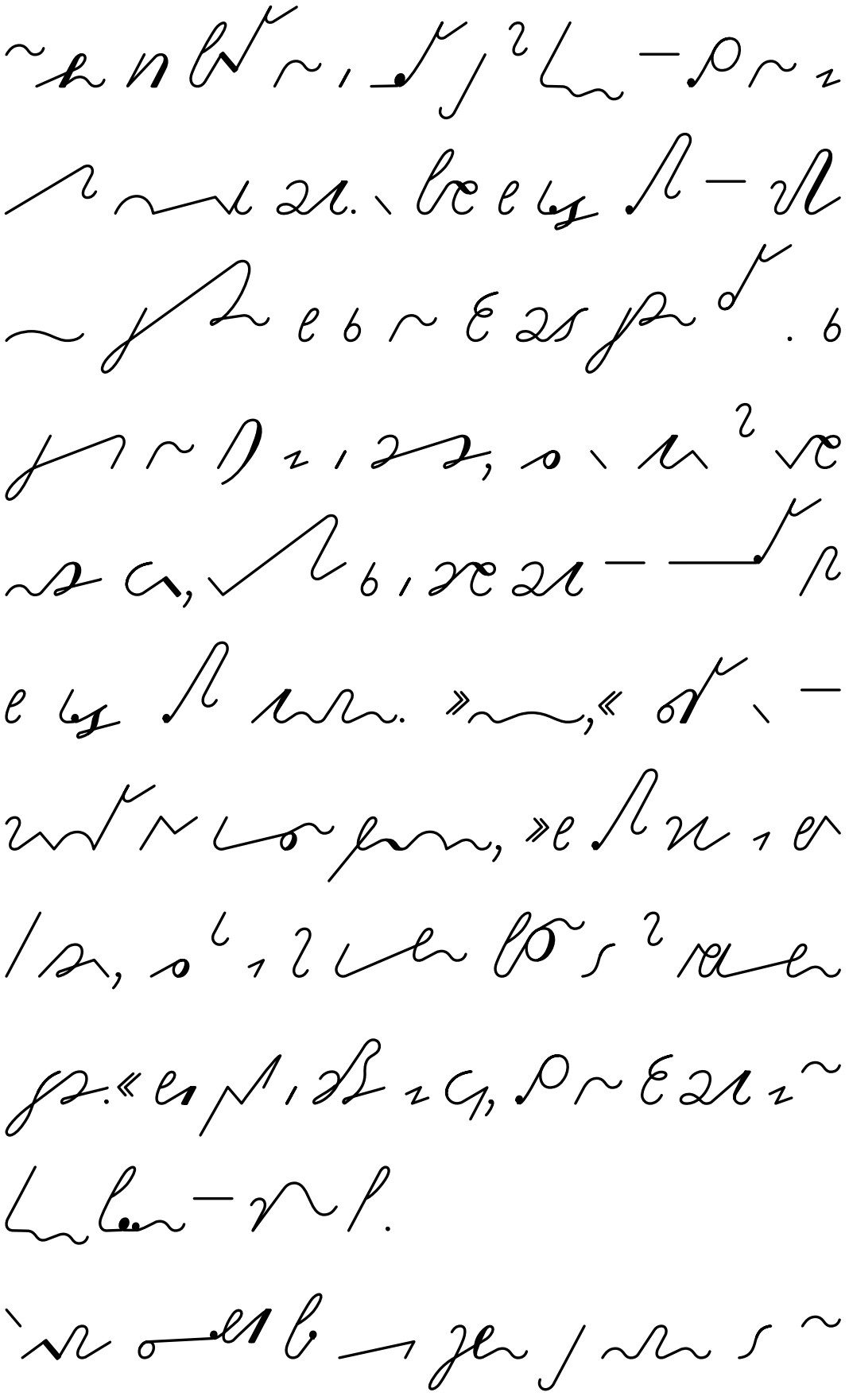

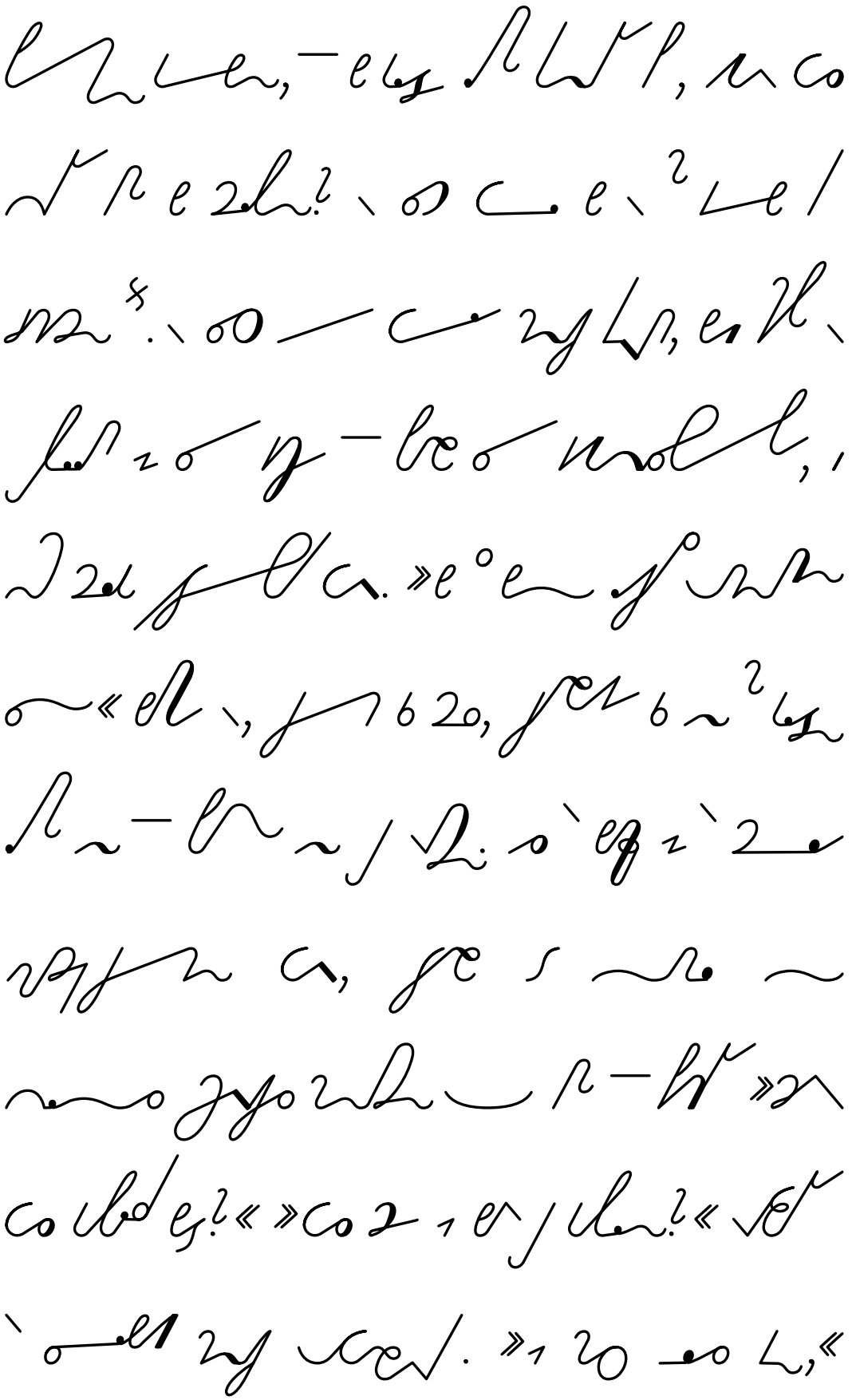

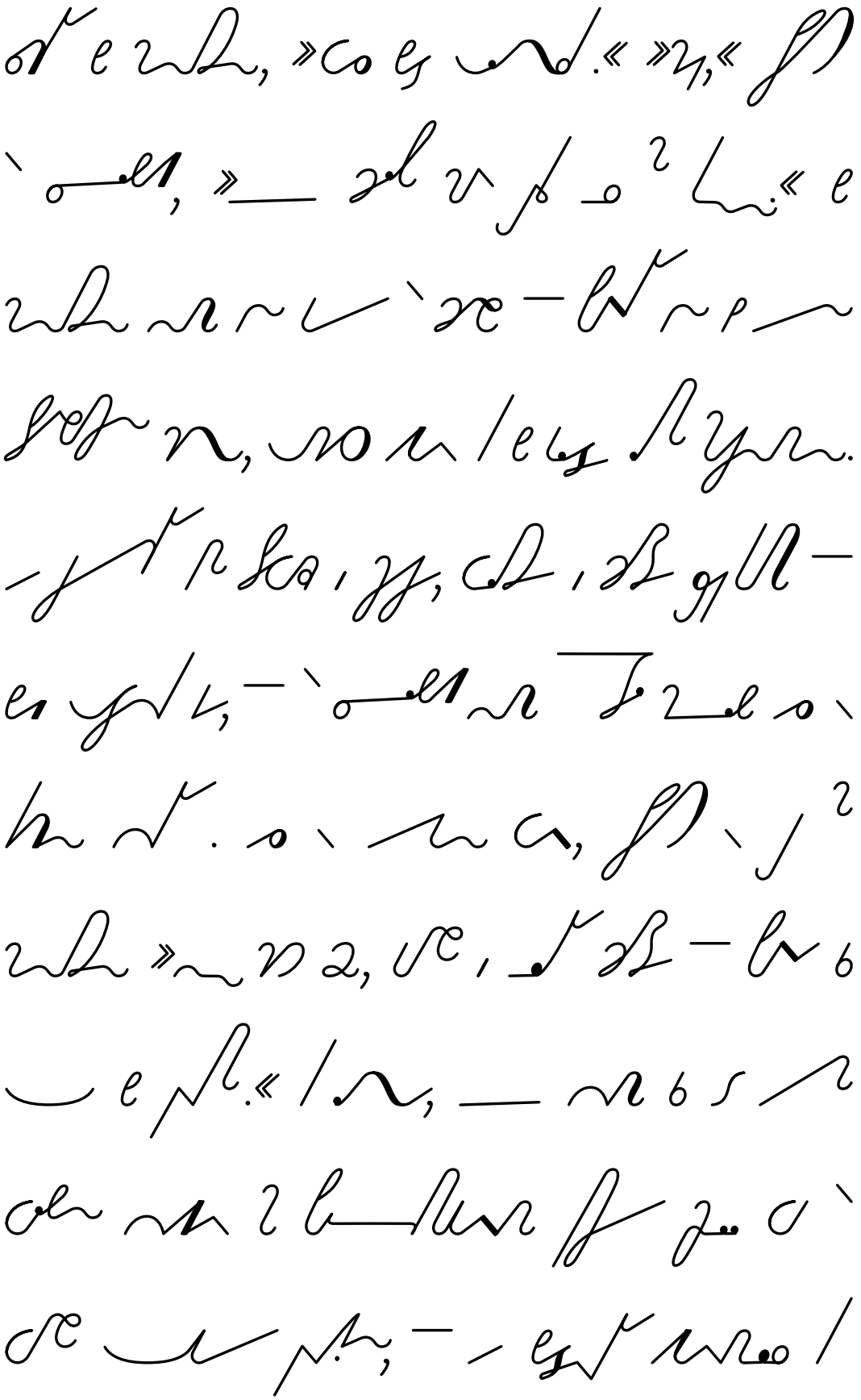

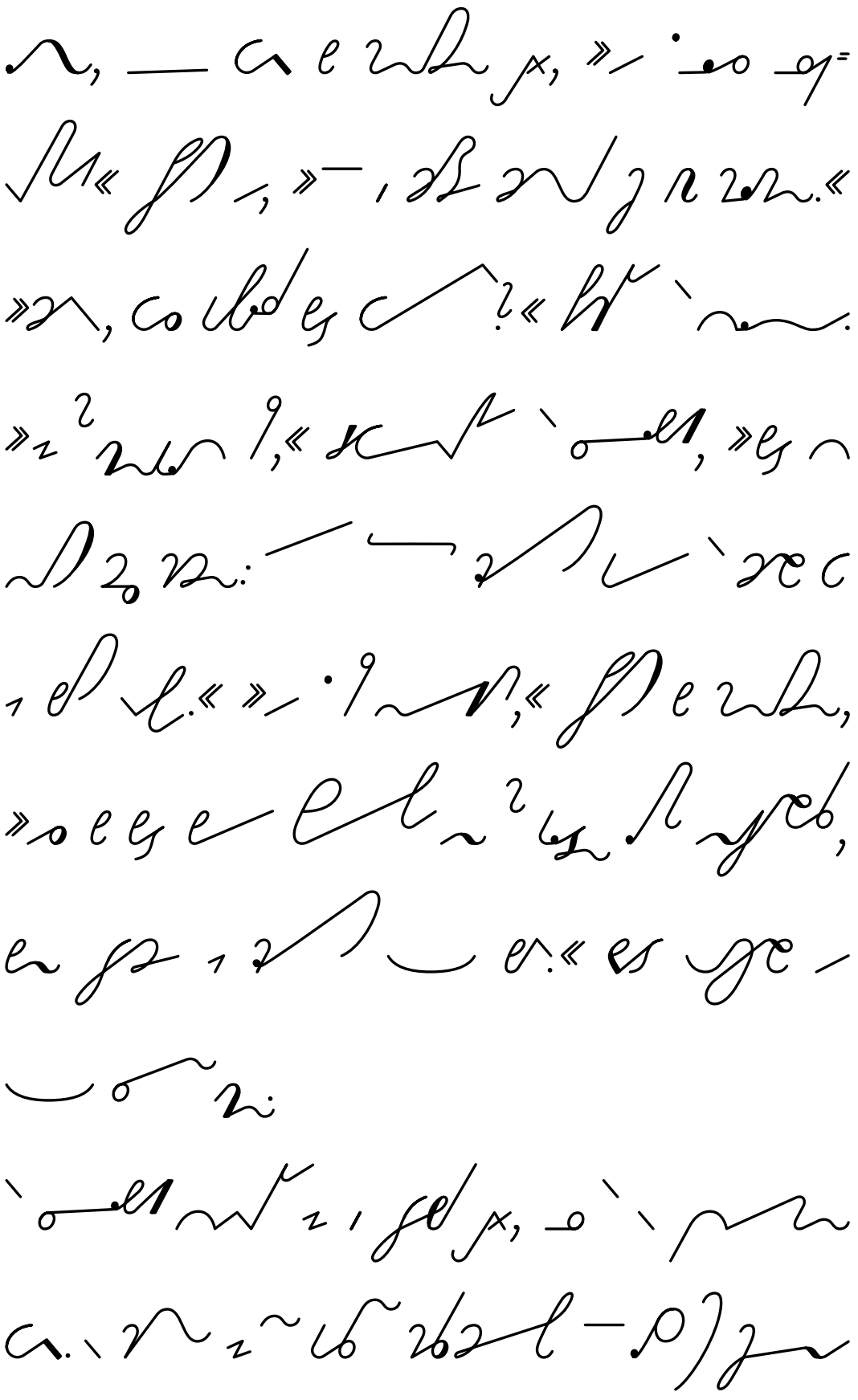

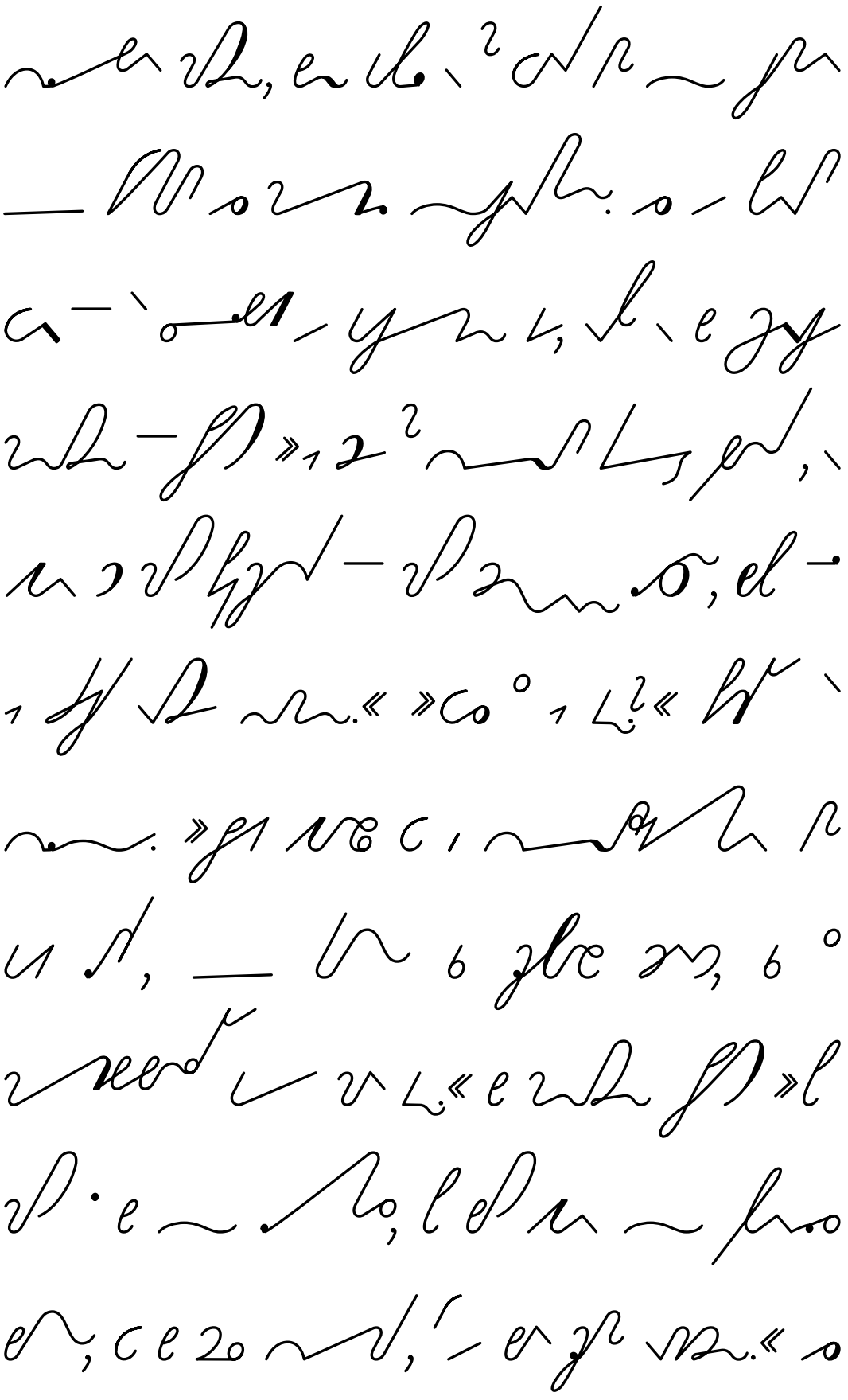

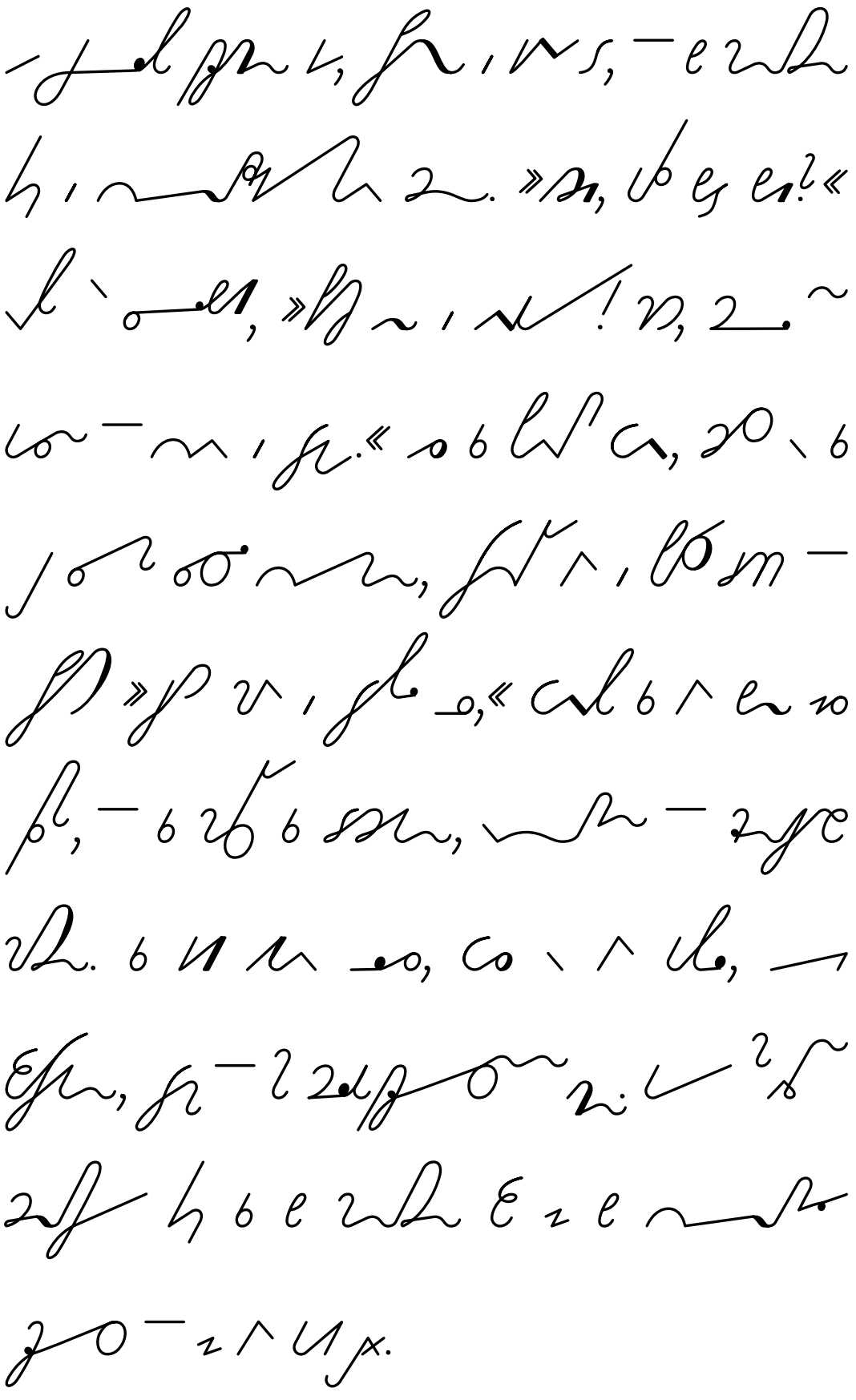

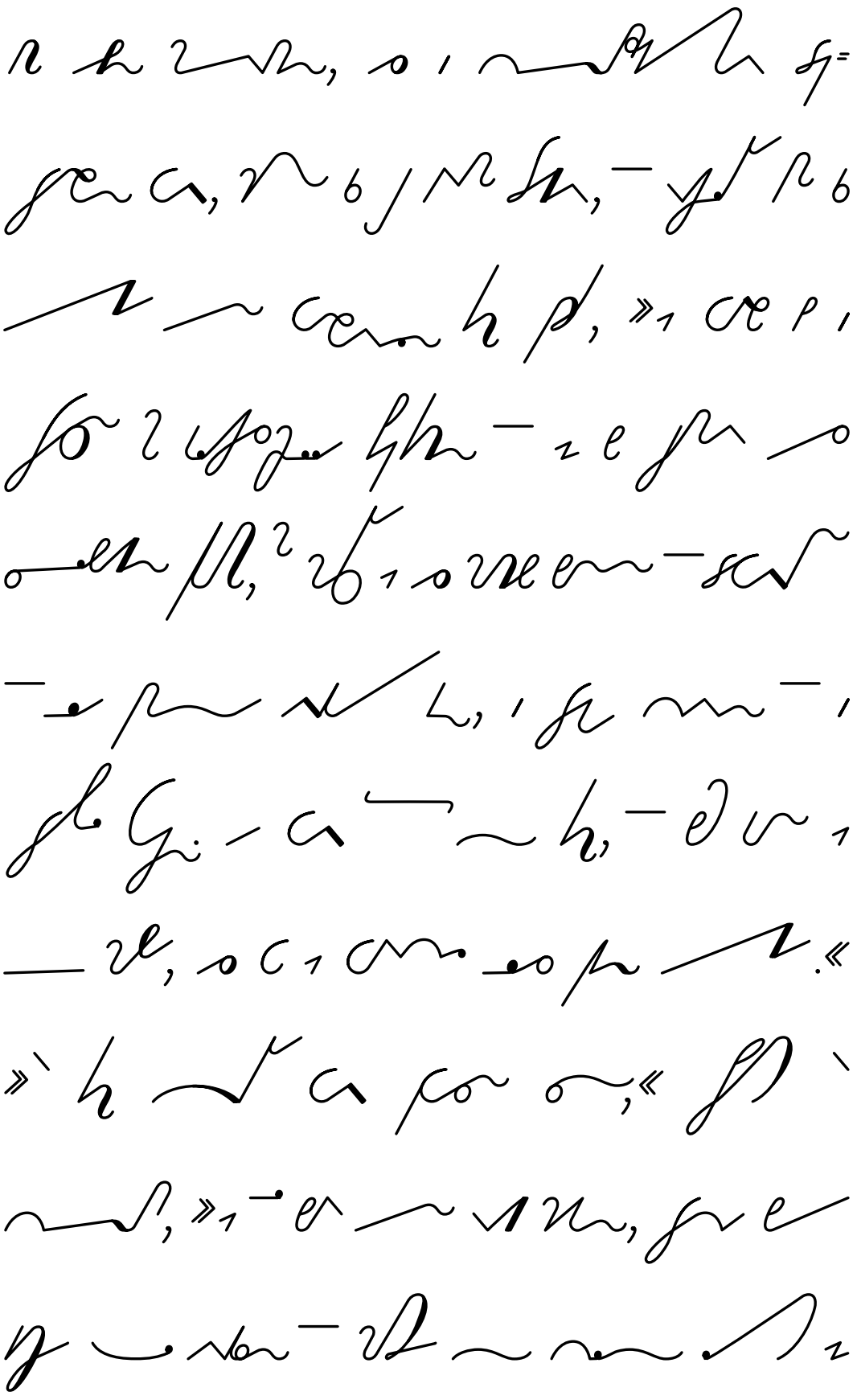

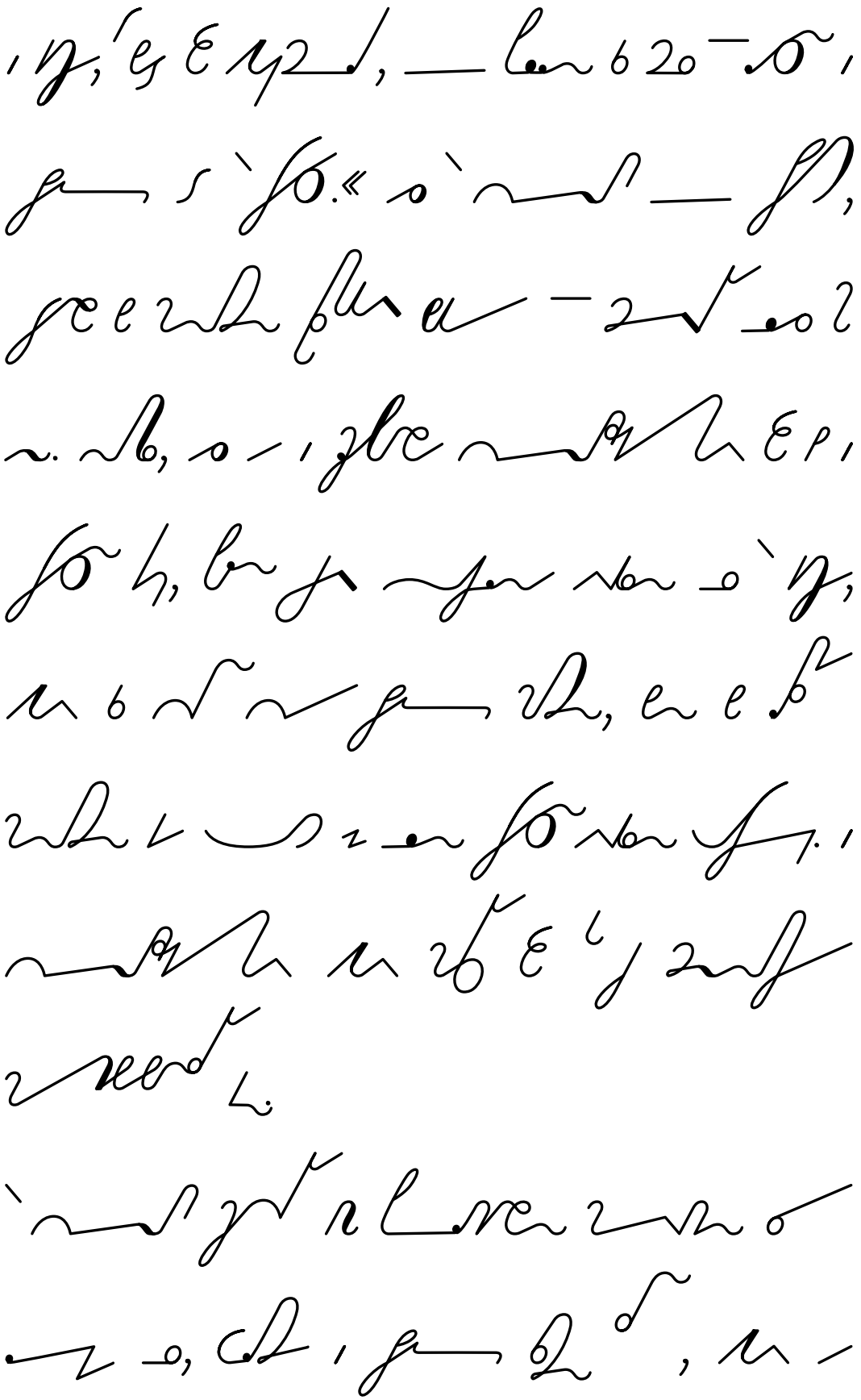

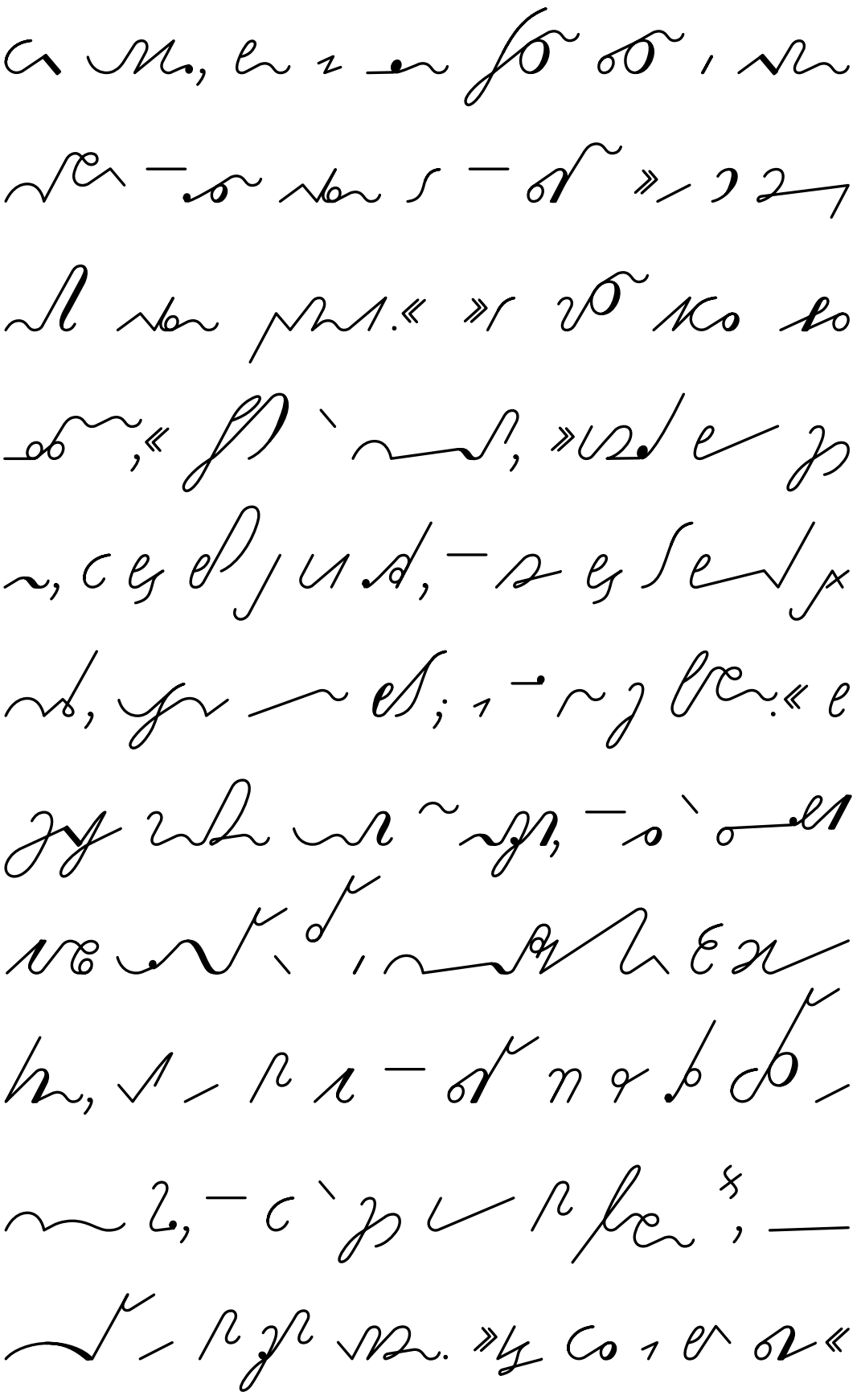

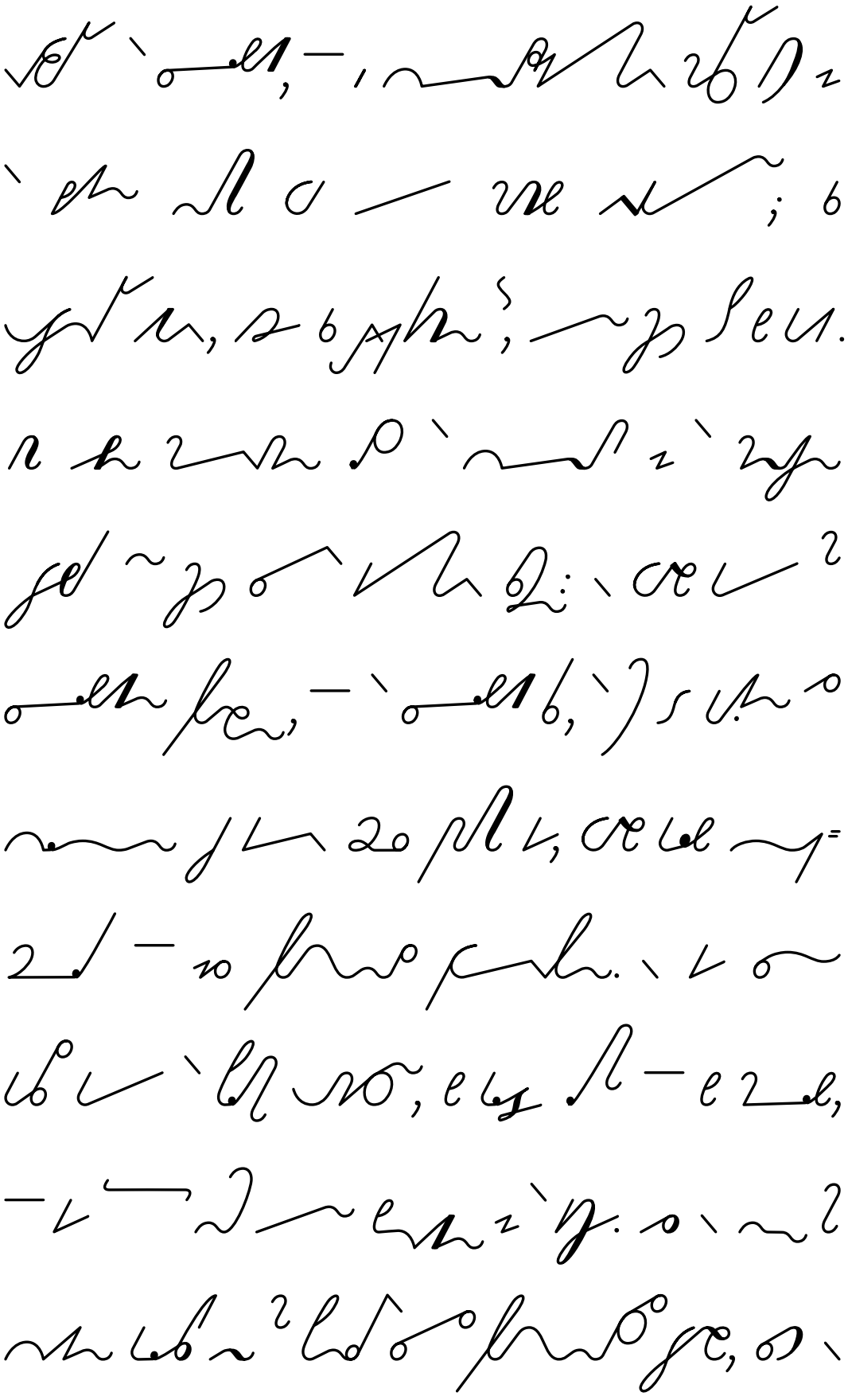

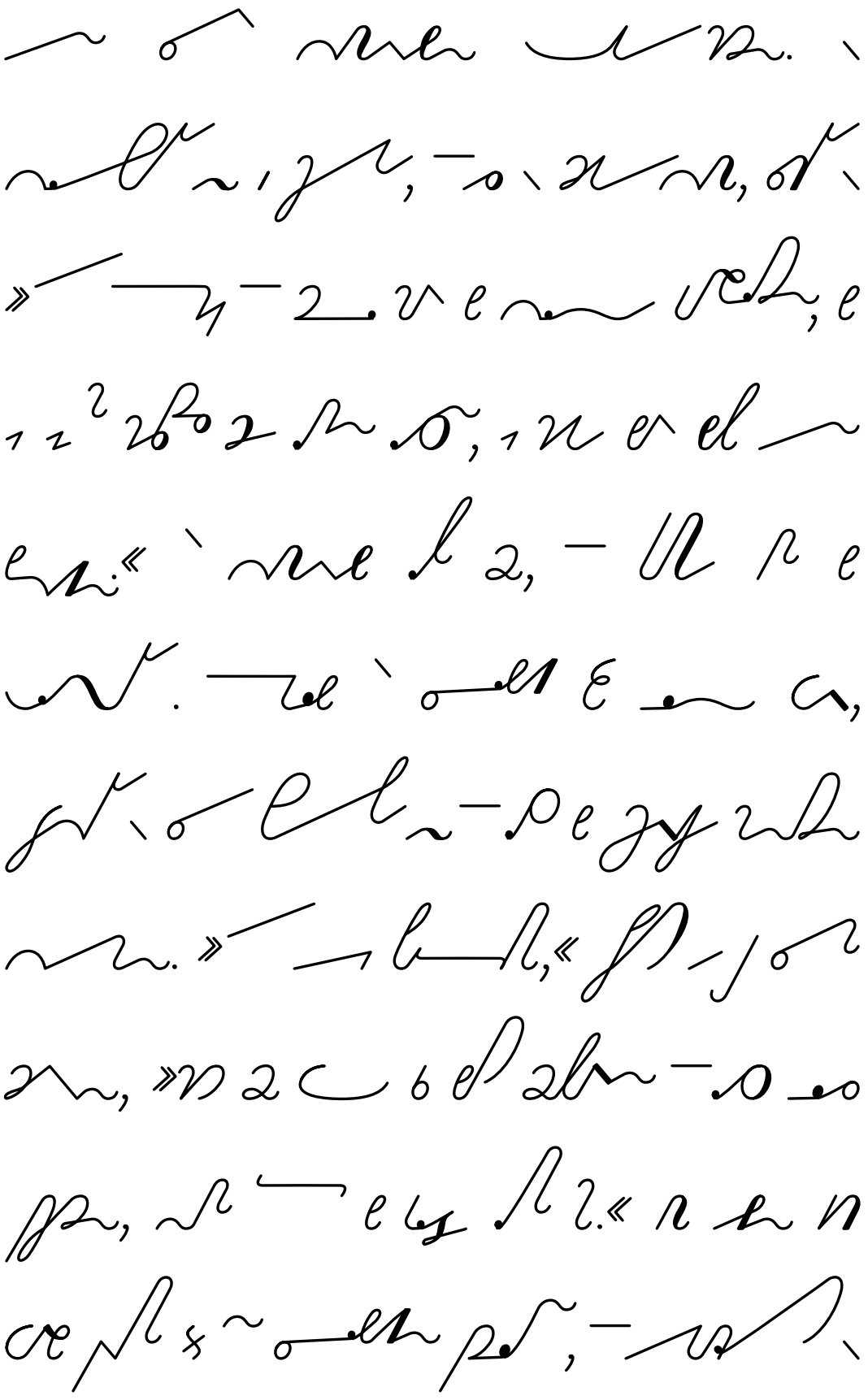

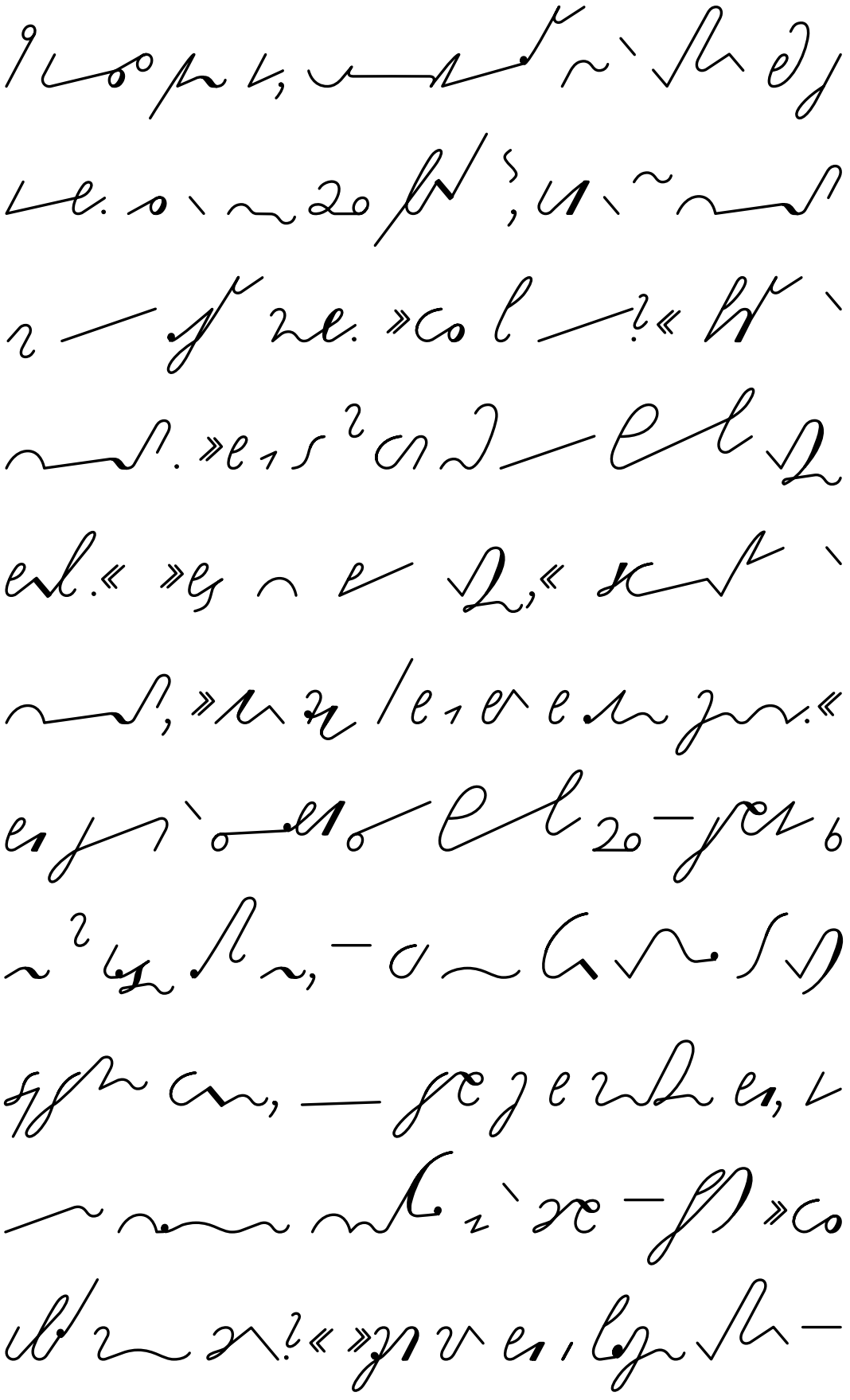

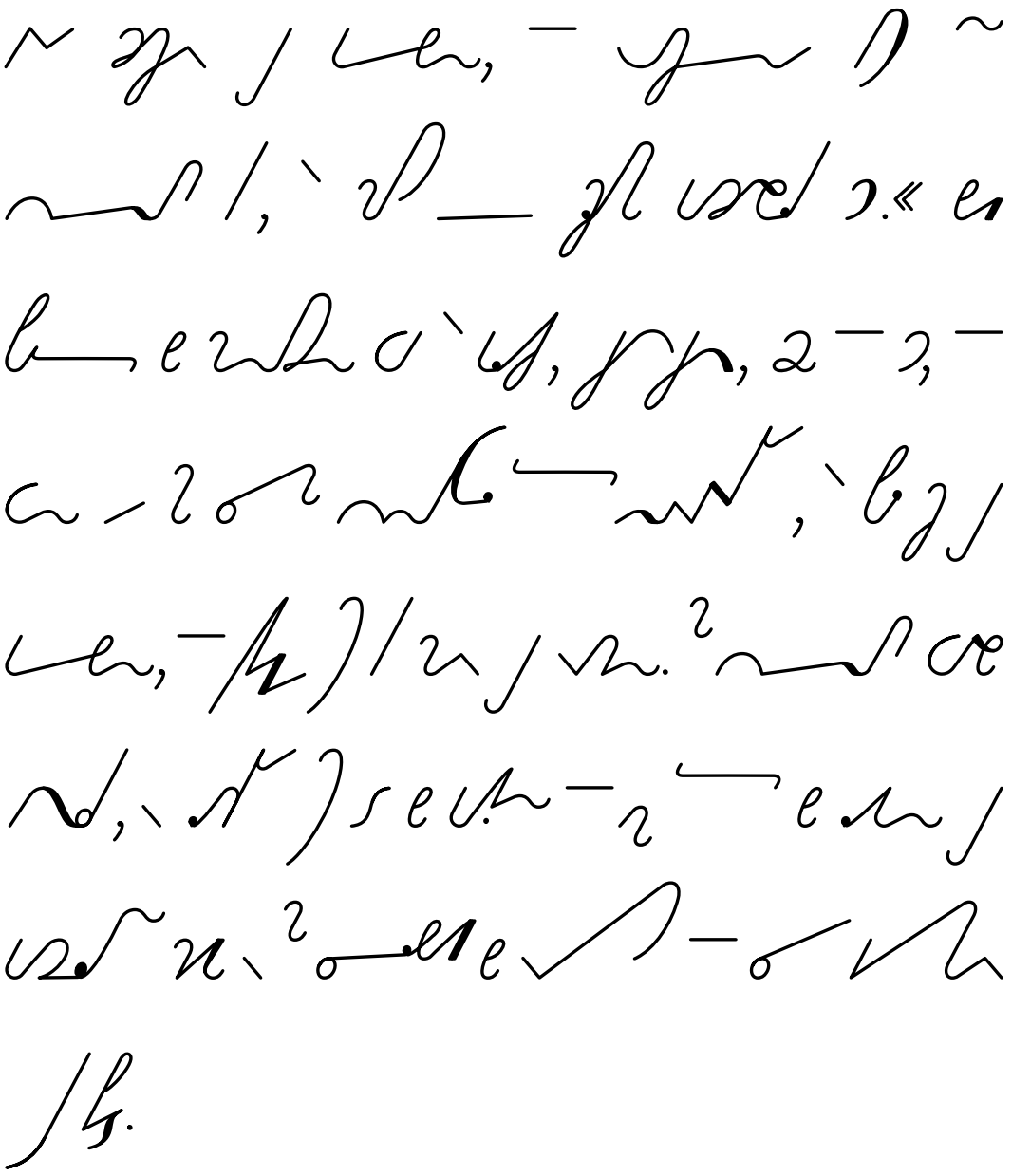

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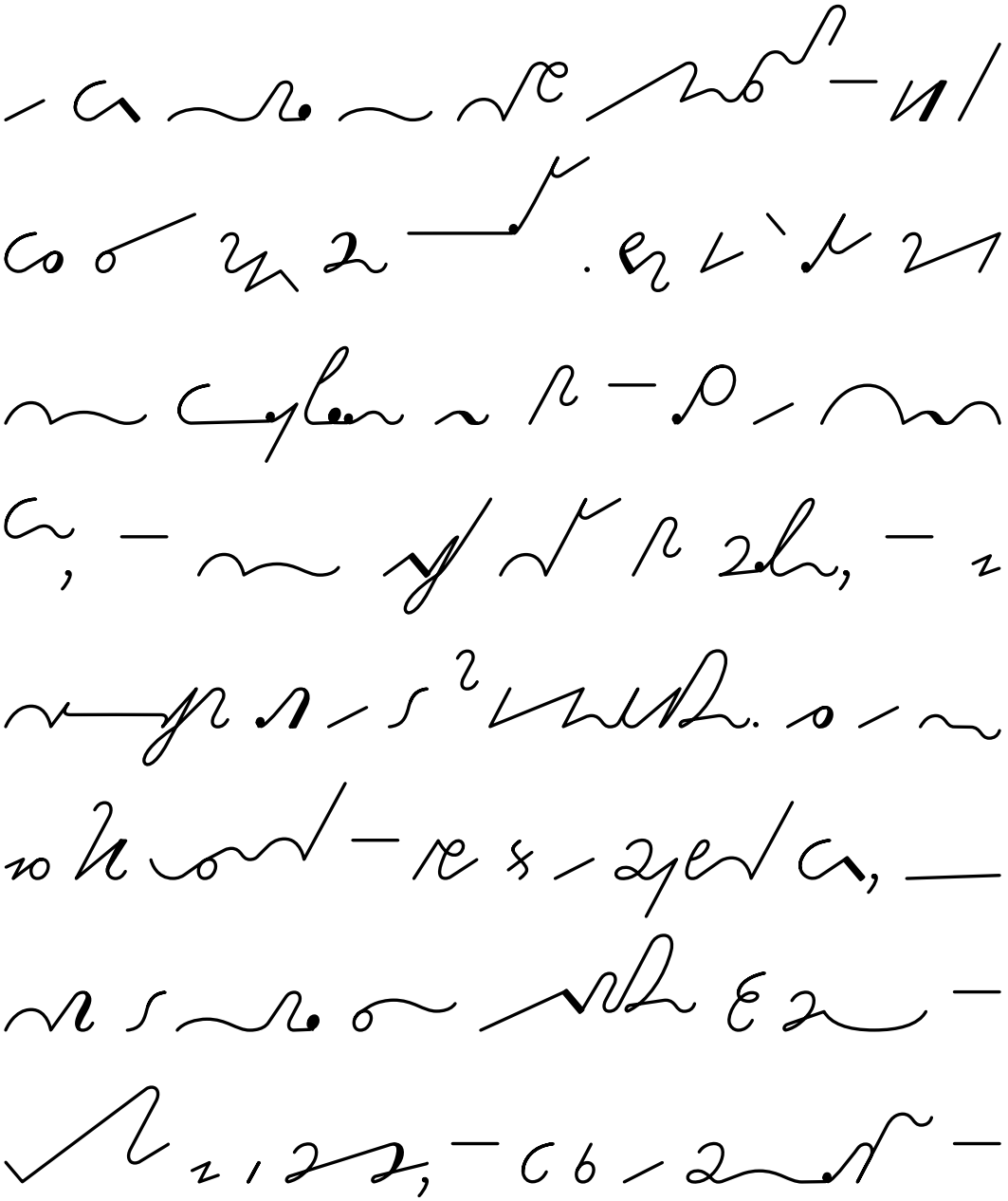

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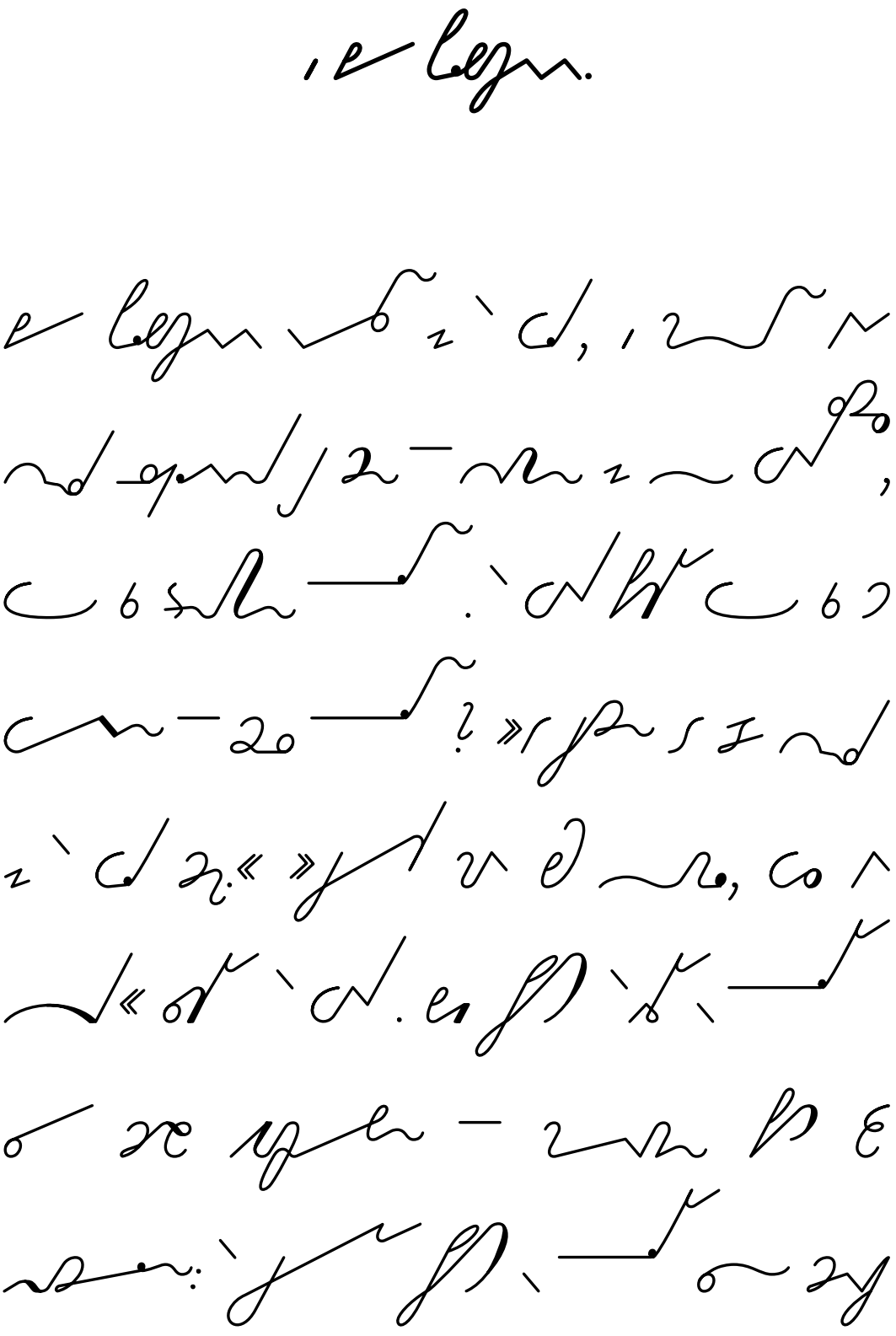

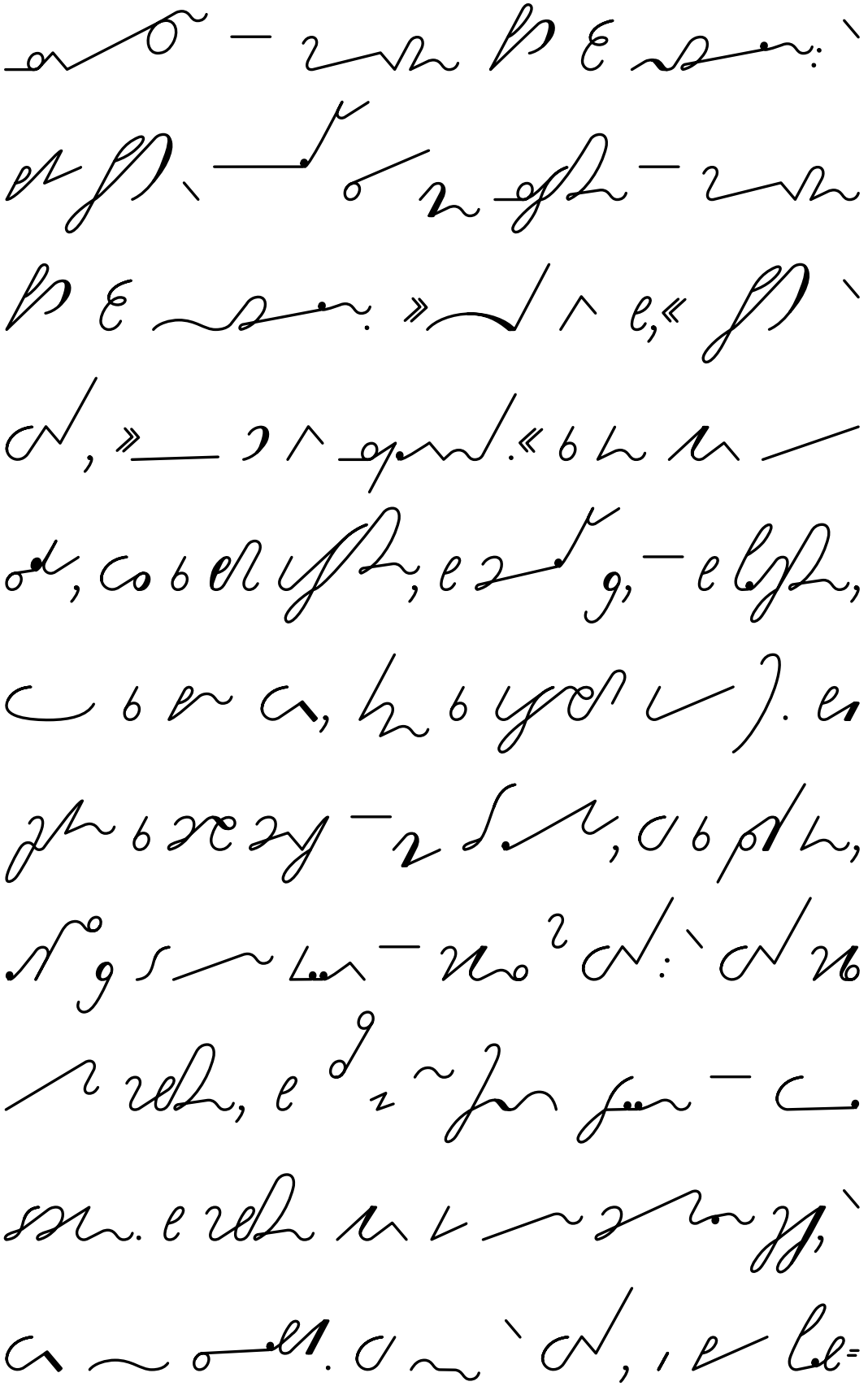

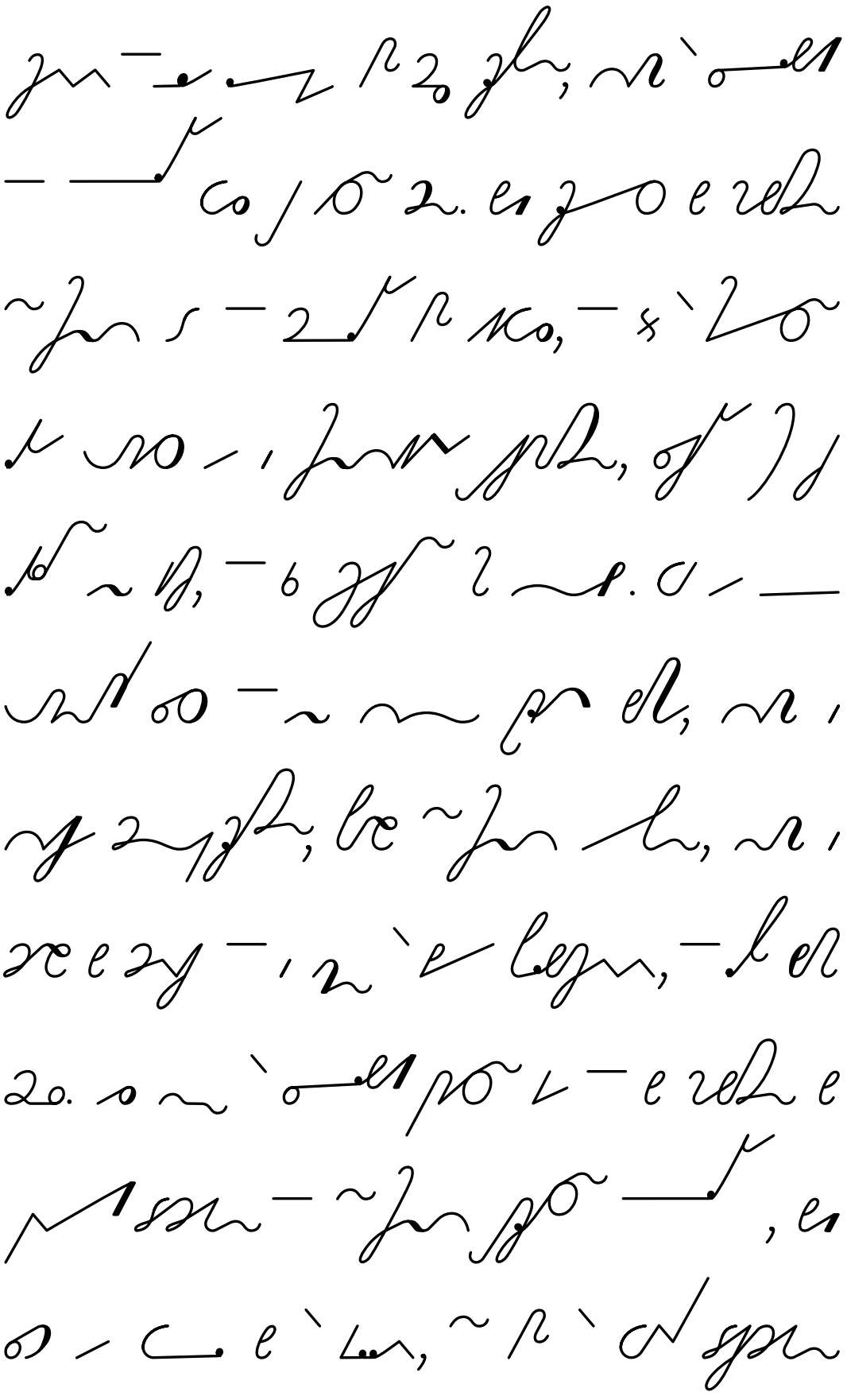

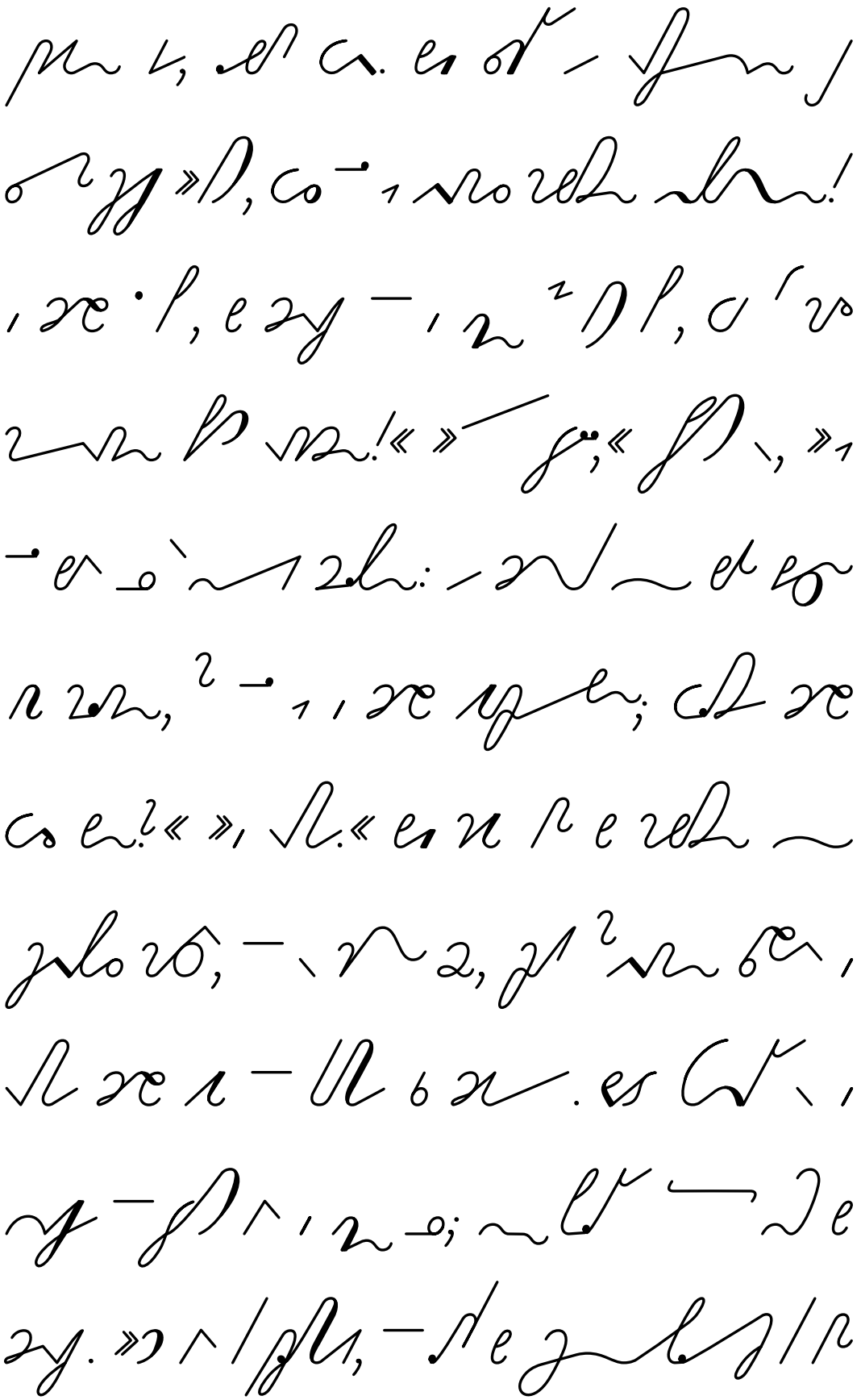

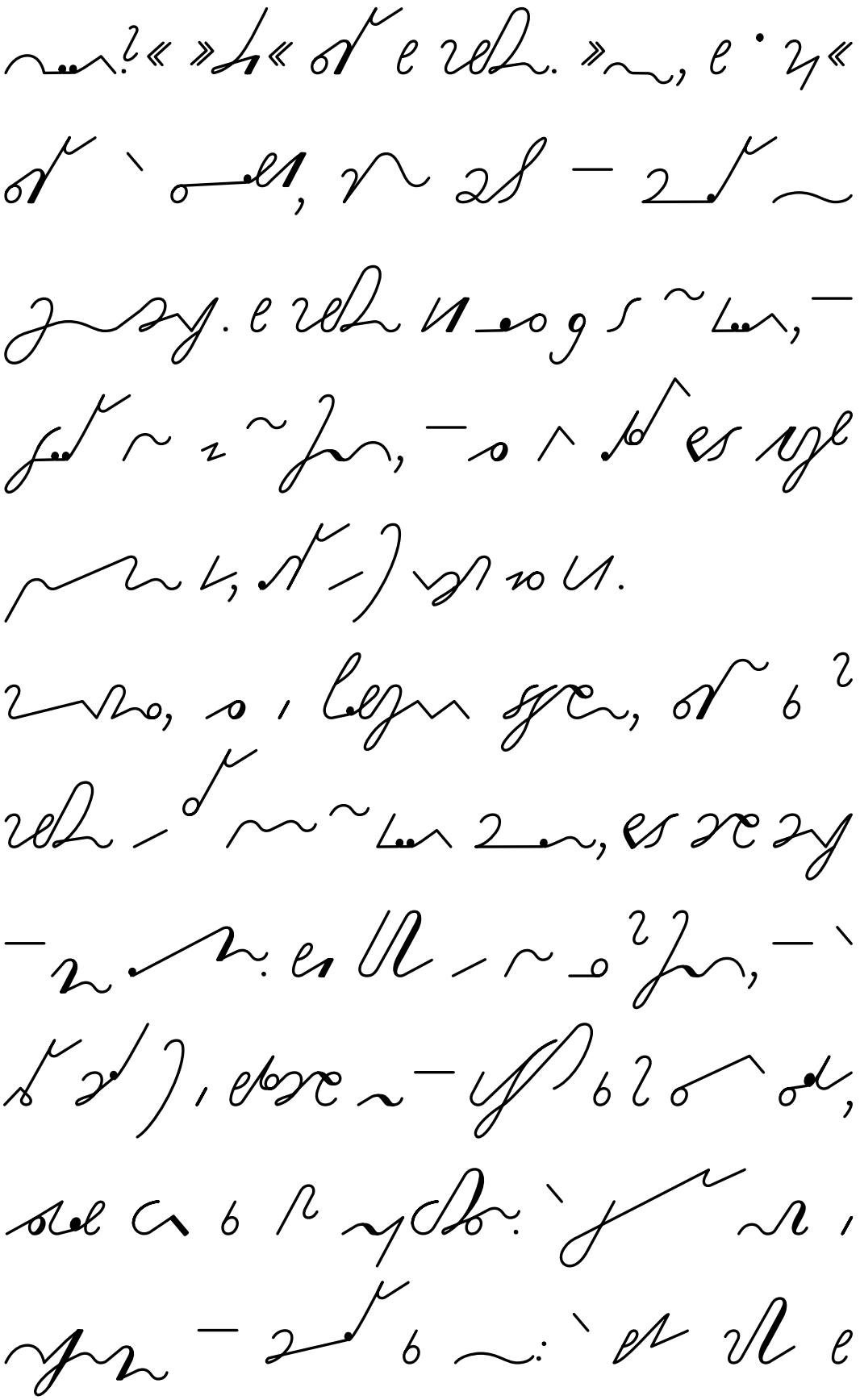

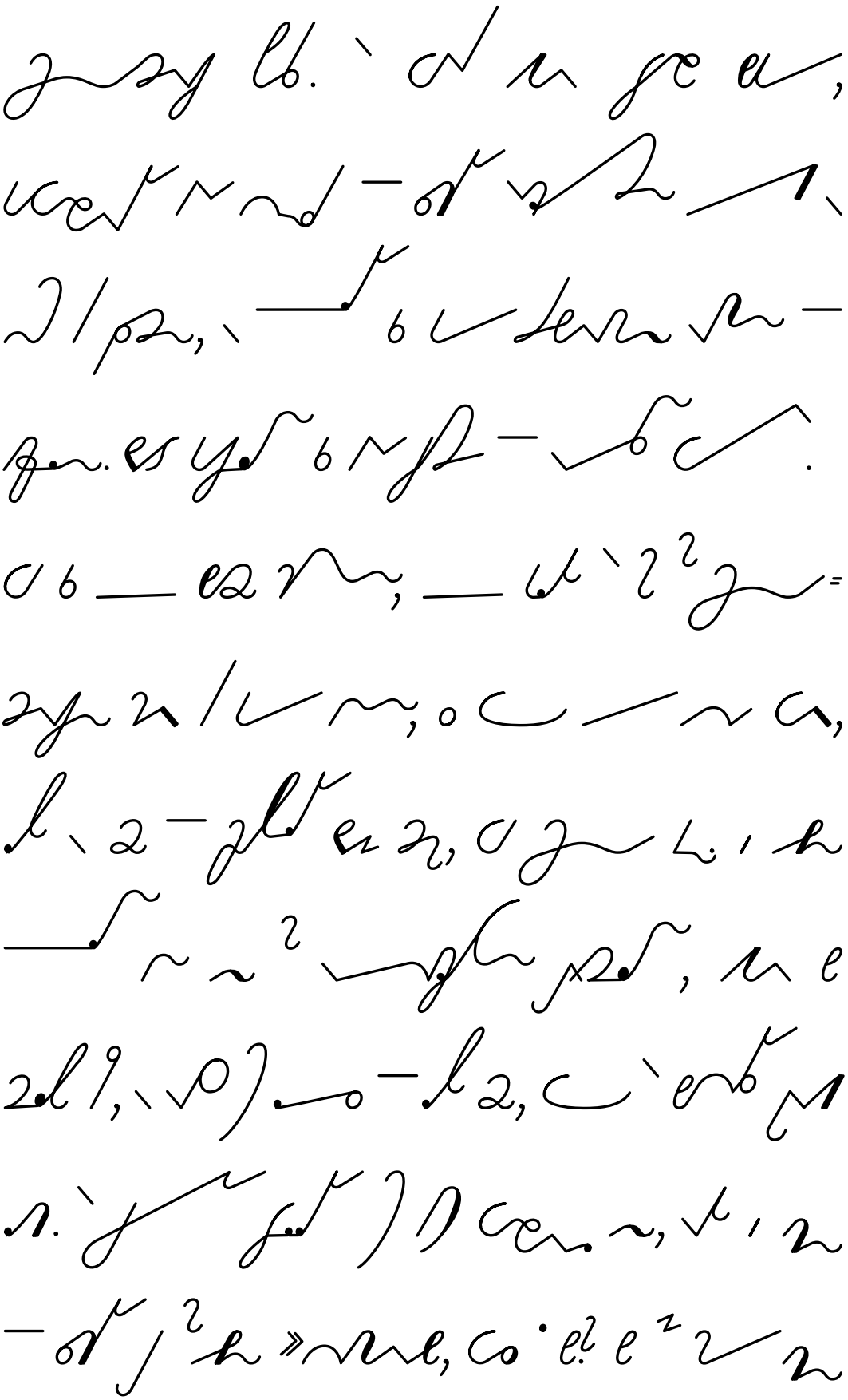

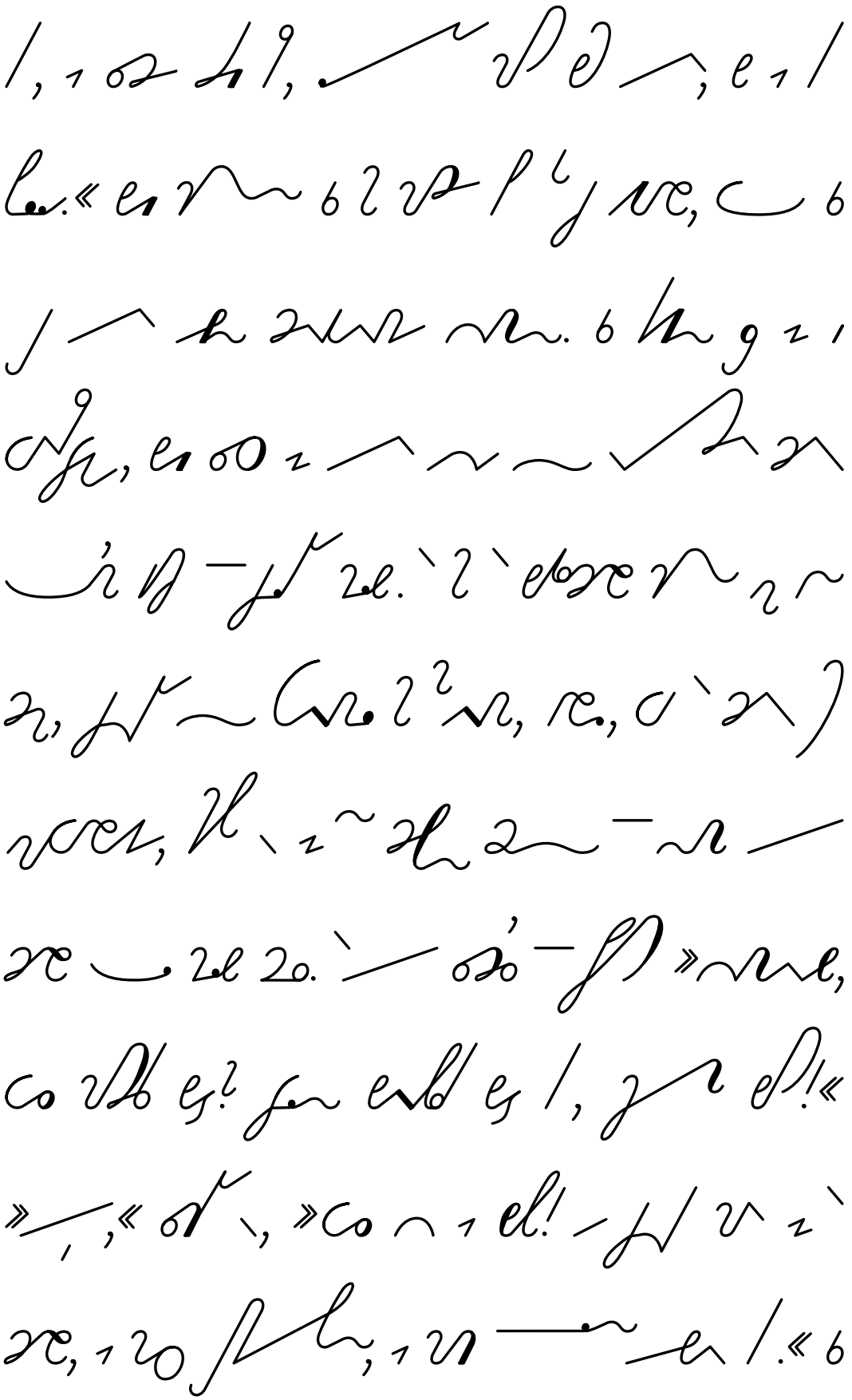

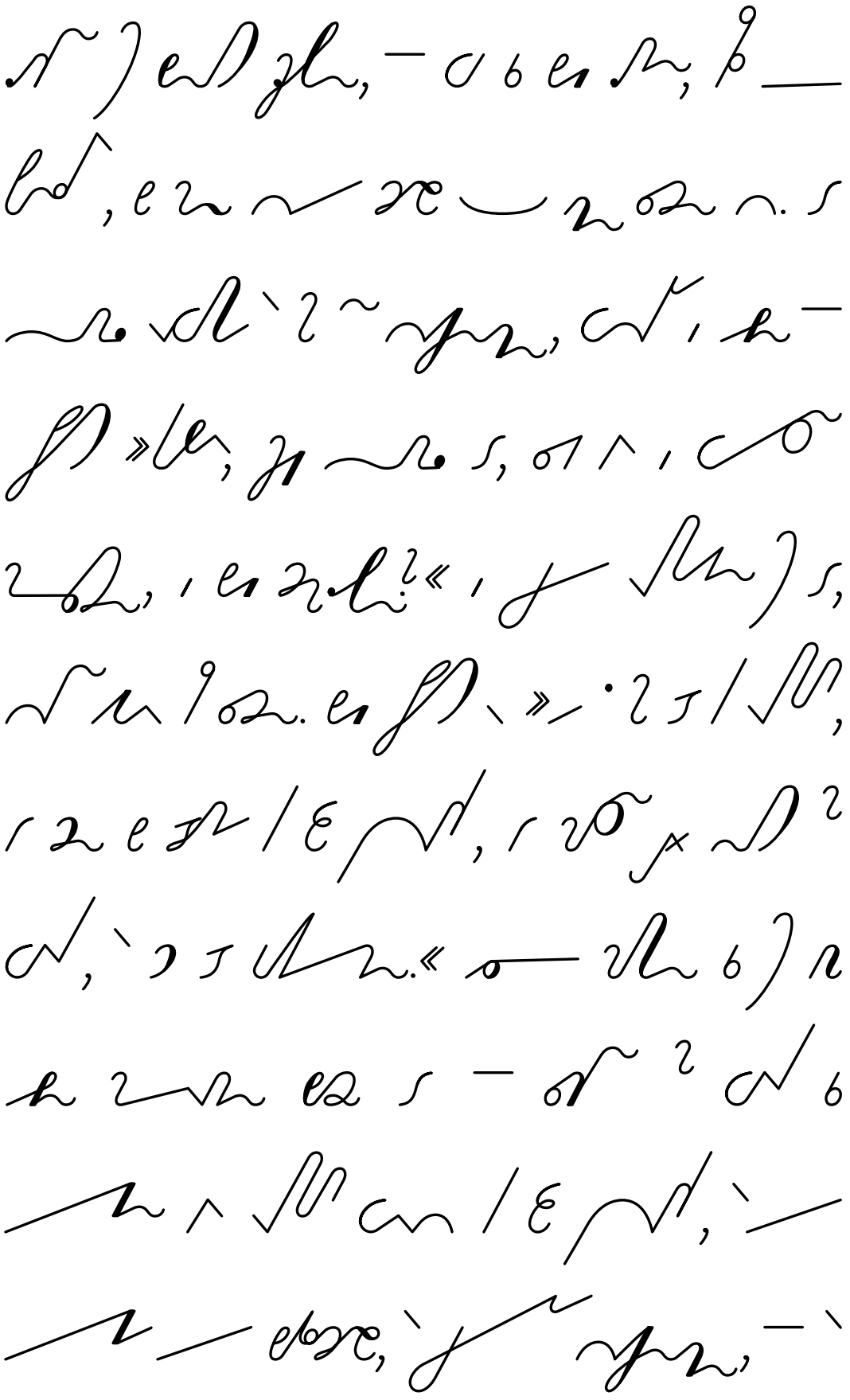

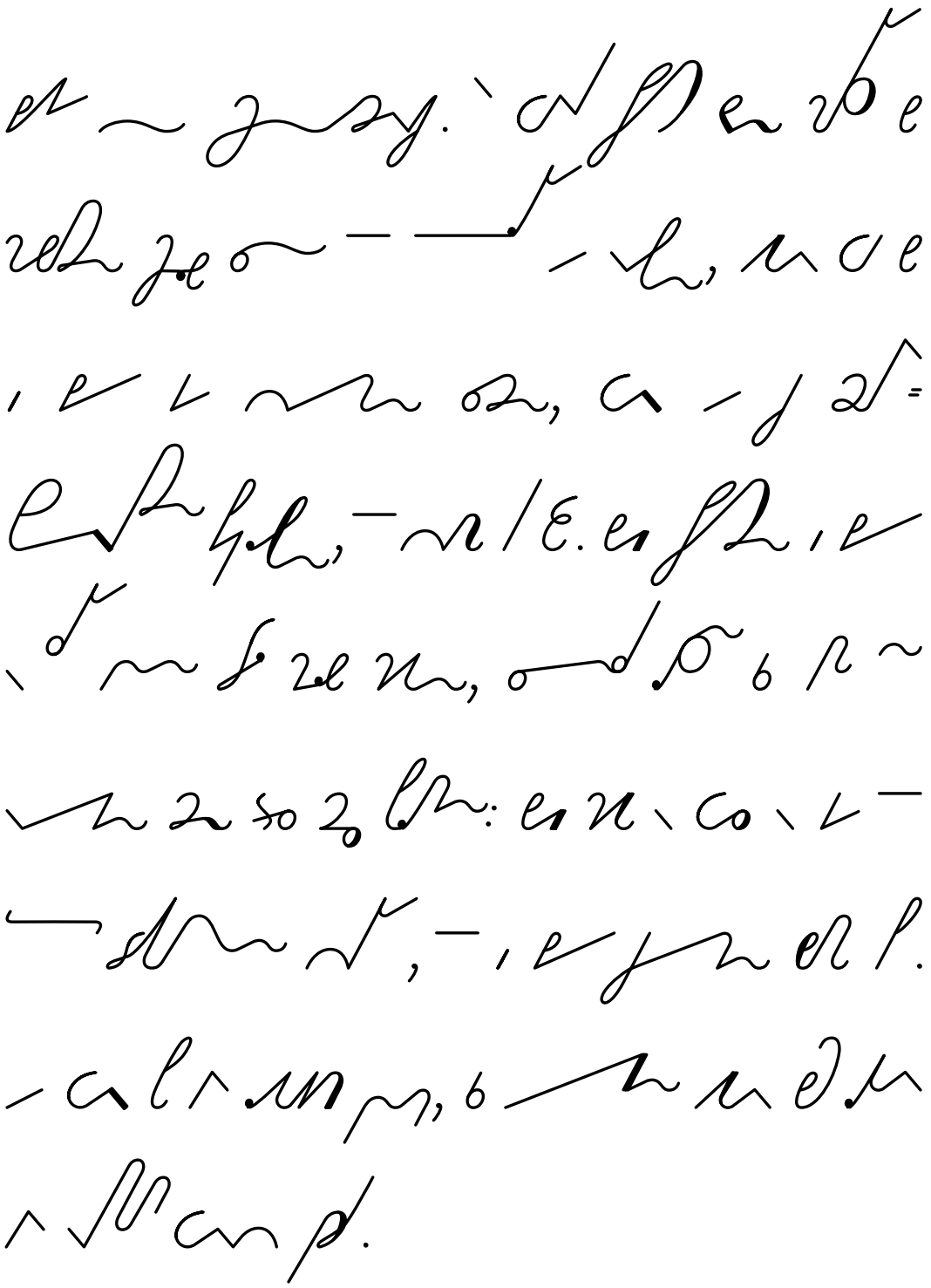

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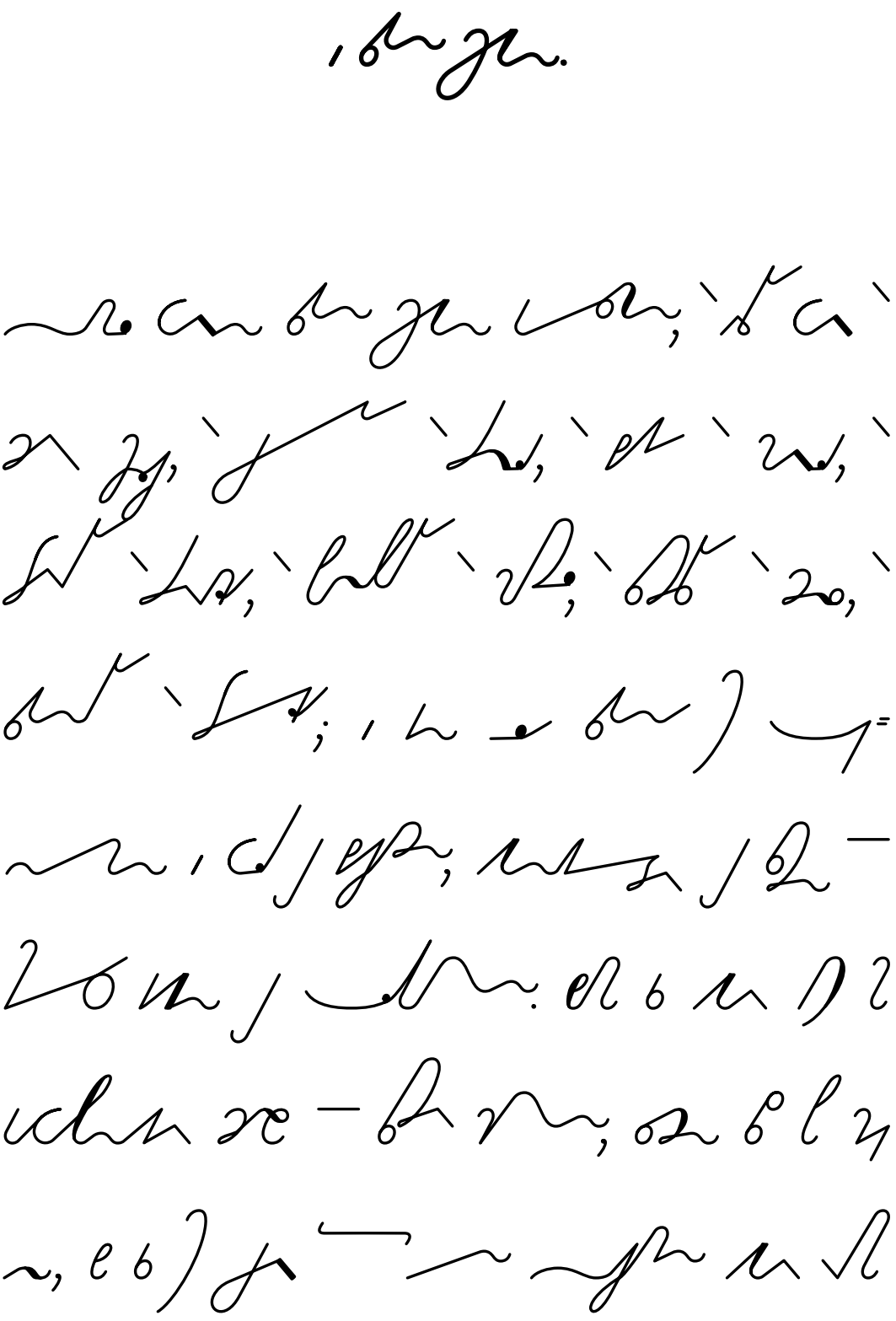
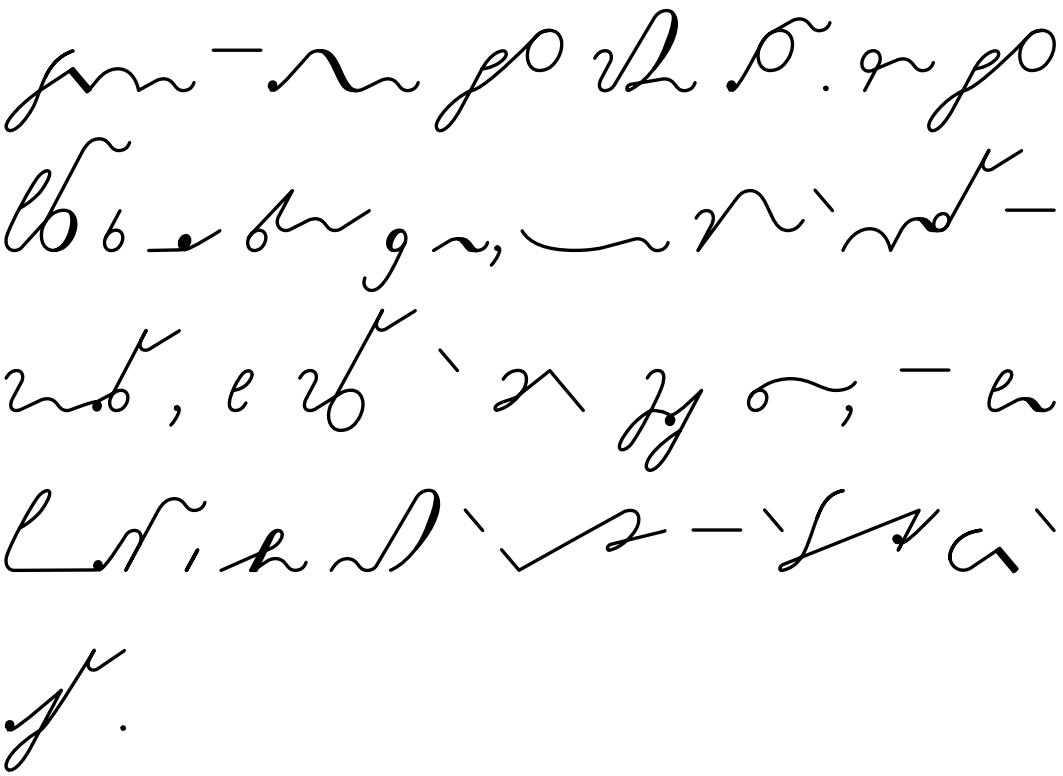
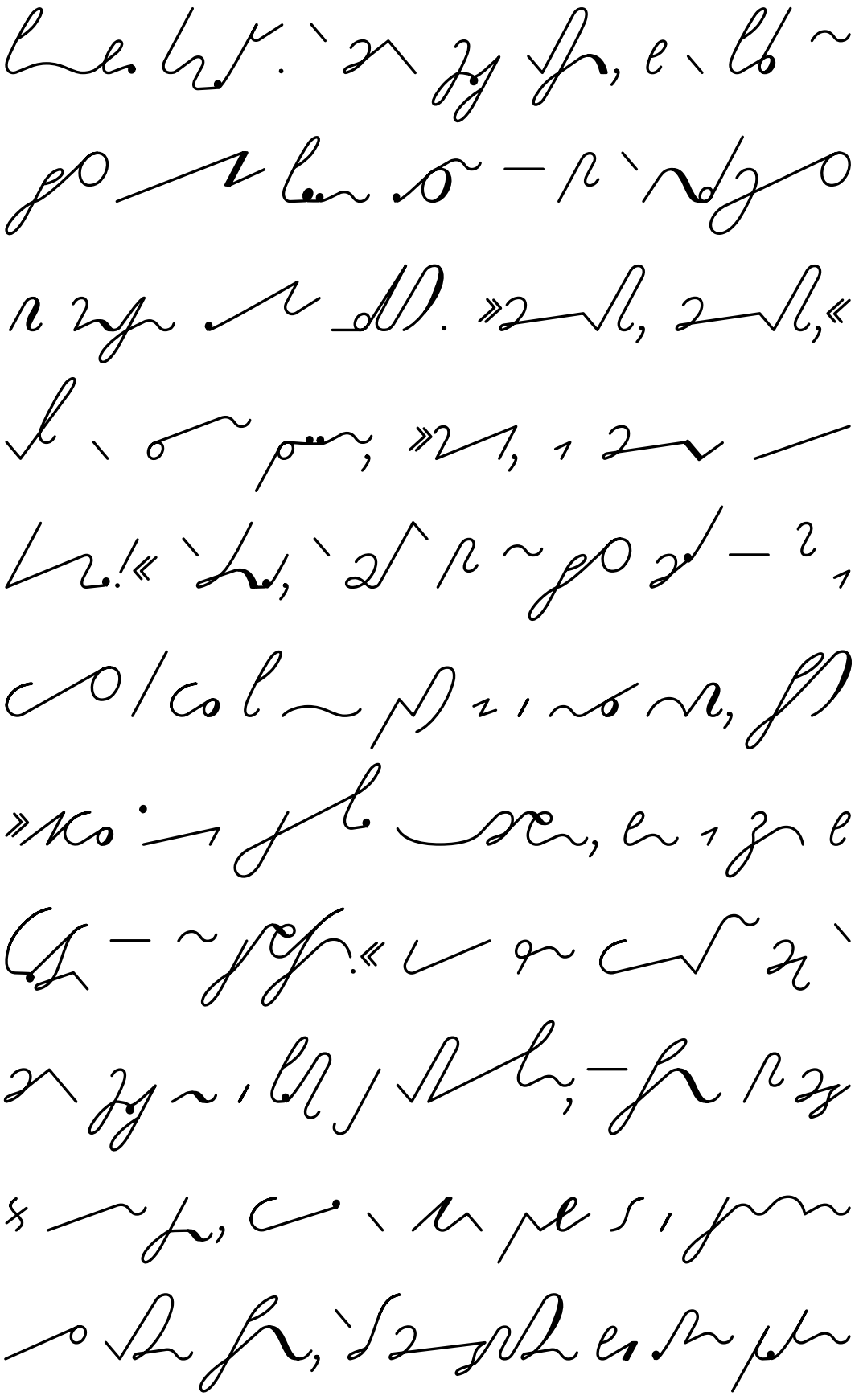
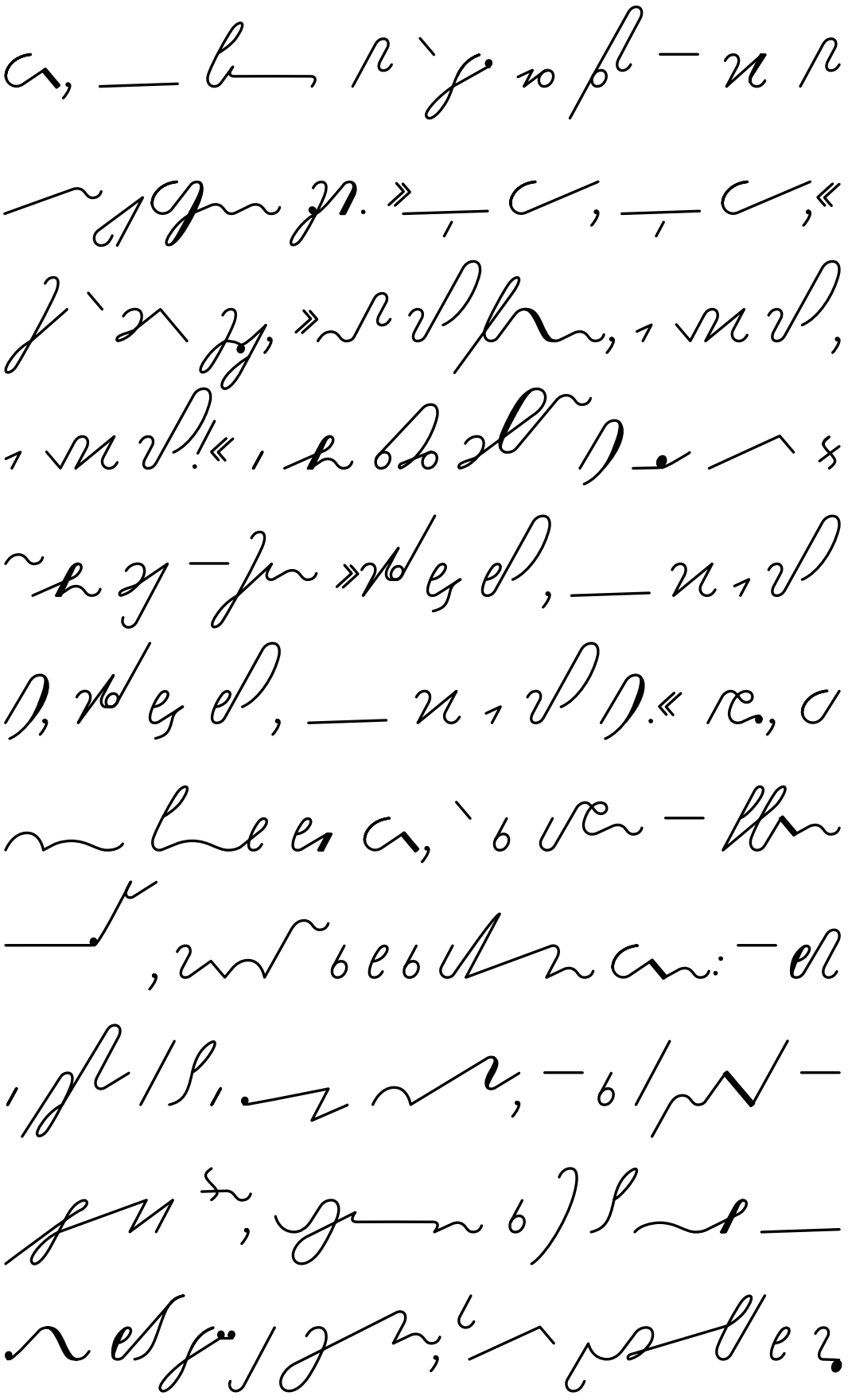
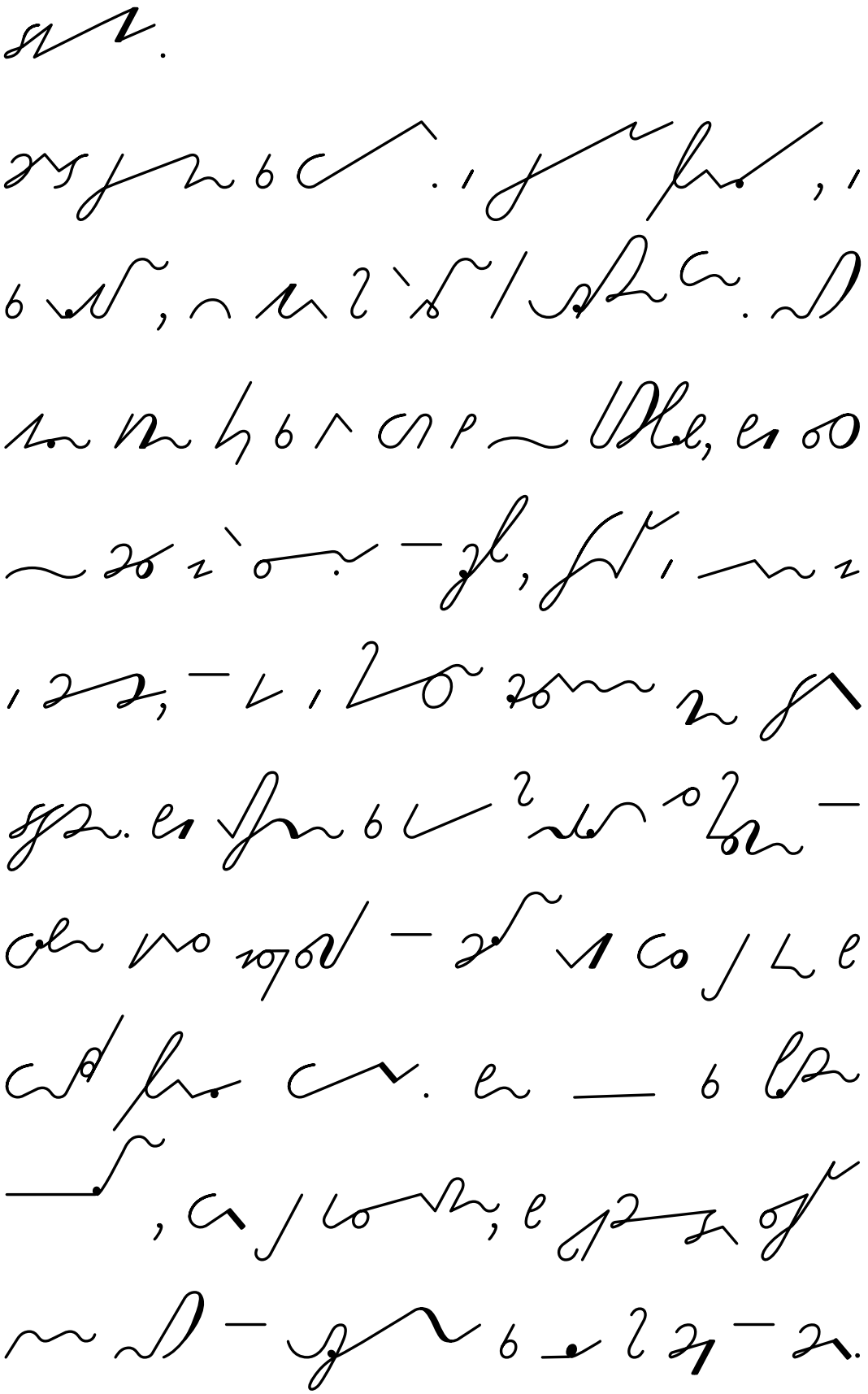
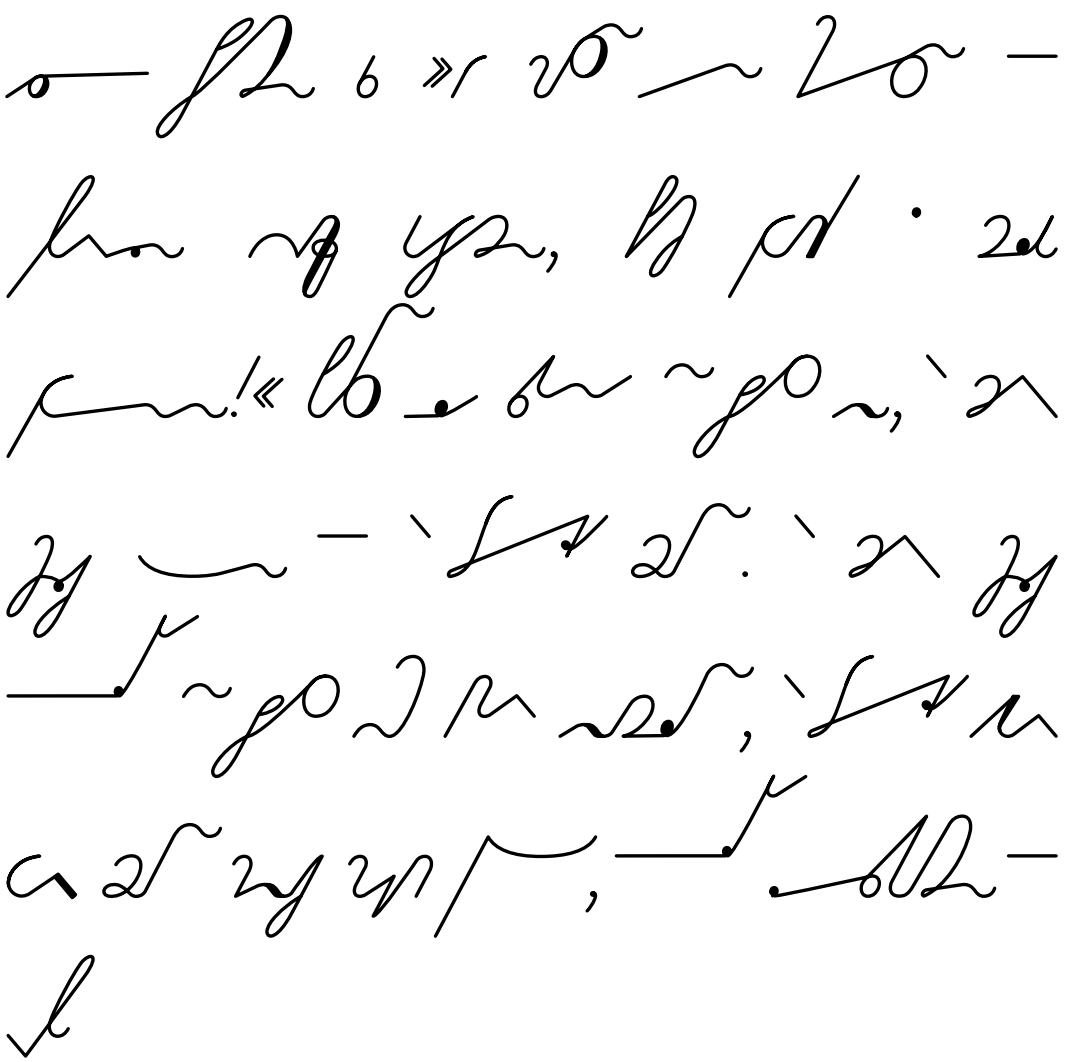










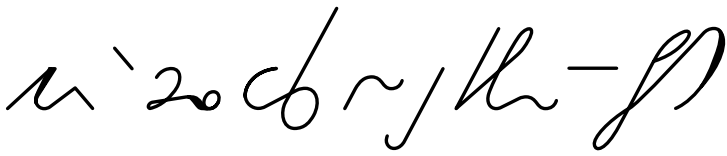


»stoß zu in aller Schwabe Na-

me,

sonst wünsch i, daß ihr möcht

erlahme.«



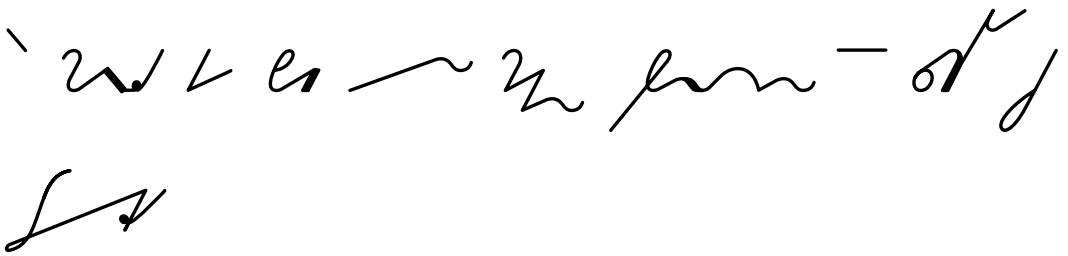
»beim Element, du hascht gut schwätze,
bischt stets der letscht beim Drachehetze.«

»es wird nit fehle um ei Haar,
so ischt es wohl der Teufel gar=
.«

»ischt er es nit, so ischts sei

Muter

oder des Teufels Stiefbruder.«



»gang, Veitli, gang, gang du voran,

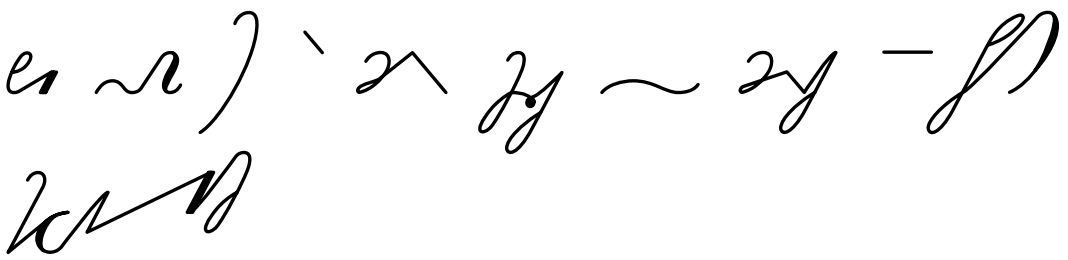
i will dahinte vor di stahn.«

»der Schulz, der muß der ersc-

hte sei,

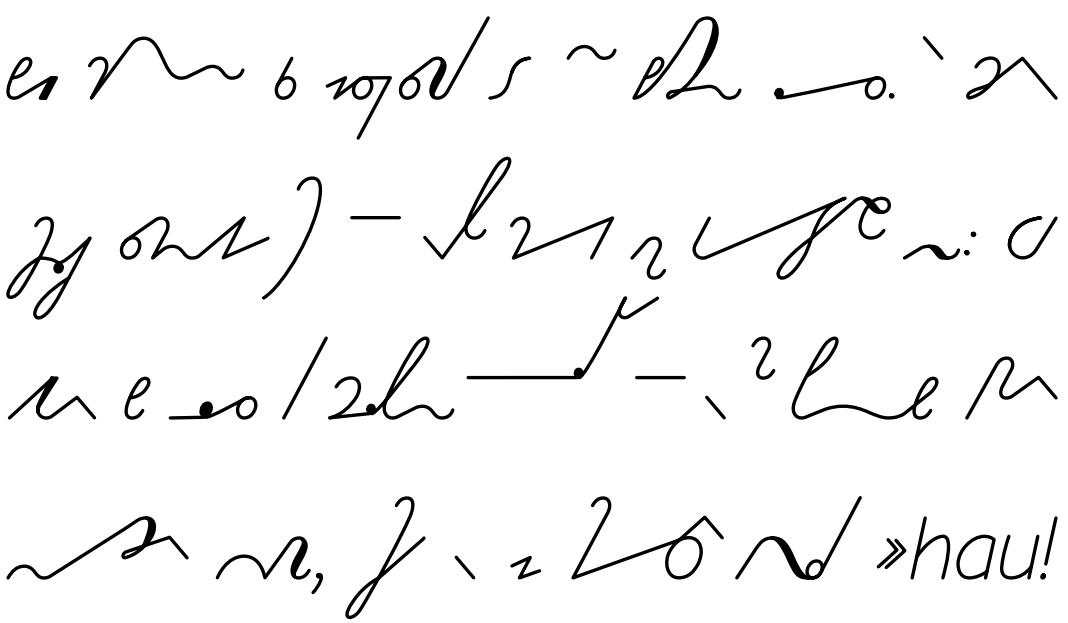
denn ihm gebührt die Ehr allei-

.«

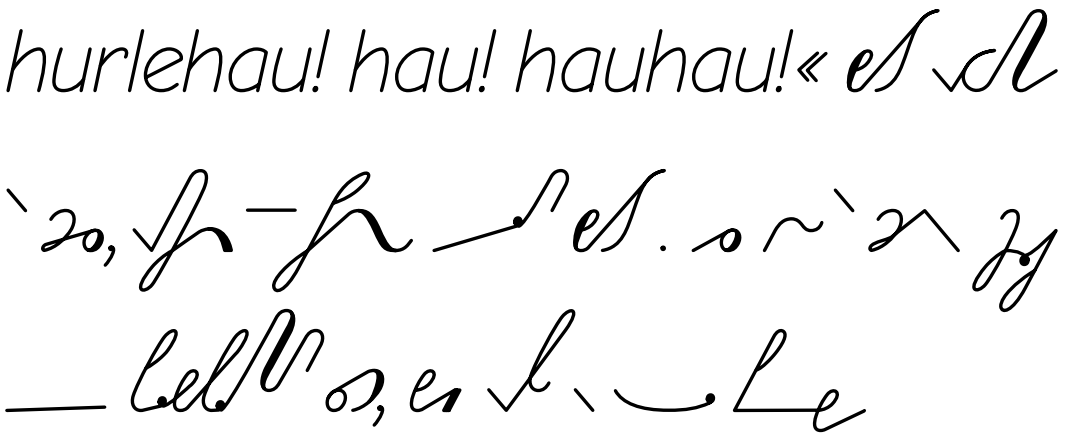


»so zieht denn herzhaft in den Streit,

hieran erkennt man tapfre Leute.«

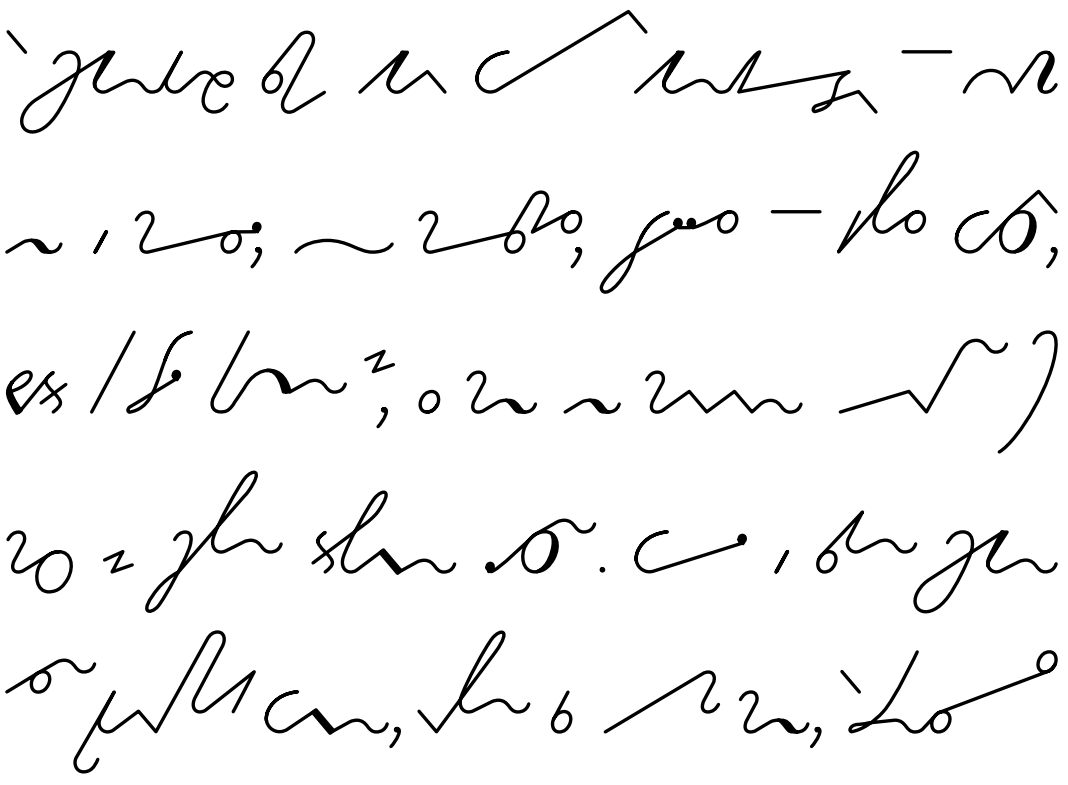


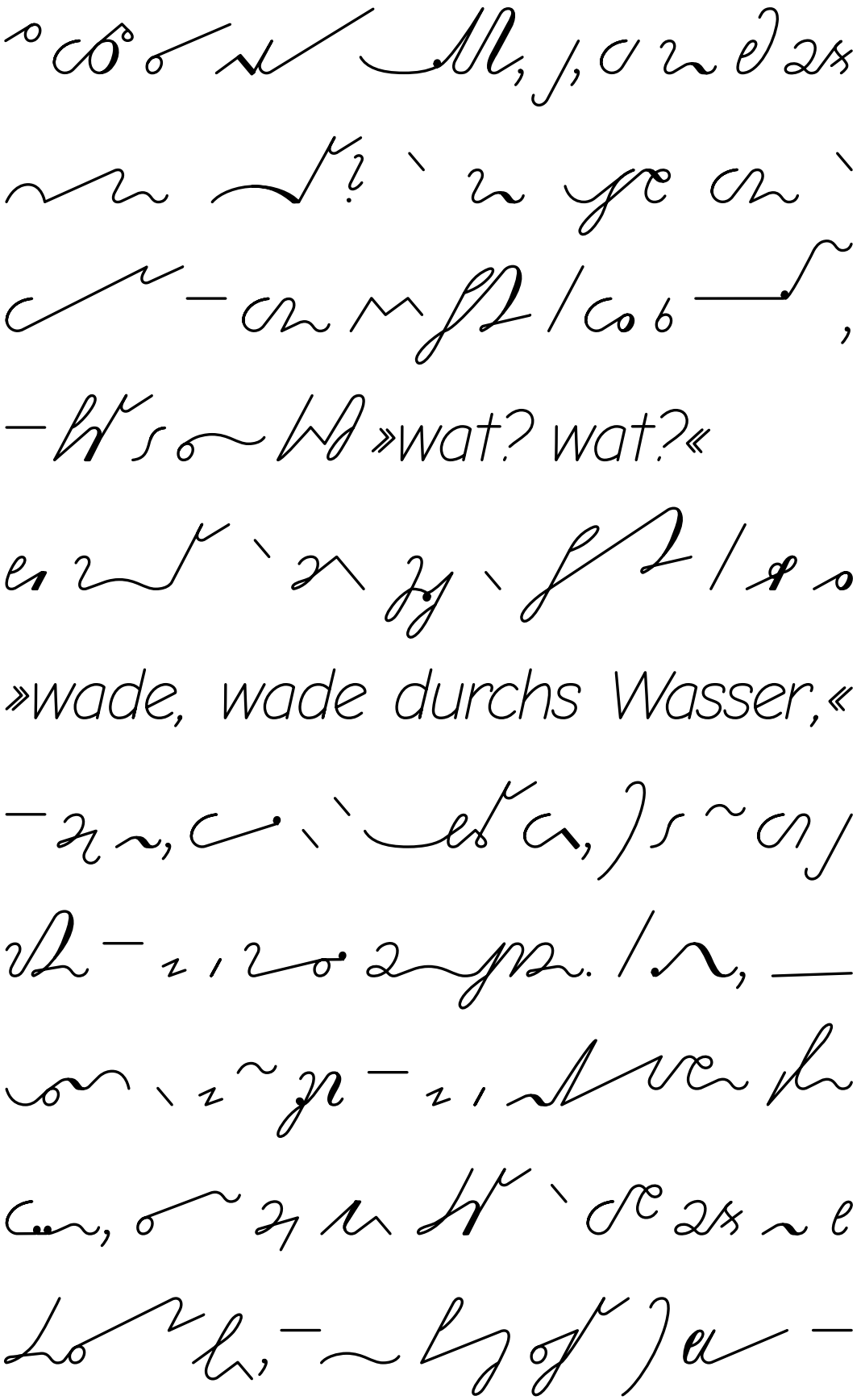
hurlehau! hau! hauhau!«

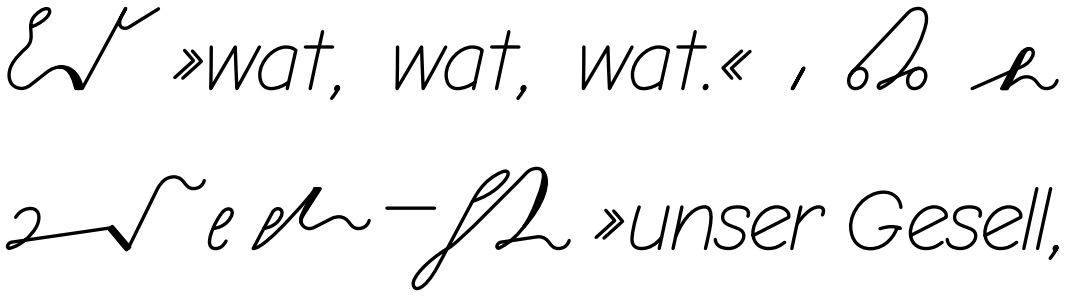
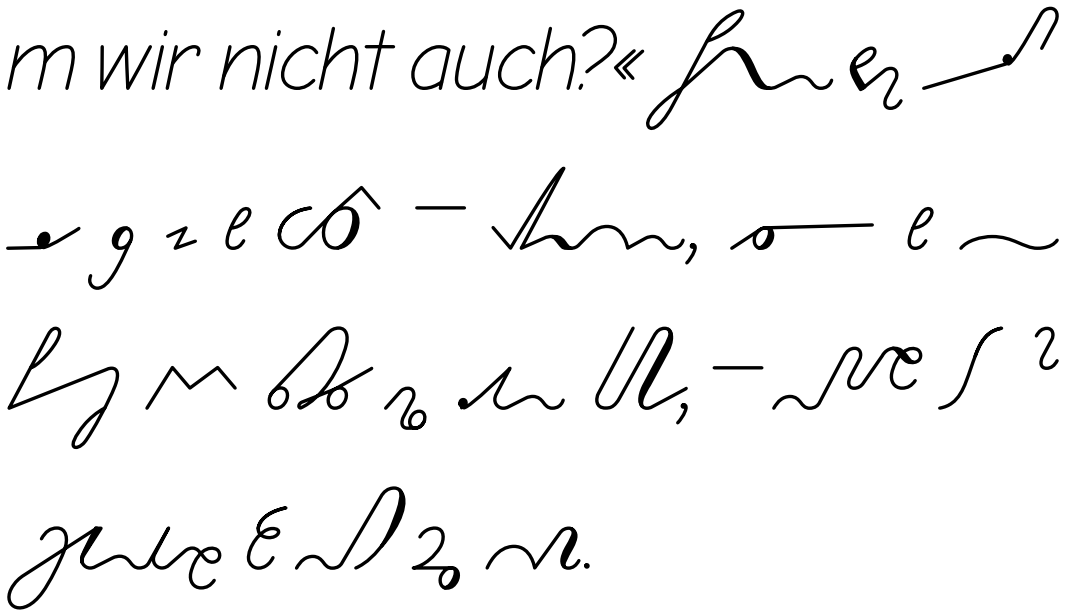


»potz, Veitli, lueg, lueg, was isch das?

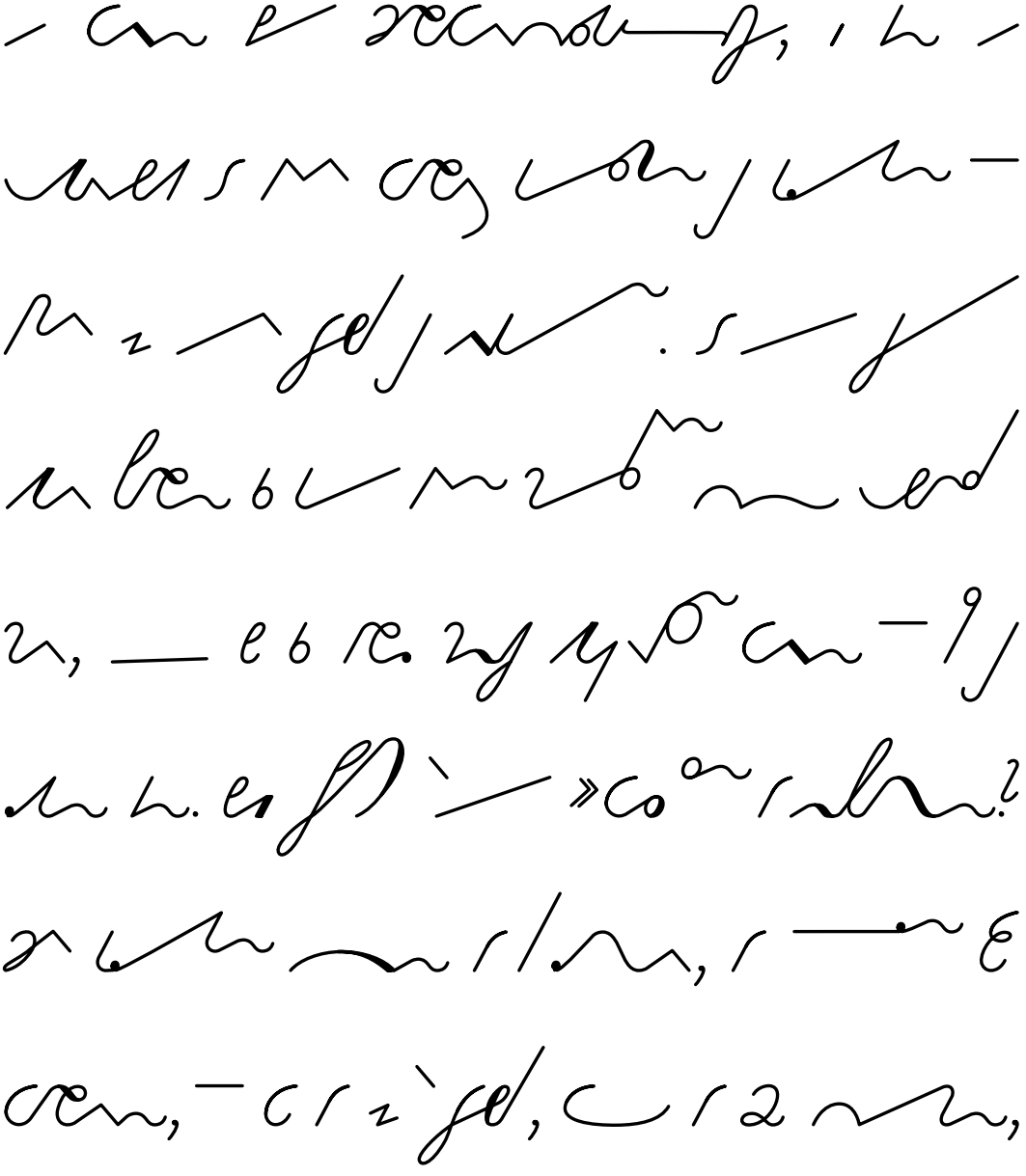
das Ungehüer ischt a Has.«

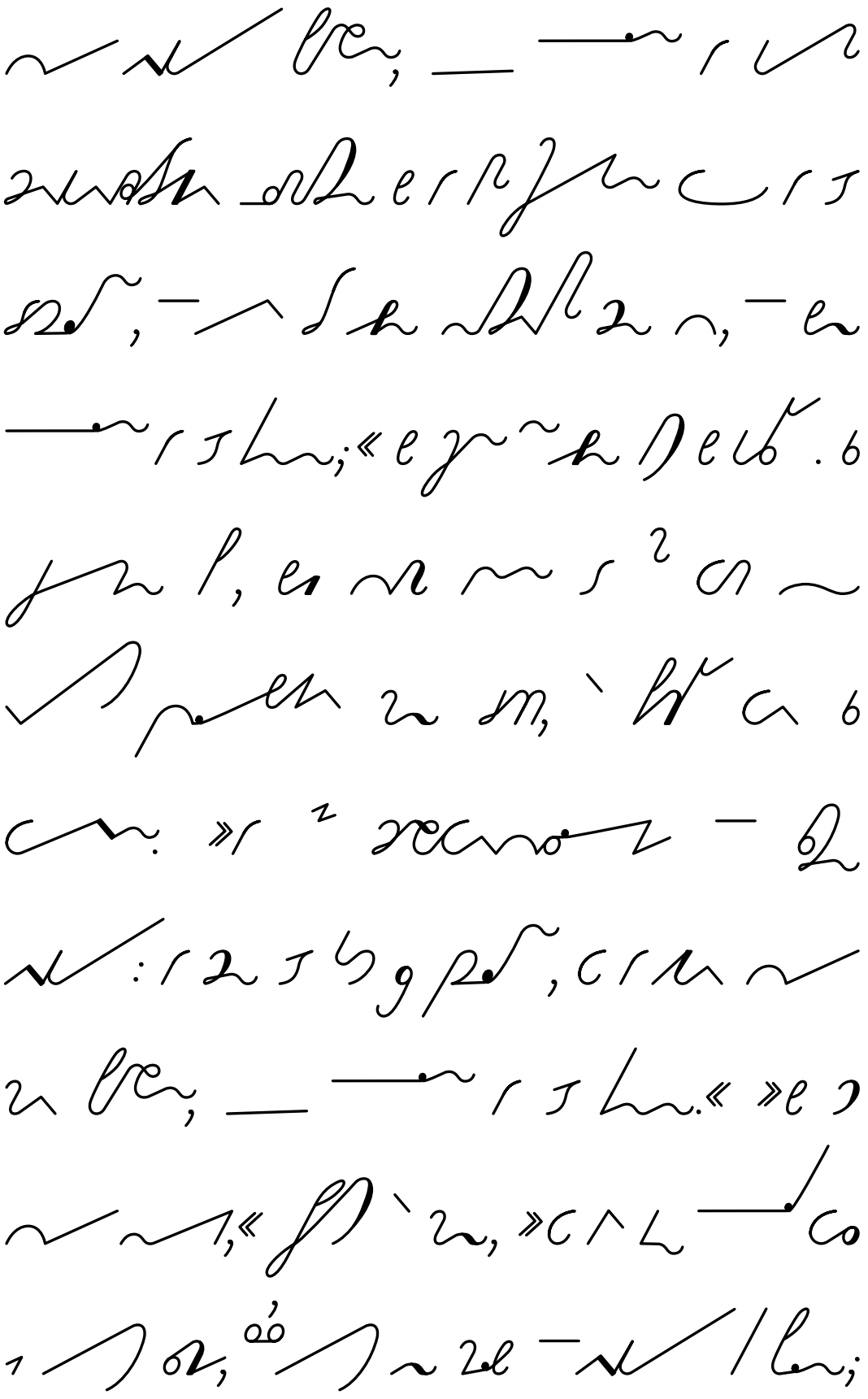


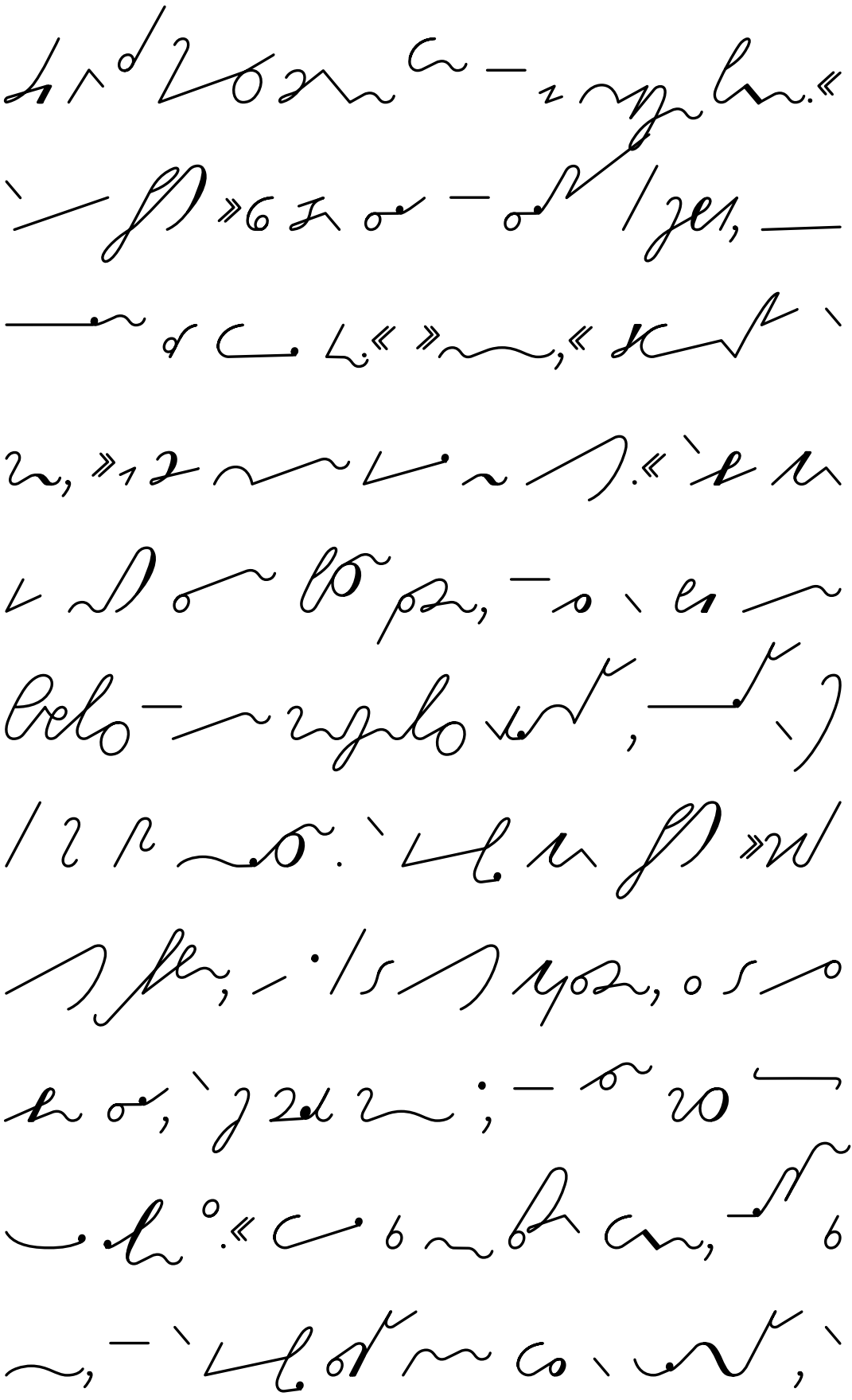

»wat? wat?«
»wade, wade durchs Wasser,«

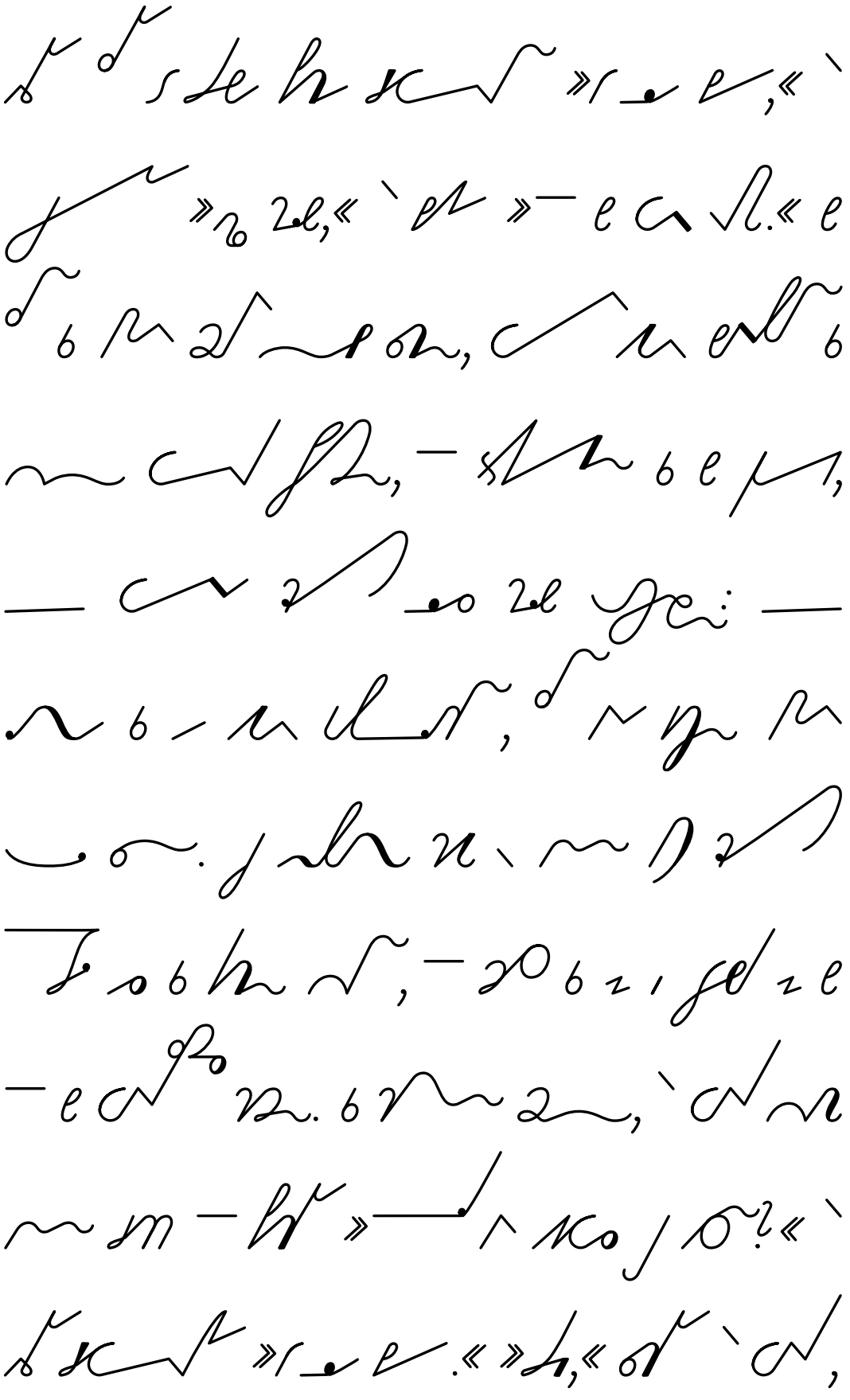
»wat, wat, wat.« , 
»unser Gesell, der Herr Schulz, ruft uns, kann er hinüber waden, warum wir nicht auch?« 

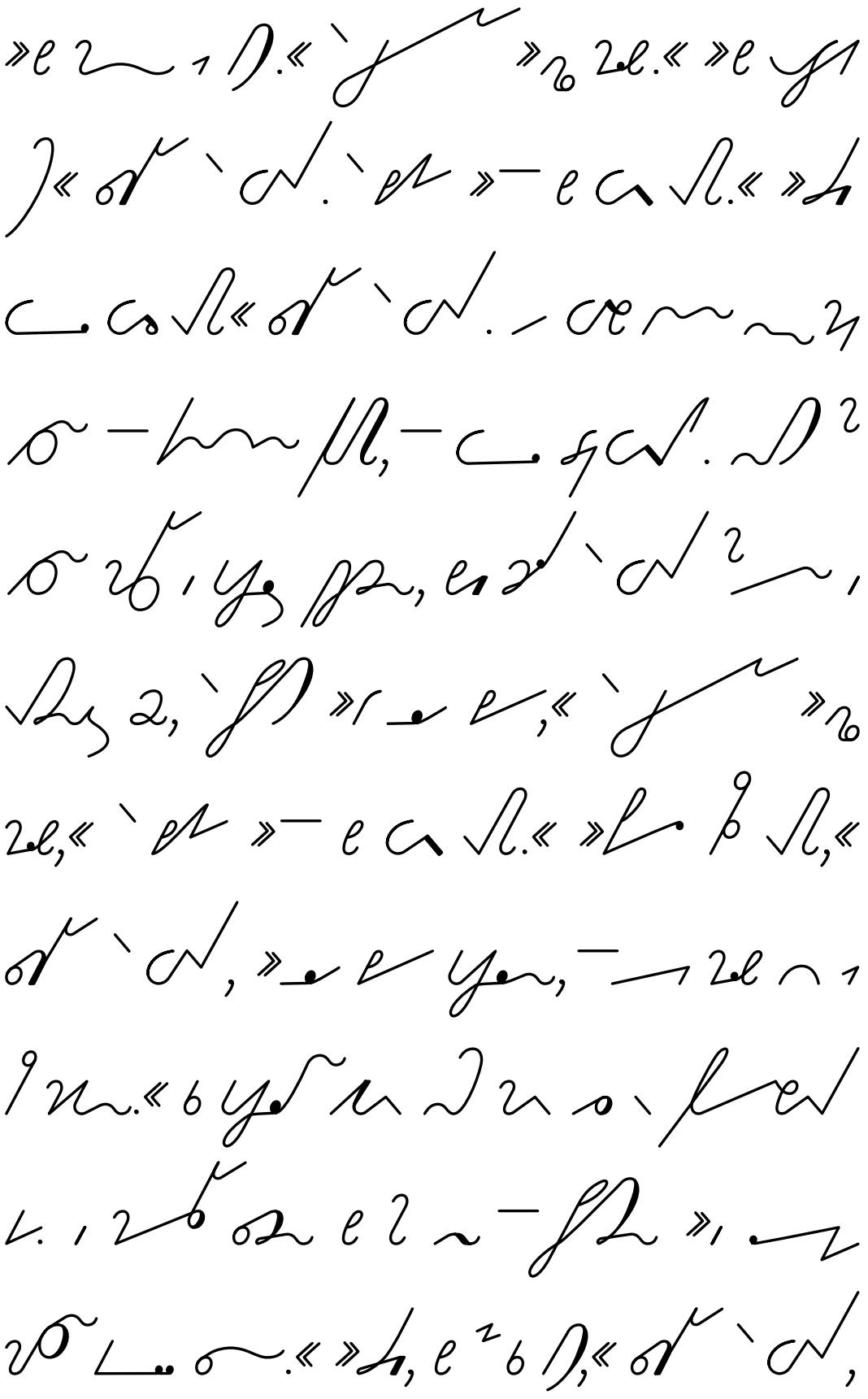
120.

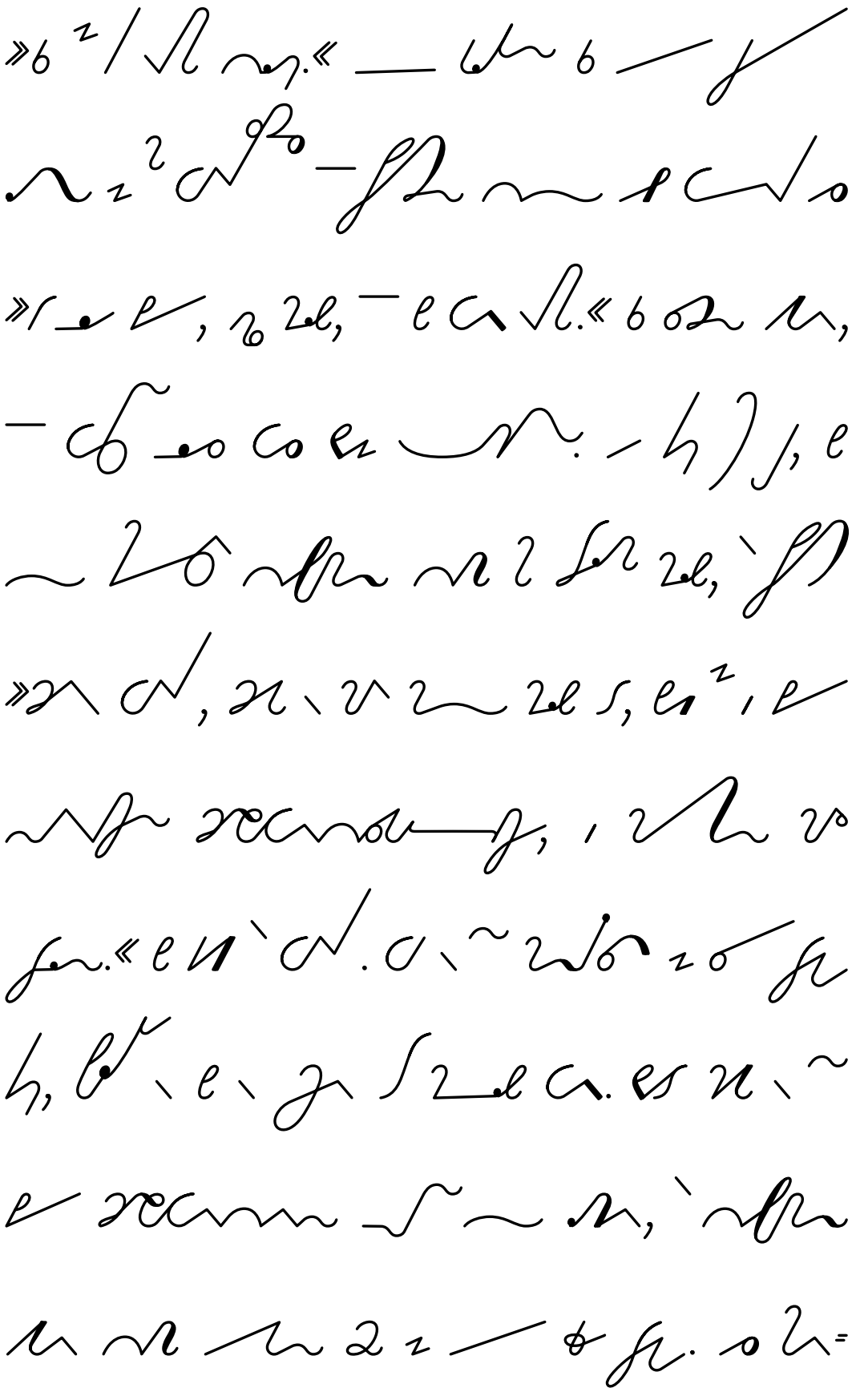


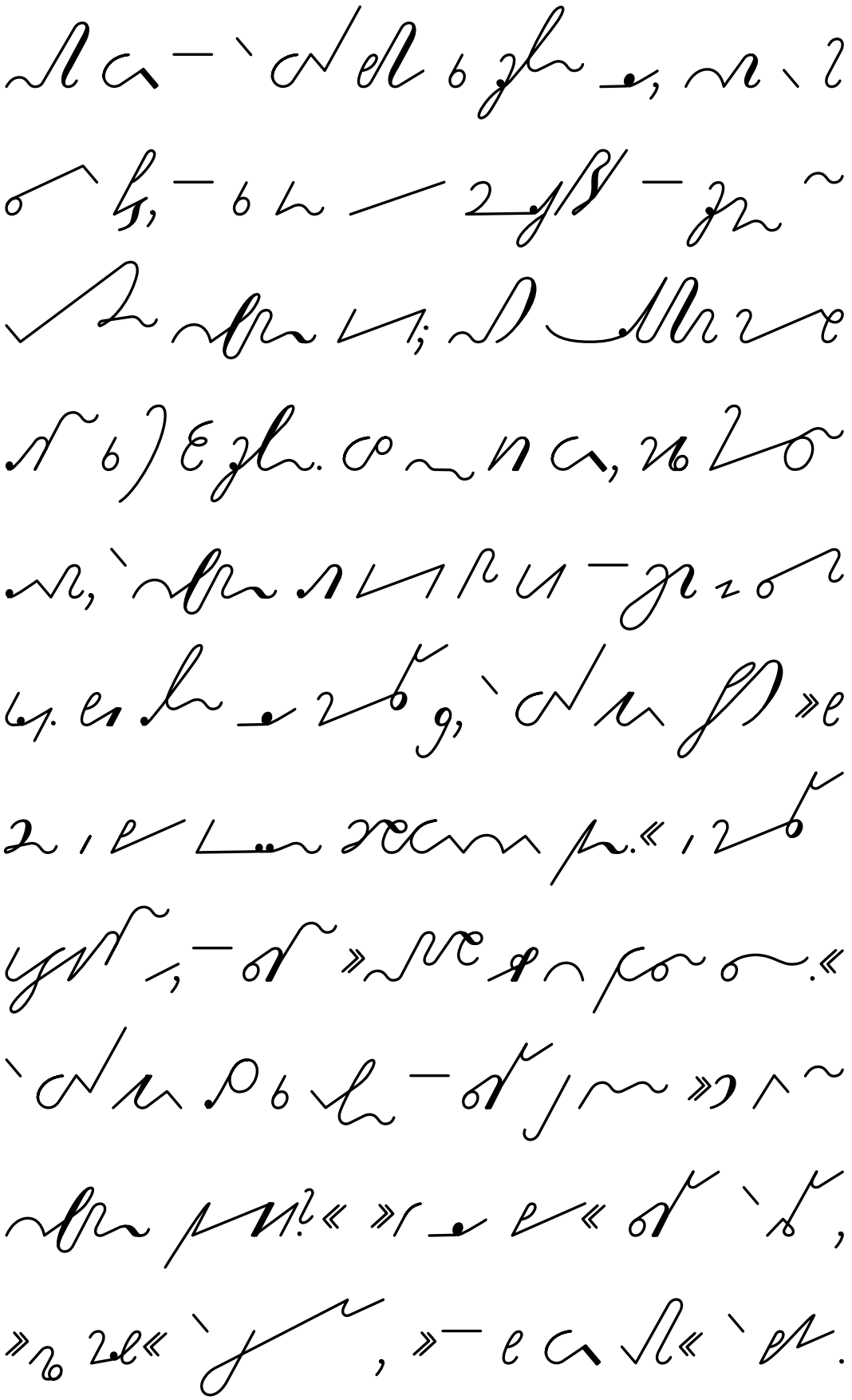


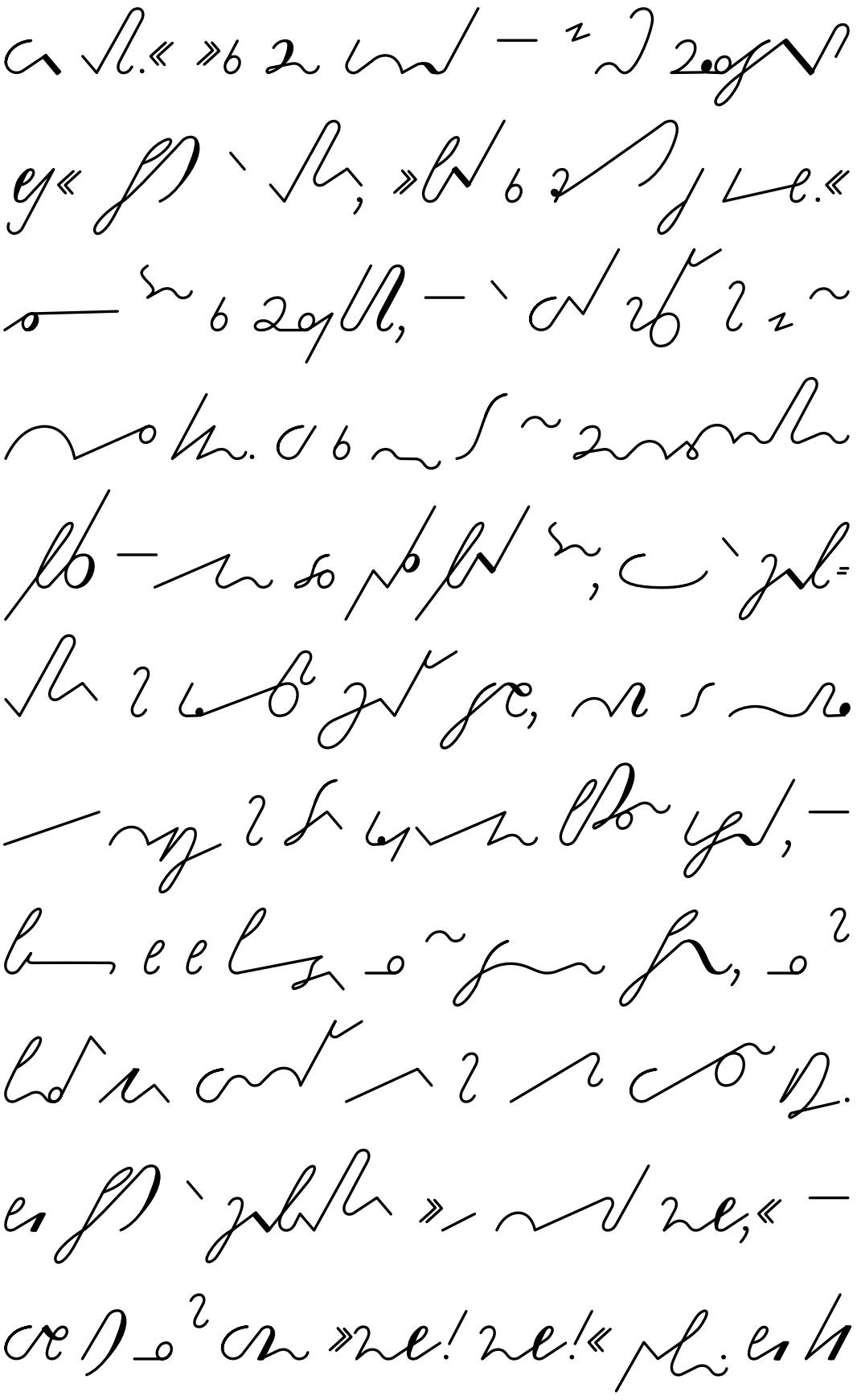


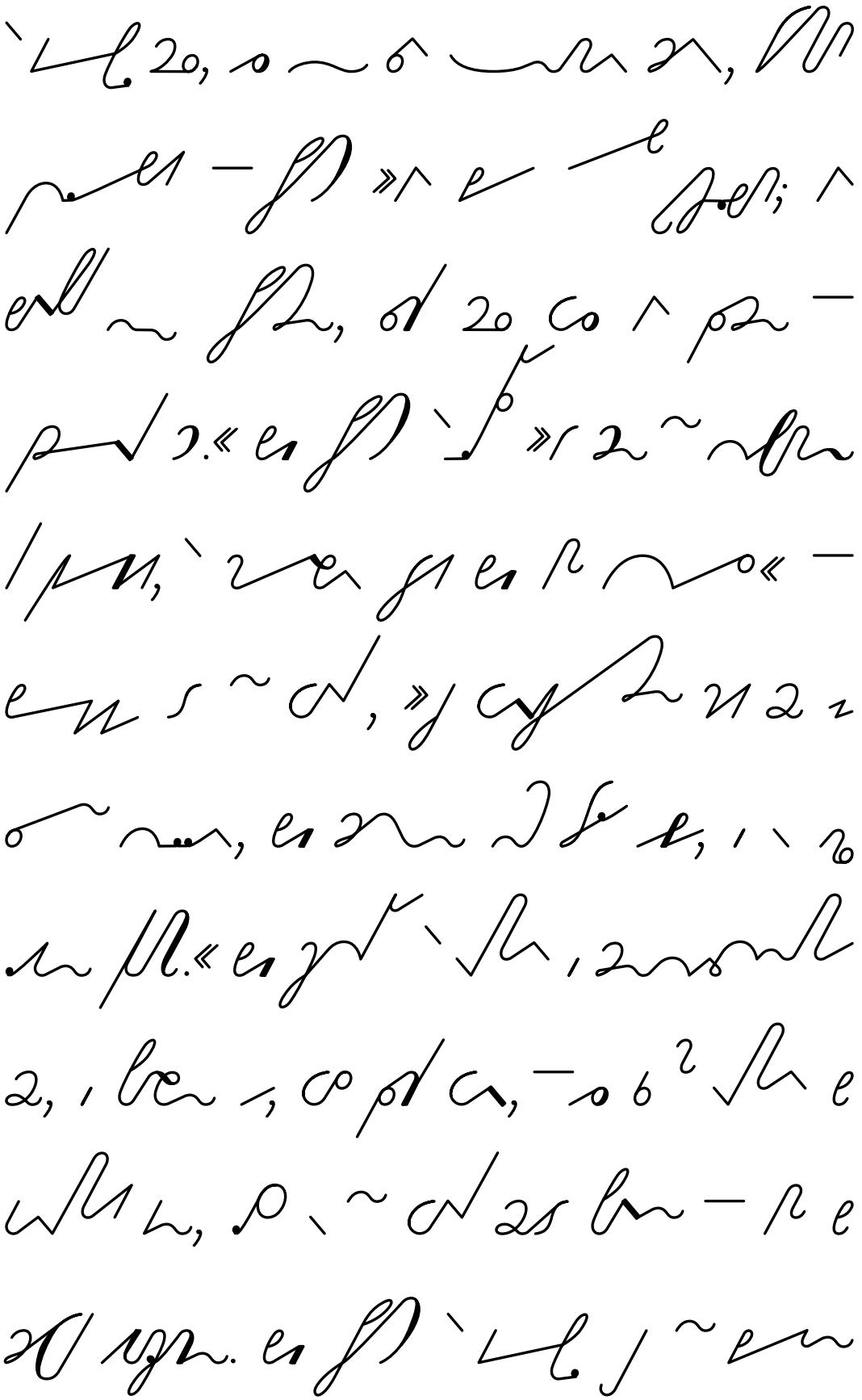


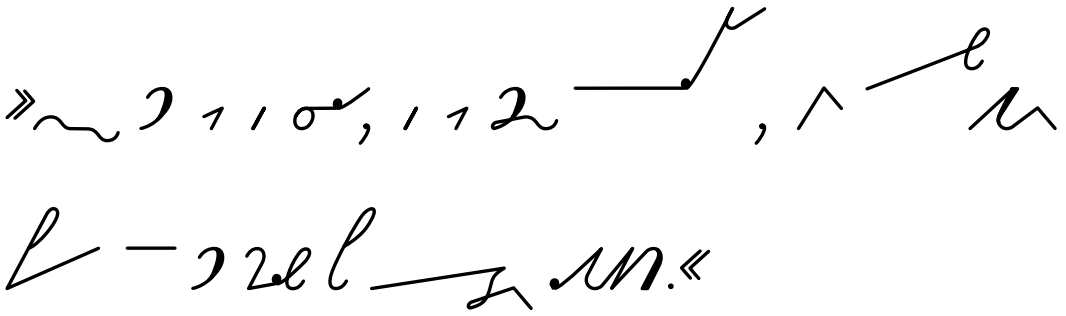












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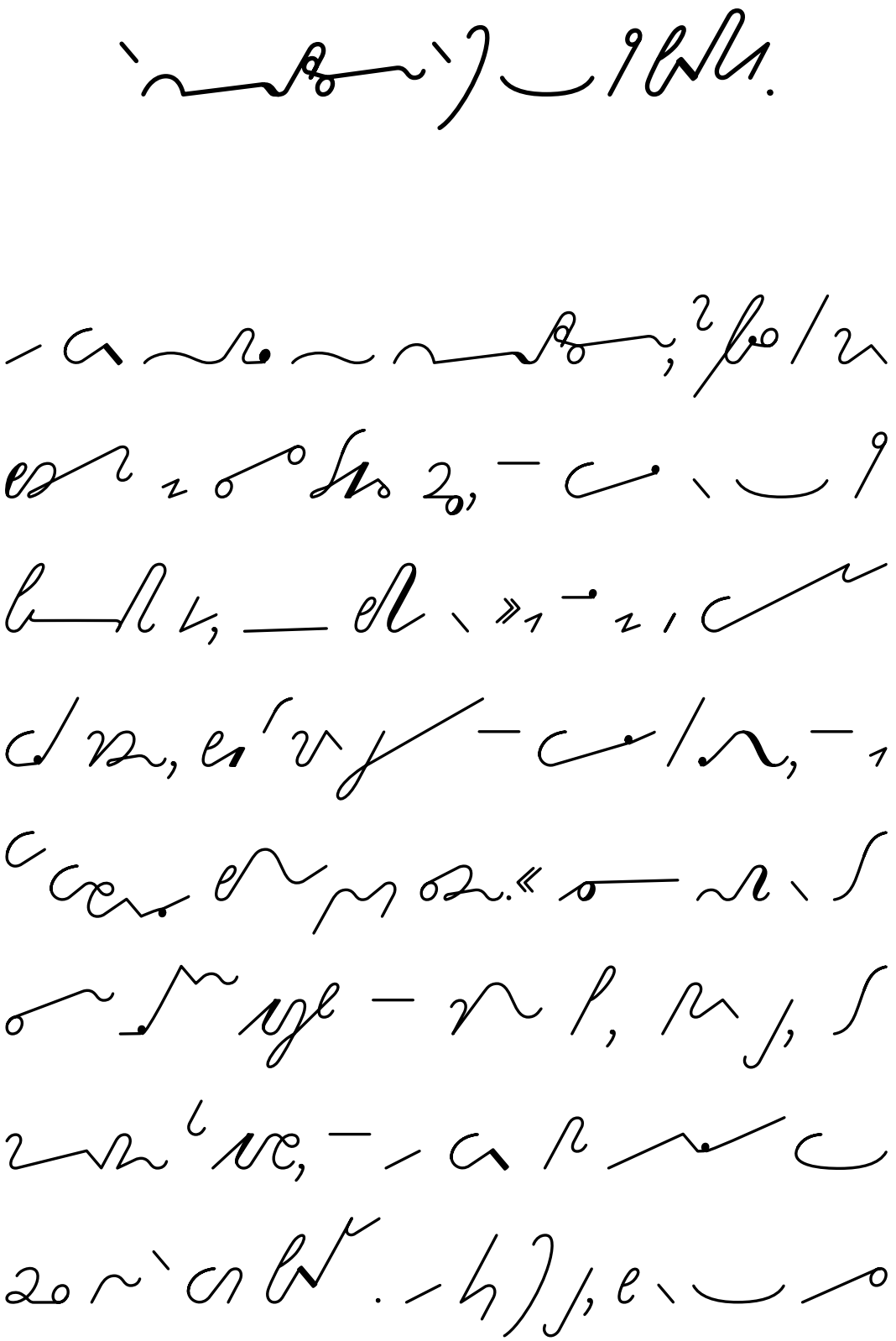

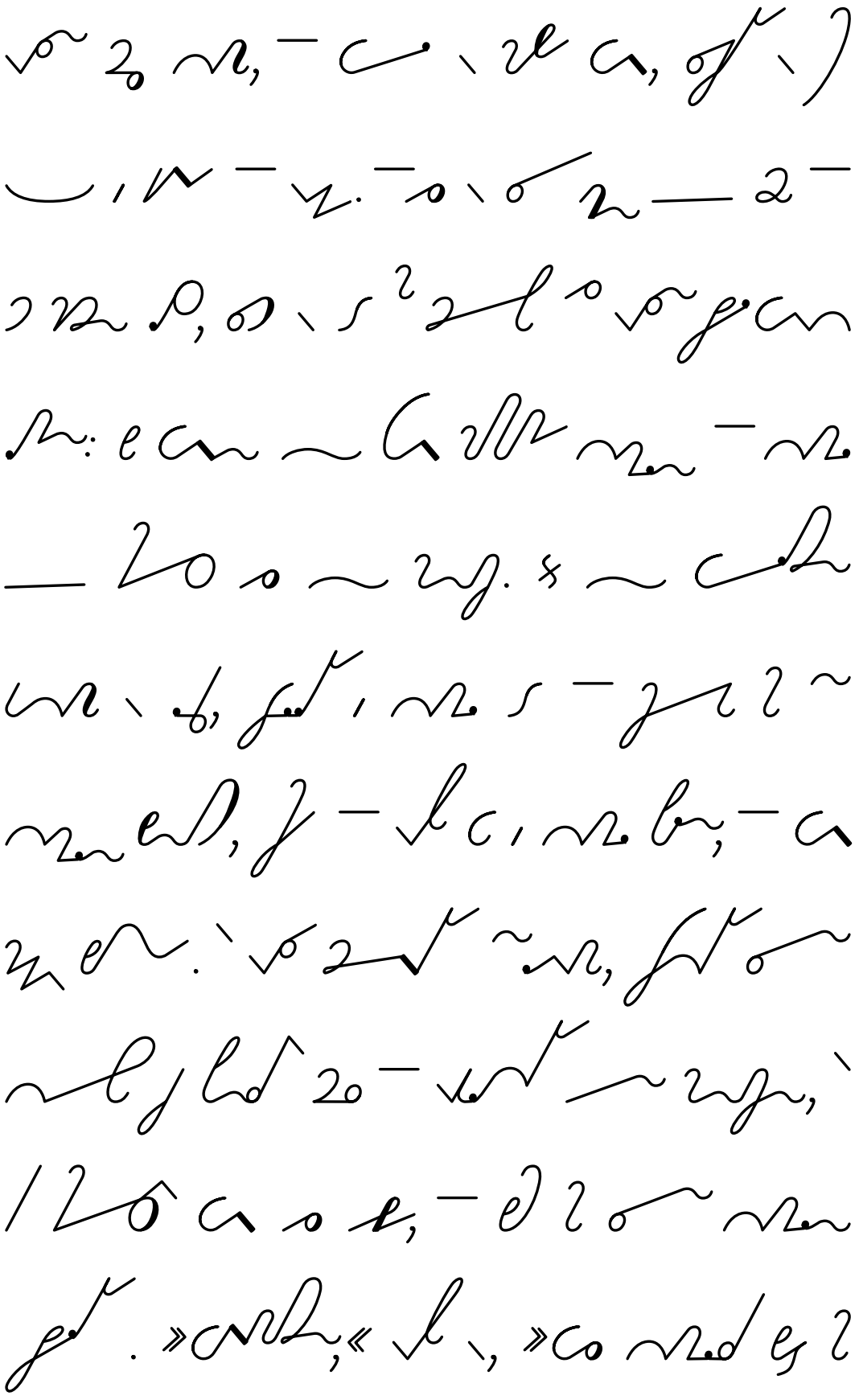

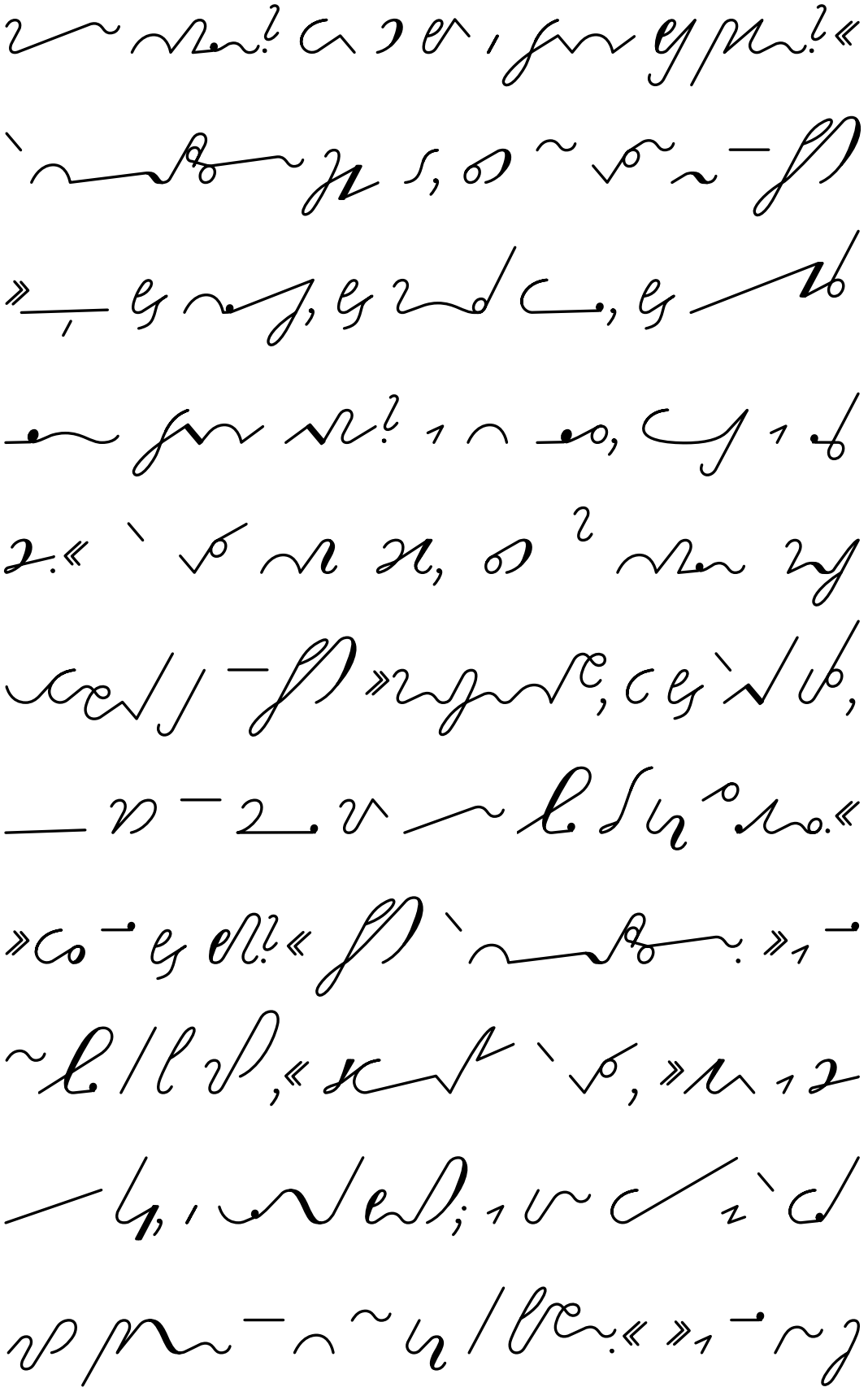

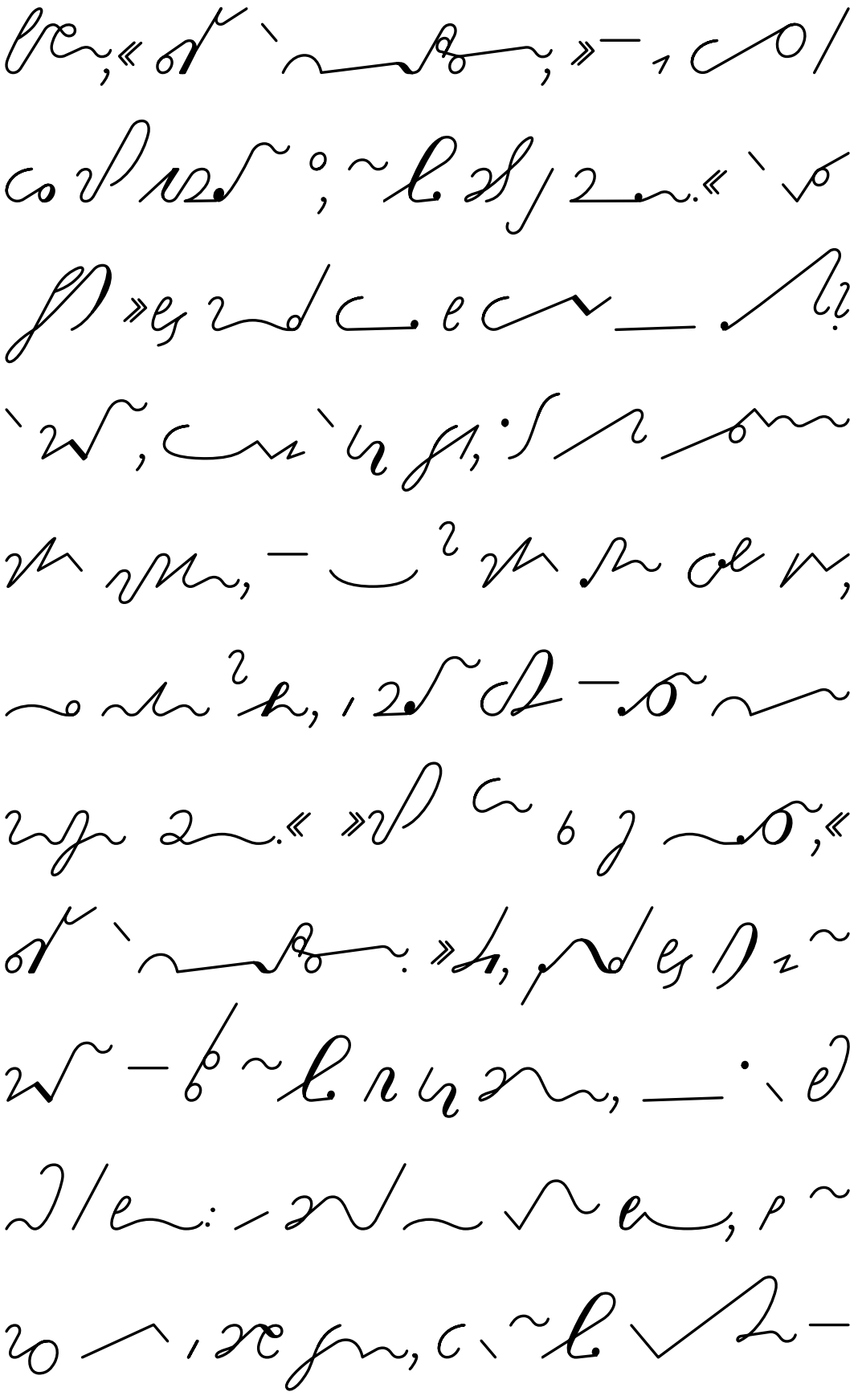

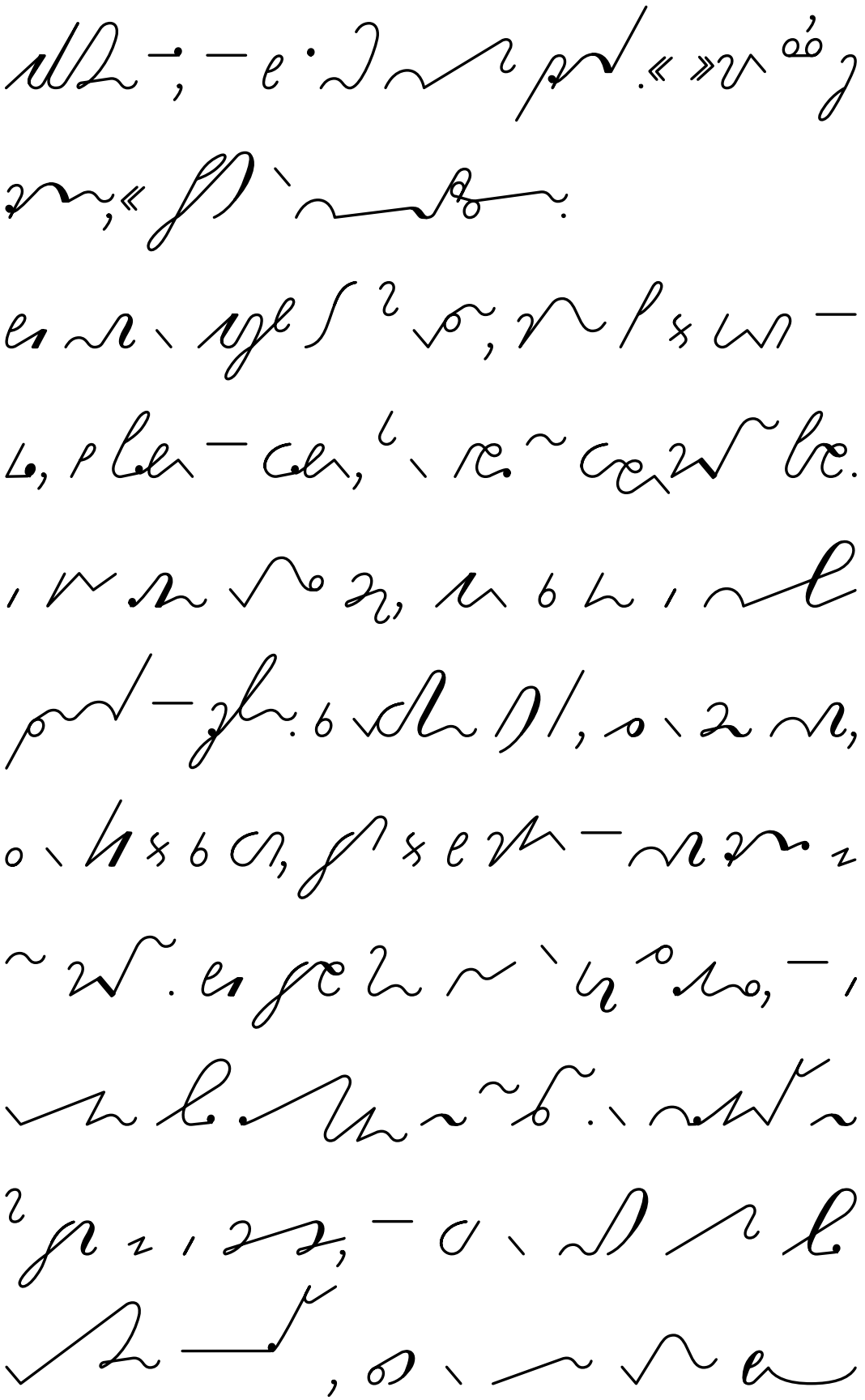

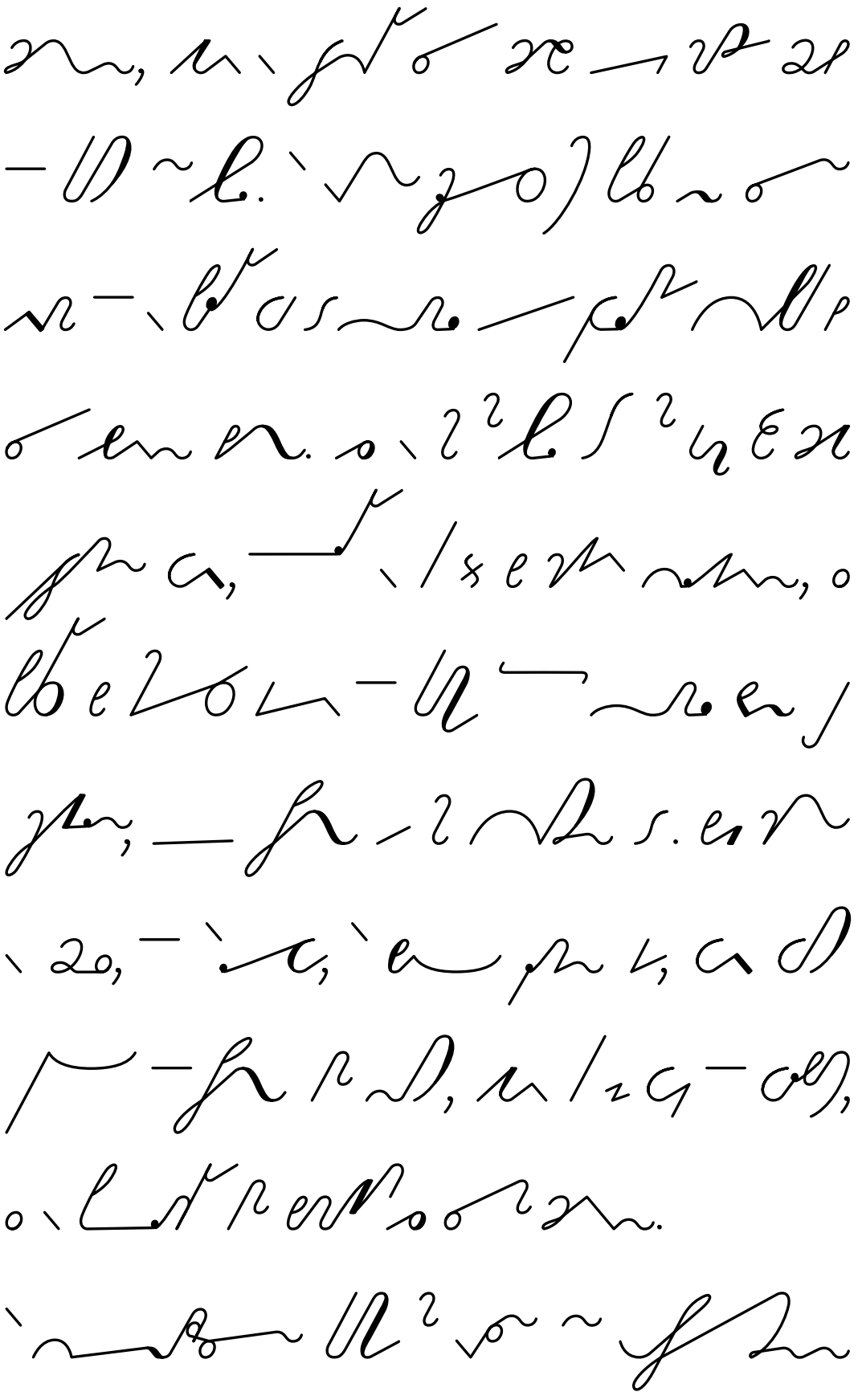

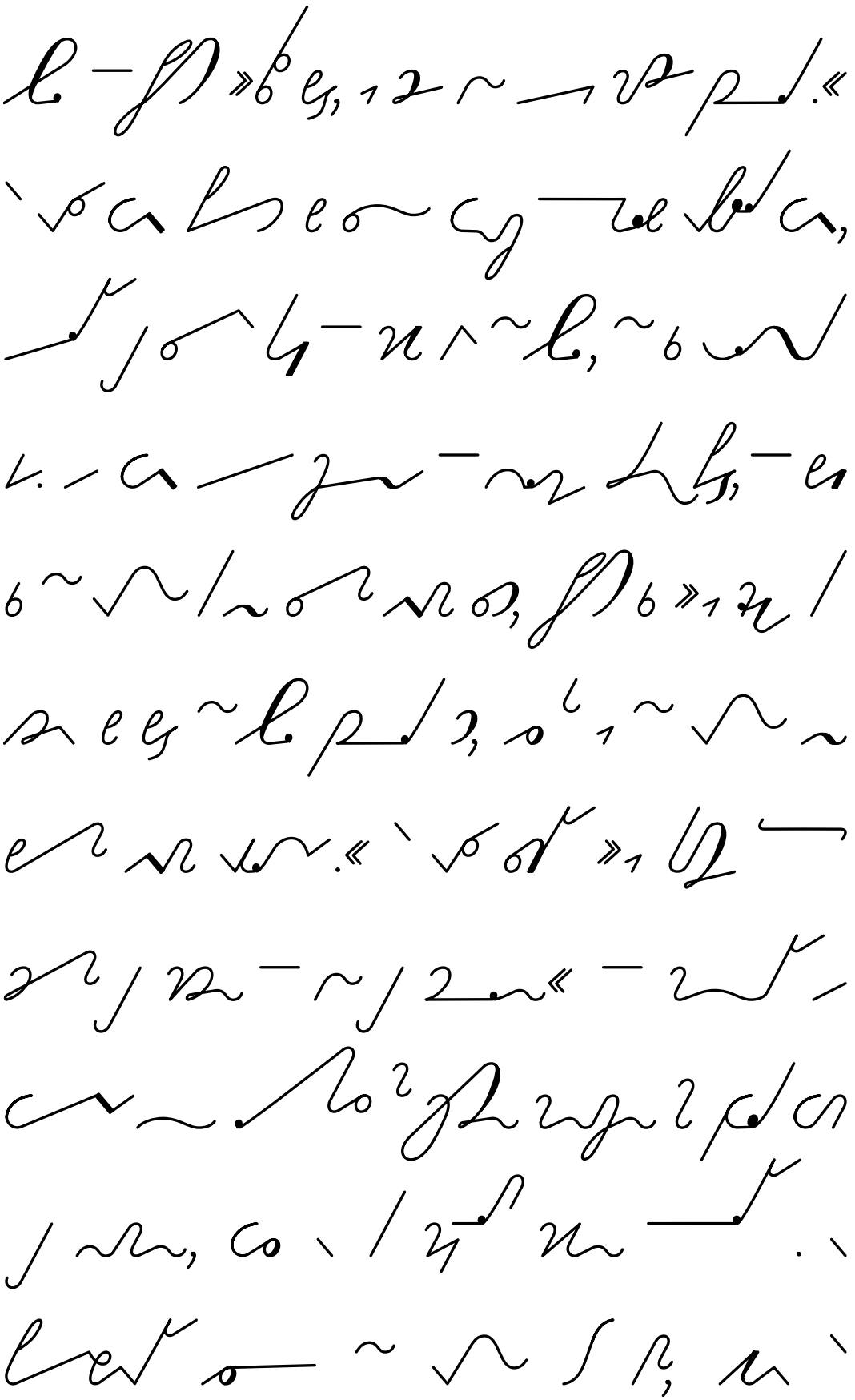

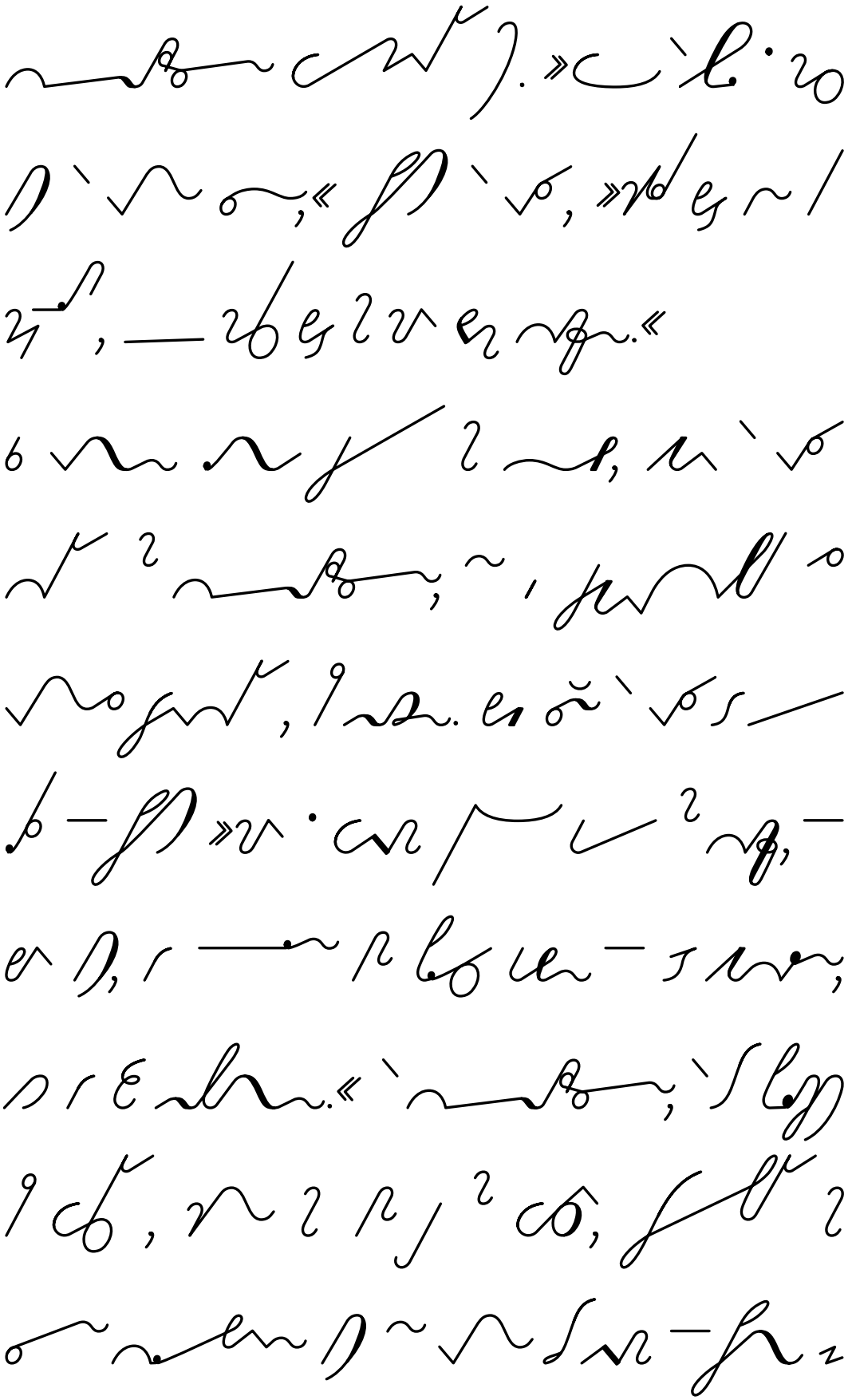

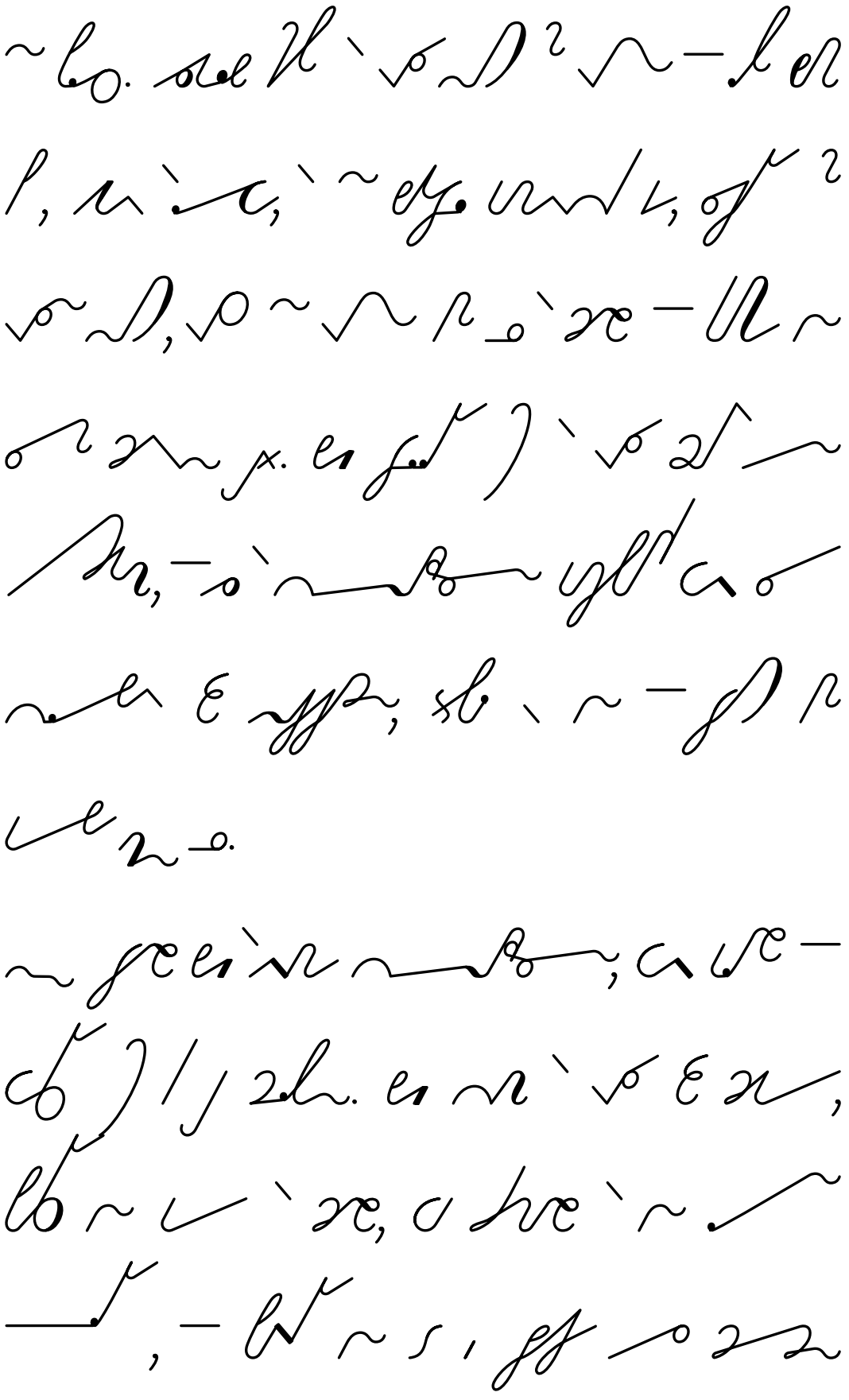

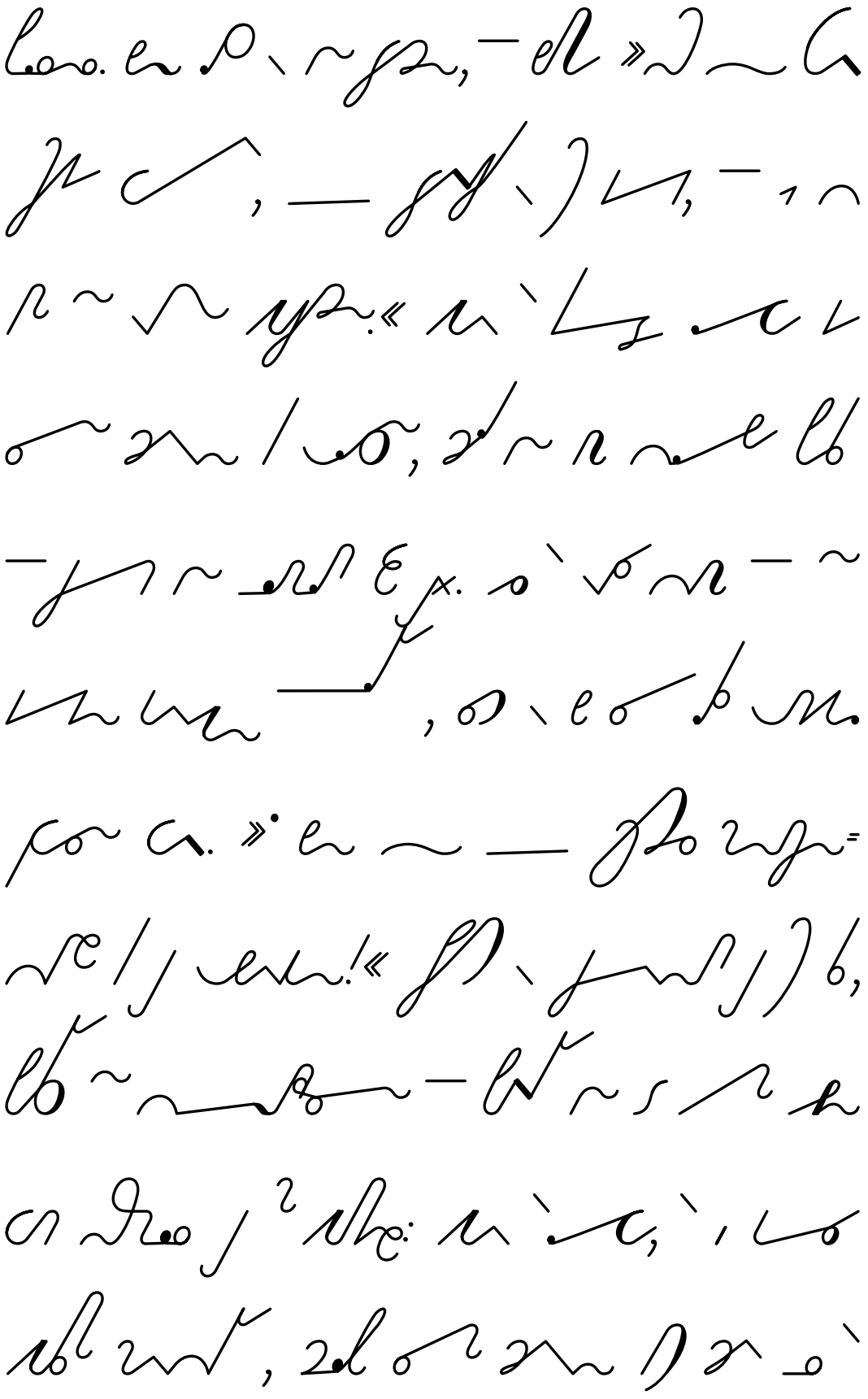

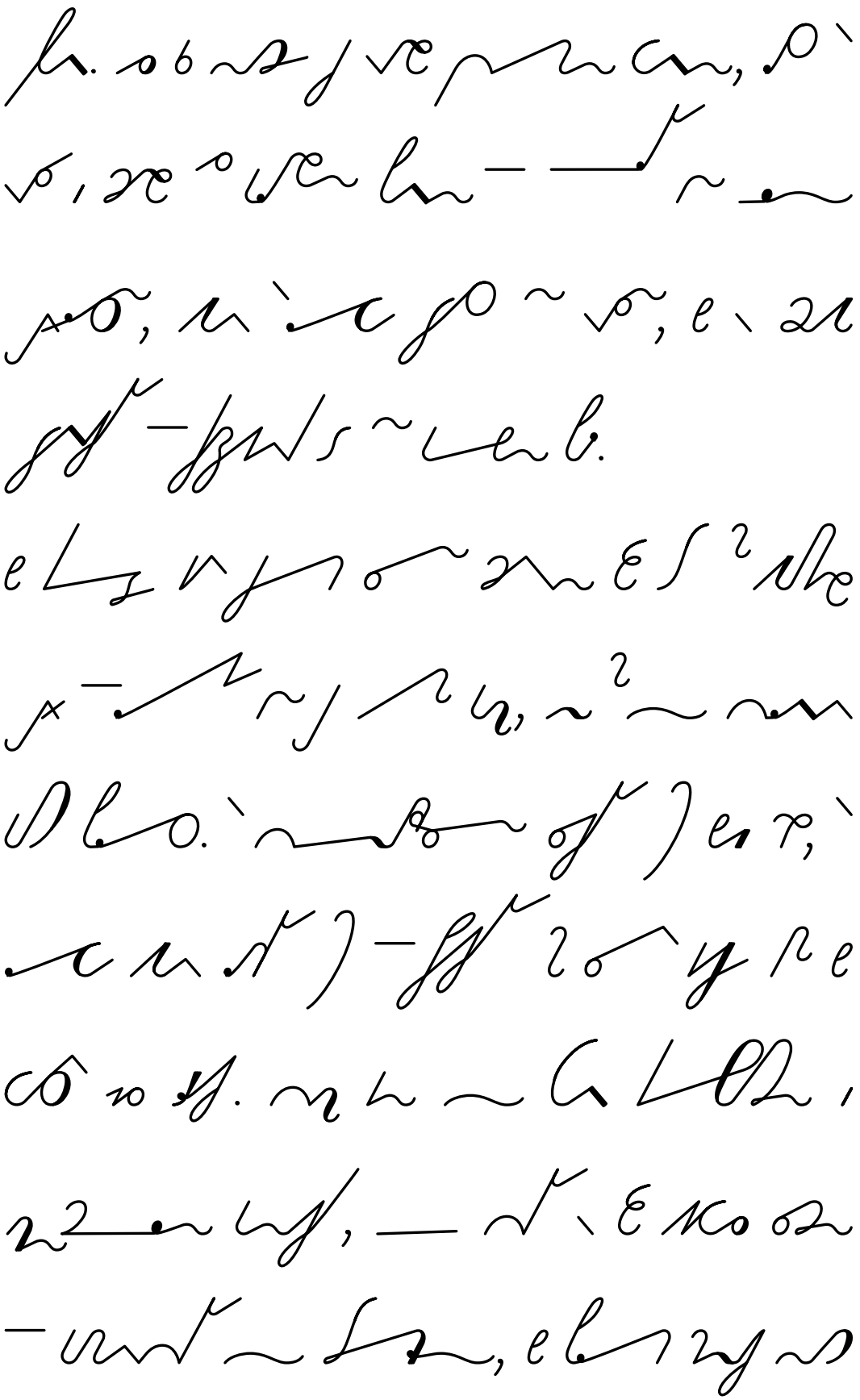

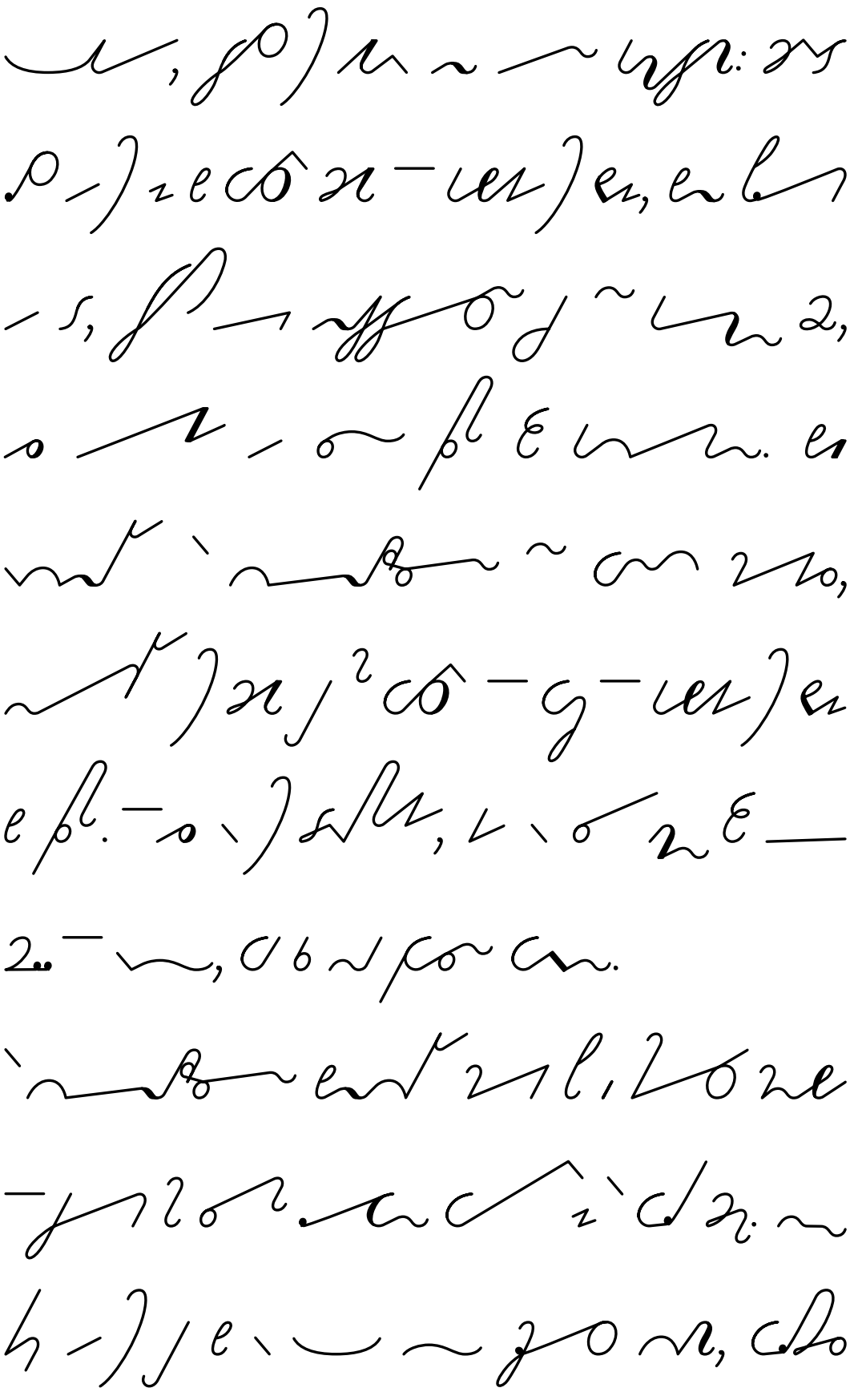

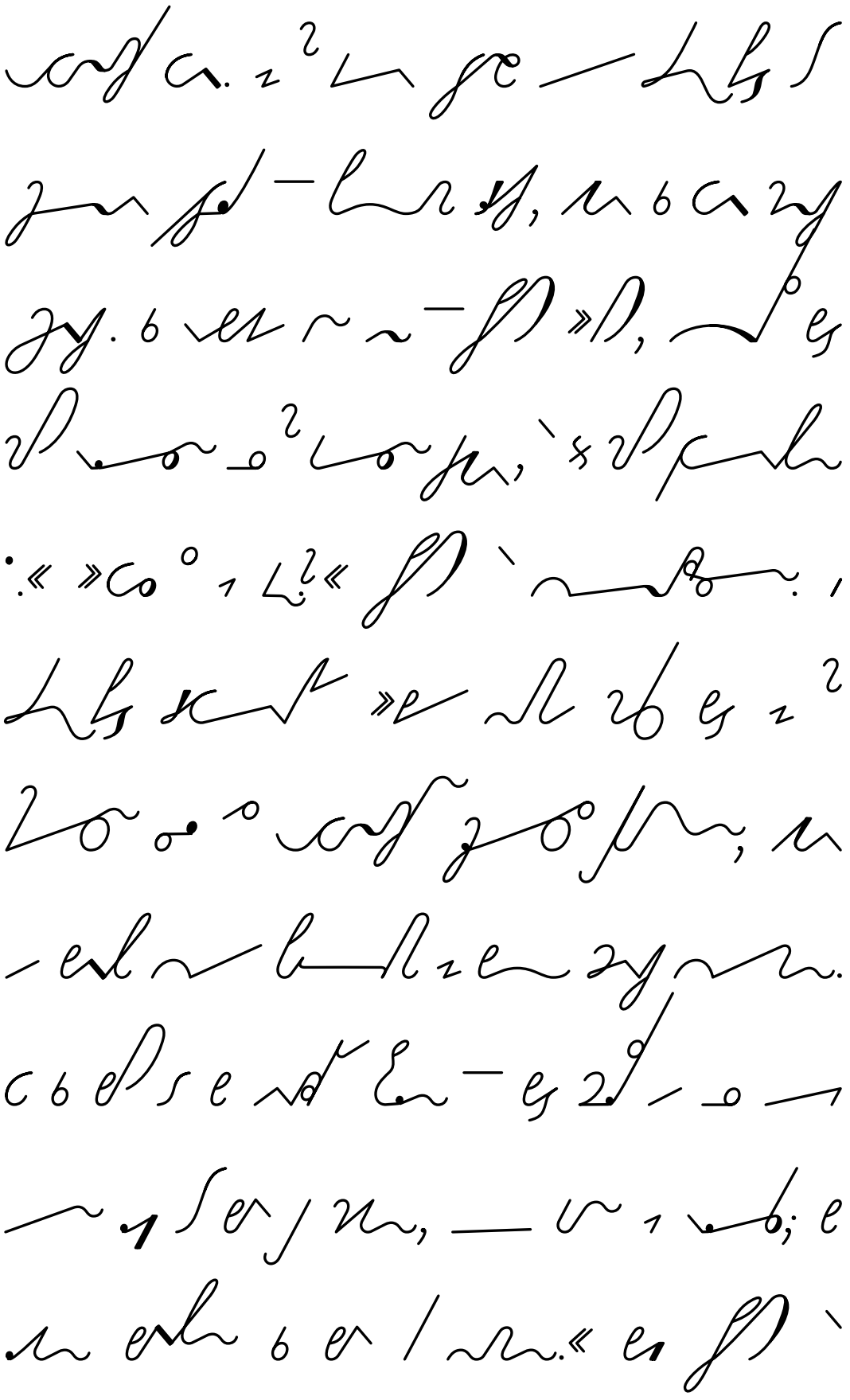

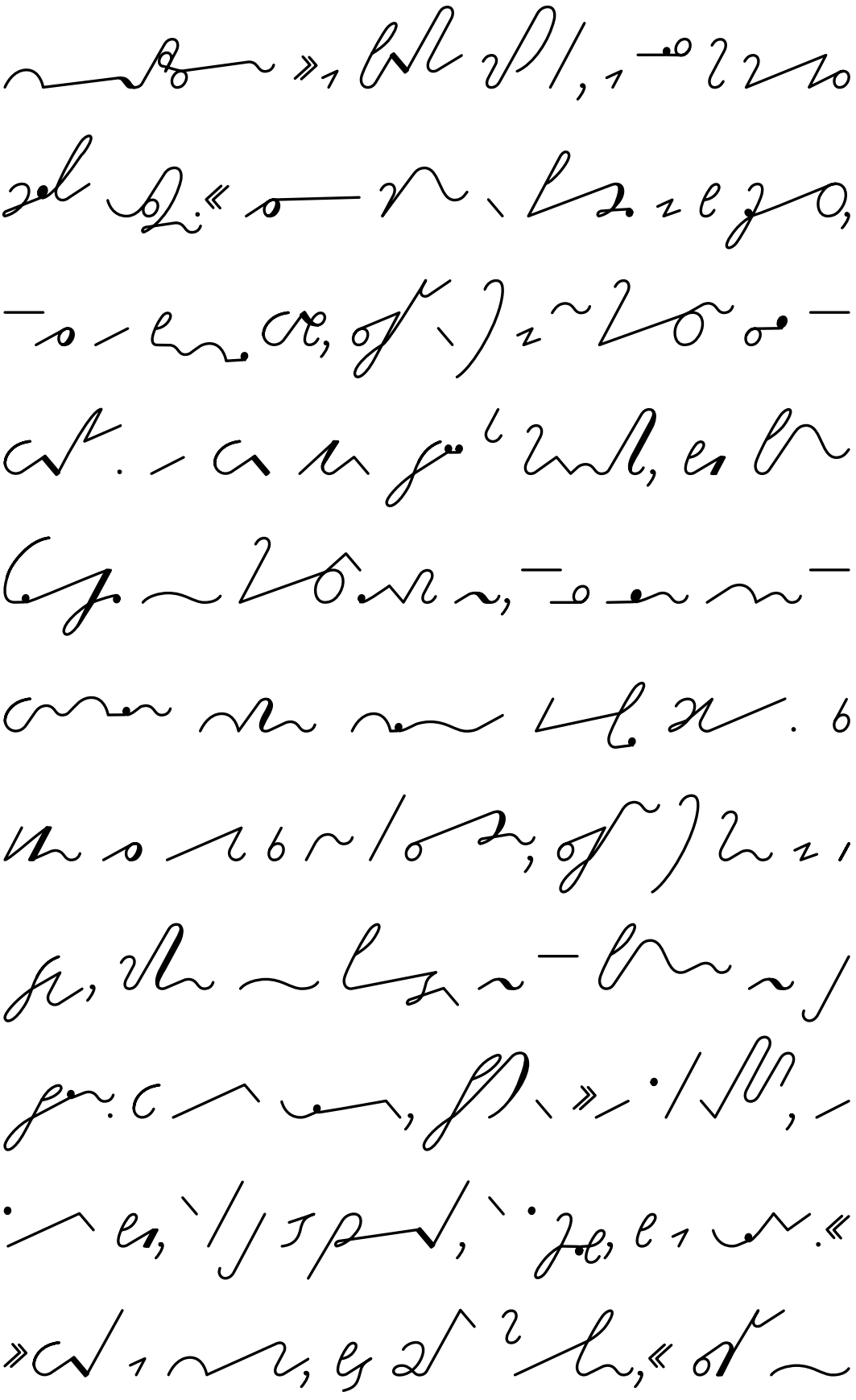

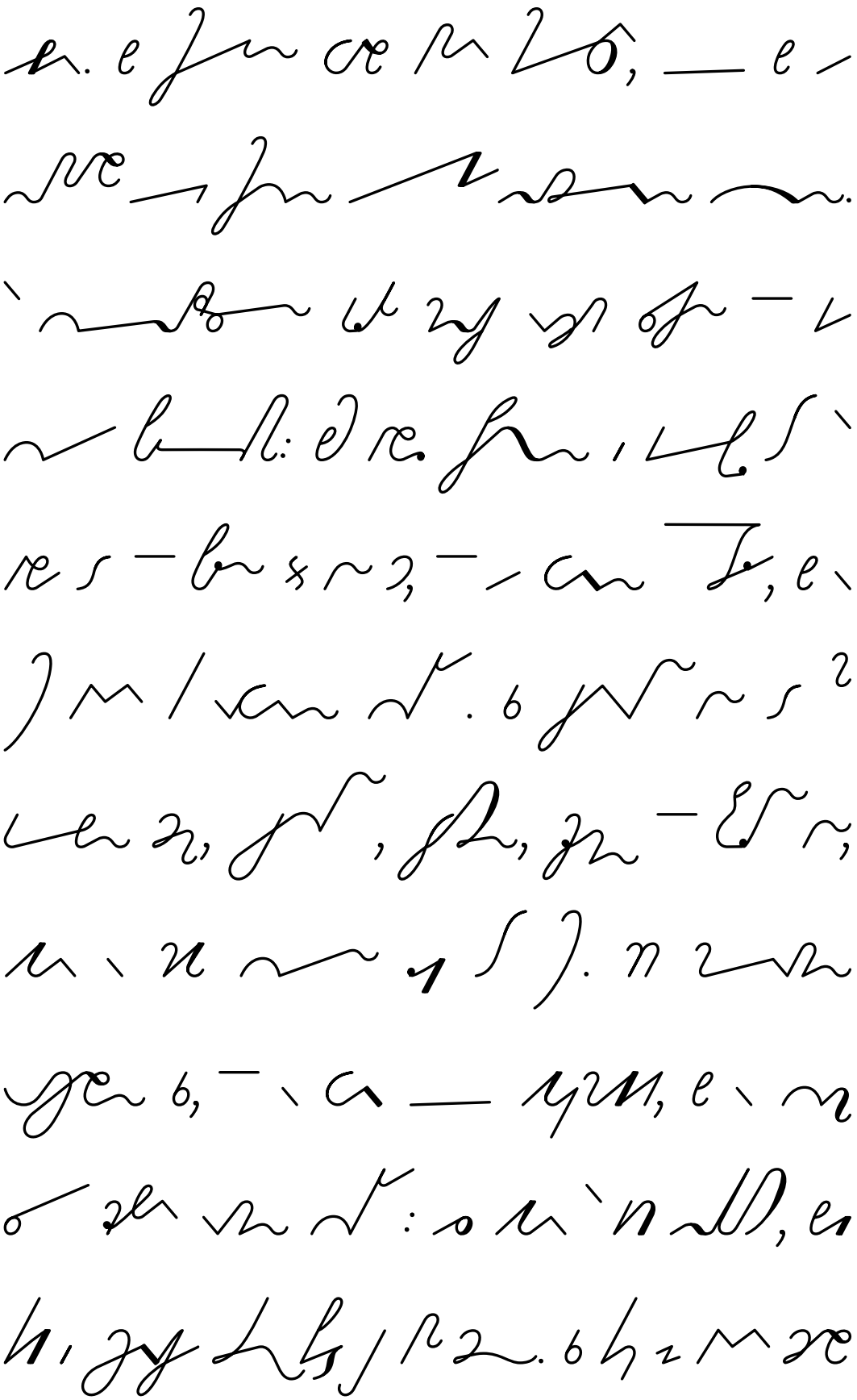

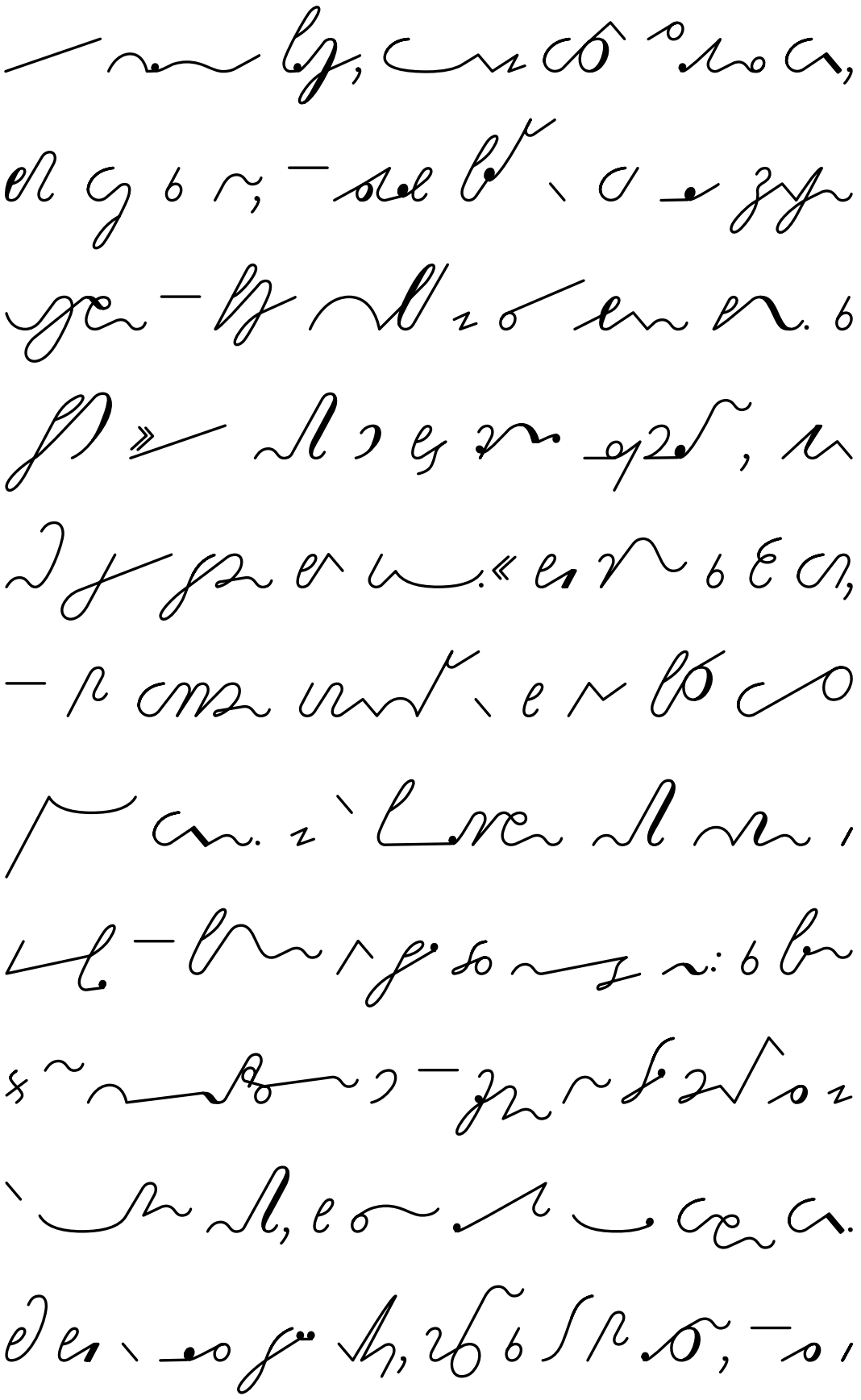

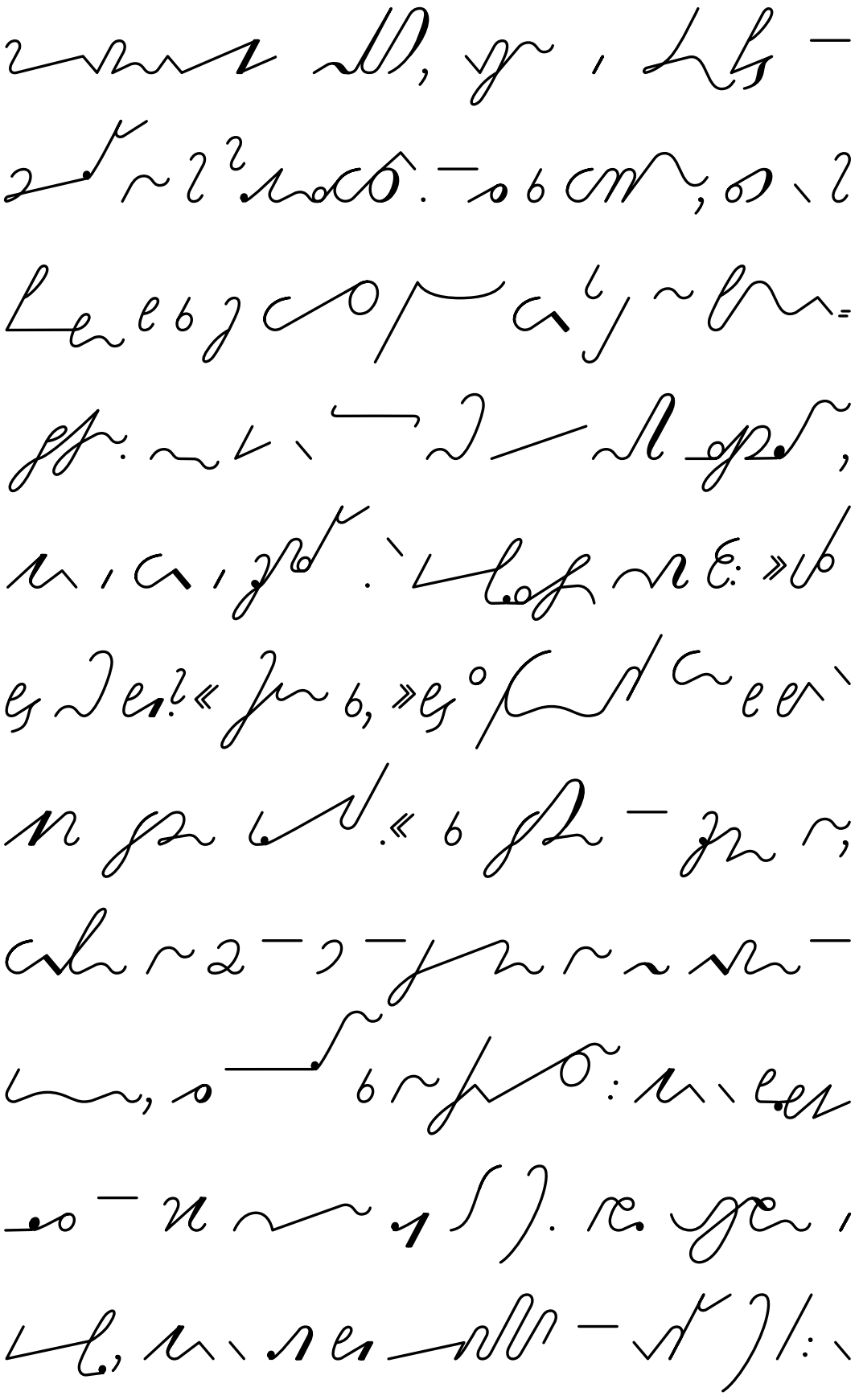

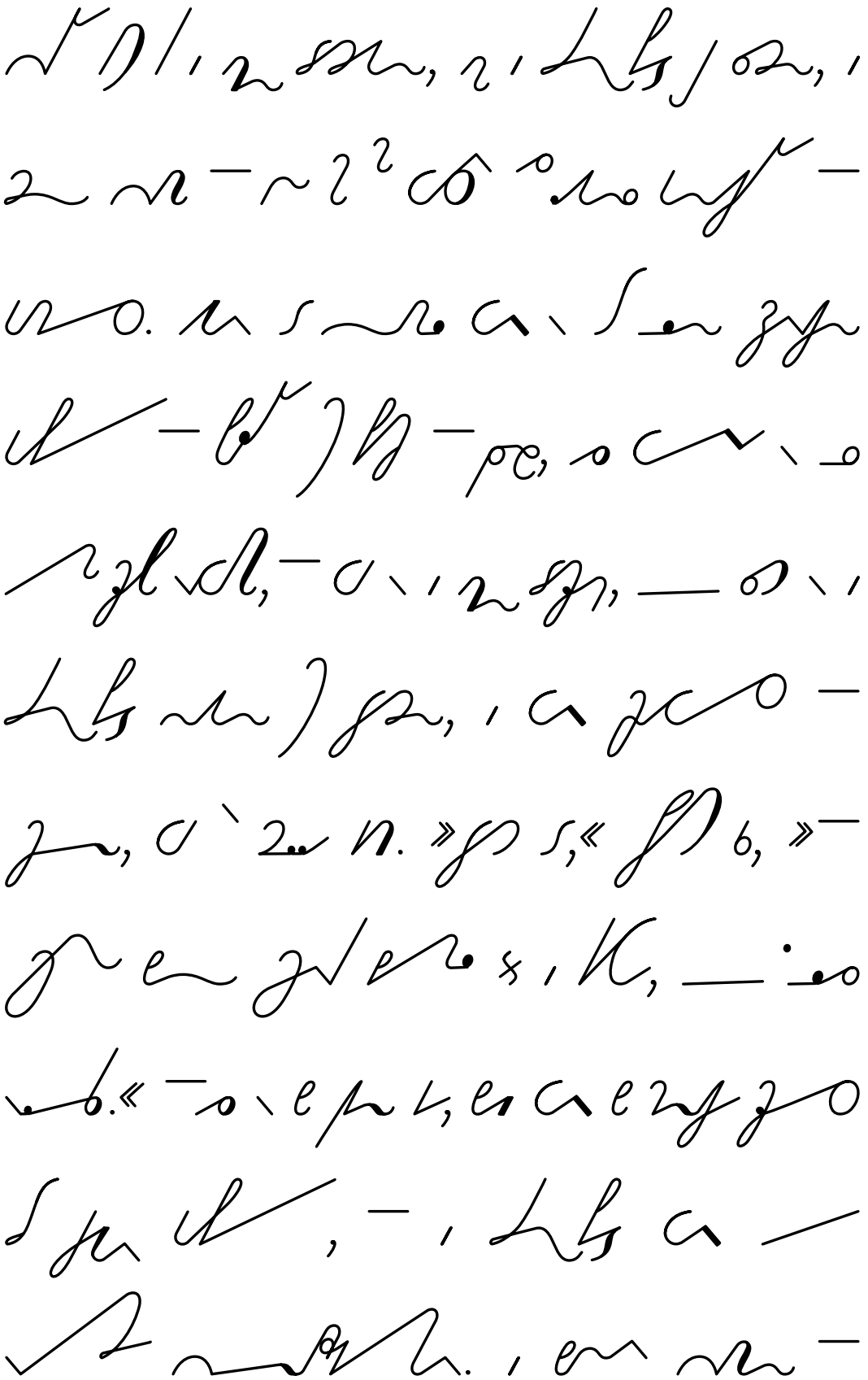

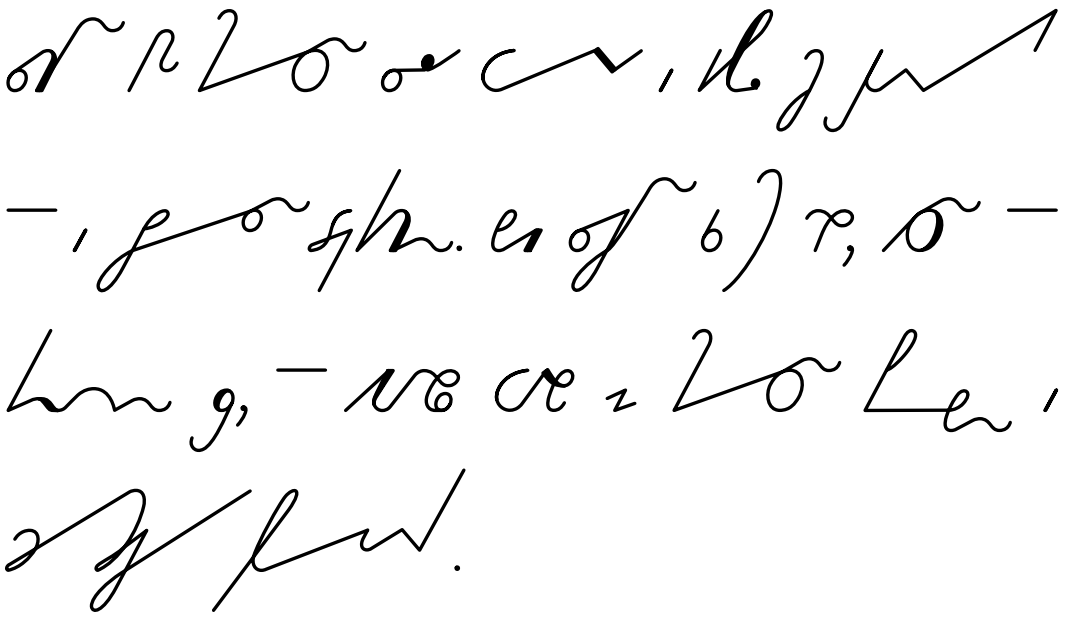

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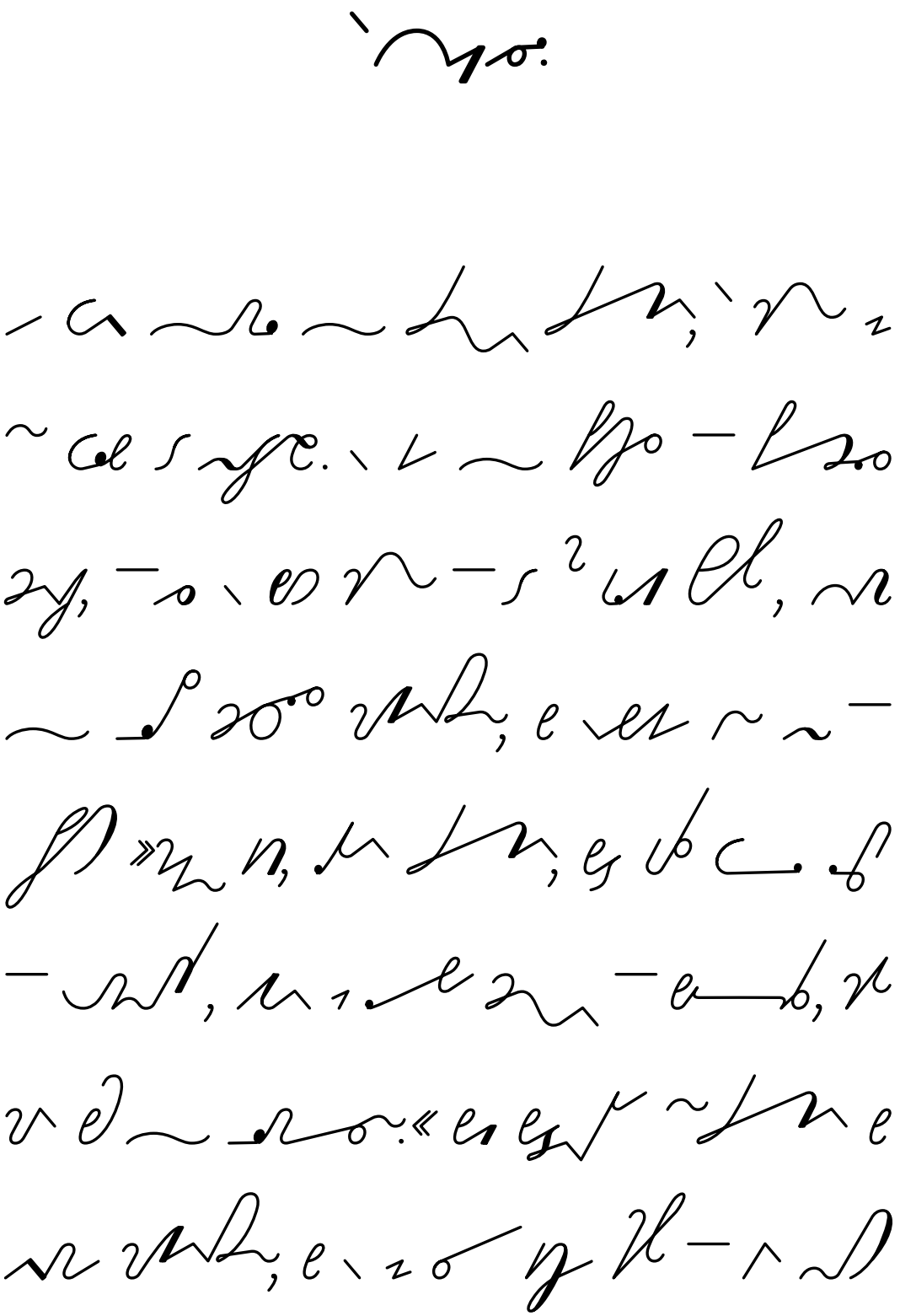

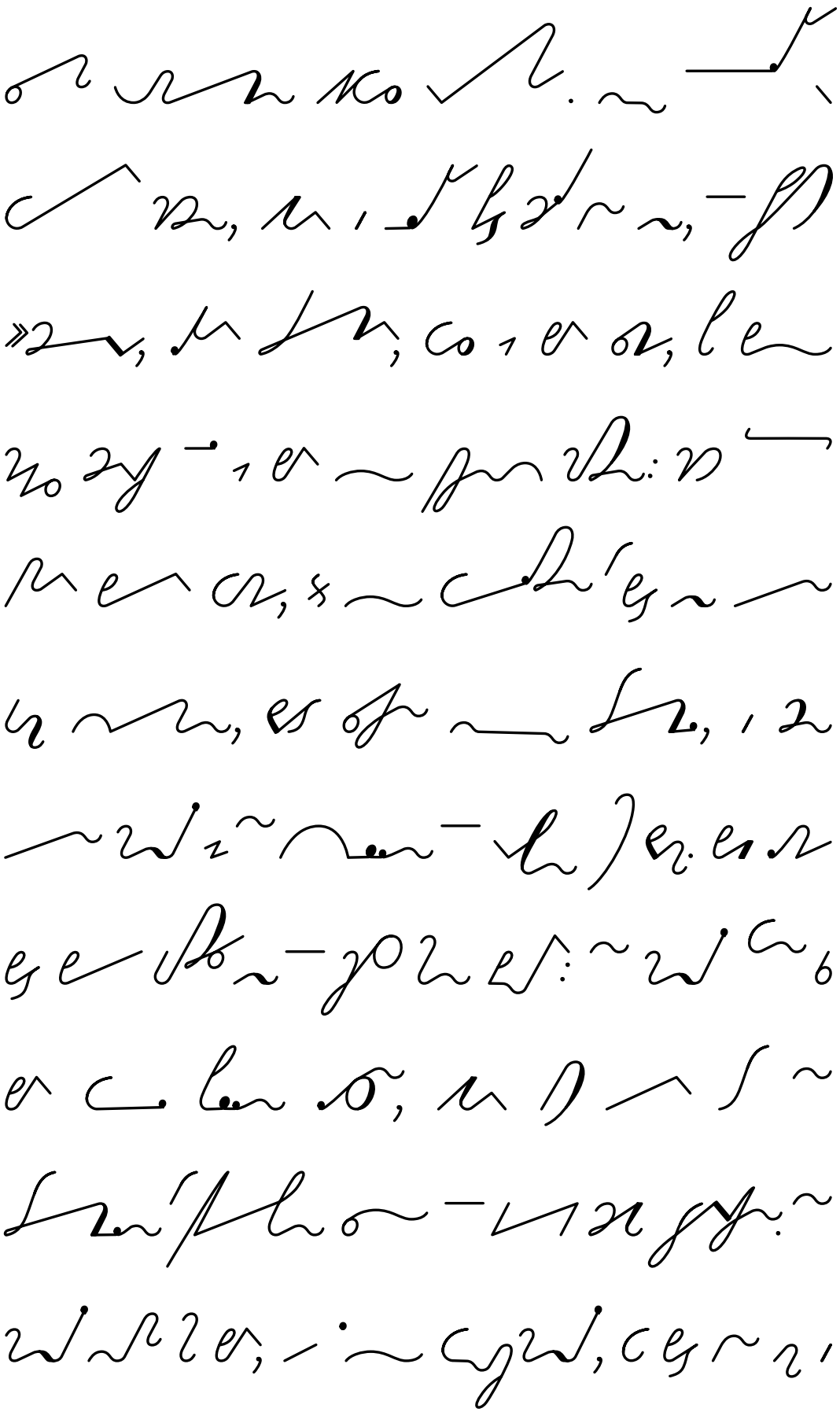

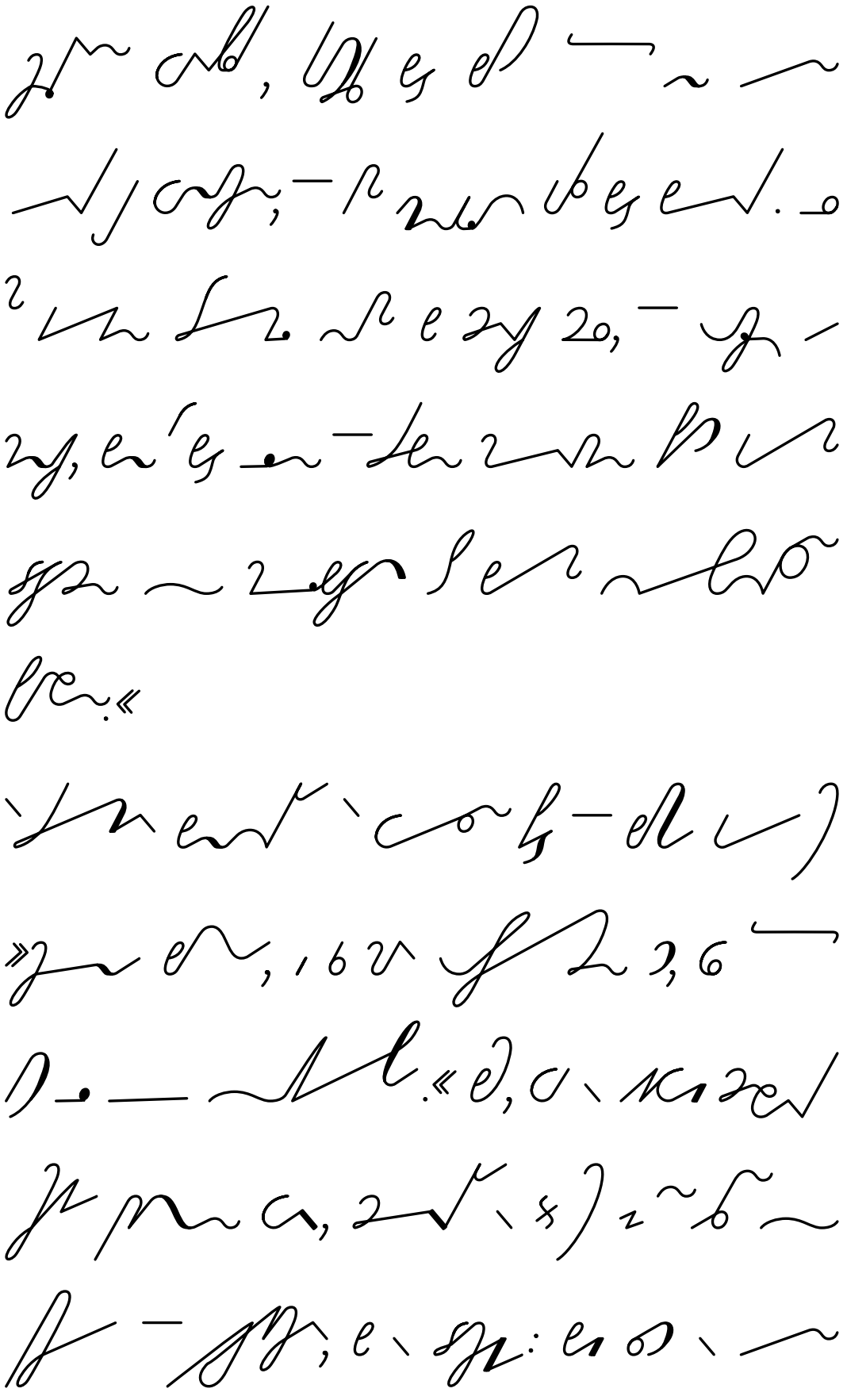

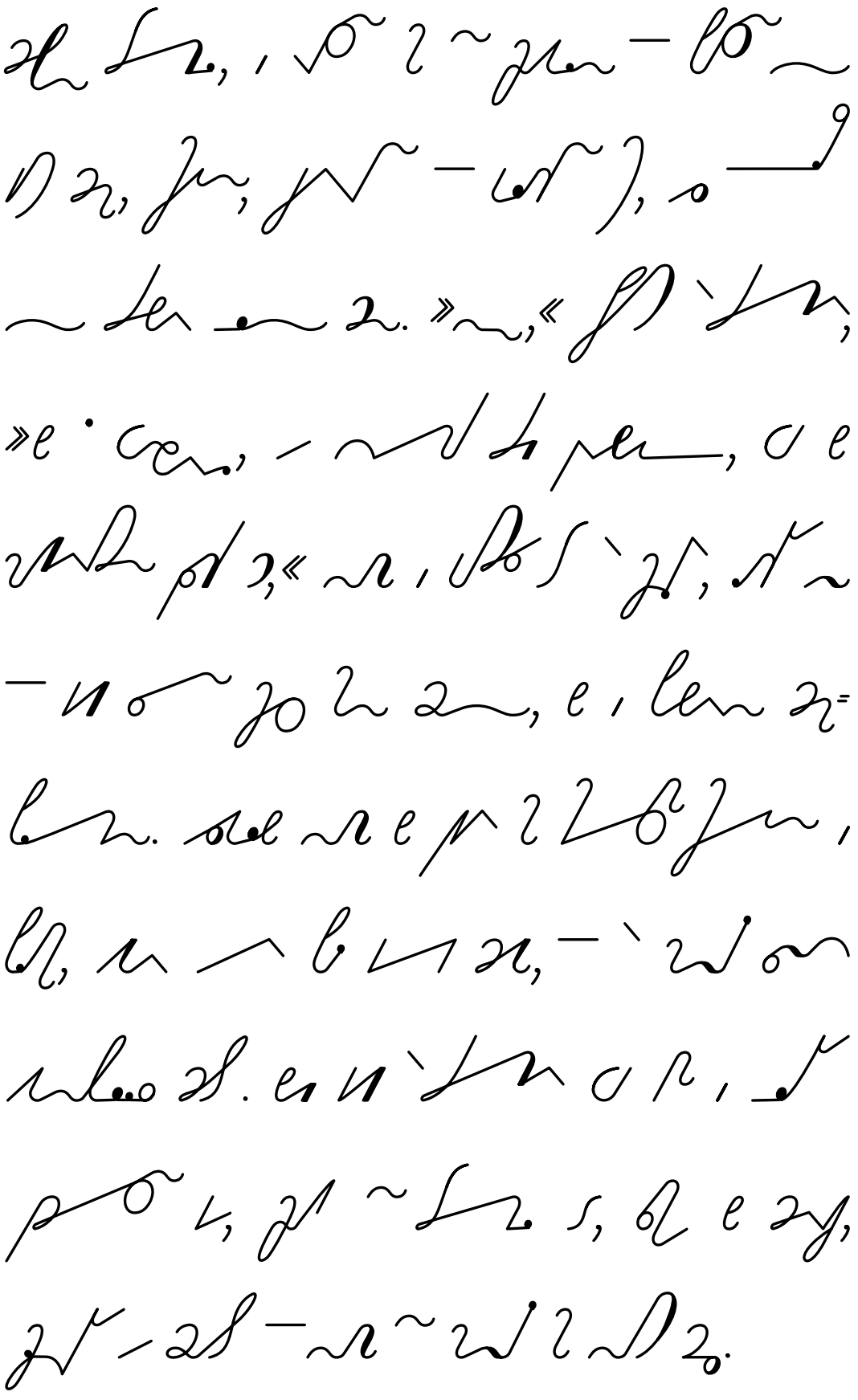

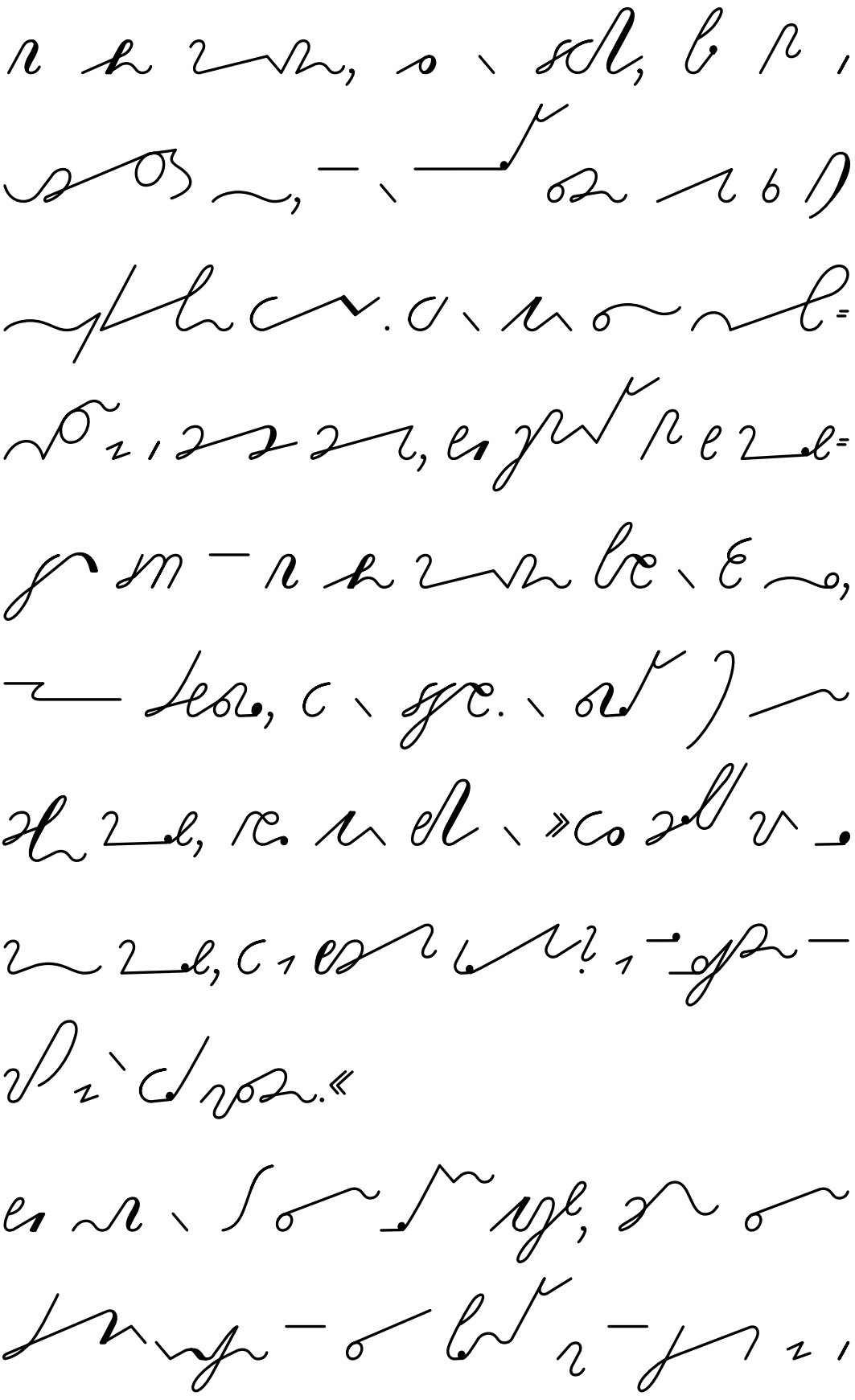

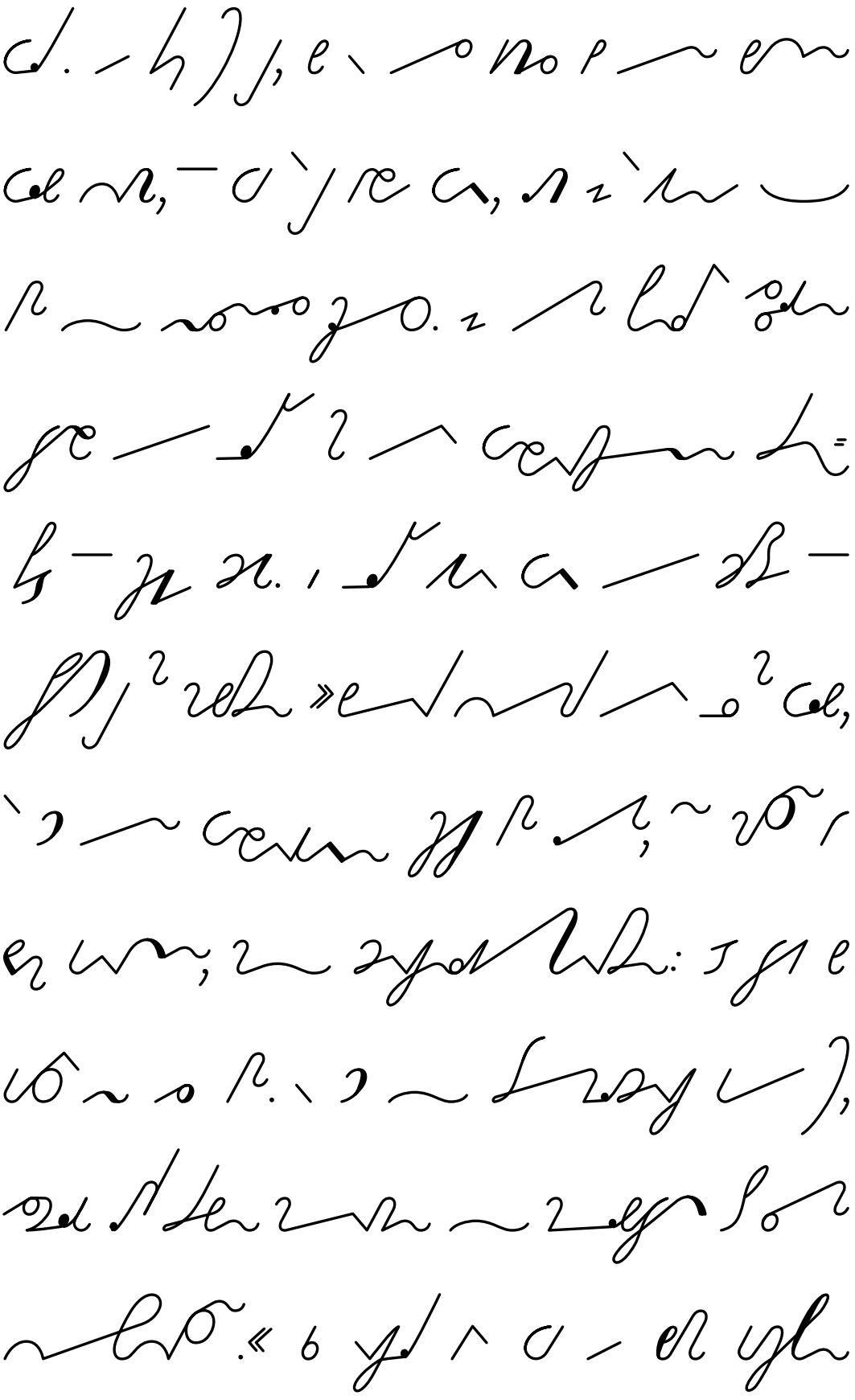

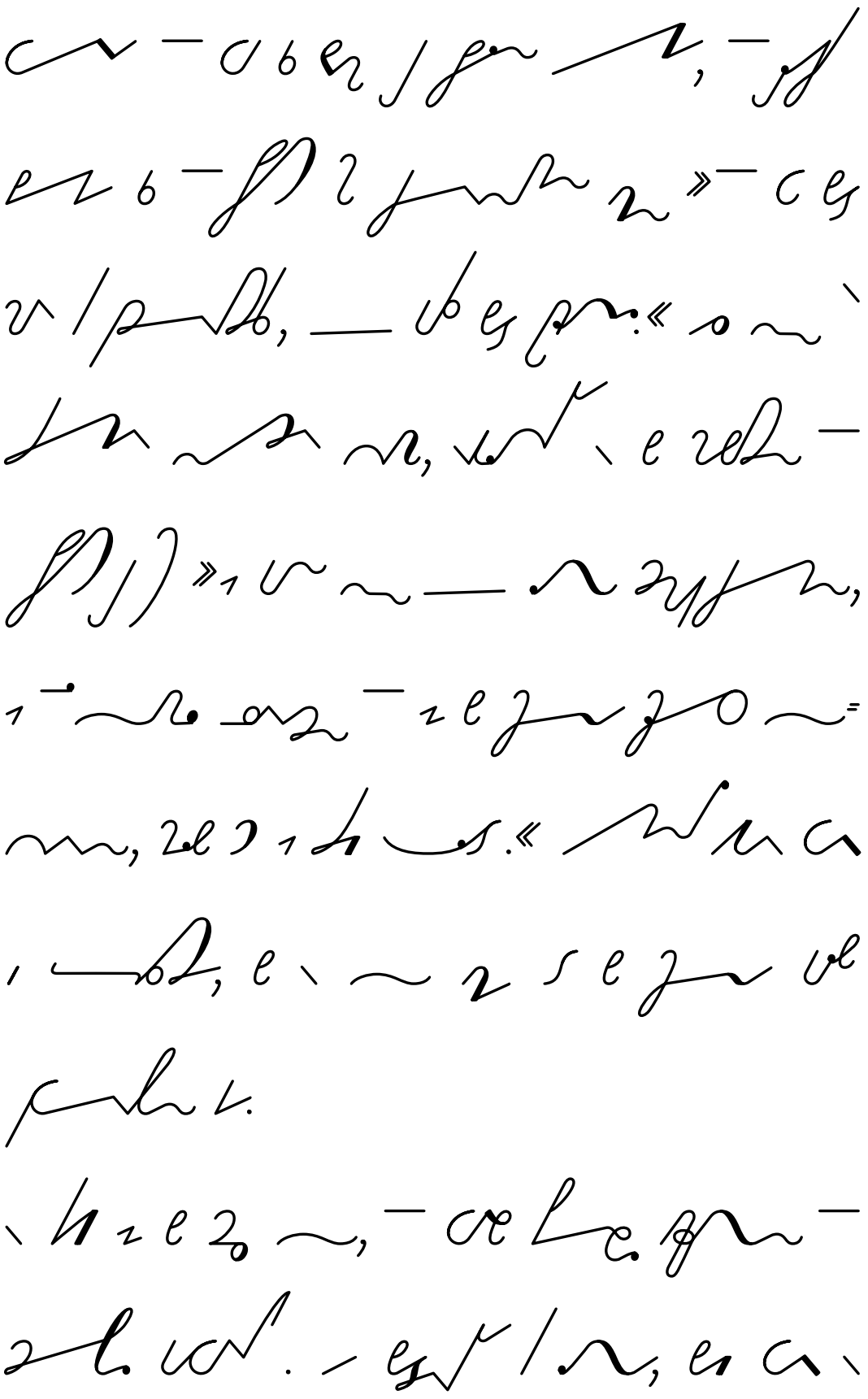

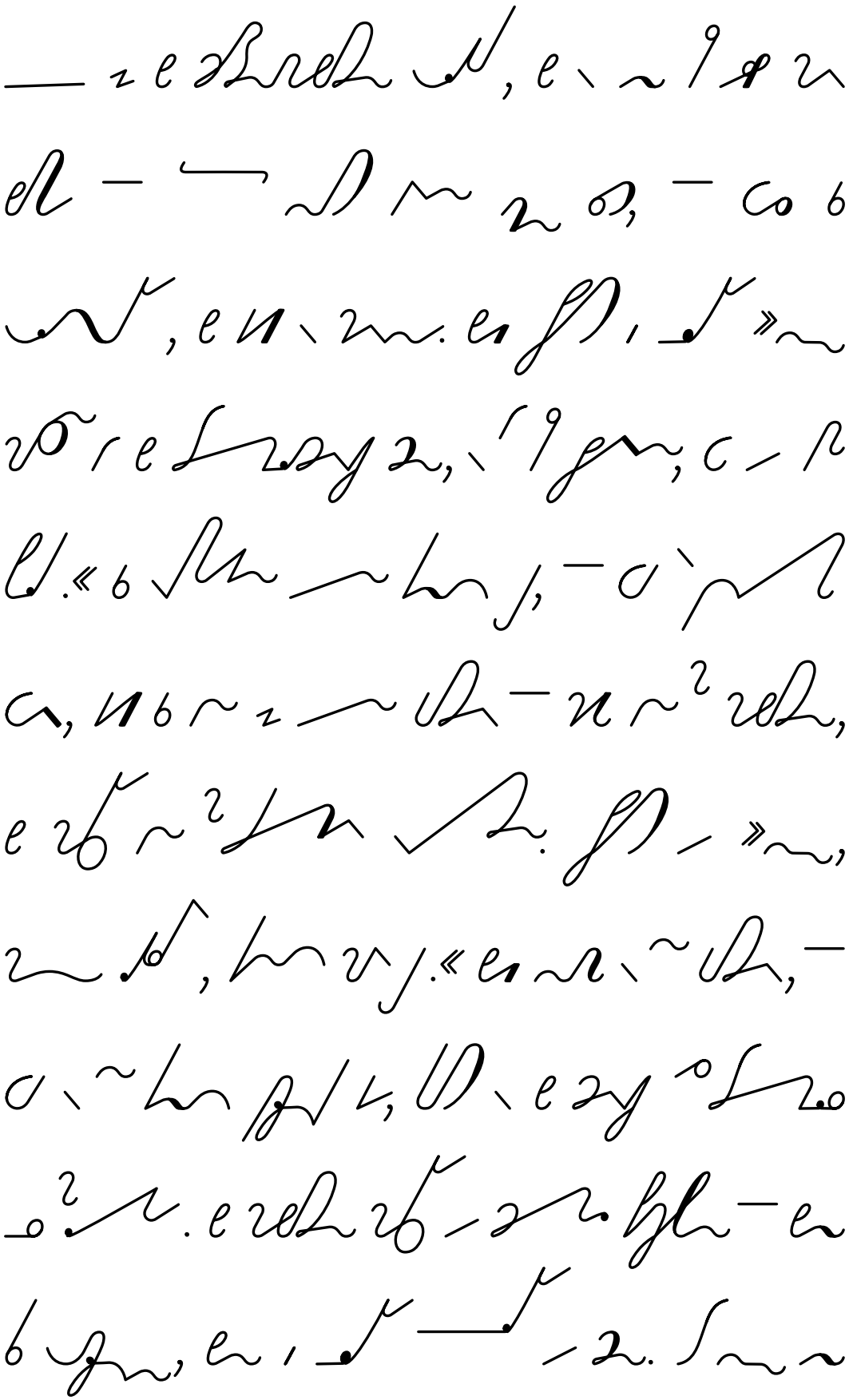

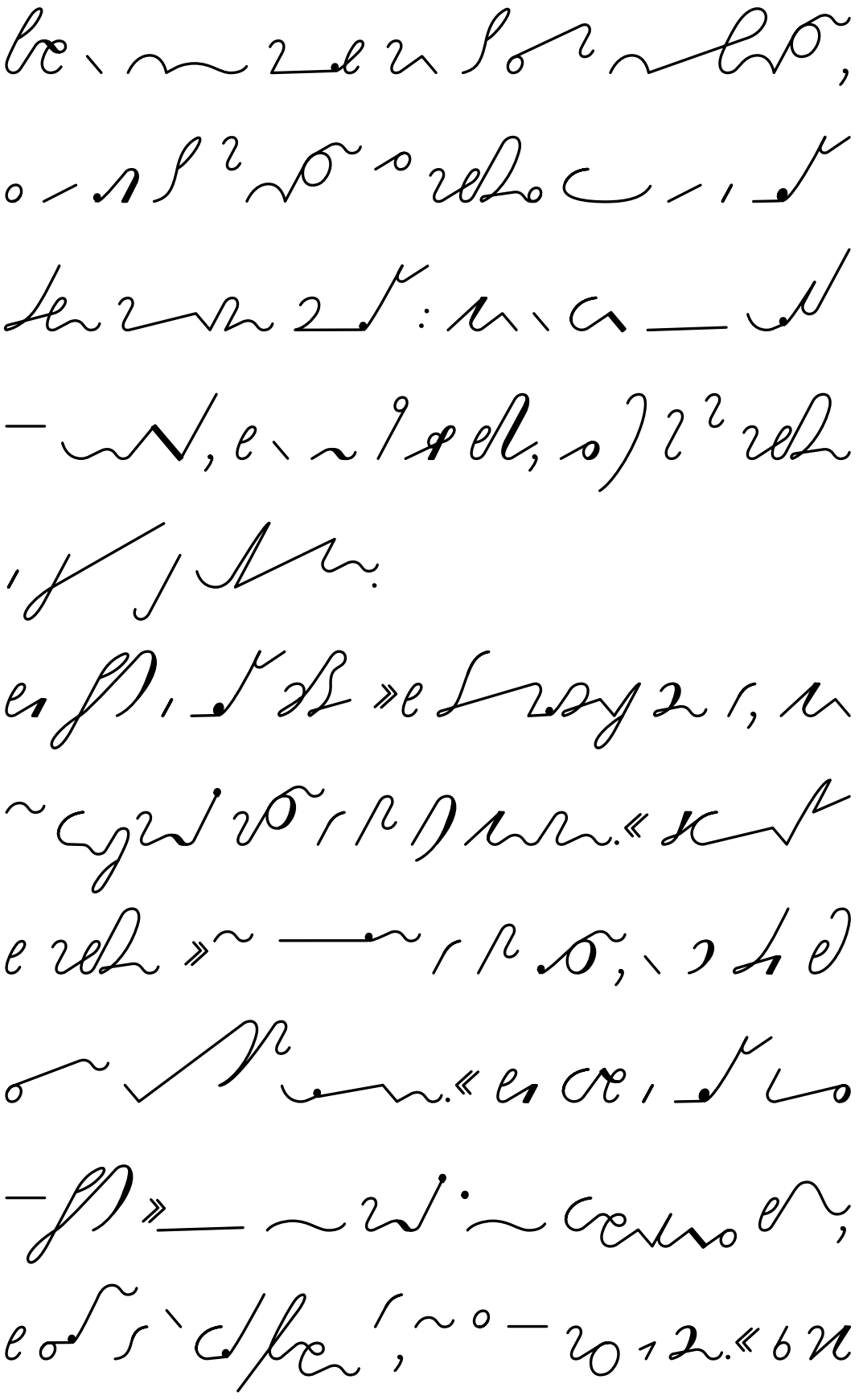

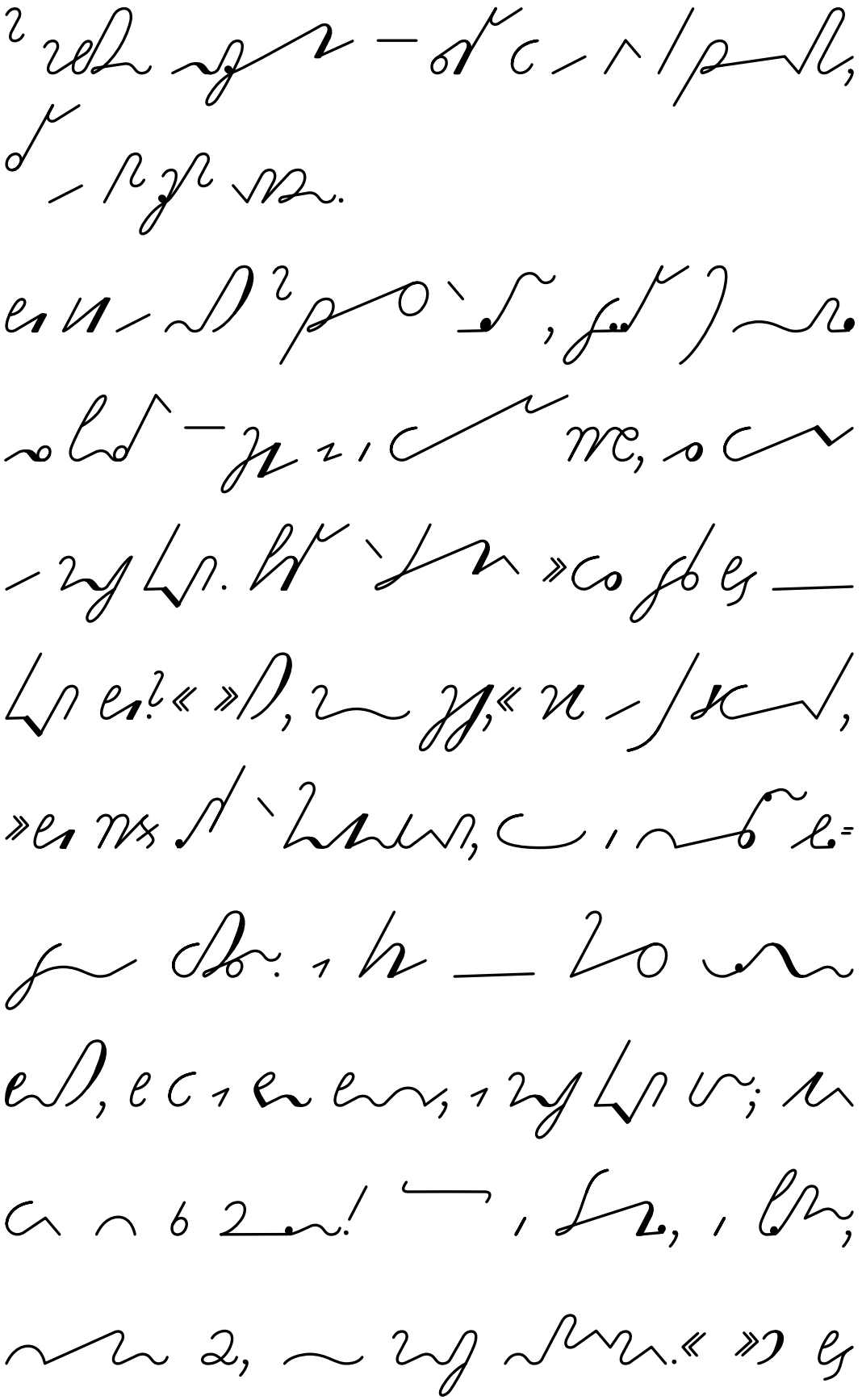

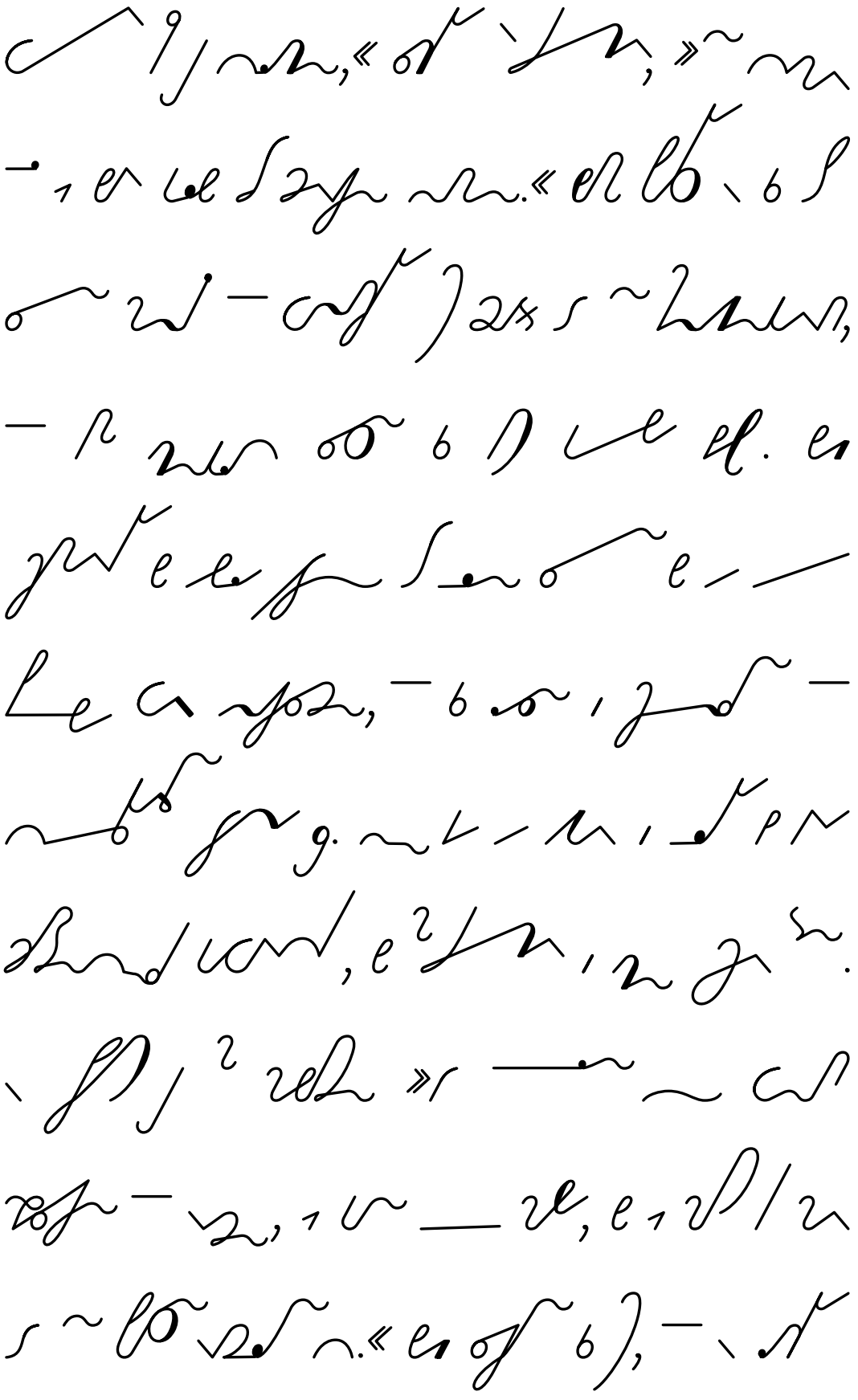

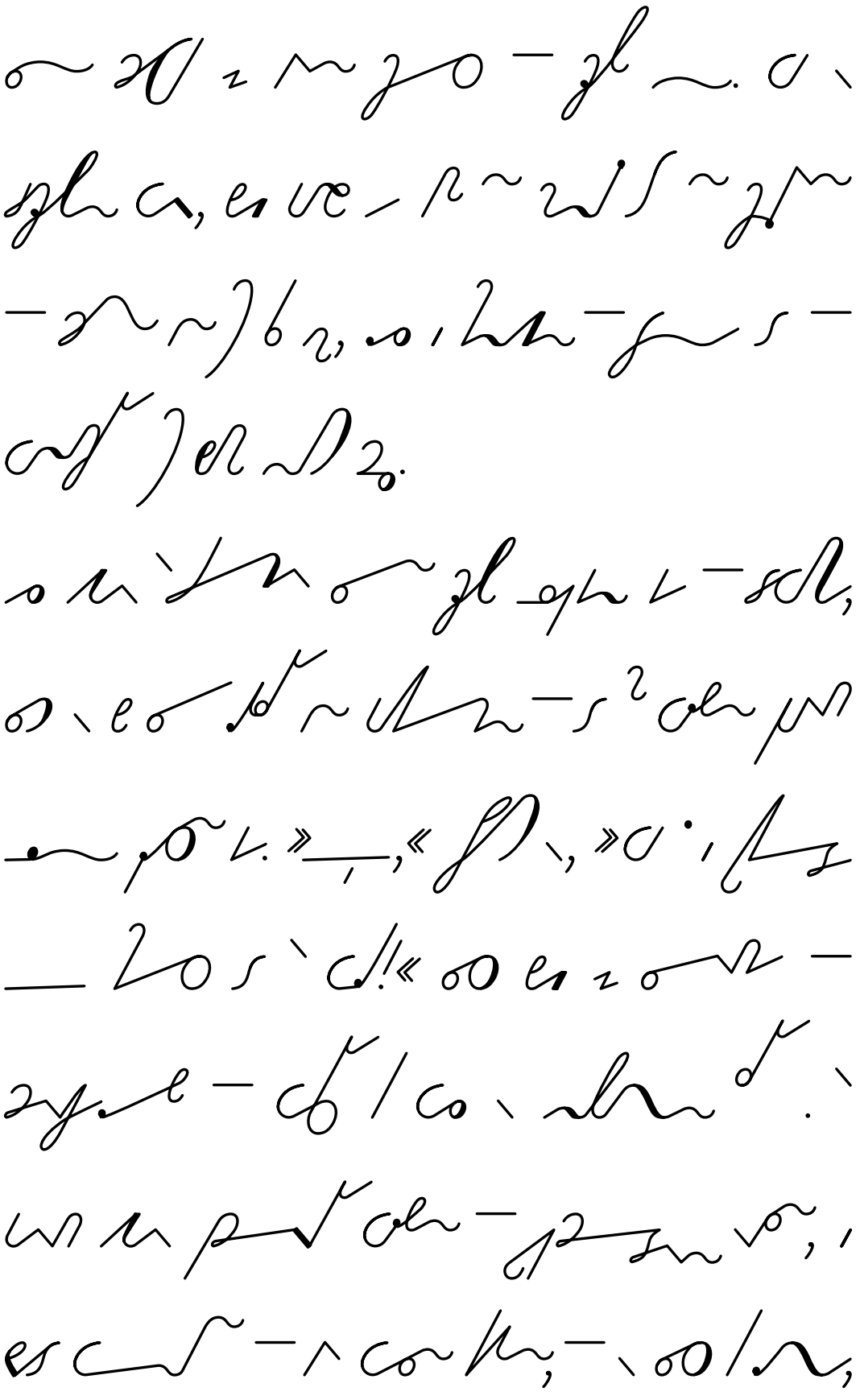

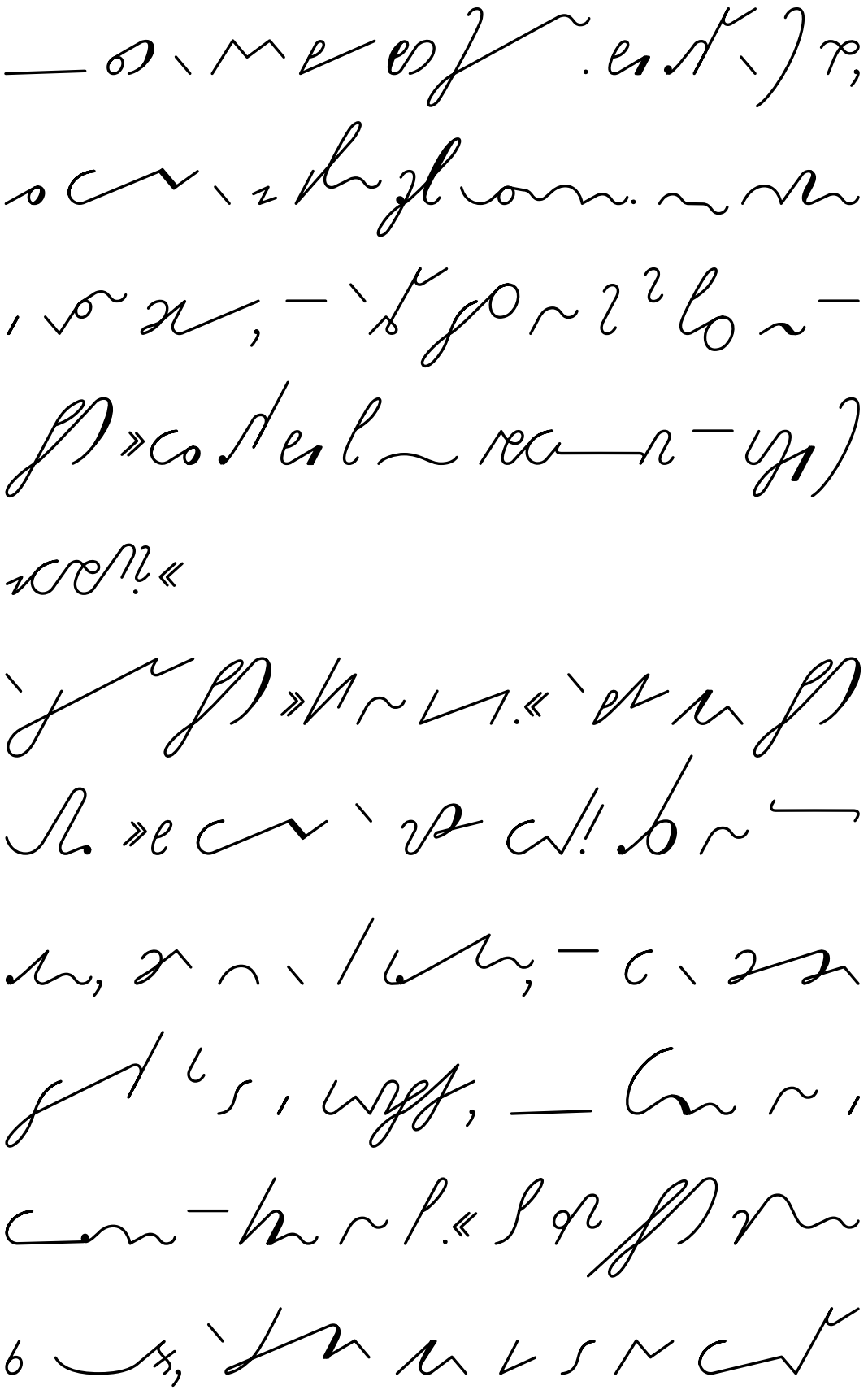

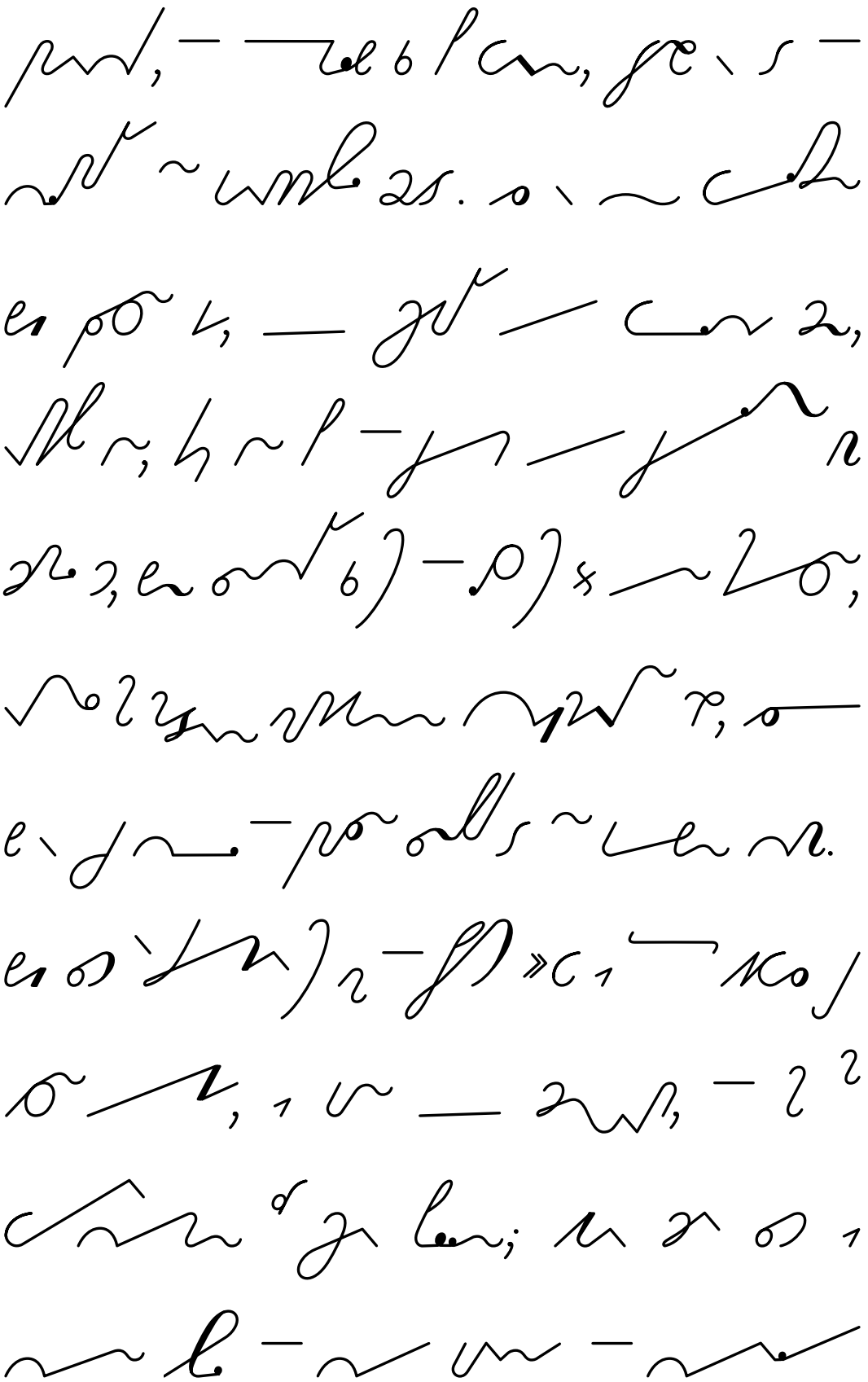

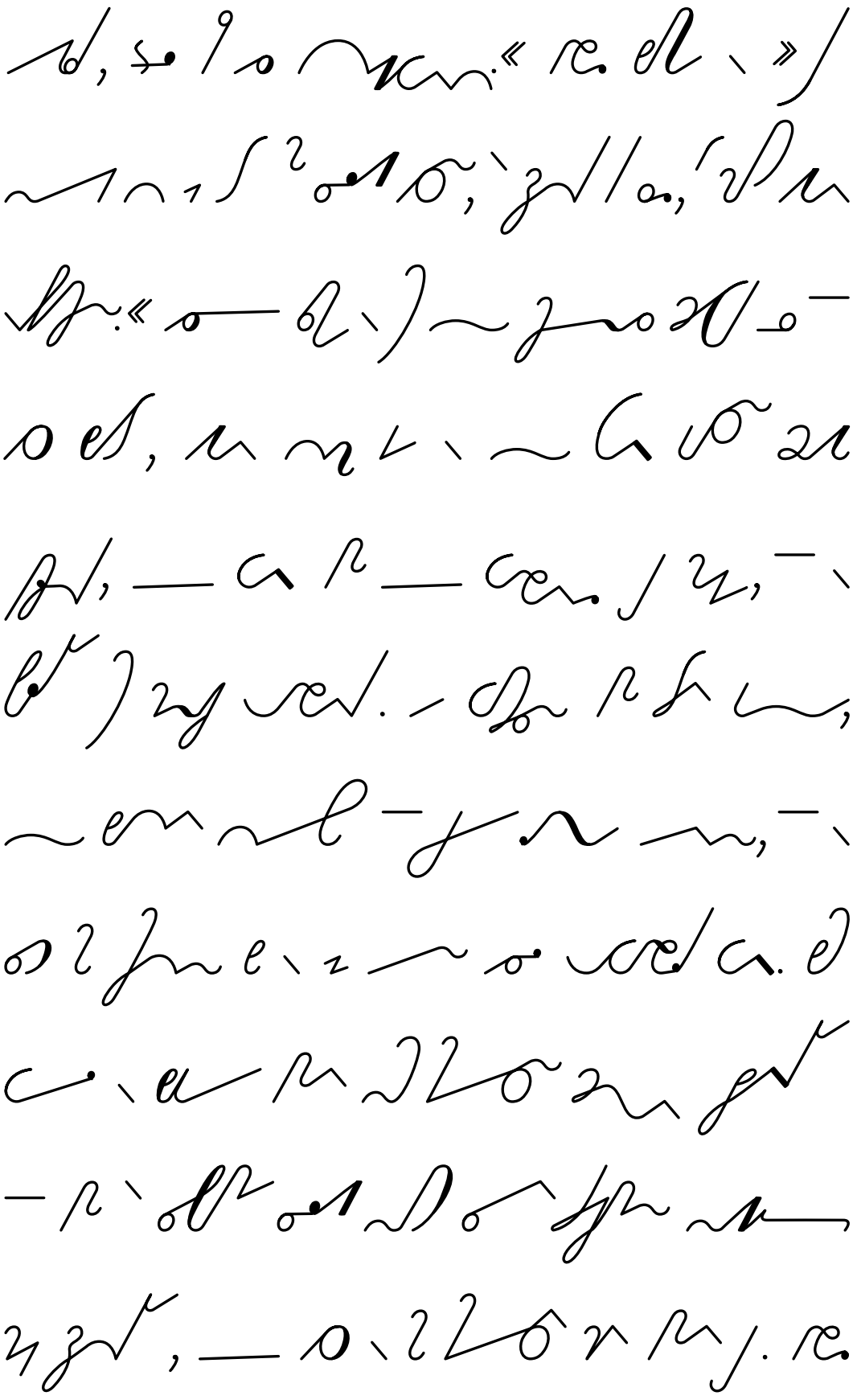

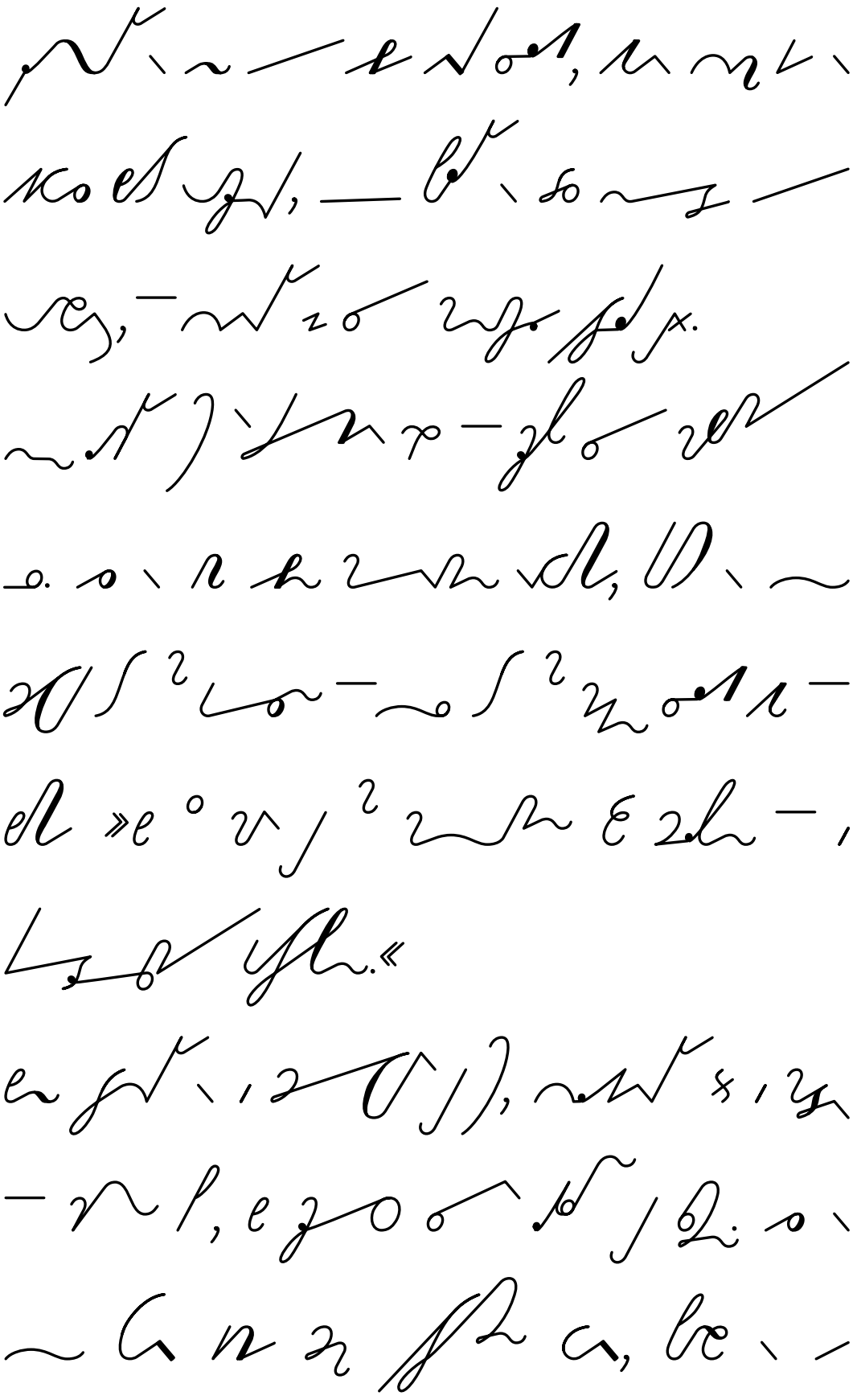

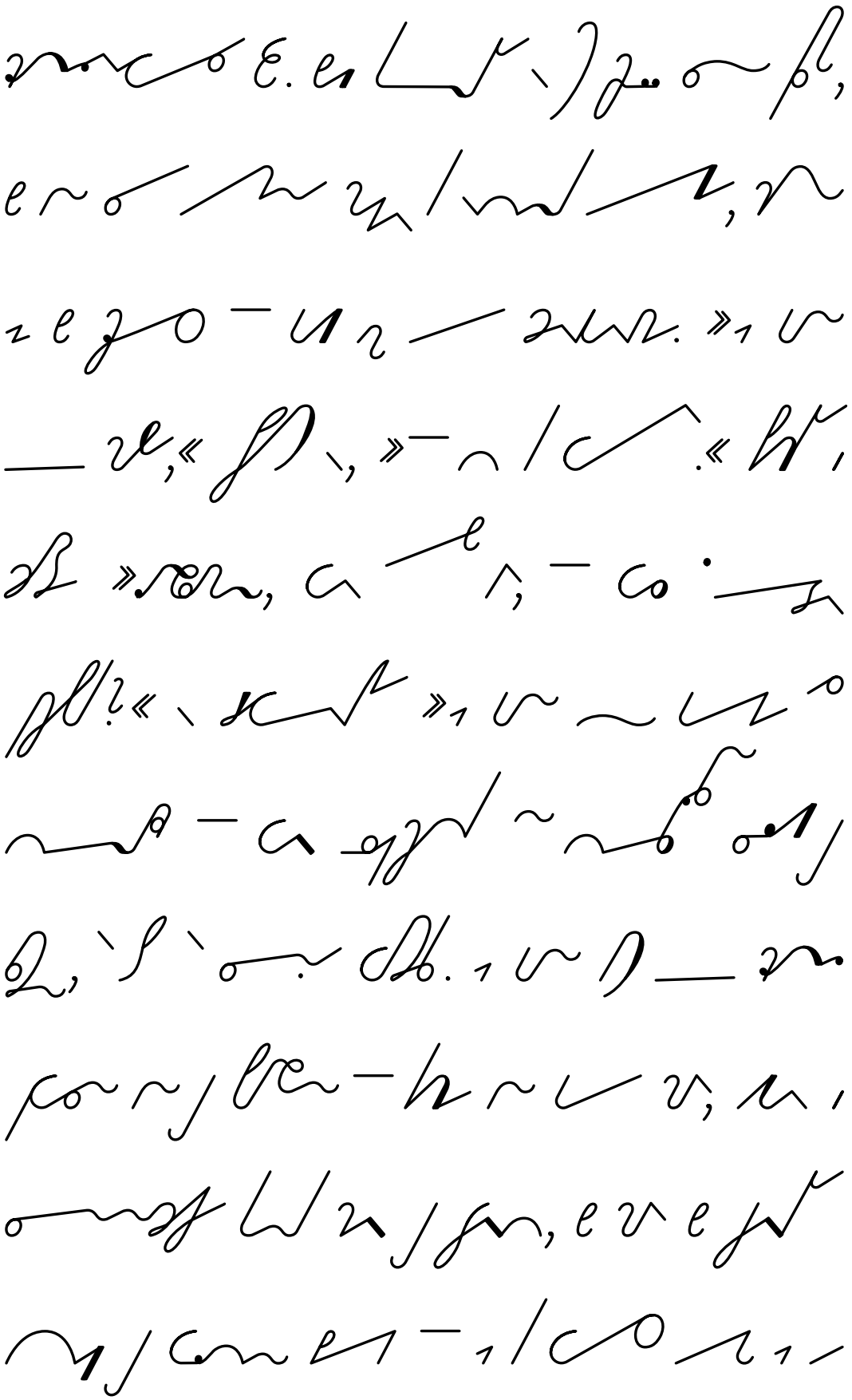

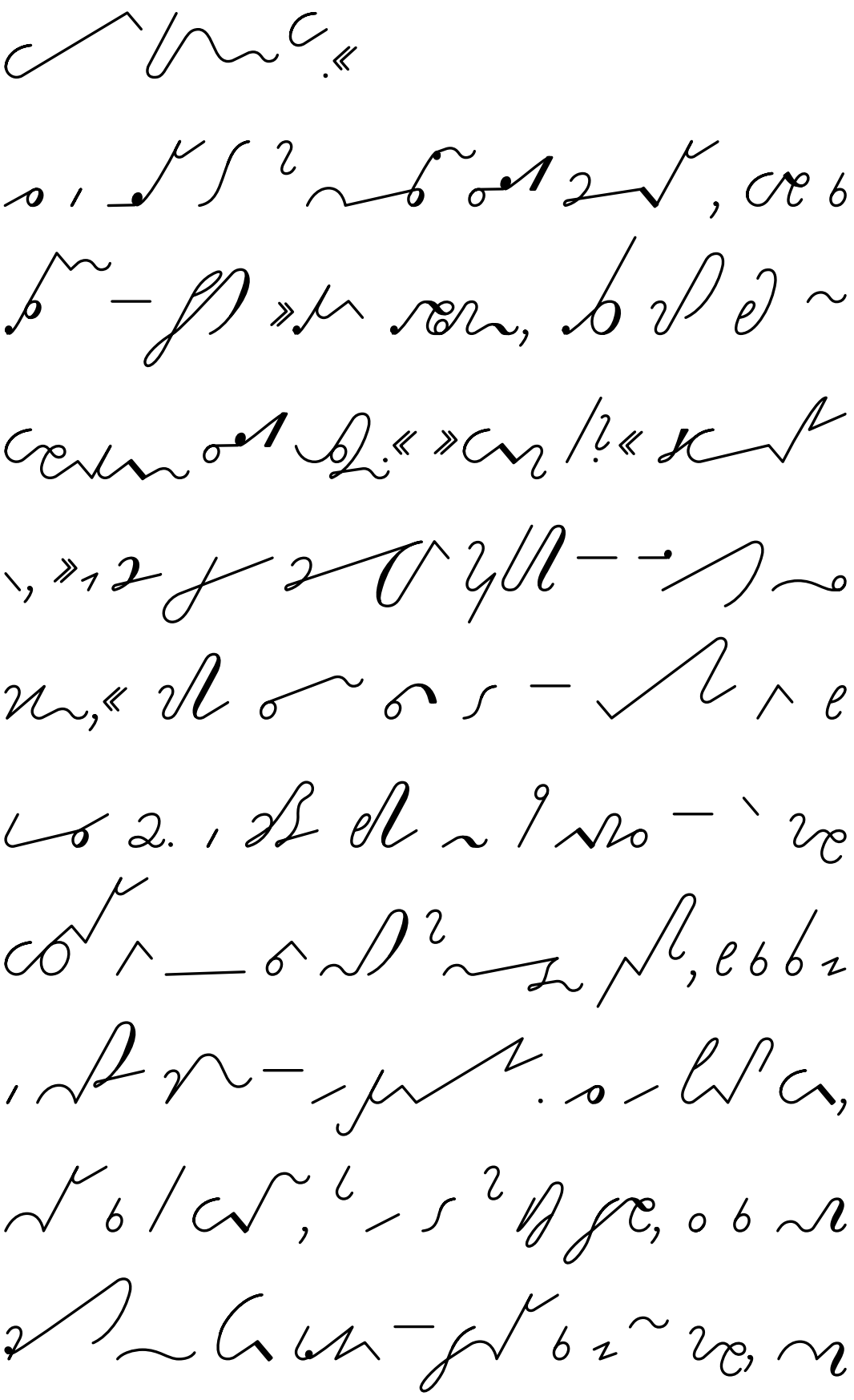

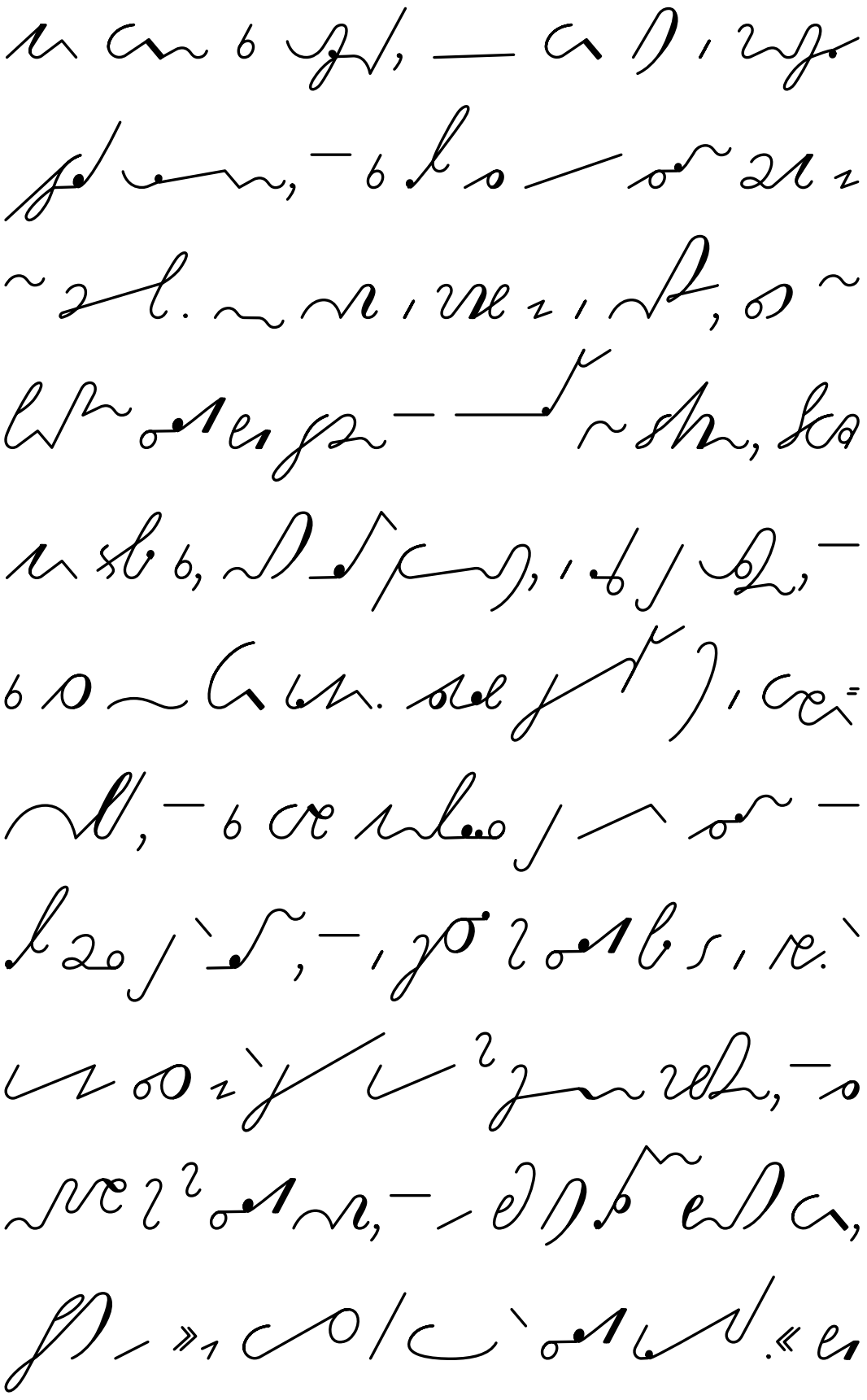

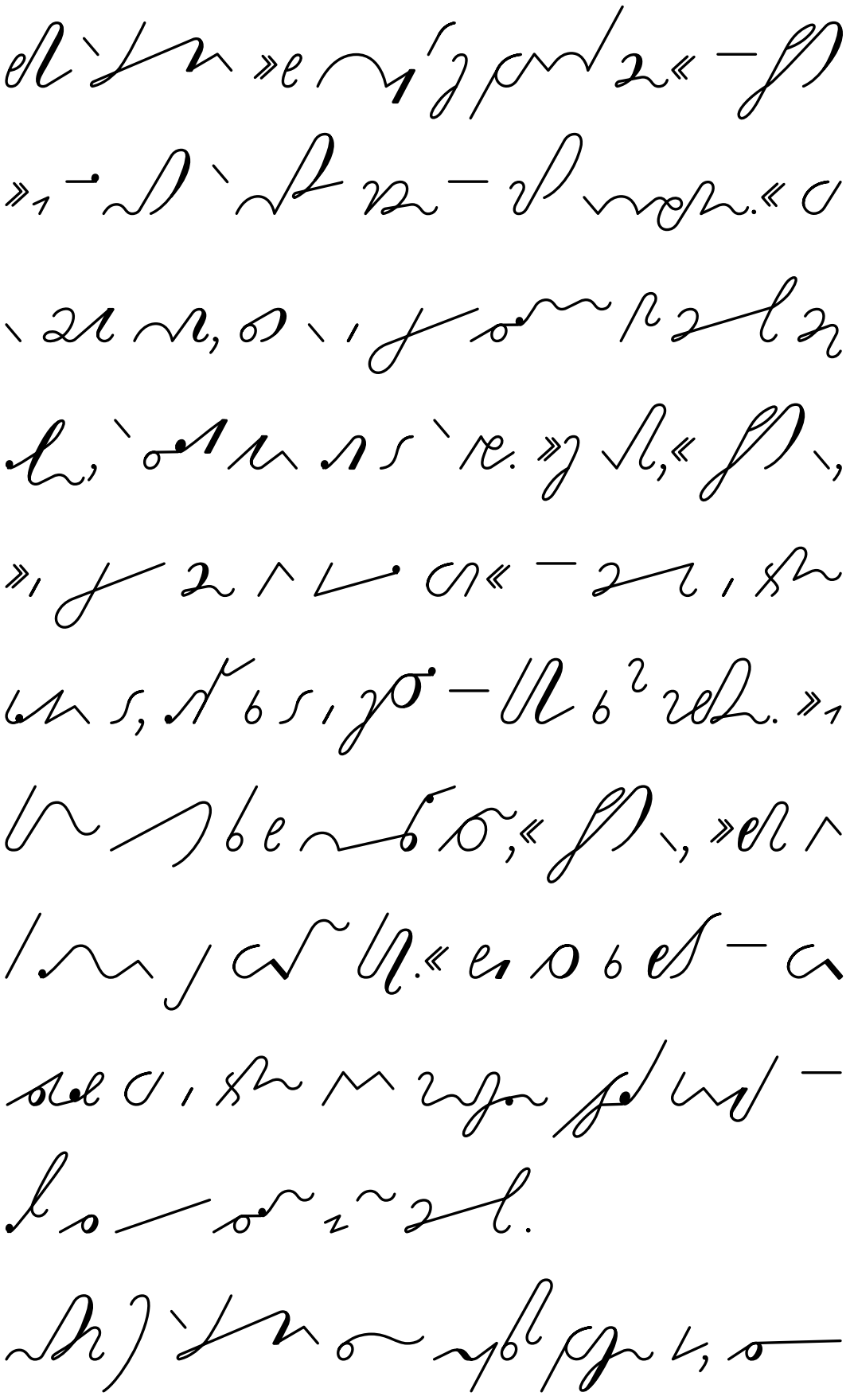

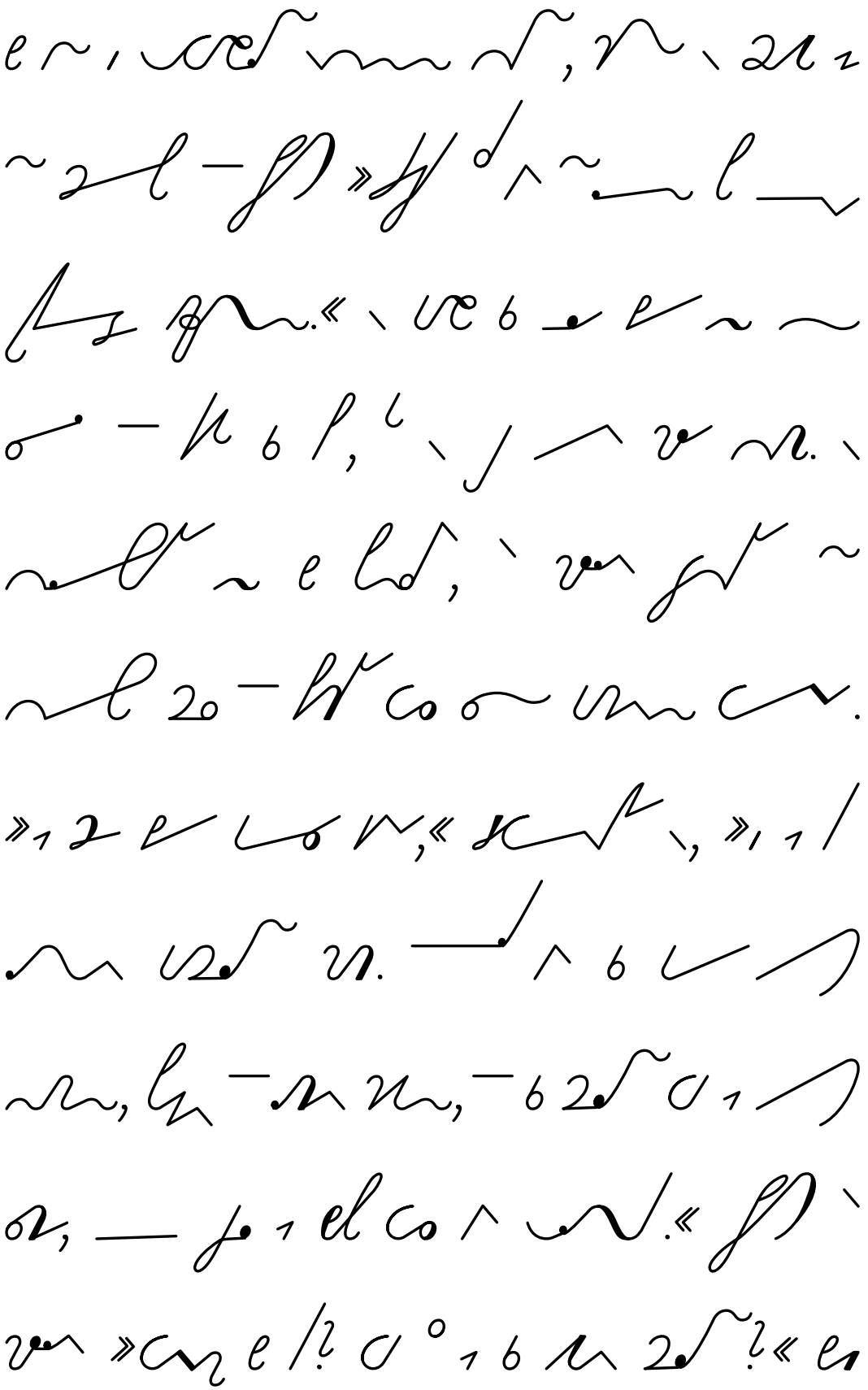

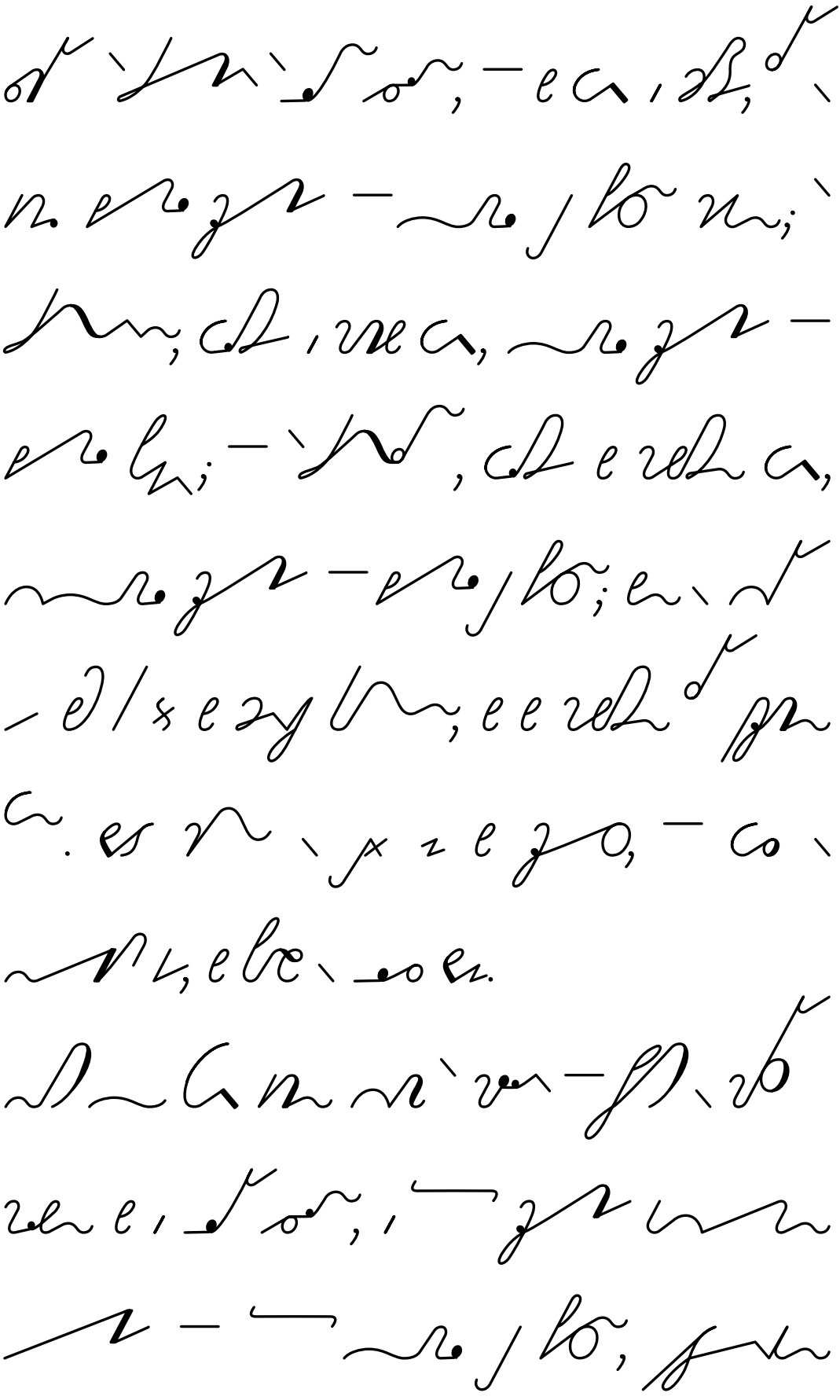

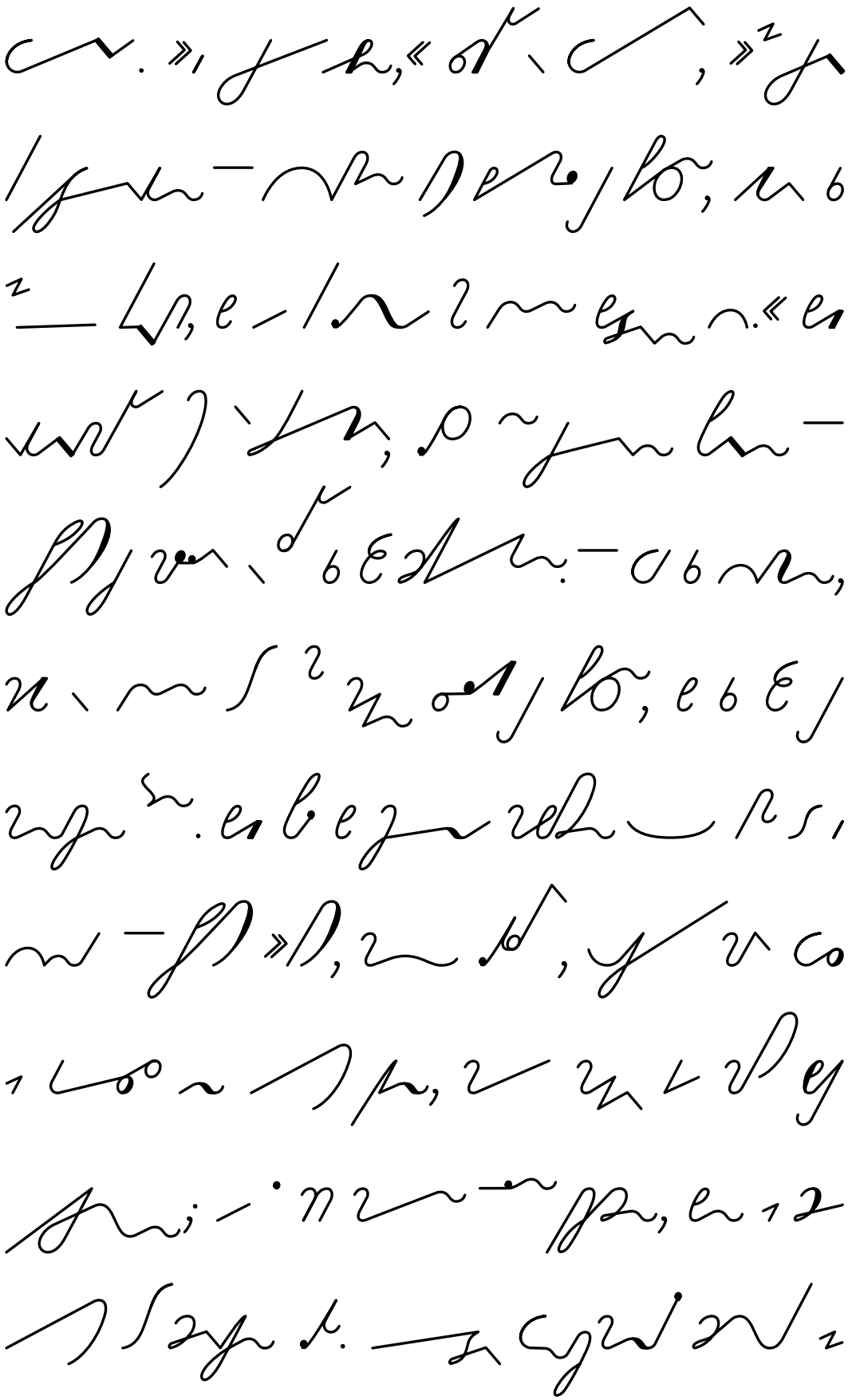

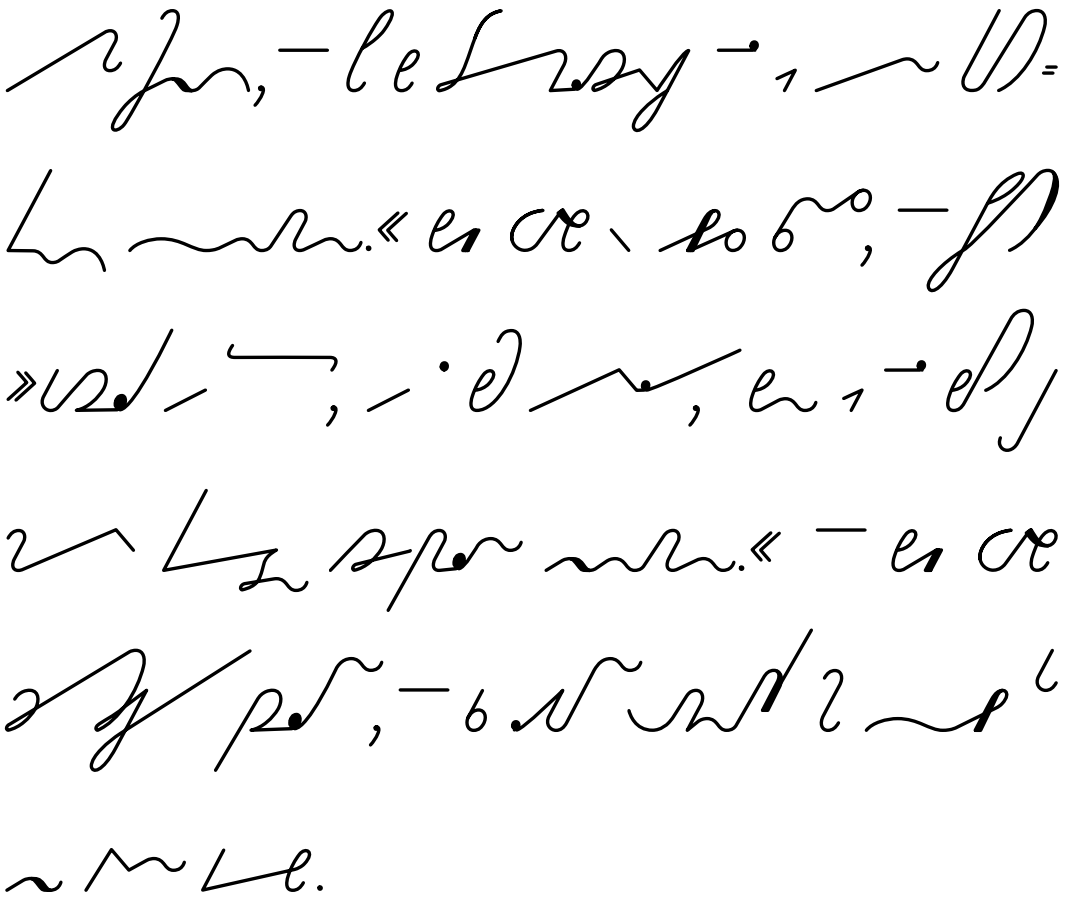

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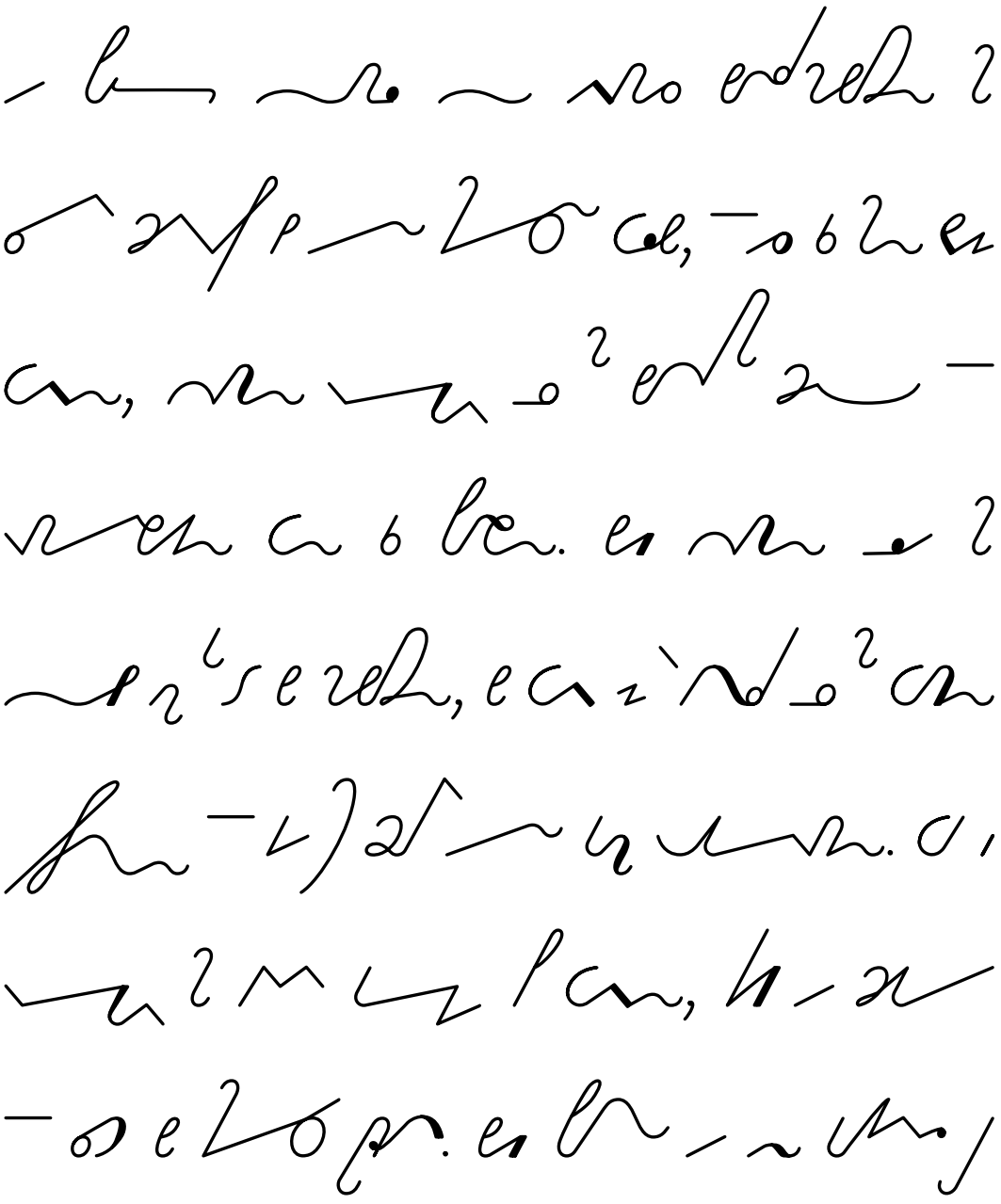

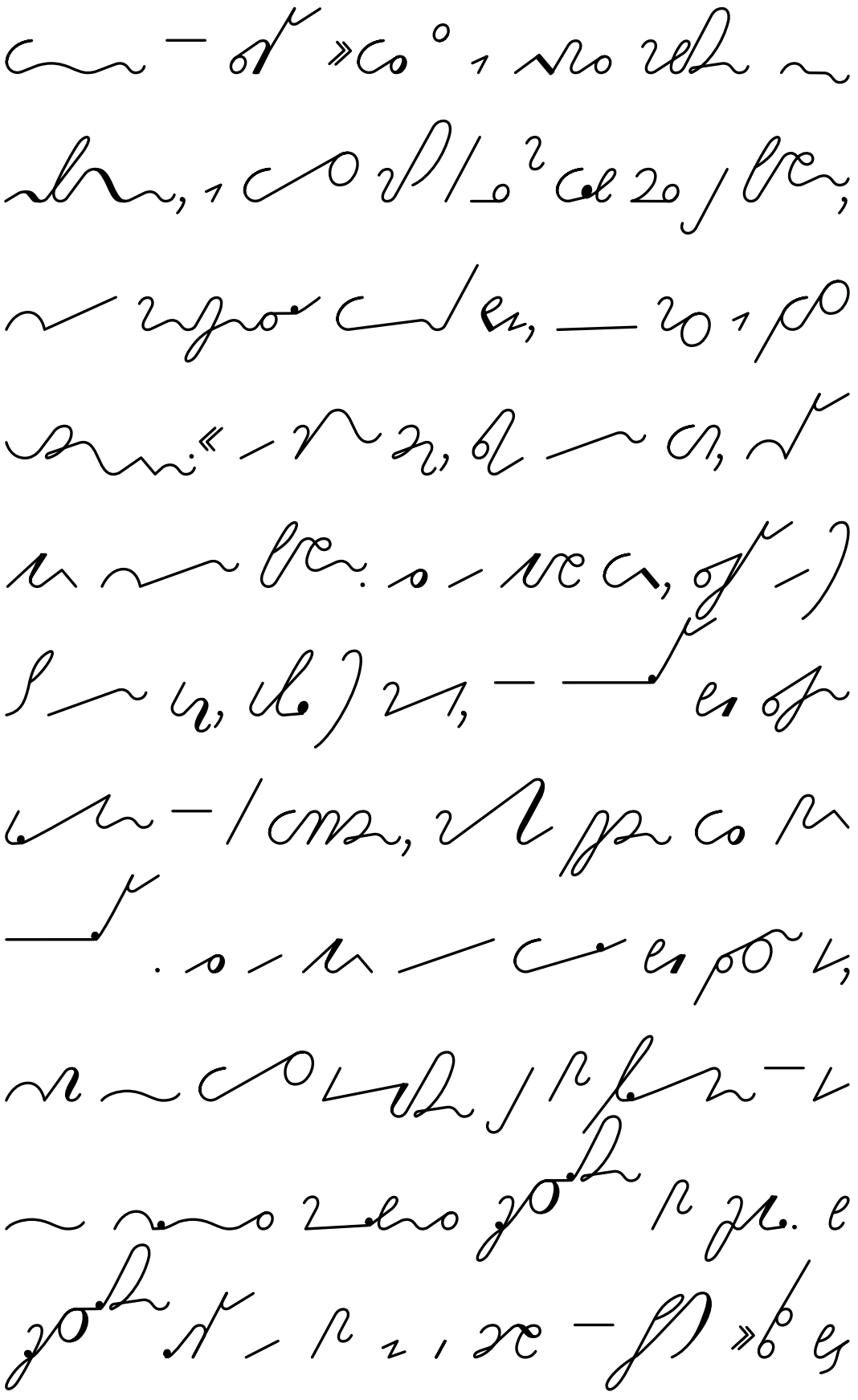

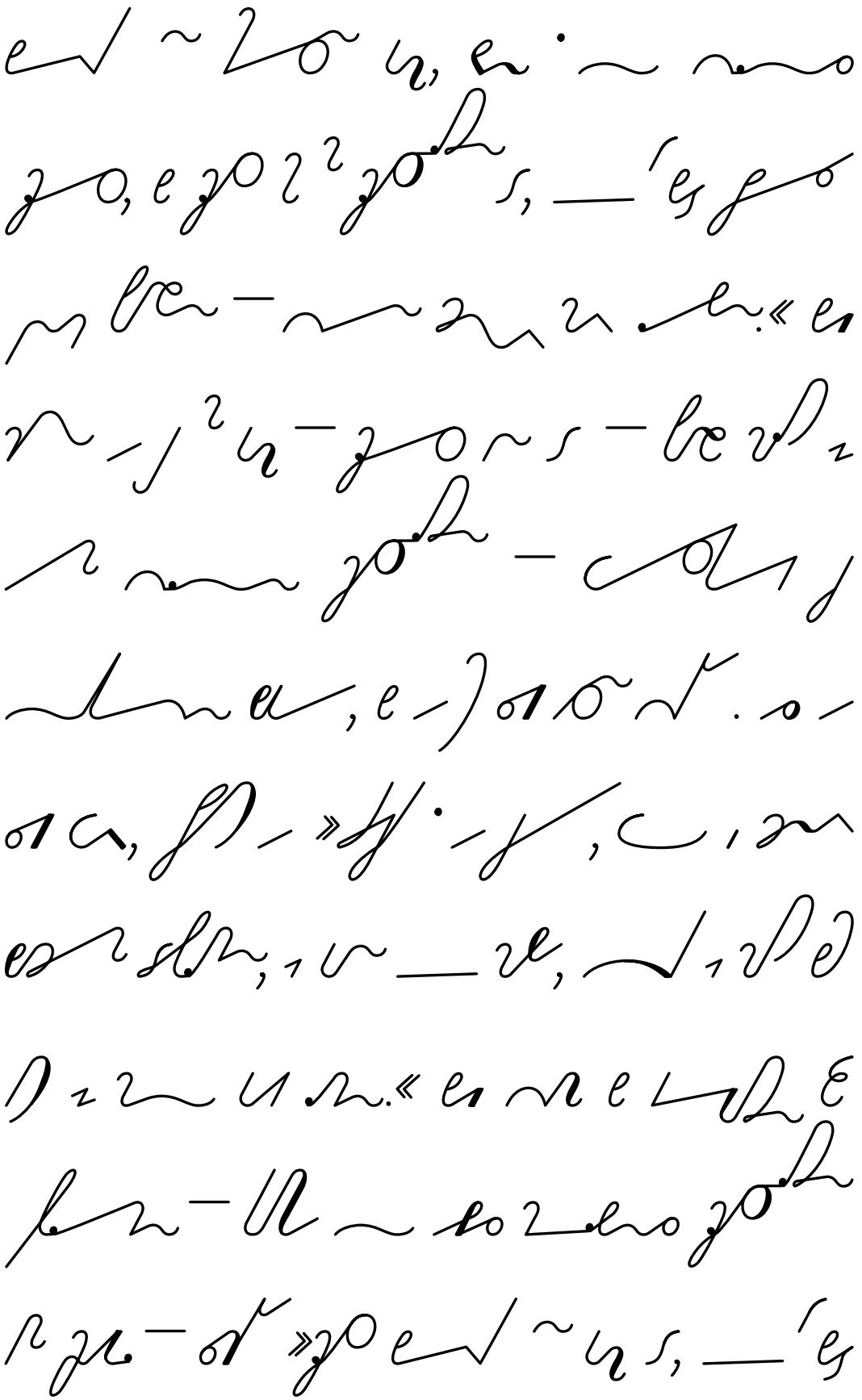

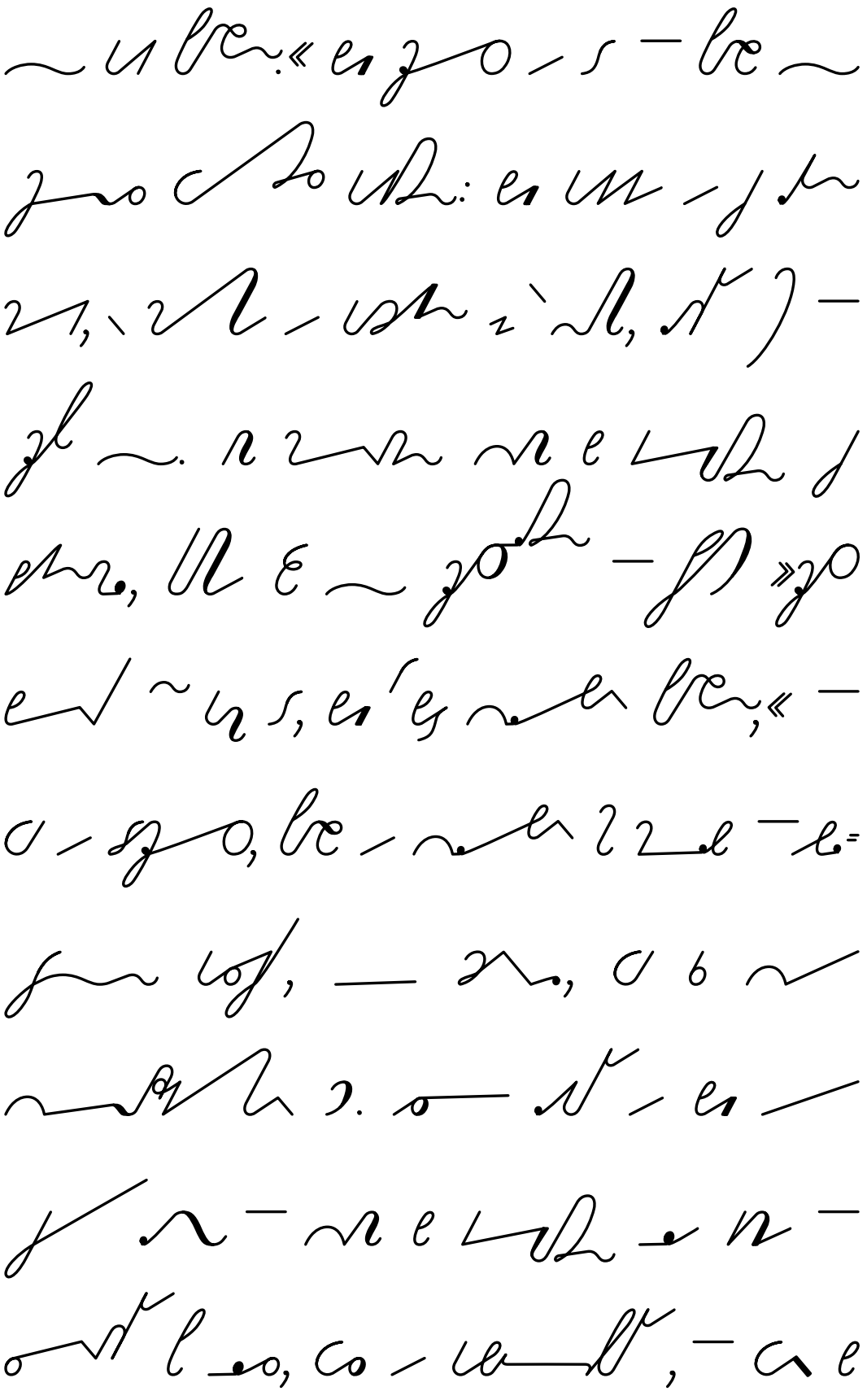

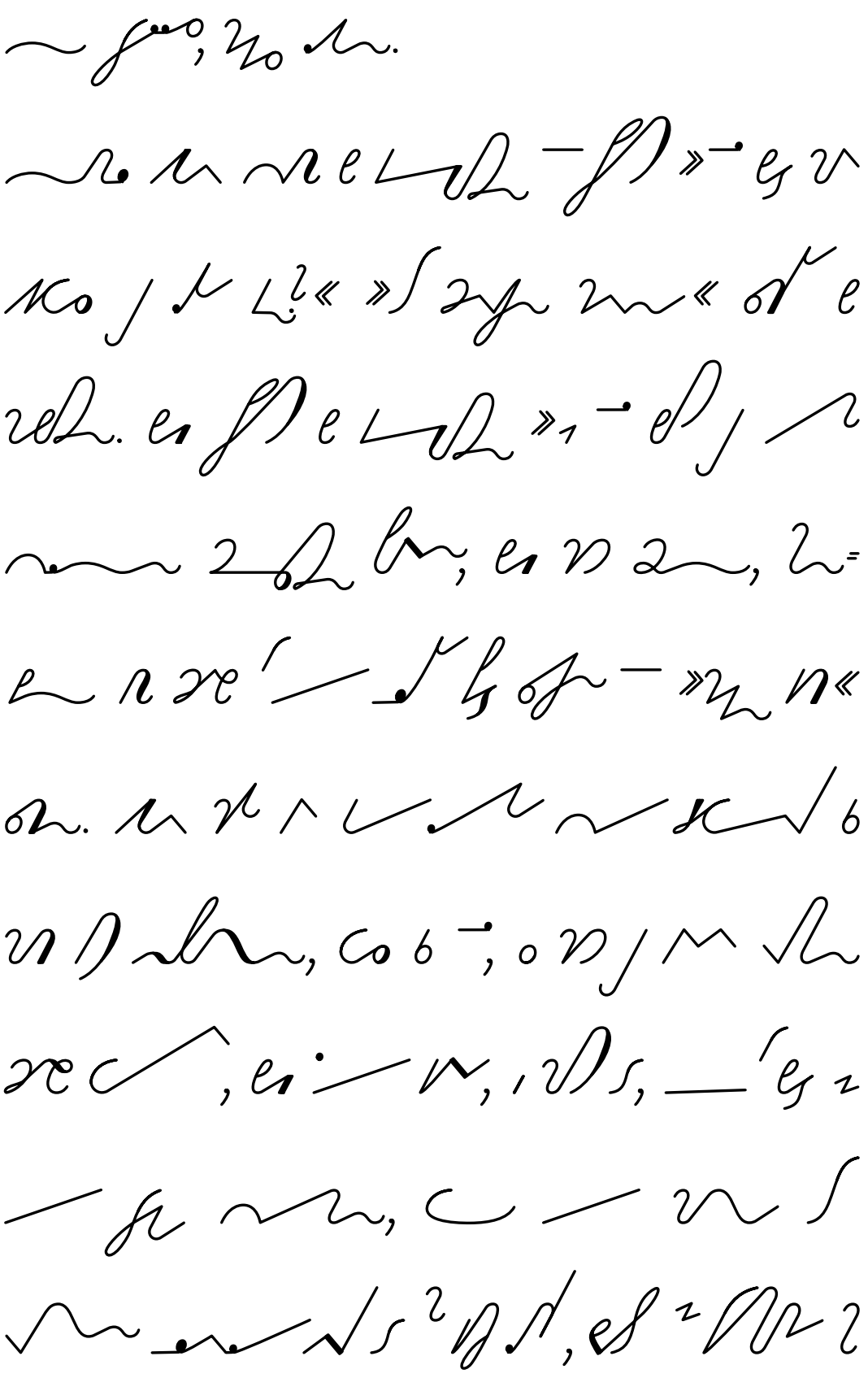

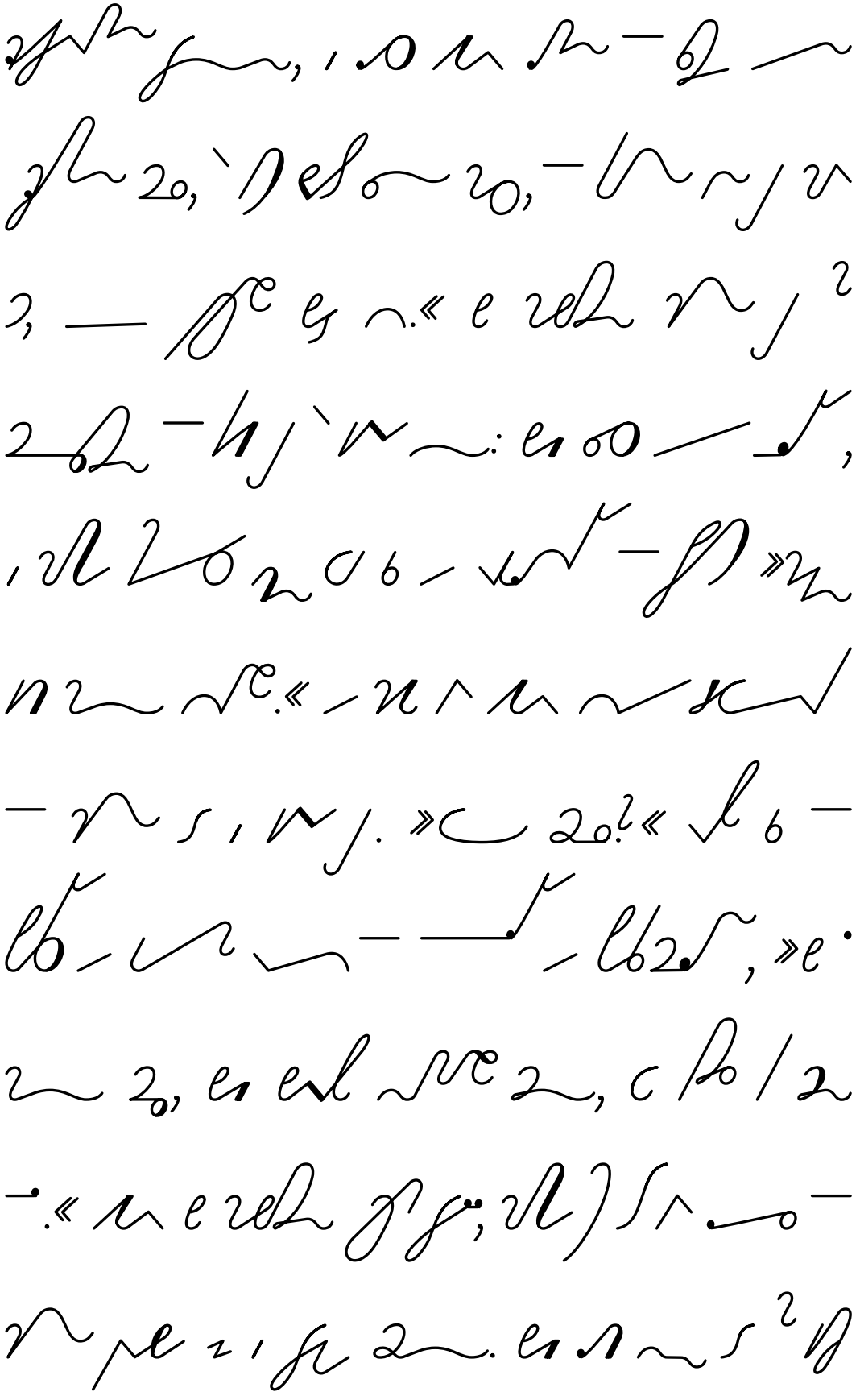

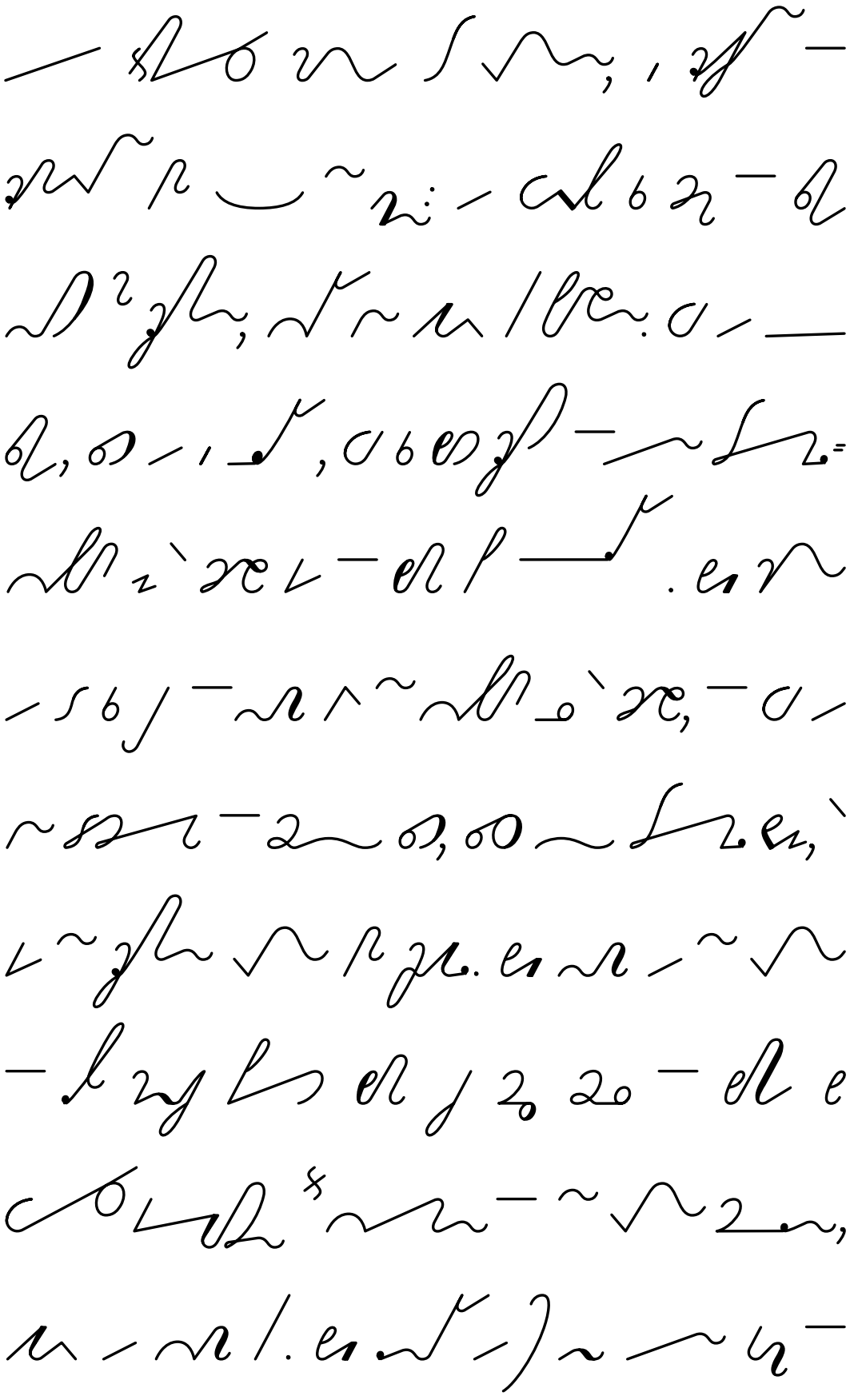

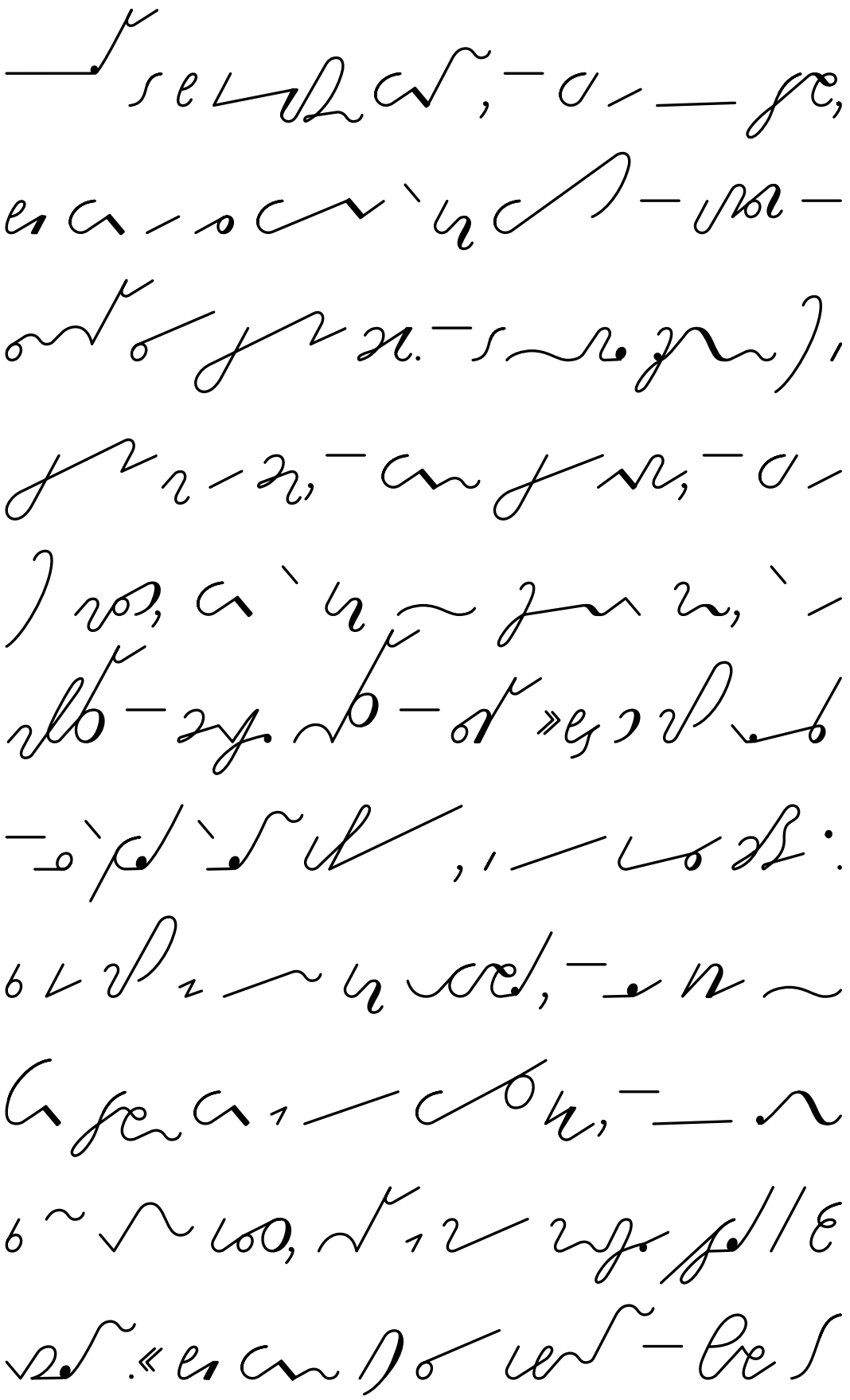

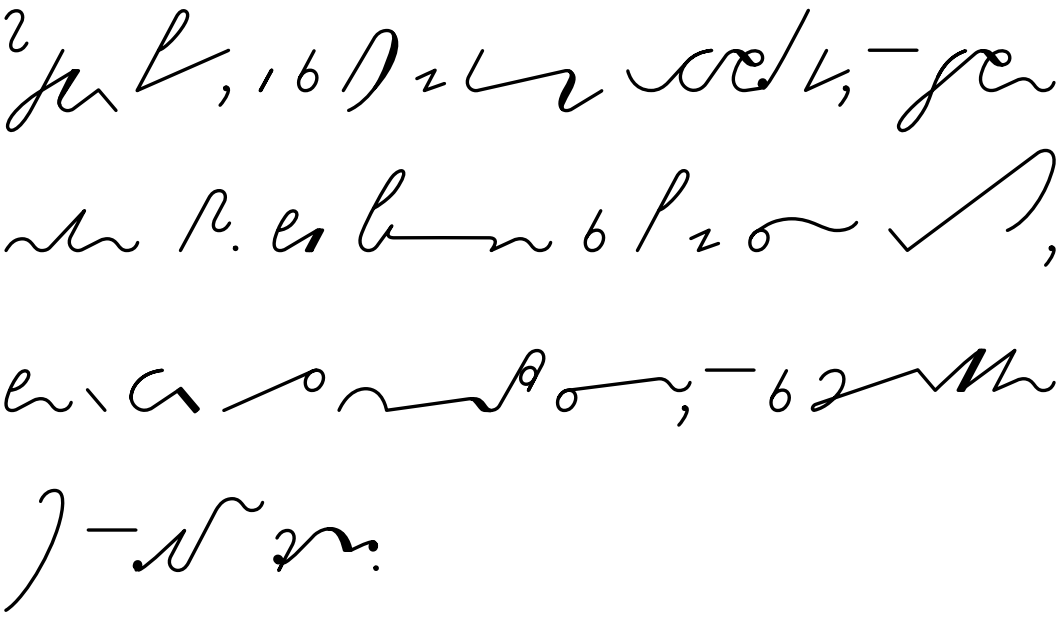

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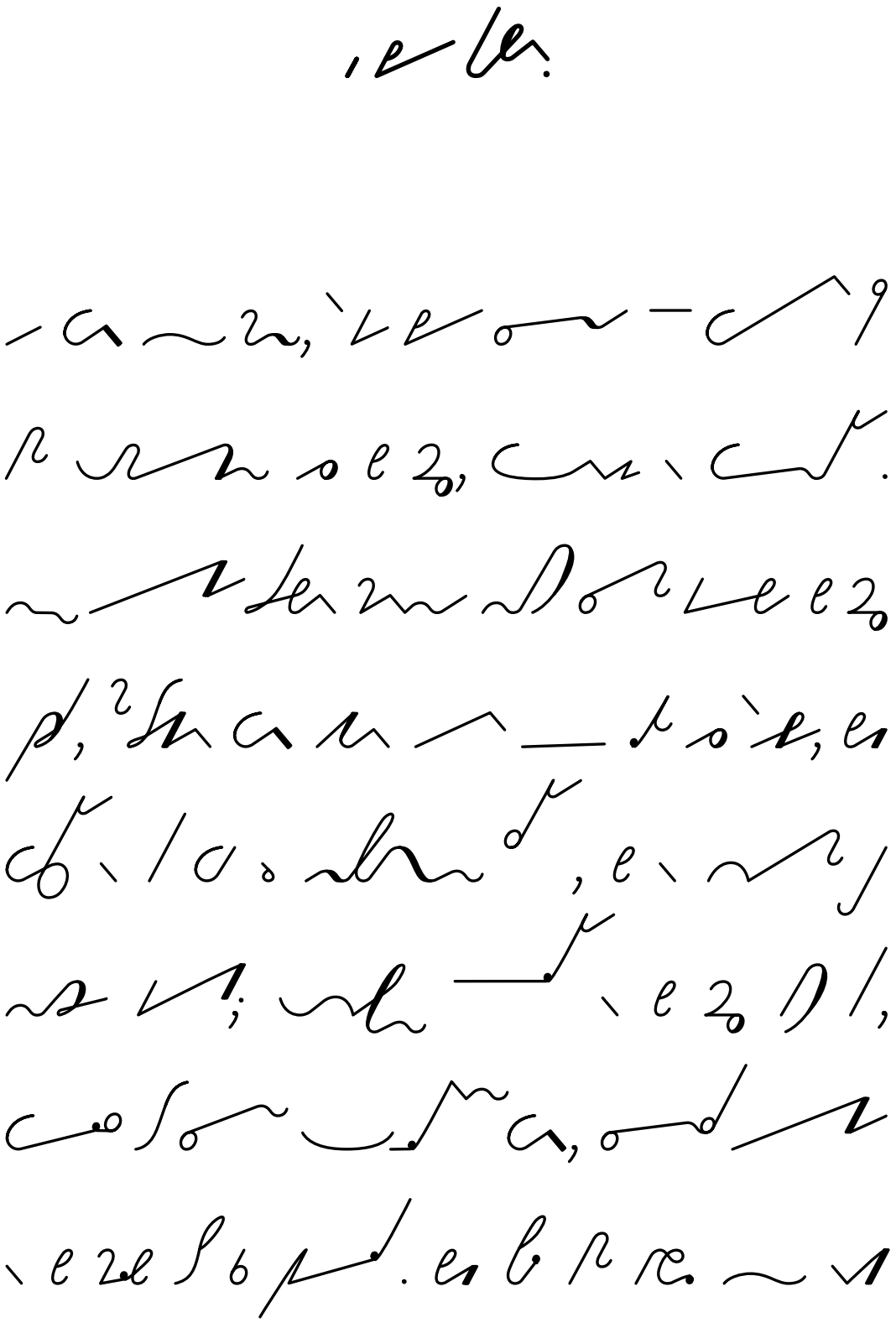

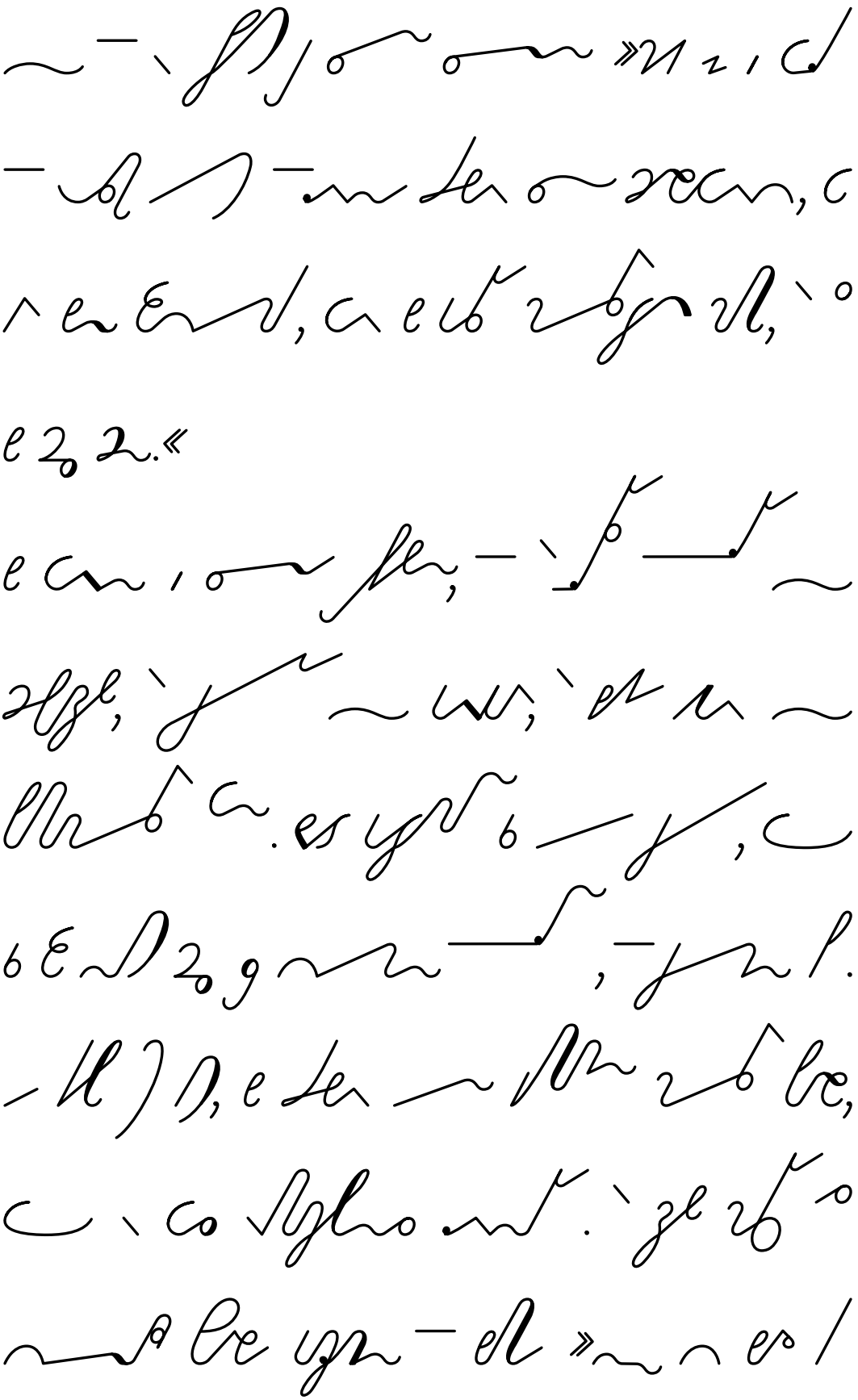

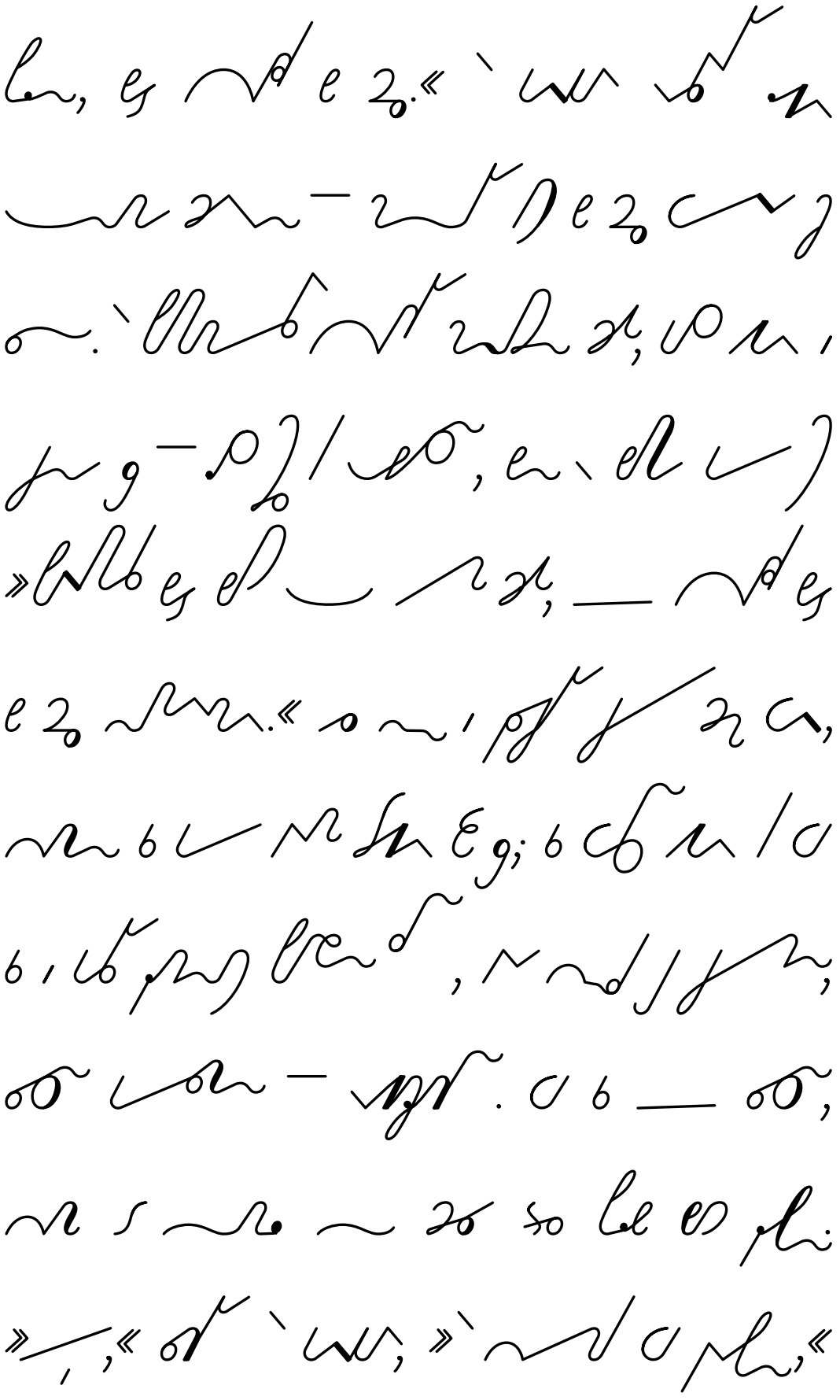

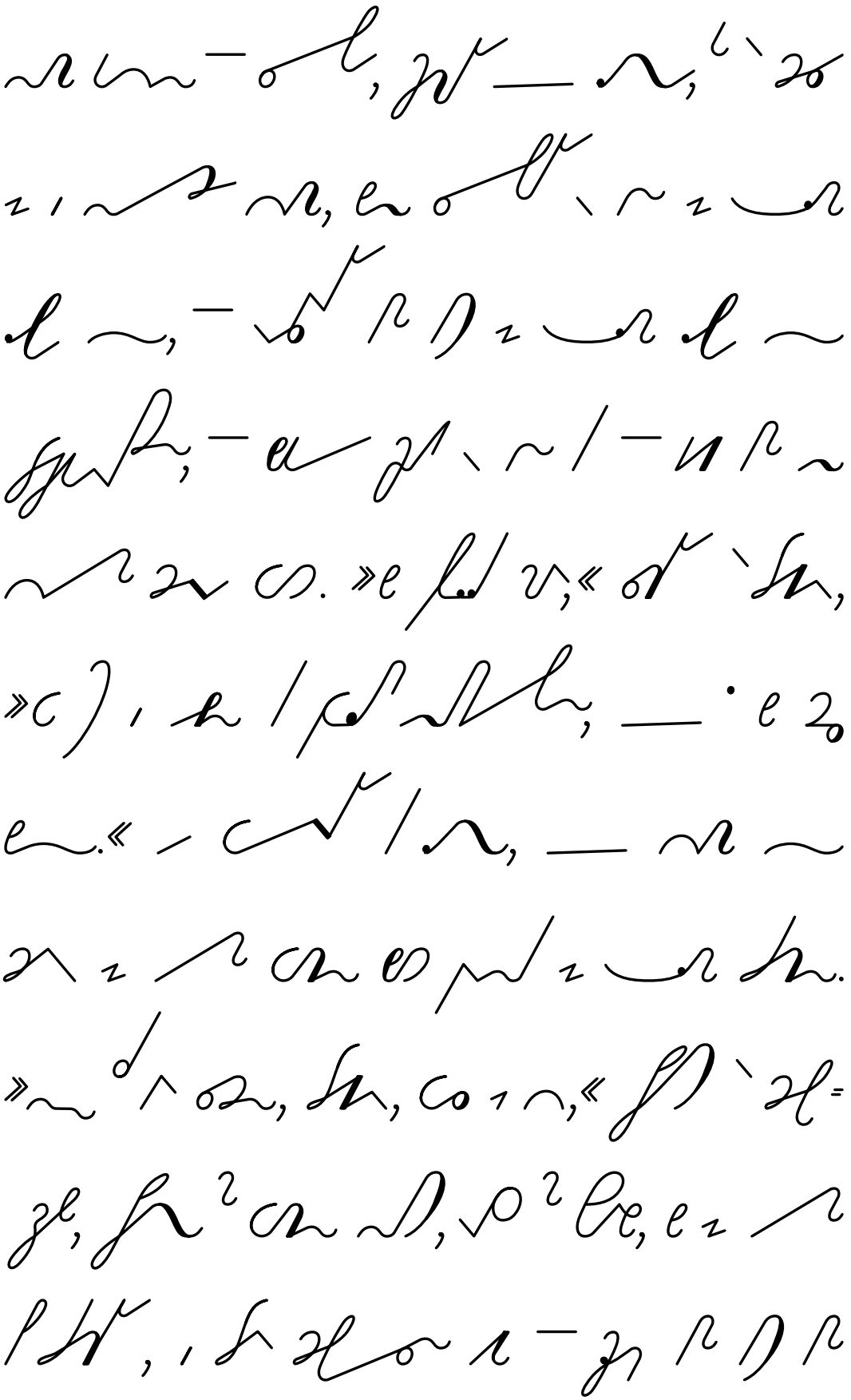

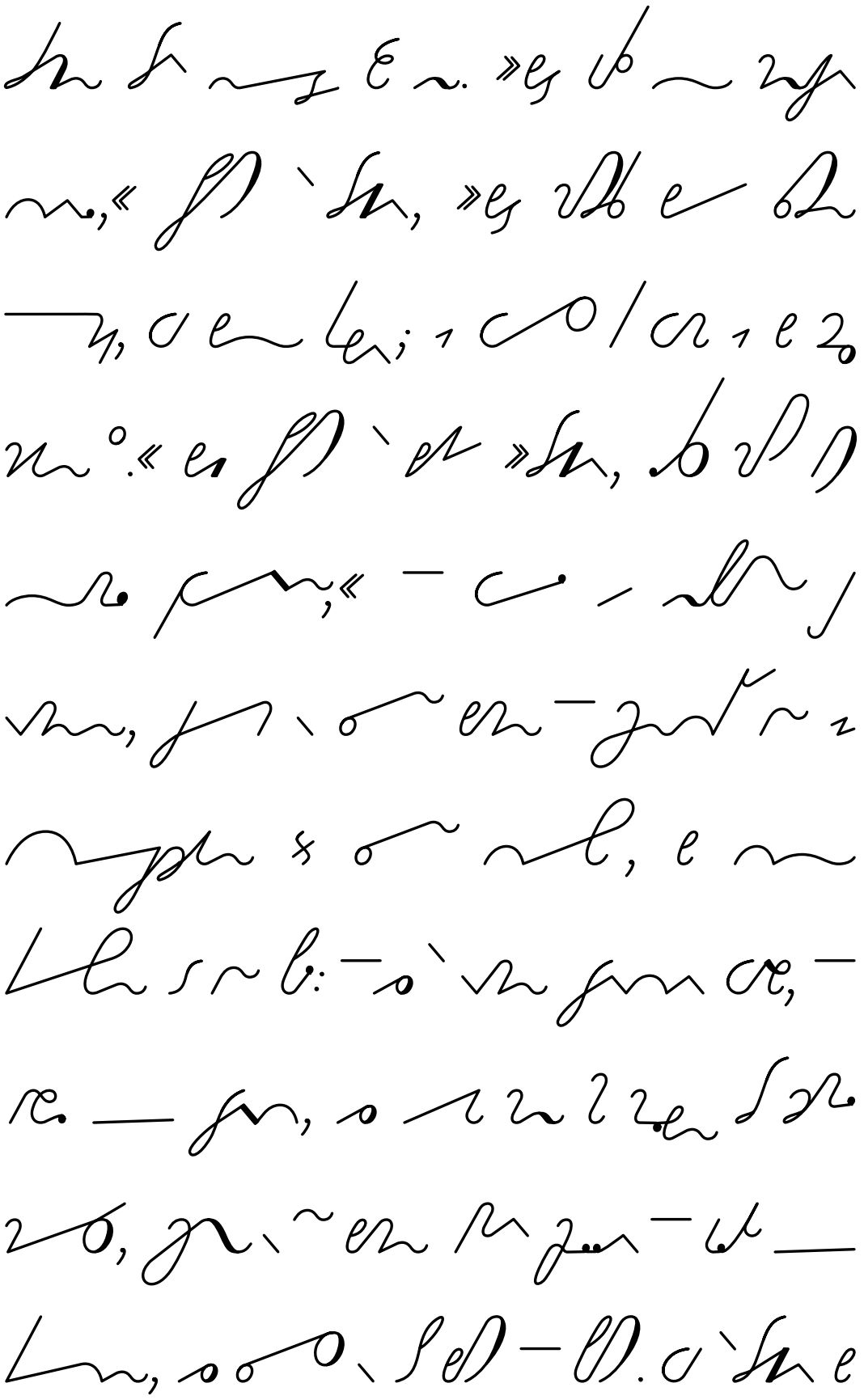

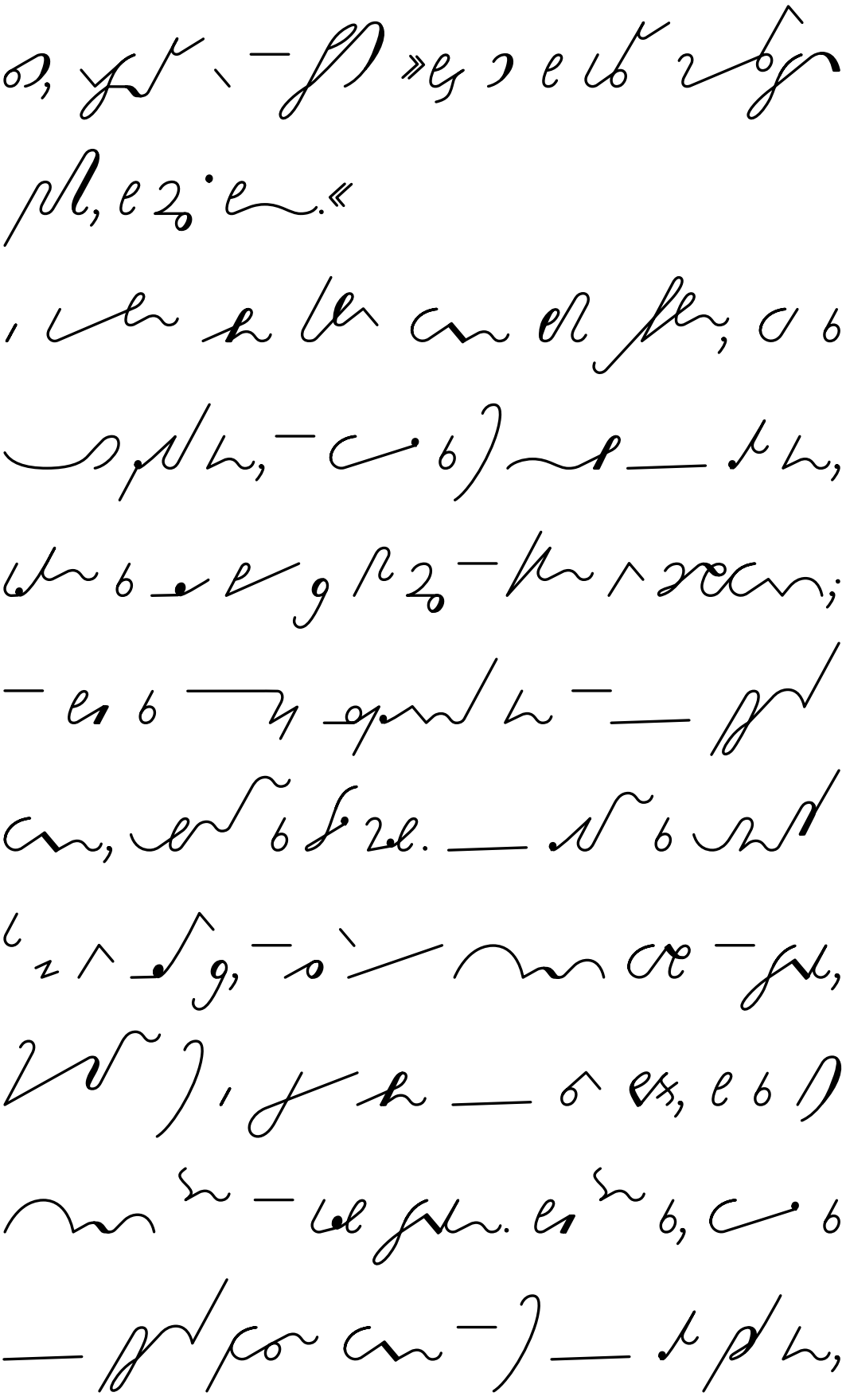

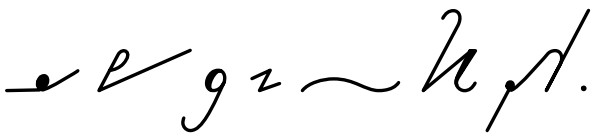

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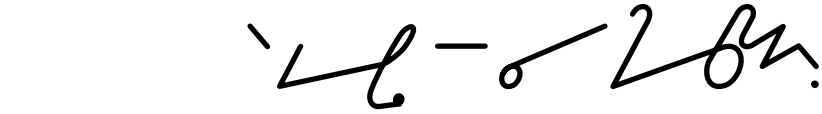

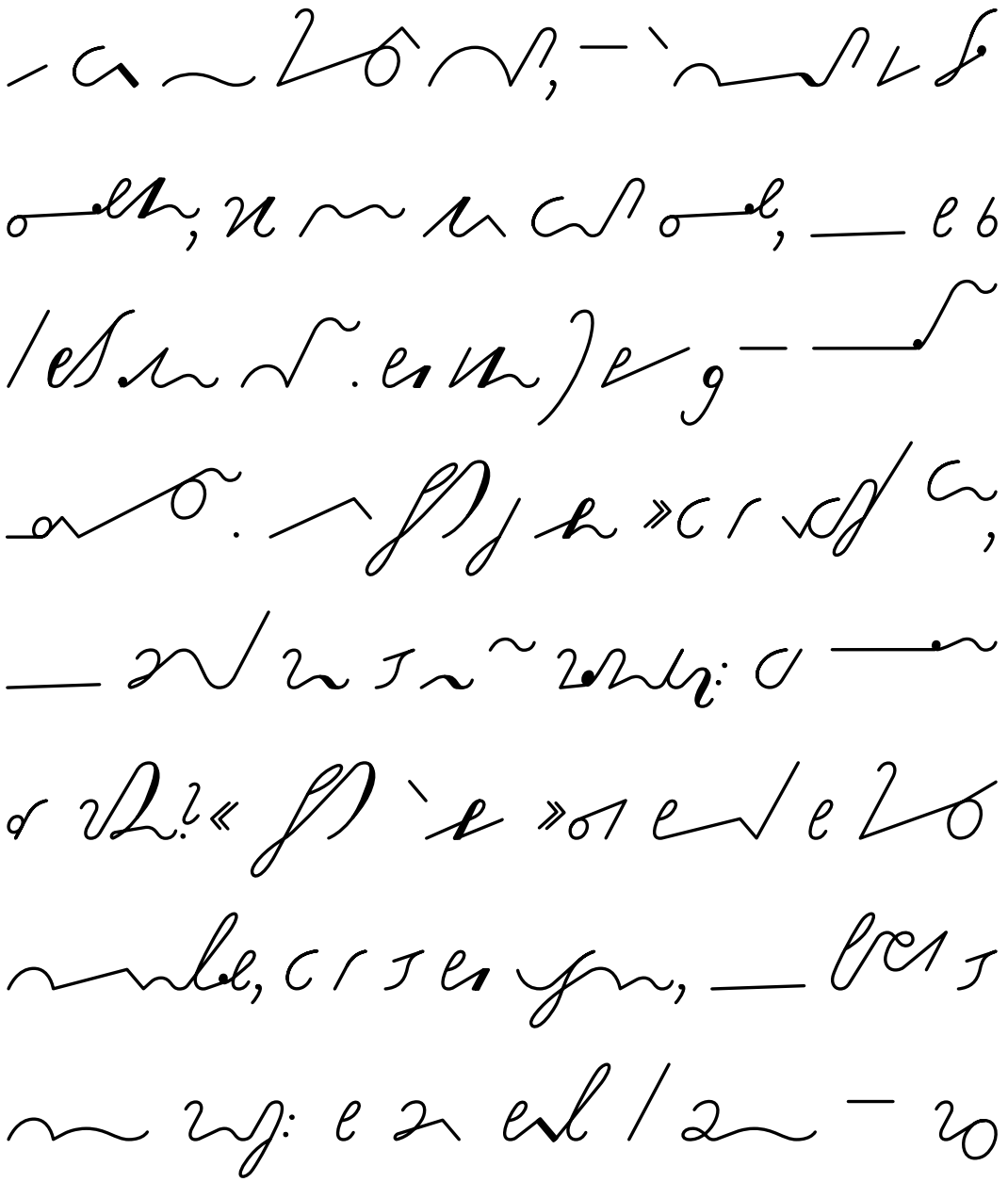

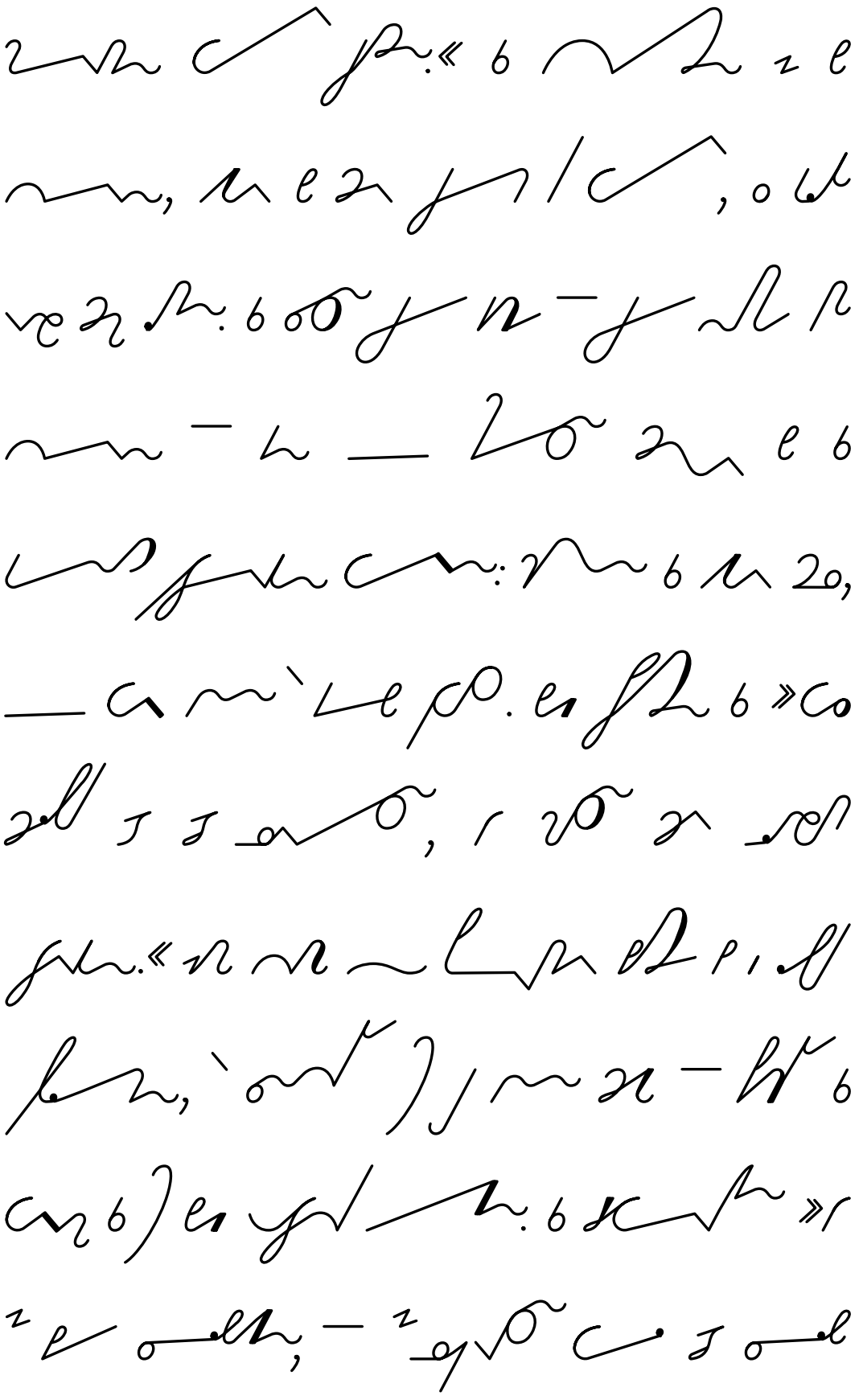

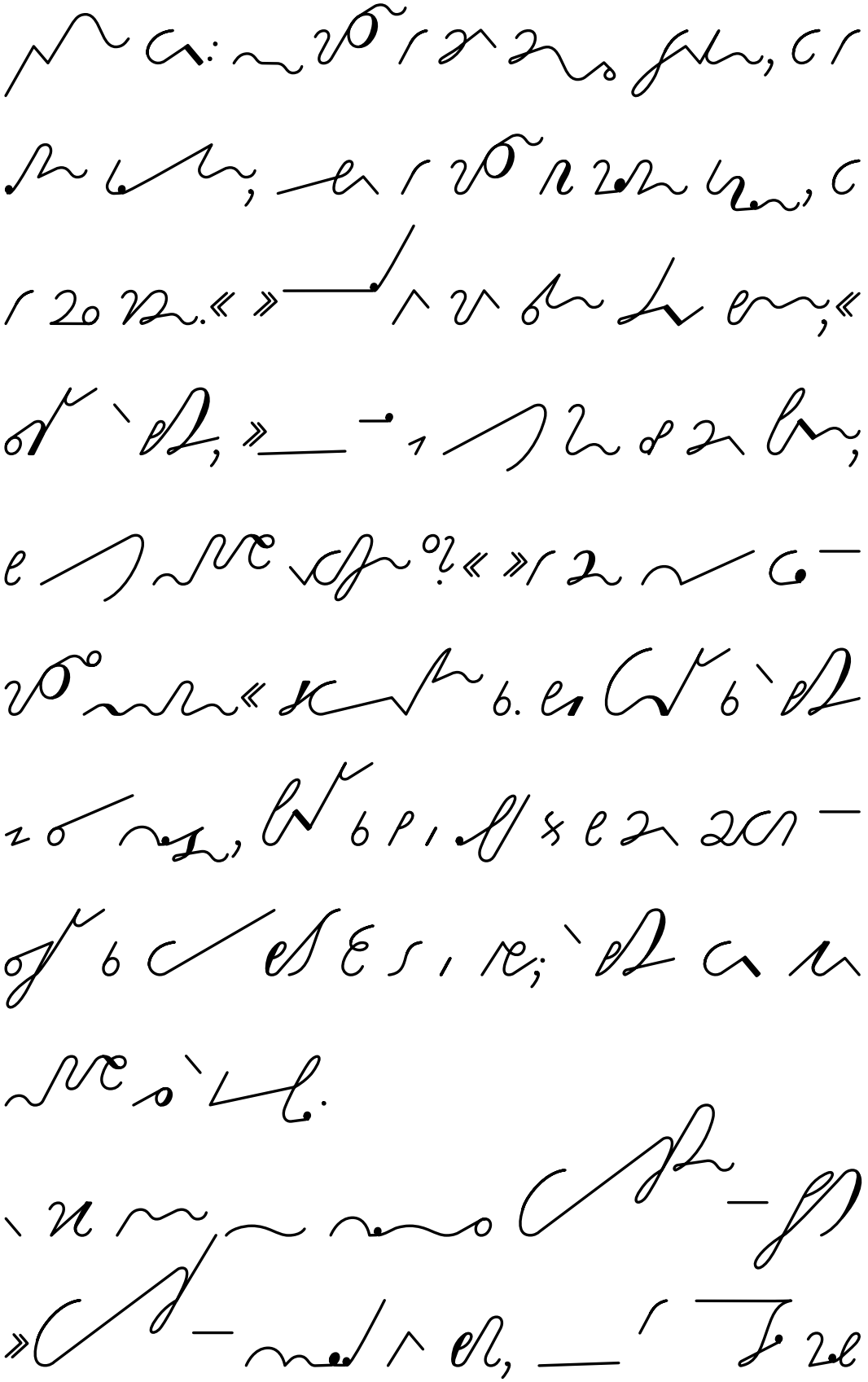

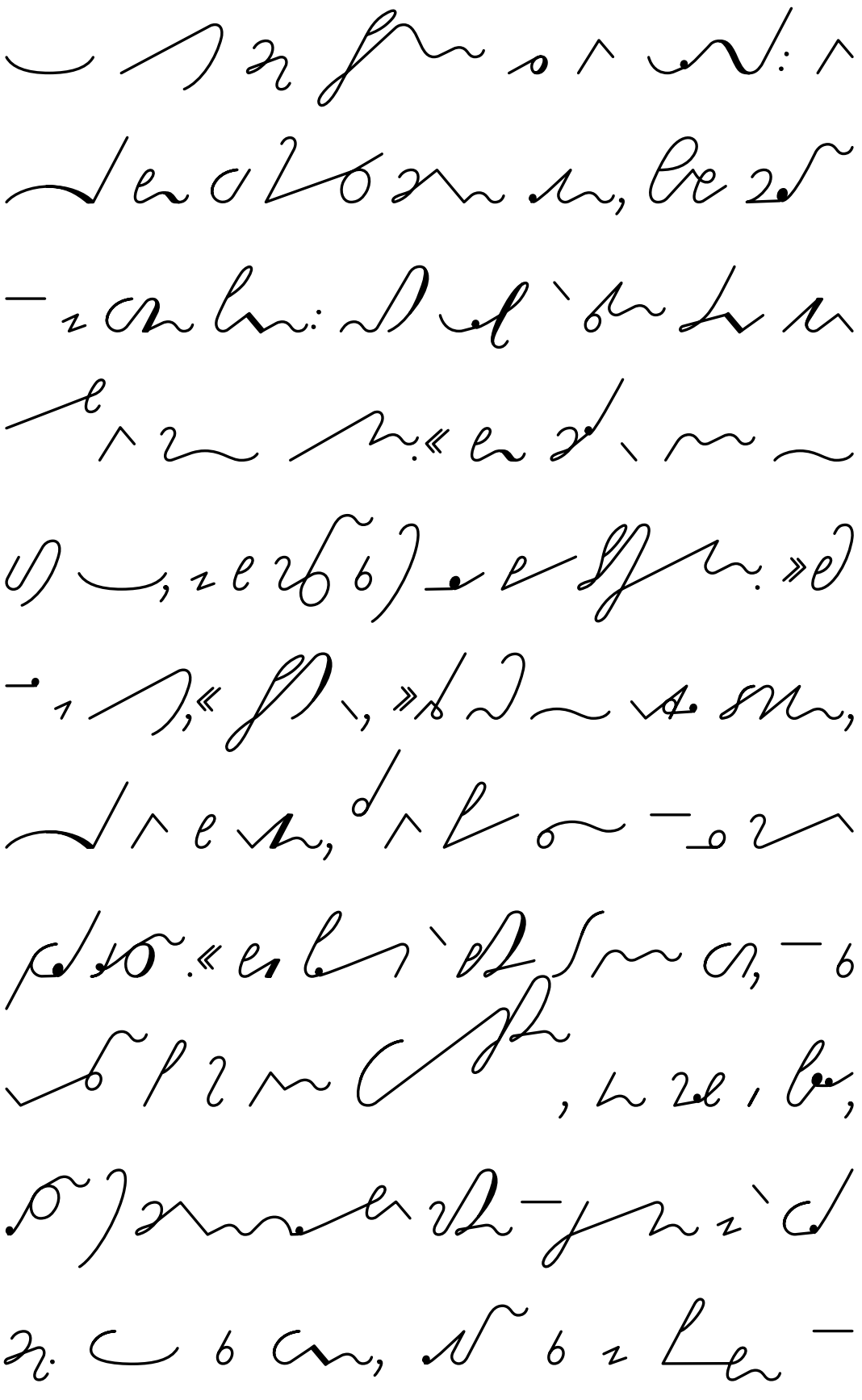

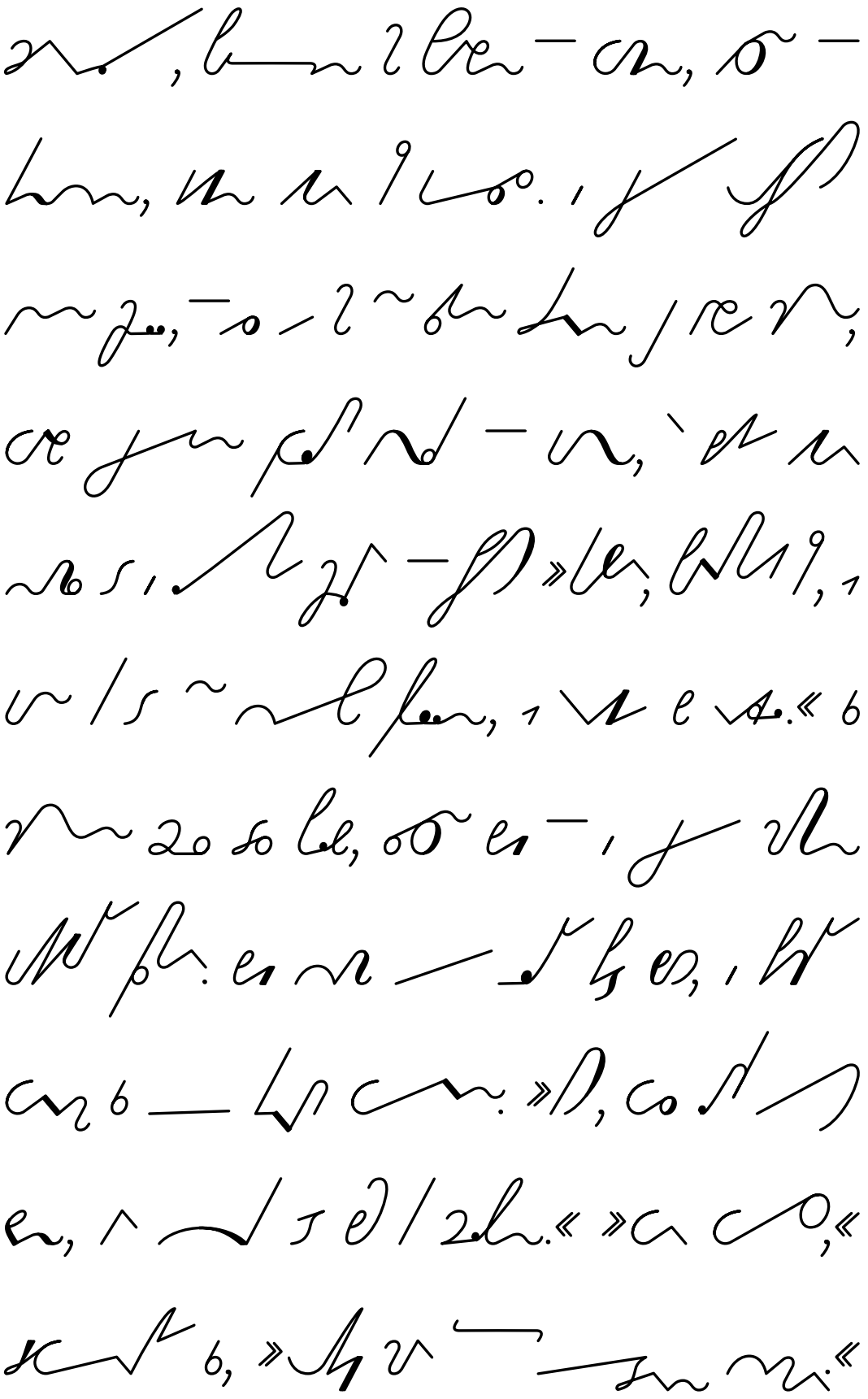

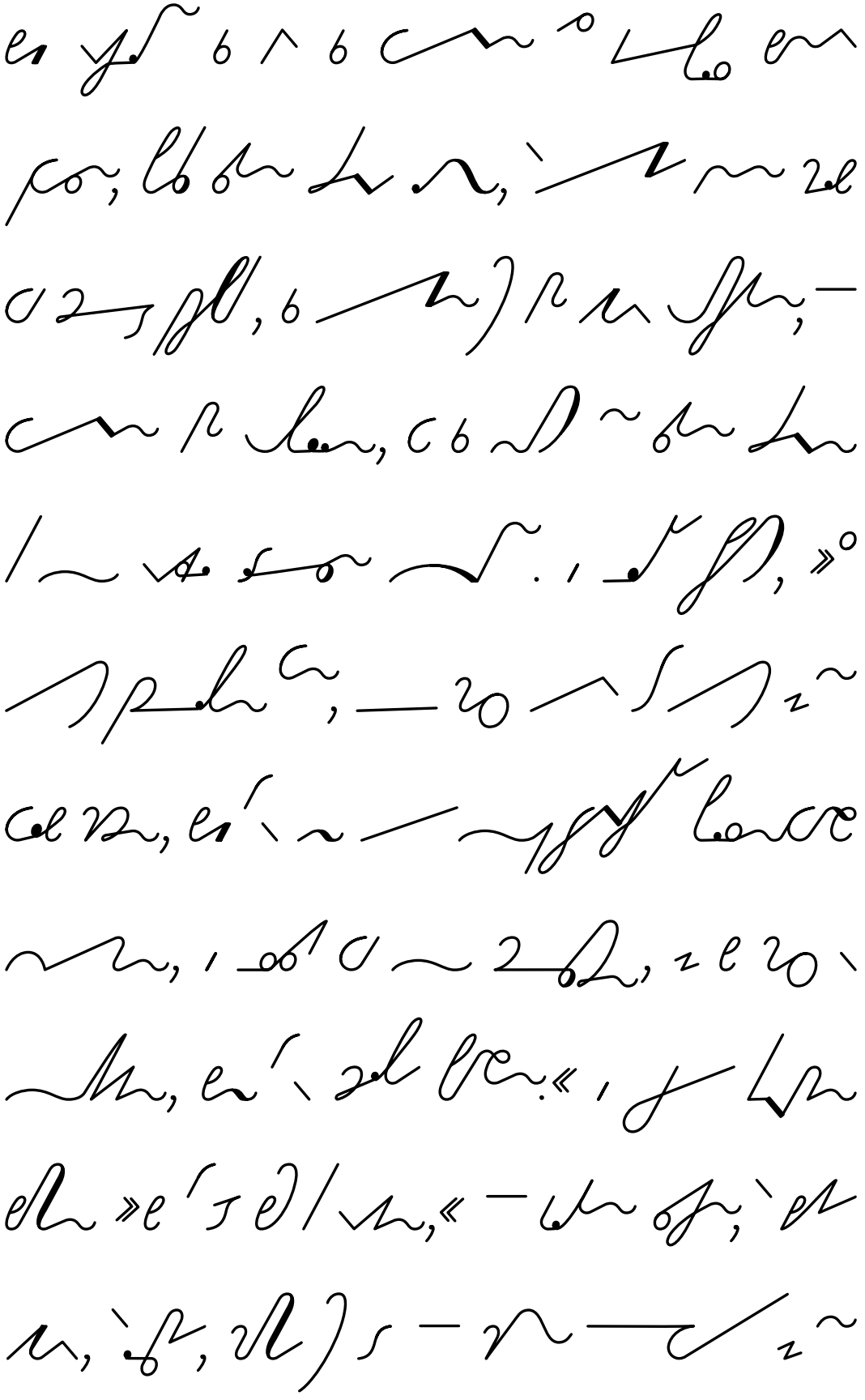

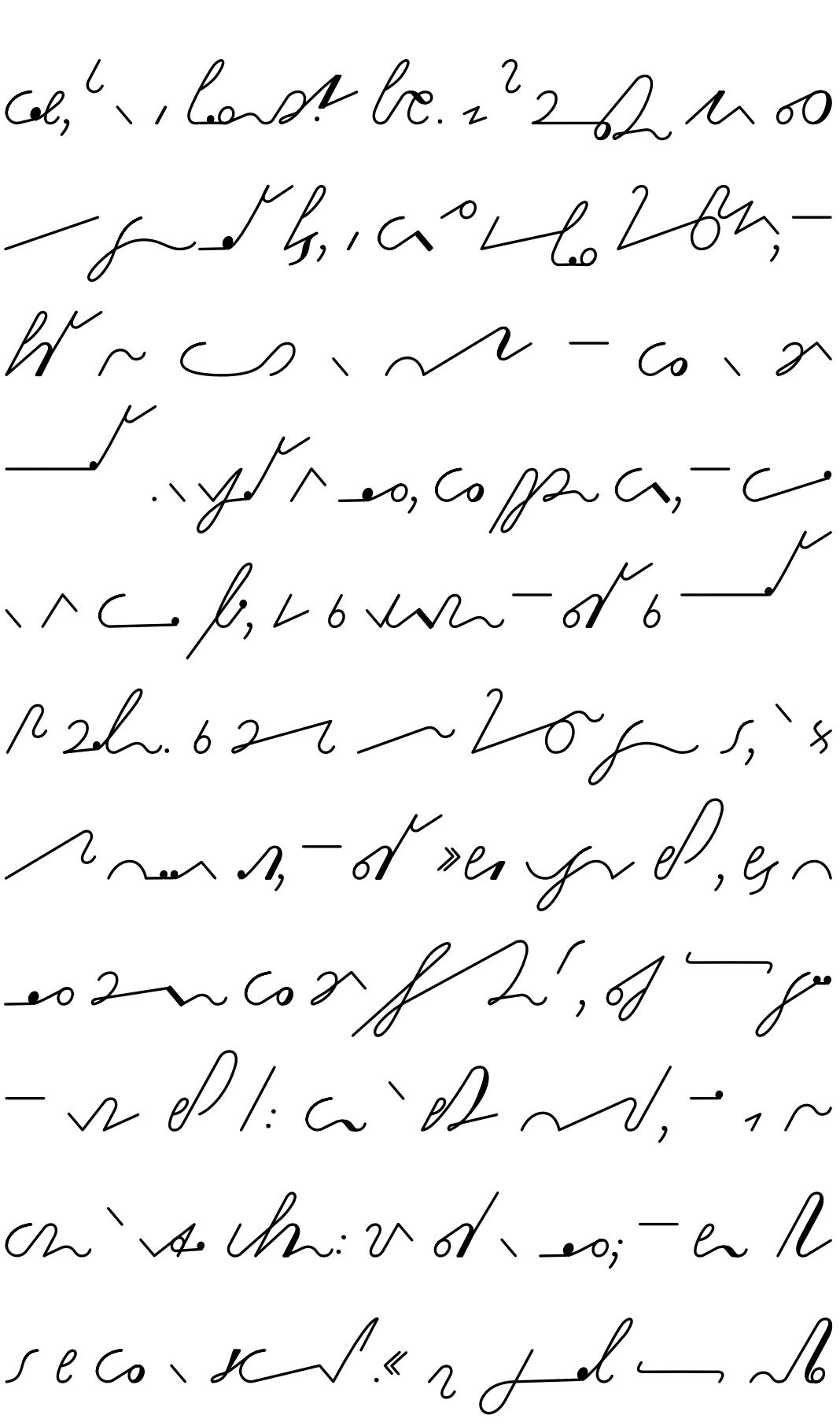

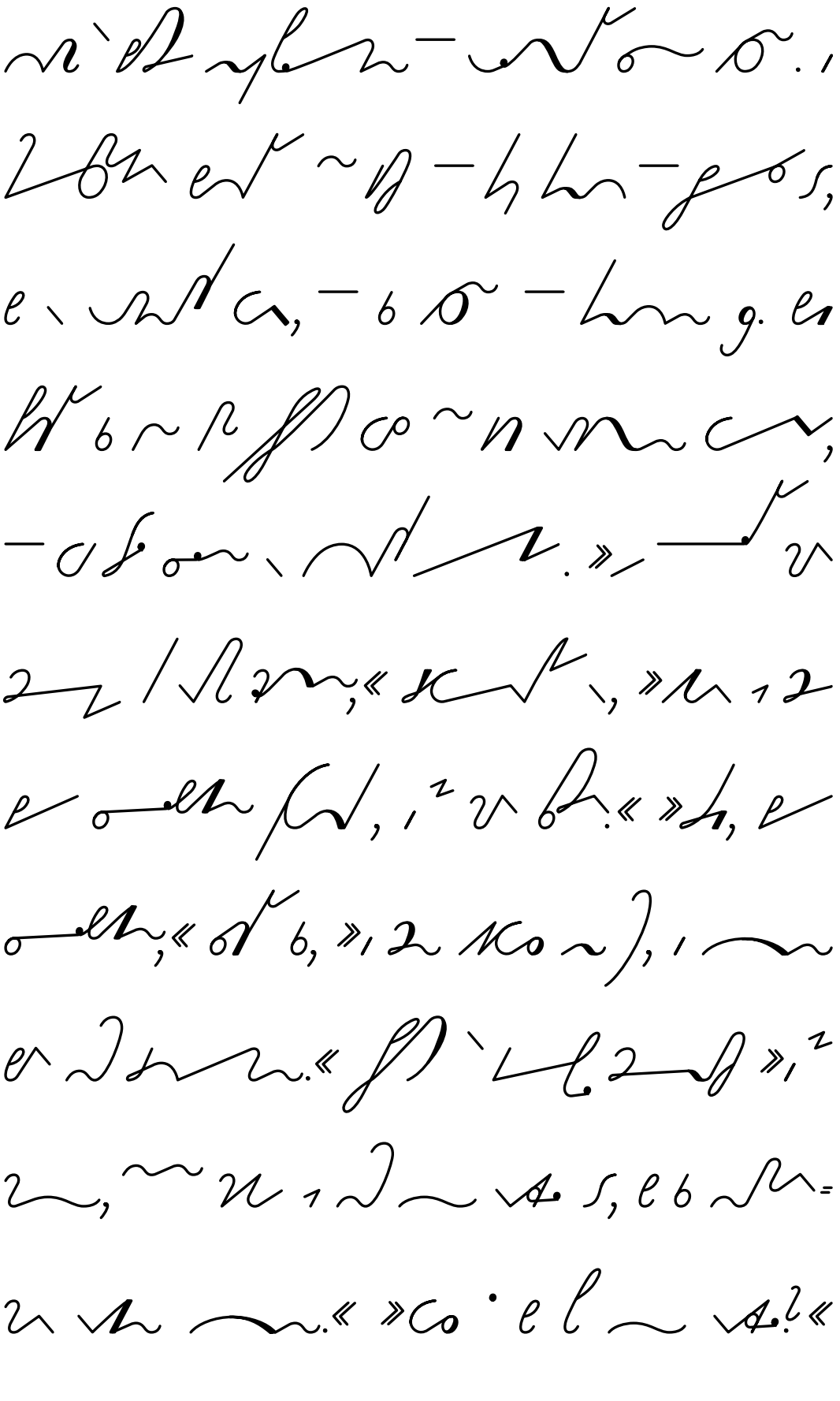

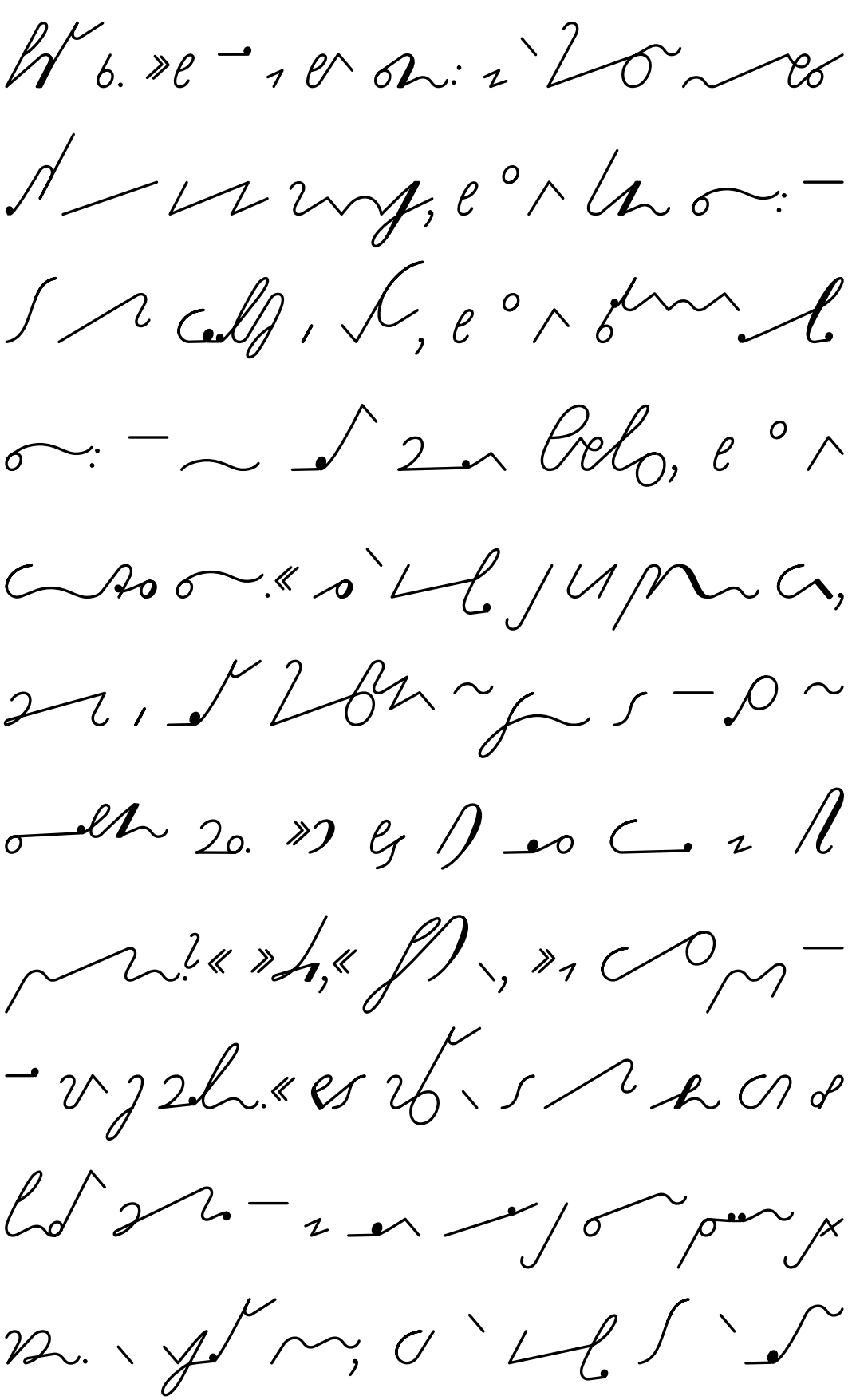

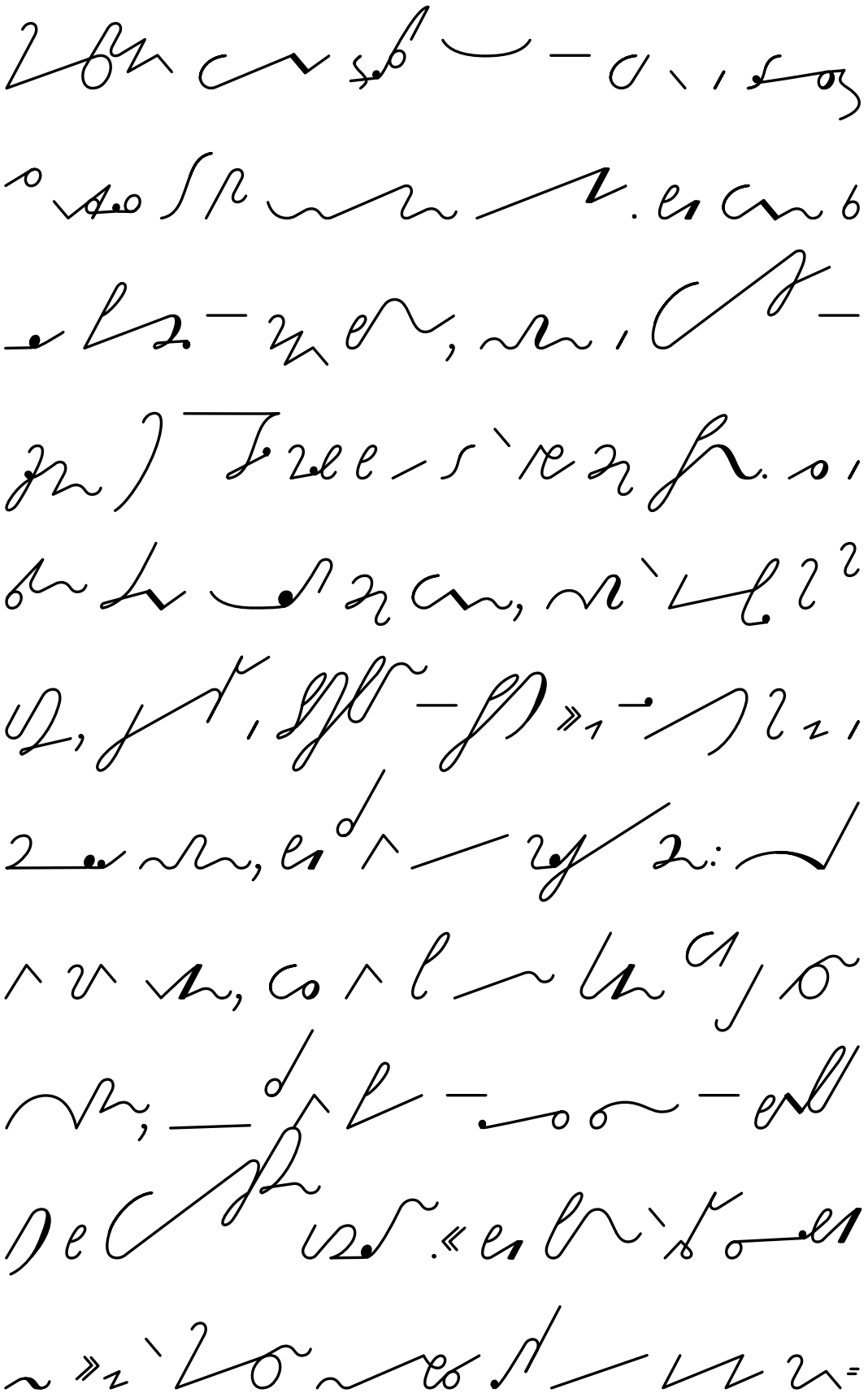

126.

Ferenand getrü und Ferenand ungetrü.

Et was mal en Mann un 'ne Fru west, de hadden so lange se rick wören kene Kinner, as se awerst arm woren, da kre= gen se en kleinen Jungen. Se kunnen awerst kenen Paen dato kregen, da segde de

Mann, he wulle mal na den an-
nern Ohre (Orte) gahn un to-
sehn ob he da enen krege.
Wie he so gienk, begegnete
ünn en armen Mann, de frog
en wo he hünne wulle, he
segde he wulle hünn un tosehn
dat he 'n Paen kriegte, he sie
arm, un da wulle ünn ken
Minske to Gevaher stahn. »O,«
segde de arme Mann, »gi sied

arm, un ik sie arm, ik will guhe (euer) Gevaher weren; ik sie awerst so arm, ik kann dem Kinne nix giwen, gahet hen un segget de Bähmoer (Wehmutter) se sulle man mit den Kinne na der Kerken kummen.« Ase se nu tohaupe an der Kerken kummet, da is de Bettler schaun darinne, de givt dem Kinne den Namen

Wie he nu ut der Kerken gahet, da segd de Bettler, »nu gahet man na Hus, ik kann guh (euch) nix giwen un gi süllt mi ok nix giwen.« De Bähmoer awerst gav he ’n Schlüttel un segd er se mögt en, wenn se na Hus käme, dem Vaer giwen, de sull’n verwahren, bis dat Kind vertein Johr old wöre,

dann sull et up de Heide gahn, da wöre 'n Schlott, dato paßte de Schlüttel, wat darin wöre, dat sulle em hören. Wie dat Kind nu sewen Johr alt wor, un düet (tüchtig) wassen wor, gienk et mal spilen mit annern Jungens, da hadde de eine noch mehr vom Paen kriegt, ase de annere, he awerst kunne nix seggen, un da

grinde he un gienk nah Hus un segde tom Vaer »hewe ik denn gar nix vom Paen kriegt?« »O ja,« segde de Vaer, »du hest en Schlüttel kriegt, wenn up de Heide 'n Schlott steit, so gah man hen un schlut et up.« Da gienk he hen, awerst et was kein Schlott to hören un to sehen. Wier na sewen Jahren, ase he vertein Johr

old is, geit he nochmals hen, da steit en Schlott darup. Wie he et upschloten het, da is der nix enne, ase 'n Perd, 'n Schümmel. Da werd de Junge so vuller Früden dat he dat Perd hadde, dat he sik darup sett un to sinen Vaer jegd (jagt). »Nu hew ik auck 'n Schümmel, nu will ik auck reisen« segd he.

Da treckt he weg, un wie he unnerweges is, ligd da 'ne Schriffedder up 'n Wegge, he will se eist (erst) upnümmen, da denkt he awerst wier bie sich »o, du süst se auck liggen laten, du findst ja wul, wo du hen kümmst, 'ne Schriffedder, wenn du eine bruckest.« Wie he so weggeit, do roppt et hinner üm »Ferenand getrü,

nümm se mit.« He süt sik ümme, süt awerst keinen, da geit he wier torugge un nümmt se up. Wie he wier 'ne Wile rien (geritten) is, kümmt he bie 'n Water vorbie, so ligd da en Fisk am Oewer (Ufer) un snappet un happet na Luft; so segd he »töv, min lewe Fisk, ik will die helpen, dat du in't Water kümmst,« un gript 'n

bien Schwans un werpt 'n int Water. Da steckt de Fisk den Kopp ut den Water un segd »nu du mie ut den Koth holpen hest, will ik die 'ne Flötenpiepen giwen, wenn du in de Naud bist, so flöte derup, dann will ik die helpen, un wenn du mal wat in Water hest fallen laten, so flöte man, so will ik et die herut reicken.« Nu

ritt he weg, da kümmt so 'n Minsk to üm, de frägt 'n wo he hen wull. »O, na den neggsten Ohre.« Wu he dann heite? »Ferenand getrü.« »Sü, da hewe wie ja fast den sülwigen Namen, ik heite Ferenand ungetrü.« Da trecket se beide na den neggsten Ohre in dat Wertshus.

Nu was et schlimm, dat de

Ferenand ungetrü allet wuste wat 'n annerer dacht hadde un doen wulle; dat wust he döre so allerhand slimme Kunste. Et was awerst im Wertshuse so'n wacker Mäken, dat hadde 'n schier (klares) Angesicht un drog sik so hübsch; dat verleiv sik in den Ferenand getrü, denn et was 'n hübschen Minschen west, un

frogʼn wo he hen to wulle. »O, he wulle so herümmer reisen.« Da segd se so sull he doch nur da bliewen, et wöre hier to Lanneʼn Künig, de neime wull gerenʼn Bedeenten oder ʼn Vorrüter: dabie sulle he in Diensten gahn. He antworde he kunne nig gud so to einen hingahen un been sik an. Da segde dat Mäken »o, dat will ik

dann schun dauen.« Un so gienk se auck stracks hen na den Künig un sehde ünn se wüste ünn 'n hübschen Bedeenten. Dat was de wol tofreen un leit 'n to sik kum-men un wull 'n tom Bedeenten macken. He wull awerst leewer Vorrüter sin, denn wo sin Perd wöre, da möst he auck sin; da mackt 'n de Künig

tom Vorrüter. Wie düt de Ferenand ungetrü gewahr wore, da segd he to den Mäken »töv, helpest du den an un mie nig?« »O,« segd dat Mäken, »ik will 'n auck anhelpen.« Se dachte »den most du die tom Frünne wahren, denn he is nig to truen.« Se geit alse vorm Künig stahn un beed 'n als Bedeenten an; dat is de

Künig tofreen.

Wenn he nu also det Morgens den Heren antrock, da jammerte de jümmer »o wenn ik doch eist mine Leiveste bie mie hädde.« De Ferenand ungetrü was awerst dem Ferenand getrü jümmer uppsettsig, wie asso de Künig mal wier so jammerte, da segd he »Sie haben ja den Vorreiter,

den schicken Sie hin, der muß sie herbeischaffen, und wenn er es nicht tut, so muß ihm der Kopf vor die Füße gelegt werden.« Do leit de Künig den Ferenand getrü to sik kum-men un sehde üm he hädde da un da'ne Leiveste, de sull he ünn herschappen, wenn he dat nig deie, sull he sterwen.

De Ferenand getrü gienk in

Stall to sinen Schümmel un grinde un jammerde. »O wat sin ik 'n unglücksch Minschen-kind.« Do röppet jeimes hinner üm »Ferdinand getreu, was weinst du?« He süt sik um, süt awerst neimes, un jammerd jümmer fort »o min lewe Schümmelken, nu mot ik die verlaten, nu mot ik sterwen.« Do röppet et wier »Ferdinand

getreu, was weinst du?« Do merket he eist dat dat sin Schümmelken dei, dat Fragen. »Döst du dat, min Schümmelken, kannst du küren (reden)?« Un segd wier »ik sull da un da hen, un sull de Brut halen, west du nig wie ik dat wol anfange.« Do antwoerd dat Schümmelken »gah du na den Künig un segg wenn he die

giwen wulle wat du hewen möstest, so wullest du se ünn schappen: wenn he die 'n Schipp vull Fleisk un 'n Schipp vull Brod giwen wulle, so sull et gelingen; da wören de grauten Riesen up den Water, wenn du denen ken Fleisk midde brächtes, so terreitn se die: un da wören de grauten Vüggel, de pickeden die de Ogen ut

den Koppe, wenn du ken Brod vor se häddest.« Da lett de Künig alle Slächter im Lanne slachten un alle Becker backen, dat de Schippe vull werdt. Wie se vull sied, segd dat Schümmelken tom Ferenand getrü »nu gah man up mie sitten un treck mit mie in't Schipp, wenn dann de Riesen kümmet, so segg

»still, still, meine lieben Riesechen,
ich hab euch wohl bedacht,
ich hab euch was mitge-bracht.«
Un wenn de Vüggel kümmet,
so seggst du wier
»still, still, meine lieben Vögelchen,
ich hab euch wohl bedacht,
ich hab euch was mitge-

bracht.«

Dann doet sie die nix, un wenn du dann bie dat Schlott kümmst, dann helpet die de Riesen, dann gah up dat Schlott un nümm ’n Paar Riesen mit, da ligd de Prinzessin un schlöppet; du darfst se awerst nig upwecken, sonnern de Riesen mött se mit den Bedde upnümmen un

in dat Schipp dregen.« Und da geschah nun alles, wie das Schimmelchen gesagt hatte, und den Riesen und den Vögeln gab der Ferenand getrü was er ihnen mitge-bracht hatte, dafür wurden die Riesen willig und trugen die Prinzessin in ihrem Bett zum König. Un ase se tom Künig kümmet, segd se se künne nig

liwen, se möste ere Schriften hewen, de wören up eren Schlotte liggen bliwen. Da werd de Ferenand getrü up Anstifften det Ferenand ungetrü roopen, un de Künig bedütt ünn he sulle de Schriften van dem Schlotte halen, süst sull he sterwen. Da geit he wier in Stall, un grind un segd »o min lewe Schüm-

melken, nu sull ik noch 'n mal weg, wie süll wie dat macken?« Da segd de Schümmel se sullen dat Schipp man wier vull laen (laden). Da geht es wieder wie das vorigemal, und die Riesen und die Vögel werden von dem Fleisch gesättigt und besänftigt. Ase se bie dat Schlott kümmet, segd de Schümmel to ünn he

sulle man herin gahn, in den Schlapzimmer der Prinzessin, up den Diske da lägen de Schriften. Da geit Ferenand getrü hün un langet se. Ase se up'n Water sind, da let he sine Schriffedder in't Water fallen, da segd de Schümmel »nu kann ik die awerst nig helpen.« Da fällt'n dat bie mit de Flöte-piepen, he fänkt an to flöten,

da kümmt de Fisk un het de Fedder im Mule un langet se«m hen. Nu bringet he de Schriften na dem Schlotte, wo de Hochtid hallen werd.

De Künigin mogte awerst den Künig nig lien, weil he keine Nese hadde, sonnern se mogte den Ferenand getrü geren lien. Wie nu mal alle Herens vom Hove tosammen

sied, so segd de Künigin, se könne auck Kunststücke macken, se künne einen den Kopp afhoggen un wier upsetten, et sull nur mant einer versöcken. Da wull awerst kener de eiste sien, da mott Ferenand getrü daran, wier up Anstifften von Ferenand ungetrü, den hogget se den Kopp af un

sett'n ünn auck wier up, et is auck glick wier tau heilt, dat et ut sach ase hädde he 'n roen Faen (Faden) üm 'n Hals. Da segd de Künig to ehr »mein Kind, wo hast du denn das gelernt?« »Ja,« segd se, »die Kunst versteh ich, soll ich es an dir auch einmal versuchen?«

»O ja« segd he. Do hogget se

en awerst den Kopp af un sett'n en nig wier upp, se doet as ob se'n nig darup kriegen künne, un as ob he nig fest sitten wulle. Da werd de Künig begrawen, se awerst frigget den Ferenand getrü.

He ride awerst jümmer sinen Schümmel, un ase he mal darup sat, da segd he to em he sulle mal up 'ne annere

Heide de he em wist, trecken un da dreimal mit em herum-me jagen. Wie he dat dahen hadde, da geit de Schümmel up de Hinnerbeine stahn un verwannelt sik in 'n Künigs-suhn.

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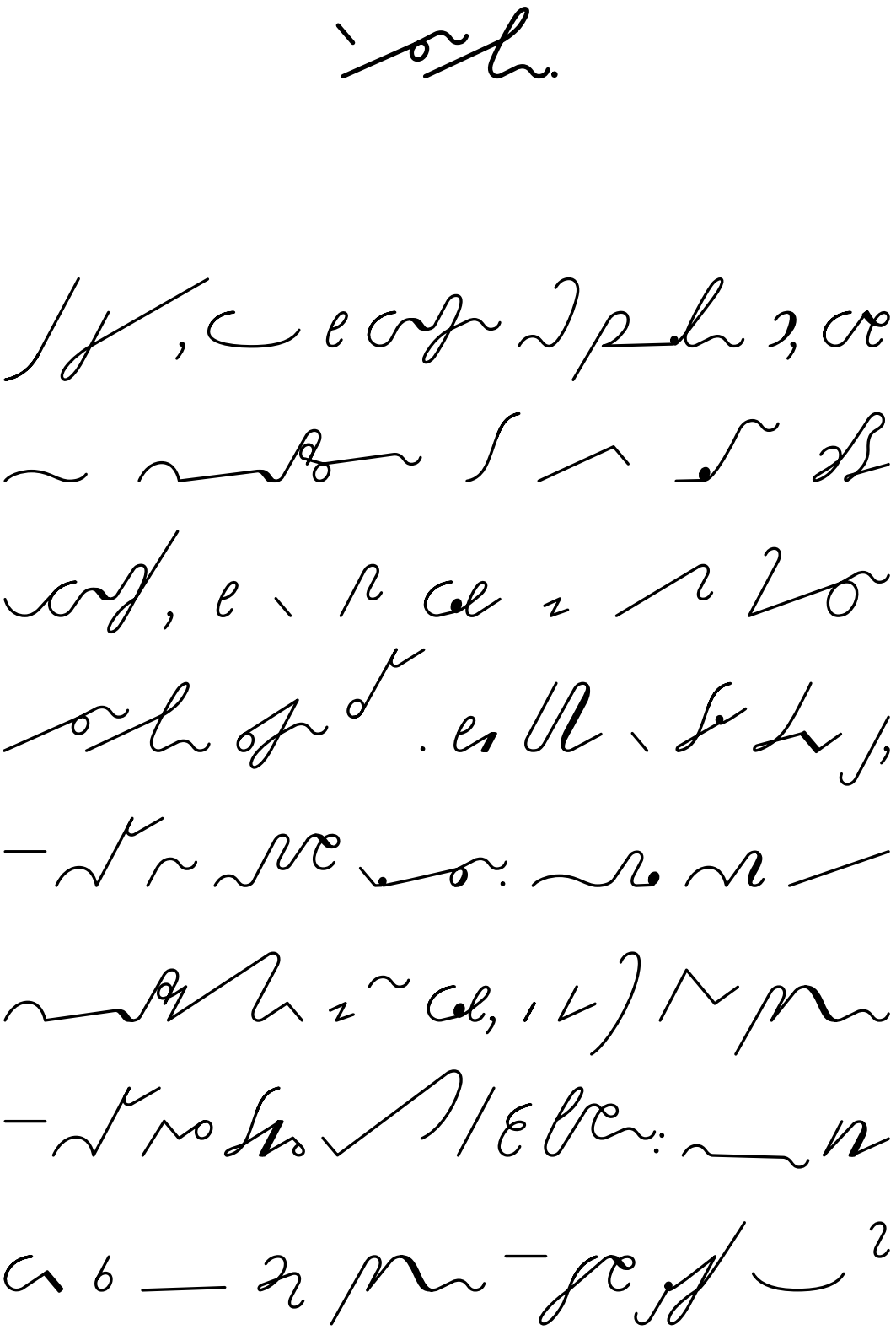

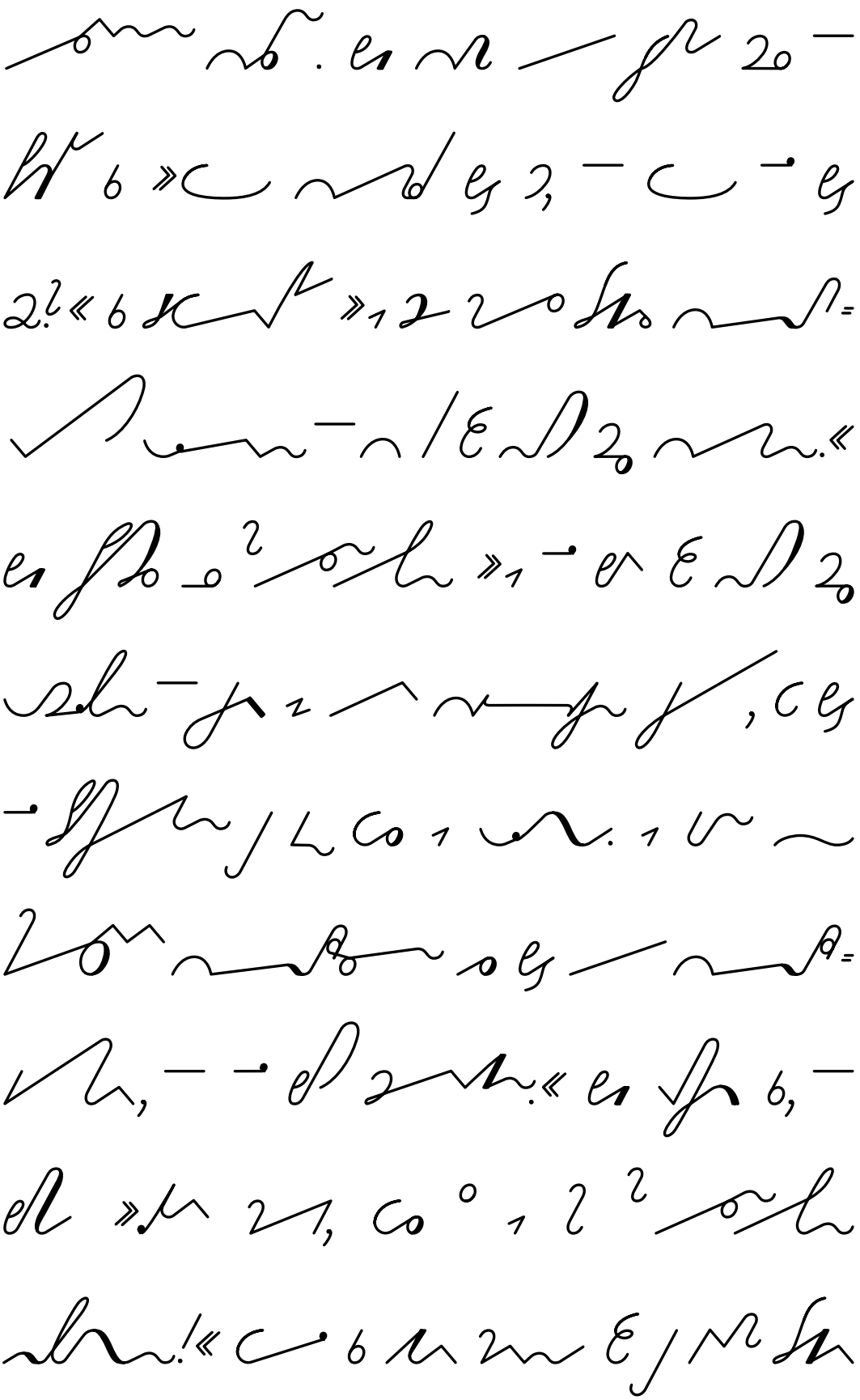

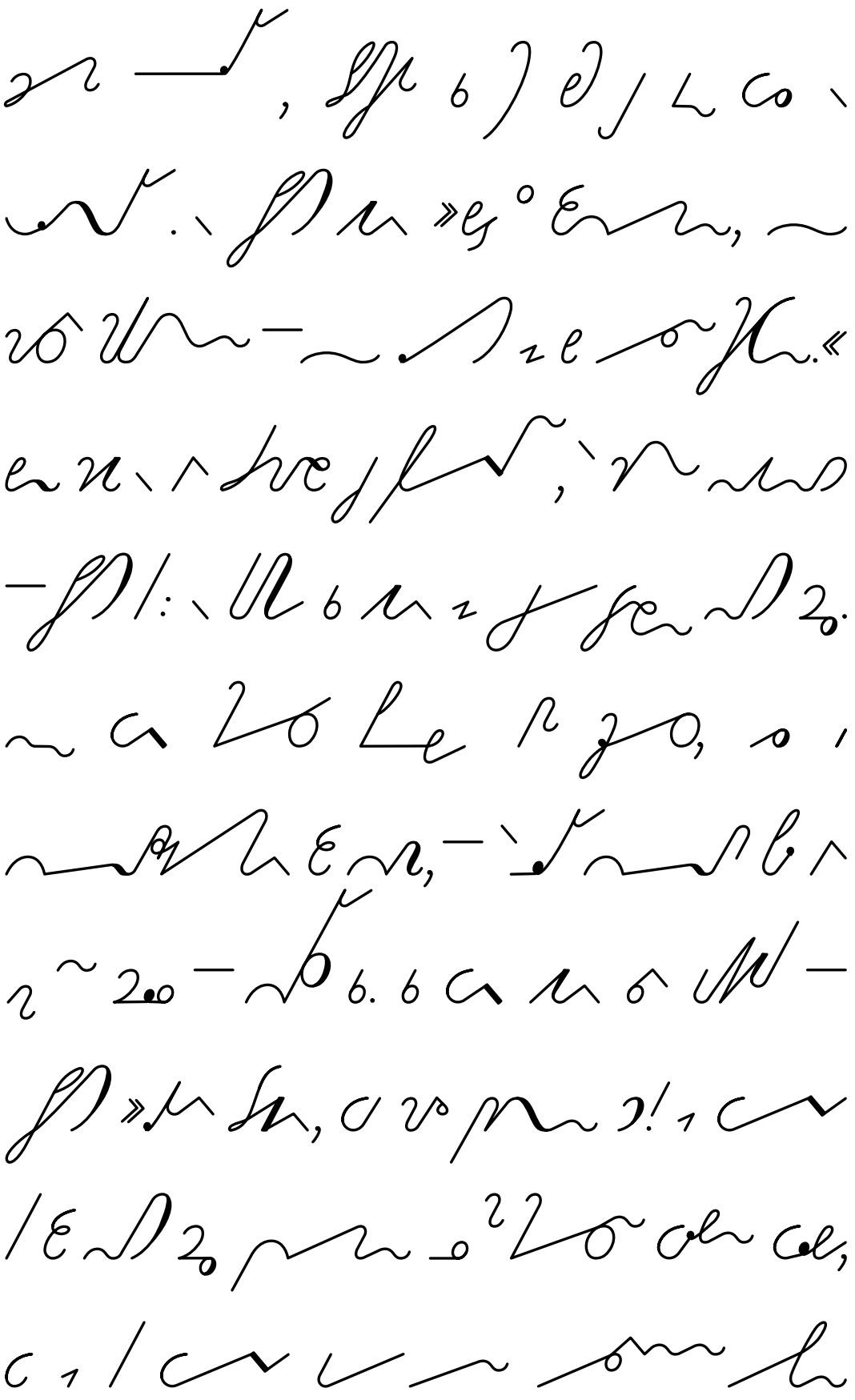

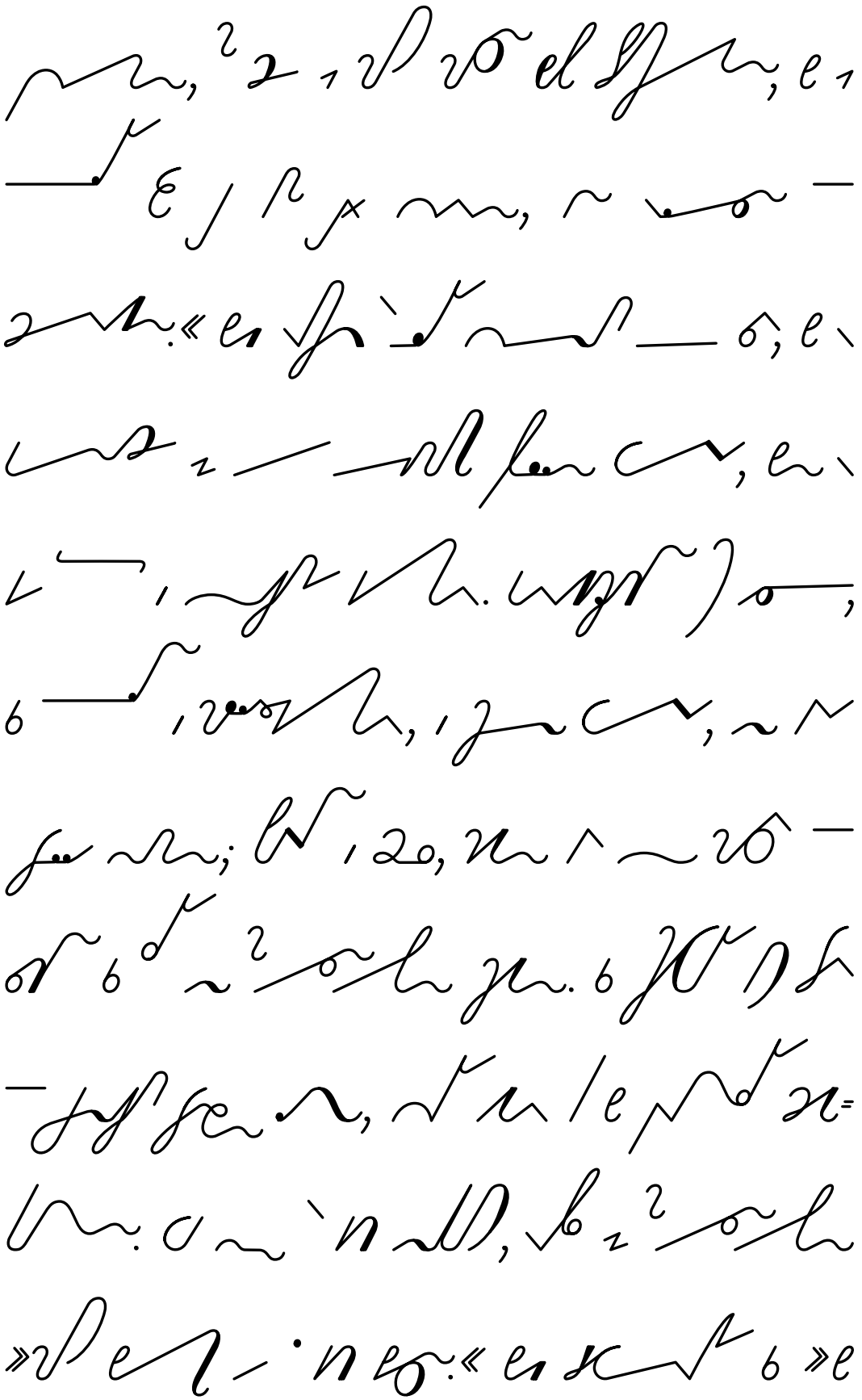

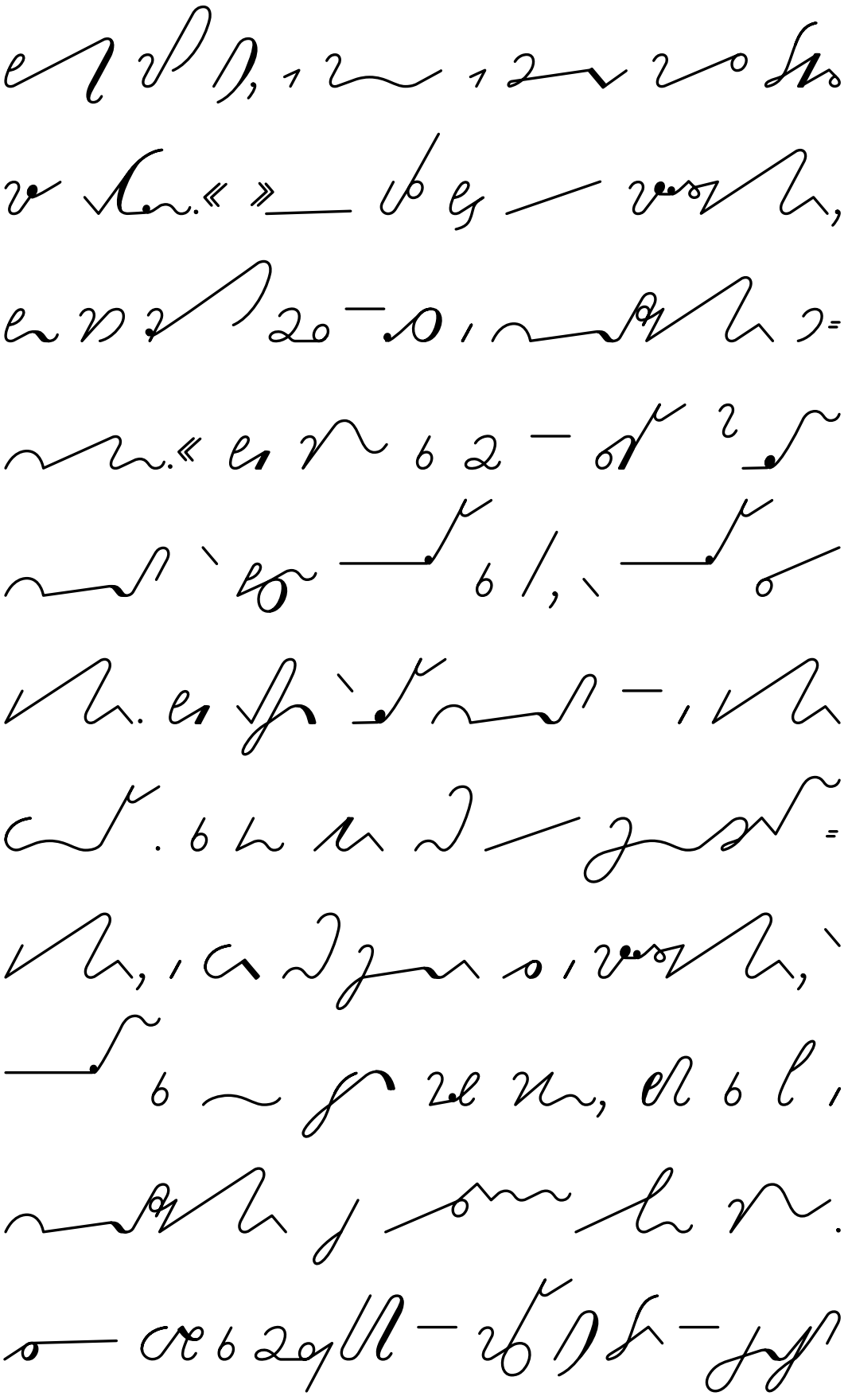

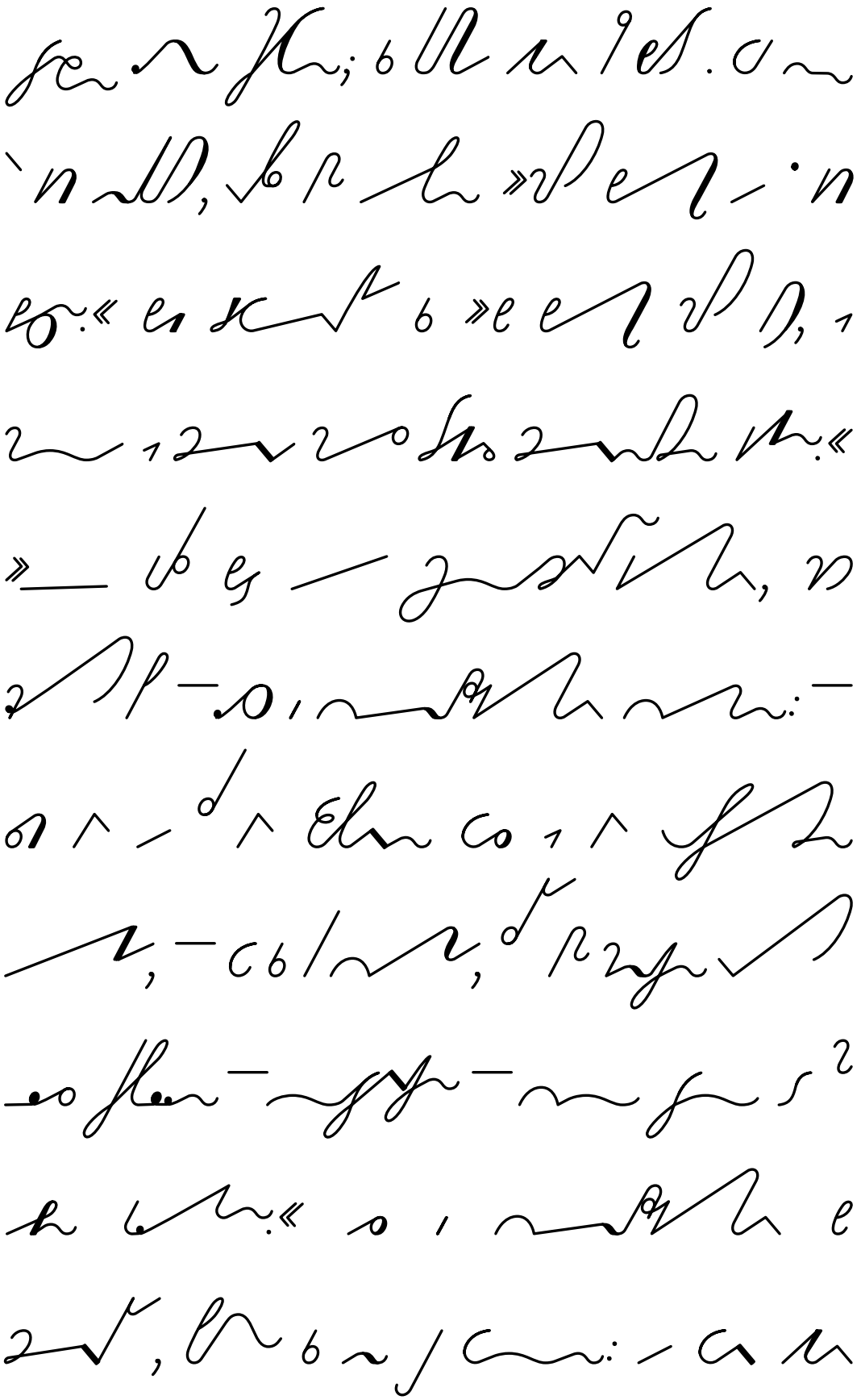

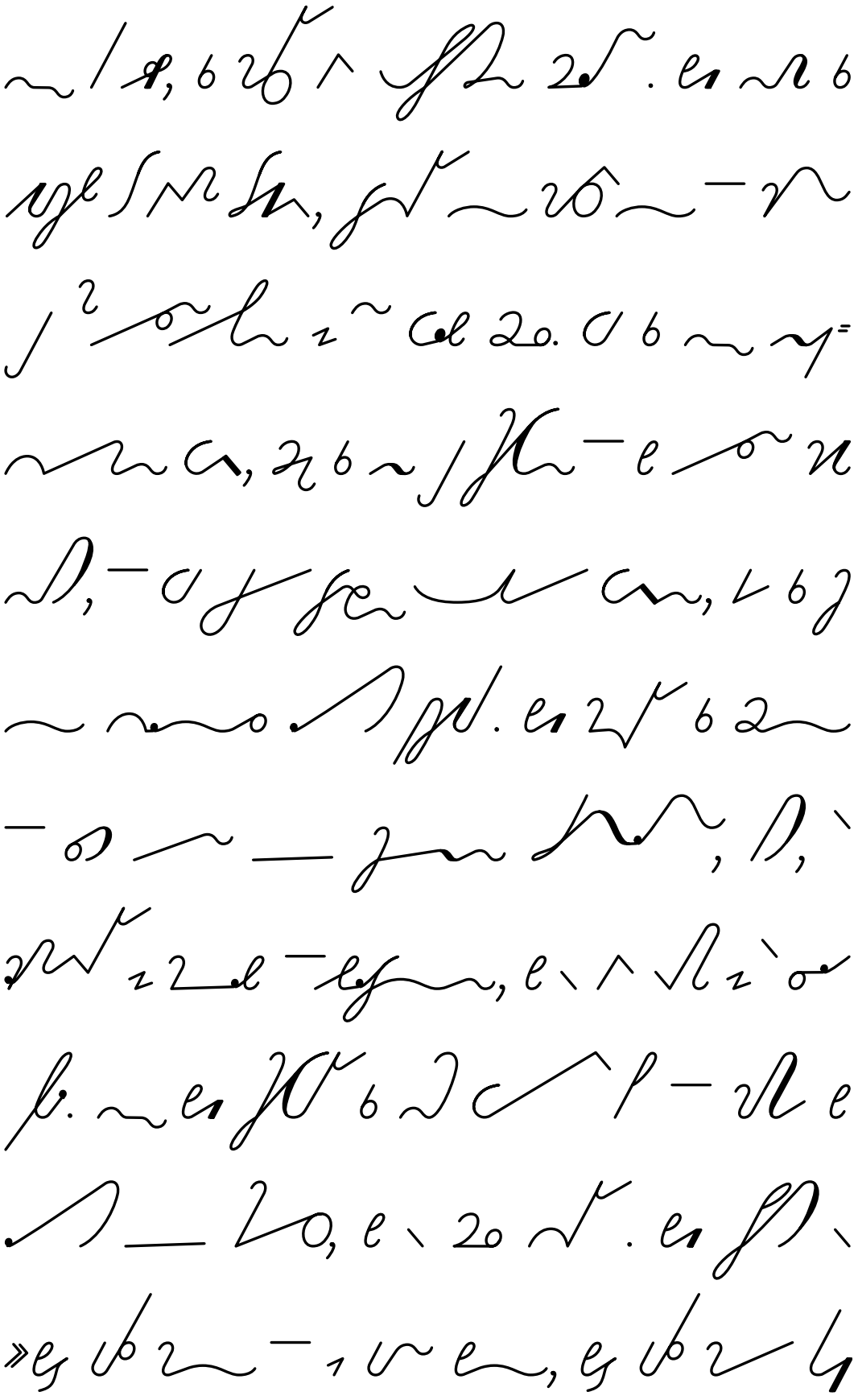

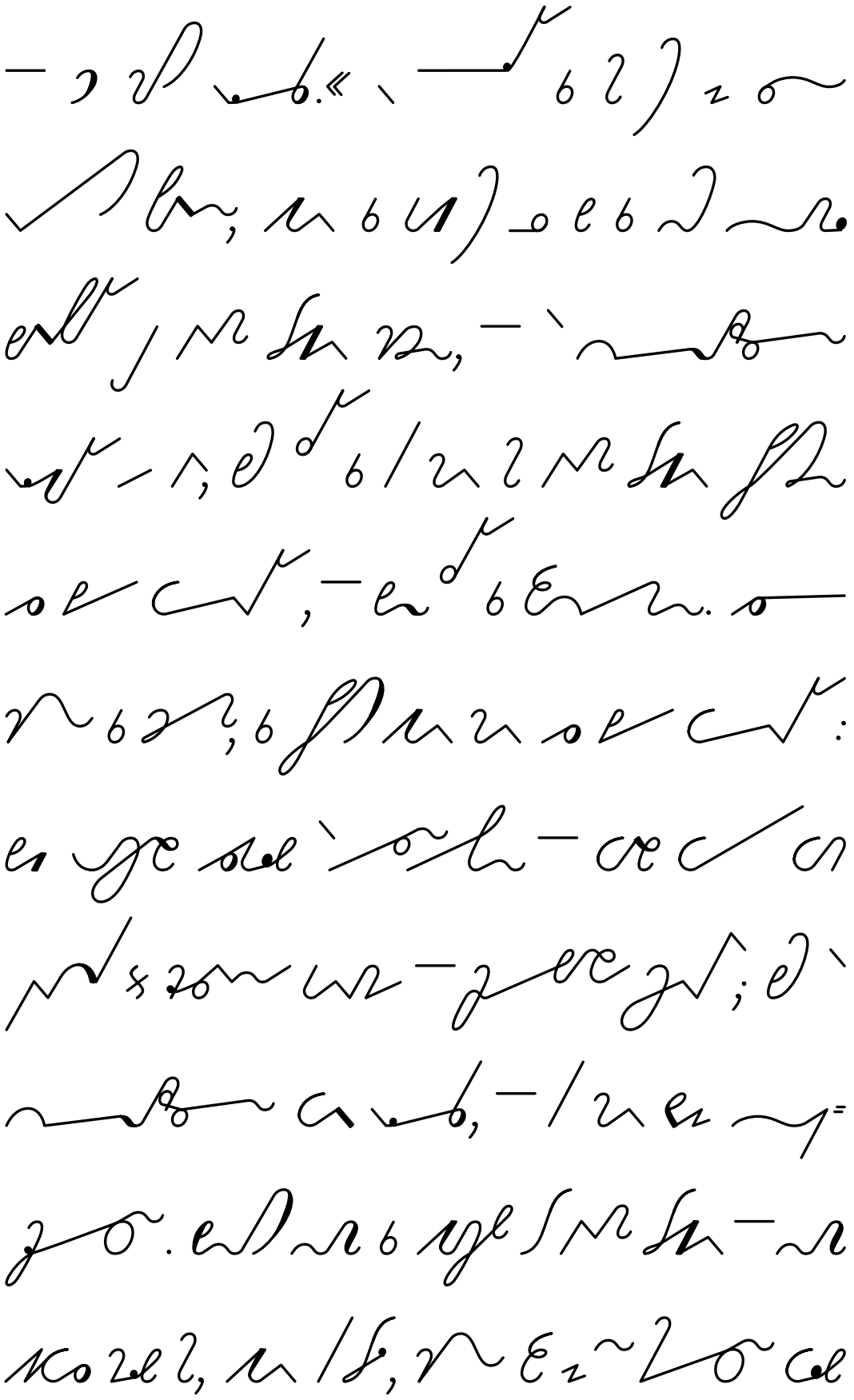

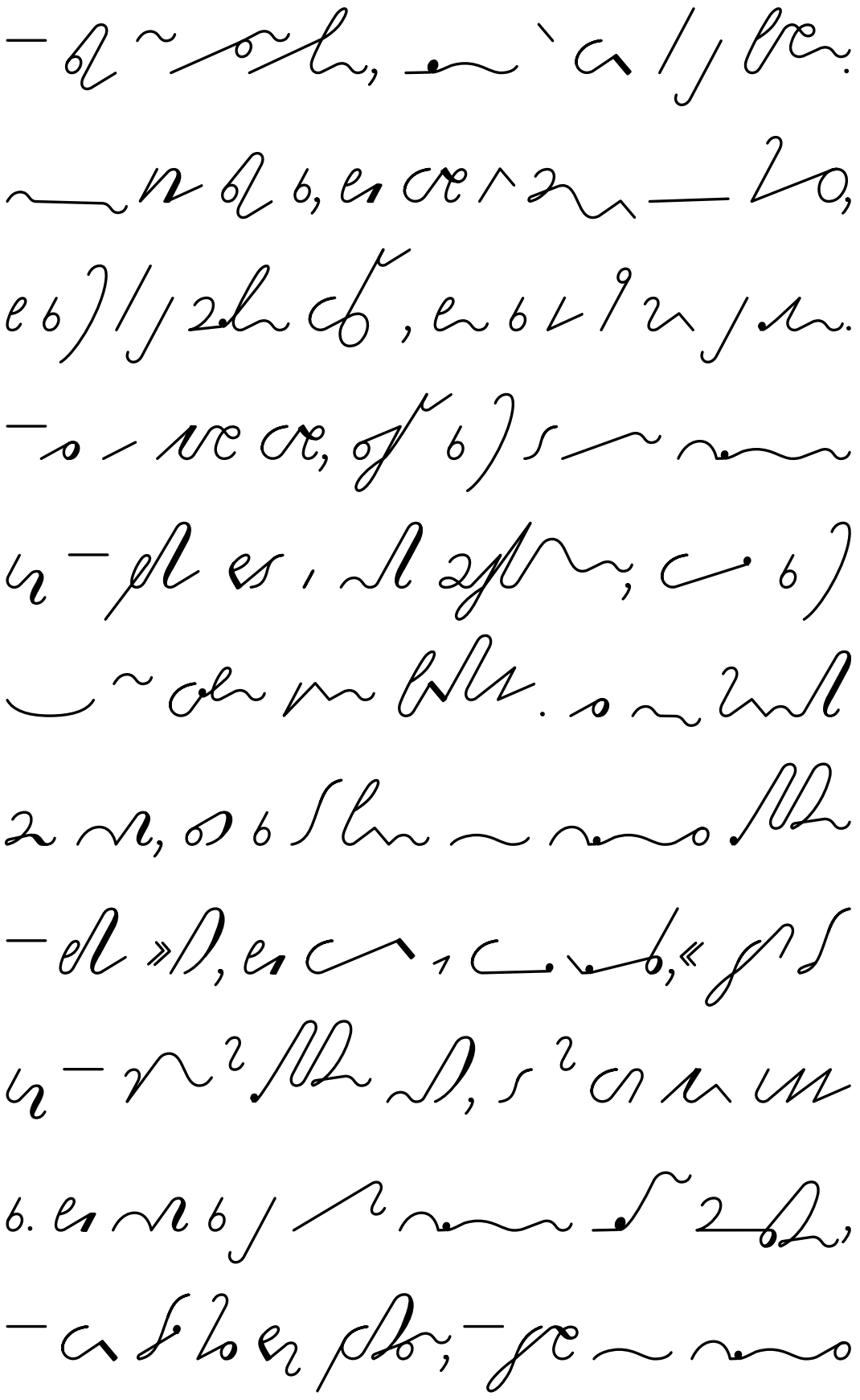

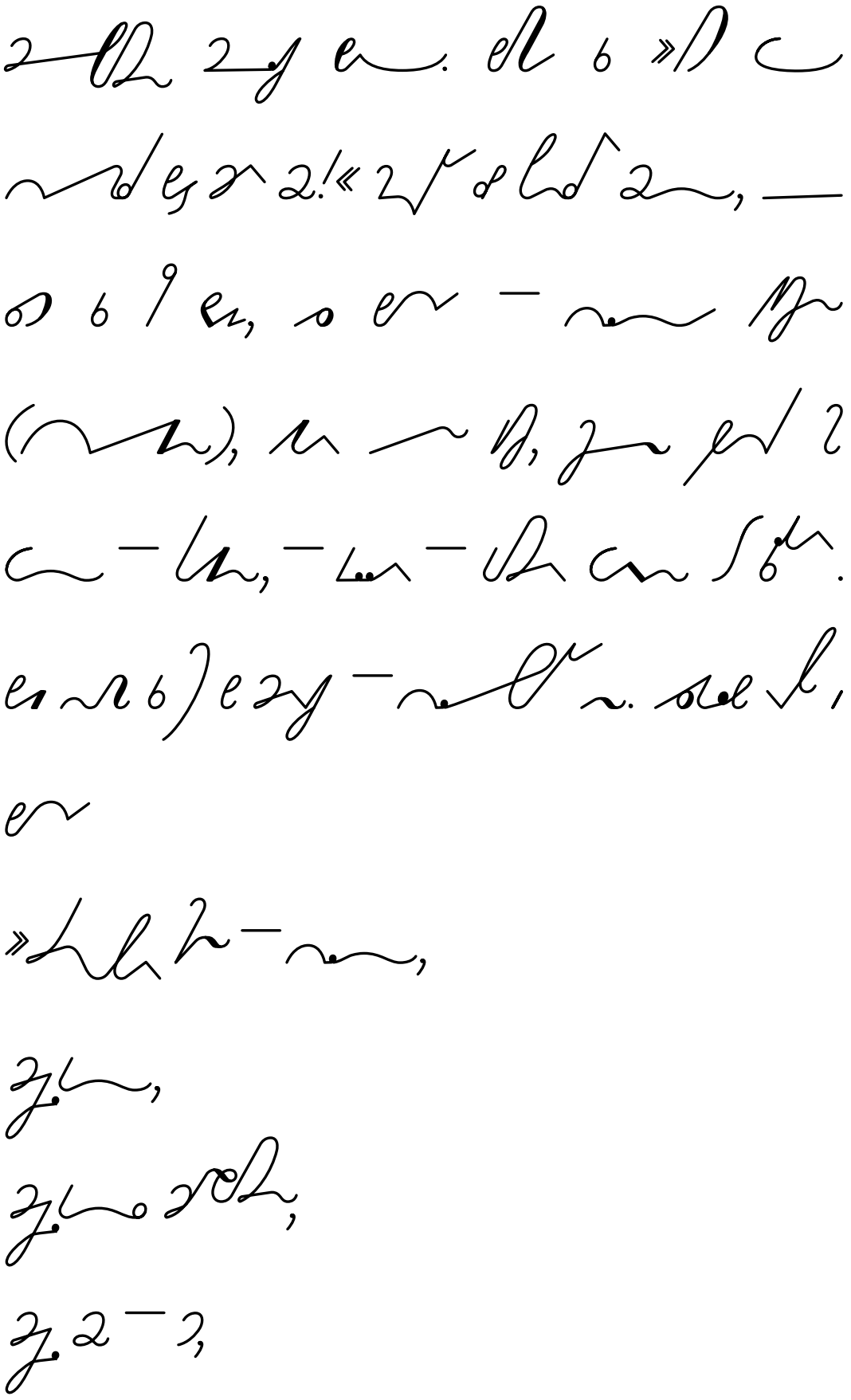

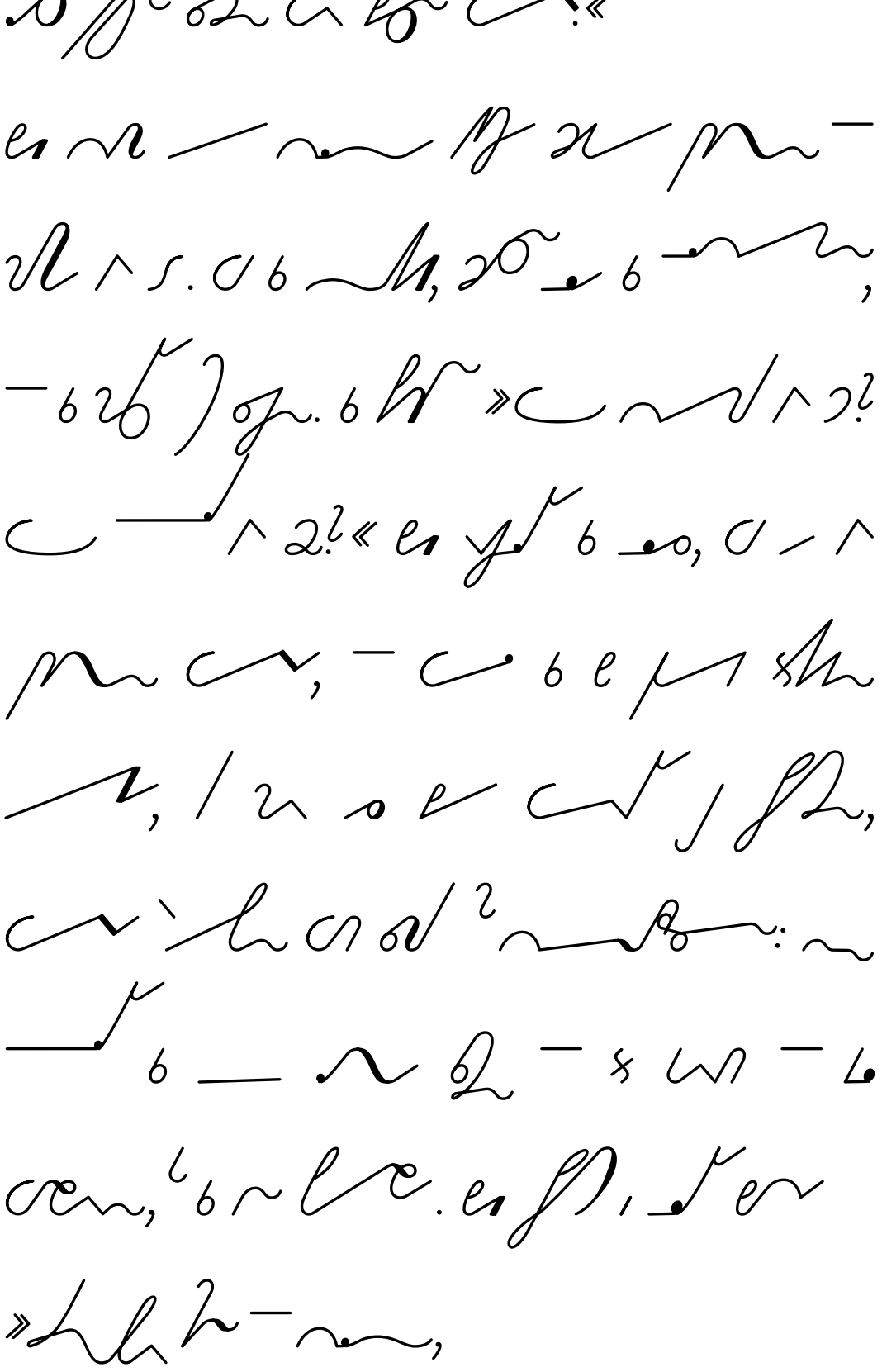

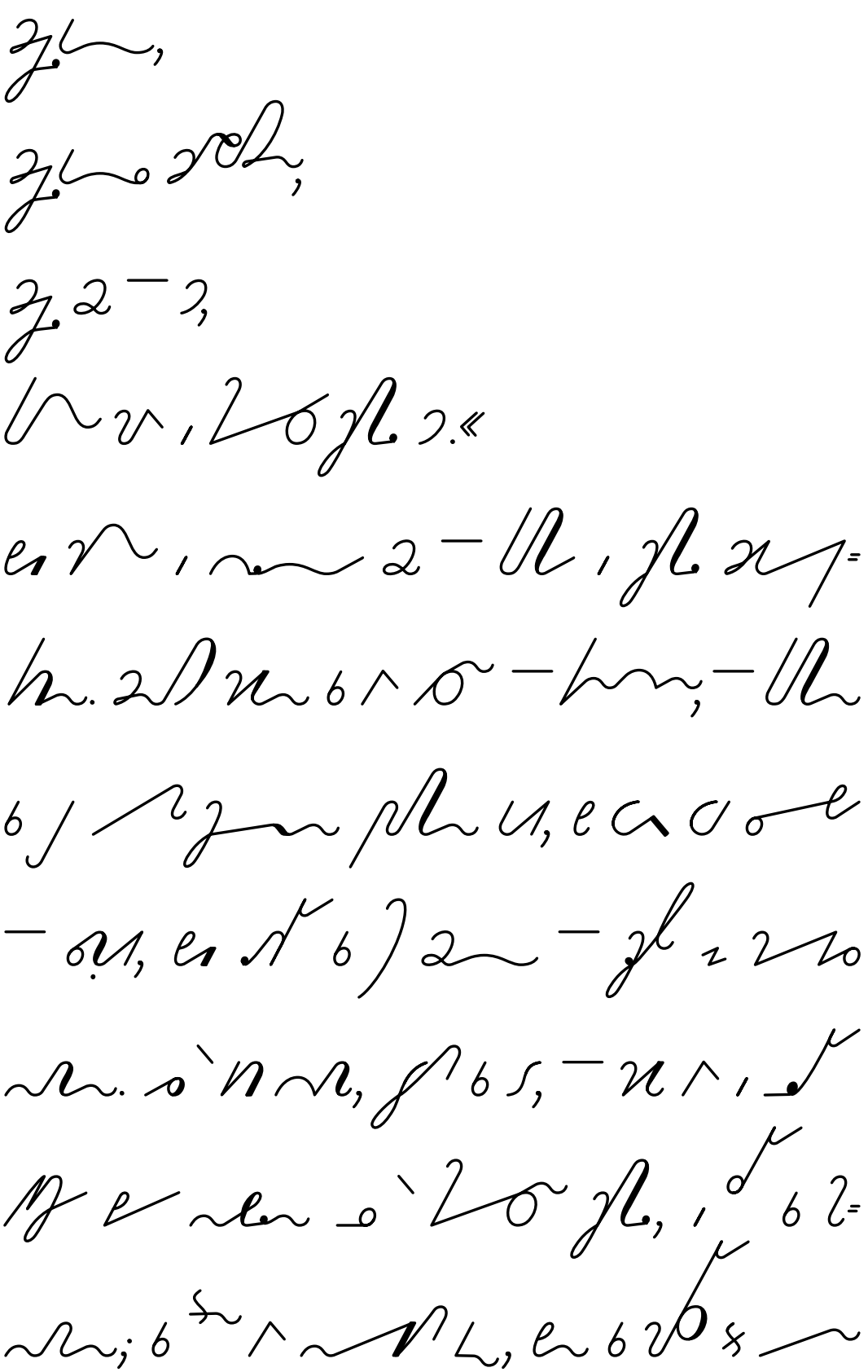

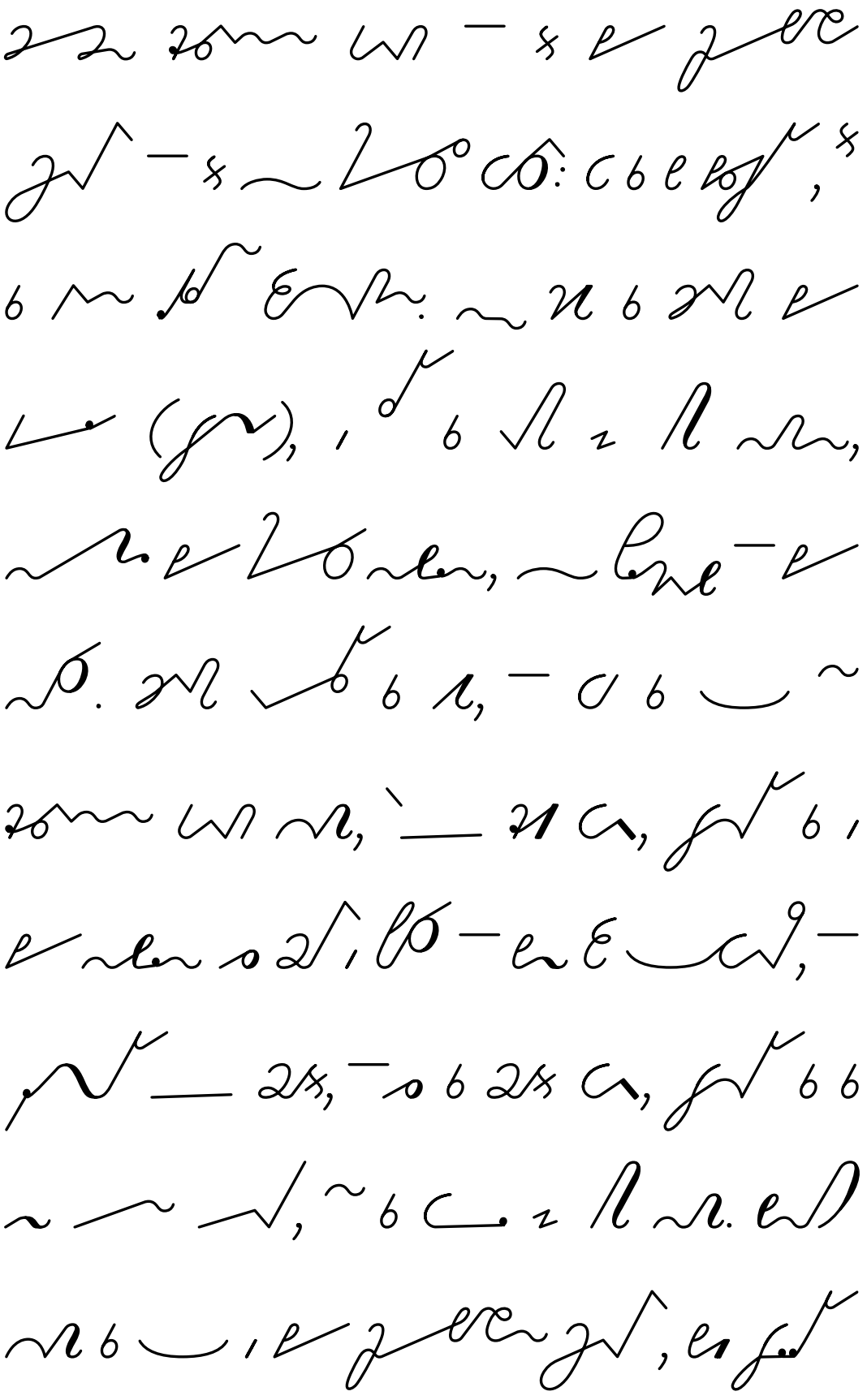

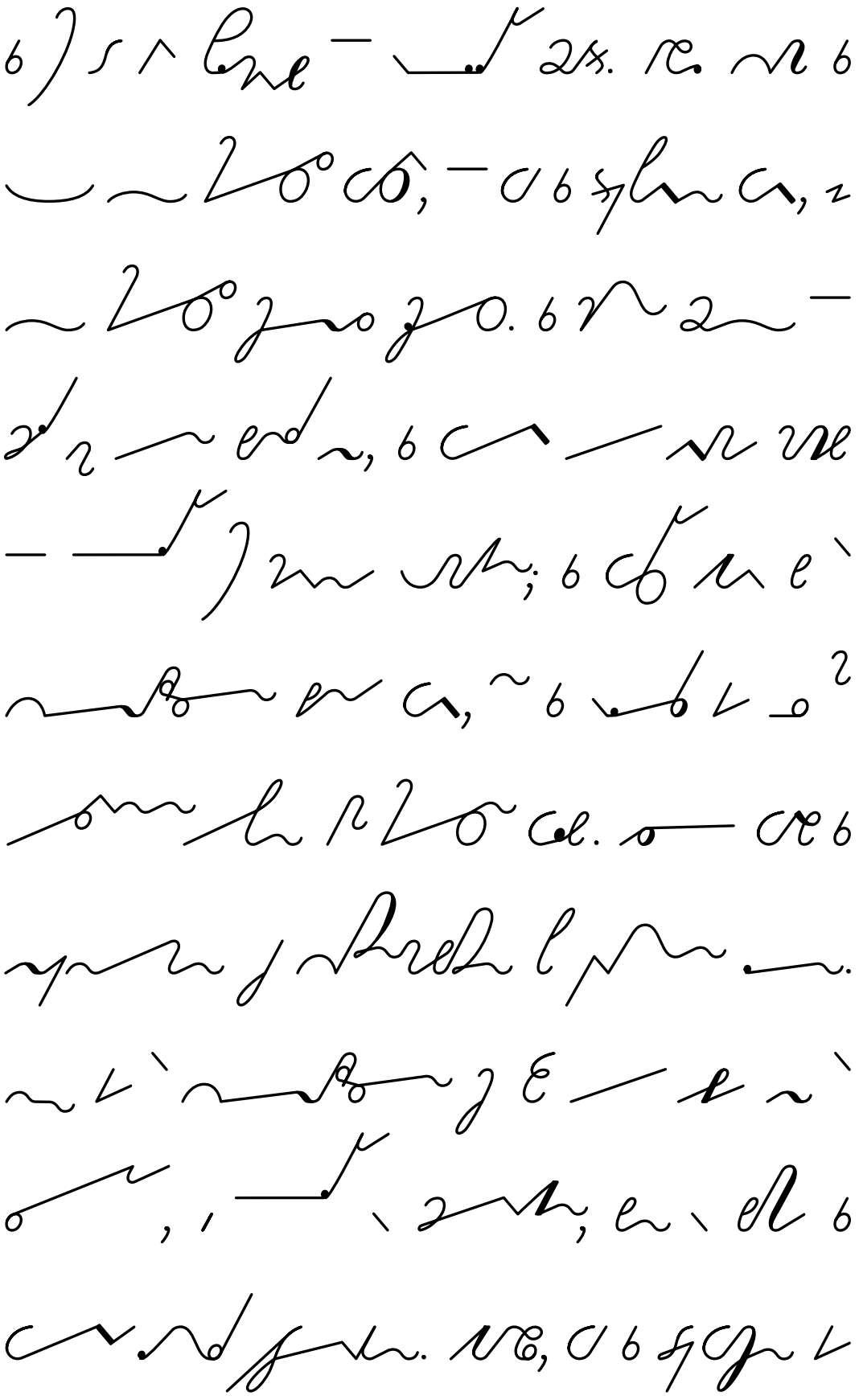

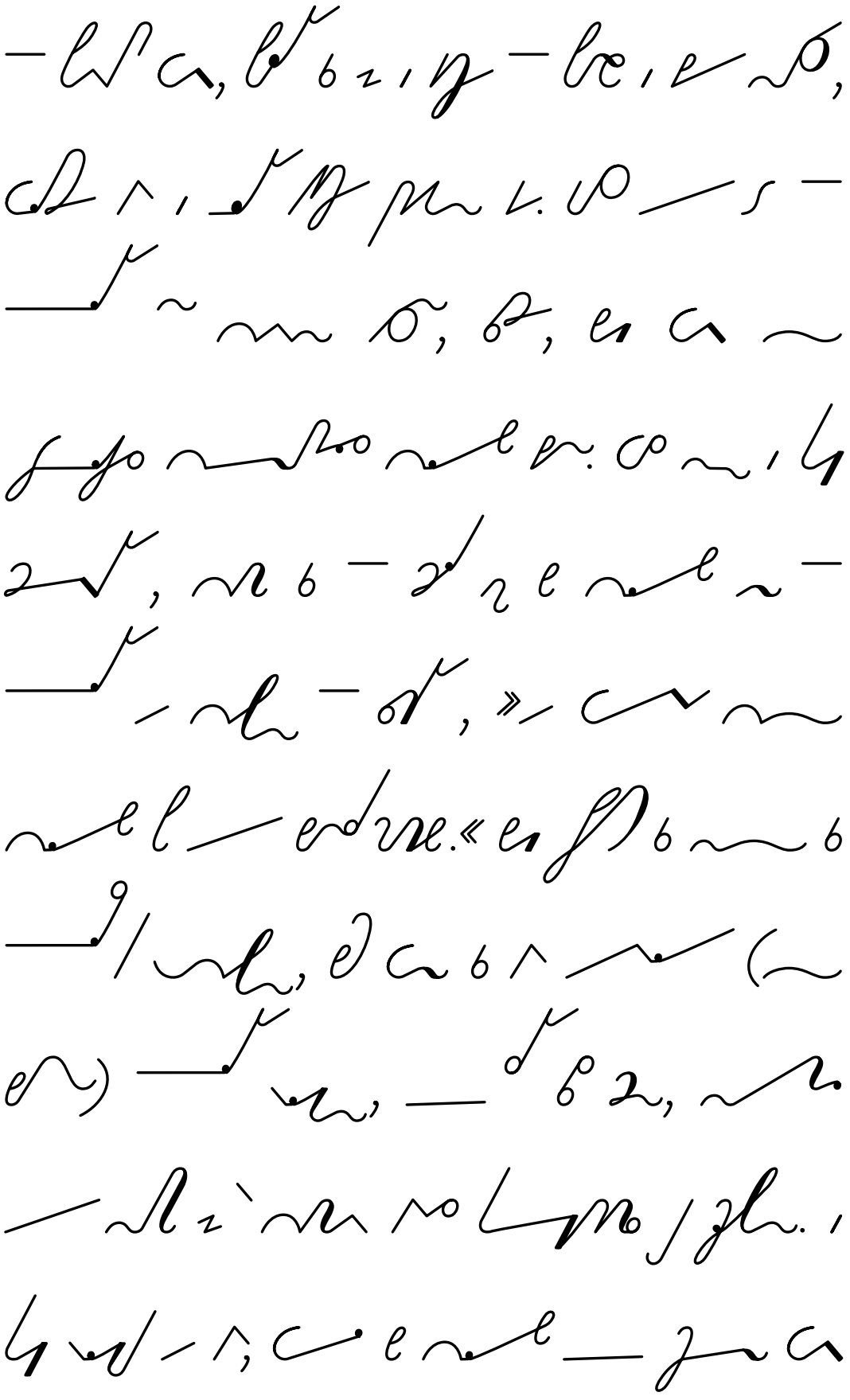

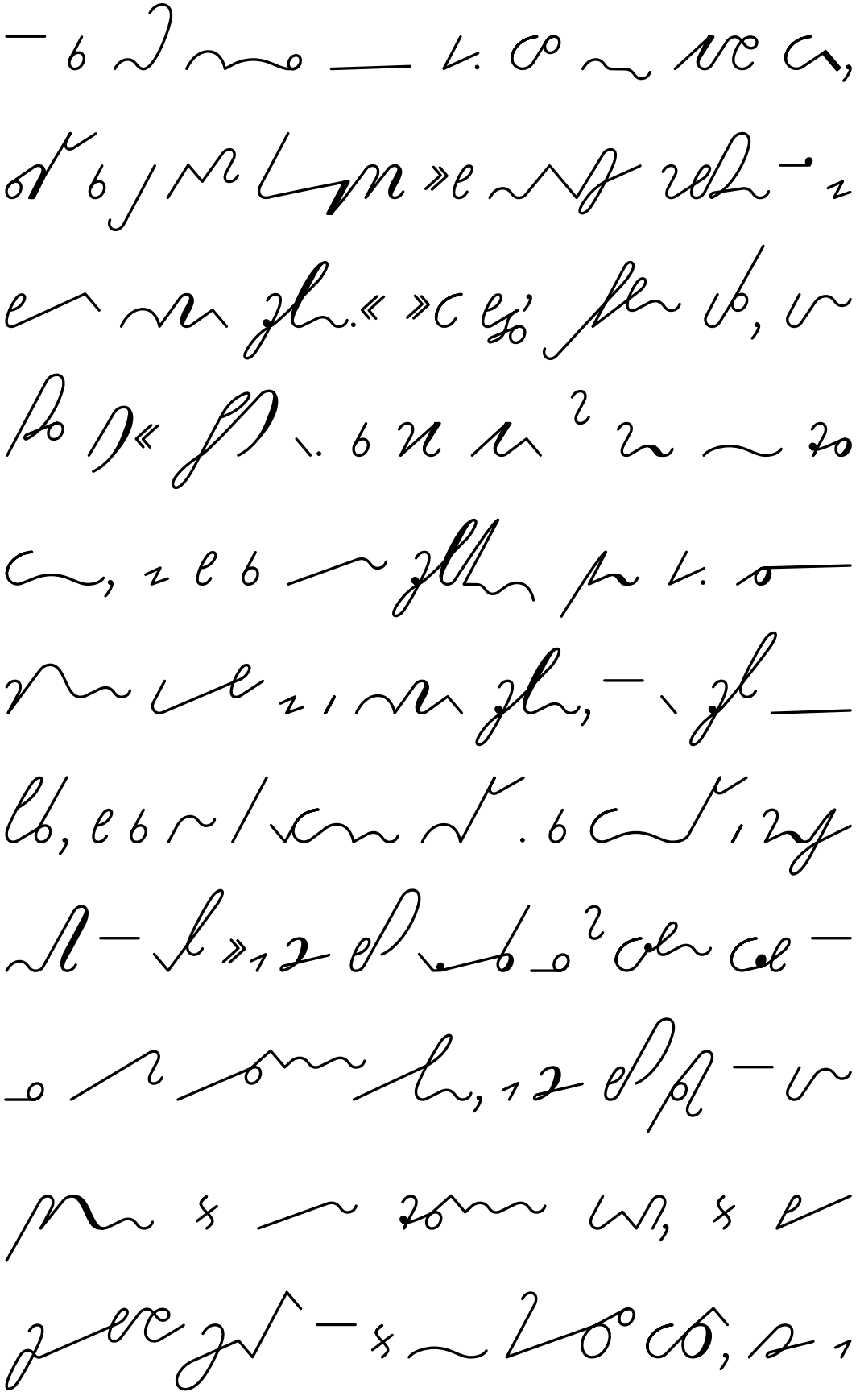

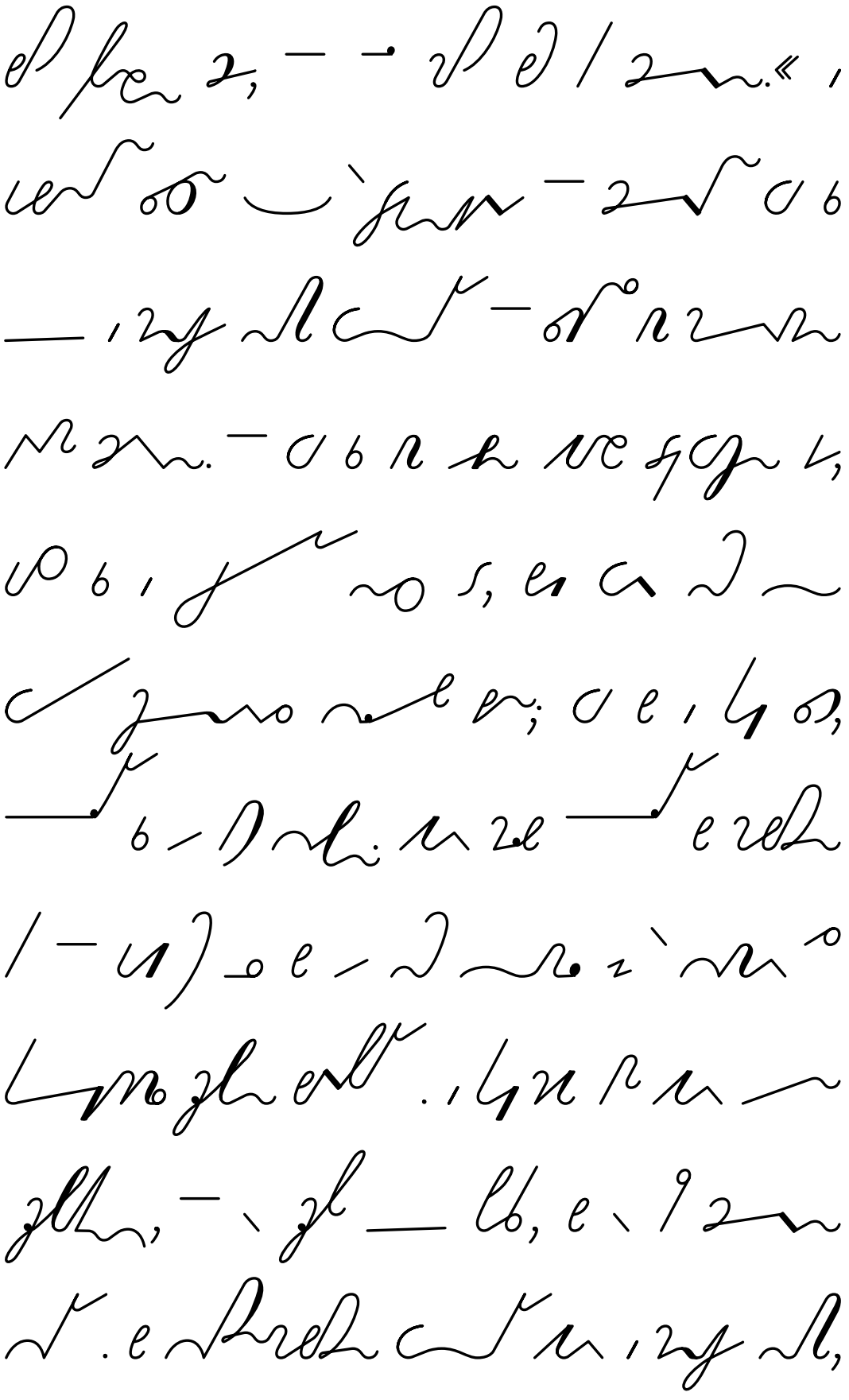

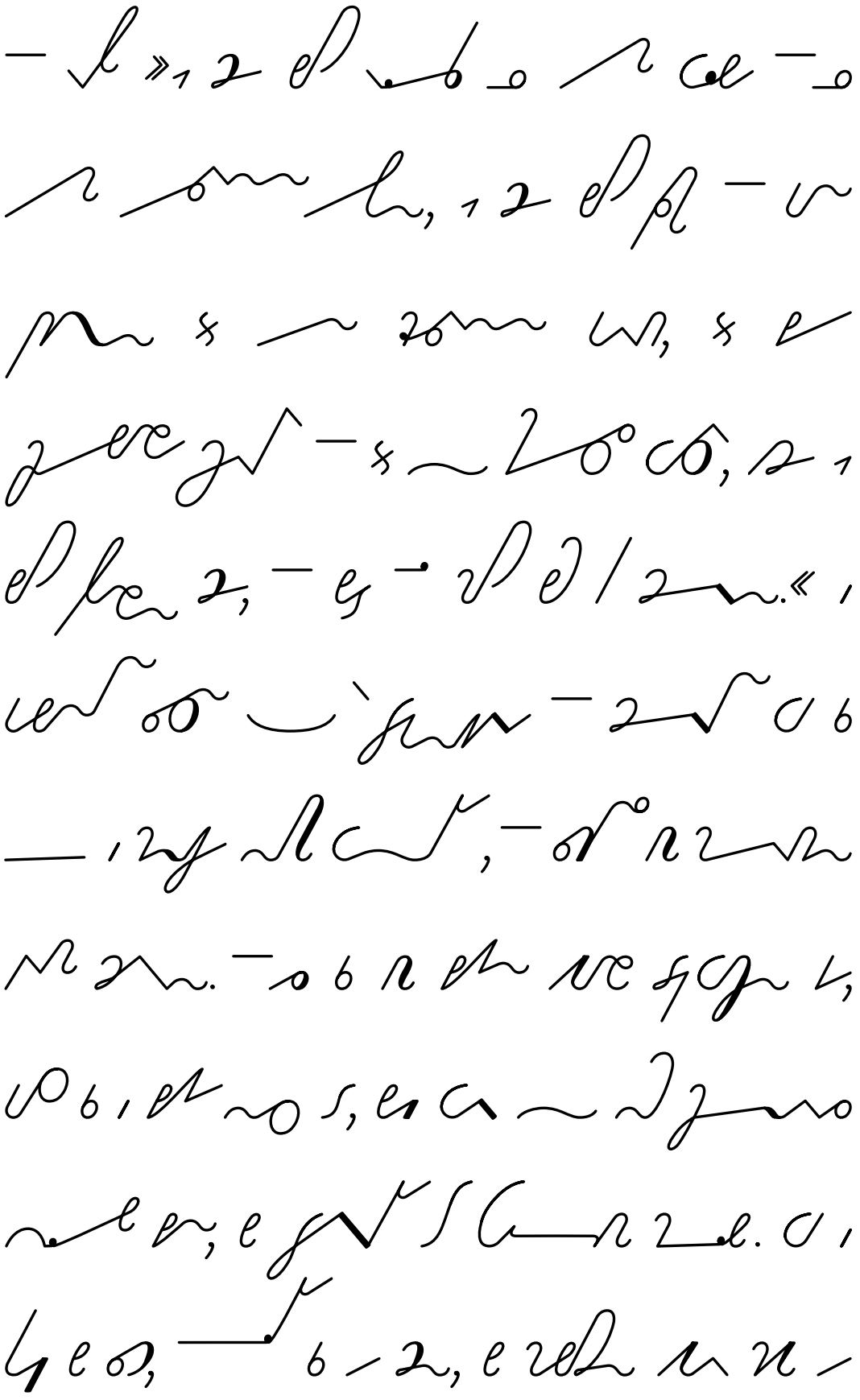

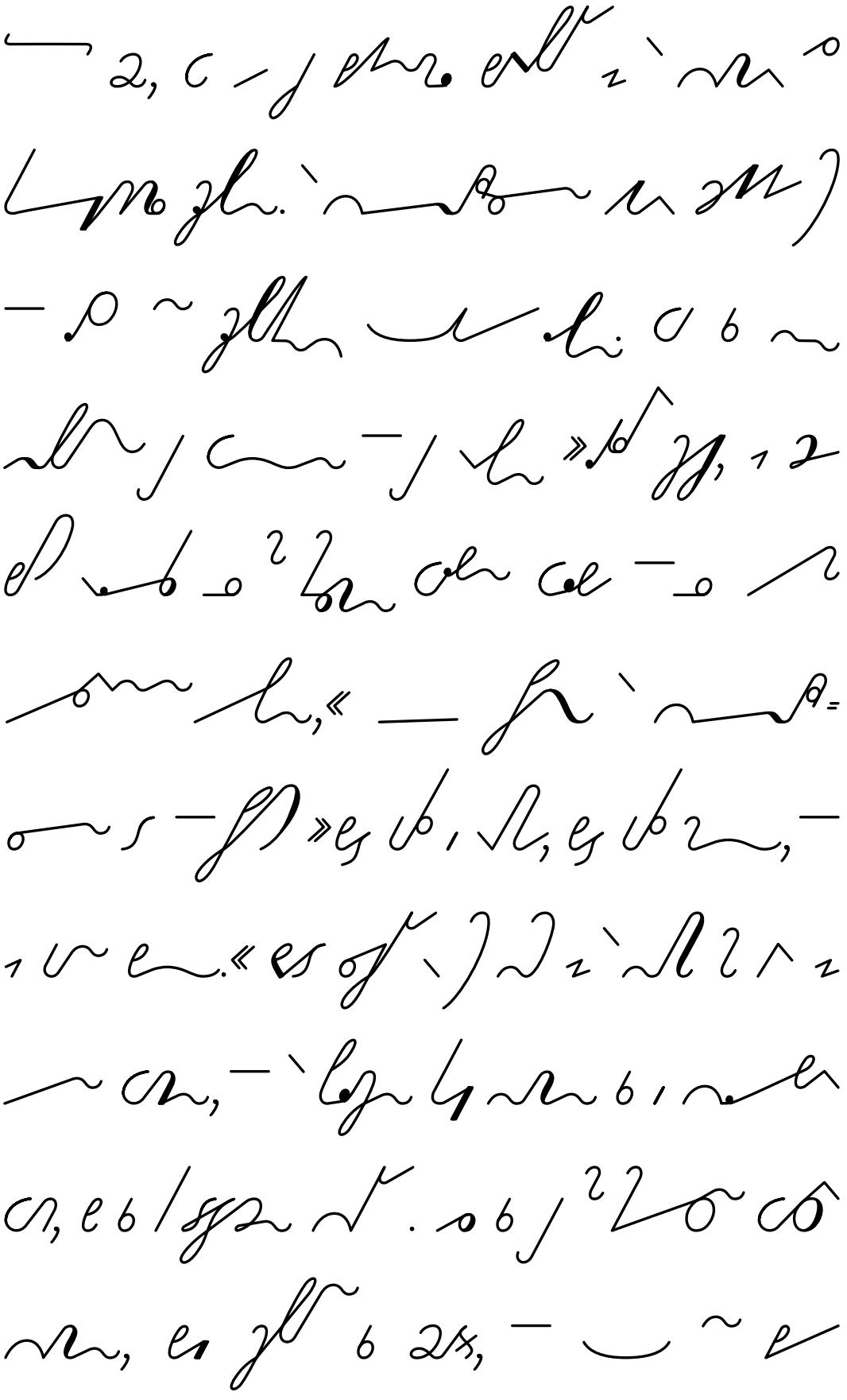

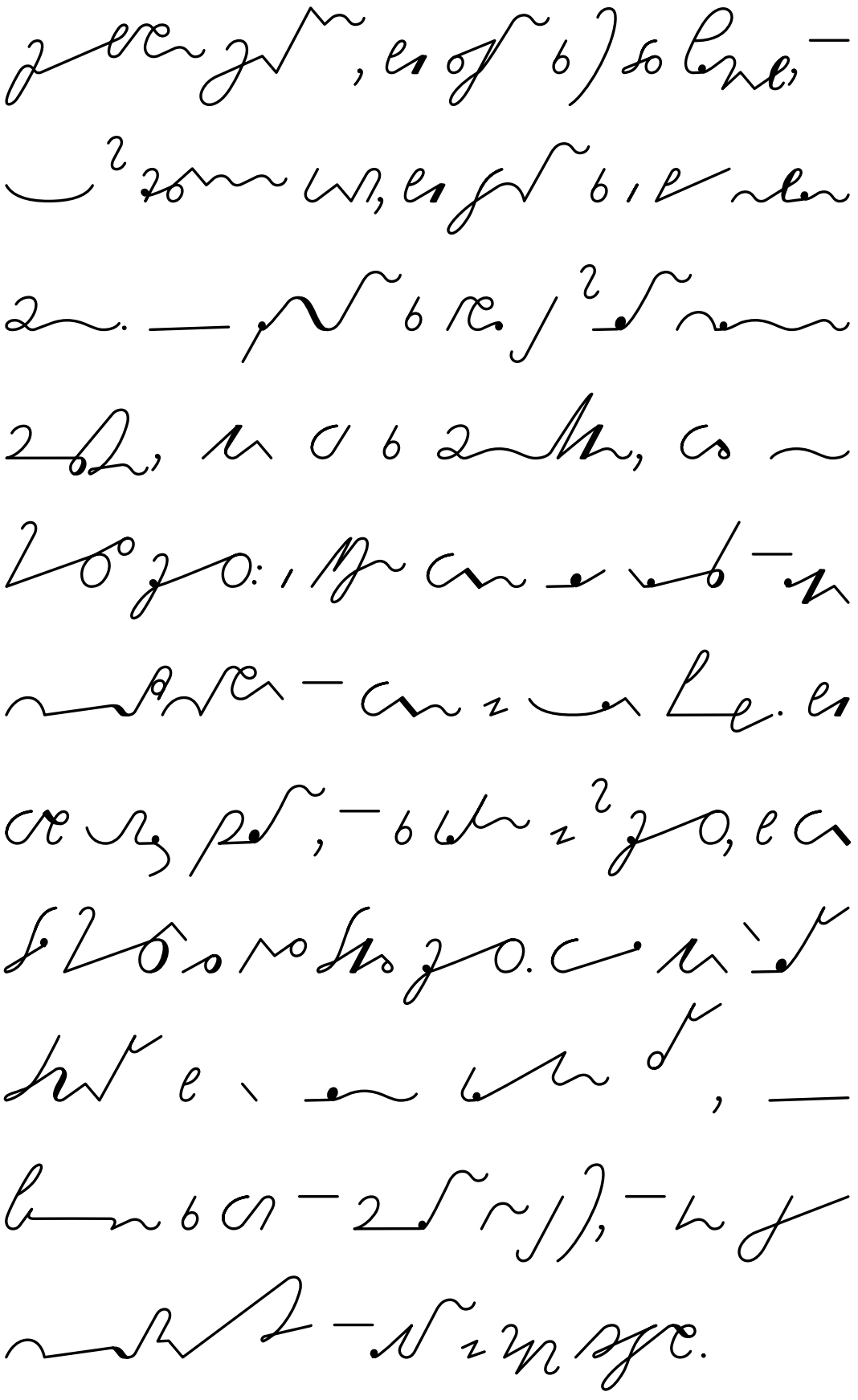

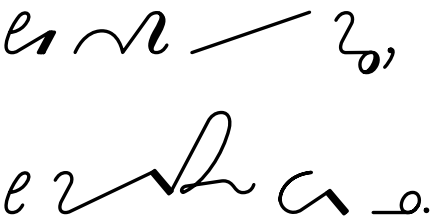

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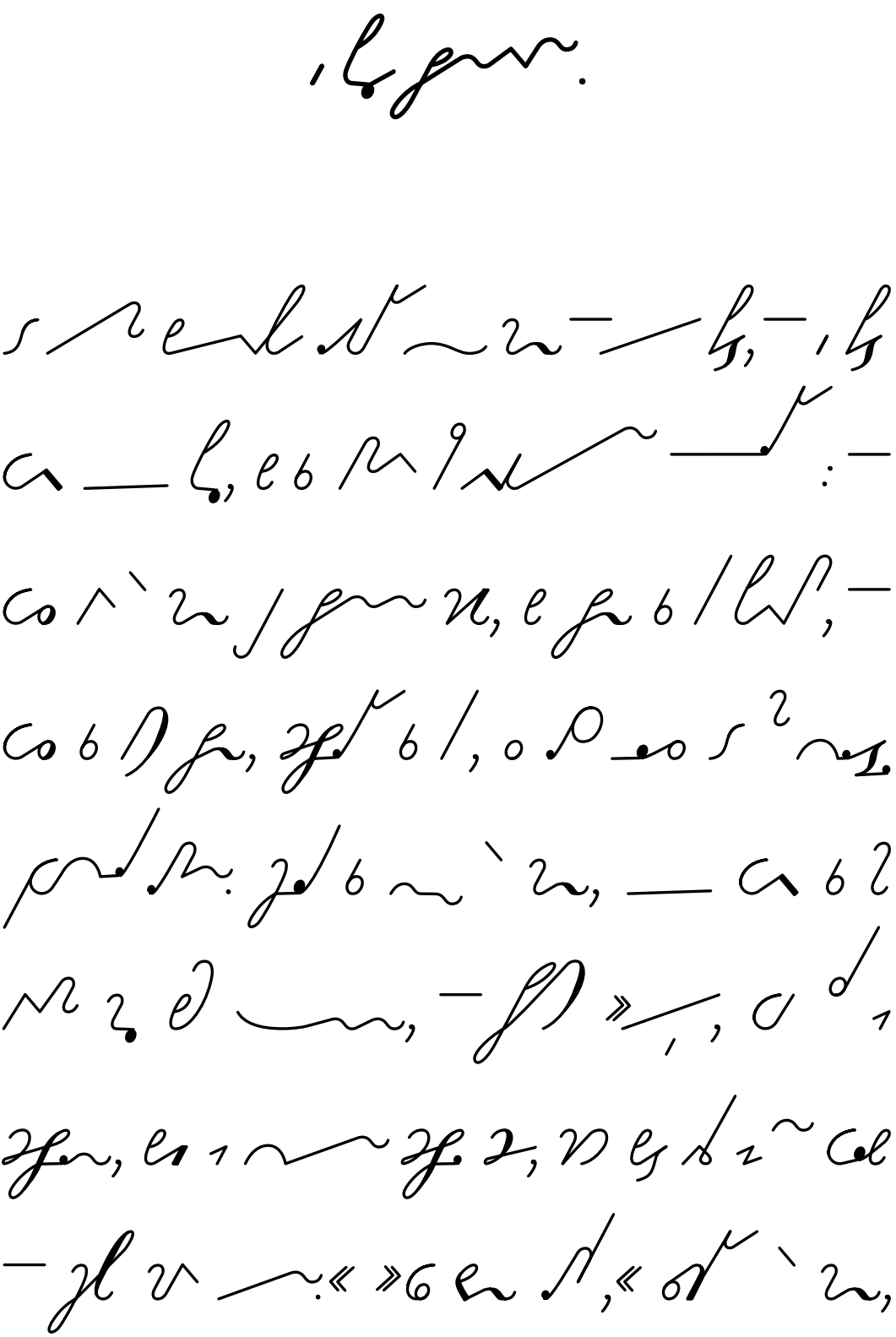

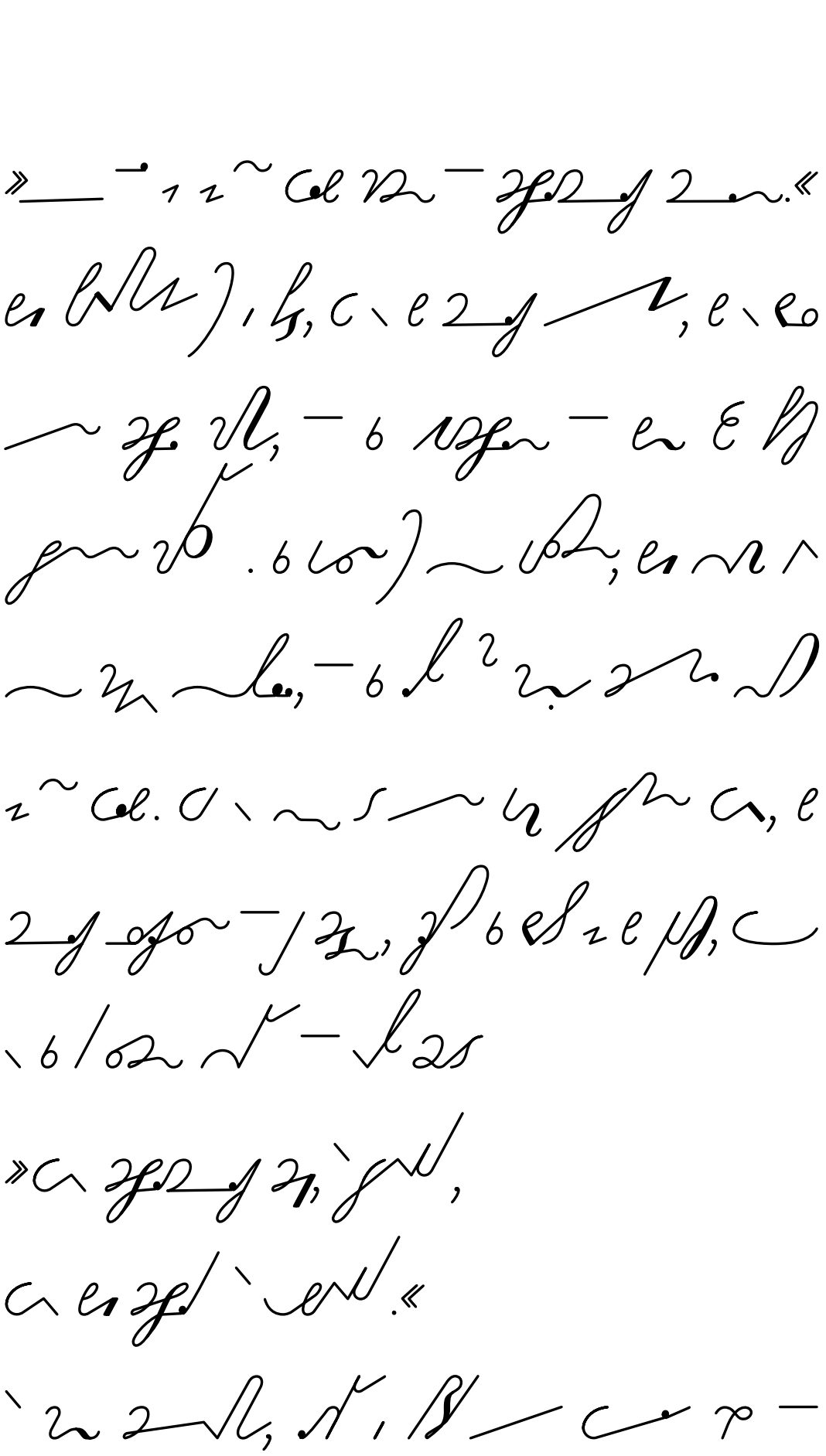

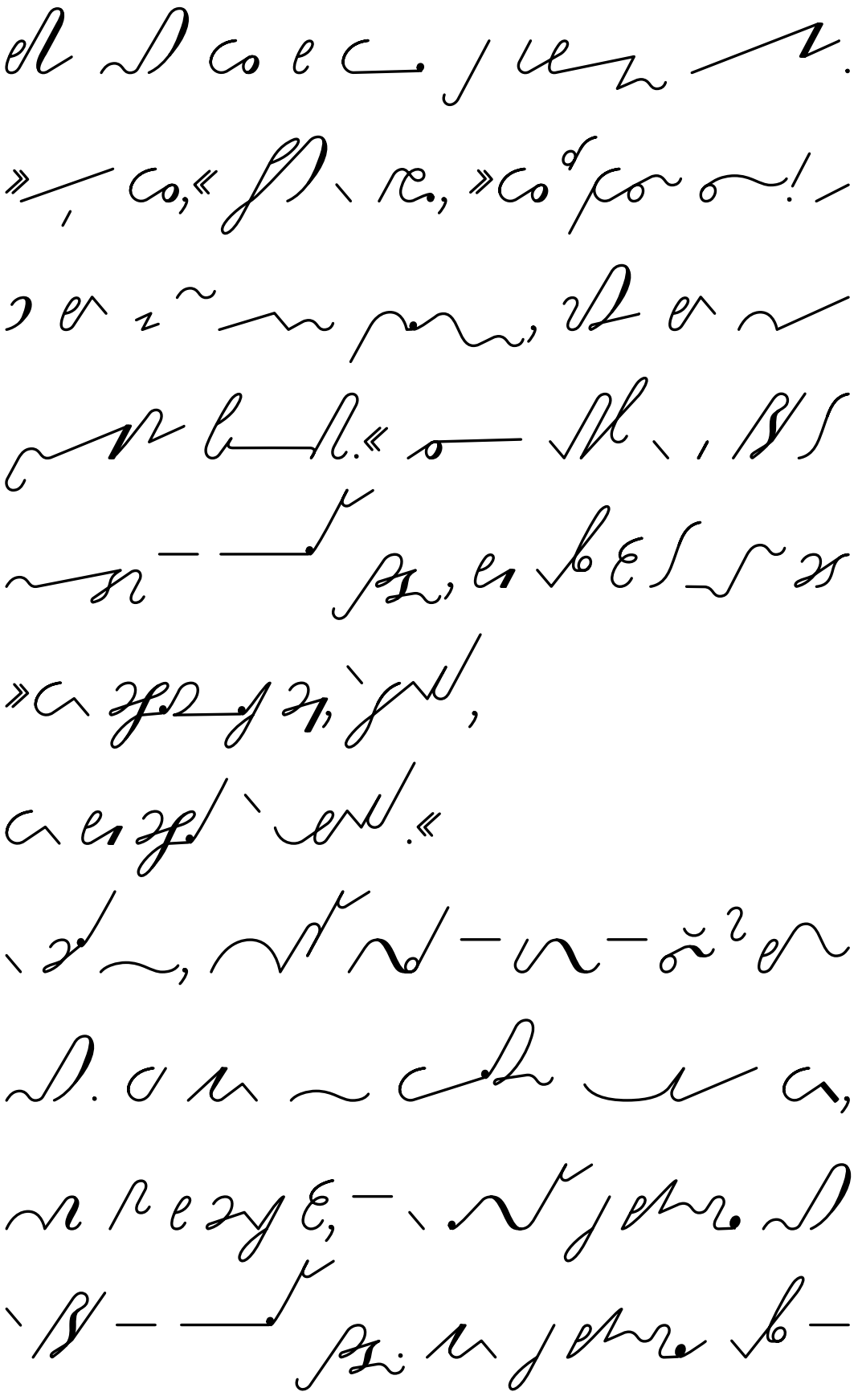

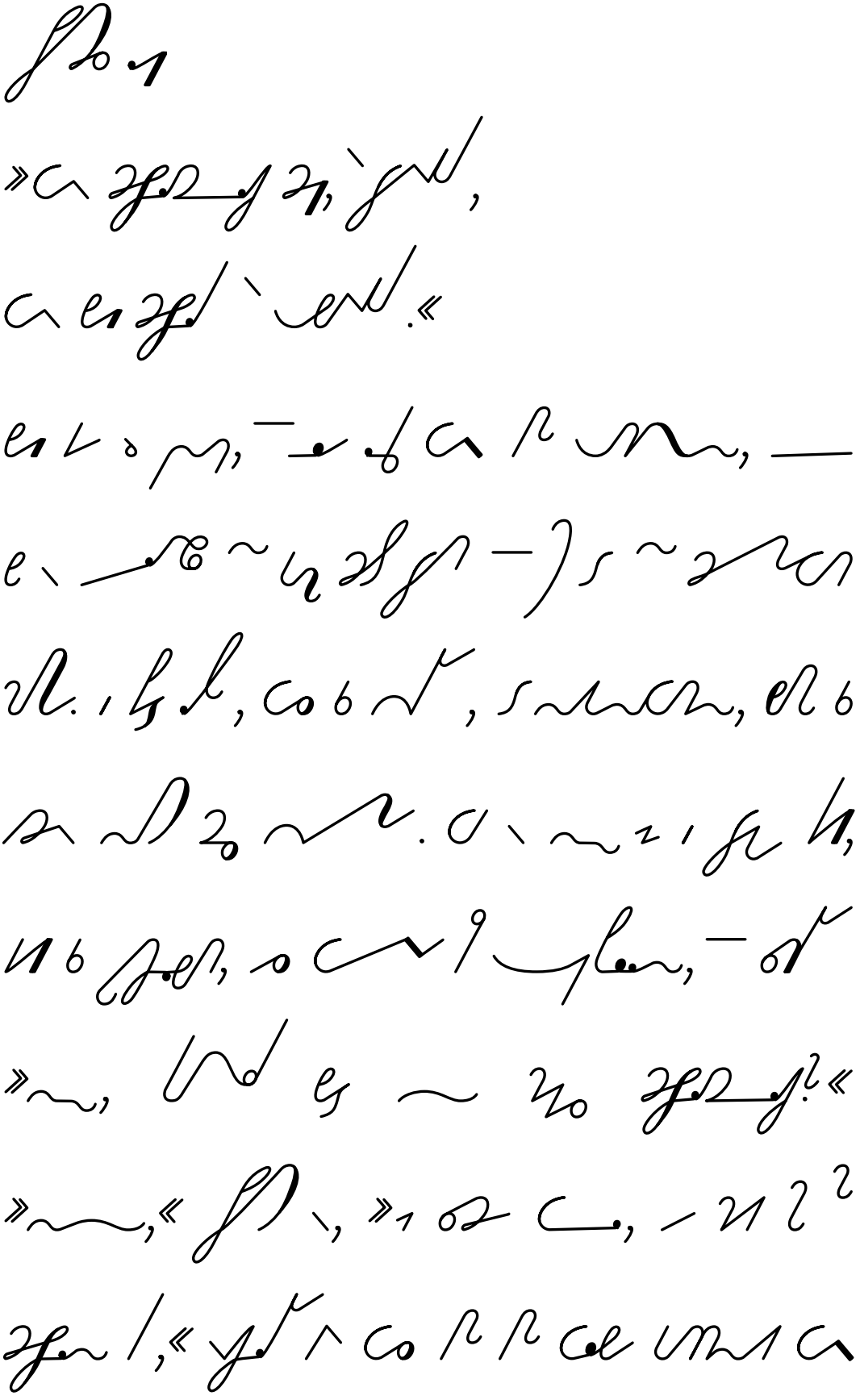

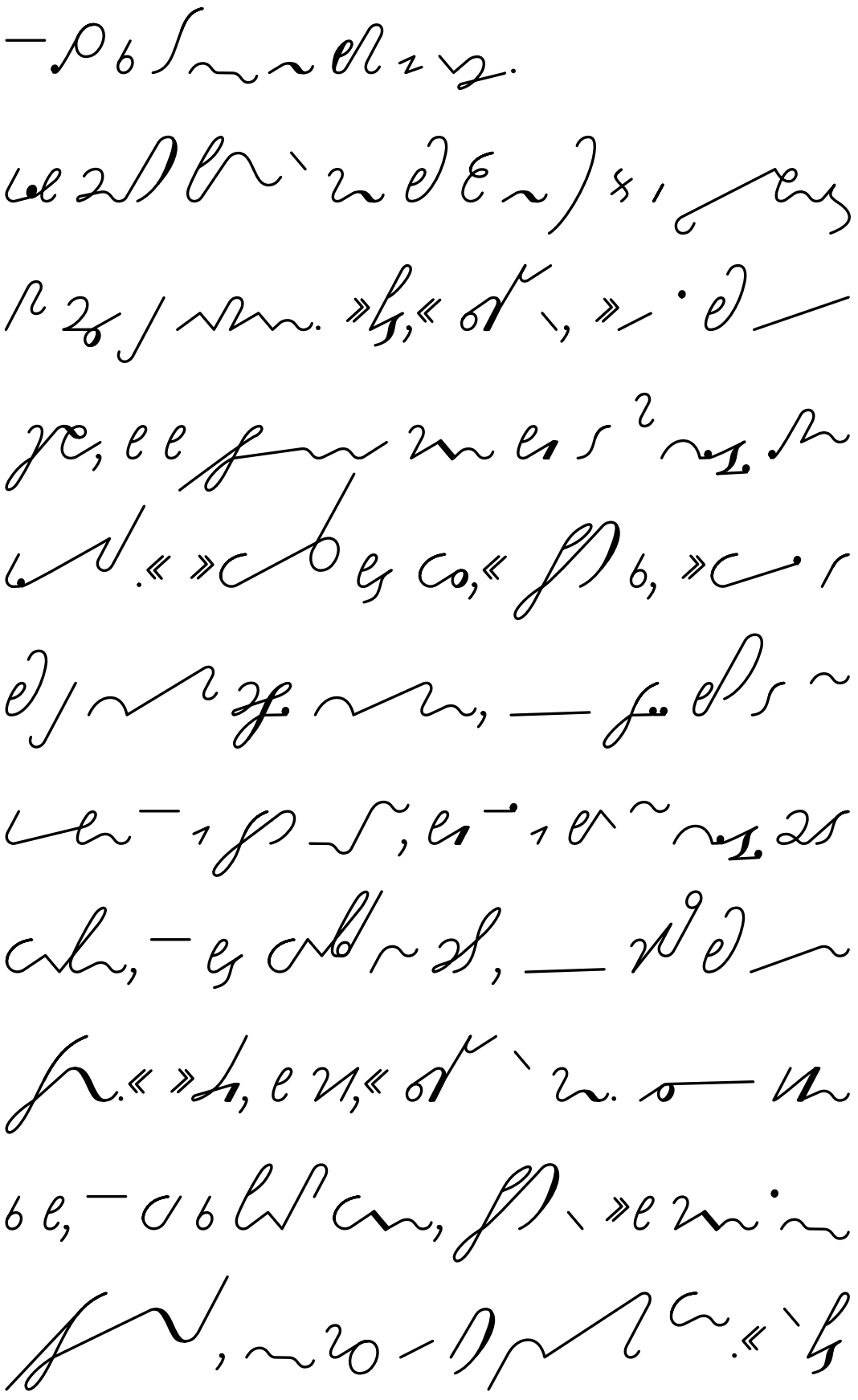

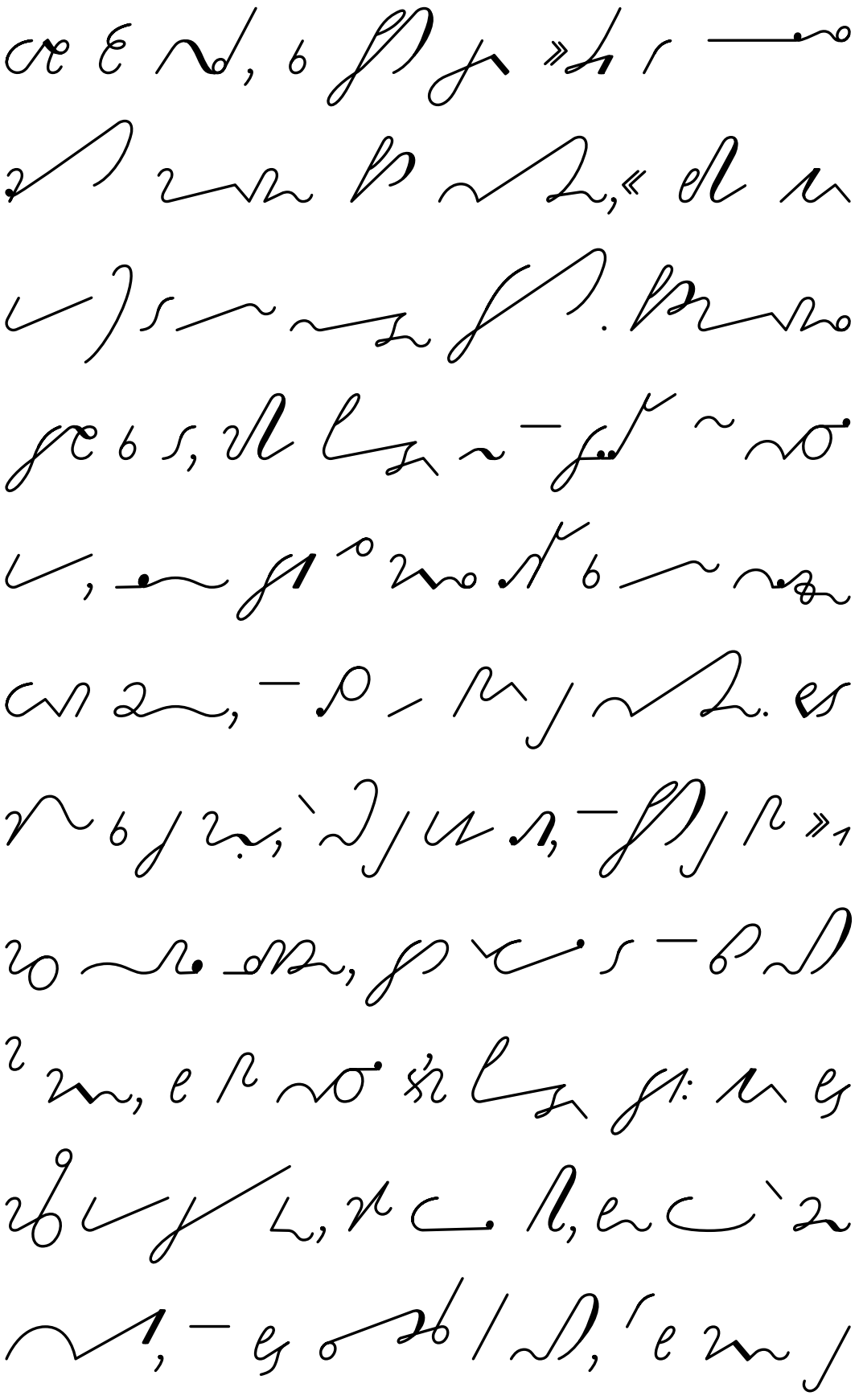

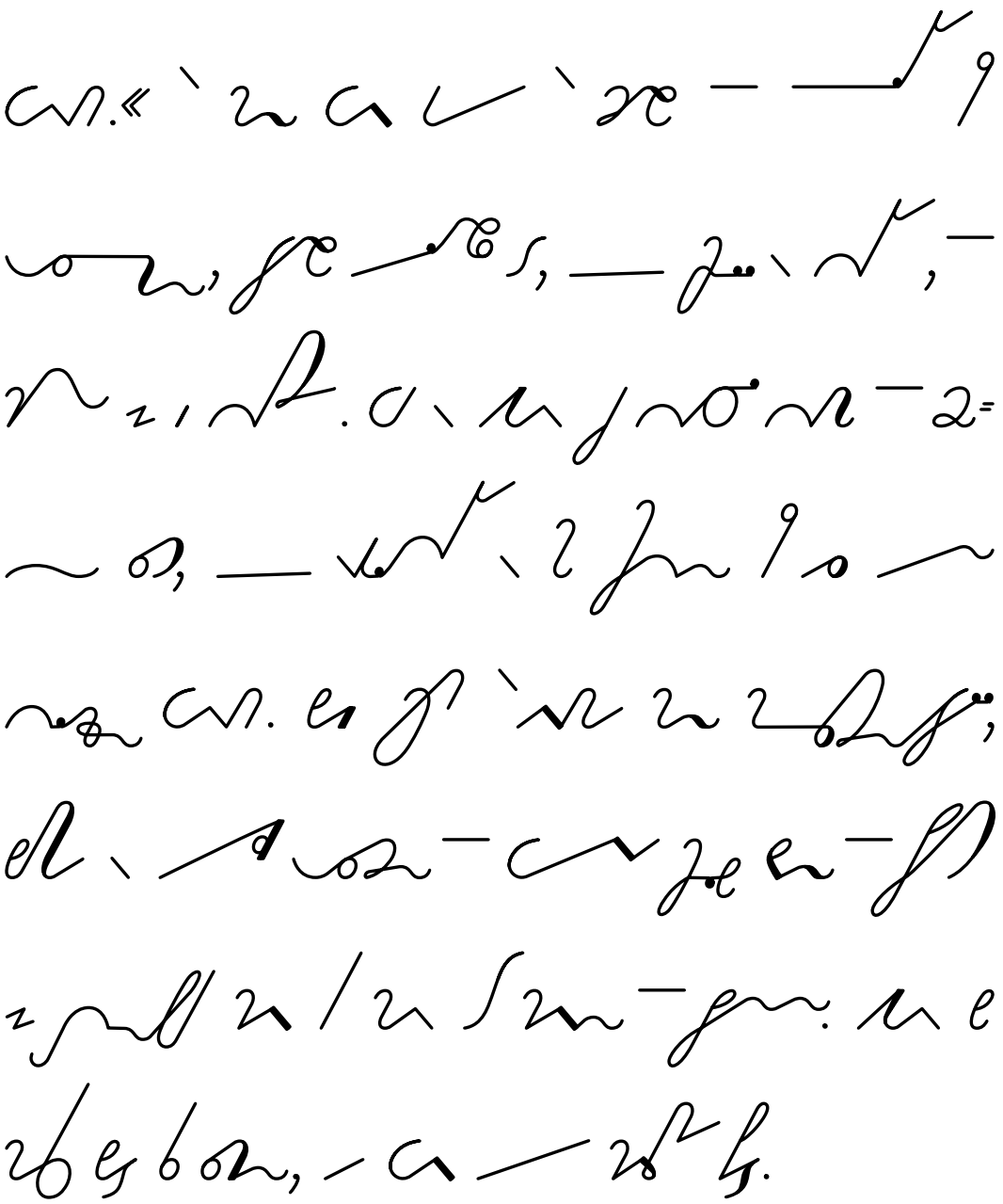

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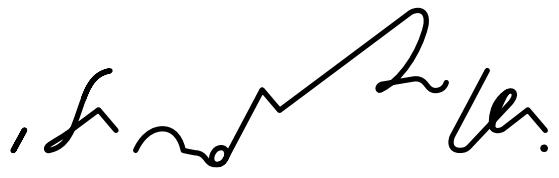

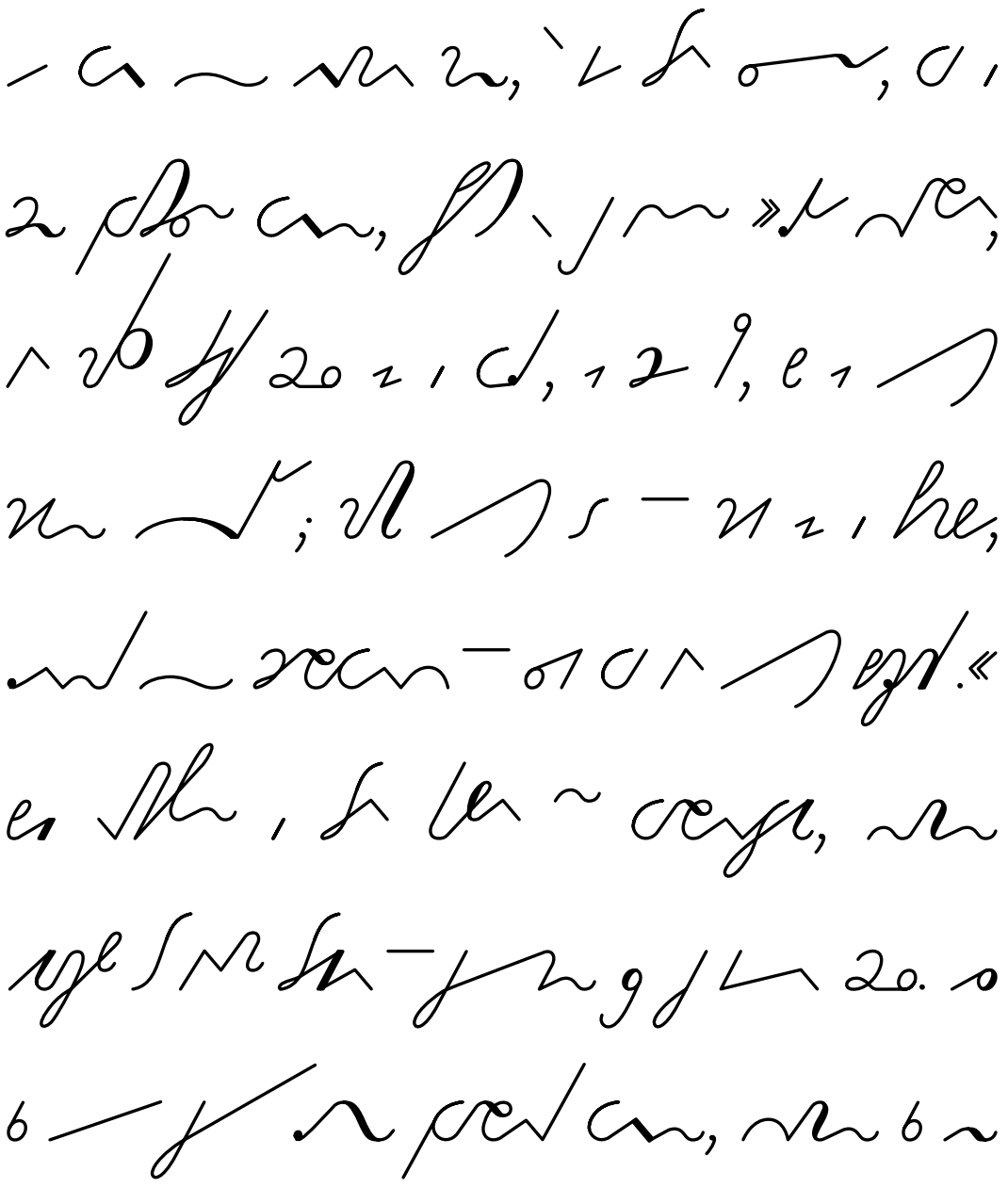

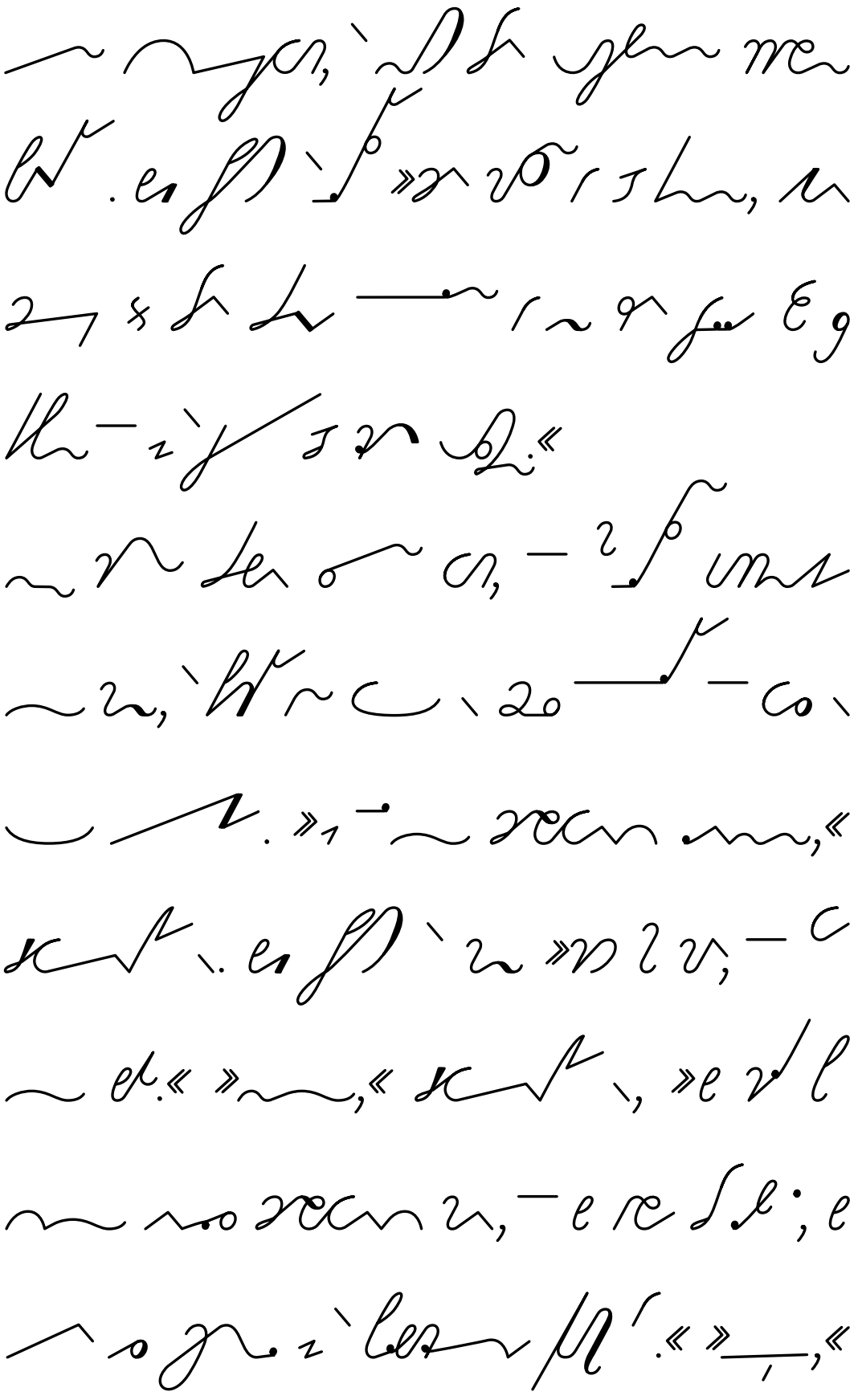

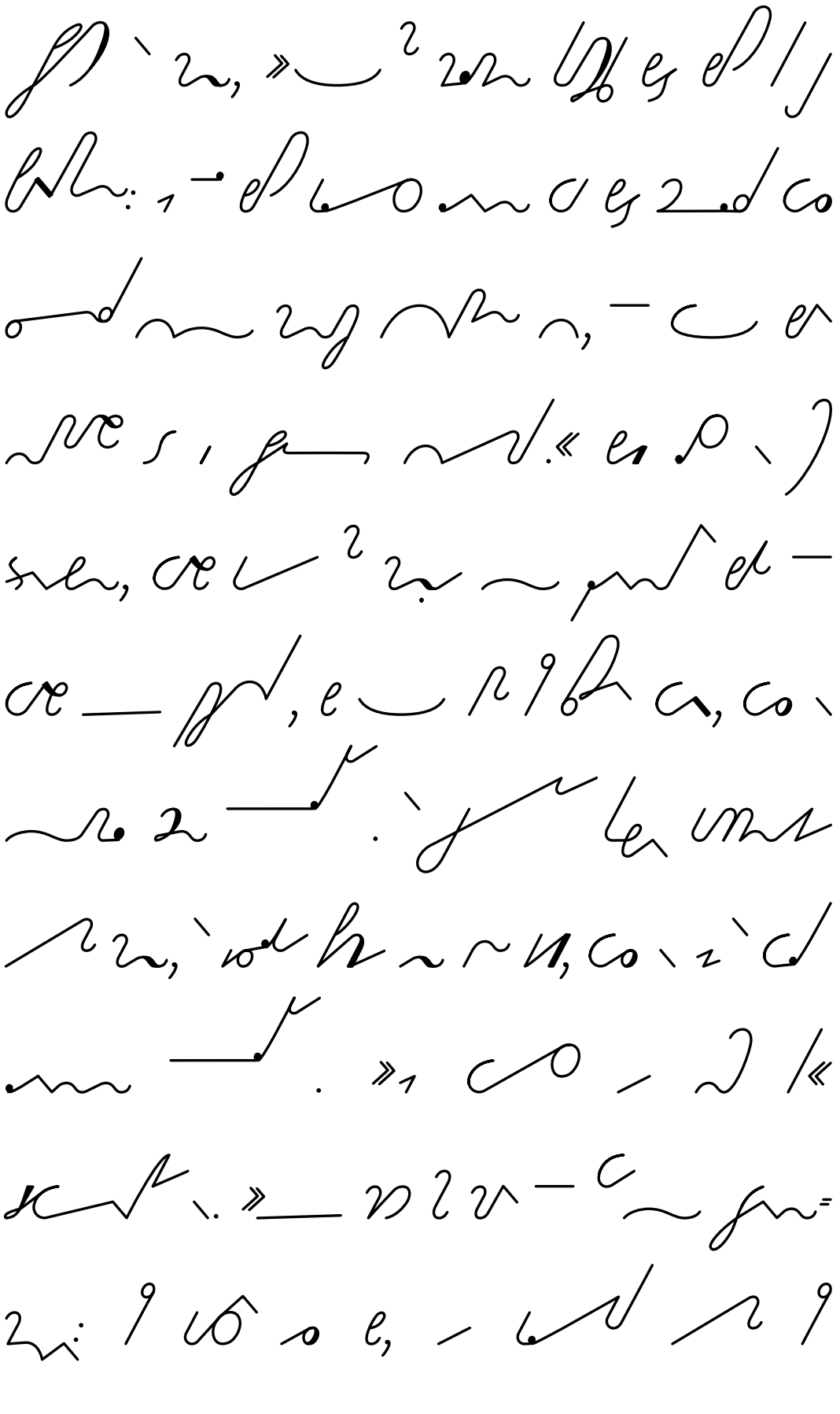

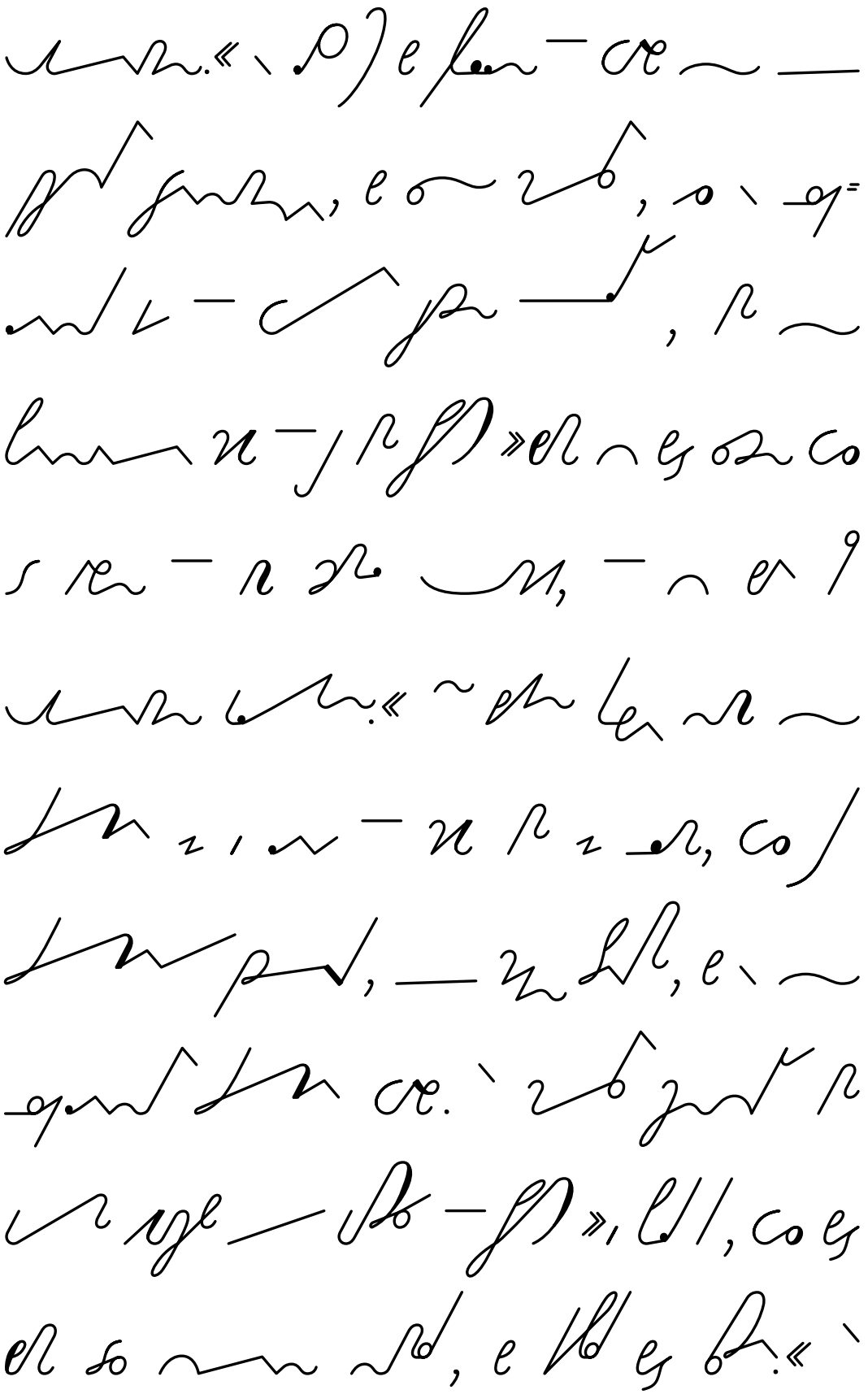

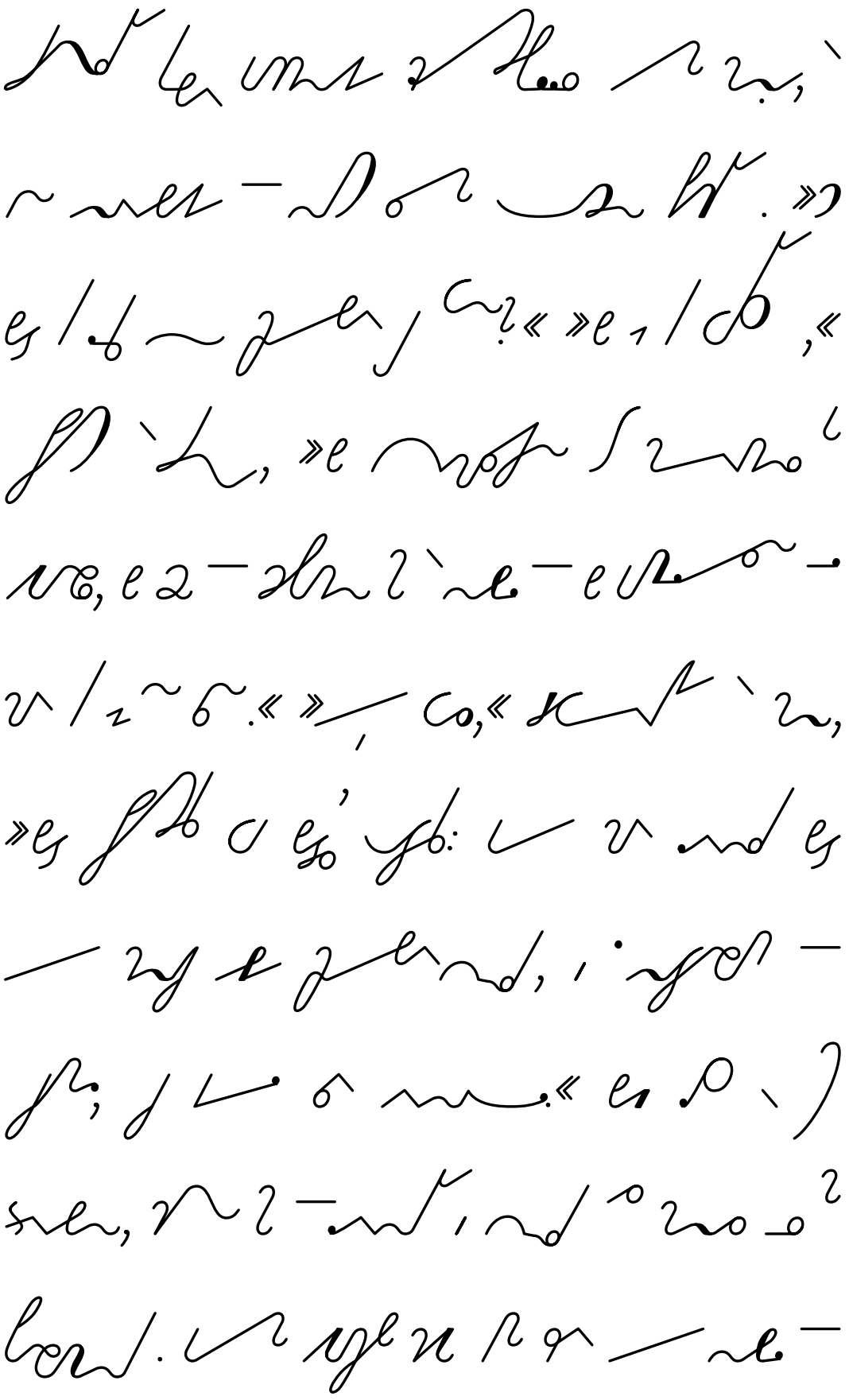

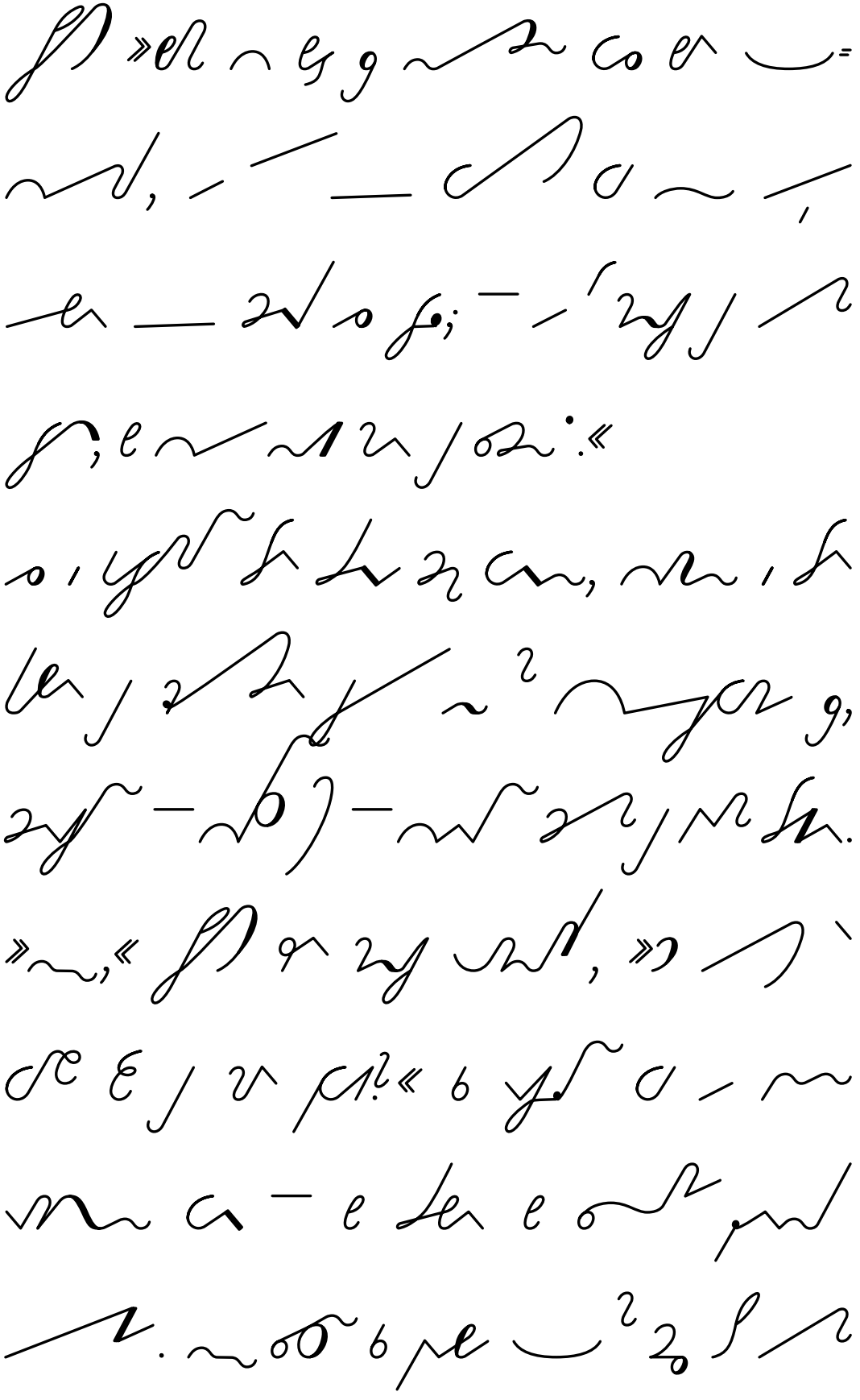

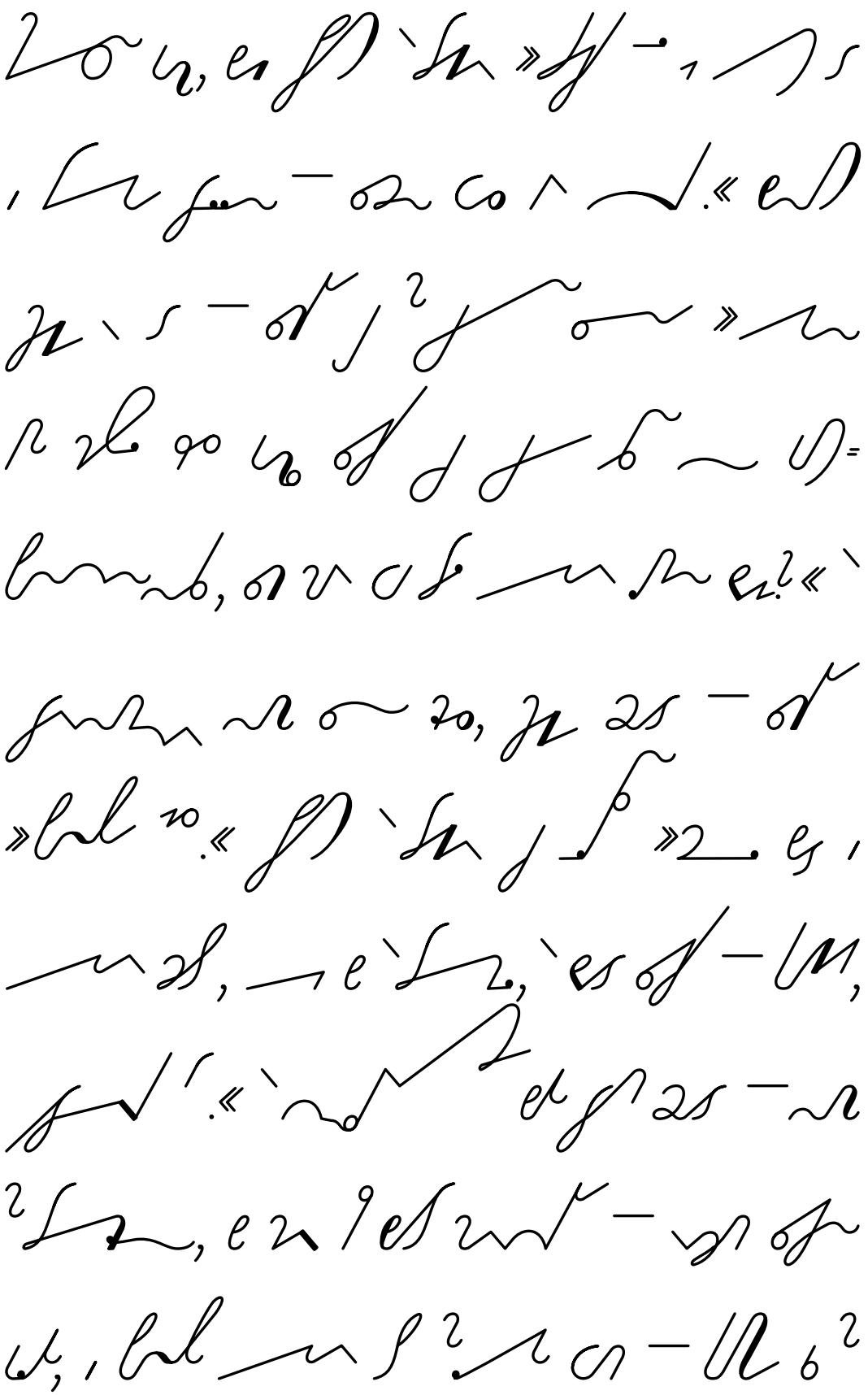

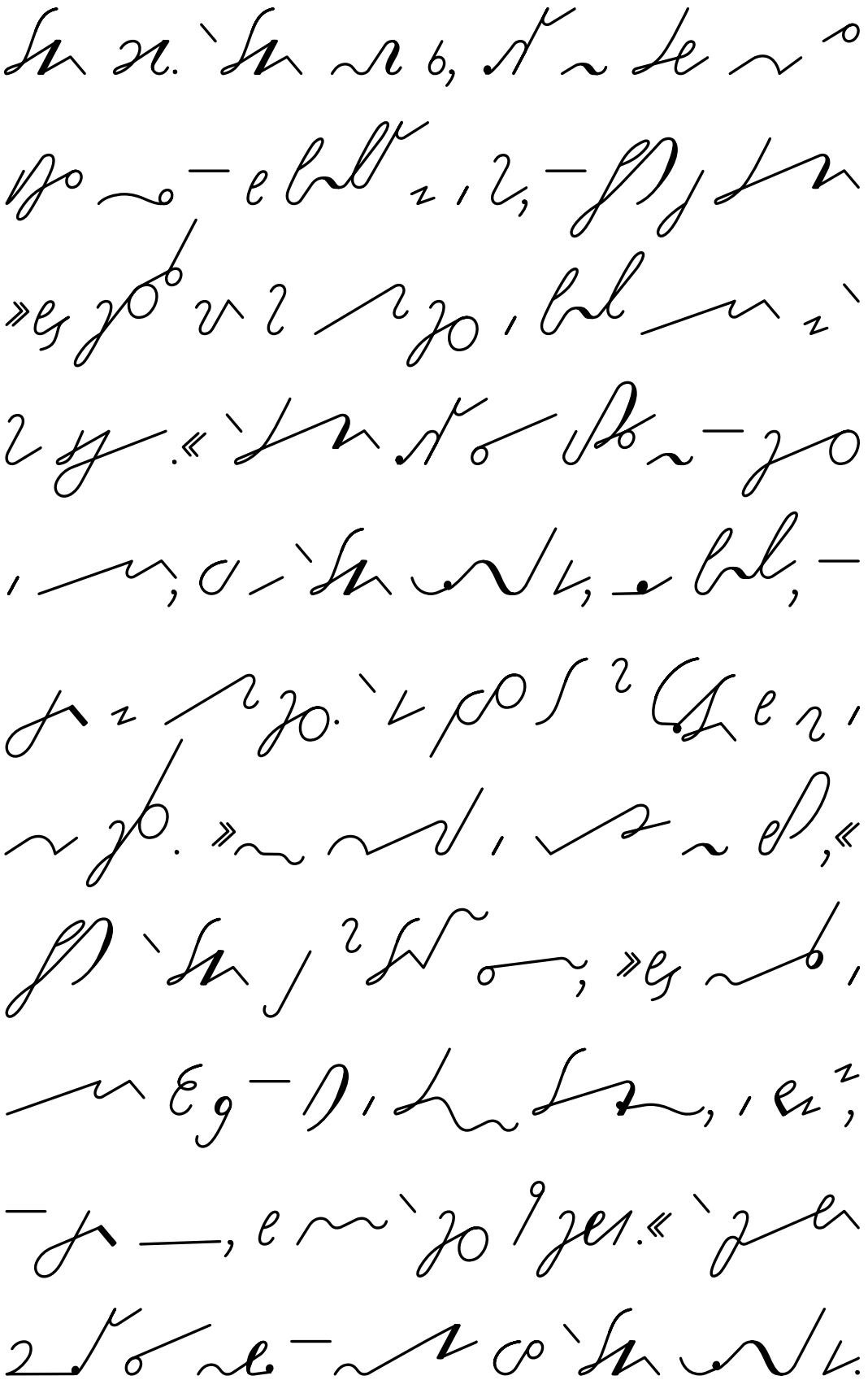

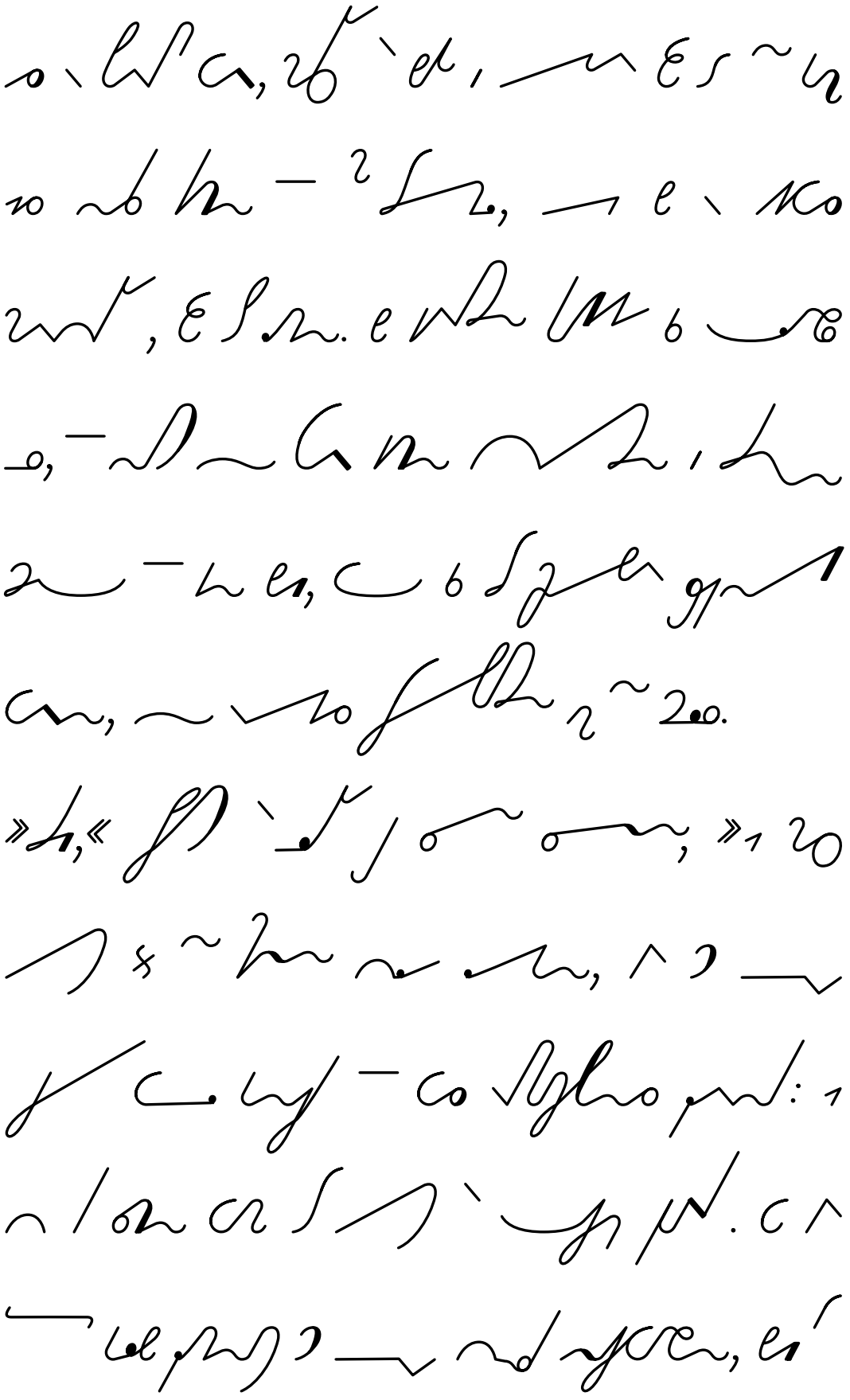

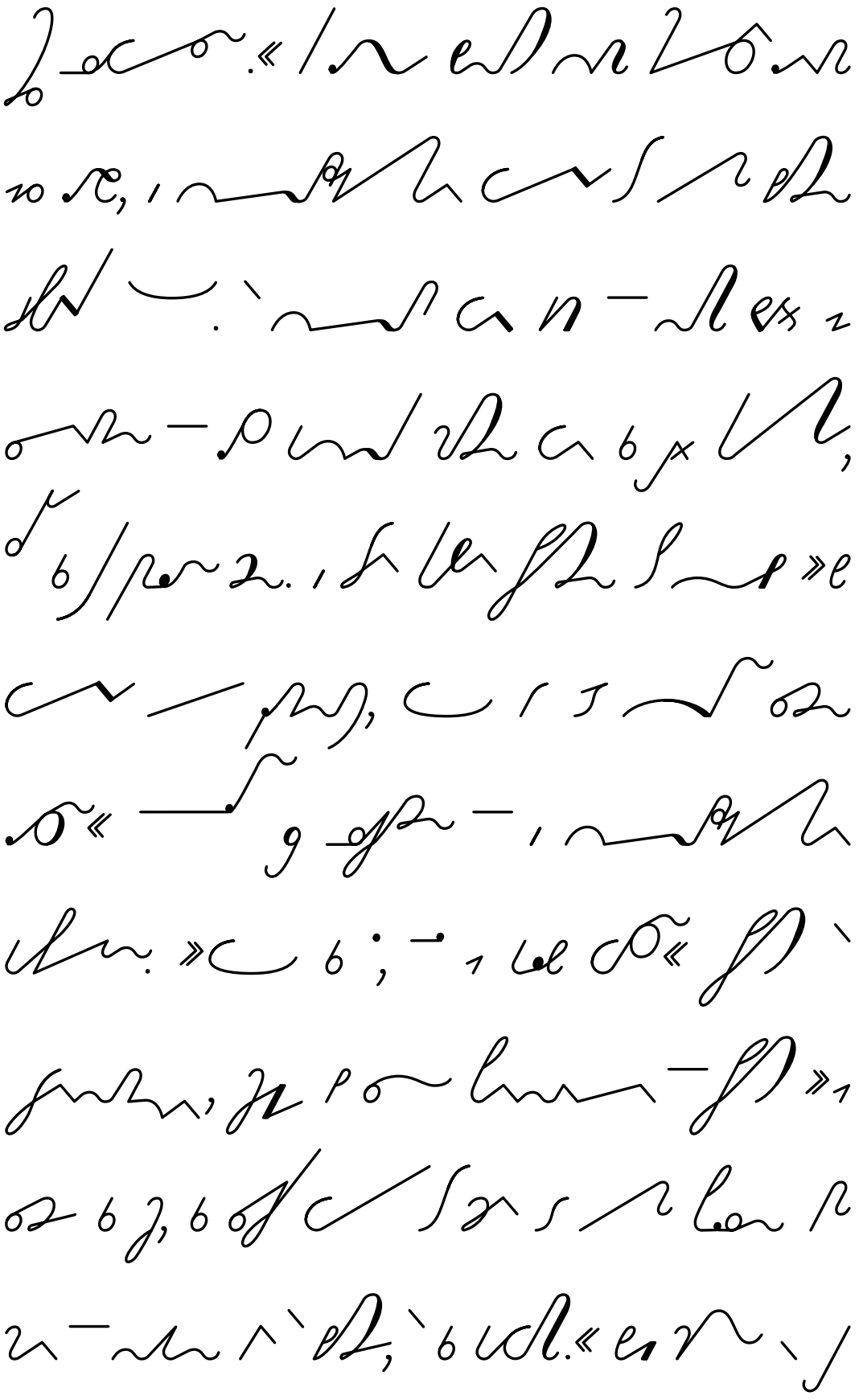

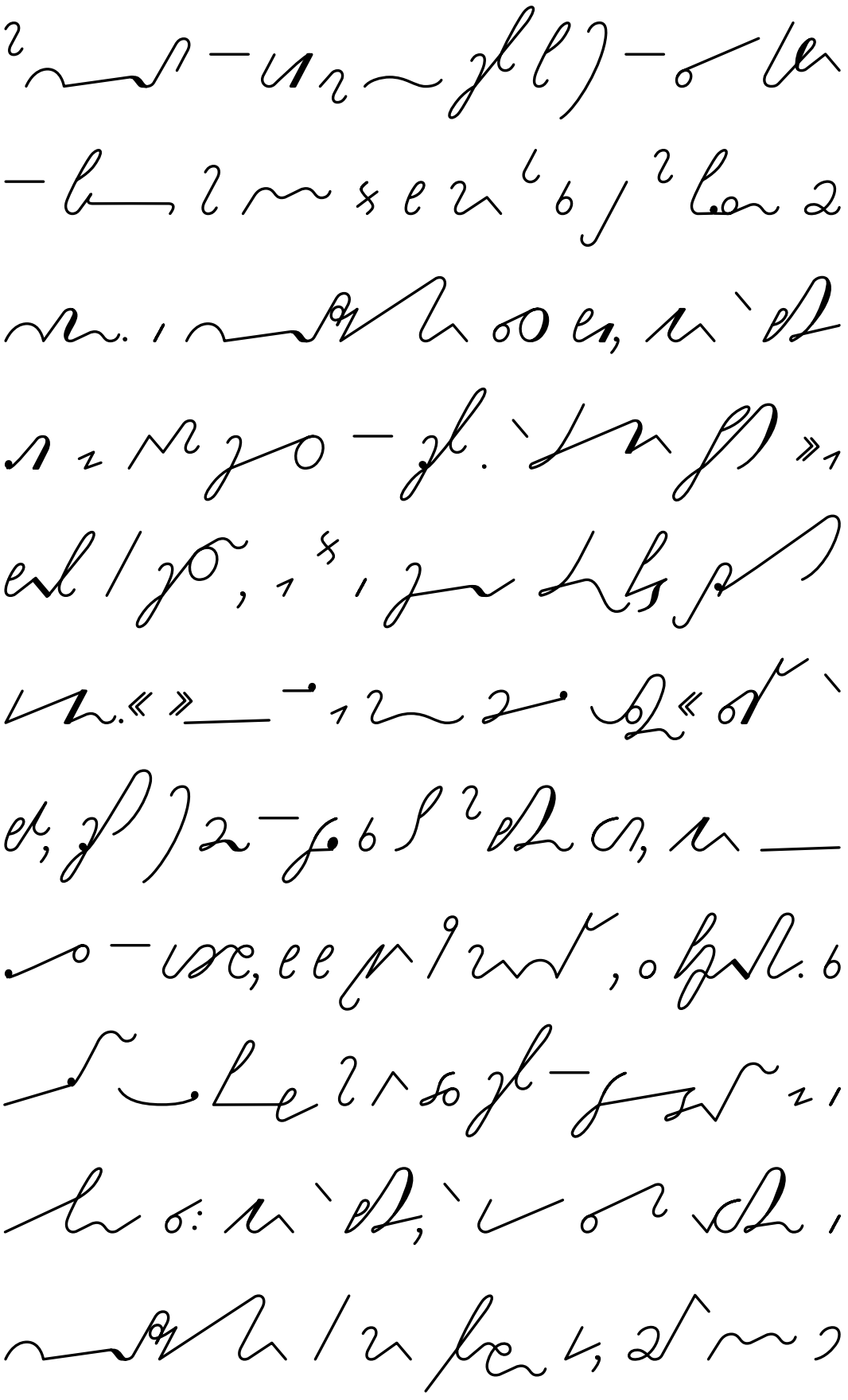

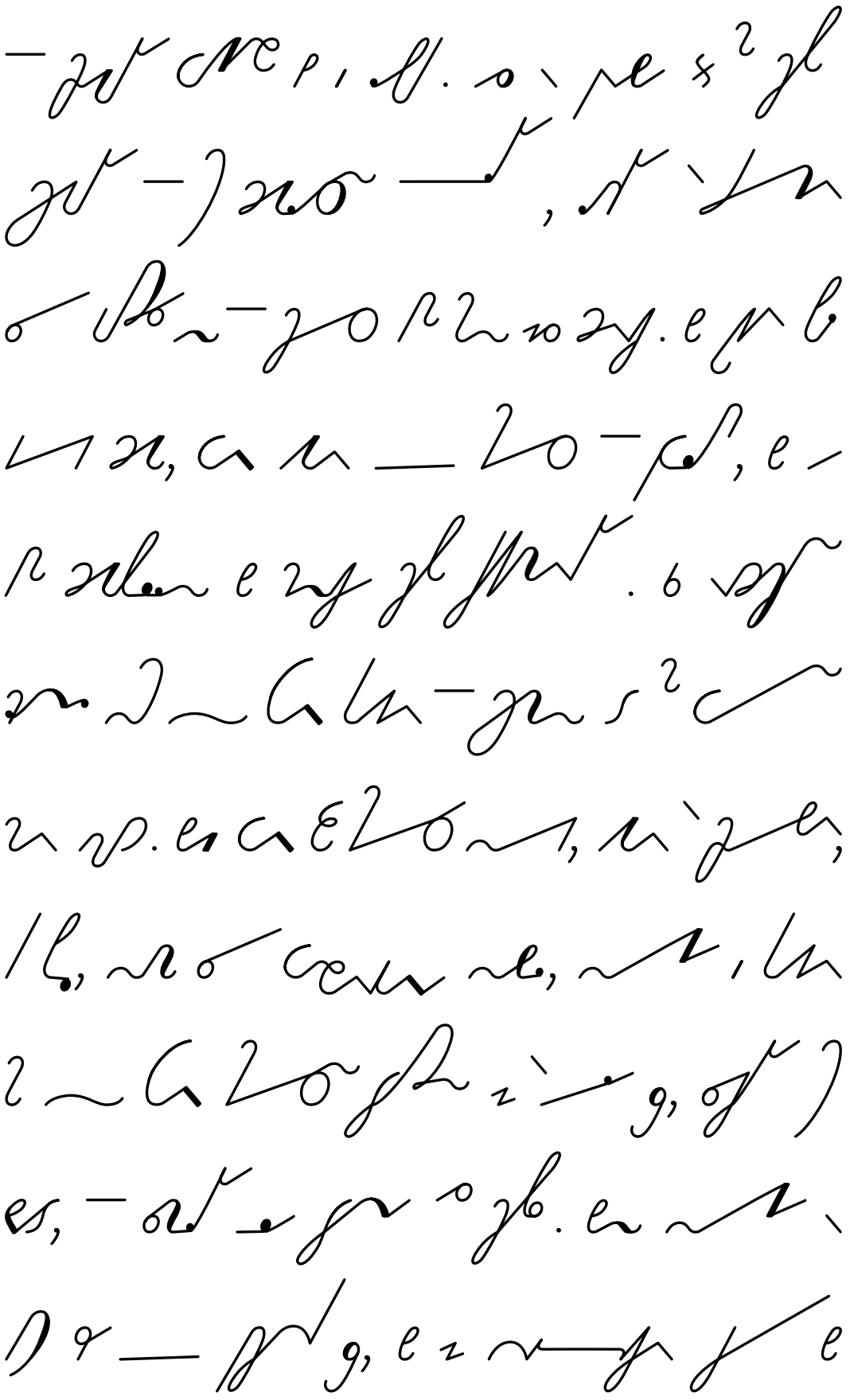

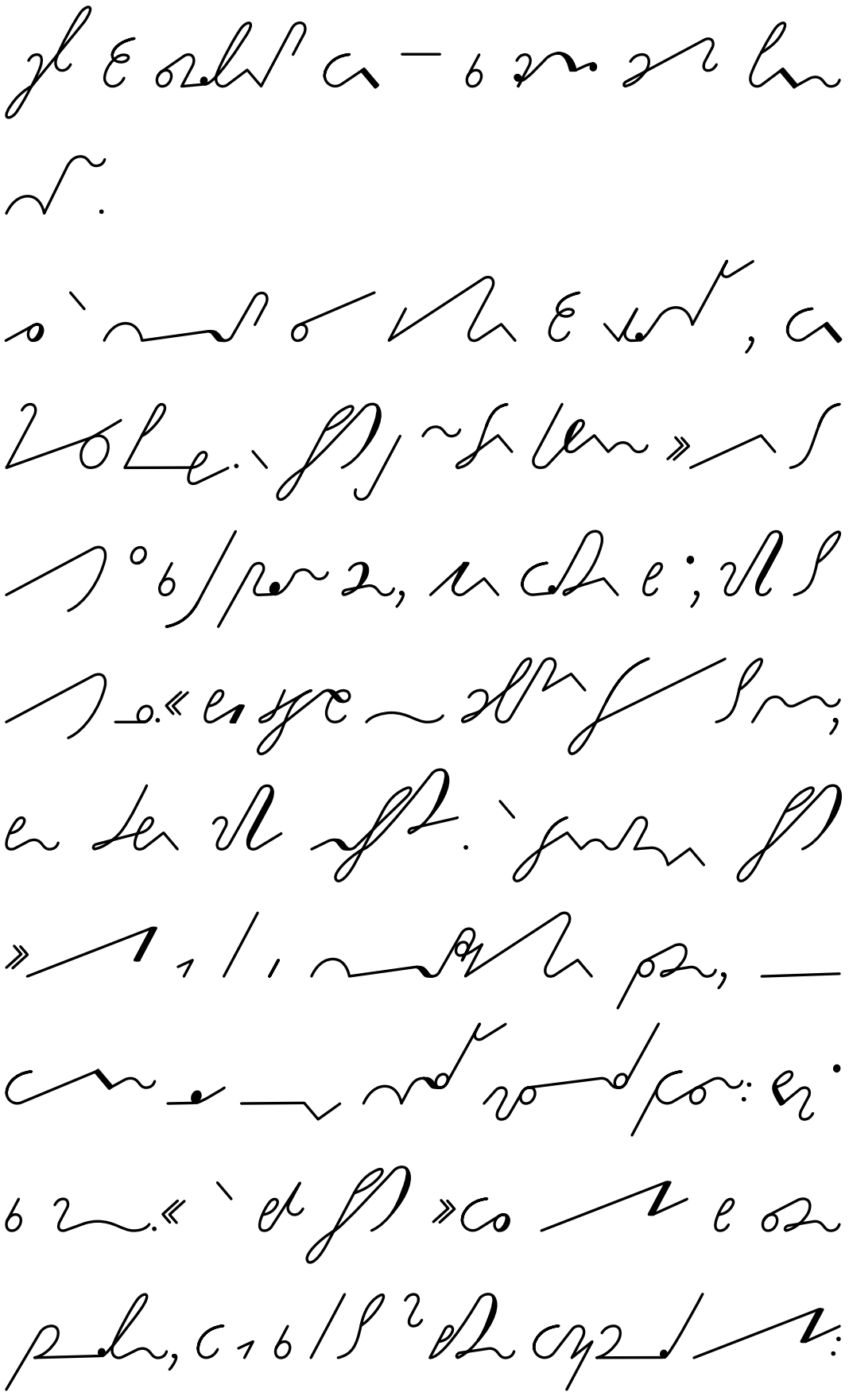

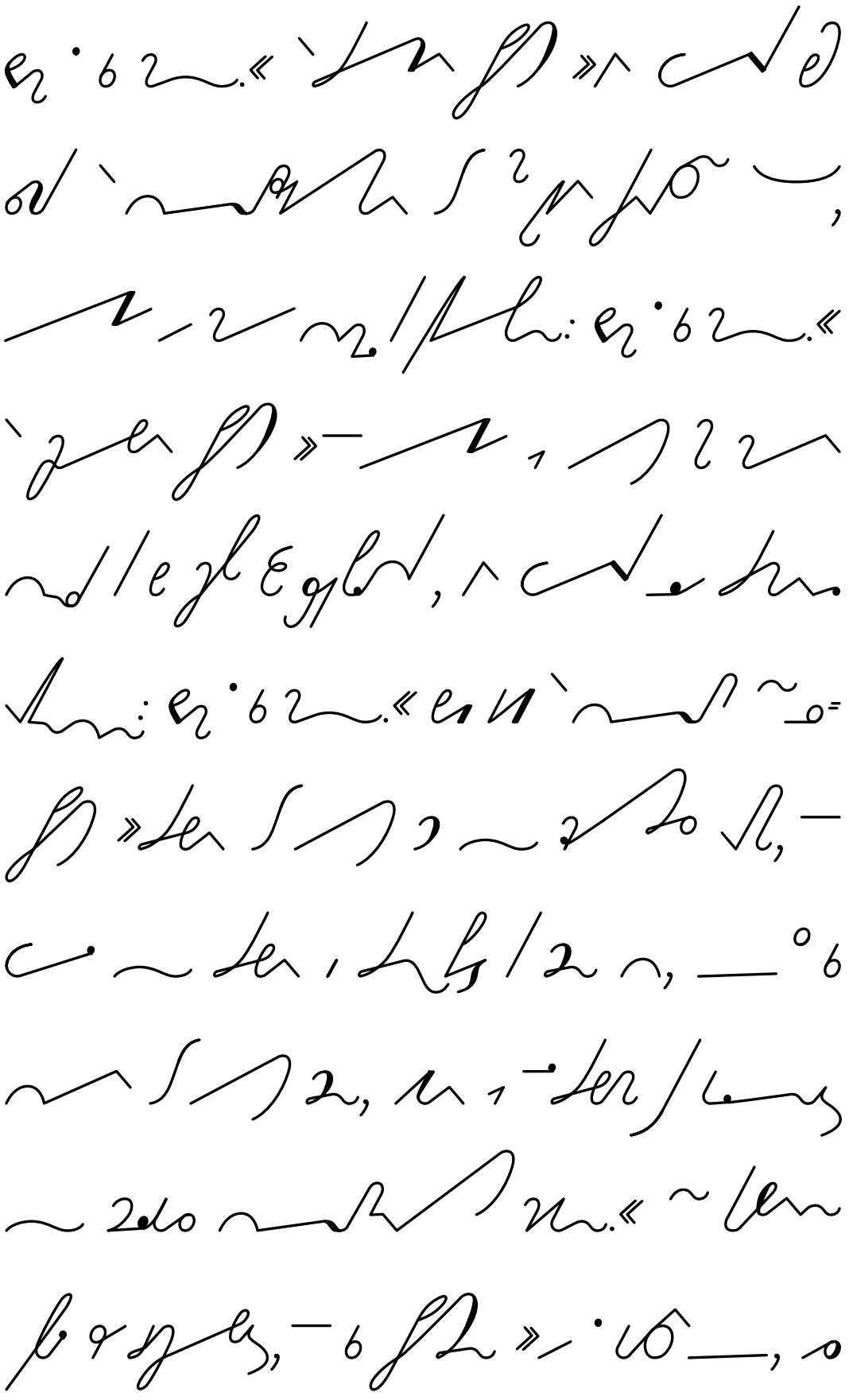

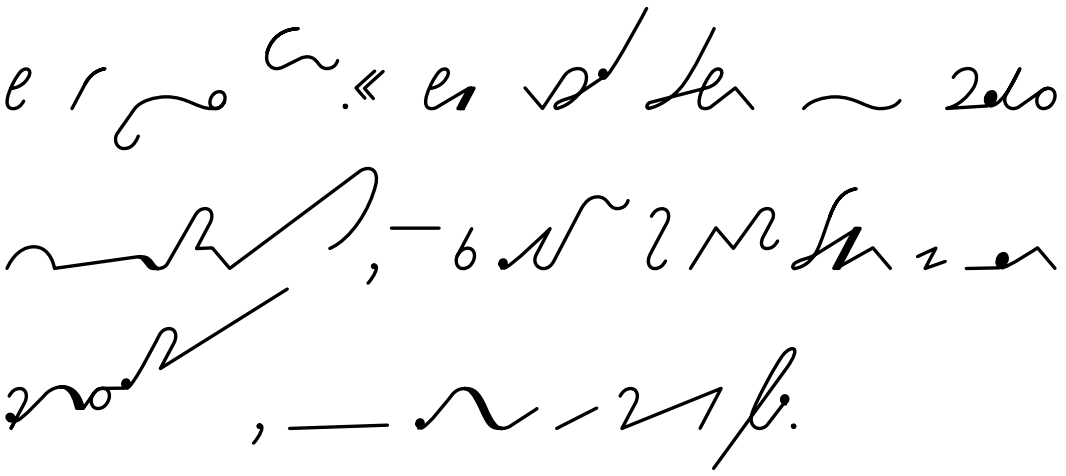

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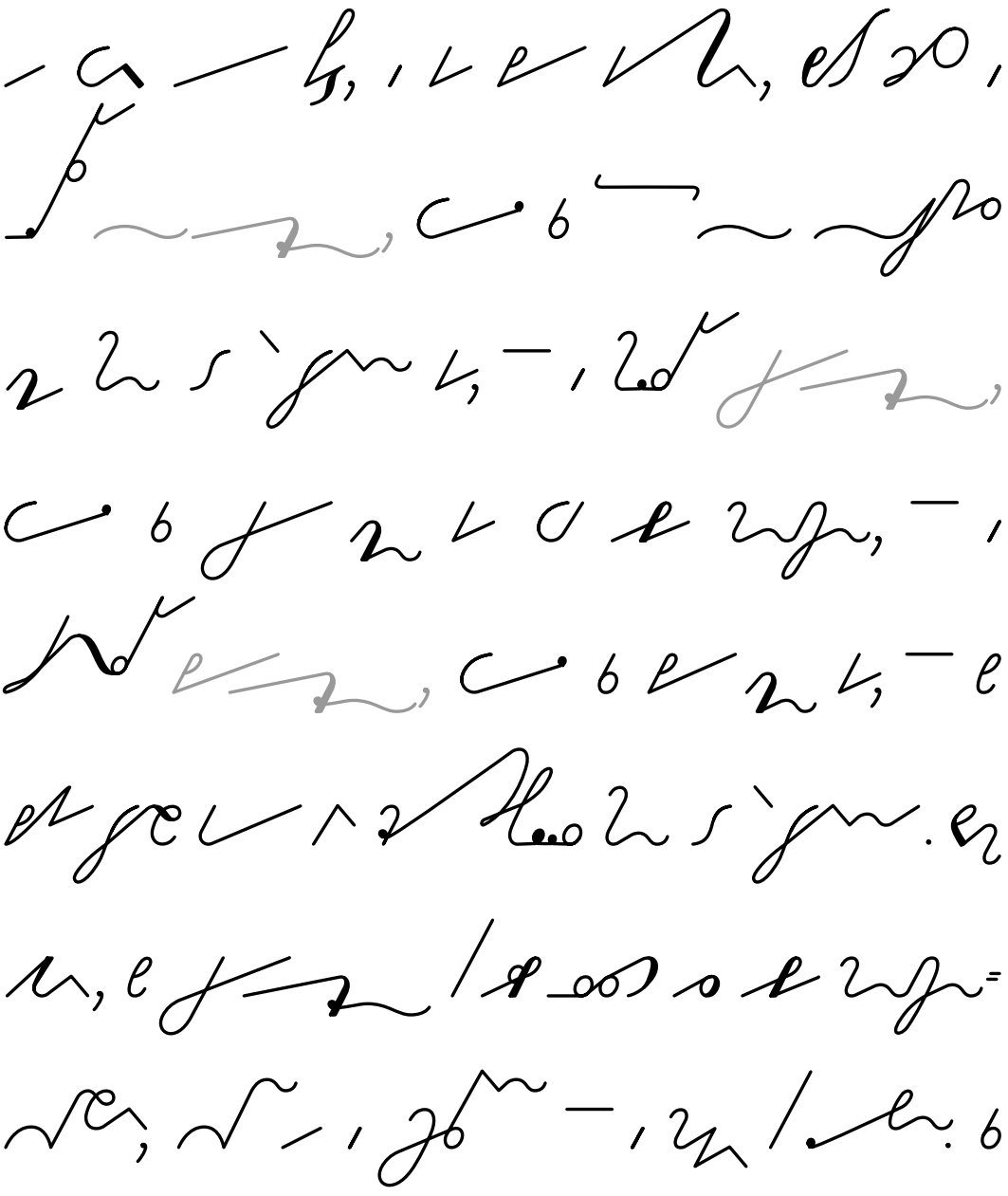

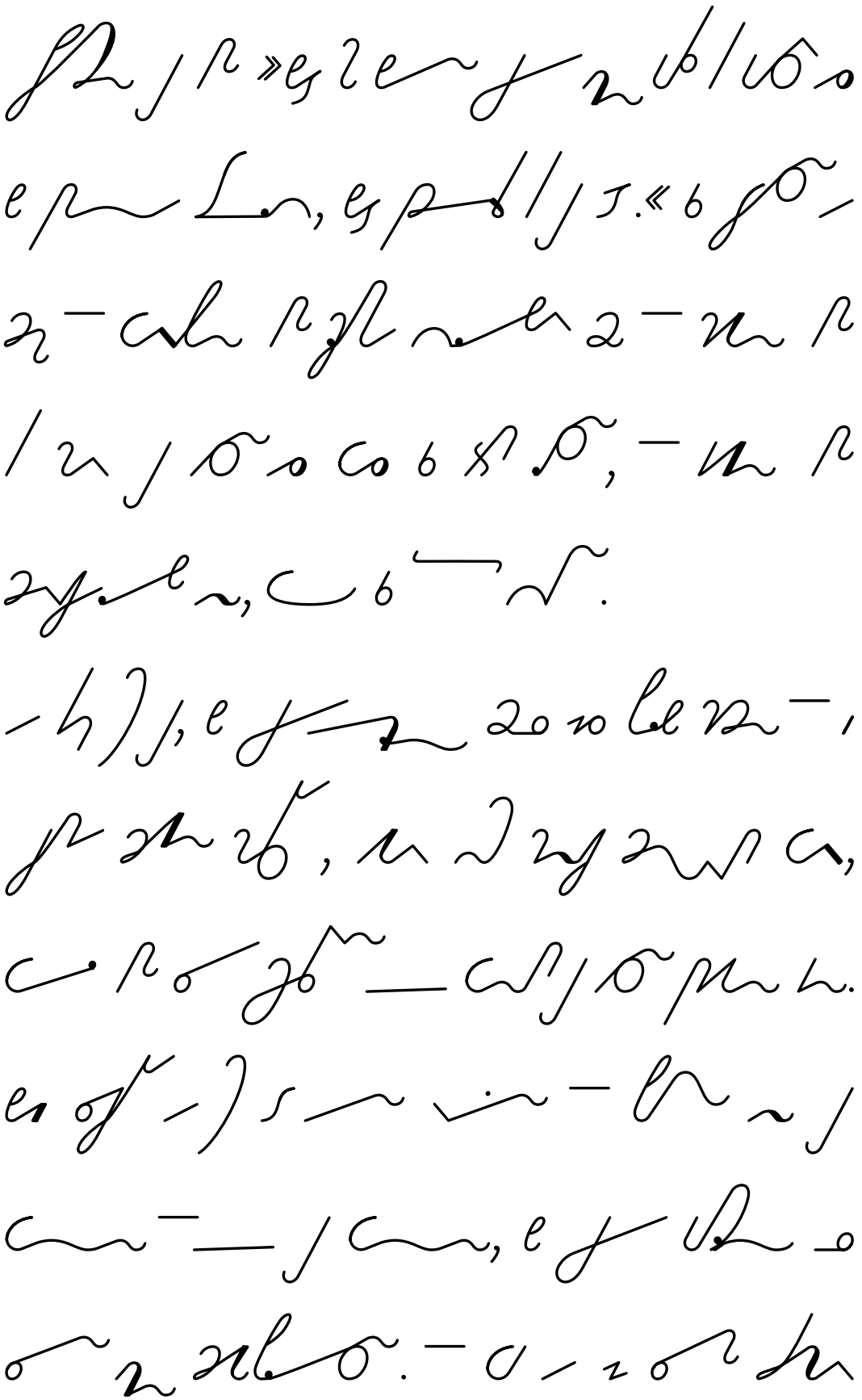

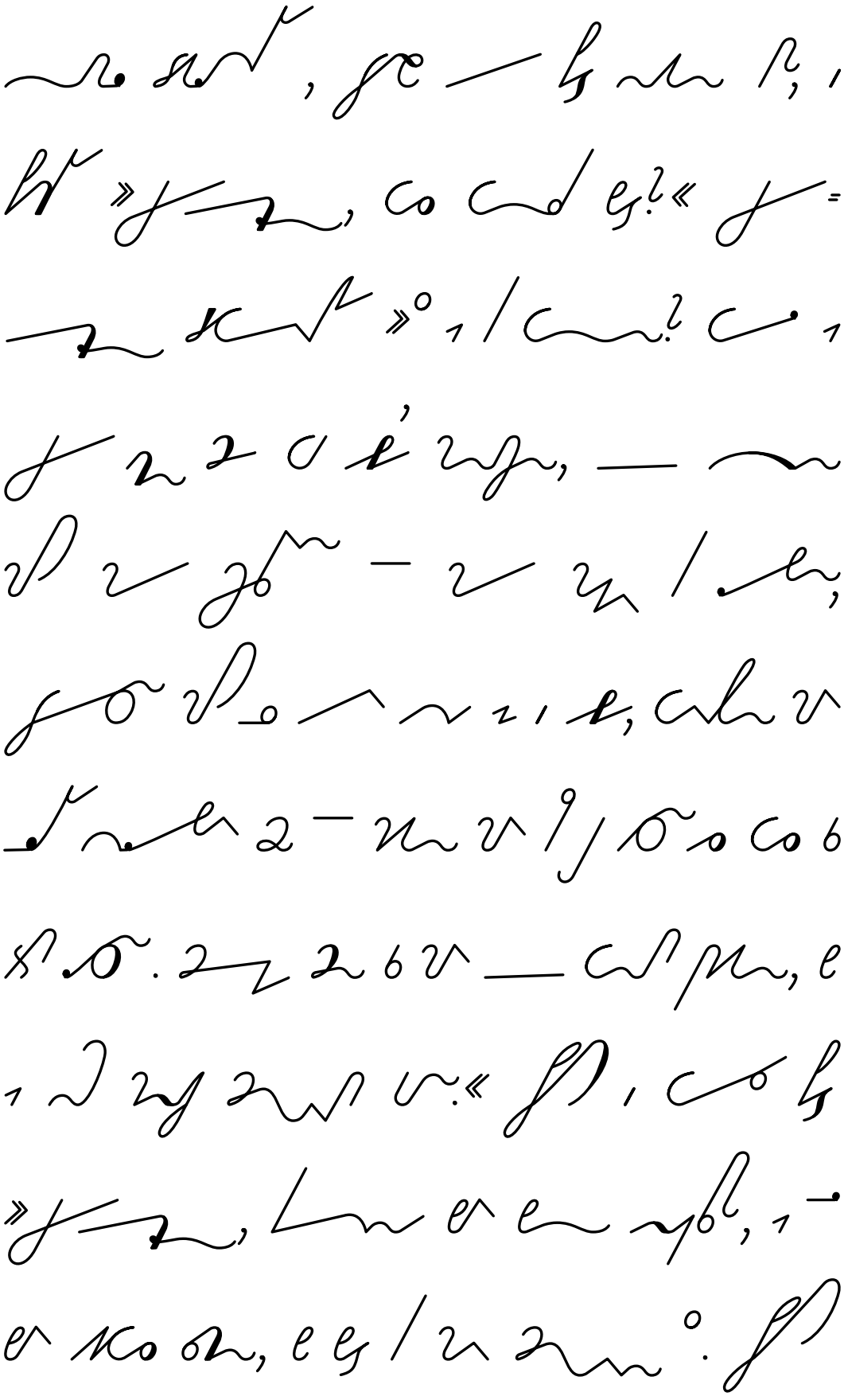

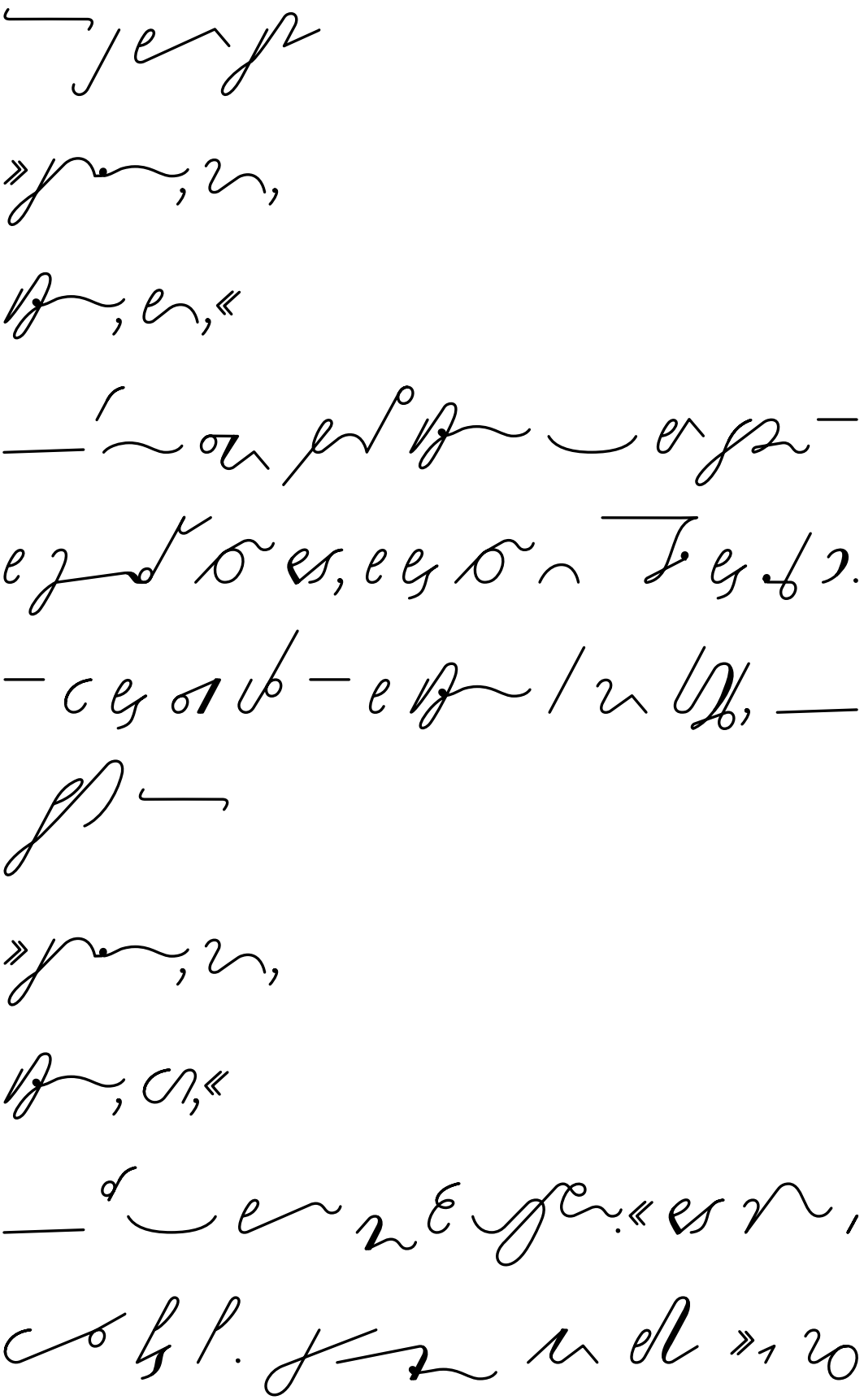

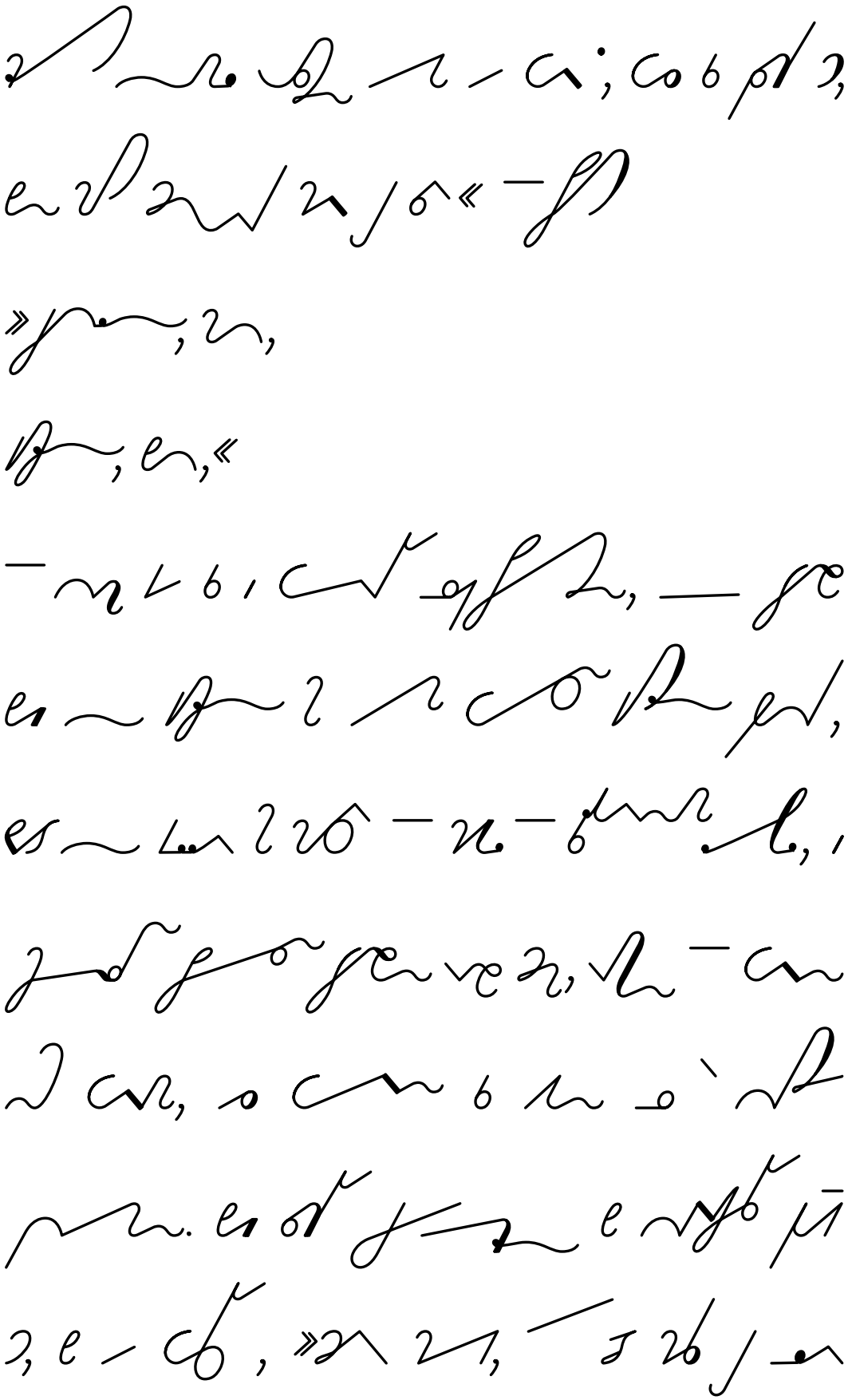

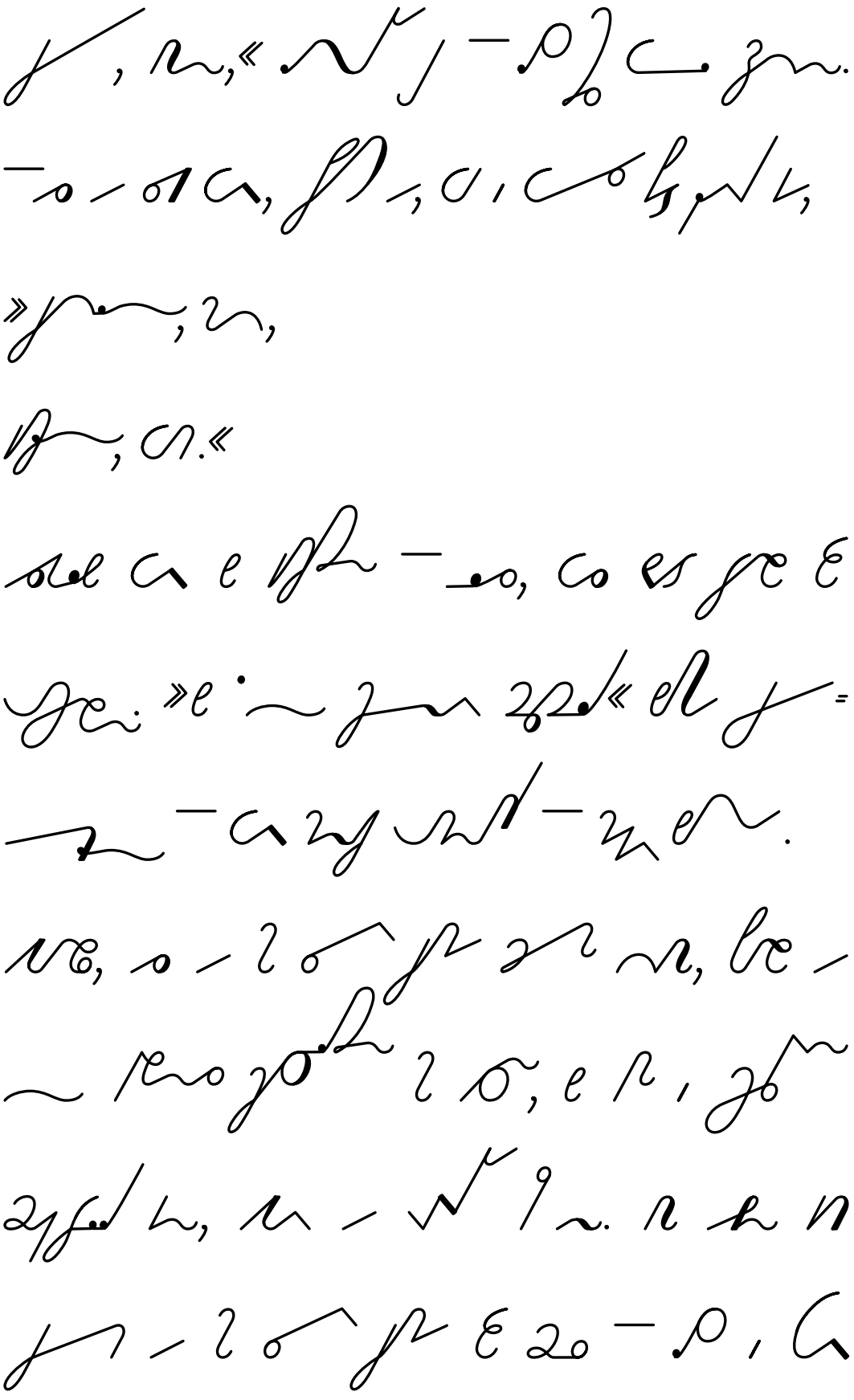

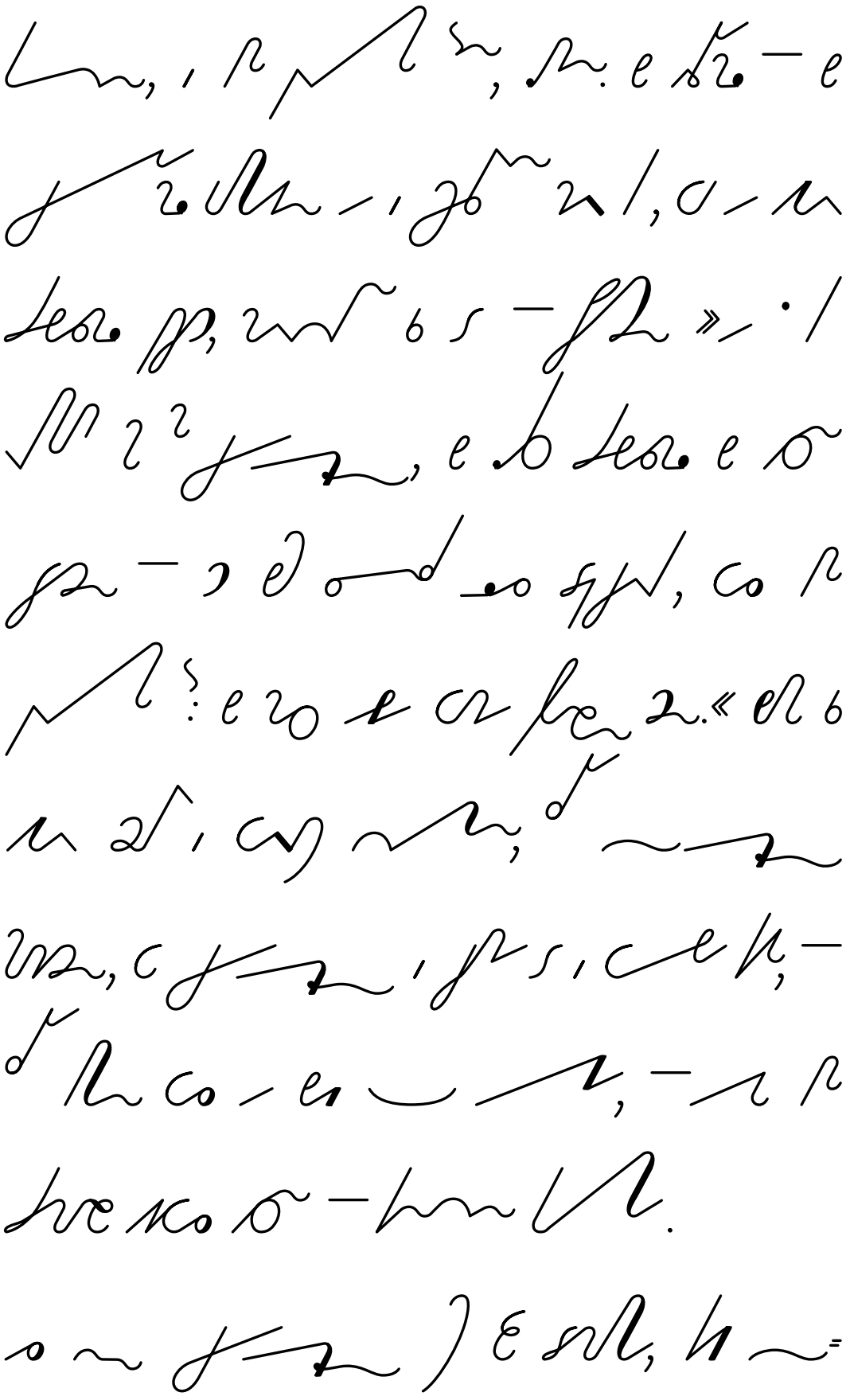

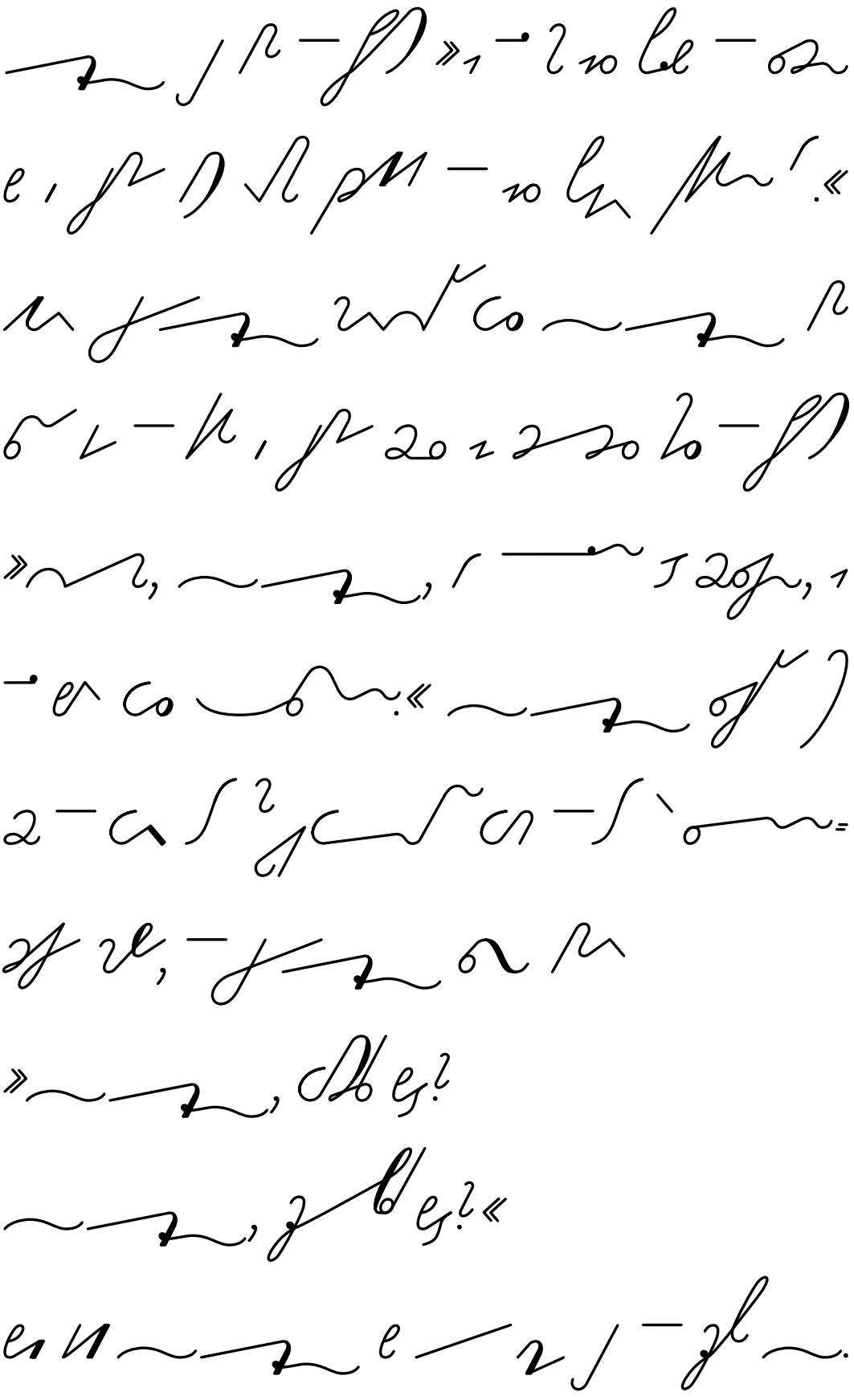

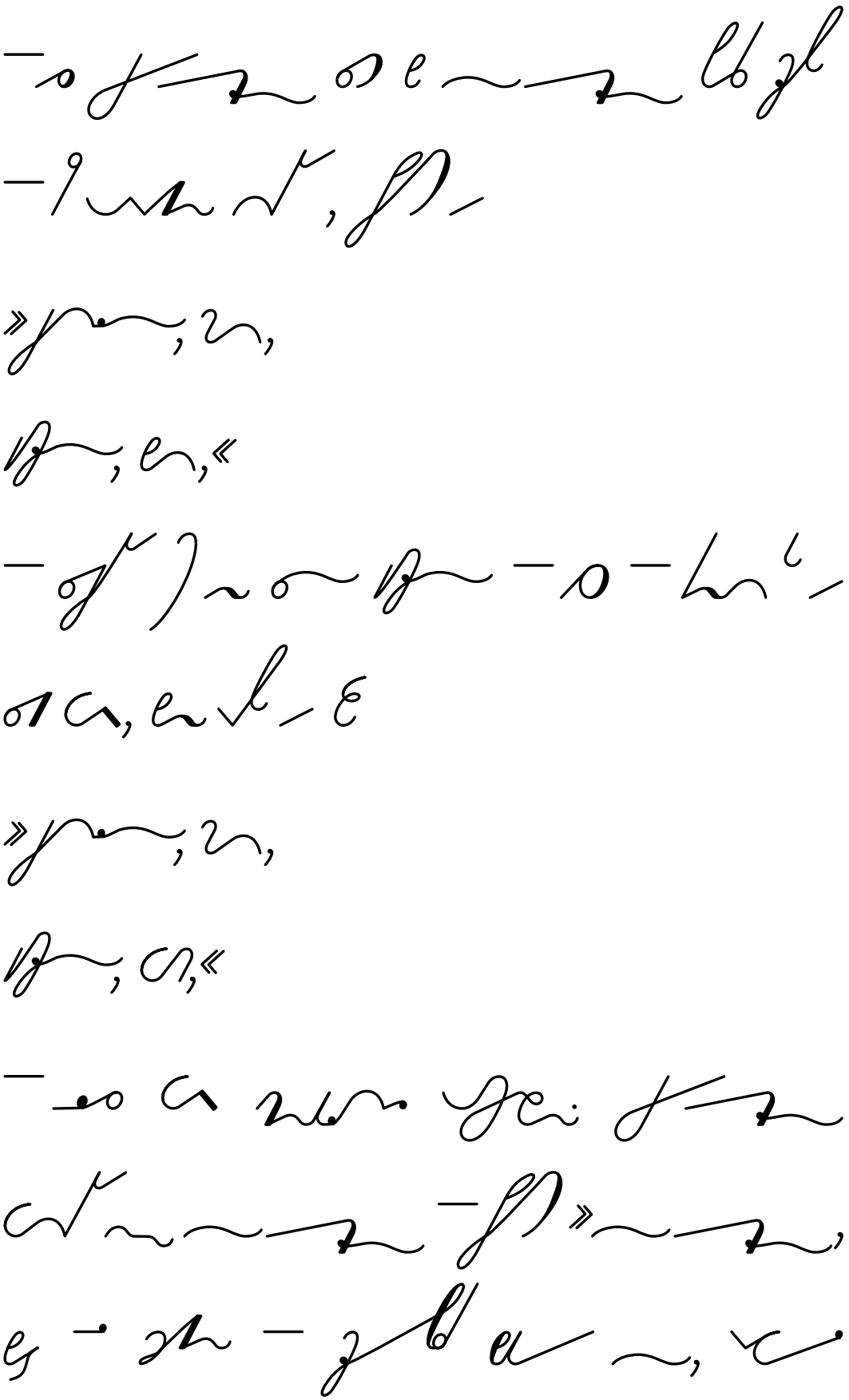

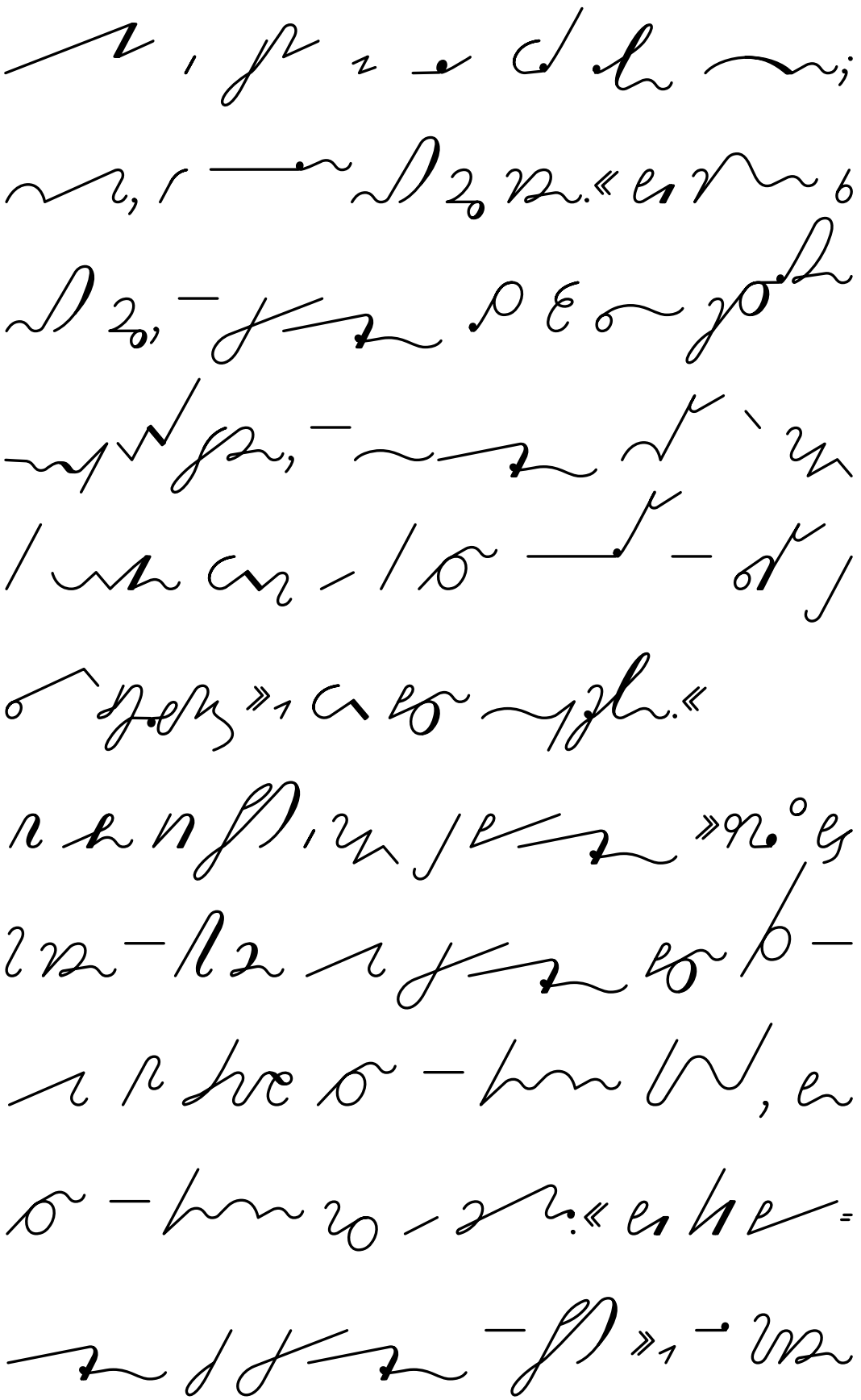

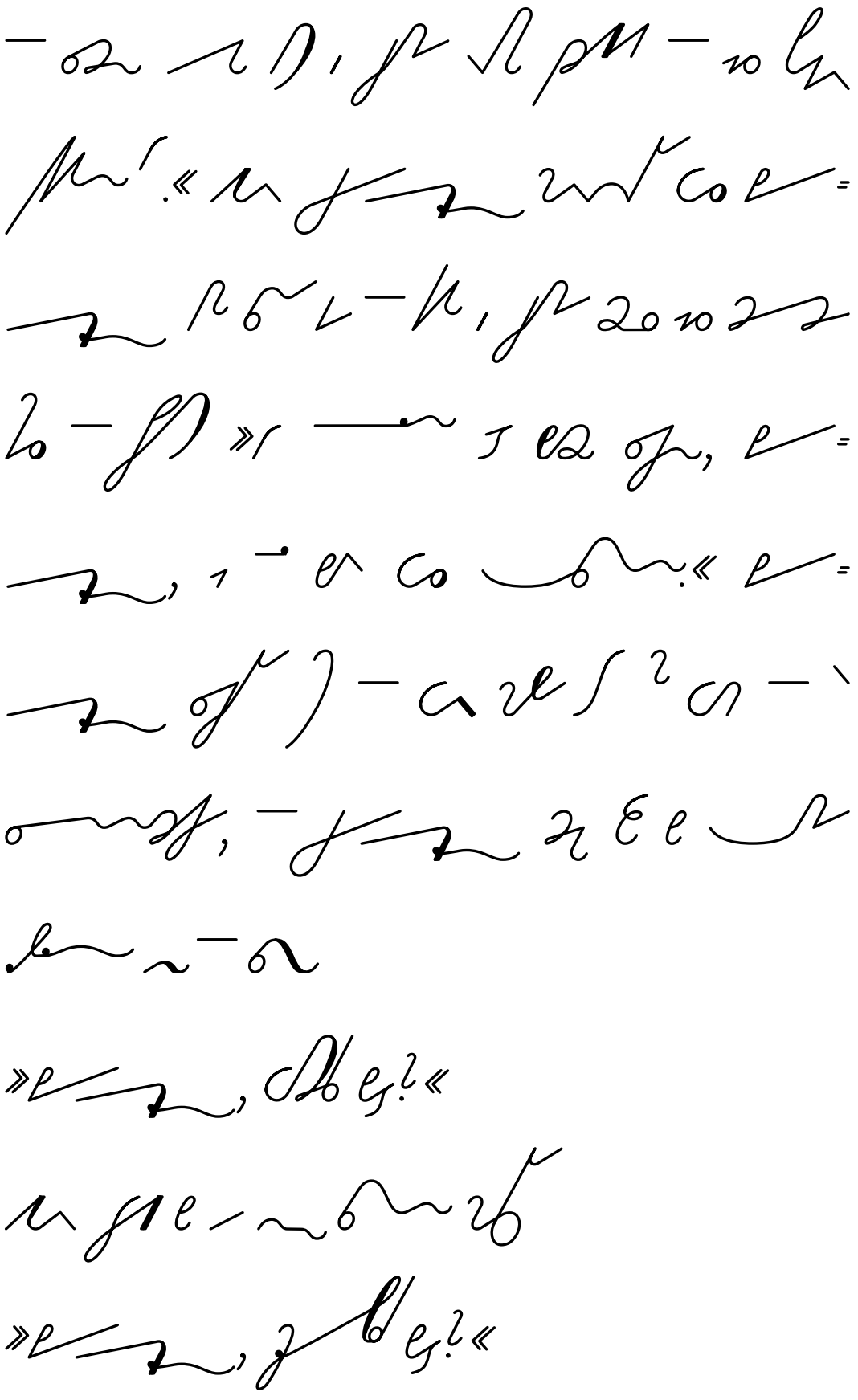

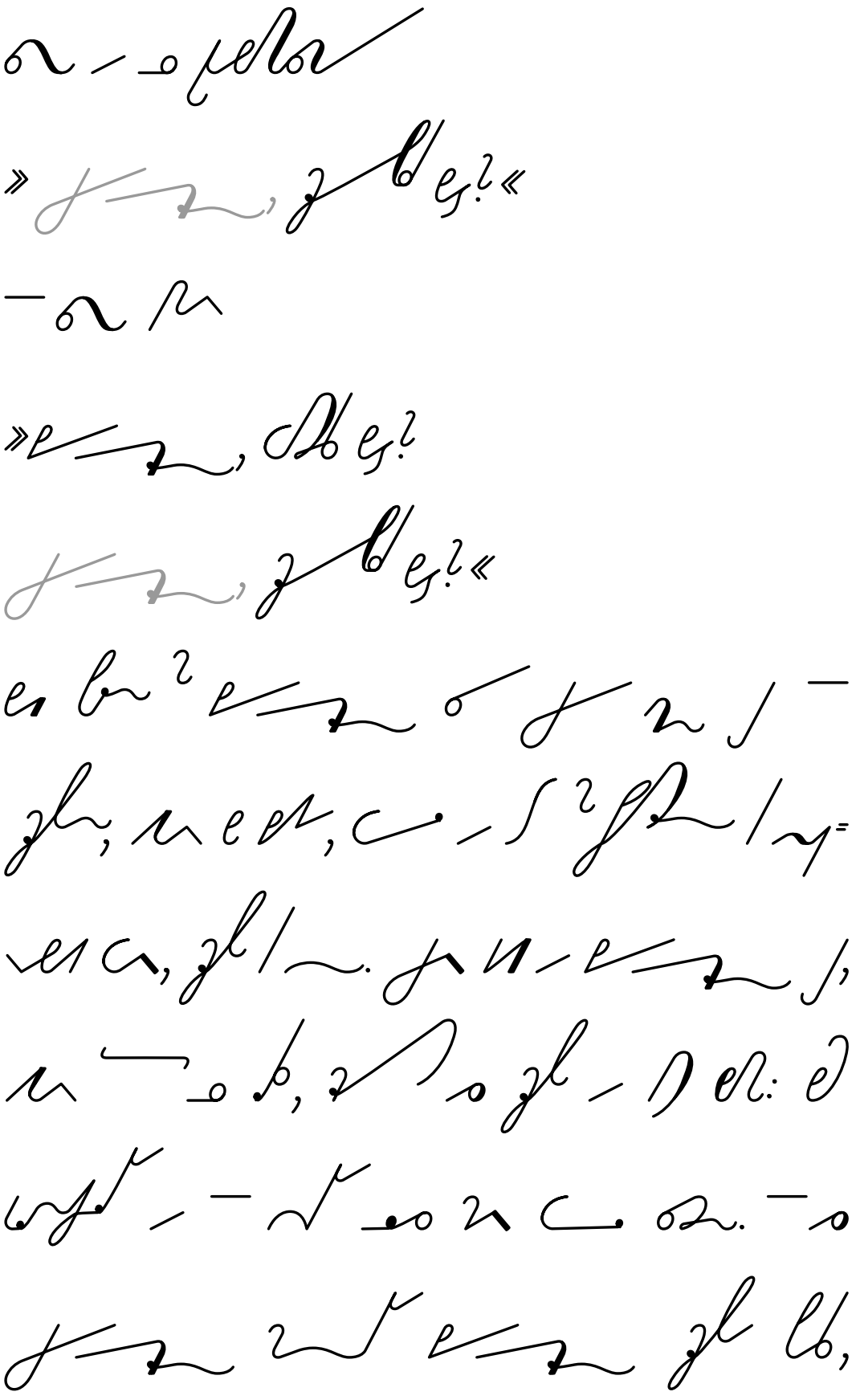

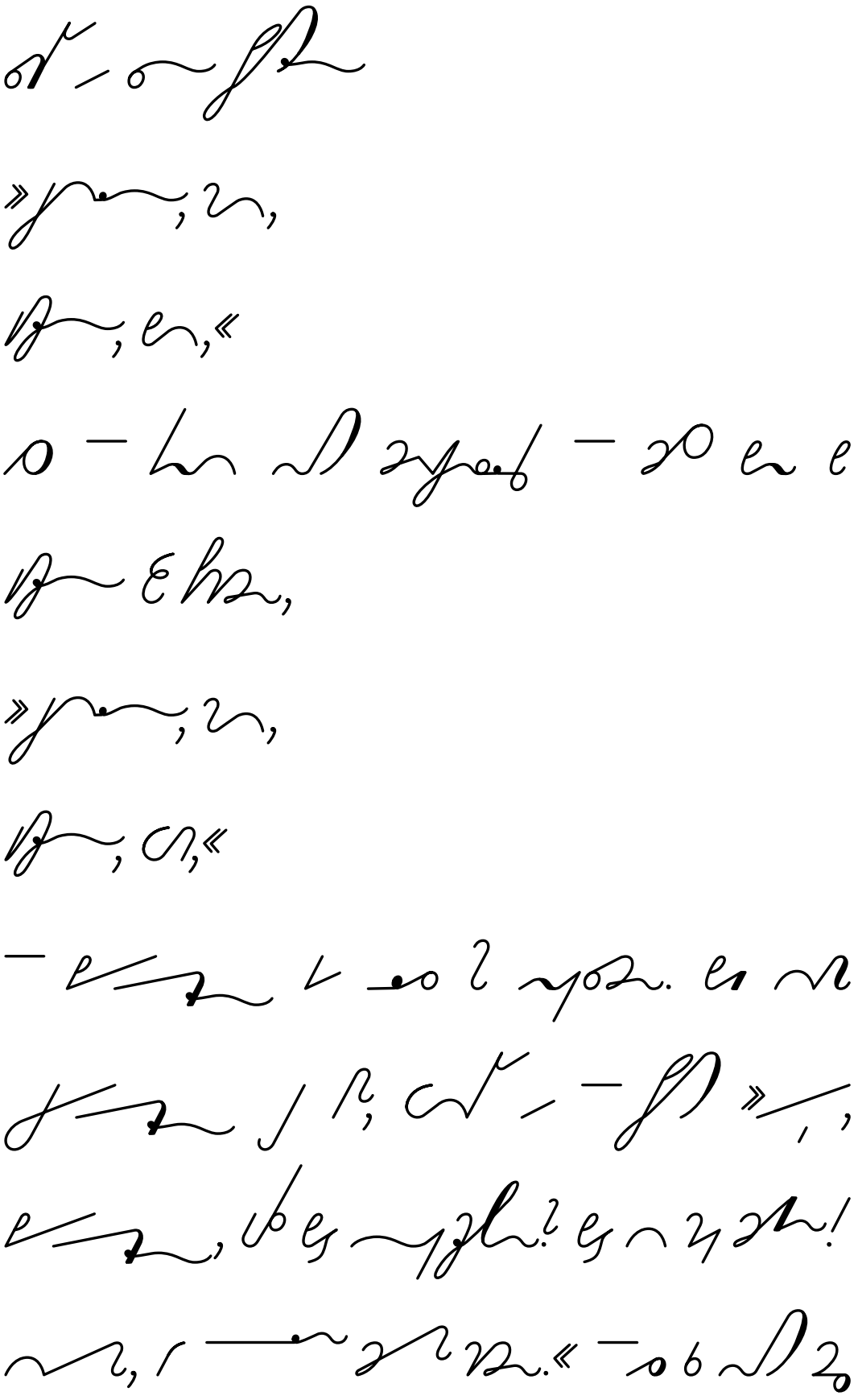

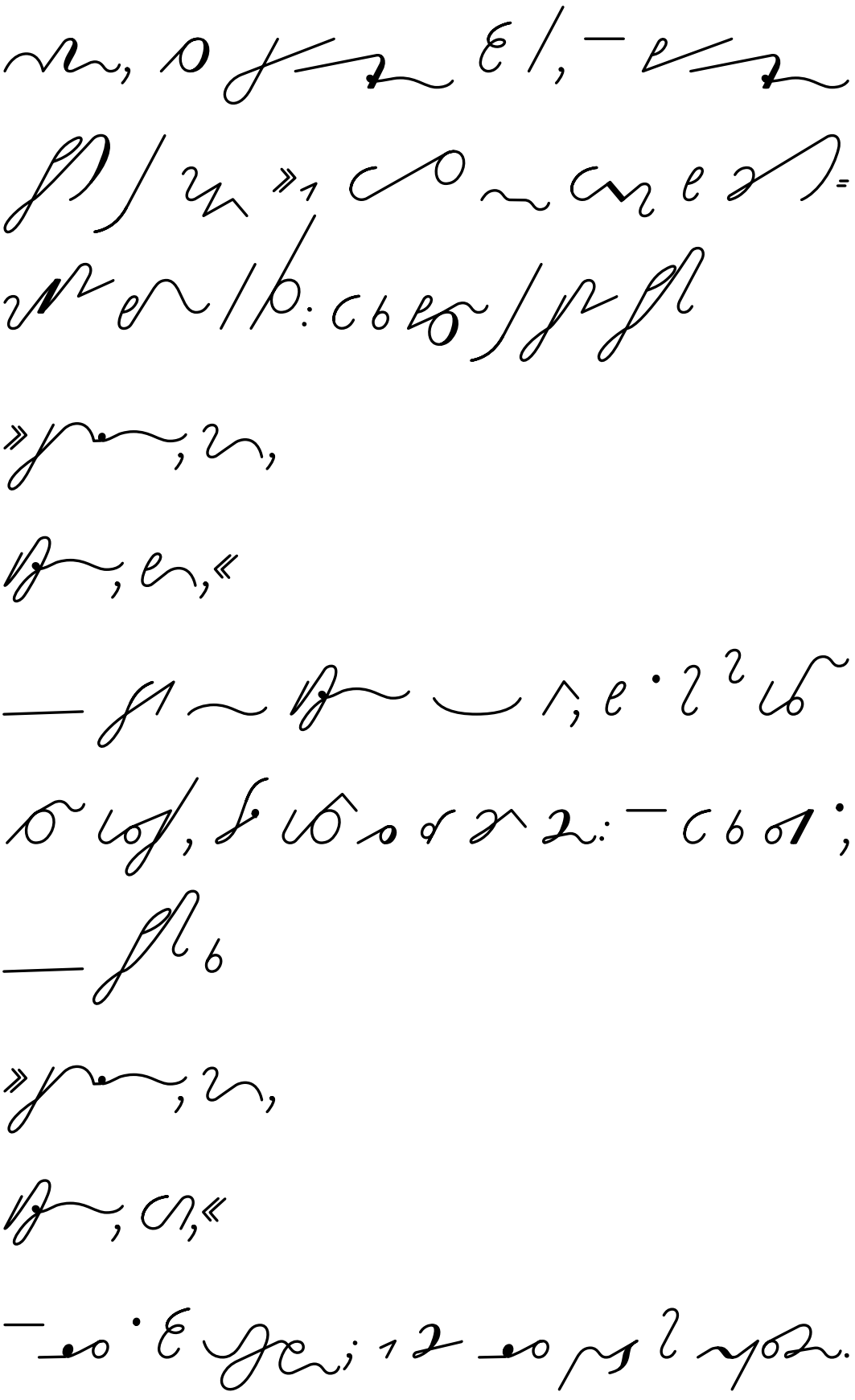

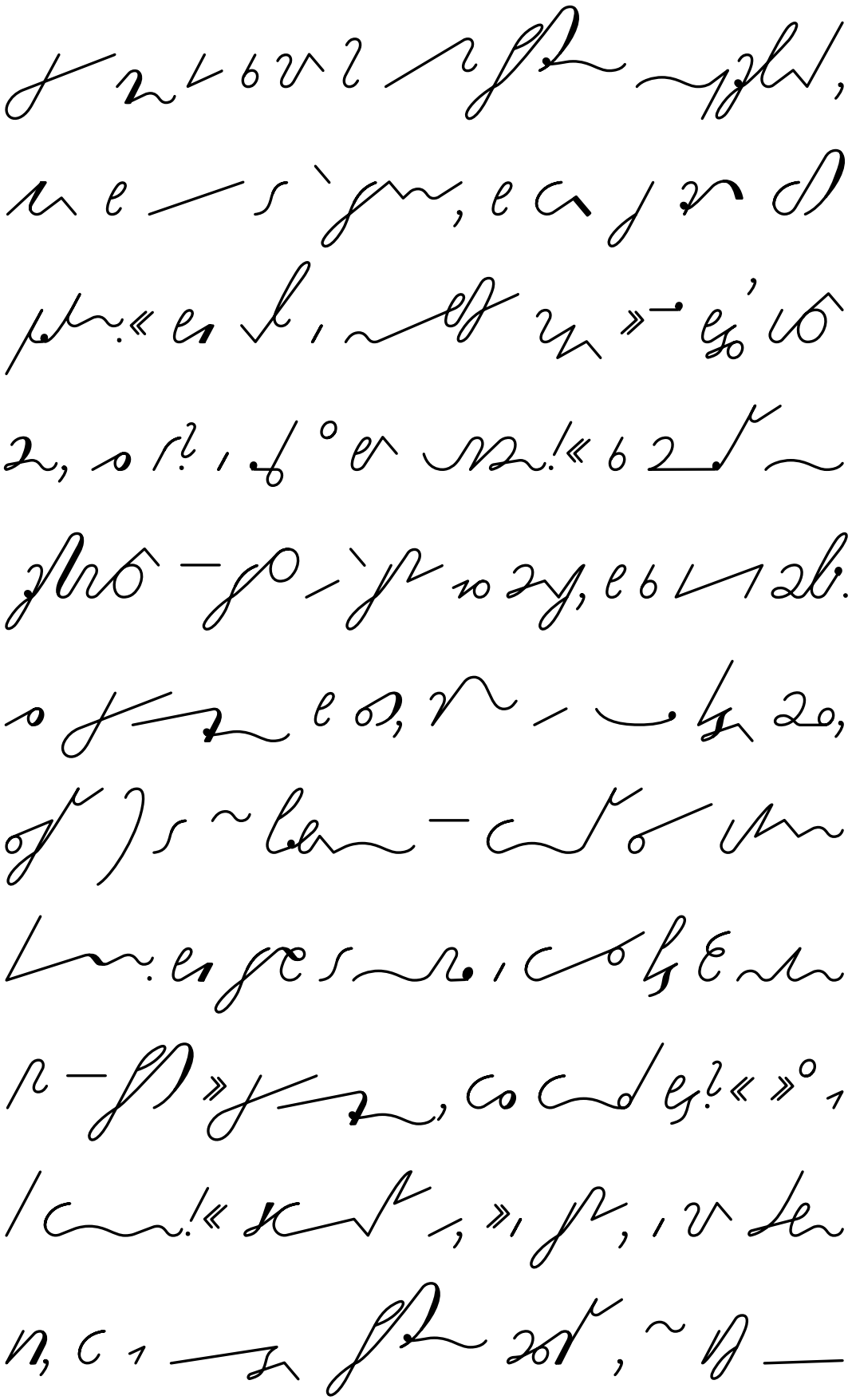

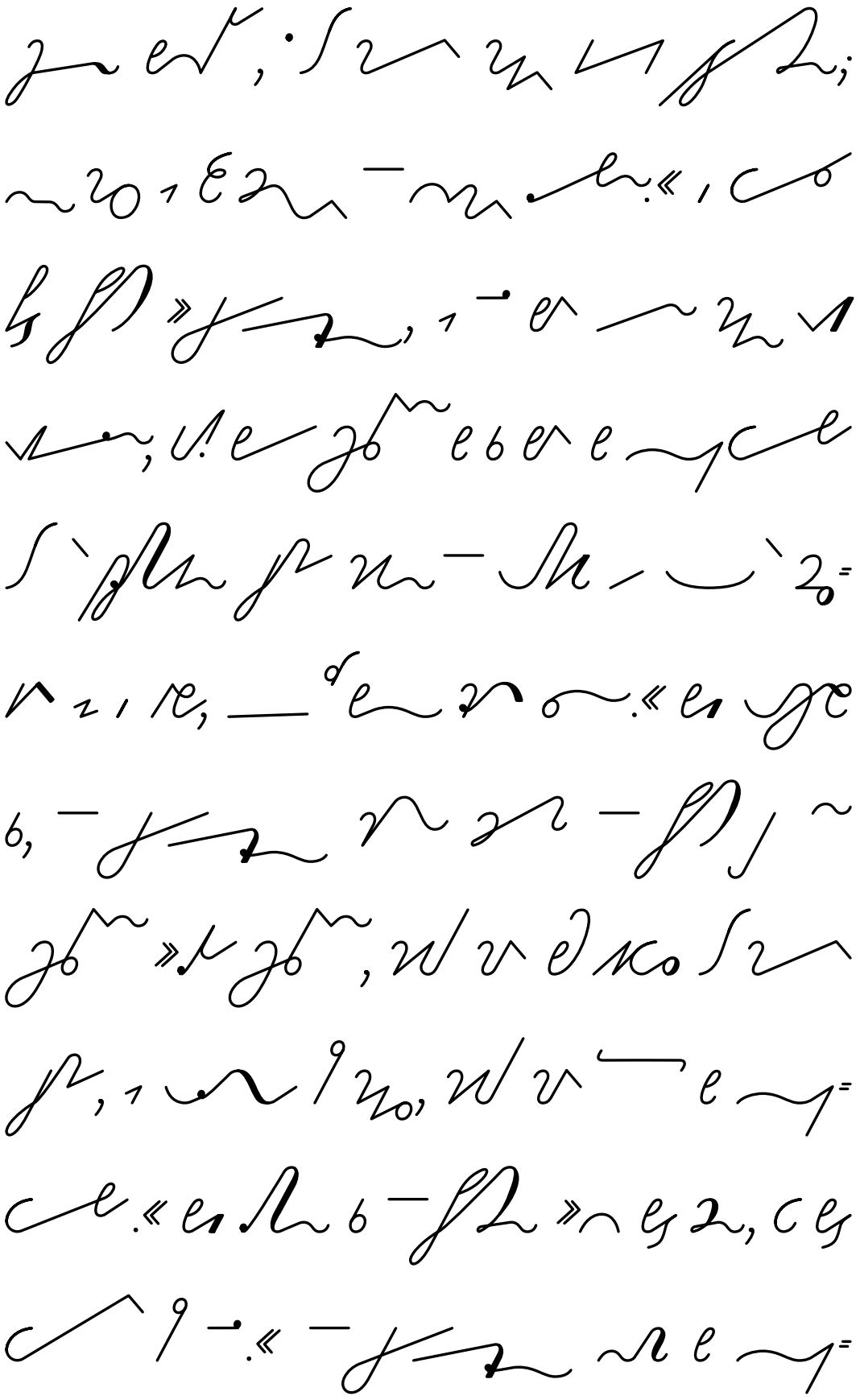

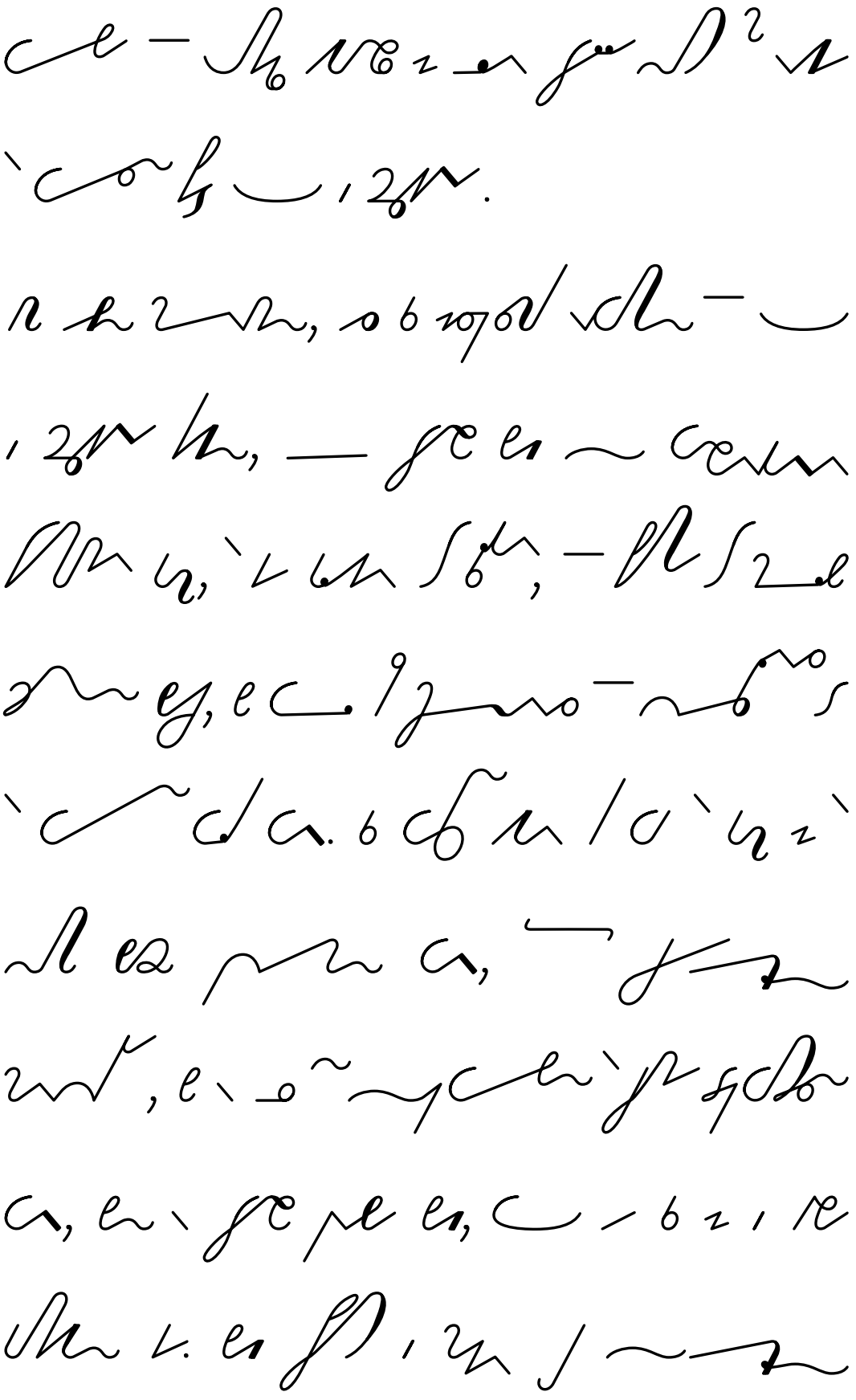

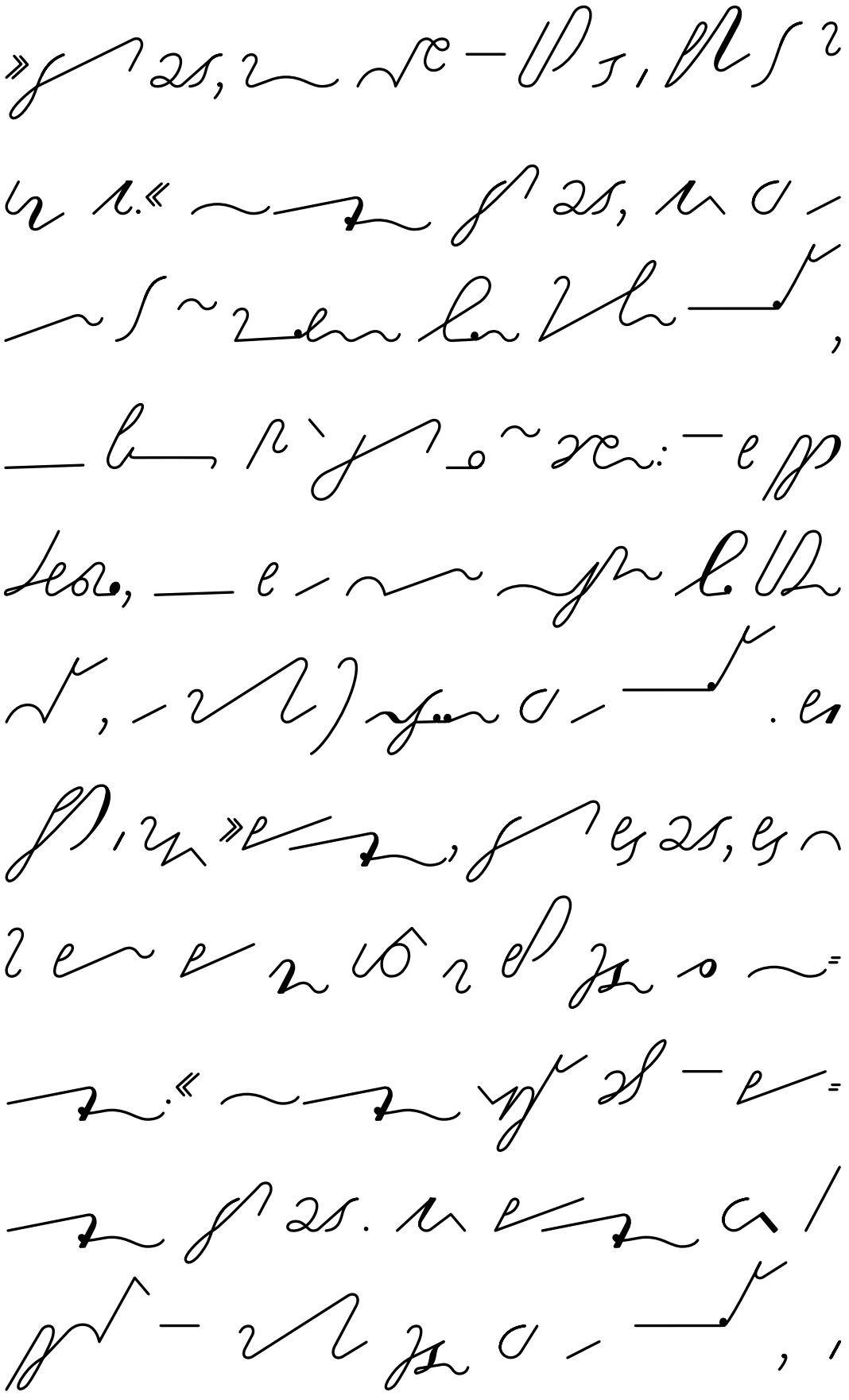

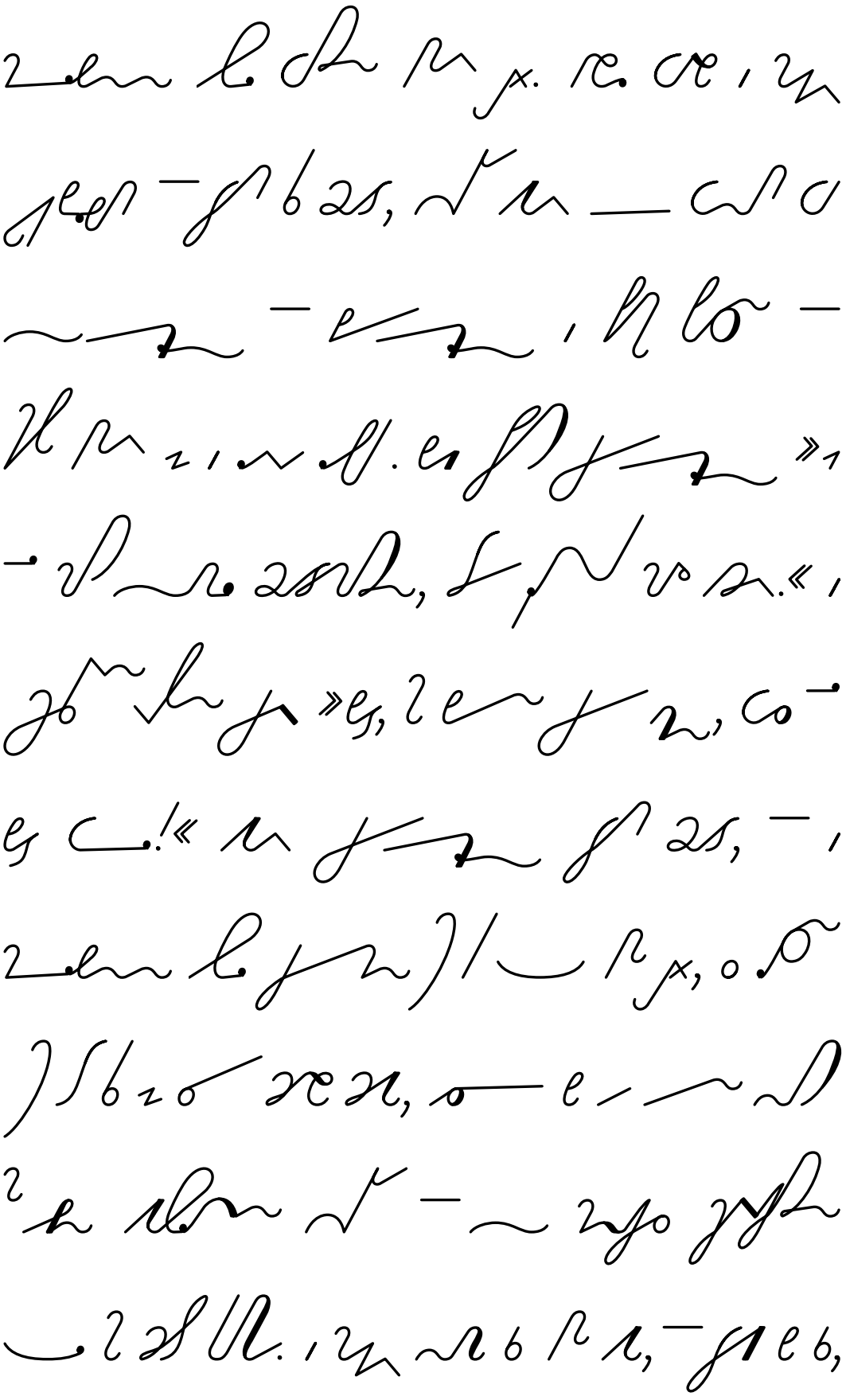

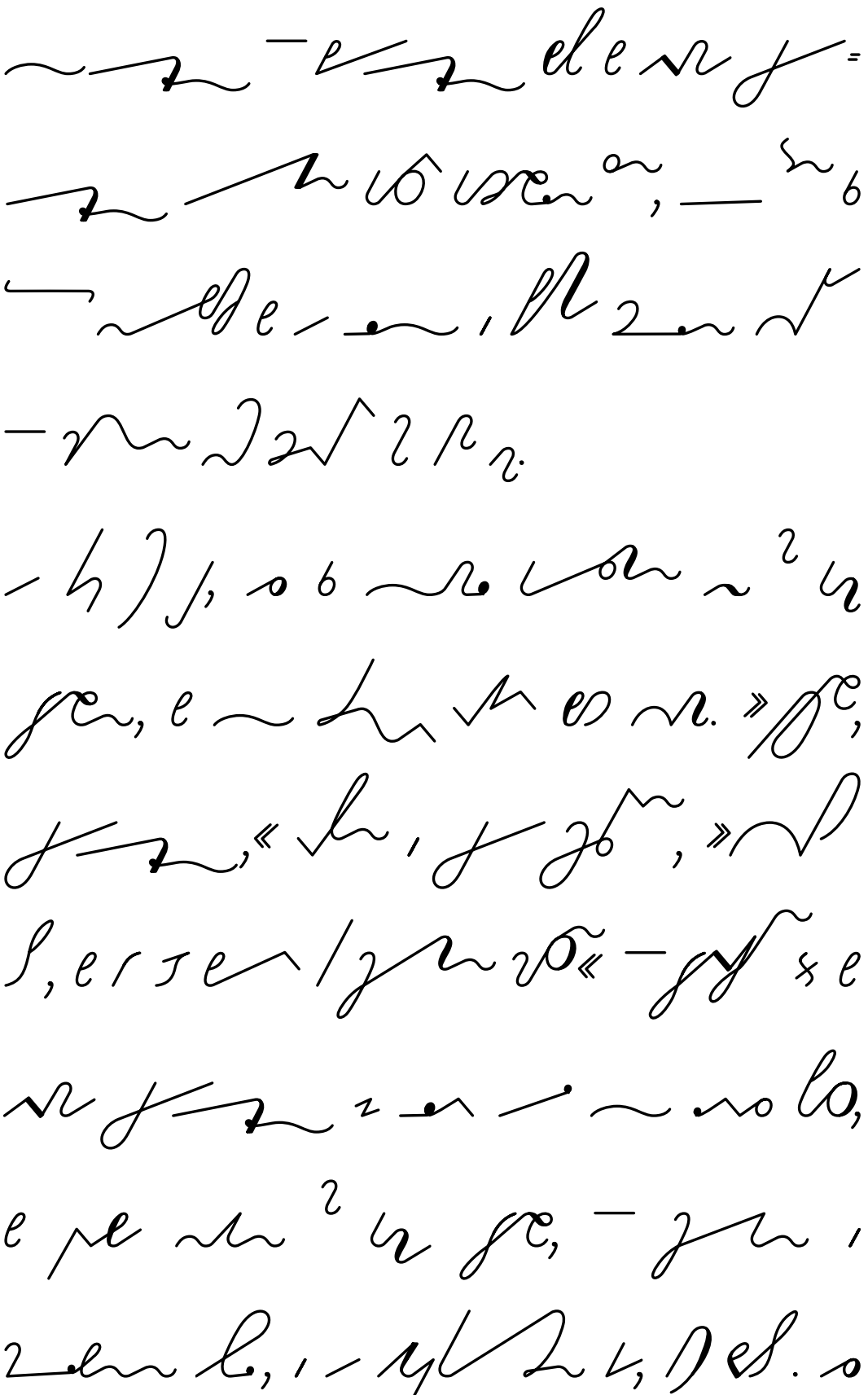

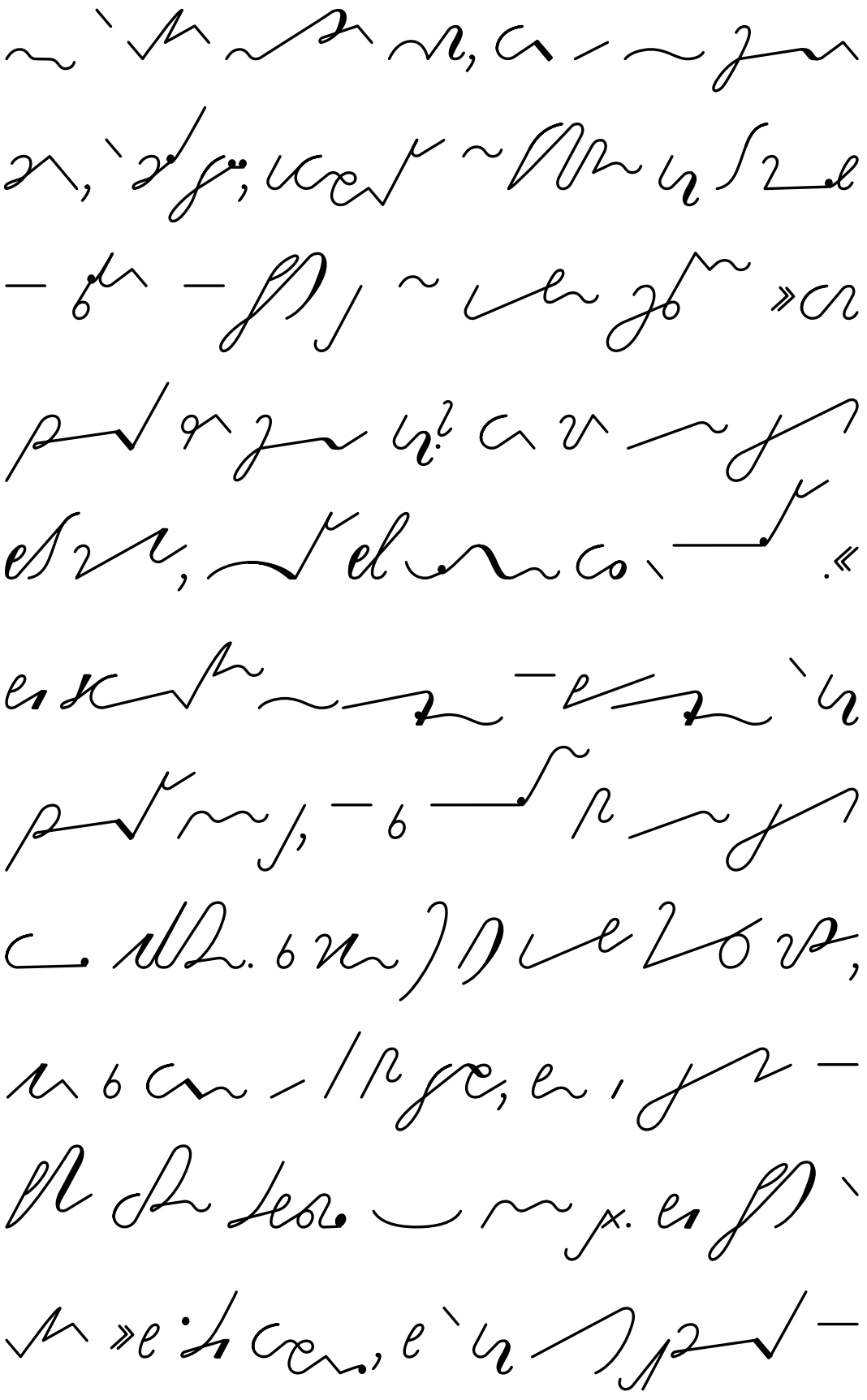

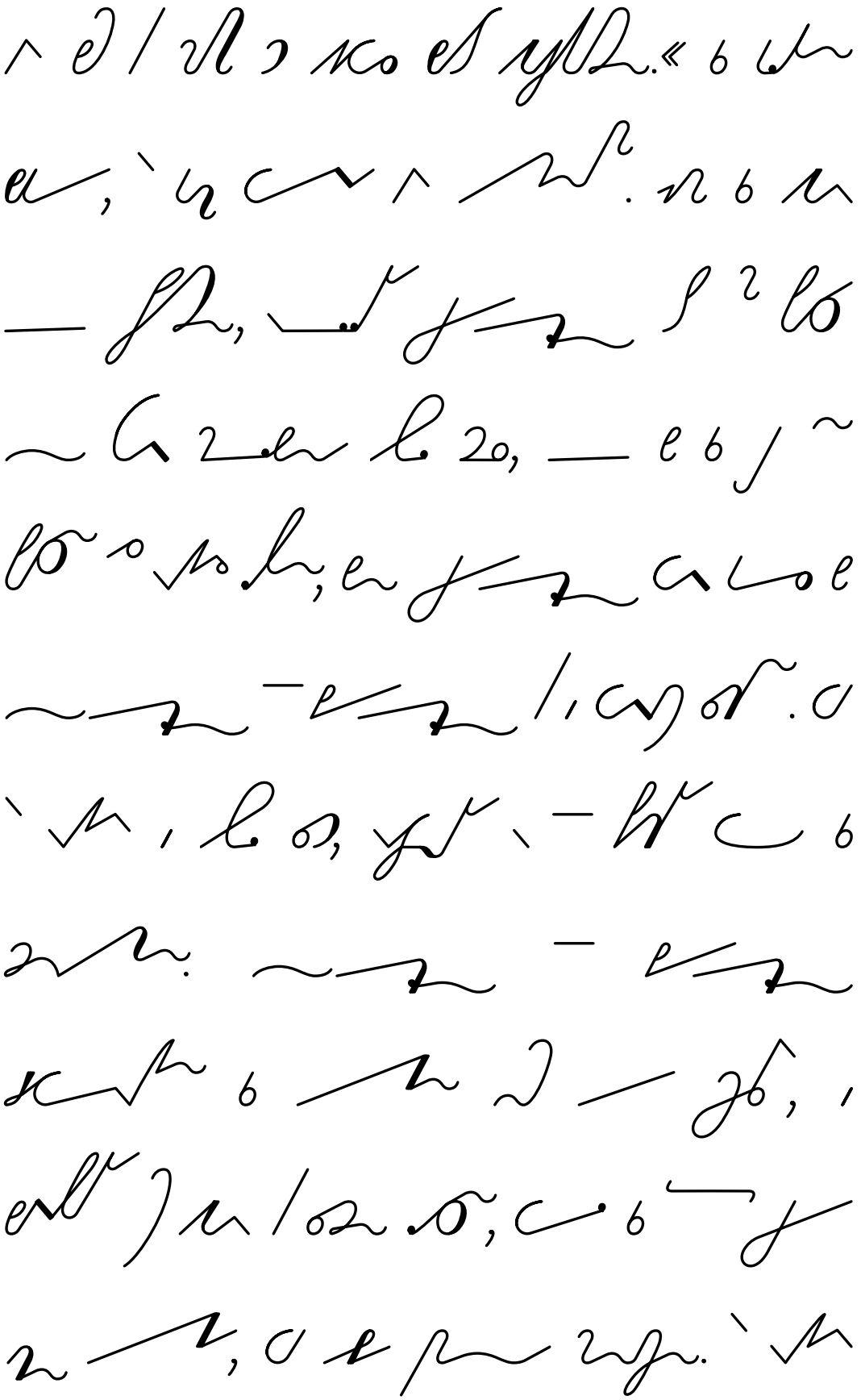

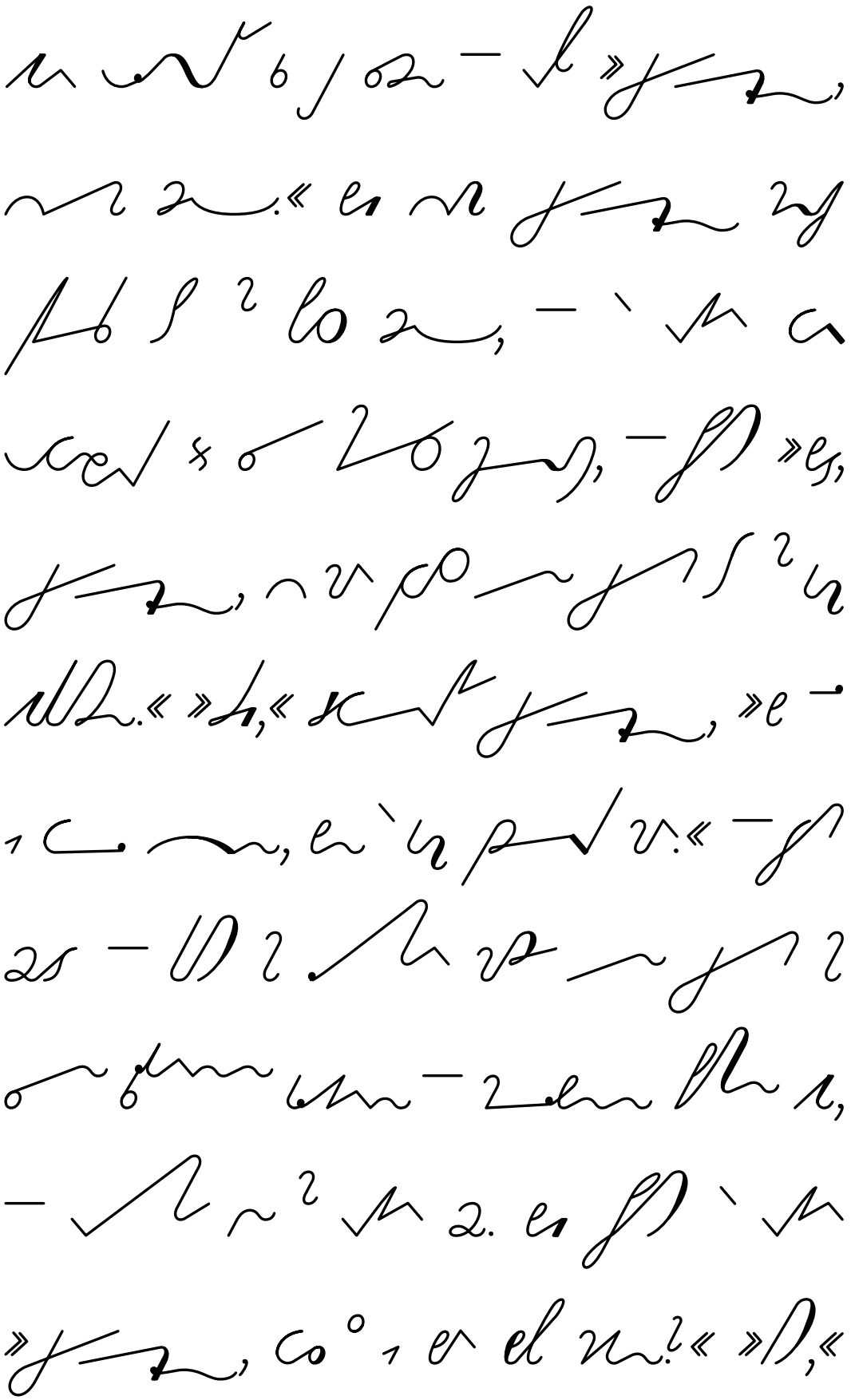

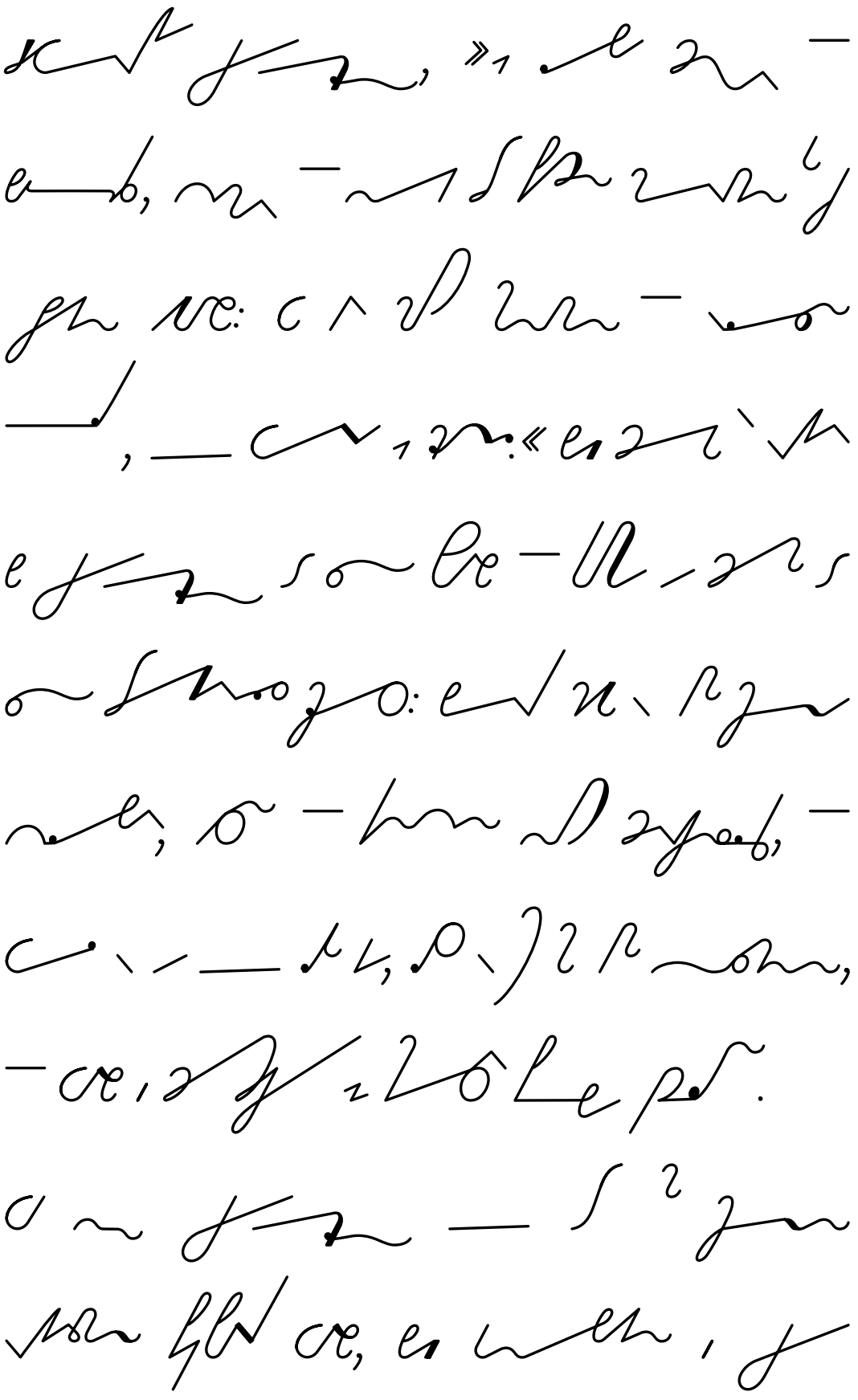

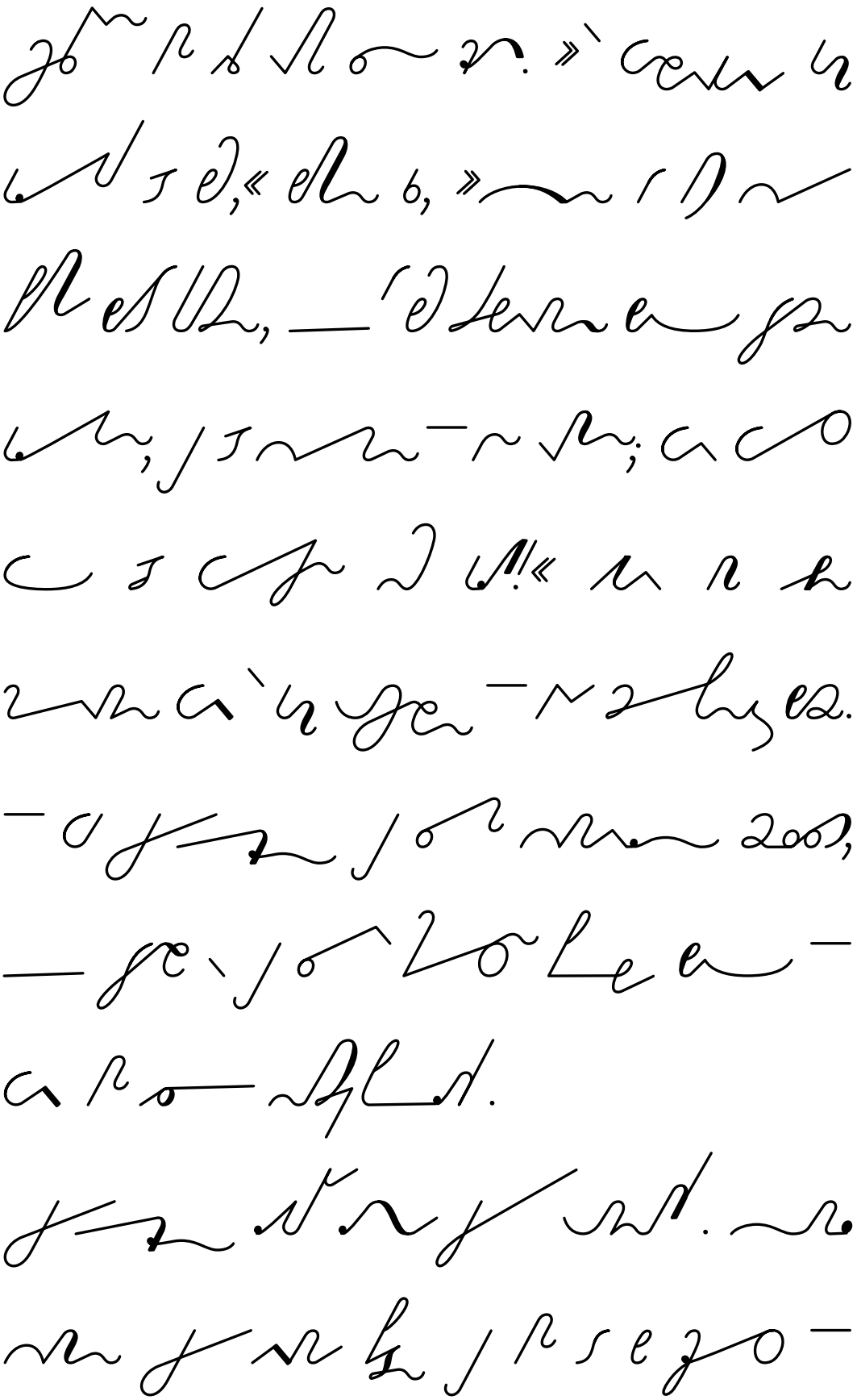

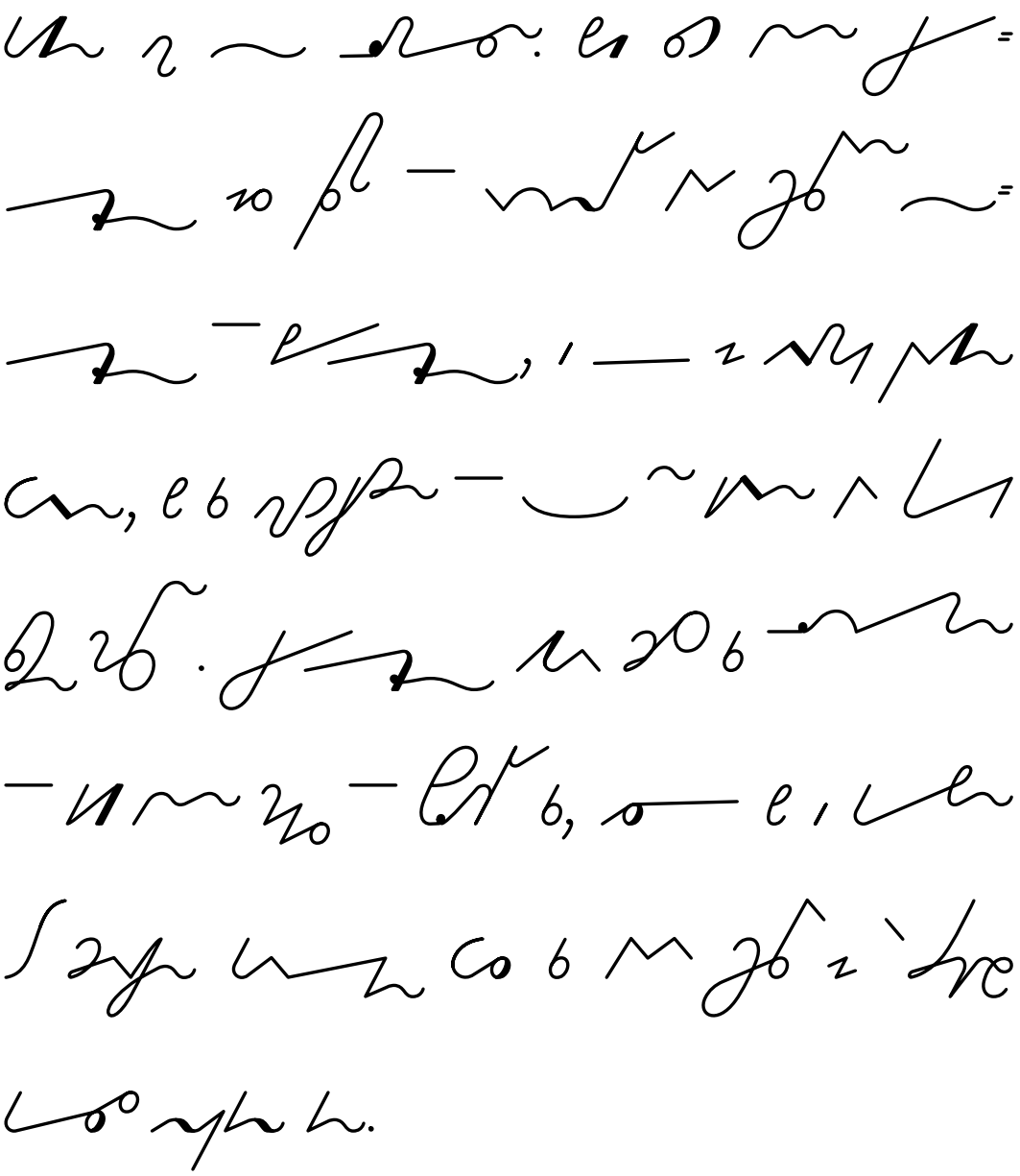

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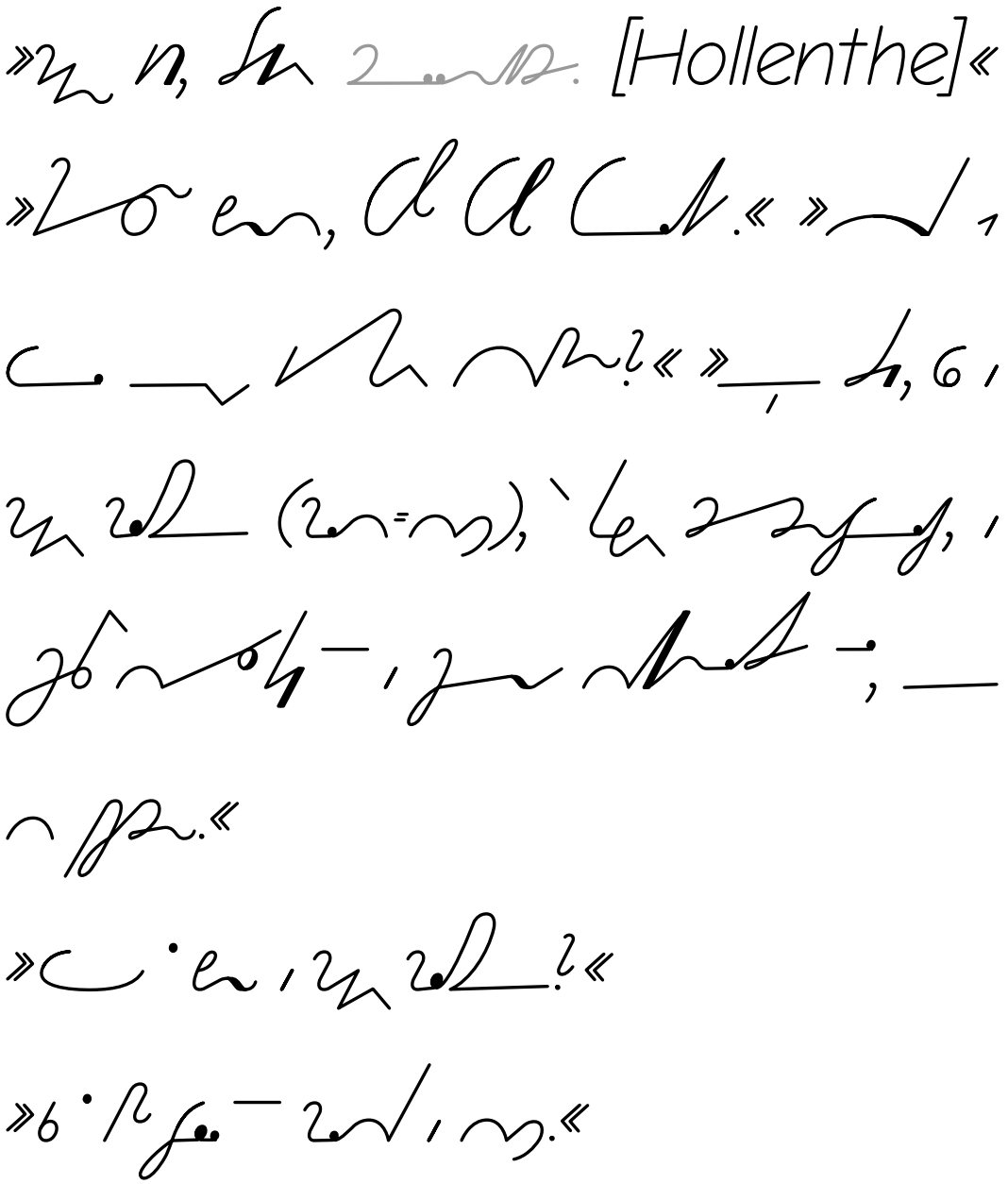

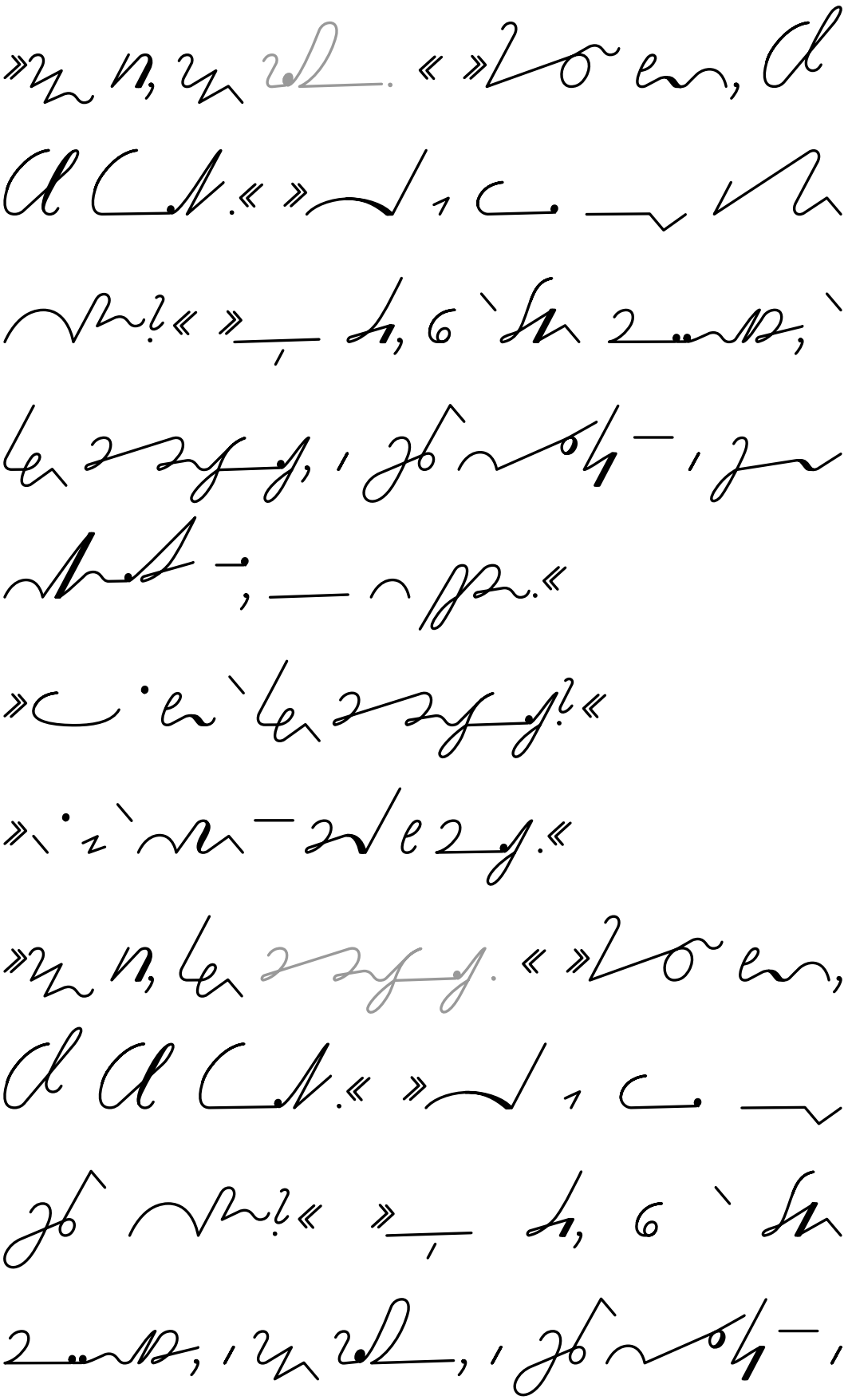

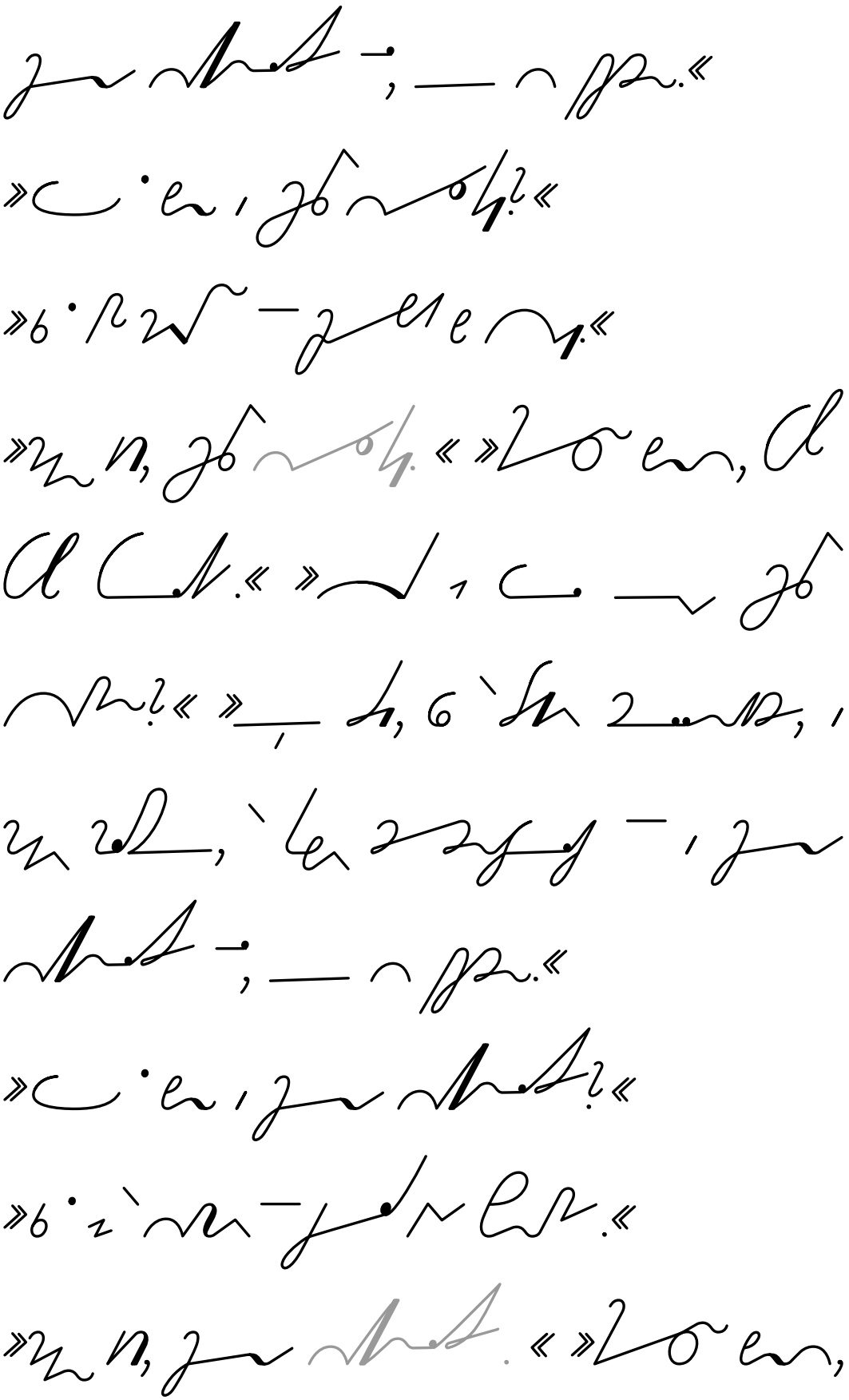

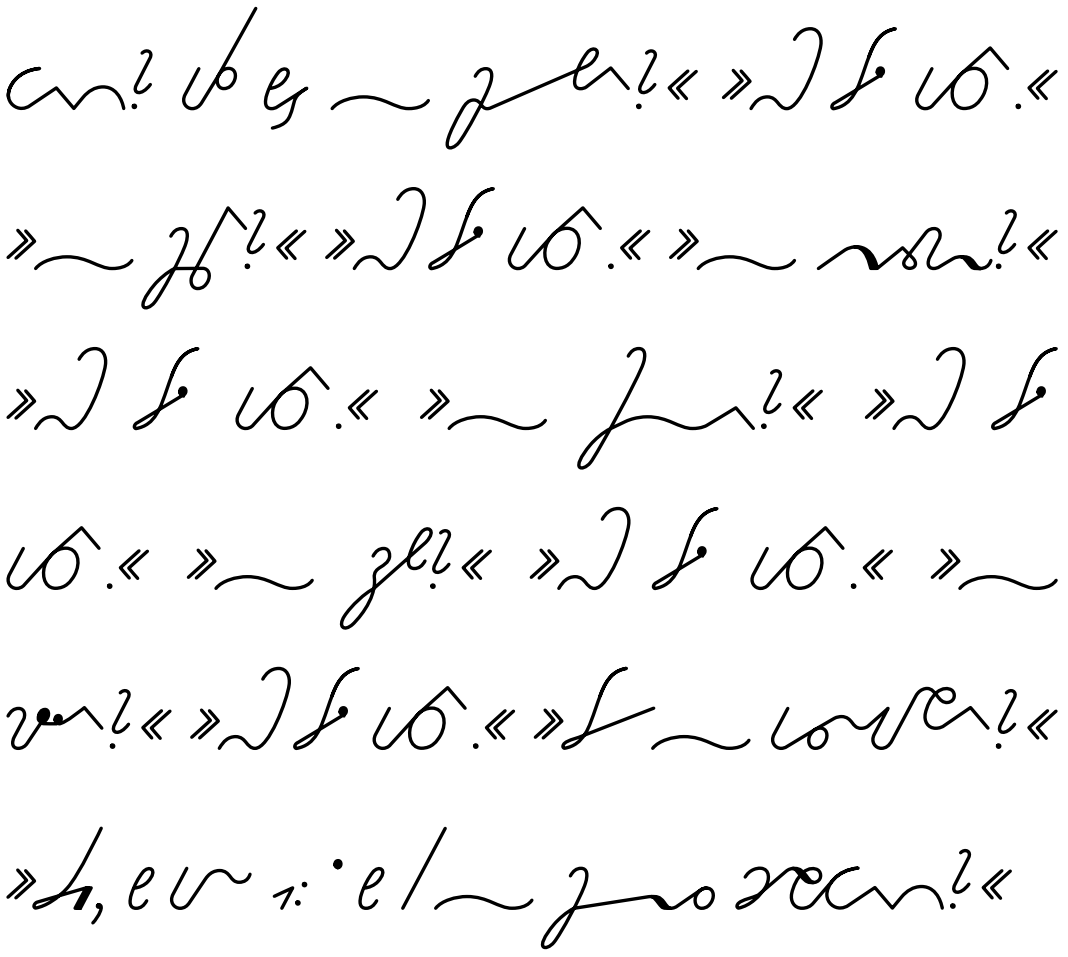

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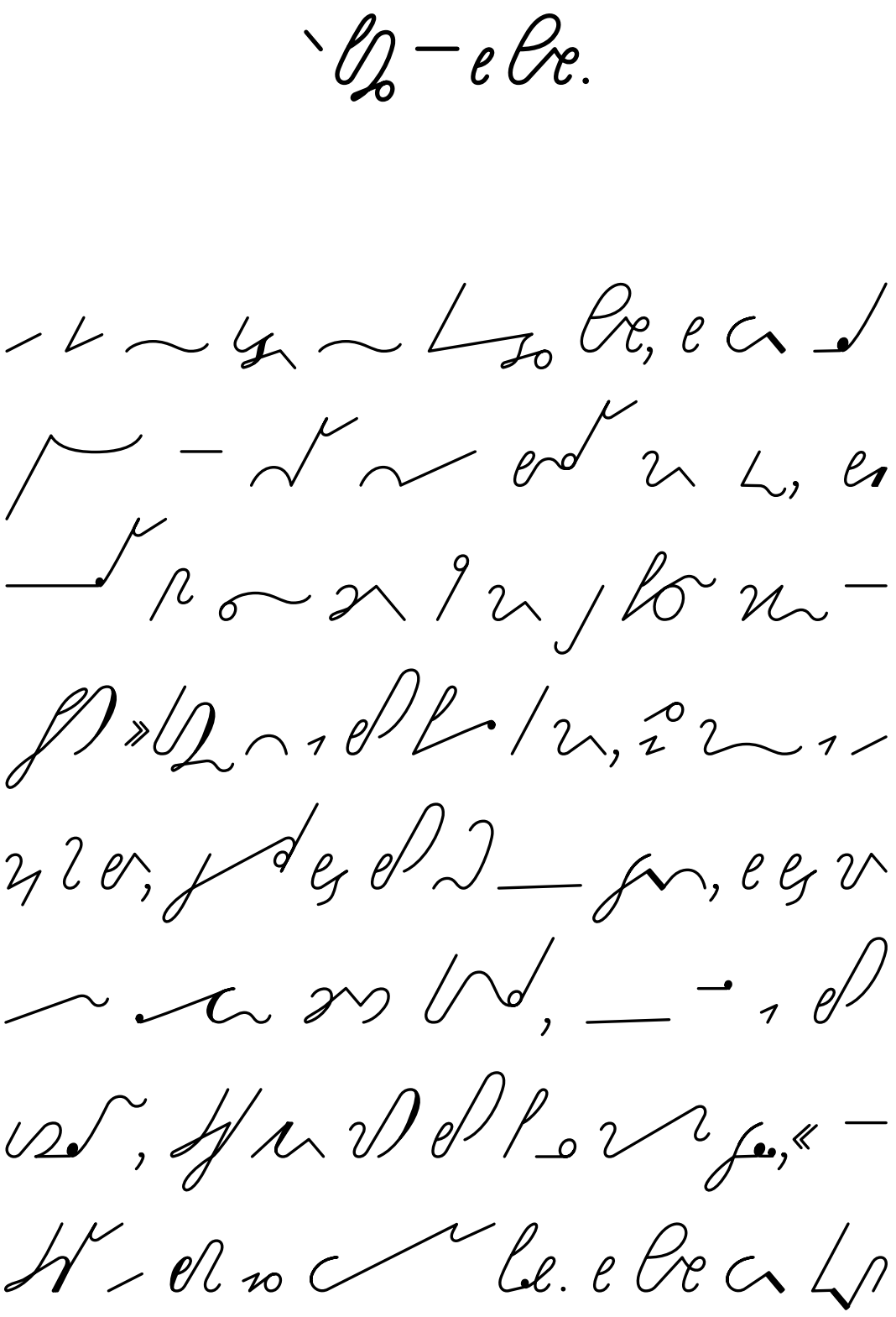

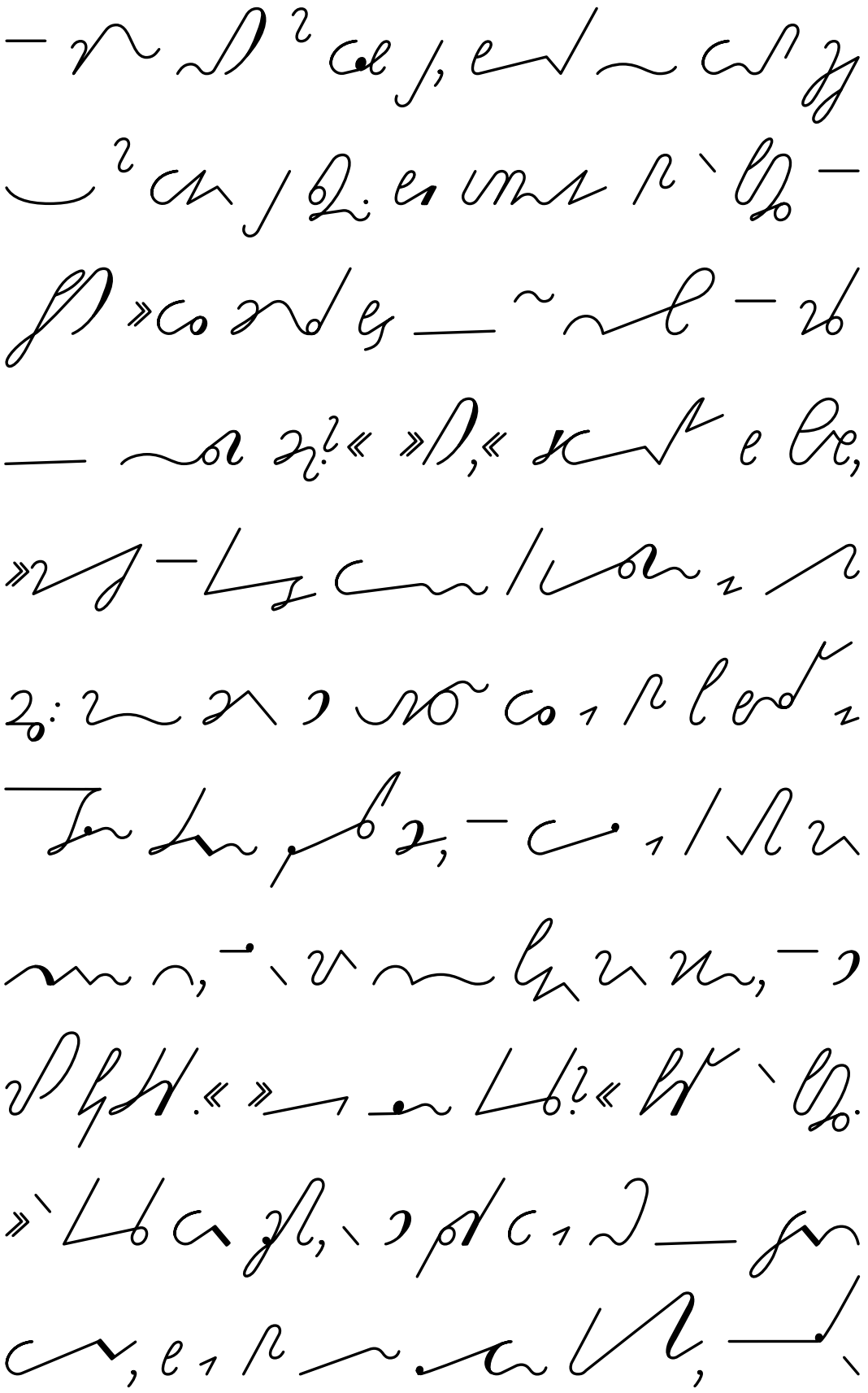

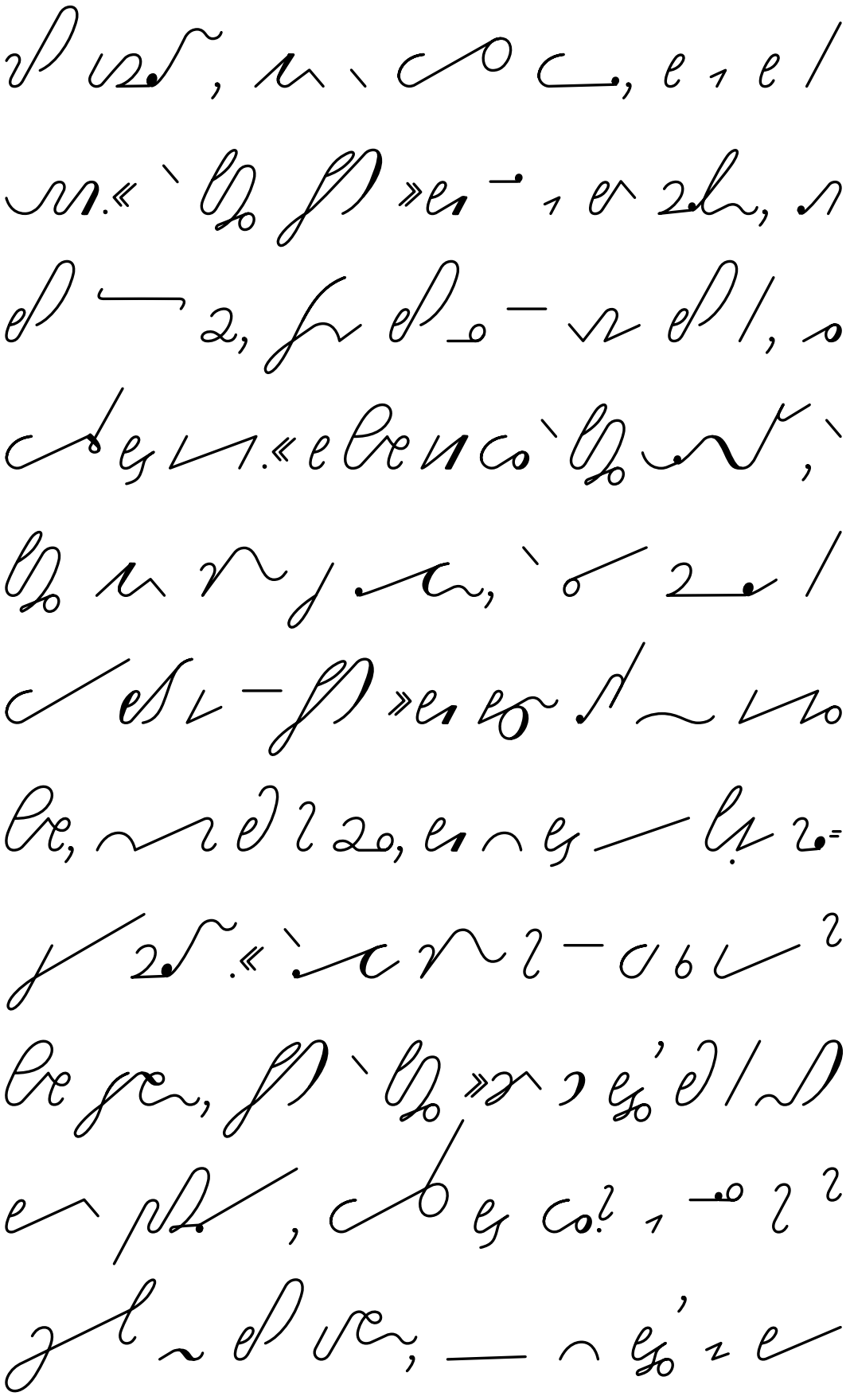

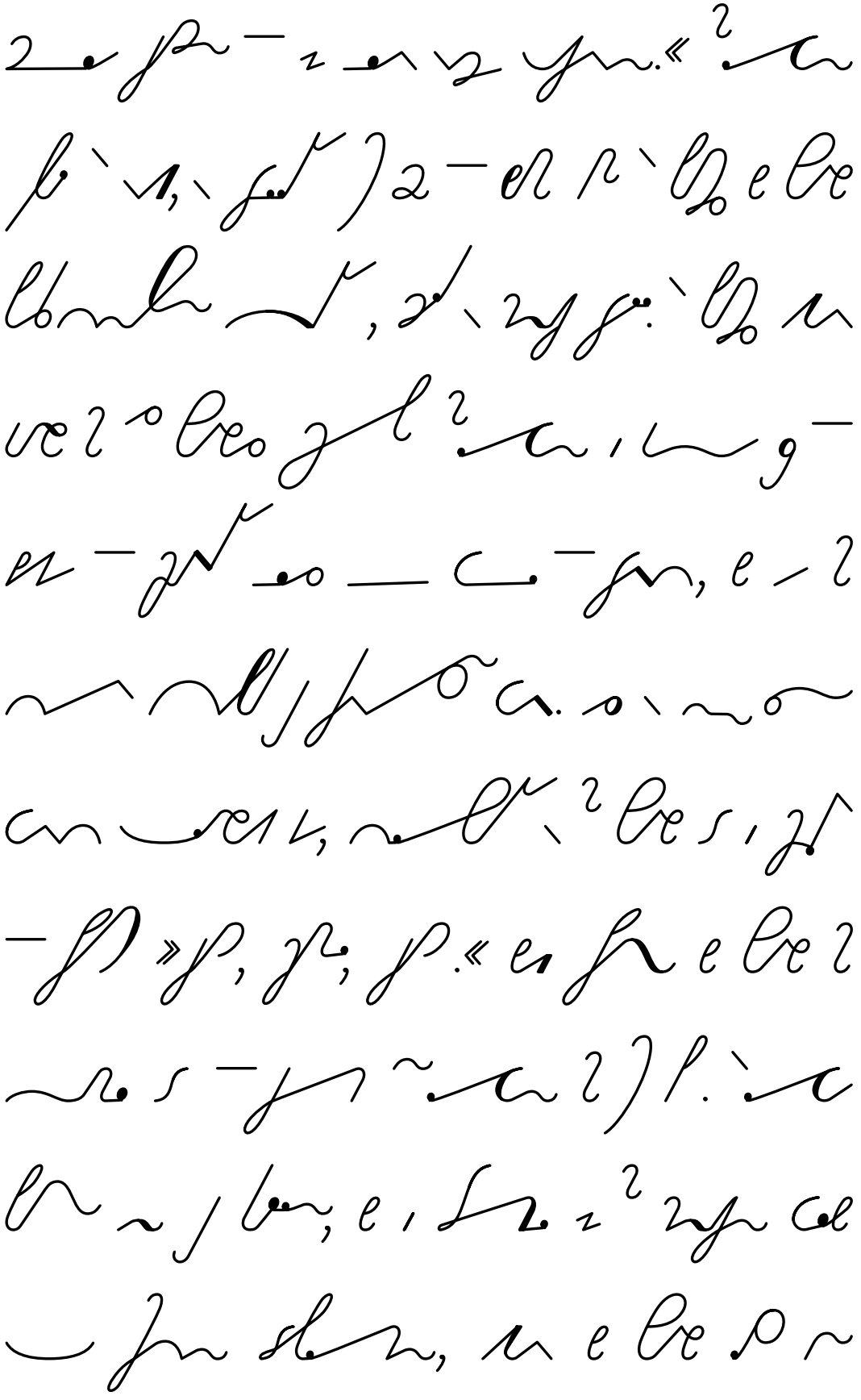

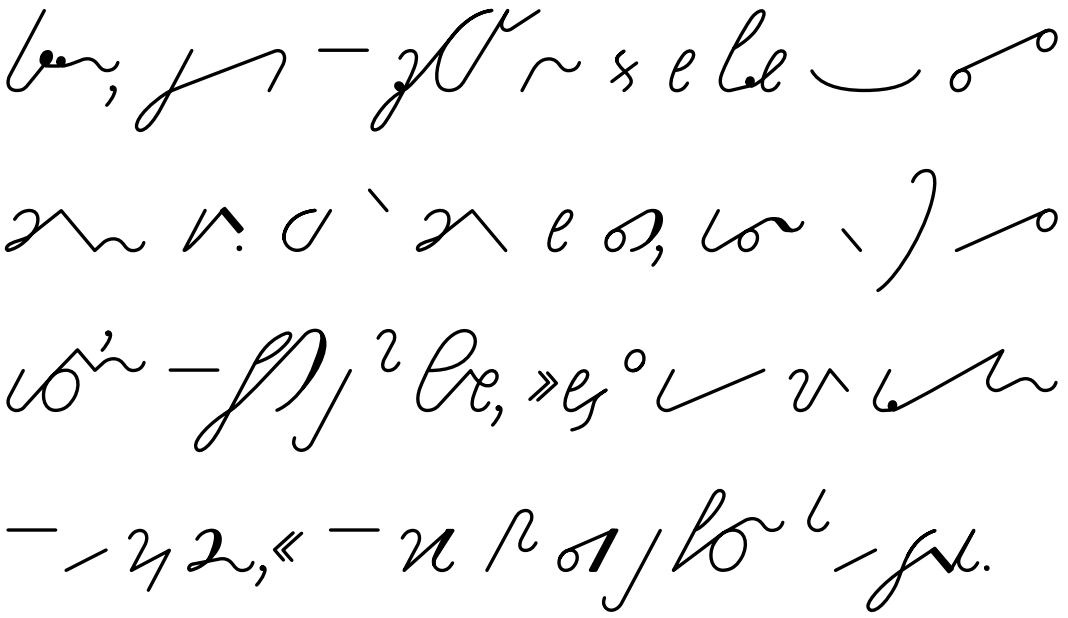

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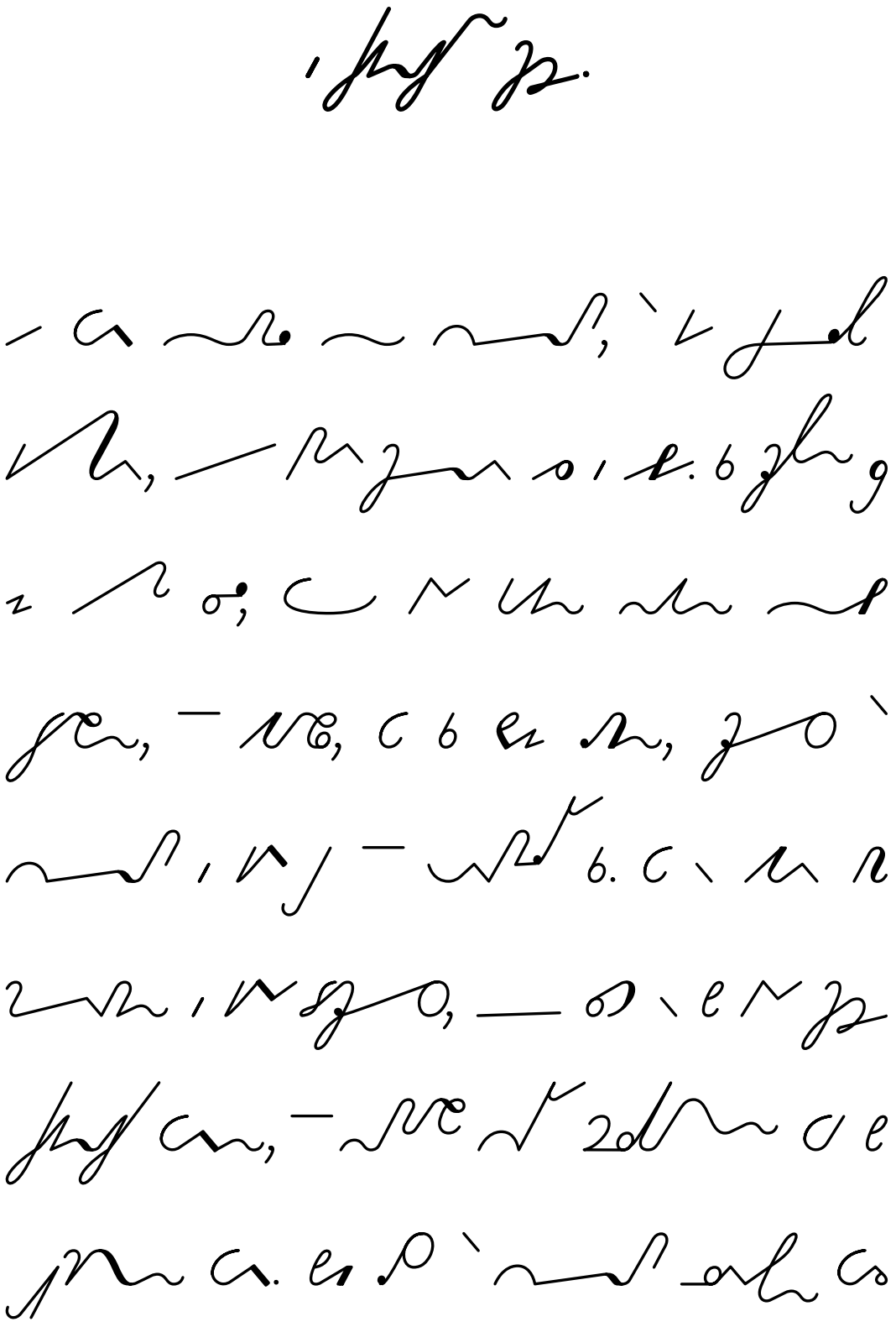

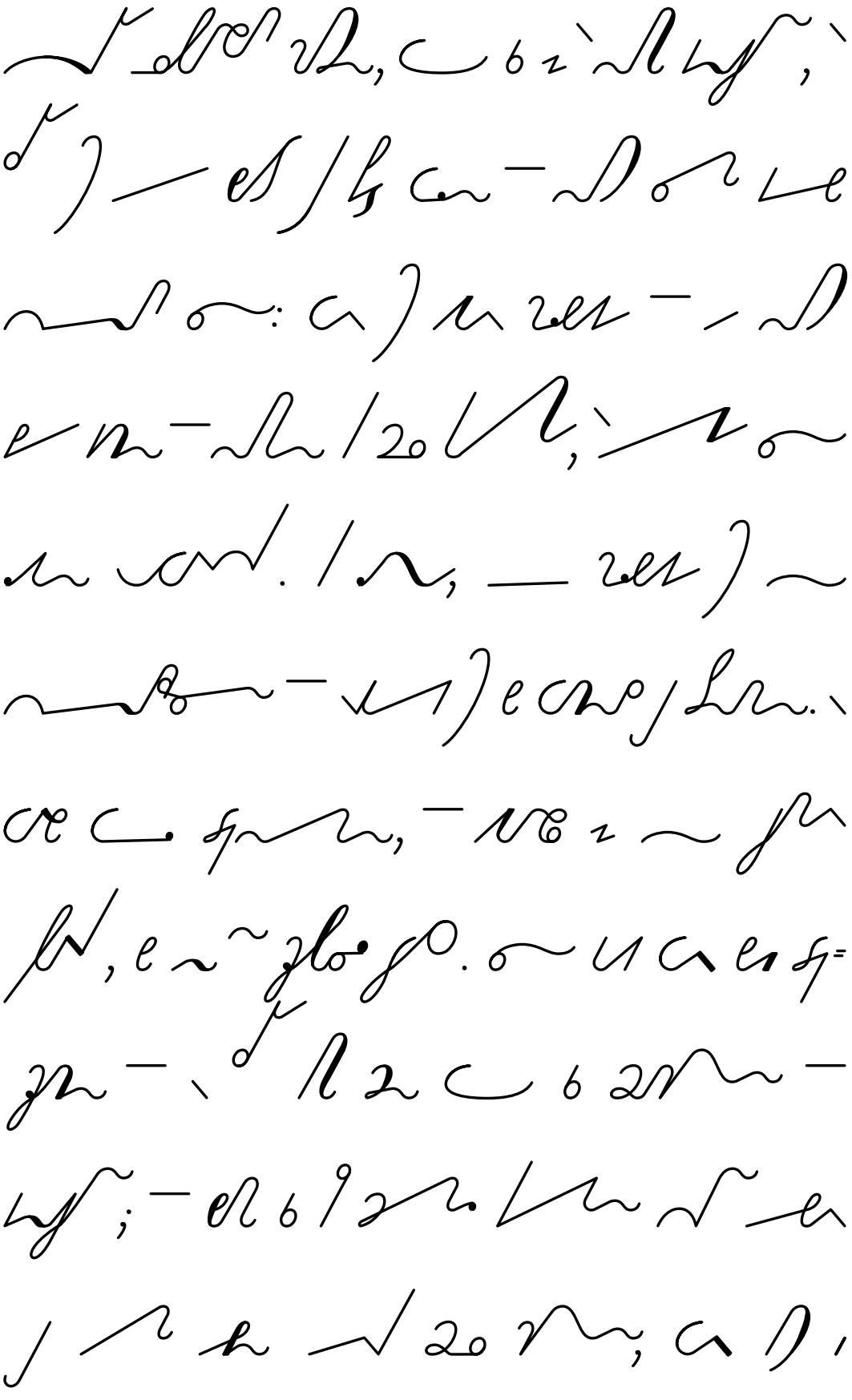

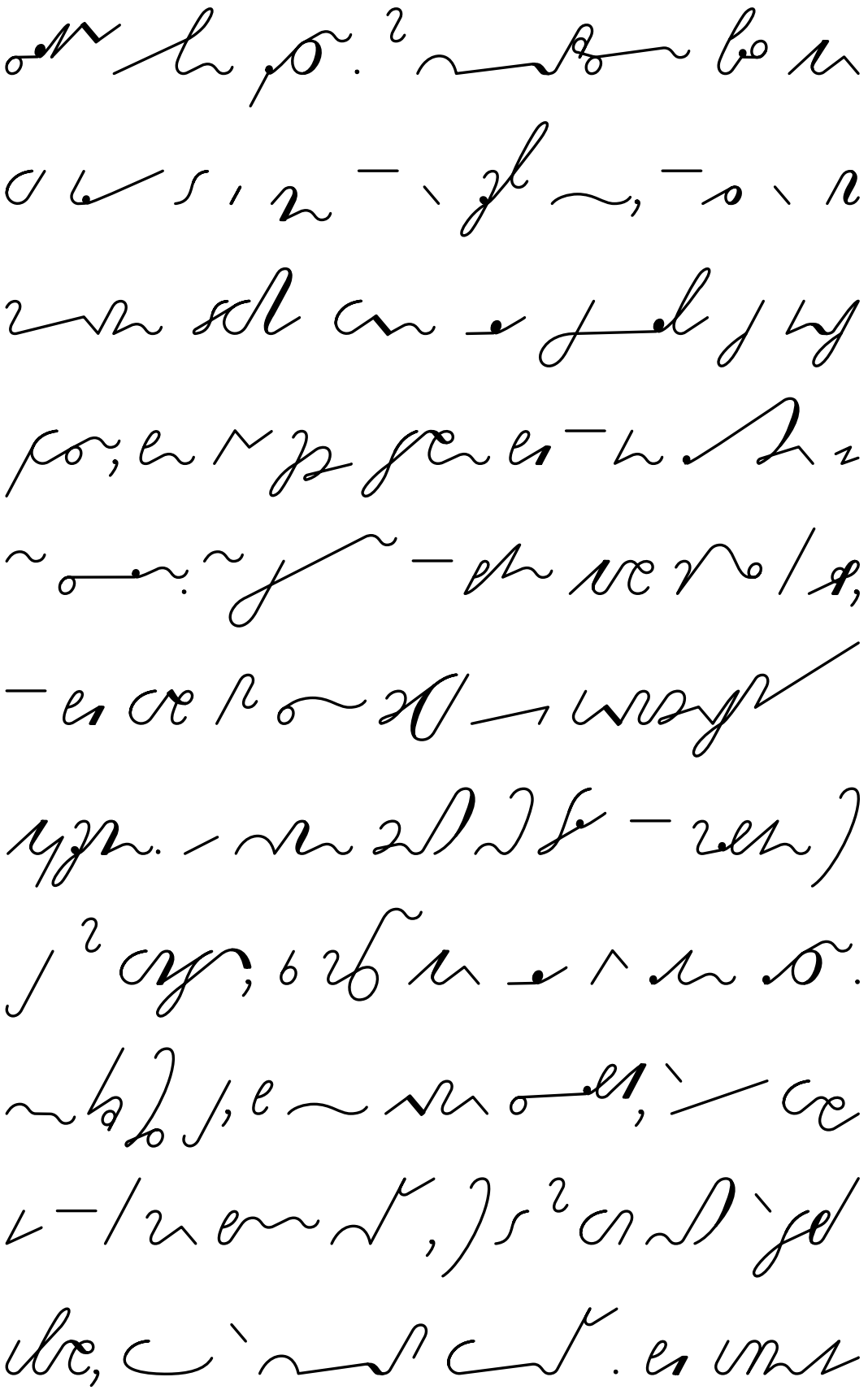

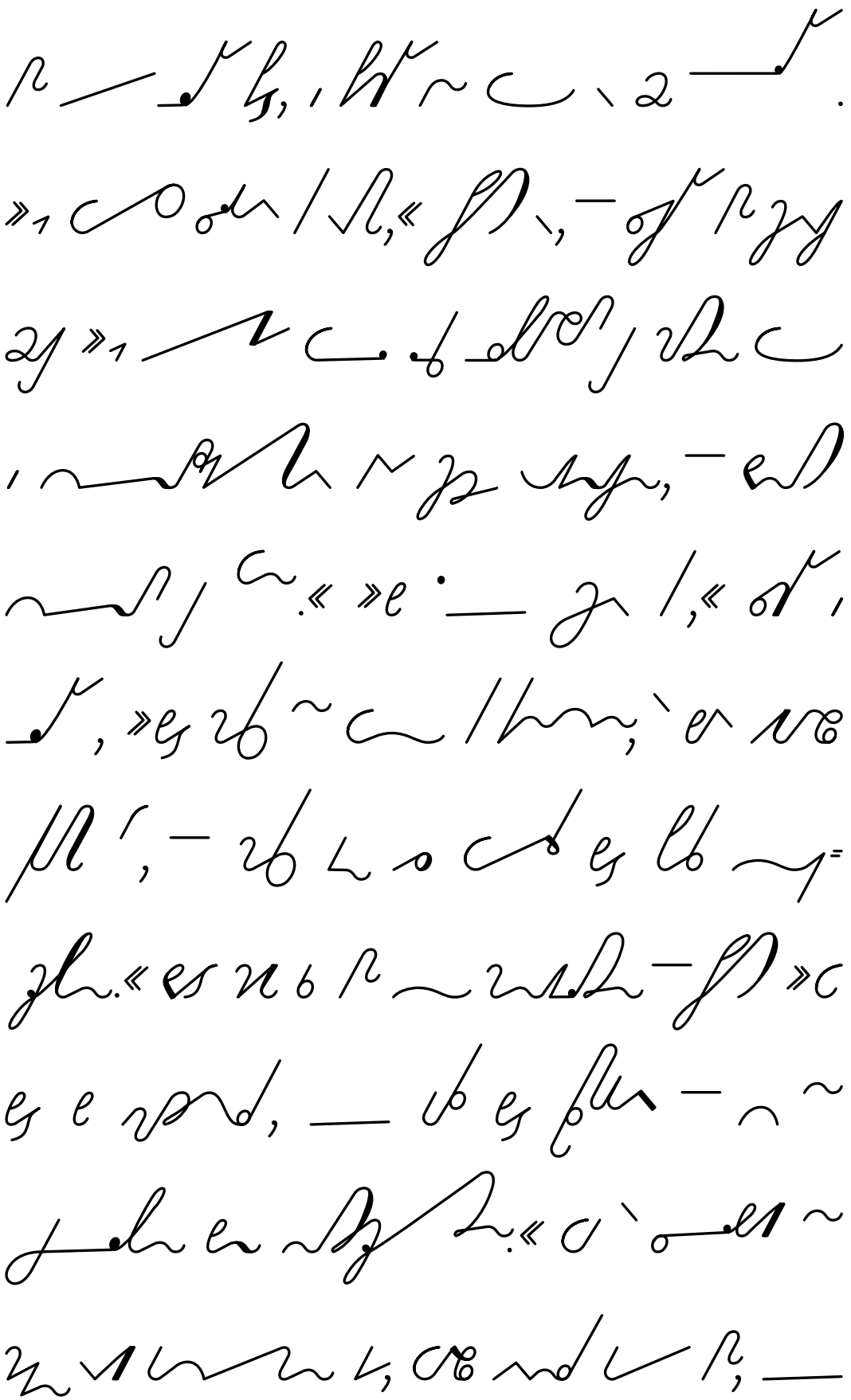

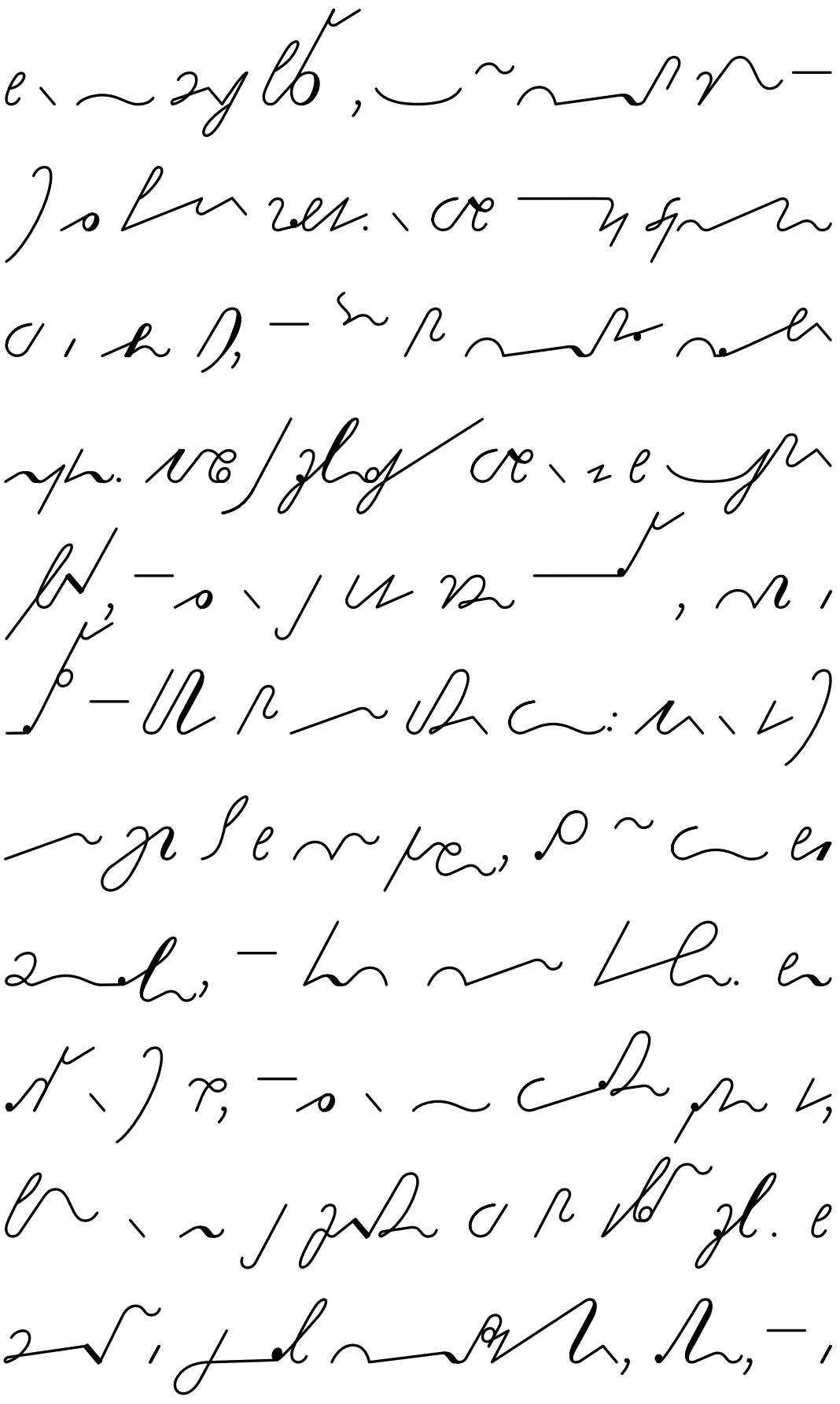

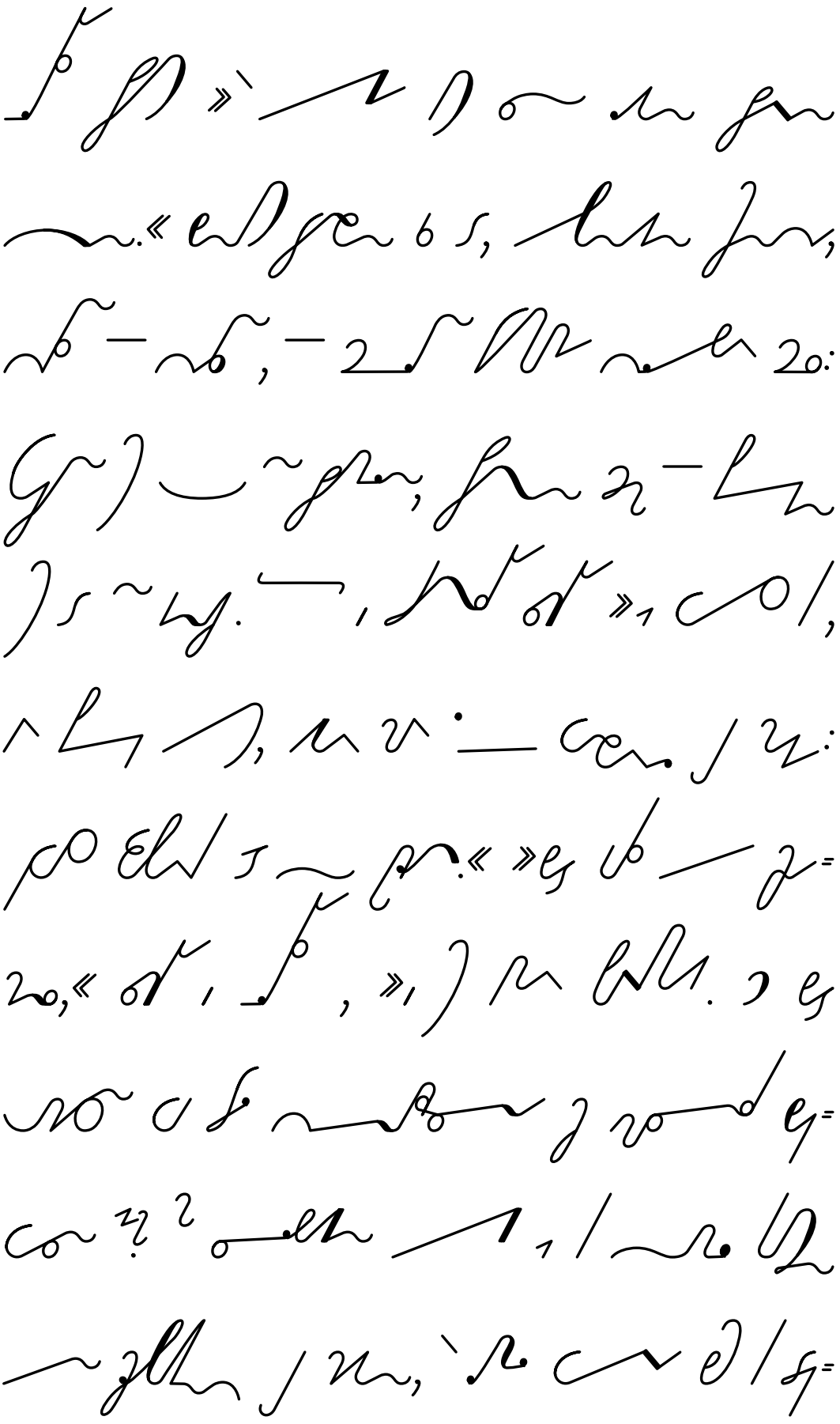

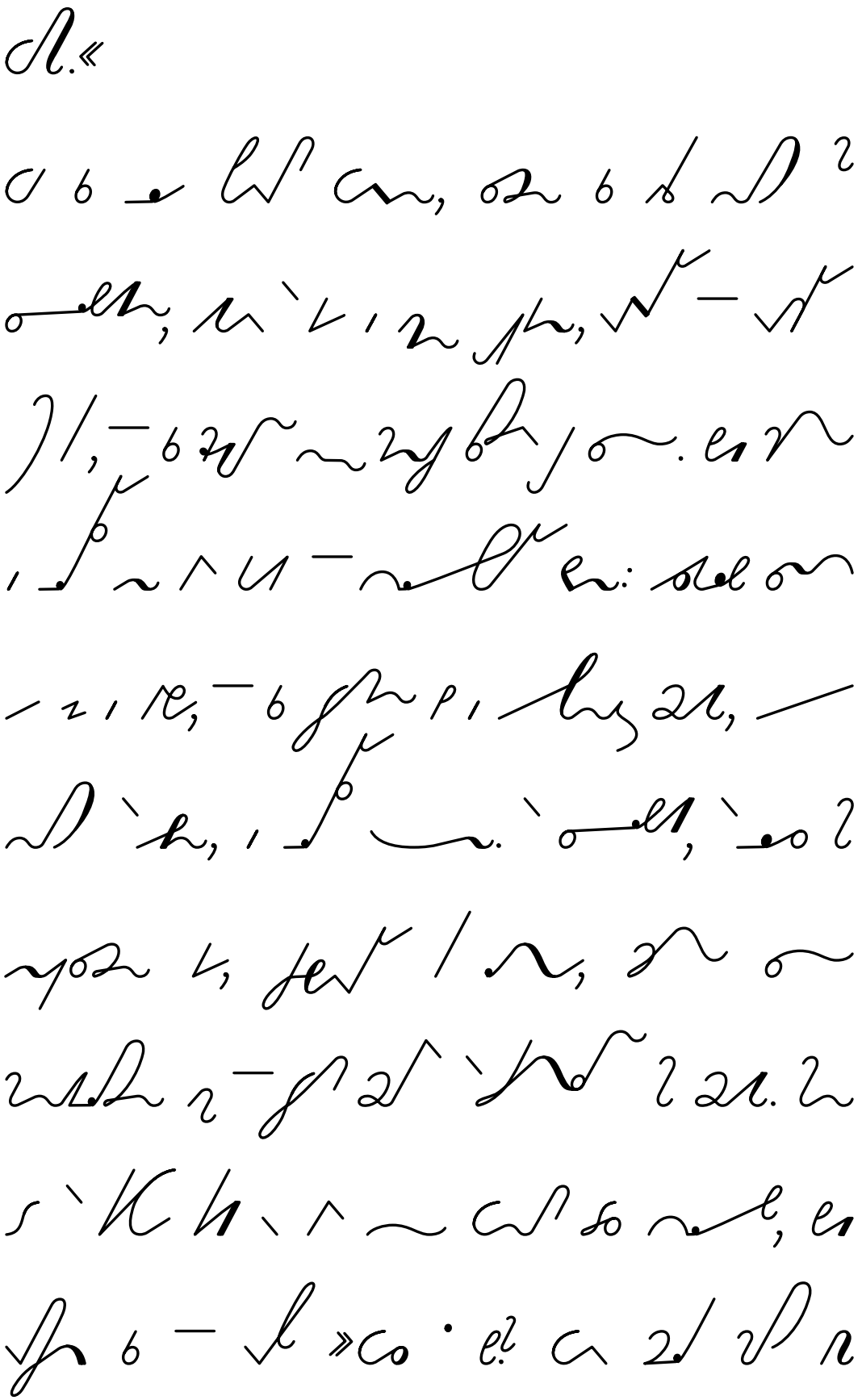

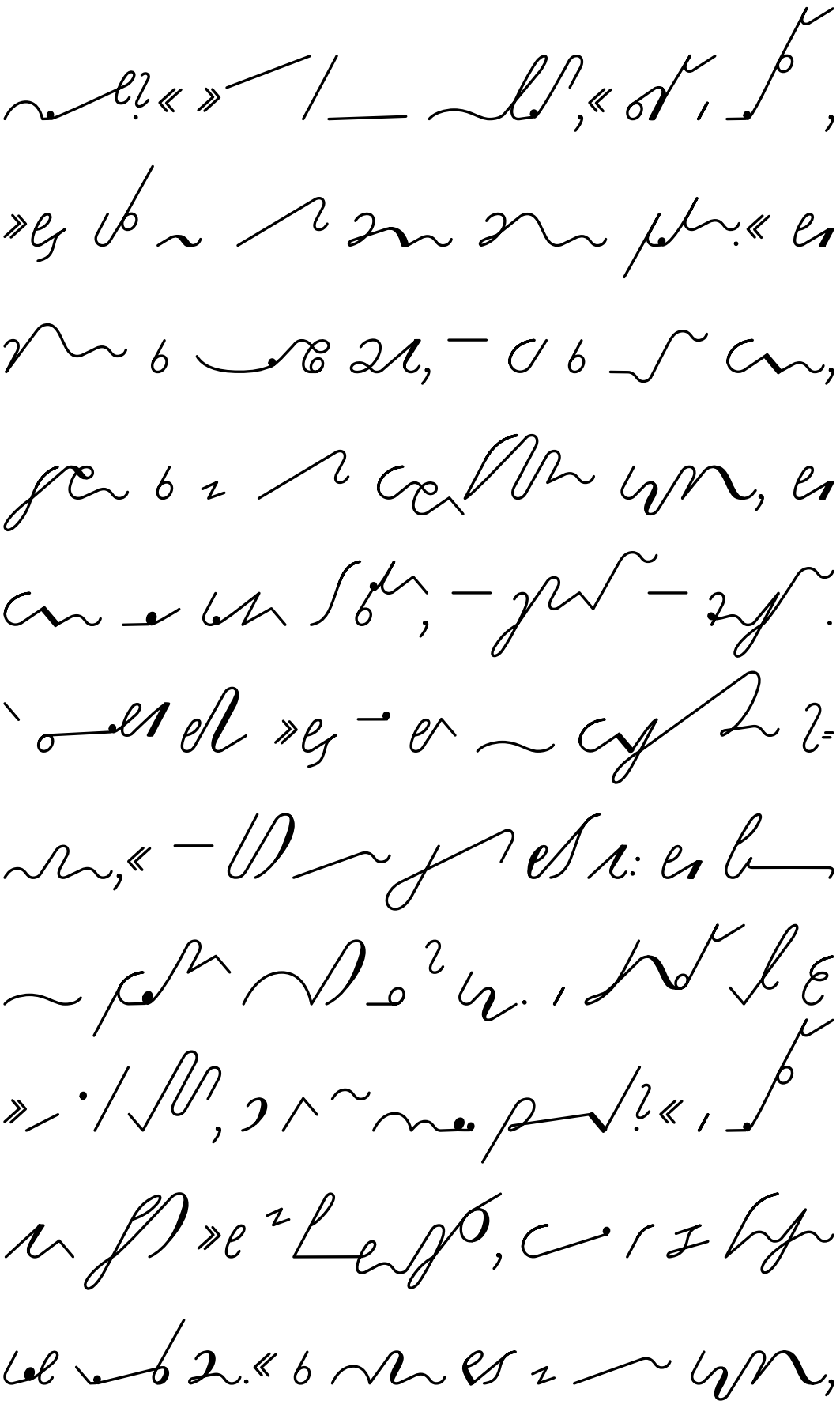

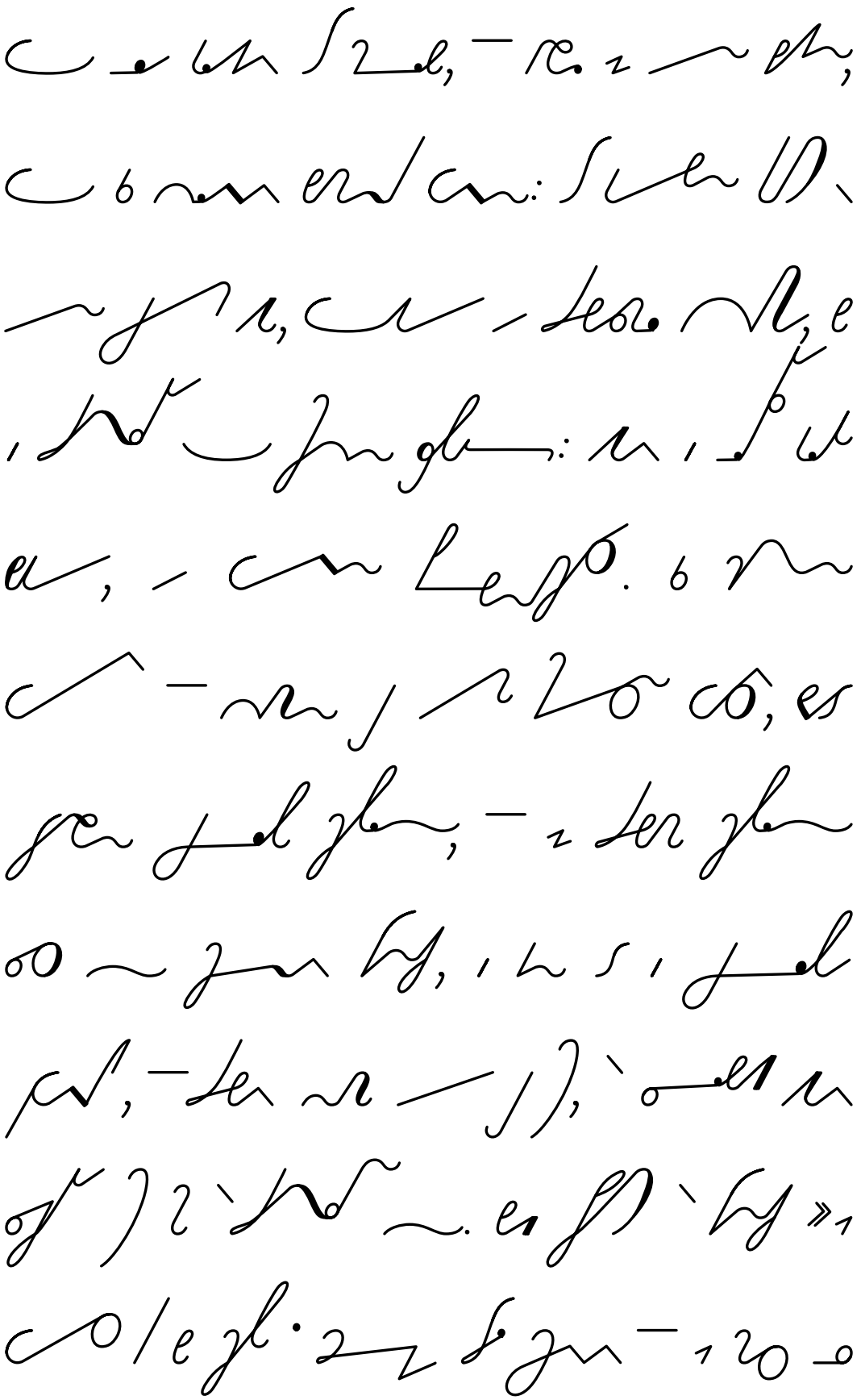

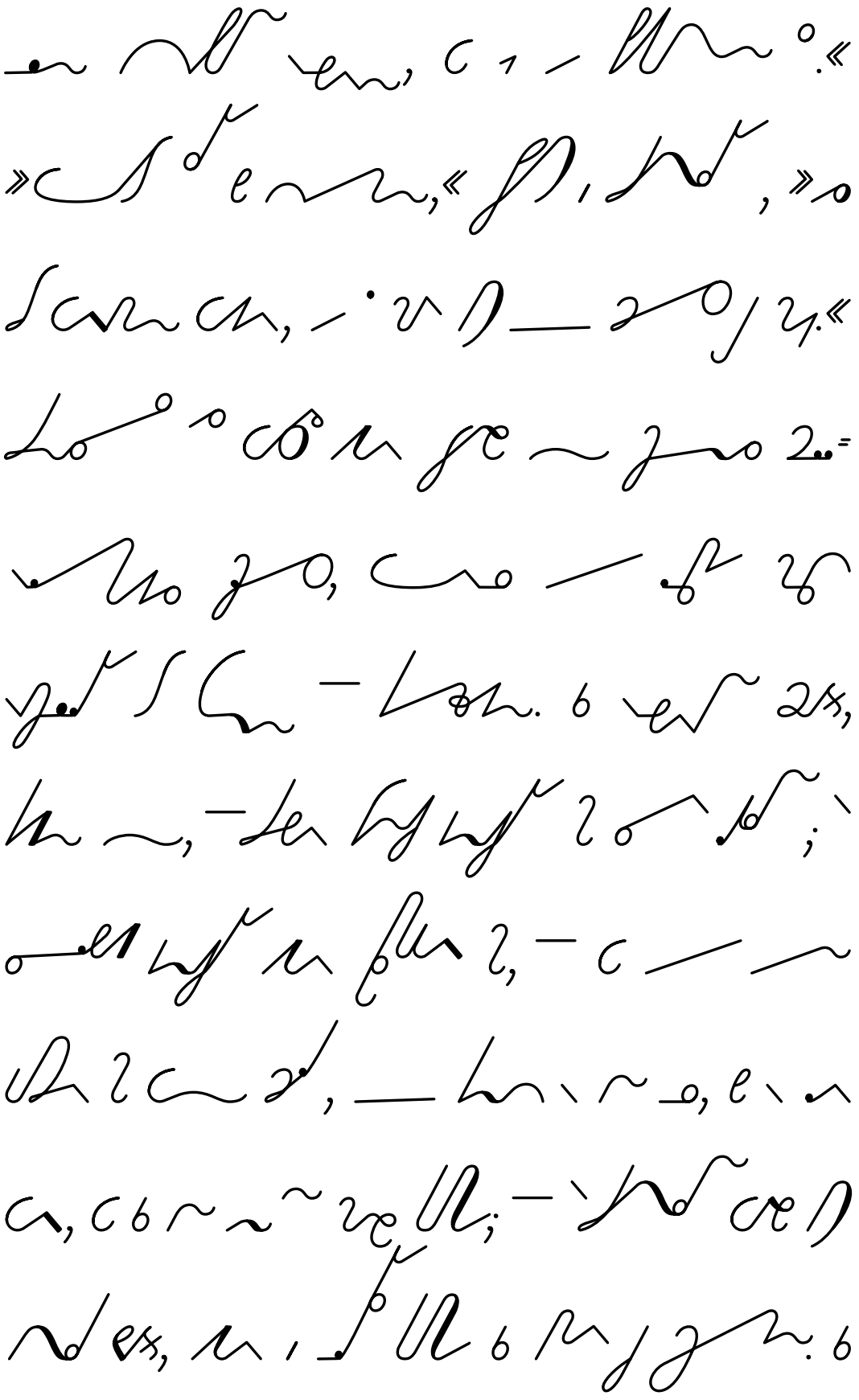

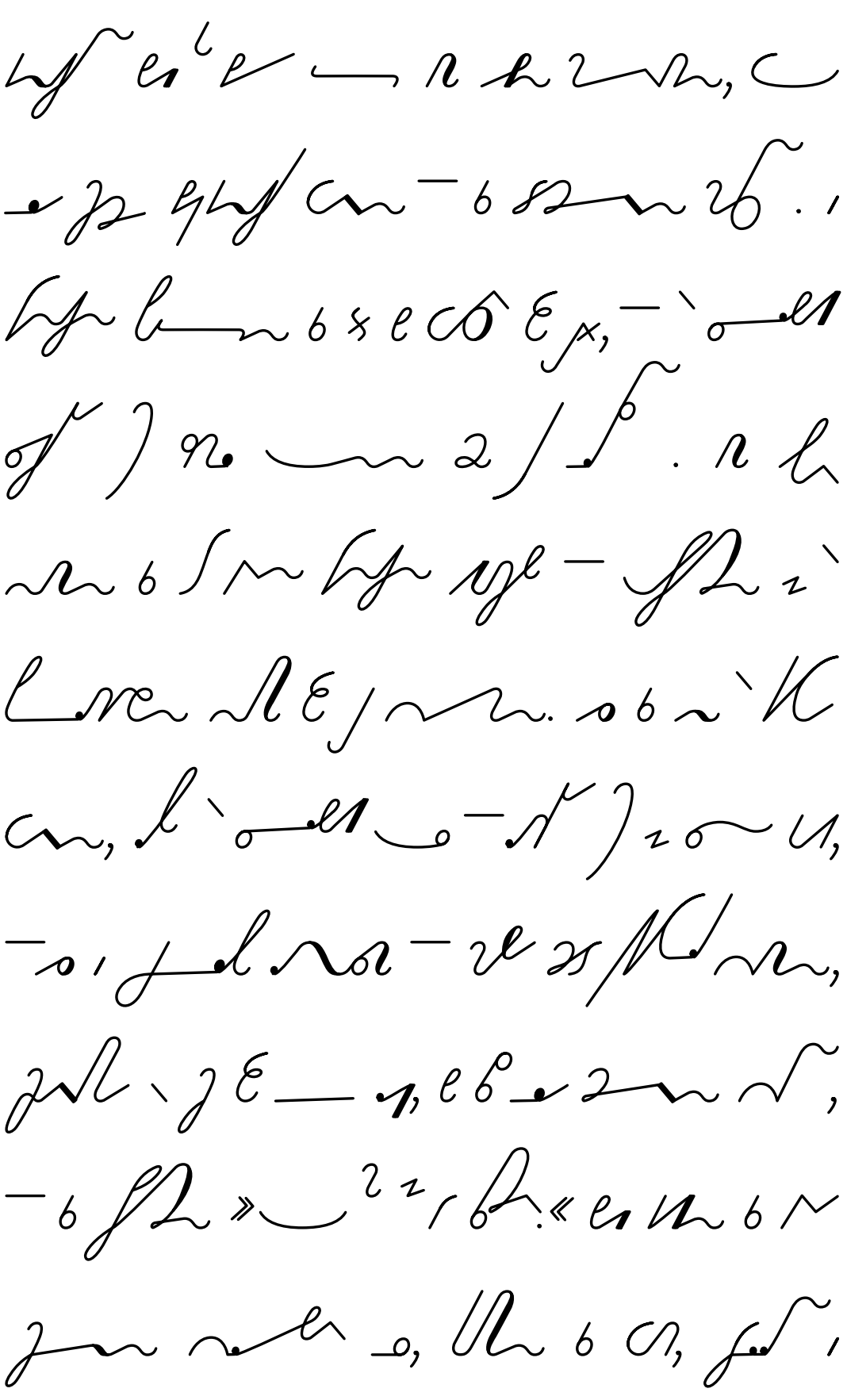

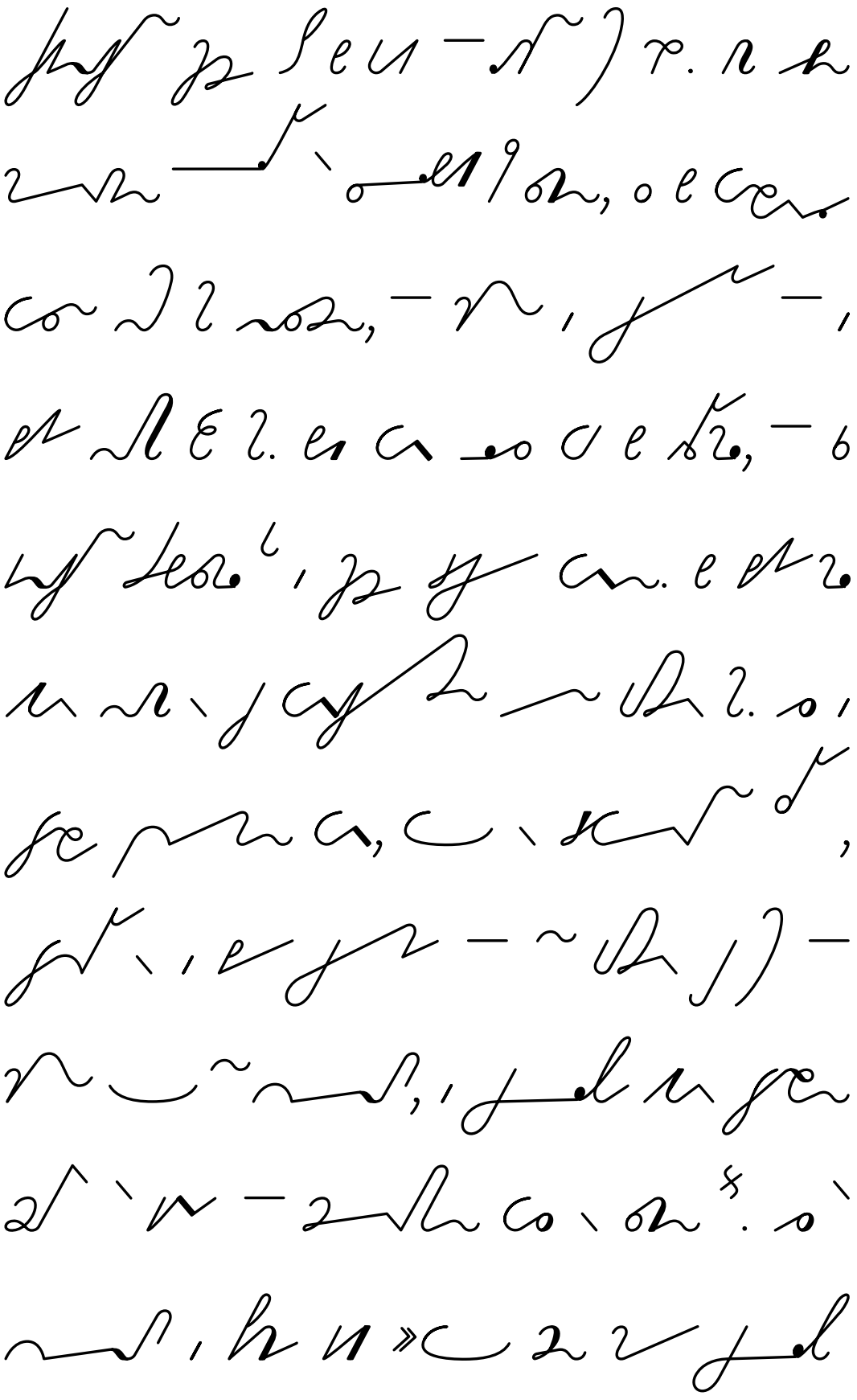

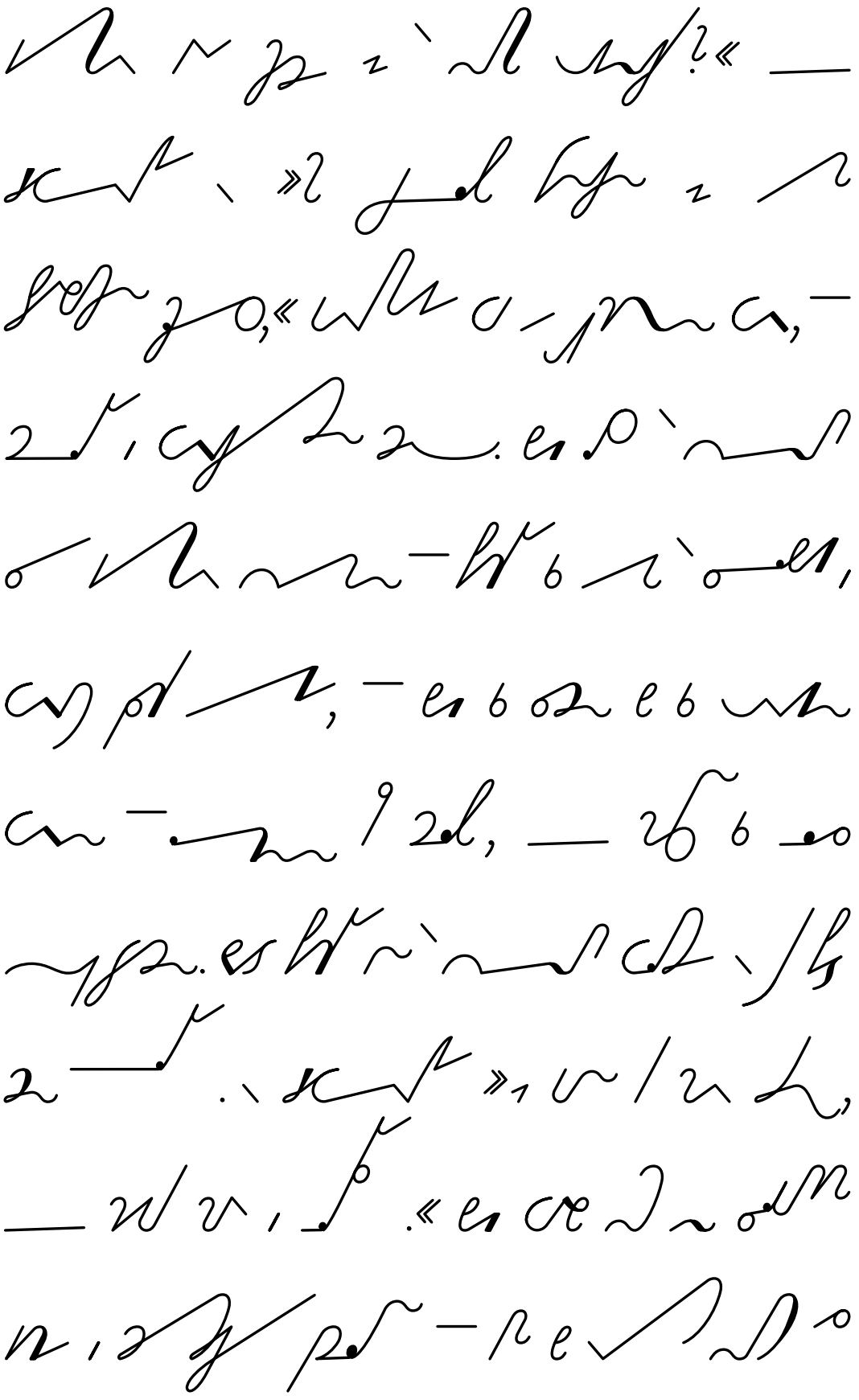

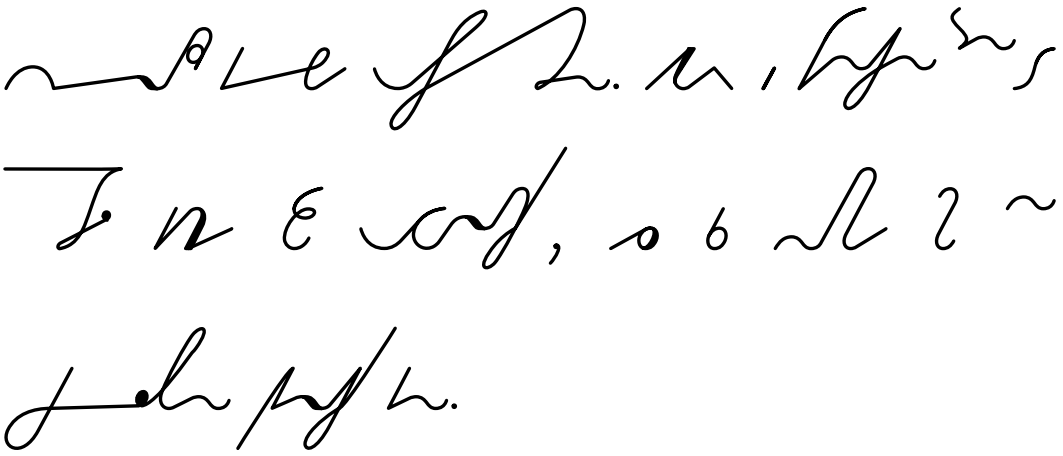

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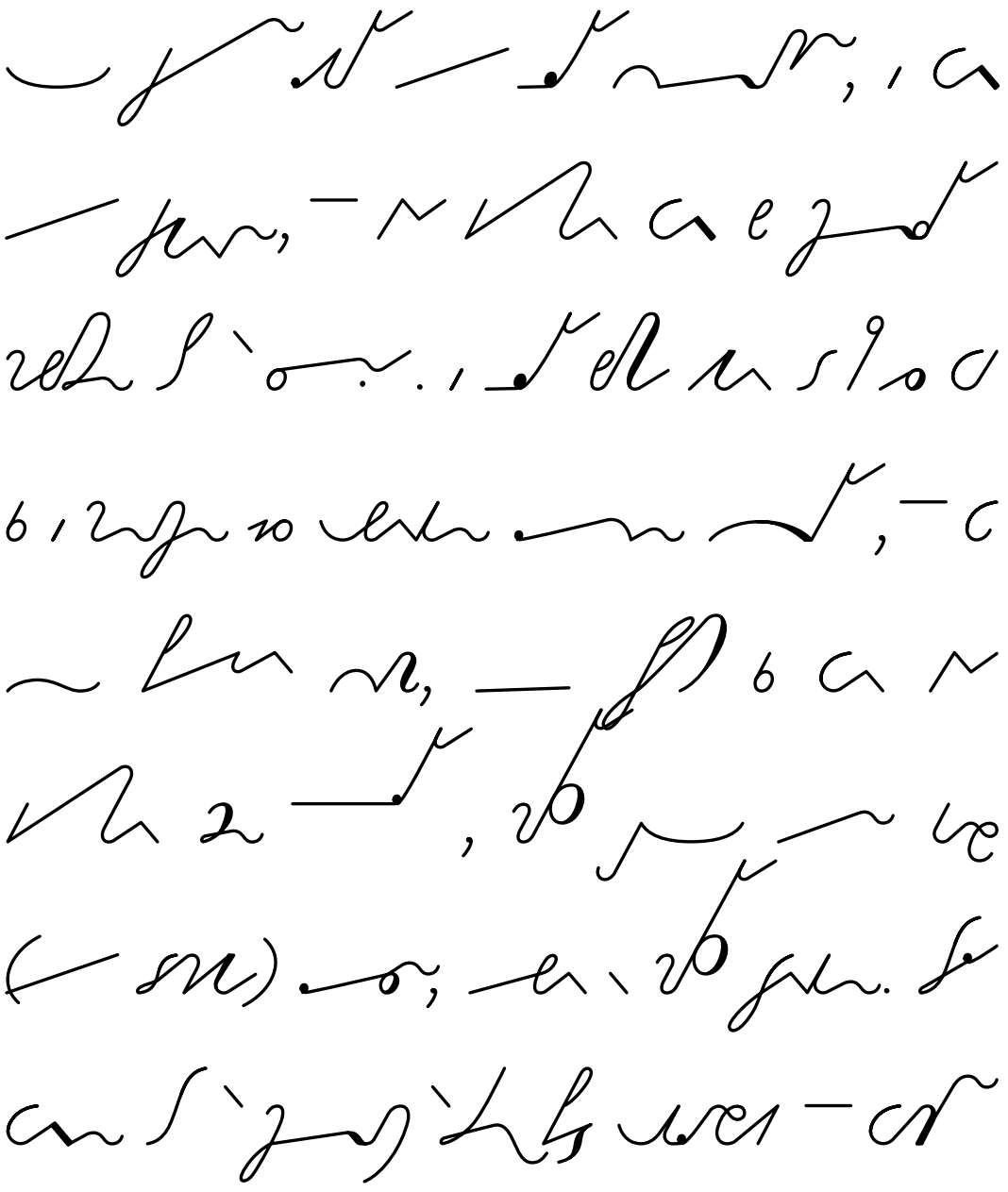

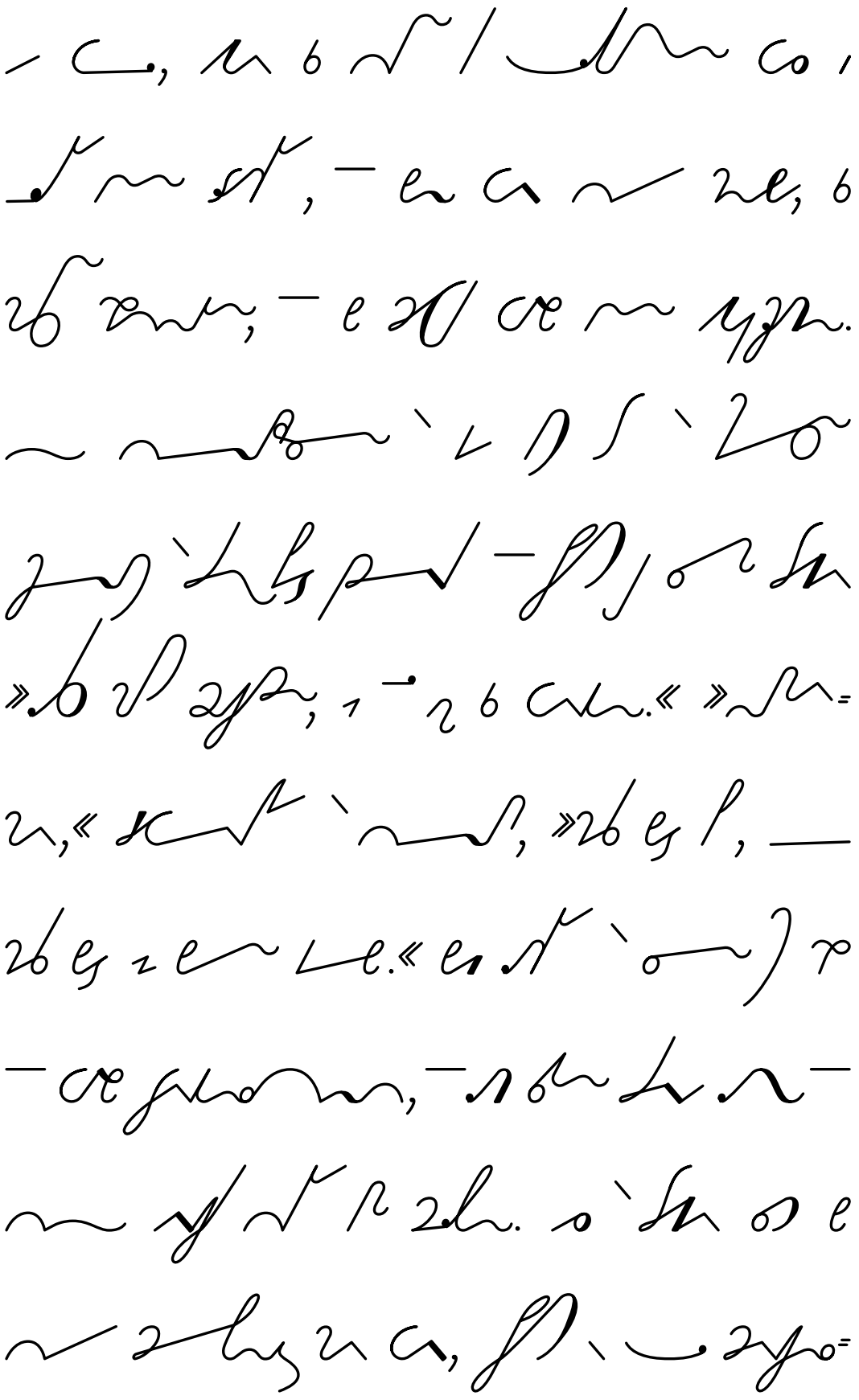

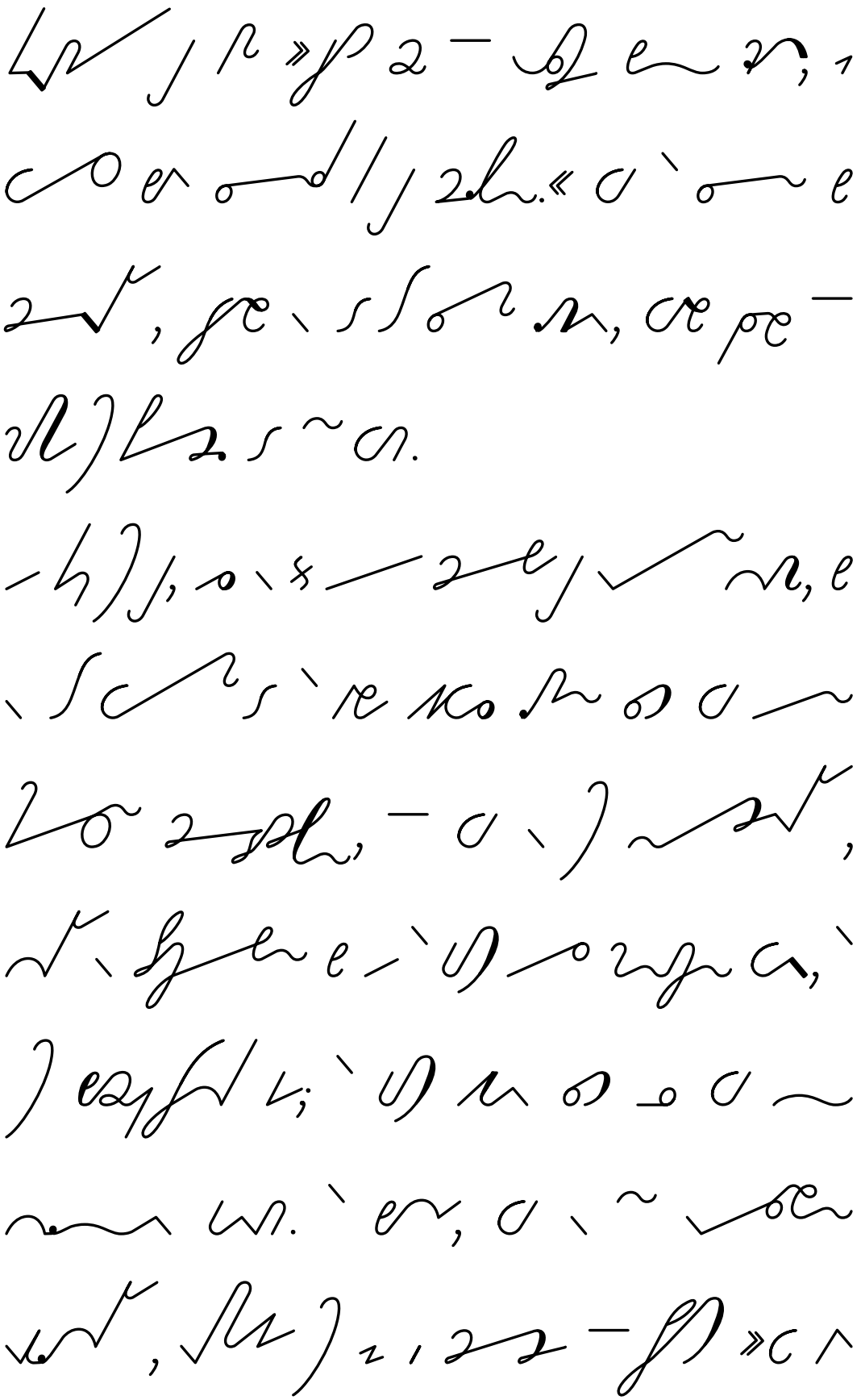

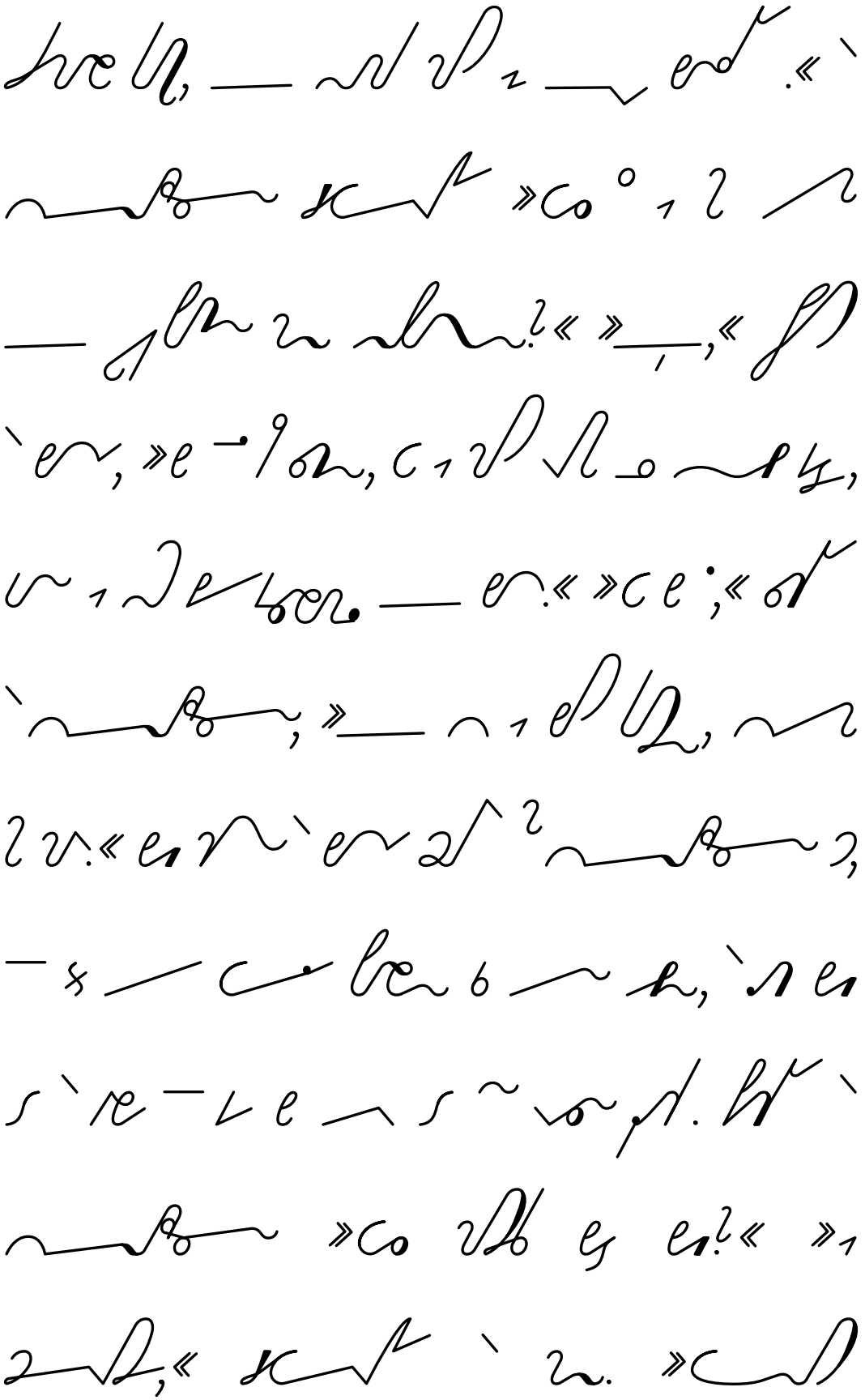

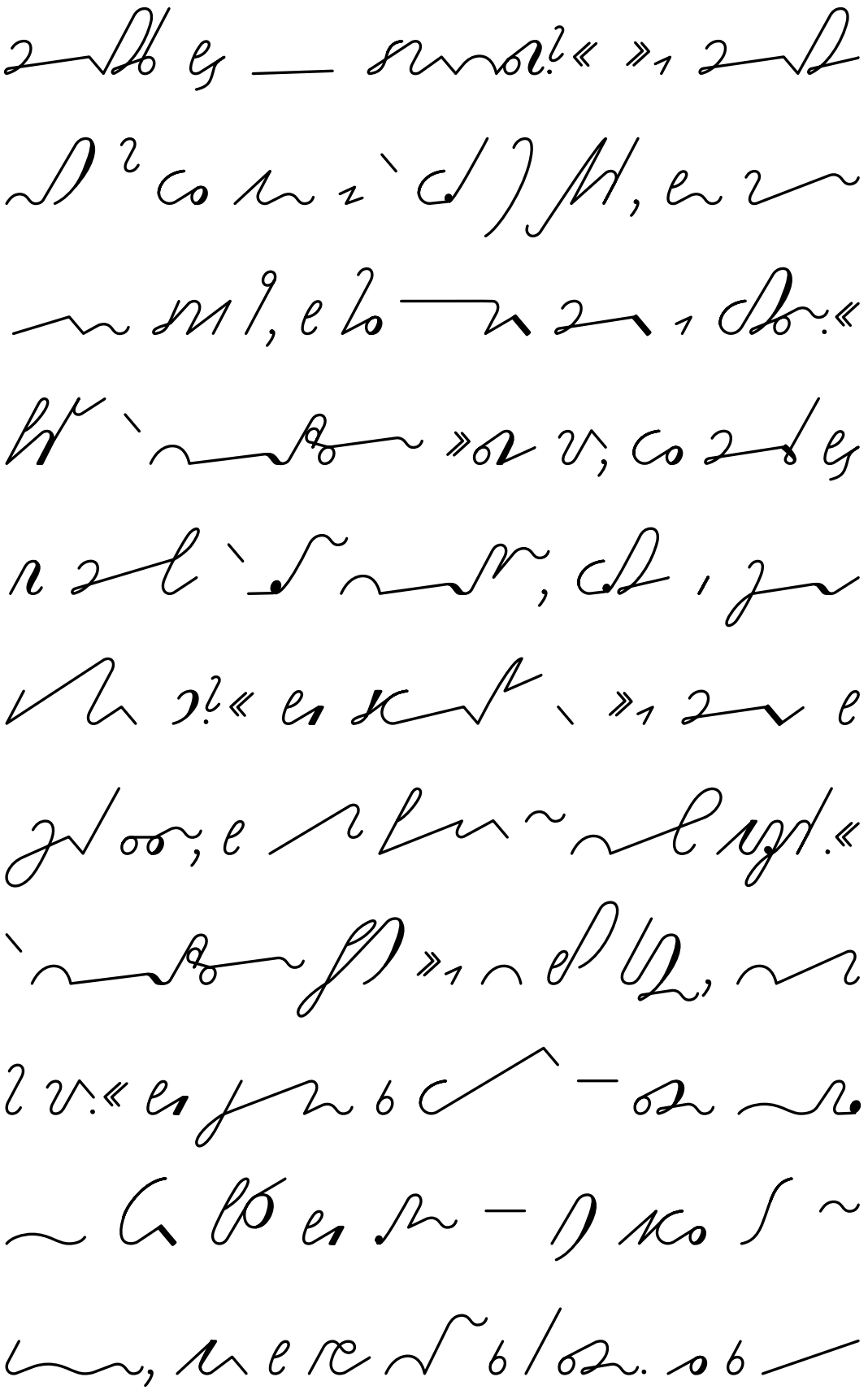

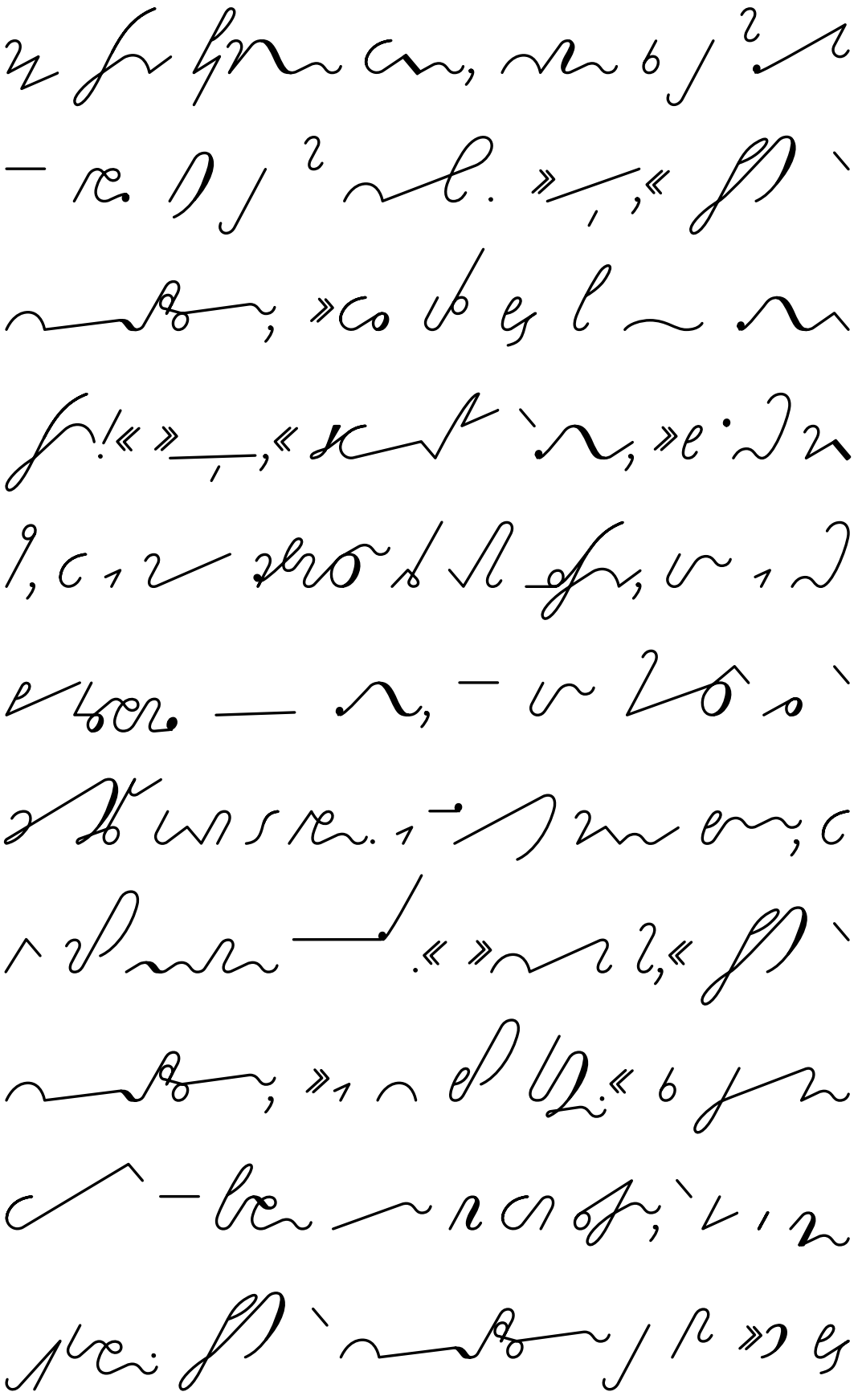

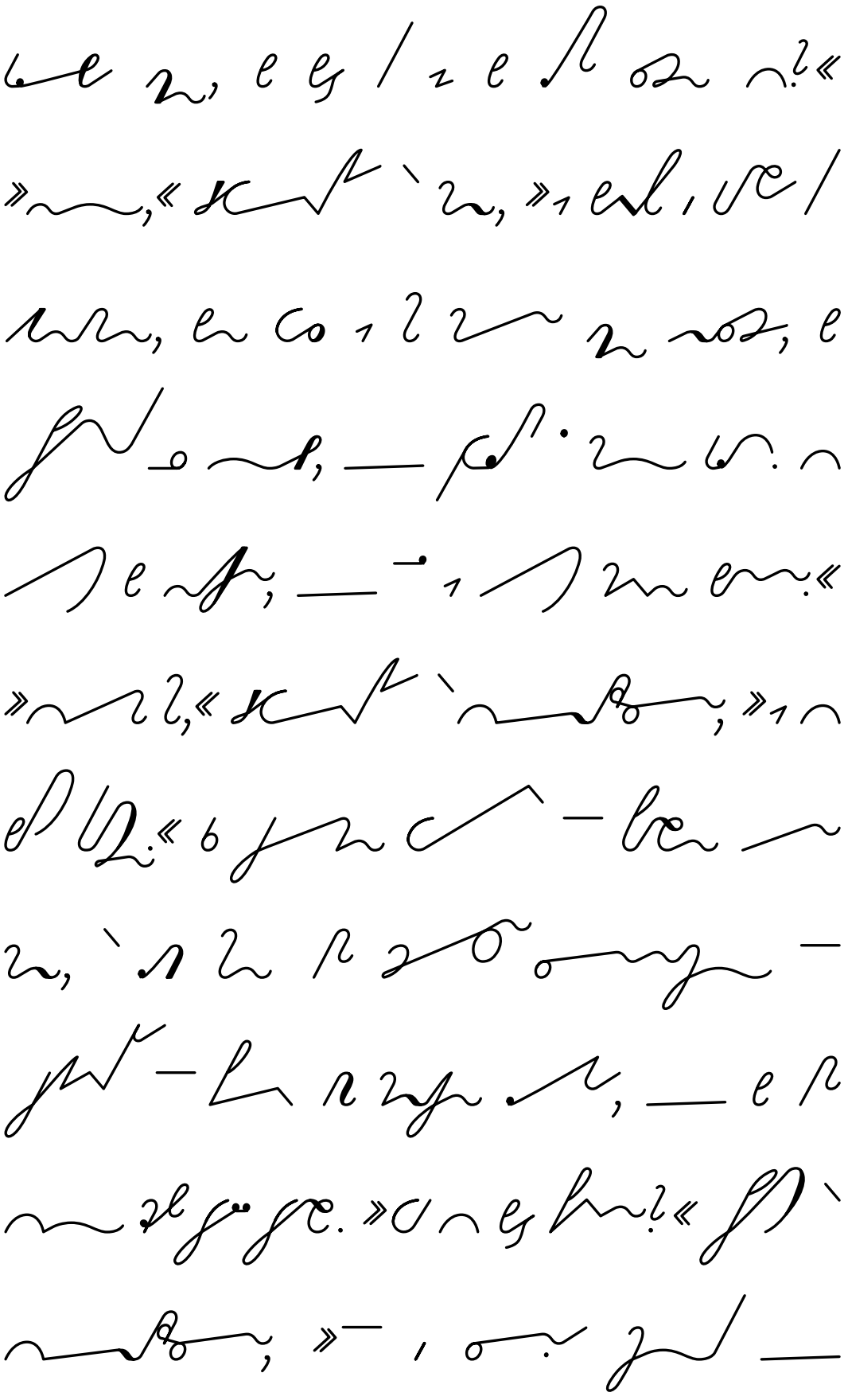

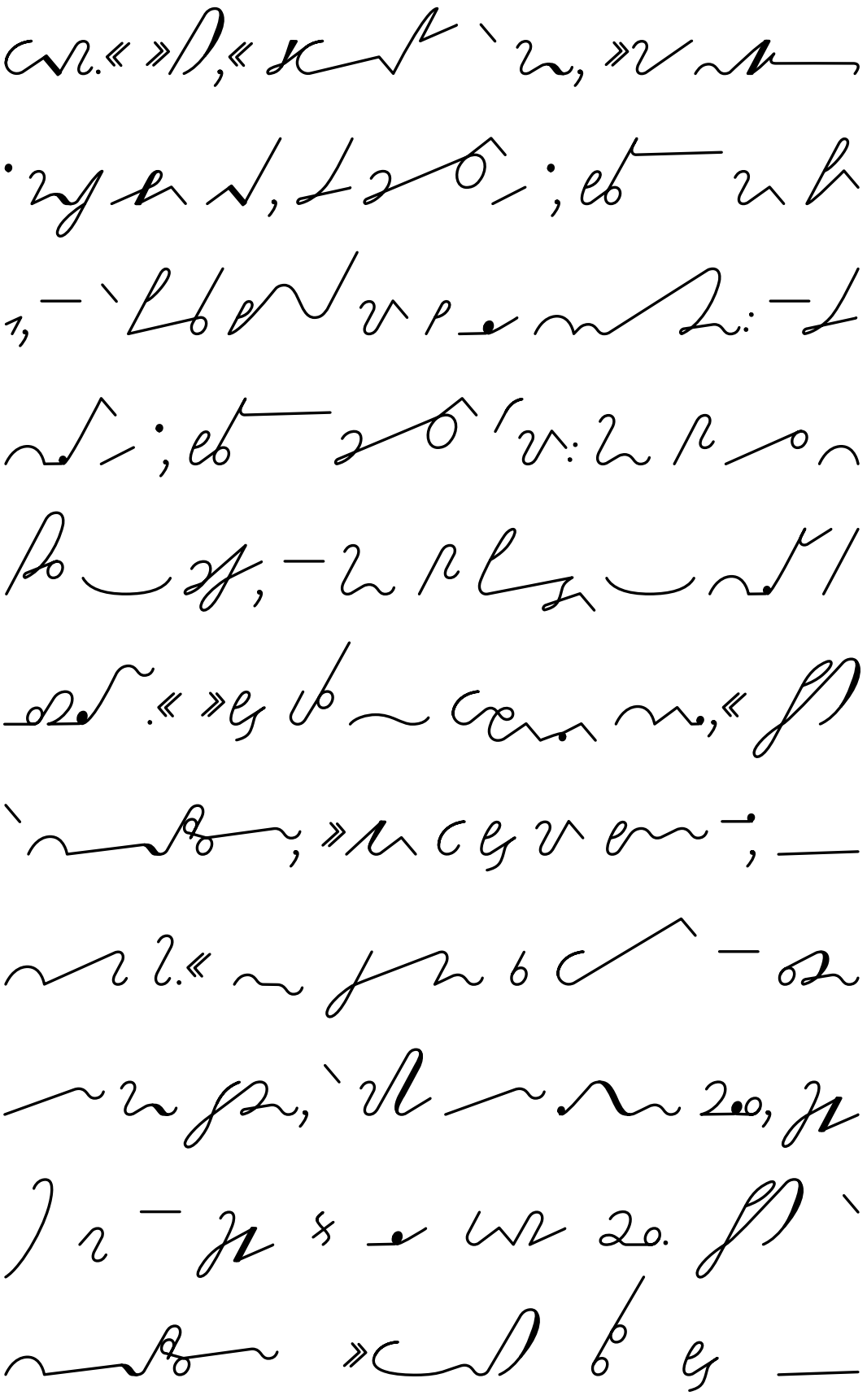

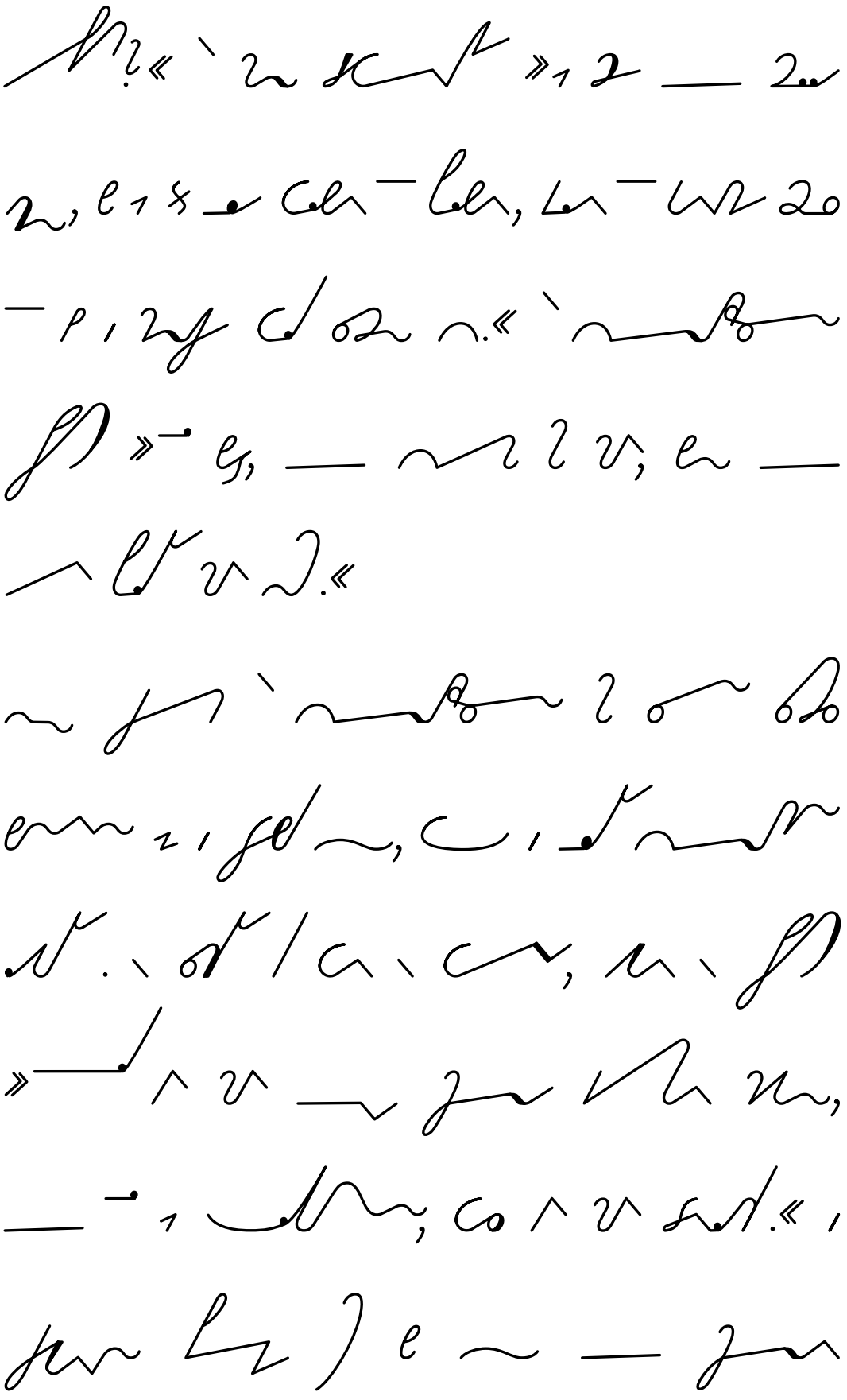

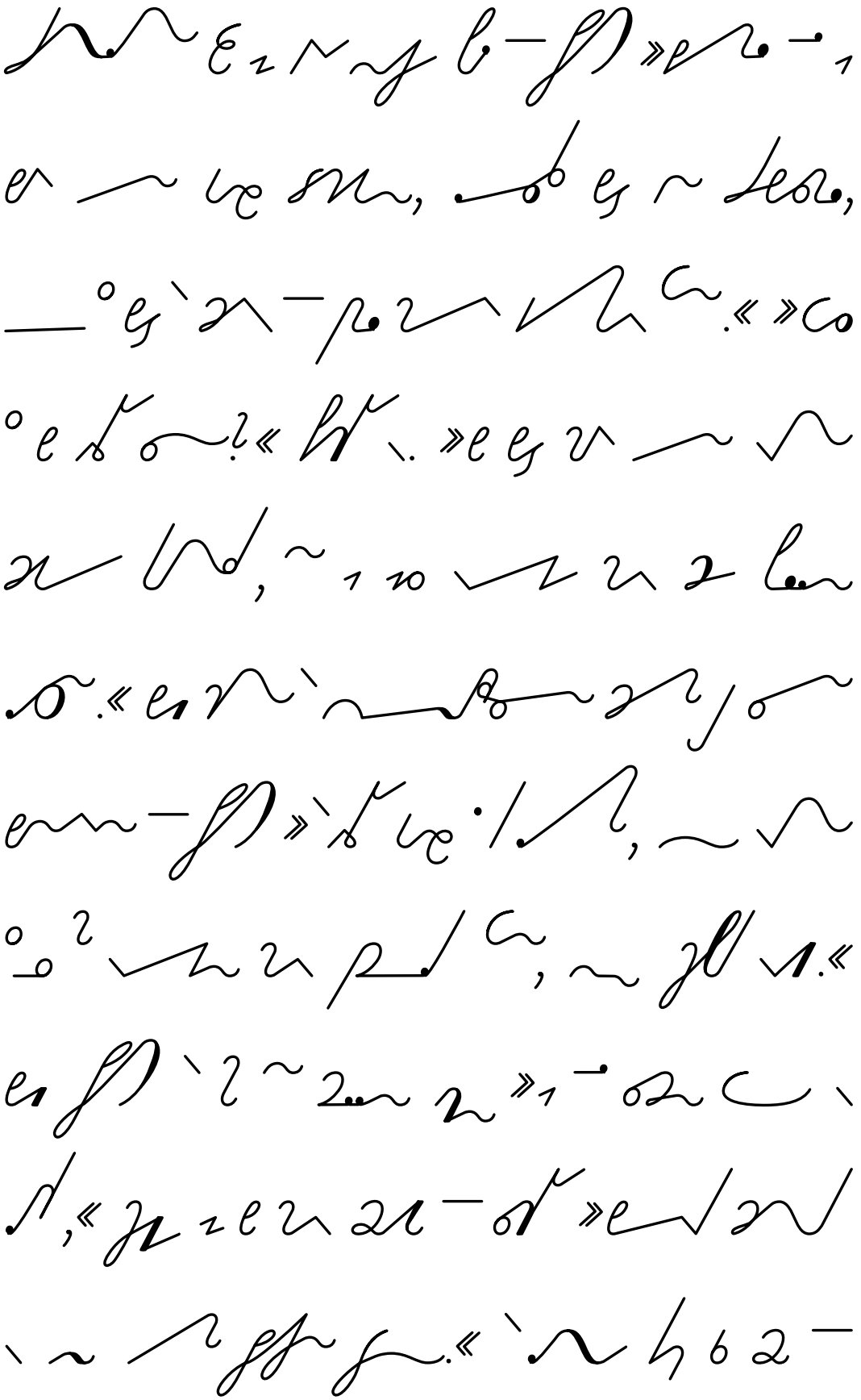

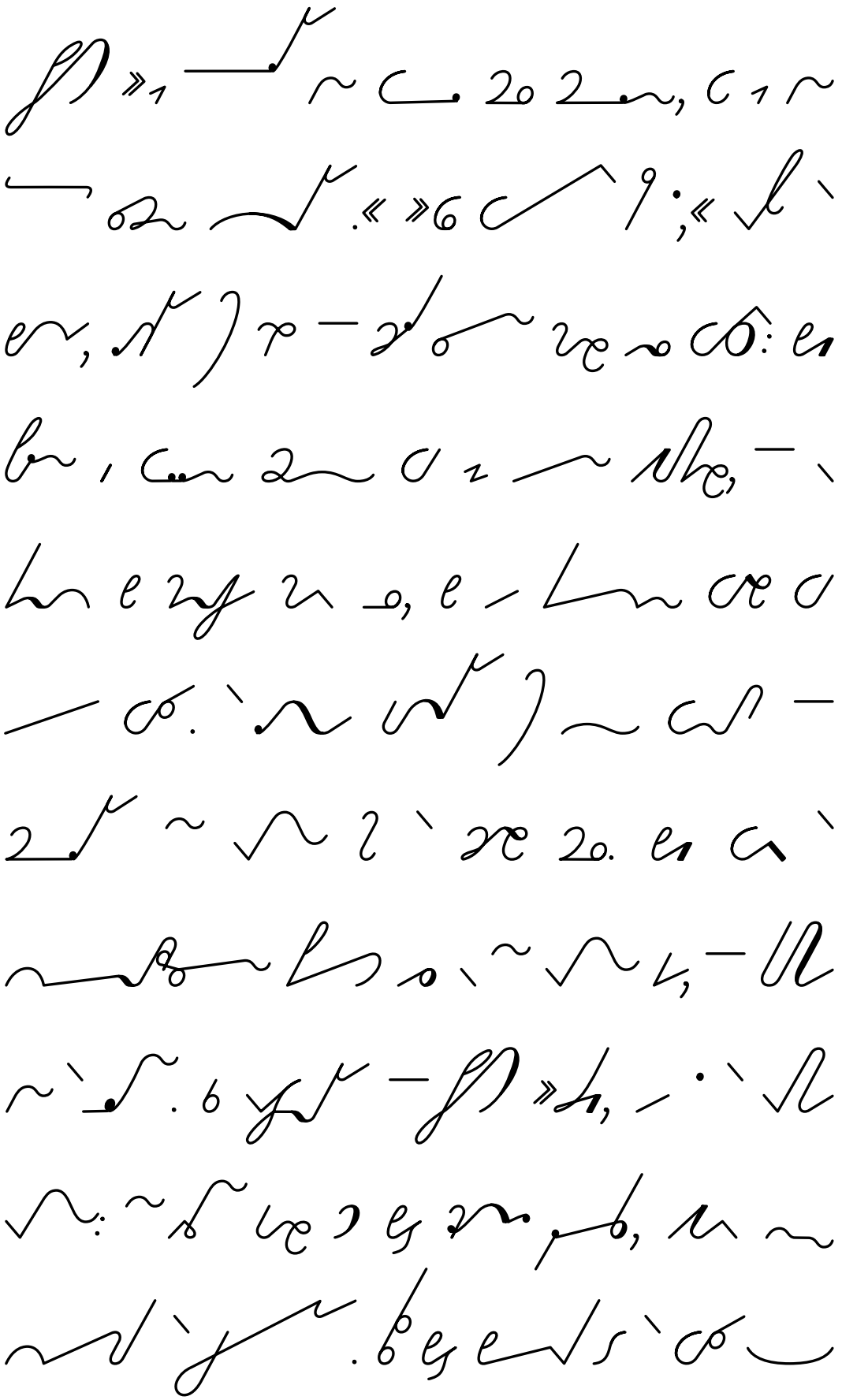

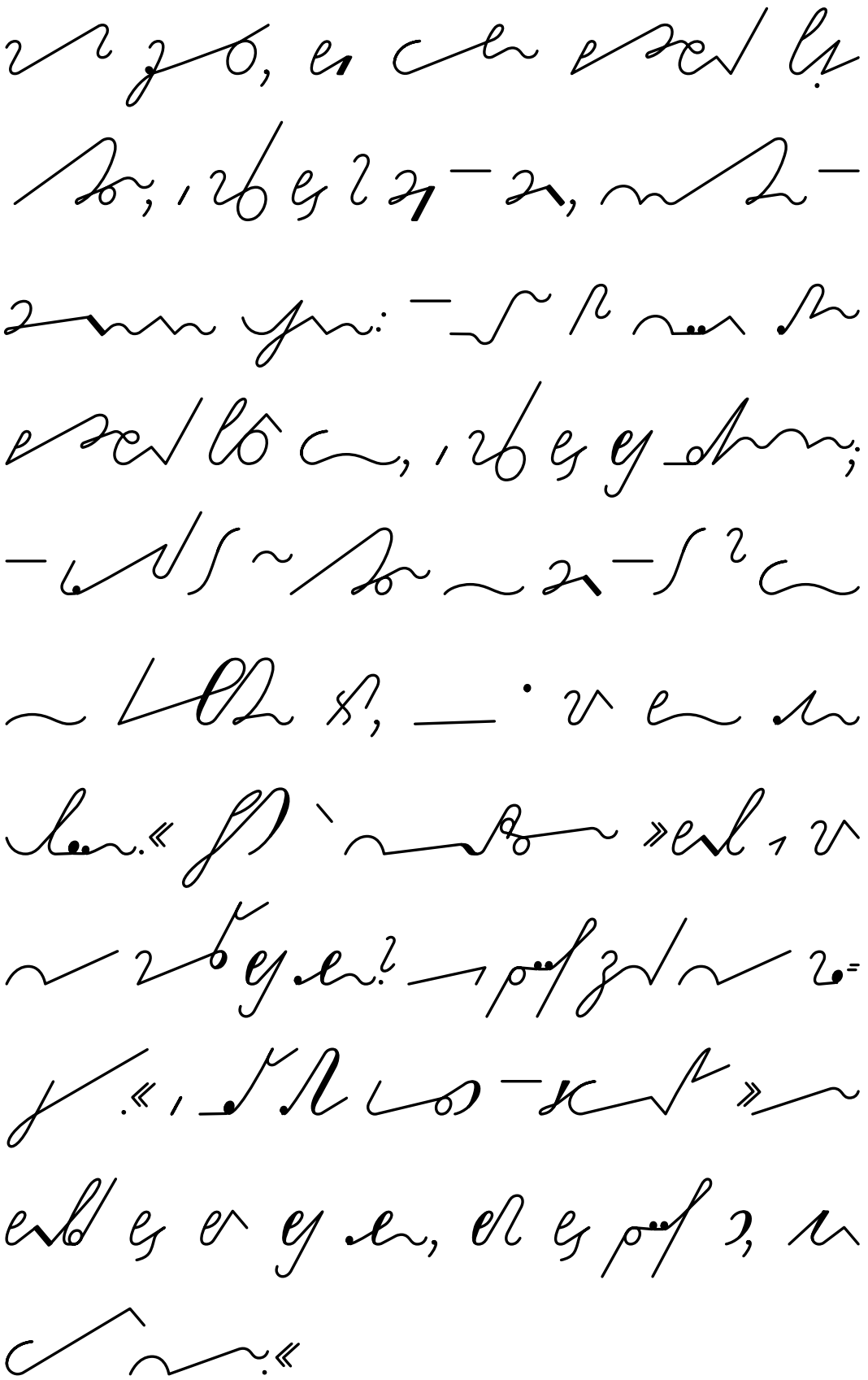

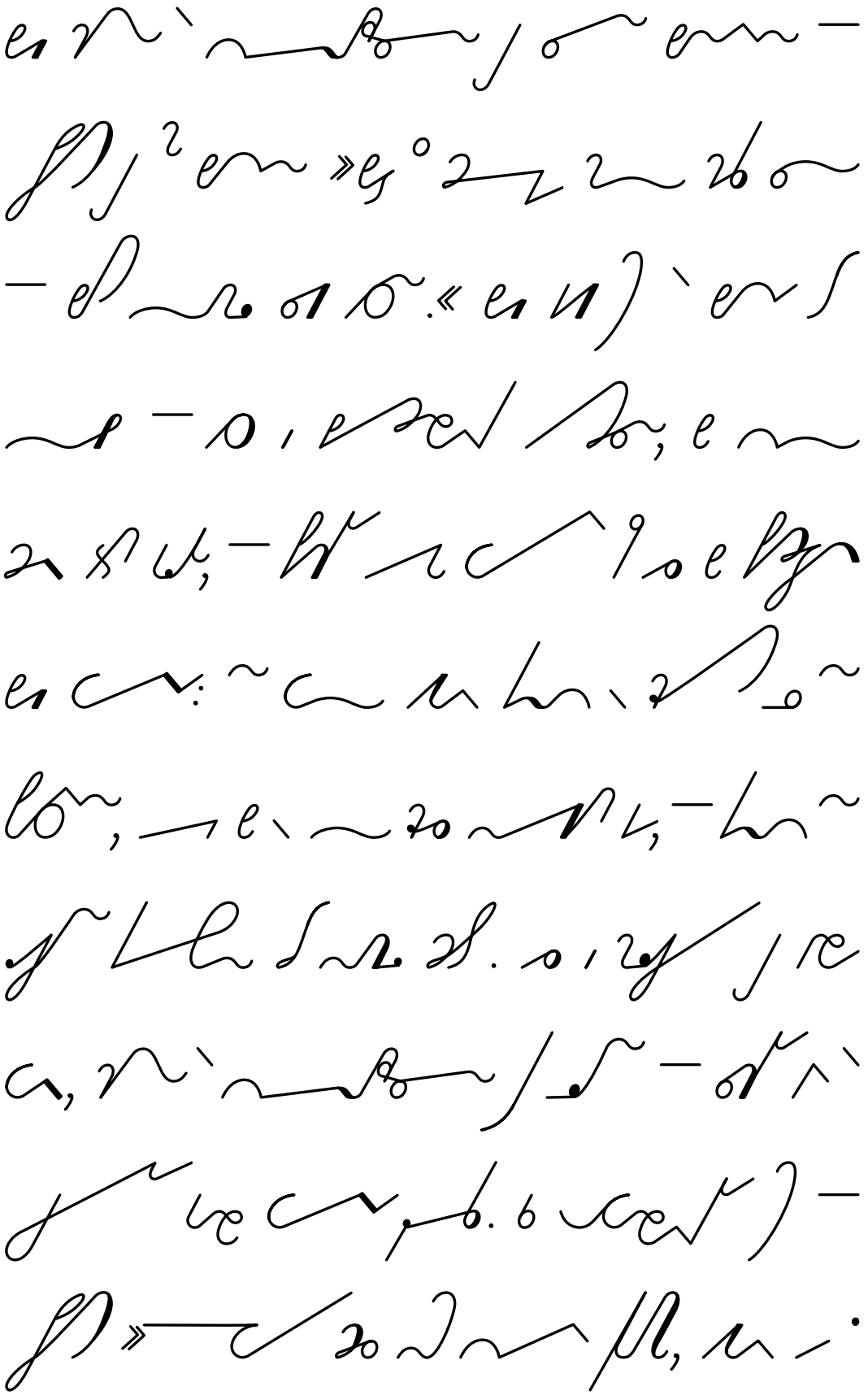

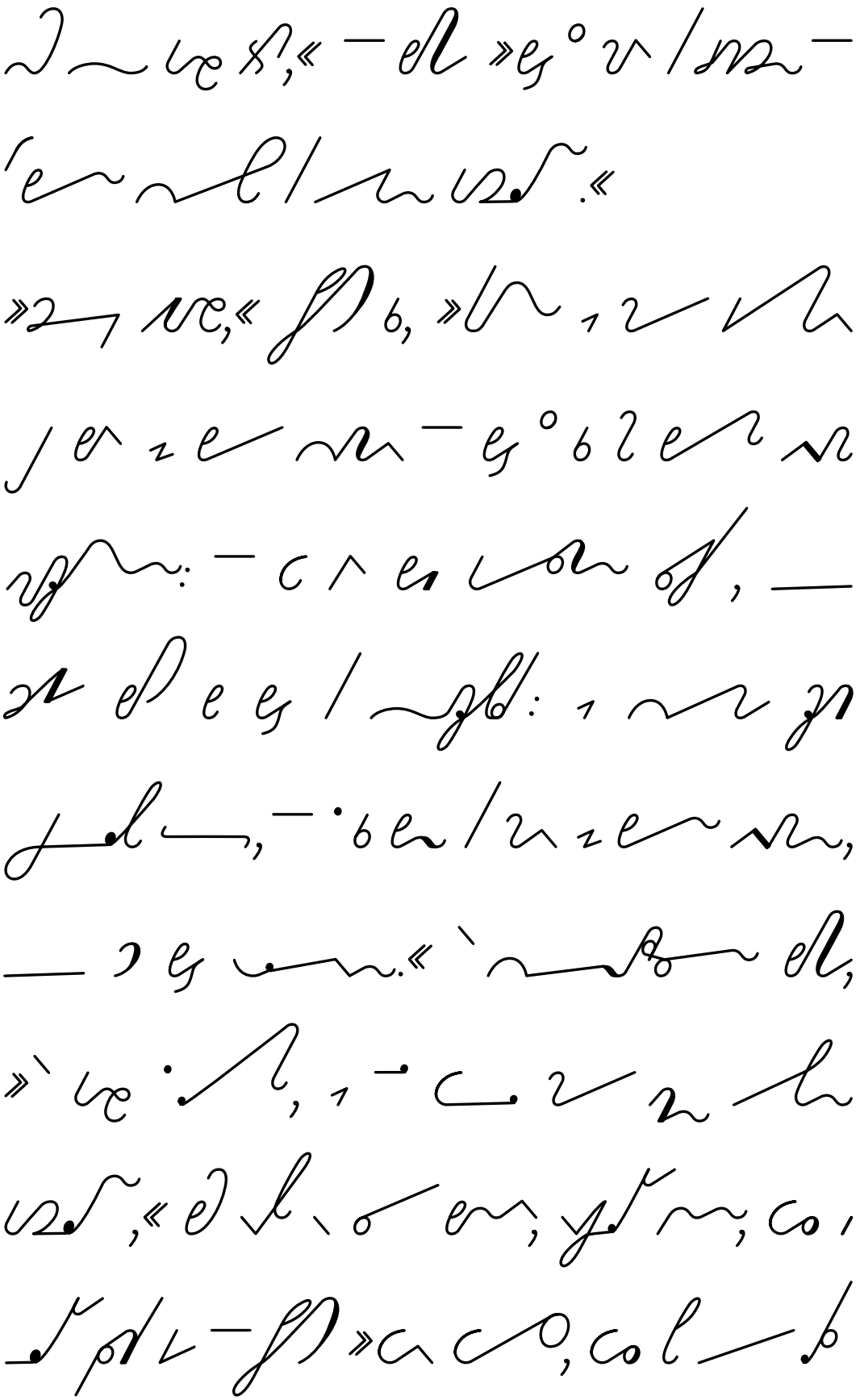

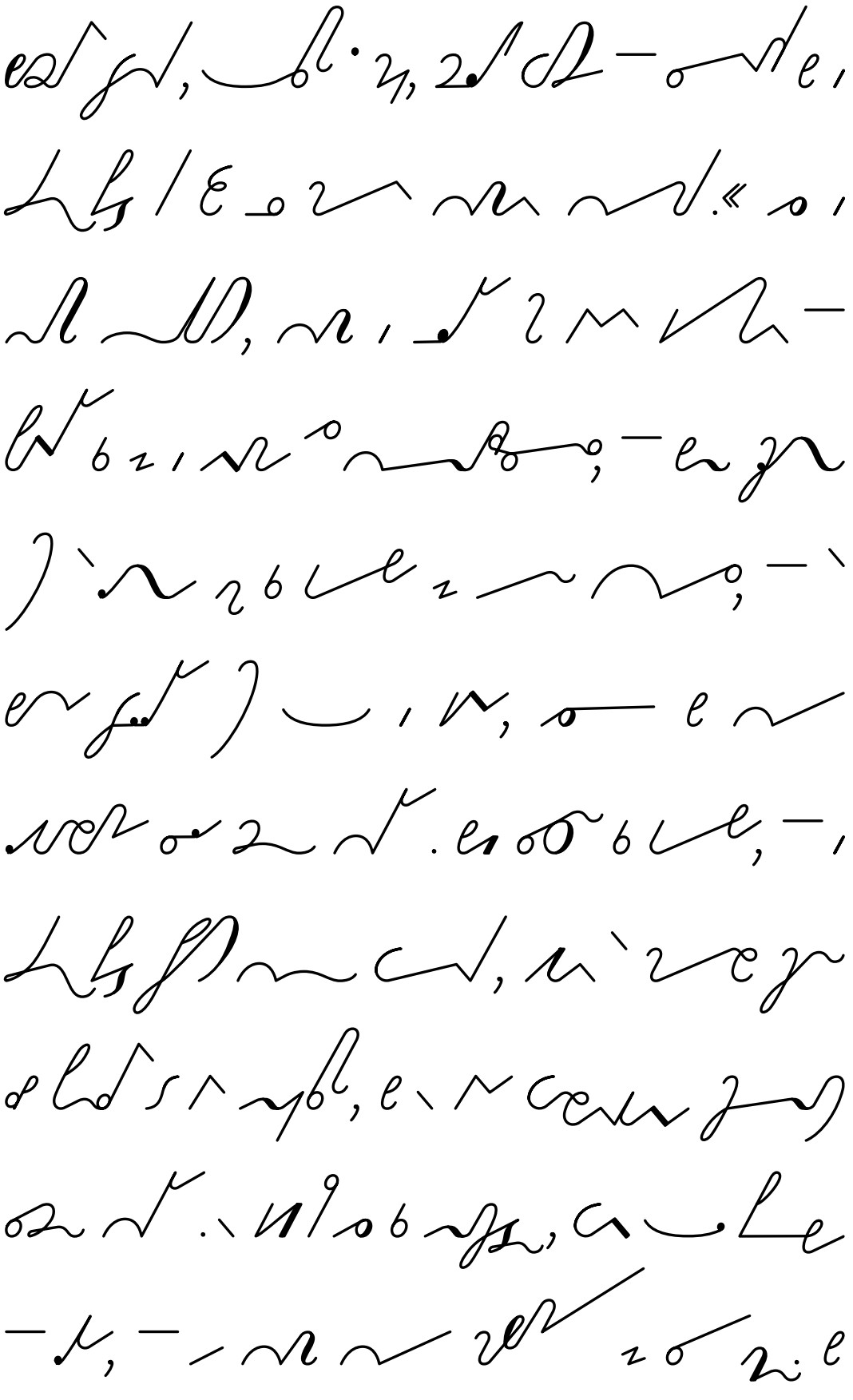

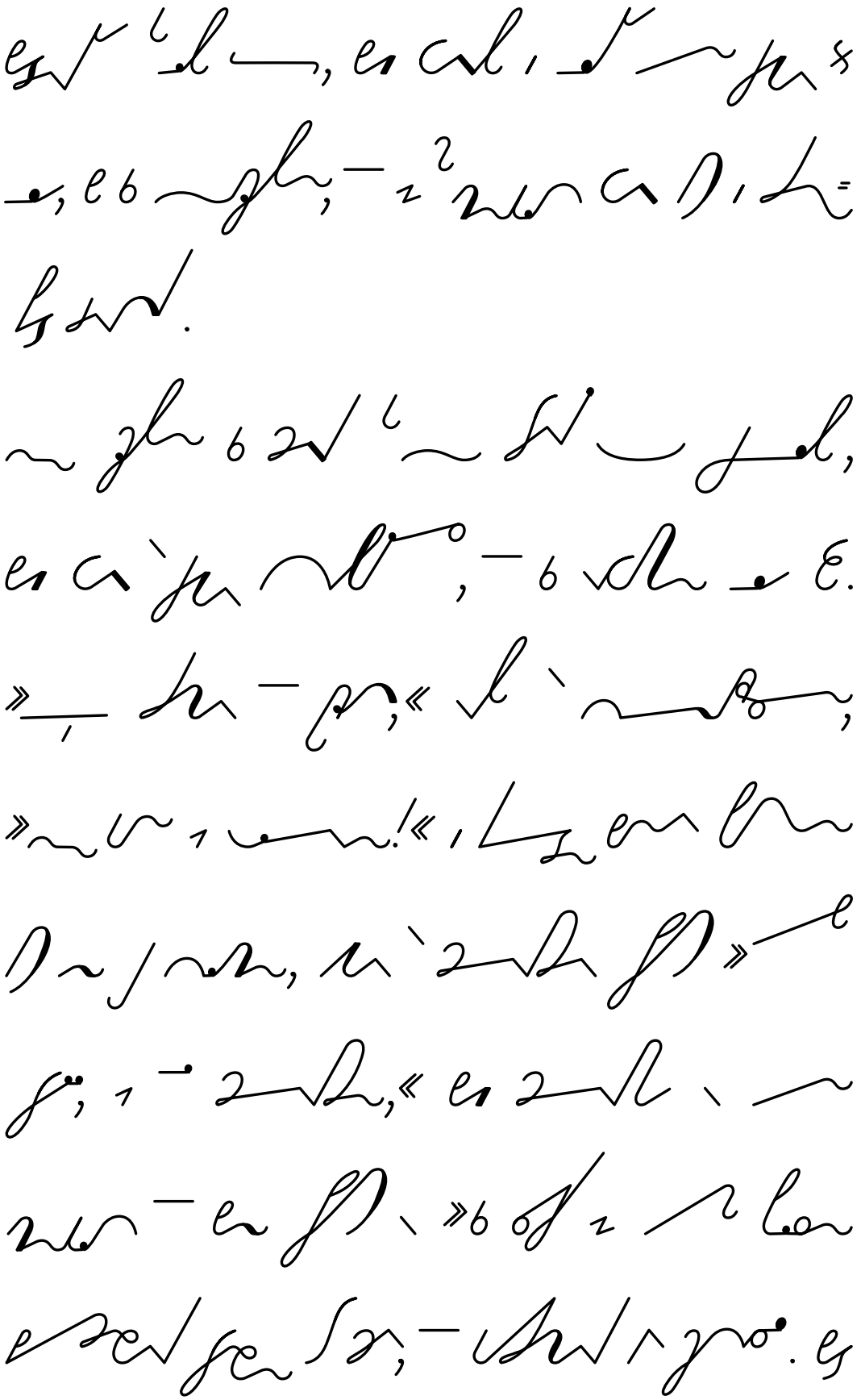

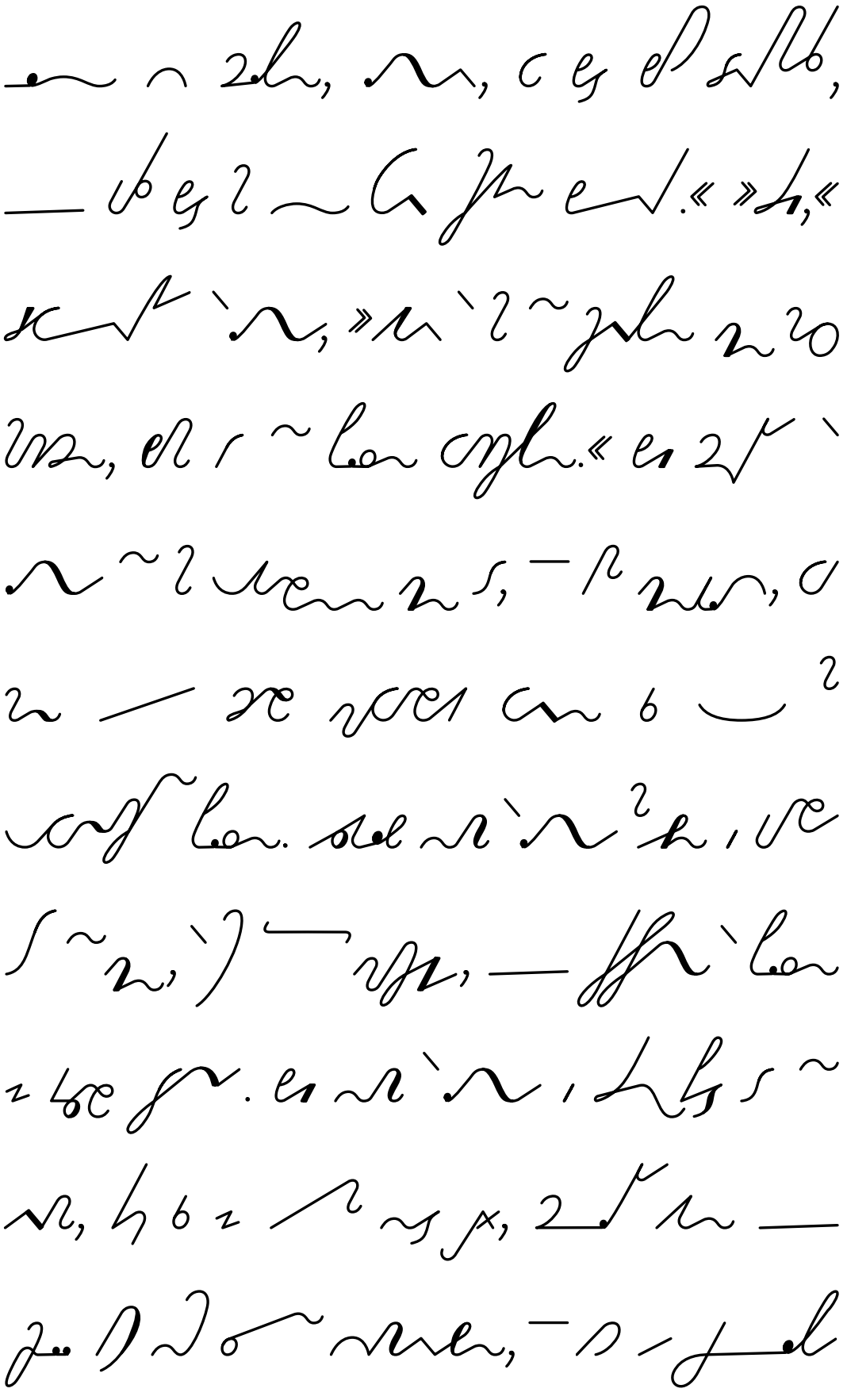

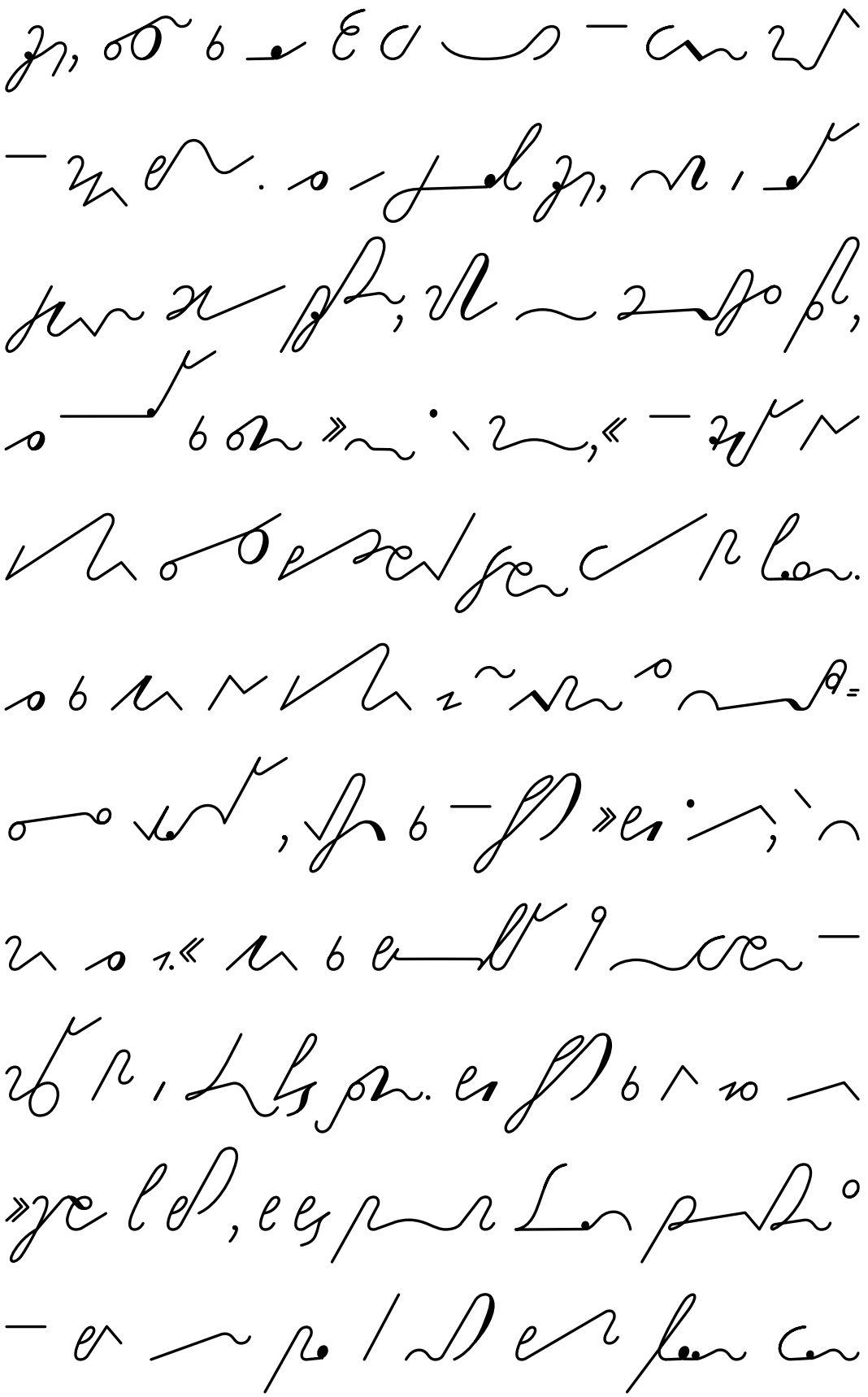

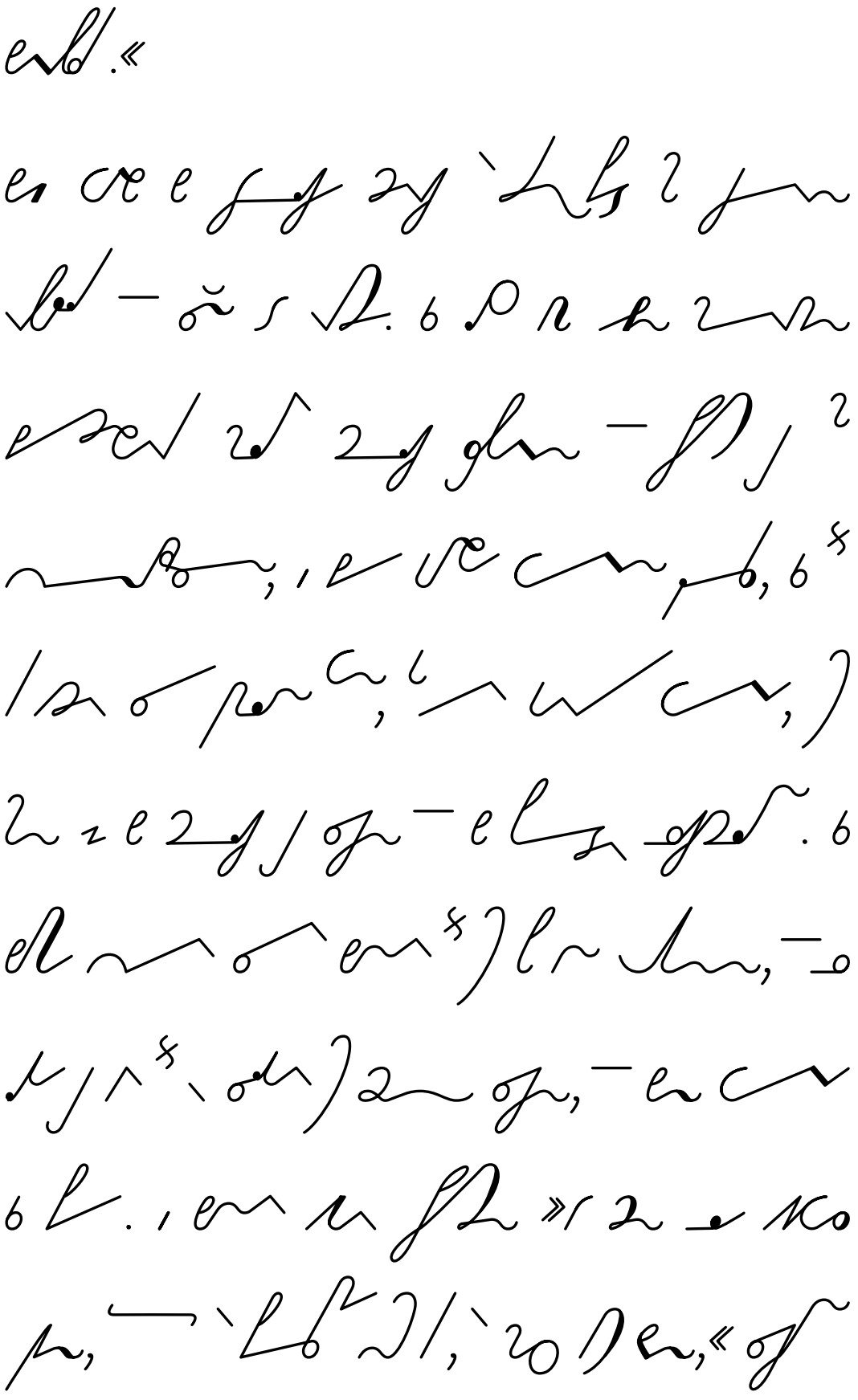

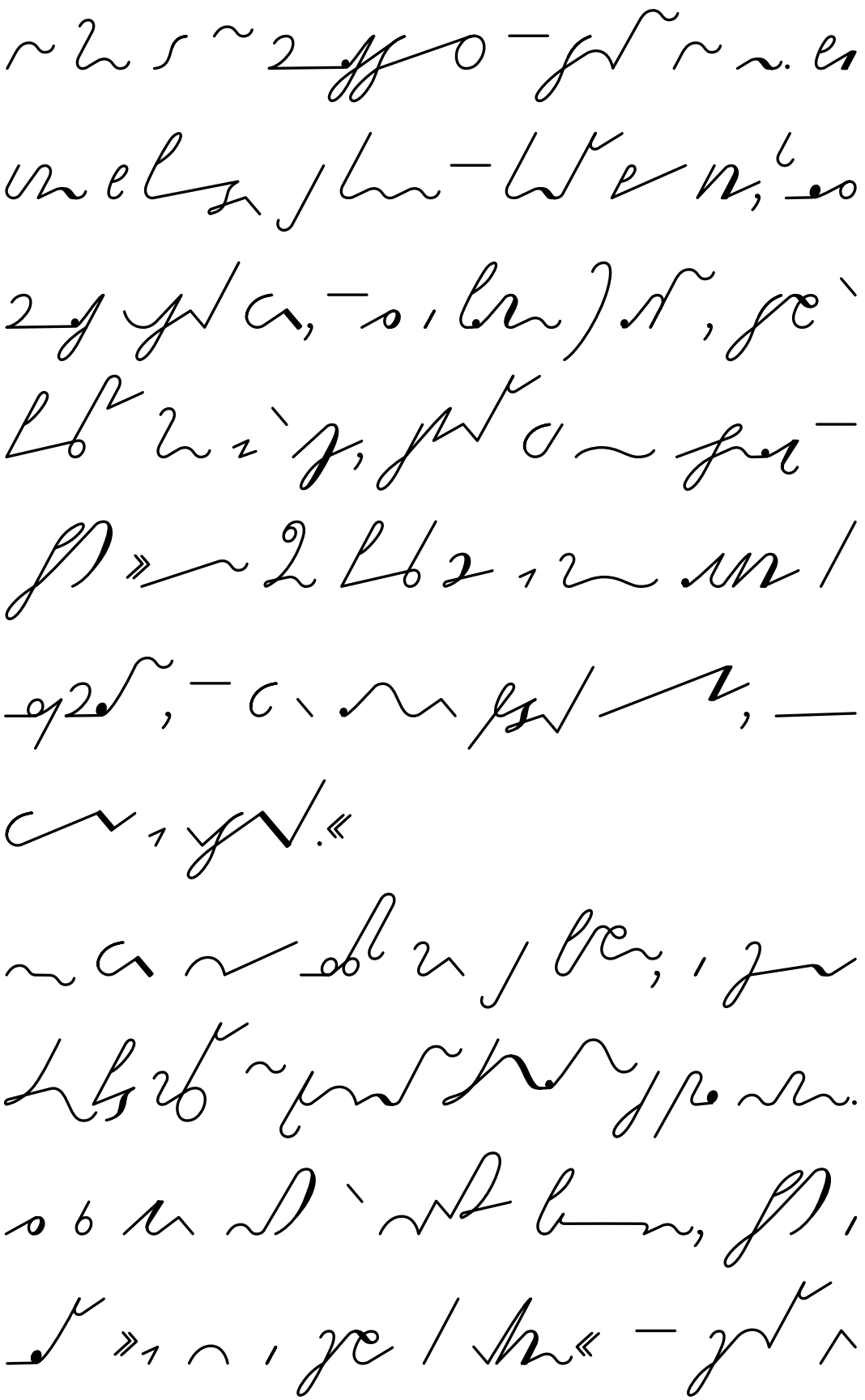

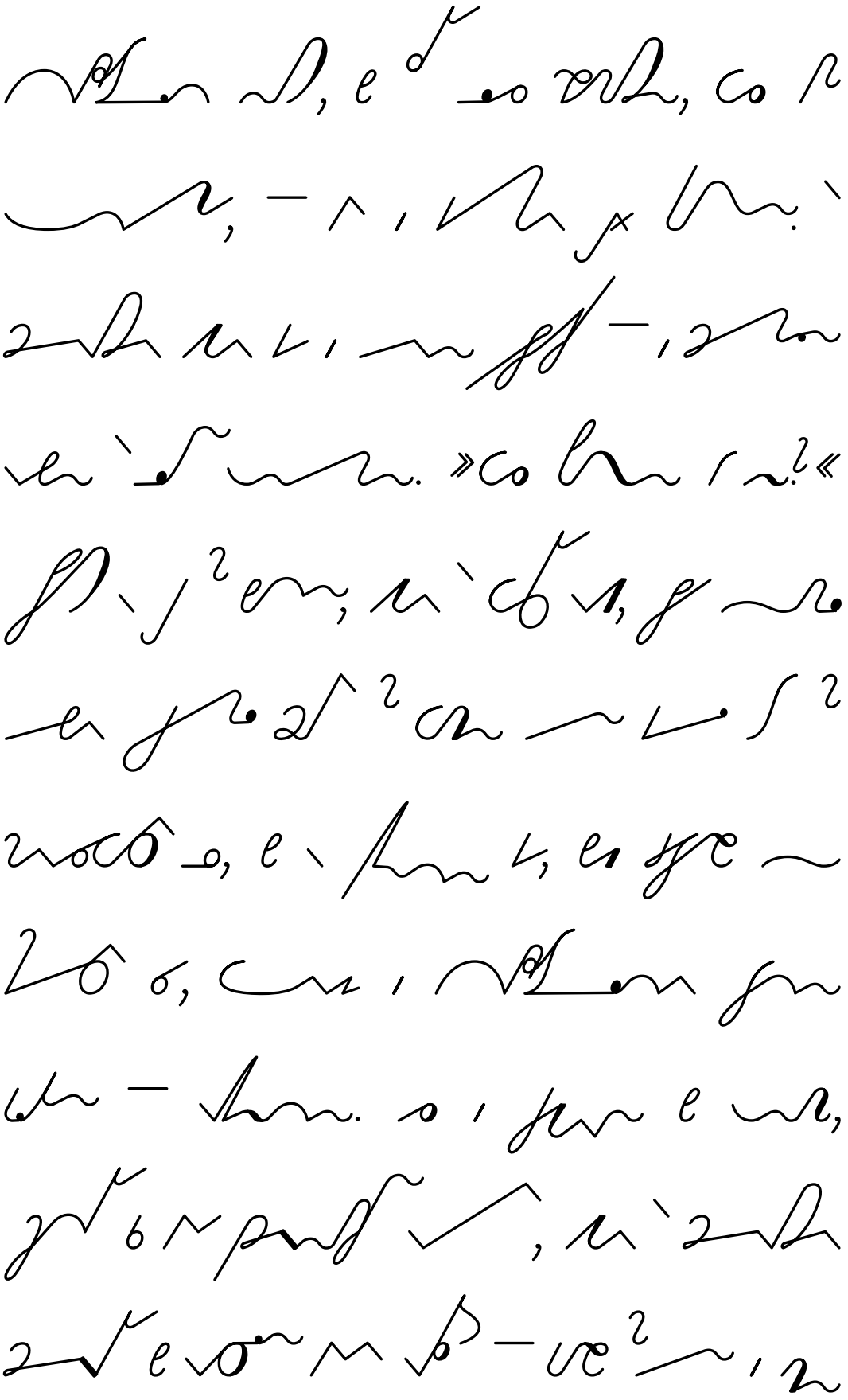

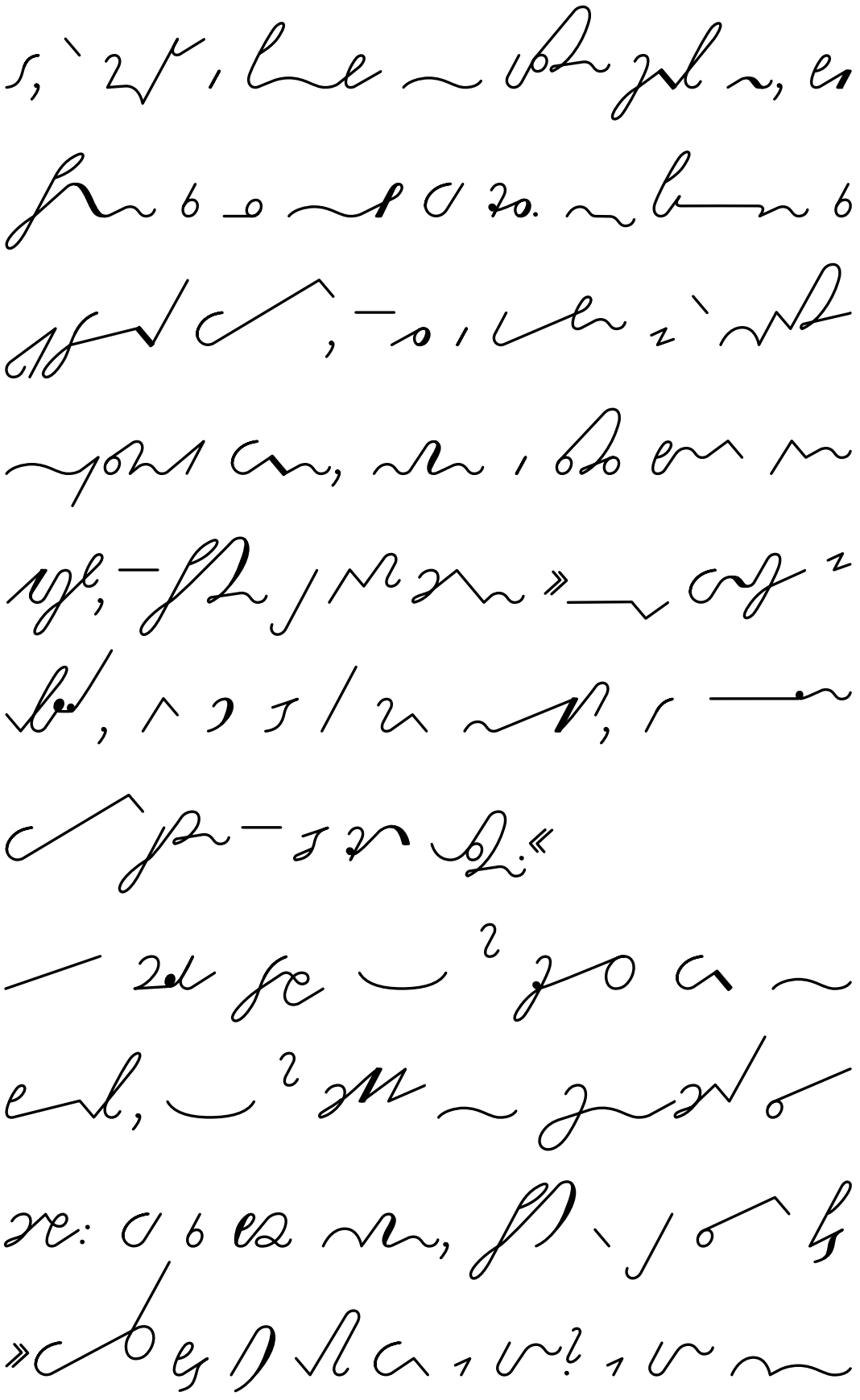

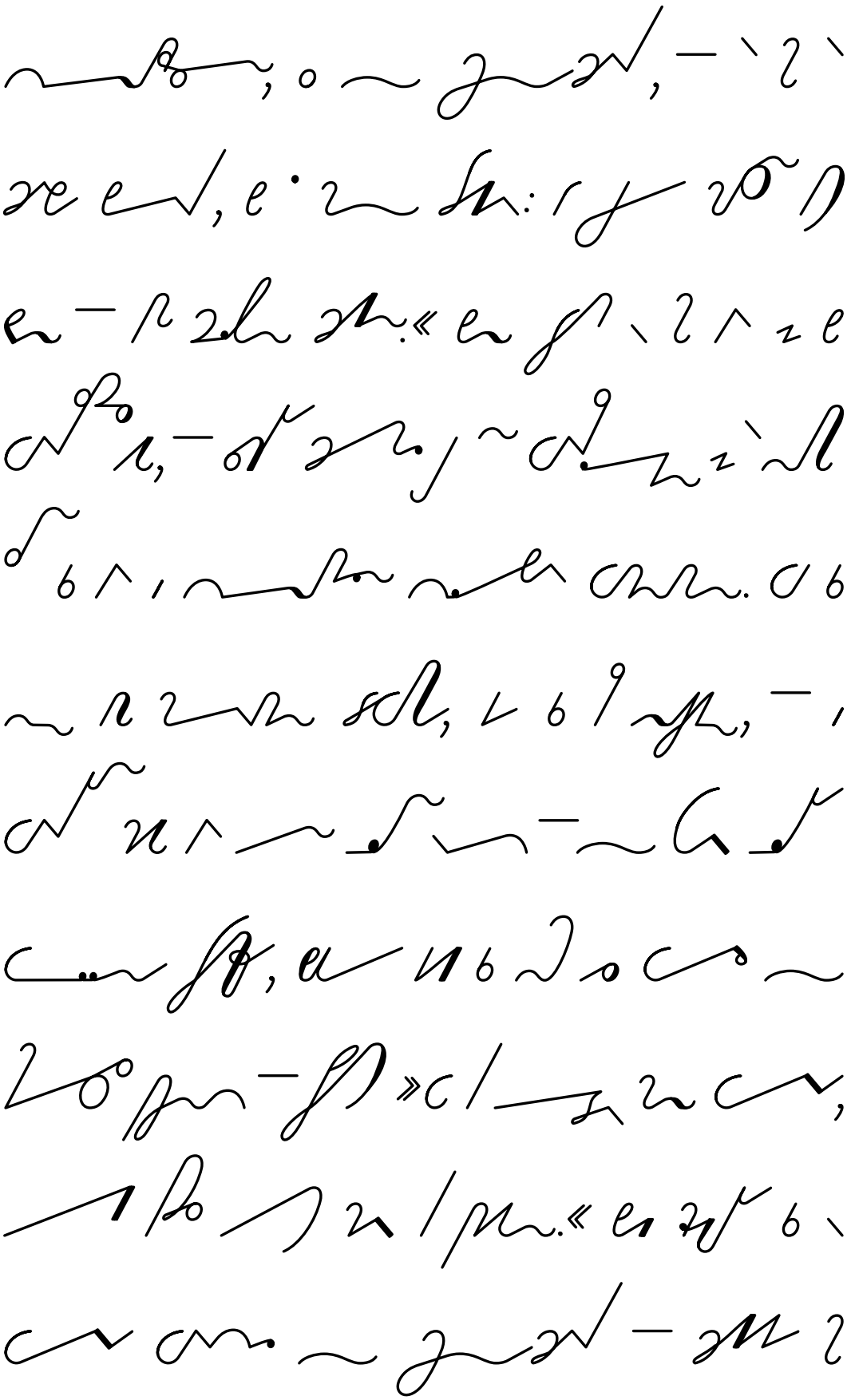

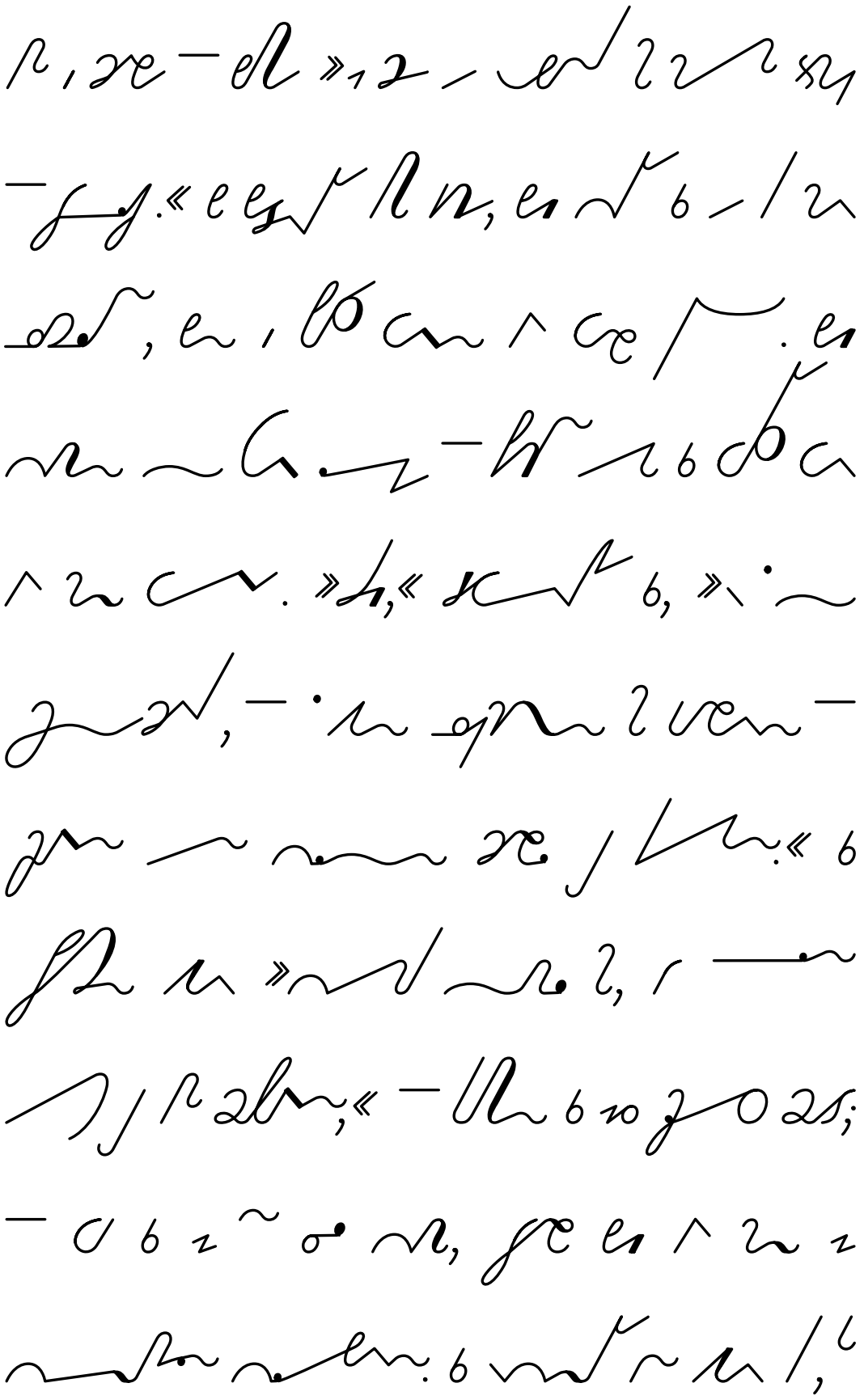

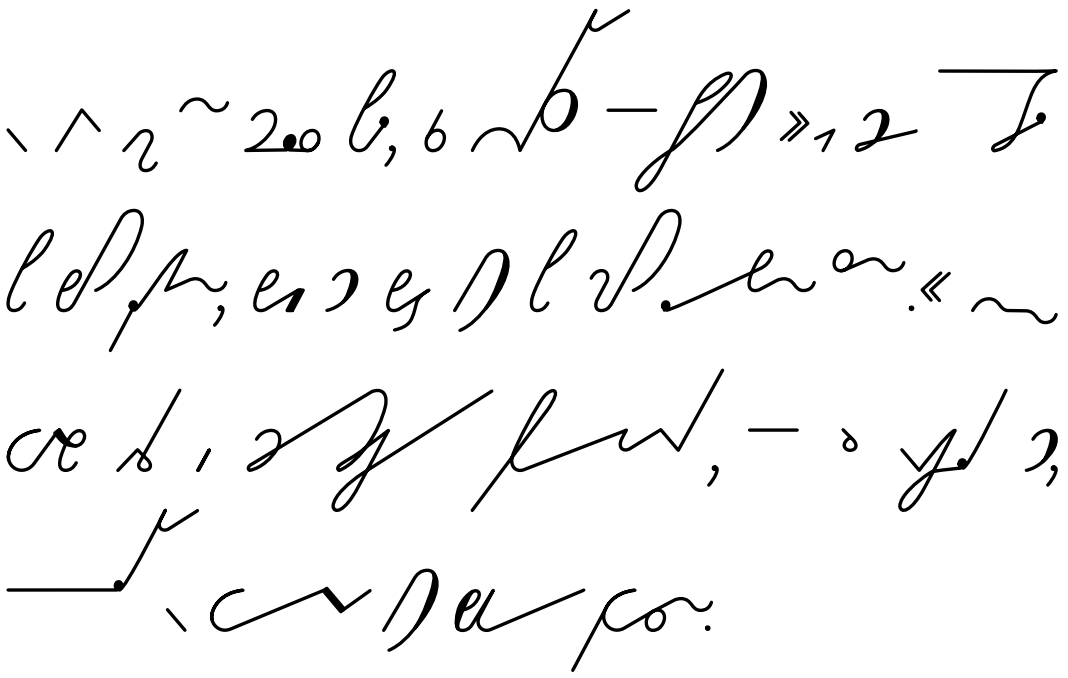

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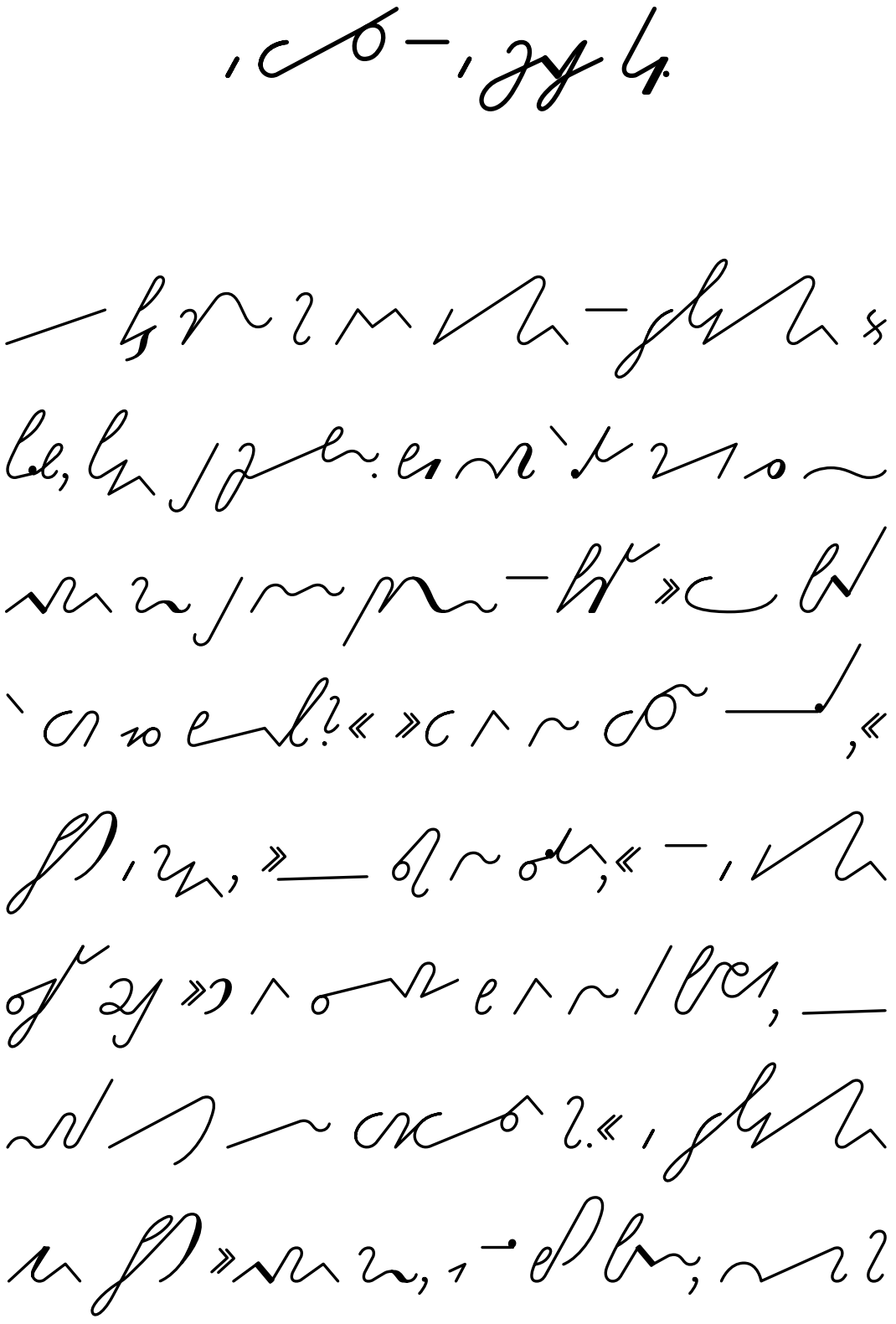

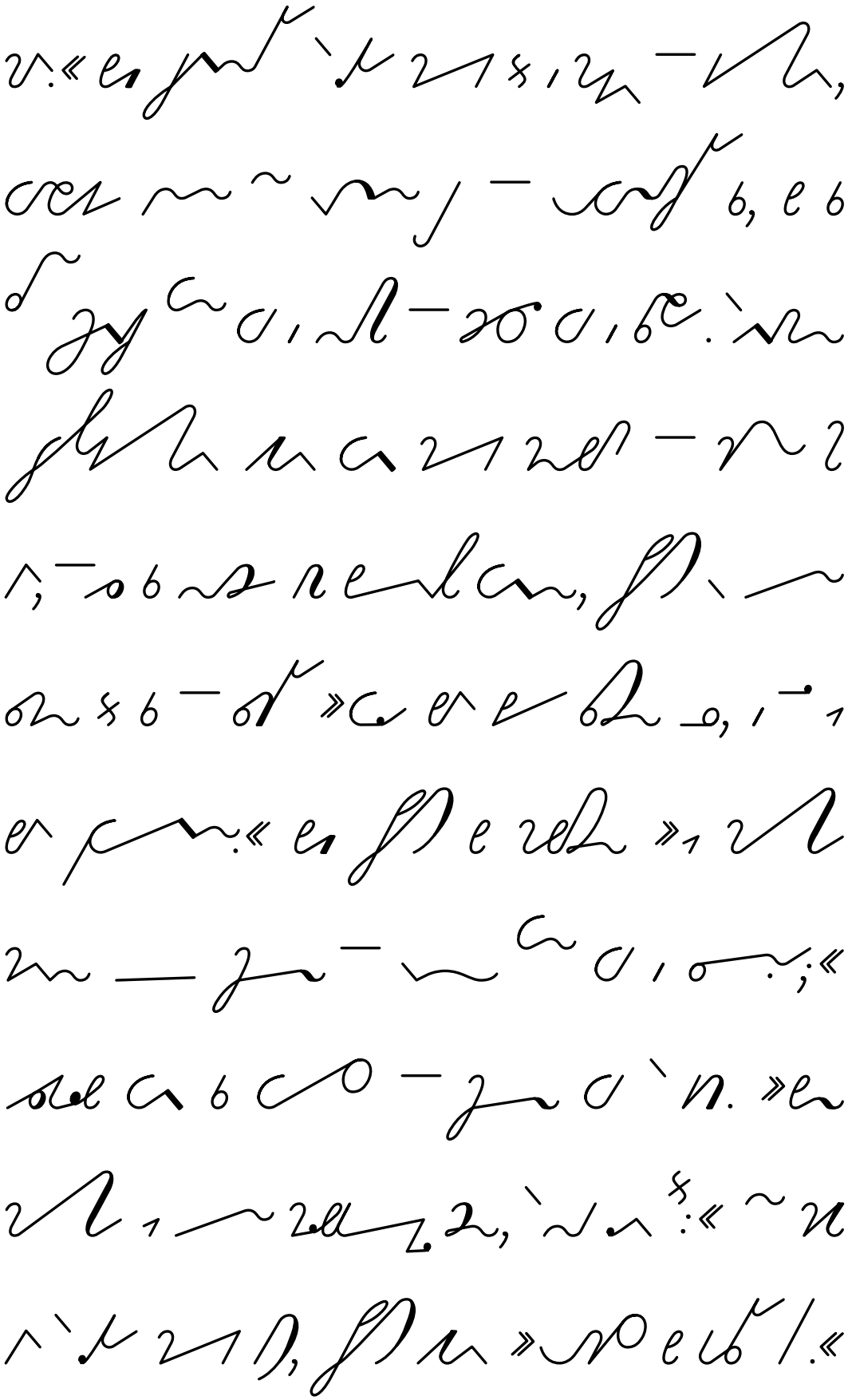

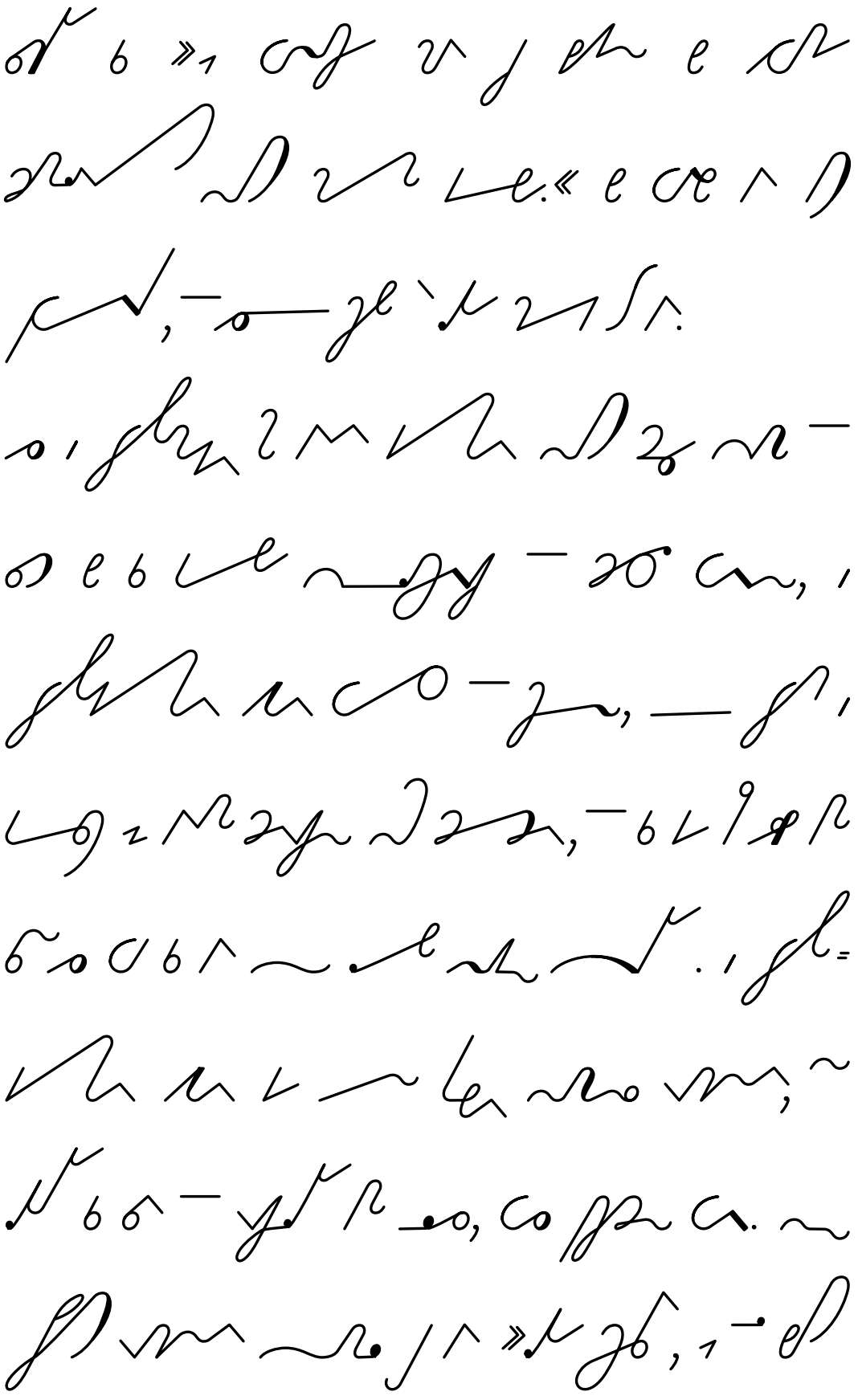

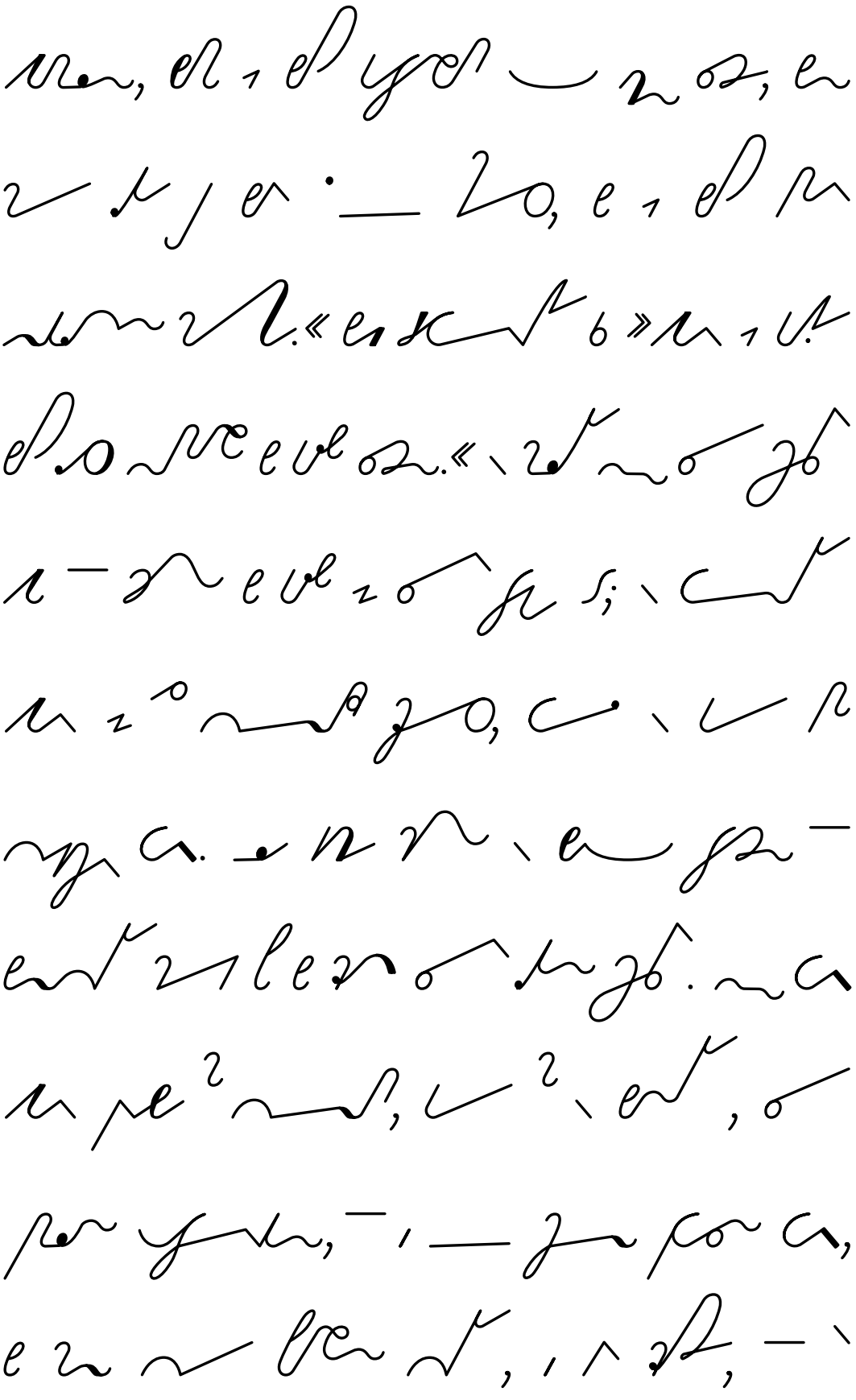

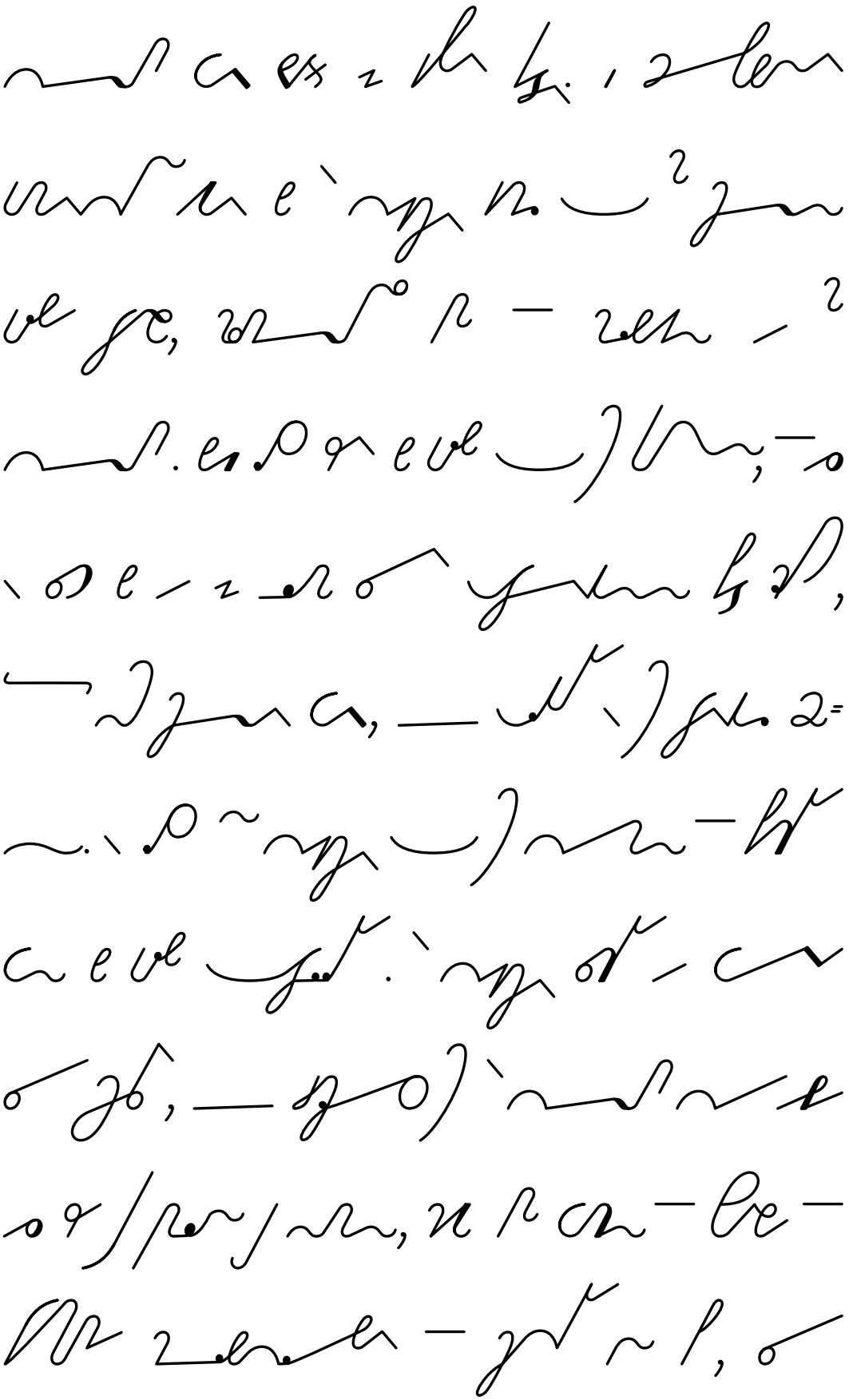

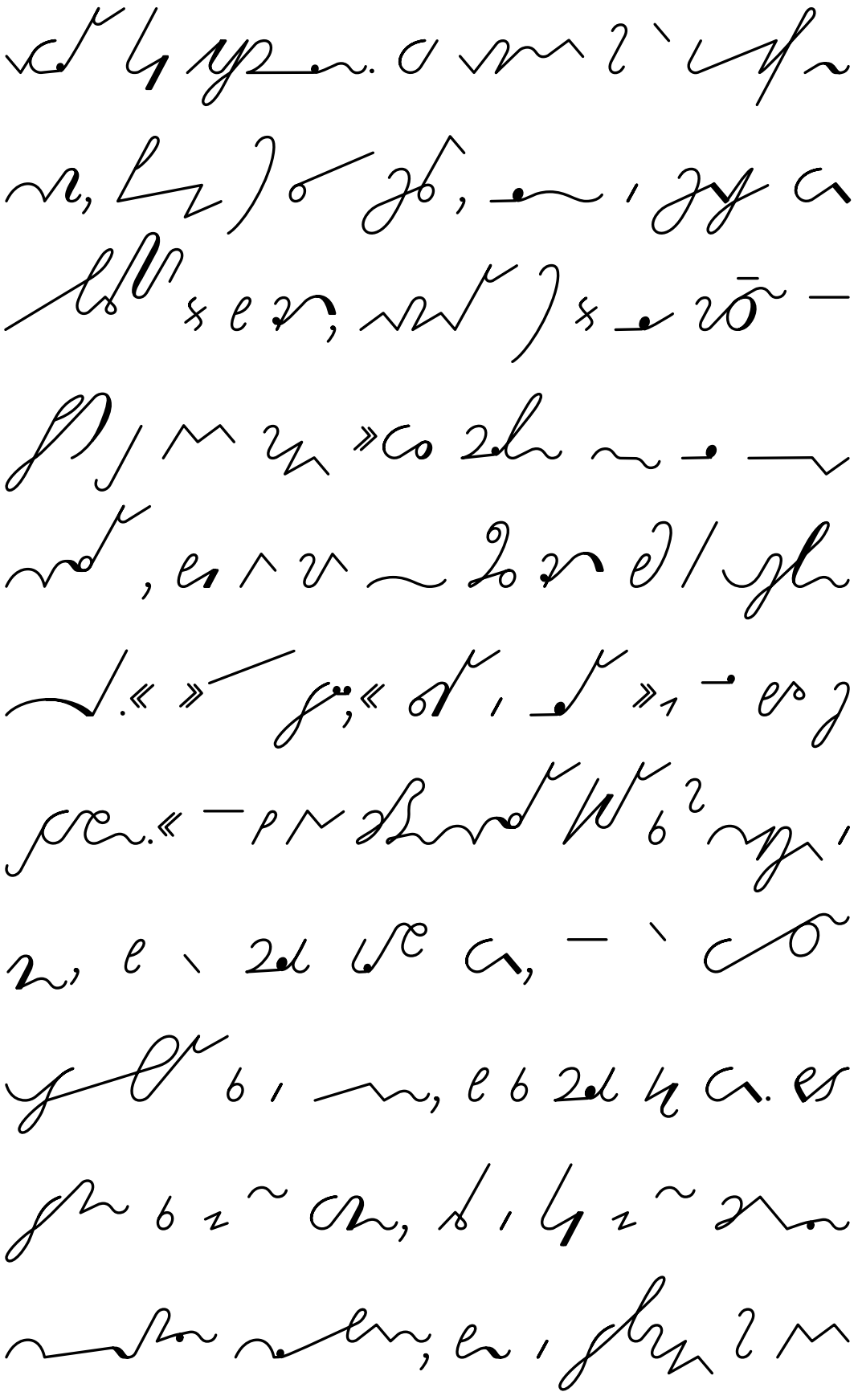

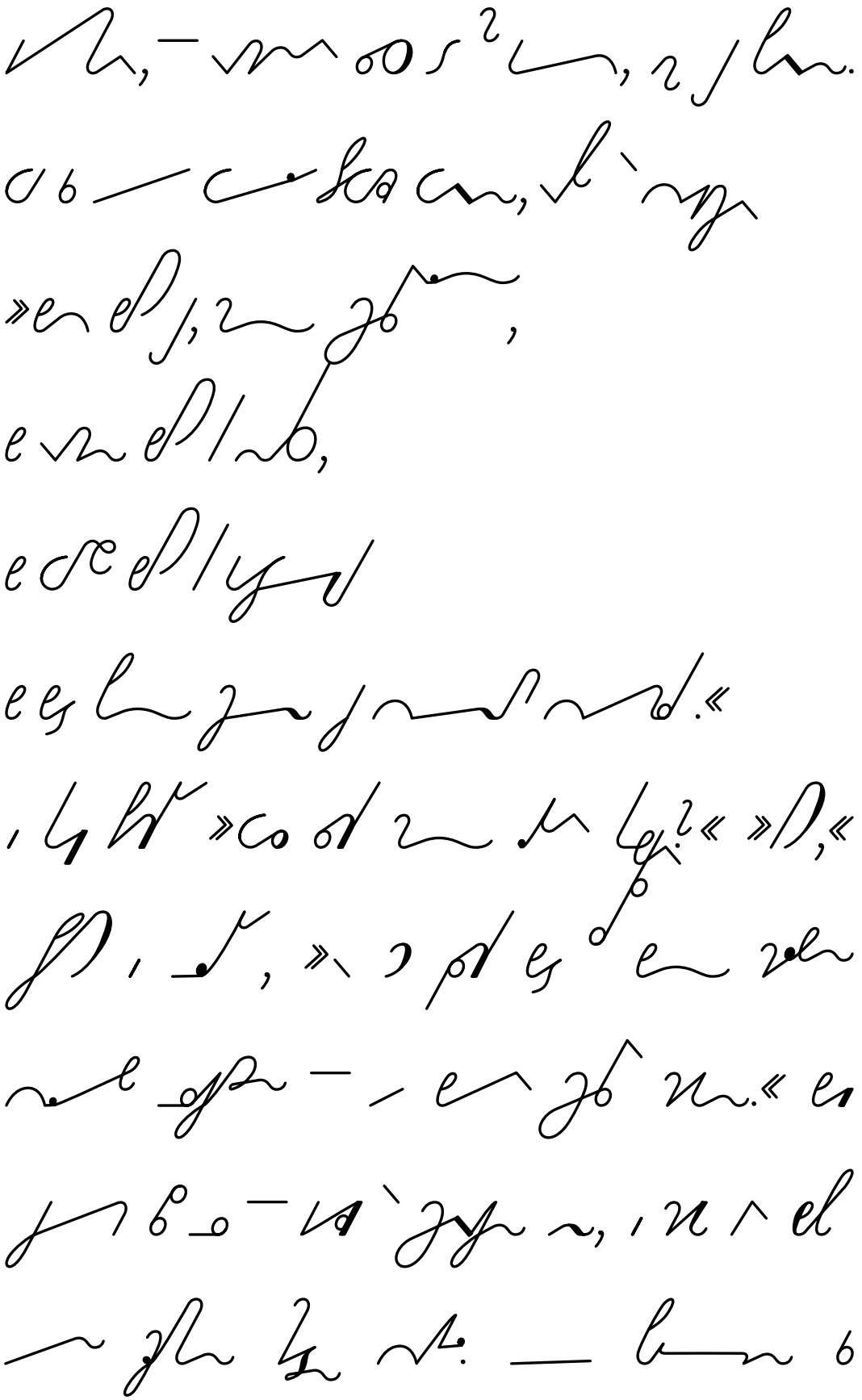

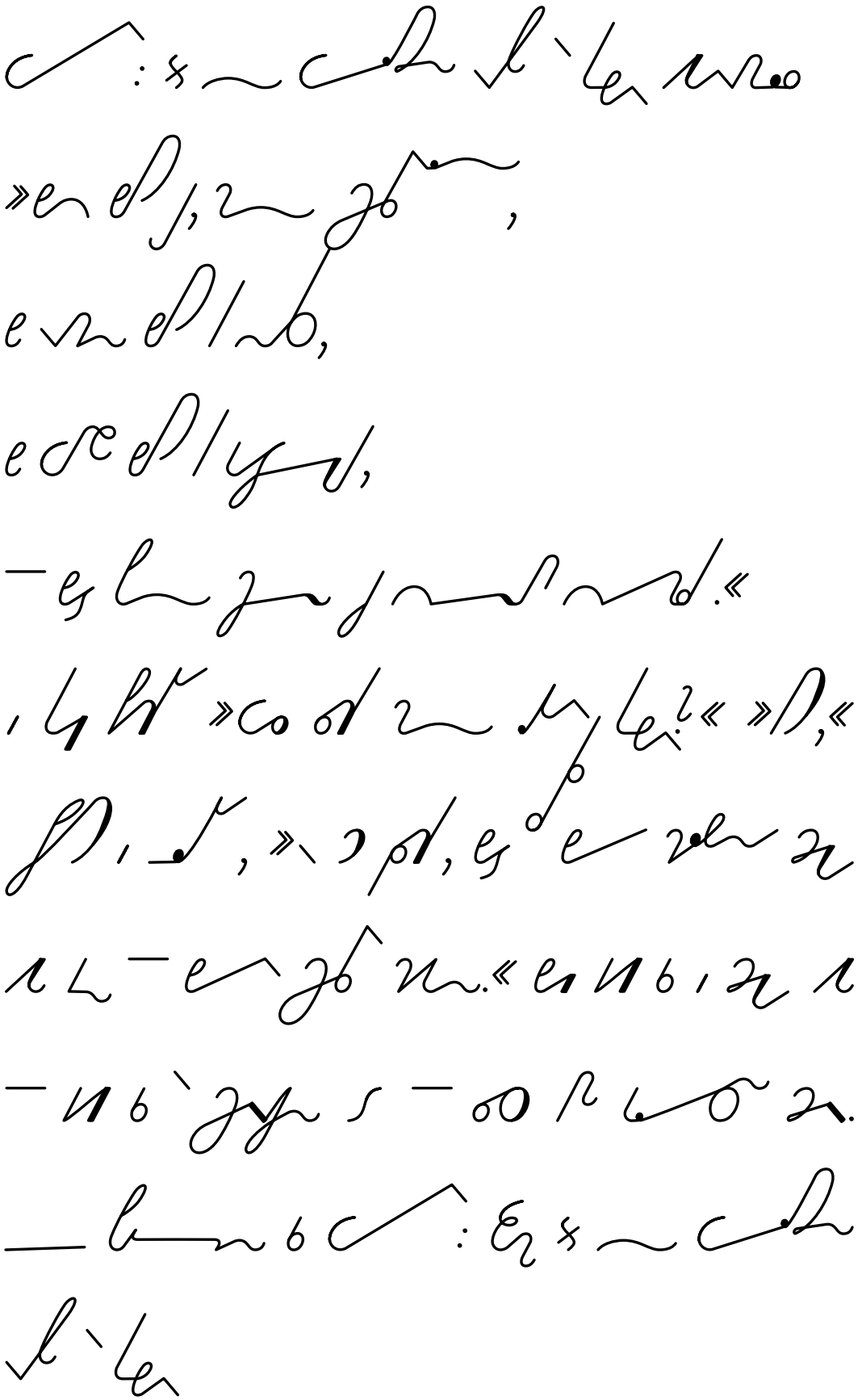

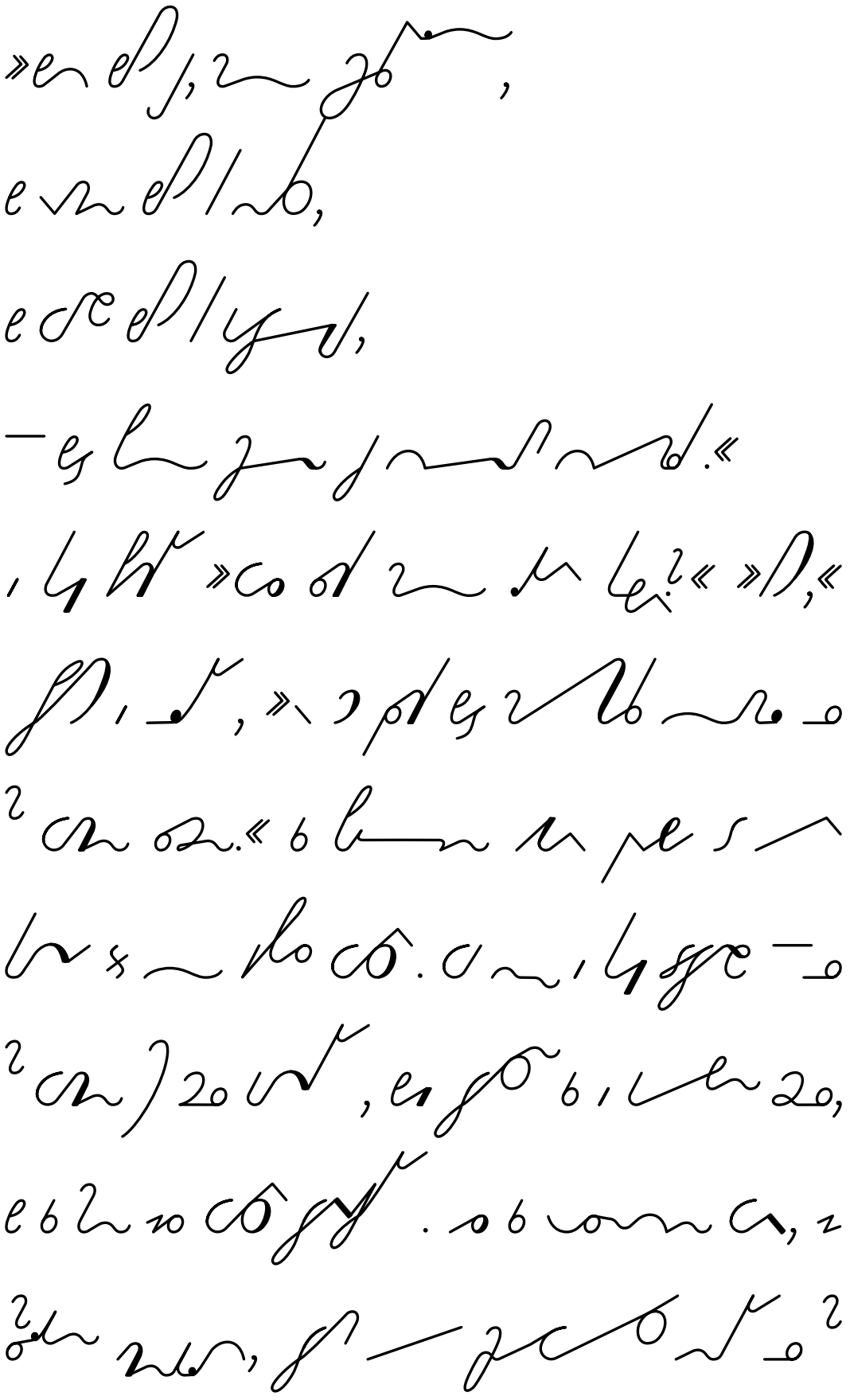

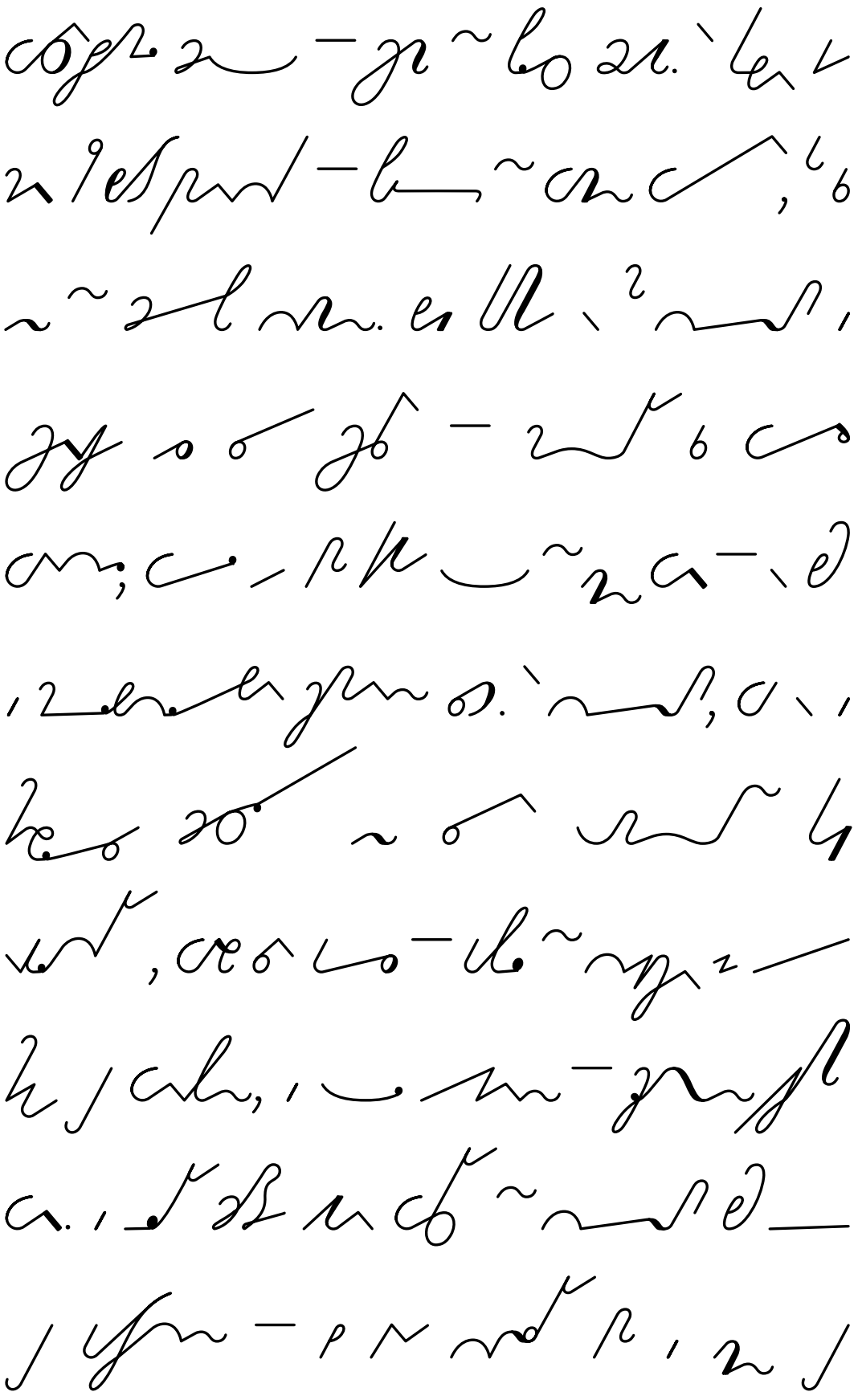

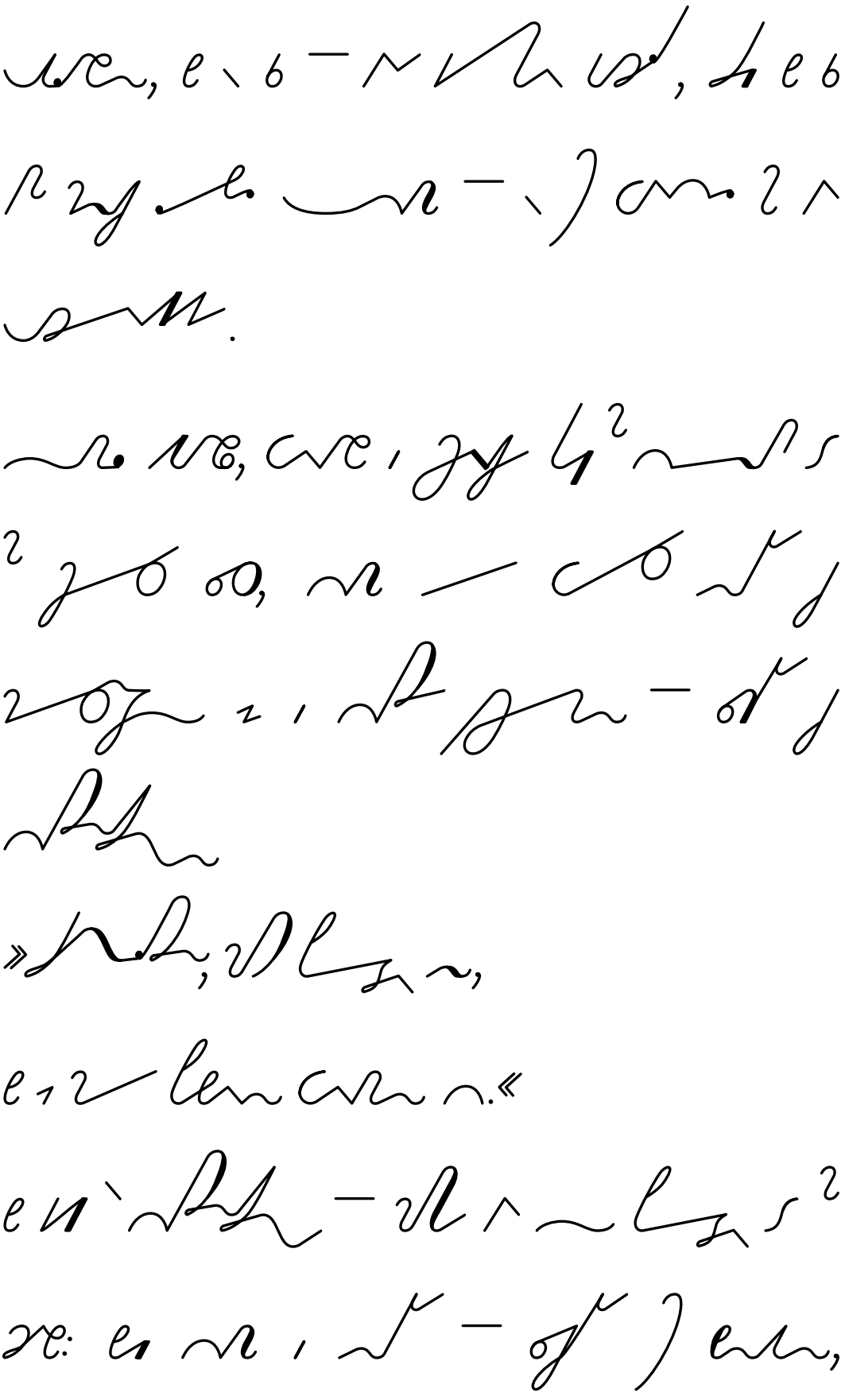

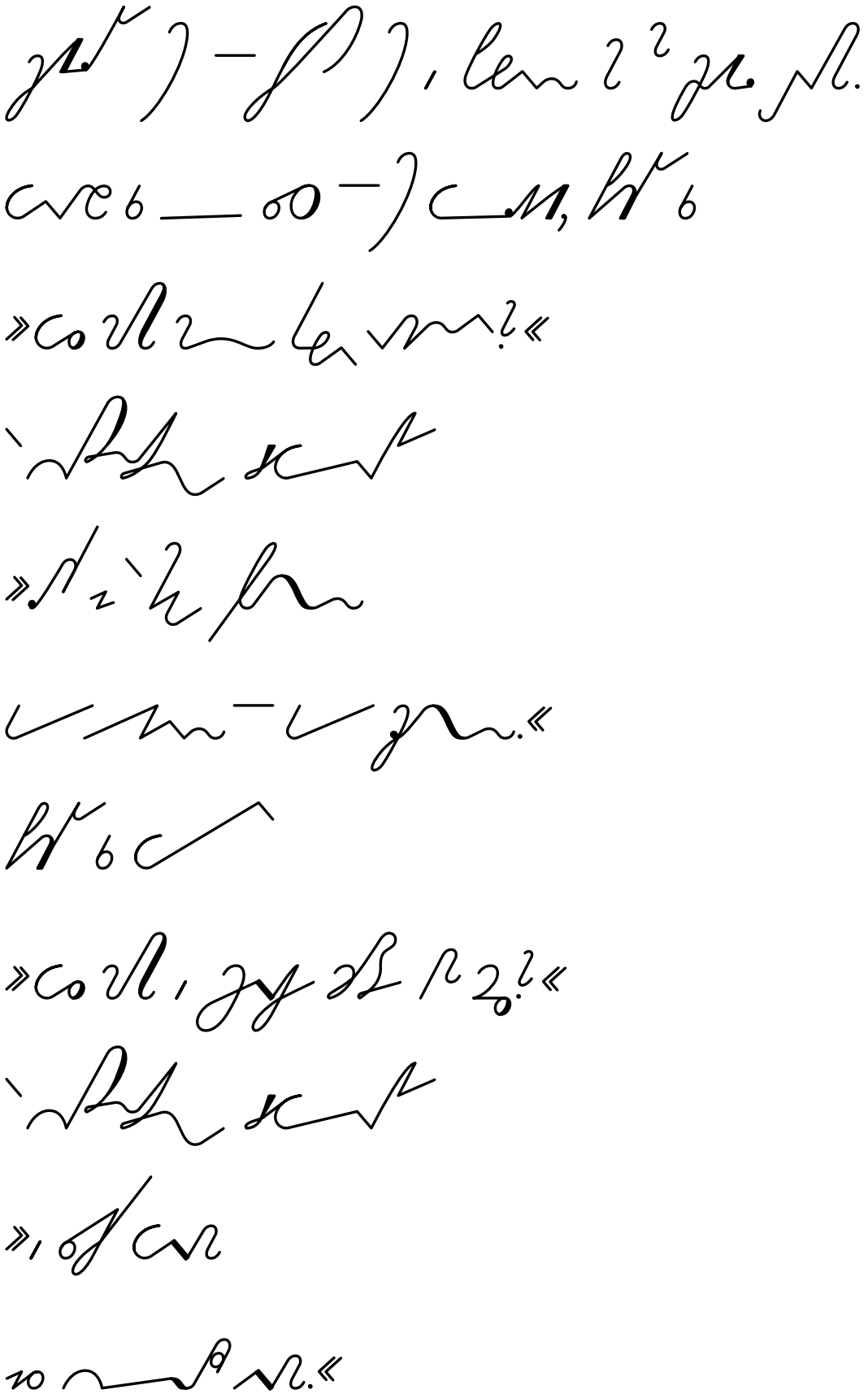

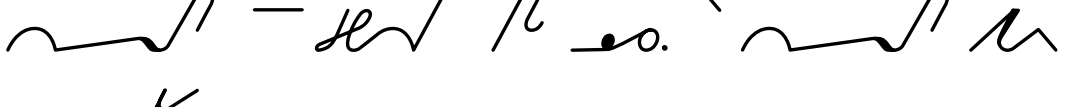

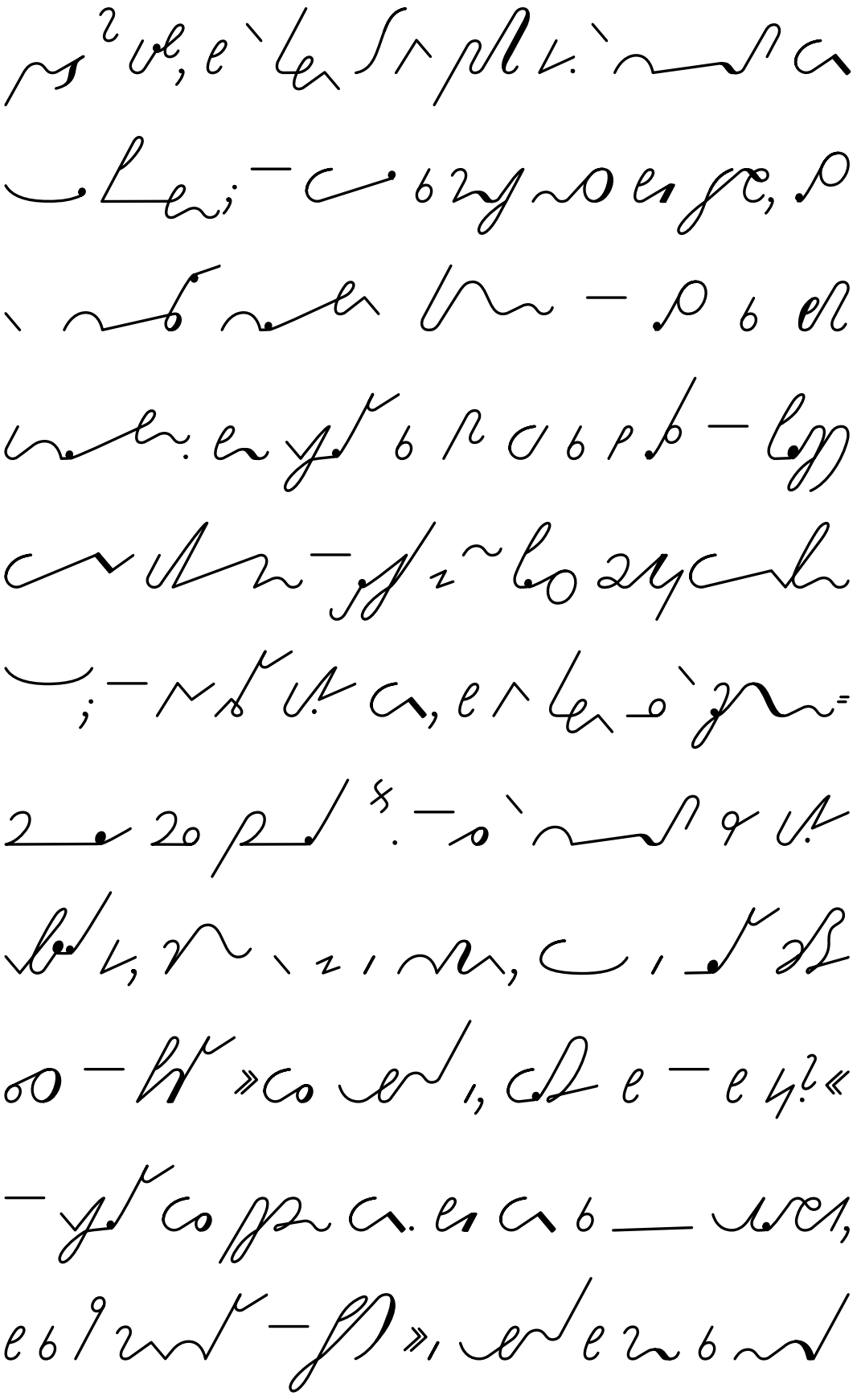

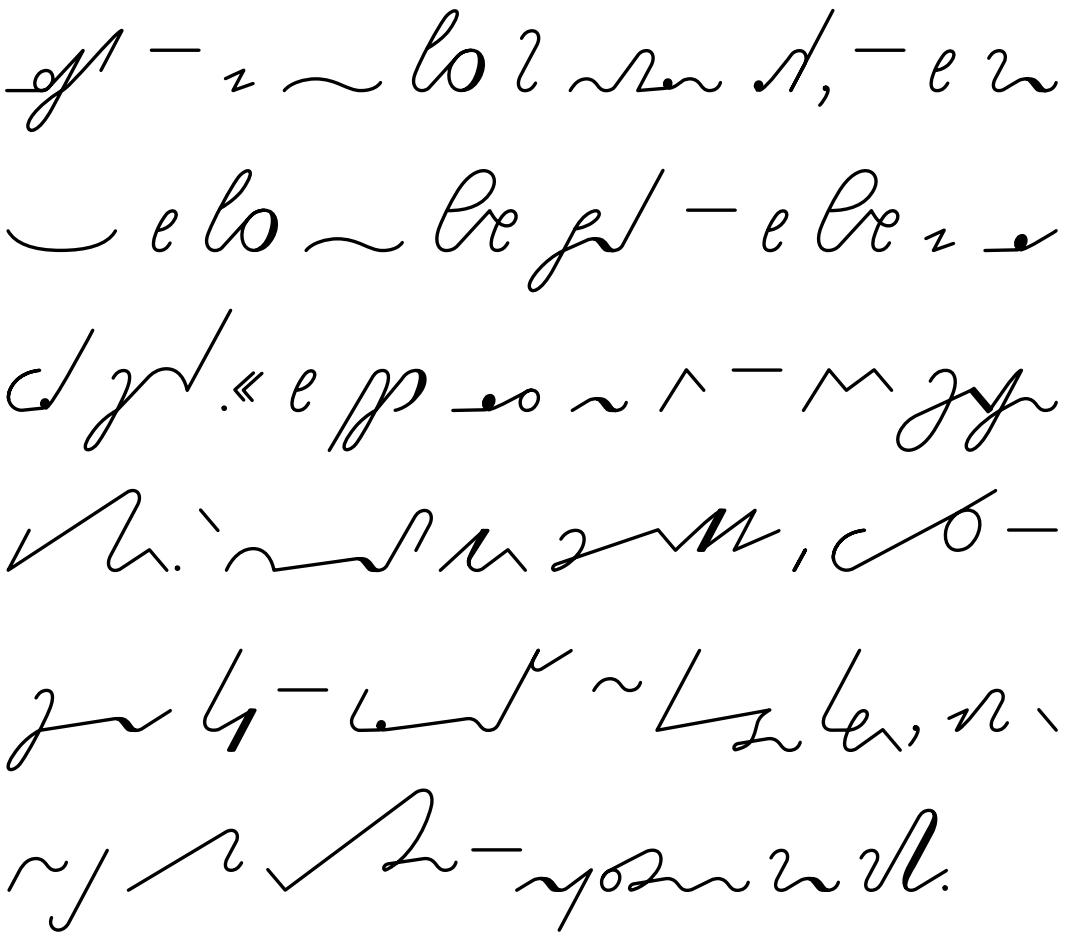

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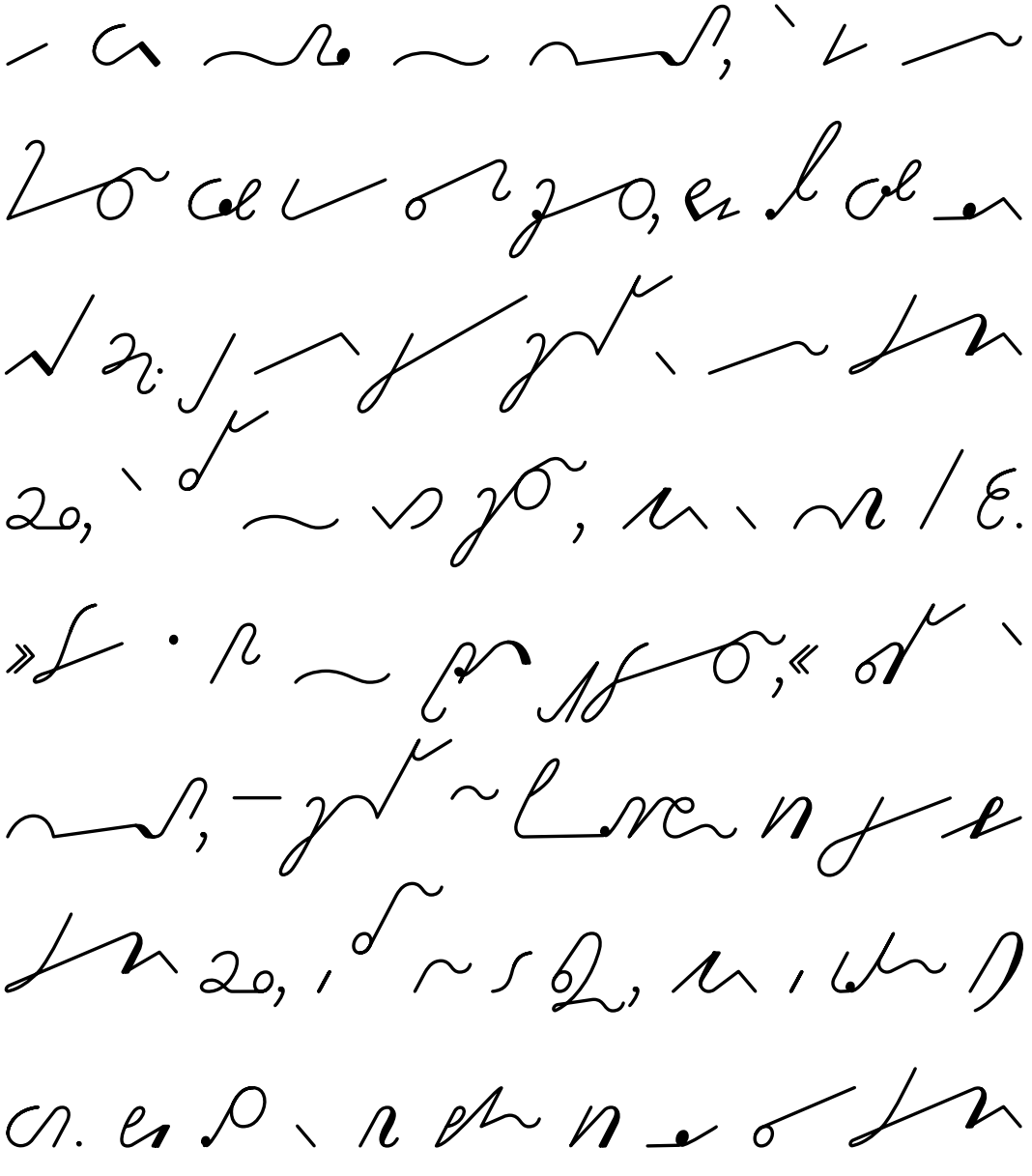
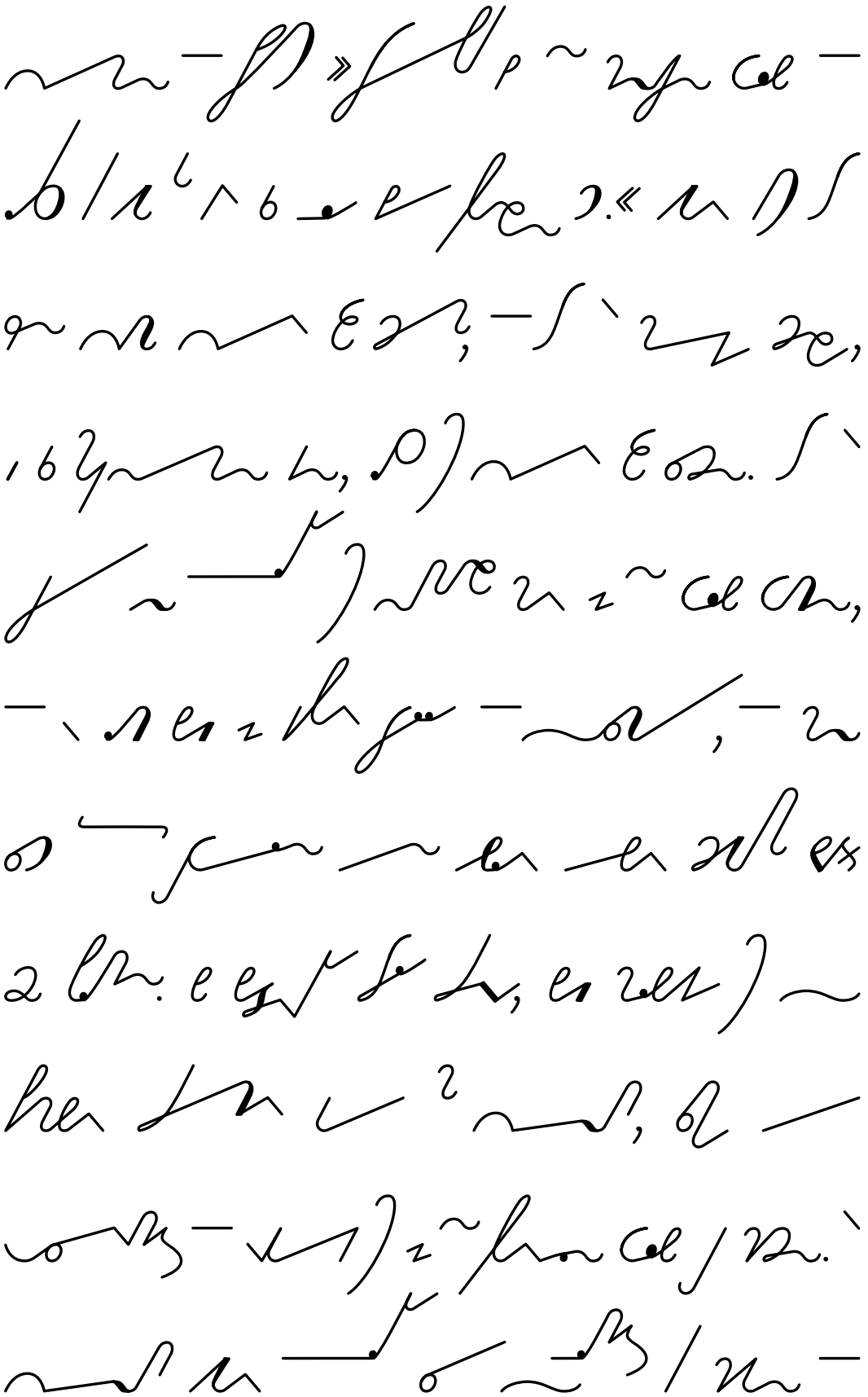
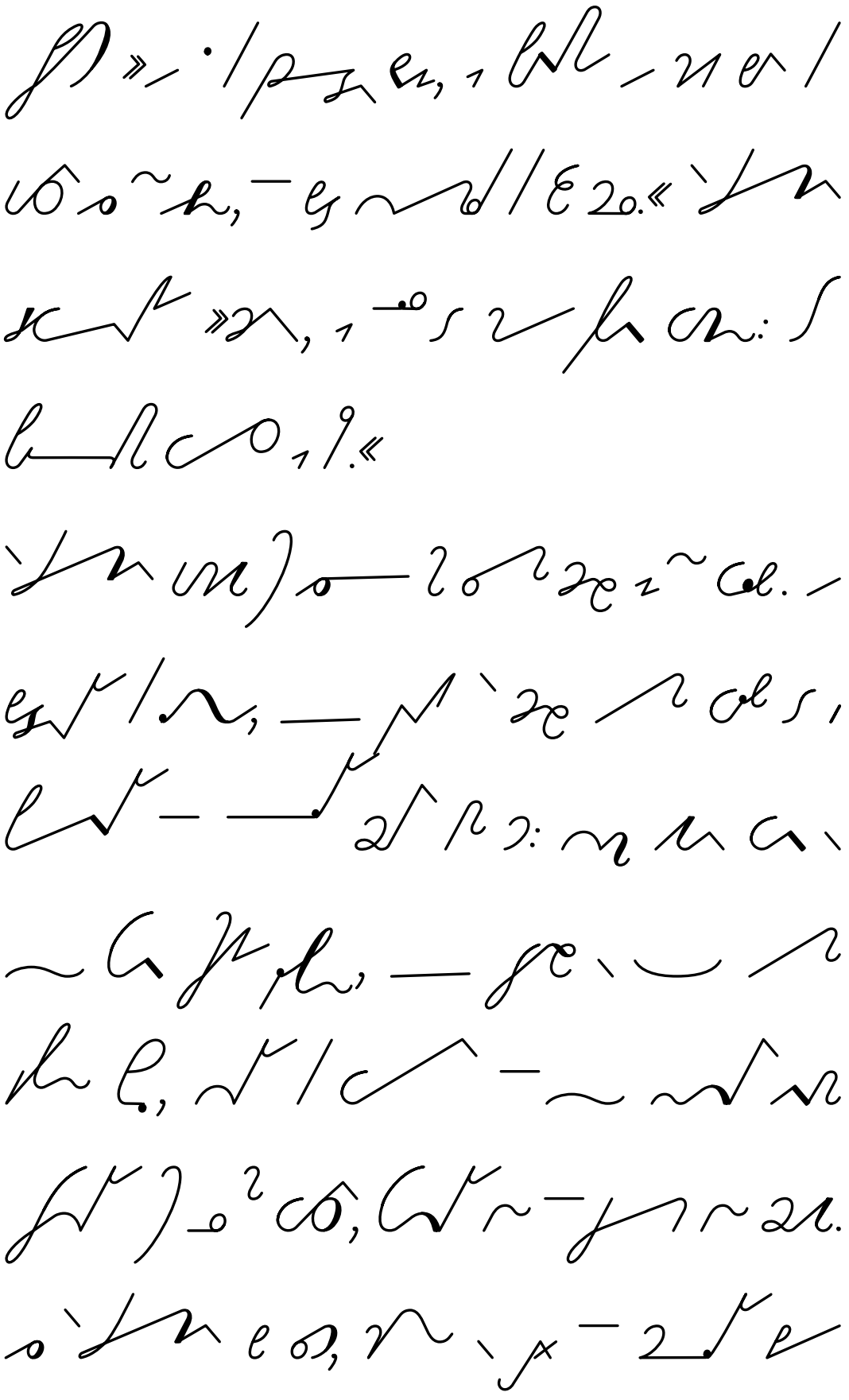
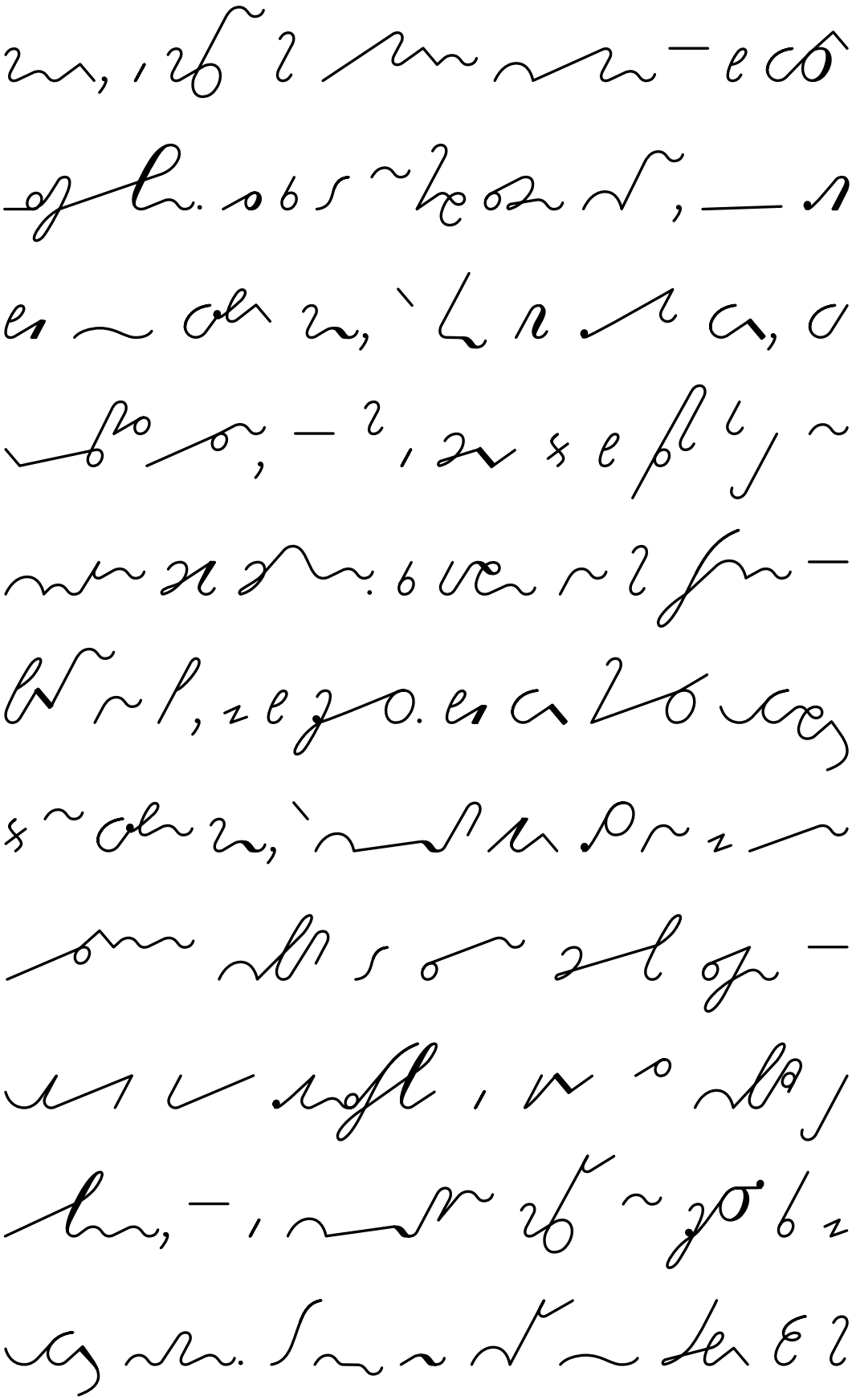
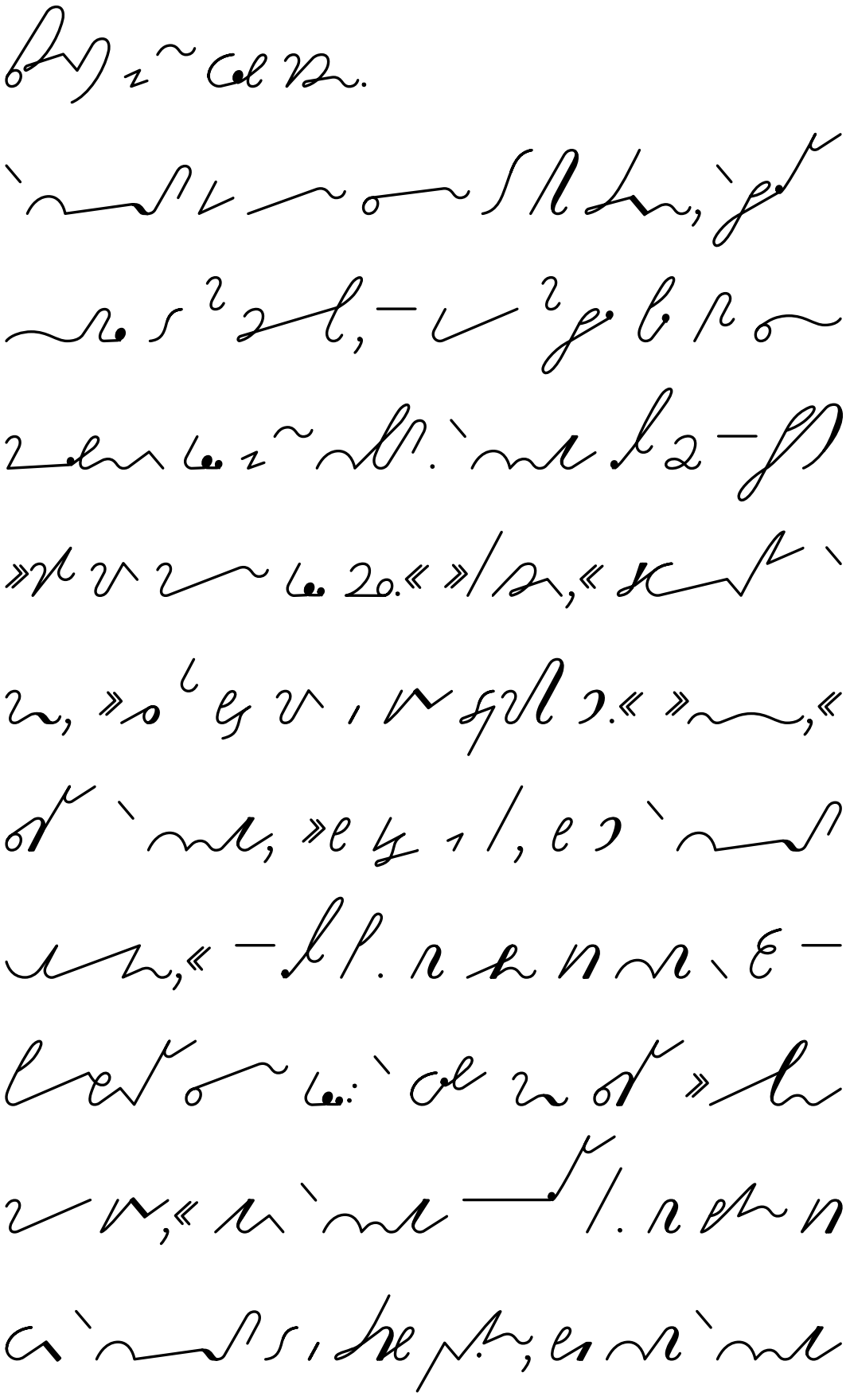
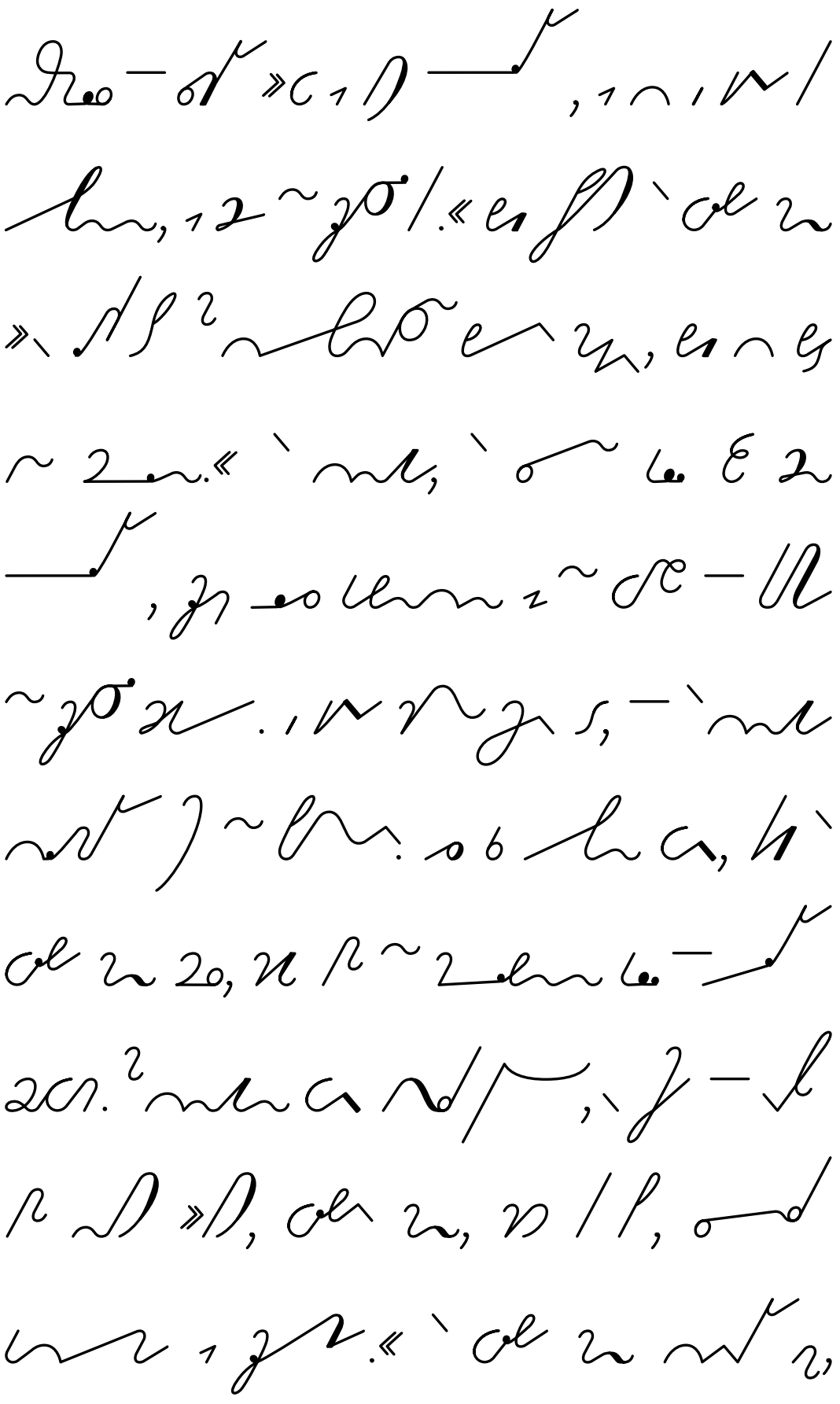


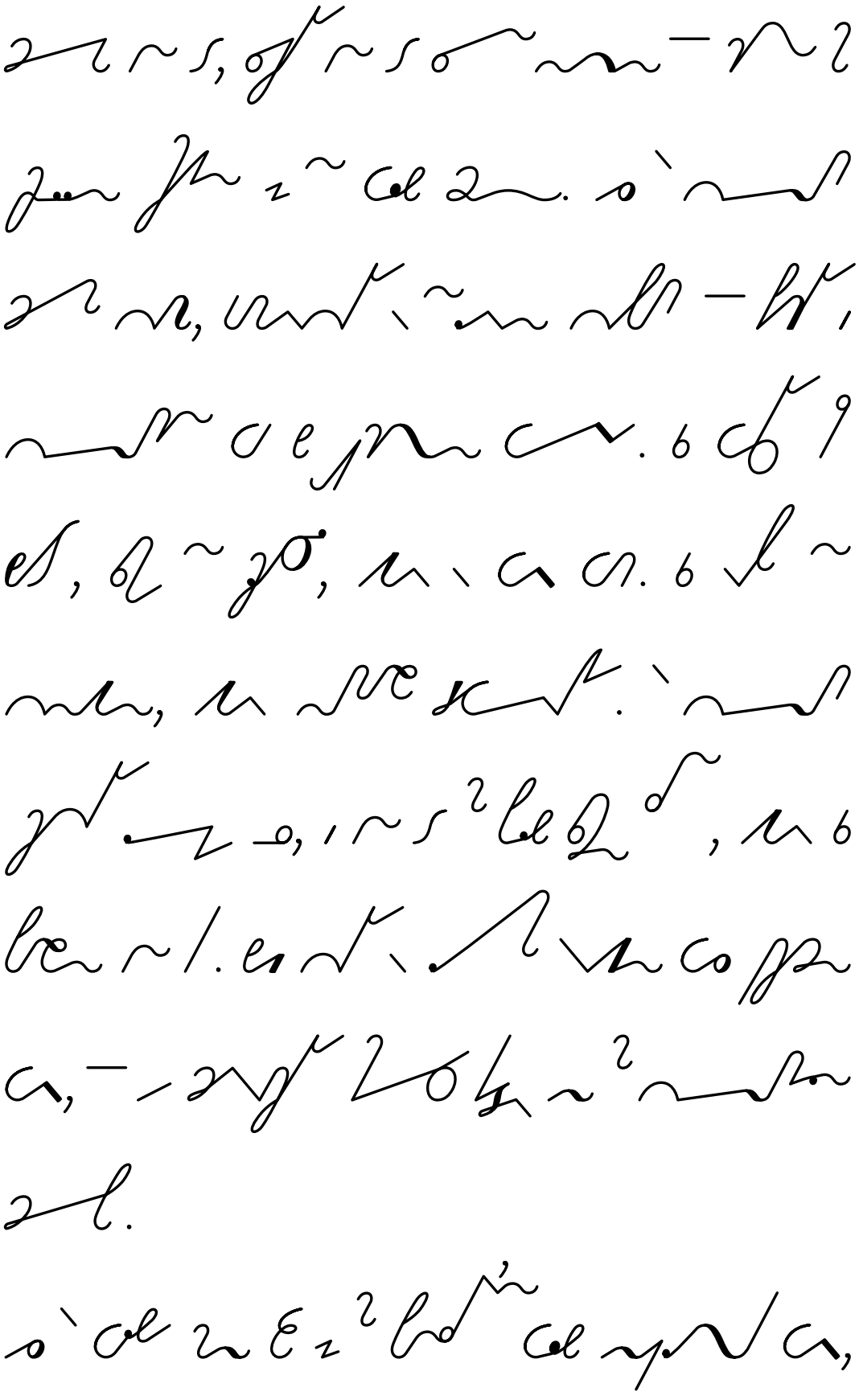


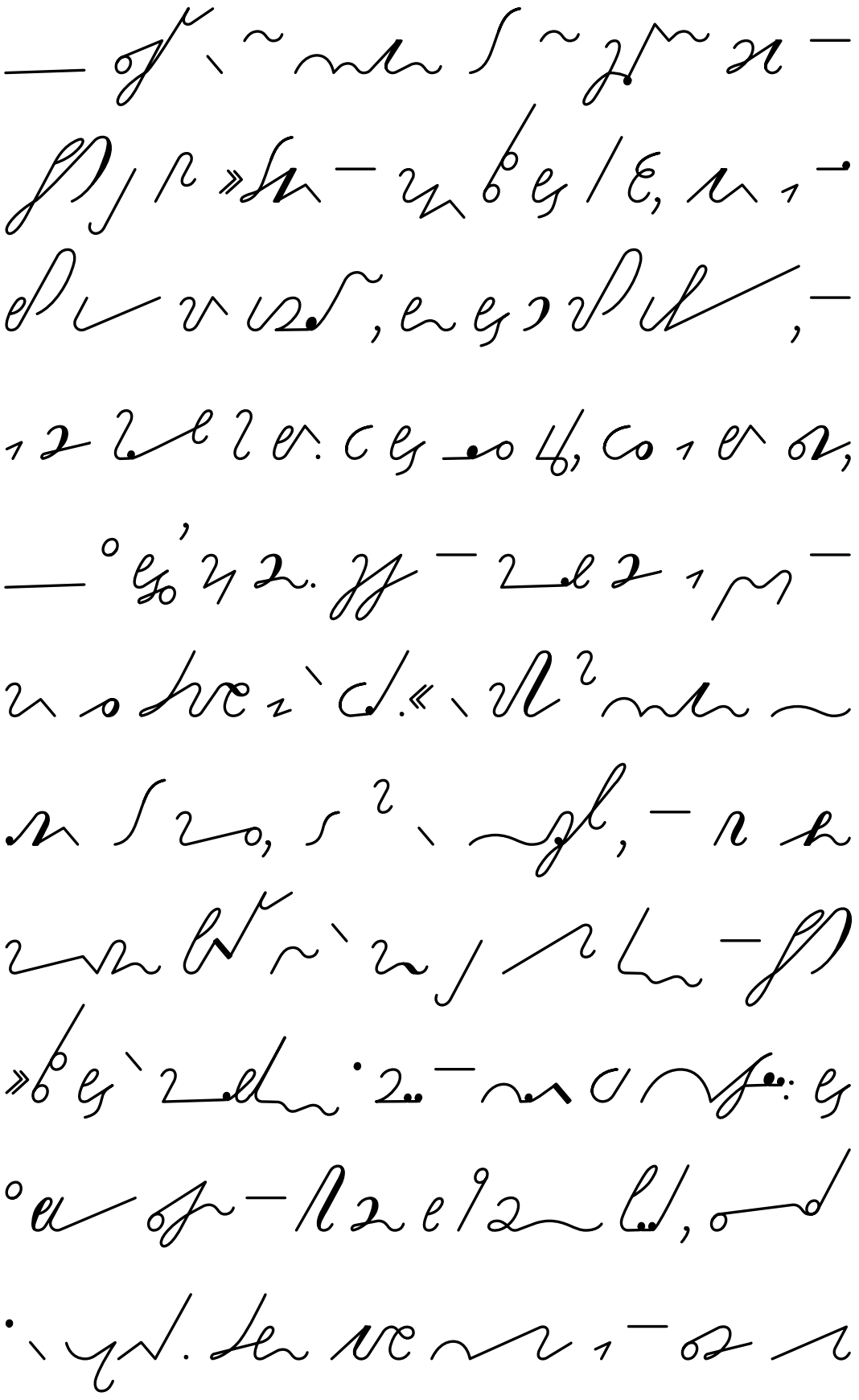


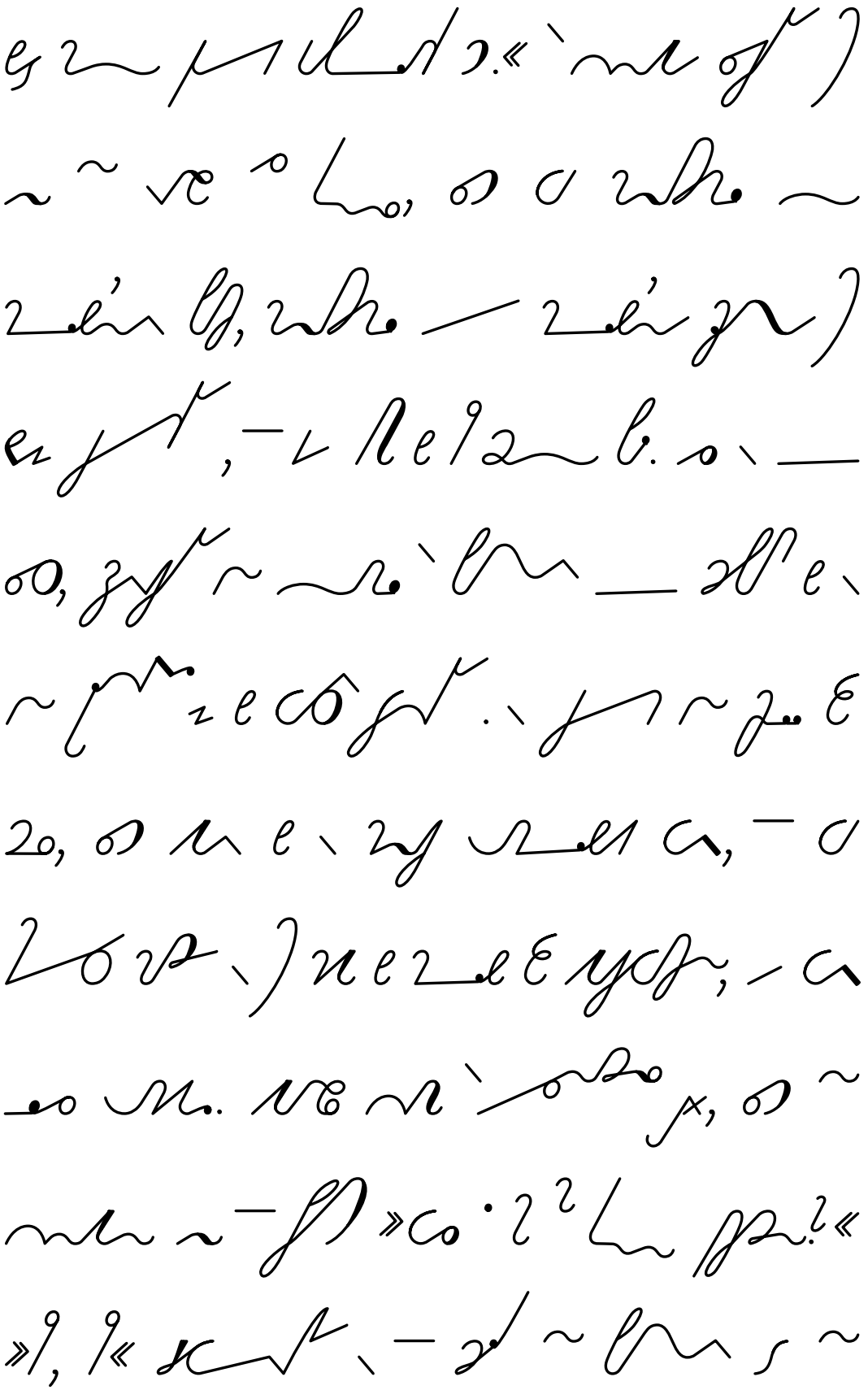


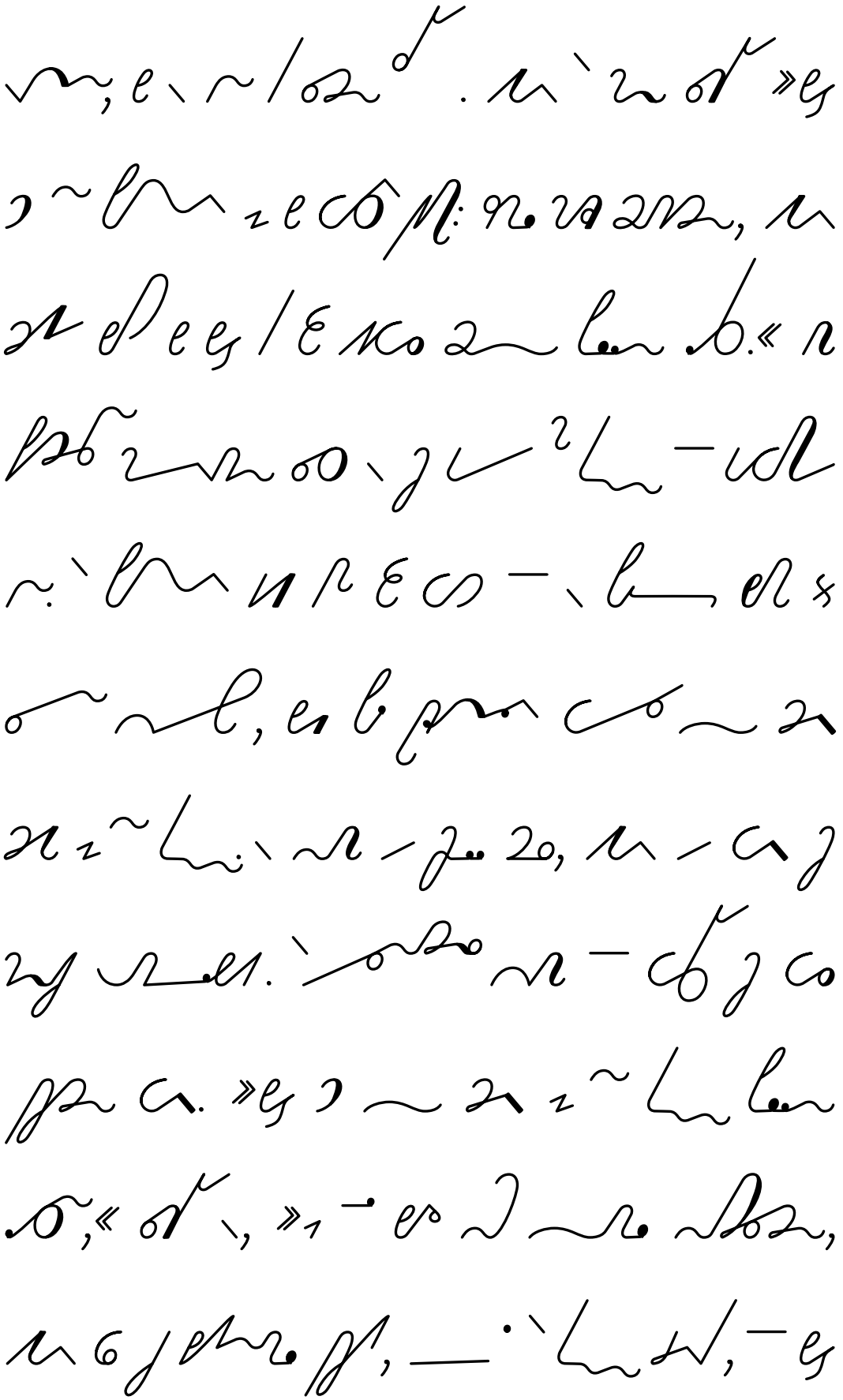


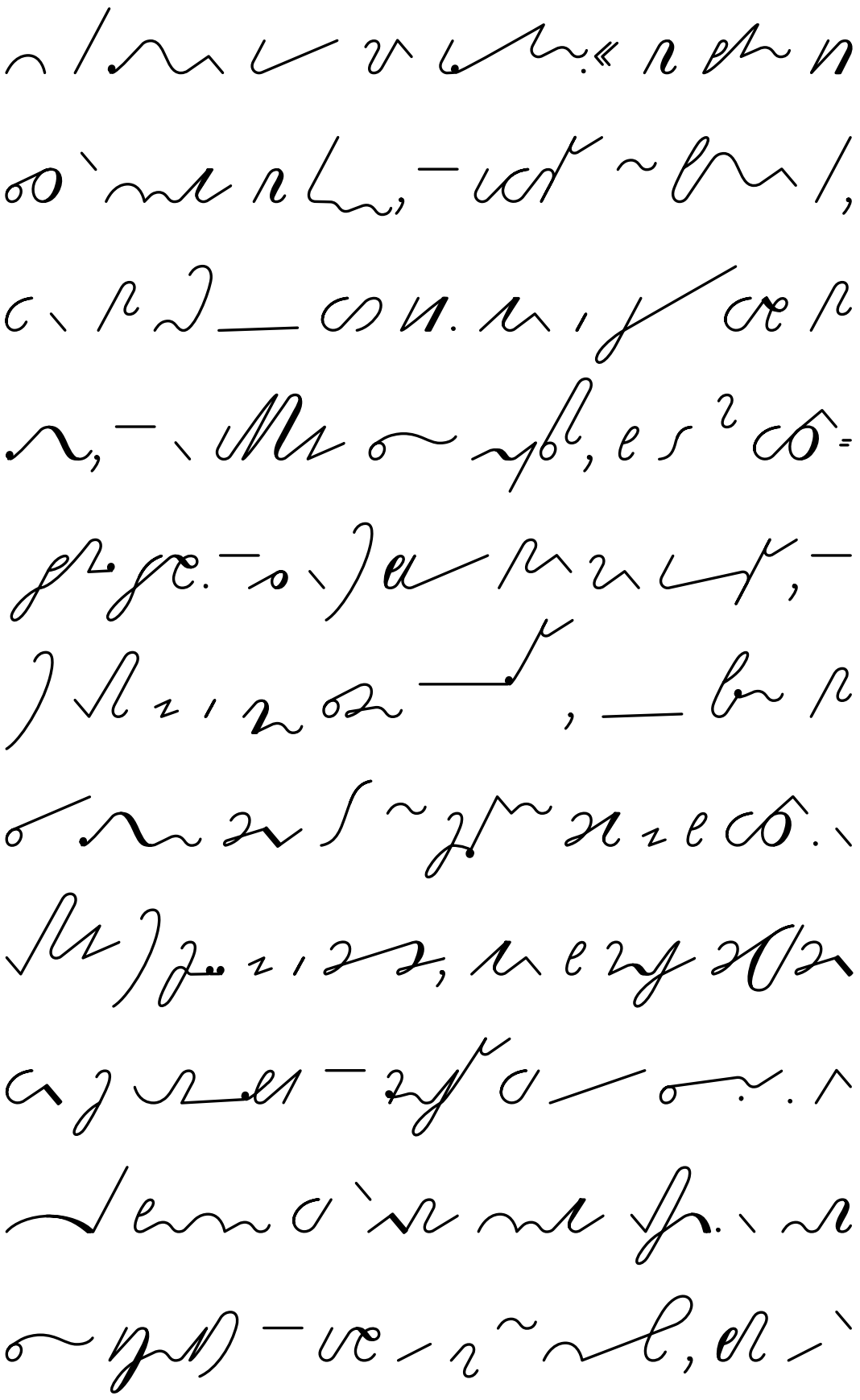


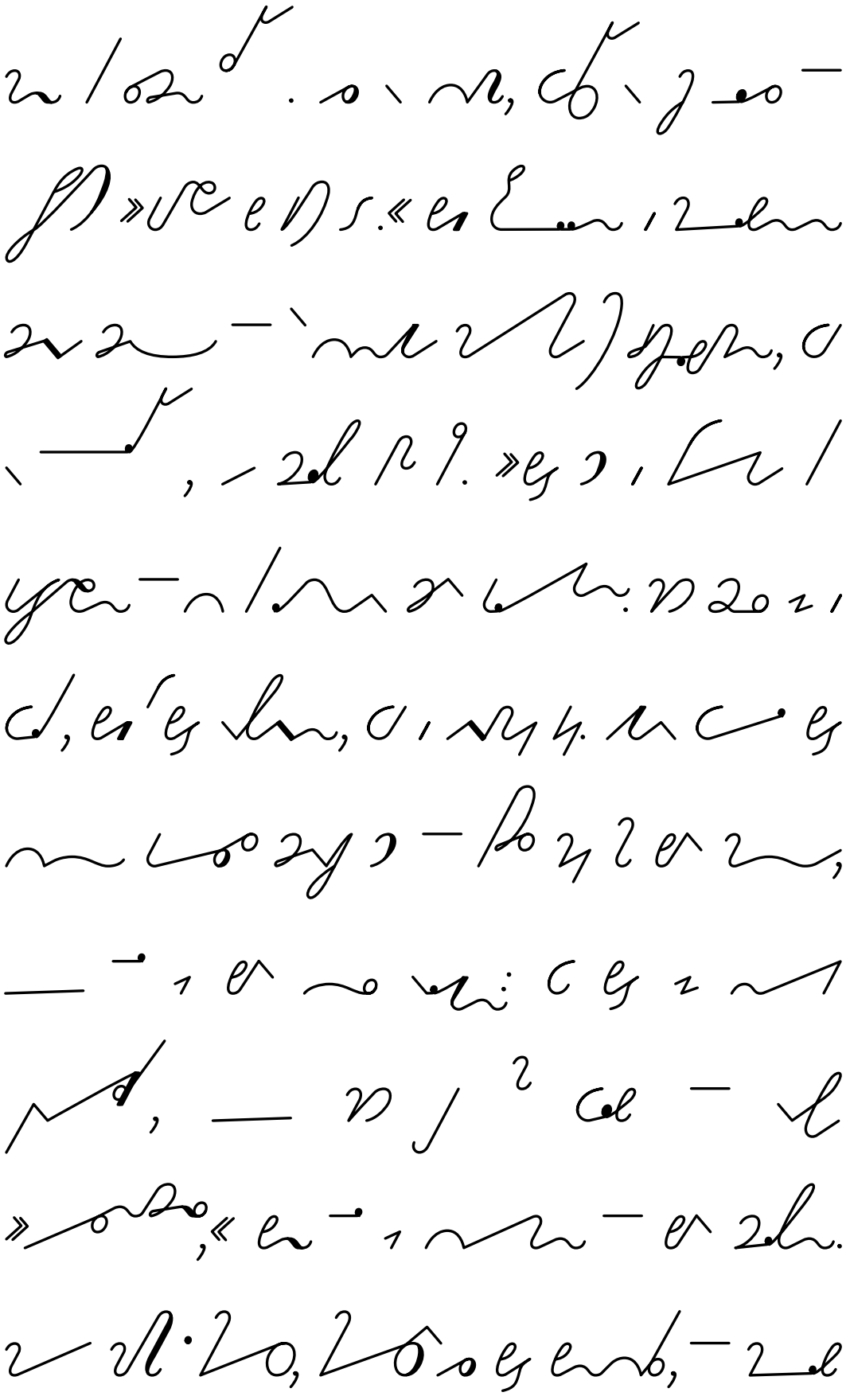


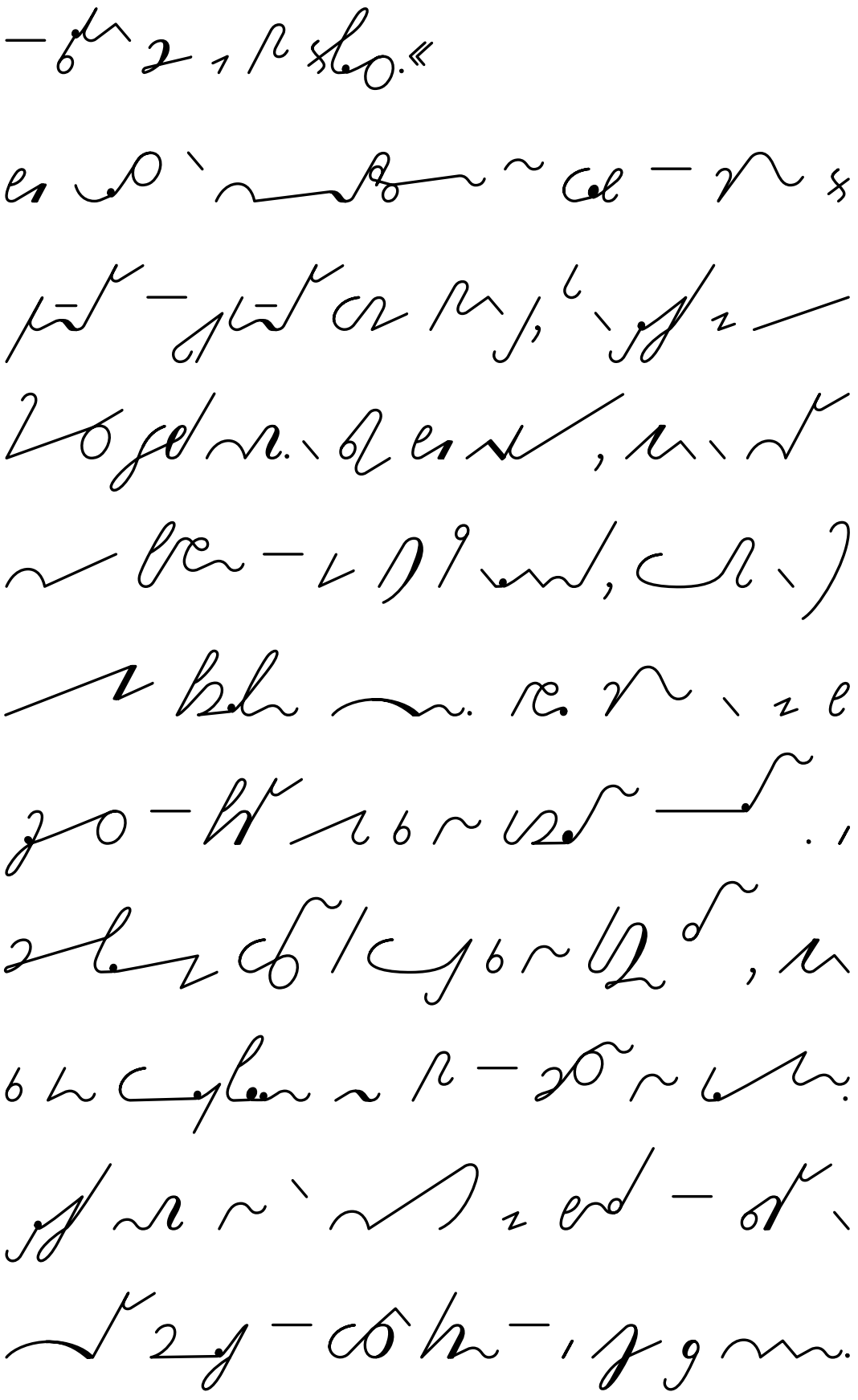


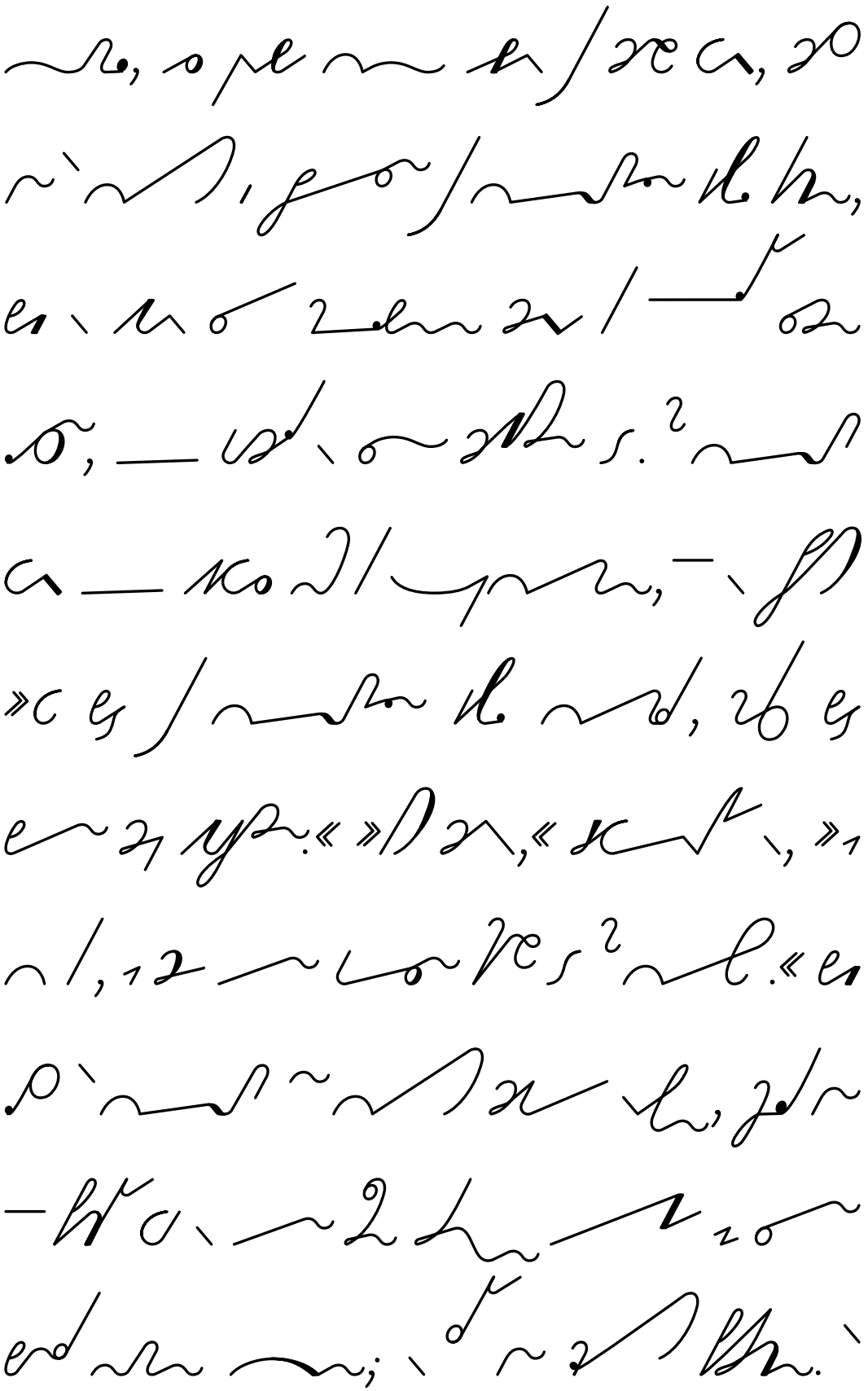


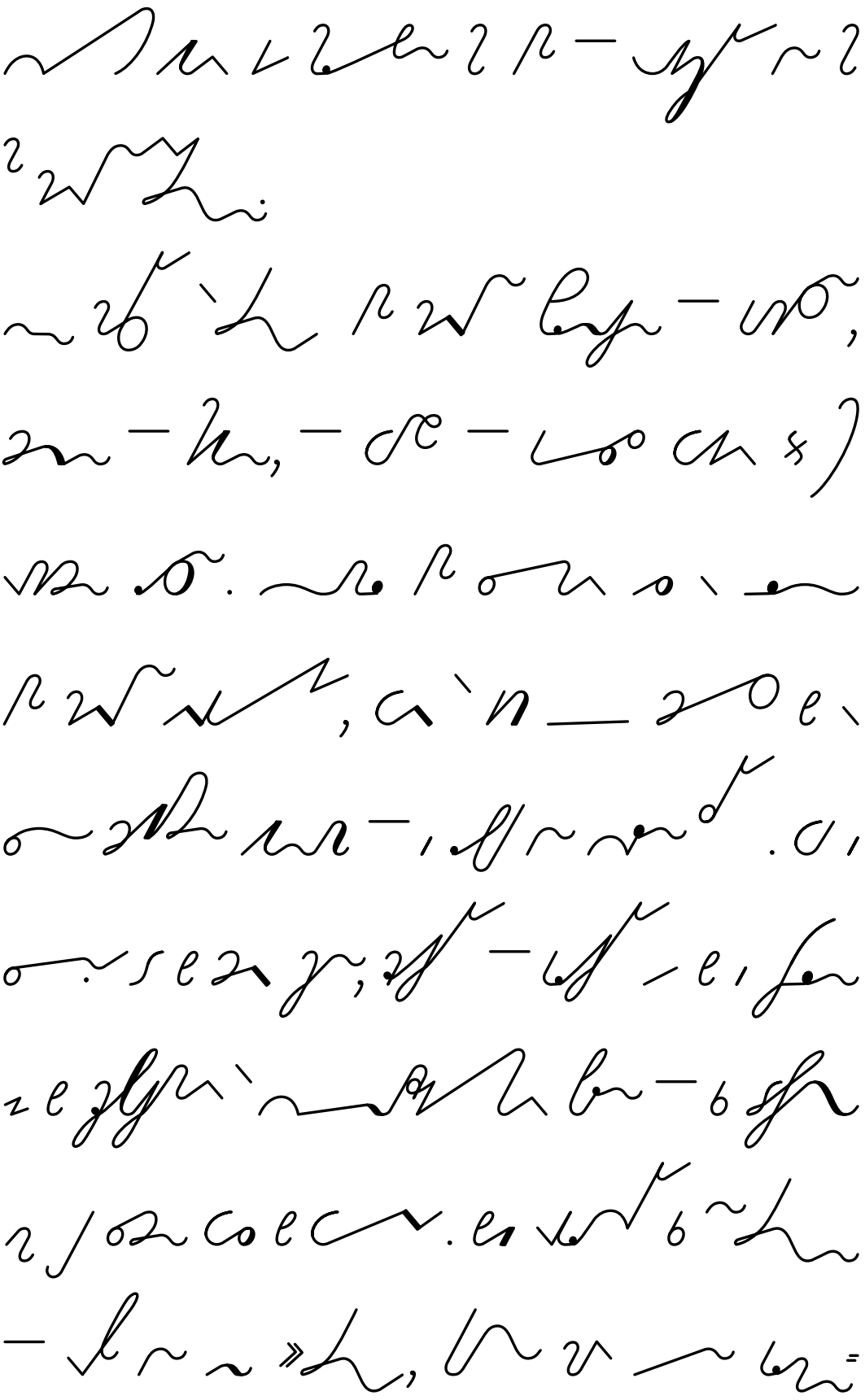


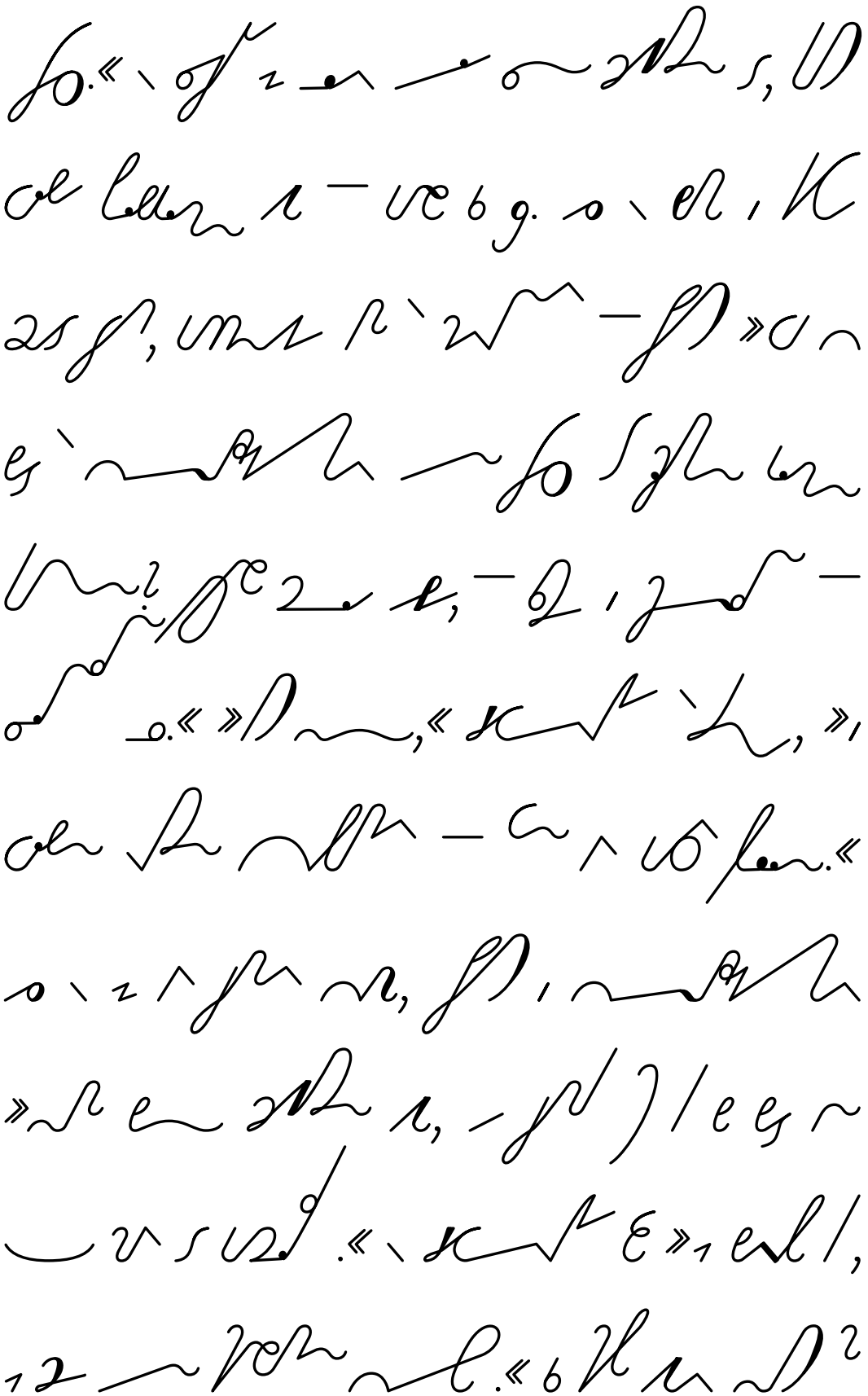


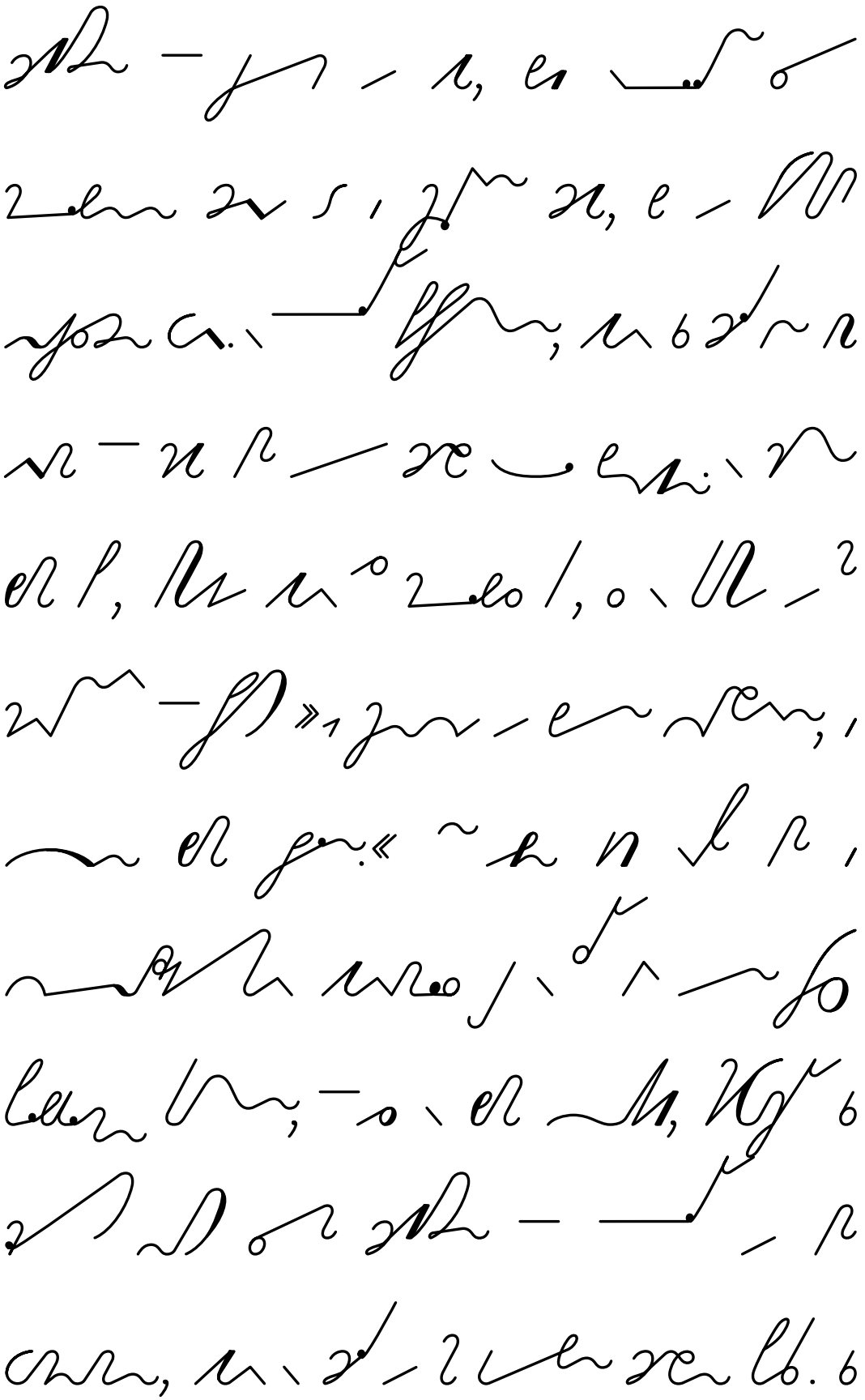


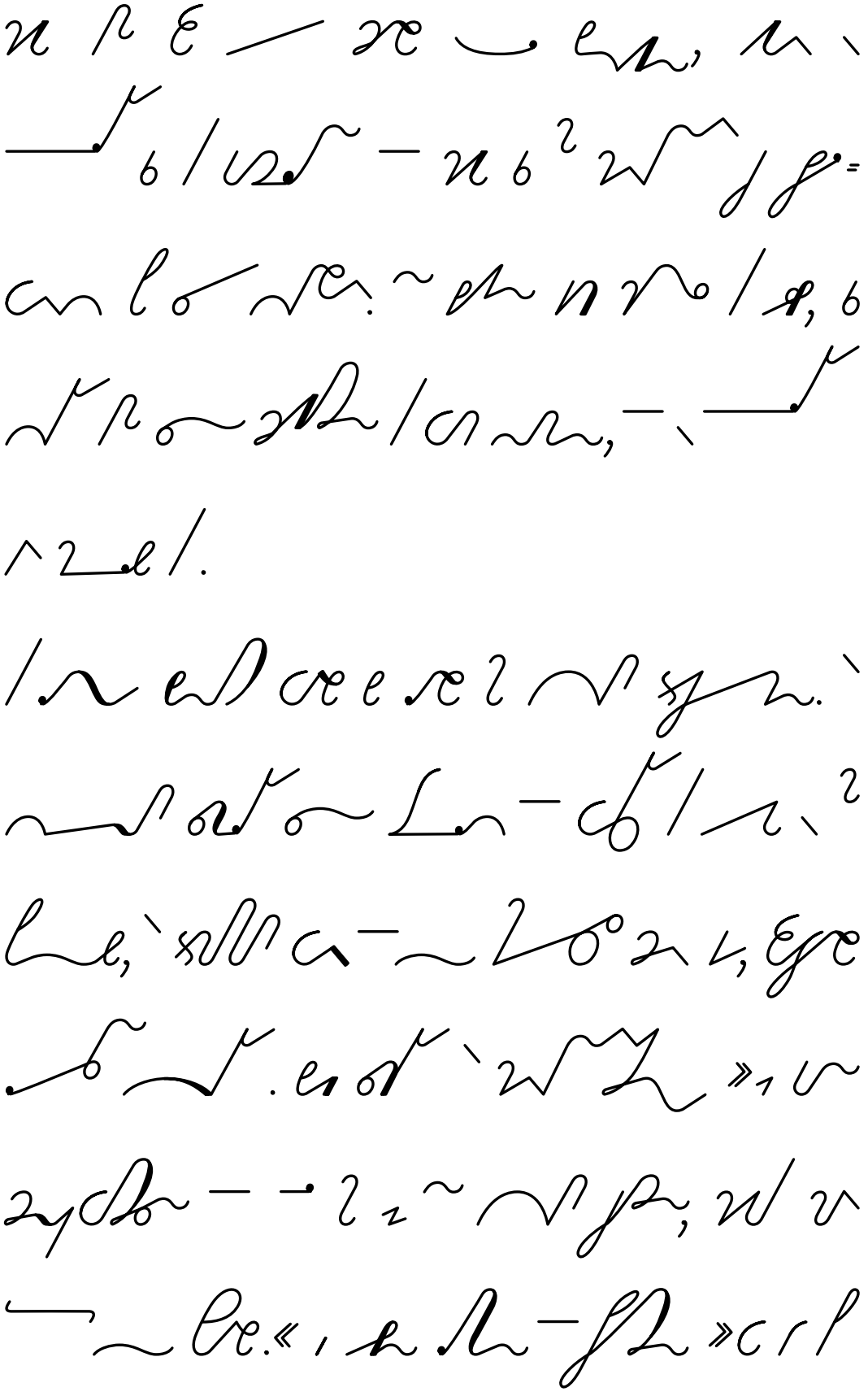


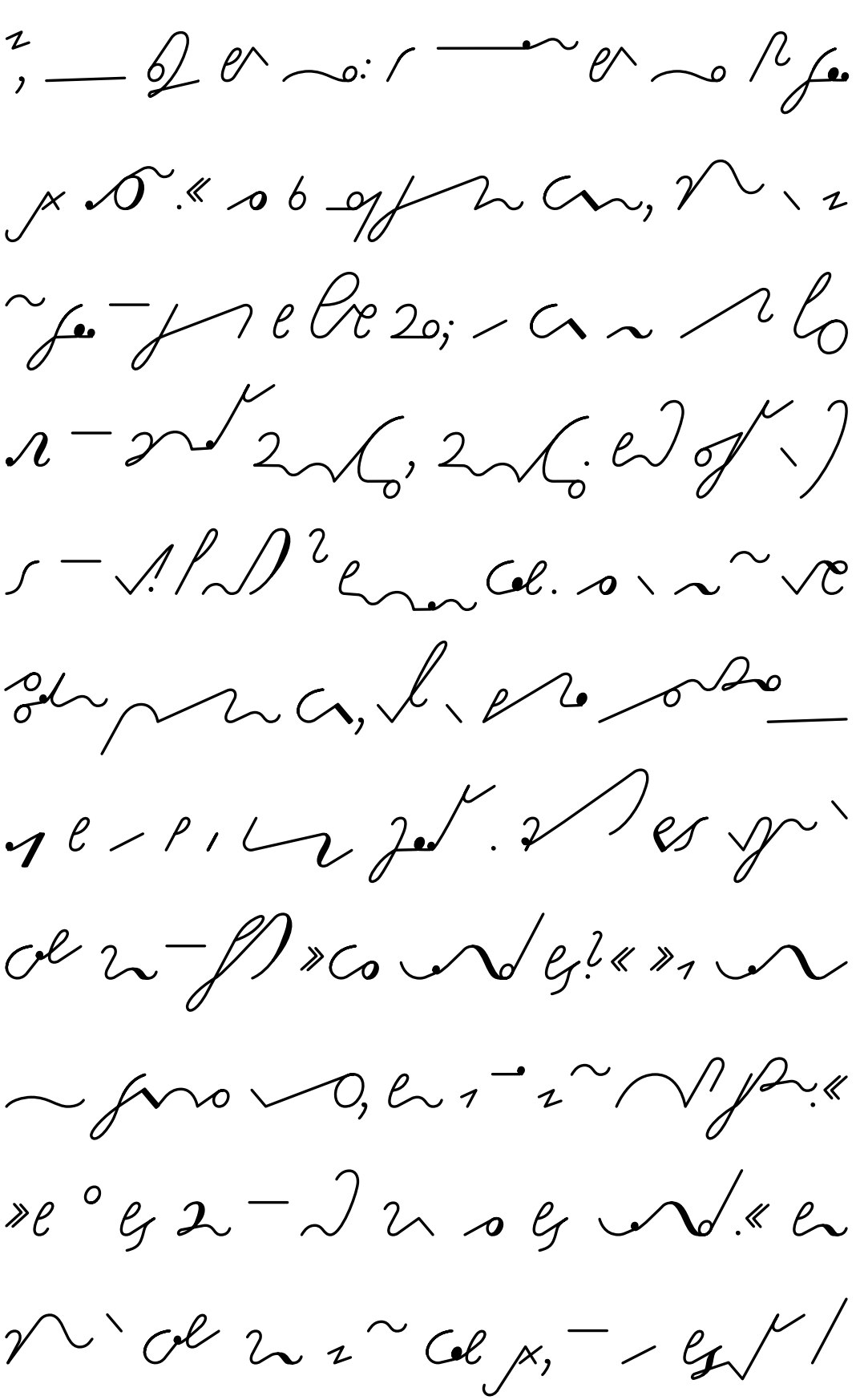


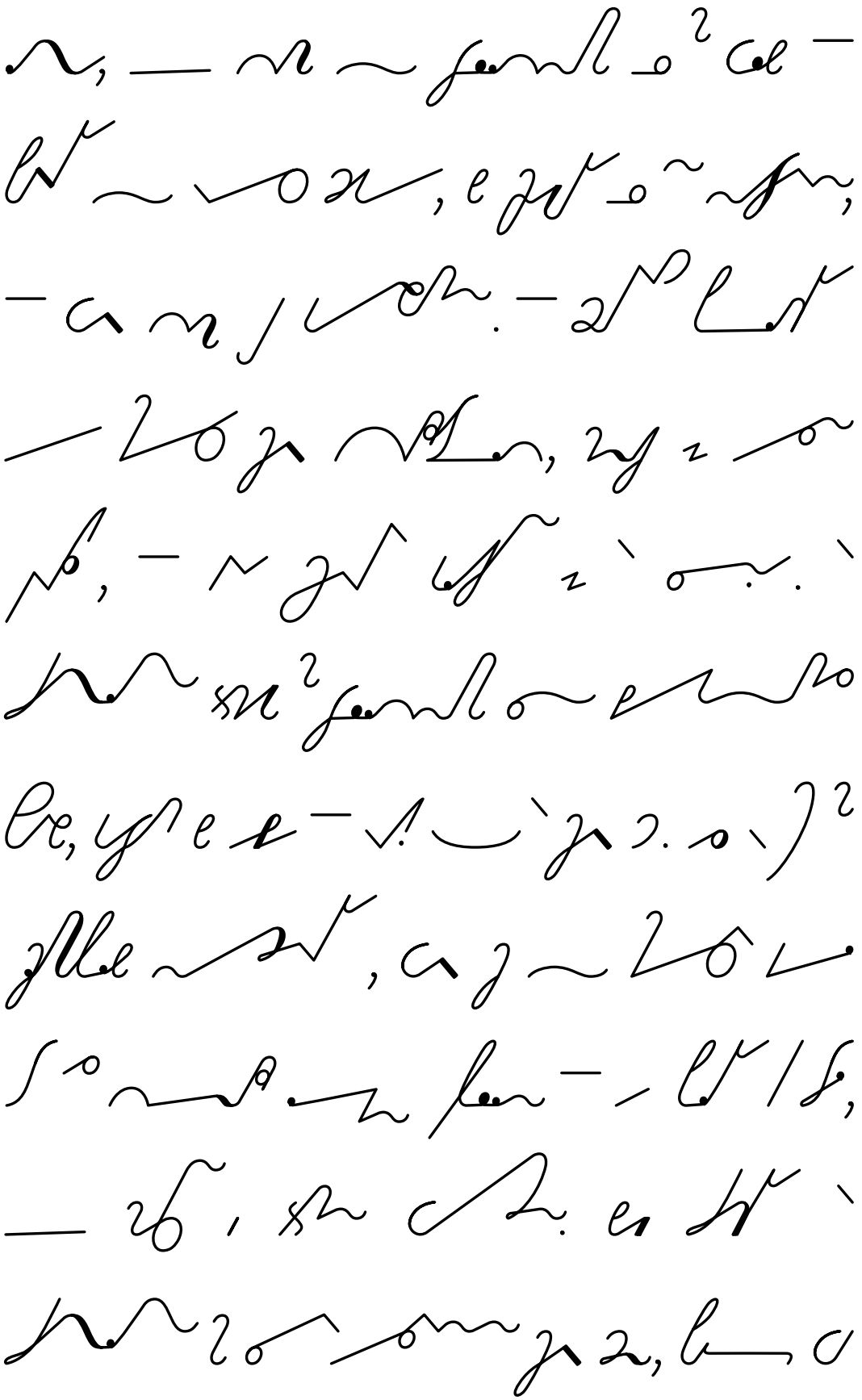


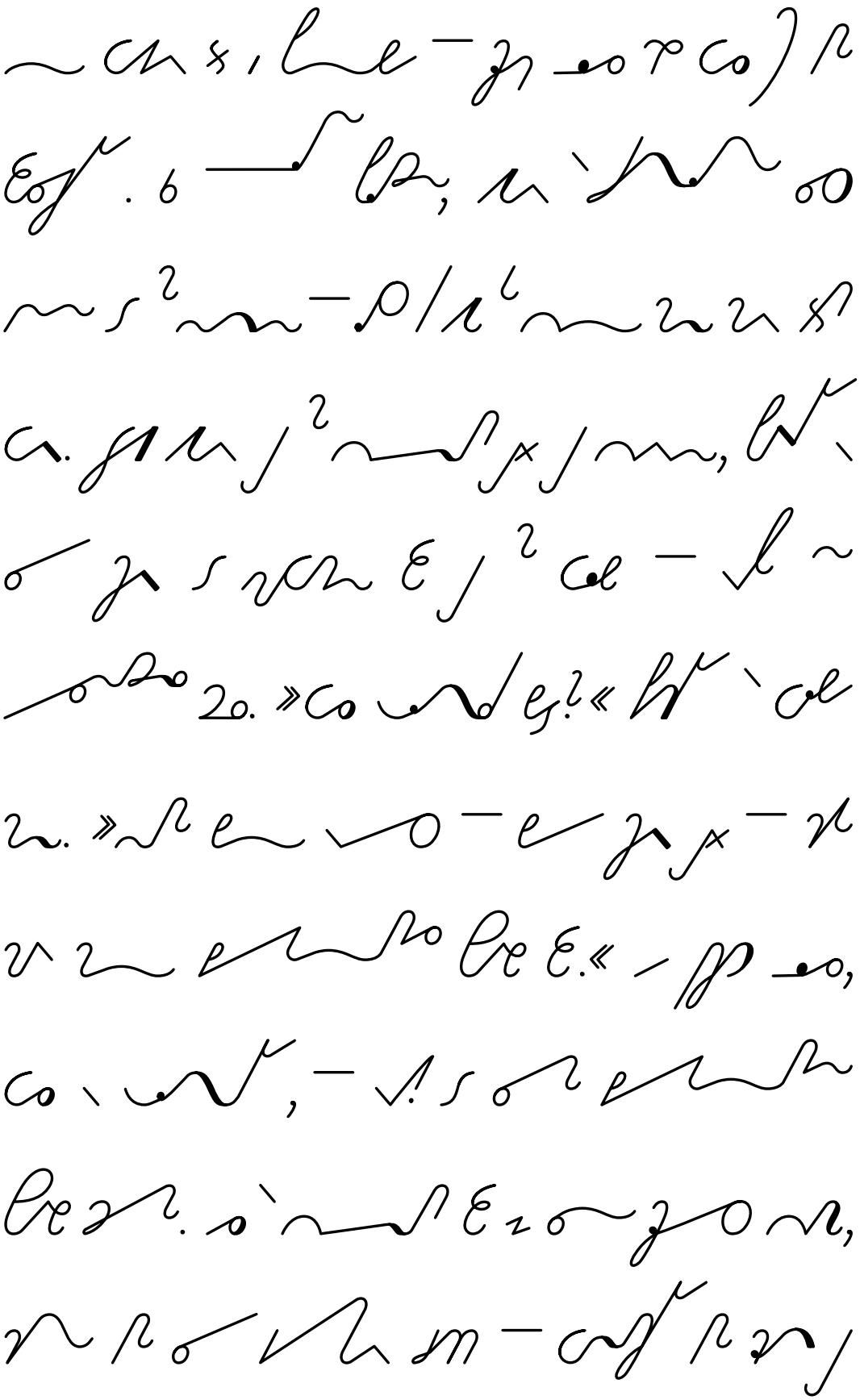


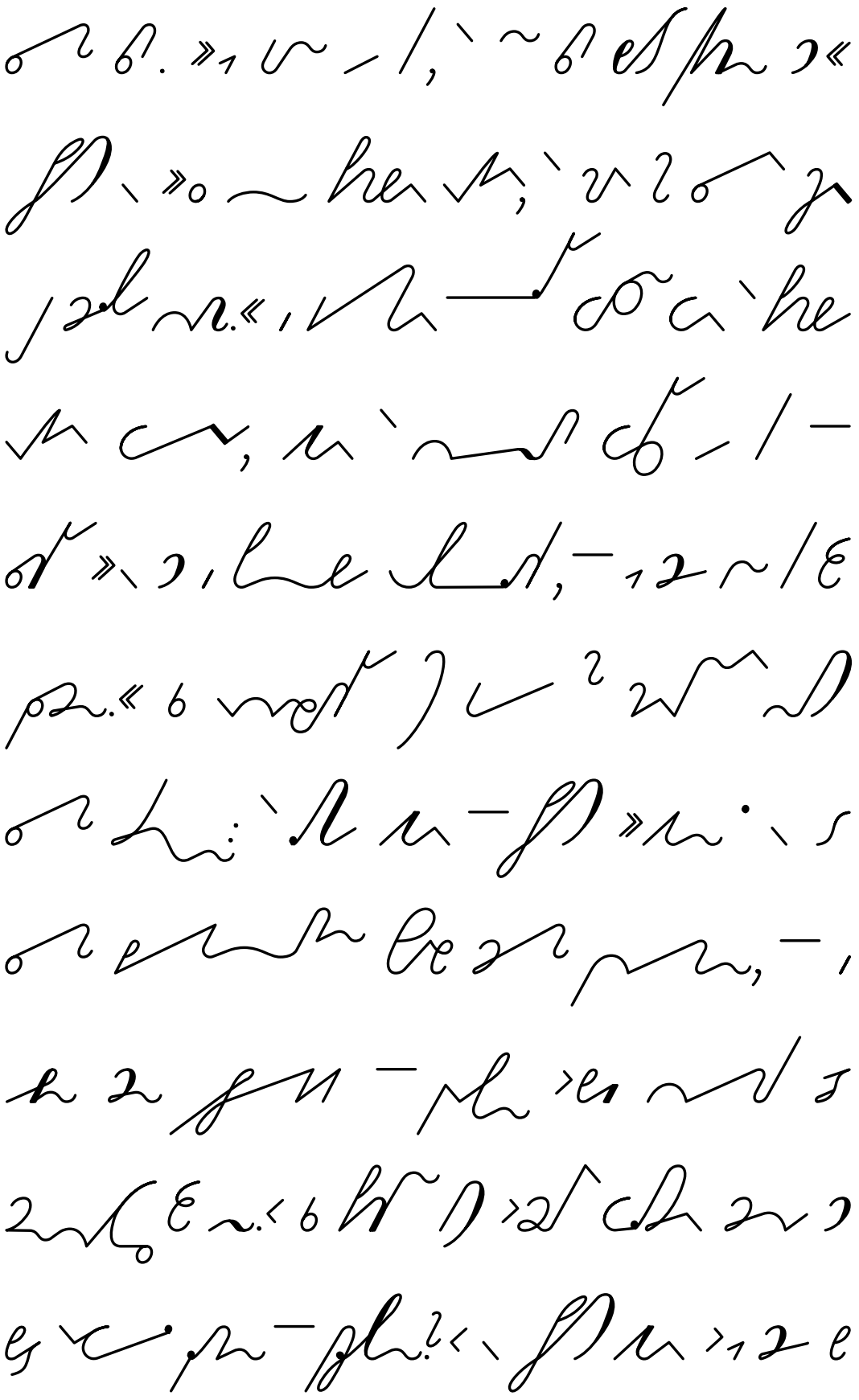


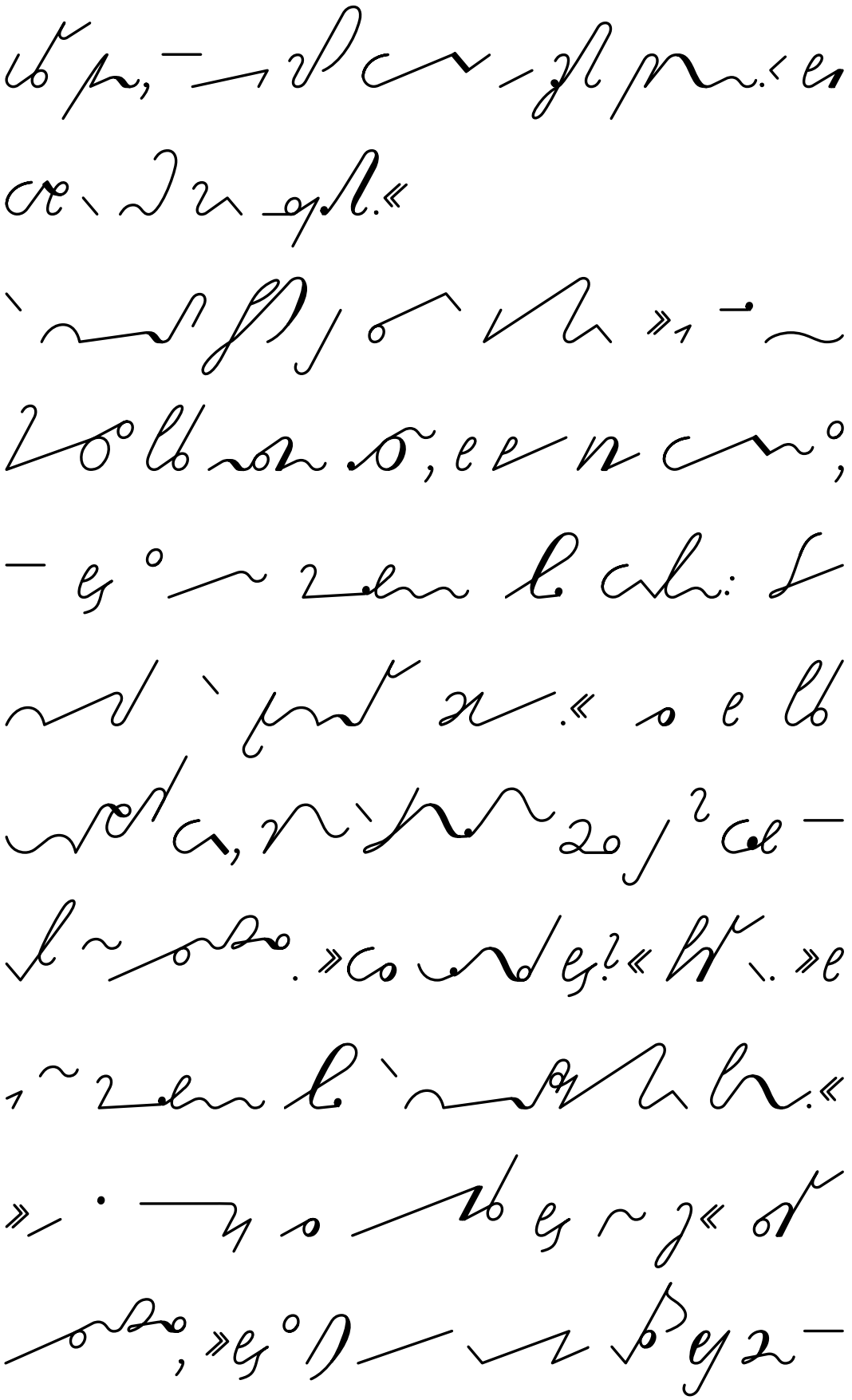


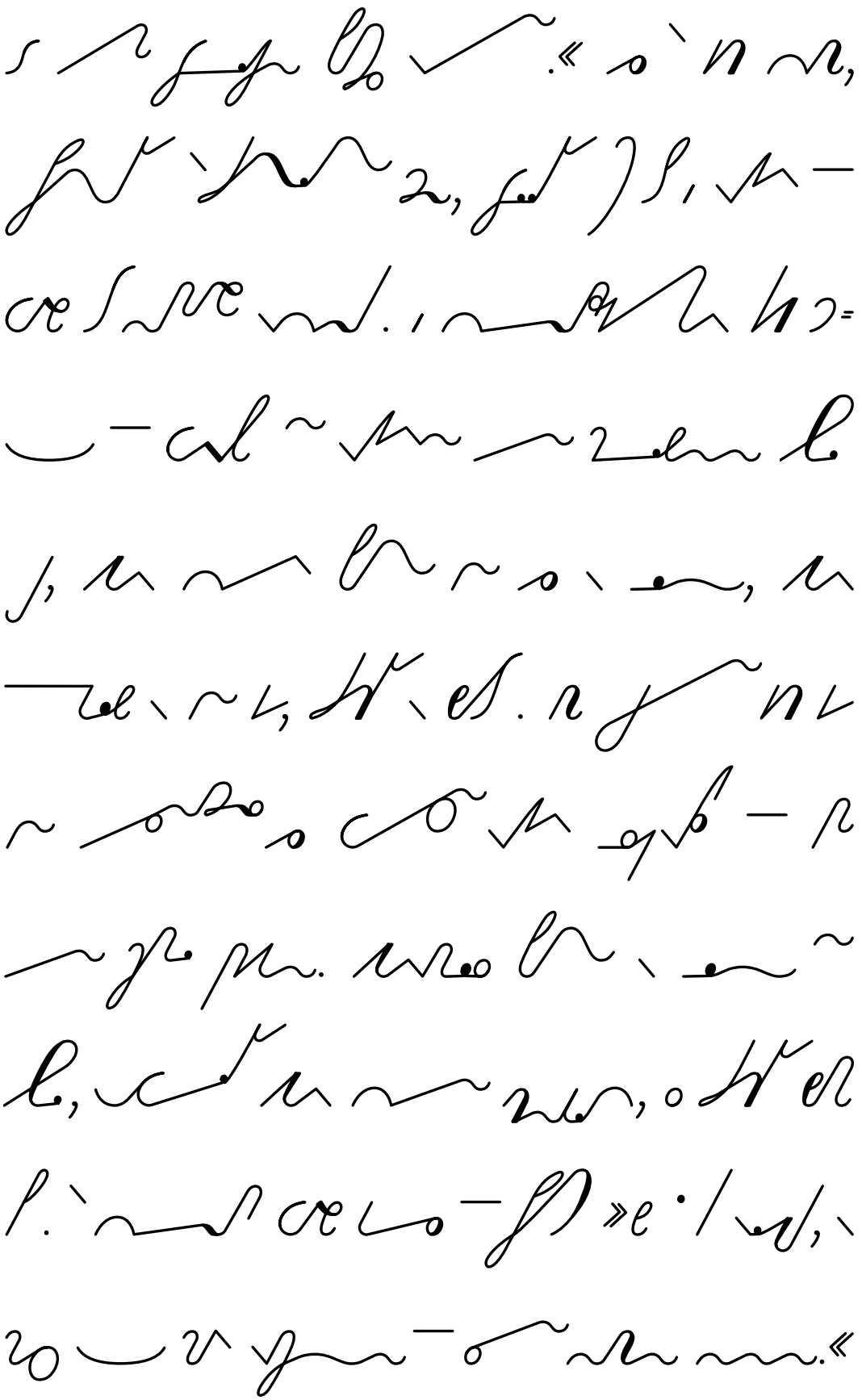


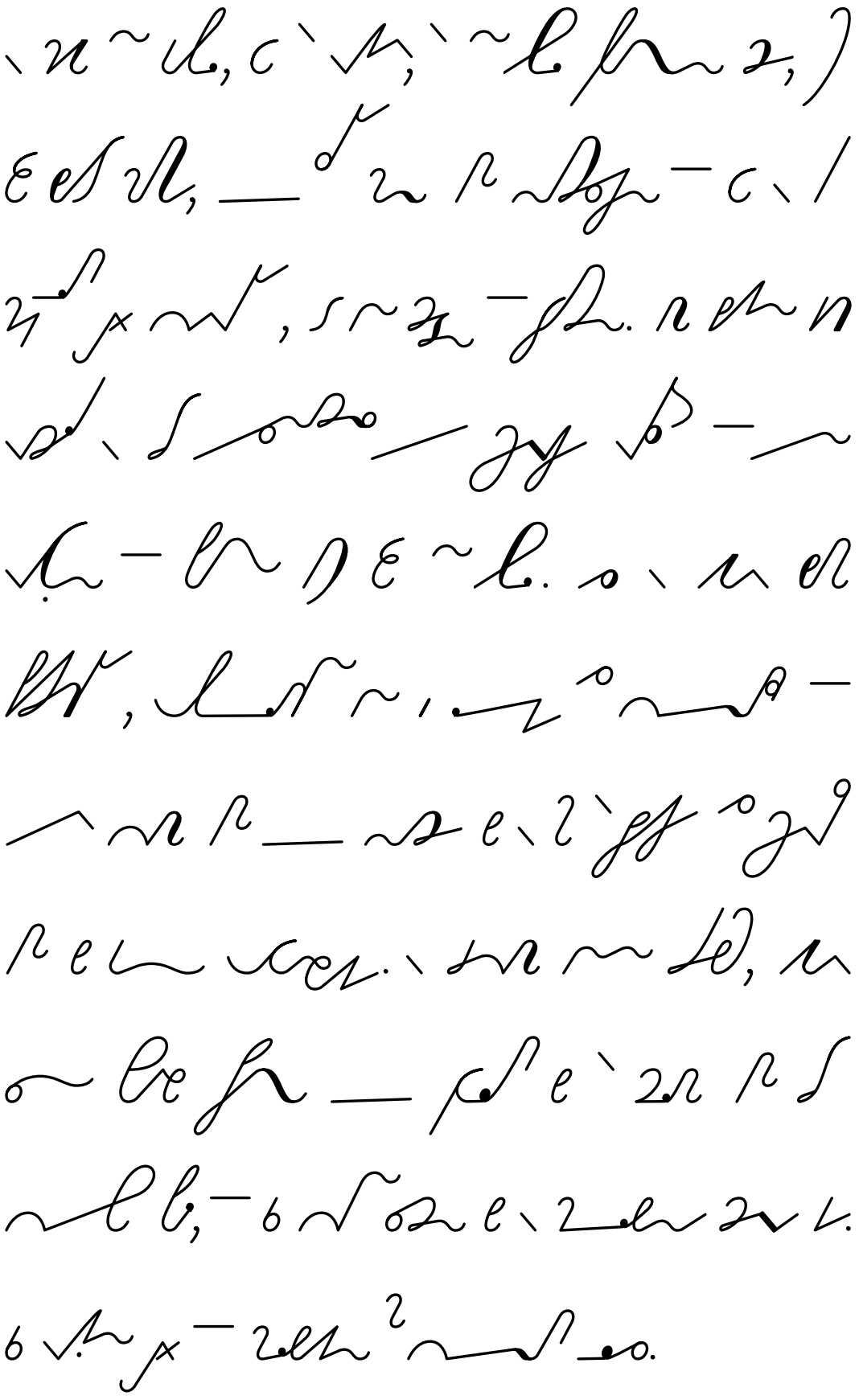


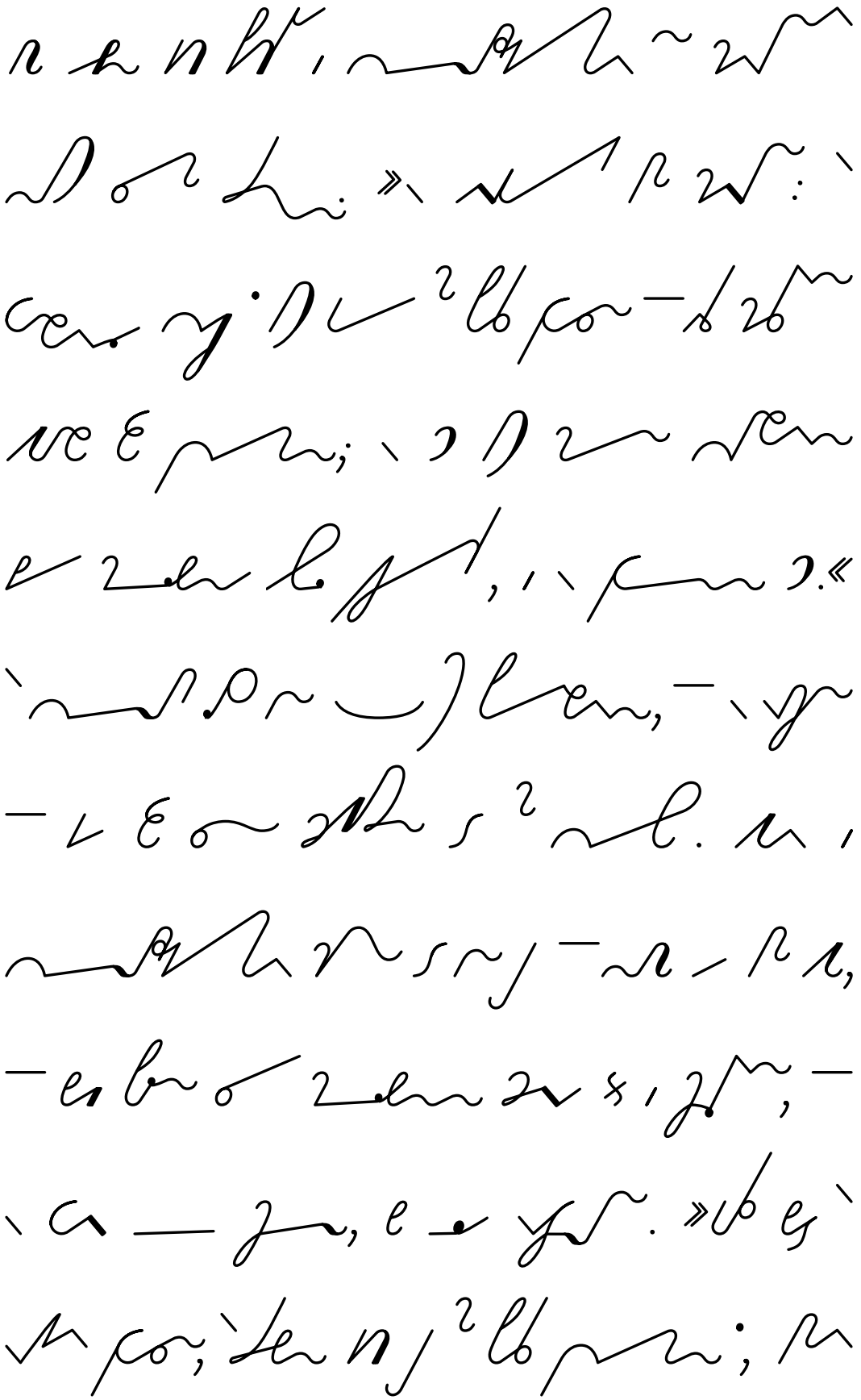


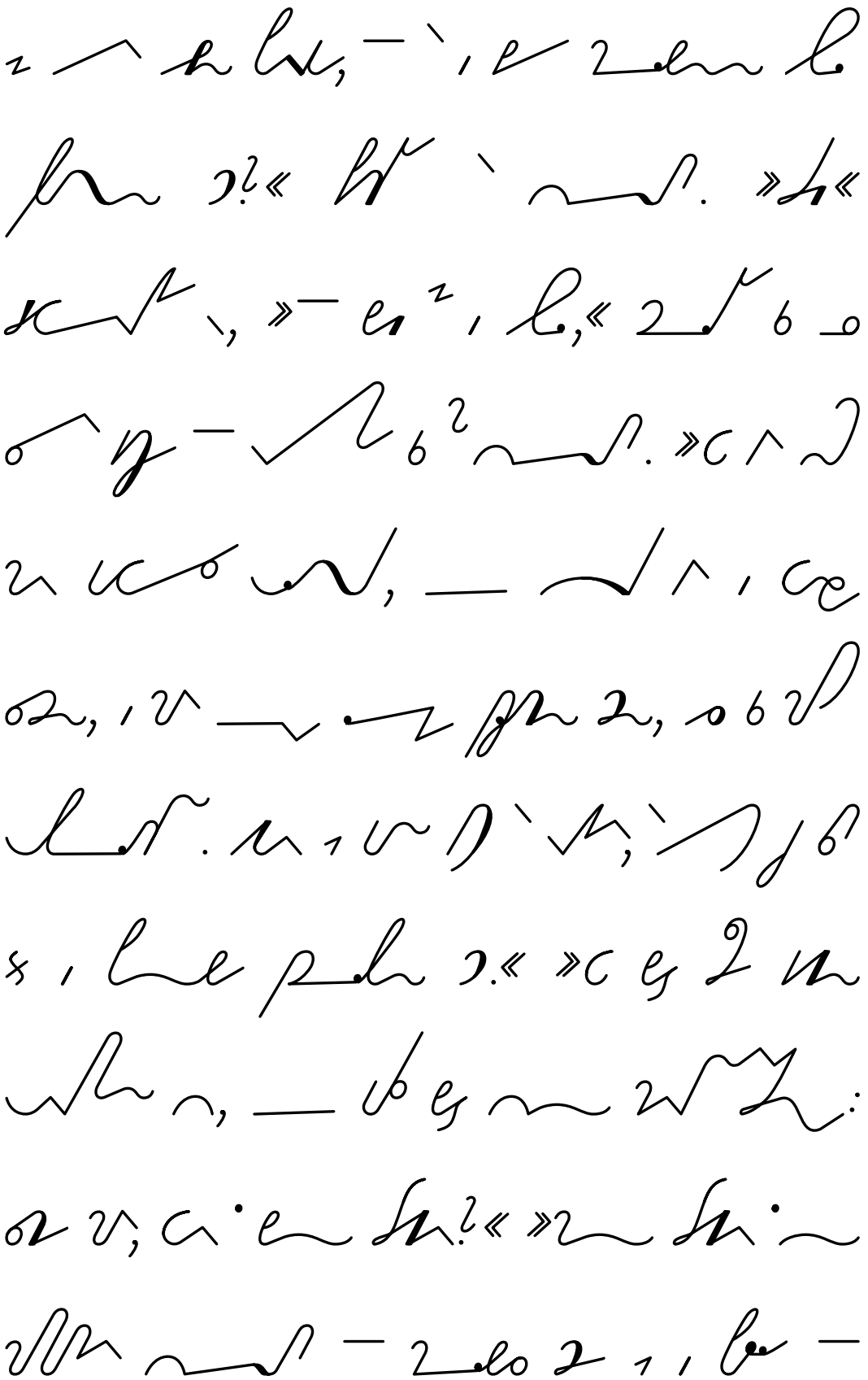


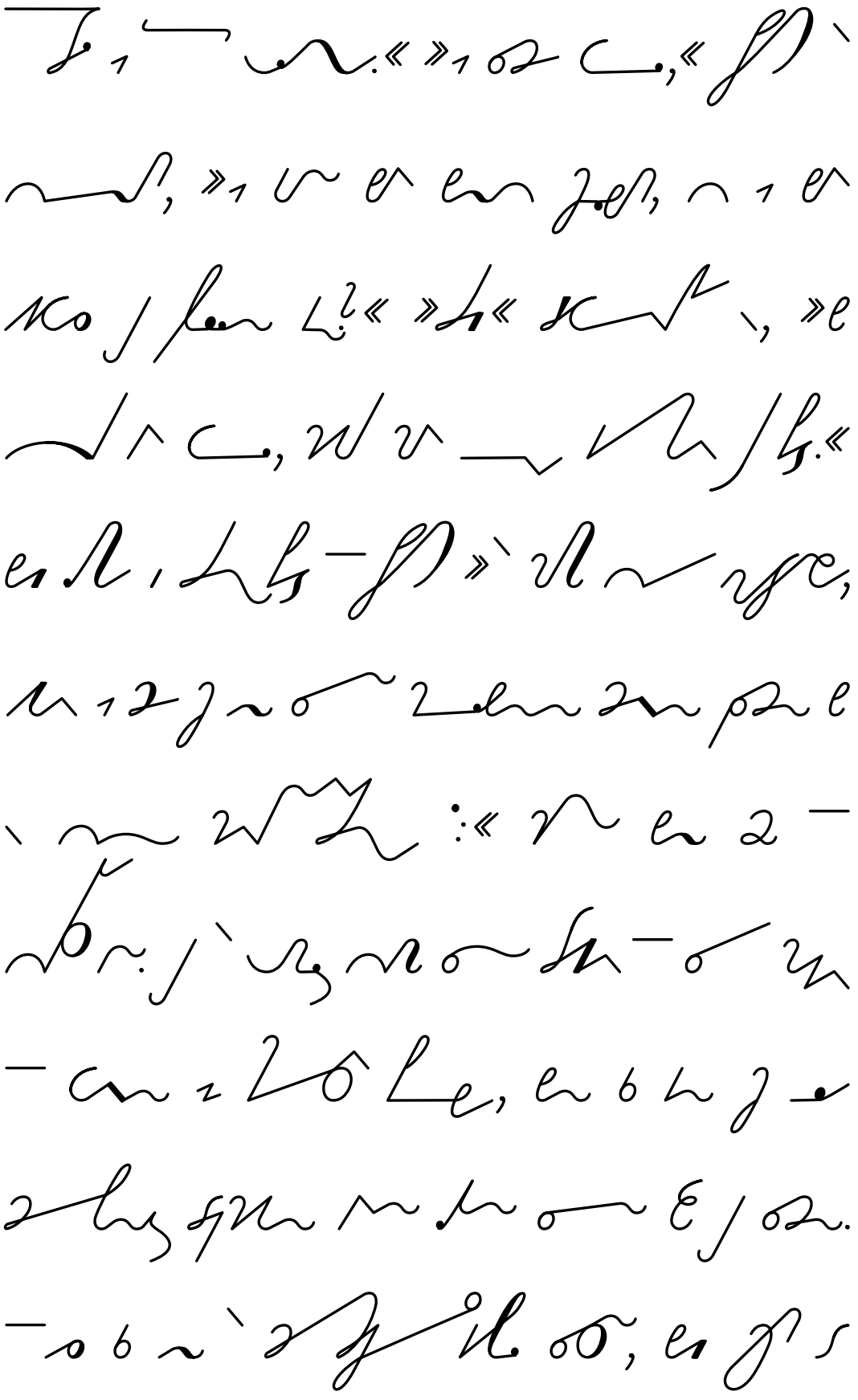


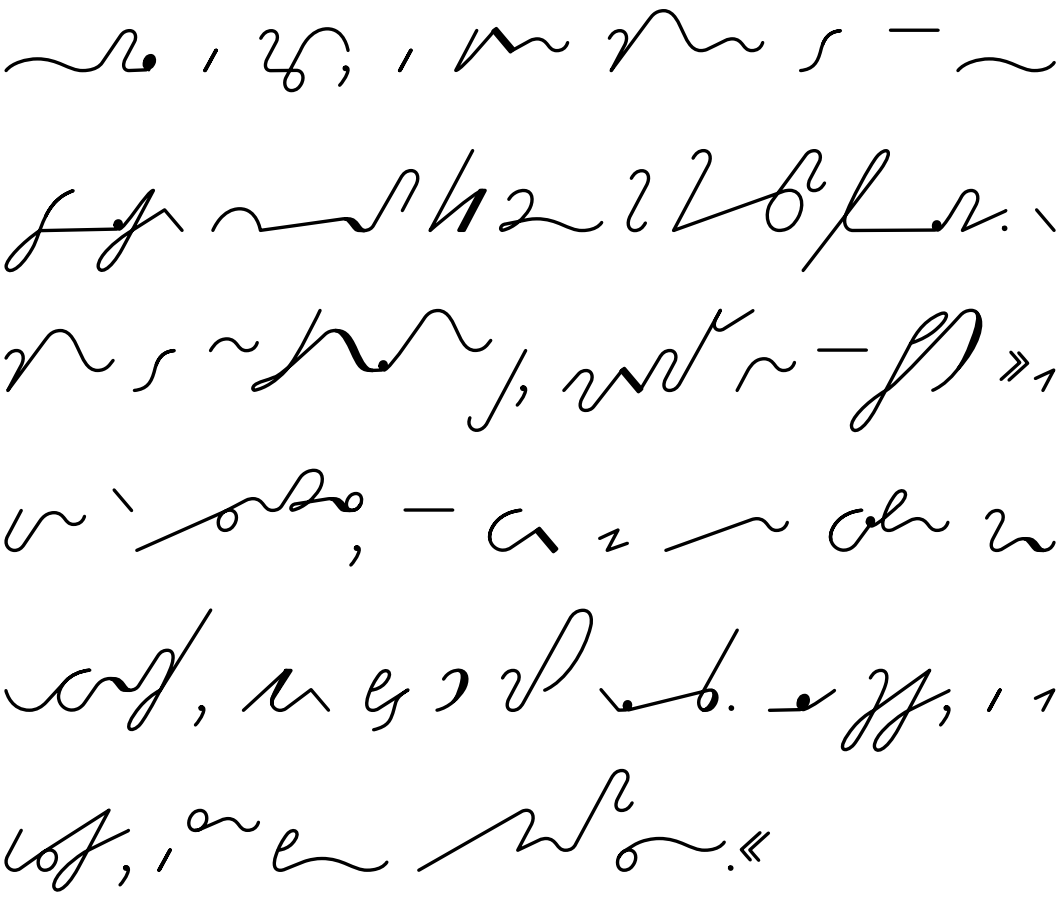












137.

De drei schwatten Princessinnen.

Ostindien was von den Fiend belagert, he wull de Stadt nig verloeten, he wull ersten seshundert Dahler hebben. Do leiten se dat ut trummen, well de schaffen könne, de soll Börgemester weren. Do was

der en armen Fisker, de fiskede up de See mit sinen Sohn, do kam de Fiend un nam den Sohn gefangen un gav em doför seshundert Dahler. Do genk de Vader hen un gav dat de Heerens in de Stadt, un de Fiend trock av un de Fisker wurde Börge-mester. Do word utropen wer nig »Heer Börgemester«

segde, de soll an de Galge richtet weren.

De sohn de kam de Fiend wier ut de Hände un kam in en grauten Wold up en haujen Berg. De Berg de dei sick up, do kam he in en graut ver-wünsket Schloß, woin Stohle, Diske un Bänke alle schwatt behangen wören. Do queimen drei Princessinnen, de gans

schwatt antrocken wören, de men en lück (wenig) witt in't Gesicht hädden, de segden to em he soll men nig bange sien, se wullen em nix dohn, he könn eer erlösen. Do seg he je dat wull he gern dohn, wann he men wüste wo he dat macken söll. Do segget se he söll en gans Johr nig met en kühren (sprechen), un söll se

auck nig anseihen: wat he gern hebben wull, dat söll he men seggen, wann se Ant= wort giewen dröften (geben dürften), wullen se et dohn. As he 'ne Tied lang der west was, sede he he wull asse gern noh sin Vader gohn, da segget se dat söll he men dohn, düssen Buel (Beutel) met Geld söll he met niermen, düsse Klöder

soll he antrecken, un in acht Dage möst he der wier sien. Do werd he upnurmen (aufgehoben), un is glik in Ostindien. Do kann he sin Vader in de Fiskhütte nig mer finden un frög de Luide wo doh de arme Fisker blierwen wöre, do segget se dat möst he nig seggen, dann queim he an de Galge. Do kümmt he bi sin

Vader, do seg he »Fisker, wo sin ji do to kummen?« Do seg de »dat möt ji nig seggen, wann dat de Heerens van de Stadt gewahr weeret, kümme ji an de Galge.« He willt ober gar nig loten, he werd noh de Galge bracht. Es he do is, seg he »o mine Heerens, gierwet mie doh Verlöv dat ick noh de olle Fiskhütte gohn mag.« Do

tüt he sinen ollen Kiel an, do kümmet he wier noh de Heerens un seg »seih ji et nu wull, sin ick nig en armen Fisker sinen Sohn? in düt Tueg heve ick minen Vader und Moder dat Braud gewunnen.« Do erkennet se en un badden üm Vergibnüs un niermt en met noh sin Hues, do verteld he alle wü et em gohn hev,

dat he wöre in en Wold kum-
men up en haujen Berg, do
hädde sick de Berg updohn,
do wöre he in en verwünsket
Schloß kummen, wo alles
schwatt west wöre, un drei
Princessinnen wören der an
kummen, de wören schwatt
west, men en lück witt in't
Gesicht. De hädden em segd
he söll nig bange sien, he könn

eer erlösen. Do seg sine Moder dat mög wull nig guet sien, he soll 'ne gewiehte Wasskeefze met niermen un drüppen (tropfen) eer gleinig (glühend) Wass in't Gesicht.

He geit wier hen un do gruelte (graute) em so, un he drüppde er Wass in't Gesicht, asse se sleipen, un se wören all halv witt. Do sprüngen alle de

drei Princessinnen up un segden »de verfluchte Hund, usse Bloet soll örfer die Rache schreien, nu is kin Mensk up de Welt geboren un werd geboren, de us erlösen kann, wie hevet noh drei Bröders, de sind in siewen Ketten an-schloeten, de söllt die terreiten.« Do givt et en Gekriesk in't ganse Schloß, un

he sprank noh ut dat Fenster un terbrack dat Been, un dat Schloß sunk wier in de Grunde, de Berg was wier to, un nümmes wust wo et west was.

138.

Knoist un sine dre Sühne.

Twisken Werrel un Soist, do wuhnde 'n Mann, un de hede Knoist, de hadde dre Sühne, de eene was blind, de annre was lahm un de dridde was splenternaket. Do gingen se mol öwer Feld, do sehen se eenen Hasen. De blinne de

schöt en, de lahme de fienk en, de nackede de stack en in de Tasken. Do käimen se für en groot allmächtig Waater, do wuren dre Schippe uppe, dat eene dat rann, dat annre dat sank, dat dridde, do was keen Buoden inne. Wo keen Buoden inne was, do gingen se olle dre inne. Do käimen se an eenen allmächtig grooten Walle

(Wald), do was en groot all-mächtig Boom inne, in den Boom was eene allmächtig groote Capelle, in de Capelle was een hageböcken Köster un en bußboomen Pastoer, de deelden dat Wiggewaater mit Knuppeln uit.

Sielig is de Mann, de den Wiggewaater entlaupen kann.

139.

Dat Mäken von Brakel.

Et gien mal 'n Mäken von Brakel na de sünt Annen Capellen uner de Hinnenborg, un weil et gierne 'n Mann heven wulle un ock meinde et wäre süs neimes in de Capellen, sau sank et

»O hilge sünte Anne,

help mie doch bald tom Manne.

Du kennst 'n ja wull:

he wuhnt var«m Suttmerdore,

hed gele Hore:

du kennst 'n ja wull.«

De Köster stand awerst hünner de Altare un höre dat, da rep he mit 'ner gans schrö-gerigen Stimme »du kriggst 'n nig, du kriggst 'n nig.« Dat

Mäken awerst meinde dat Marienkinneken, dat bie de Mudder Anne steiht, hedde üm dat to ropen, da wor et beuse un reip »pepperlepep, dumme Blae, halt de Schnuten un lat de Möhme kühren (die Mutter reden).«

140.

Das Hausgesinde.

»Wo wust du henne?« »Nah Walpe.« »Jck nah Walpe, du nah Walpe; sam, sam, goh wie dann.«

»Häst du auck 'n Mann? wie hedd din Mann?« »Cham.« »Min Mann Cham, din Mann Cham: ick nah Walpe, du nah

Walpe; sam, sam, goh wie dann.«

»Häst du auck 'n Kind? wie hedd din Kind?« » Grind. « »Min Kind Grind, din Kind Grind: min Mann Cham, din Mann Cham: ick nah Walpe, du nah Walpe; sam, sam, goh wie dann.«

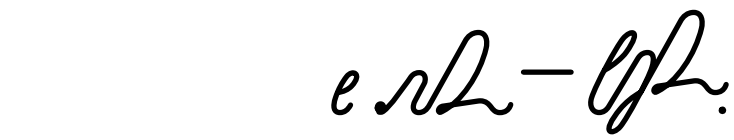
»Häst du auck 'n Weige? wie hedd dine Weige?« » Hippo-

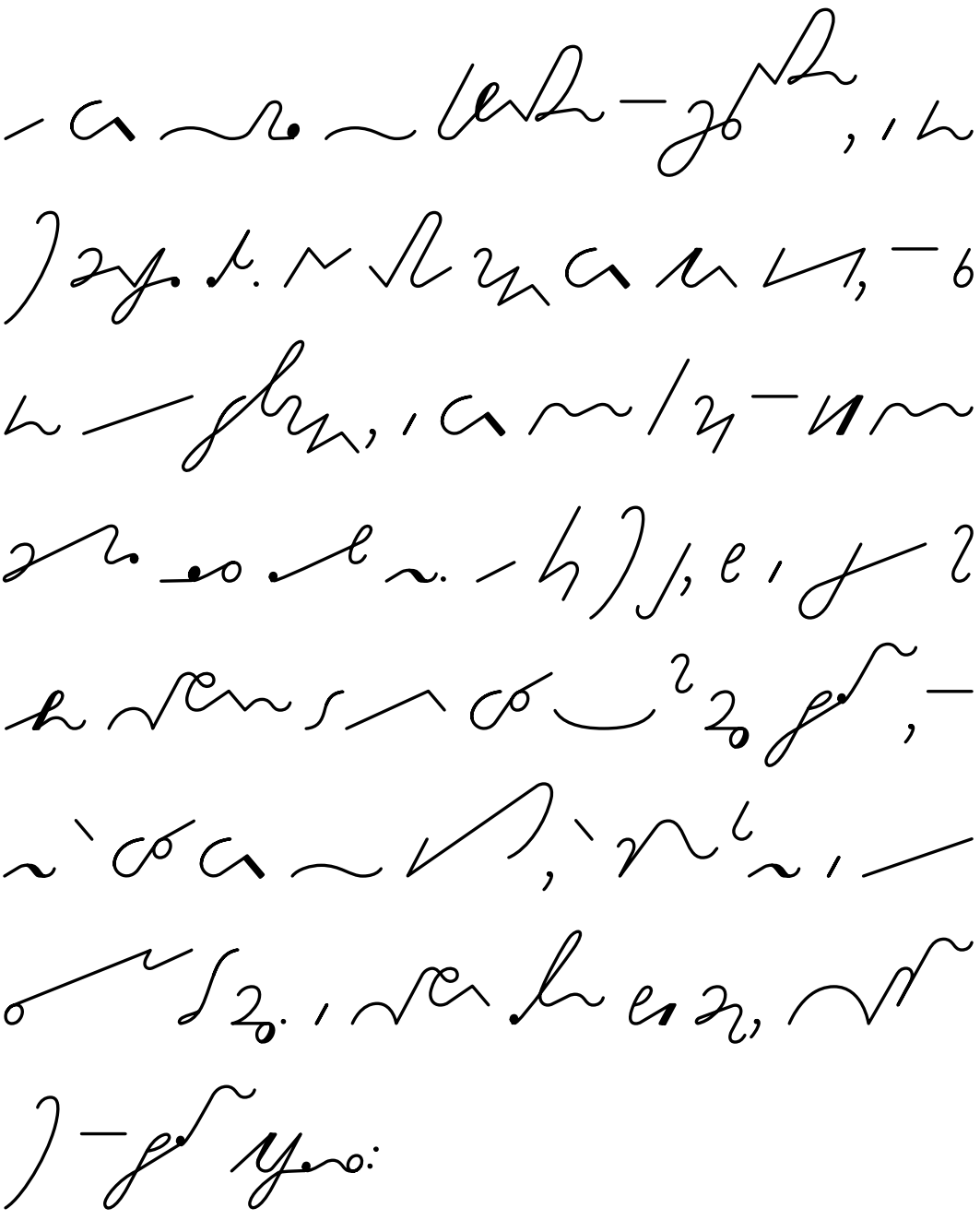
deige. « »Mine Weige Hippo-deige, dine Weige Hippodeige; min Kind Grind, din Kind Grind: min Mann Cham, din Mann Cham: ick nah Walpe, du nah Walpe; sam, sam, goh wie dann.«

»Häst du auck 'n Knecht? wie hedd din Knecht?« » Mach-mirsrecht. « »Min Knecht Machmirsrecht, din Knecht

Machmirsrecht: mine Weige Hippodeige, dine Weige Hippo-deige: min Kind Grind, din Kind Grind: min Mann Cham, din Mann Cham: ick nah Walpe, du nah Walpe; sam, sam, goh wie dann.«

141.





»Eneke, Beneke, lat mi liewen,

will die ock min Vügelken giewen.

Vügelken sall mie Strau söken,

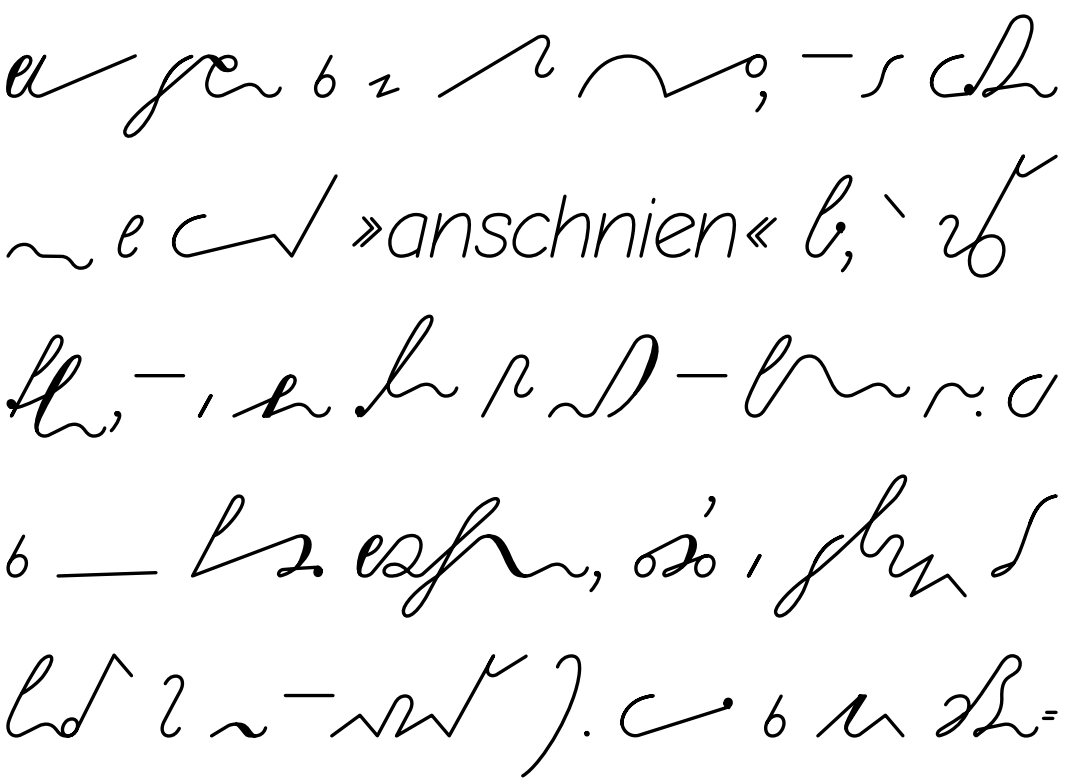
Strau will ick den Köseken giewen,

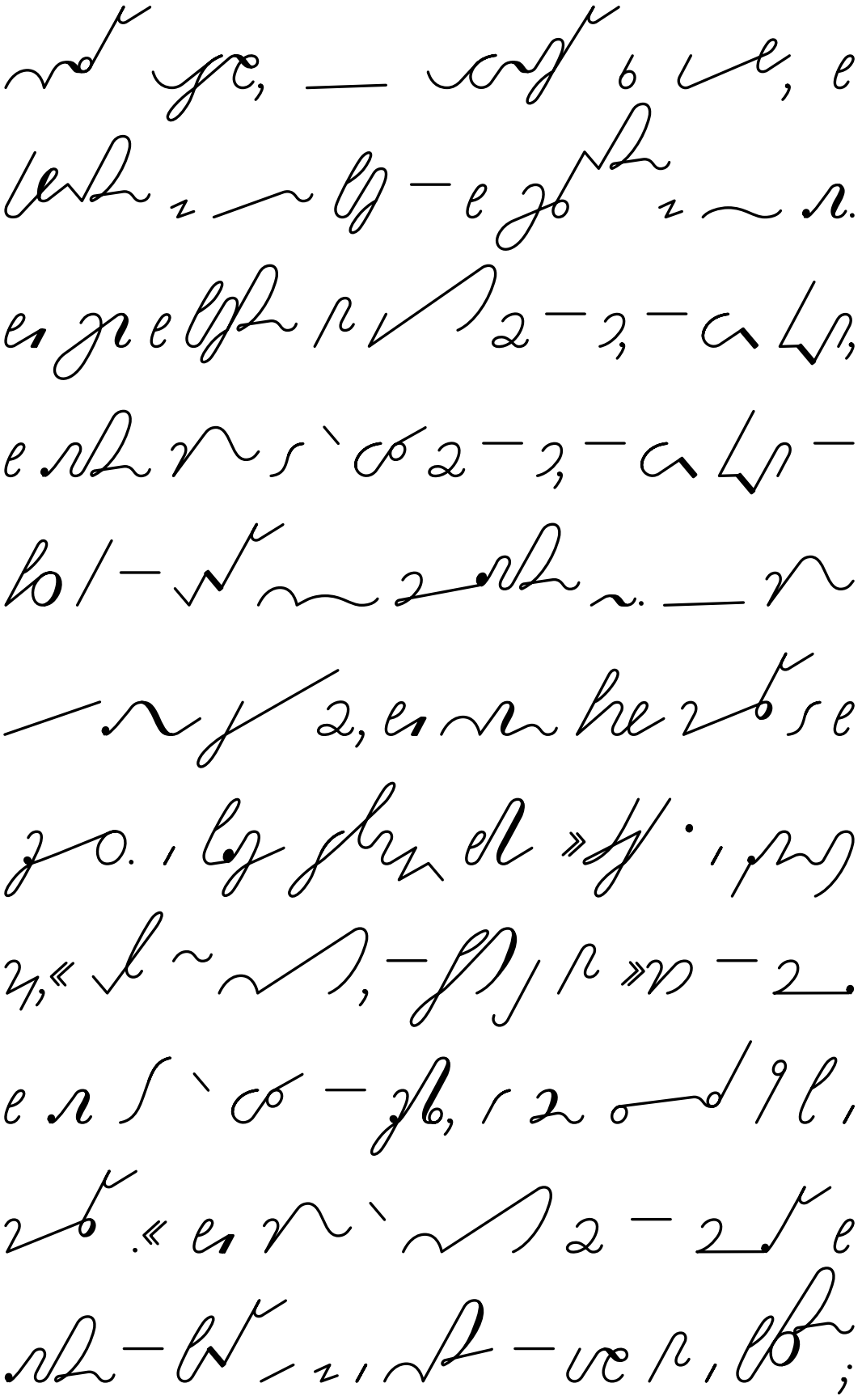
Köseken sall mie Melk giewen,

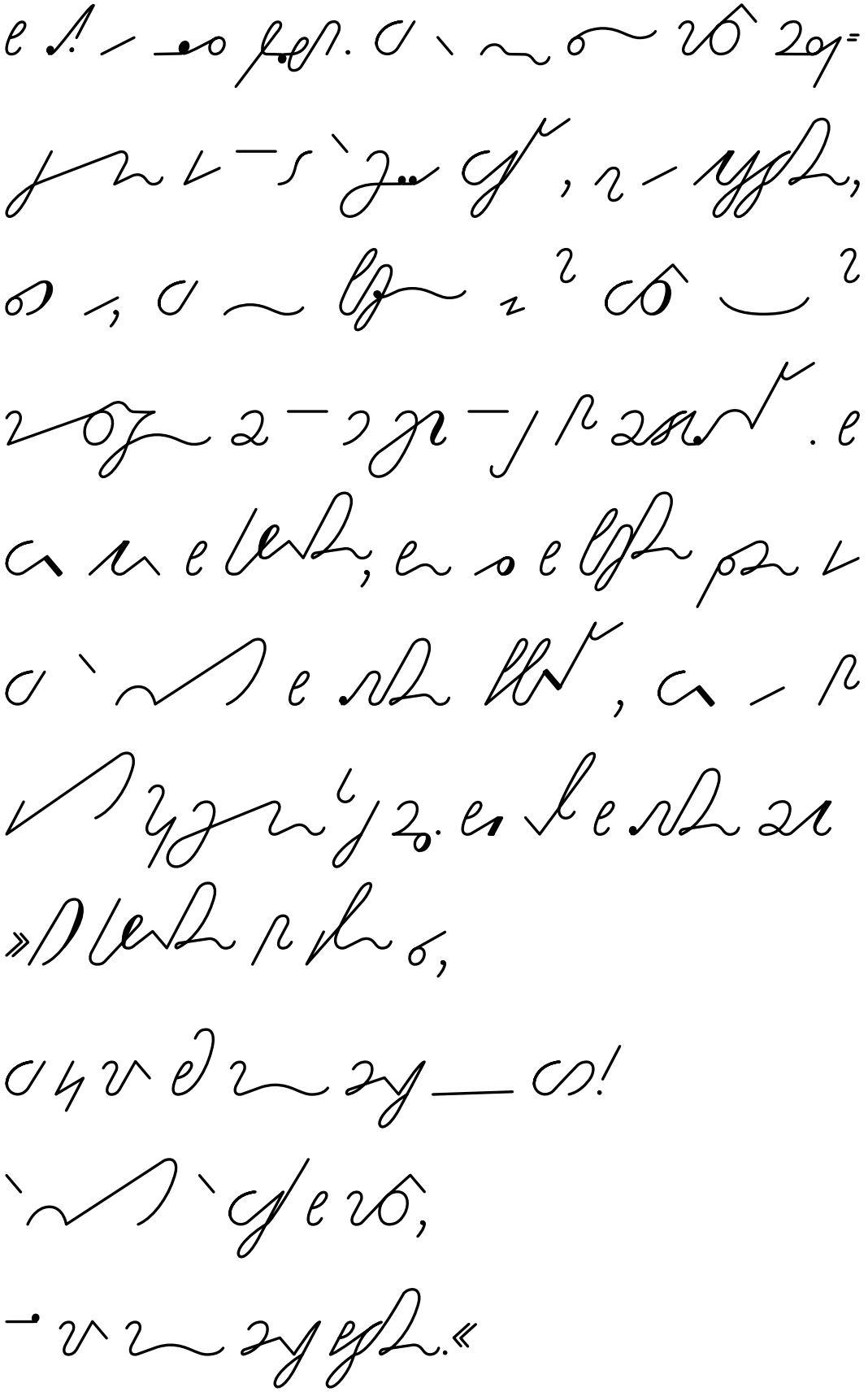
Melk will ick den Bäcker giewen,

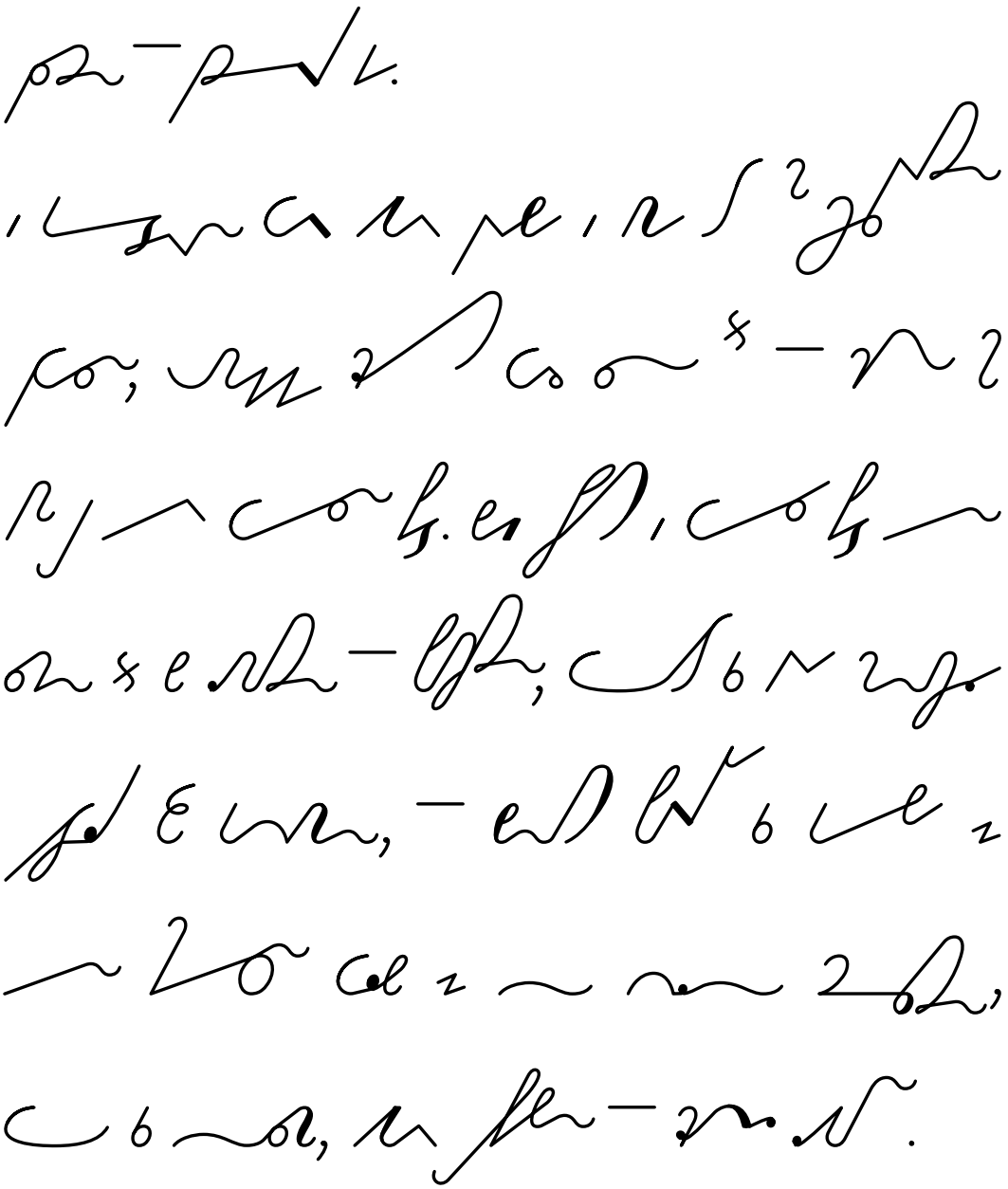
Bäcker sall mie ’n Kocken backen,

Kocken will ick den Kätken giewen,
Kätken sall mie Müse fangen,
Müse will ick in 'n Rauck han=
gen
un will se anschnien.«



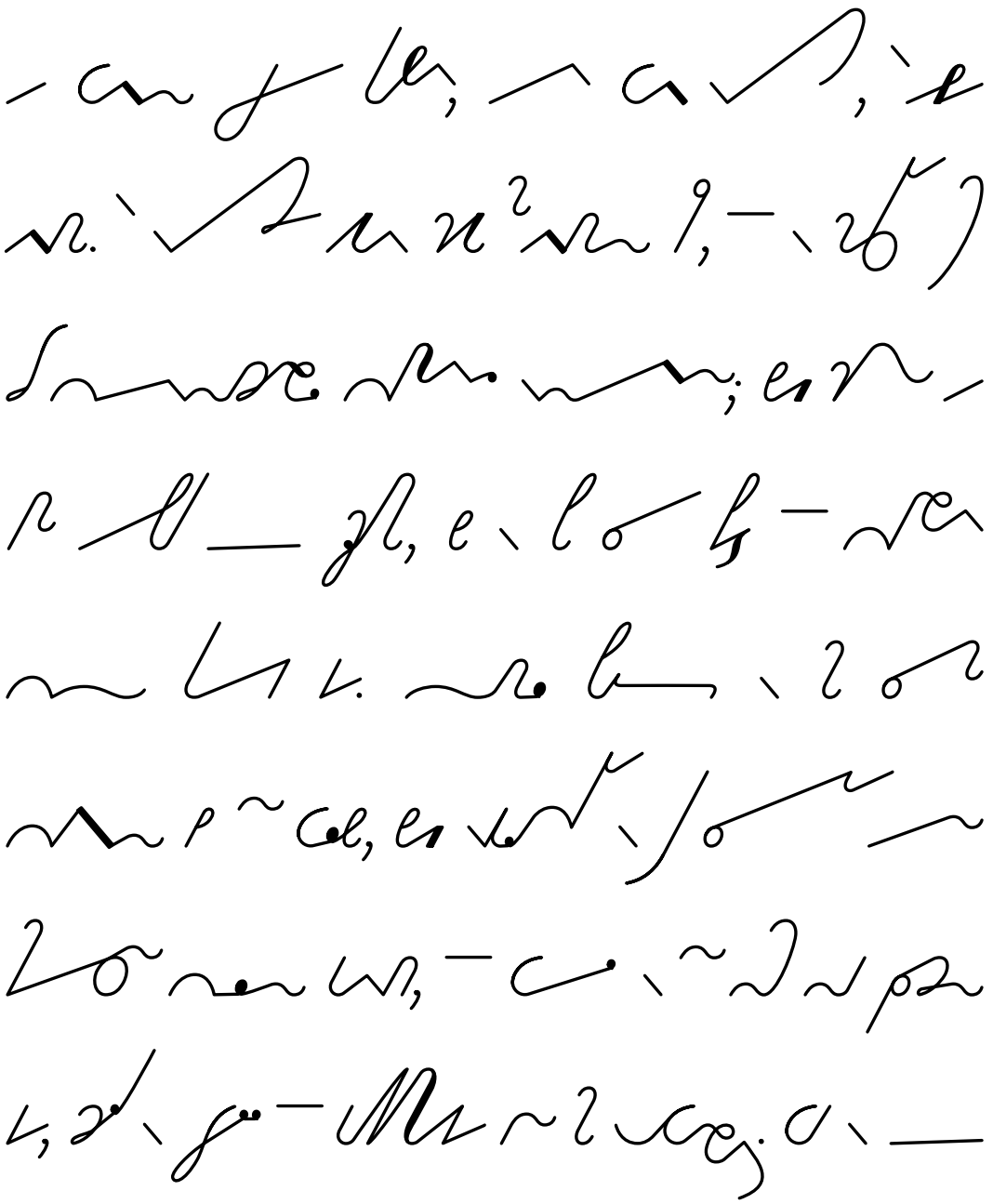


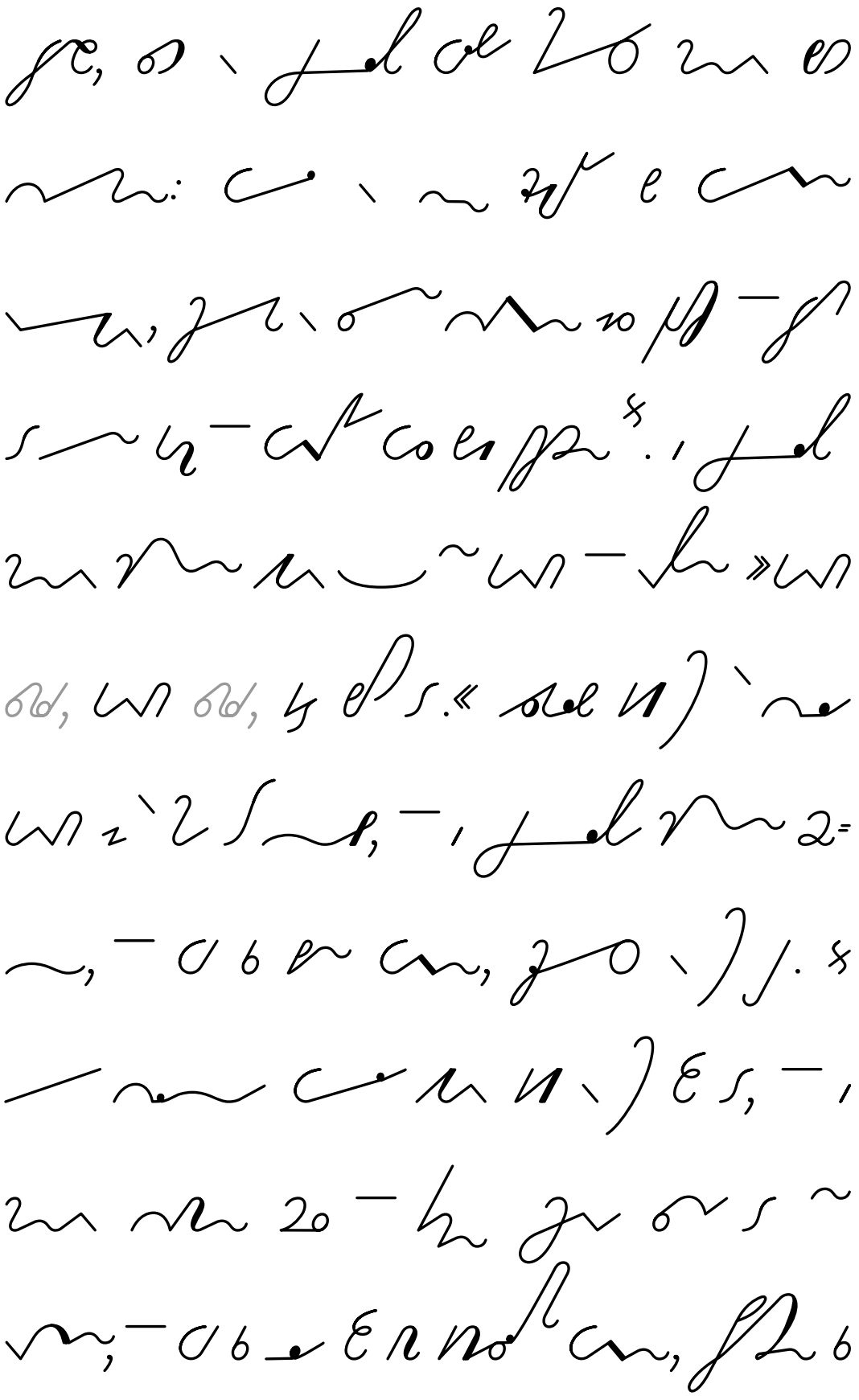


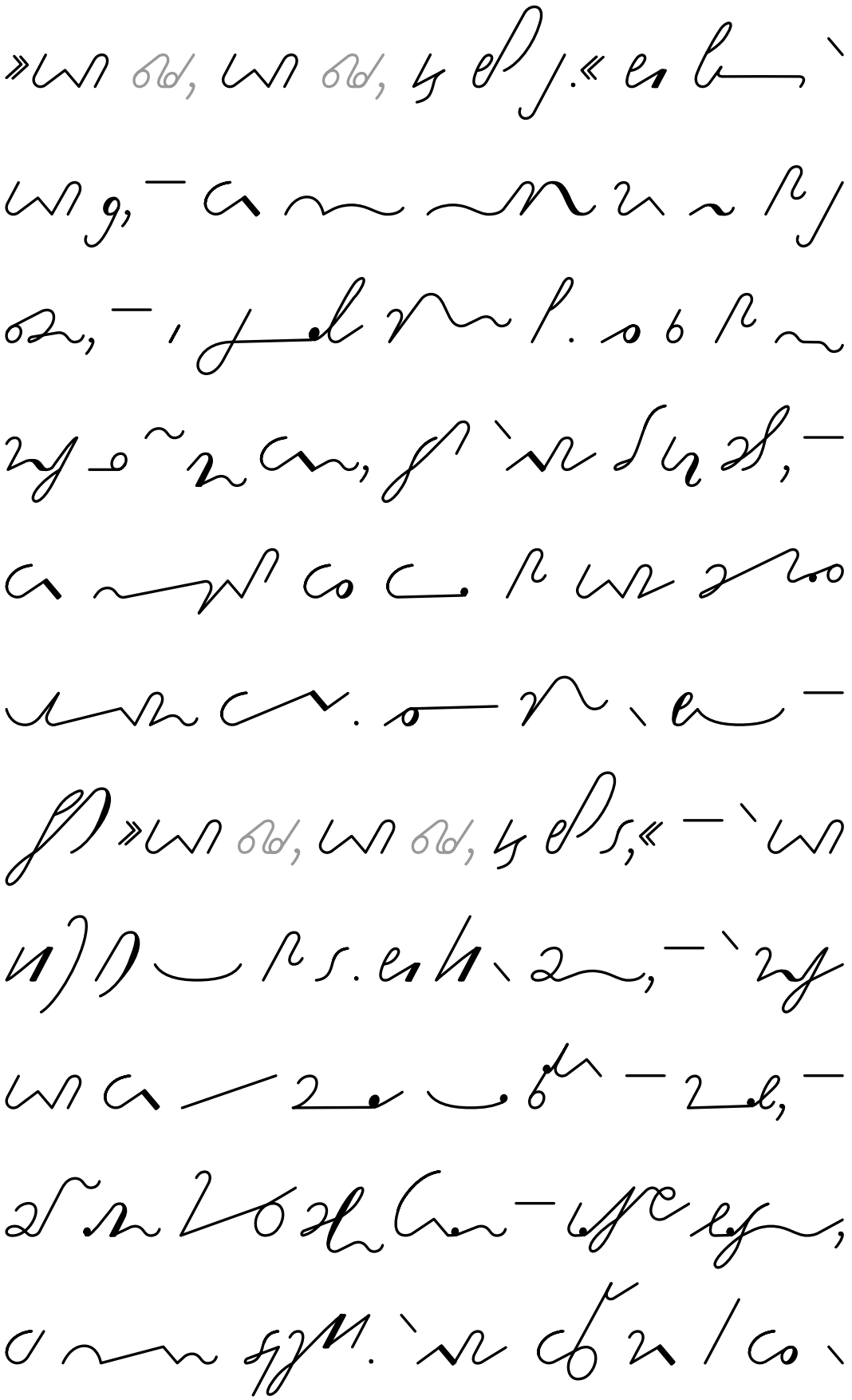


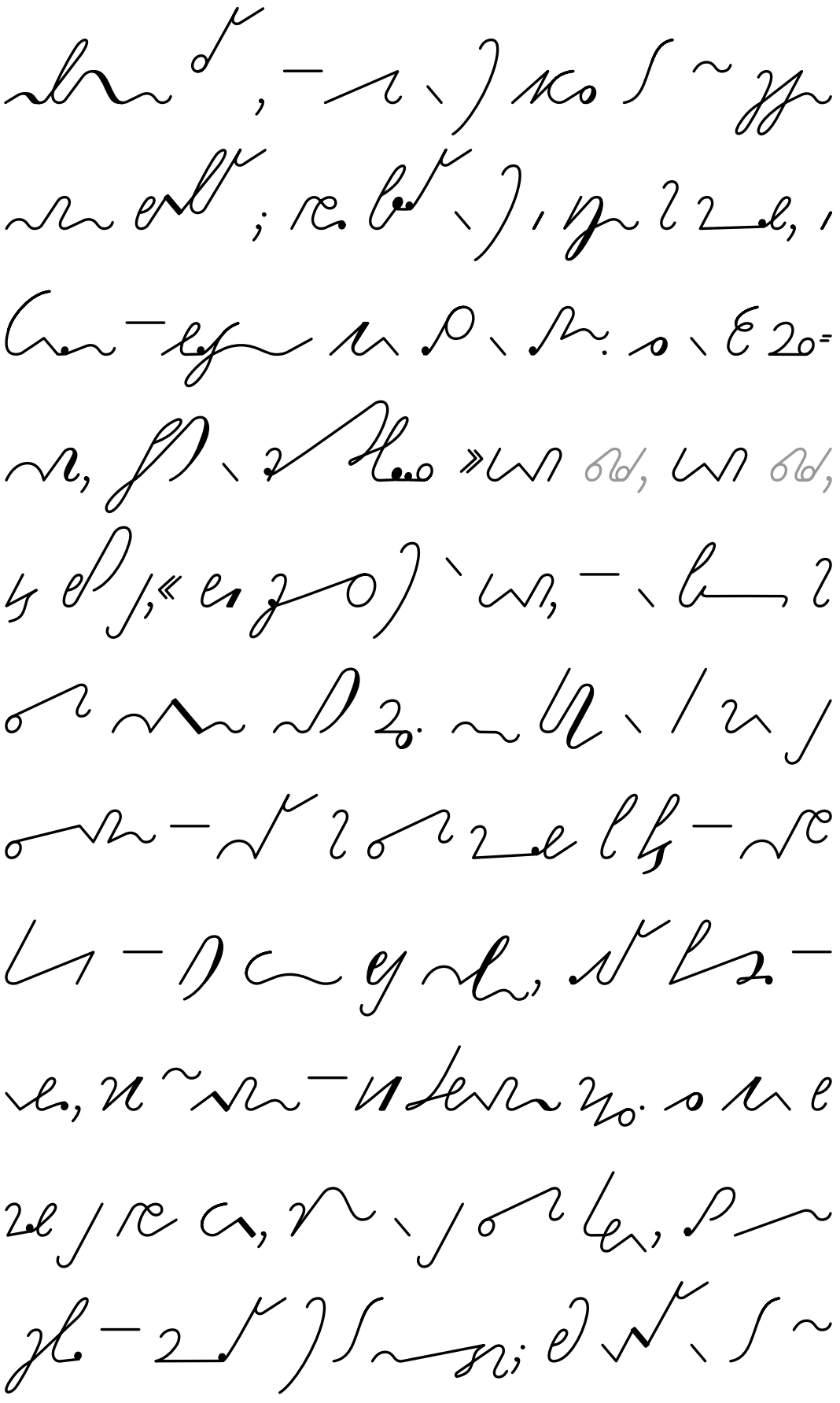
142.

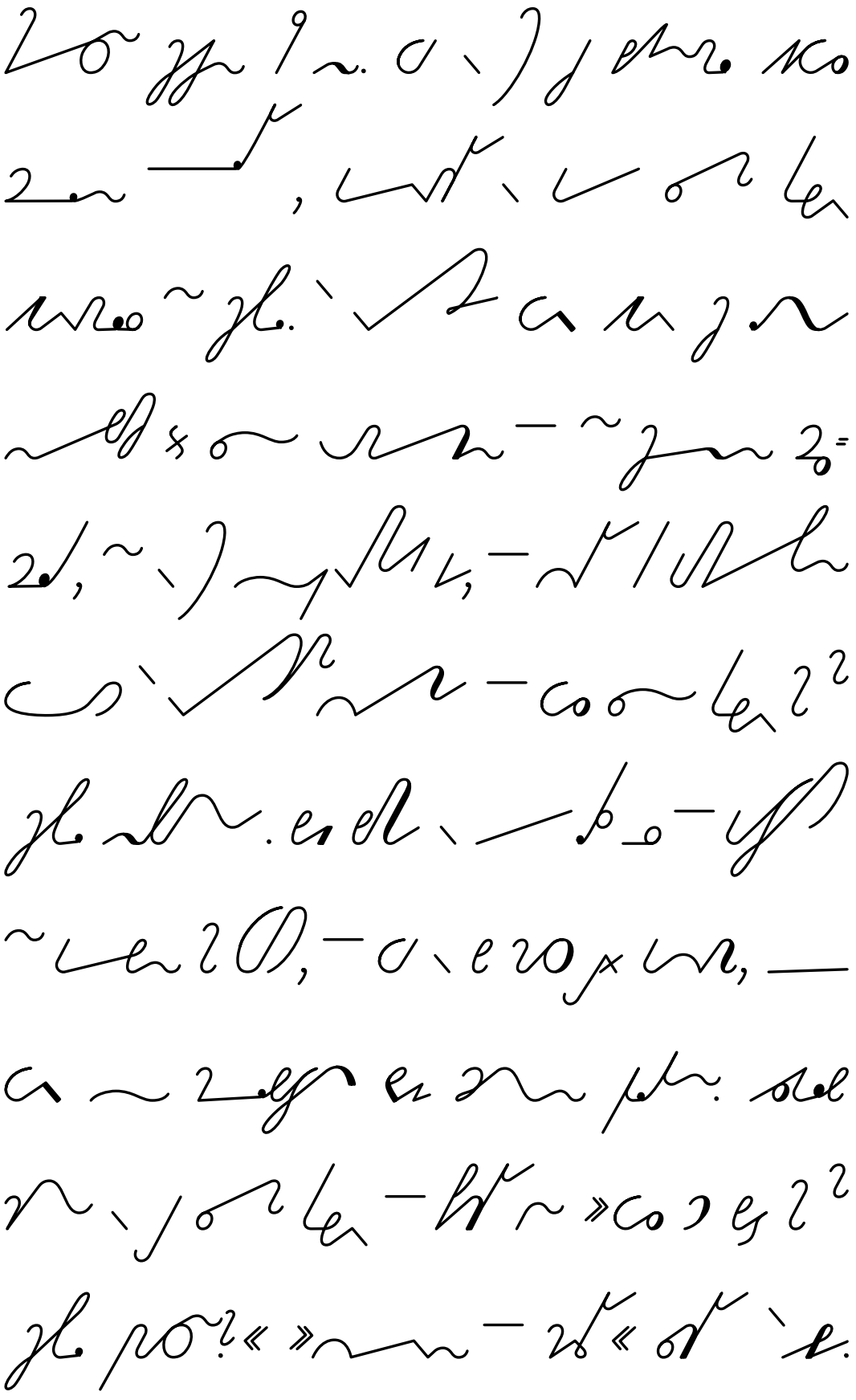
[Simeliberg].

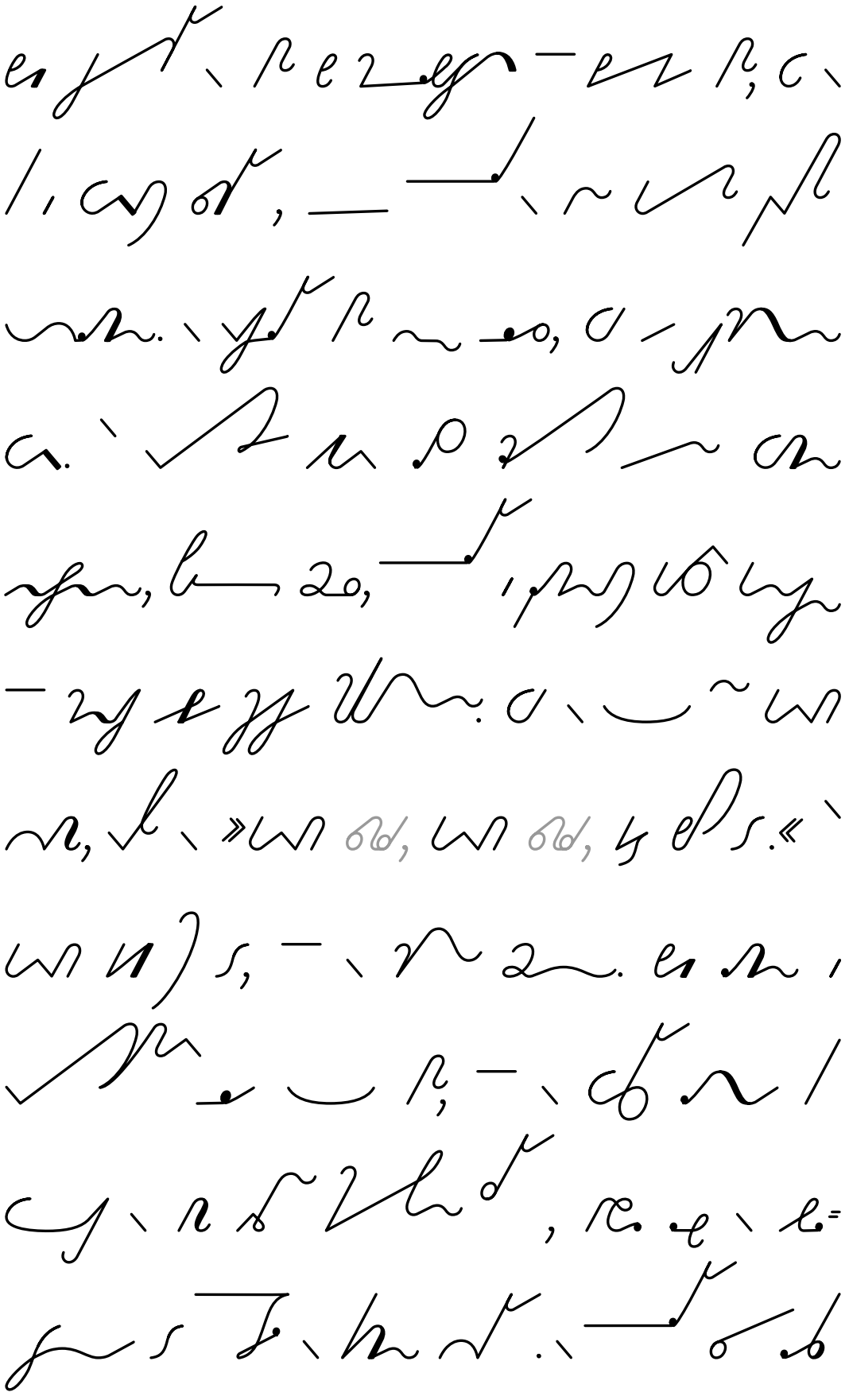


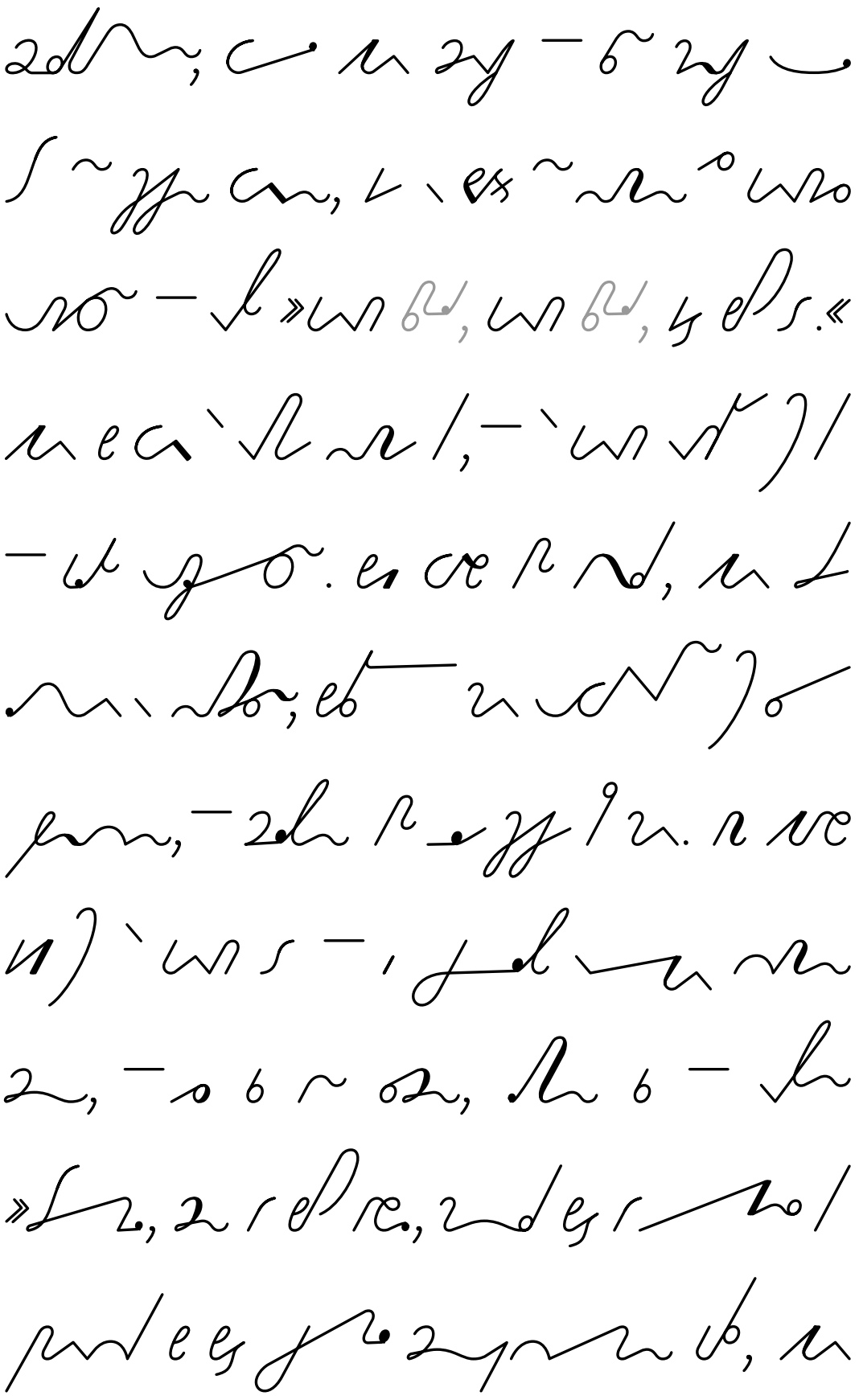


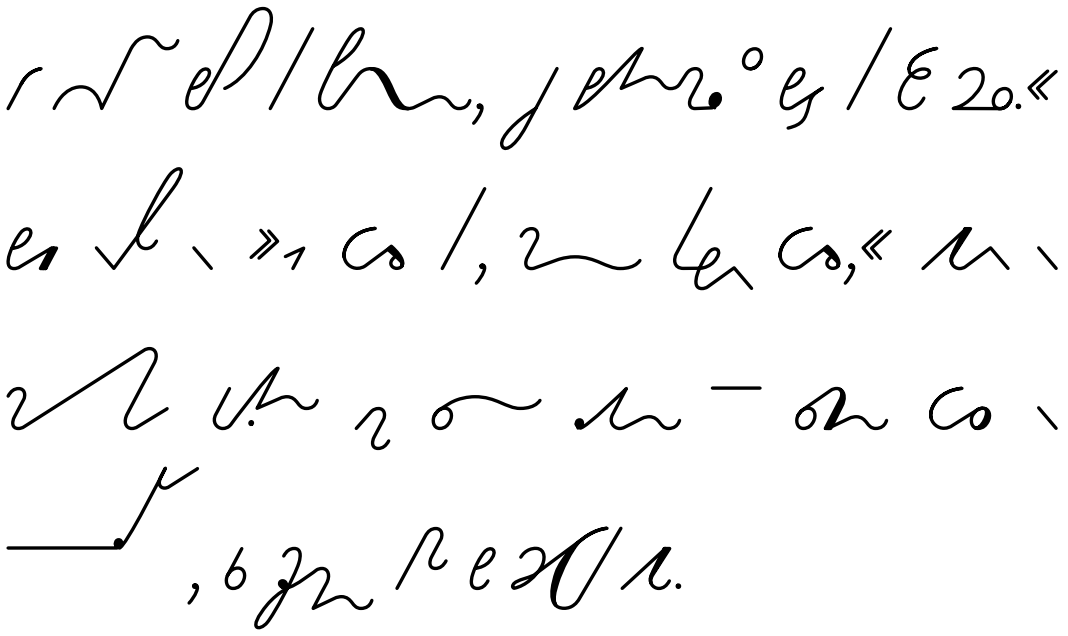












143.

Up Reisen gohn.

Et was emol ne arme Frau, de hadde enen Suhn, de wull so gerne reisen, do seg de Mohr »wu kannst du reisen? wi hebt je gar kien Geld, dat du mit-niemen kannst.« Do seg de Suhn »ick will mi gut behelpen, ick will alltied seggen »nig viel,

nig viel, nig viel.«

Do genk he ene gude Tied un sede alltied »nig viel, nig viel, nig viel.« Kam do bi en Trop Fisker un seg »Gott helpe ju! nig viel, nig viel, nig viel.« »Wat segst du, Kerl, nig viel?« Un asse dat Gören (Garn) ut-trocken, kregen se auck nig viel Fiske. So met enen Stock up de Jungen, un »hest du mi

nig dresken (dreschen) seihn?« »Wat sall ick denn seggen?« seg de Junge. »Du sallst seggen »fank vull, fank vull.«

Do geit he wier ene ganze Tied un seg »fank vull, fank vull,« bis he kümmt an enen Galgen, do hebt se en armen Sünder, den willt se richten. Do seg he »guden Morgen, fank vull, fank vull.« »Wat segst du, Kerl,

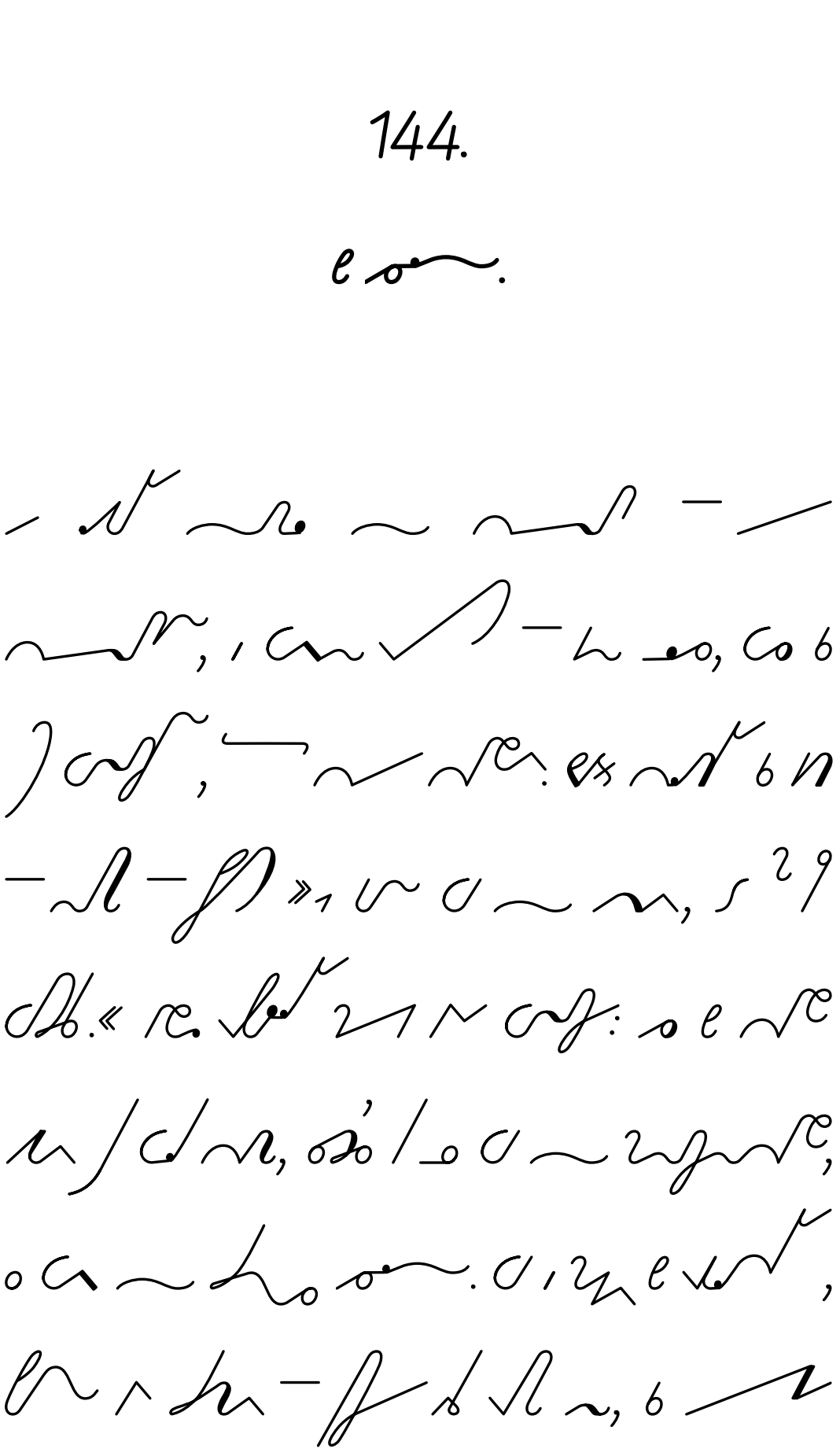
fank vull? söllt der noch mehr leige (leidige, böse) Lude in de Welt sien? is düt noch nig genog?« He krig wier wat up den Puckel. »Wat sall ik denn seggen?« »Du sallst seggen »Gott tröst de arme Seele.« De Junge geit wier ene ganze Tied un seg »Gott tröst de arme Seele!« Do kümmet he an en Grawen, do steit en

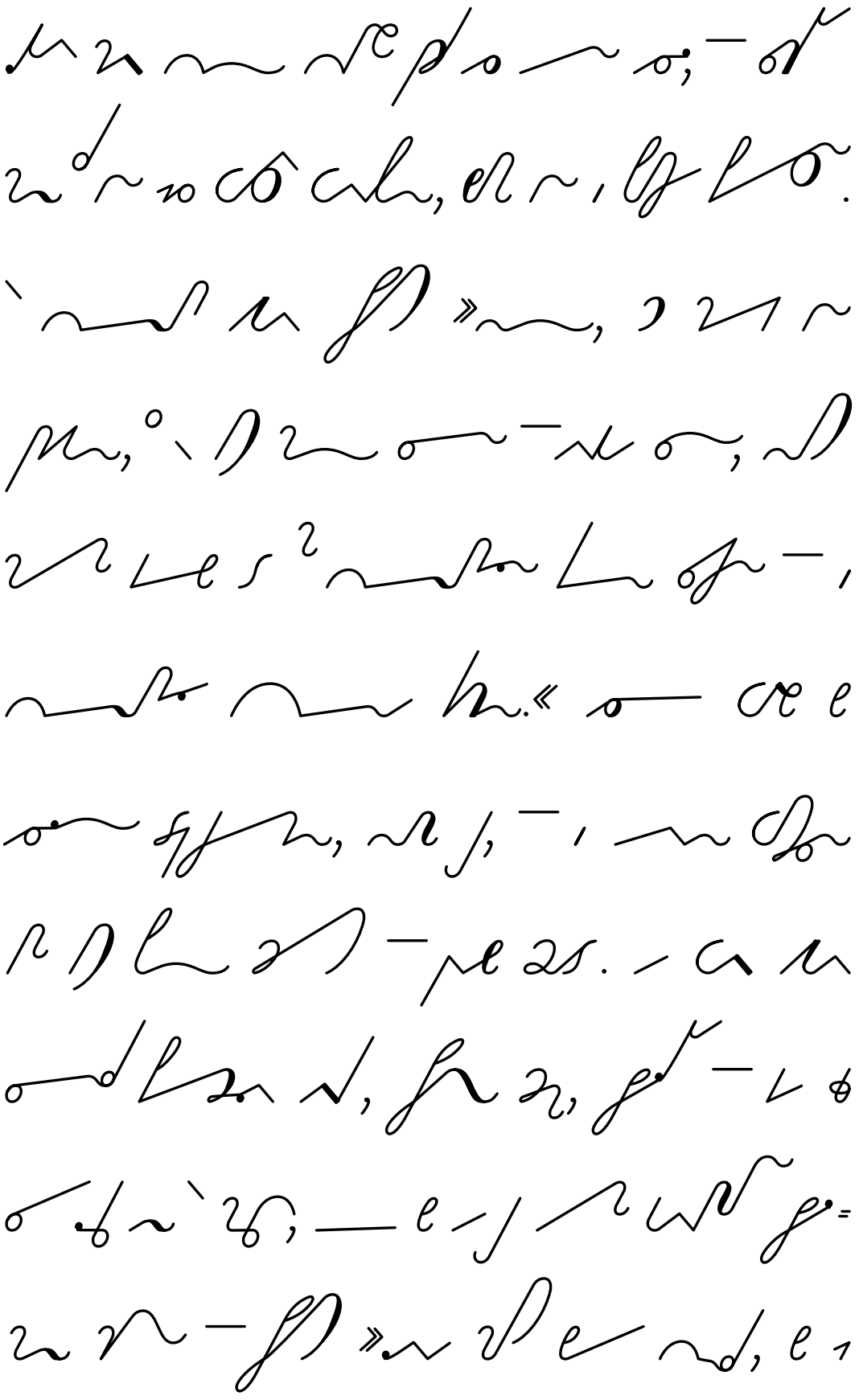
Filler (Schinder), de tüt en Perd af. De Junge seg »guden Morgen, Gott tröst de arme Seele!« »Wat segst du, leige Kerl?« un schleit en met sinen Filhacken üm de Ohren, dat he ut den Augen
nig seihen kann. »Wu sall ick denn seggen?« »Du sallst seggen »do ligge du Aas in en Graven.«

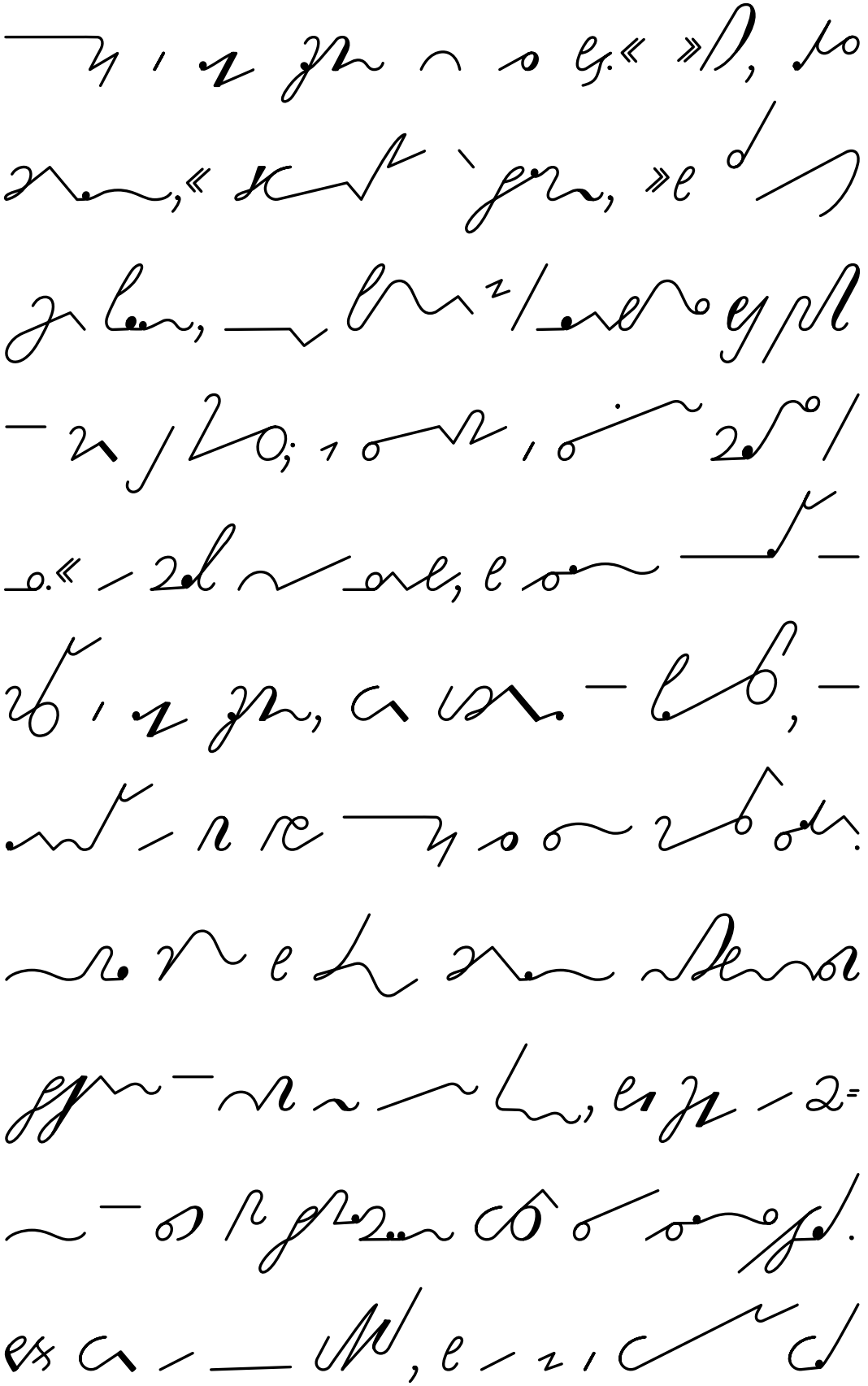
Do geit he un seg alltied »do ligge du Aas in en Grawen! do ligge du Aas in en Grawen!« Nu kümmt he bi enen Wagen vull Lüde, do seg he »guden Morgen, do ligge du Aas in en Grawen!« Do föllt de Wagen üm in en Grawen, de Knecht kreg de Pietske un knapt den Jungen, dat he wier to sine Mohr krupen moste. Un he is

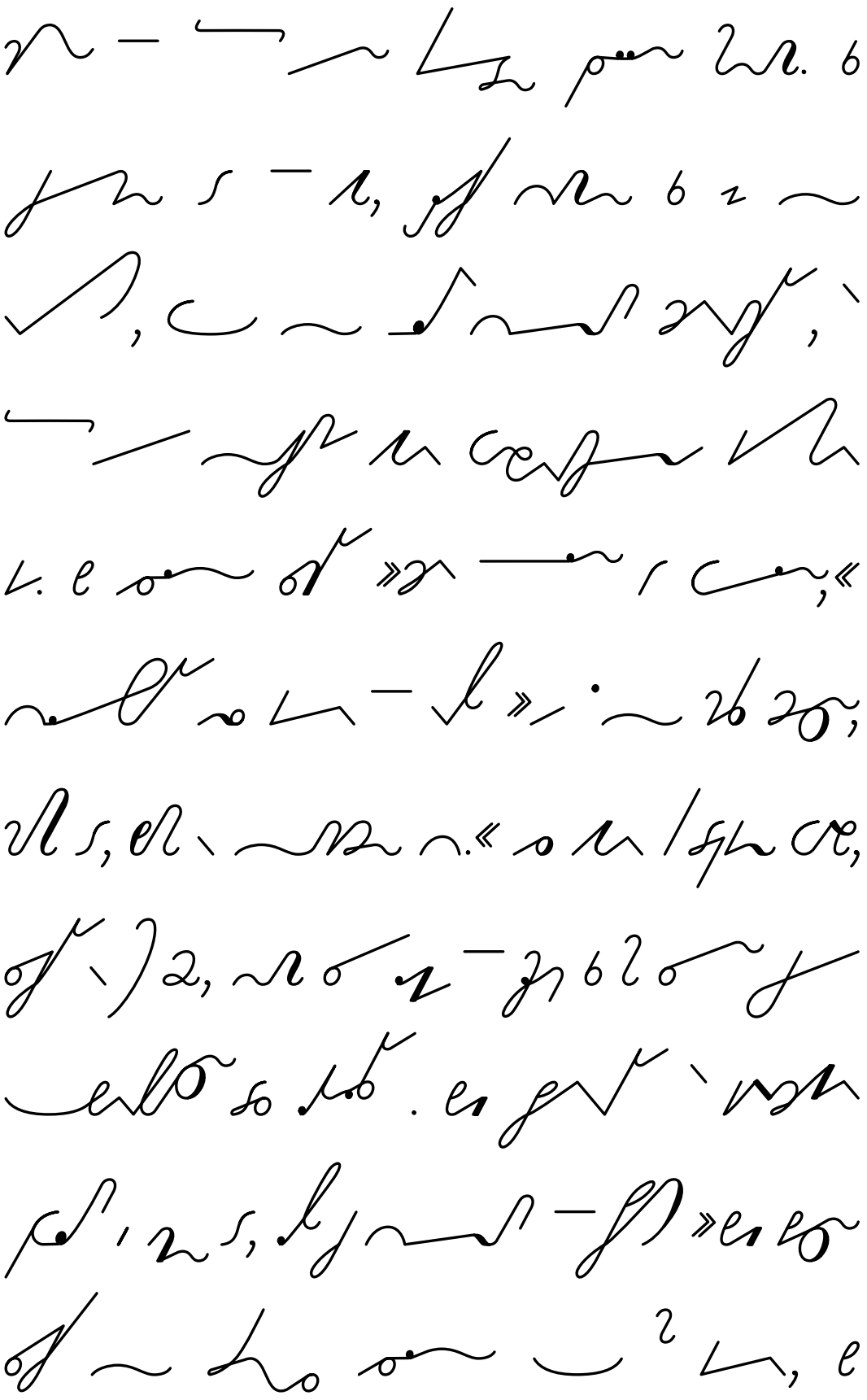
sien Lewen nig wier up reisen gohn.

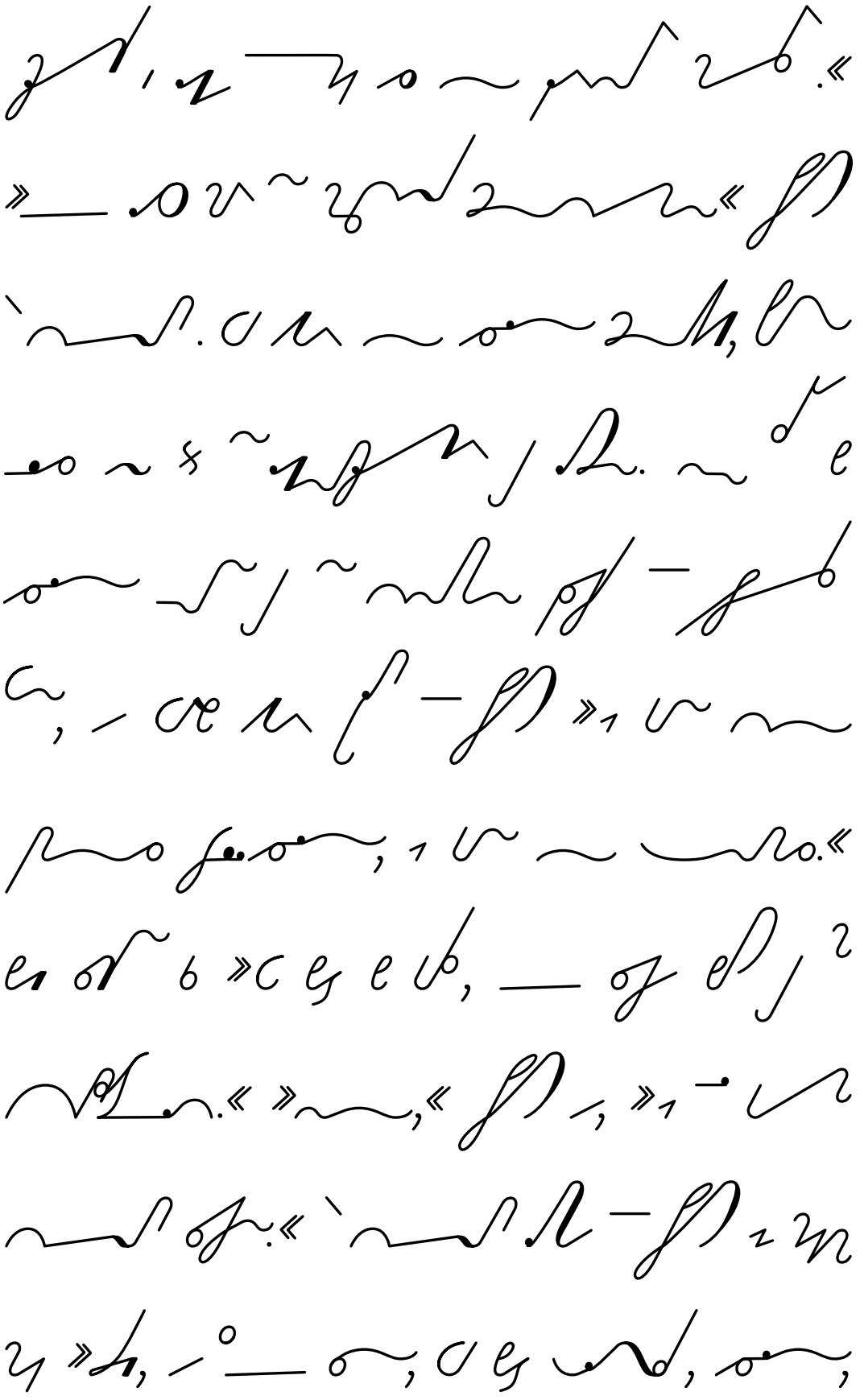
144.

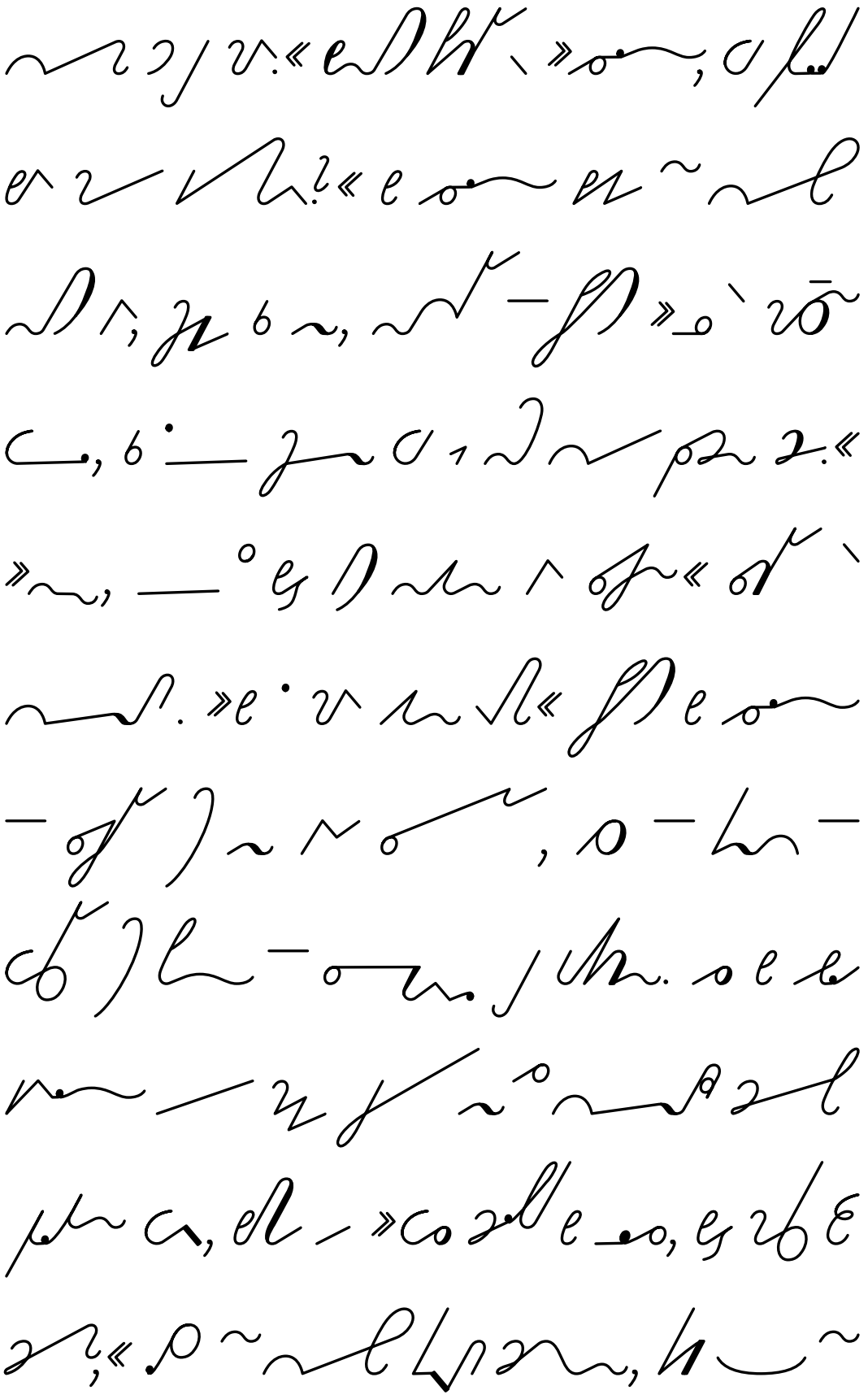


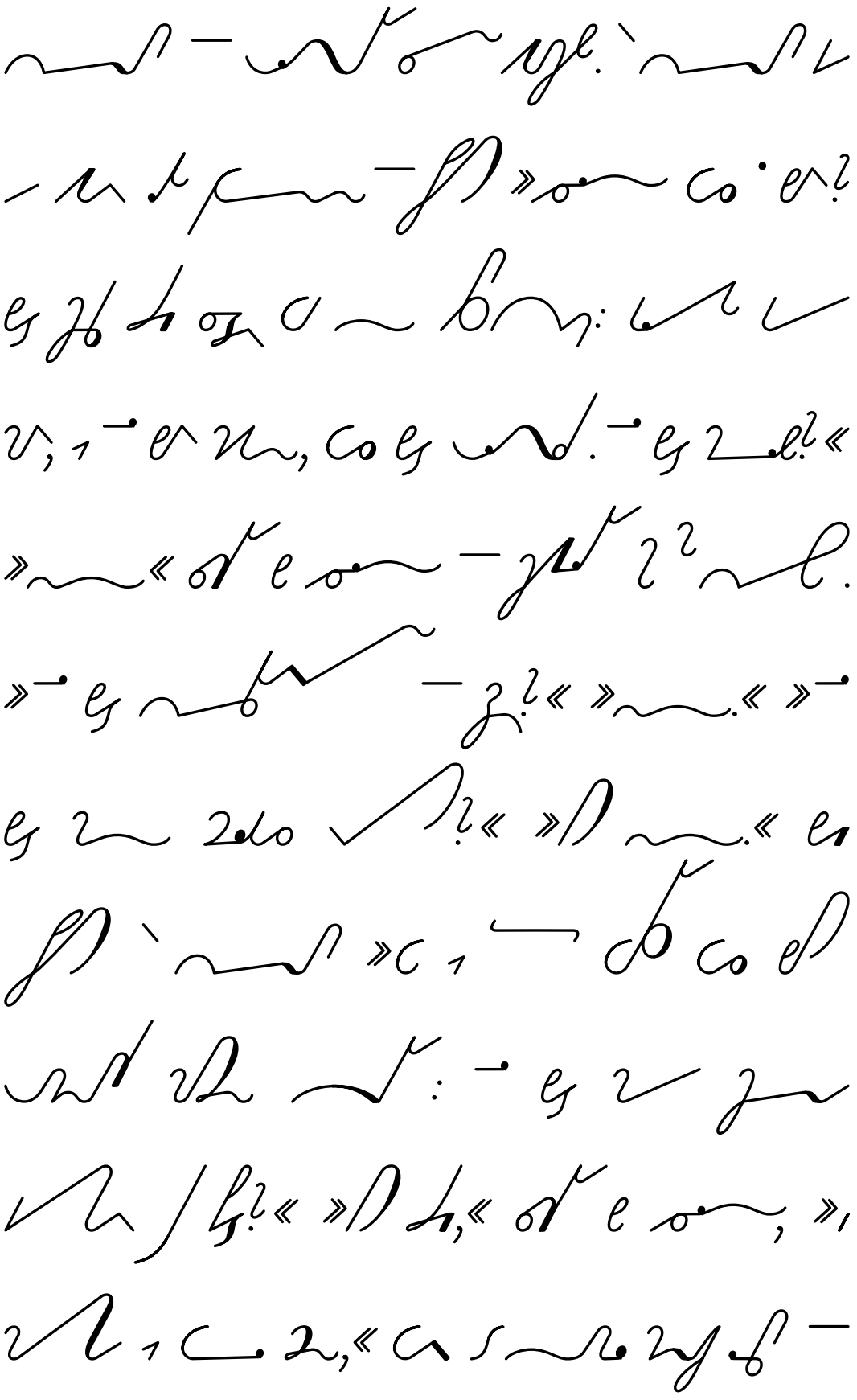


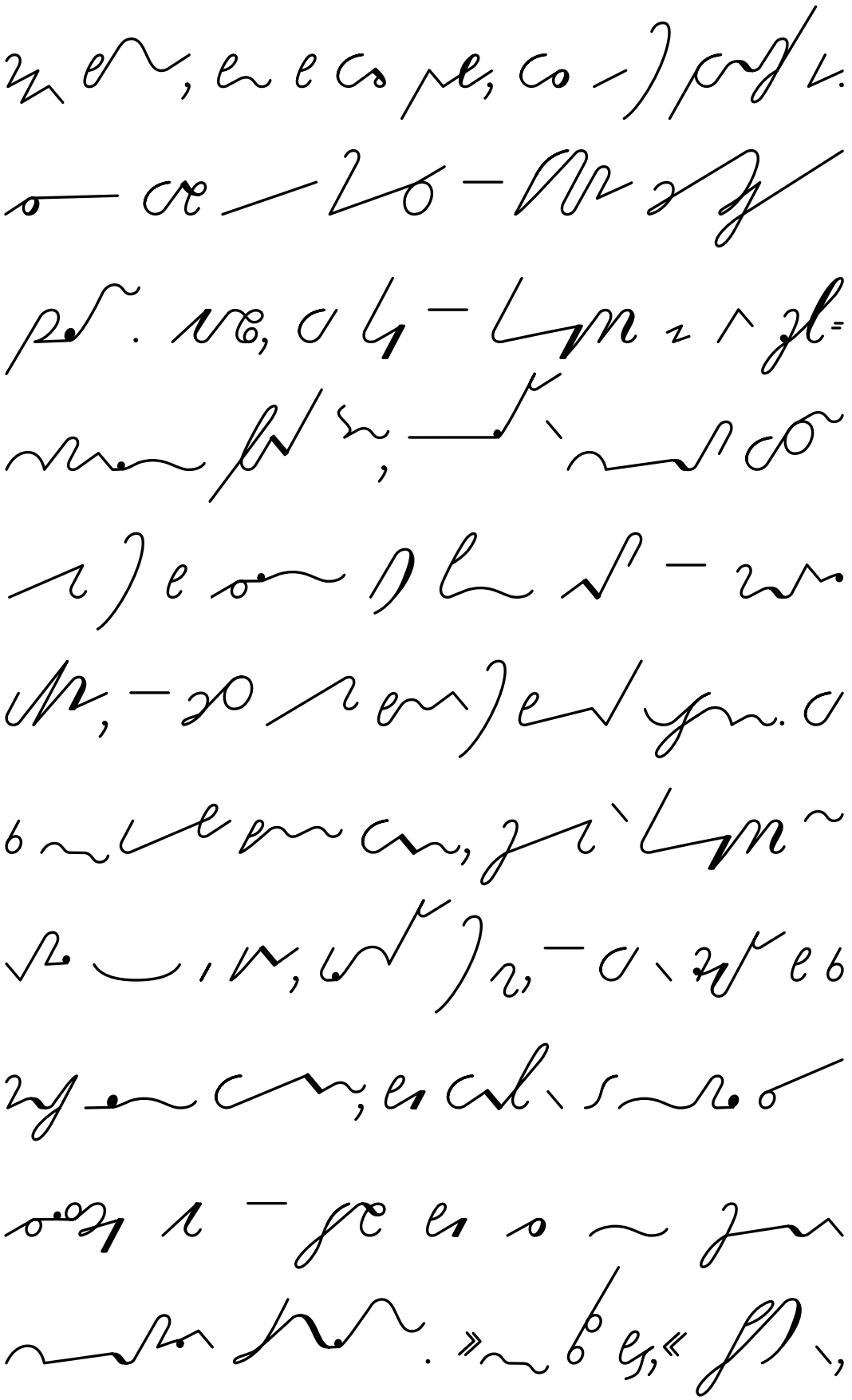


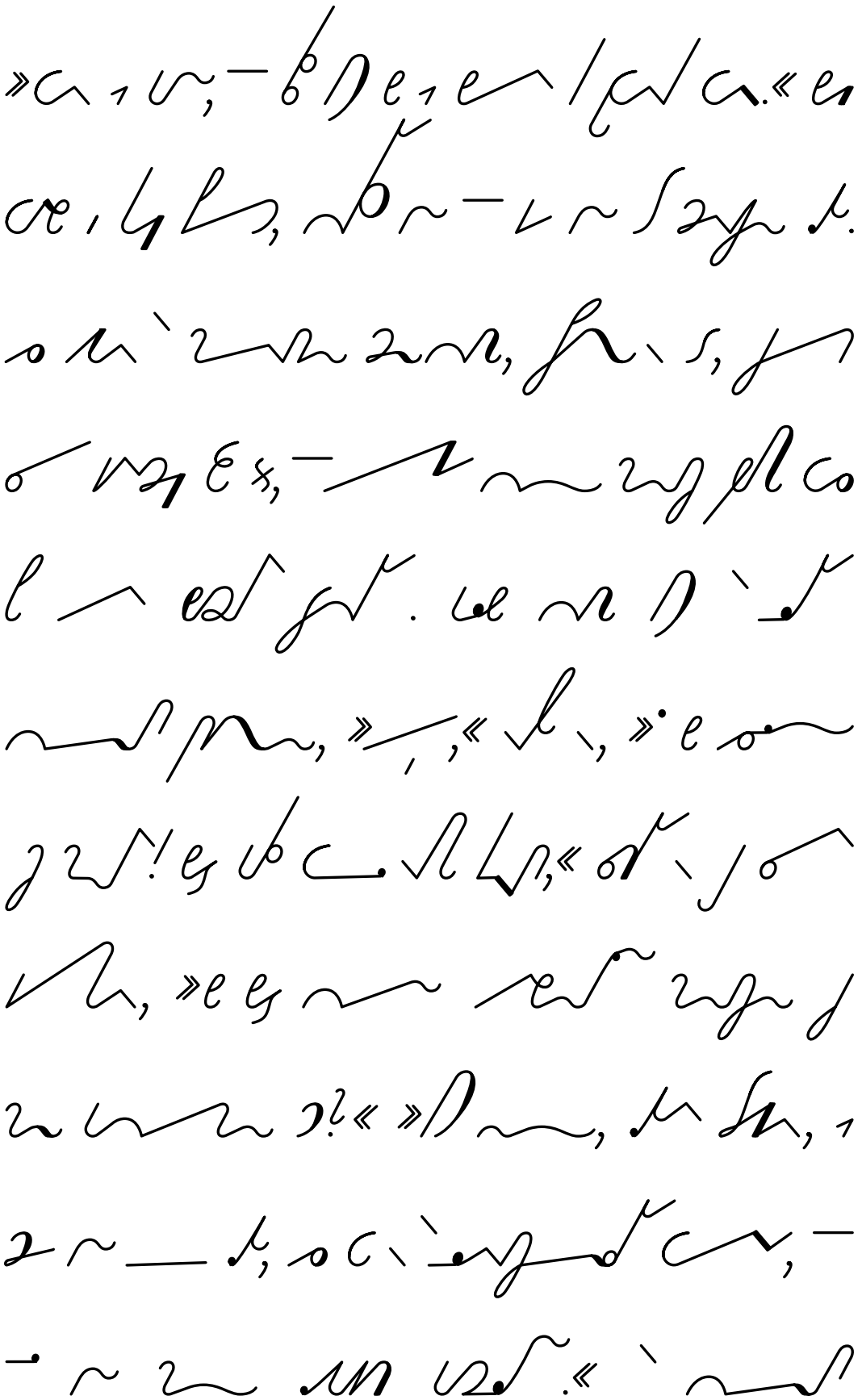


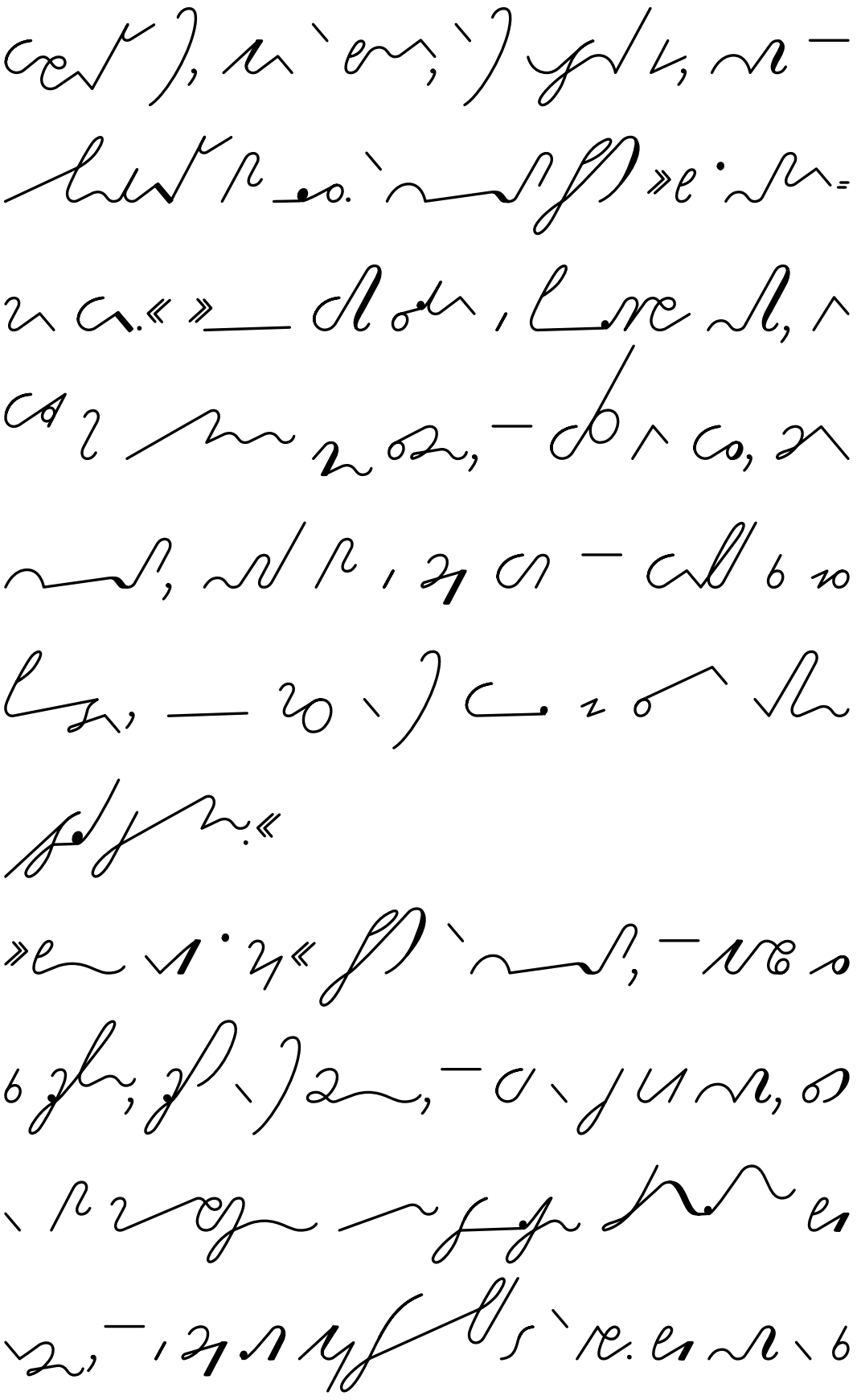


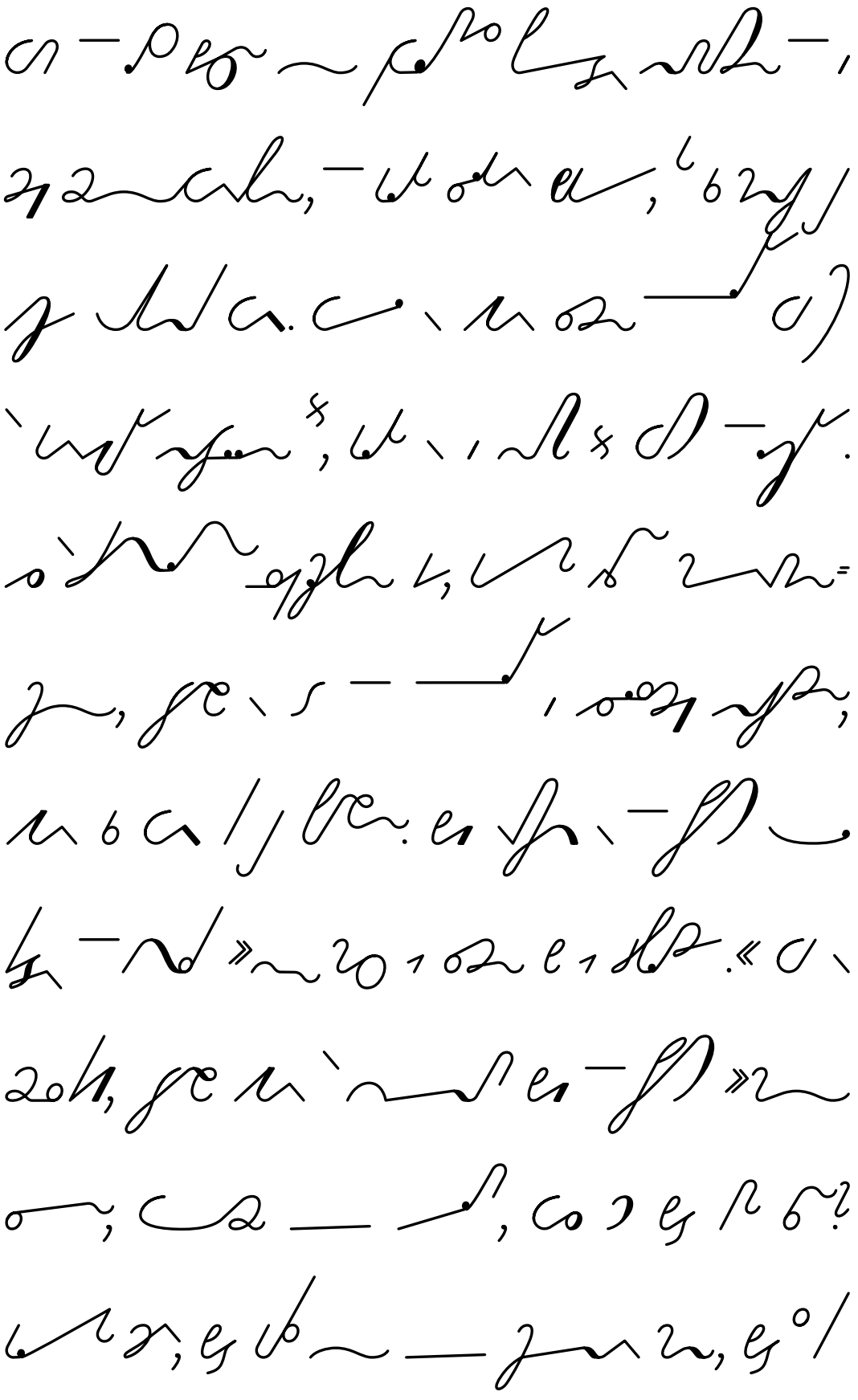


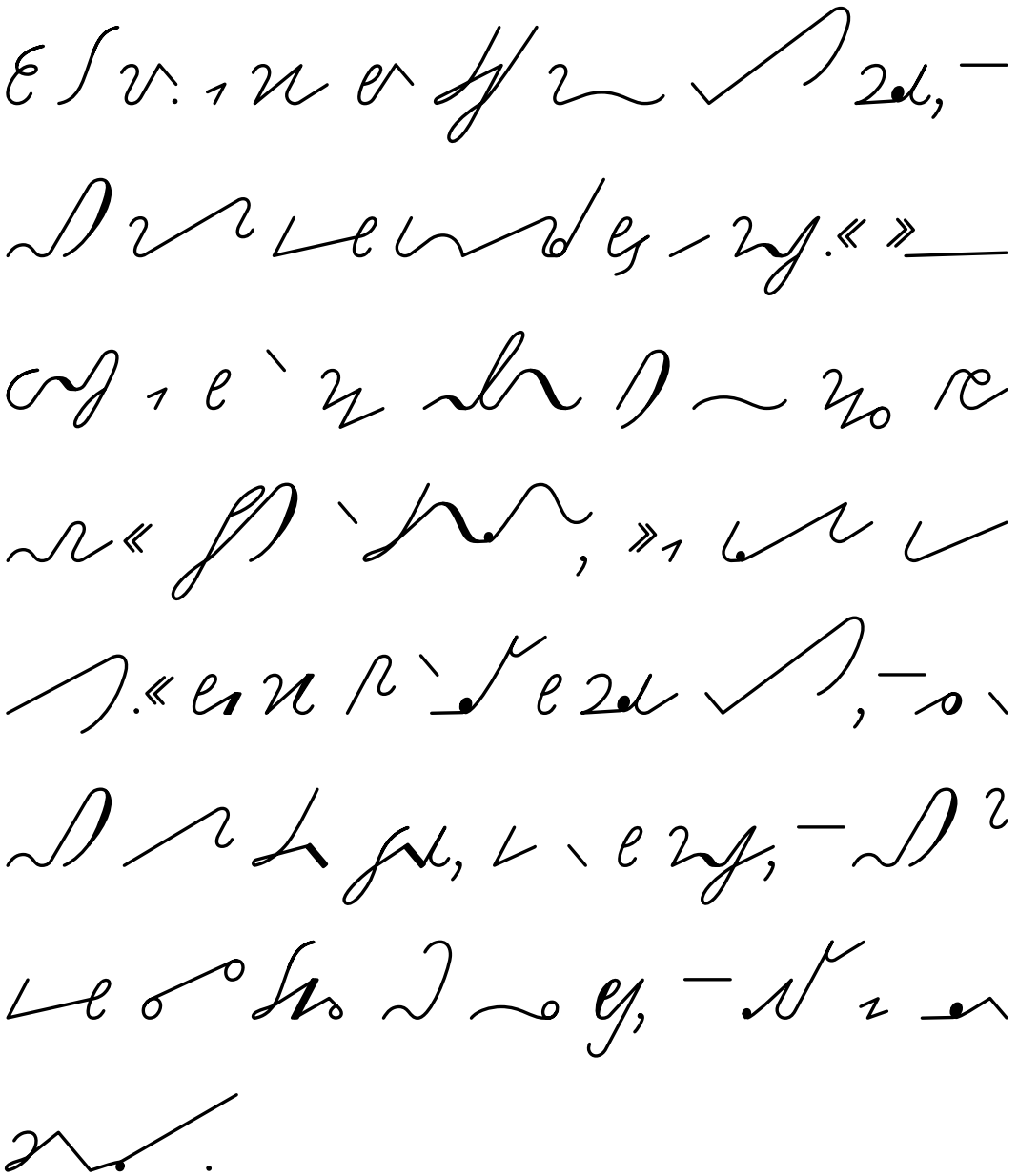












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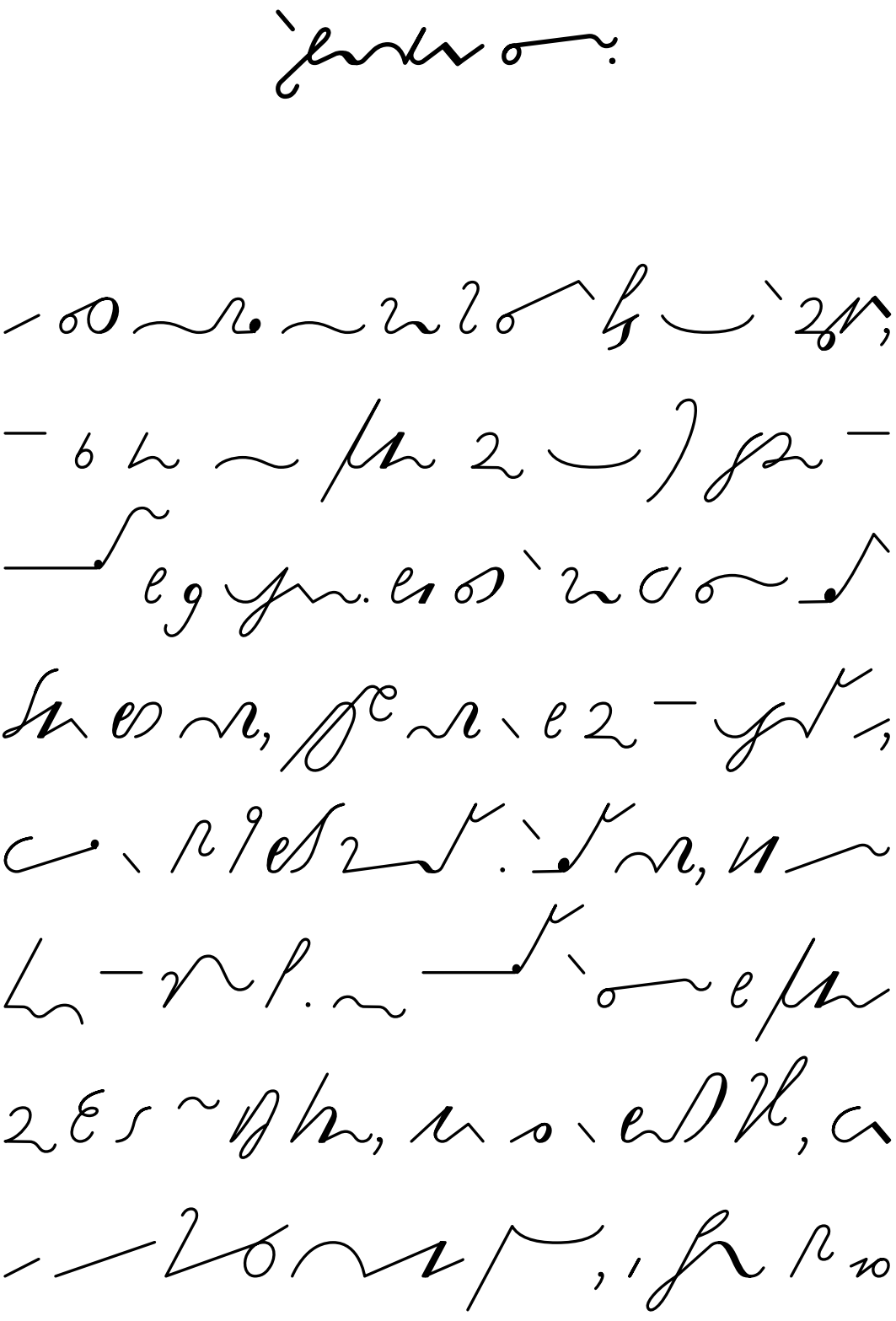

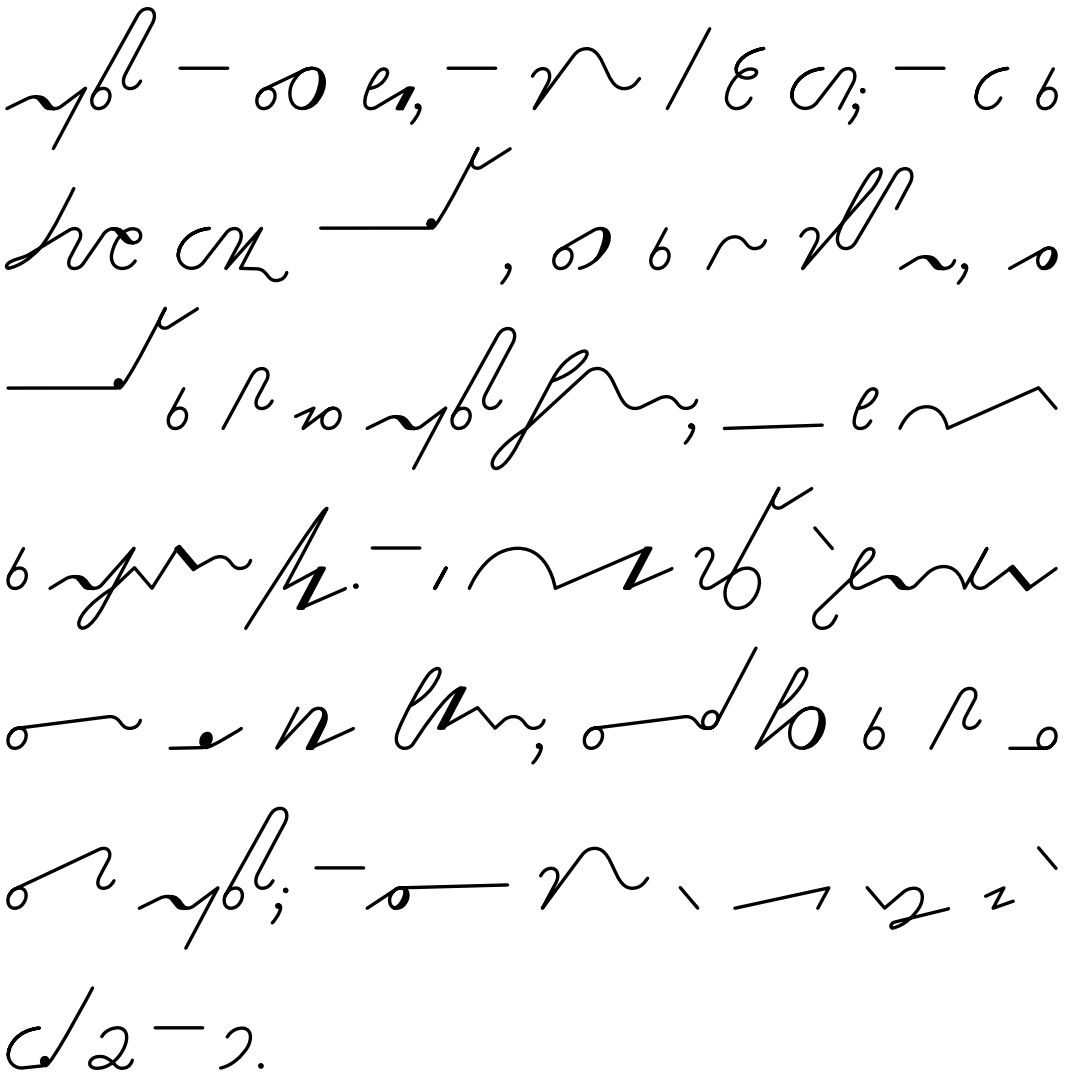

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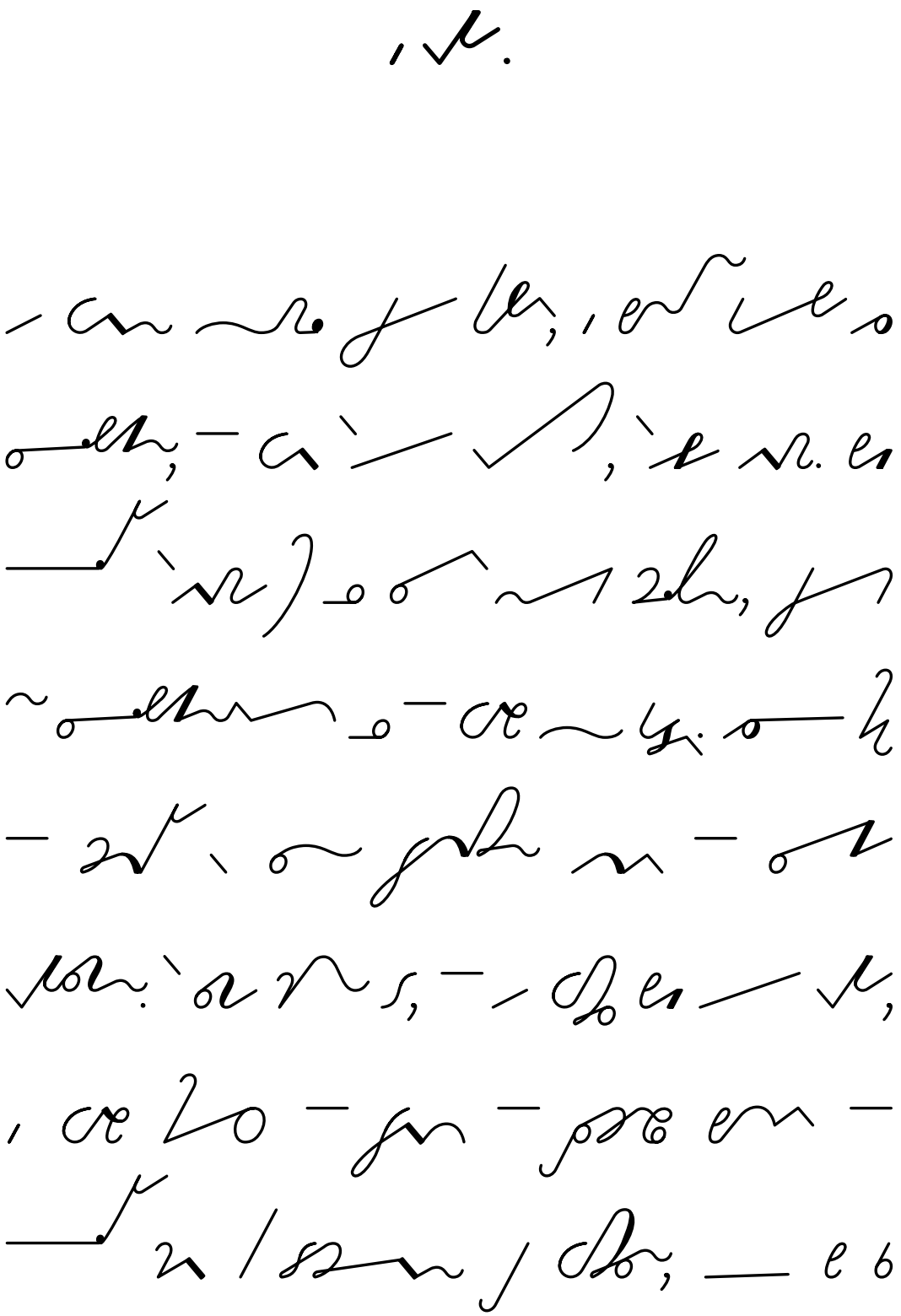

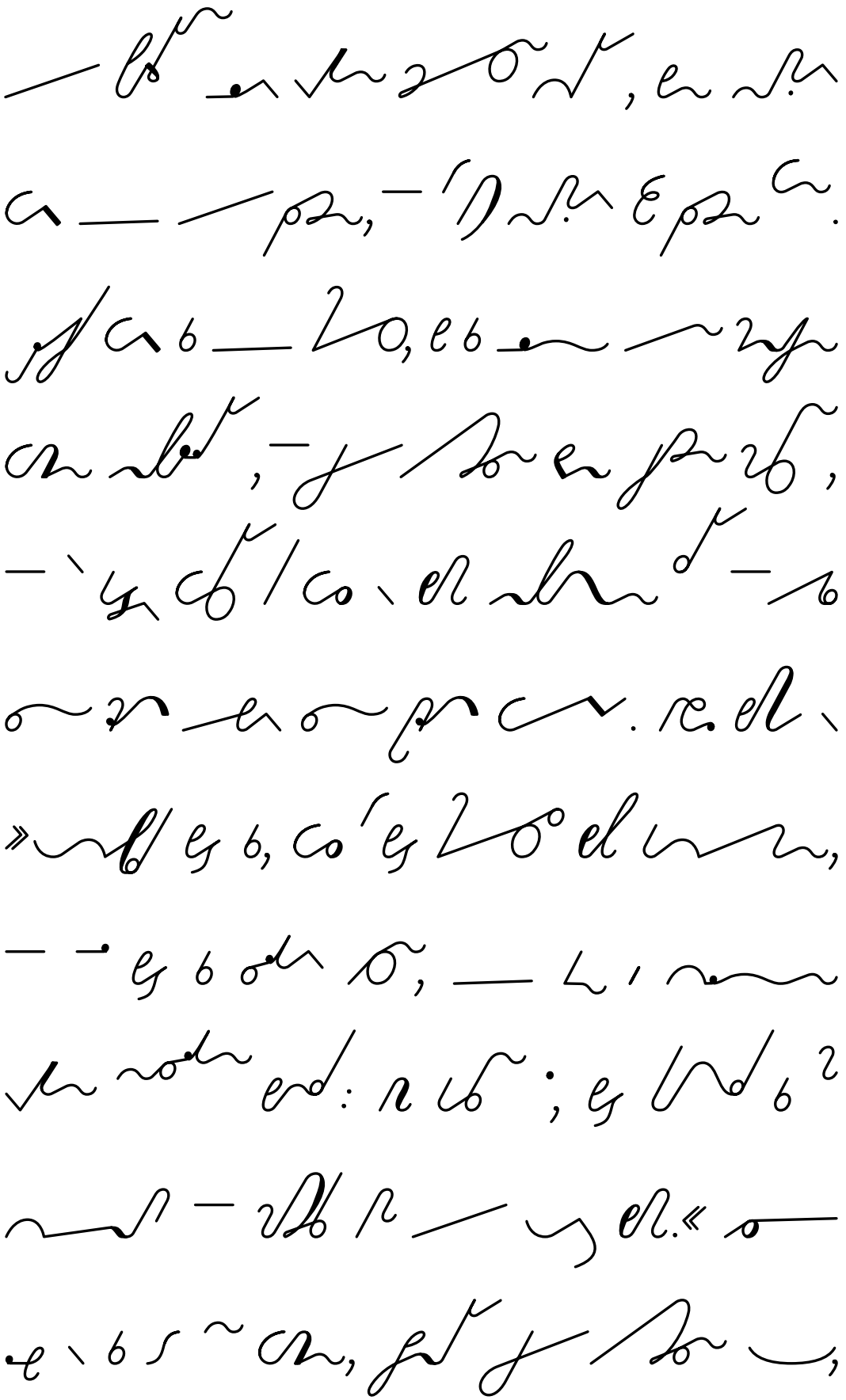

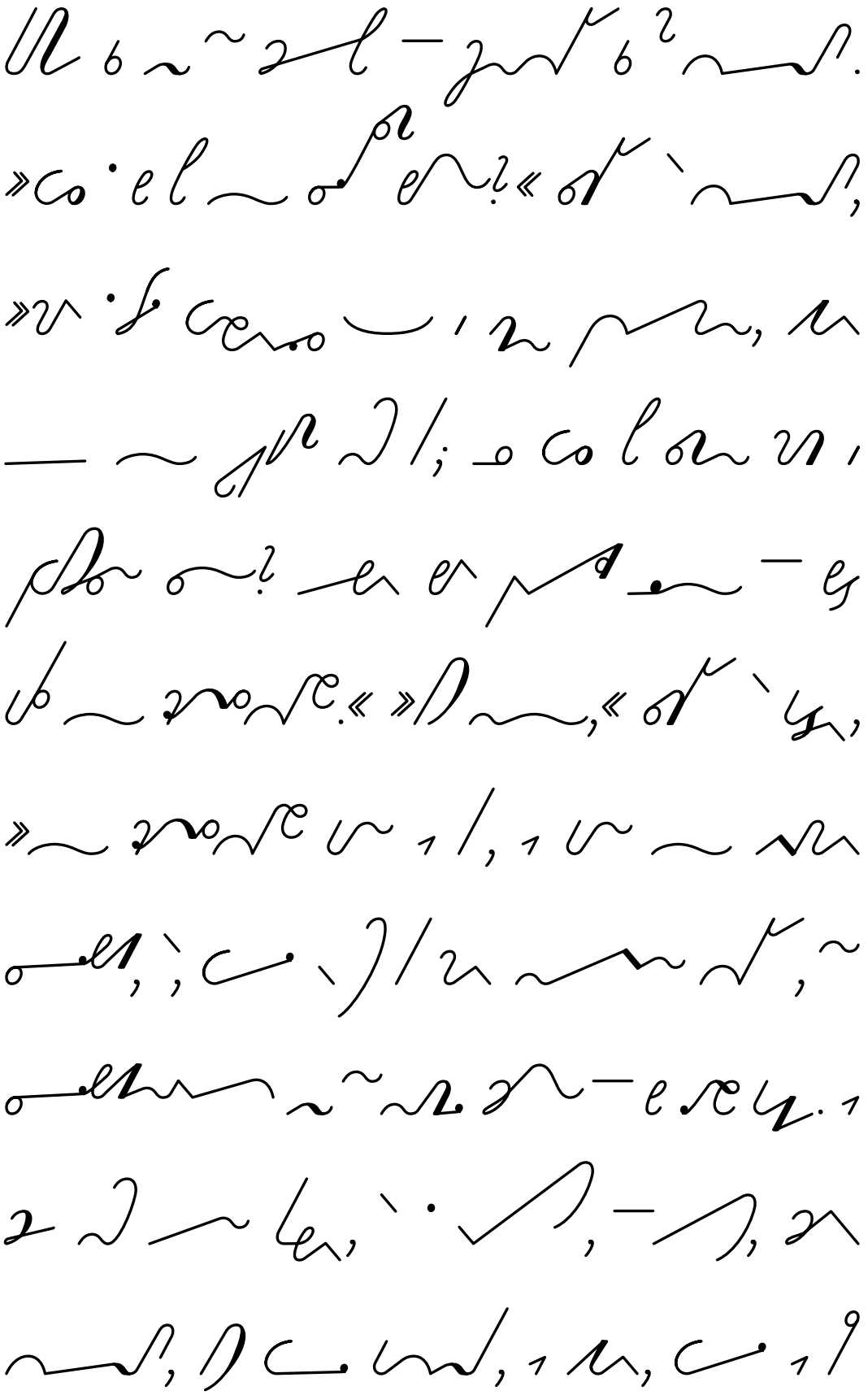

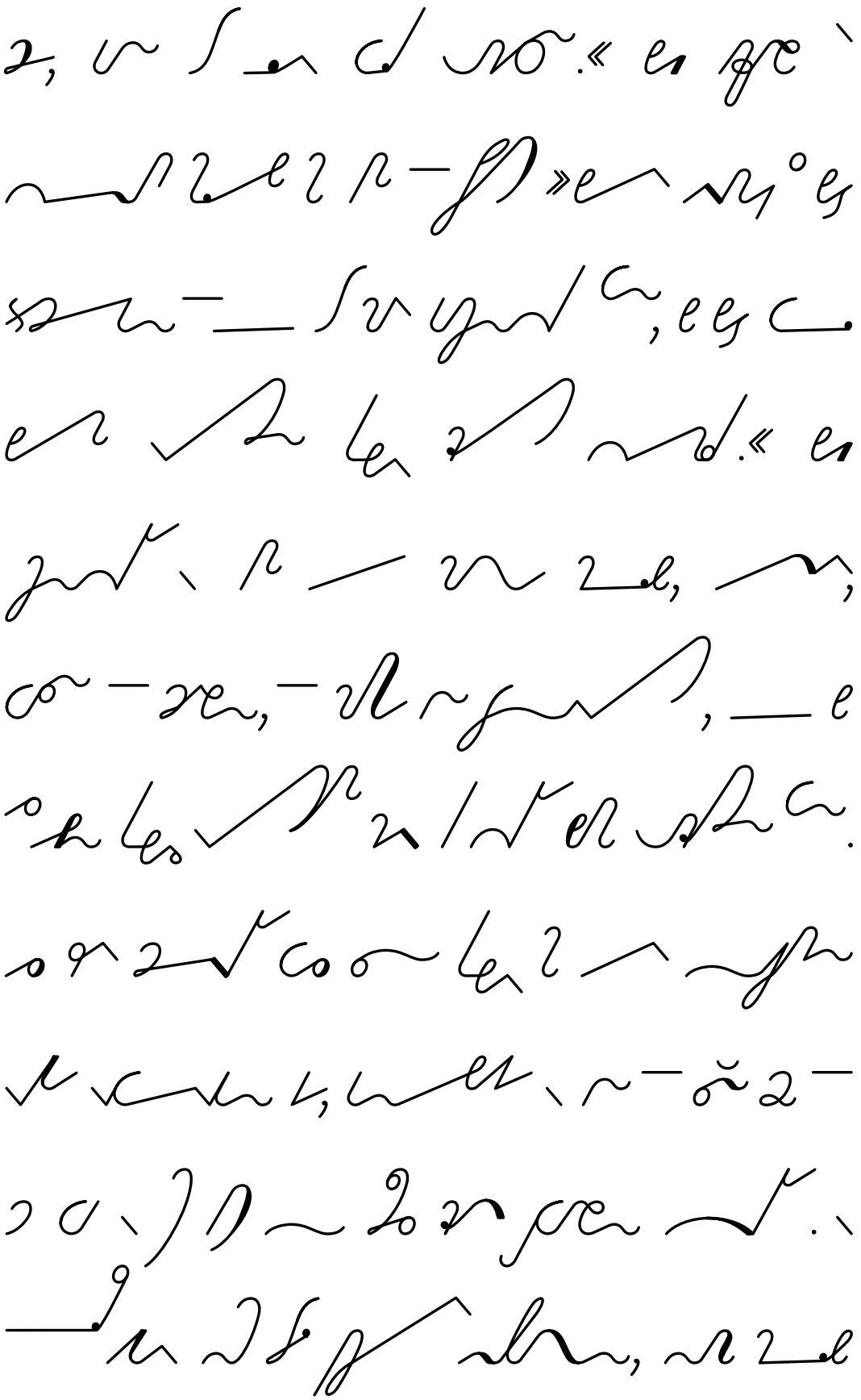

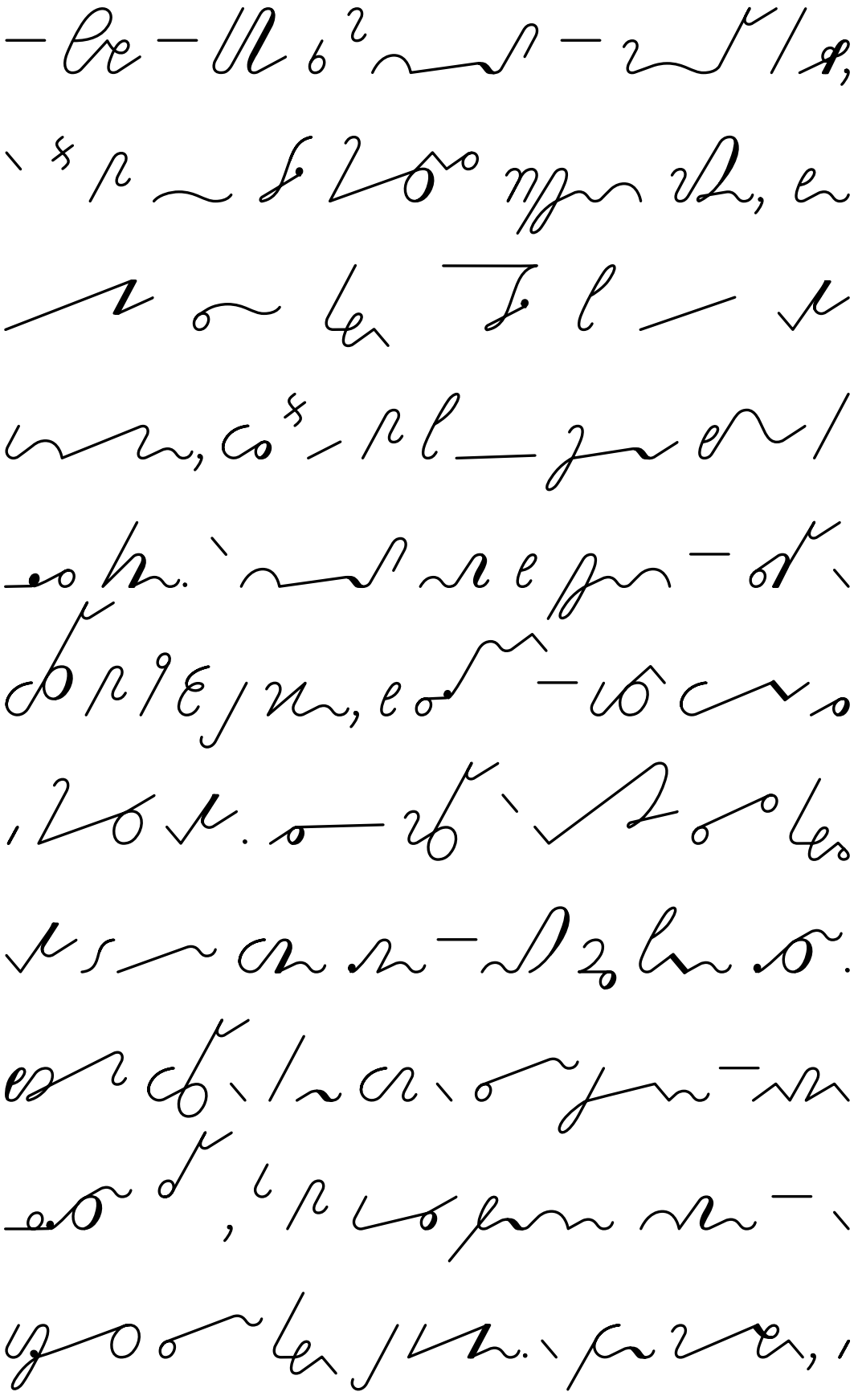

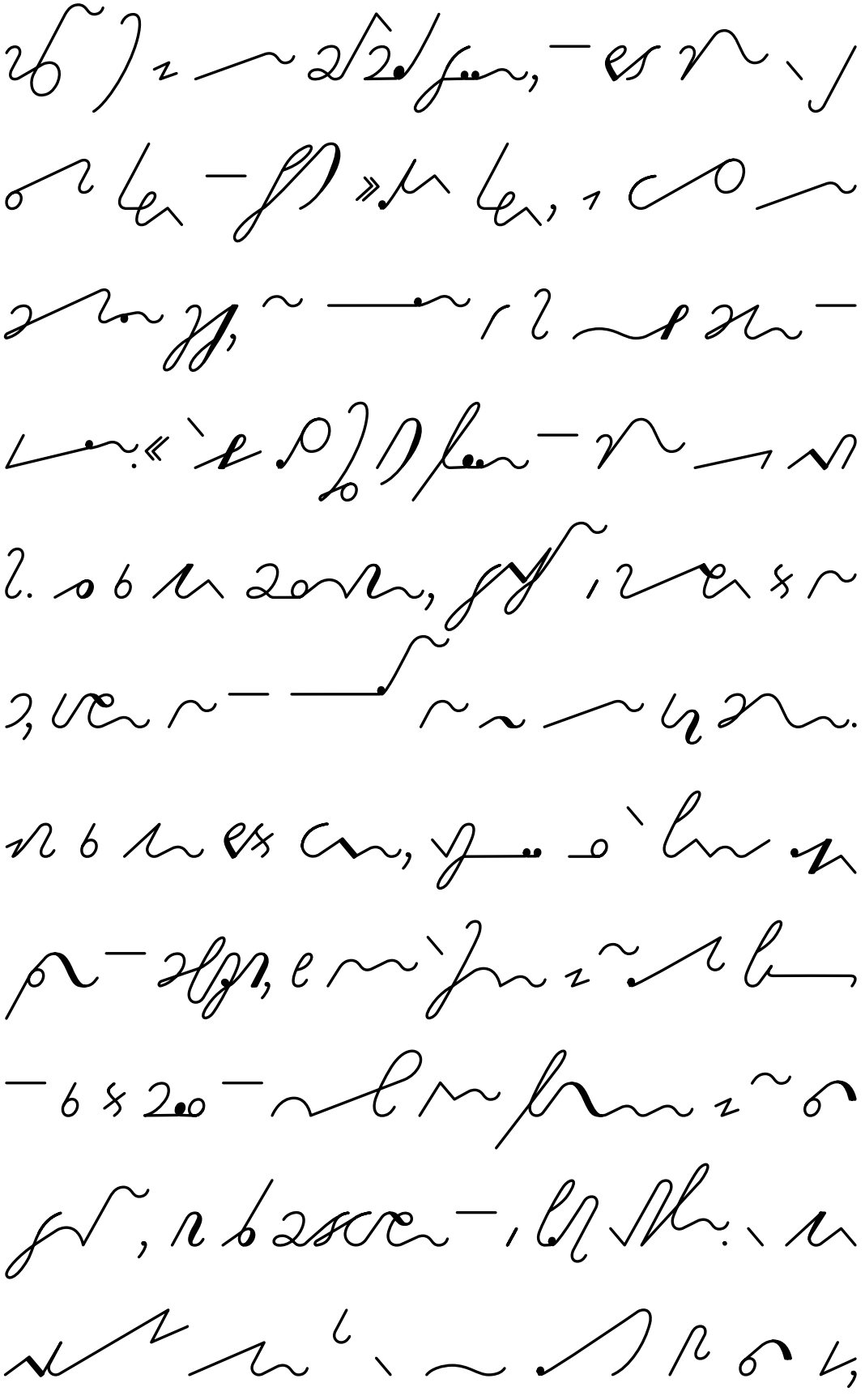

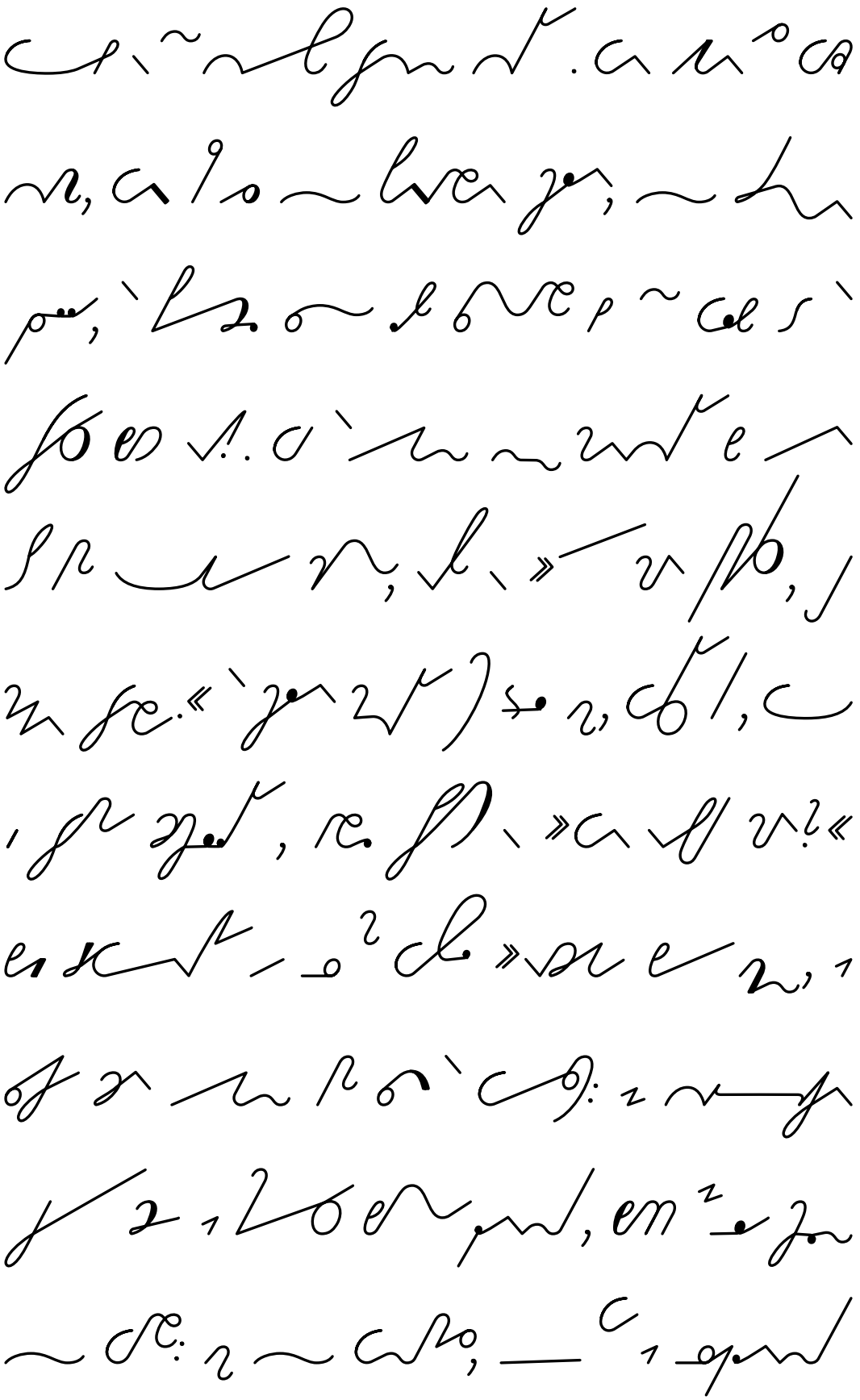

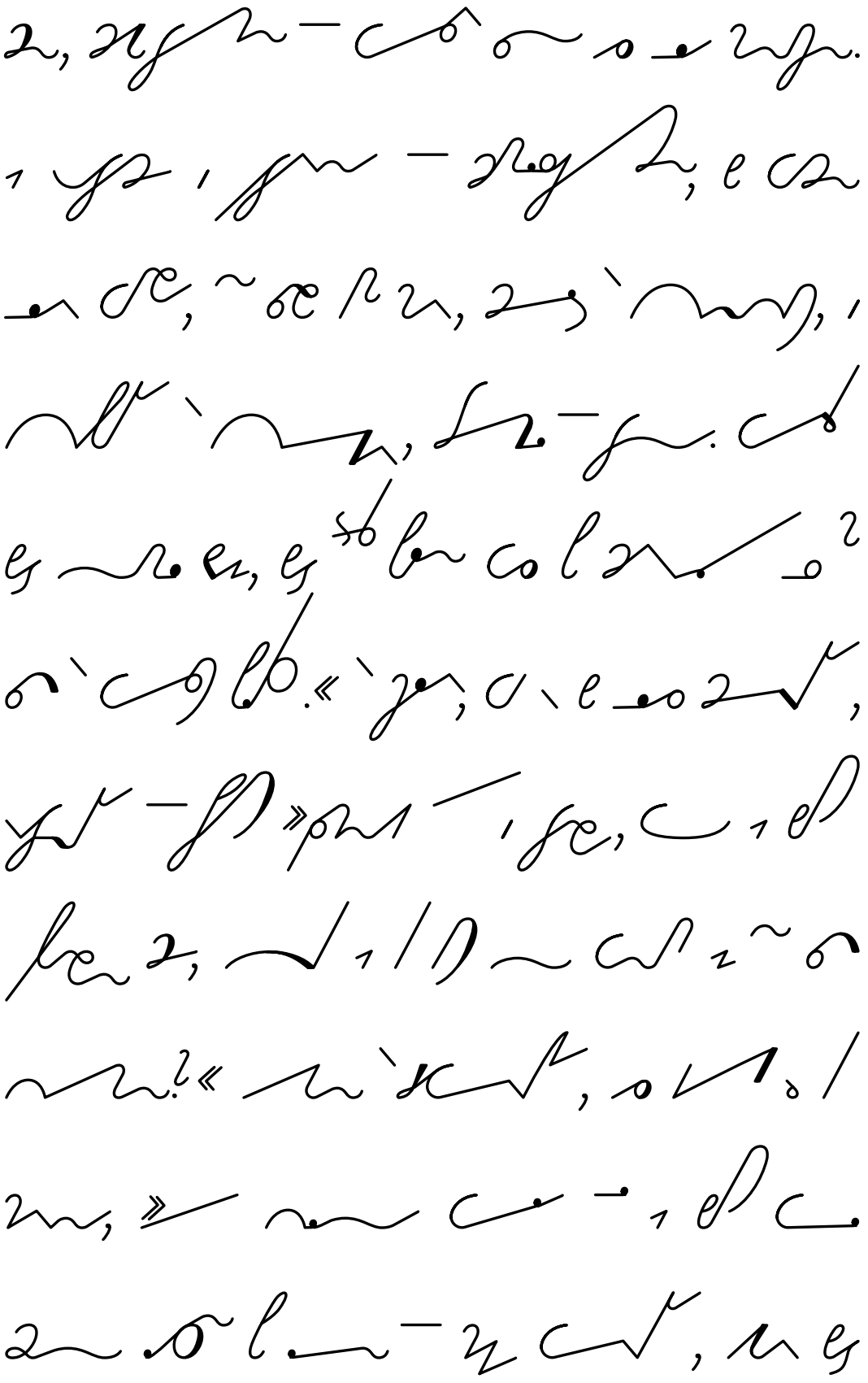

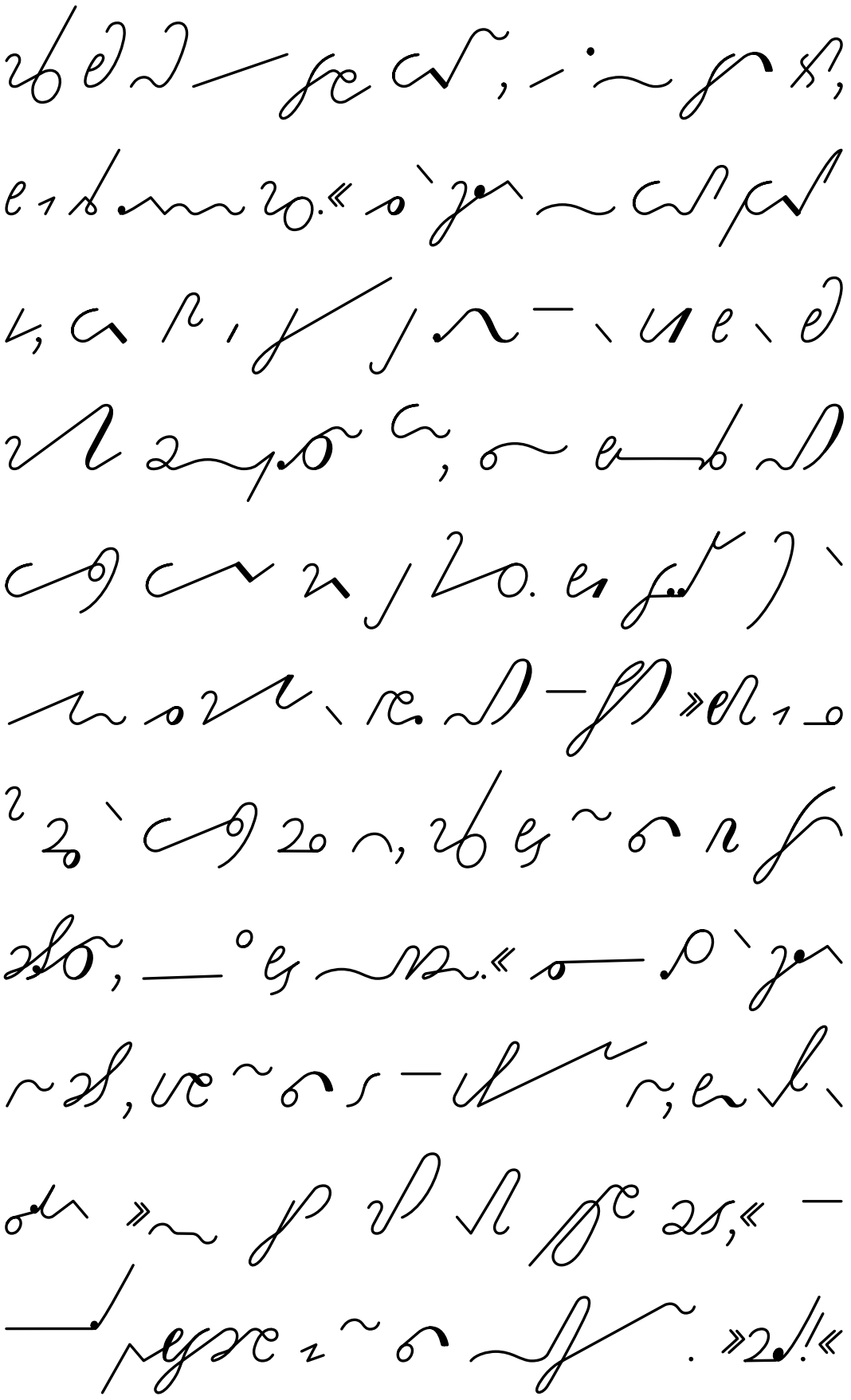

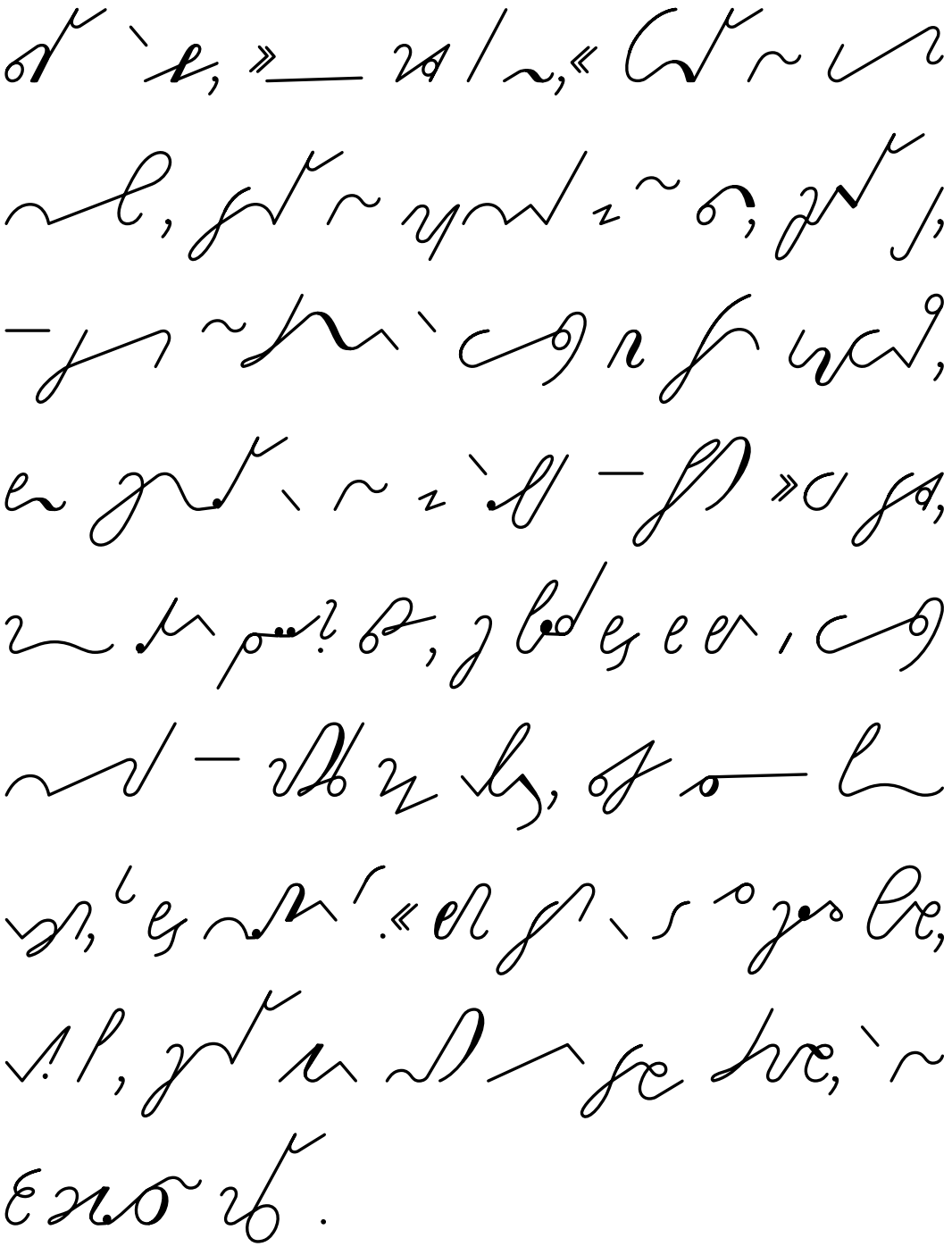

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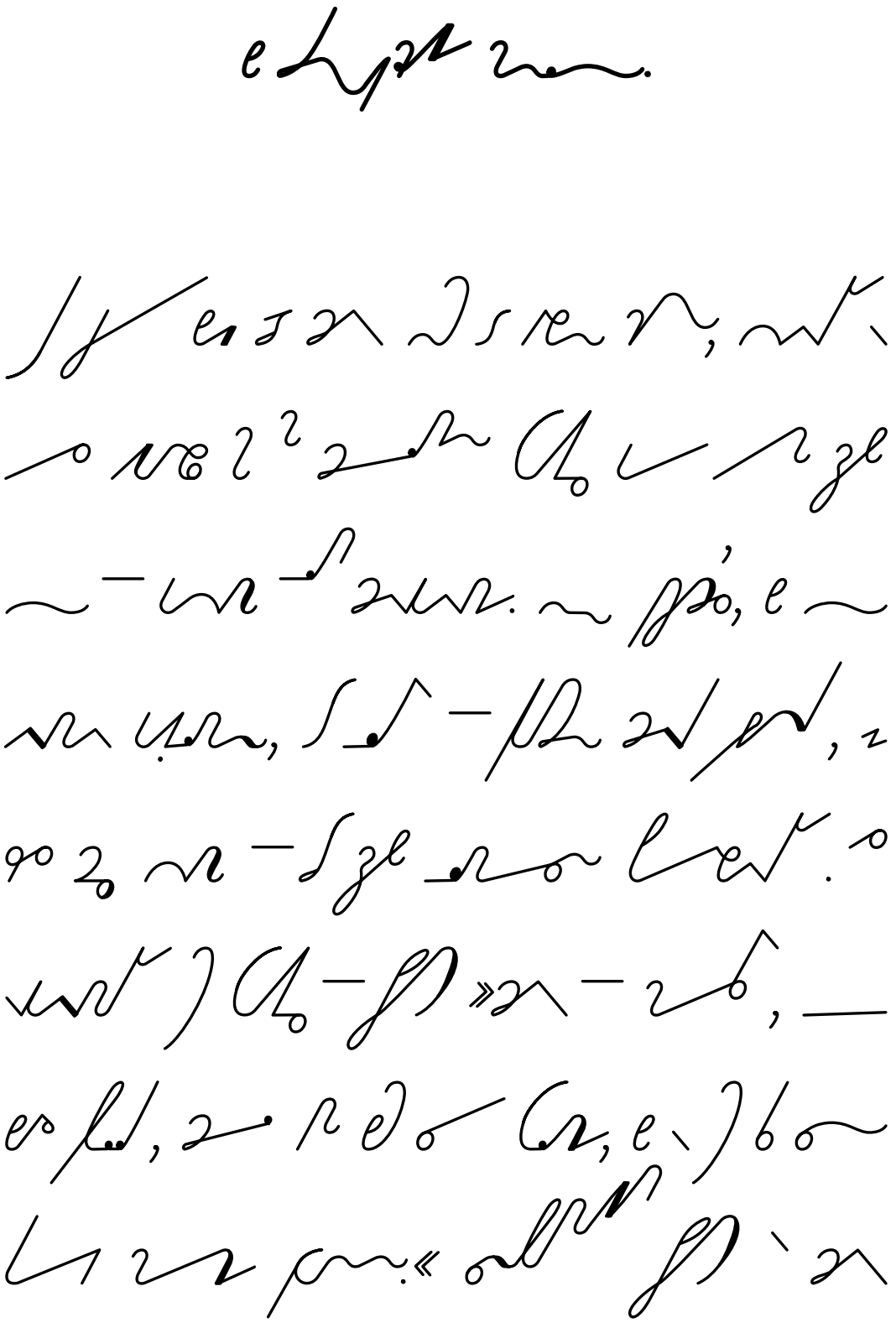

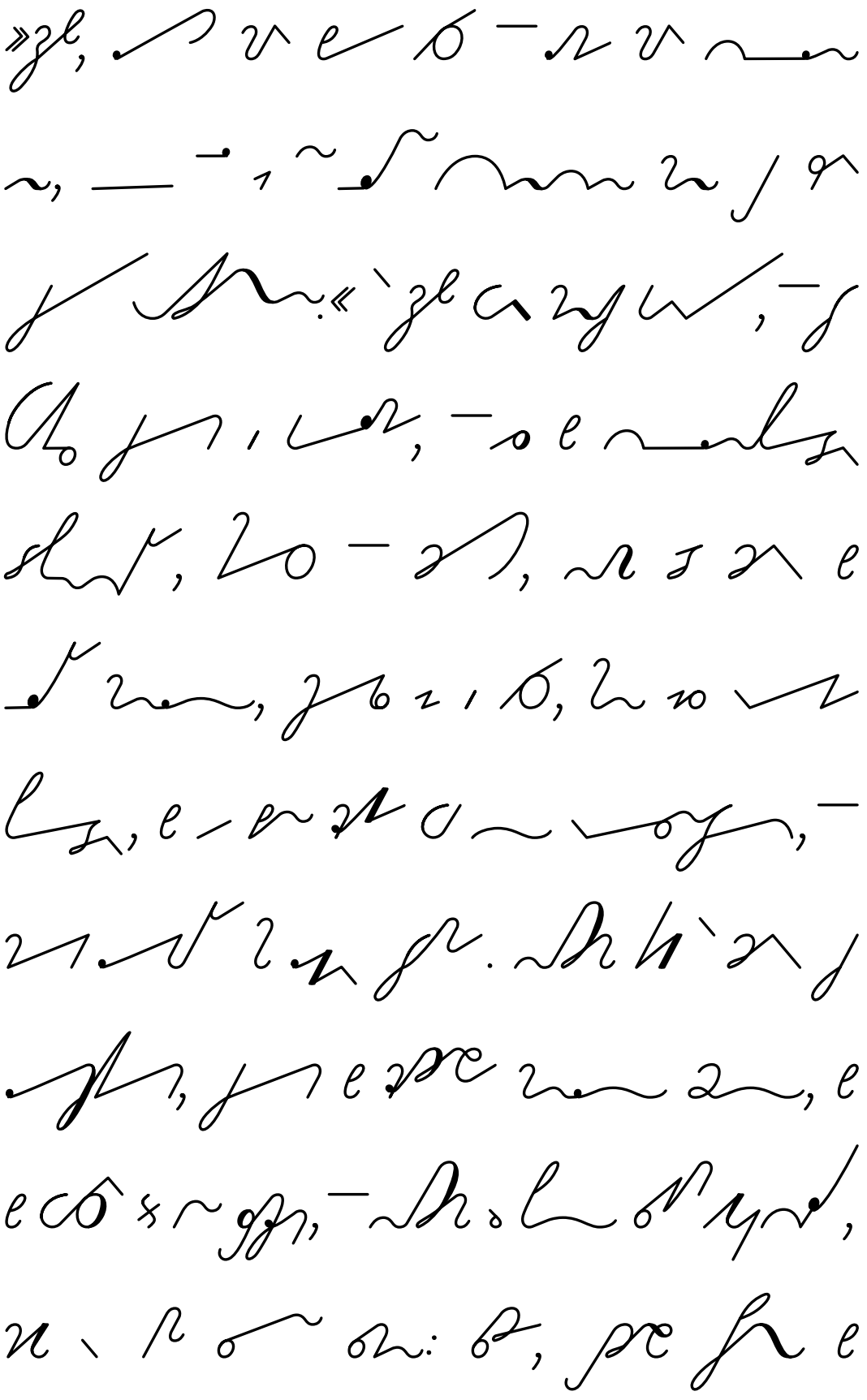

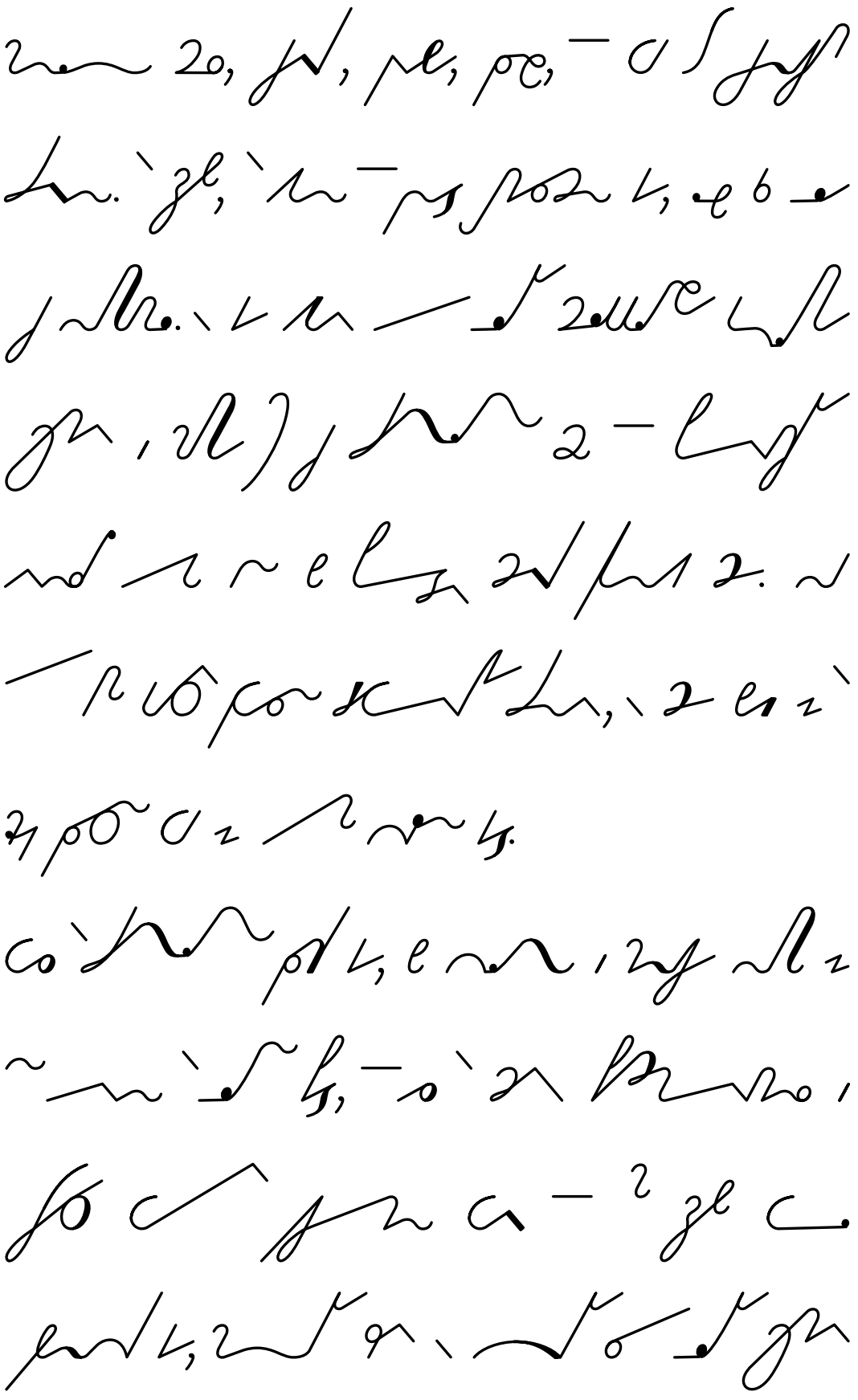

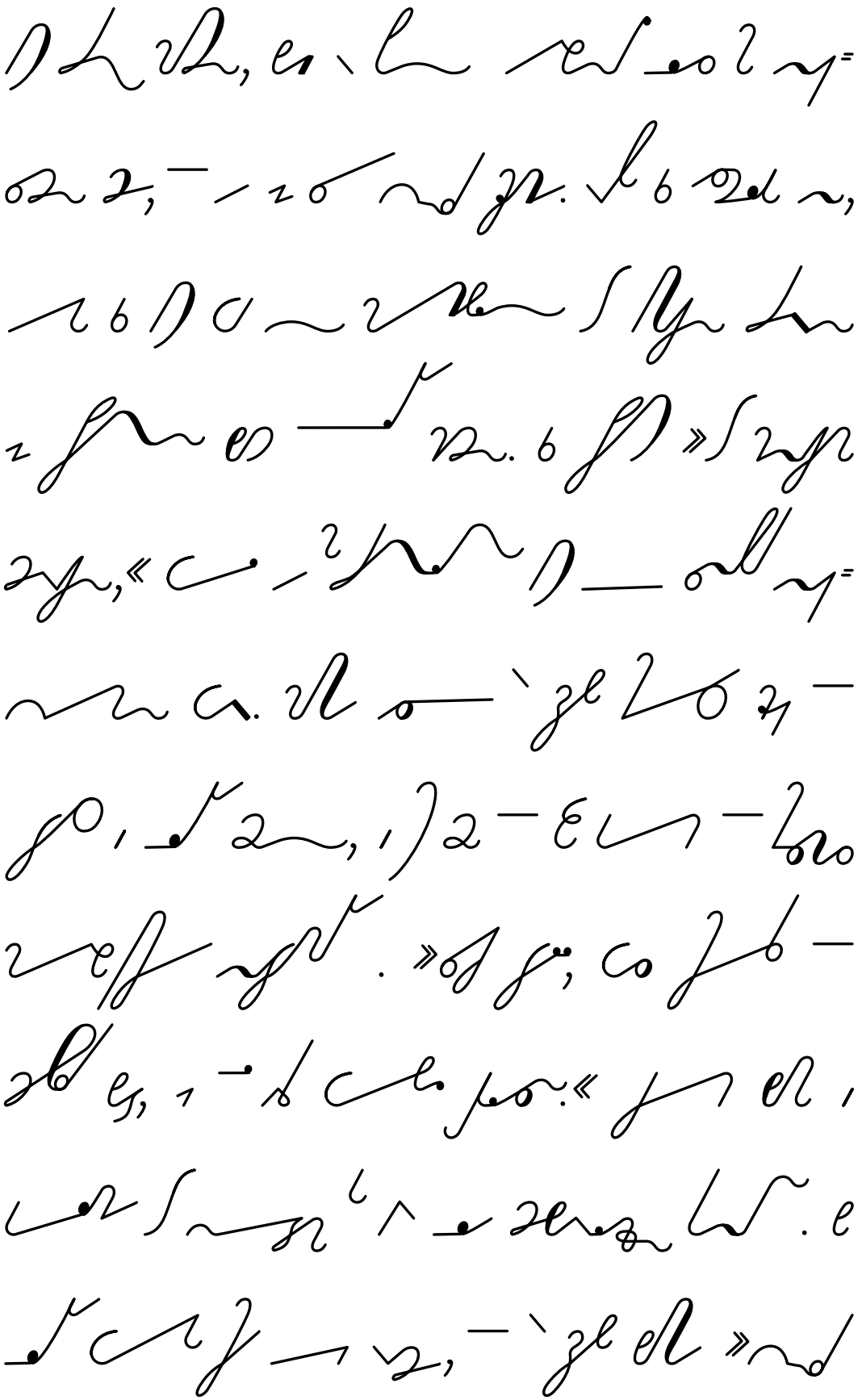

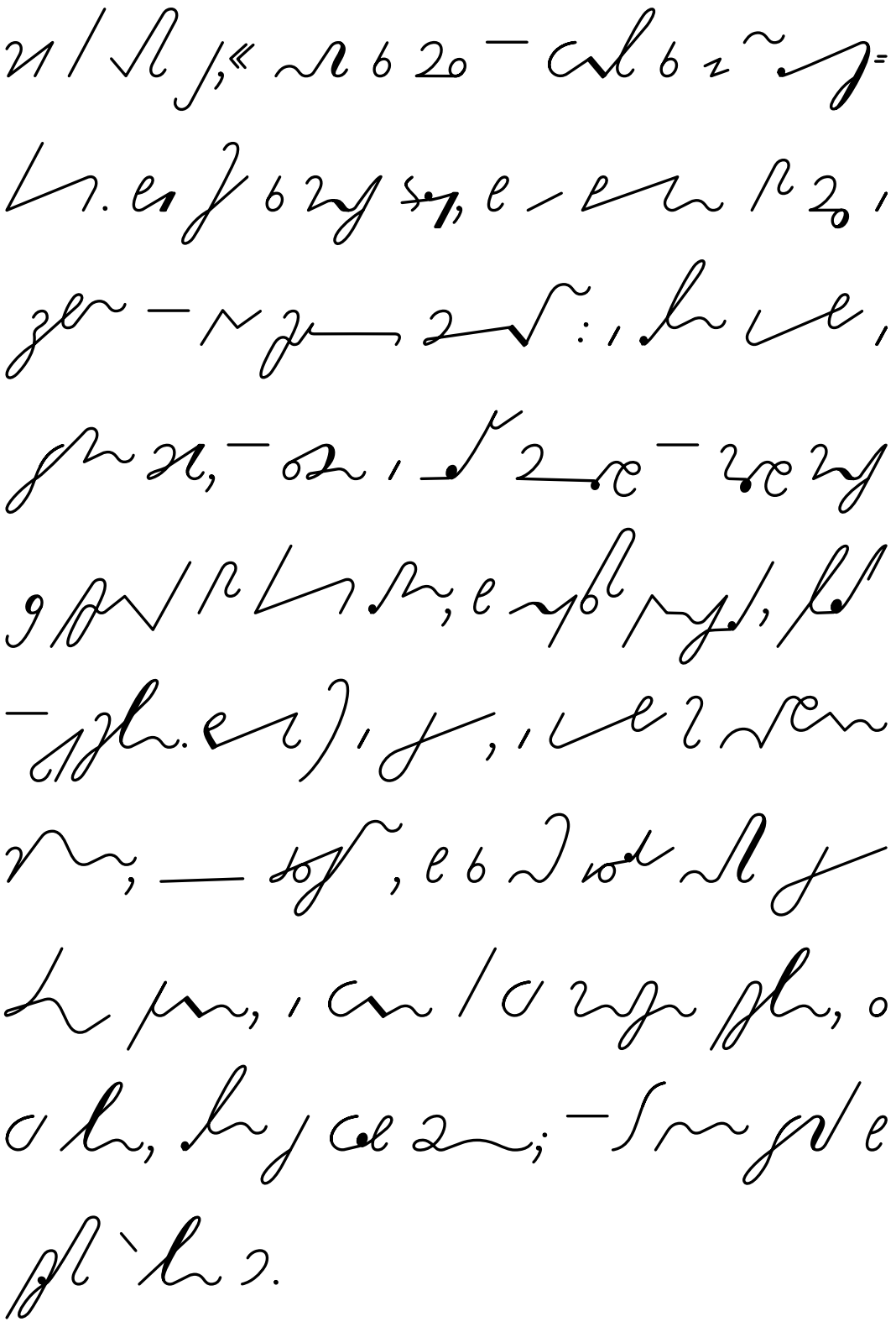

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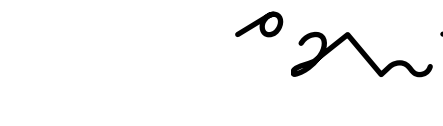

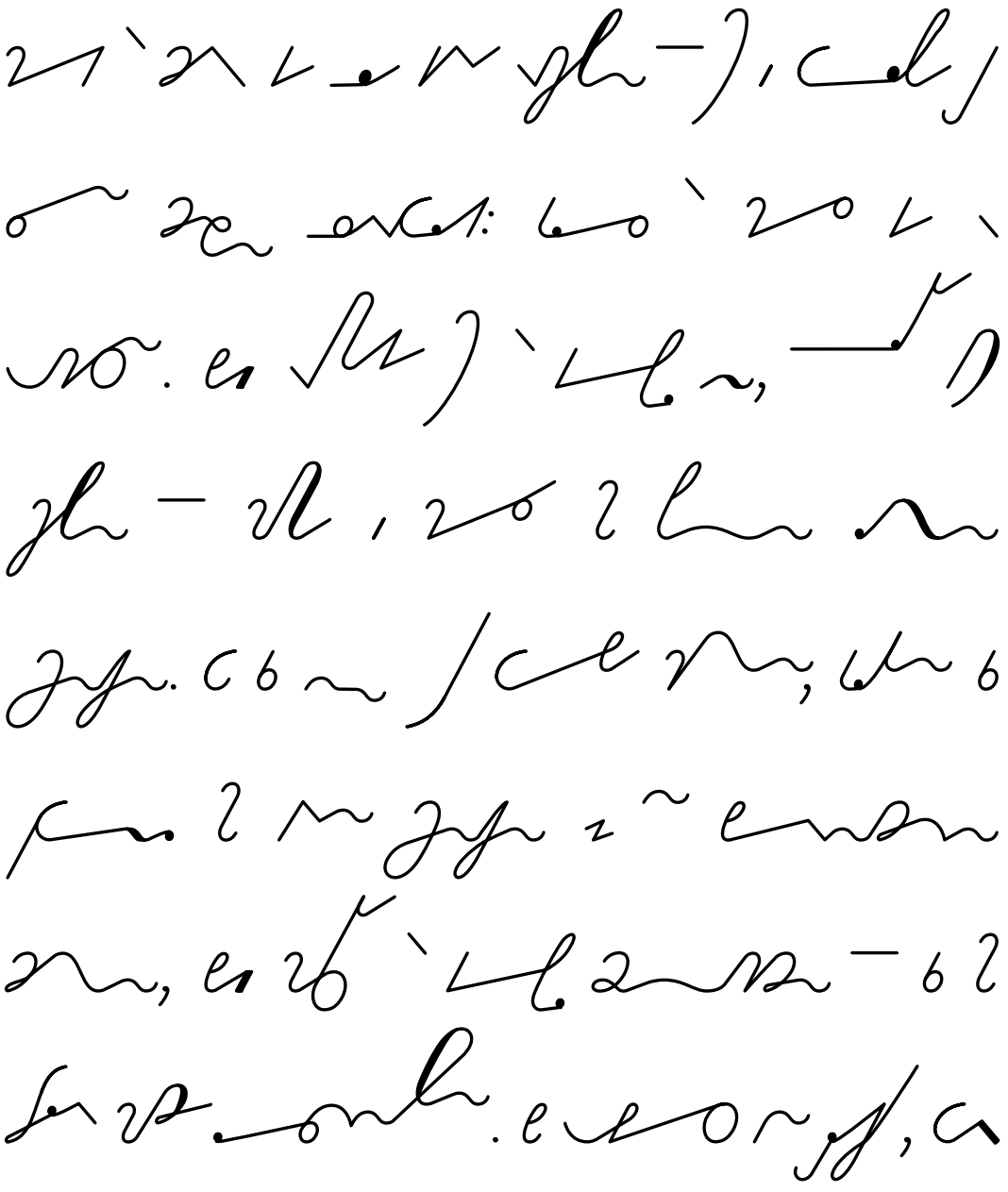

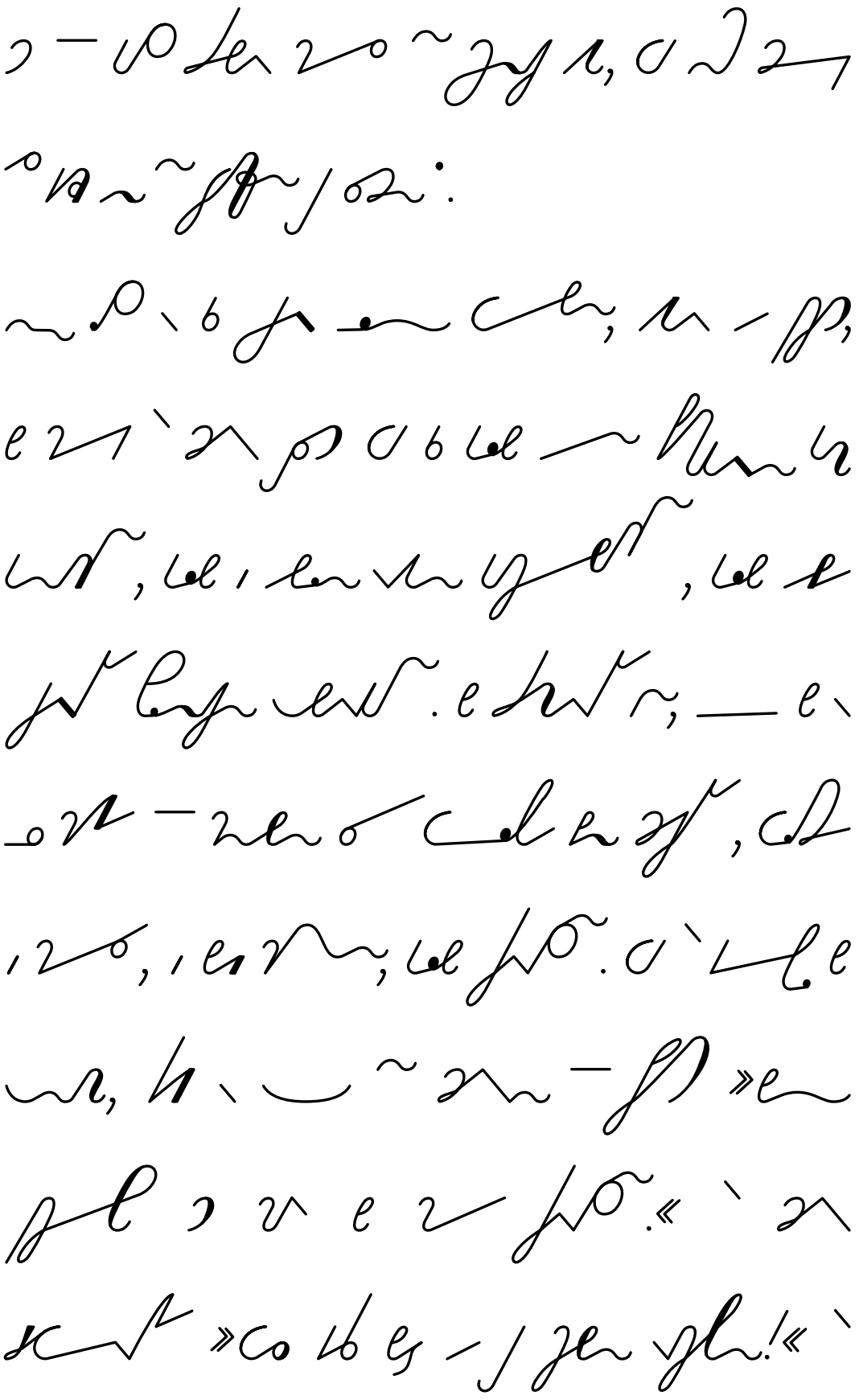

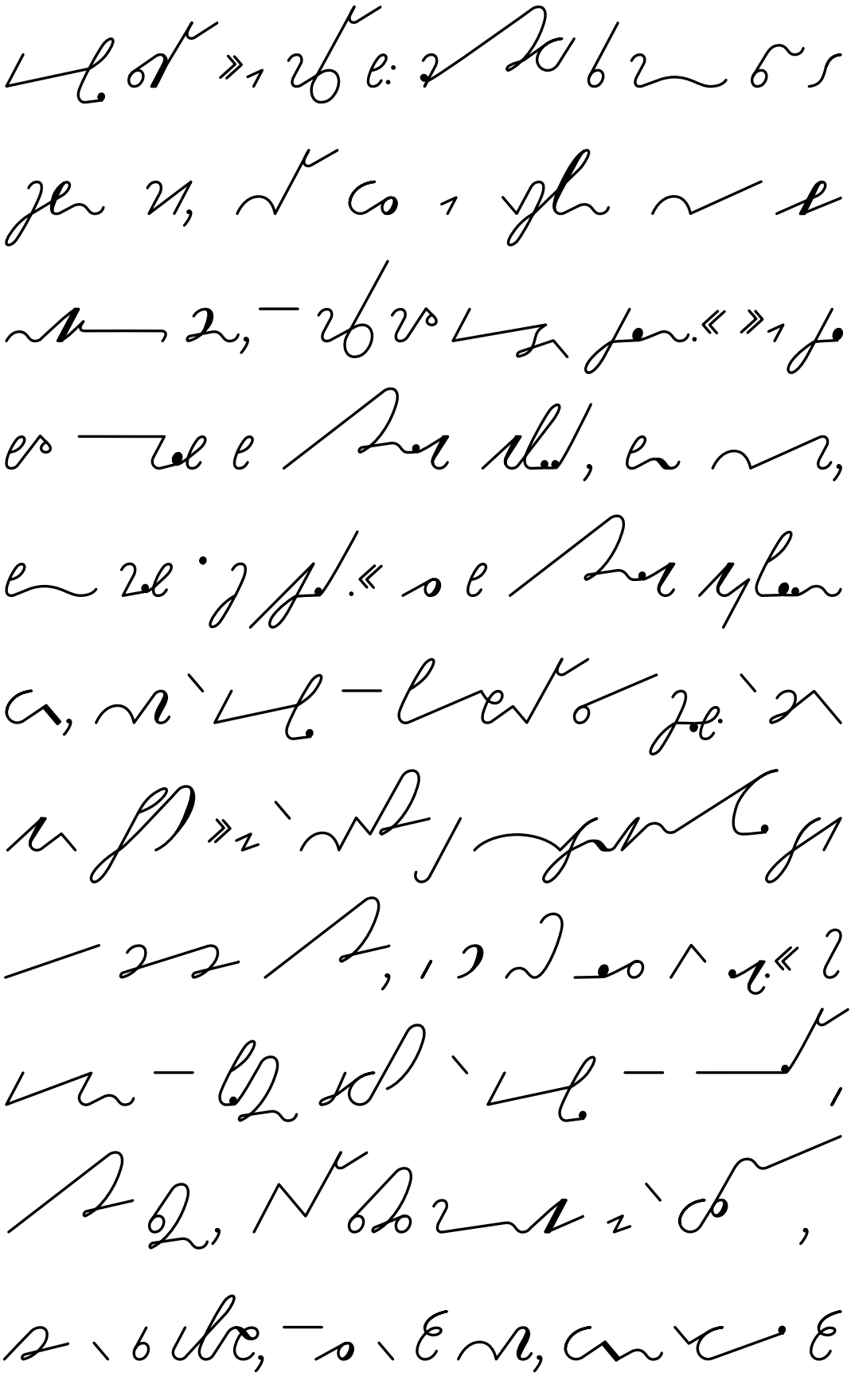

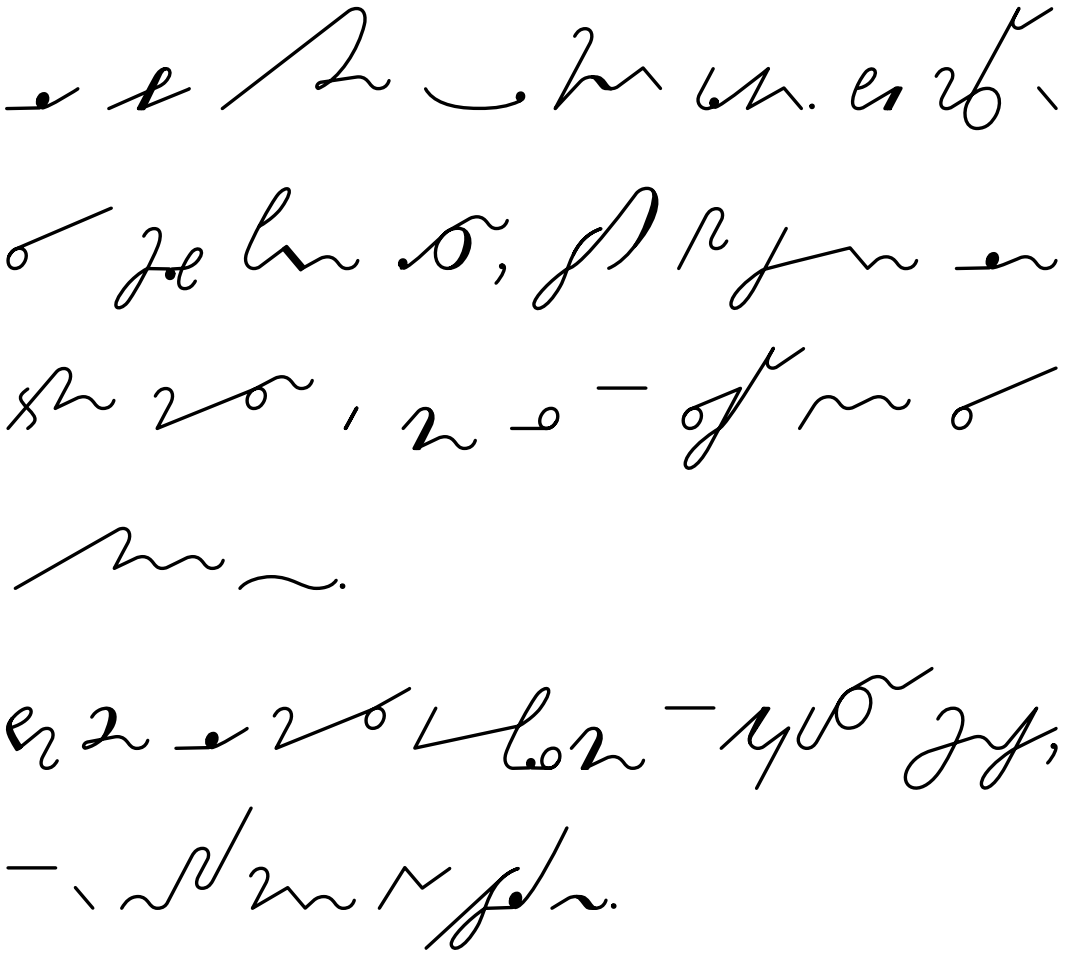

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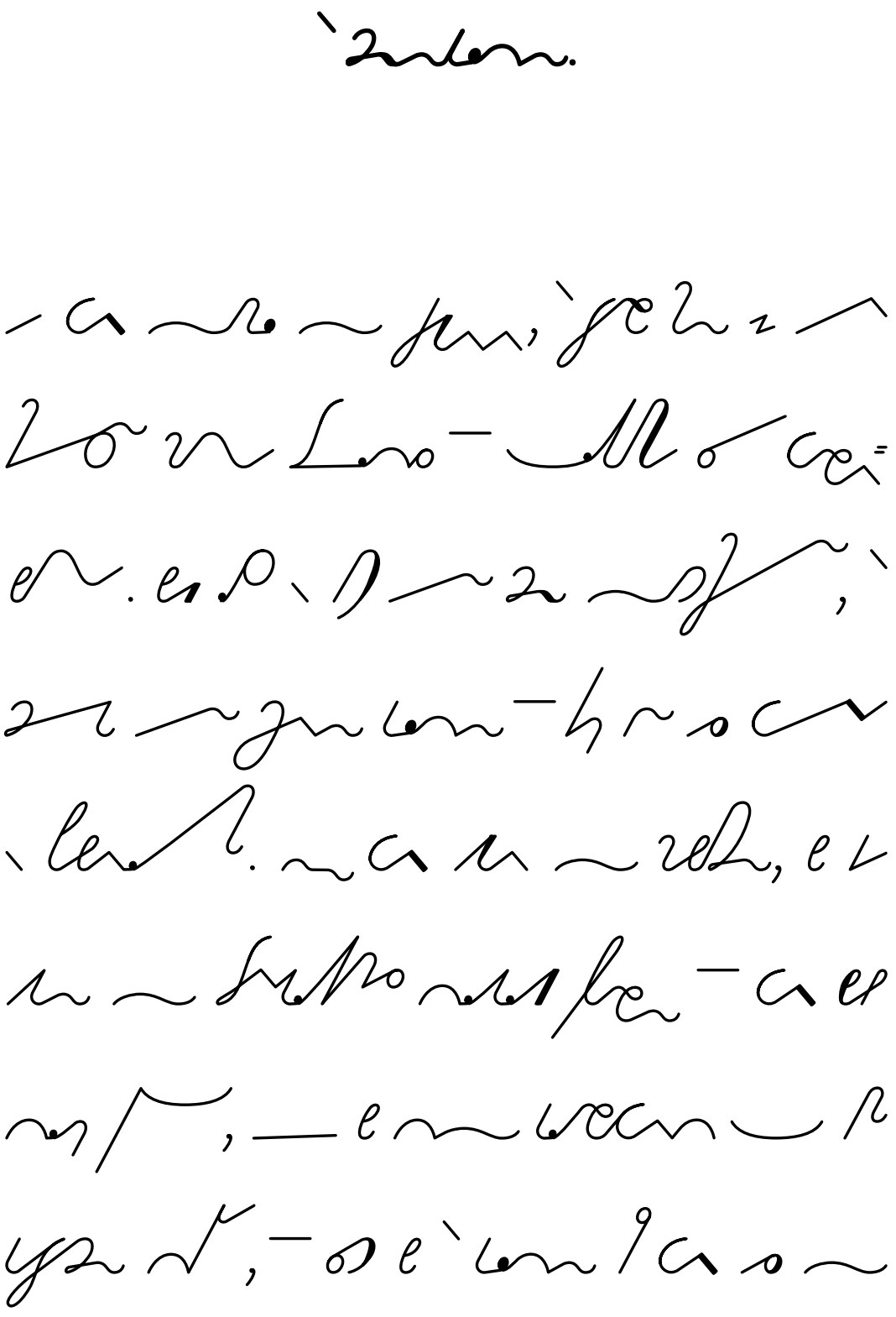

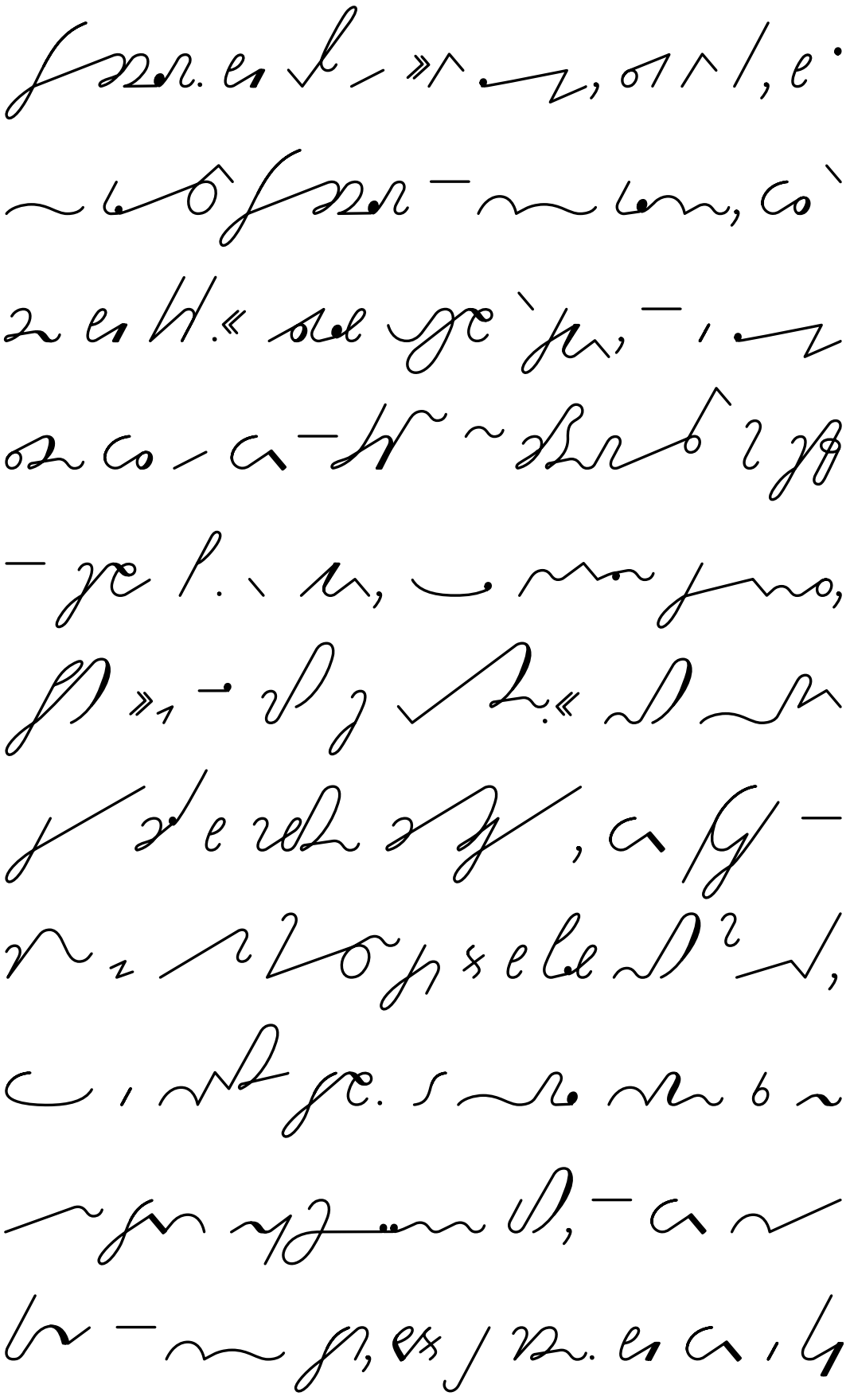

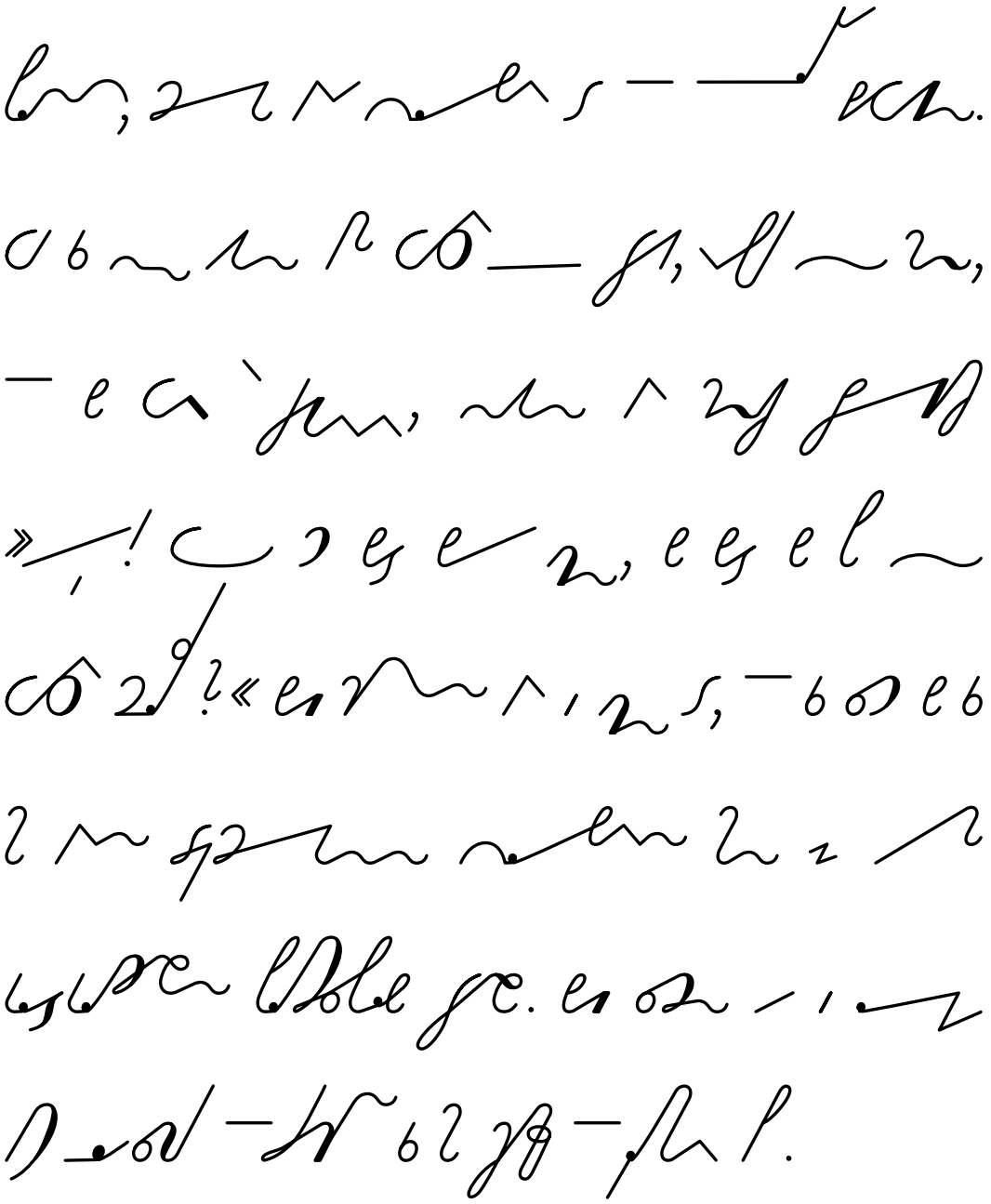

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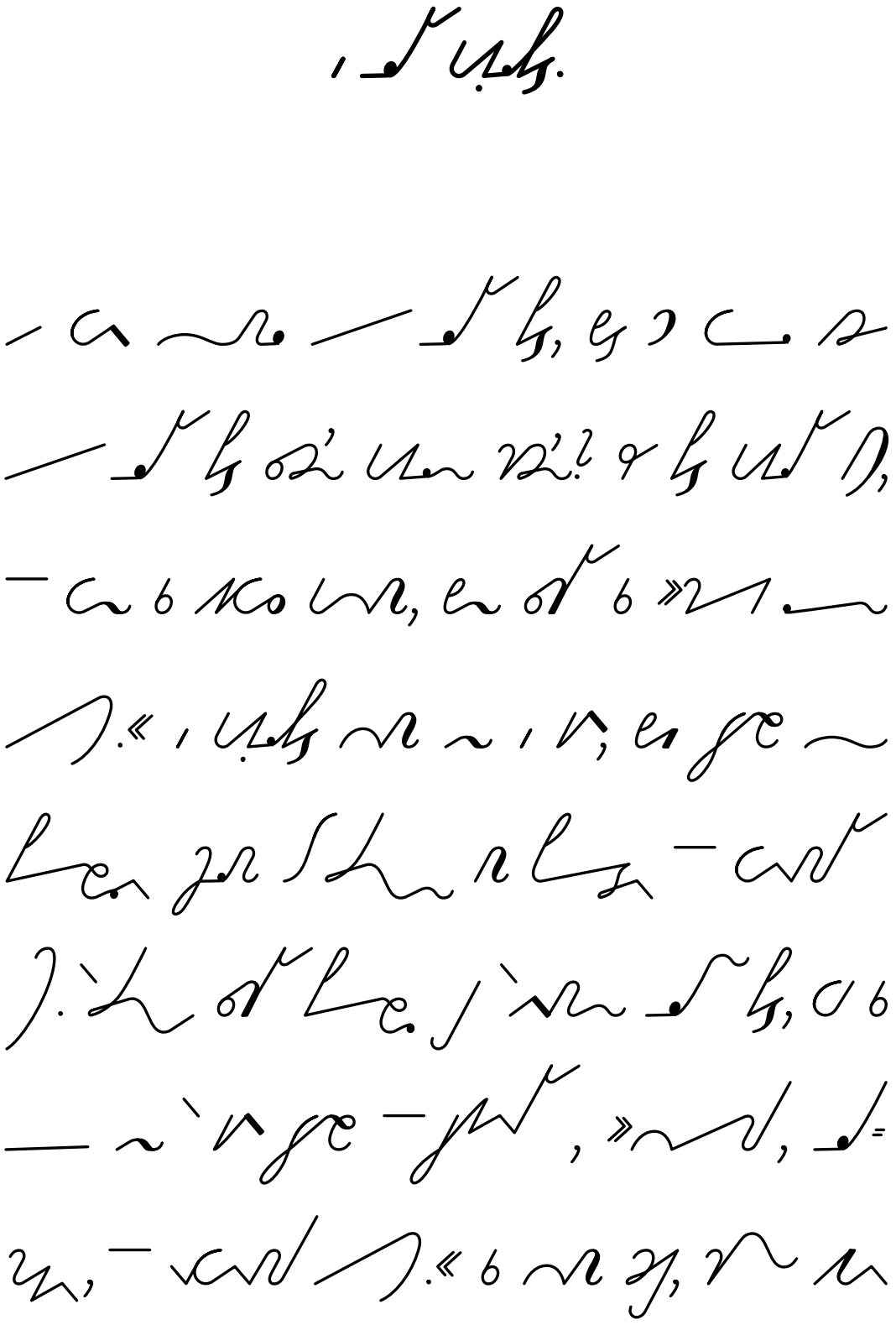

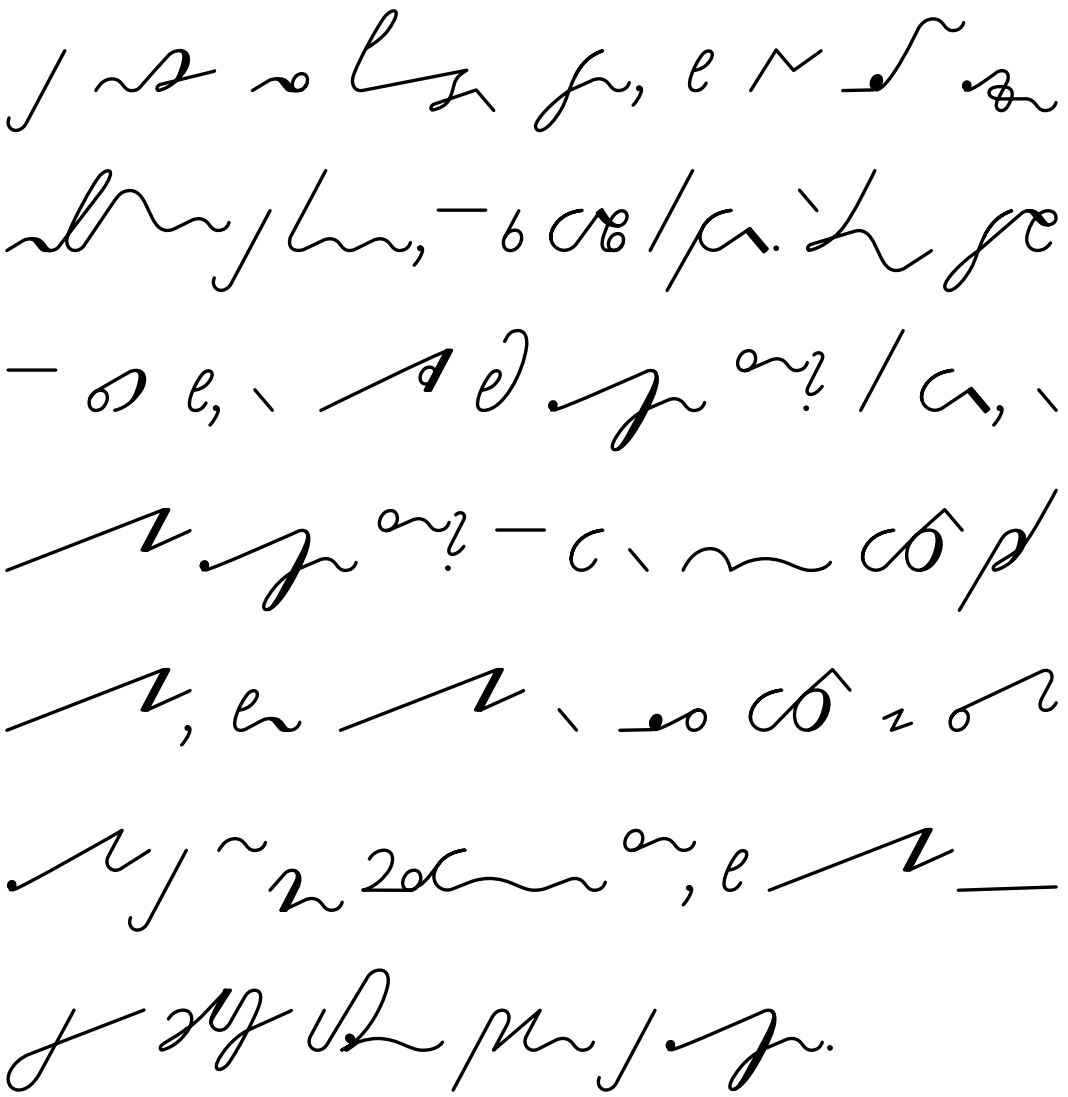

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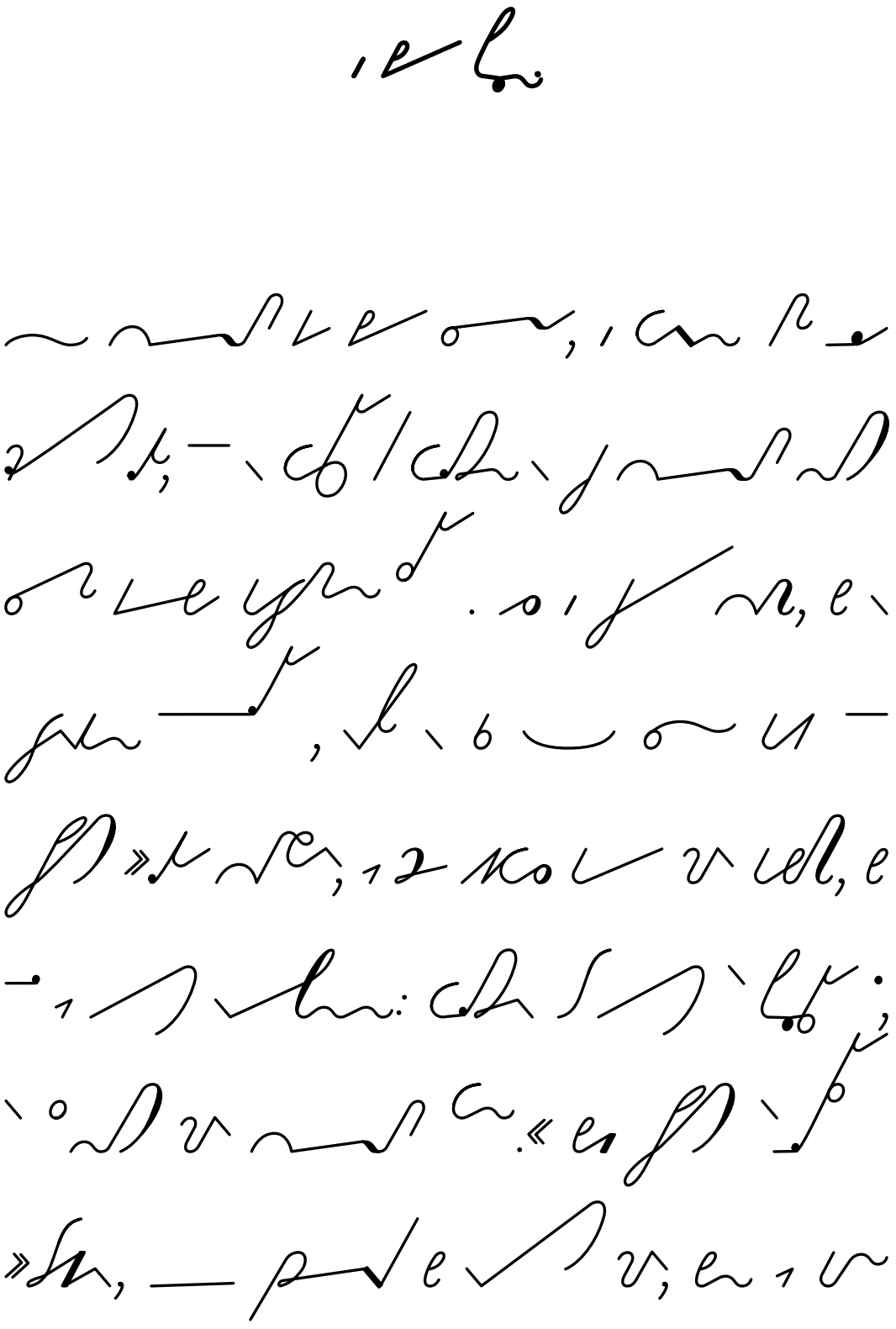

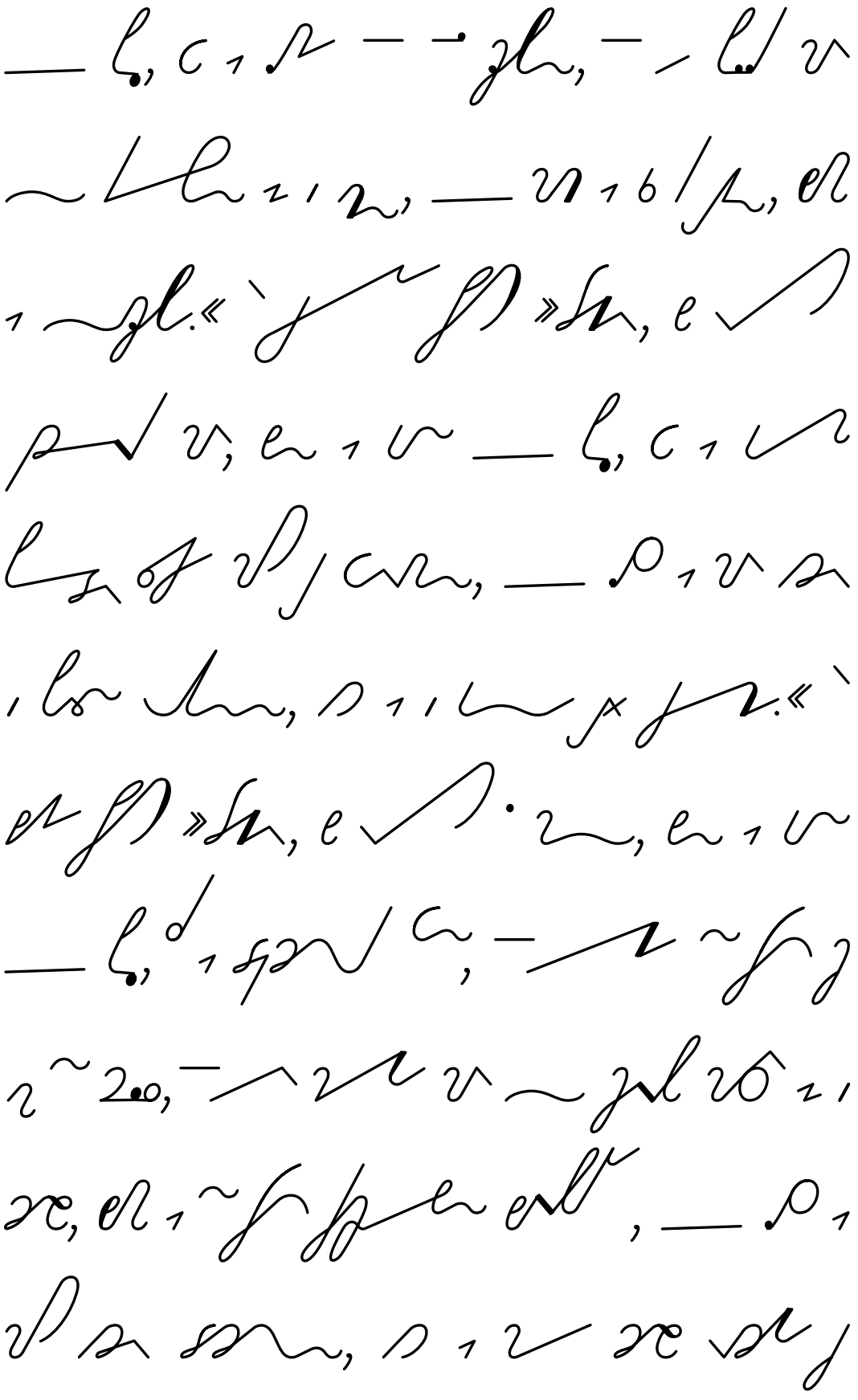

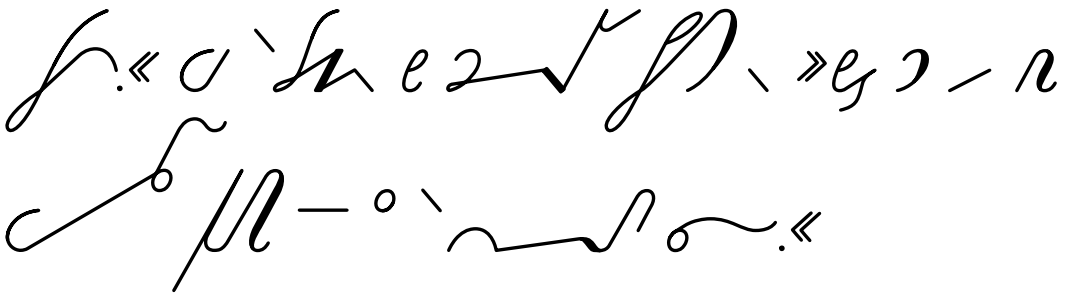

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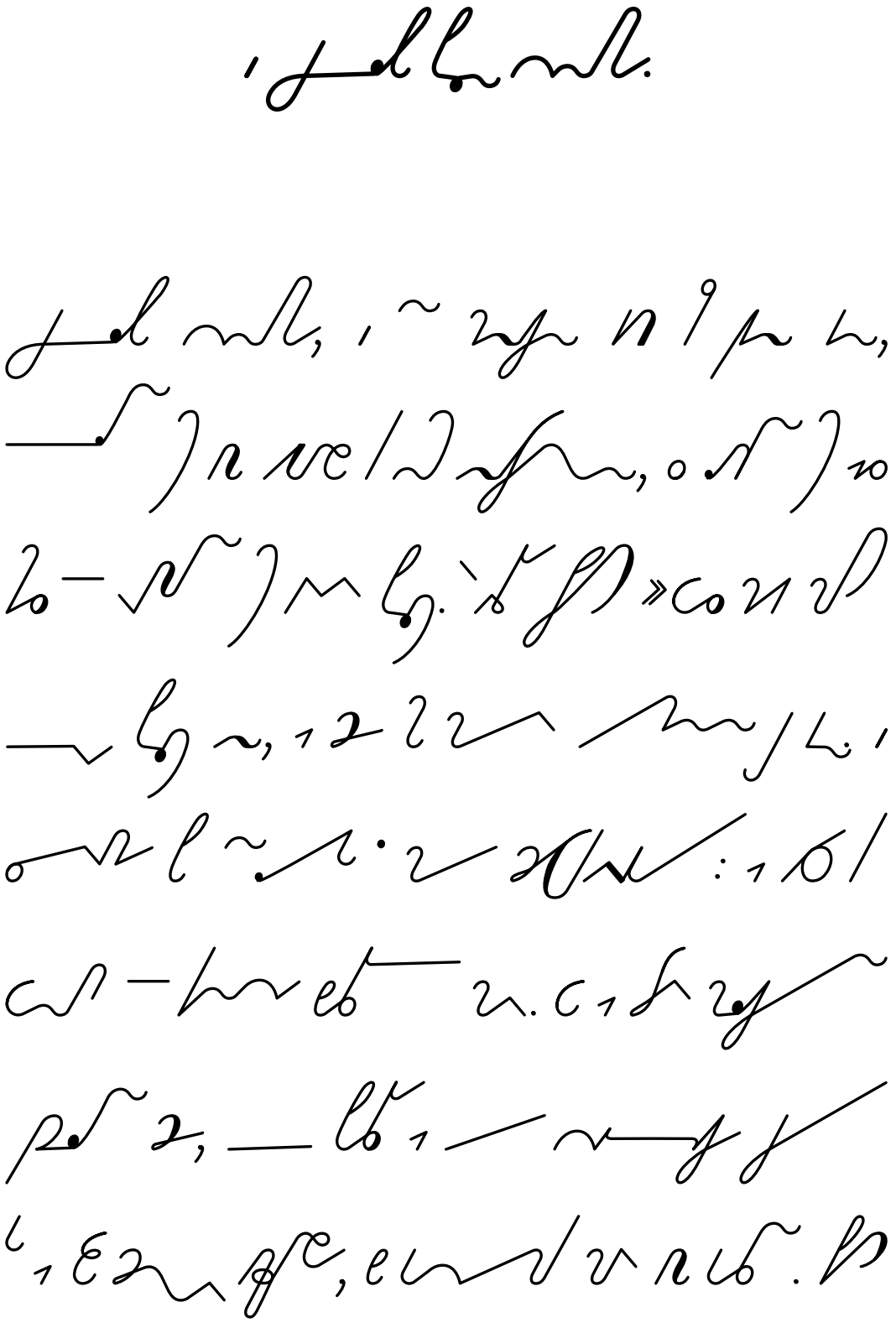

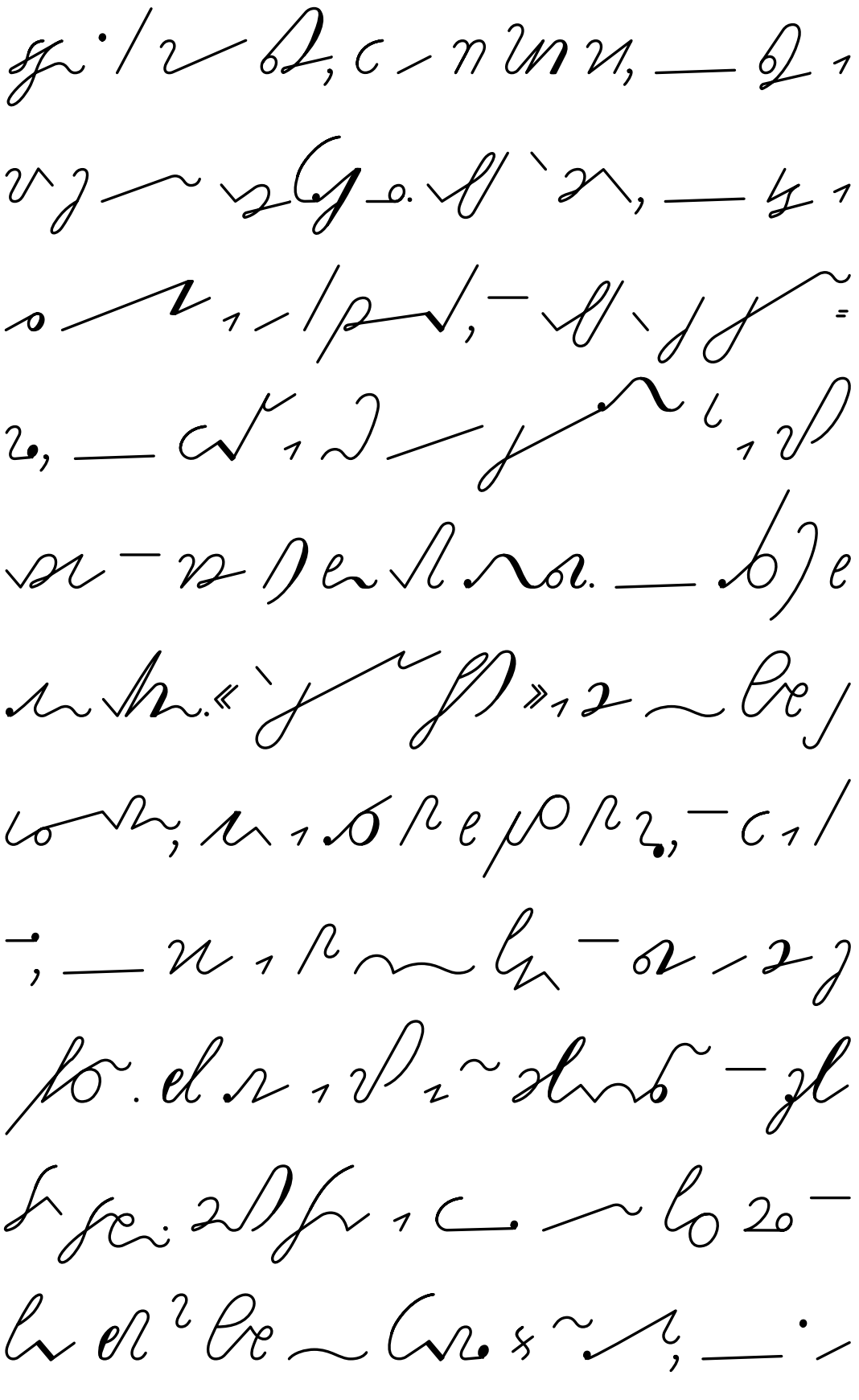

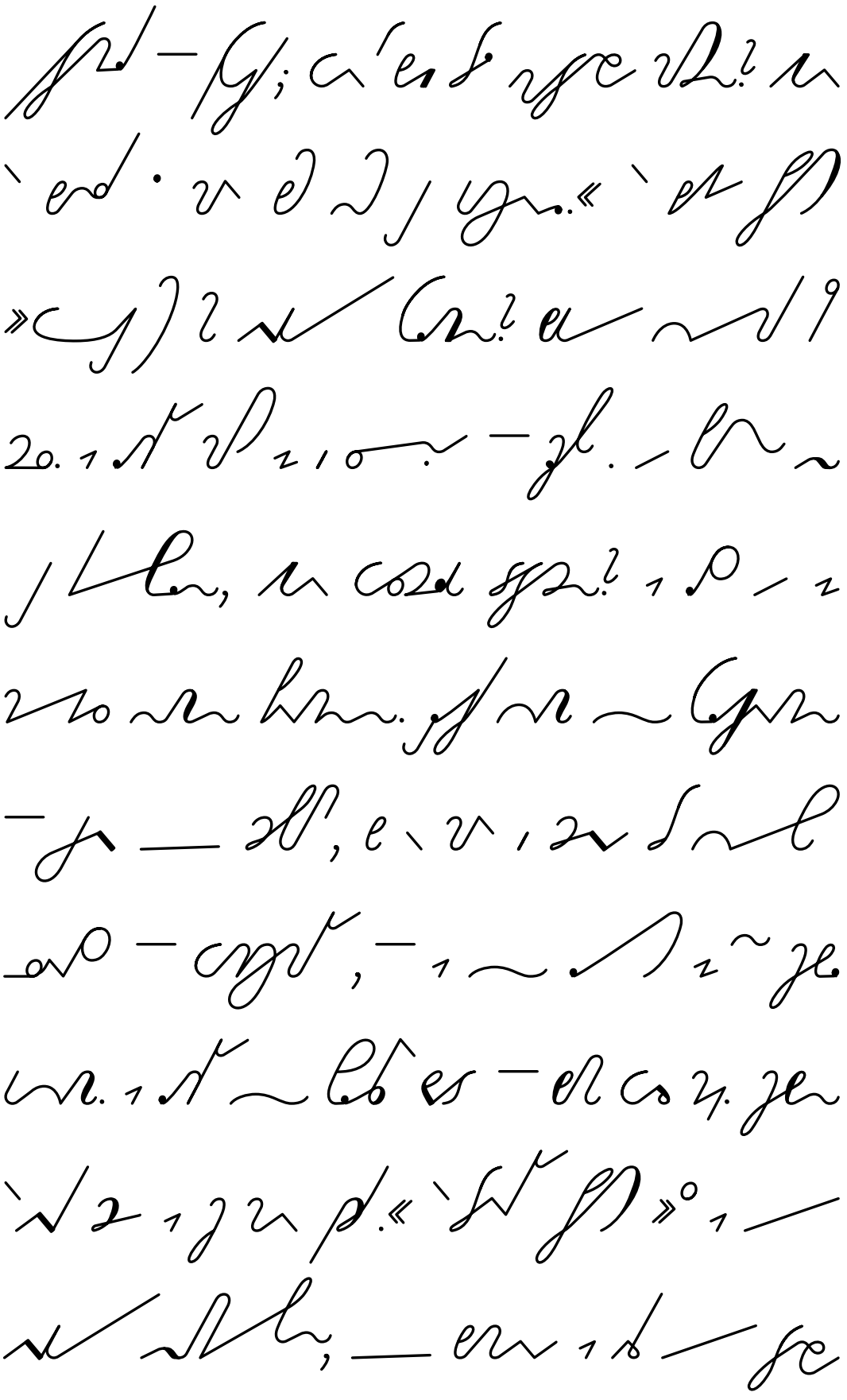

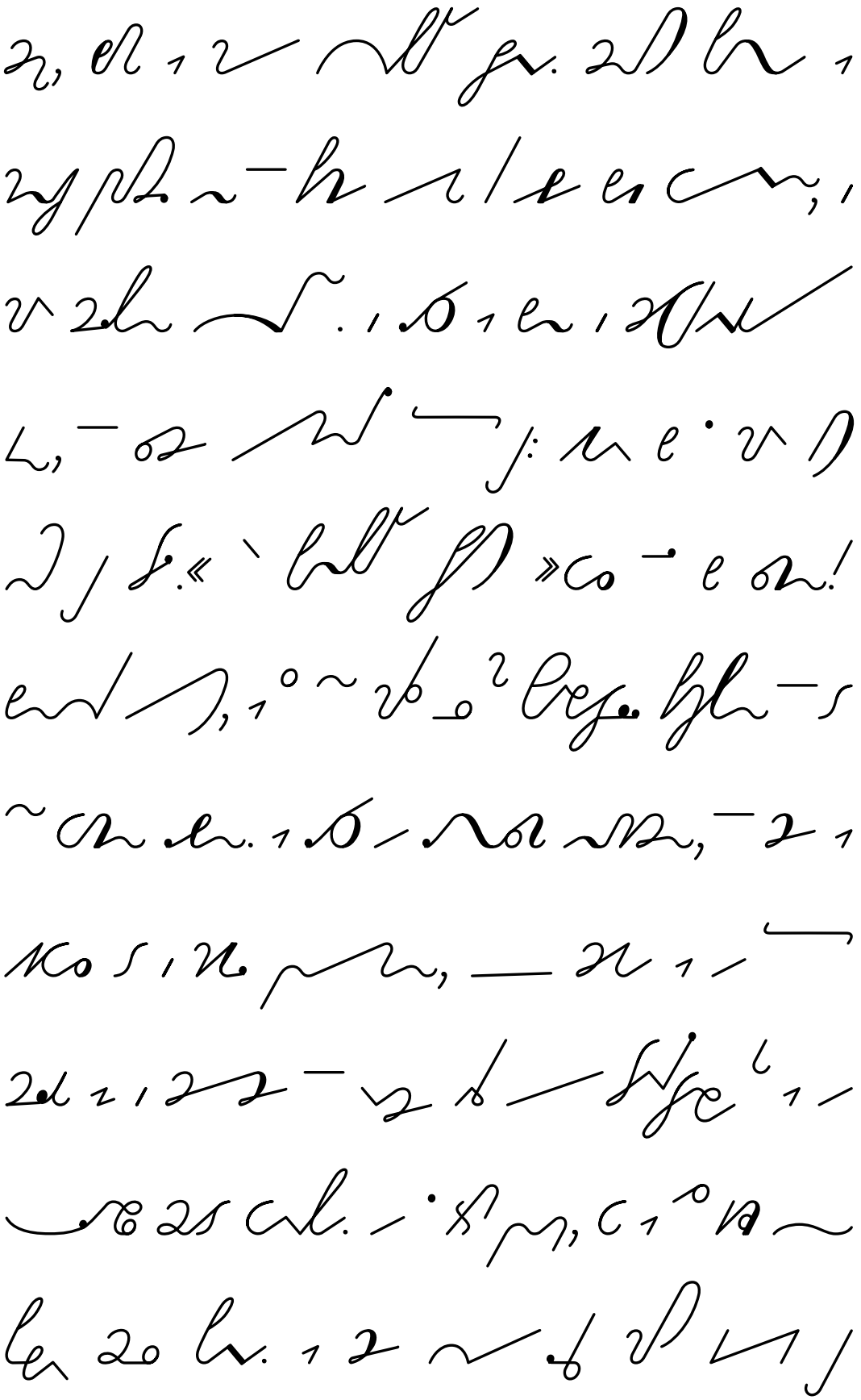

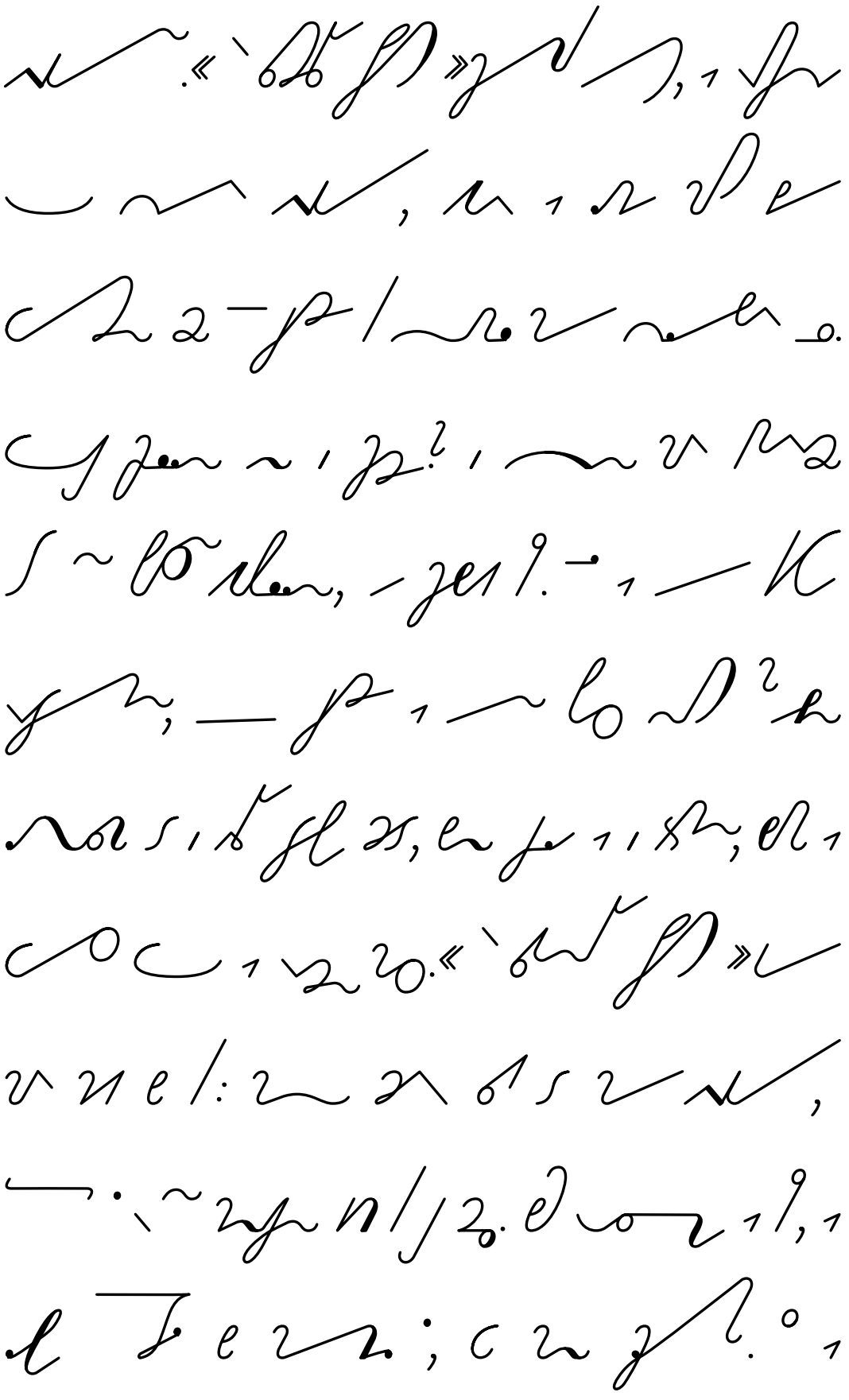

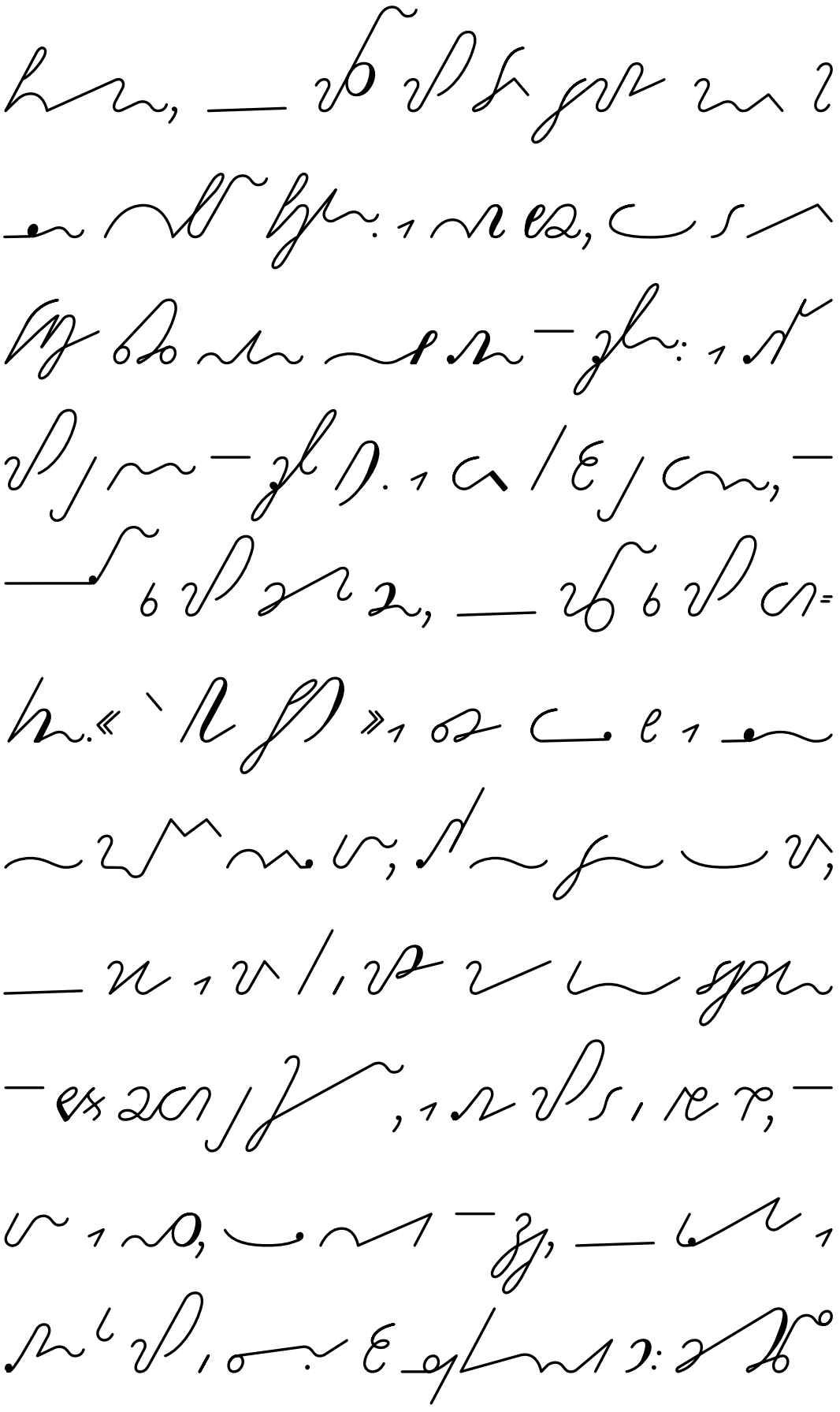

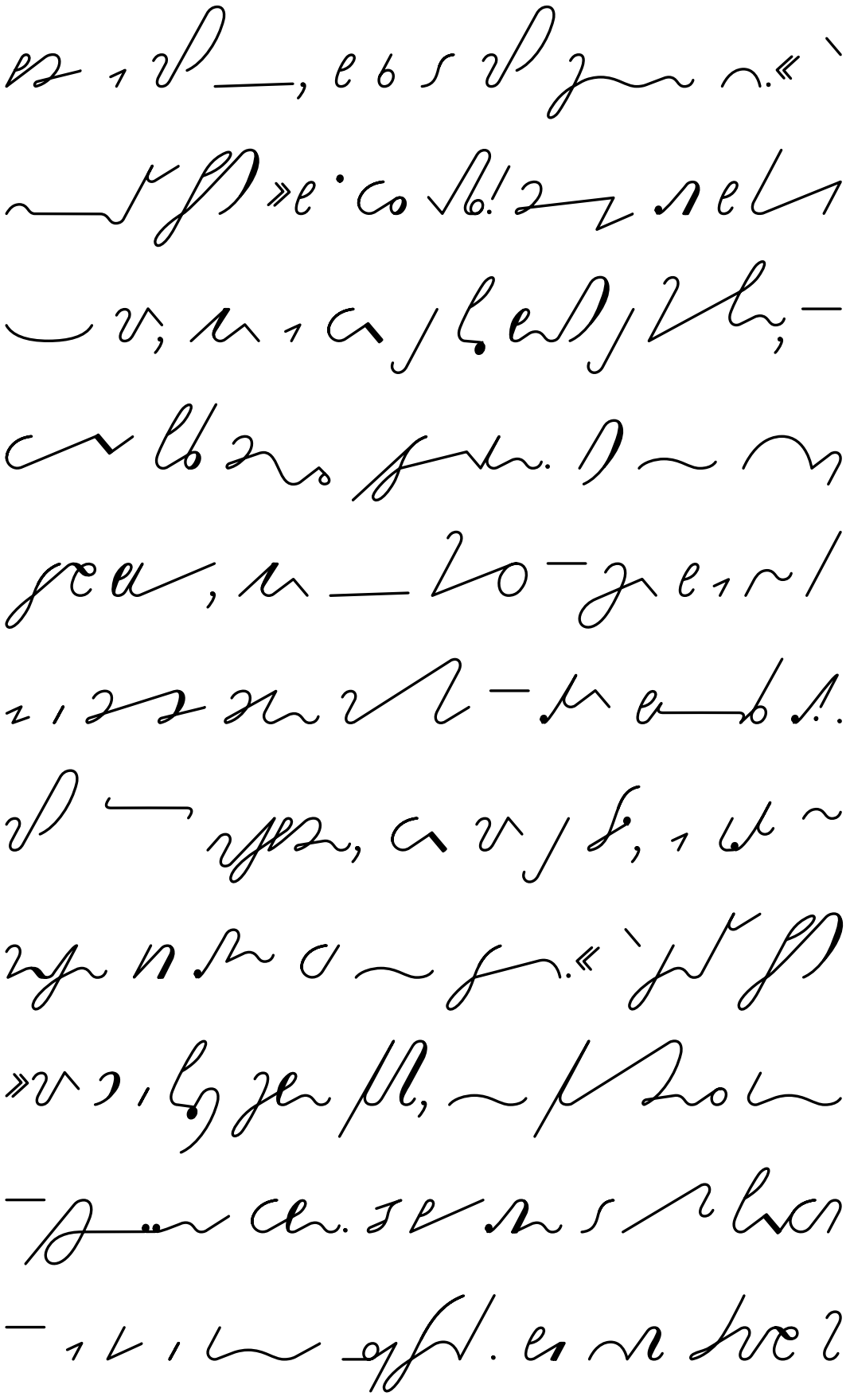

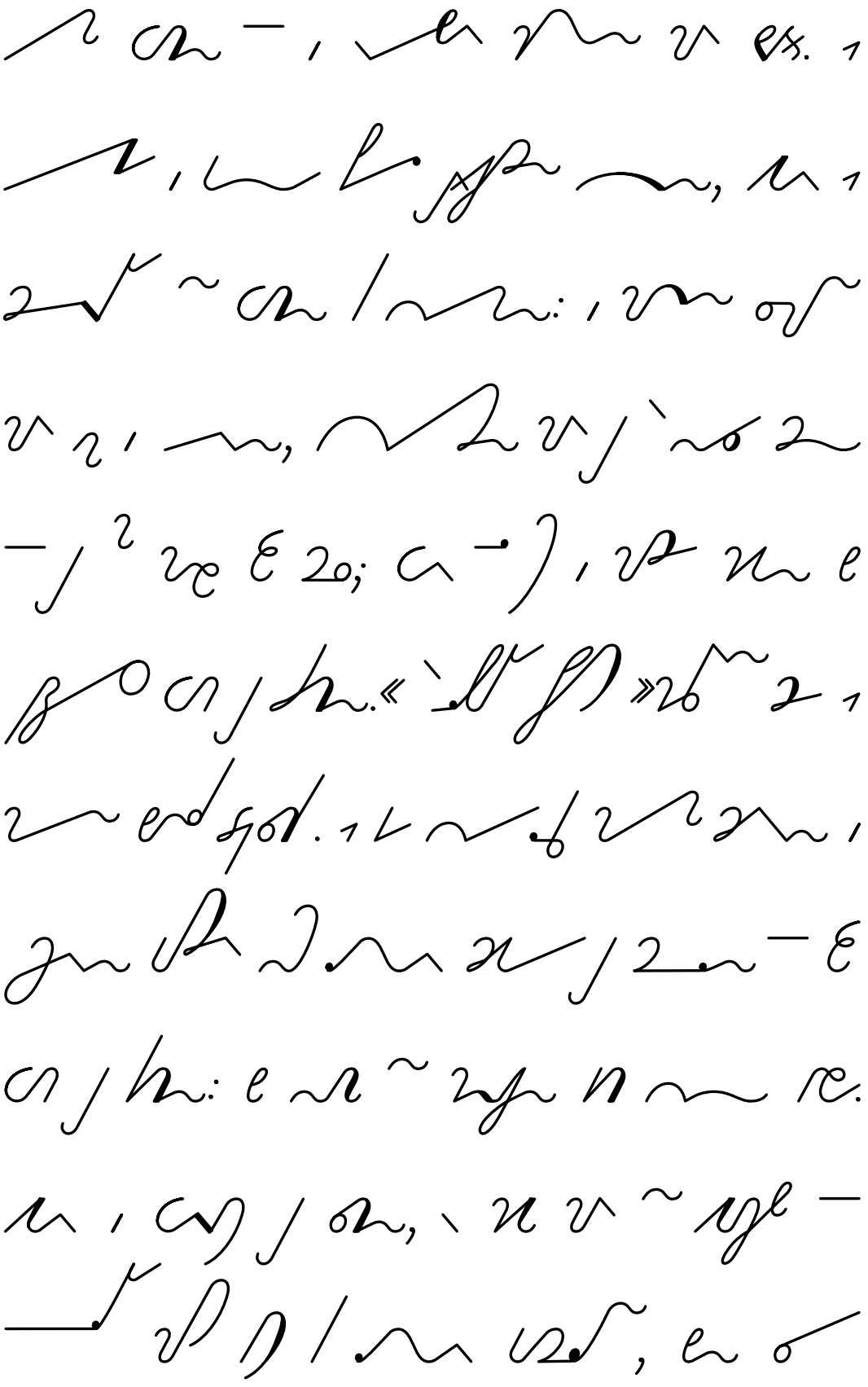

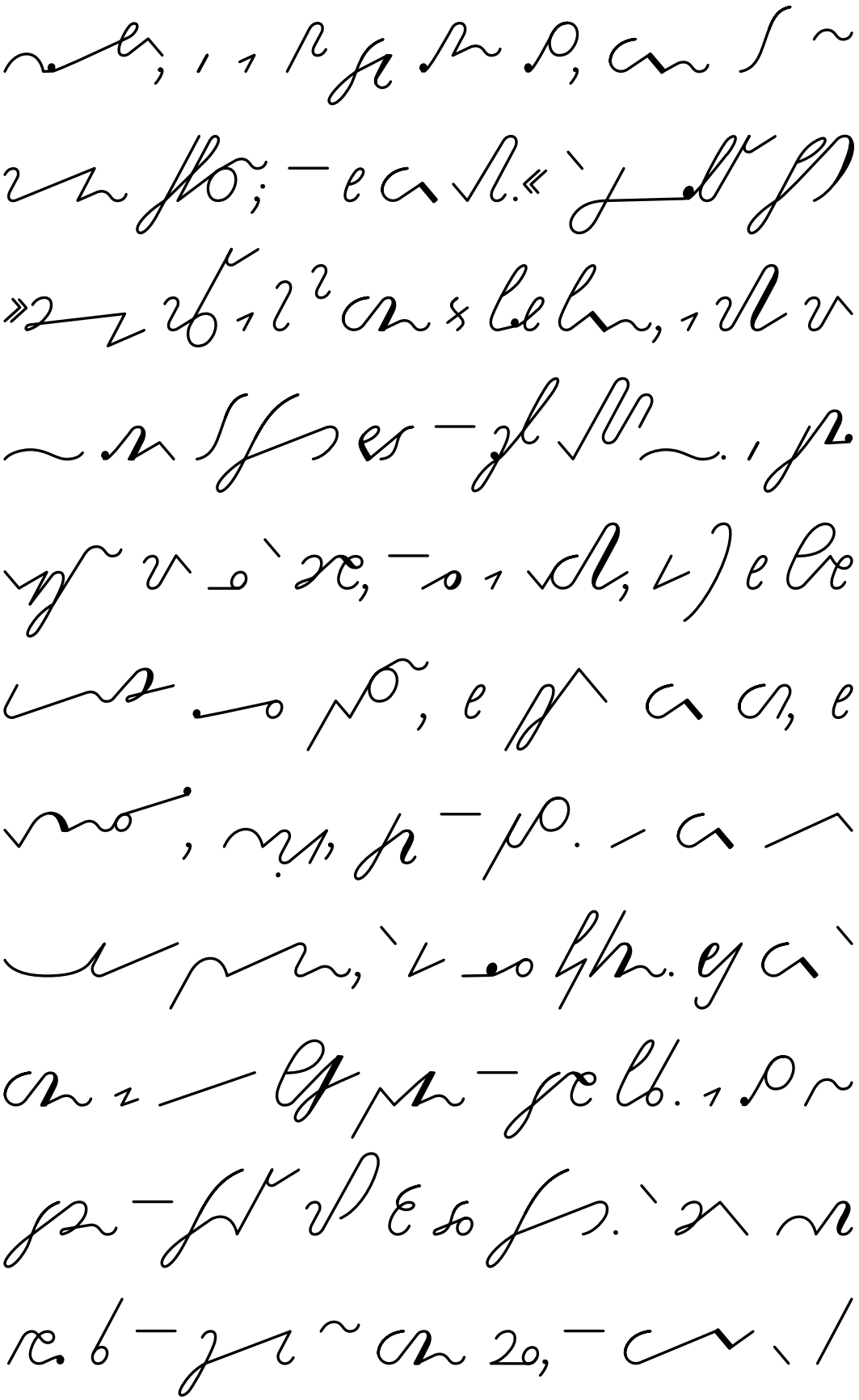

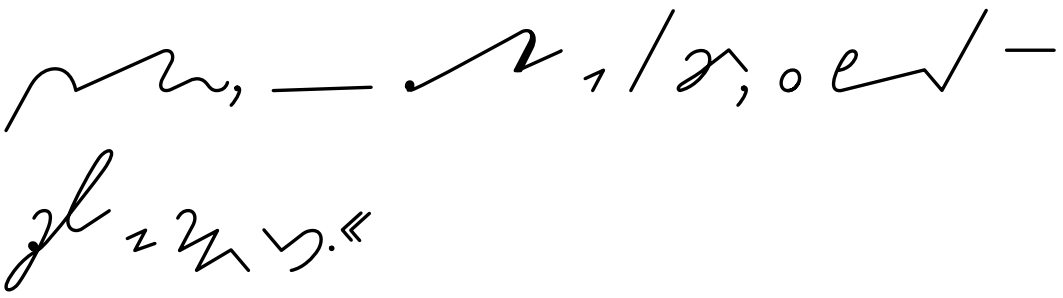

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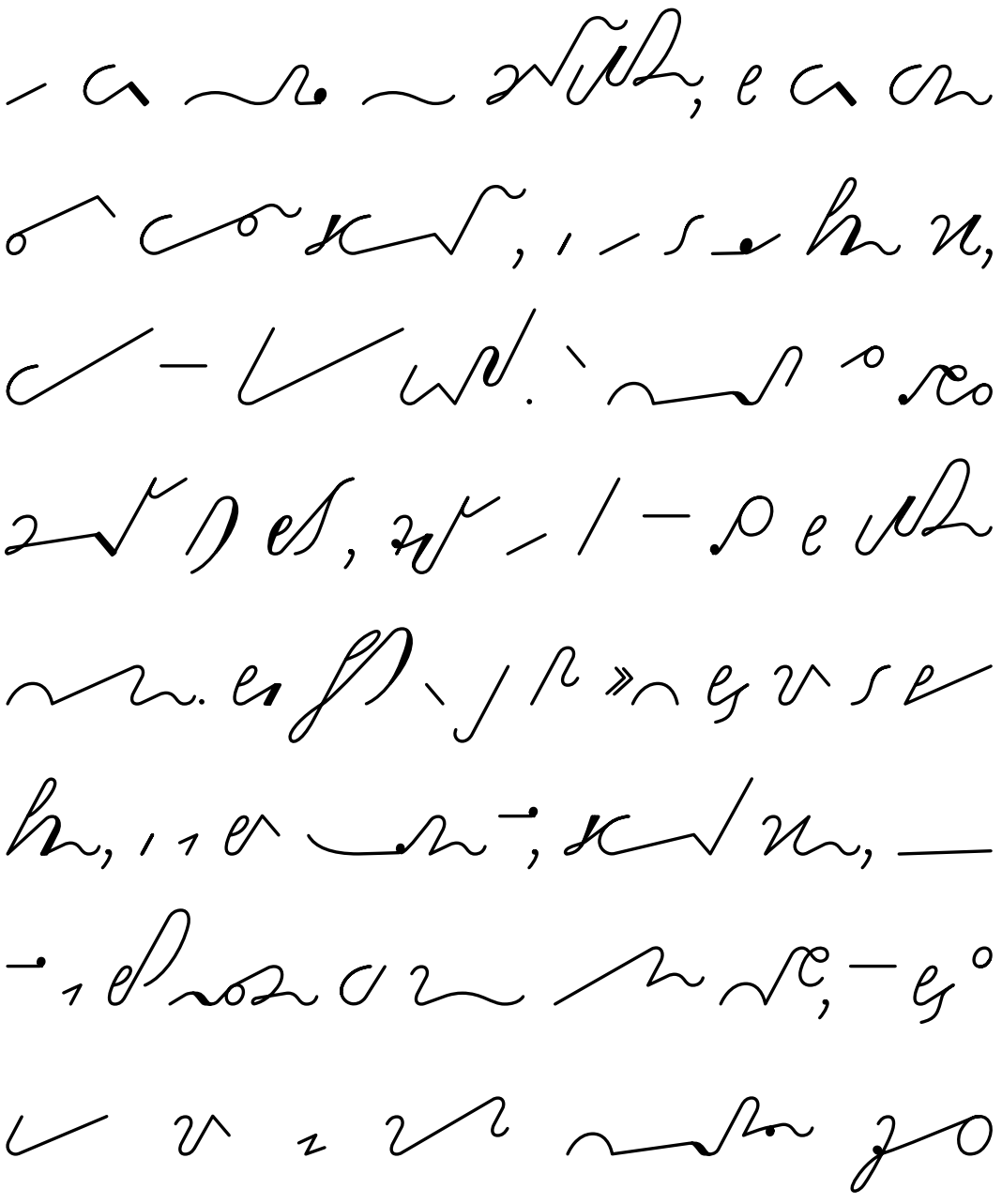

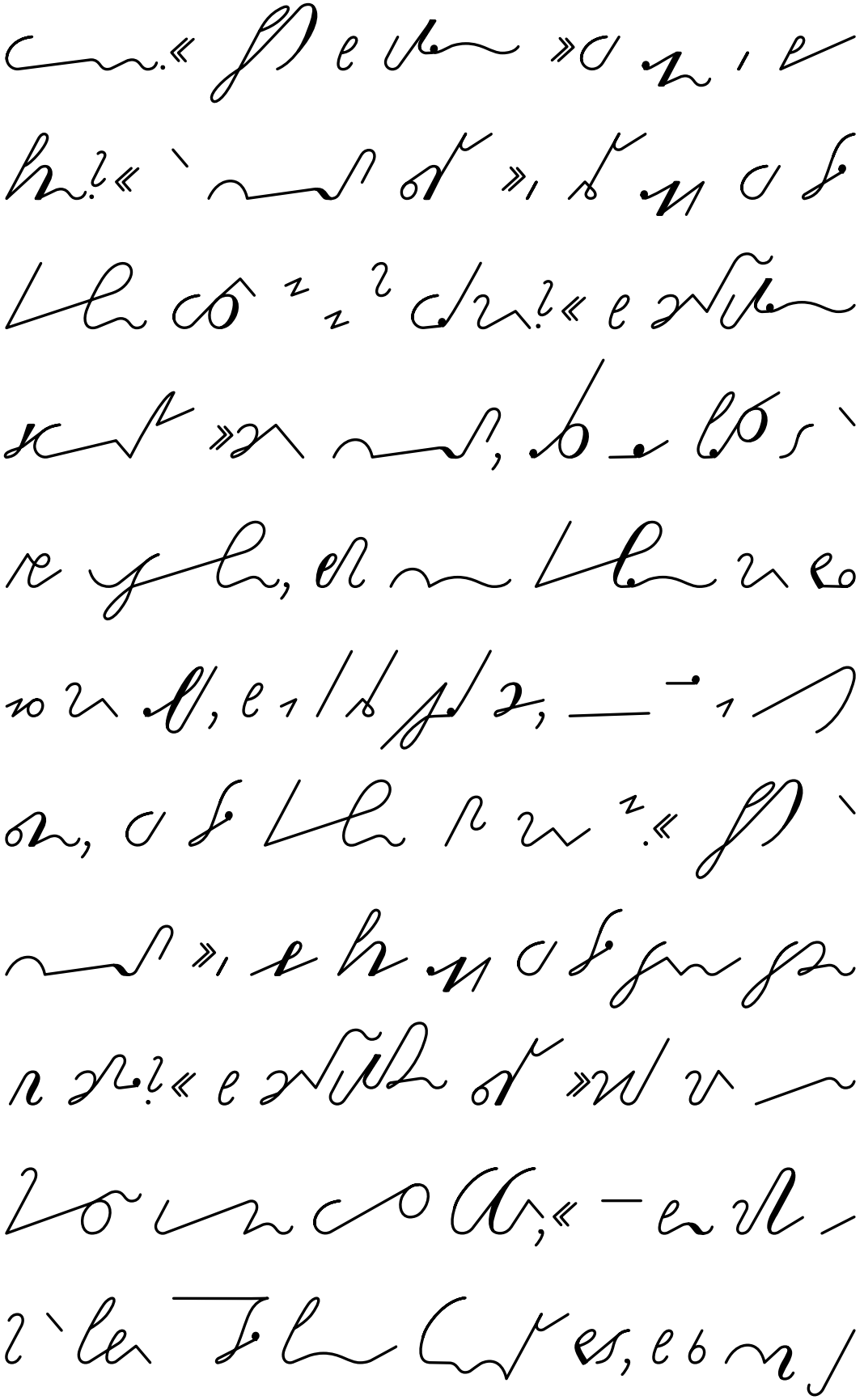

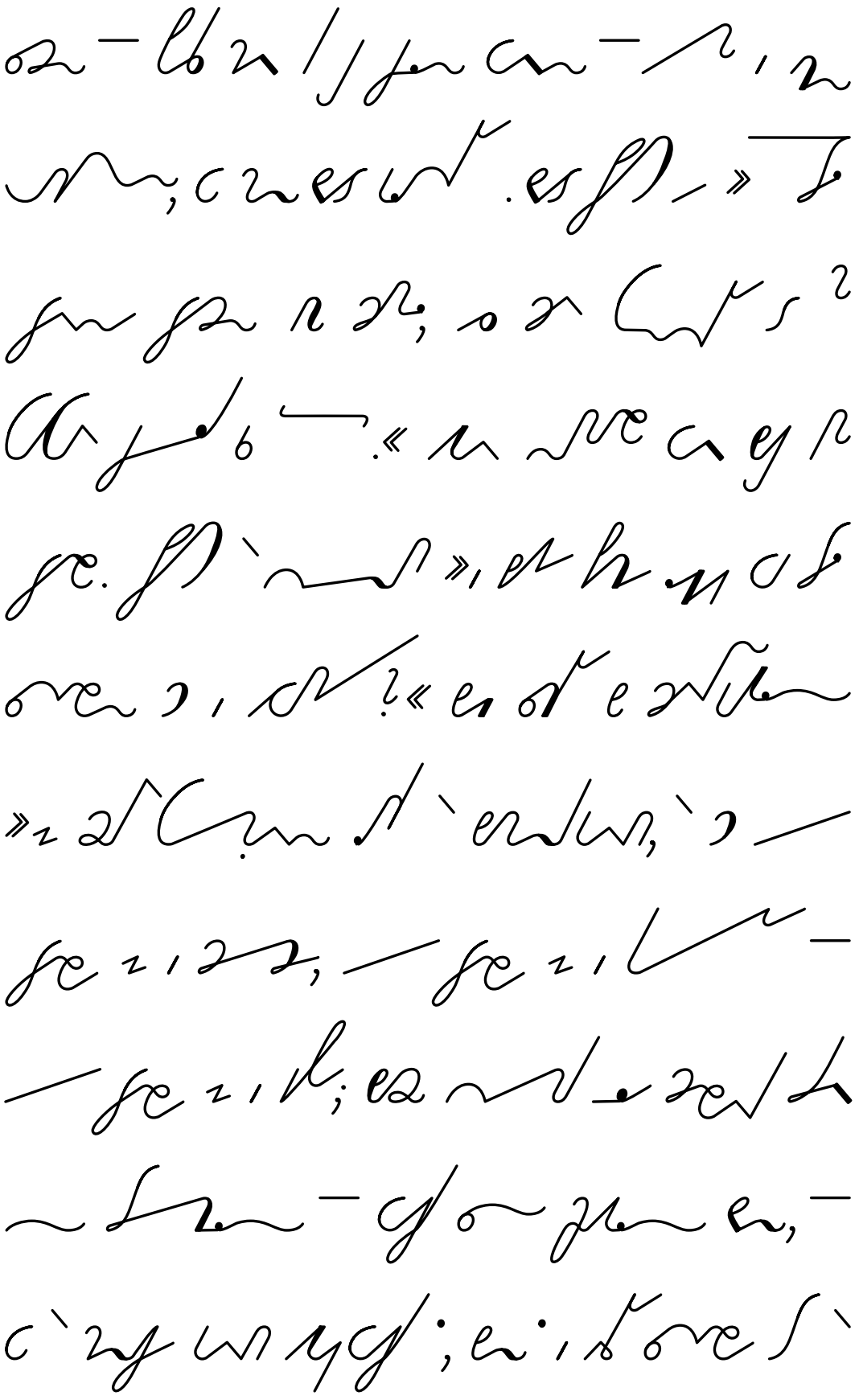

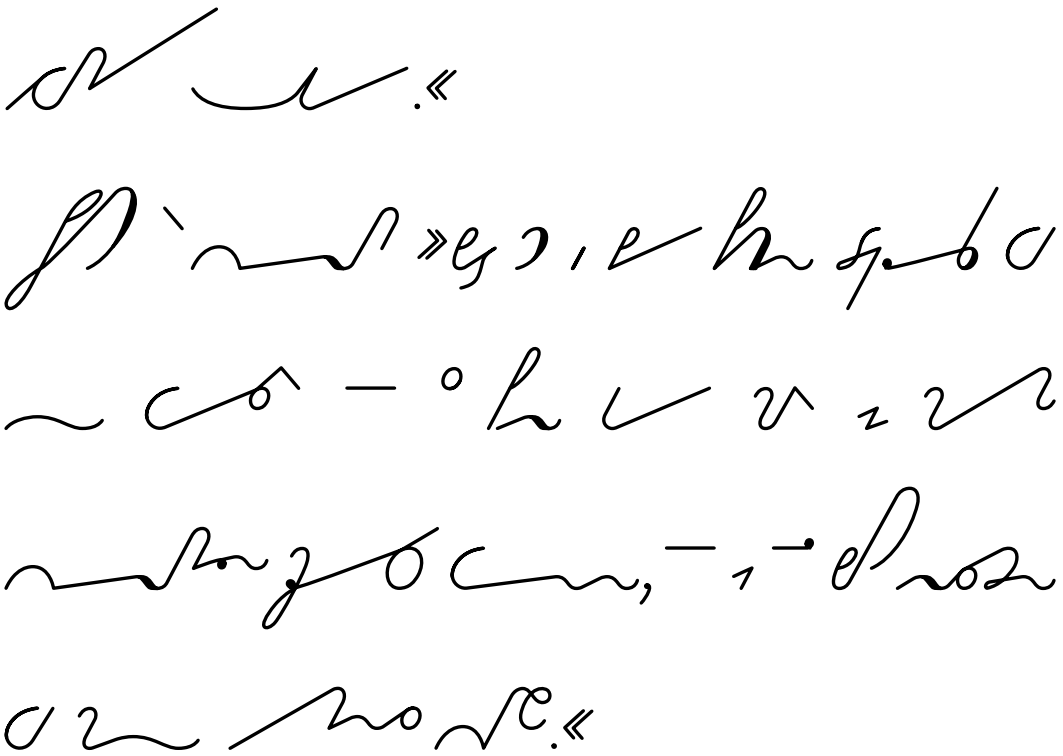

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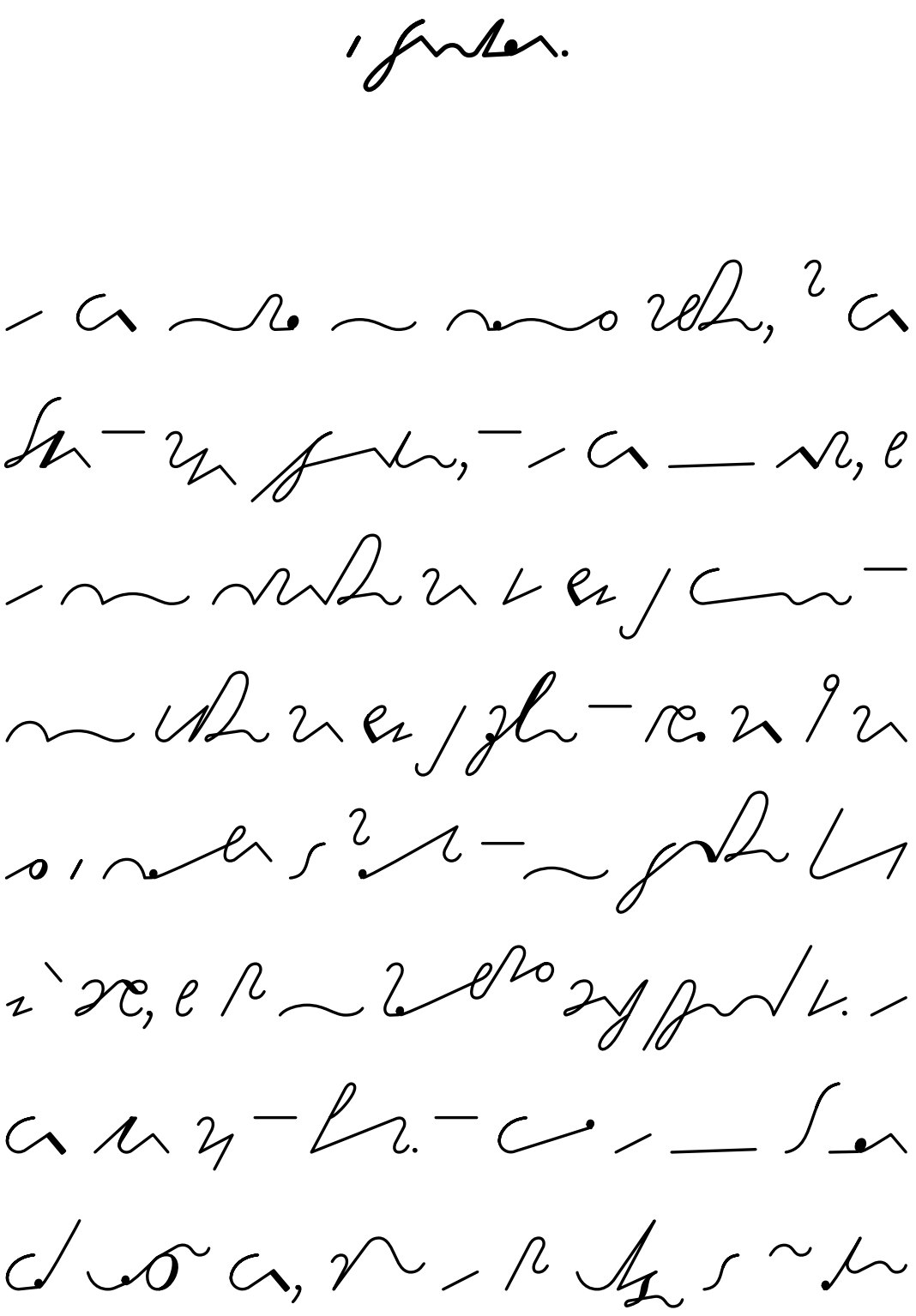

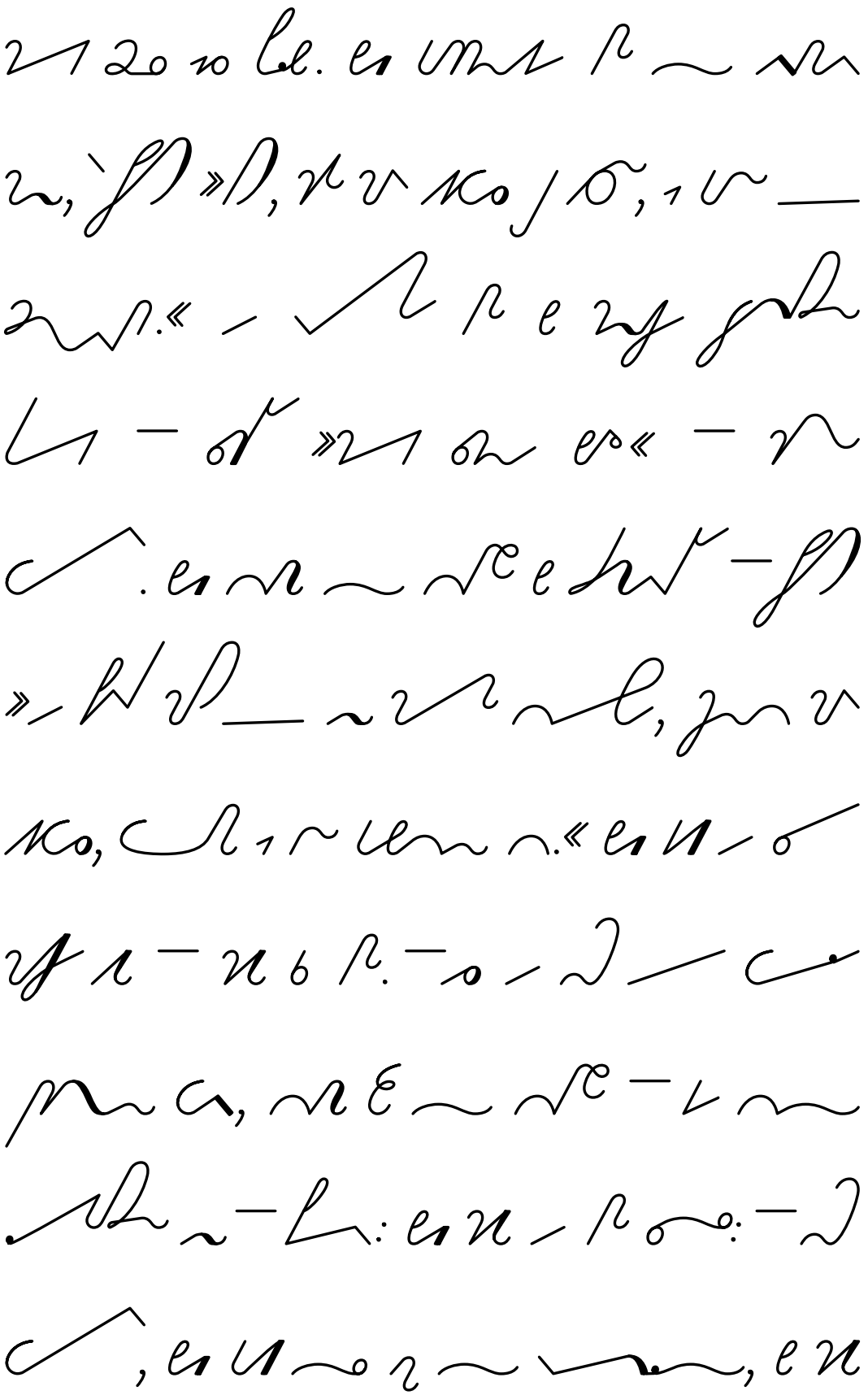

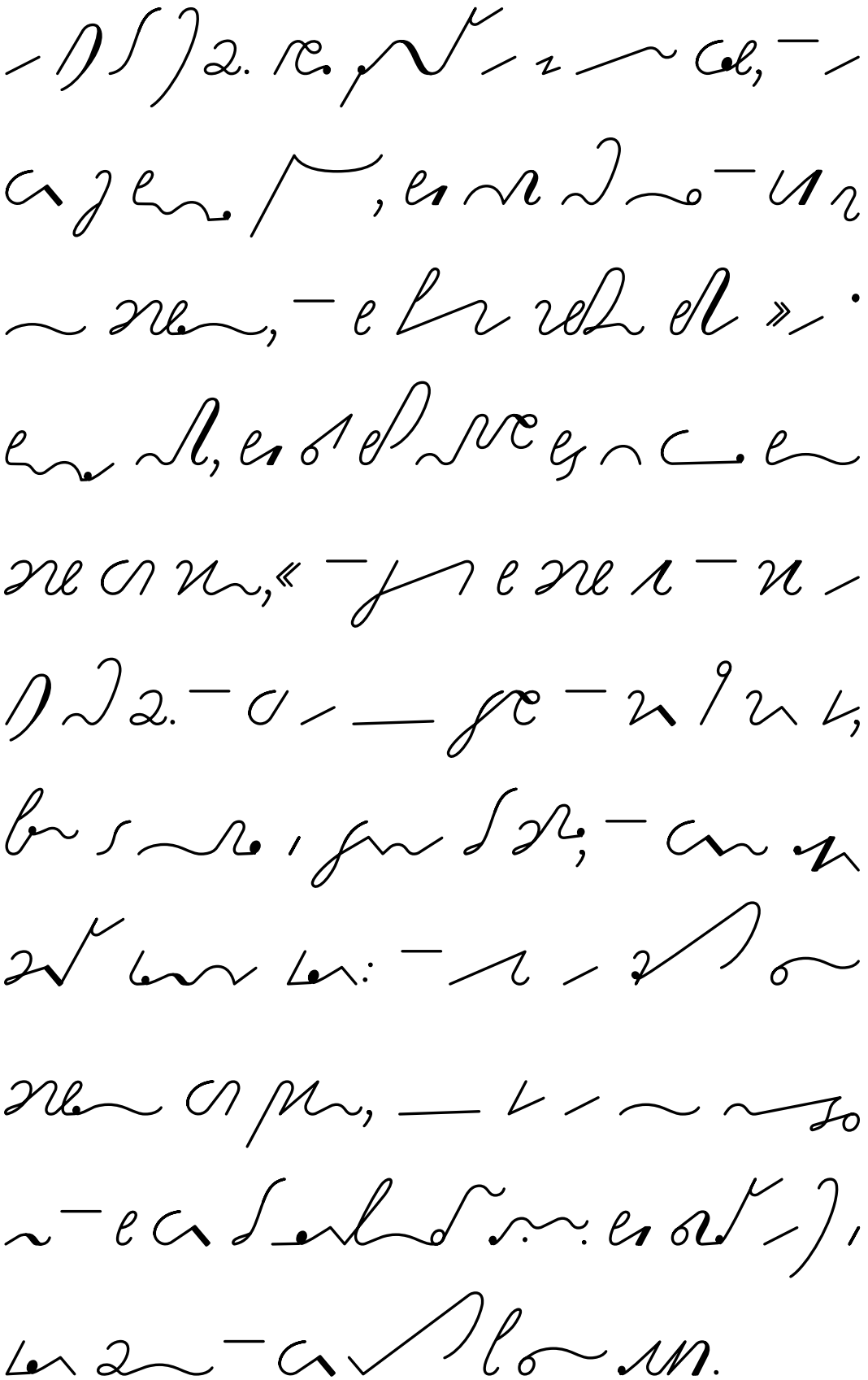

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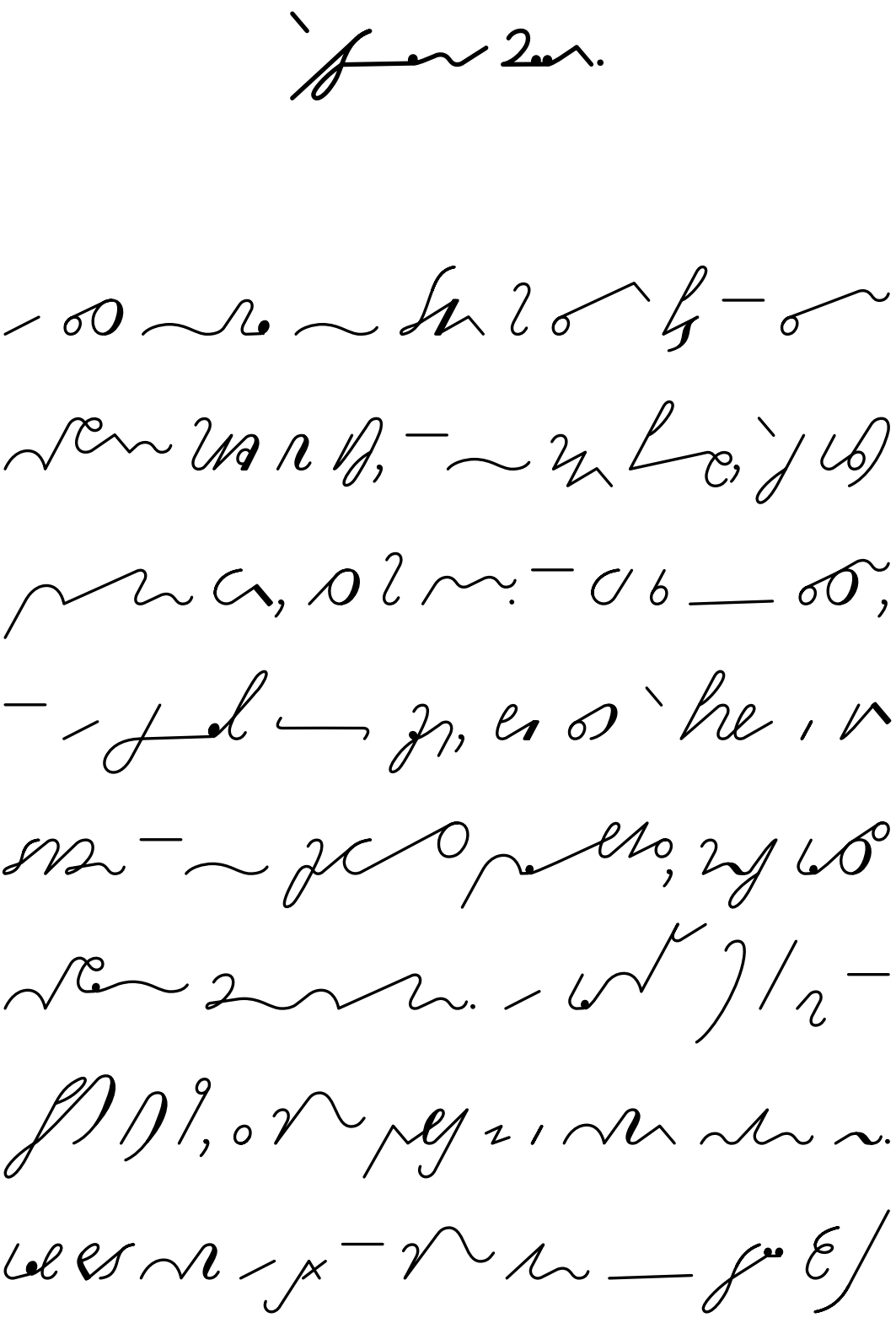
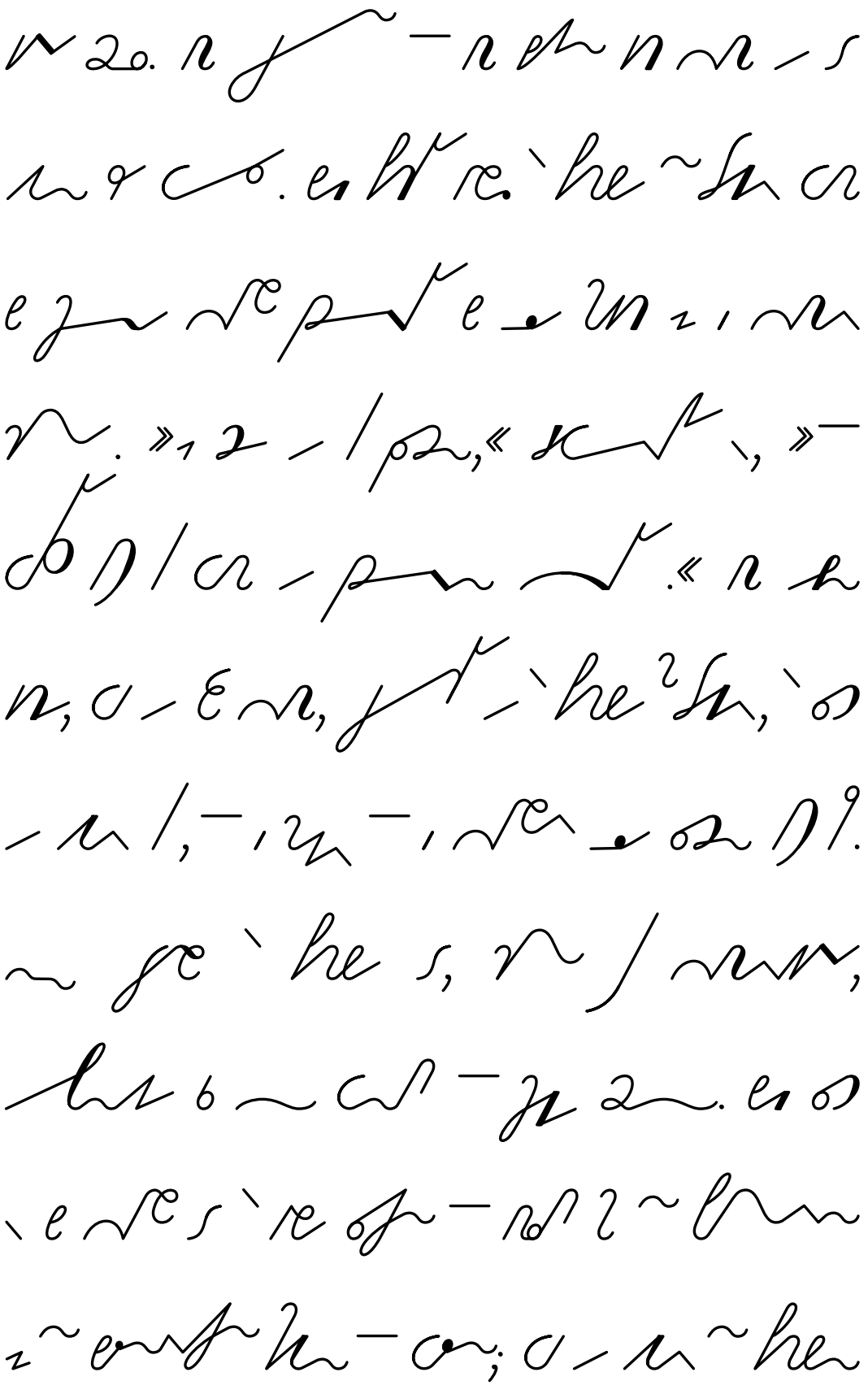
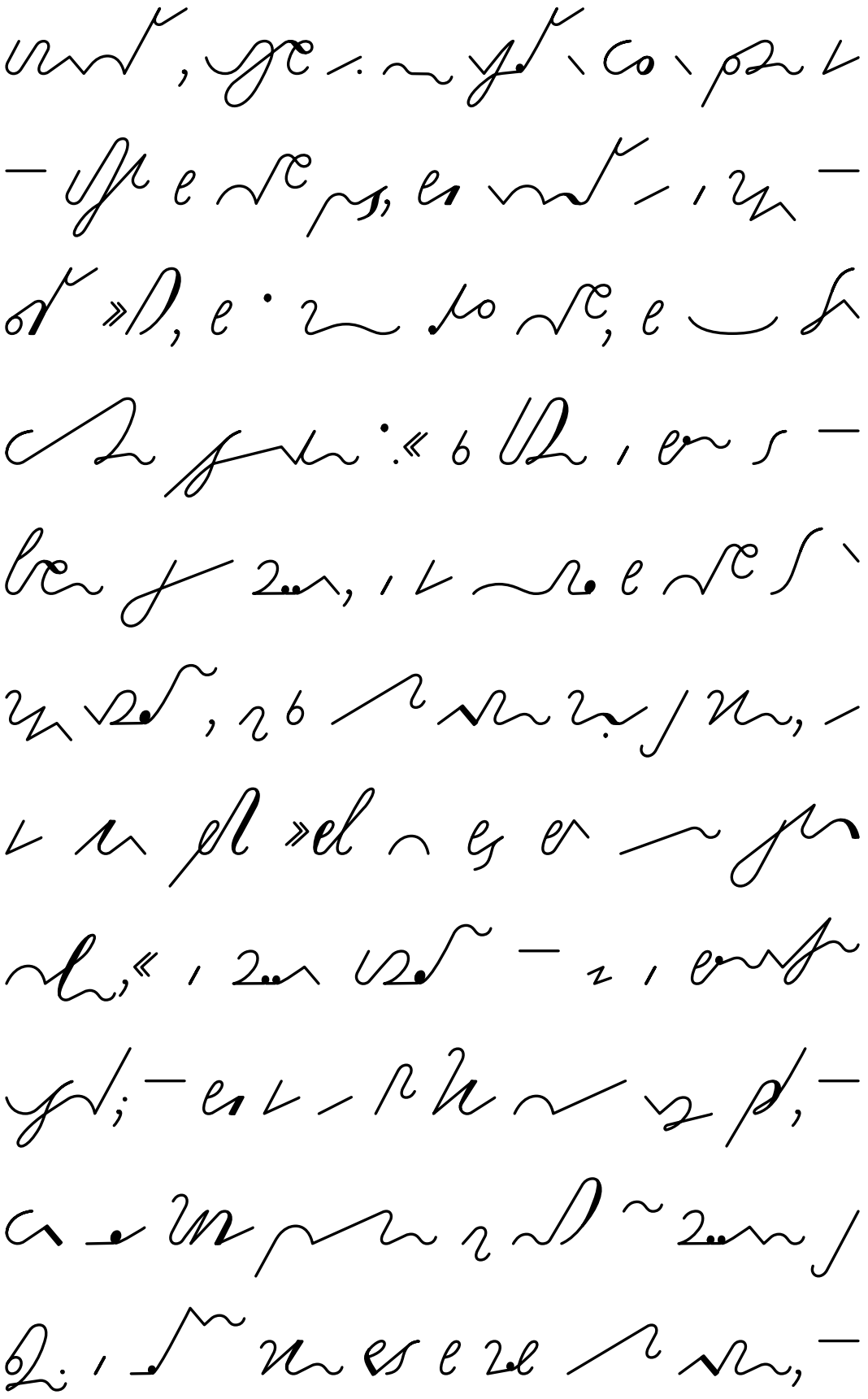
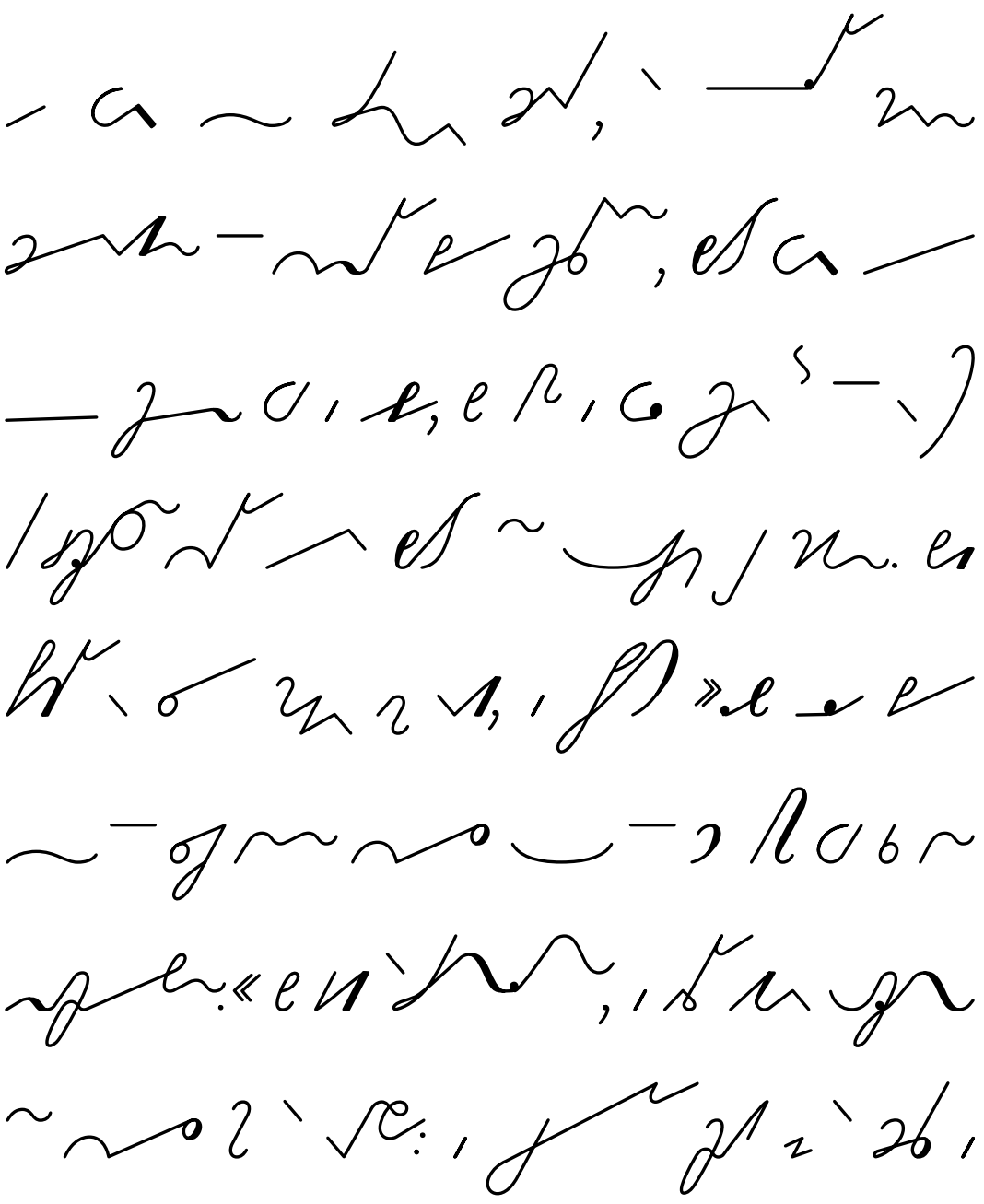
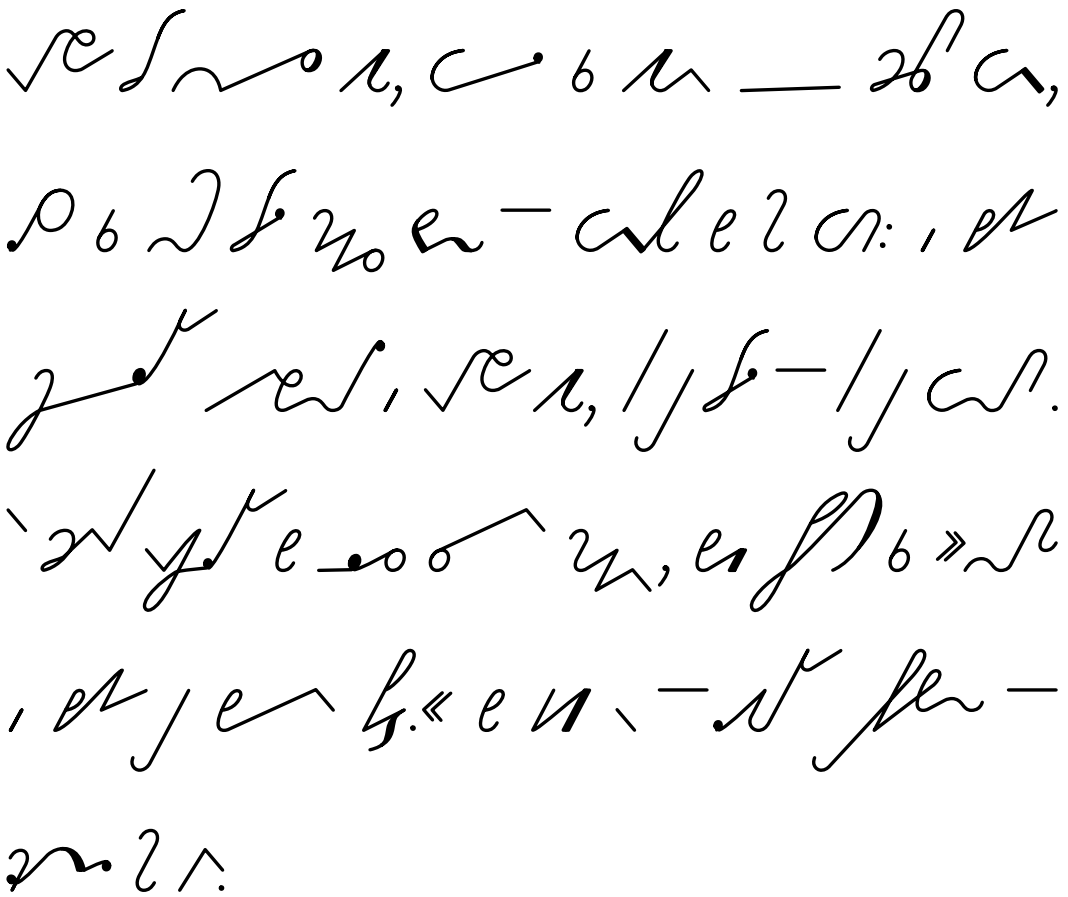




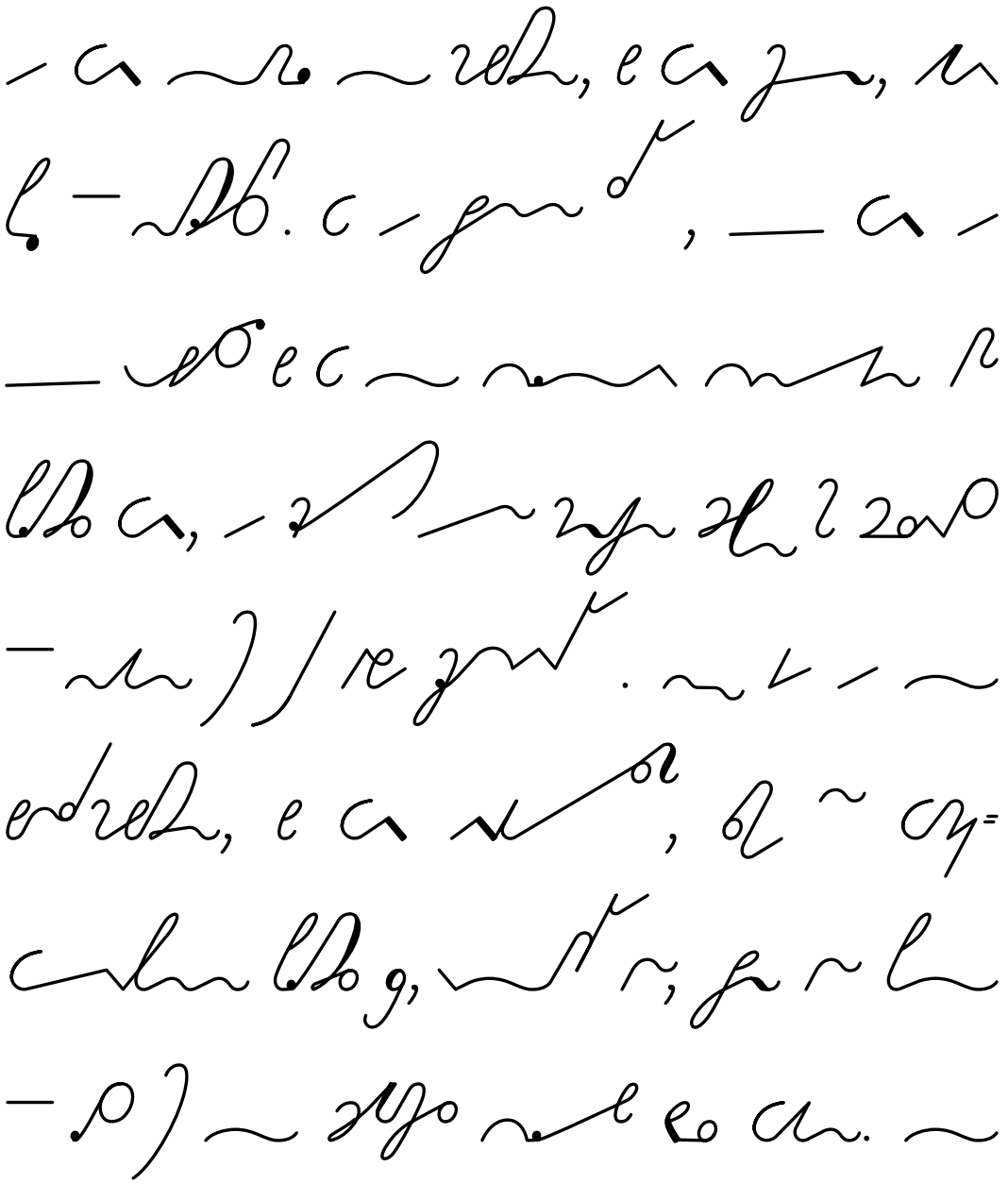


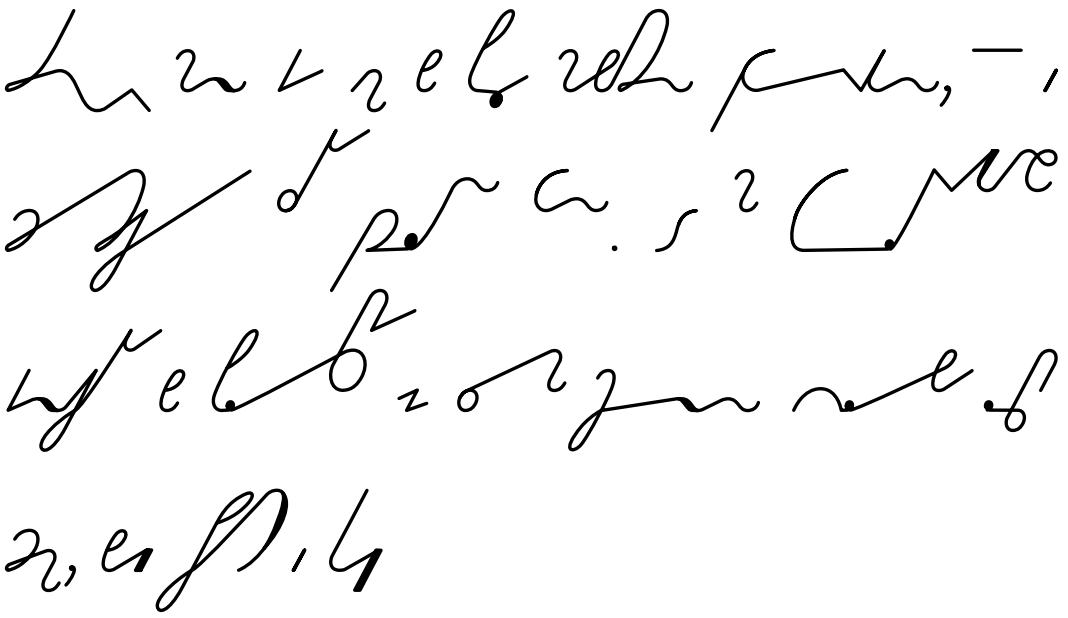




156.

[Schlickerlinge].

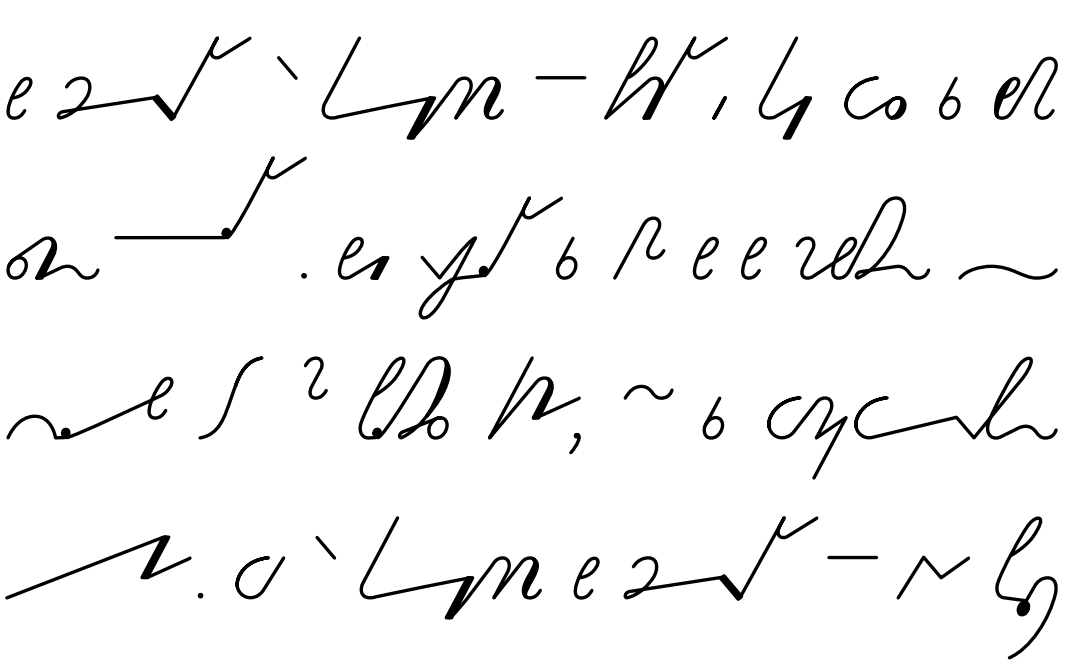


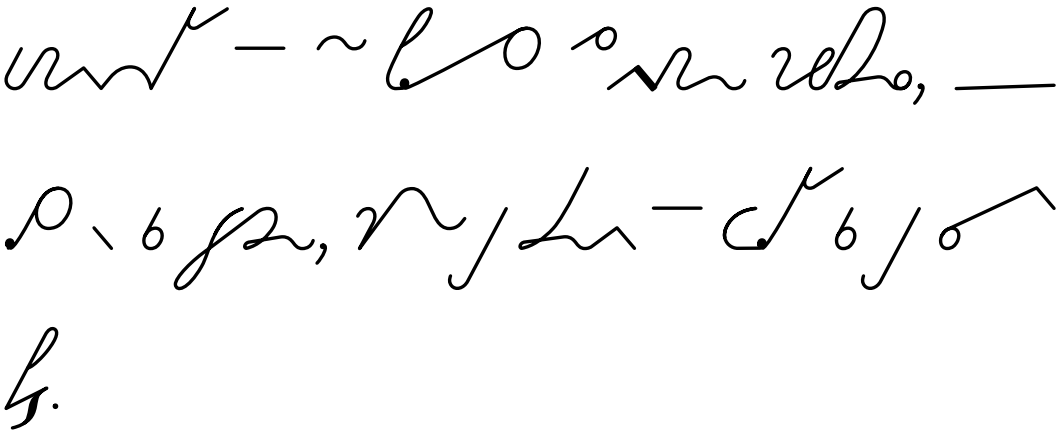


»ach, wat kann dat Mäken sp-

ringen

in minen Slickerlingen!«





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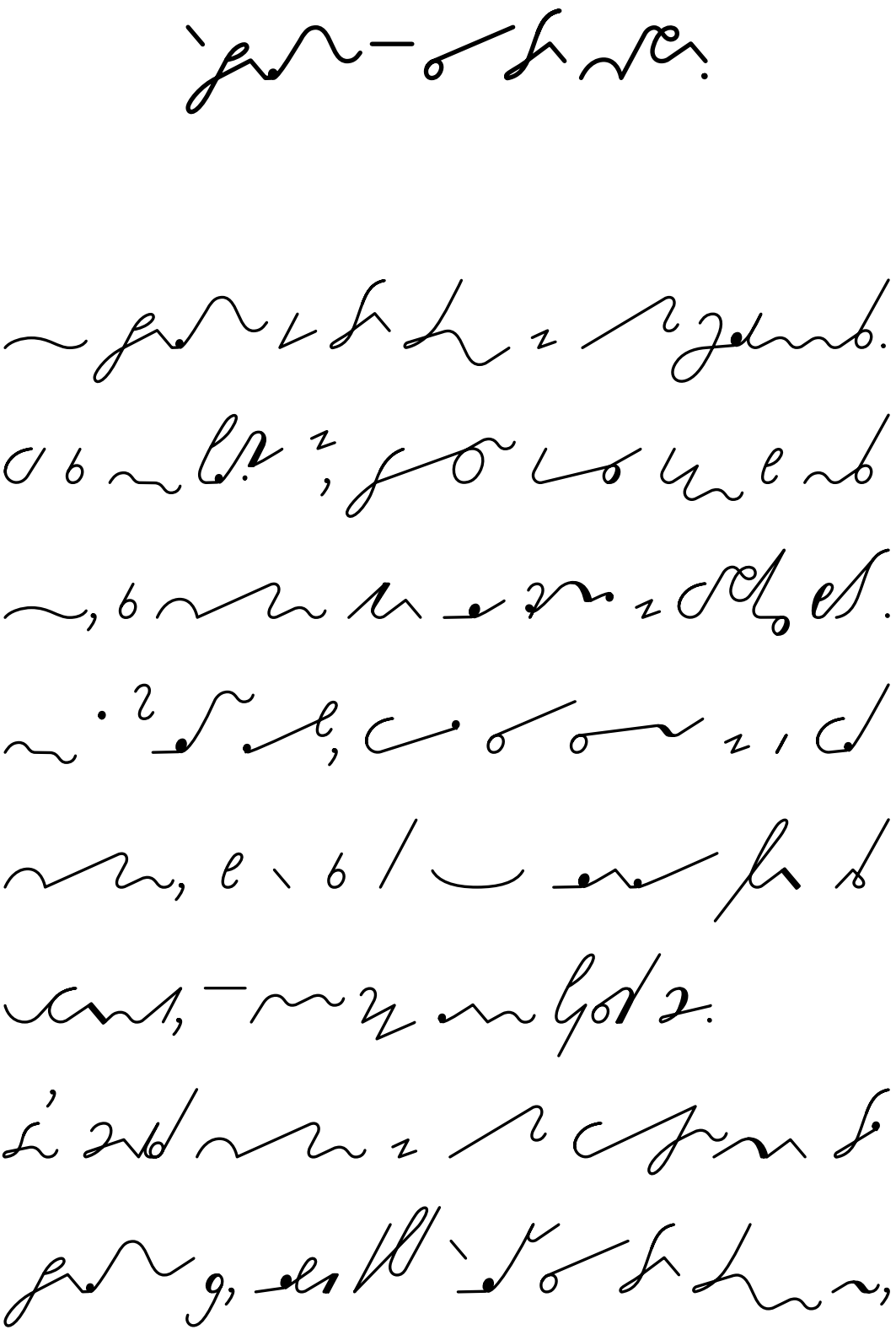

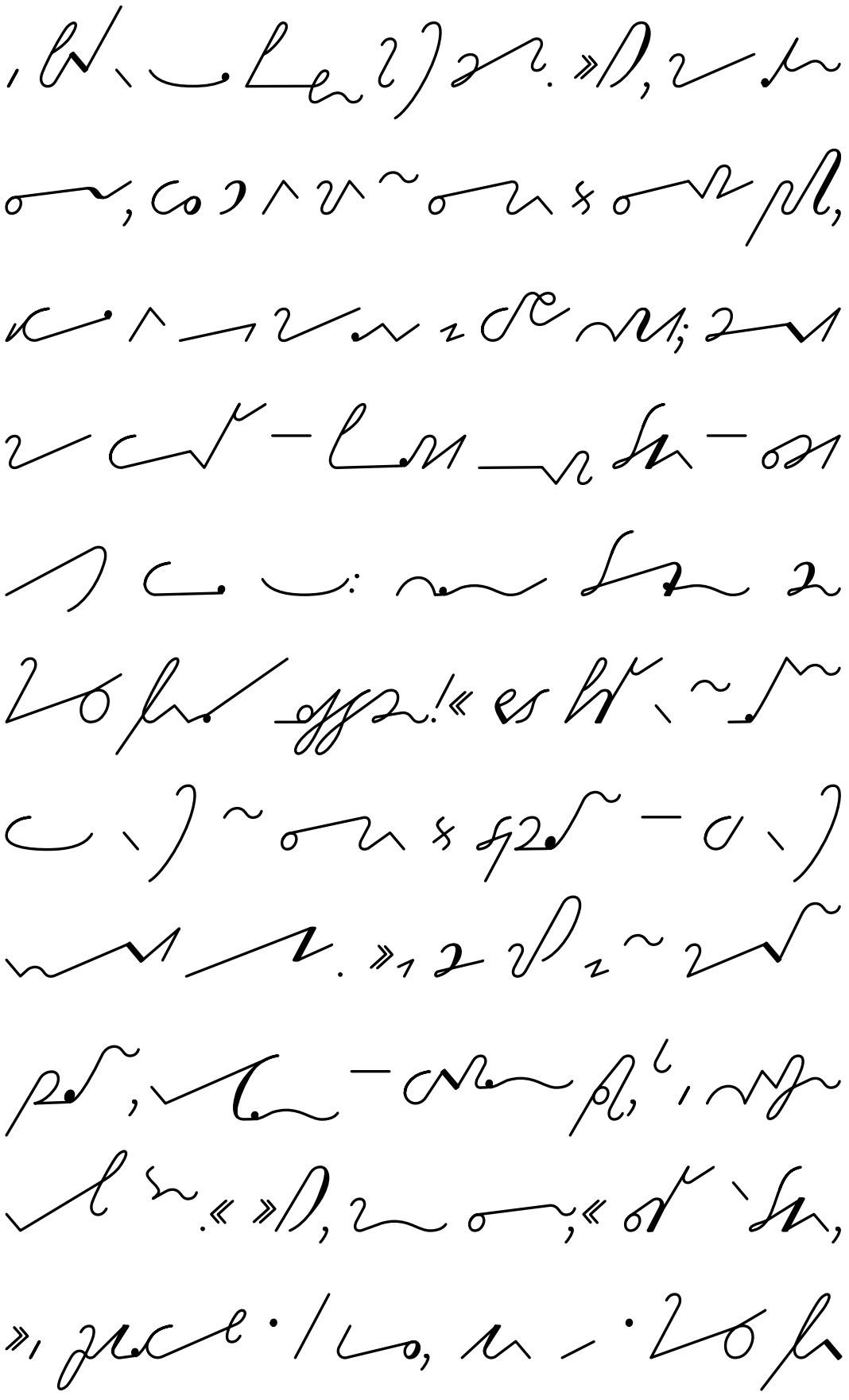

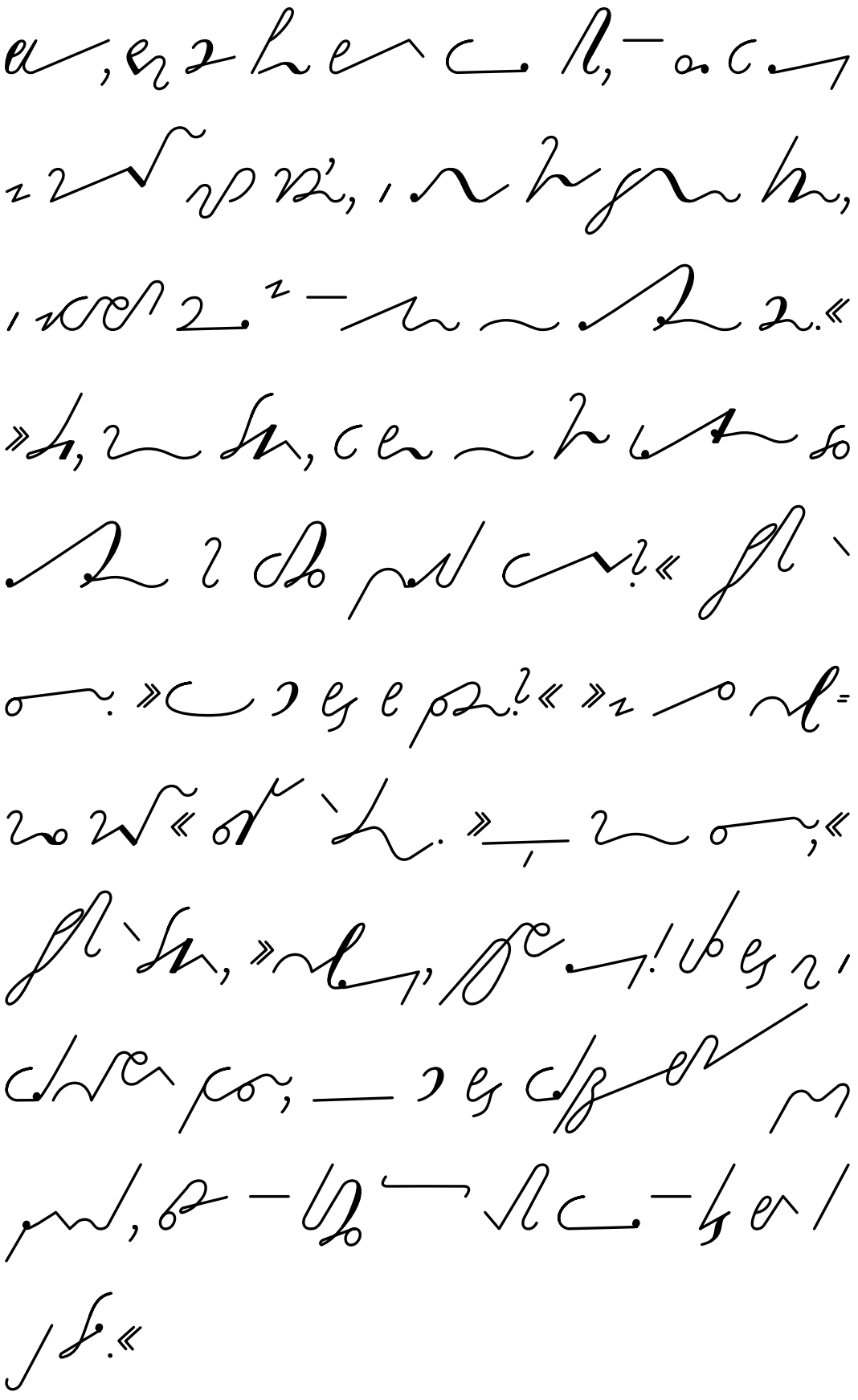

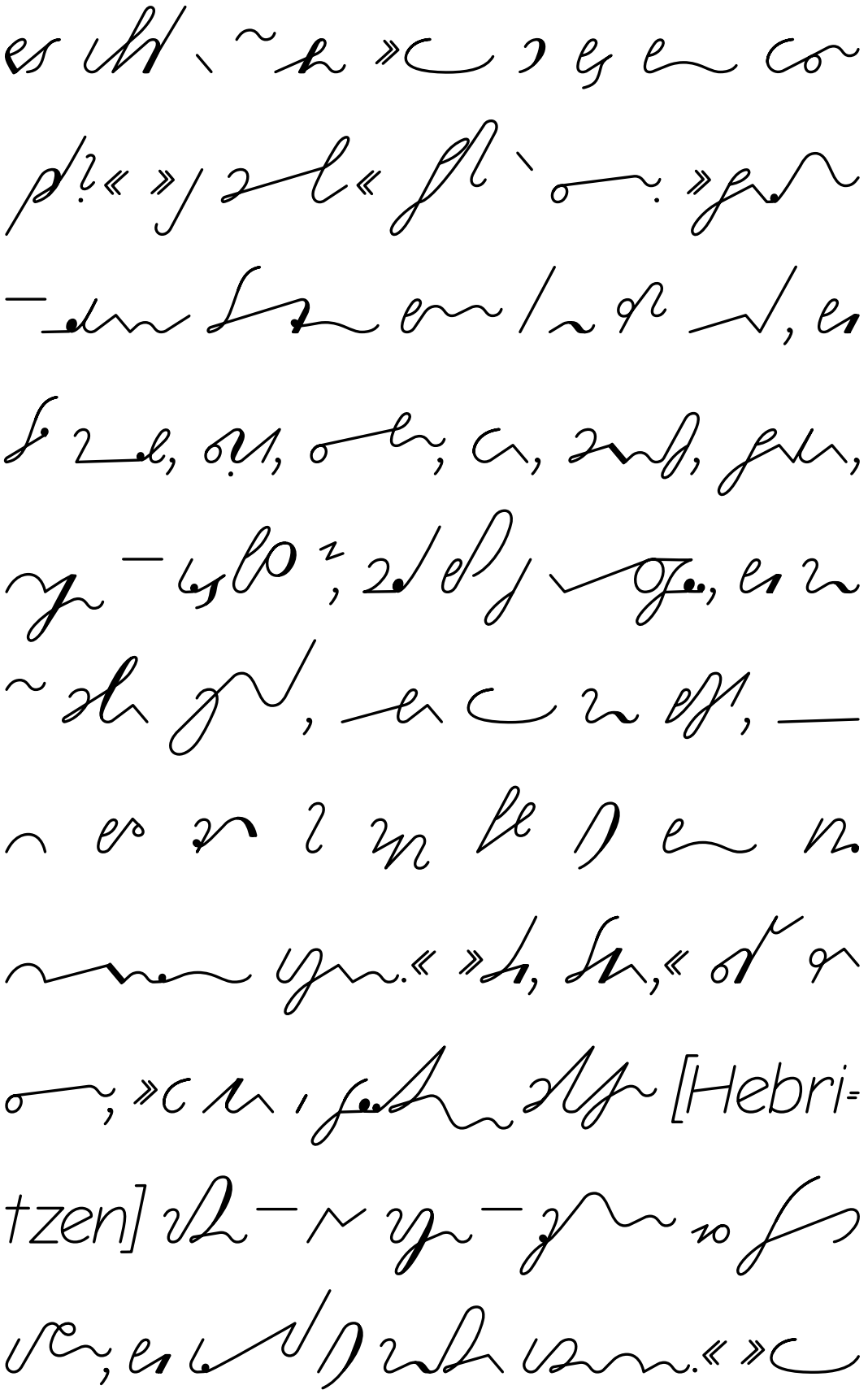
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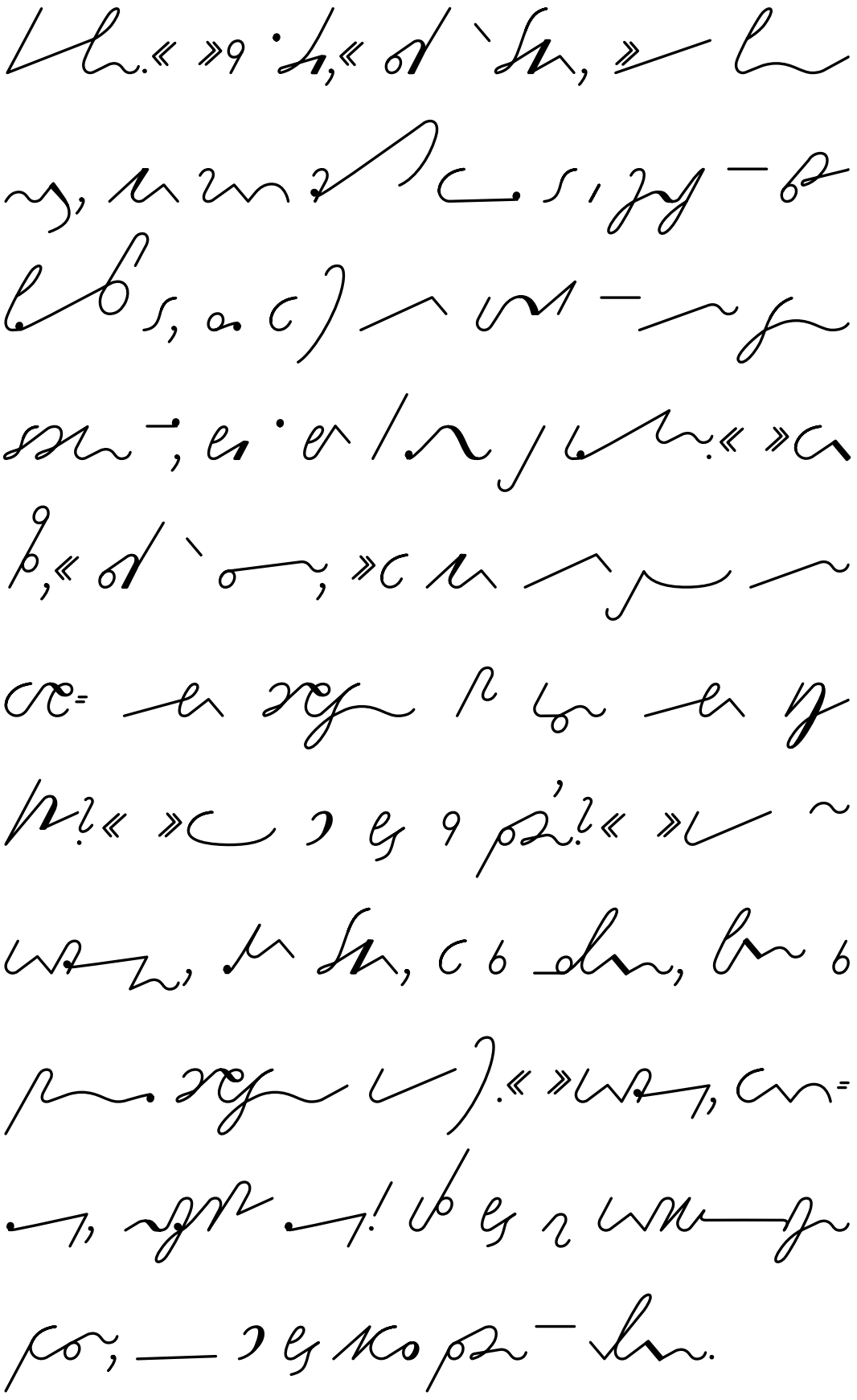

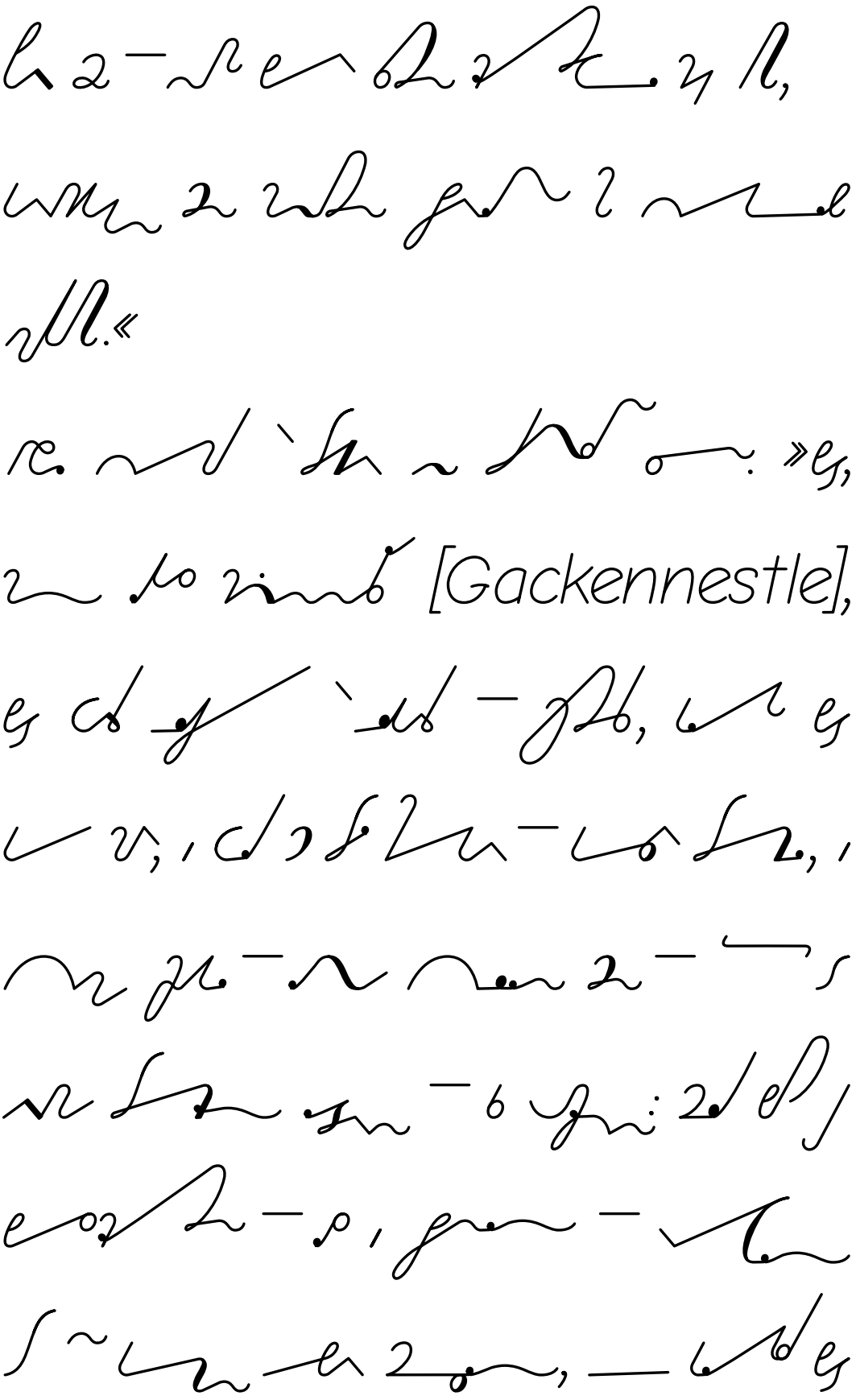

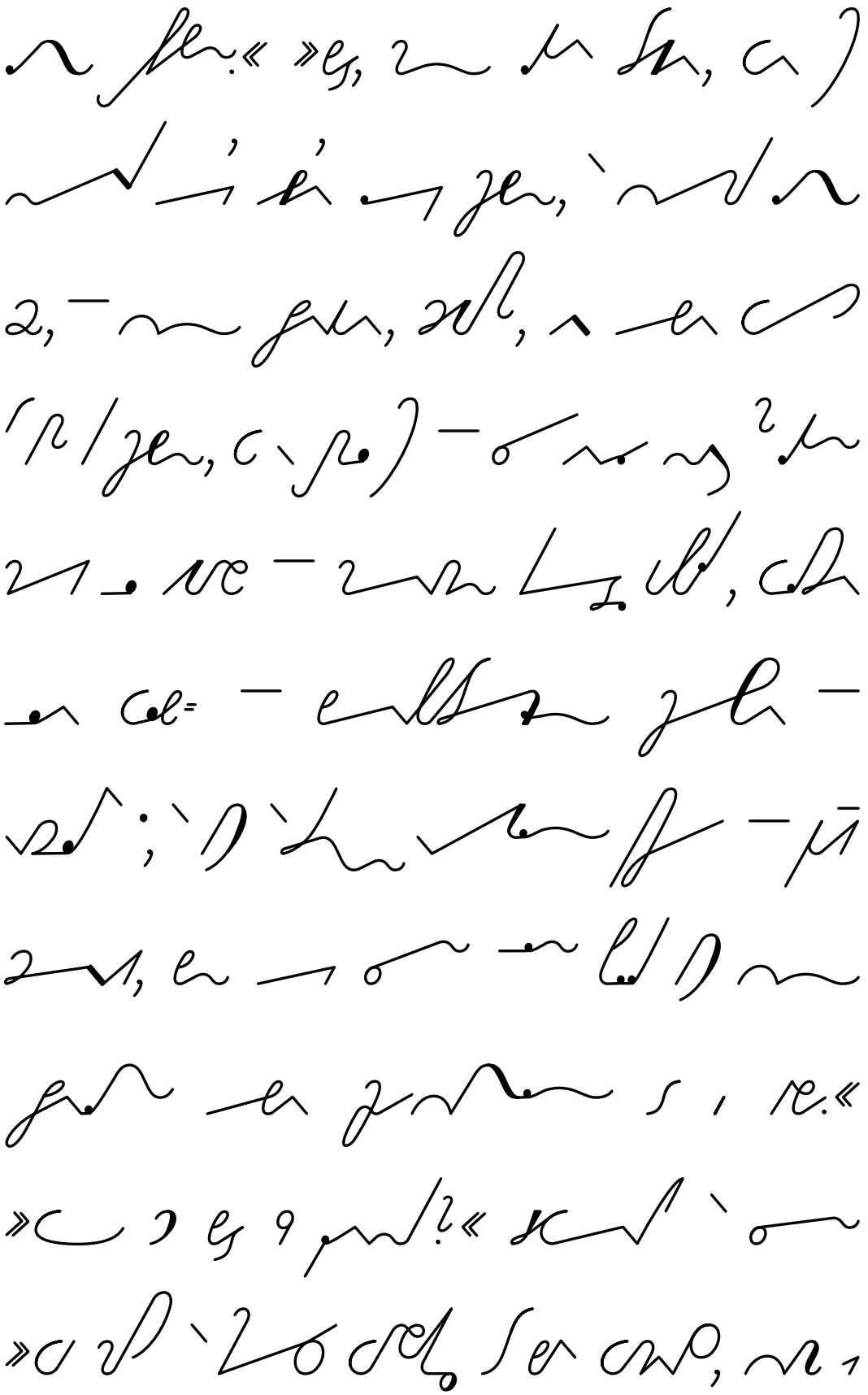

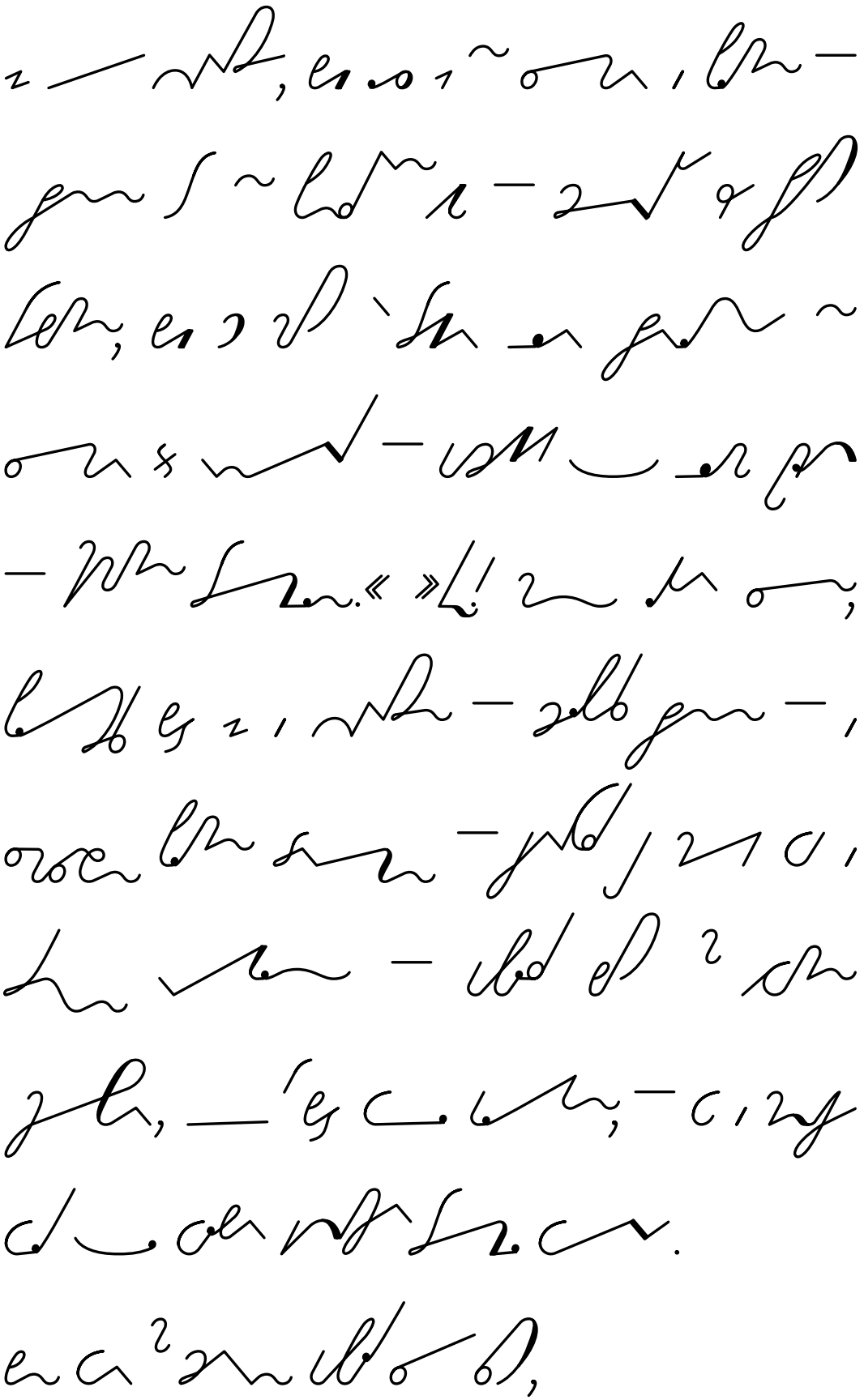

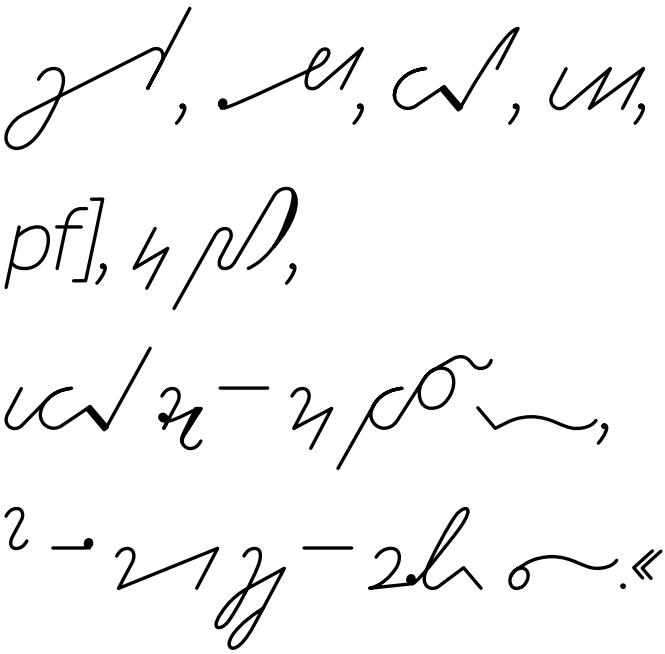

158.

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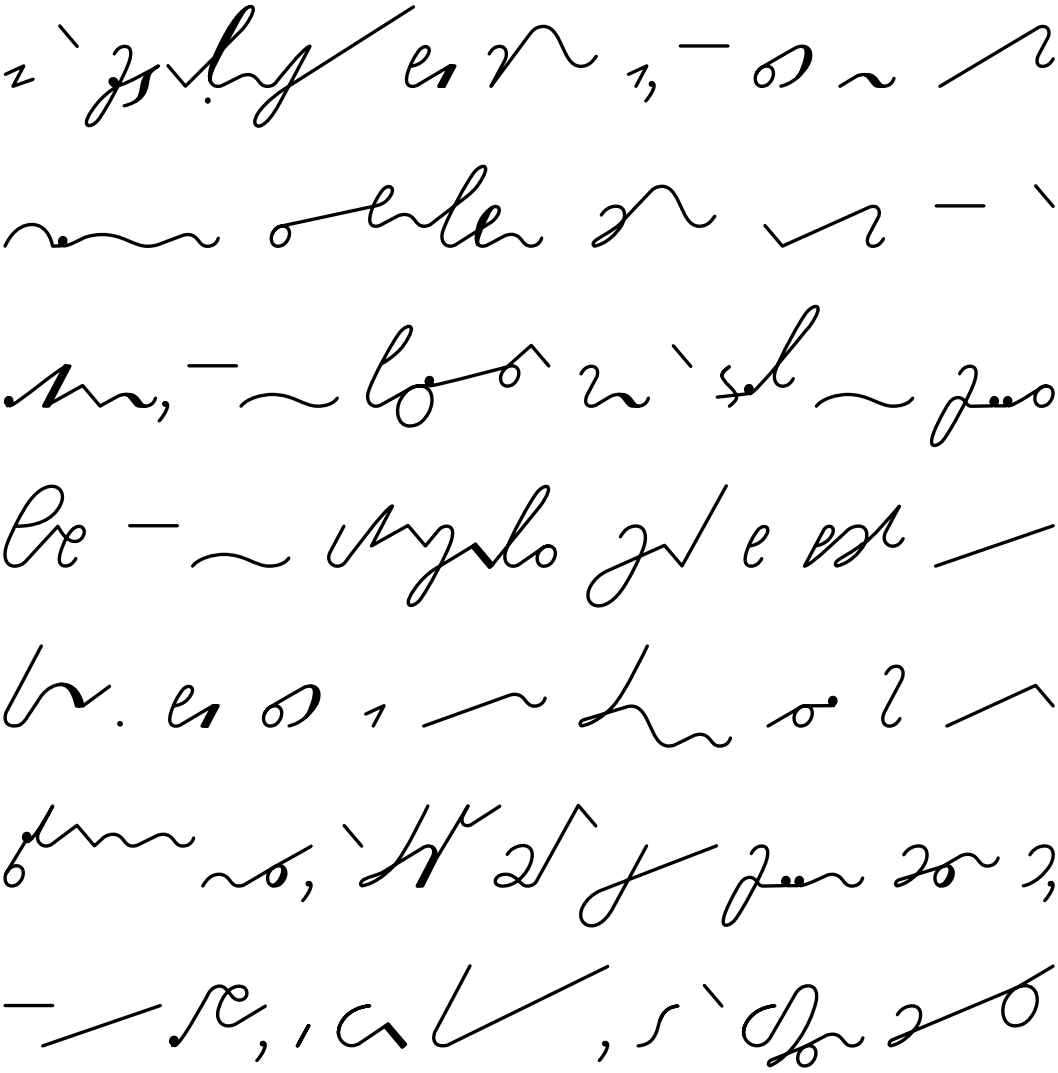
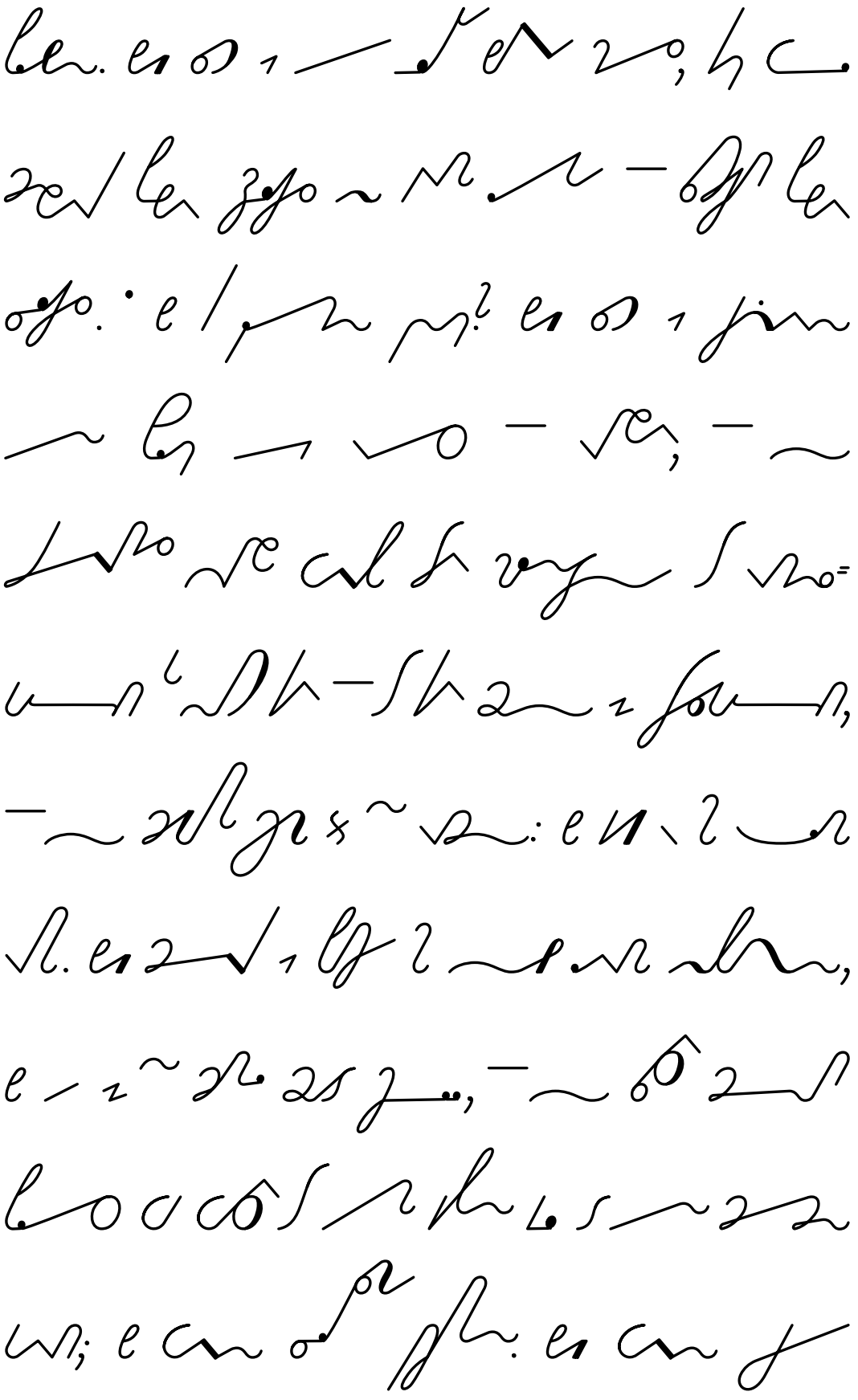
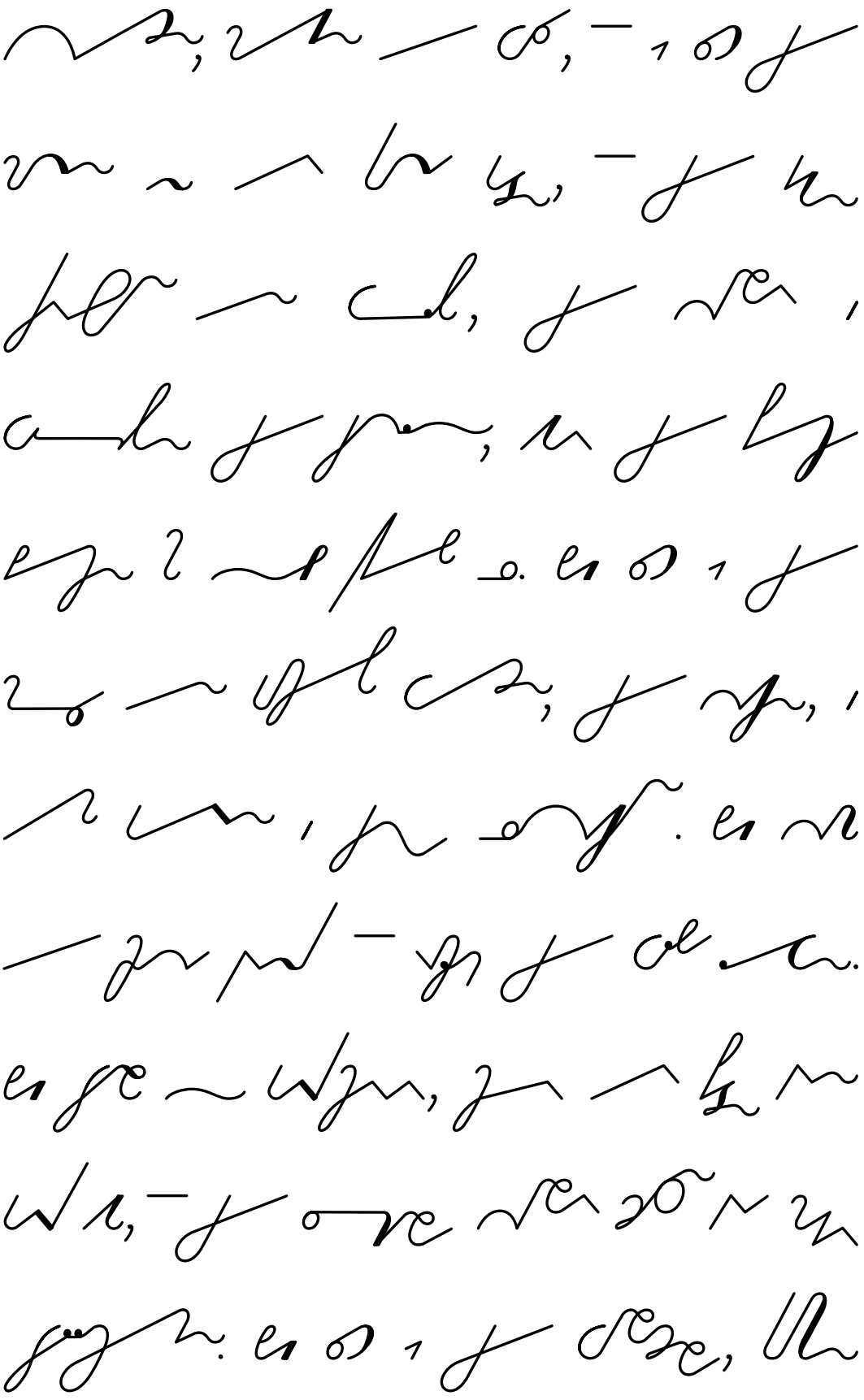
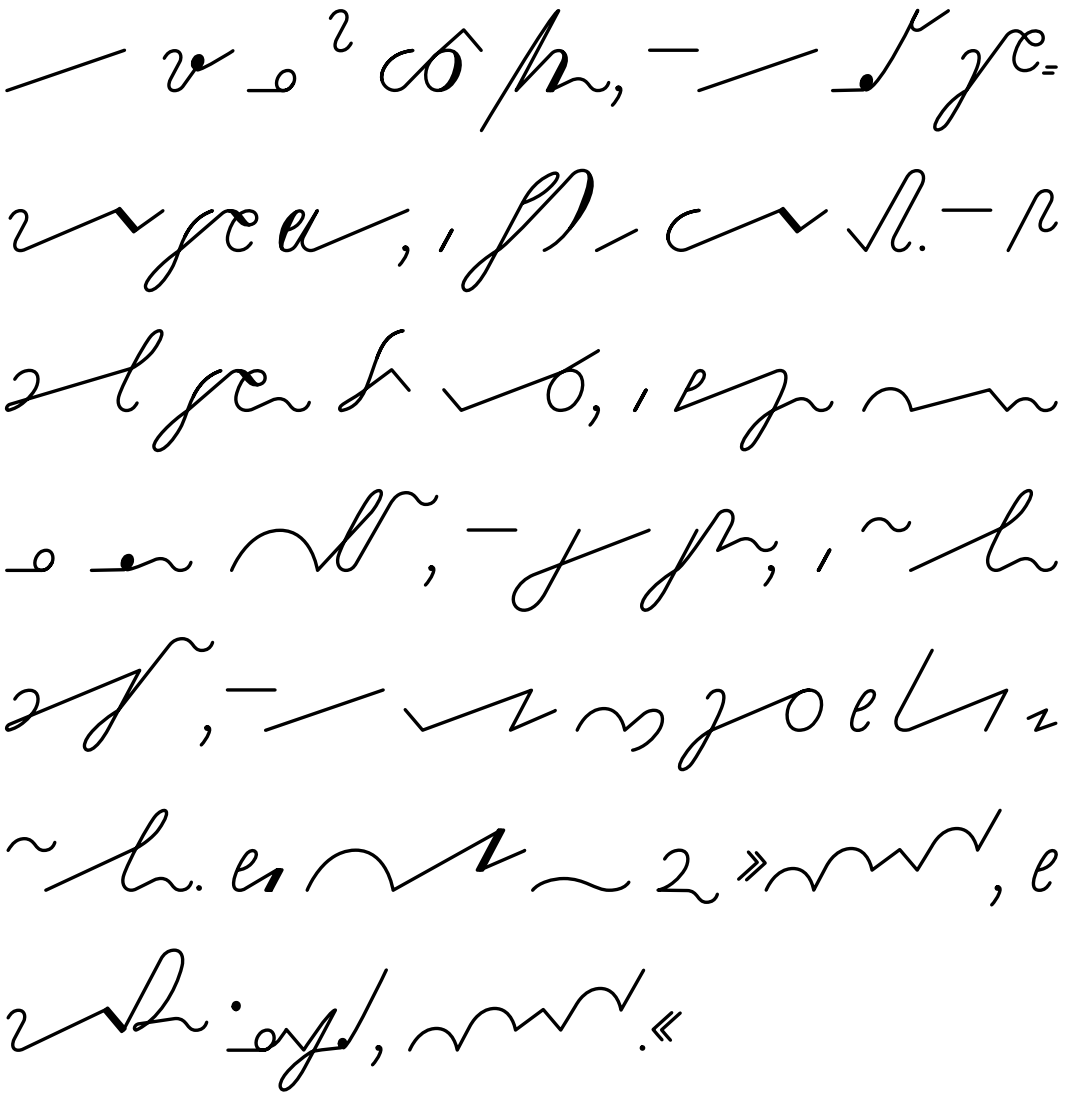


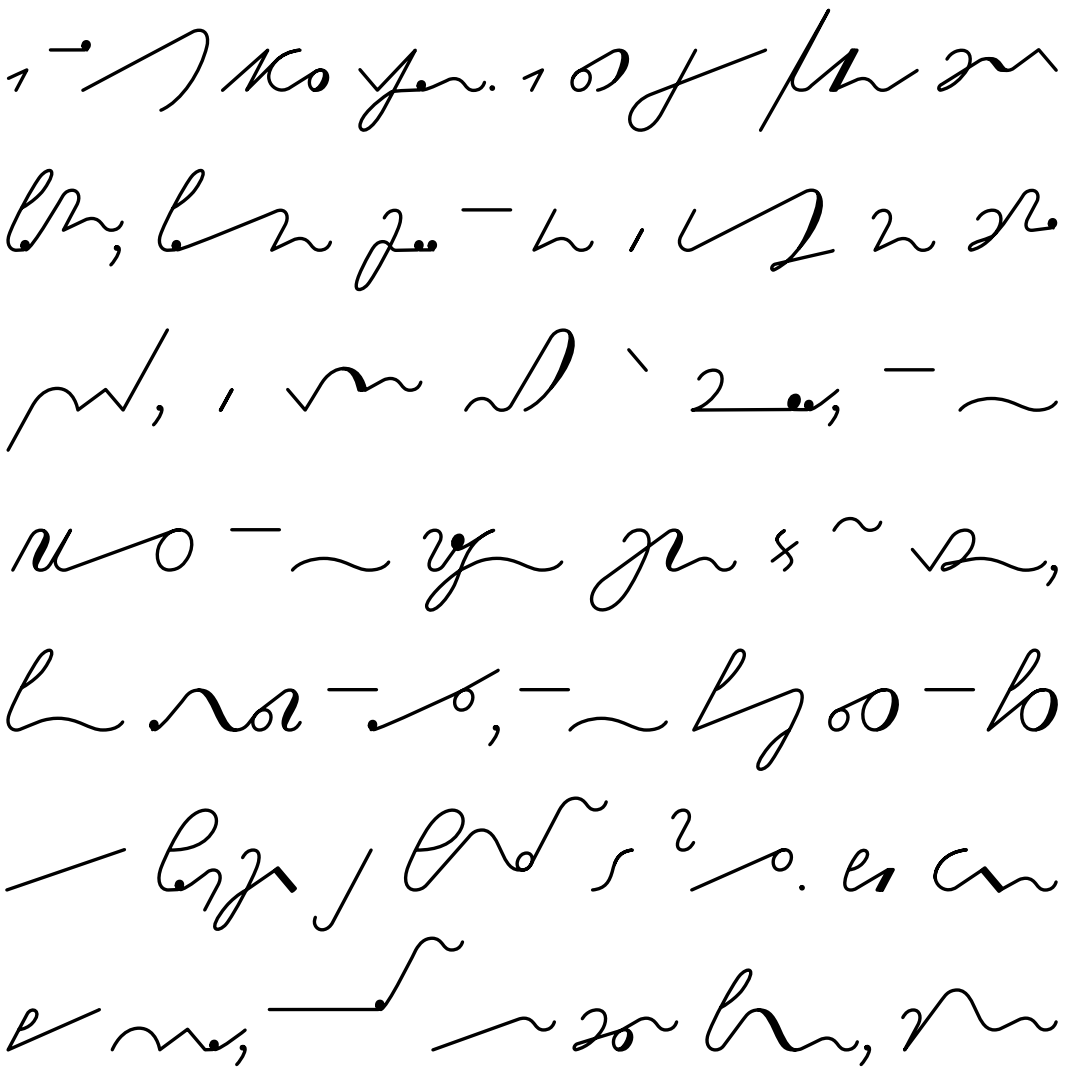


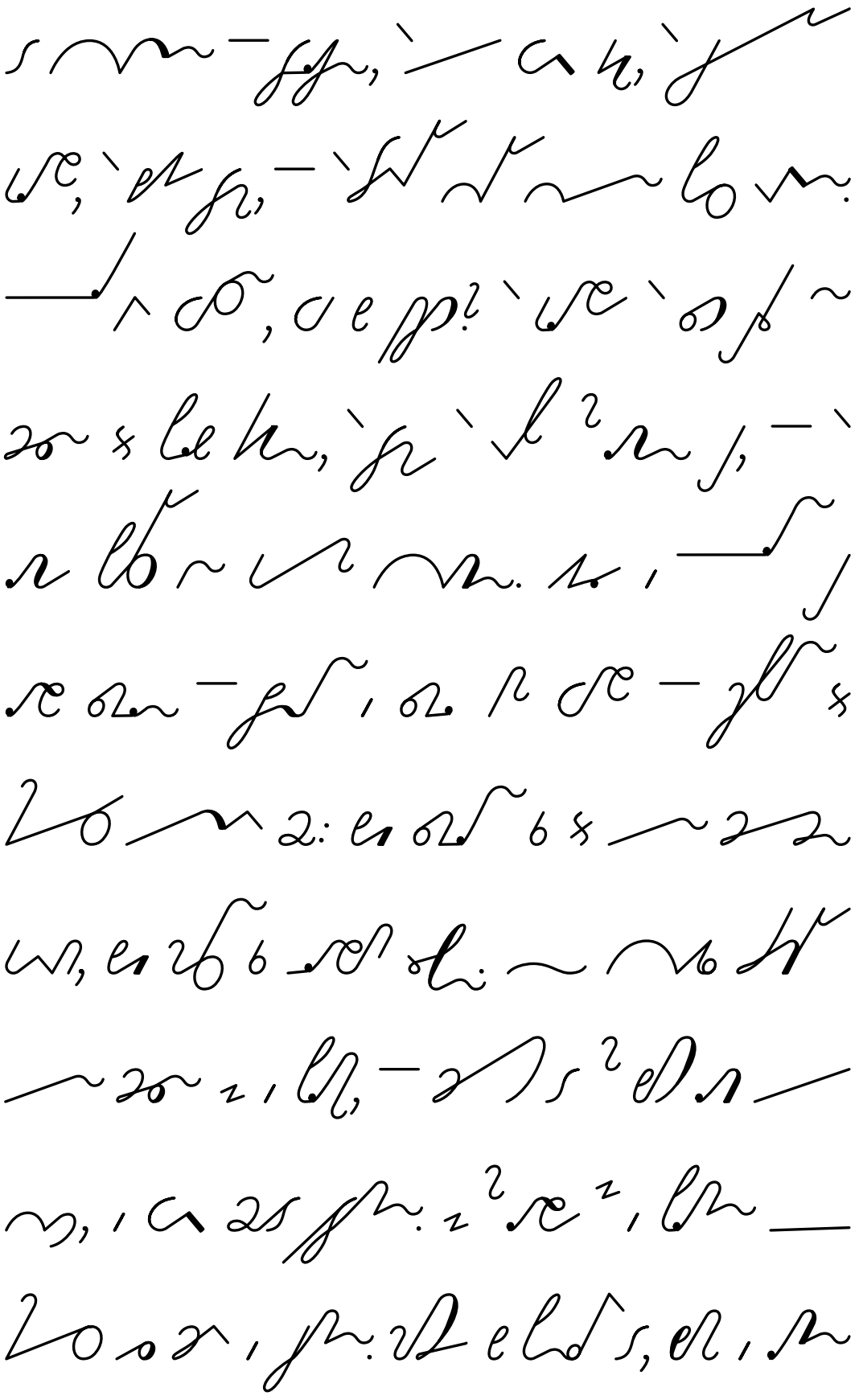




159.

[Dietmarsische]





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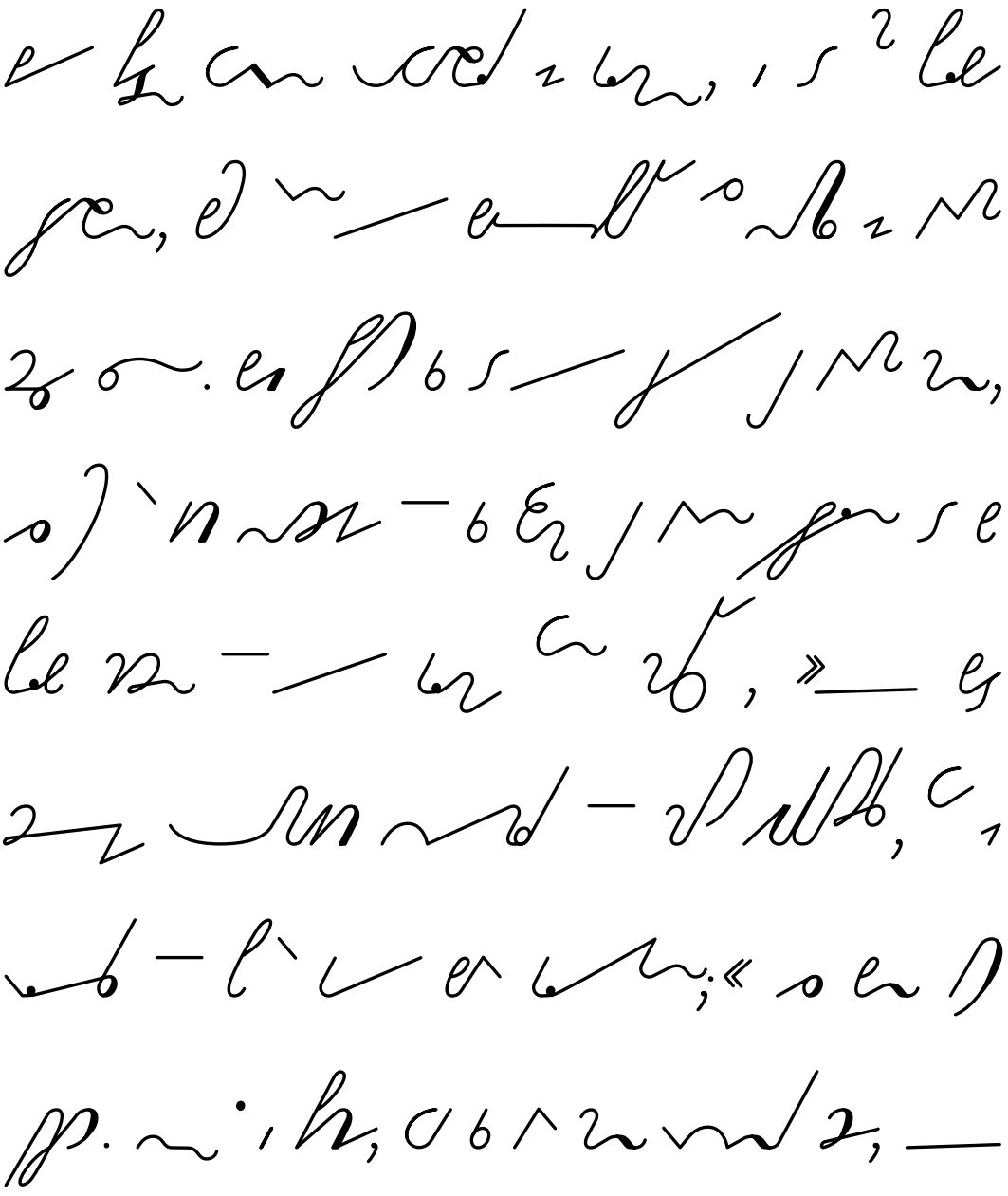
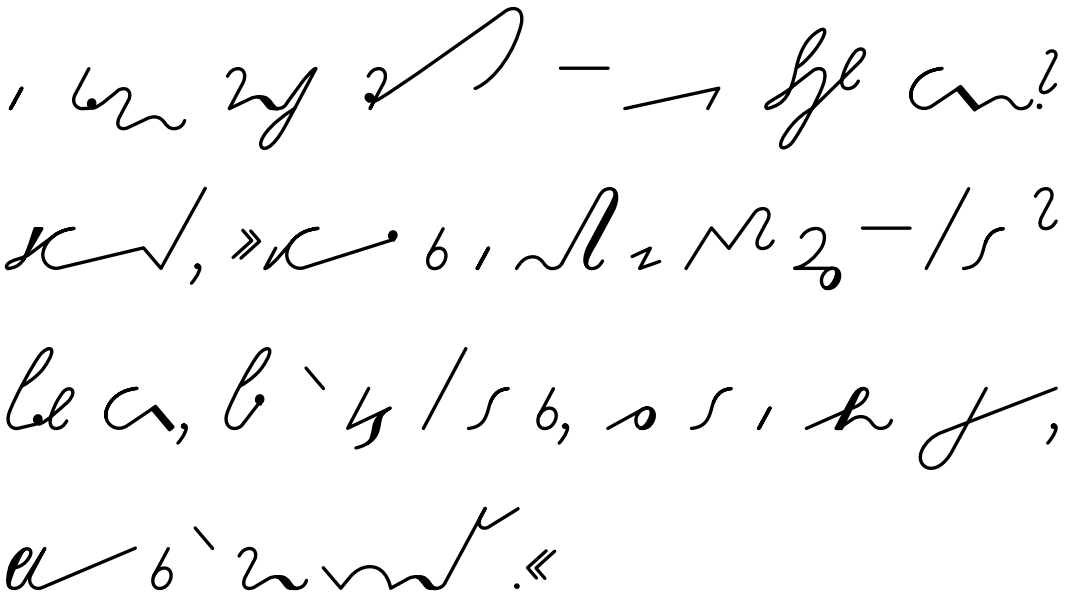
160.





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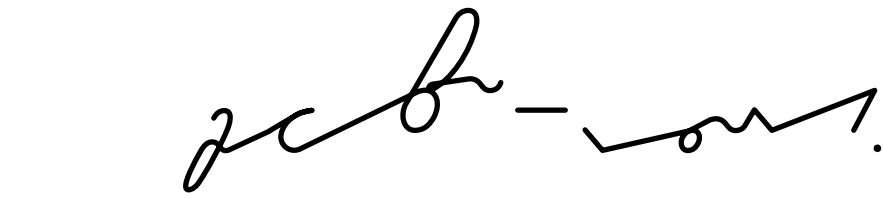

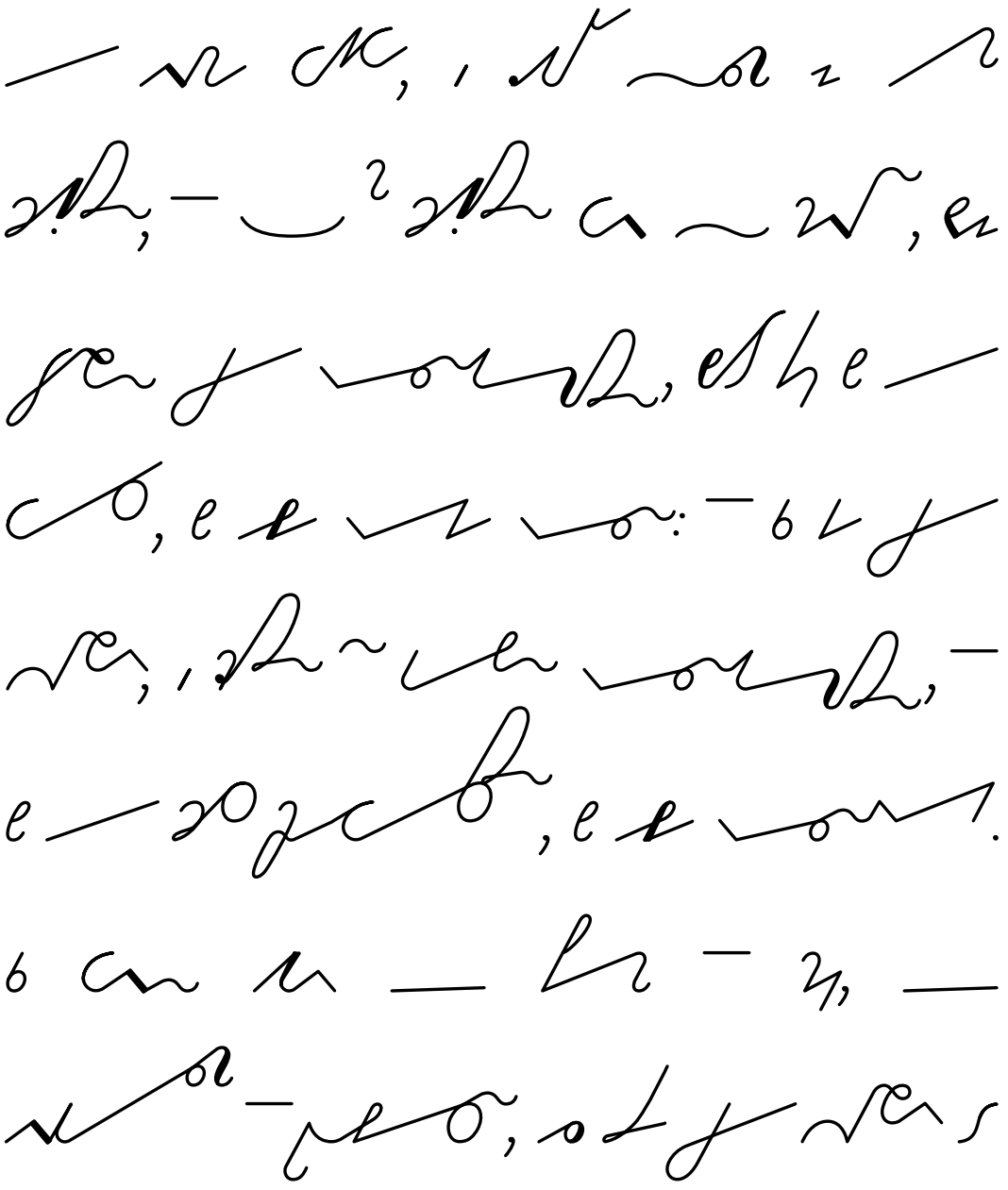

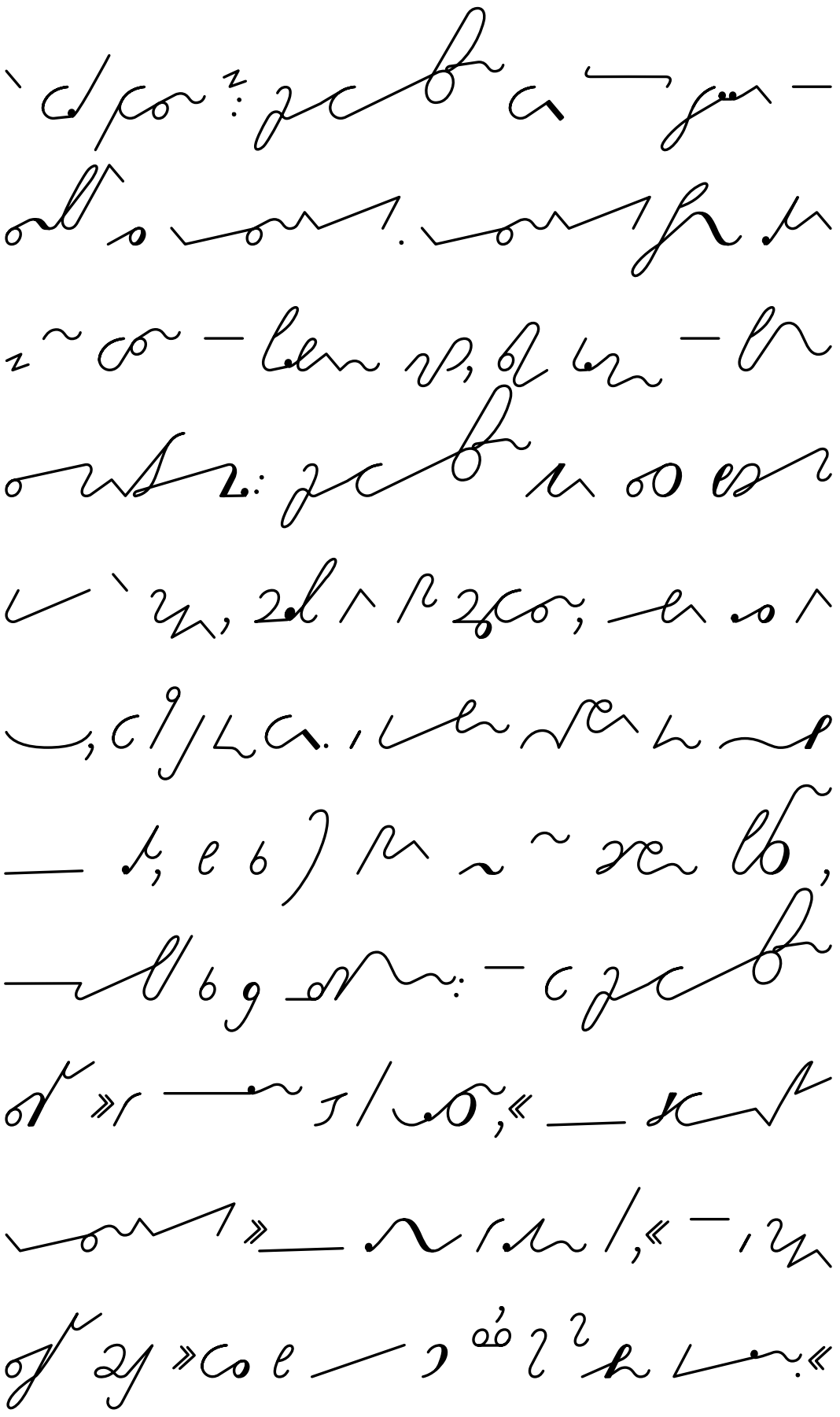

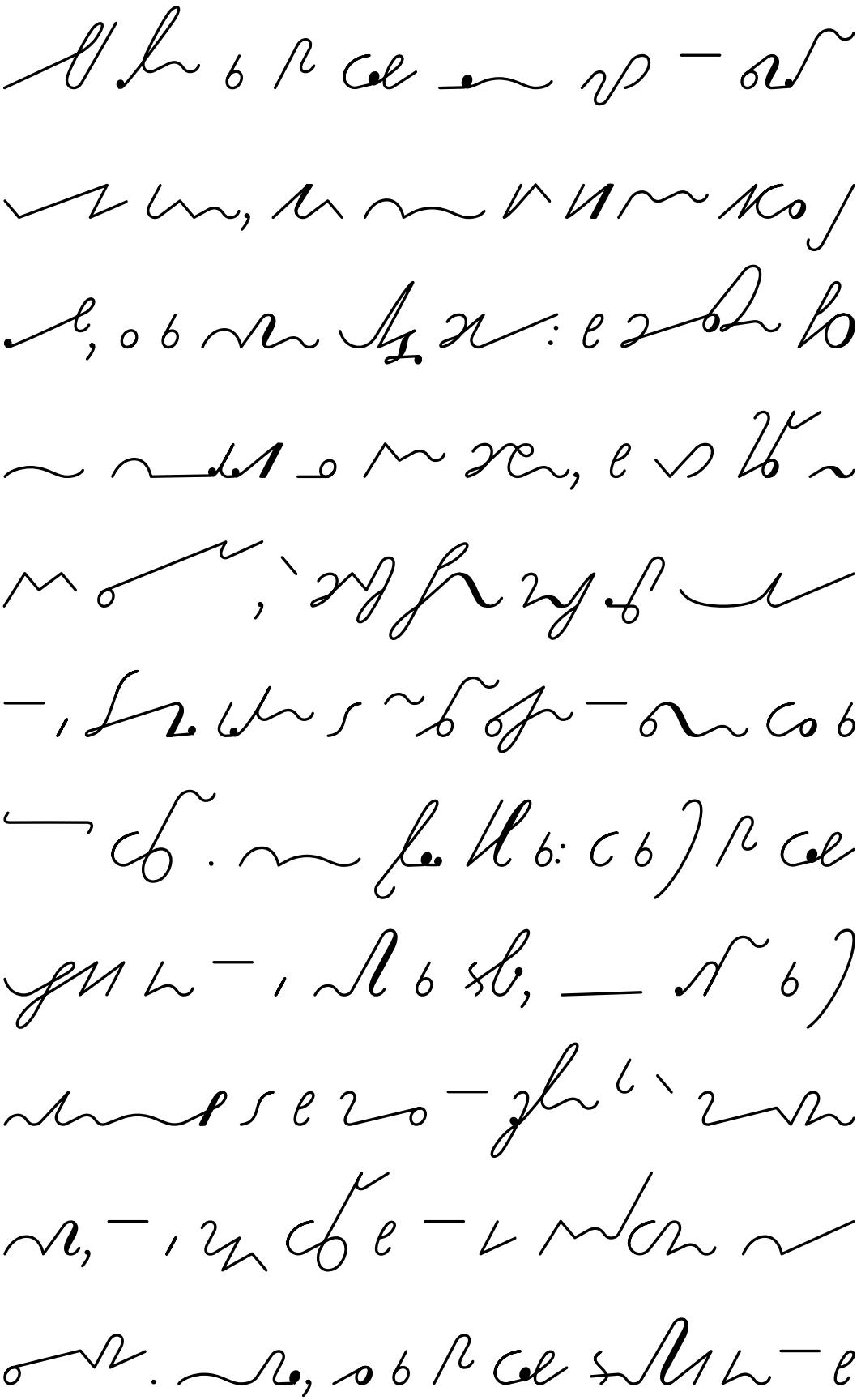

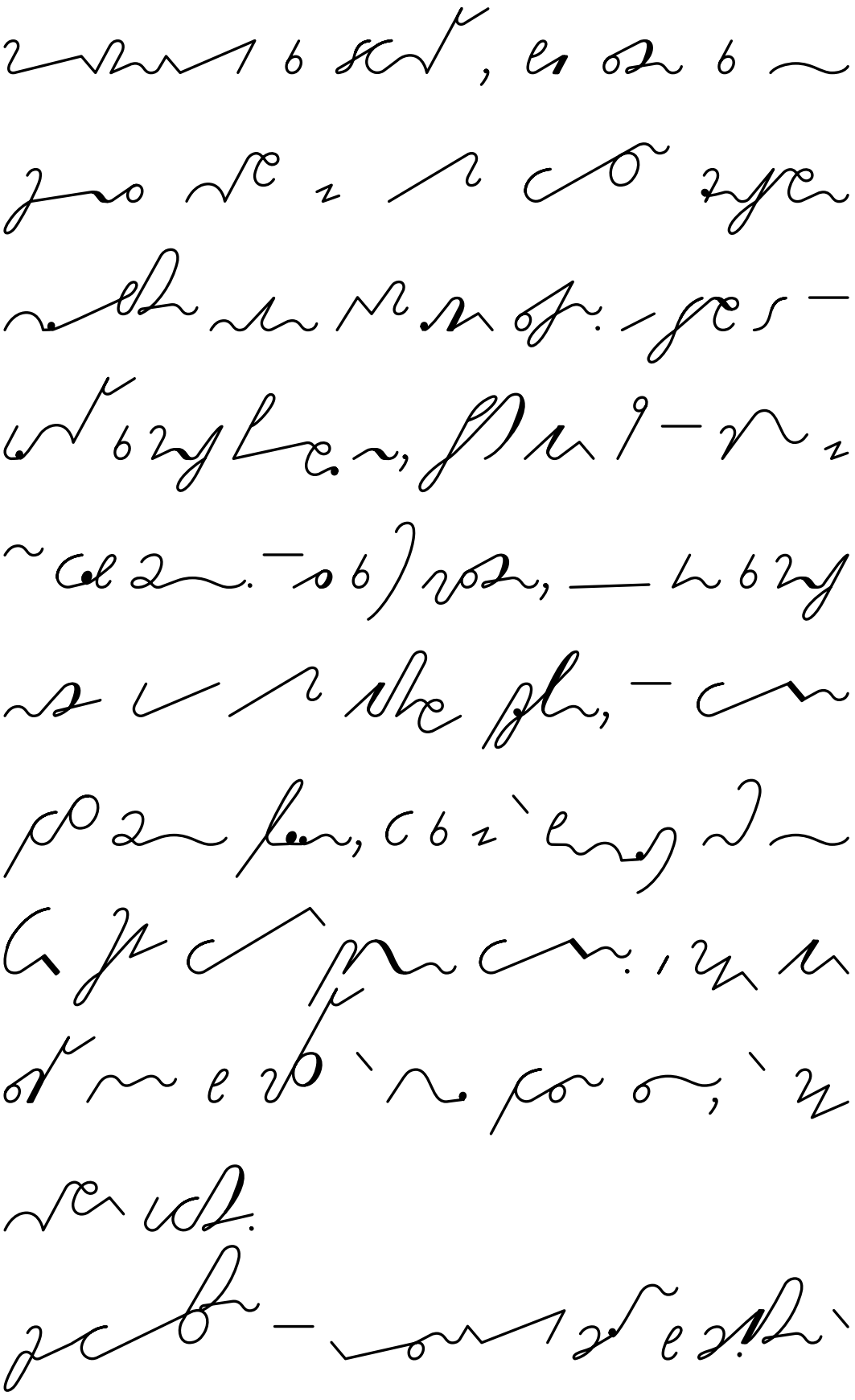

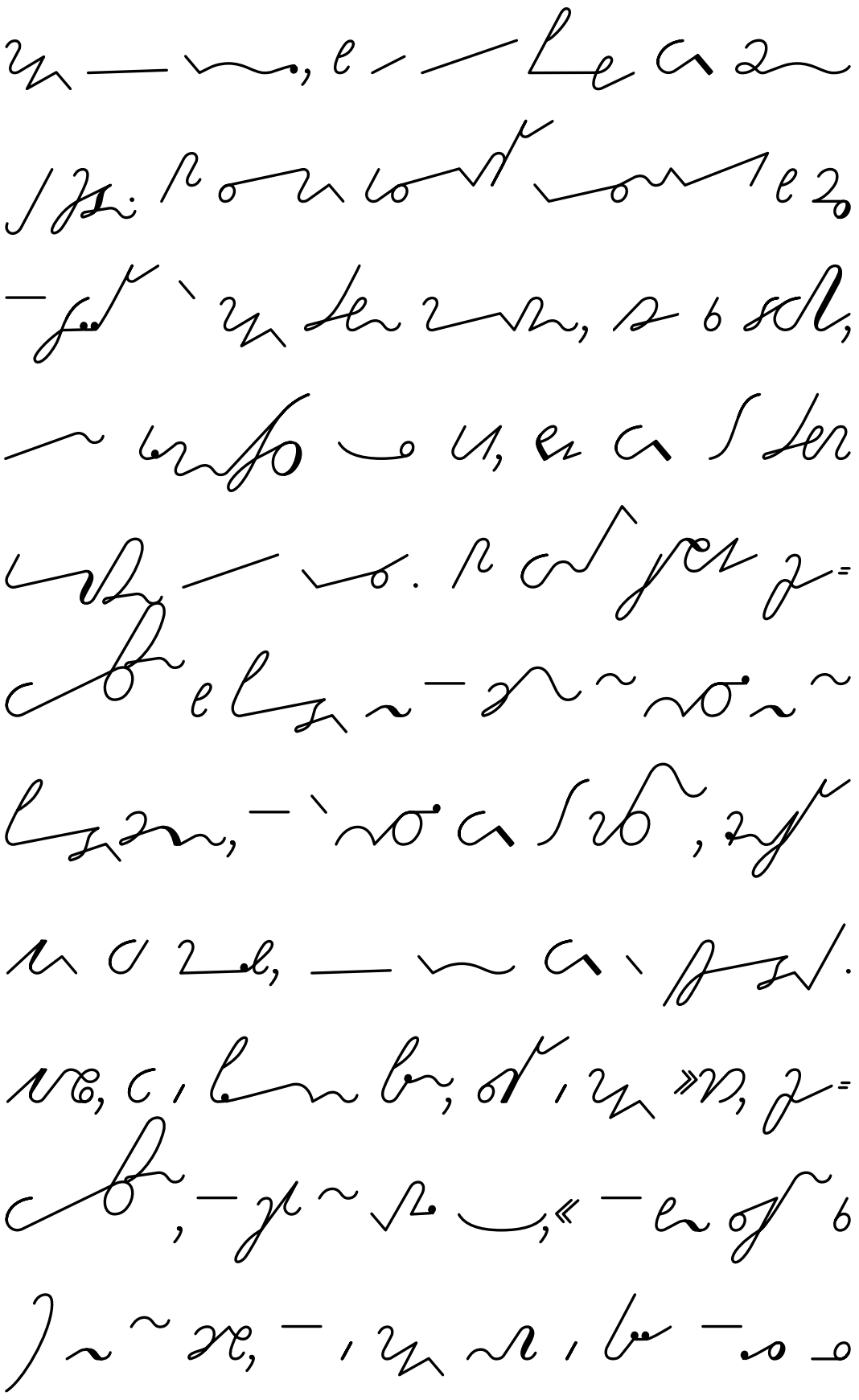

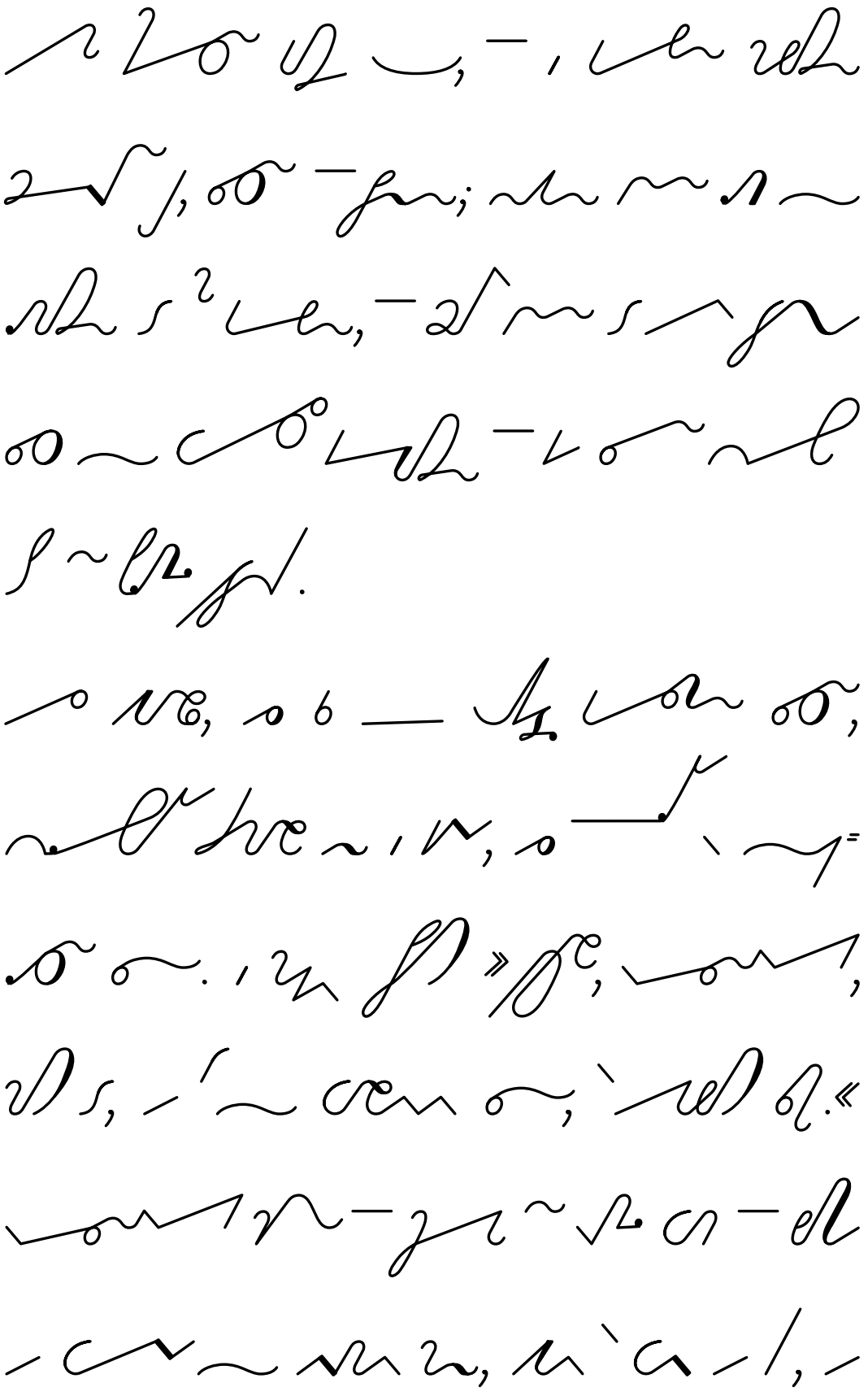

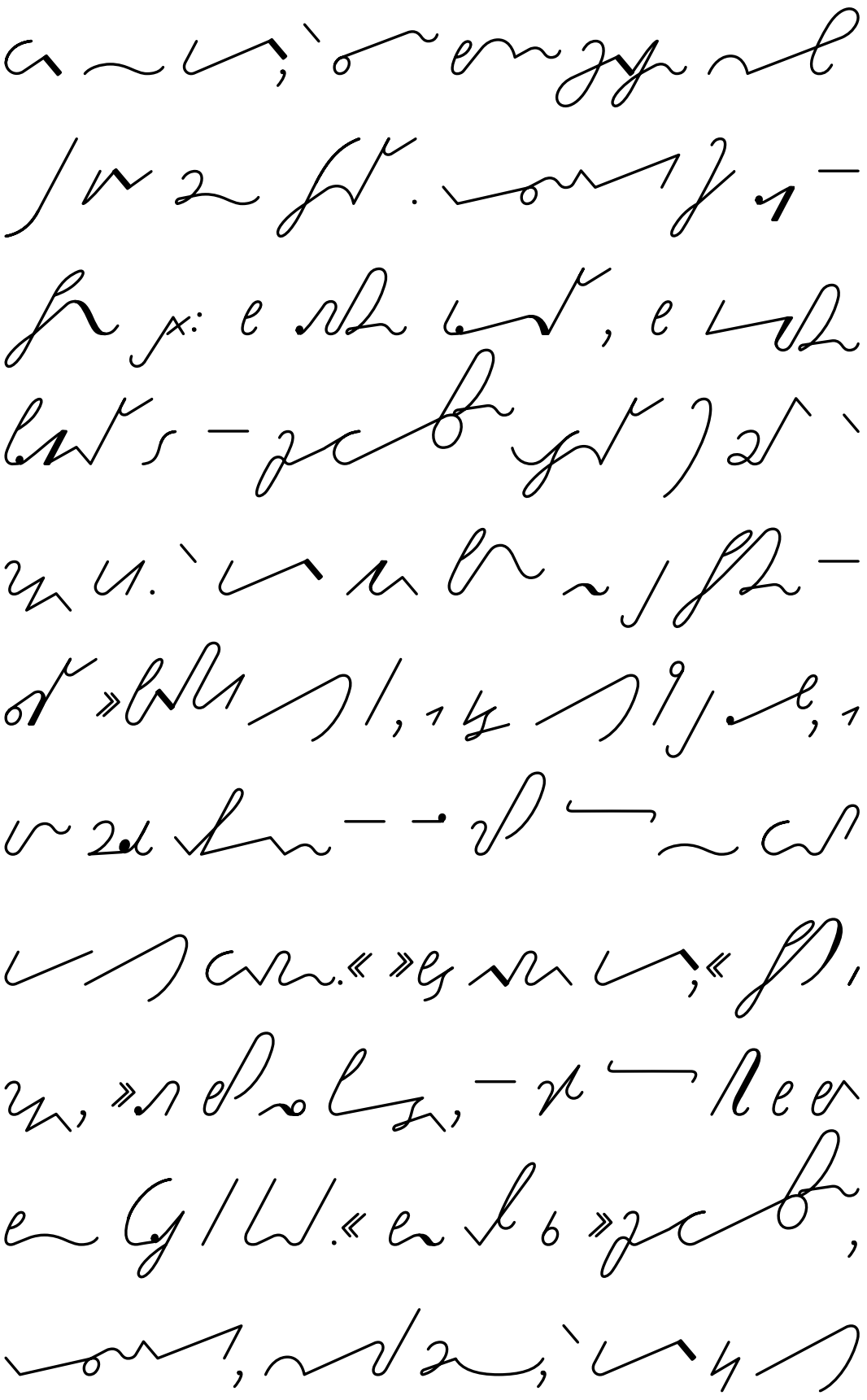

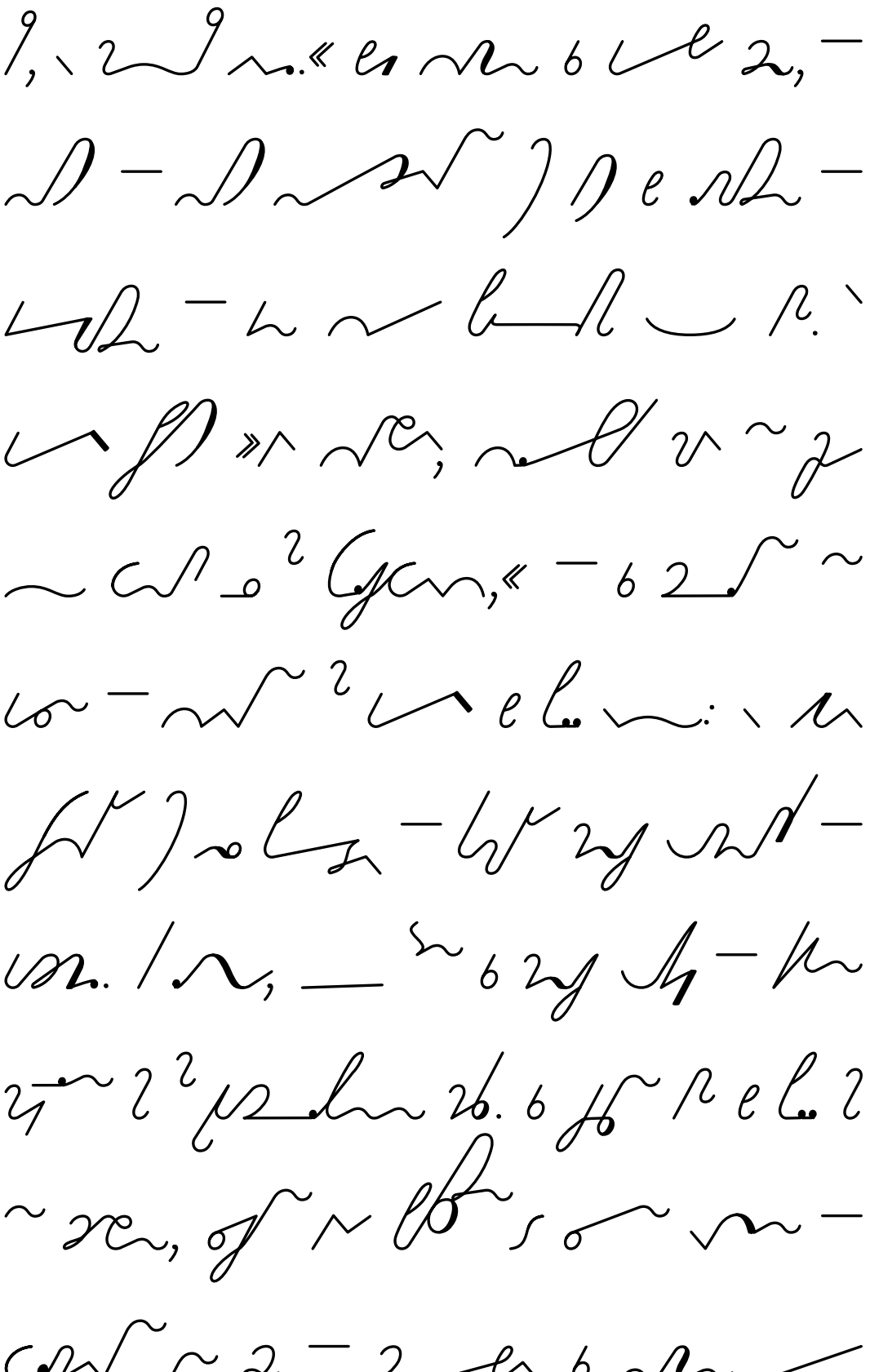

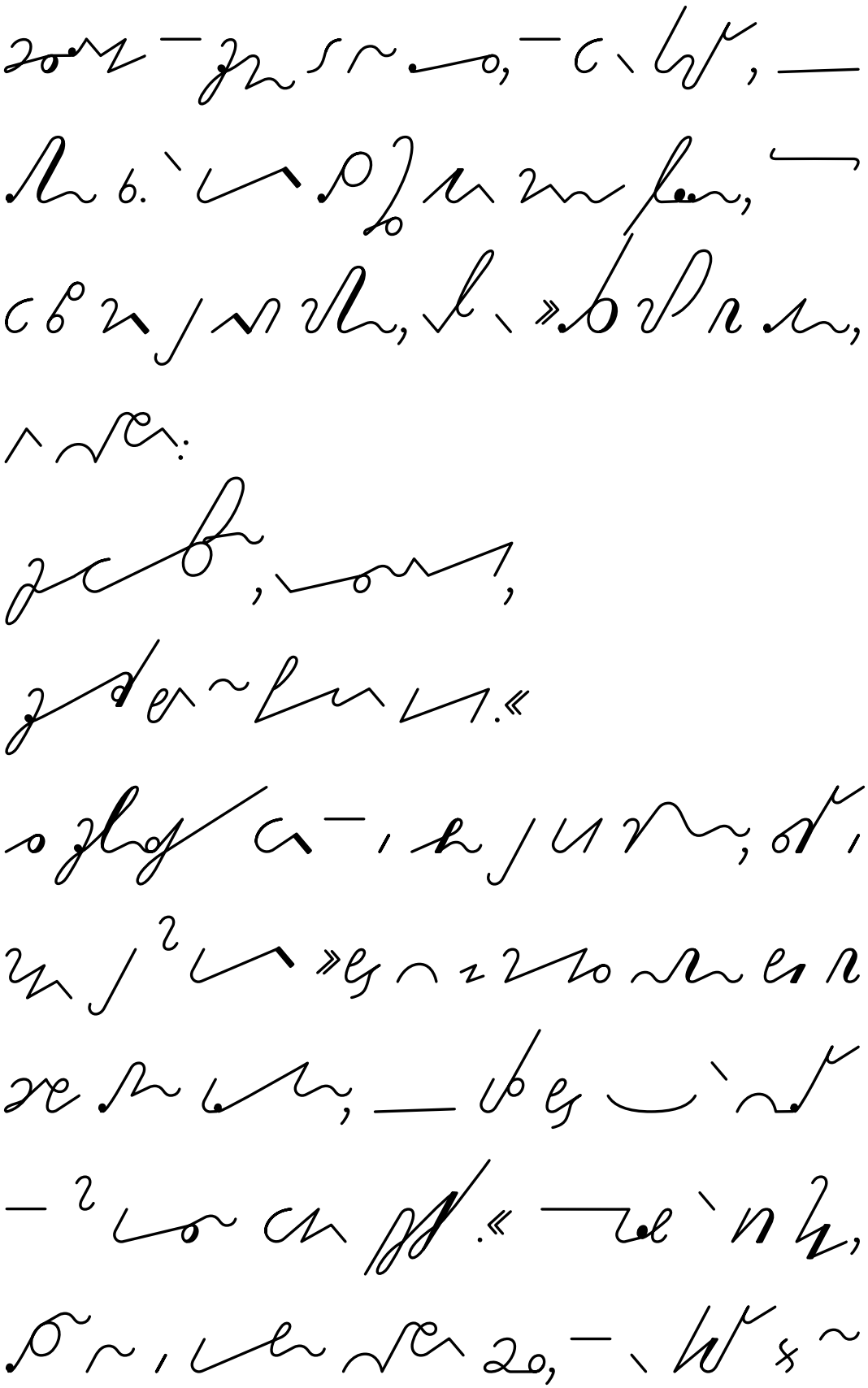

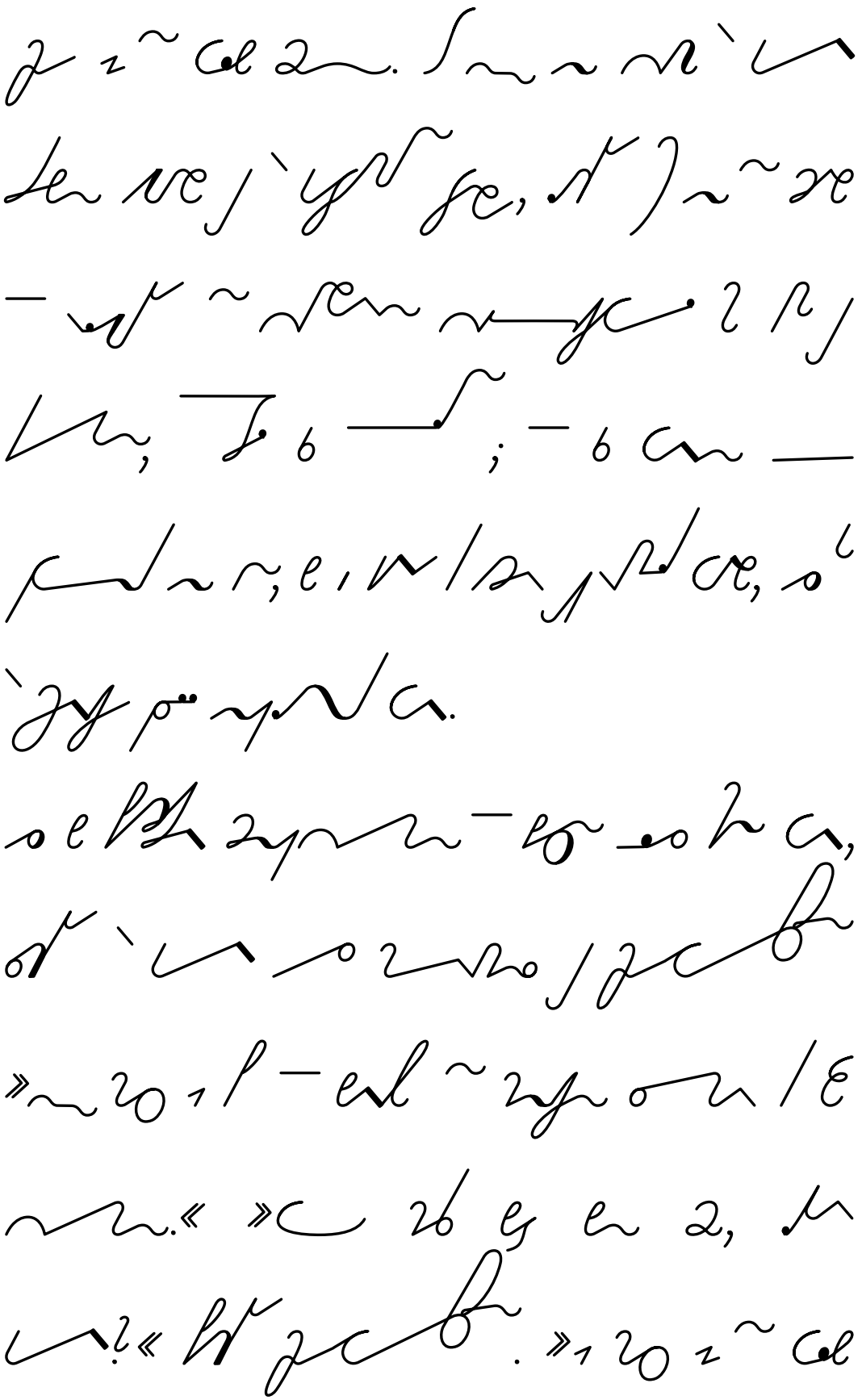

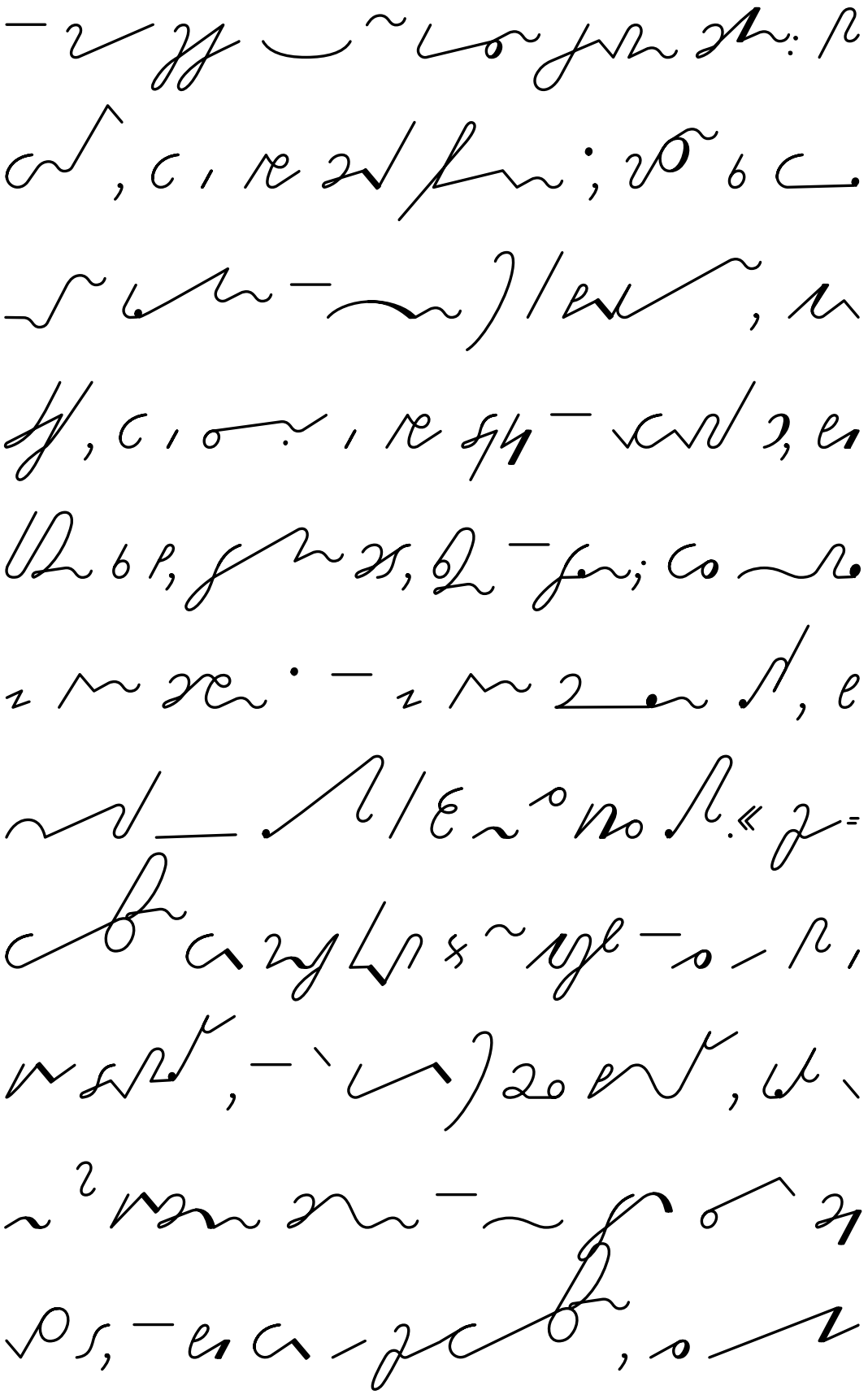

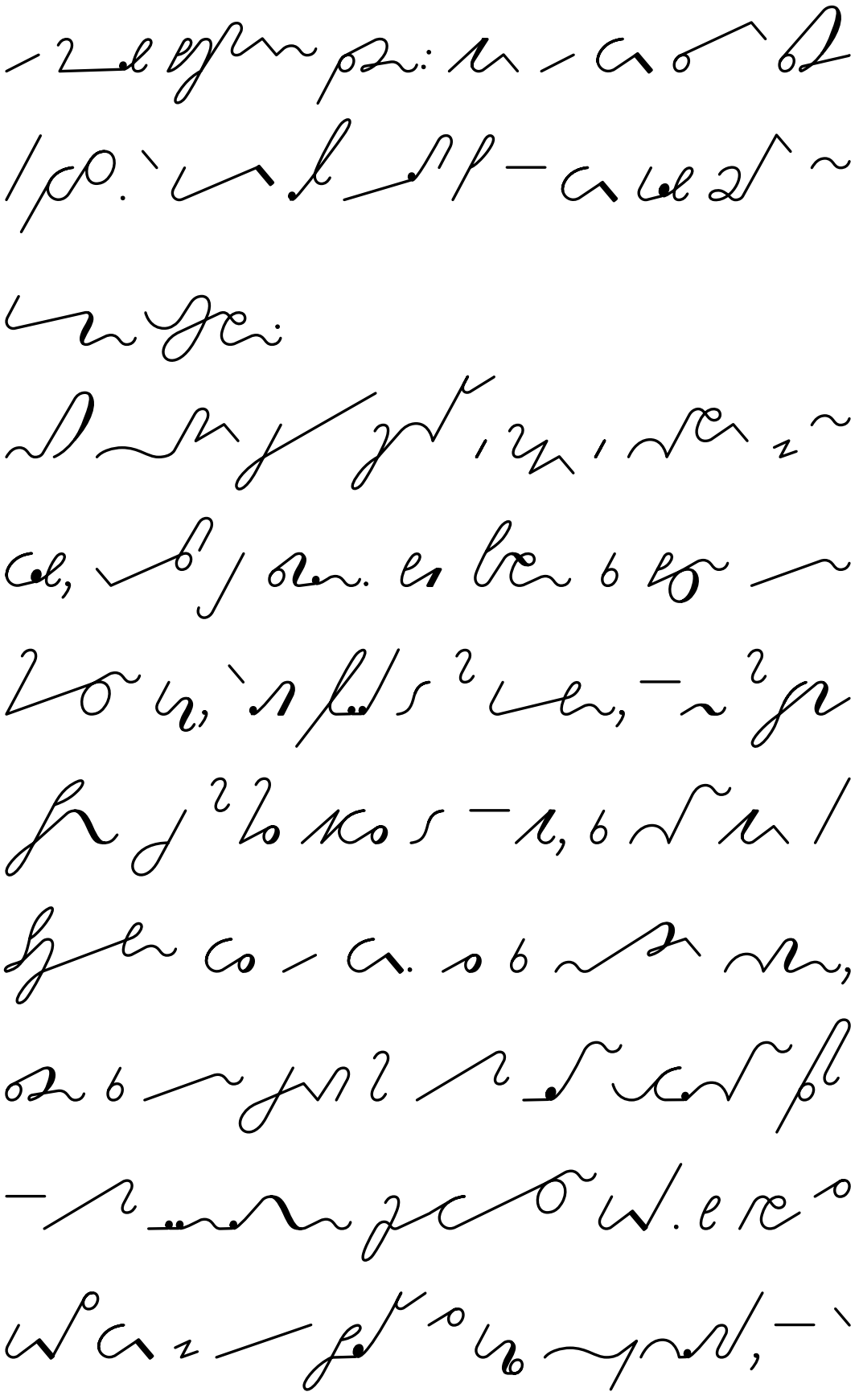

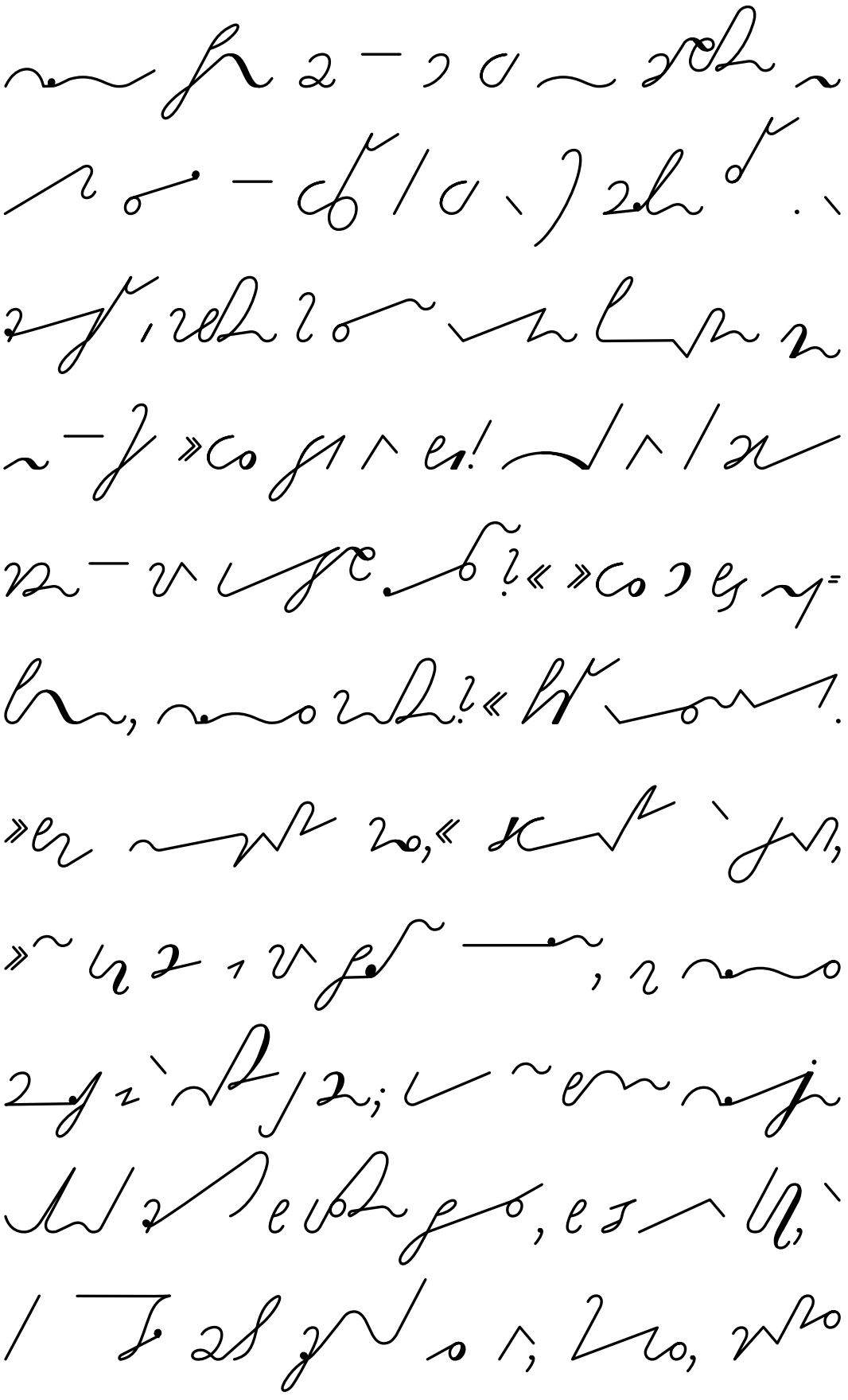

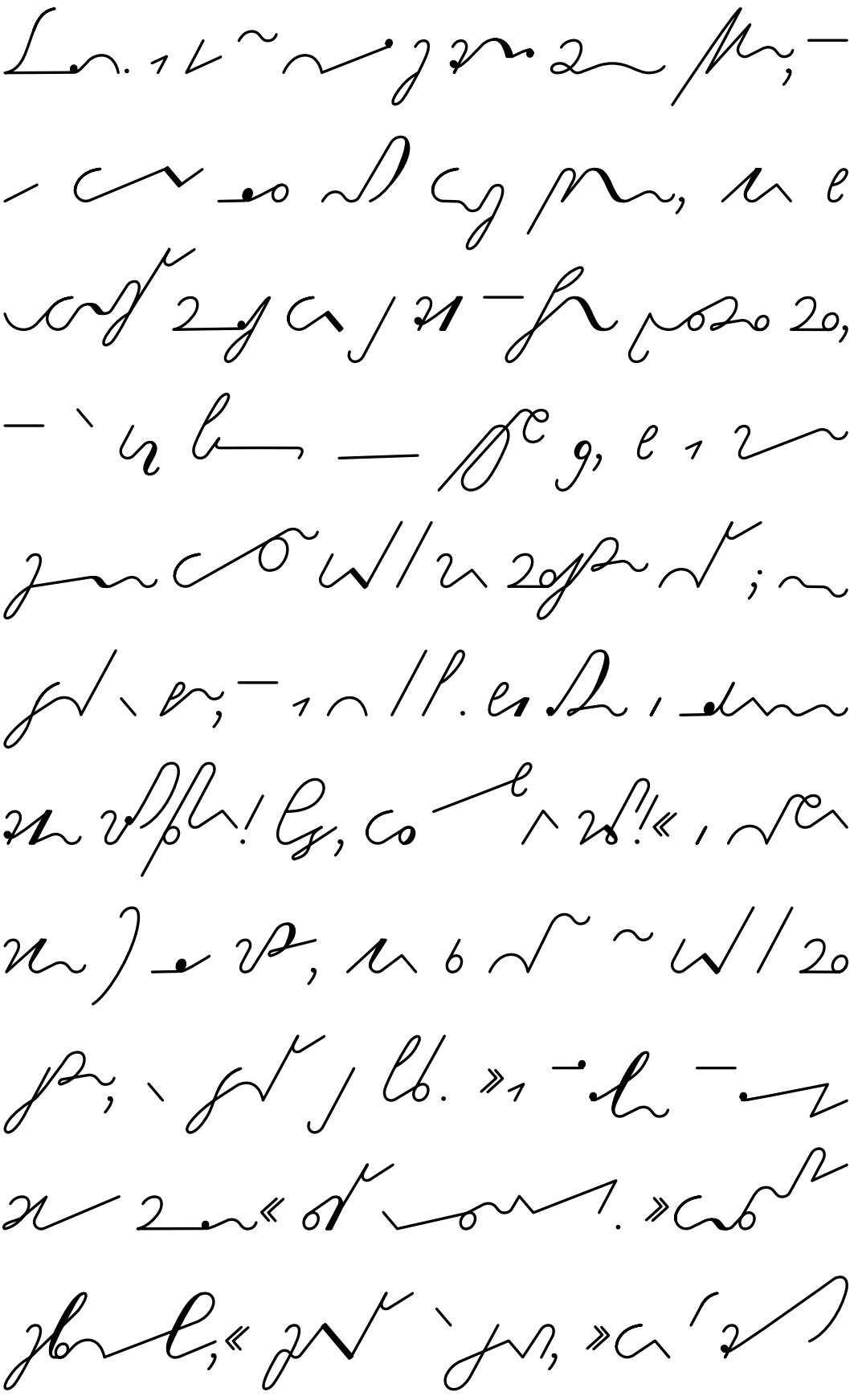

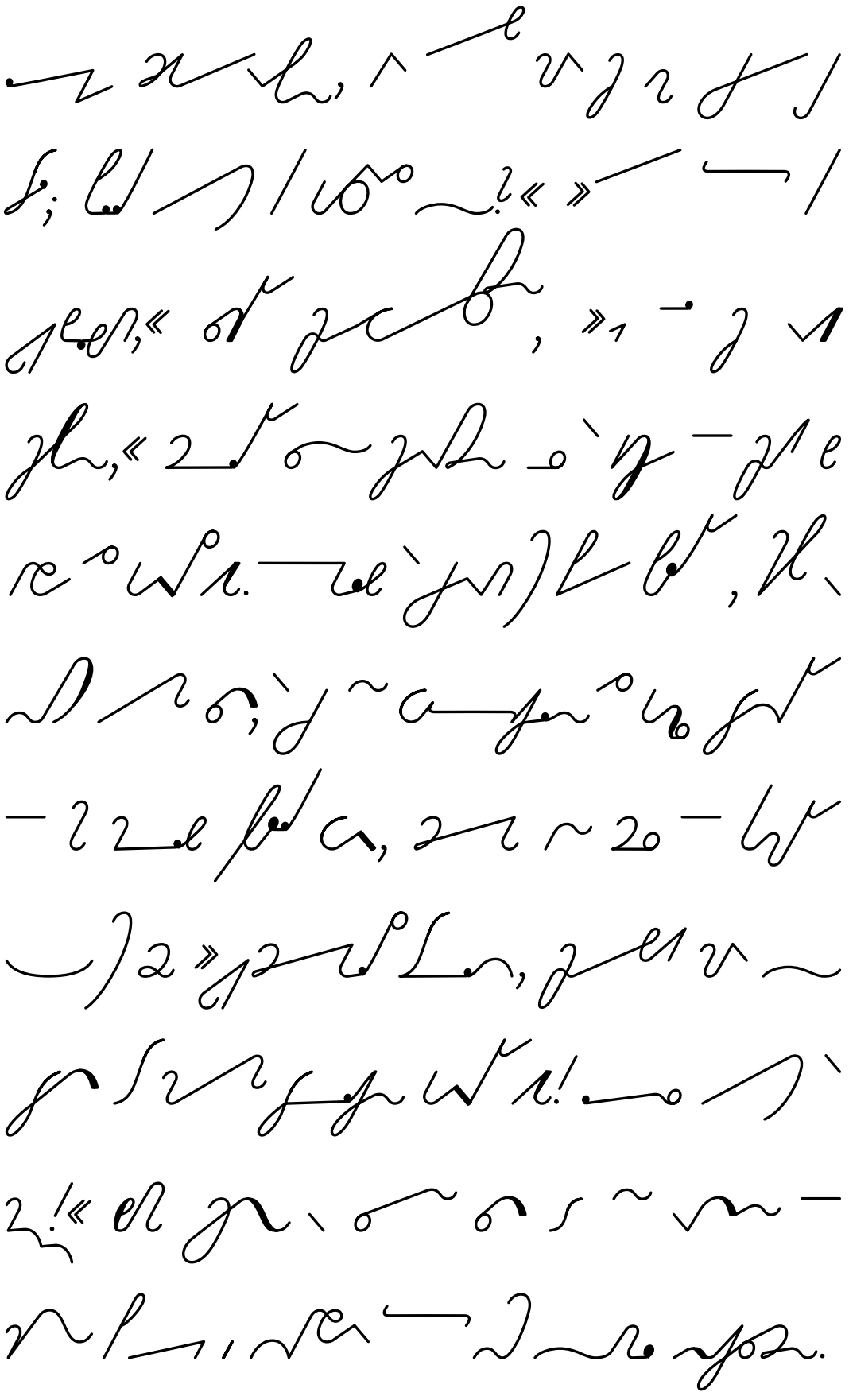

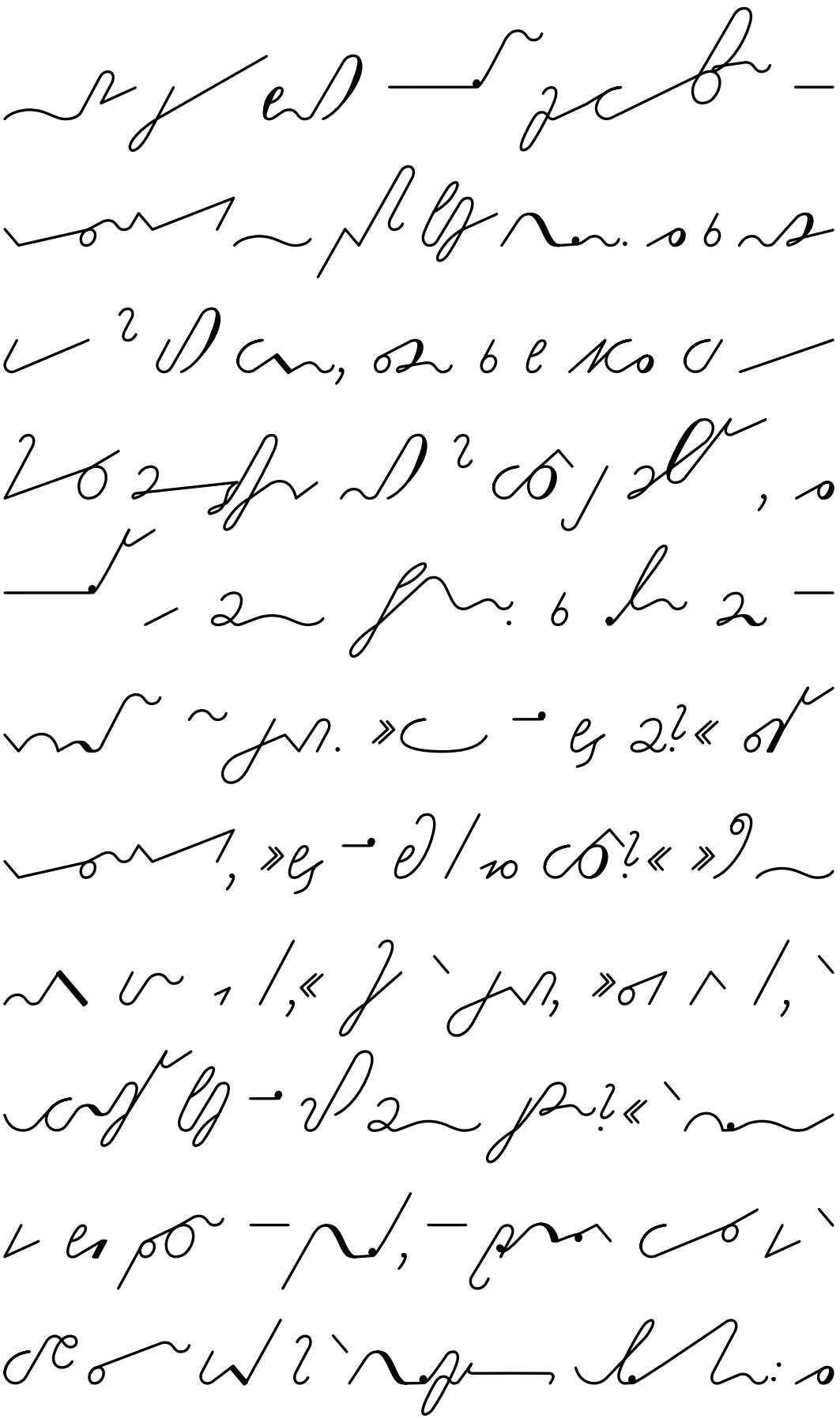

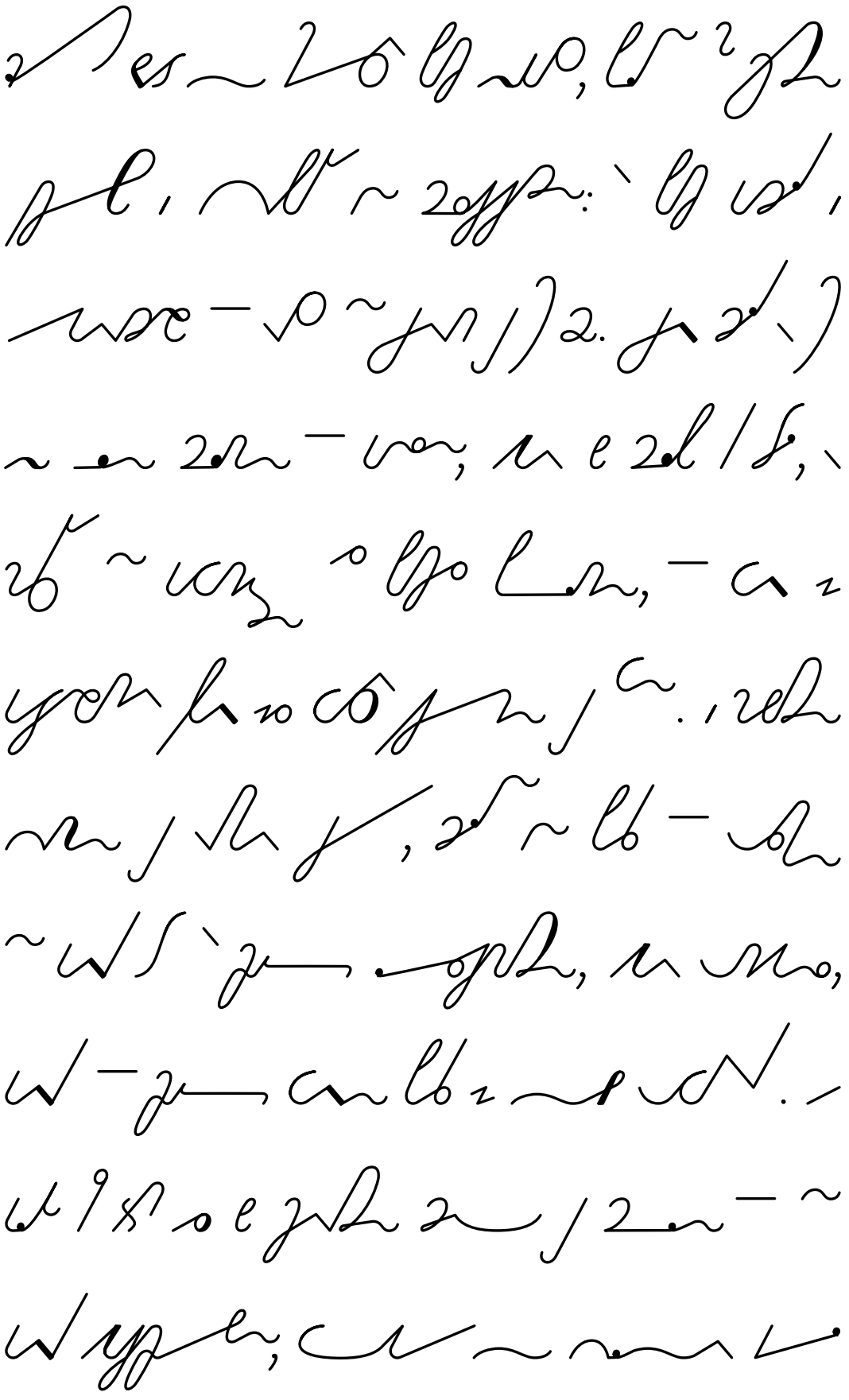

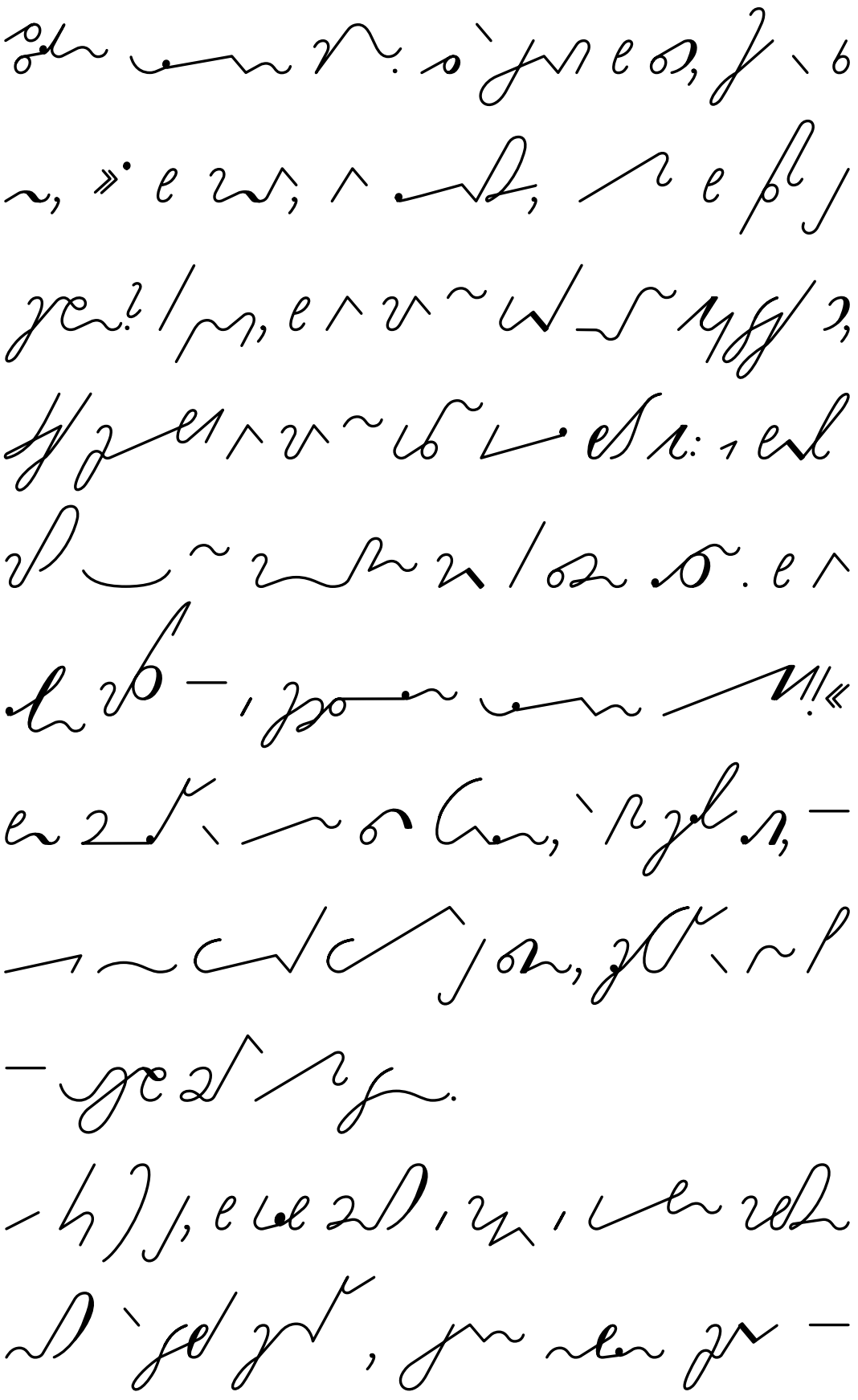

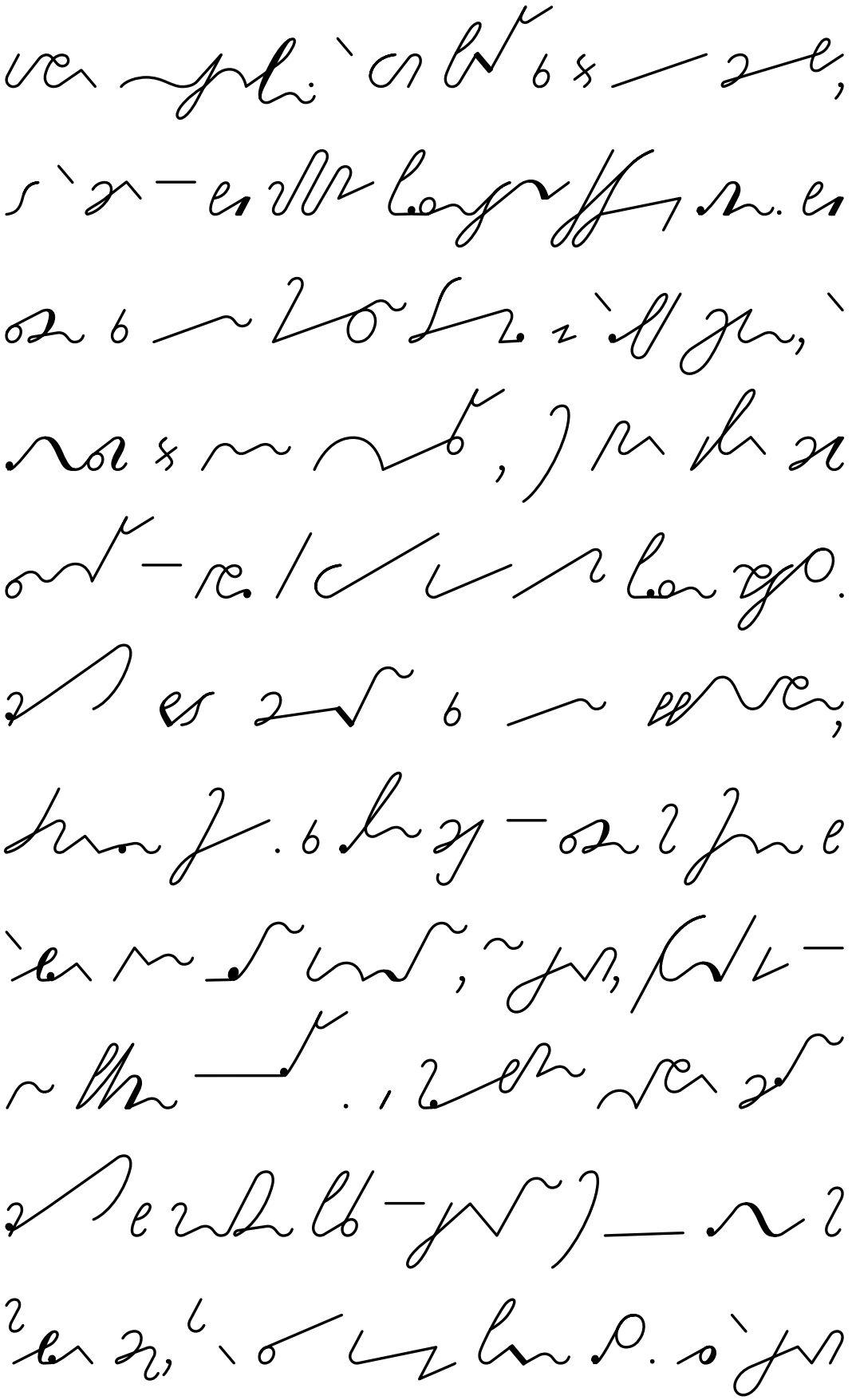

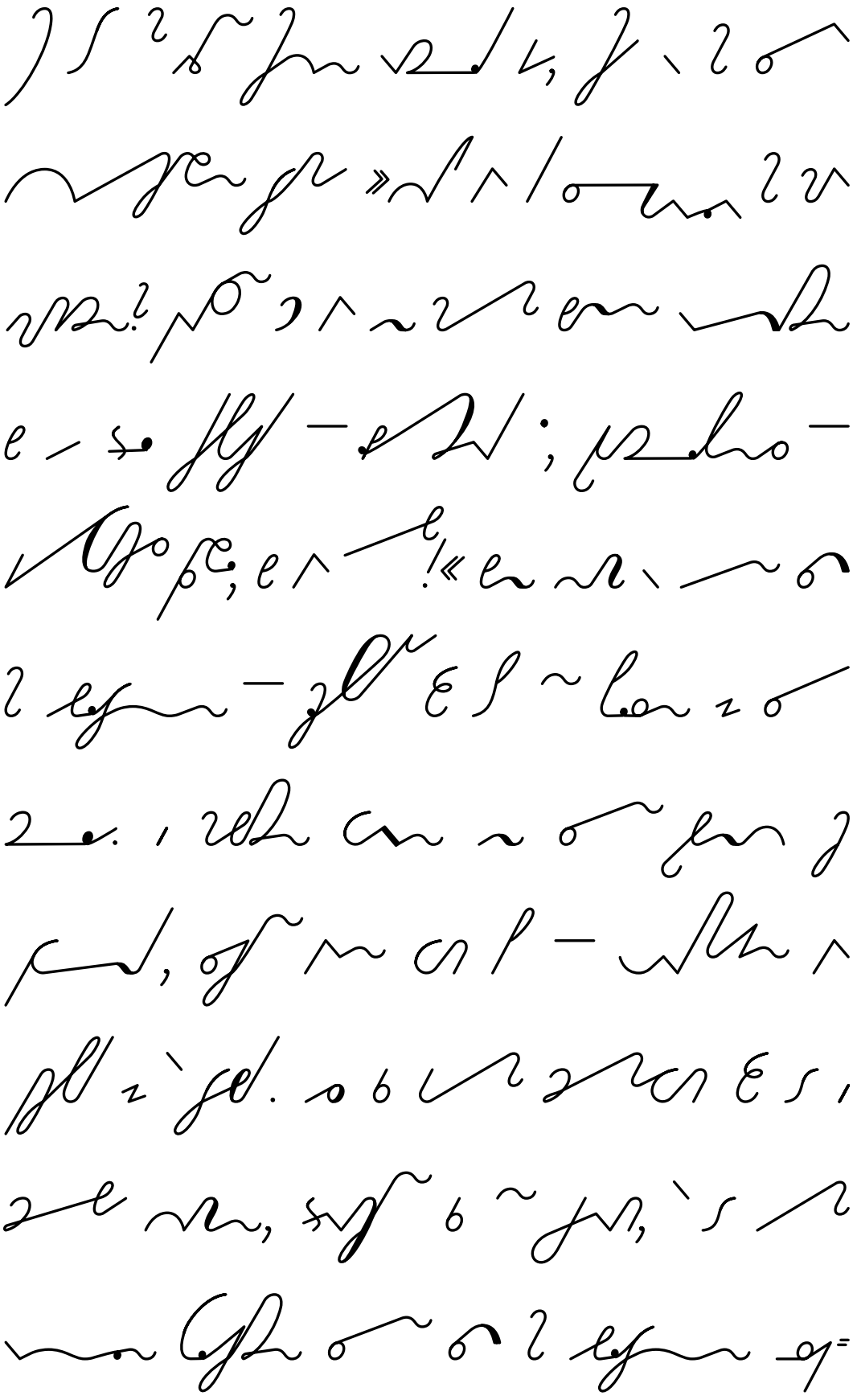

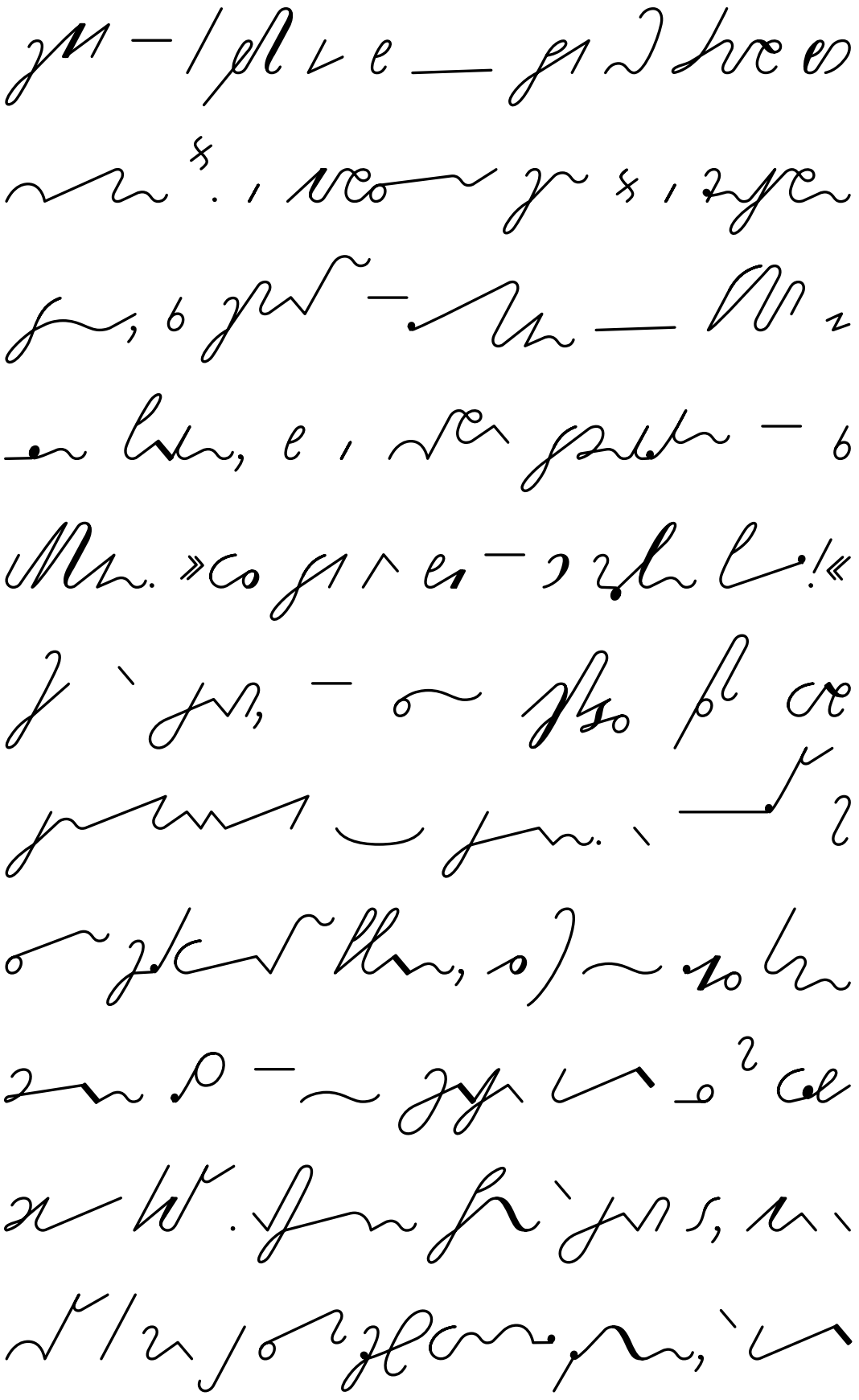

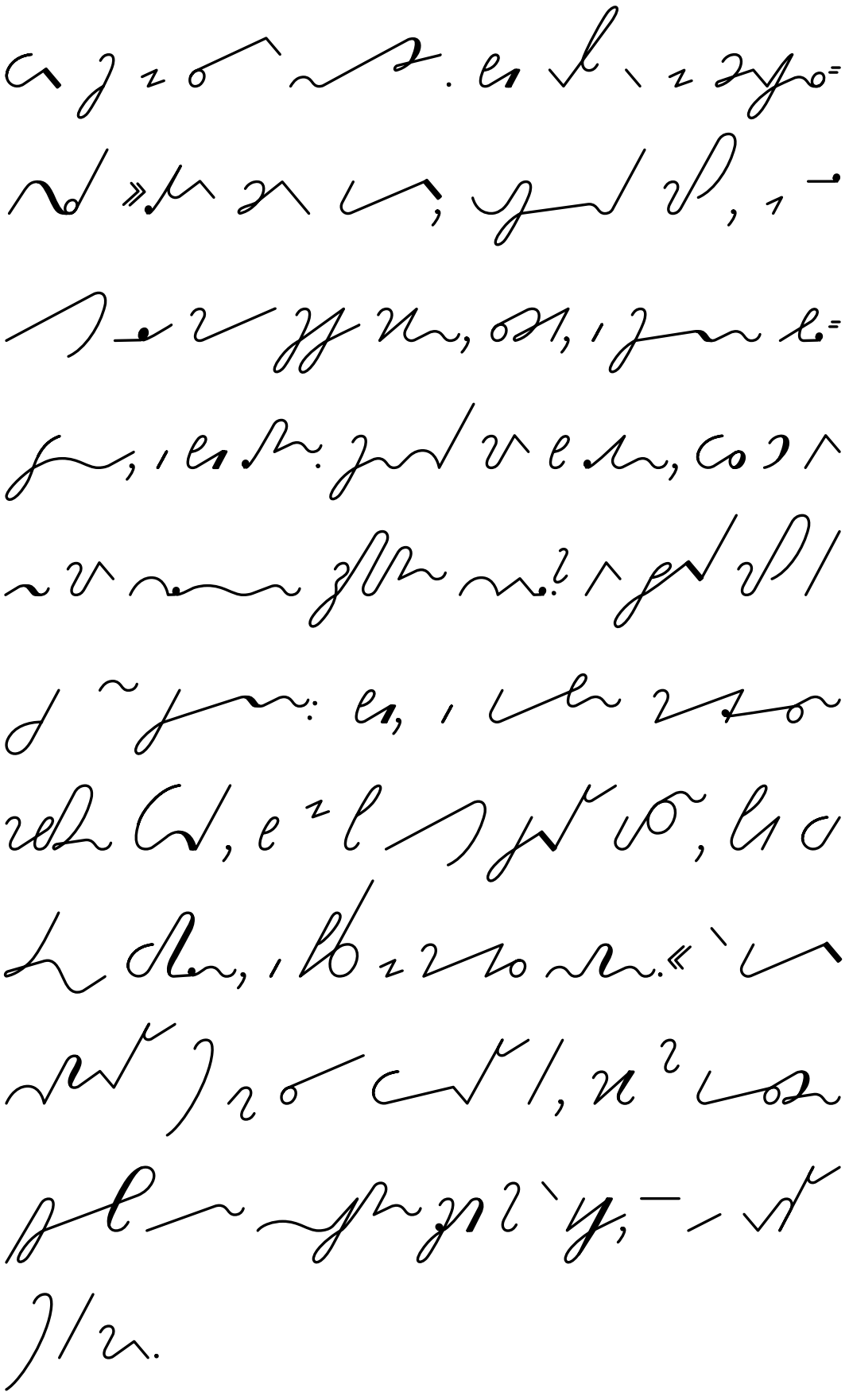

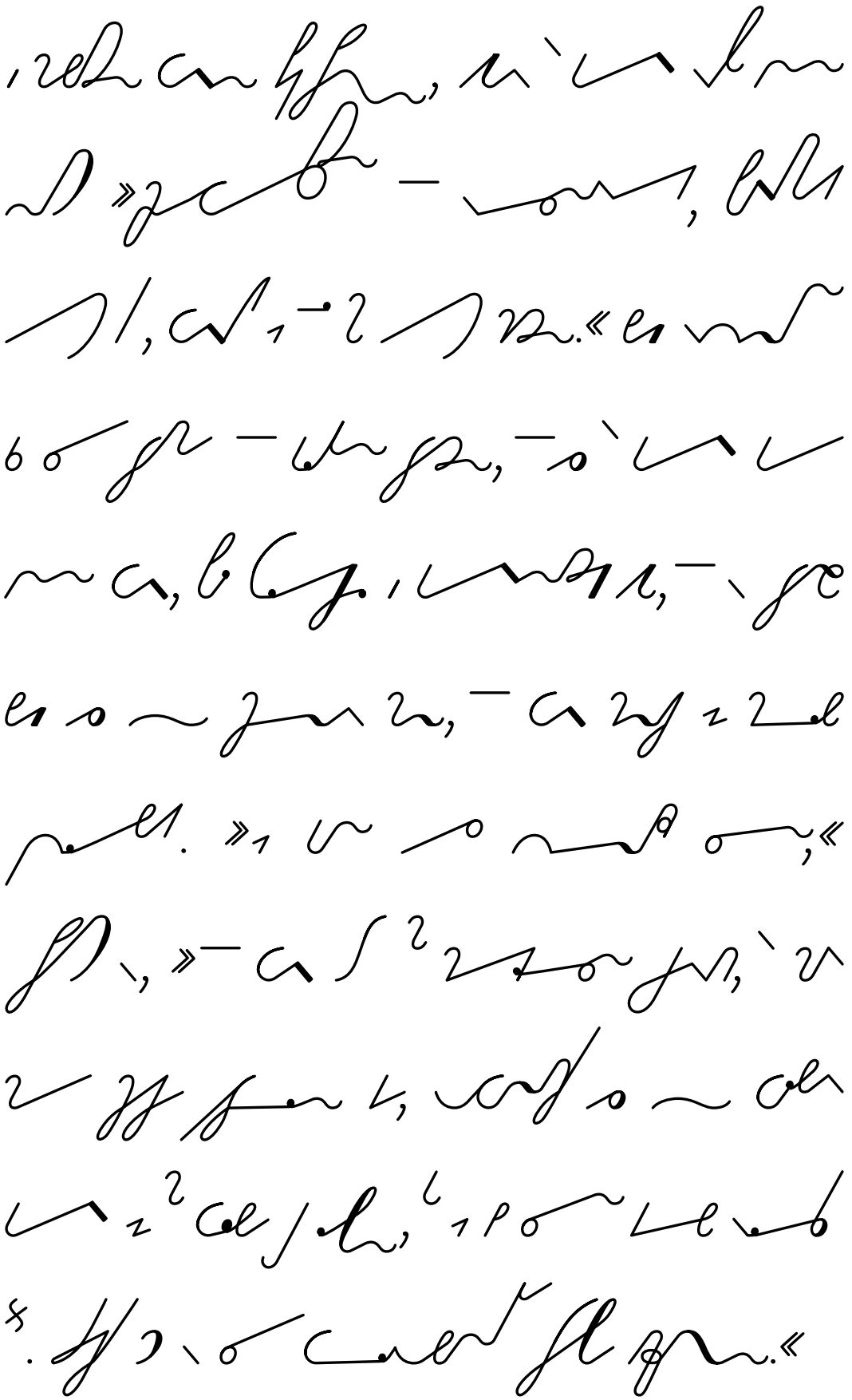

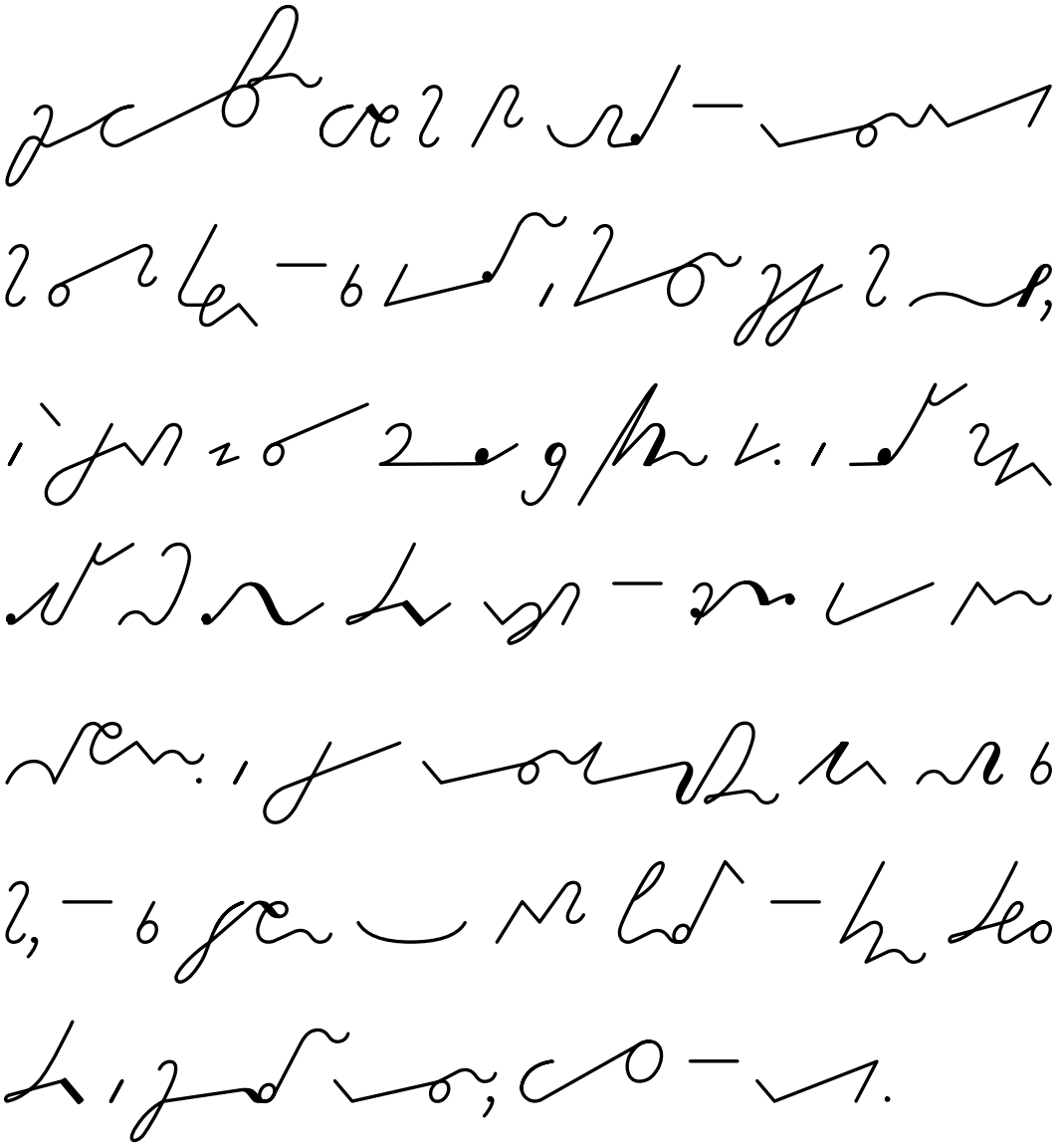

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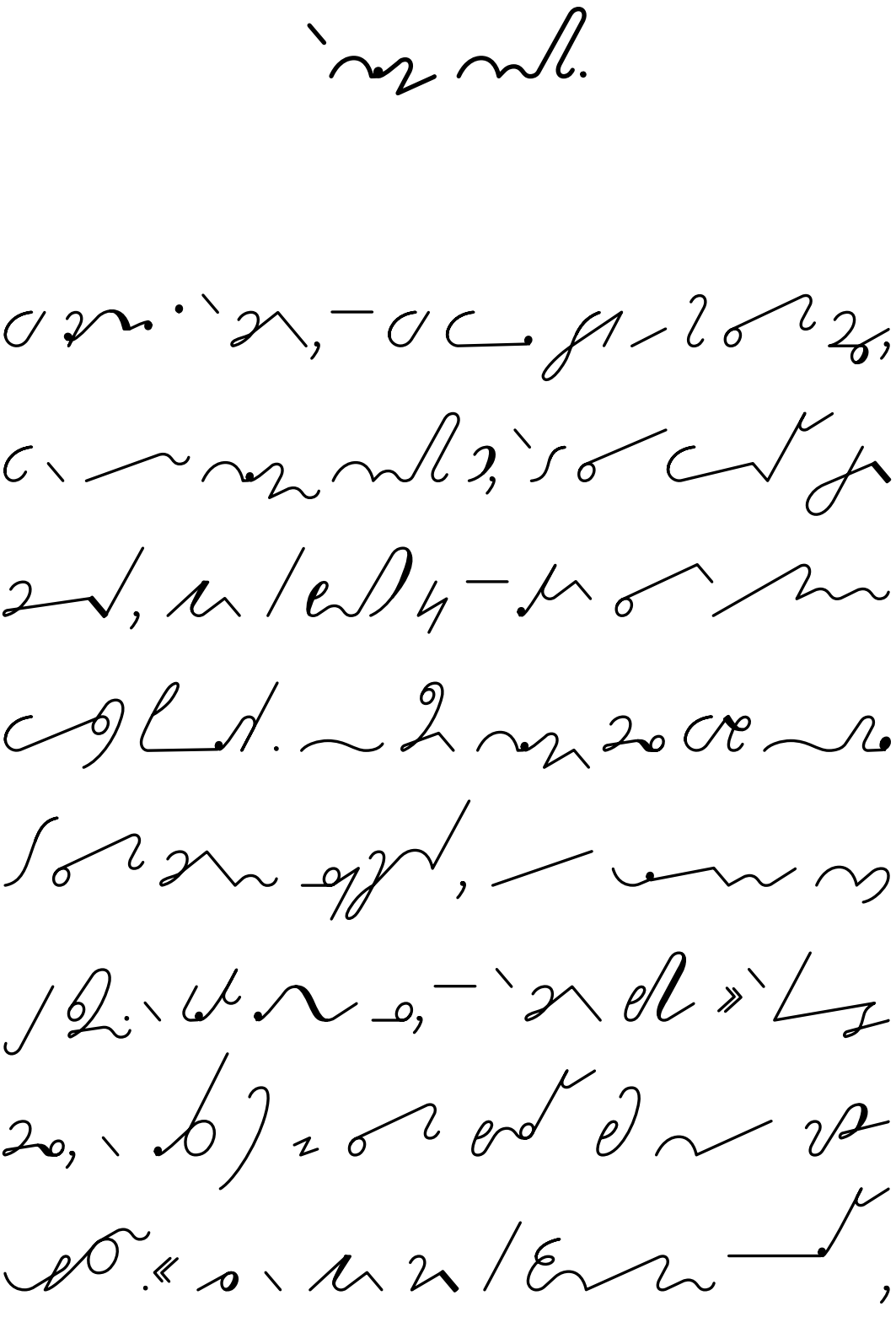

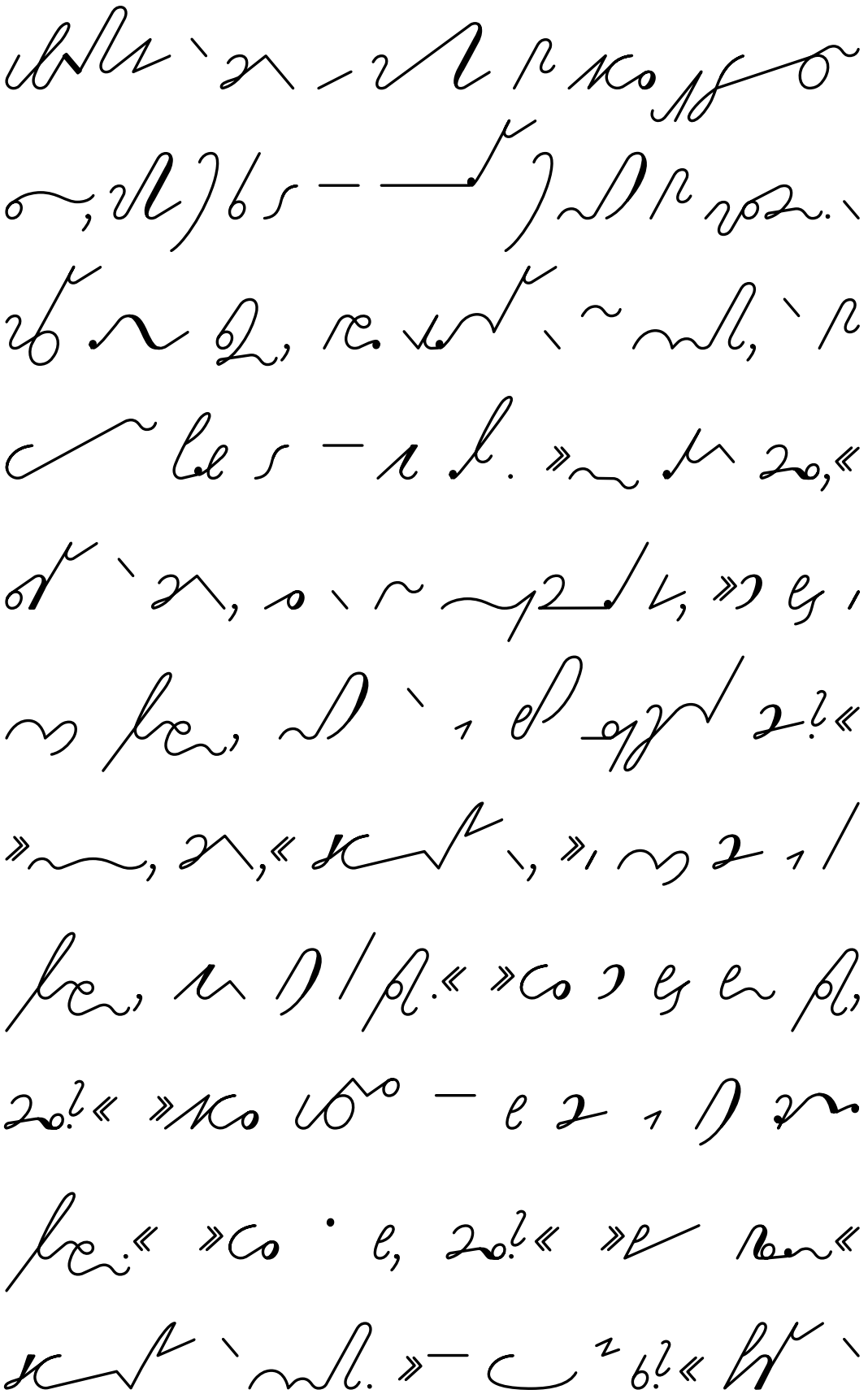

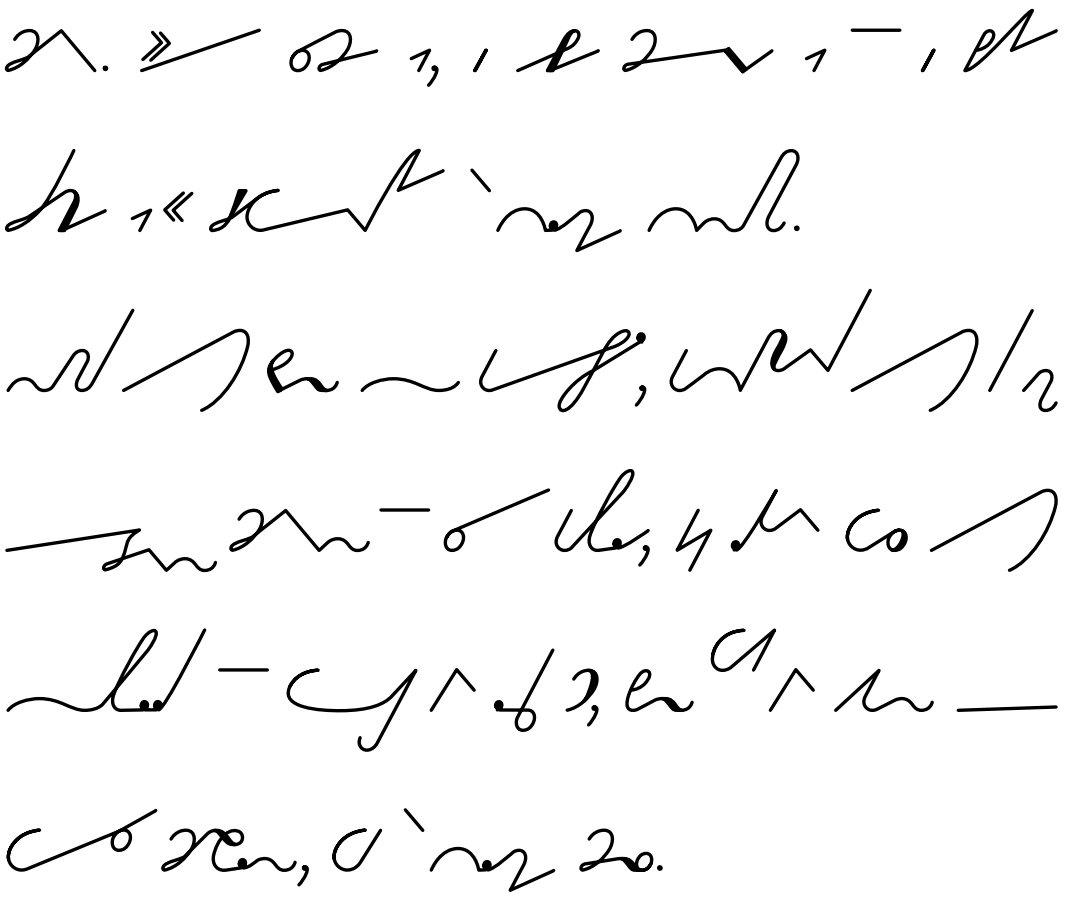

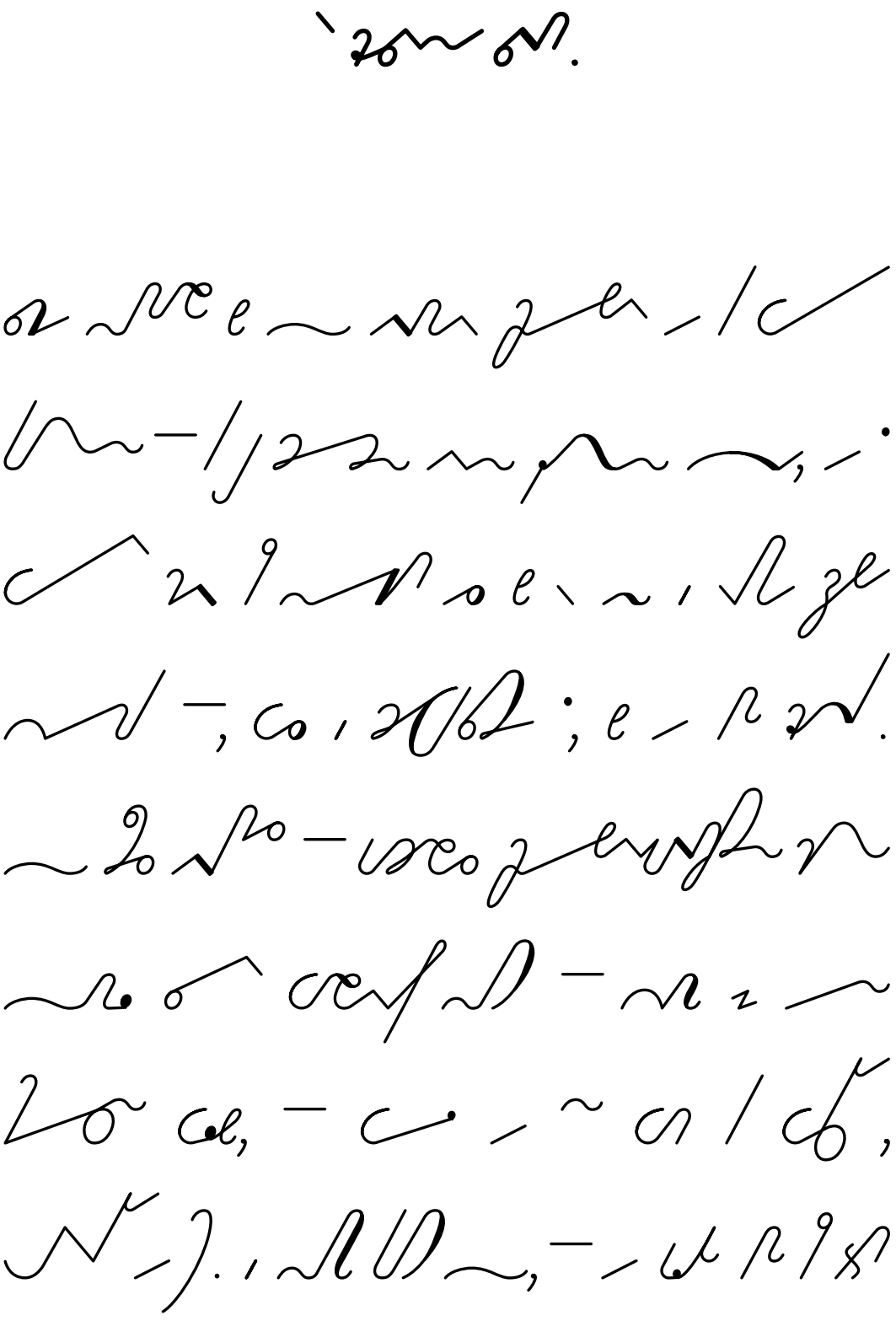

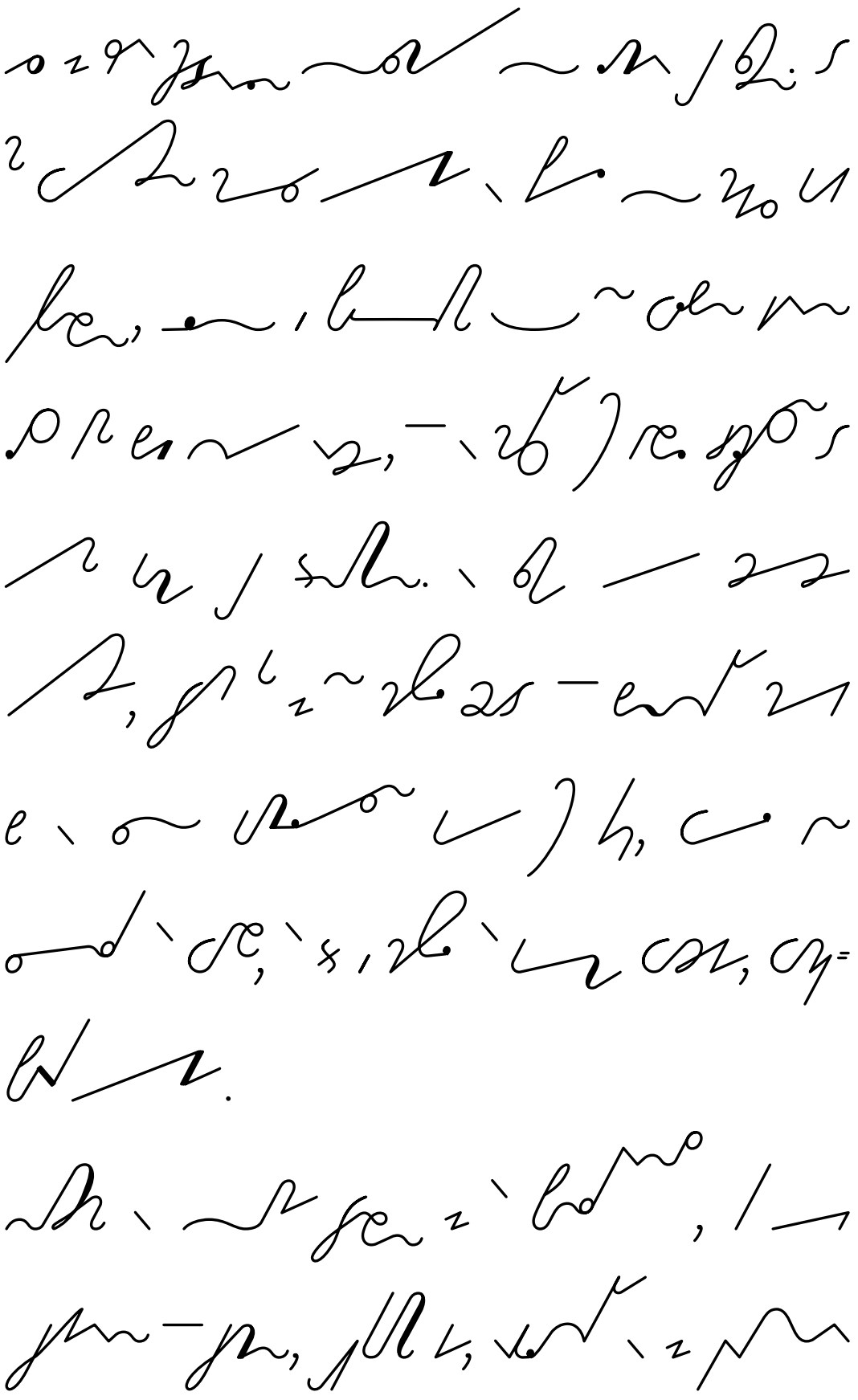

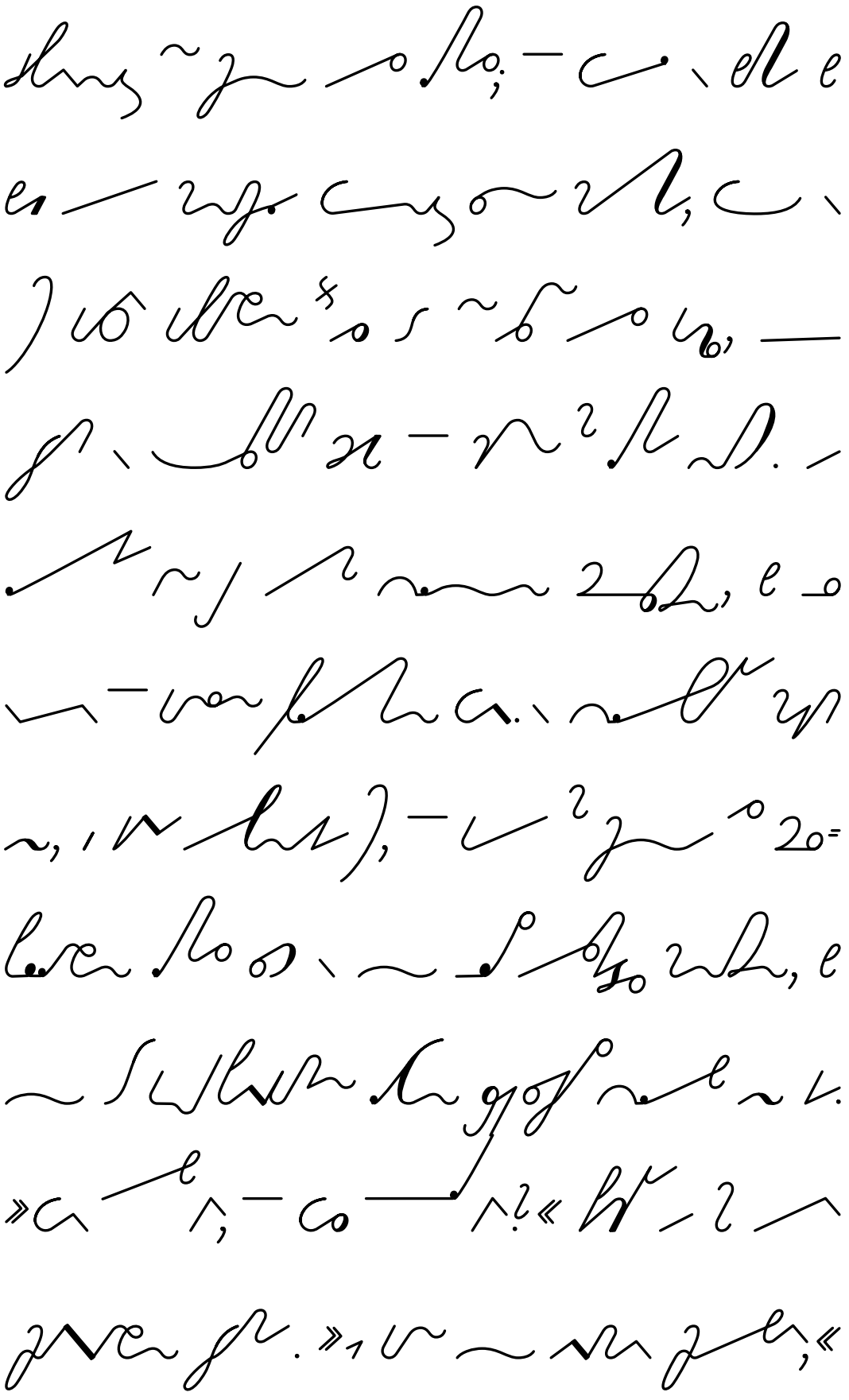

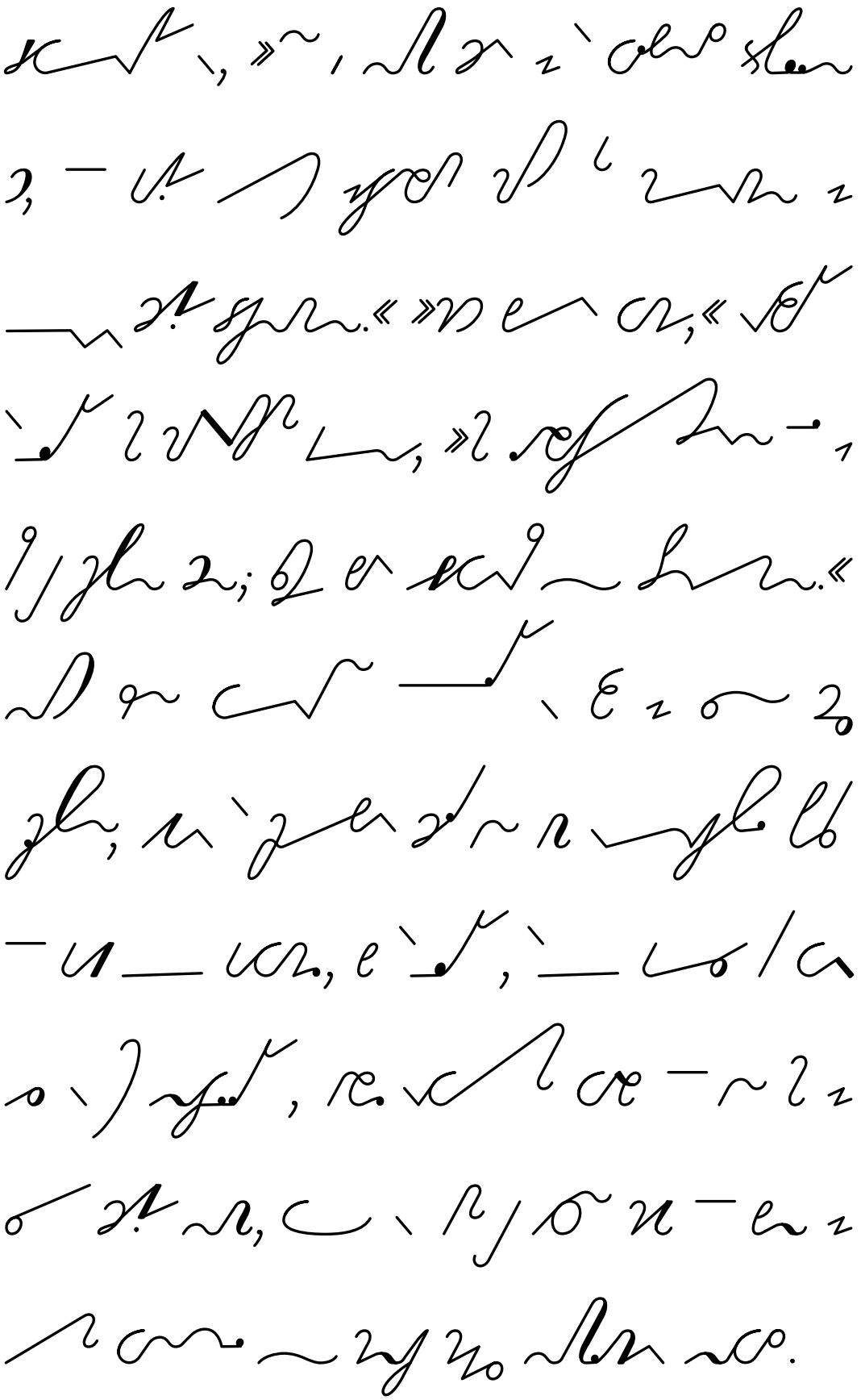

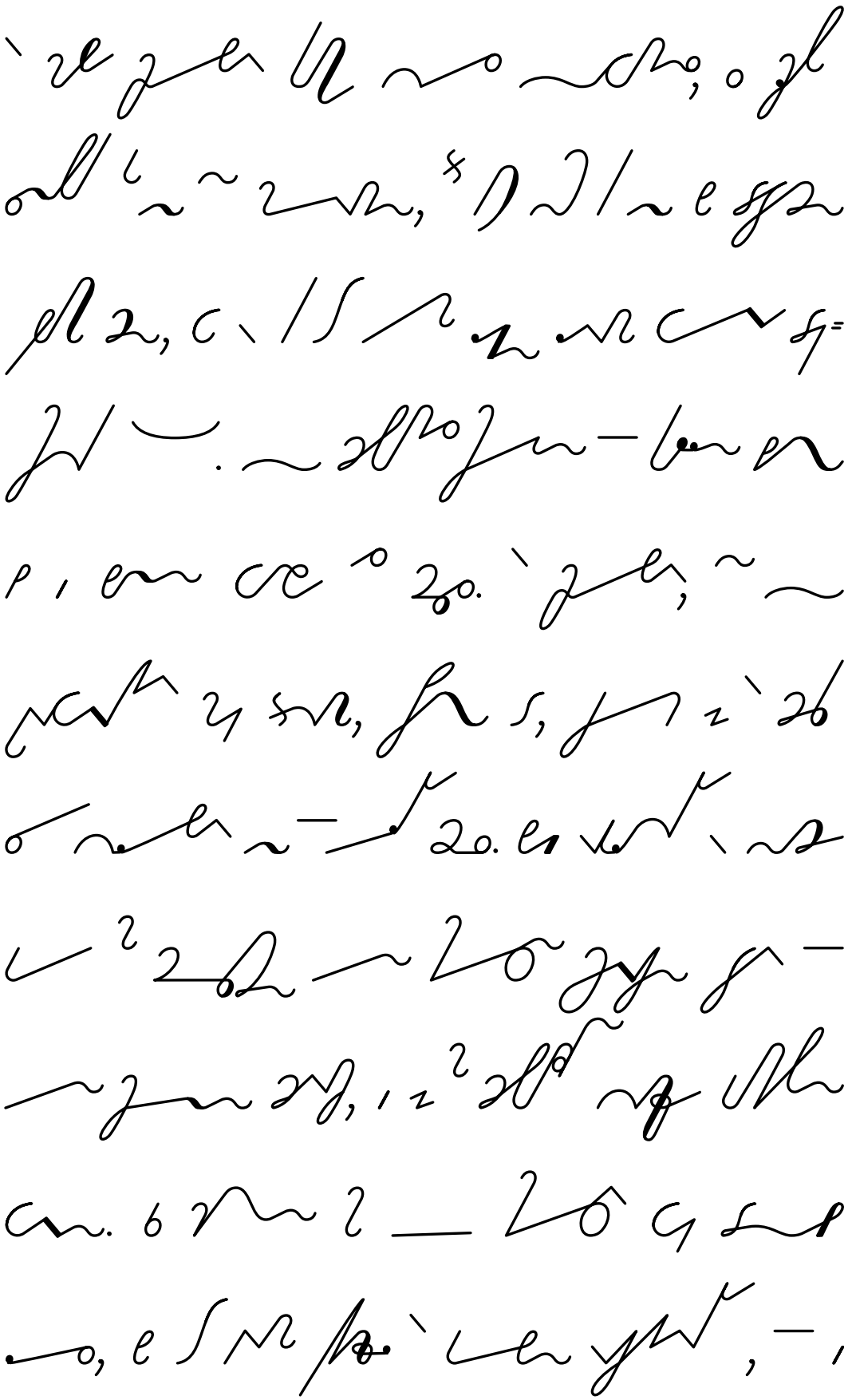

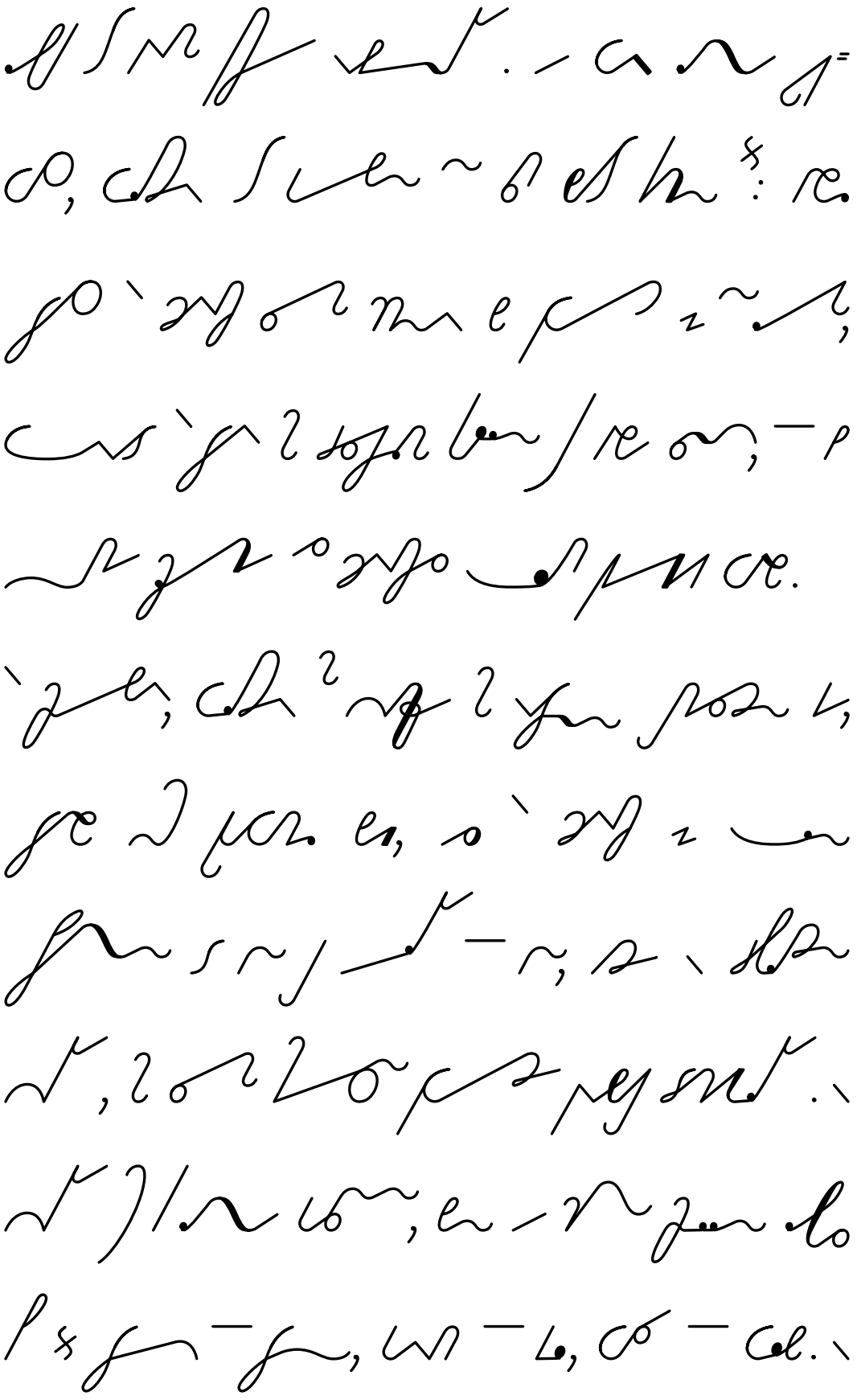

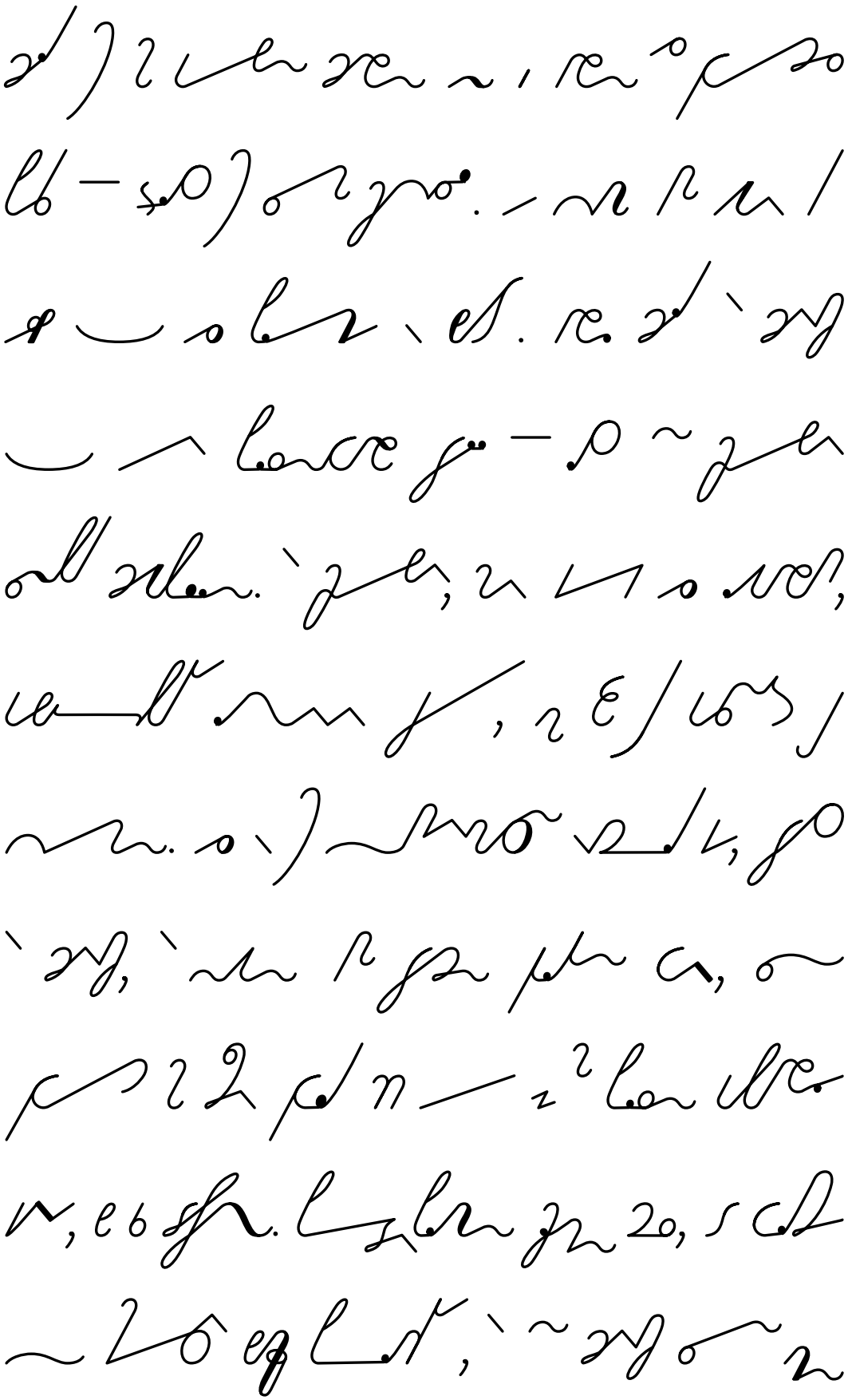

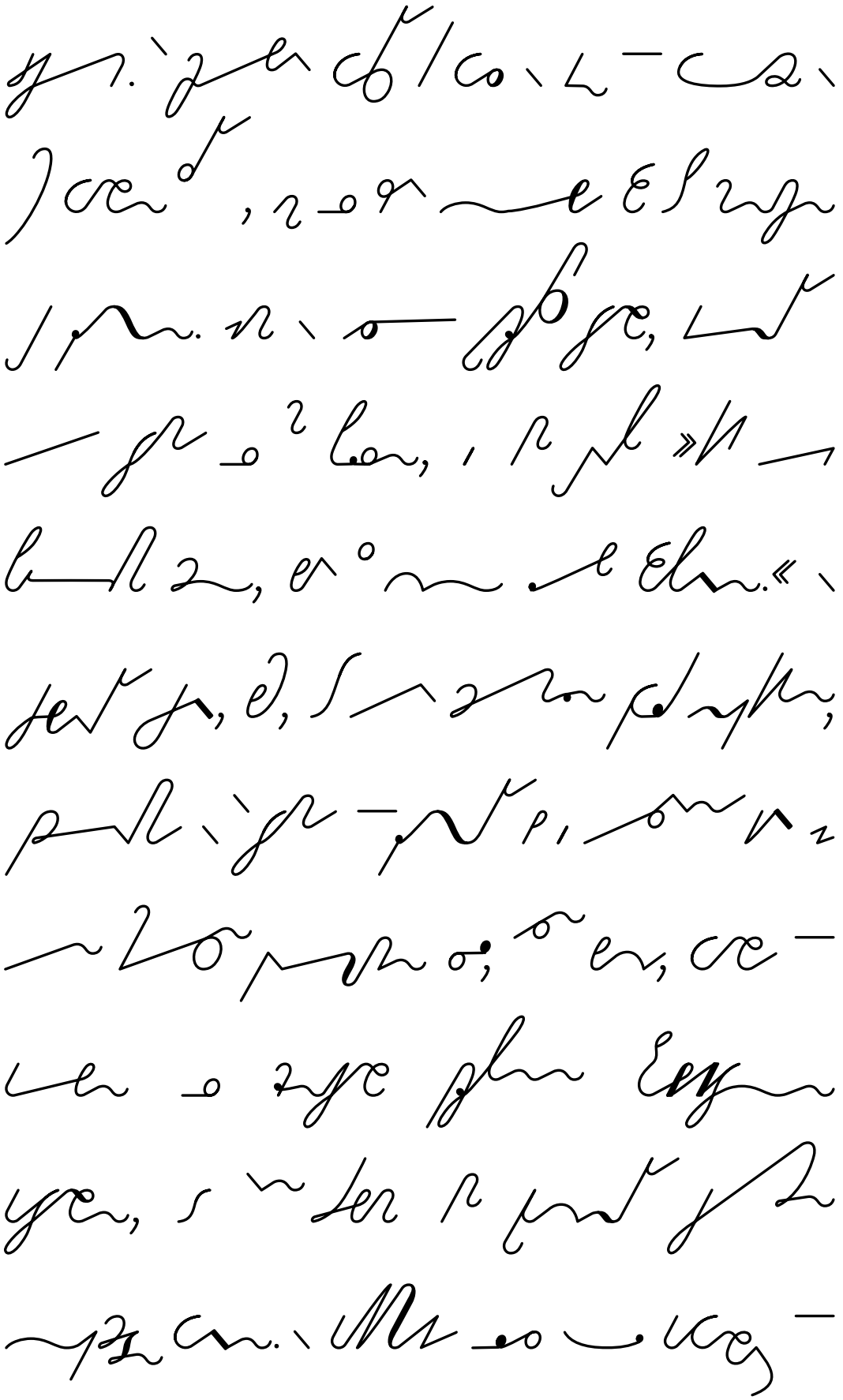

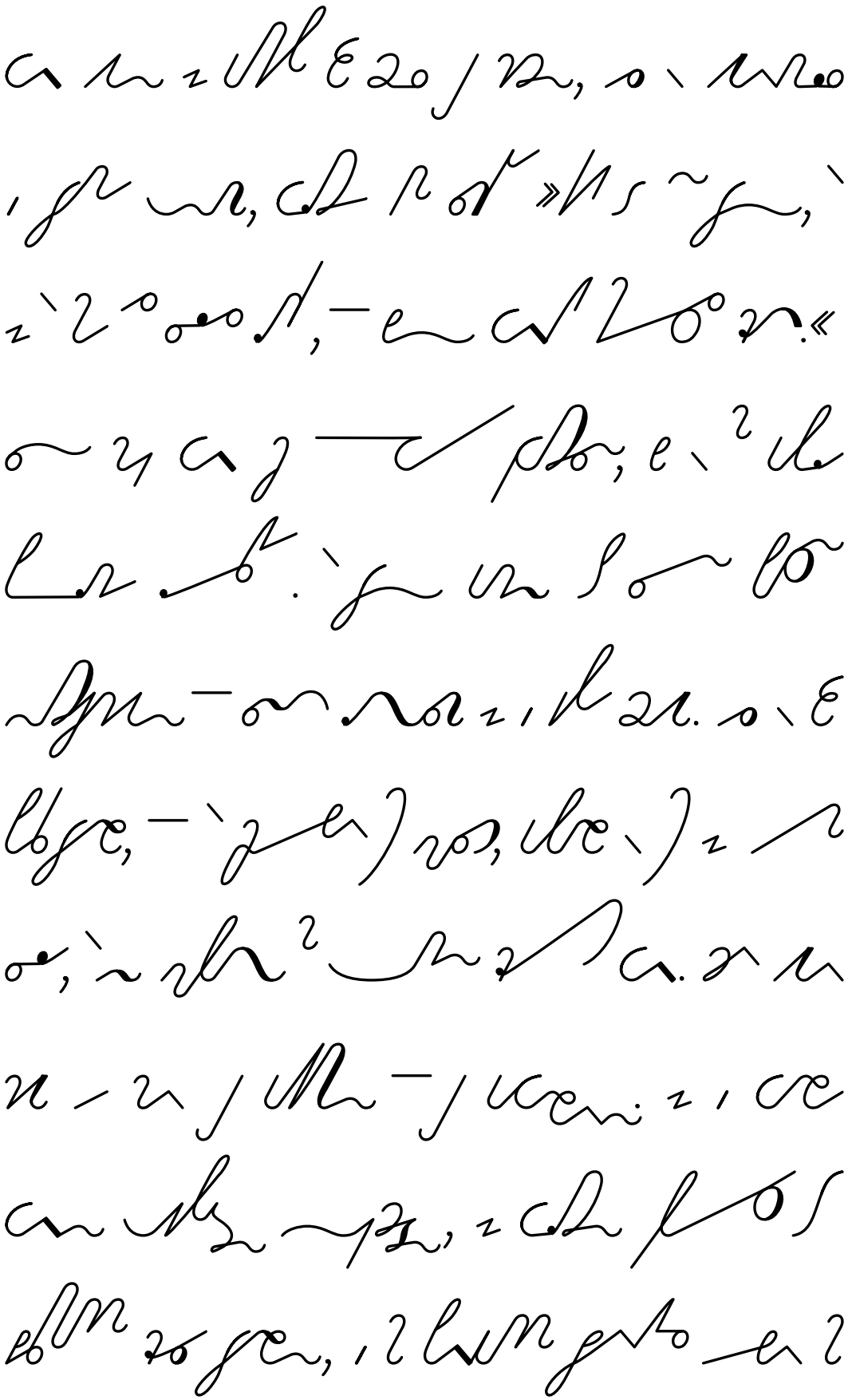

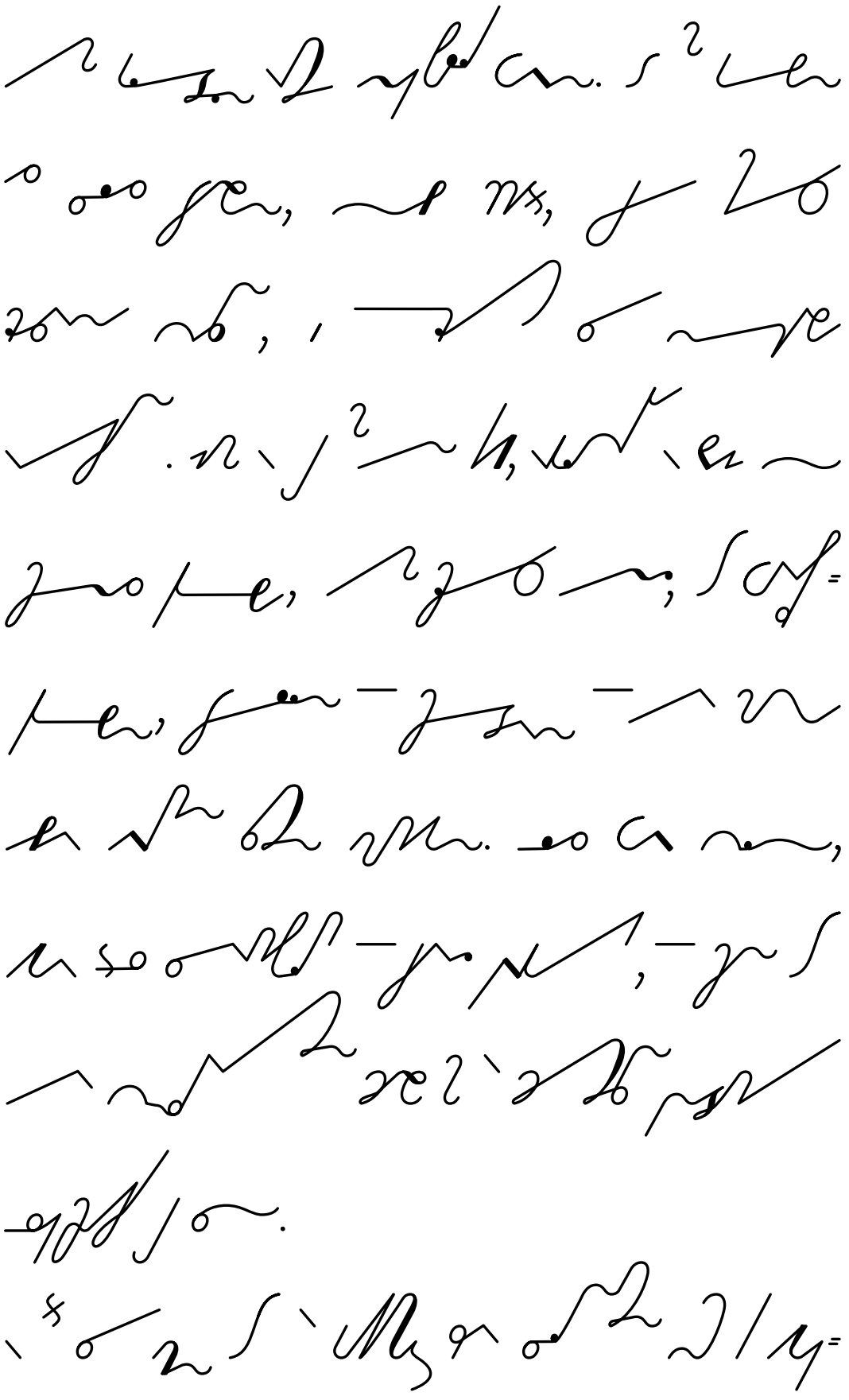

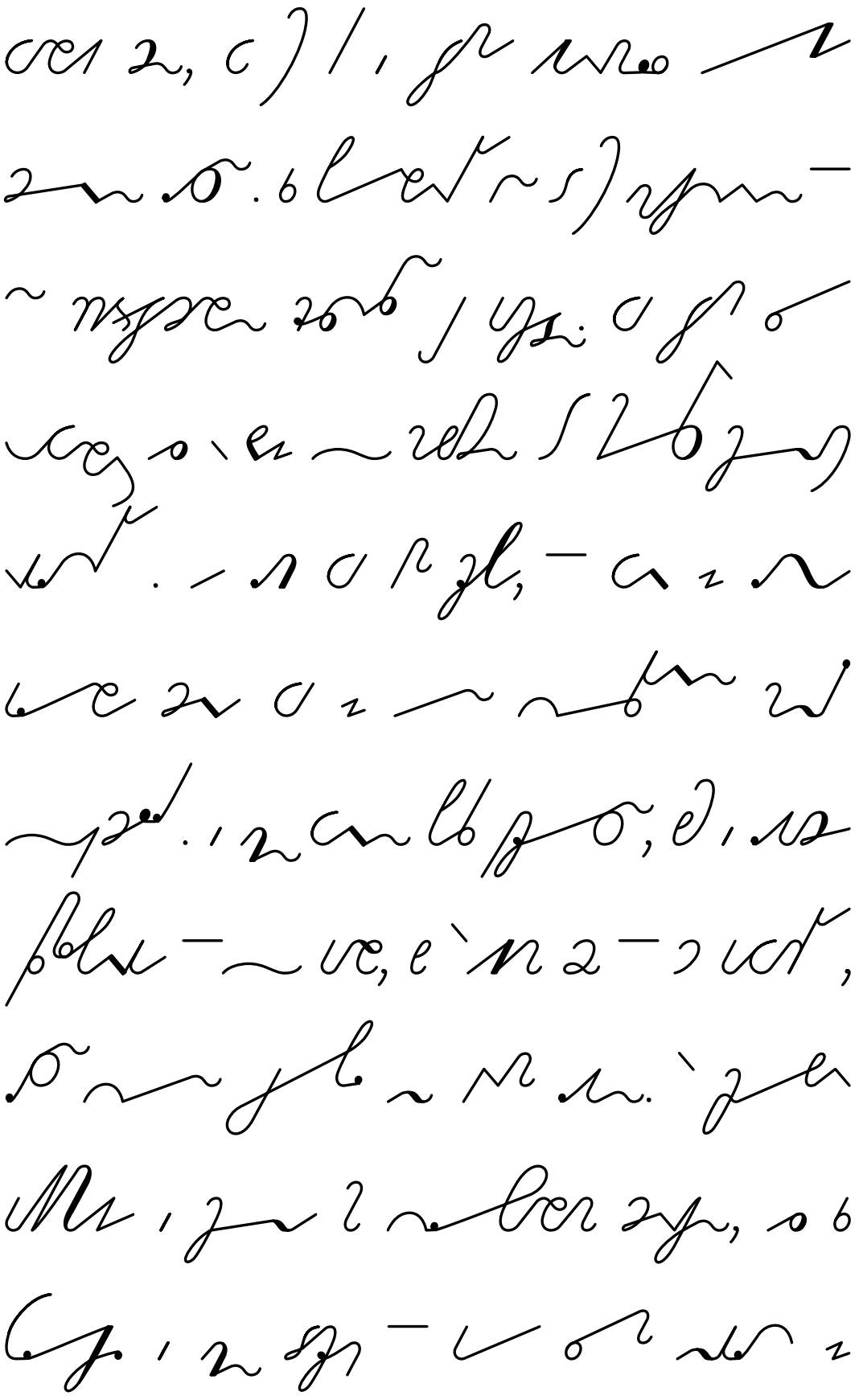

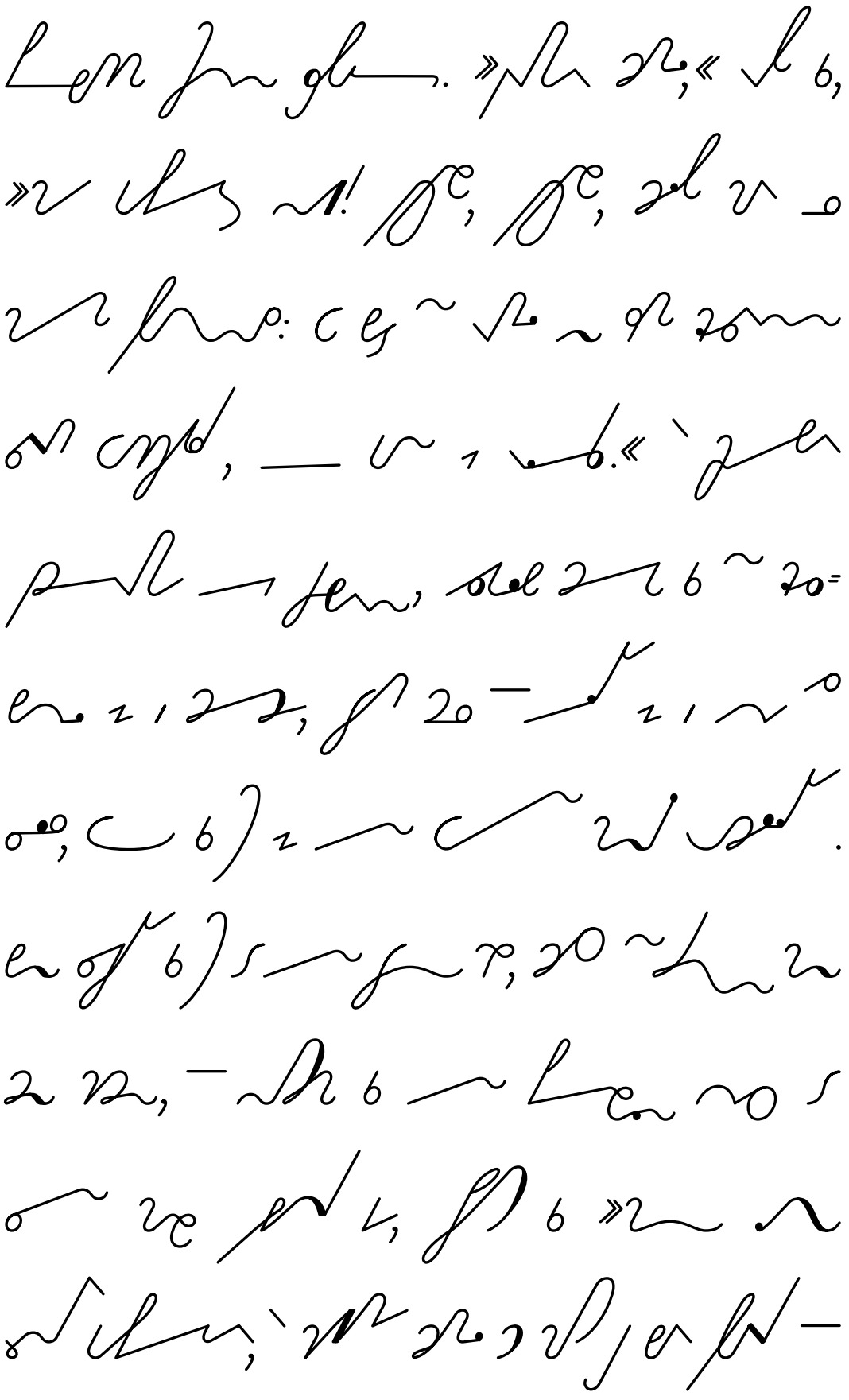

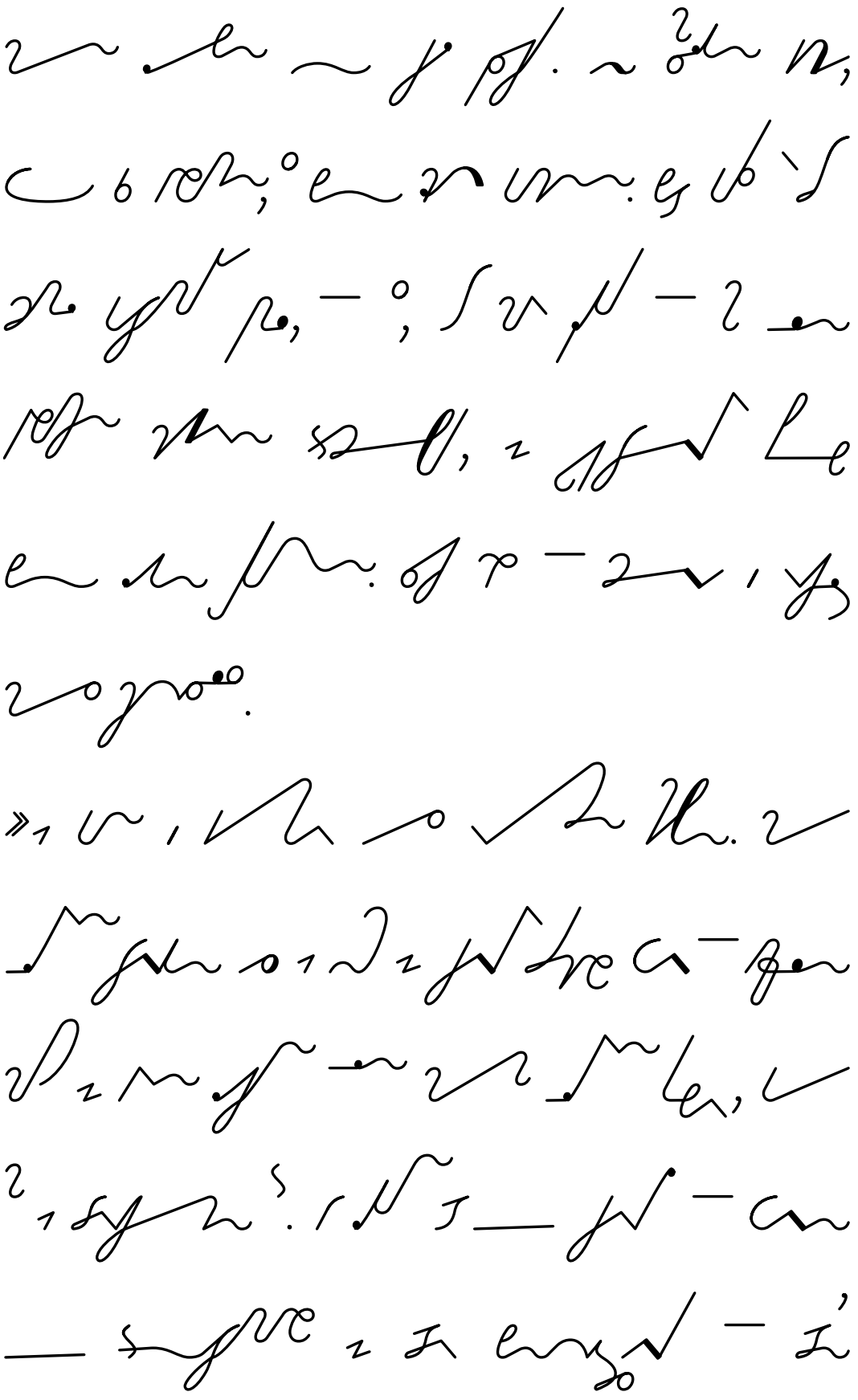

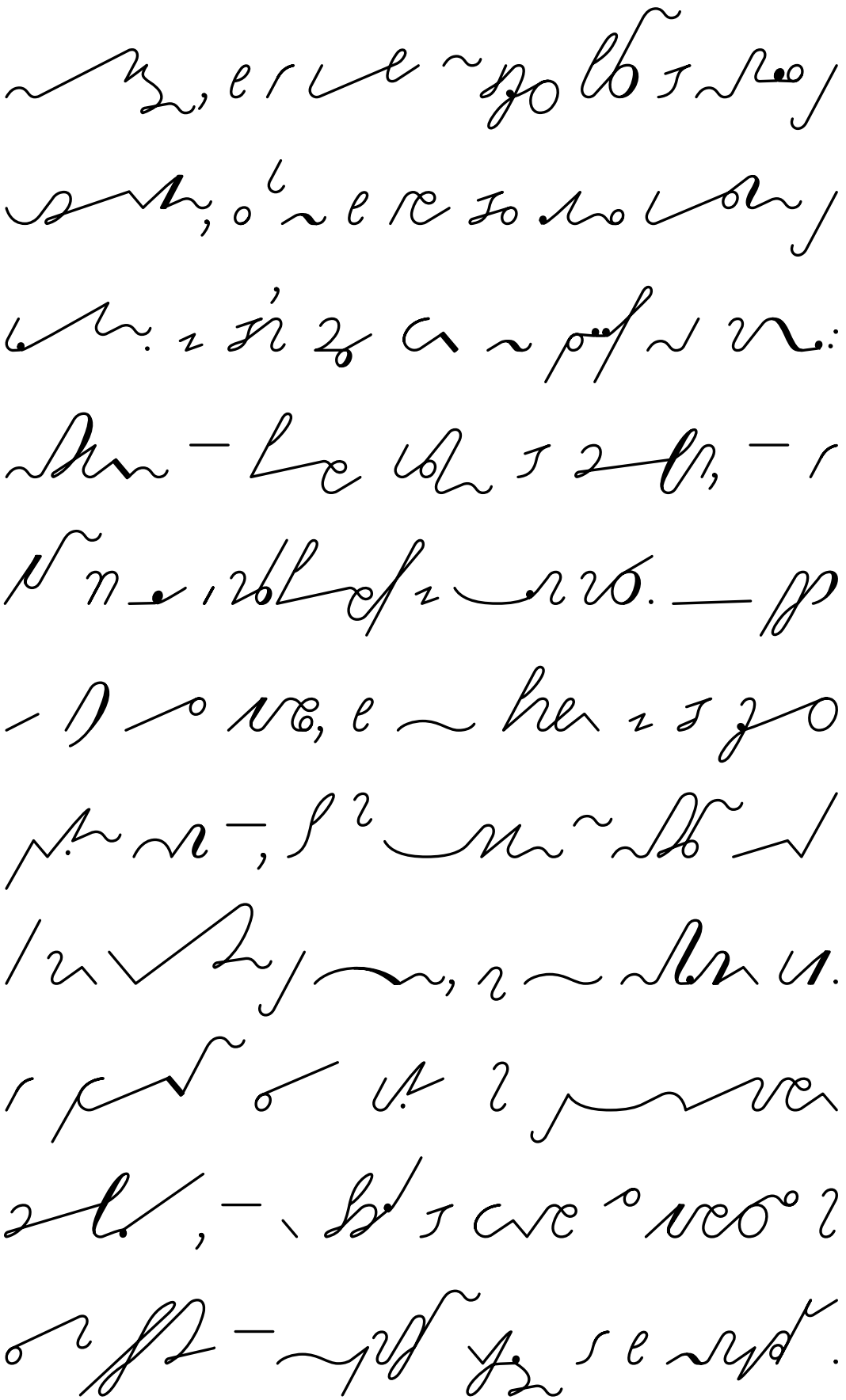

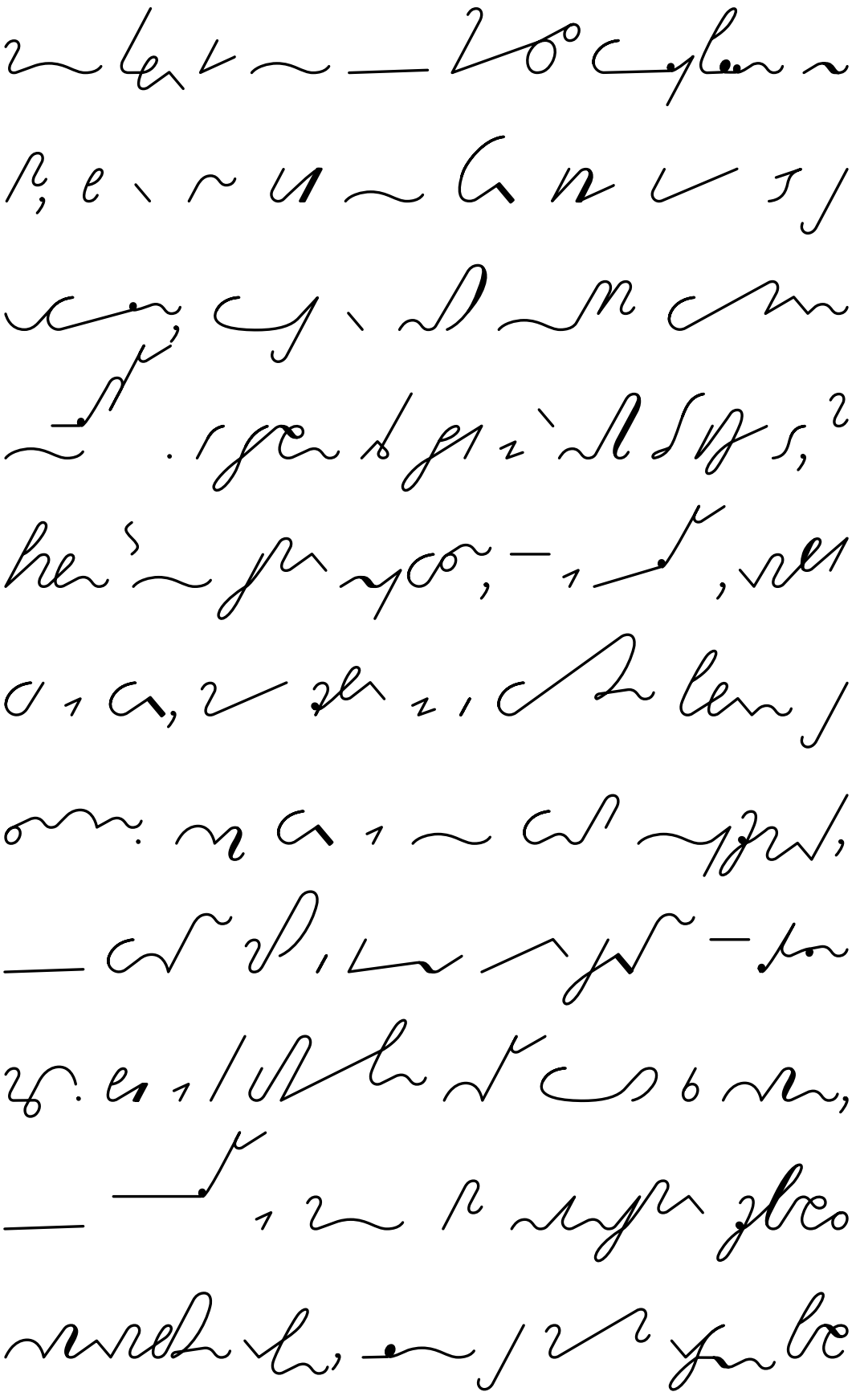

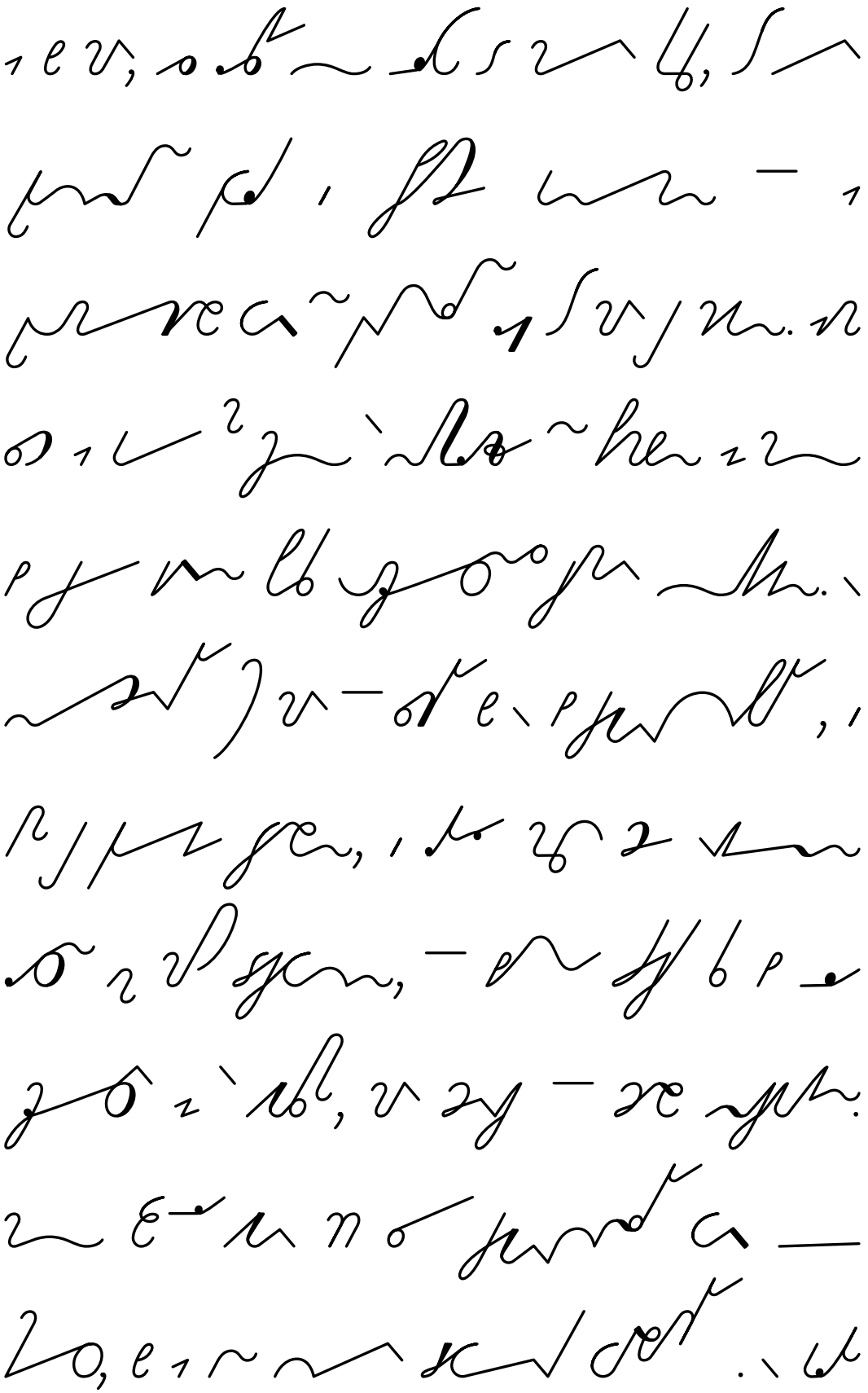

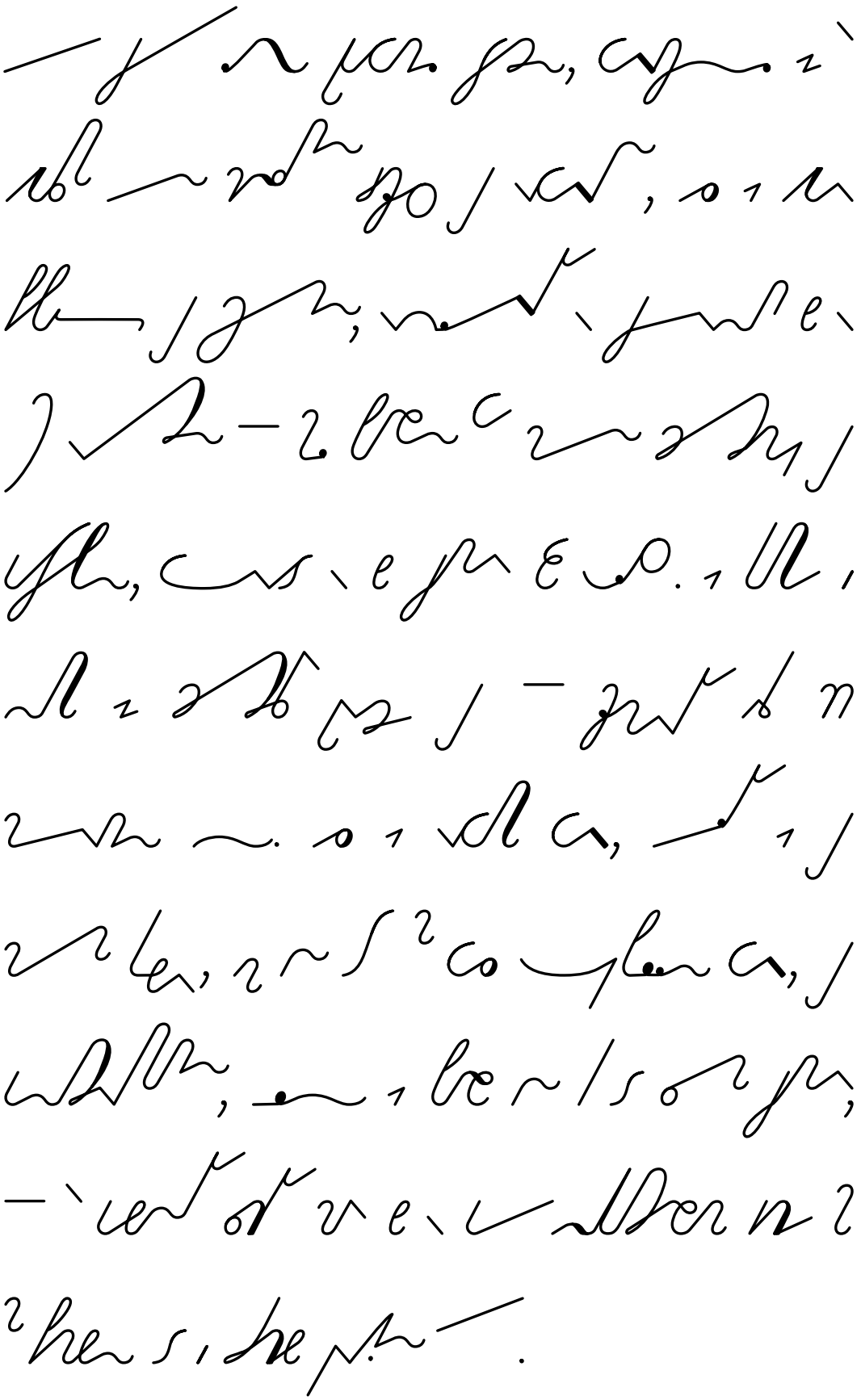

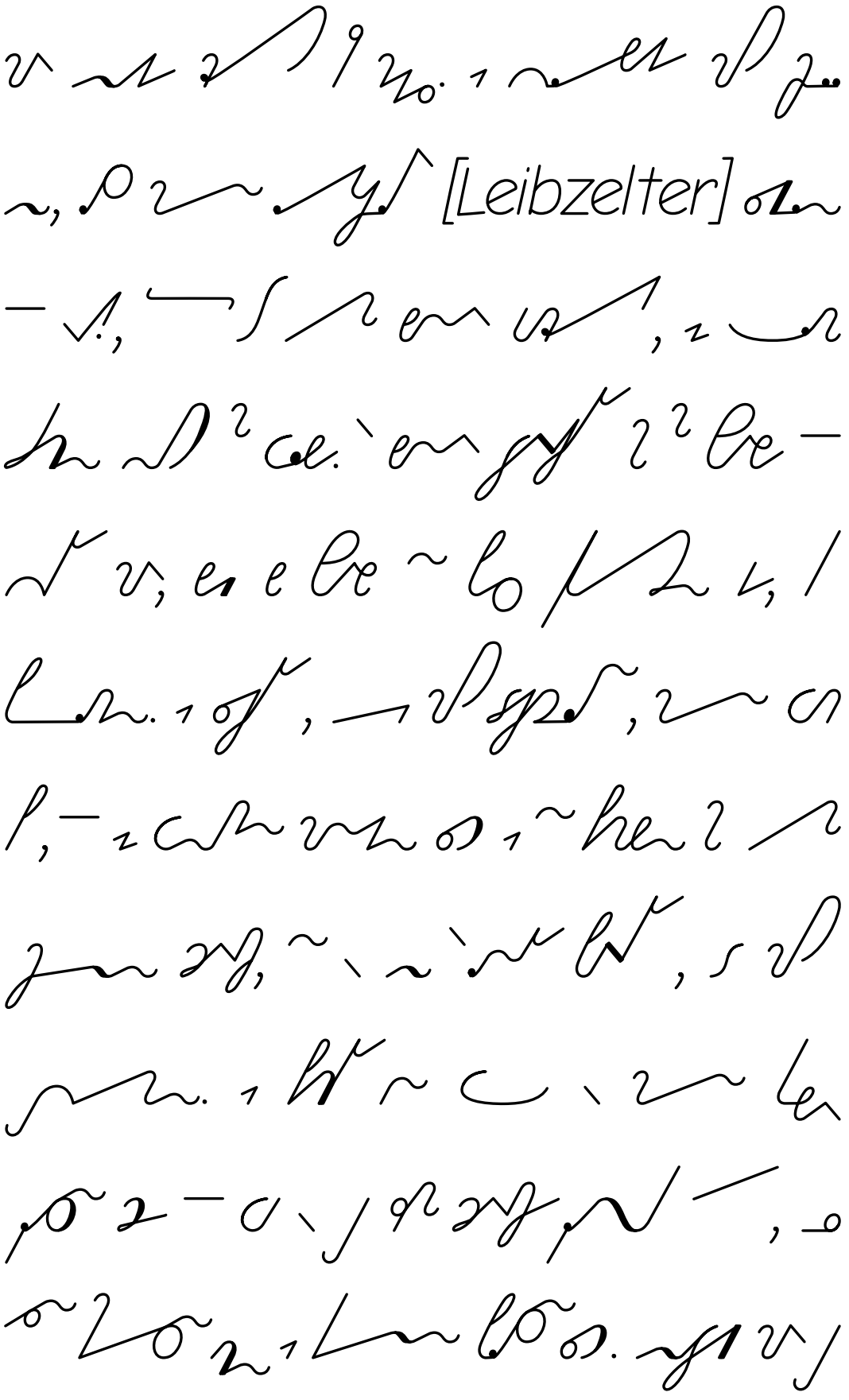
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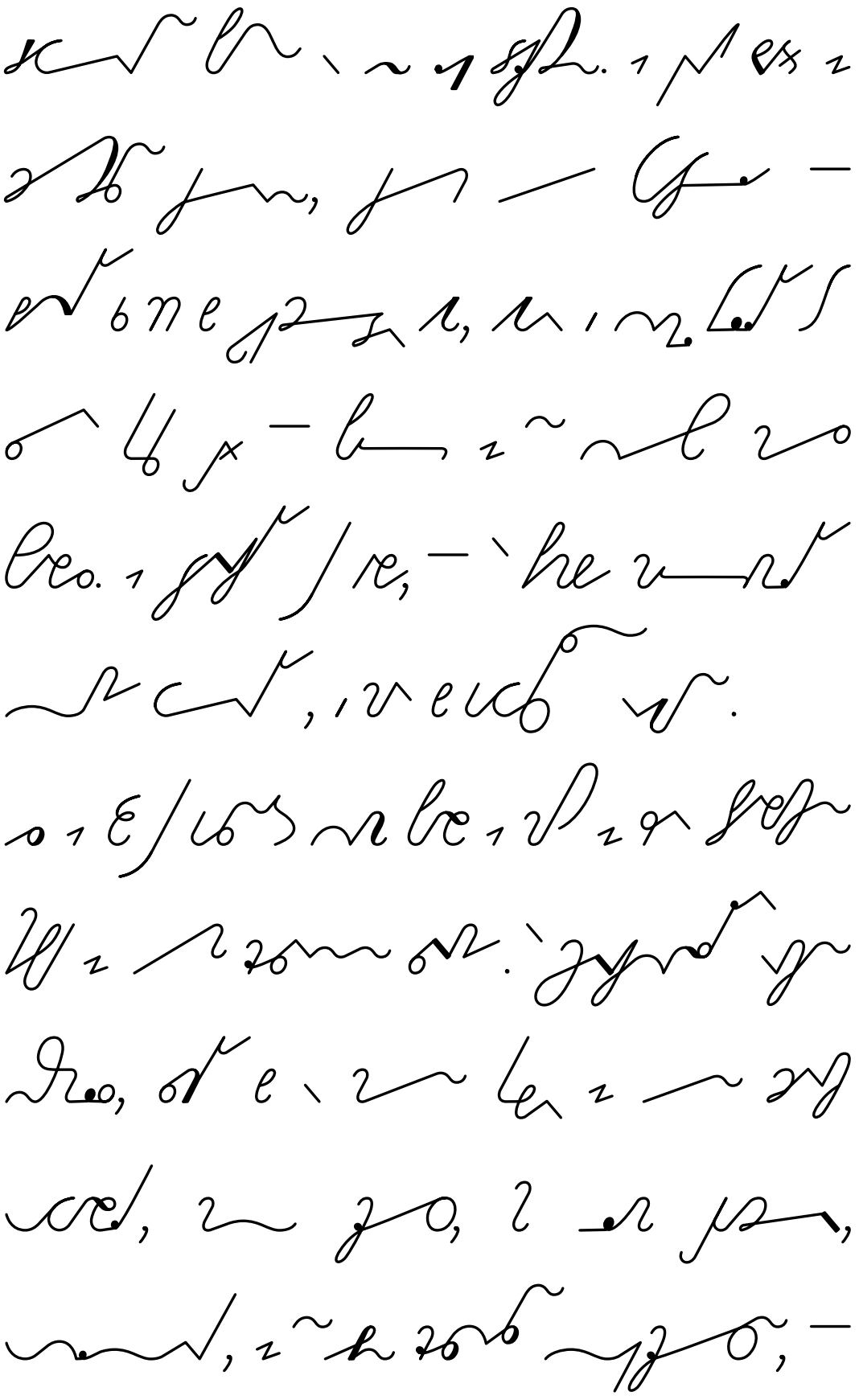

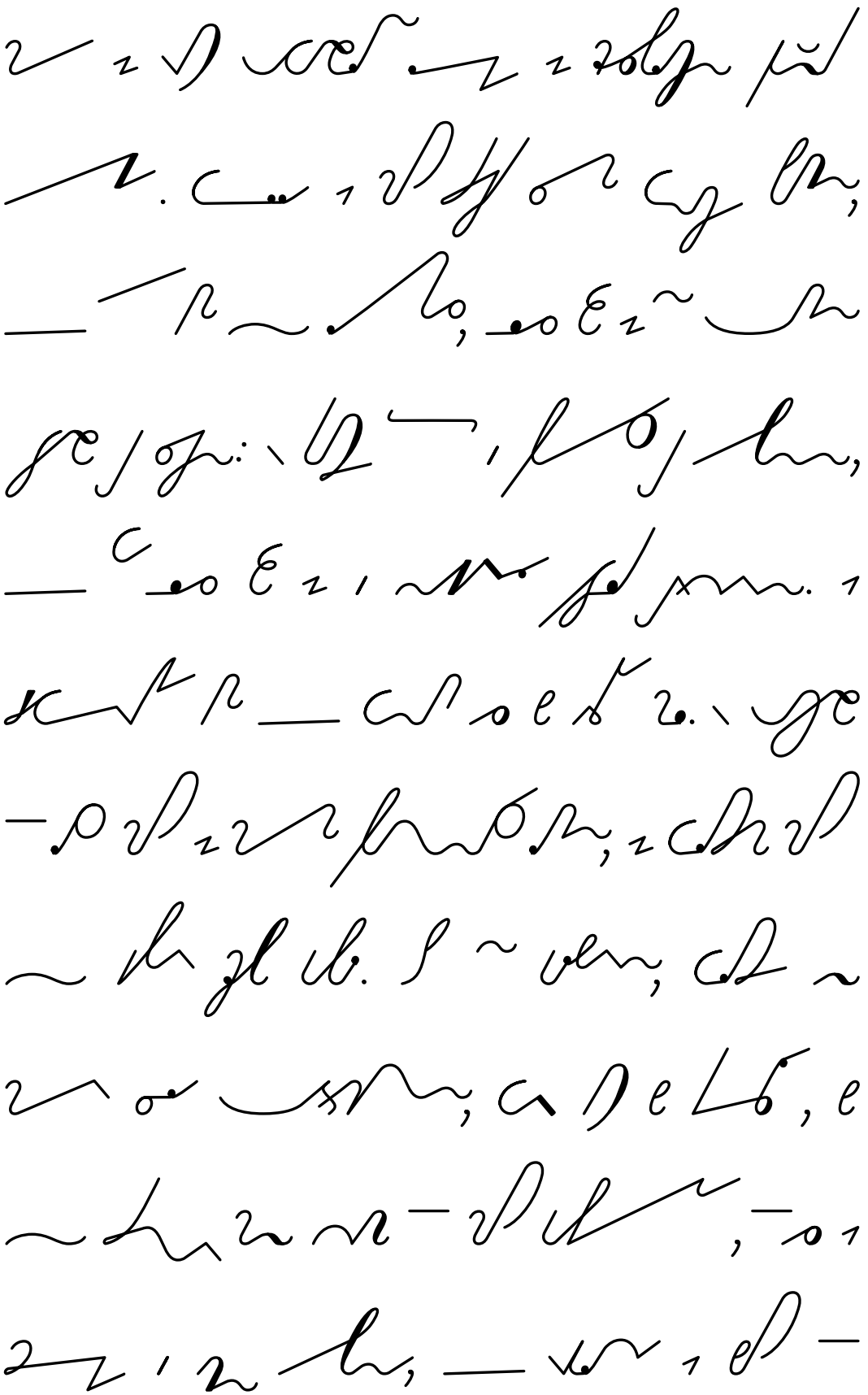

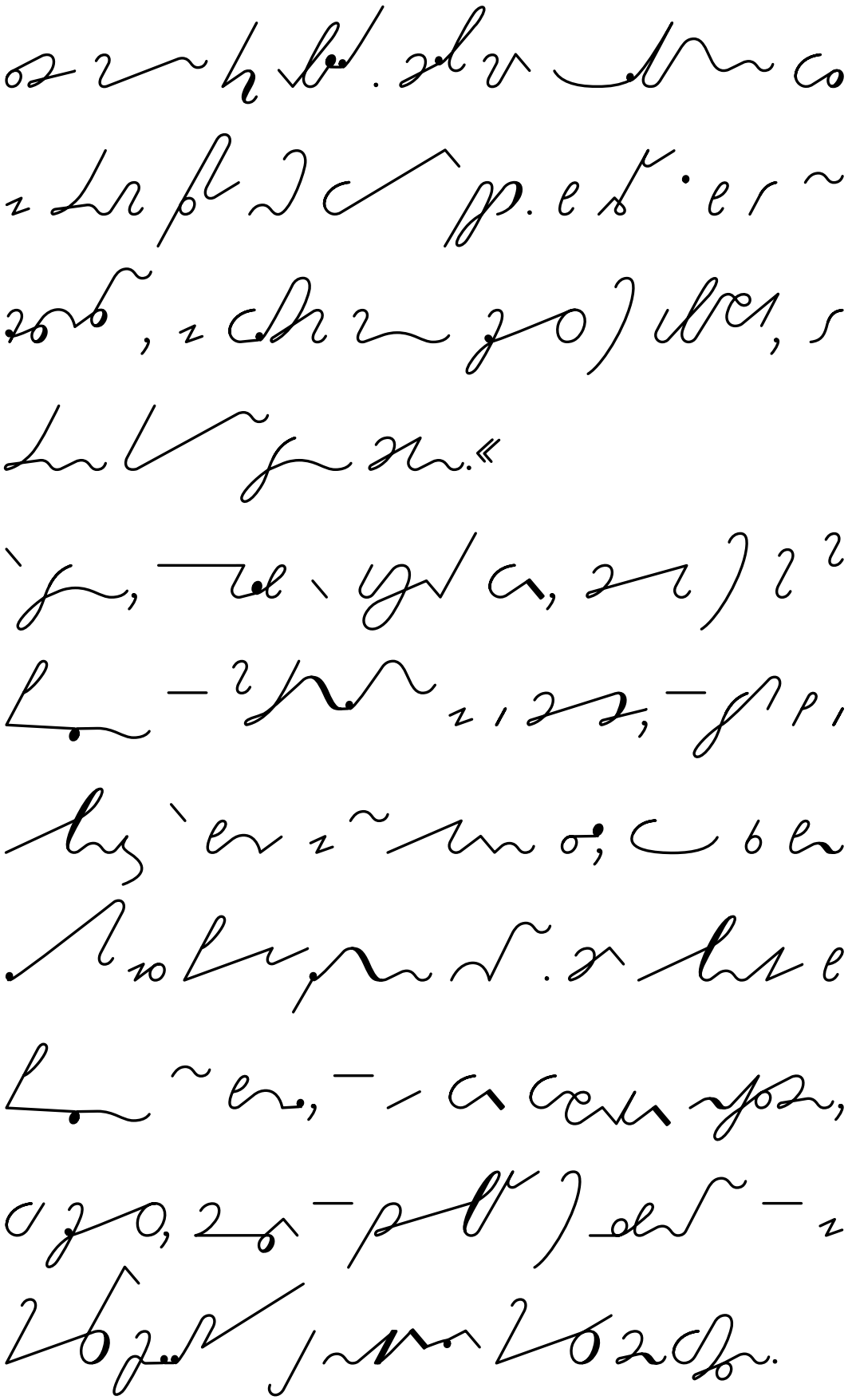

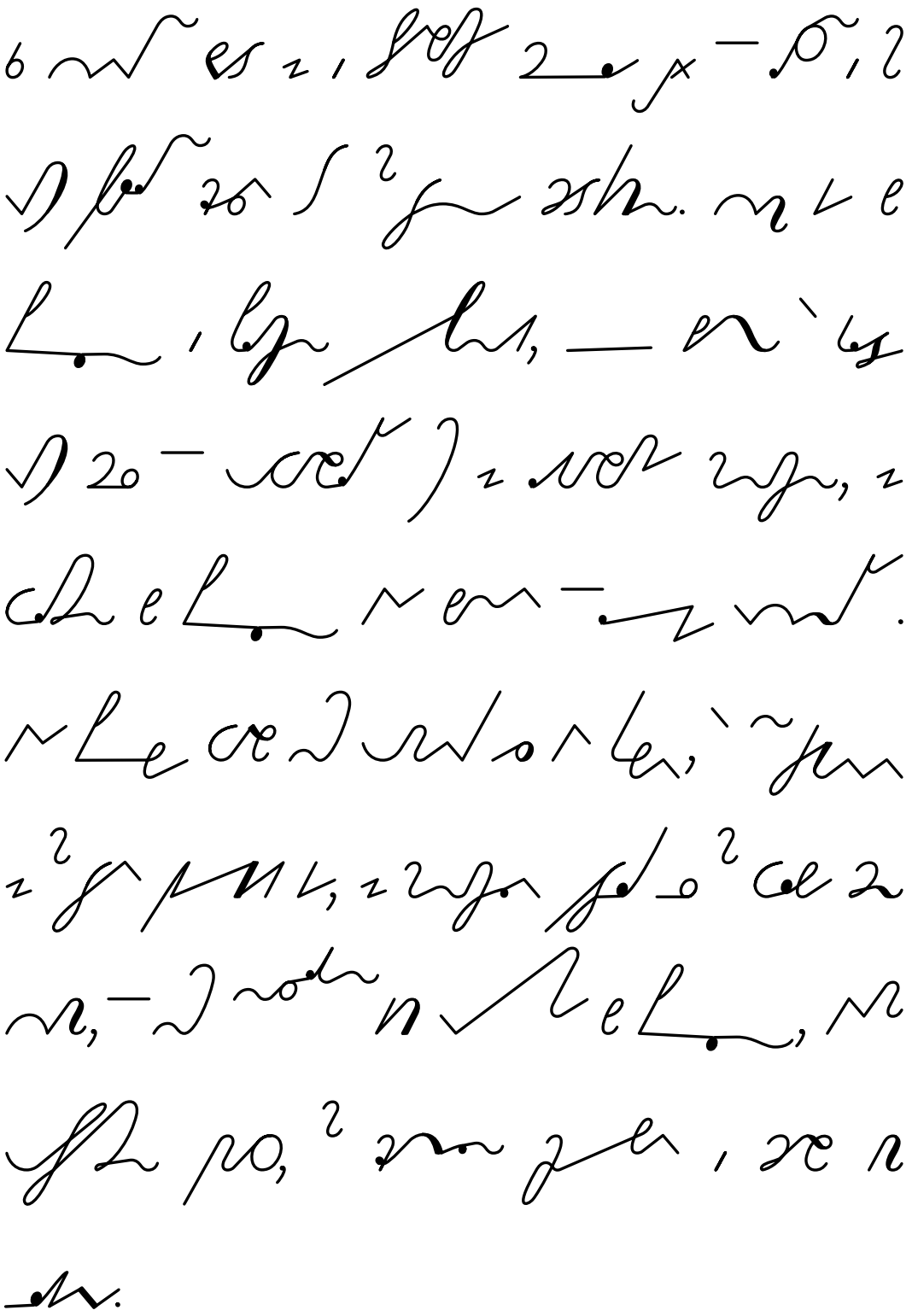

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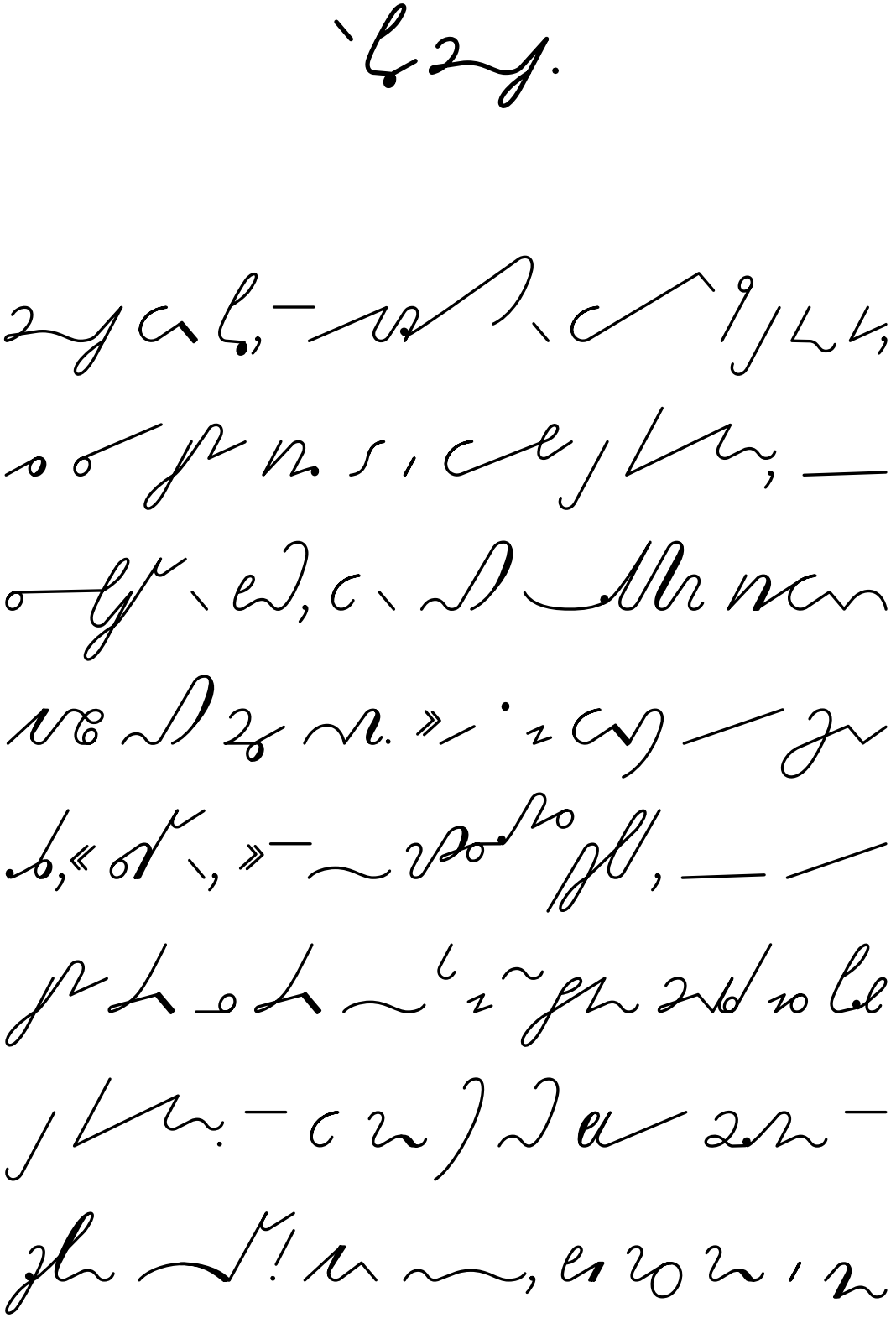
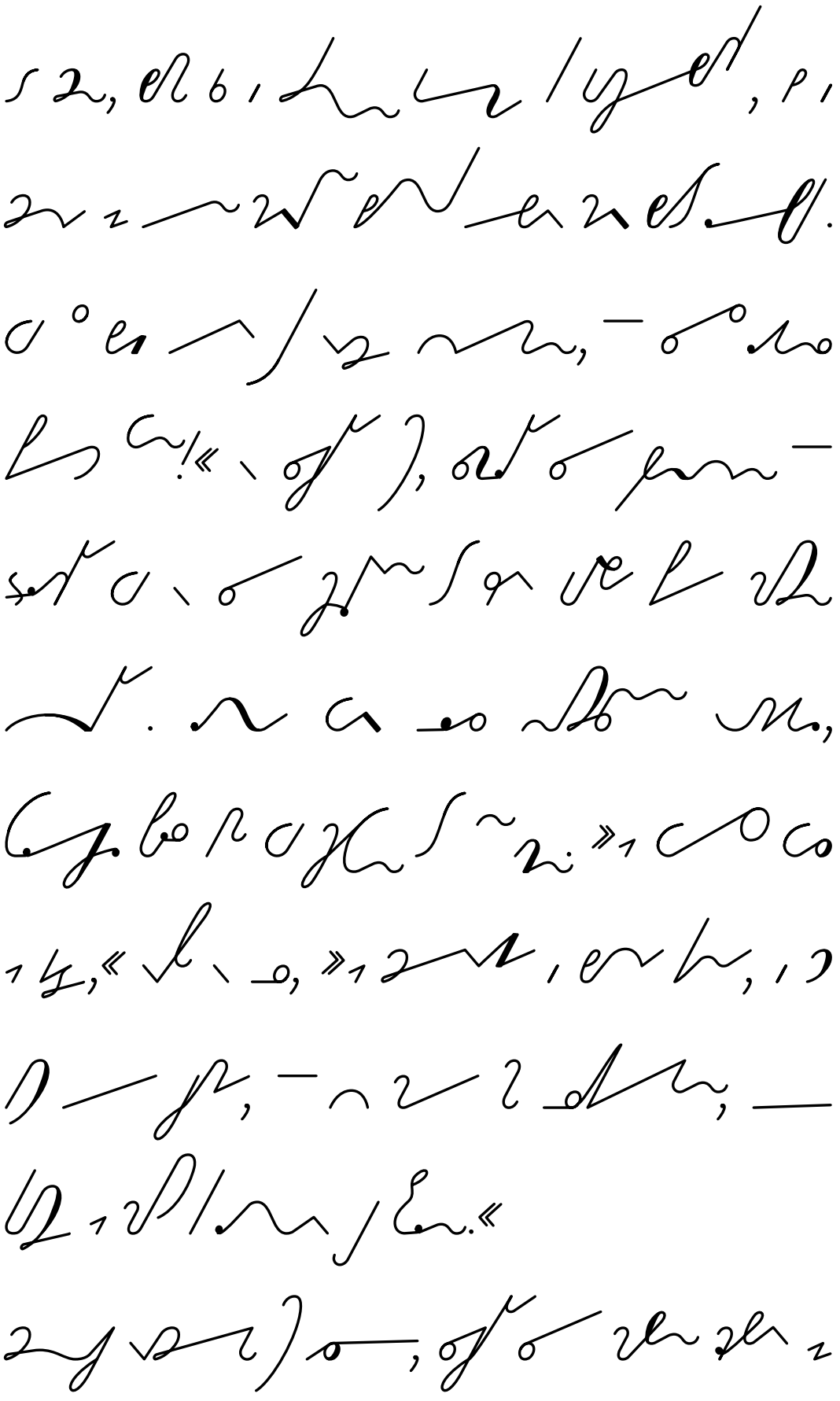
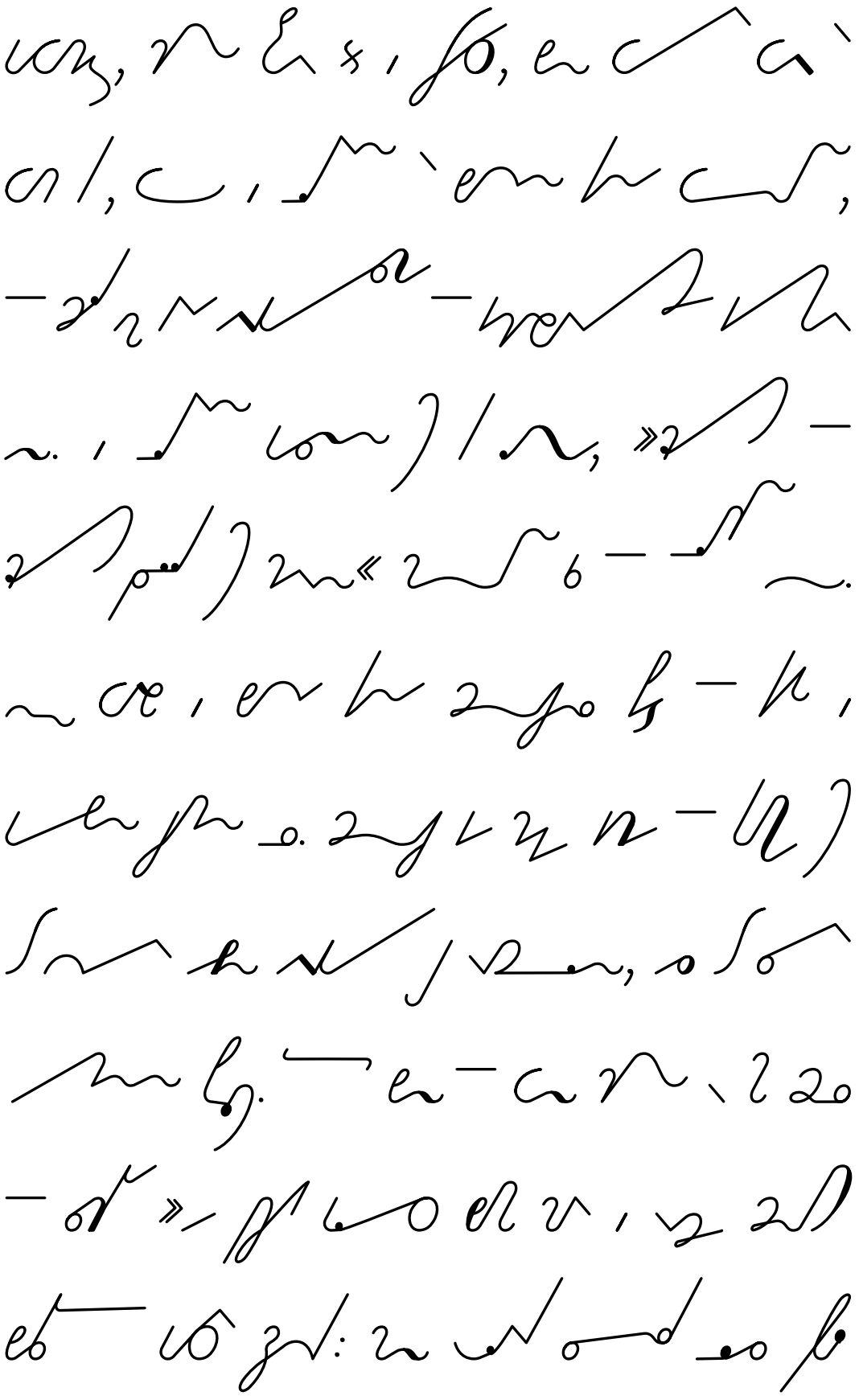
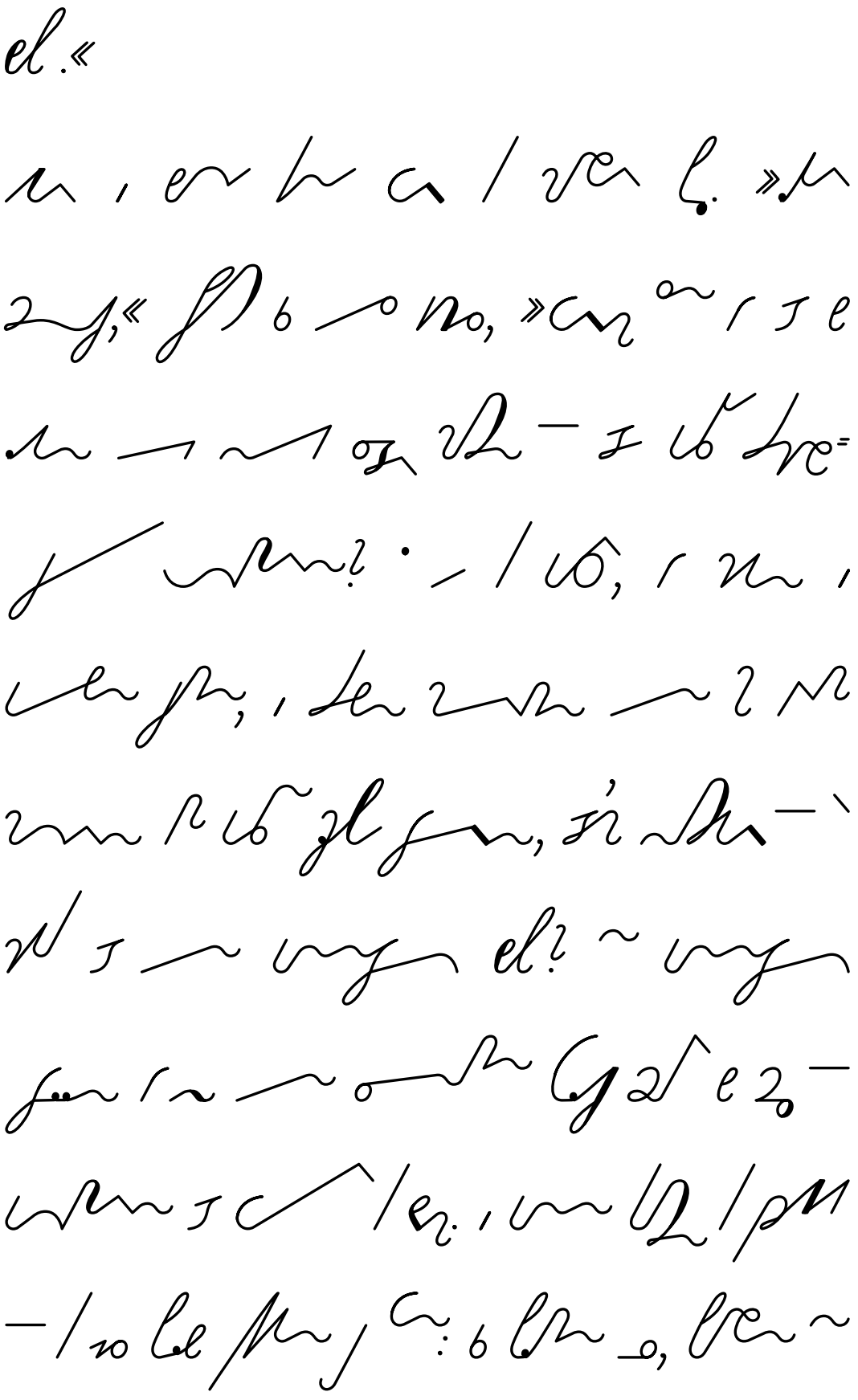
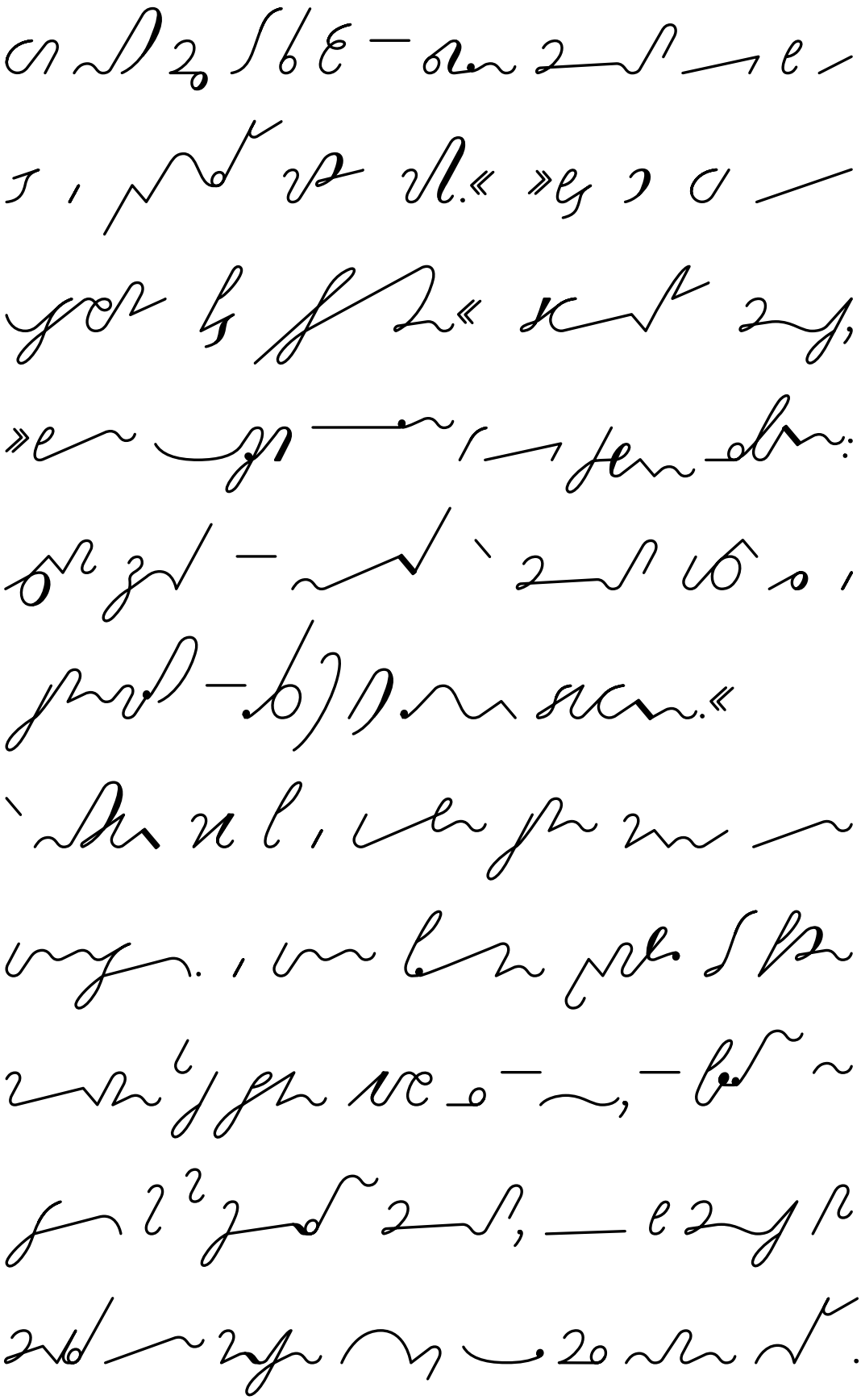
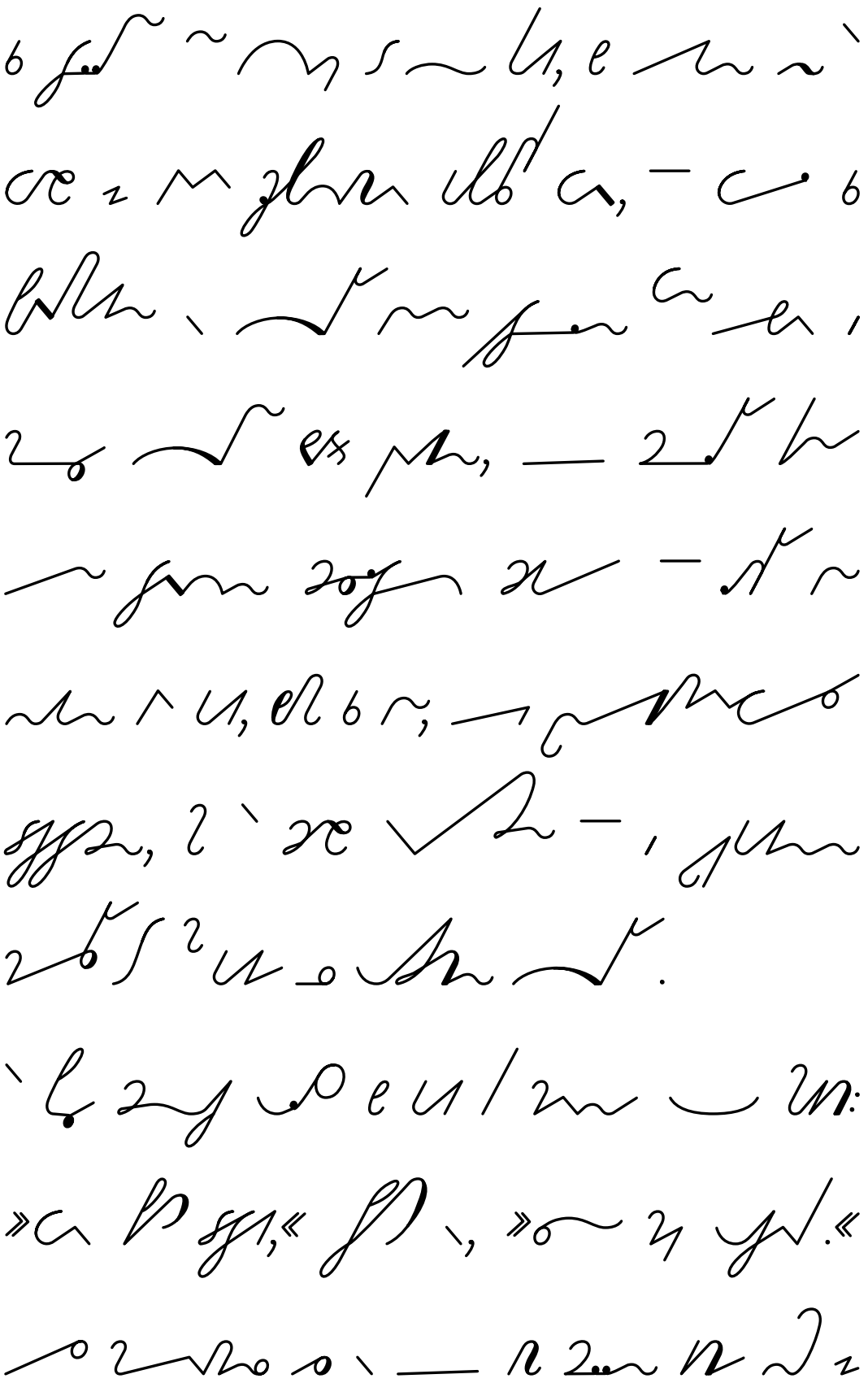


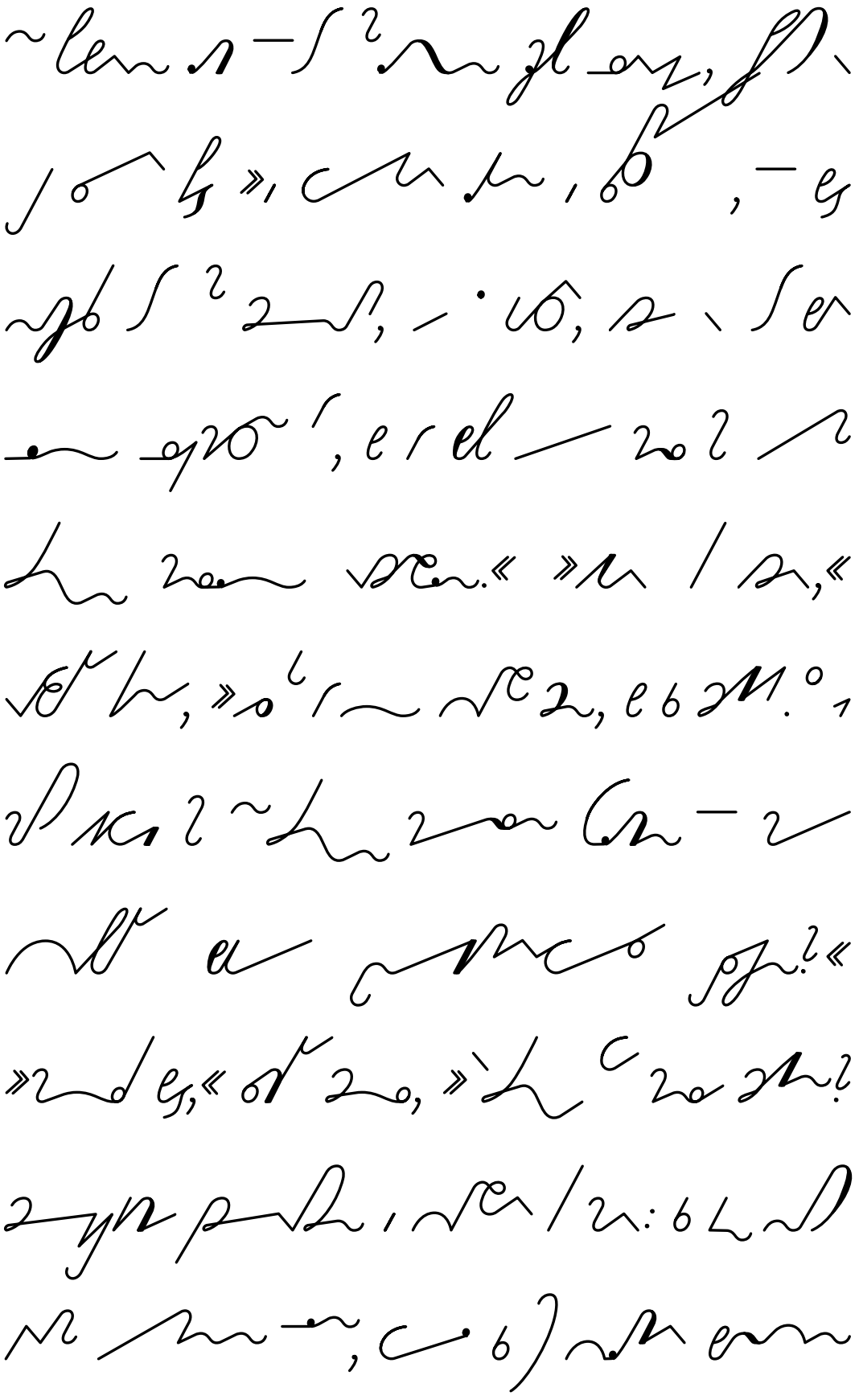


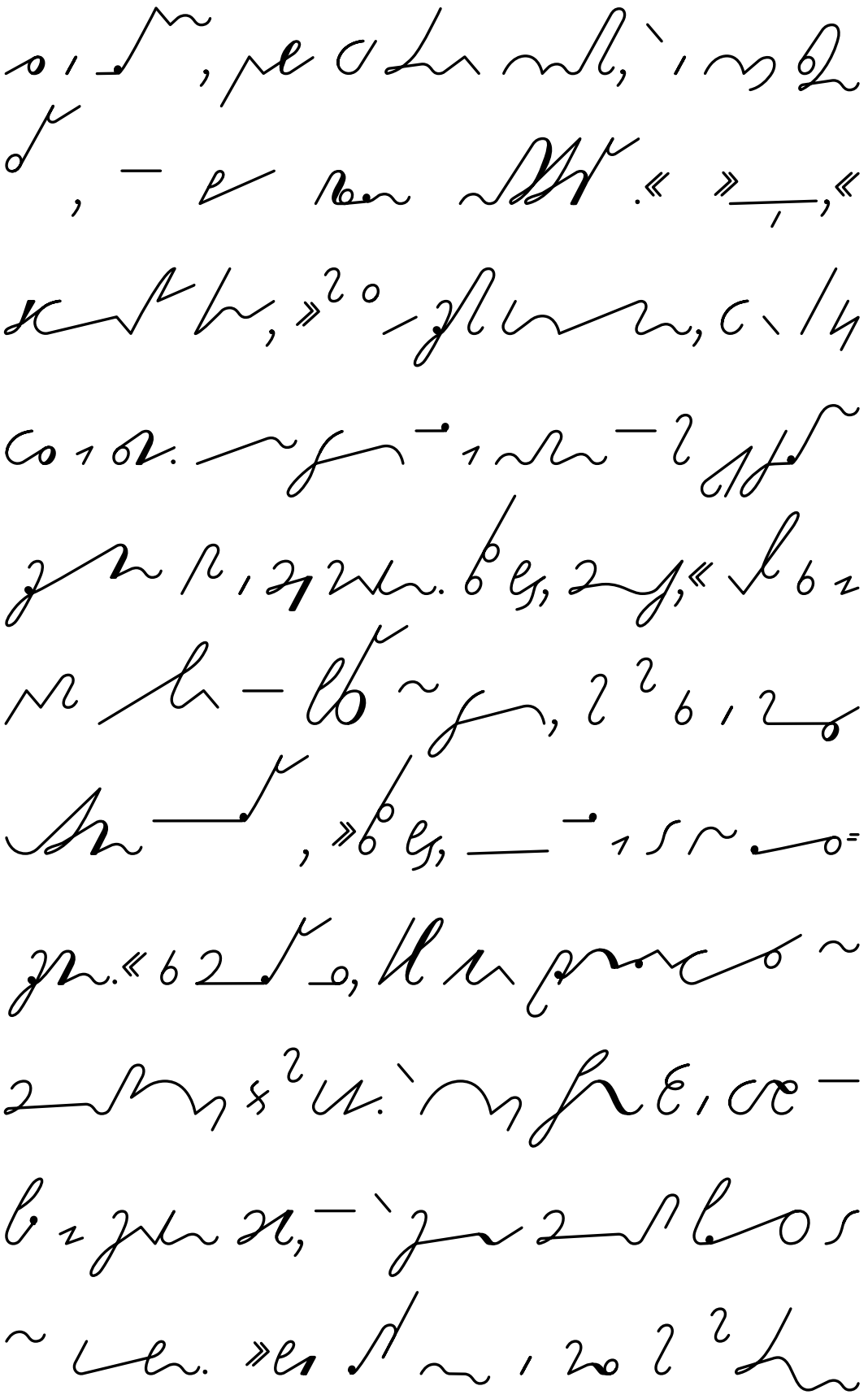


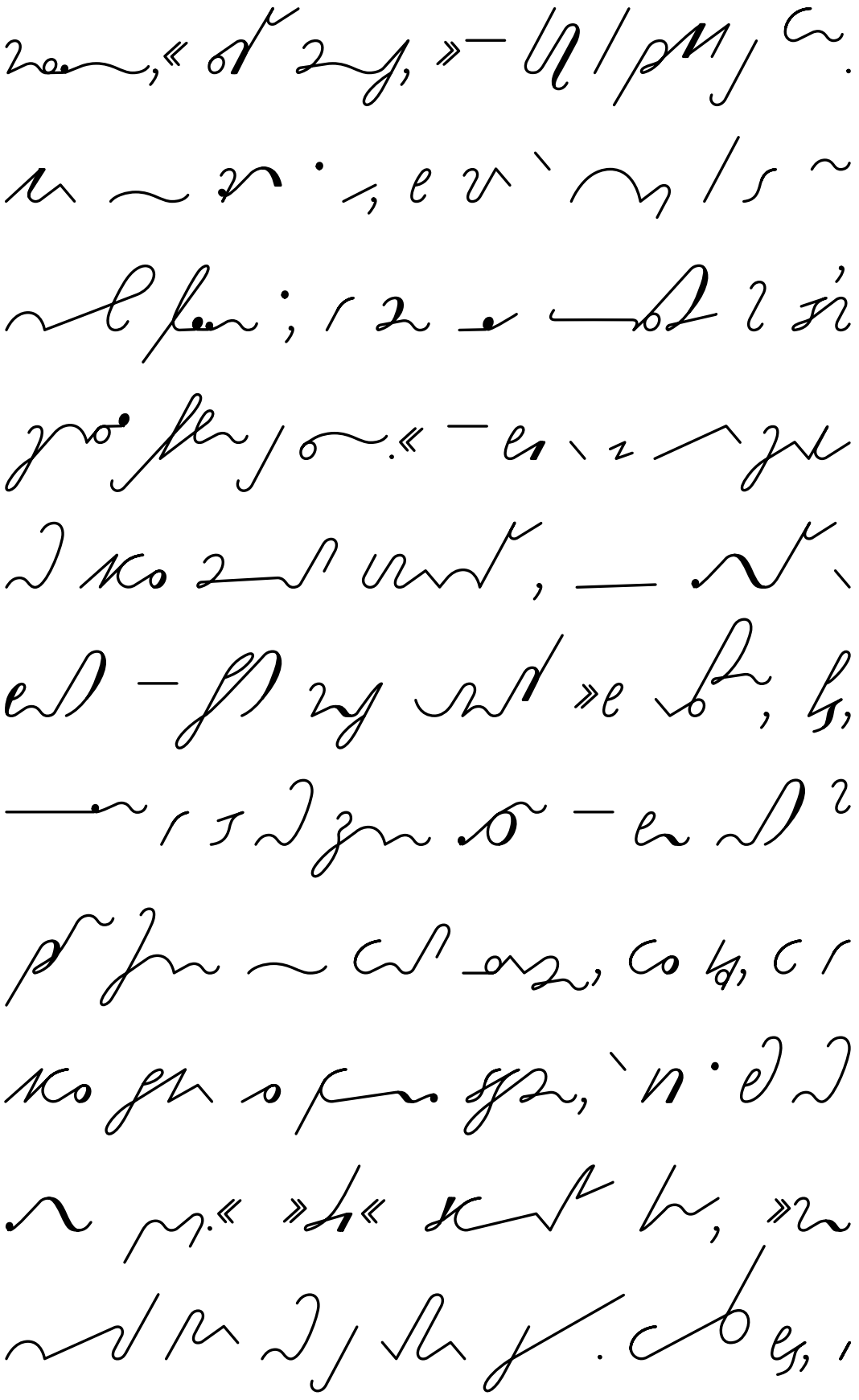


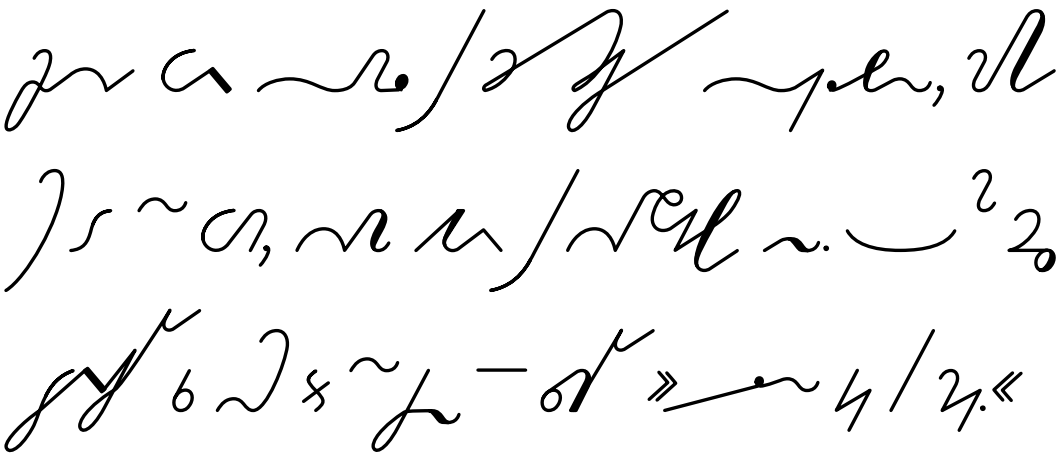












165.

Der Vogel Greif.

S' isch einisch e Chönig gsi, woner gregiert hat und wiener gheisse hat weiß i nümme. De het kei Sohn gha, nummene einzige Tochter, die isch immer chrank gsi, und kei Dokter het se chönne heile. Do isch em Chönig profizeit

worde si Tochter werd se an Öpfle gsund esse. Do lot er dur sis ganz Land bchant mache wer siner Tochter Öpfel bringe, daß se se gsund dar chönn esse, de müesse zur Frau ha und Chönig wärde. Das het au ne Pur verno, de drei Söhn gha het. Do säit er zum elste »gang ufs Gade ufe, nimm e Chratte (Handkorb) voll vo

dene schöne Öpfle mit rote Bagge und träg se a Hof; villicht cha se d' Chönigstochter gsund dra esse und de darfsche hürote und wirsch Chönig.« De Kärle hets e so gmacht und der Weg under d' Füeß gno. Woner e Zitlang gange gsi isch, begegnet em es chlis isigs Manndle, das frogt ne was er do e dem

Chratte häig, do seit der Uele, denn so het er gheisse, »Fröschebäi.« Das Manndle säit druf »no es sölle si und blibe« und isch witer gange. Ändle chunt der Uele fürs Schloß un lot se amelde, er hob Öpfel, die d' Tochter gsund mache, wenn se dervo ässe tue. Das het der Chönig grüsele gfreut und lot der

Uele vor se cho, aber, o häie! woner ufdeckt, so heter anstatt Öpfel Fröschebäi e dem Chratte, die no zapled händ. Drob isch der Chönig bös worde, und lot ne zum Hus us jage. Woner häi cho isch, so verzelter dem Ätte wies em gange isch. Do schickt der Ätte der noelst Son, de Säme gheisse het;

aber dem isch es ganz glich gange wie im Uele. Es isch em halt au es chlis isigs Manndle begegnet und das het ne gfrogt was er do e dem Chratte häig, der Säme säit »Seüborst,« und das isigs Manndle säit »no es söll si und blibe.« Woner do vor es Chönigsschloß cho isch, und säit er heb Öpfel, a dene se d'

Chönigstochter gsund chönn esse, so händ se ne nid welle ine lo, und händ gsäit es sig scho eine do gsi und heb se füre Nare gha. Der Säme het aber aghalte, er heb gwüß dere Öpfel, se solle ne nume ine lo. Ändle händ sem glaubt, und füre ne vor der Chönig. Aber woner er si Chratte uf-deckt, so het er halt Seüborst.

Das het der Chönig gar schröckele erzürnt, so daß er der Säme us em Hus het lo peütsche. Woner häi cho isch, so het er gsäit wies em gange isch. Do chunt der jüngst Bueb, dem händse nume der dumm Hans gsäit, und frogt der Ätte ob er au mit Öpfel goh dörf. »Jo,« säit do der Ätte, »du wärst der rächt

Kerle derzue, wenn die gschite nüt usrichte, was wettest denn du usrichte.« Der Bueb het aber nit no glo: »e woll, Ätte, i will au goh.« »Gang mer doch ewäg, du dumme Kerle, du muest warte bis gschiter wirsch« säit druf der Ätte und chert em der Rügge. Der Hans aber zupft ne hinde am Chittel »e woll, Ätte, i will au

goh.« »No minetwäge, so gan-
g, de wirsch woll wieder ome
cho« gitt der Ätte zur Ant-
wort eme nidige Ton. Der Bueb
hat se aber grüsele gfreut
und isch ufgumpet. »Jo, tue
jetz no wiene Nar, du wirsch
vo äim Tag zum andere no
dümmer« säit der Ätte wieder.
Dat het aber im Hans nüt
gmacht und het se e siner

Freud nid lo störe. Wils aber gli Nacht gsi isch, so het er dänkt er well warte bis am Morge, er möcht hüt doch nümme na Hof gcho. Z« Nacht im Bett het er nid chönne schloffe, und wenn er au ne ihli igschlummert isch, so hets em traumt vo schöne Jumpfere, vo Schlößern, Gold und Silber und allerhand dere Sache

meh. Am Morge früe macht er se up der Wäg, und gli drufe bchuntem es chlis mutzigs Manndle, eme isige Chläidle, und frogt ne was er do e dem Chratte häig. Der Hans gitt em zur Antwort er heb Öpfel, a dene d'Chönigstochter se gsund äße sött. »No,« säit das Manndle, »es sölle söttige (solche) si und

blibe.« Aber am Hof händ se der Hans partu nit welle ine lo, denn es sige scho zwee do gsi und hebe gsäit se bringe Öpfel und do heb äine Fröschebäi und der ander Seüborst gha. Der Hans het aber gar grüsele aghalte, er heb gwöß kene Fröschebäi, sondern von de schönste Öpfle, die im ganze Chönigreich wachse. Woner de

so ordele gredt het, so dänke d' Thörhüeter de chönn nid lüge und lönde ine, und se händ au rächt gha, denn wo der Hans si Chratte vor em Chönig abdeckt, so sind gold-gäle Öpfel füre cho. De Chönig het se gfreut und lot gli der Tochter dervo bringe, und wartet jetz e banger Erwartig bis menem der Bericht bringt,

was se für Würkig tho hebe. Aber nid lange Zit vergot, so bringt em öpper Bricht: aber was meineder wer isch das gsi? d' Tochter selber isch es gsi. So bald se vo dene Öpfle ggäße gha het, isch e gsund us em Bett gsprunge. Wie der Chönig e Freud gha het, chame nid beschribe. Aber jetz het er d' Tochter dem

Hans nid welle zur Frau ge un säit er müeß em zerst none Wäidlig (Nachen) mache, de ufem drochne Land wäidliger geu as im Wasser. Der Hans nimmt de Betingig a und got häi und verzelts wies eme gangen seig. Do schickt der Ätte der Uele is Holz um e söttige Wäidlig z' mache. Er hat flißig gewärret (gearbei-

tet) und derzue gpfiffe. Z' Mittag, wo d' Sunne am höchste gstande isch, chunt es chlis isigs Manndle und frogt was er do mach. Der Uele gitt em zur Antwort »Chelle (hölzernes Gerät).« Das isig Männdle säit »no es sölle si und blibe.« Z' Obe meint der Uele er heb jetz e Wäidlig gmacht, aber woner het welle

isitze, so sinds alles Chelle gsi. Der anner Tag got der Säme e Wald, aber s' isch em ganz gliche gange wie im Uele. Am dritte Tag got der dumm Hans. Er schafft rächt flißig, daß es im ganze Wald tönt vo sine chräftige Schläge, derzue singt er und pfift er rächt lustig. Da chunt wieder das chli Manndle z' Mittag, wos am

heißeste gsi isch, und frogt was er do mach. »E Wäidlig, de uf em drochne Land wäidliger got as uf em Wasser,« un wenn er dermit fertig seig, so chom er d' Chönigstochter zur Frau über. »No,« säit das Manndle, »es söll e so äine ge und blibe.« Z' Obe, wo d' Sunne aber z' Gold gange isch, isch der Hans au fertig gsi mit sim

Wäidlig und Schiff und Gscher. Er sitzt i und ruederet der Residenz zue. Der Wäidlig isch aber so gschwind gange wie der Wind. Der Chönig hets von witen gseh, will aber im Hans si Tochter nonig ge und säit er müeß zerst no hundert Haase hüete vom Morge früeh bis z' Obe spot, und wenn em äine furt chömm, so

chömm er d' Tochter nit über. Der Hans isch e des z' friede gsi, und gli am andere Tag got er mit siner Heerd uf d' Wäid und paßt verwändt uf daß em keine dervo laufe. Nid mänge Stund isch vergange, so chunt e Magd vom Schloß und säit zum Hans er söll ere gschwind e Haas ge, so hebe Wisite über cho. Der Hans hett aber

woll gemerkt wo das use will und säit er gäb e keine, der Chönig chön denn morn siner Wisite mit Haasepfäffer ufwarte. D« Magd het aber nid no glo und am Änd fot so no a resniere. Do säit der Hans wenn d'Chönigstochter selber chömm, so woll er ene Haas ge. Dat het d'Magd im Schloß gsäit, und d'Tochter is=

ch selber gange. Underdesse isch aber zum Hans das chli Manndle wieder cho und frogt der Hans was er do thüej. »He, do müeß er hundert Haase hüete, daß em kaine dervo lauf, und denn dörf er d' Chönigstochter hürothe und wäre Chönig.« »Guet,« säit das Manndle, »do hesch es Pfifle, und wenn der

äine furtlauft, so pfif nume, denn chunt er wieder ume.« Wo do d' Tochter cho isch, so gitt ere der Hans e Haas is Fürtüchle. Aber wo se öppe hundert Schritt wit gsi isch, so pfift der Hans, und de Haas springt ere us em Schäubele use und, was gisch was hesch, wieder zu der Heerd. Wo's Obe gsi isch, so pfift de Haasehirt

no emol und luegt ob alle do sige und treibt se do zum Schloß. Der Chönig het se verwunderet wie au der Hans im Stand gsi seig hundert Haase z' hüete, daß em käine dervo glofe isch; er will em aber d' Tochter äine weg nonig ge, und säit er müß em no ne Fädere us d' Vogelgrife Stehl bringe.

Der Hans macht se grad uf der Wäg und marschiert rächt handle vorwärts. Z'Obe chunt er zu neme Schloß, do frogt er umenes Nachtlager, denn sälbesmol het me no käine Wirtshüser gha, das säit em der Herr vom Schloß mit vele Freude zue und frogt ne woner he well. Der Hans git druf zur Antwort »zum Vogel-

grif.« »So, zum Vogelgrif, me säit ame er wuß alles, und i hane Schlössel zue nere isige Gäldchiste verlore: ehr chöntet doch so guet si und ne froge woner seig.« »Jo frile,« säit der Hans, »das wili scho tue.« Am Morgen früe is- ch er do witer gange, und chunt unterwägs zue mene andere Schloß, i dem er

wieder übernacht blibt. Wo d' Lüt drus verno händ daß er zum Vogelgrif well, so säge se es sig im Hus ne Tochter chrank, und se hebe scho alle Mittel brucht, aber es well kais aschlo, er söll doch so guet si und der Vogelgrif froge was die Tochter wieder chön gsund mache. Der Hans säit das weller gärn tue und goht witer.

Do chunt er zue emne Wasser, und anstatt eme Feer isch e große große Ma do gsi, de all Lüt het müesse übere träge. De Ma het der Hans gfrogt wo si Räis ane geu. »Zum Vogel-grif« säit der Hans. »No, wenn er zue nme chömet,« säit do de Ma, »sö froget ne an worum i all Lüt müeß über das Wasser träge.« Do säit der

Hans »jo, min Gott jo, das wili scho tue.« De Ma het ne do uf d'Achsle gno und übere träit. Ändle chunt do der Hans zum Hus vom Vogelgrif, aber do is=ch nume d'Frau dehäime gsi und der Vogelgrif sälber nid. Do frogt ne d'Frau was er well. Do het ere der Hans alles verzelt, daß ere Fädere sölt ha us s'Vogelgrife Stehl, und

denn hebe se emene Schloß der Schlüssel zue nere Gäld-chiste verlore, und er sött der Vogelgrif froge wo der Schlüs-sel seig; denn seig eme andere Schloß e Tochter chrank, und er söt wüße was die Tochter chönt gsund mache; denn seig nig wid vo do es Wasser und e Ma derbi, de d' Lüt müeß übere träge, und er möcht au

gern wüsse worum de Ma all Lüt müeß übere träge. Do säit die Frau »ja lueget, mi guete Fründ, s'cha käi Christ mit em Vogelgrif rede, er frißt se all; wenn er aber wänd, so chön neder under sis Bett undere ligge, und z' Nacht, wenn er rächt fest schloft, so chönne- der denn use länge und em e Fädere usem Stehl rißе; und

wäge dene Sache, die ner wüße söttet, will i ne sälber froge. Der Hans isch e das alles z'friede gsi und lit unders Bett undere. Z'Obe chunt der Vogelgrif häi, und wiener i d' Stube chunt, so säit er »Frau, i schmöke ne Christ.« »Jo,« säit do d' Frau, »s' isch hüt äine do gsi, aber er isch wieder furt;« und mit dem het der Vogelgrif

nüt me gsäit. Z' mitzt e der Nacht, wo der Vogelgrif rächt geschnarchlet het, so längt der Hans ufe und rißt em e Fädere usem Stehl. Do isch der Vogelgrif plötzle ufgjuckt und säit »Frau, i schmöcke ne Christ, und s' isch mer s' heb me öpper am Stehl zehrt.« De säit d' Frau »de hesch gwüß traumet, und i ho der jo hüt

scho gsäit, s'isch e Christ do gsi, aber isch wieder furt. Do het mer allerhand Sache verzellt. Si hebe ime Schloß der Schlüssel zue nere Gäldchiste verlore und chönnene numme finde.« »O di Nare,« säit der Vogelgrif, »de Schlüssel lit im Holzhus hinder der Thör undere Holz-big.« »Und denn het er au

gsäit imene Schloß seig e Tochter chrank und se wüße kais Mittel für se gsund z' mache.« »O di Nare,« säit der Vogelgrif, »under der Chäller- stäge het e Chrot es Näscht gmacht von ere Hoore, und wenn se die Hoor wieder het, so wers se gsund.« »Und denn het er au no gsäit s' sig amene Ort es Wasser un e Ma derbi,

der müeß all Lüt drüber träge.« »O de Nar,« säit de Vogelgrif, »täter nome emol äine z' mitzt dri stelle, er müeßt denn käine me übere träge.« Am Morge frue isch der Vogelgrif uf gstande und isch furt gange. Do chunt der Hans underem Bett füre und het e schöne Fädere gha; au het er ghört was der Vogelgrif

gsäit het wäge dem Schlüssel und der Tochter und dem Ma. D'Frau vom Vogelgrif het em do alles no nemol verzellt, daß er nüt vergäße, und denn isch er wieder häi zue gange. Zerst chunt er zum Ma bim Wasser, de frogt ne gli was der Vogelgrif gsäit heb, do säit der Hans er söll ne zerst übere träge, es well em's denn däne

säge. Do träit ne der Ma übere. Woner däne gsi isch, so säit em der Hans er söllt nume äinisch äine z'mitzt dri stelle, er müeß denn käine me übere träge. Do het se de Ma grüsele gfreut und säit zum Hans er well ne zum Dank none mol ume und äne trage. Do säit der Hans näi, er well em die Müeh erspare, er seig

sust mit em z'friede, und isch witer gange. Do chunt er zue dem Schloß, wo die Tochter chrank gsi isch, die nimmt er do uf d'Achsle, denn se het nit chönne laufe, und träit se d' Chellerstäge ab und nimmt das Chrotenäst under dem underste Tritt füre und gits der Tochter i d' Händ, und die springt em ab der Achsle abe

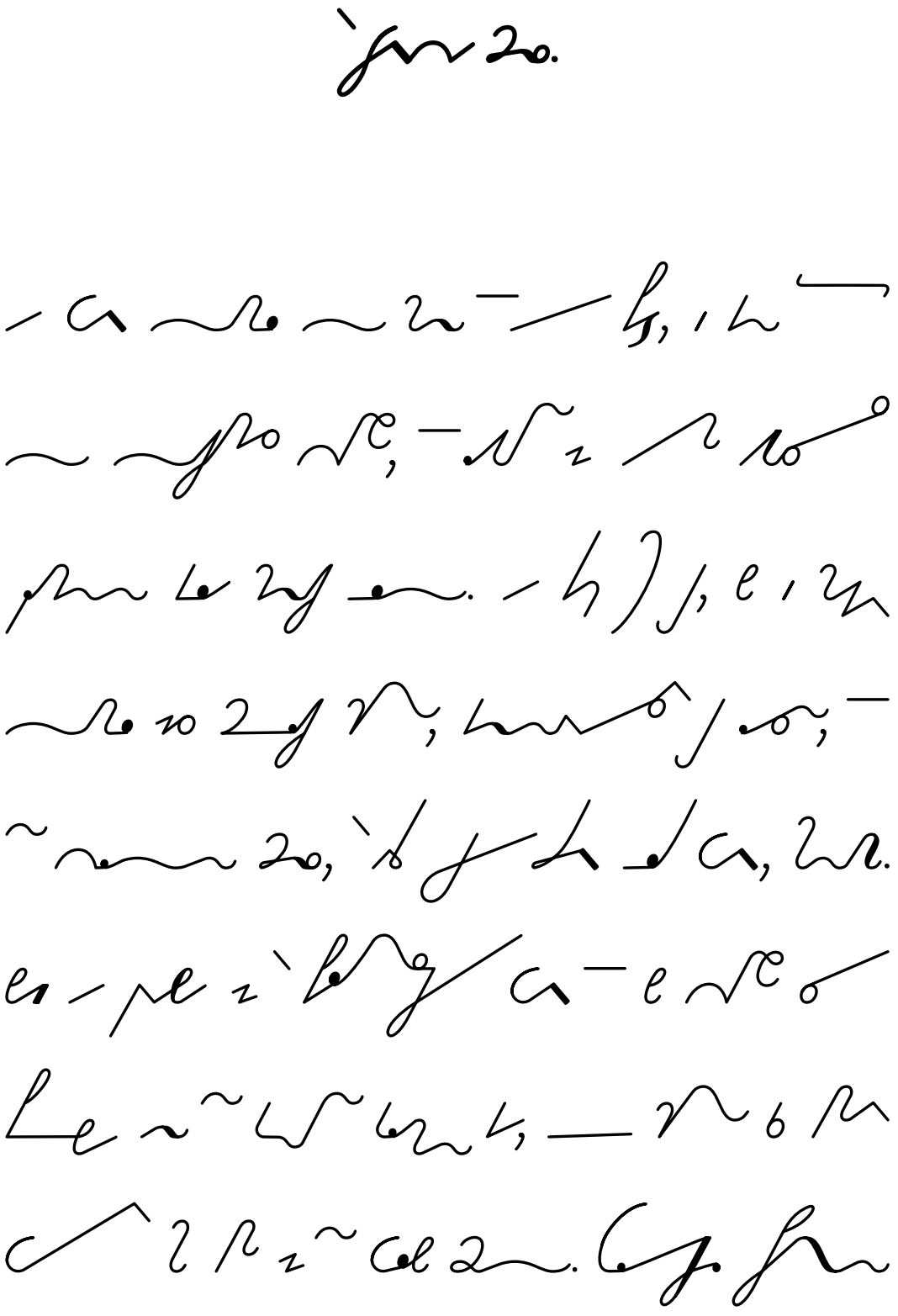
und vor im d'Stäge uf, und isch ganz gsund gsi. Jetz händ der Vater und d'Mueter e grüsliche Freud gha und händ dem Hans Gschänke gmacht vo Gold und Silber: und was er nume het welle, das händ sem gge. Wo do der Hans is an der Schloß cho isch, isch er gli is Holzhus gange, und het hinder der Thör under der

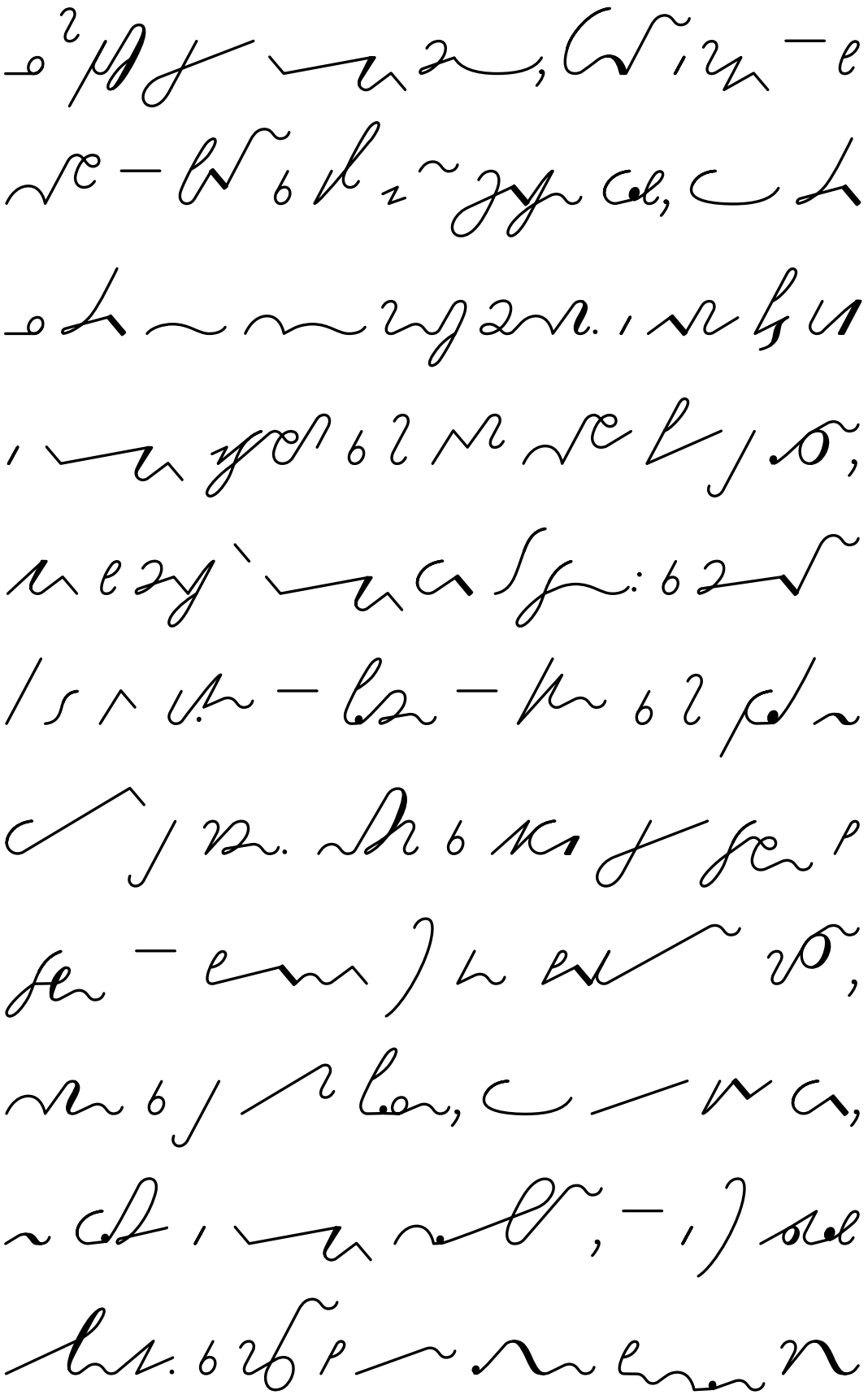
Holzbige de Schlüssel richtig gfunde, und het ne do dem Herr brocht. De het se au nid wenig gfreut und het dem Hans zur Belohnig vill vo dem Gold gge, das e der Chiste gsi isch, und sust no aller derhand für Sache, so Chüe und Schoof und Gäiße. Wo der Hans zum Chönig cho isc= h mit deme Sache alle, mit

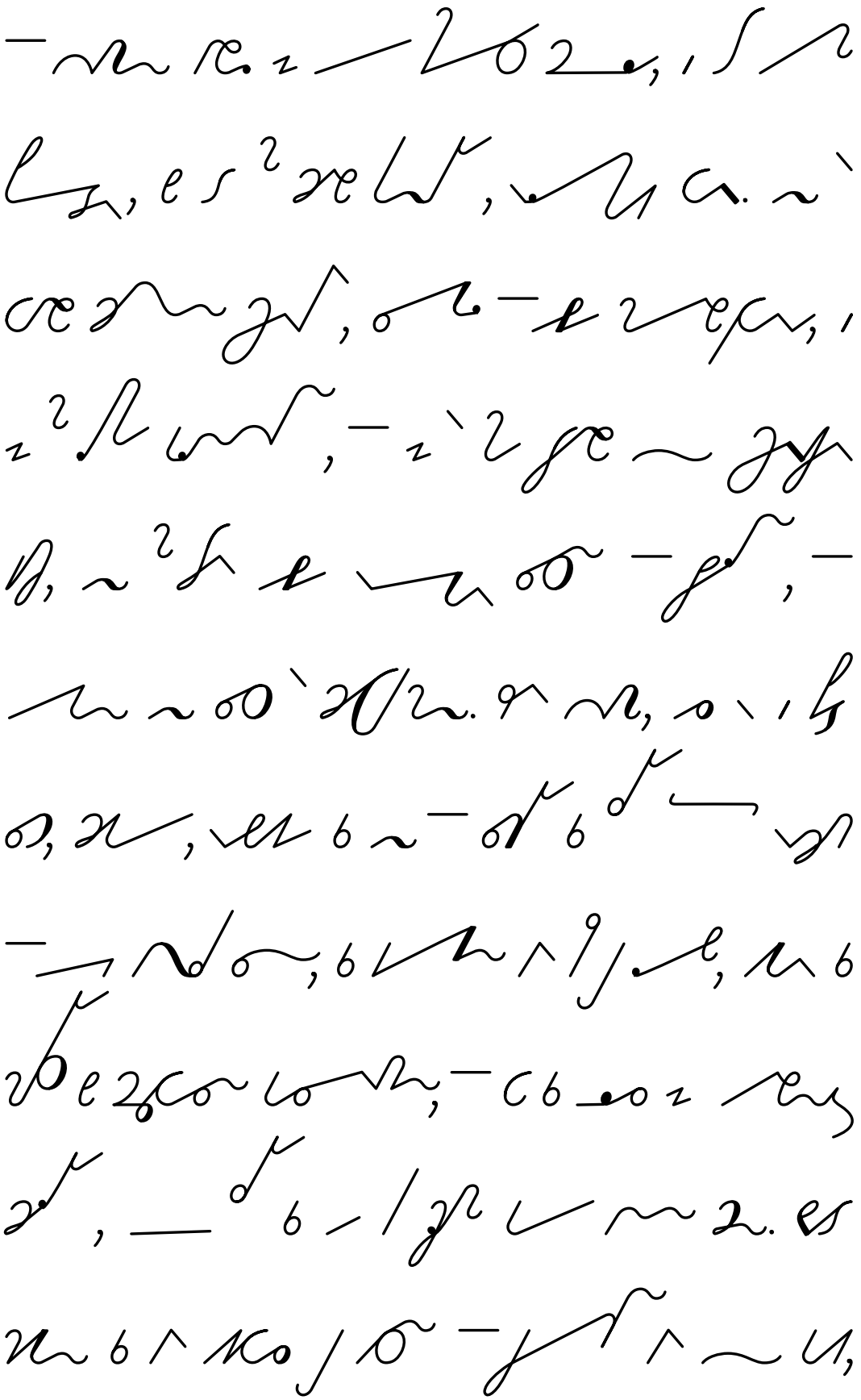
dem Gäld und dem Gold und Silber und dene Chüene, Schoofe und Gäiße, so frogt ne der Chönig, woner au das alles übercho heb. Do säit der Hans der Vogelgrif gäb äin so vill me well. Do dänkt der Chönig er chönt das au bruche und macht se au uf der Weg zum Vogelgrif, aber woner zue dem Wasser cho

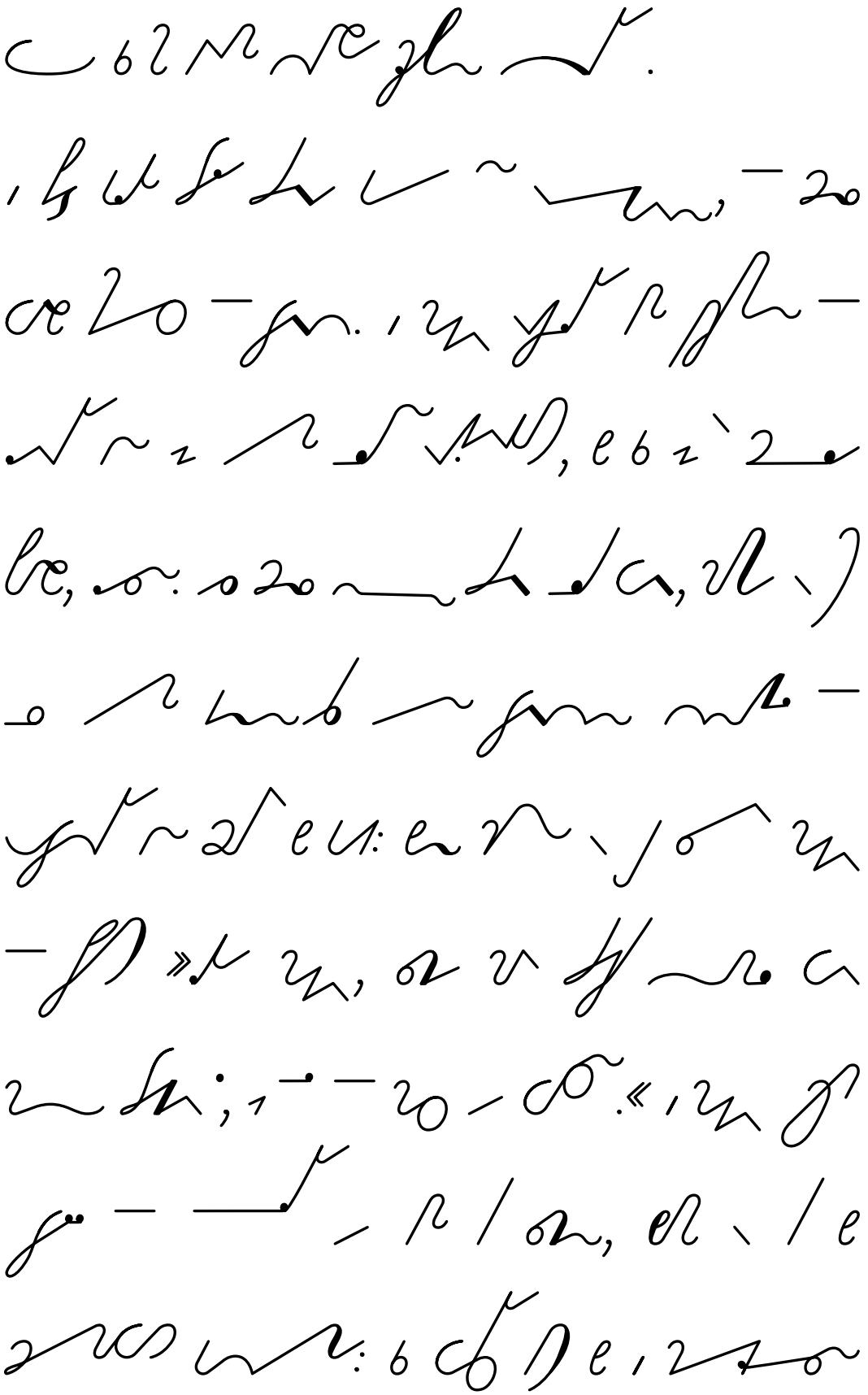
isch, so isch er halt der erst gsi, der sid em Hans cho isch, un de Ma stellt e z'mitzt ab und goht furt, und der Chönig isch ertrunke. Der Hans het do d' Tochter ghürothet und isch Chönig worde.

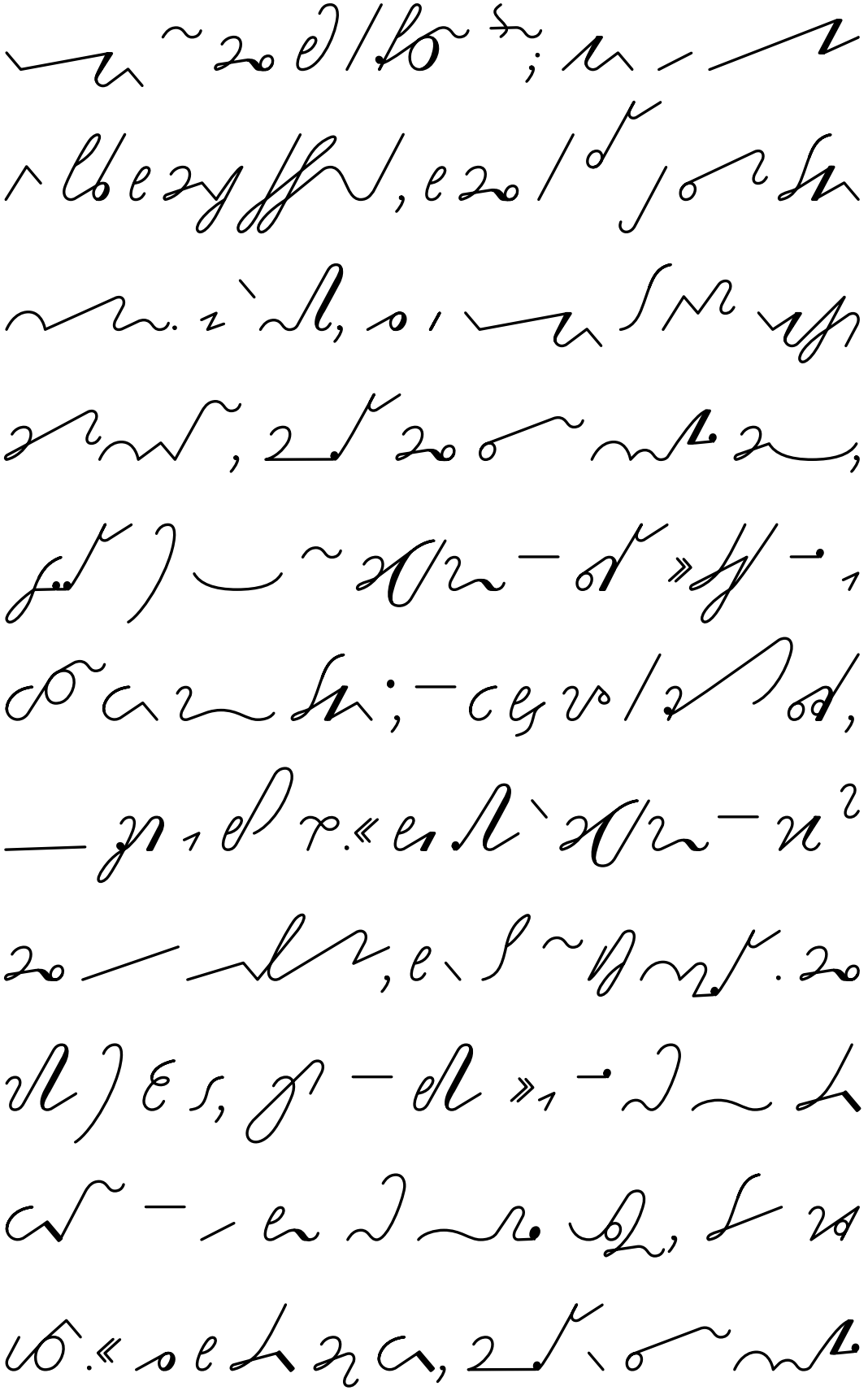
166.

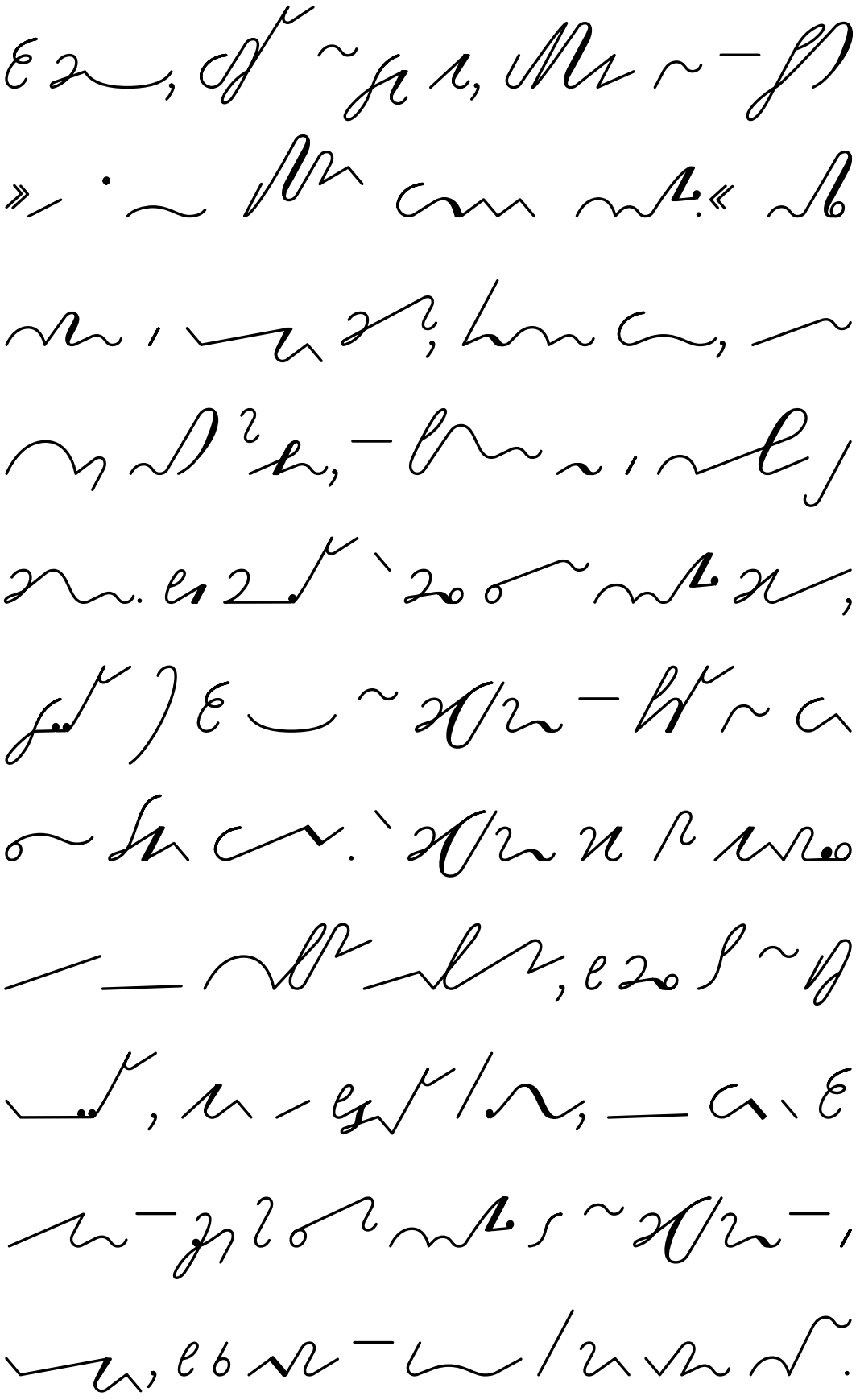


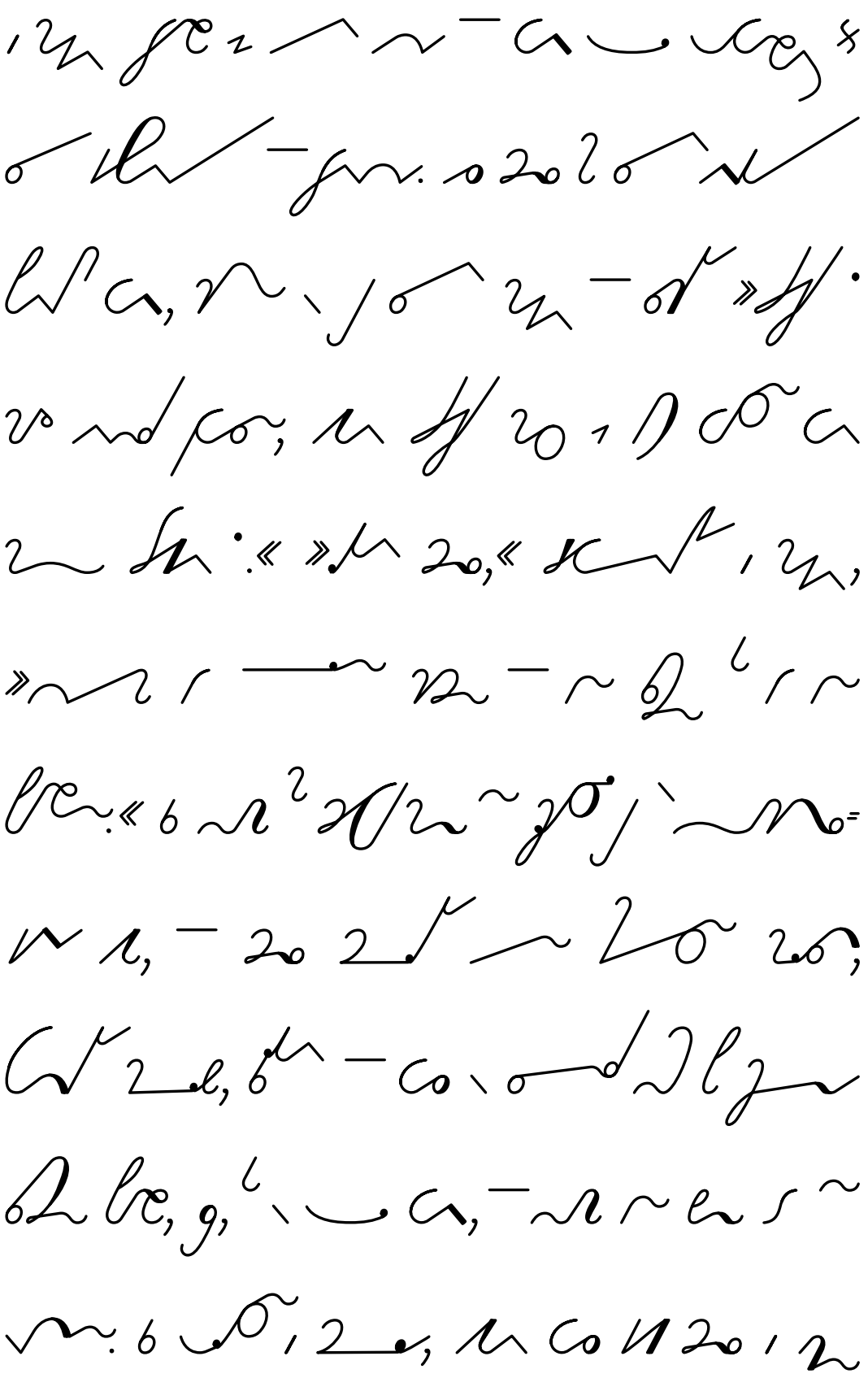


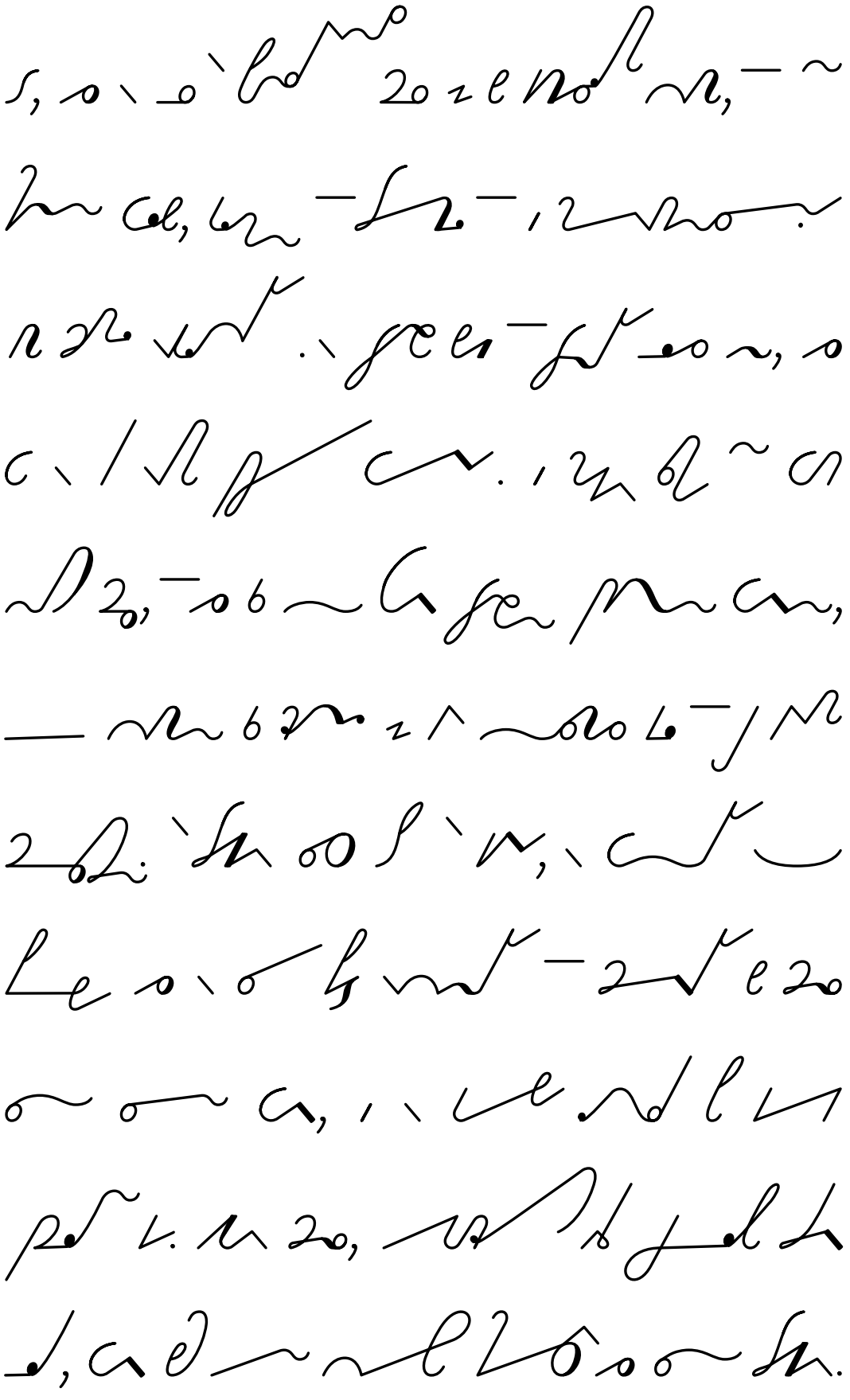


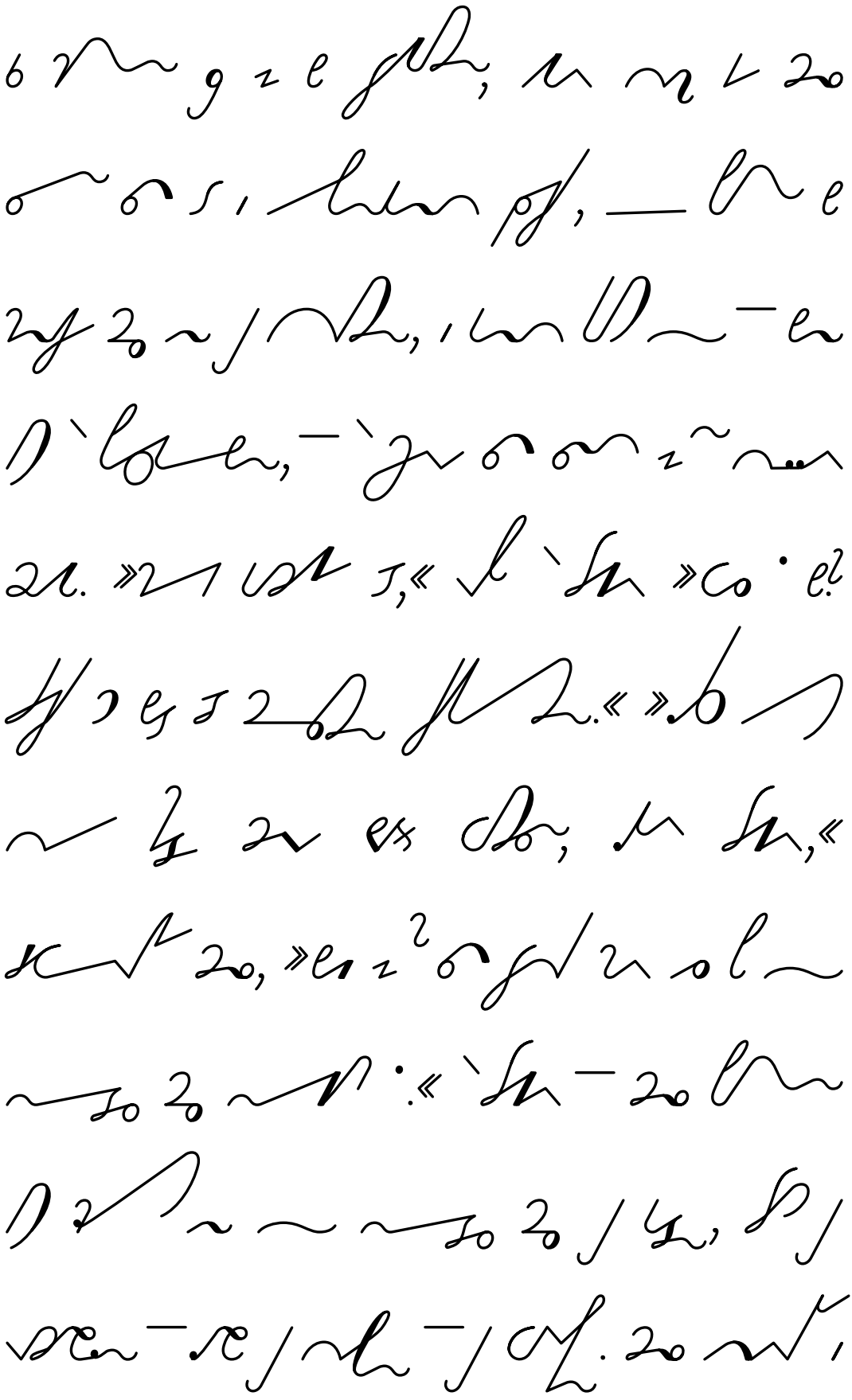


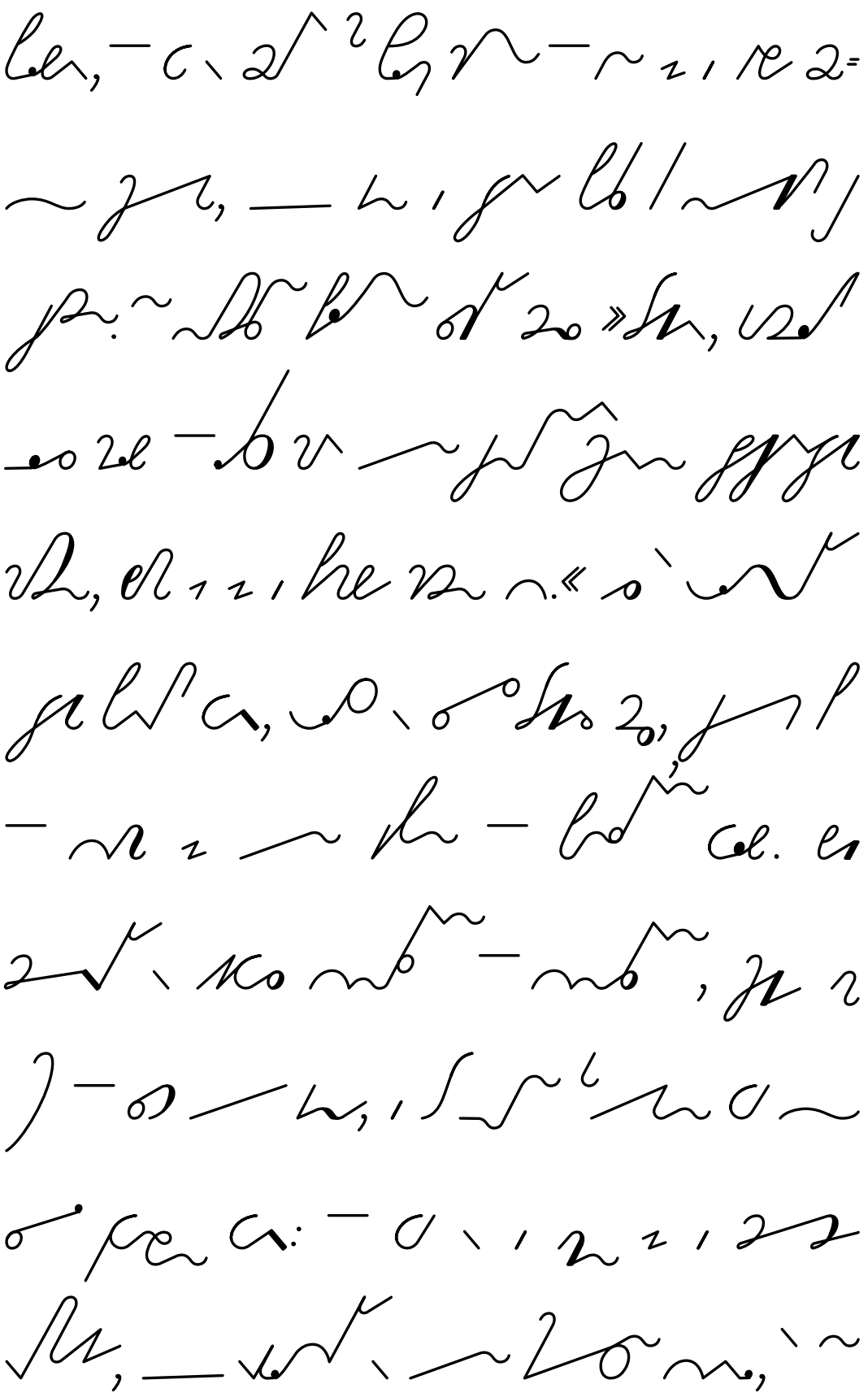


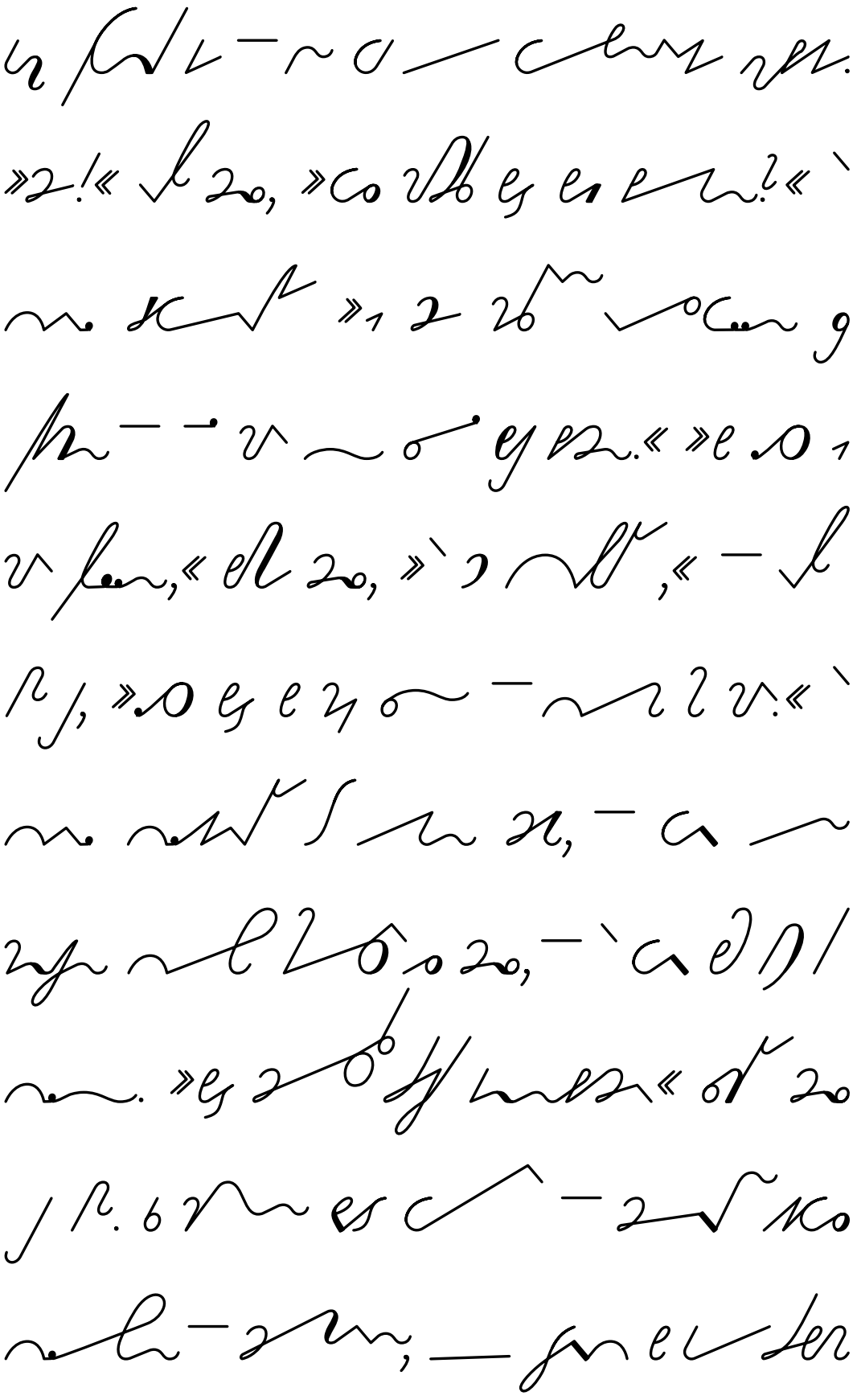


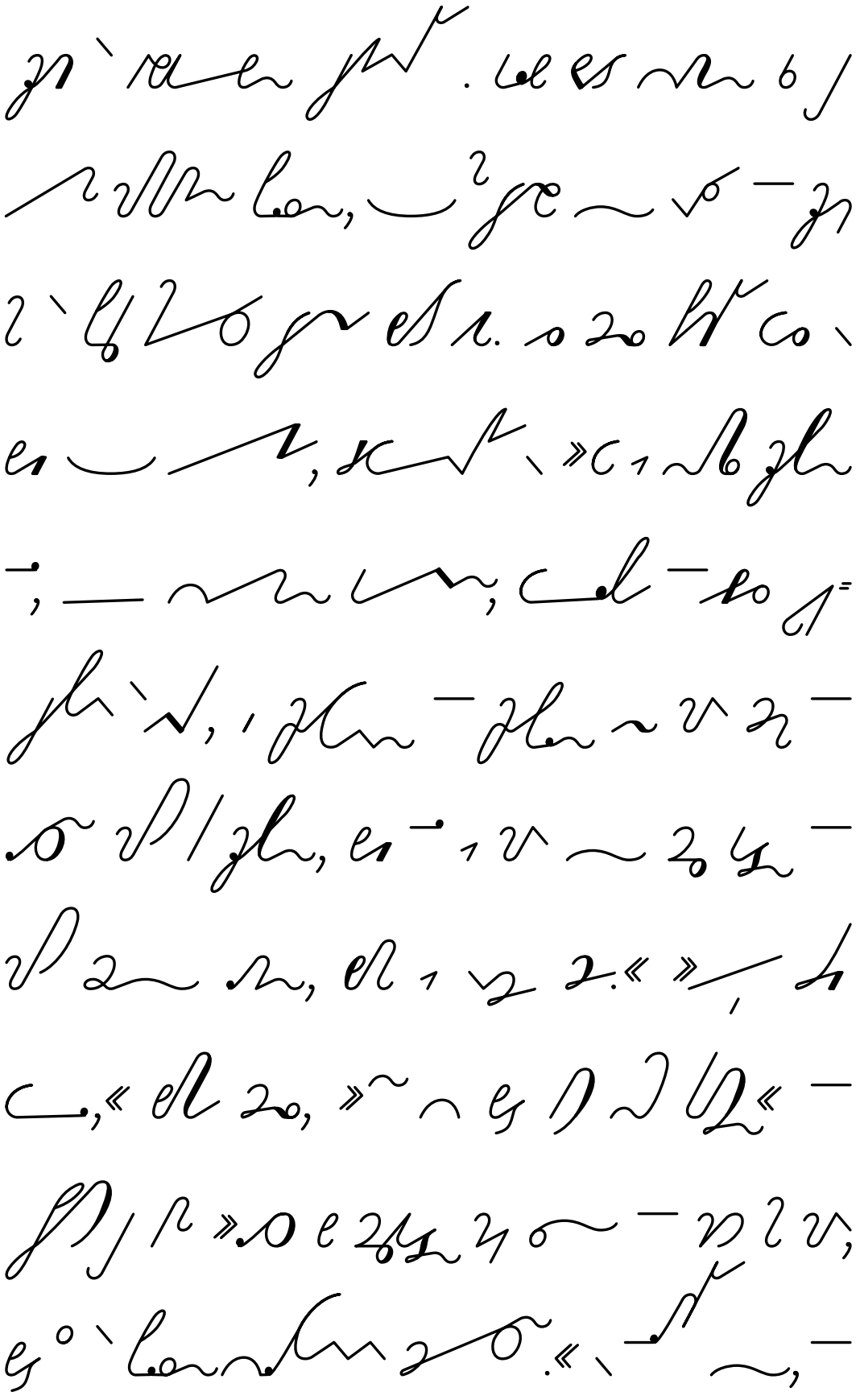


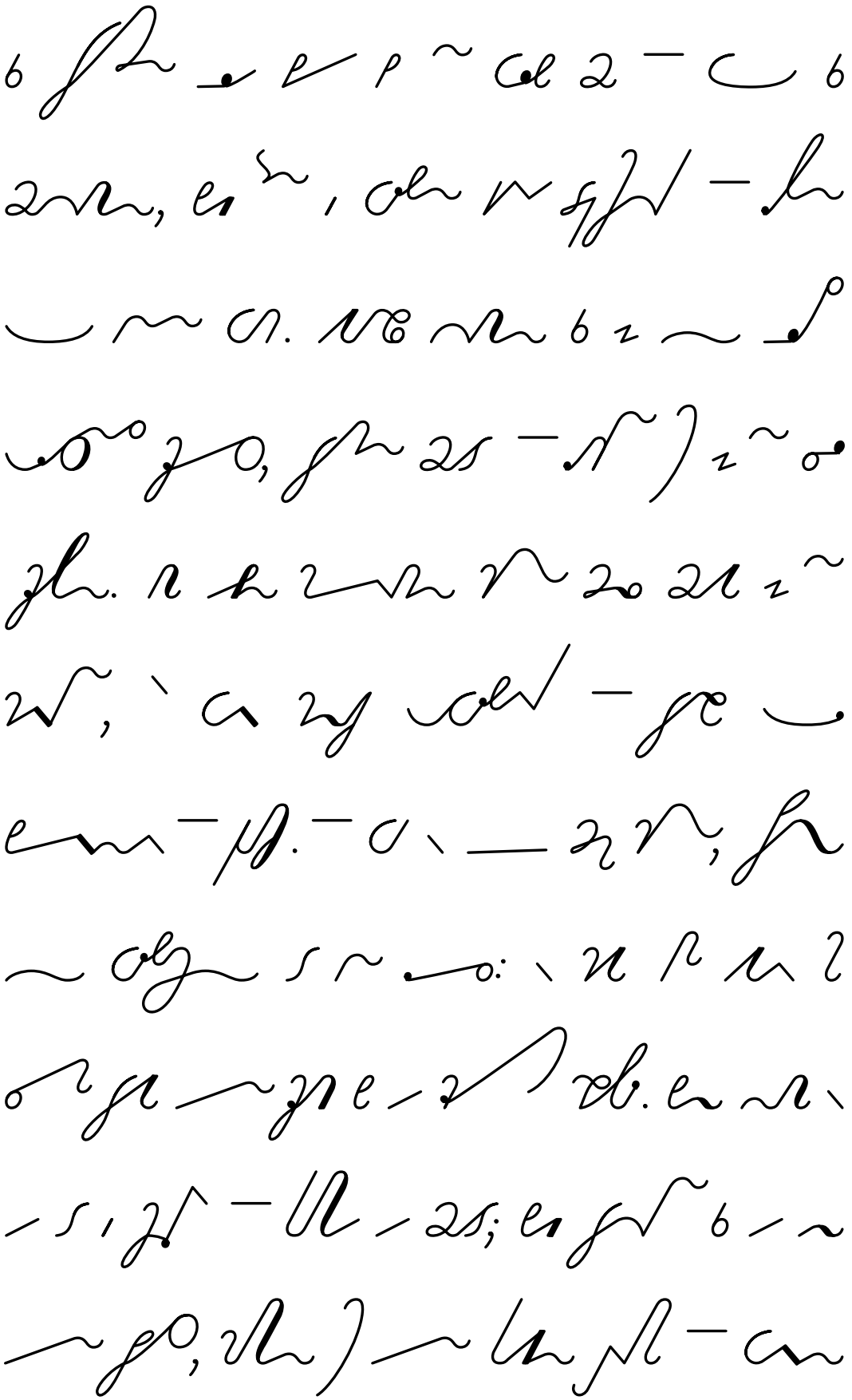


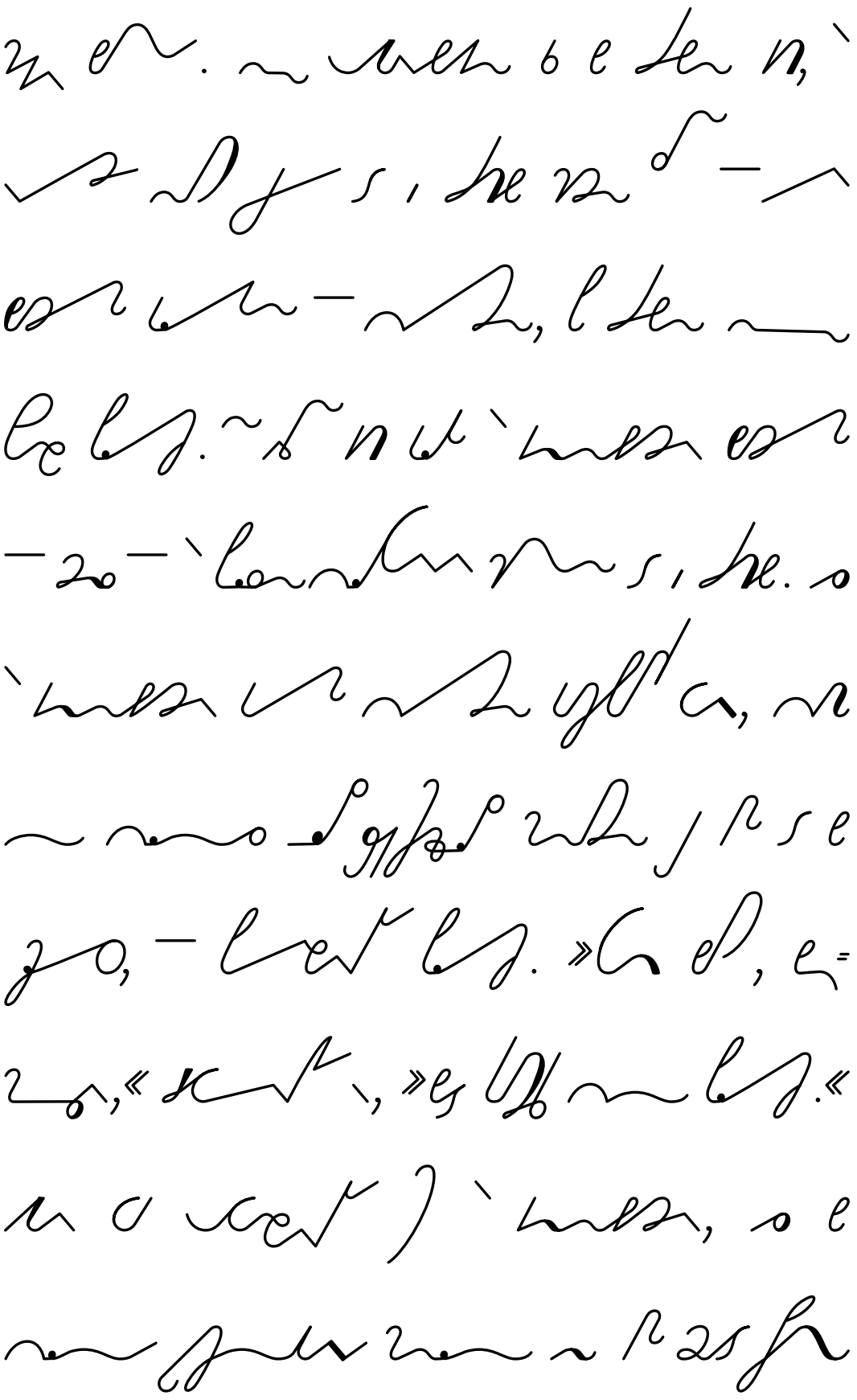


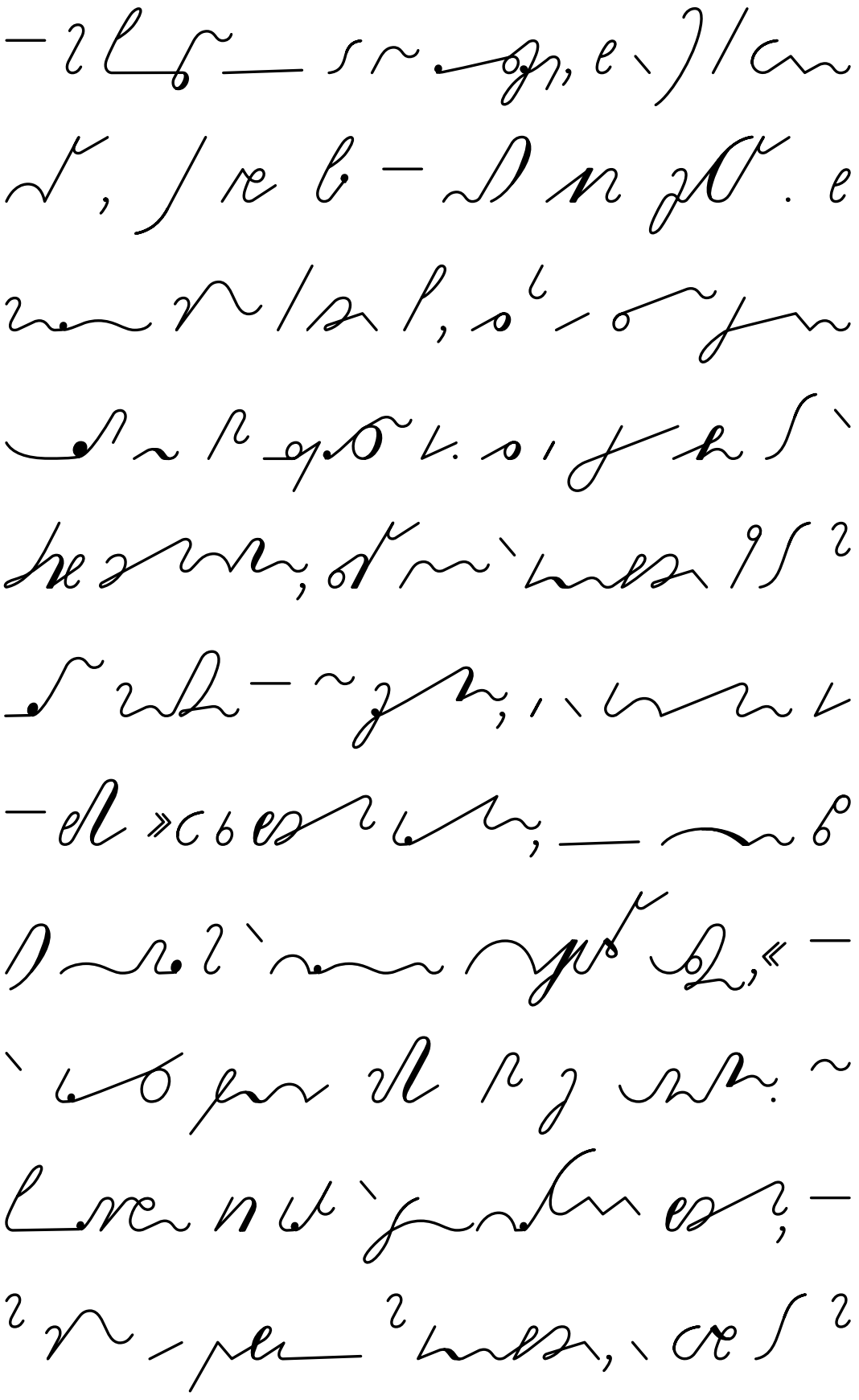


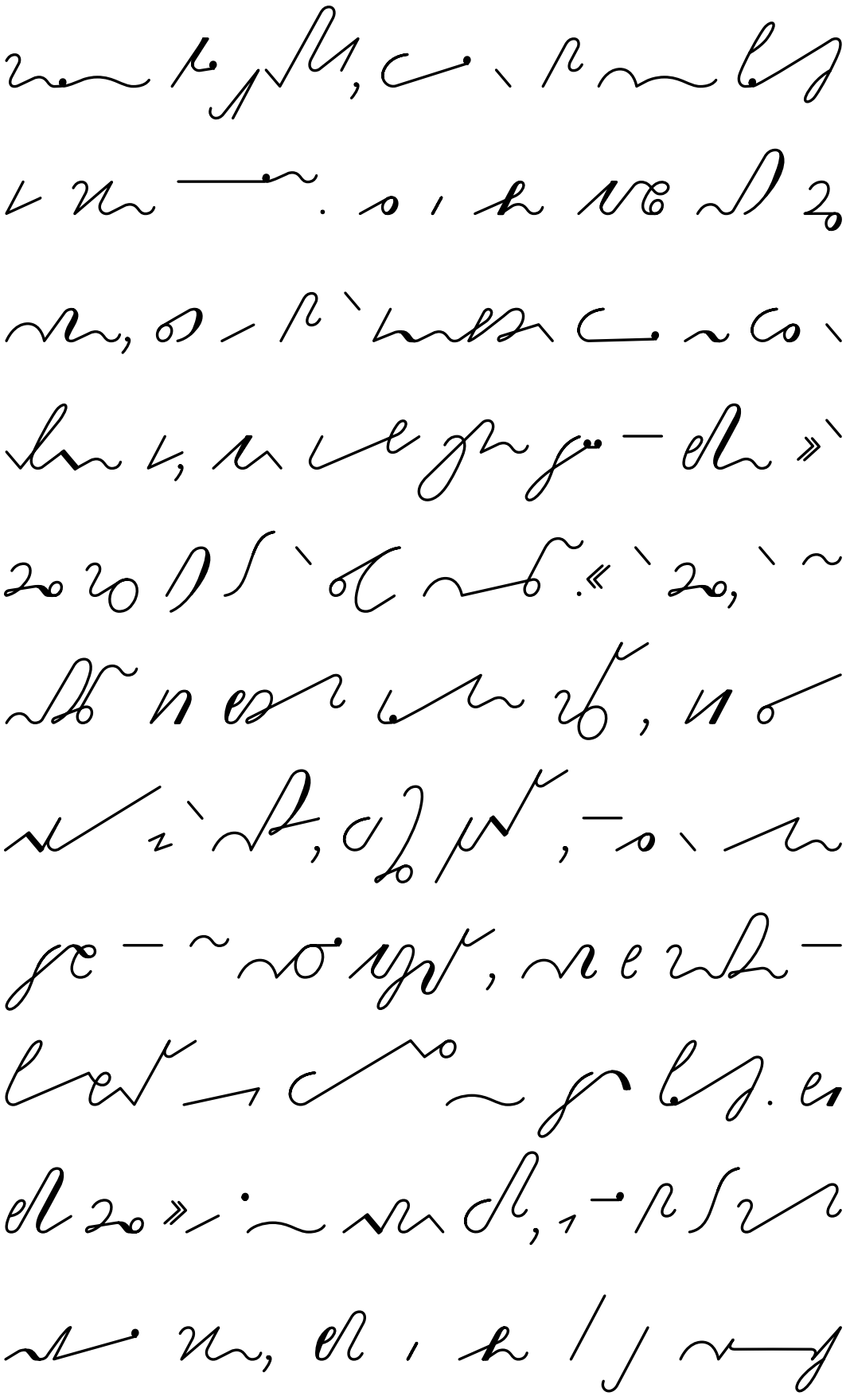


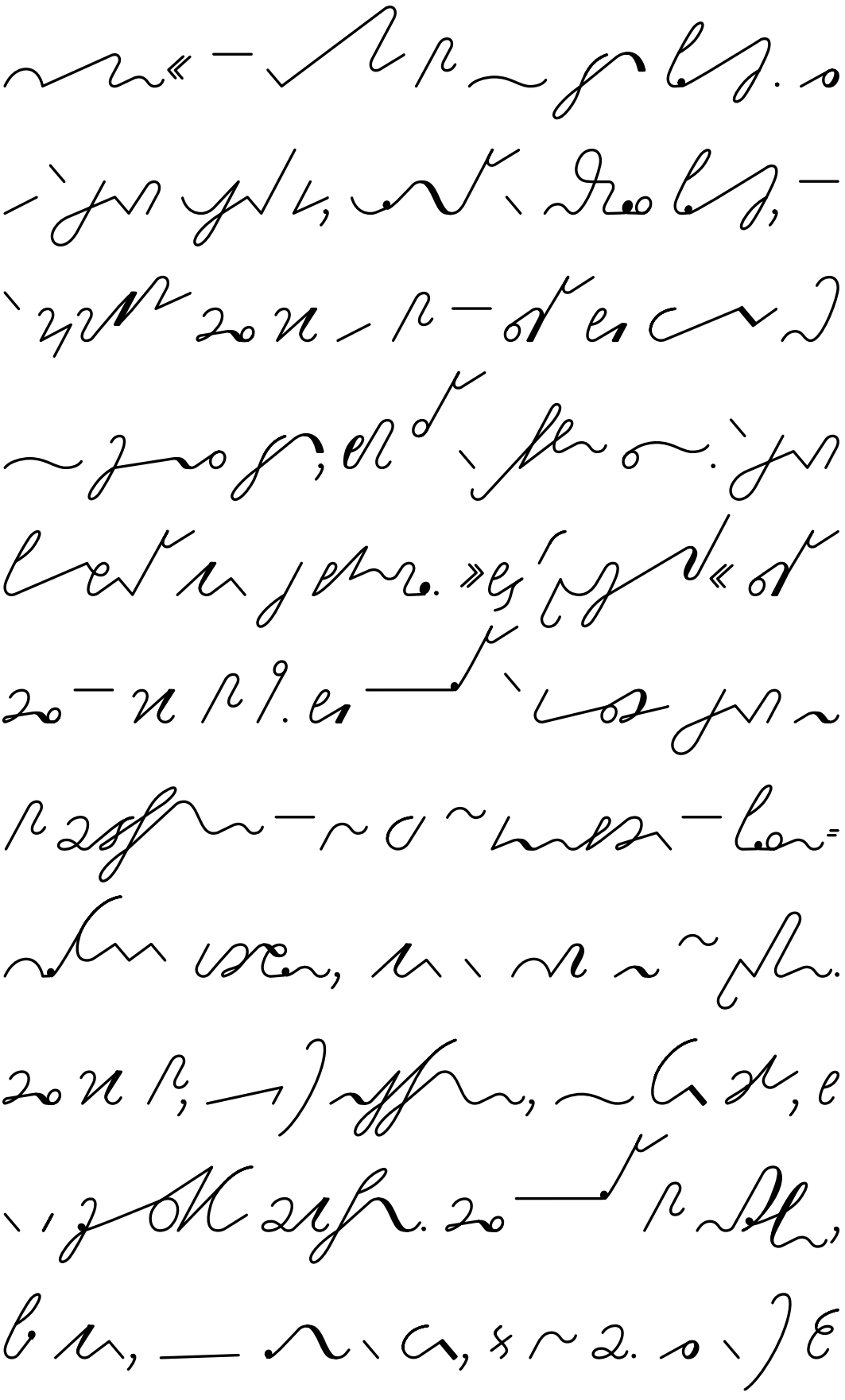


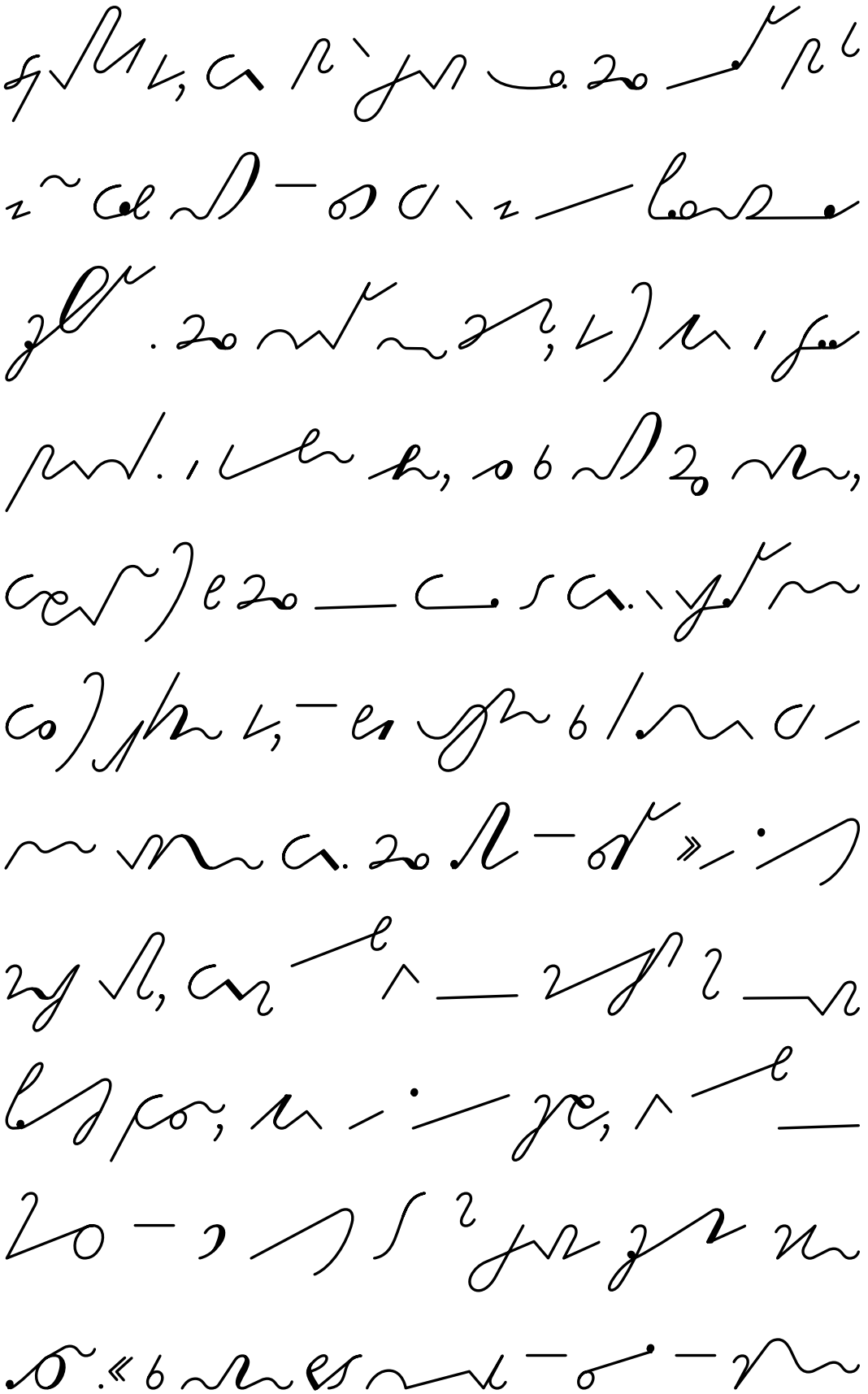


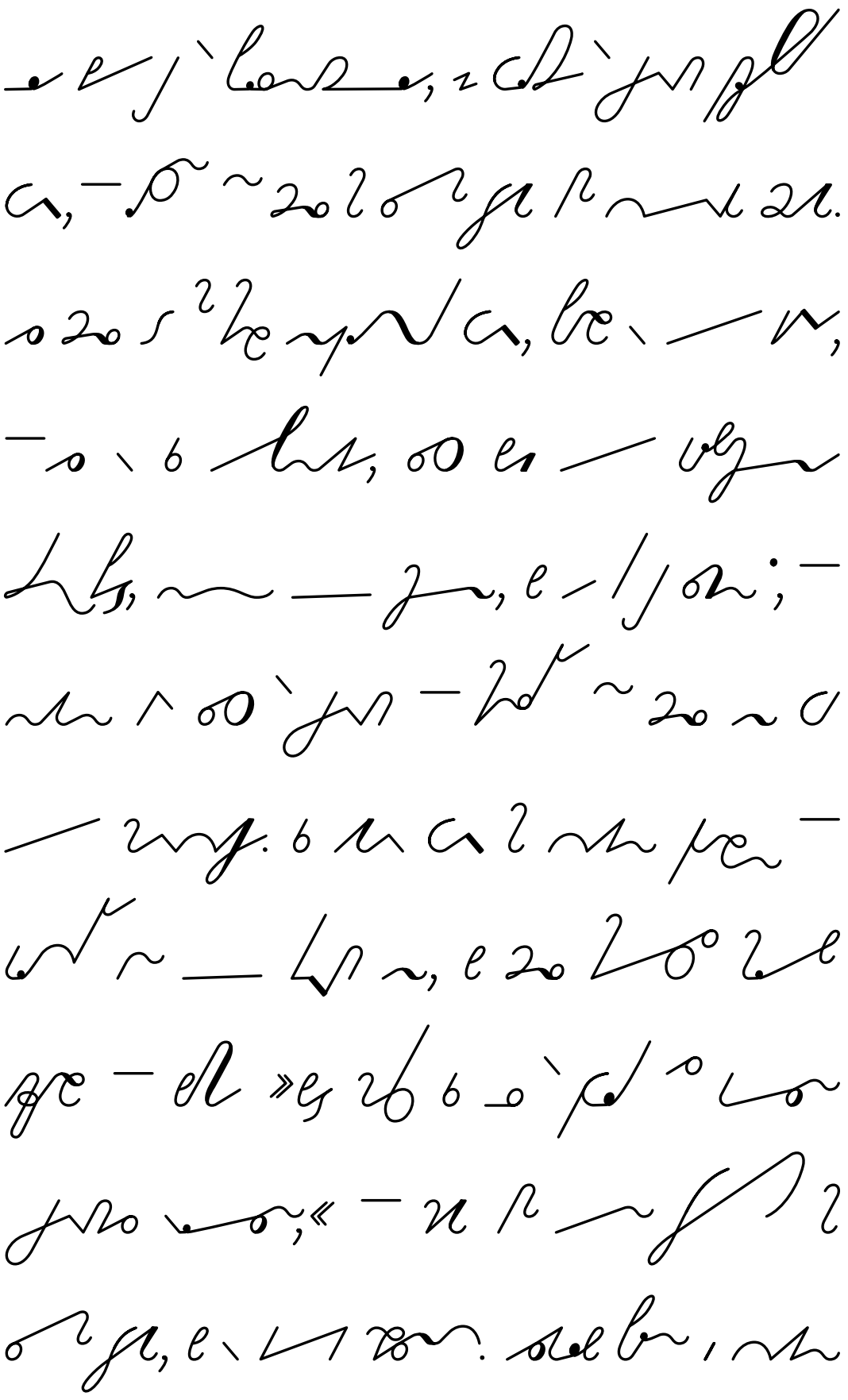


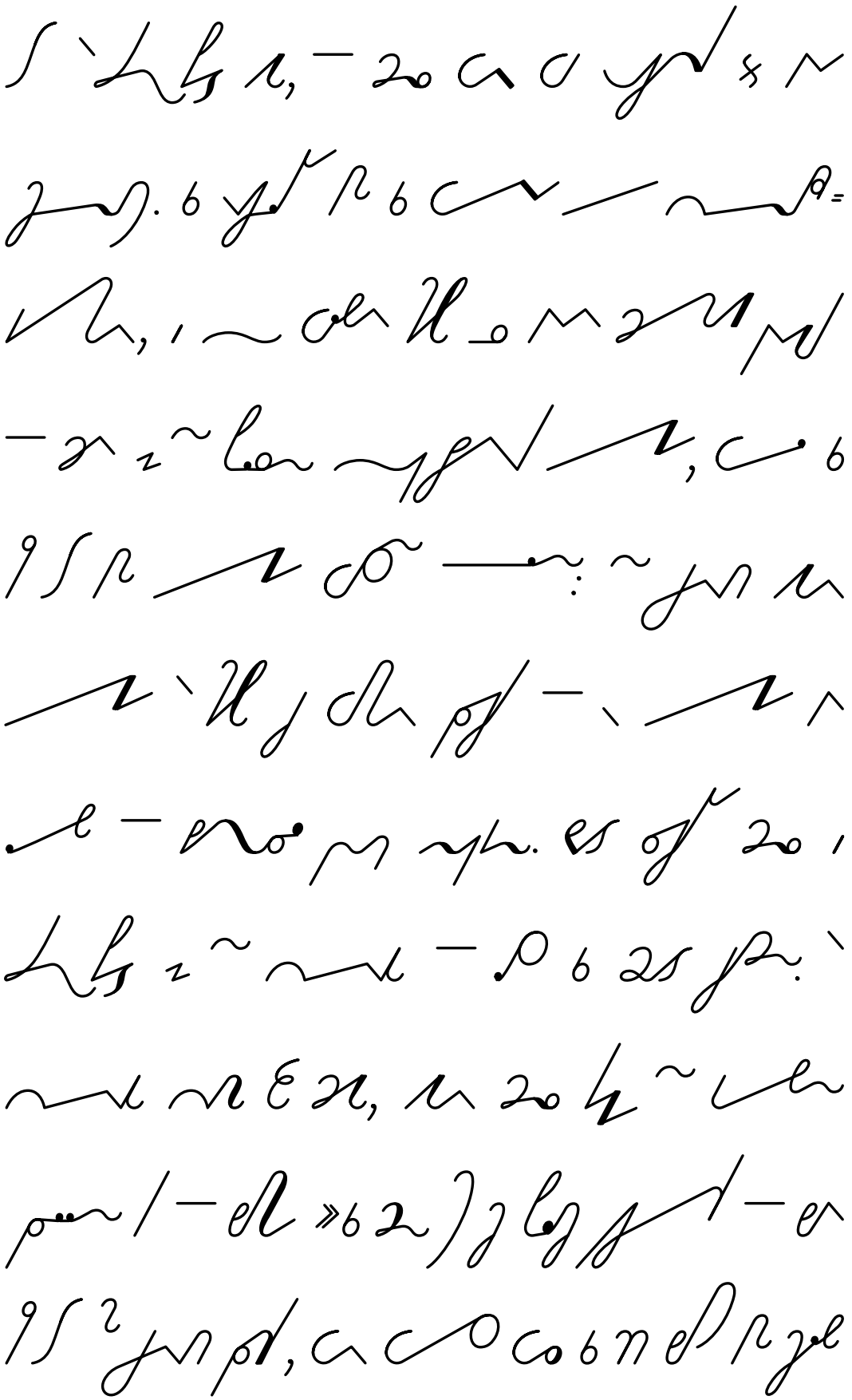


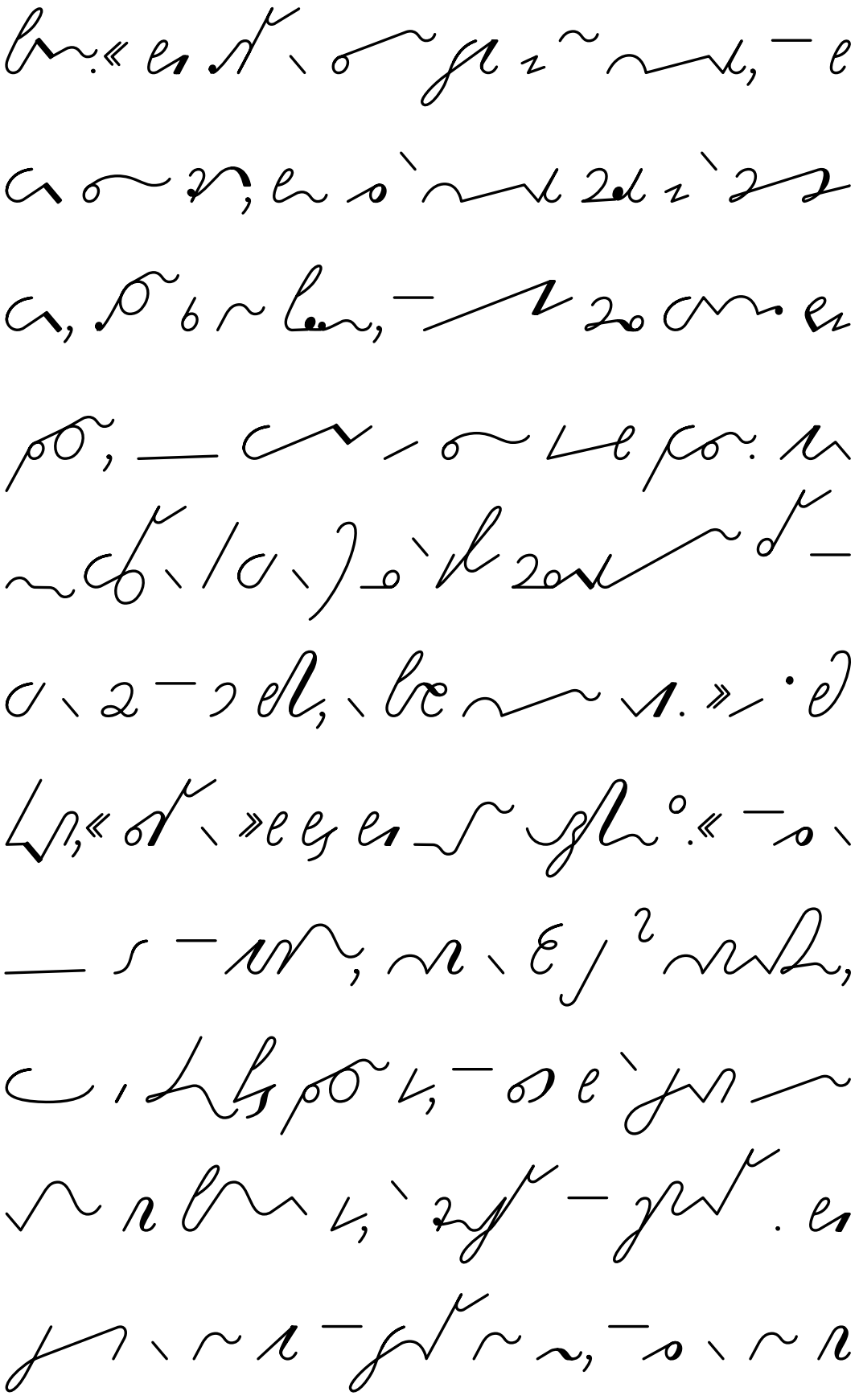


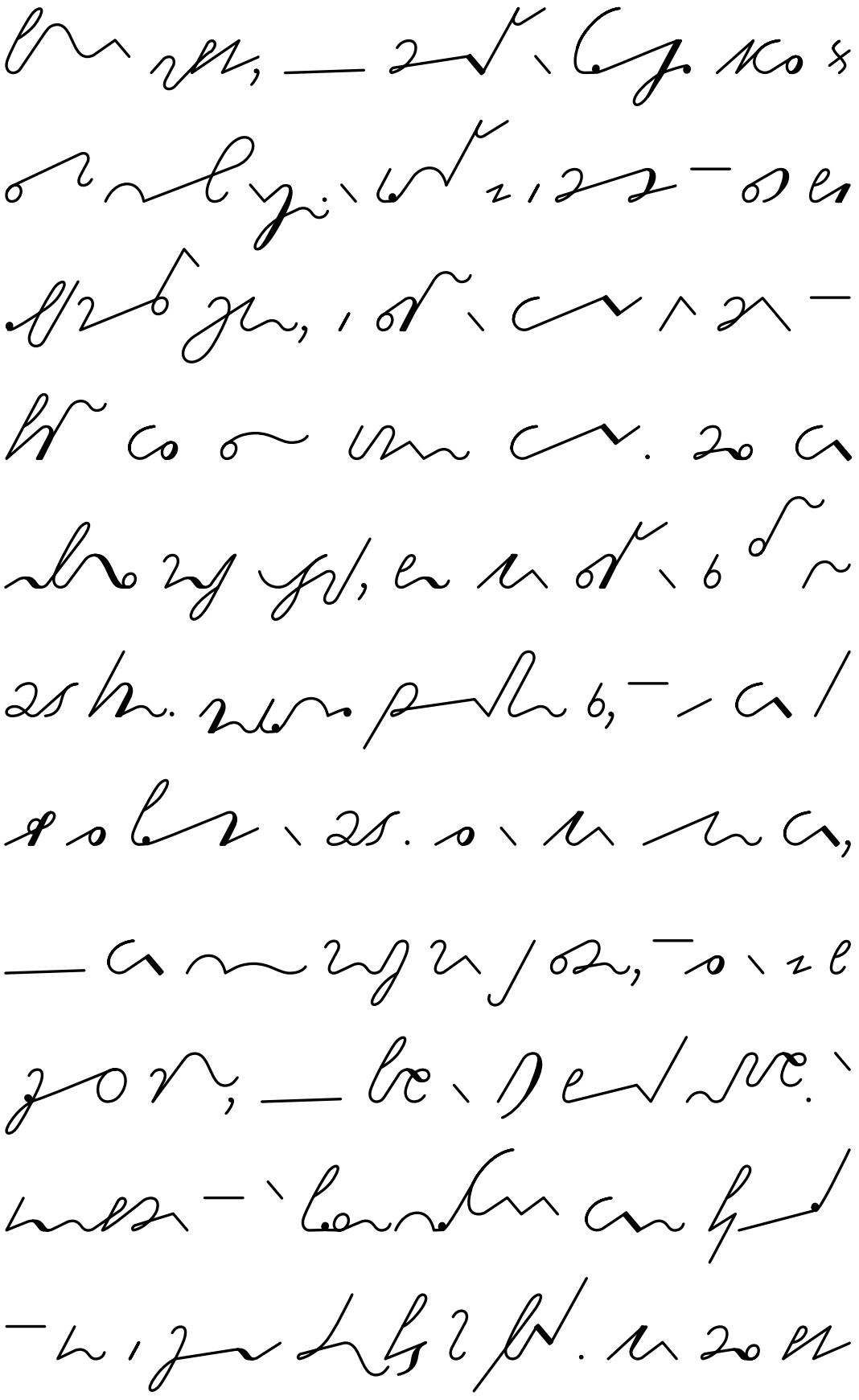


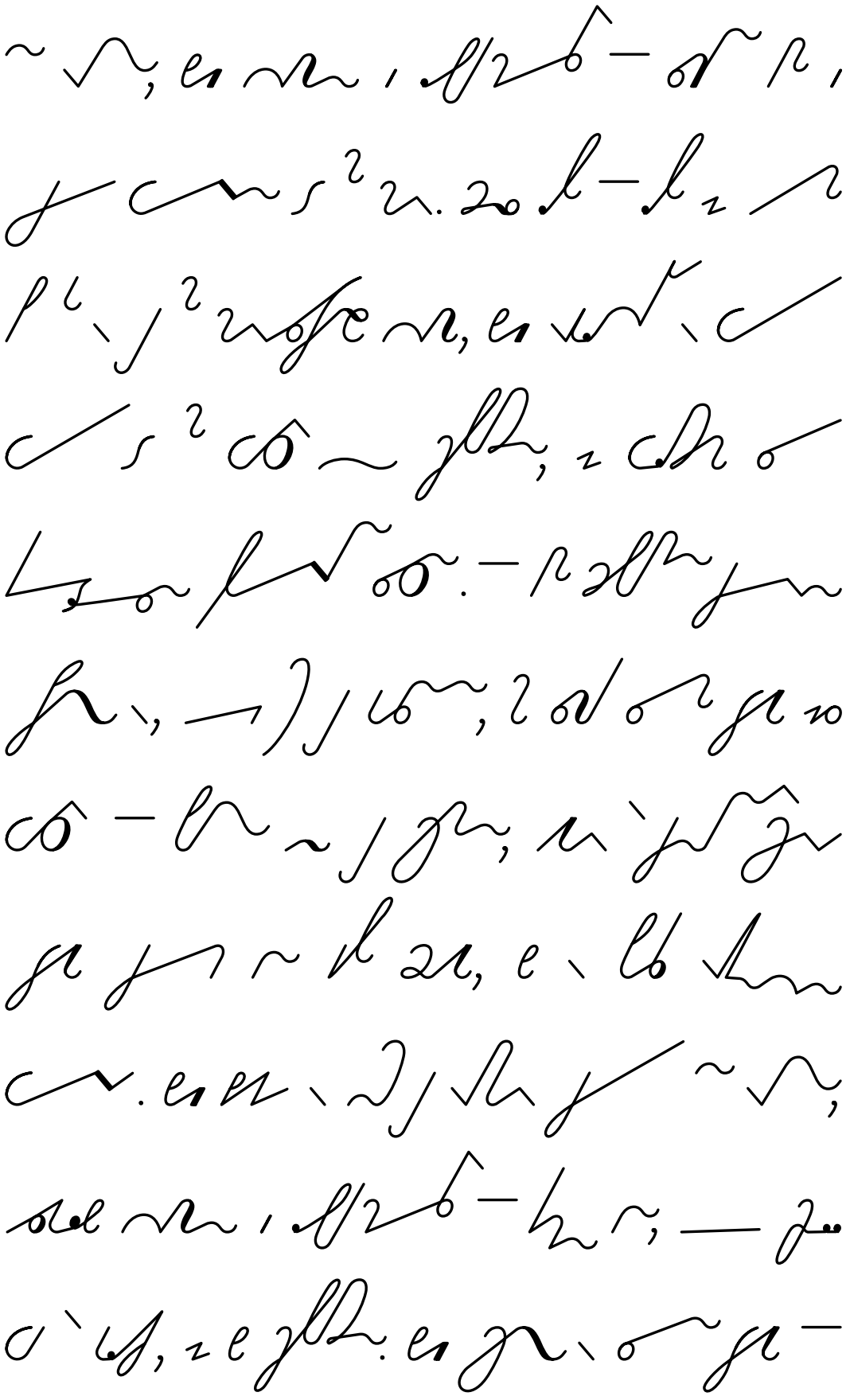


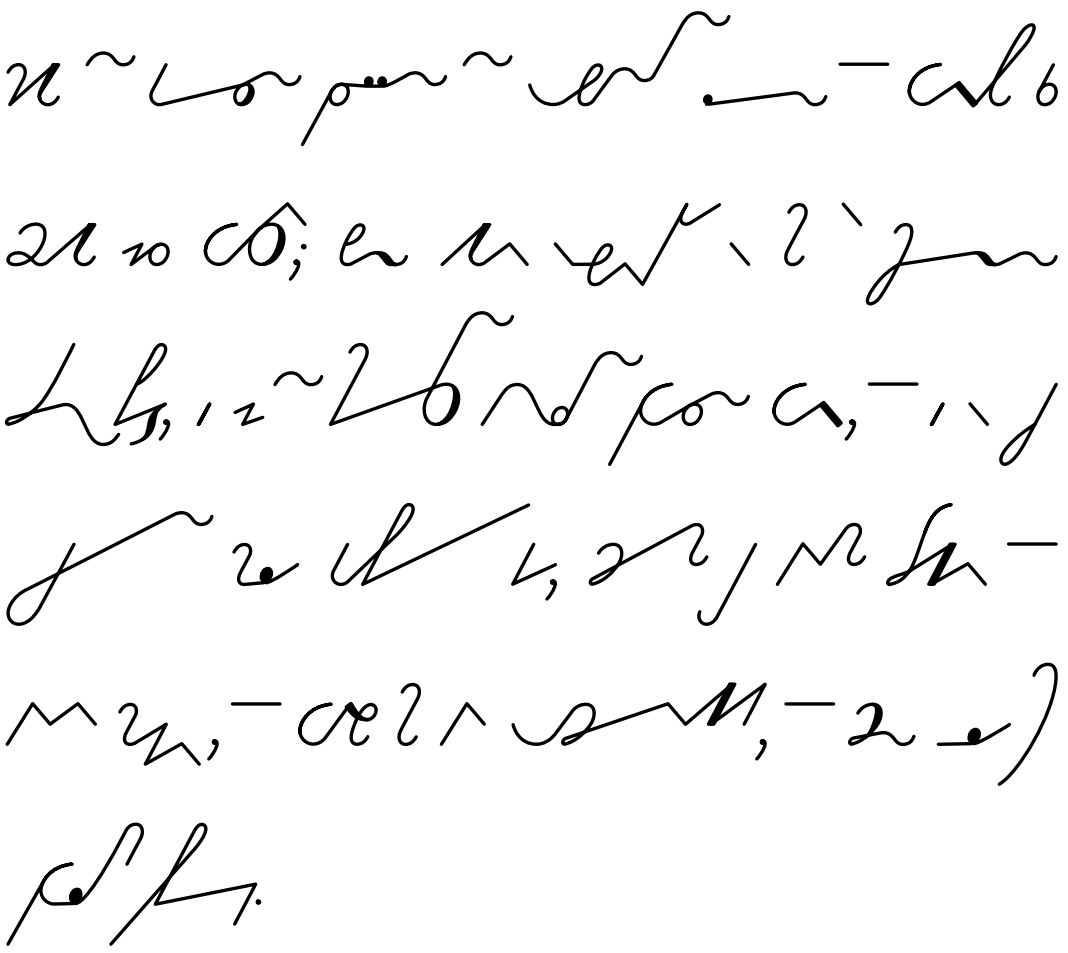












167.

Das Bürle im Himmel.

S isch emol es arms fromms Bürle gstorbe, und chunt do vor d' Himmelspforte. Zur gliche Zit isch au e riche riche Herr do gsi und het au i Himmel welle. Do chunt der heilige Petrus mitem Schlüssel und macht uf und lot der Herr ine;

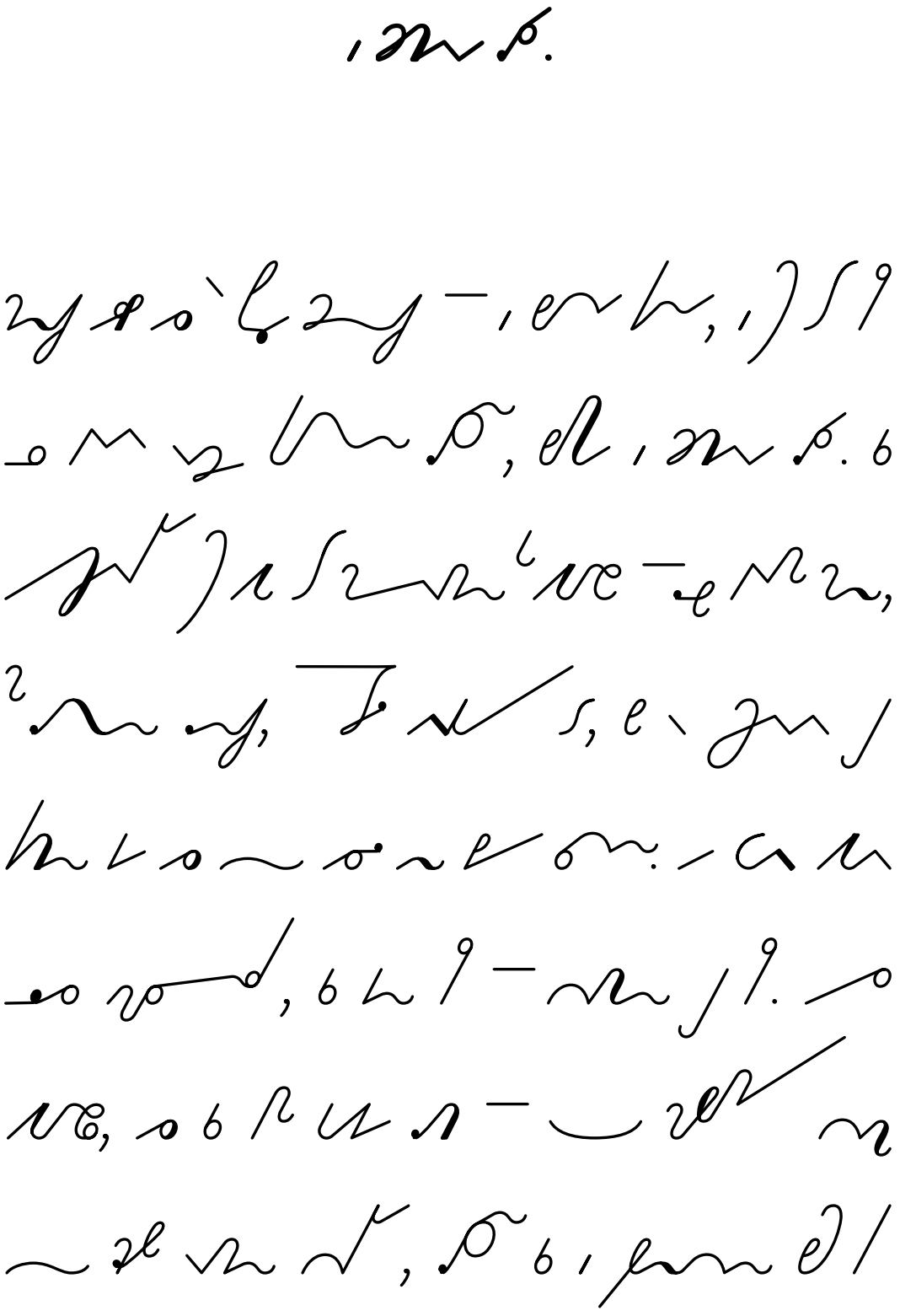
das Bürle het er aber, wies schint, nid gseh und macht d' Pforte ämel wieder zue. Do het das Bürle vorusse ghört wie de Herr mit alle Freude im Himmel uf gno worde isch, und wie se drin musiziert und gsunge händ. Ändle isch es do wider still worde, und der heilig Petrus chunt, macht d' Himmelspforte uf un lot das Bürle

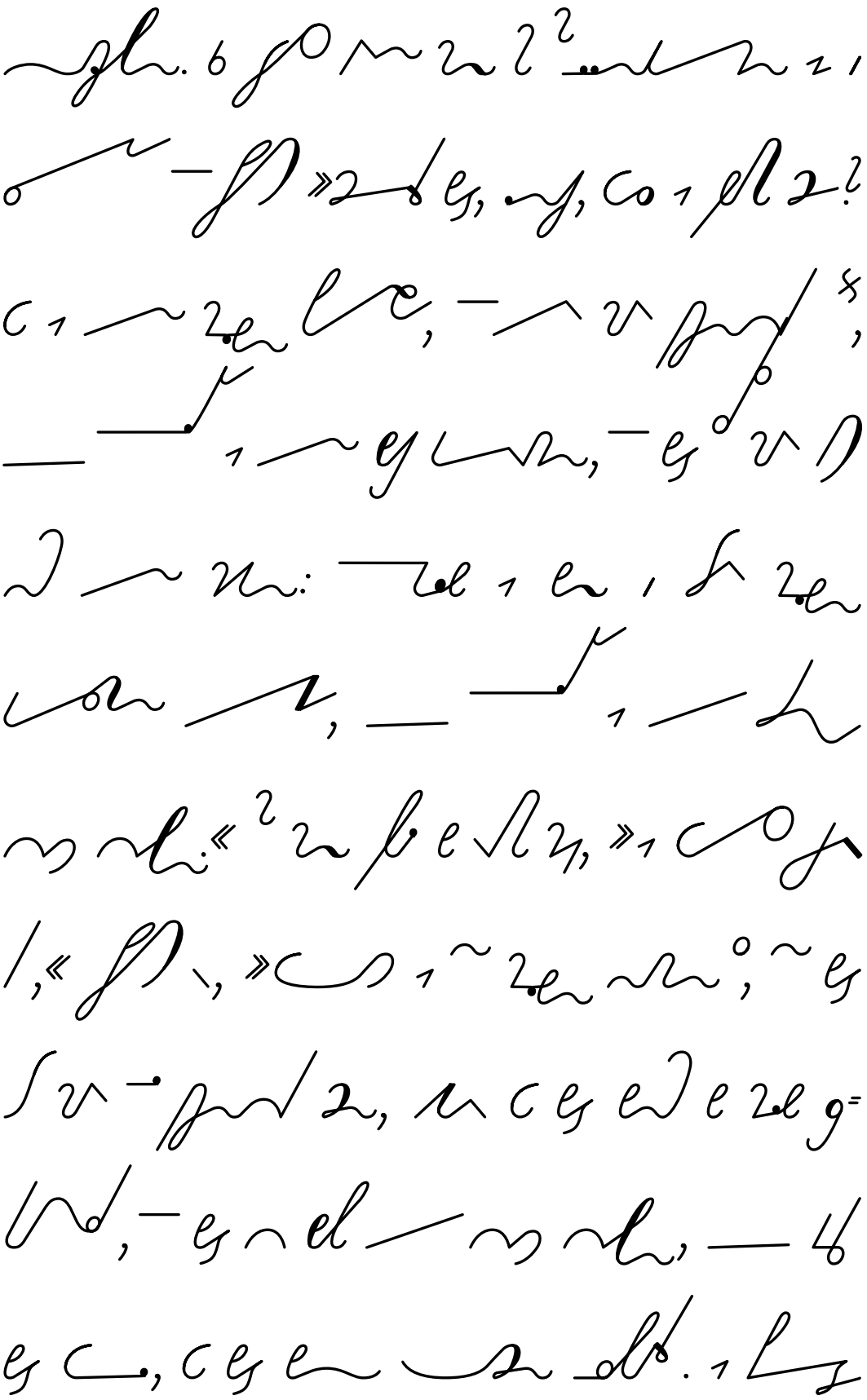
au ine. S Bürle het do gmeint s werd jetzt au musiziert und gsunge, wenn es chöm, aber do isch alles still gsi; me hets frile mit aller Liebe ufgno, und d' Ängele sind em egäge cho, aber gsunge het niemer (niemand). Do frogt das Bürle der heilig Petrus worum das me be im nid singe wie be dem riche Herr, s geu, schints, do

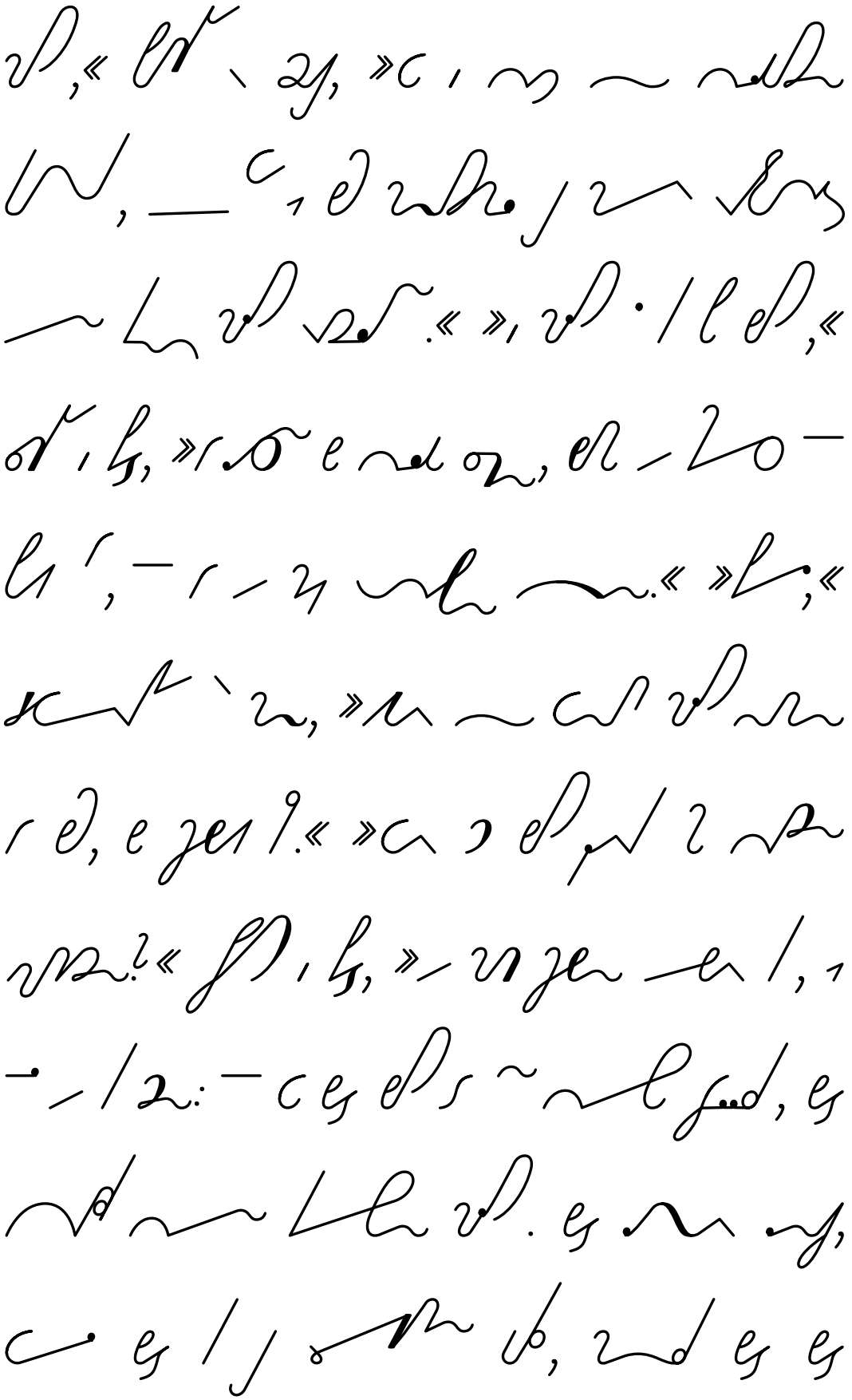
im Himmel au parteiisch zue wie uf der Erde. Do säit der heilig Petrus »nai wäger, du bisch is so lieb wie alle andere und muesch alle himmlische Freude gniesse wie de rich Herr, aber lueg, so arme Bürle, wie du äis bisch, chömme alle Tag e Himmel, so ne riche Herr aber chunt nume alle hundert Johr öppe

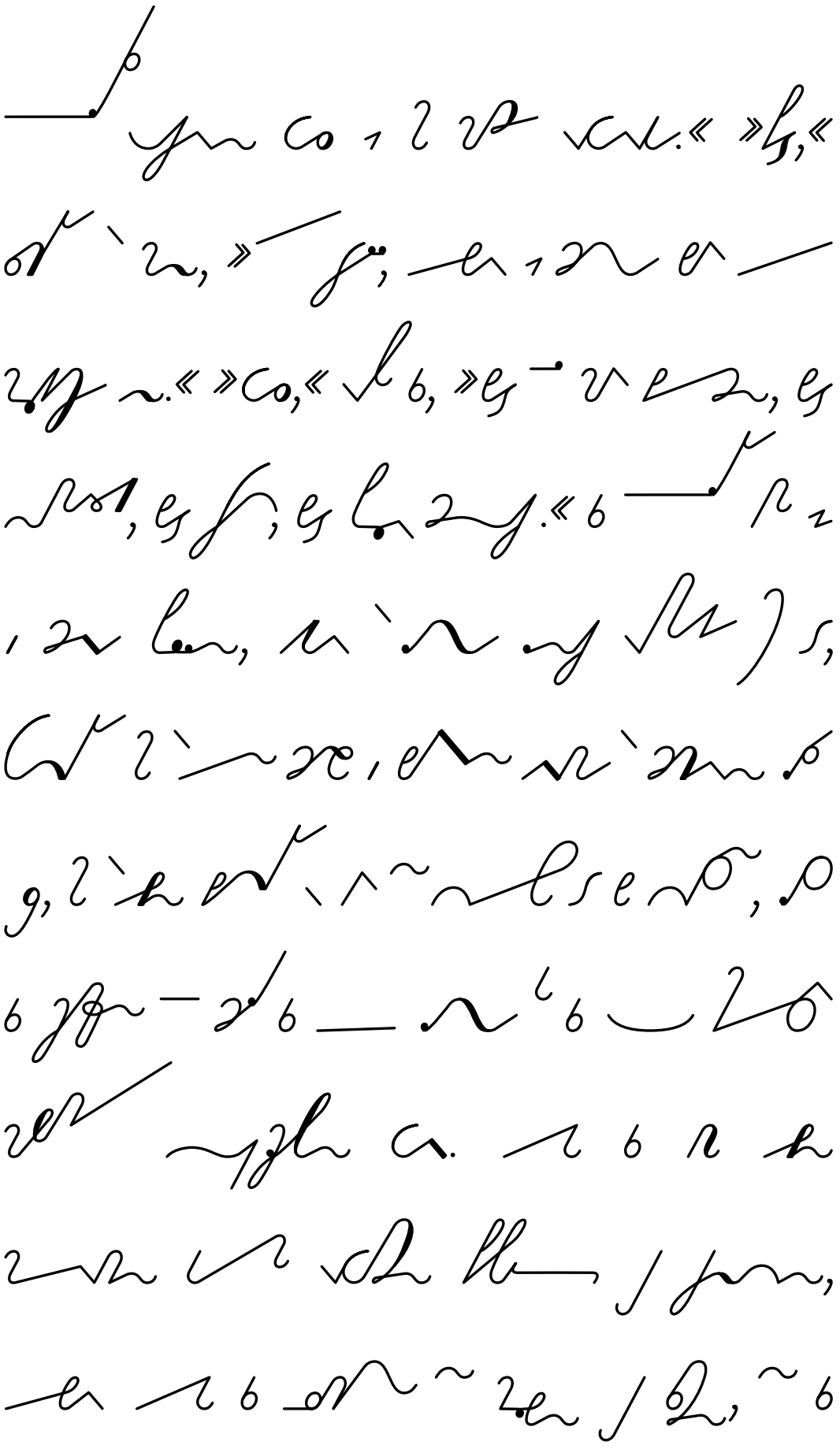
äine.«

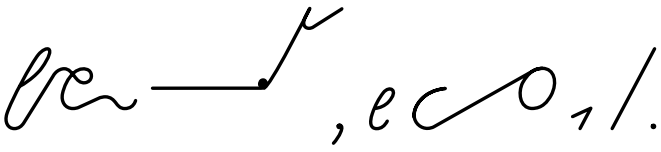
168.











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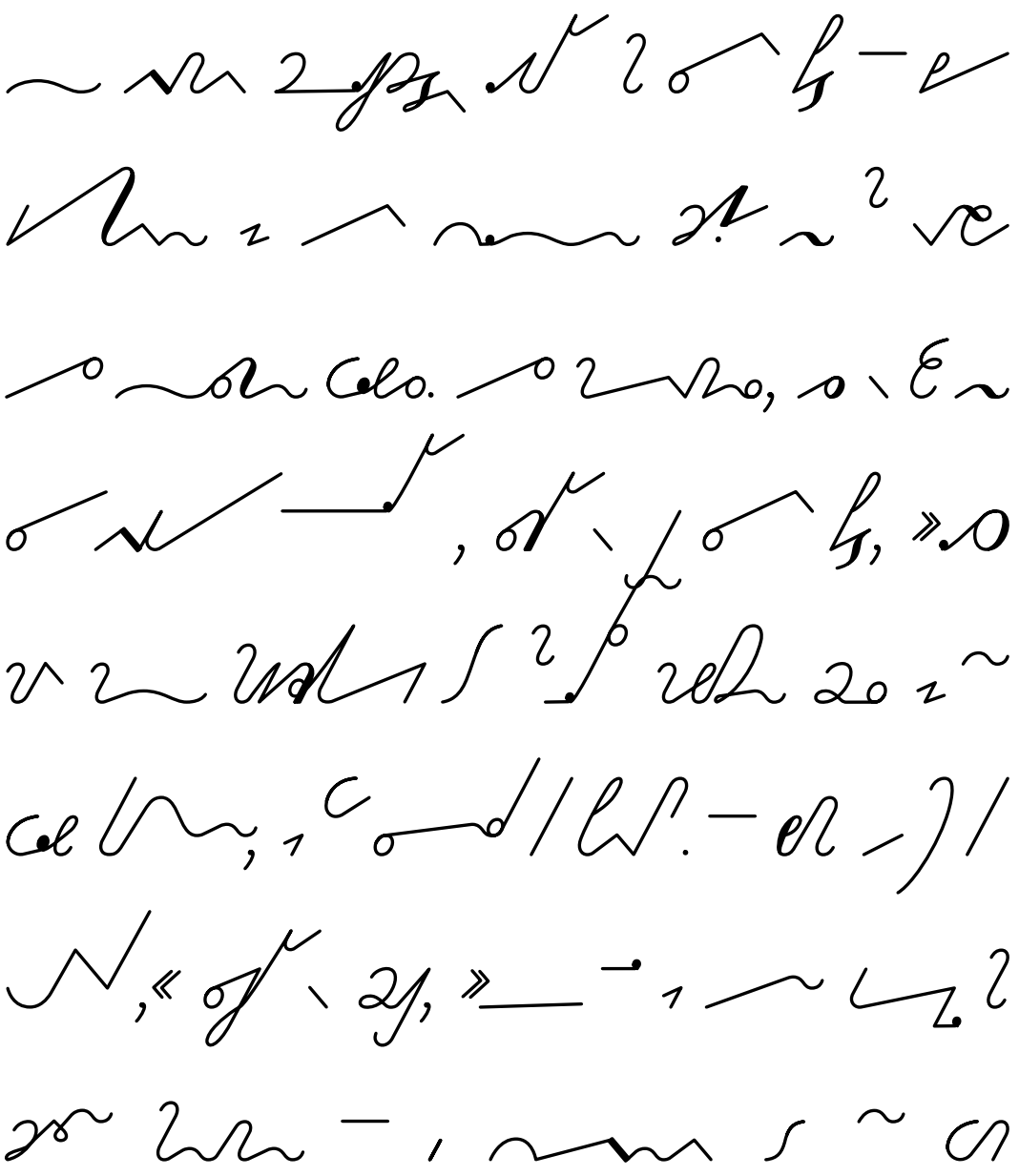
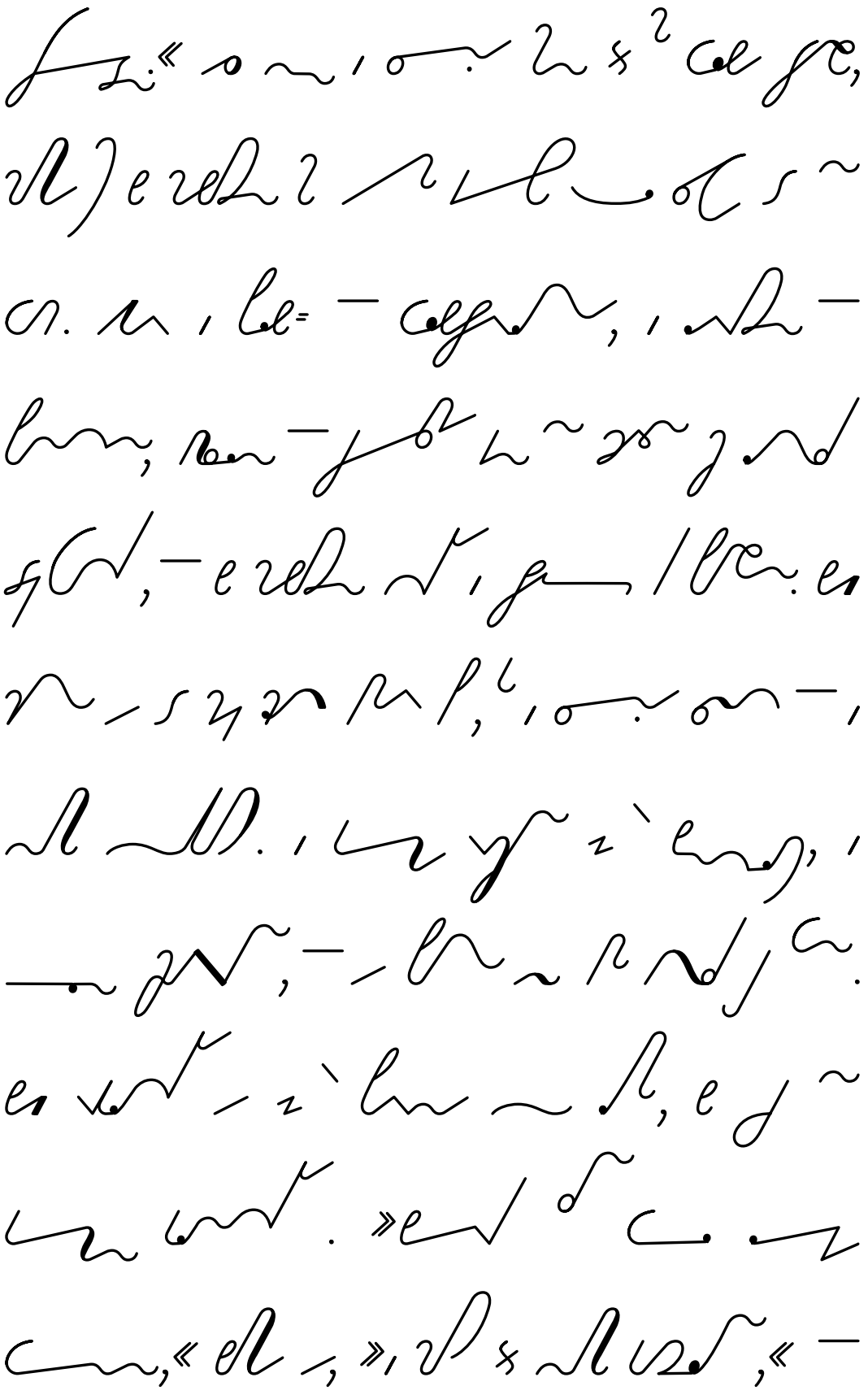
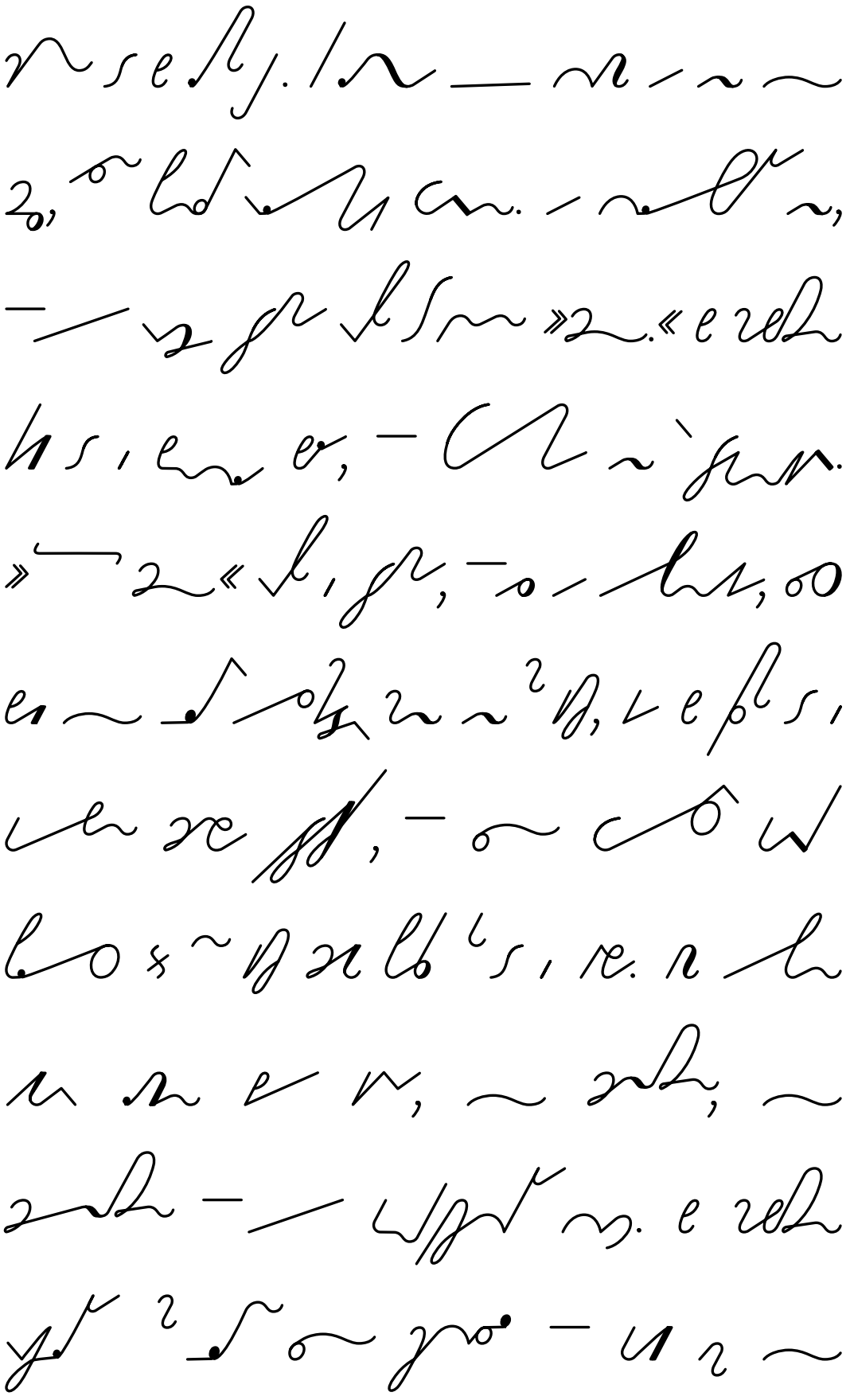
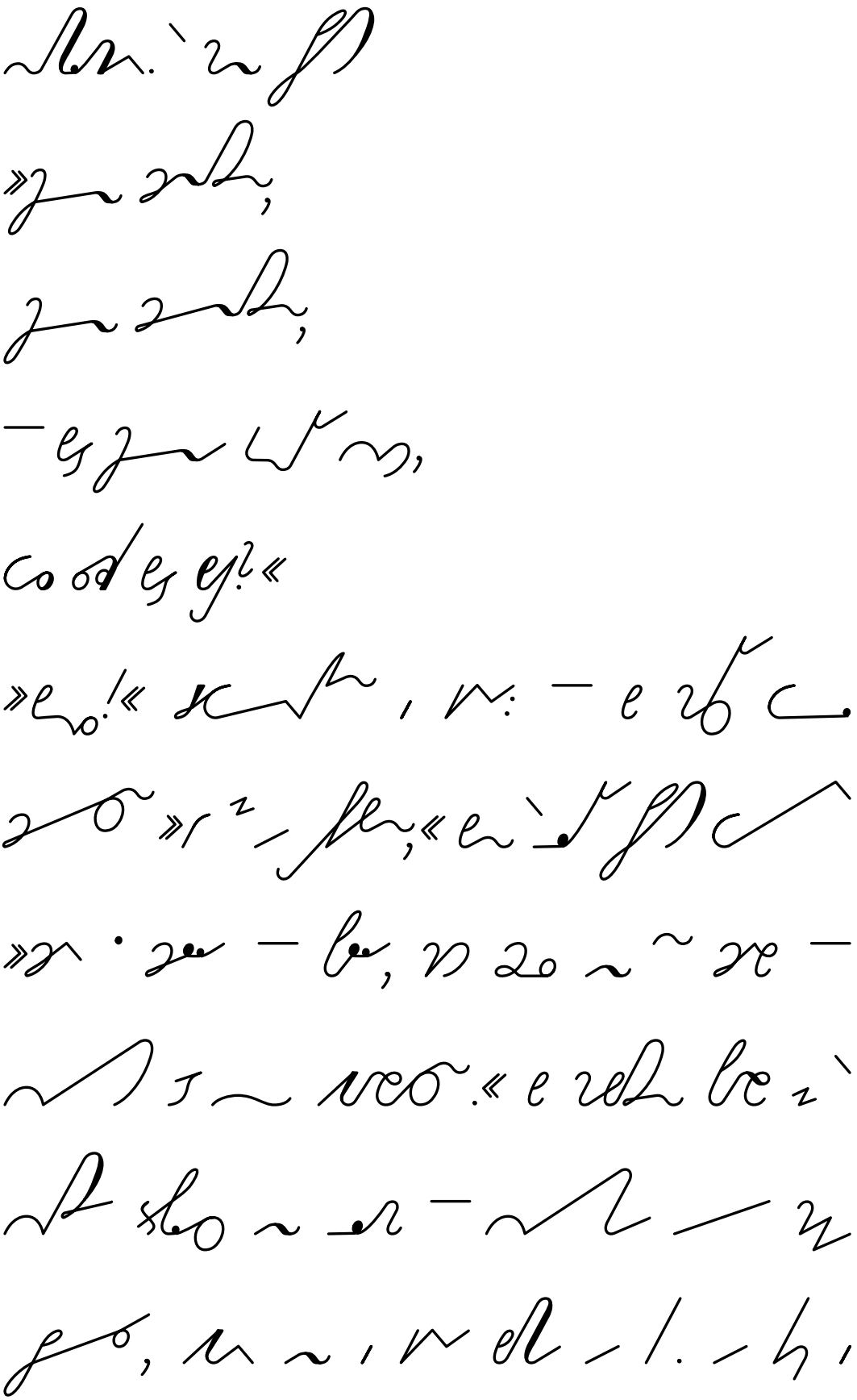
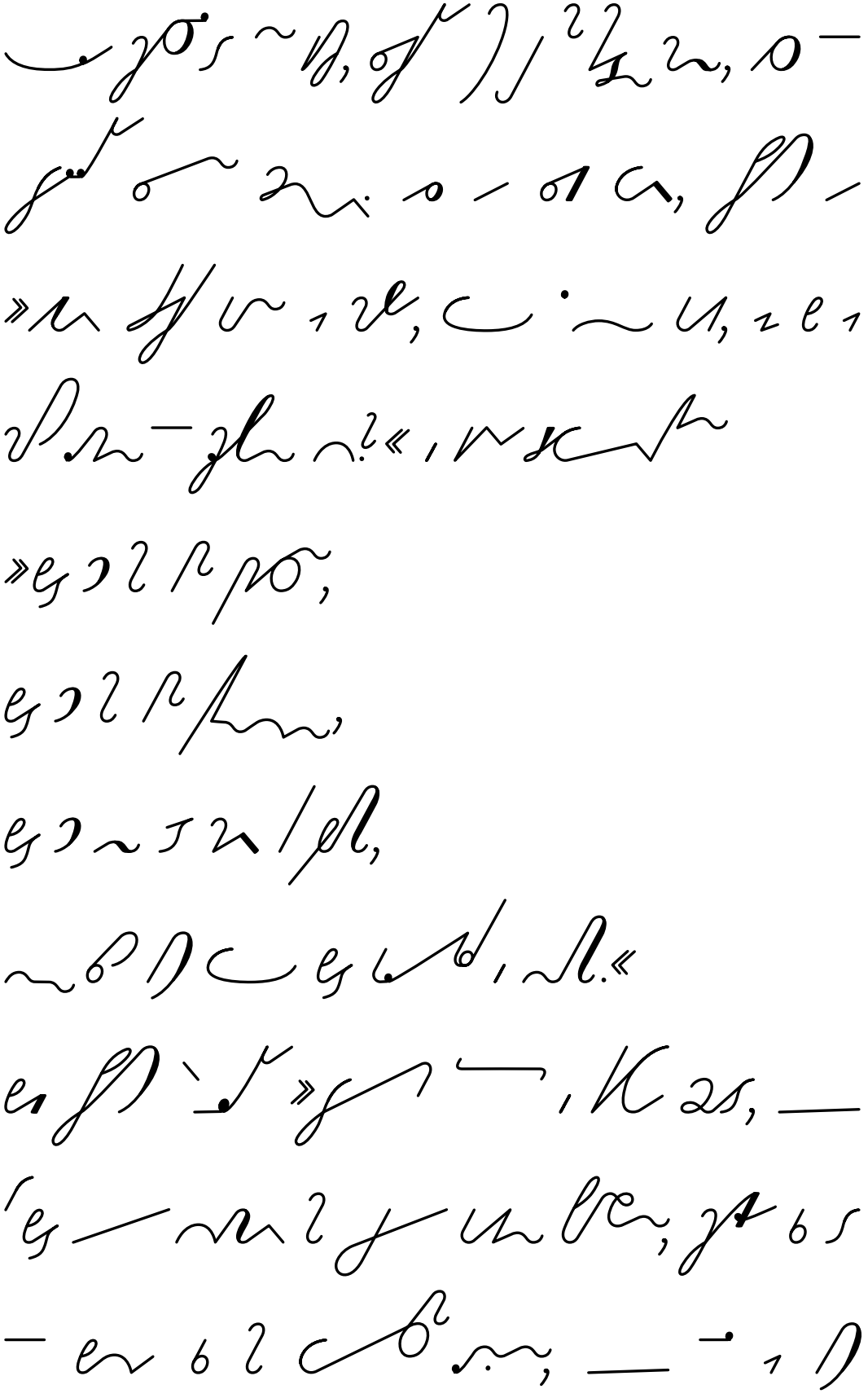
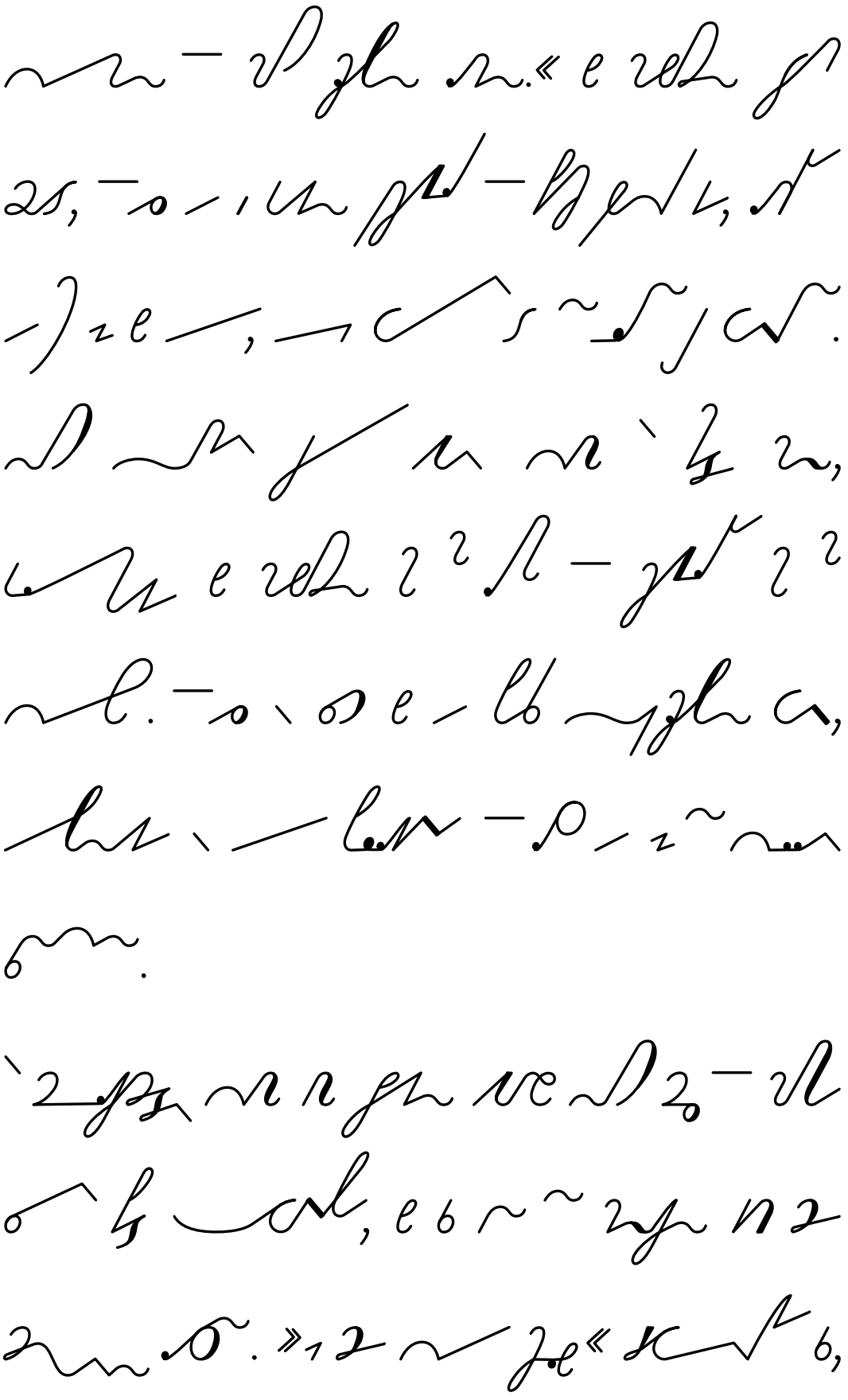


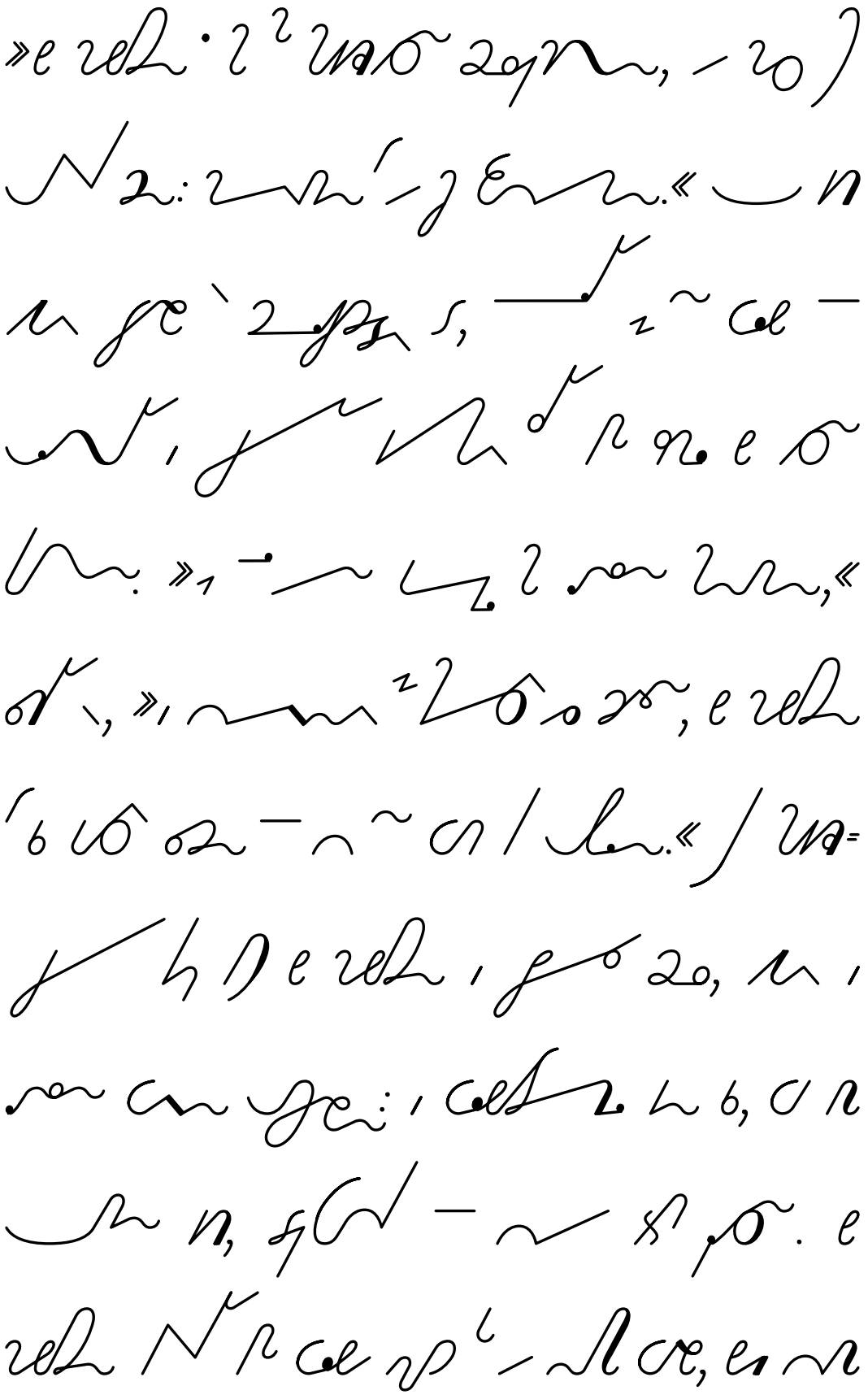


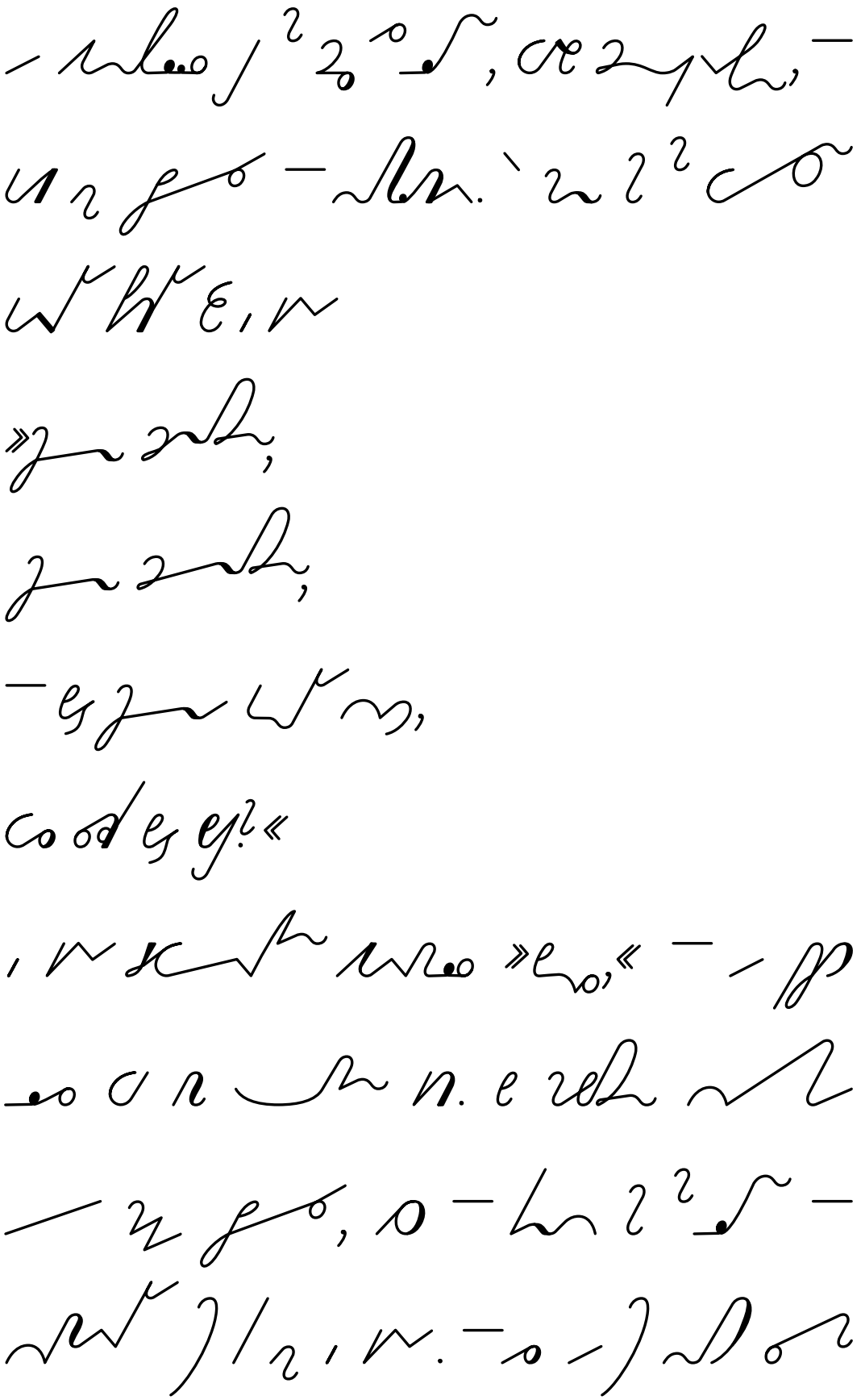


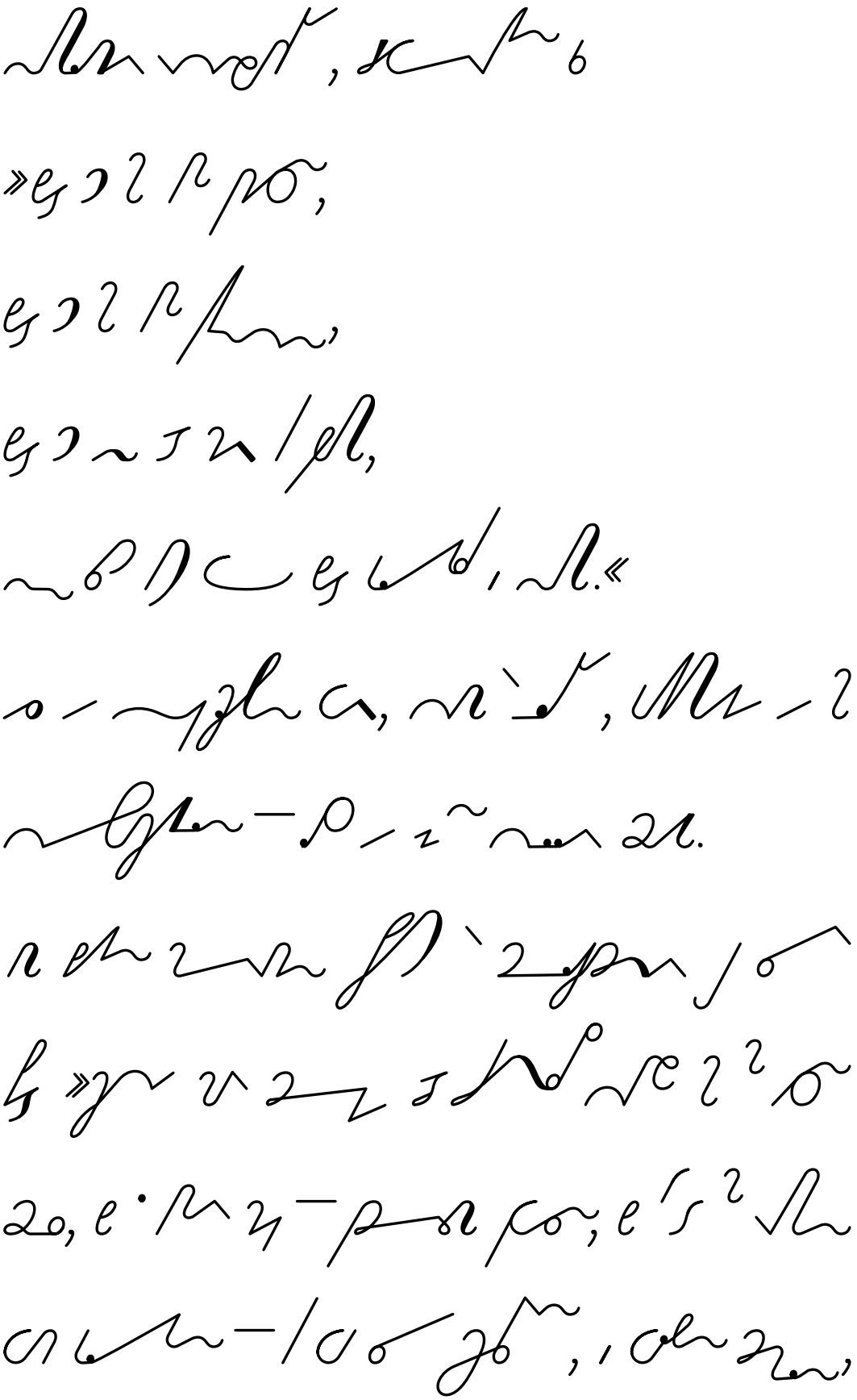


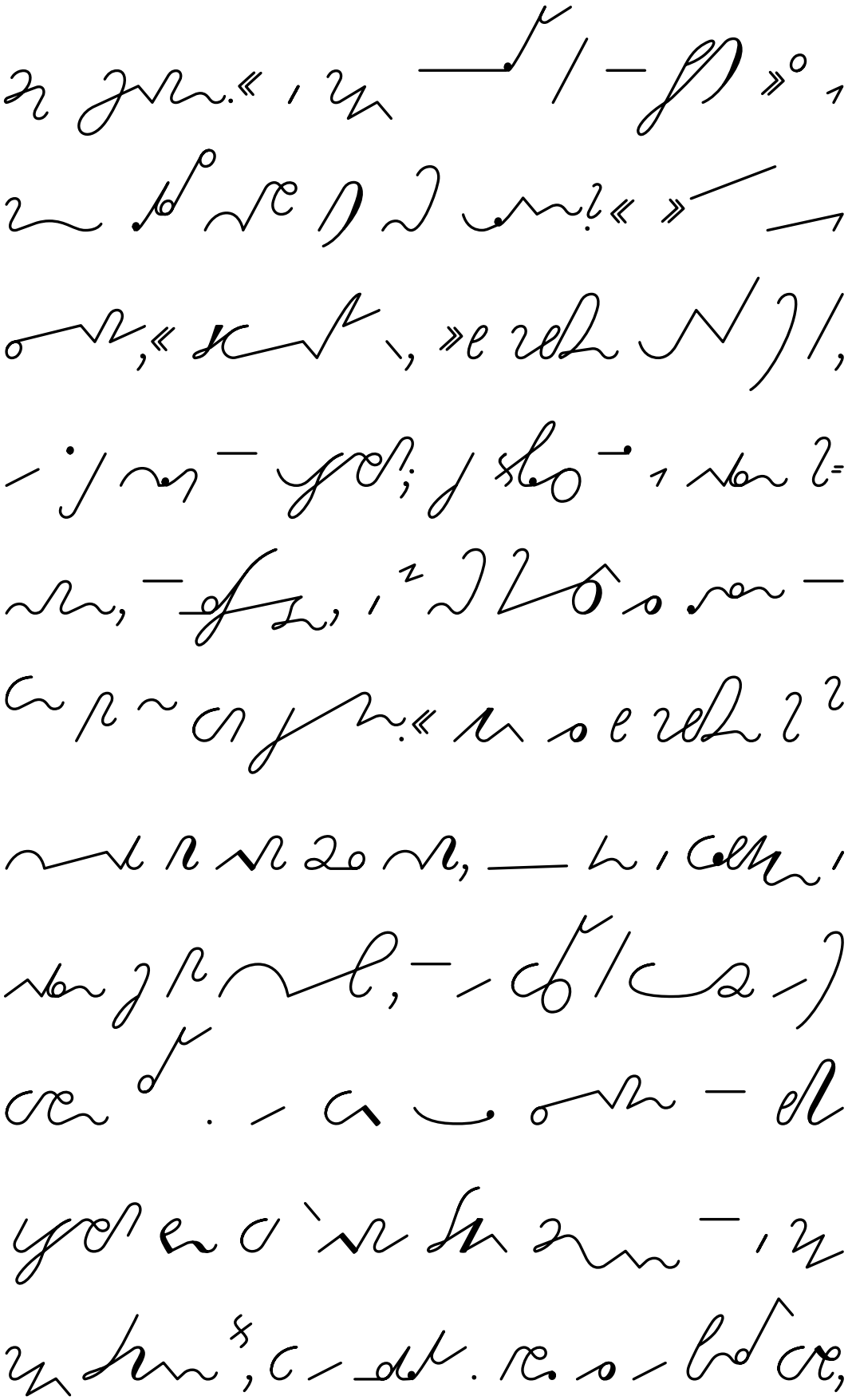


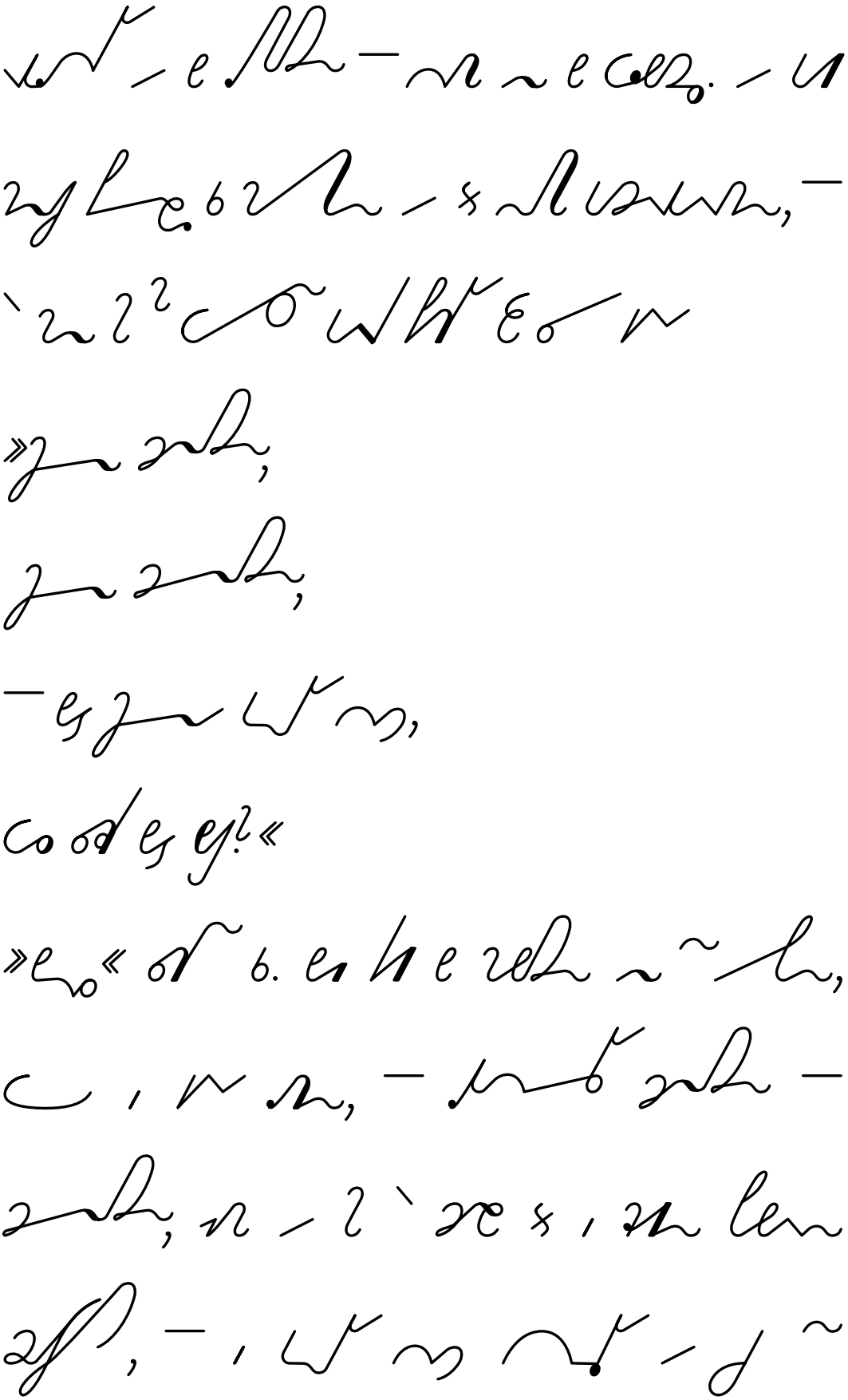


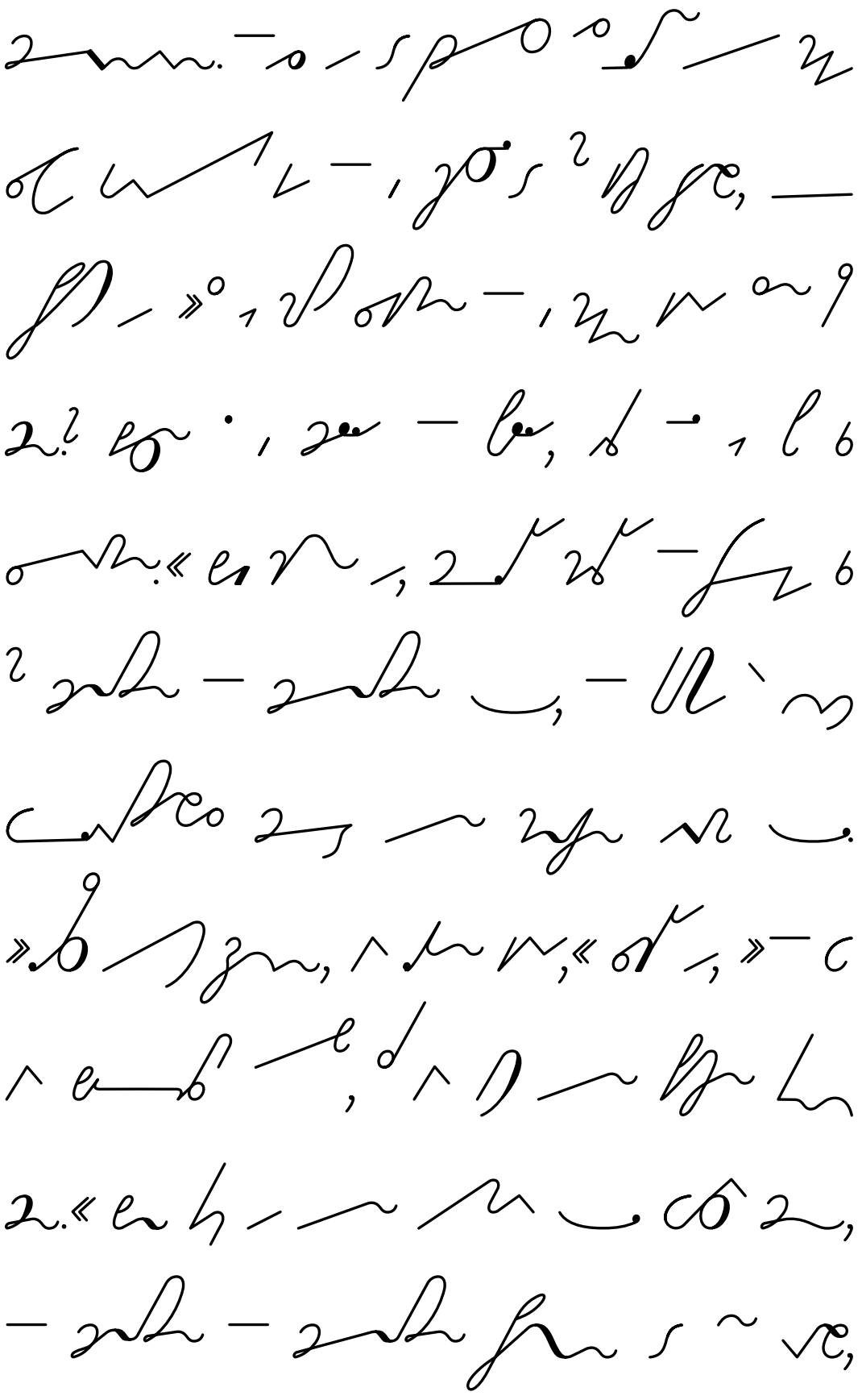


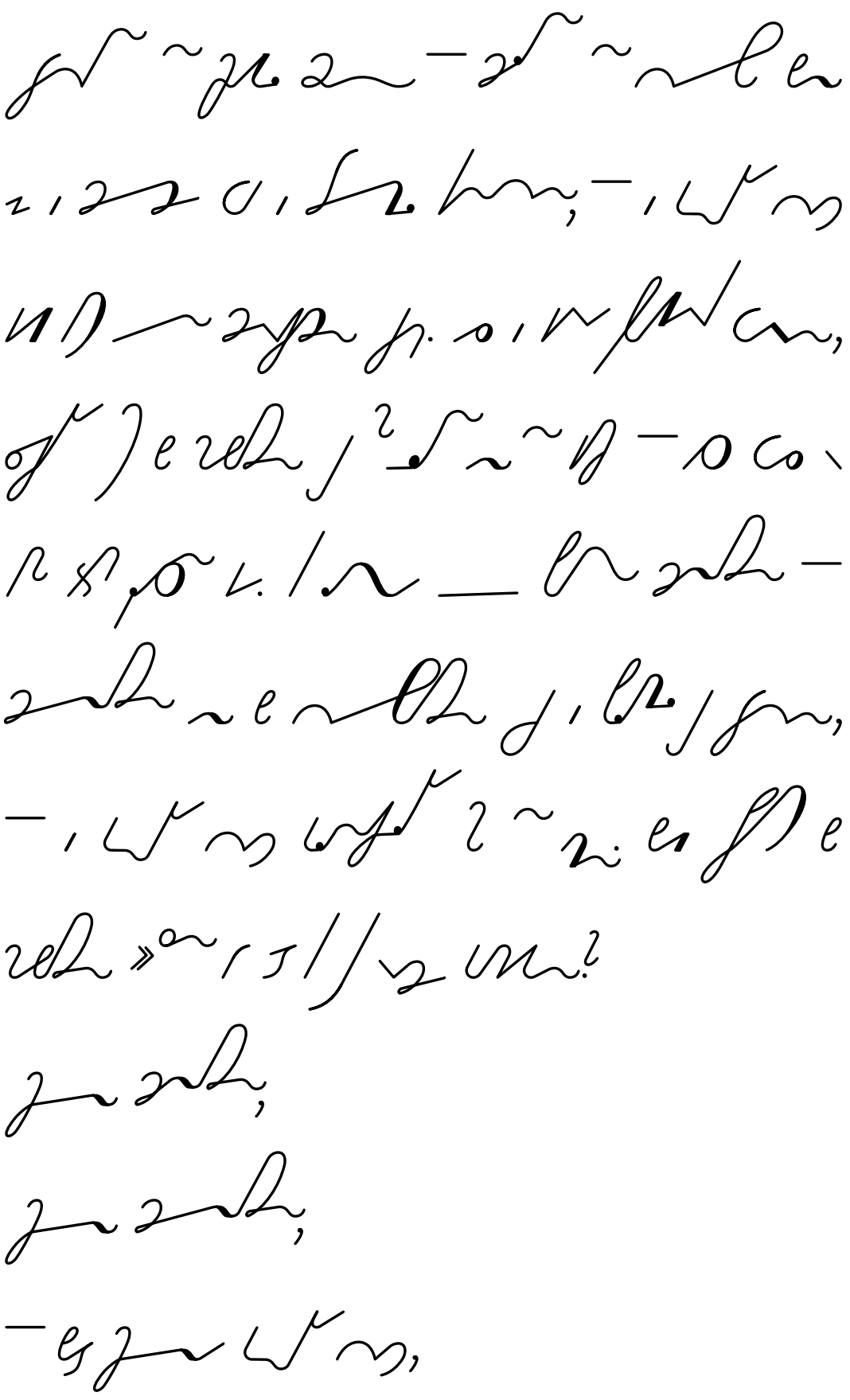


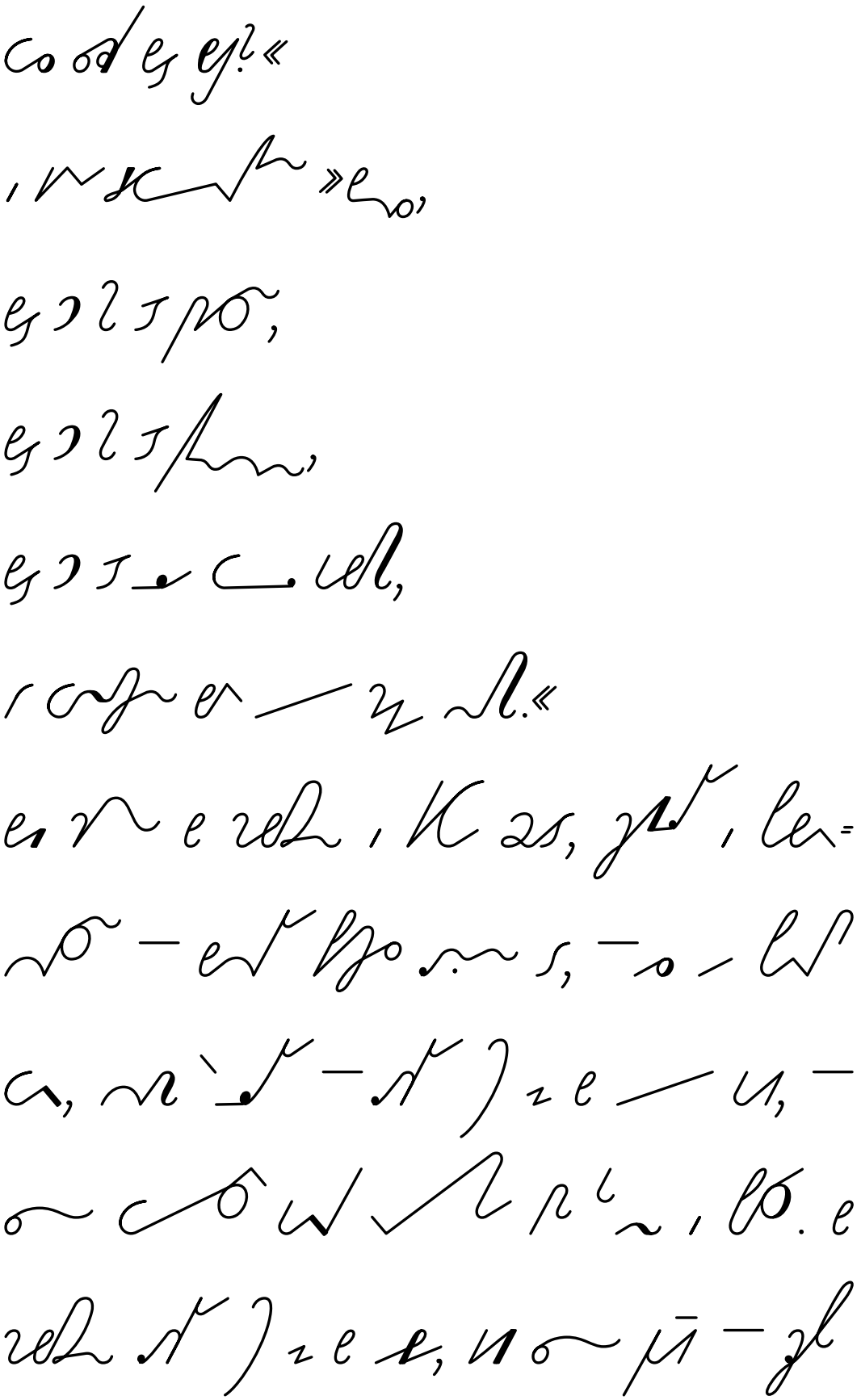


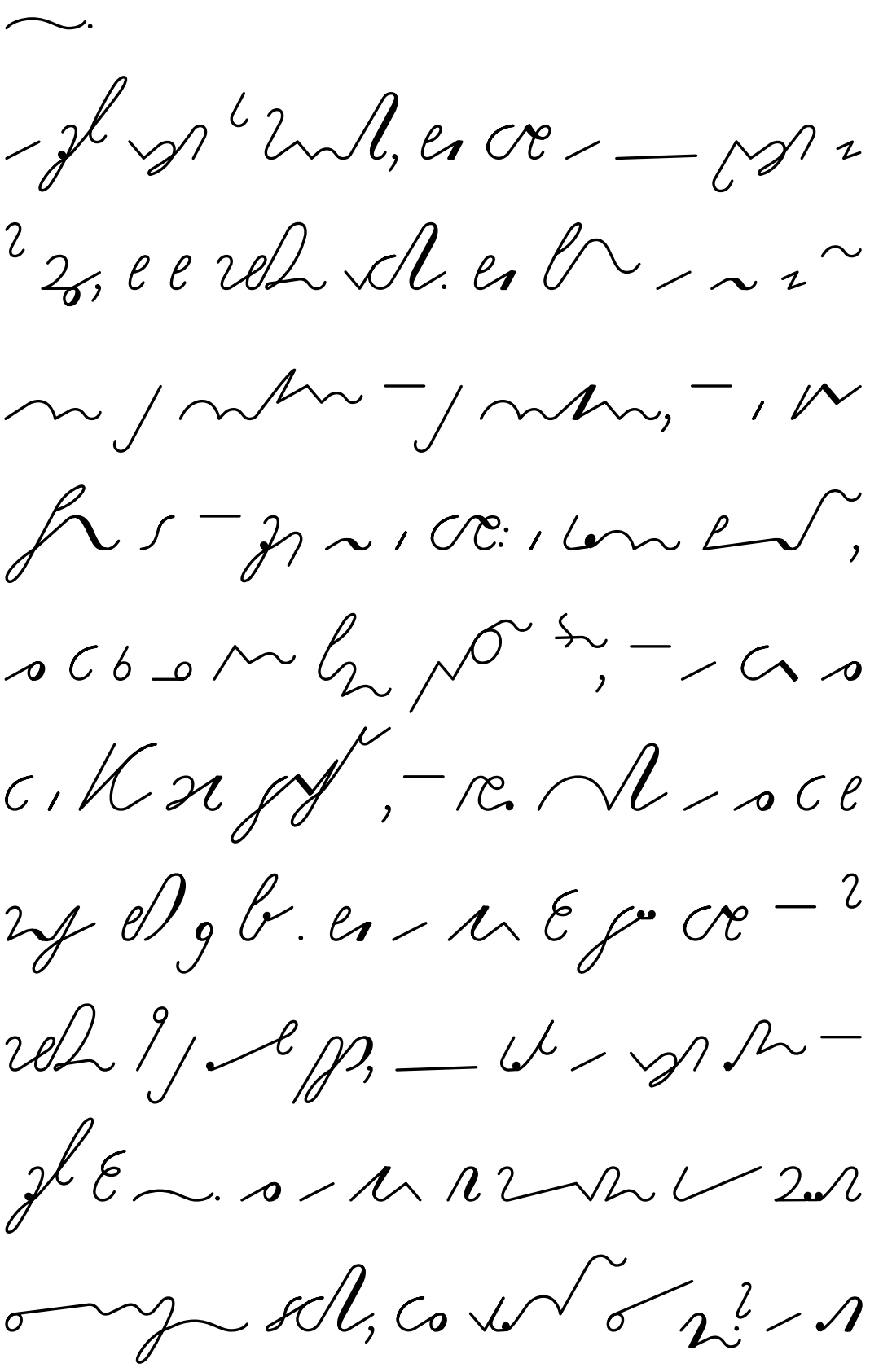


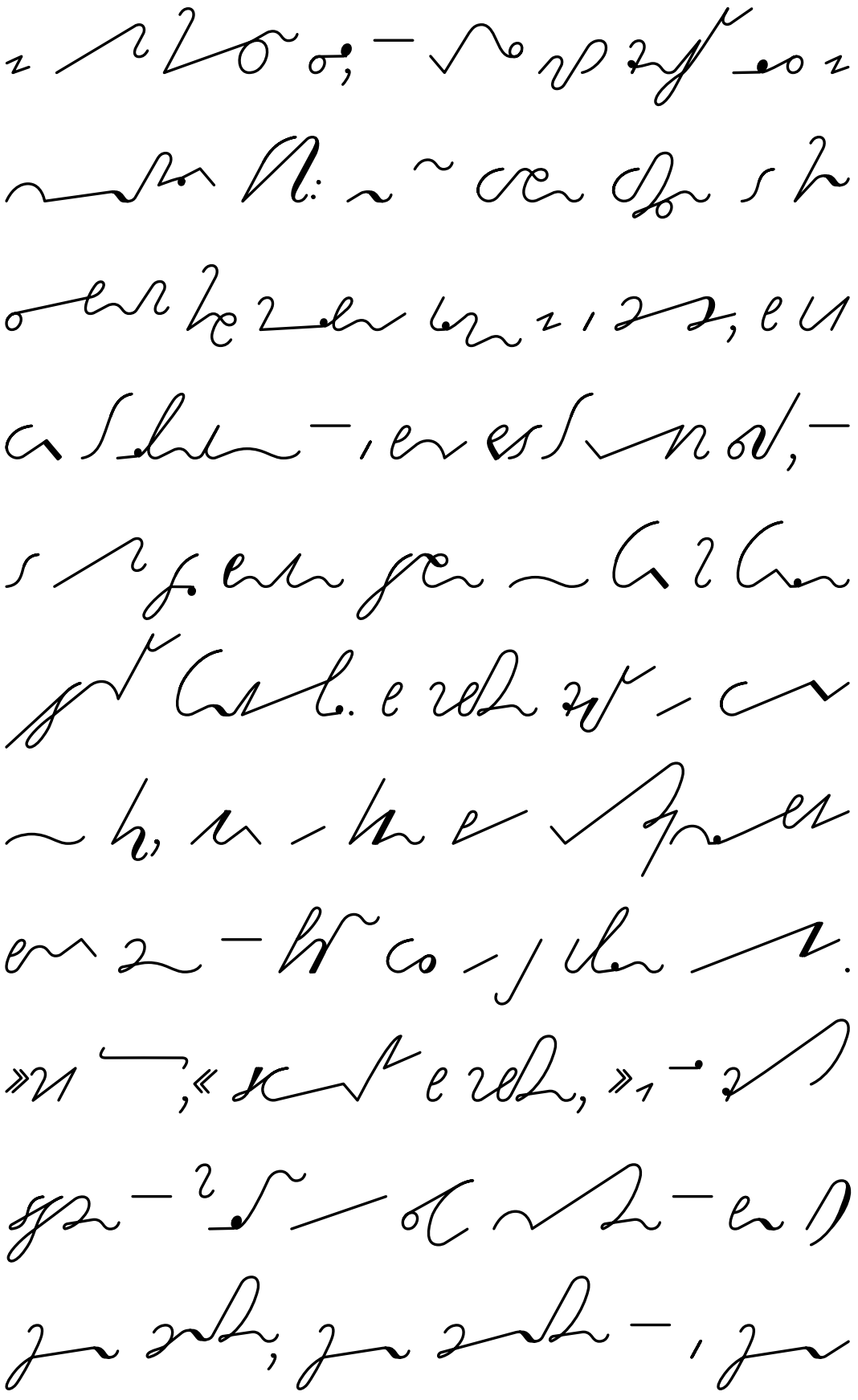


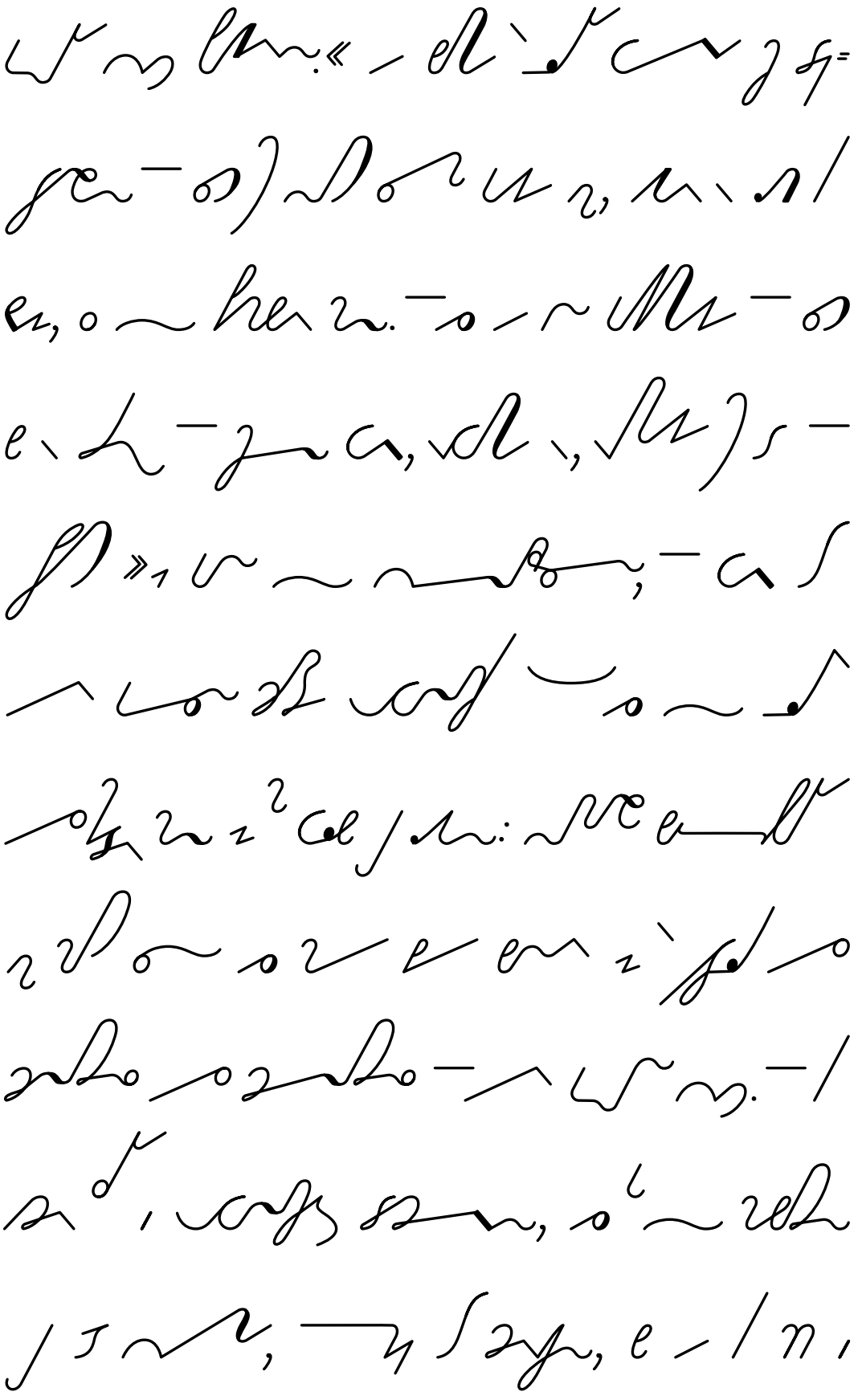


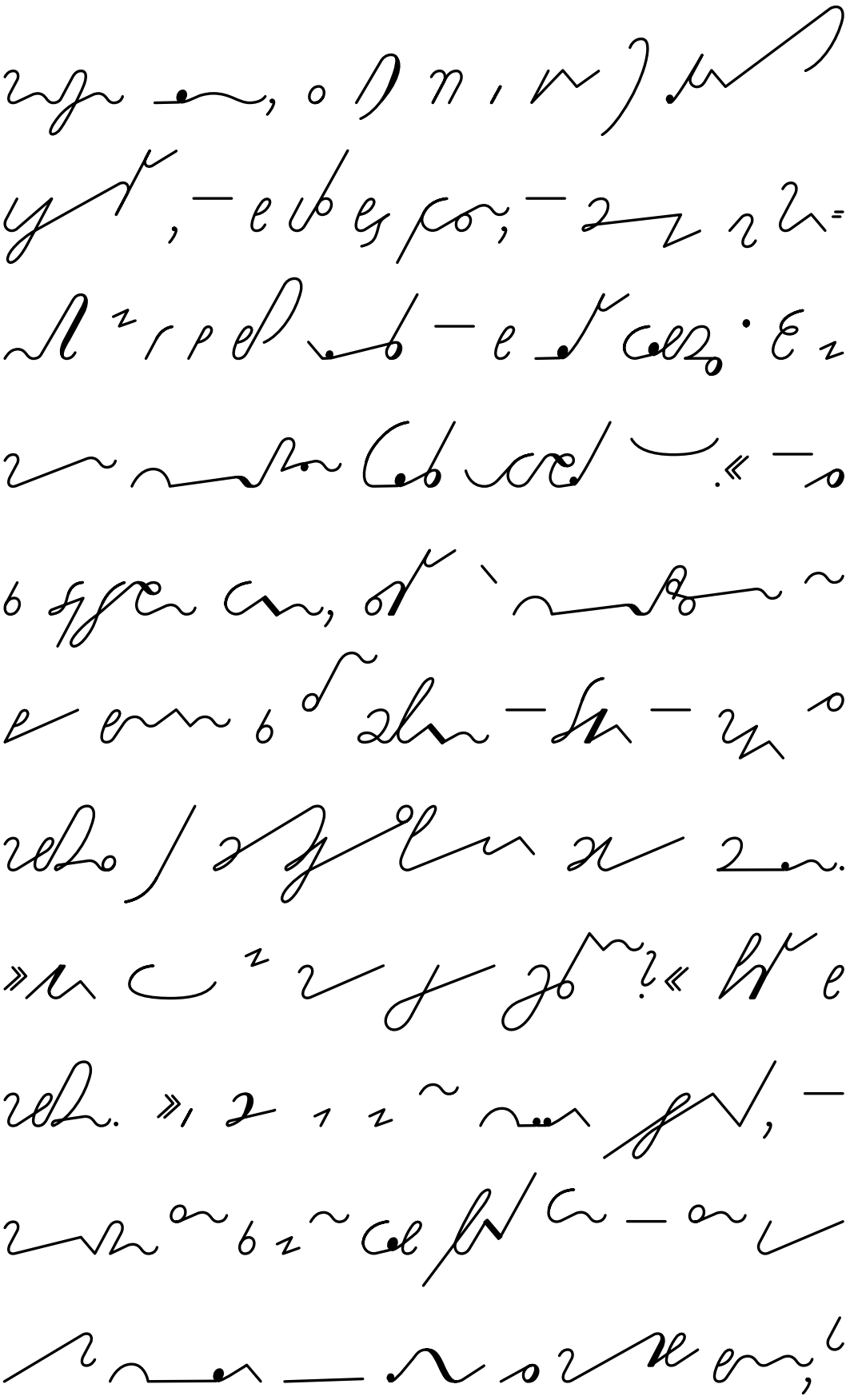


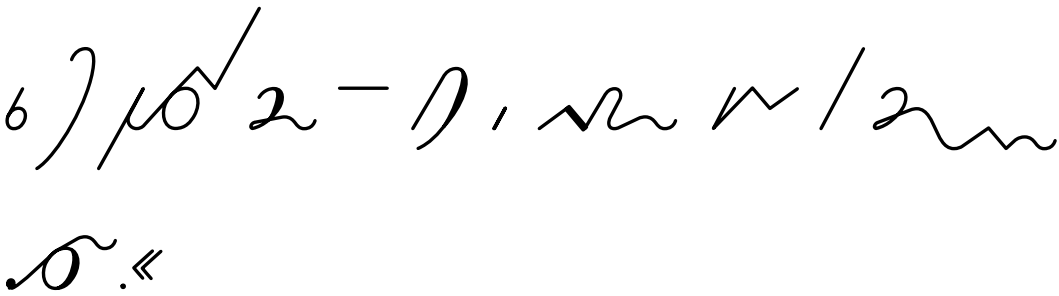




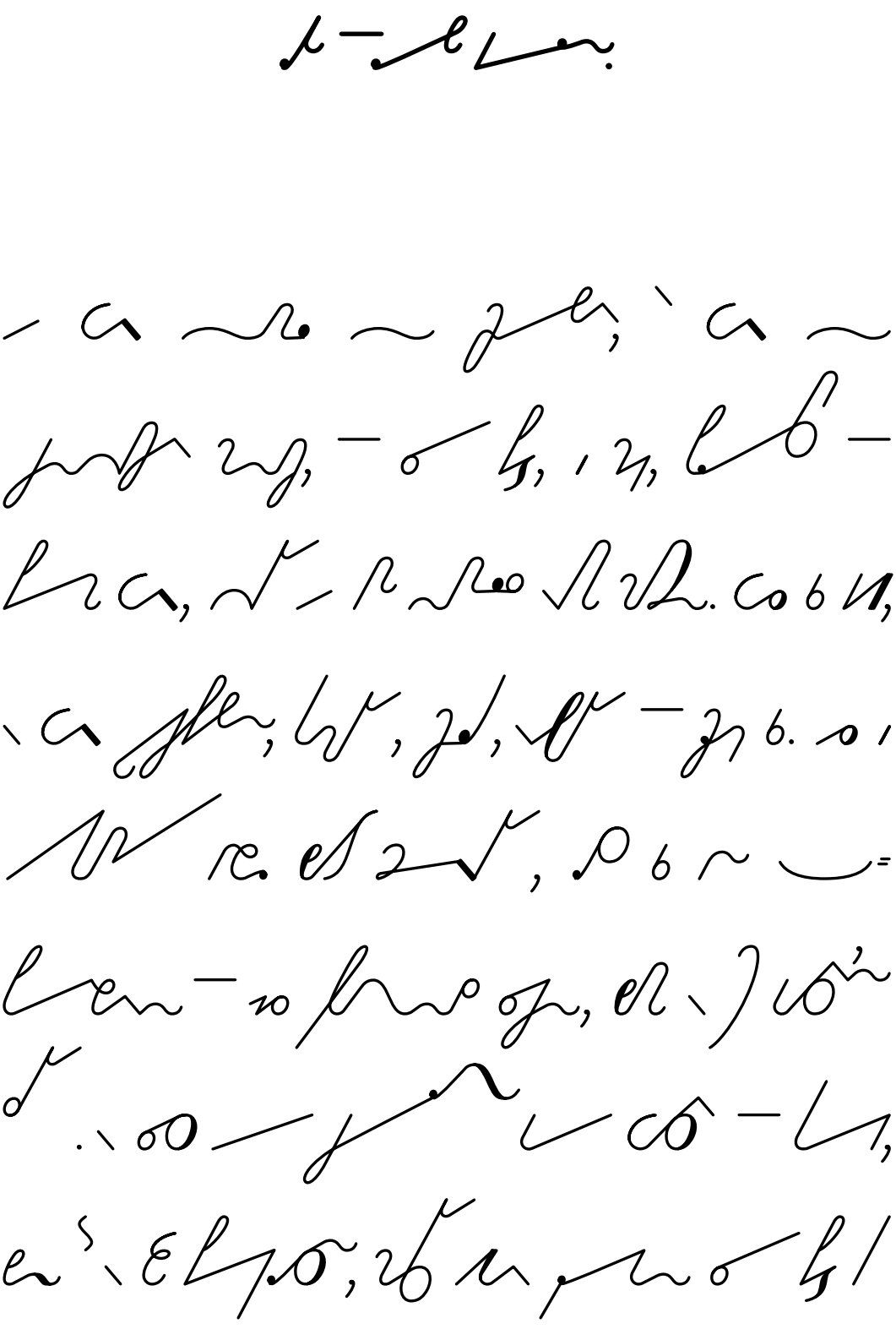


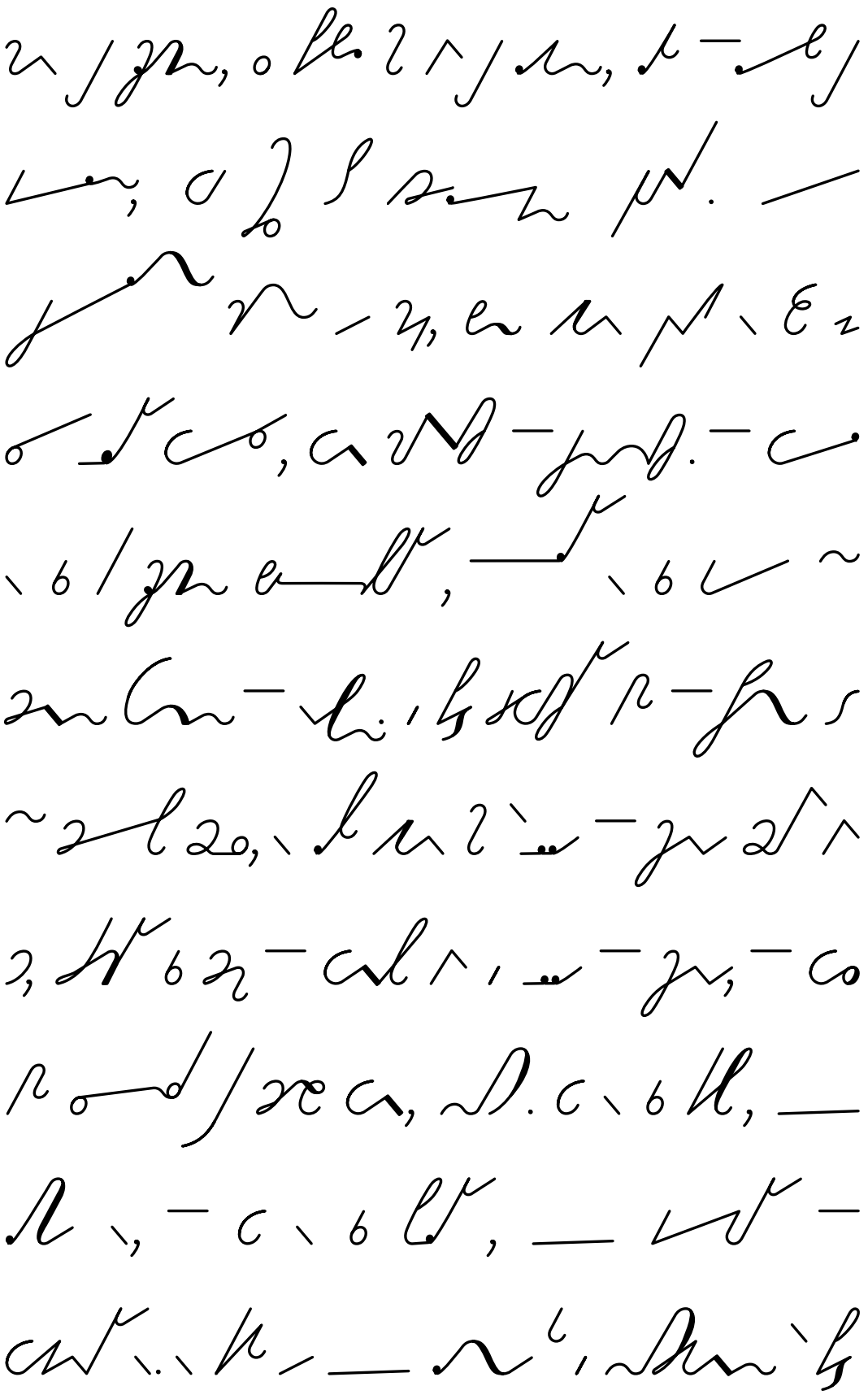


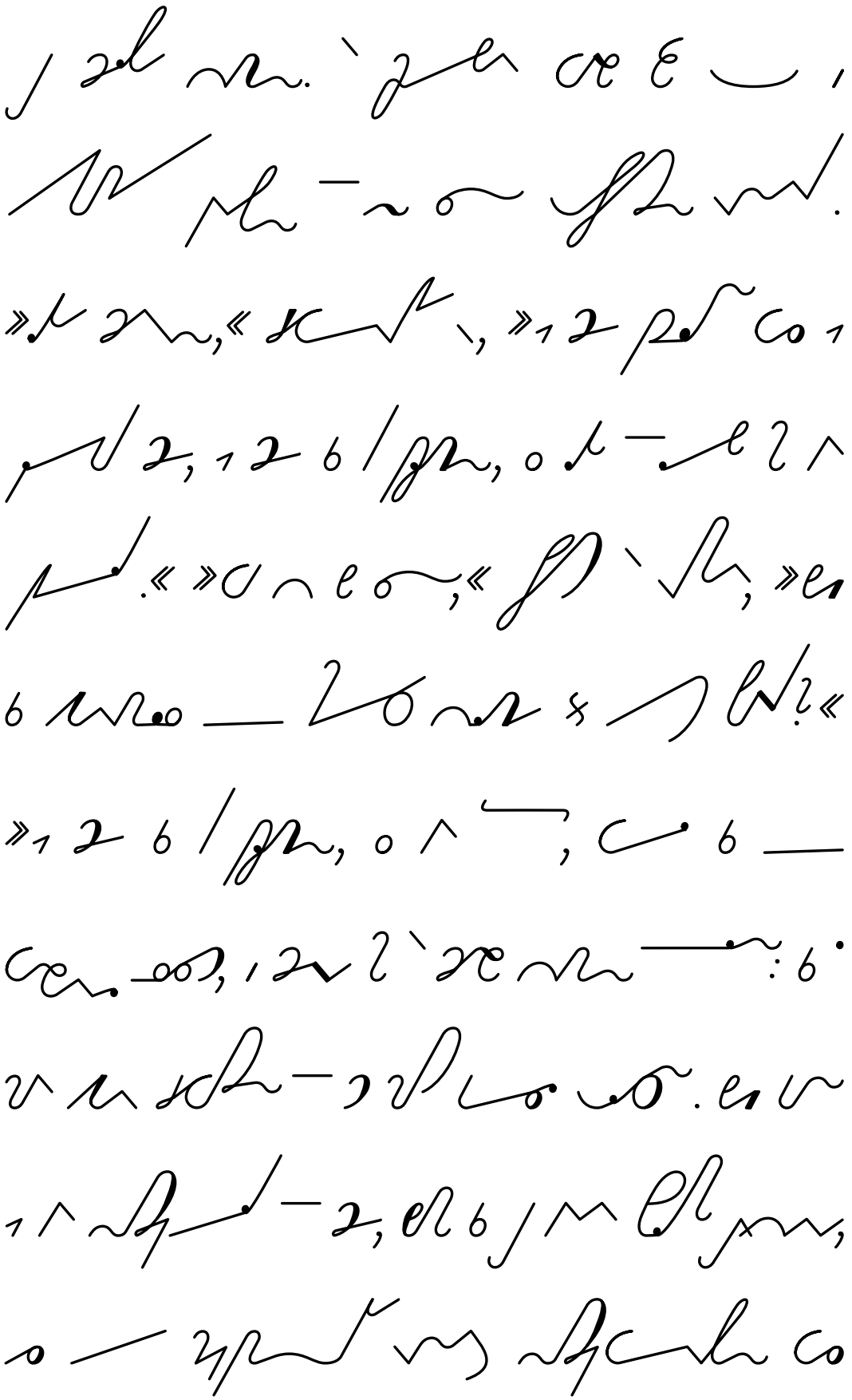


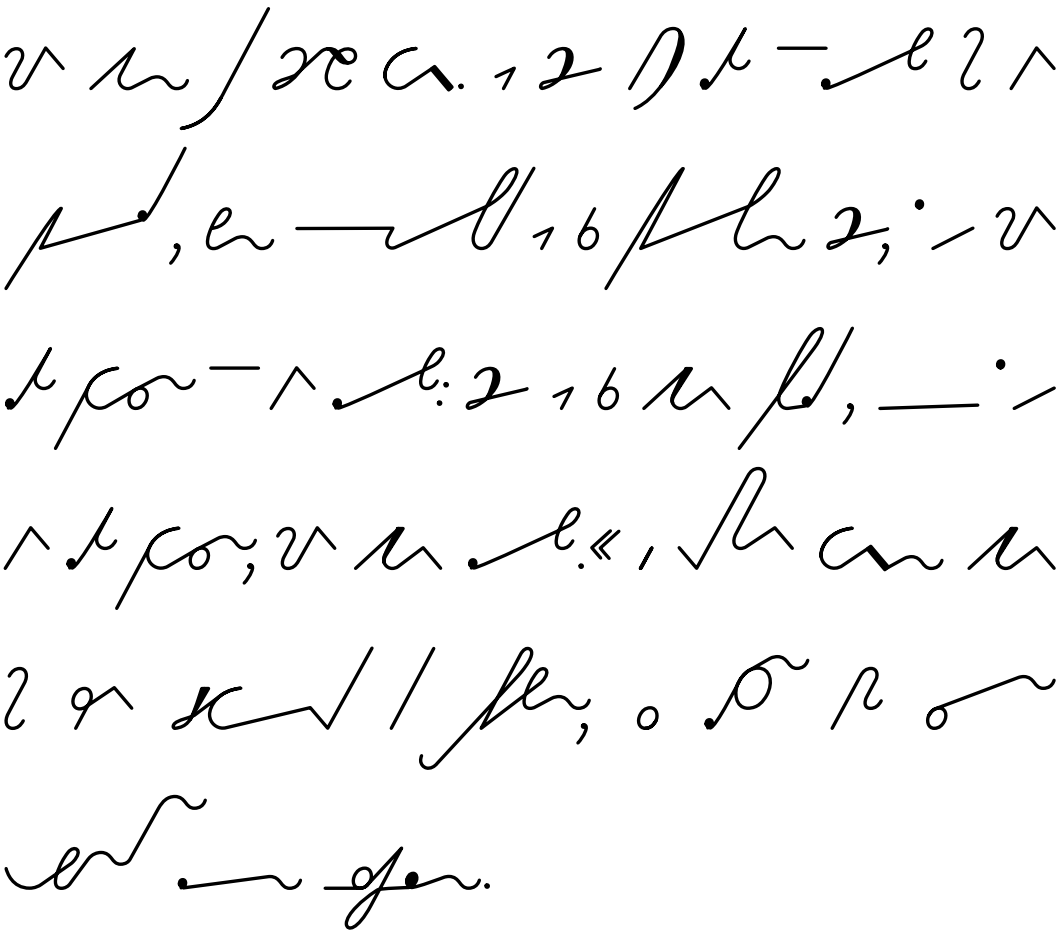


170.

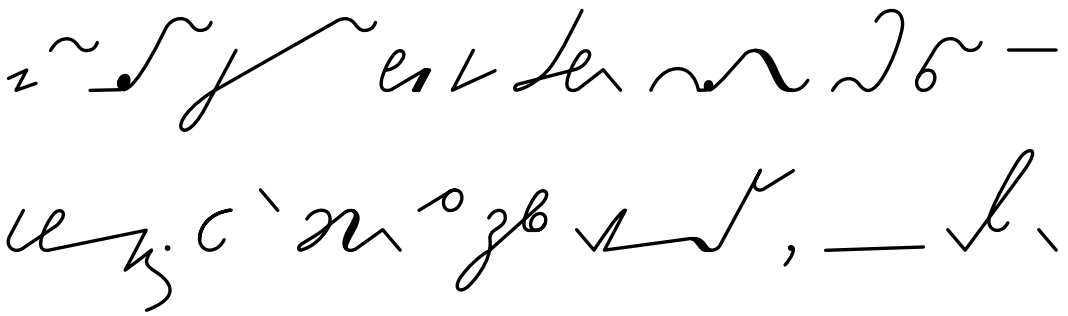


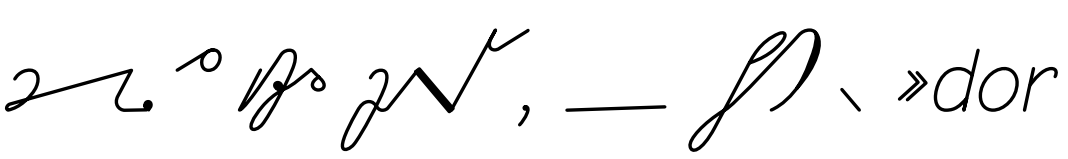






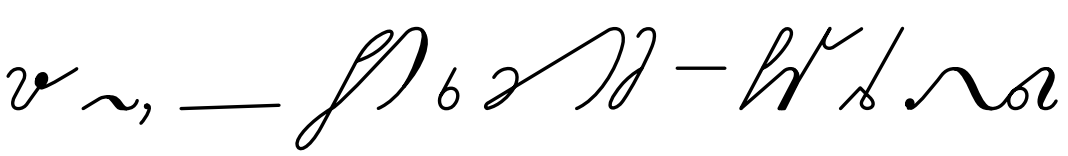
171.



»smiet mi to! smiet mi to!« 

häst! dor, dor häst!«

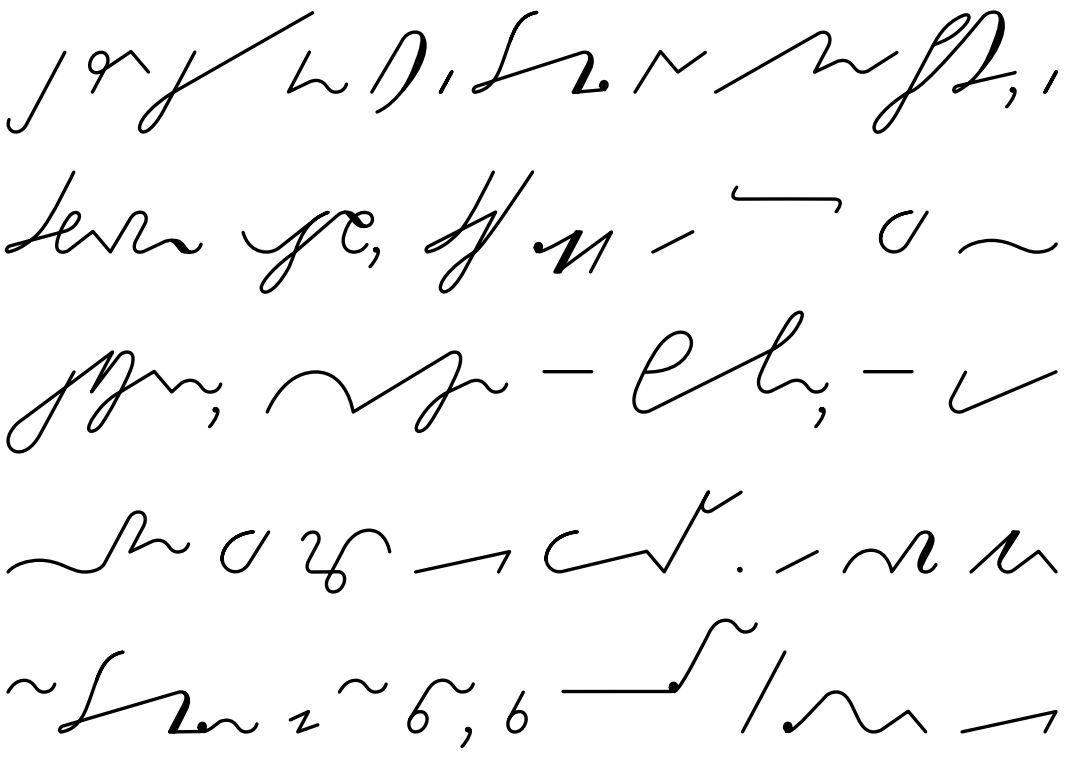
»help, Herr Gott! help, Herr Gott!«

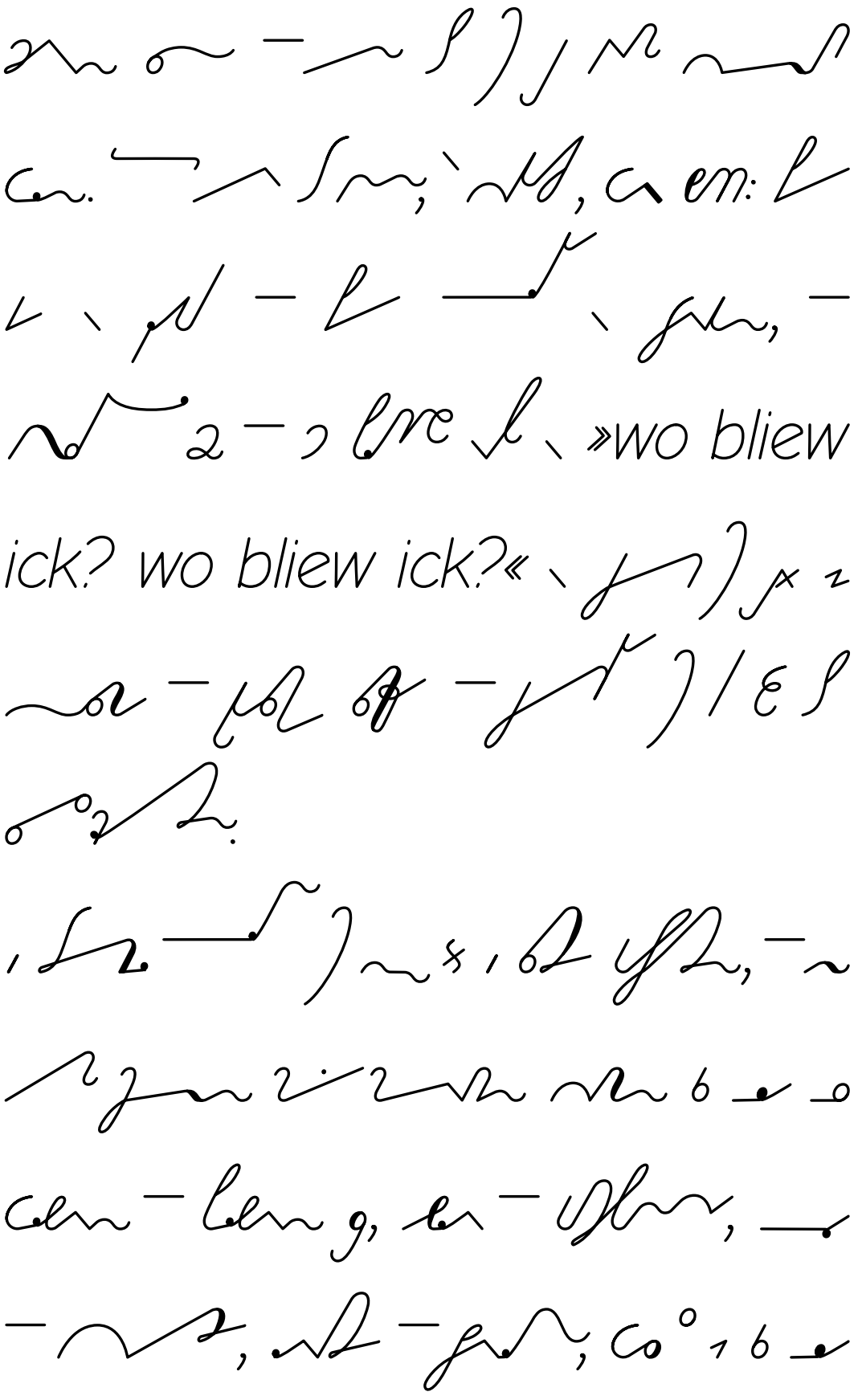


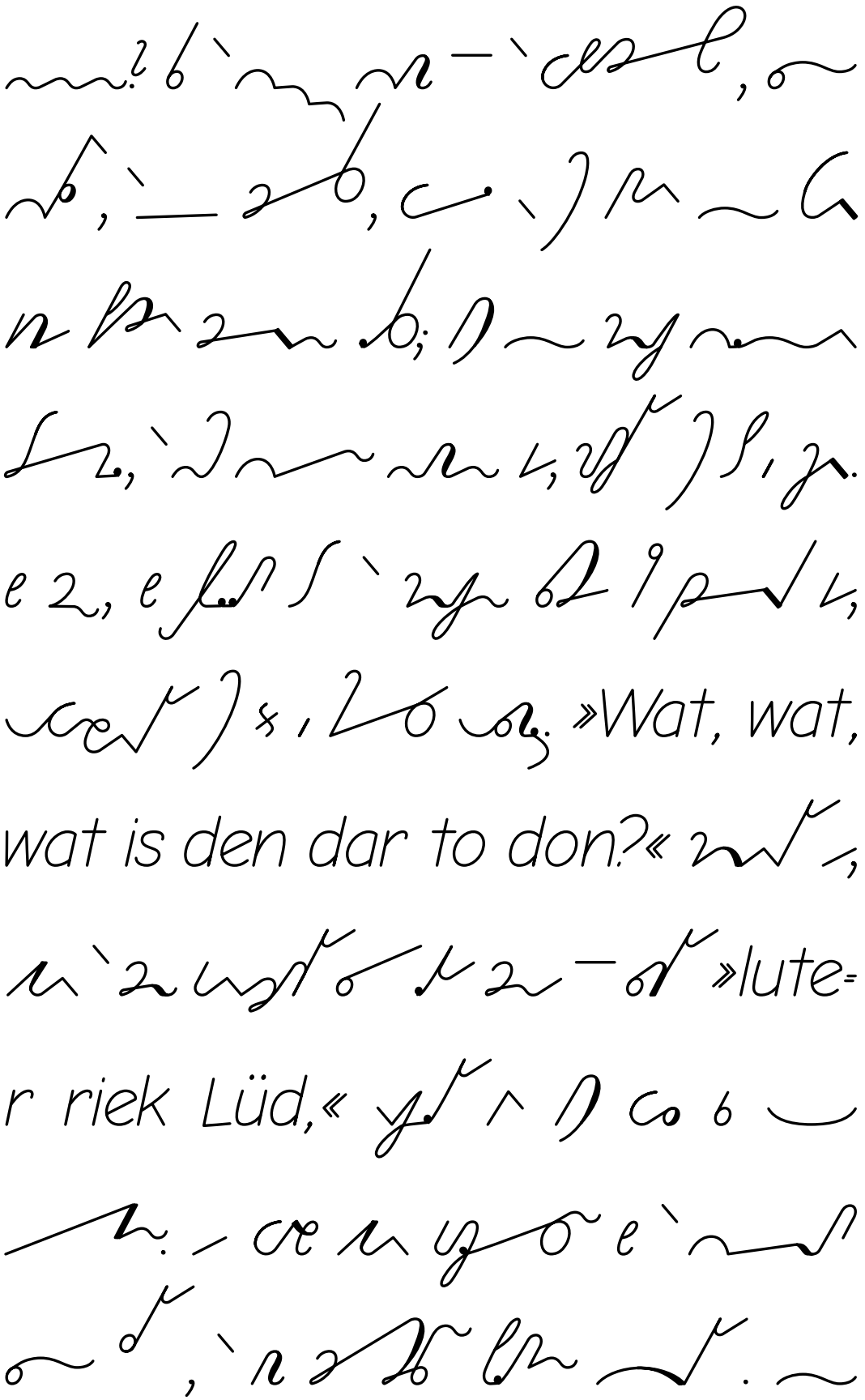
»wer ist da? wer ist da?«

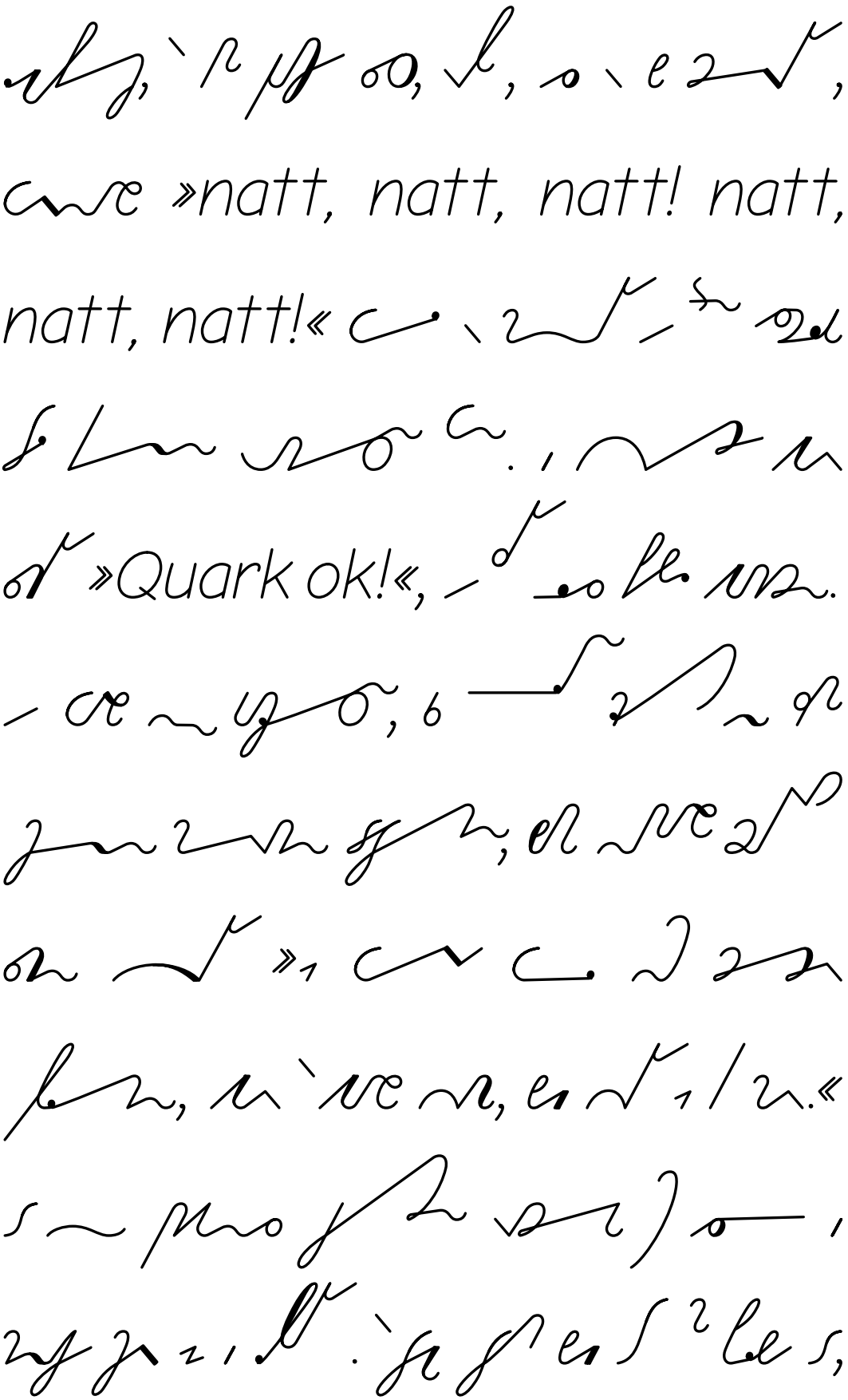
»der Müller! der Müller!«

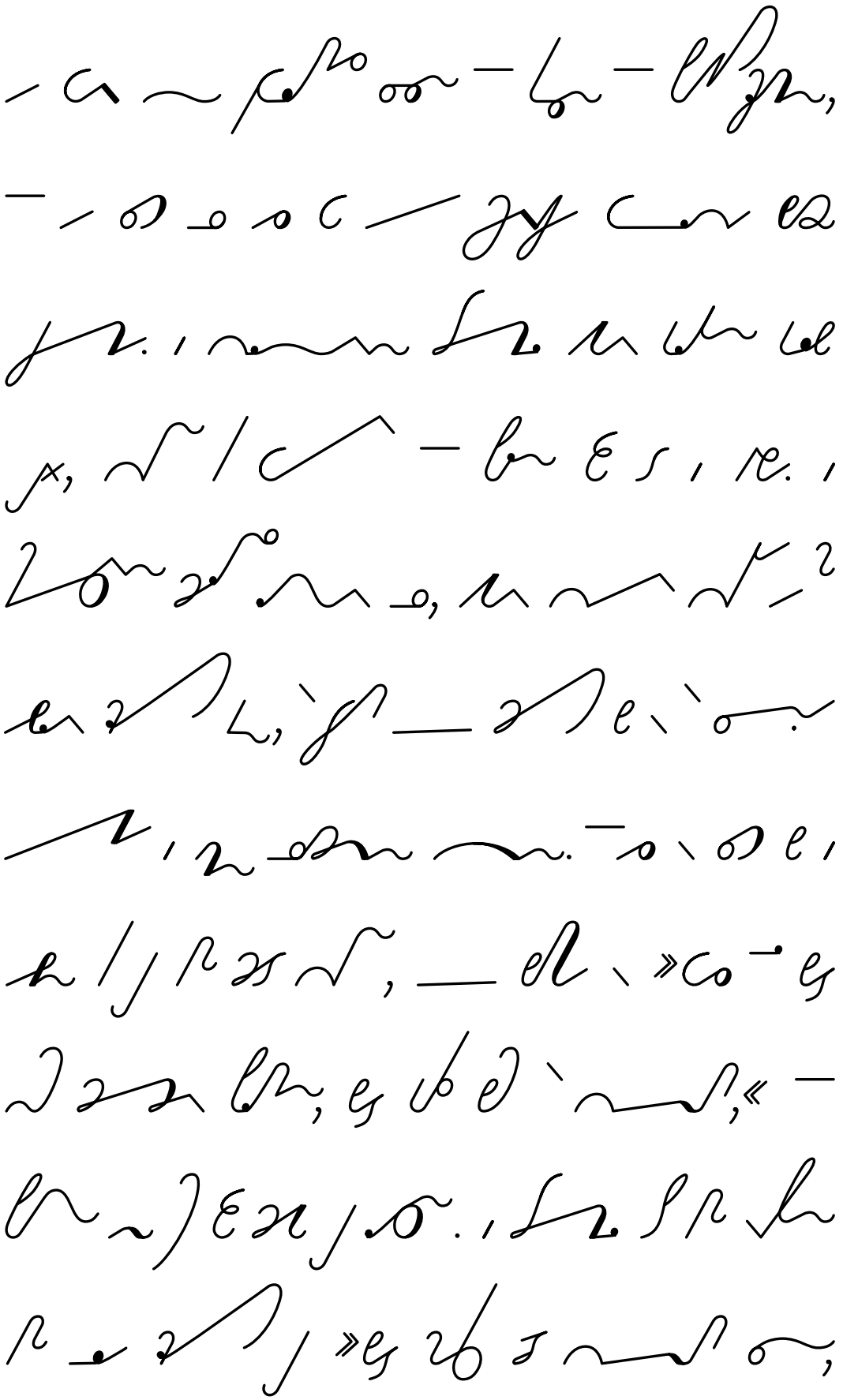
»stiehlt tapfer, stiehlt tapfer, vom Achtel drei Sechter.«

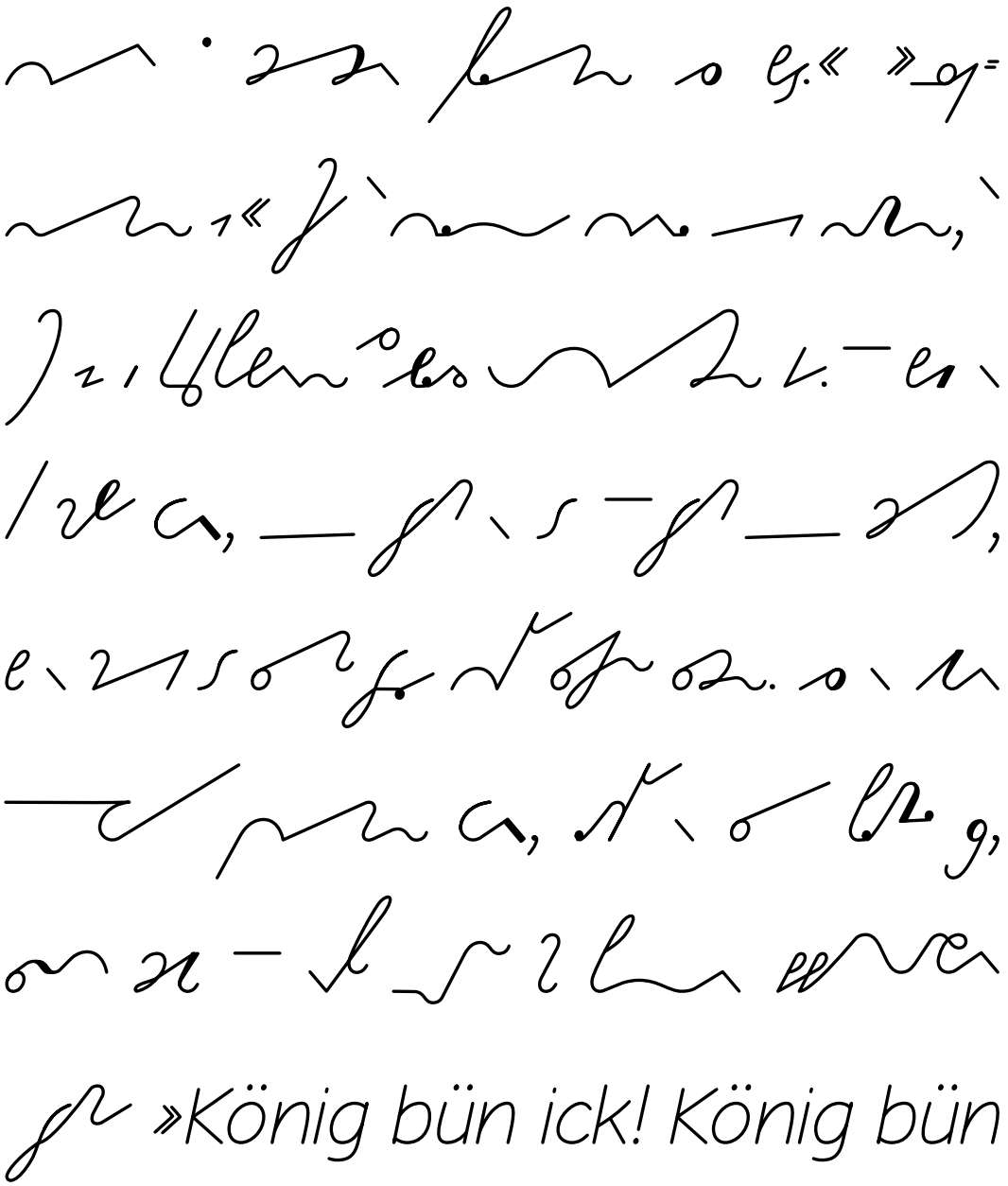




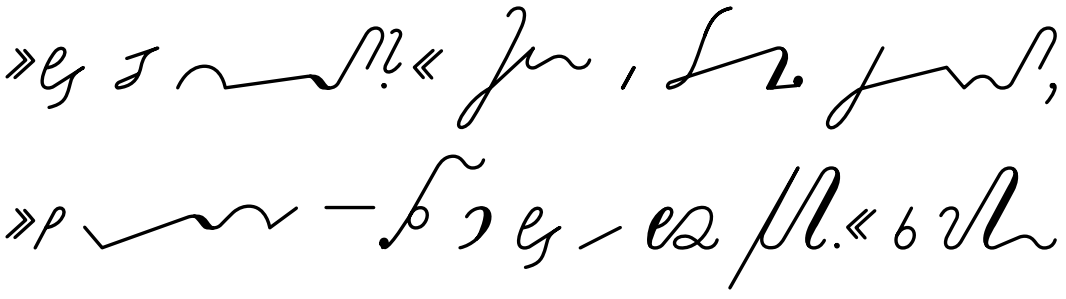

»Wat, wat, wat is den dar to don?«
»lute-
r riek Lüd,«

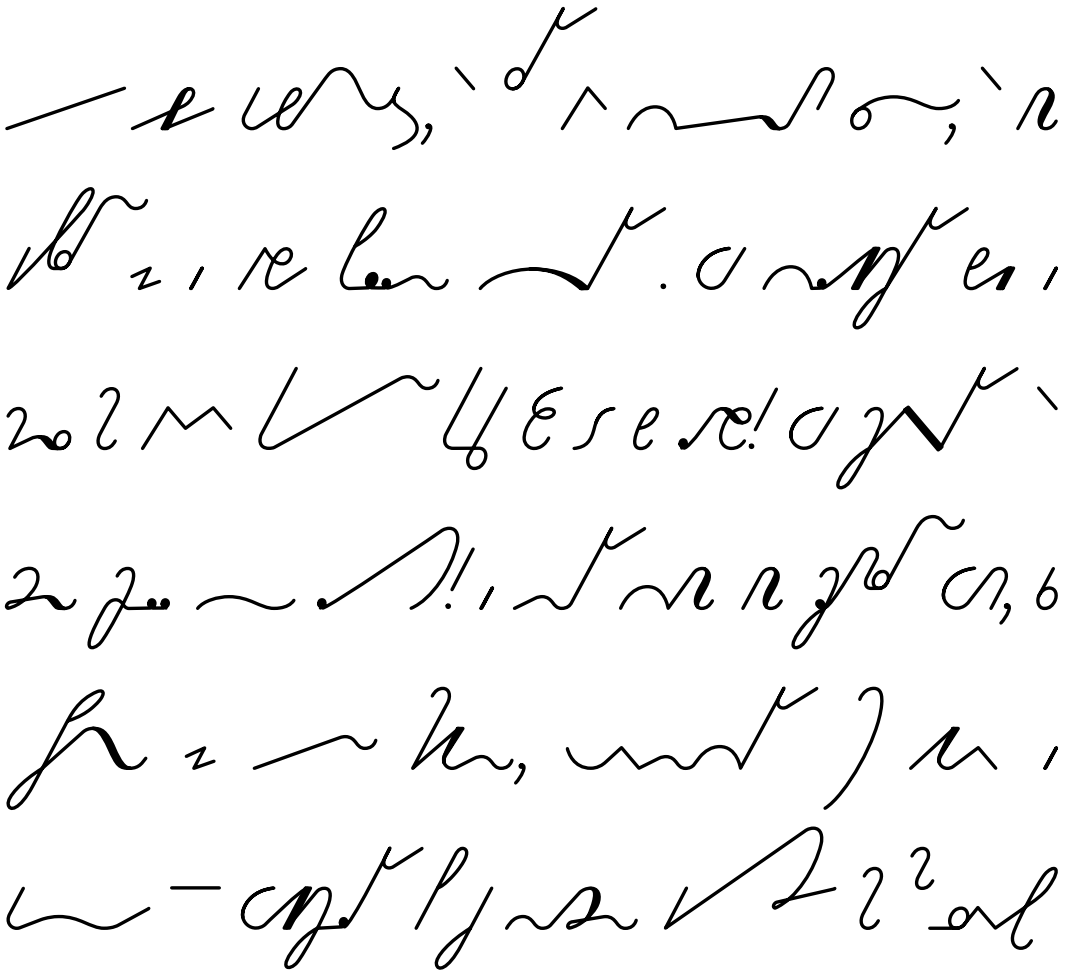




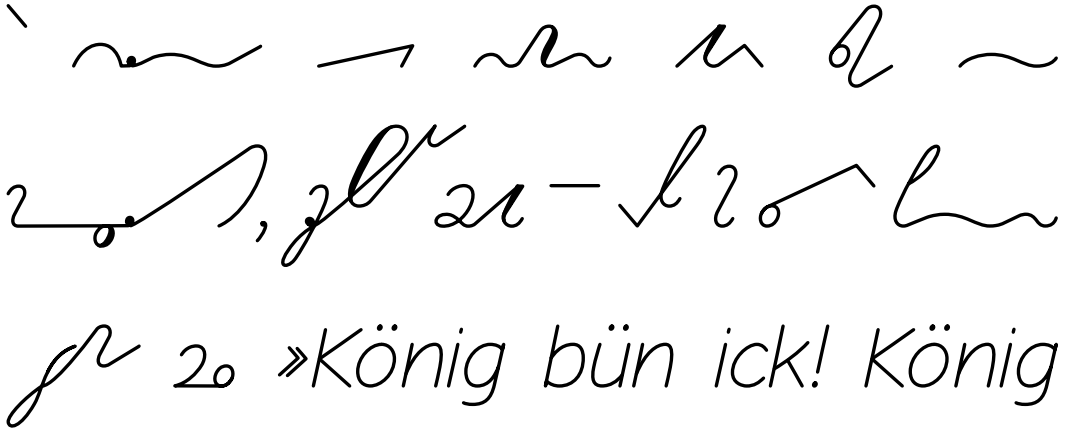


»König bün ick! König bün ick!«

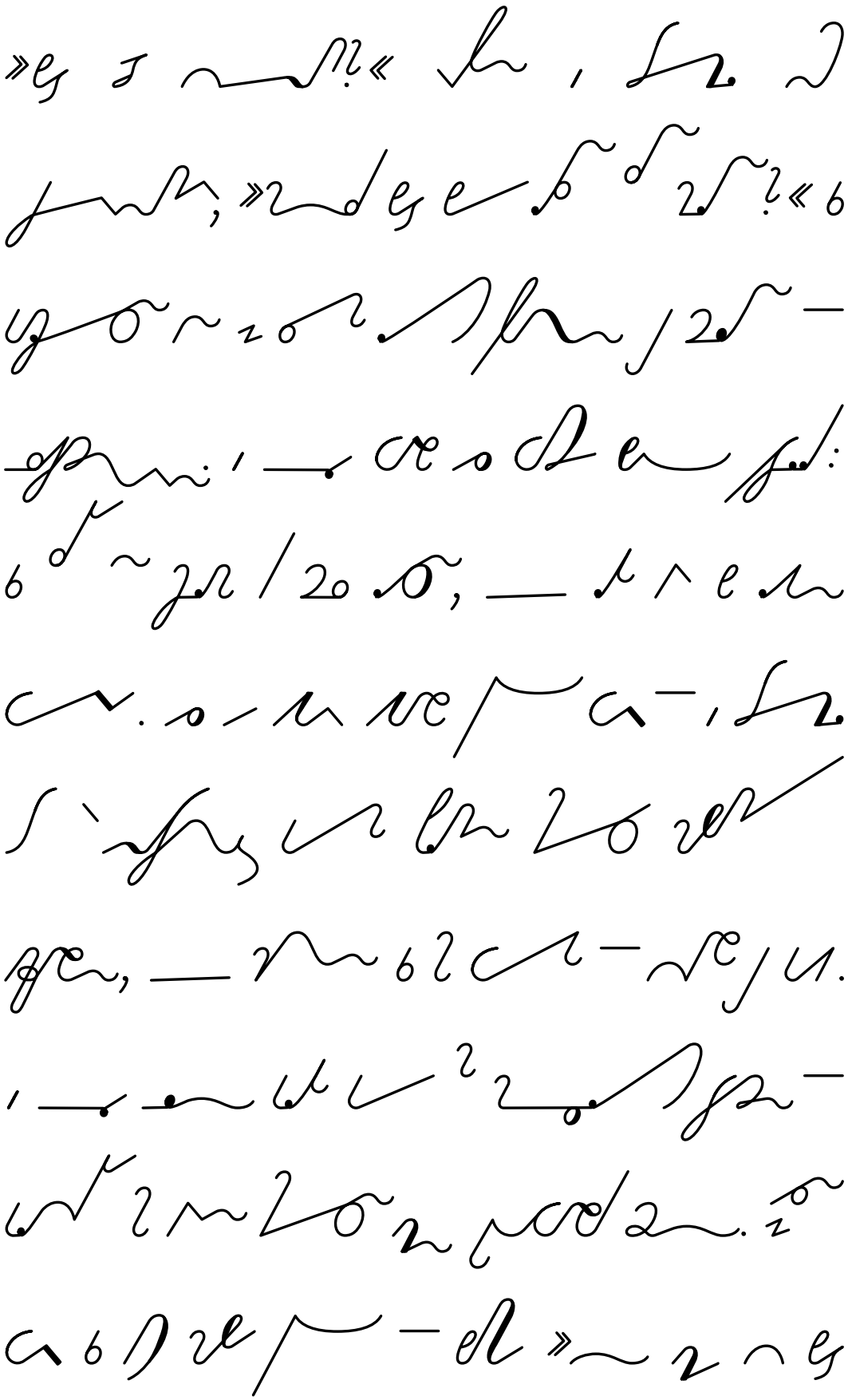


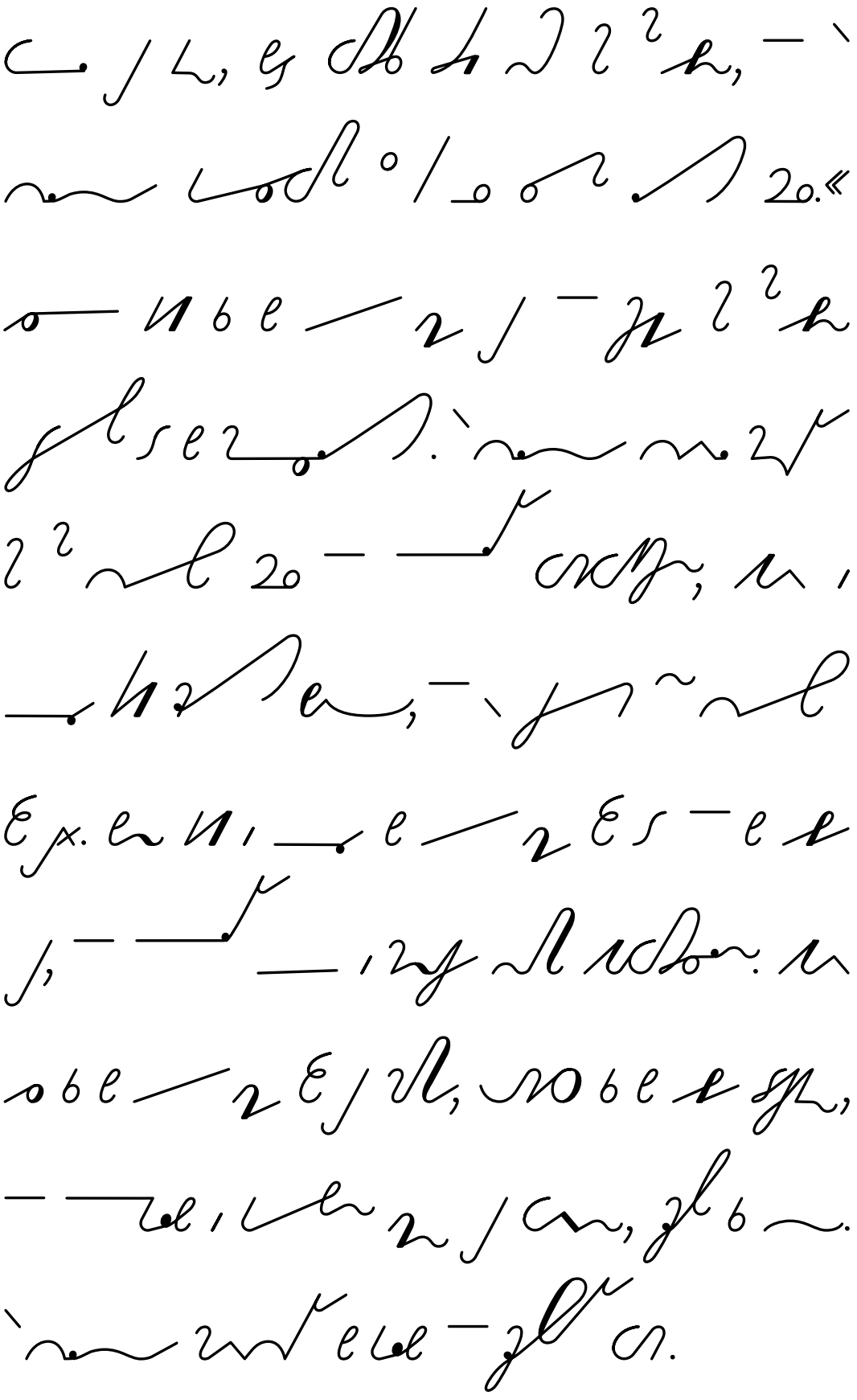


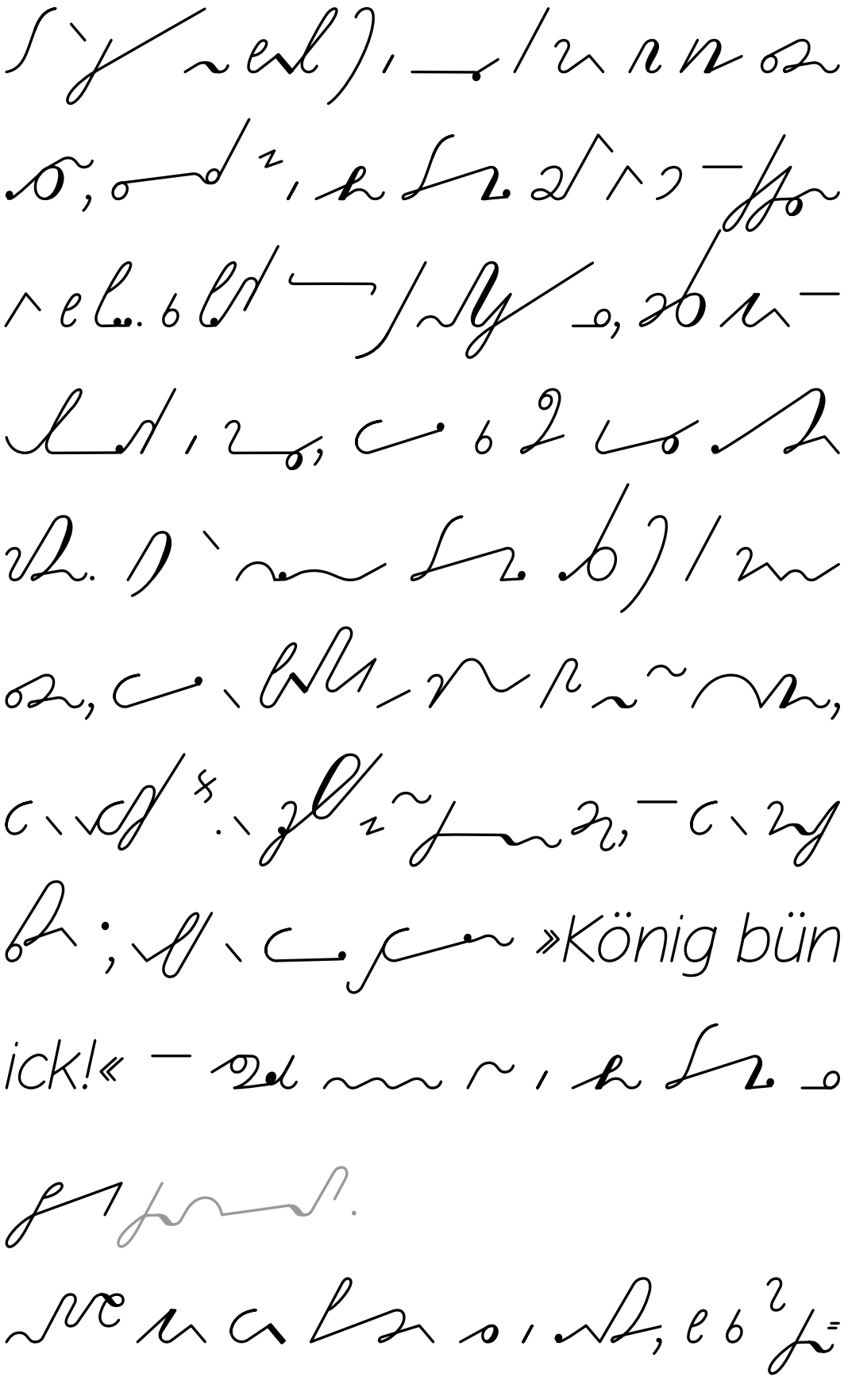
»Pracherwerk! Pracherwerk!«

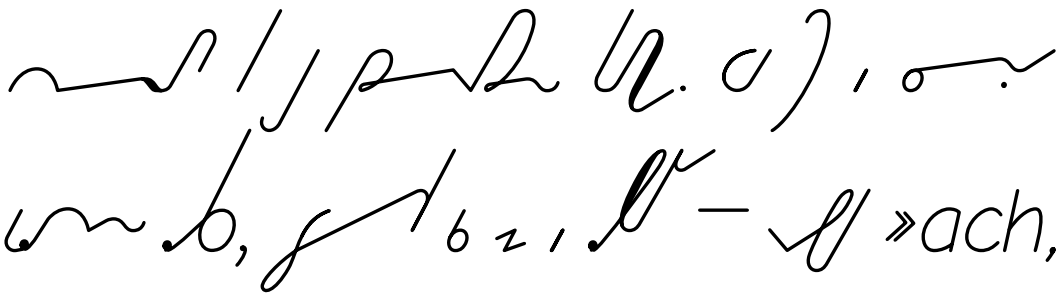


»König bün ick! König bün ick!«



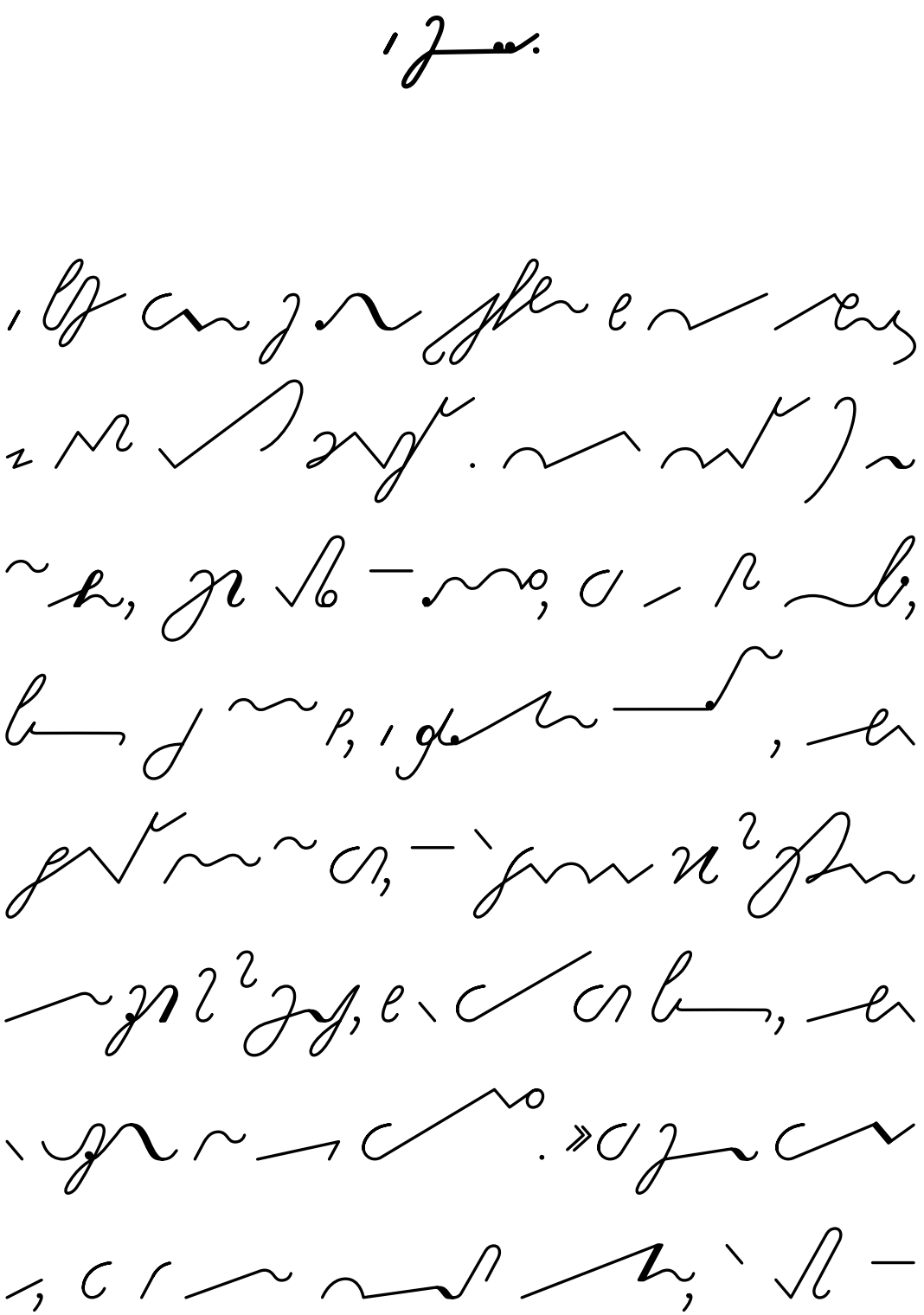


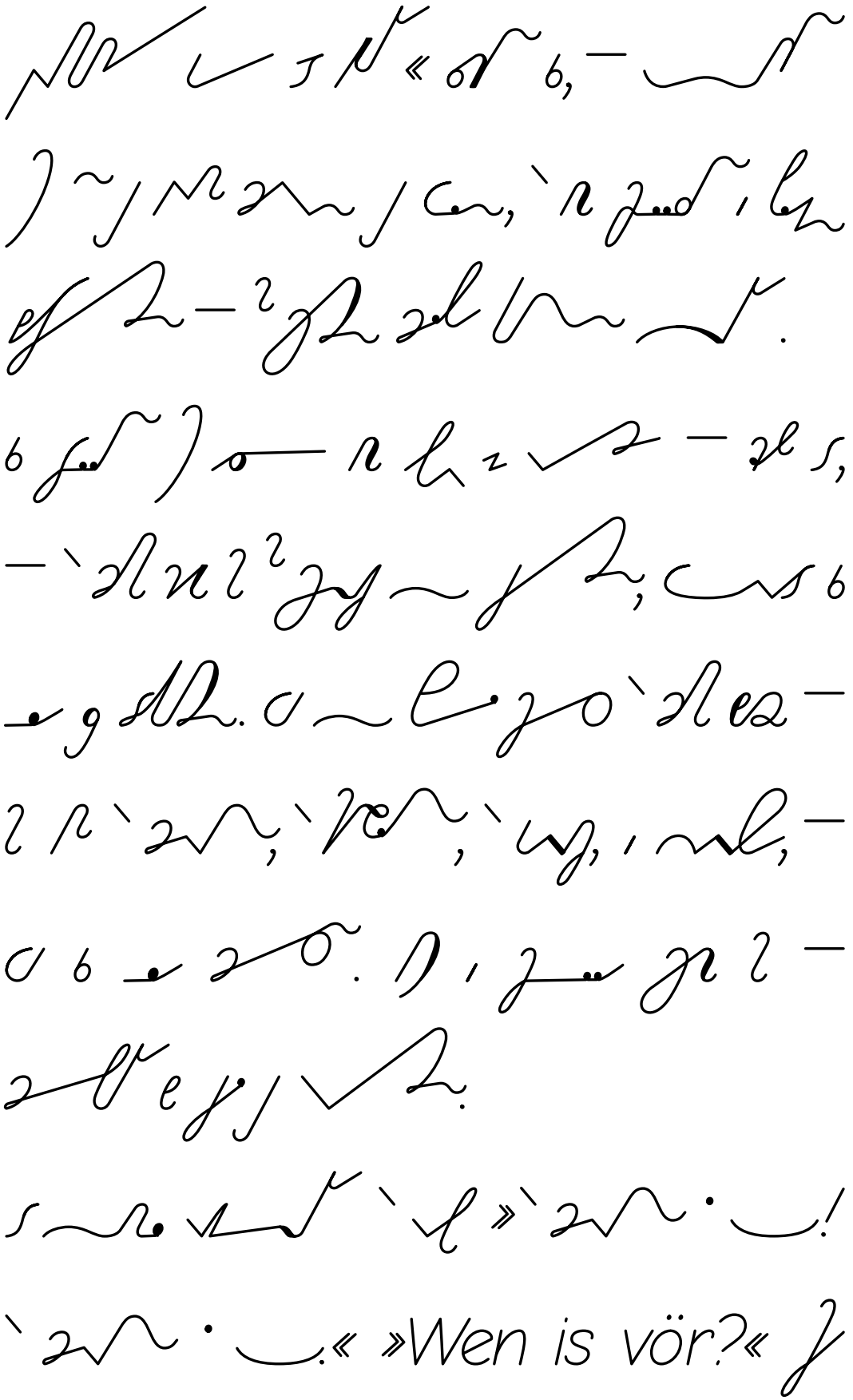

»König bün
ick!«

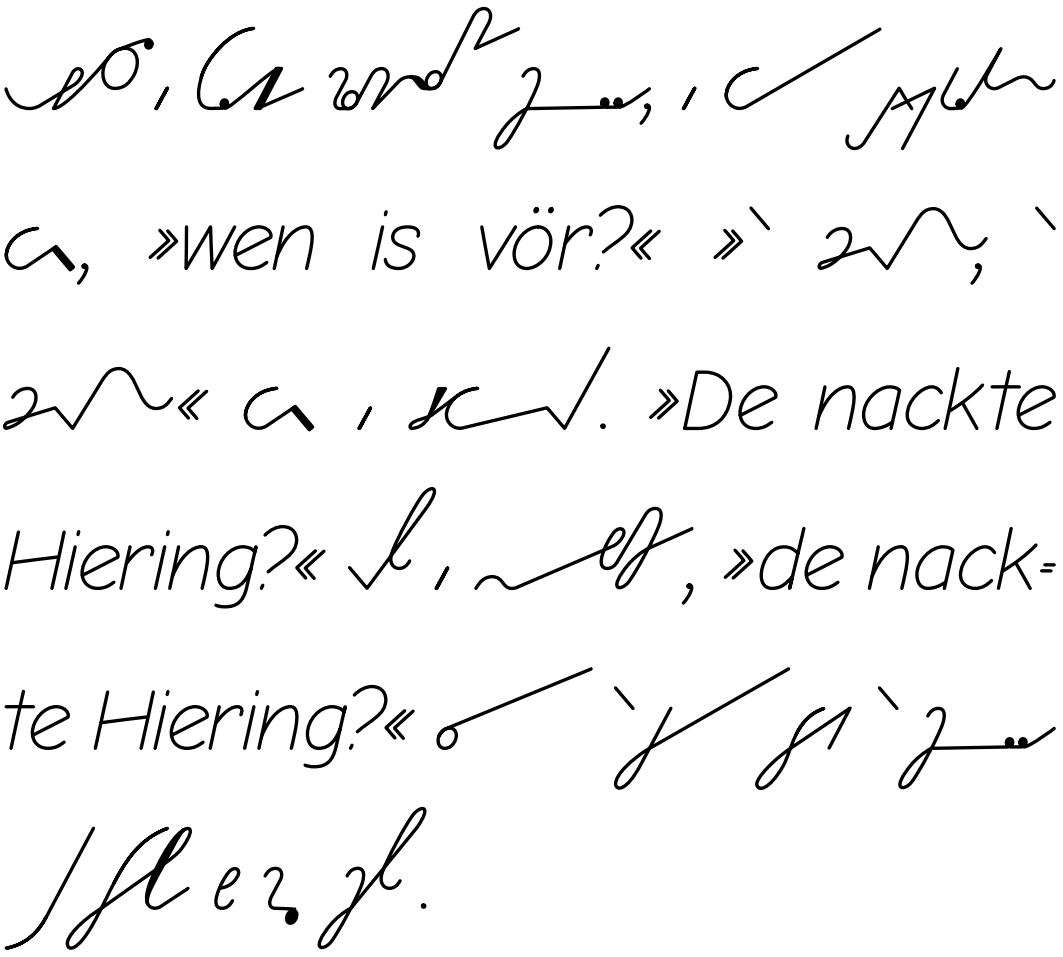


»ach, wo is dat schön! schön ist dat! schön! schön! ach, wo is dat schön!«

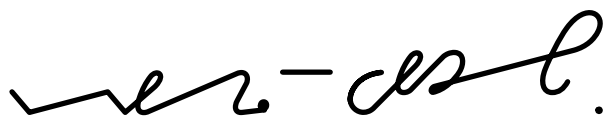
172.

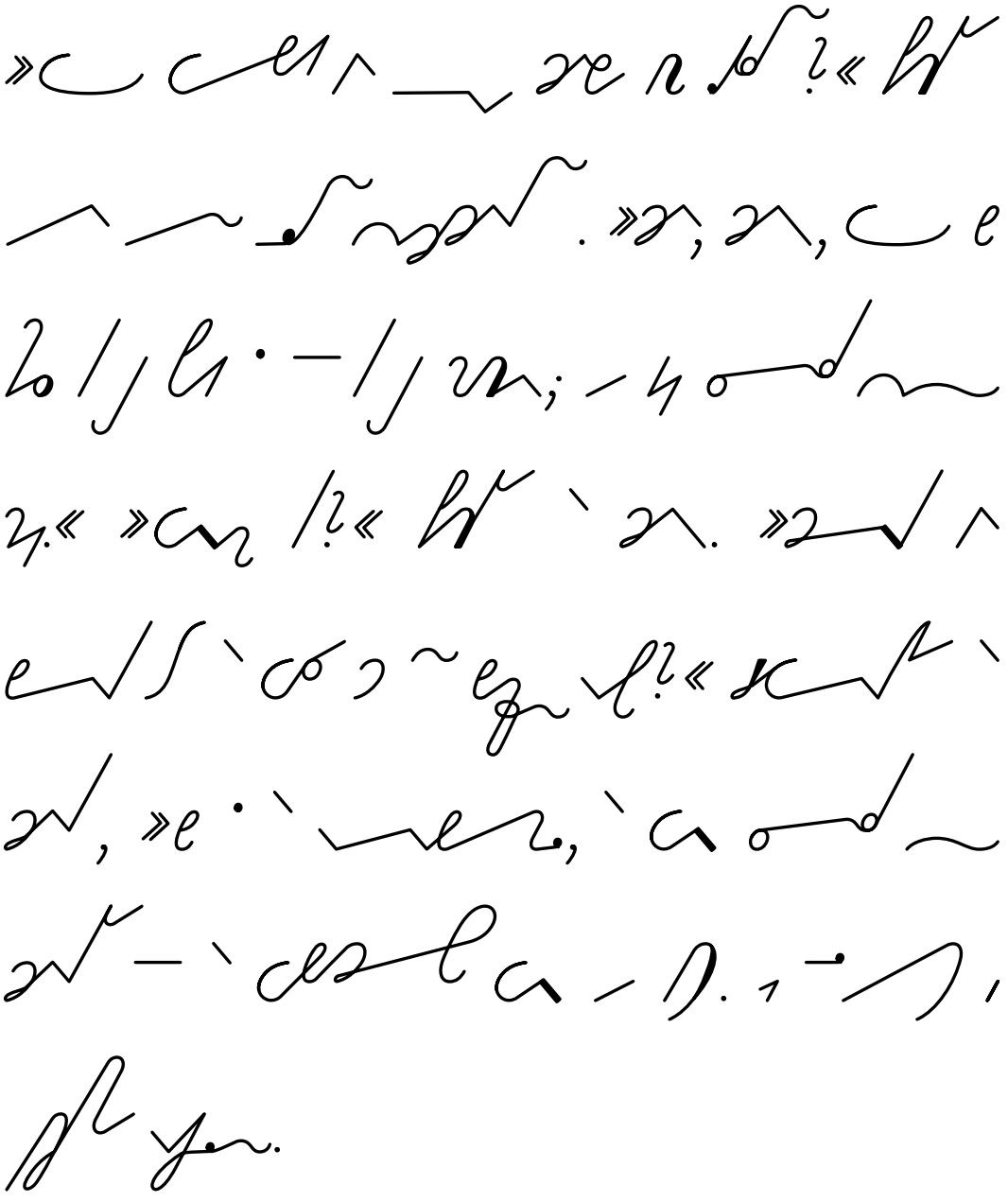


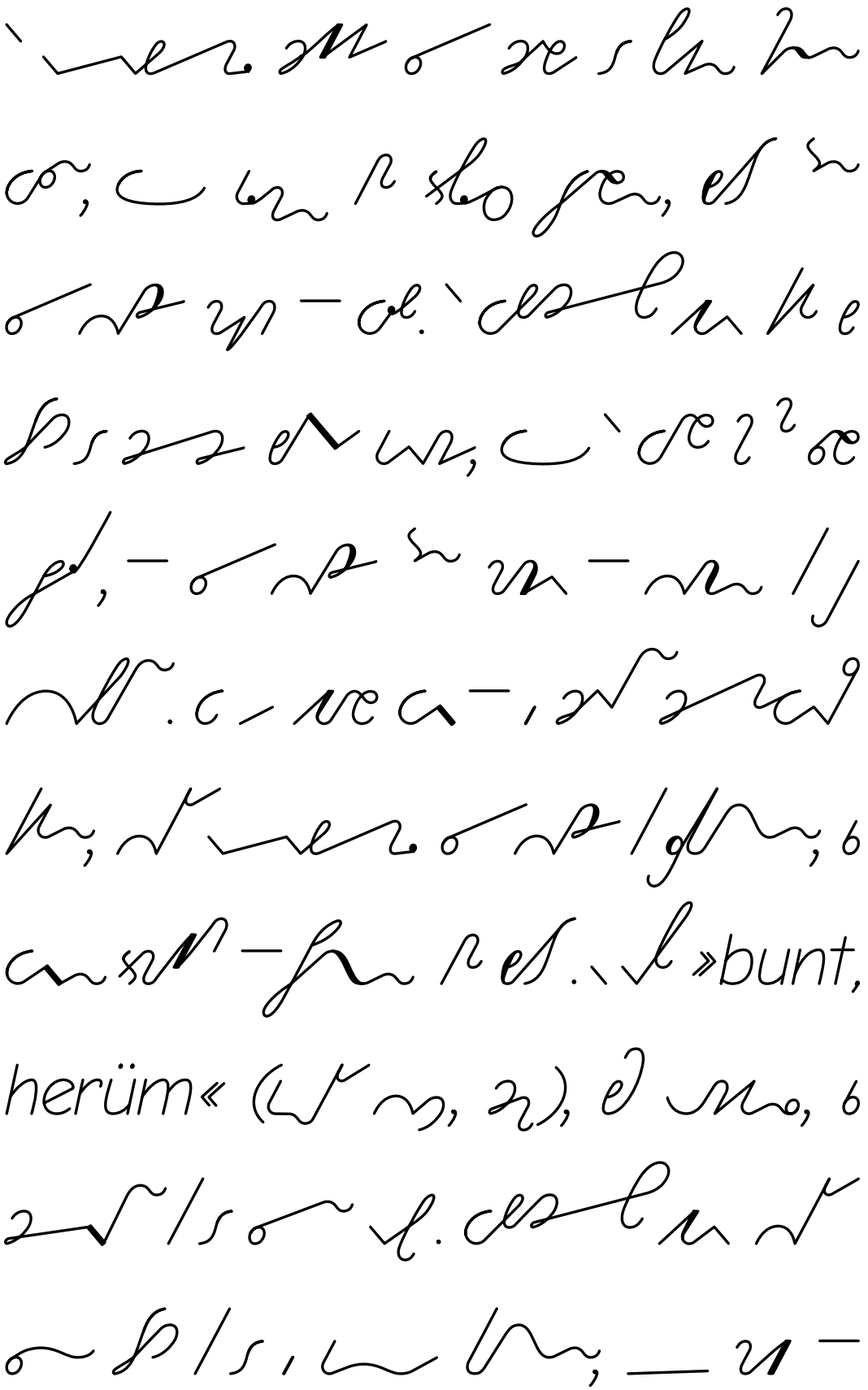

»Wen is vör?«

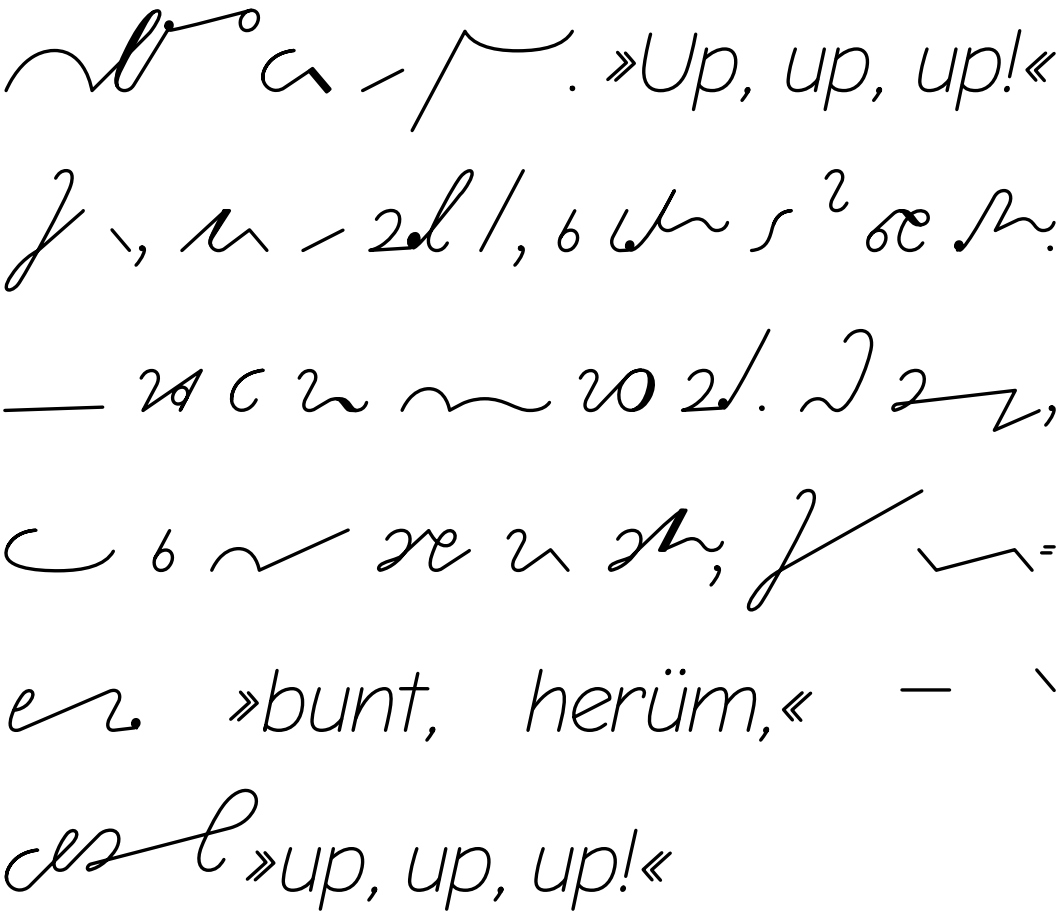


173.

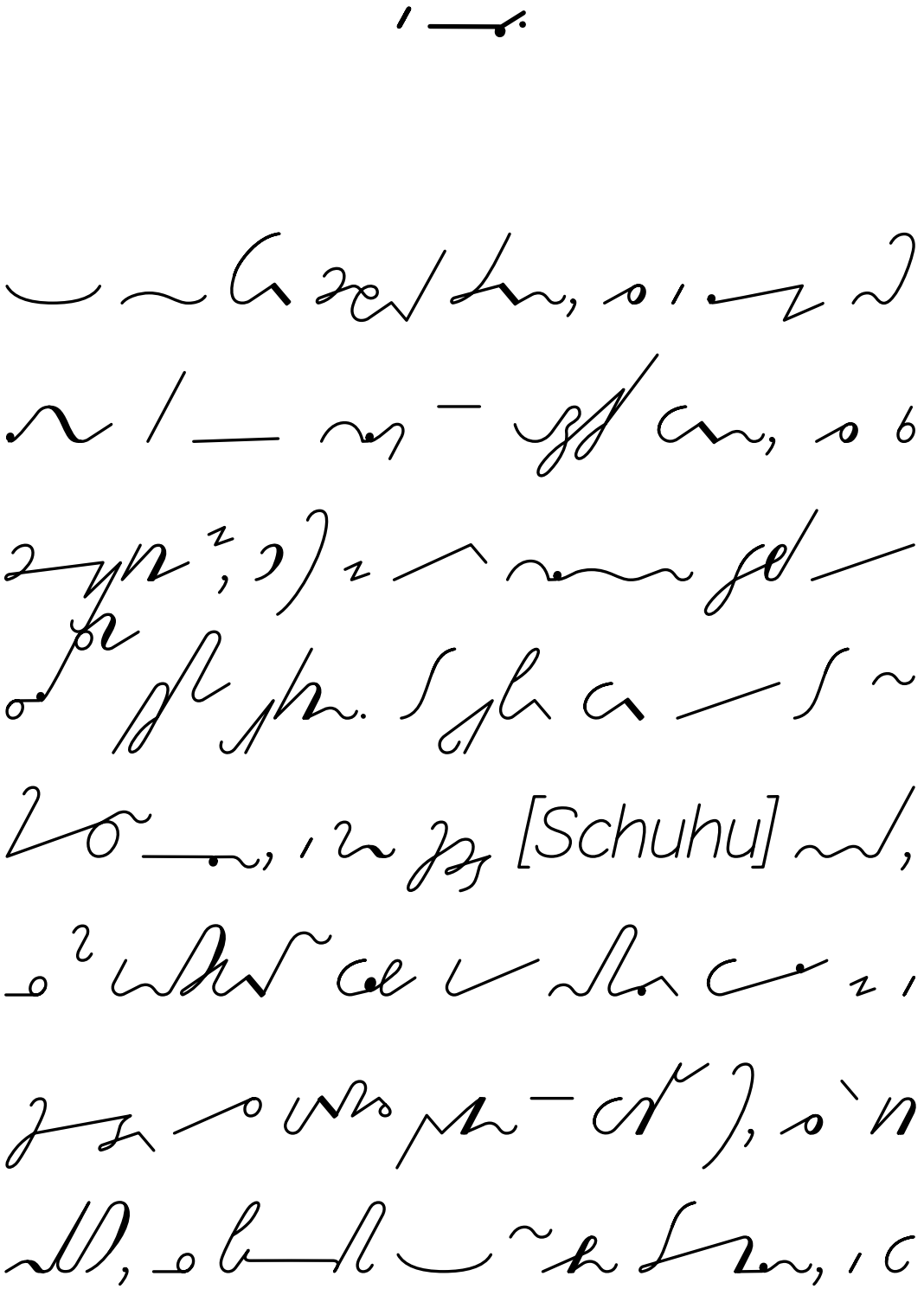


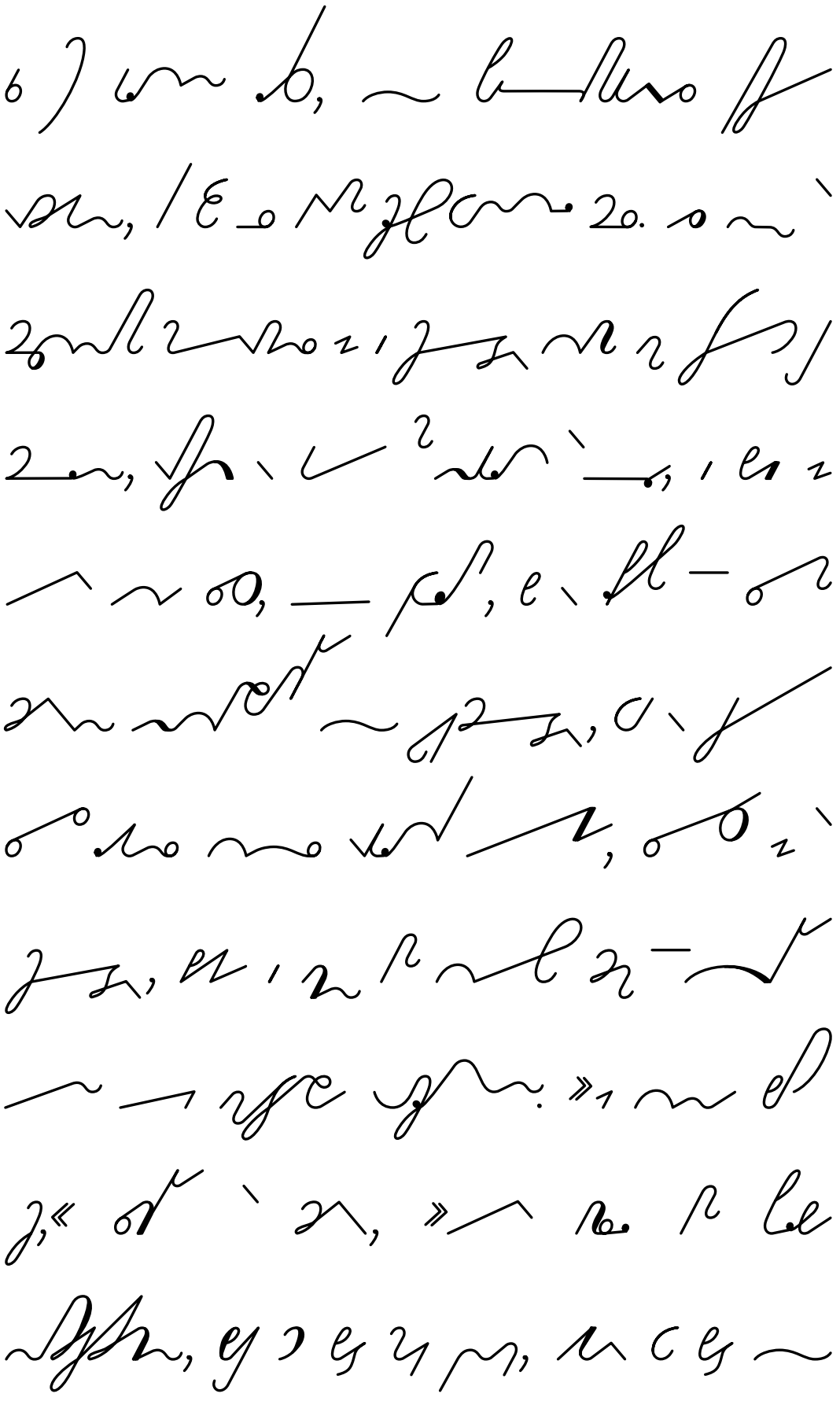


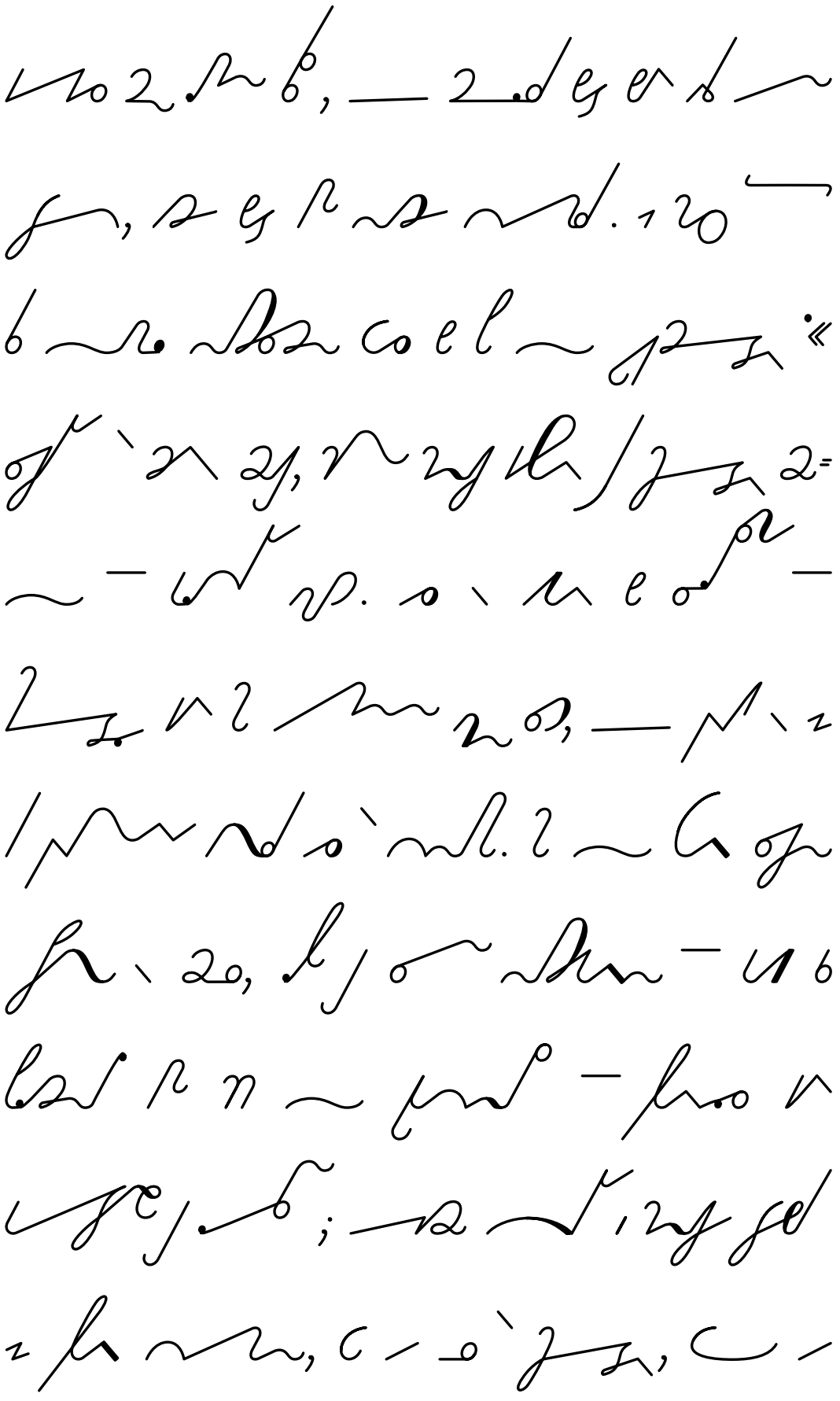

»bunt,
herüm«

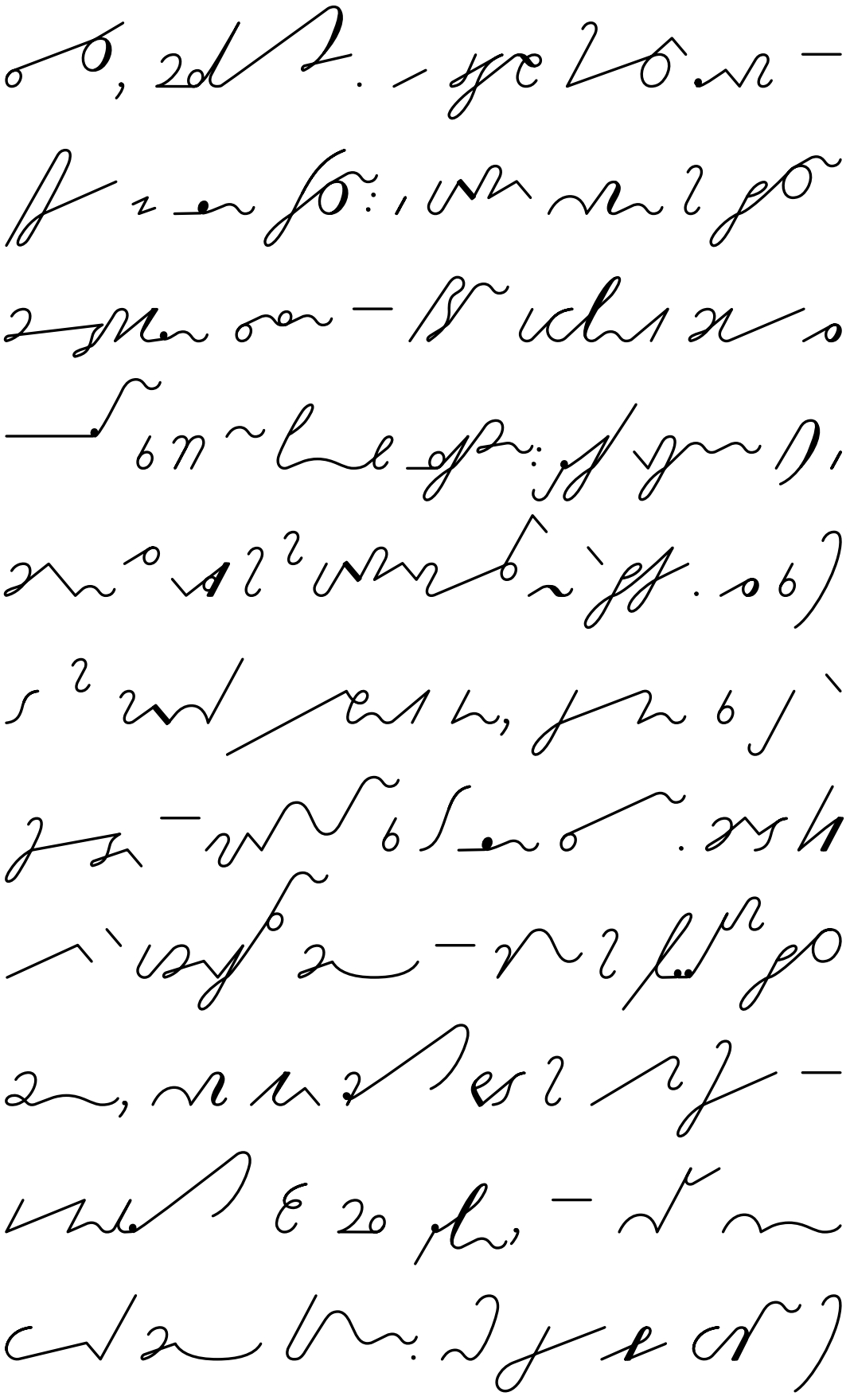

»Up, up, up!«
»bunt, herüm,«
»up, up, up!«

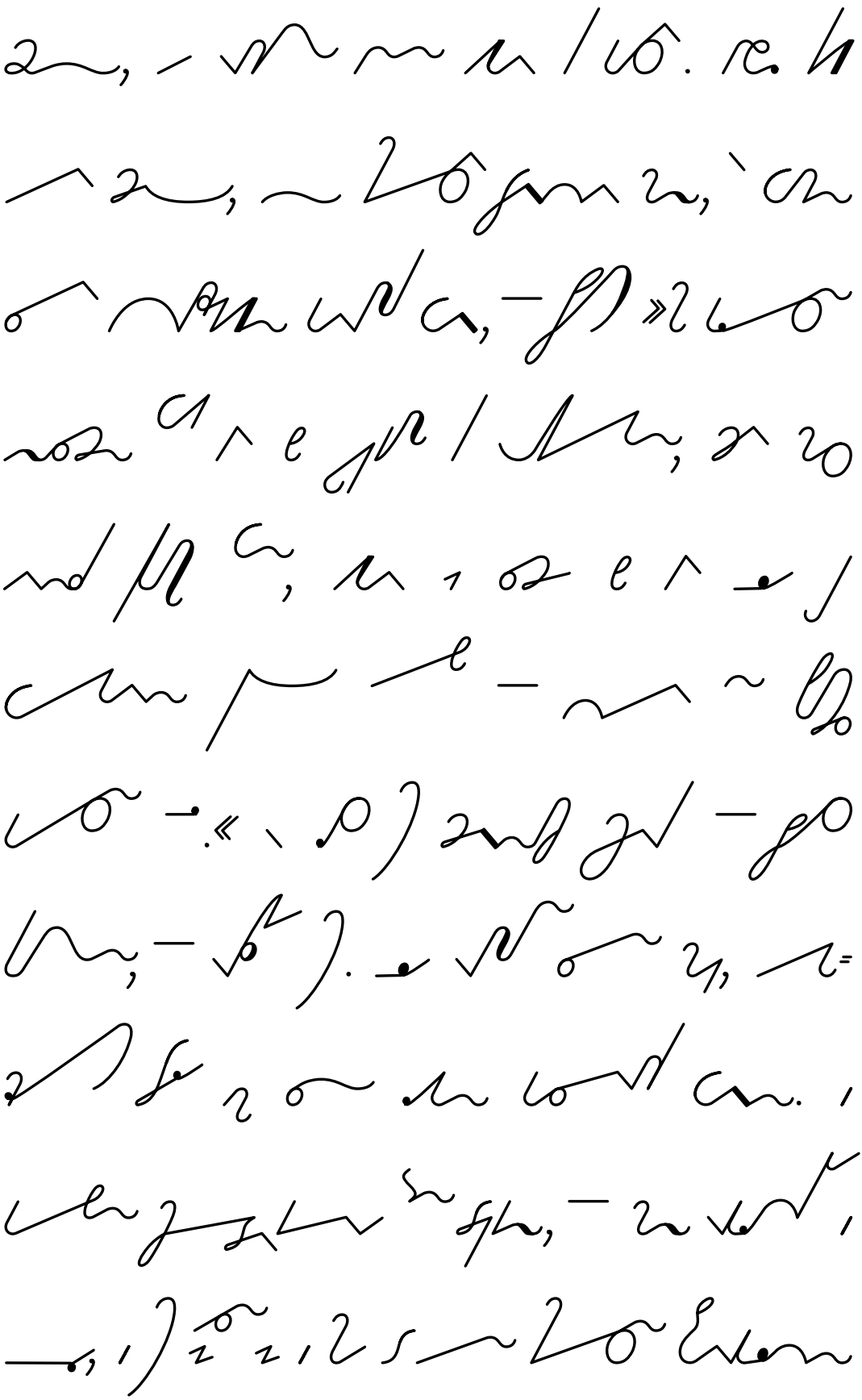
174.

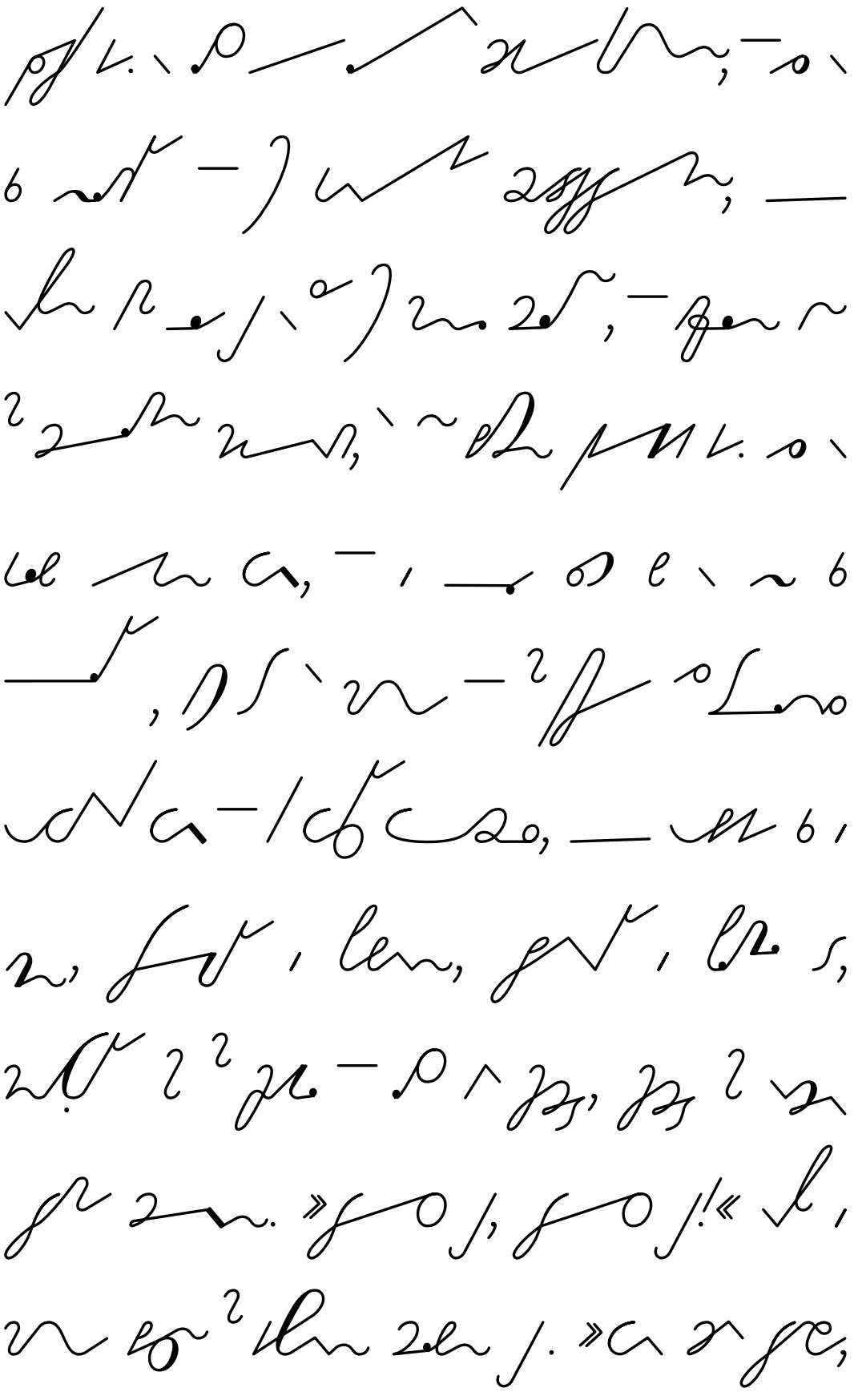


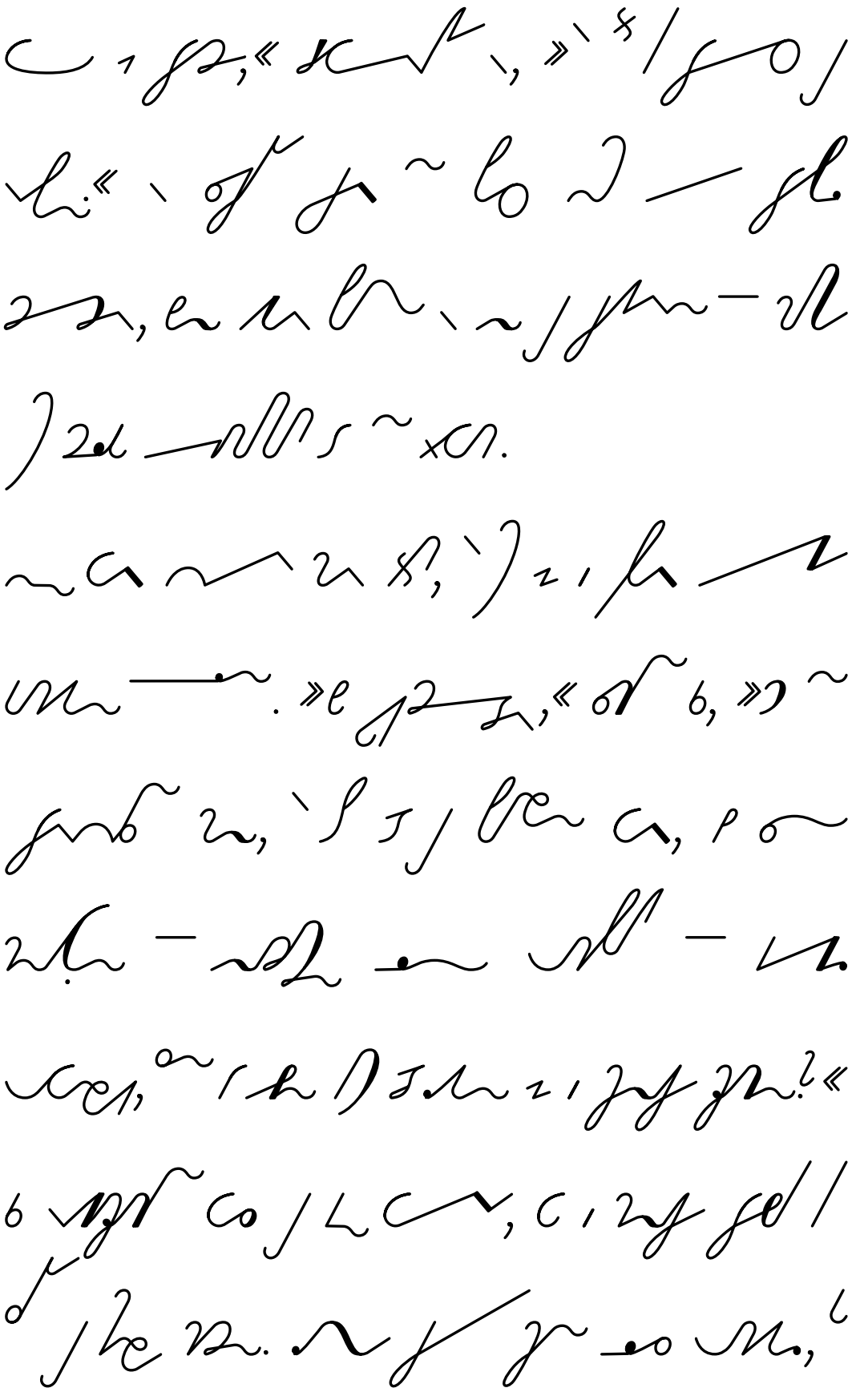


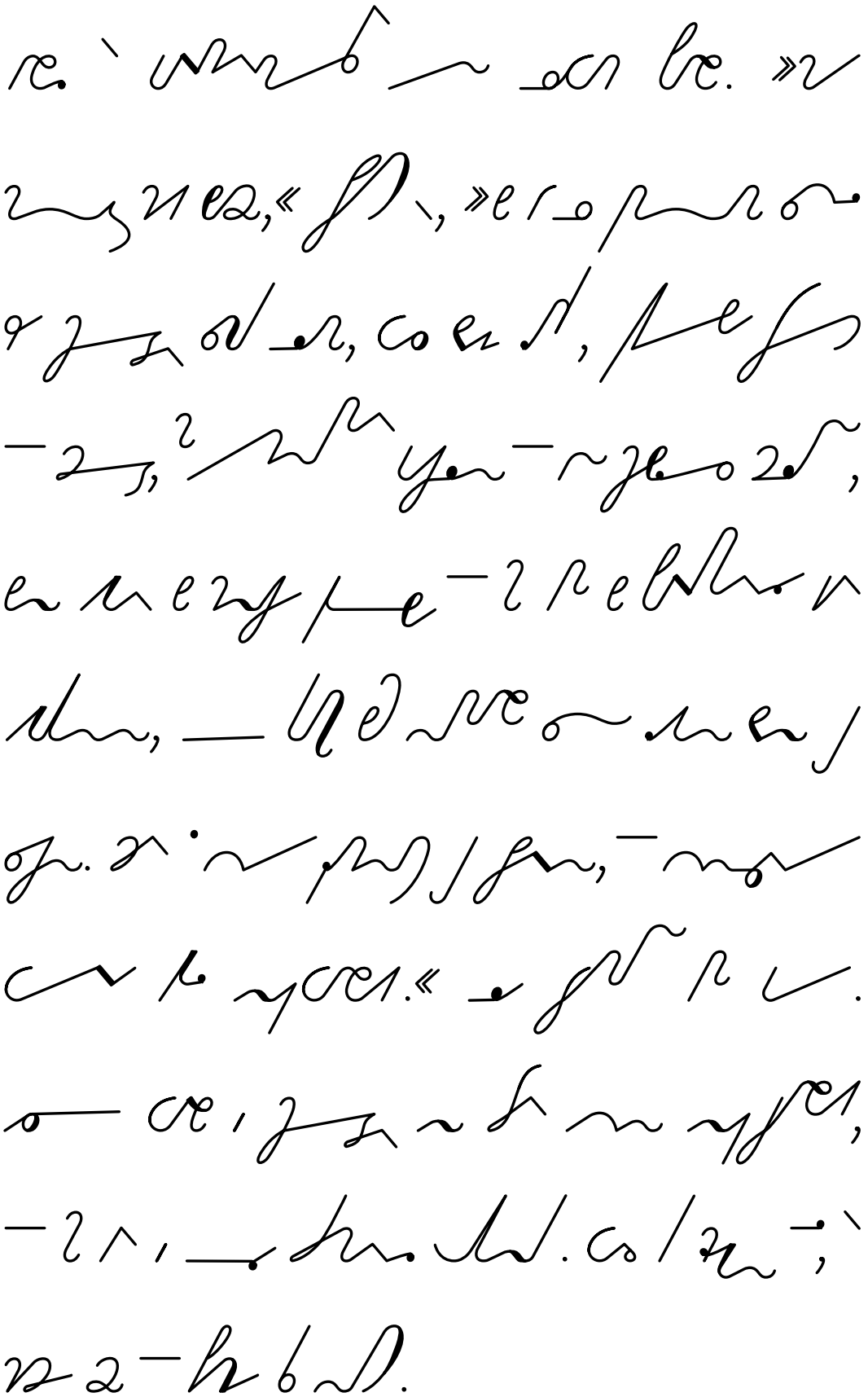












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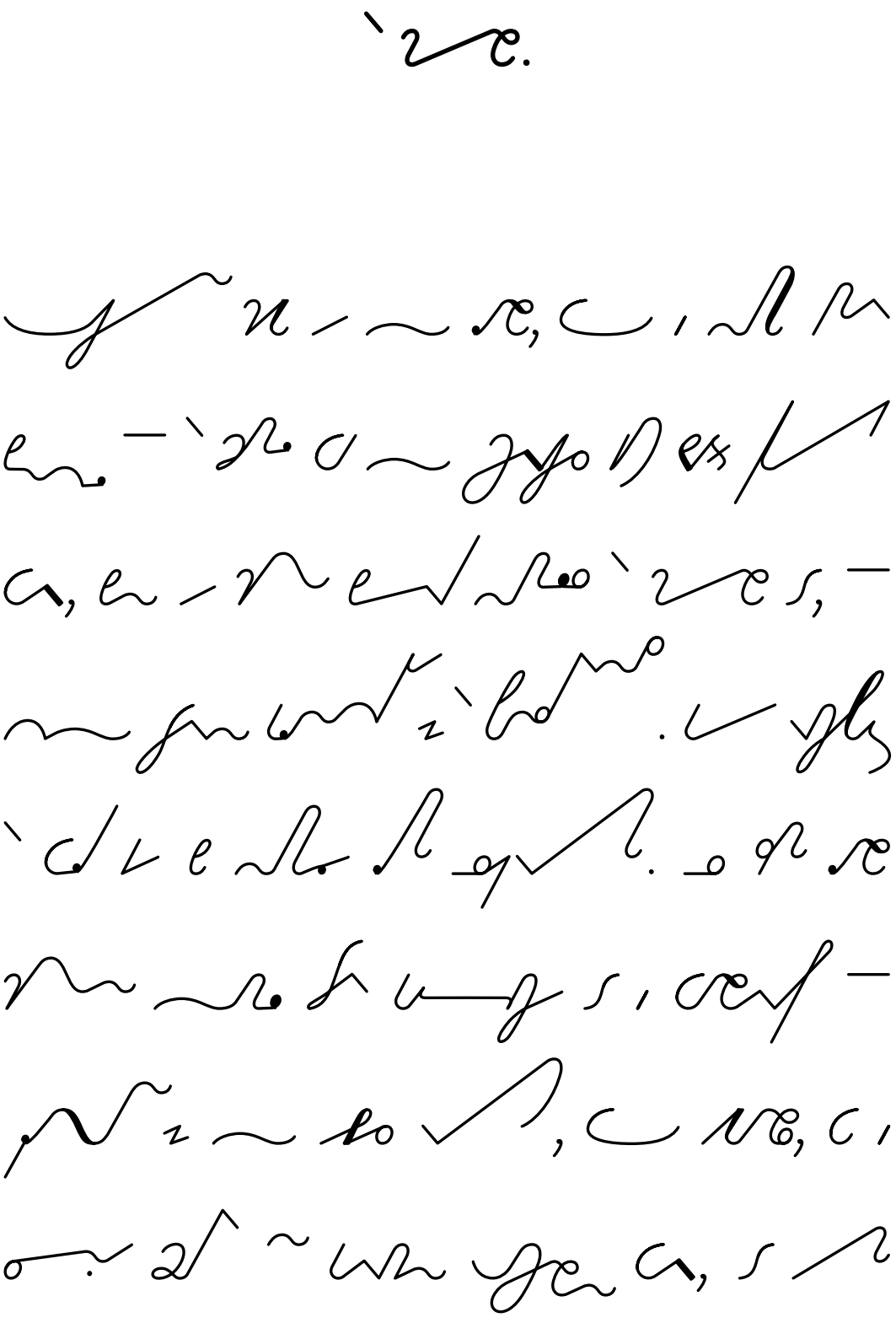

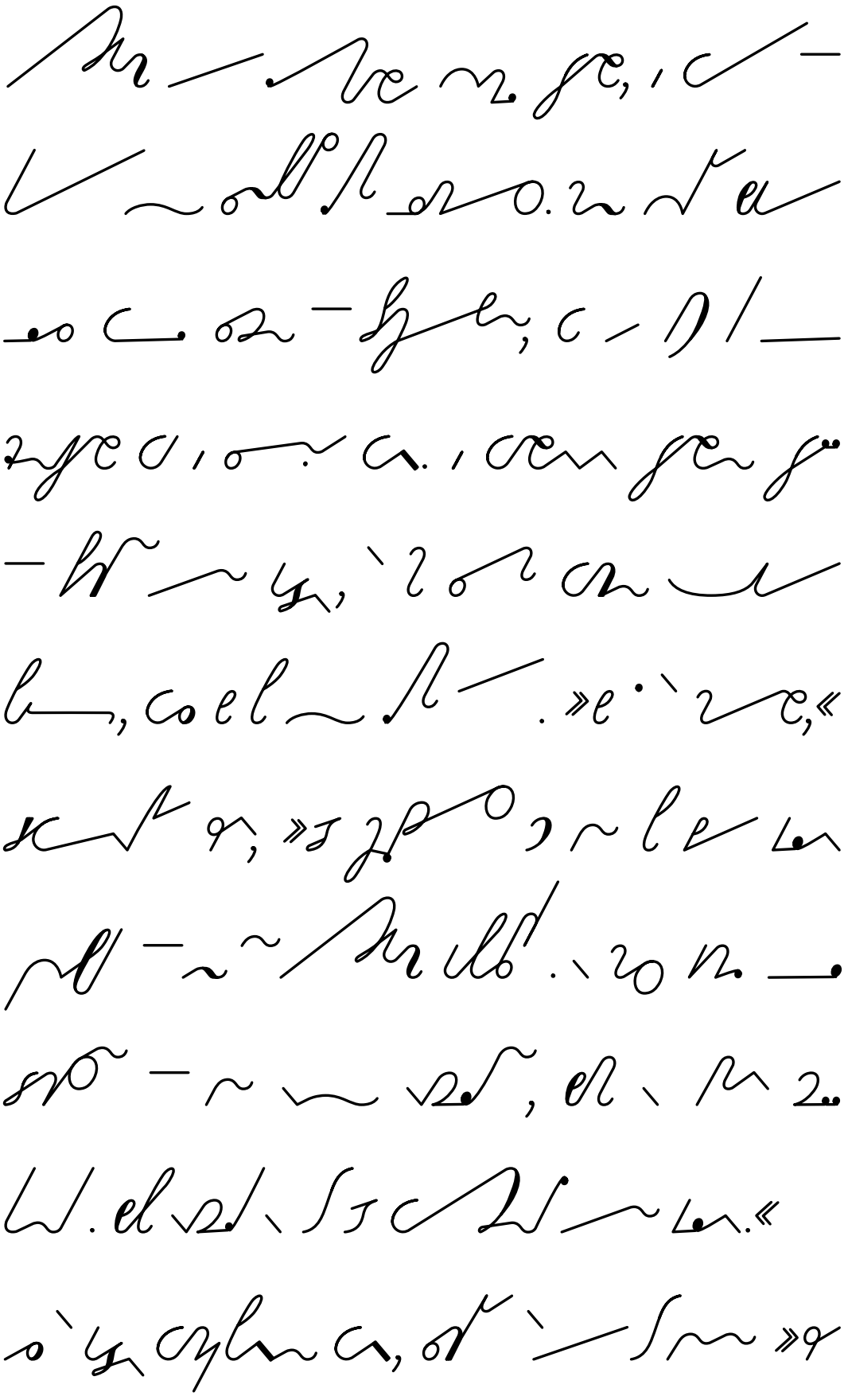

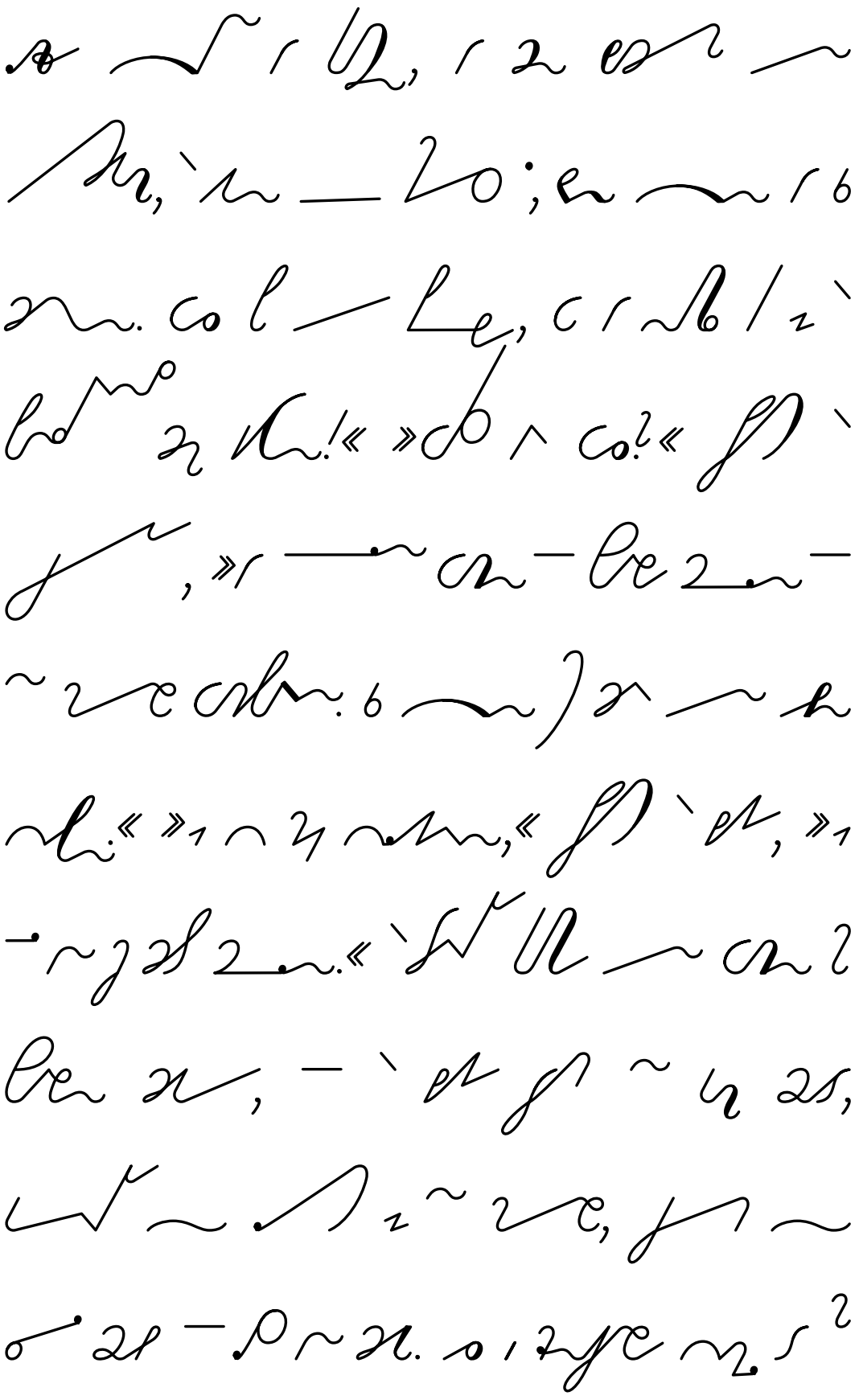

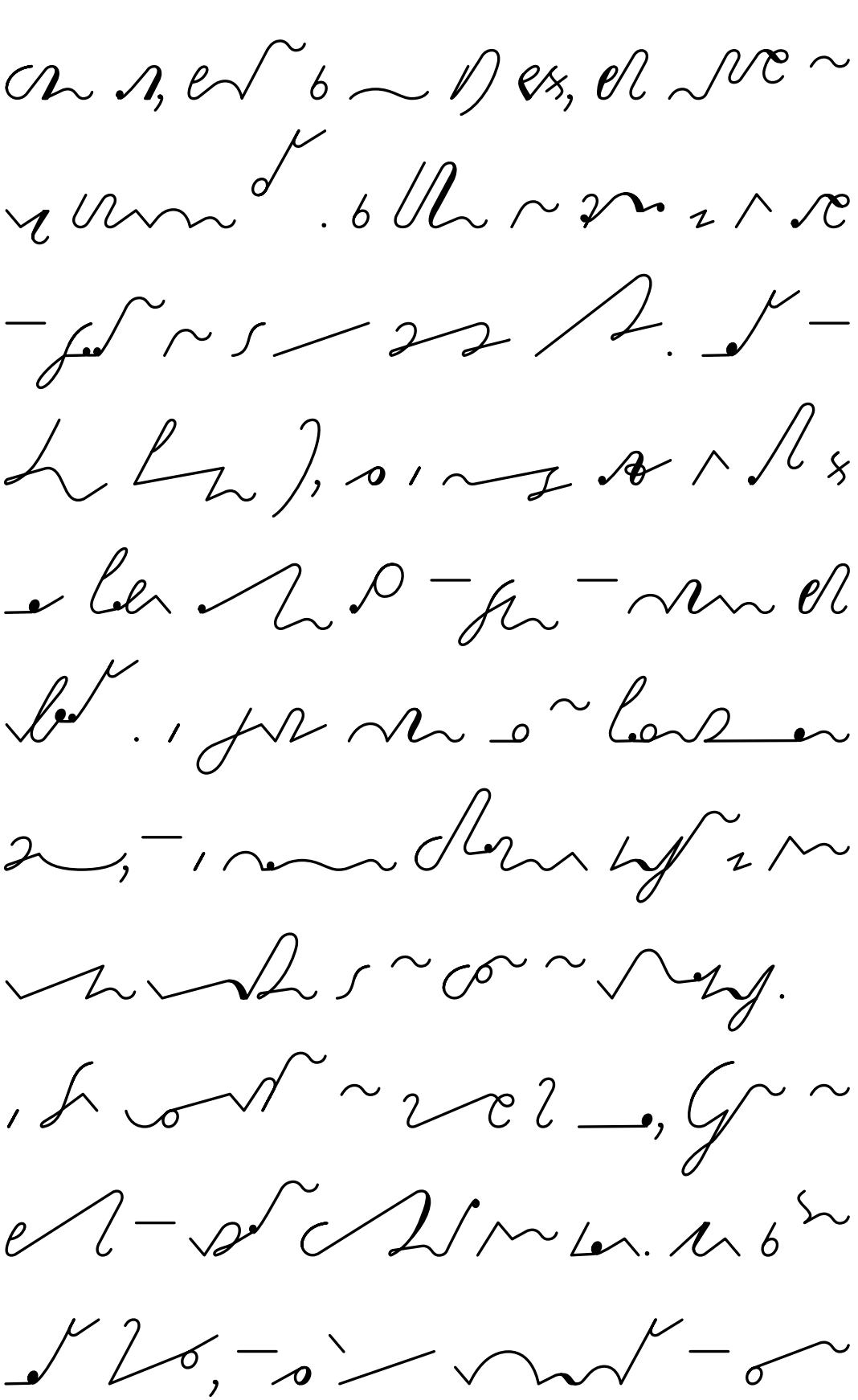

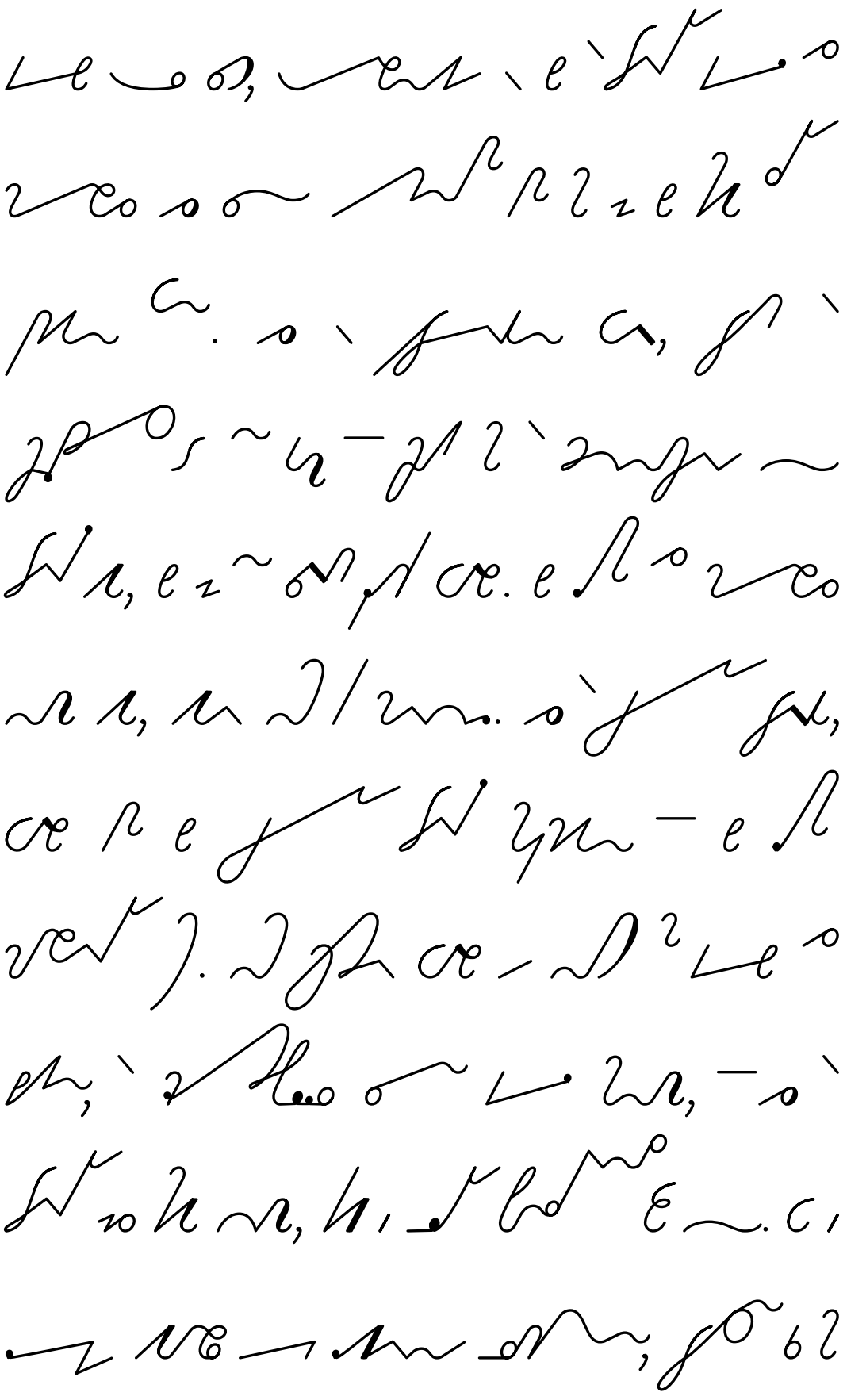

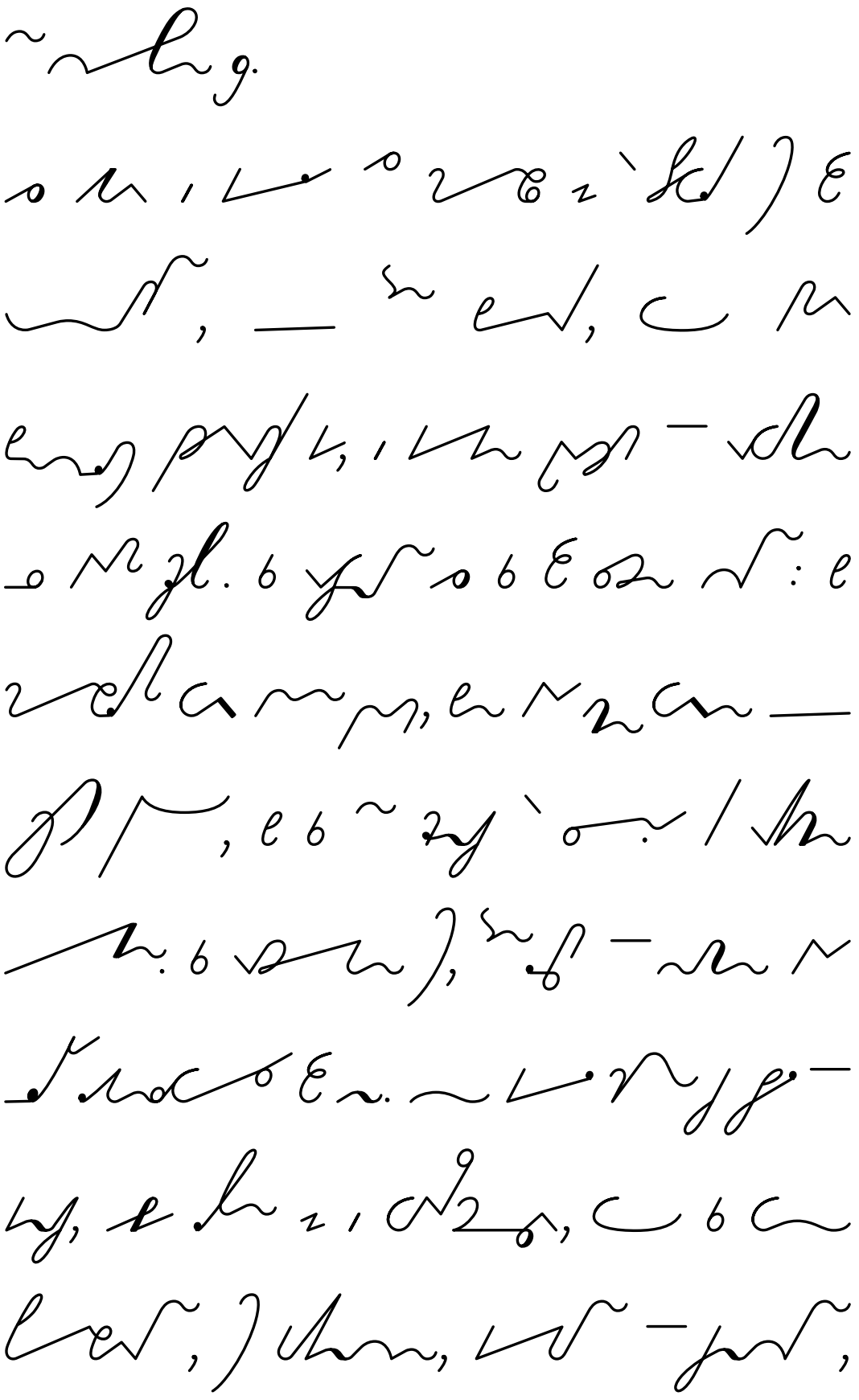

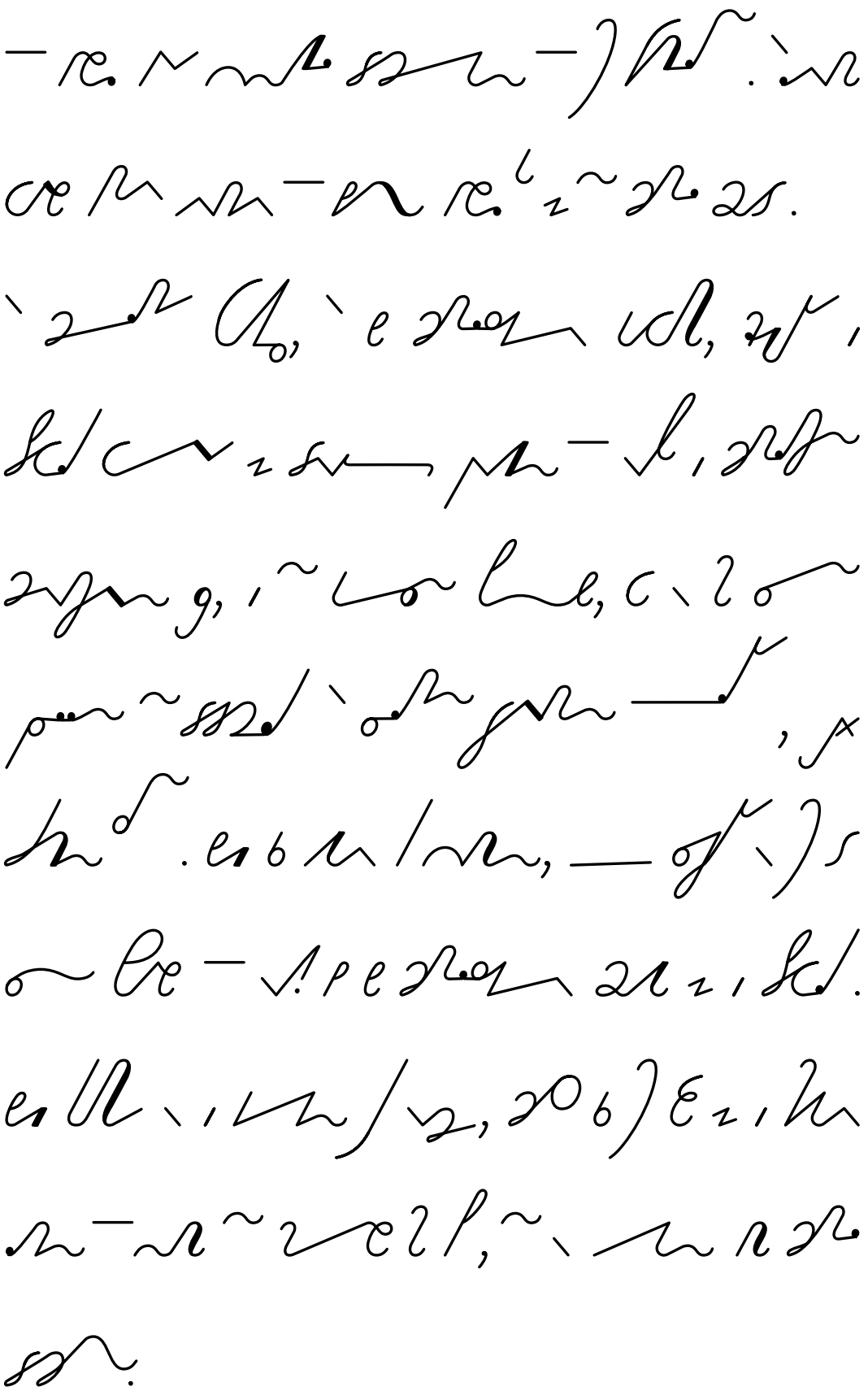

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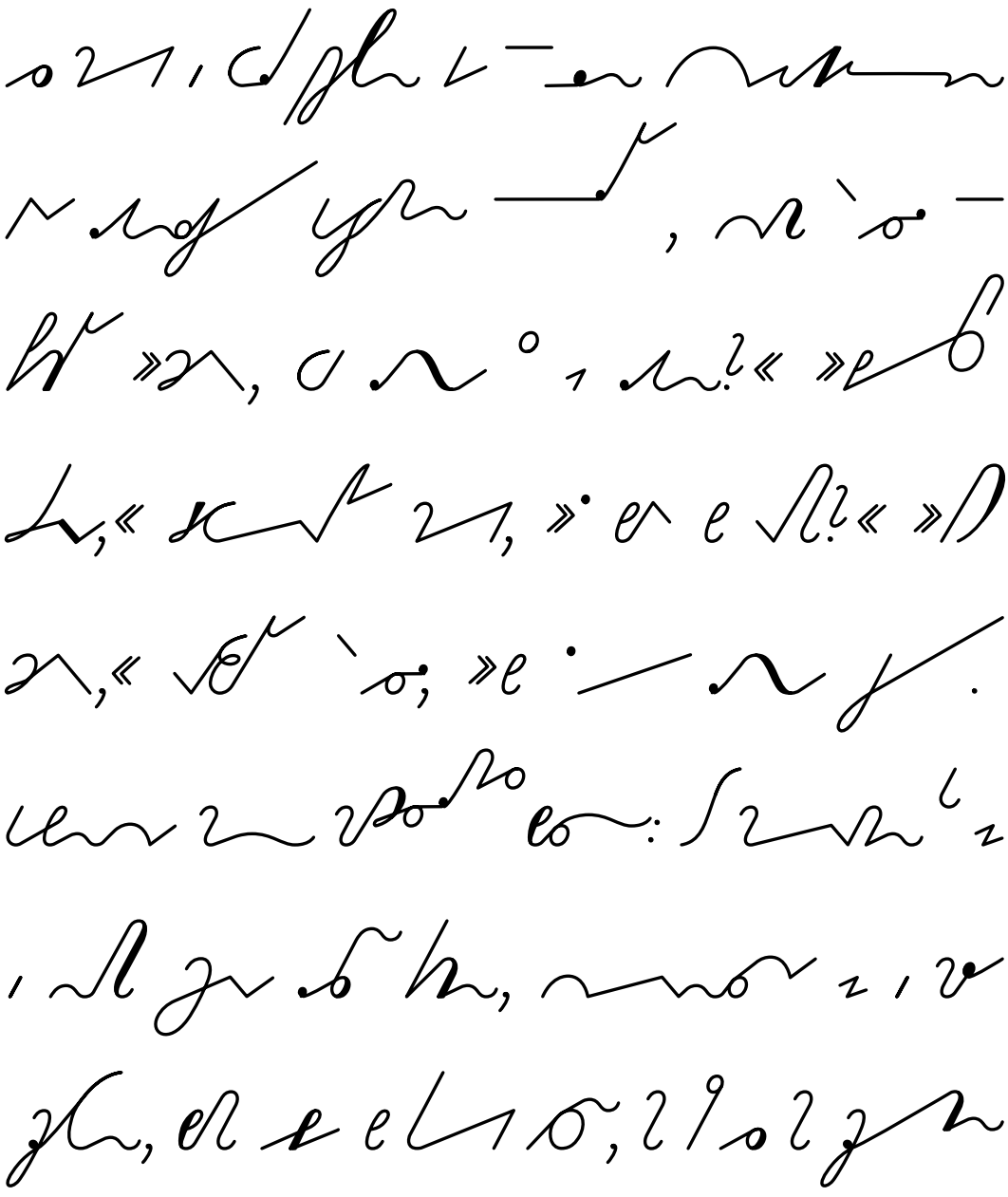

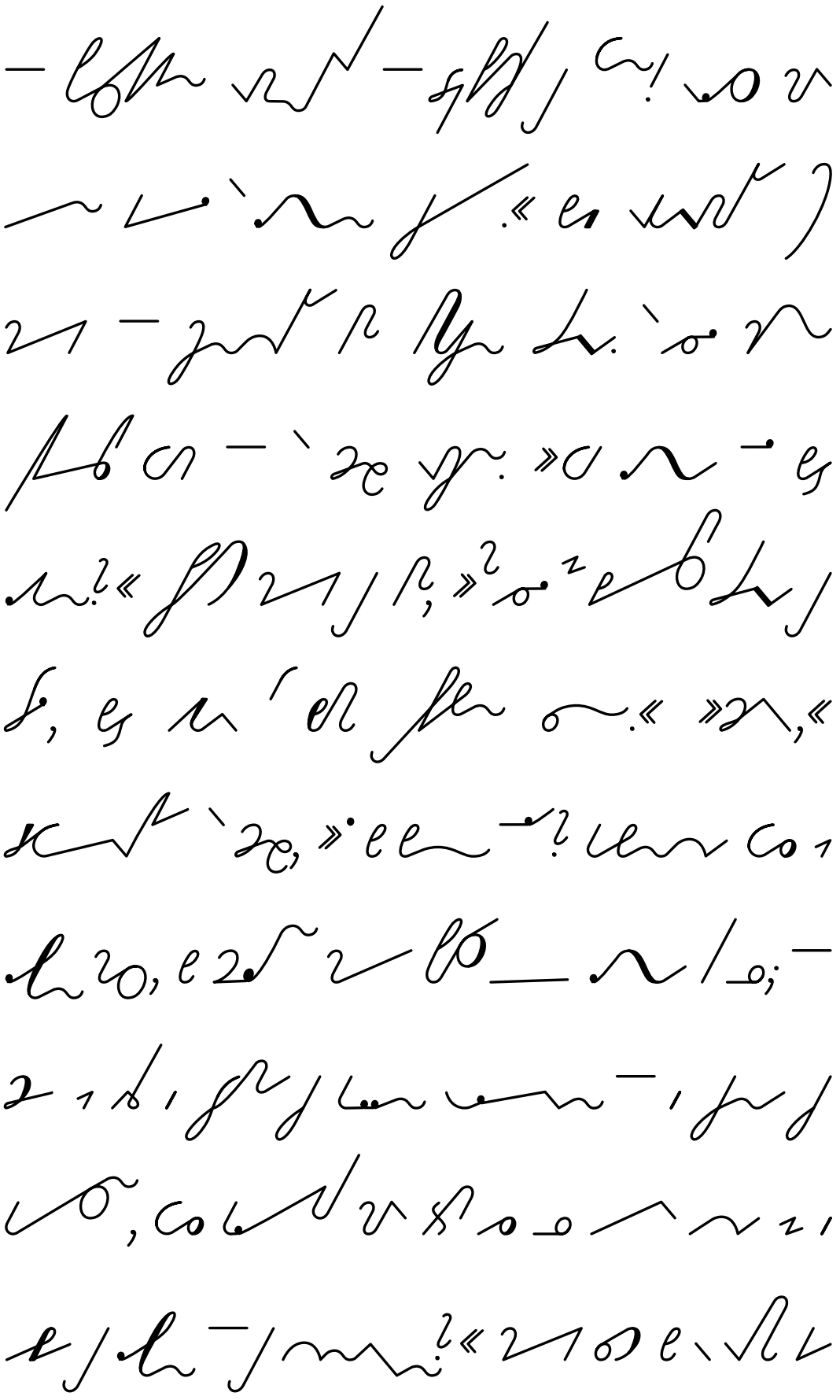

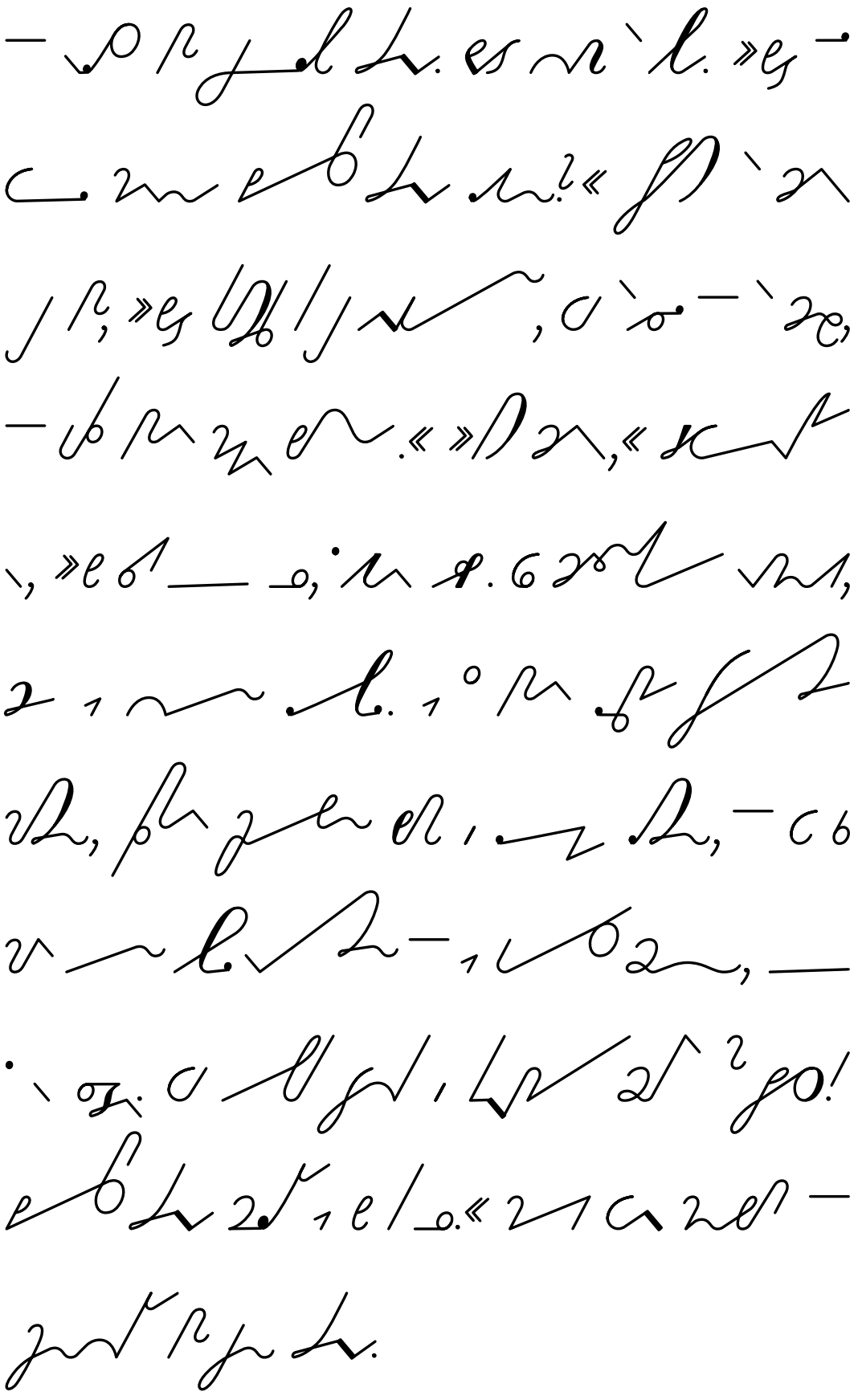

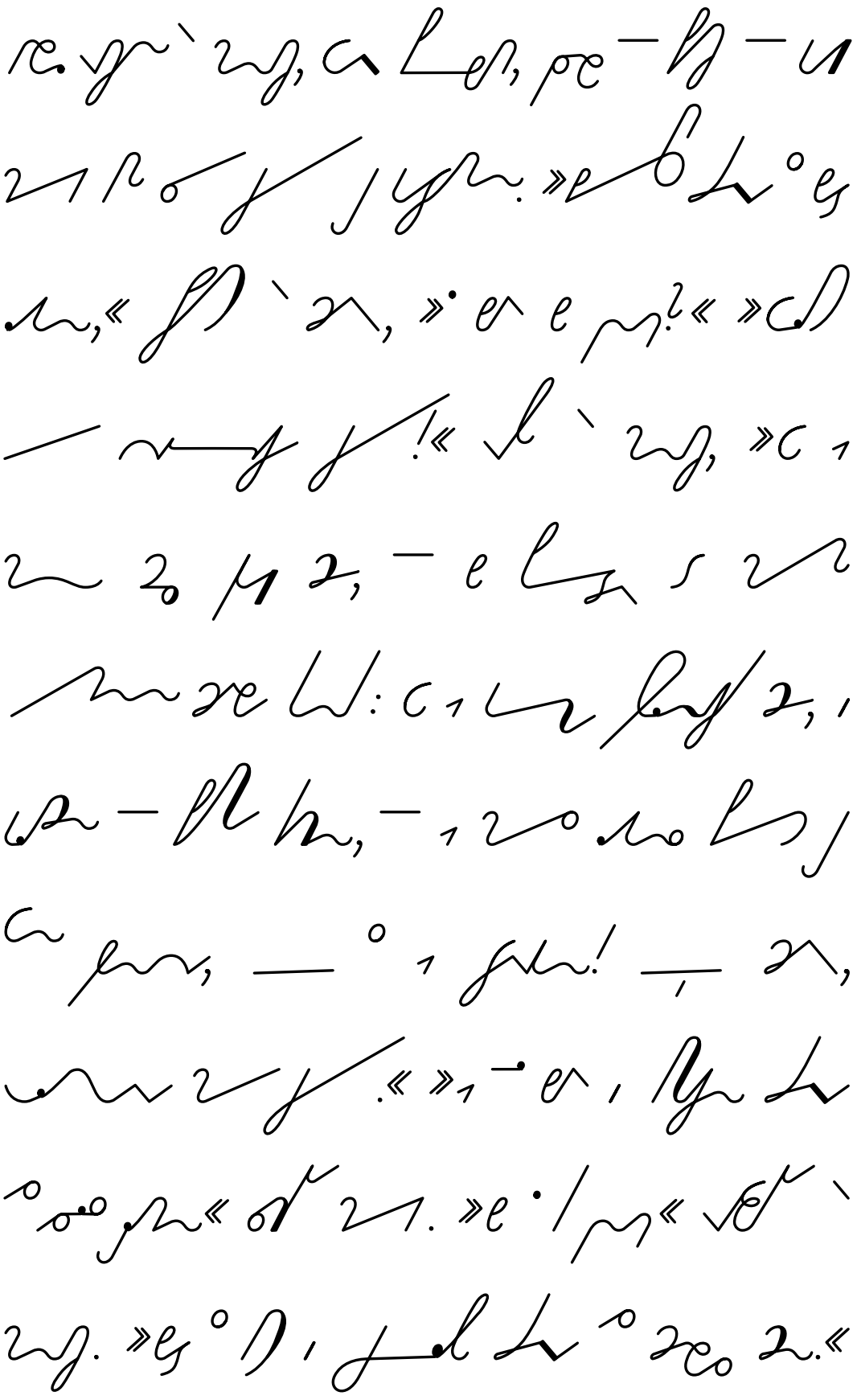

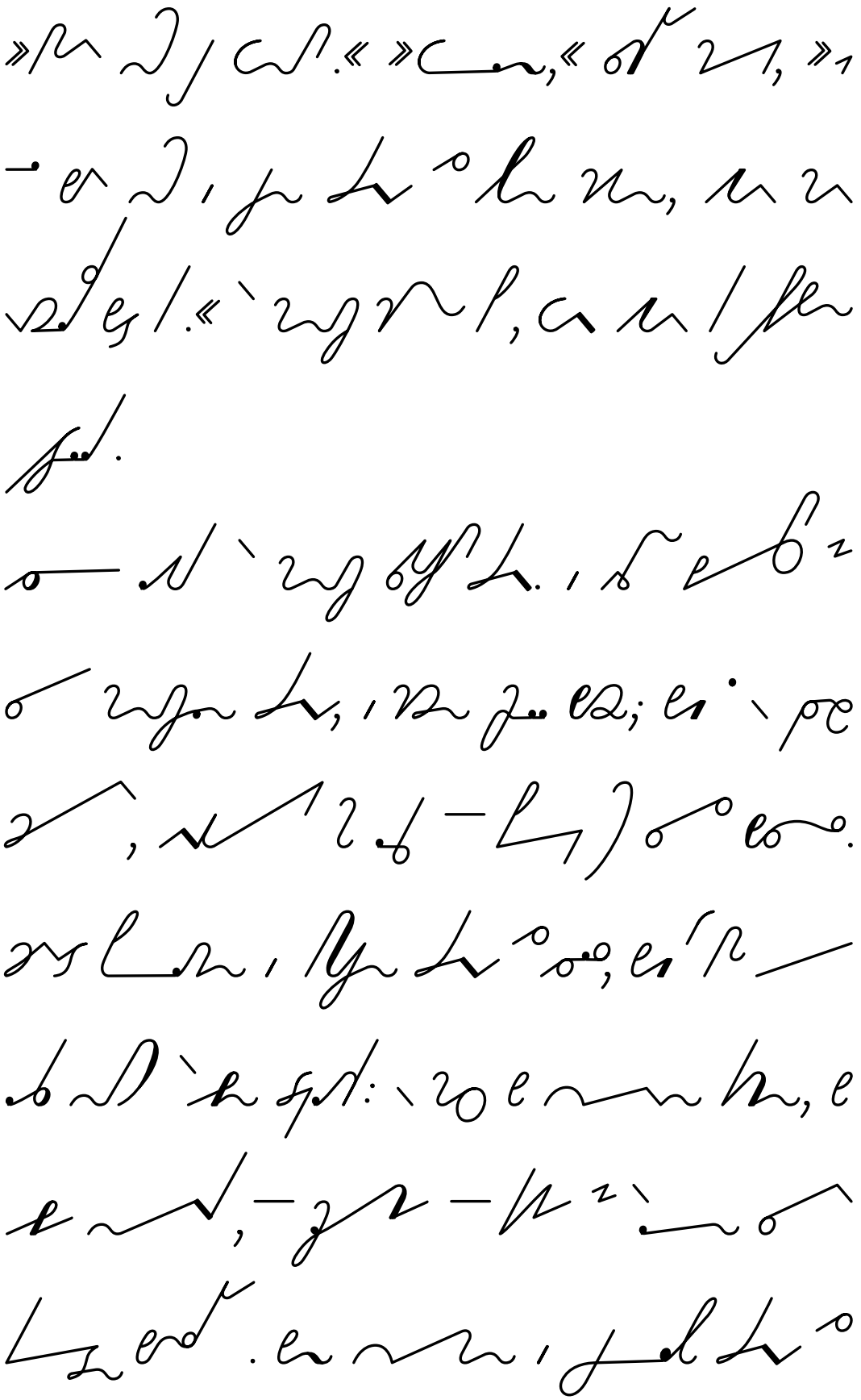

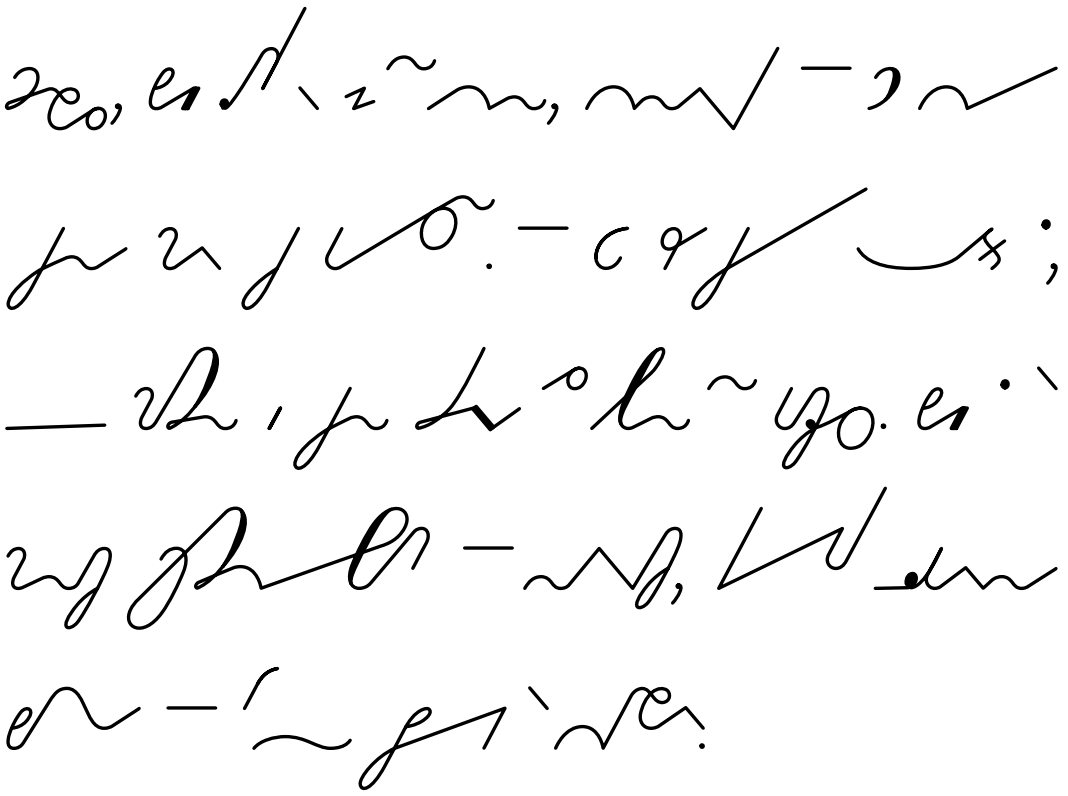

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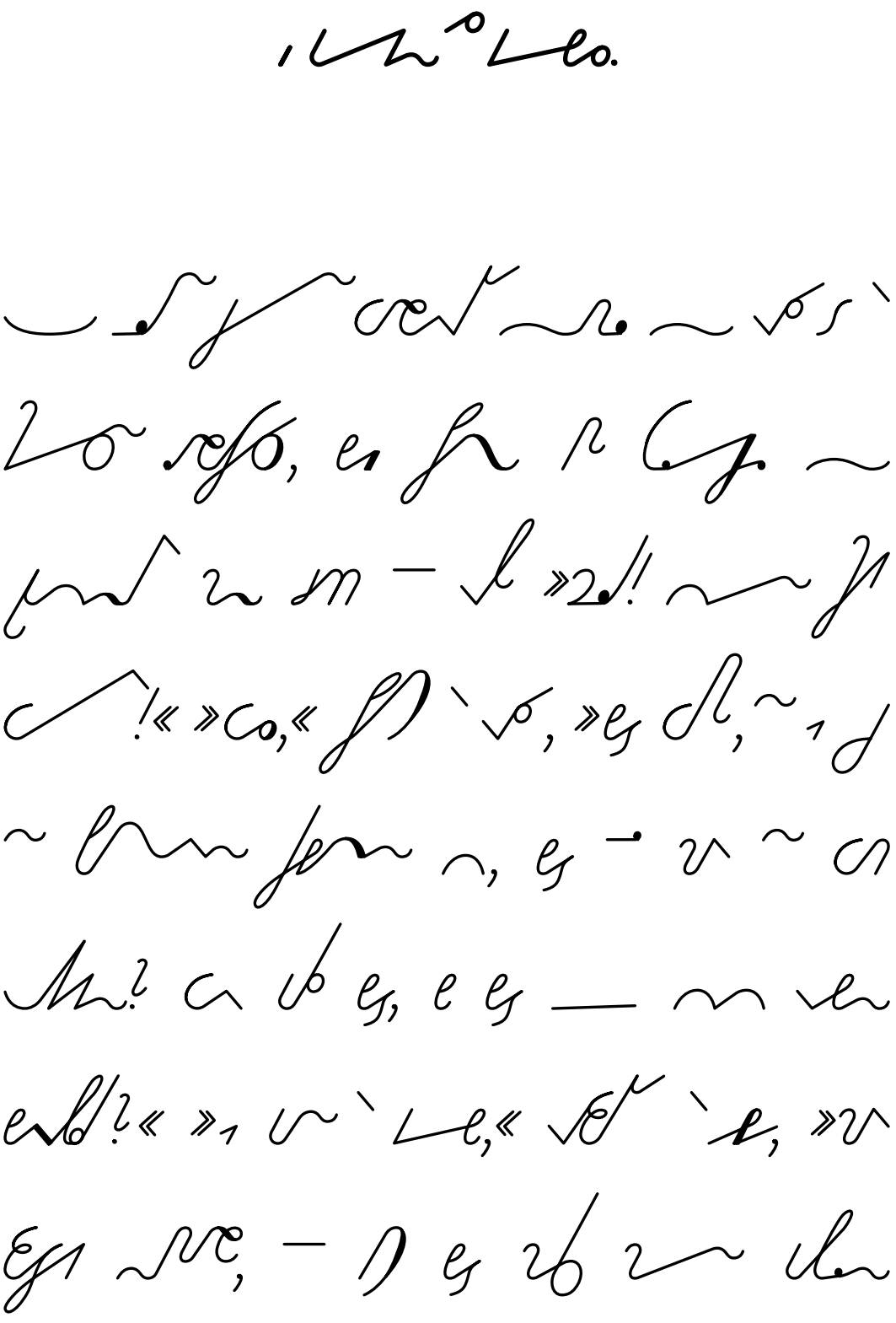

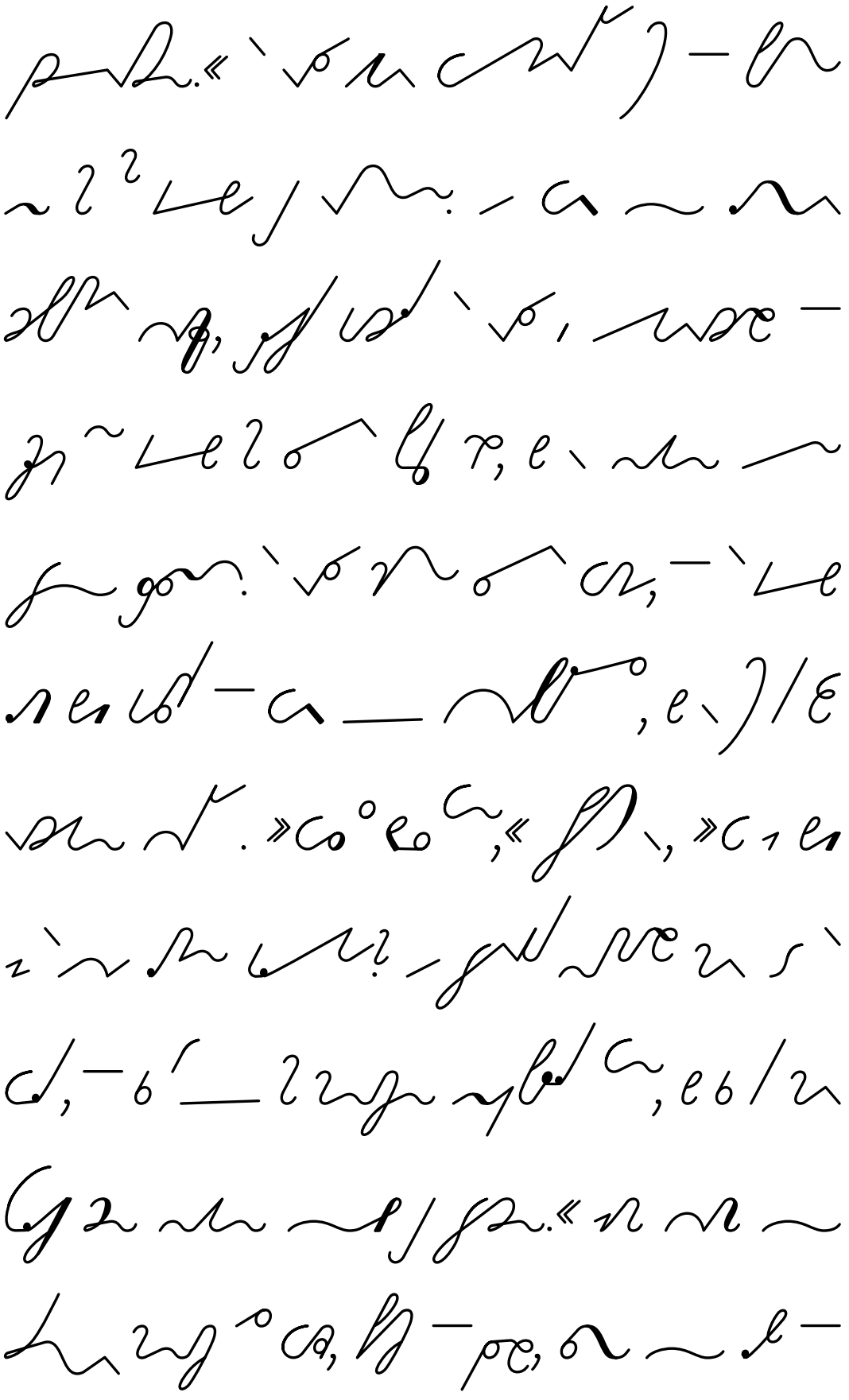

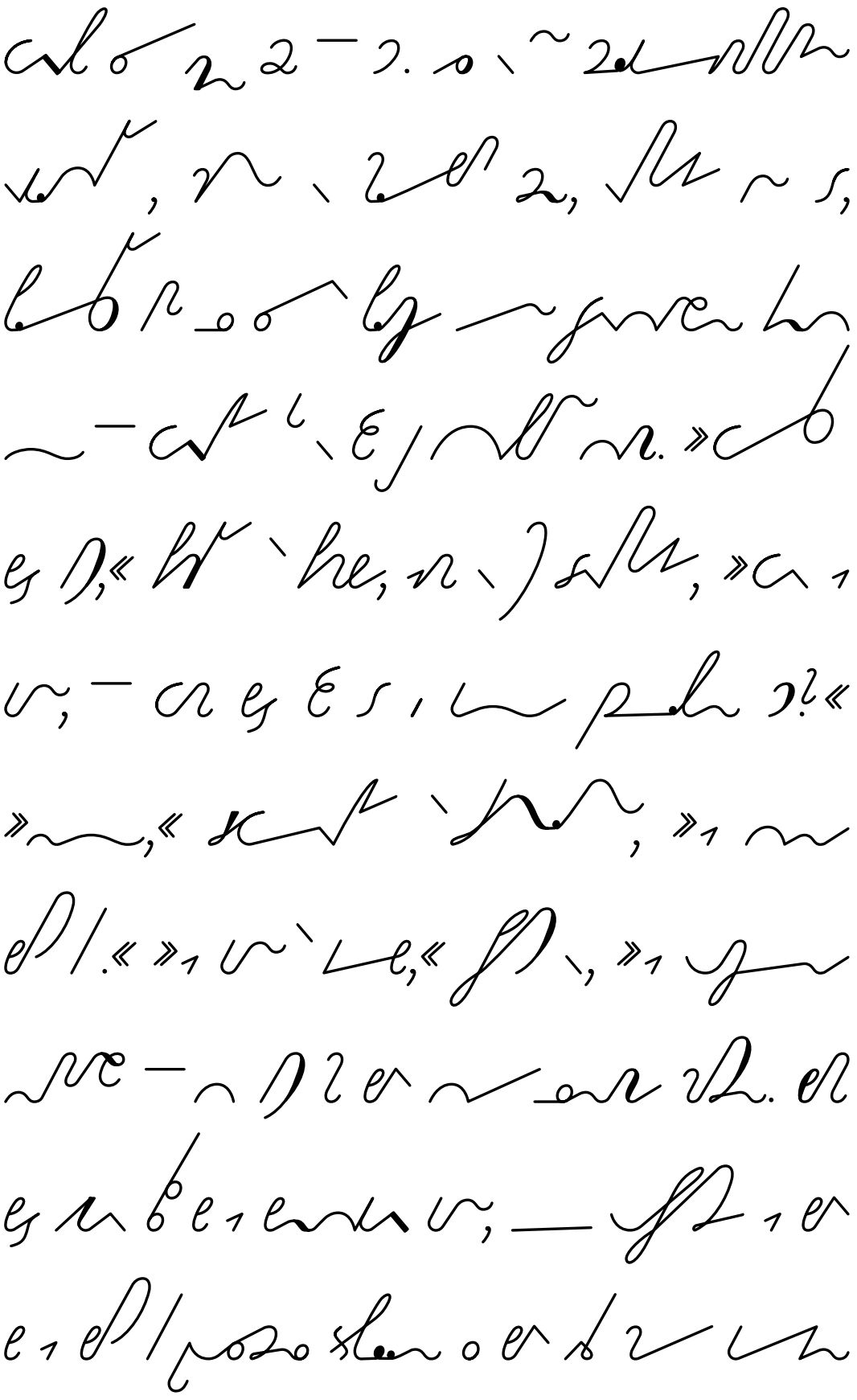

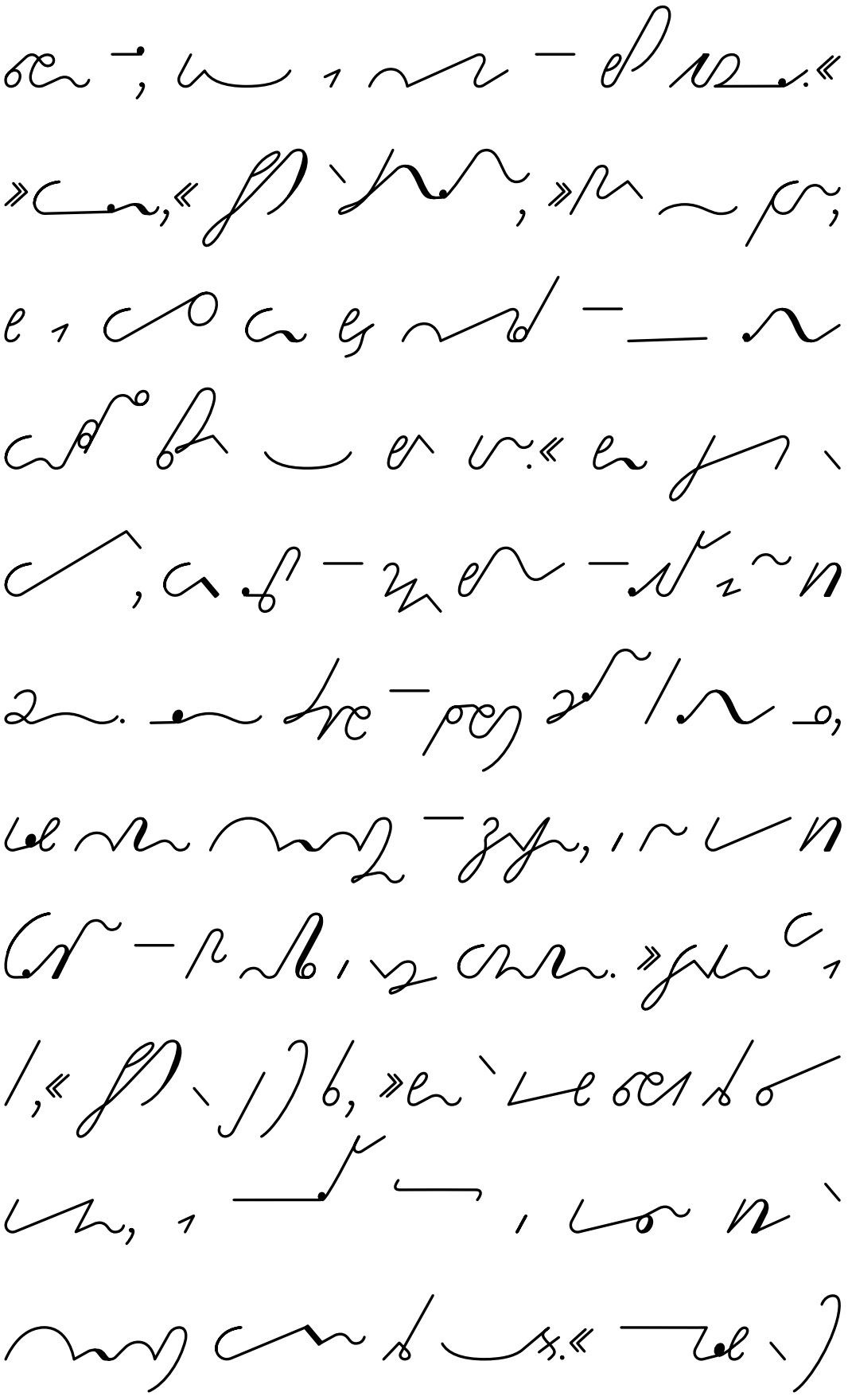

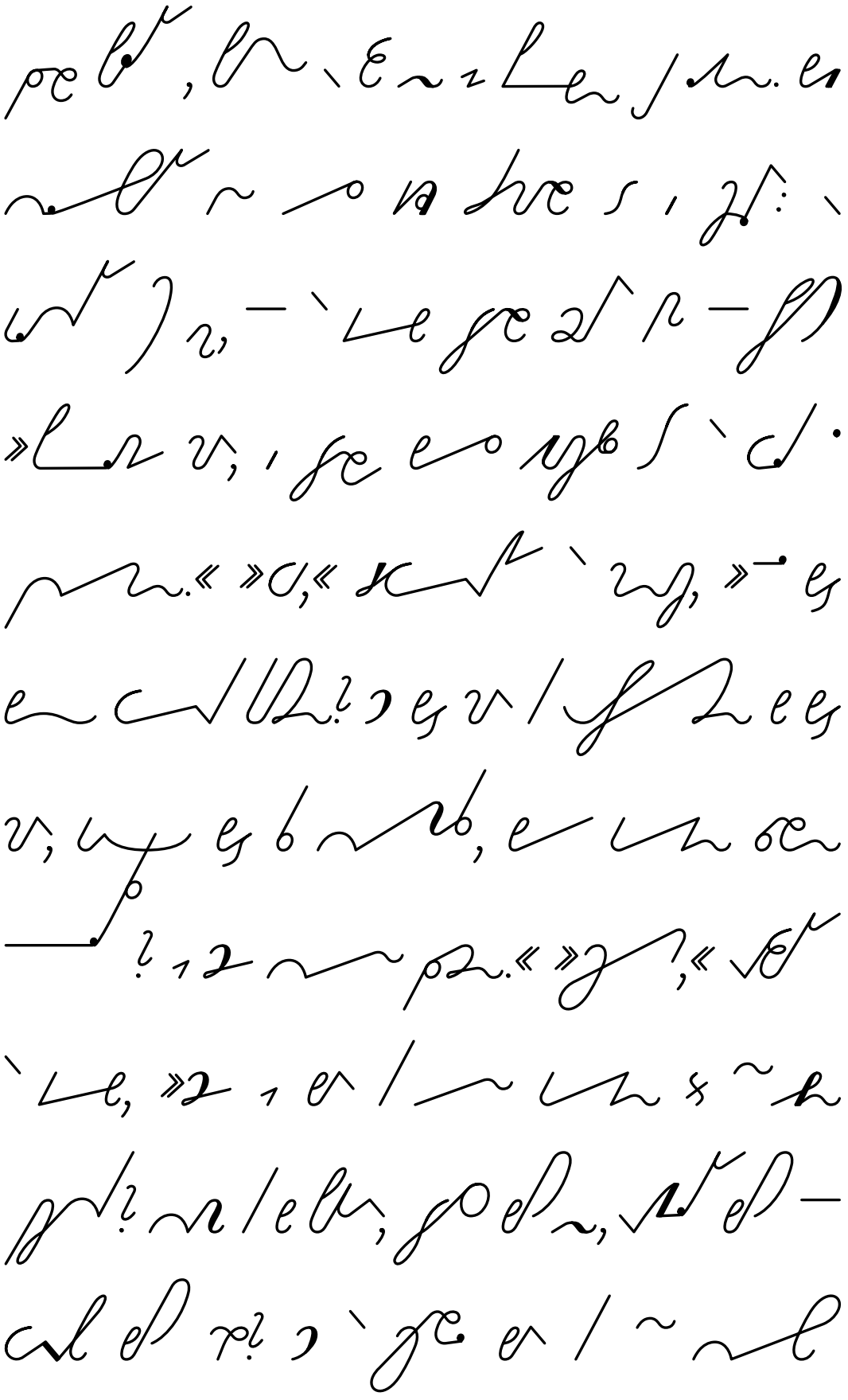

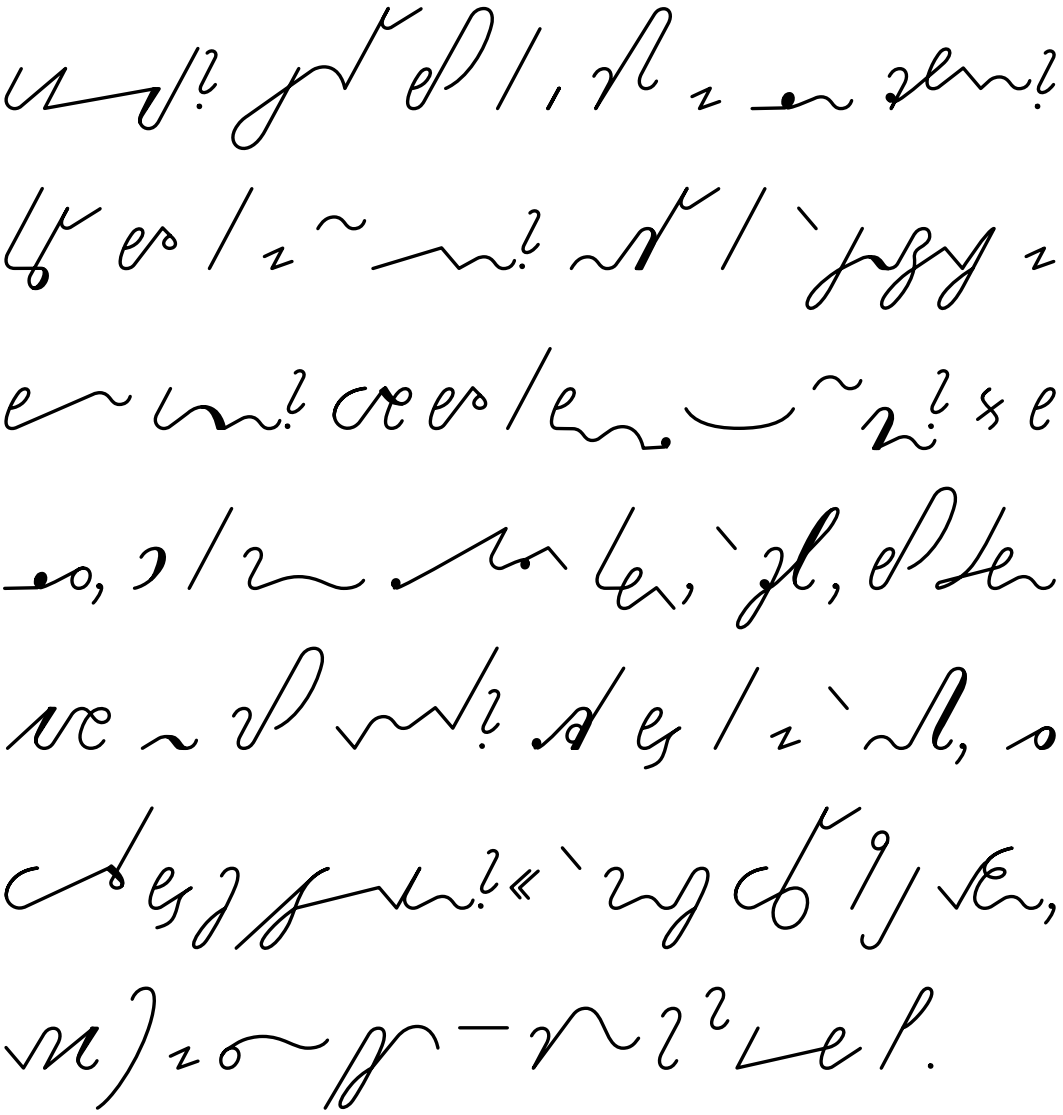

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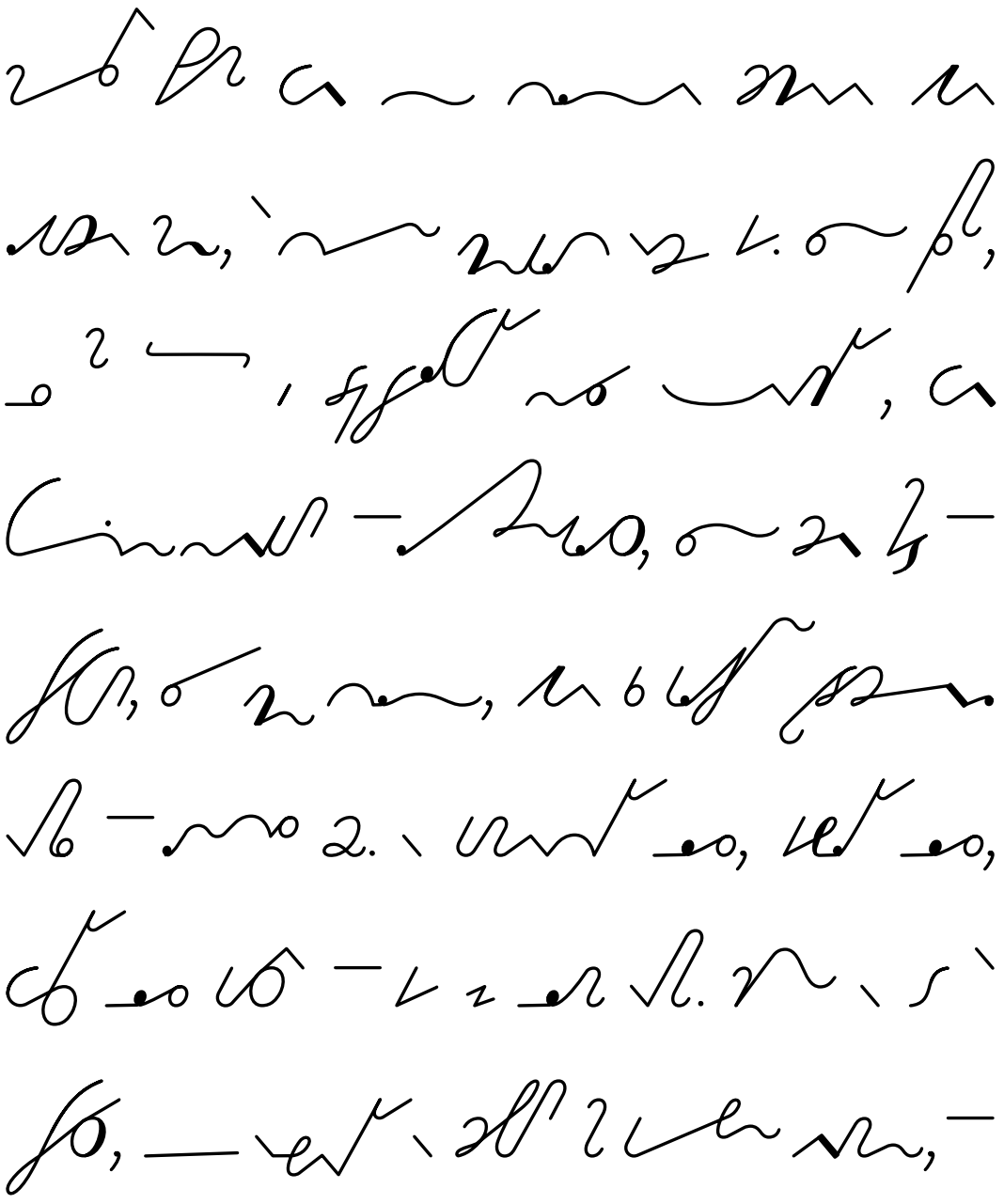

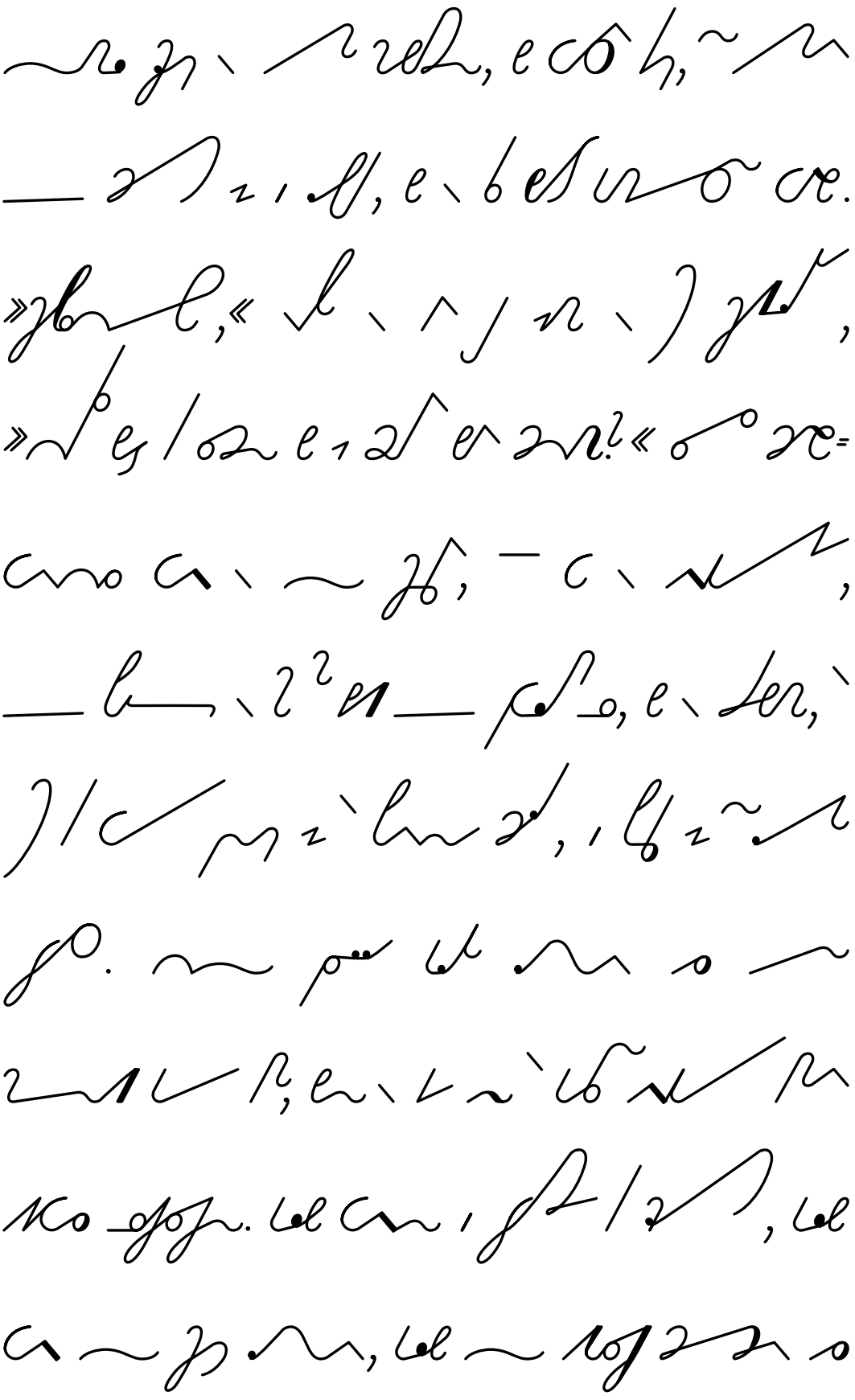

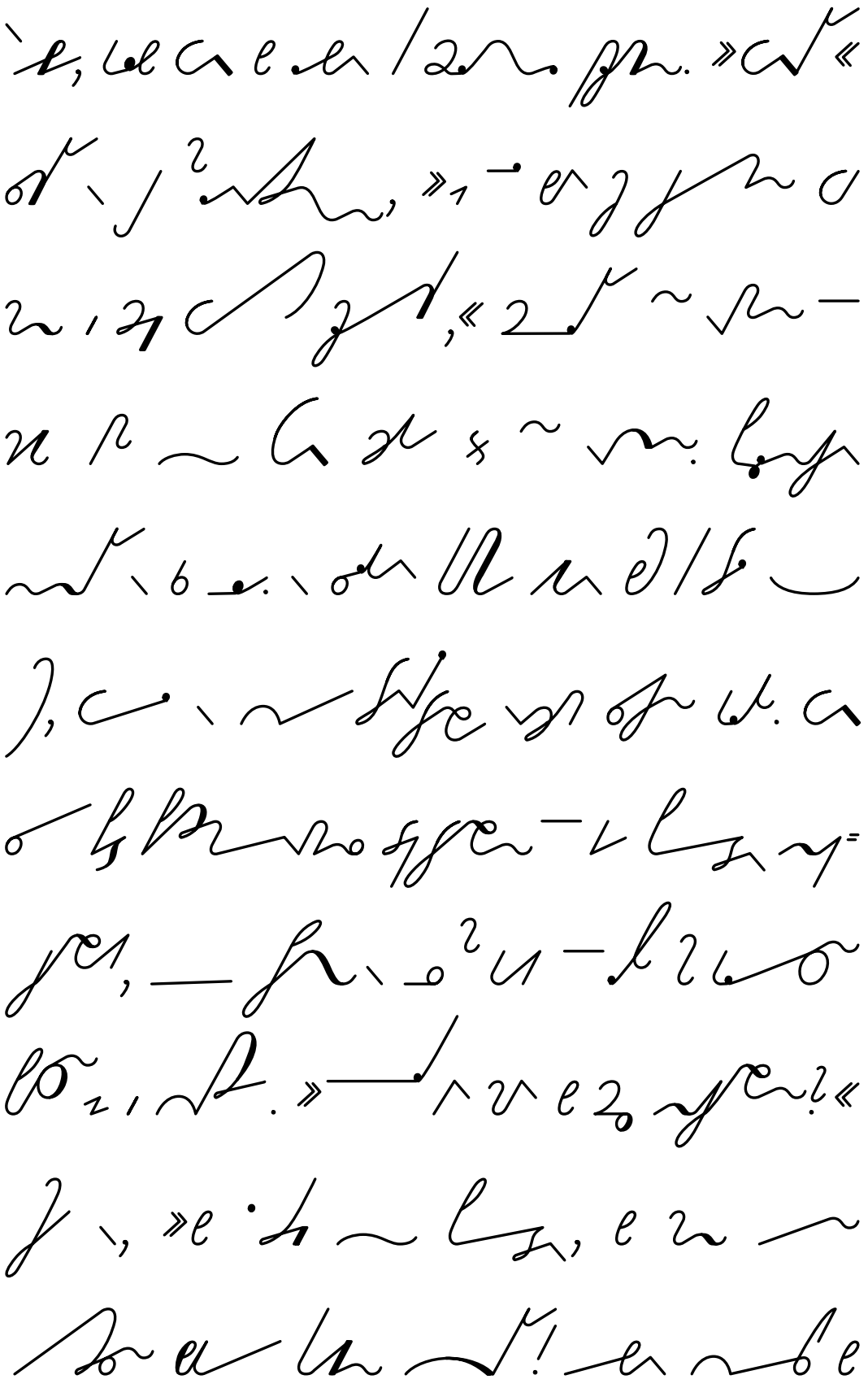

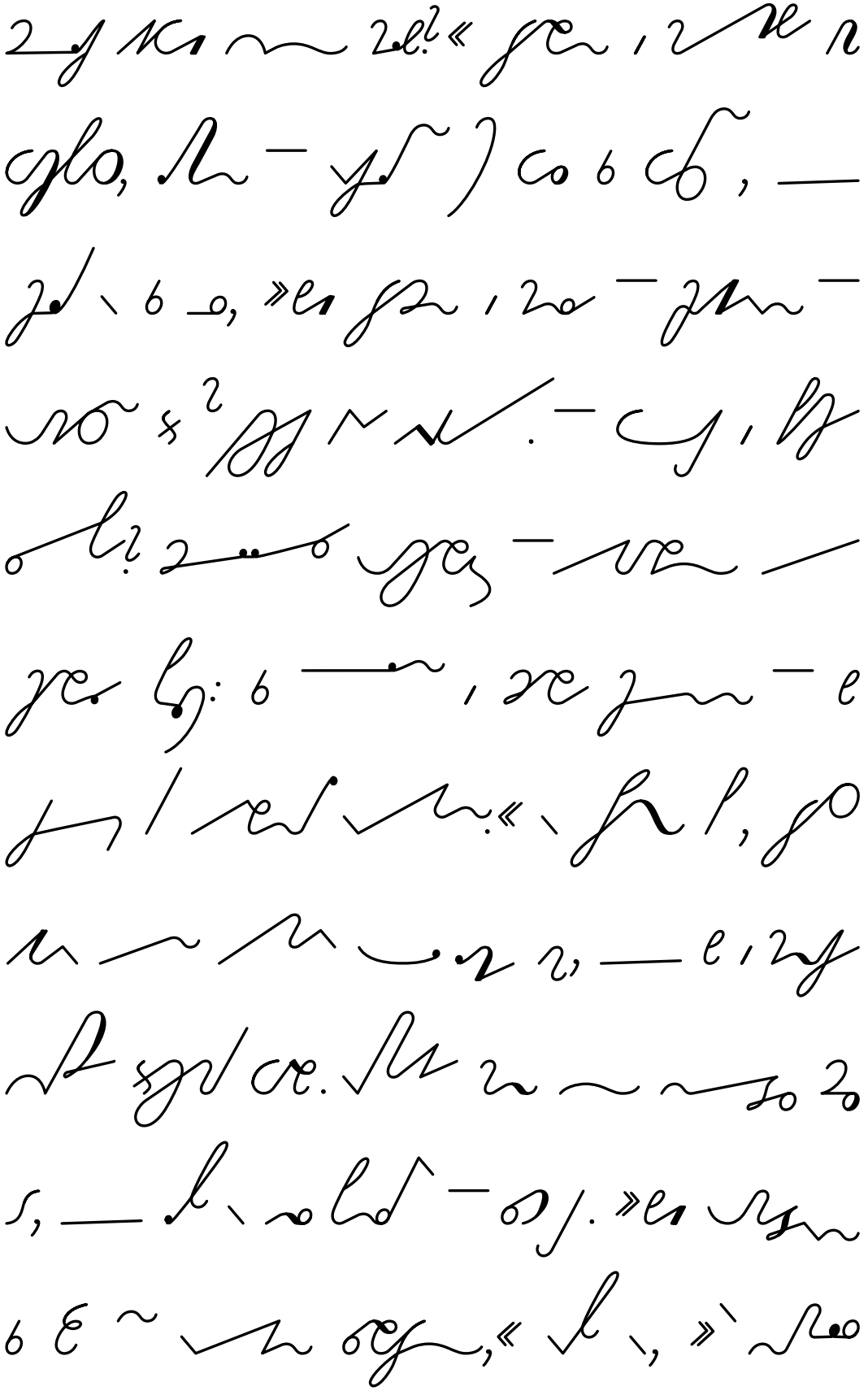

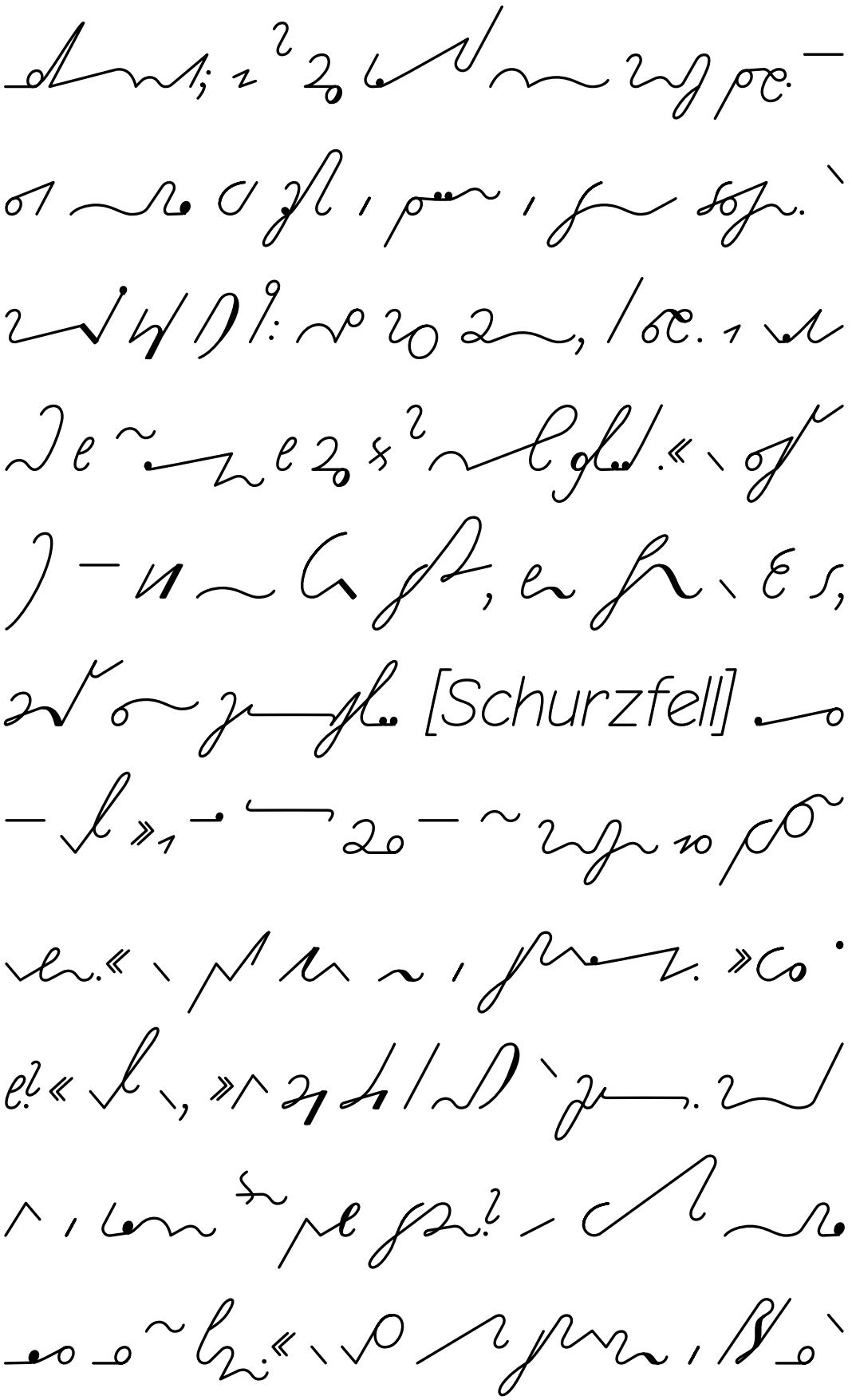
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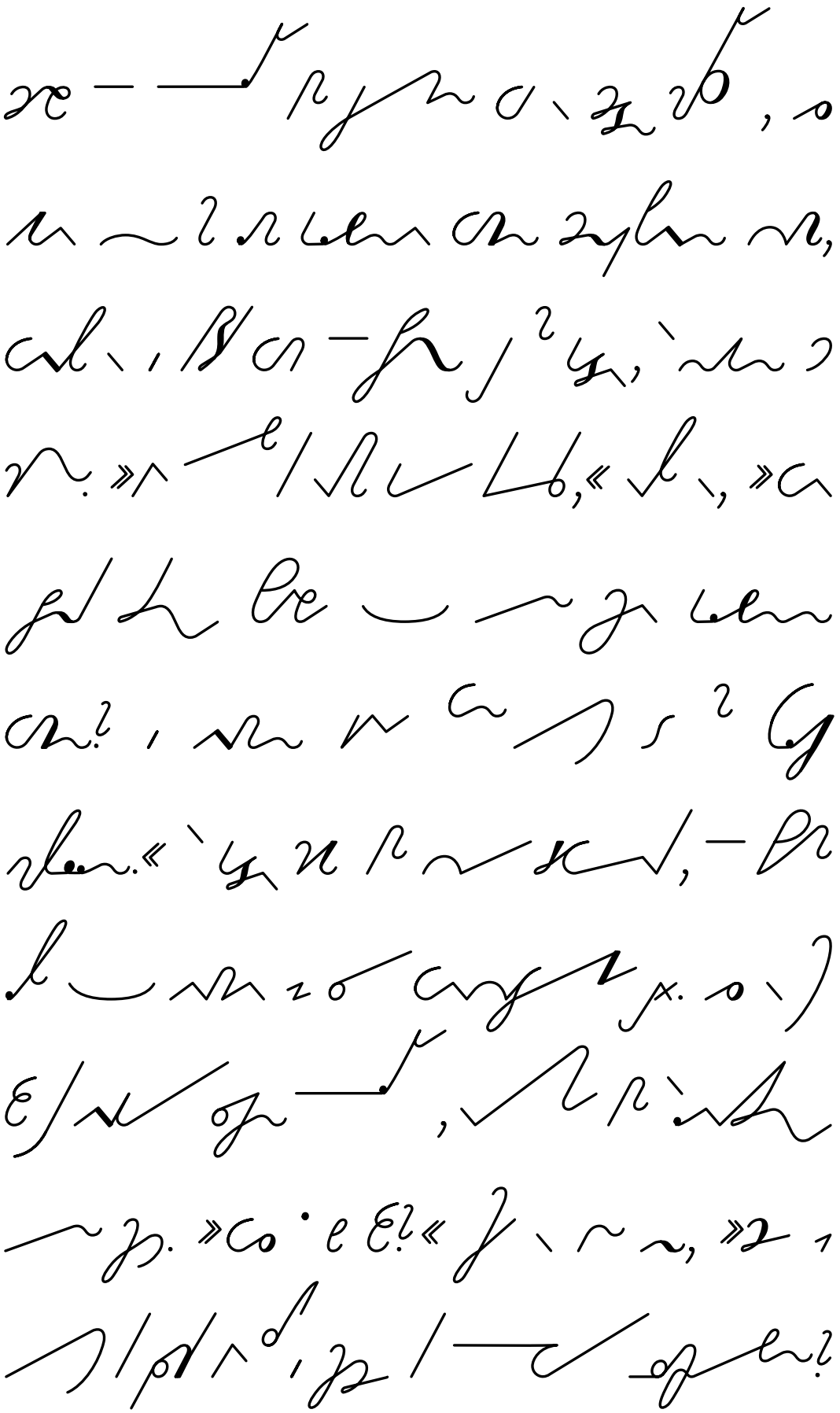

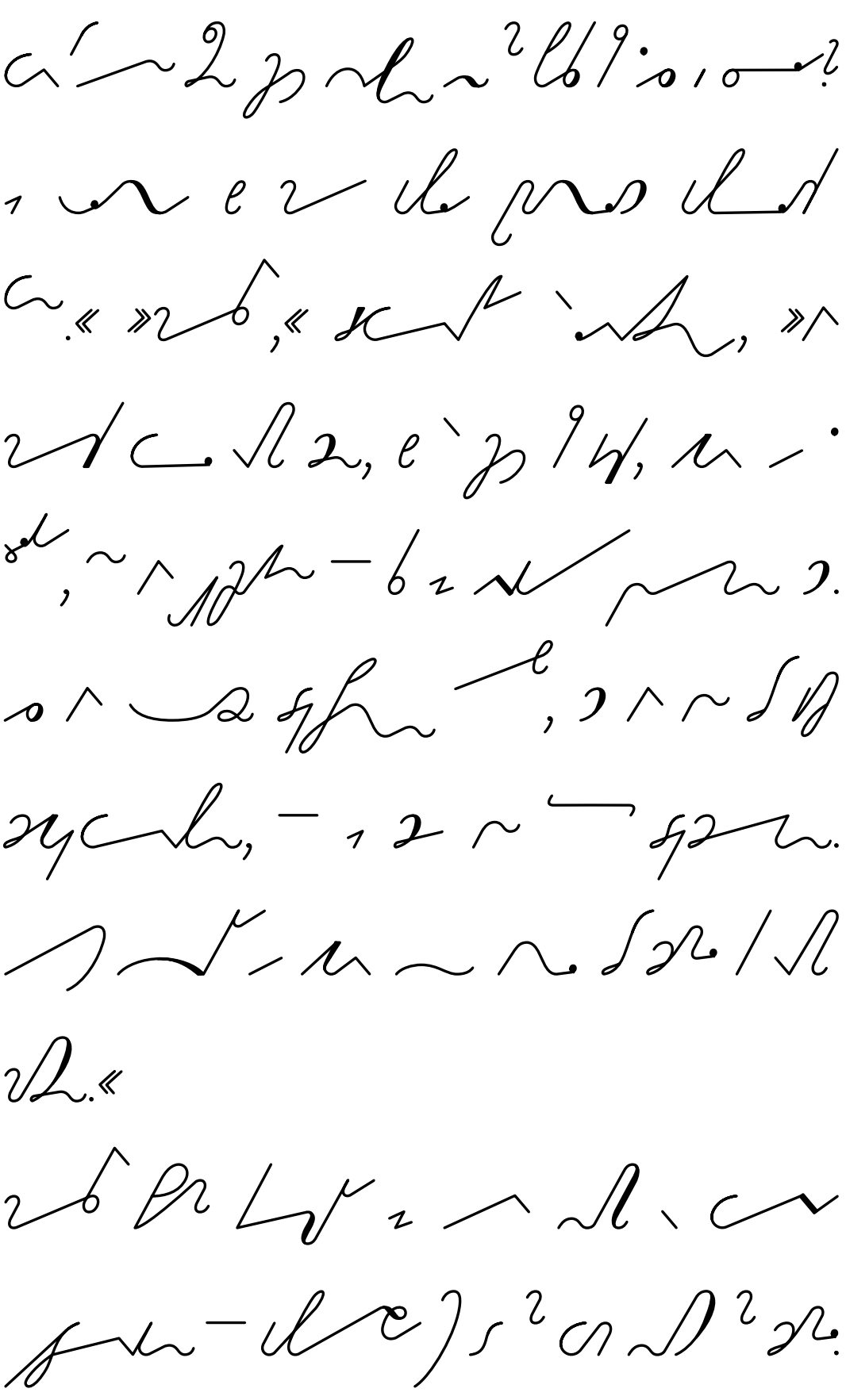

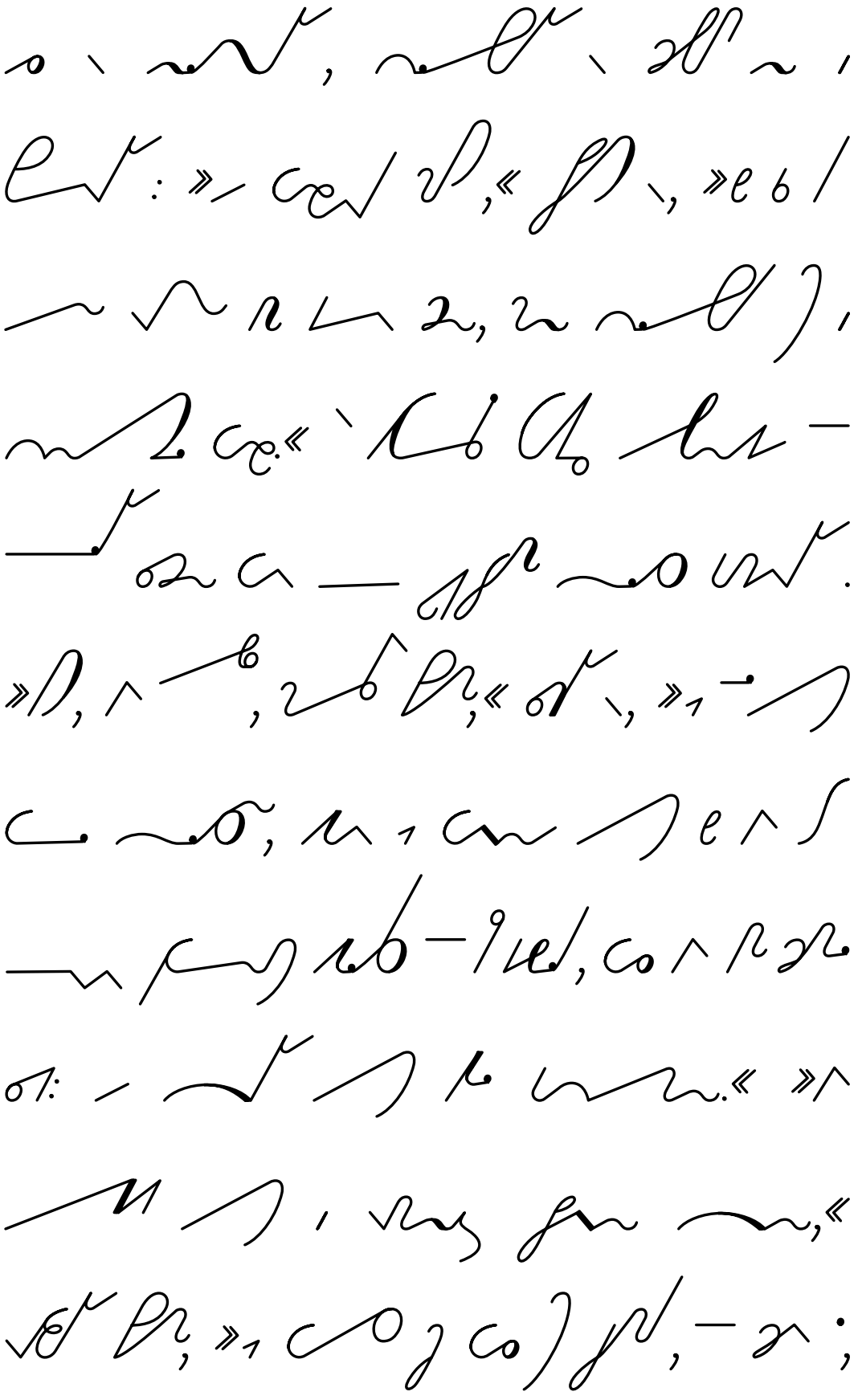

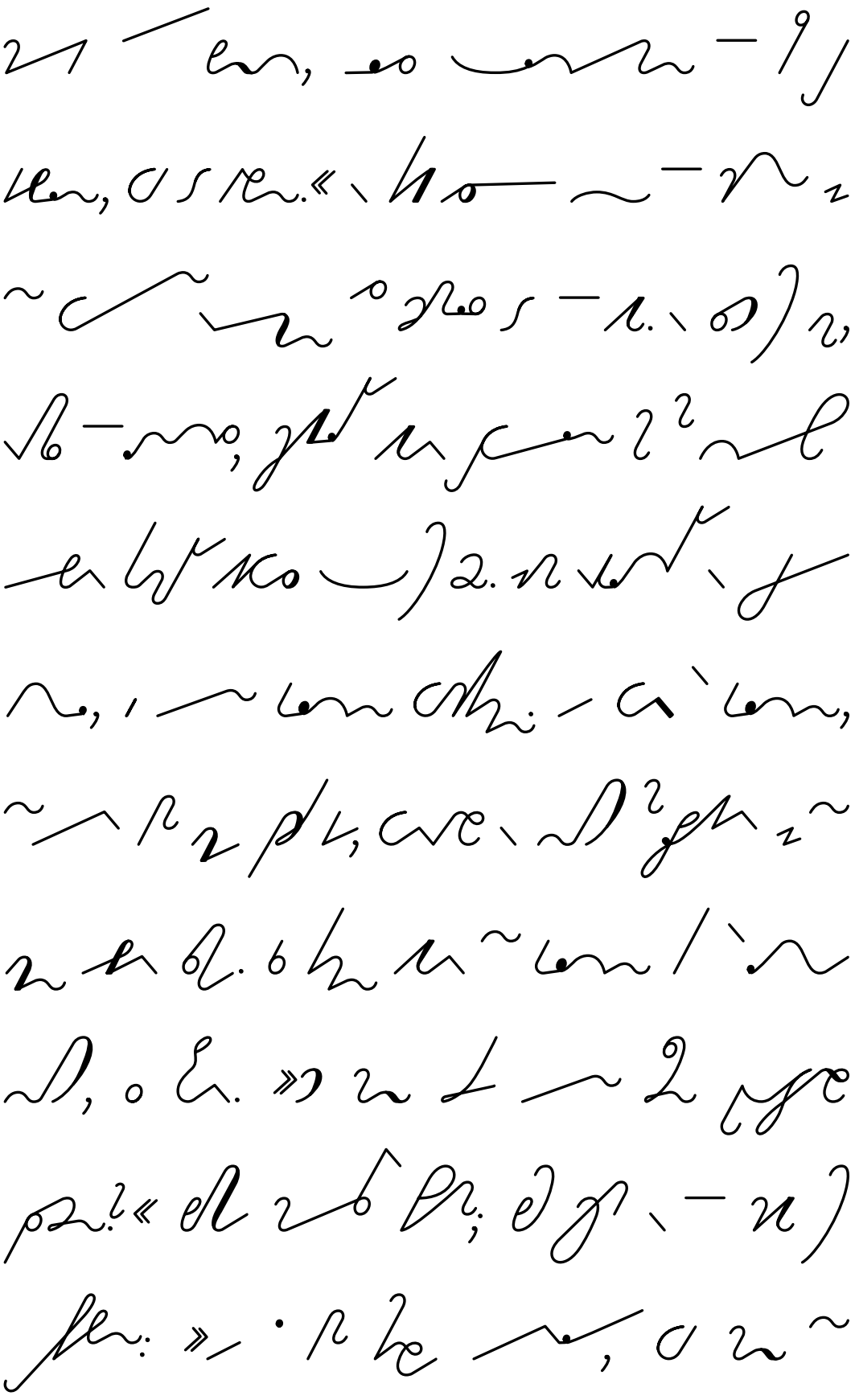

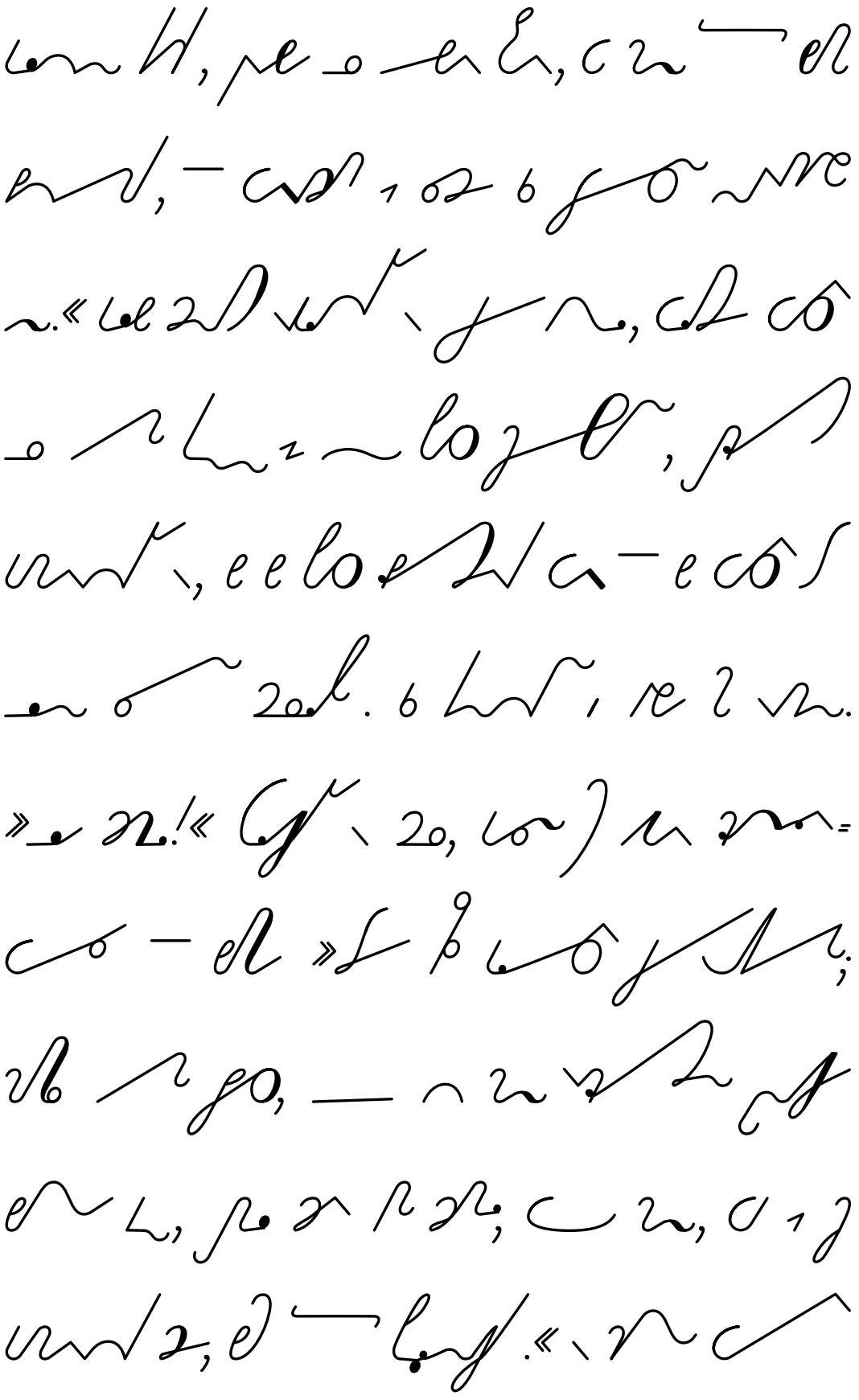

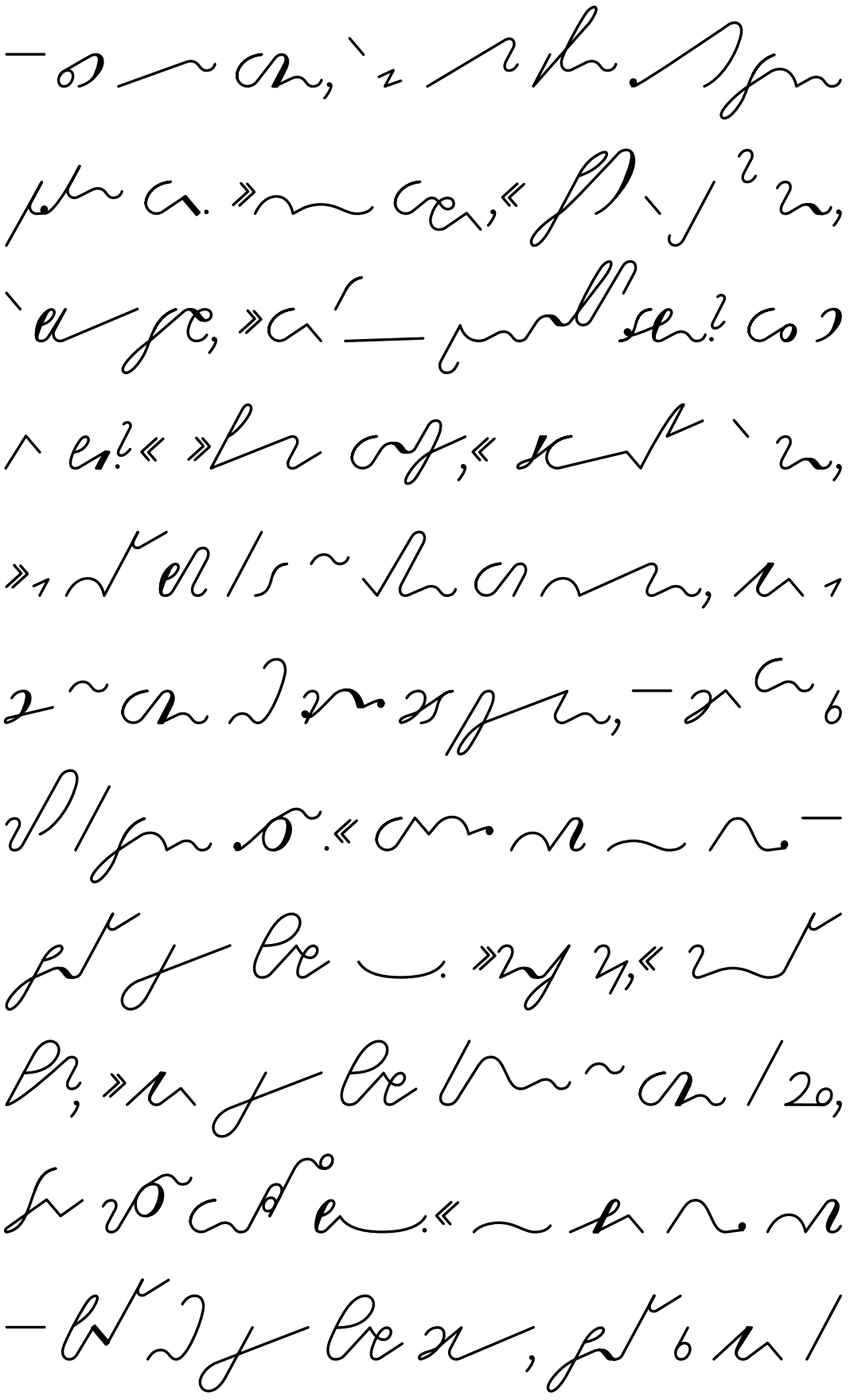

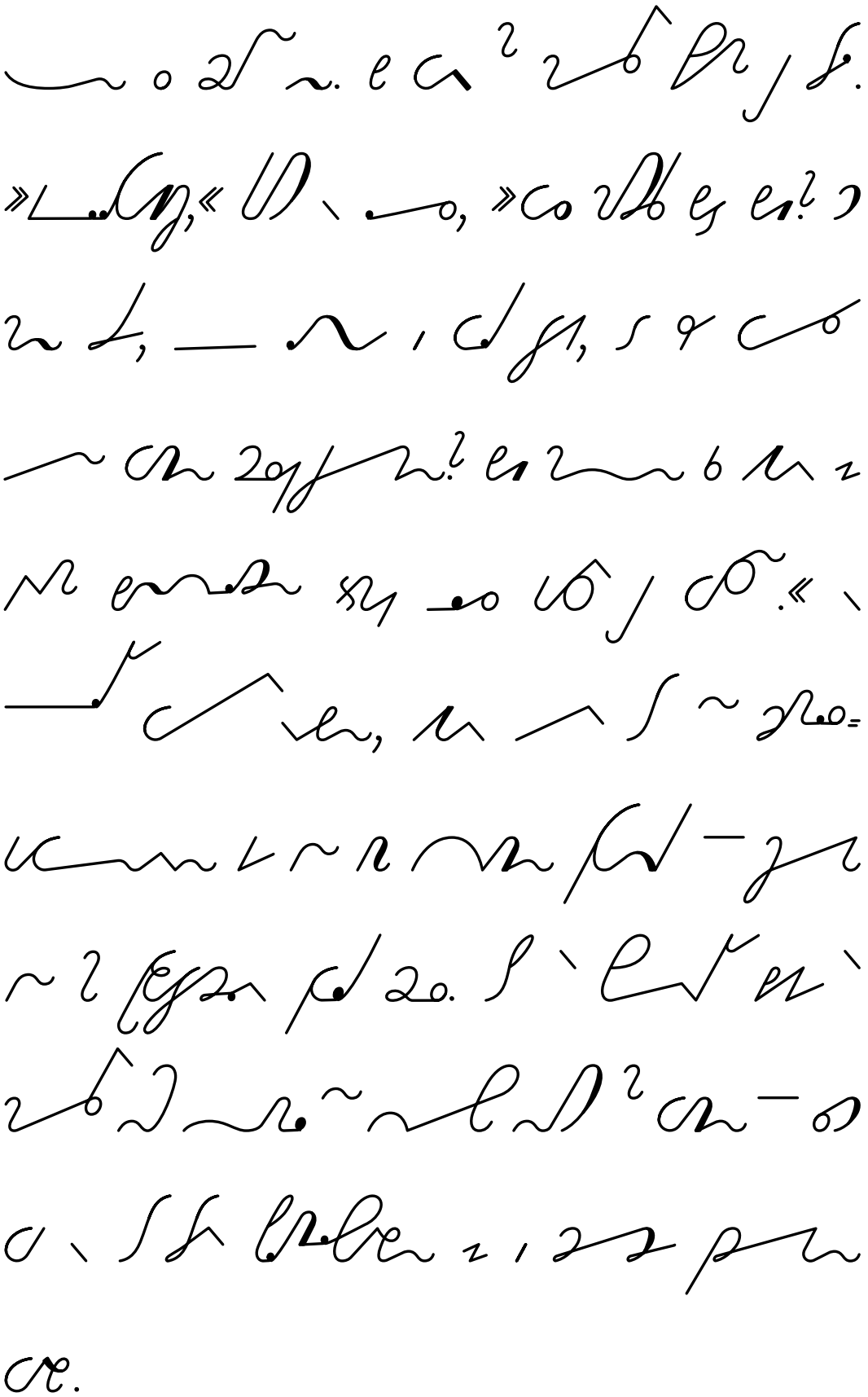

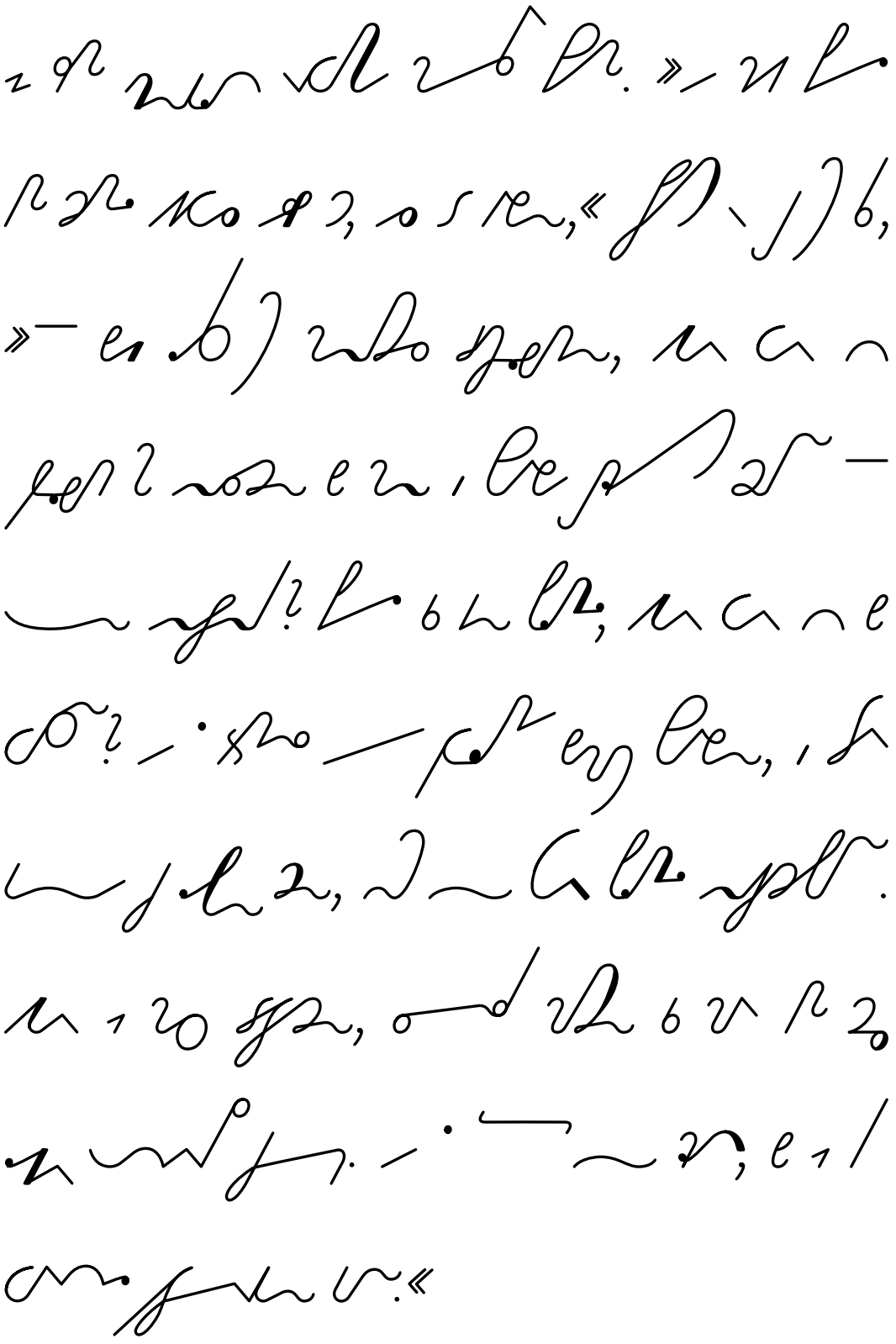

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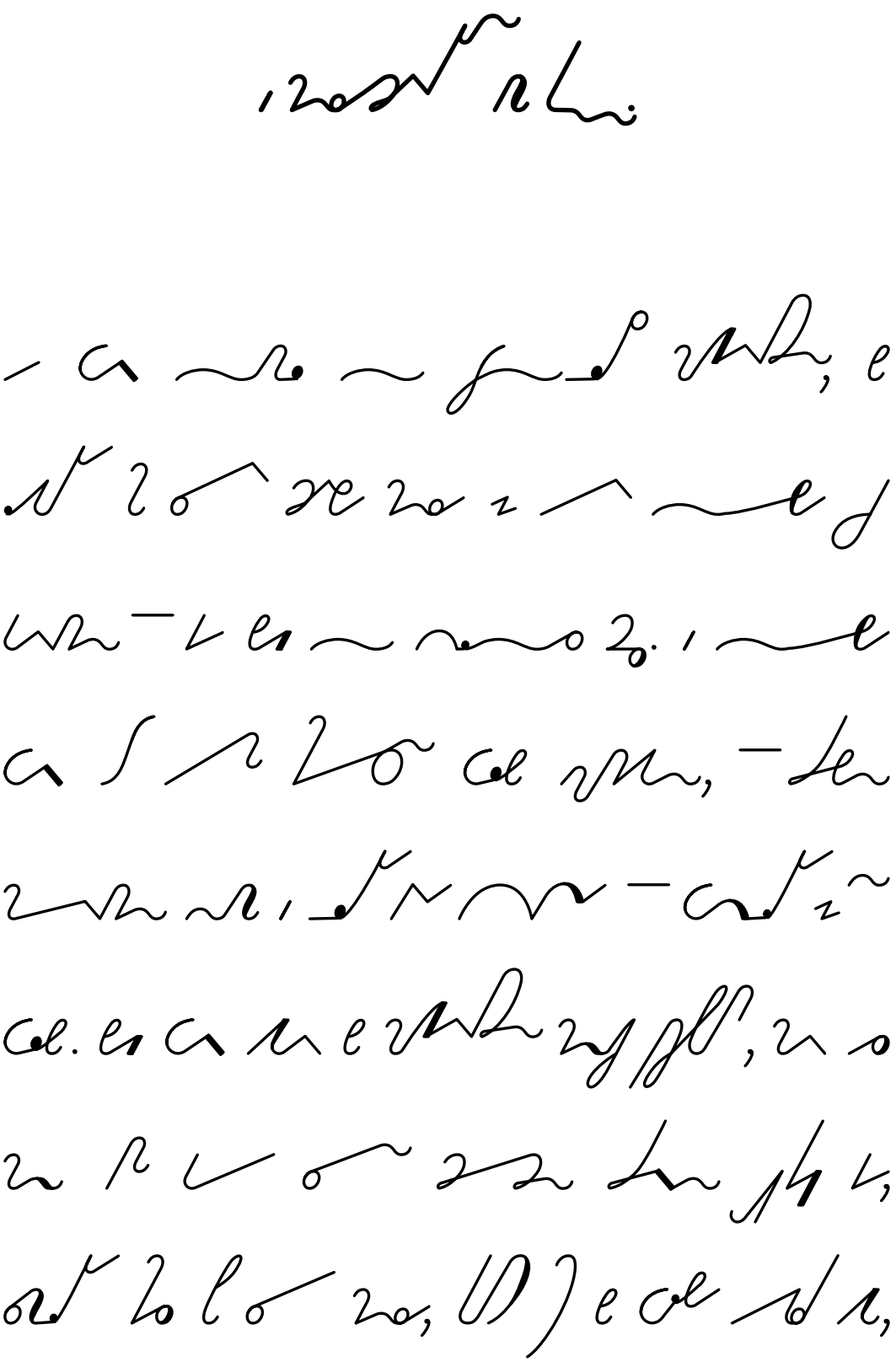

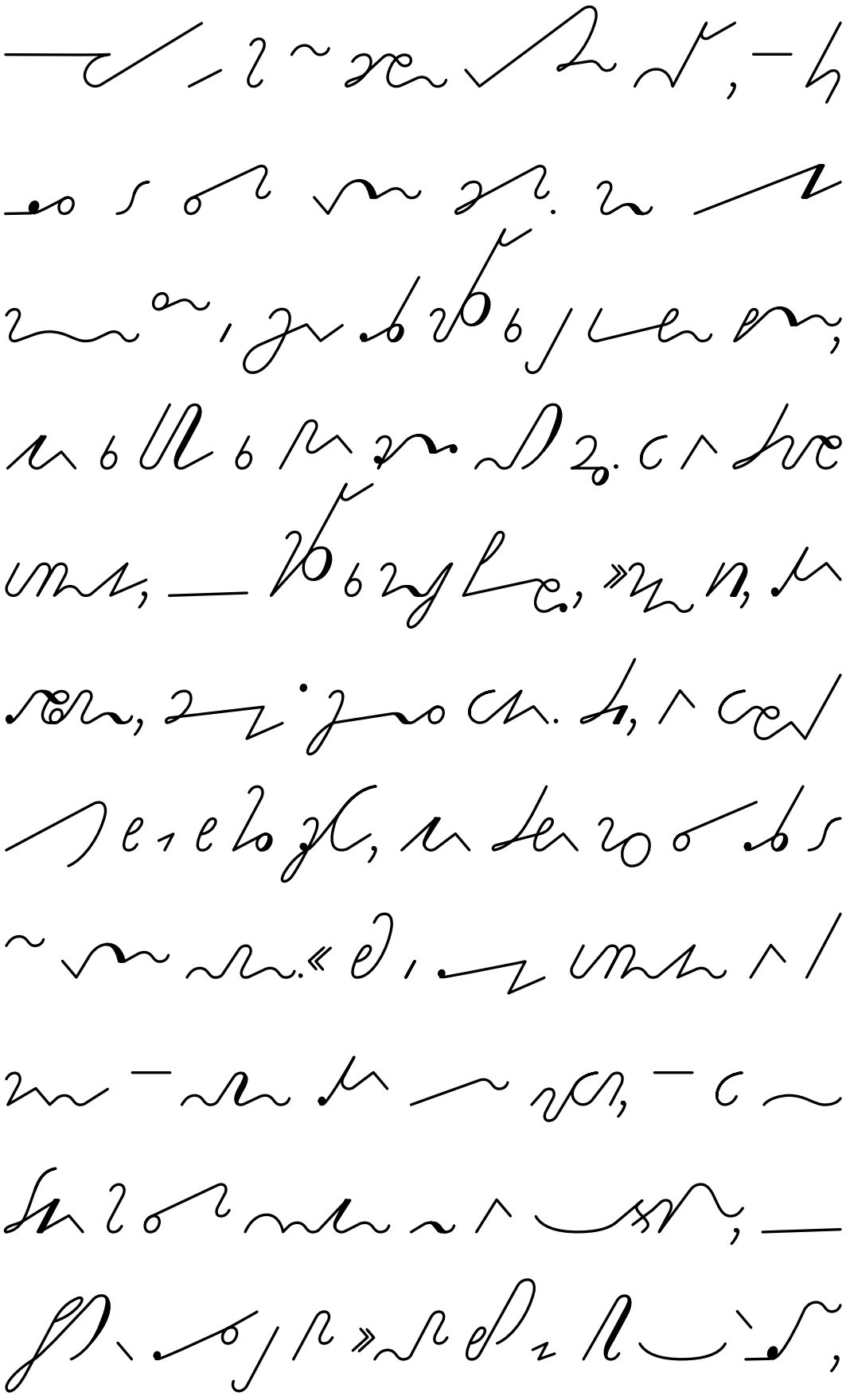

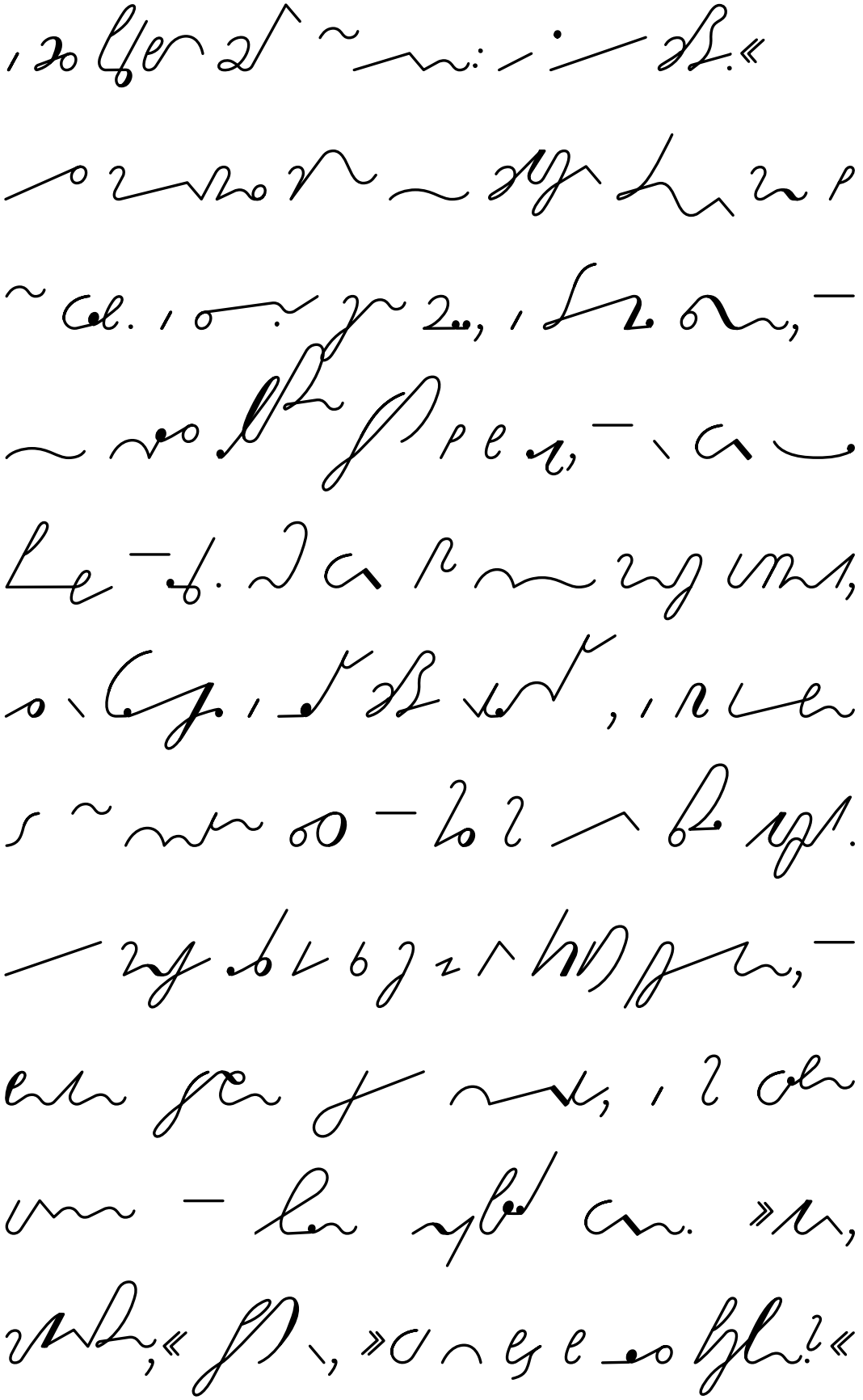

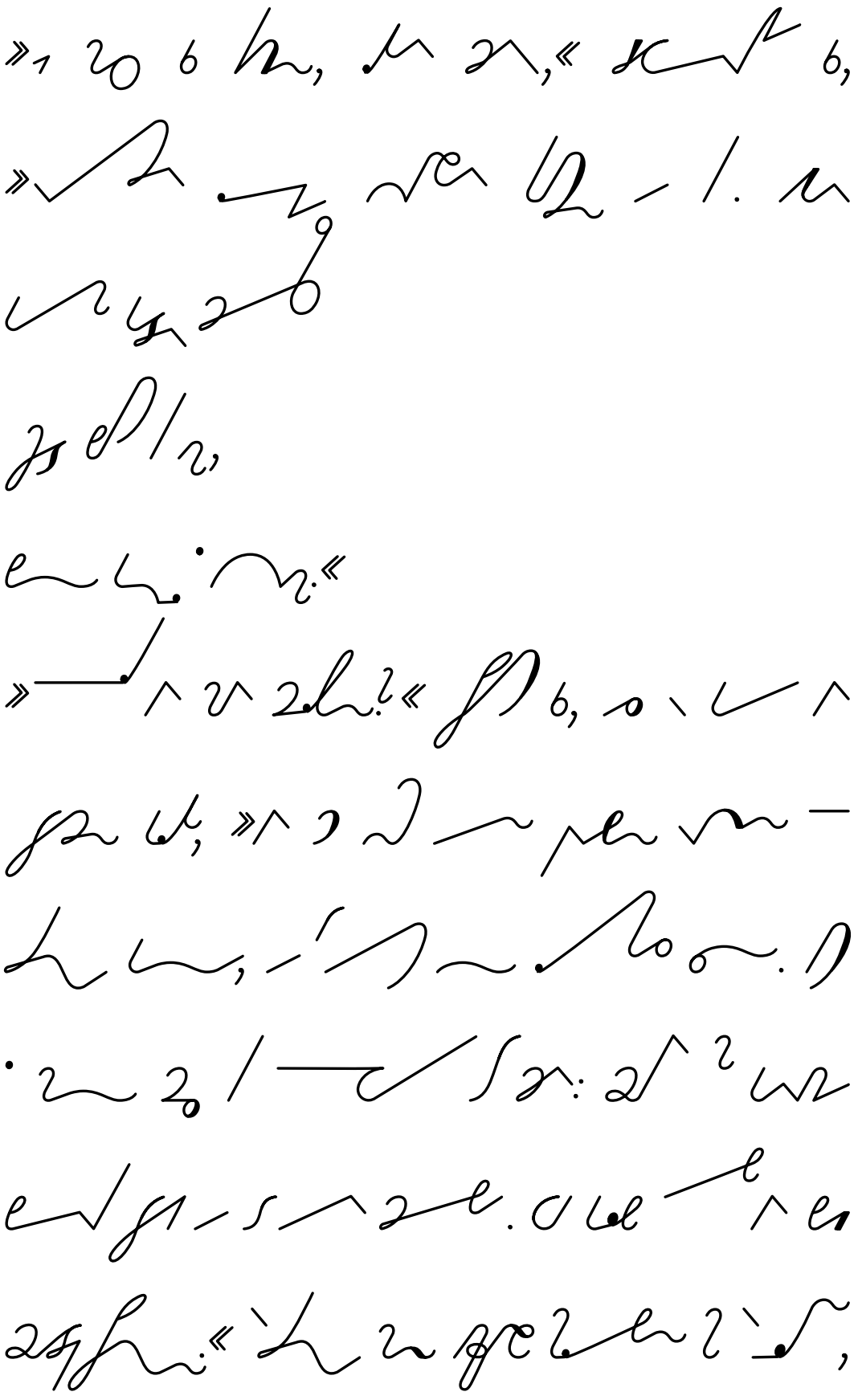

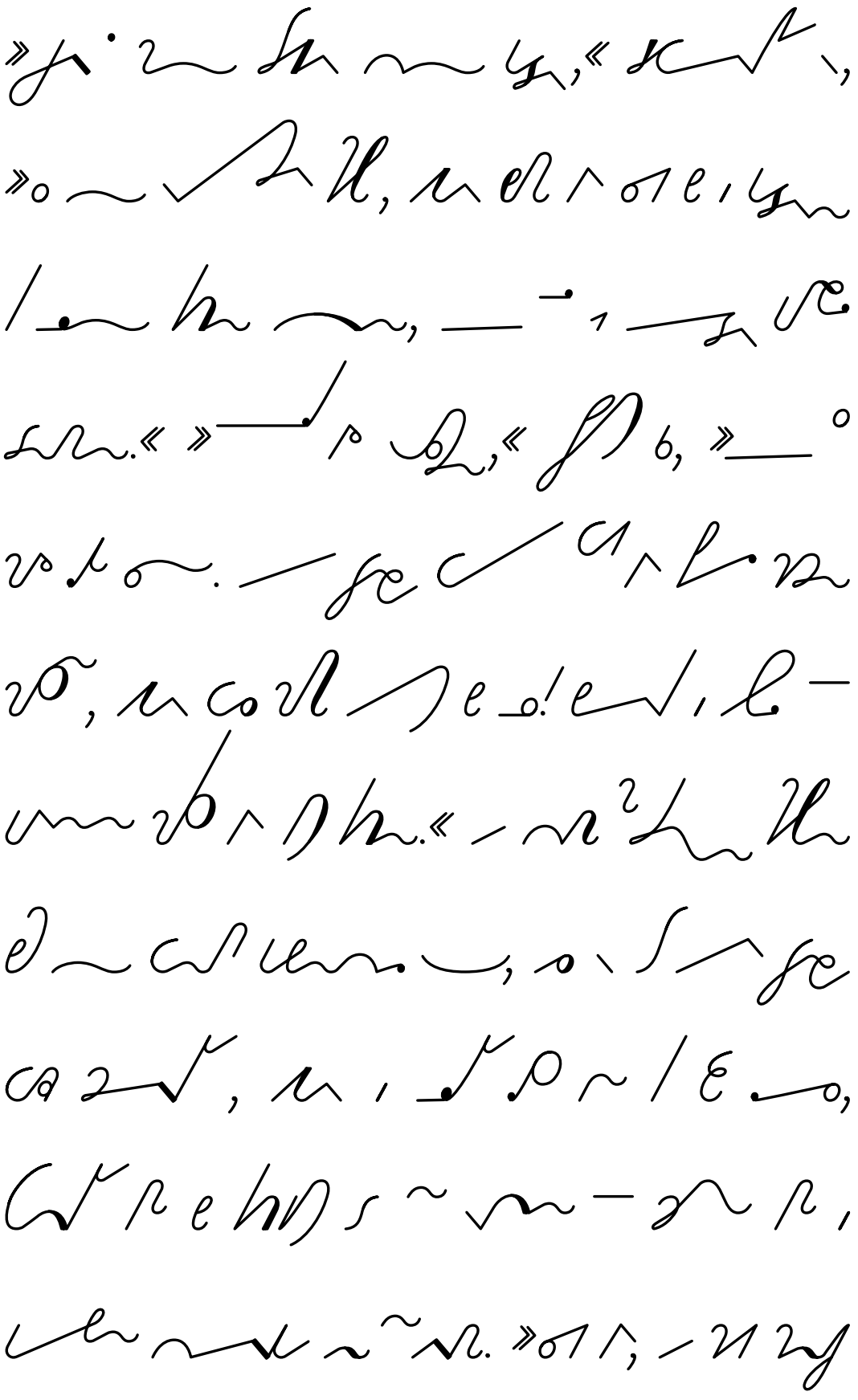

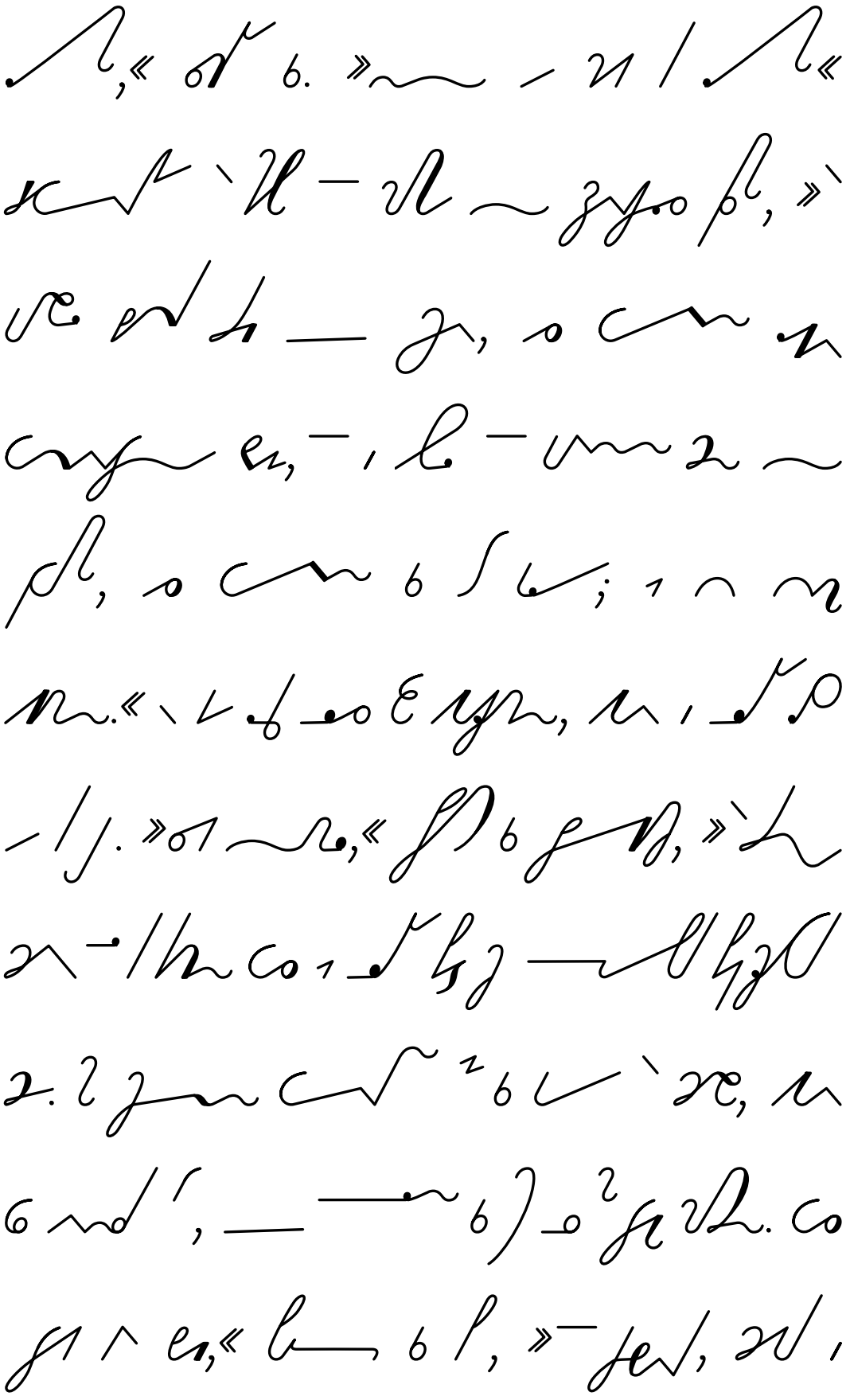

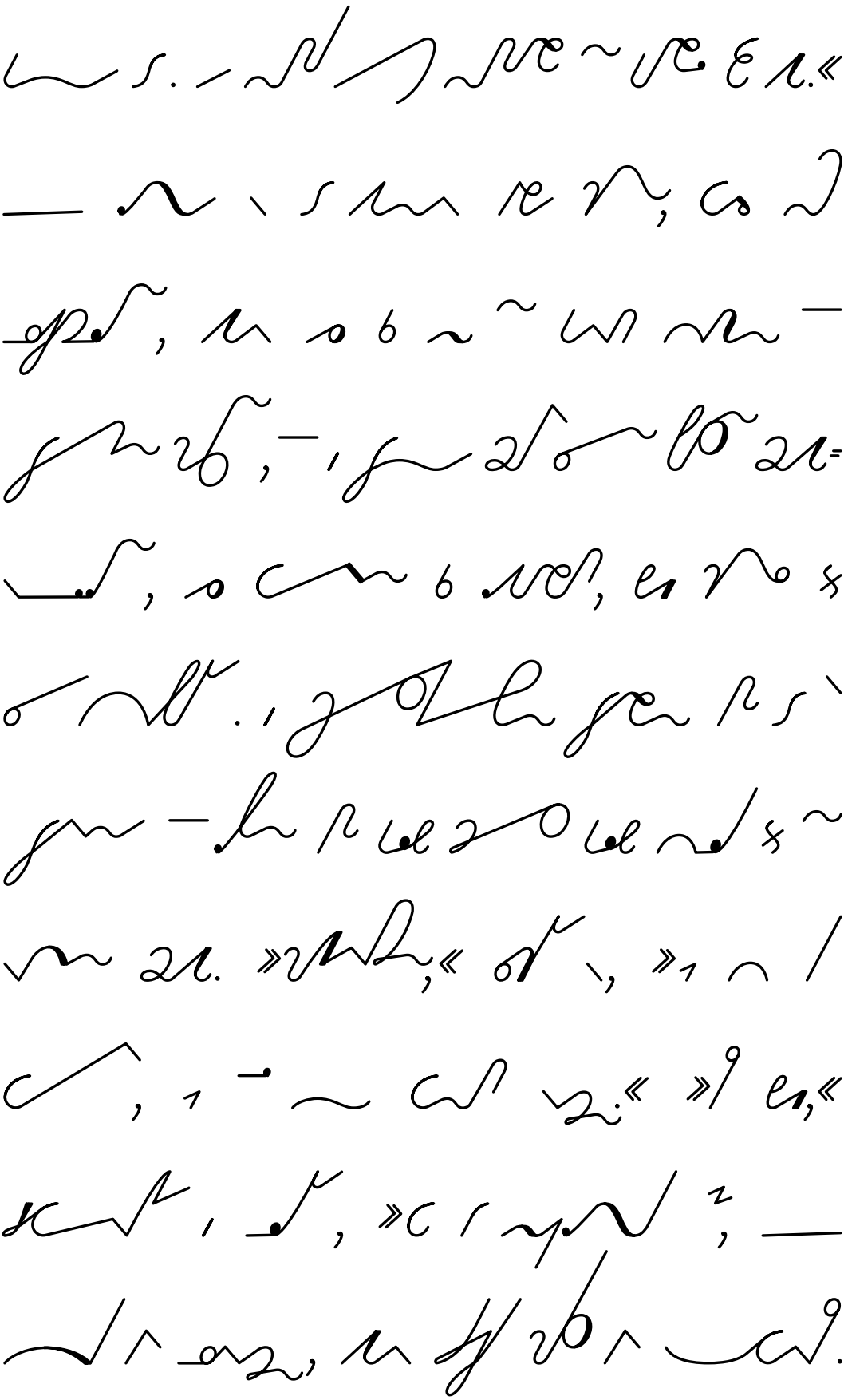

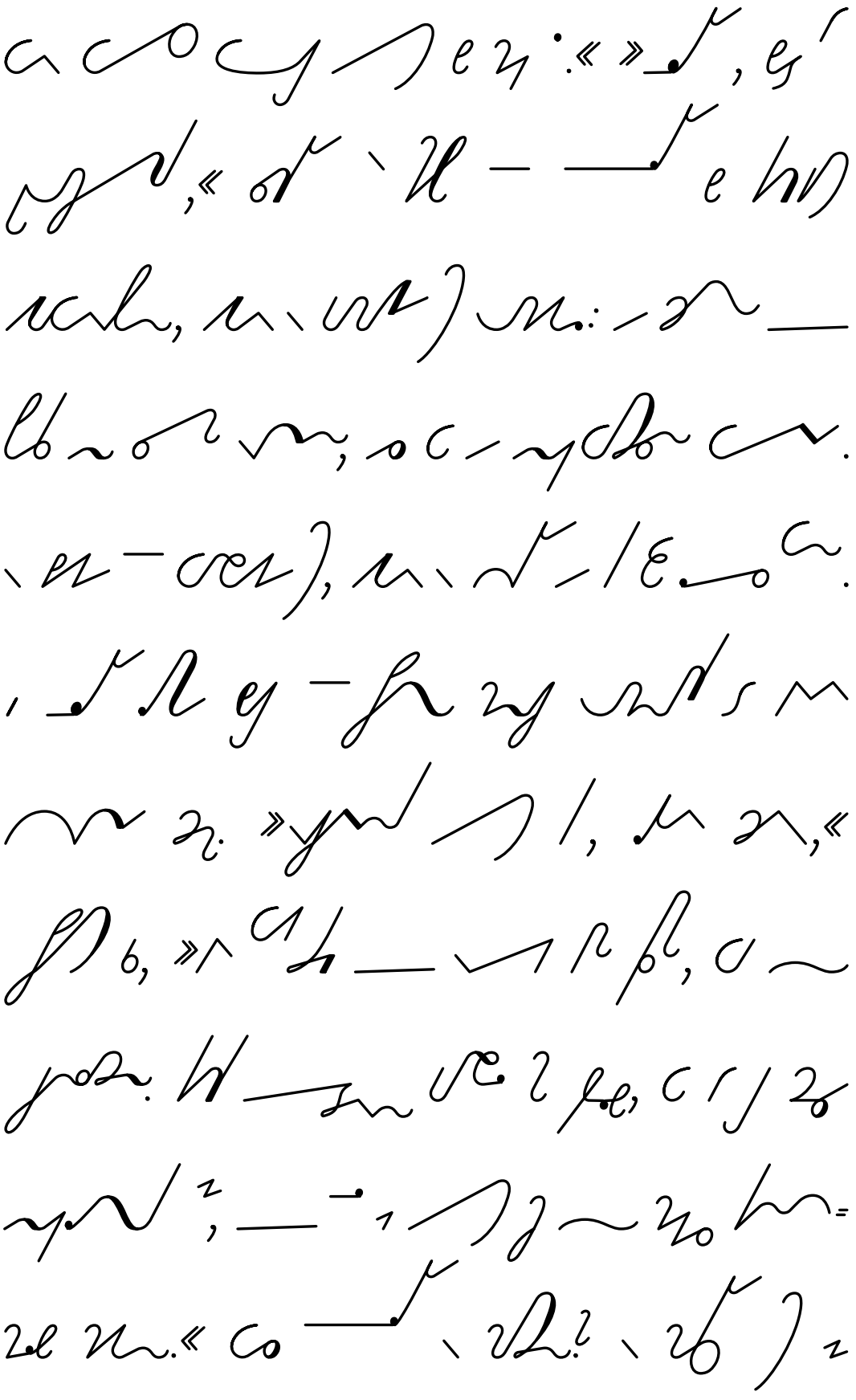

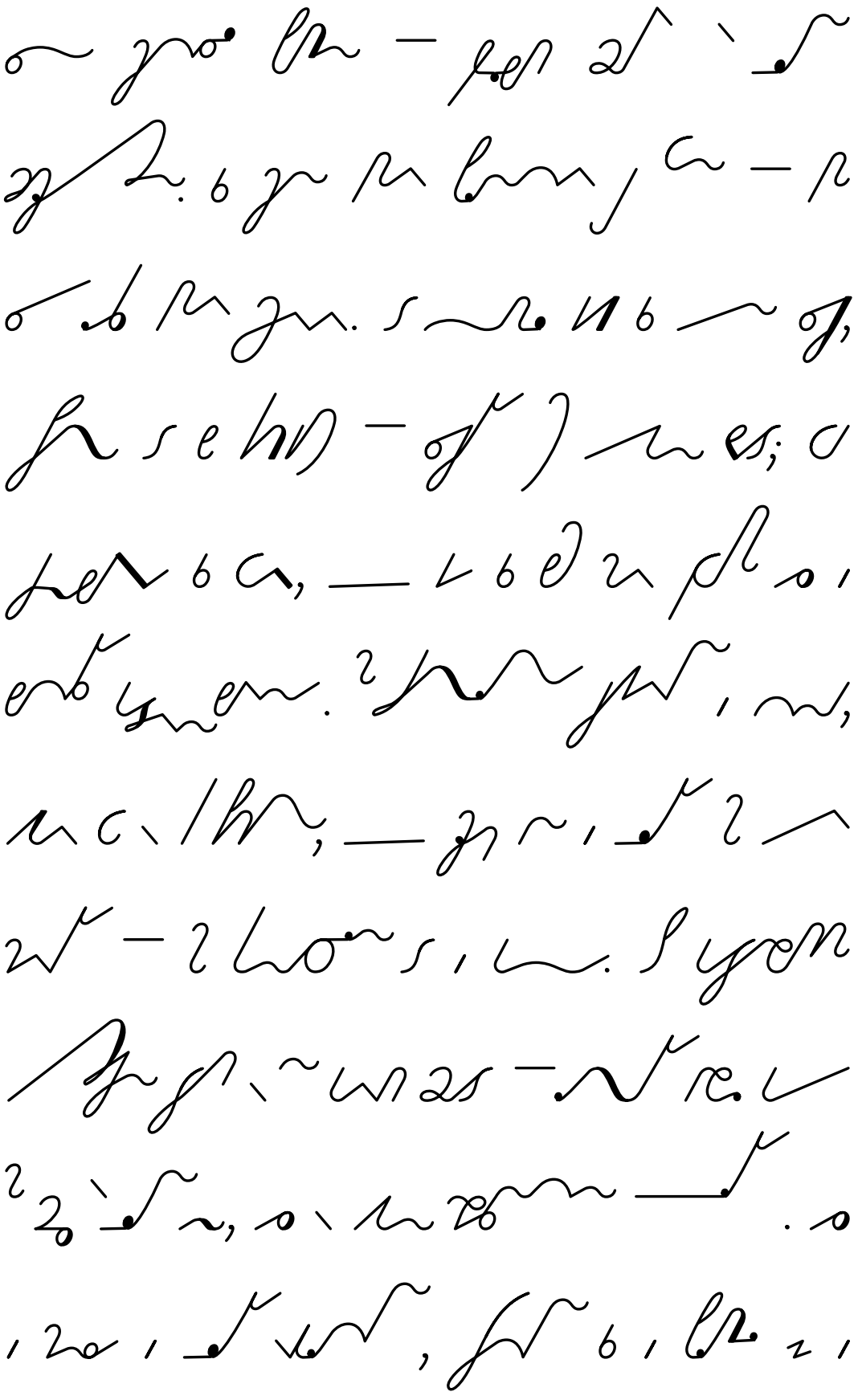

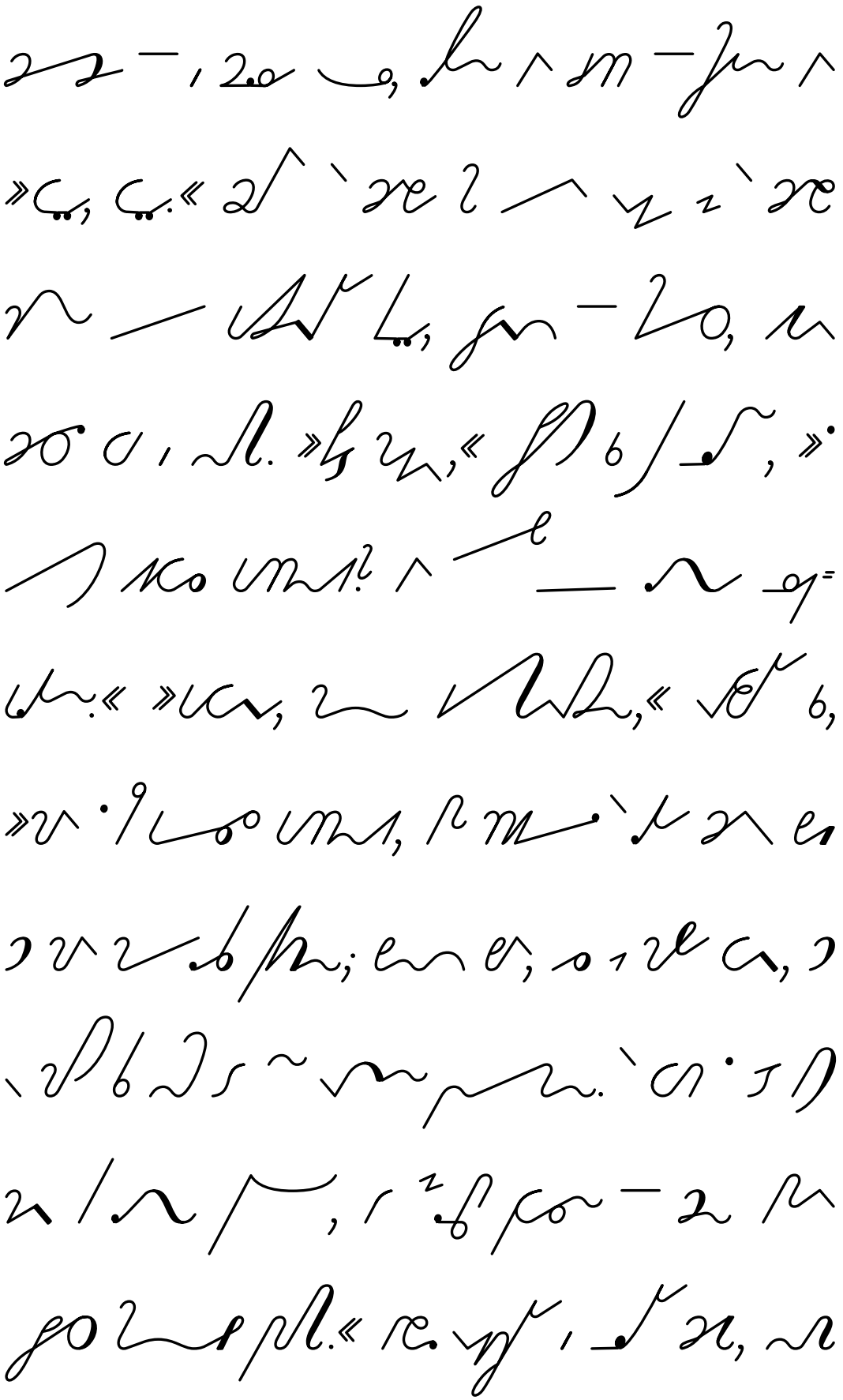

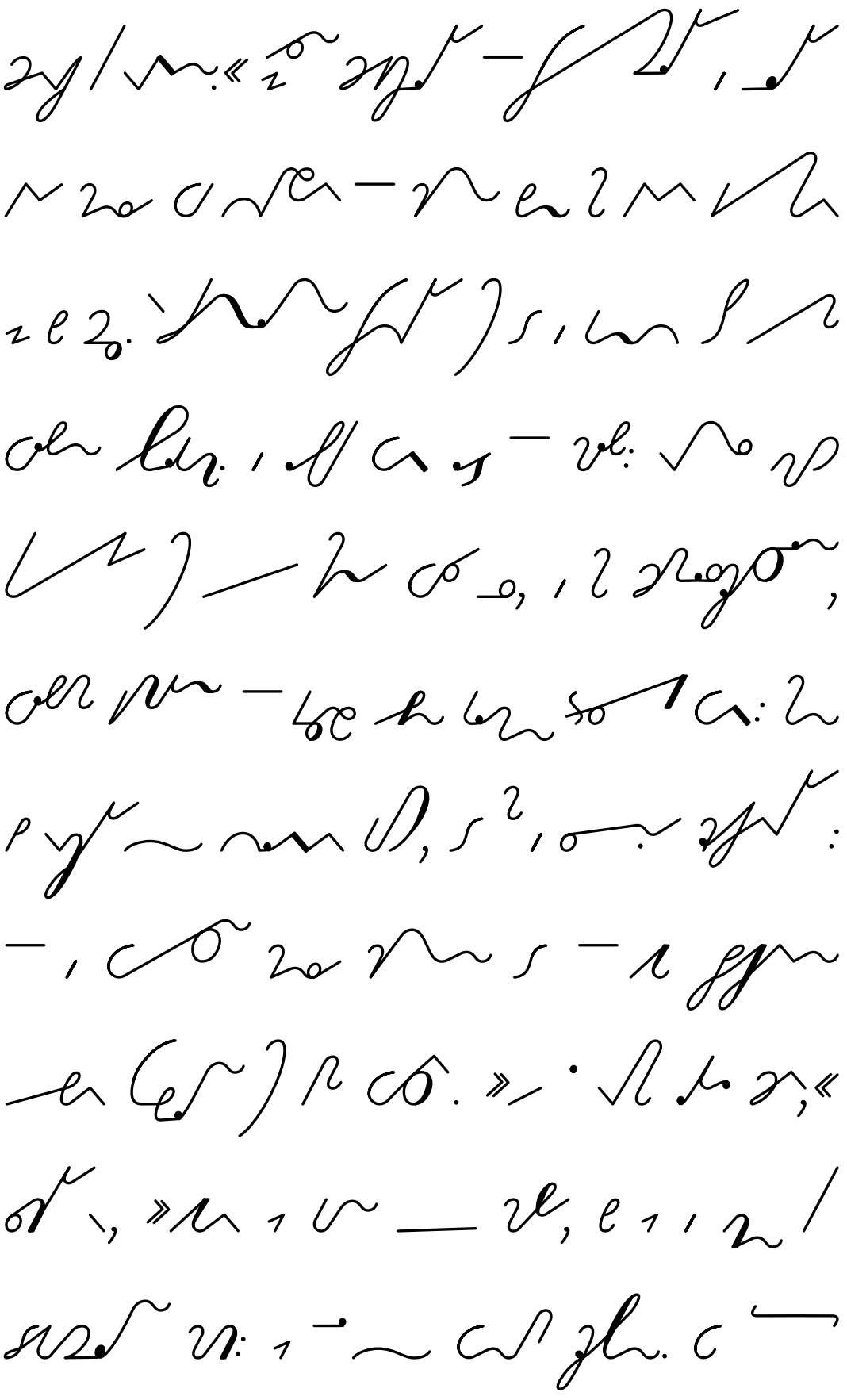

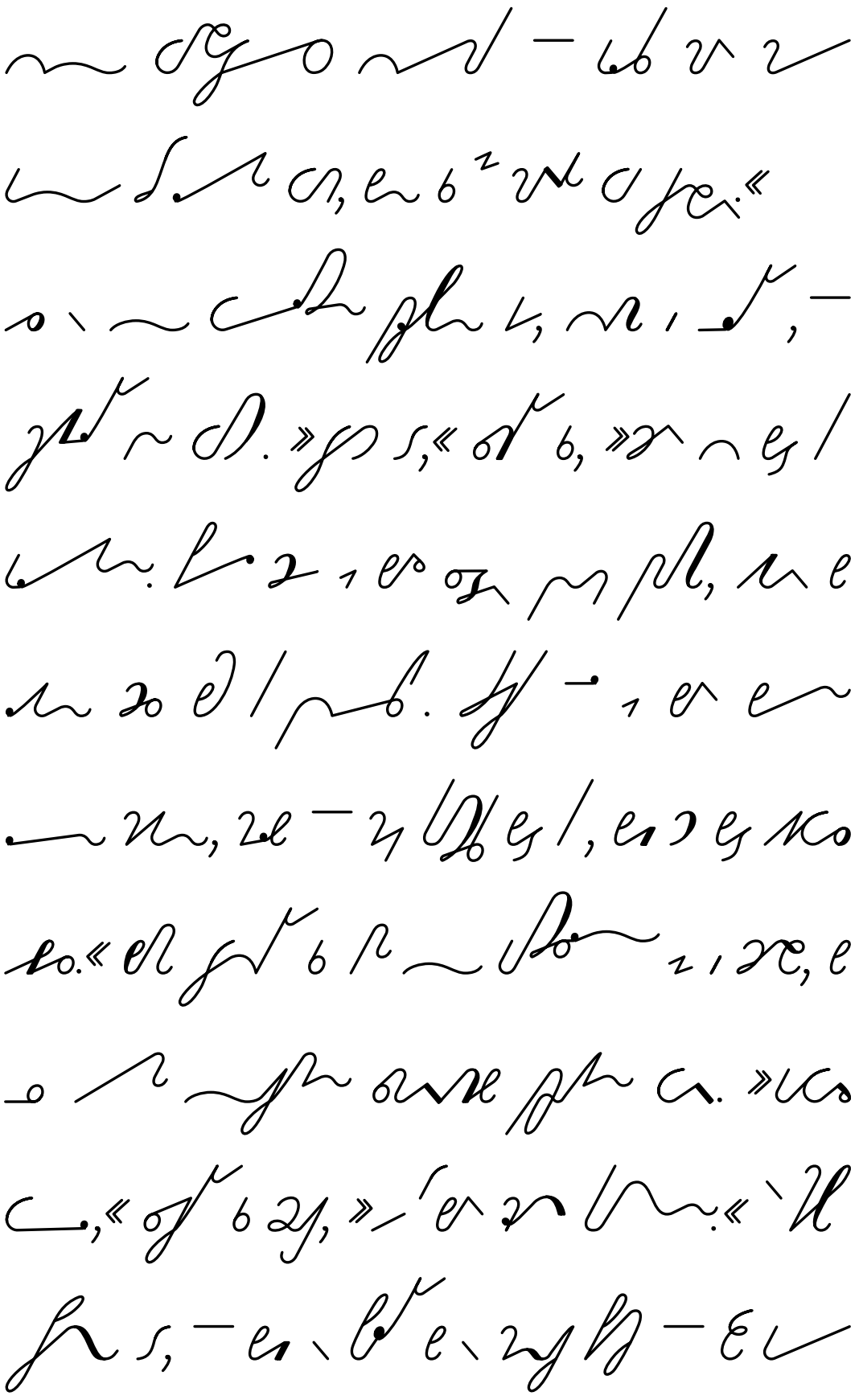

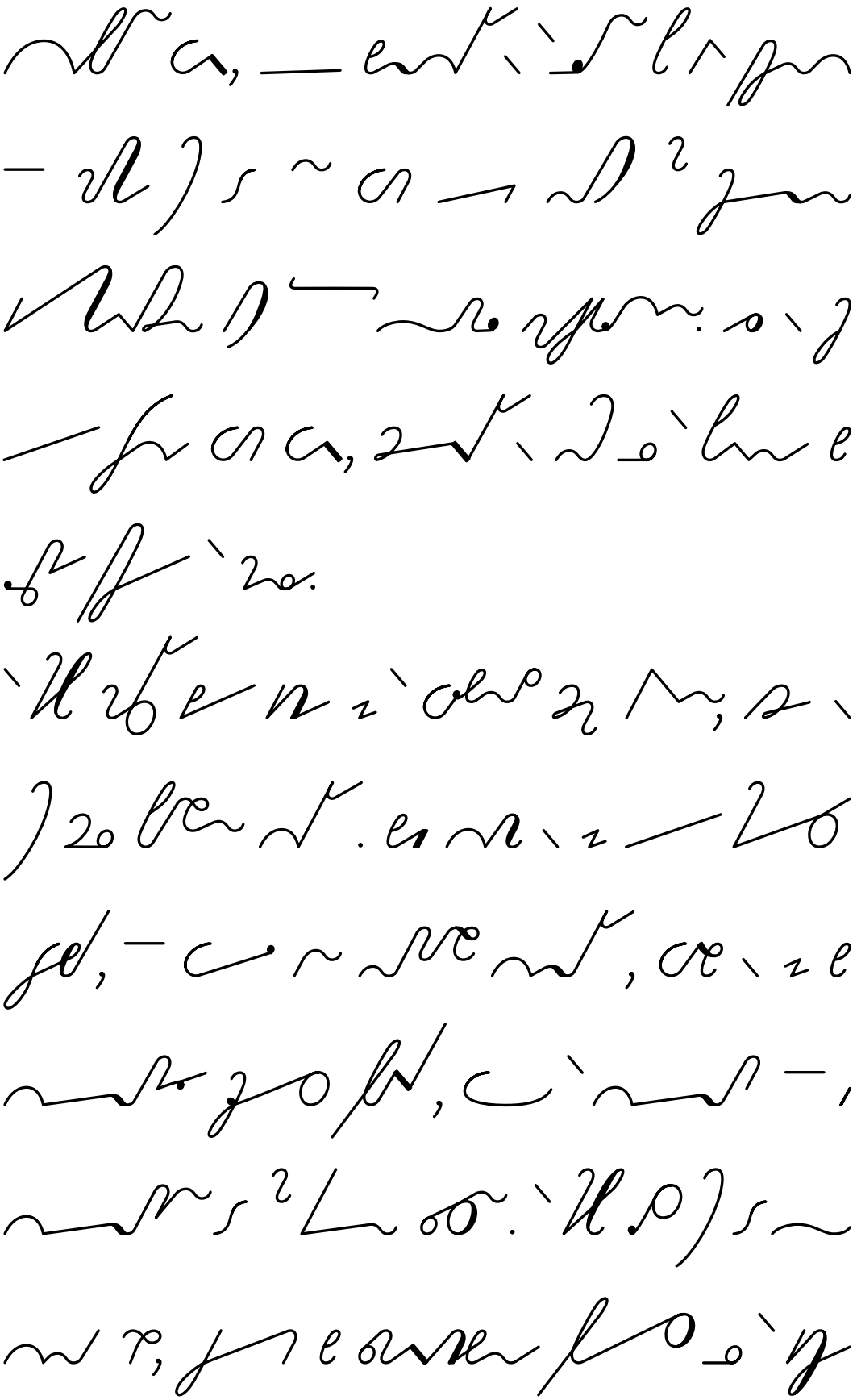

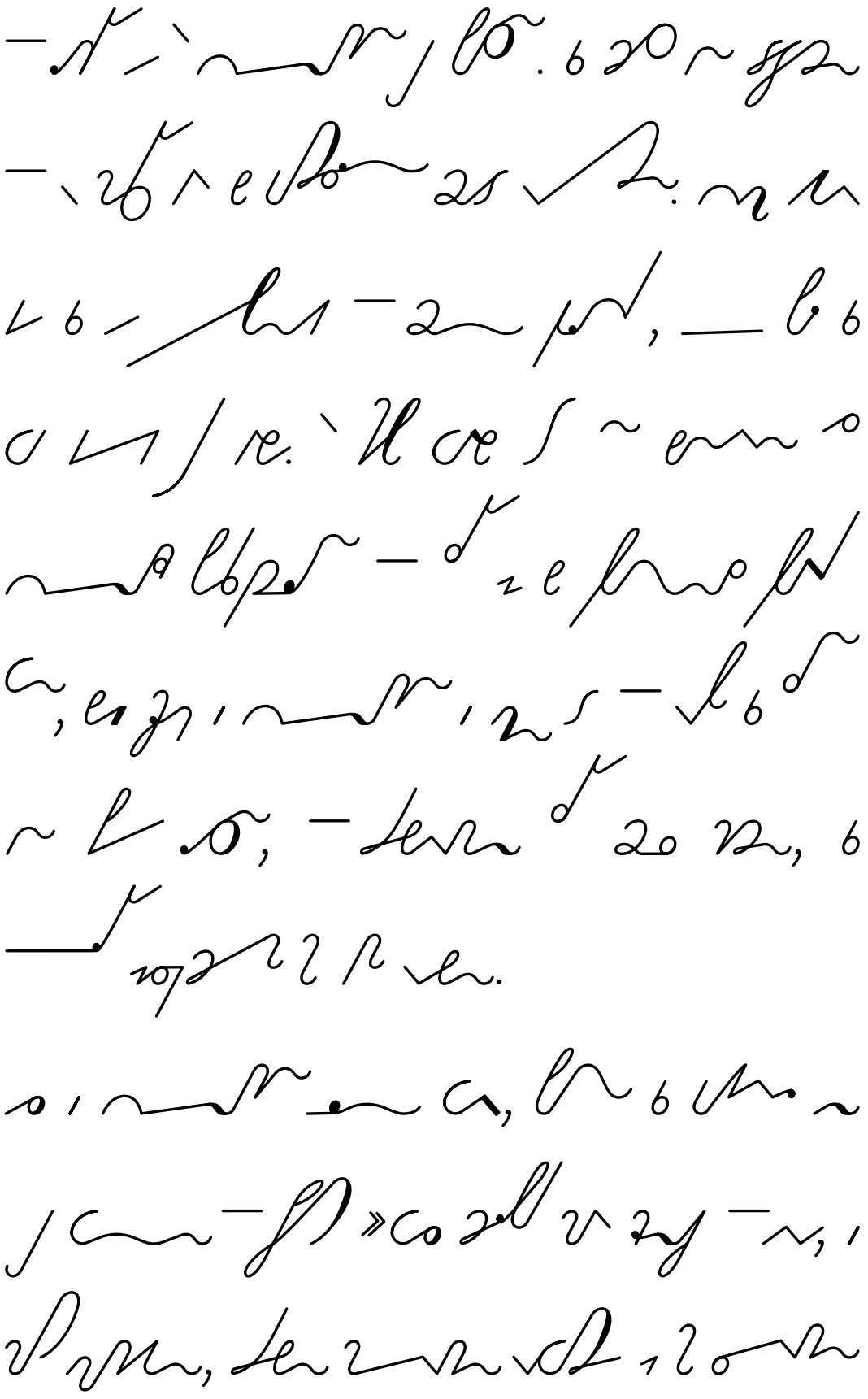

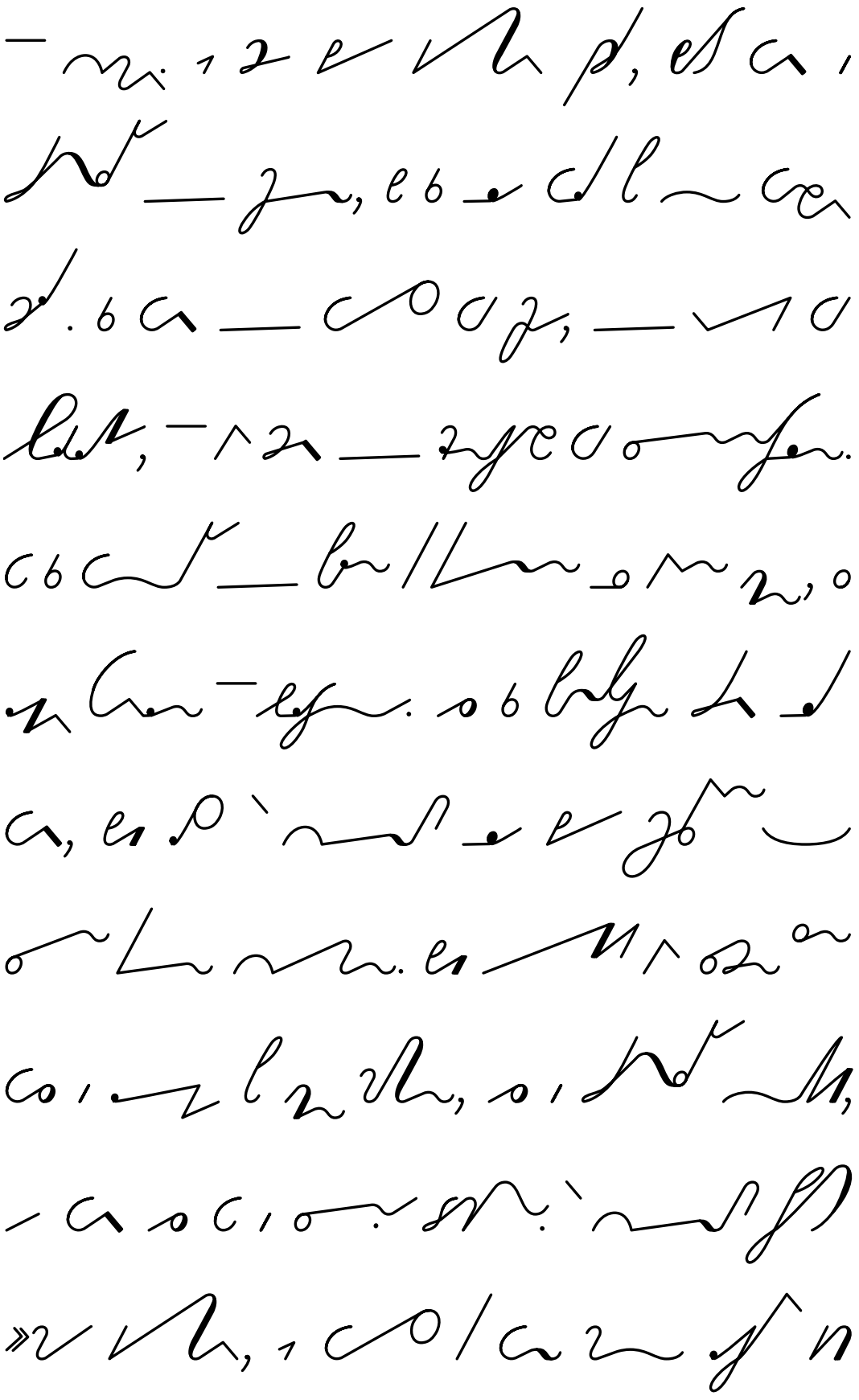

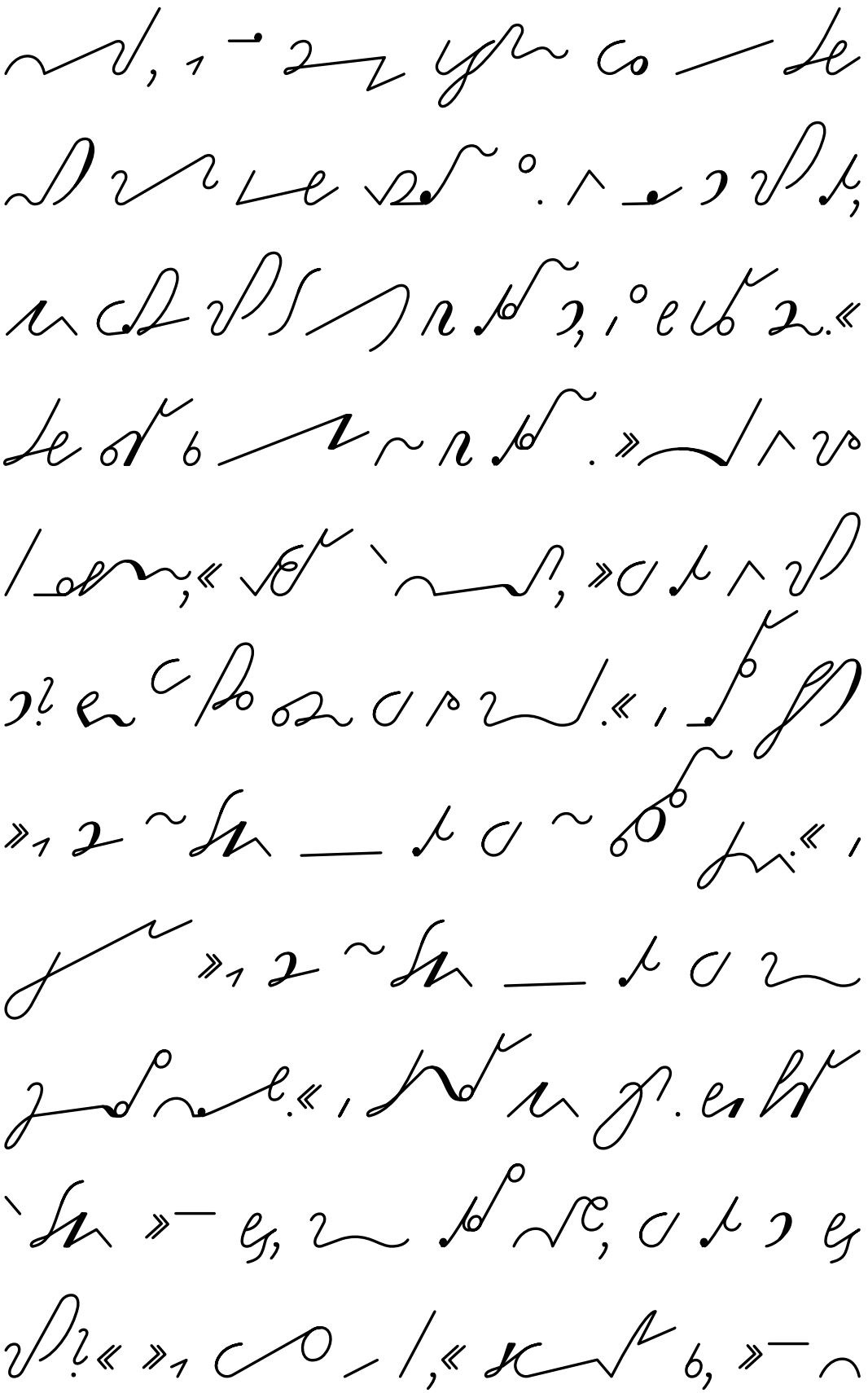

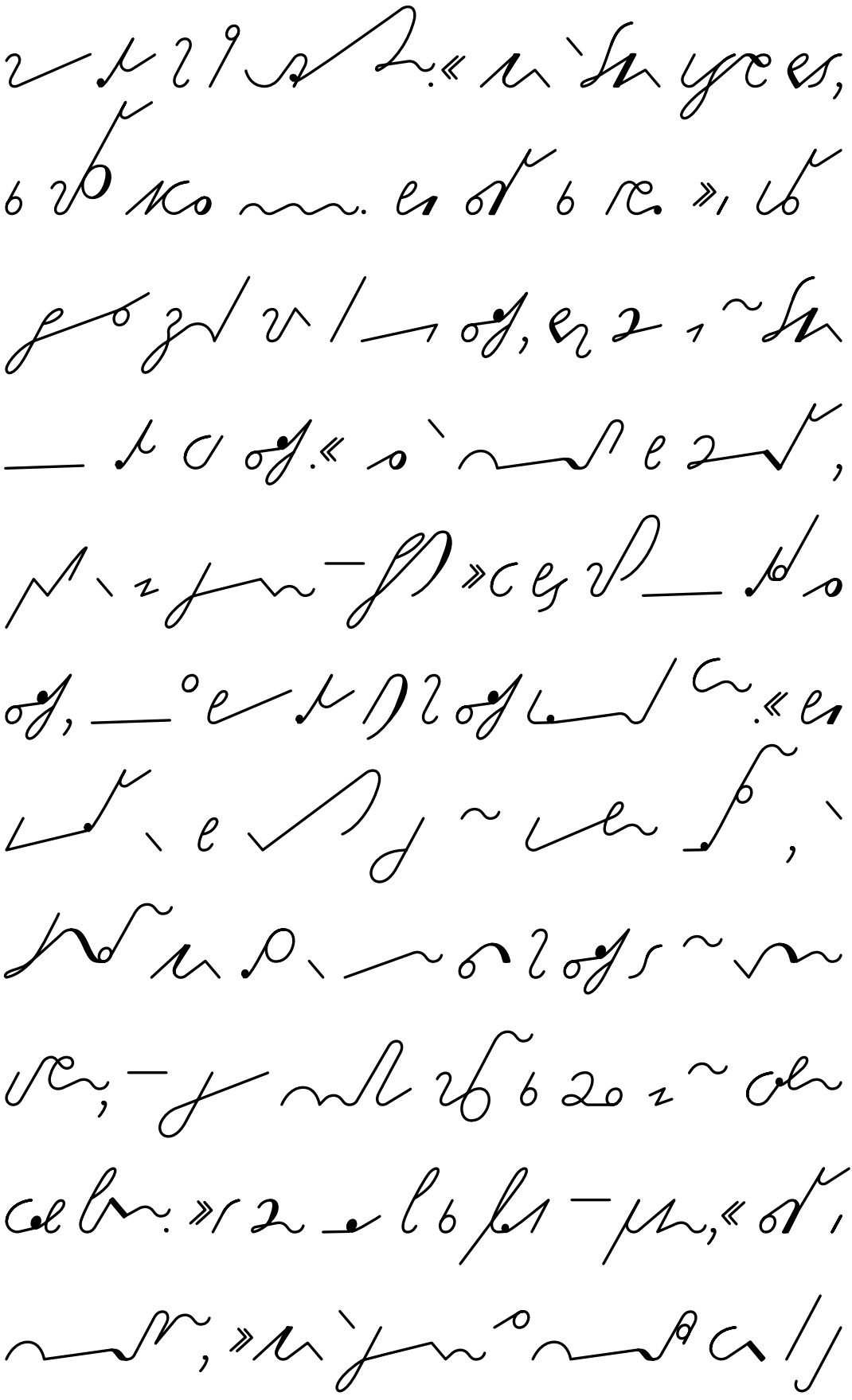

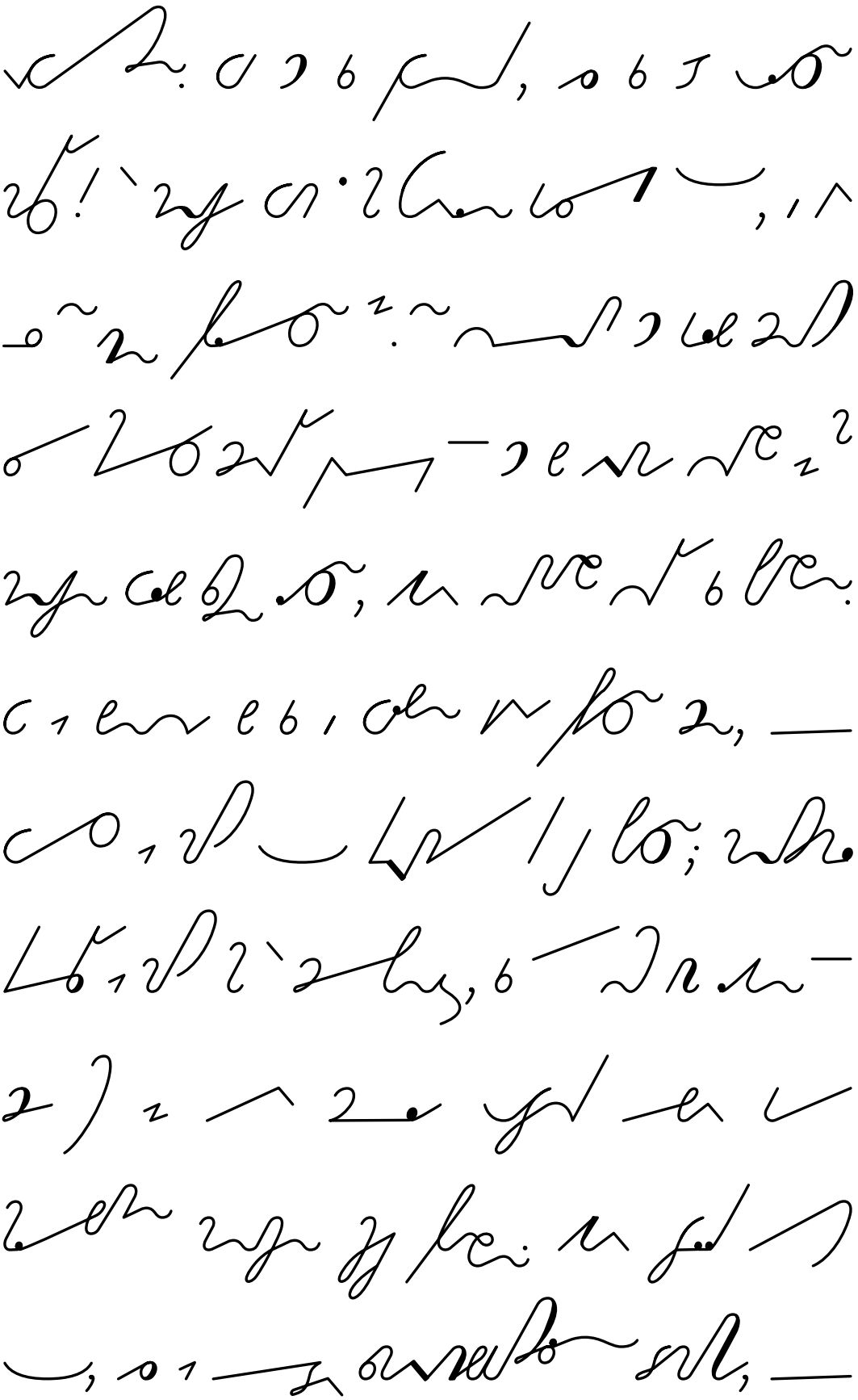

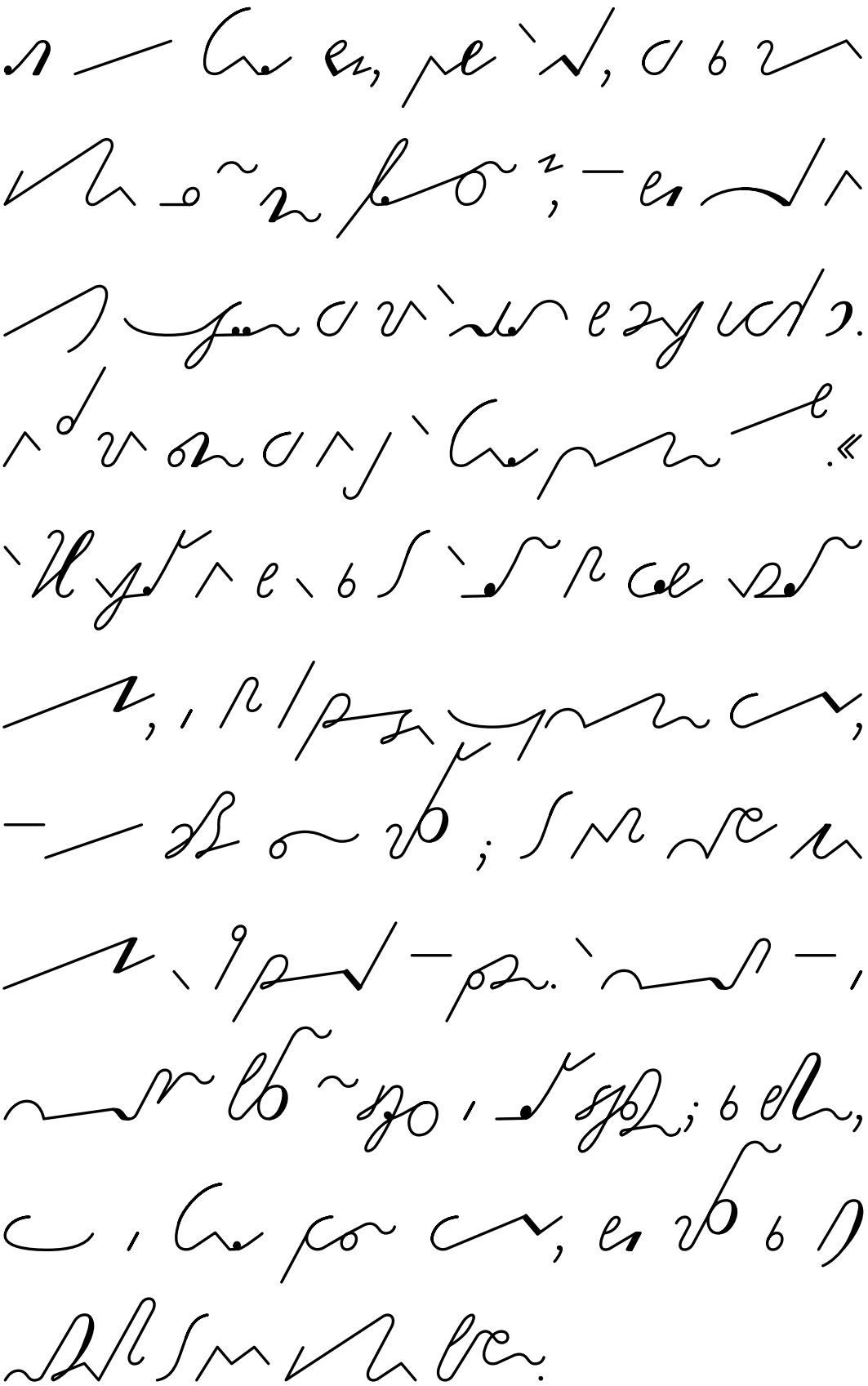

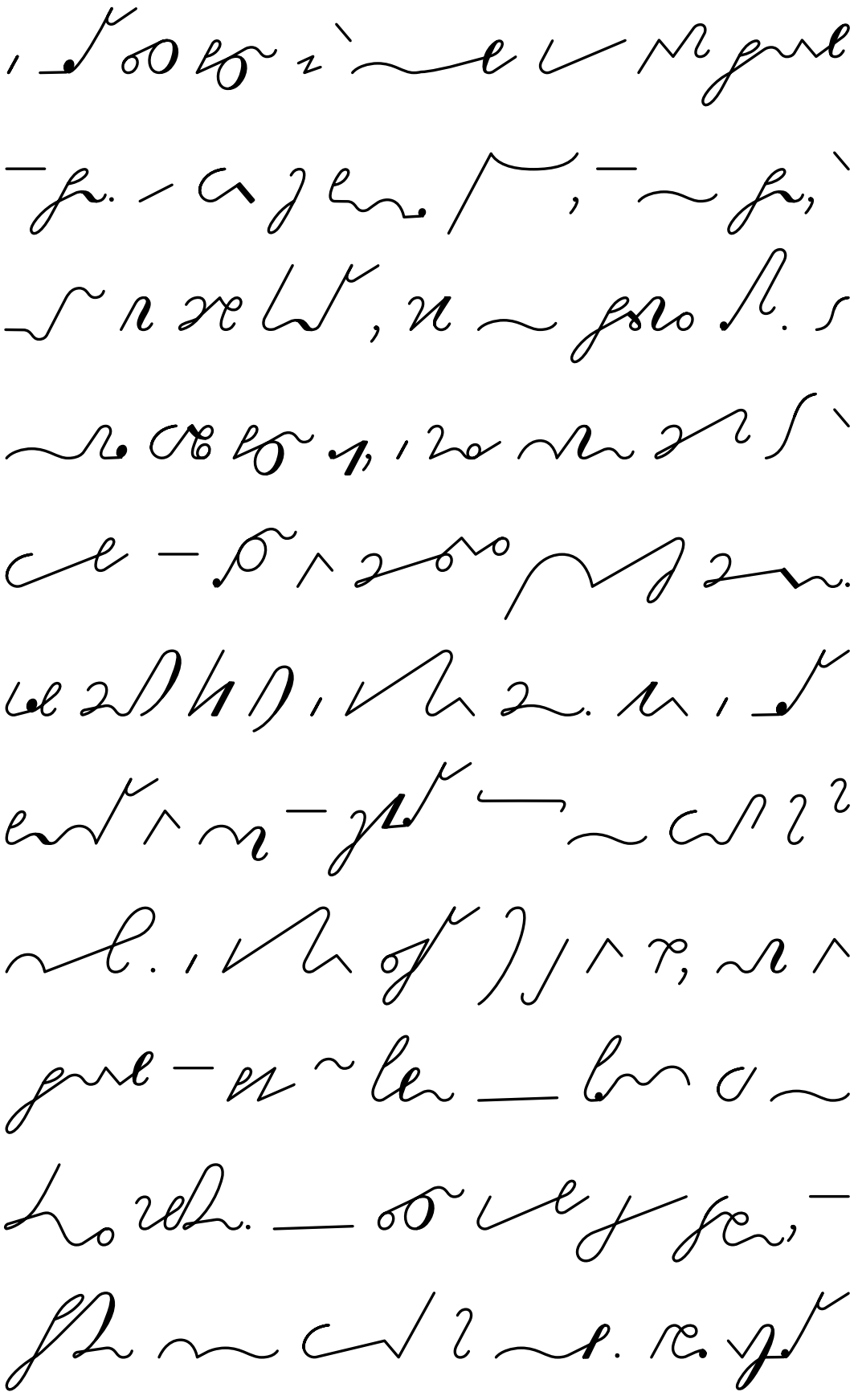

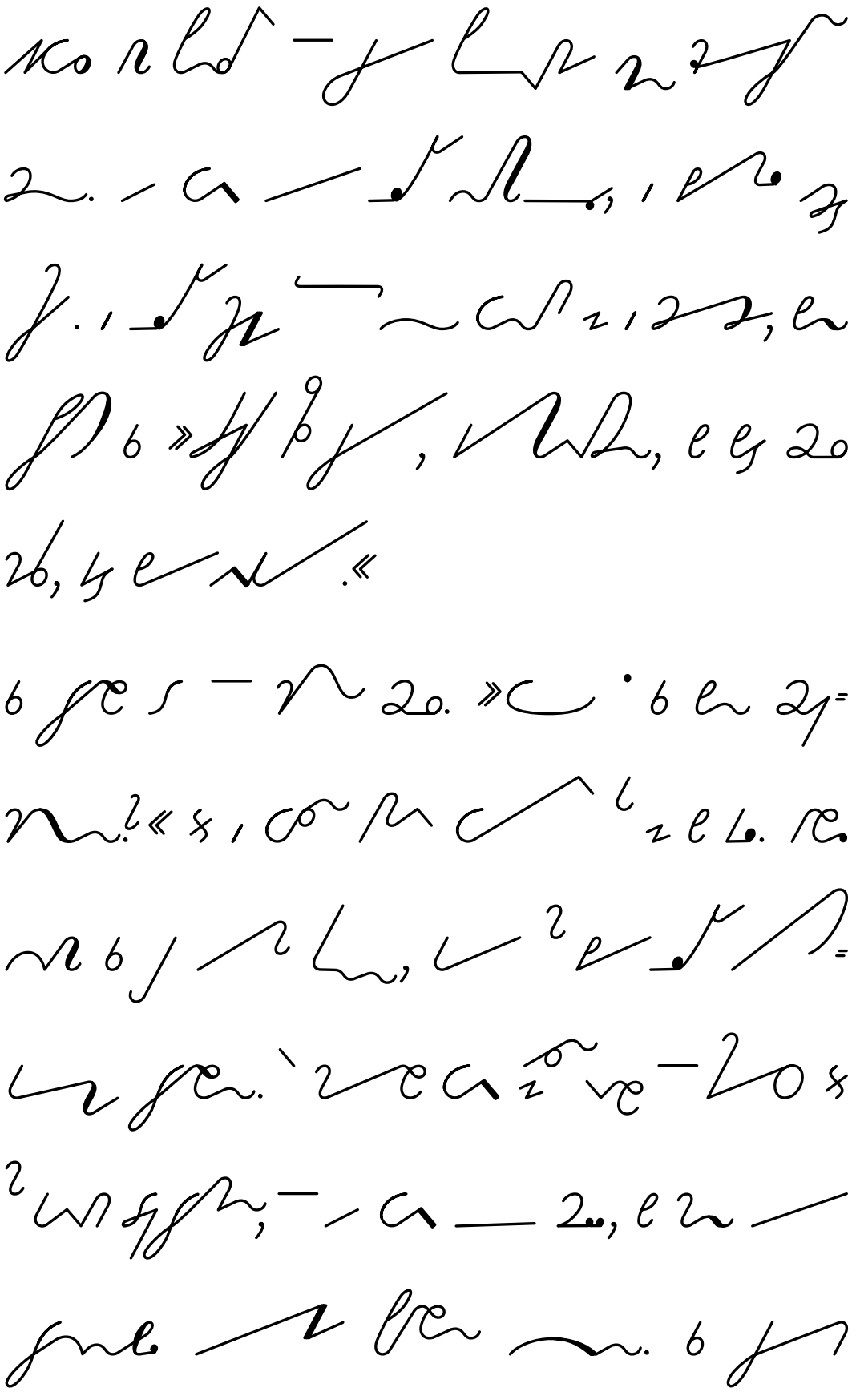

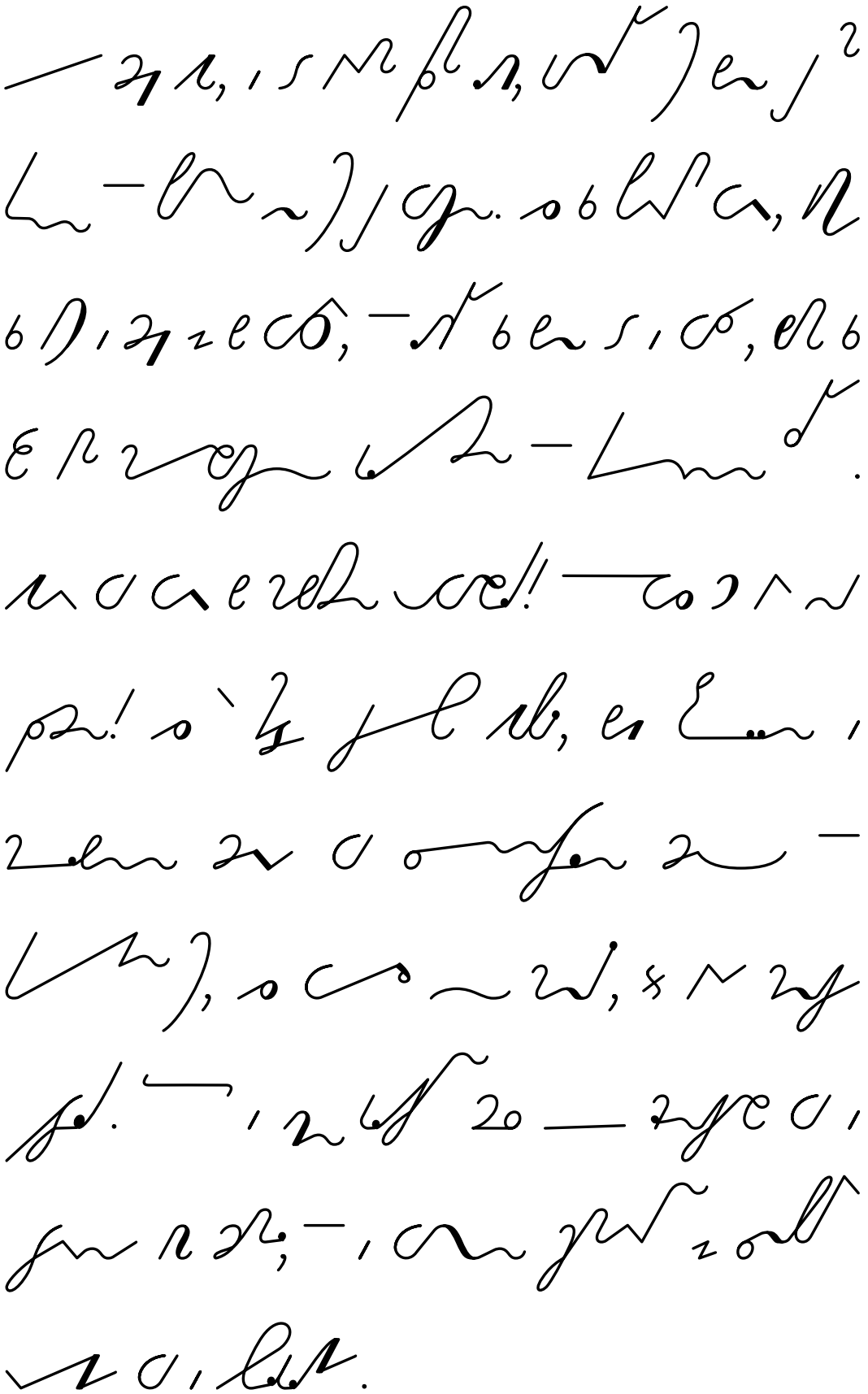

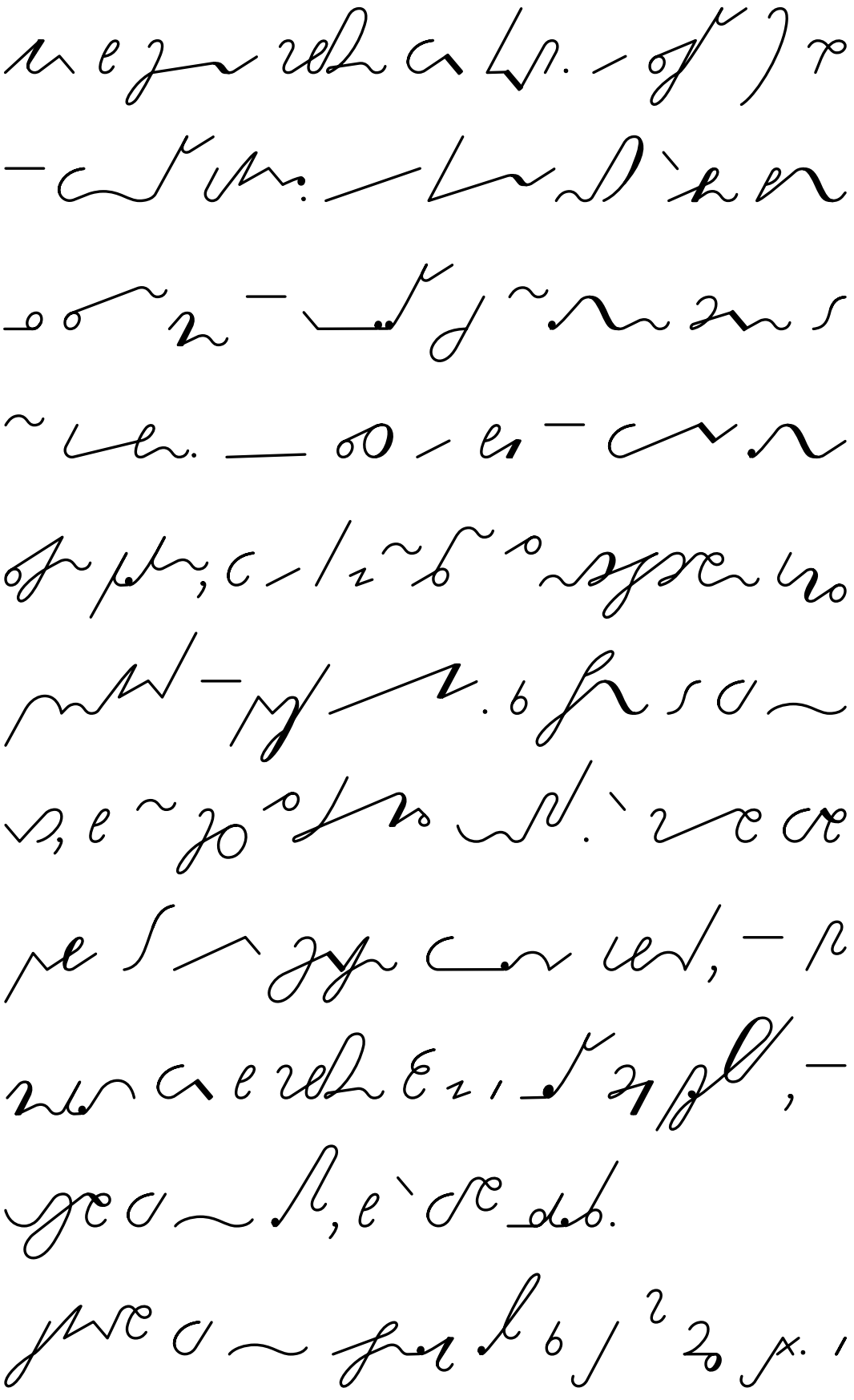

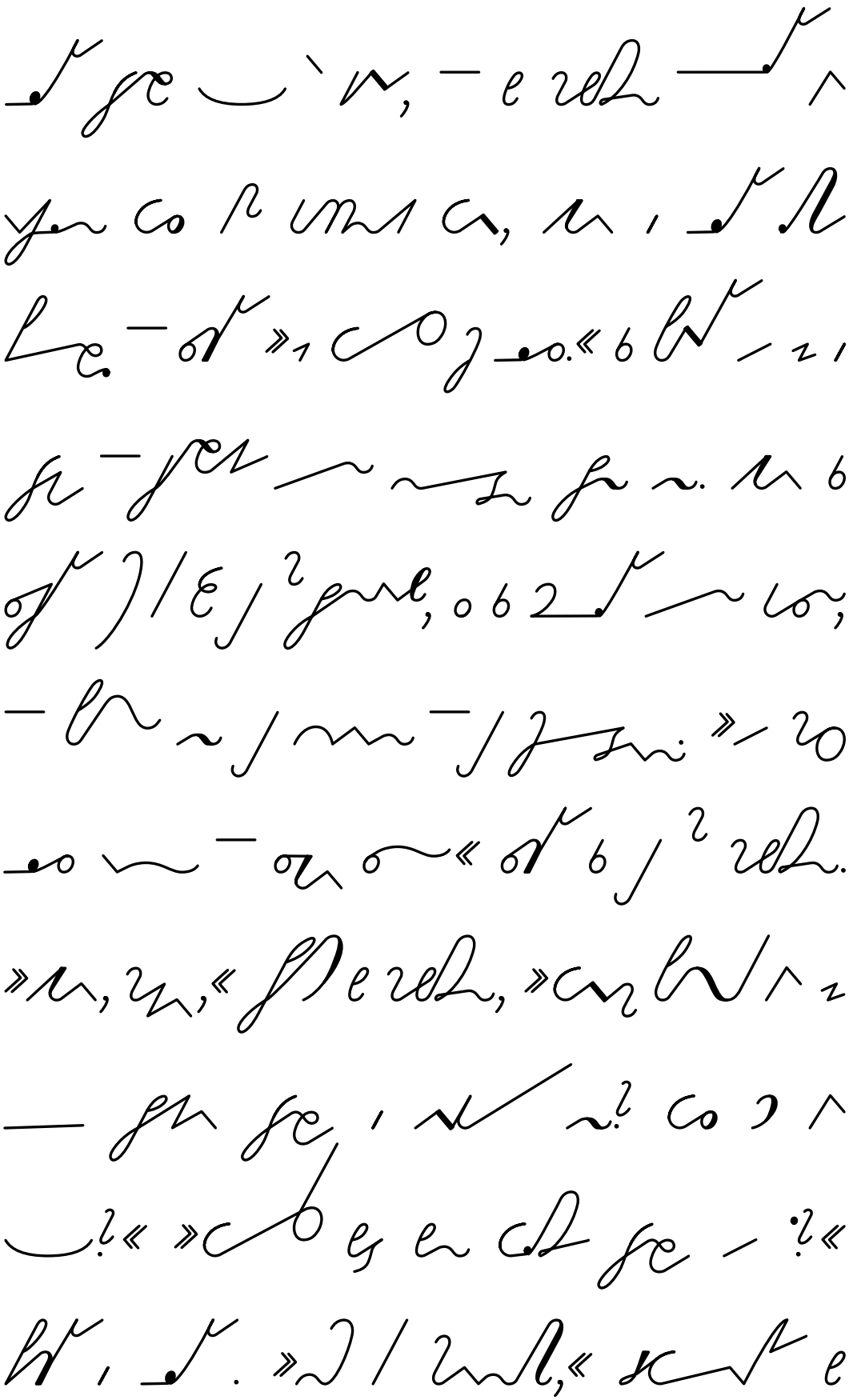

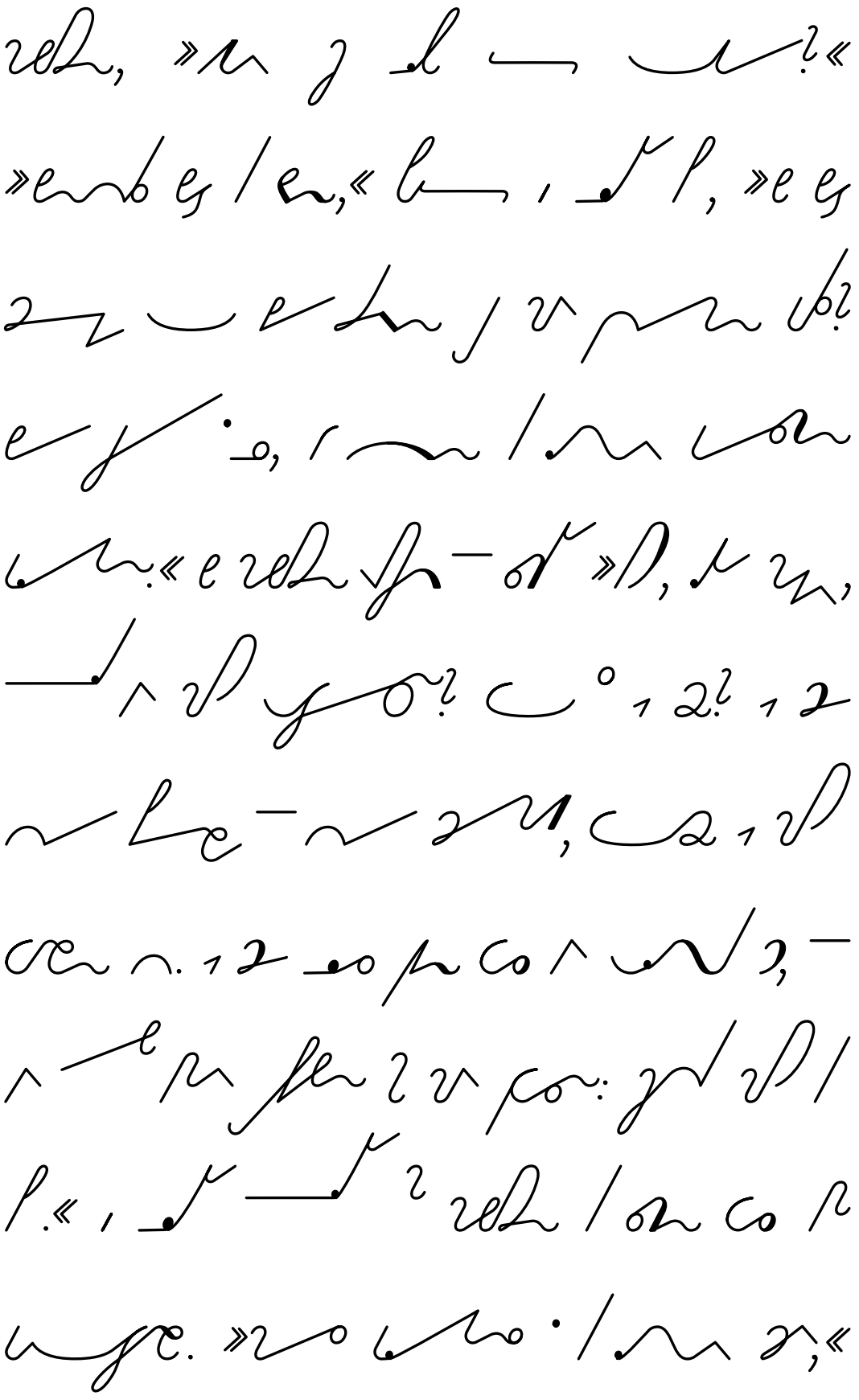

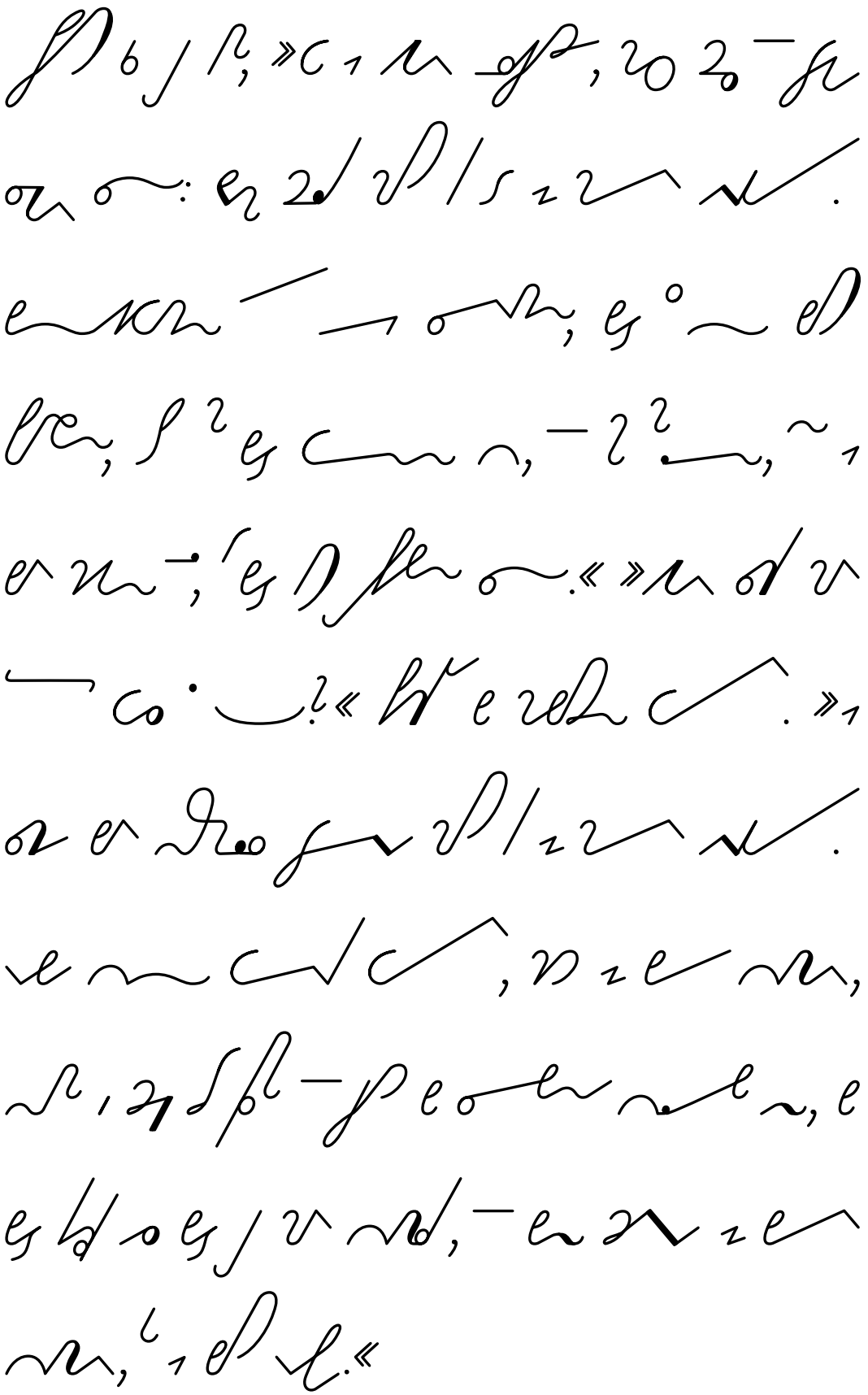

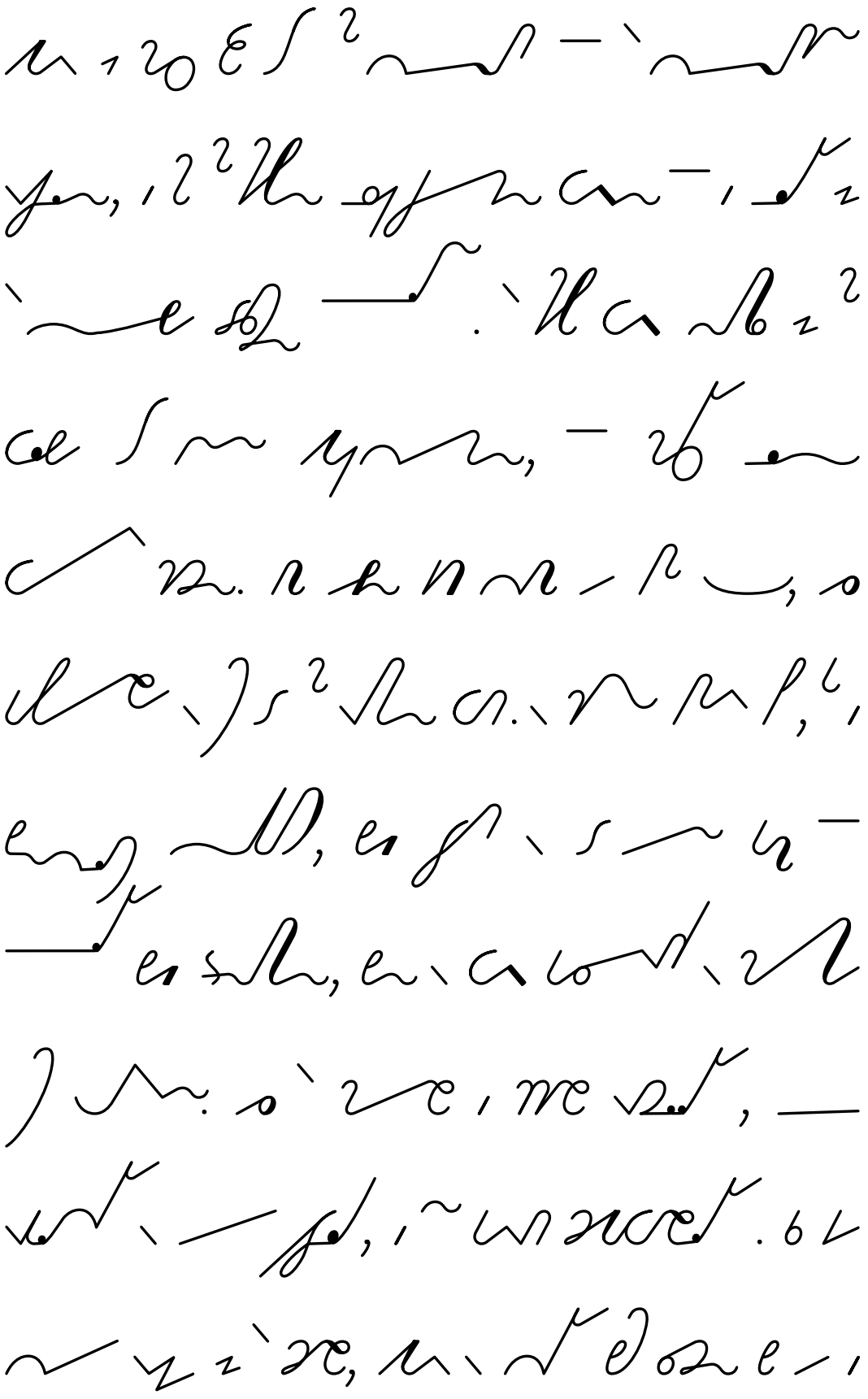

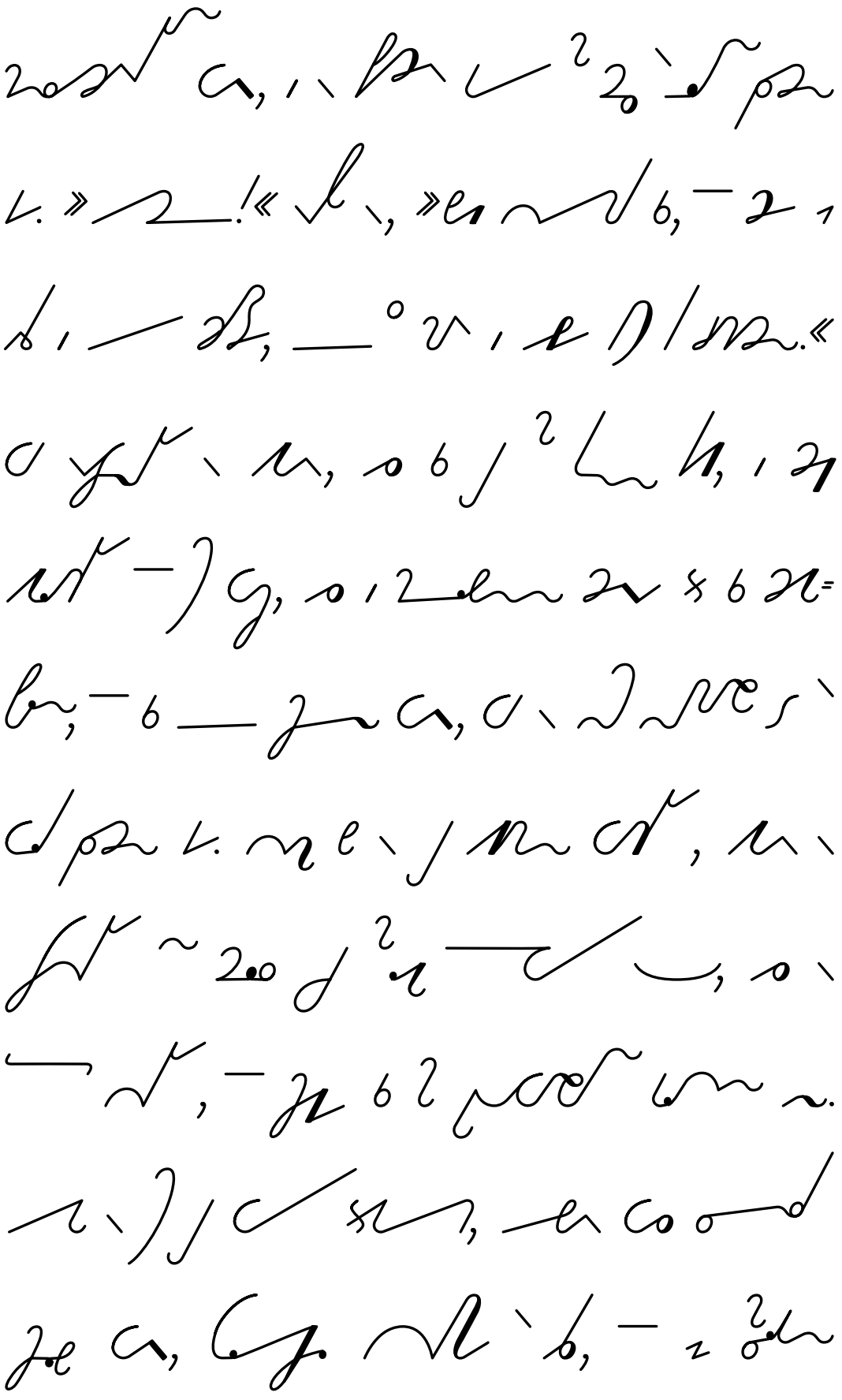

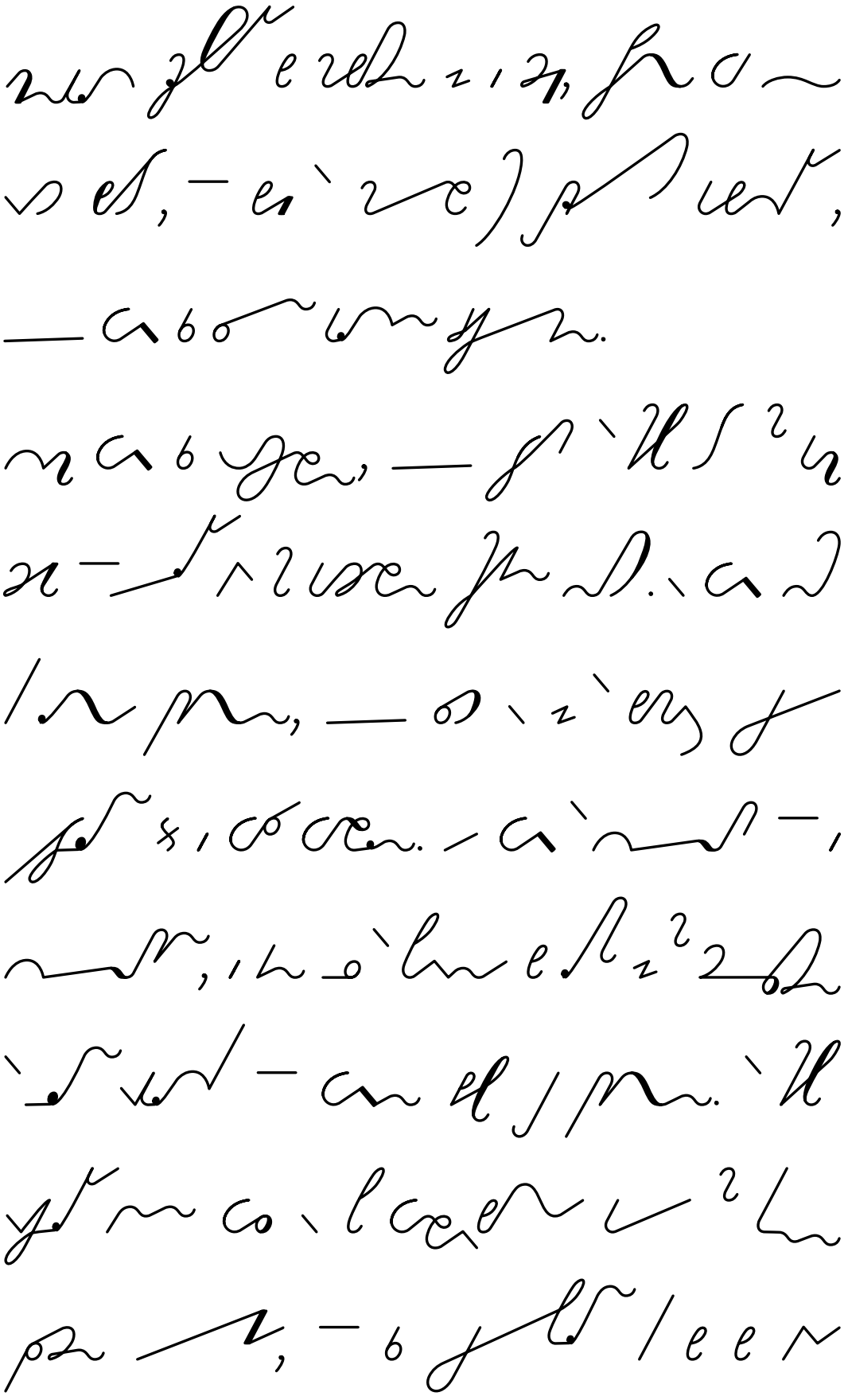

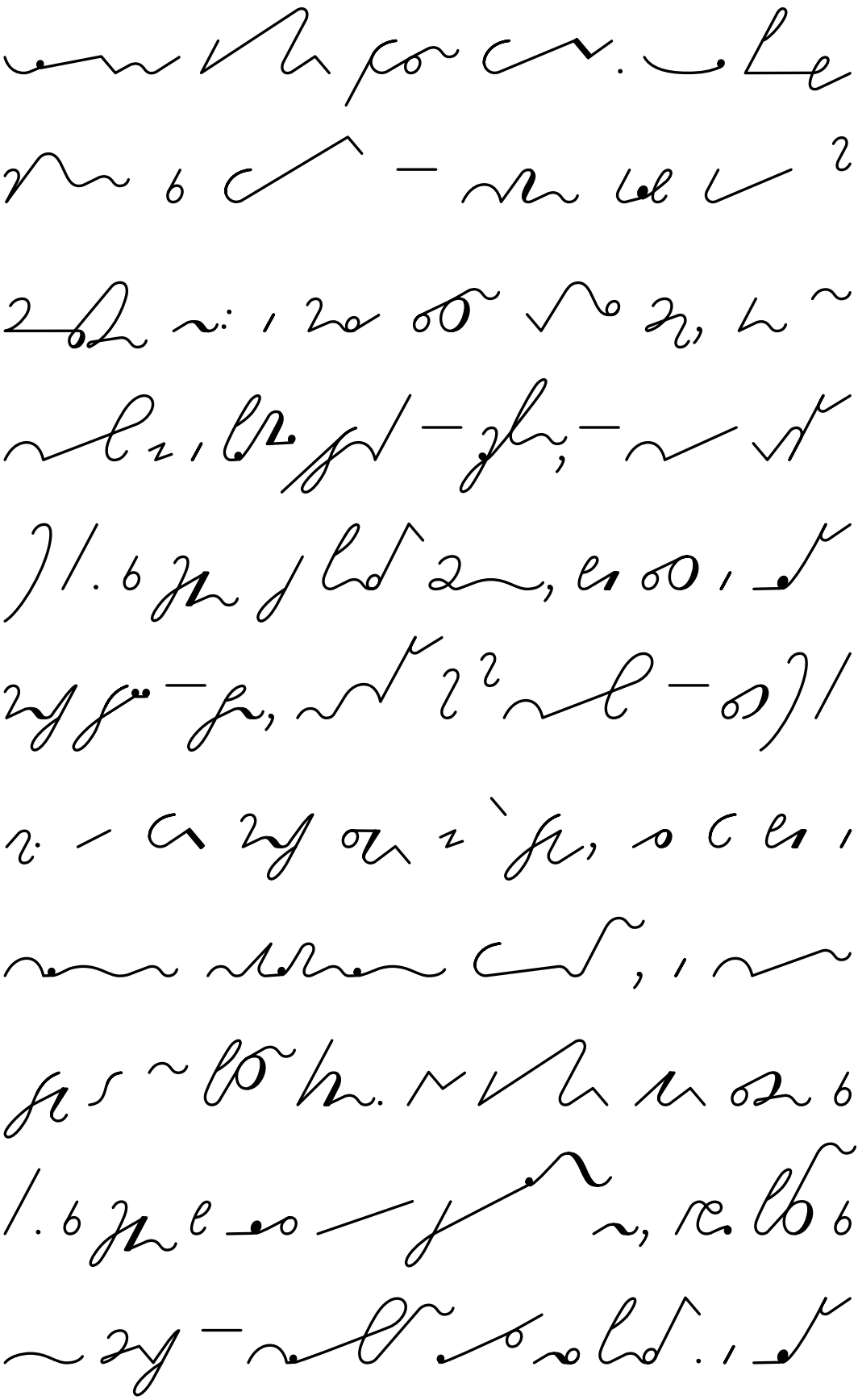

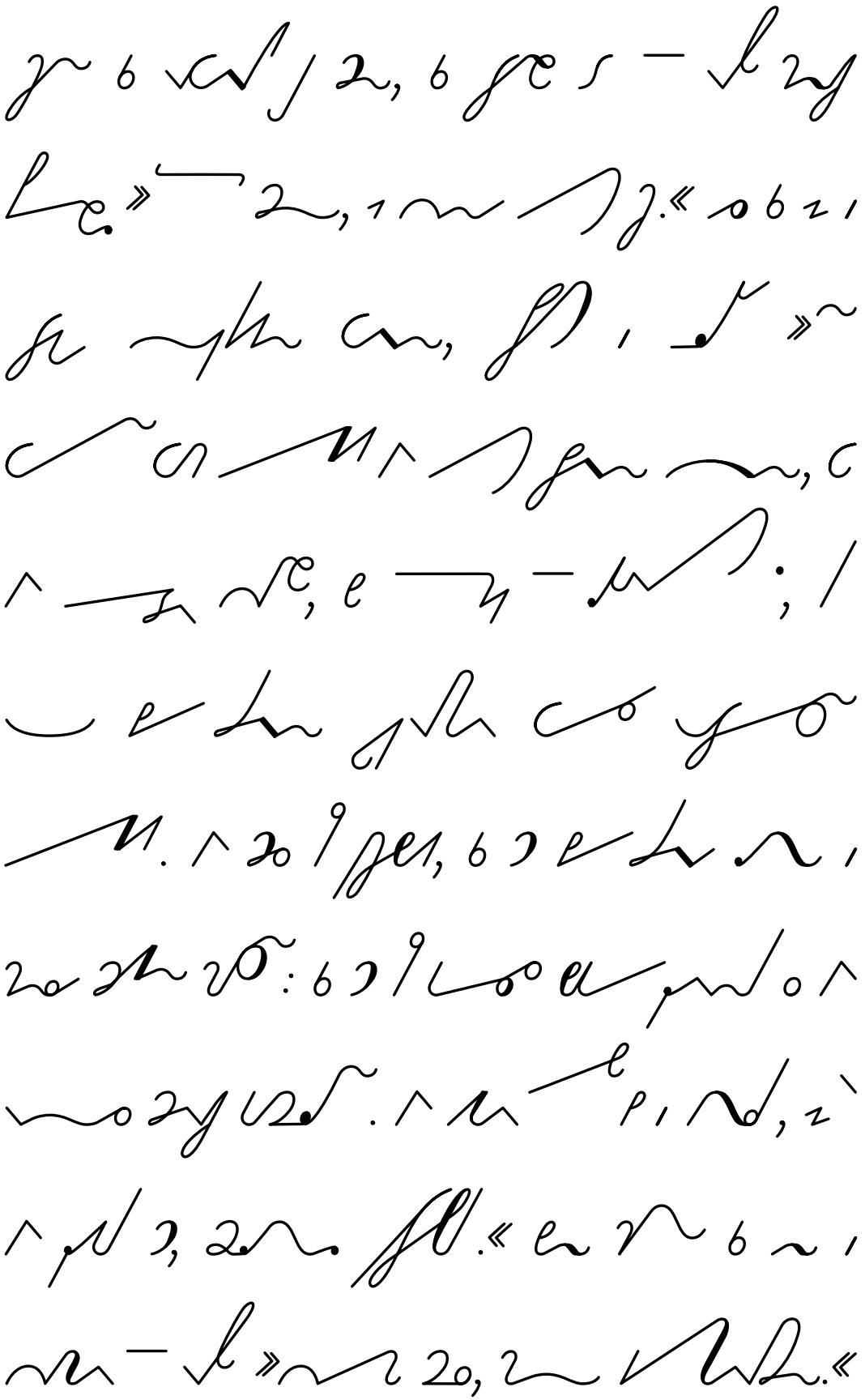

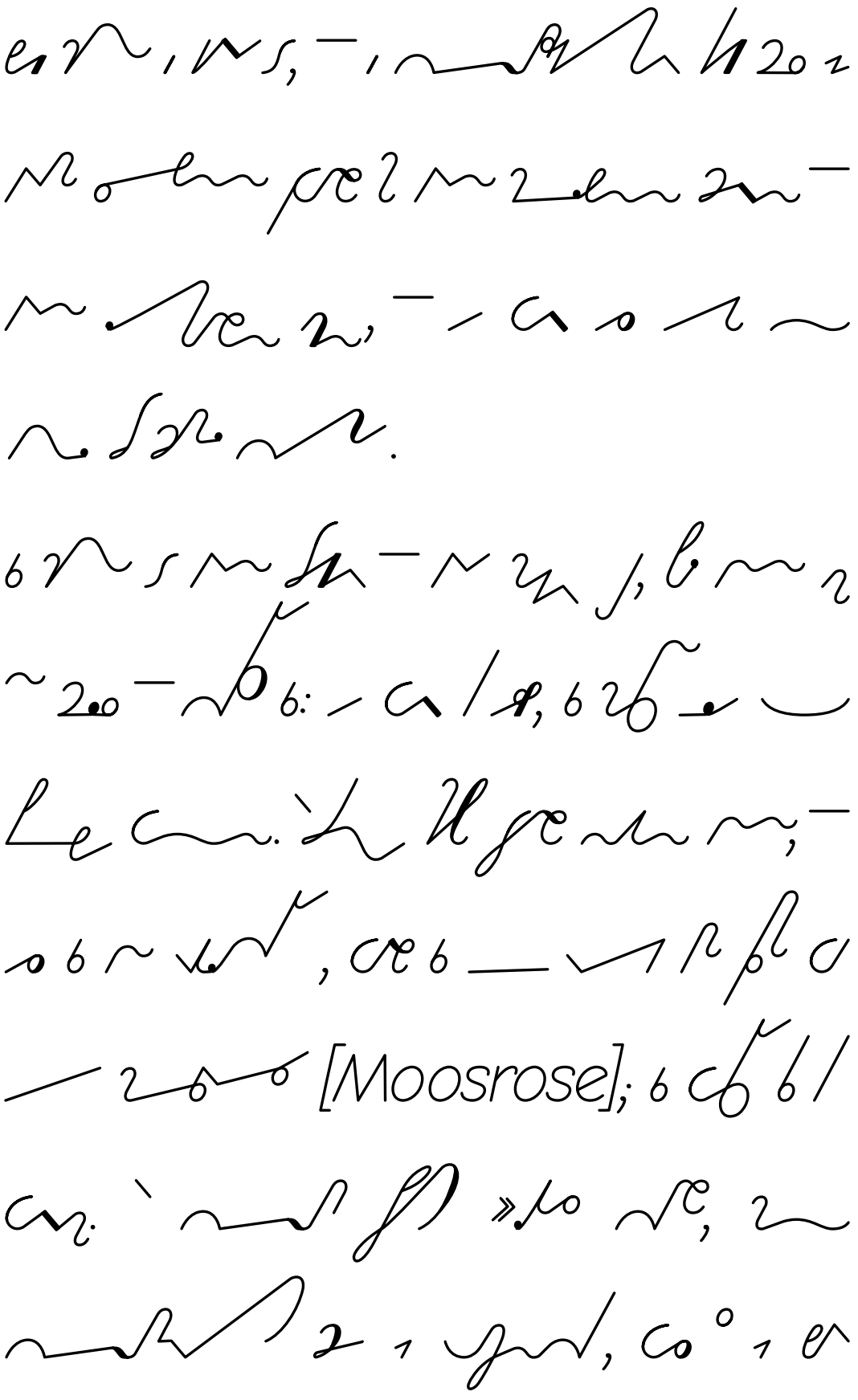

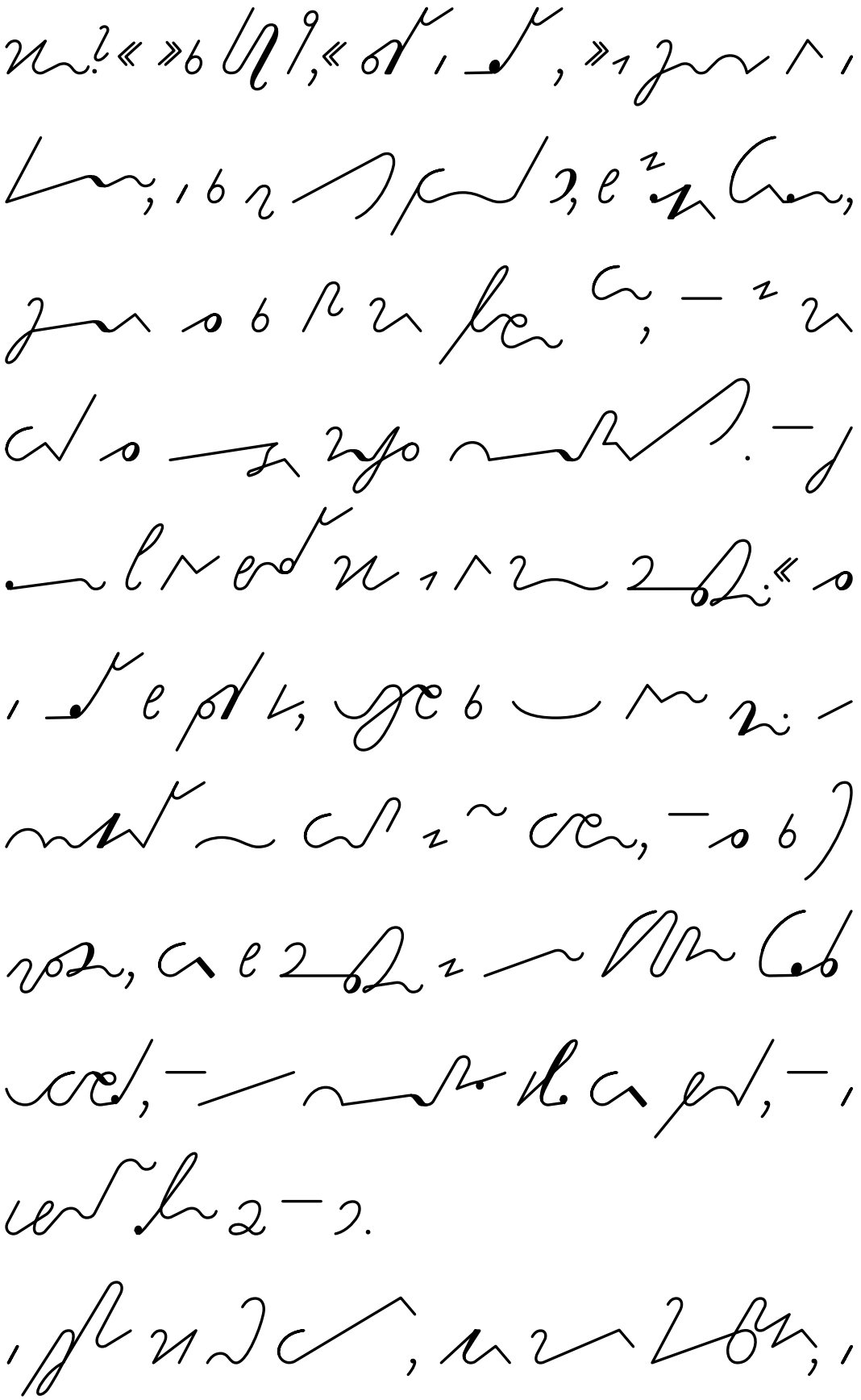

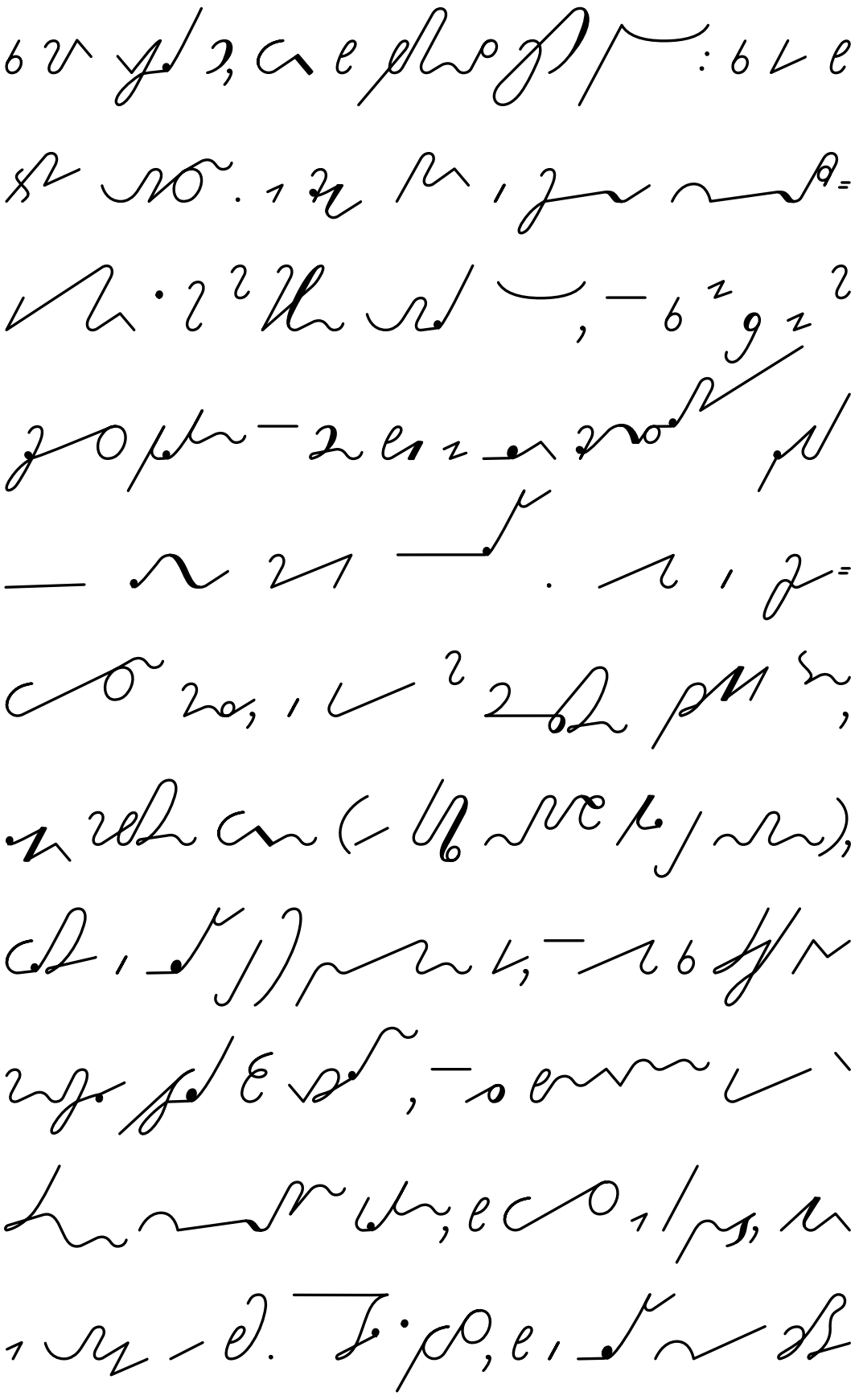

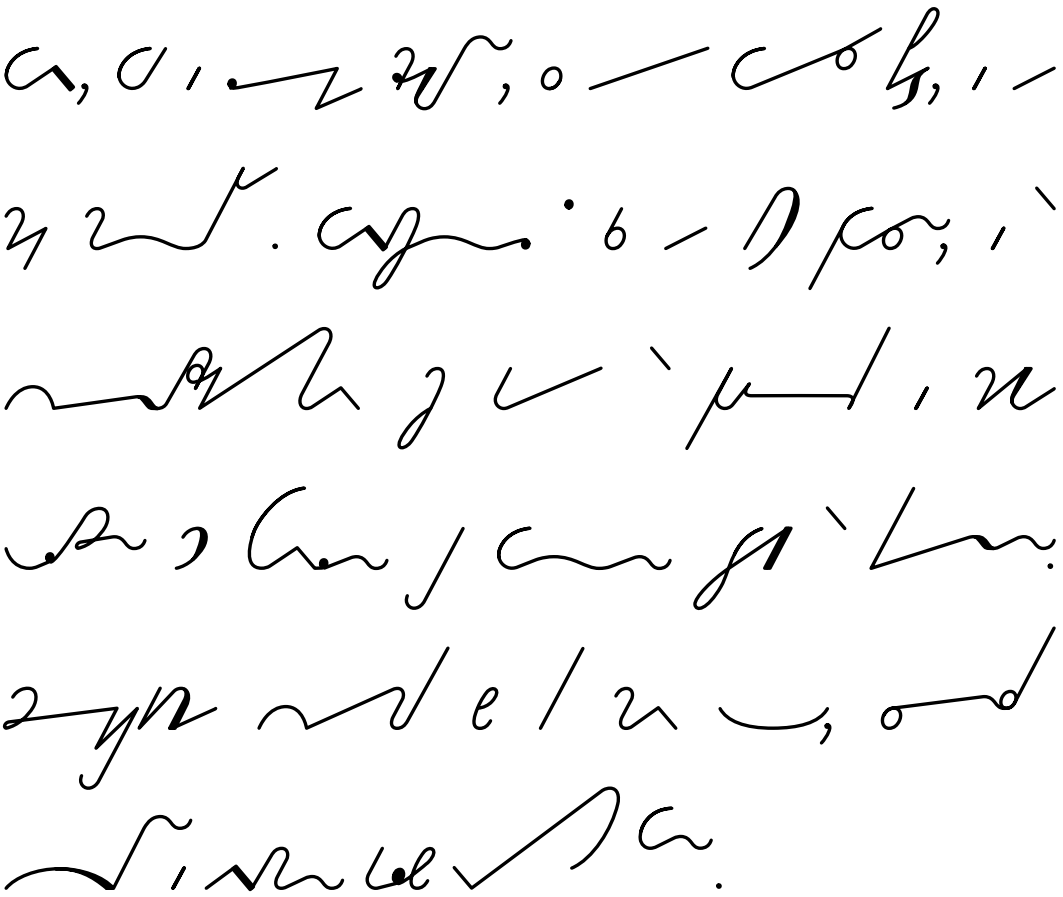

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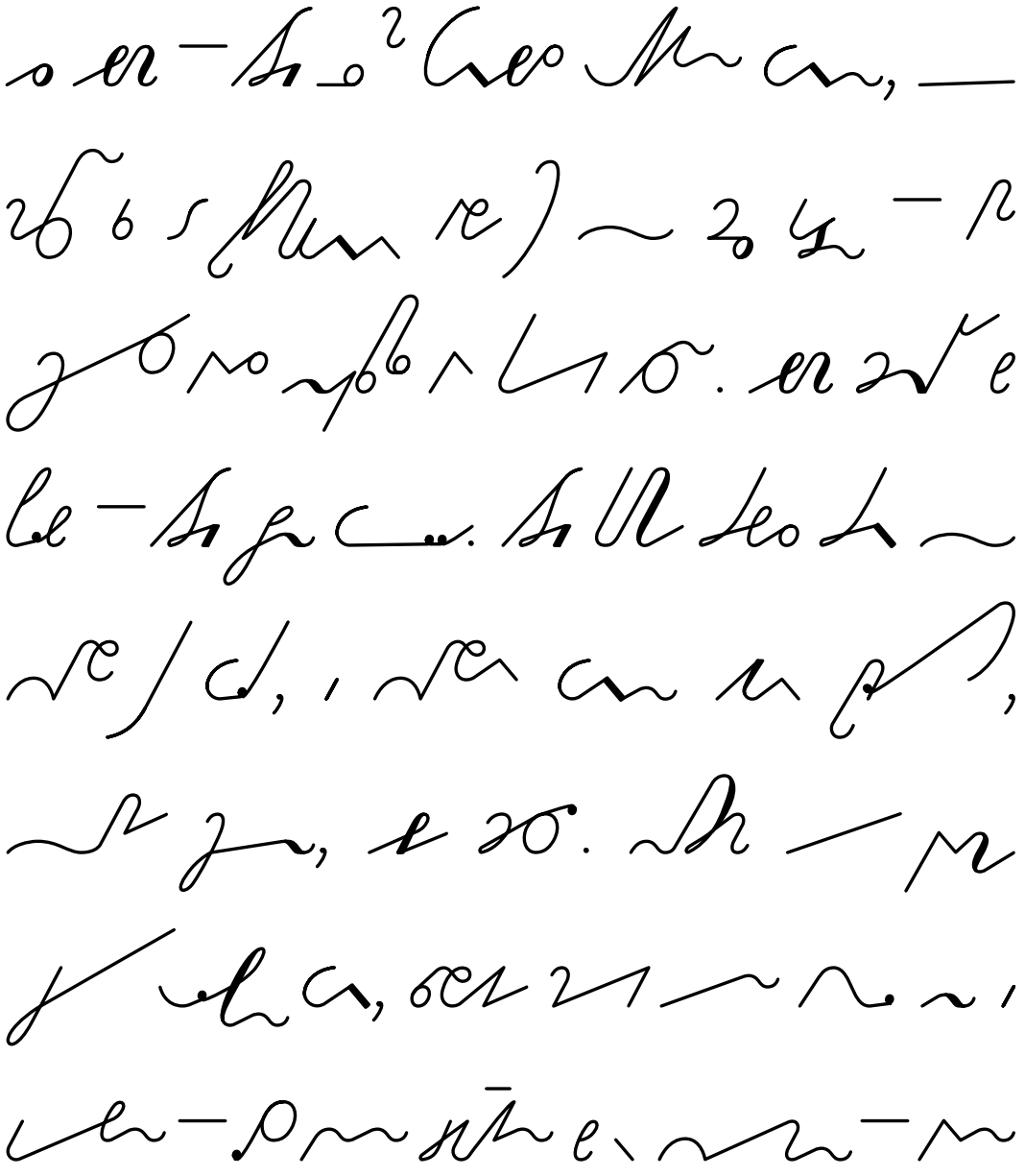

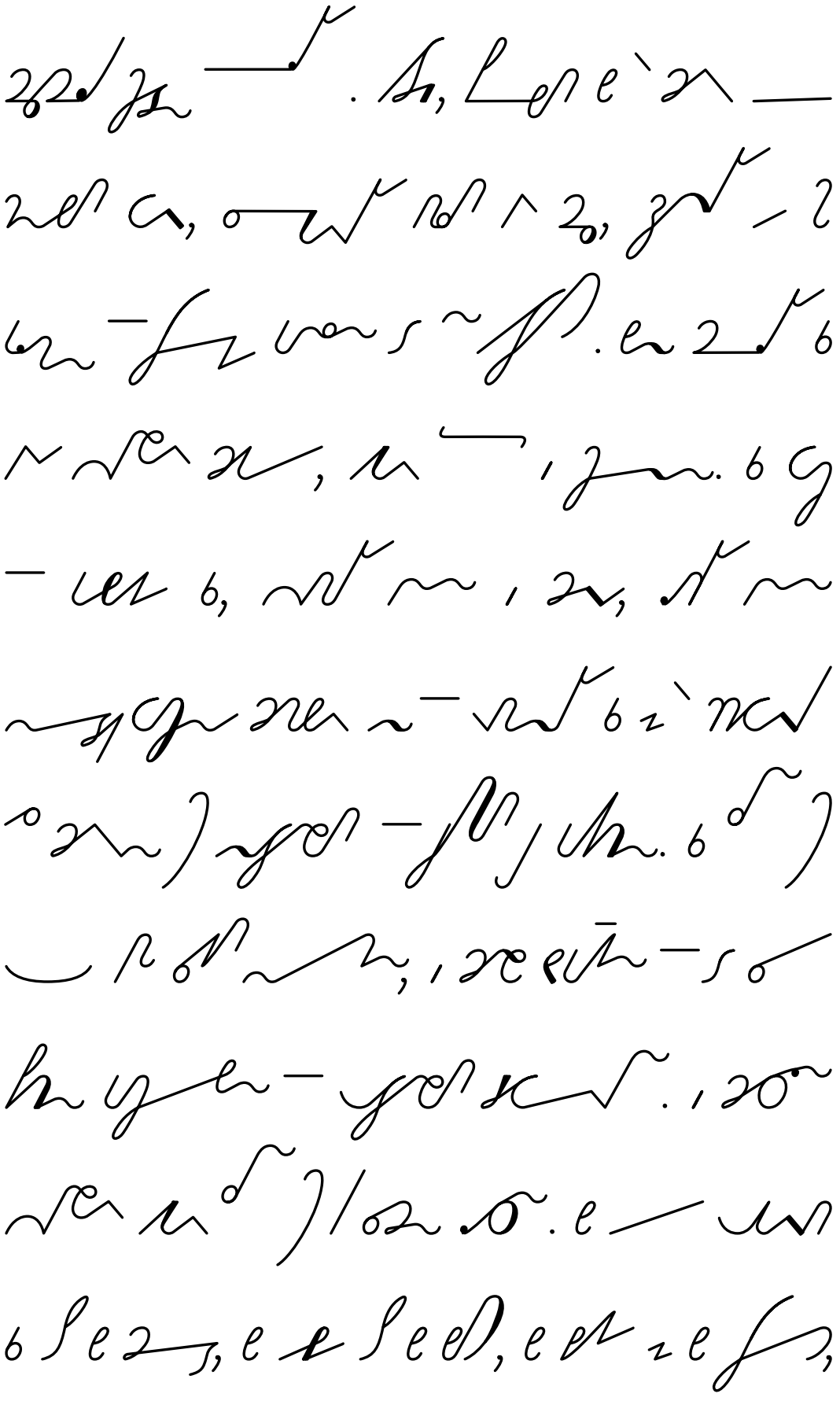

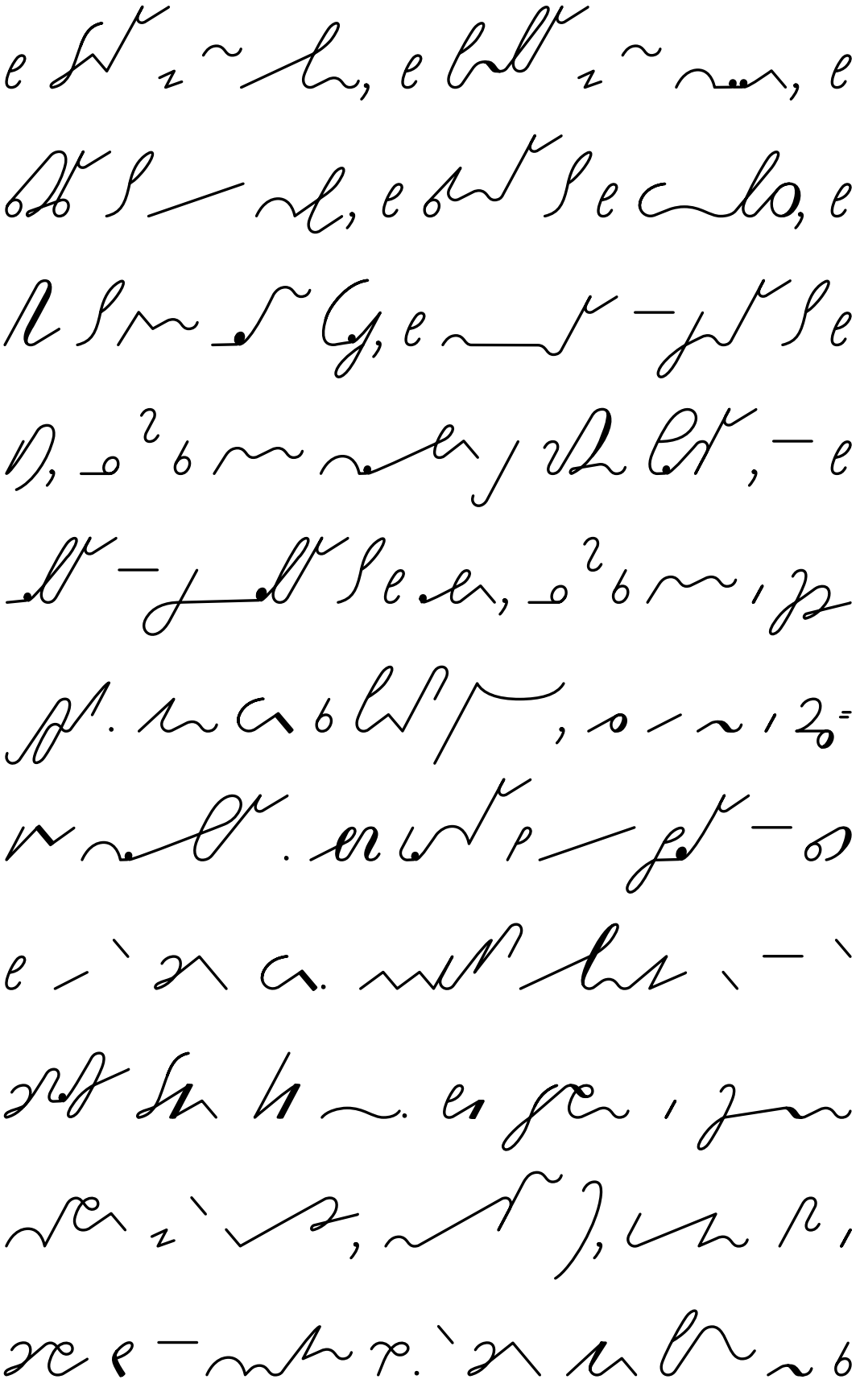

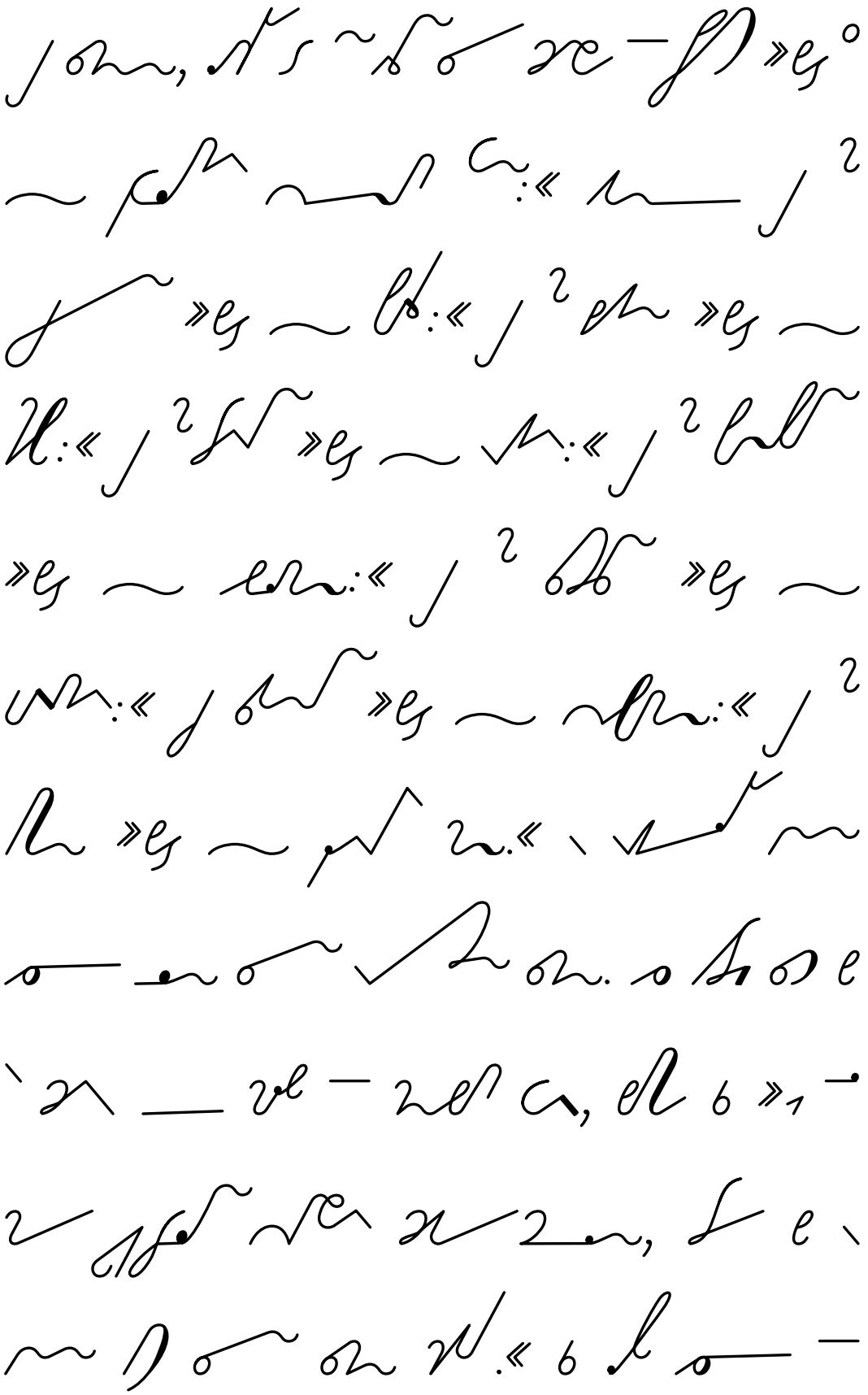

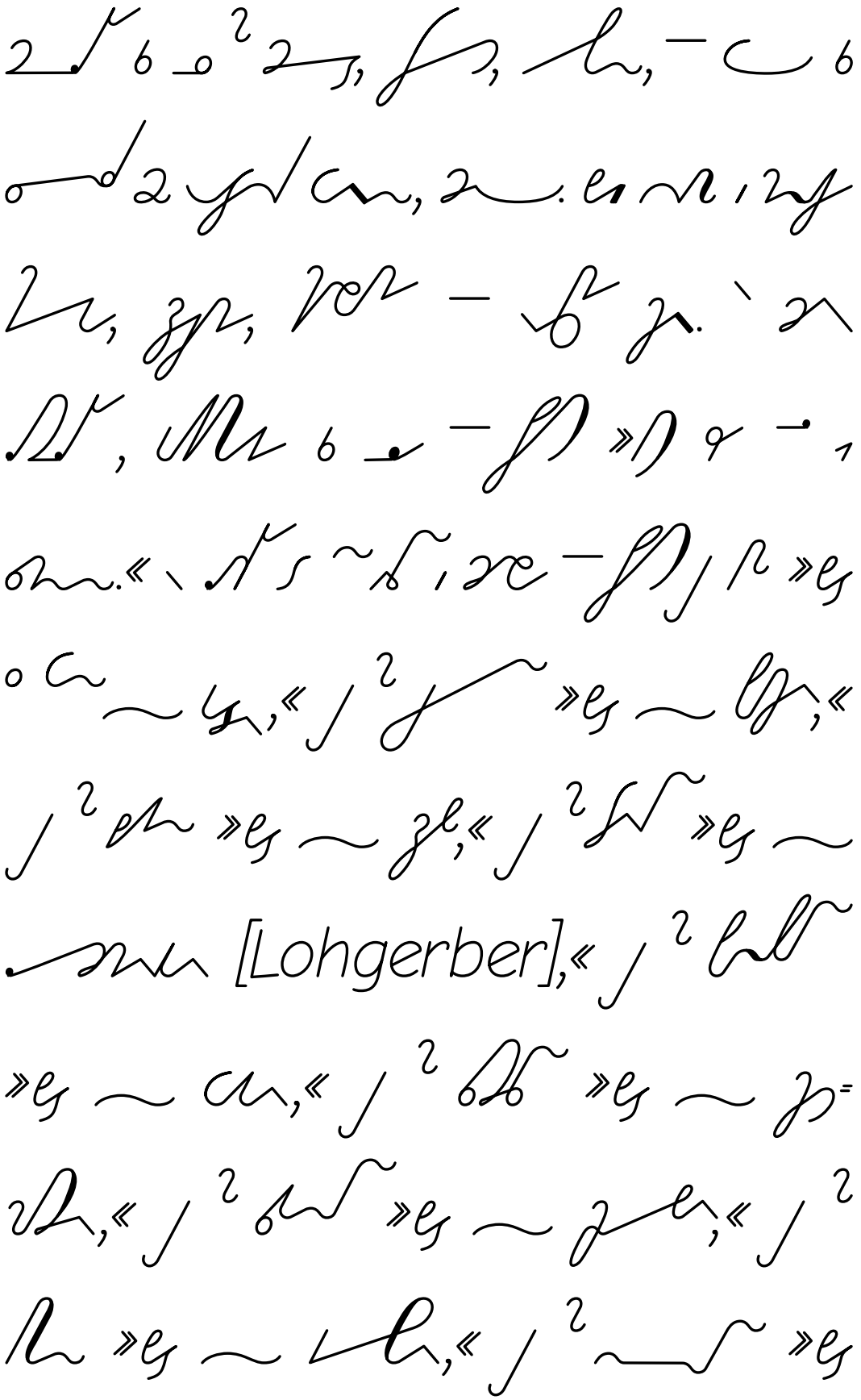
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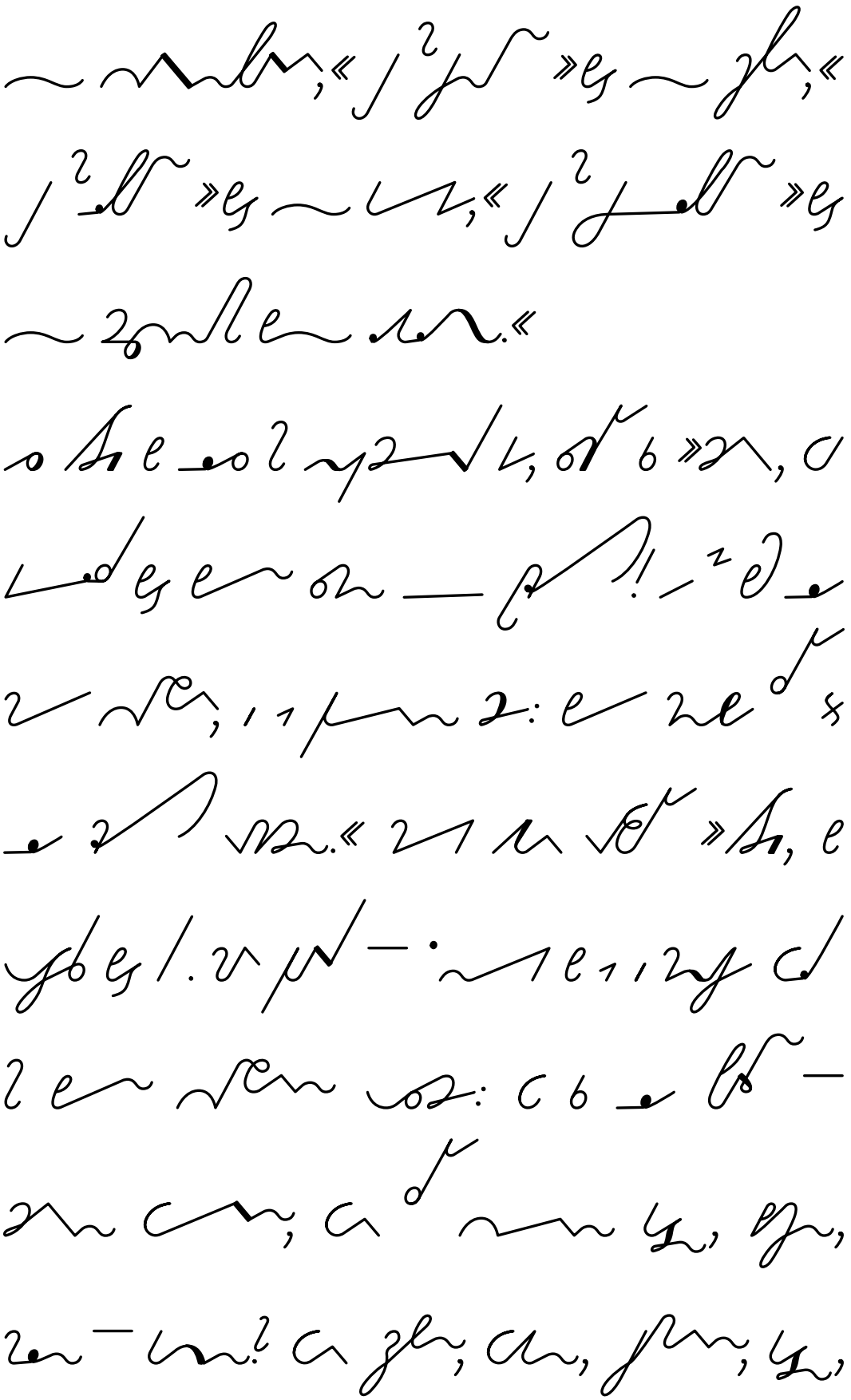

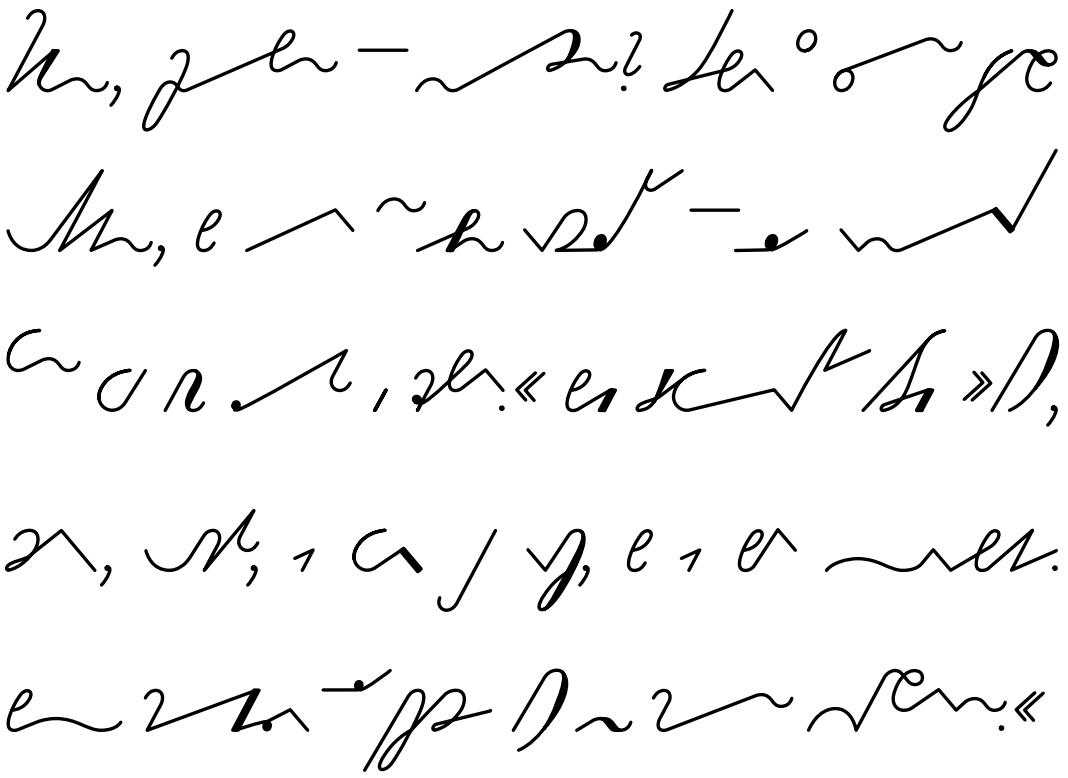

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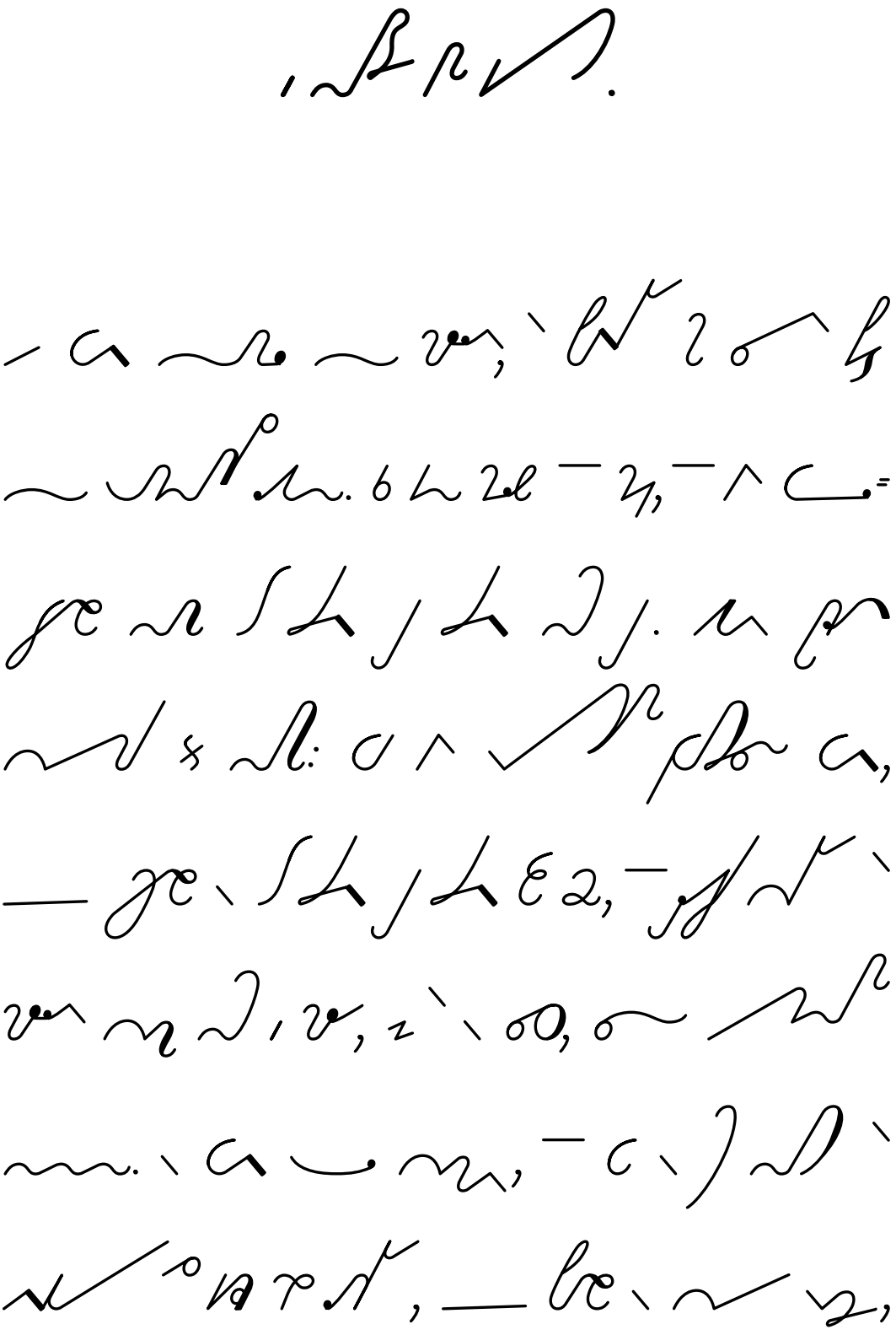

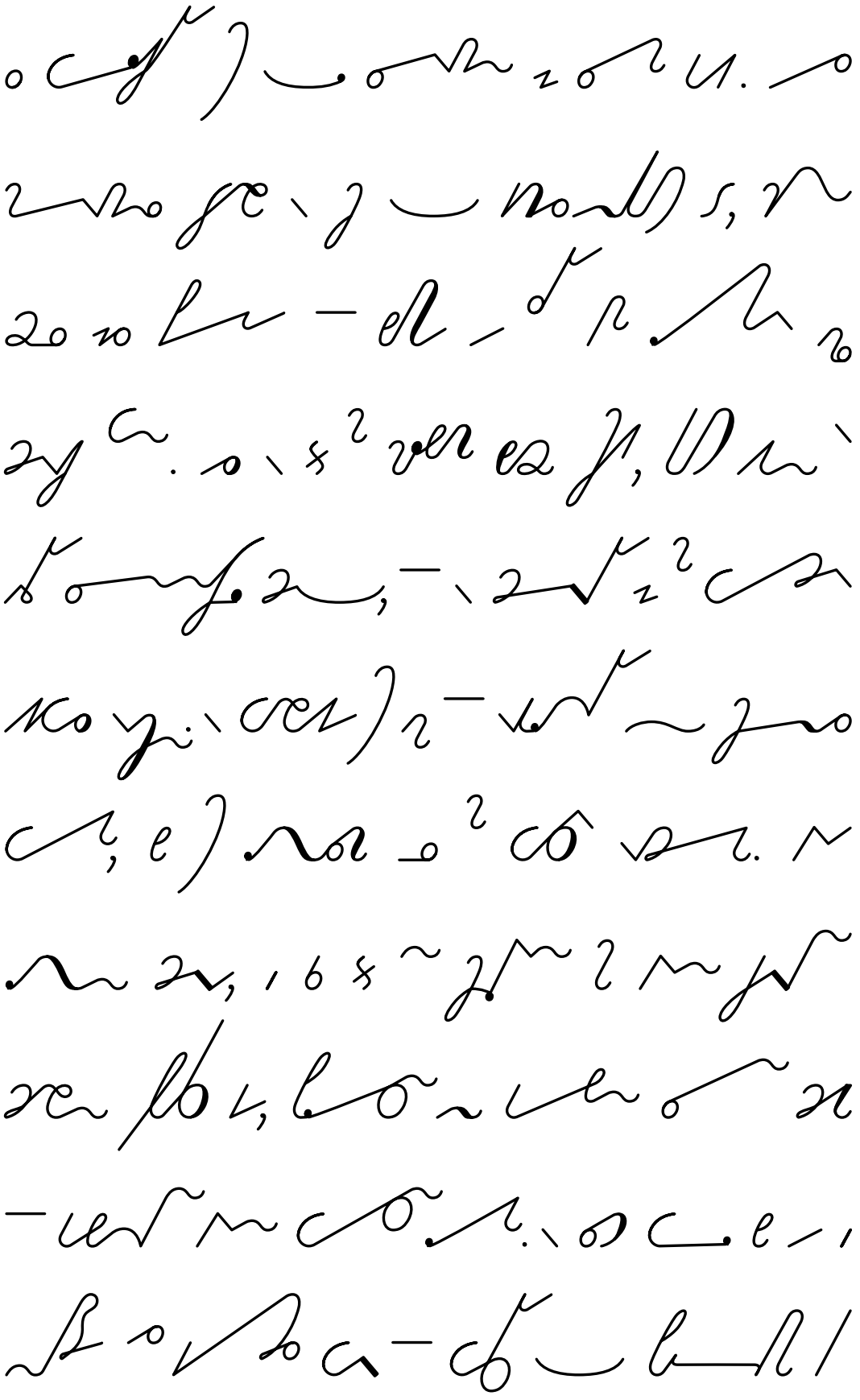

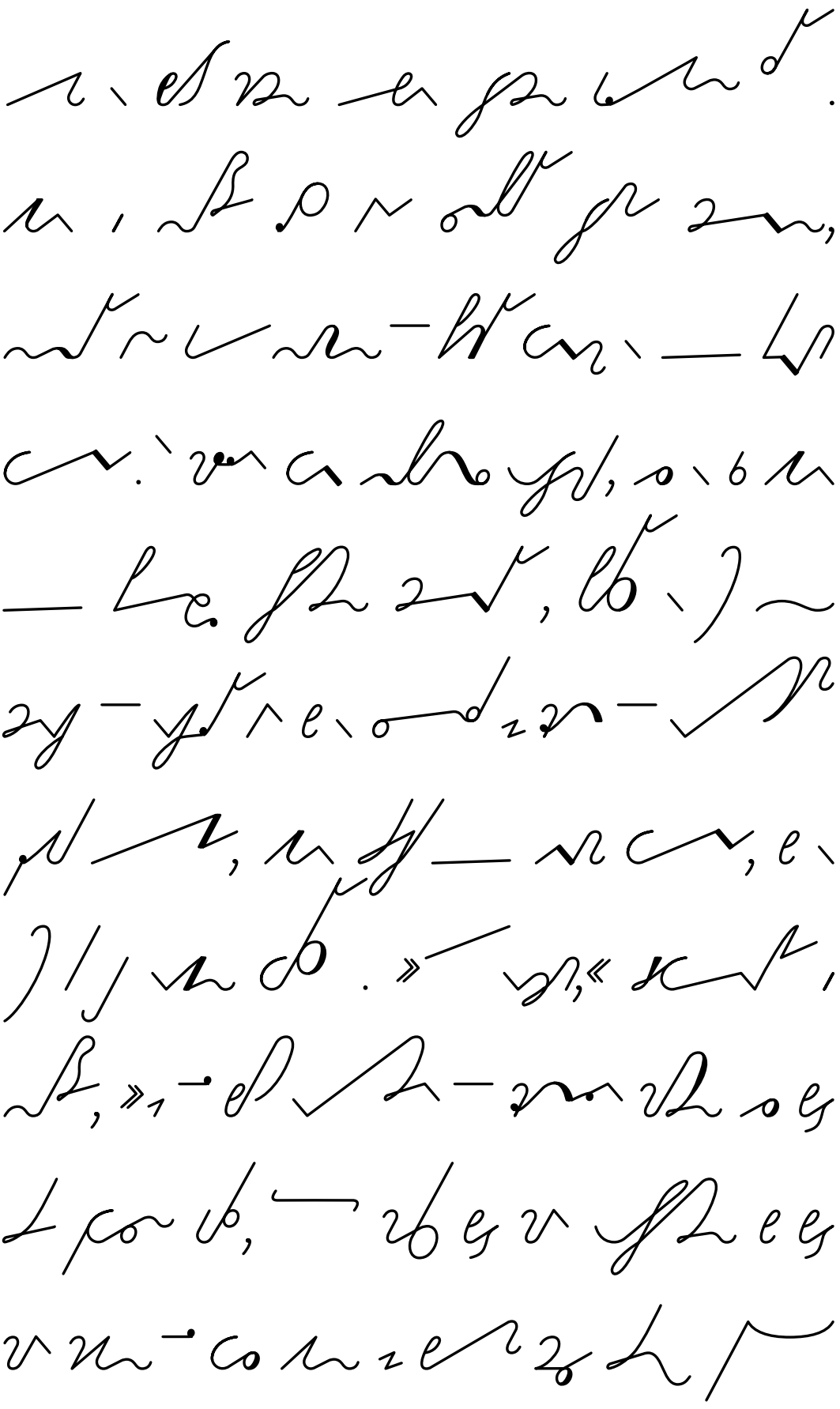

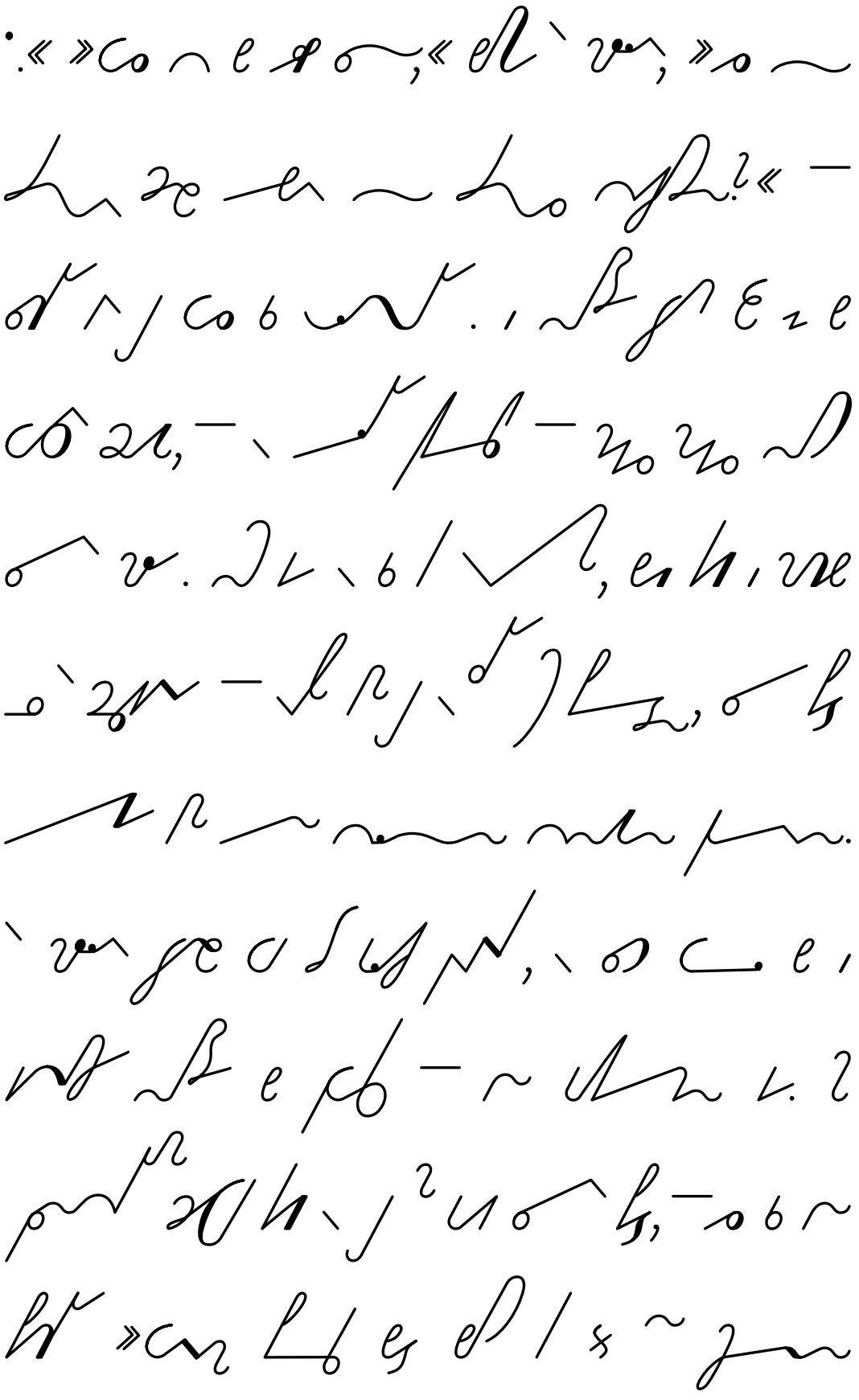

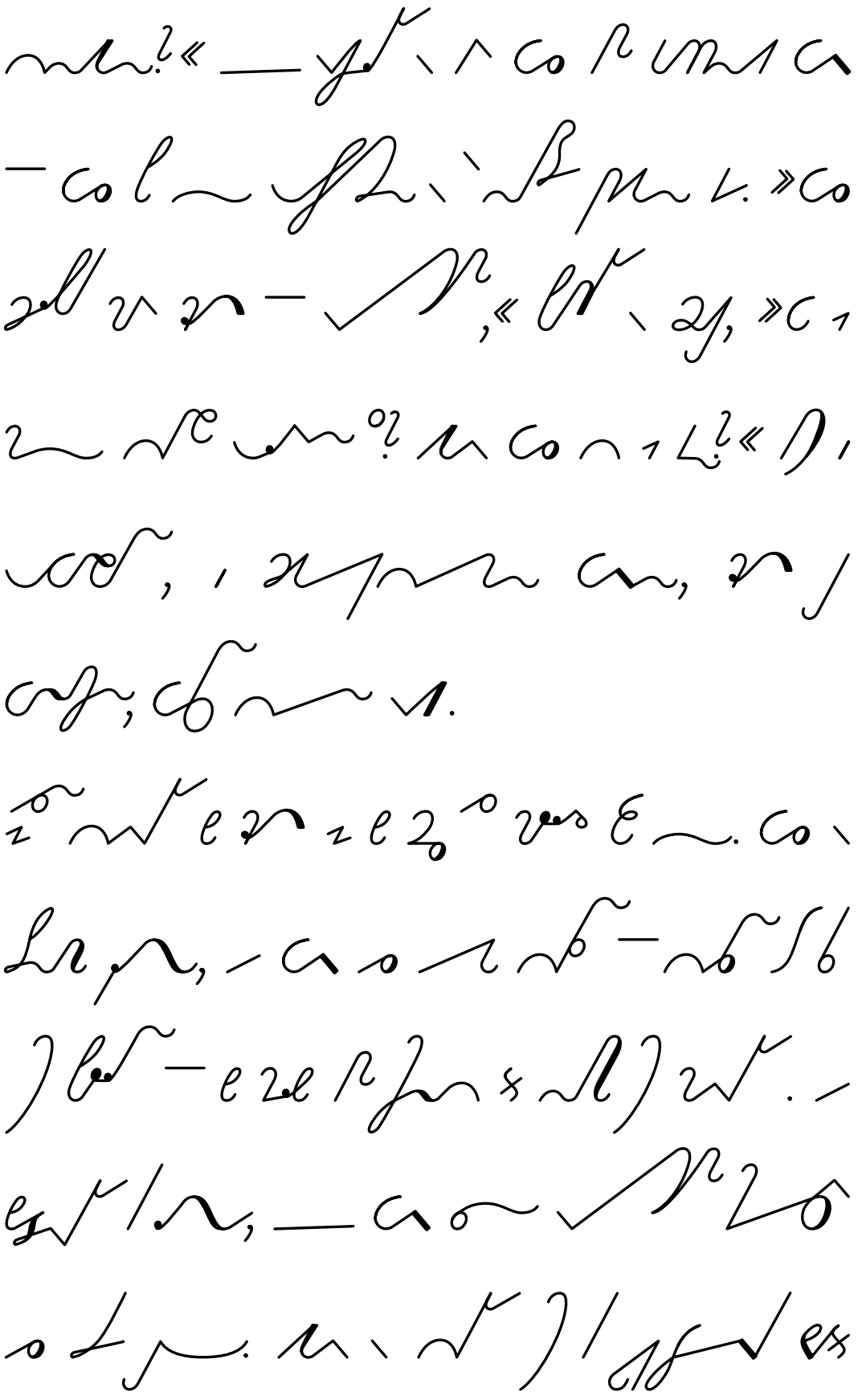

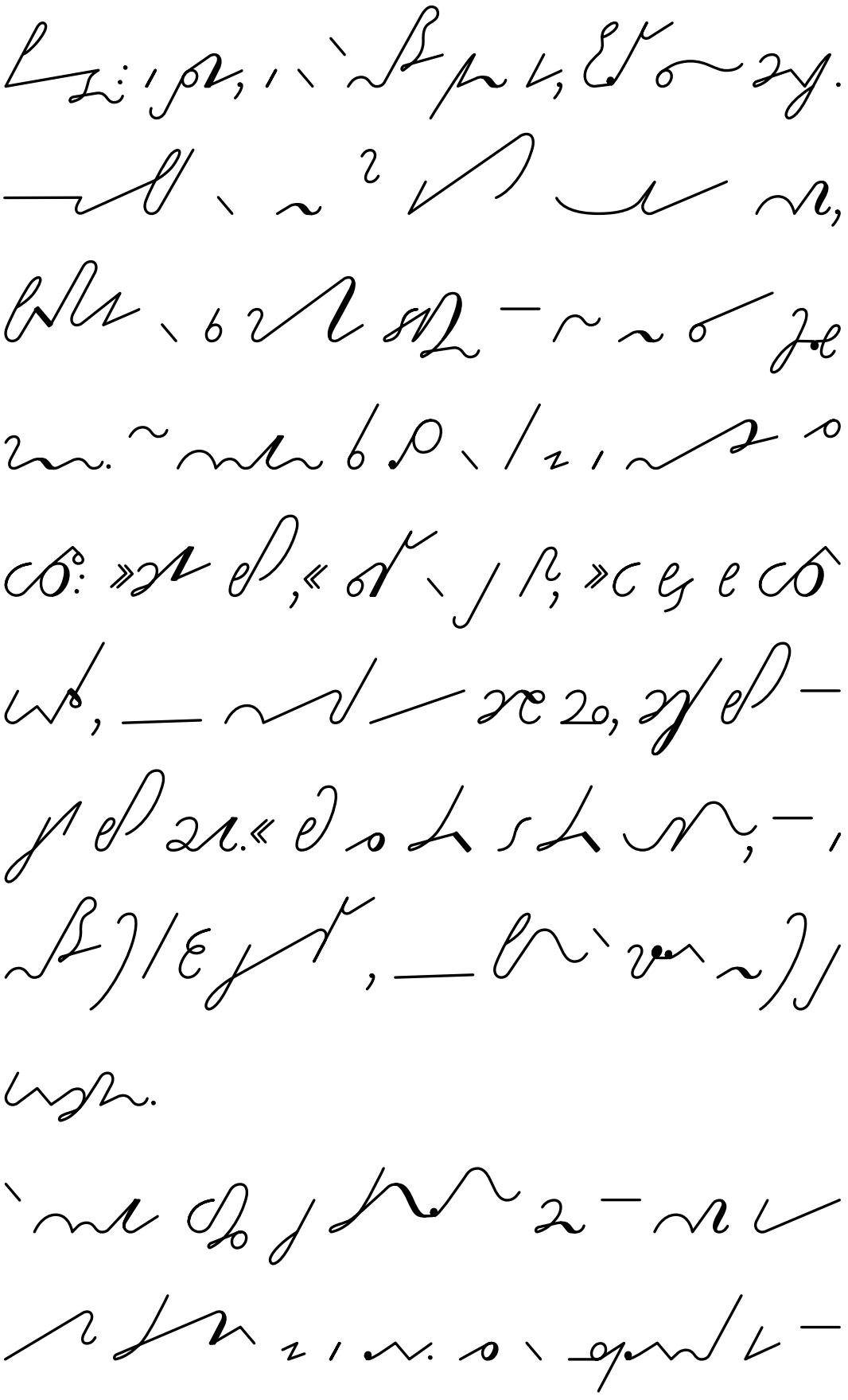

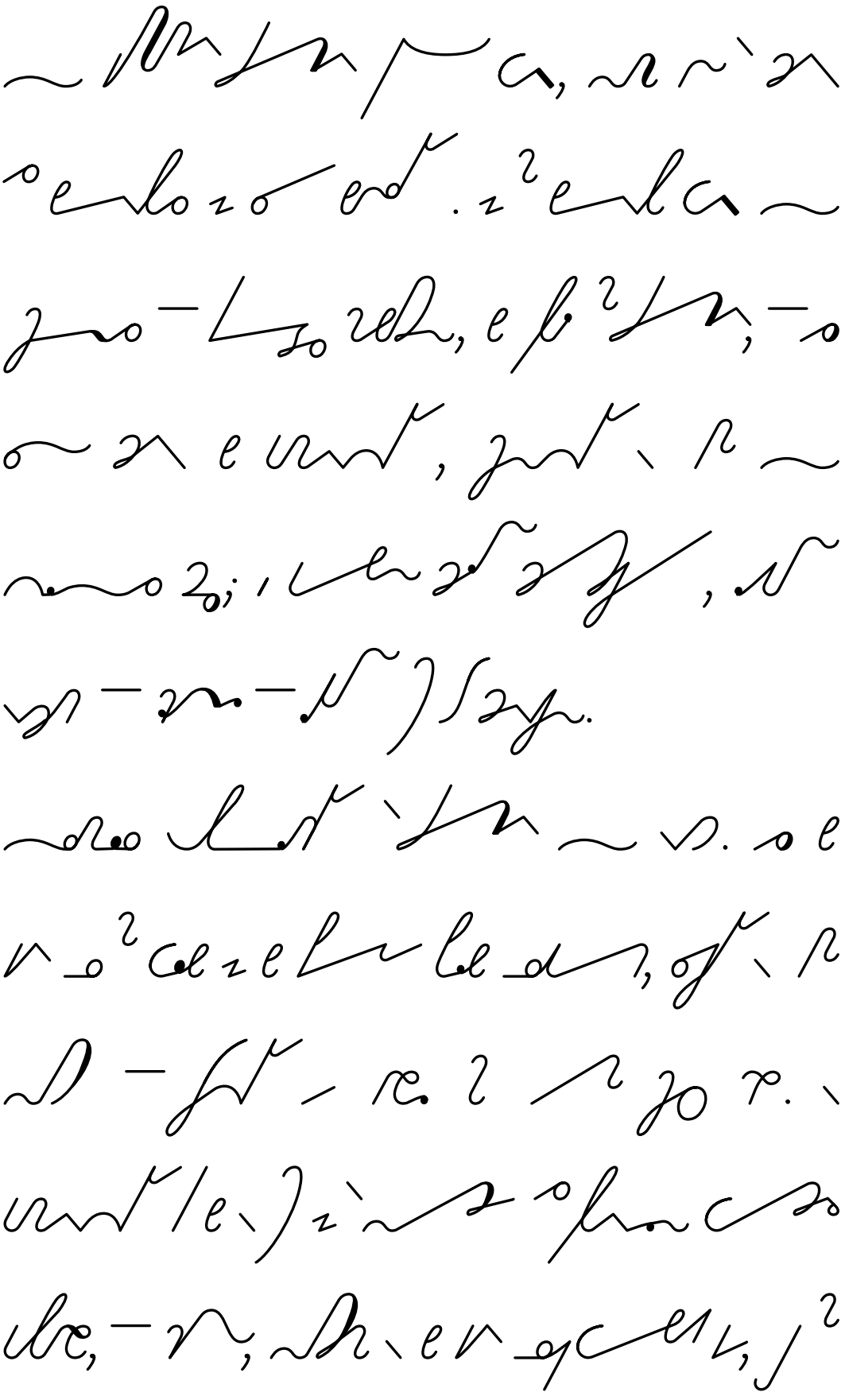

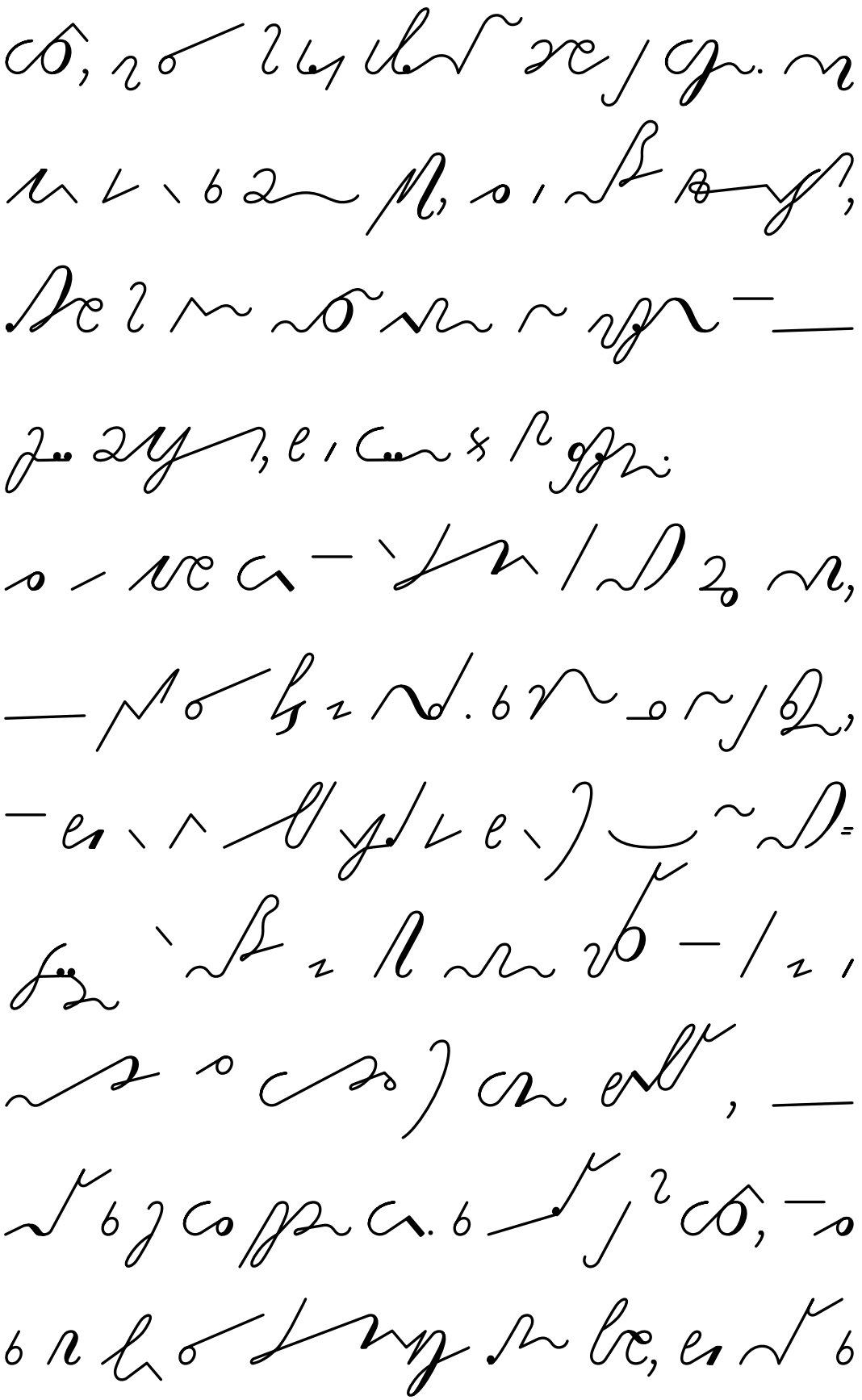

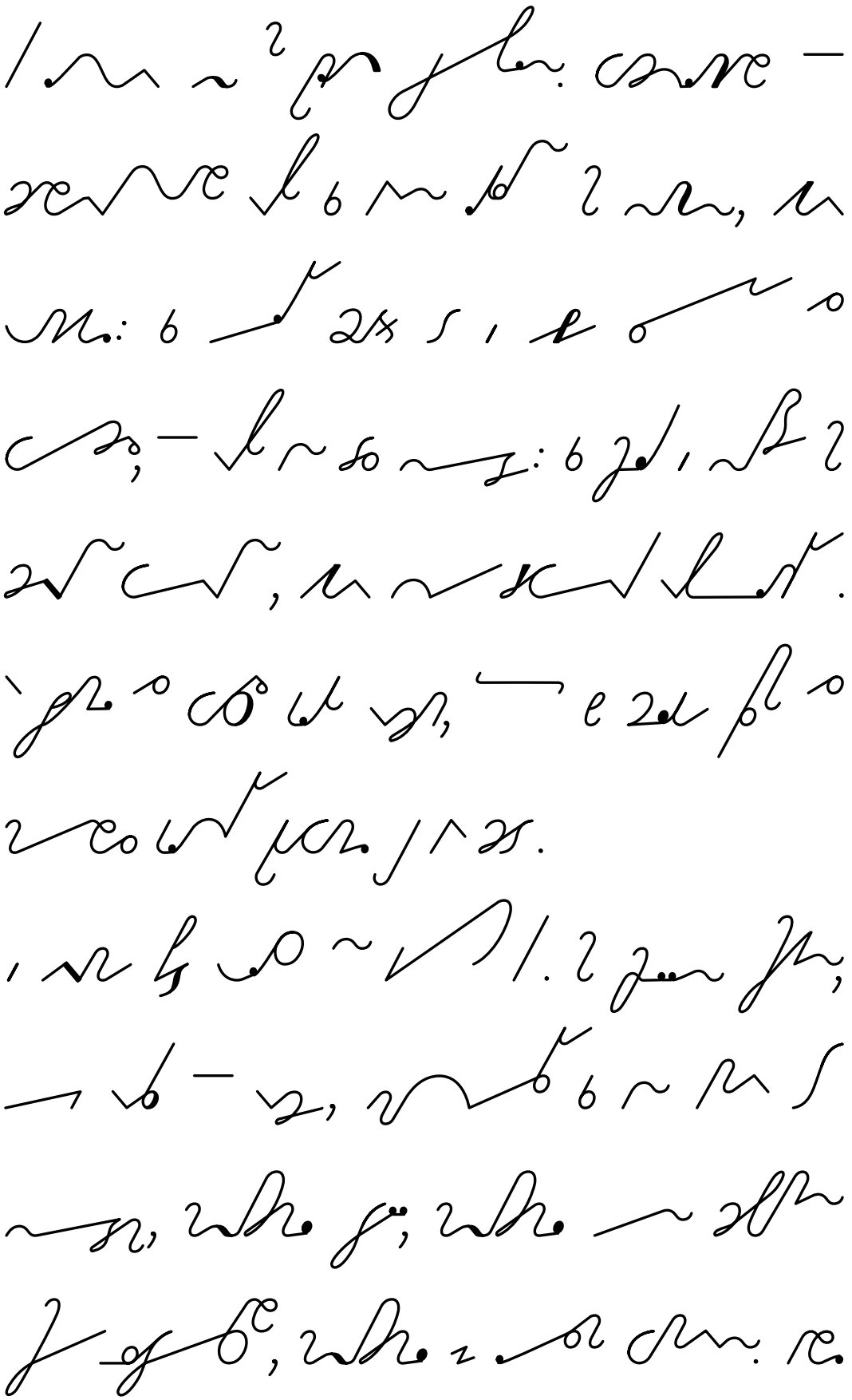

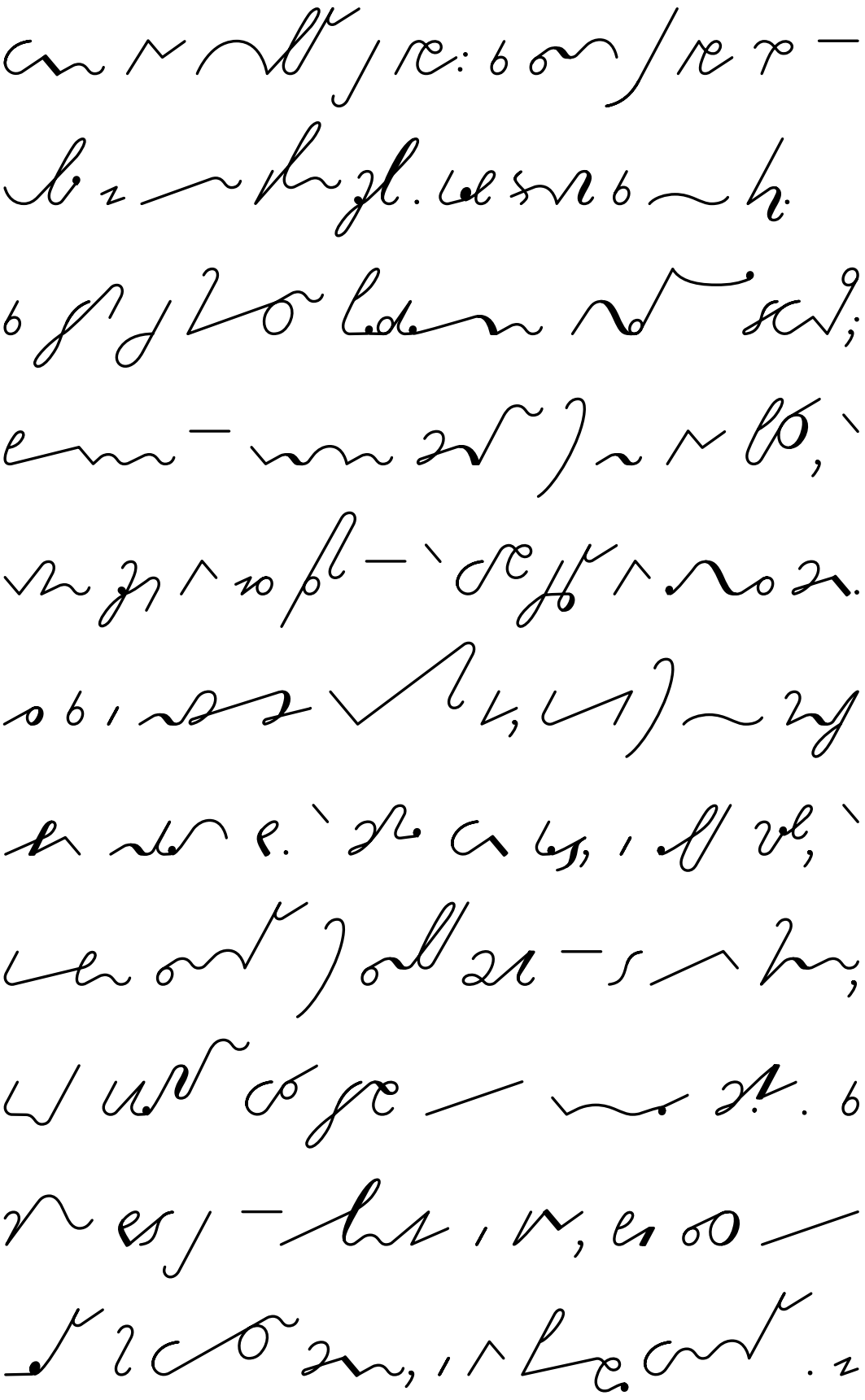

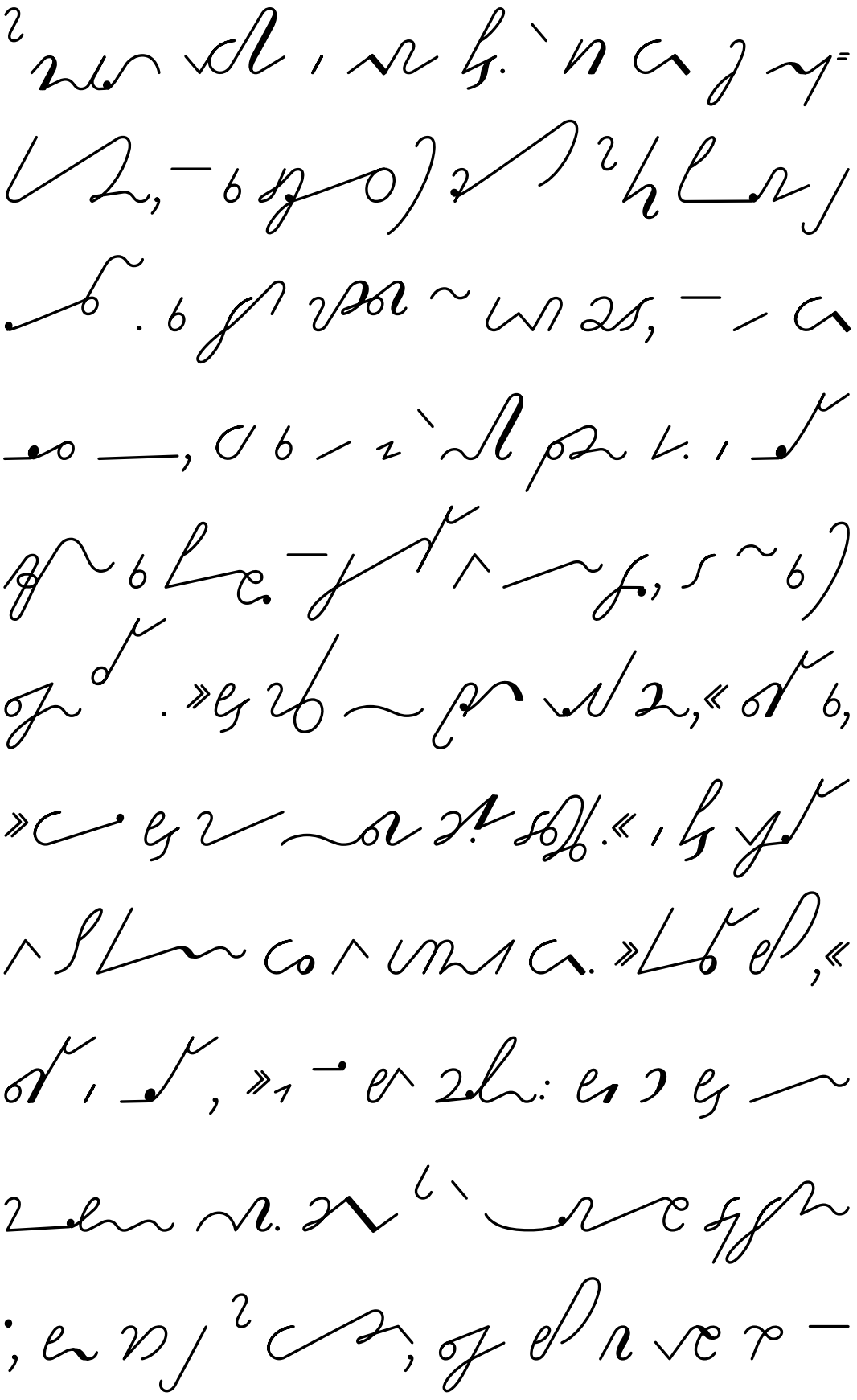

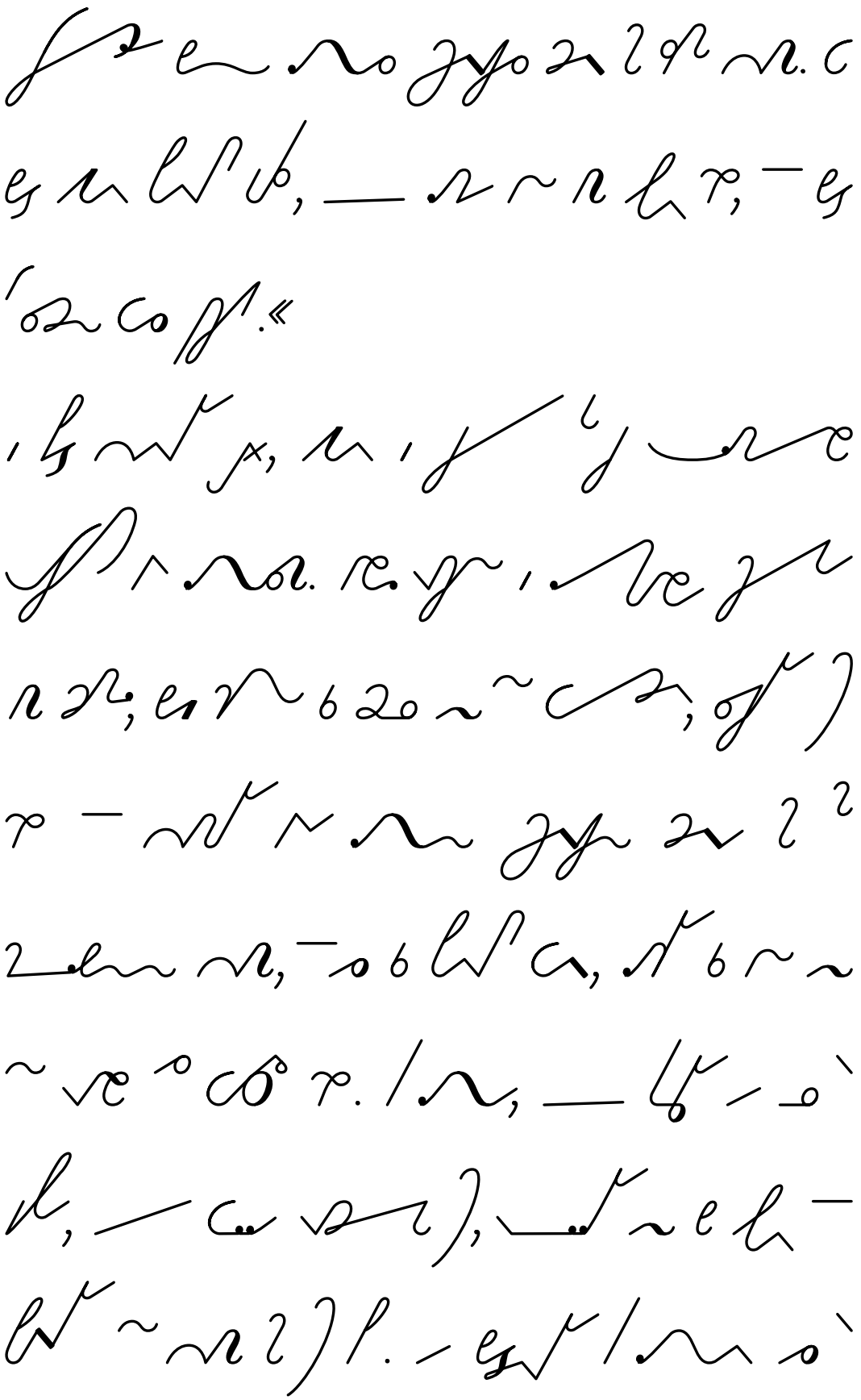

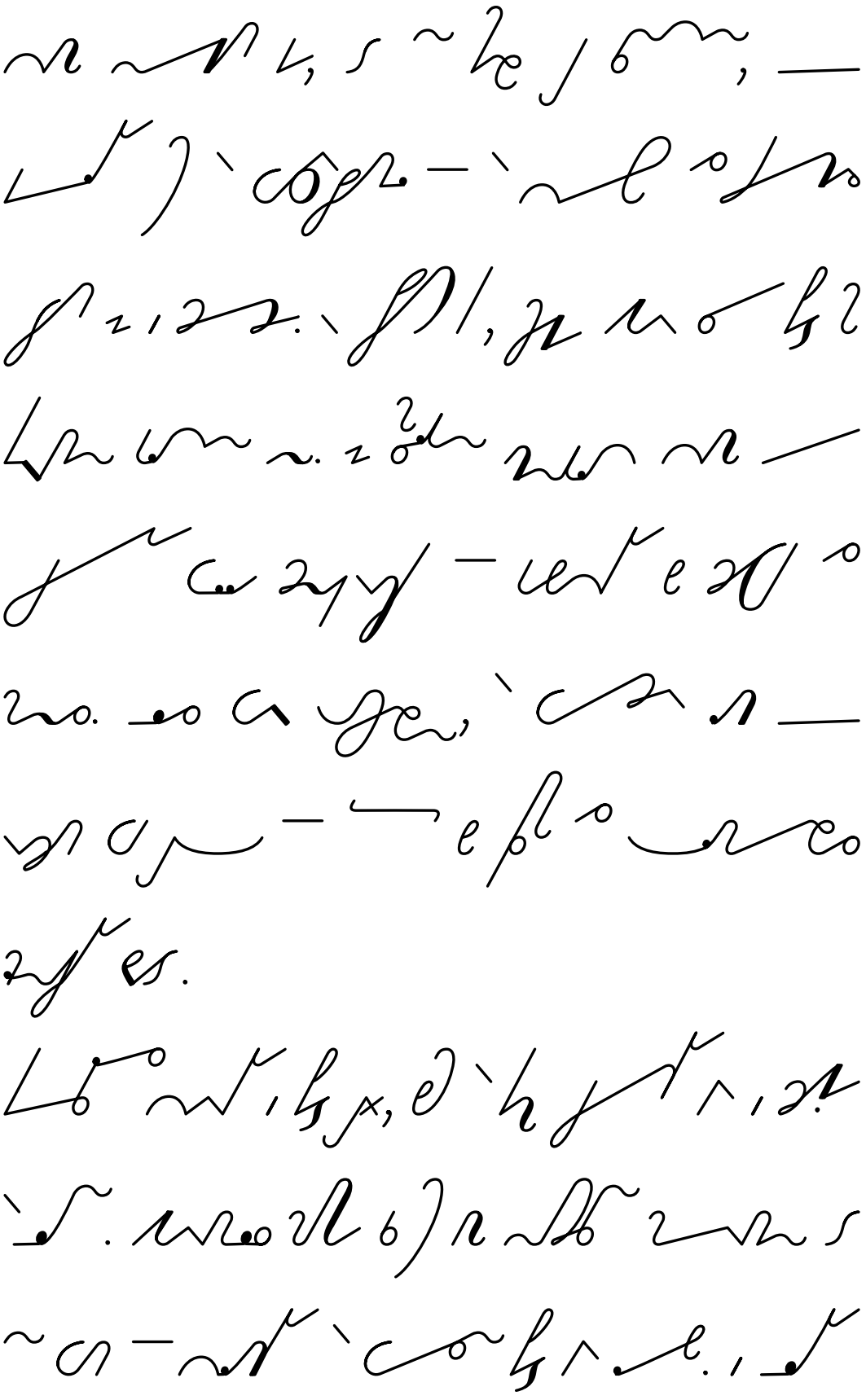

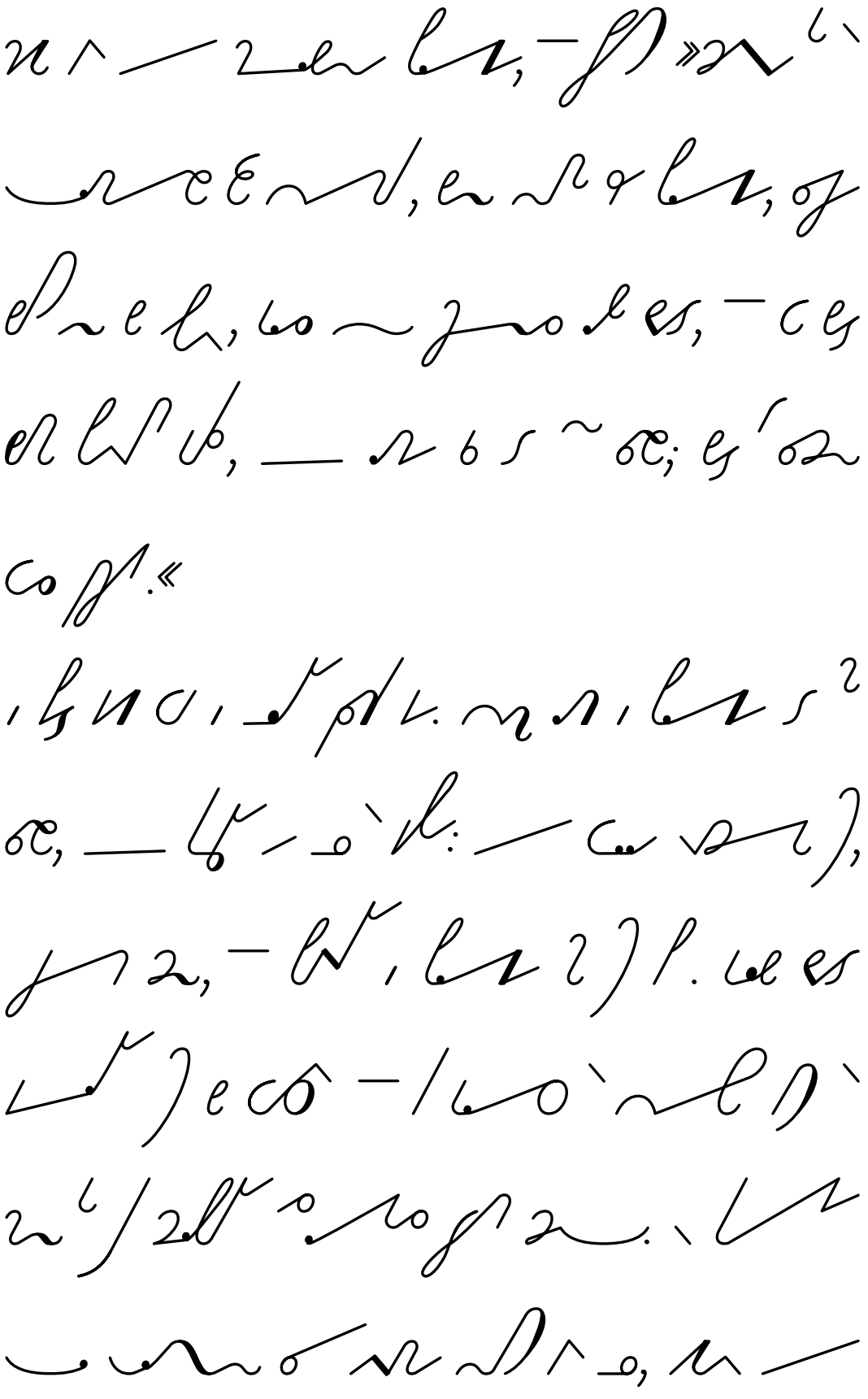

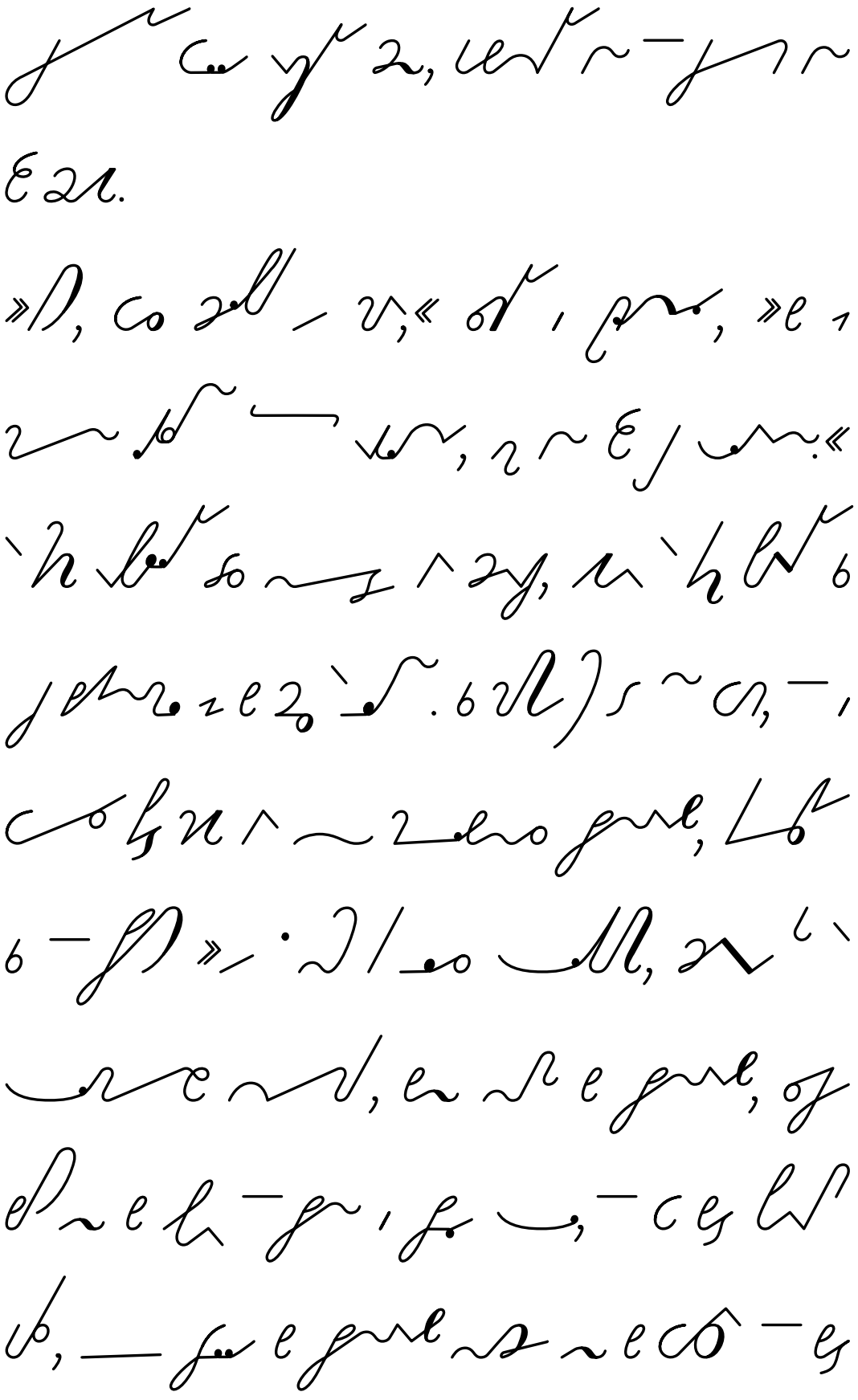

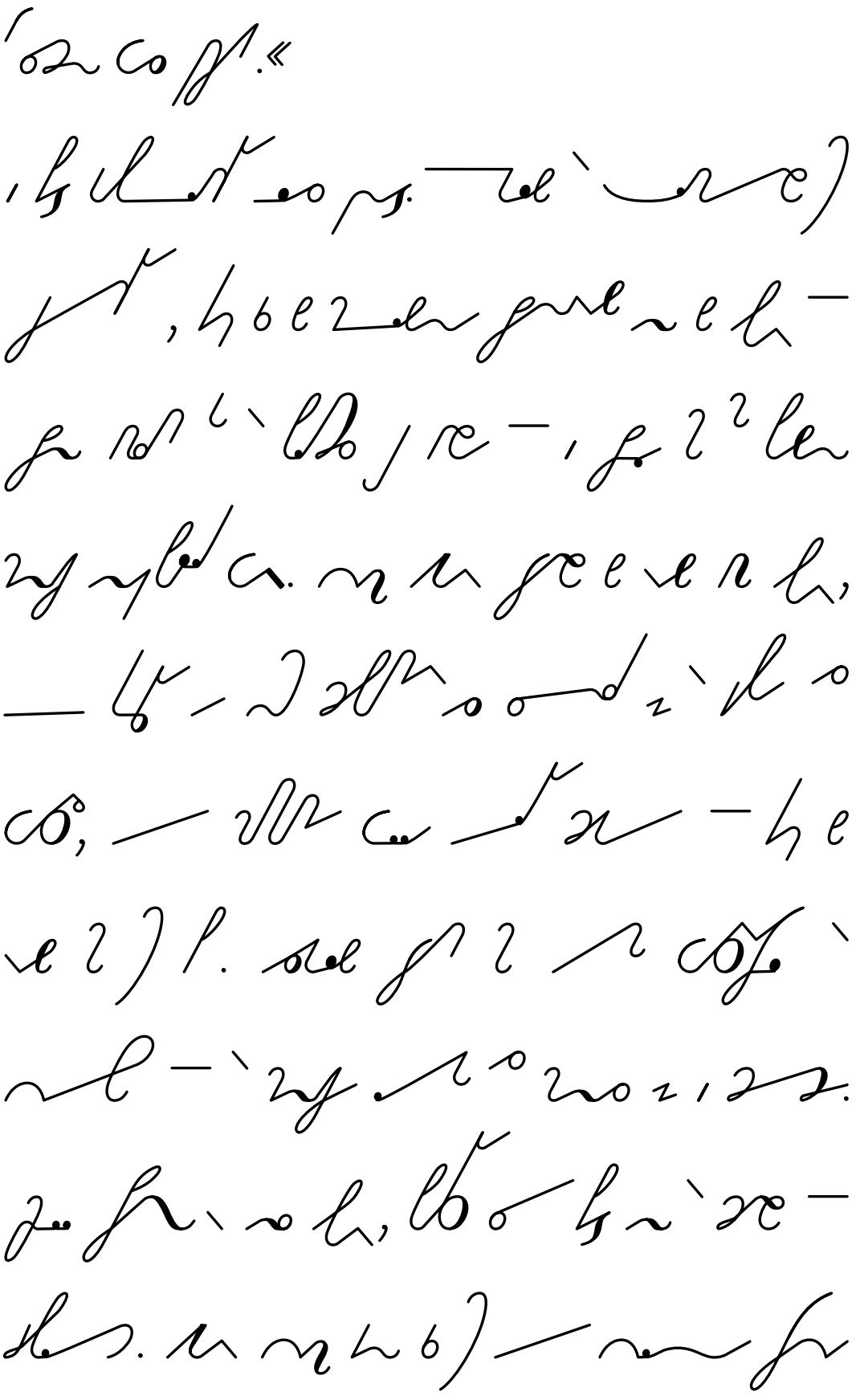

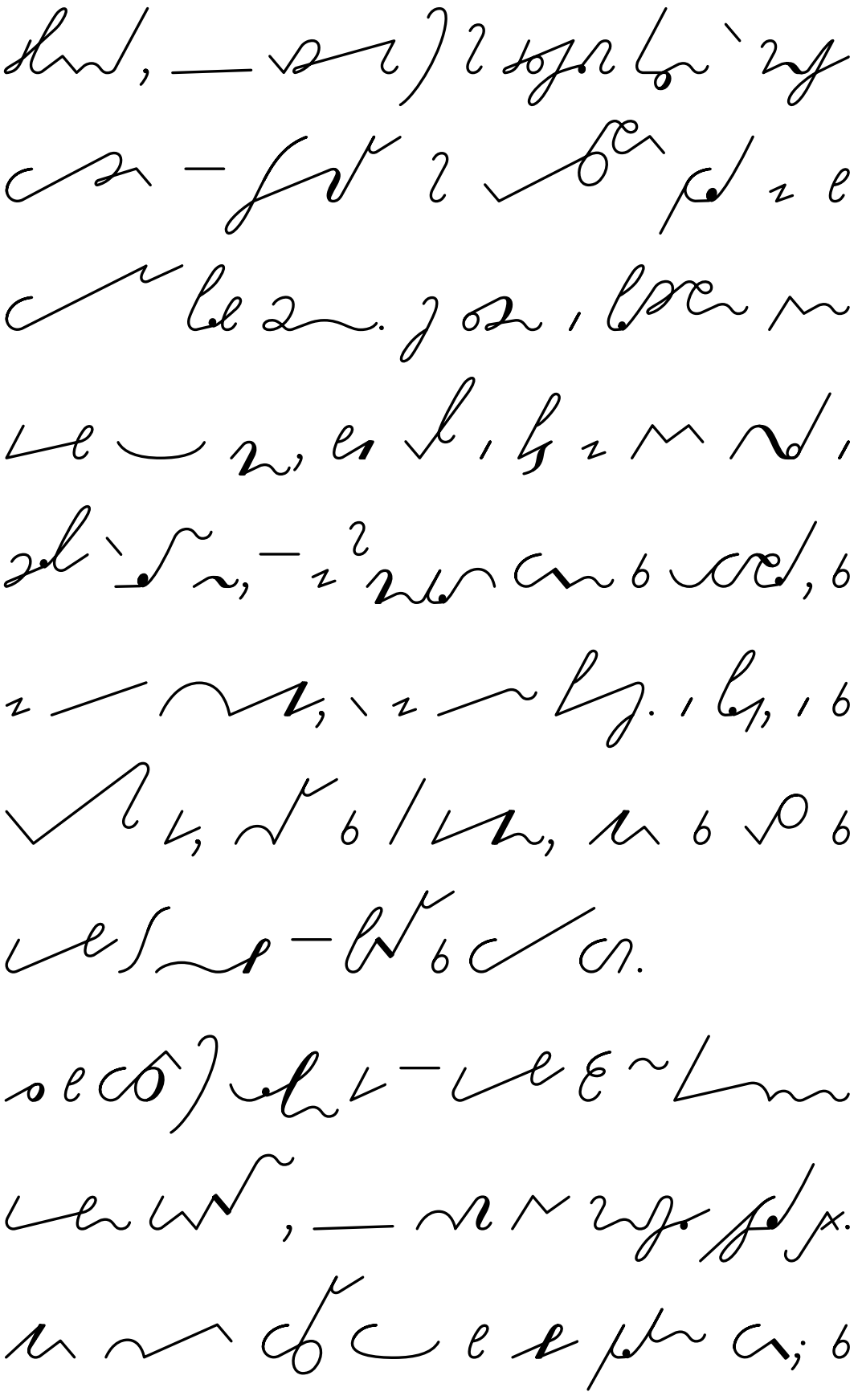

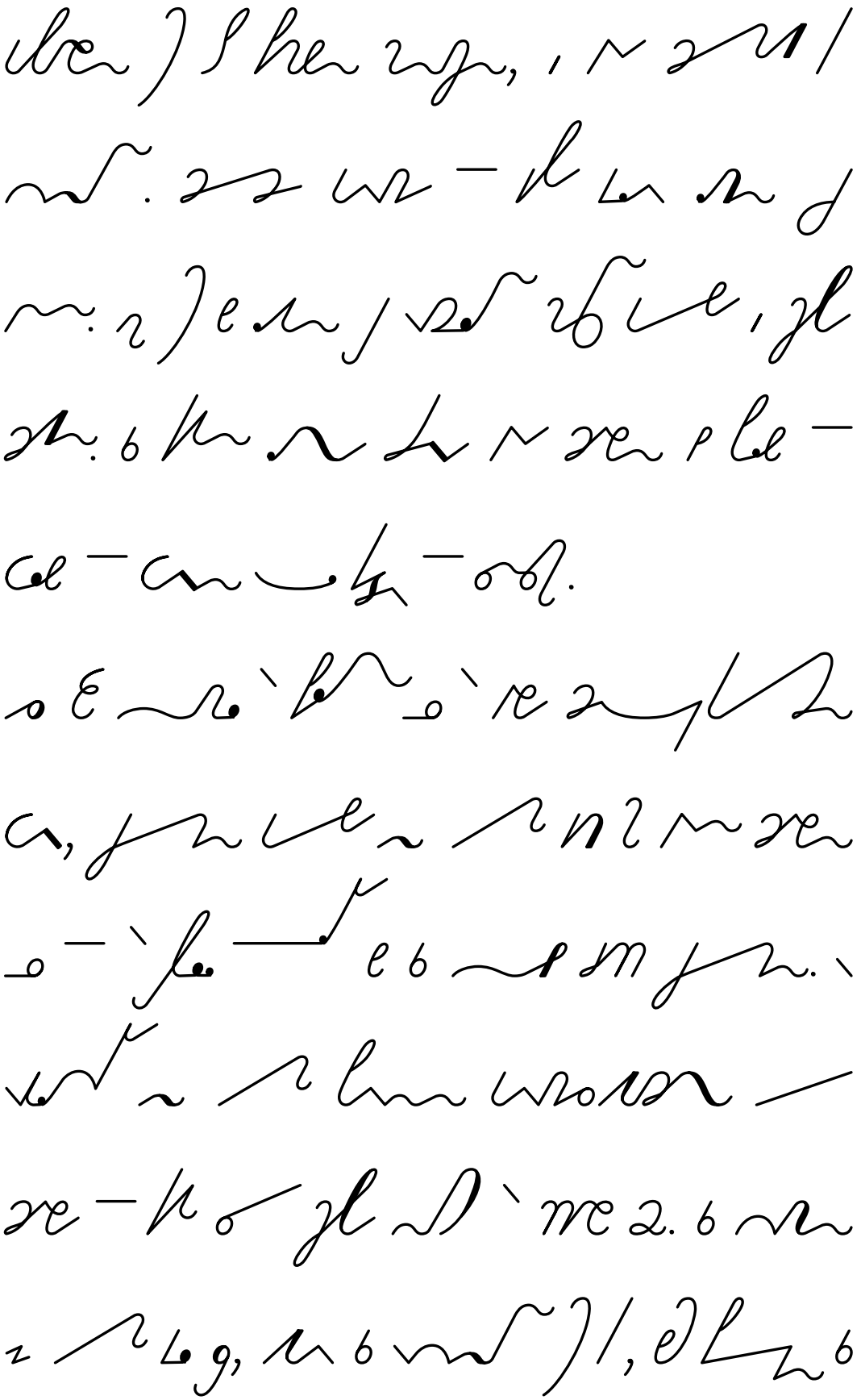

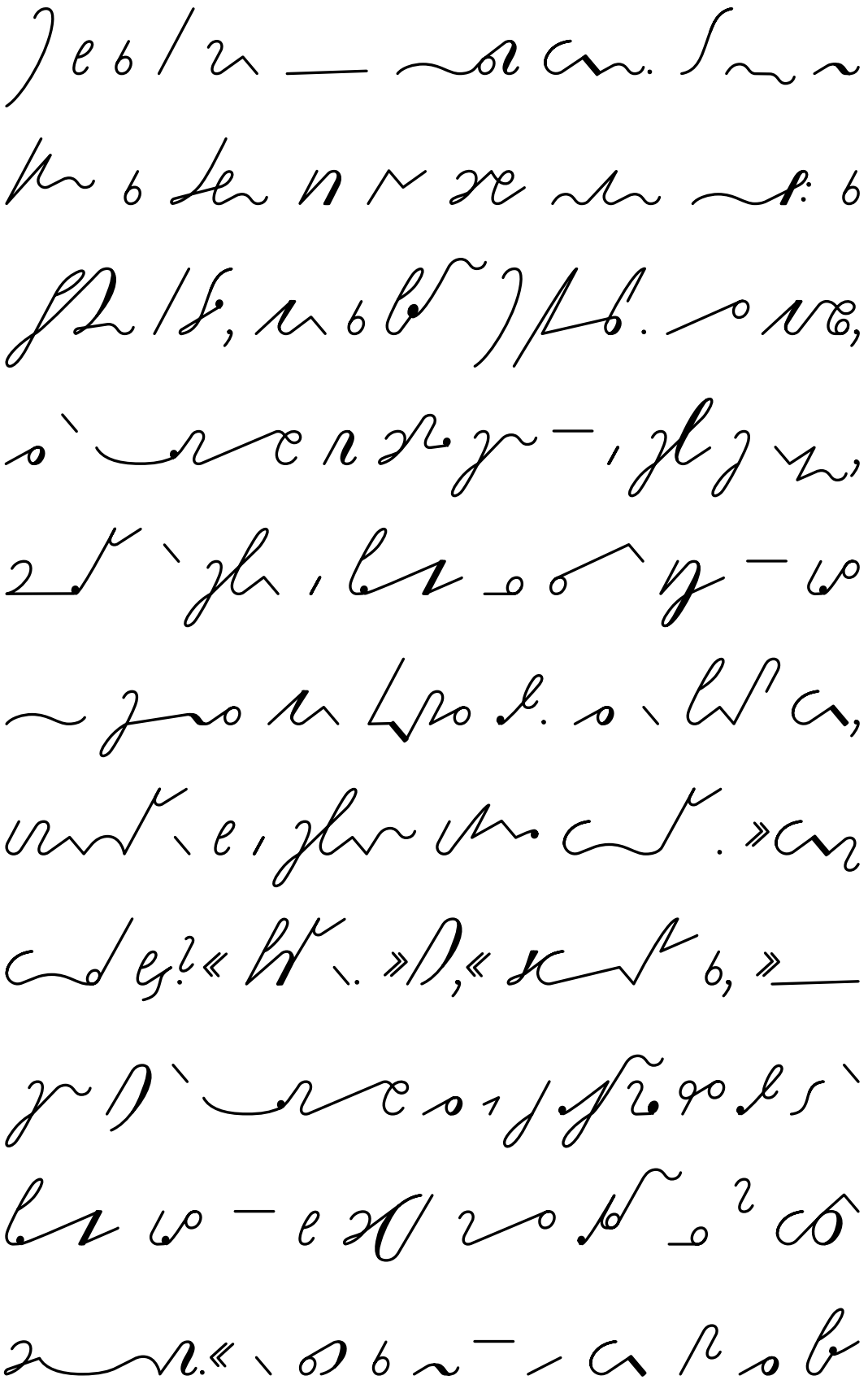

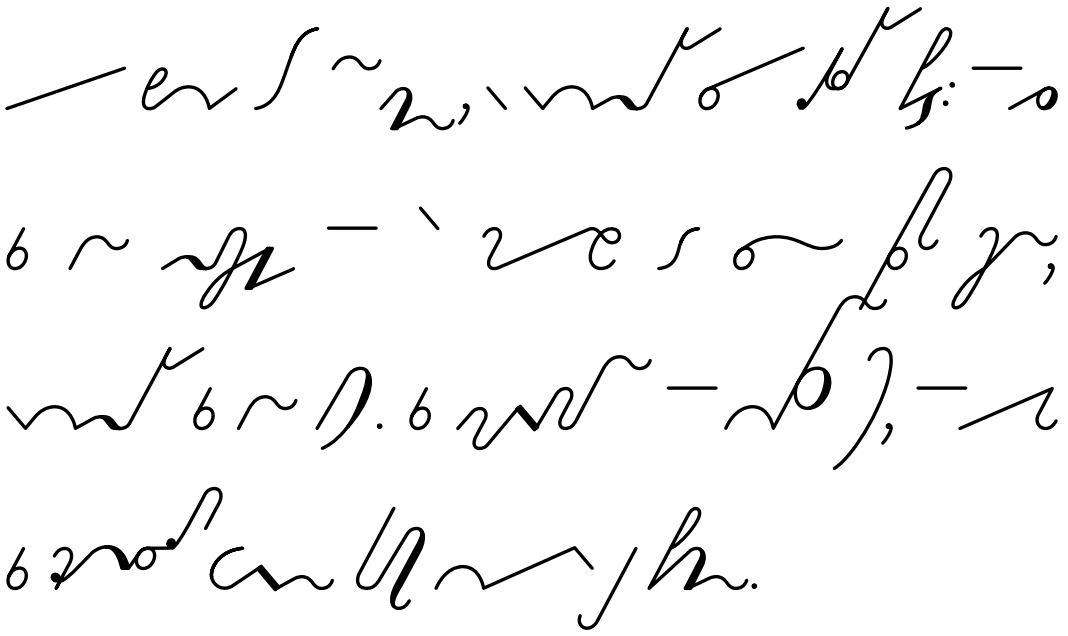

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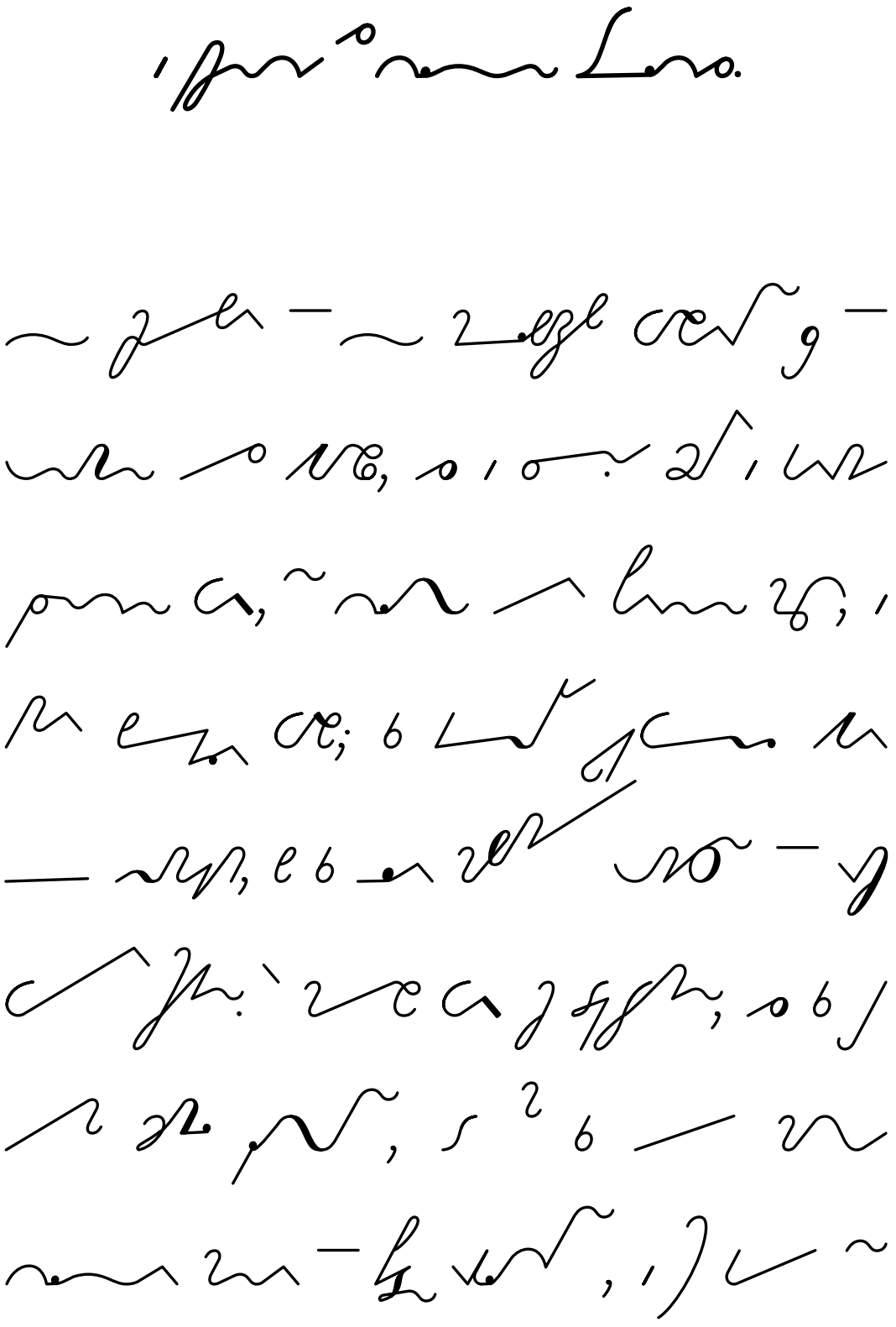

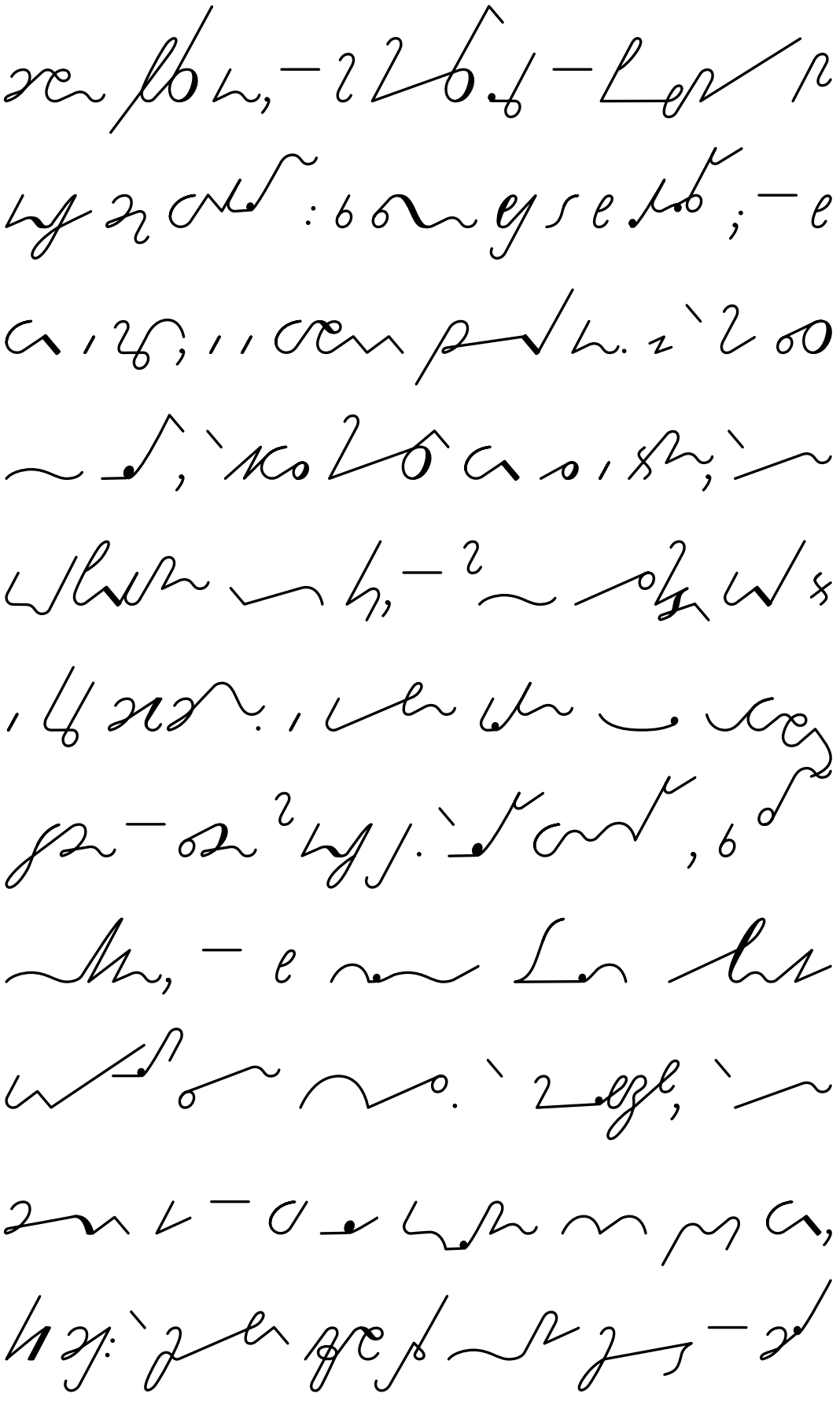

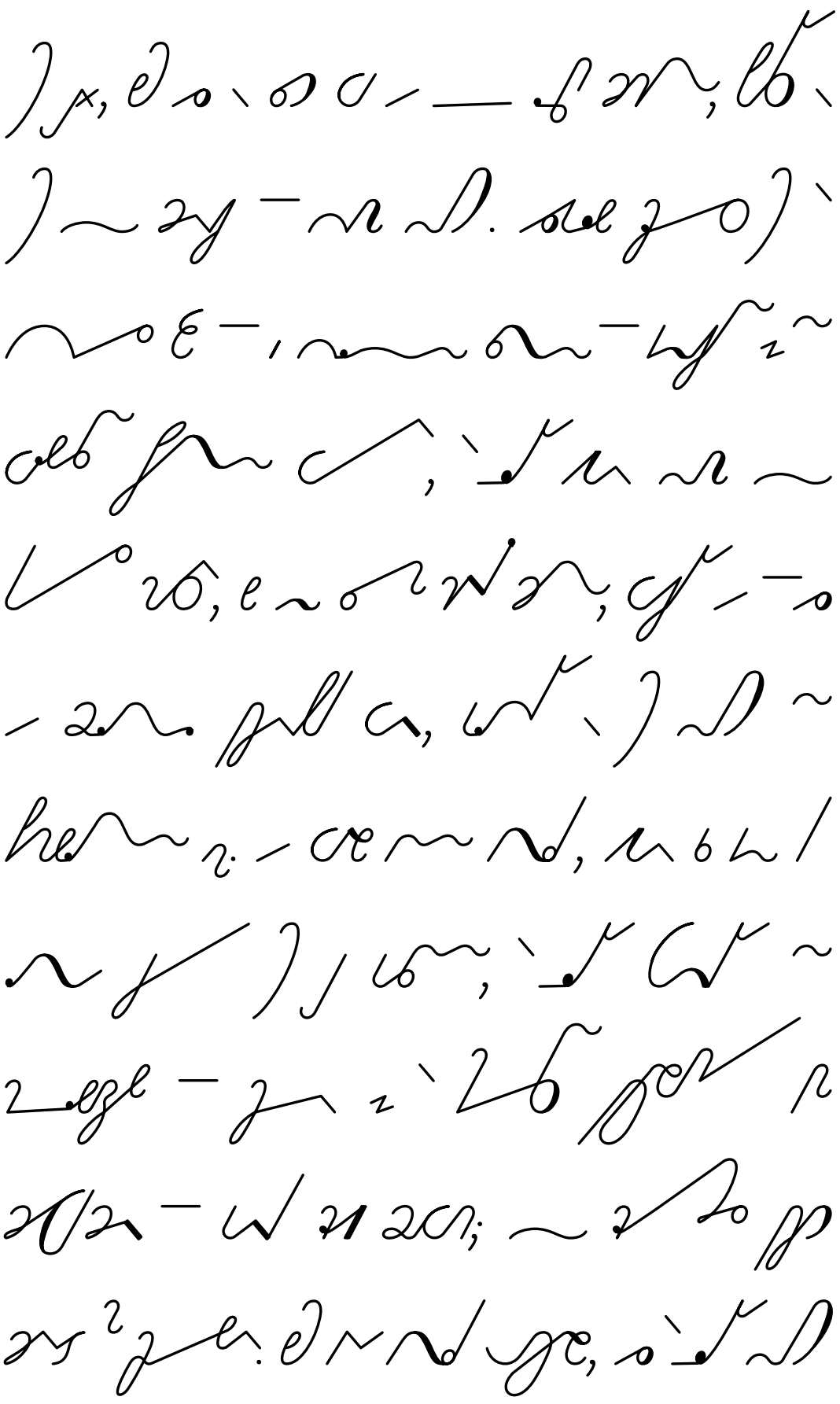

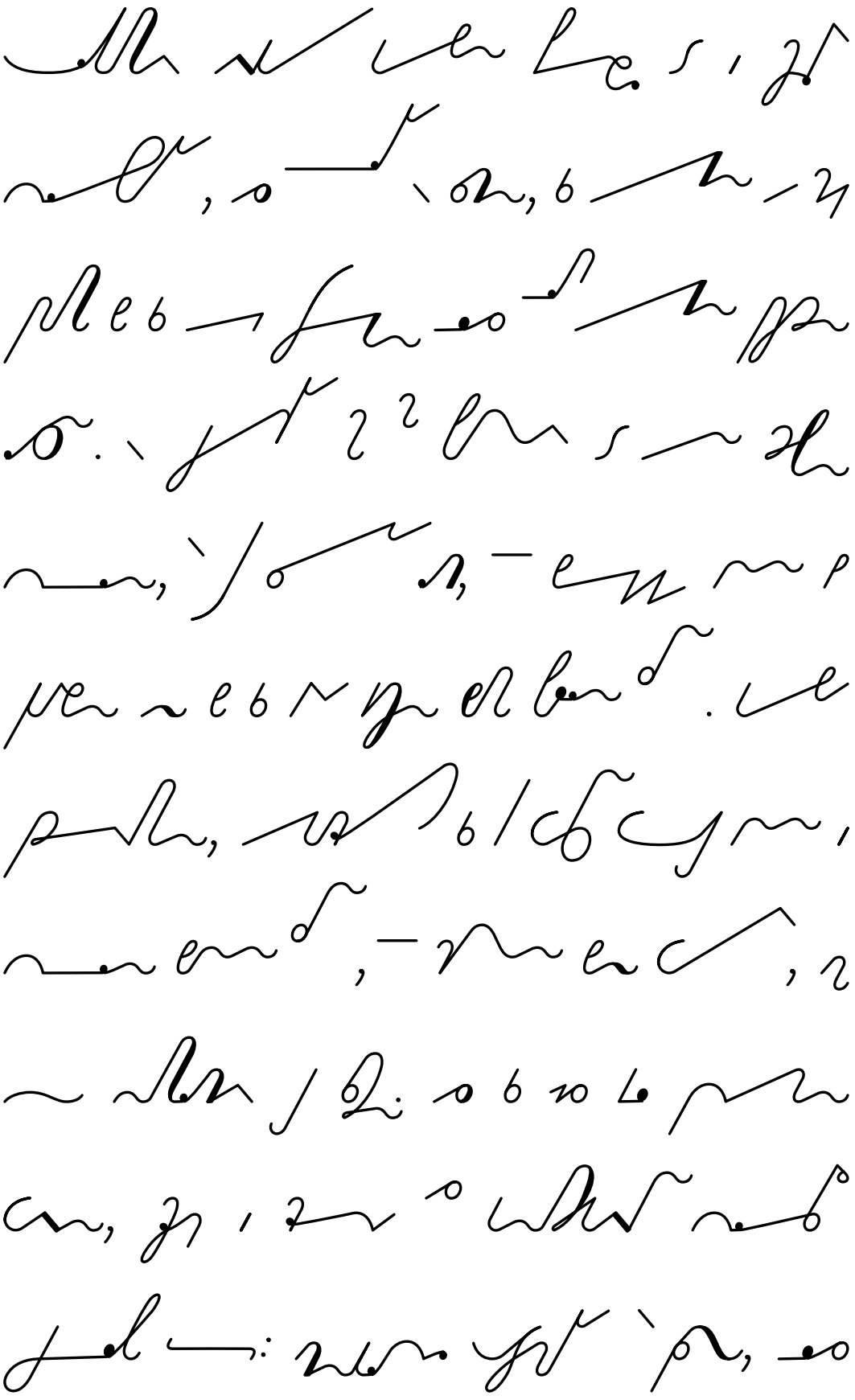

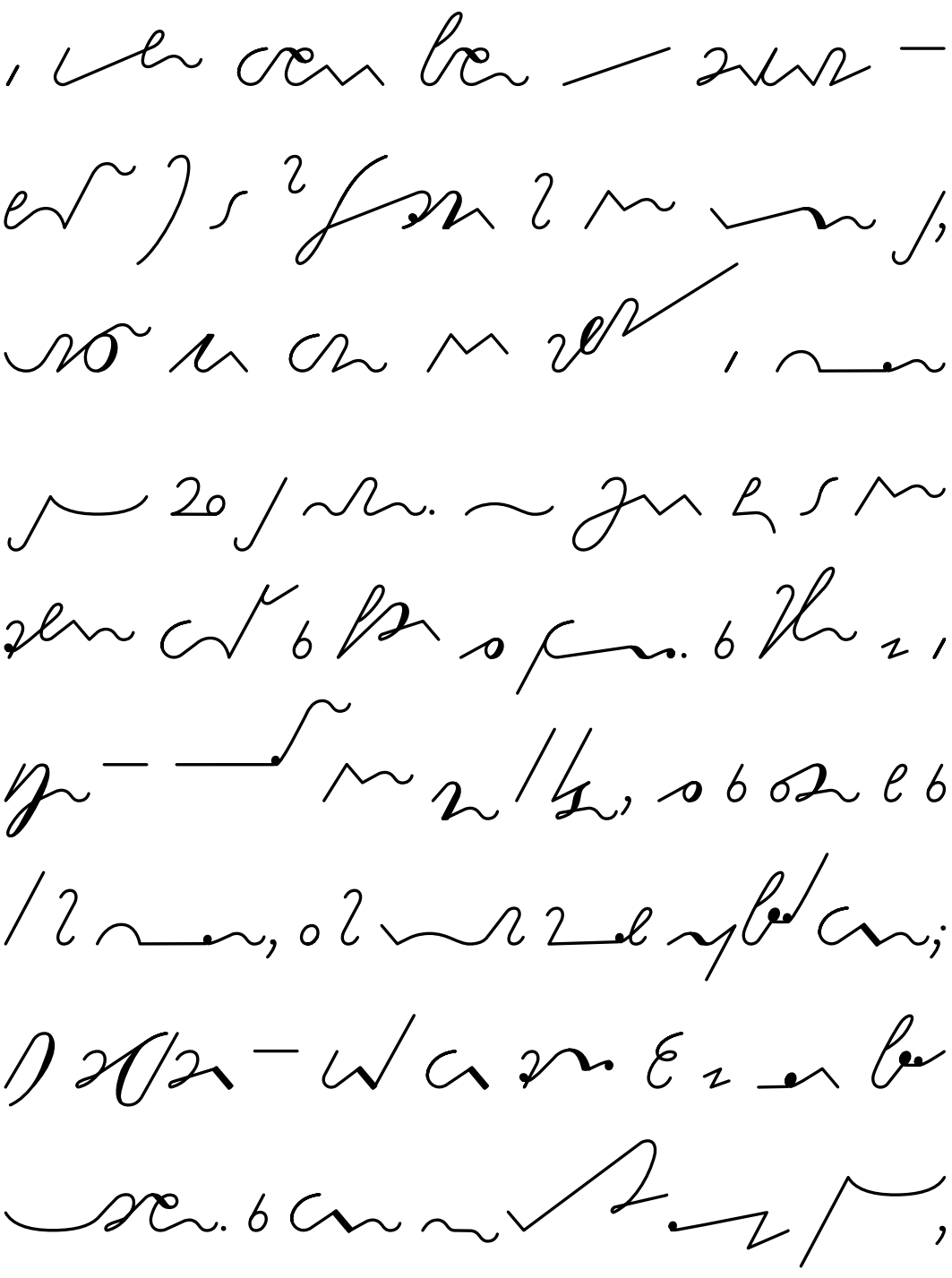

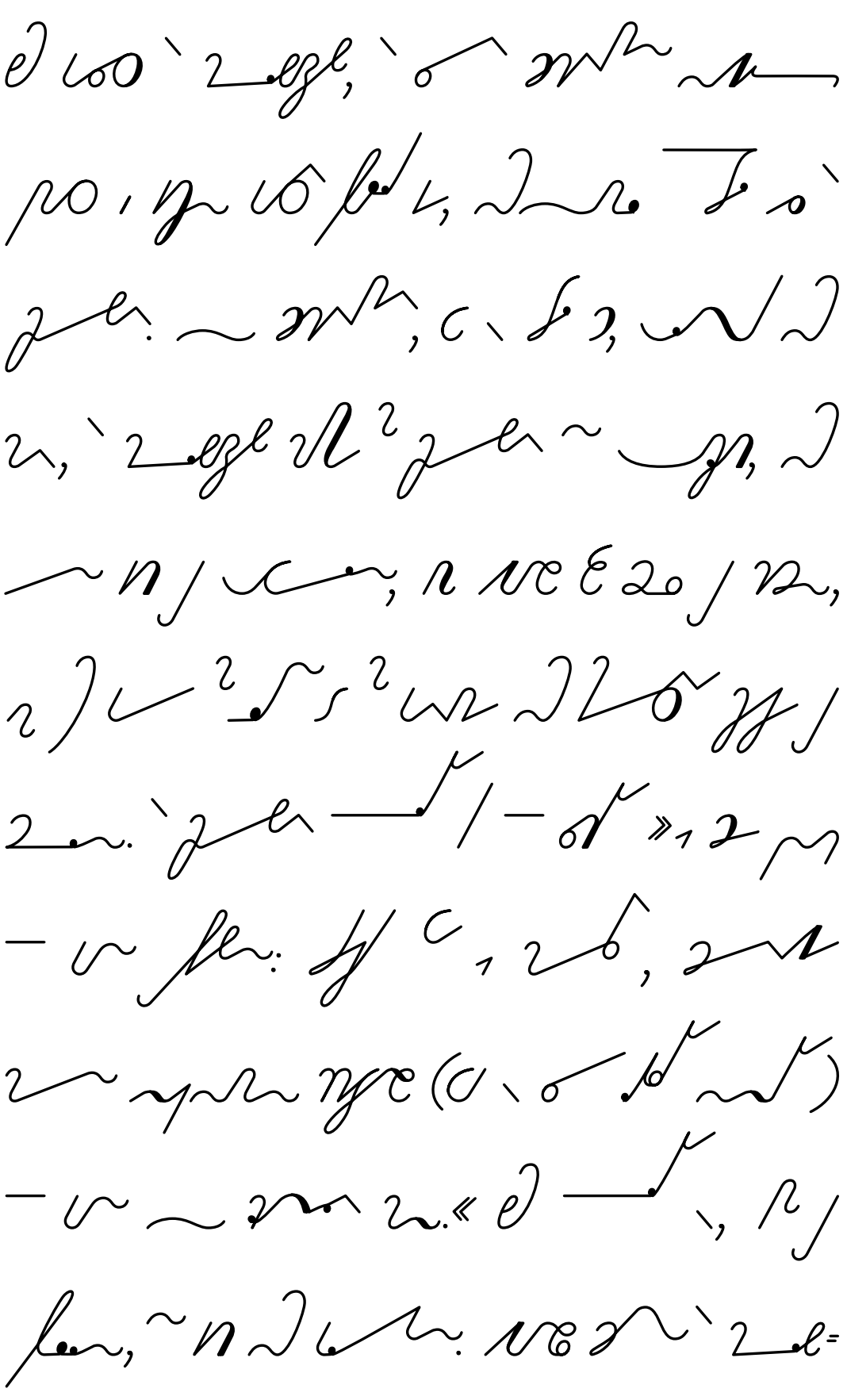

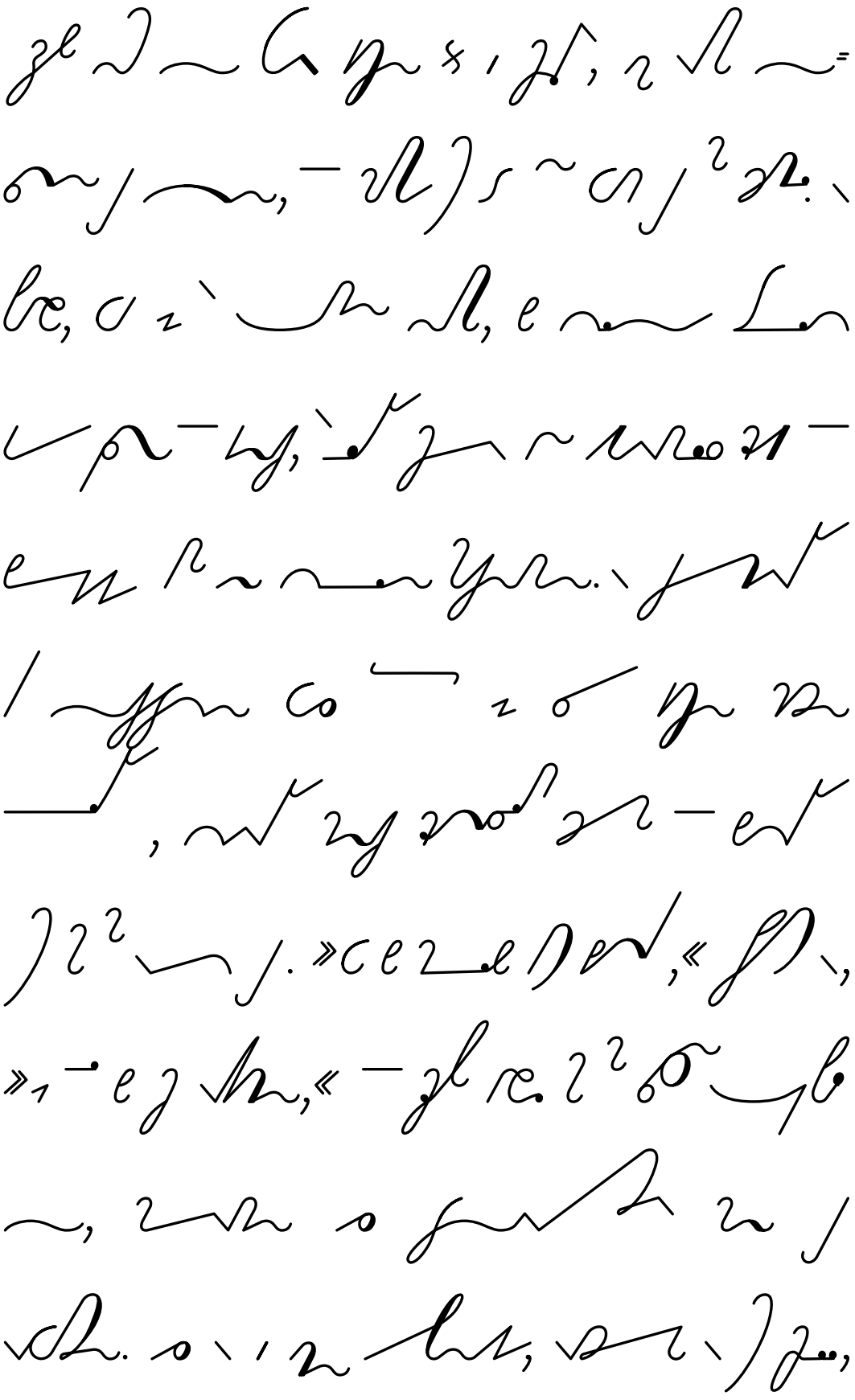

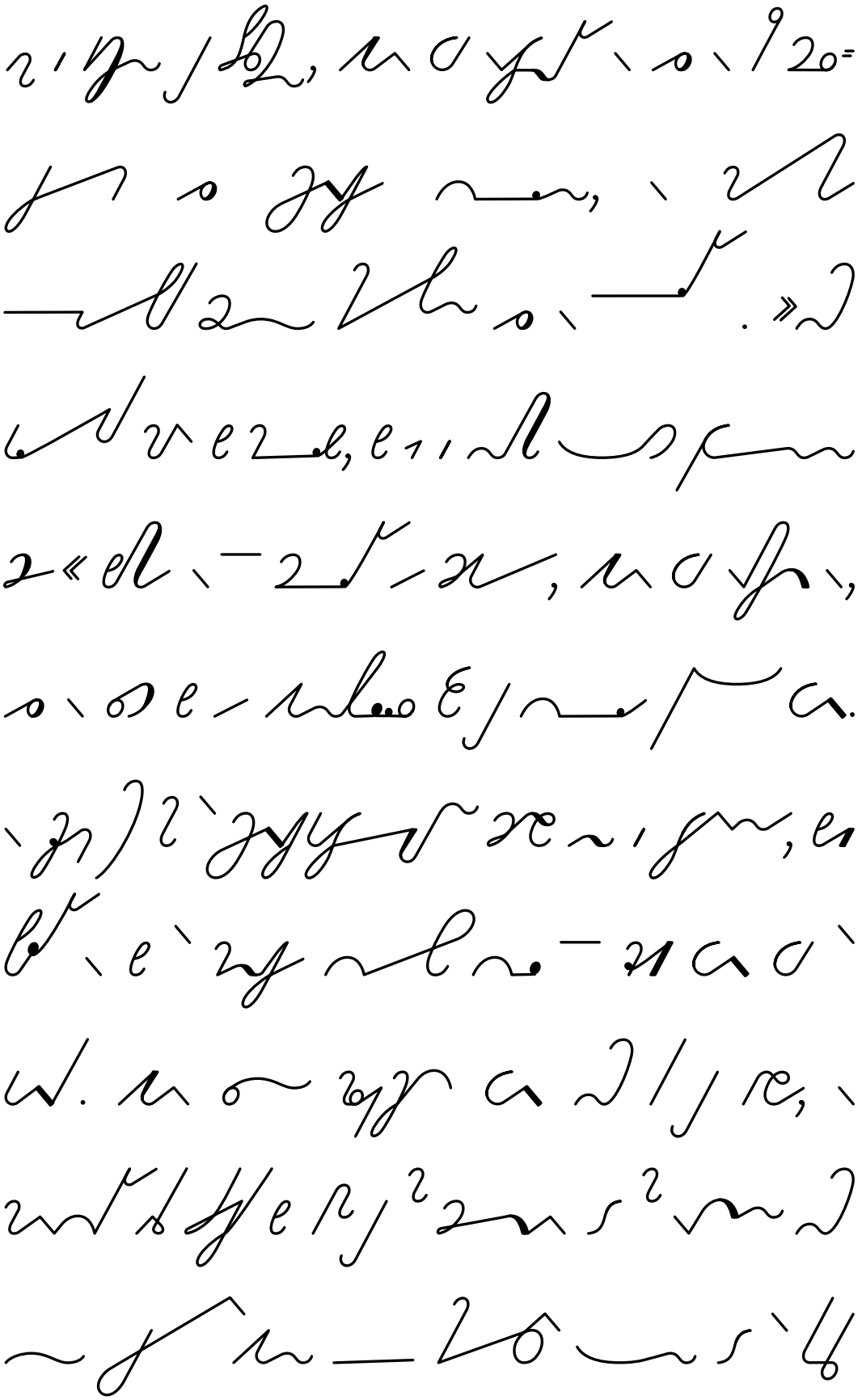

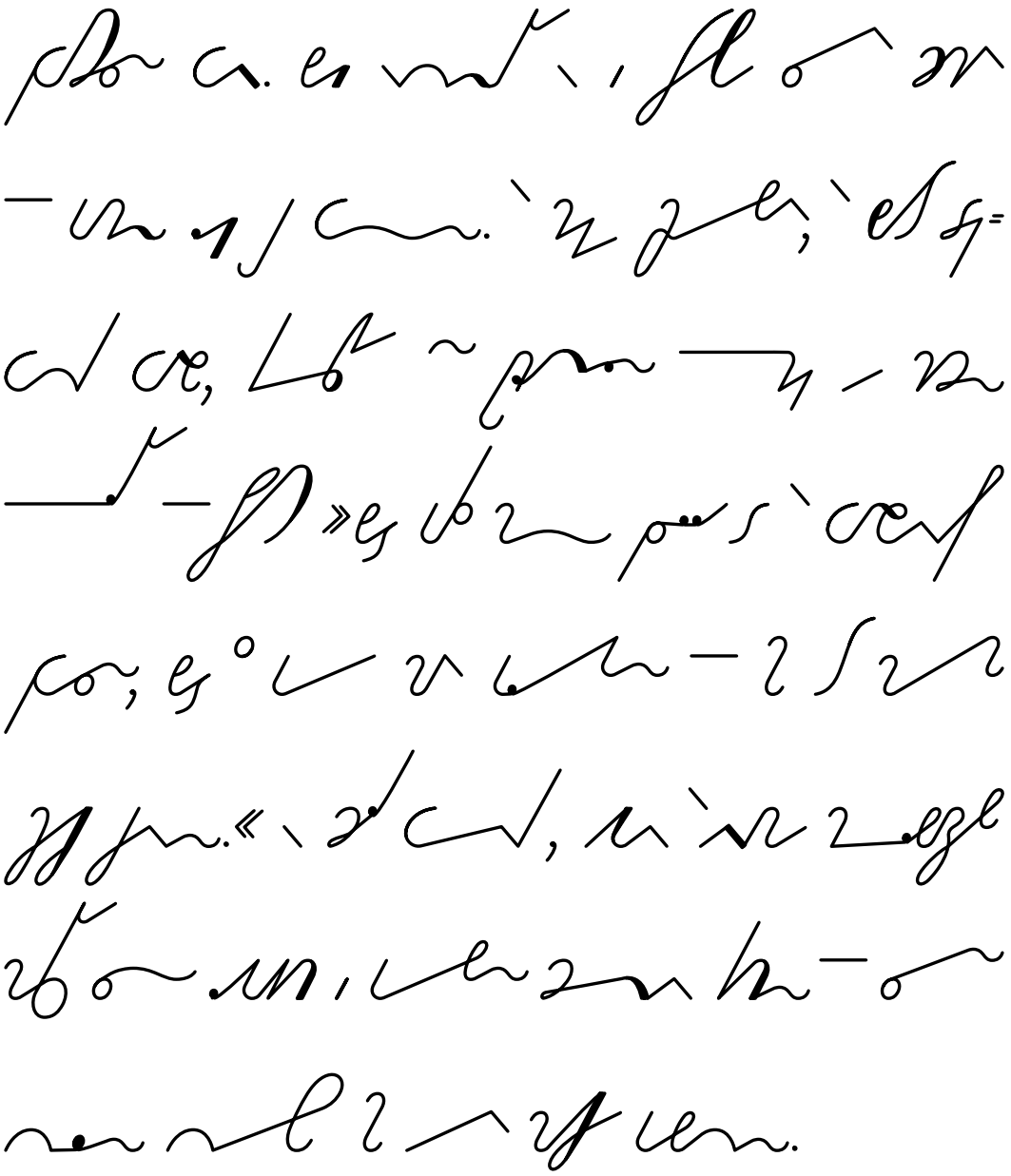

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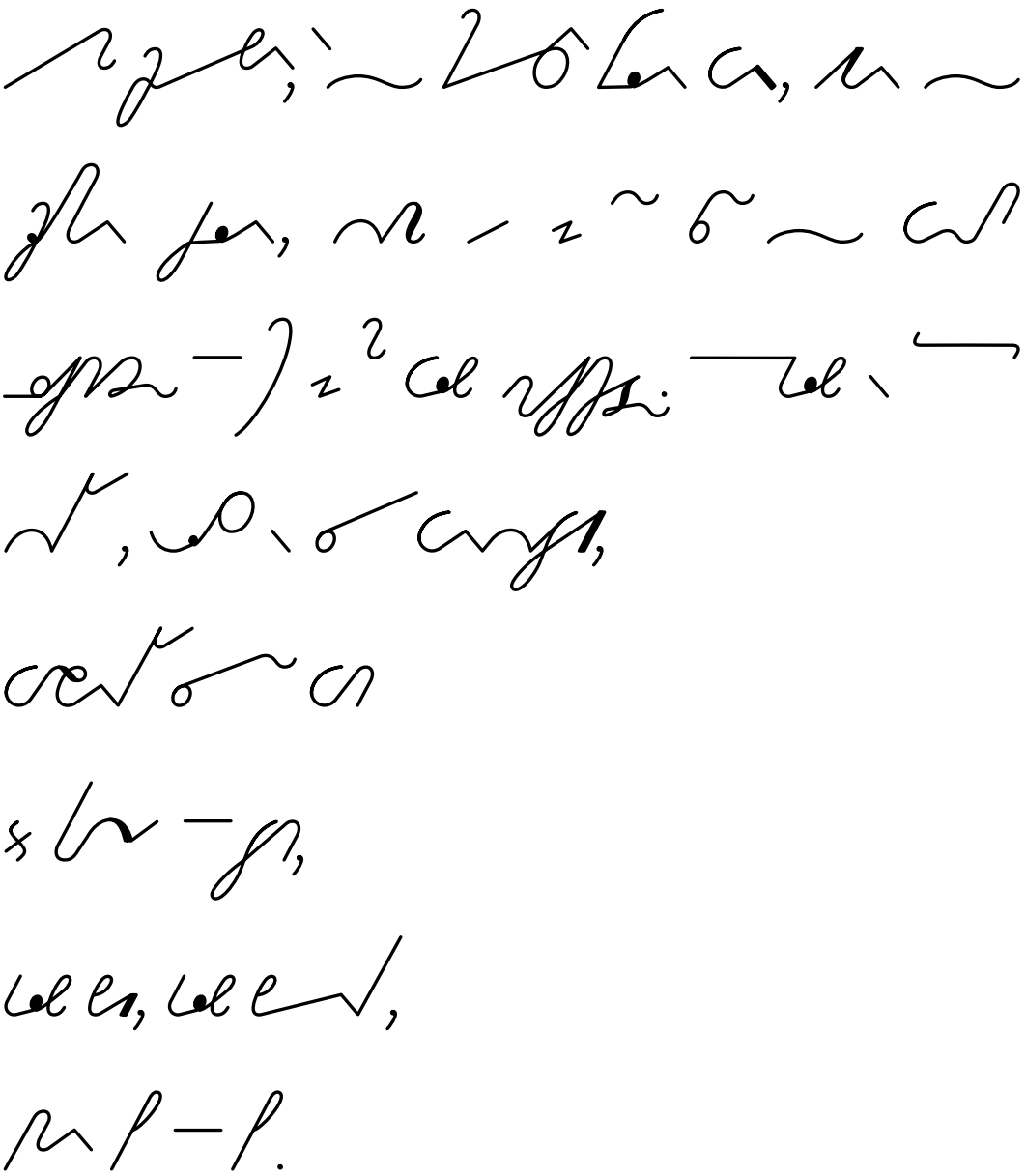

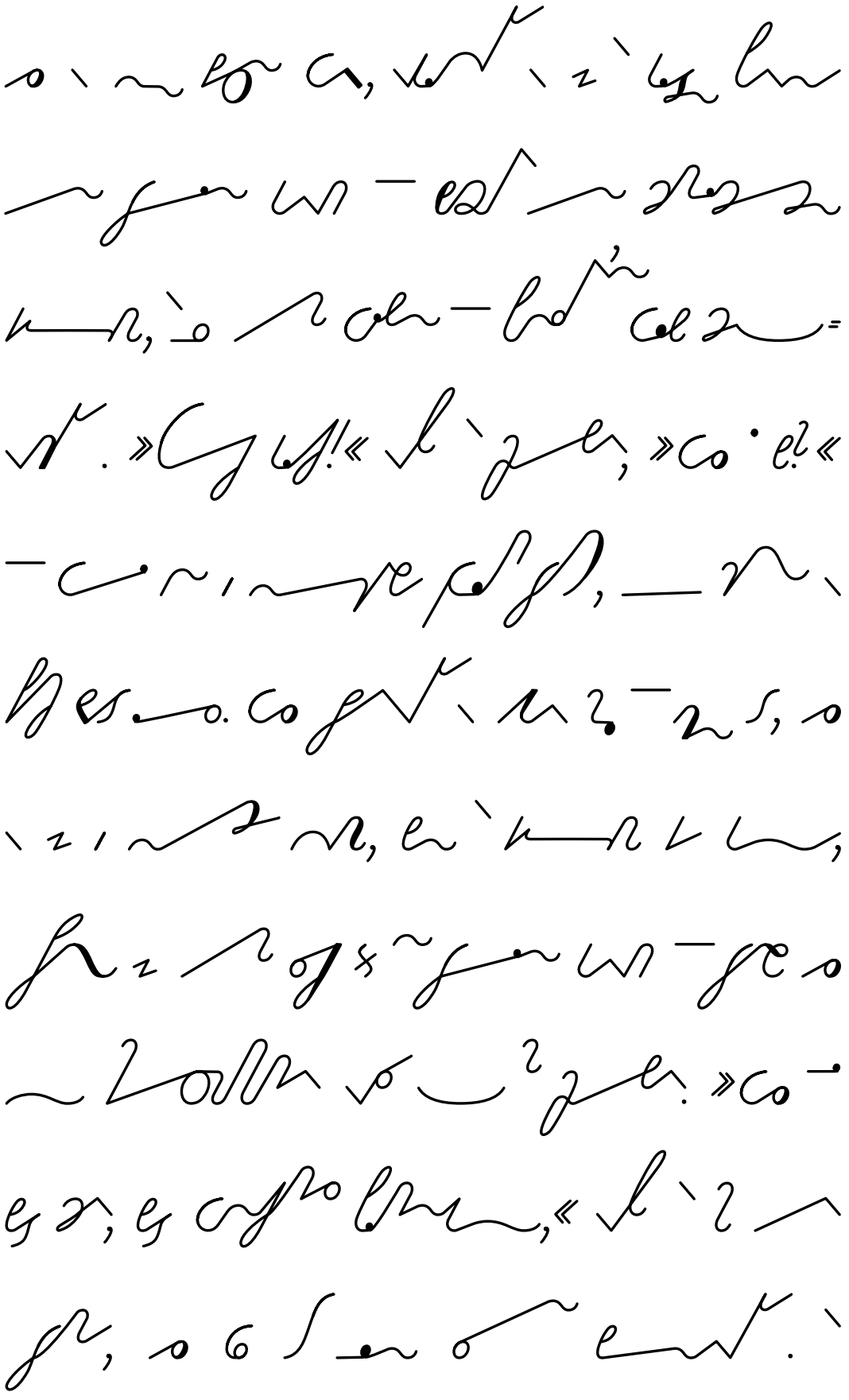

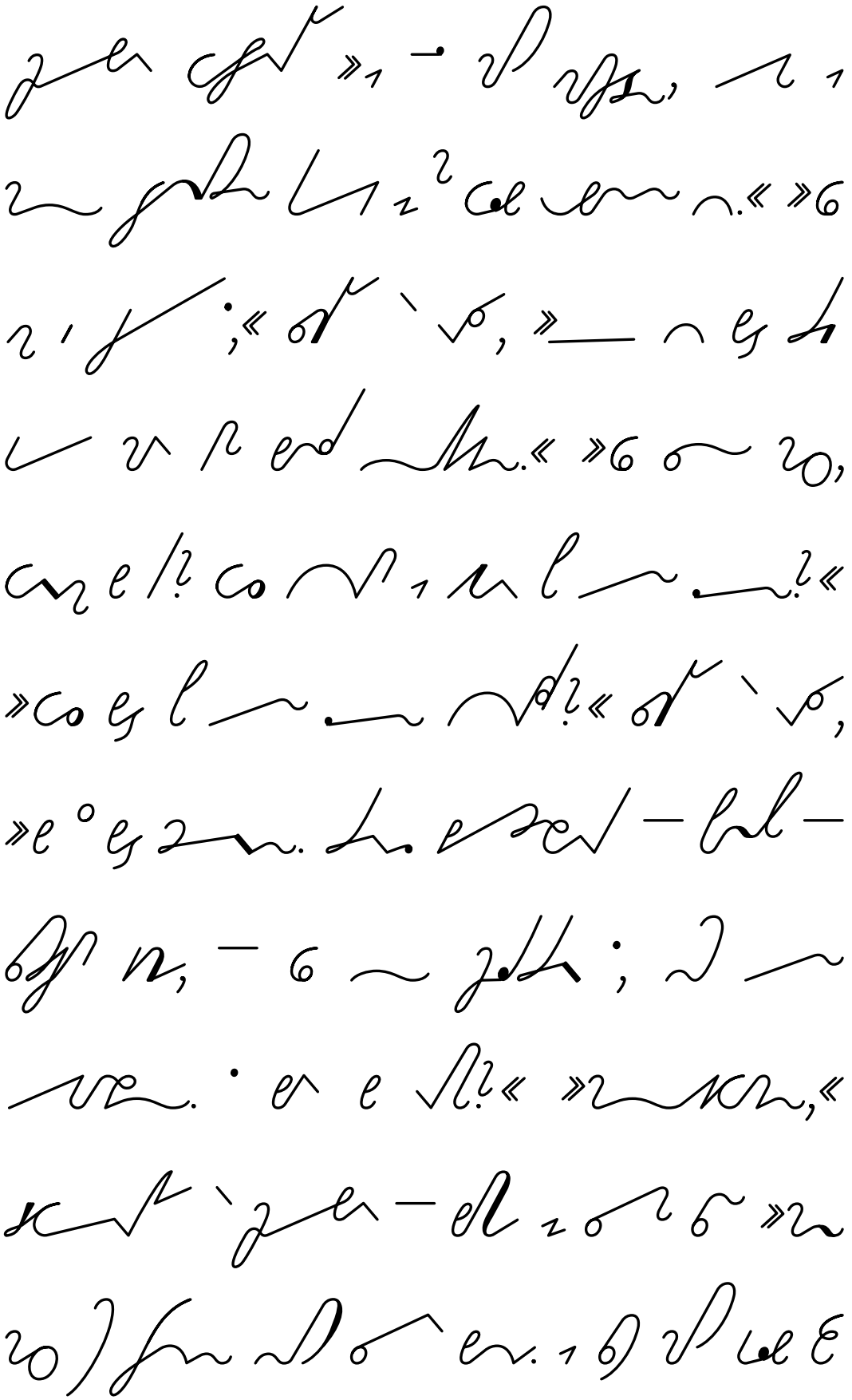

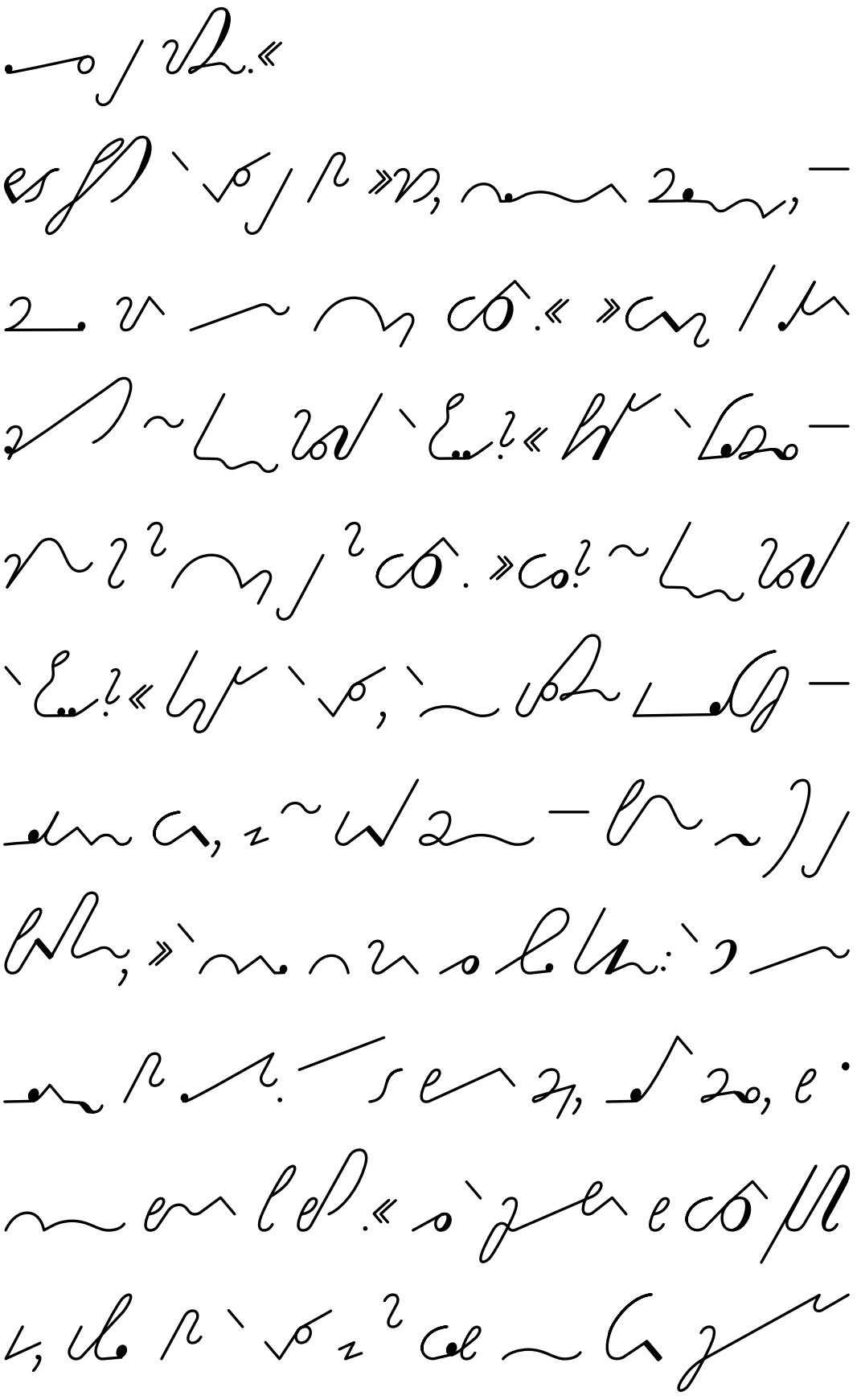

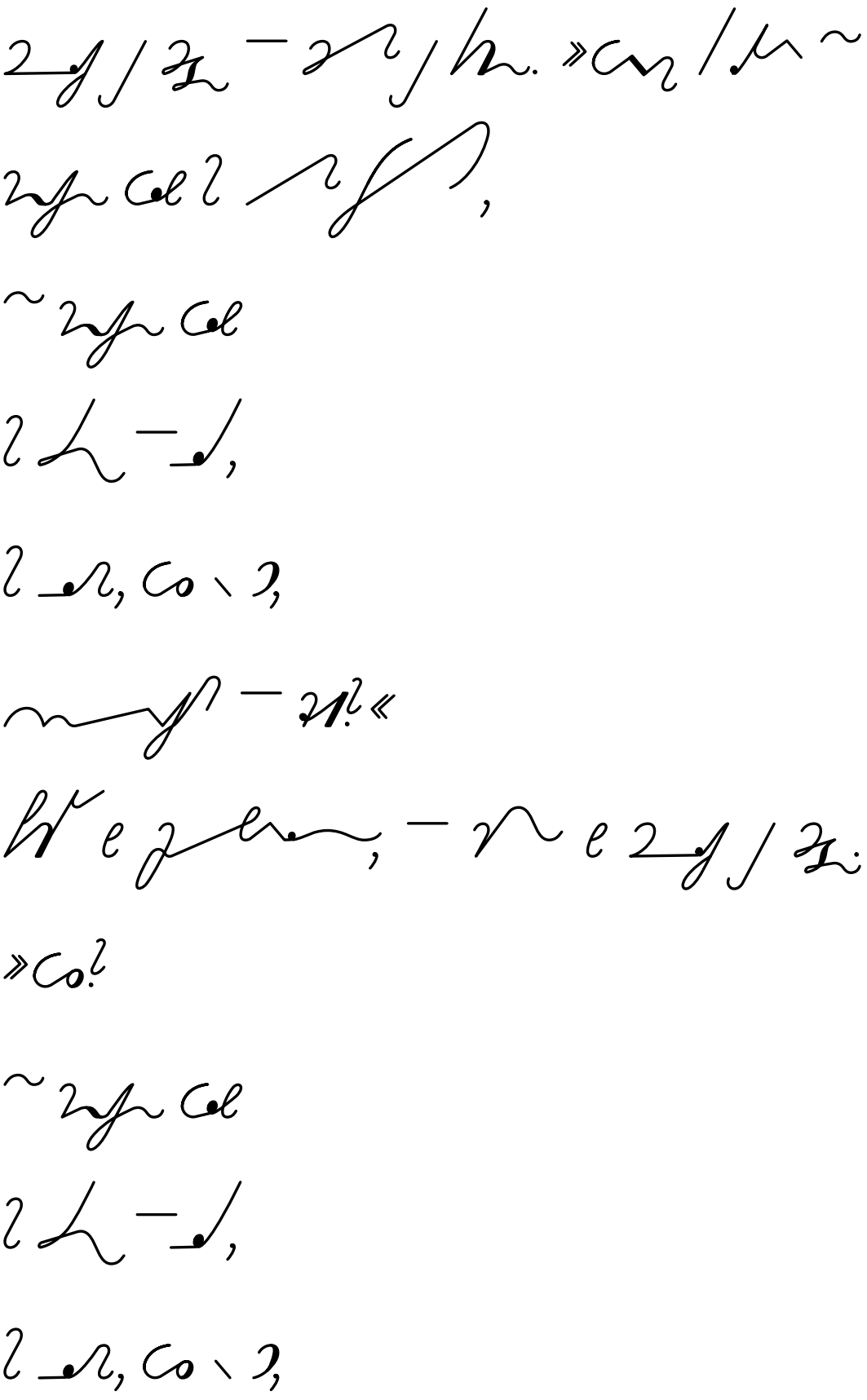

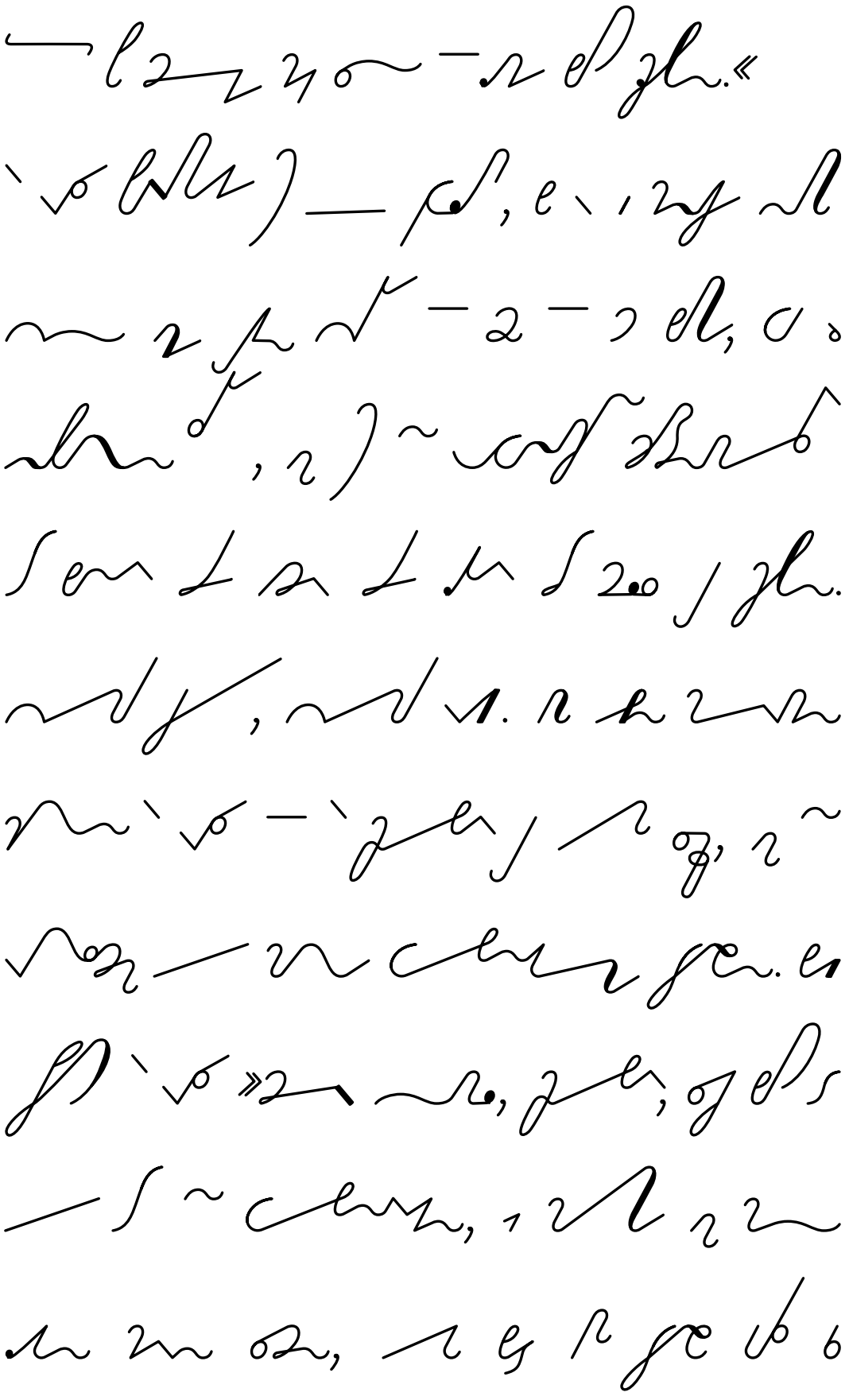

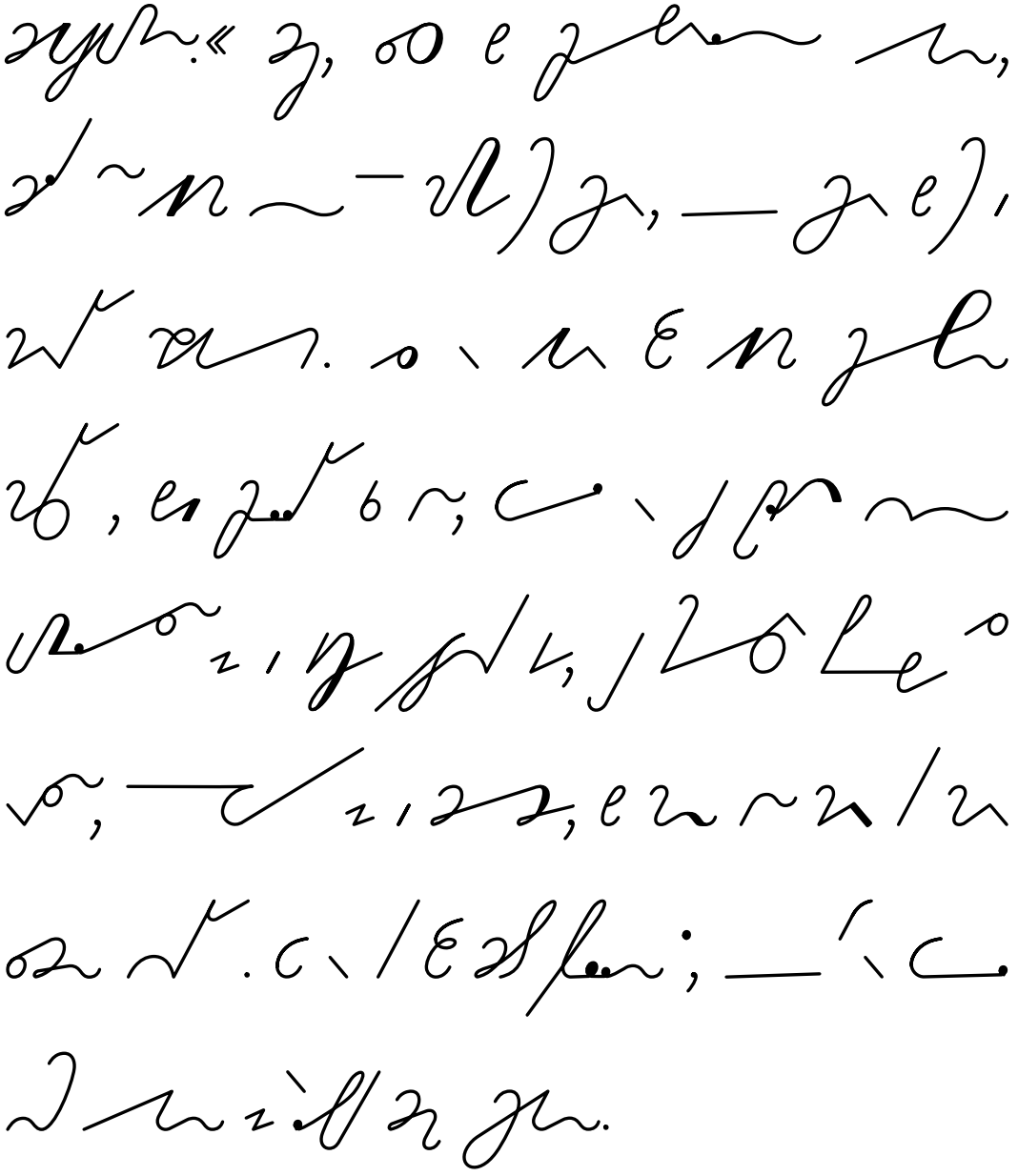

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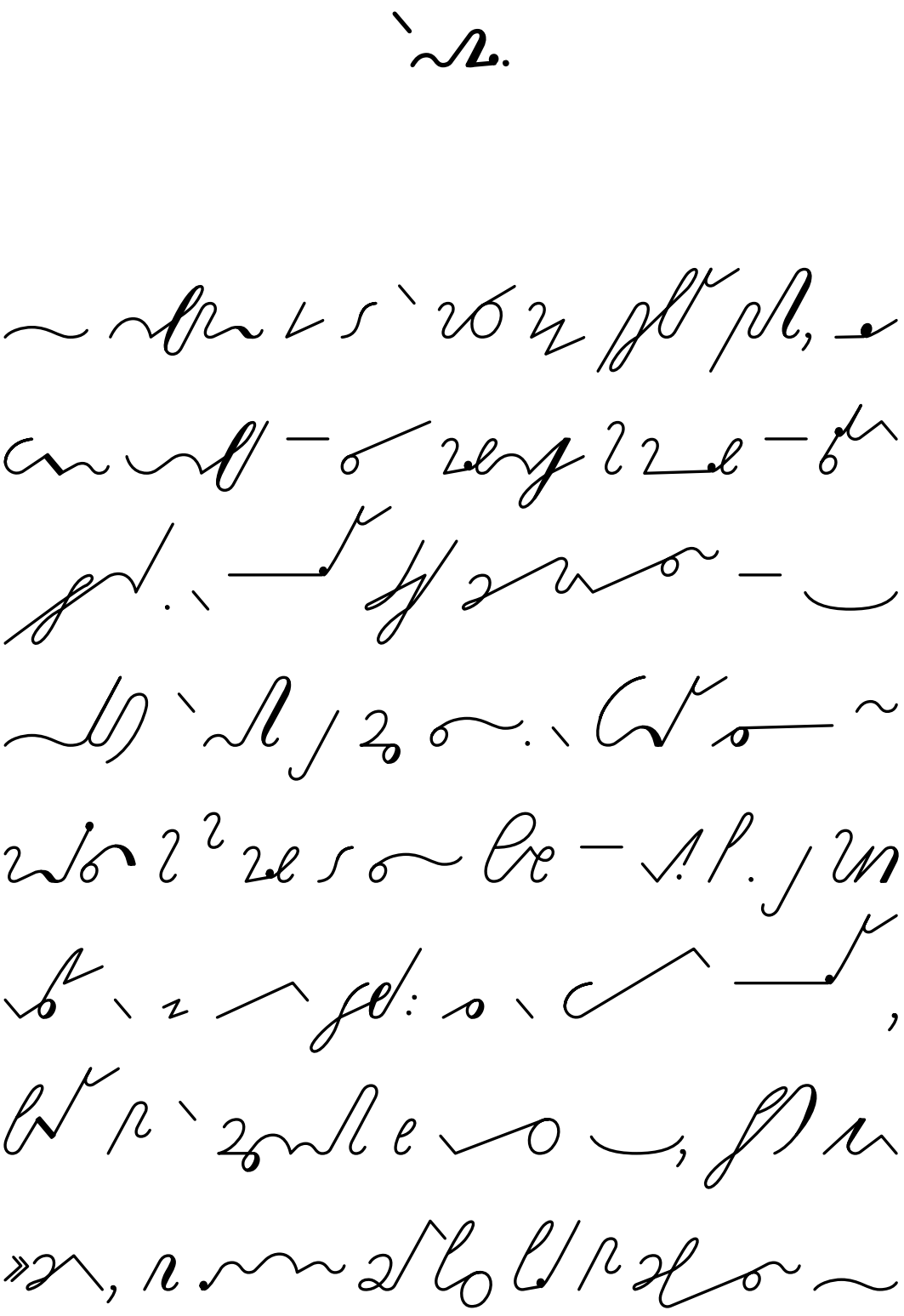

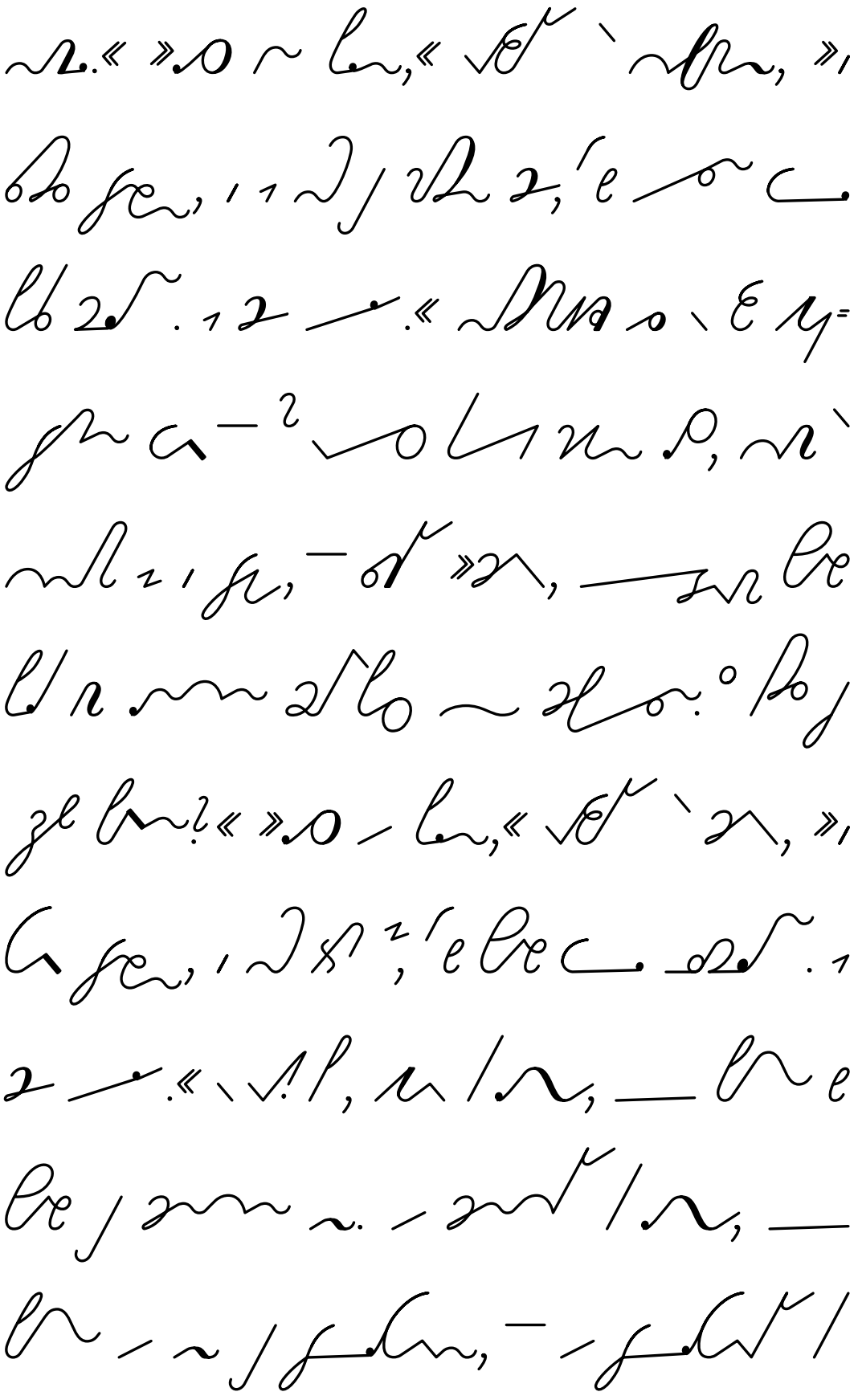

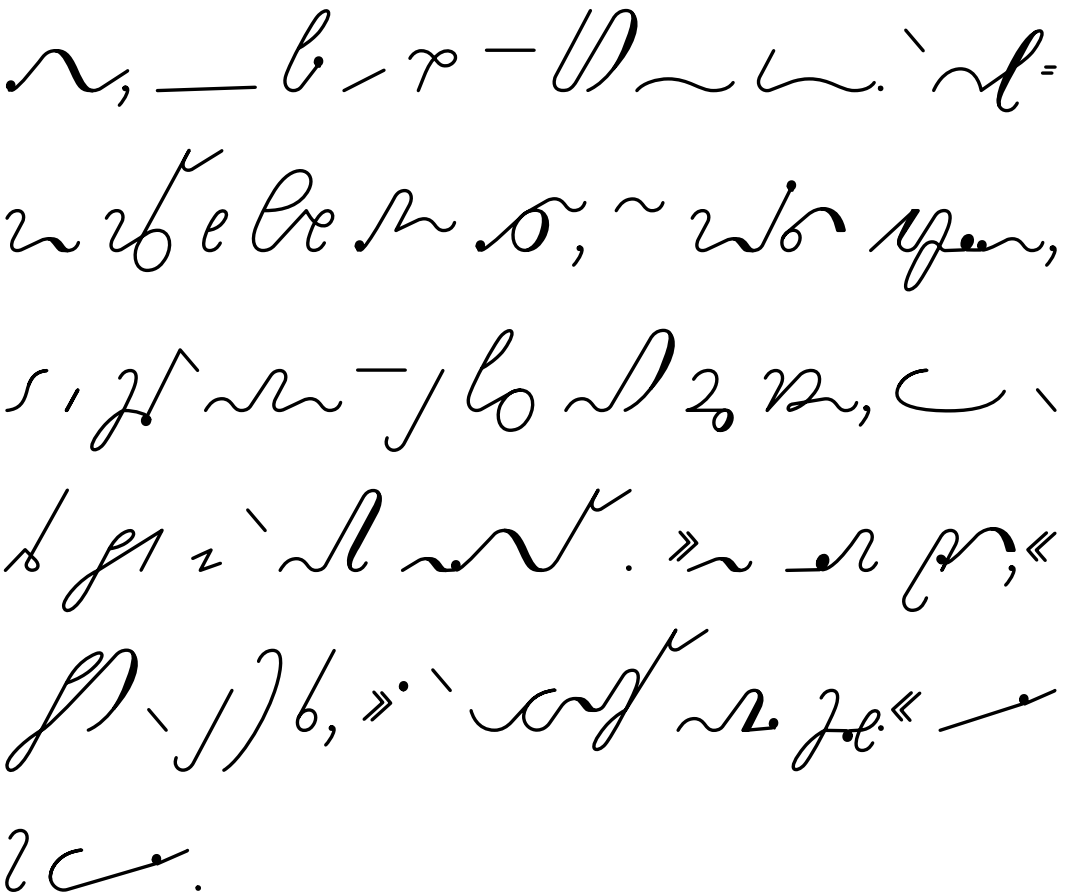

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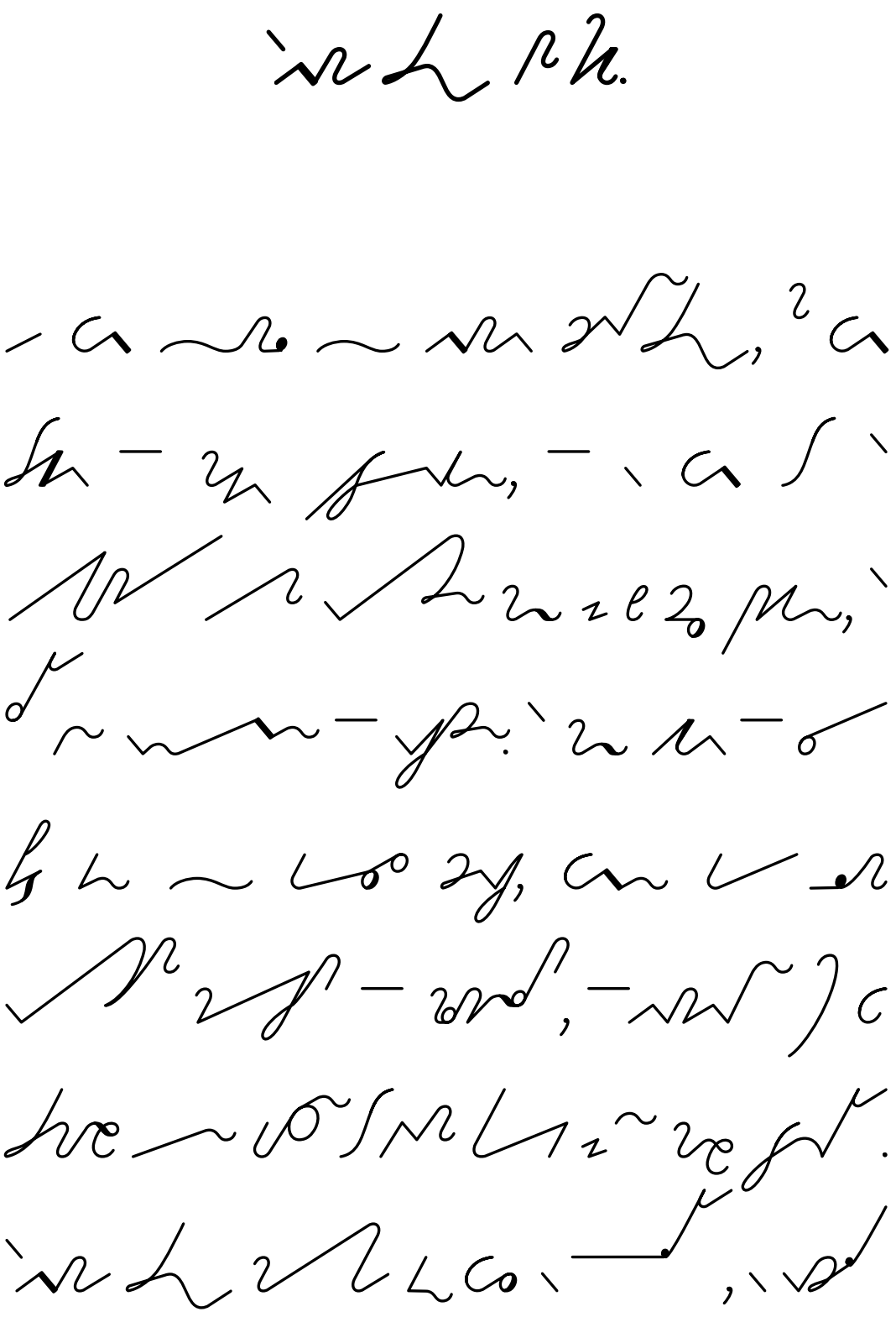

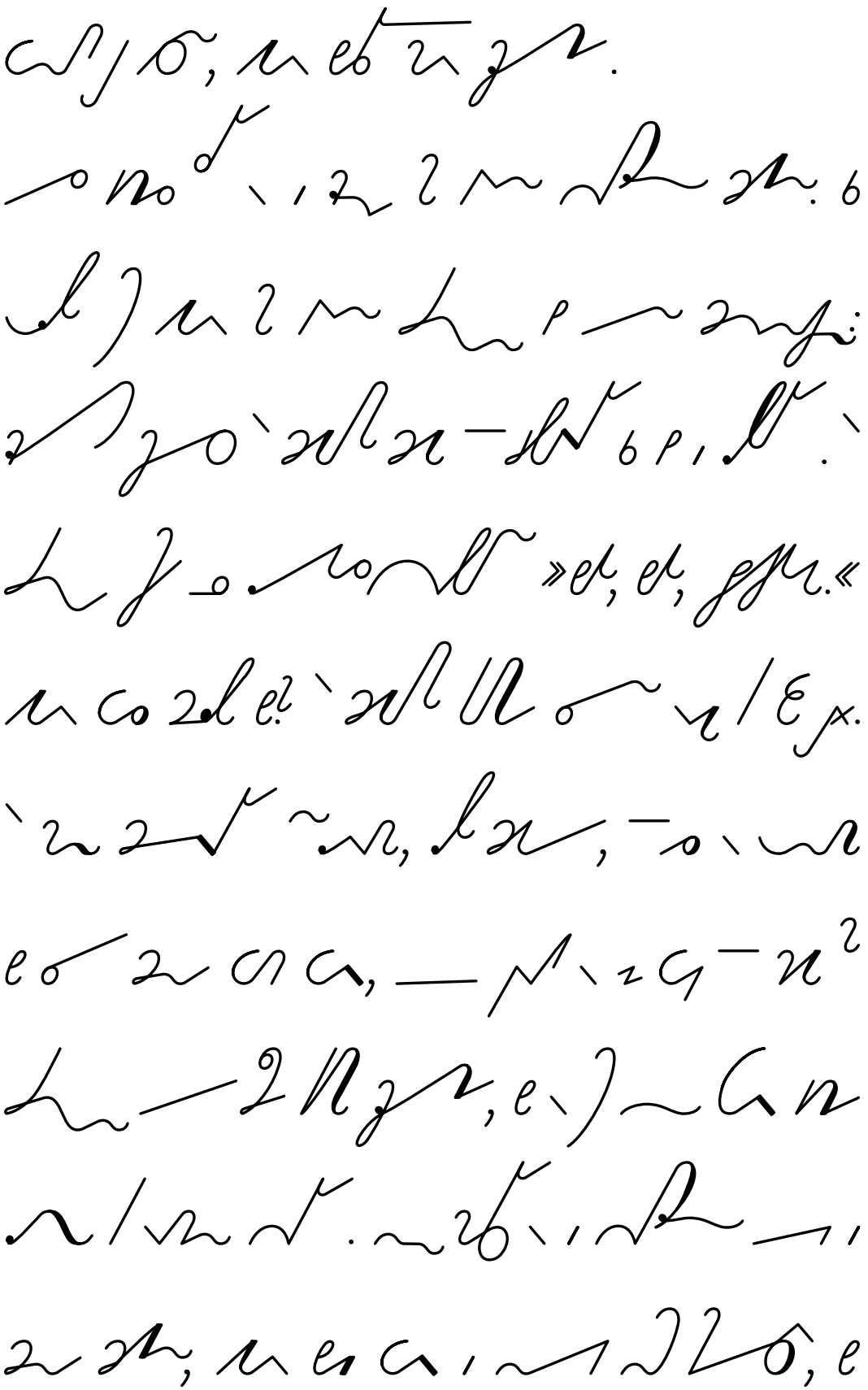

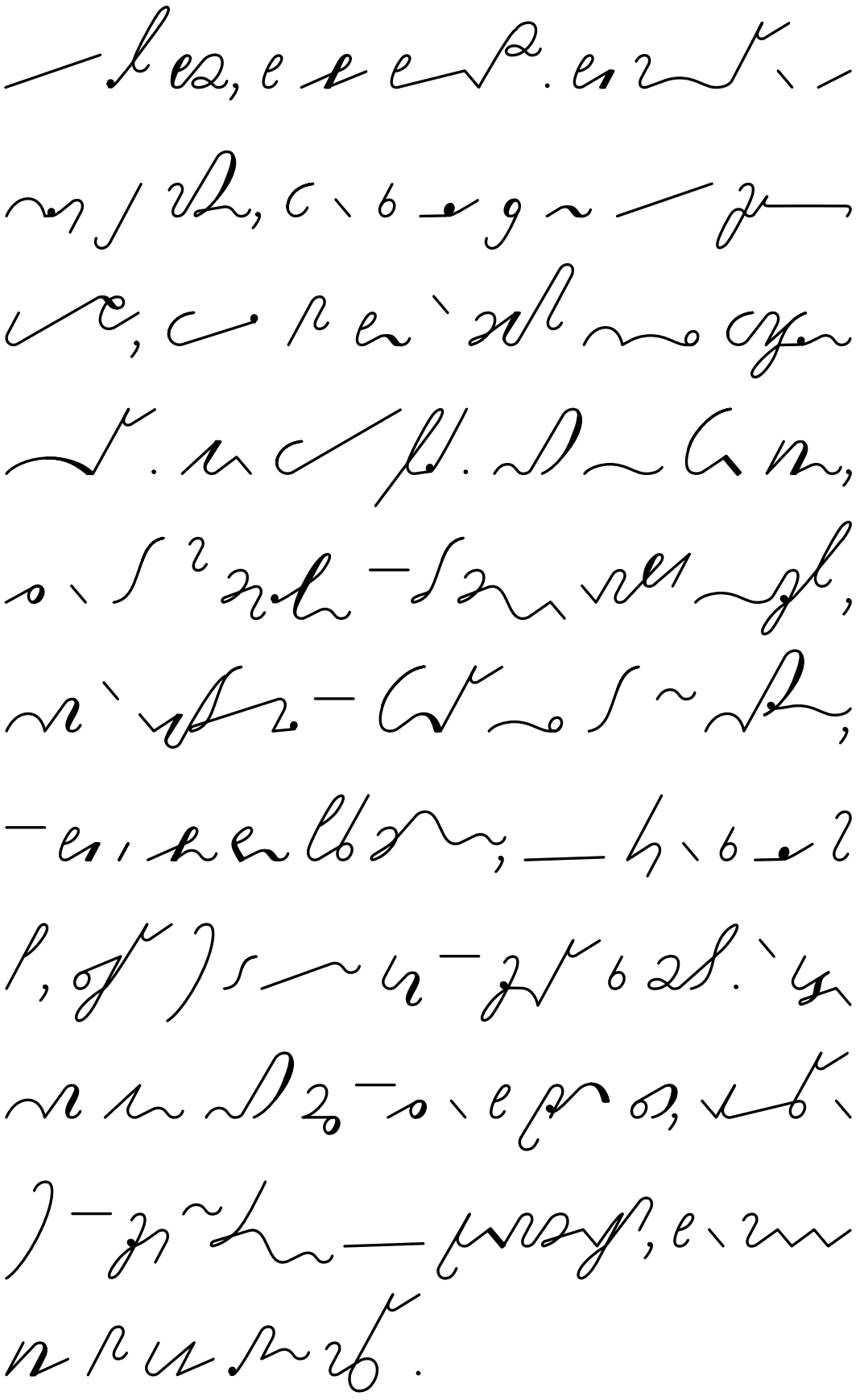

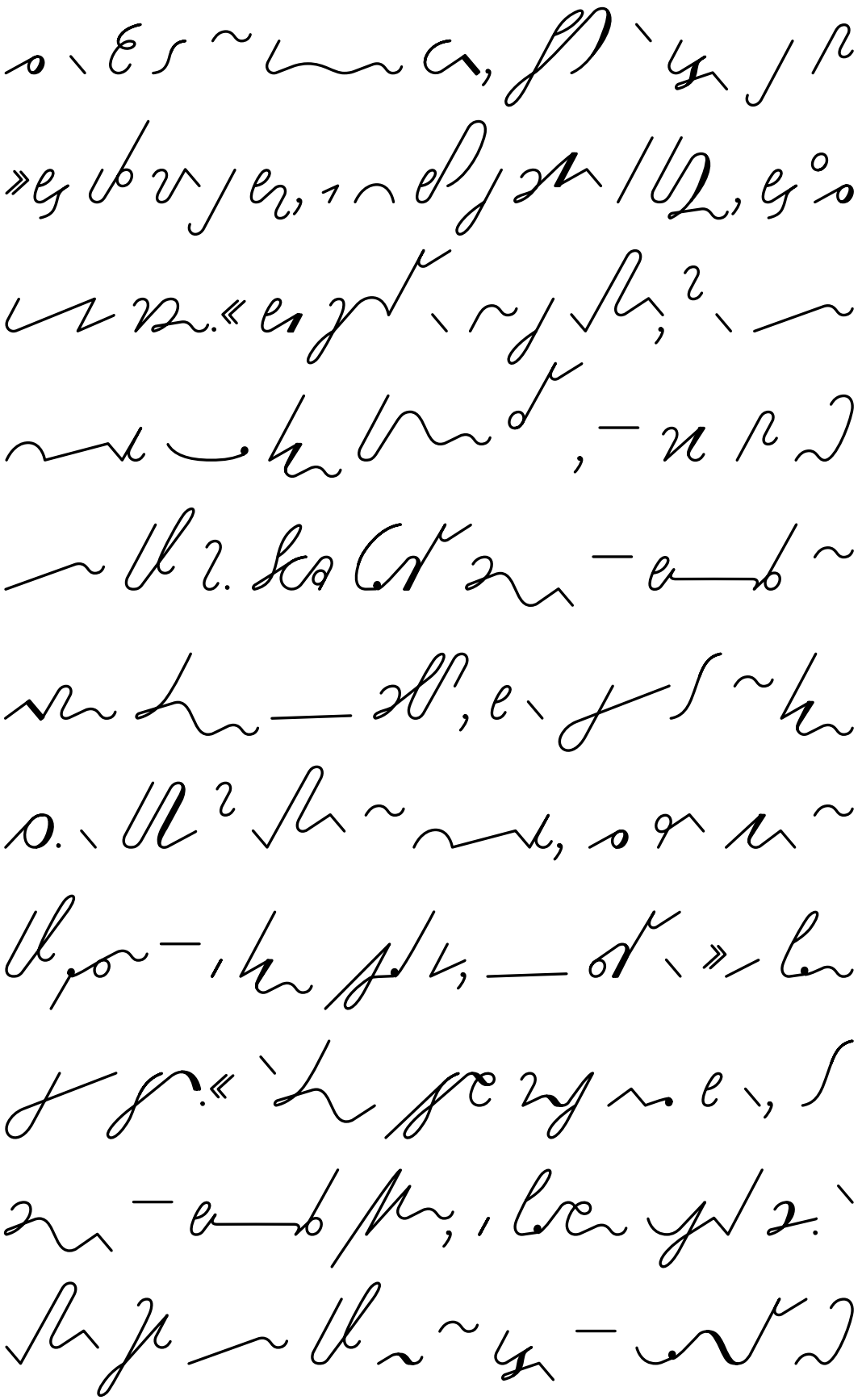

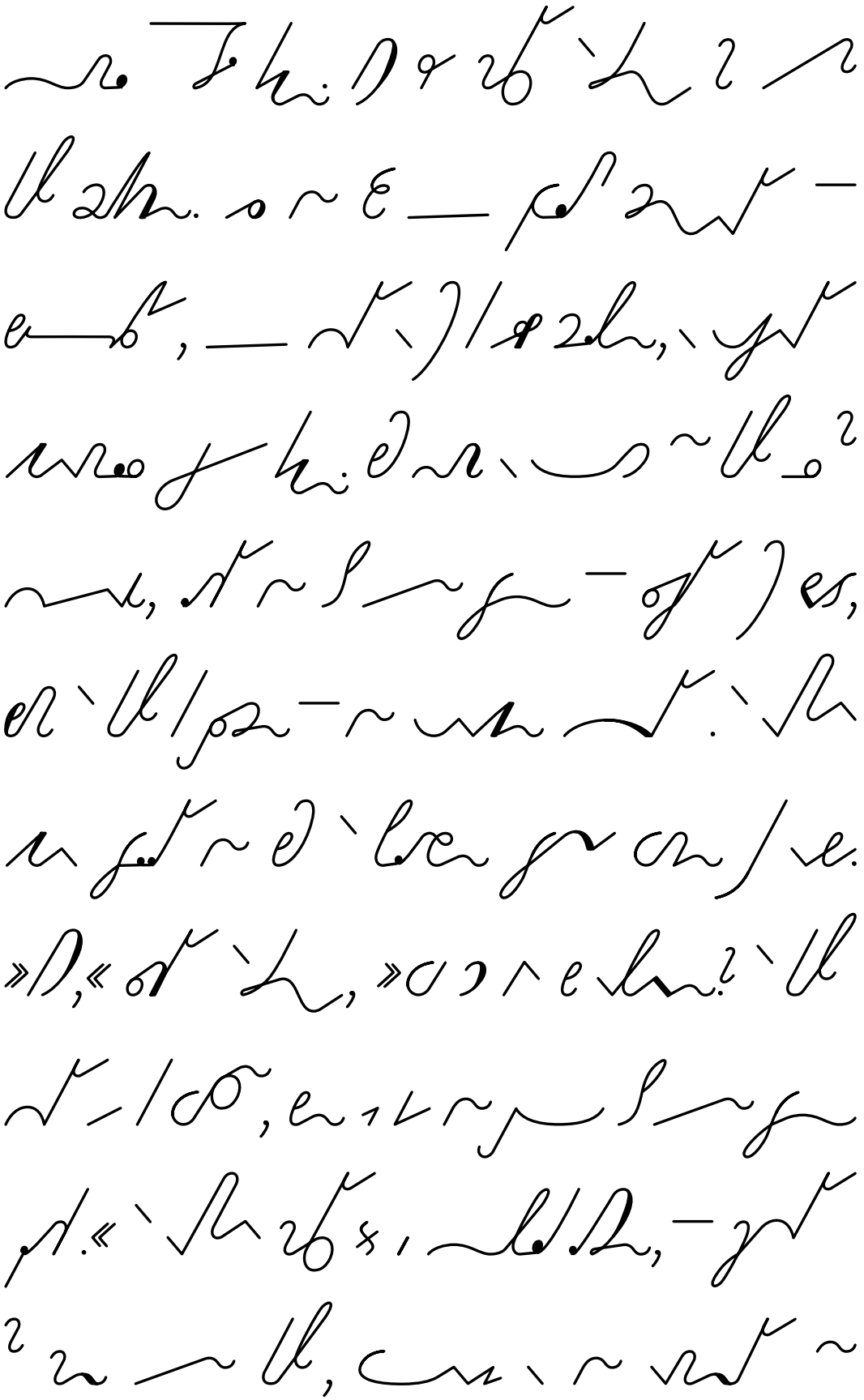

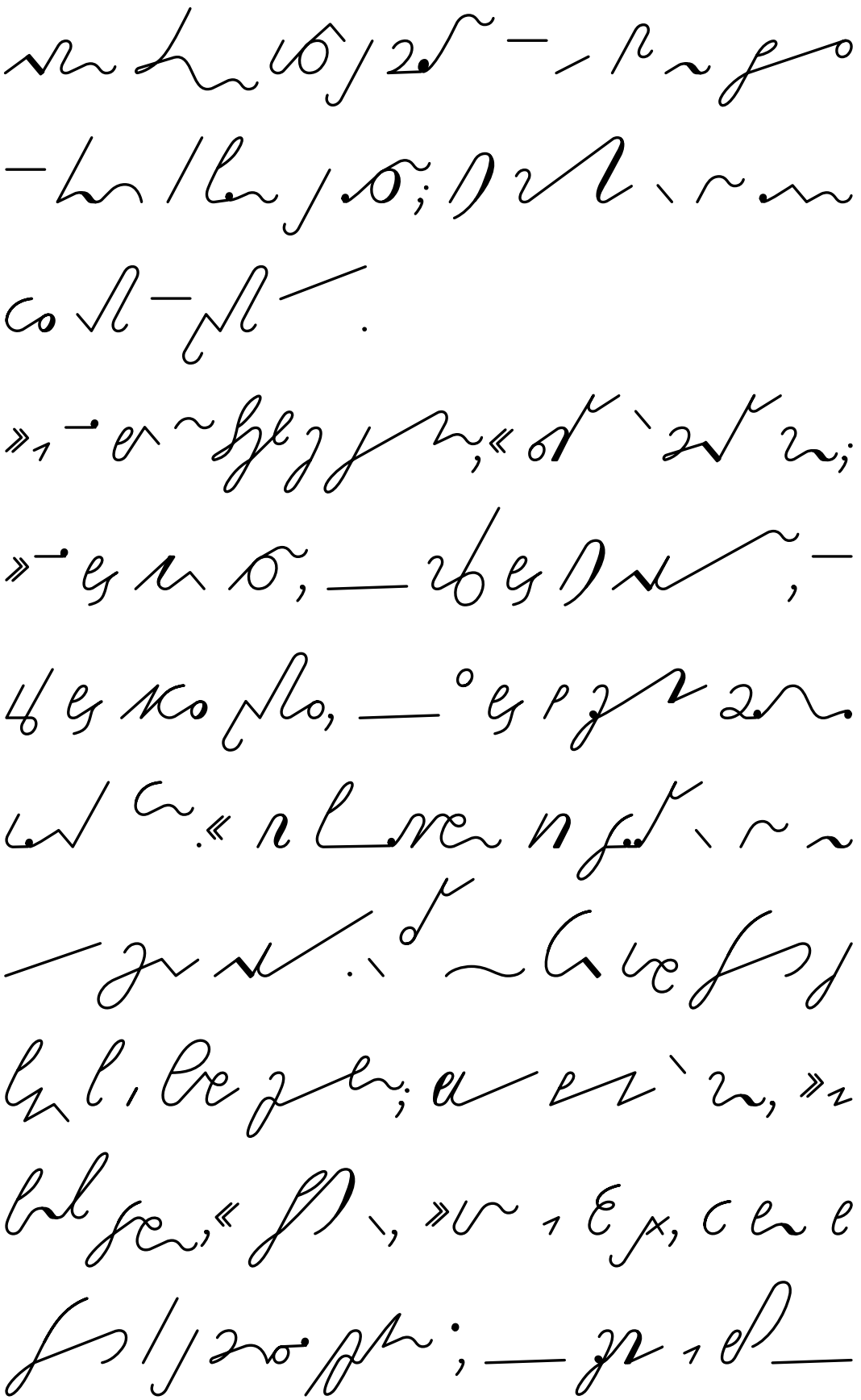

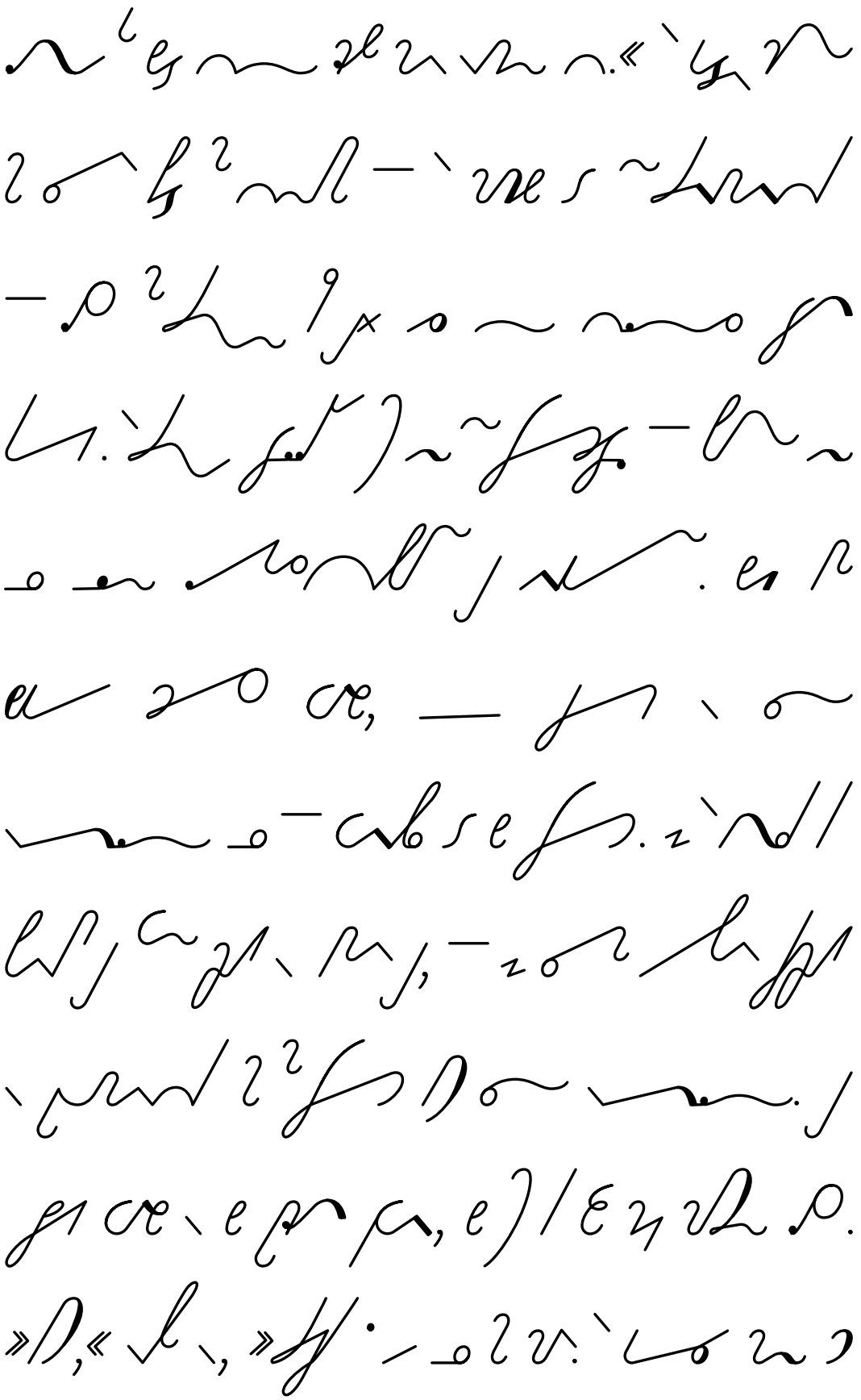

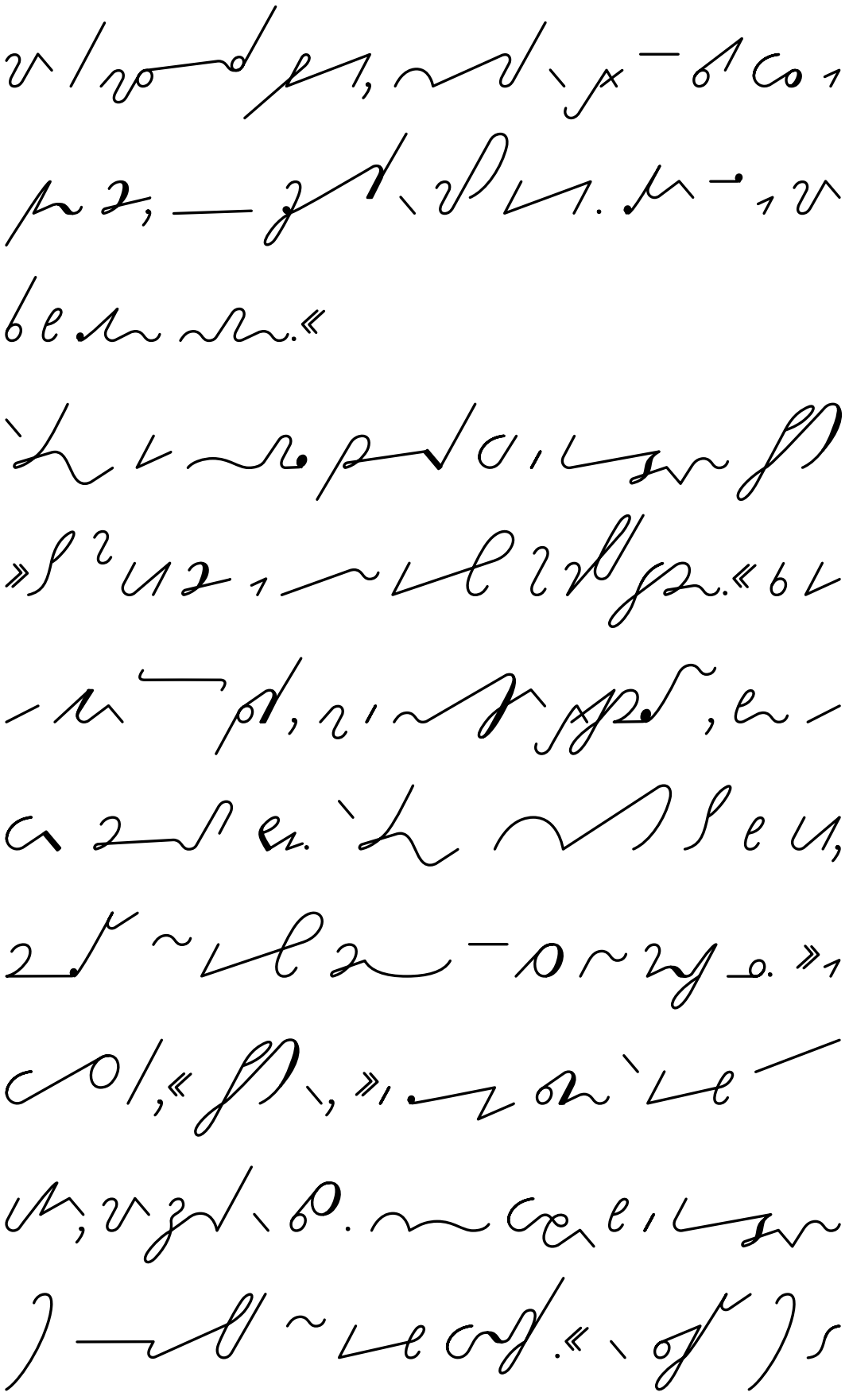

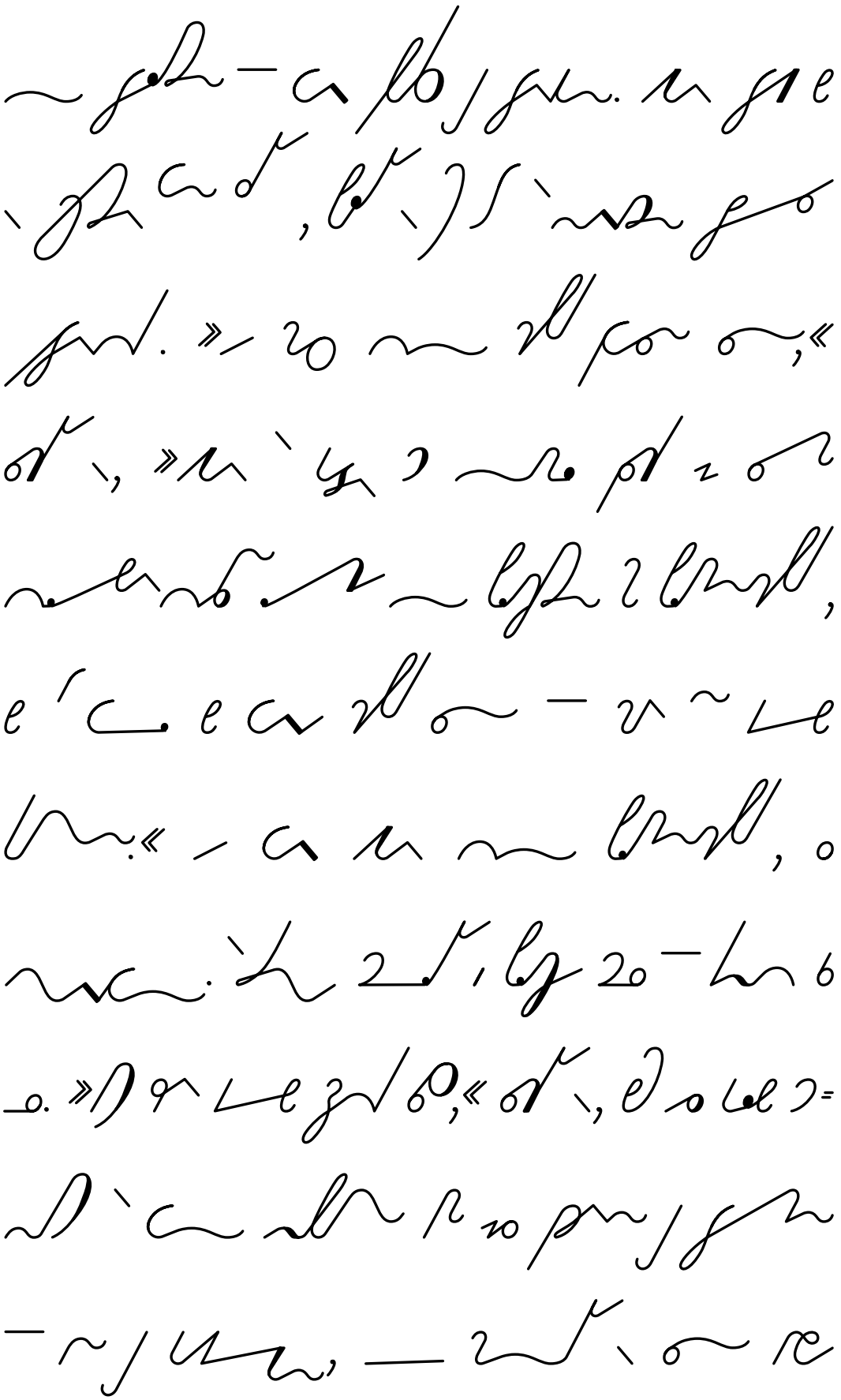

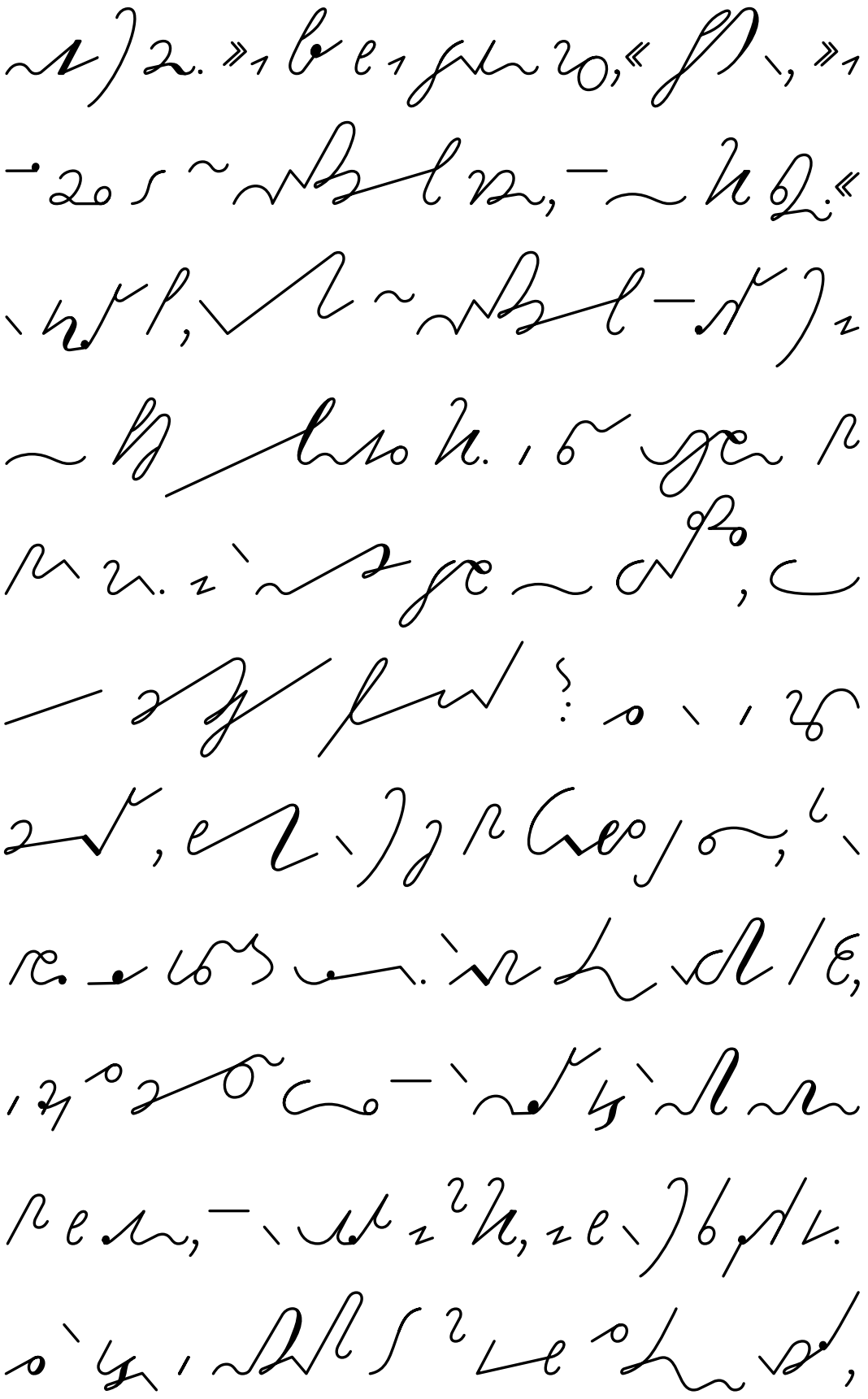

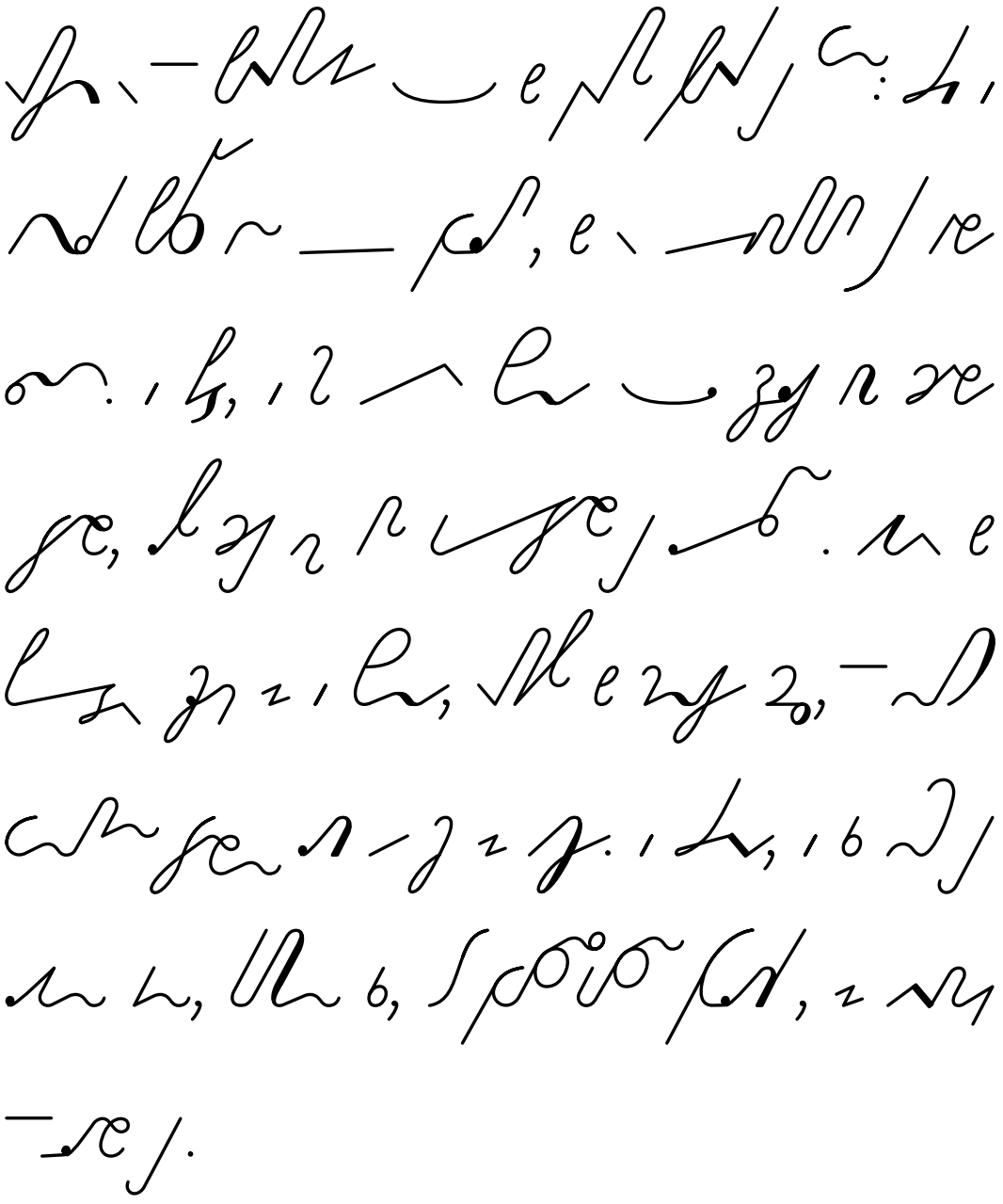

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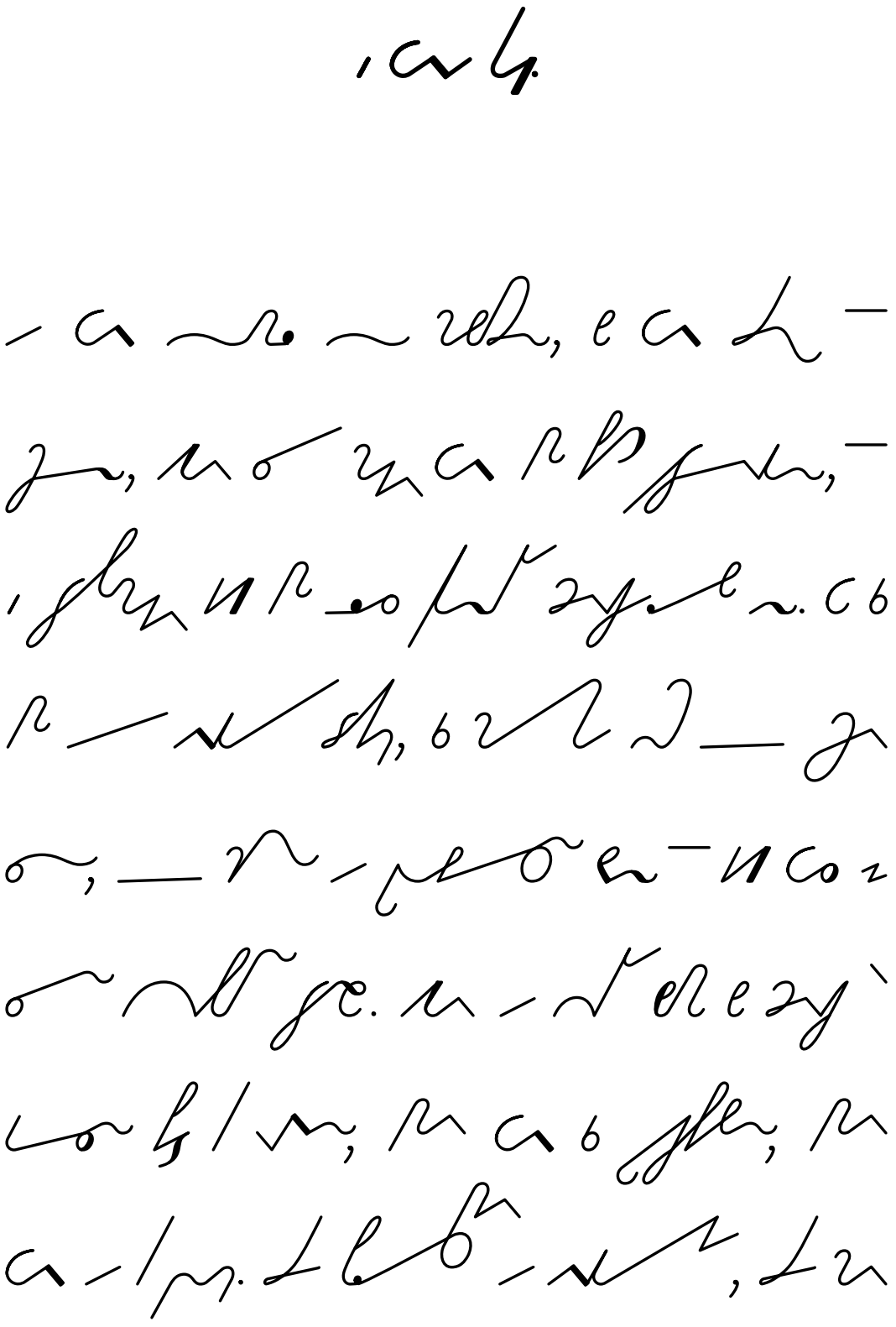
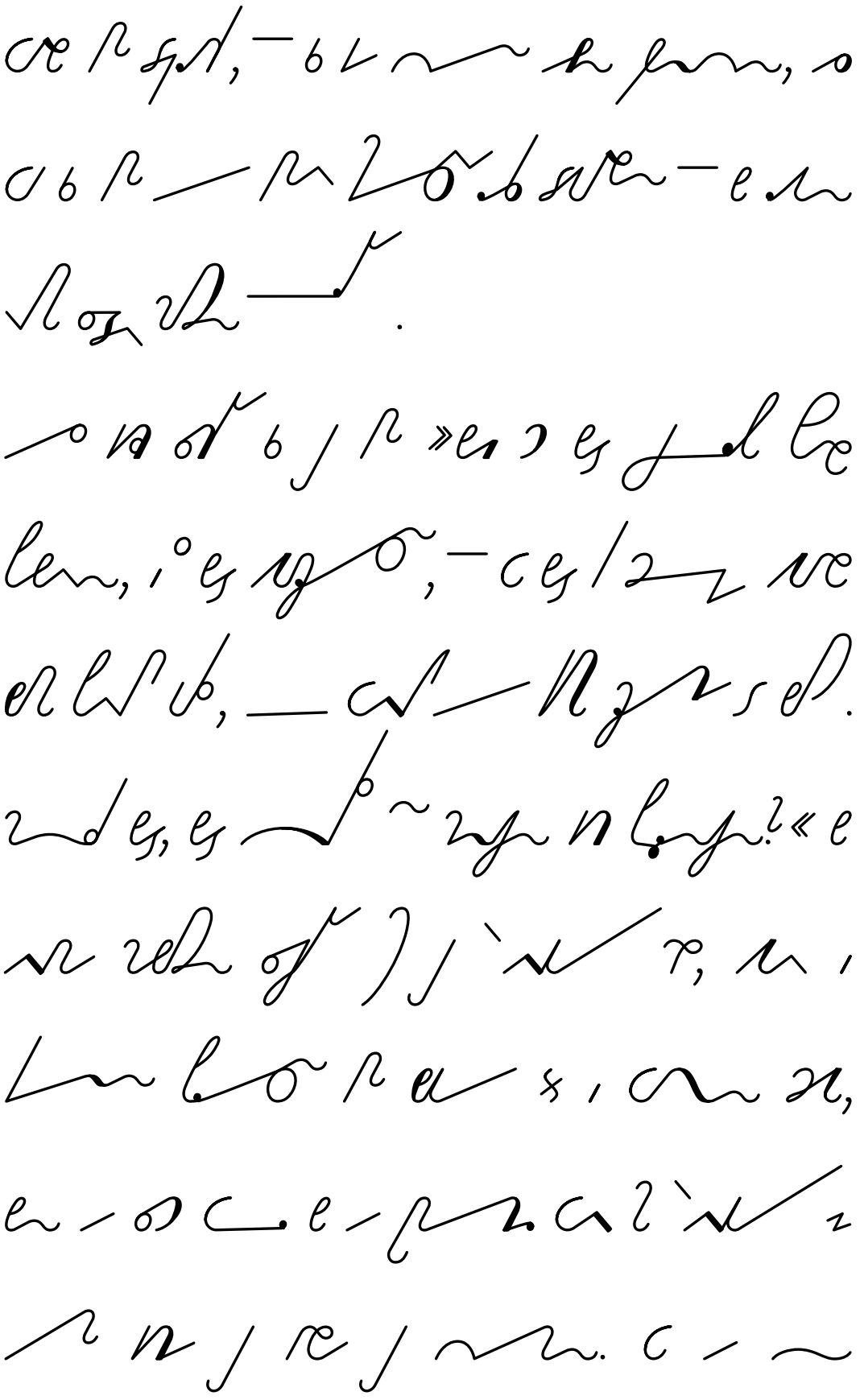
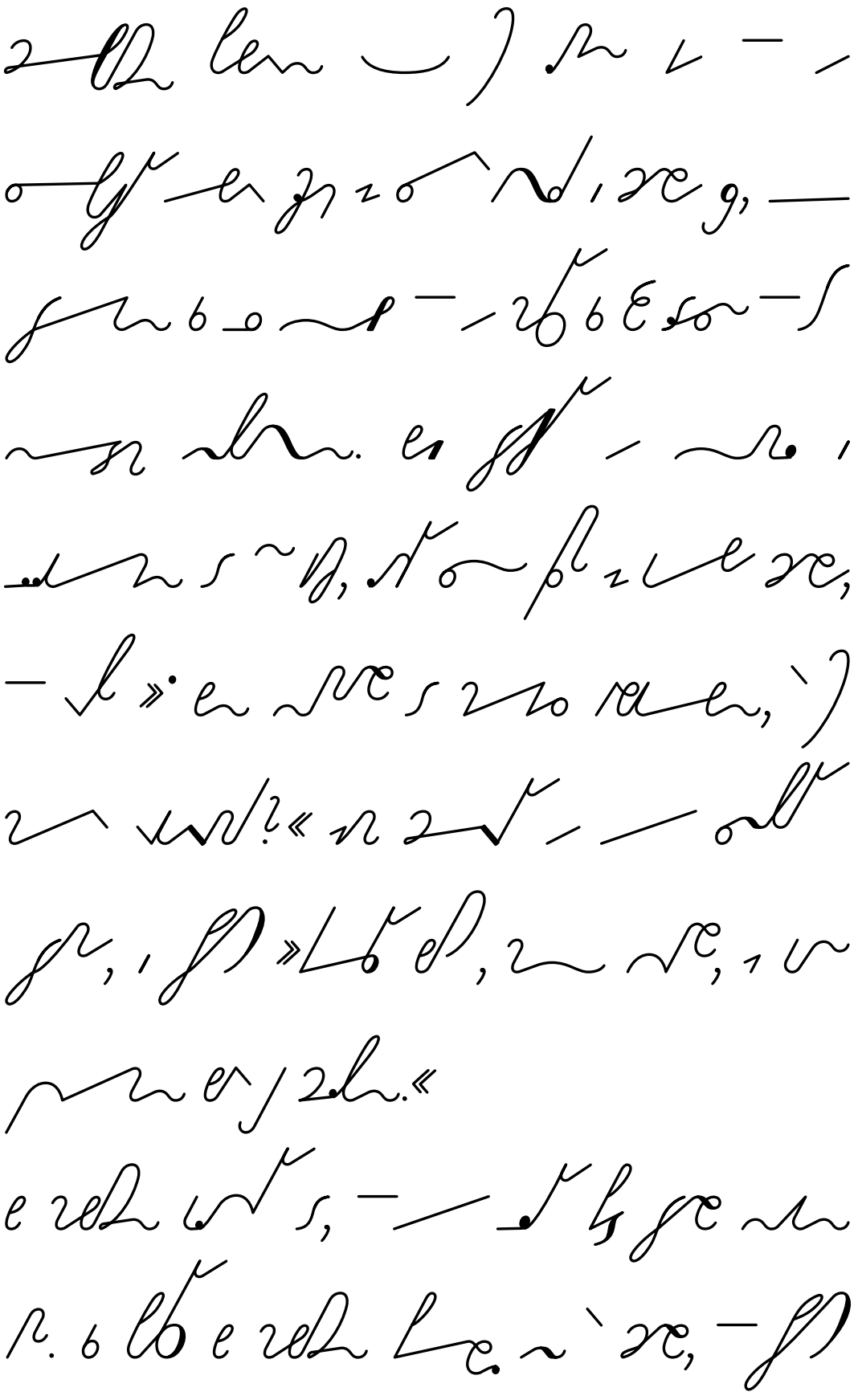
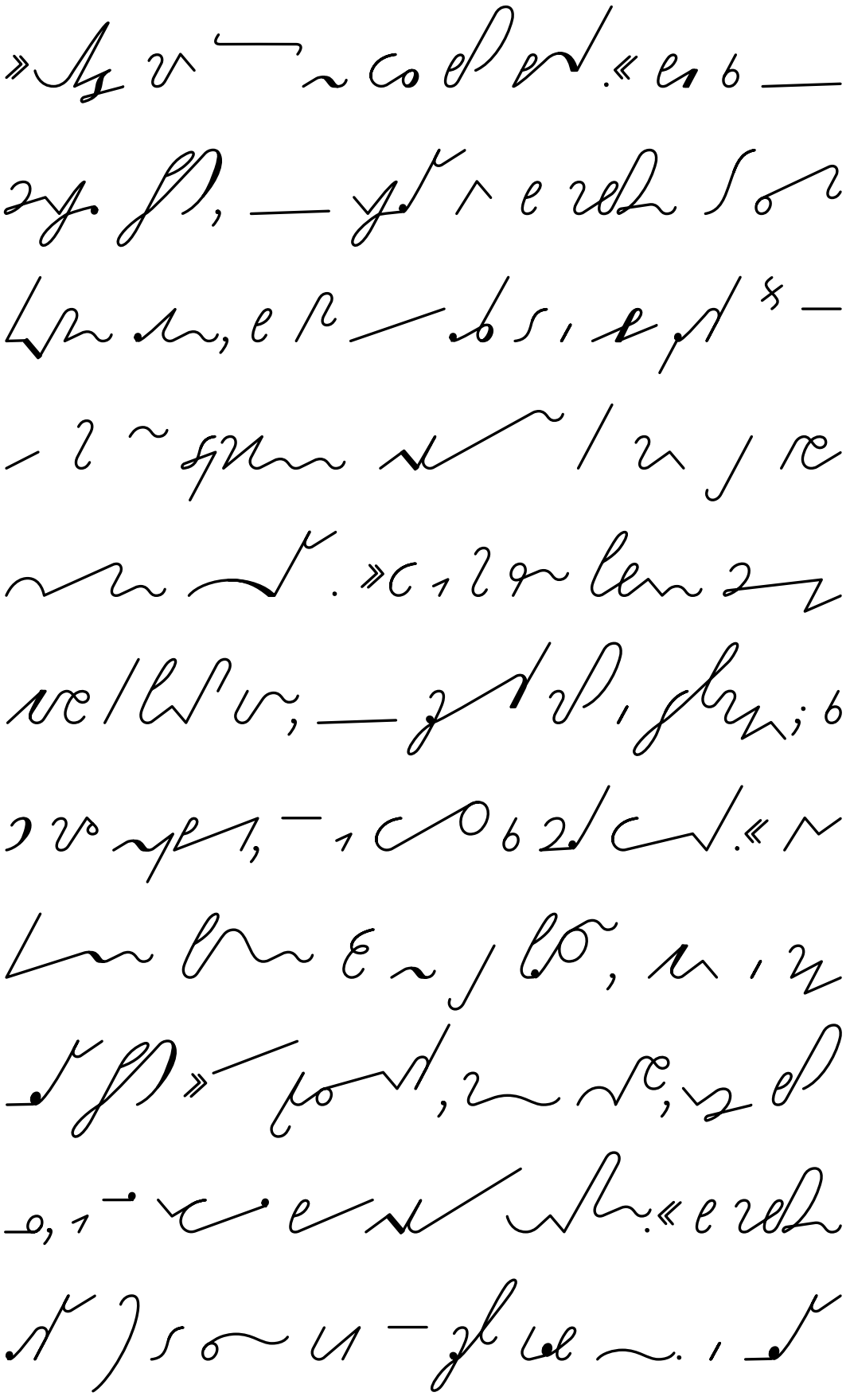
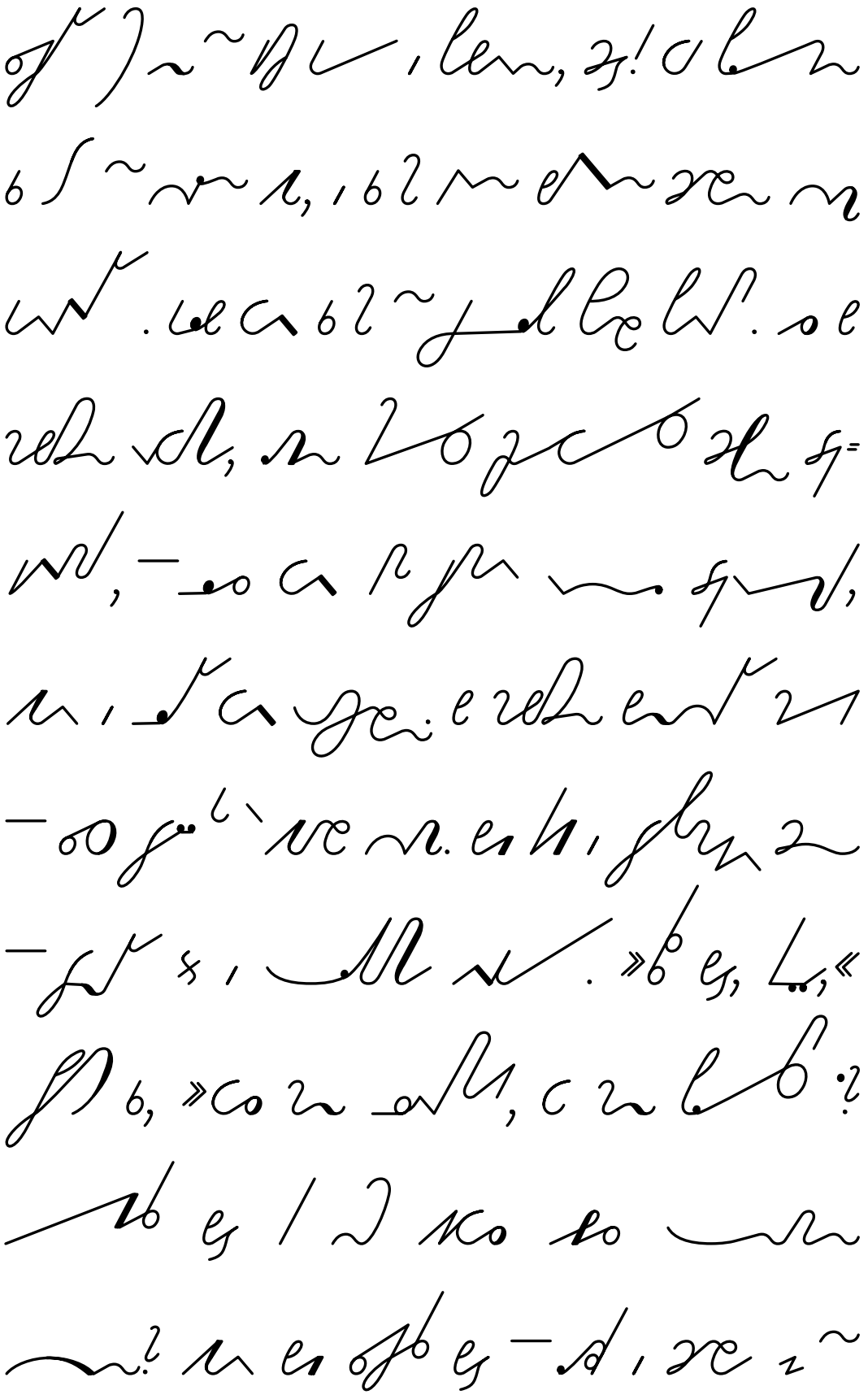
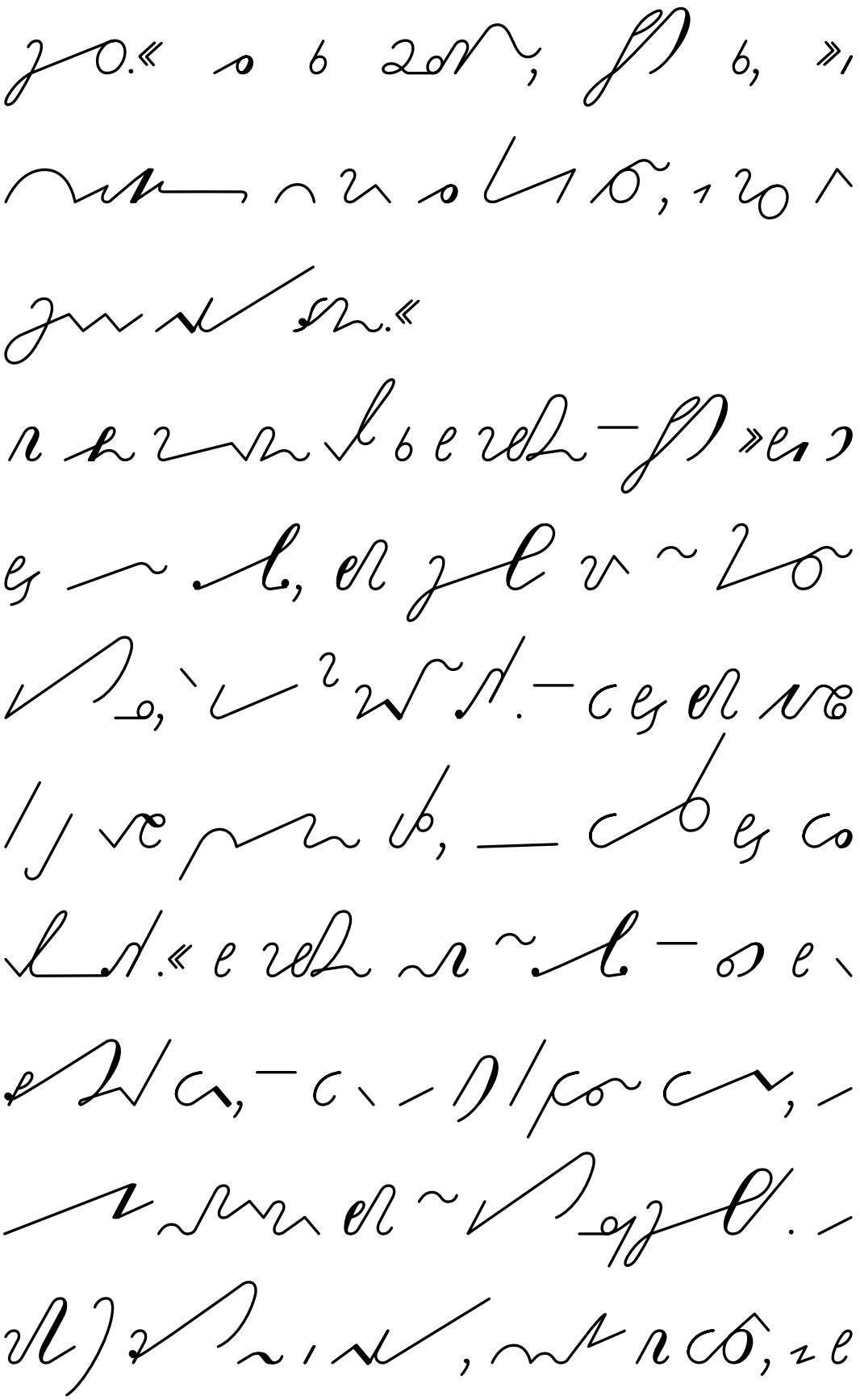


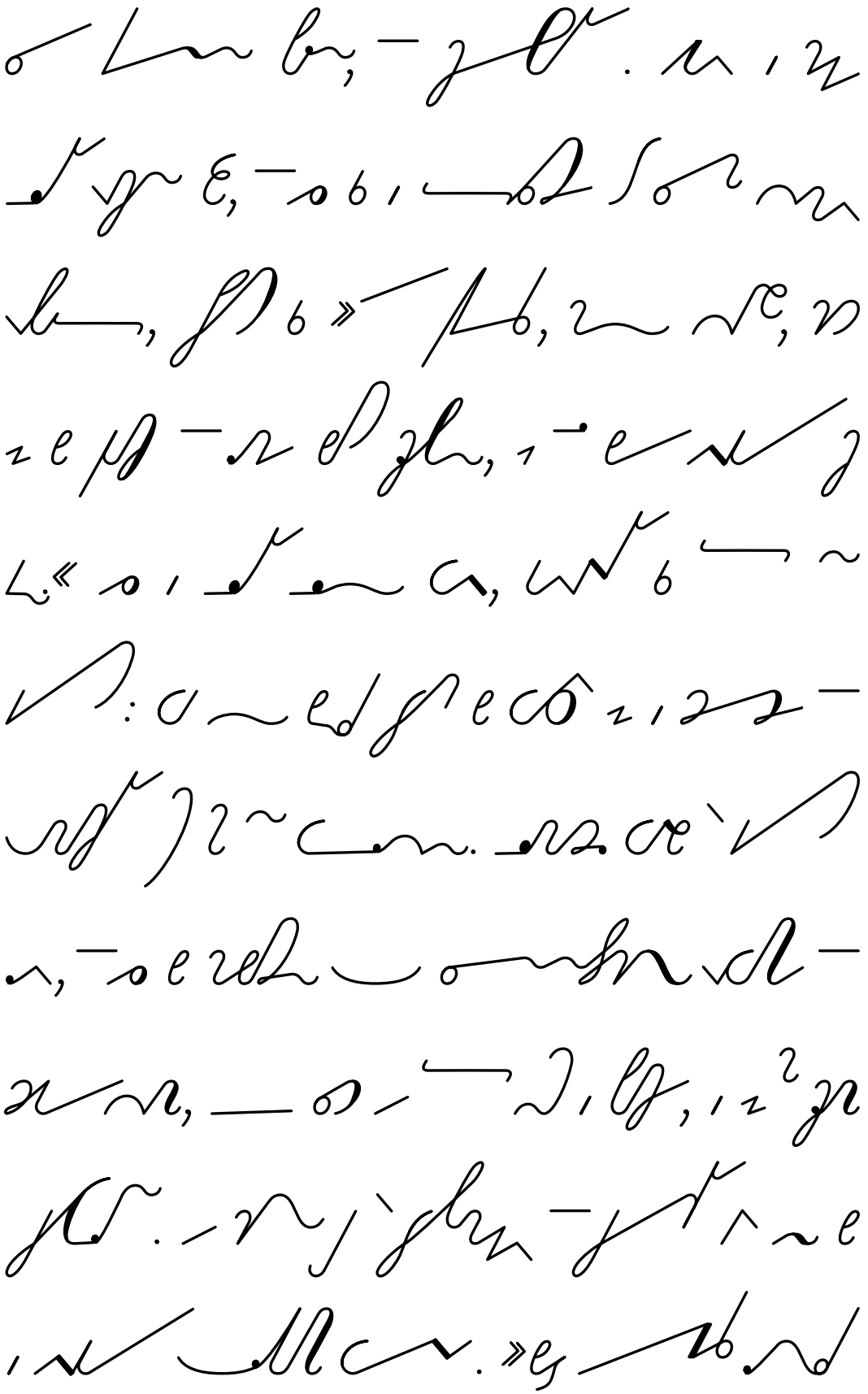


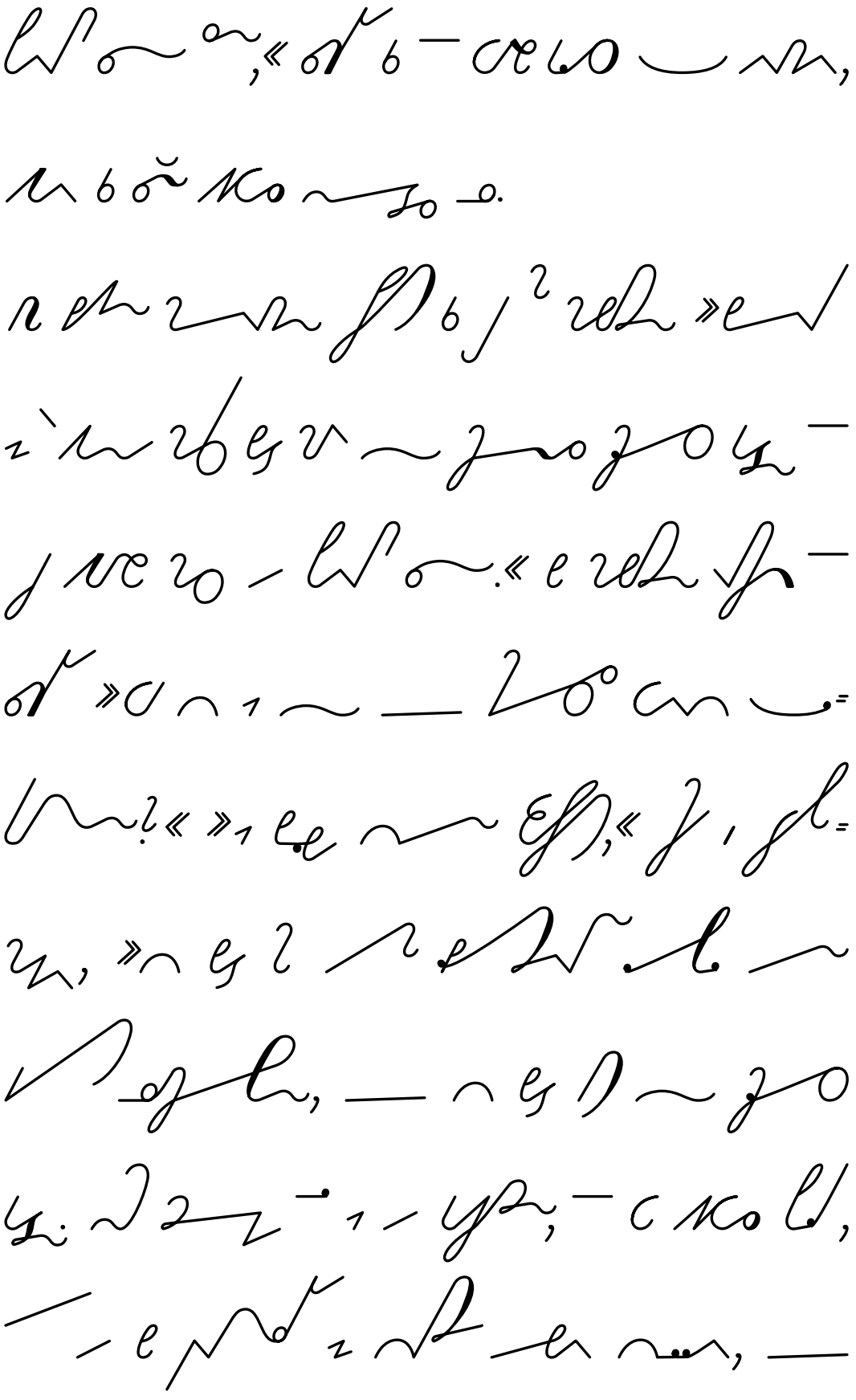


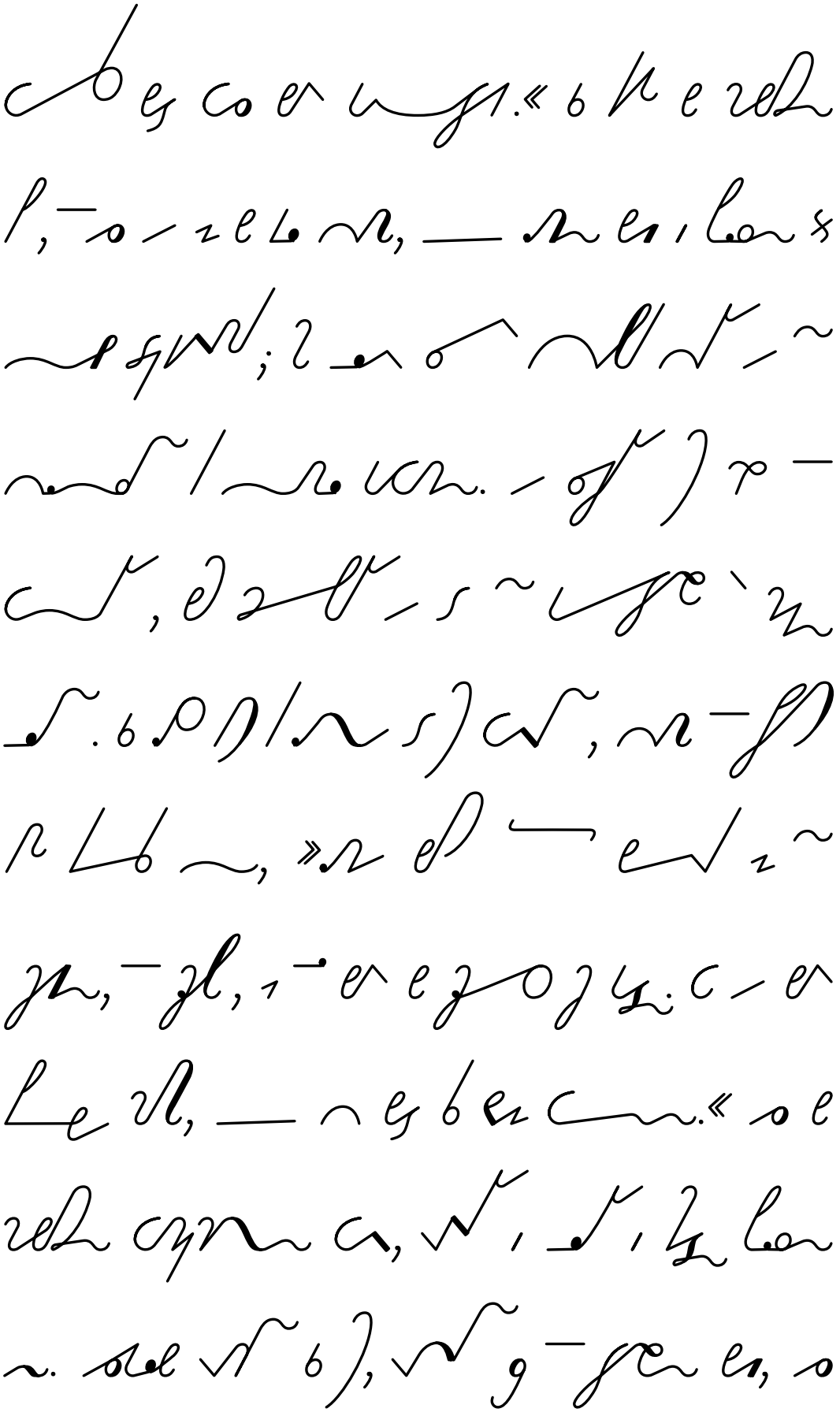


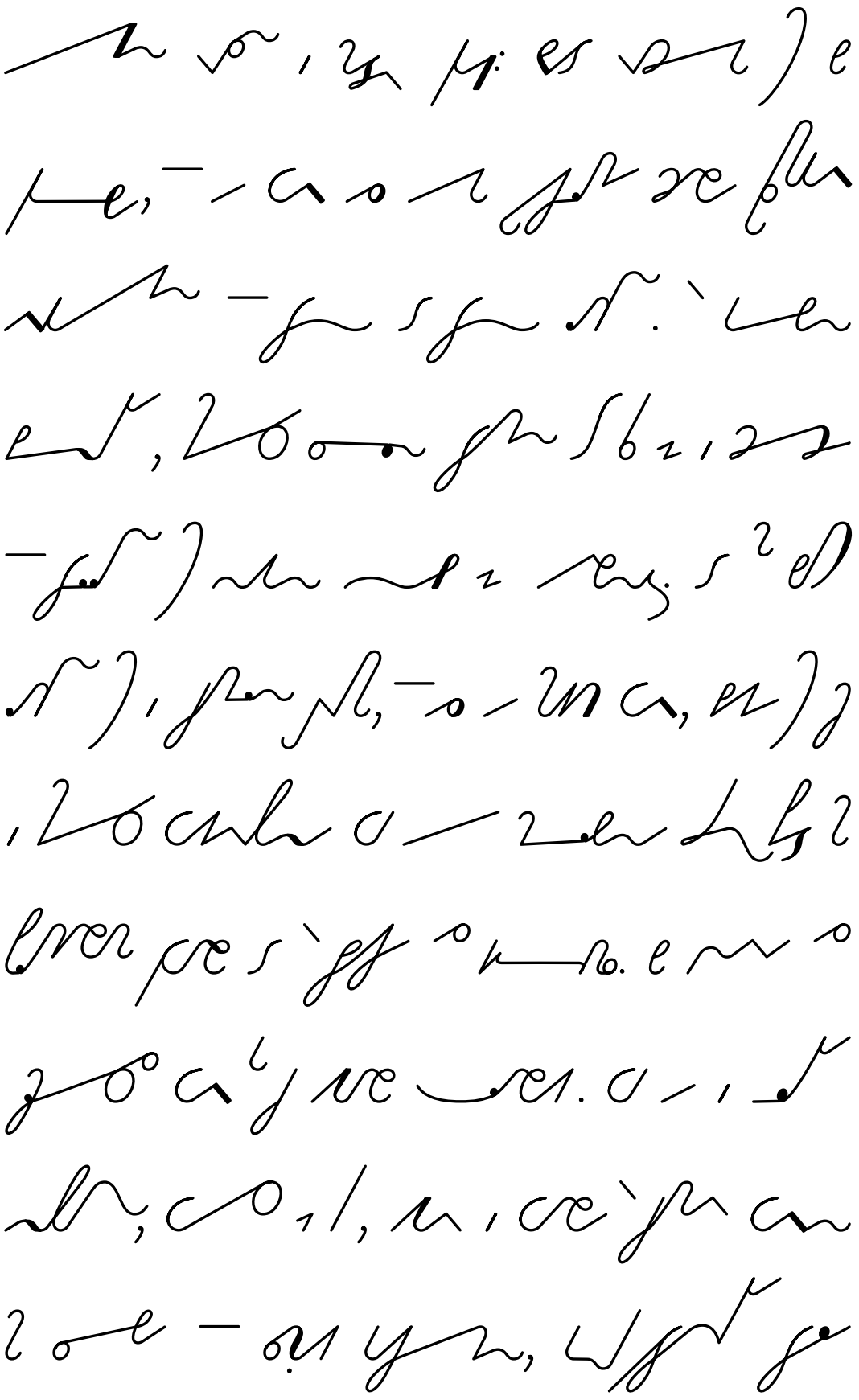


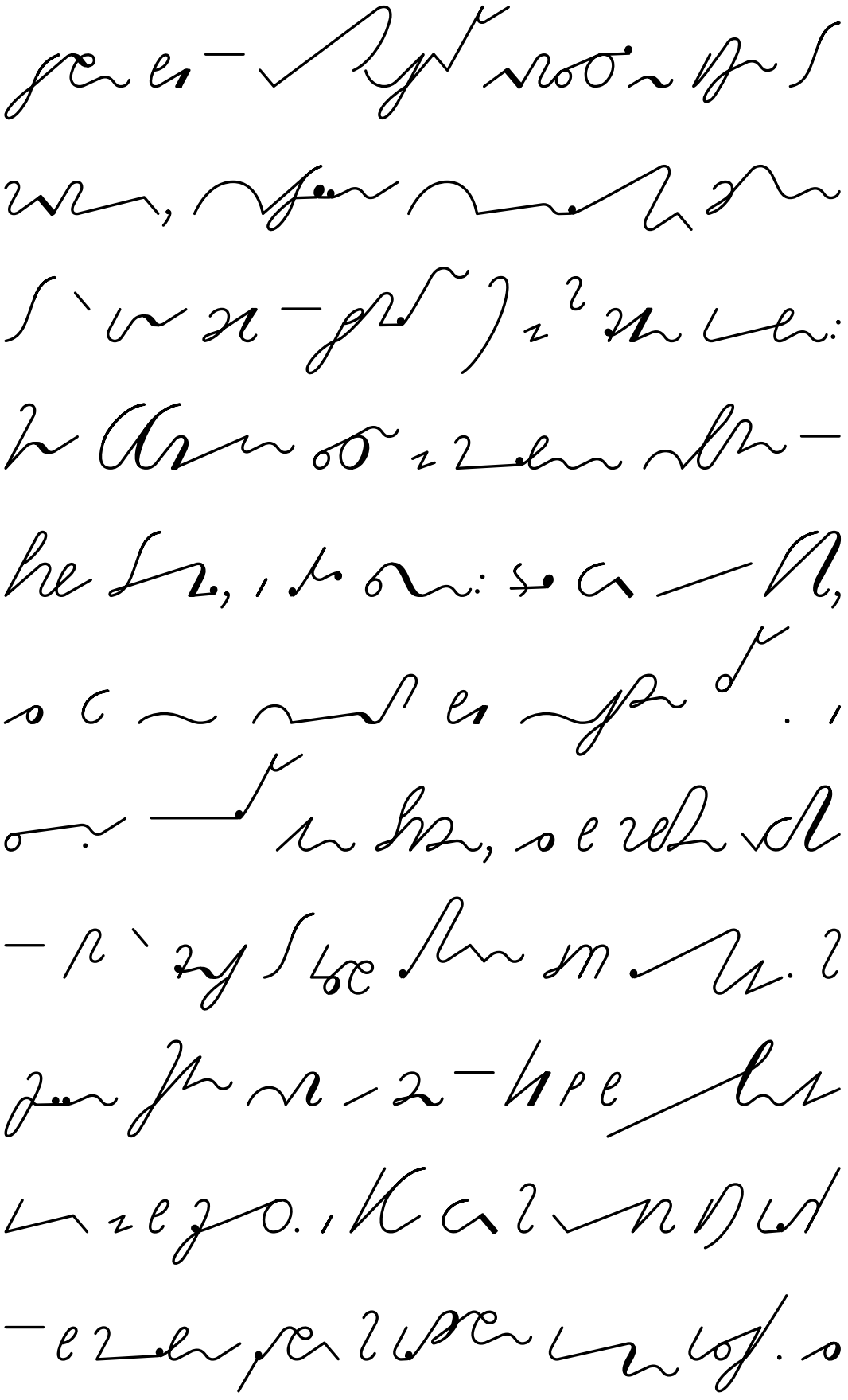


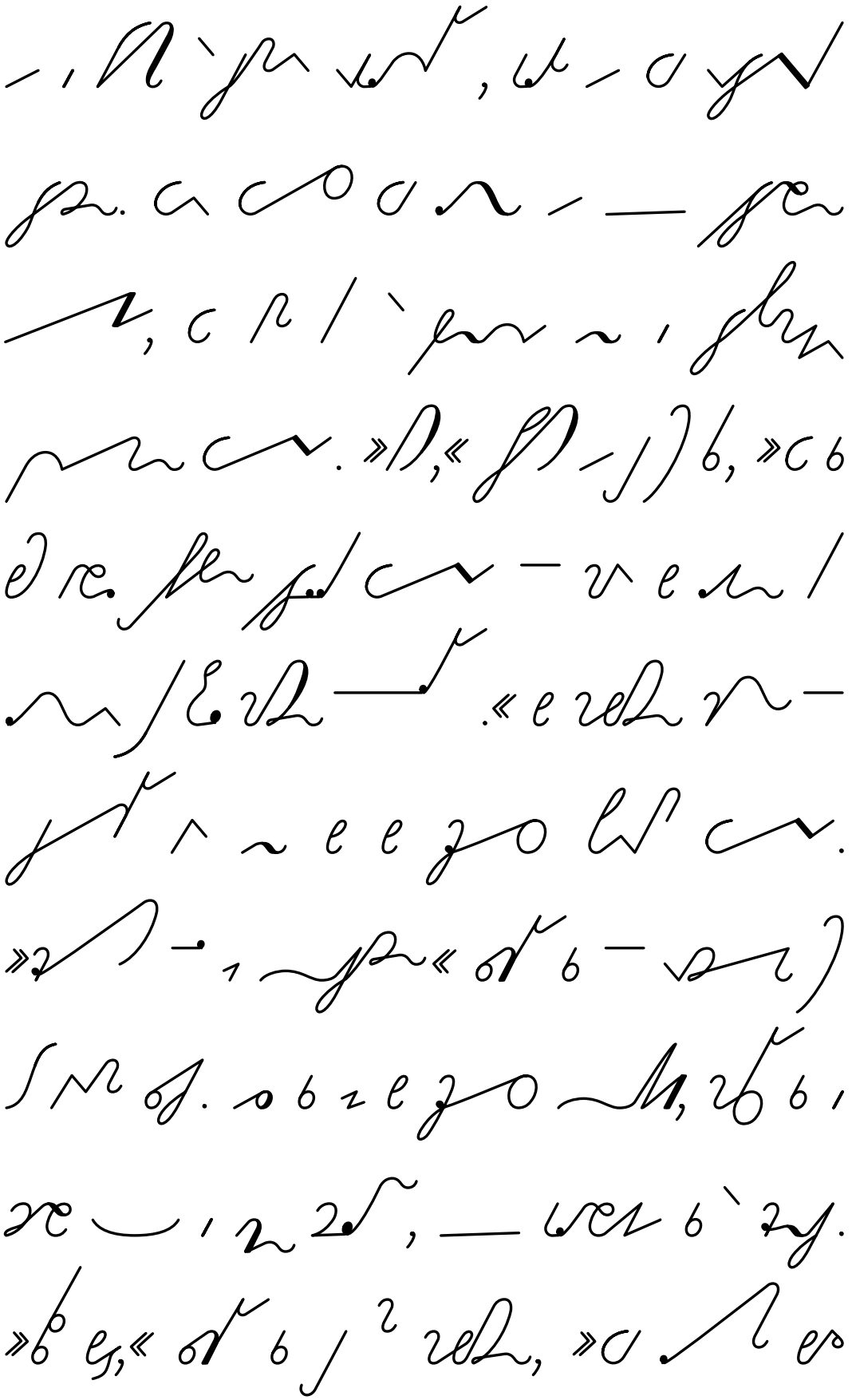


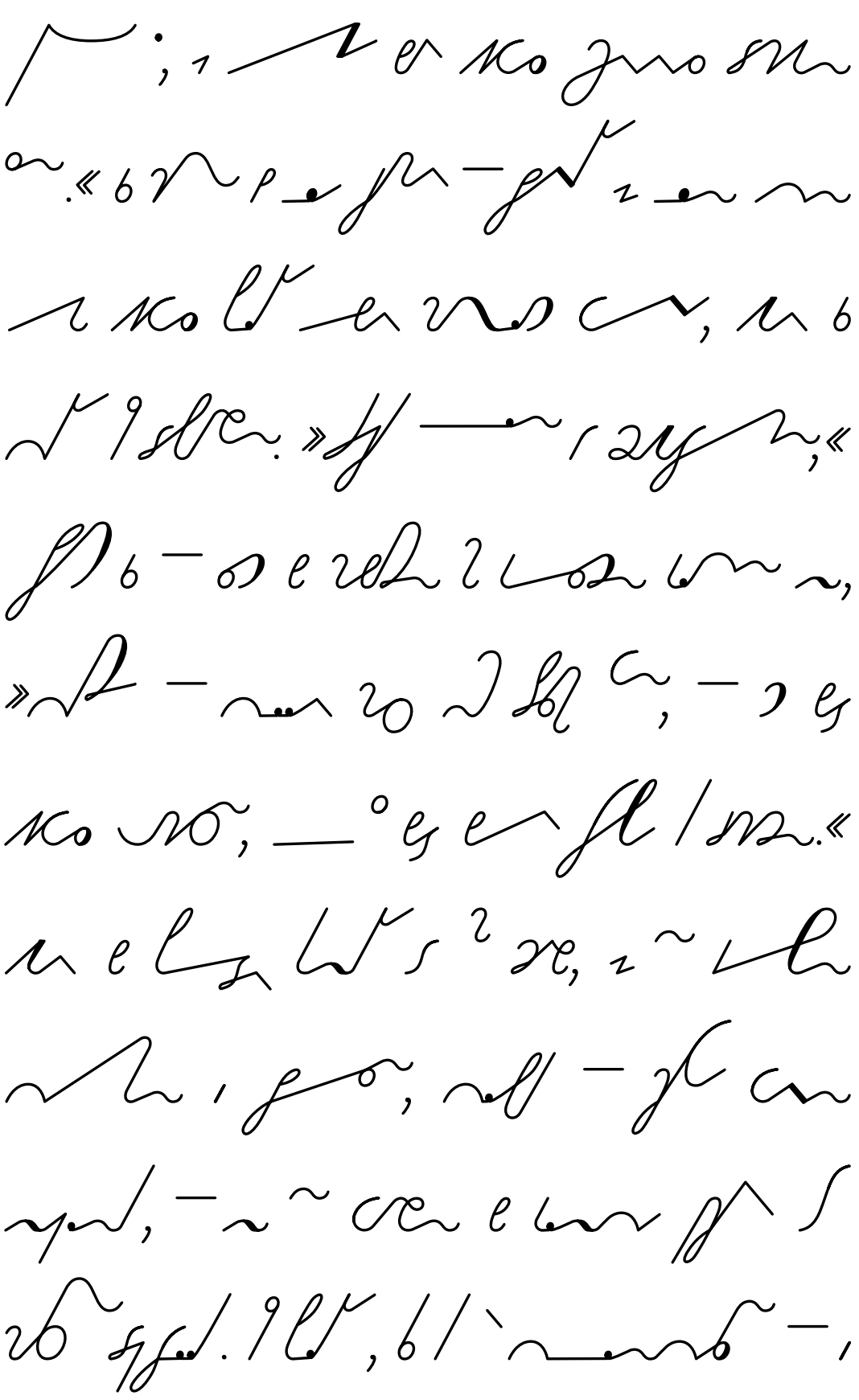


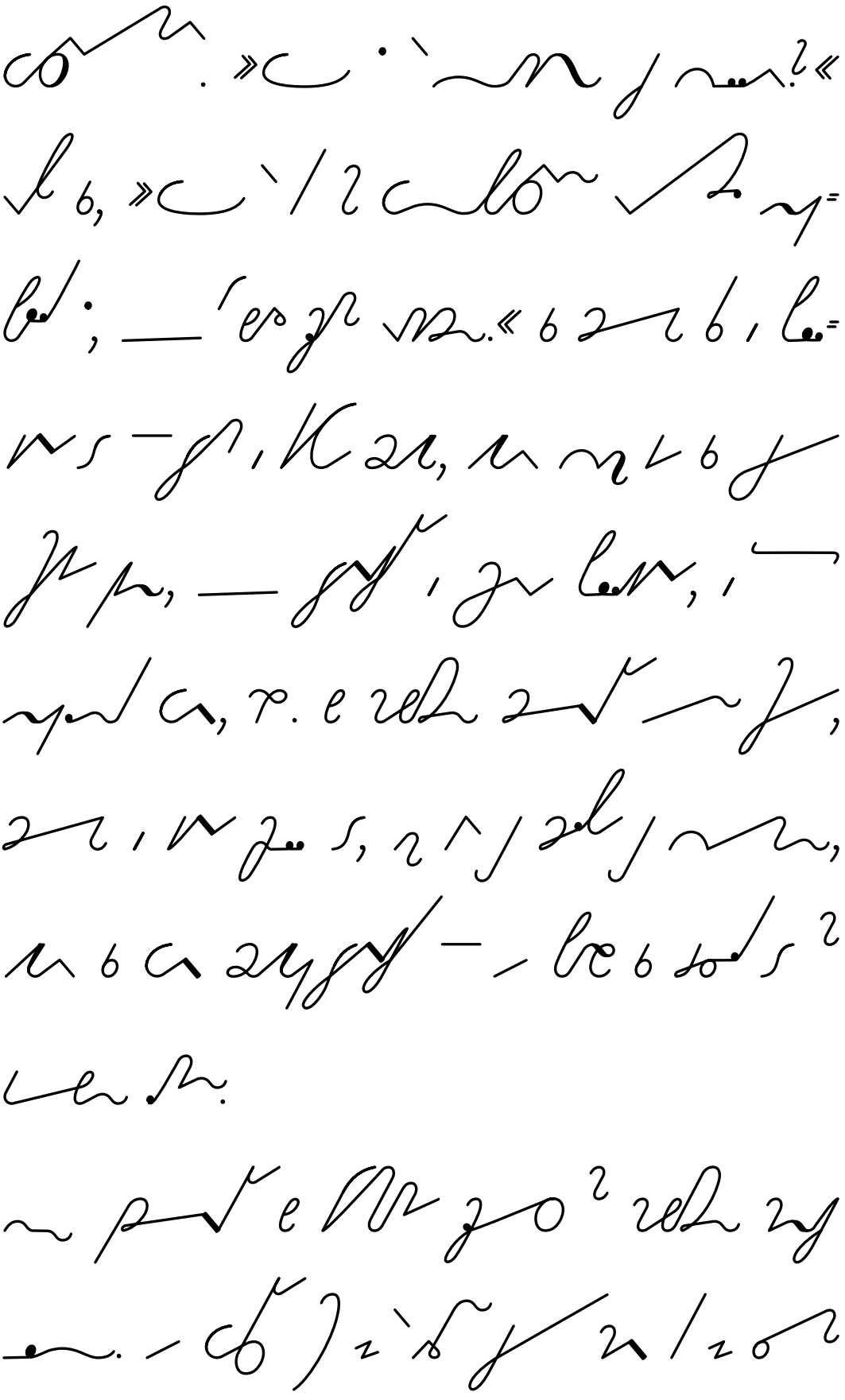


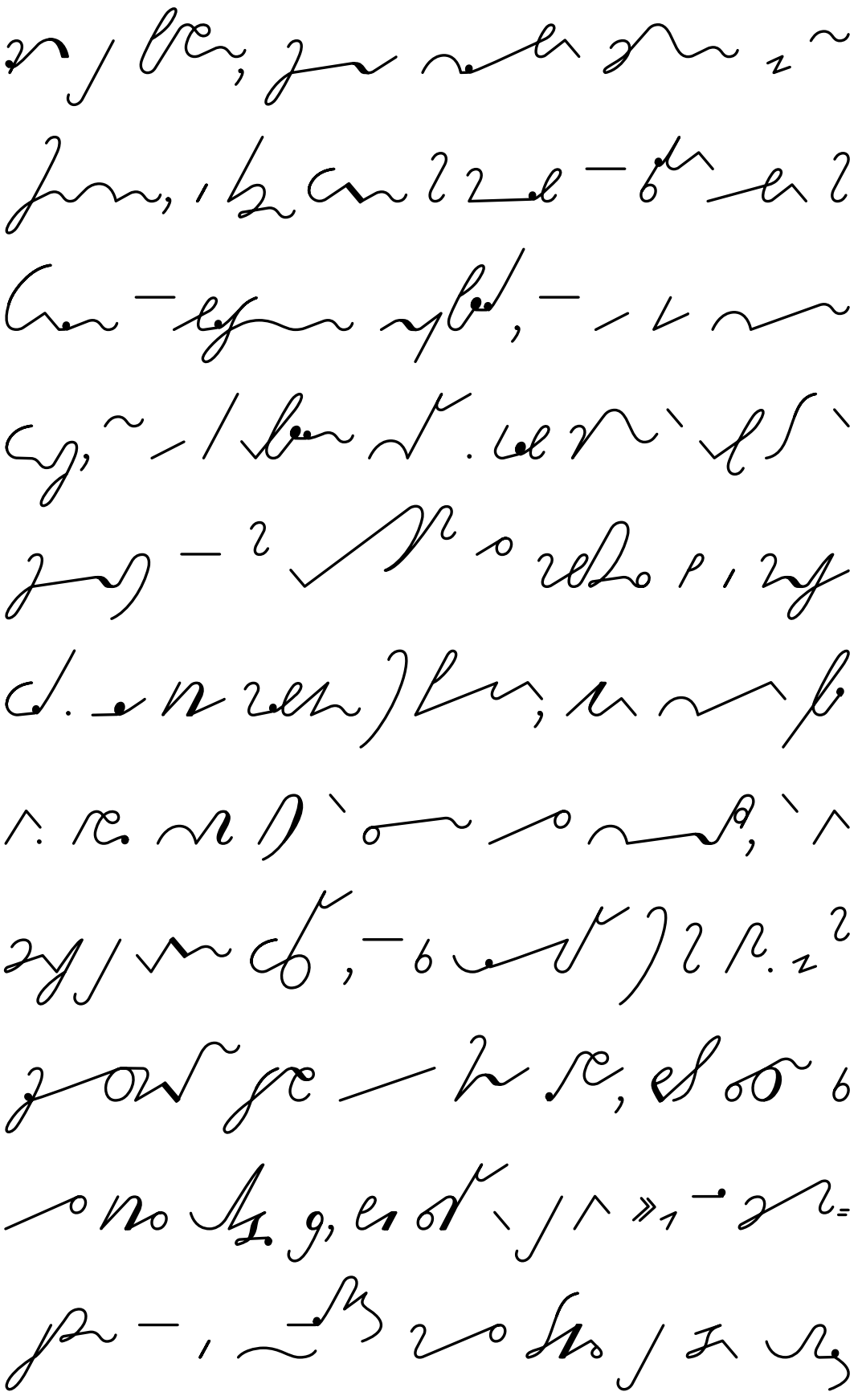


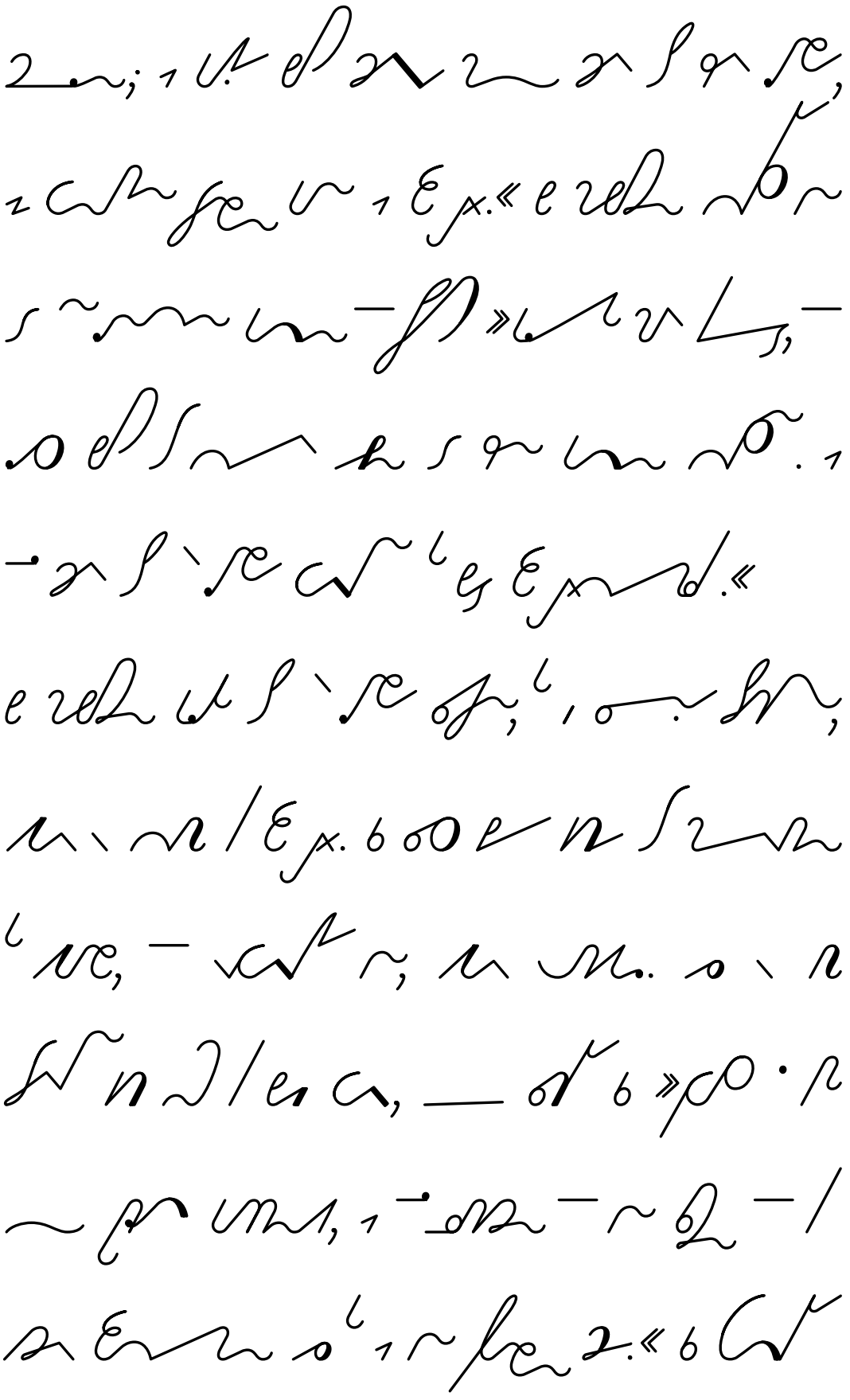


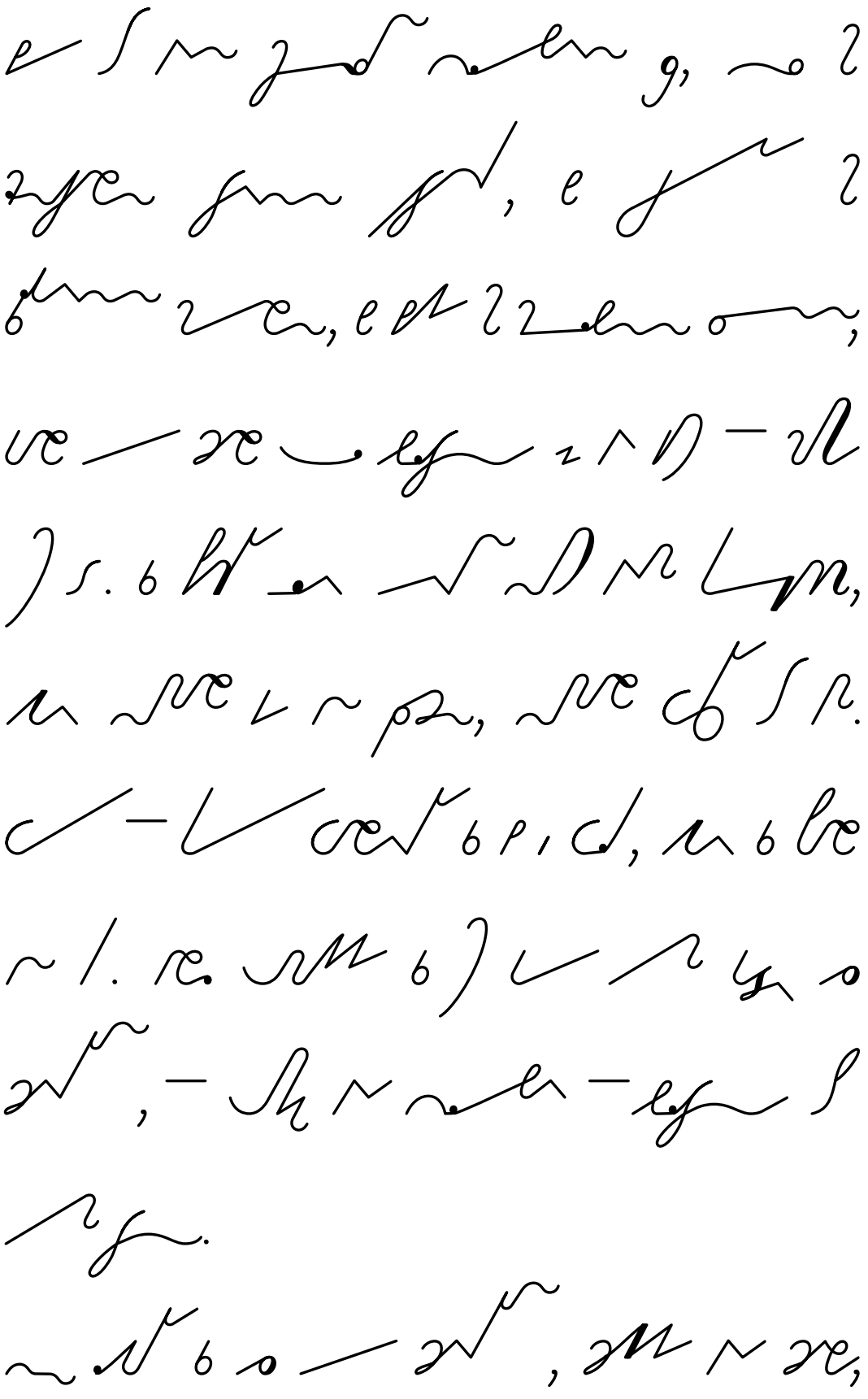


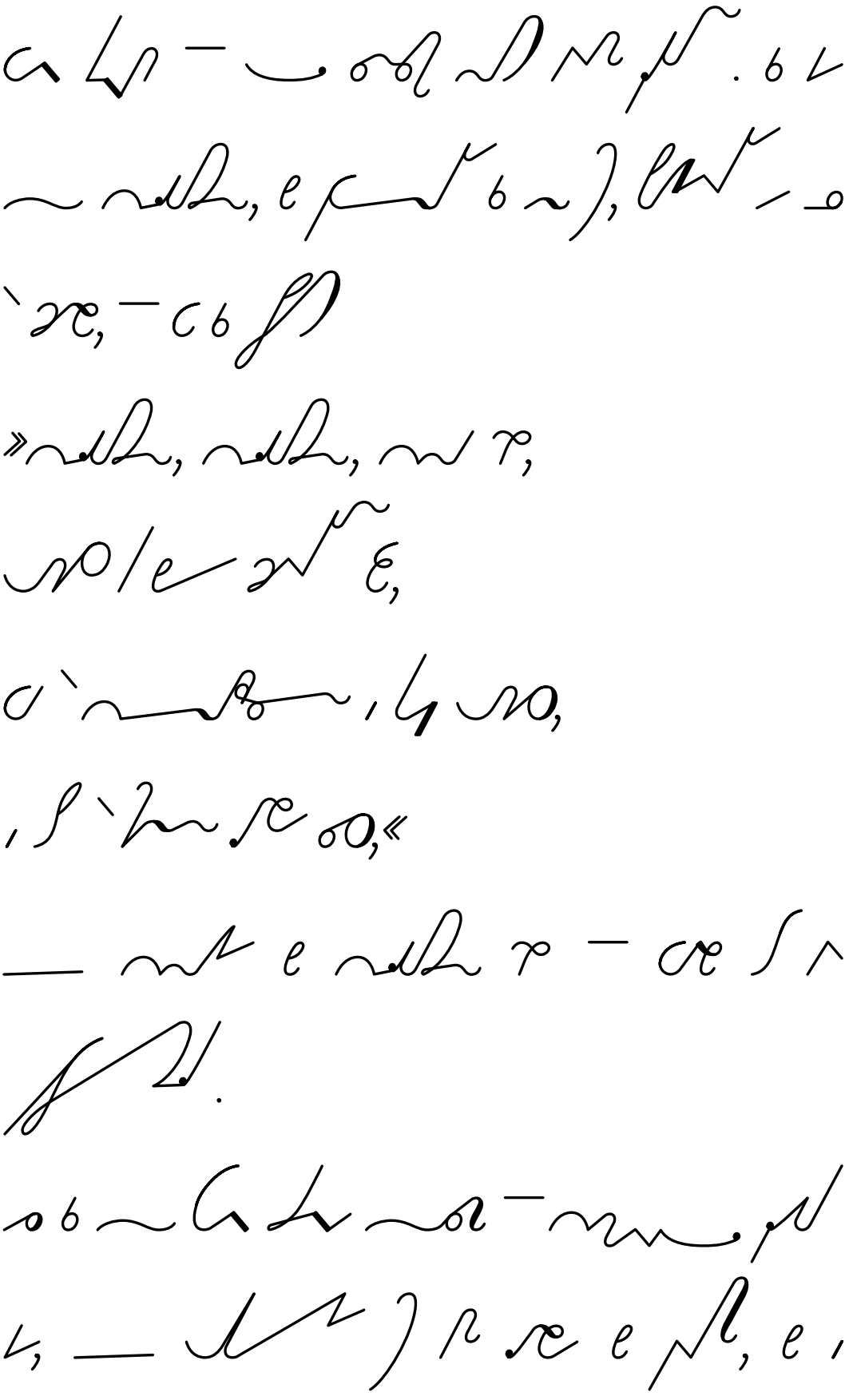


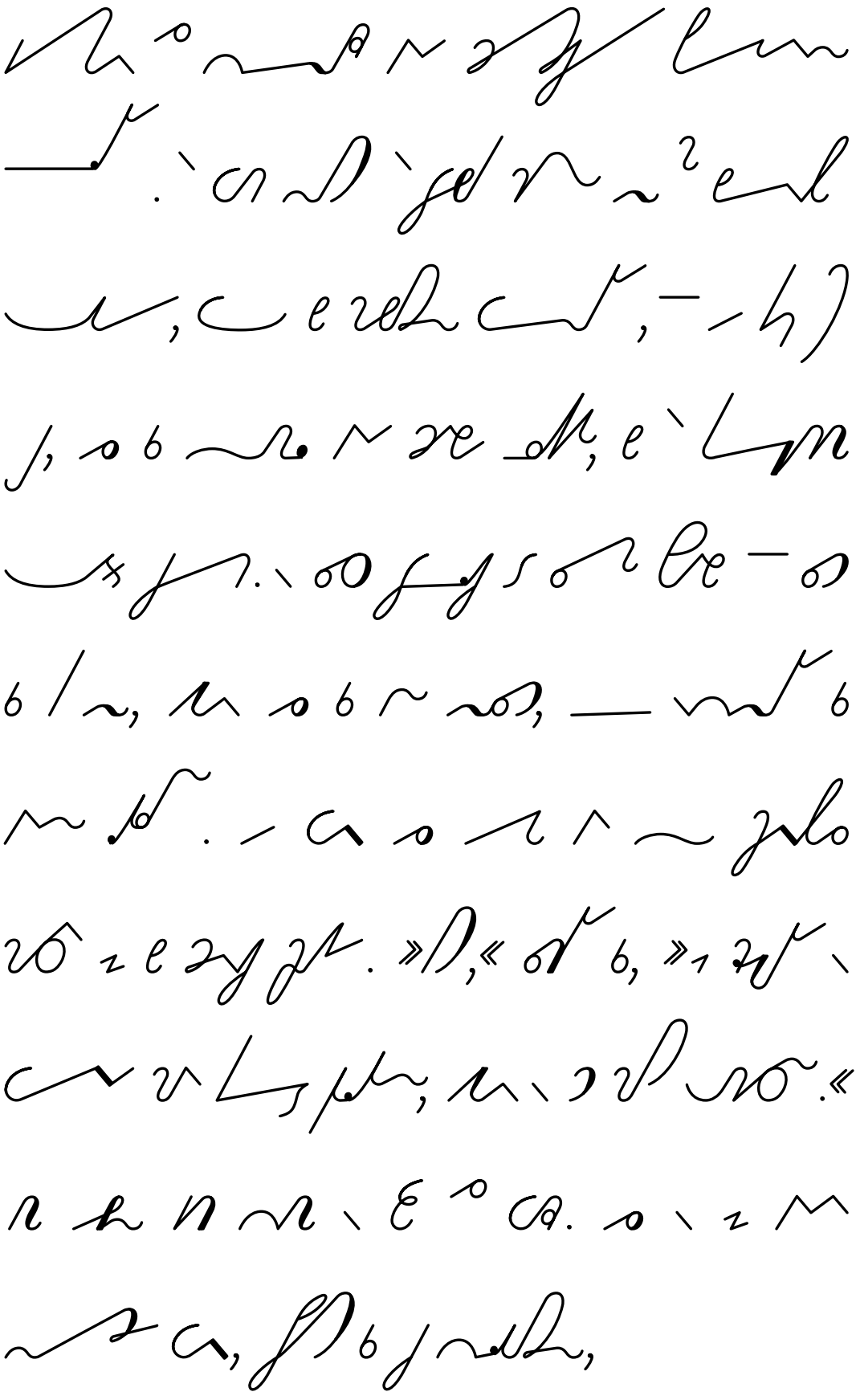


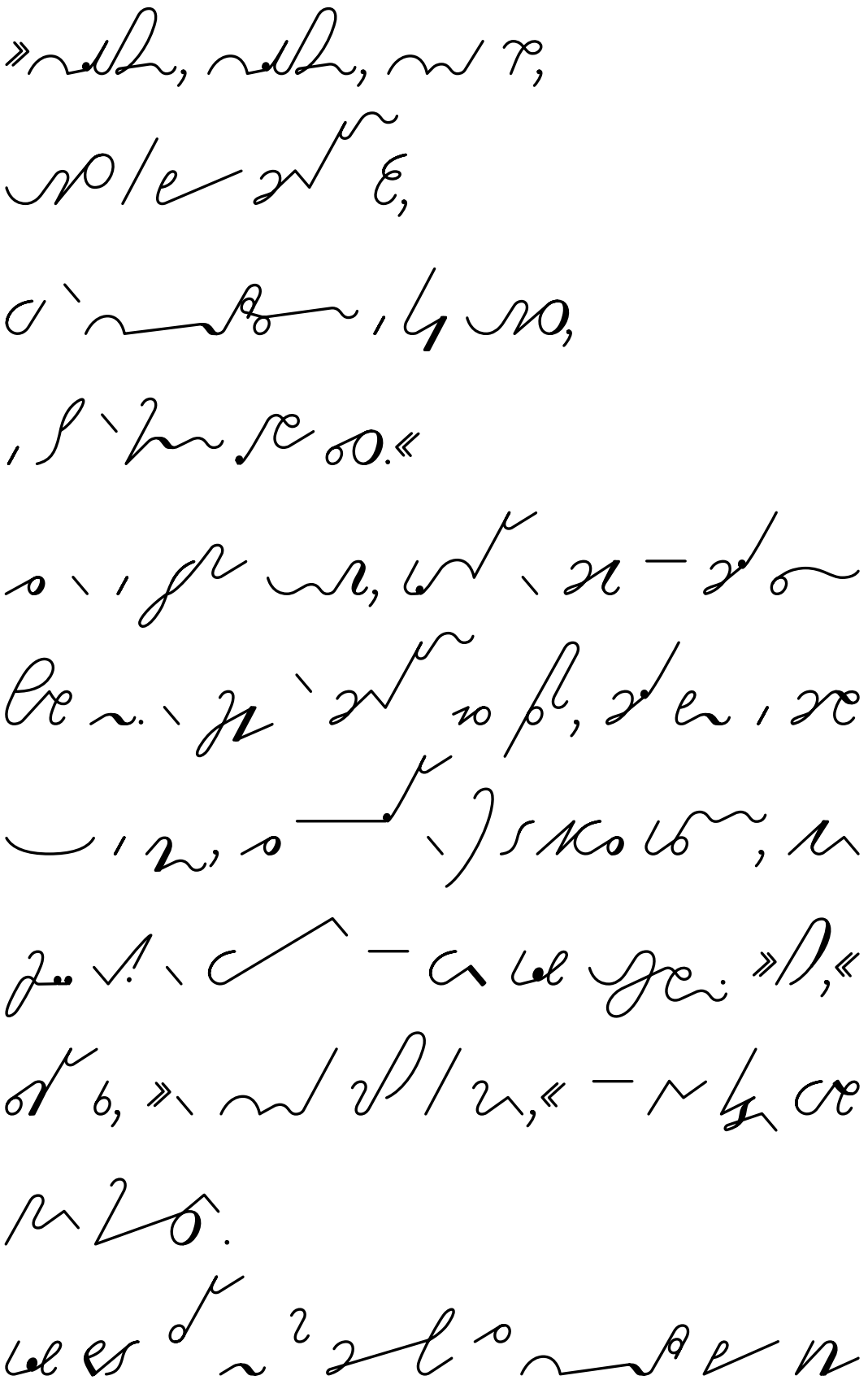


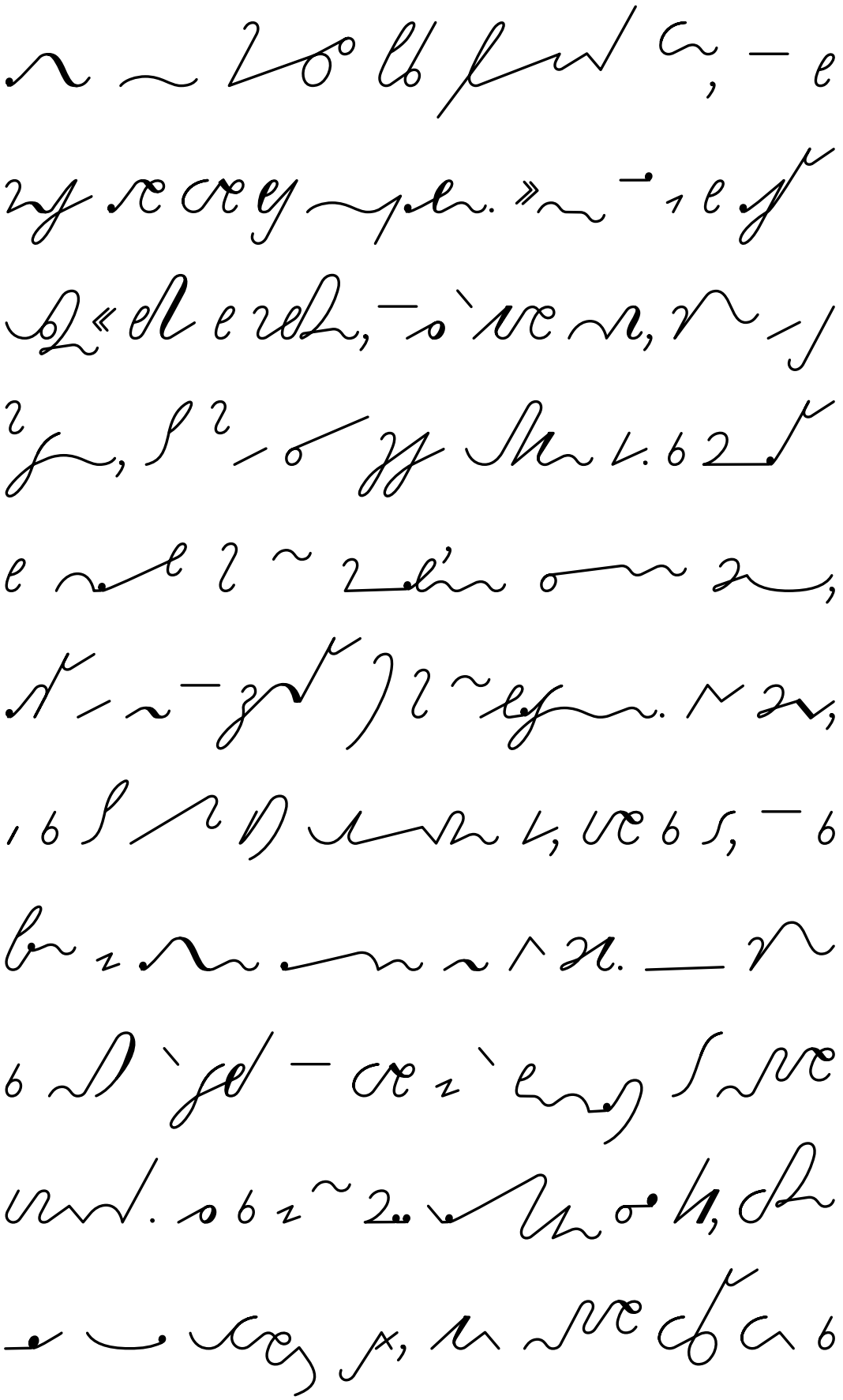


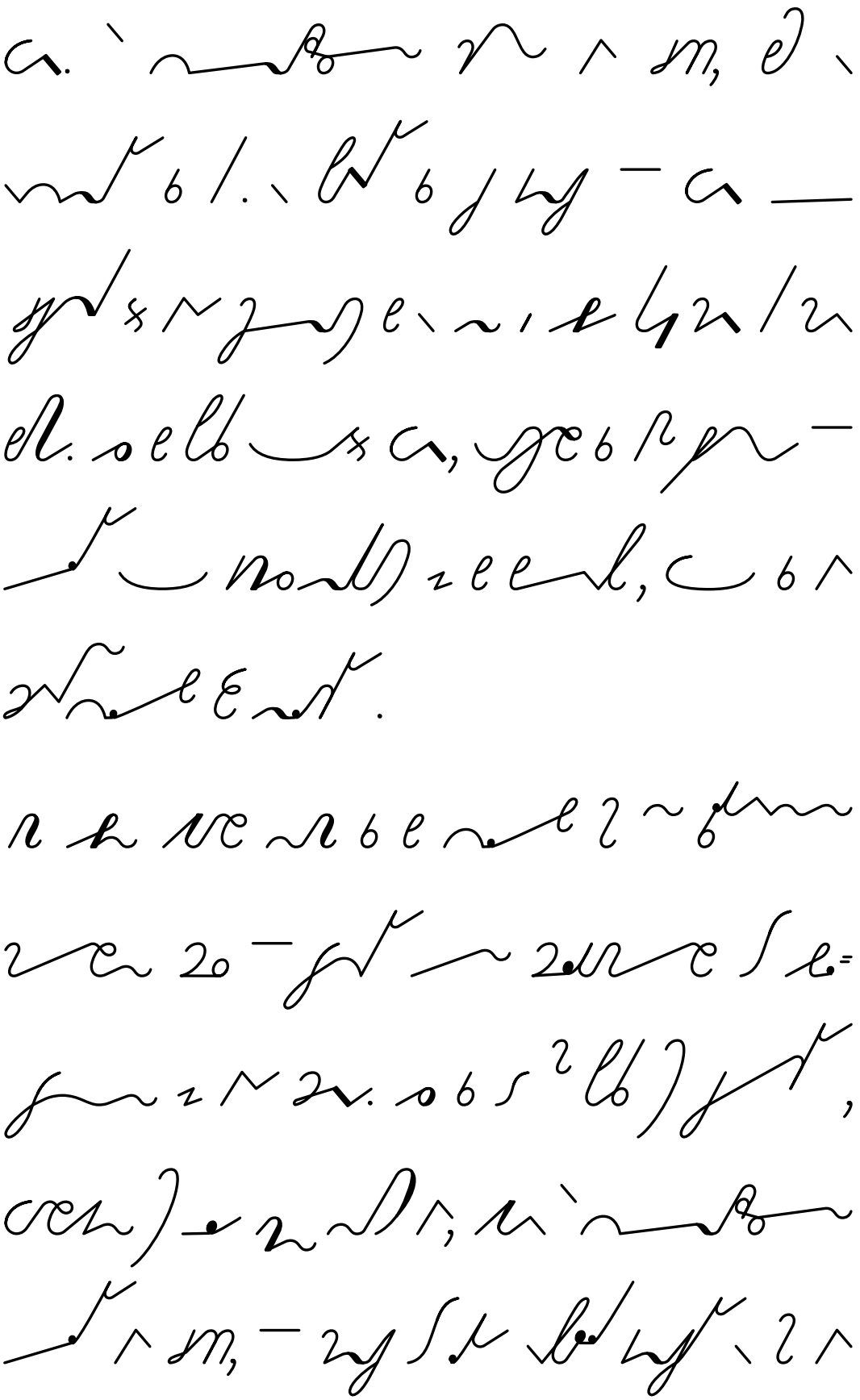


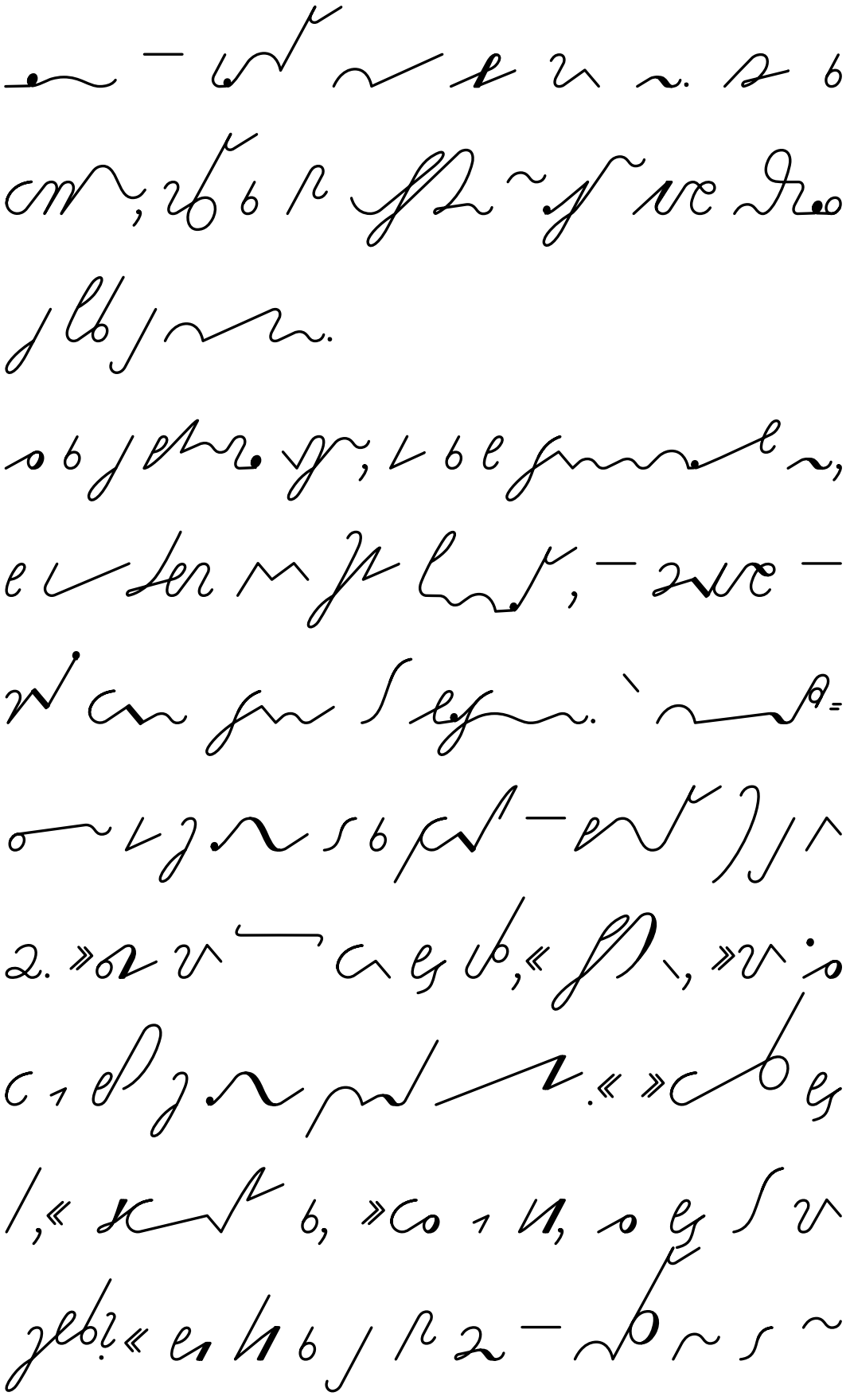


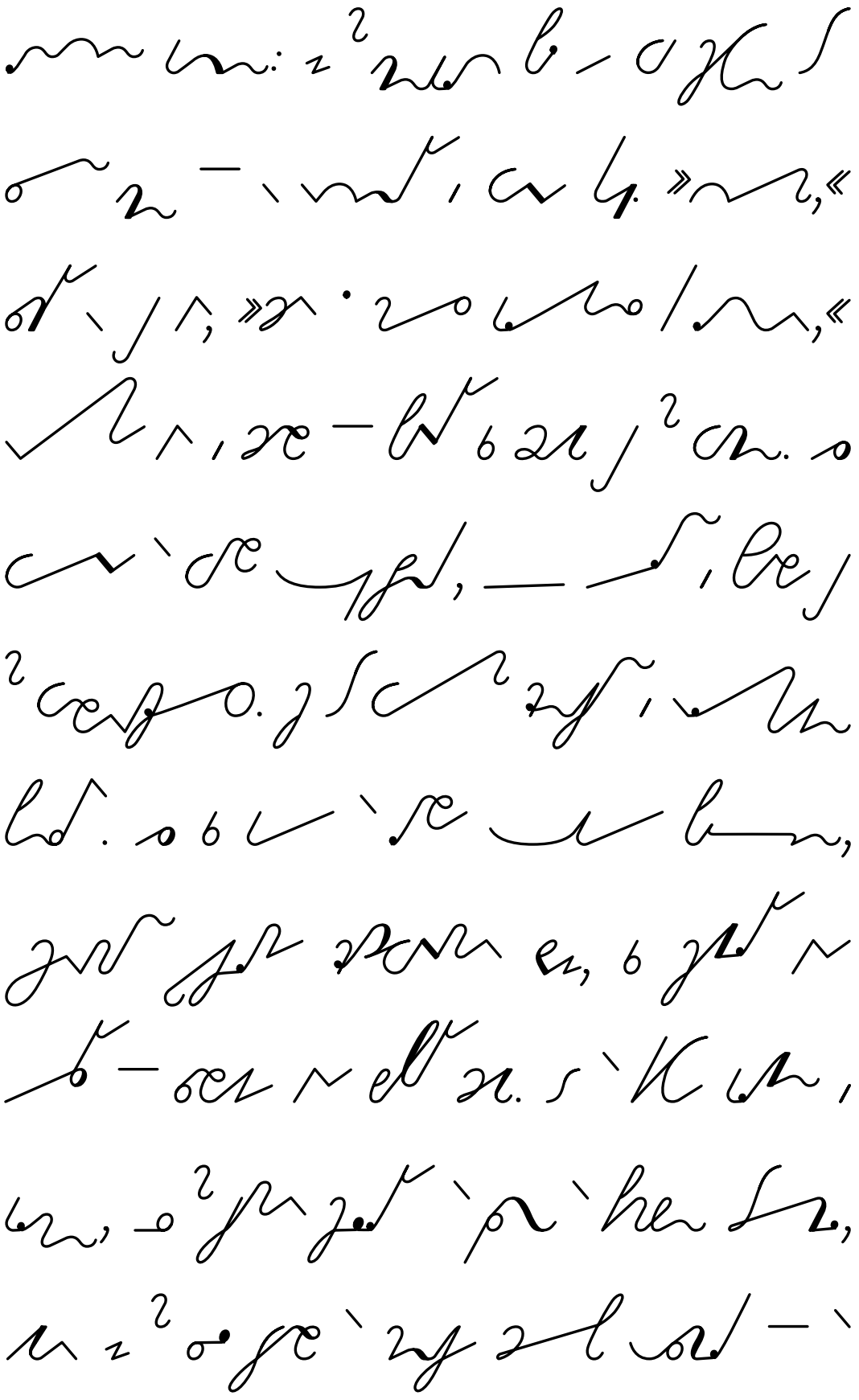


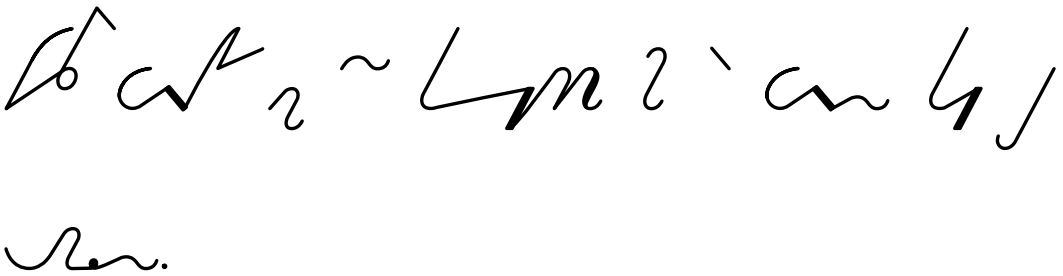












187.

Der Hase und der Igel.

Disse Geschicht is lögenhaft to vertellen, Jungens, aver wahr is se doch, denn mien Grootvader, van den ick se hew, plegg jümmer, wenn he se mie vortüerde (mit Behaglichkeit vortrug), dabi to seggen »wahr mutt se doch

sien, mien Söhn, anners kunn man se jo nich vertellen.« De Geschicht hett sick aber so todragen.

Et wöör an enen Sündag-morgen tor Harvesttied, jüst as de Bookweeten bloihde: de Sünn wöör hellig upgaen am Hewen, de Morgenwind güng warm över de Stoppeln, de Larken süngen inn'r Lucht

(Luft), de Immen sumsten in den Bookweeten un de Lühde güngen in ehren Sündags-staht nah«r Kerken, un alle Creatur wöör vergnögt, un de Swinegel ook.

De Swinegel aver stünd vör siener Döhr, harr de Arm ünnerslagen, keek dabi in den Morgenwind hinut un quinkeleerde en lütjet Leedken

vör sick hin, so good un so slecht as nu eben am leewen Sündagmorgen en Swinegel to singen pleggt. Indem he nu noch so half liese vör sick hin sung, füll em up eenmal in he künn ook wol, mittlerwiel sien Fro de Kinner wüsch un antröcke, en beeten int Feld spazeeren un tosehen wie sien Stähkröwen stünden. De

Stähkröwen wöören aver de nöchsten bi sienem Huuse, un he pleggte mit siener Familie davon to eten, darüm sahg he se as de sienigen an. Gesagt, gedahn. De Swinegel makte de Huusdöör achter sick to un slög den Weg nah'n Felde in. He wöör noch nich gans wiet von Huuse un wull jüst um den Slöbusch, (Schlehenbusch), de

dar vörm Felde liggt, nah den Stähkröwenacker hinup dreien, as em de Haas bemött, de in ähnlichen Geschäften uutgahn wöör, nämlich um sienen Kohl to besehn. As de Swinegel den Haasen ansichtig wöör, so böhd he em en fründlichen goʼn Morgen. De Haas aver, de up siene Wies en vörnehmer Herr was,

un grausahm hochfahrtig dabi, antwoorde nicks up den Swinegel sienen Gruß, sondern segte tom Swinegel, wobi he en gewaltig höhnische Miene annöhm, »wie kummt et denn, dat du hier all bi so fröhem Morgen im Felde rumlöppst?« »Jck gah spazeeren« segt de Swinegel. »Spazeeren?« lachte de Haas,

»mi ducht du kunnst de Been ook wol to betern Dingen gebruuken.« Disse Antword verdröödt den Swinegel ungeheuer, denn alles kunn he verdregen, aver up siene Been laet he nicks komen, eben weil se von Natuhr scheef wöören. »Du bildst di wol in,« seggt nu de Swinegel tom Haasen, »as wenn du mit diene Beene

mehr utrichten kunnst?« »Dat denk ick« seggt de Haas. »Dat kummt up ’n Versöök an,« meent de Swinegel, »ick pareer, wenn wi in de Wett loopt, ick loop di vörbi.« »Dat is tum Lachen, du mit diene scheefen Been,« seggt de Haas, »aver mienetwegen macht sien, wenn du so över-groote Lust hest. Wat gilt de

Wett?« »En goldne Lujedor un'n Buddel Branwien« seggt de Swinegel. »Angenahmen,« spröök de Haas, »sla in, un denn kann't gliek los gahn.« »Nä, so groote Jhl hett et nich,« meen de Swinegel, »ick bün noch gans nüchdern; eerst will ick to Huus gahn un en beeten fröhstücken: inner halwen Stünd bün ick wedder

hier upp'n Platz.«

Damit güng de Swinegel, denn de Haas wöör et tofreeden. Ünnerweges dachte de Swinegel bi sick »de Haas verlett sick up siene langen Been, aver ick will em wol kriegen. He is zwar ehn vörnehm Herr, aver doch man'n dummen Keerl, un betahlen sall he doch.« As nu

de Swinegel to Huuse anköömm, spröök he to sien Fro »Fro, treck di gau (schnell) an, du must mit mi nah'n Felde hinuut.« »Wat givt et denn?« seggt sien Fro. »Jck hew mit'n Haasen wett't üm'n golden Lujedor un'n Buddel Branwien, ick will mit em inn Wett loopen un da salst du mit dabi sien.« »O mien Gott, Mann,« füng nu

den Swinegel sien Fro an to schreen, »büst du nich klook, hest du denn ganz den Verstand verlaaren? Wie kannst du mit den Haasen in de Wett loopen wollen?« »Holt dat Muul, Wief,« seggt de Swinegel, »dat is mien Saak. Resonehr nich in Männer-geschäfte. Marsch, treck di an un denn kumm mit.« Wat sull

den Swinegel sien Fro maken? se mußt wol folgen, se mugg nu wollen oder nich.

As se nu mit eenander ünnerwegs wöören, spröök de Swinegel to sien Fro »nu pass up, wat ick seggen will. Sühst du, up den langen Acker dar wüll wi unsen Wettloop maken. De Haas löppt nemlich in der eenen Föhr (Furche) un ick

inner andern, un von baben (oben) fang wi an to loopen. Nu hast du wieder nicks to dohn as du stellst di hier unnen in de Föhr, un wenn de Haas up de andere Siet ankummt, so röpst du em entgegen »ick bün all (schon) hier.«

Damit wöören se bi den Acker anlangt, de Swinegel wiesde

siener Fro ehren Platz an un gung nu den Acker hinup. As he baben anköom, wöör de Haas all da. »Kann et losgahn?« seggt de Haas. »Ja wol« seggt de Swinegel. »Denn man to!« Un damit stellde jeder sick in siene Föhr. De Haas tellde (zählte) »hahl een, hahl twee, hahl dree« un los güng he wie en Stormwind

den Acker hindahl (hinab). De Swinegel aver lööp ungefähr man dree Schritt, dann duhkde he sick dahl (herab) in de Föhr un bleev ruhig sitten.

As nu de Haas in vullen Loopen ünnen am Acker anköömm, röop em den Swinegel sien Fro entgegen »ick bün all hier.« De Haas stutzd un verwunderde sick

nich wenig: he menede nich anders als et wöör de Swinegel sülvst, de em dat toröööp, denn bekanntlich süht den Swinegel sien Fro jüst so uut wie ehr Mann.

De Haas aver meende »datt geiht nich to mit rechten Dingen.« He röööp »nochmal geloopen, wedder üm!« Un fort güng he wedder wie en

Stormwind, datt em de Ohren am Koppe flögen. Den Swinegel sien Fro aver blev ruhig up ehren Platze. As nu de Haas baben ankööm, röop em de Swinegel entgegen »ick bün all hier.« De Haas aver, ganz uuter sick vör Jhwer (Ärger), schreede »nochmal geloopen, wedder üm!« »Mi nich to schlimm,« antwoorde

de Swinegel, »mienetwegen so oft as du Lust hest.« So löp de Haas noch dreeunsöbentigmal, un de Swinegel höhl (hielt) et ümmer mit em uut. Jedesmal, wenn de Haas ünnen oder baben anköömm, seggten de Swinegel oder sien Fro »ick bün all hier.«

Tum veerunsöbentigstenmal aver köm de Haas nich mehr

to ende. Midden am Acker stört he tor Eerde, datt Blohd flög em utn Halse un he bleev doot upn Platze. De Swinegel aver nöhm siene gewunnene Lujedor un den Buddel Branwien, rööp siene Fro uut der Föhr aff, un beide güngen vergnögt mit eenanner nah Huus; un wenn se nich storben sünd, lewt se noch.

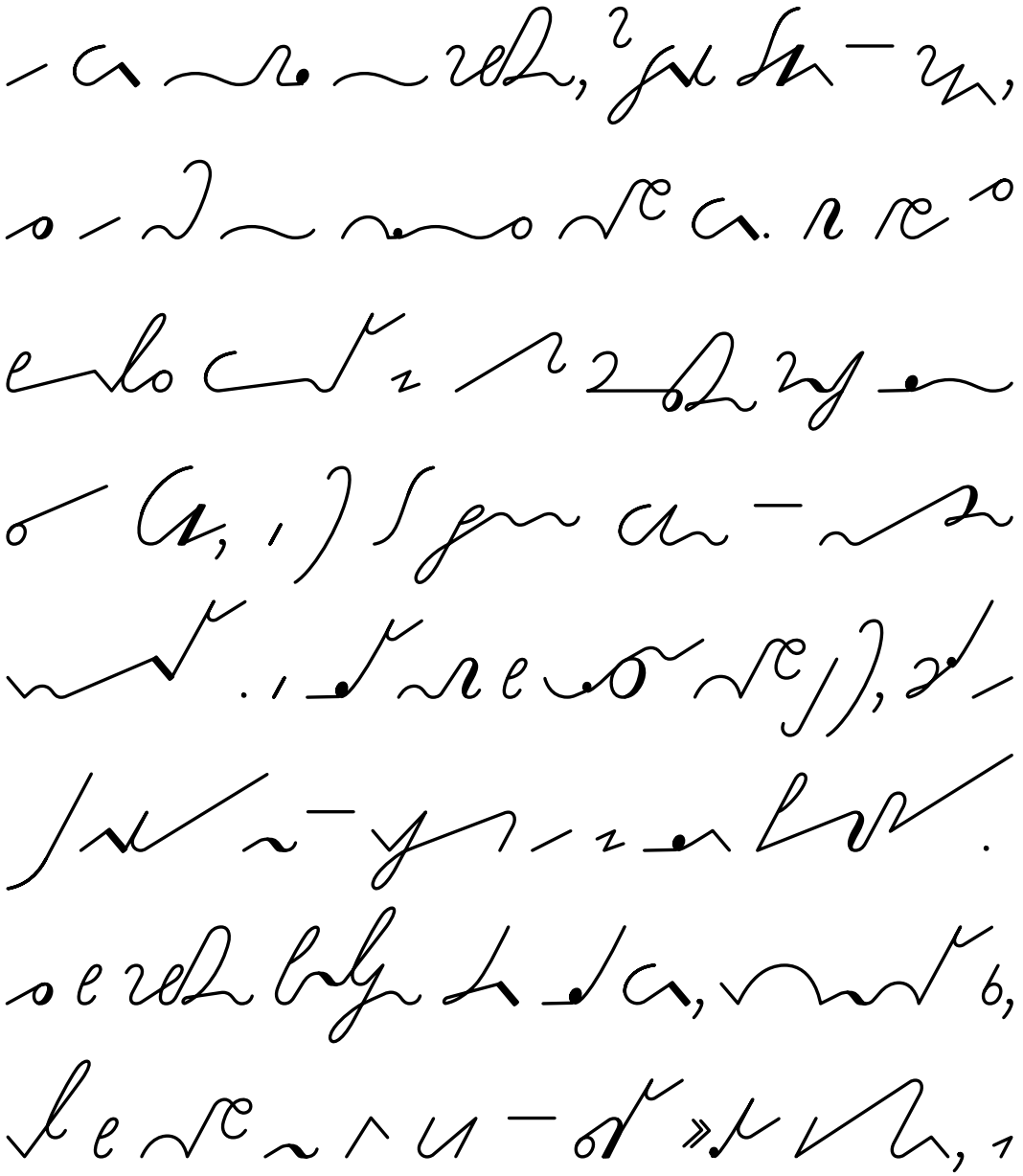
So begev et sick, dat up der Buxtehuder Heid de Swinegel den Haasen dodt lopen hett, un sied jener Tied hatt et sick keen Haas wedder infallen laten mit'n Buxtehuder Swinegel in de Wett to lopen.

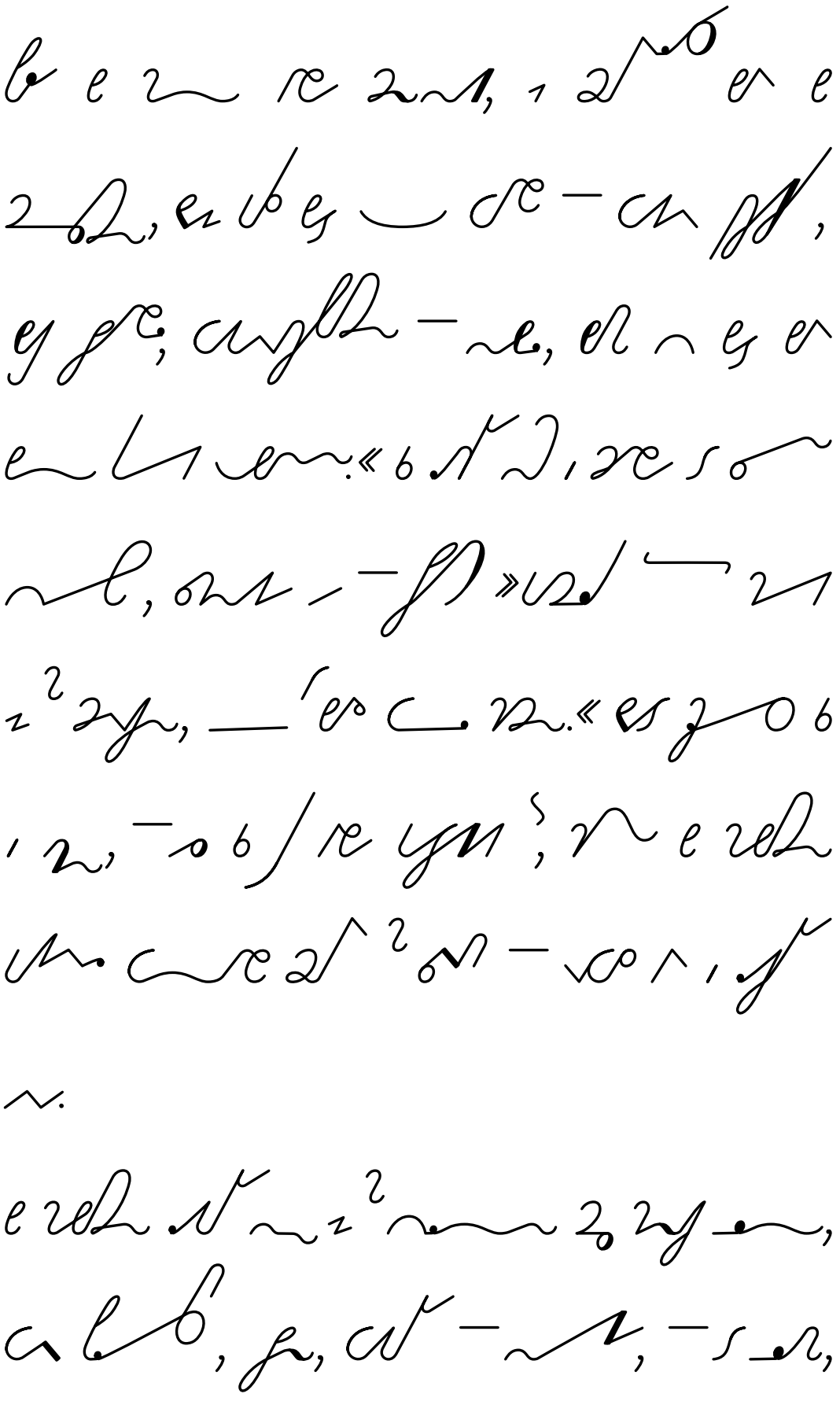
De Lehre aver uut disser Geschicht is erstens, datt keener, un wenn he sick ook noch so vörnehm dücht, sick

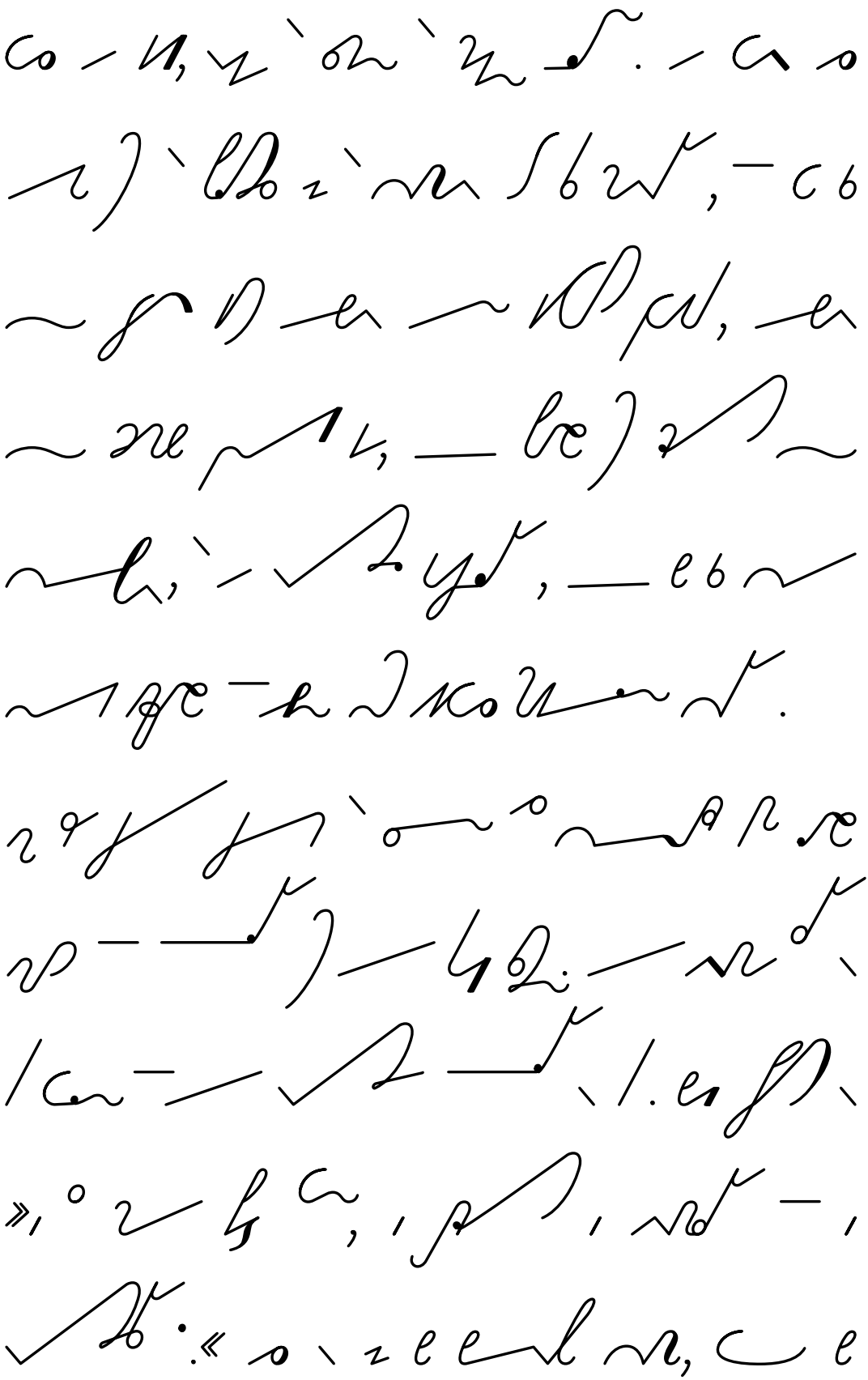
sall bikommen laten, övern geringen Mann sick lustig to maken, un wöört ook man'n Swinegel. Un tweetens, datt et gerahden is, wenn eener freet, datt he sick 'ne Fro uut sienem Stande nimmt, un de jüst so uutsüht as he sülwst. Wer also en Swinegel is, de mutt tosehn datt siene Fro ook en Swinegel is, un so

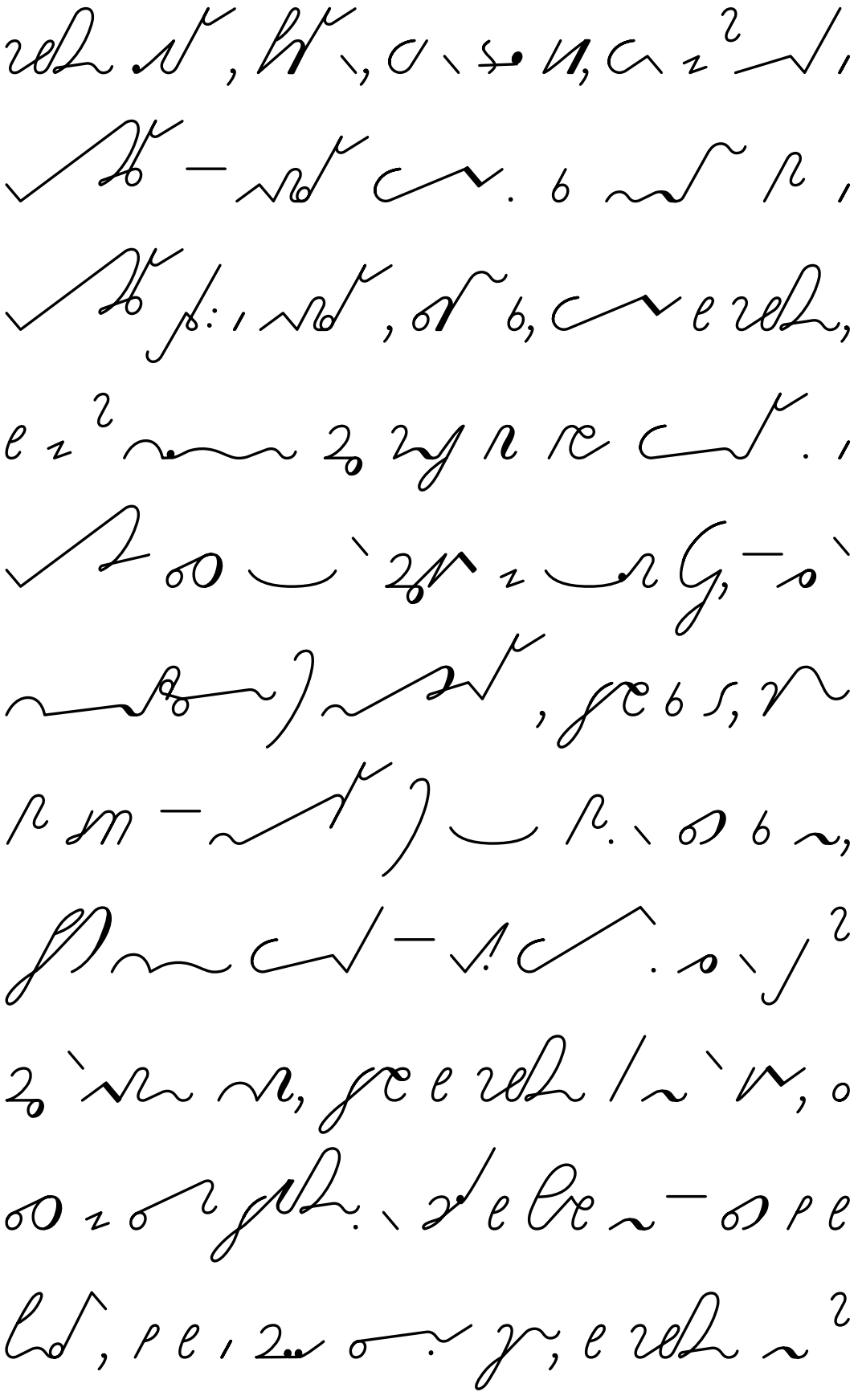
wieder.

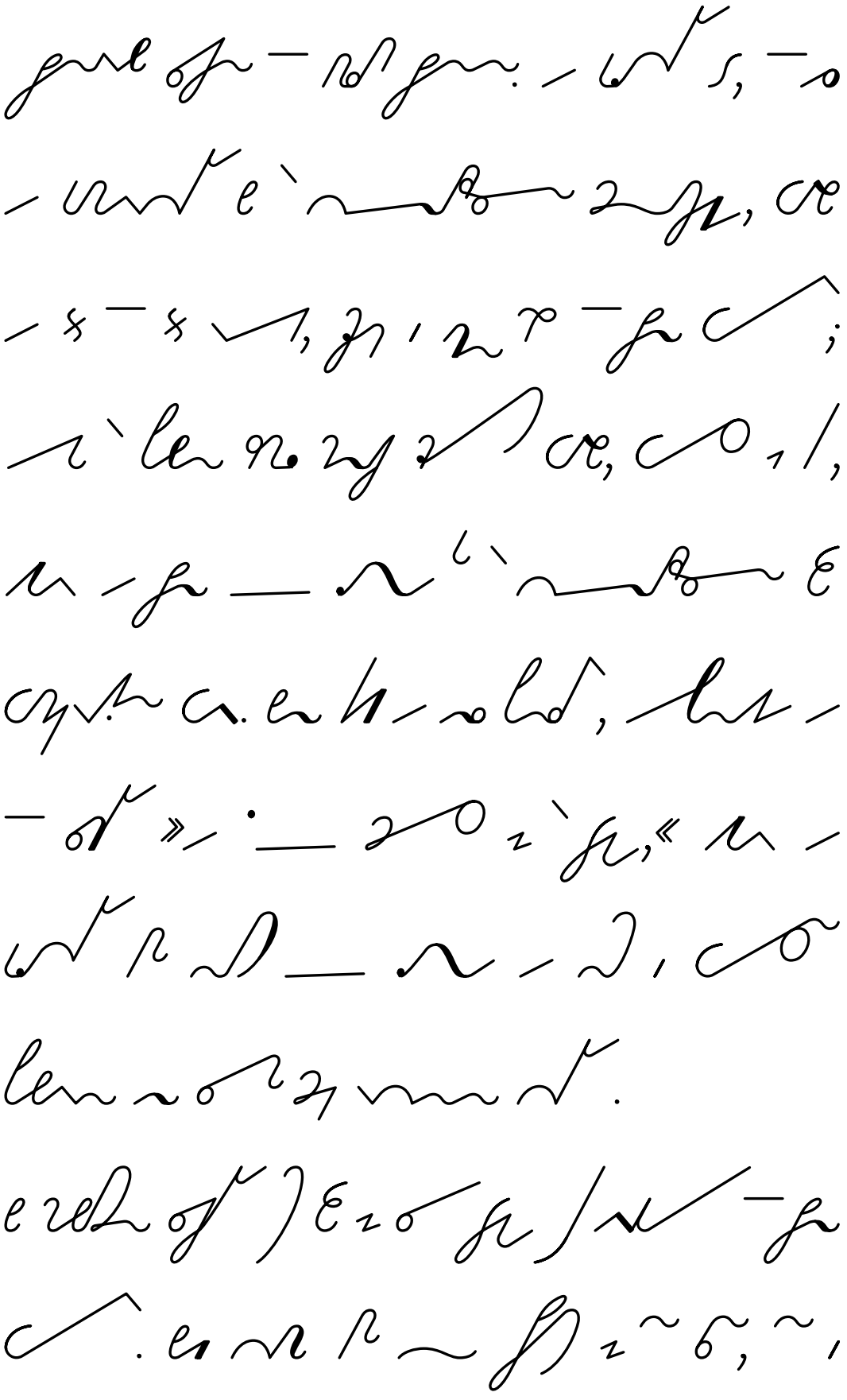
188.

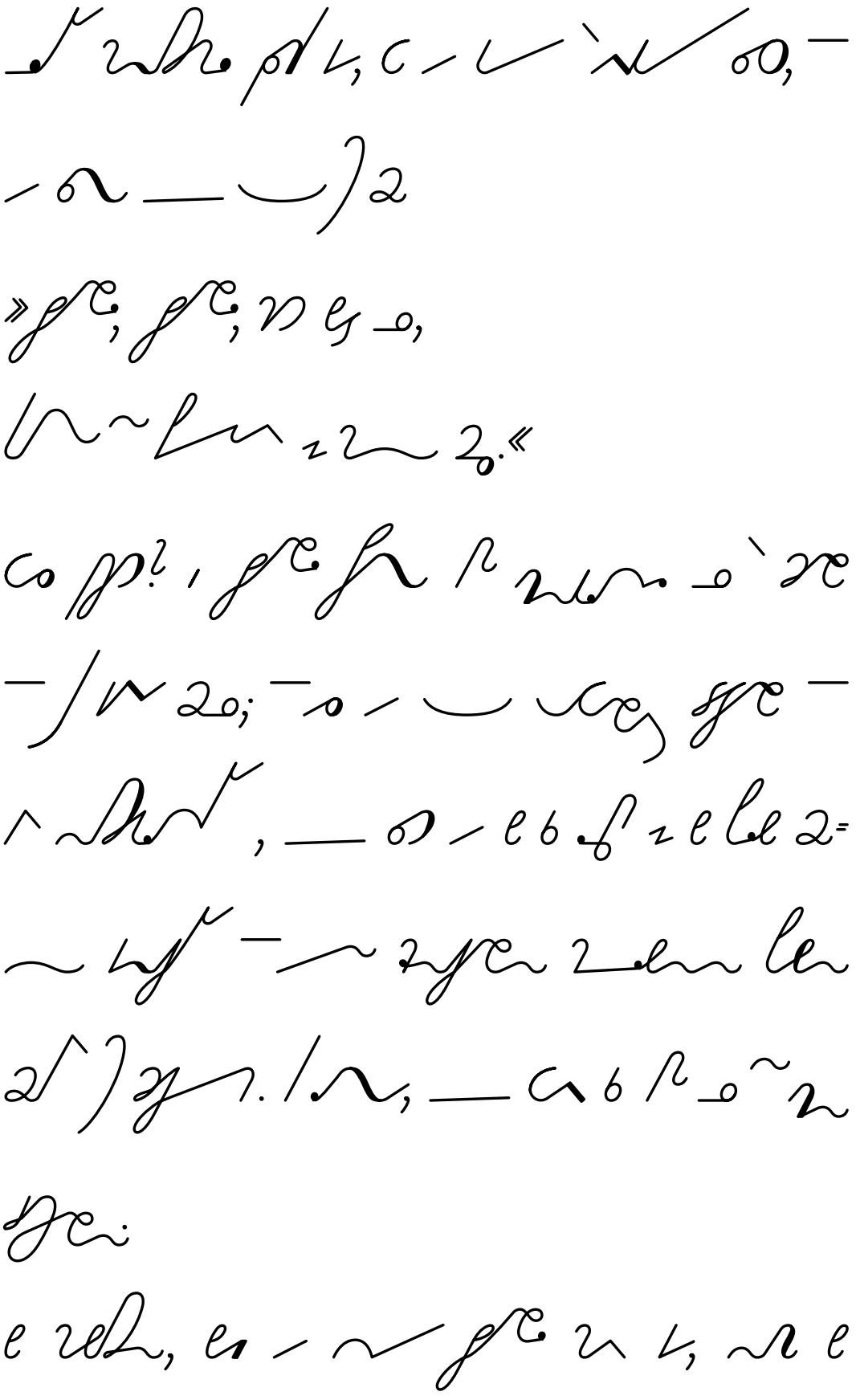


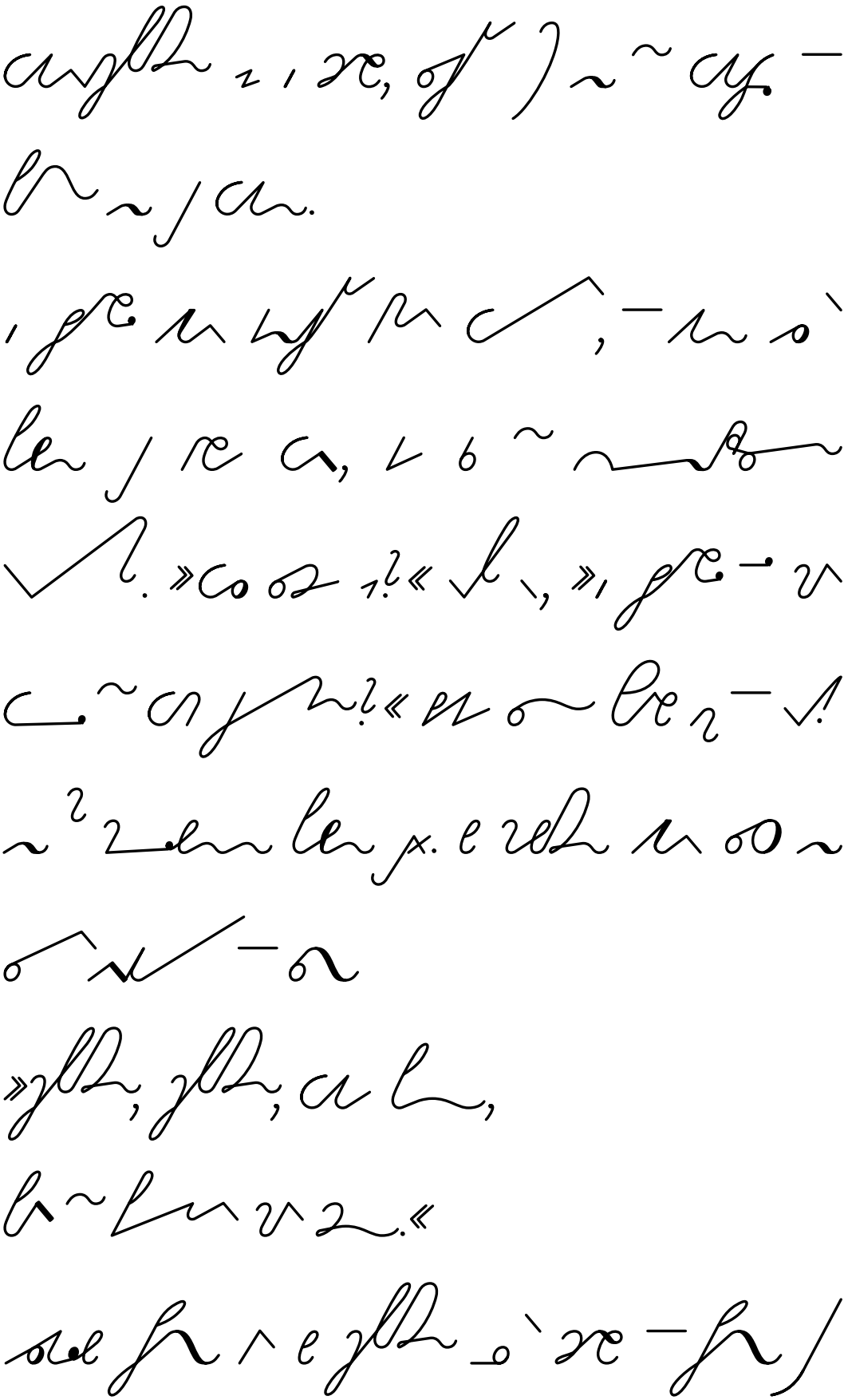


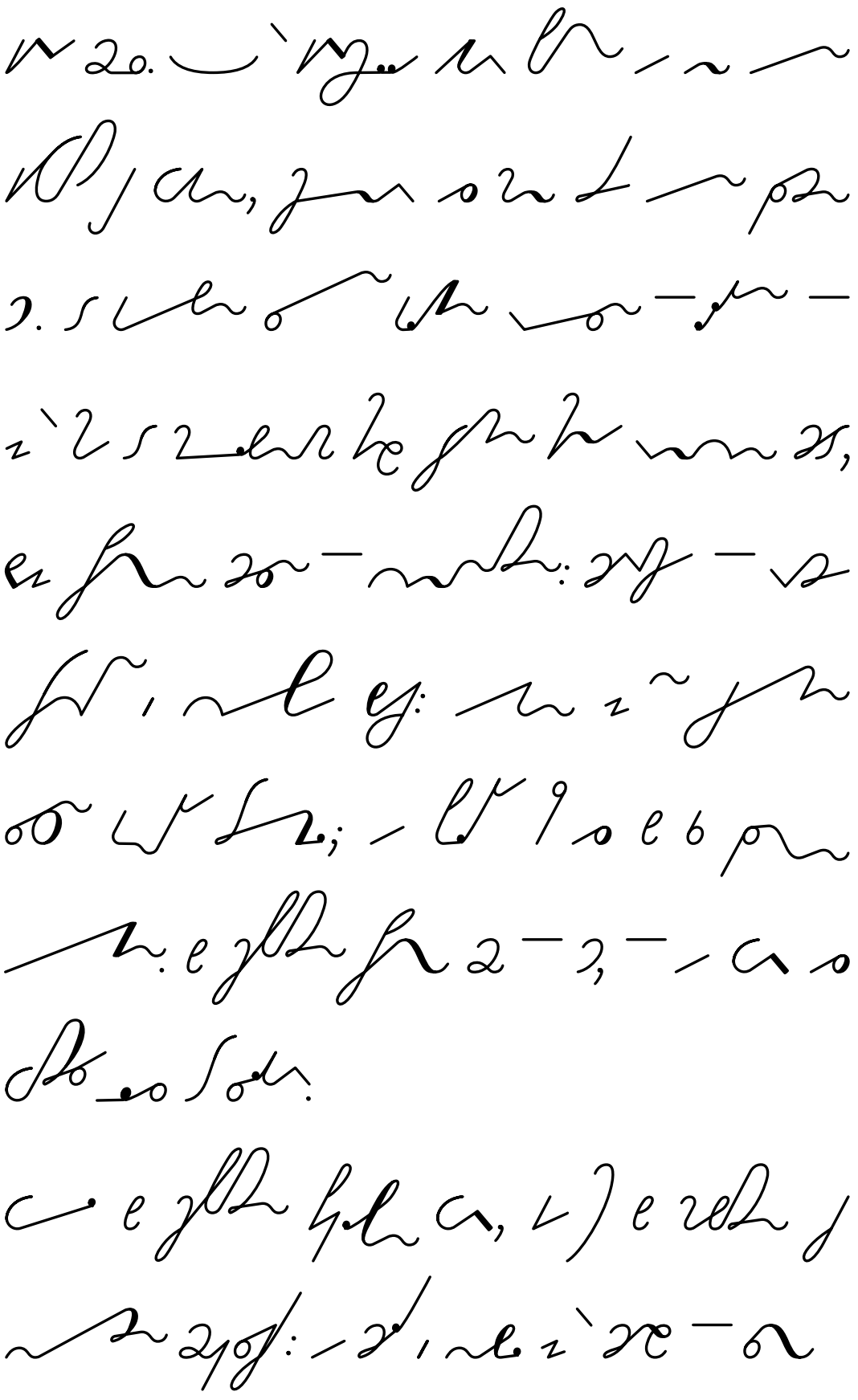


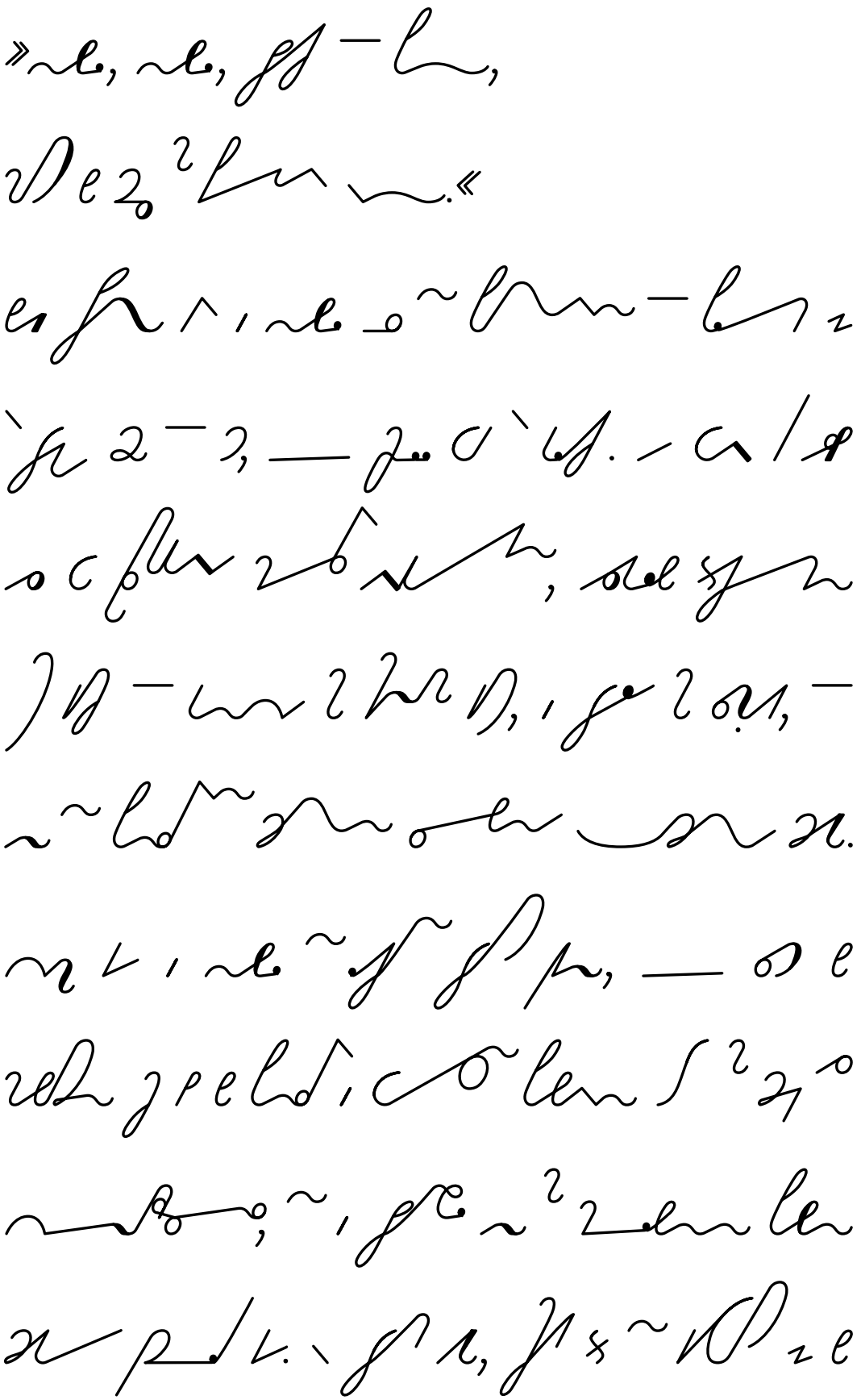


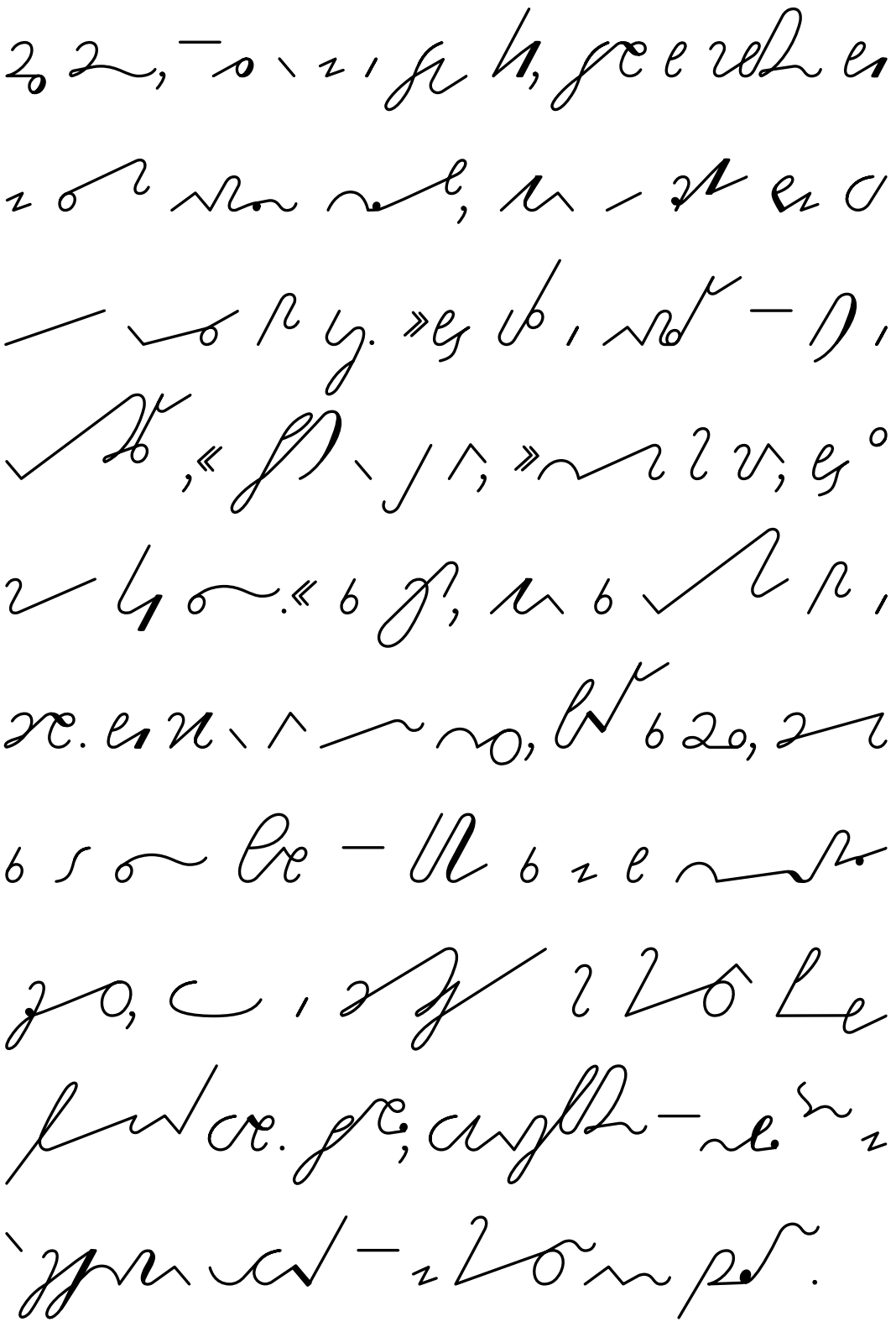












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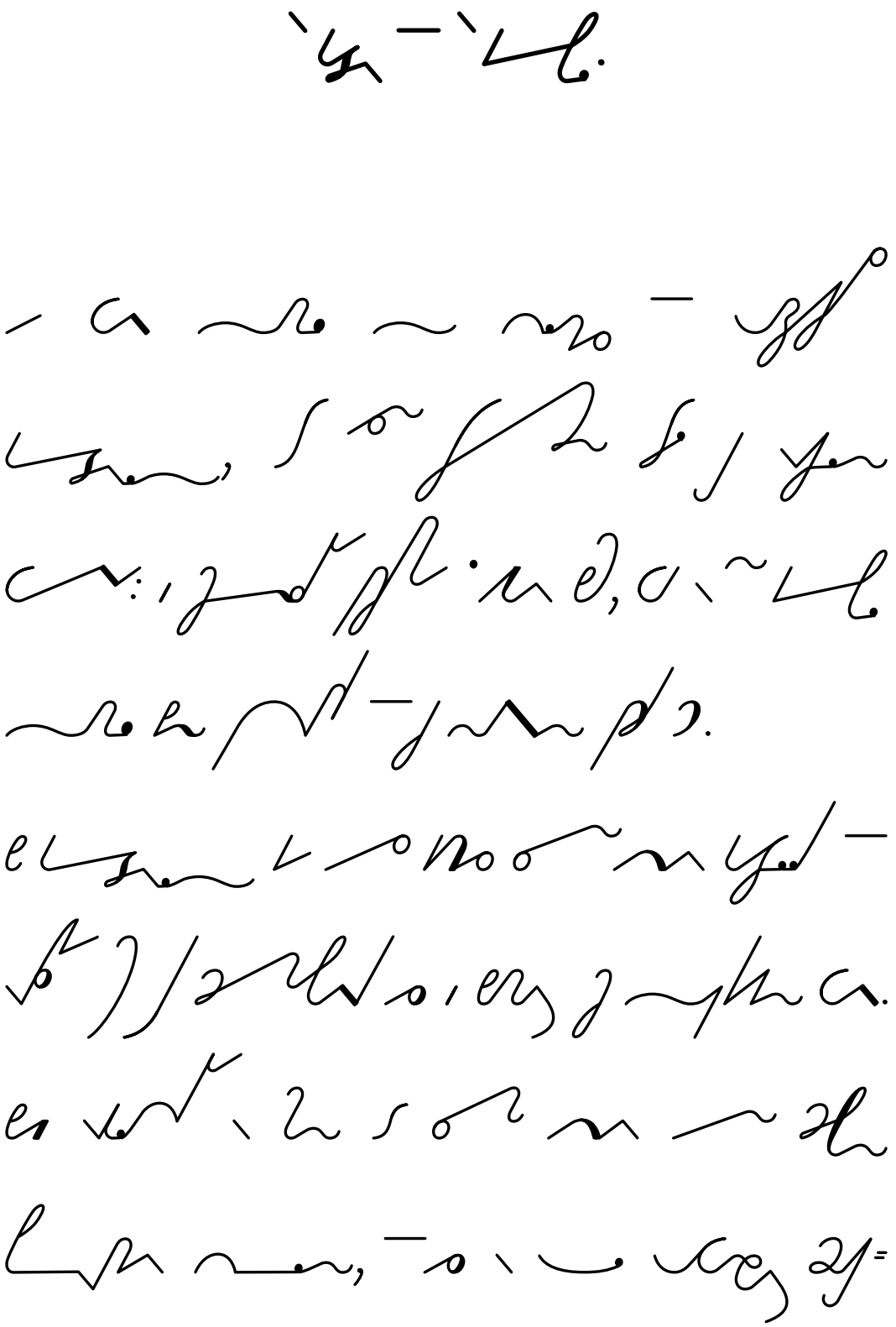
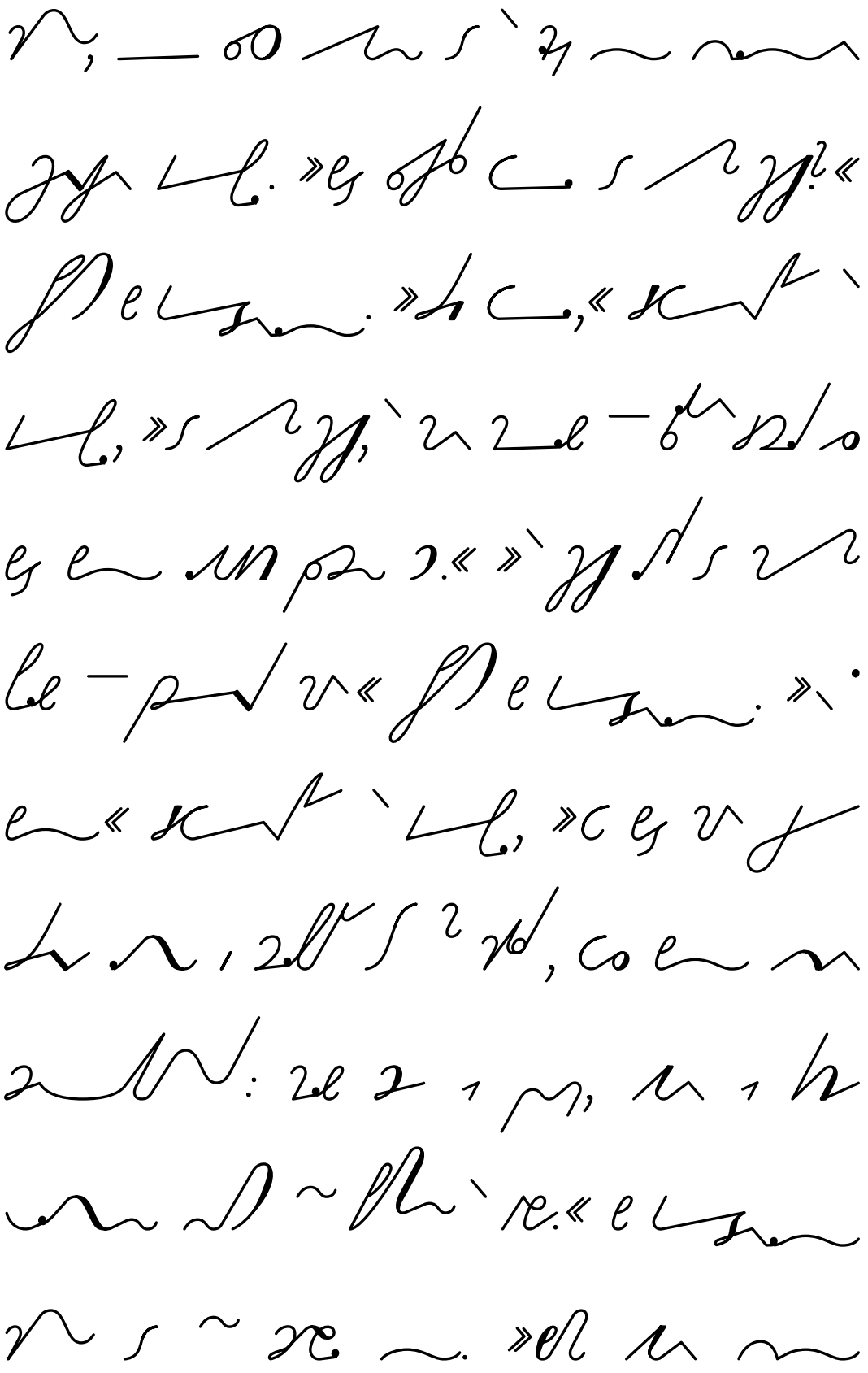
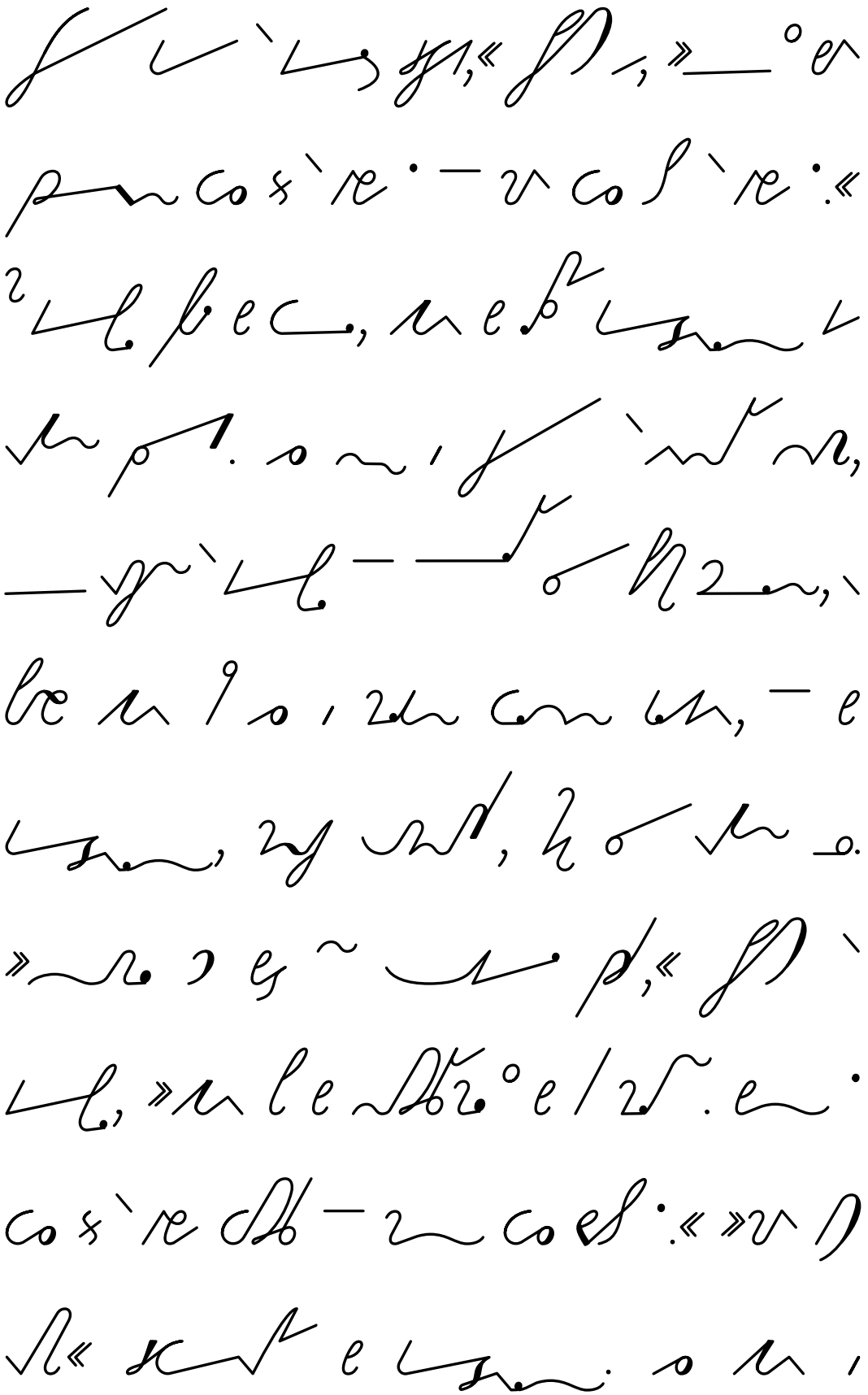
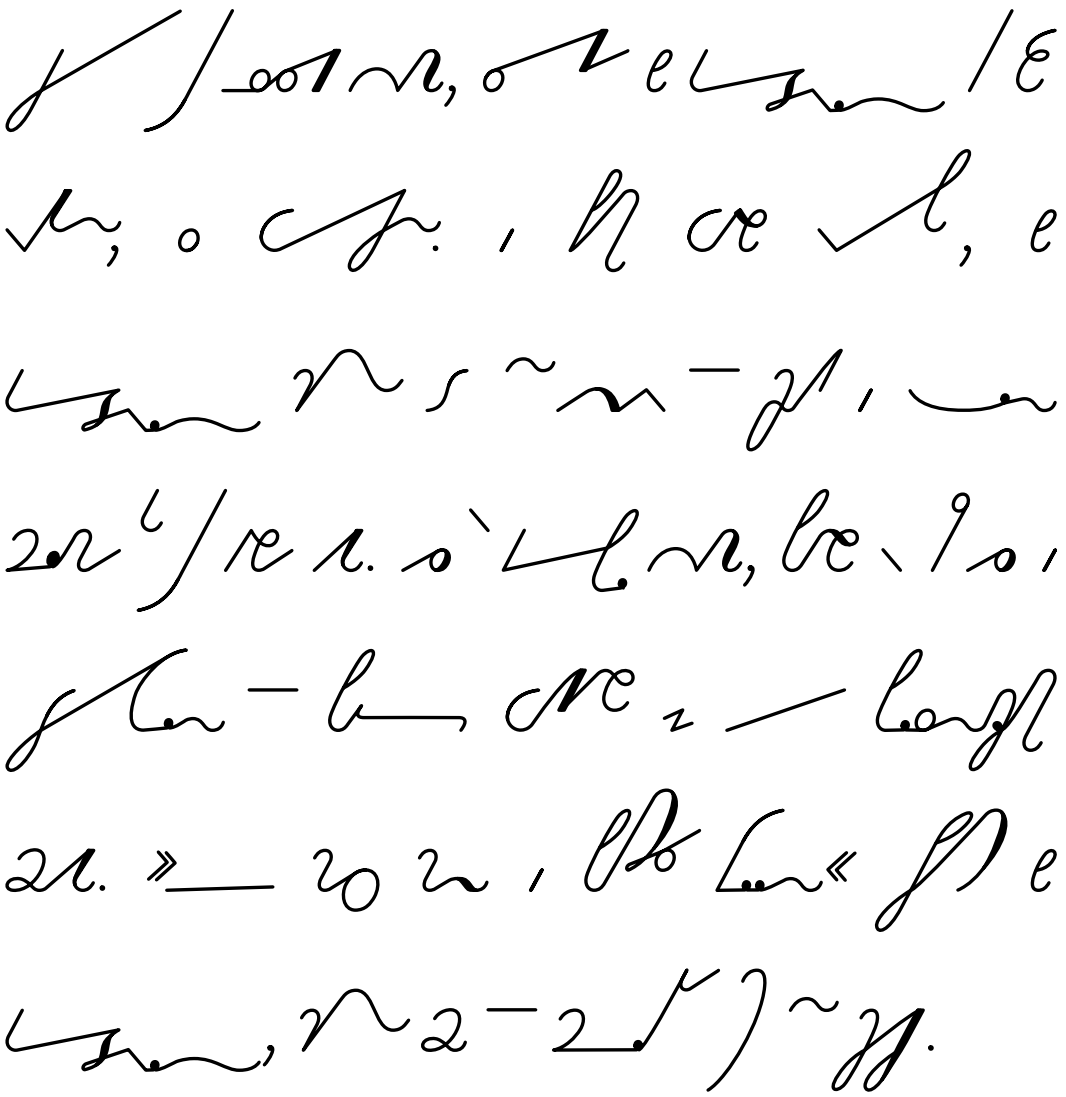








190.

Die Brosamen auf dem Tisch.

Der Güggel het einisch zue sine Hüendlene gseit »chömmet weidli i d Stuben ufe goh Brotbrösmele zämmebicke ufem Tisch: euse Frau isch ußgange goh ne Visite mache.« Do säge do d Hüendli »nei nei, mer chömme nit:

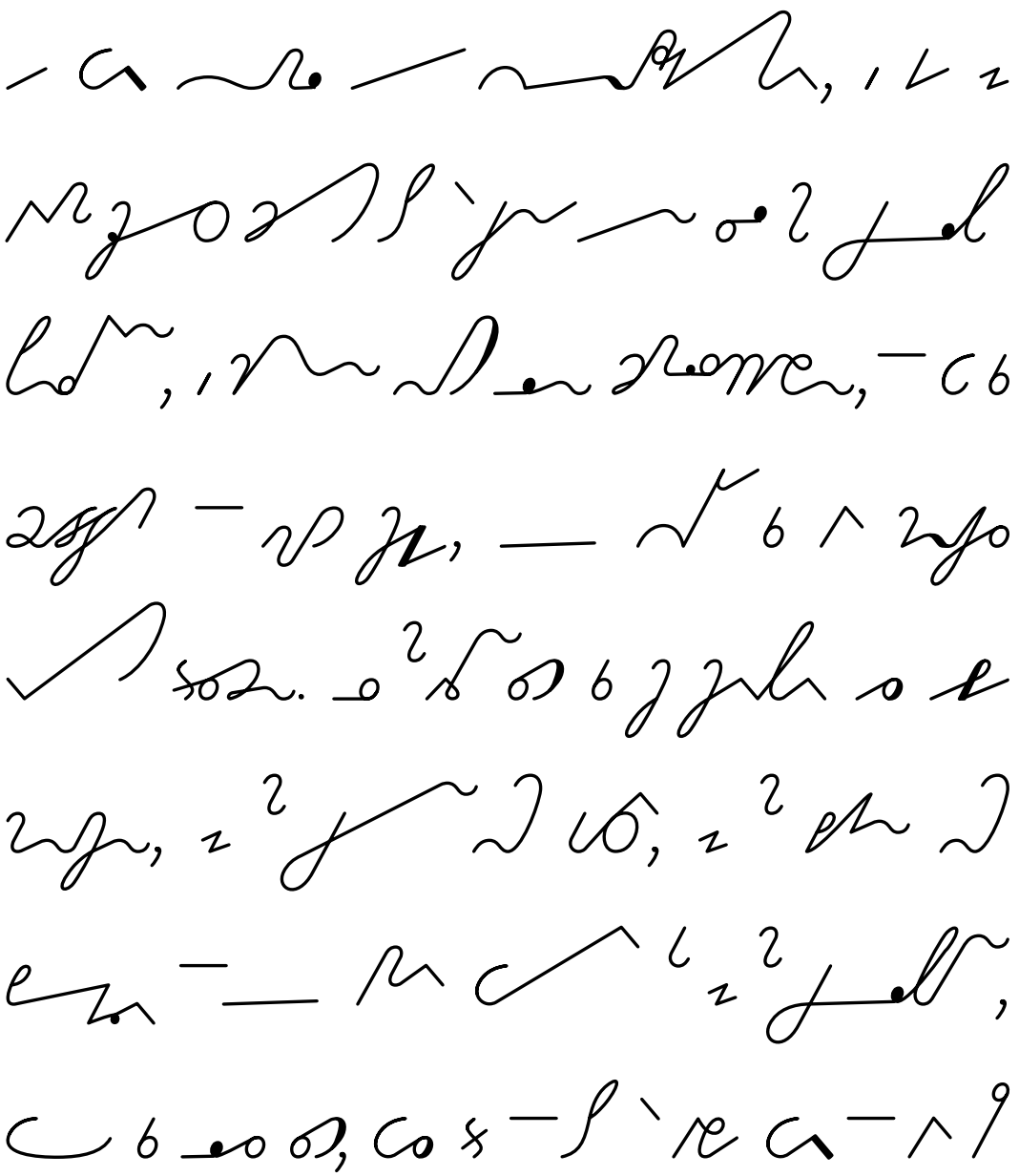
weist d Frau balget amme mit is.« Do seit der Güggel »se weiß jo nüt dervo, chömmet er numme: se git is doch au nie nit guets.« Do säge d Hüendli wider »nei nei, sisch uß und verby, mer gönd nit ufe.« Aber der Güggel het ene kei ruei glo, bis se endlig gange sind und ufe Tisch, und do Brotbrösmeli zämme gläse

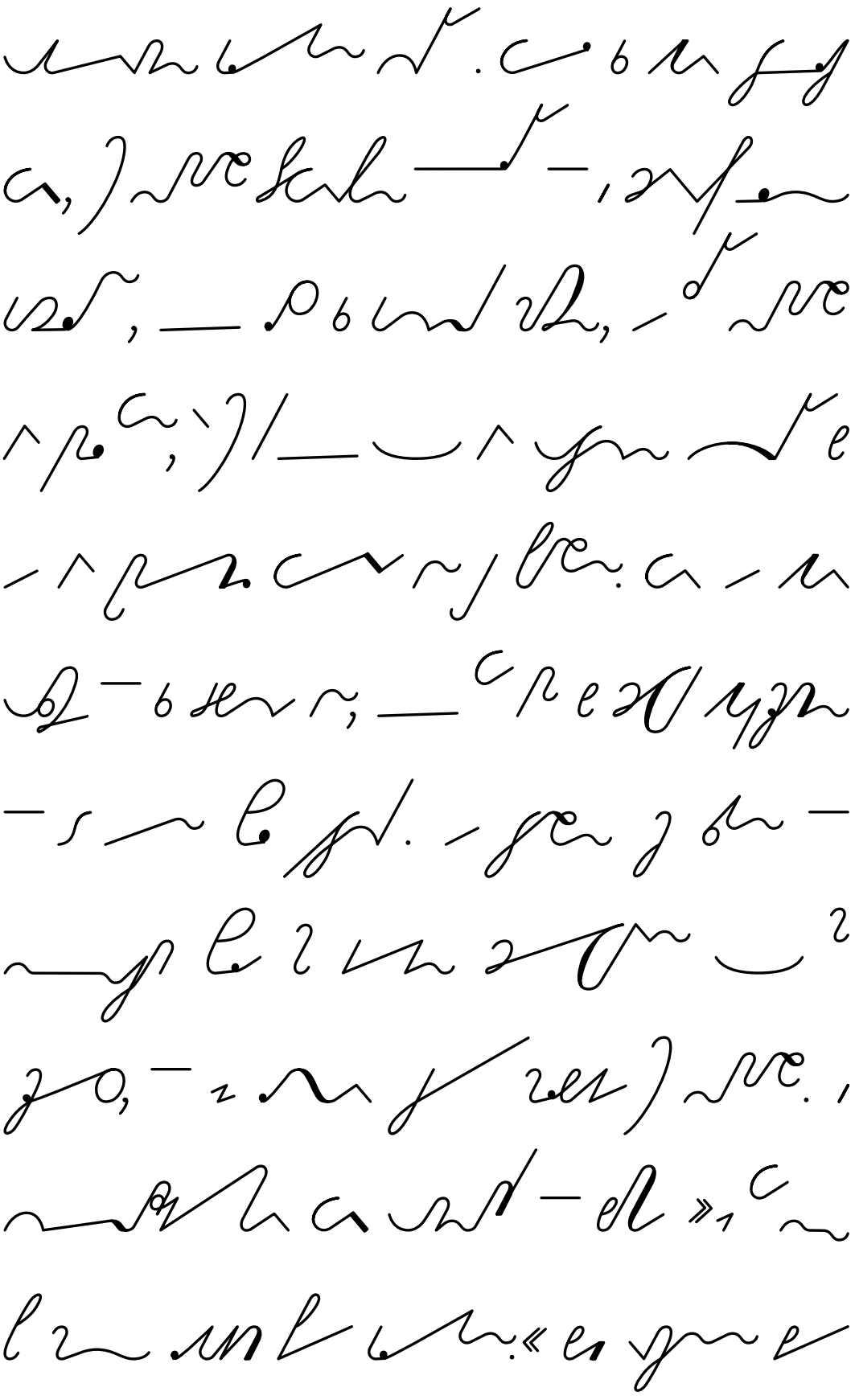
hend in aller Strenge. Do chunt justement d Frau derzue und nimmt gschwind e Stäcke und steubt se abe und regiert gar grüseli mit ene. Und wo se do vor em hus unde gsi sind, so säge do d Hüendli zum Güggel »gse gse gse gse gse gse gsehst aber?« Do het der Güggel glachet und numme gseit »ha ha han is nit

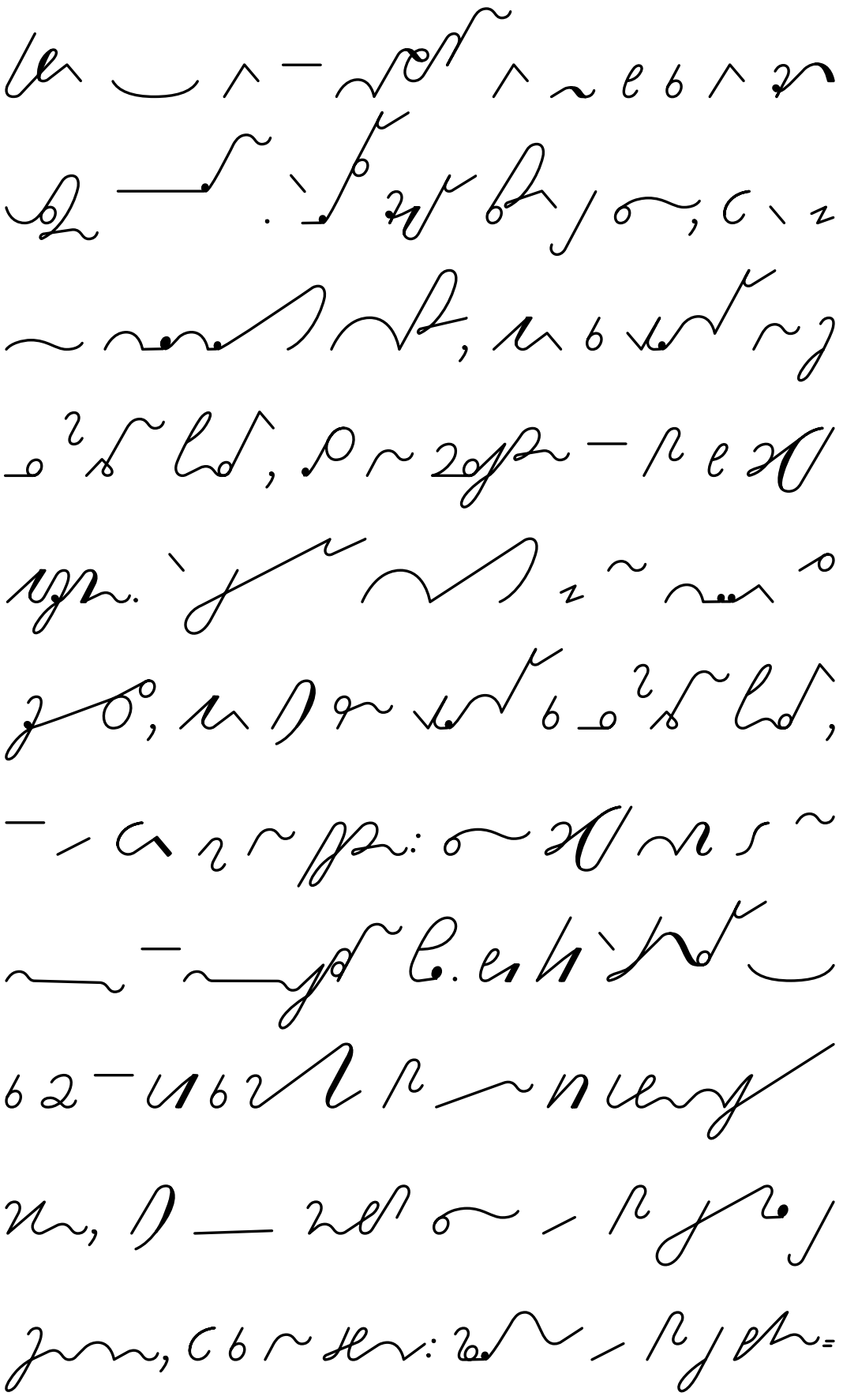
gwüßt?« do händ se chönne goh.

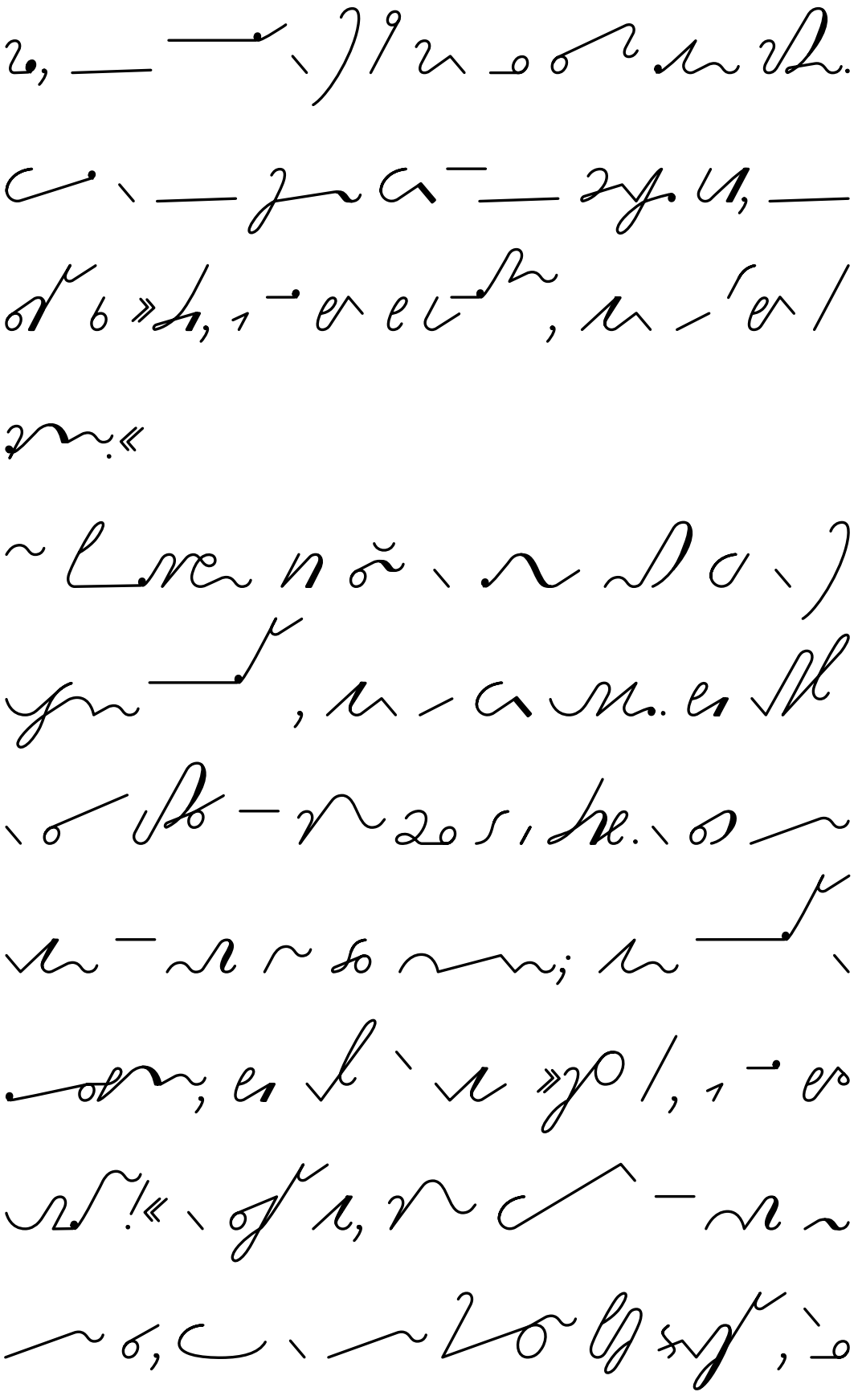
191.

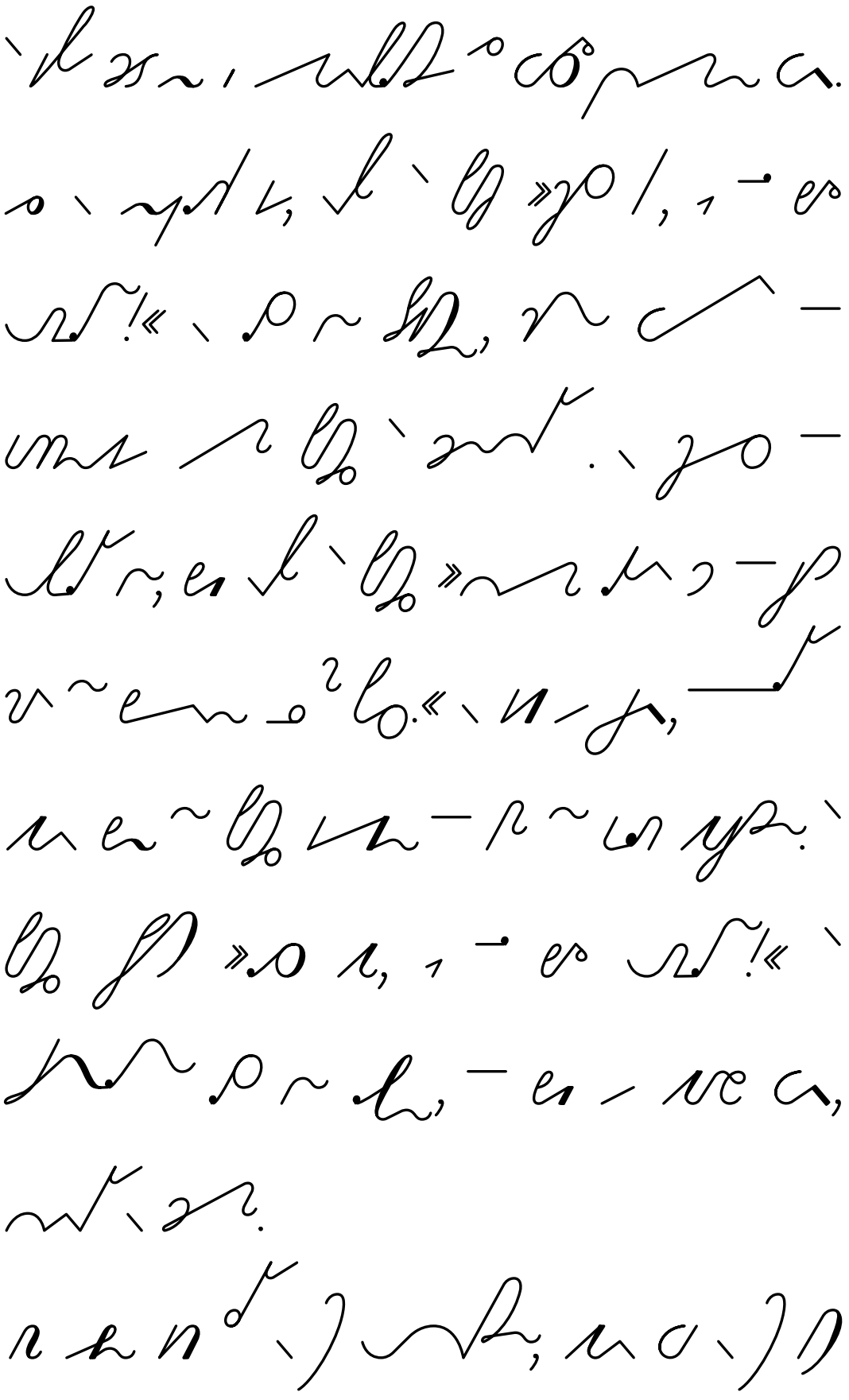
[Meerhäschen]

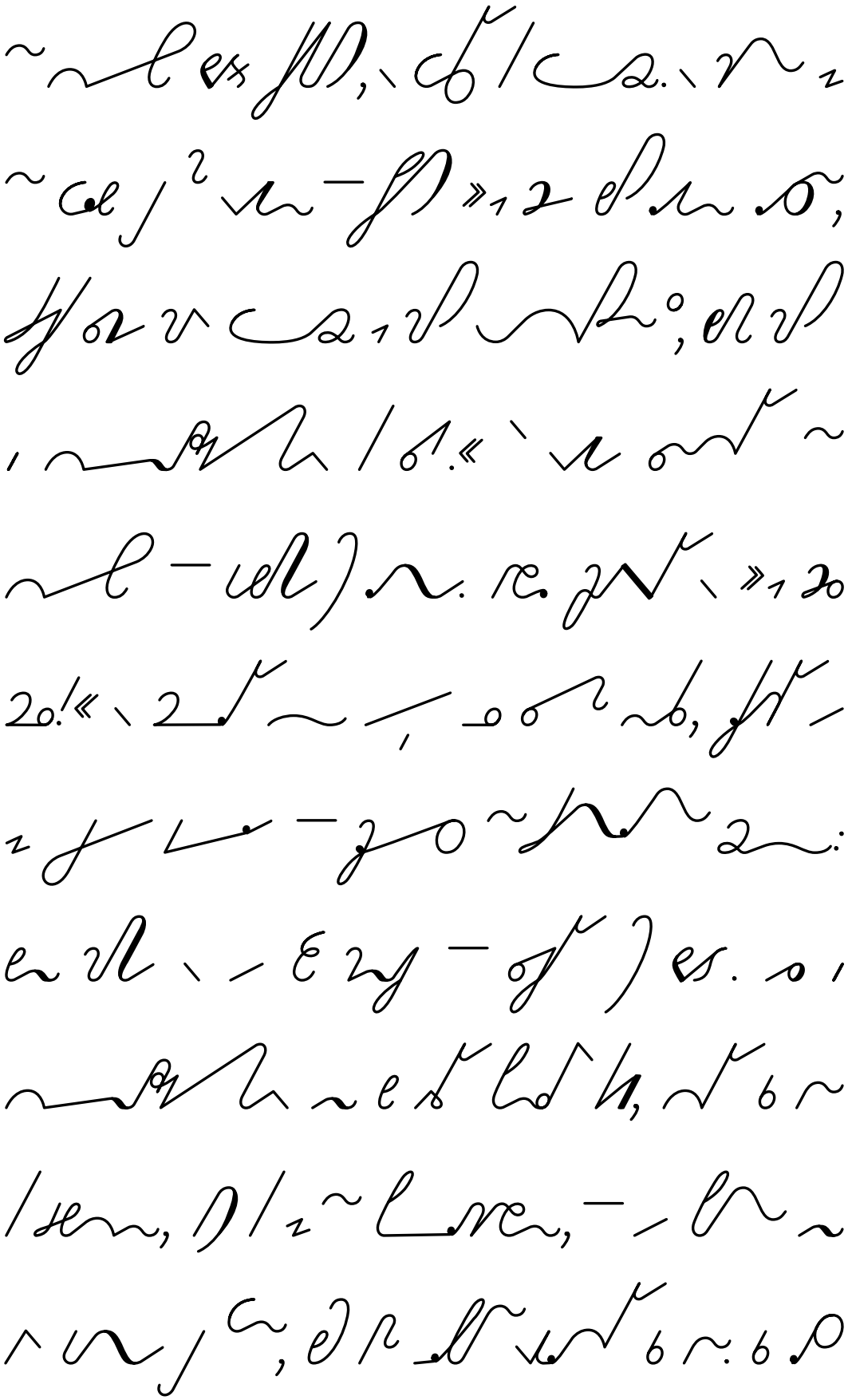


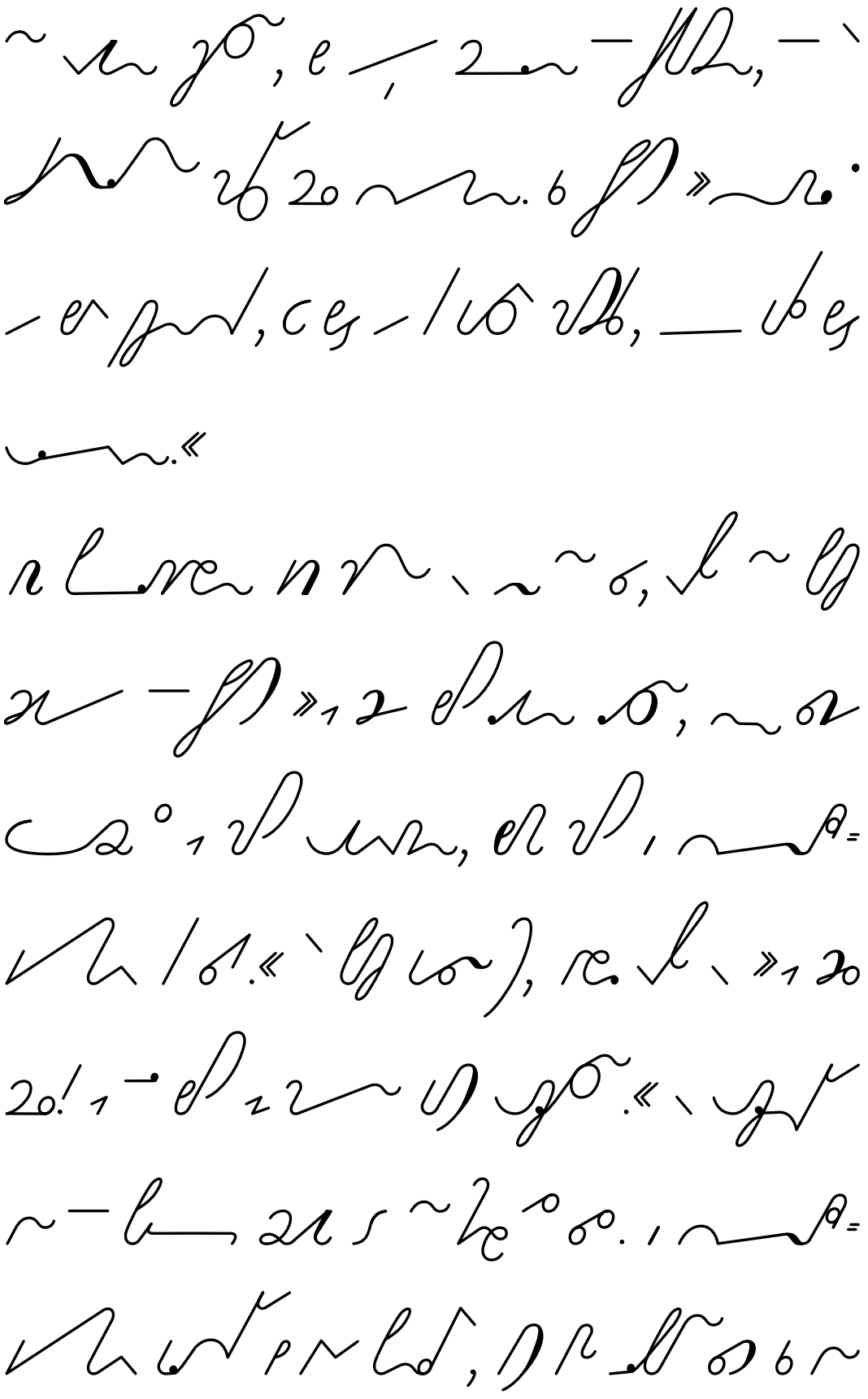


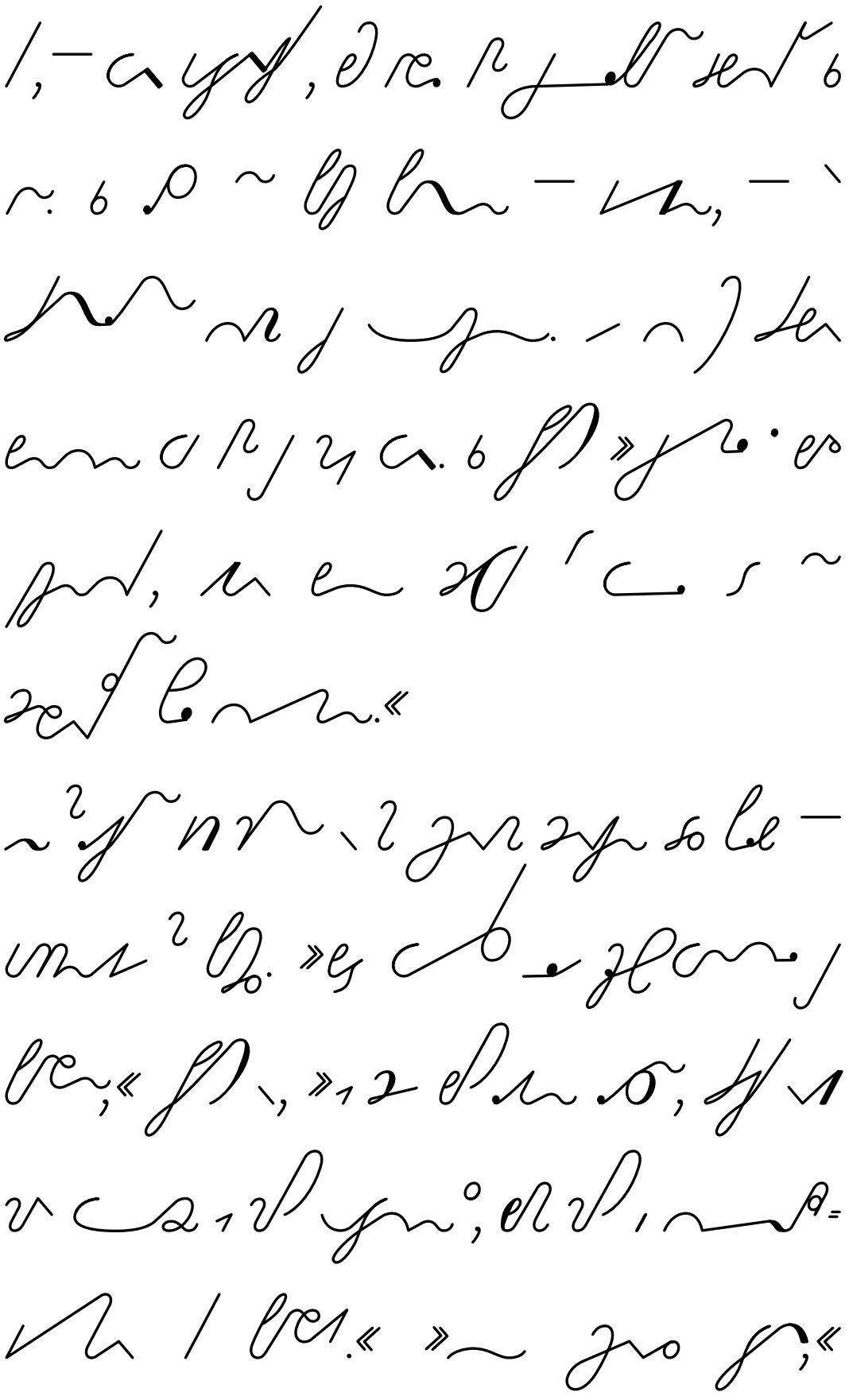


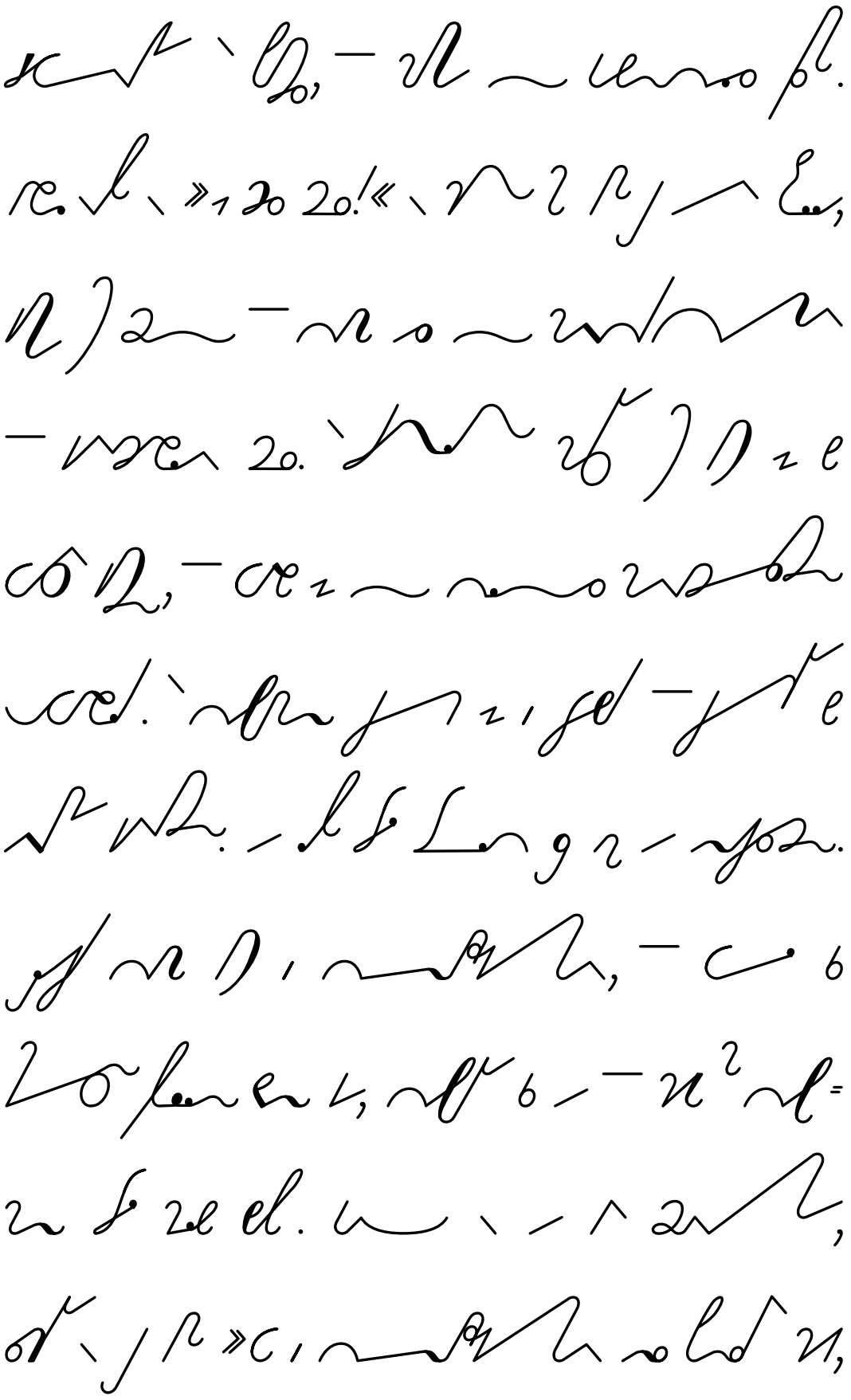


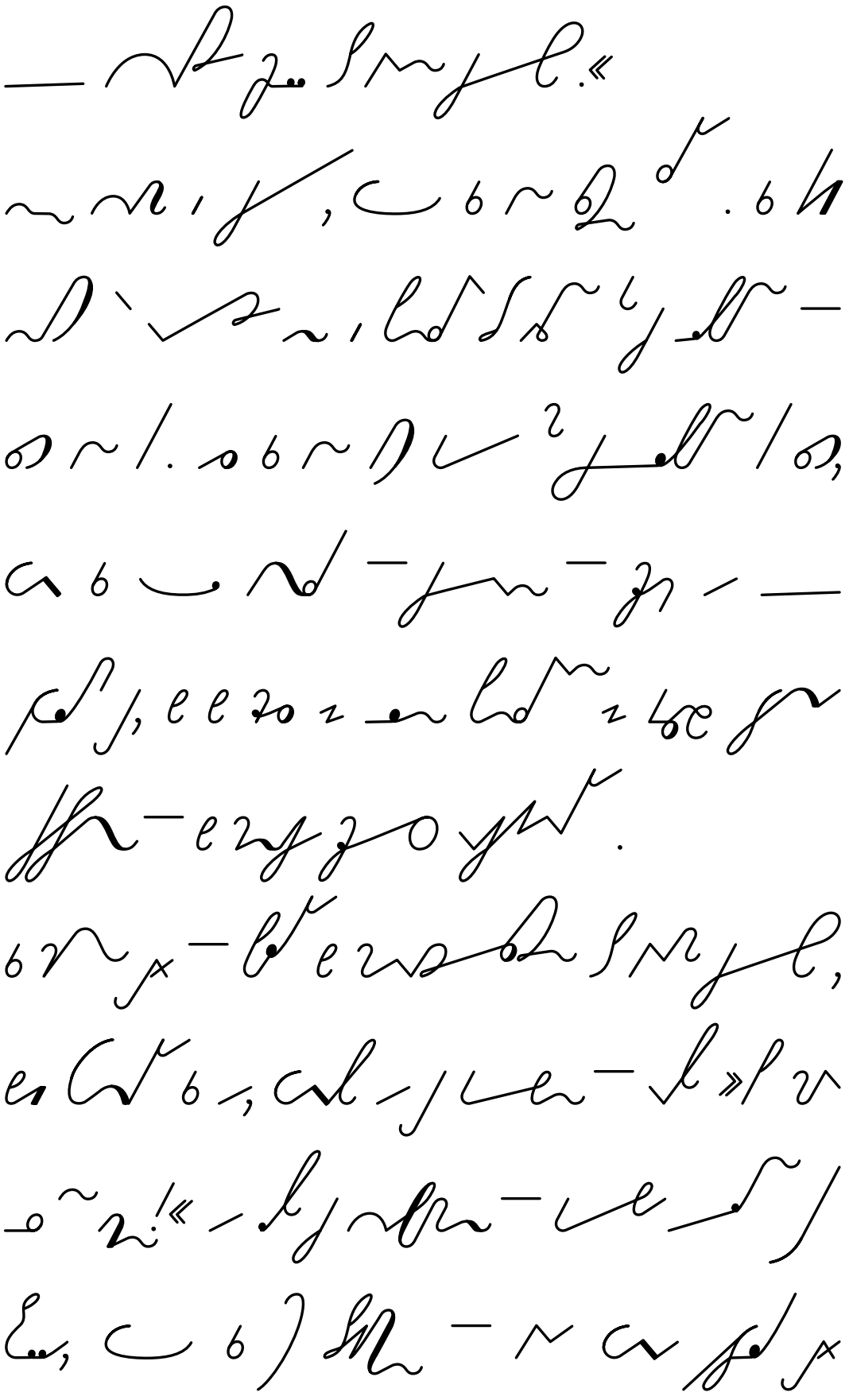


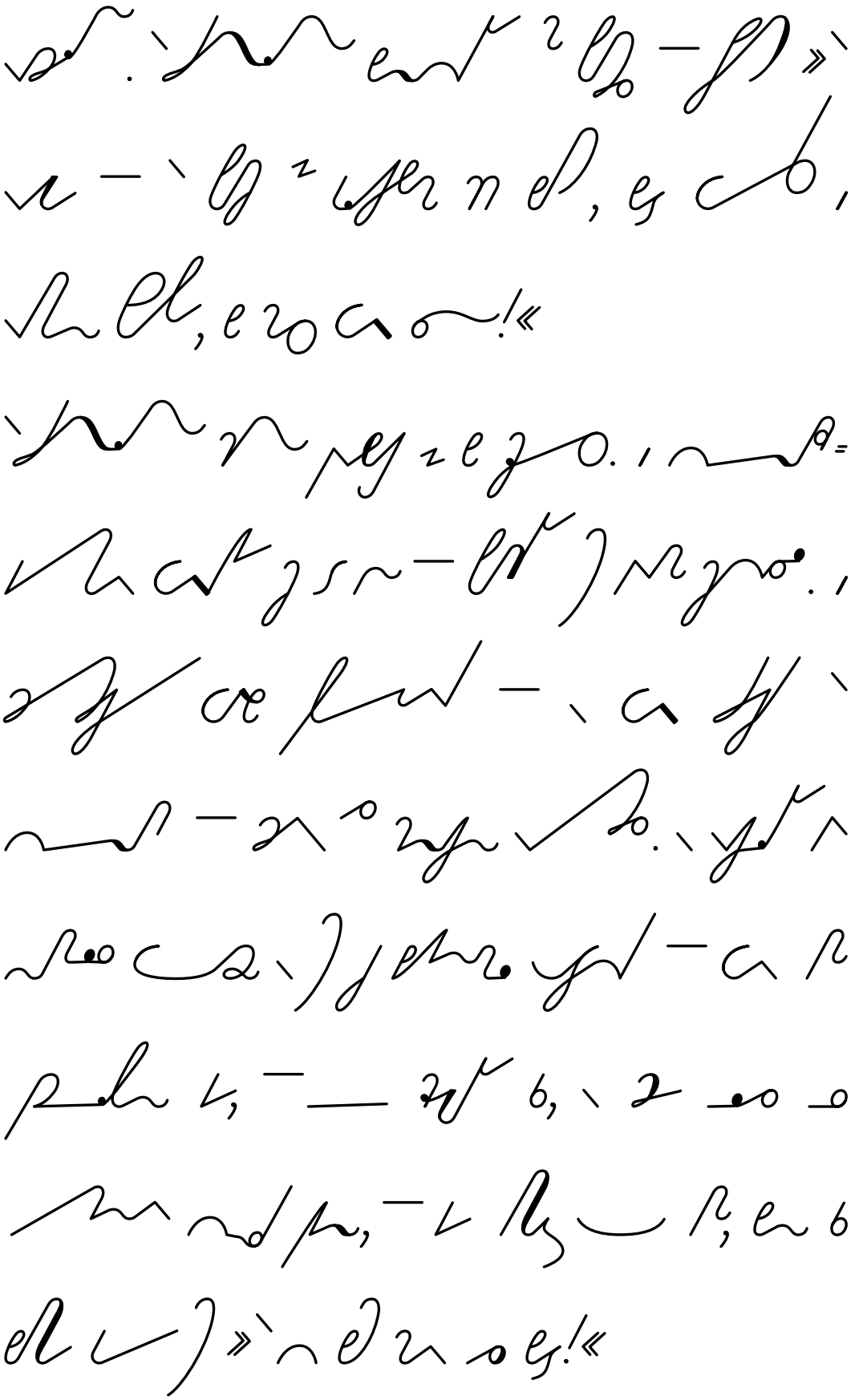












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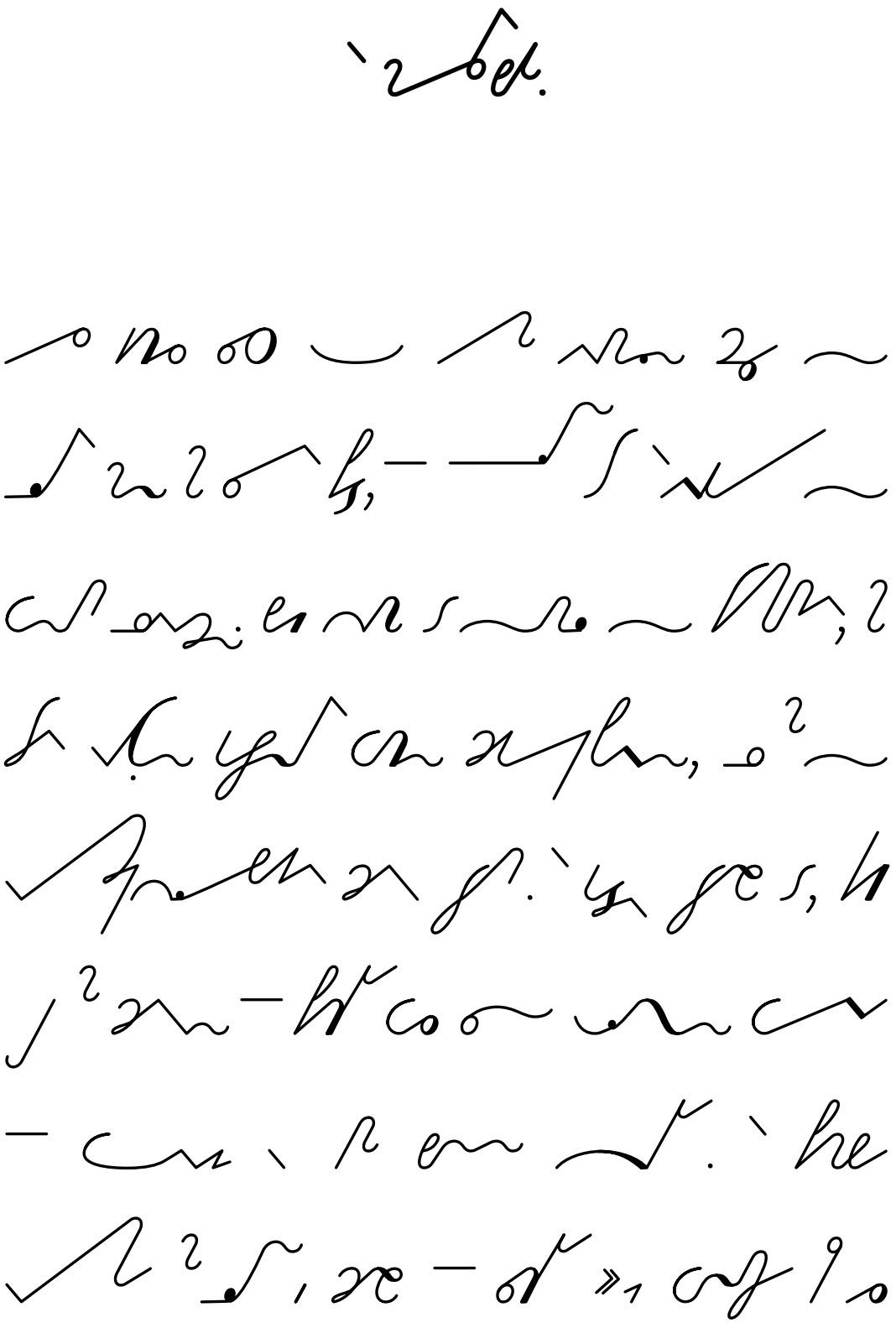

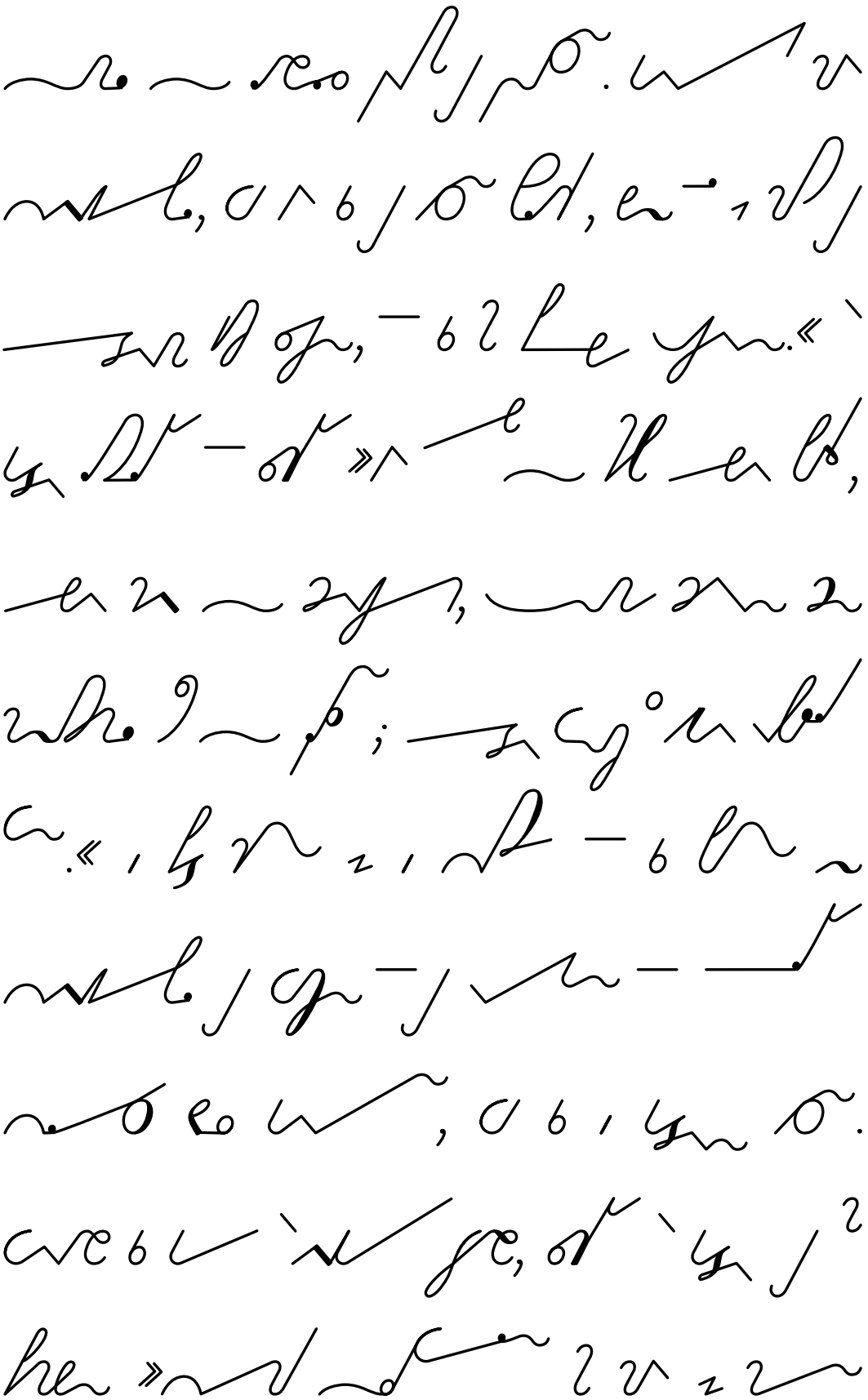

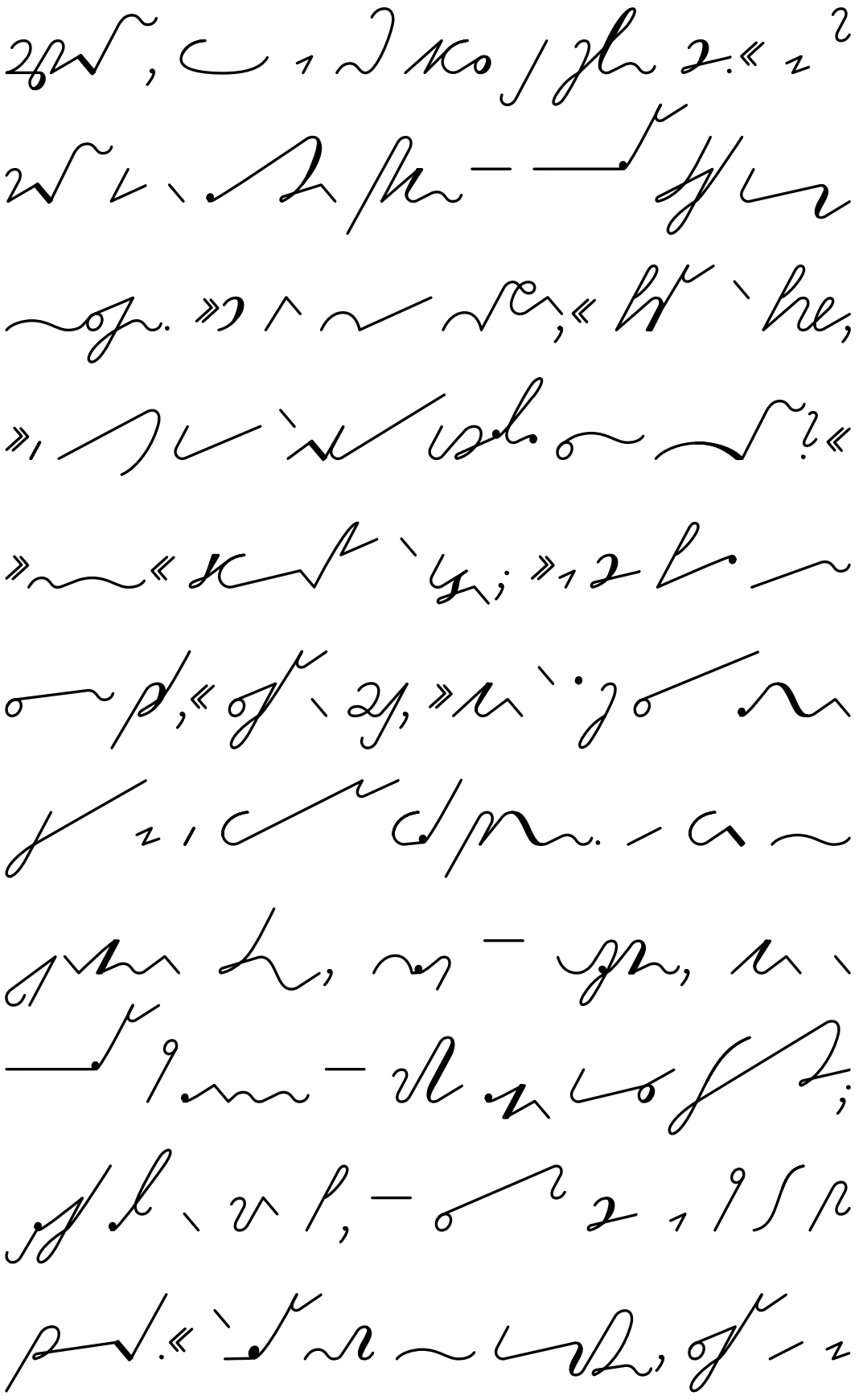

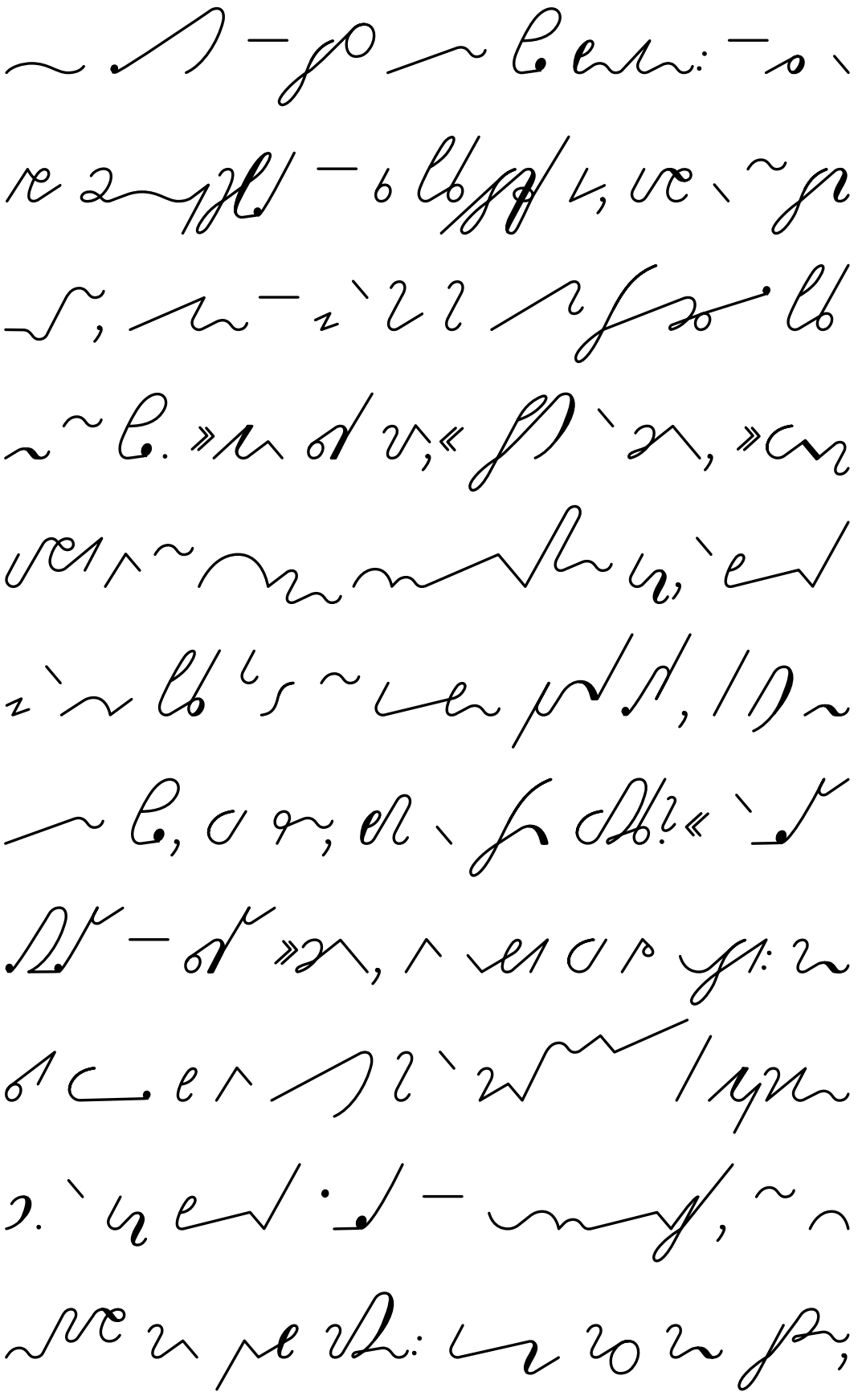

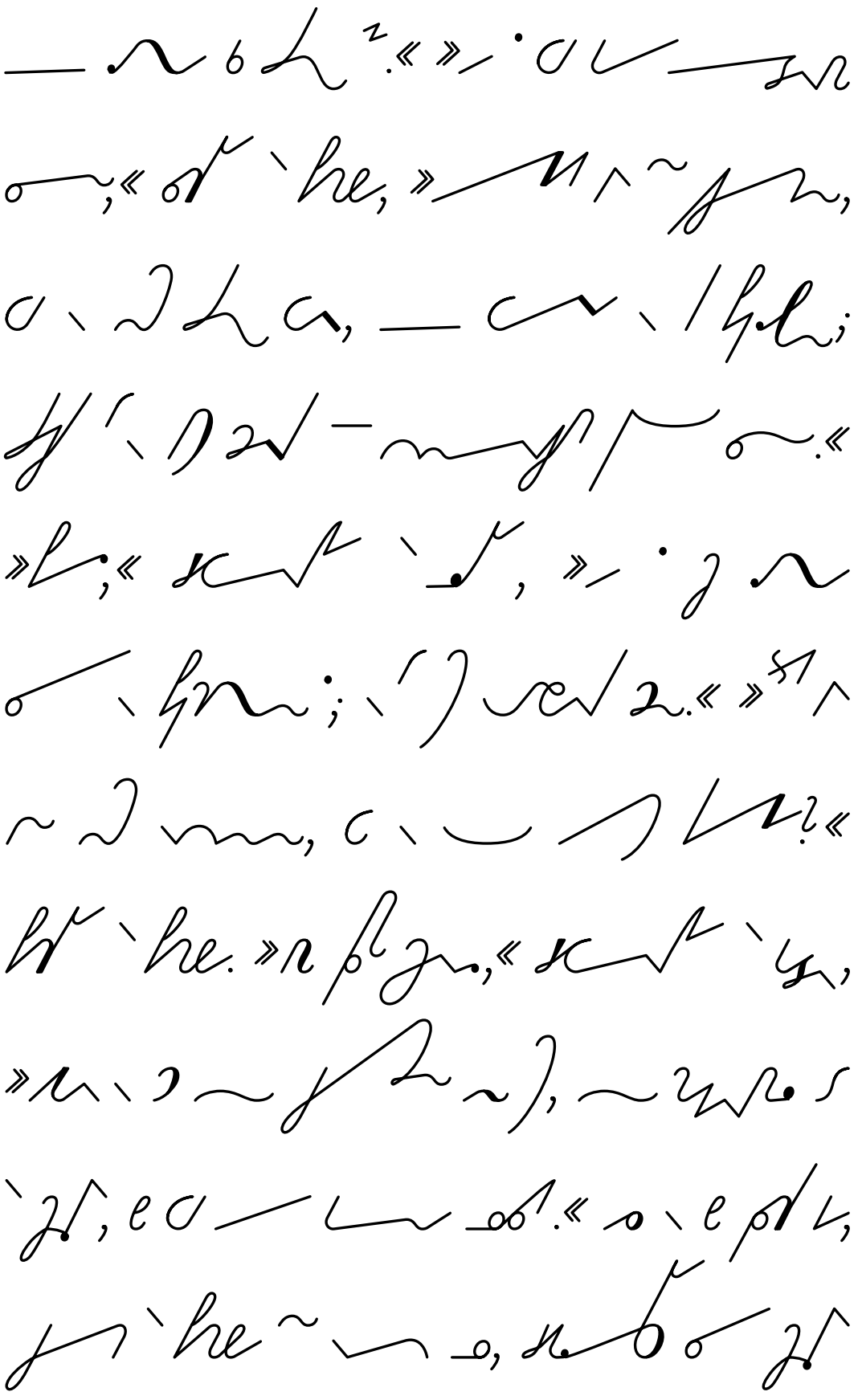

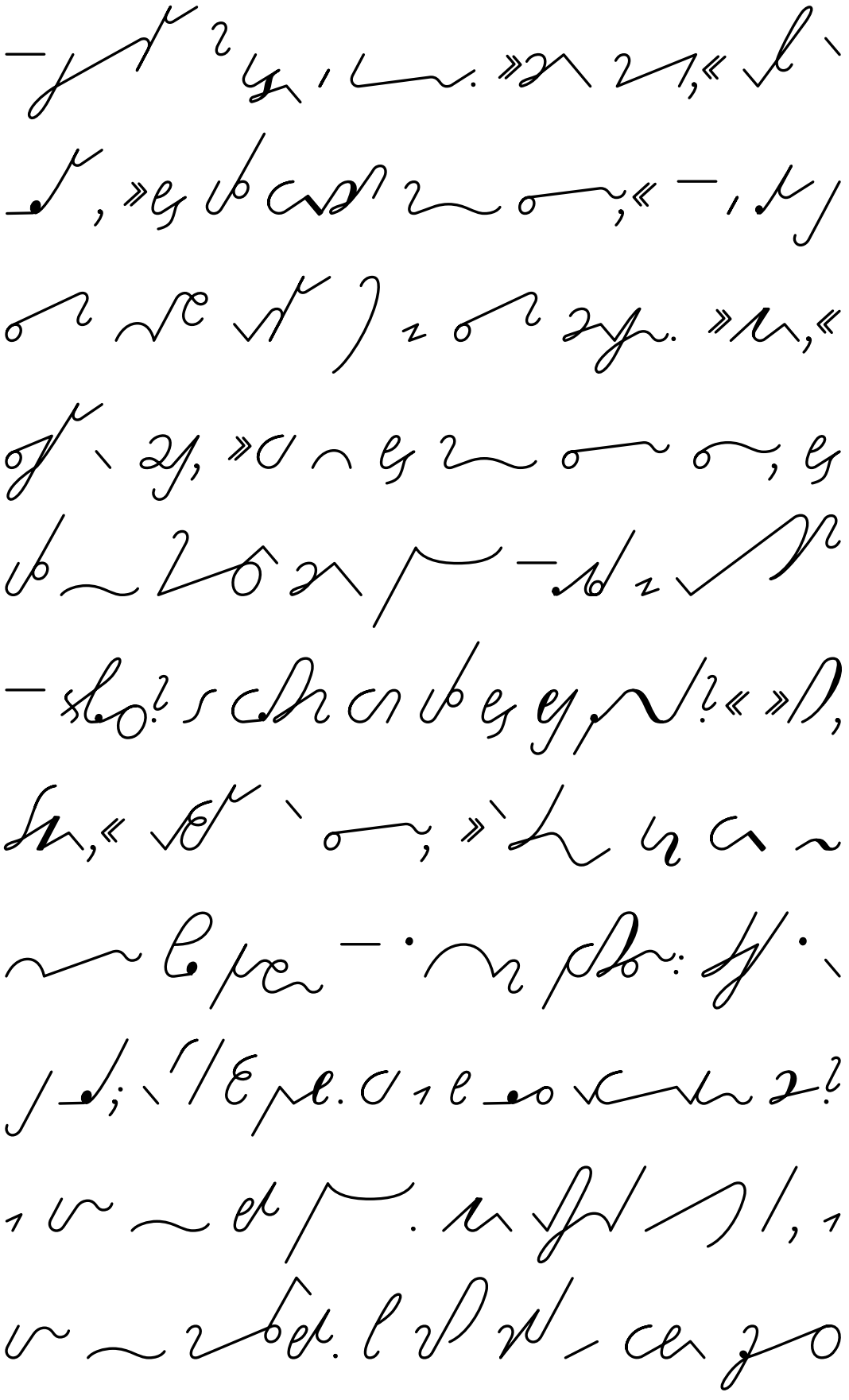

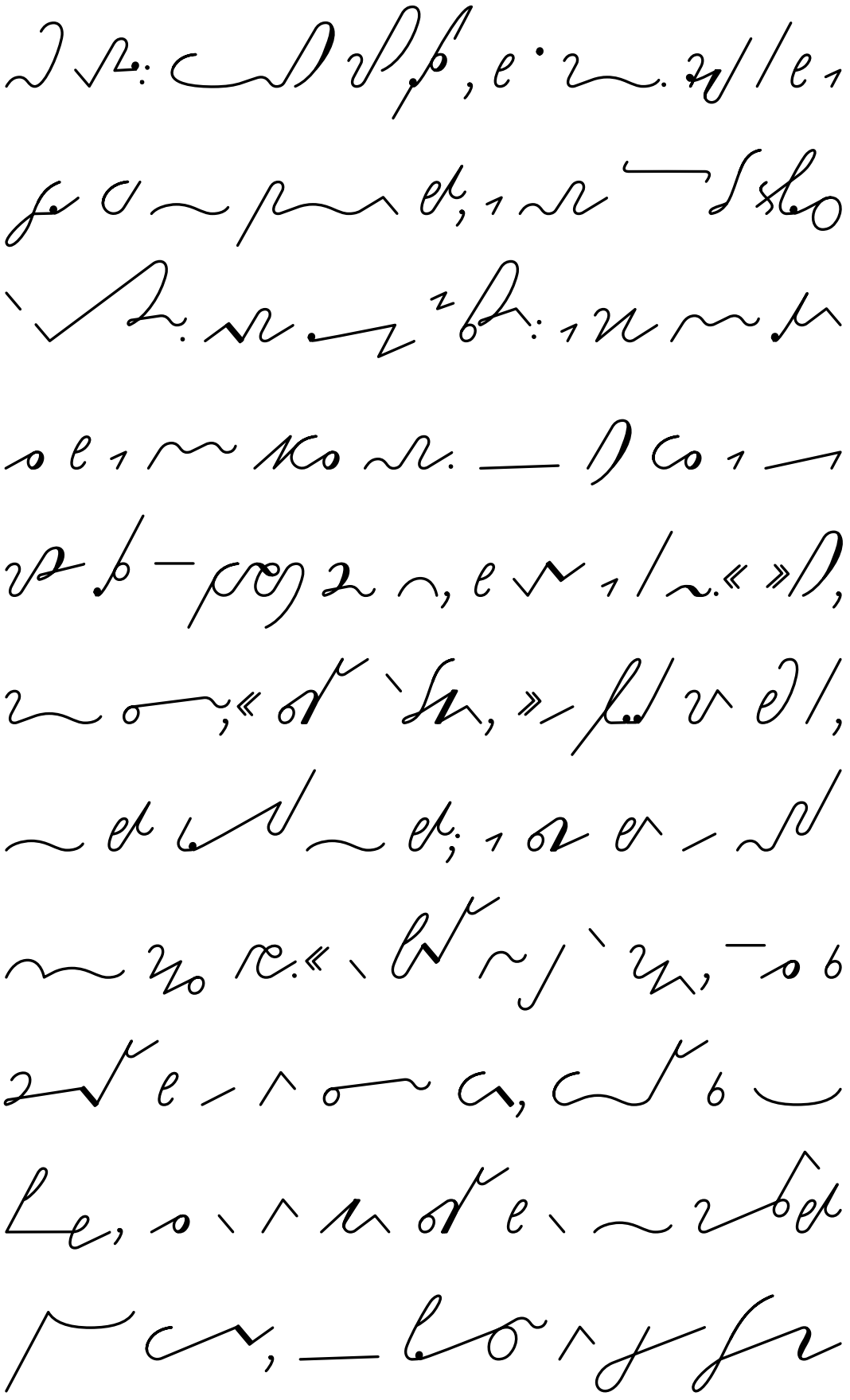

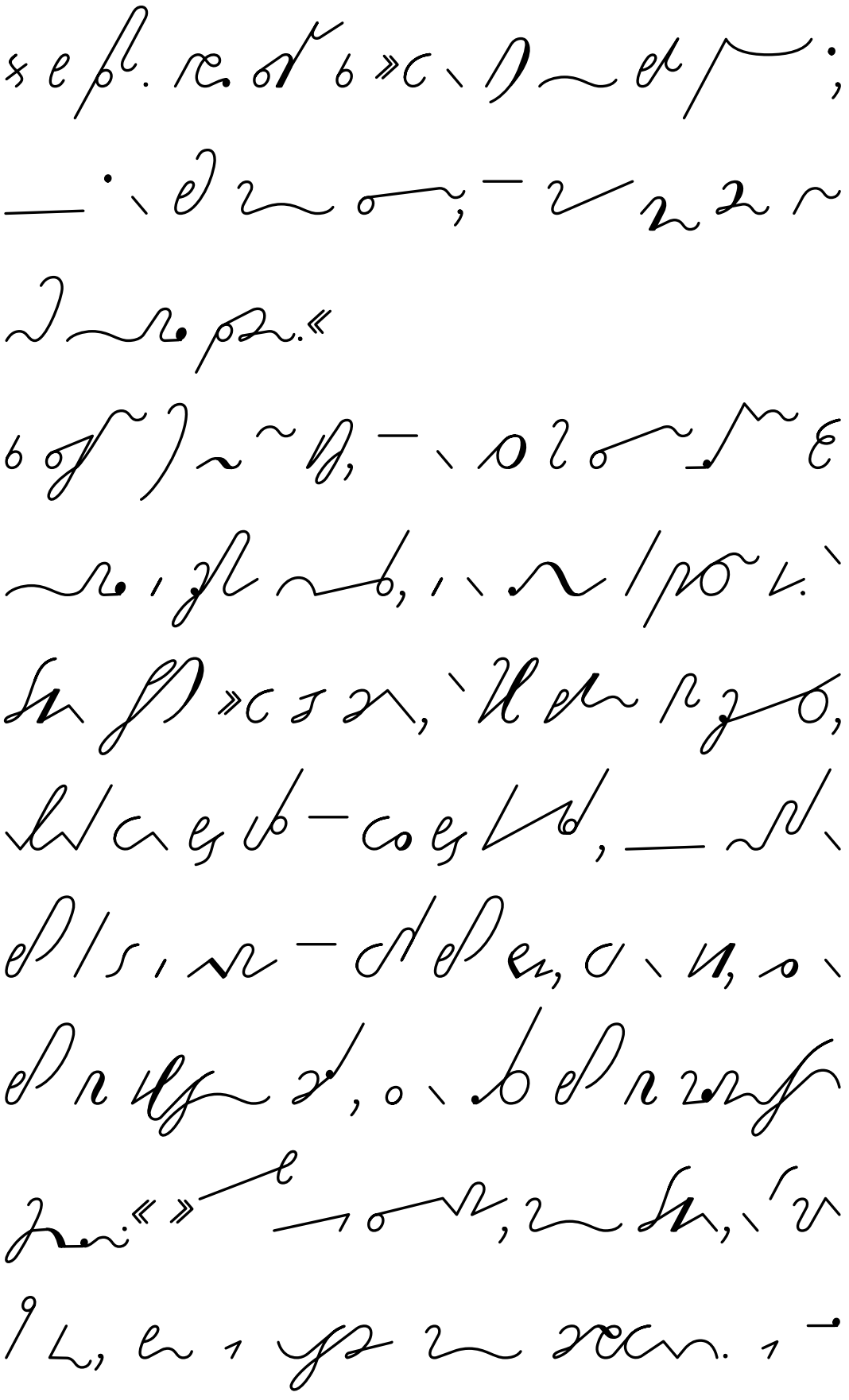

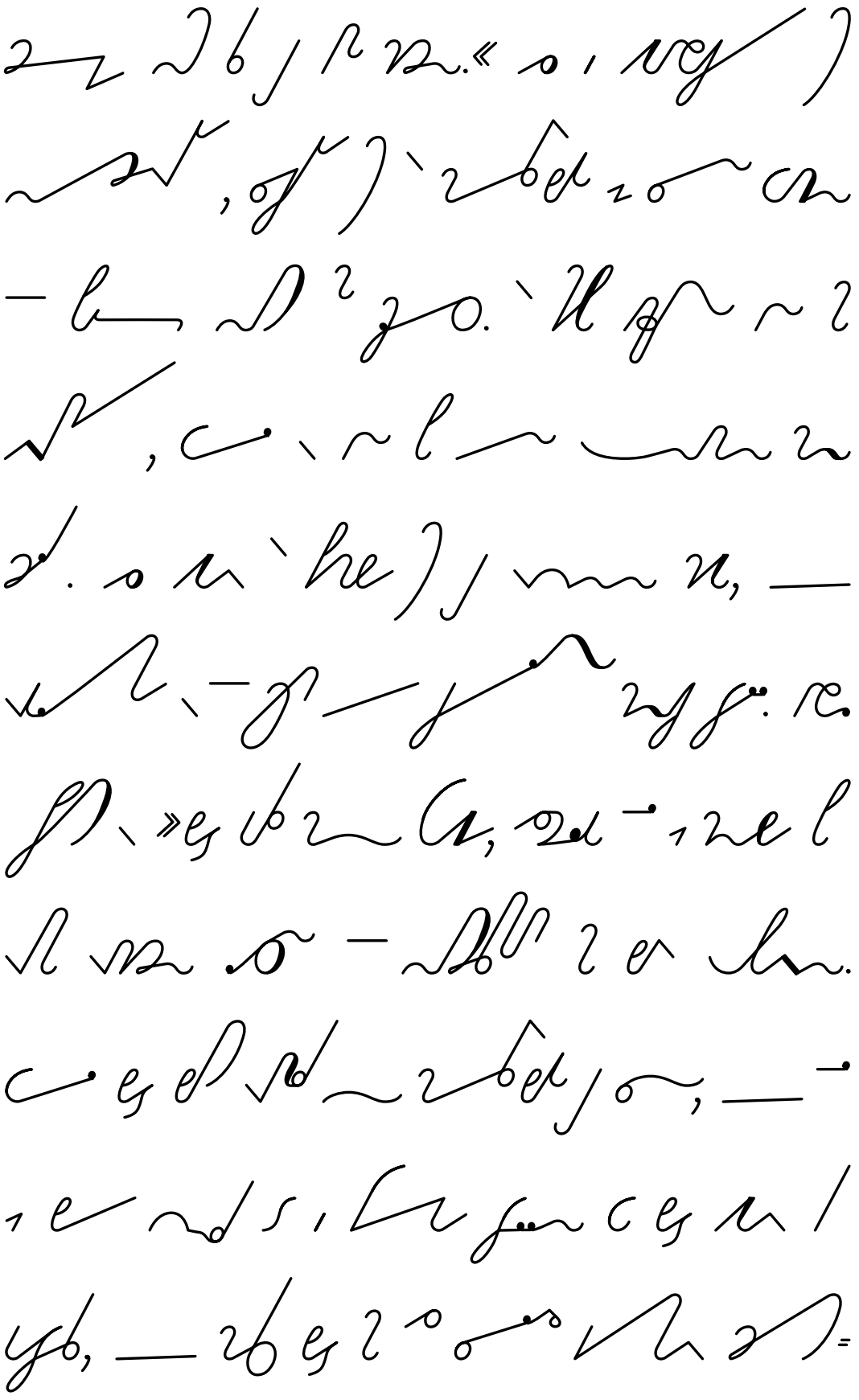

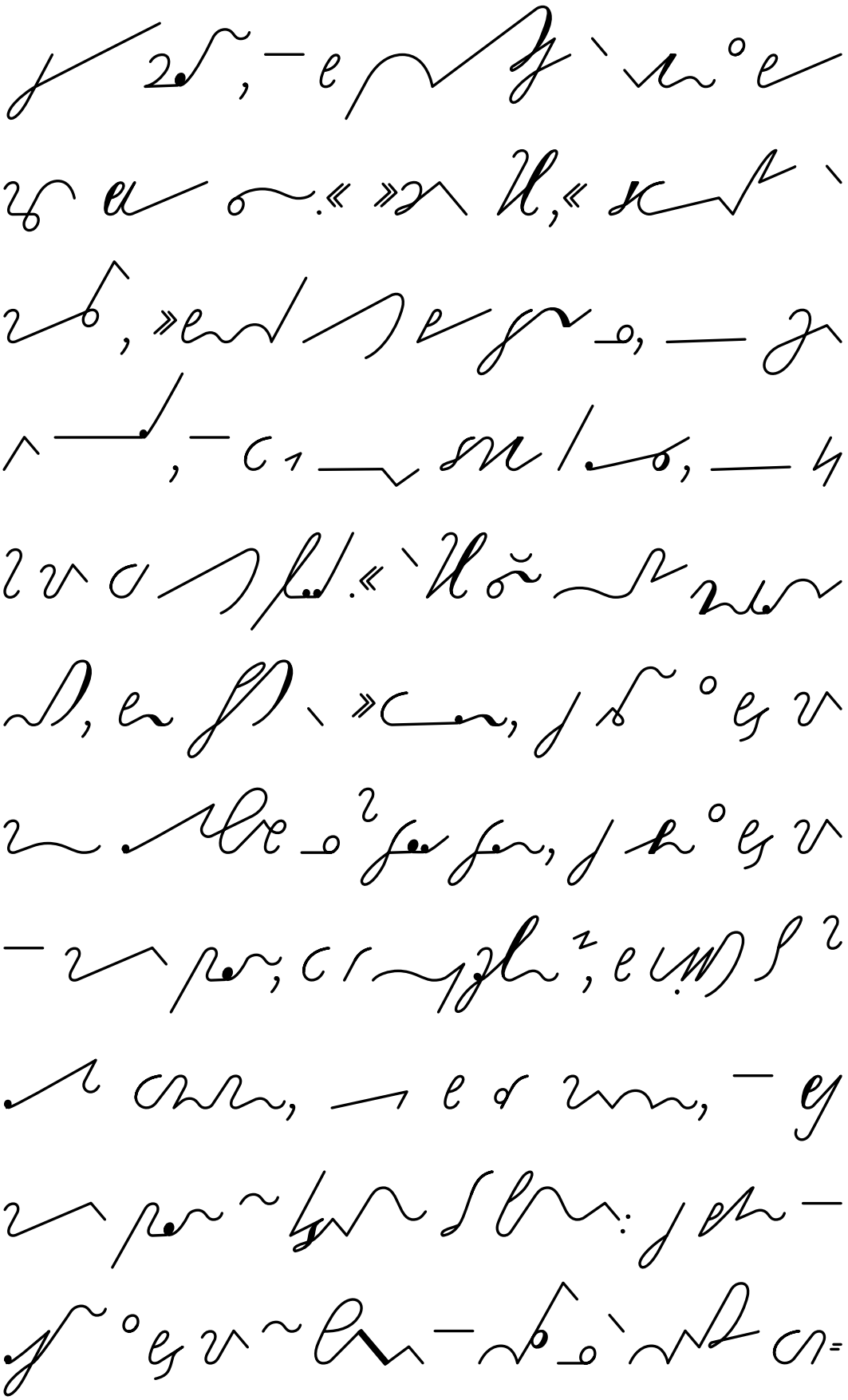

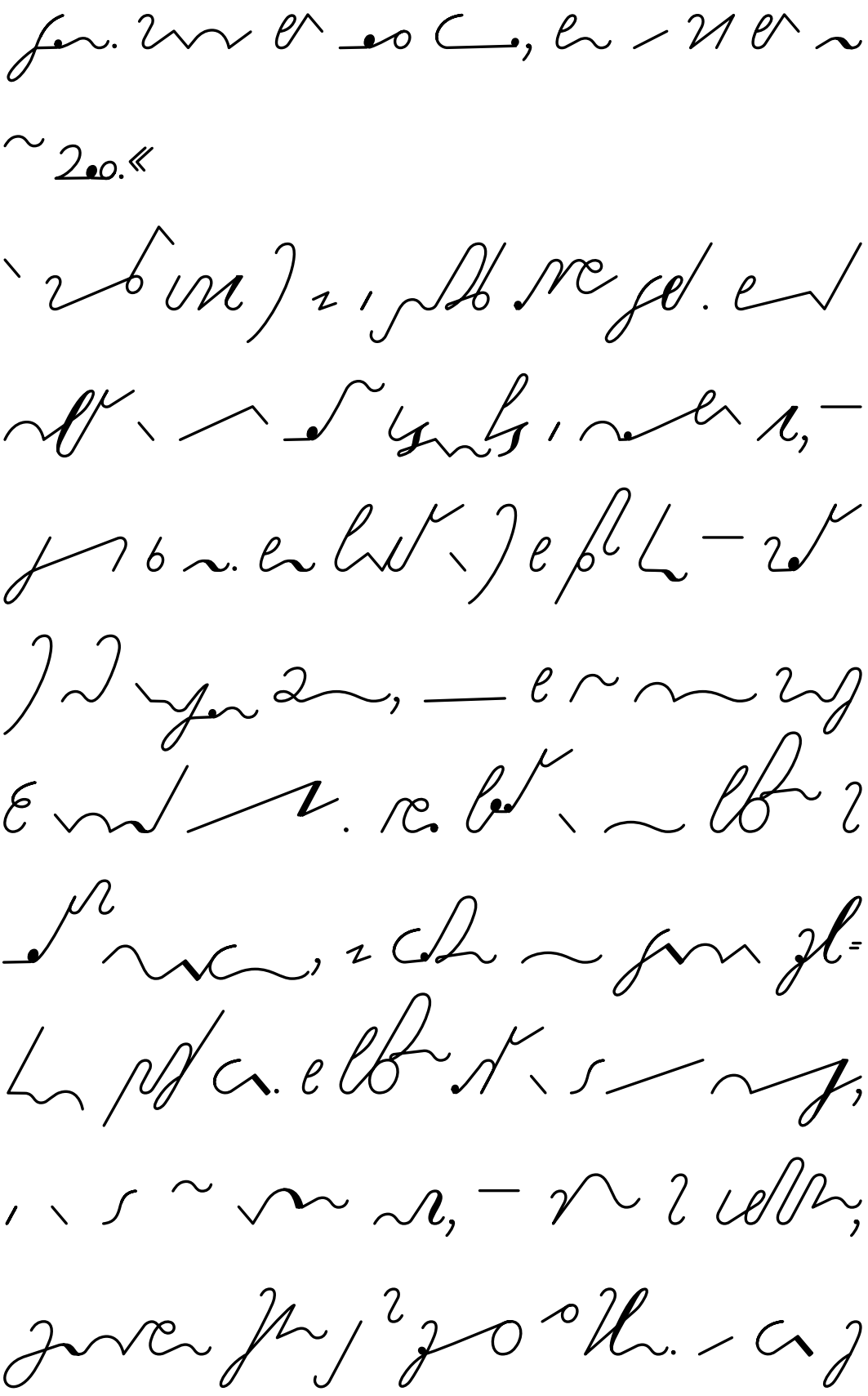

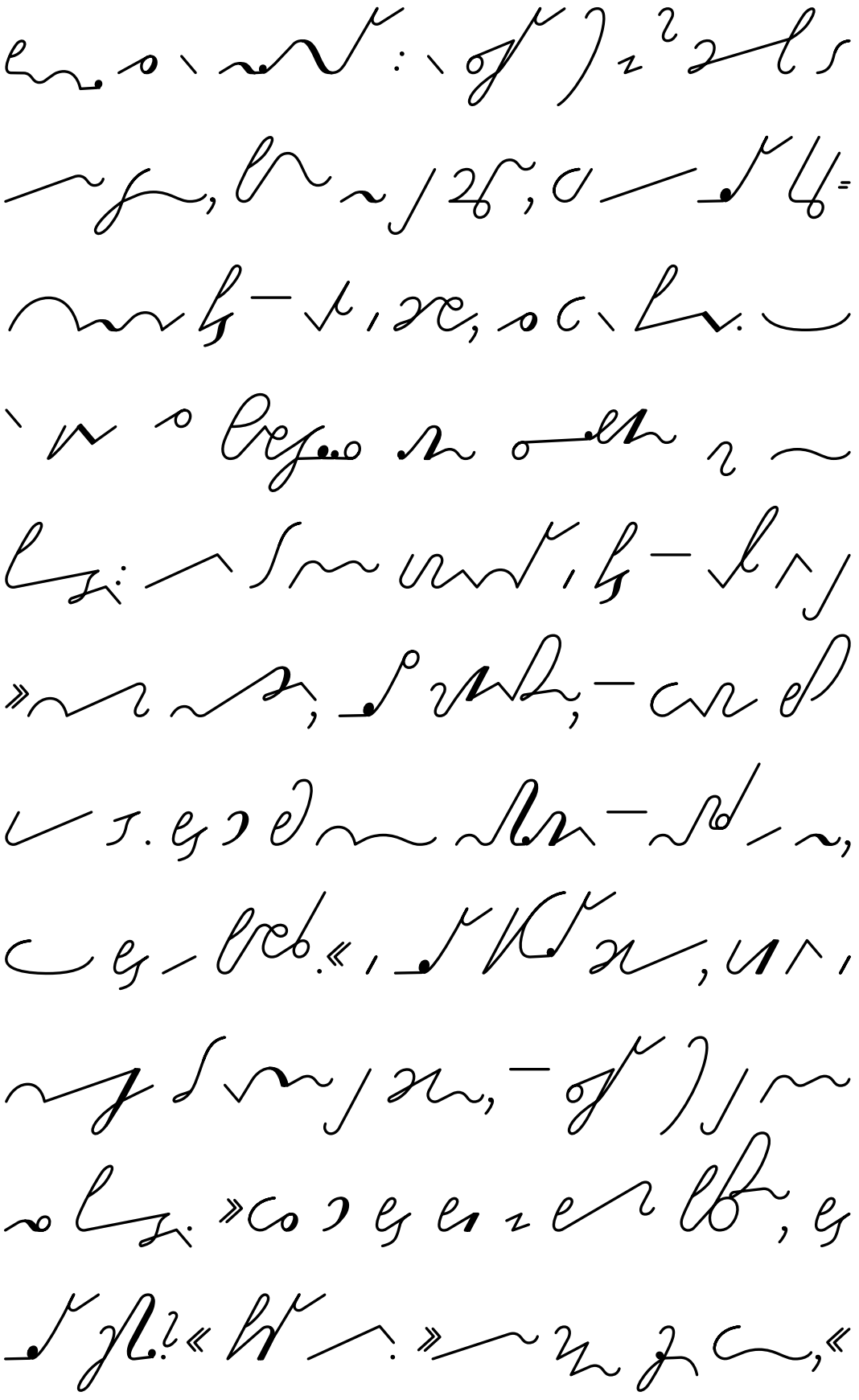

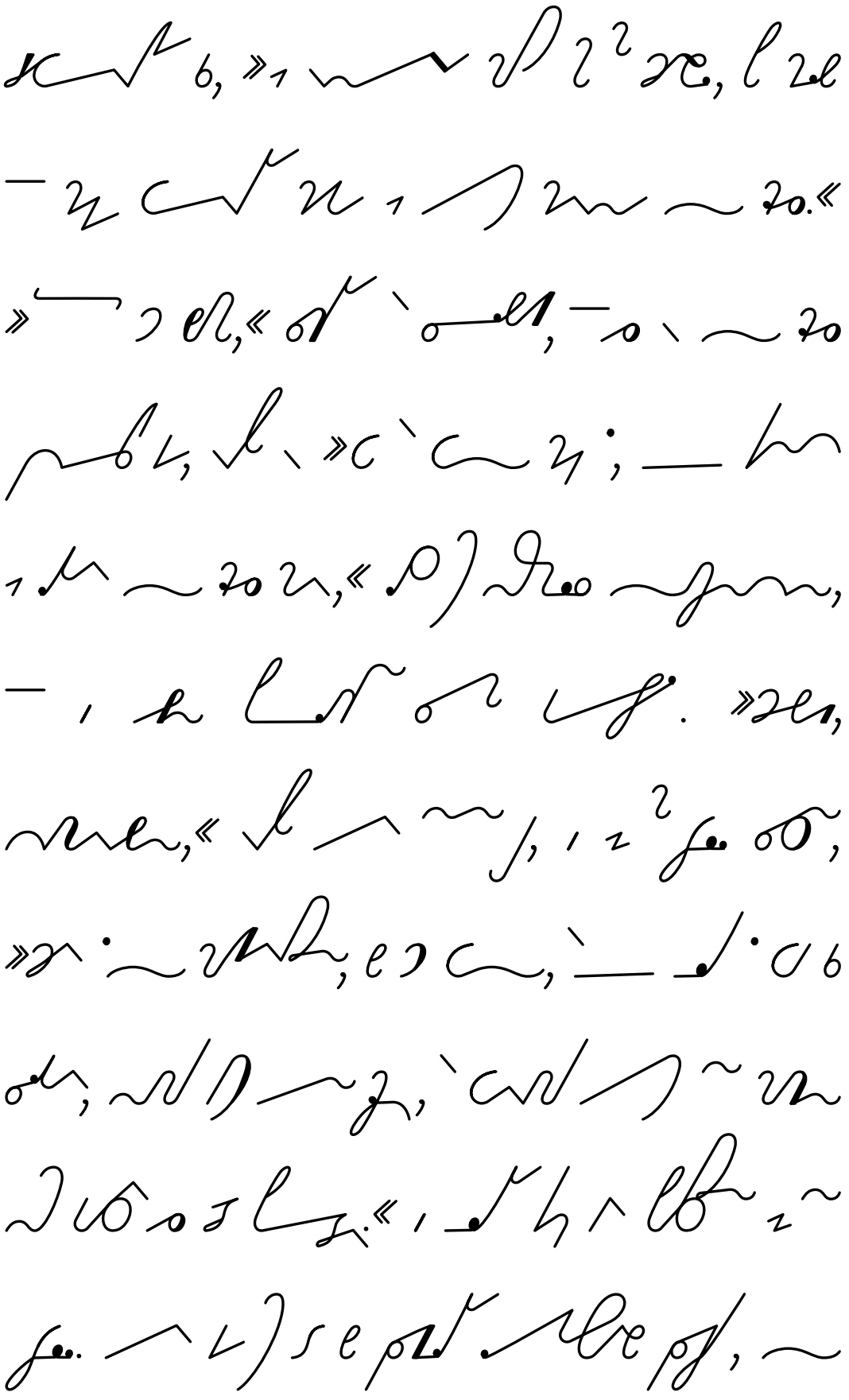

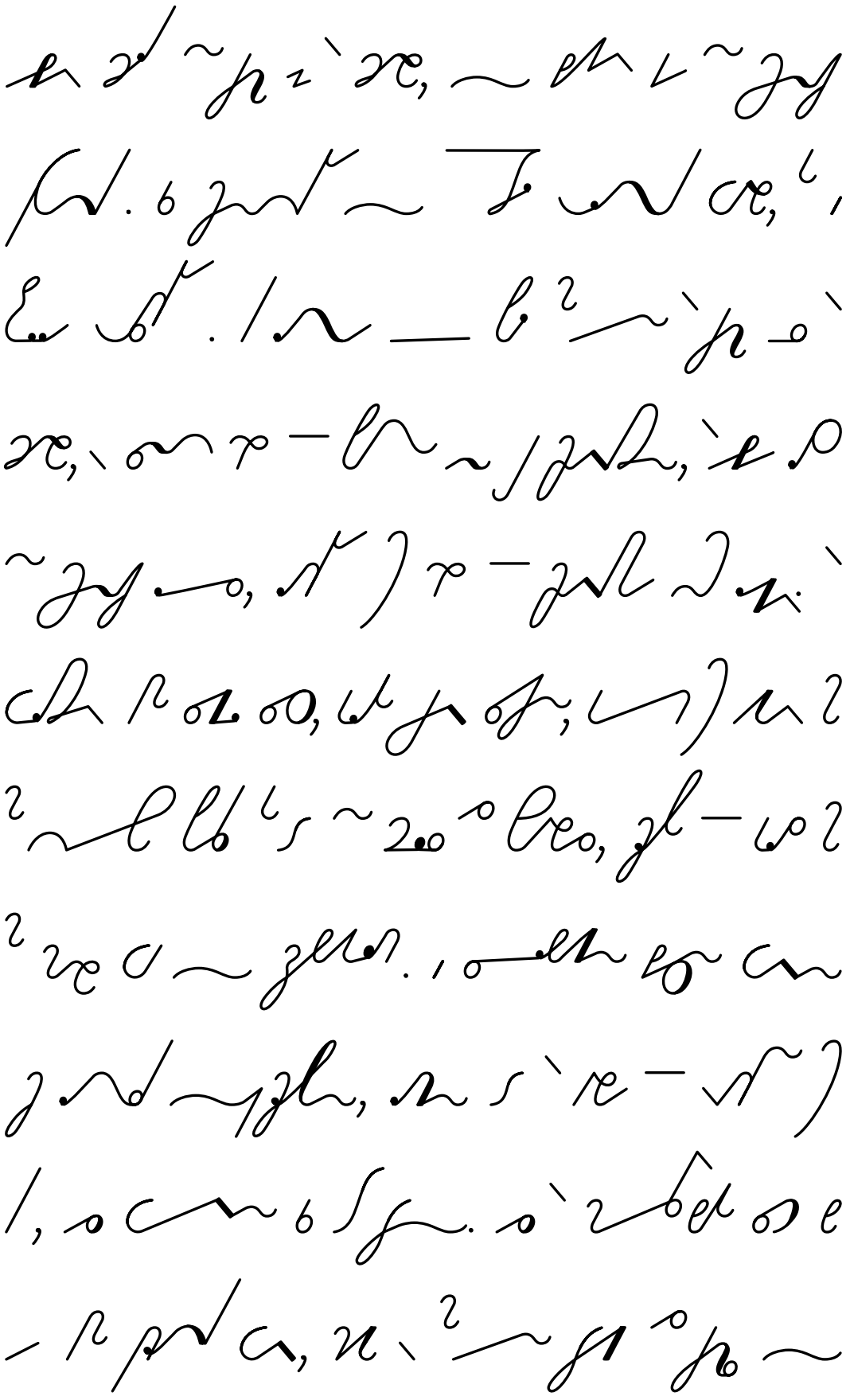

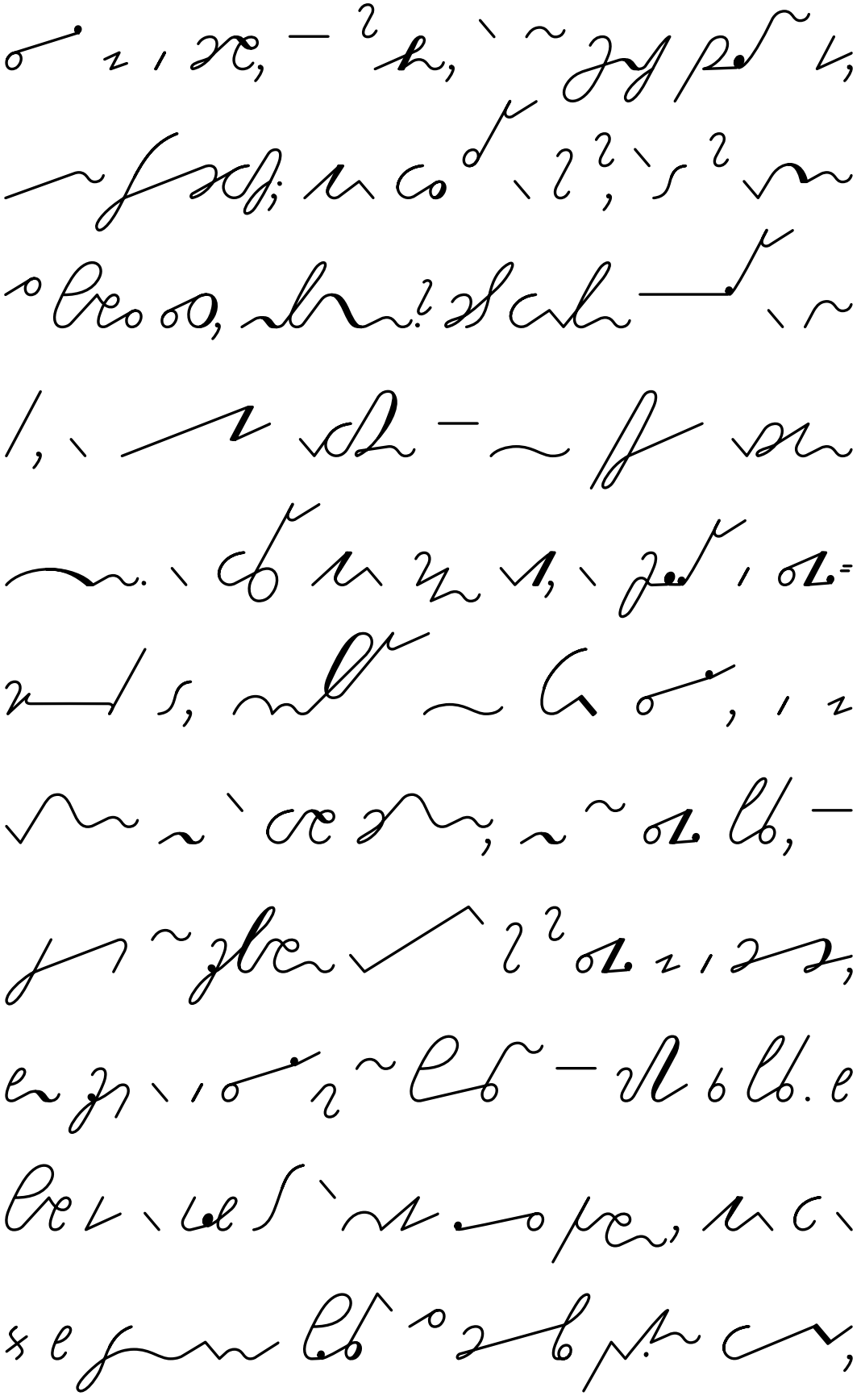

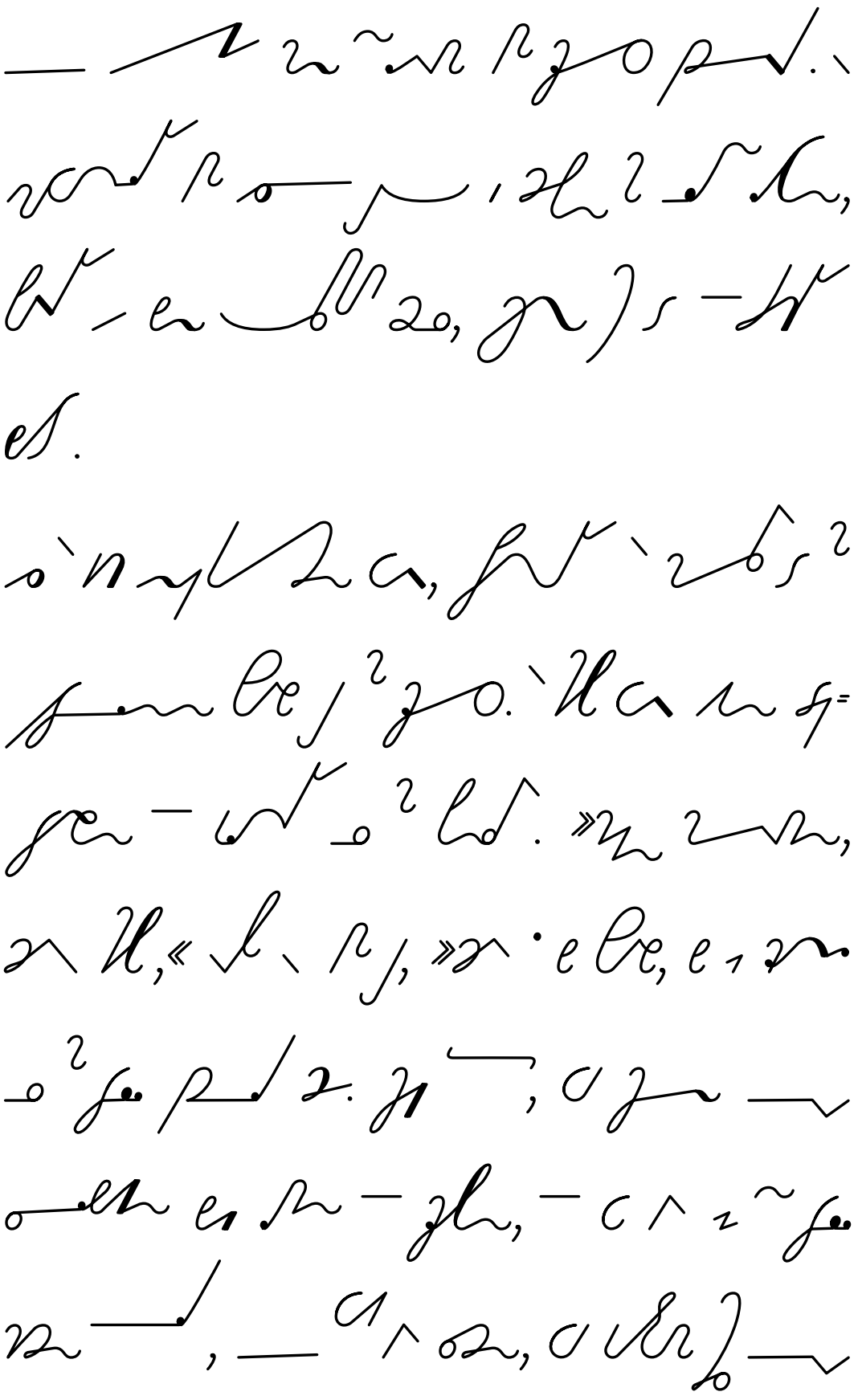

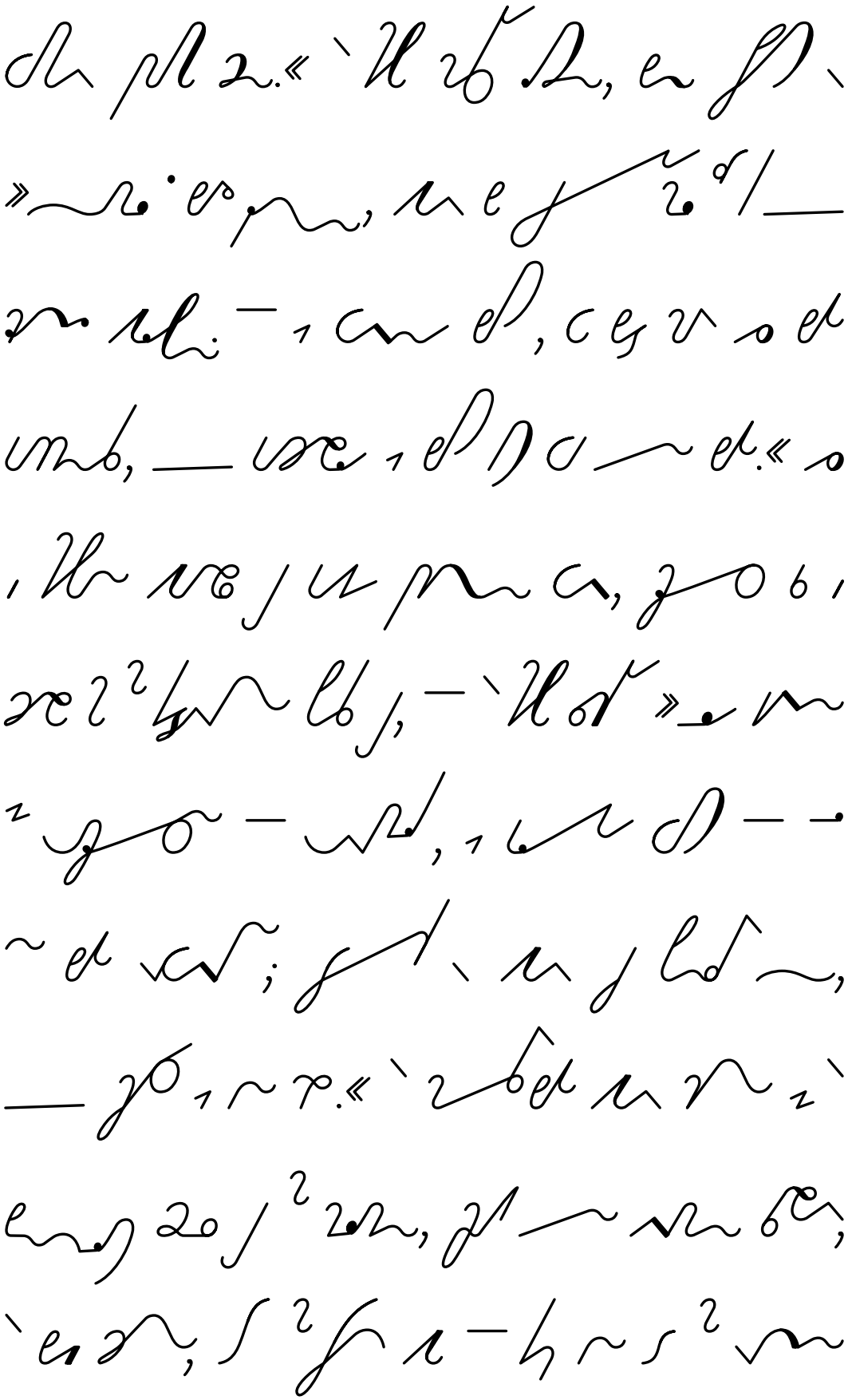

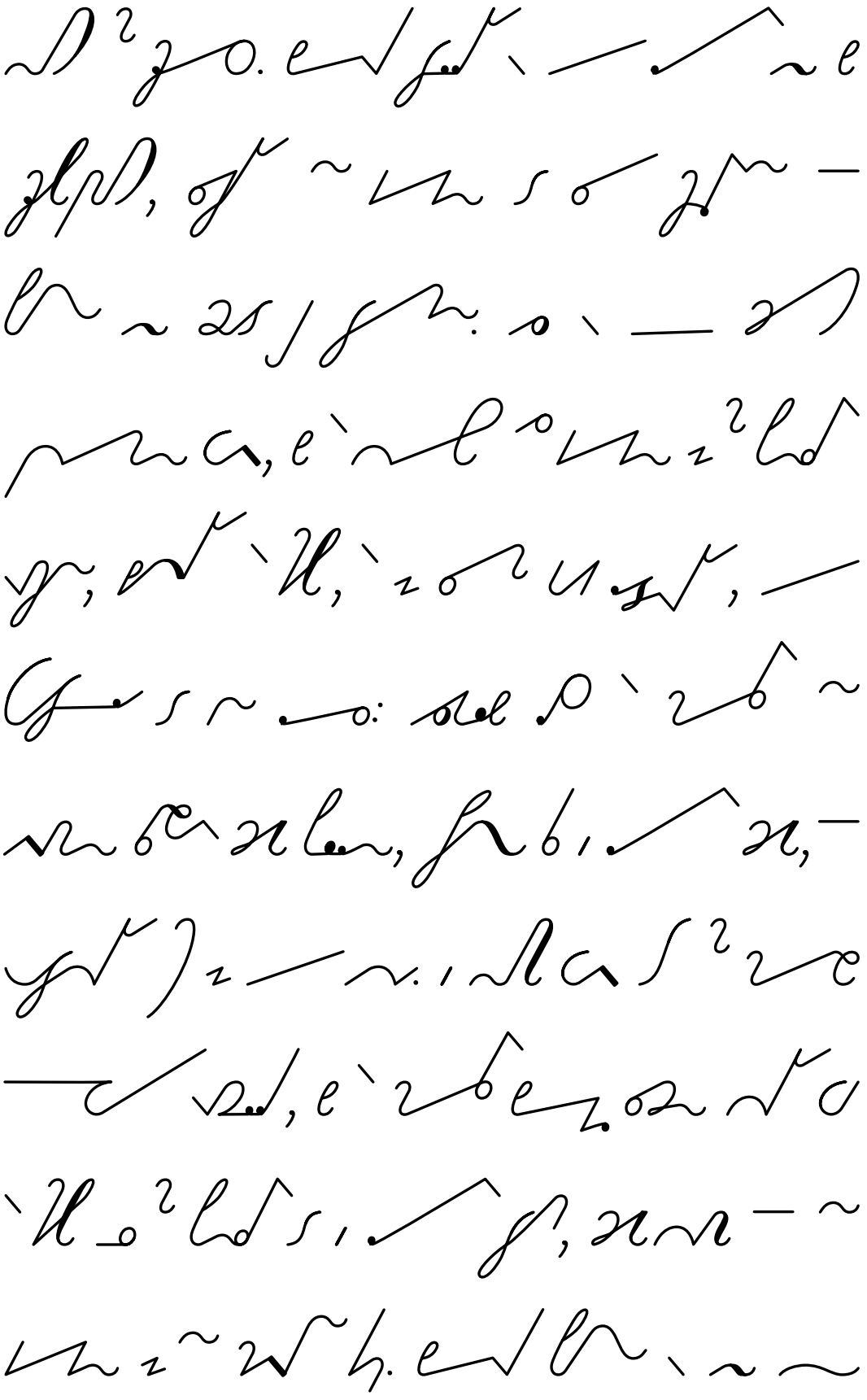

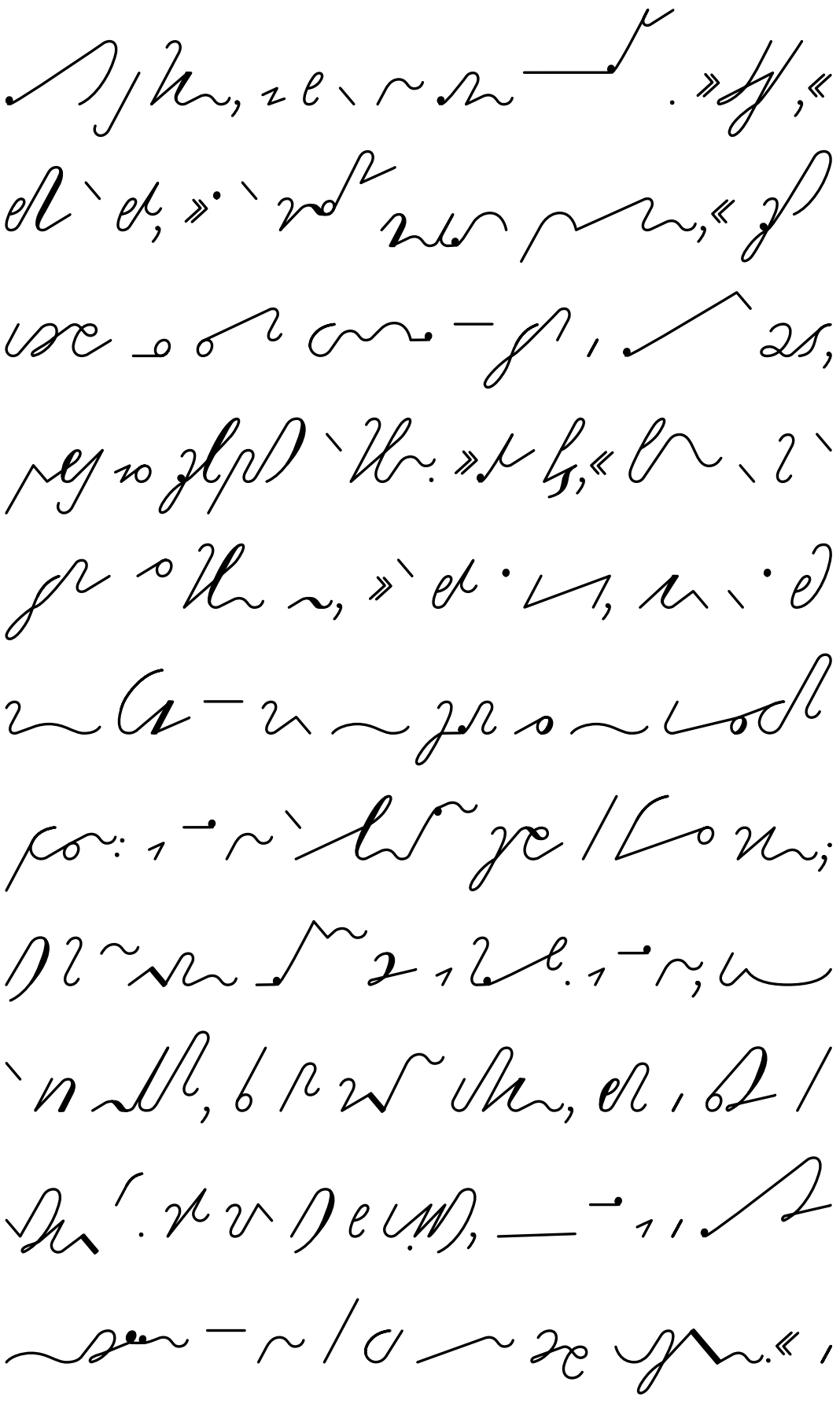

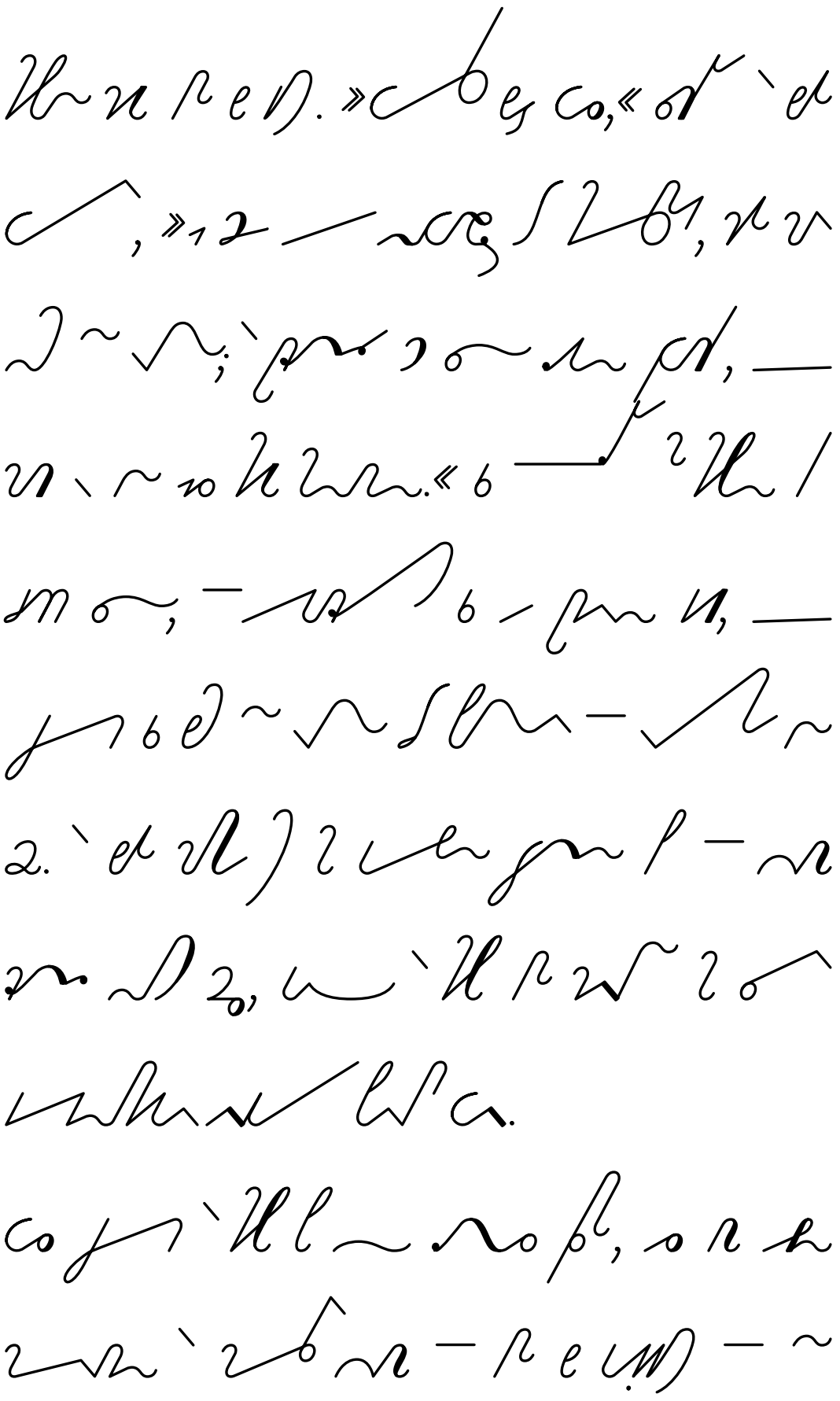

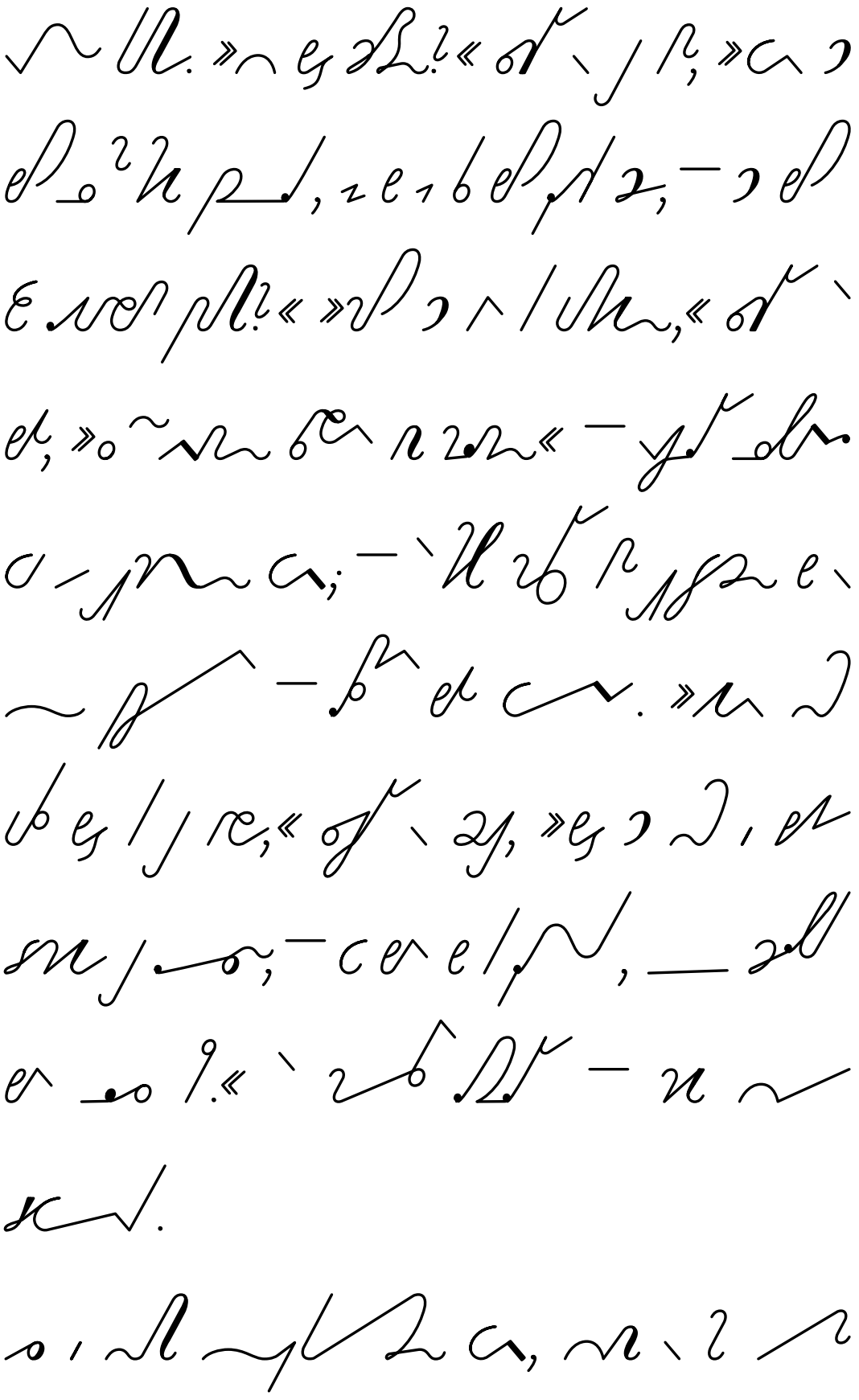

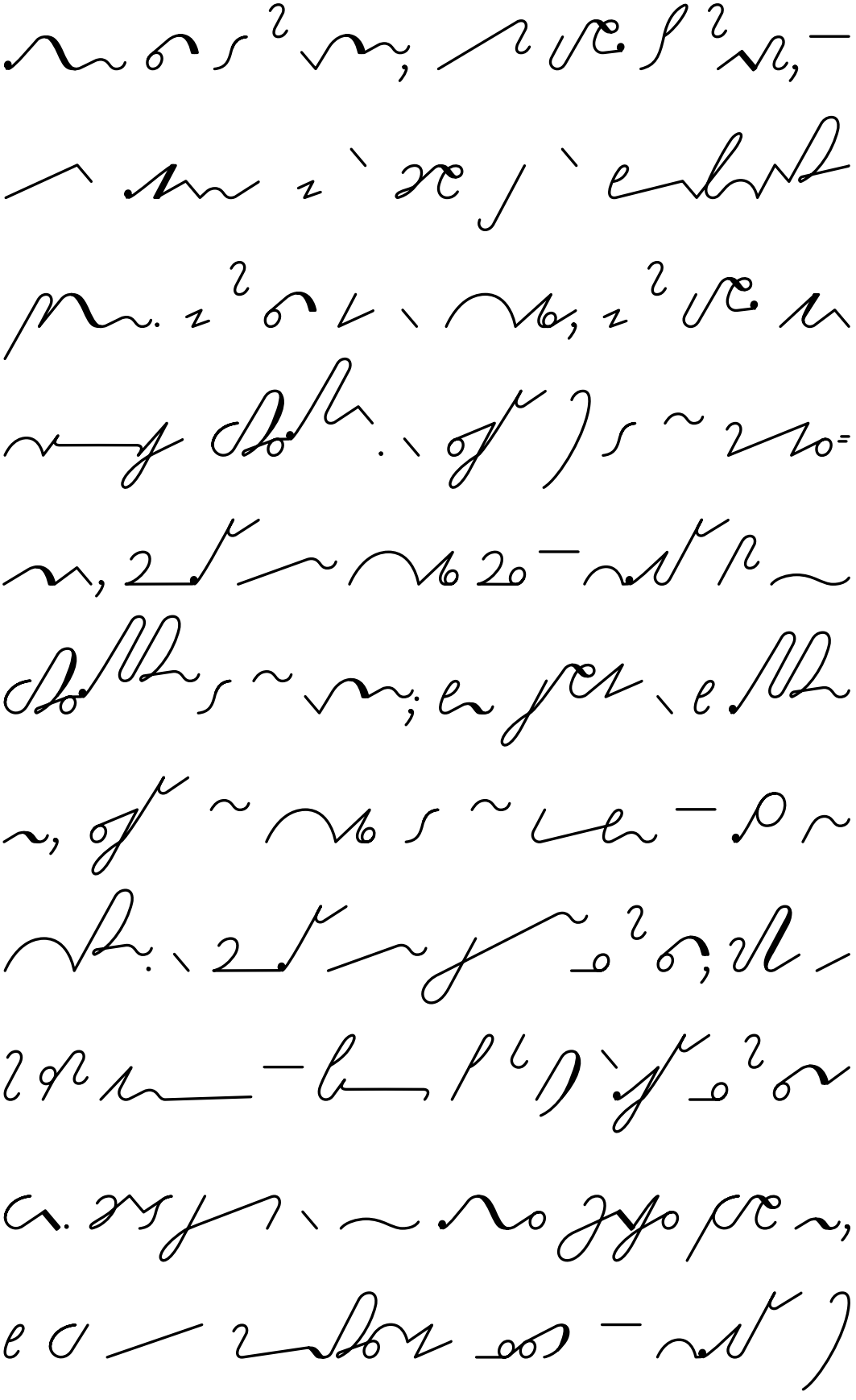

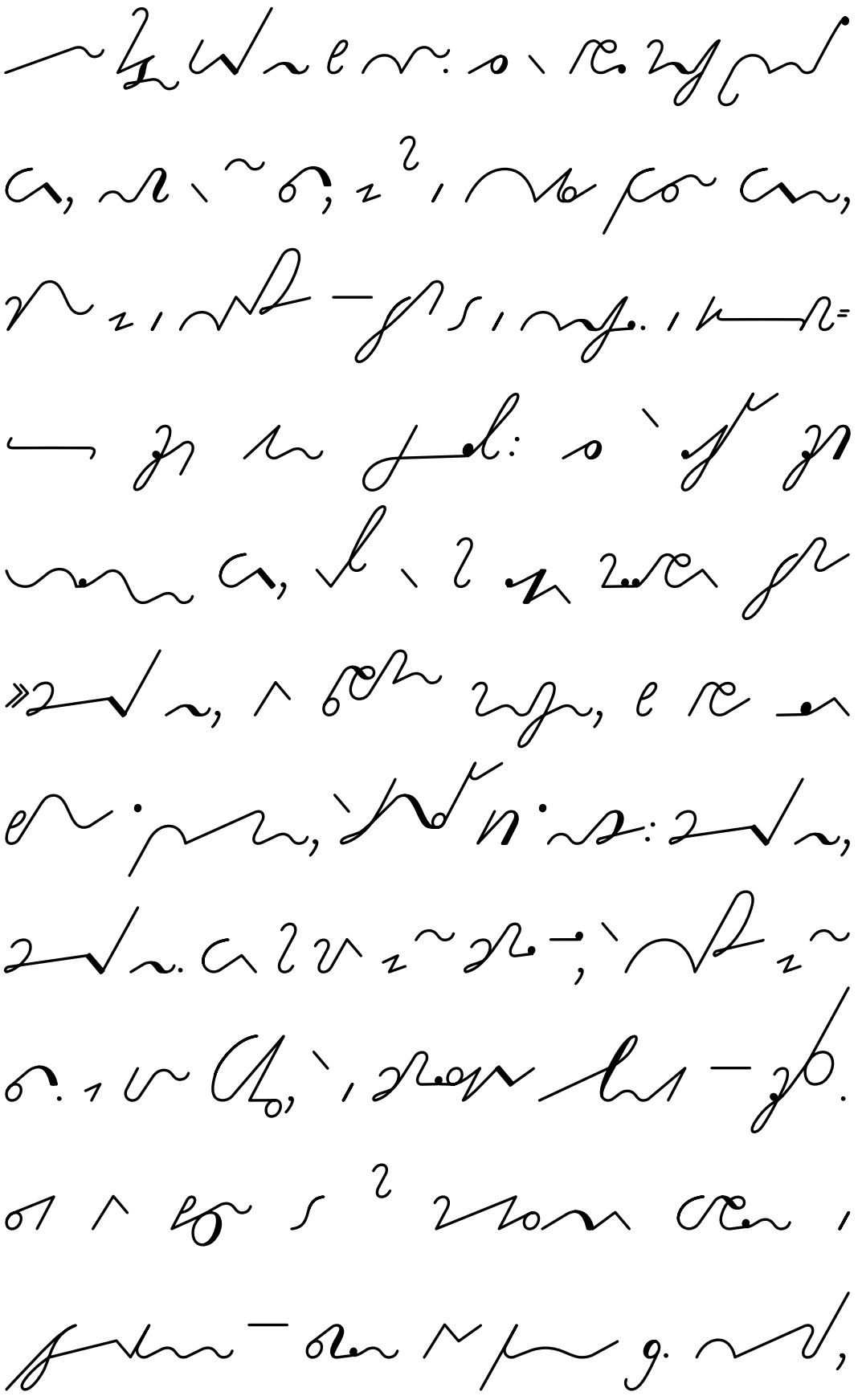

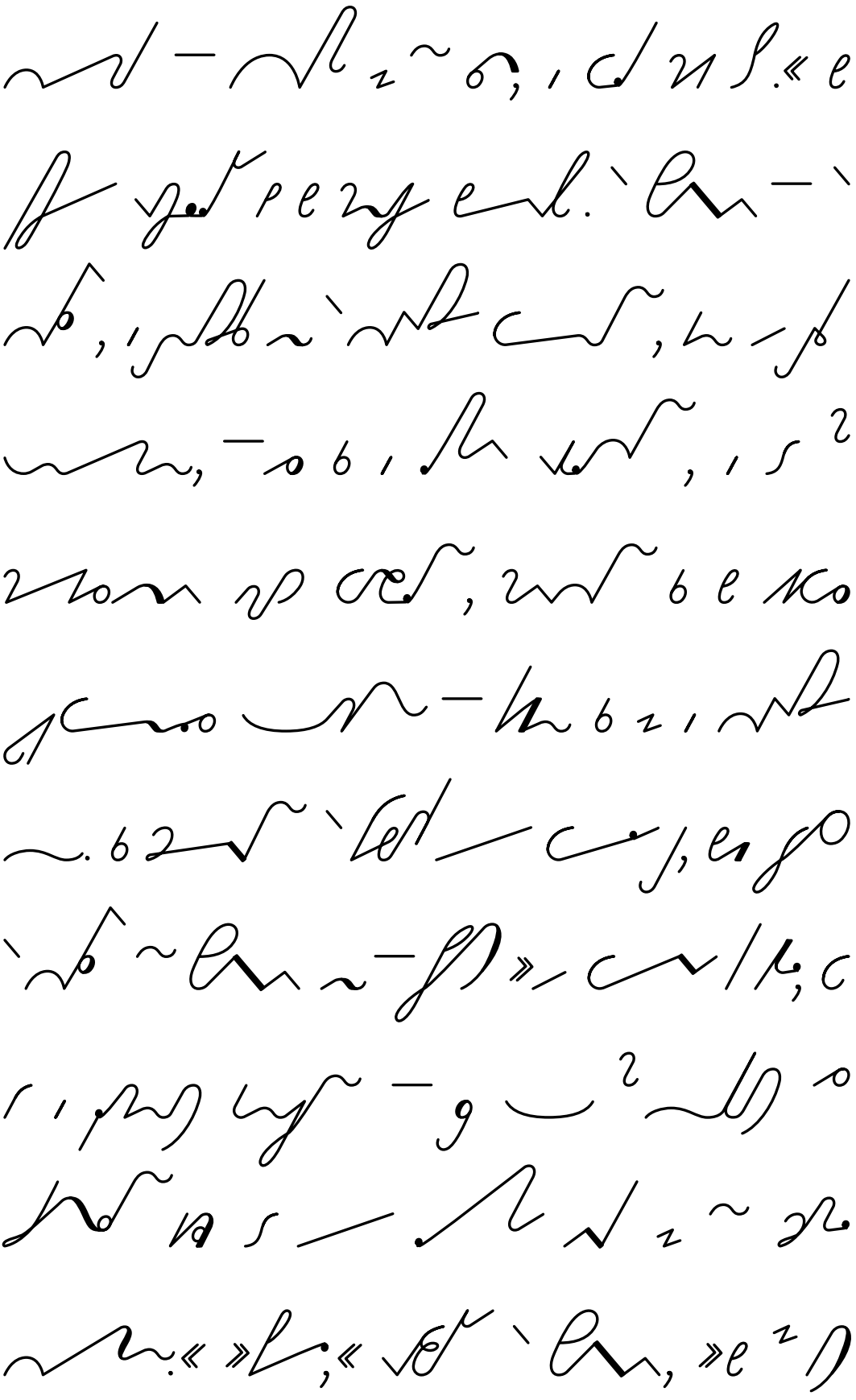

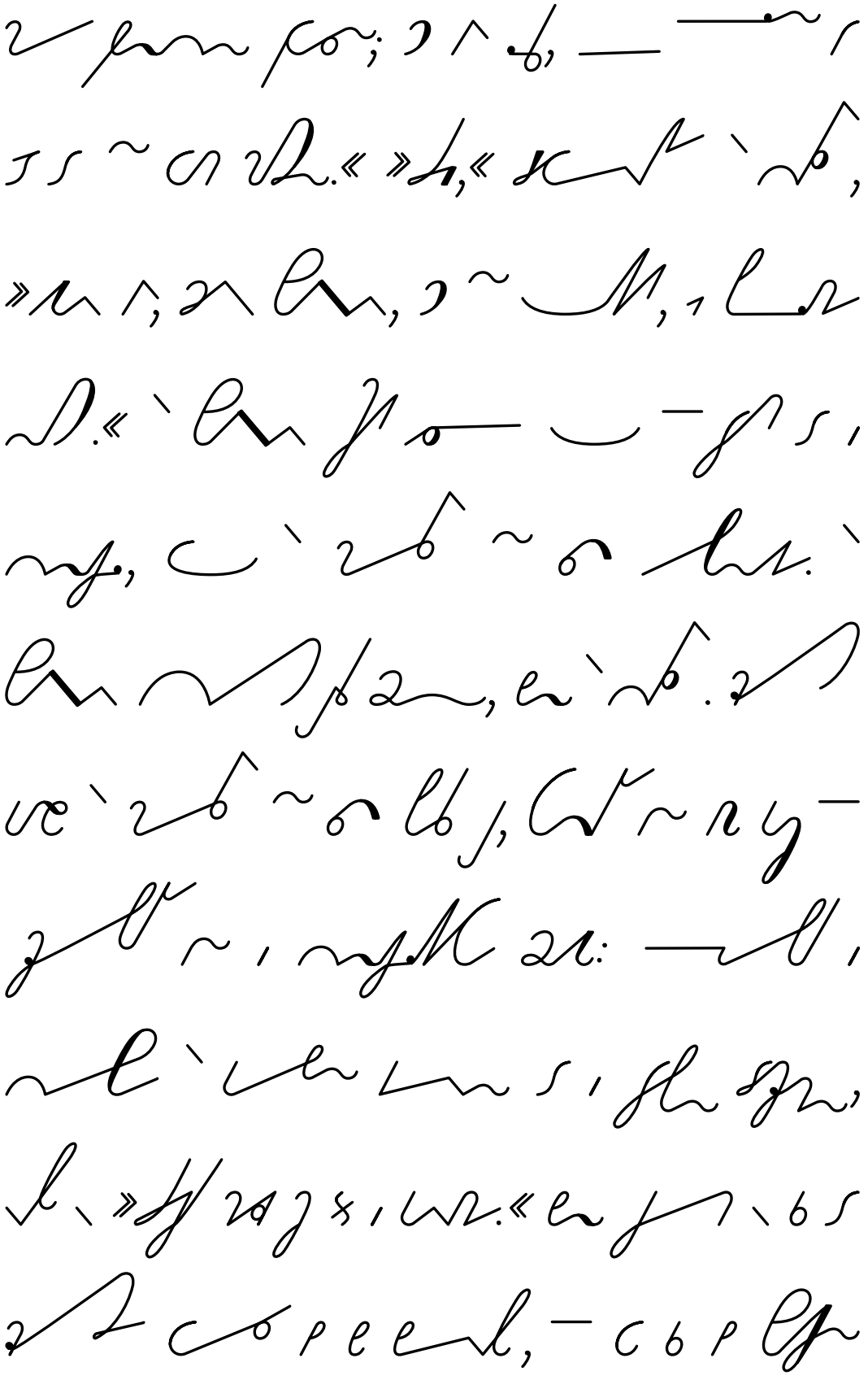

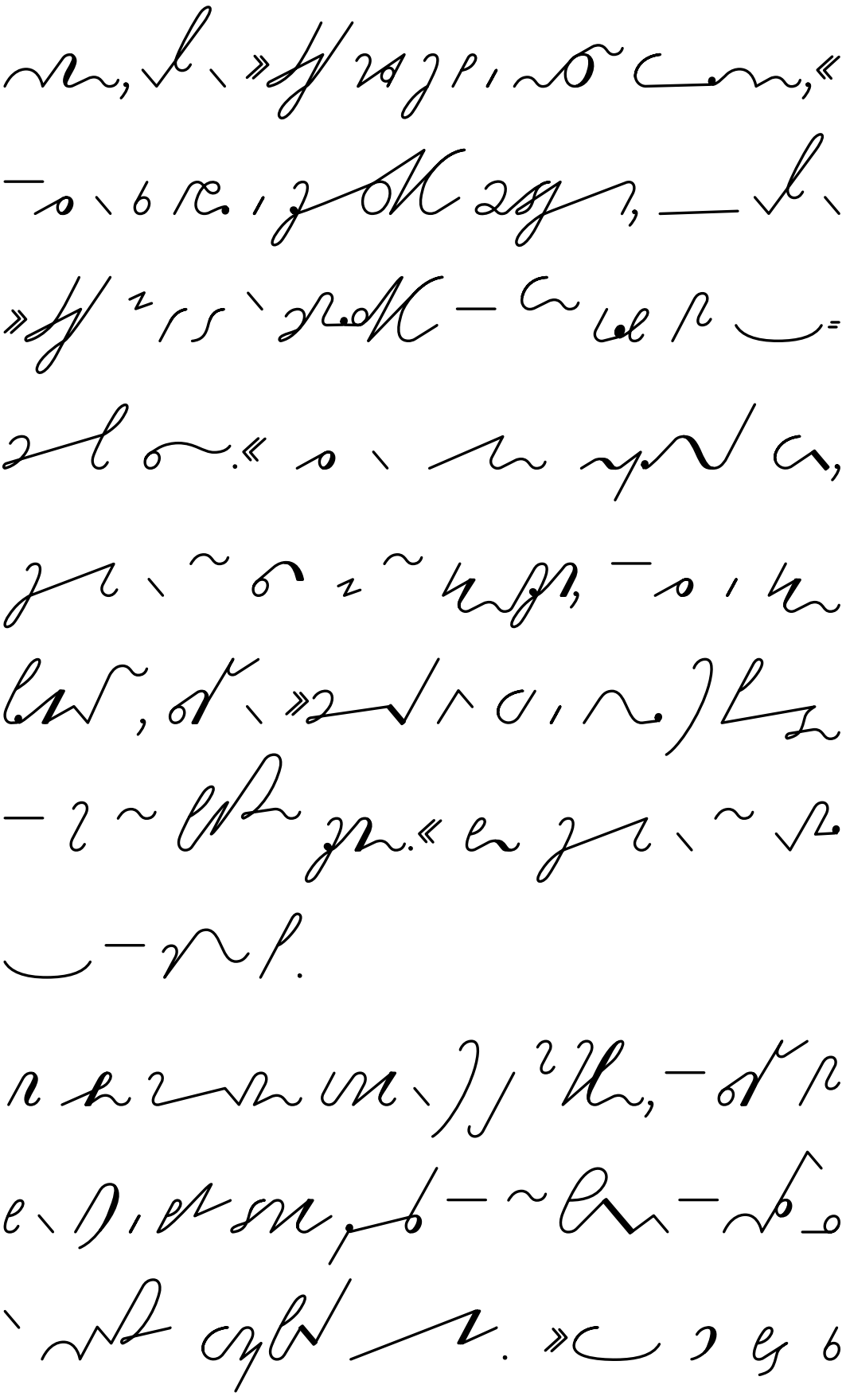

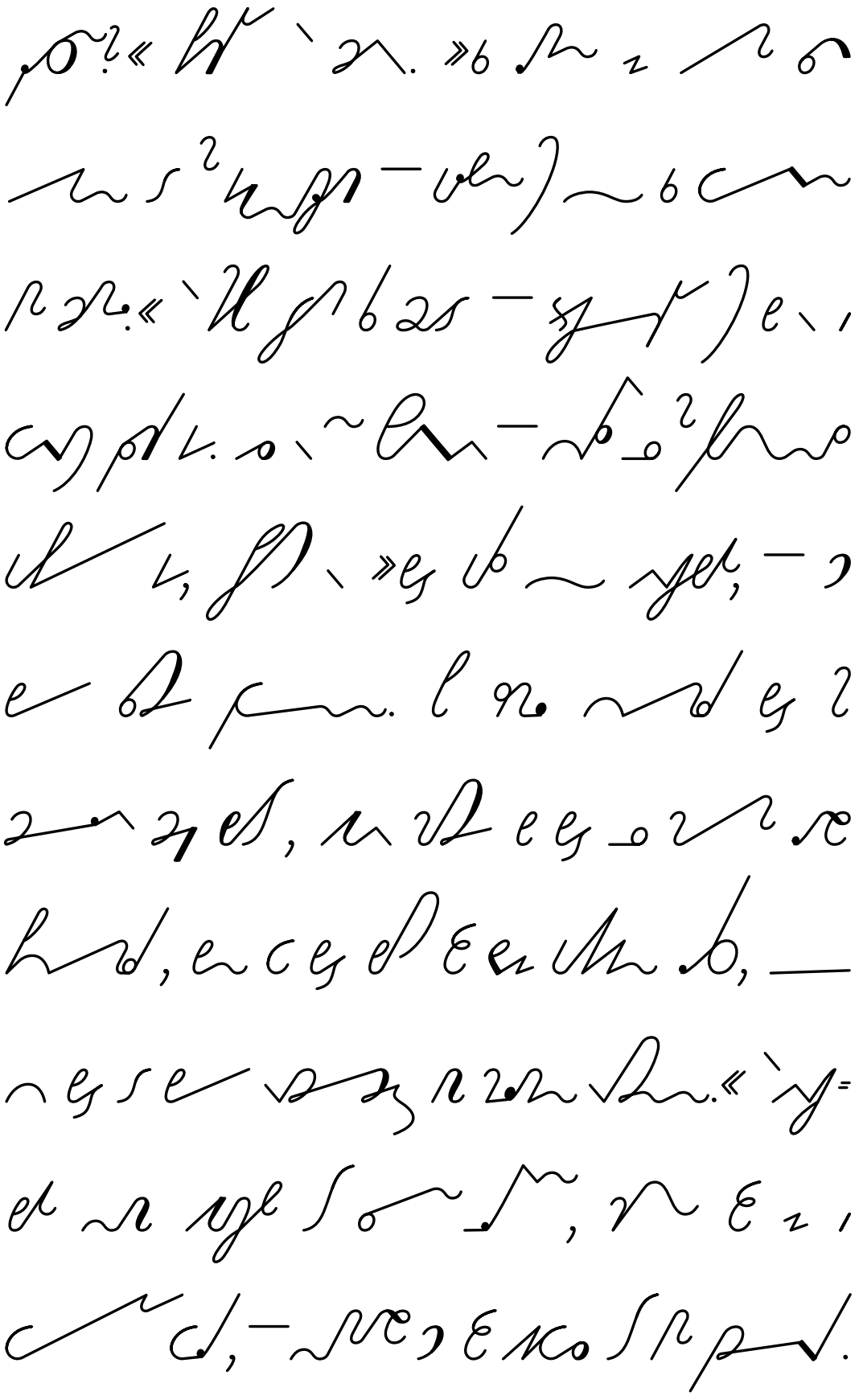

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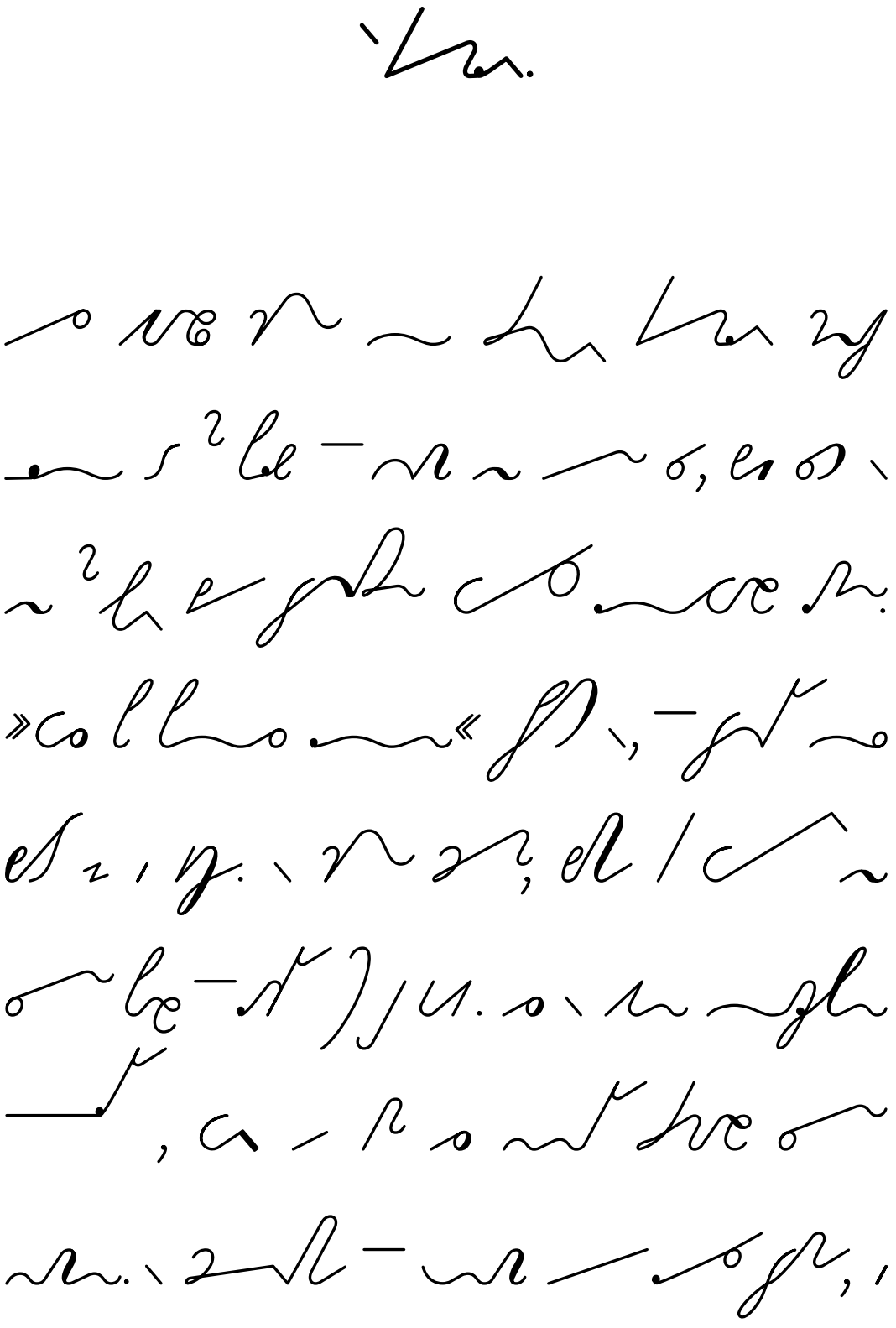

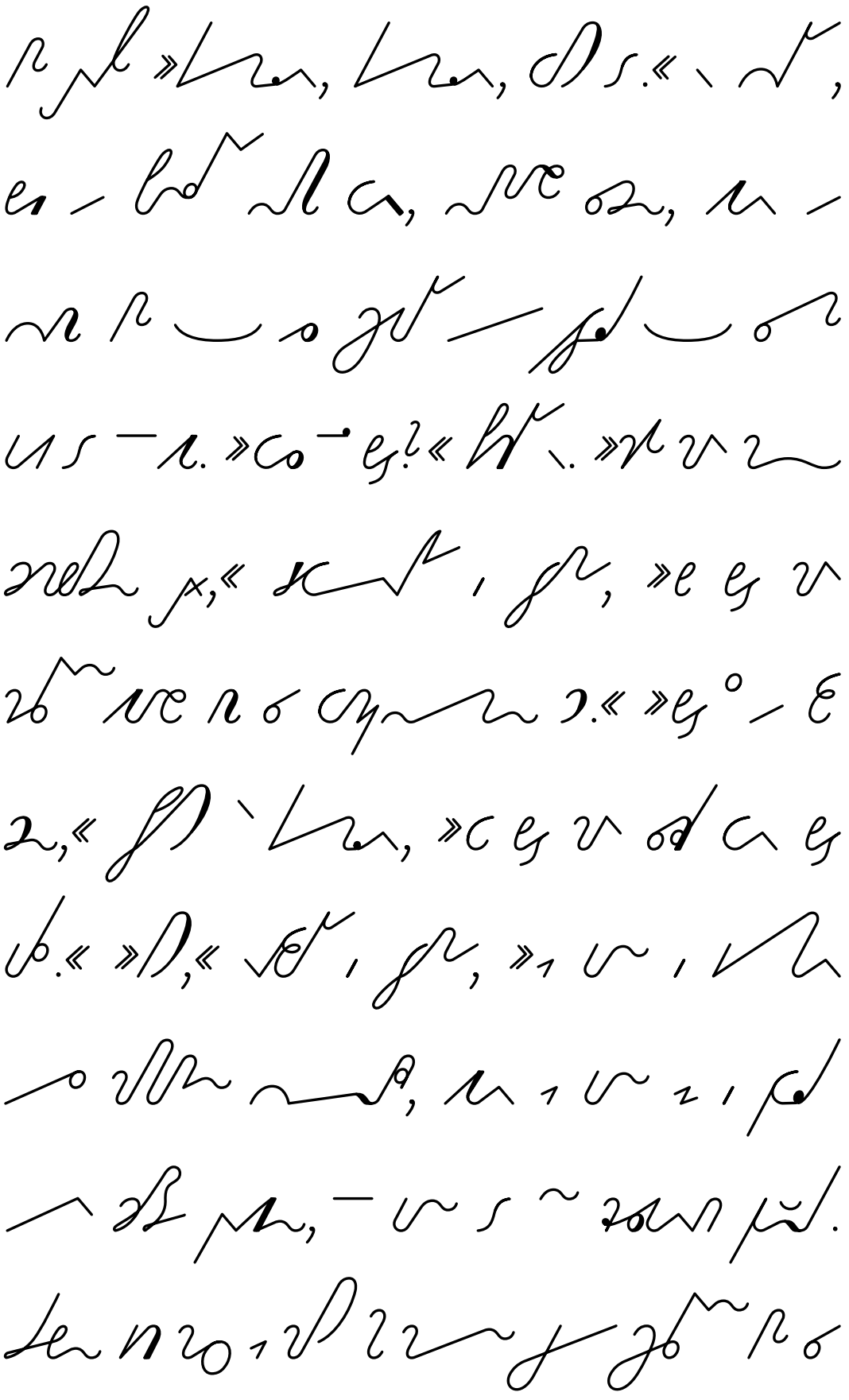

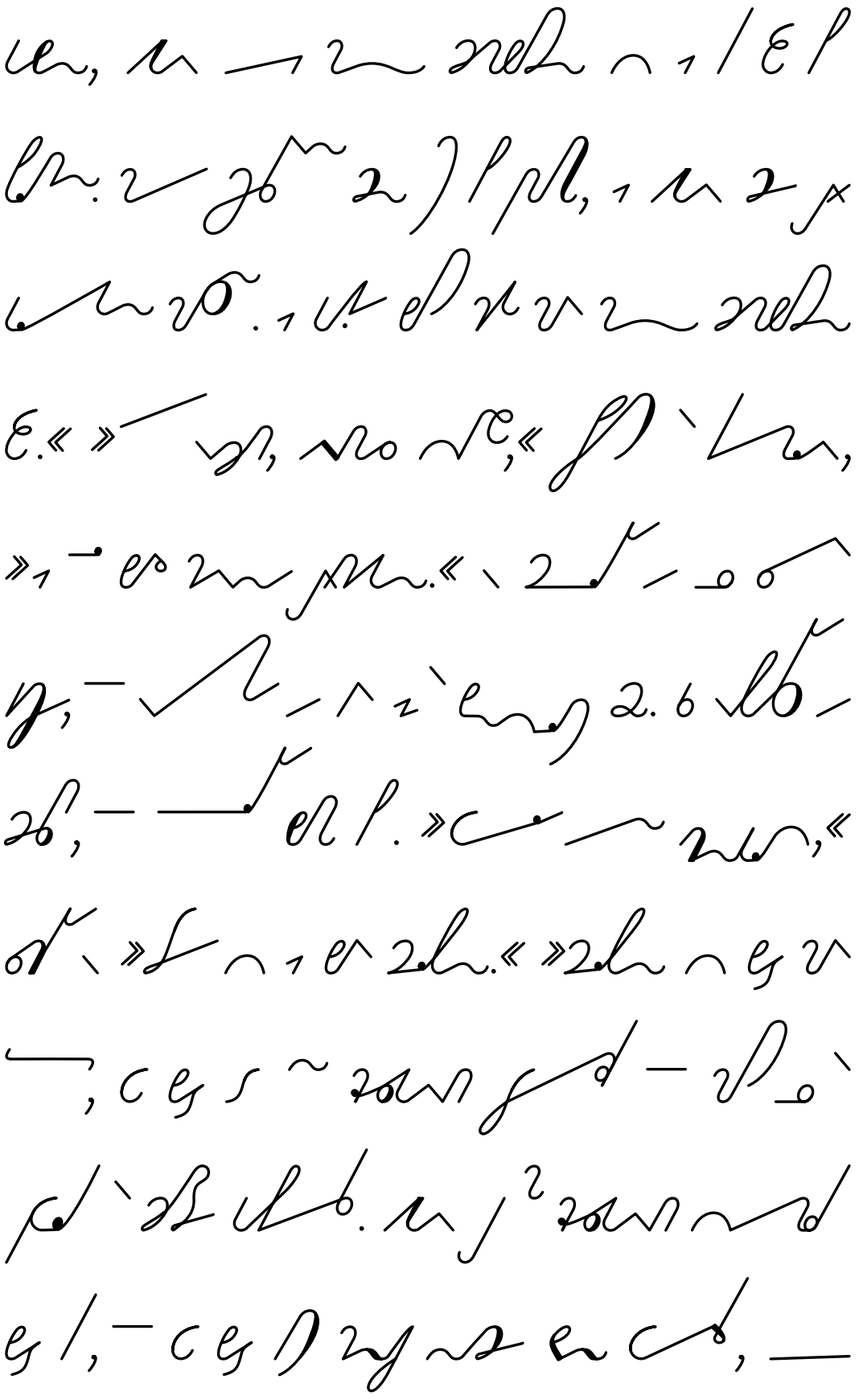

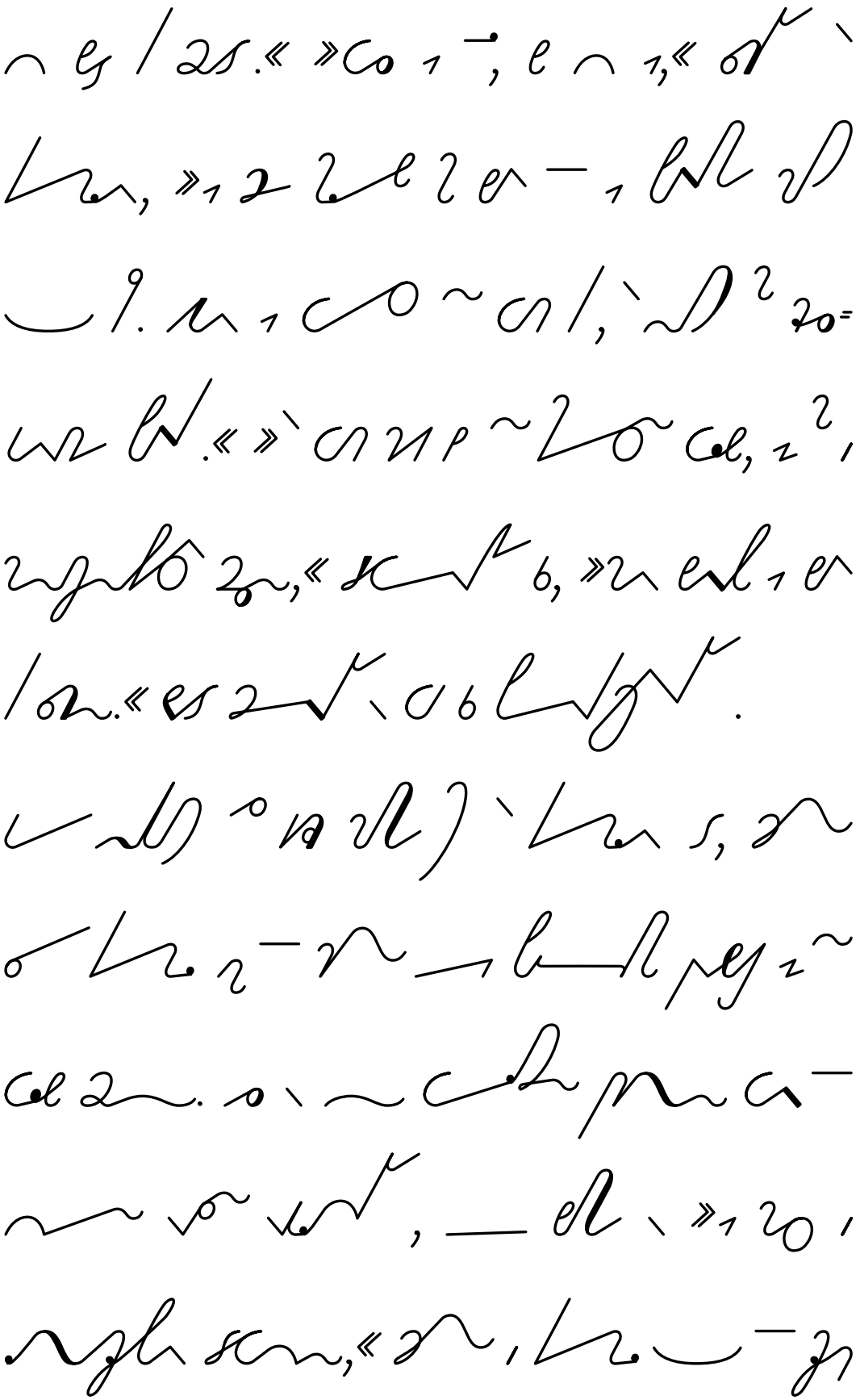

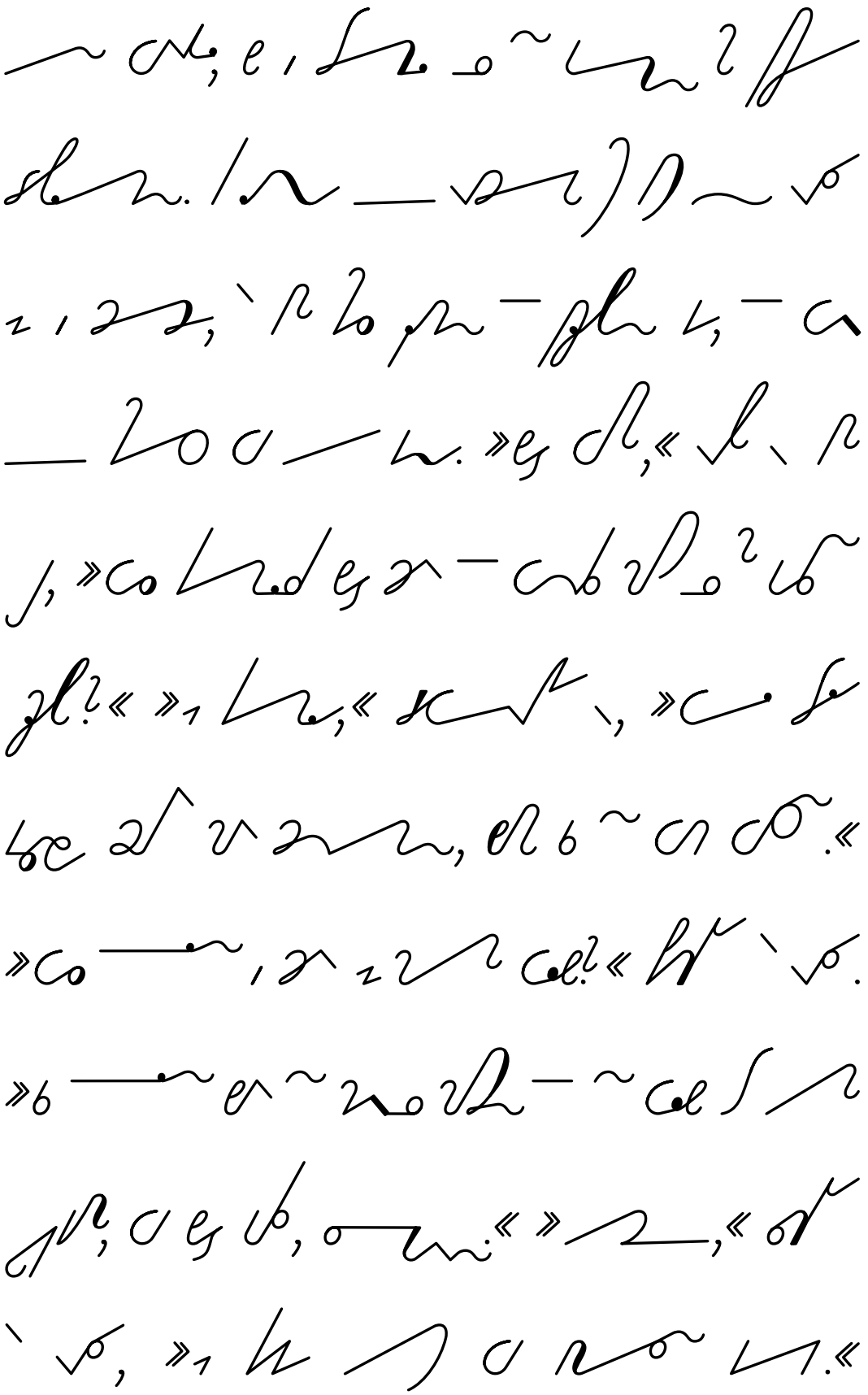

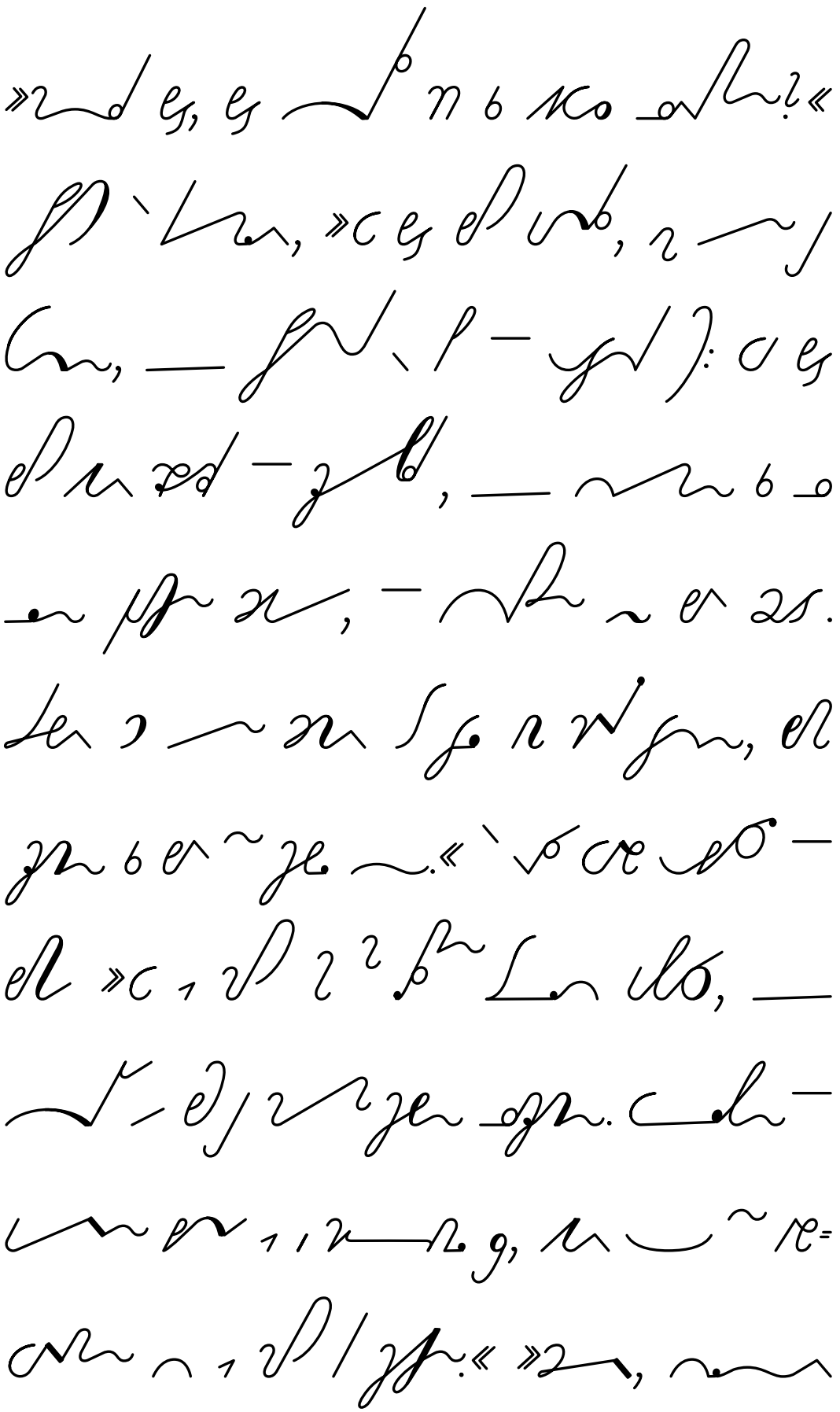

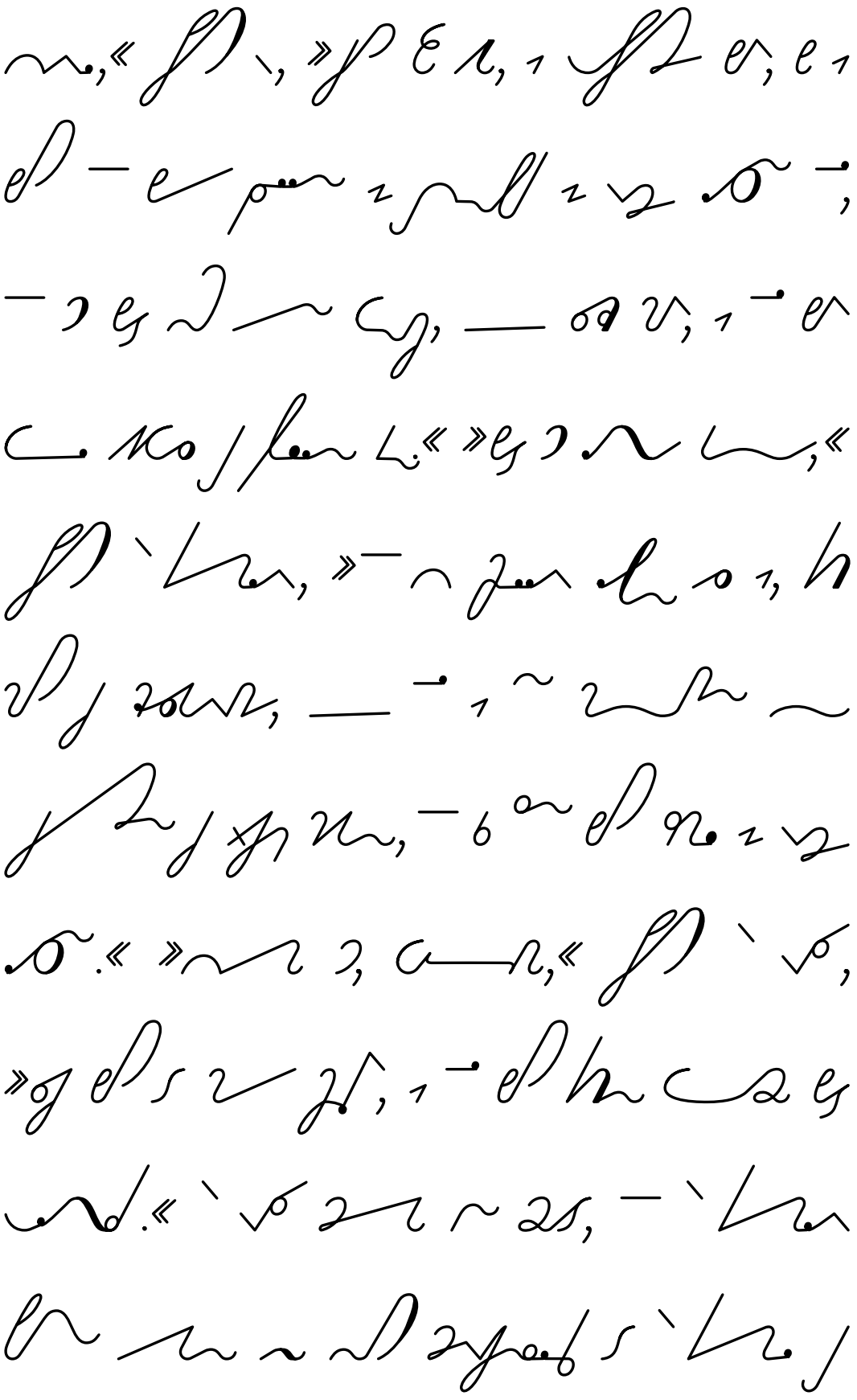

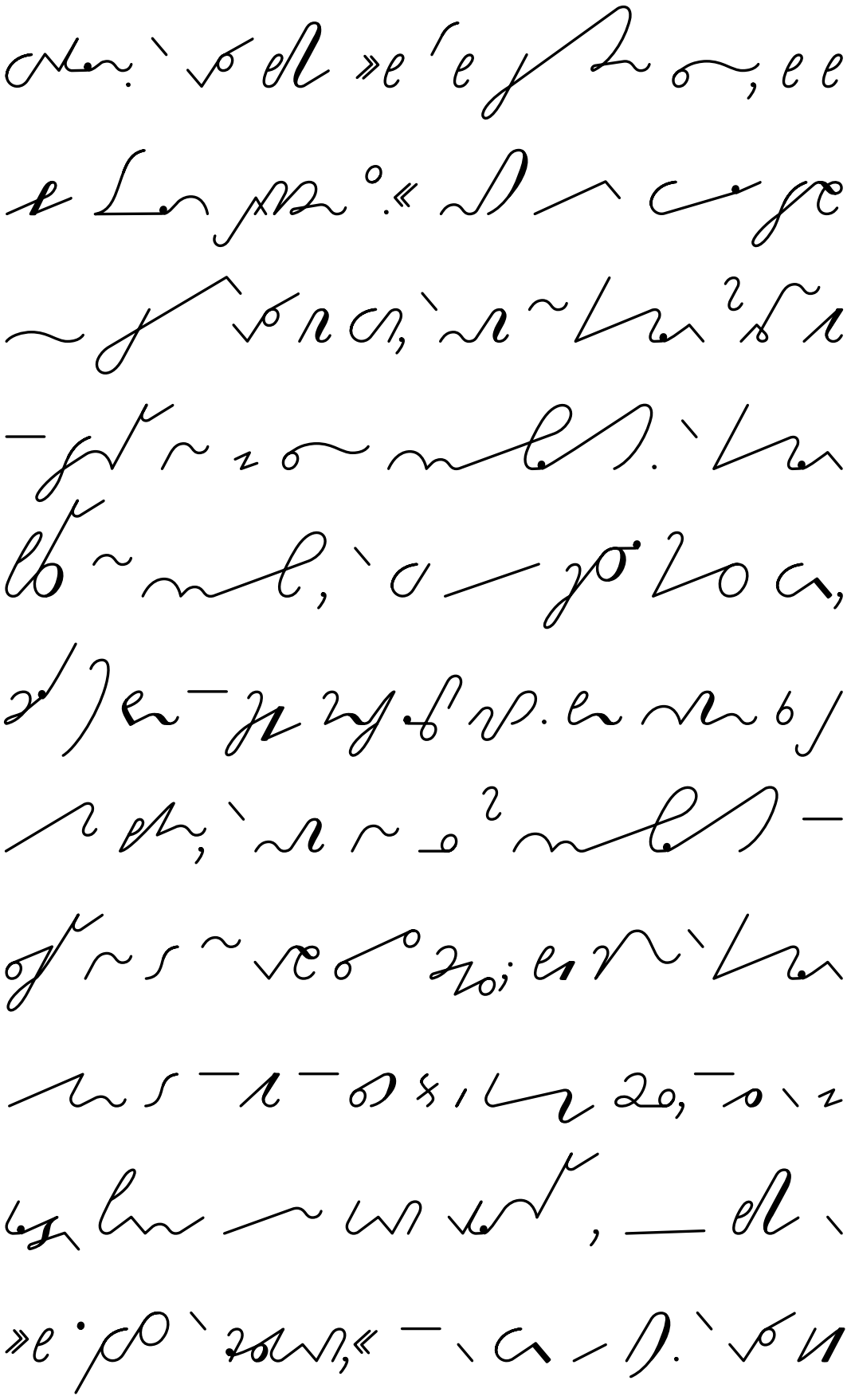

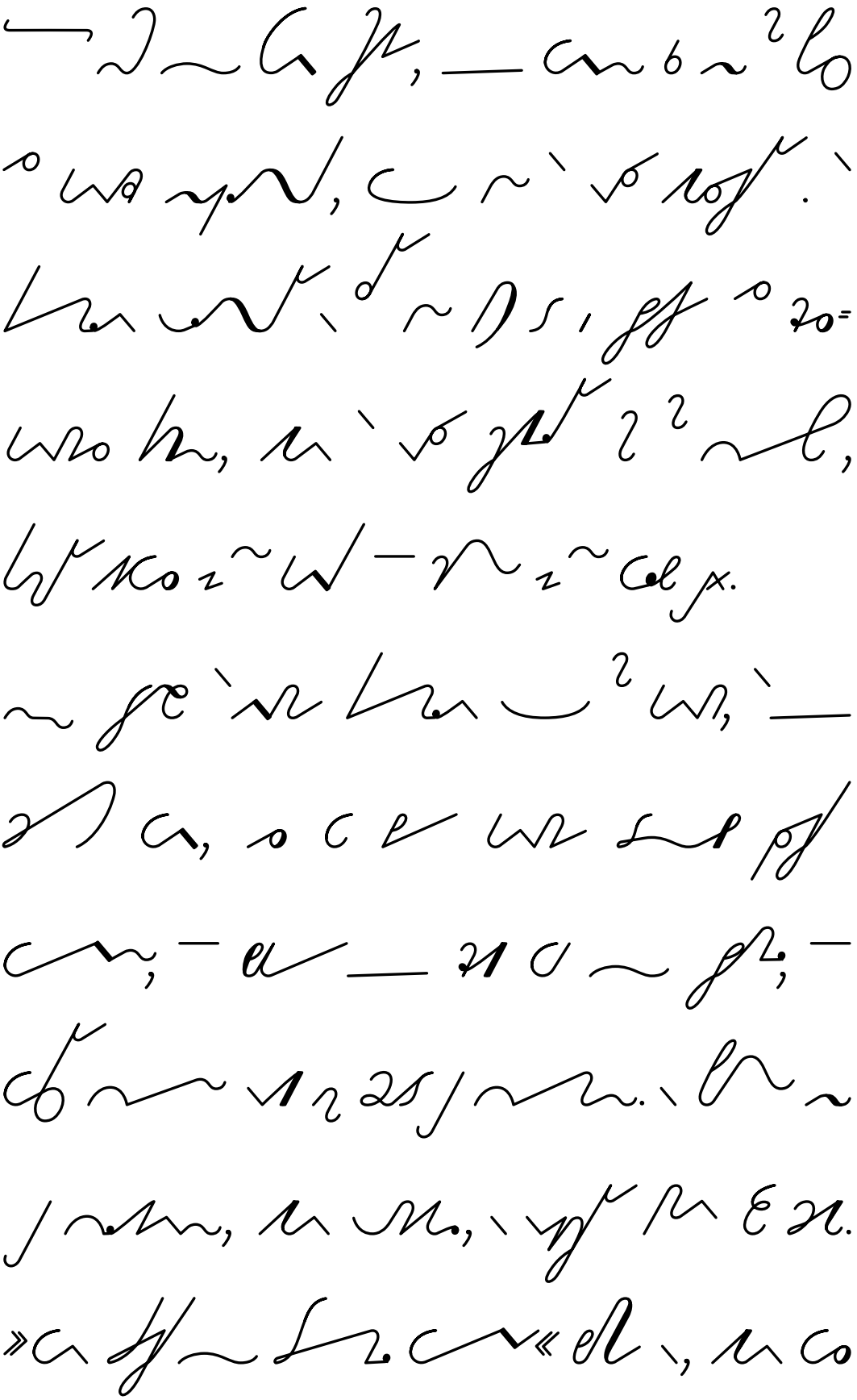

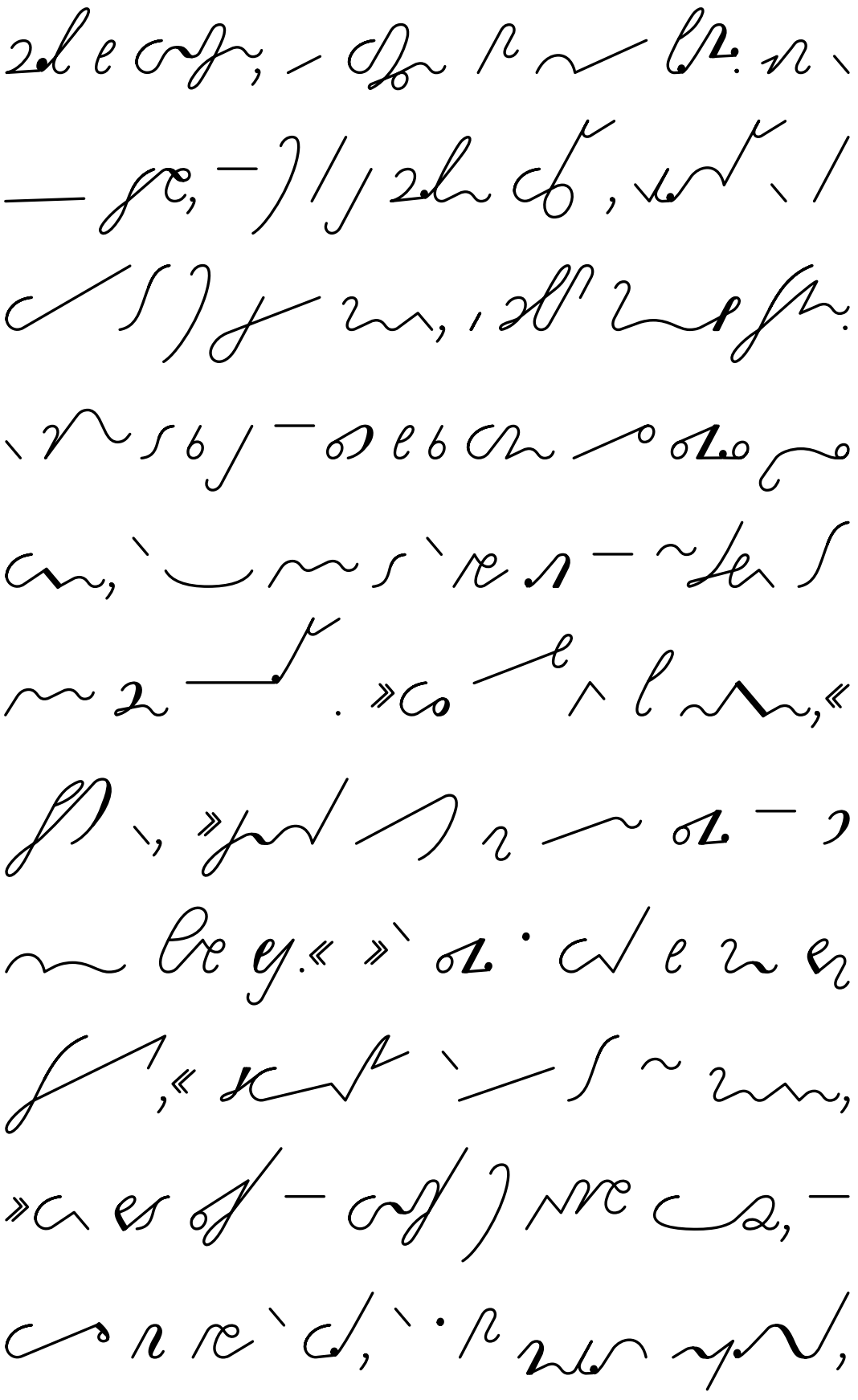

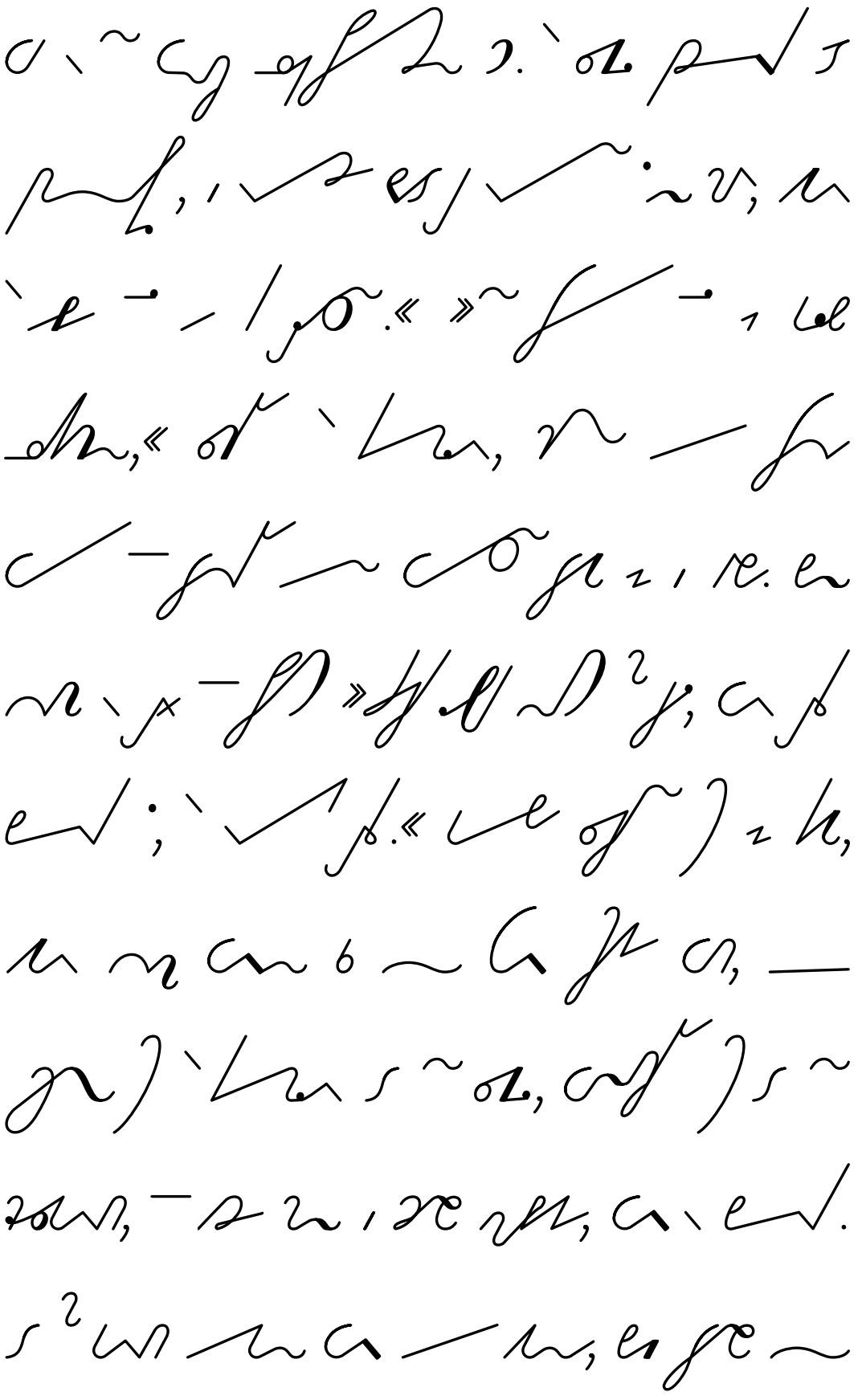

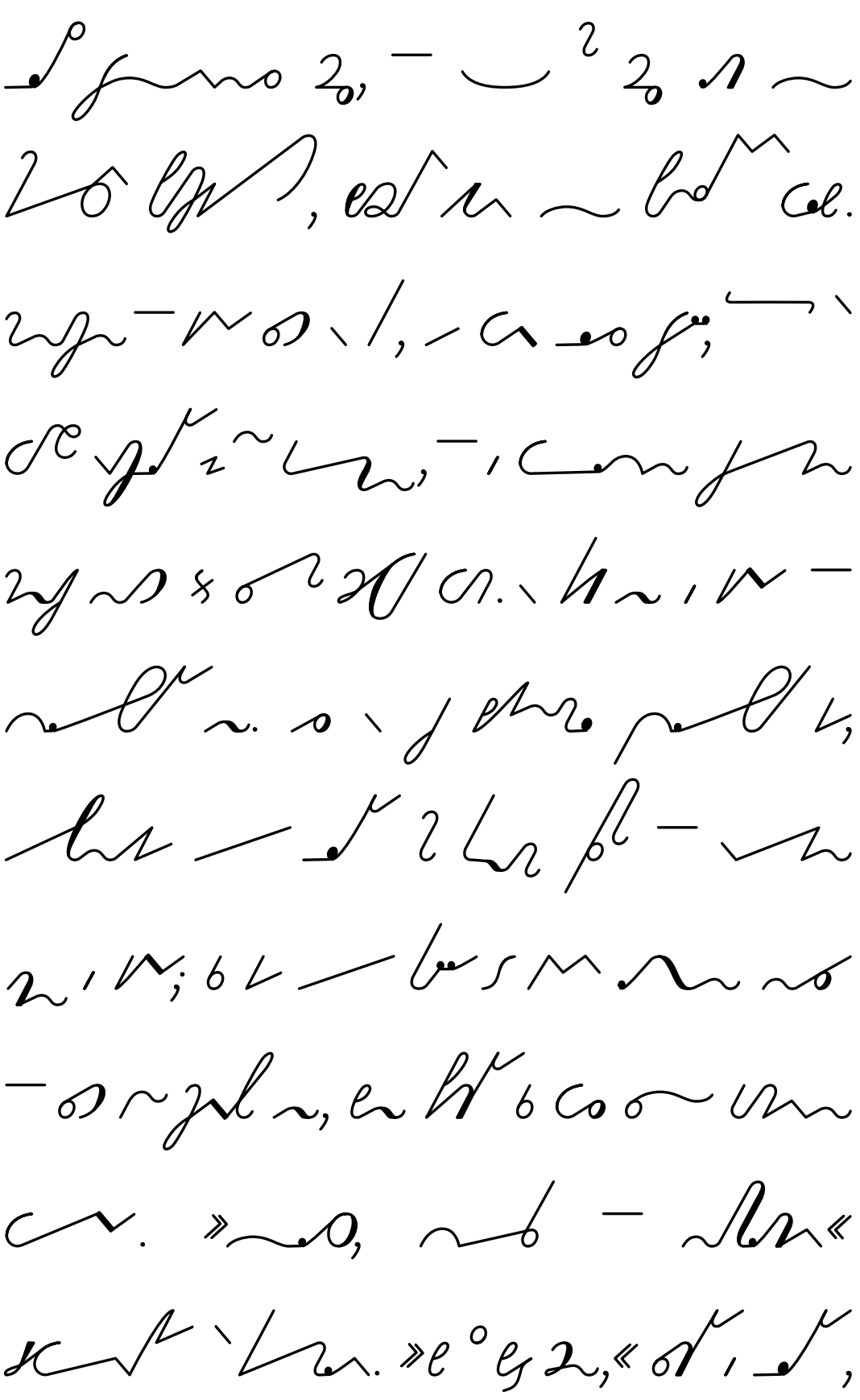

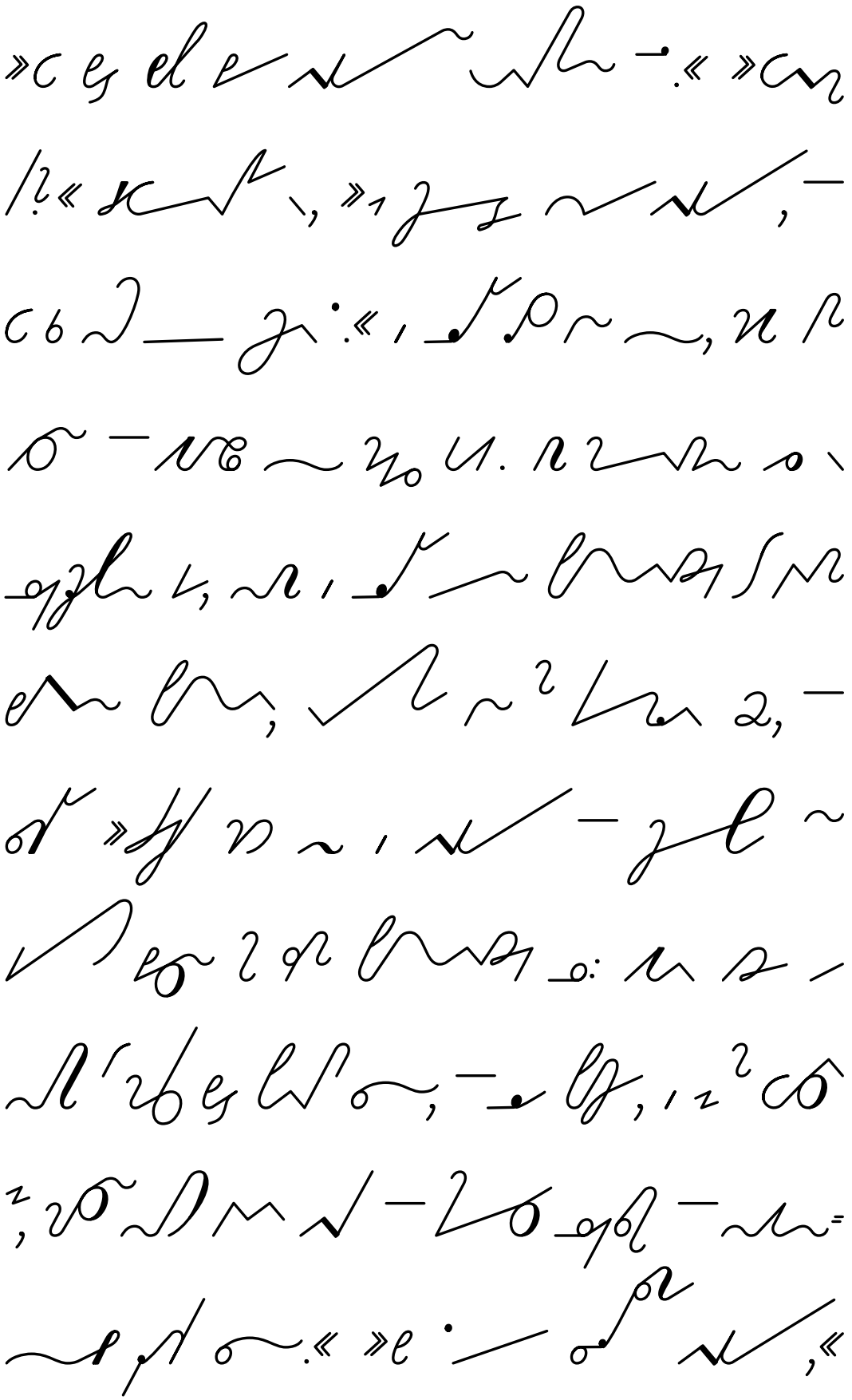

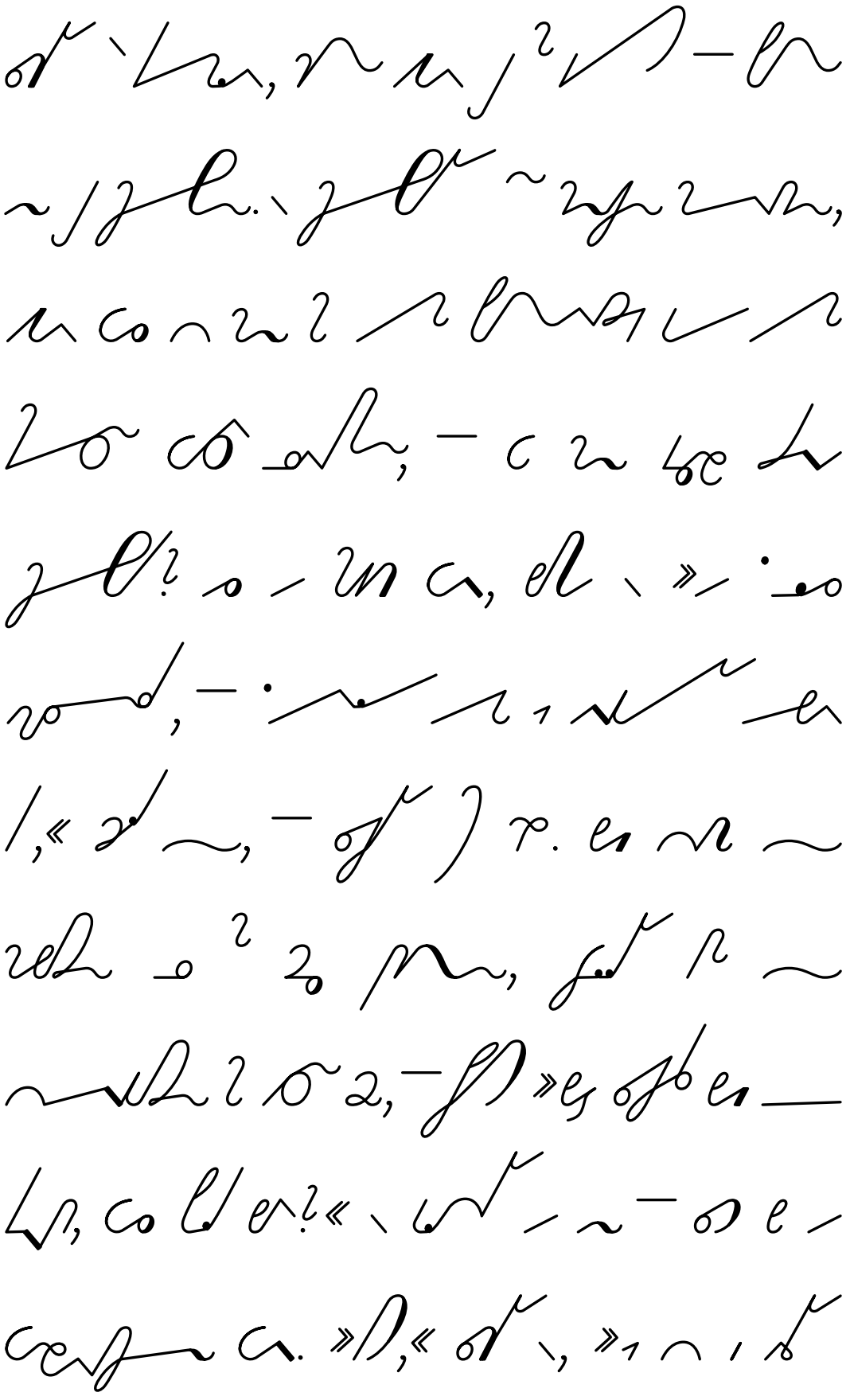

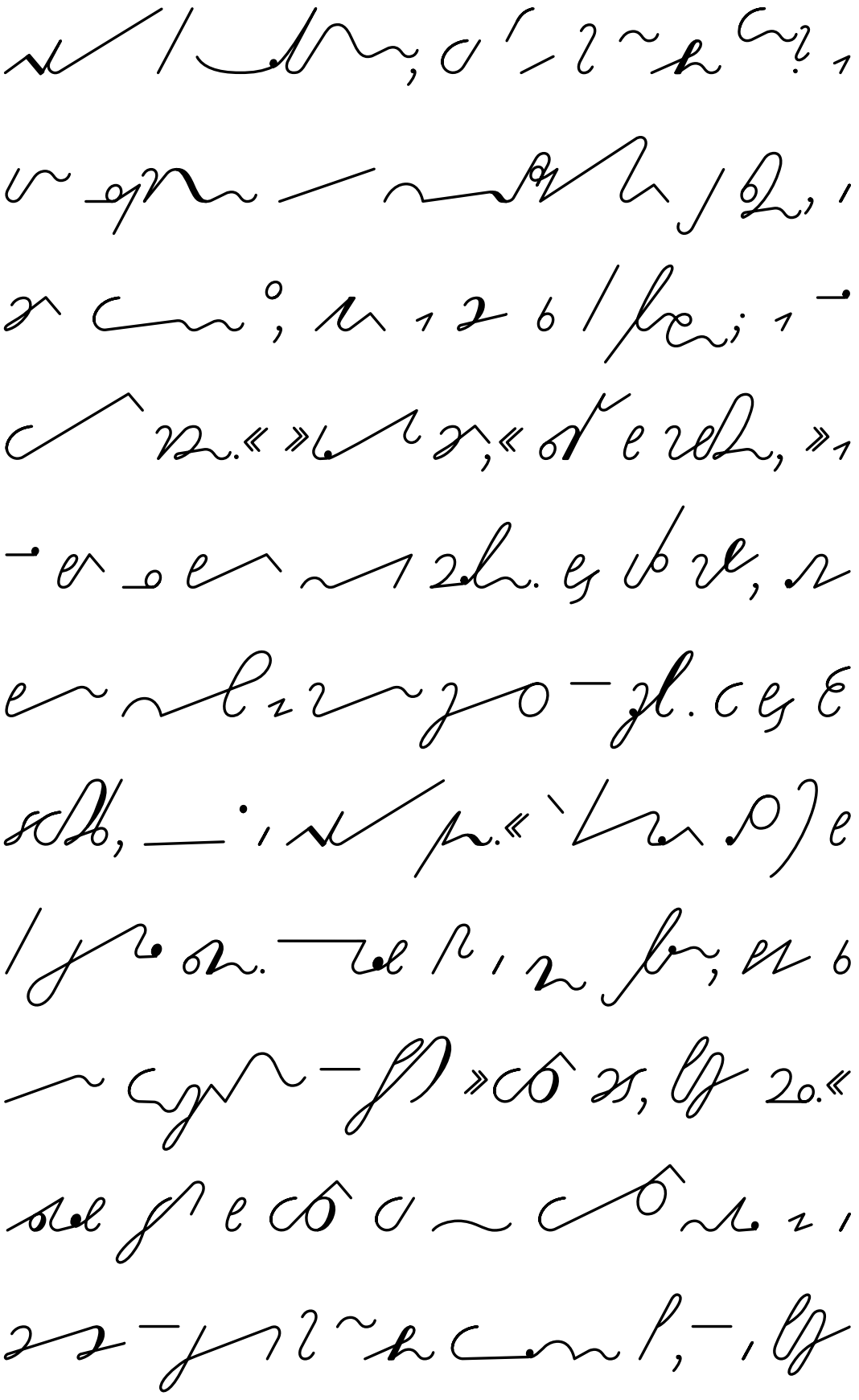

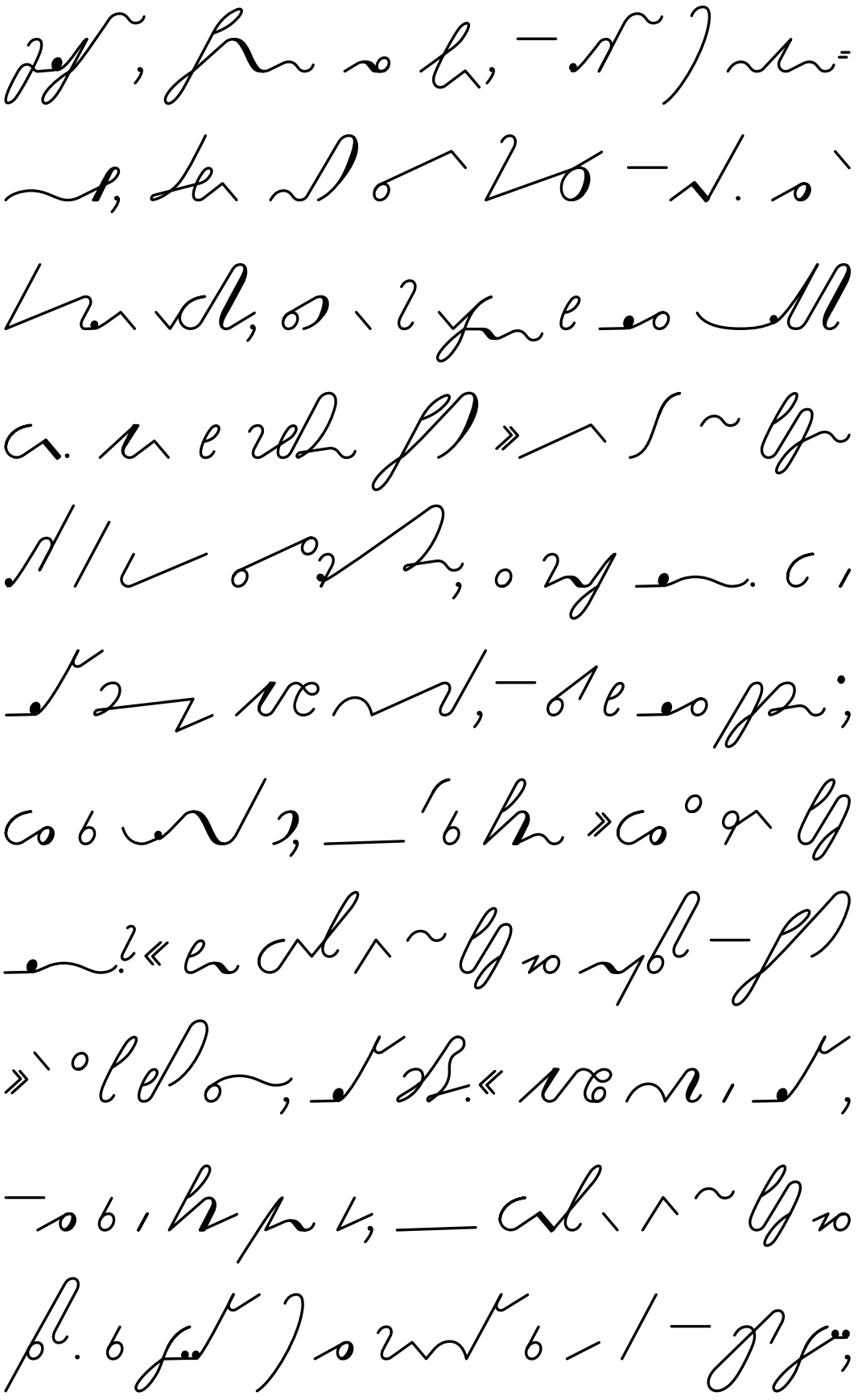

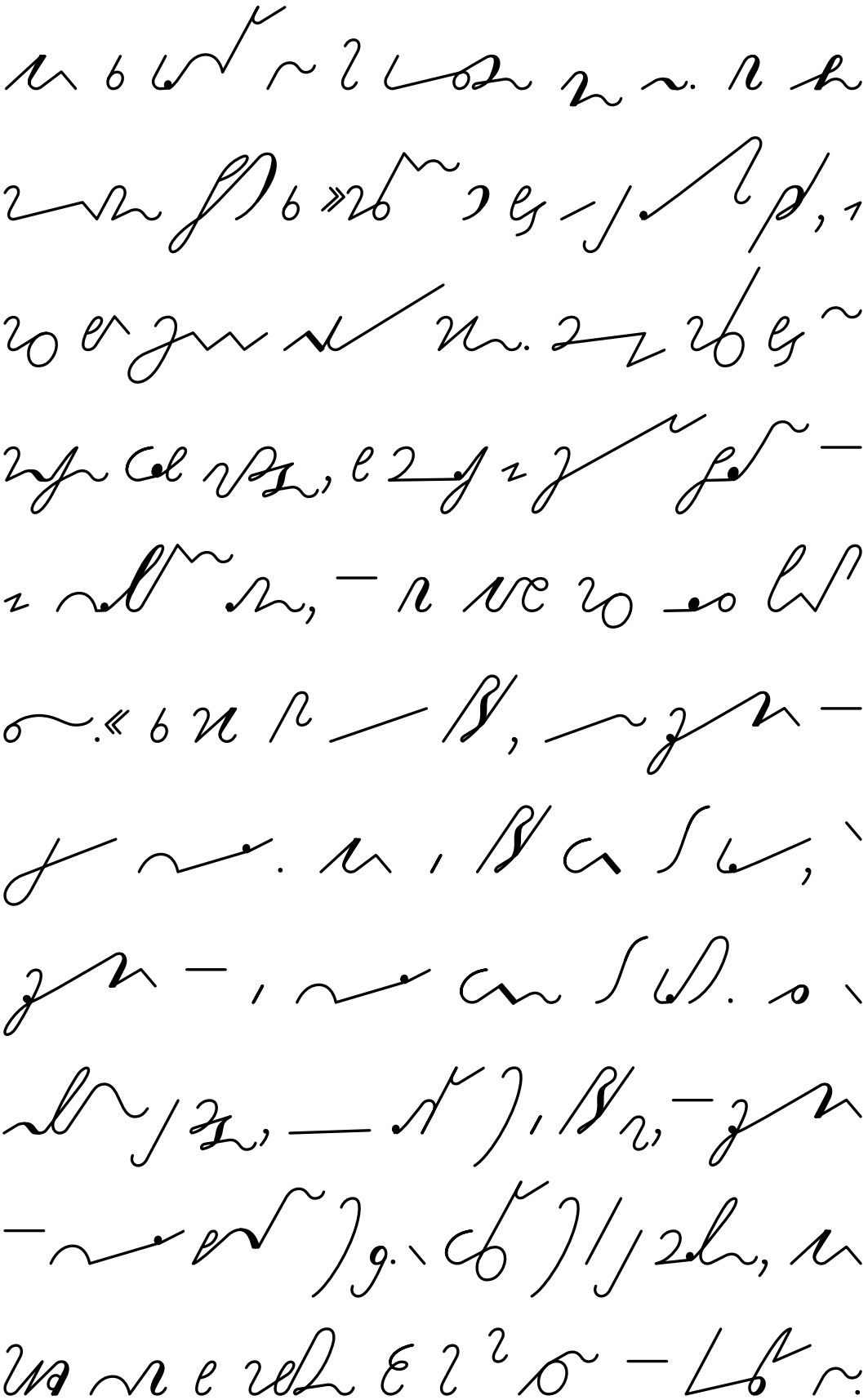

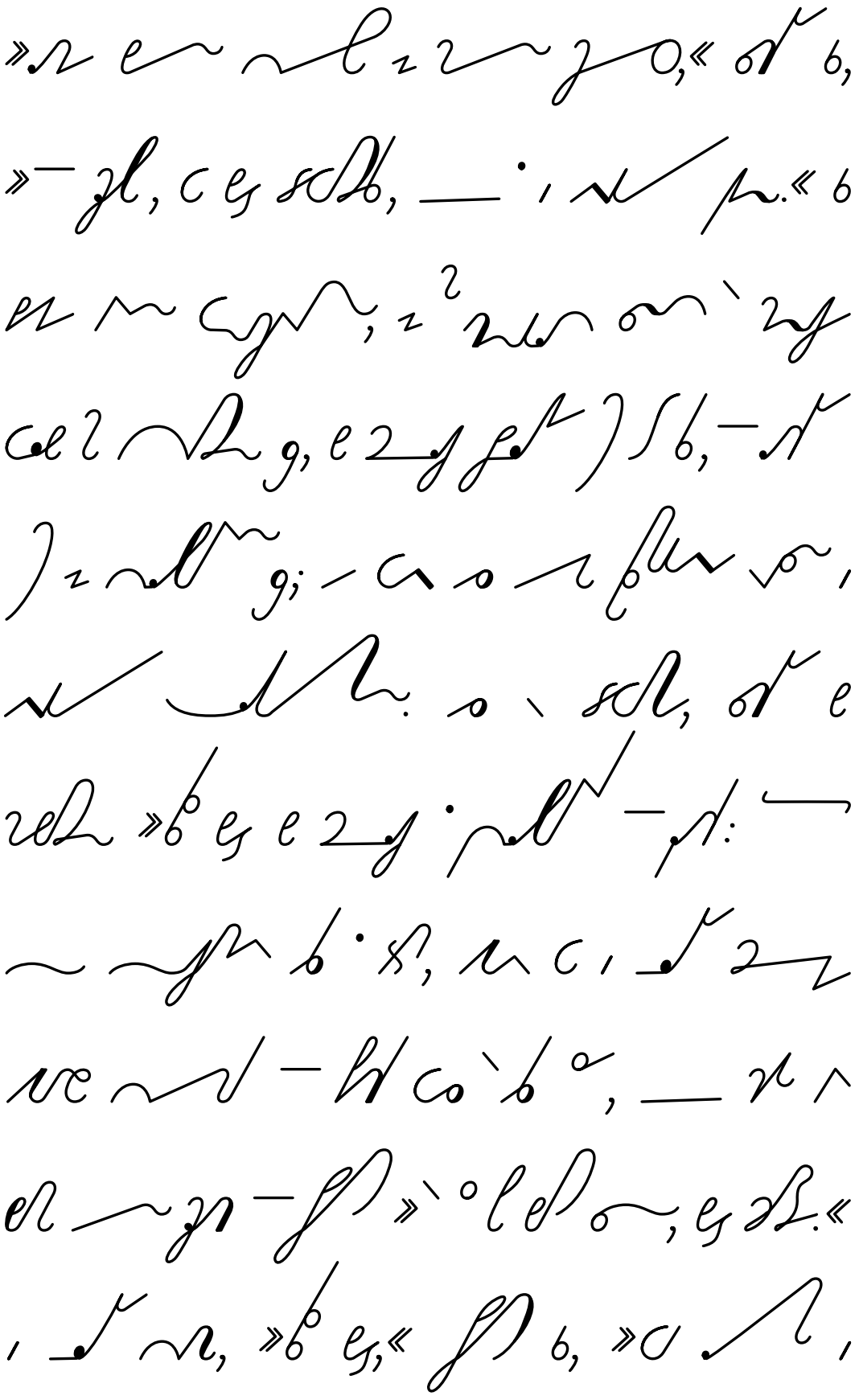

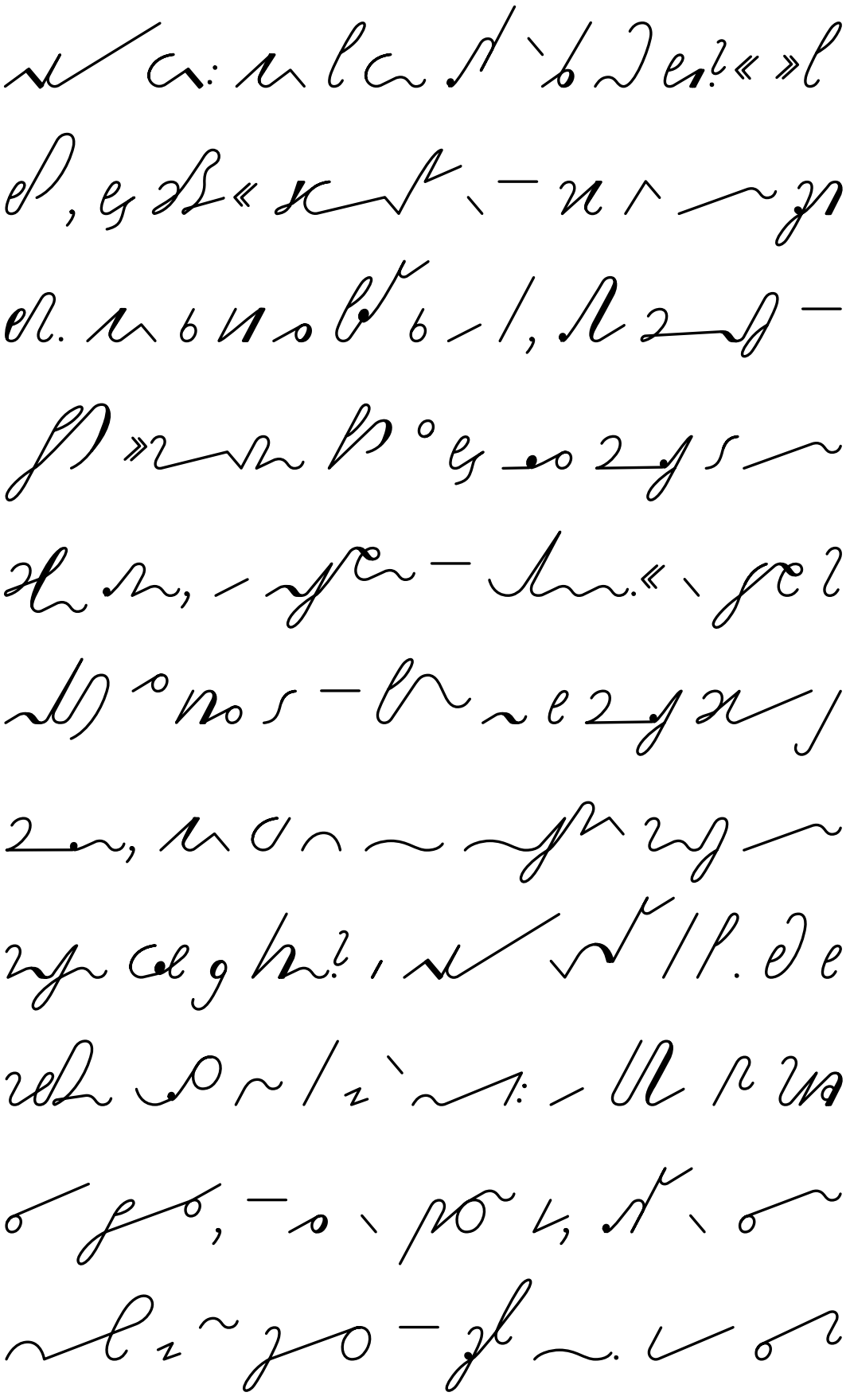

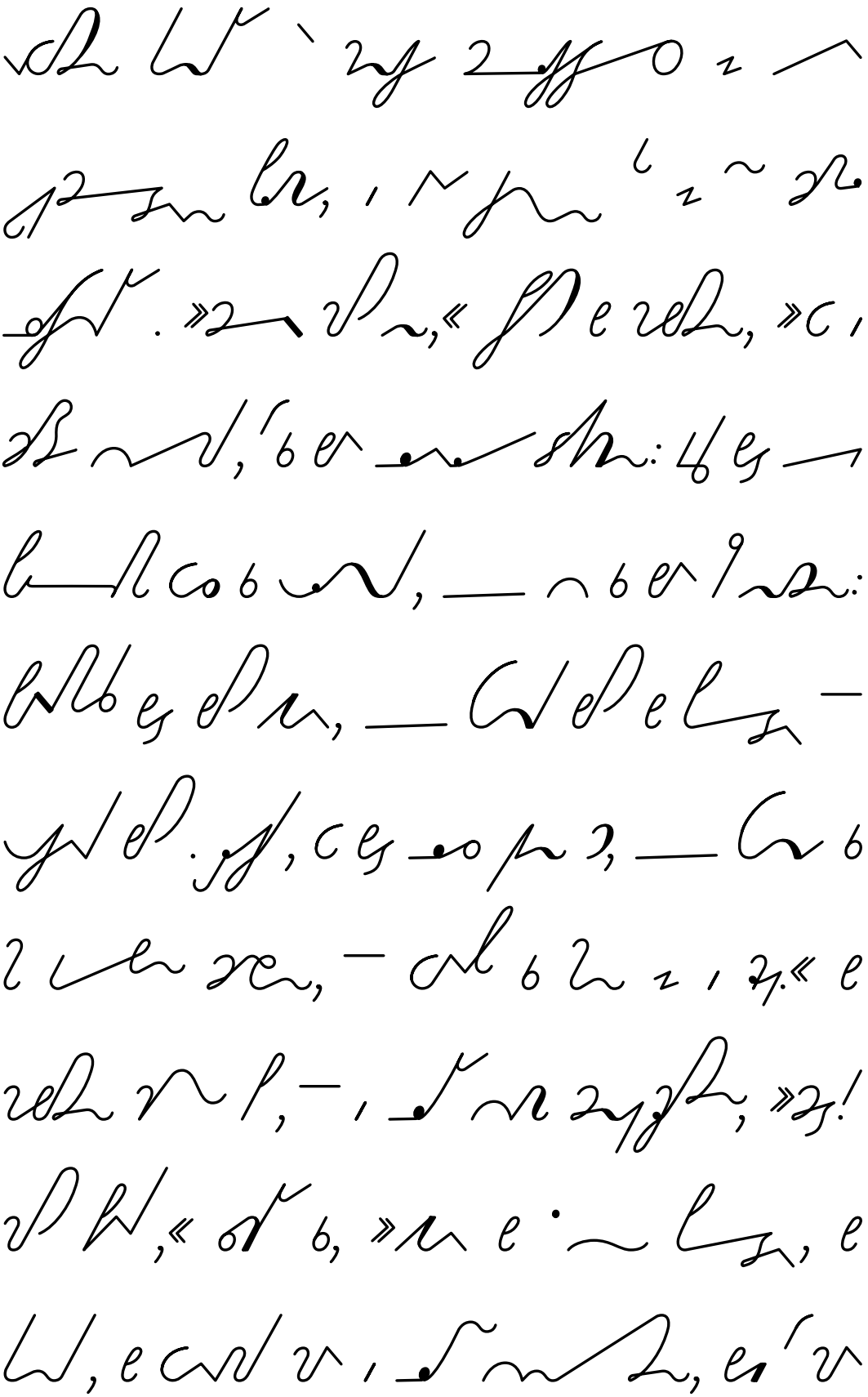

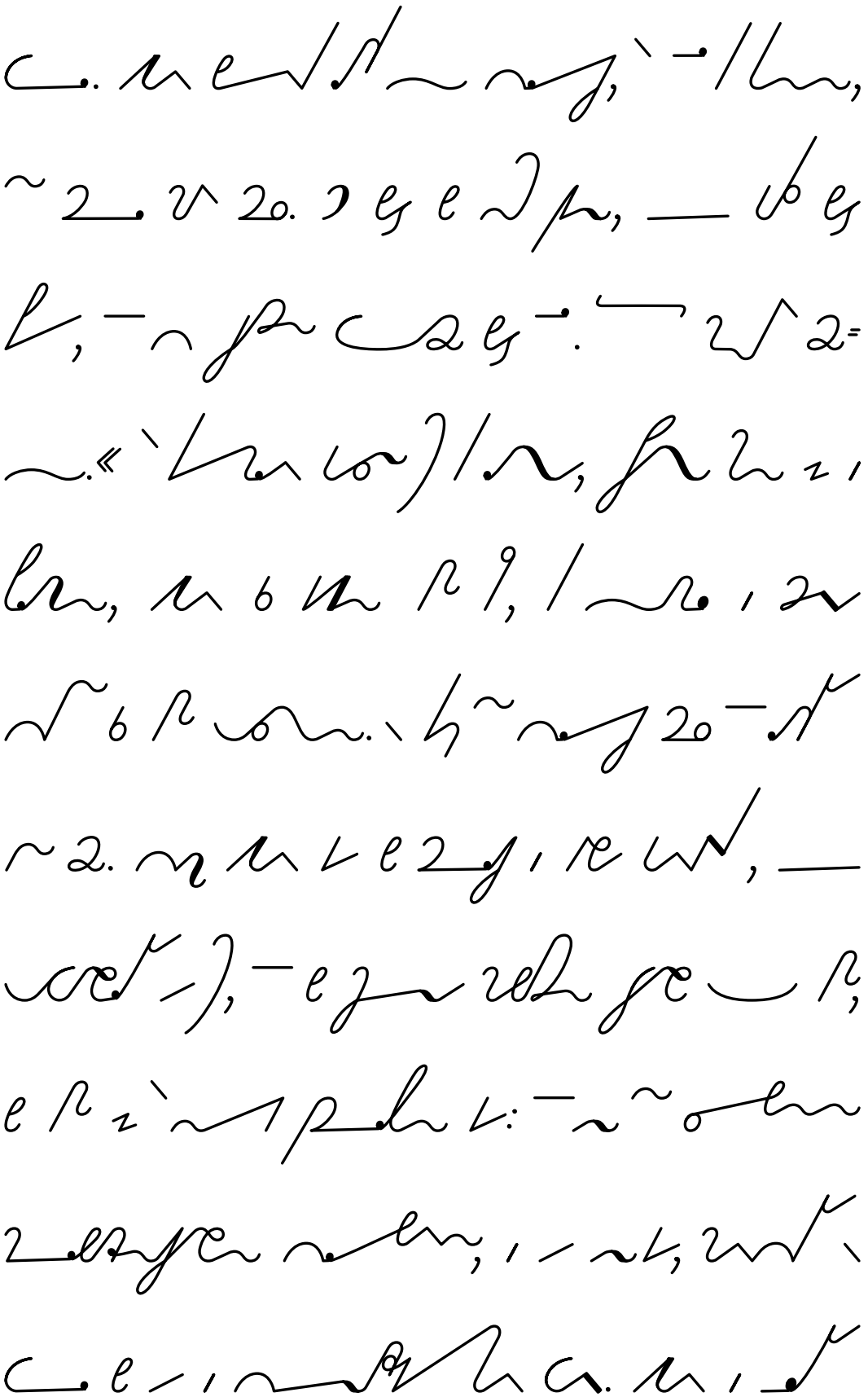

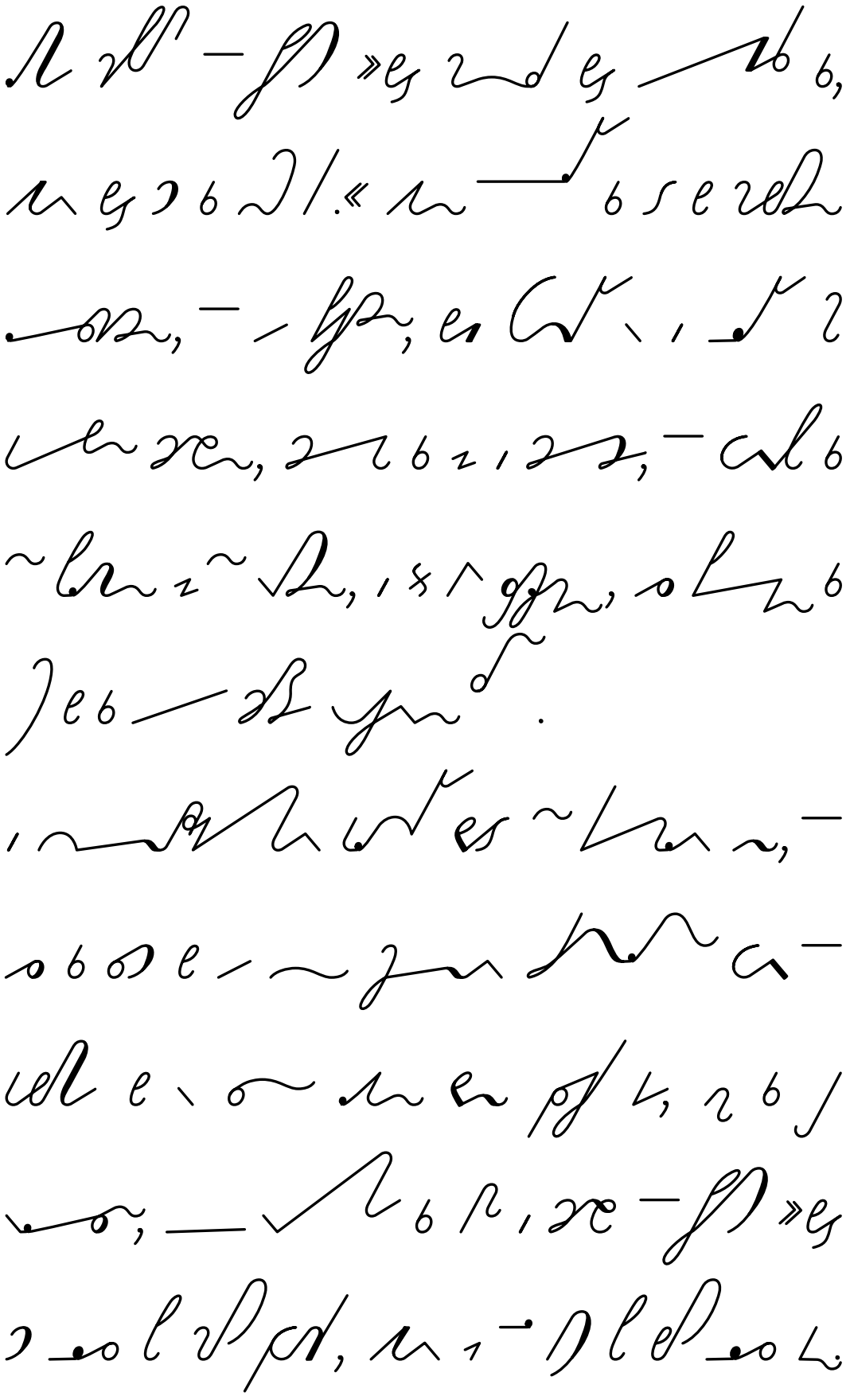

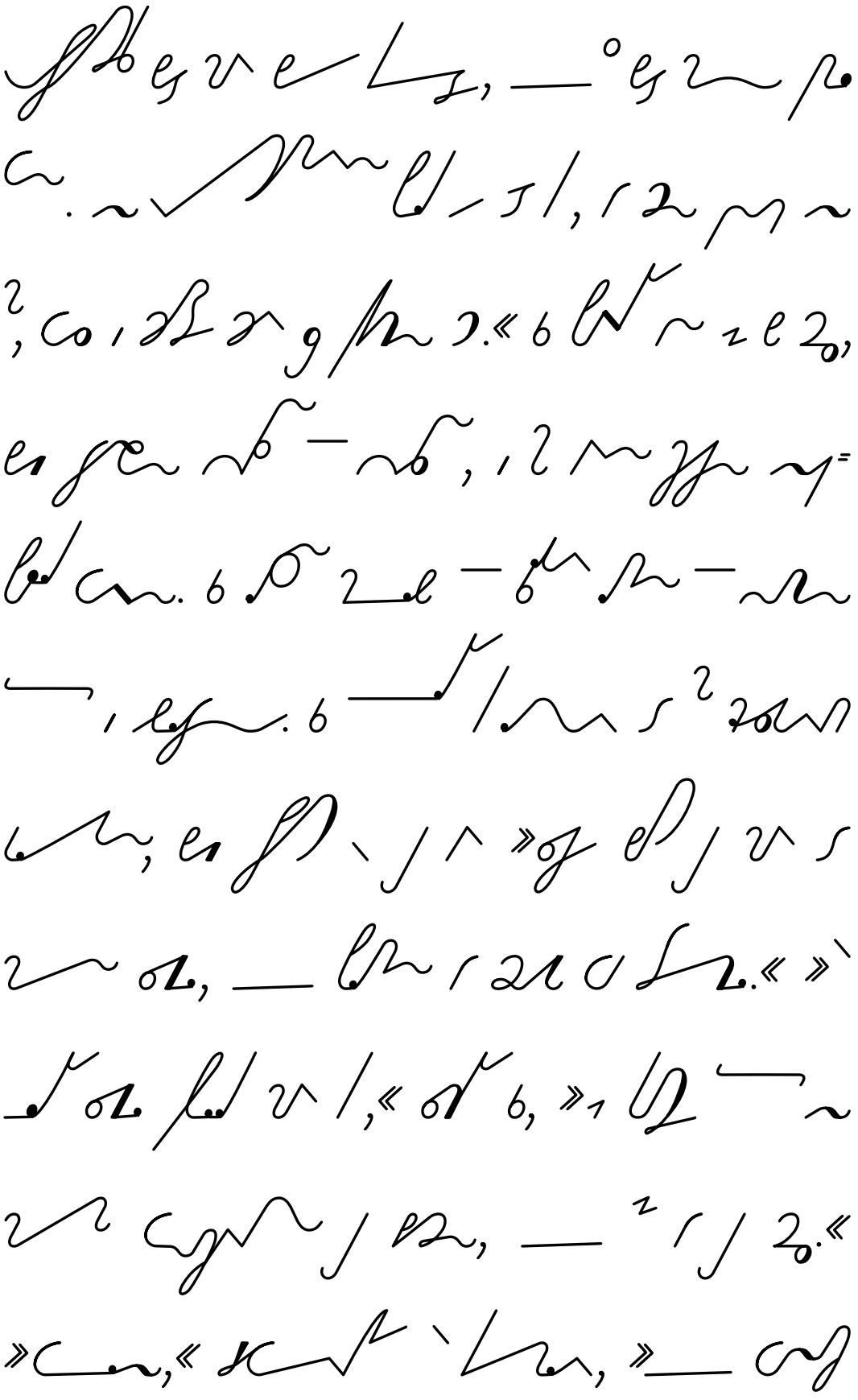

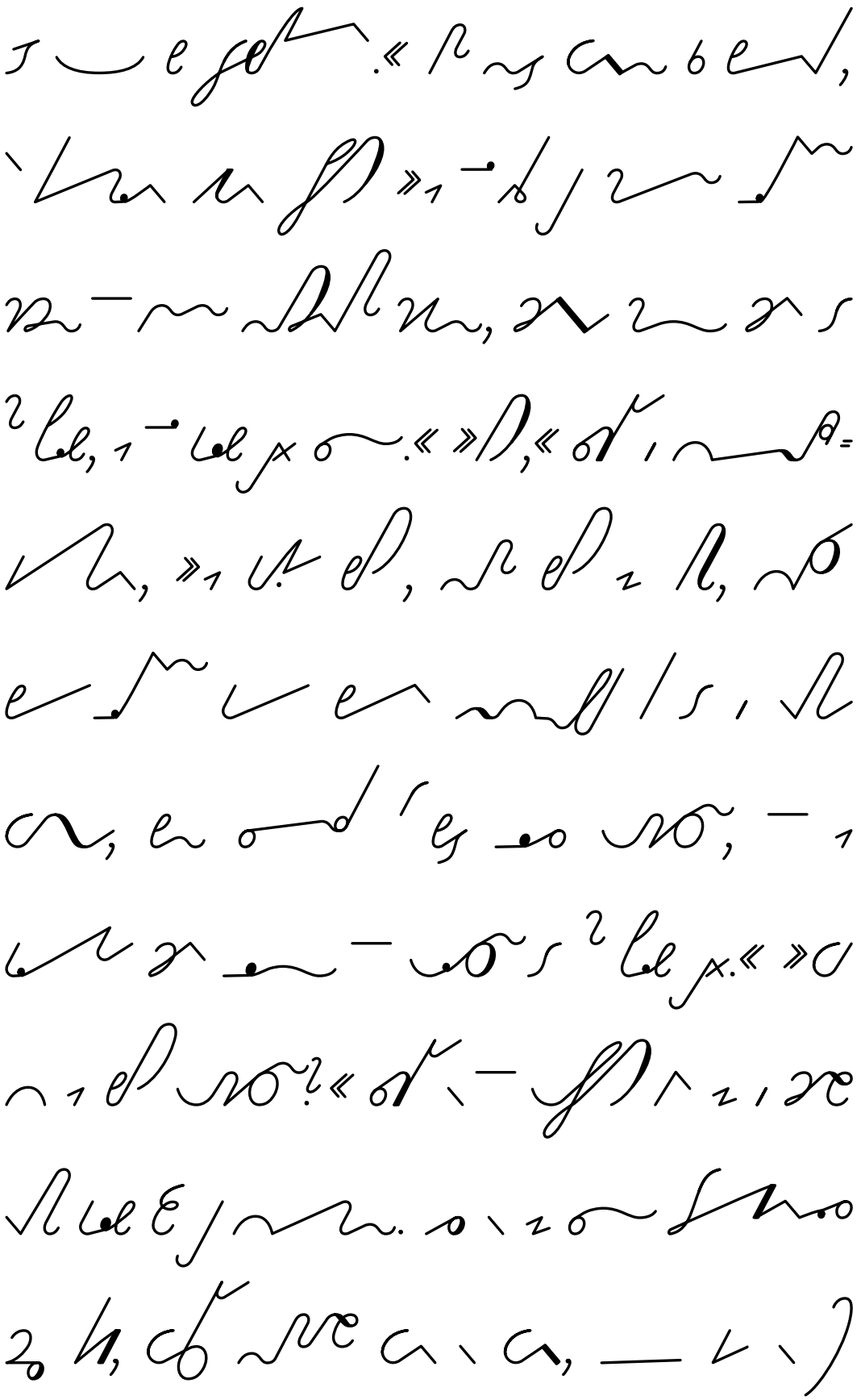

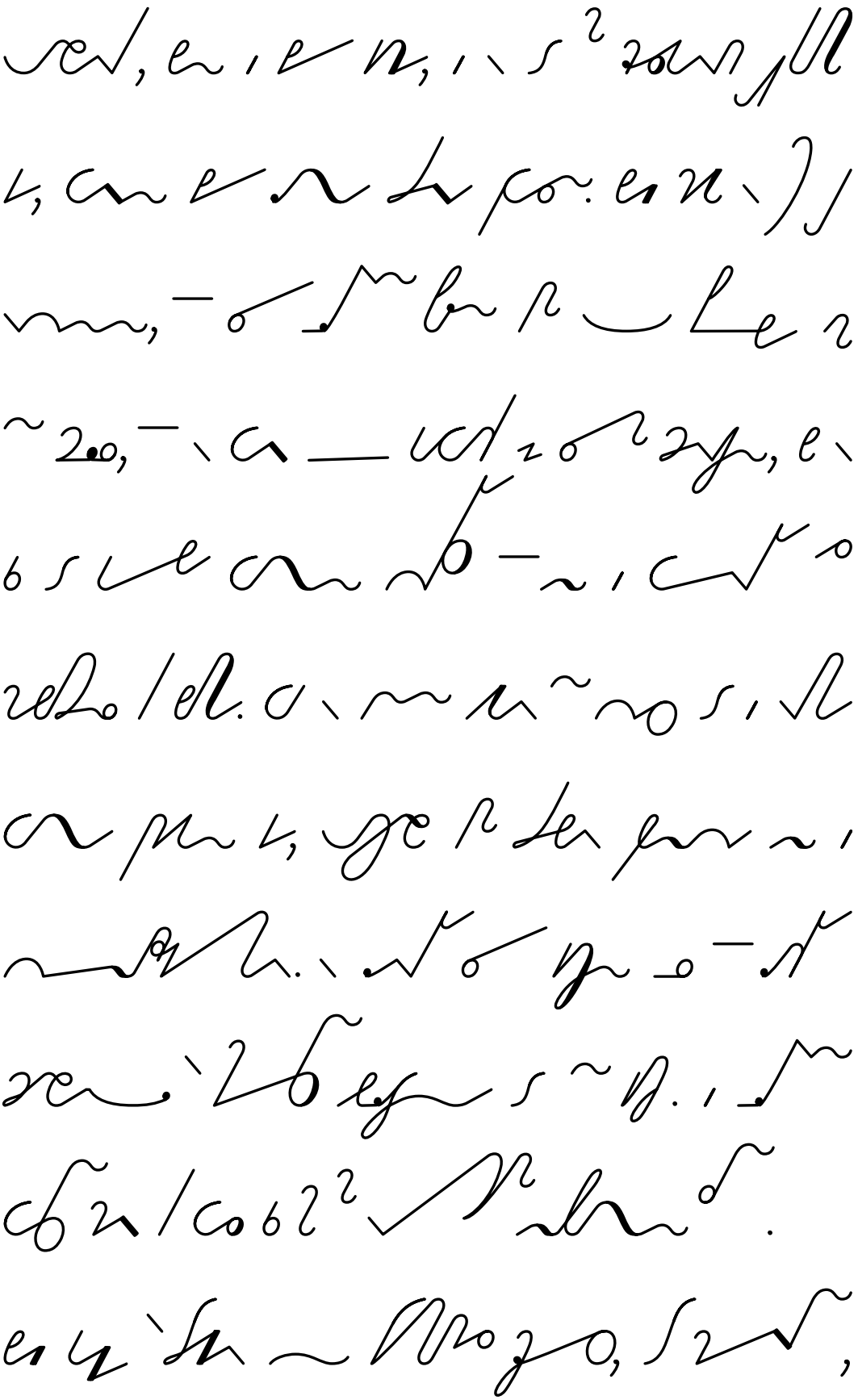

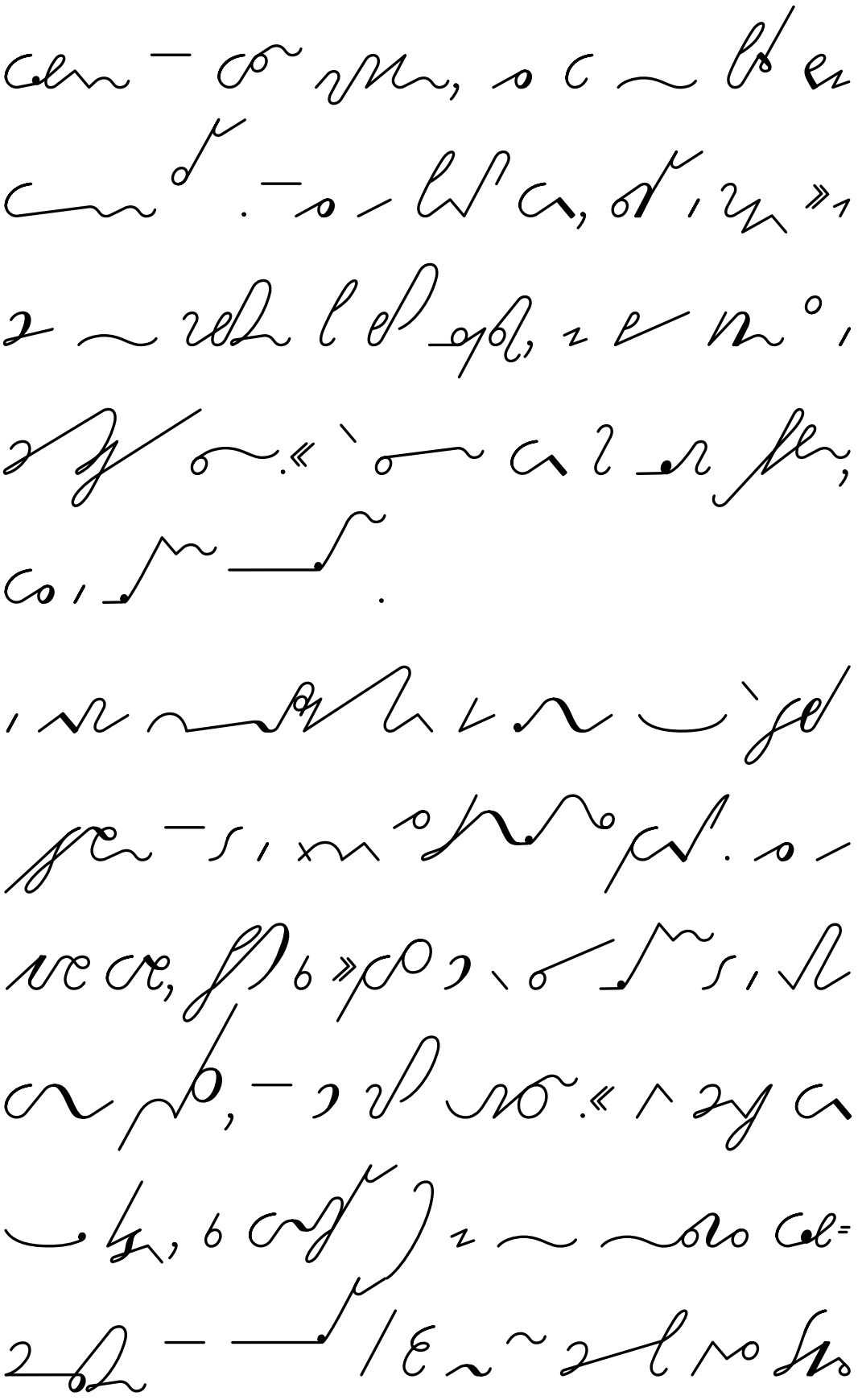

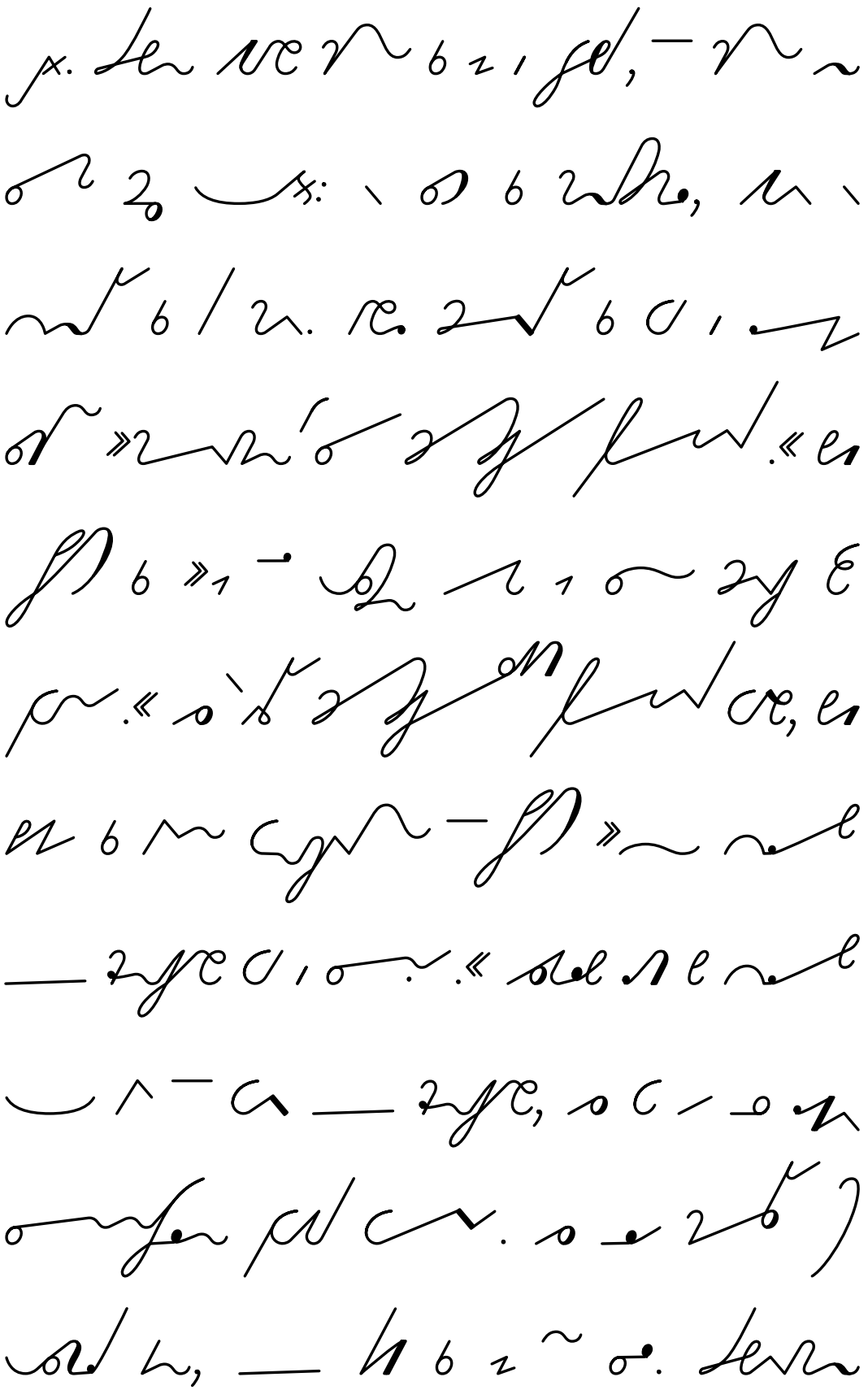

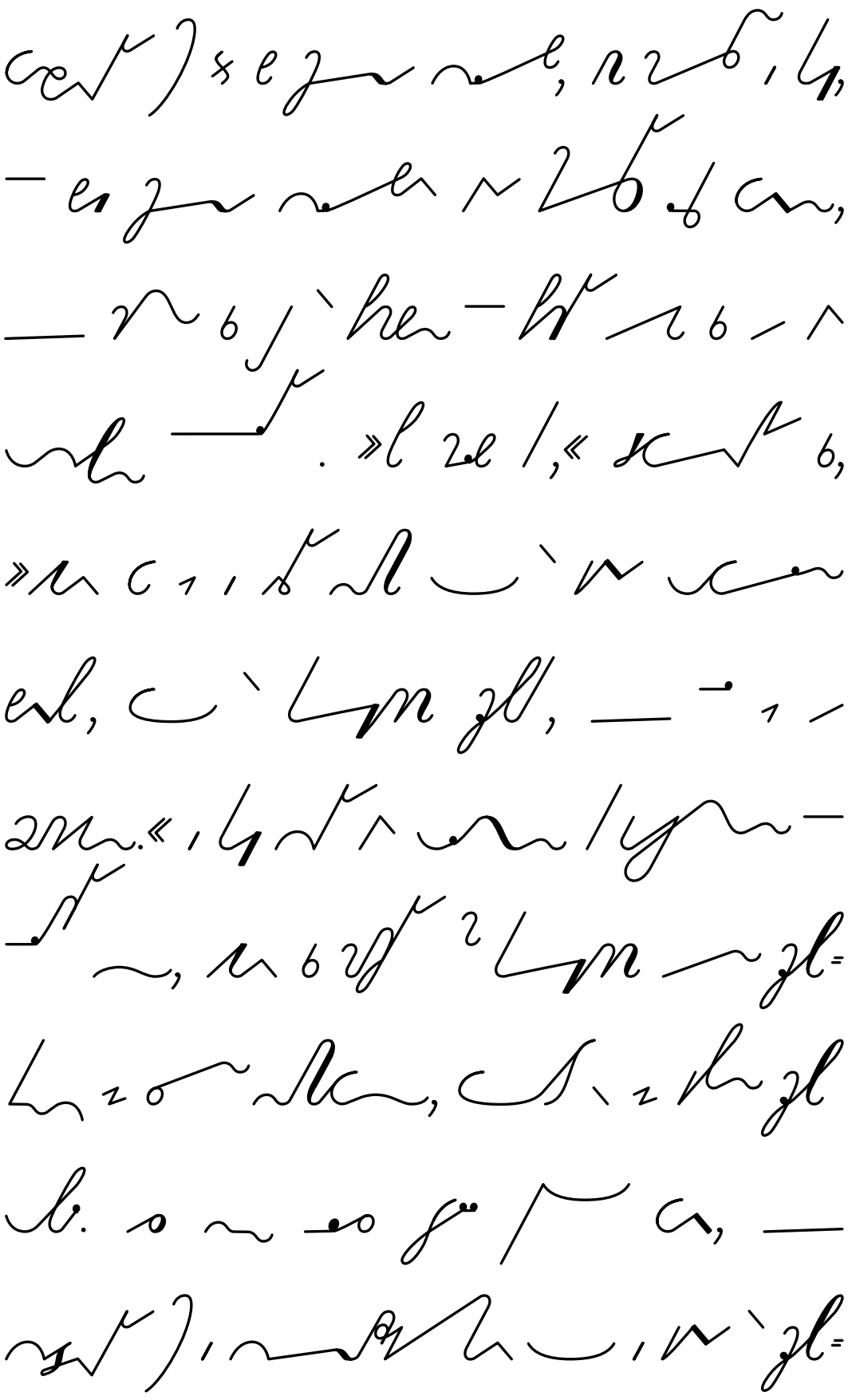

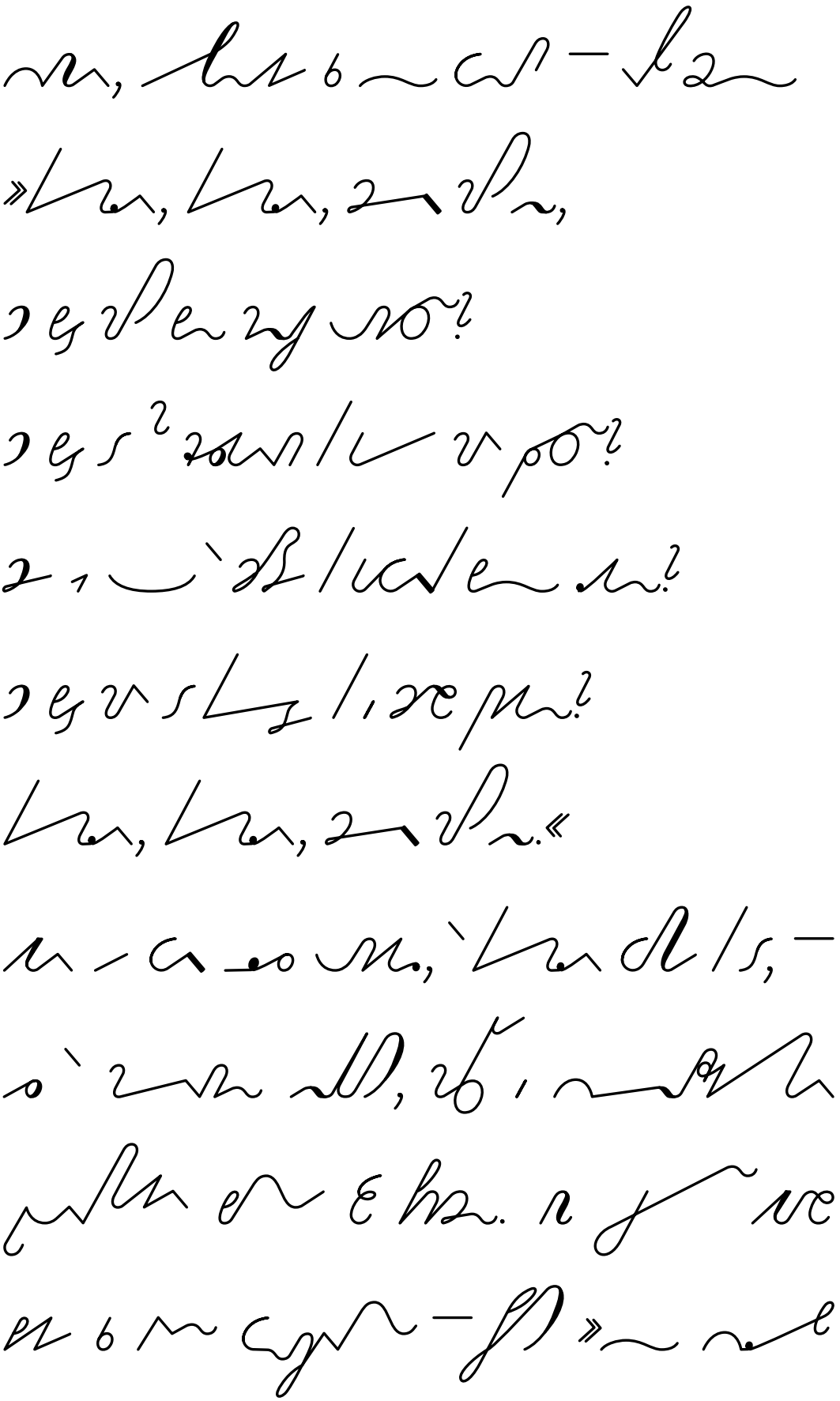

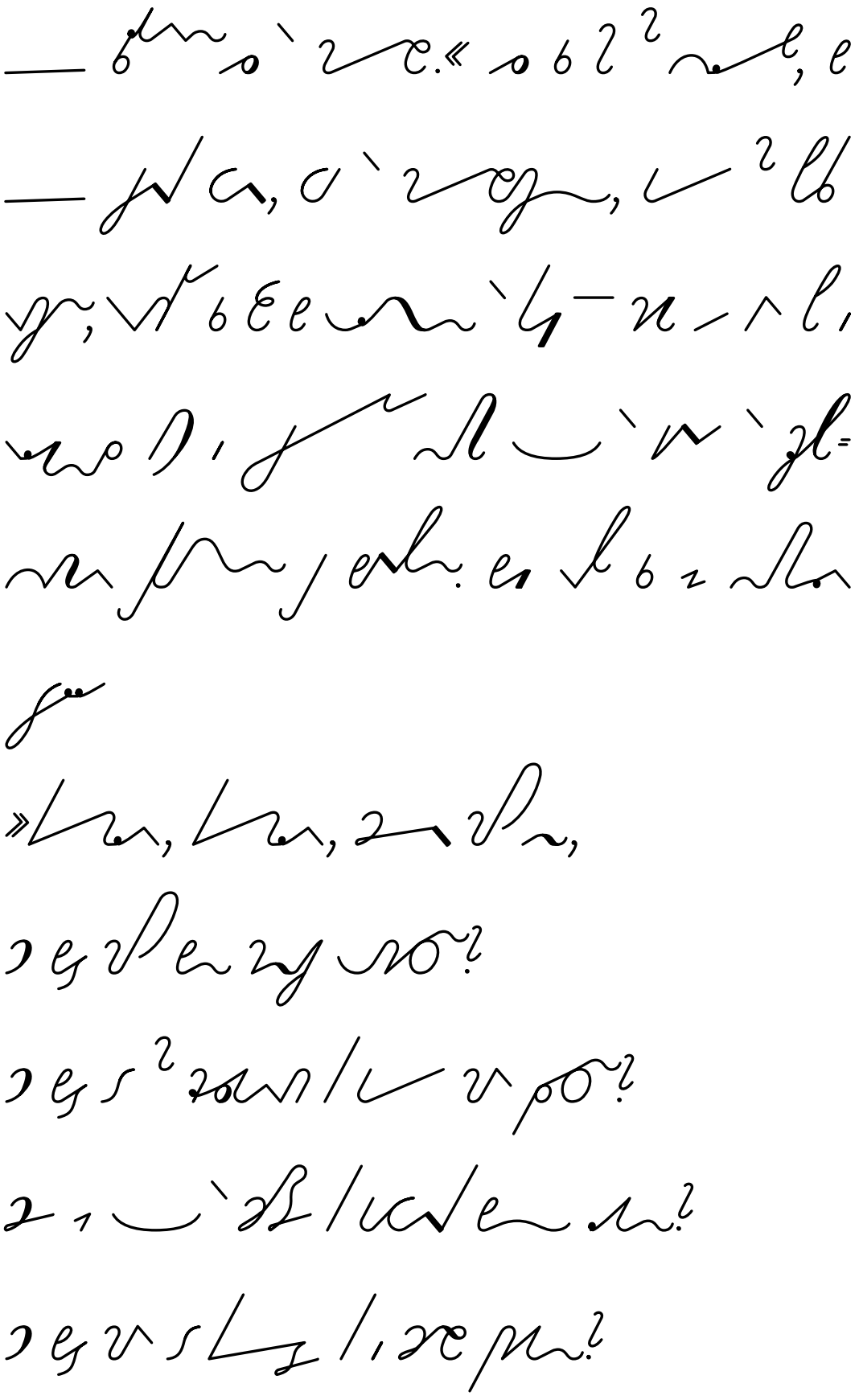

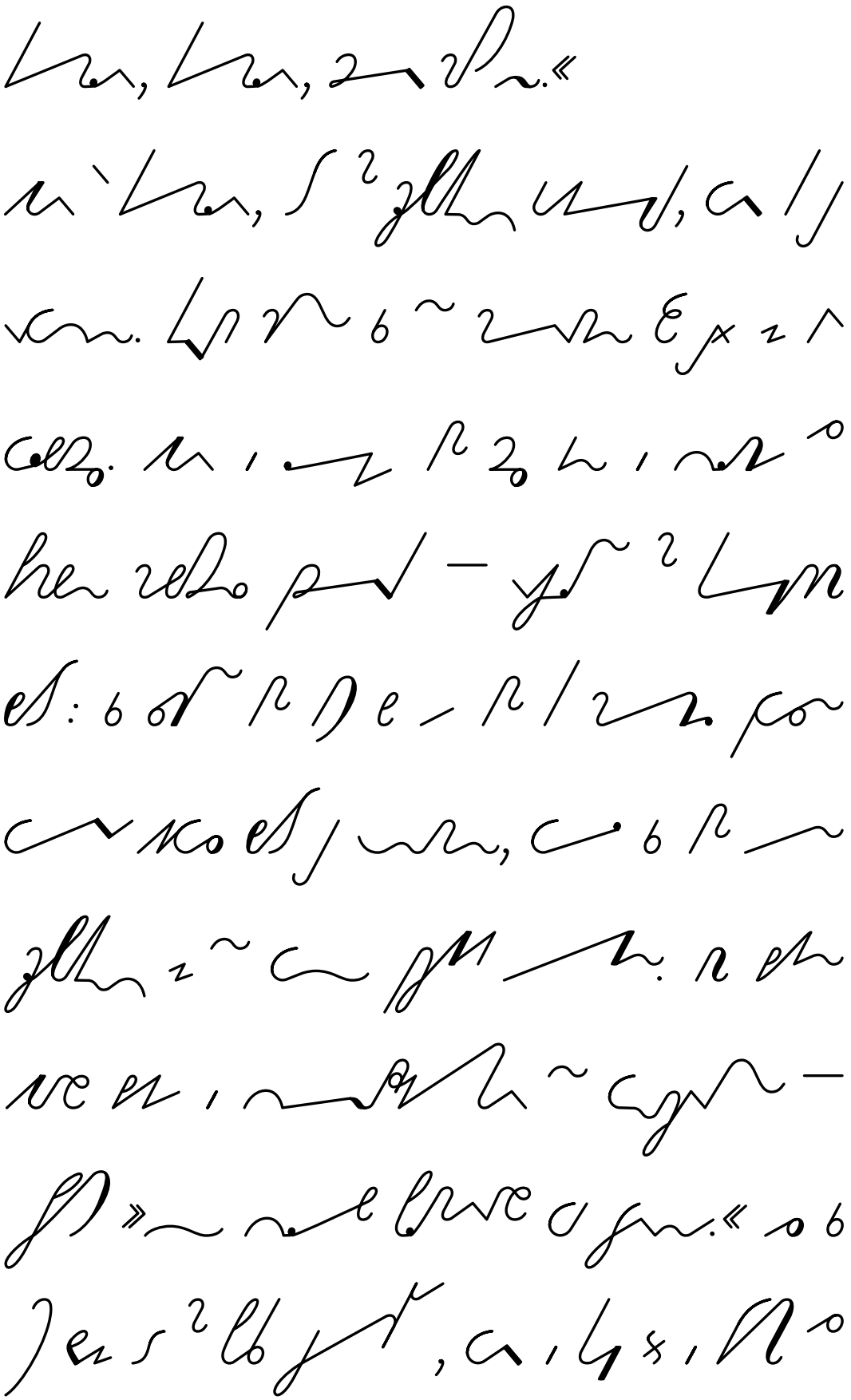

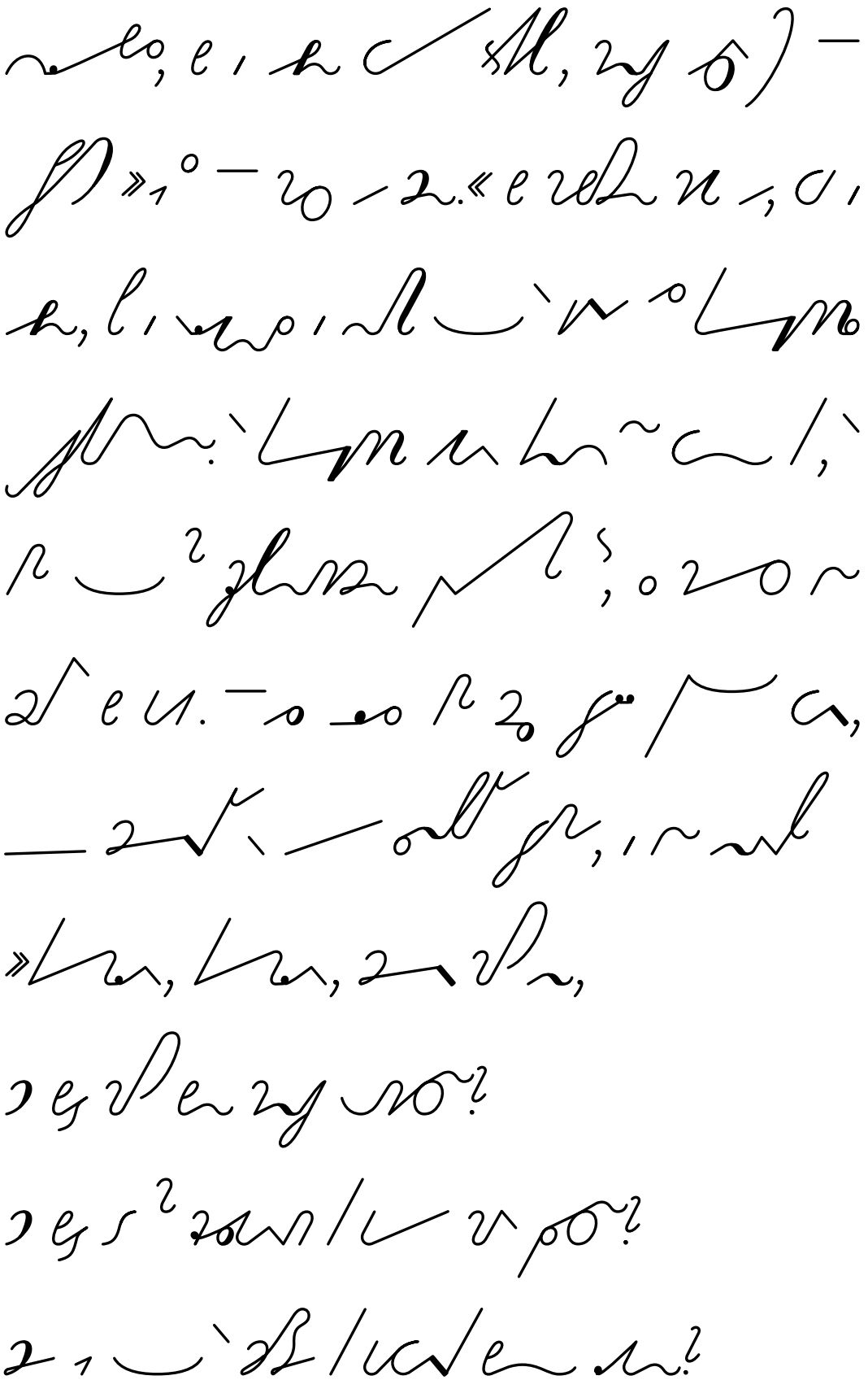

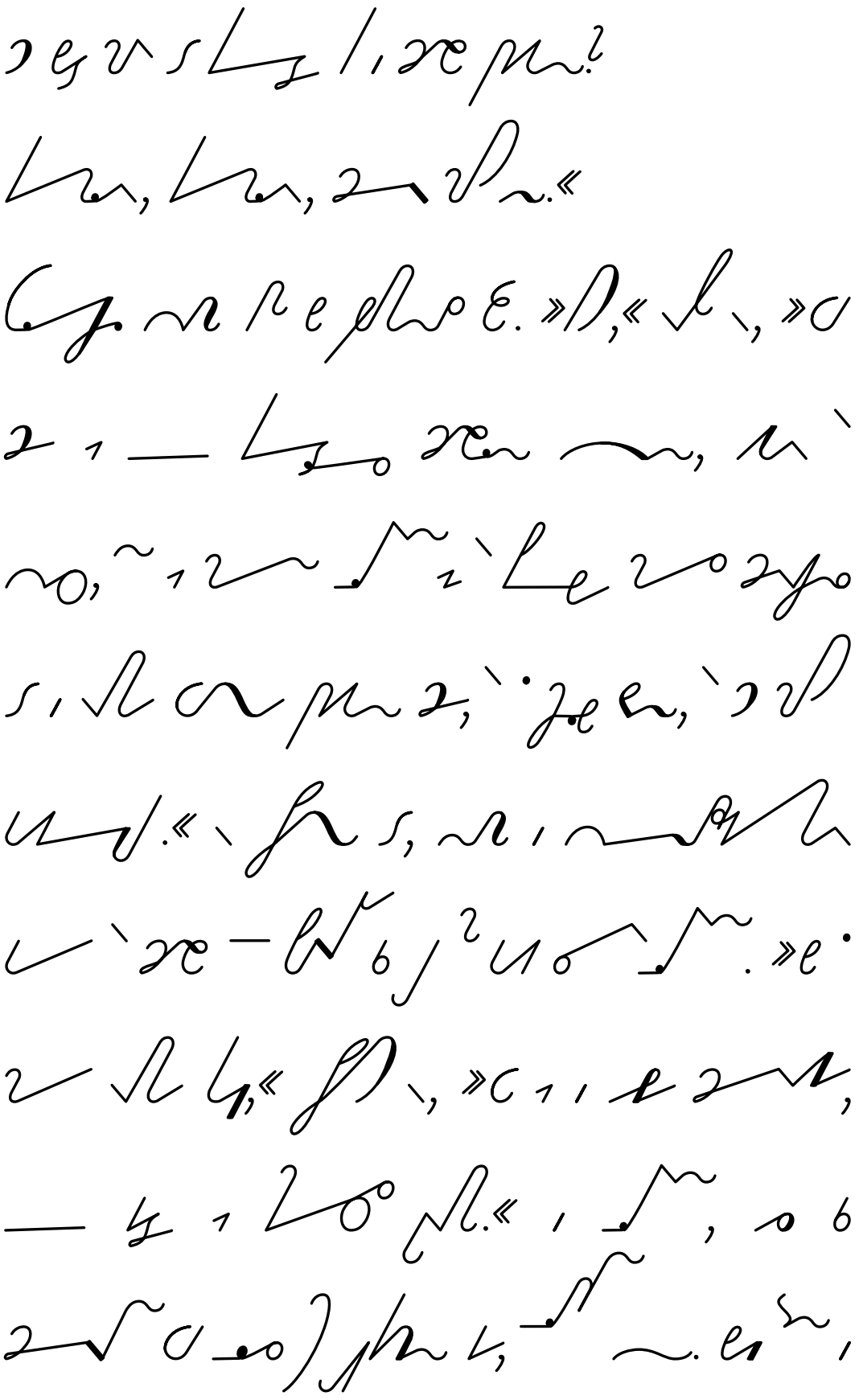

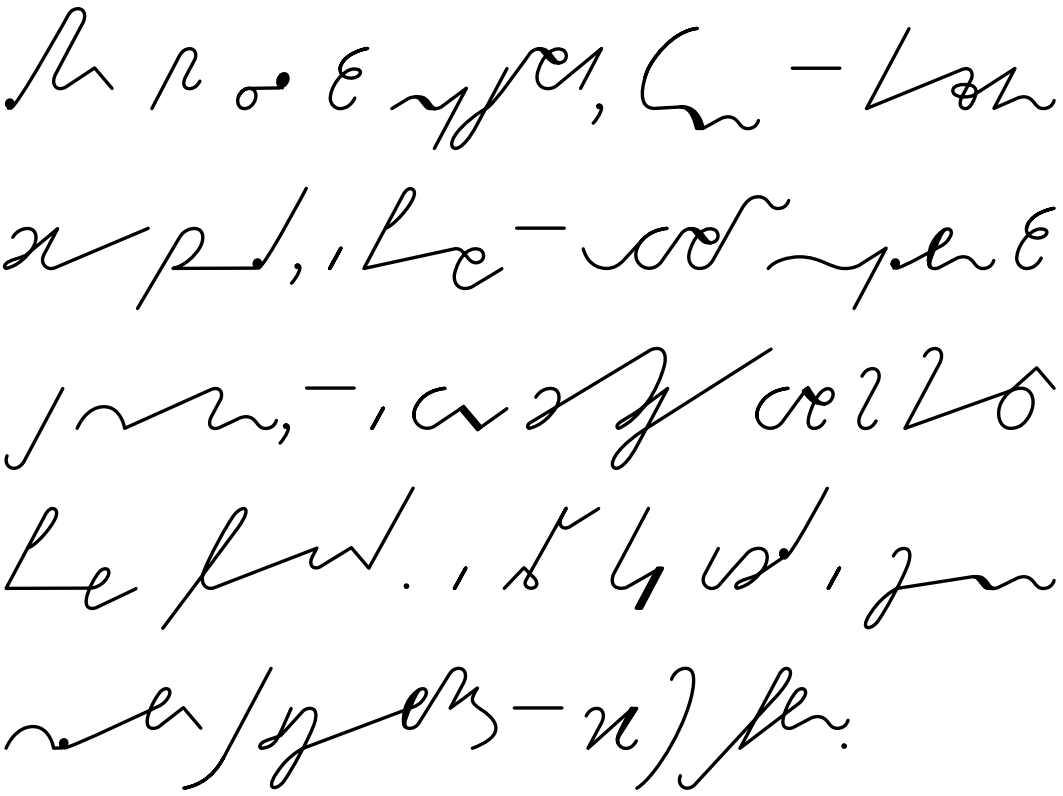

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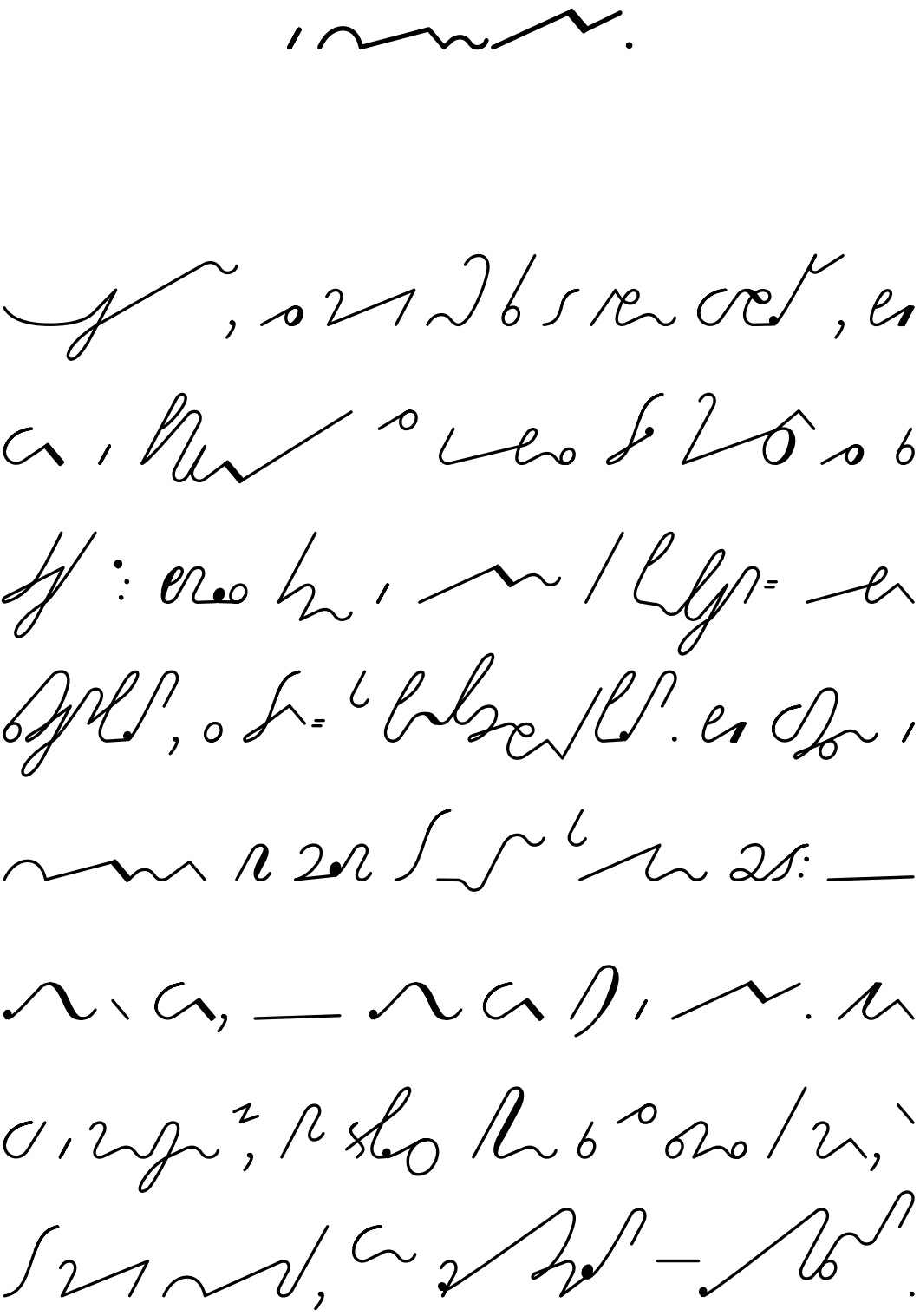

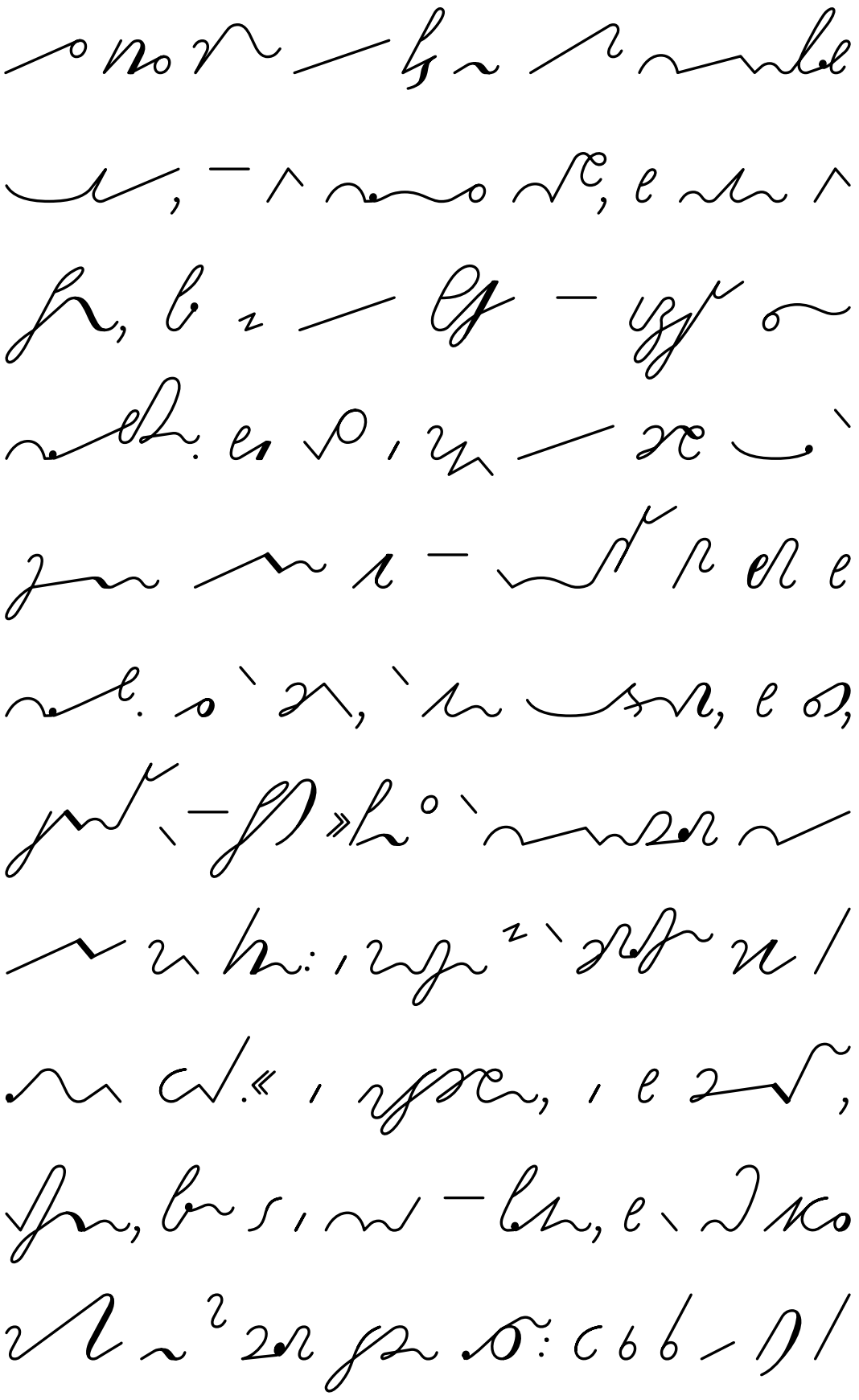

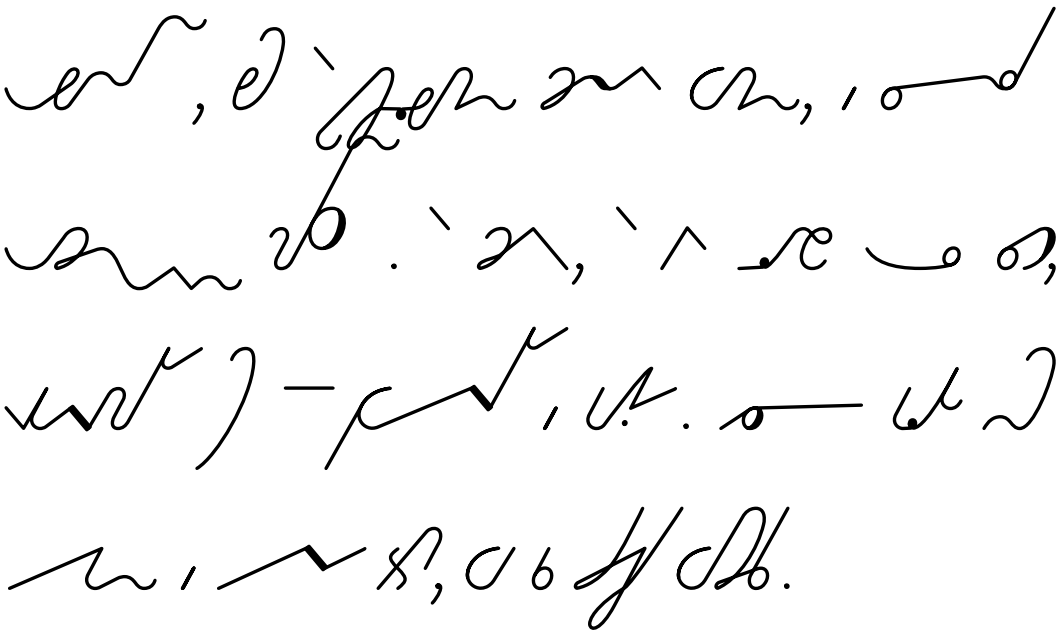

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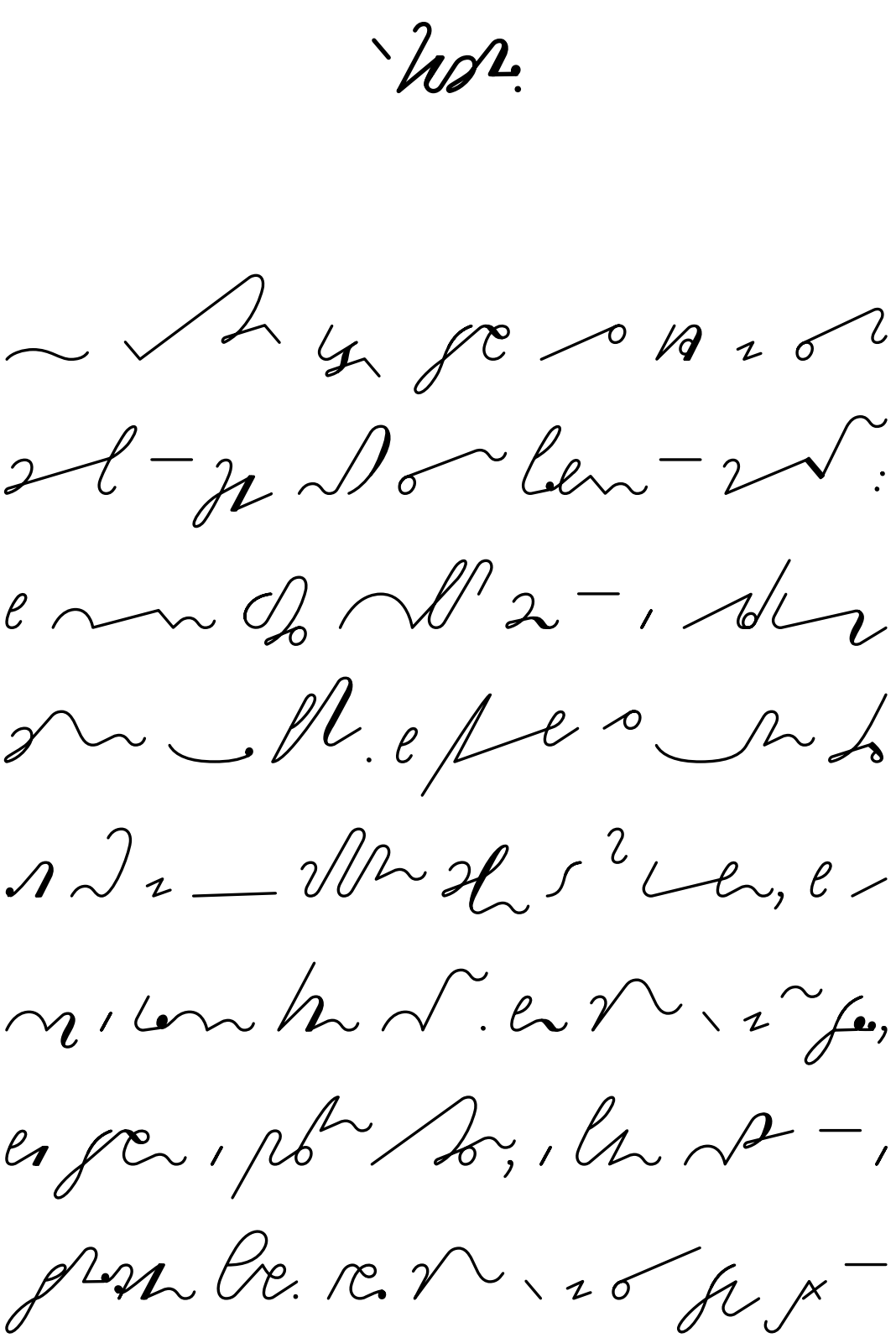
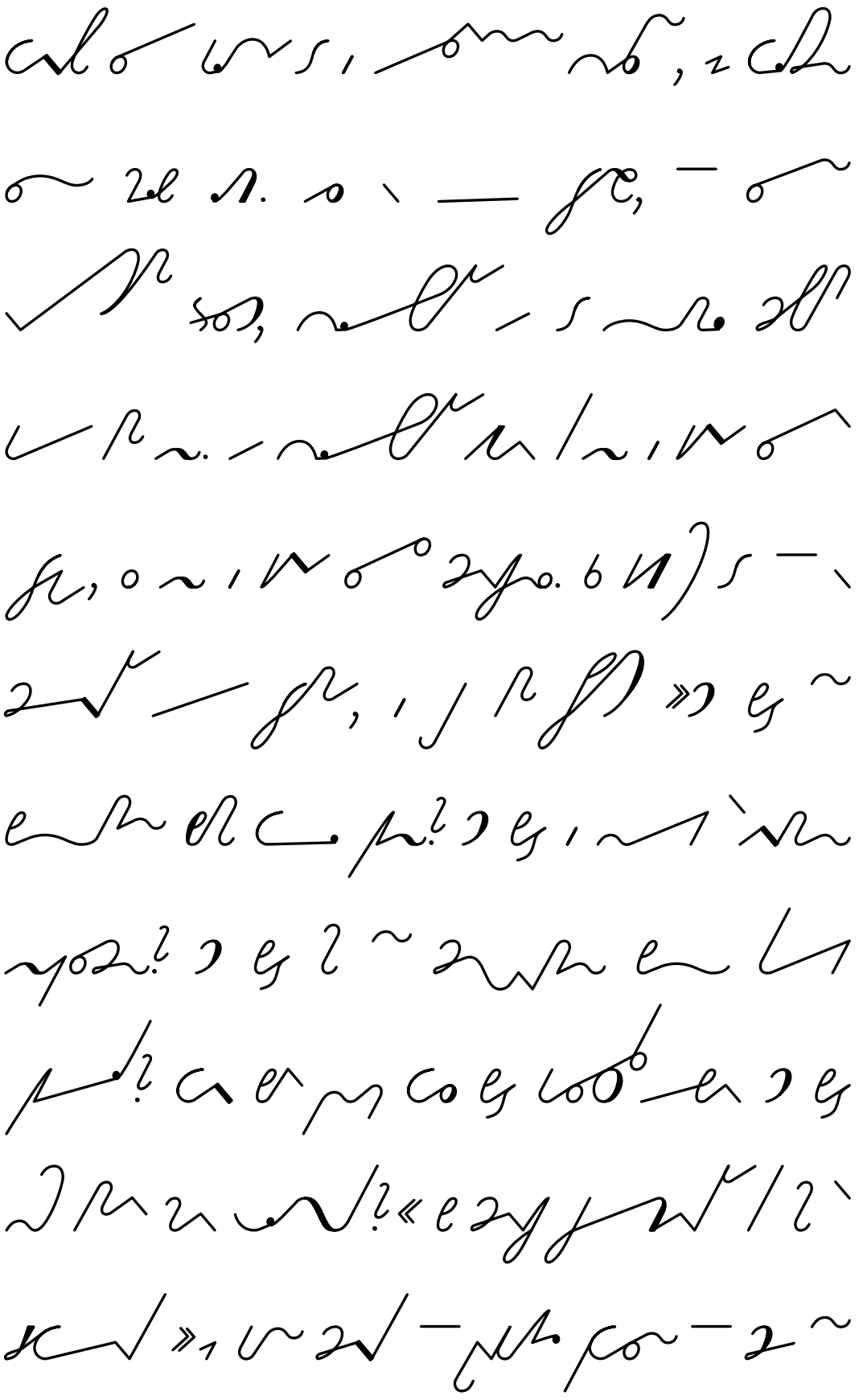
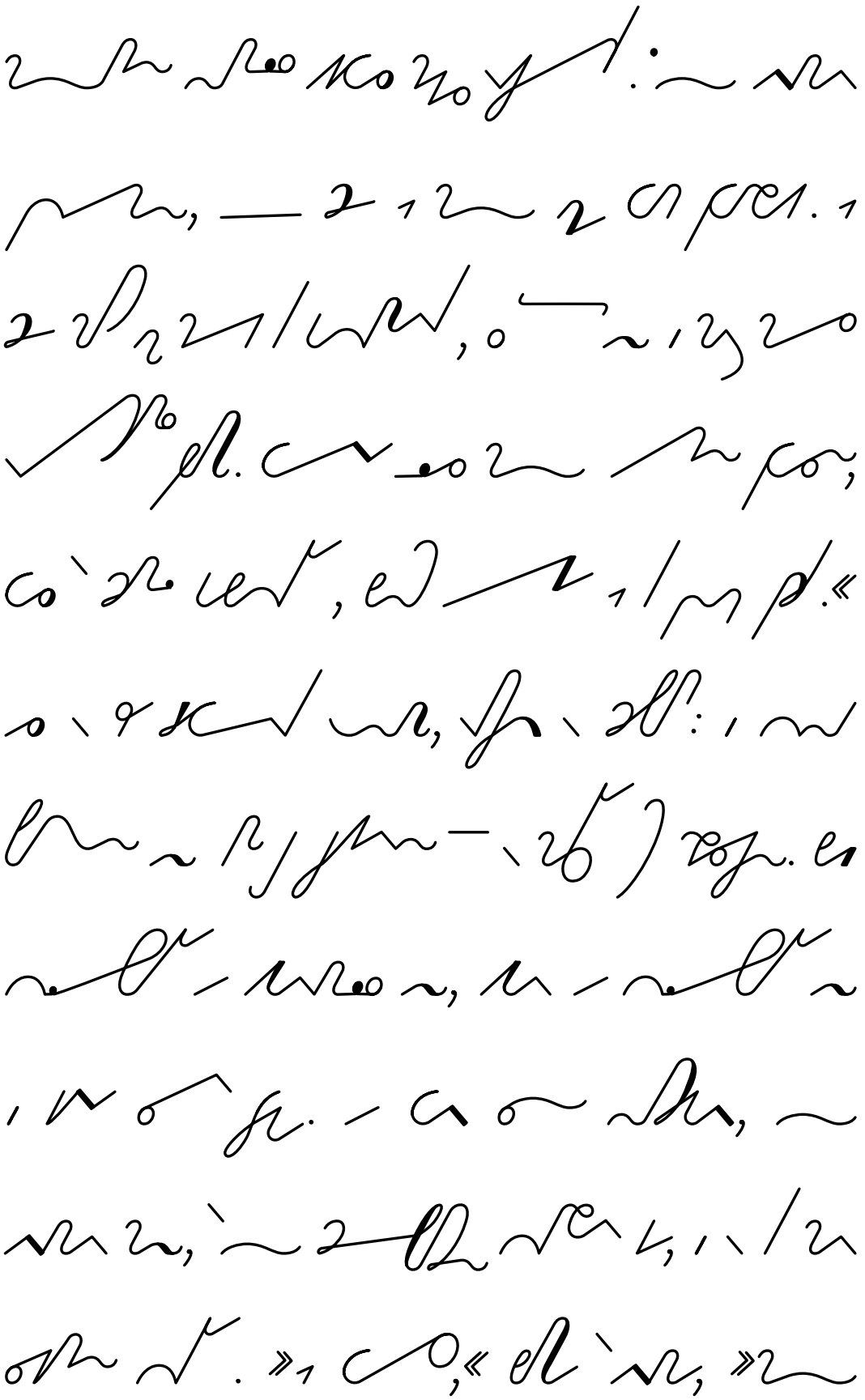
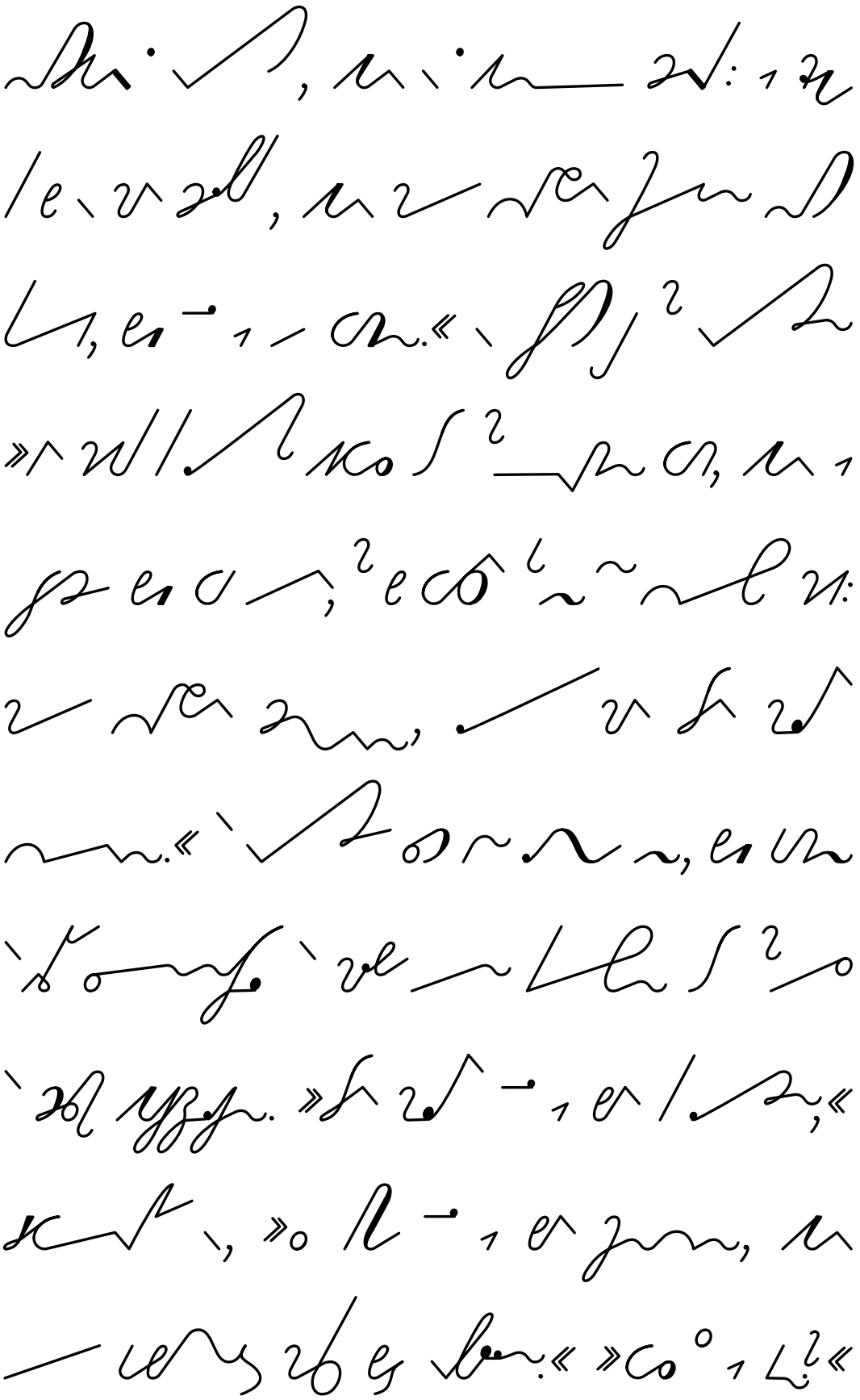
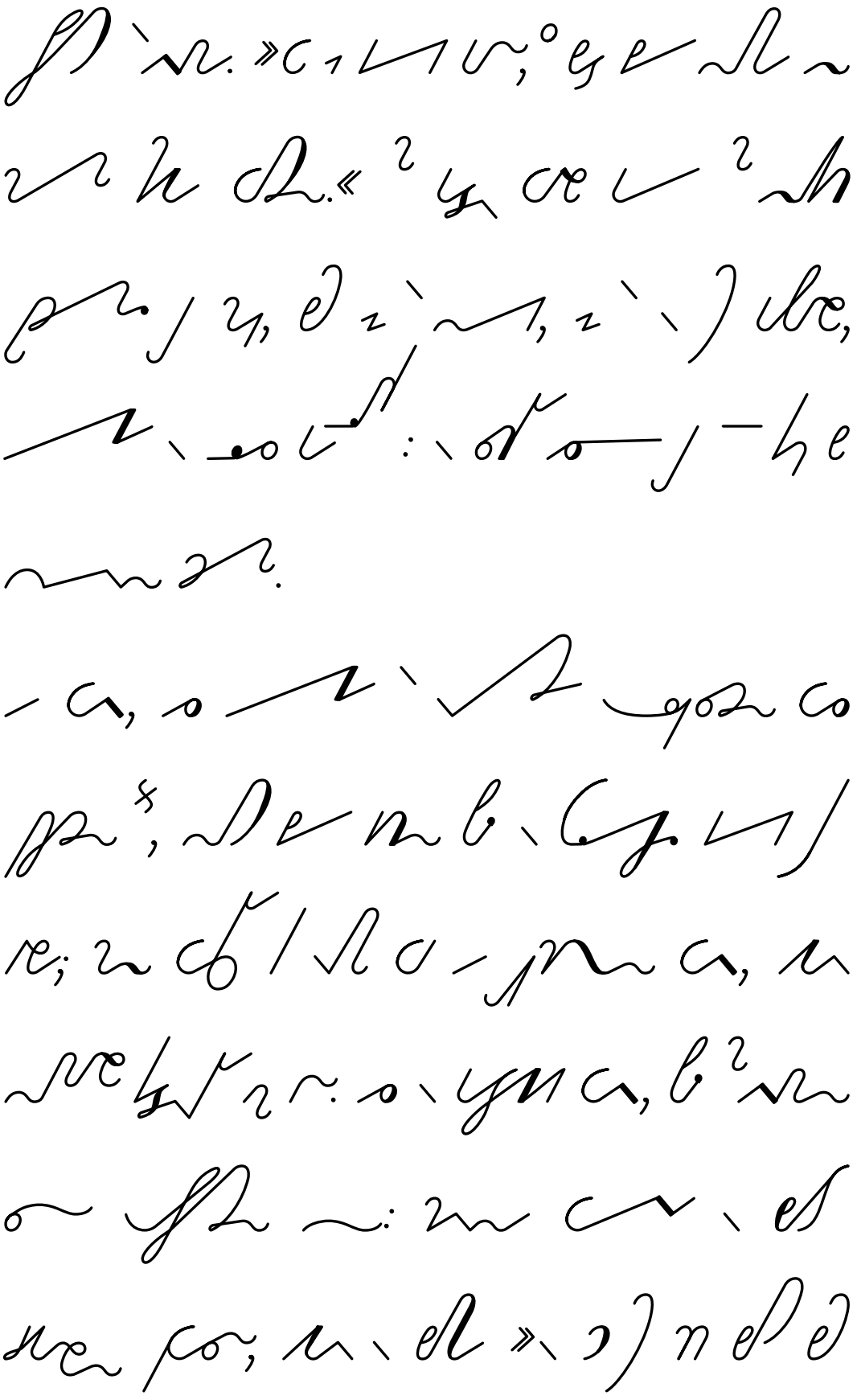
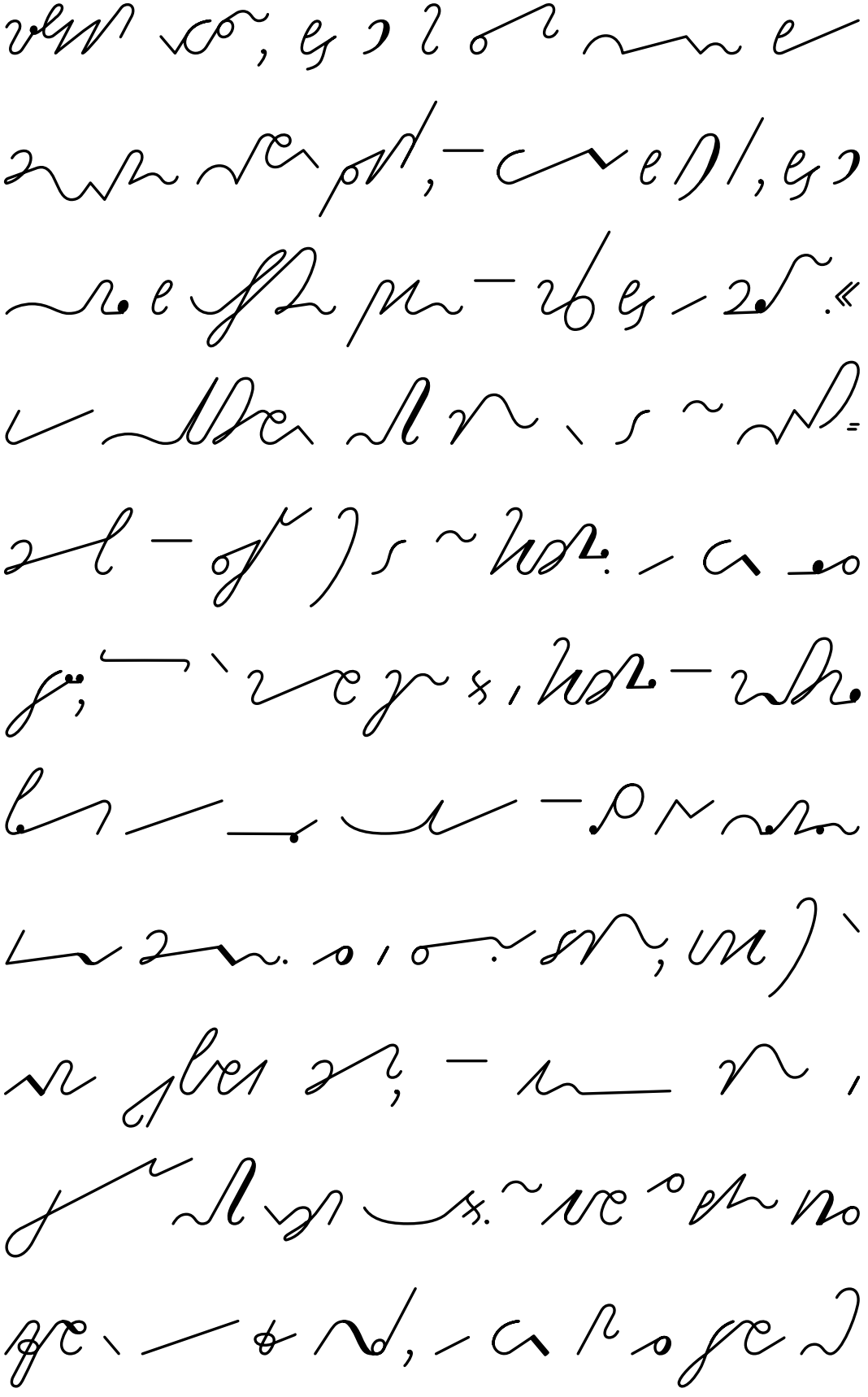


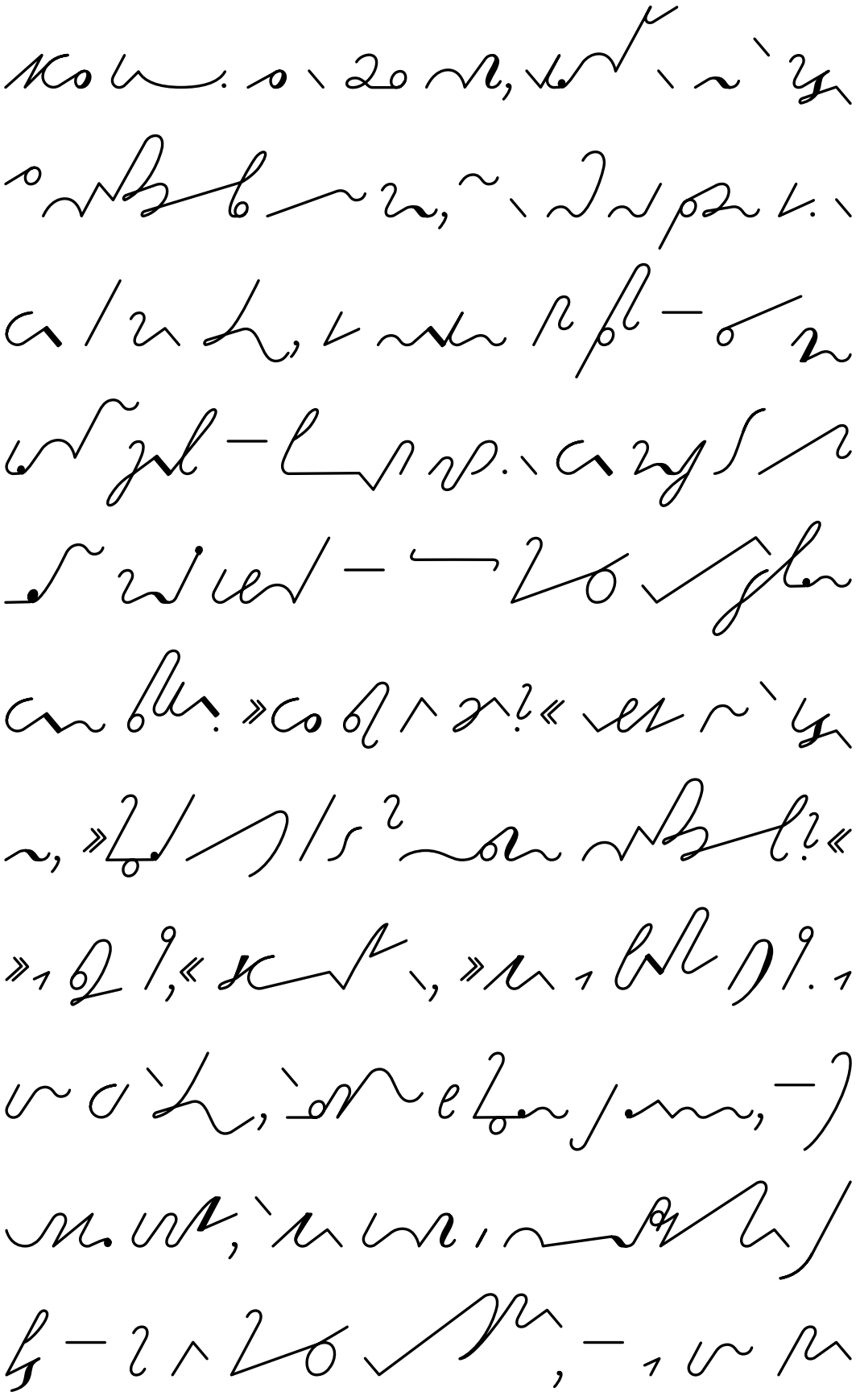


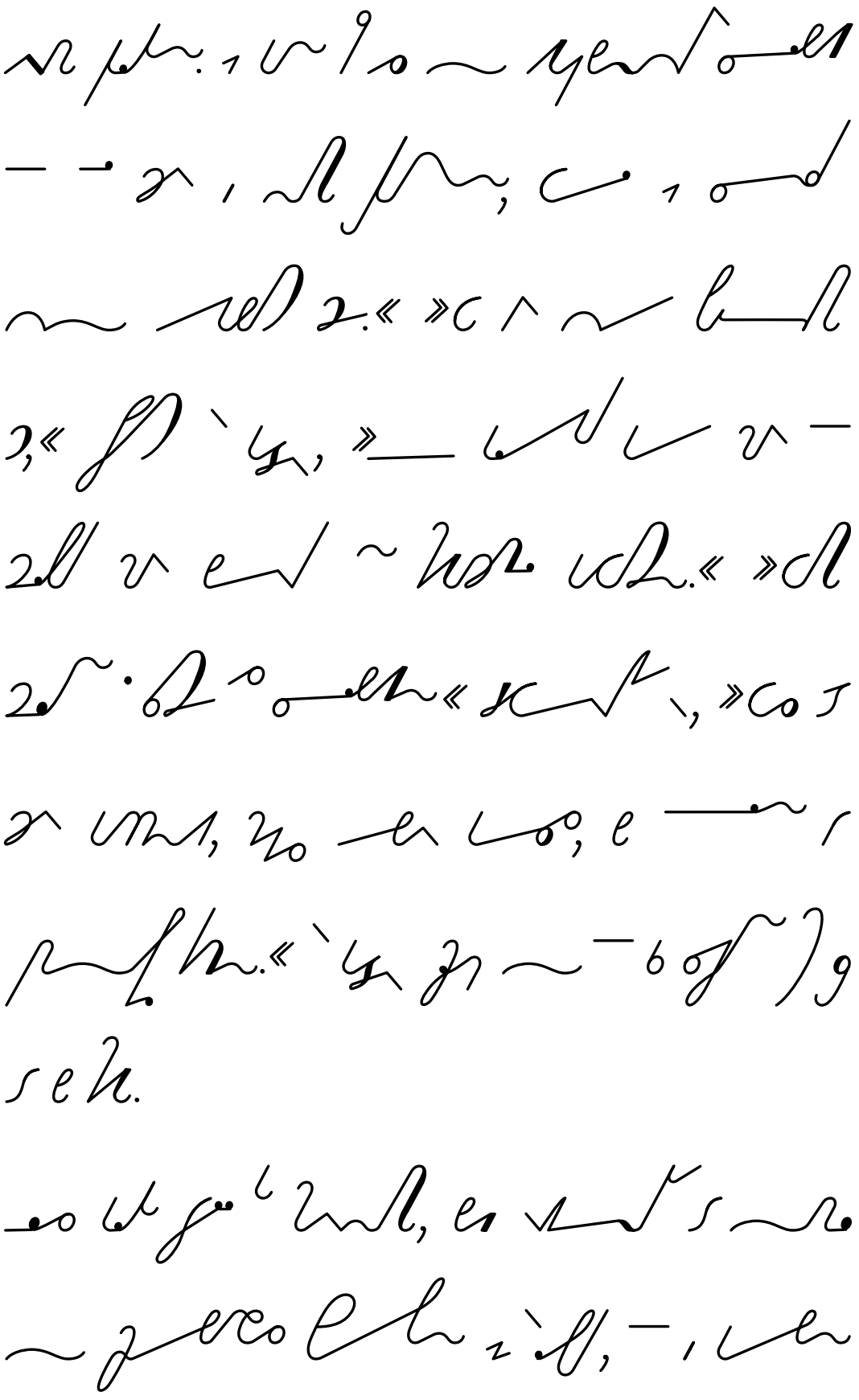


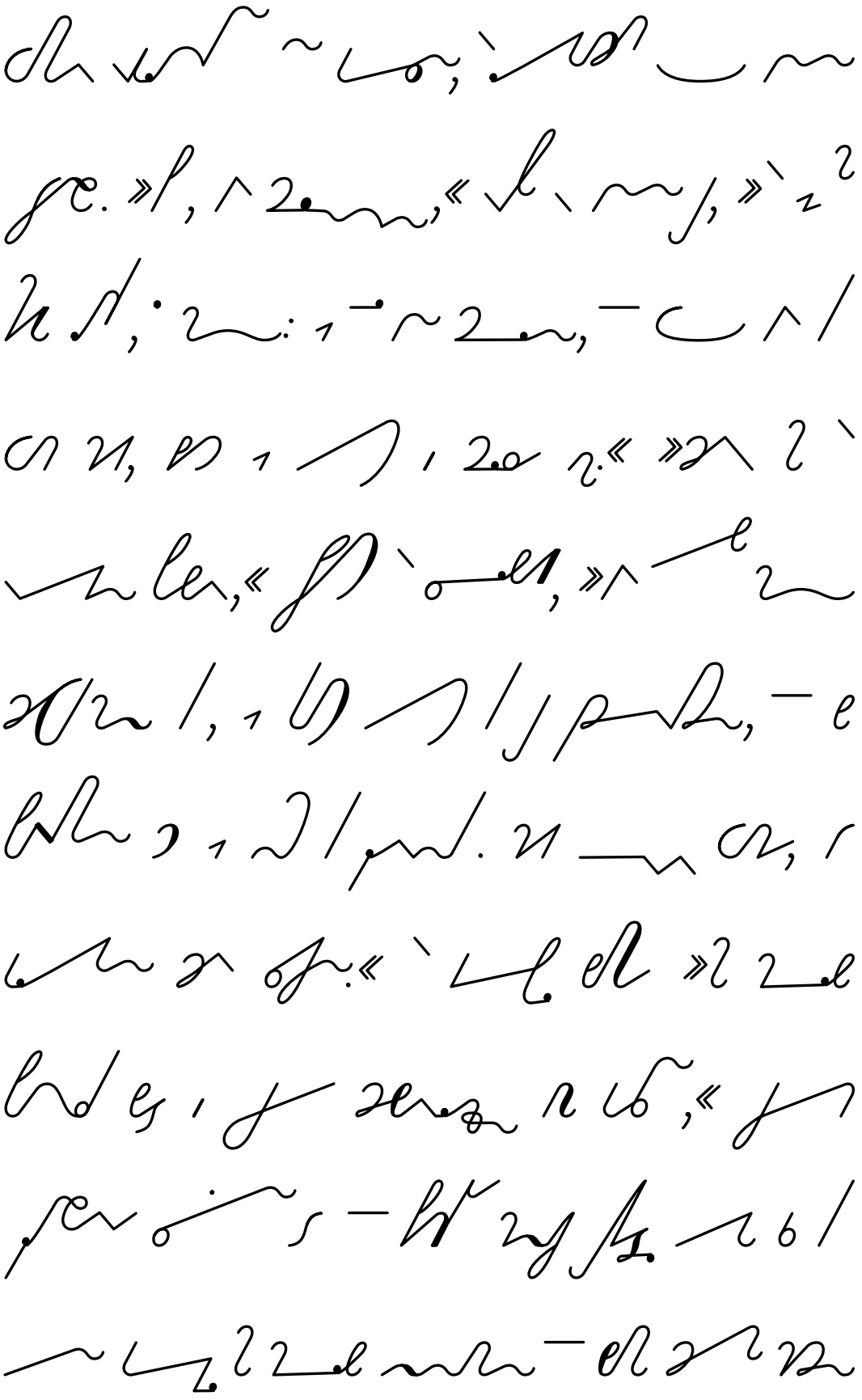


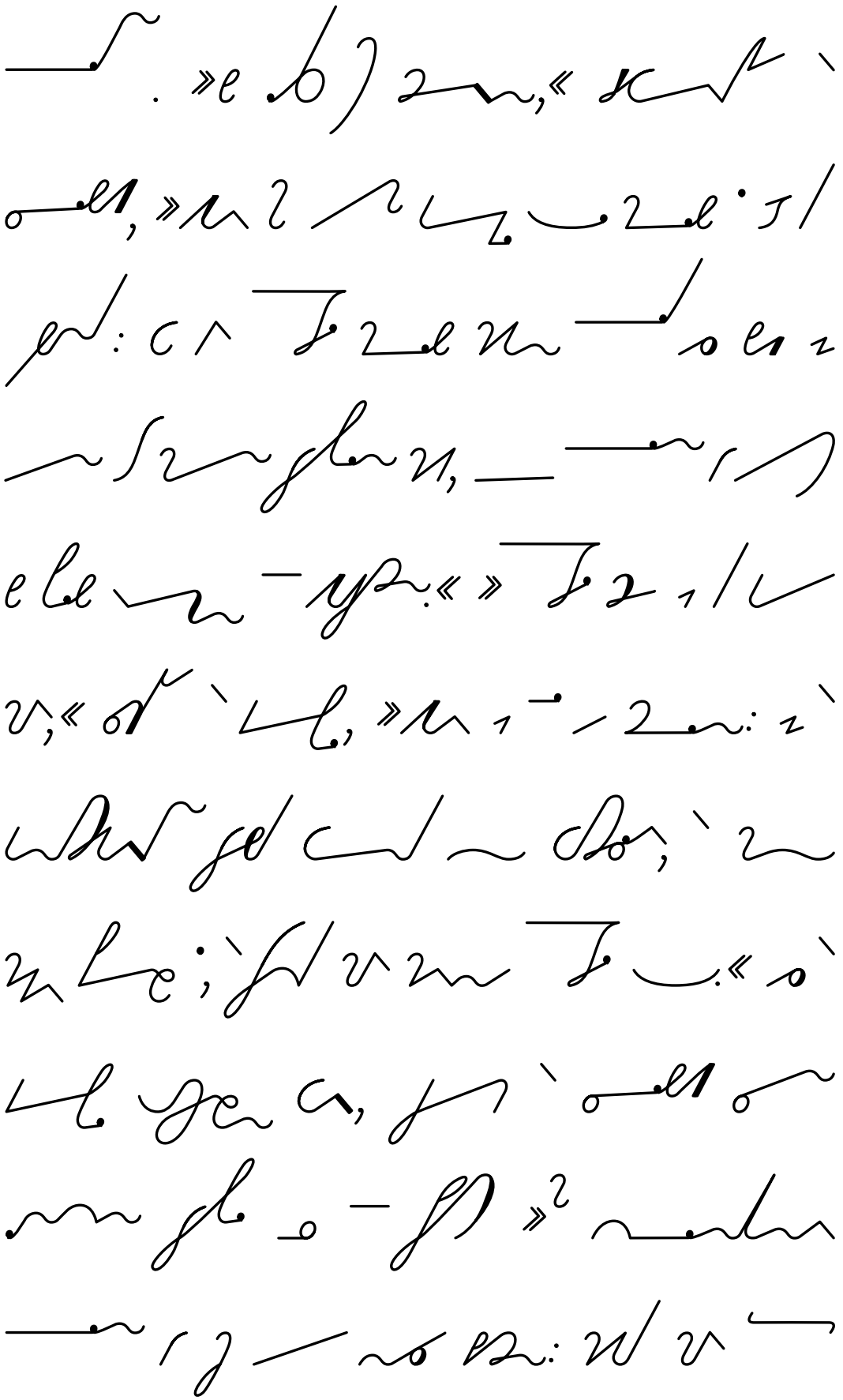


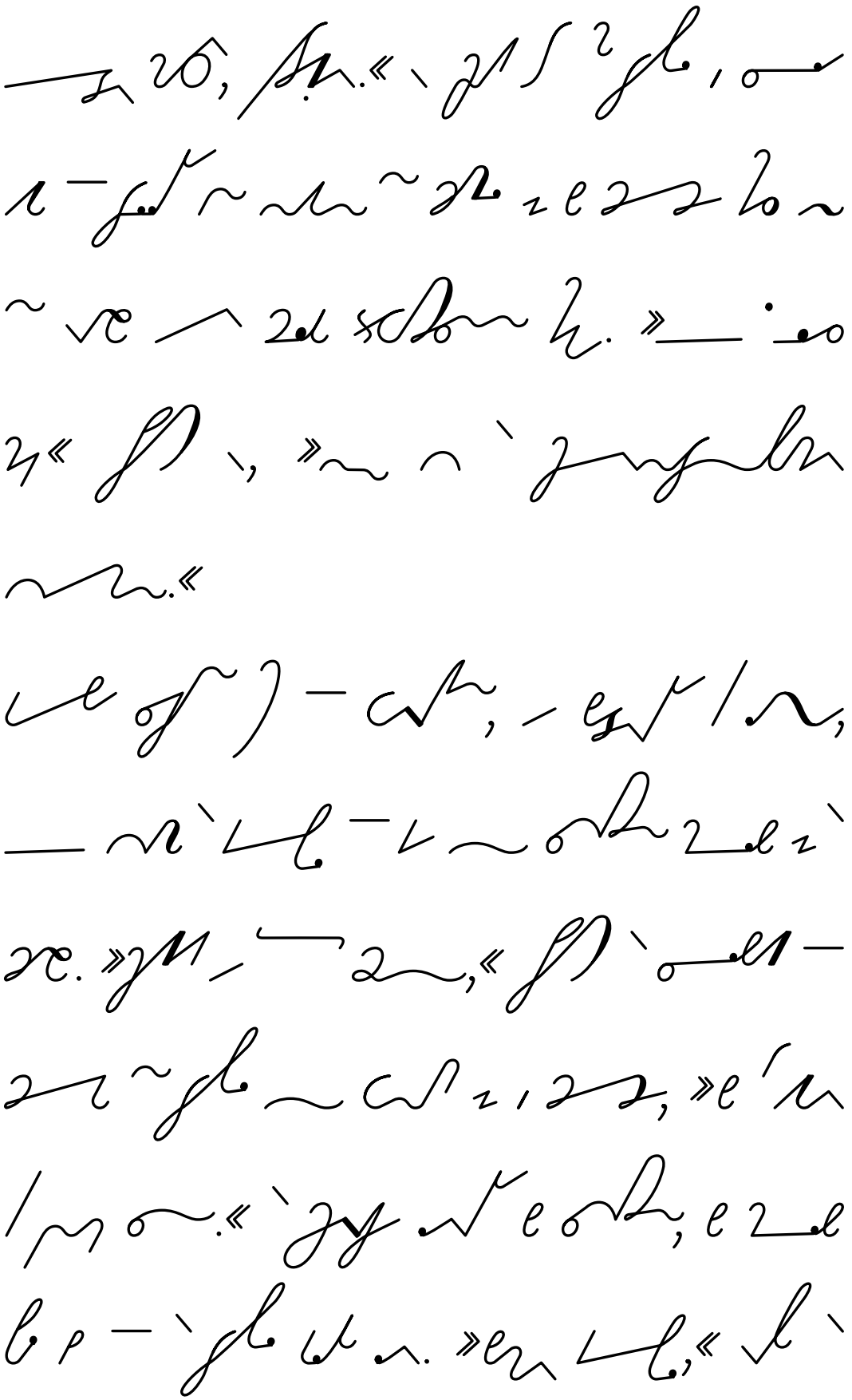


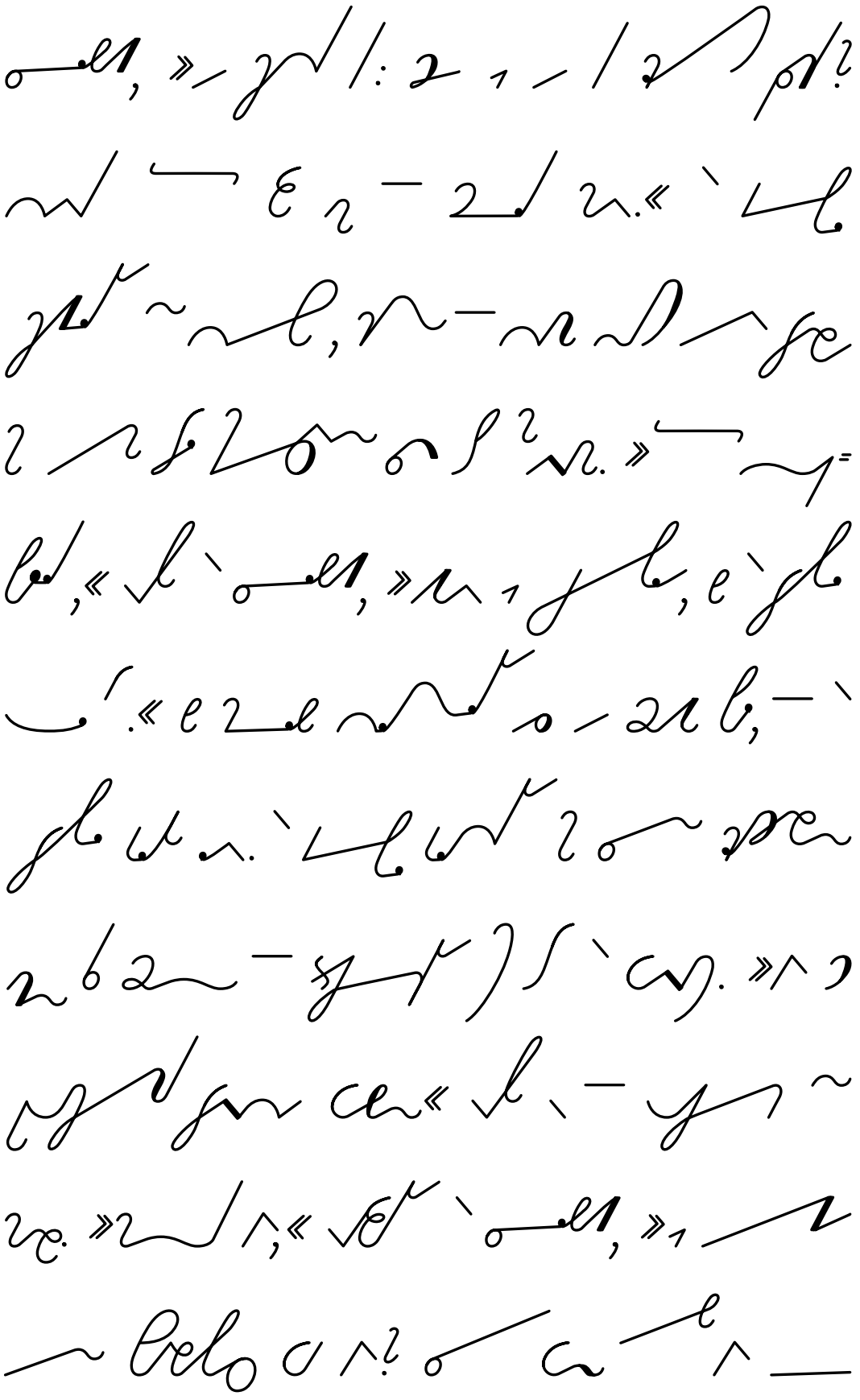


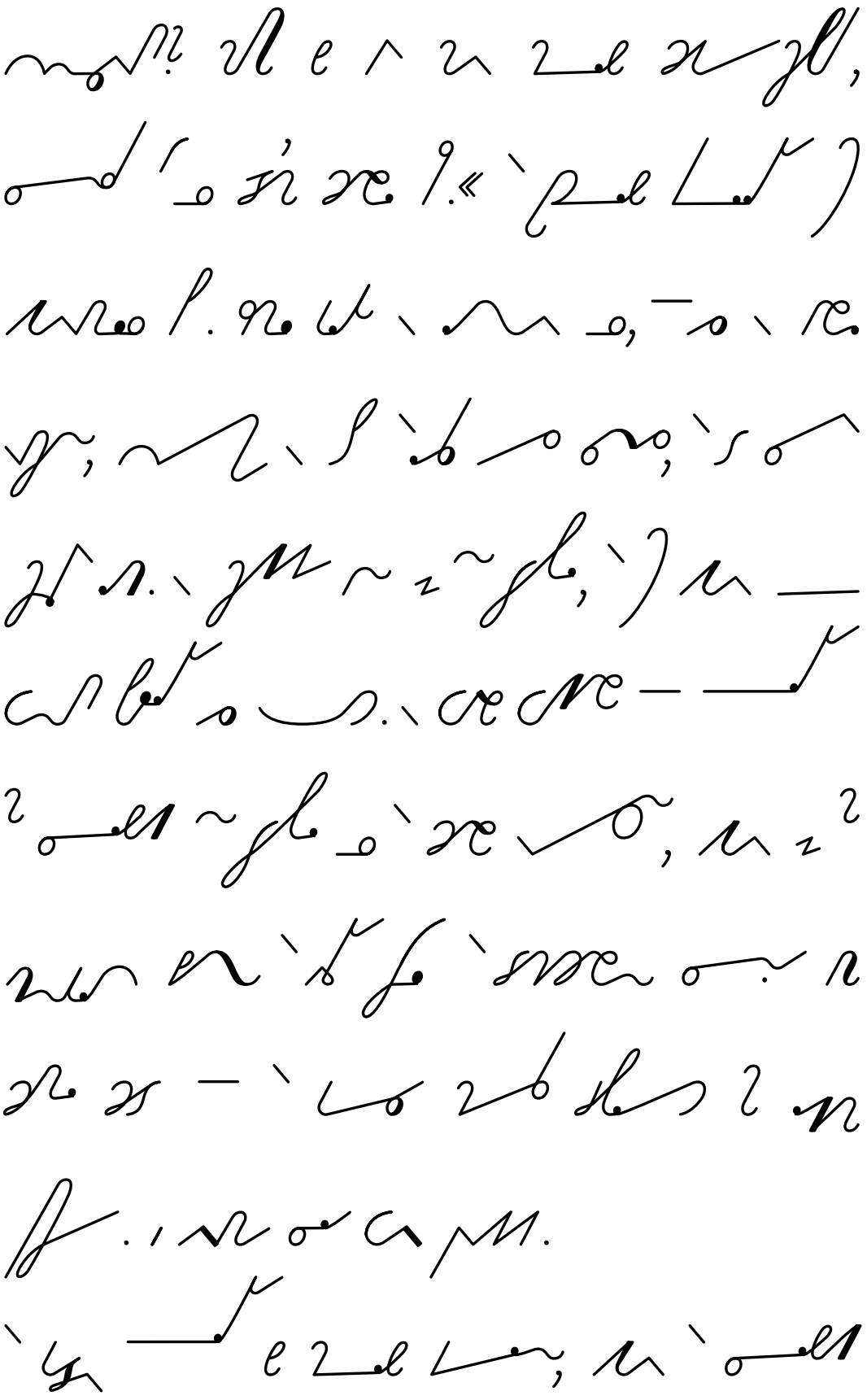


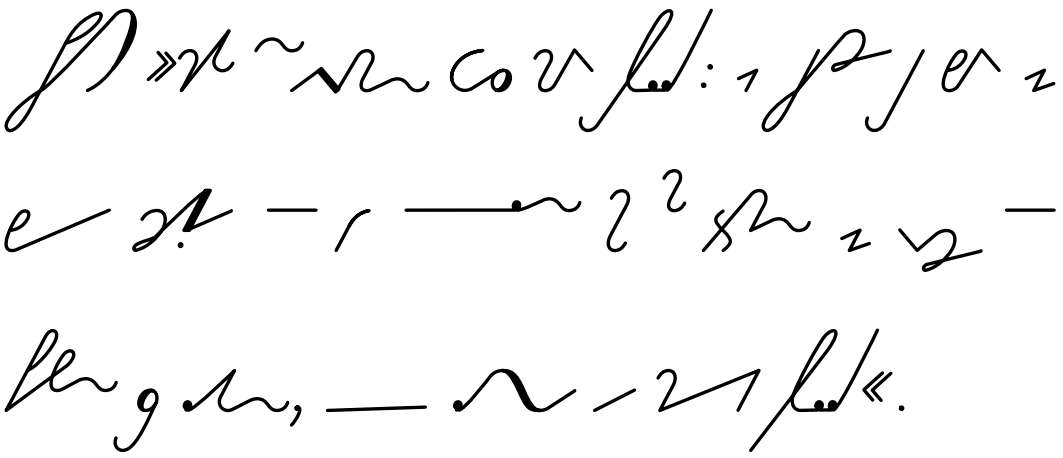












196.

Oll Rinkrank.

Dar war mal ’n König wän, un de har ’n Dochter hat: un de har ’n glasen Barg maken laten, un har segt de dar över lopen kun, an to vallen, de schull sin Dochter to ’n Fro hebben. Do is dar ok en, de mag de Königsdochter so

gärn liden, de vragt den König of he sin Dochter nich hebben schal? »Ja,« segt de König, »wenn he dar över den Barg lopen kan, an dat he valt, den schal he är hebben.« Do segt de Königsdochter den wil se dar mit hüm över lopen un wil hüm hollen, wen he war vallen schul. Do lopt se dar mit 'nanner över, un as se dar

miden up sünt, do glit de Königsdochter ut un valt, un de Glasbarg de deit sick apen, un se schütt darin hendal: un de Brögam de kan nich sen war se herdör kamen is, den de Barg het sick glick wär to dan. Do jammert un went he so väl, un de König is ok so trorig un let den Barg dar wedder weg bräken un ment

he wil är wedder ut krigen, man se könt de Stä ni finnen wär se hendal vallen is. Ünnertüsken is de Königsdochter ganz dep in de Grunt in 'n grote Höl kamen. Do kumt är dar 'n ollen Kärl mit 'n ganzen langen grauen Bart to möt, un de segt wen se sin Magd wäsen wil un all don wat he bevelt, den schal se läven

bliven, anners wil he är üm-
bringen. Do deit se all wat he
är segt. «S Morgens den
kricht he sin Ledder ut de Task
un legt de an den Barg un
sticht darmit to'n Barg henut:
un den lukt he de Ledder na
sick ümhoch mit sick henup.
Un den mut se sin Äten kaken
und sin Bedd maken un all sin
Arbeit don, un den, wen he

wedder in Hus kumt, den bringt he alltit 'n Hüpen Golt un Sülver mit. As se al väl jaren bi em wäsen is un al ganz olt wurden is, do het he är Fro Mansrot, un se möt hüm oll Rinkrank heten. Do is he ok ins enmal ut, do makt se hüm sin Bedd un waskt sin Schöttels, un do makt se de Dören un Vensters all dicht to,

un do is dar so'n Schuf wäsen, war 't Lecht herin schint het, dat let se apen. As d'oll Rink-rank do wedder kumt, do klopt he an sin Dör un röpt »Fro Mansrot, do mi d' Dör apen.« »Na,« segt se, »ik do di, oll Rinkrank, d'Dör nich apen.« Do segt he

»hir sta ik arme Rinkrank
up min söventein Benen lank

up min en vergüllen Vot,

Fro Mansrot, wask mi d'Schöt-

tels.«

»'k heb din Schöttels al wusken« segt se. Do segt he wedder

»hir sta ik arme Rinkrank

up min söventein Benen lank,

up min en vergüllen Vot,

Fro Mansrot, mak mi 't Bedd.«

»'k heb din Bedd al makt« segt

se. Do segt he wedder

»hir sta ik arme Rinkrank

up min söventein Benen lank,

up min en vergüllen Vot,

Fro Mansrot, do mi d' Dör apen.«

Do löpt he all runt üm sin Hus to un süt dat de lütke Luk dar apen is, do denkt he »du schast doch ins tosen wat se dar wol makt, warüm dat se

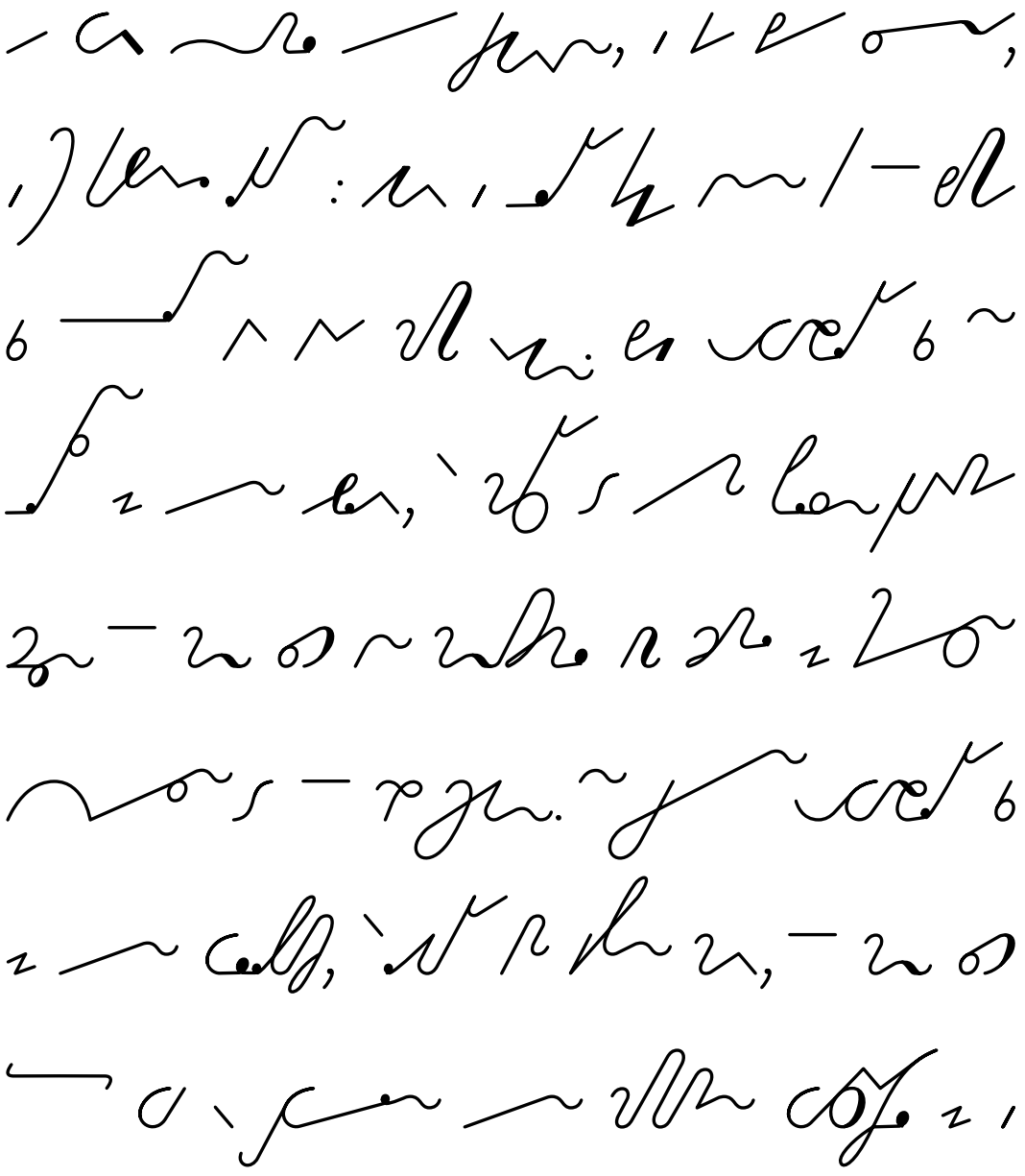
mi d' Dör wol nich apen don wil.« Do wil he dar dör kiken un kan den Kop dar ni dör krigen van sin langen Bart. Do stekt he sin Bart dar erst dör de Luk, un as he de dar hendör het, do geit Fro Mansrot bi un schuft de Luk grad to mit 'n Bant, de se dar an bunnen het, un de Bart blift darin vast sitten. Do fangt he so

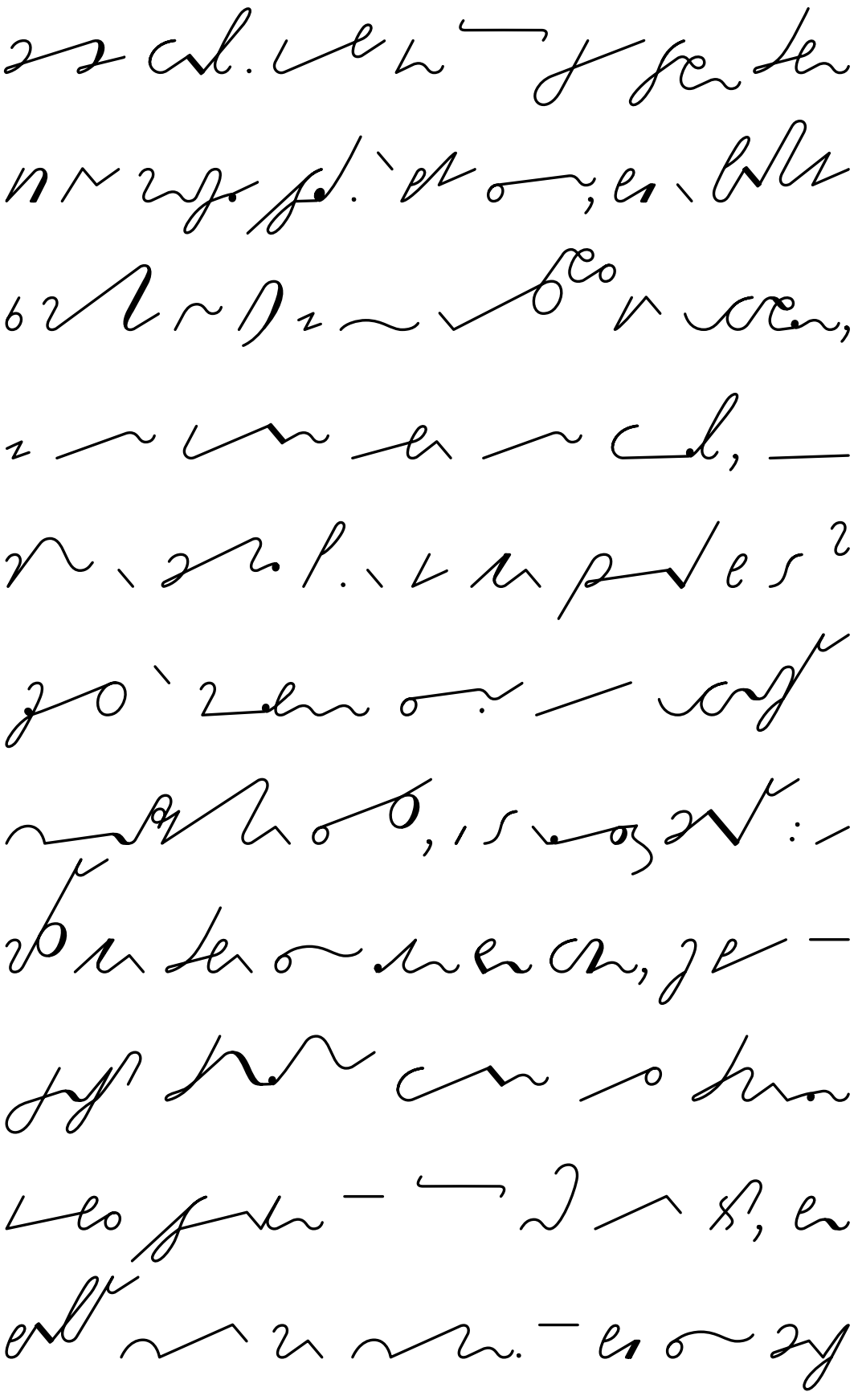
jammerlik an to kriten, dat deit üm so sär: un do bidd't he är se mag üm wedder los laten. Do segt se er nich as bet he är de Ledder deit, war he mit to 'n Barg herut sticht. Do mag he willen oder nich, he mot är seggen war de Ledder is. Do bint se 'n ganzen langen Bant dar an de Schuf, un do legt se de Ledder an un

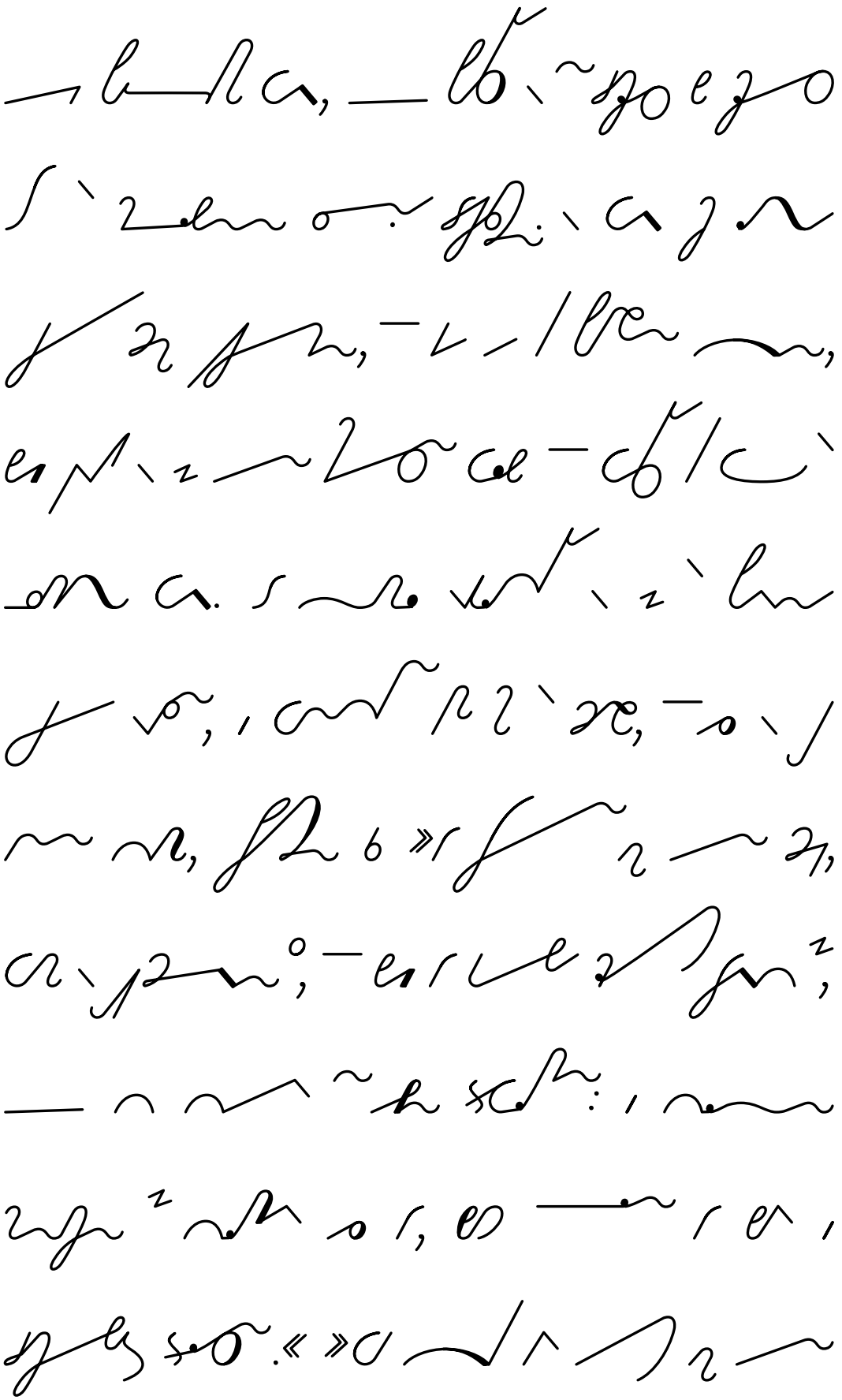
sticht to ’n Barg herut: un as se baven is, do lukt se de Schuf apen. Do geit se na är Vader hen un vertelt wo dat är all gan is. Do freut de König sick so un är Brögam is dar ok noch, un do gat se hen un gravt den Barg up un finnt den ollen Rinkrank mit all sin Golt ün Sülver darin. Do let de König den ollen Rinkrank dot

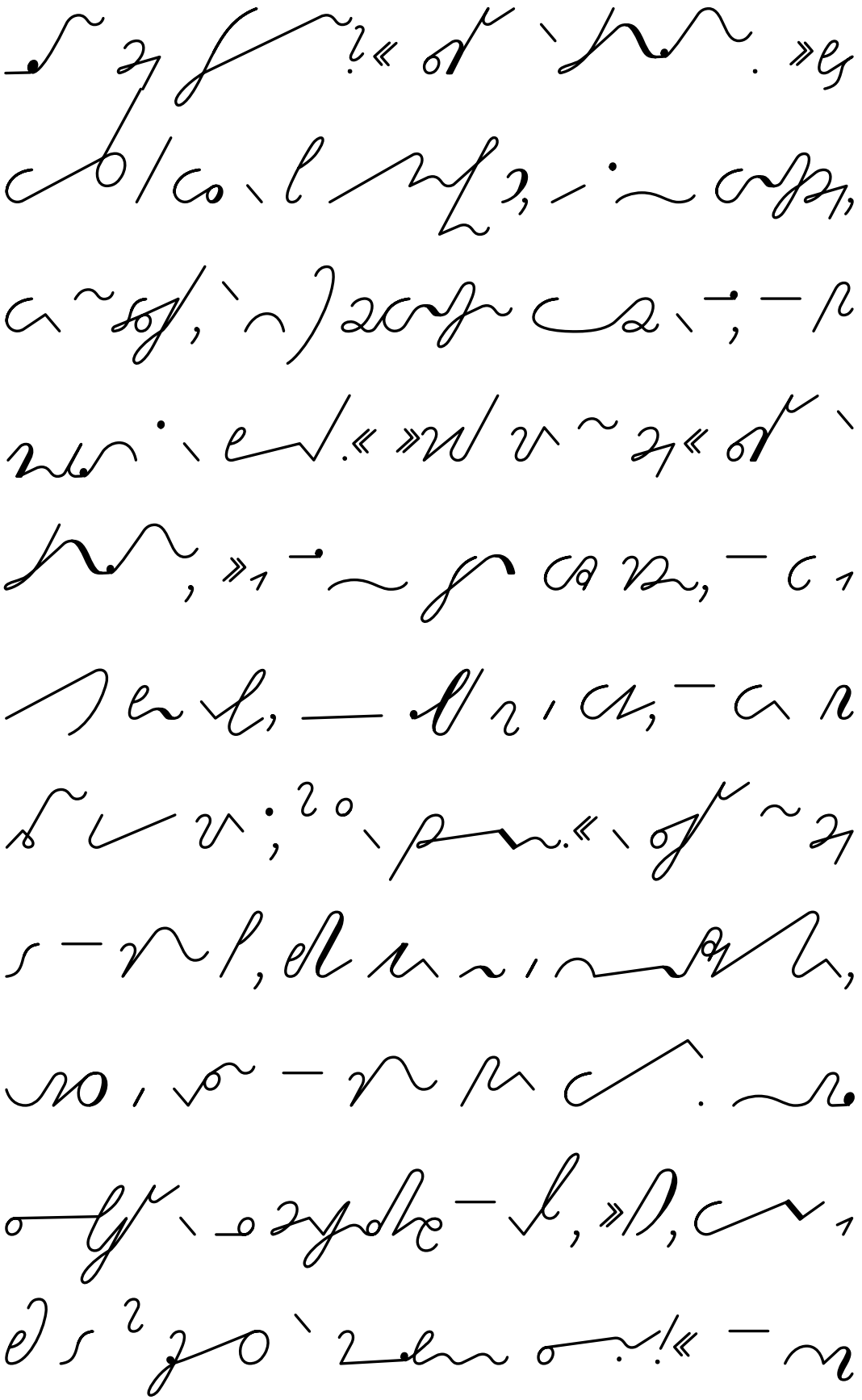
maken, un all sin Sülver un Golt nimt he mit. Do kricht de Königsdochter den ollen Brögam noch ton Mann, un se lävt recht vergnögt un herrlich un in Freuden.

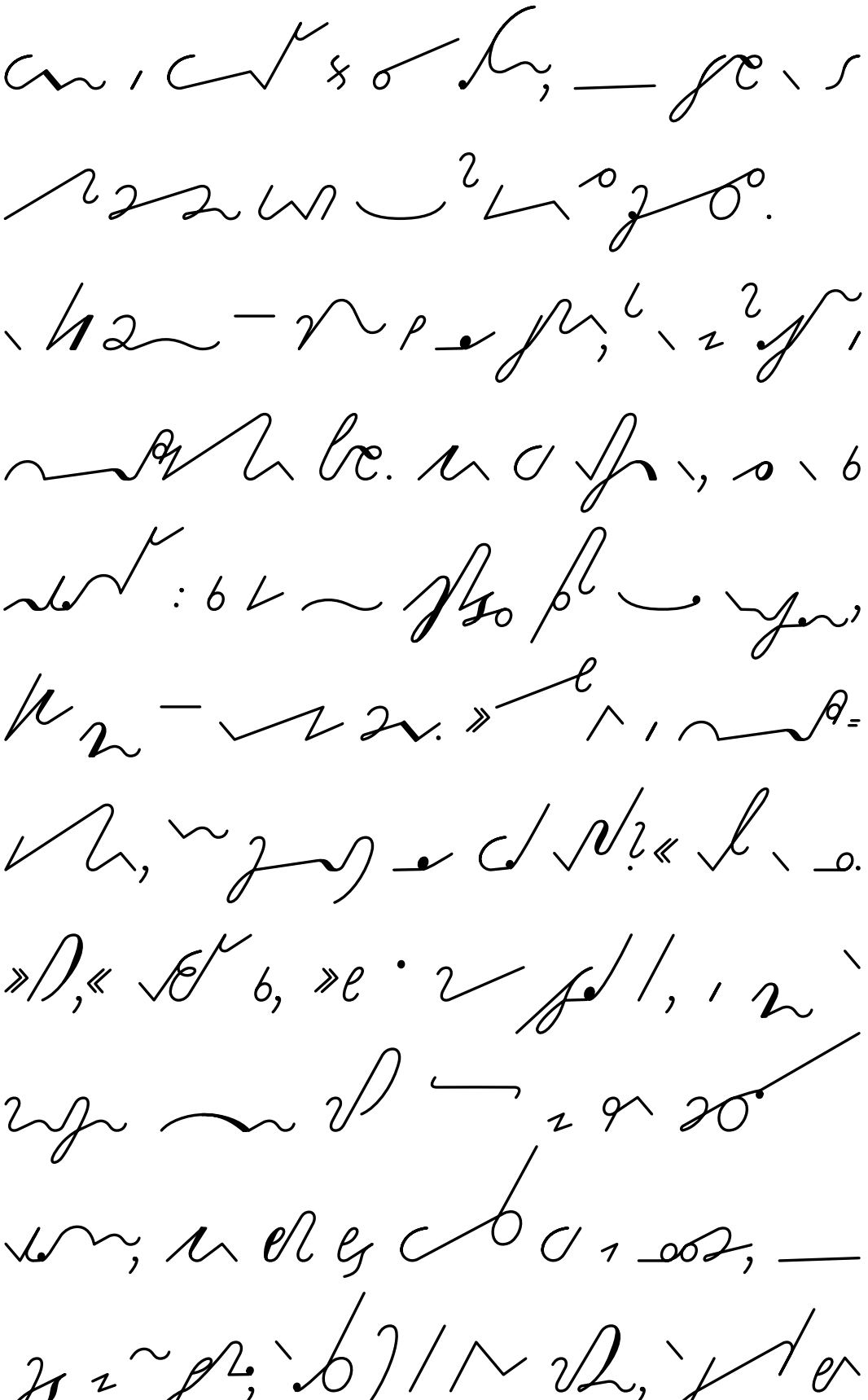
197.

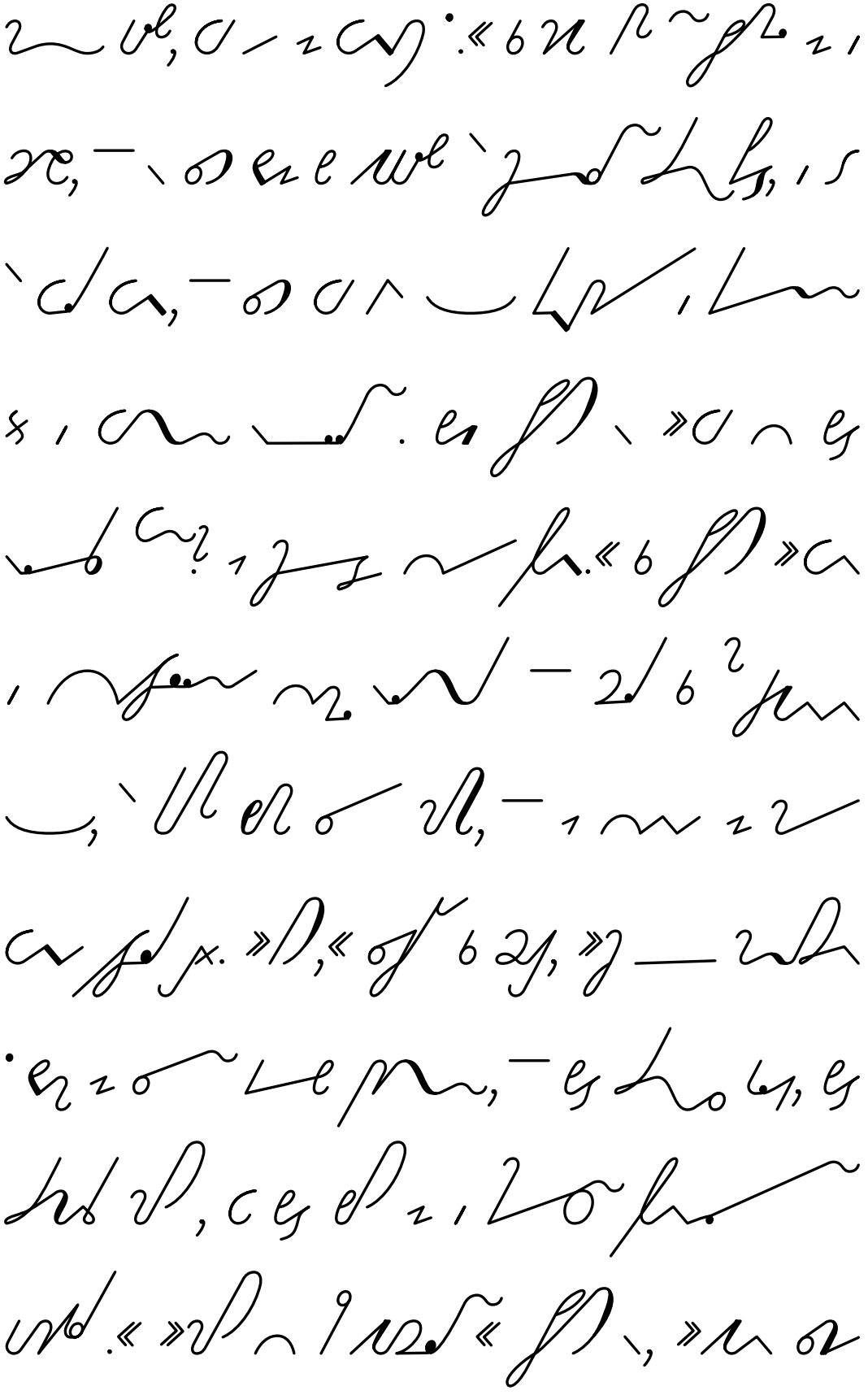


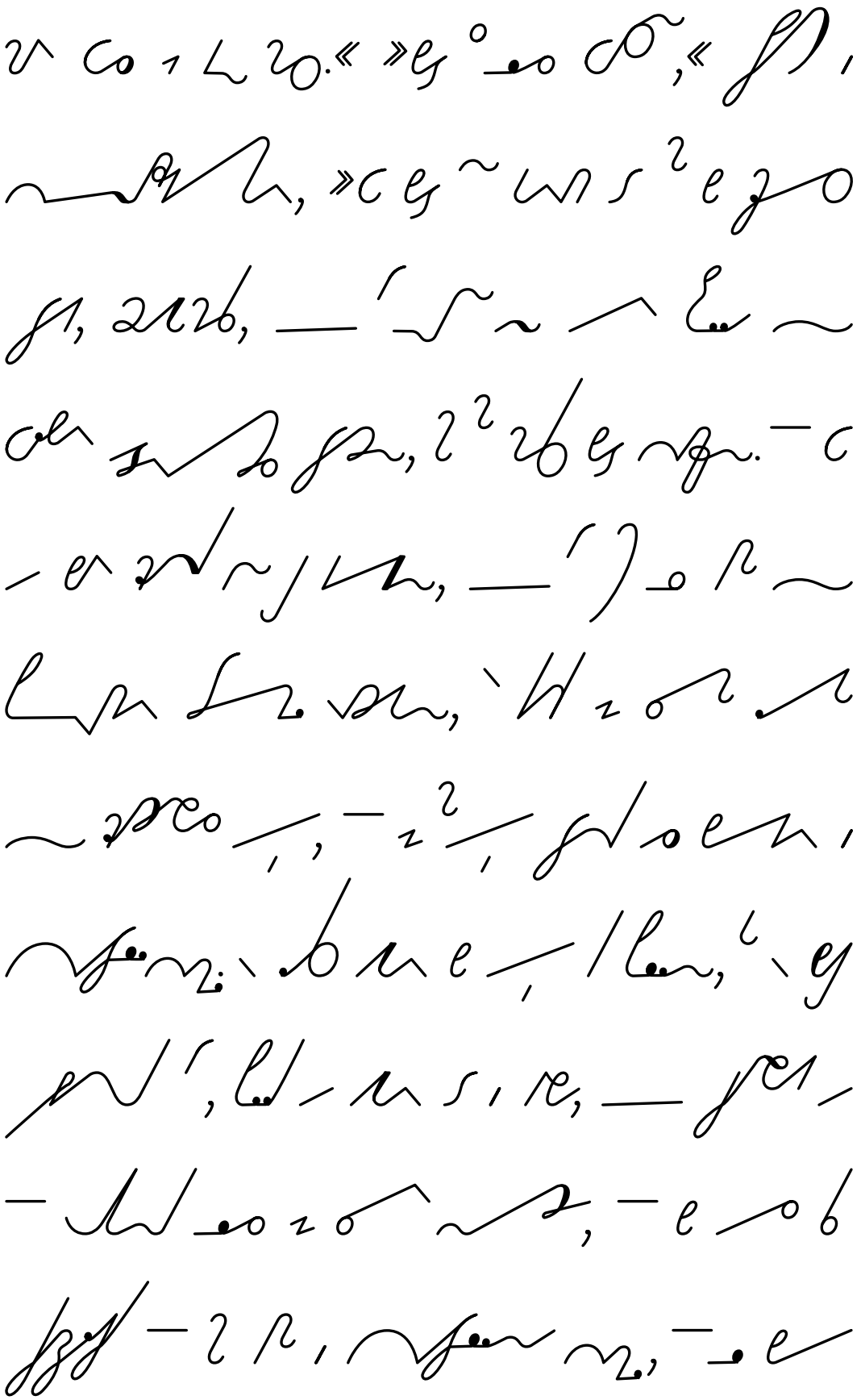


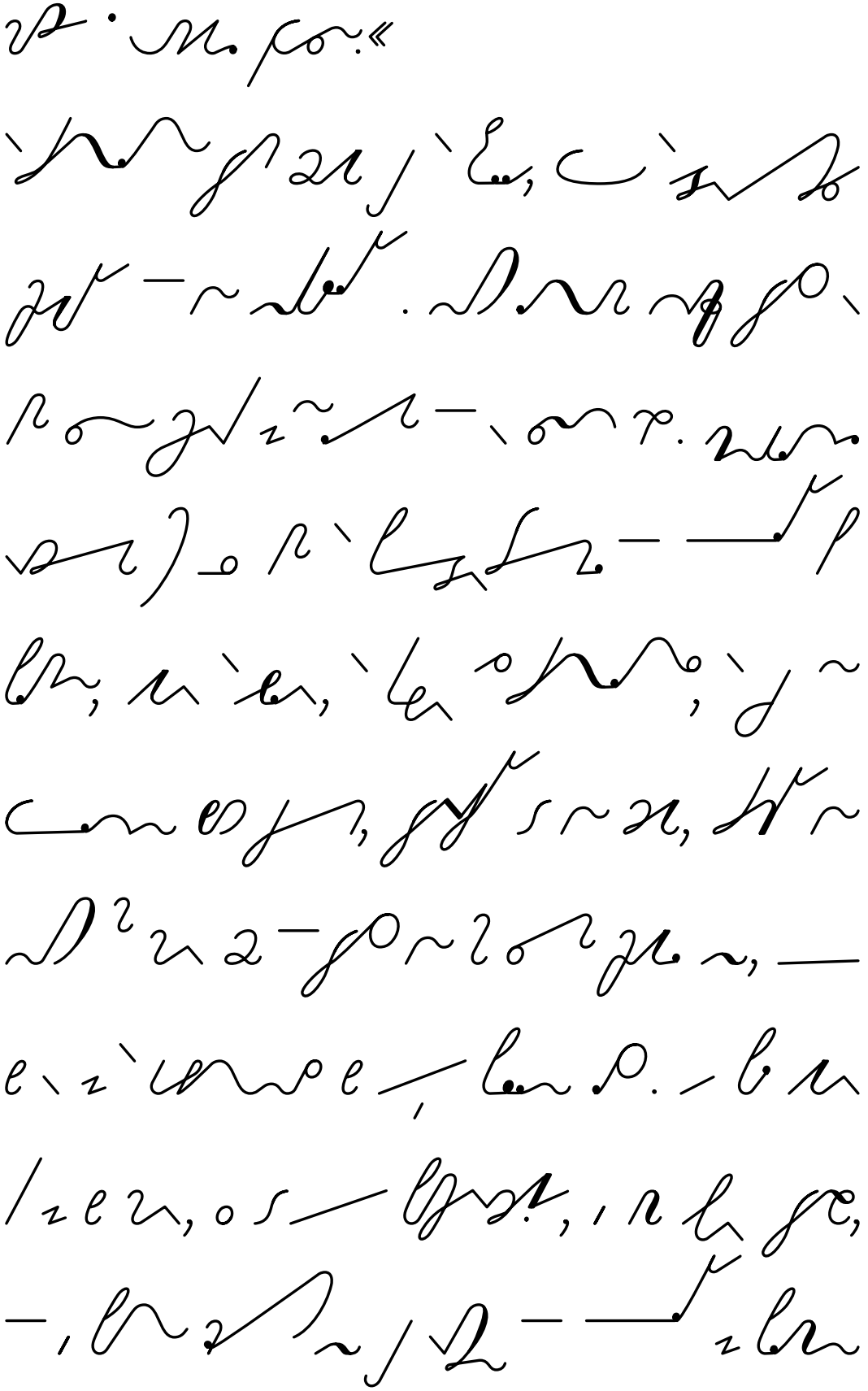


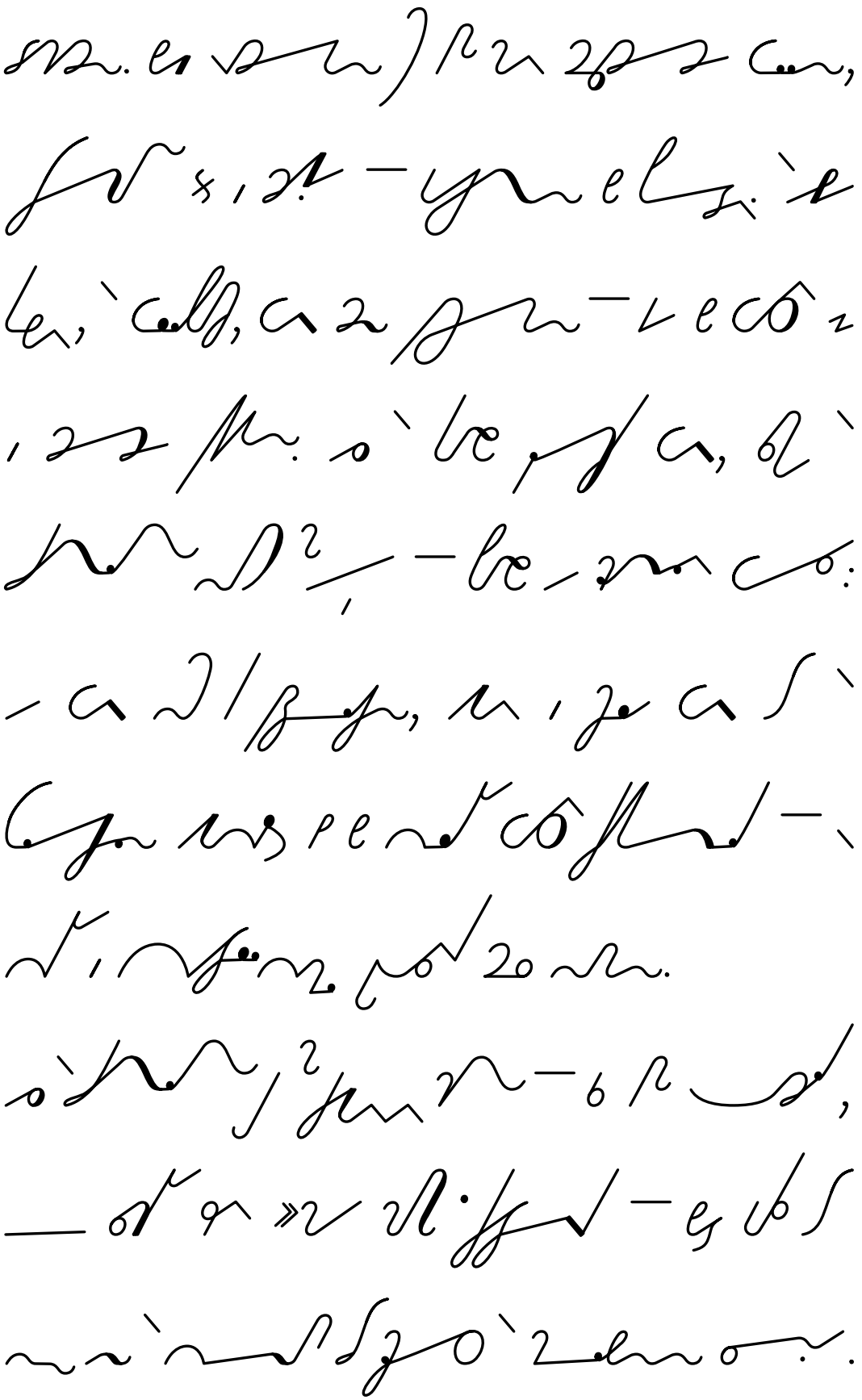


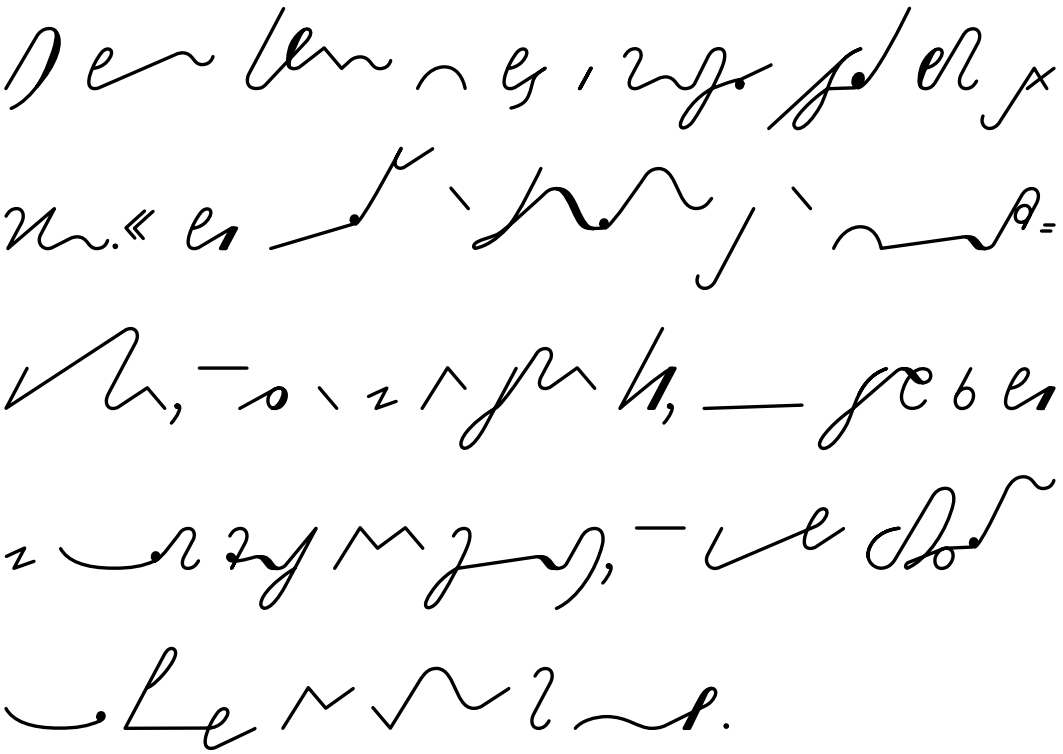






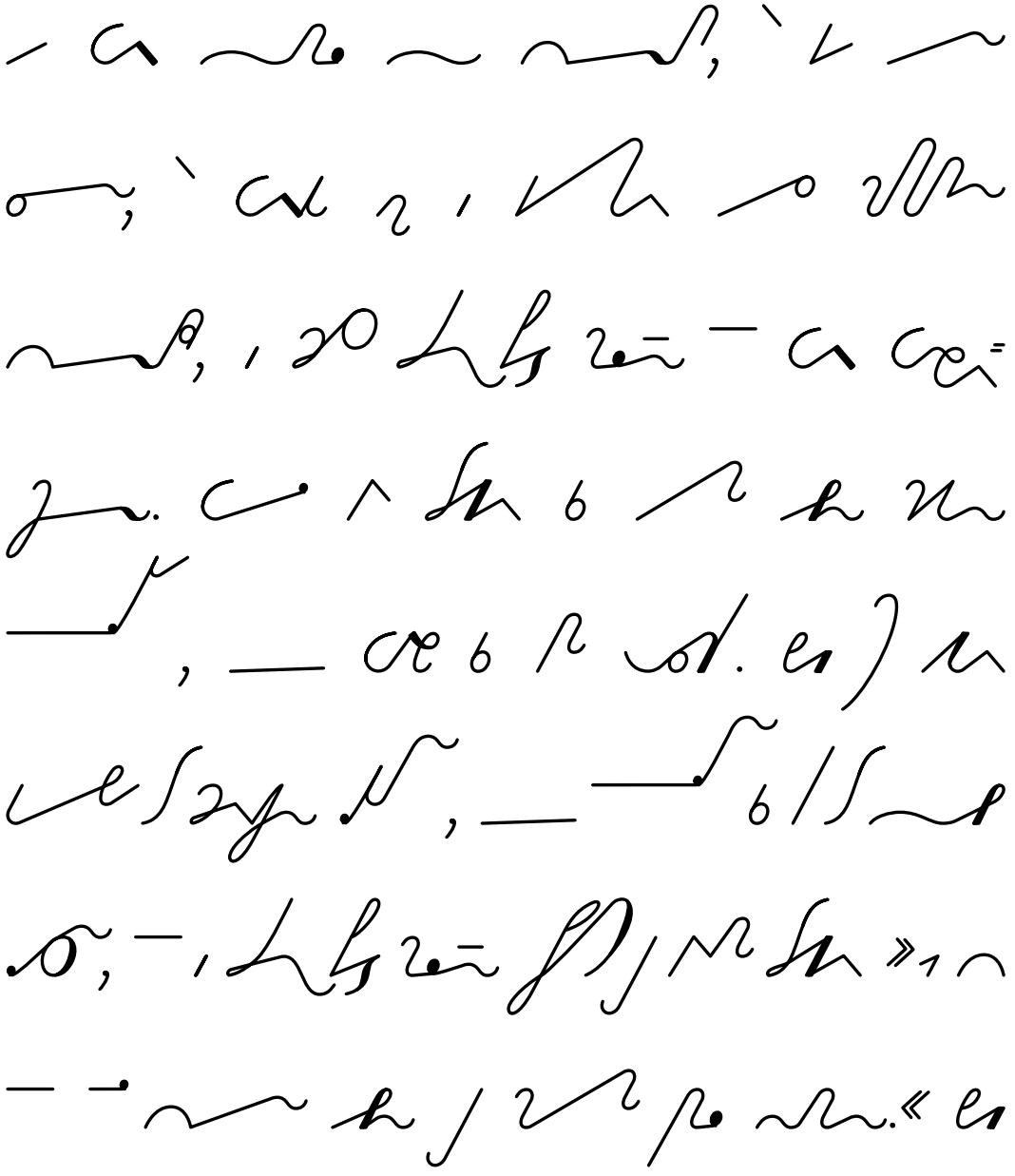


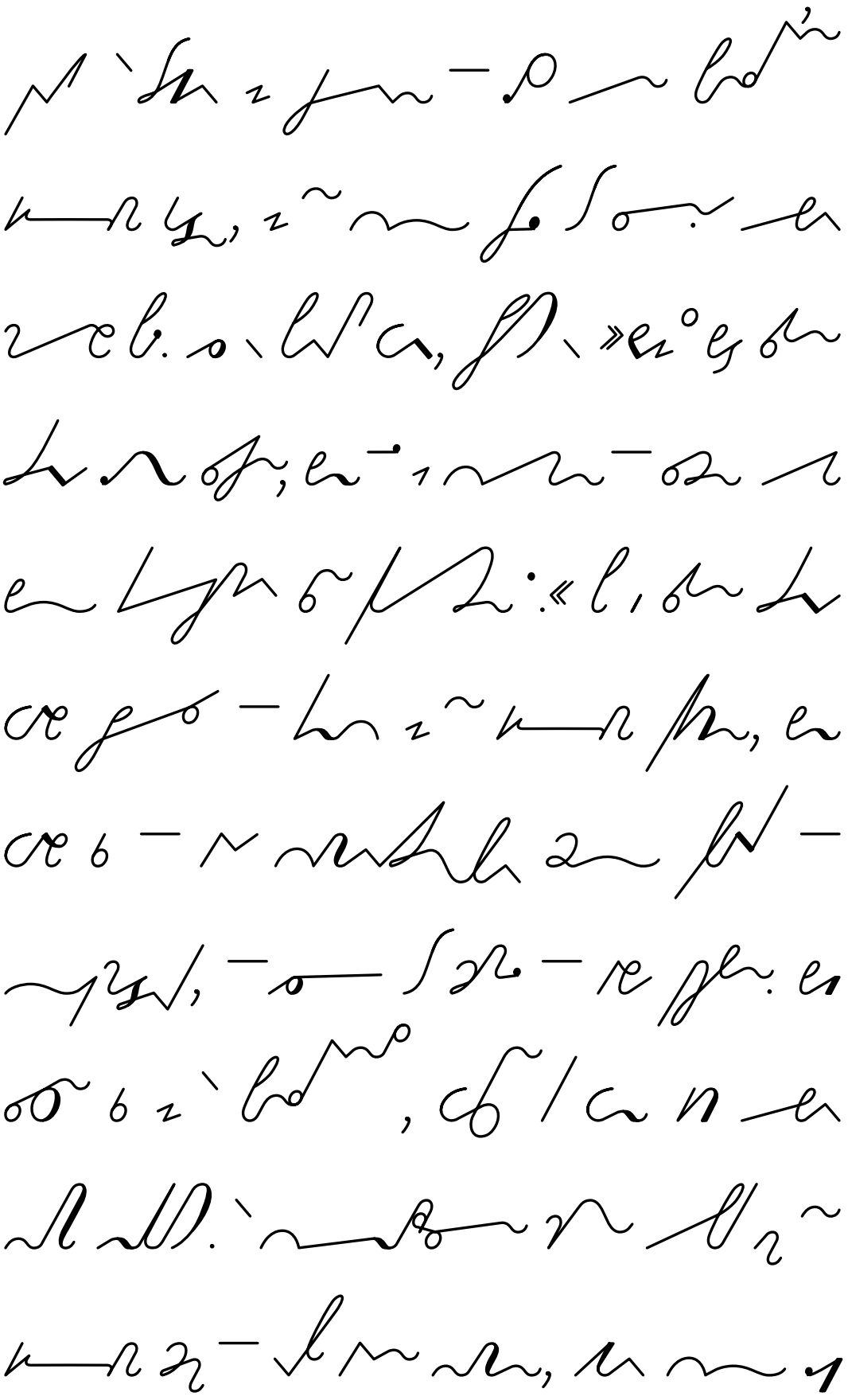


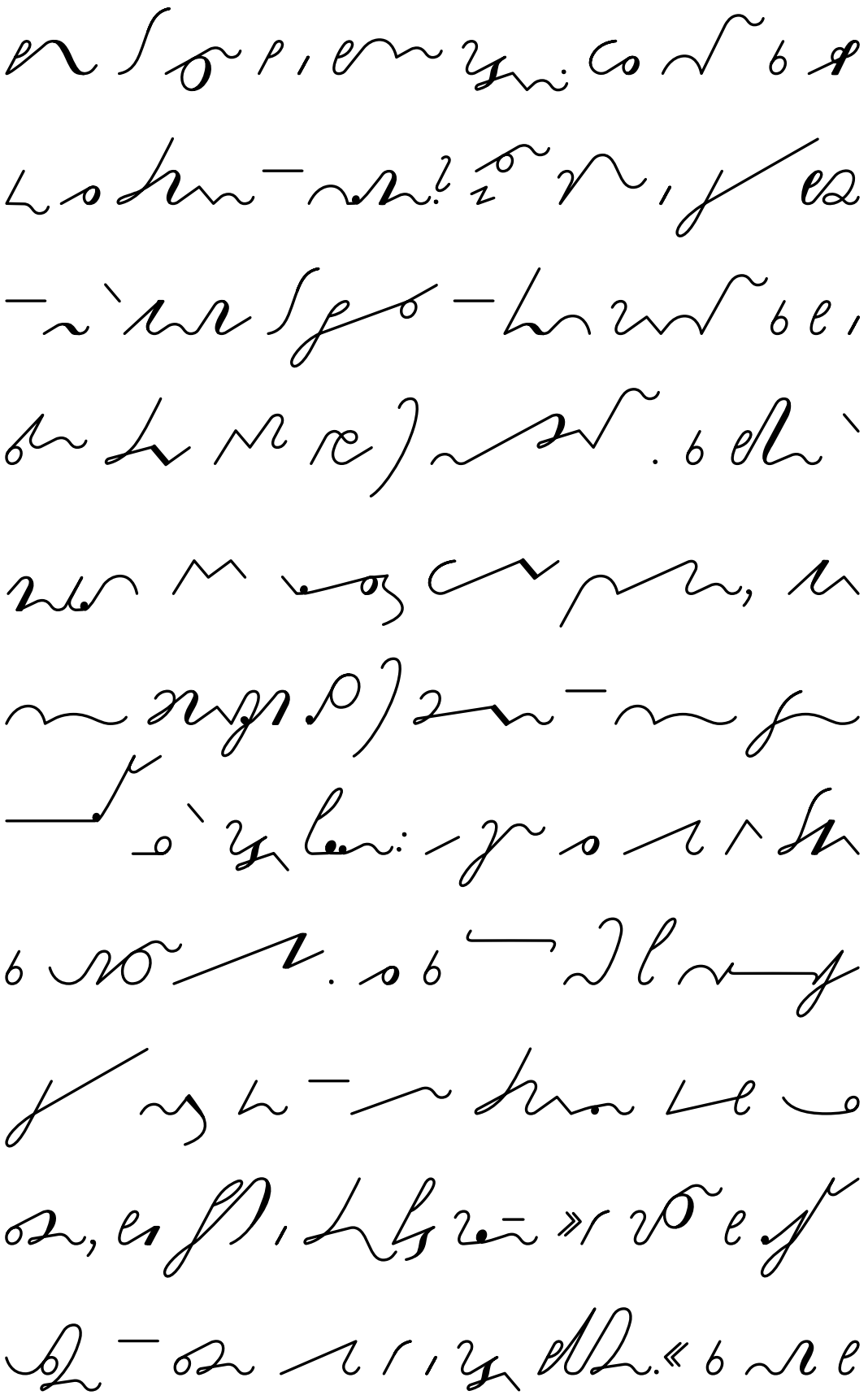


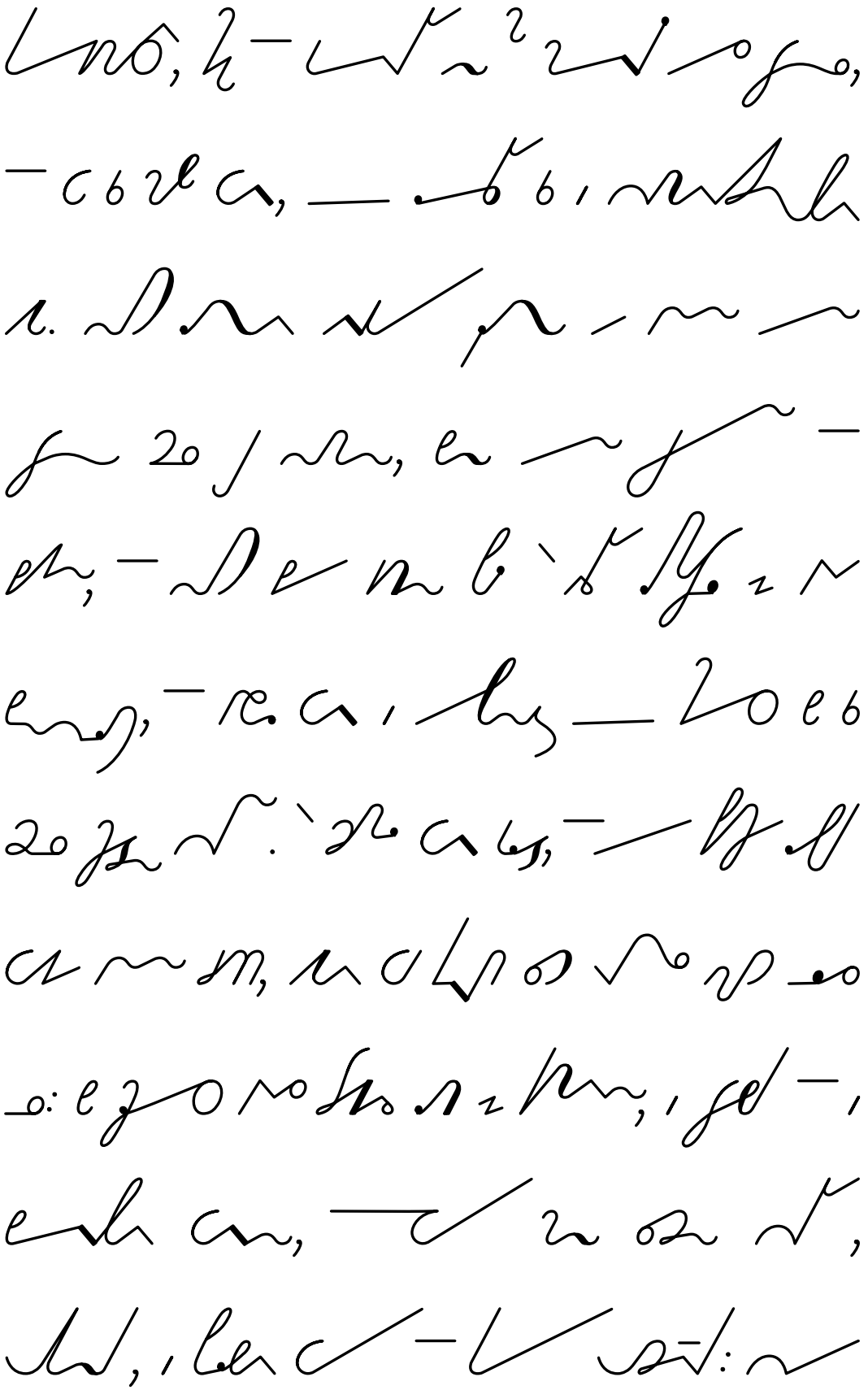
198.

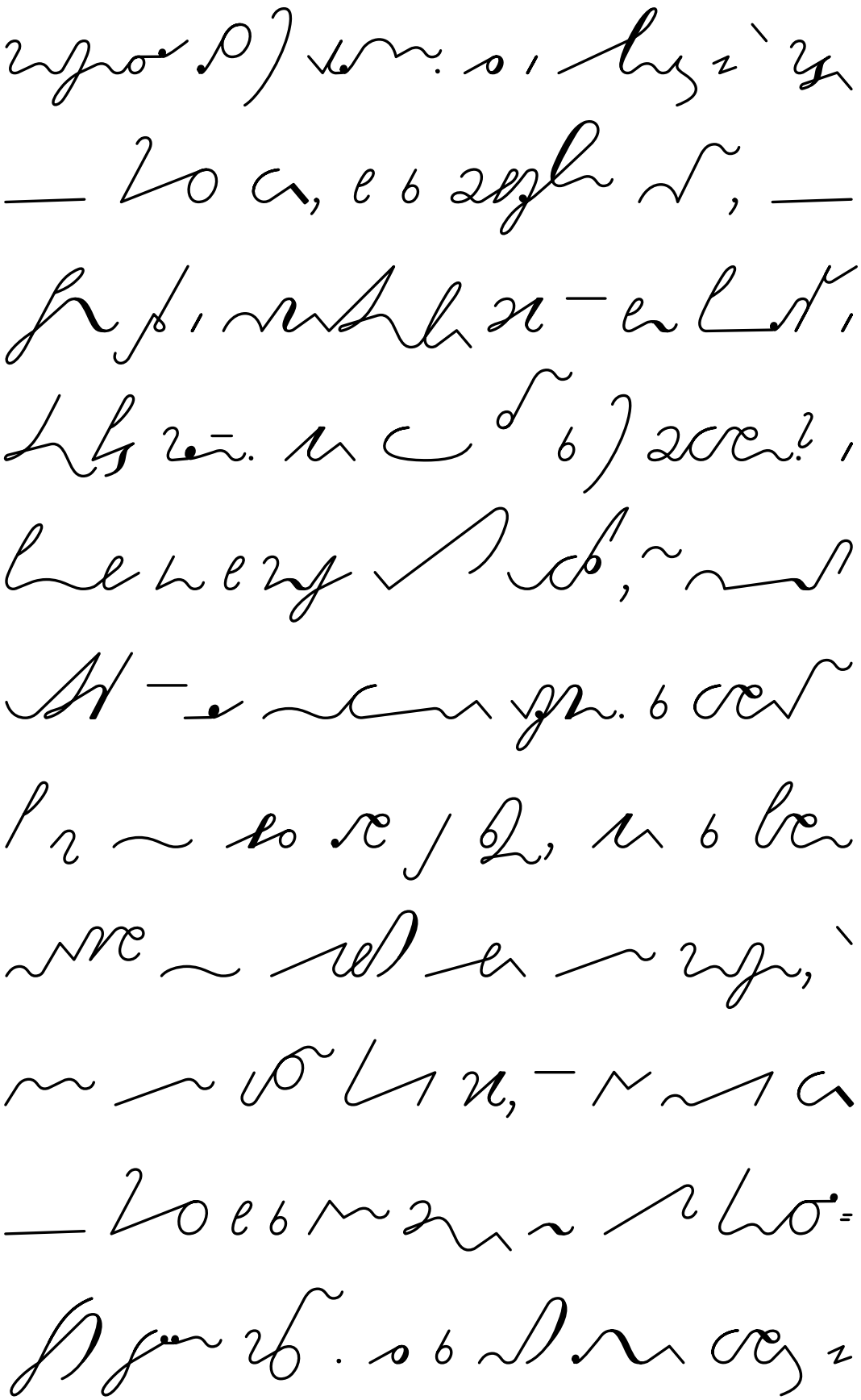
[Maleen]

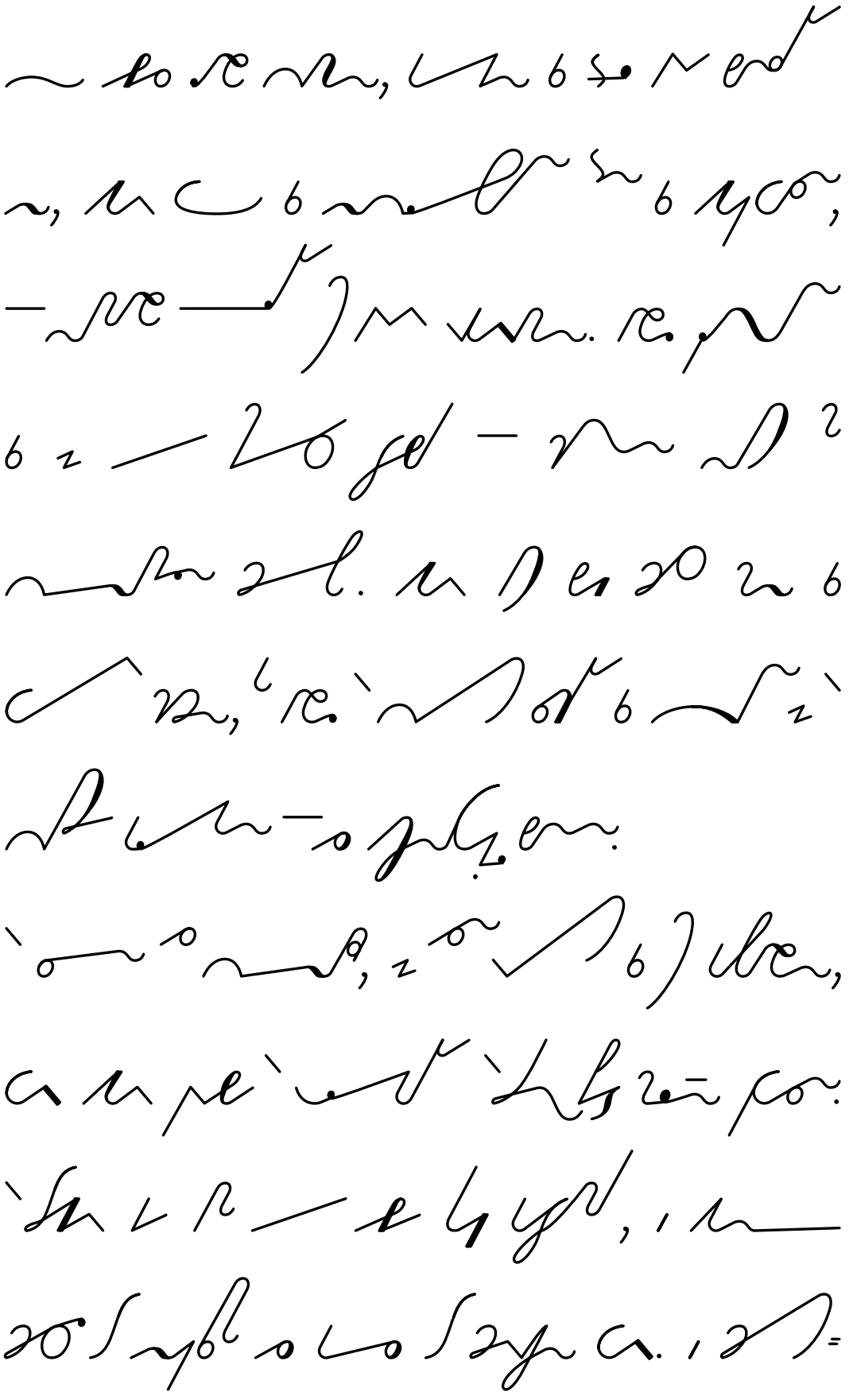


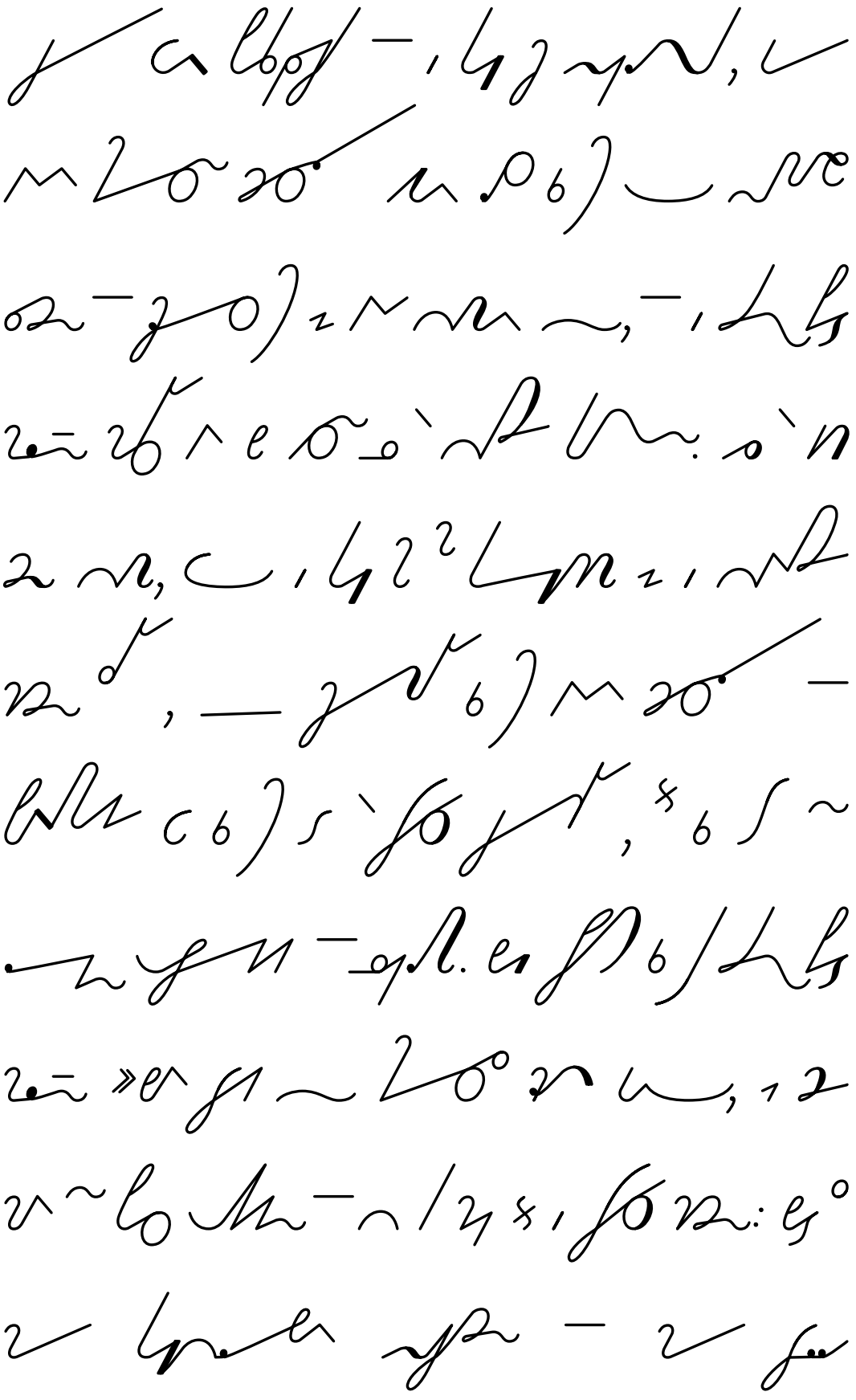


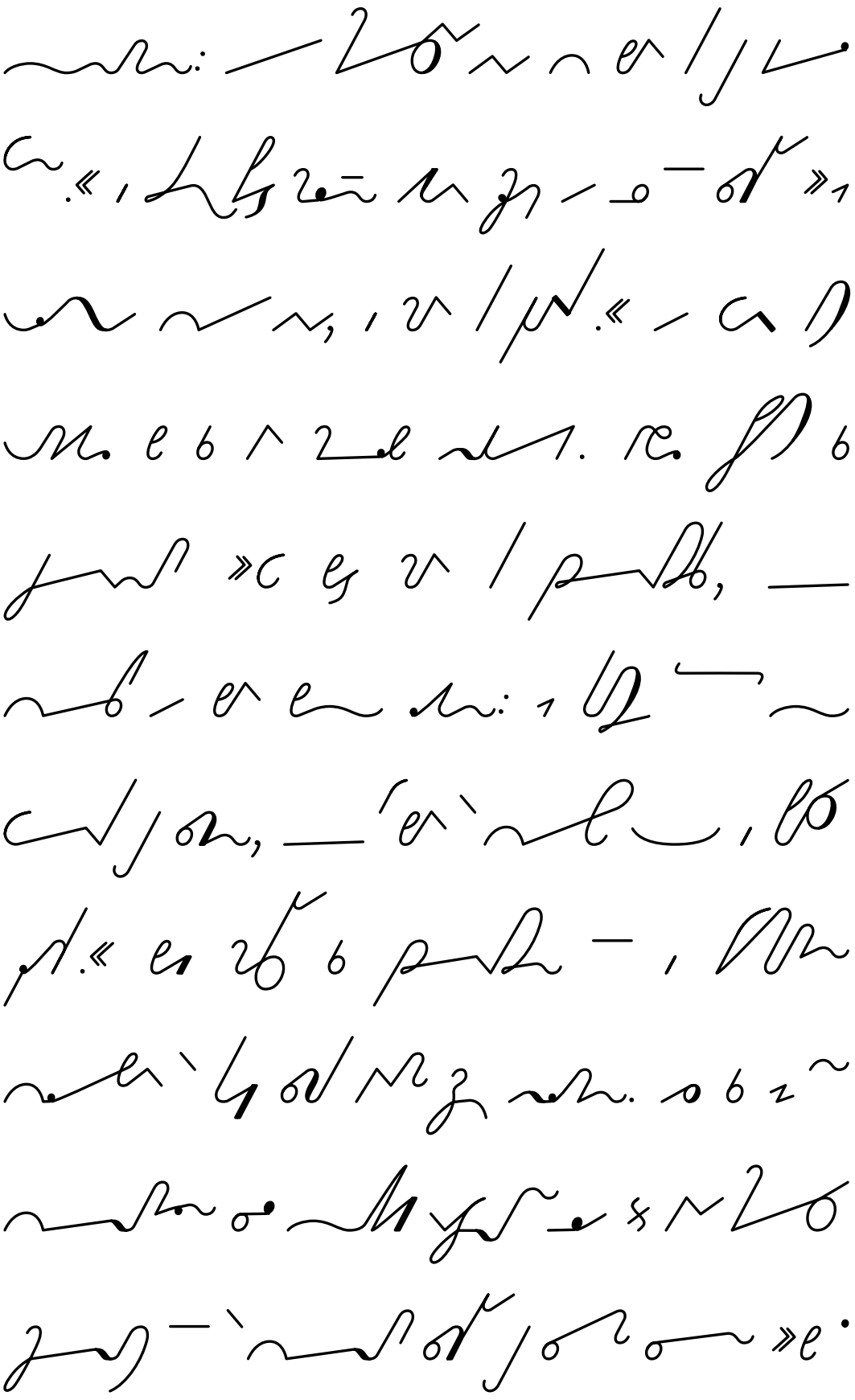


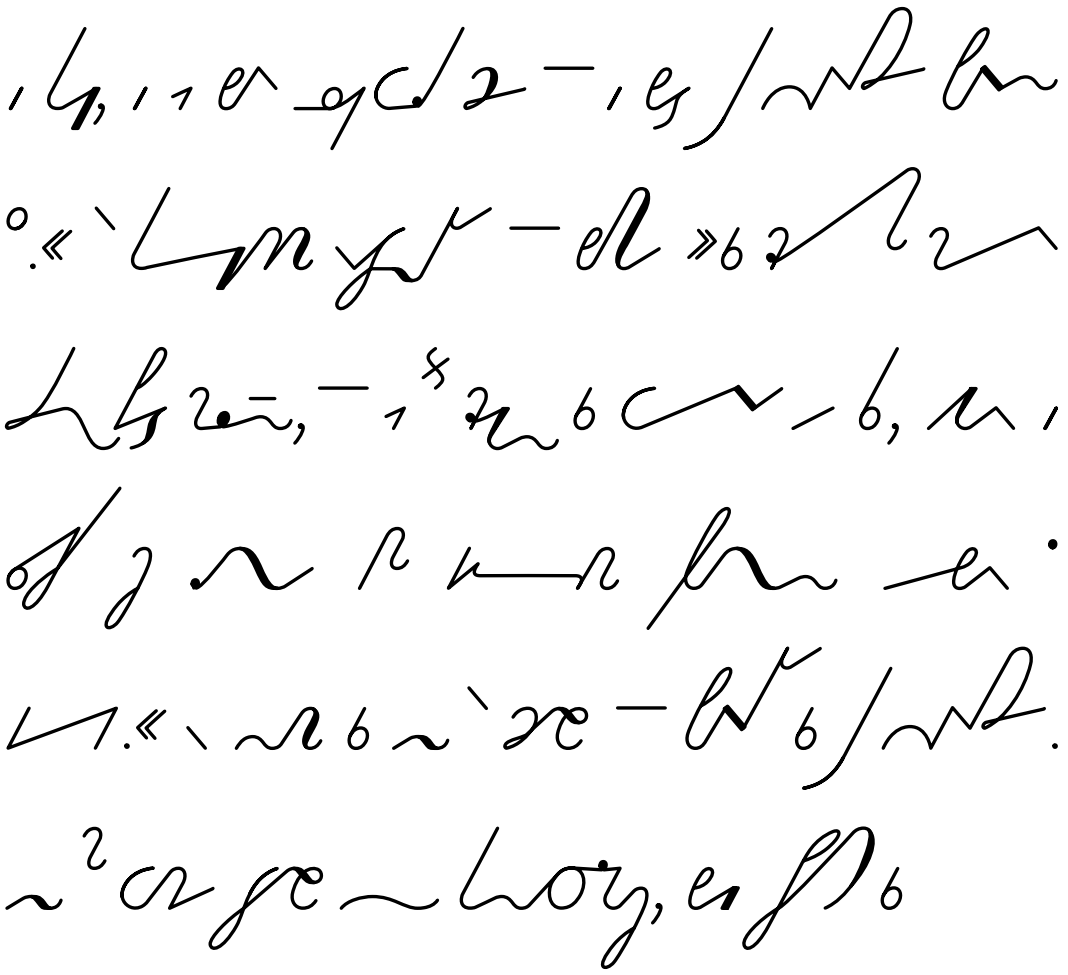












»Brennettelbusch,

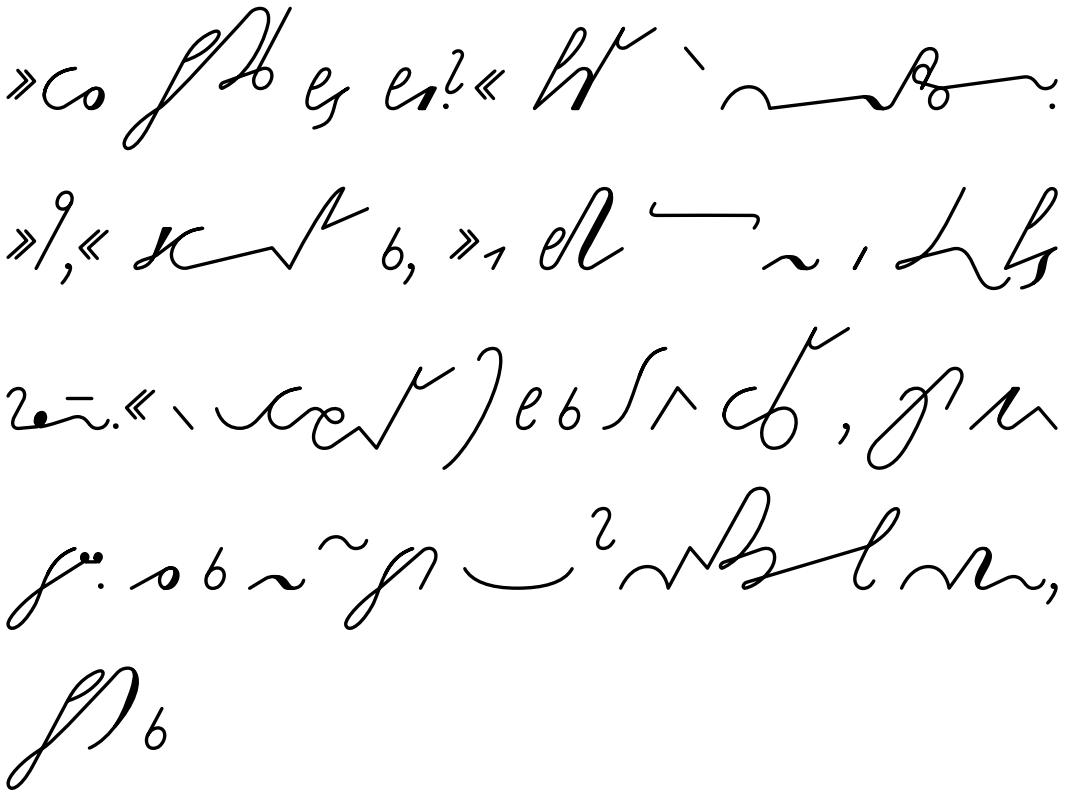
Brennettelbusch so klene,

wat steist du hier allene?

ik hef de Tyt geweten

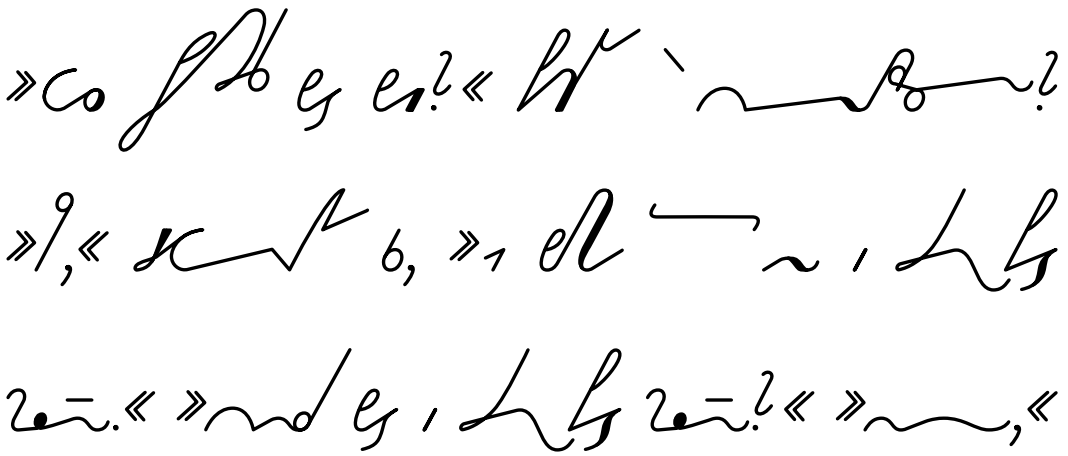
da hef ik dy ungesaden

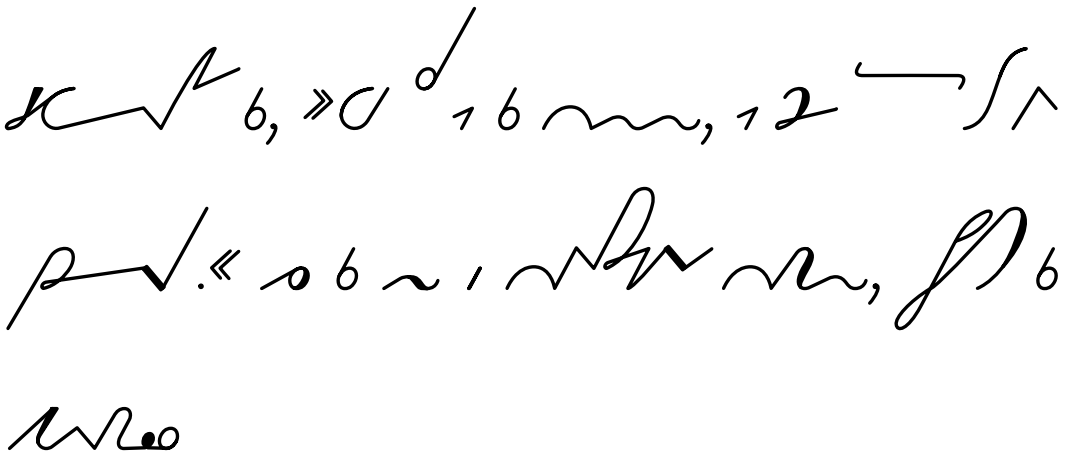
ungebraden eten.«



»Karkstegels, brik nich,

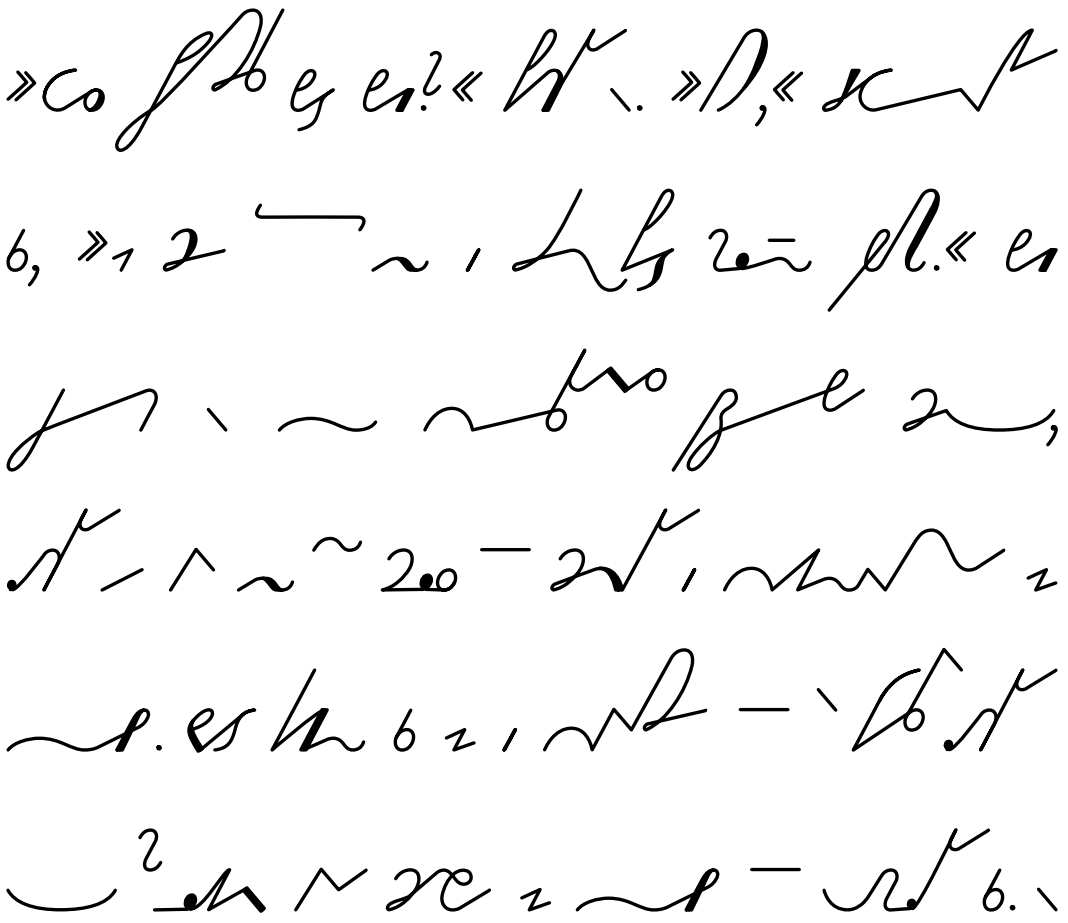
Bün de rechte Brut nich.«

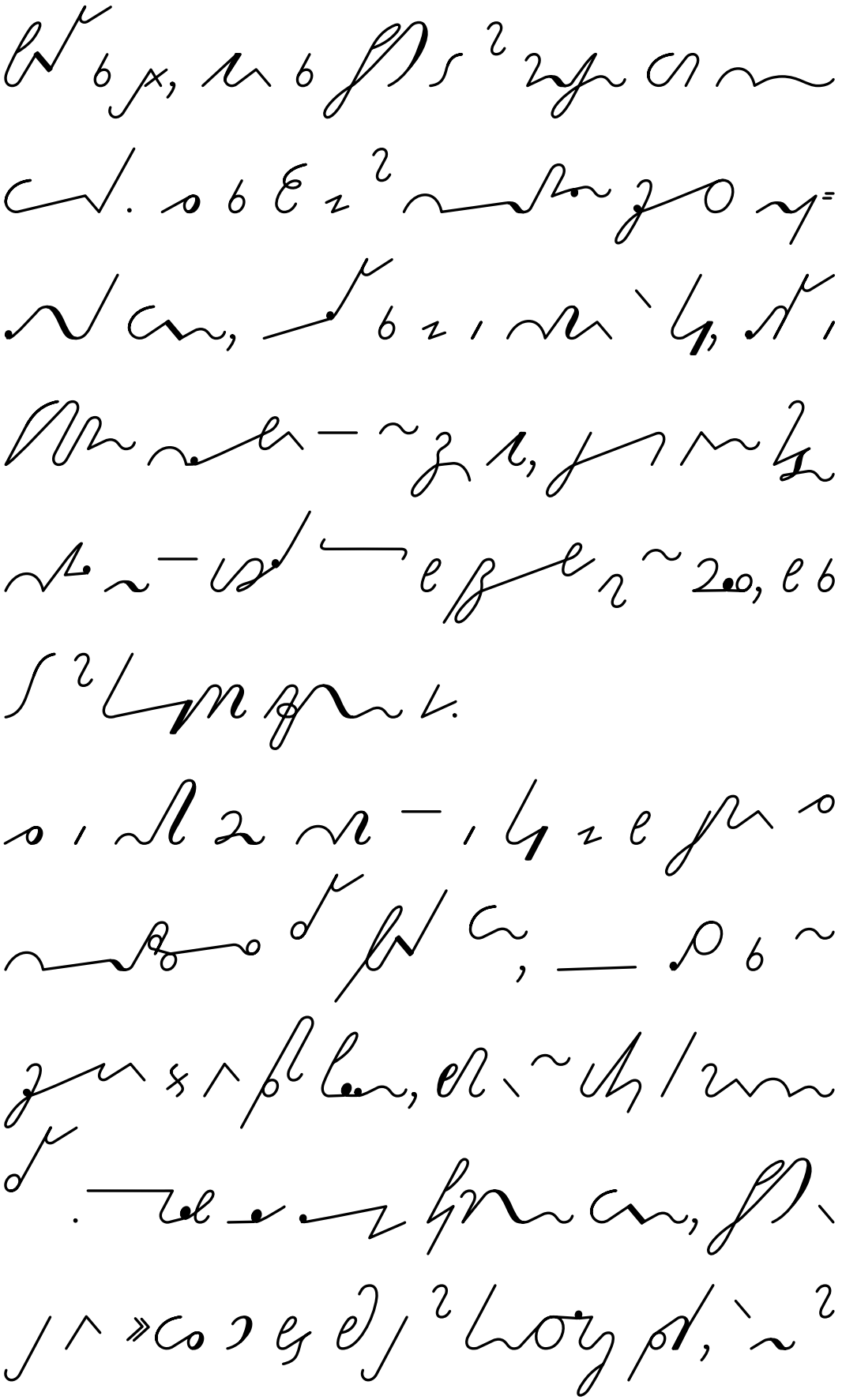


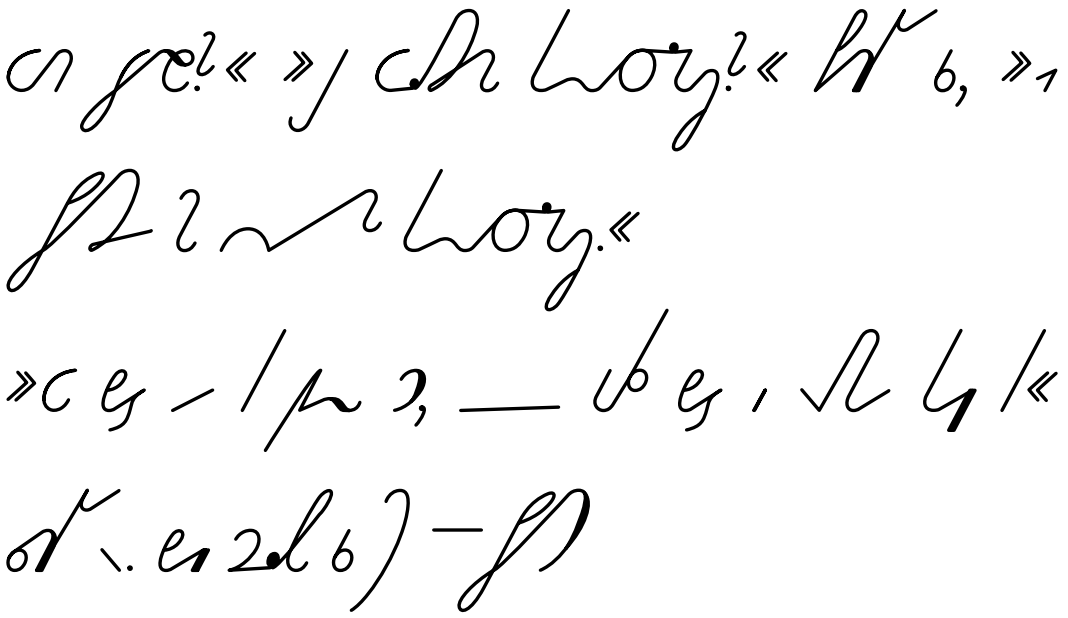


»Karkendär, brik nich,

bün de rechte Brut nich.«



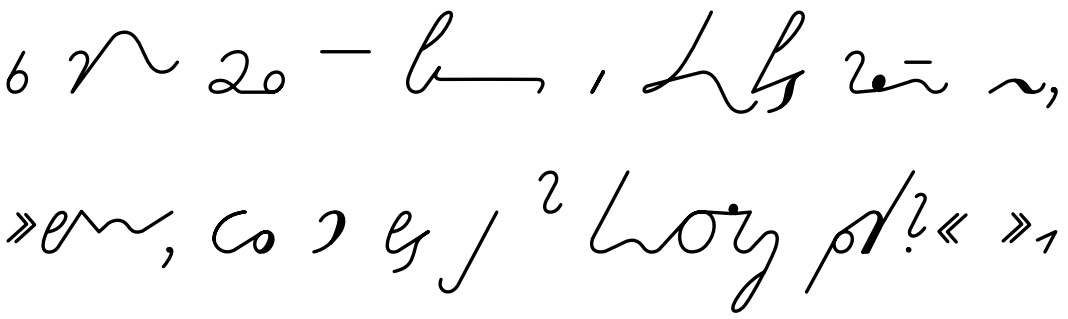




»mut herut na myne Maegt,

de my myn Gedanken

draegt.«



Brennettelbusch,

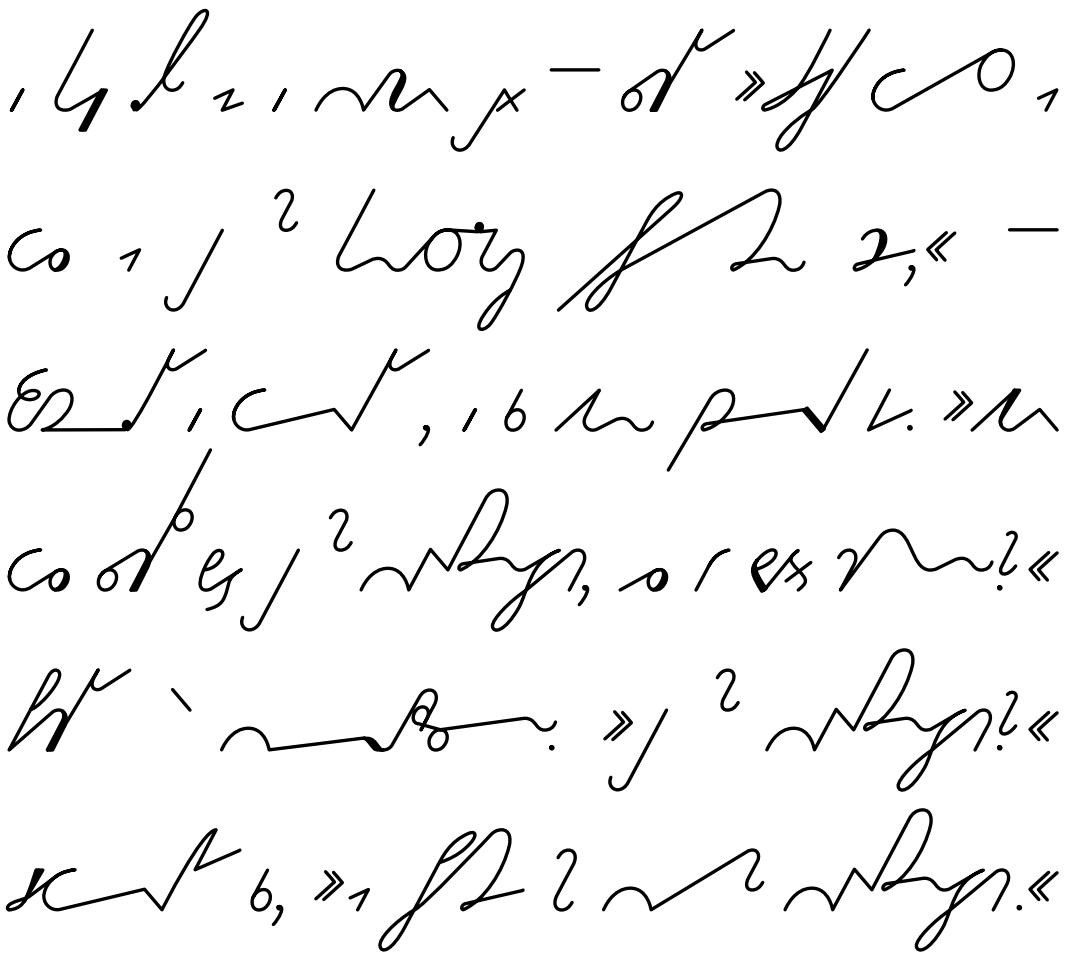
Brennettelbusch so klene,

wat steist du hier allene?

Jk hef de Tyt geweten,

da hef ik dy ungesaden

ungebraden eten.«



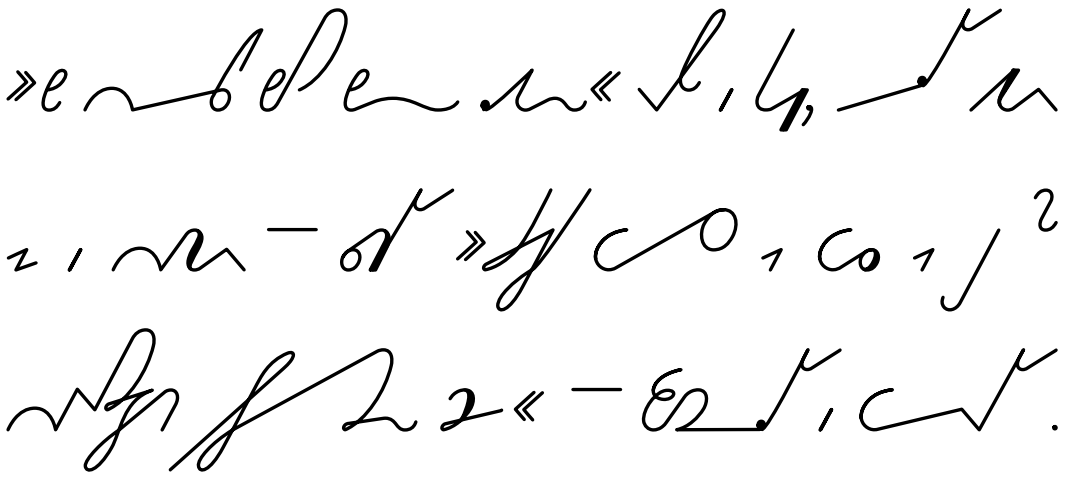
»mut herut na myne Maegt,

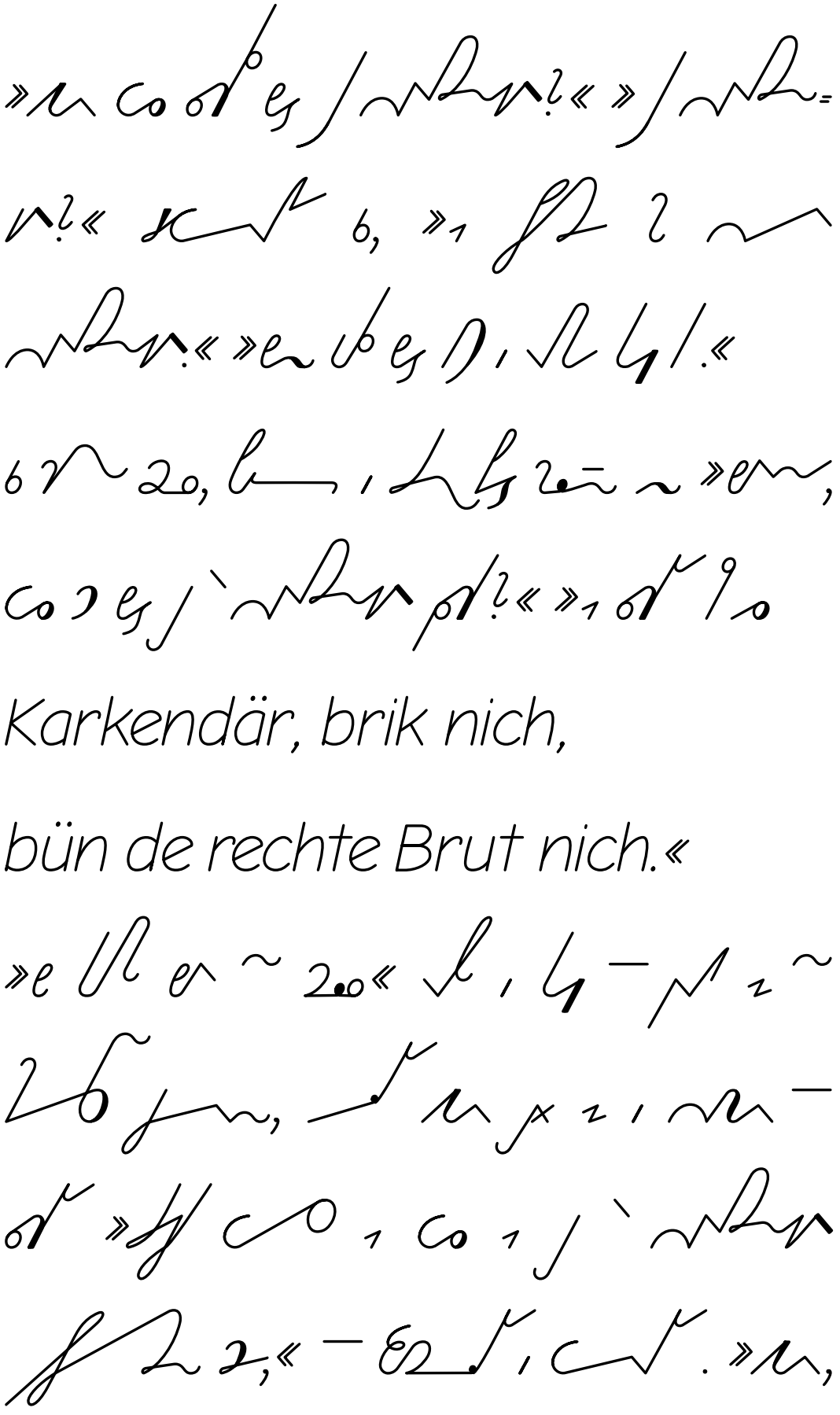
de my myn Gedanken

draegt.«

Karkstegels, brik nich,

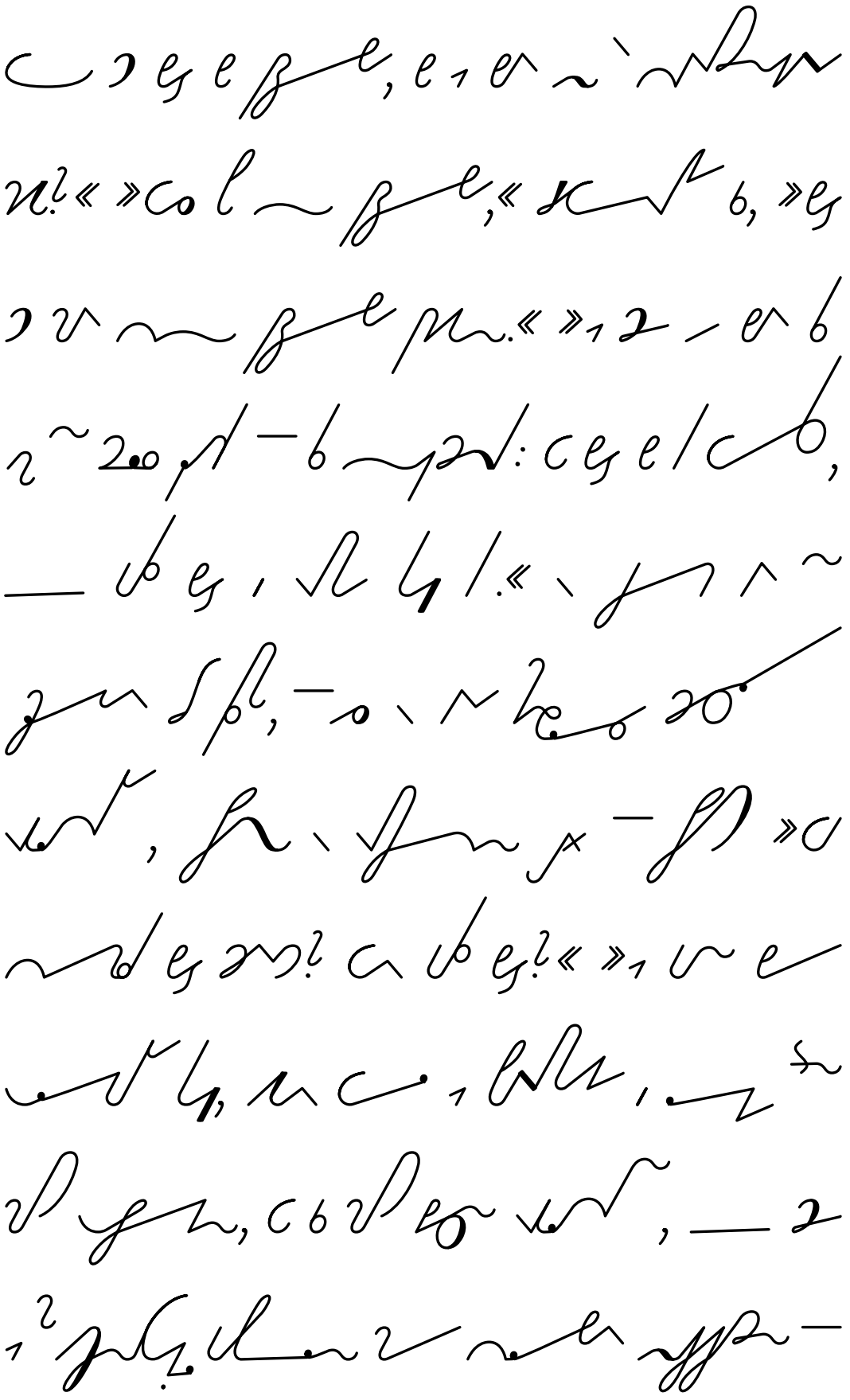
bün de rechte Brut nich.«

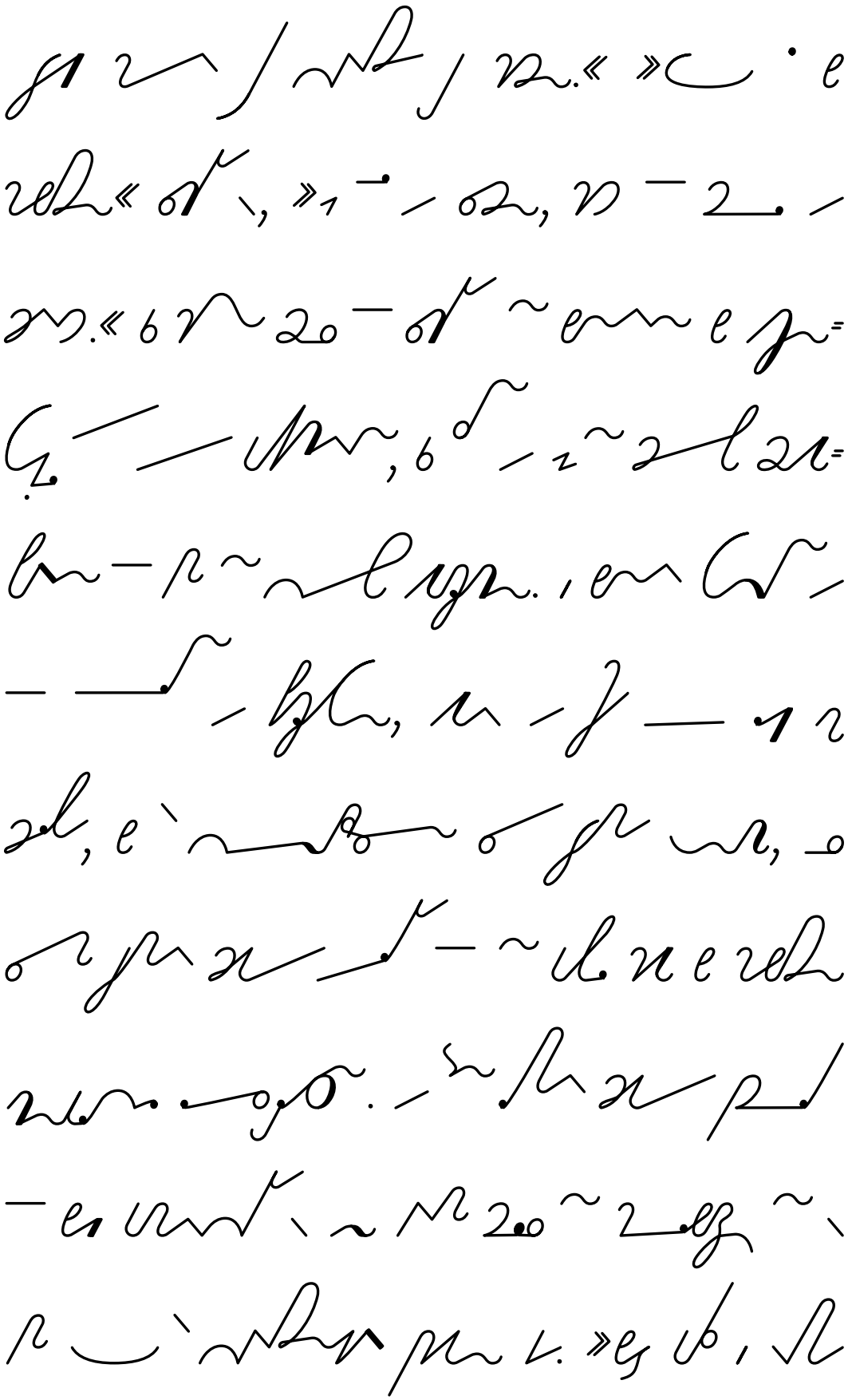


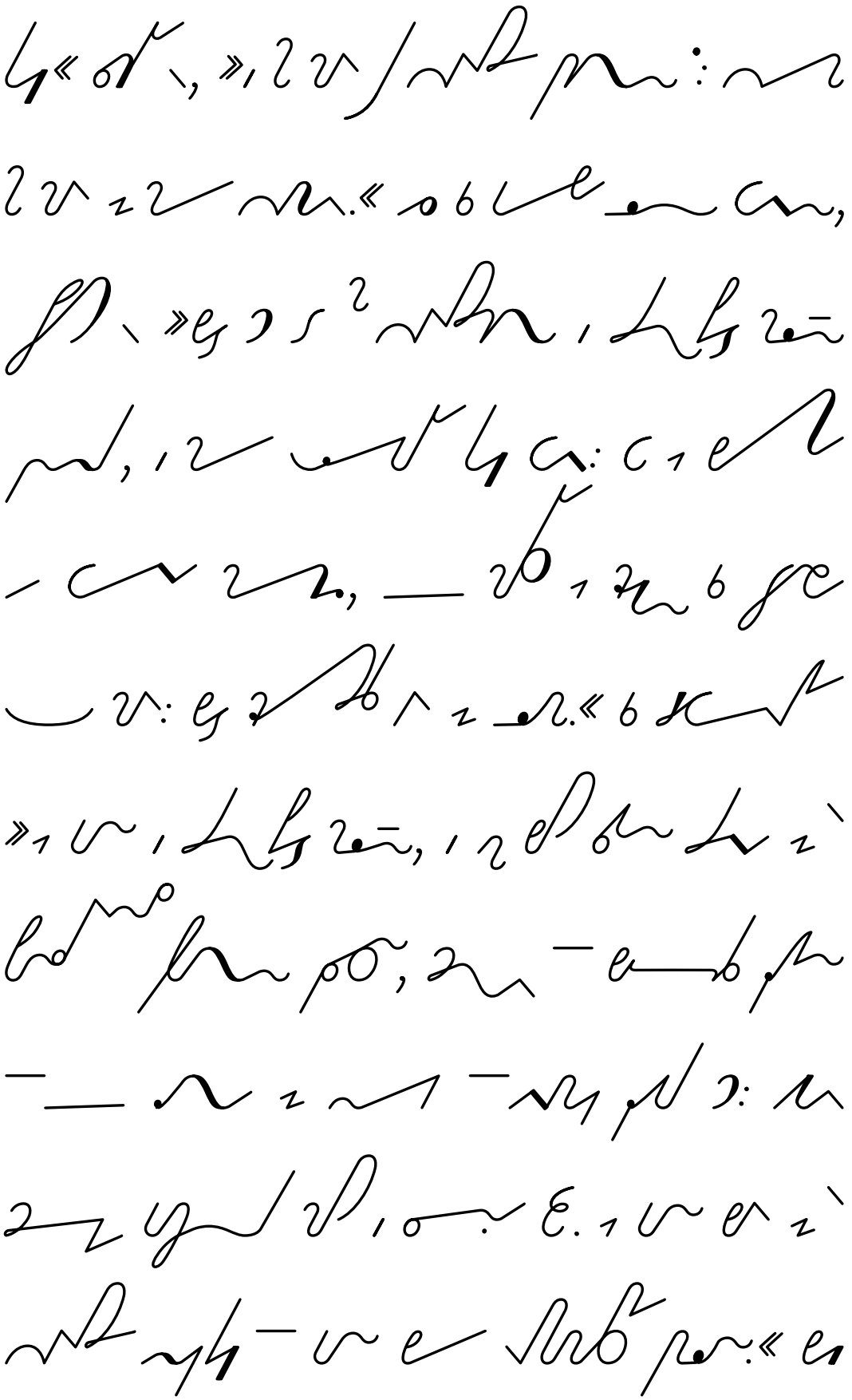


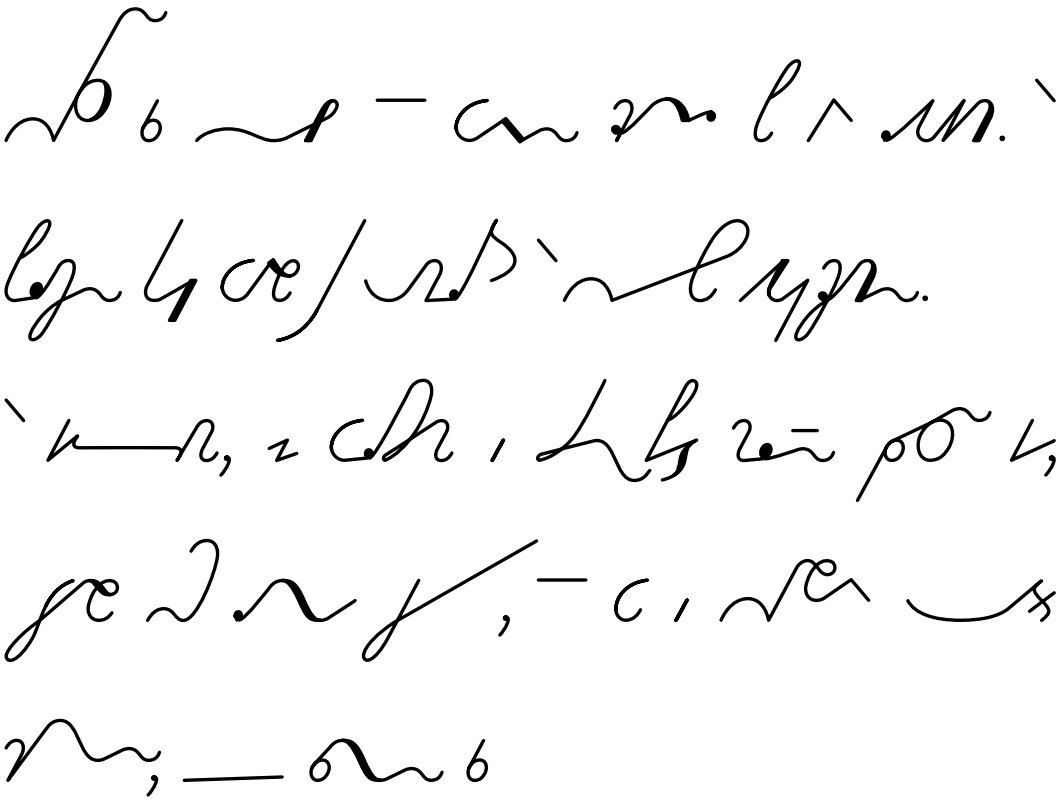
Karkendär, brik nich,

bün de rechte Brut nich.«









»kling klang kloria,

wer sitt in dissen Toria?

Dar sitt en Königsdochter in,

die kann ik nich to seen krygn.

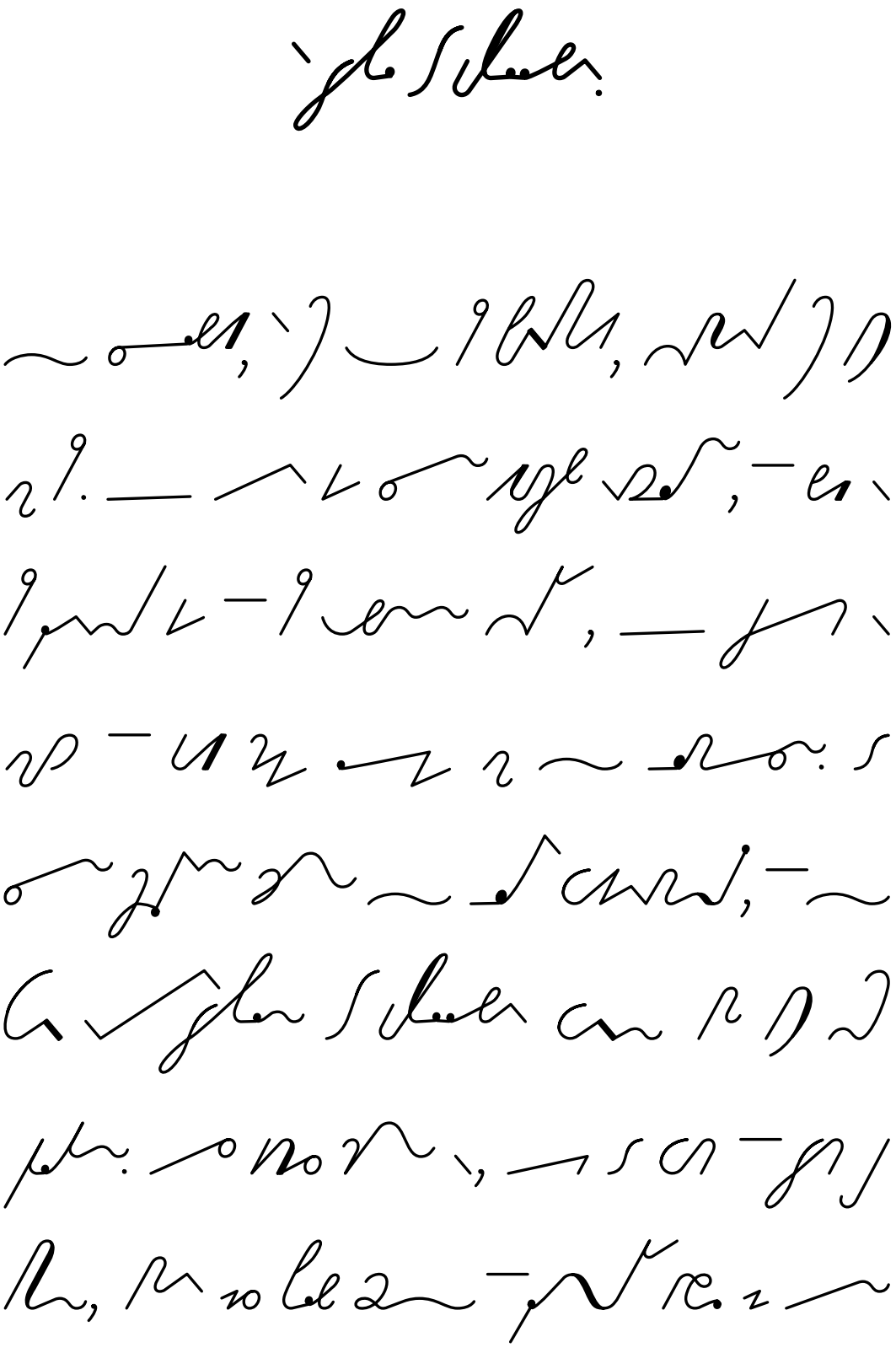
De Muer de will nich bräken,

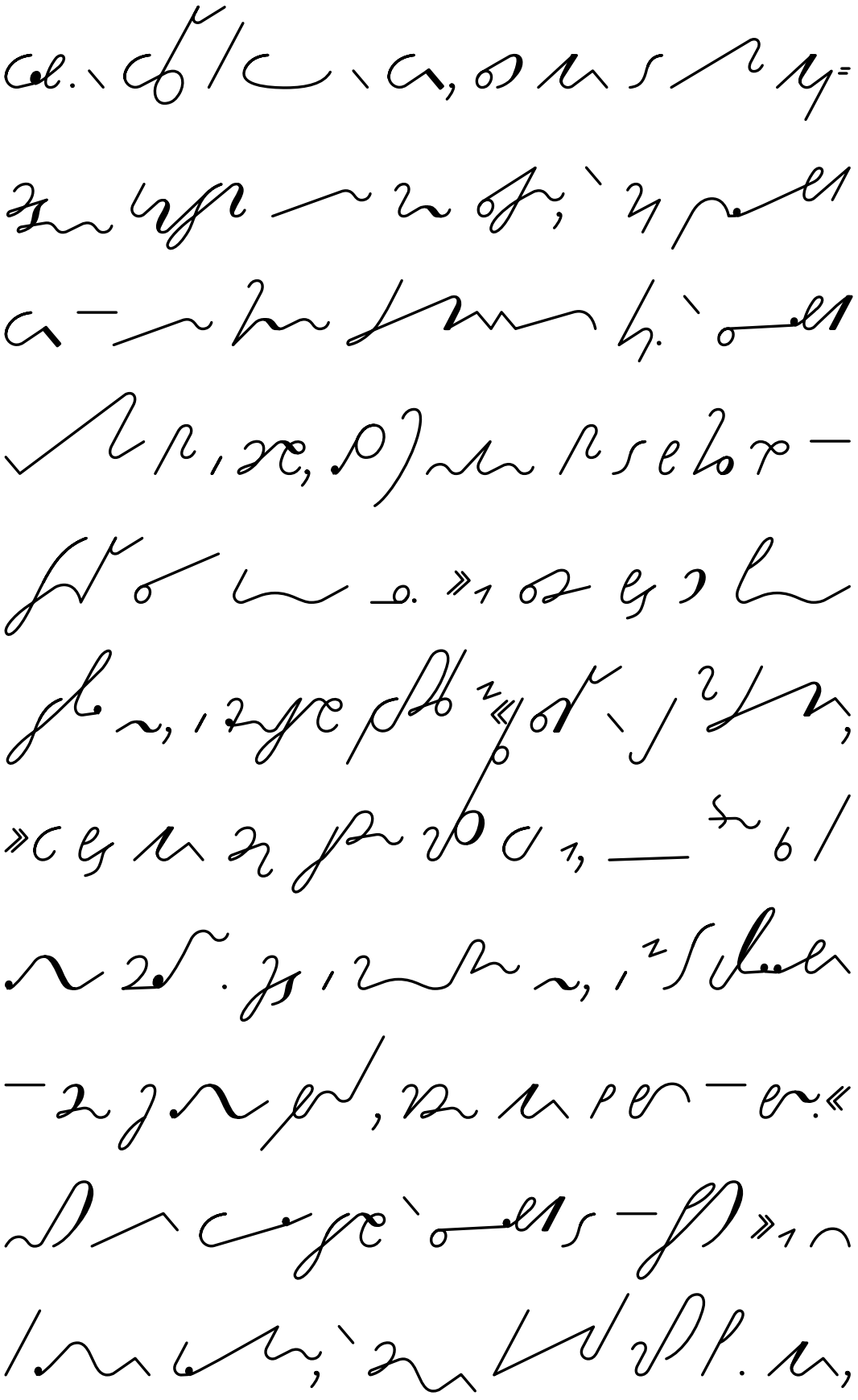
de Steen de will nich stechen.

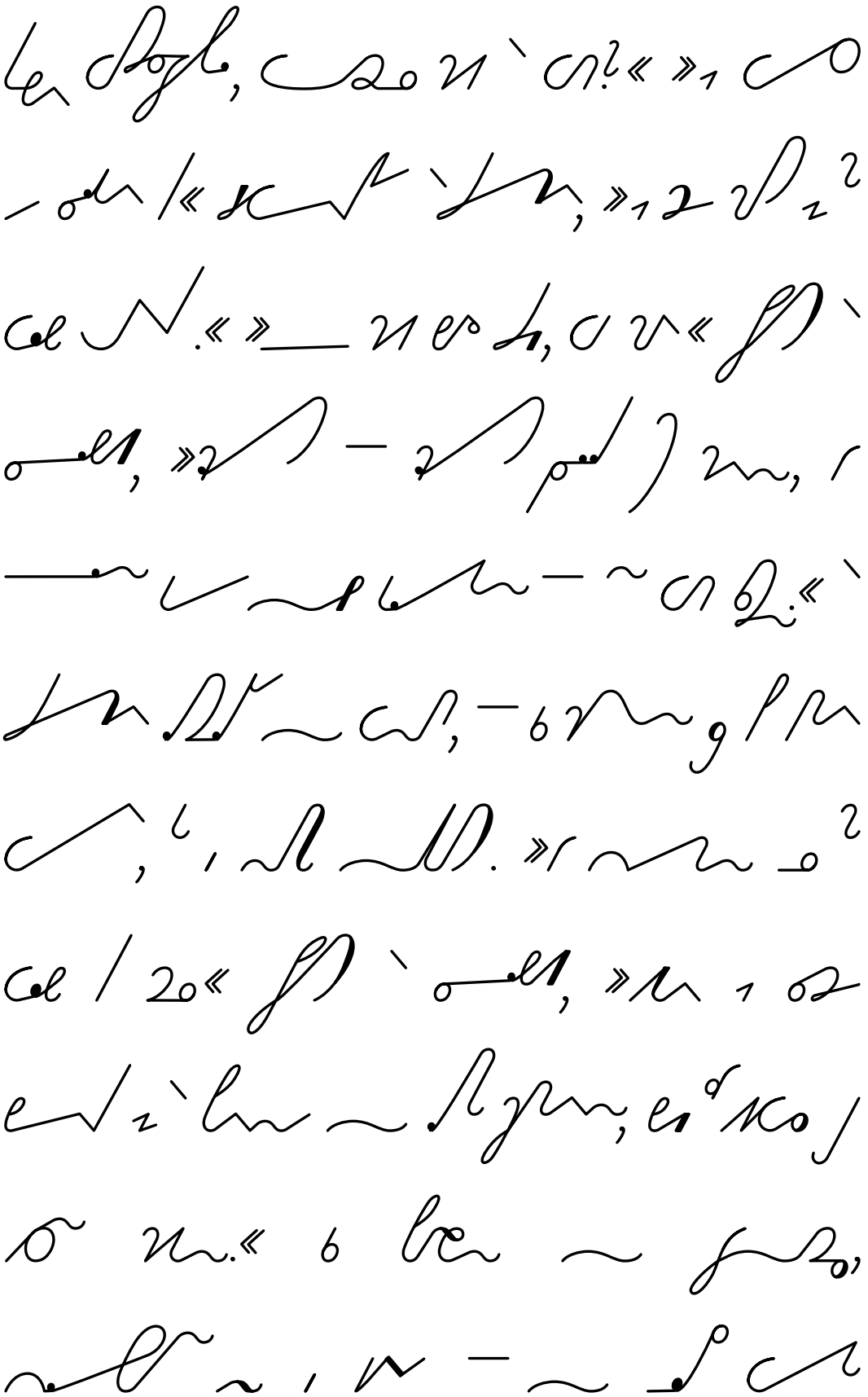
Hänschen mit de bunte Jak,

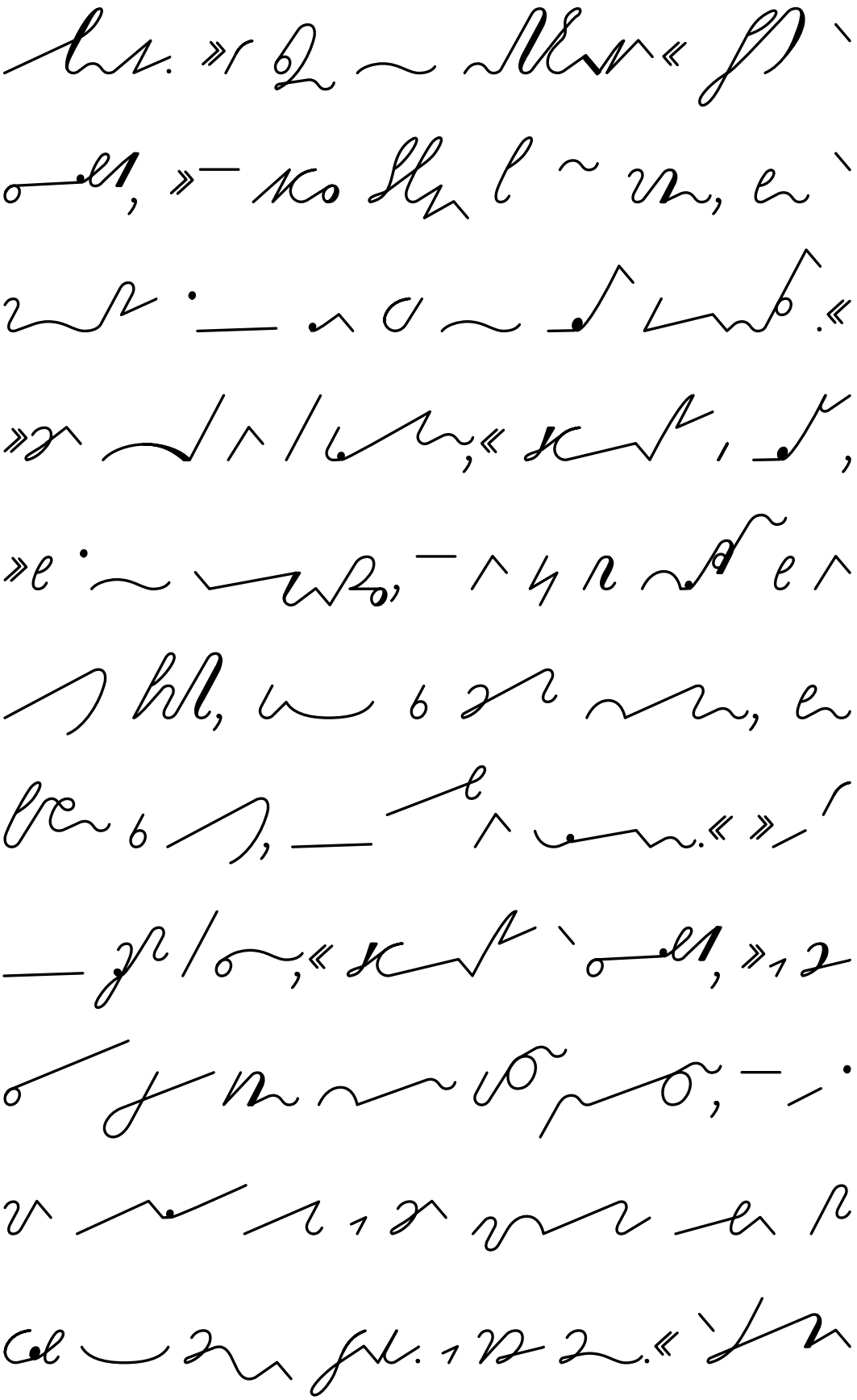
kumm unn folg my achterna.«

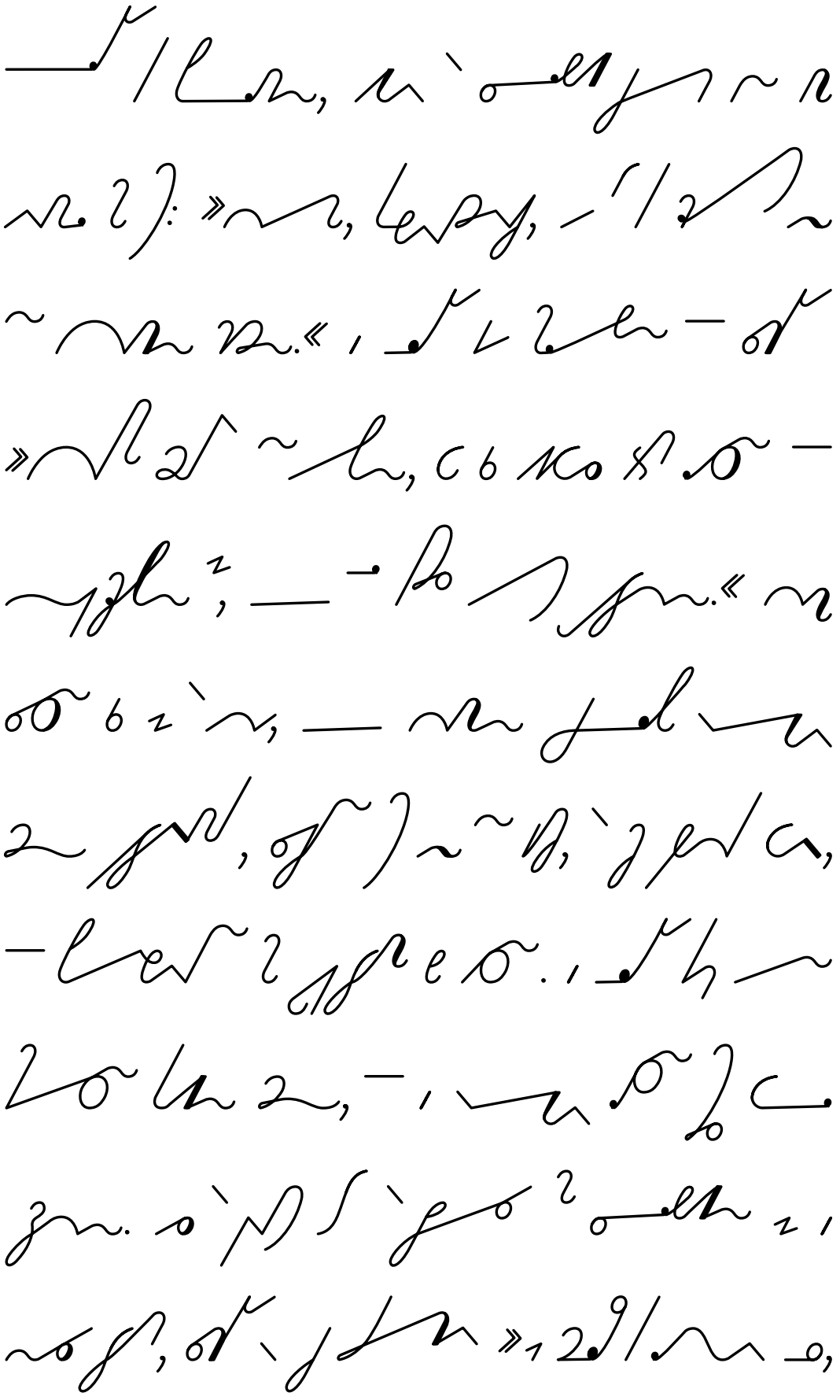
199.

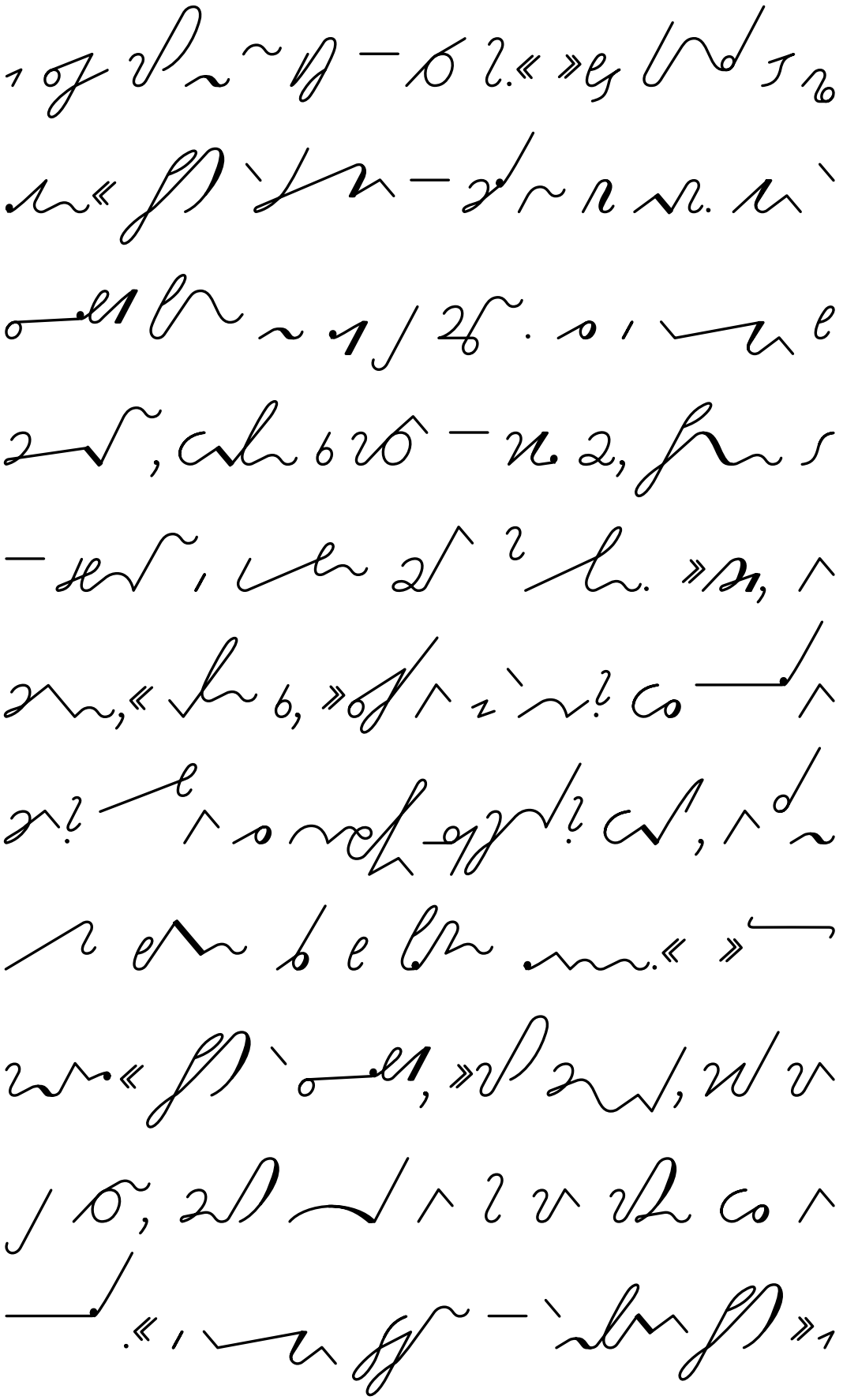


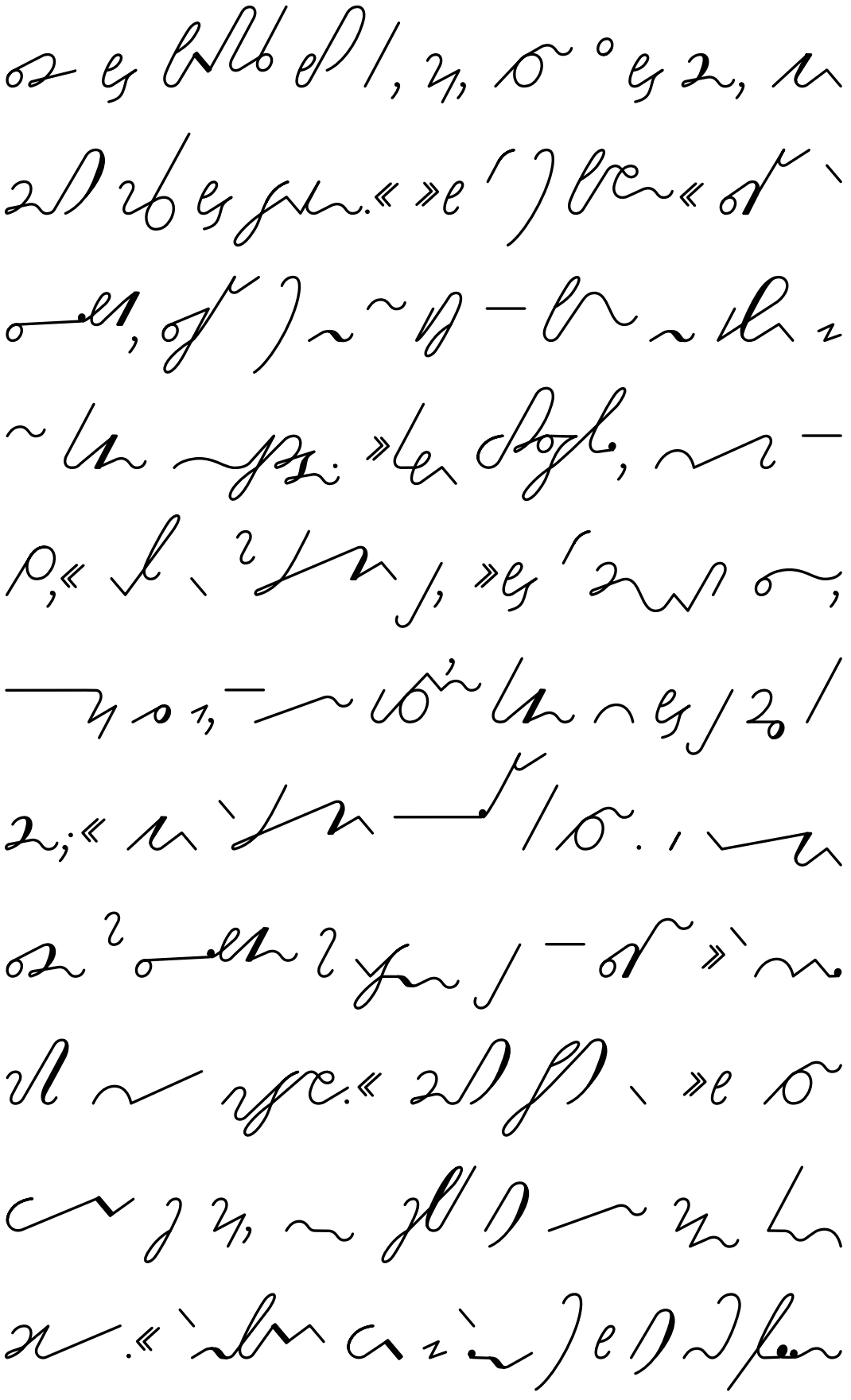


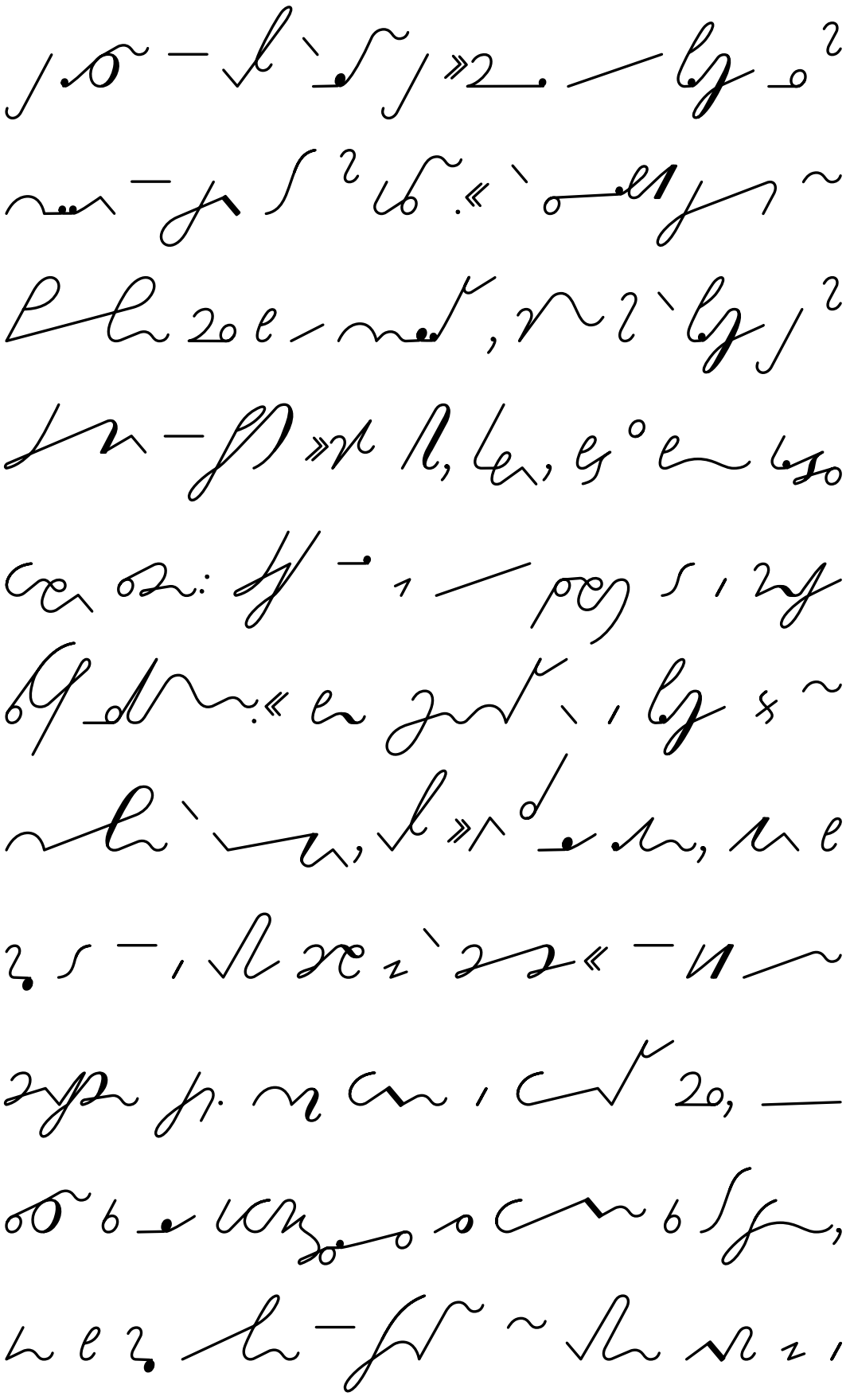


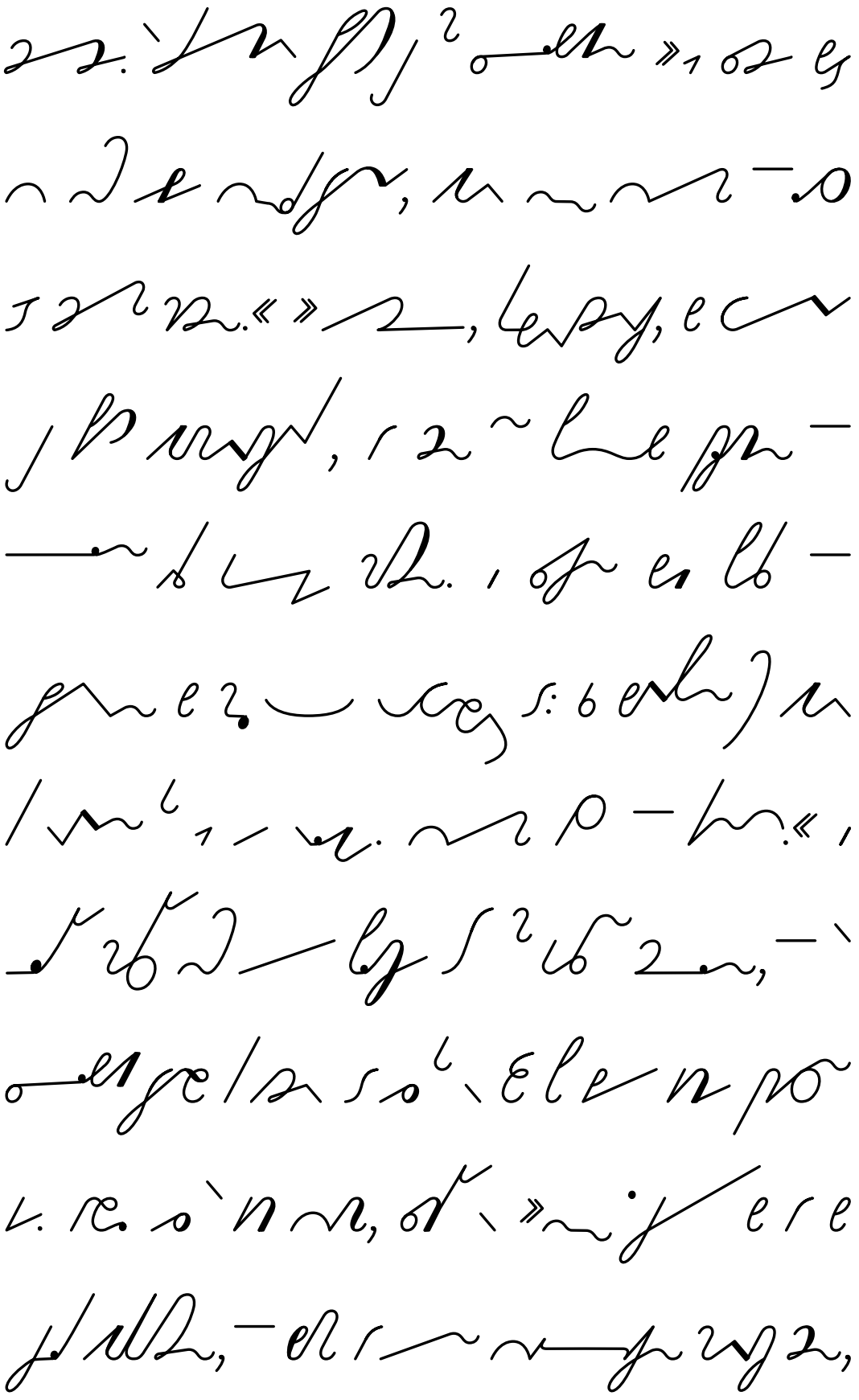


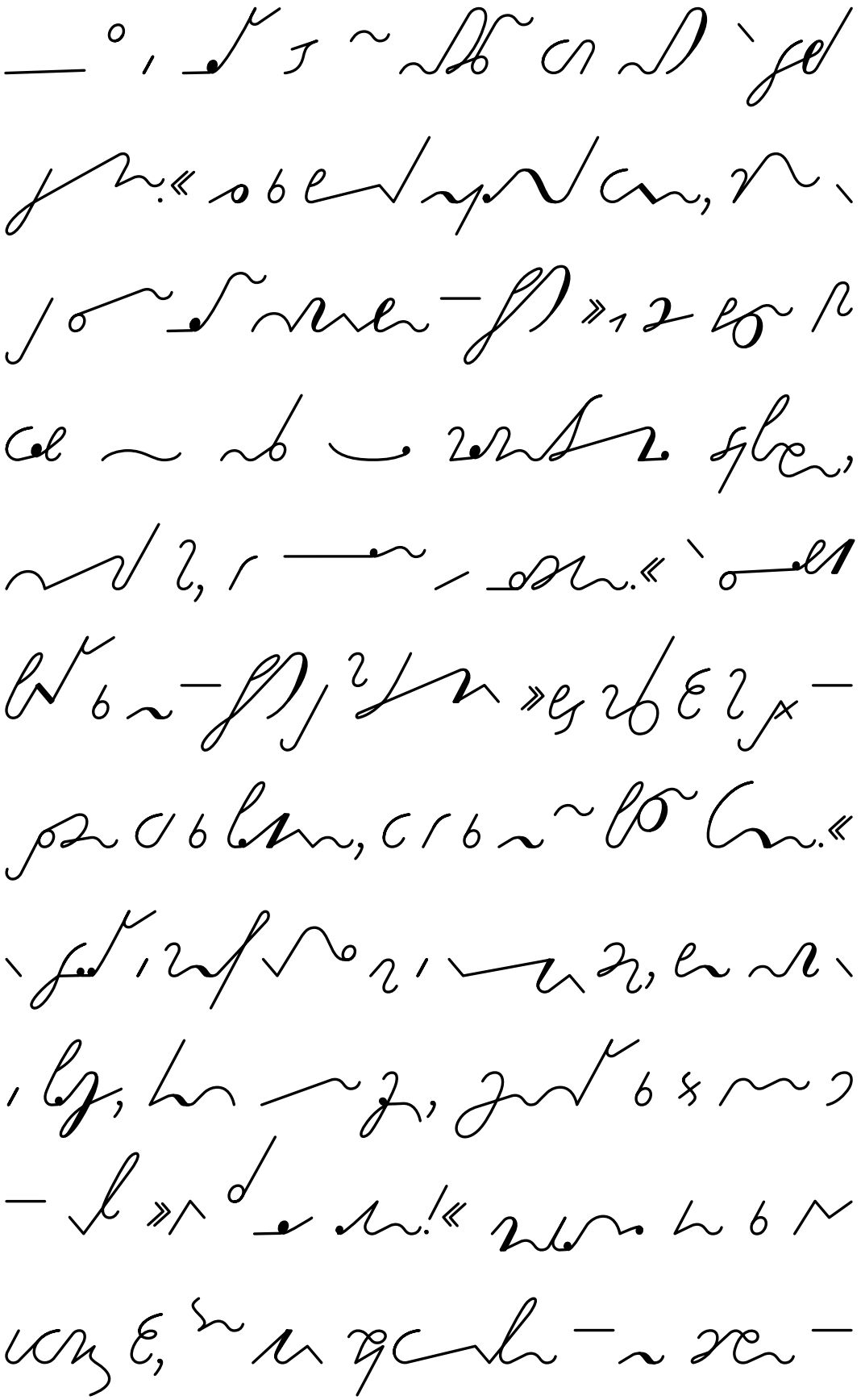


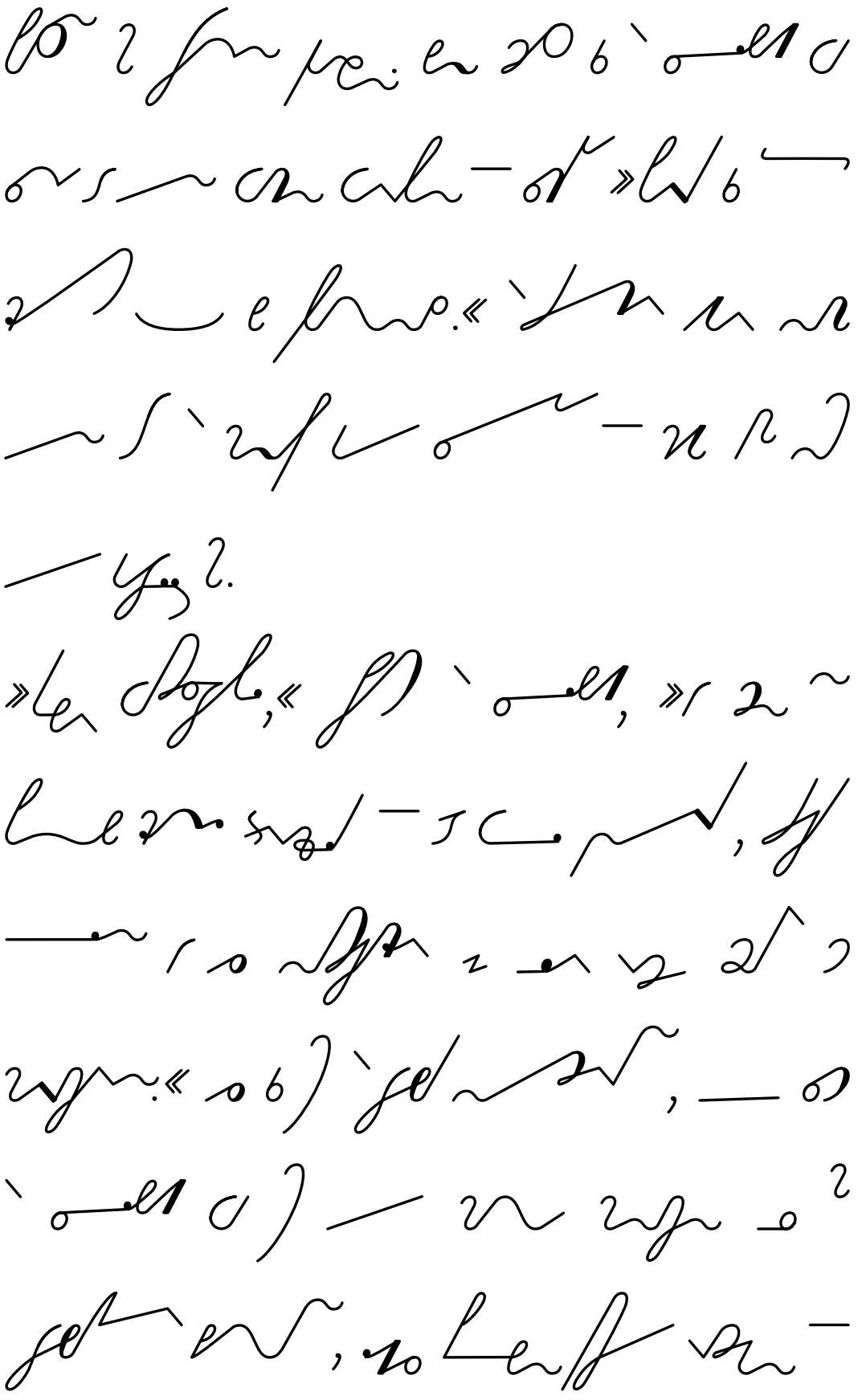


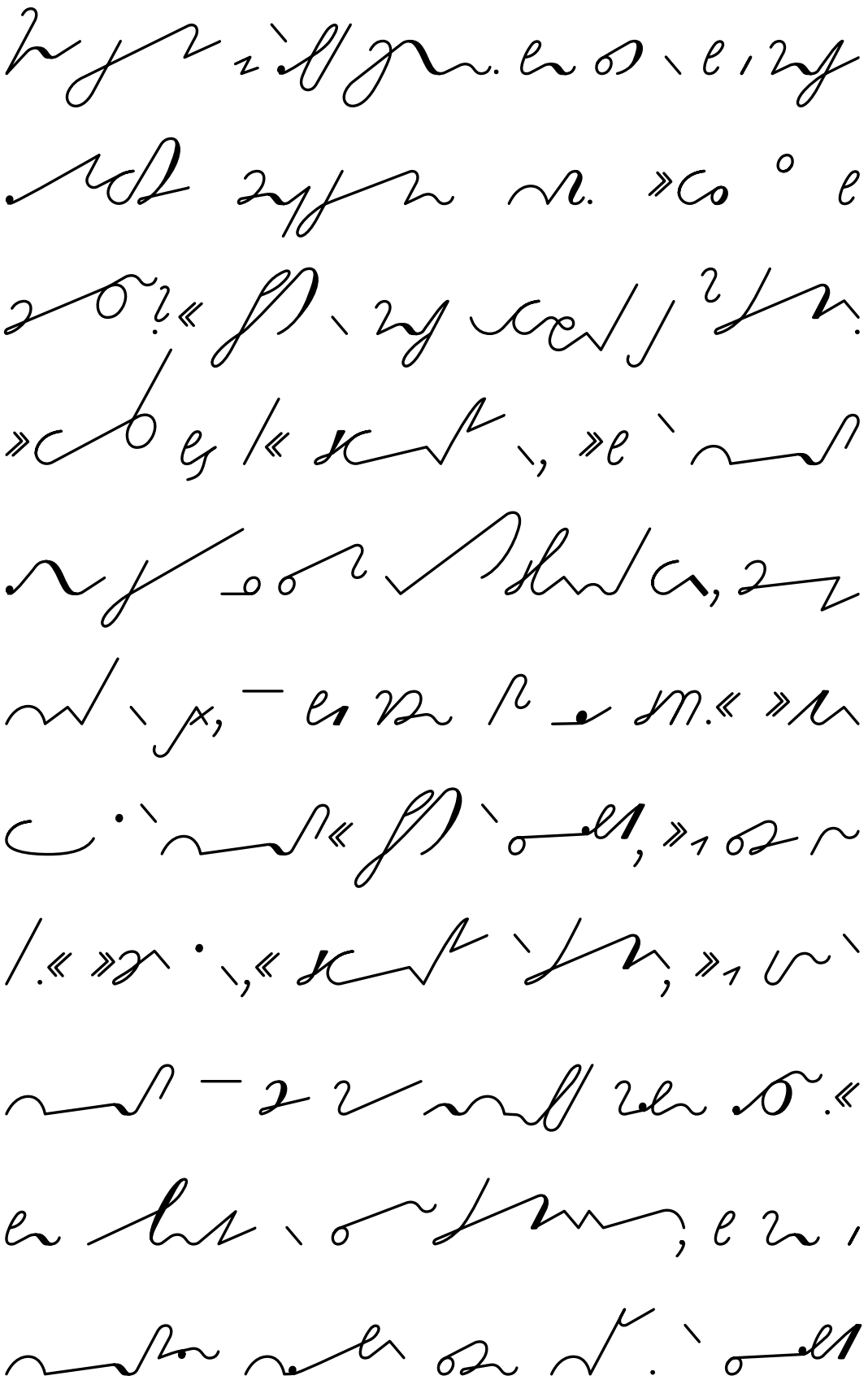


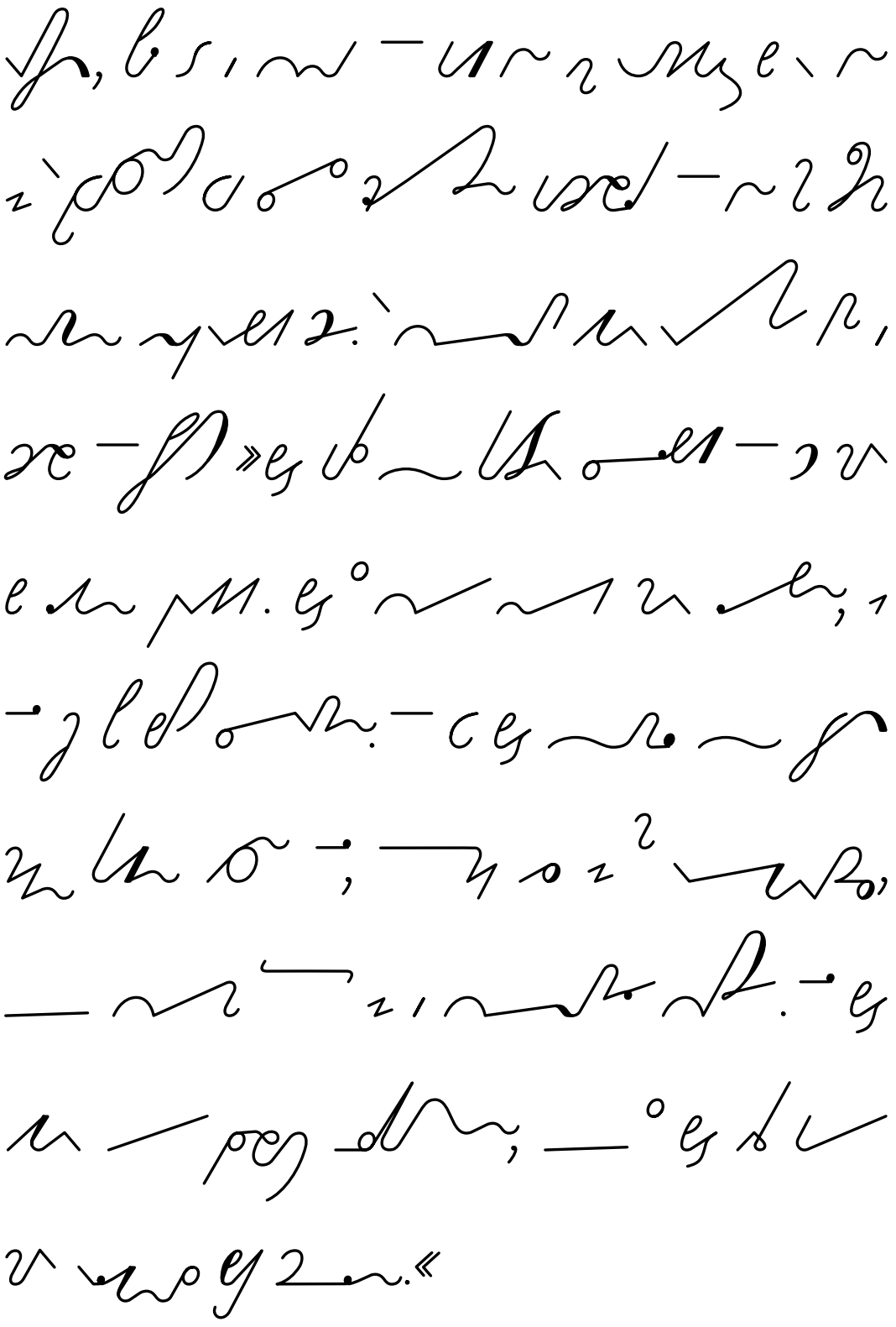












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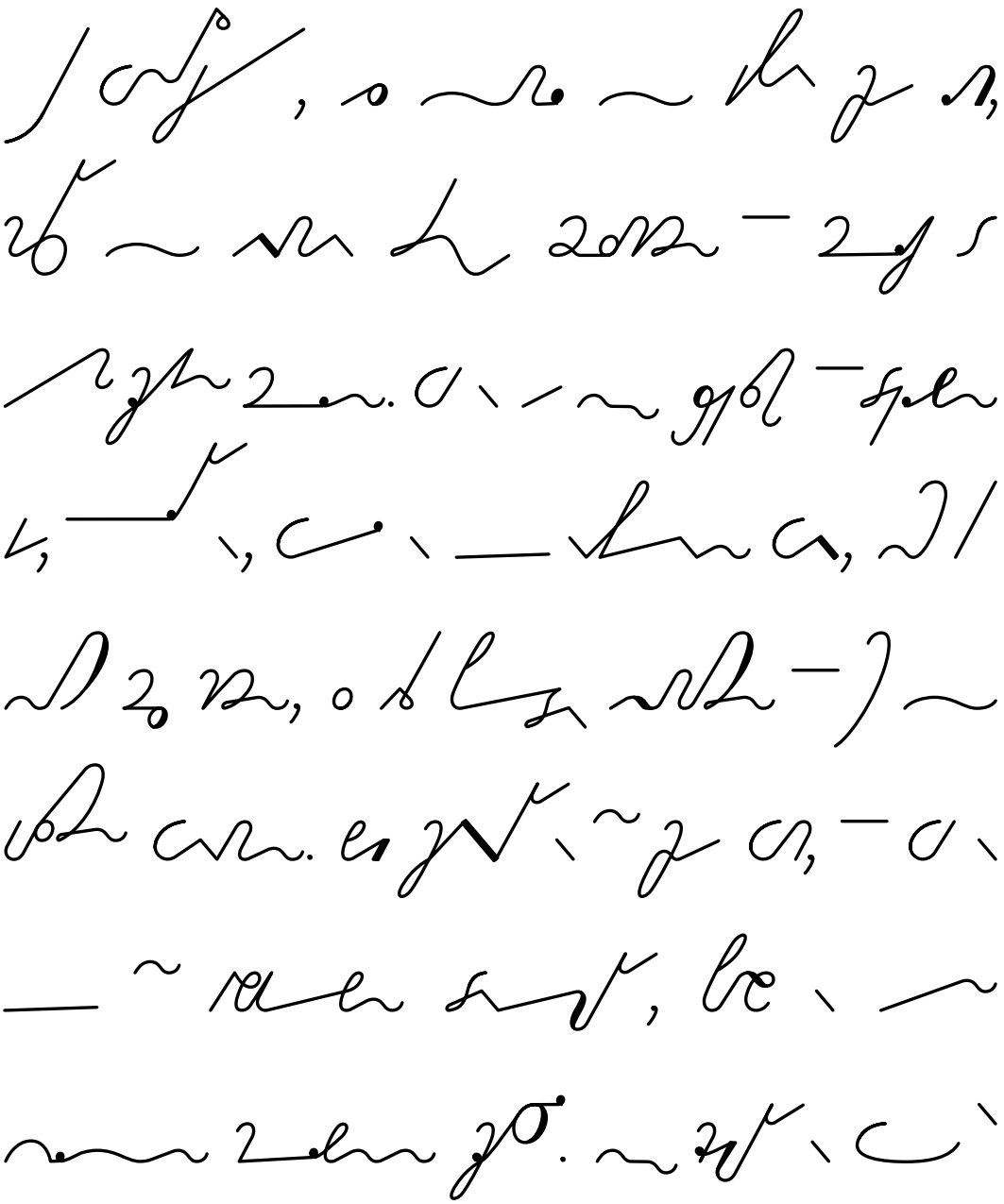
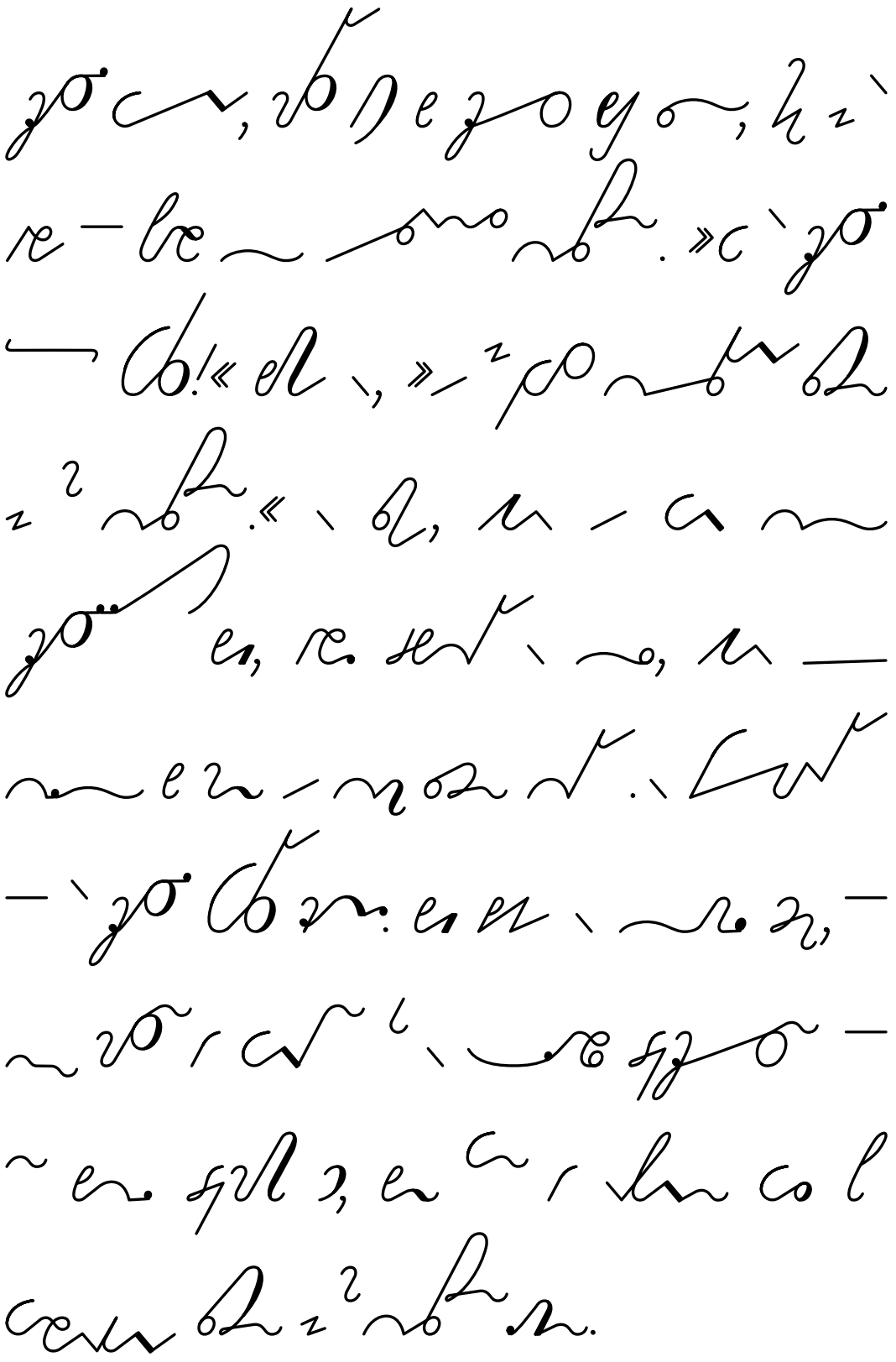
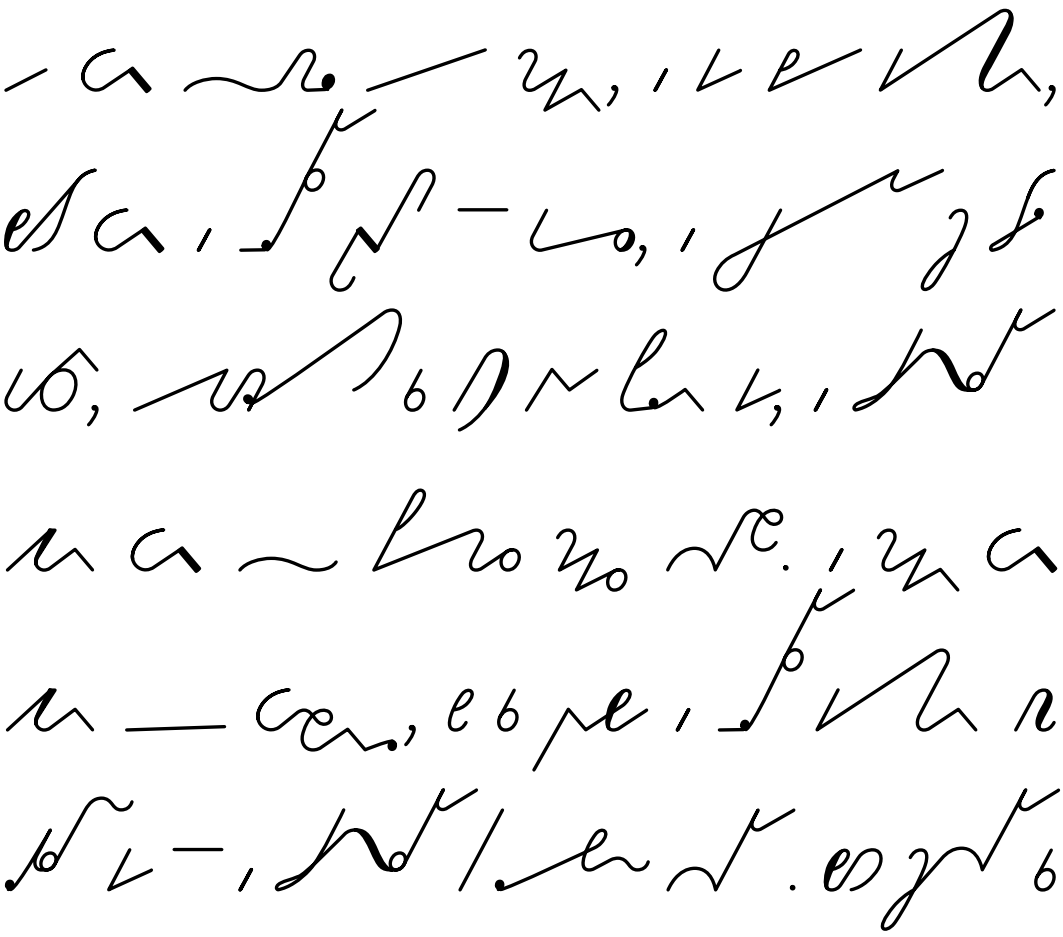
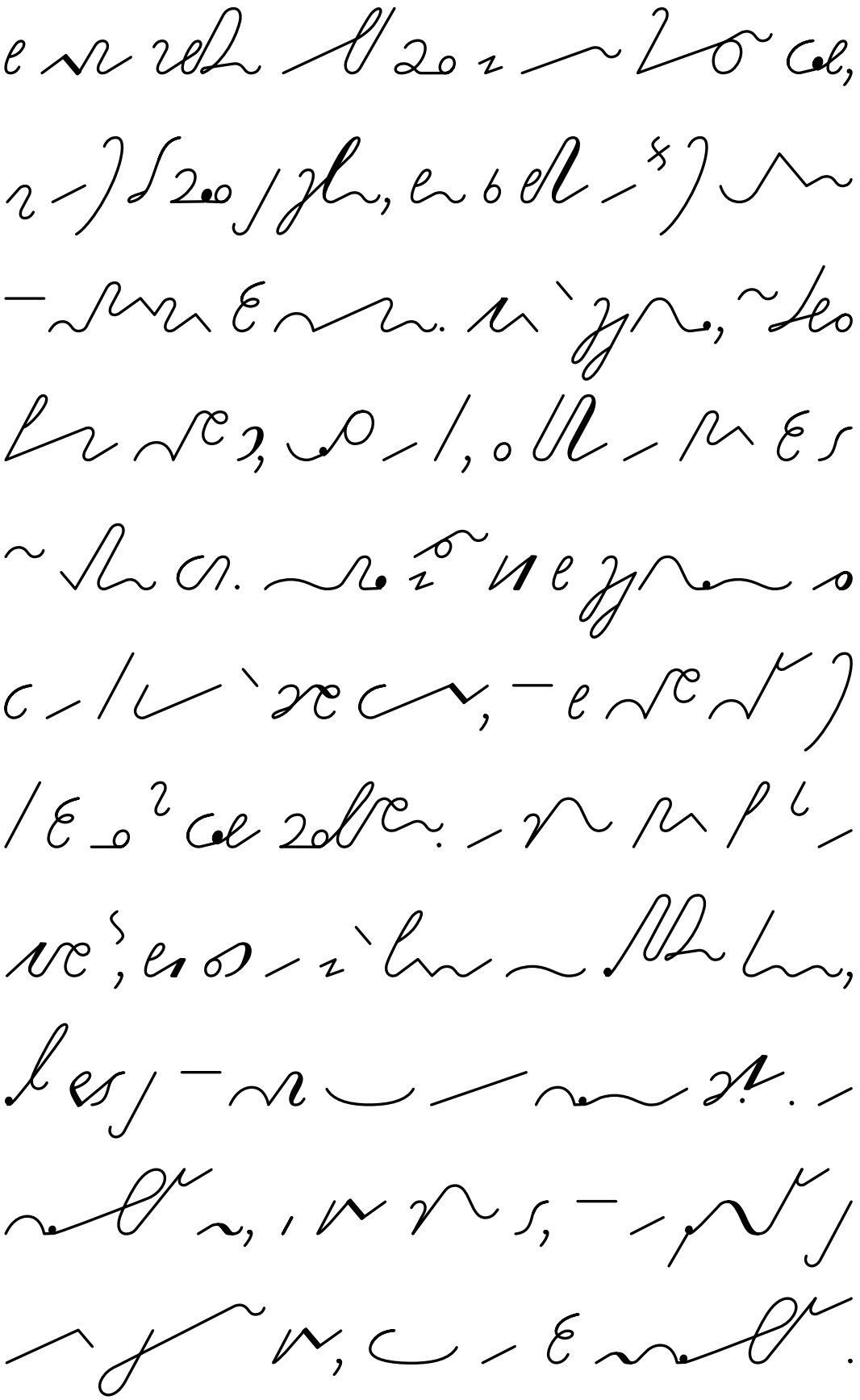


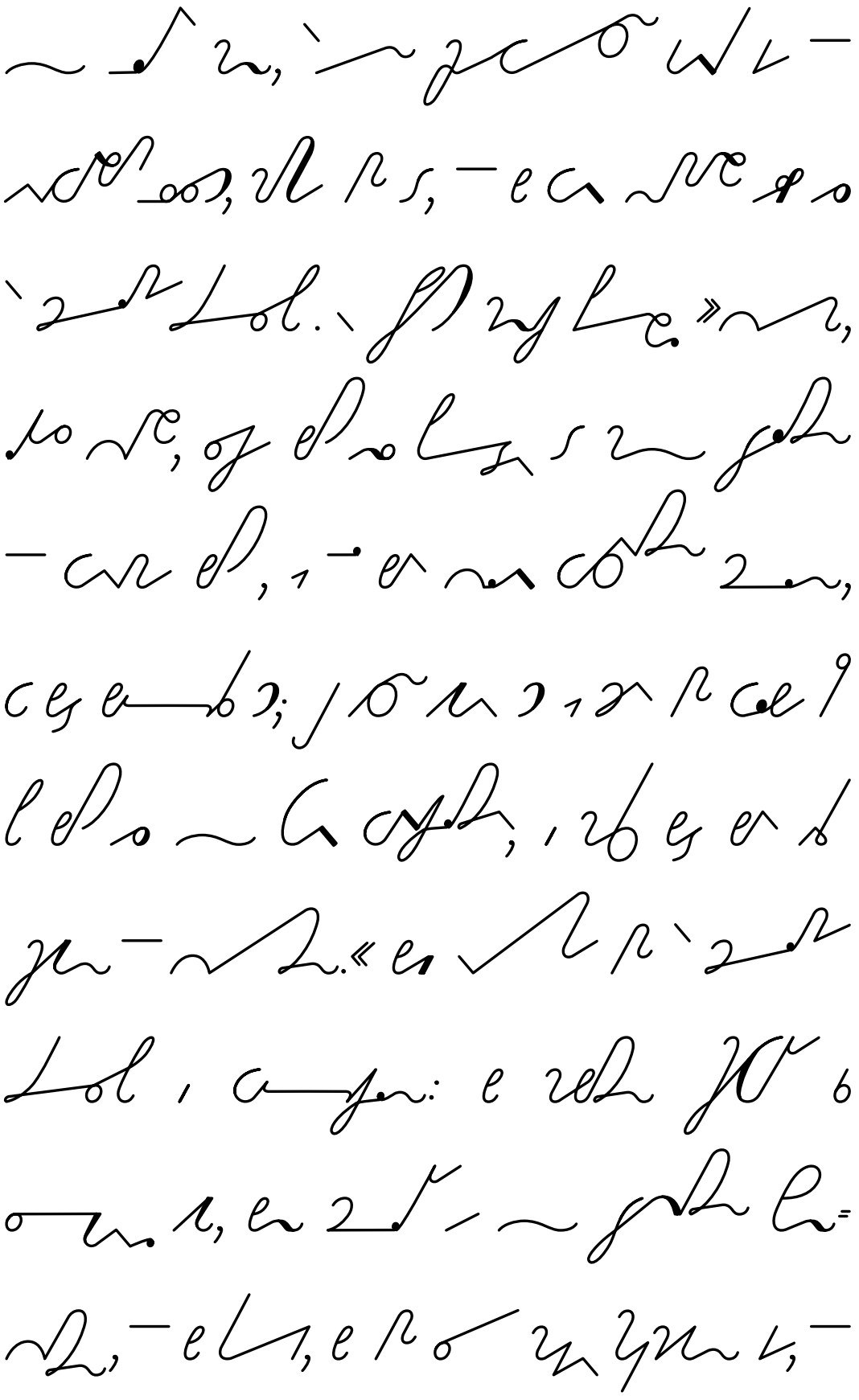


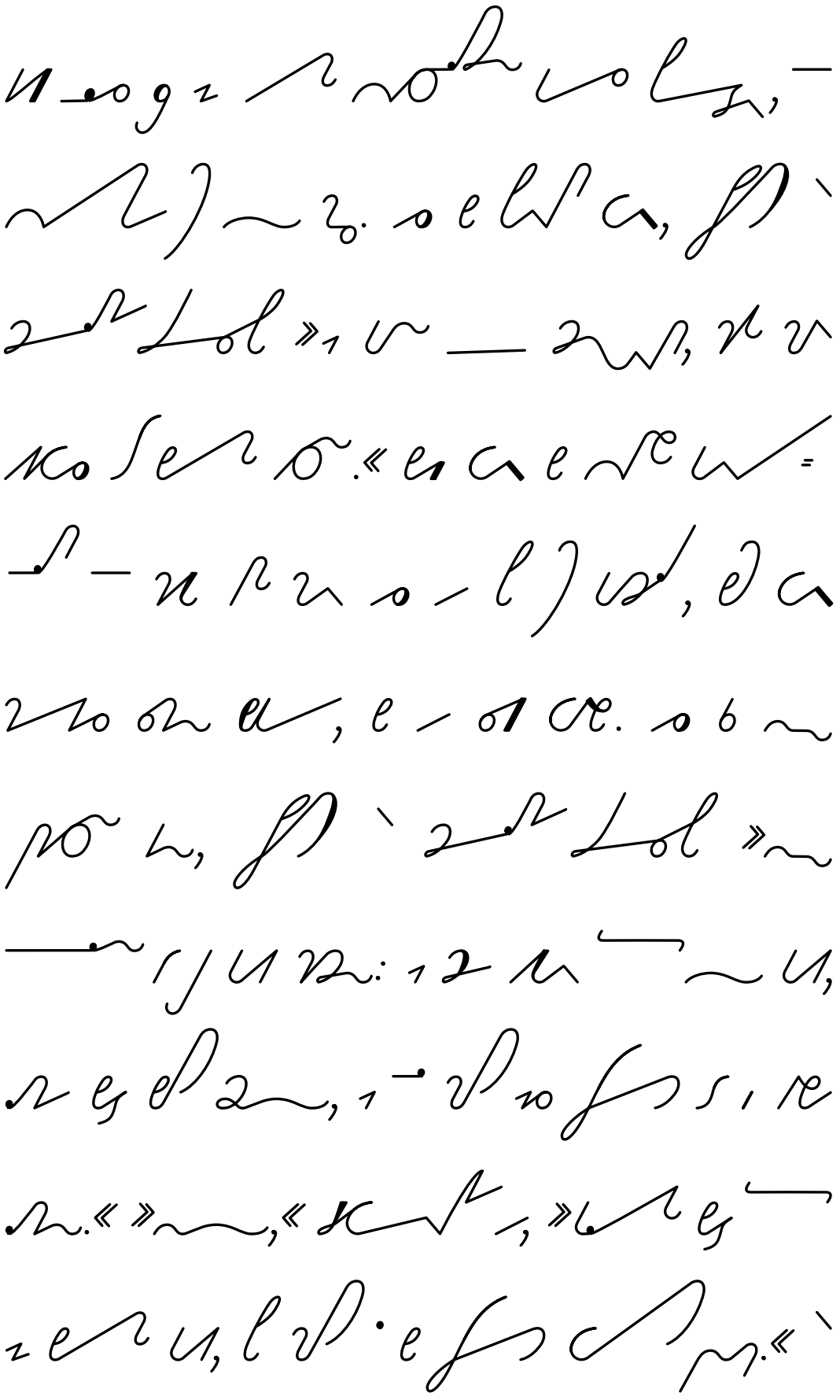
1.

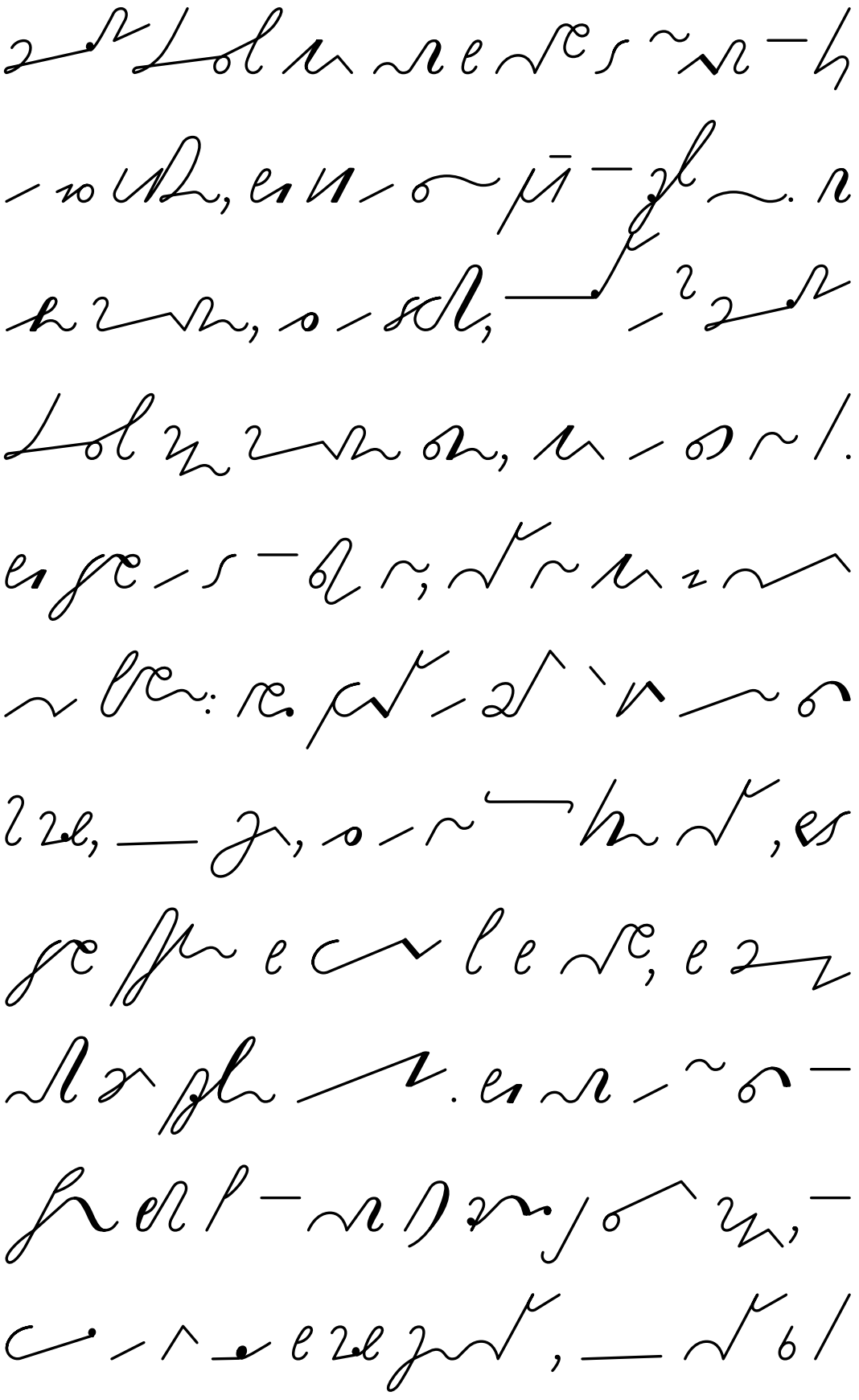


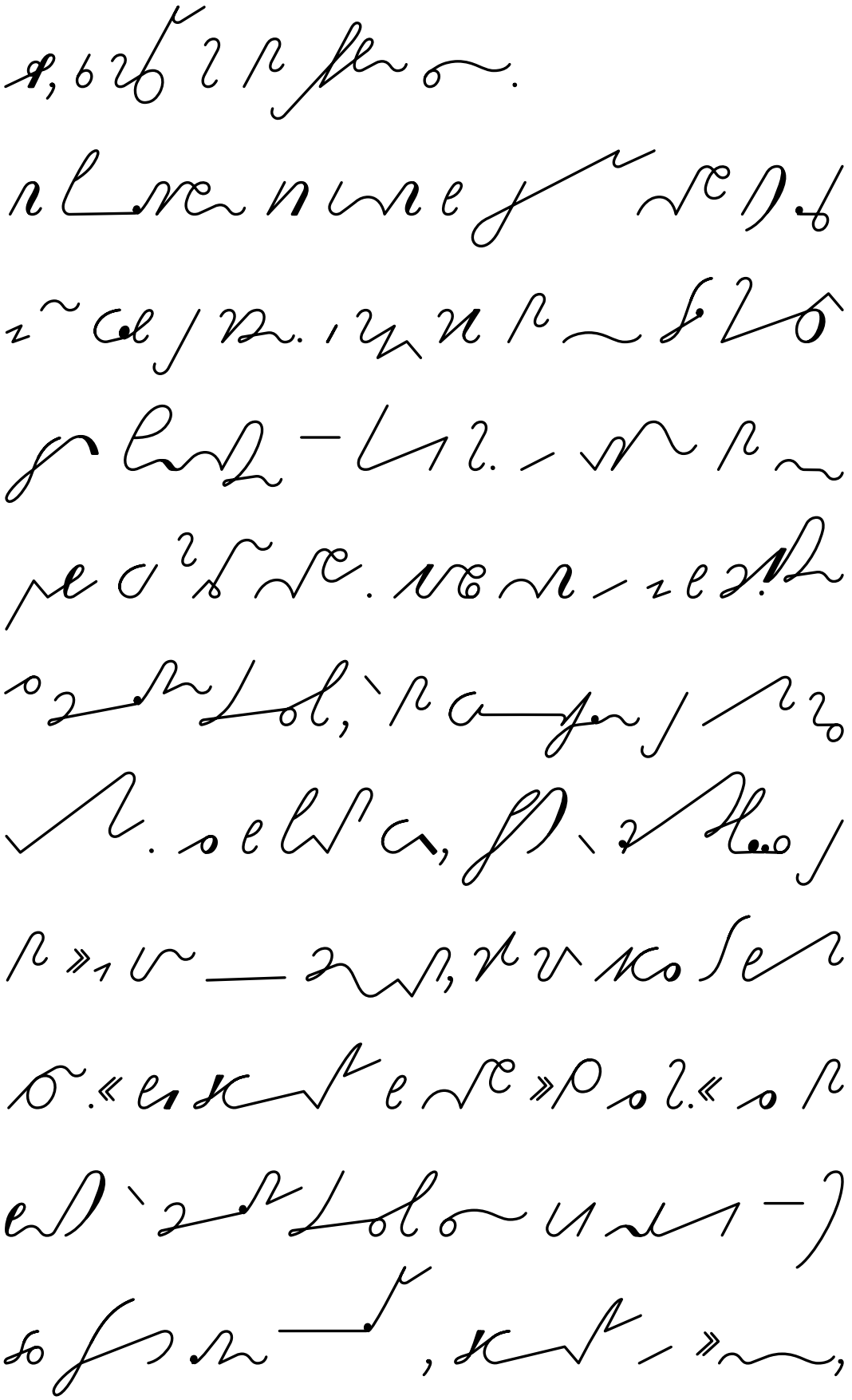
[Joseph]

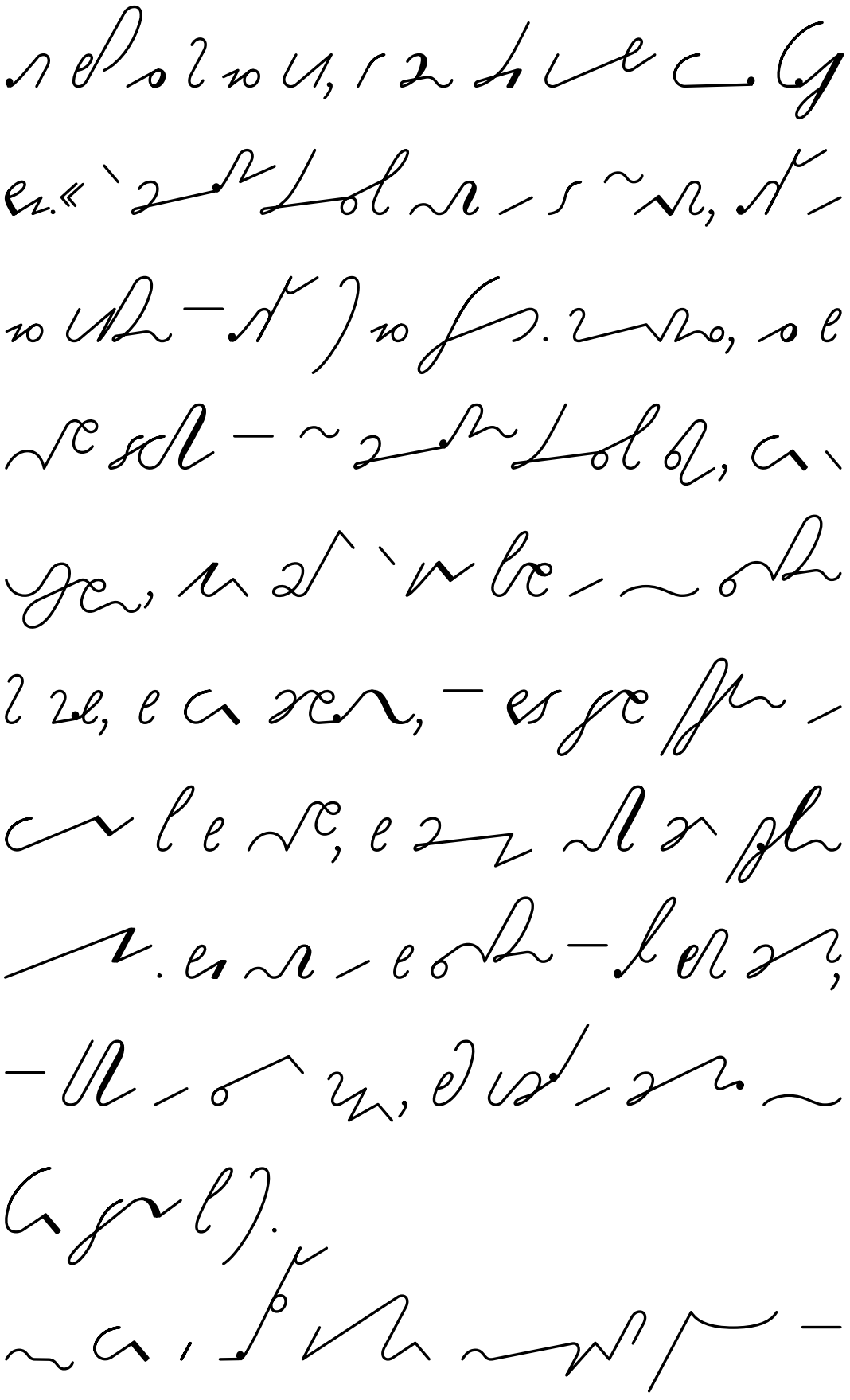


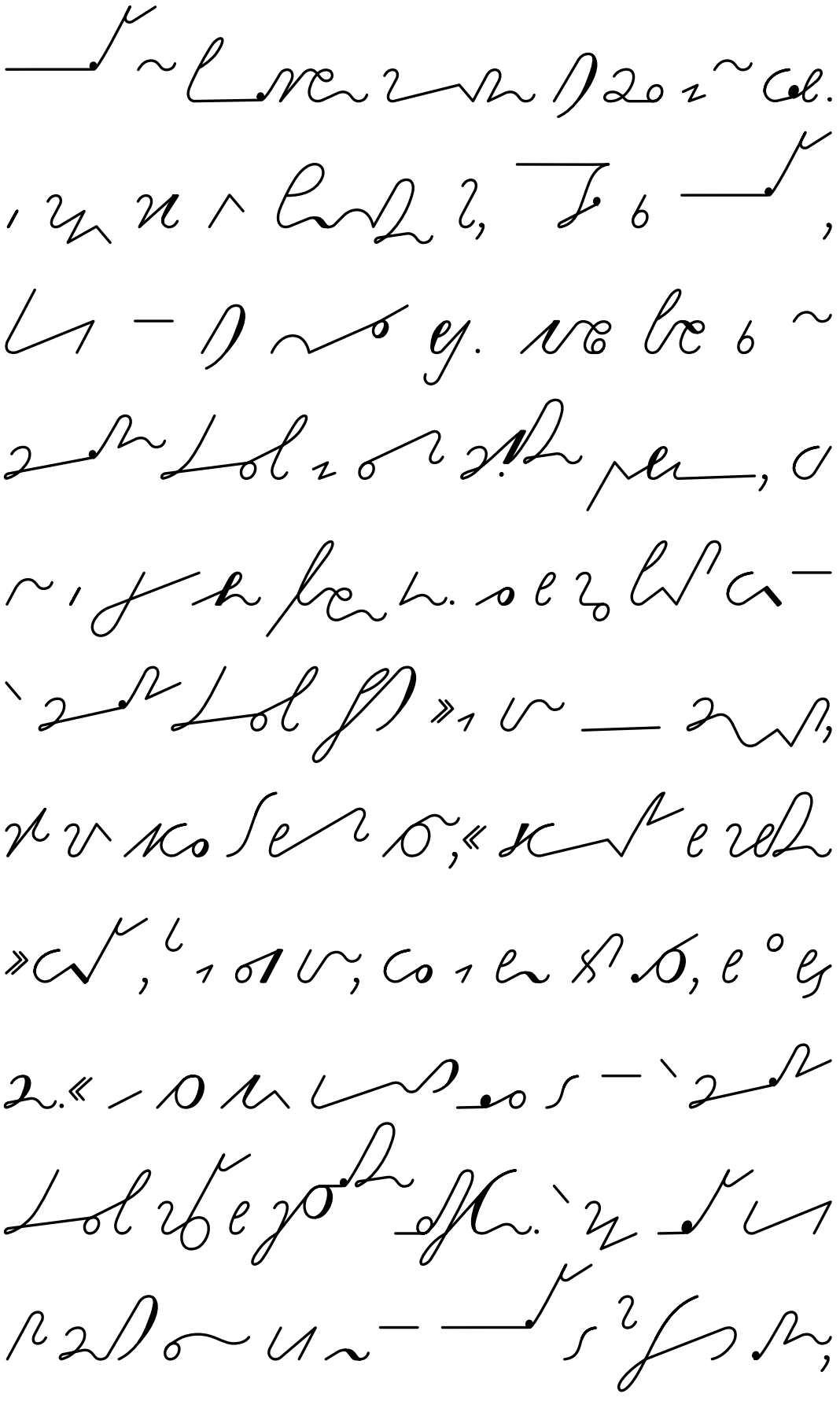


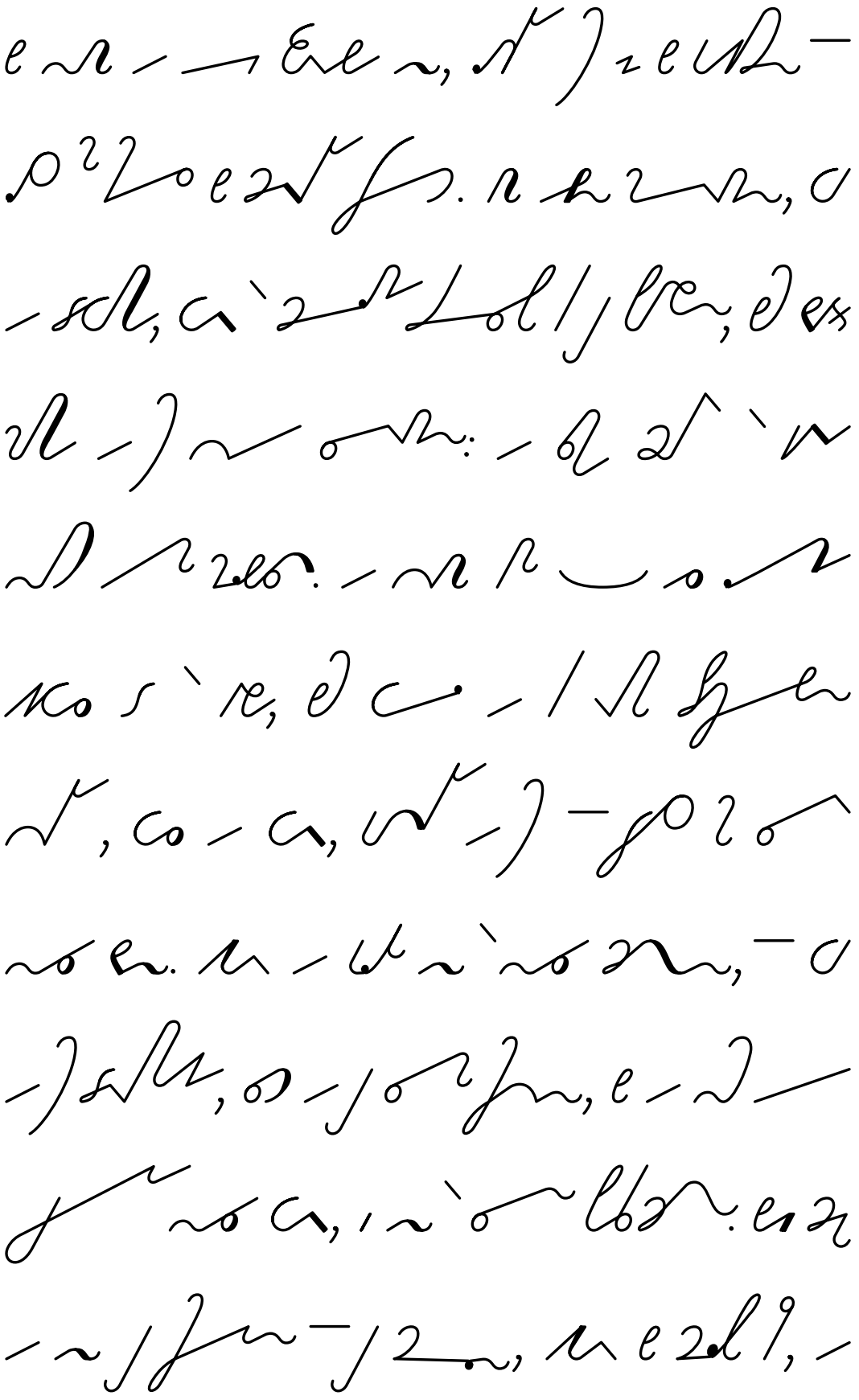


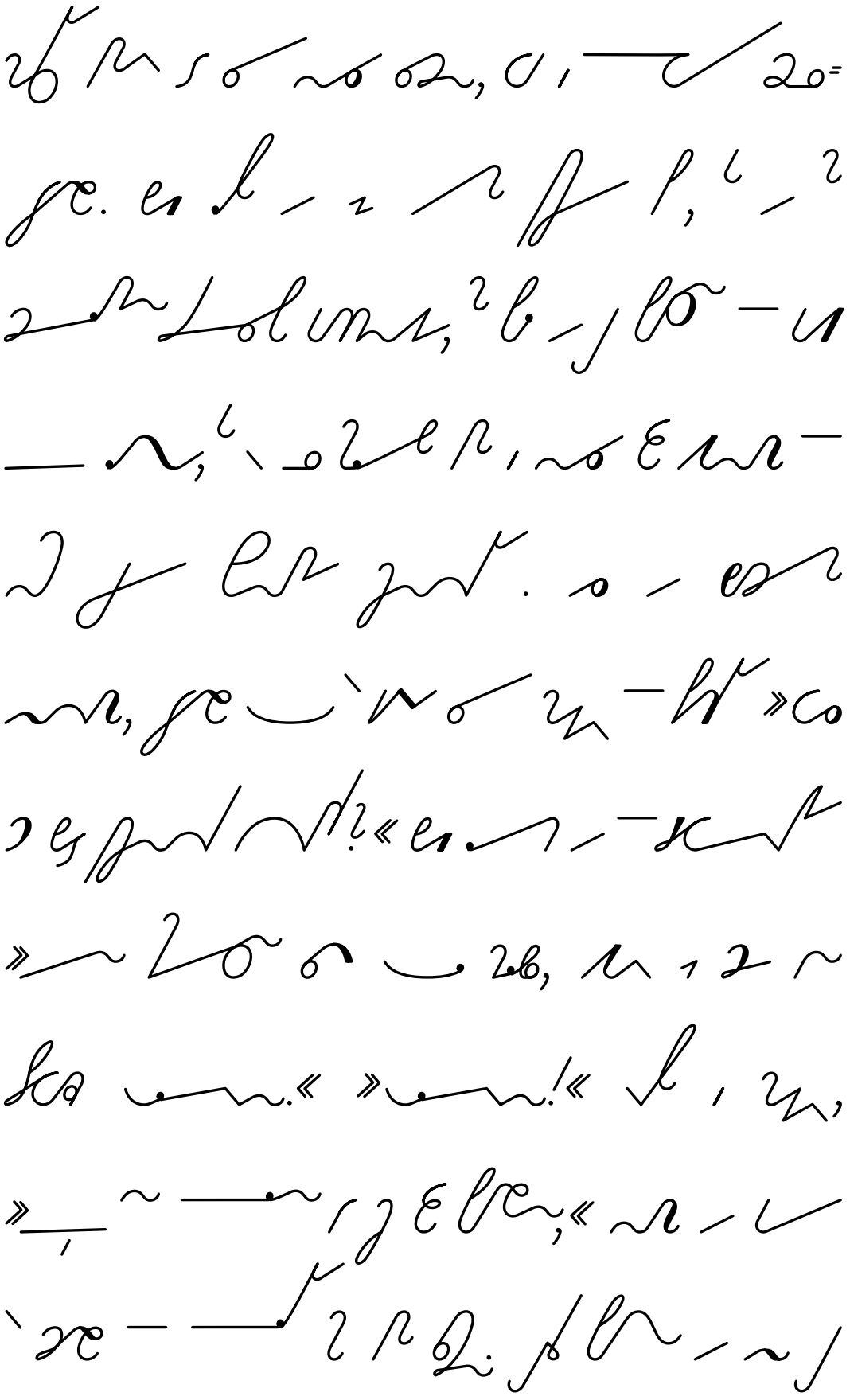


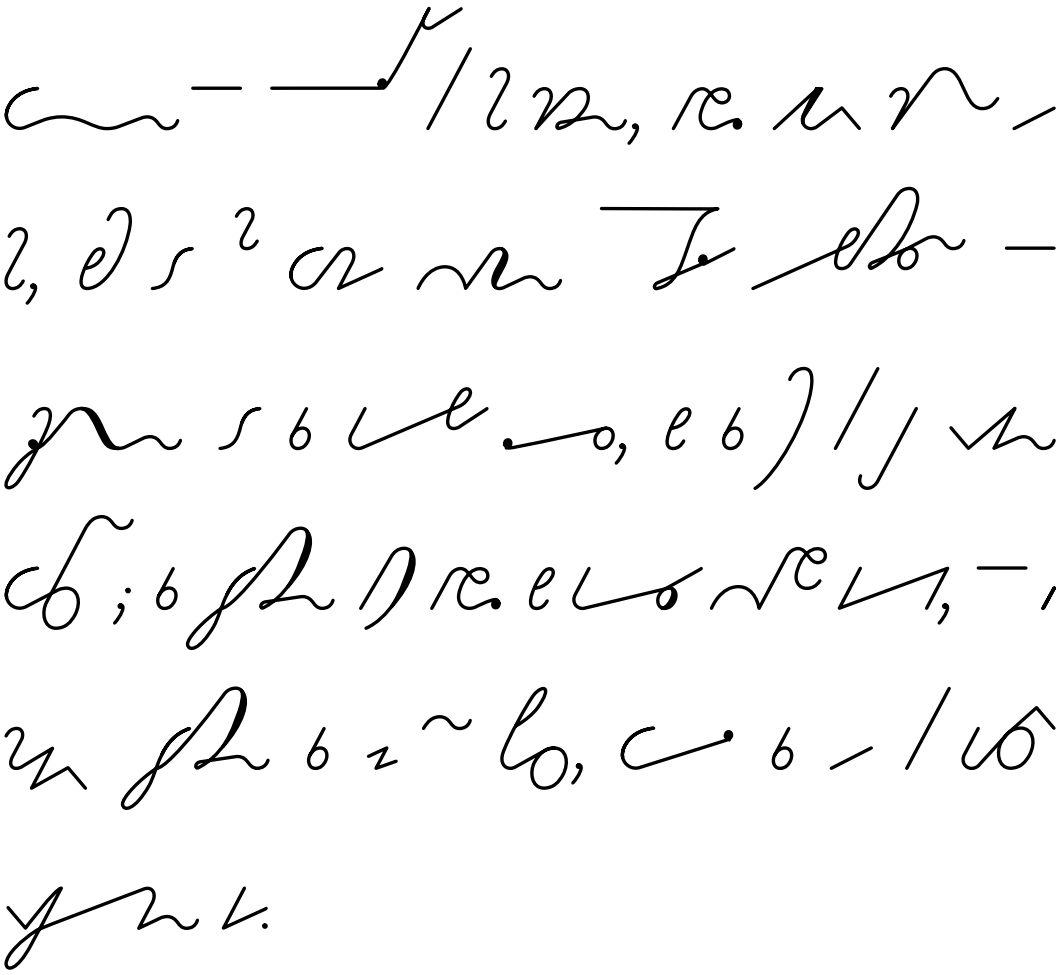












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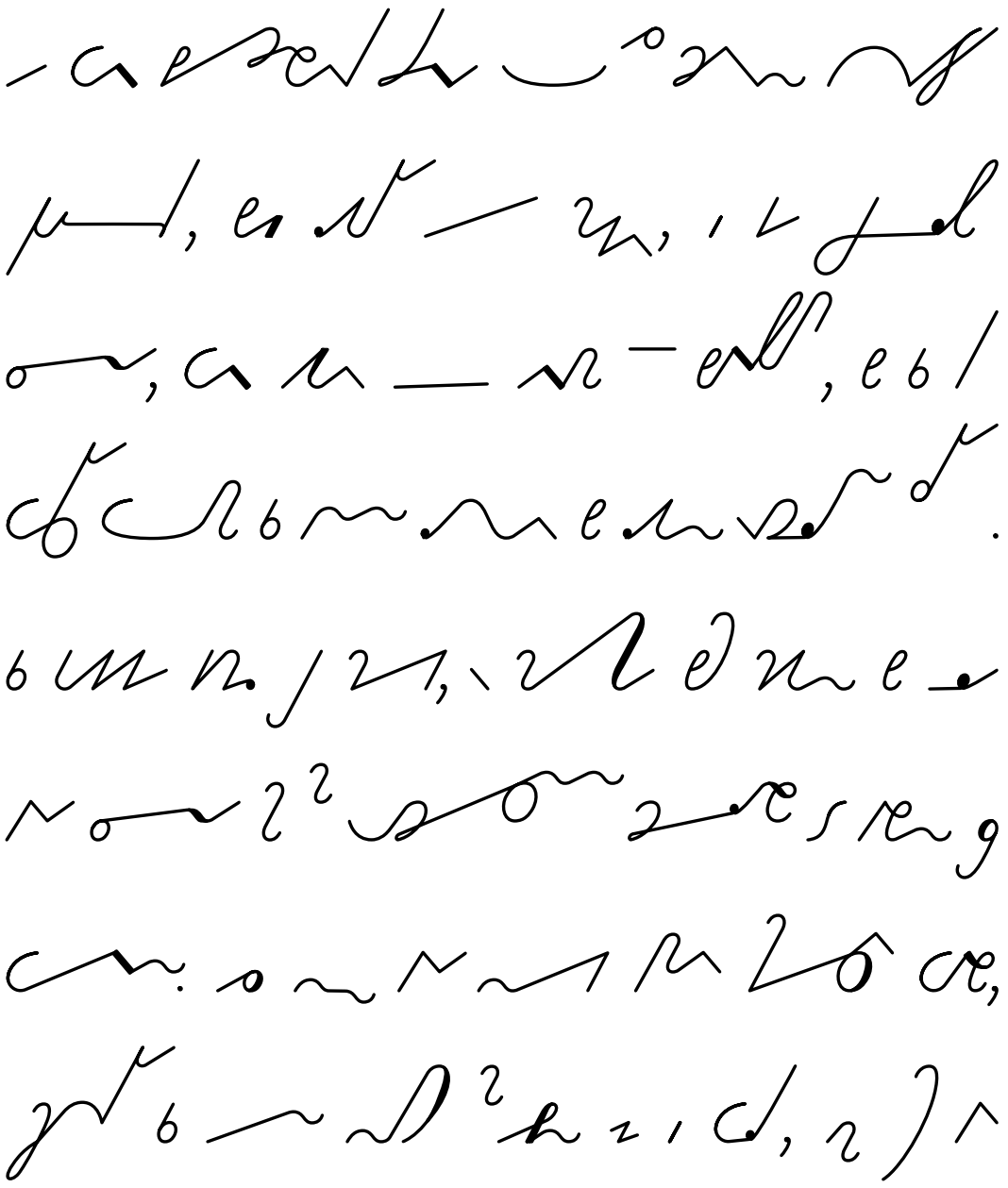
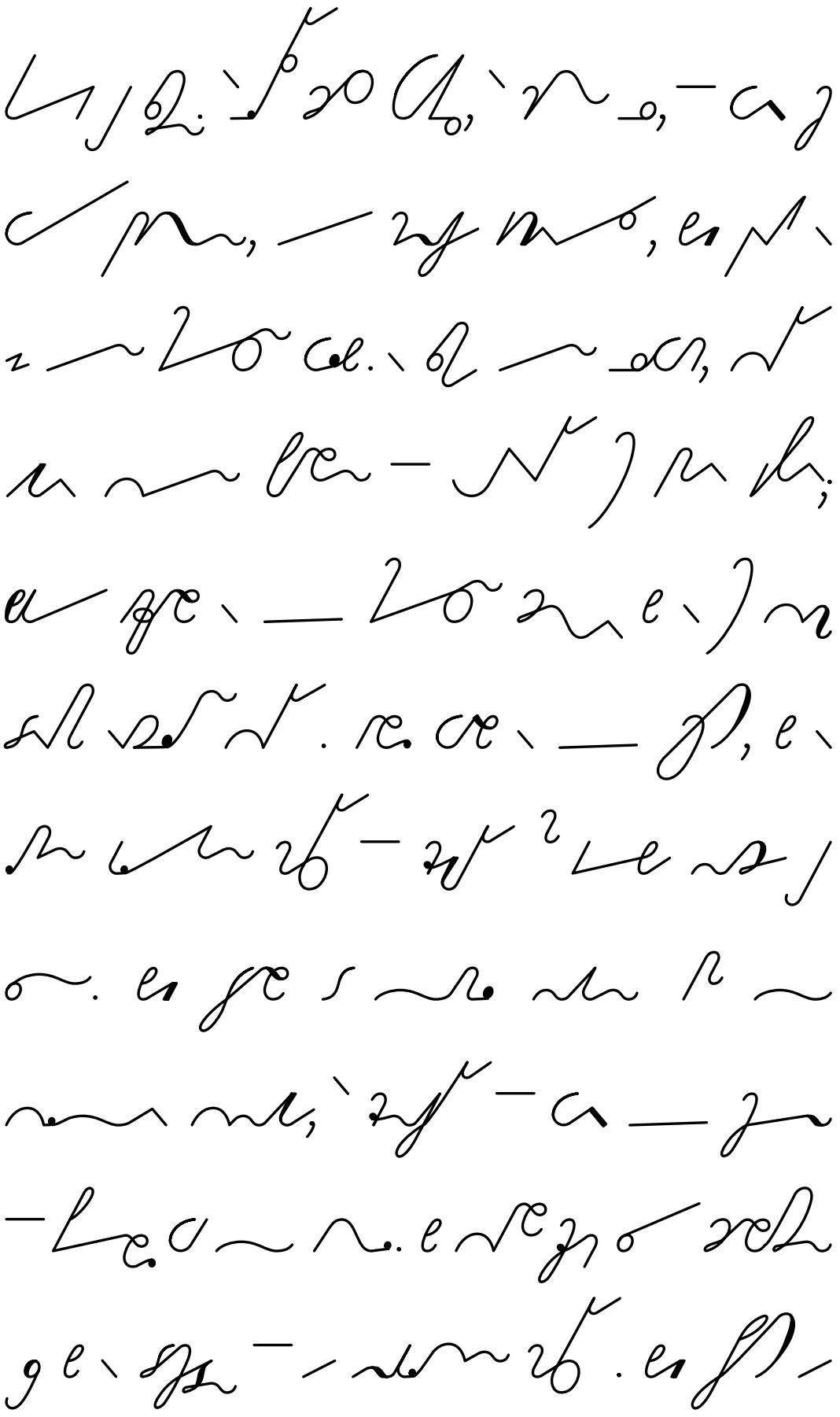
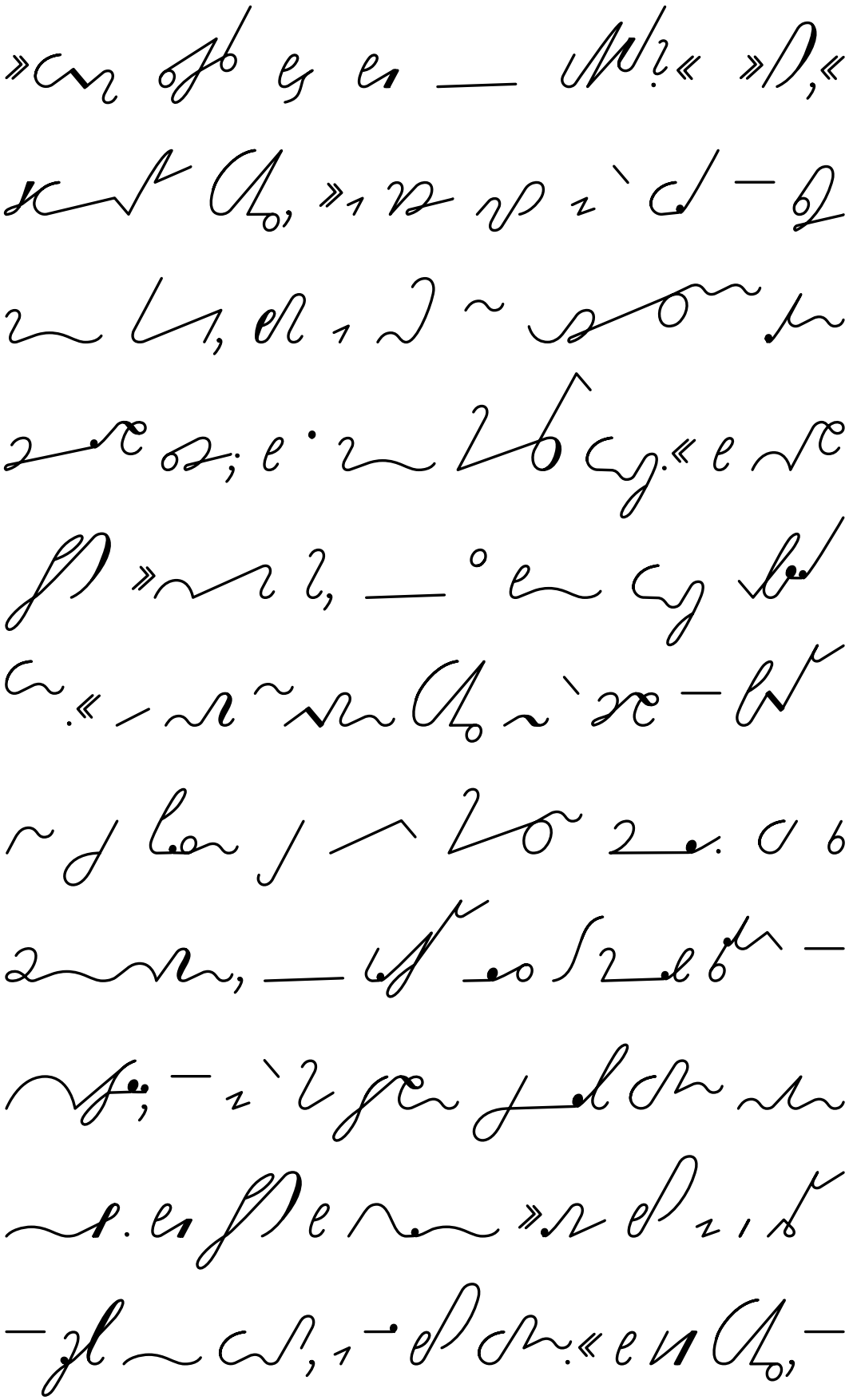
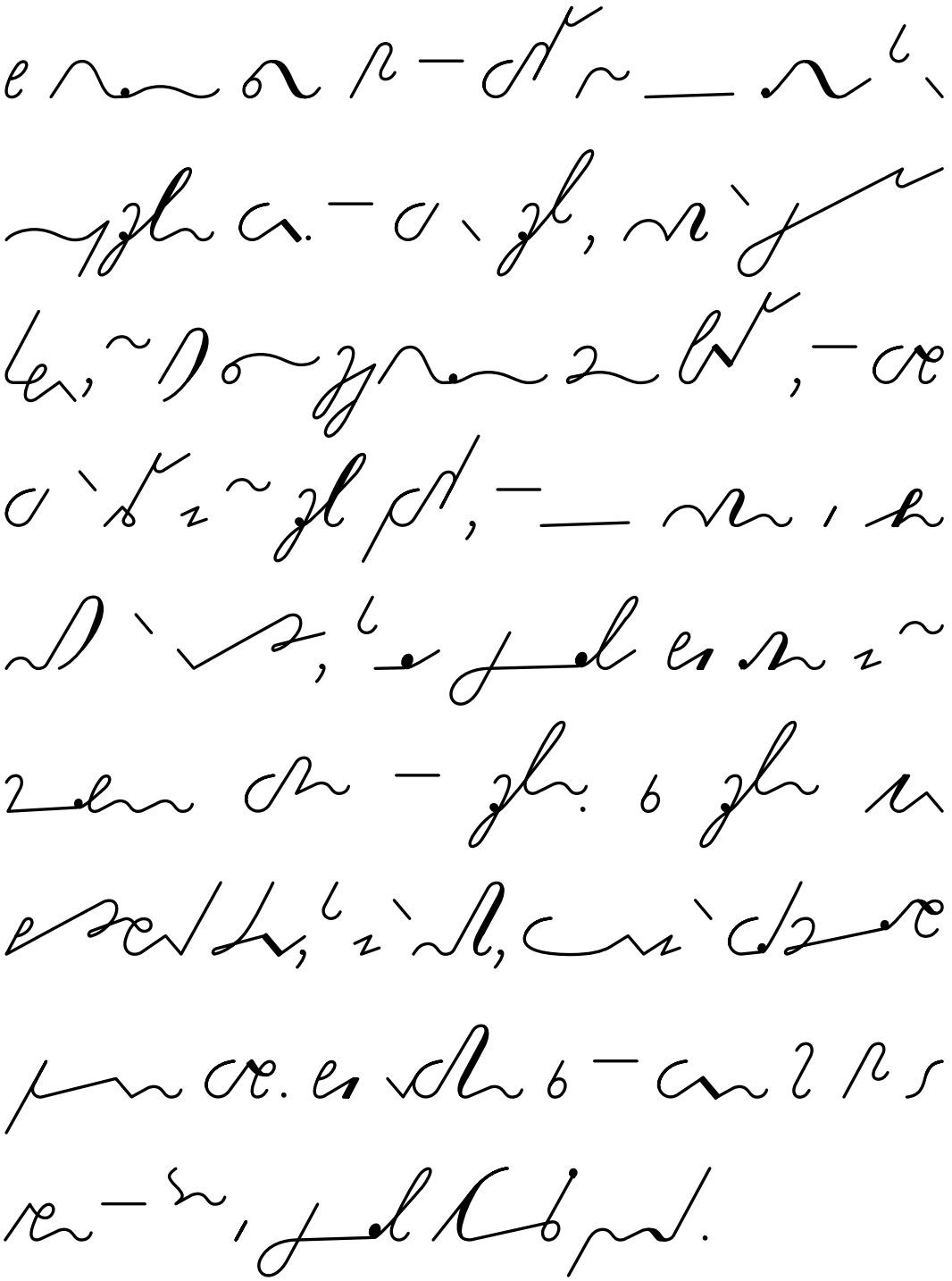








3.

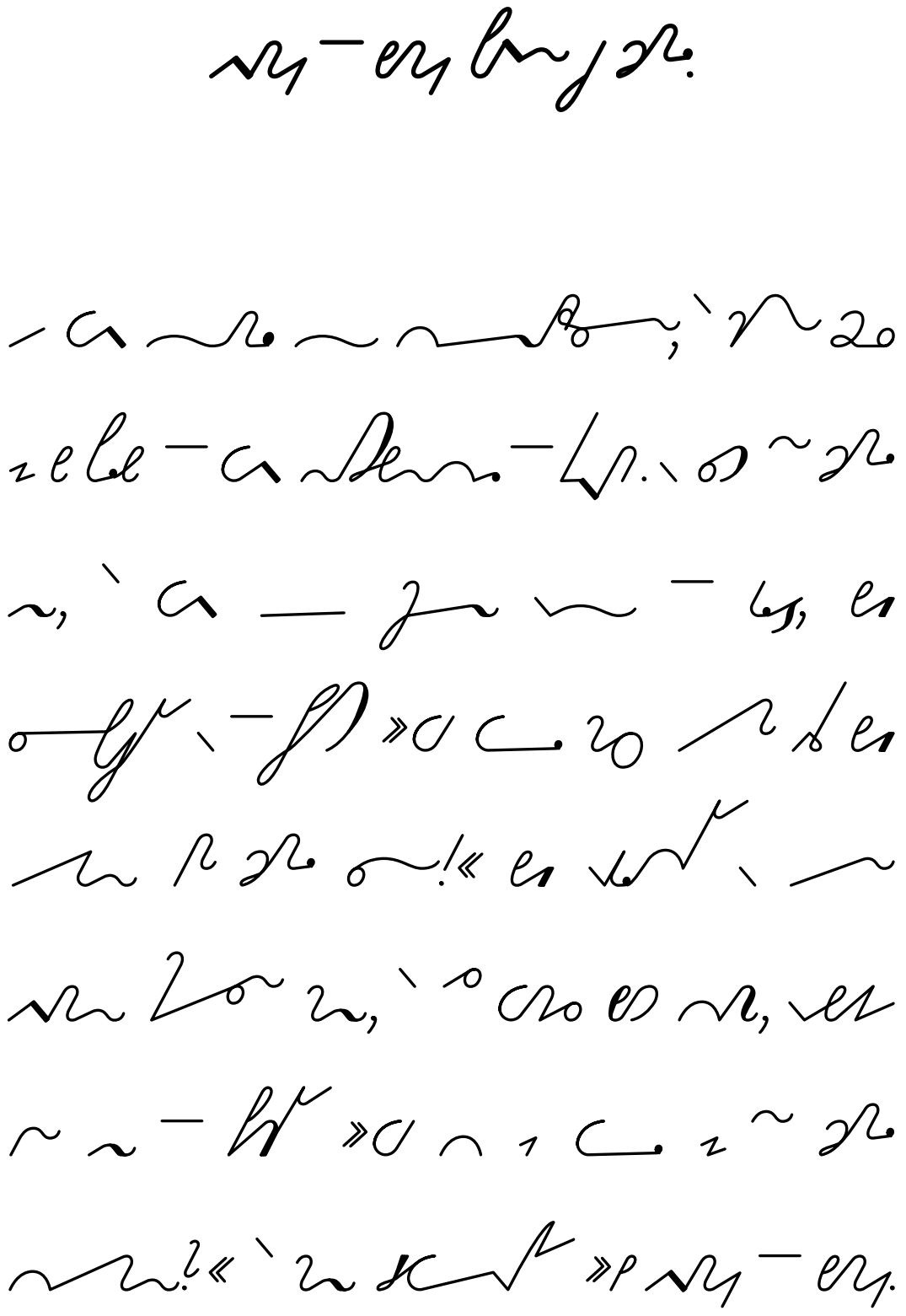
Die Rose.

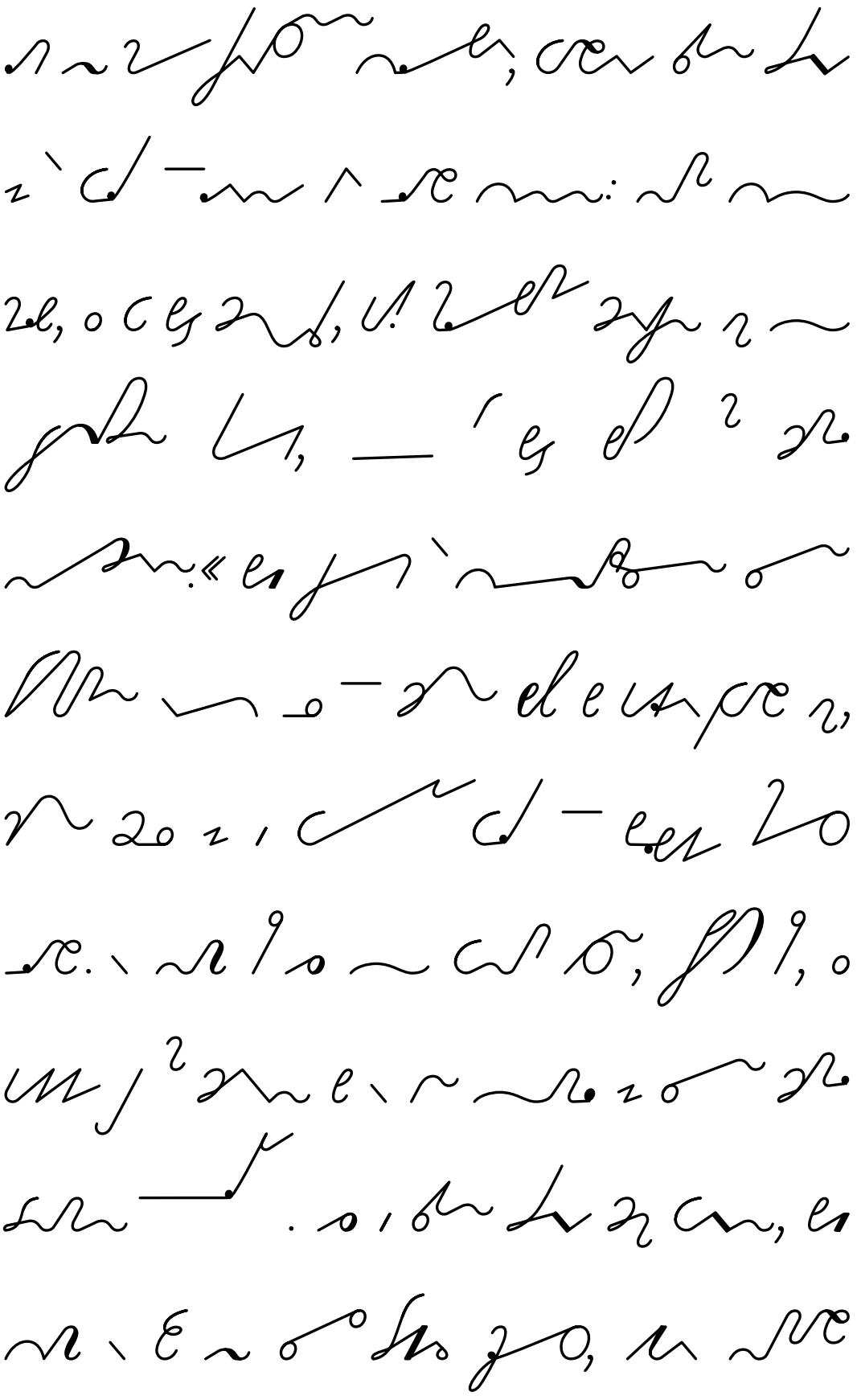
Et was mal eine arme Frugge, de hadde twei Kinner; dat jungeste moste olle Dage in en Wald gohn un langen (holen) Holt. Asset nu mal ganz wiet söken geit, kam so en klein Kind, dat was awerst ganz wacker, to em und holp

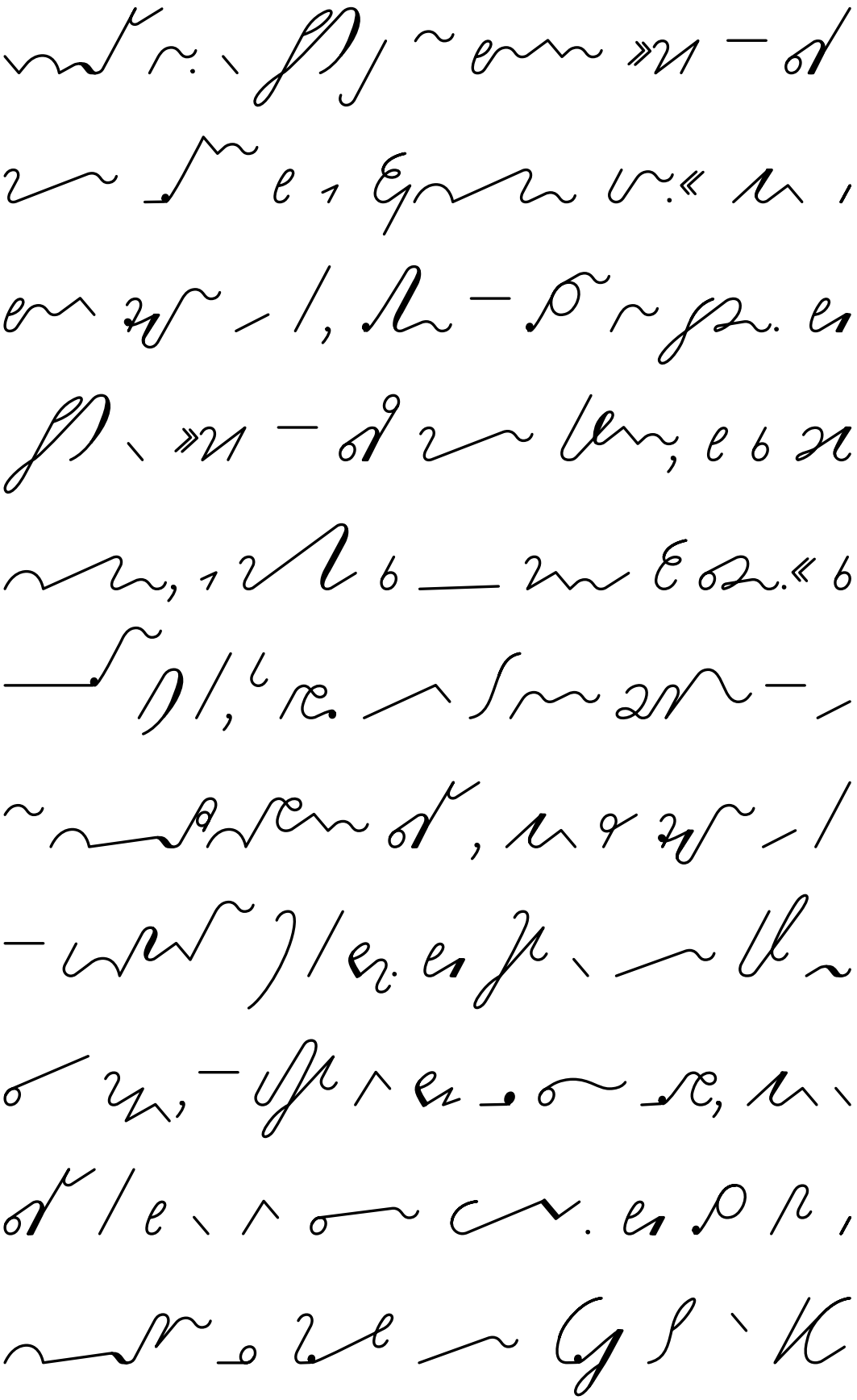
(half) flietig Holt lesen un drog et auck bis für dat Hus; dann was et awerst, eh en Augenschlägsken (Augenblick) vergienk, verswunnen. Dat Kind vertelde et siner Moder, de wul et awerst nig glöven. Up et lest brochte et en Rause (Rose) mit un vertelde dat schöne Kind hädde em deise Rause gieven un hädde em

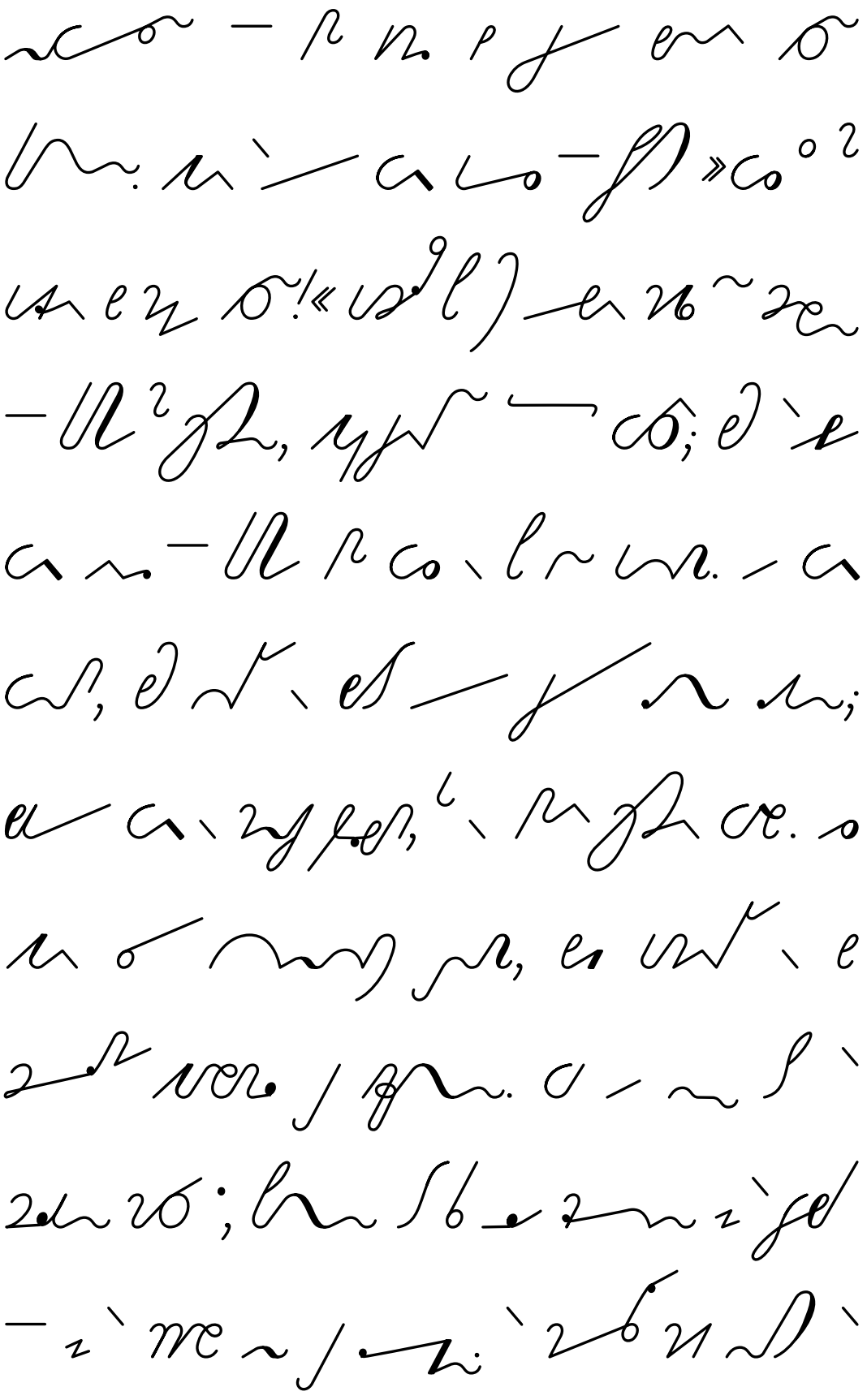
sägt wenn de Rause upblöhet wär, dann wull et wier kummen. De Moder stellde dei Rause in't Water. Einen Morgen kam dat Kind gar nig ut dem Bedde, de Moder gink to dem Bedde hen un fund dat Kind daude (tot); et lag awerst ganz anmotik. Un de Rause was den sulftigen Morgen upblöhet.

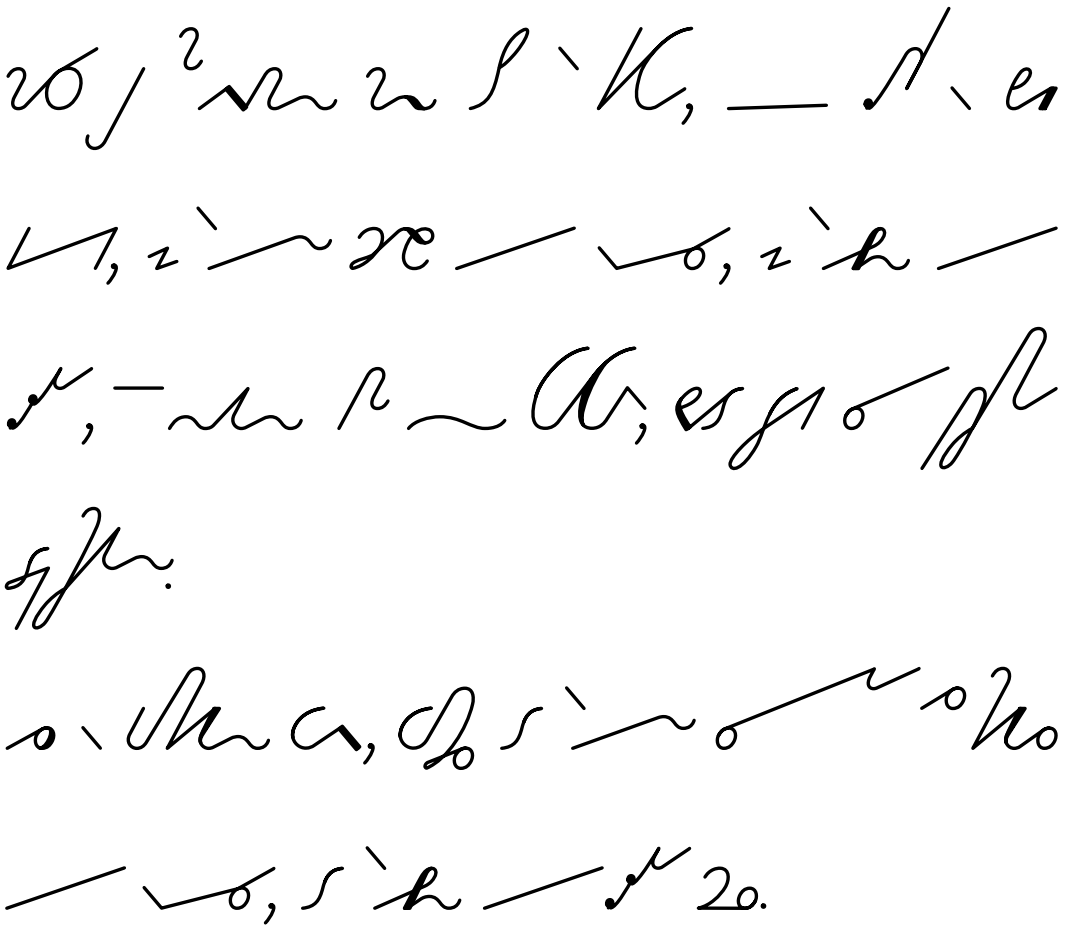
4.











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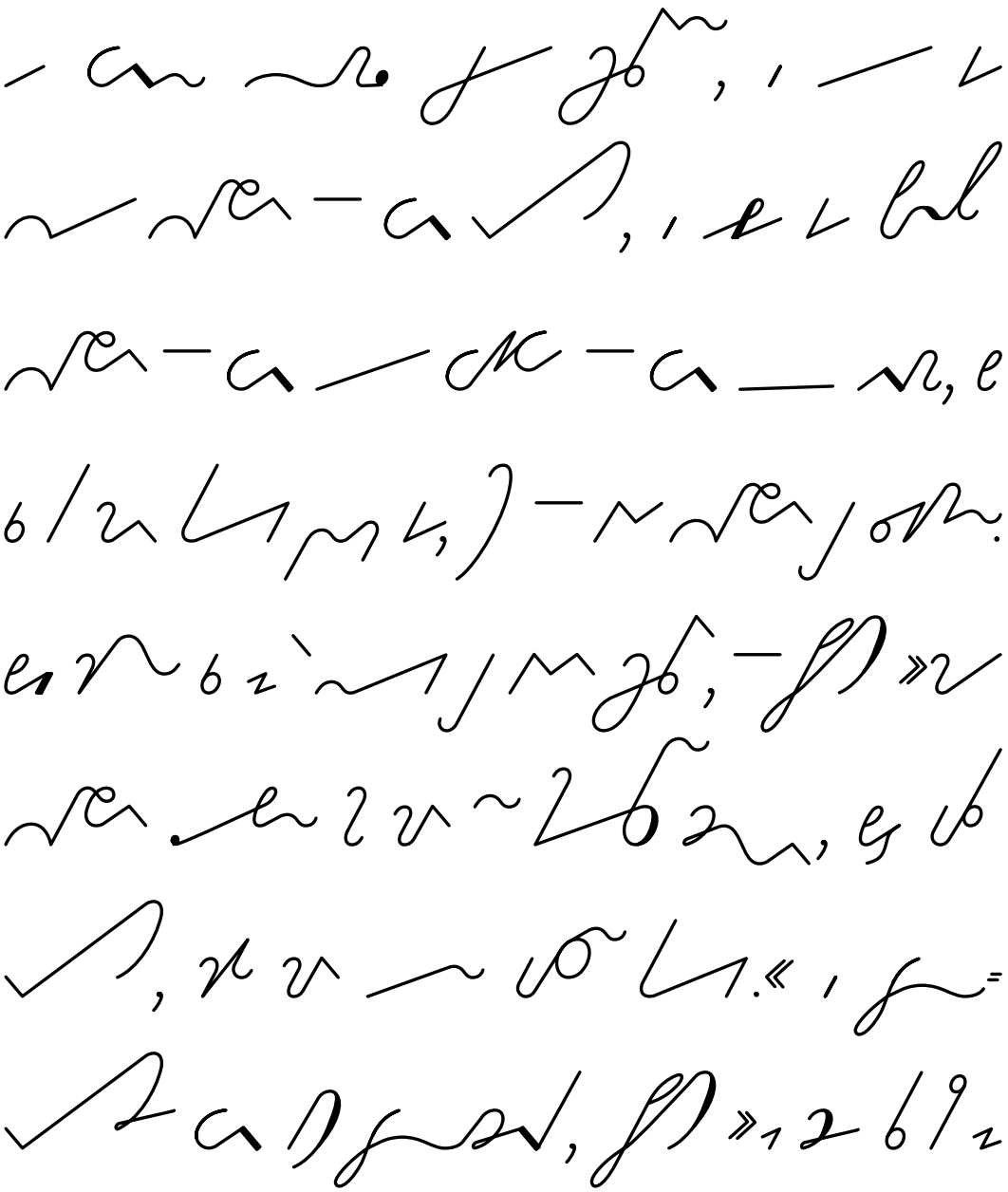

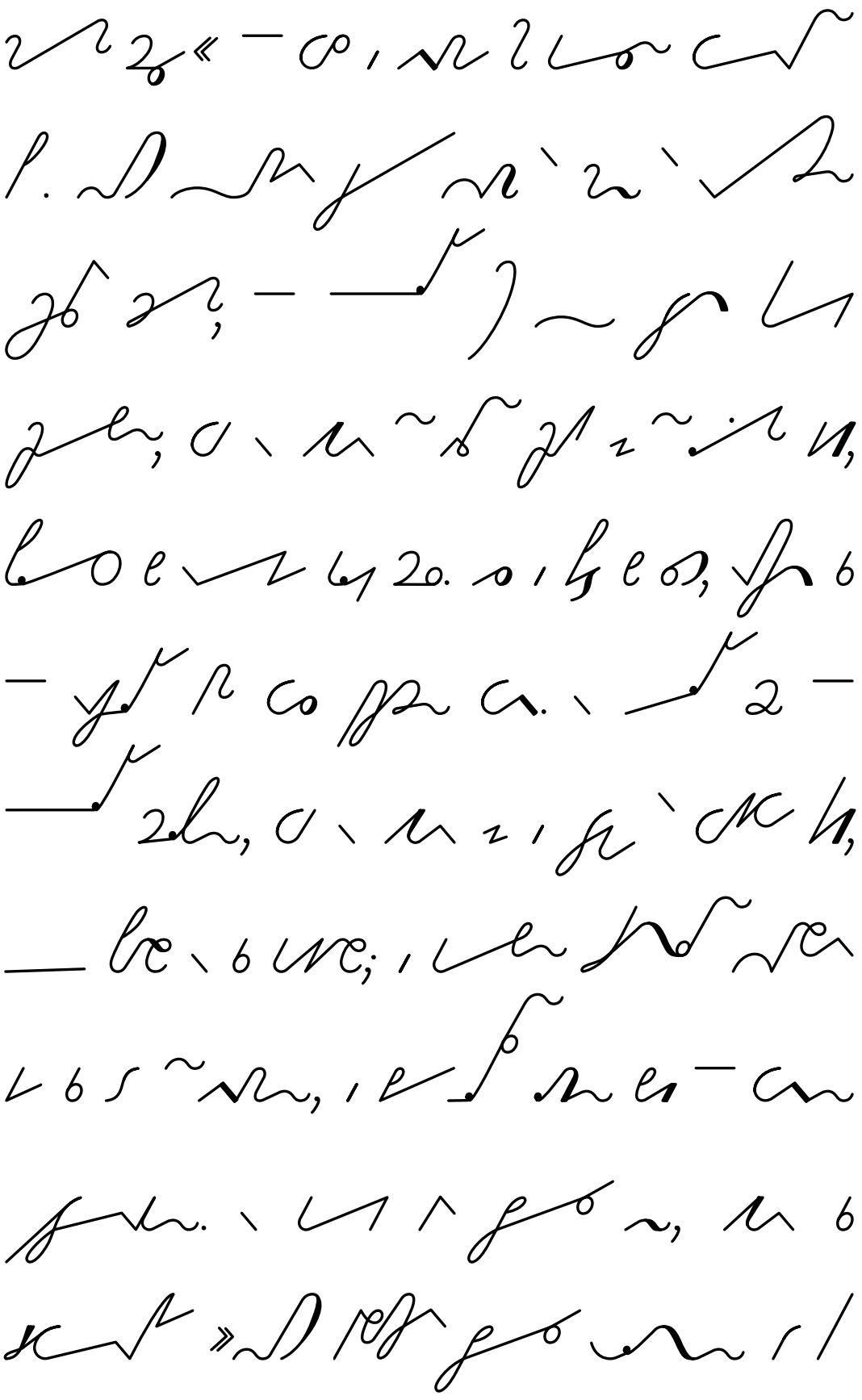

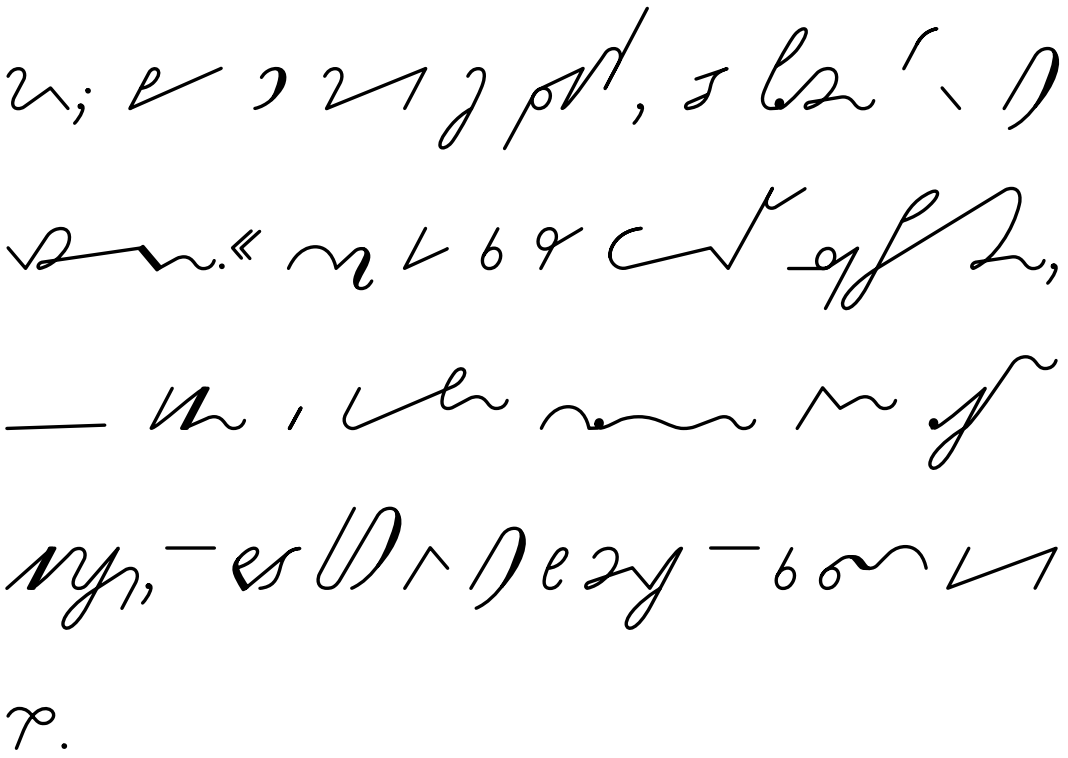

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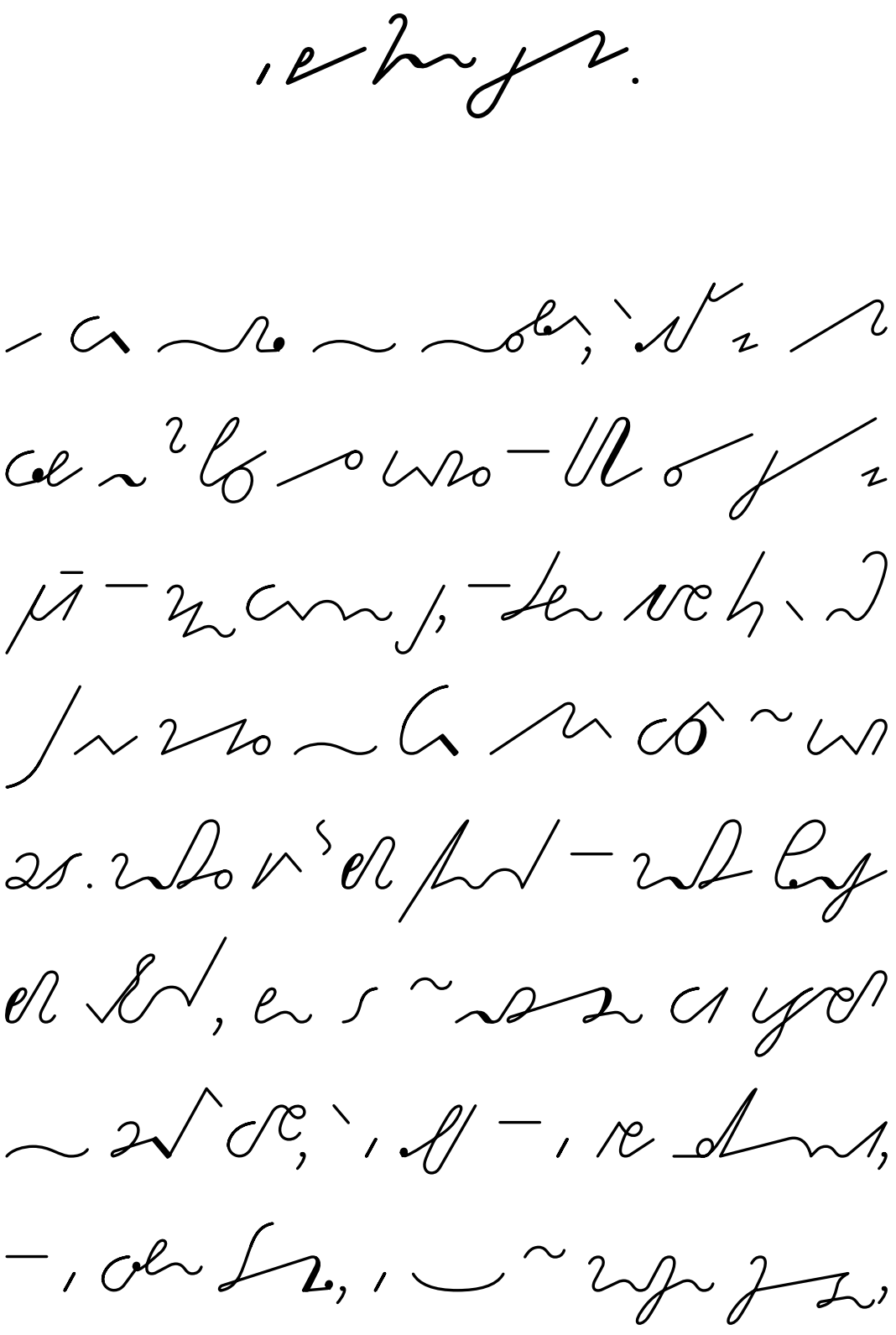

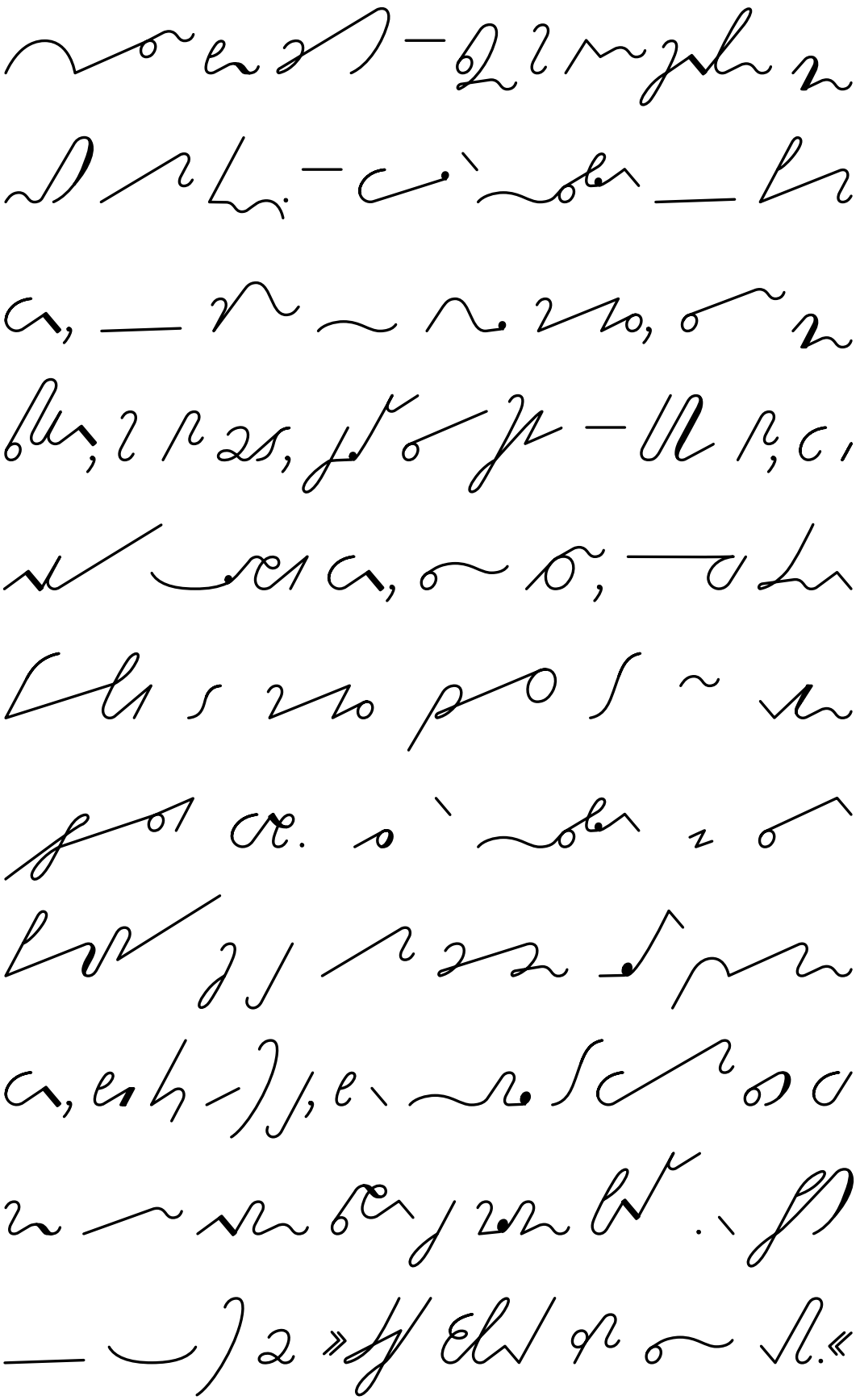

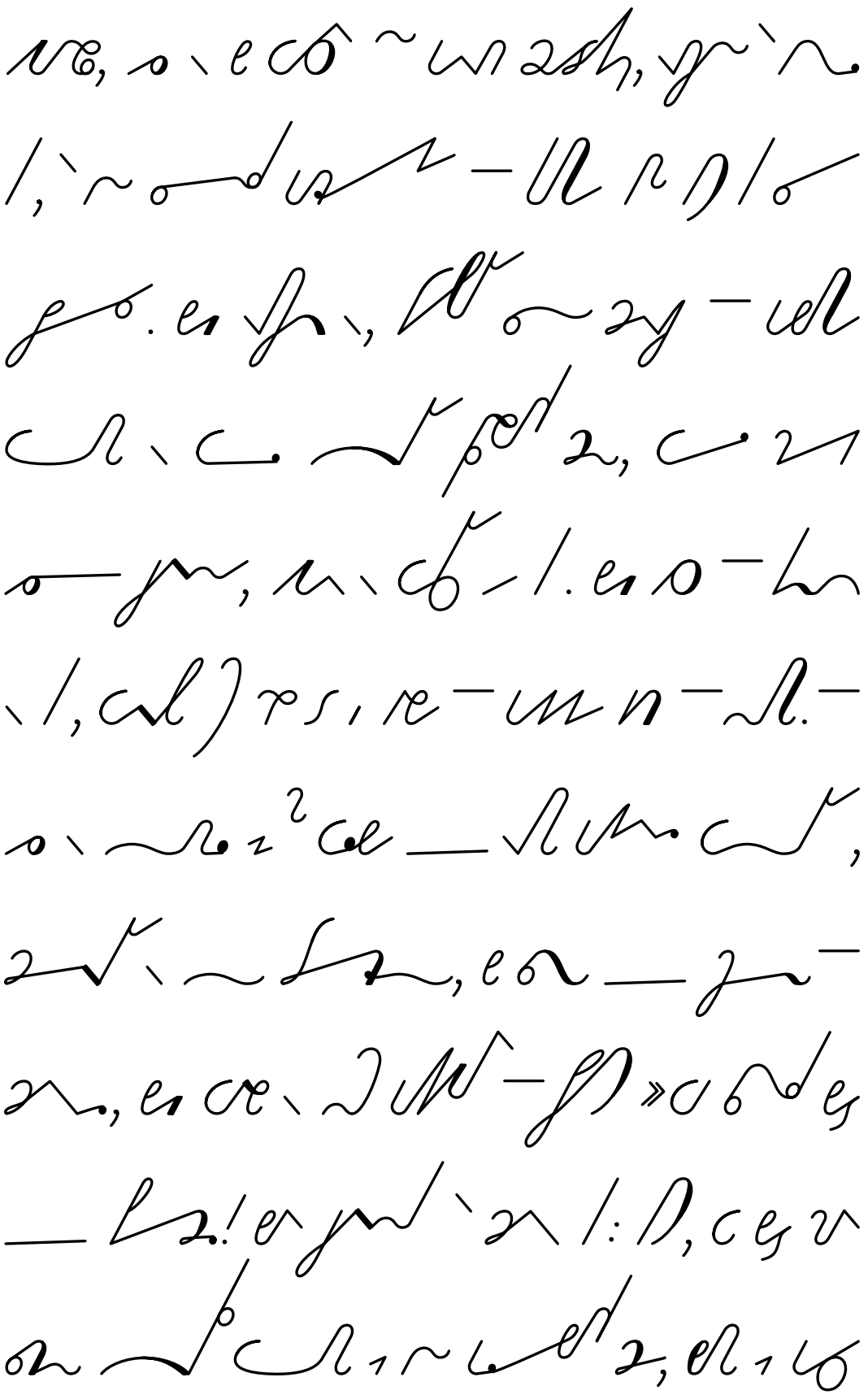

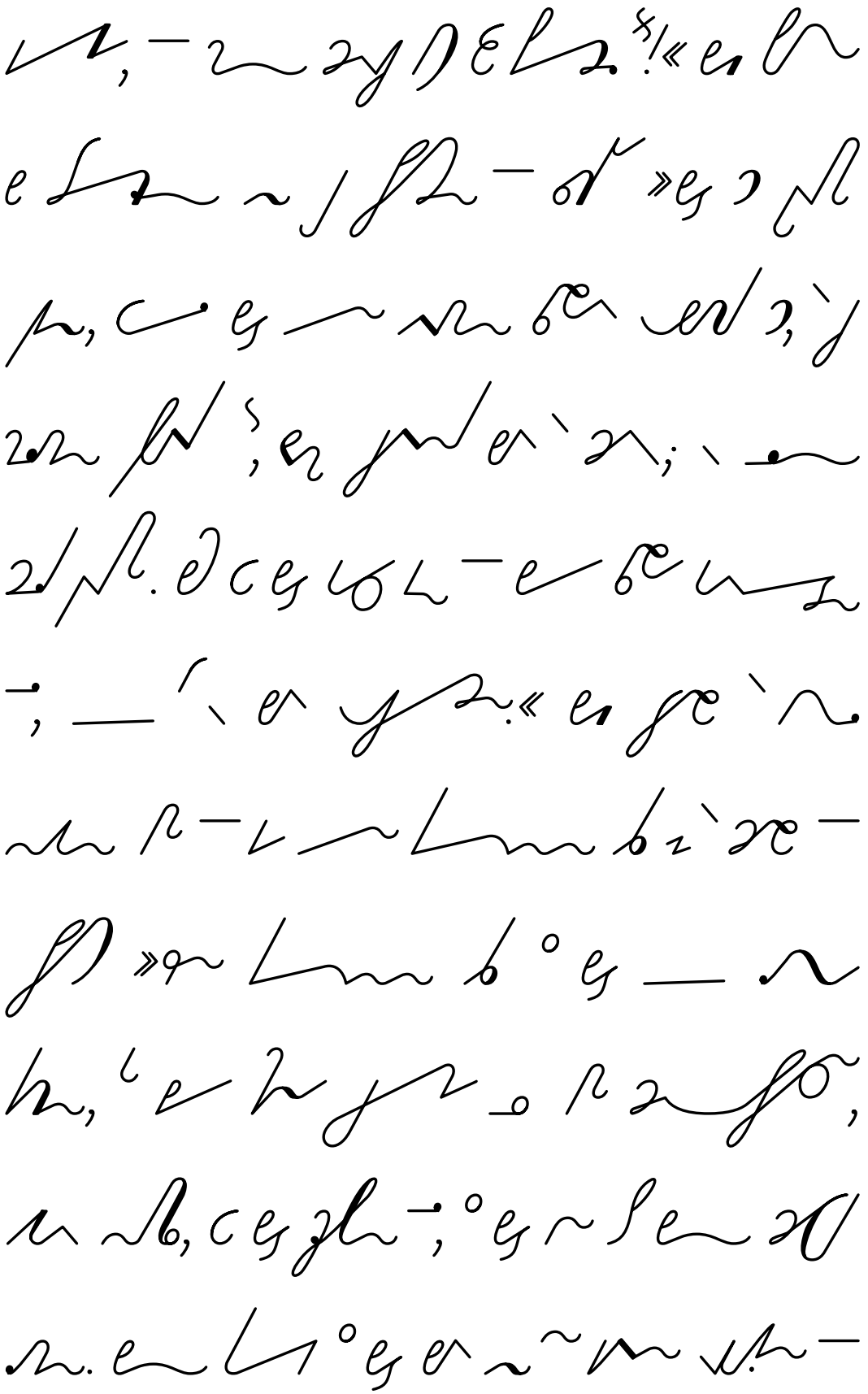

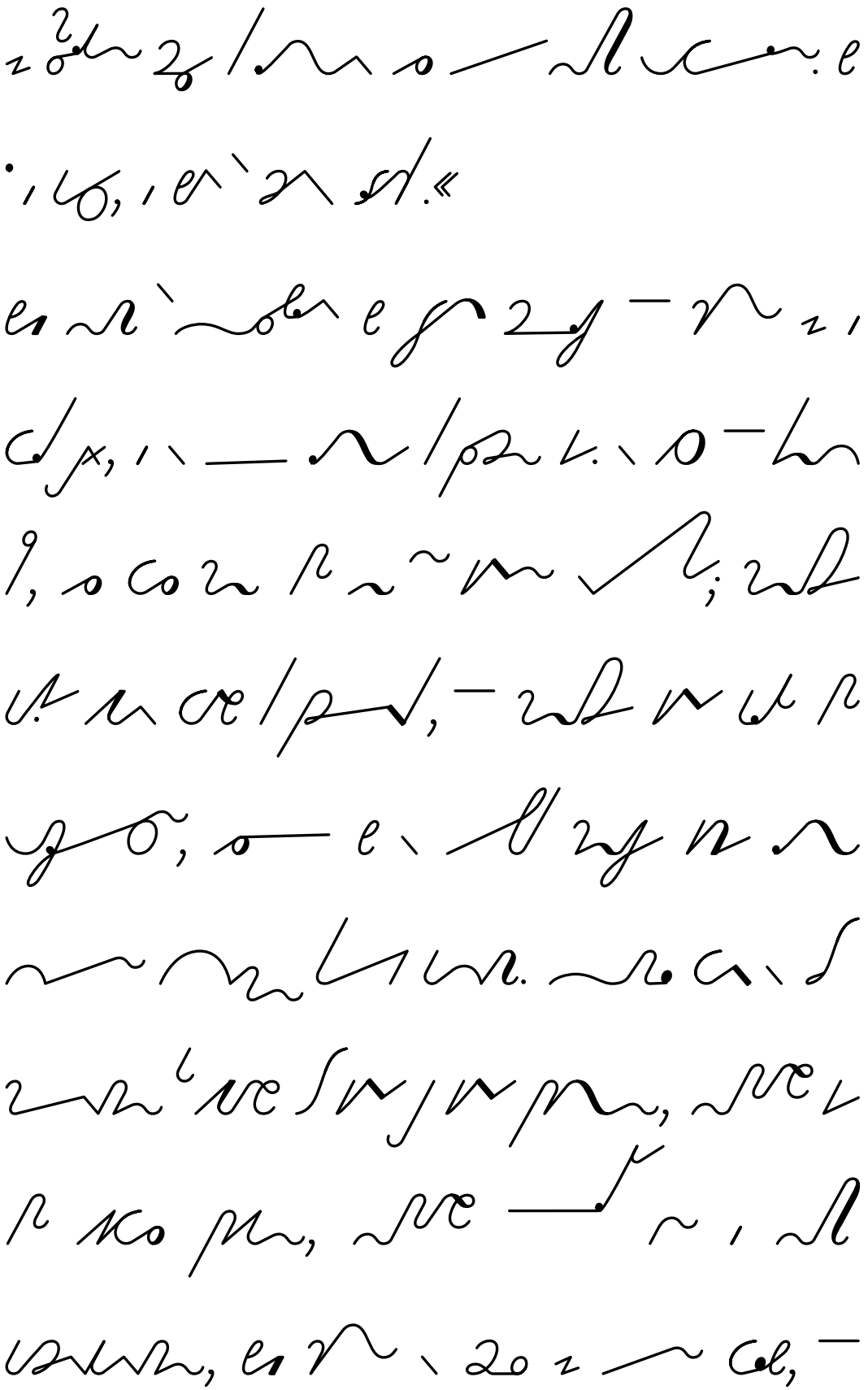

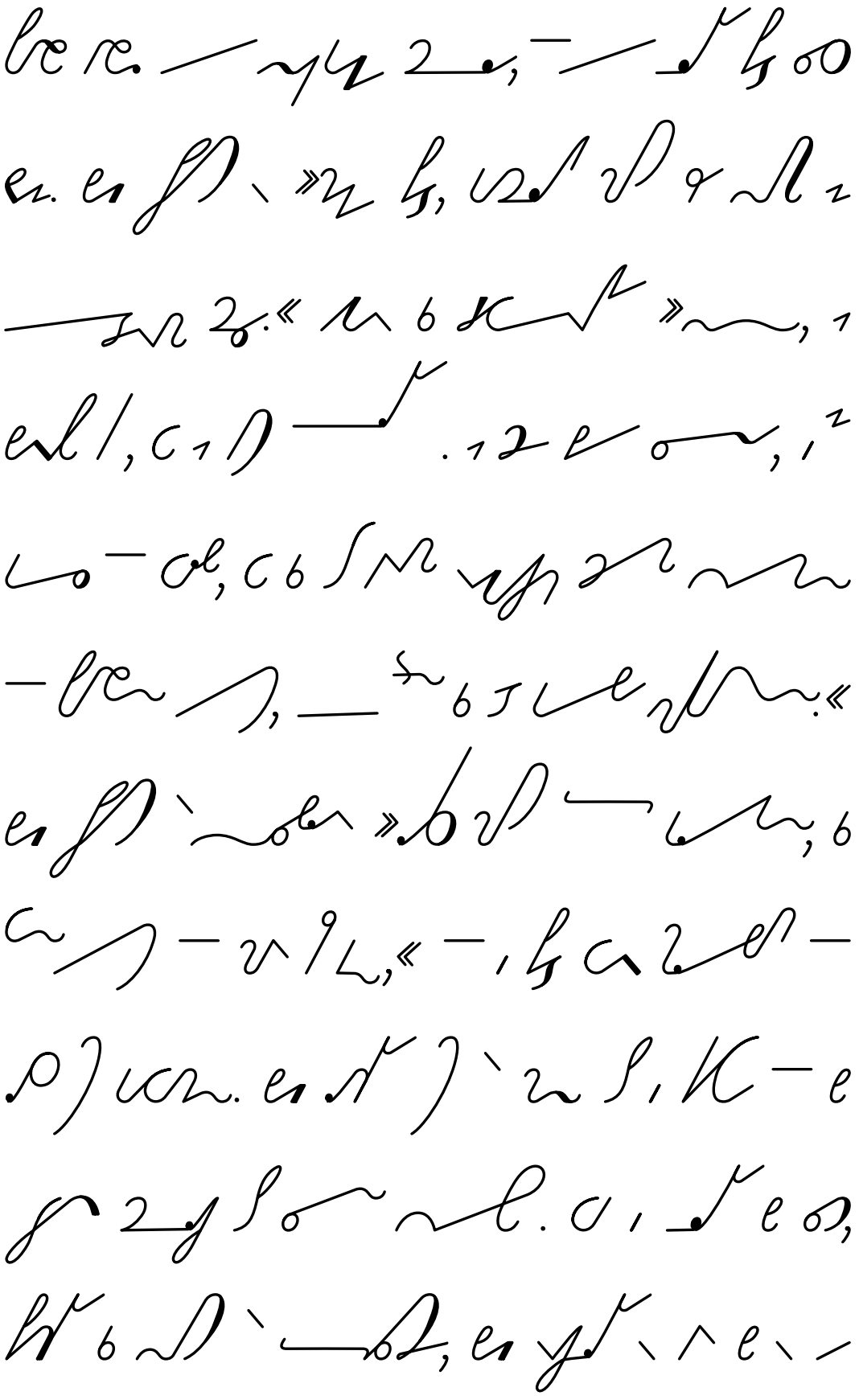

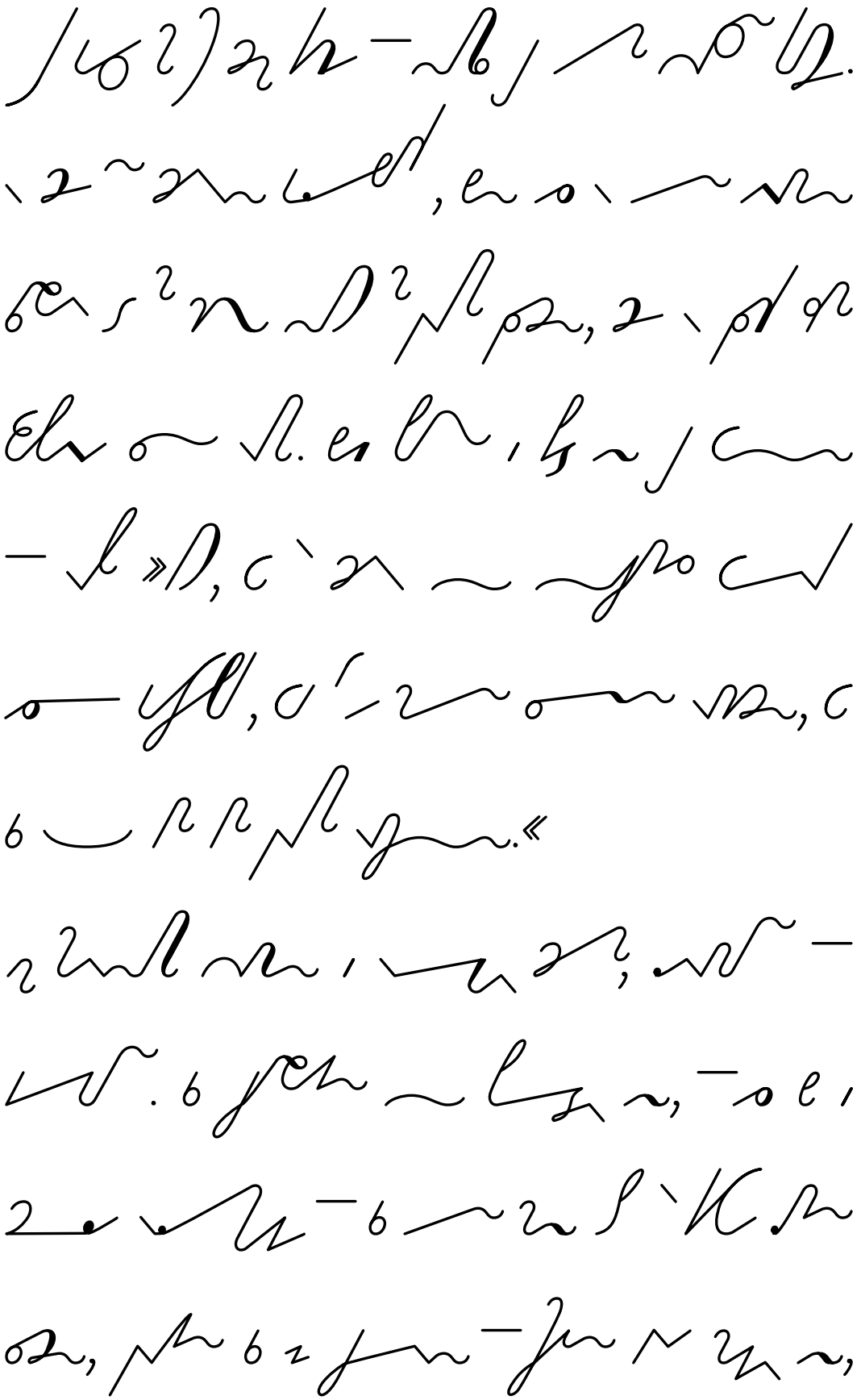

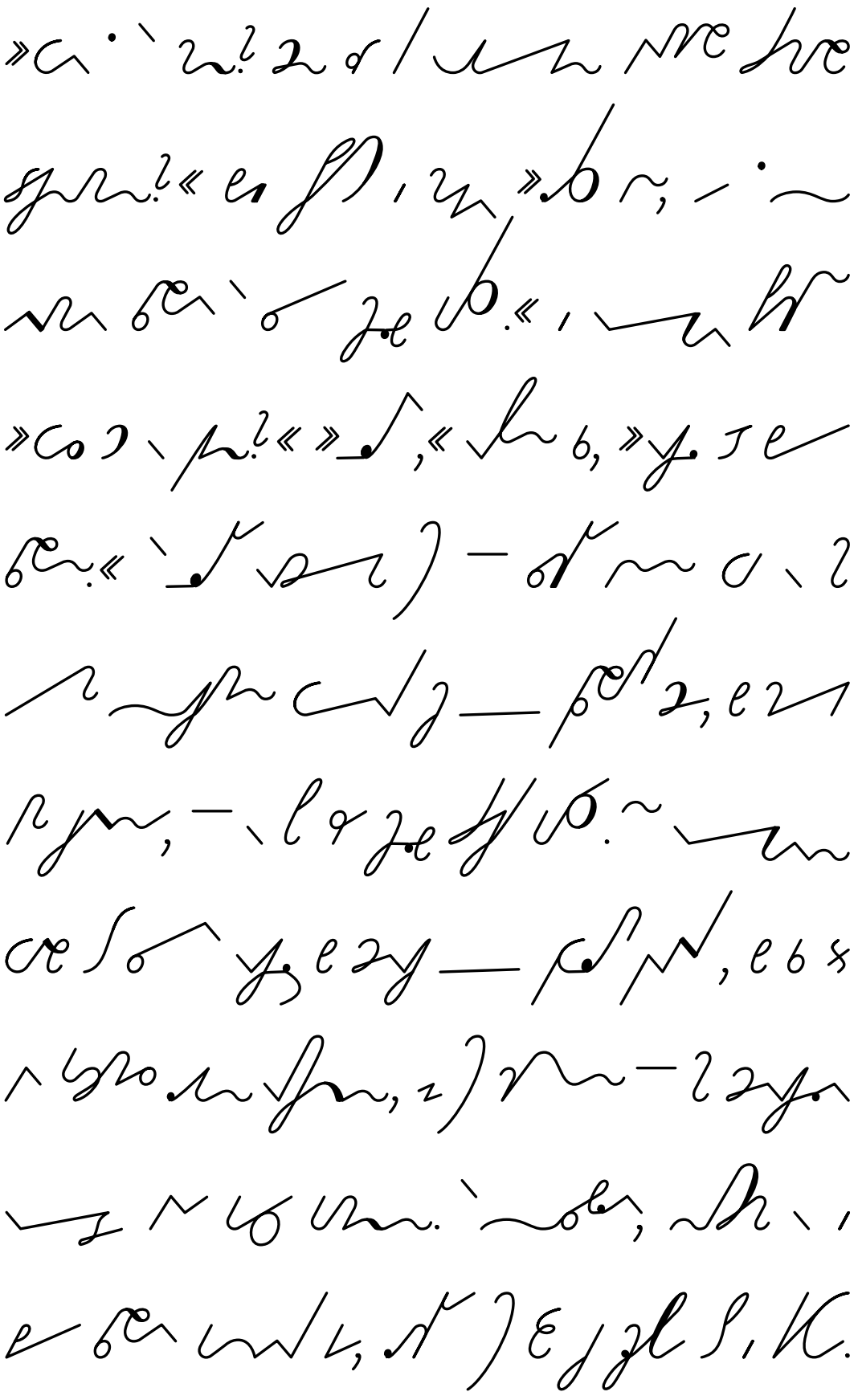

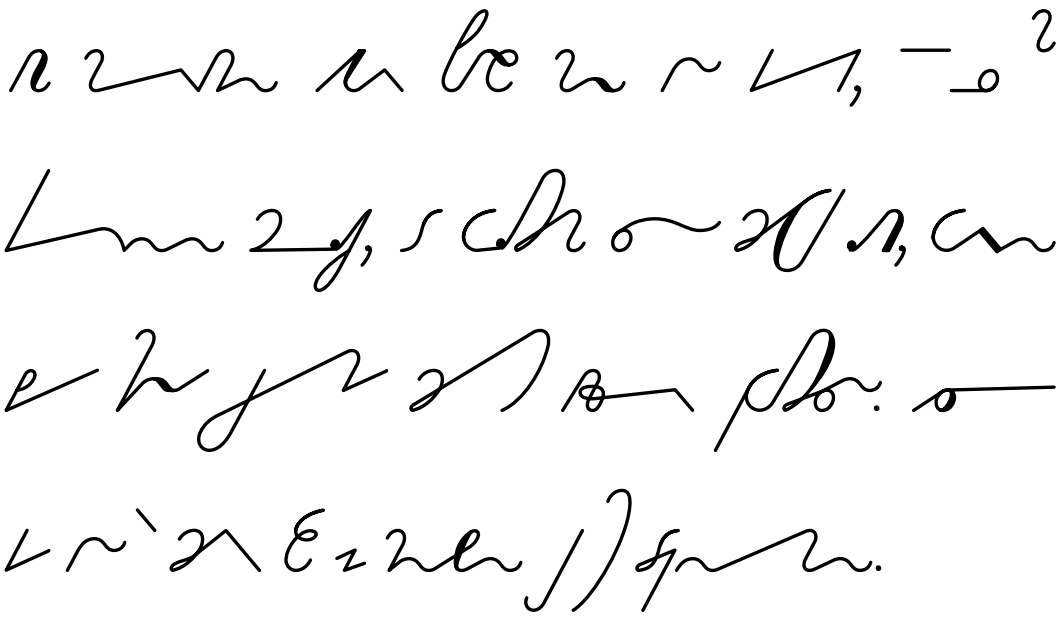

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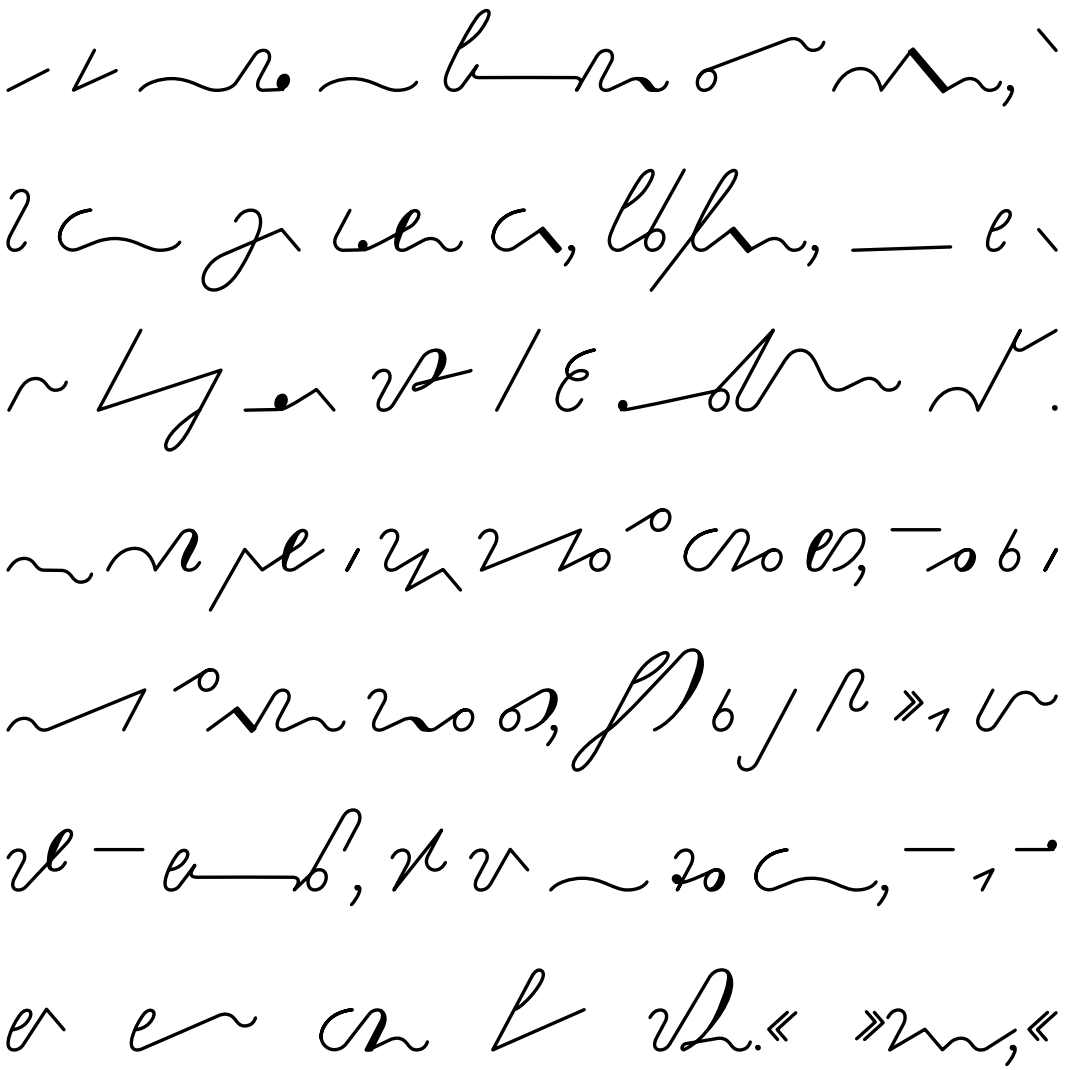

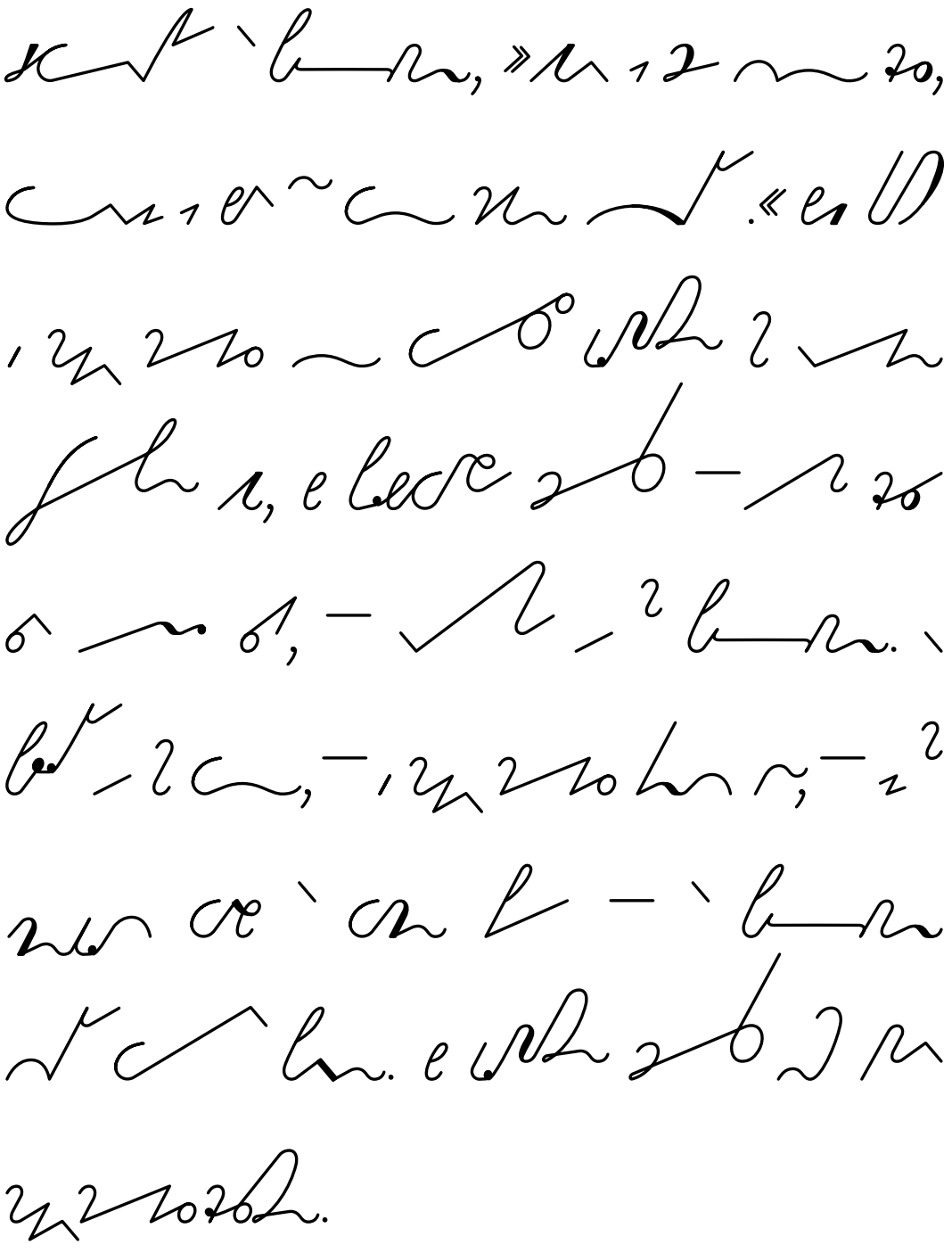

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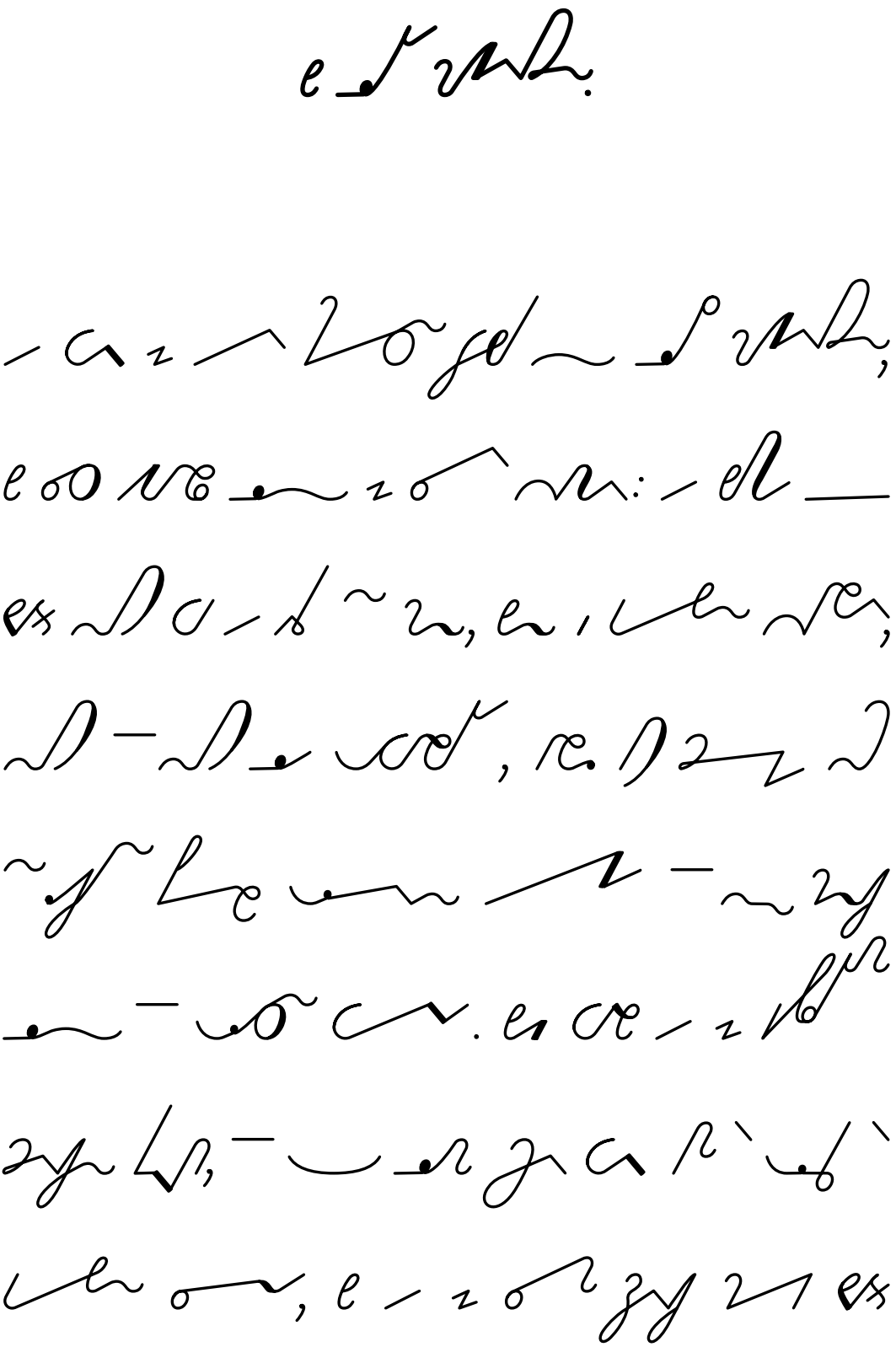

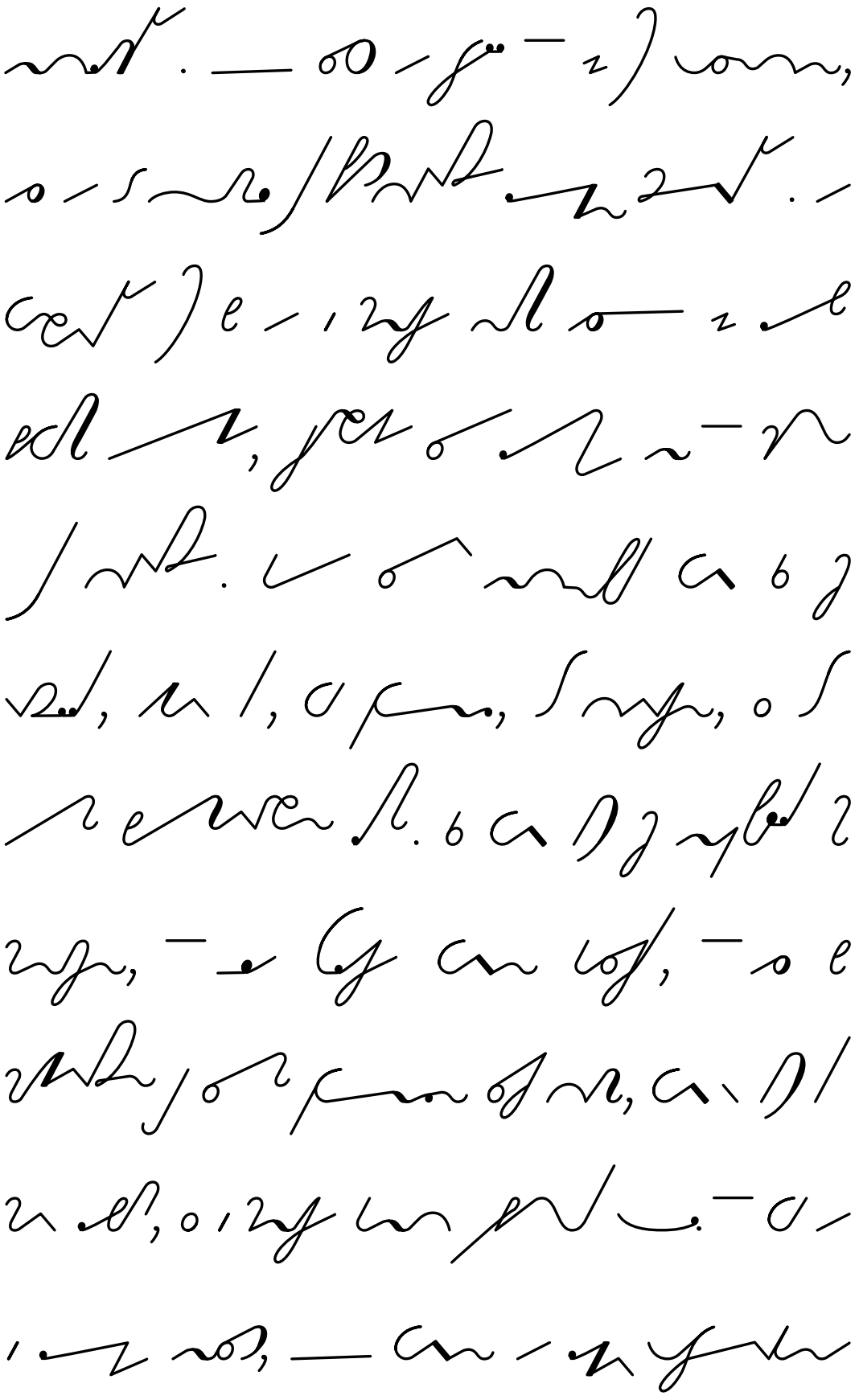

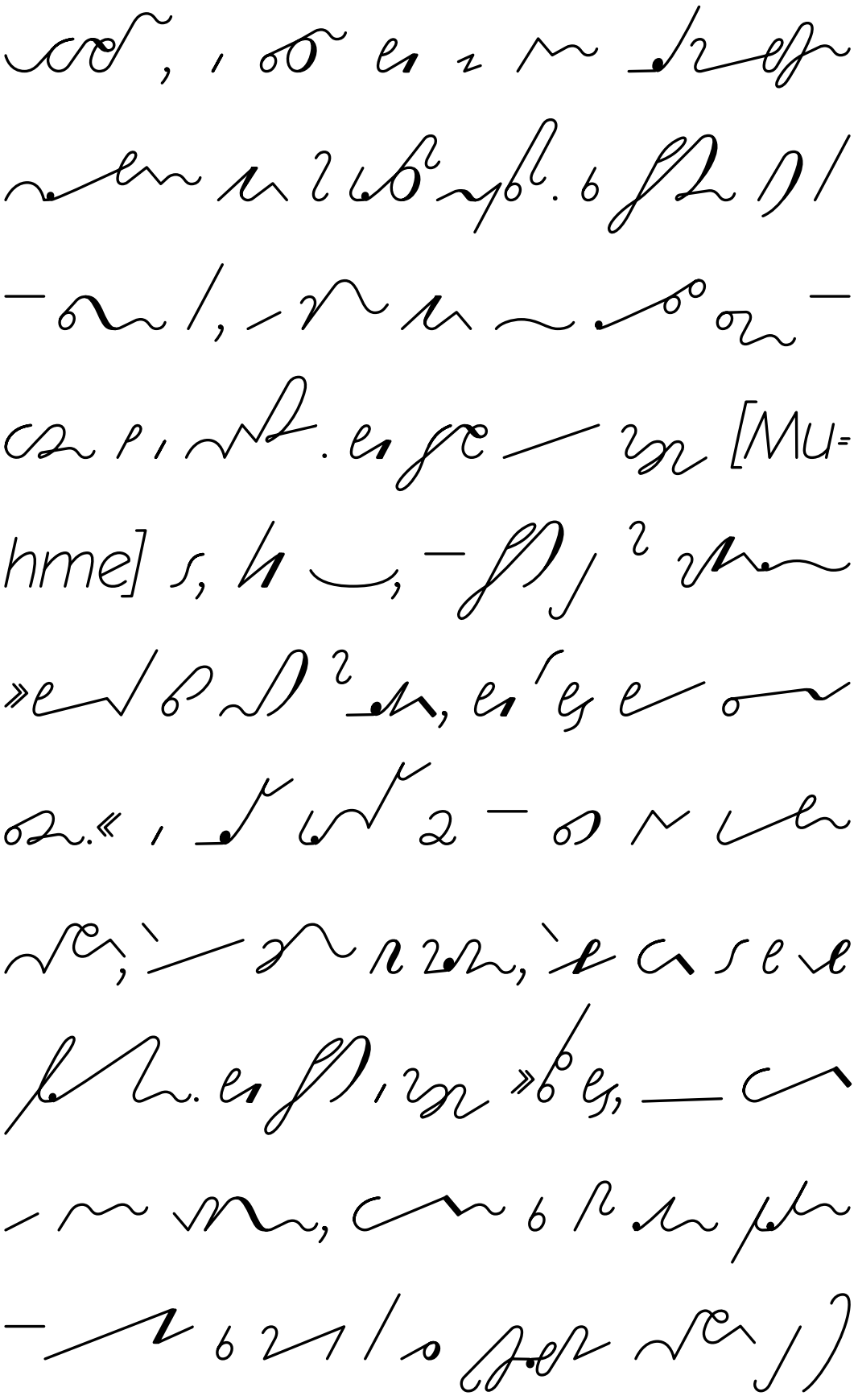

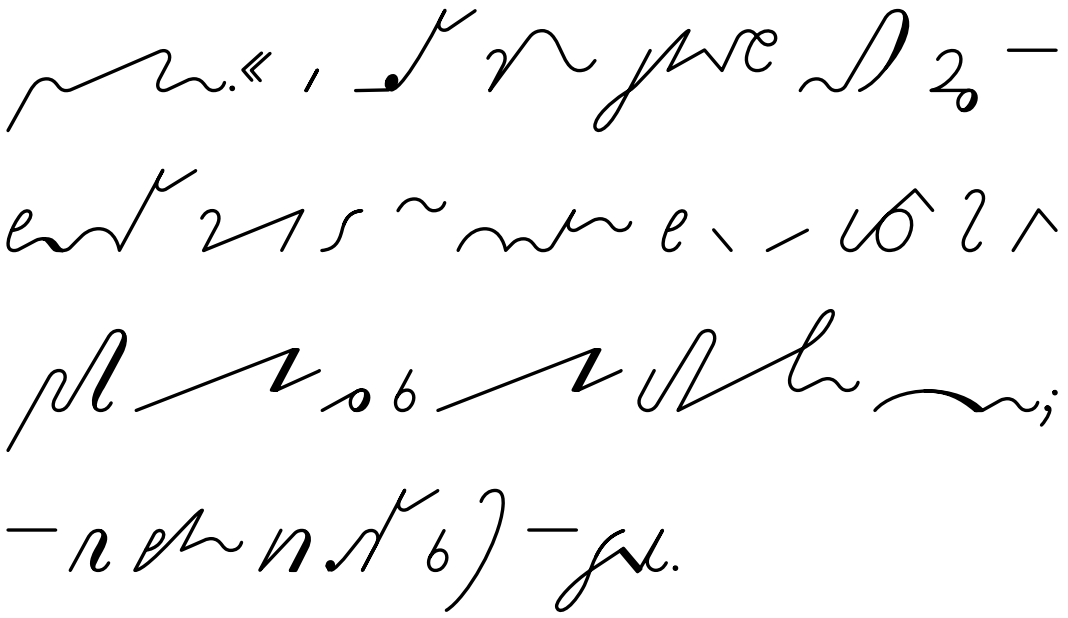

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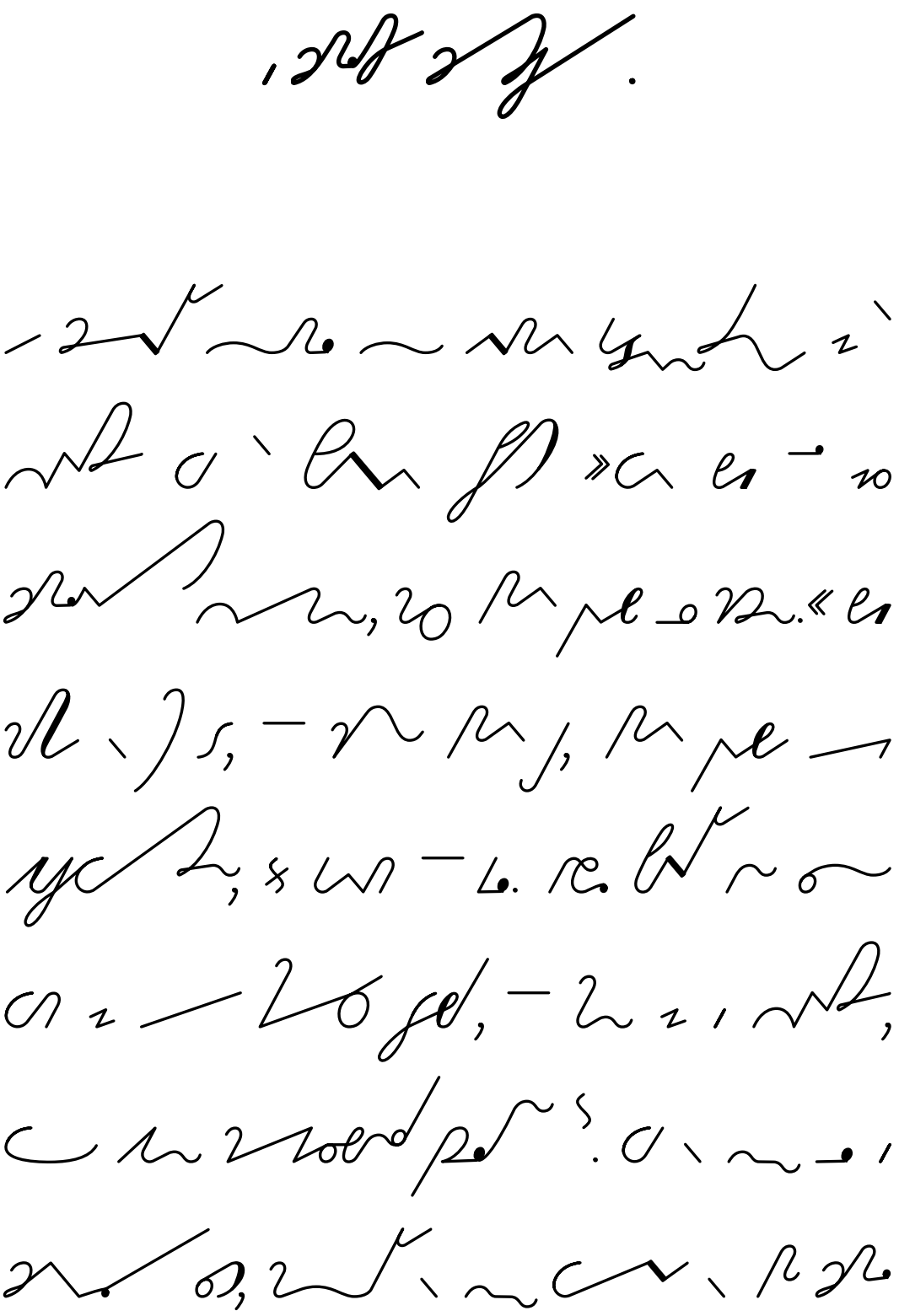

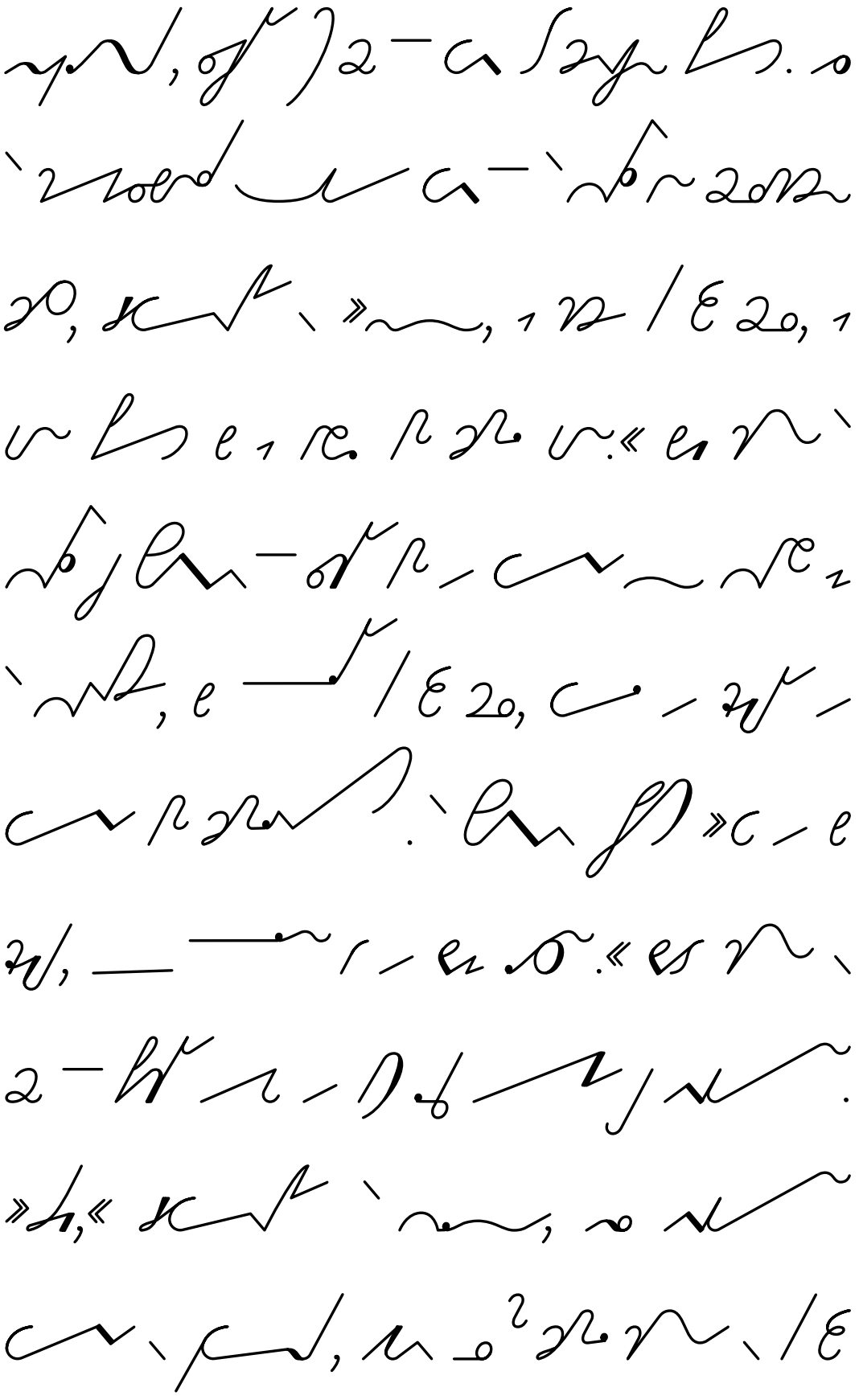

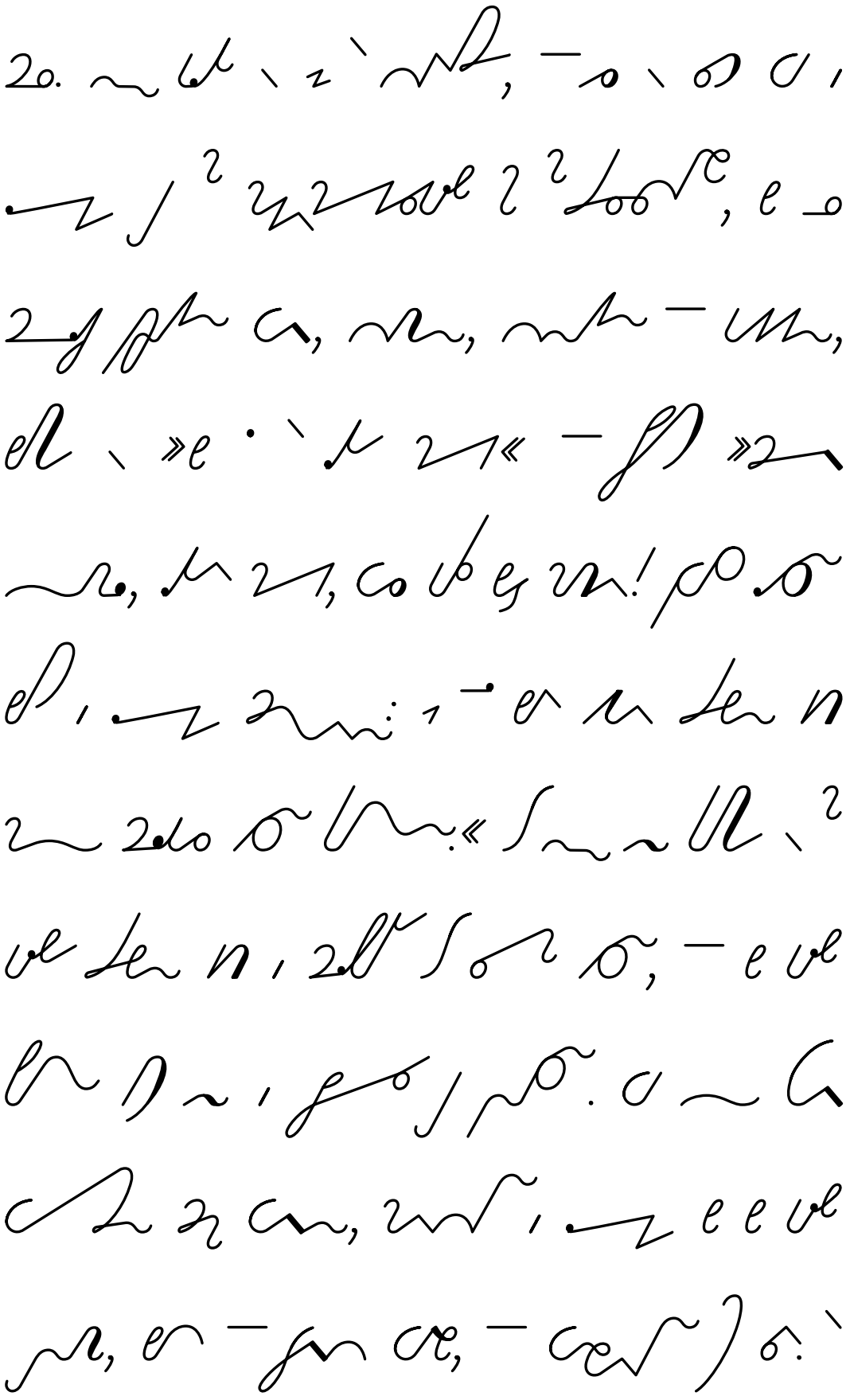

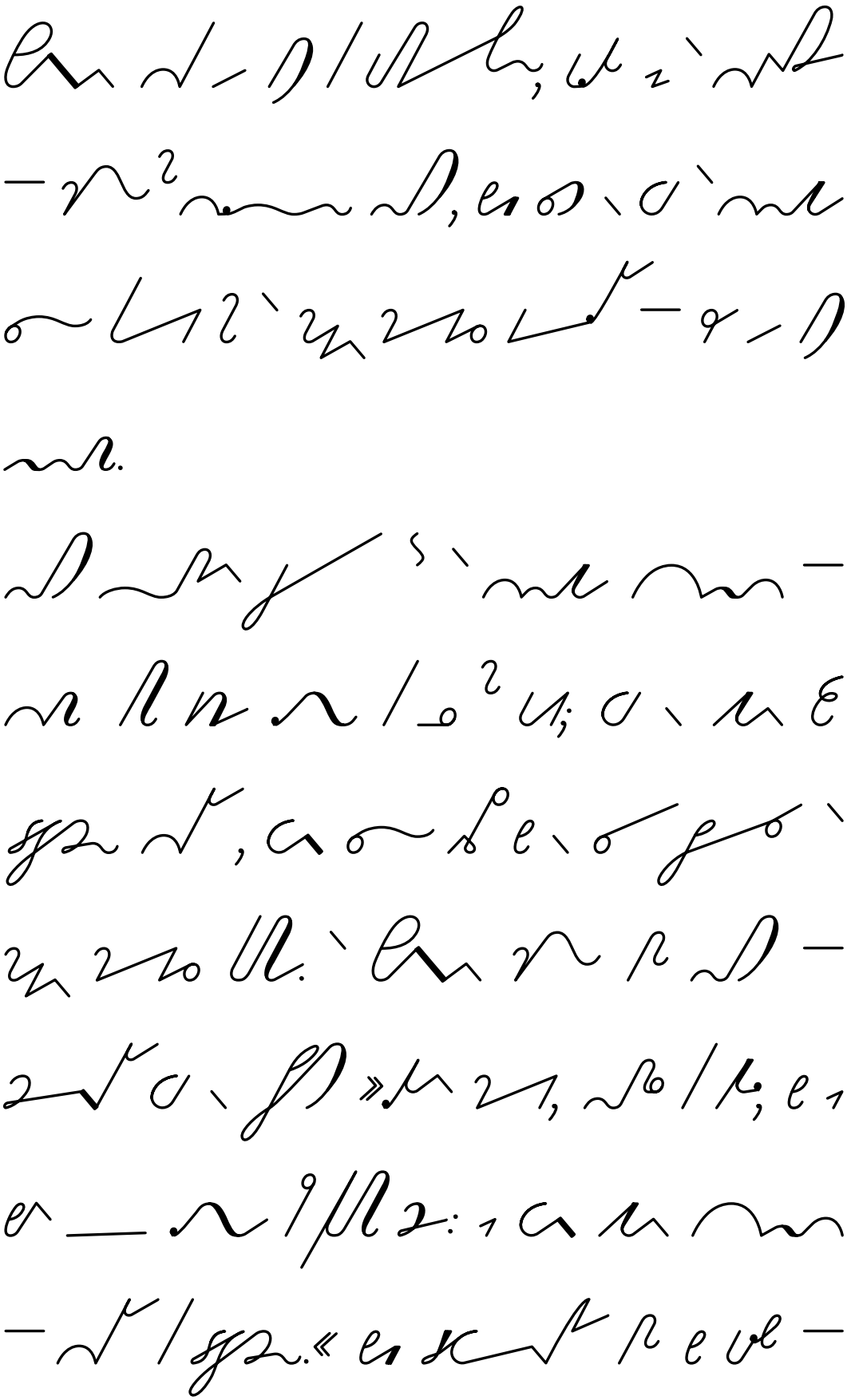

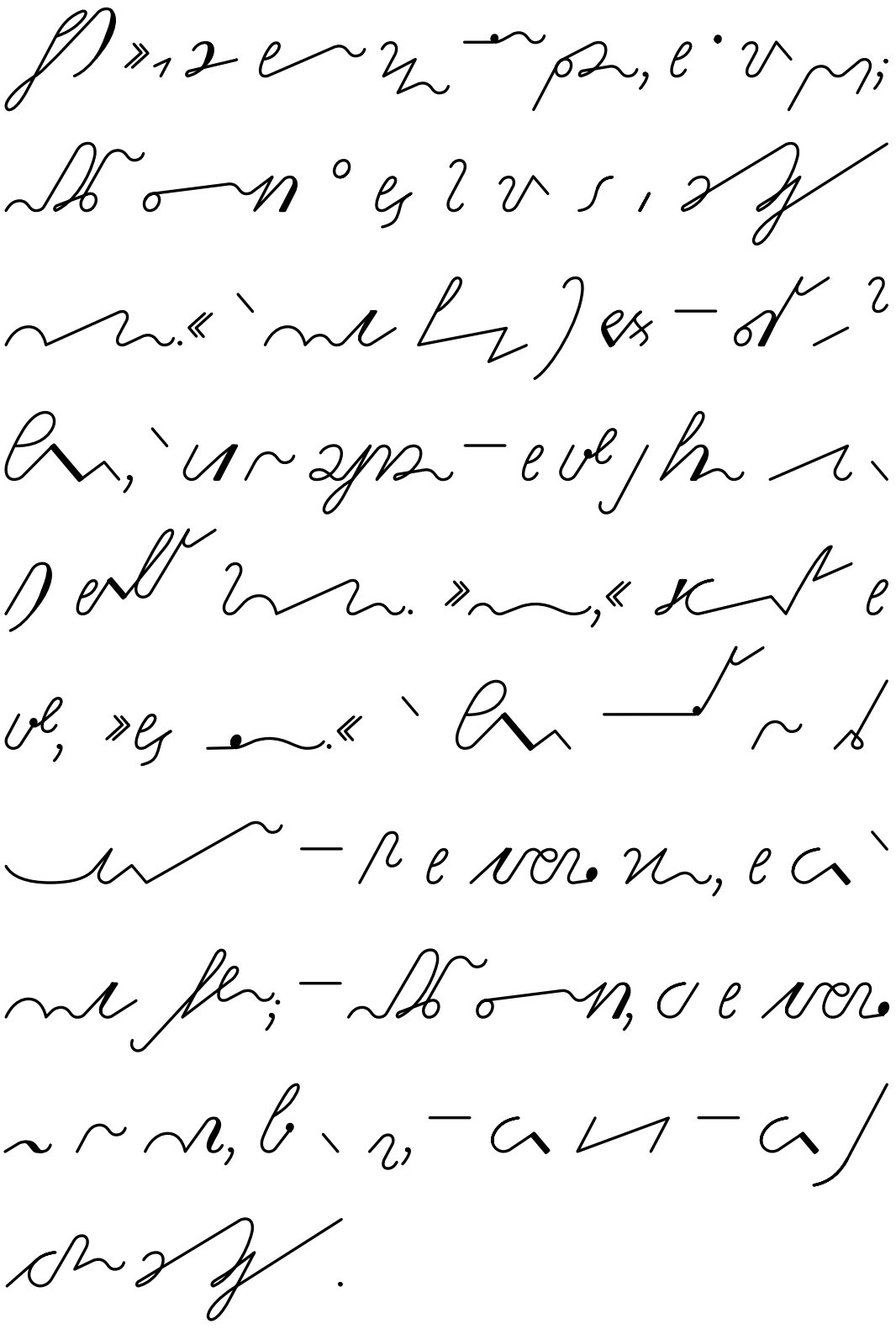

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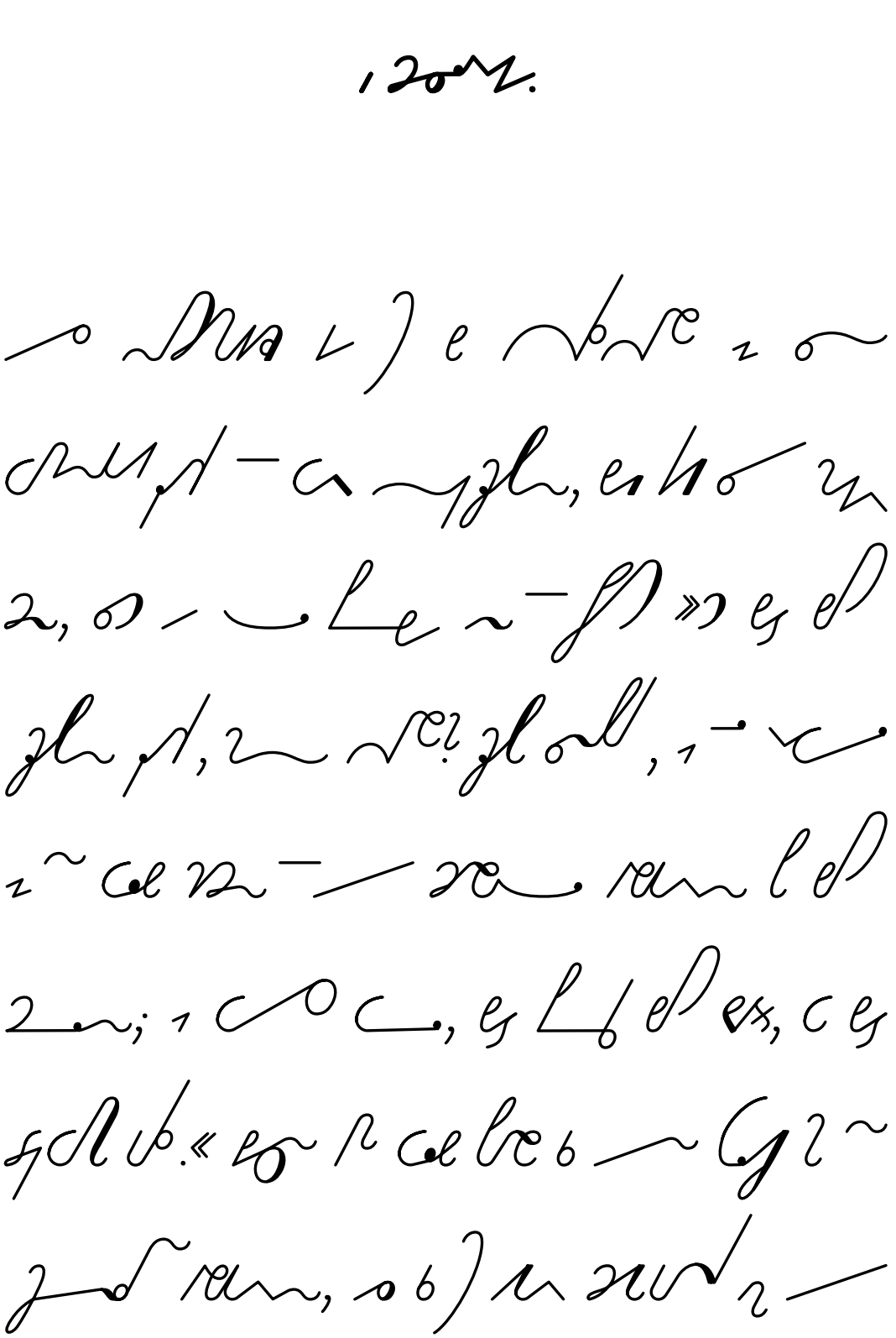

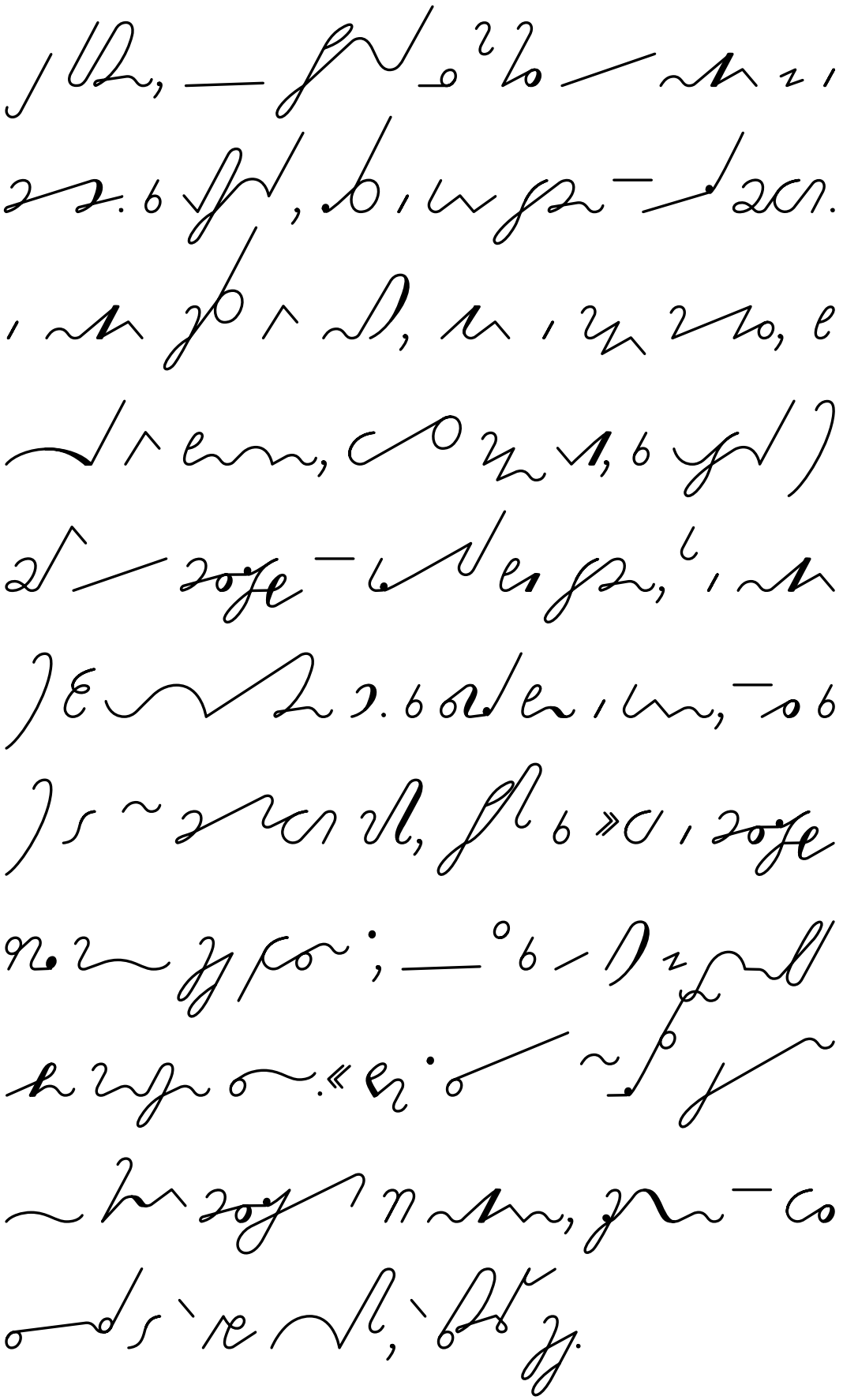

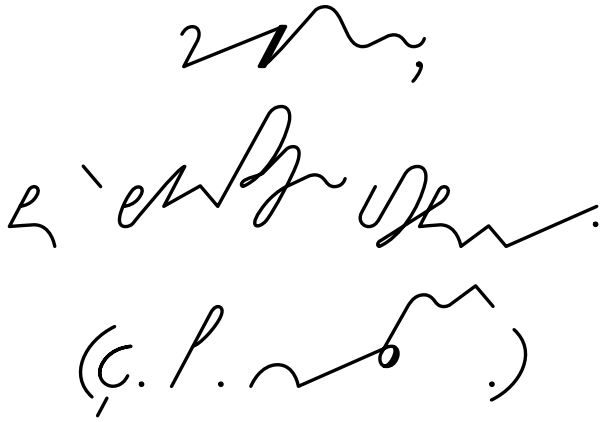

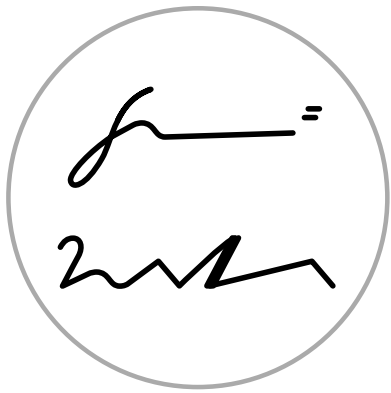

Stenogenerator [2022-11-04]
by Jens-Christian Wawrczeck