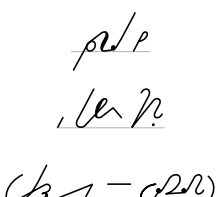
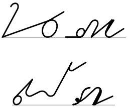
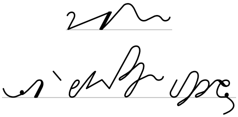
Kinder- und Hausmärchen







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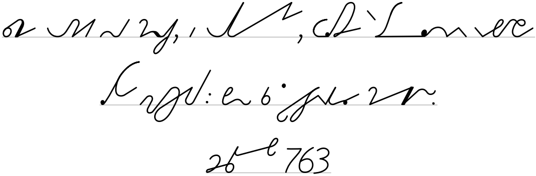
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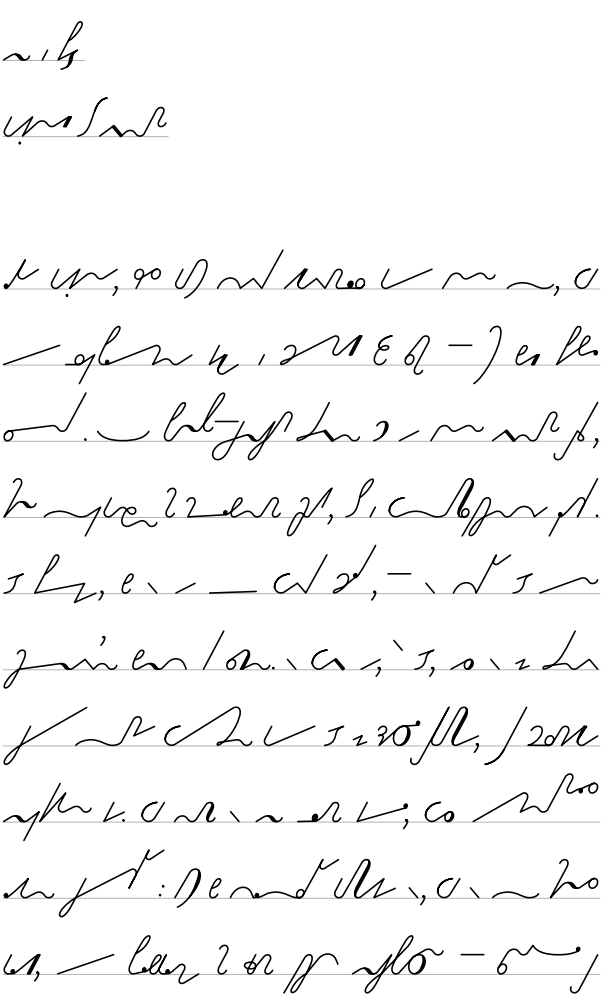

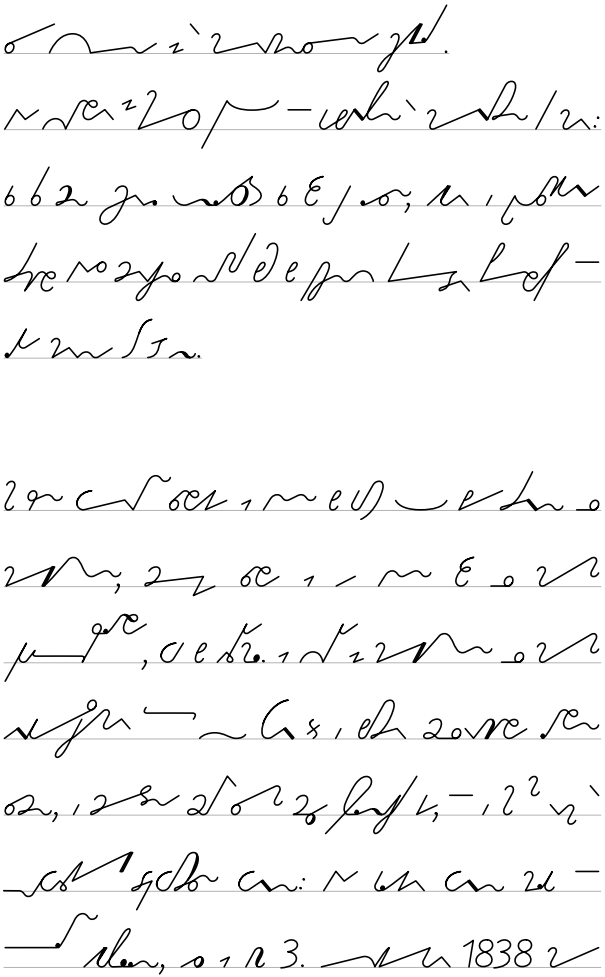

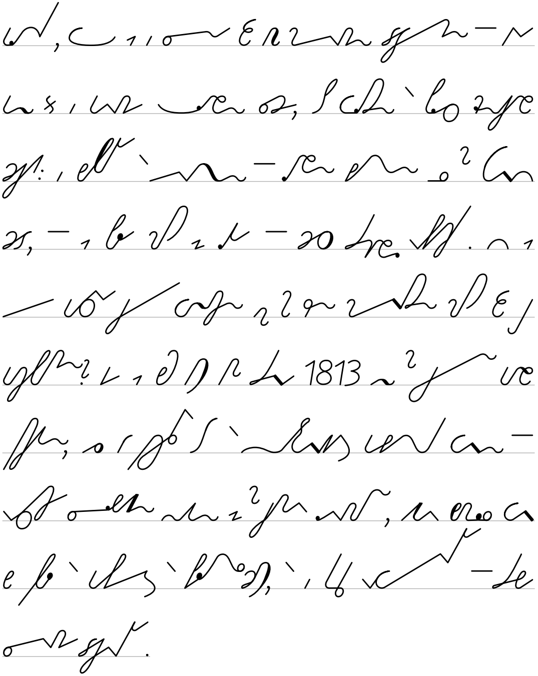
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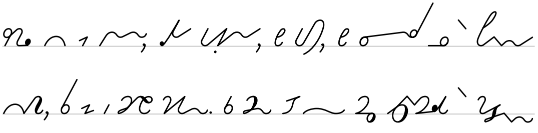

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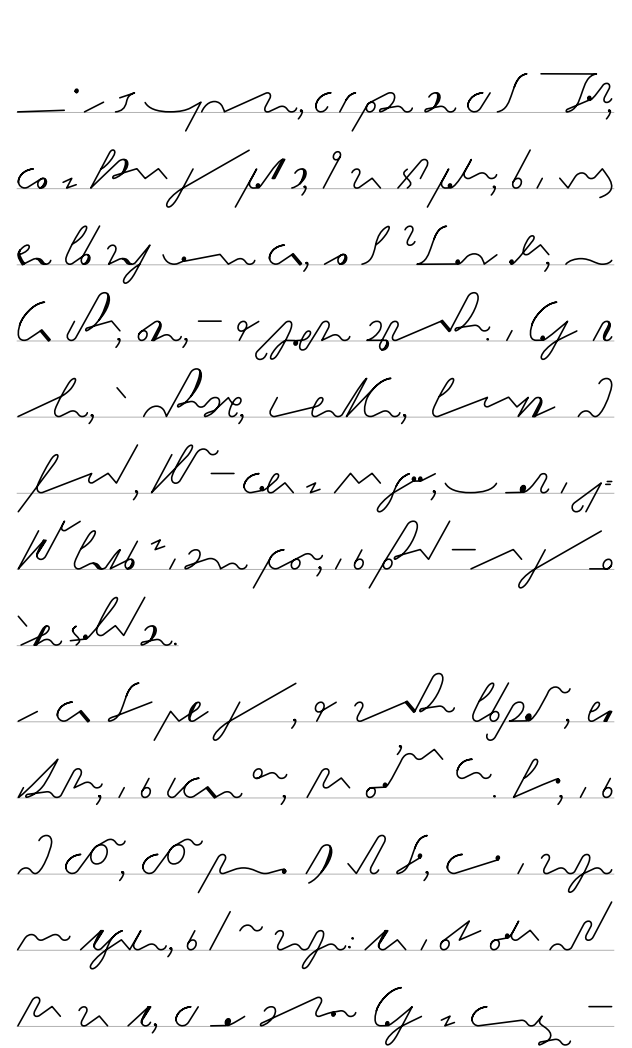

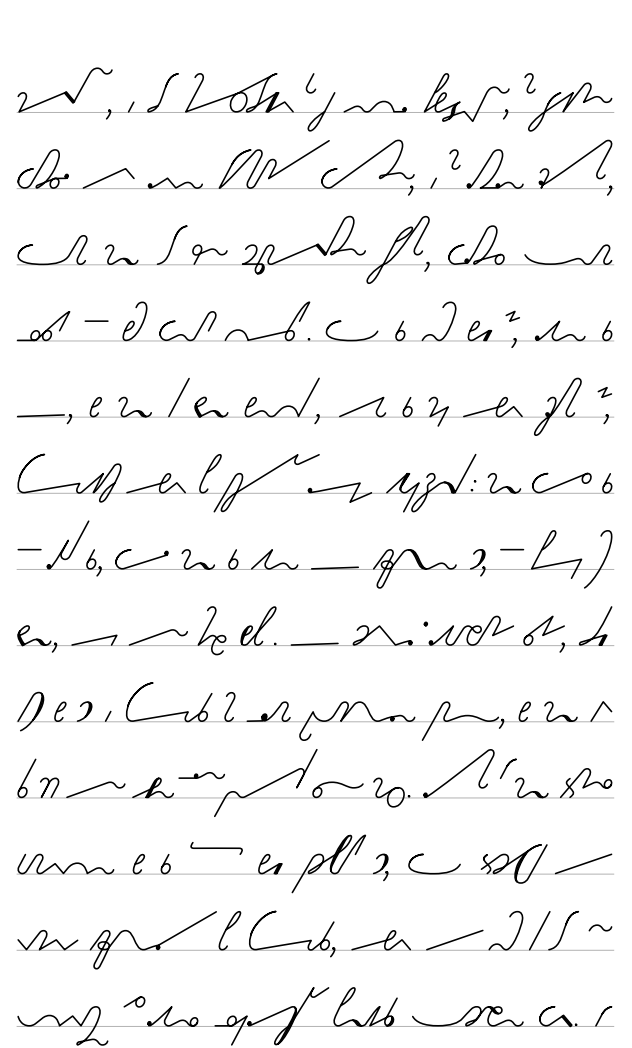

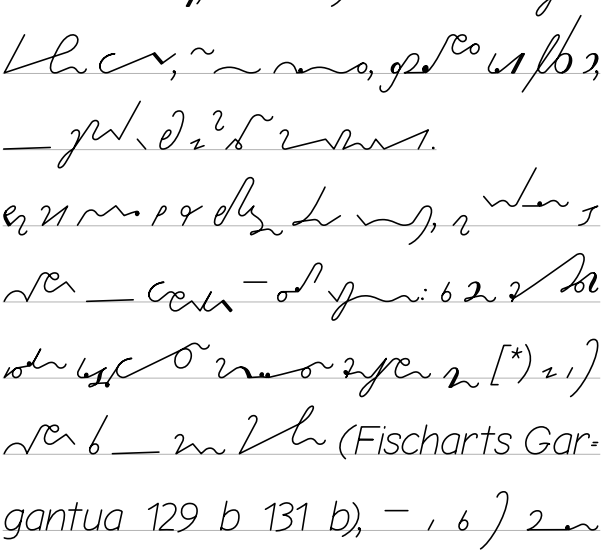

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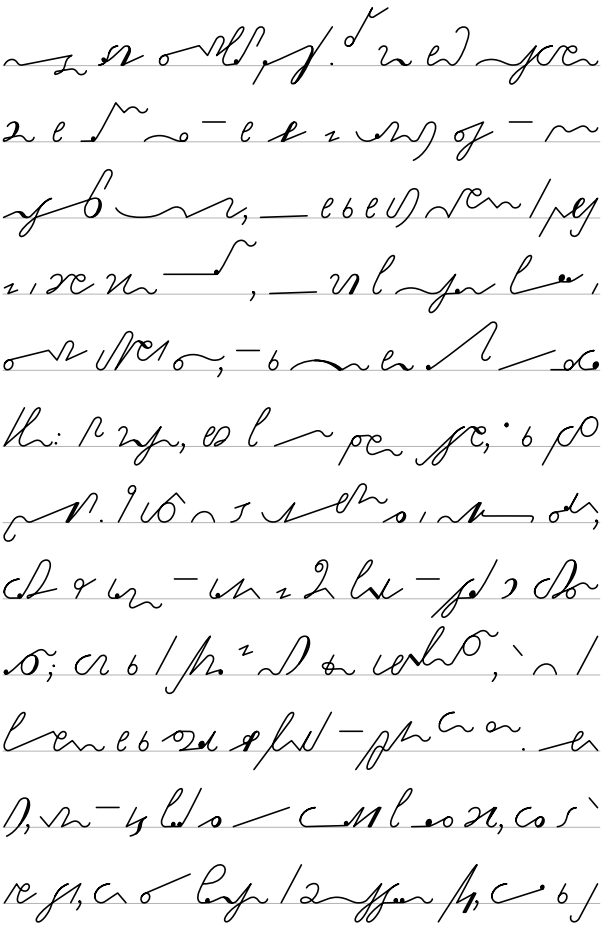

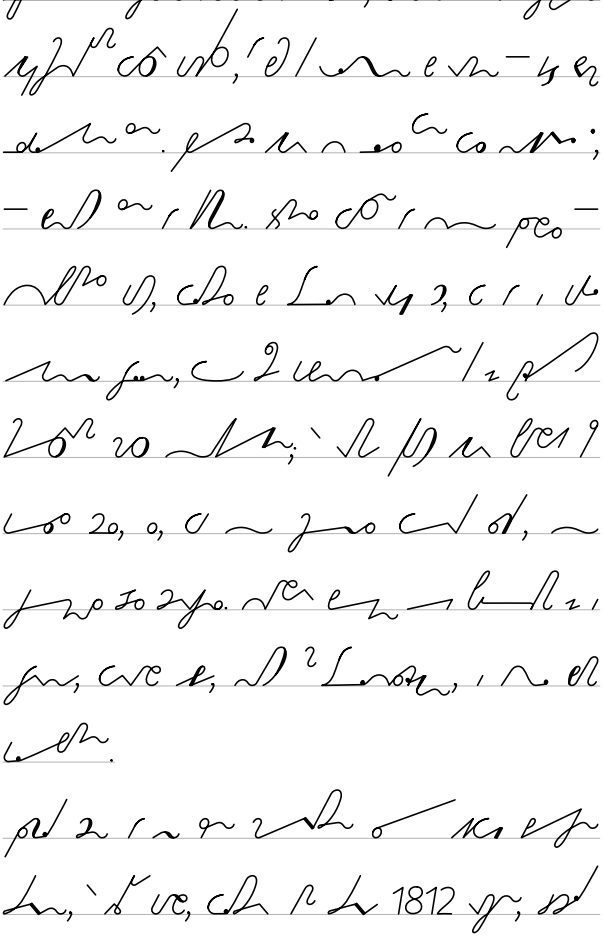

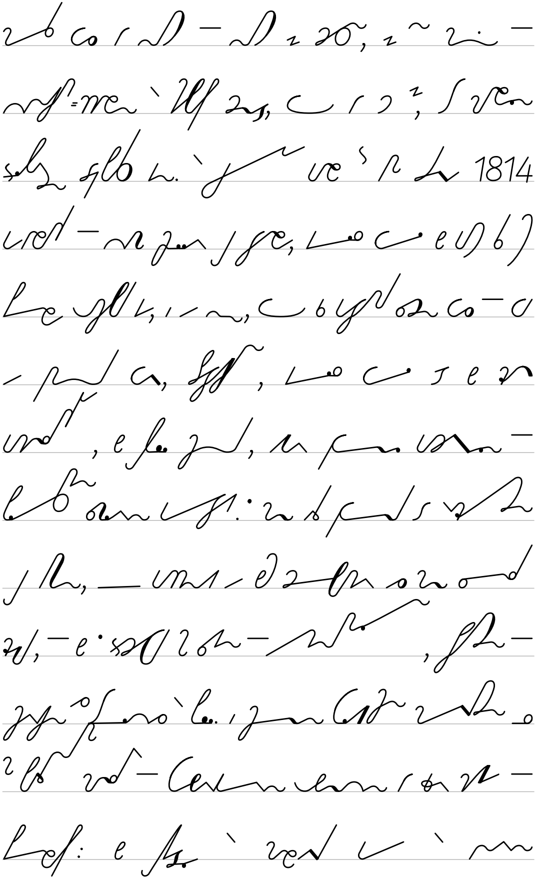
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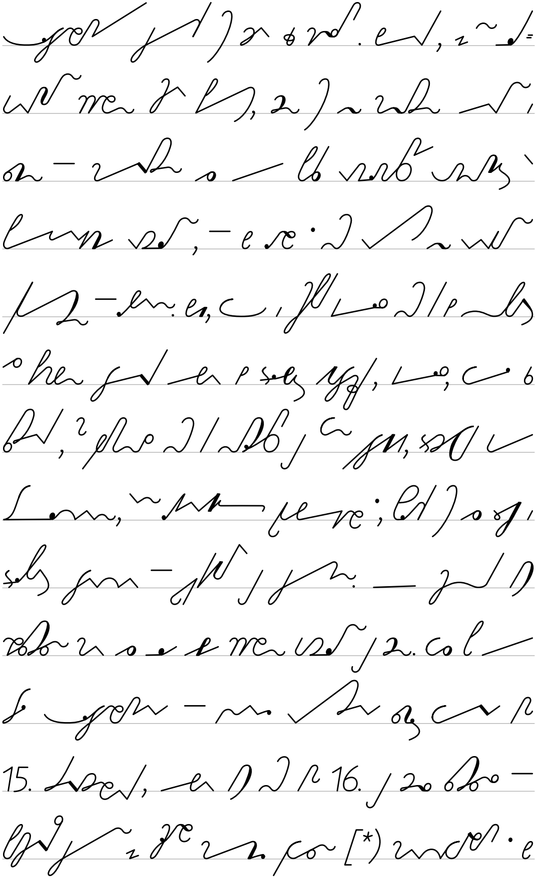
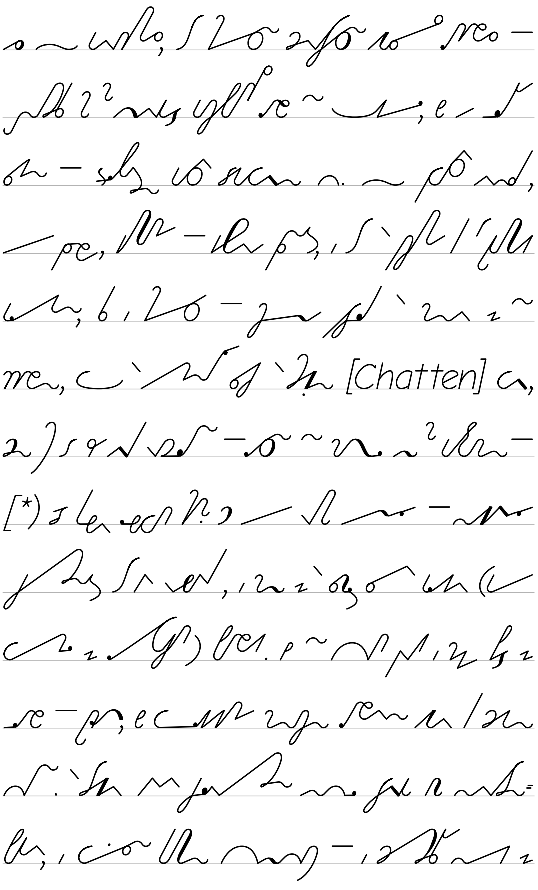

15.
16.
[*)

(de B. G. VI. 4.), [illegible] Thamus [illegible] Theut (Phädrus [illegible] Plato) [illegible].

[illegible] [Niederzwehrn] [illegible] [Viehmännin] [illegible].



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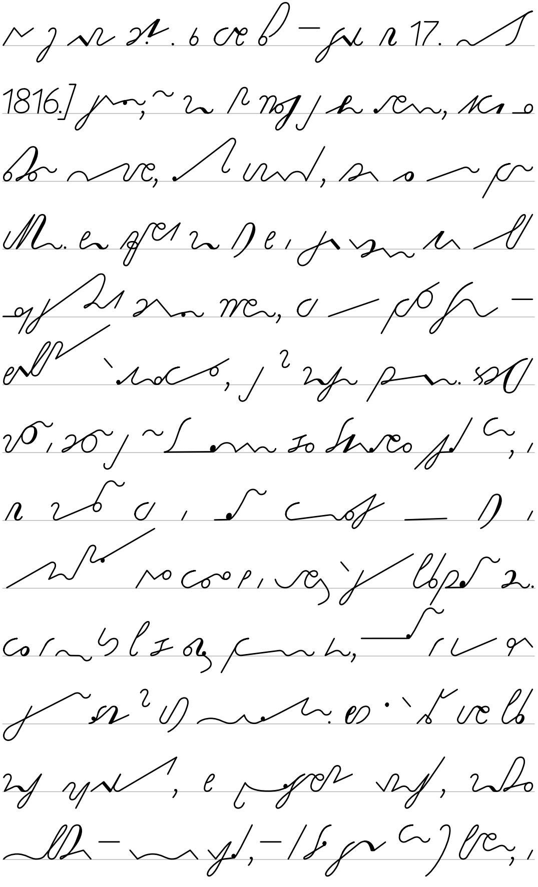
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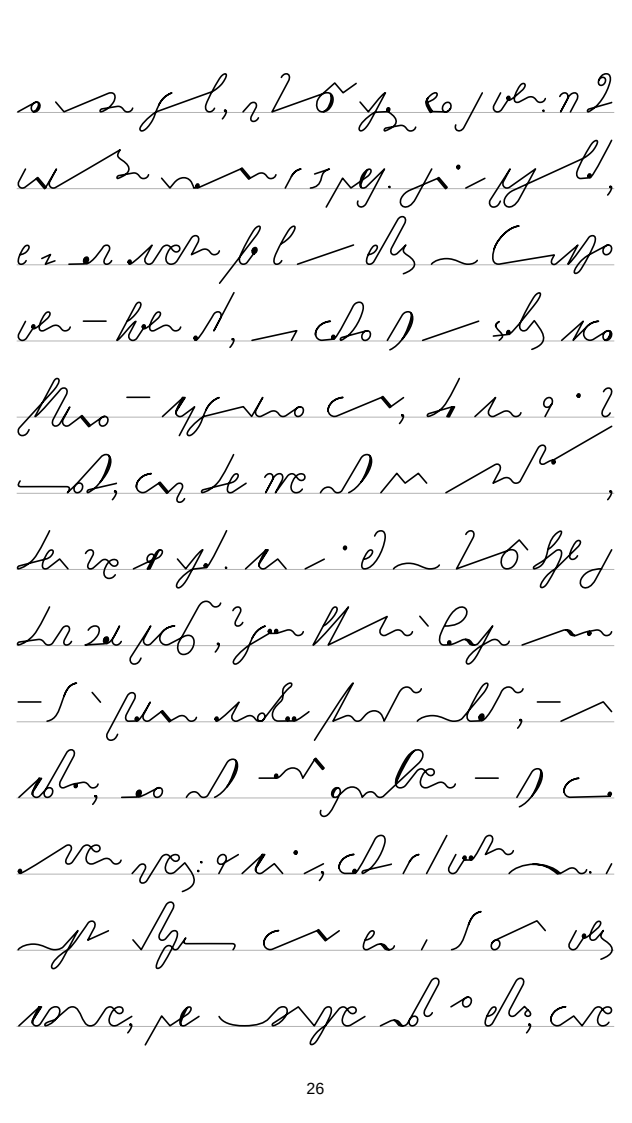
1816.]



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[illegible]

[illegible]

[Reimerschen]

[illegible] Francis Cohen in Quarterly Review (1810 in-) [illegible] Edgar Taylor in [illegible] Cruikshank (German popular stories [illegible] 1823 – 1826), [illegible] (1839) [illegible]. [illegible] Richard Doyle [illegible] John Edward Taylor (The fairy ring: a new collectio-

n of popular tales translated from the german of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. [illegible] 1846). [illegible], Grimms Household stories newly translated with illustrations by Wehnert 2 voll. [illegible] 1856. 8. [illegible] The charmed Roe or the little brother and little sister illustrated by Otto Spekter. [illegible] 1847; [illegible] (Sprookjesboek vor Kinderen. [illegible] 1820) [illegible] Hegermann-Lindencrone (Börne Eventyr. [illegible] 1820 [illegible] 21). [illegible]

Dansk Laesebog for Tydske af Fred=
erik Bresemann, [illegible] 1843, S.
123 og 133 [illegible] J. F. Lindencrone
[illegible]. [illegible] Öhlenschläger [illegible],
[illegible] C. Molbech (Julegave fo=
r Börn 1835 og 1839 — Udvalgte Even=
tyr og Fortällingar. [illegible] 1843).
[illegible] Reuterdahls Julläs=
ning for barn [illegible]. e Journal
de Débats [illegible] 4. [illegible] 1832 [illegible]
[illegible] 1. [illegible] 1834
[illegible] [Machandelbaum];

[illegible] (Cv° 1836) [illegible] Contes choisis de Grimm traduits par F. C. Gérard [illegible] 1846 Contes de la famille par les frères Grimm, traduits de l'allemand par N. Martin et Pitre Chevalier (Cv° [illegible]) [illegible]].

[illegible]

[illegible] 1825, 6° 1833 – 1836 [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 15. [illegible] 1837.

[illegible] (176)

[illegible] [Zwehrn] [illegible]

Lieber Freund!

Wien 17. Juni 1840.

[illegible]

[illegible] (vielleicht 1836) [illegible] Franz Pocci [illegible]

53) 1837, [illegible] — [illegible] (№ 15) 1838, [illegible] (№ 110) [illegible] 1839, [illegible] (№ 4) [illegible] 1839 — 1841 [illegible]

[illegible] 4. [illegible] 1843.

[illegible]

(MS Hag. 2, 66b, 94b).

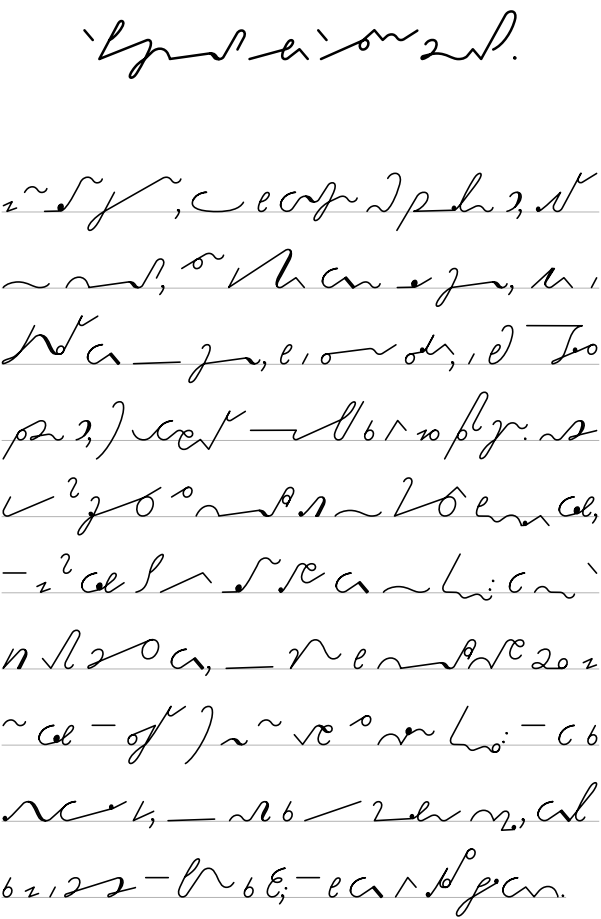
30. 1850.

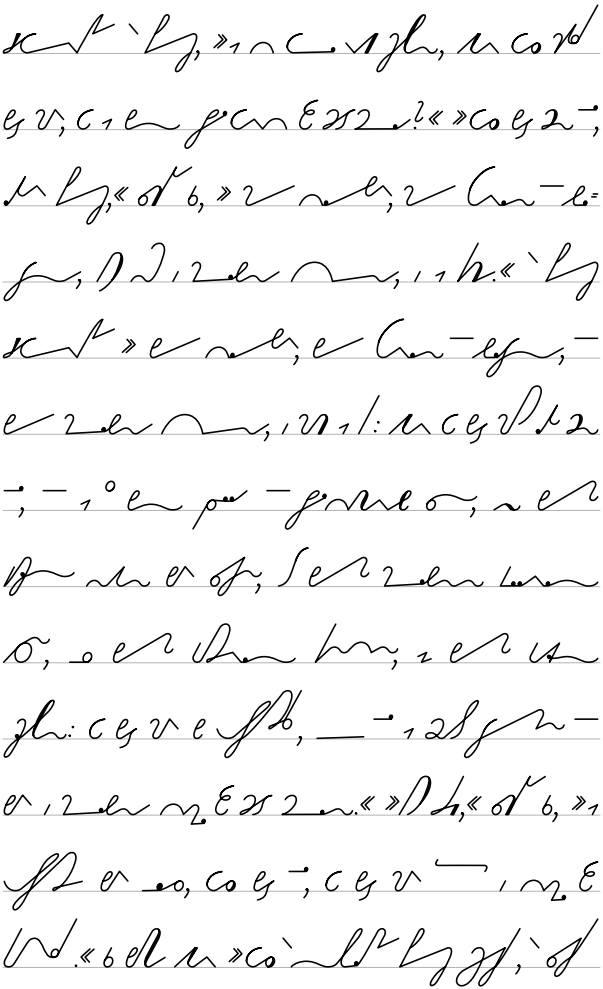
15. (151 *) (104, 175 – 191)

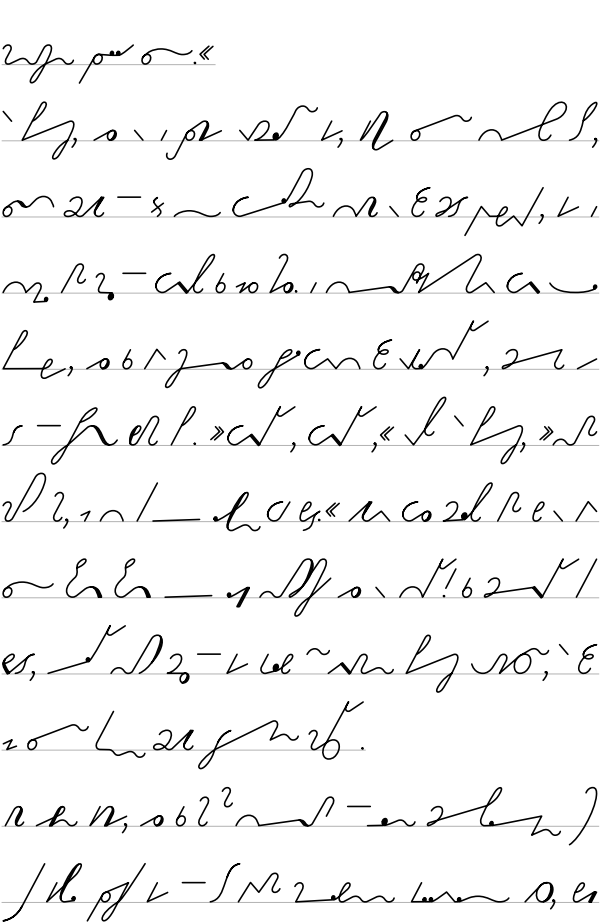
Gesch.

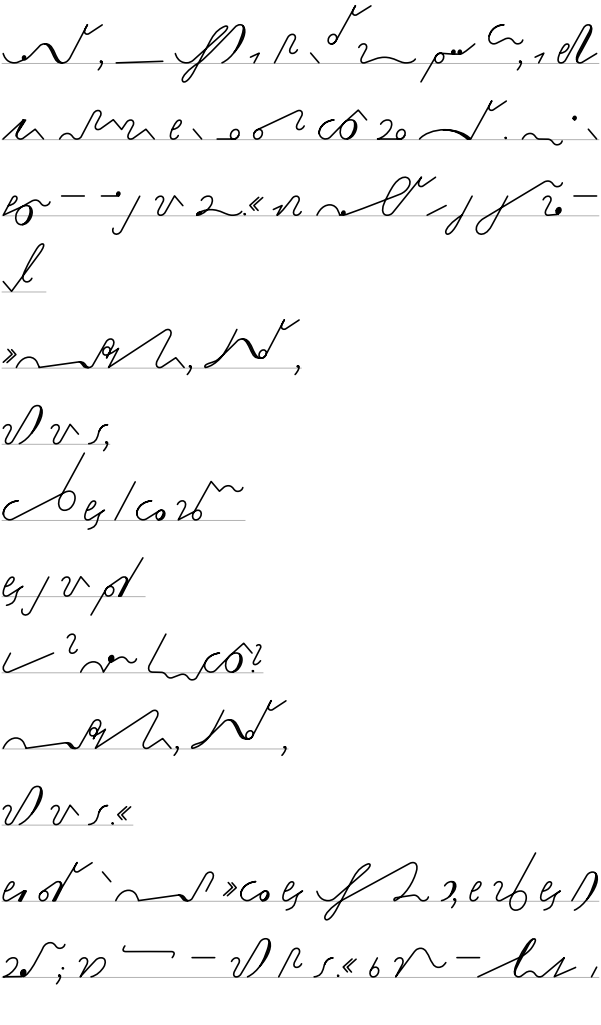
wie n 23. 2. 1857.

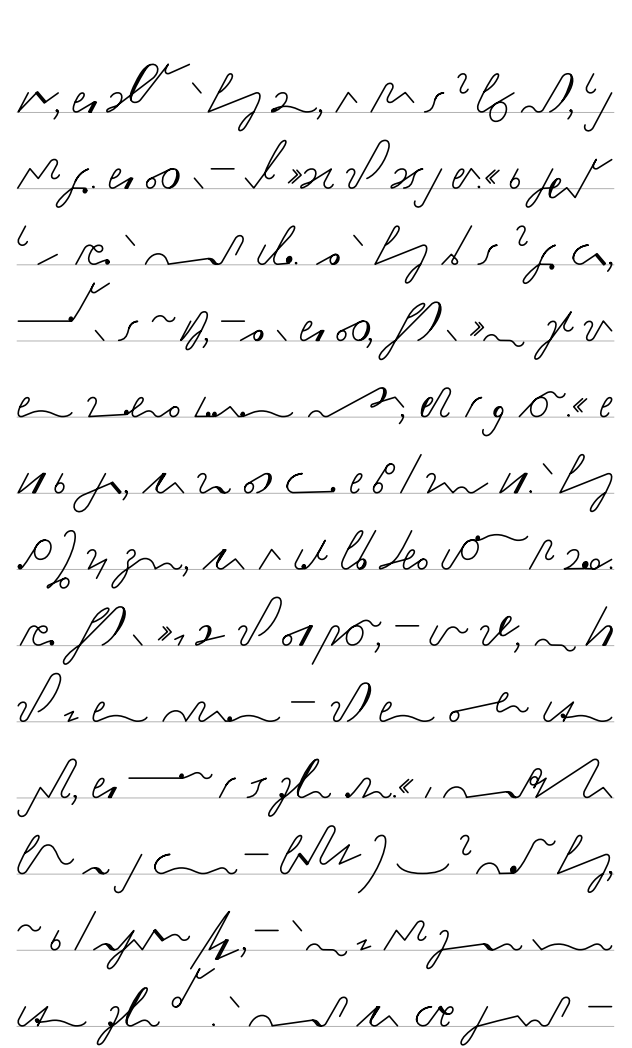
1.

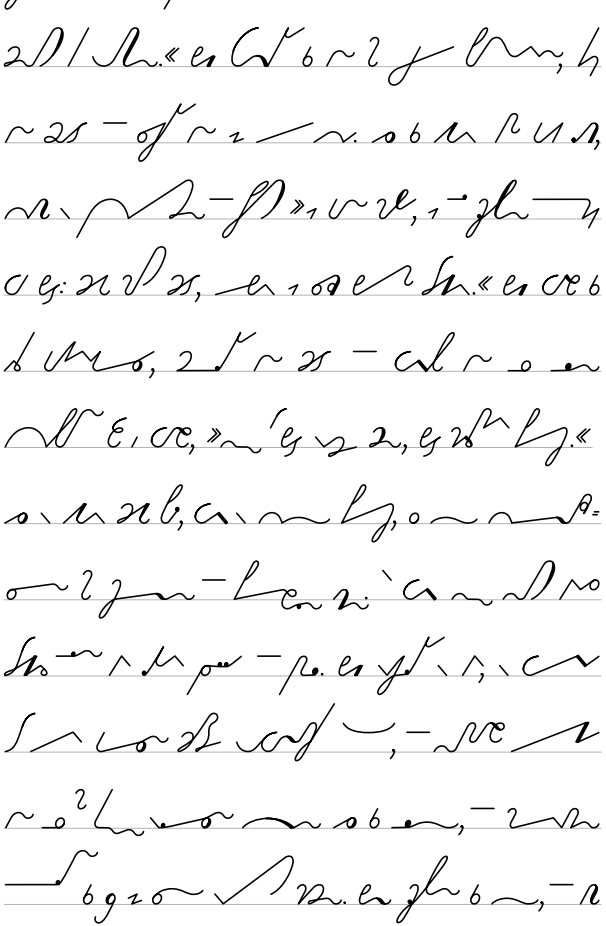


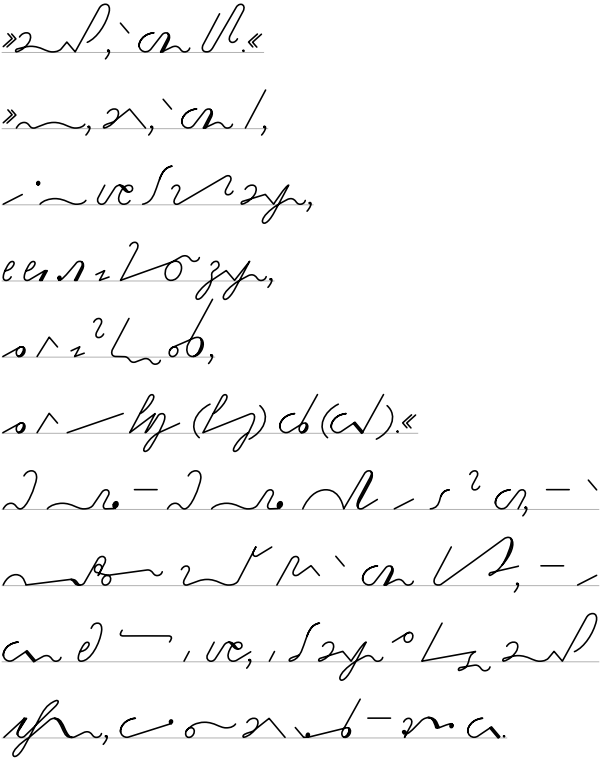












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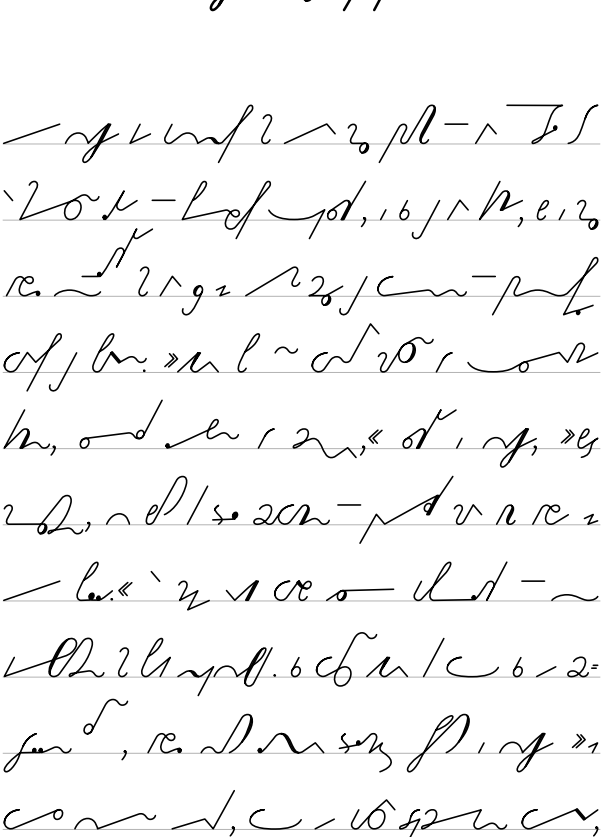

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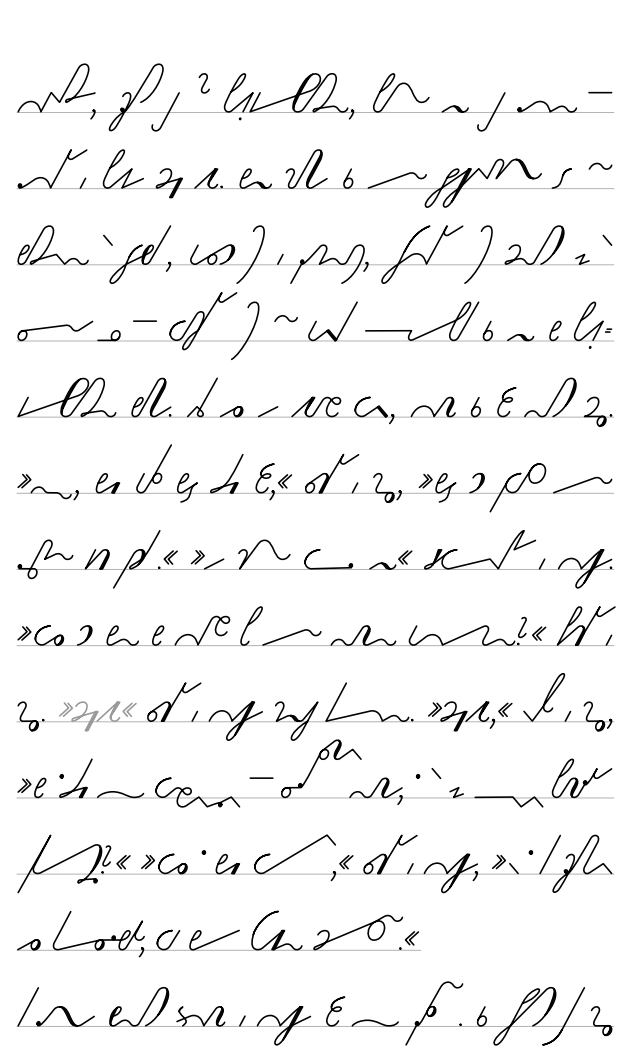

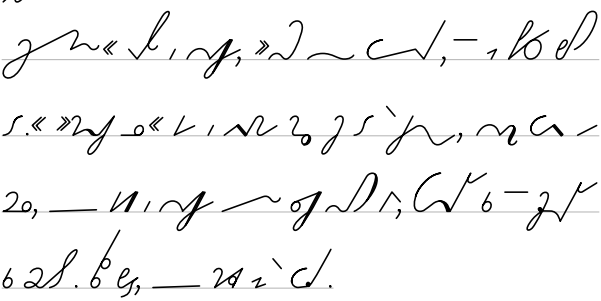

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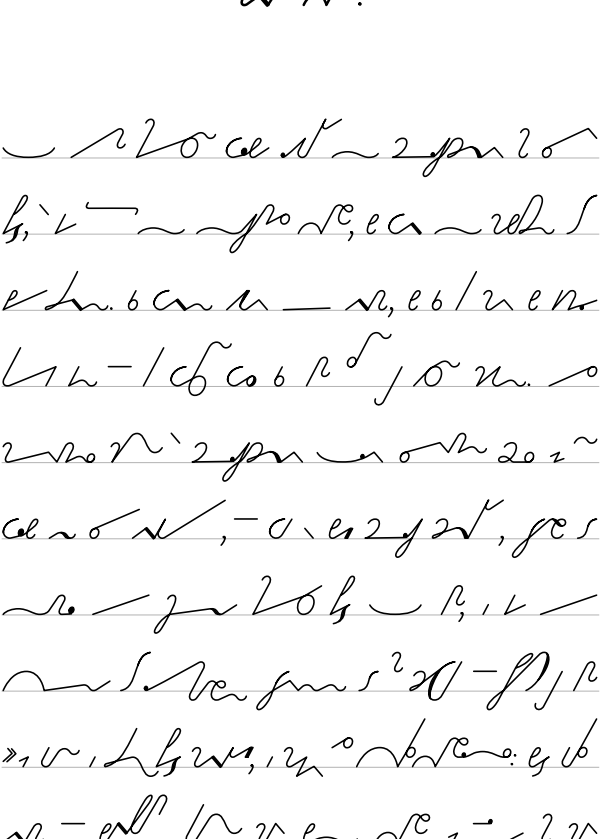

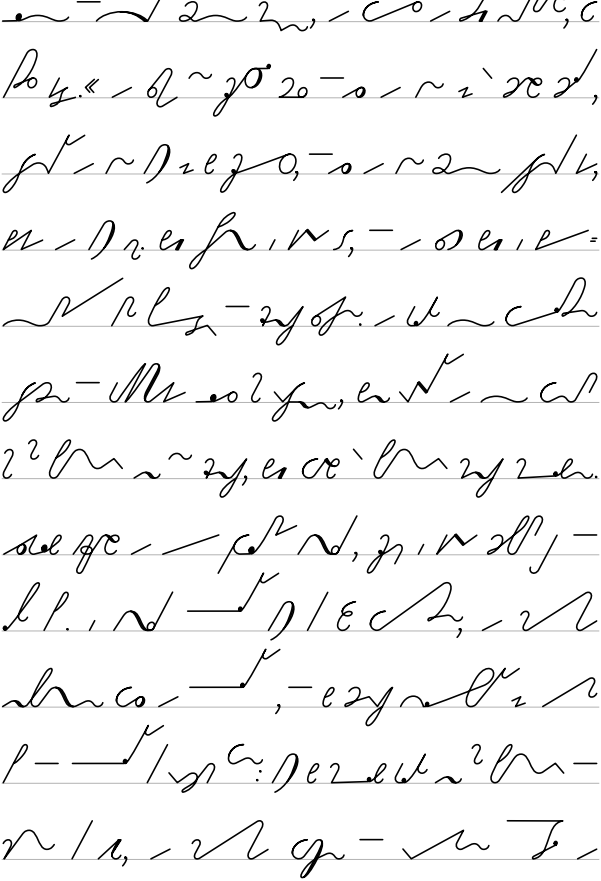

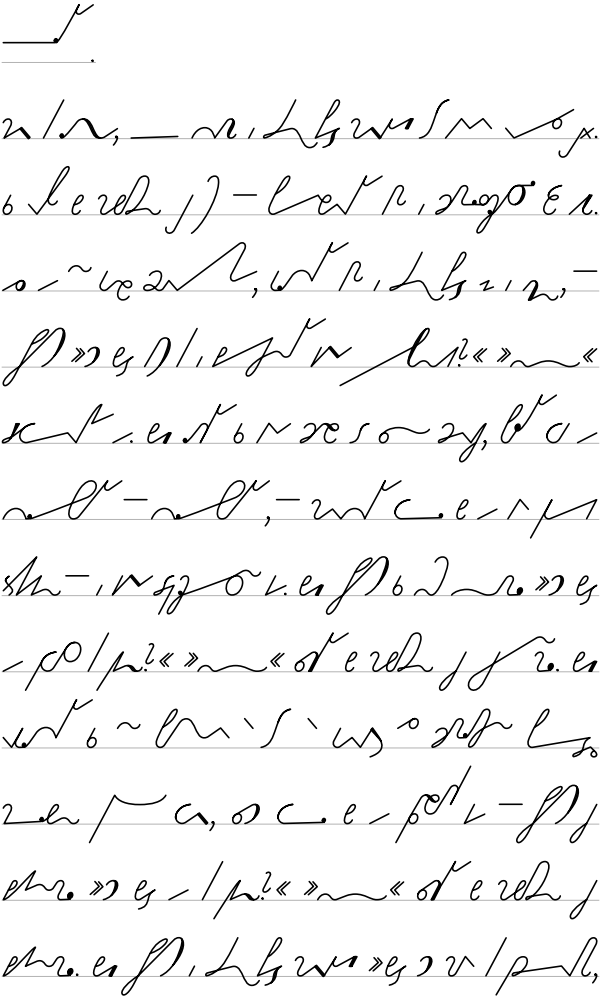

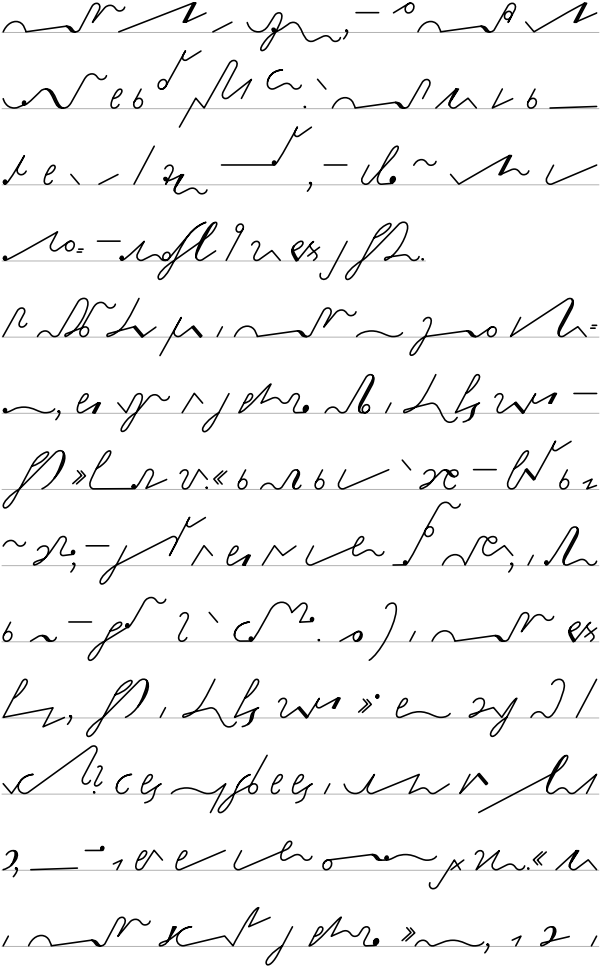

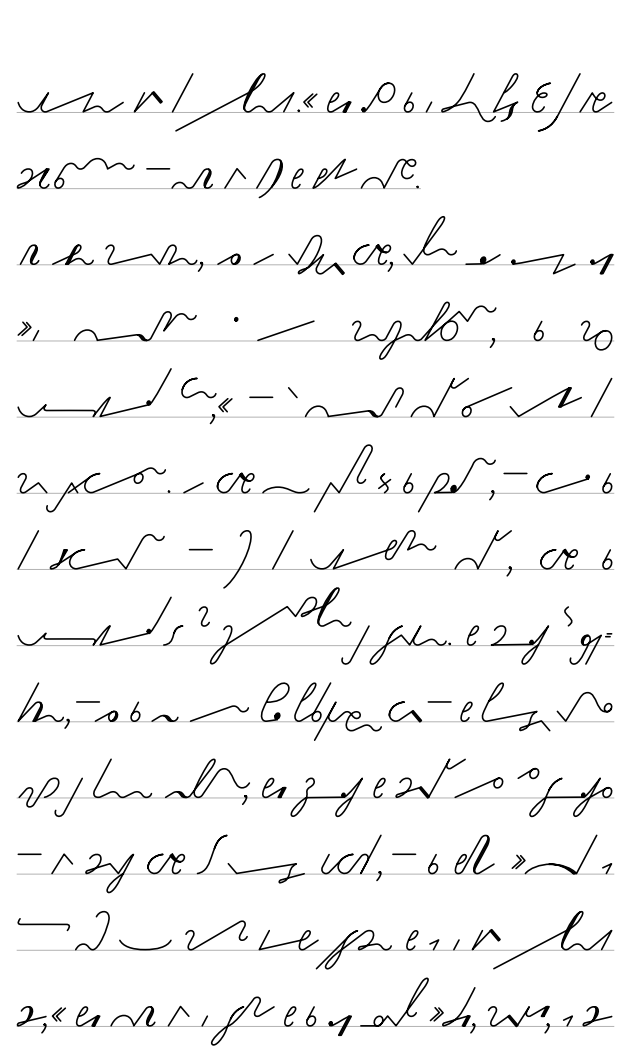

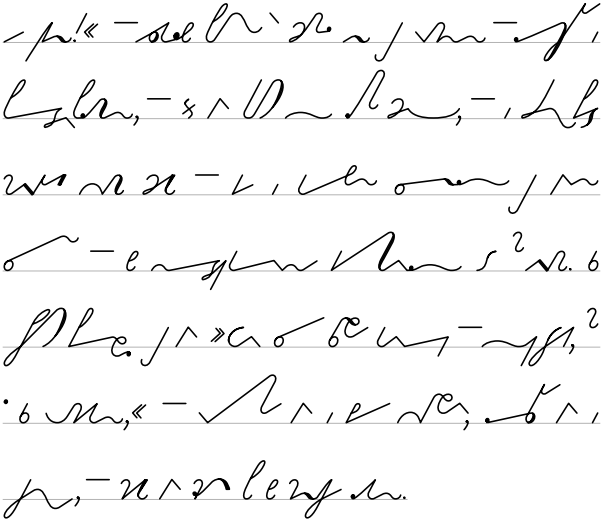

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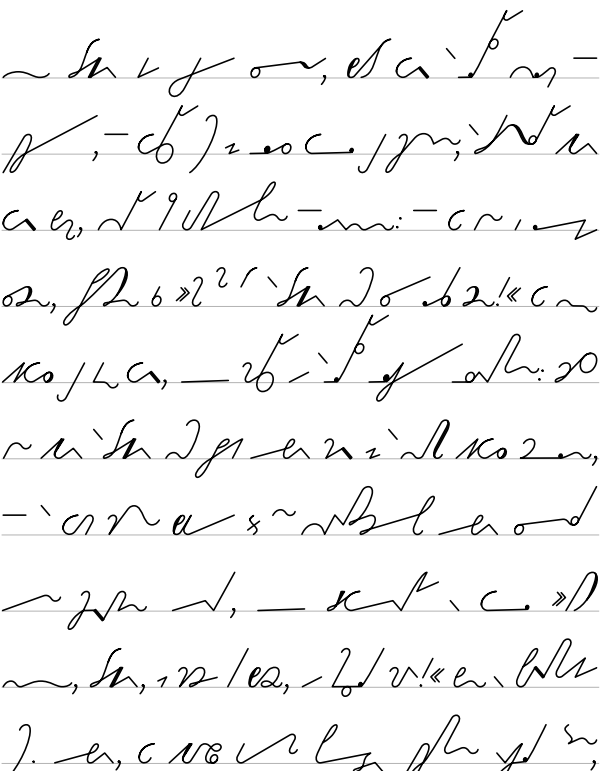

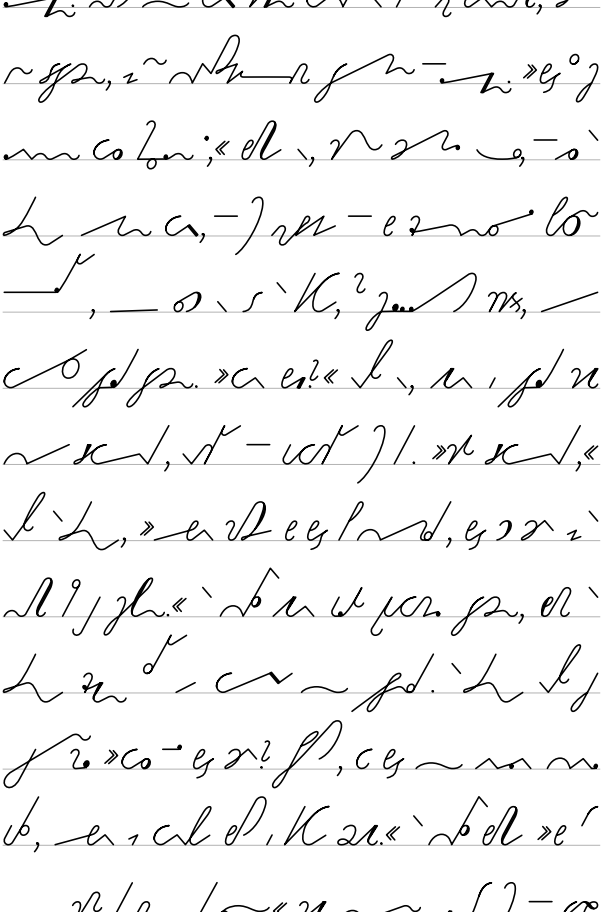

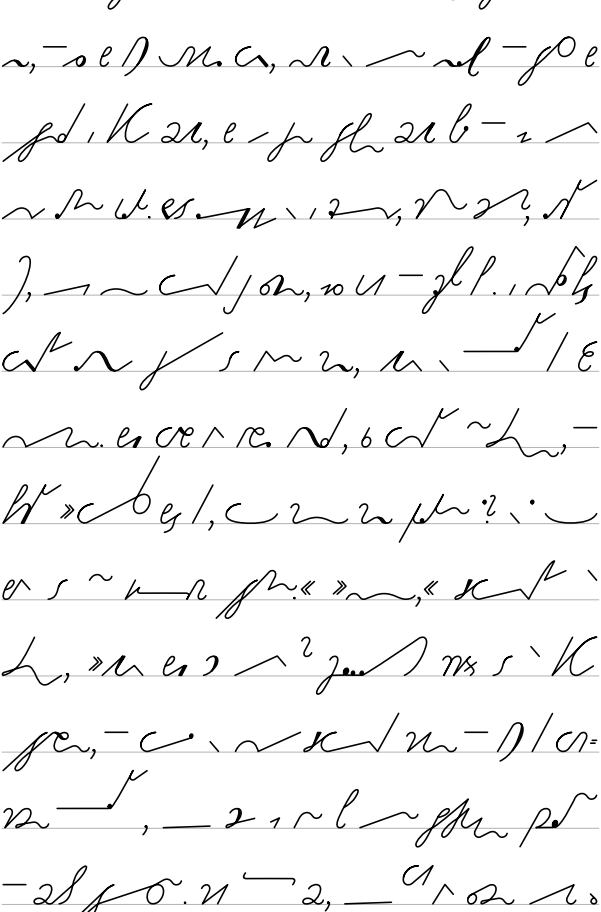

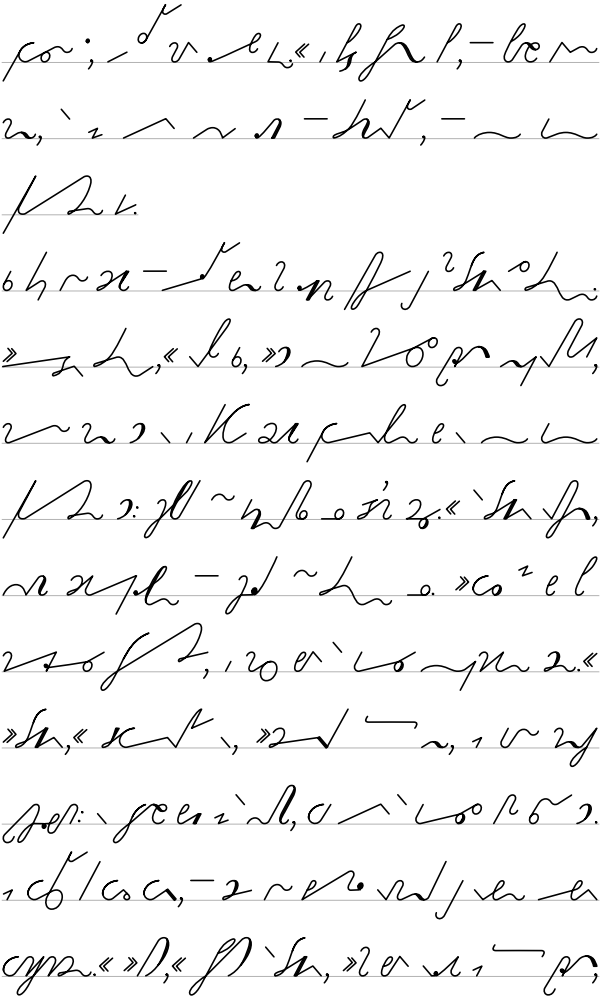

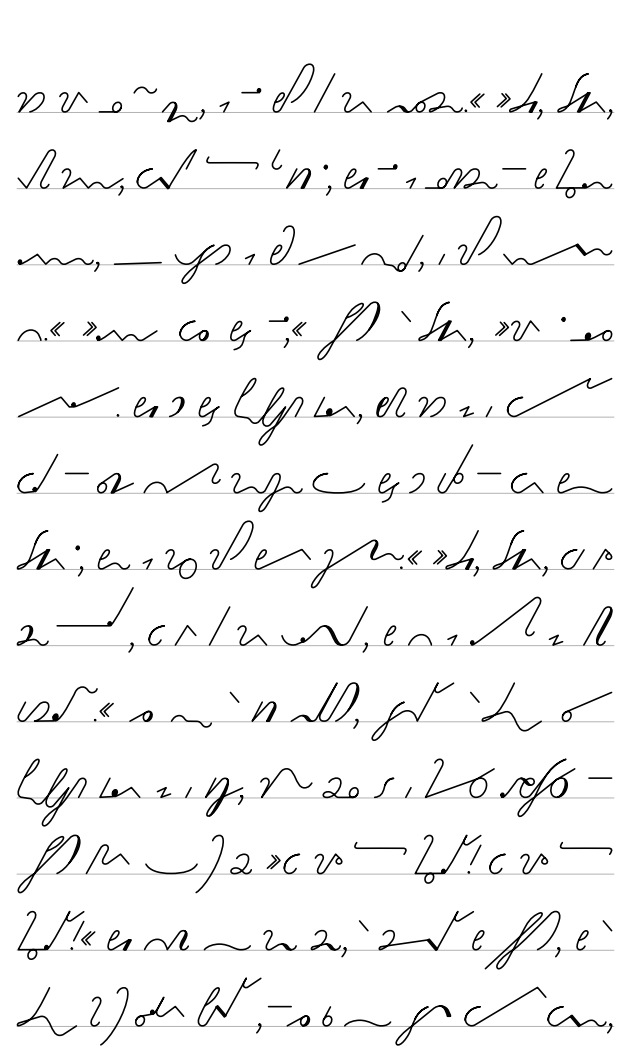

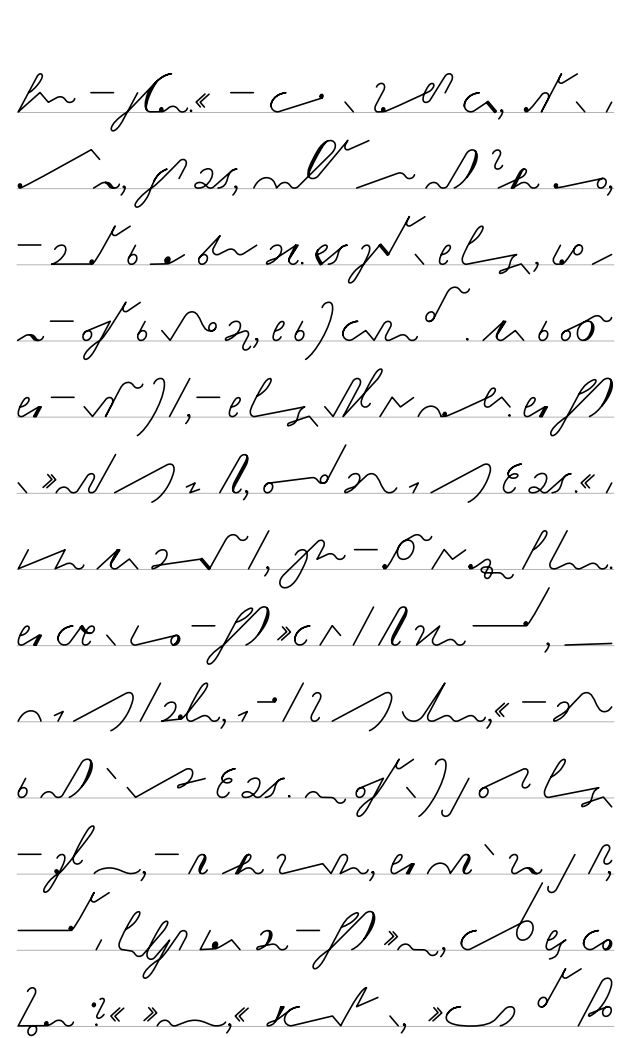

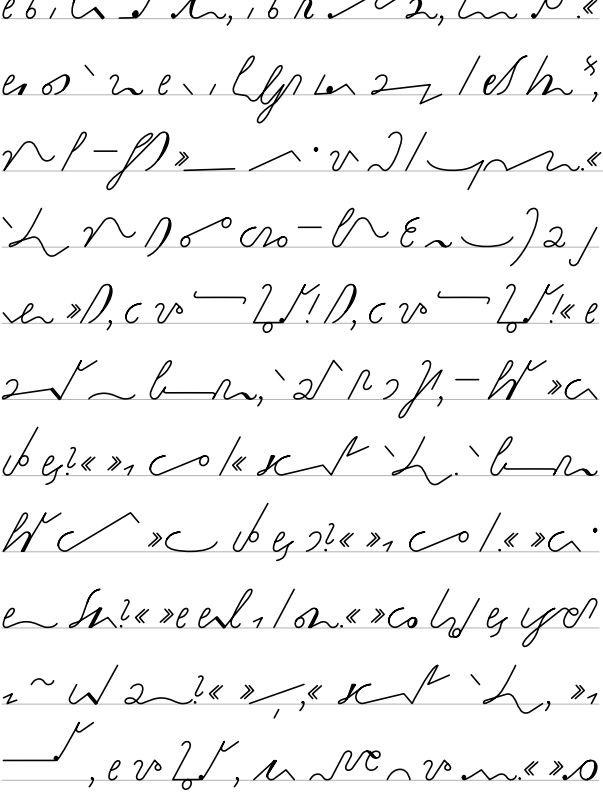

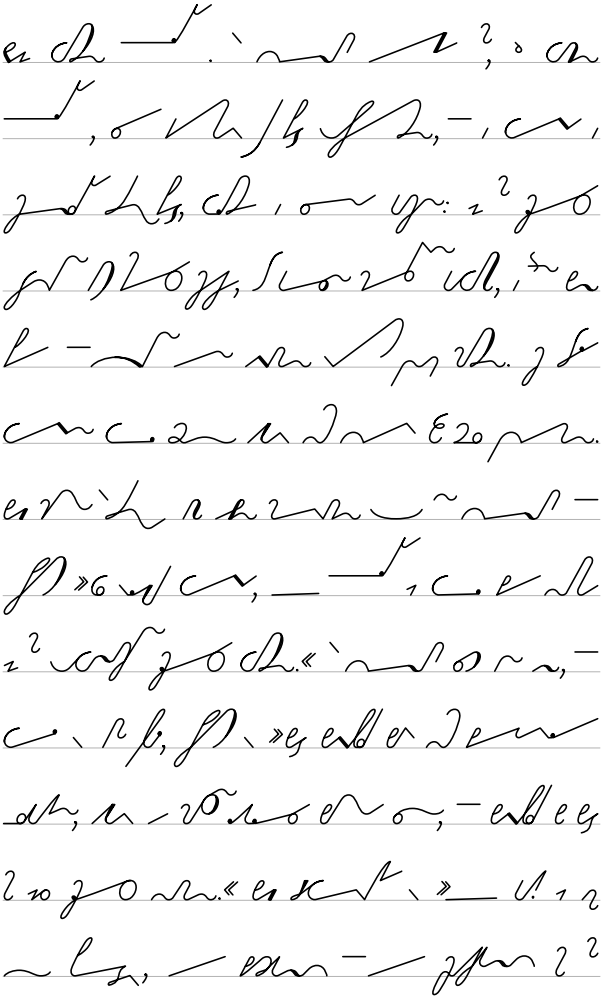

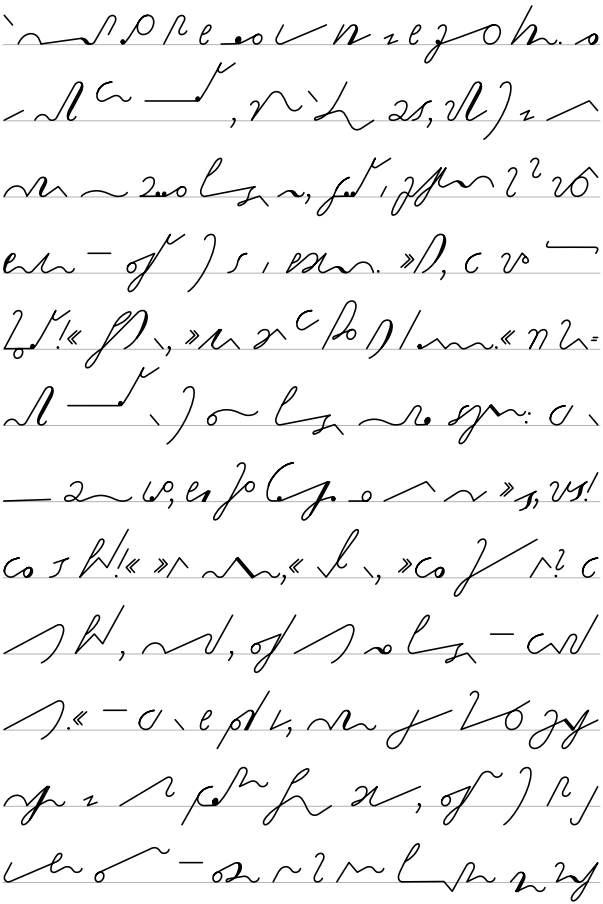

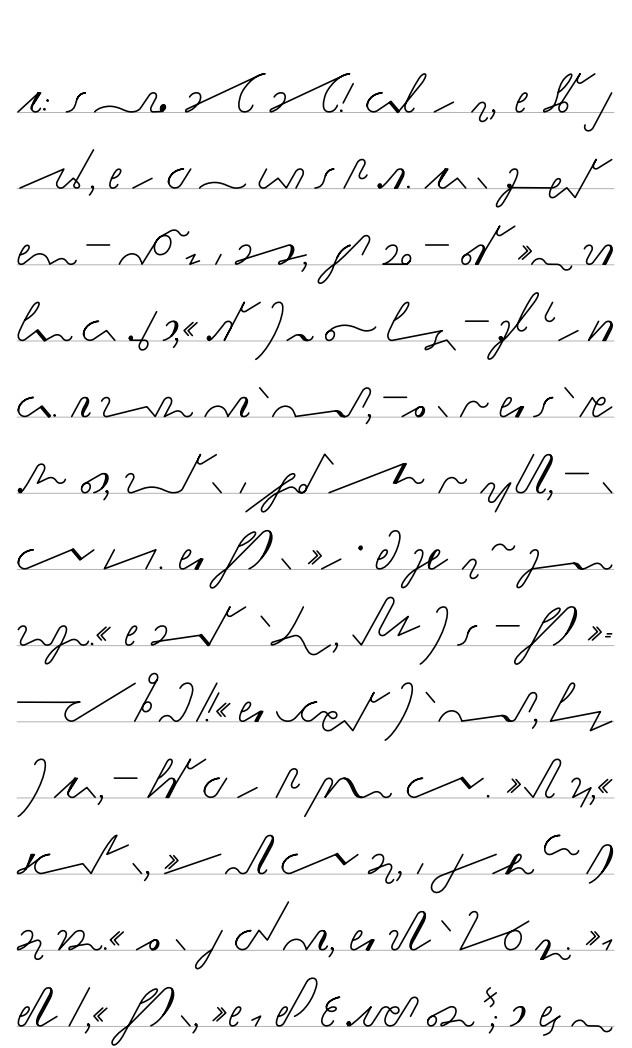

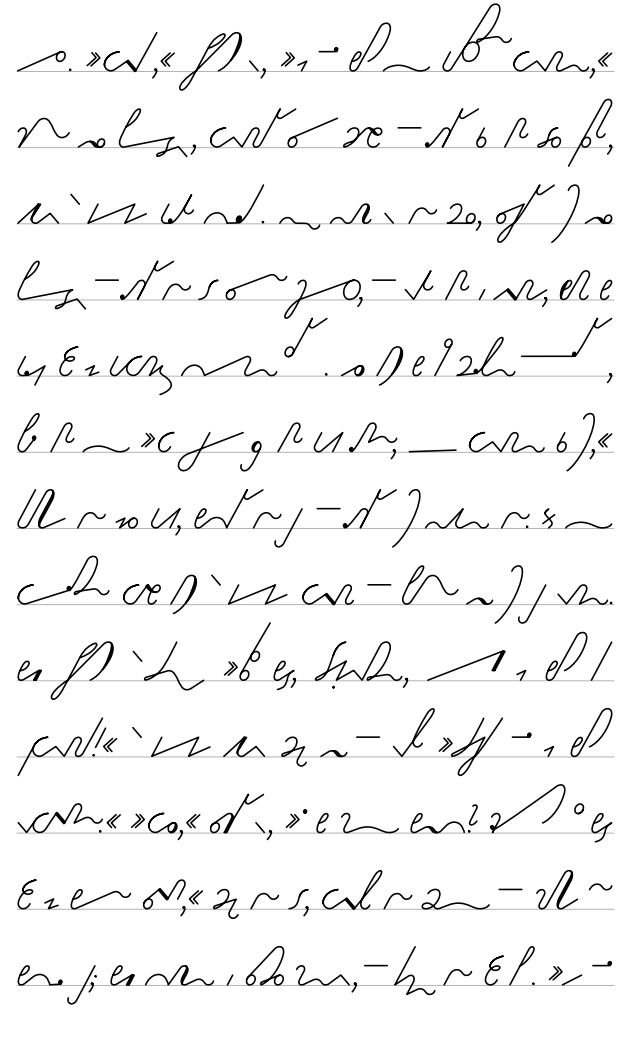

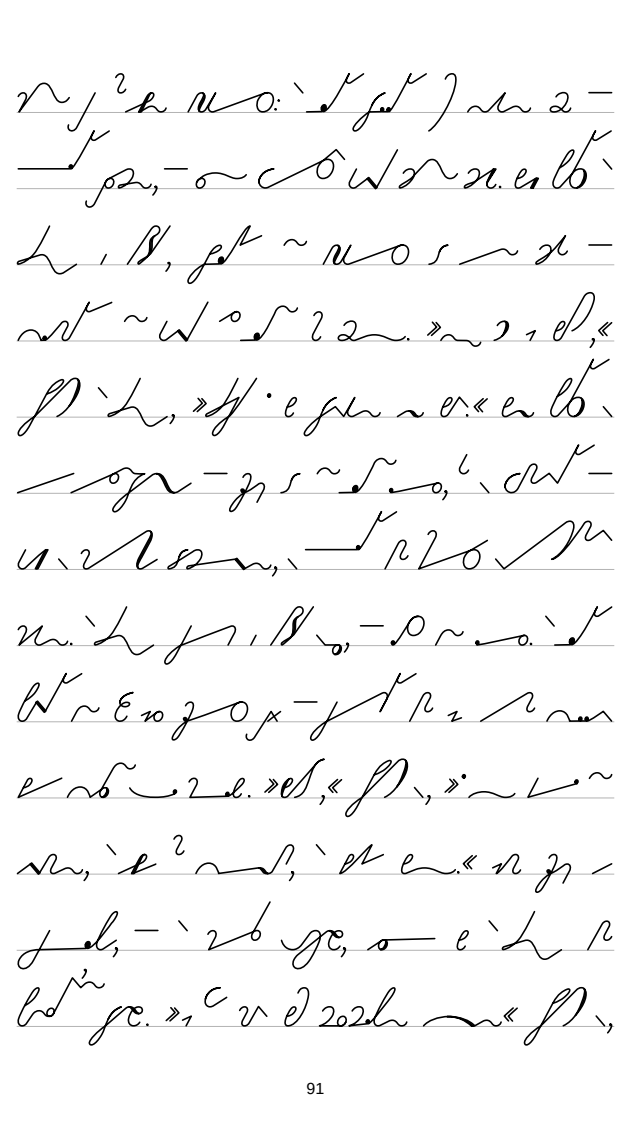

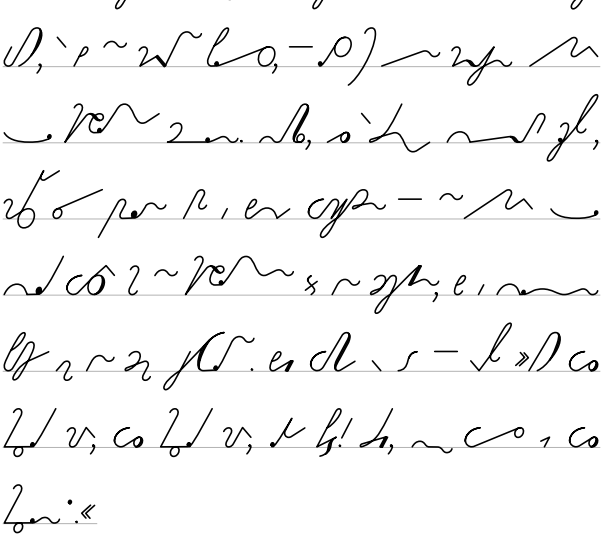

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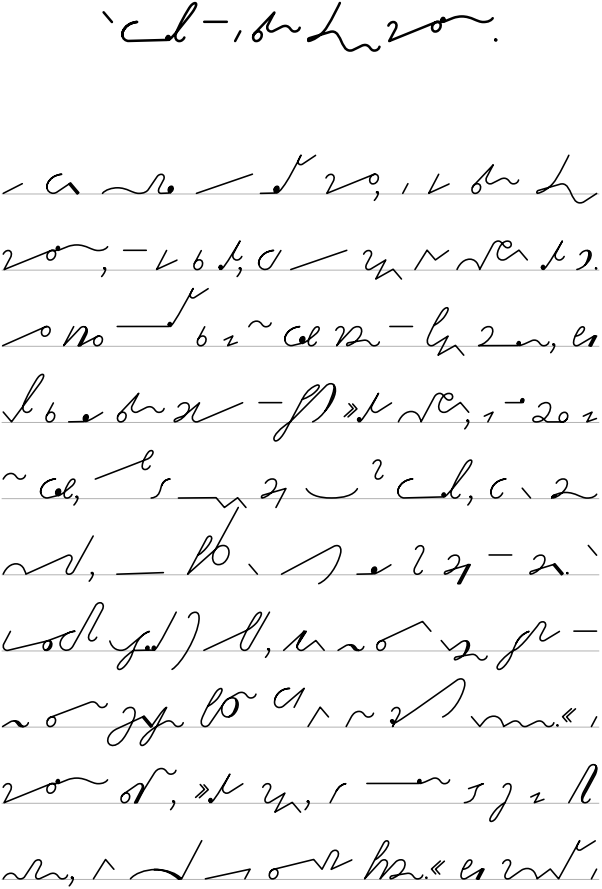

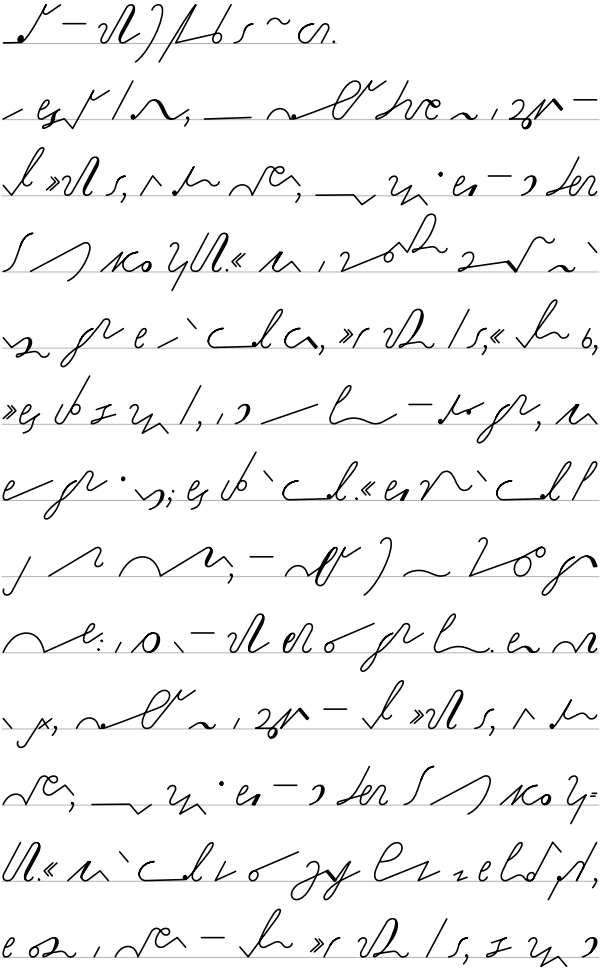

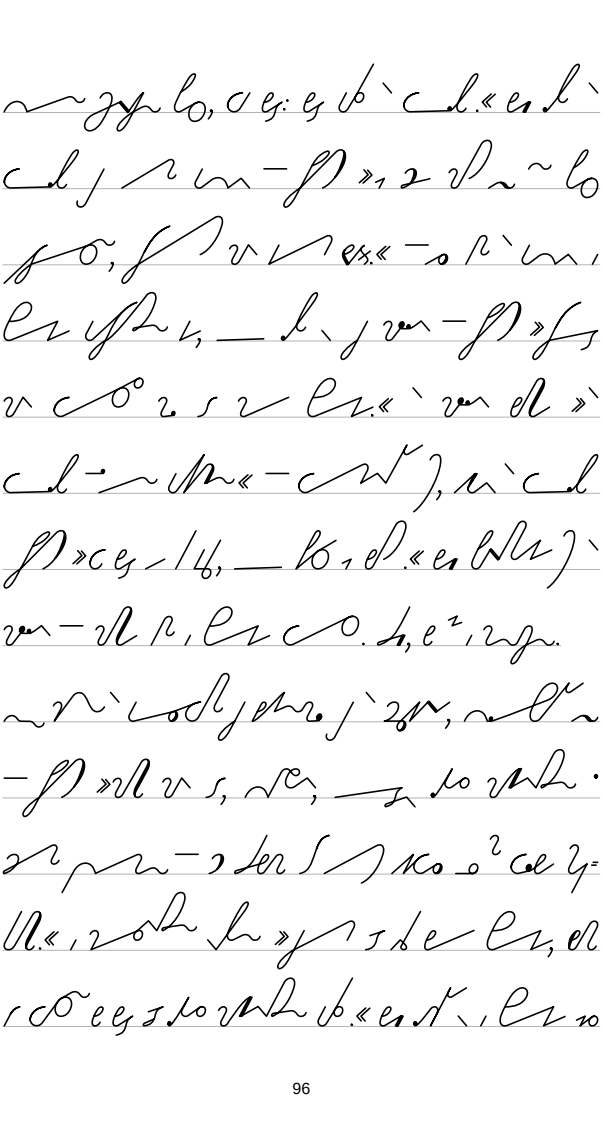

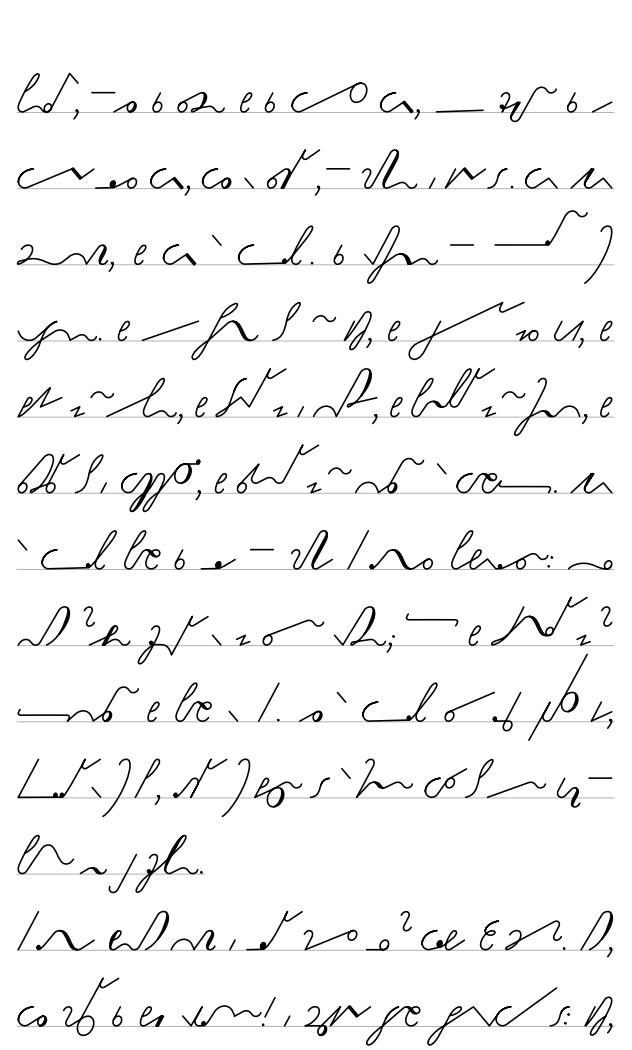

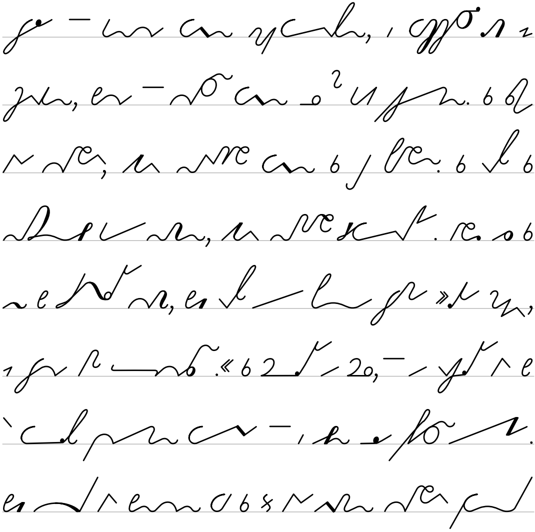

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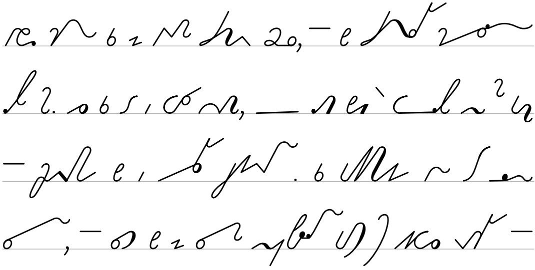

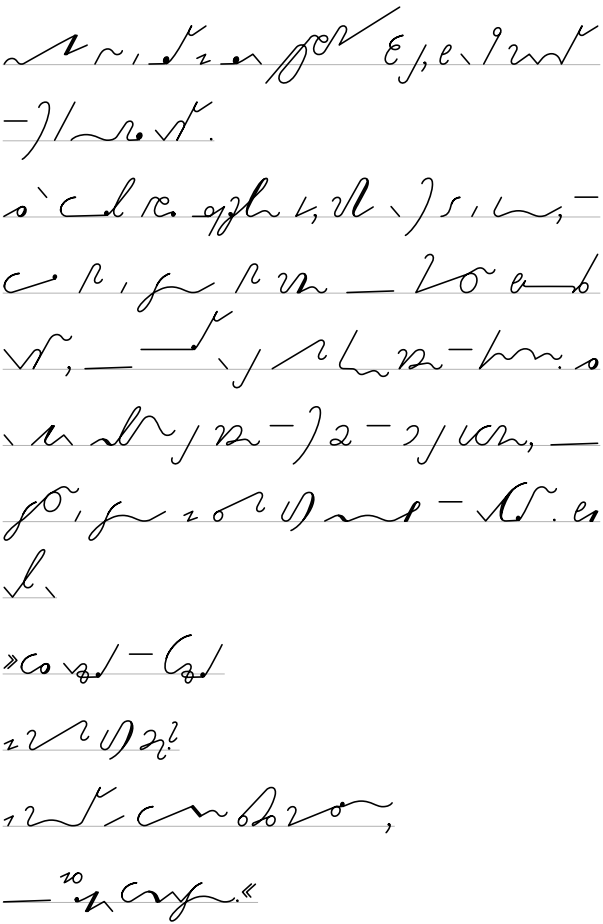

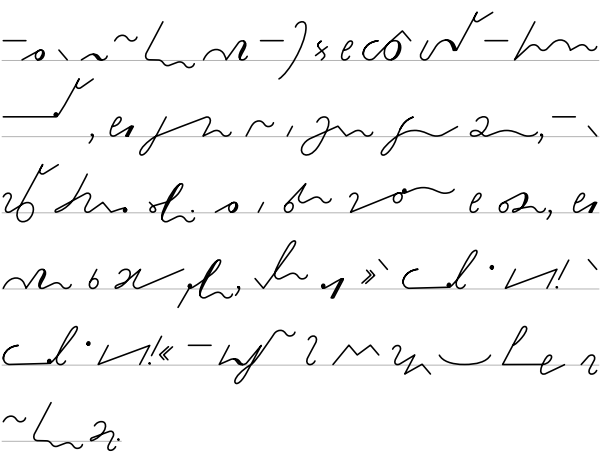

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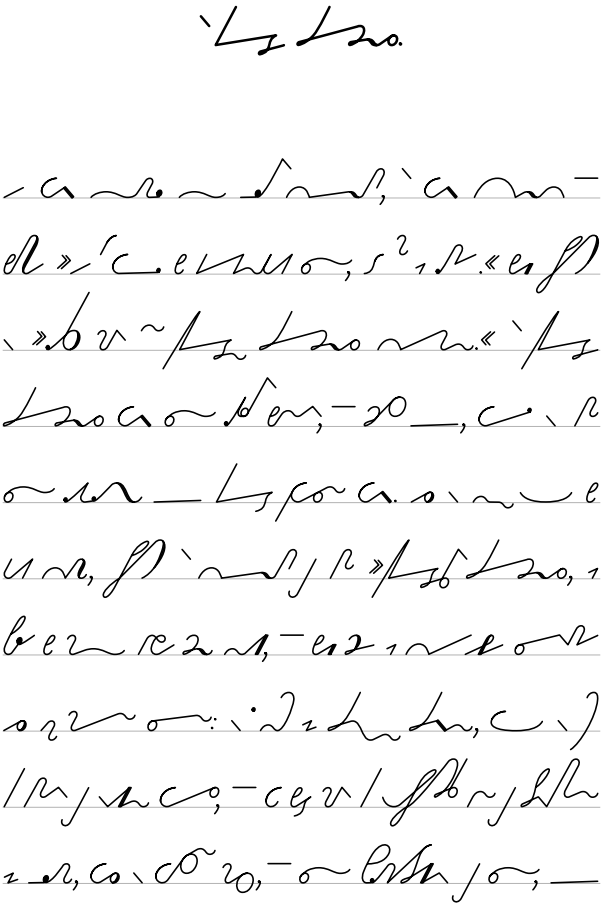

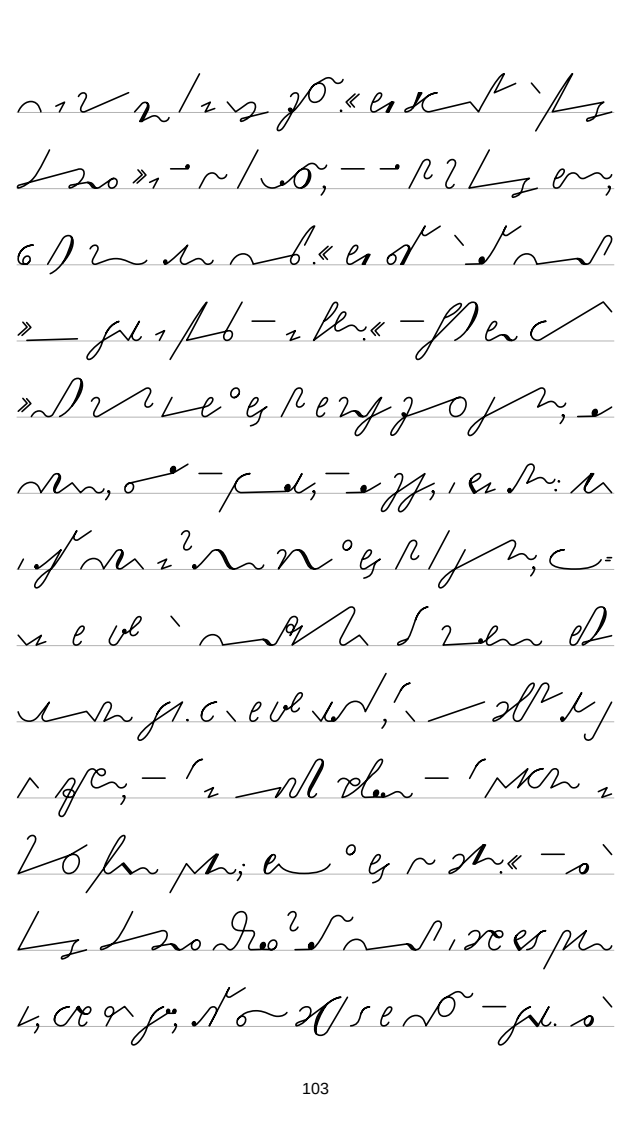

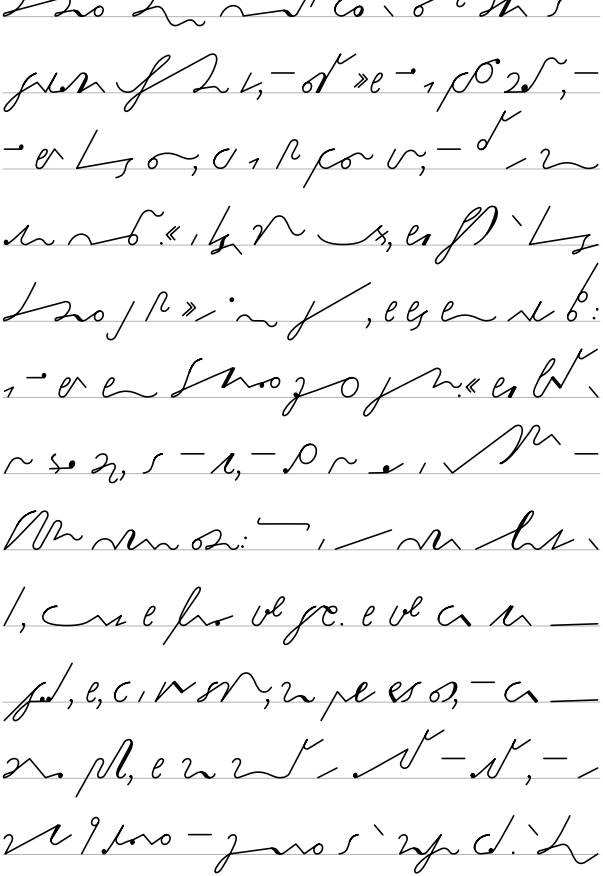

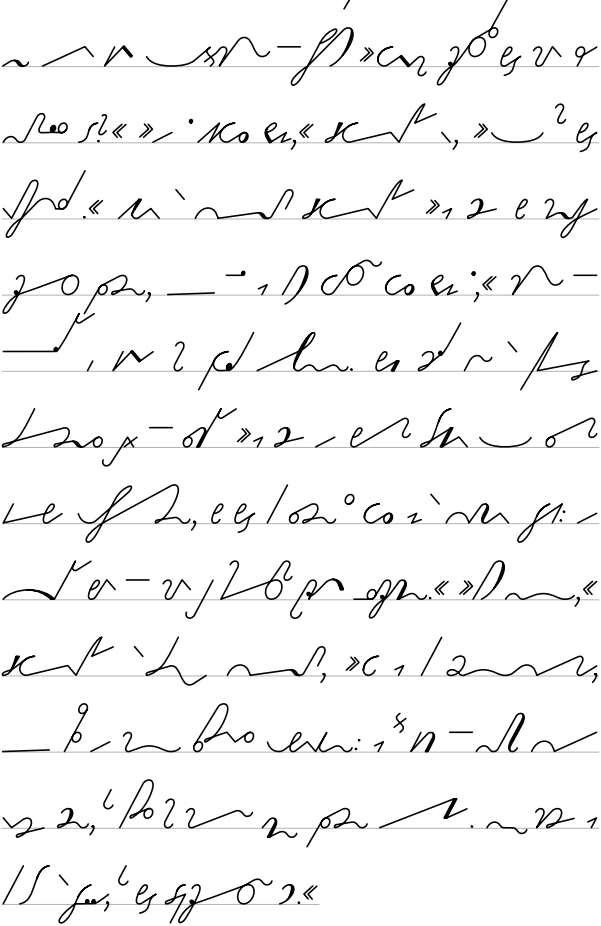

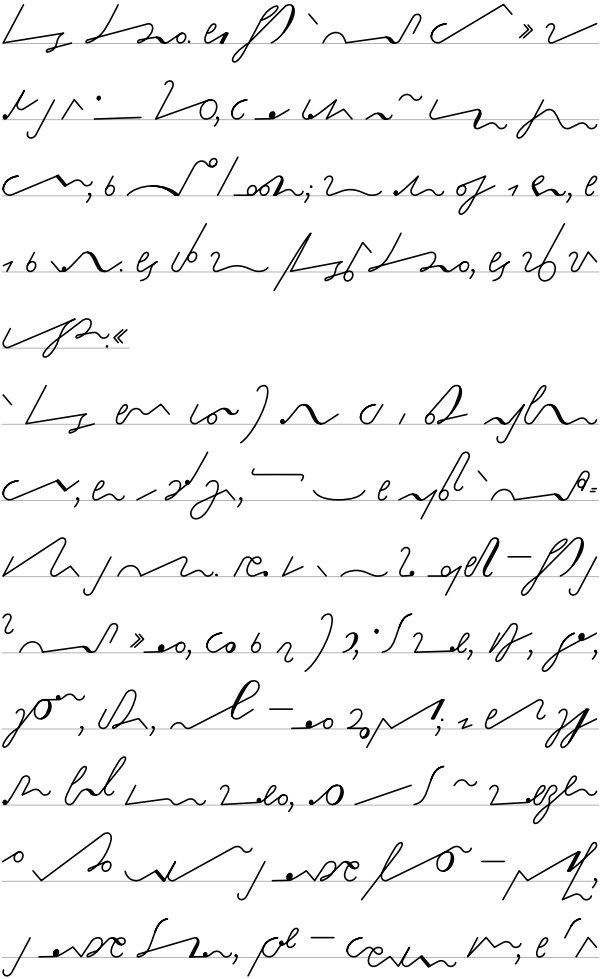

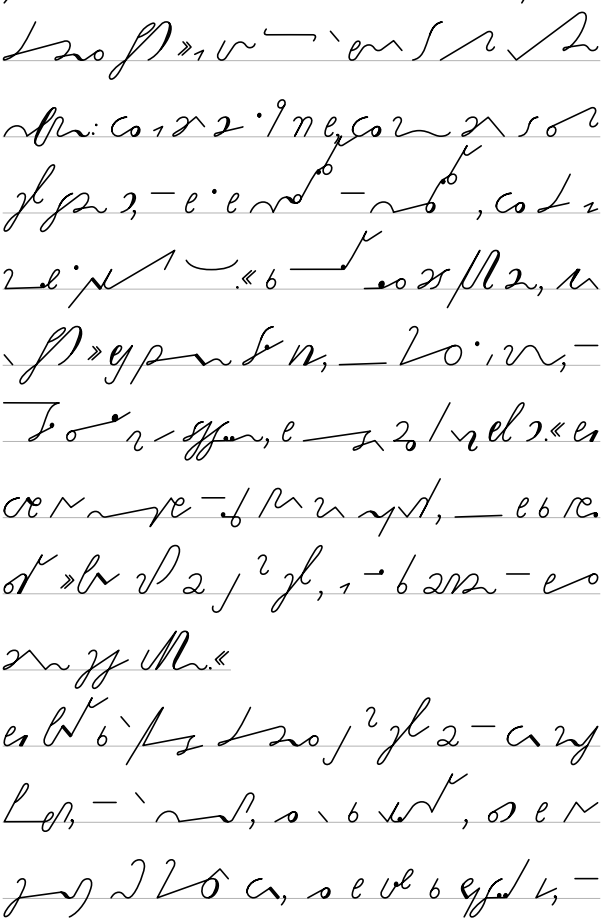

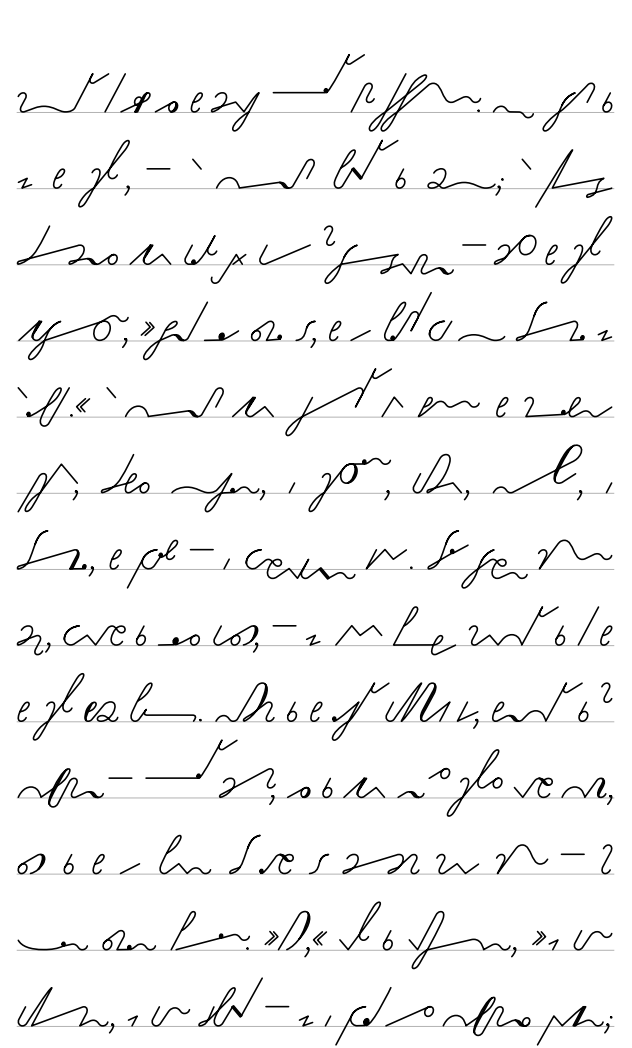

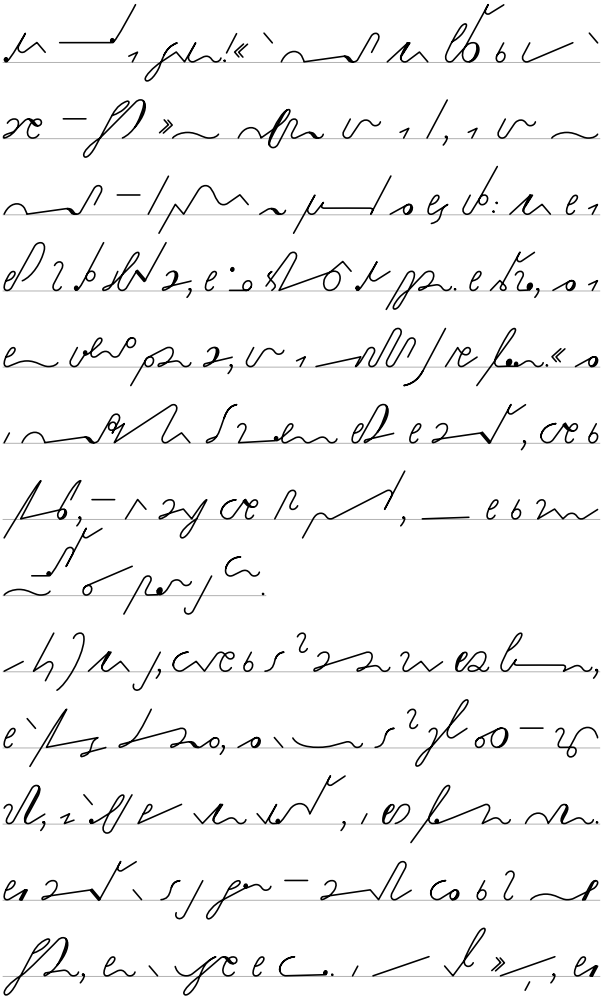

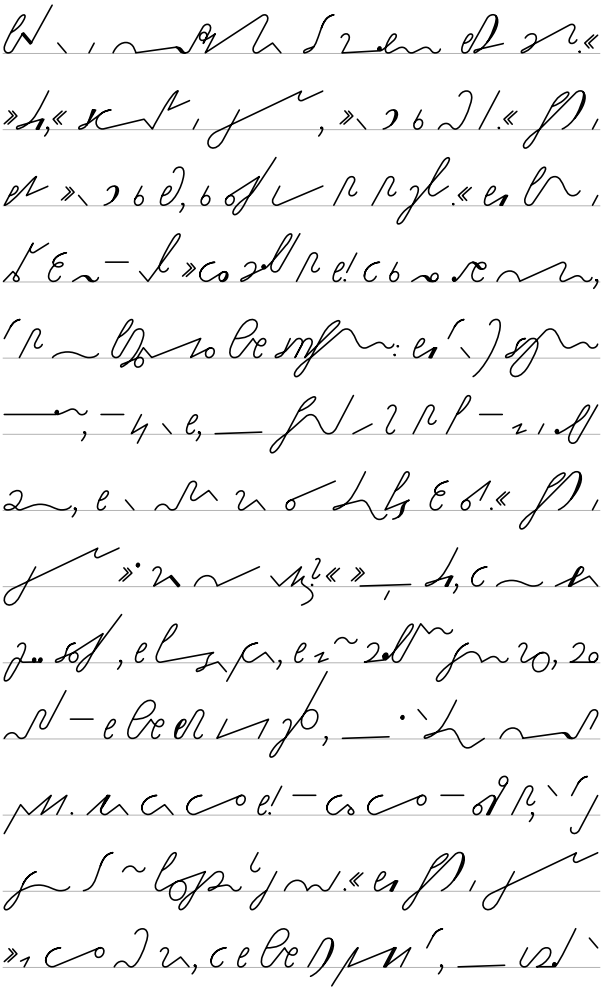

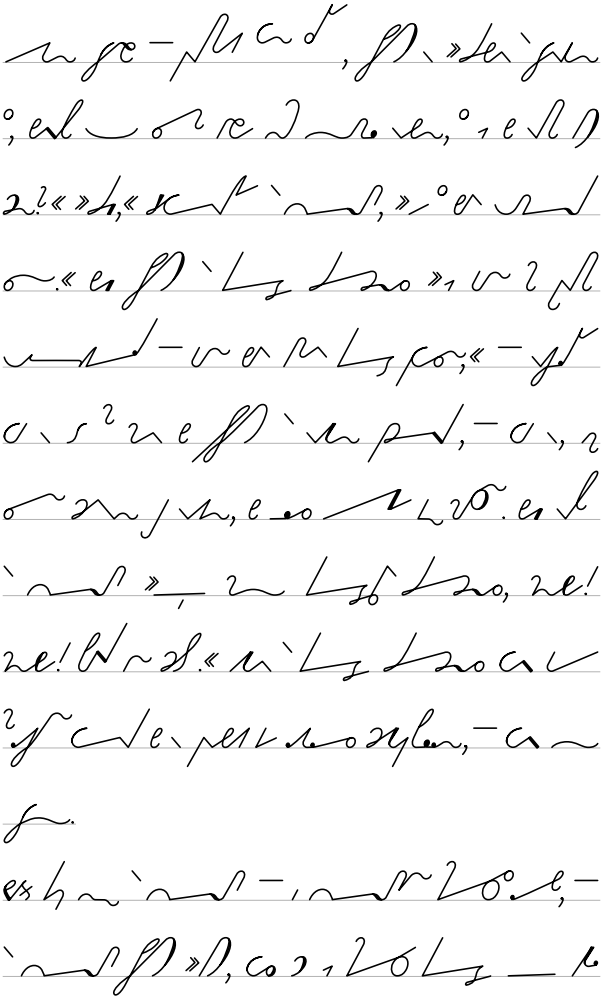

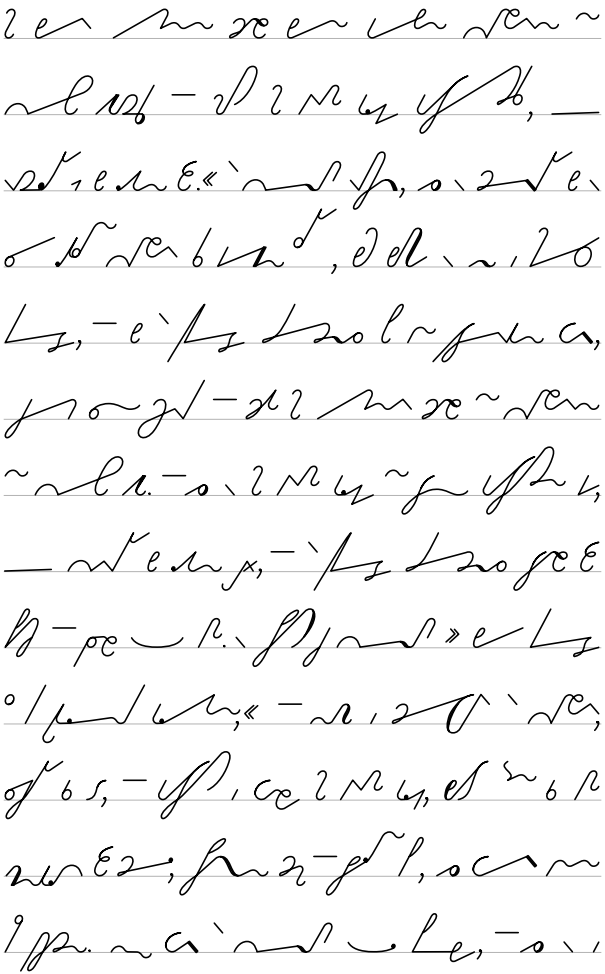

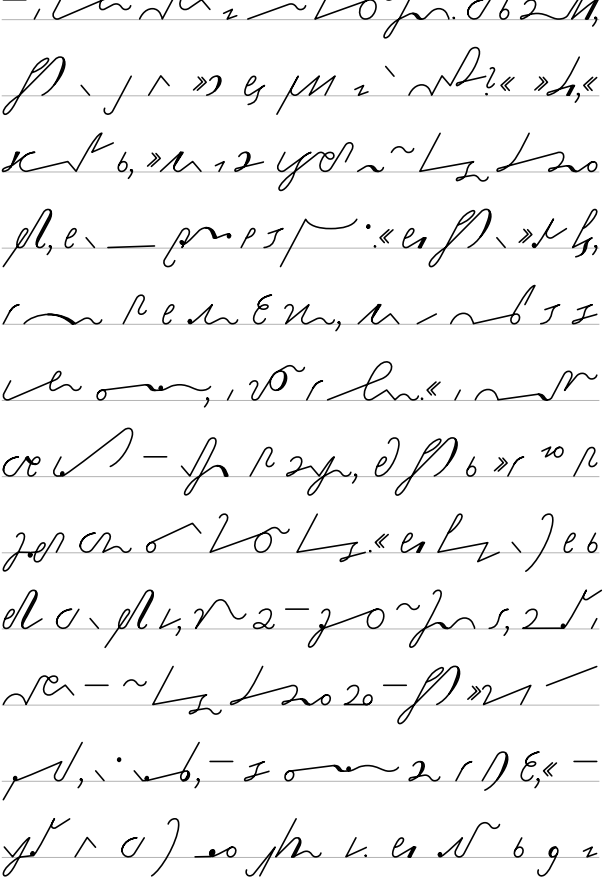

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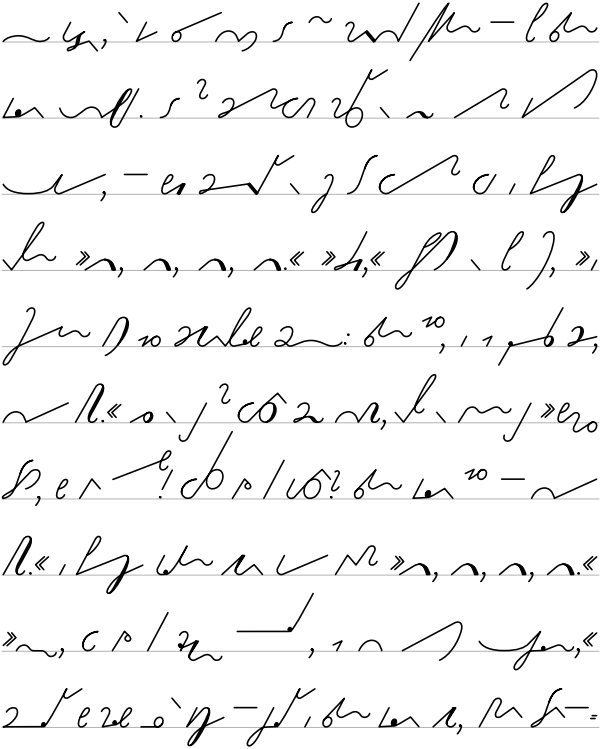

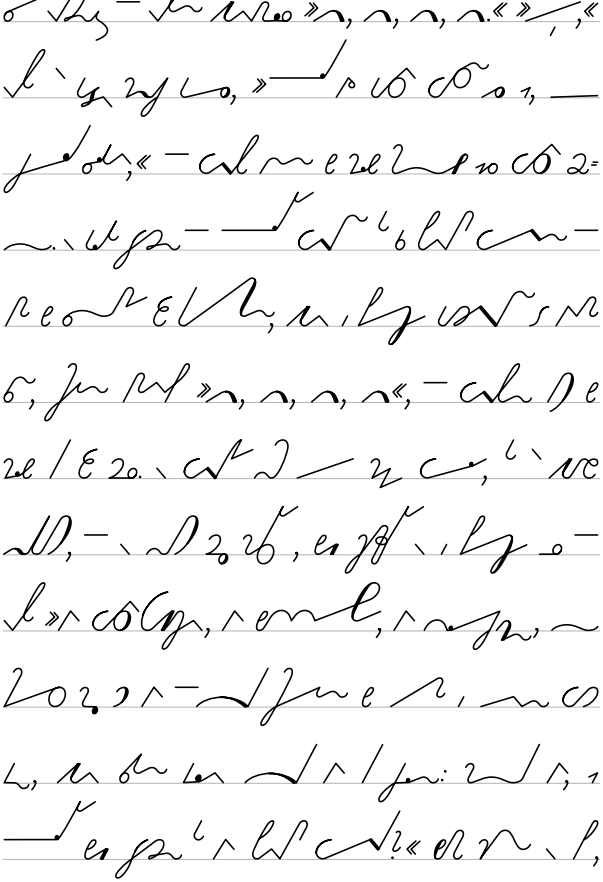

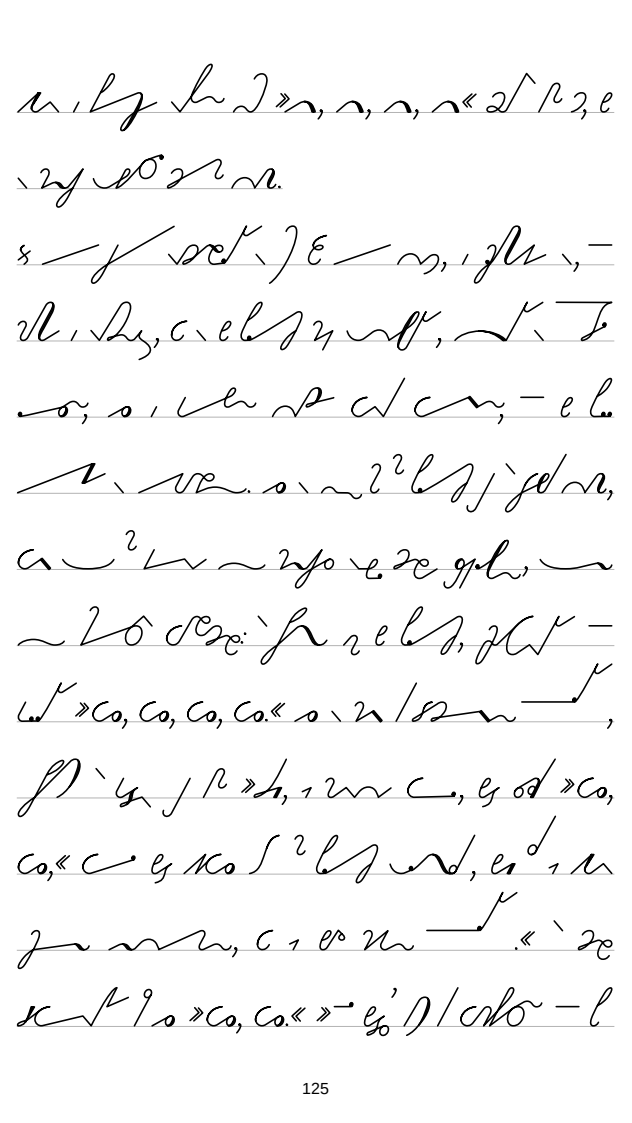

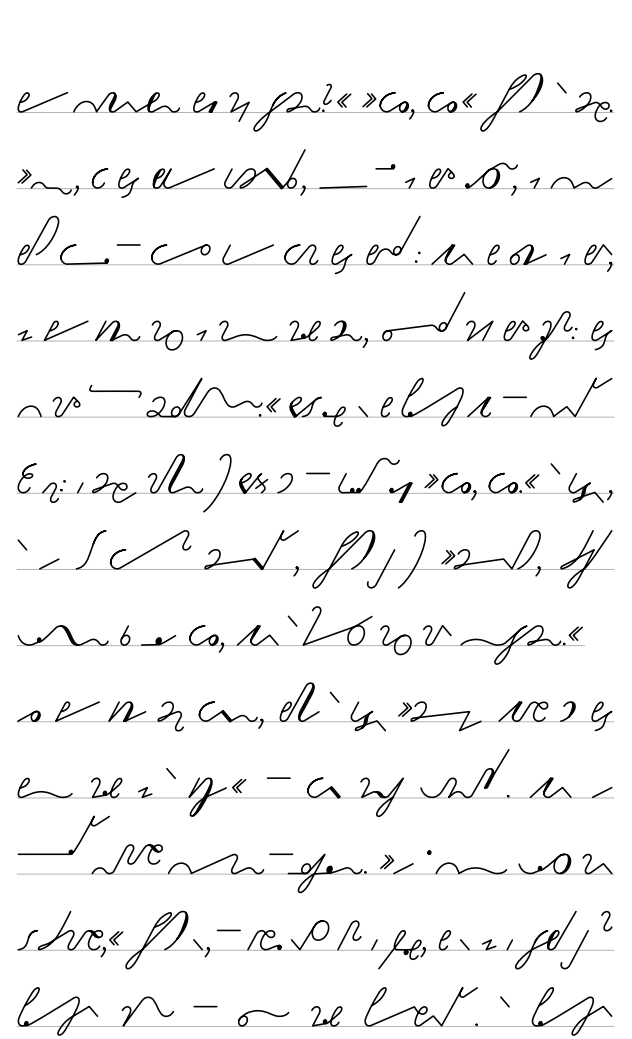

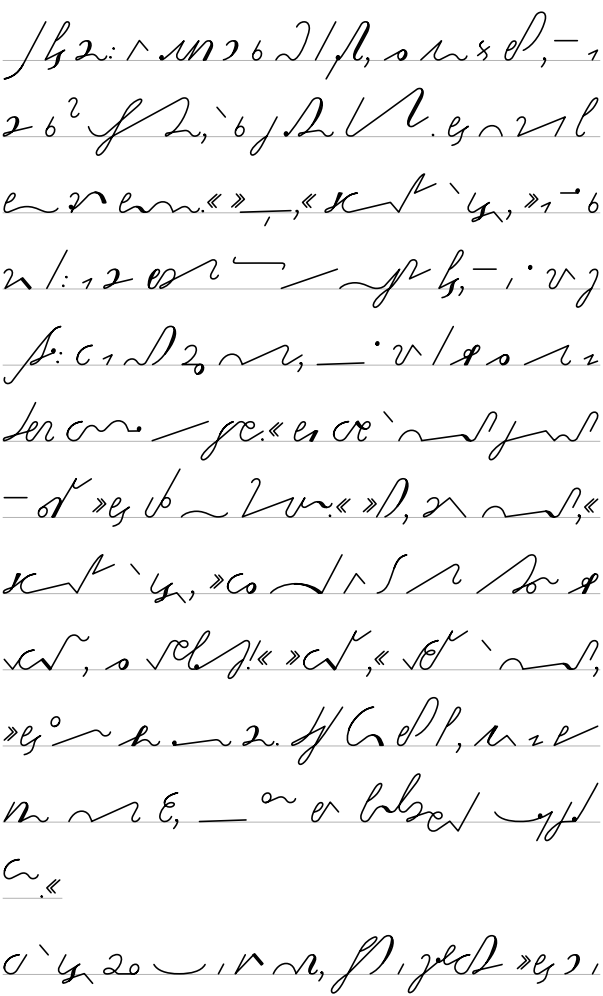

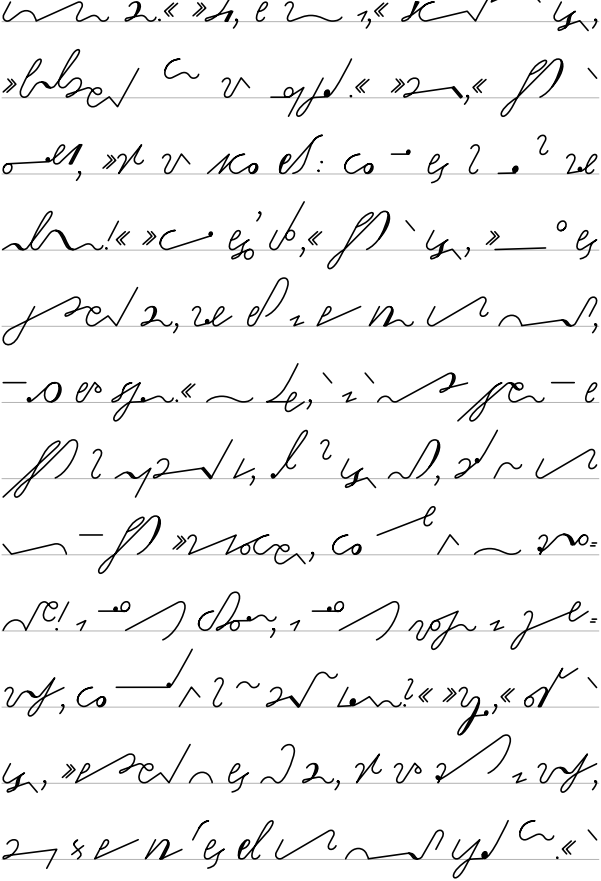

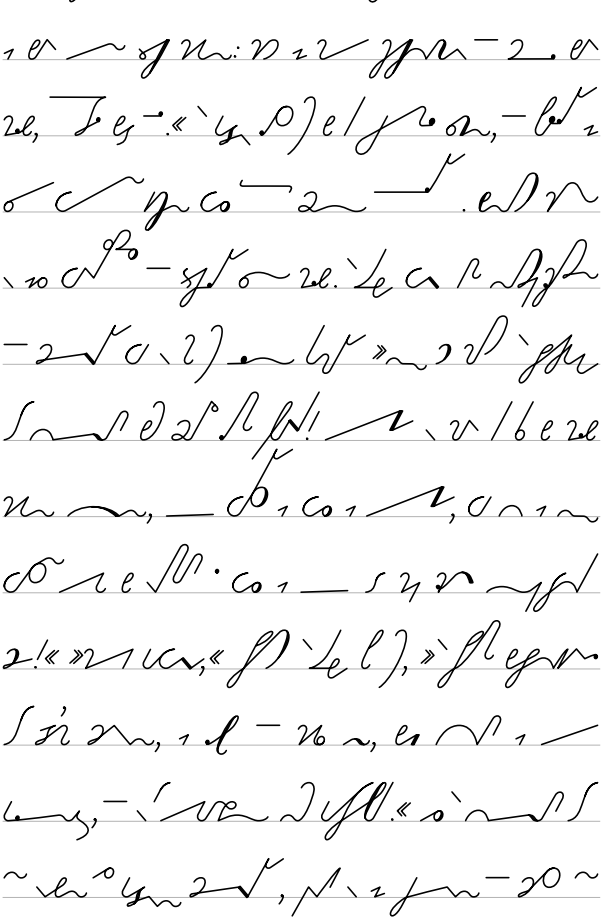

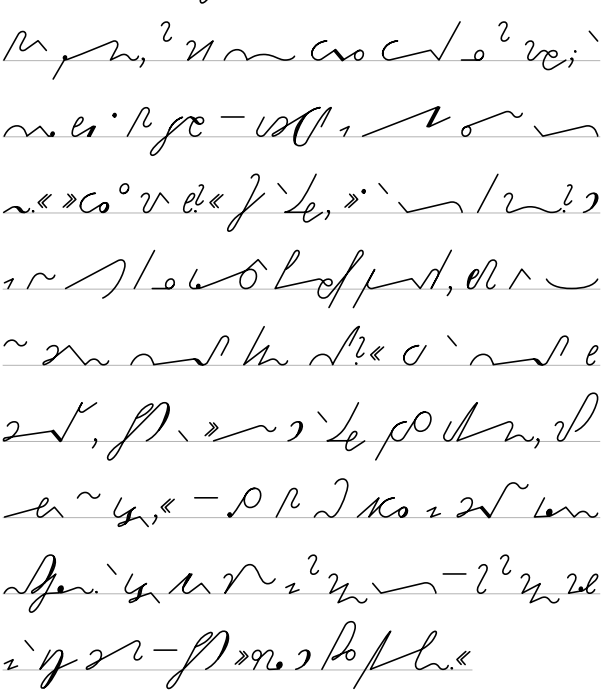

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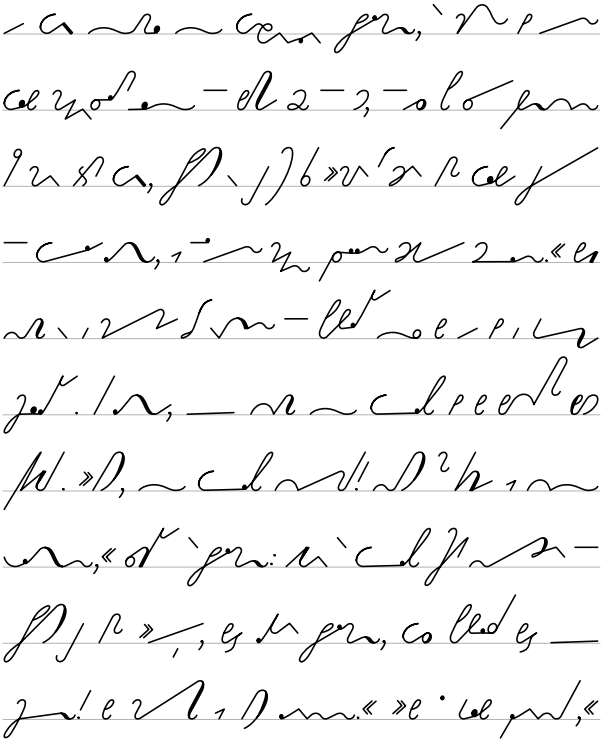

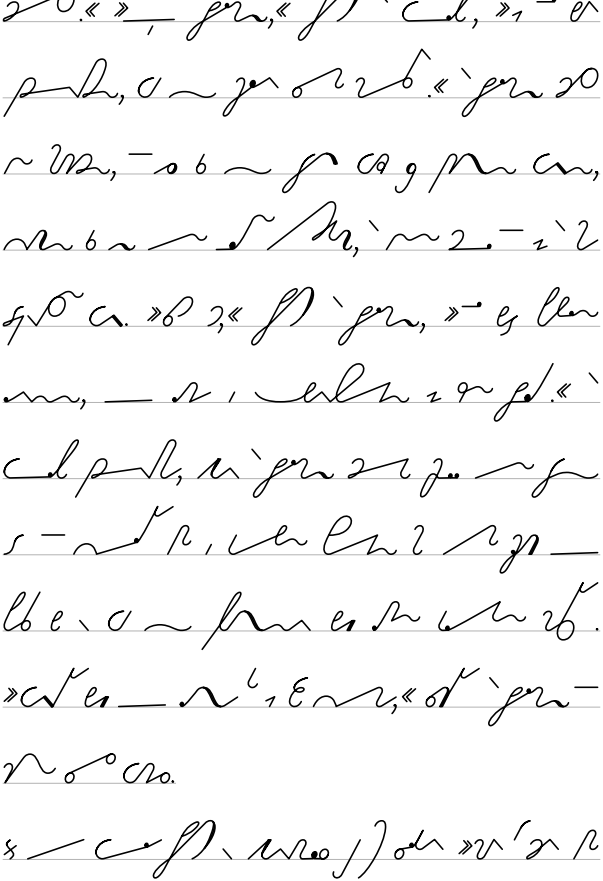

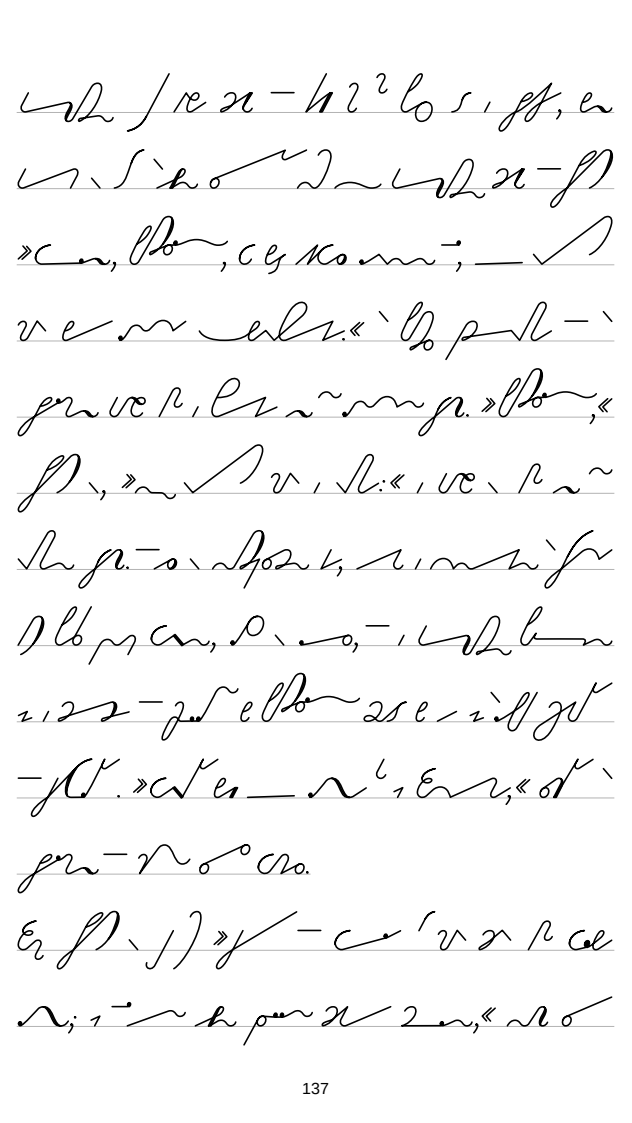

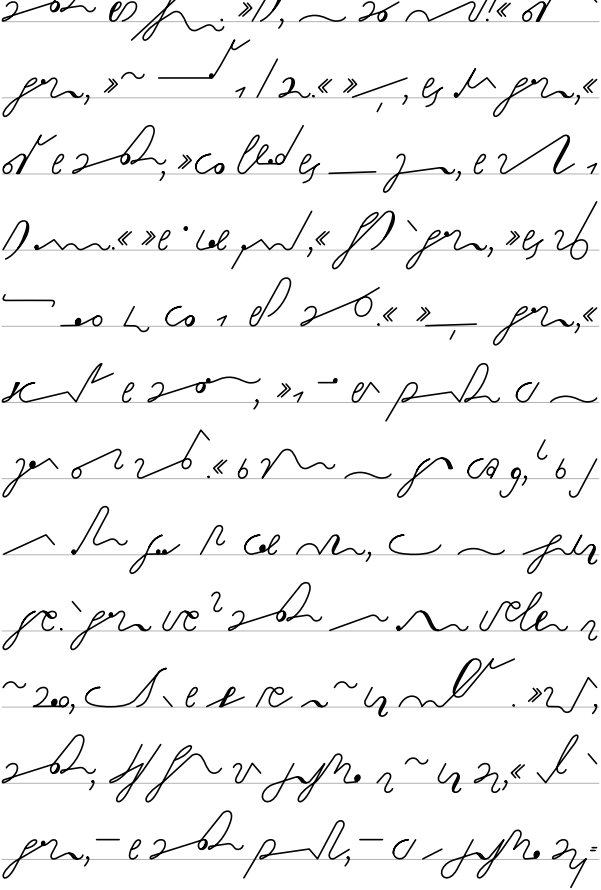

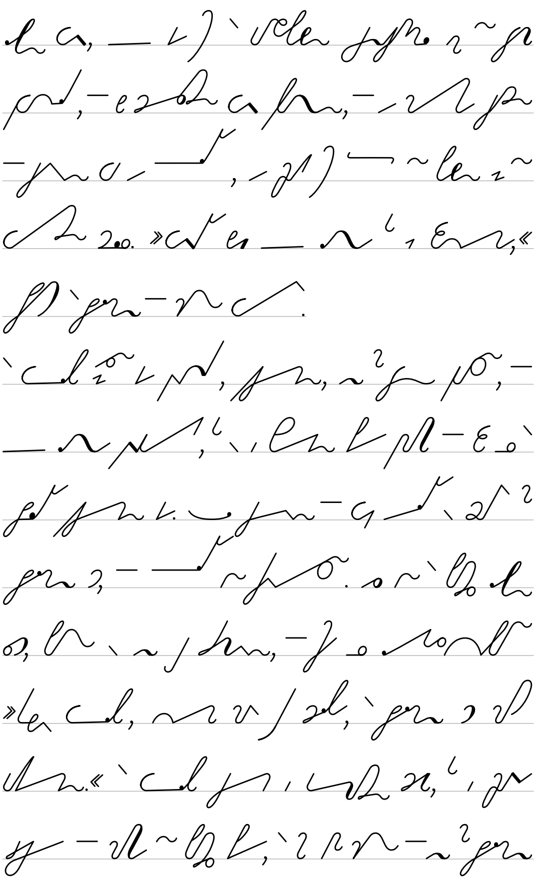

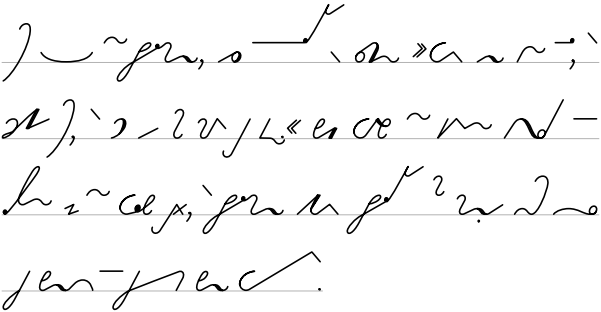

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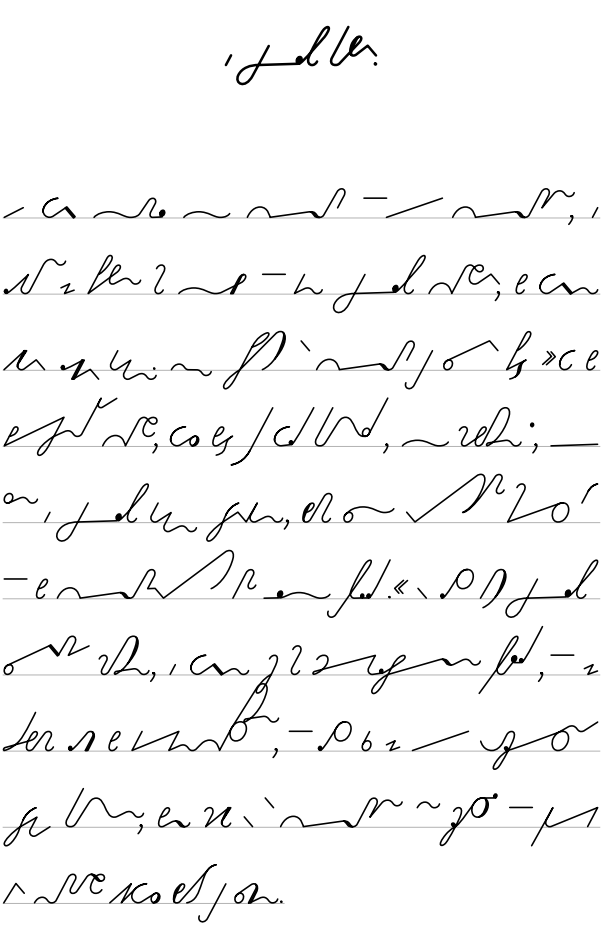

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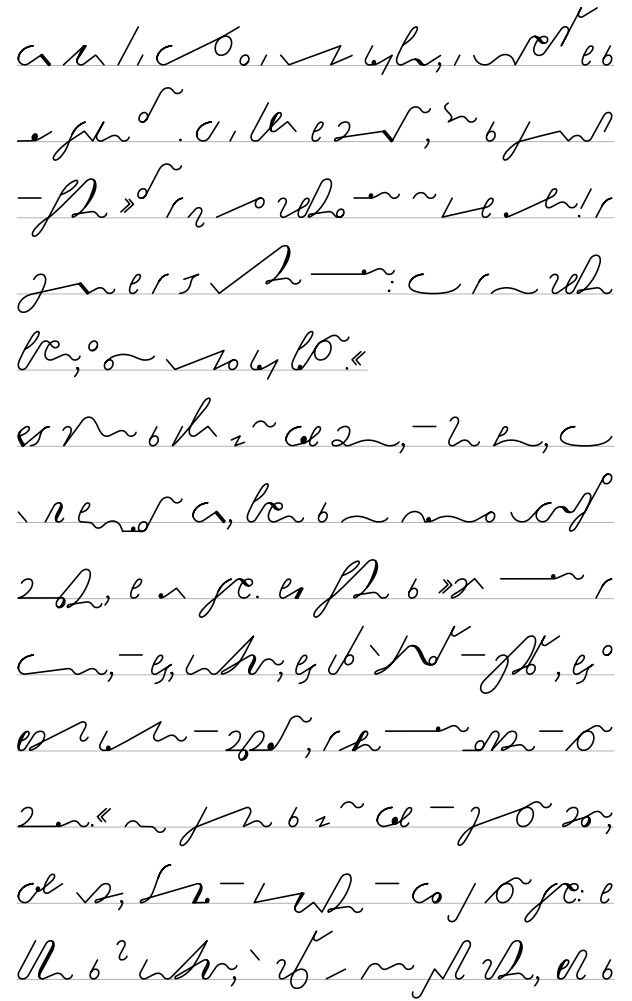

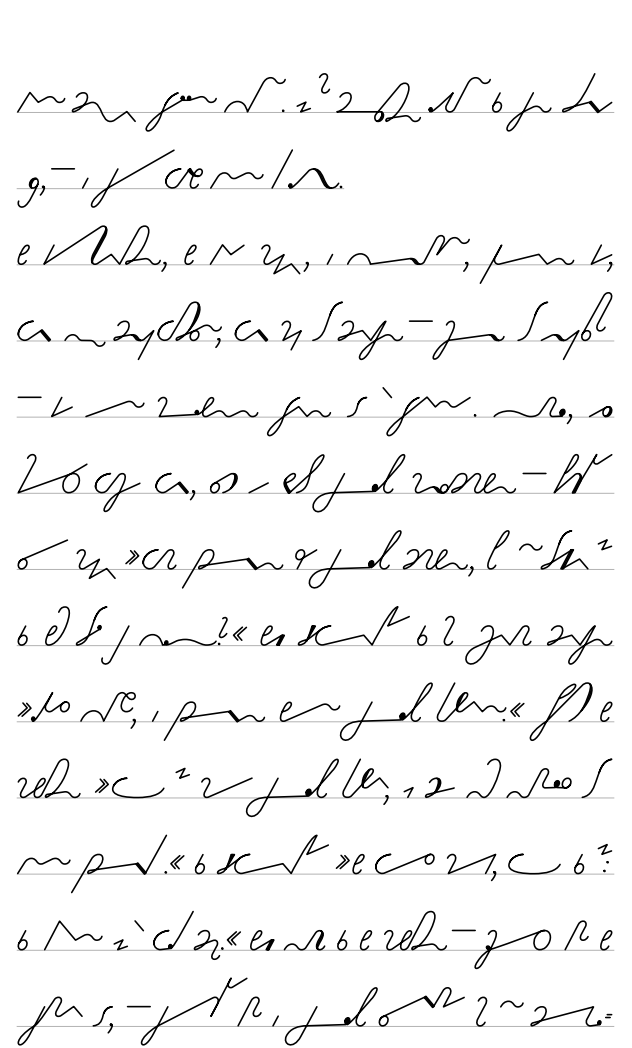

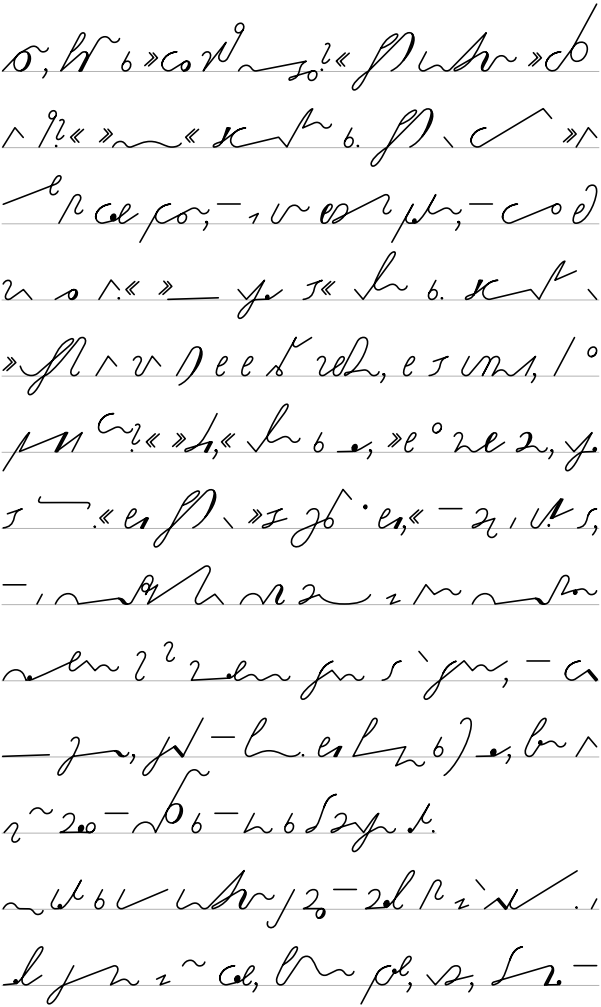

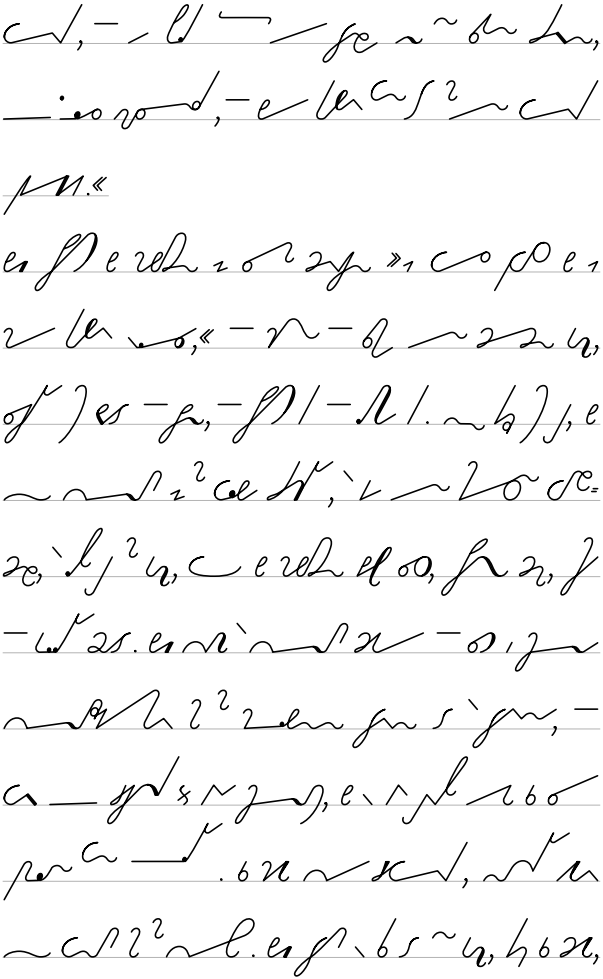

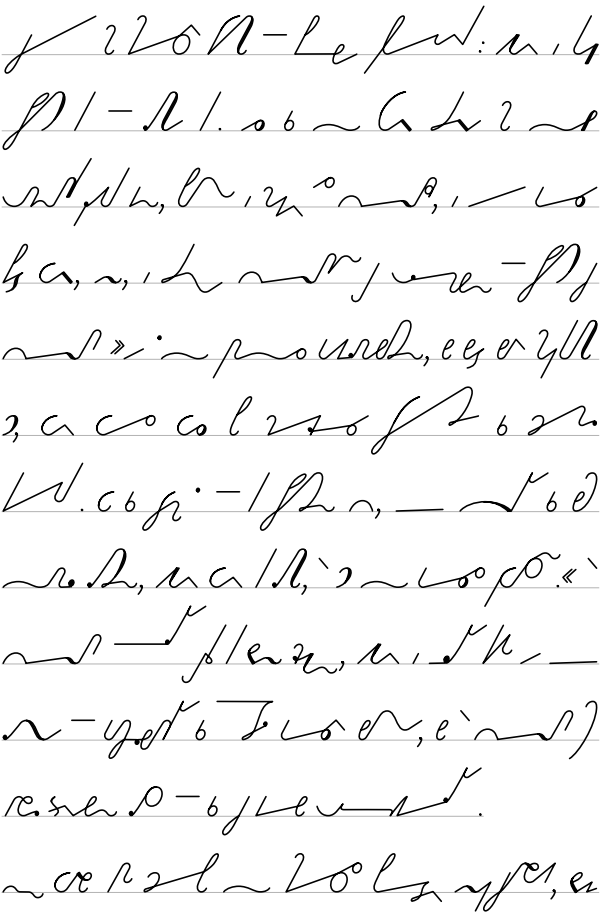

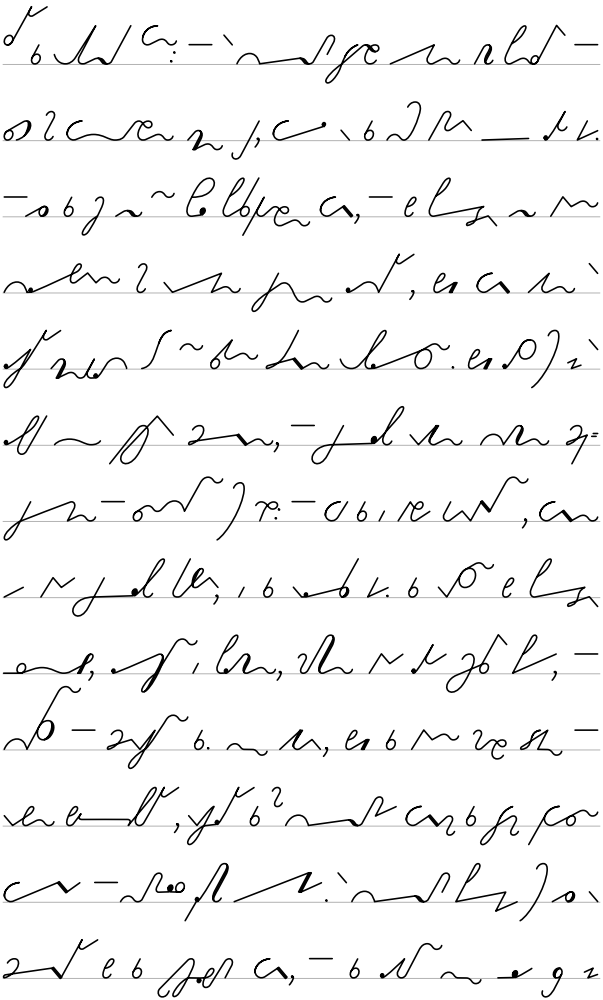

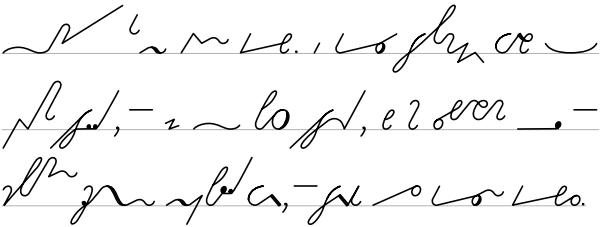

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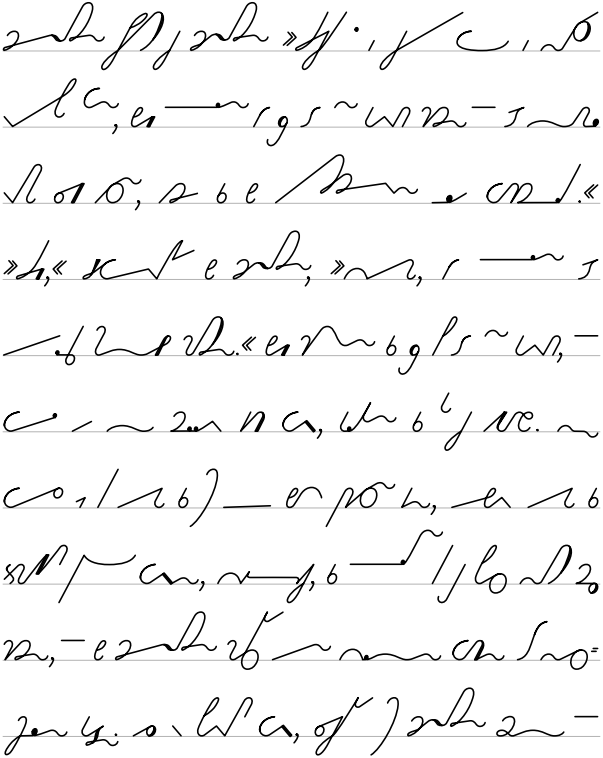

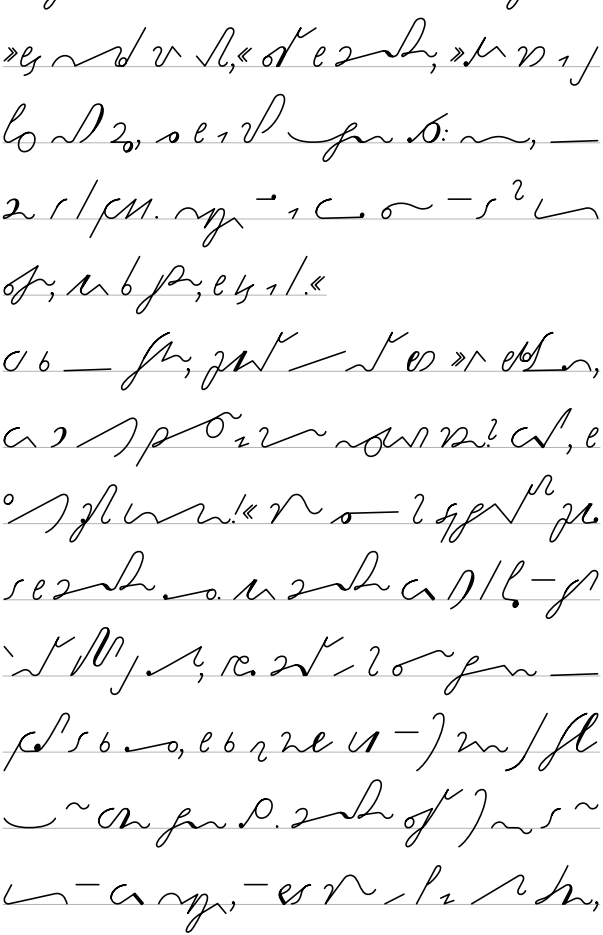

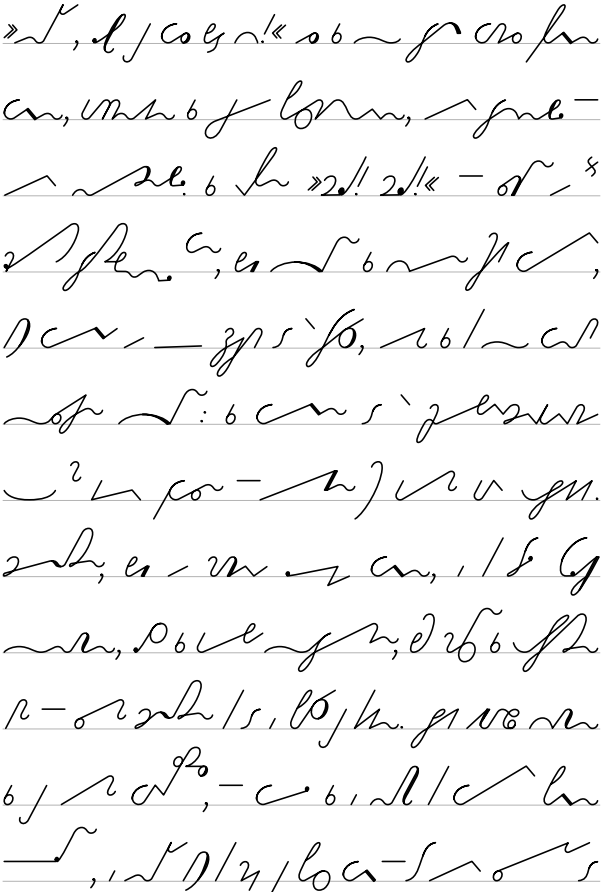

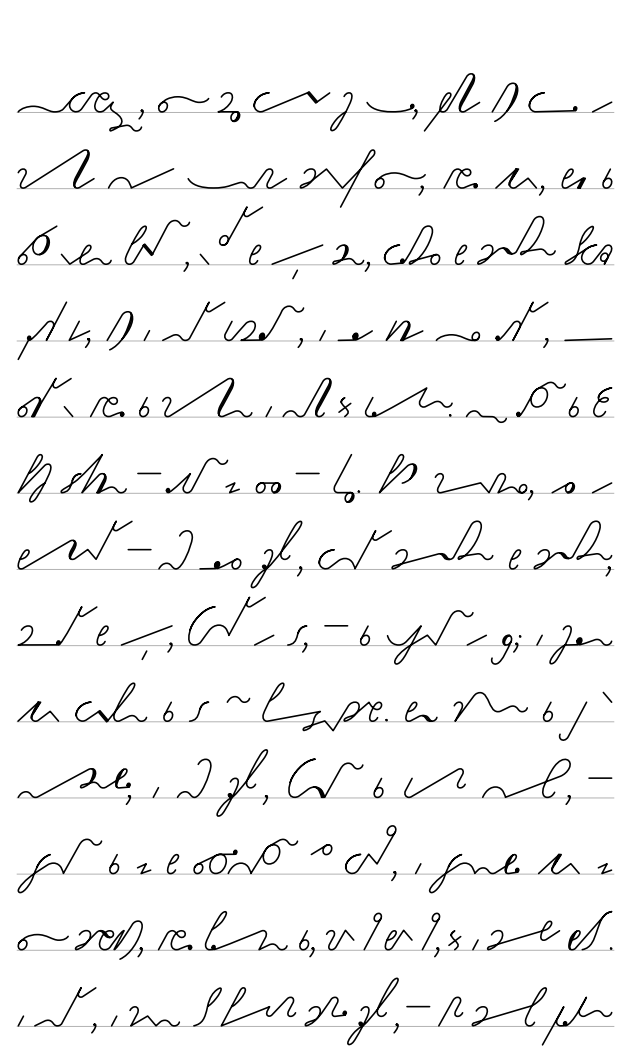

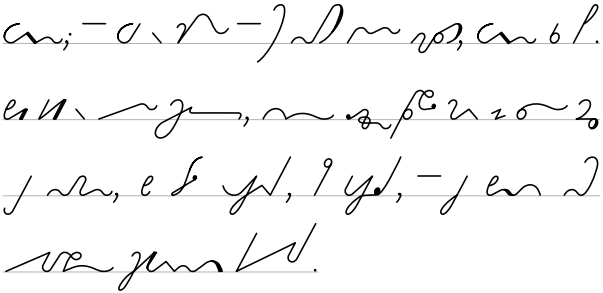

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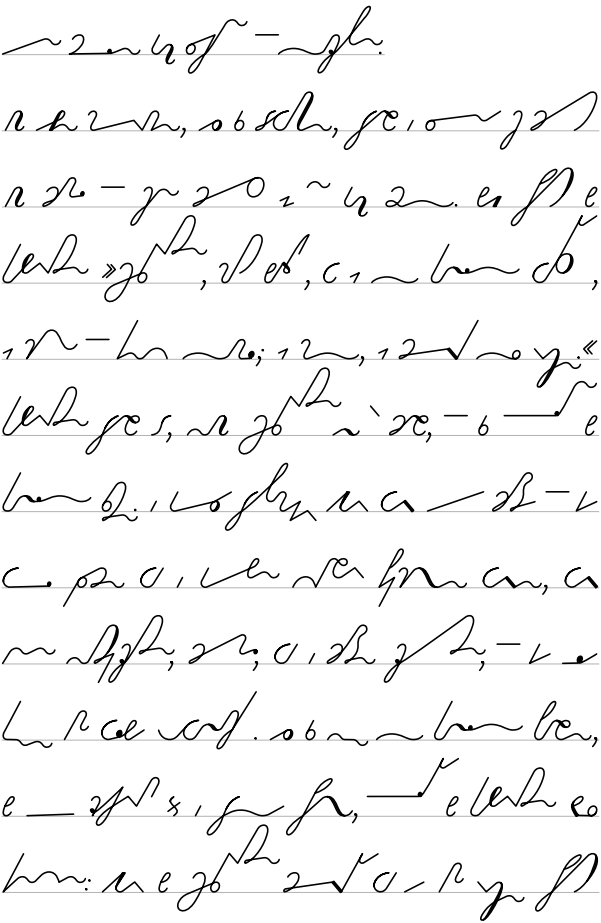

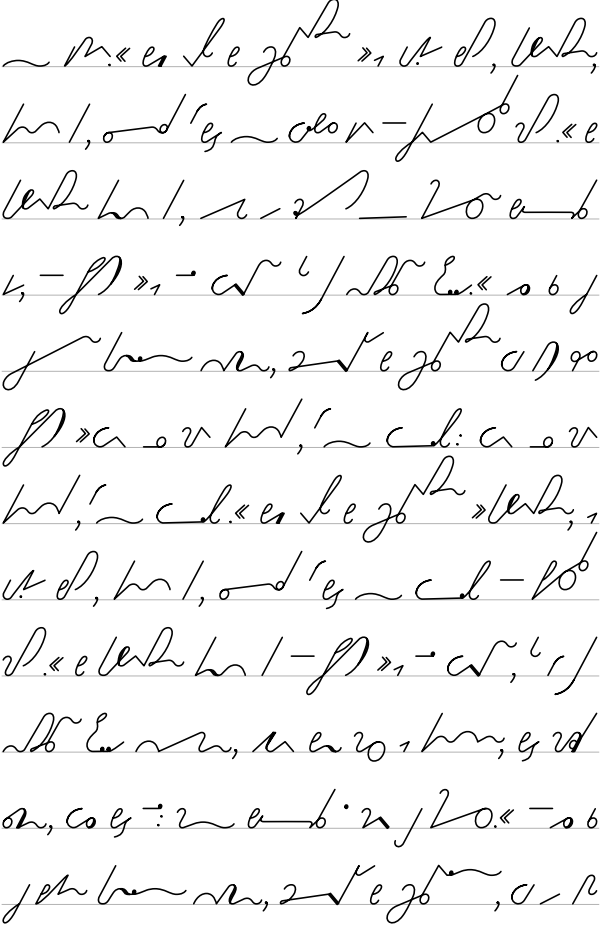

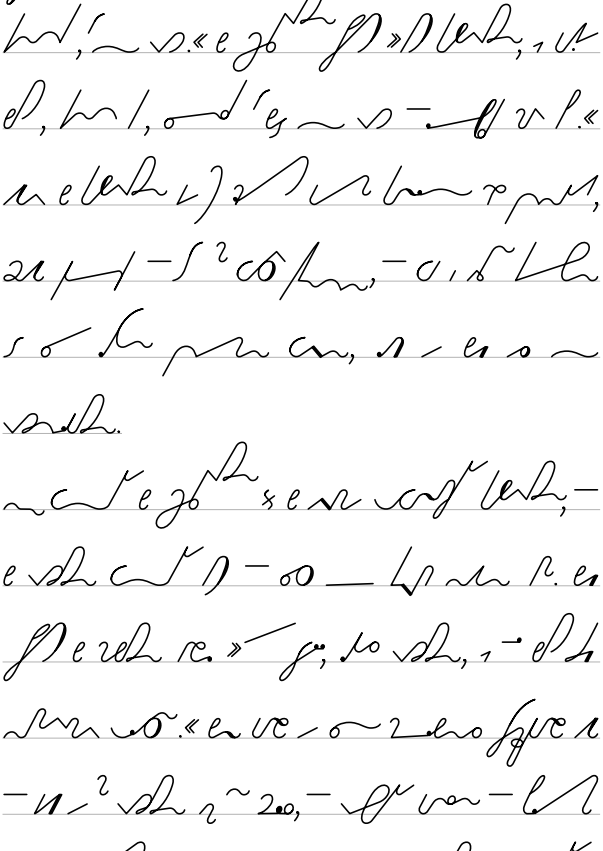

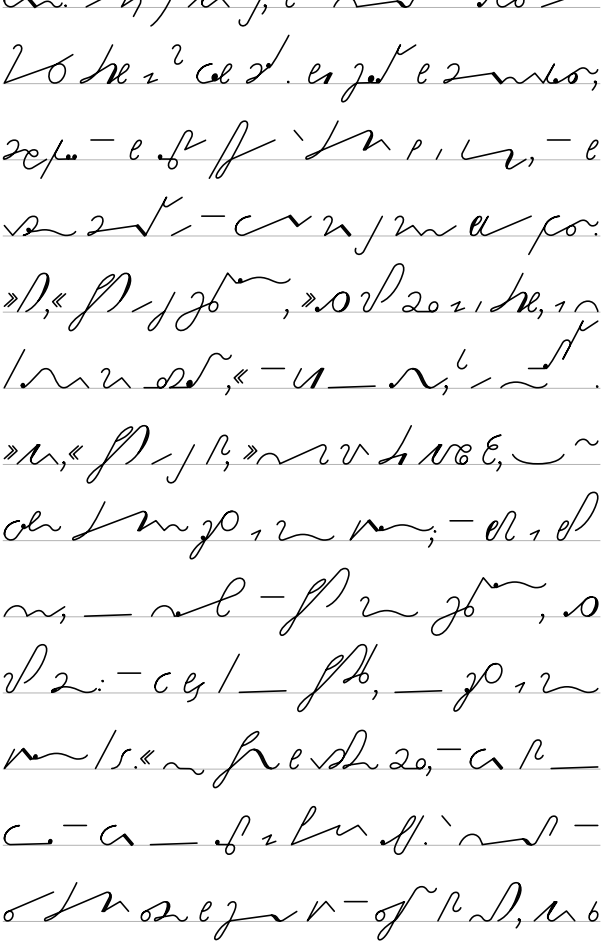

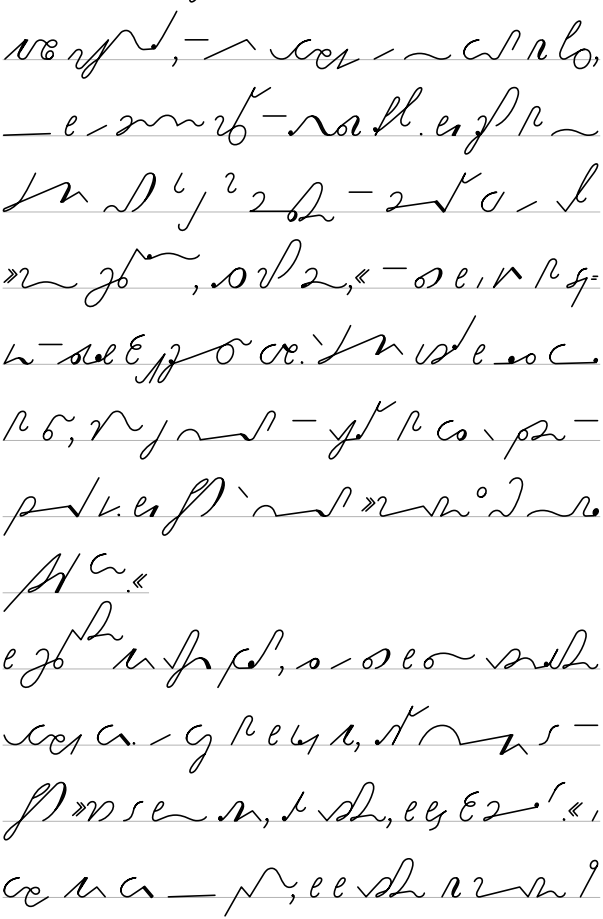

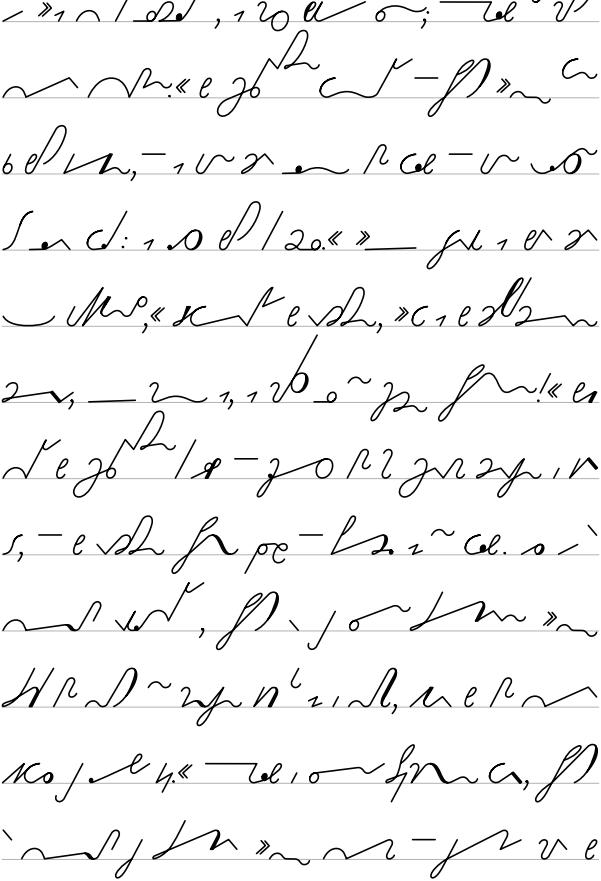

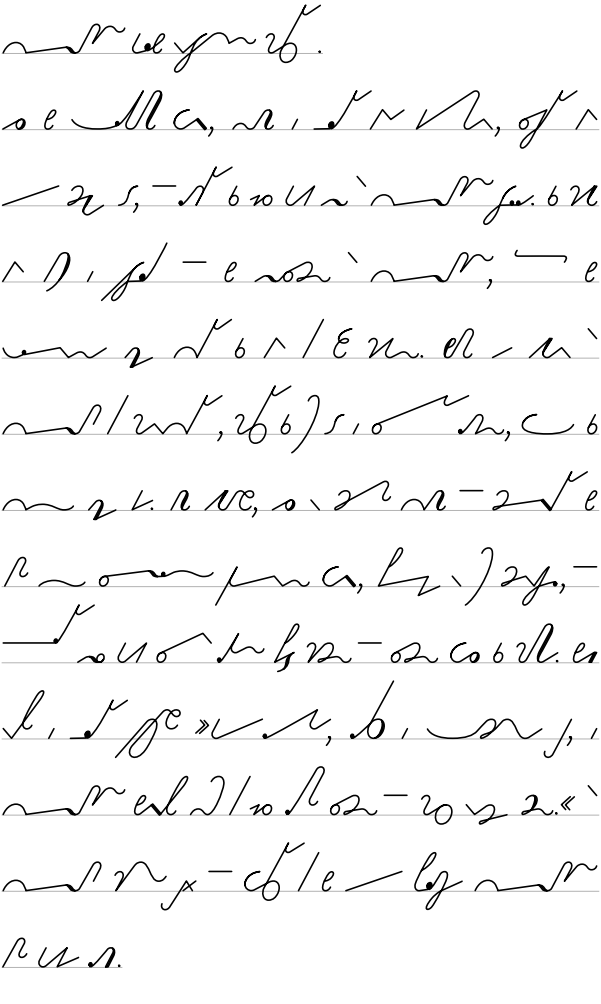

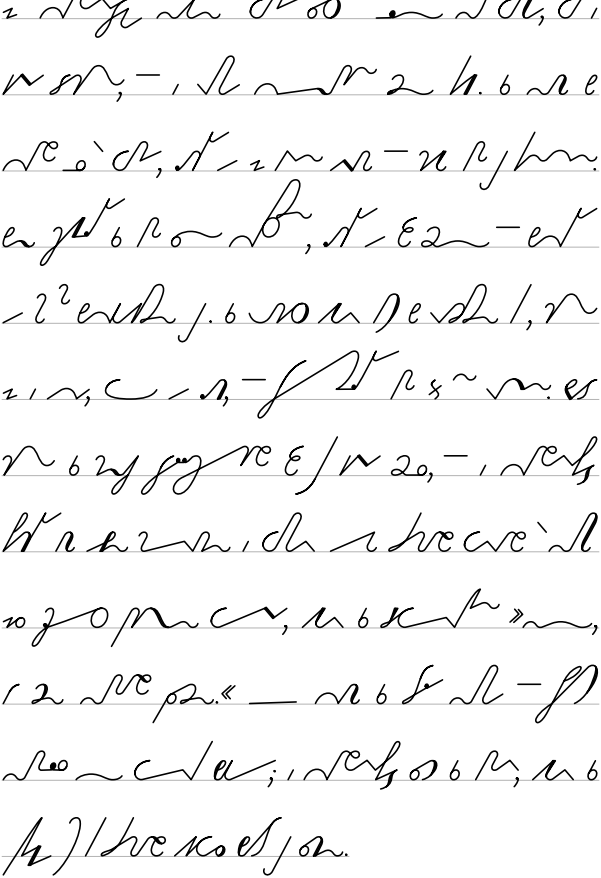

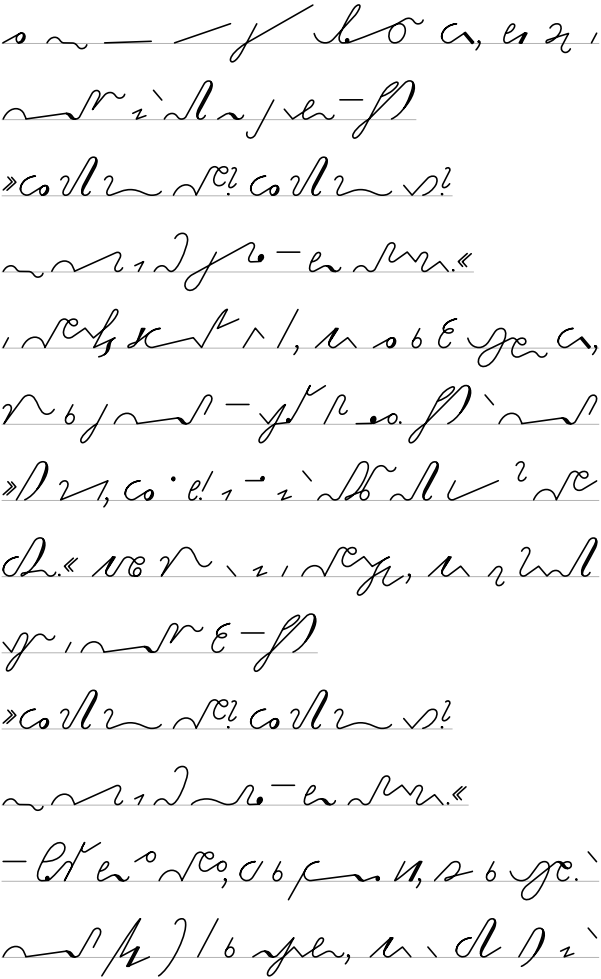

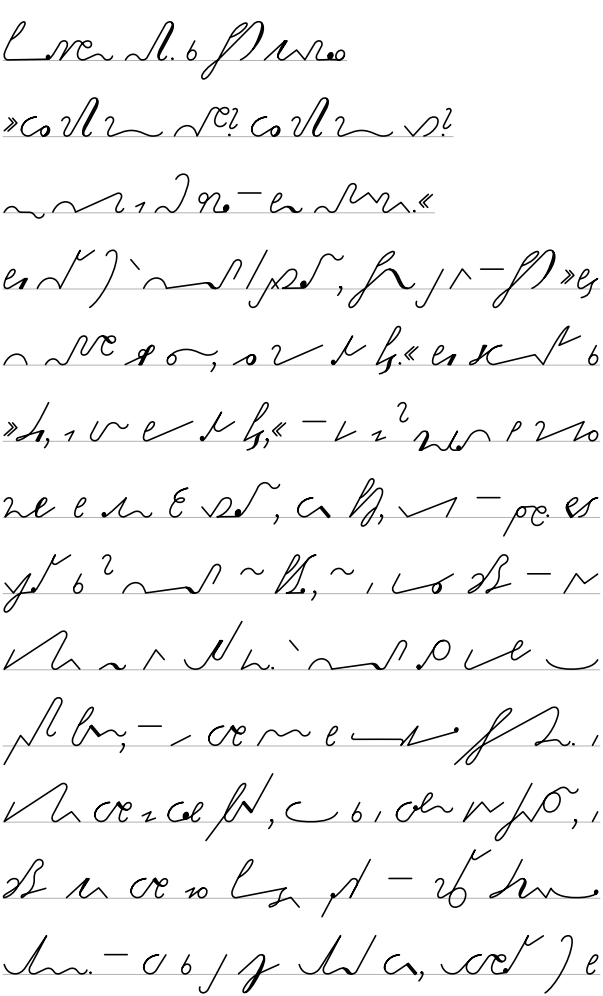

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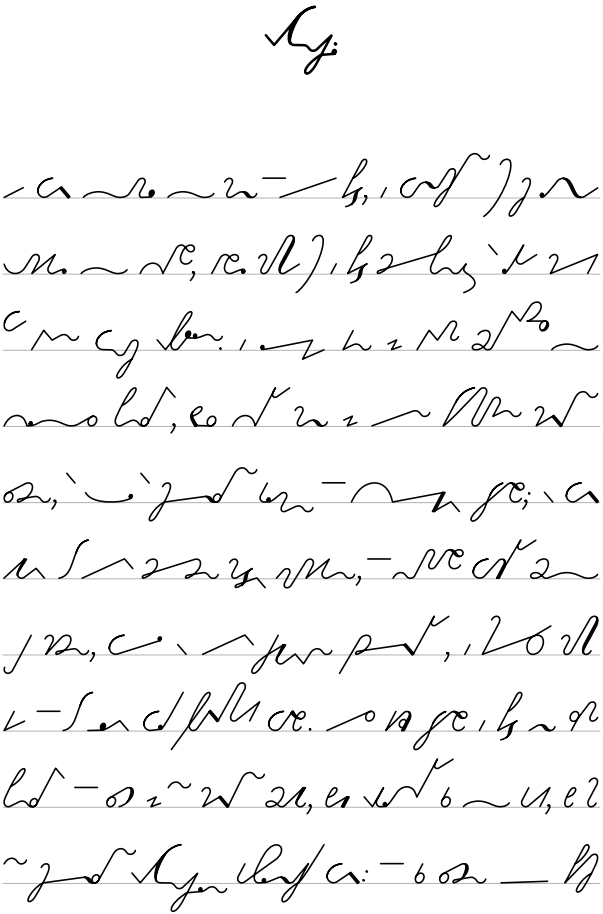

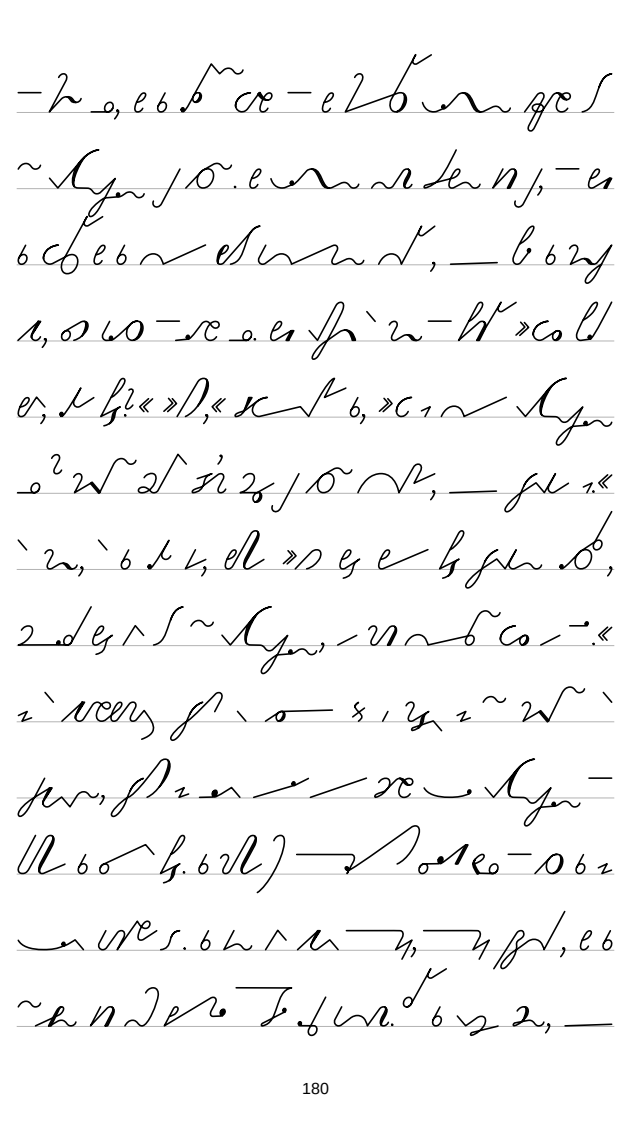

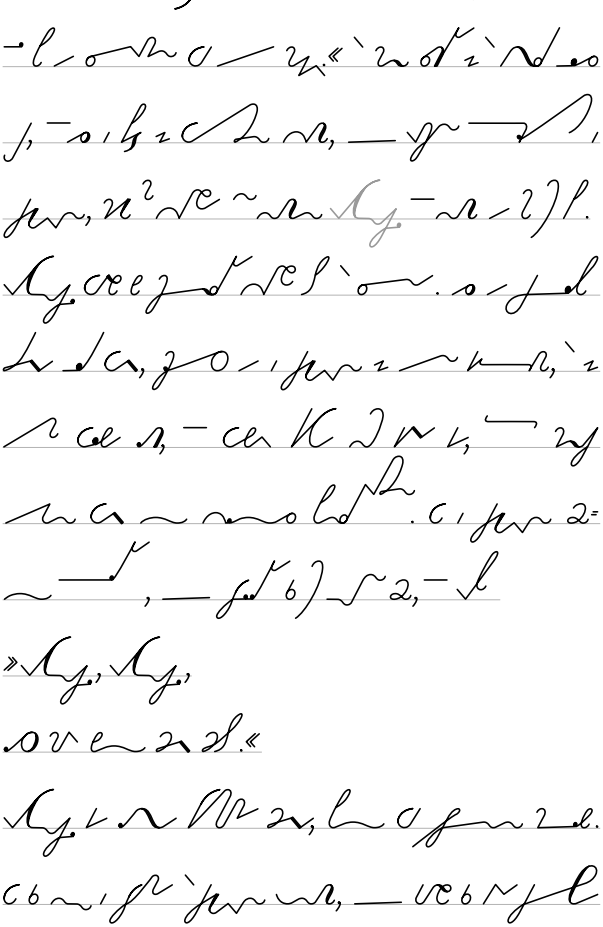

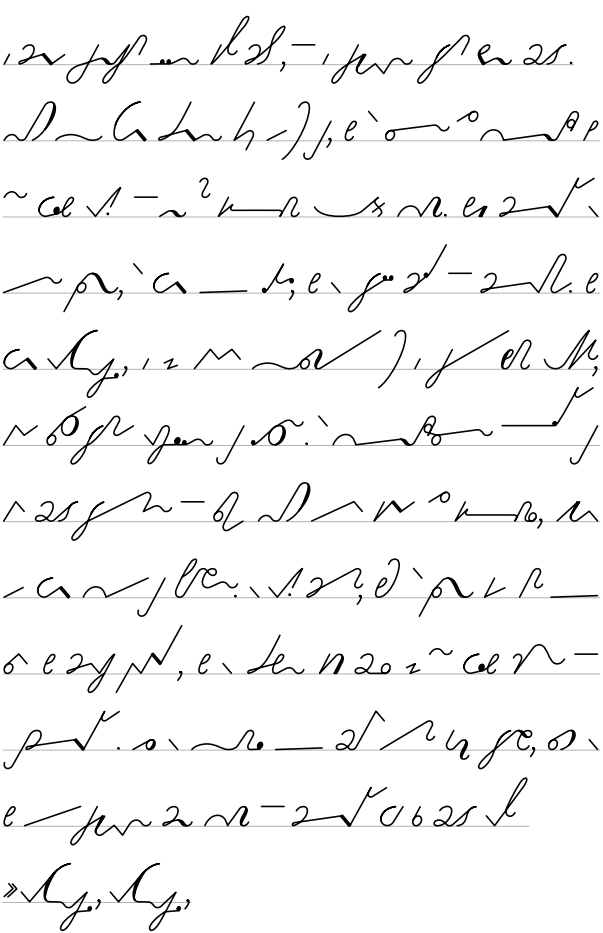

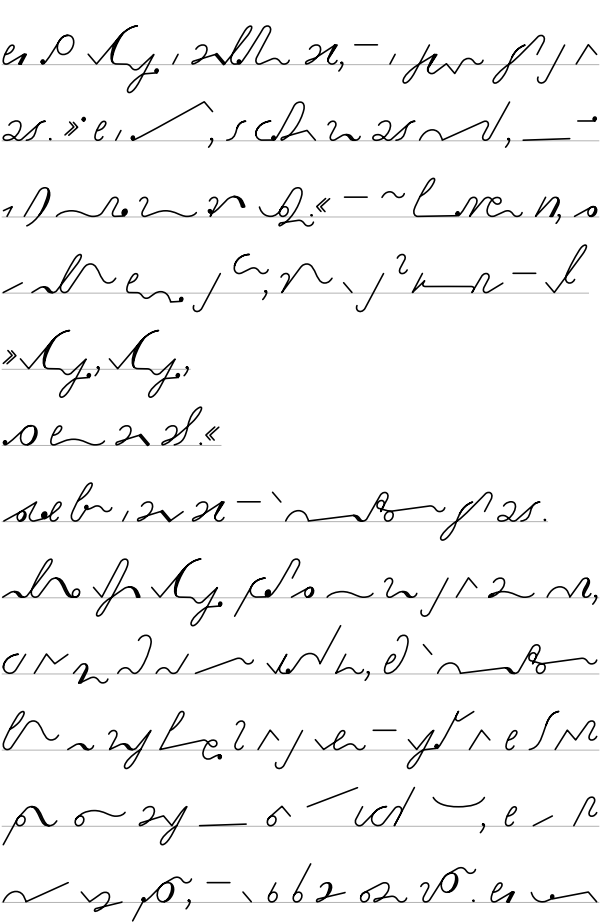

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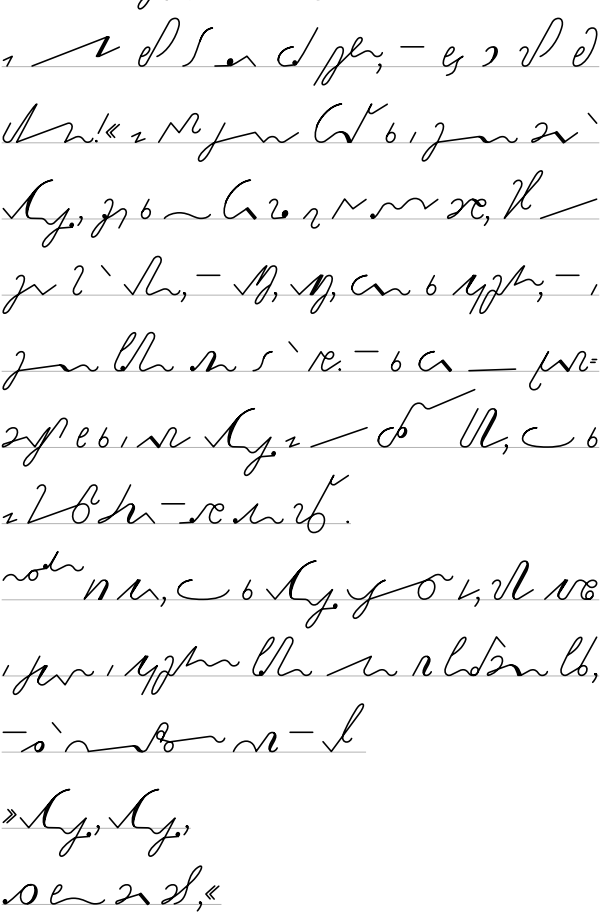

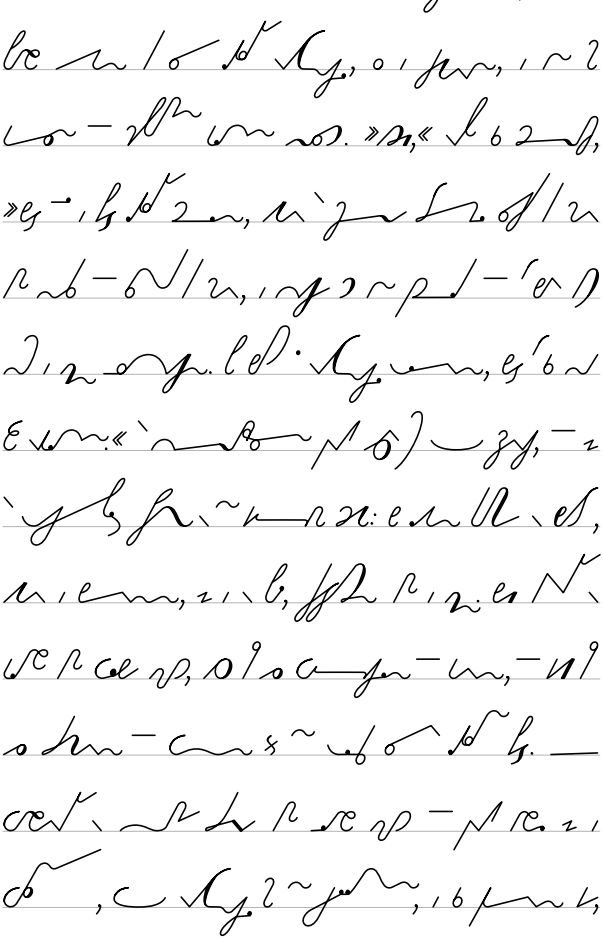

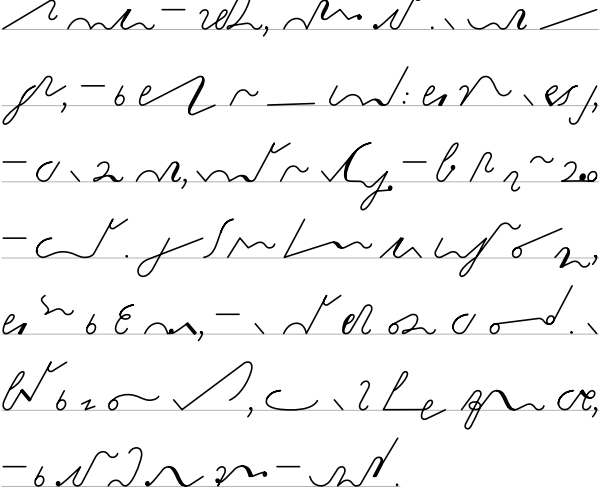

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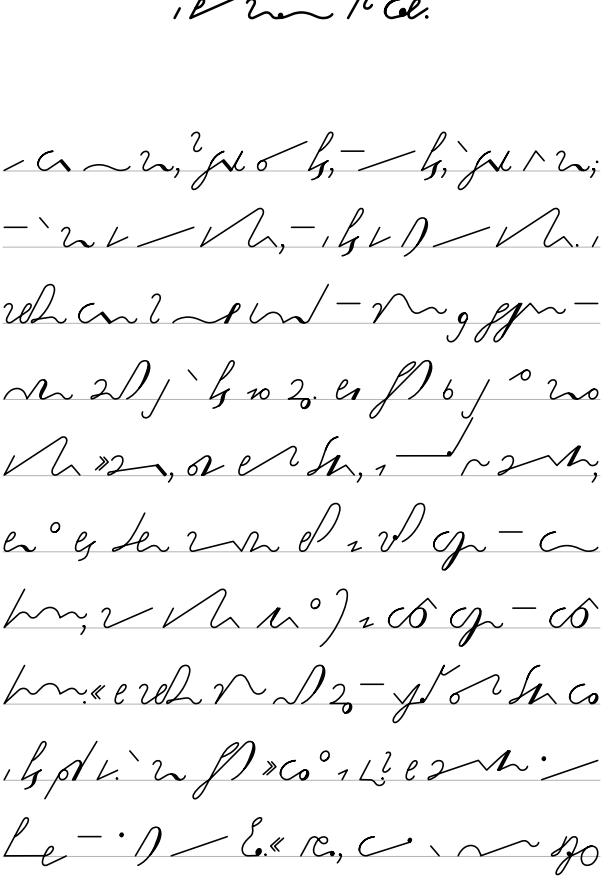

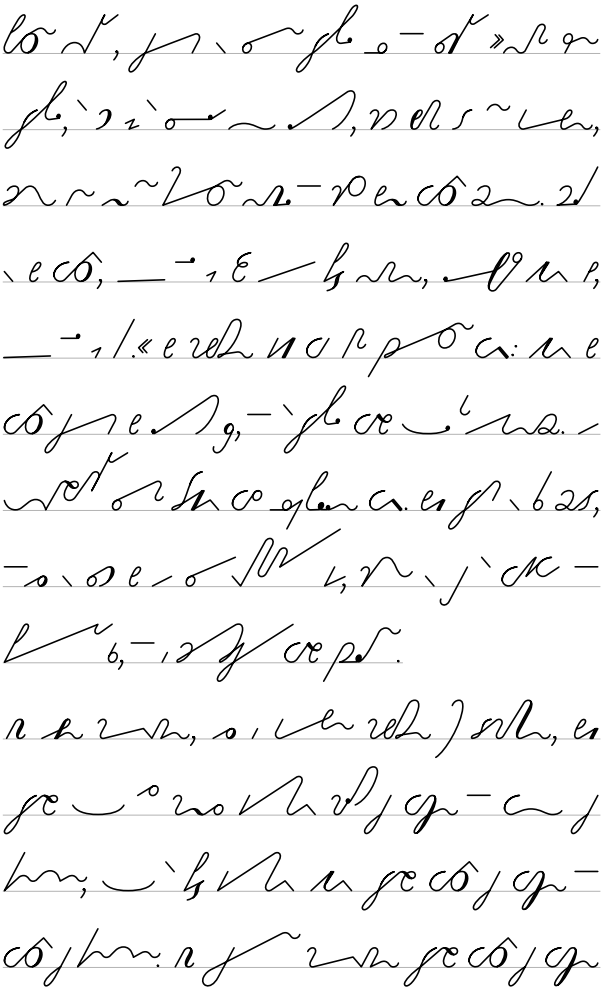

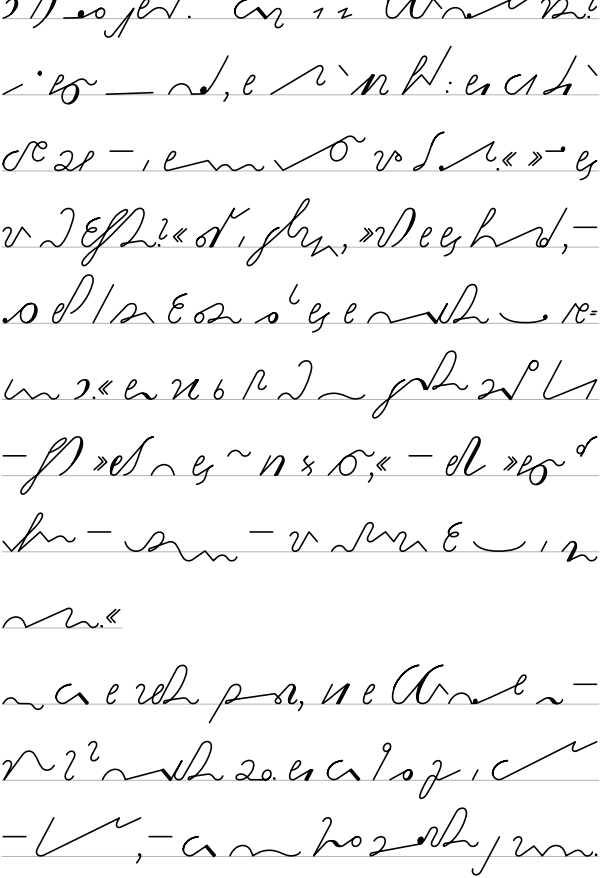

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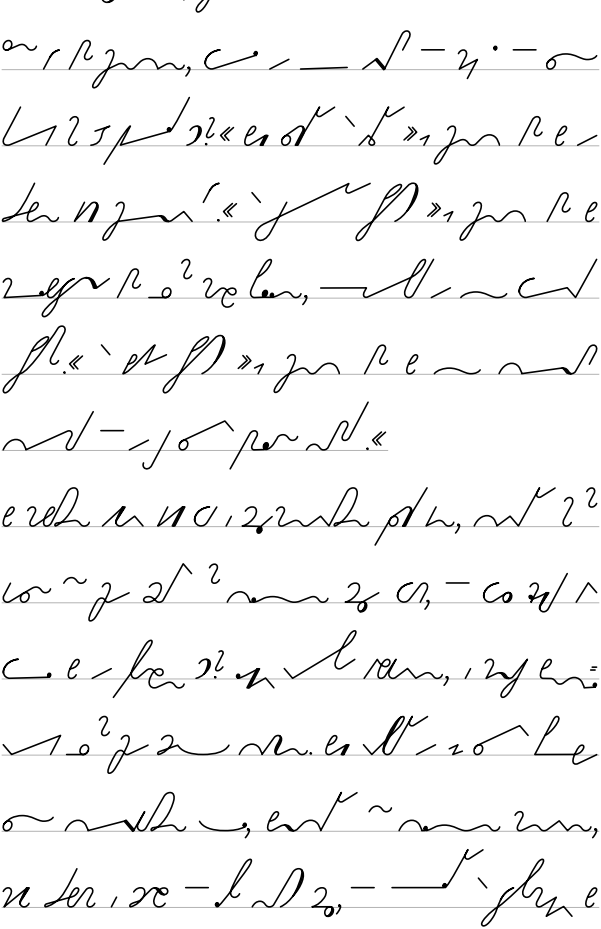

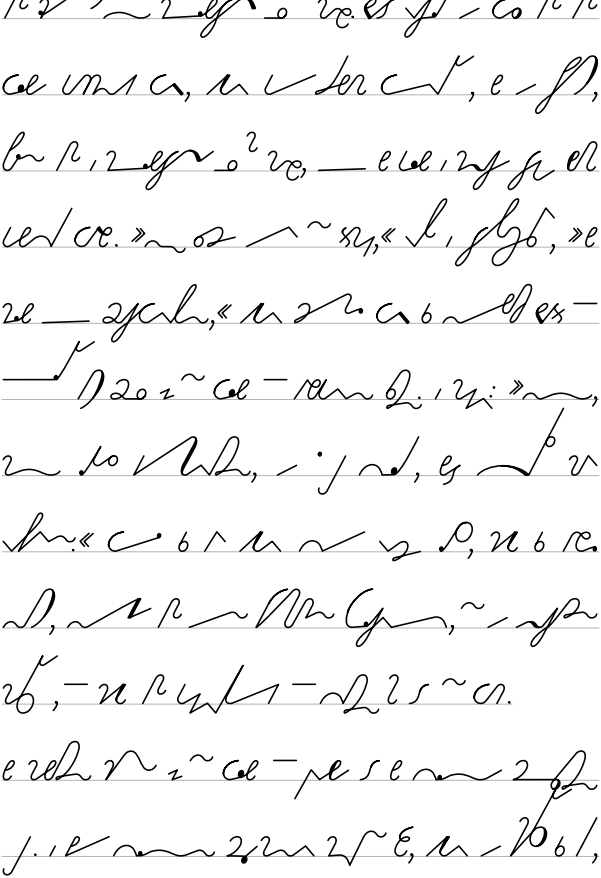

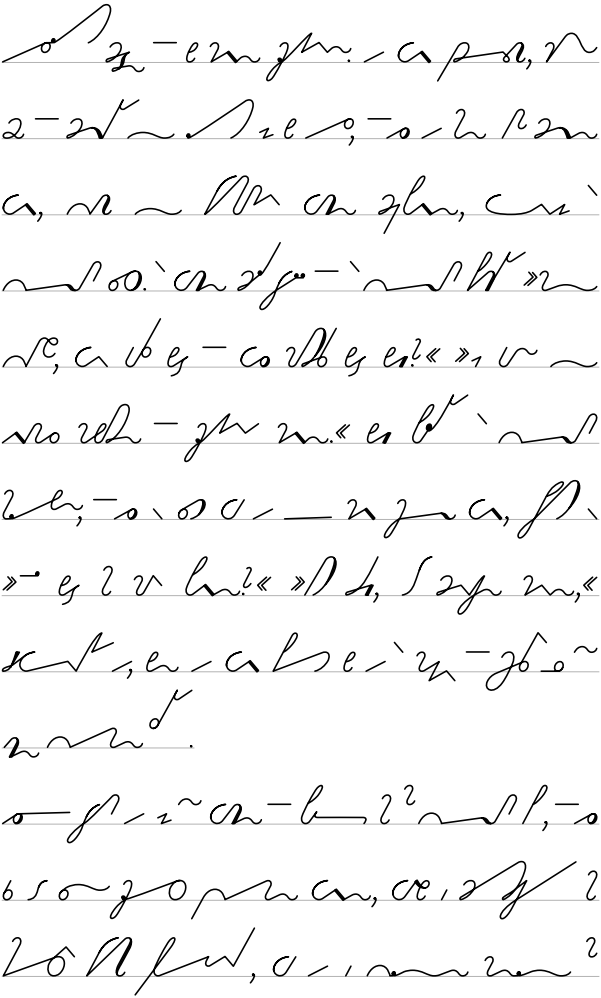

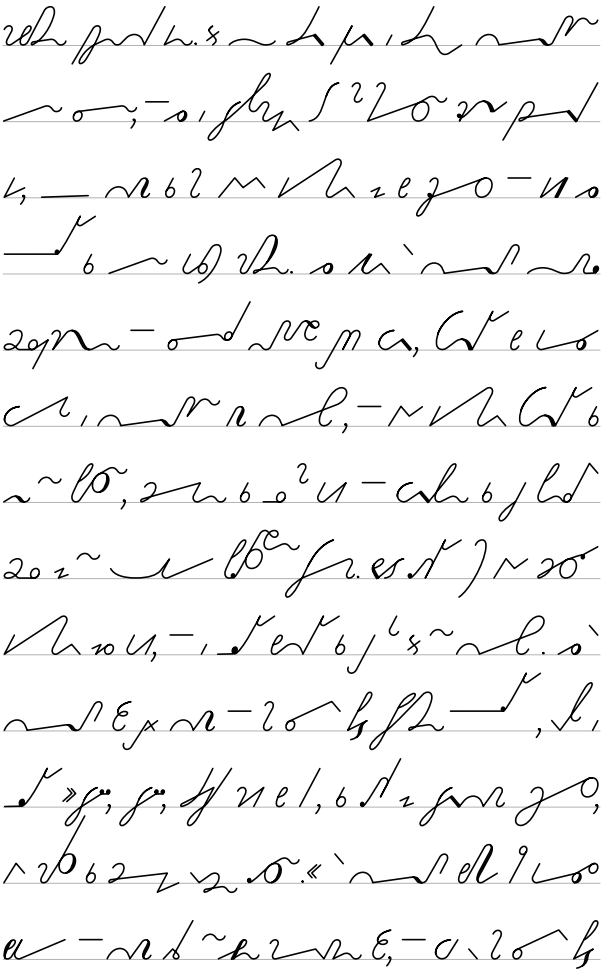

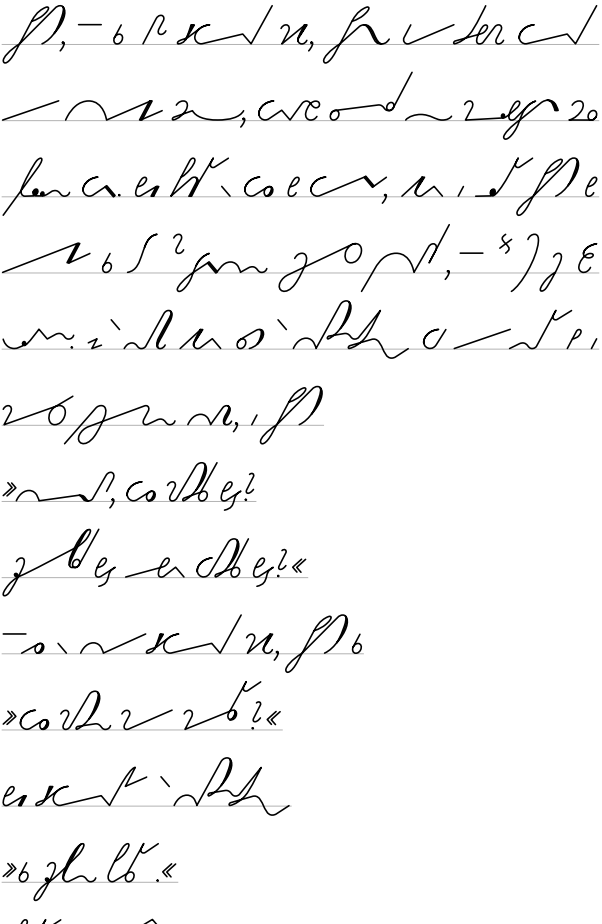

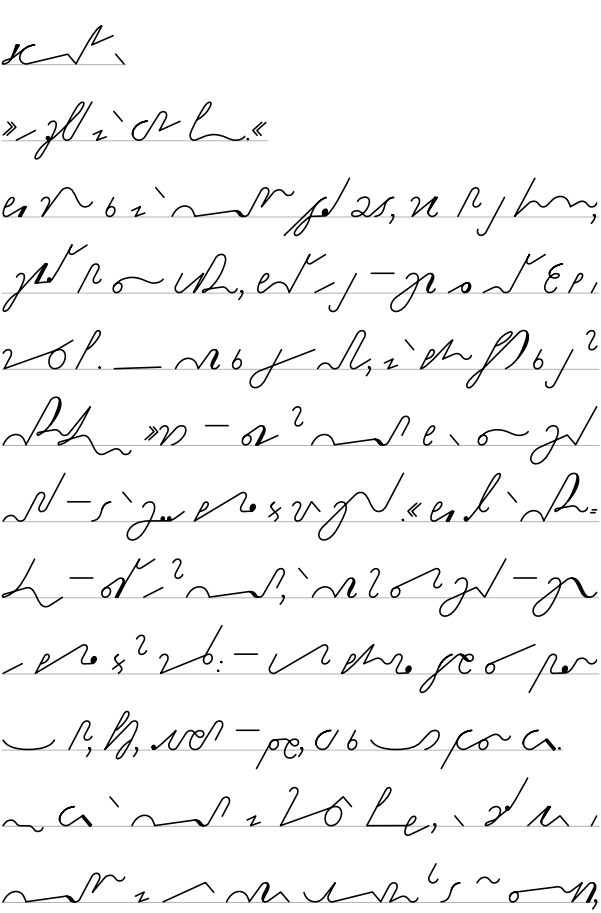

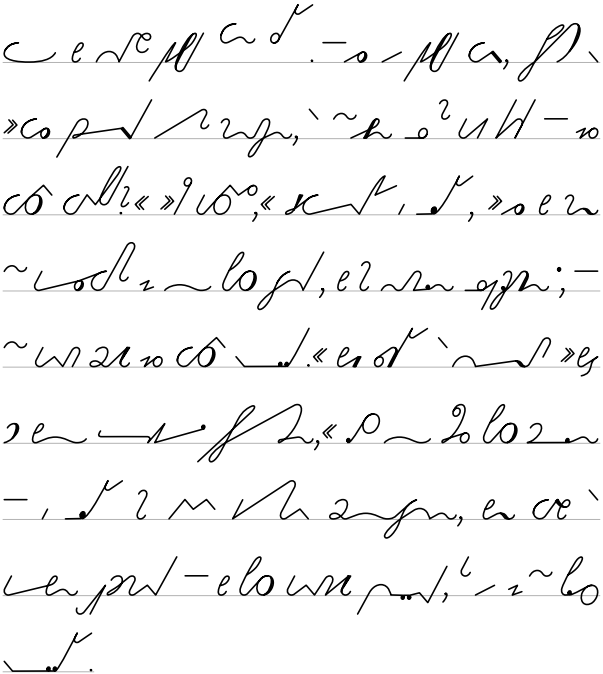

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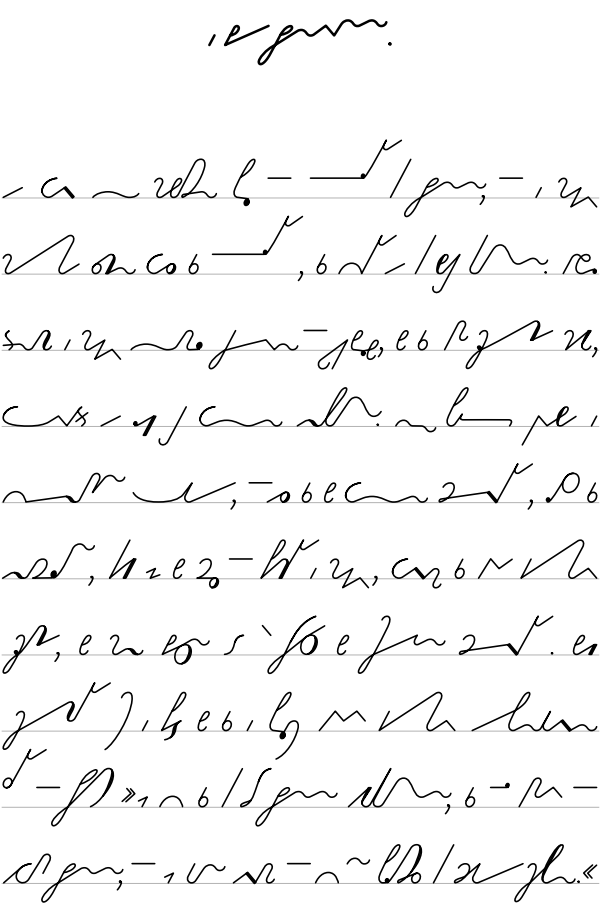

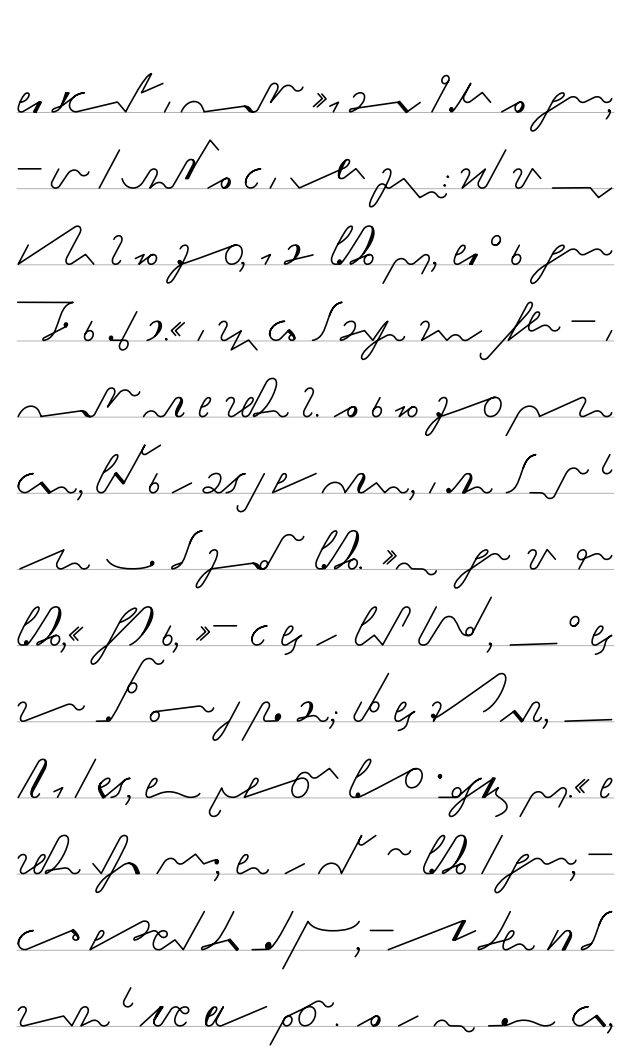

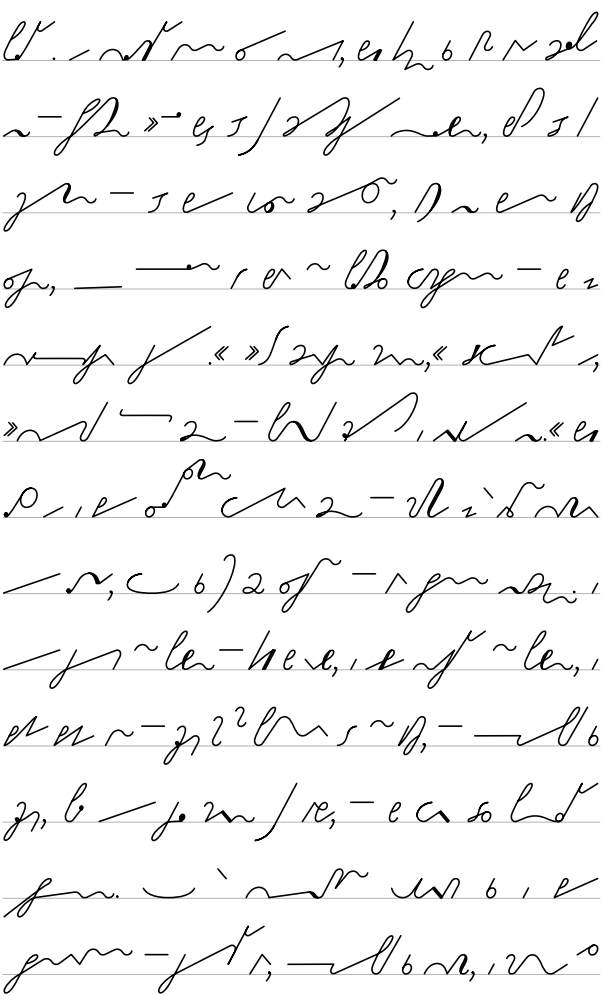

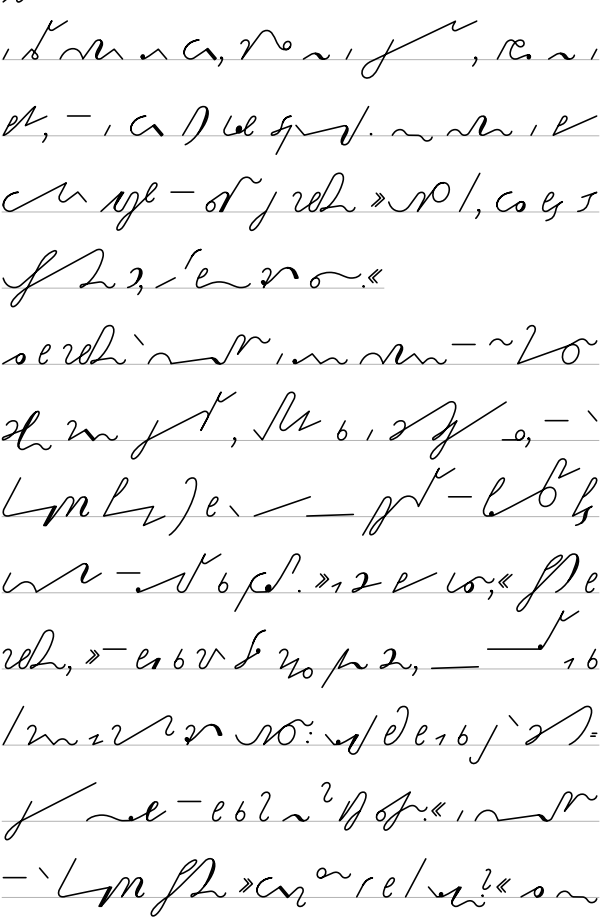

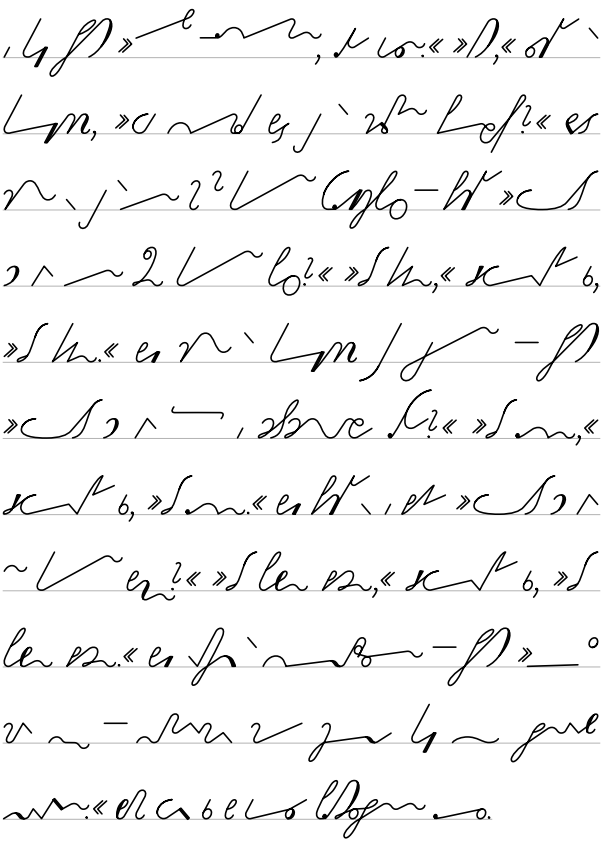

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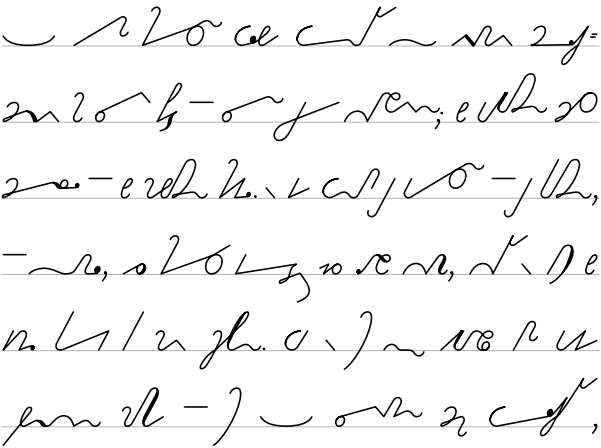

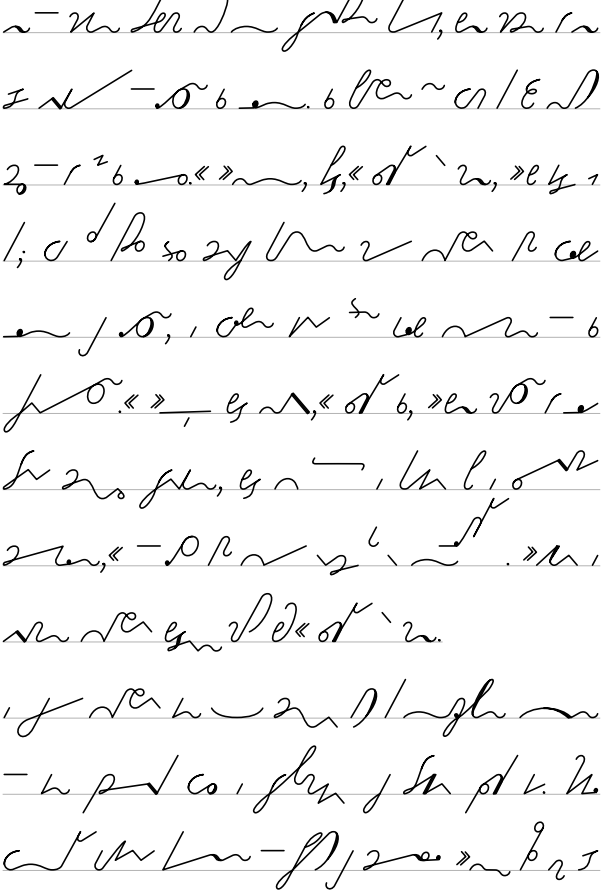

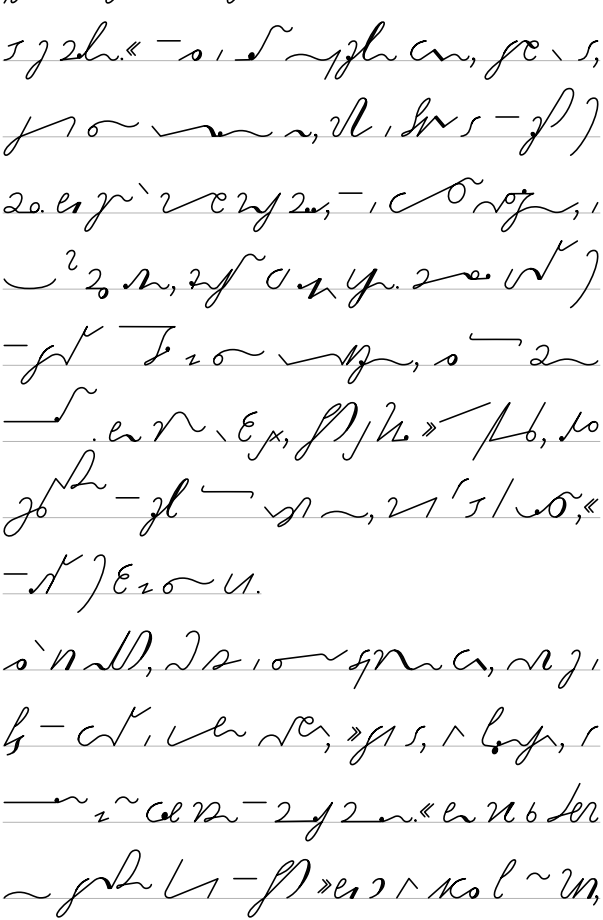

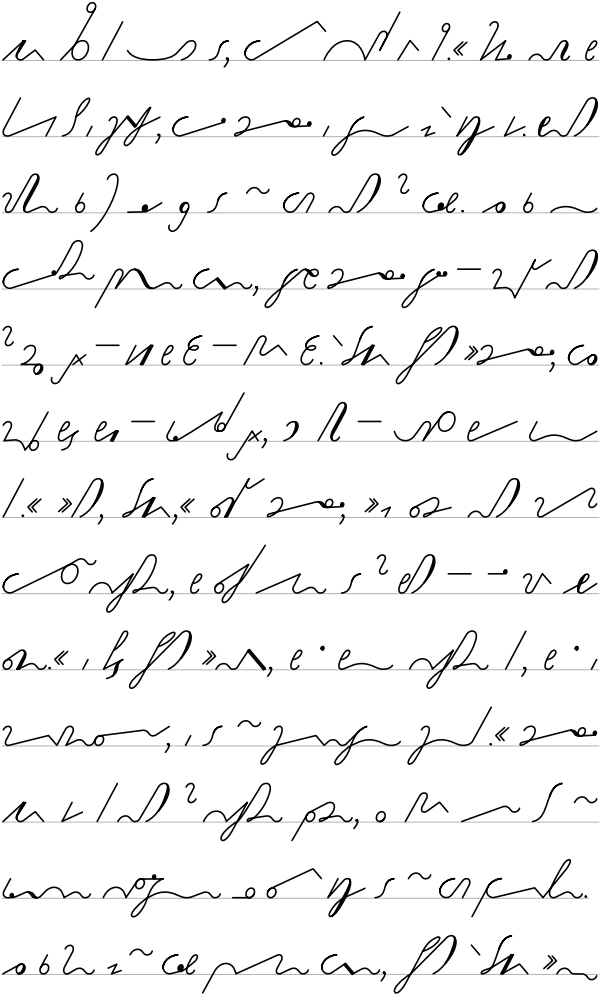

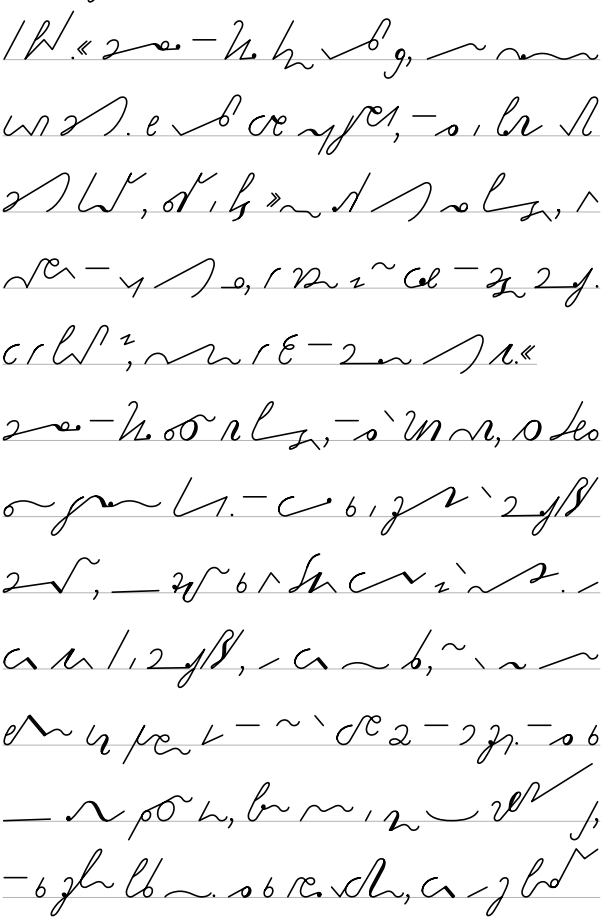

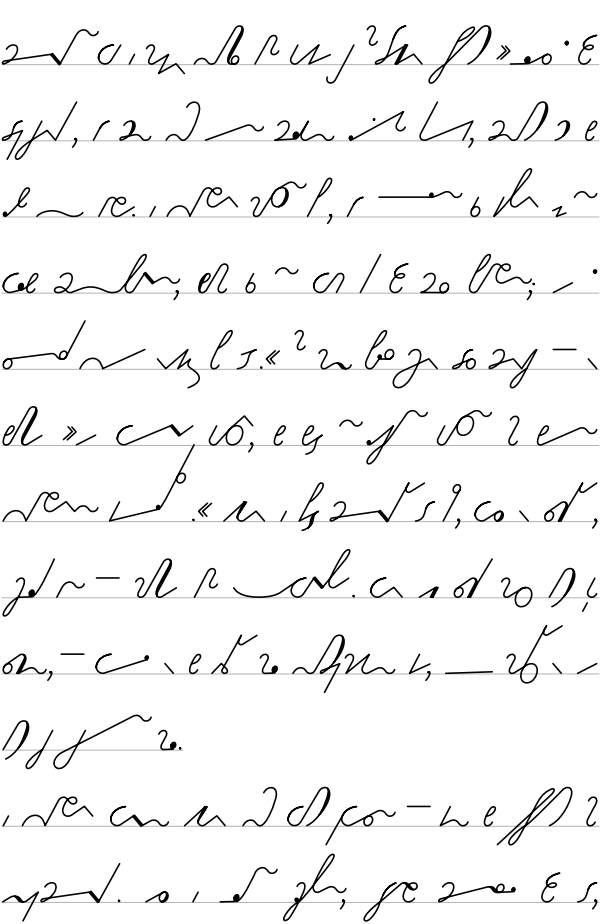

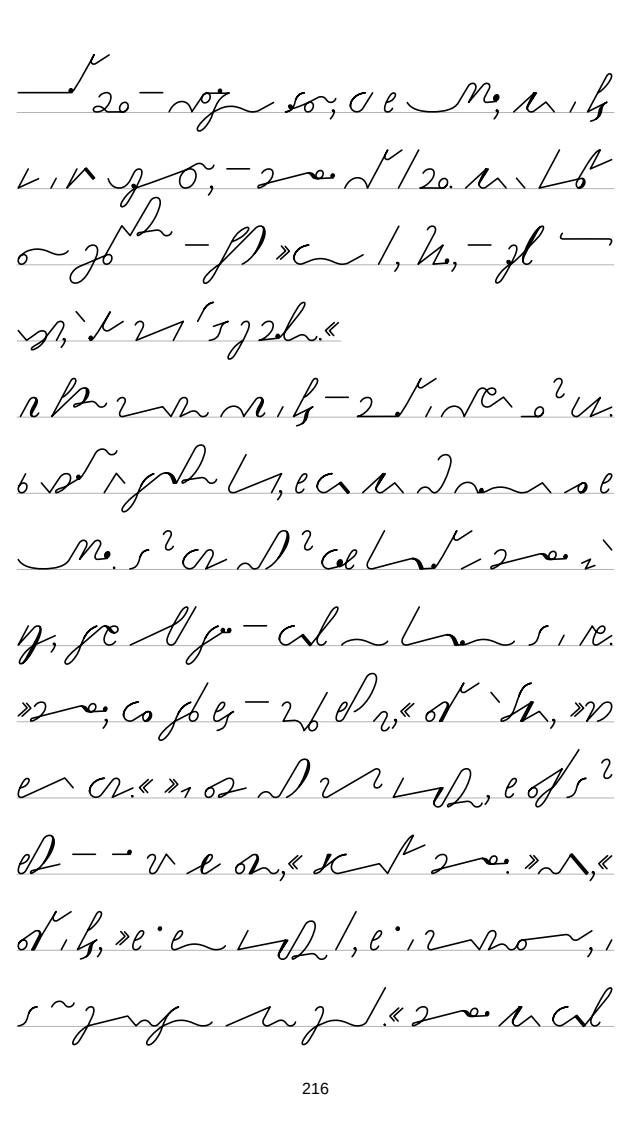

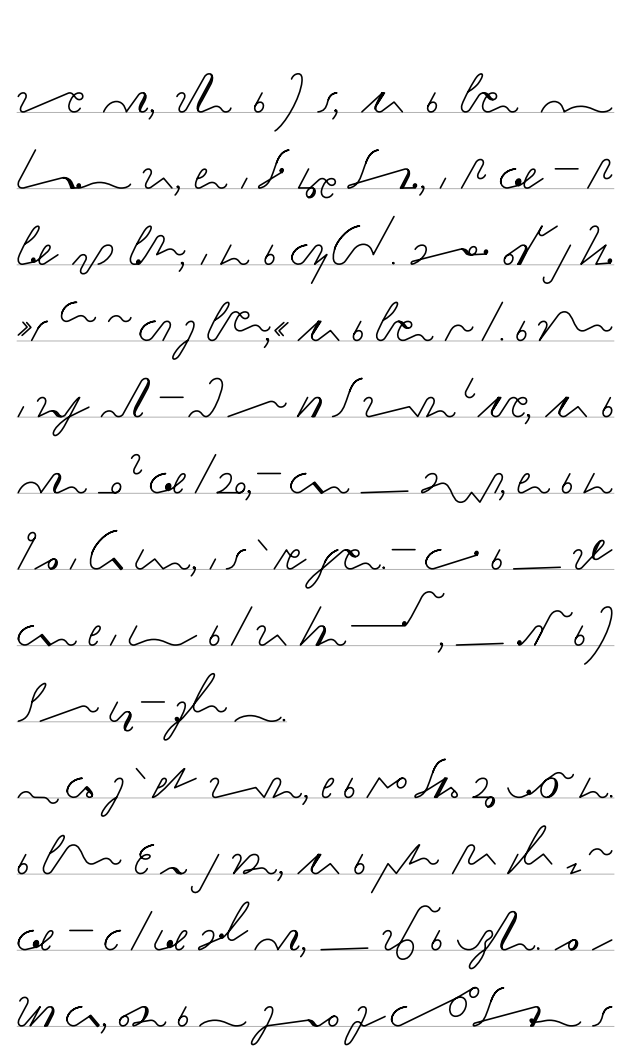

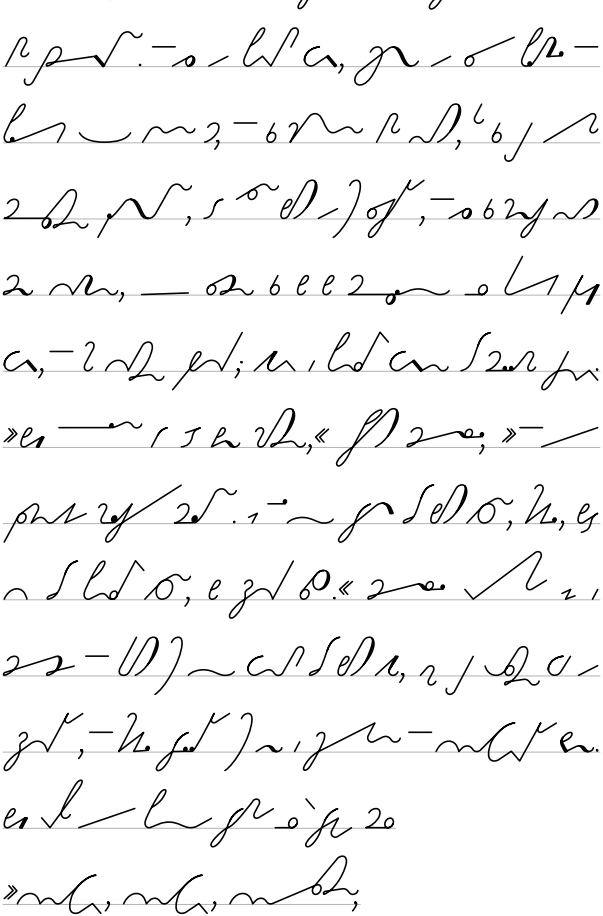

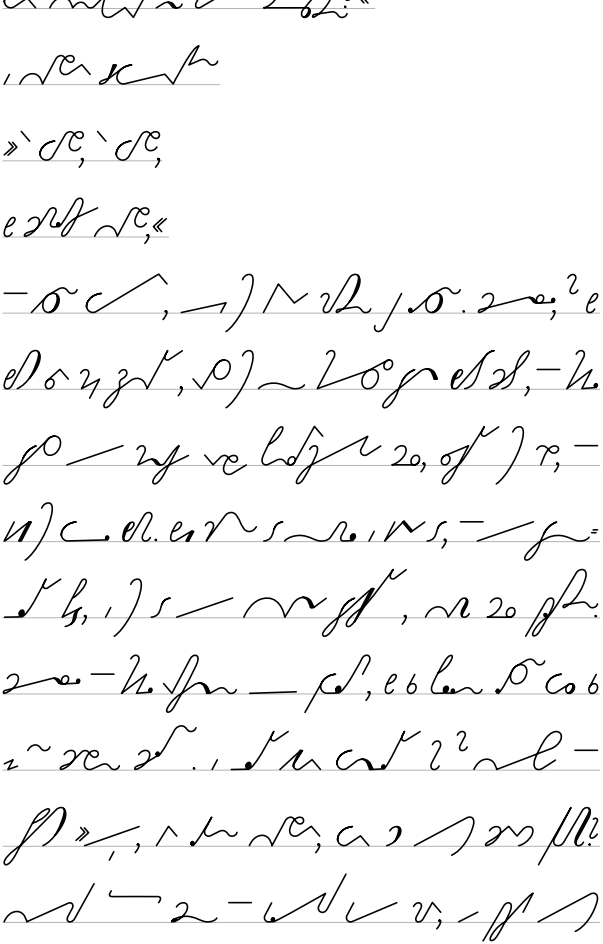

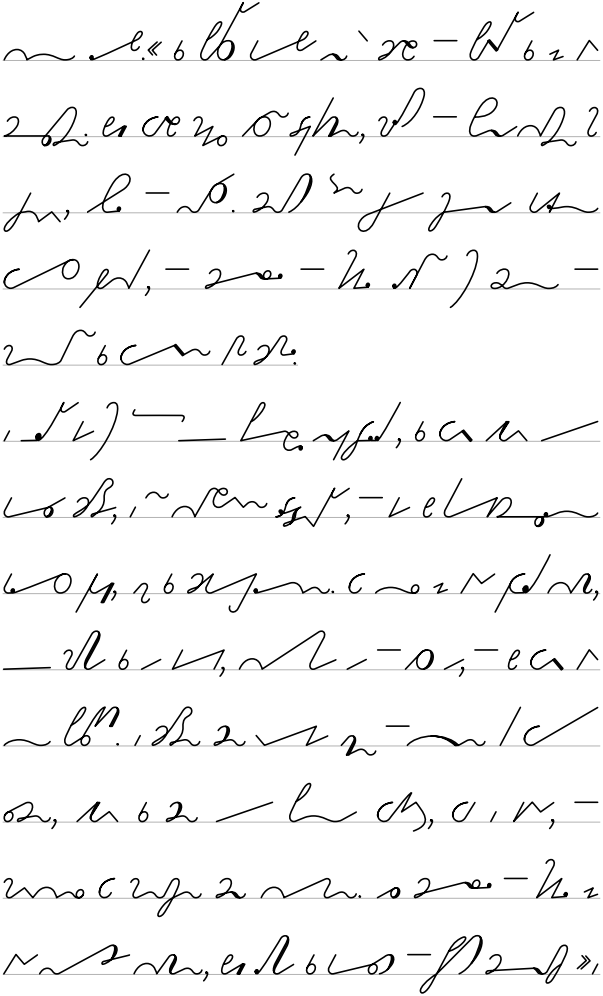

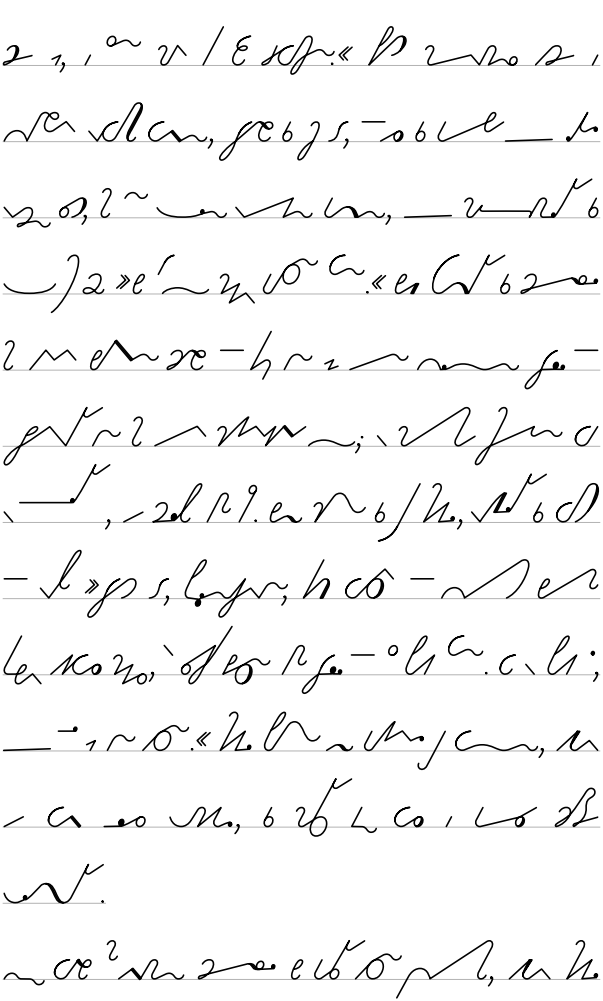

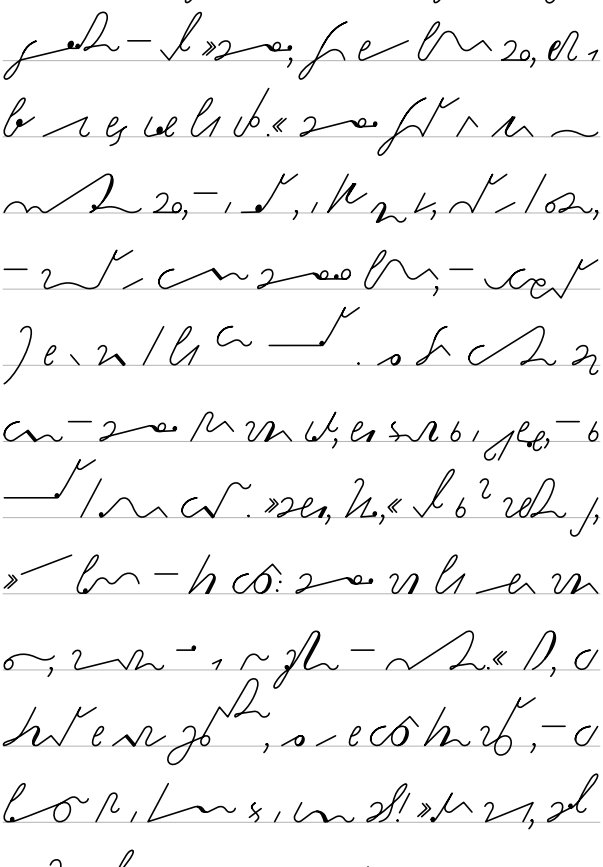

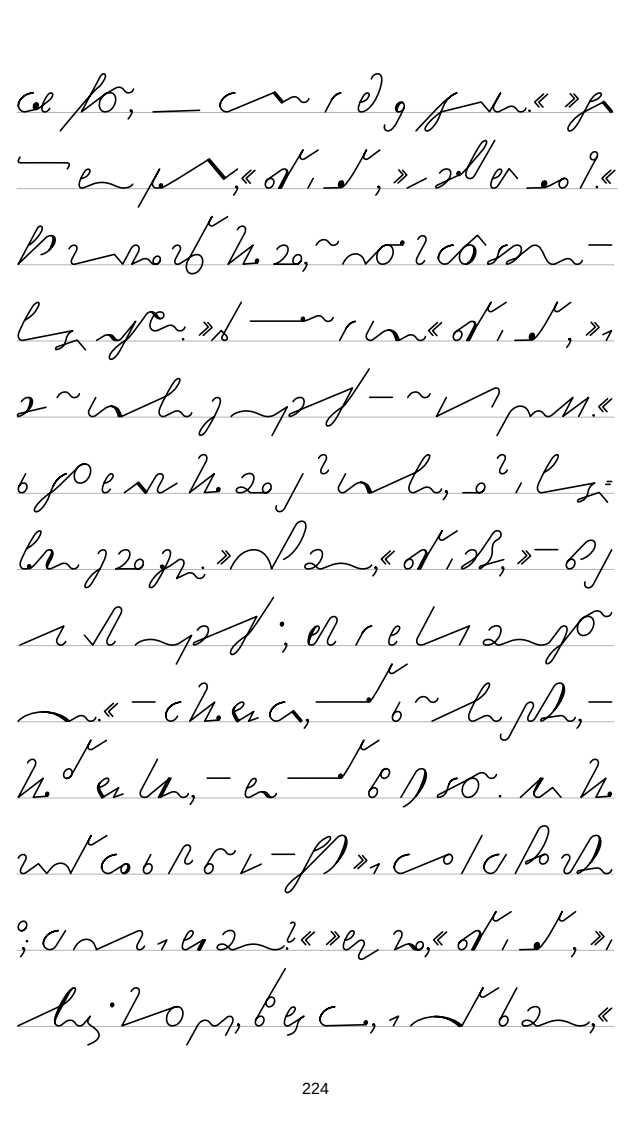

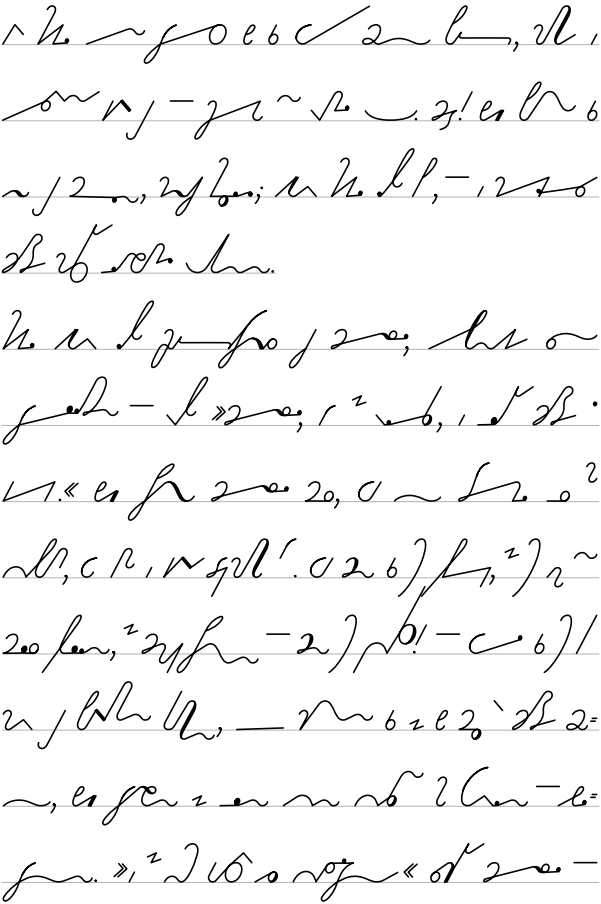

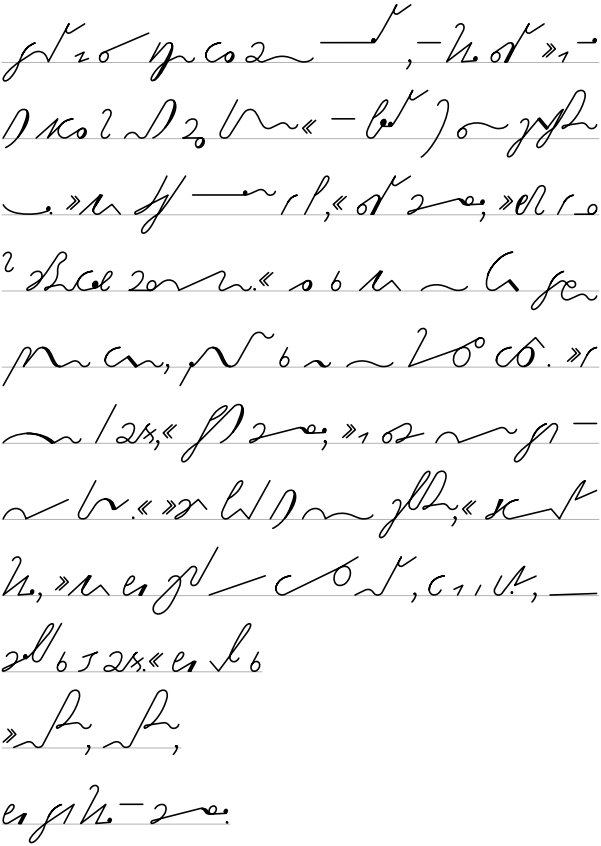

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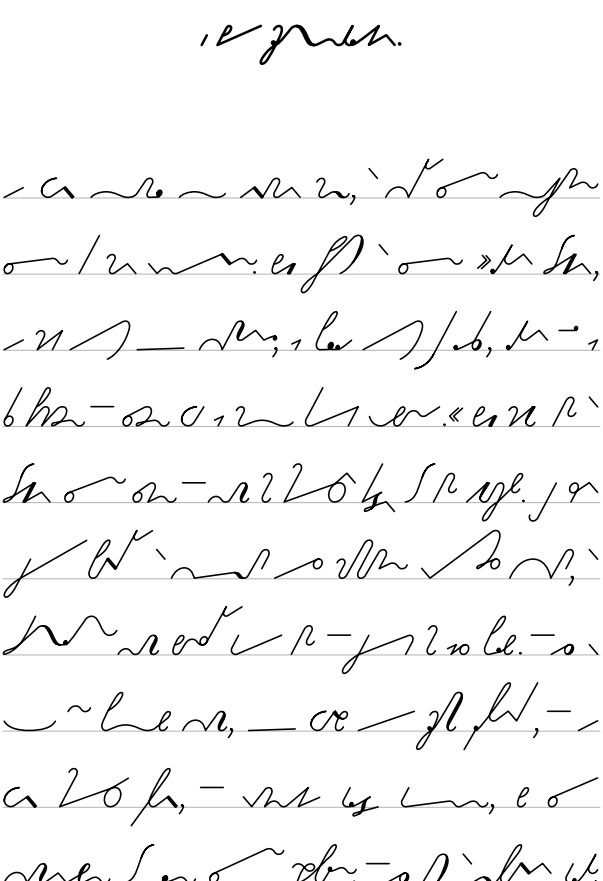

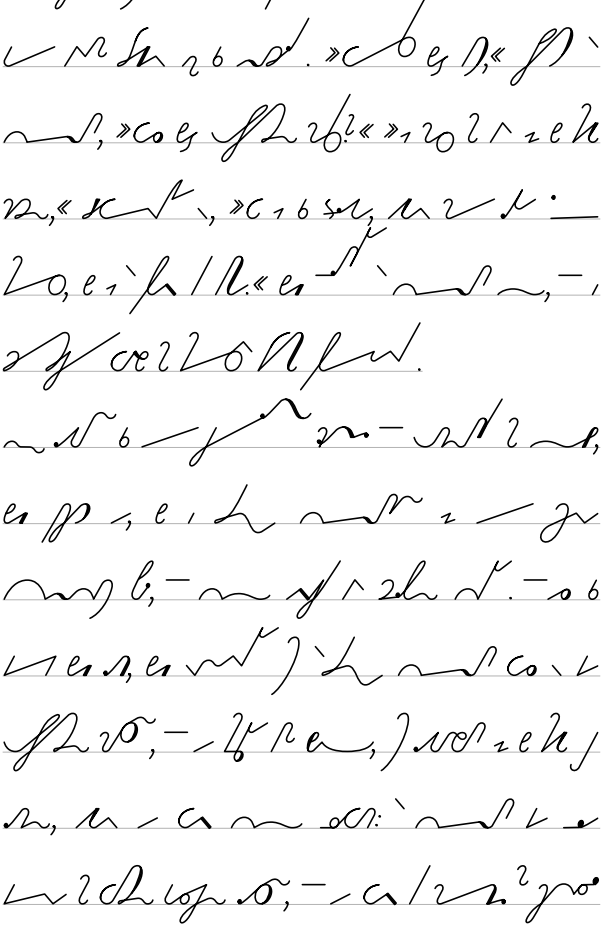

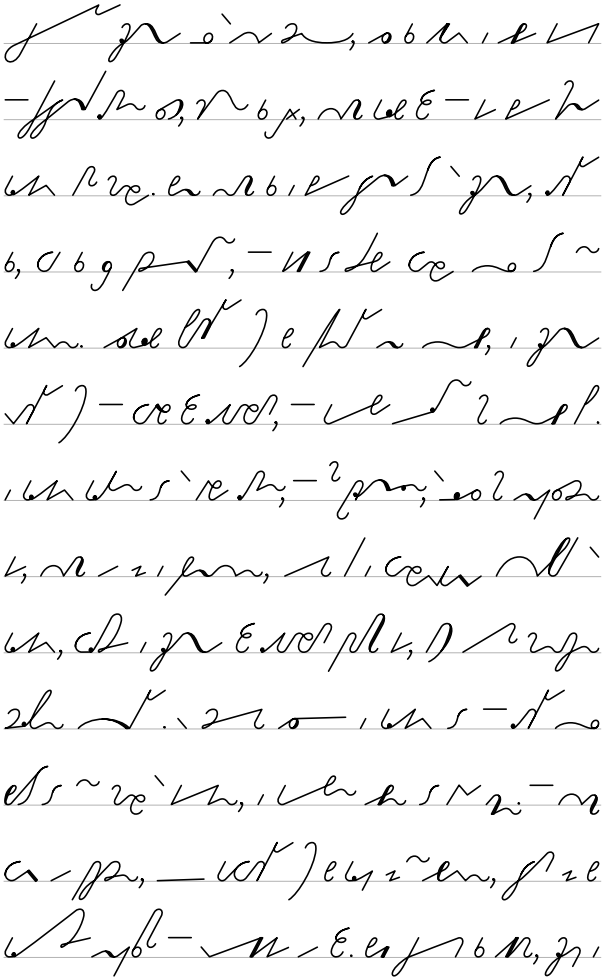

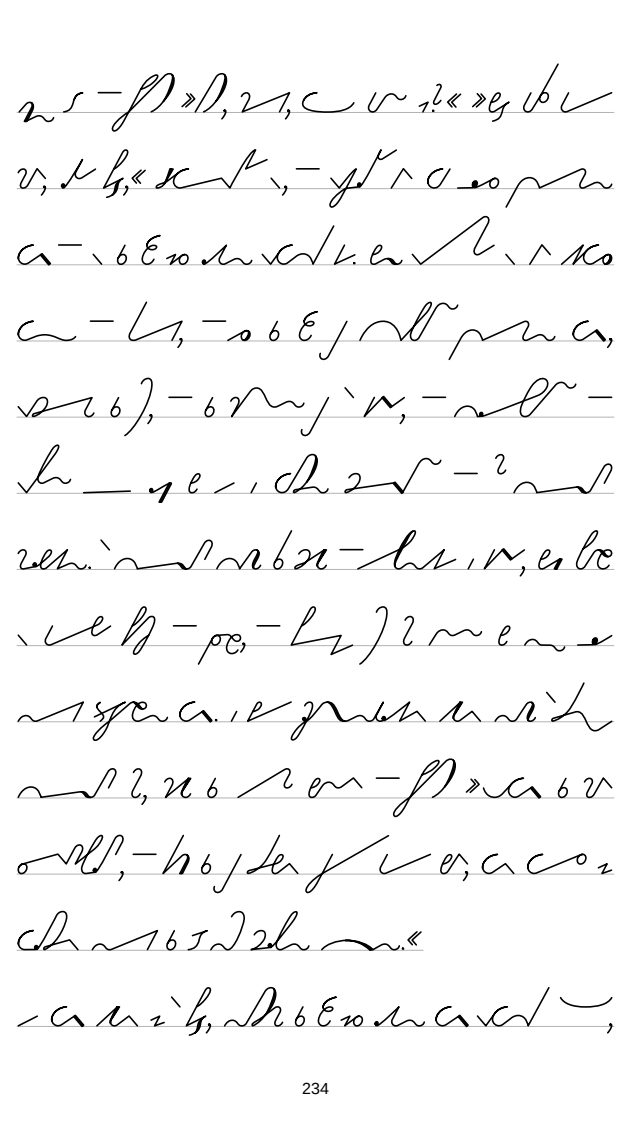

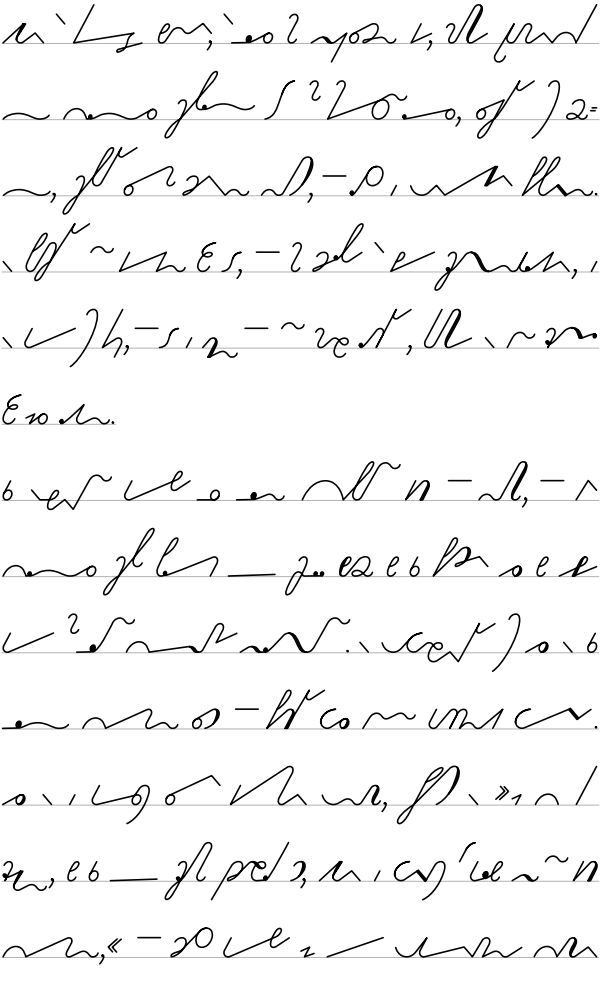

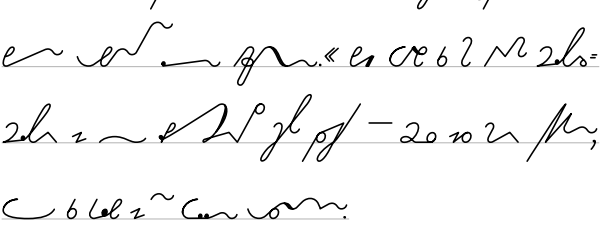

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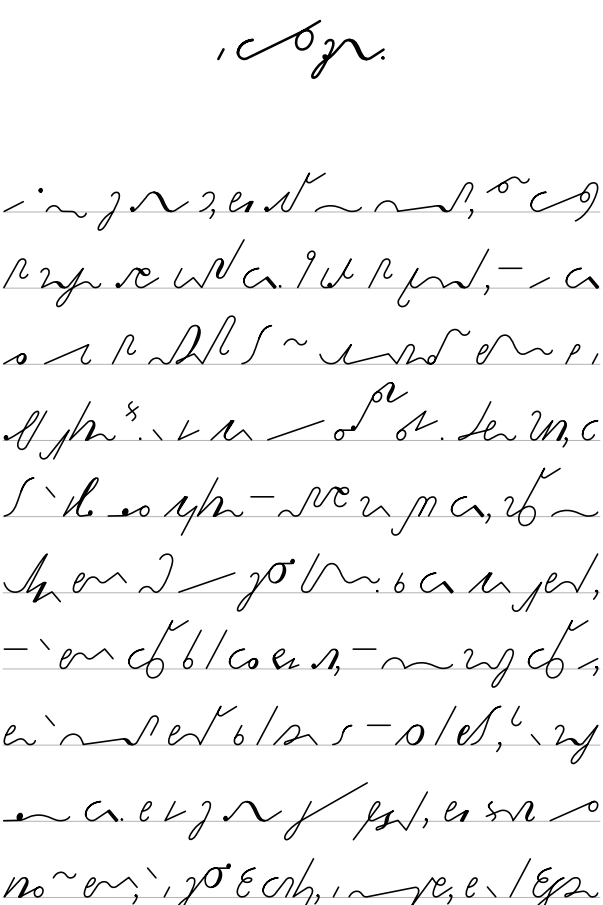

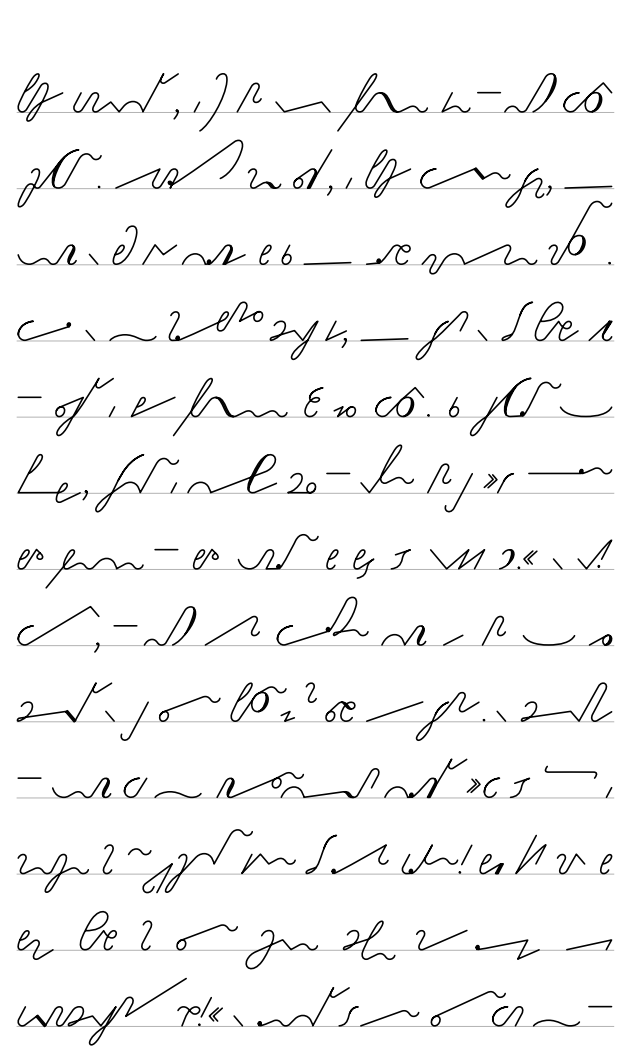

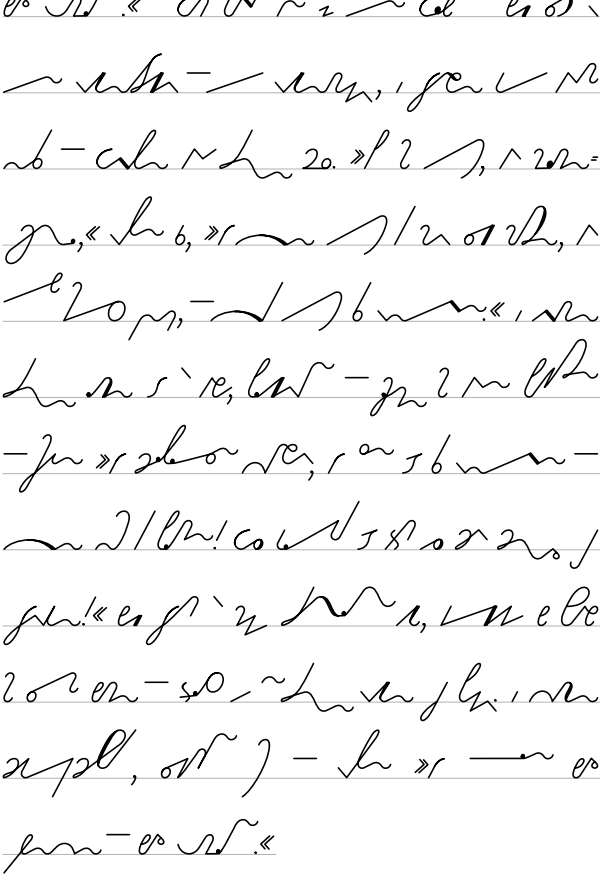

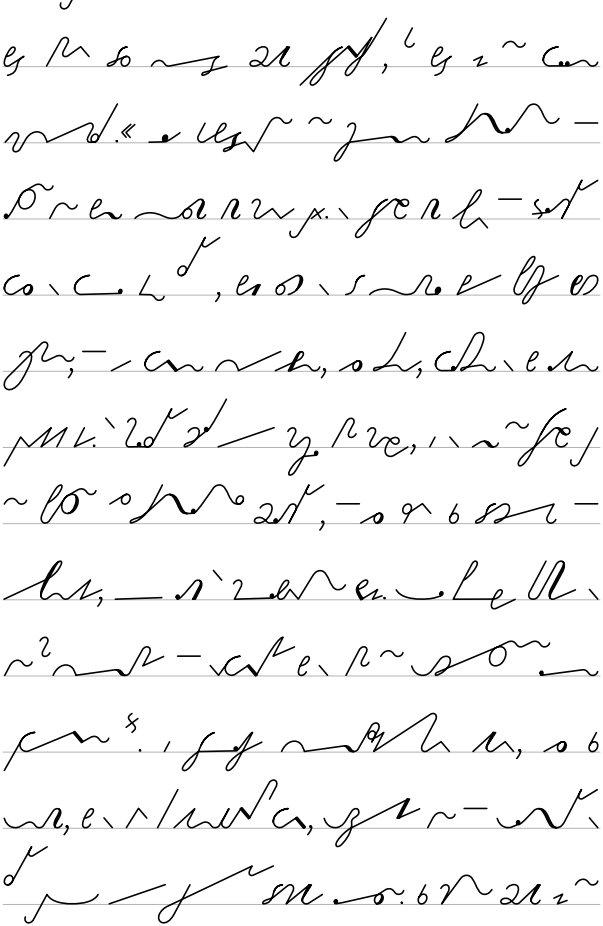

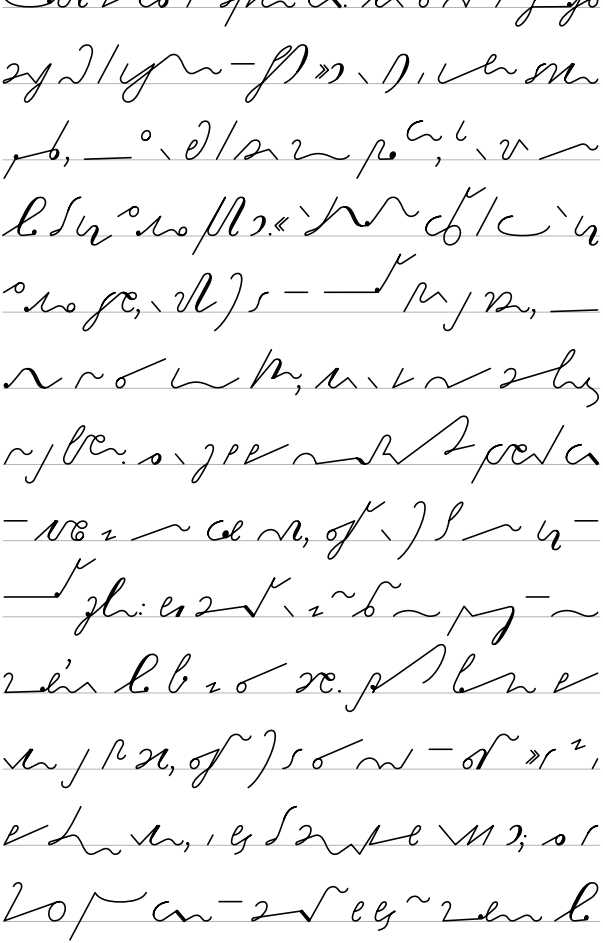

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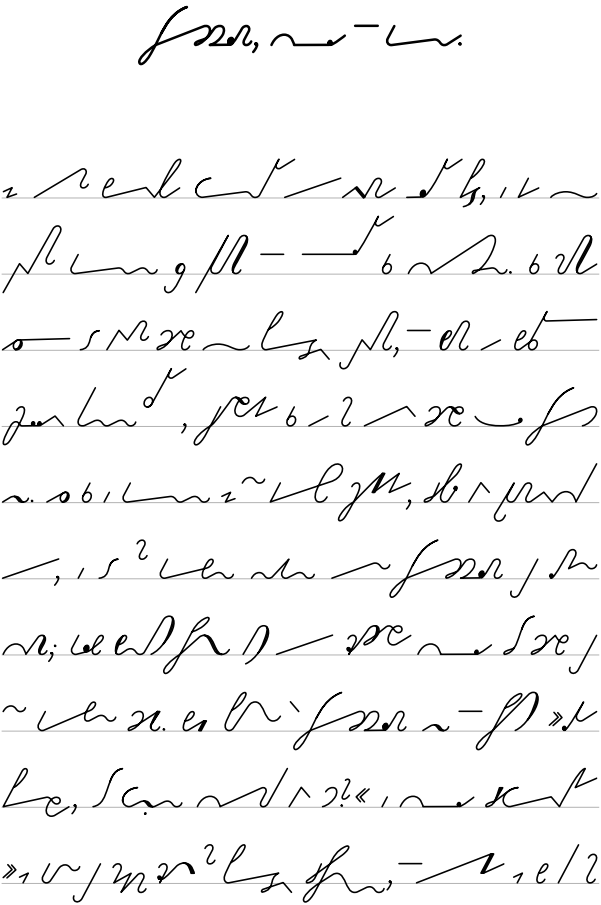
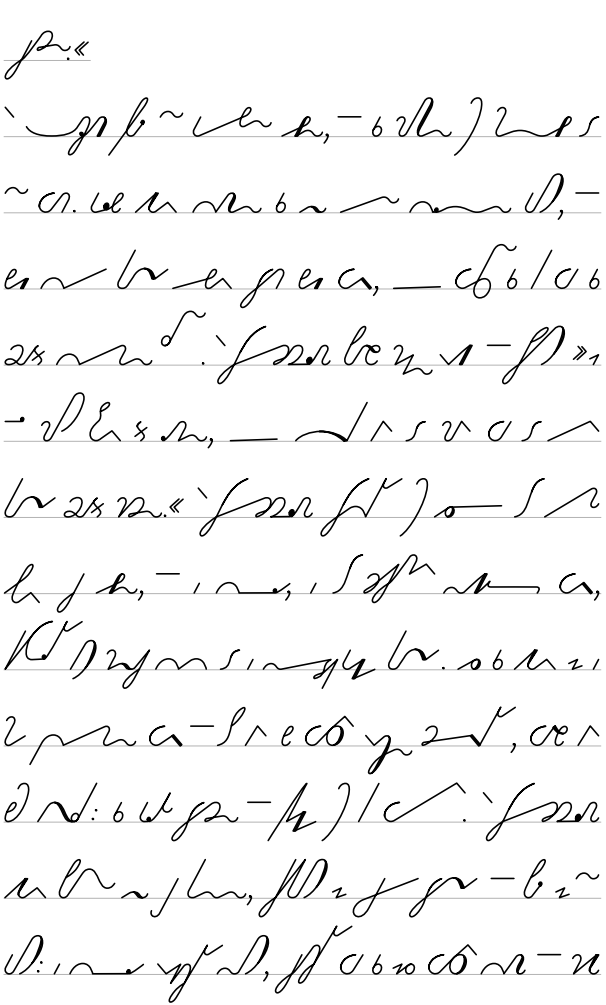




19.

Von dem Fischer un syner Fru.

Dar wöör maal eens en Fischer un syne Fru, de waanden tosamen in'n Pißputt, dicht an der See, un de Fischer güng alle Dage hen un angeld: un he angeld un angeld.

So seet he ook eens by de Angel un seeg jümmer in dat blanke Water henin: un he seet un seet.

Do güng de Angel to Grund, deep ünner, un as he se heruphaald, so

haald he enen grooten Butt heruut. Do säd de Butt to em »hör mal, Fi-
scher, ik bidd dy, laat my lewen, ik bün keen rechten Butt, ik bünn’n ver-
wünschten Prins. Wat helpt dy dat, dat du my doot maakst? ik würr dy doch nich recht smecken: sett my wedder in dat Water un laat my swemmen.« »Nu,« säd de Mann, »du bruukst nich so veel Wöörd to ma-
ken, eenen Butt, de spreken kann, hadd ik doch wol swemmen laten.« Mit des sett’t he em wedder in dat

blanke Water, do güng de Butt to Grund un leet enen langen Strypen Bloot achter sik. Do stünn de Fischer up un güng na syne Fru in'n Pißputt.

»Mann,« säd de Fru, »hest du hüüt niks fungen?« »Ne,« säd de Mann, »ik füng enen Butt, de säd he wöör en verwünschten Prins, do hebb ik em wedder swemmen laten.« »Hest du dy denn niks wünschd?« säd de Fru. »Ne,« säd de Mann, »wat schull ik my wünschen?« »Ach,« säd de

Fru, »dat is doch äwel, hyr man jümmer inʼn Pißputt to waanen, dat stinkt un is so eeklig: du haddst uns doch ene lüttje Hütt wünschen kunnt. Ga noch hen un roop em: segg em wy wählt ʼne lüttje Hütt hebben, he dait dat gewiss.« »Ach,« säd de Mann, »wat schull ick door noch hengaan?« »Ja,« säd de Fru, »du haddst em doch fungen, un hest em wedder swemmen laten, he dait dat gewiss. Ga glyk hen.« De Mann wull noch nich recht, wull

awerst syn Fru ook nich to weddern syn un güng hen na der See.

As he door köhm, wöör de See ganß gröön un geel un goor nich meer so blank. So güng he staan un säd

»Manntje, Manntje, Timpe Te,
Buttje, Buttje in der See,
myne Fru de Jlsebill
will nich so as ik wol will.«

Do köhm de Butt answemmen un säd »na, wat will se denn?« »Ach,« säd de Mann, »ik hebb dy doch fun-

gen hatt, nu säd myn Fru ik hadd my doch wat wünschen schullt. Se mag nich meer inʼn Pißputt wanen, se wull geern ʼne Hütt.« »Ga man hen,« säd de Butt, »se hett se all.«

Do güng de Mann hen, un syne Fru seet nich meer inʼn Pißputt, dar stünn awerst ene lüttje Hütt, un syne Fru seet vor de Döhr up ene Bänk. Do nöhm syne Fru em by de Hand un säd to em »kumm man herin, süh, nu is dat doch veel beter.« Do güngen se henin, un in

de Hütt was een lüttjen Vörplatz un ene lüttje herrliche Stuw un Kamer, wo jem eer Bedd stünn, un Kääk un Spysekamer, allens up dat beste mit Gerädschoppen, un up dat schönnste upgefleyt, Tinntüüg un Mischen (Messing), wat sik darin höört. Un achter was ook en lüttjen Hof mit Hönern un Aanten, un en lüttjen Goorn mit Grönigkeiten un Aaft (Obst). »Süh,« säd de Fru, »is dat nich nett?« »Ja,« säd de Mann, »so schall't blywen, nu wähl wy recht

vergnöögt lewen.« »Dat wähl wy uns bedenken« säd de Fru. Mit des eeten se wat un güngen to Bedd.

So güng dat wol ’n acht oder veertein Dag, do säd de Fru »hör, Mann, de Hütt is ook goor to eng, un de Hof un de Goorn is so kleen: de Butt hadd uns ook wol een grötter Huus schenken kunnt. Jk much woll in enem grooten stenern Slott wanen: ga hen tom Butt, he schall uns en Slott schenken.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, »de Hütt is jo god noog,

wat wähl wy in’n Slott wanen.« »J wat,« säd de Fru, »ga du man hen, de Butt kann dat jümmer doon.« »Ne, Fru,« säd de Mann, »de Butt hett uns eerst de Hütt gewen, ik mag nu nich all wedder kamen, den Butt muchd et vördreten.« »Ga doch,« säd de Fru, »he kann dat recht good un dait dat geern; ga du man hen.« Dem Mann wöör syn Hart so swoor, un wull nich: he säd by sik sülven »dat is nich recht,« he güng awerst doch hen.

As he an de See köhm, wöör dat Water ganß vigelett un dunkelblau un grau un dick, un goor nich meer so gröön un geel, doch wöör’t noch still. Do güng he staan un säd

»Manntje, Manntje, Timpe Te,
Buttje, Buttje in der See,
myne Fru de Jlsebill
will nich so as ik wol will.«

»Na, wat will se denn?« säd de Butt.

»Ach,« säd de Mann half bedrööft, »se will in’n groot stenern Slott wanen.« »Ga man hen, se stait vör der

Döhr,« säd de Butt.

Da güng de Mann hen und dachd he wull na Huus gaan, as he awerst daar köhm, so stünn door ’n grooten stenern Pallast, un syn Fru stünn ewen up de Trepp un wull henin gaan: do nöhm se em by de Hand un säd »kumm man herein.« Mit des güng he mit ehr henin, un in dem Slott wöör ene groote Dehl mit marmelstenern Asters (Estrich), un dar wören so veel Bedeenters, de reten de grooten Dören up,

un de Wende wören all blank un mit schöne Tapeten, un in de Zimmers luter gollne Stöhl un Dischen, un krystallen Kroonlüchters hüngen an dem Bähn, un so wöör dat all de Stuwen un Kamers mit Footdeken: un dat Aeten un de allerbeste Wyn stünn up den Dischen as wenn se breken wullen. Un achter dem Huse wöör ook ’n grooten Hof mit Peerd- un Kohstall, un Kutschwagens up dat allerbeste, ook was door en grooten herrlichen Goorn mit de

schönnsten Blomen un fyne Aaft-
bömer, un en Lustholt wol ’ne halwe
Myl lang, door wören Hirschen un
Reh un Hasen drin un allens wat
man sik jümmer wünschen mag.
»Na,« säd de Fru, »is dat nu nich
schön?« »Ach ja,« säd de Mann, »so
schall’t ook blywen, nu wähl wy ook
in das schöne Slott wanen, un
wähln tofreden syn.« »Dat wähl wy
uns bedenken« säd de Fru, »un wäh-
len’t beslapen.« Mit des güngen se
to Bedd.

Den annern Morgen waakd de Fru to eerst up, dat was jüst Dag, un seeg uut jem ehr Bedd dat herr-liche Land vör sik liggen. De Mann reckd sik noch, do stödd se em mit dem Ellbagen in de Syd un säd »Mann, sta up un kyk mal uut dem Fenster. Süh, kunnen wy nich König warden äwer all düt Land? Ga hen tom Butt, wy wählt König syn.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, »wat wähl wy König syn! ik mag nich König syn.« »Na,« säd de Fru, »wult du nich

König syn, so will ik König syn. Ga hen tom Butt, ik will König syn.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, »wat wullst du König syn? dat mag ik em nich seggen.« »Worüm nich?« säd de Fru, »ga stracks hen, ik mutt König syn.« Do güng de Mann hen un wöör ganß bedröft dat syne Fru König warden wull. »Dat is nich recht un is nich recht,« dachd de Mann. He wull nich hen gaan, güng awerst doch hen.

Un as he an de See köhm, do wöör

de See ganß swartgrau, un dat Water geerd so von ünnen up un stünk ook ganß fuul. Do güng he staan un säd

»Manntje, Manntje, Timpe Te,
Buttje, Buttje in der See,
myne Fru de Jlsebill
will nich so as ik wol will.«

»Na, wat will se denn?« säd de Butt.

»Ach,« säd de Mann, »se will König warden.« »Ga man hen, se ist all,« säd de Butt.

Do güng de Mann hen, un as he na

dem Pallast köhm, so wöör dat Slott veel grötter worren, mit enem grooten Toorn un herrlyken Zyraat doran: un de Schildwacht stünn vor de Döhr, un dar wören so väle Soldaten un Pauken un Trumpeten. Un as he in dat Huus köhm, so wöör allens von purem Marmelsteen mit Gold, un sammtne Deken un groote gollne Quasten. Do güngen de Dören von dem Saal up, door de ganße Hofstaat wöör, un syne Fru seet up enem hogen Troon von Gold un

Demant, un hadd ene groote gollne Kroon up un den Zepter in der Hand von purem Gold un Edel-steen, un up beyden Syden by ehr stünnen ses Jumpfern in ene Reeg, jümmer ene enen Kops lüttjer as de annere. Do güng he staan und säd »ach Fru, büst du nu König?« »Ja,« säd de Fru, »nu bün ik König.« Do stünn he un seeg se an, un as he se do een Flach (eine Zeit lang) so ansehn hadd, säd he »ach, Fru, wat lett dat schöön, wenn du König

büst! nu wähl wy ook niks meer wünschen.« »Ne, Mann,« säd de Fru, un wöör ganß unruhig, »my waart de Tyd und Wyl al lang, ik kann dat nich meer uuthollen. Ga hen tom Butt, König bün ik, nu mutt ik ook Kaiser warden.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, »wat wullst du Kaiser warden?« »Mann,« säd se, »ga tom Butt, ik will Kaiser syn.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, »Kaiser kann he nich maken, ik mag dem Butt dat nich seggen; Kaiser is man eenmal im Reich: Kai-

ser kann de Butt jo nich maken, dat kann un kann he nich.« »Wat,« säd de Fru, »ik bünn König un du bist man myn Mann, wullt du glyk hengaan? glyk ga hen, kann he König maken, kann he ook Kaiser maken, ik will un will Kaiser syn; glyk ga hen.« Do mussd he hengaan. Do de Mann awer hengüng, wöör em ganß bang, un as he so güng, dachd he by sik »düt gait un gait nich good: Kaiser is to uutvörschaamt, de Butt wart am Ende

möd.«

Mit des köhm he an de See, do wöör de See noch ganß swart un dick un füng al so von ünnen up to geeren, dat et so Blasen smeet, un et güng so ein Keekwind äwer hen, dat et sik so köhrd; un de Mann wurr groen (grauen). Do güng he staan un säd

»Manntje, Manntje, Timpe Te,
Buttje, Buttje in der See,
myne Fru de Jlsebill
will nich so as ik wol will.«

»Na, wat will se denn?« säd de Butt. »Ach, Butt,« säd he, »myn Fru will Kaiser warden.« »Ga man hen,« säd de Butt, »se ist all.«

Do güng de Mann hen, un as he door köhm, so wöör dat ganße Slott von poleertem Marmelsteen mit albasternen Figuren und gollnen Zyraten. Vör de Döhr marscheerden de Soldaten, un se blösen Trumpeten und slögen Pauken un Trummeln: awerst in dem Huse da güngen de Baronen un Grawen

un Herzogen man so as Bedeenters herüm: do maakden se em de Dö-ren up, de von luter Gold wören. Und as he herinköhm, door seet syne Fru up enem Troon, de wöör von een Stück Gold, un wör wol twe Myl hoog: un hadd ene groote goll-ne Kroon up, de wöör dre Elen hoog un mit Briljanten un Karfun-kelsteen besett't: in de ene Hand hadde se den Zepter un in de anne-re Hand den Reichsappel, un up beyden Syden by eer door stünnen

de Trabanten so in twe Regen, jüm-
mer een lüttjer as de annere, von
dem allergröttesten Rysen, de wöör
twe Myl hoog, bet to dem allerlütt-
jesten Dwaark, de wöör man so
groot as min lüttje Finger. Un vör
ehr stünnen so vele Fürsten un Her-
zogen. Door güng de Mann tüschen
staan un säd »Fru, büst du nu Kai-
ser?« »Ja,« säd se, »ik bün Kaiser.«
Do güng he staan un beseeg se sik
so recht, un as he se sȯn Flach an-
sehn hadd, so säd he »ach, Fru,

watt lett dat schöön, wenn du Kaiser büst.« »Mann,« säd se, »wat staist du door? ik bün nu Kaiser, nu will ik awerst ook Paabst warden, ga hen tom Butt.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, »wat wulst du man nich? Paabst kannst du nich warden, Paabst is man eenmaal in der Kristenhait, dat kann he doch nich maken.« »Mann,« säd se, »ik will Paabst warden, ga glyk hen, ik mutt hüüt noch Paabst warden.« »Ne, Fru,« säd de Mann, »dat mag ik em nich

seggen, dat gait nich good, dat is to groff, tom Paabst kann de Butt nich maken.« »Mann, wat Snack!« säd de Fru, »kann he Kaiser maken, kann he ook Paabst maken. Ga foorts hen, ik bünn Kaiser un du büst man myn Mann, wullt du wol hengaan?« Do wurr he bang un güng hen, em wöör awerst ganß flau, un zitterd un beewd, un de Knee un de Waden slakkerden em. Un dar streek sǒn Wind äwer dat Land, un de Wolken flögen, as dat

düster wurr gegen Awend: de Blä-
der waiden von den Bömern, un
dat Water güng un bruusd as kaakd
dat, un platschd an dat Aever, un
von feern seeg he de Schepen, de
schöten in der Noot, un danßden un
sprüngen up den Bülgen. Doch
wöör de Himmel noch so'n bitten
blau in de Midd, awerst an den Sy-
den door toog dat so recht rood up
as en swohr Gewitter. Do güng he
recht vörzufft (verzagt) staan in de
Angst un säd

»Manntje, Manntje, Timpe Te,
Buttje, Buttje in der See,
myne Fru de Jlsebill,
will nich so as ik wol will.«
»Na, wat will se denn?« säd de Butt.
»Ach,« säd de Mann, »se will Paabst warden.« »Ga man hen, se ist all« säd de Butt.
Do güng he hen, un as he door köhm, so wöör dar as en groote Kirch mit luter Pallastens ümgewen. Door drängd he sik dorch dat Volk: inwendig was awer allens mit dau-

send un dausend Lichtern erleuch-
tet, un syne Fru wöör in luter Gold
gekledet, un seet noch up enem
veel högeren Troon, un hadde dre
groote gollne Kronen up, un üm ehr
dar so veel von geistlykem Staat,
un up beyden Syden by ehr door
stünnen twe Regen Lichter, dat
gröttste so dick un groot as de
allergröttste Toorn, bet to dem
allerkleensten Käkenlicht; un alle de
Kaisers un de Königen de legen vör
ehr up de Kne un küßden ehr den

Tüffel. »Fru,« säd de Mann un seeg se so recht an, »büst du nu Paabst?« »Ja,« säd se, »ik bün Paabst.« Do güng he staan un seeg se recht an, un dat wöör as wenn he in de hell Sunn seeg. As he se do en Flach ansehn hadd, so segt he »ach, Fru, wat lett dat schöön, wenn du Paabst büst!« Se seet awerst ganß styf as en Boom, un rüppeld un röhrd sik nich. Do säd he »Fru, nu sy tofreden, nu du Paabst büst, nu kannst du doch niks meer

warden.« »Dat will ik my bedenken« säd de Fru. Mit des güngen se beyde to Bedd, awerst se wöör nich tofreden, un de Girighait leet se nich slapen, se dachd jümmer wat se noch warden wull.

De Mann sleep recht good un fast, he hadd den Dag veel lopen, de Fru awerst kunn goor nich inslapen, un smeet sik von een Syd to der annern de ganße Nacht un dachd man jümmer wat se noch wol warden kunn, un kunn sik doch up niks

meer besinnen. Mit des wull de Sünn upgaan, un as se dat Morgen-rood seeg, richt'd se sik äwer End im Bedd un seeg door henin, un as se uut dem Fenster de Sünn so herup kamen seeg, »ha,« dachd se, »kunn ik nich ook de Sünn un de Maan up-gaan laten?« »Mann,« säd se un stödd em mit dem Ellbagen in de Ribben, »waak up, ga hen tom Butt, ik will warden as de lewe Gott.« De Mann was noch meist in'n Slaap, awerst he vörschrock sik so, dat he

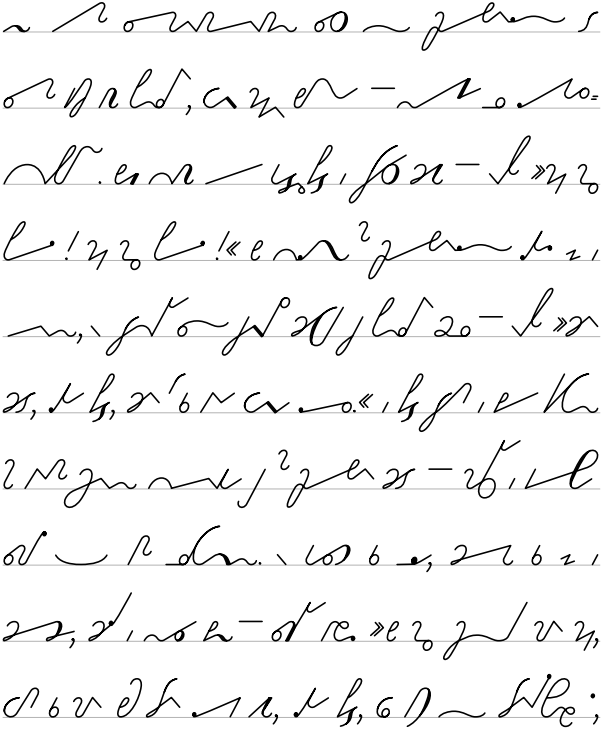
uut dem Bedd füll. He meend he hadd sik vörhöörd un reef sik de Ogen uut un säd »ach, Fru, wat säd’st du?« »Mann,« säd se, »wenn ik nich de Sünn un de Maan kan up-gaan laten, un mutt dat so ansehn, dat de Sünn un de Maan upgaan, ik kann dat nich uuthollen, un hebb kene geruhige Stünd meer, dat ik se nich sülwst kann upgaan laten.« Do seeg se em so recht gräsig an, dat em so’n Schudder äwerleep. »Glyk ga hen, ik will warden as de le-

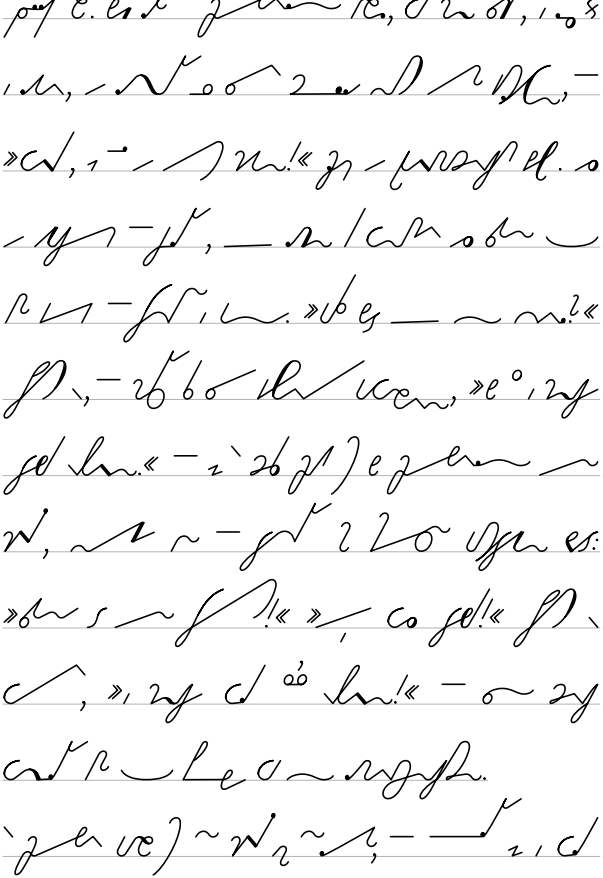
we Gott.« »Ach, Fru,« säd de Mann, un füll vör eer up de Knee, »dat kann de Butt nich. Kaiser un Paabst kann he maken, ik bidd dy, sla in dy un blyf Paabst.« Do köhm se in de Booshait, de Hoor flögen ehr so wild üm den Kopp, da reet se sik dat Lyfken up, un geef em eens mit dem Foot un schreed »ik holl dat nich uut, un holl dat nich länger uut, wult du hengaan??« Do slööpd he sik de Büxen an un leep wech as un-sinnig.

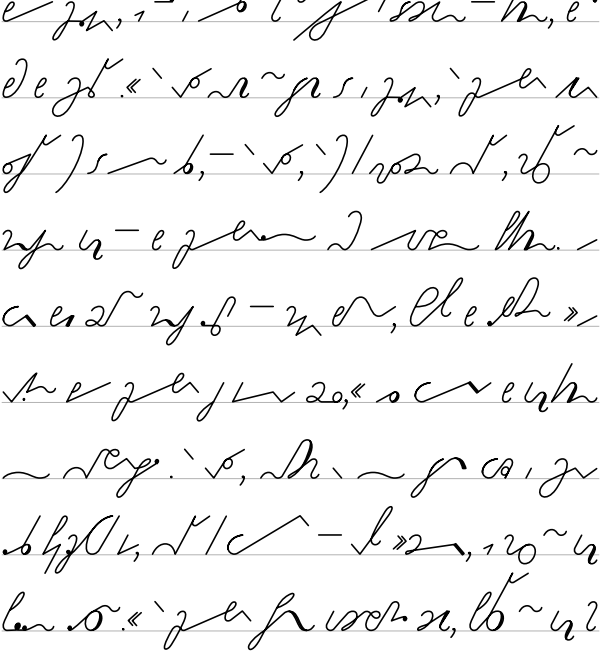
Buten awer güng de Storm, un bruusde dat he kuum up den Föten staan kunn: de Huser un de Bömer waiden um, un de Baarge beewden, un de Felsenstücken rullden in de See, un de Himmel wöör ganß pick-swart, un dat dunnerd un blitzd, un de See güng in so hoge swarte Bül-gen as Kirchentöörn un as Baarge, un de hadden bawen all ene witte Kroon von Schuum up. Do schre he, un kun syn egen Woord nich hören, »Manntje, Manntje, Timpe Te,

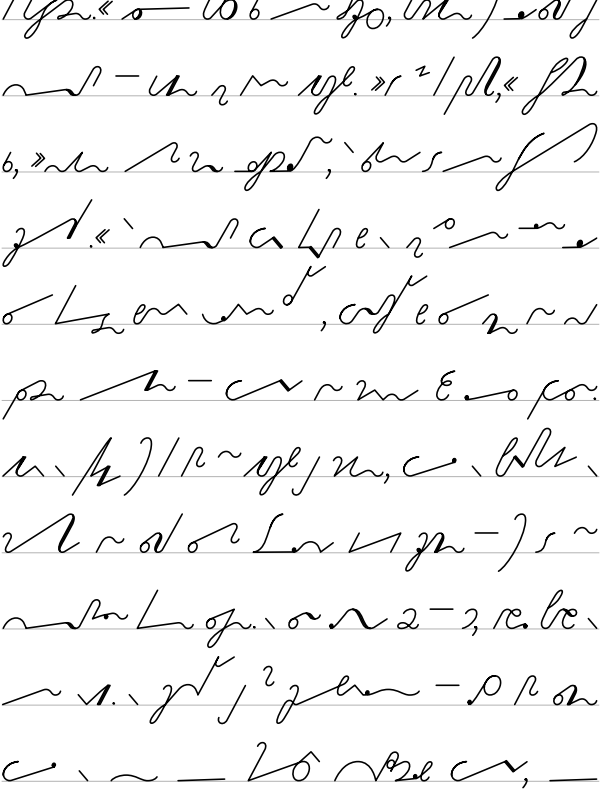
Buttje, Buttje in der See,
myne Fru de Jlsebill
will nich so as ik wol will.«
»Na, wat will se denn?« säd de Butt.
»Ach,« säd he, »se will warden as de lewe Gott.« »Ga man hen, se sitt all weder inn Pißputt.«
Door sitten se noch bet up hüüt un düssen Dag.

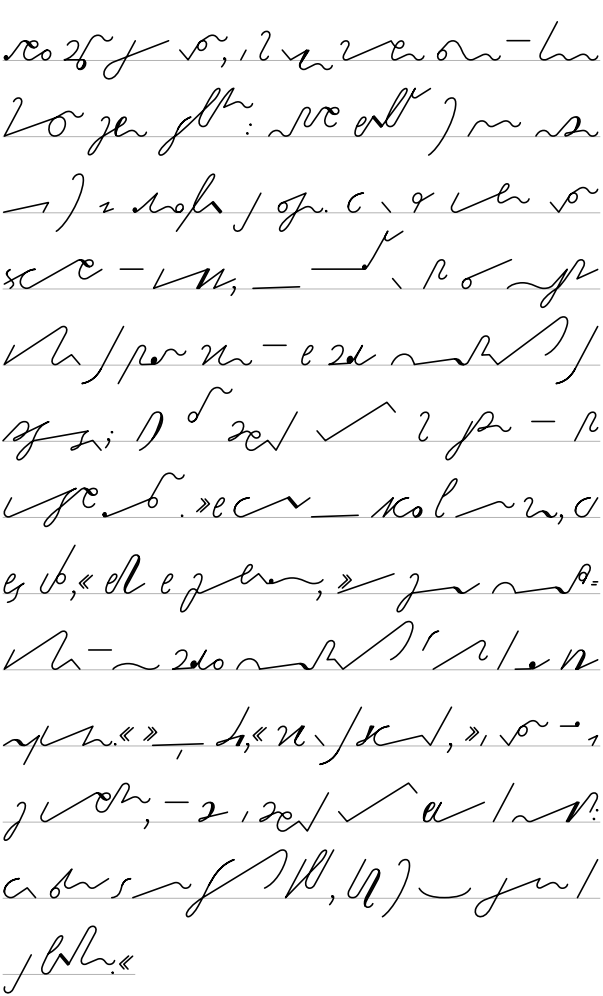
20.

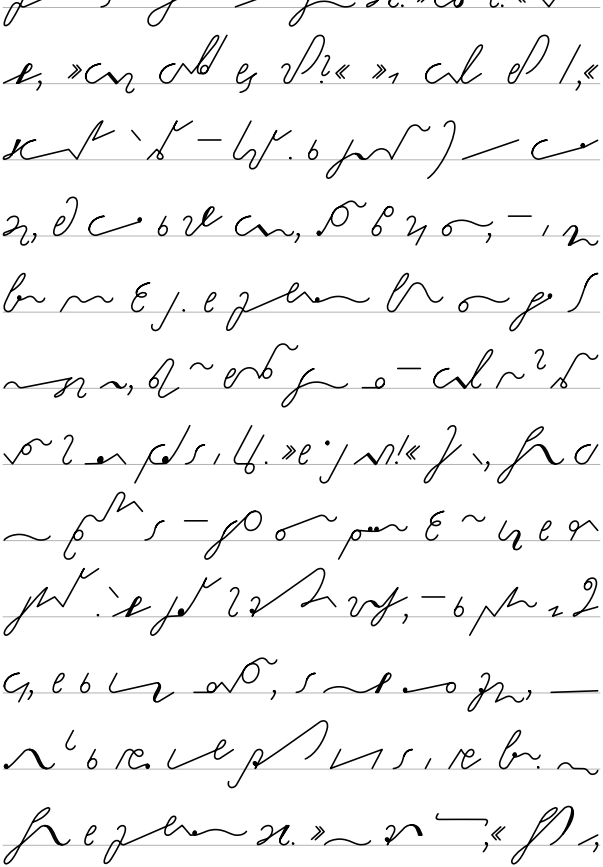


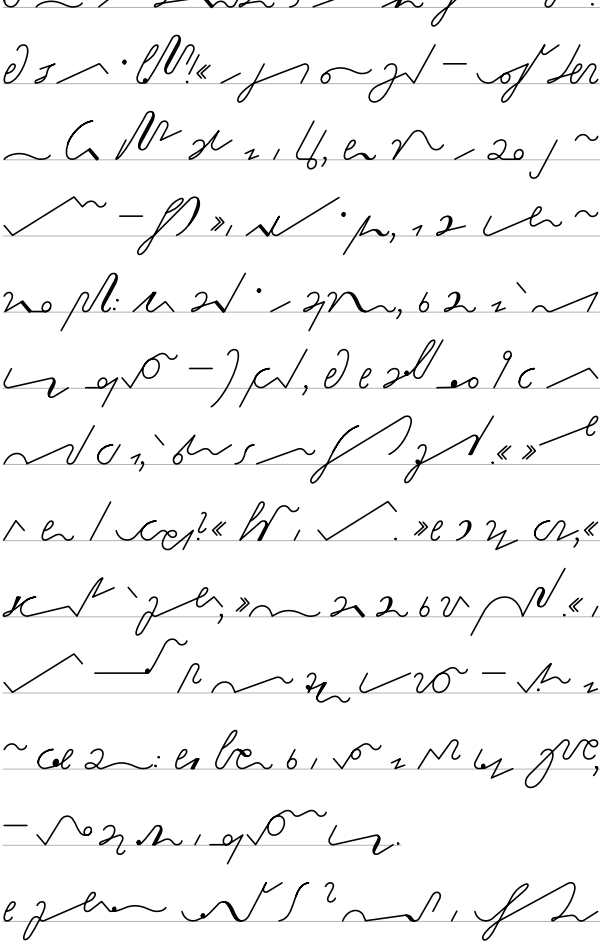


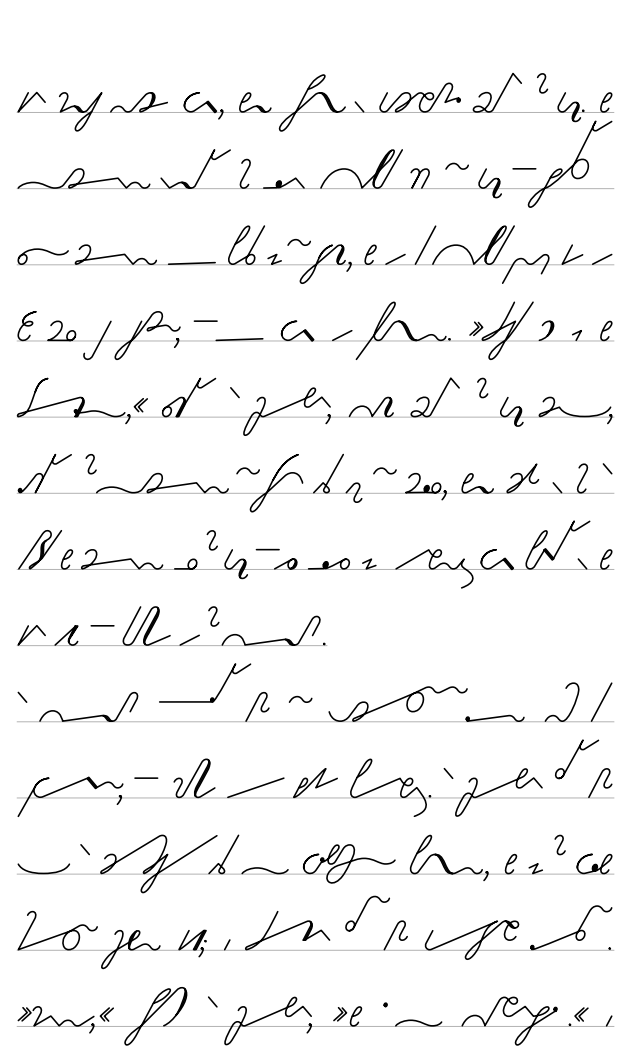


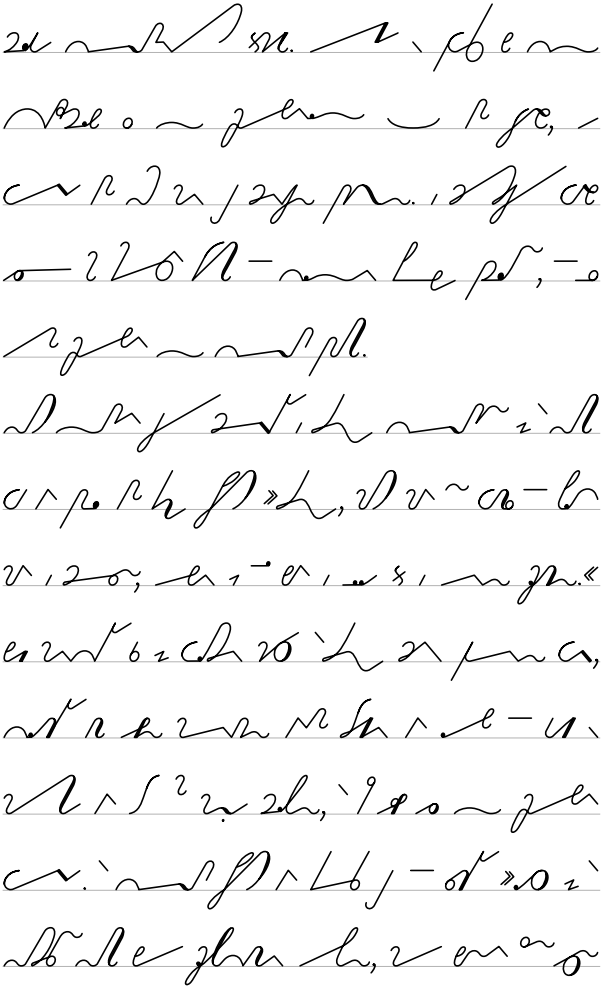


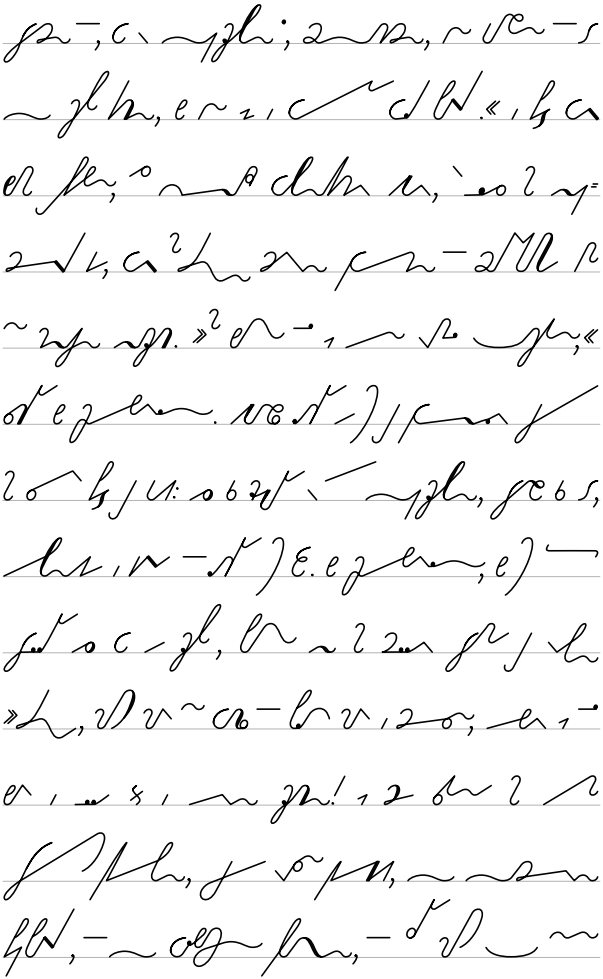


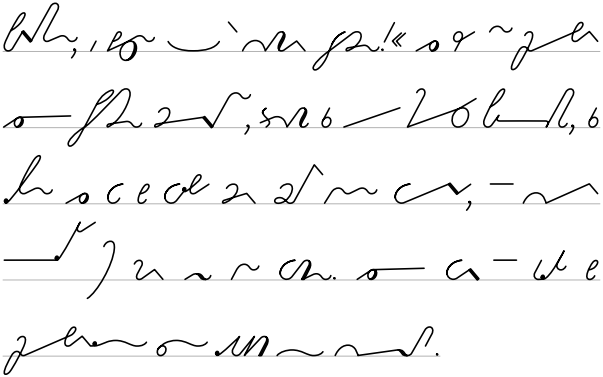












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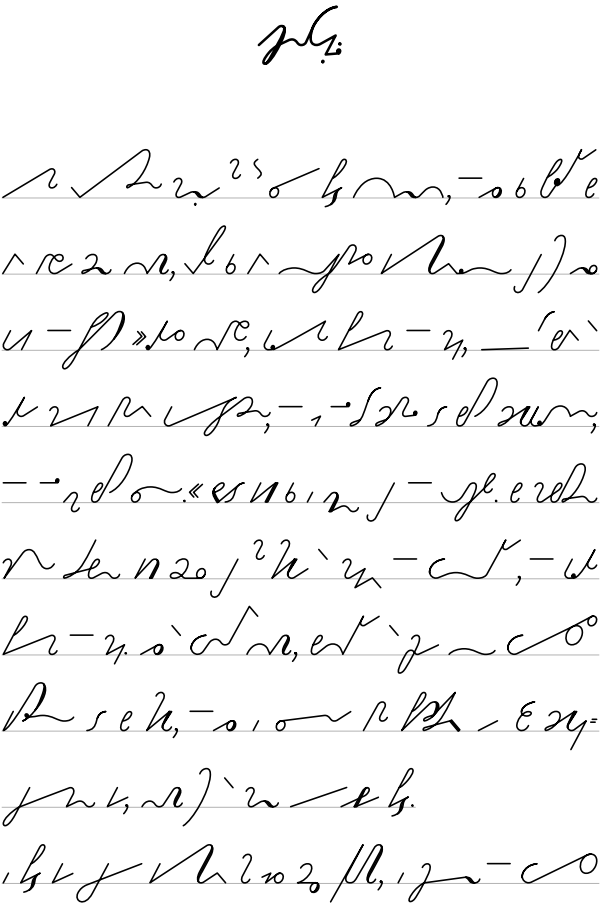

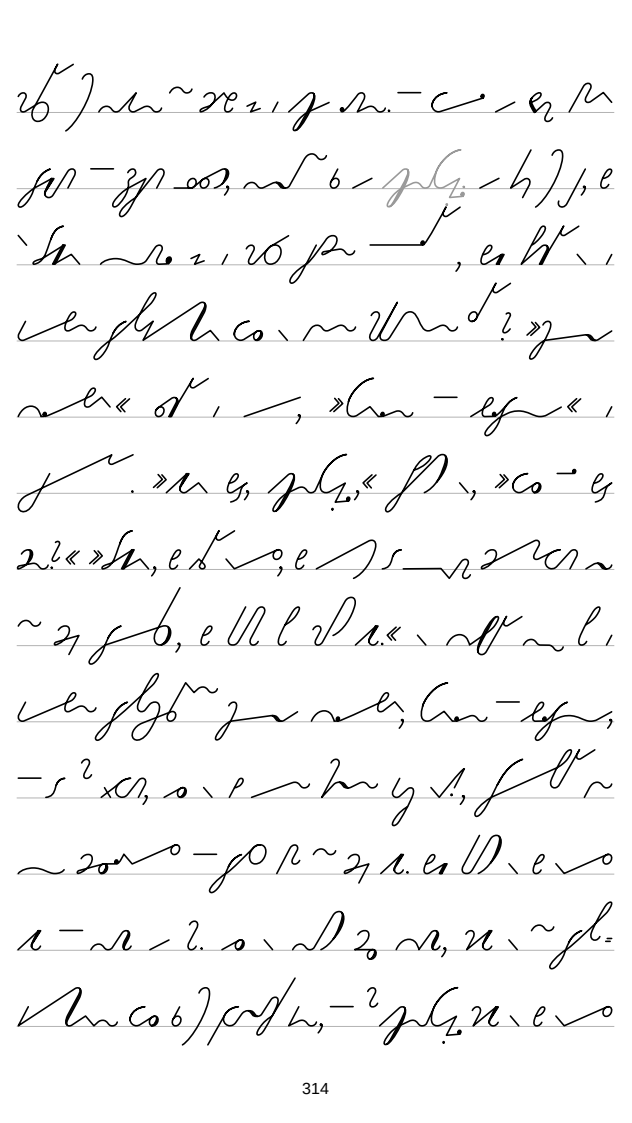

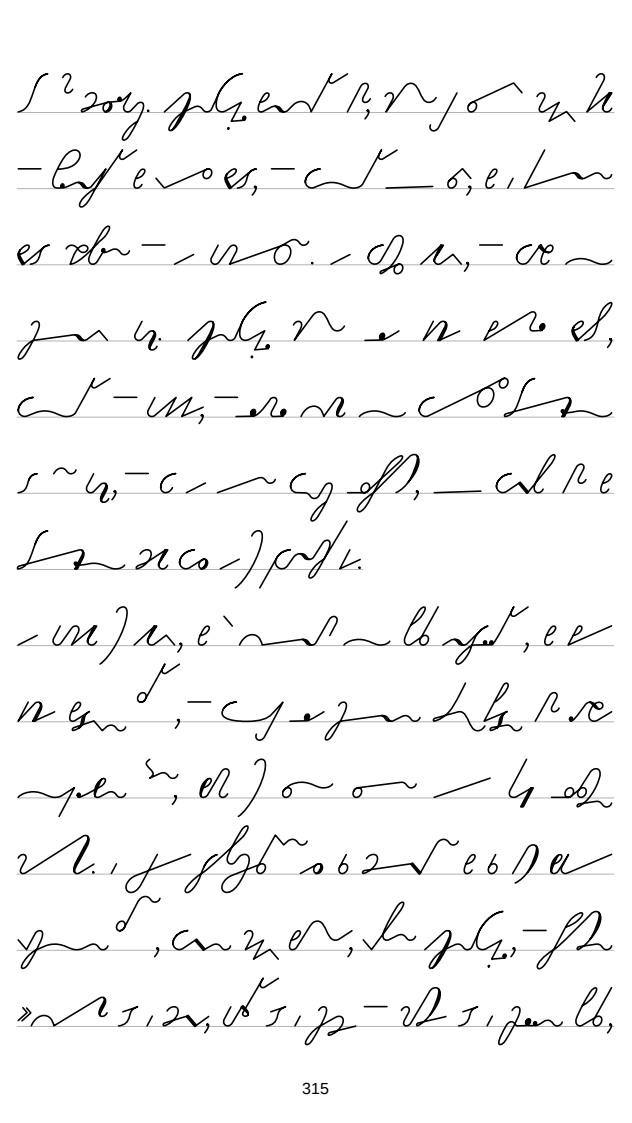

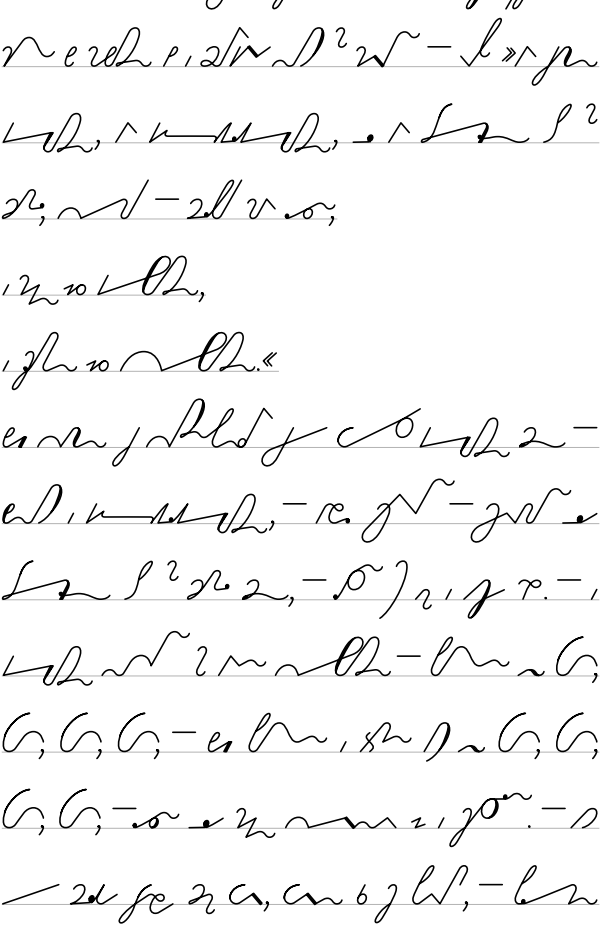

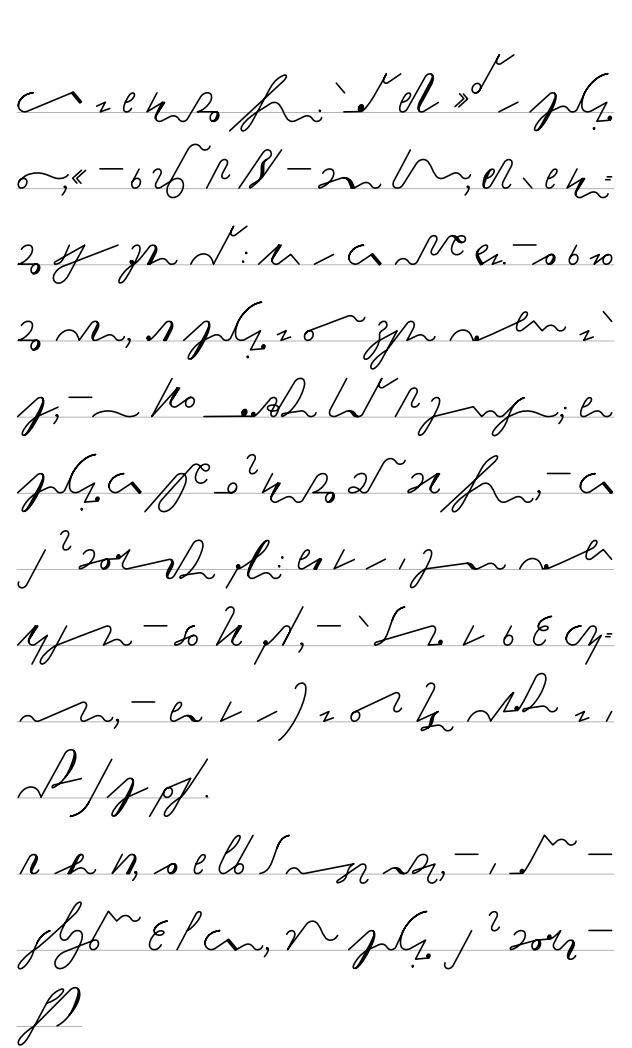

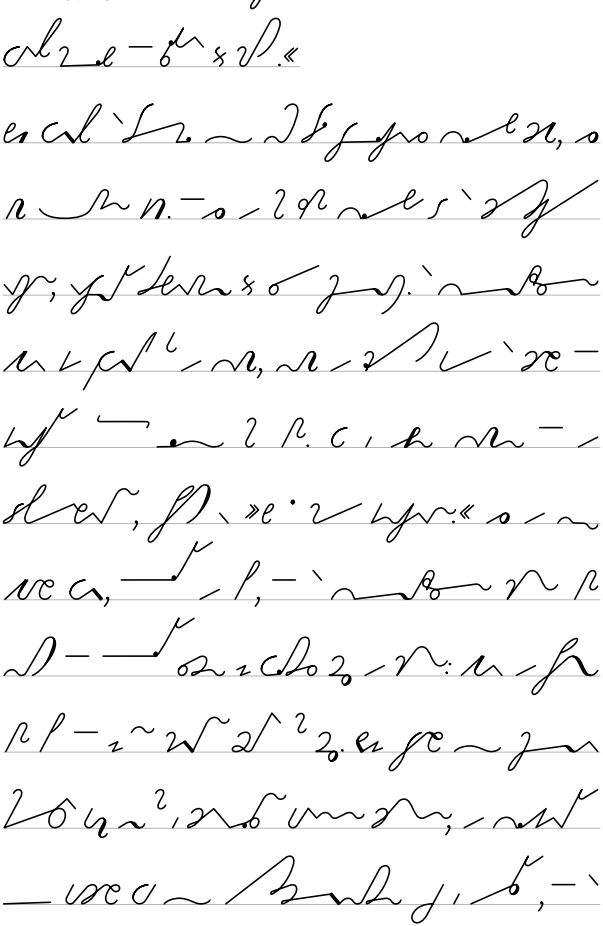

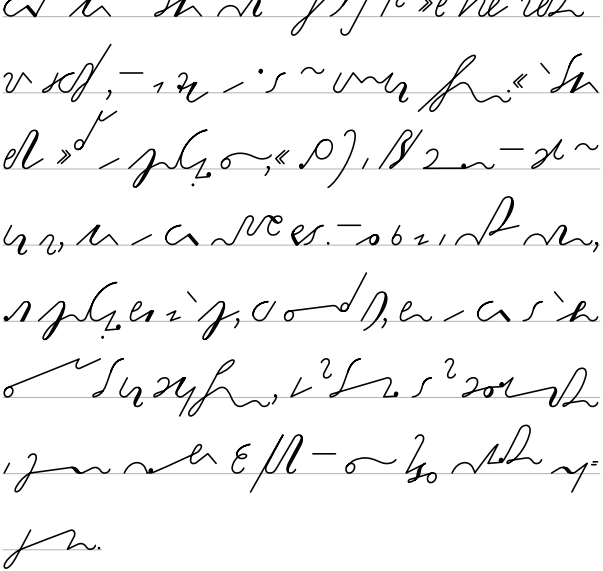

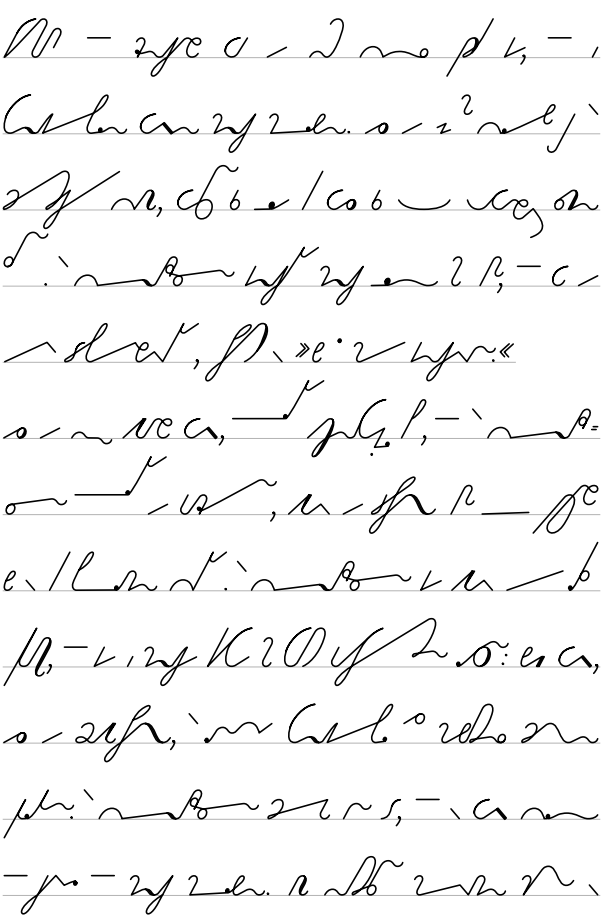

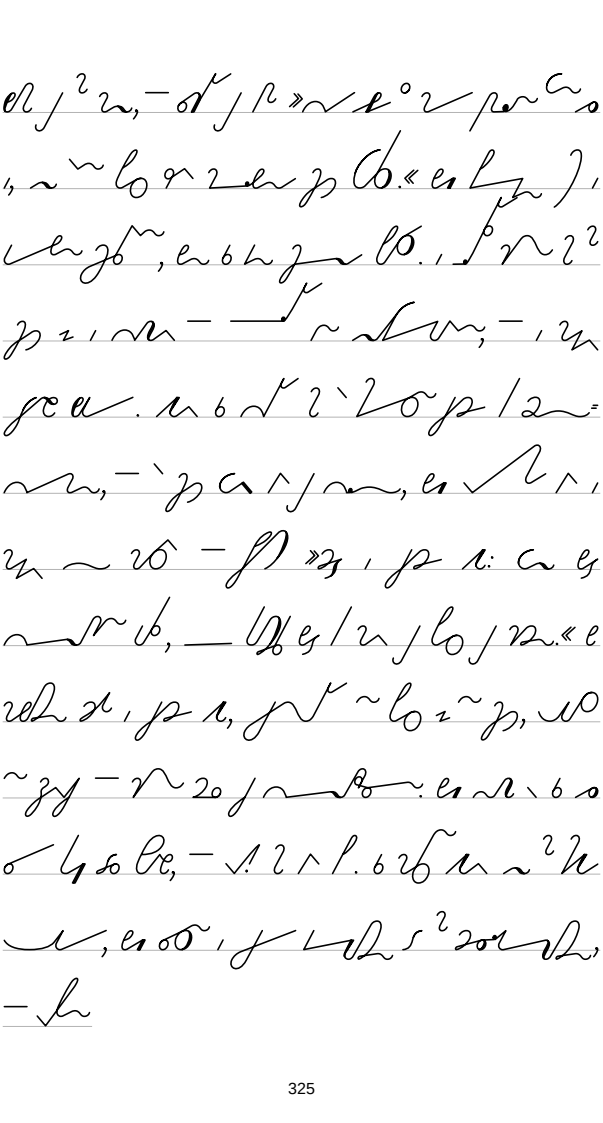

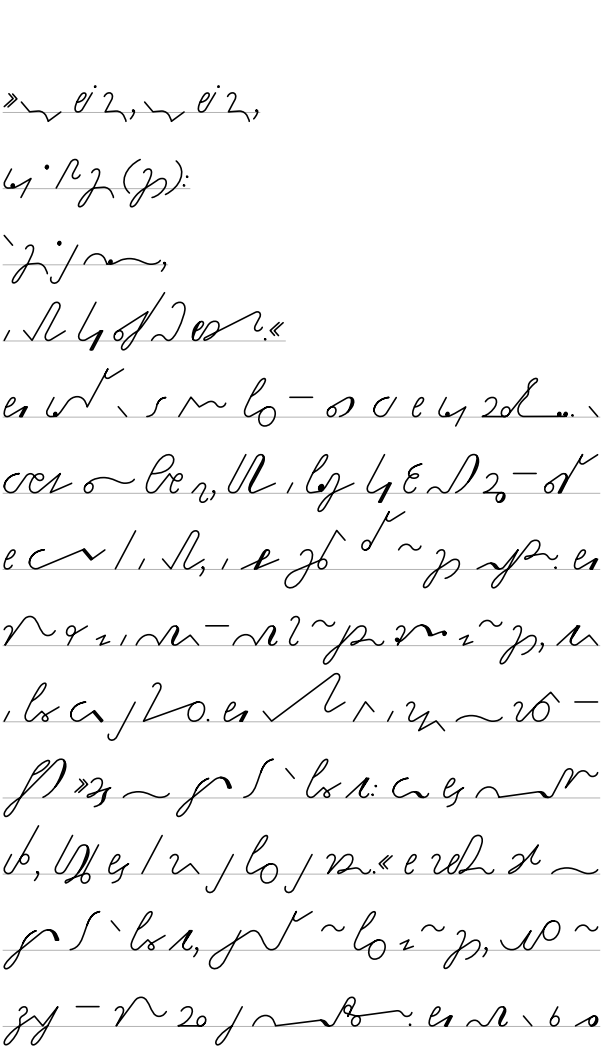

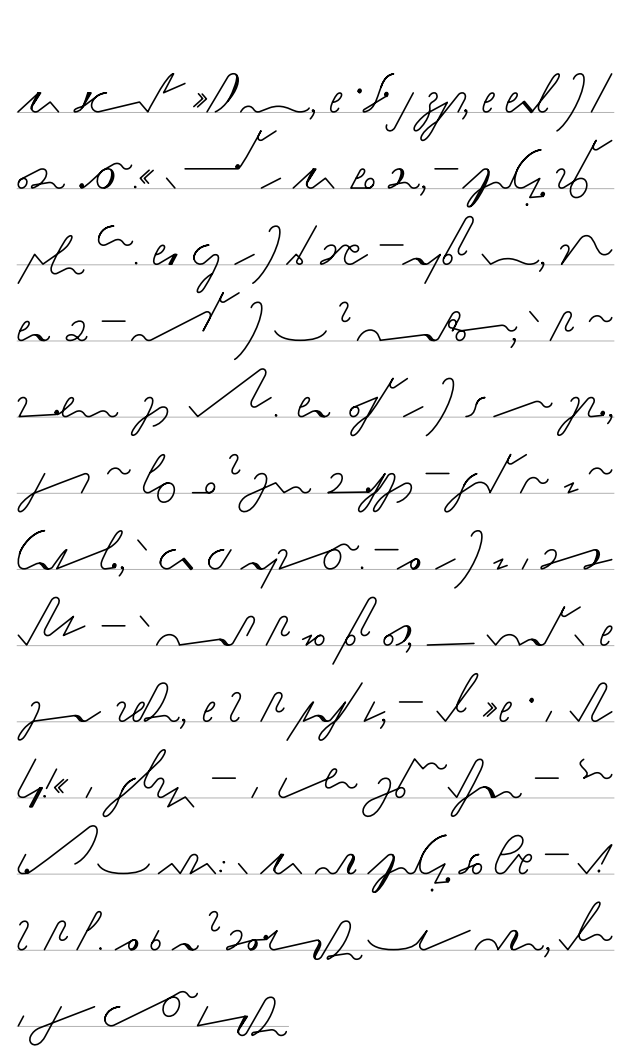

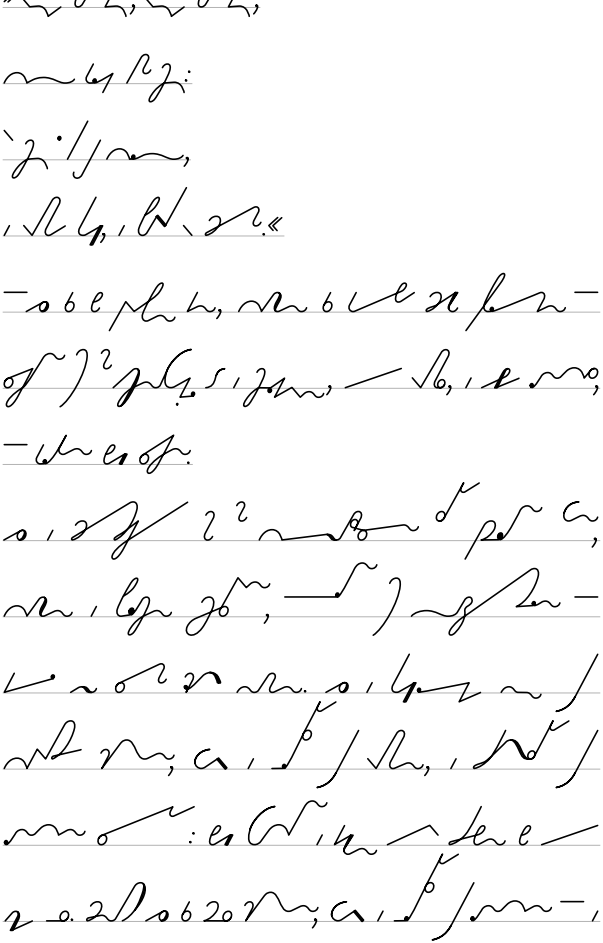

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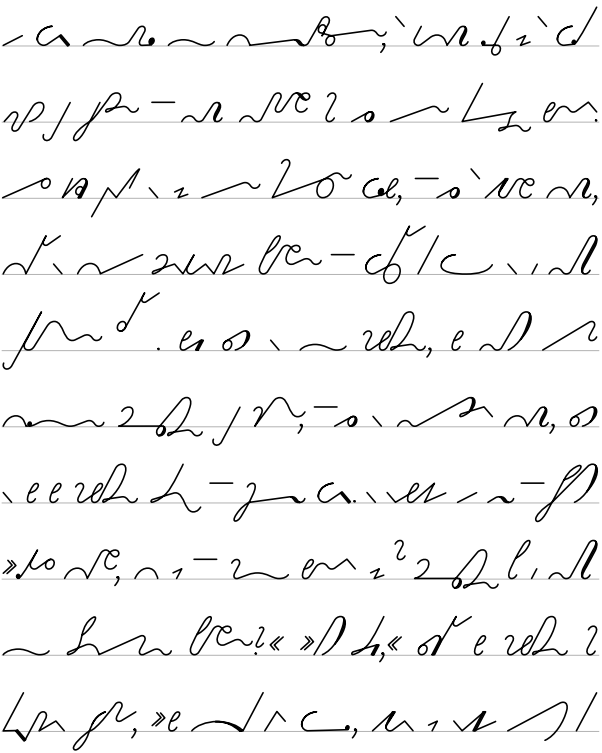

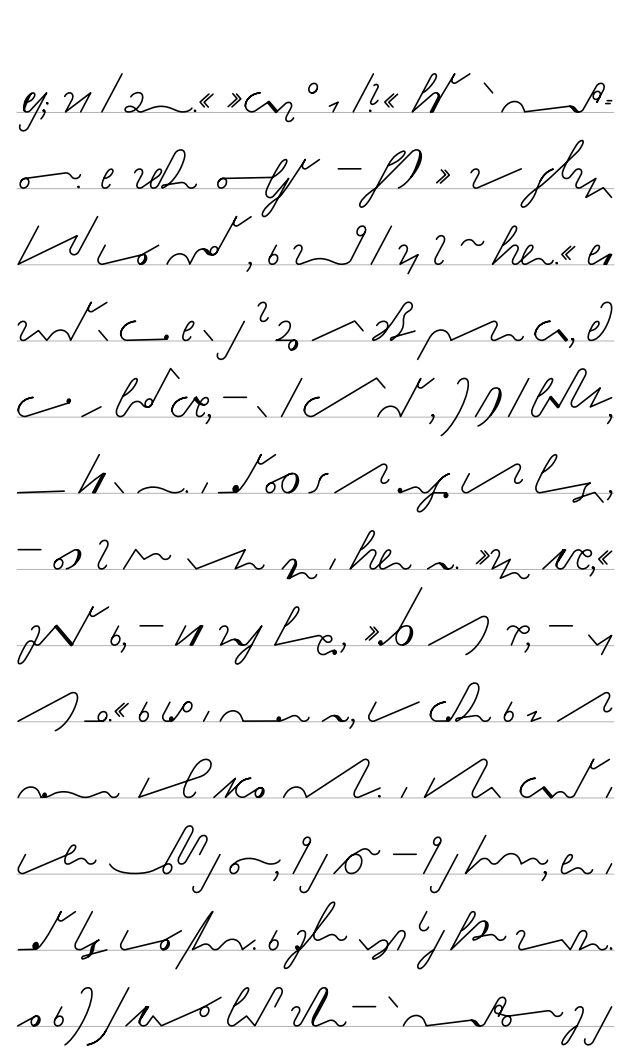

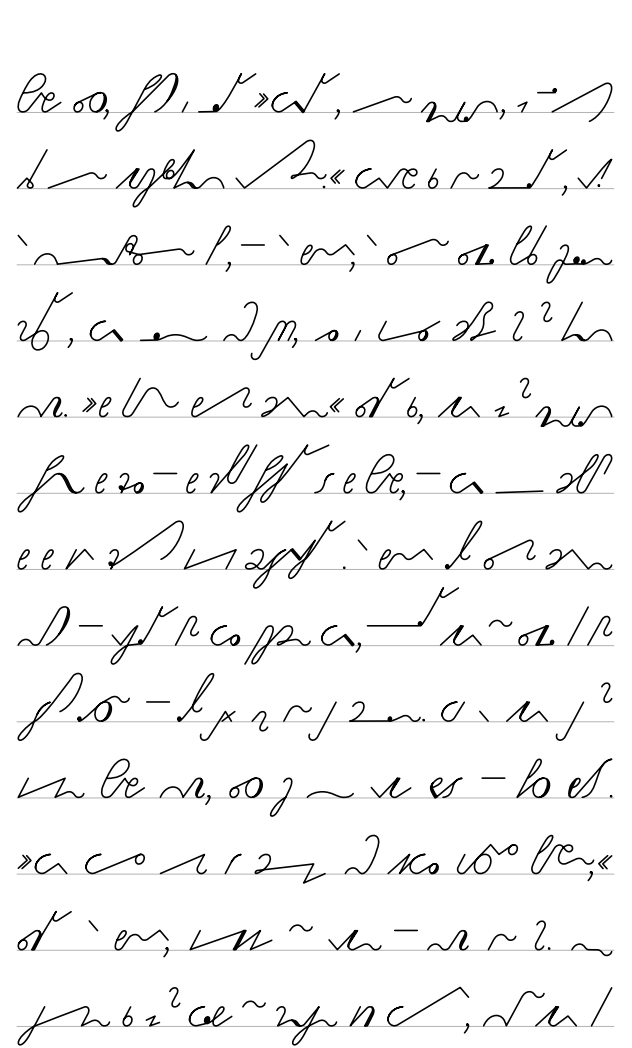

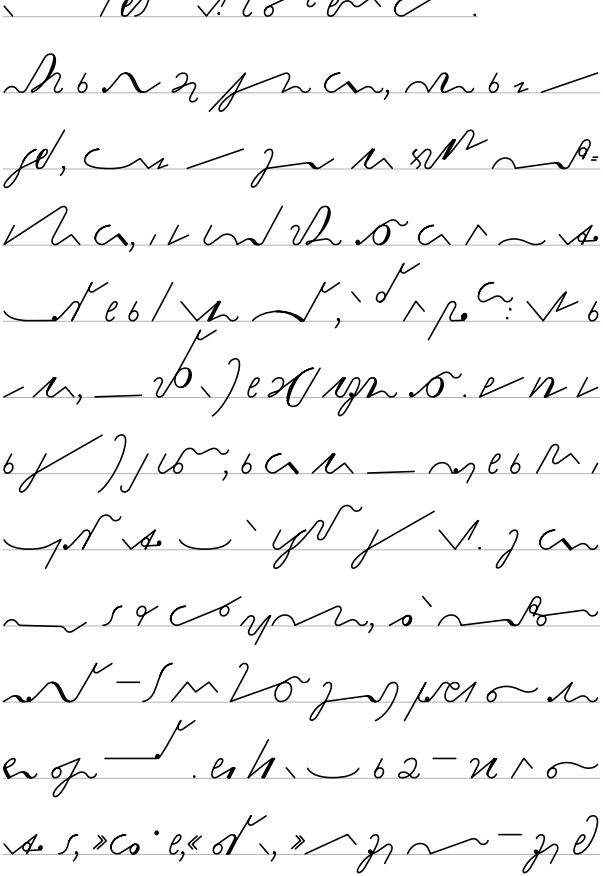

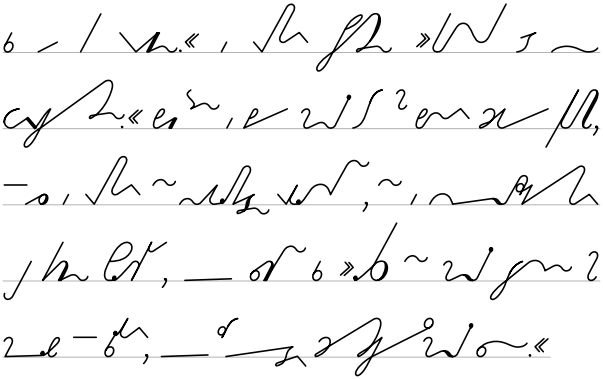

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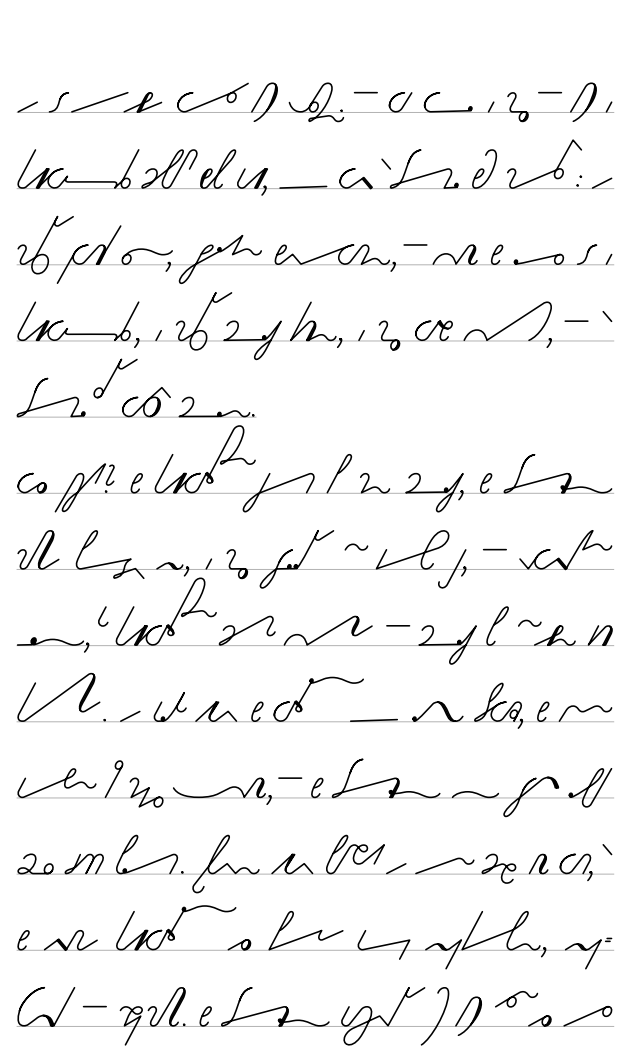

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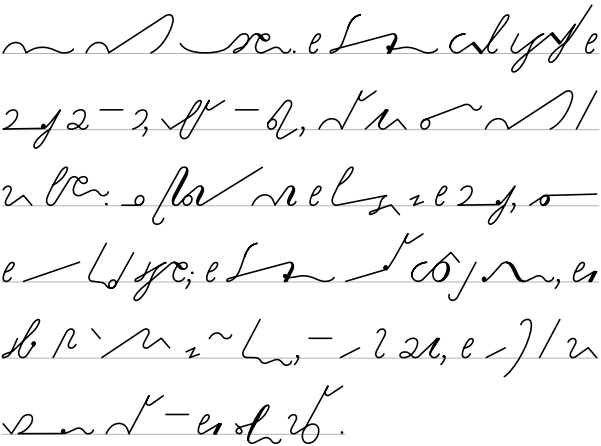

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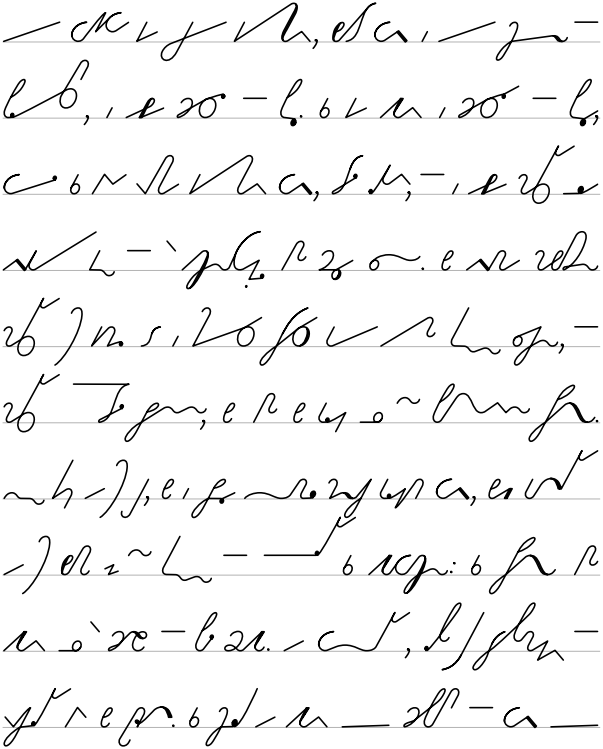

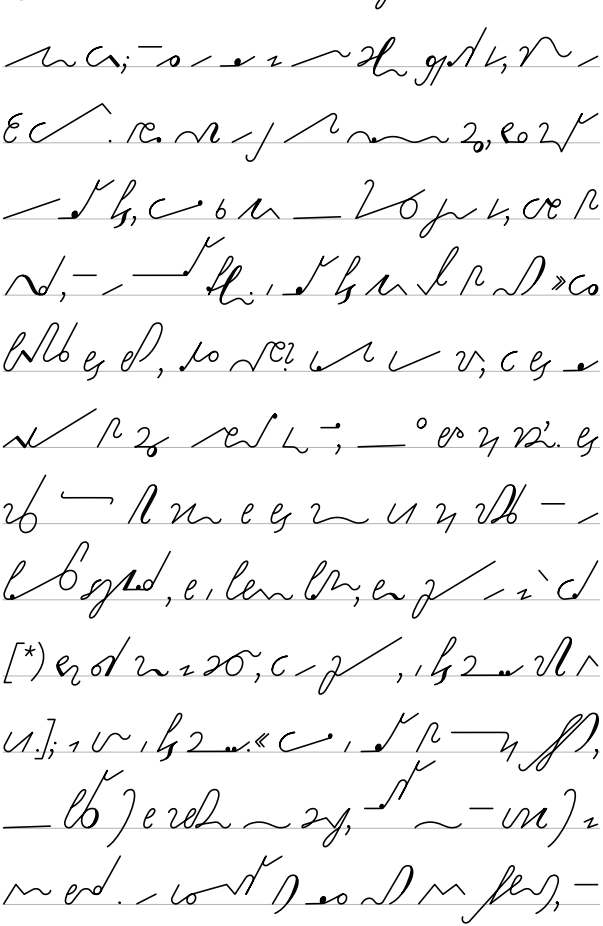

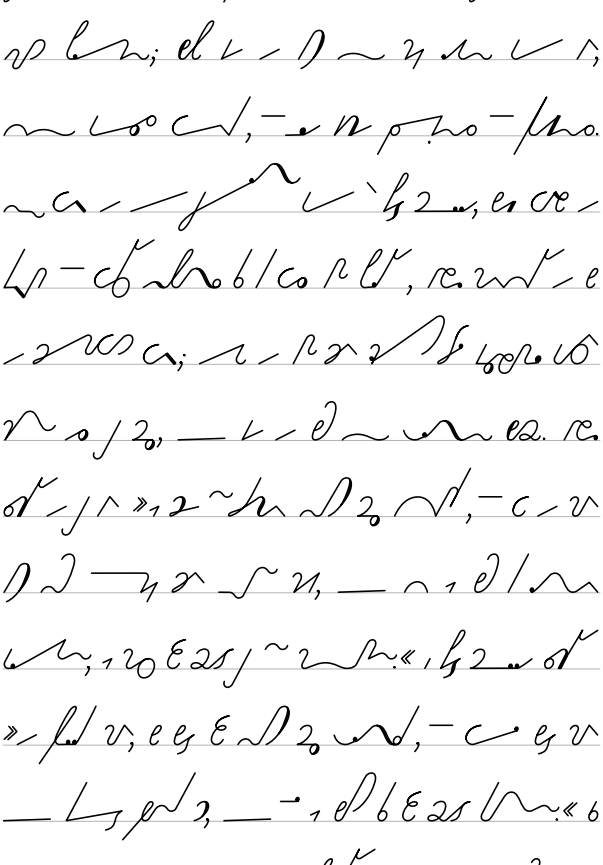

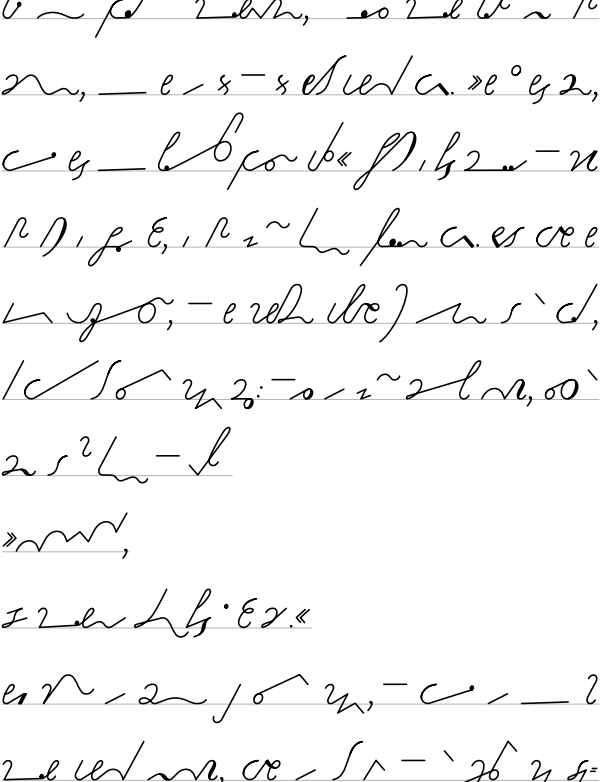

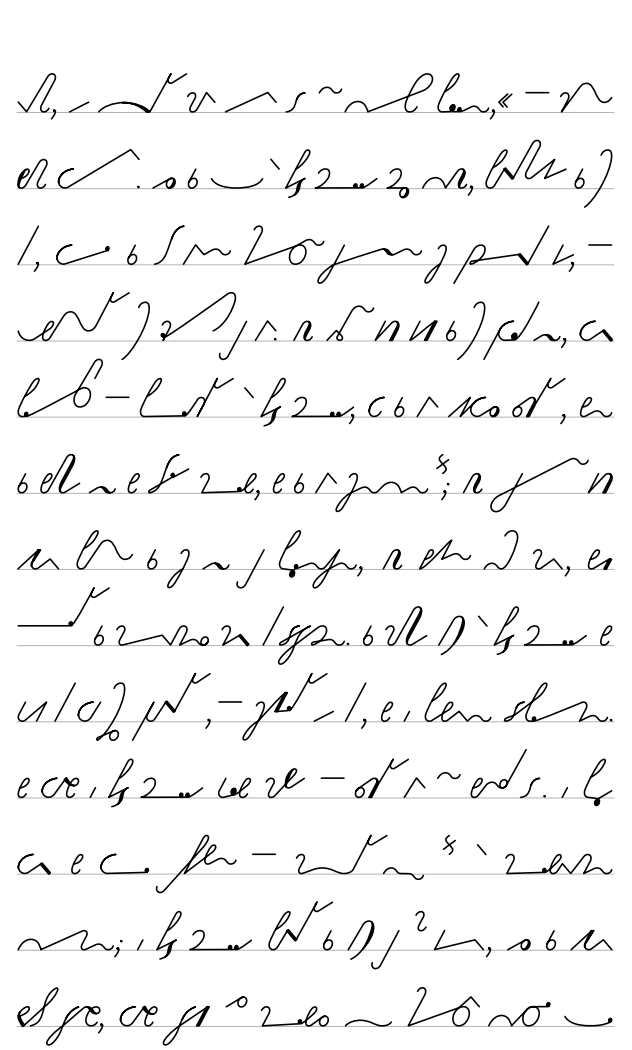

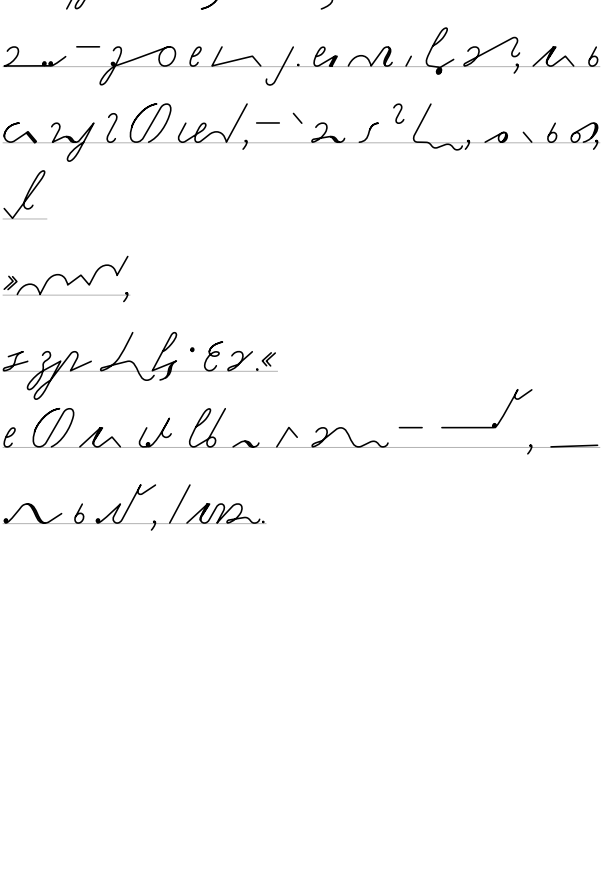

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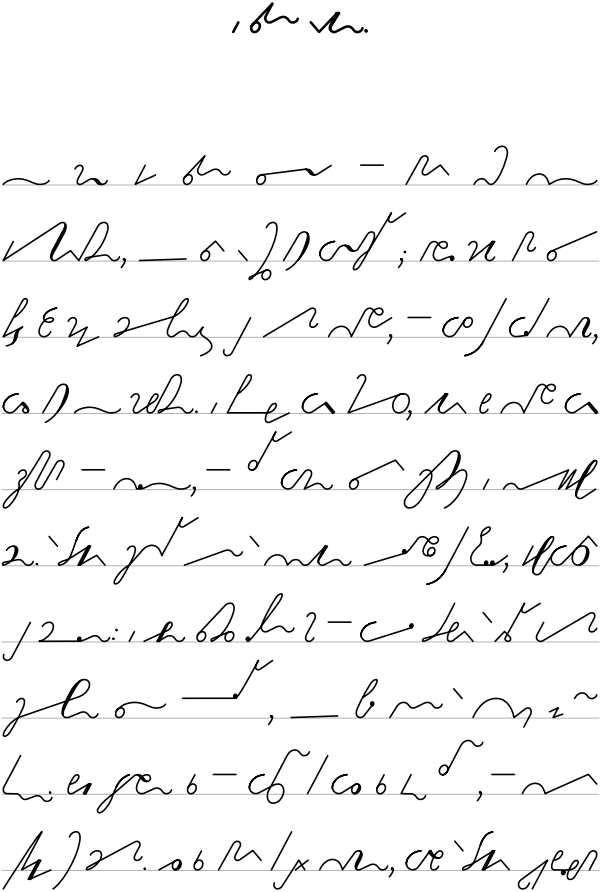

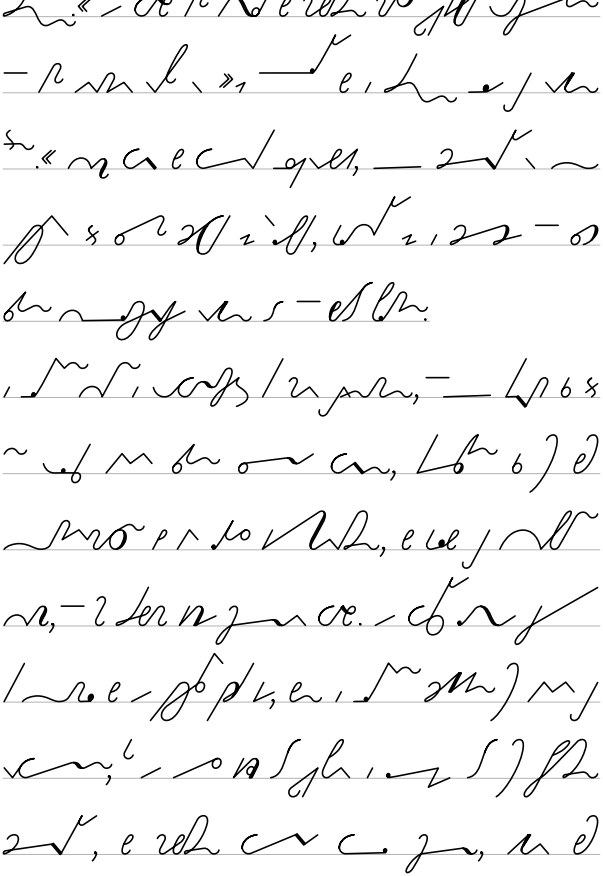

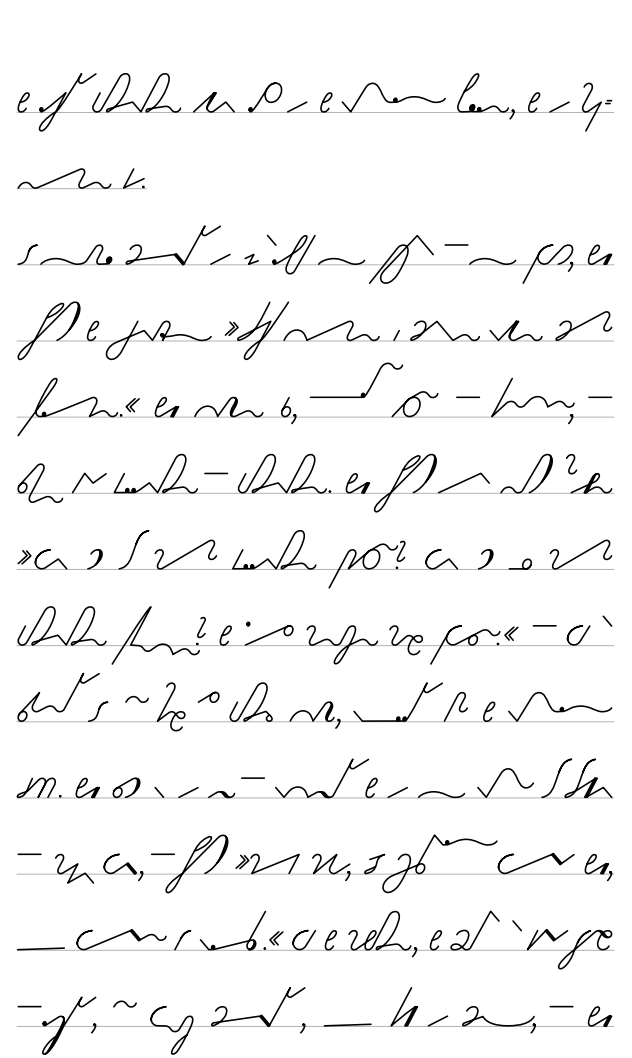

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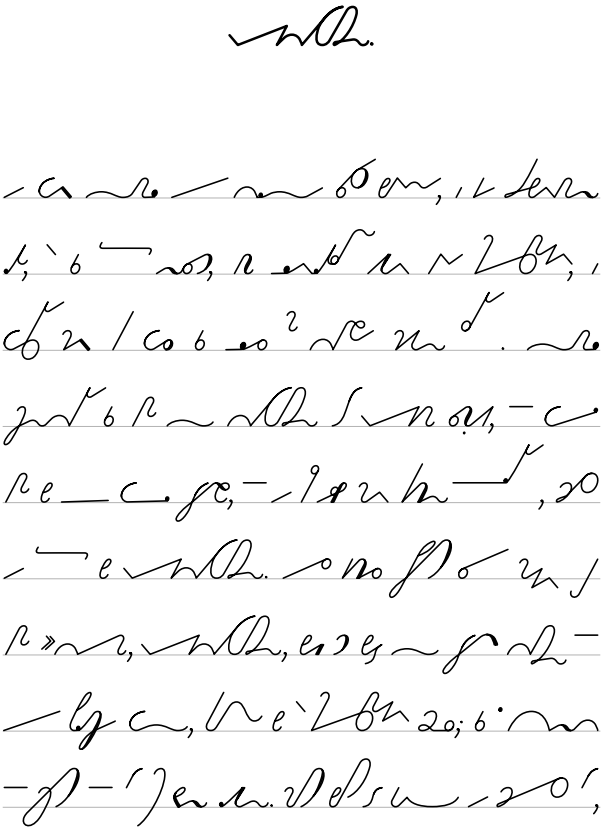

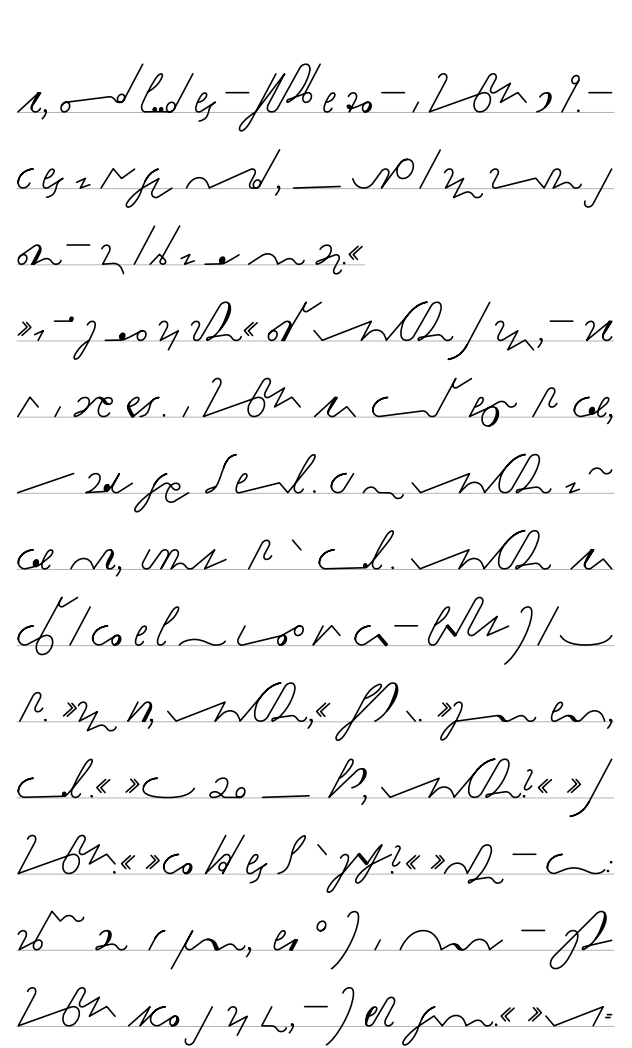

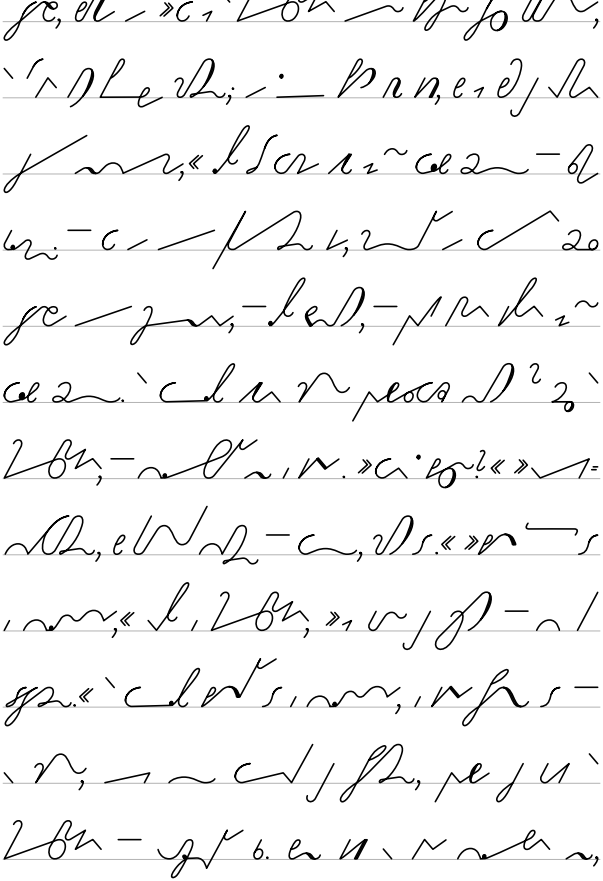

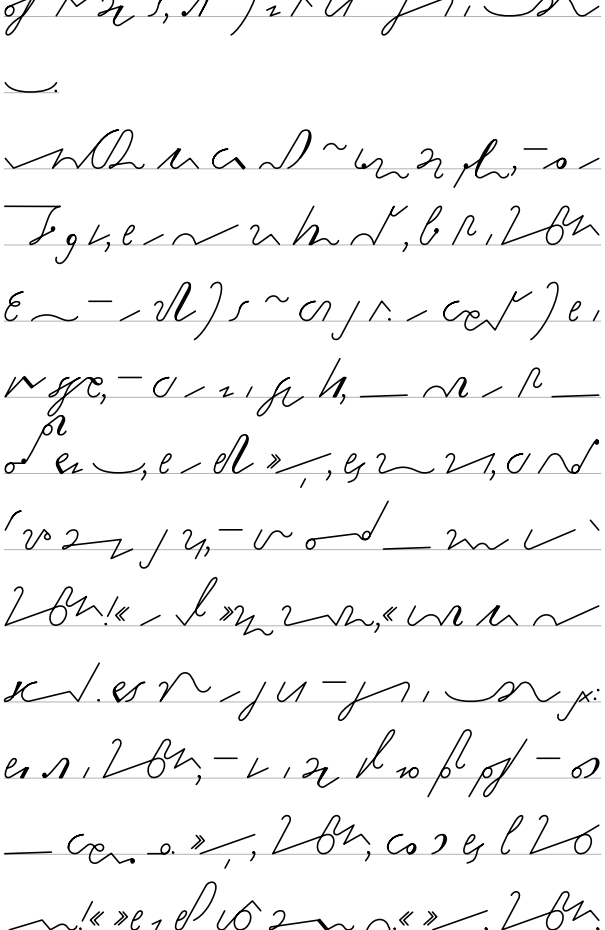

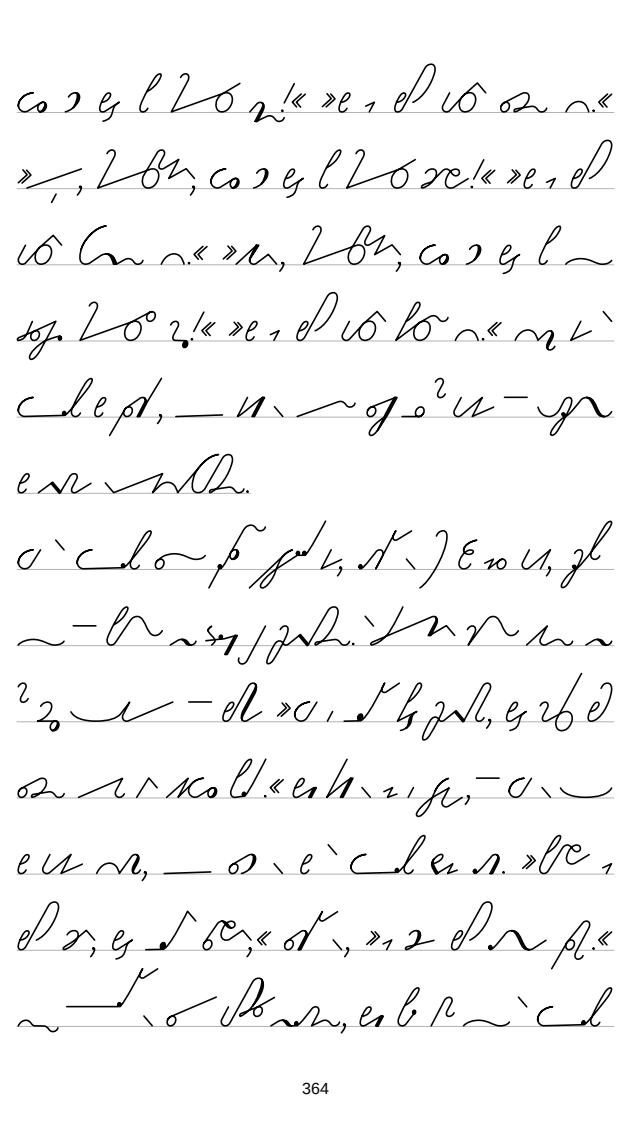

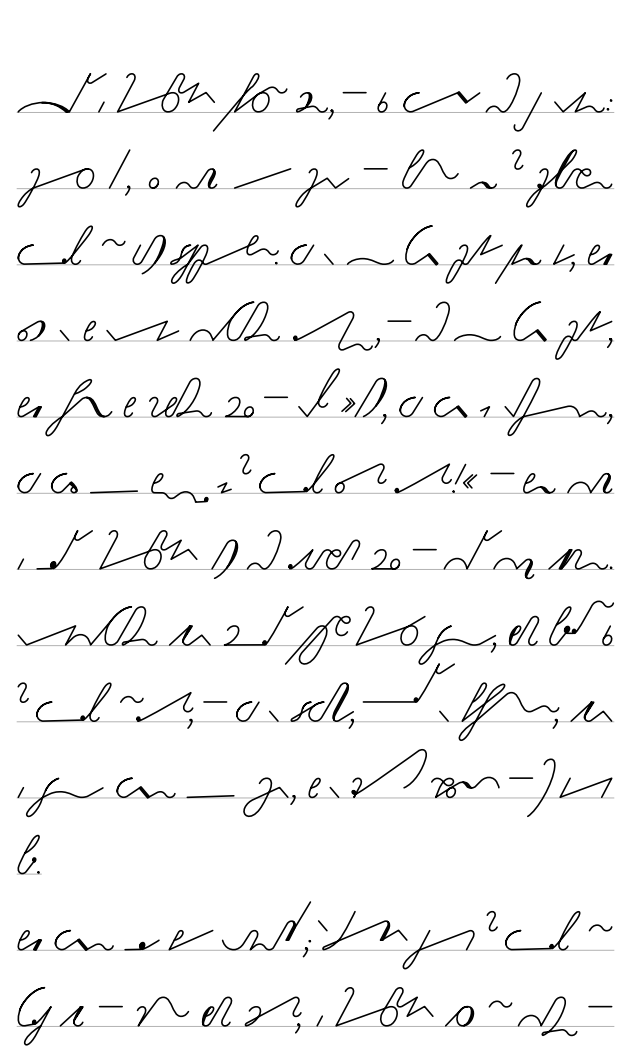

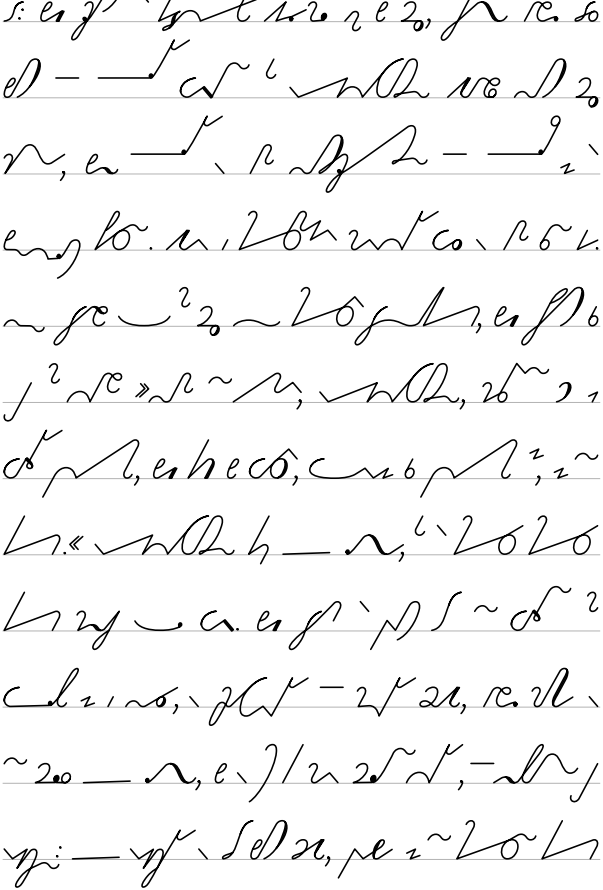

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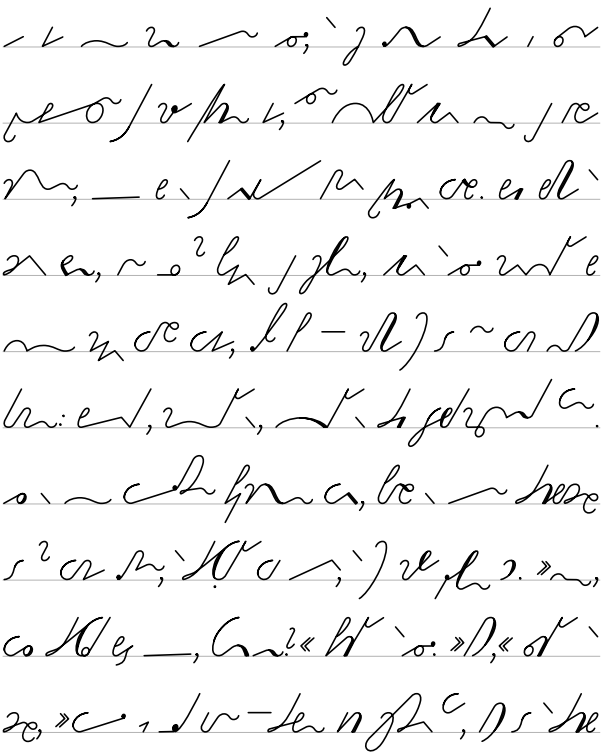

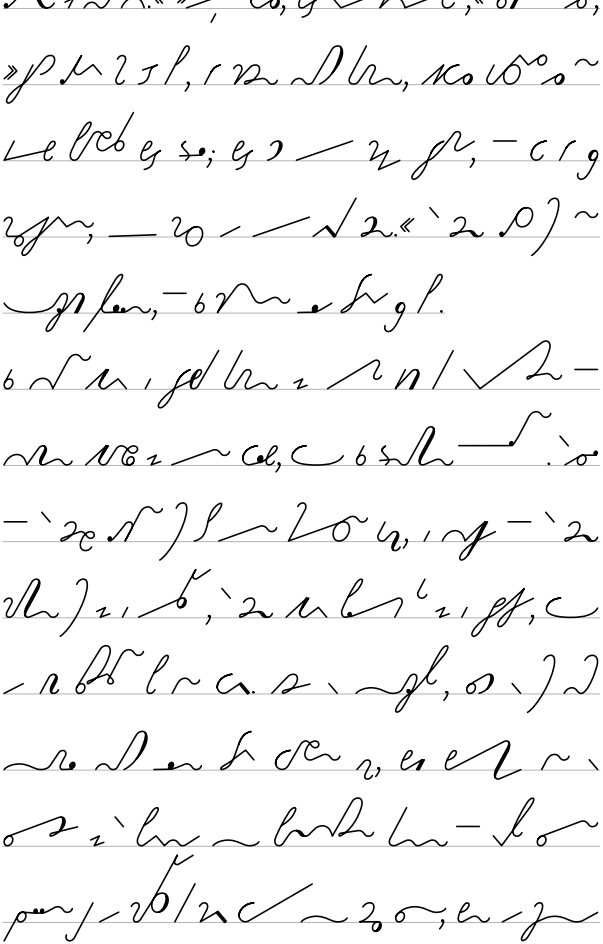

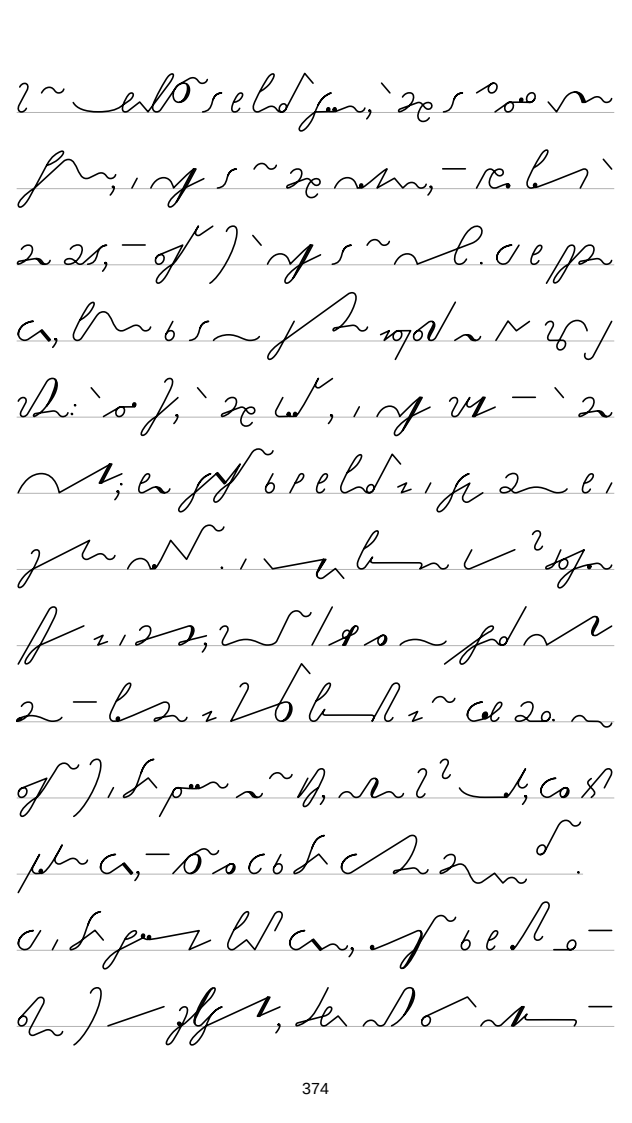

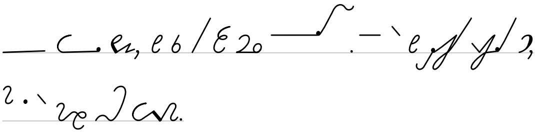

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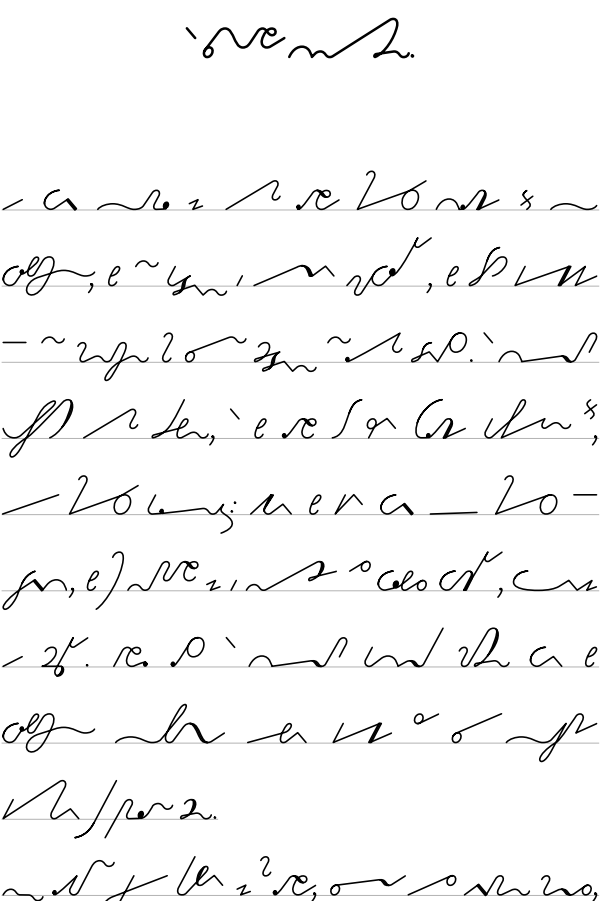

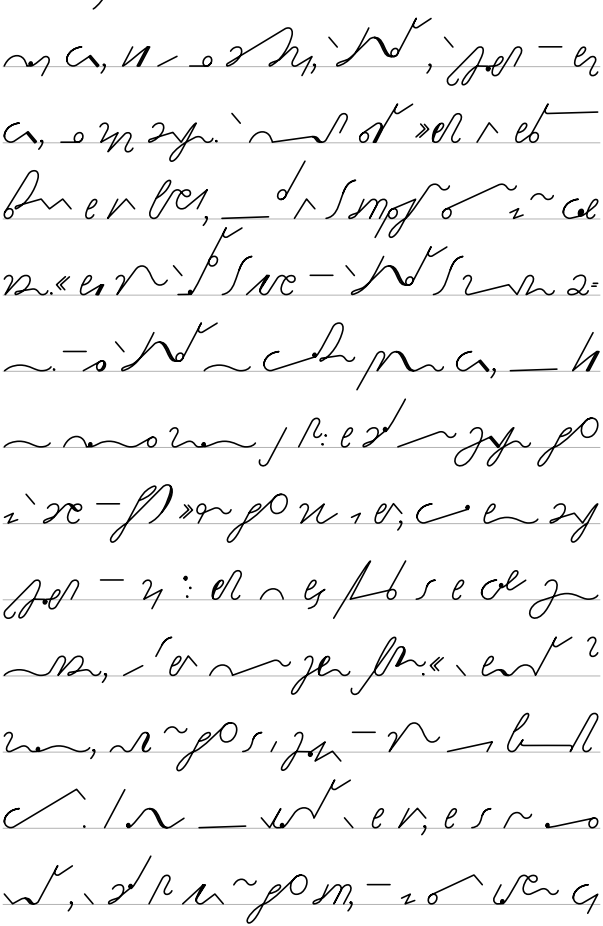

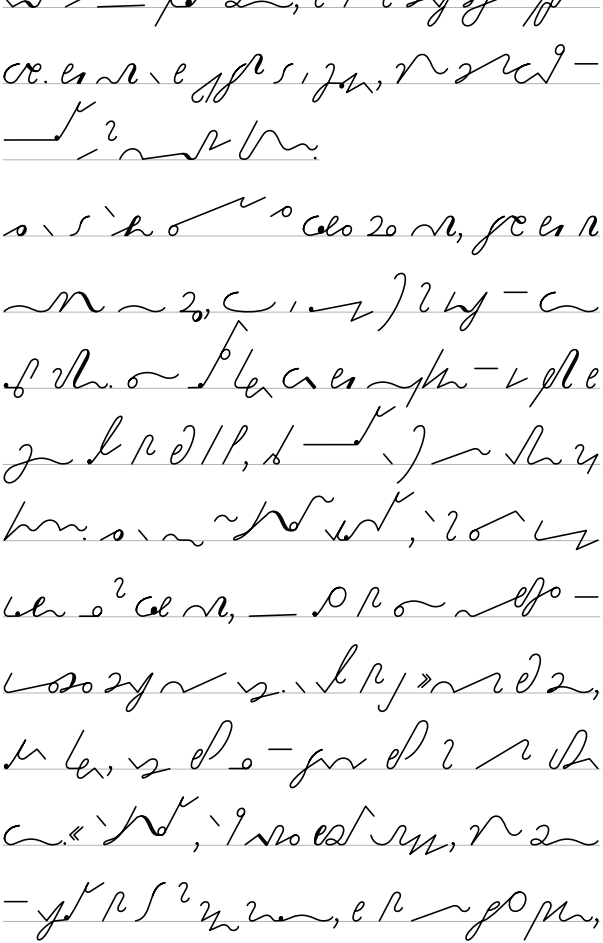

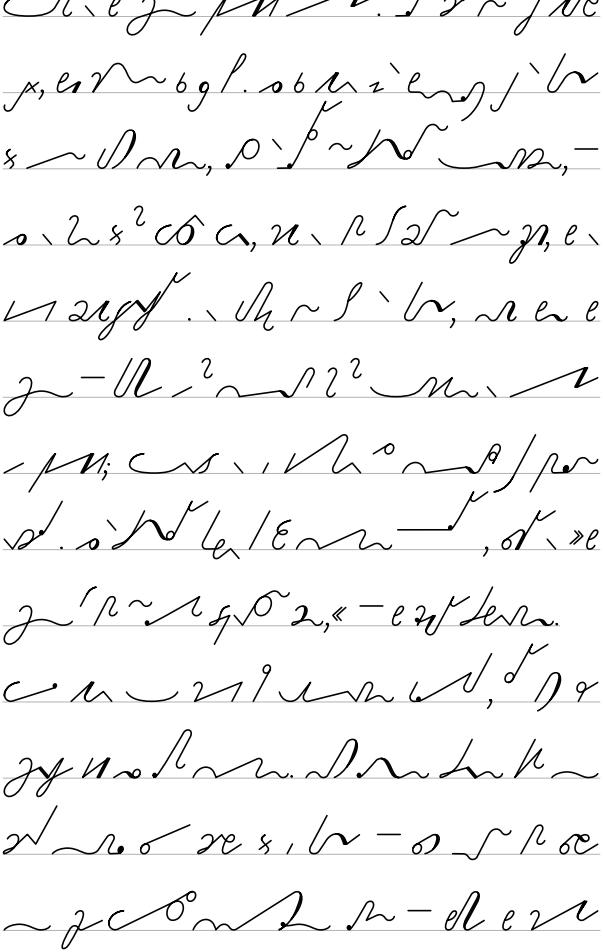

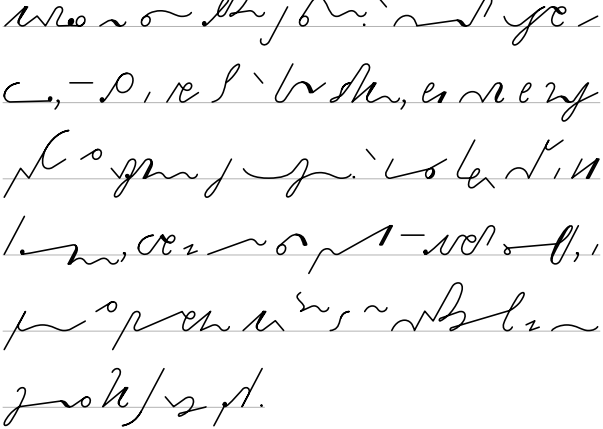

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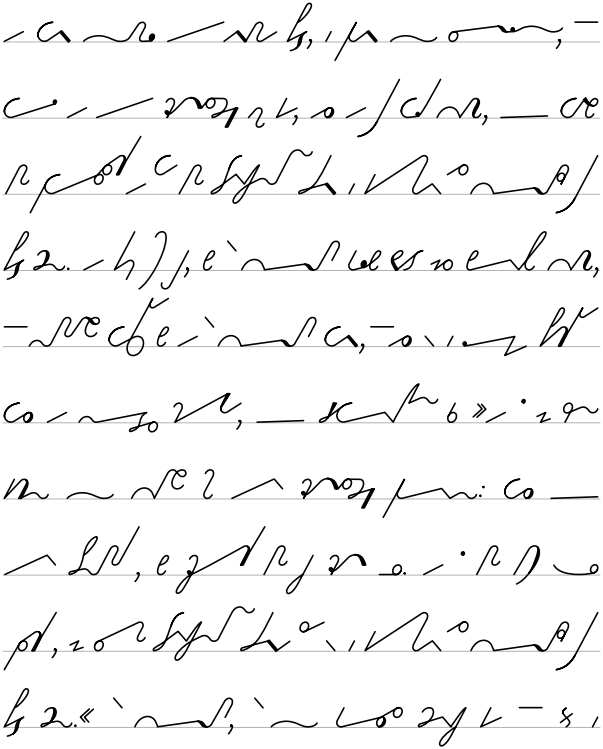

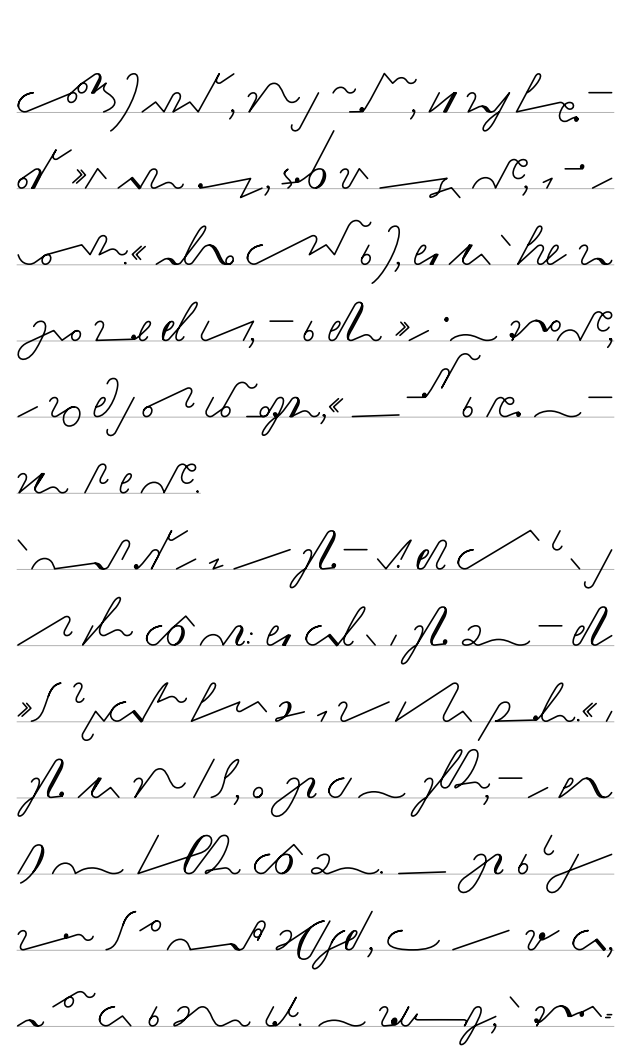

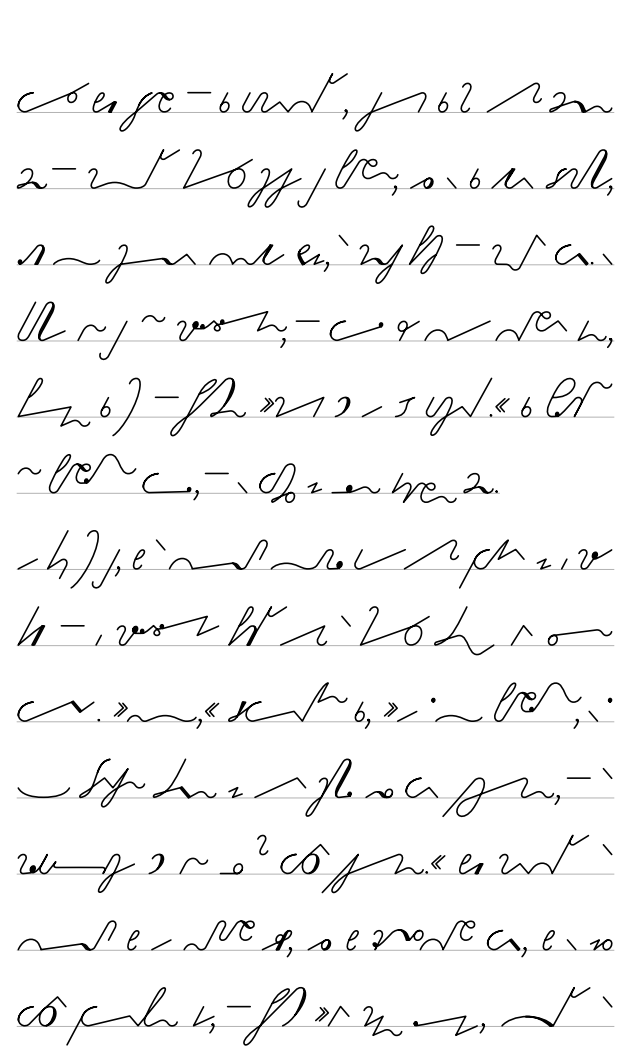

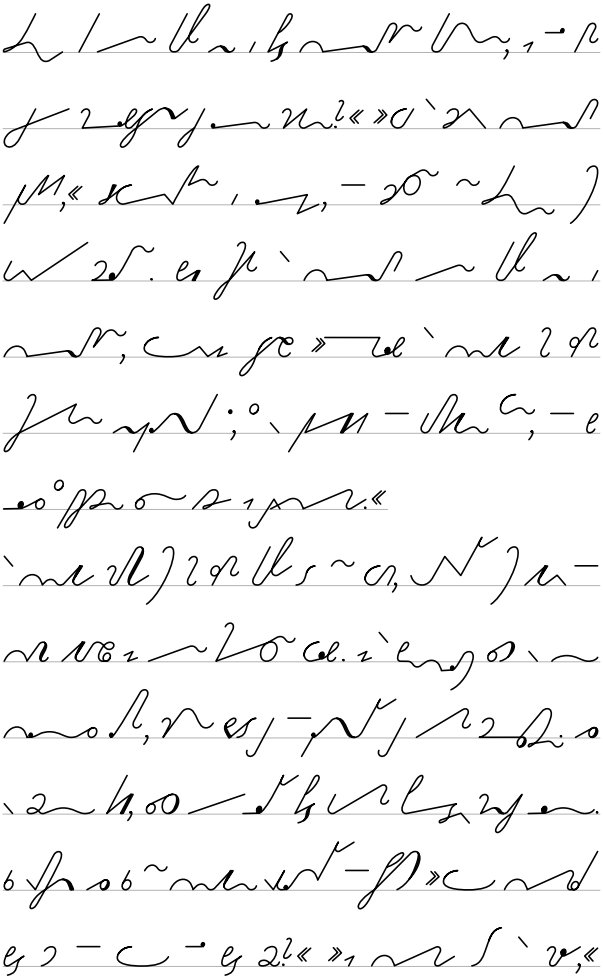

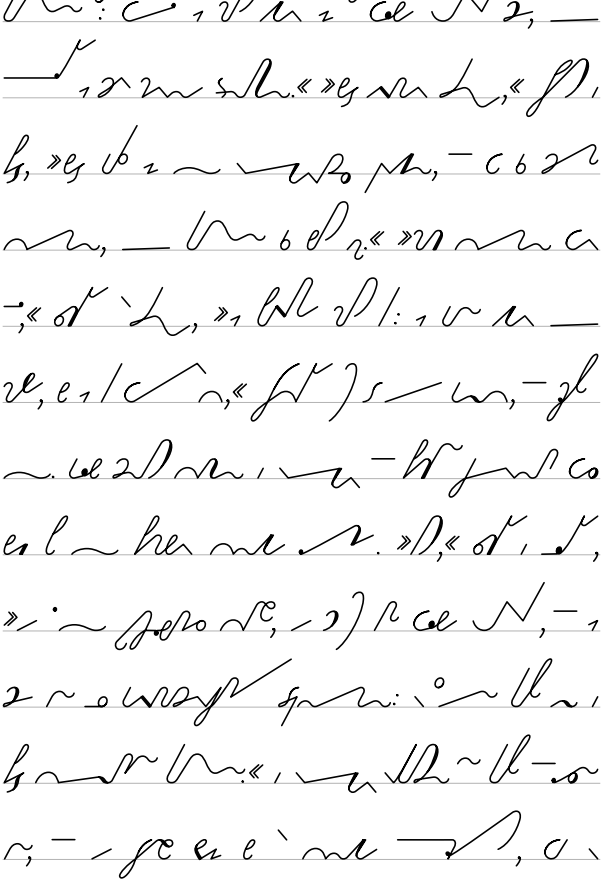

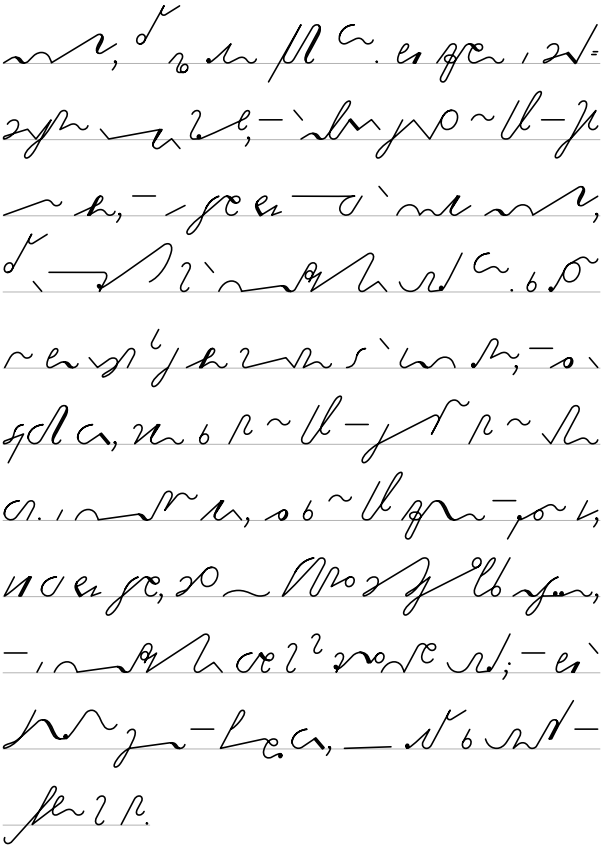

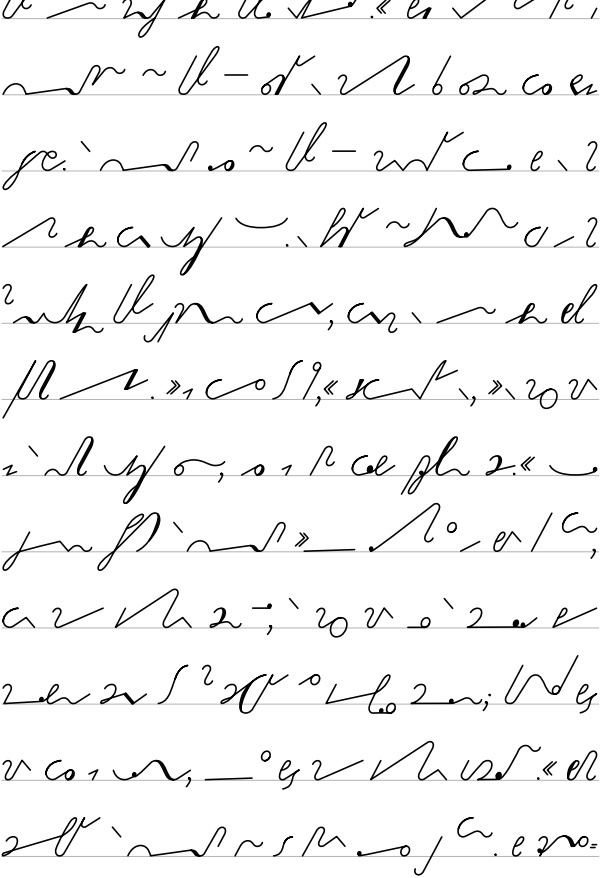

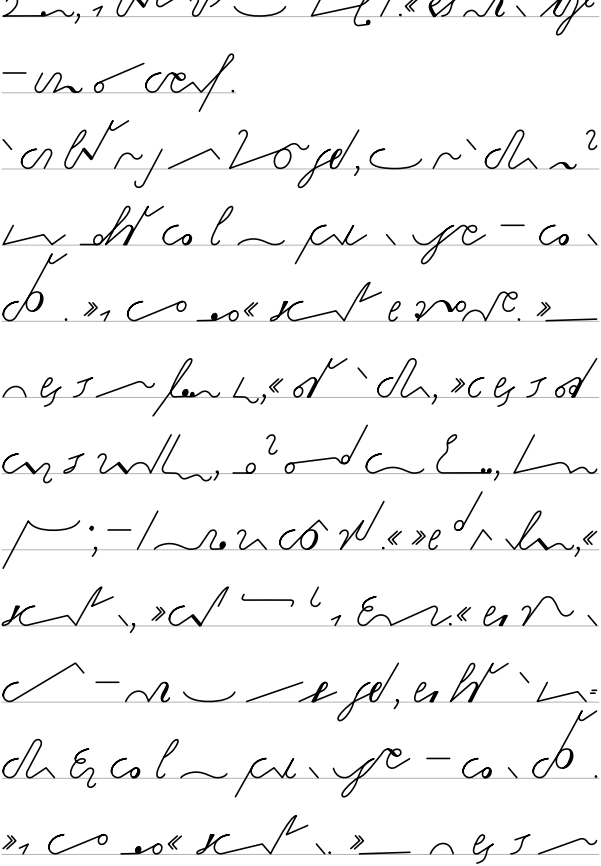

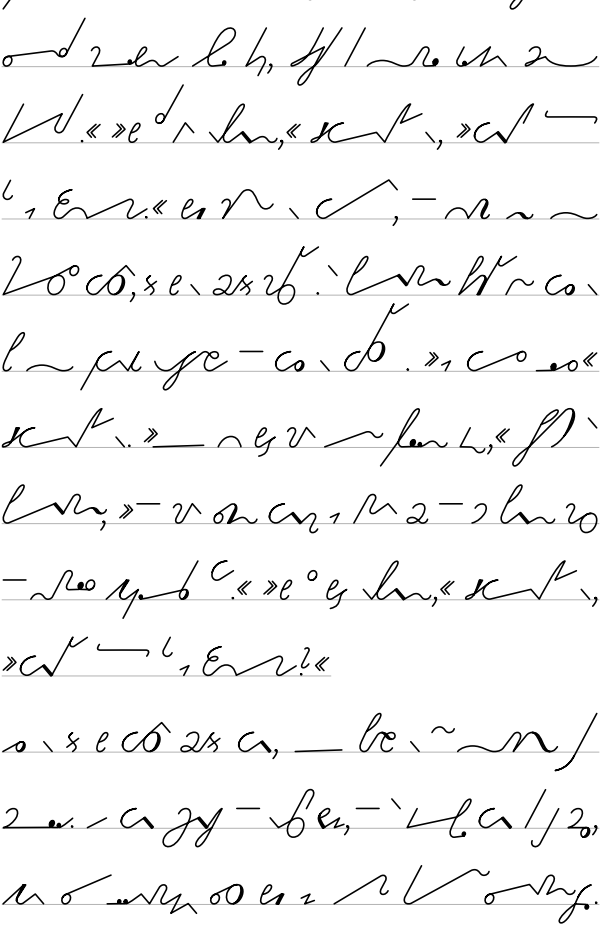

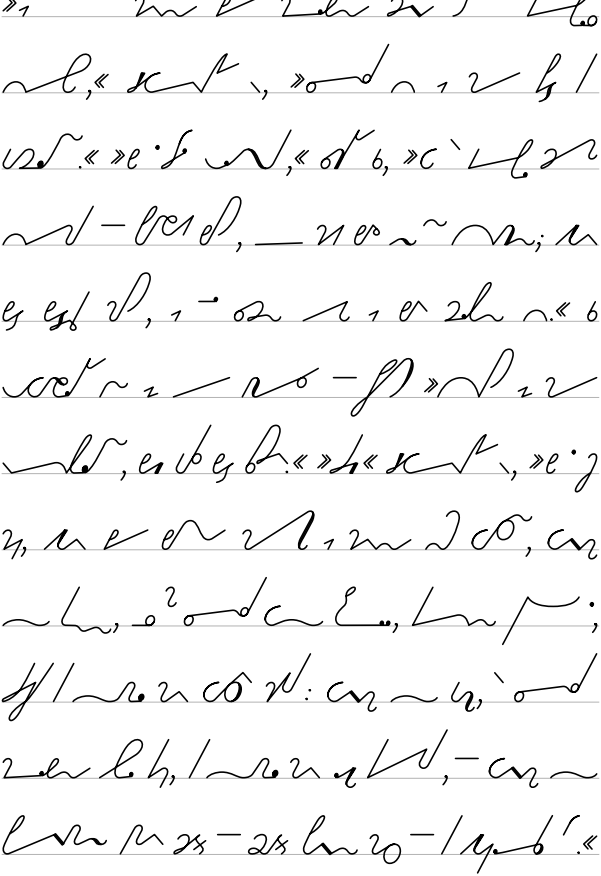

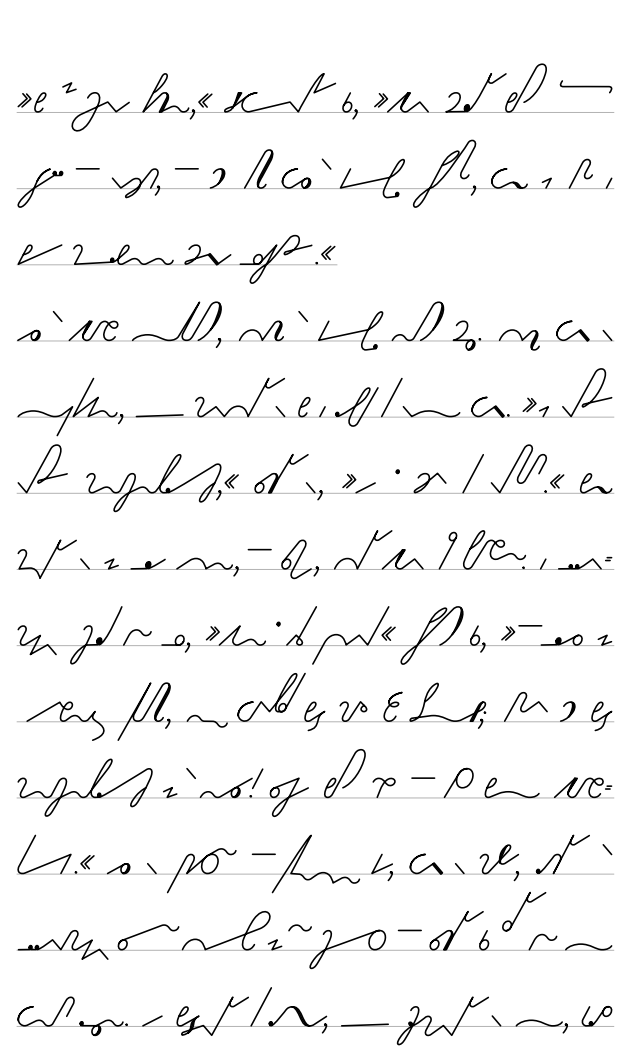

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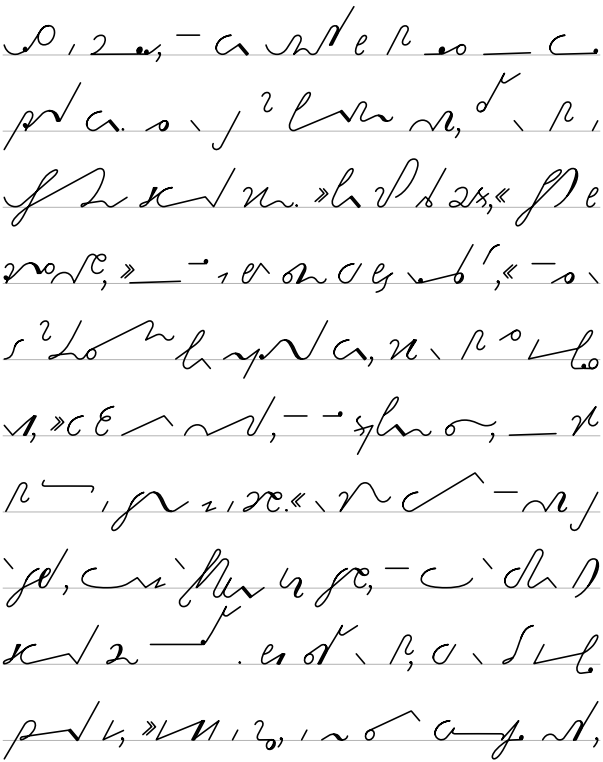

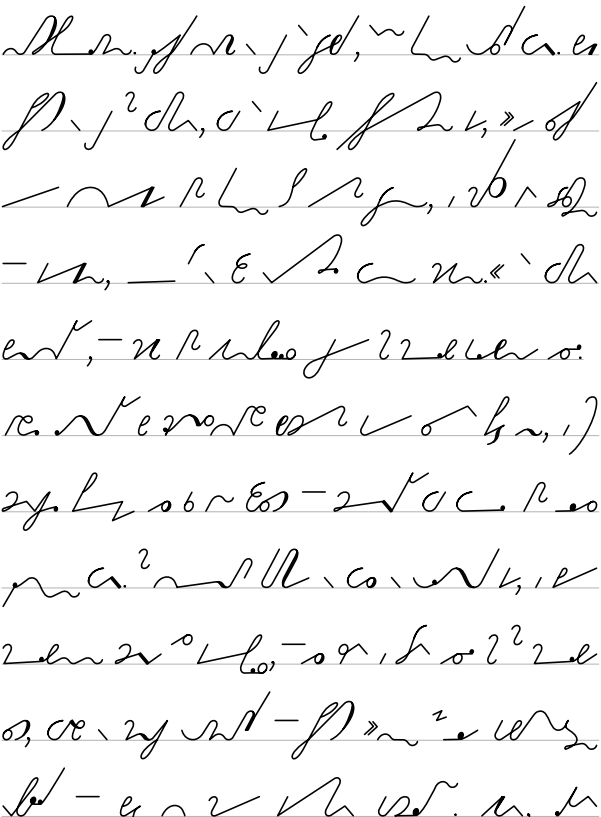

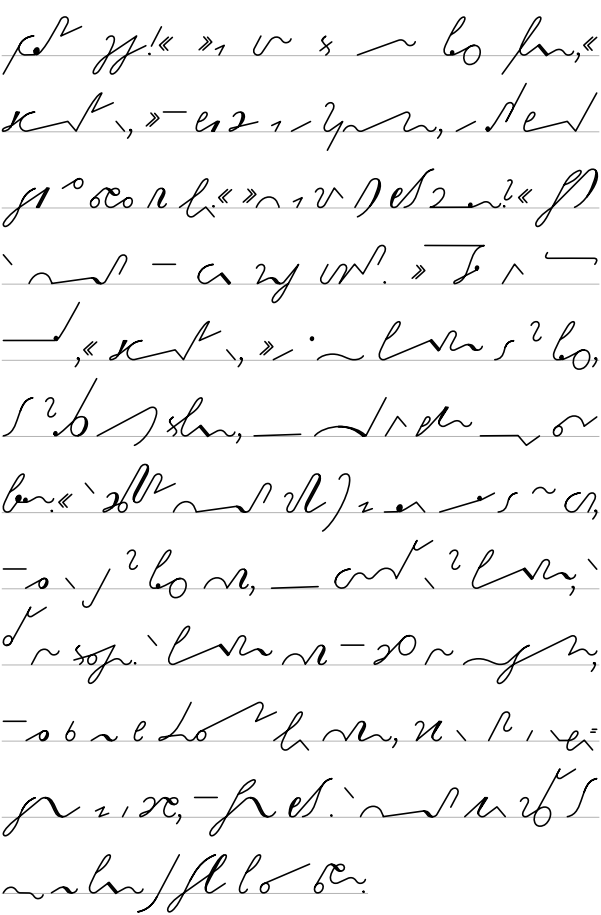

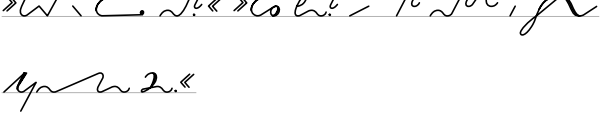

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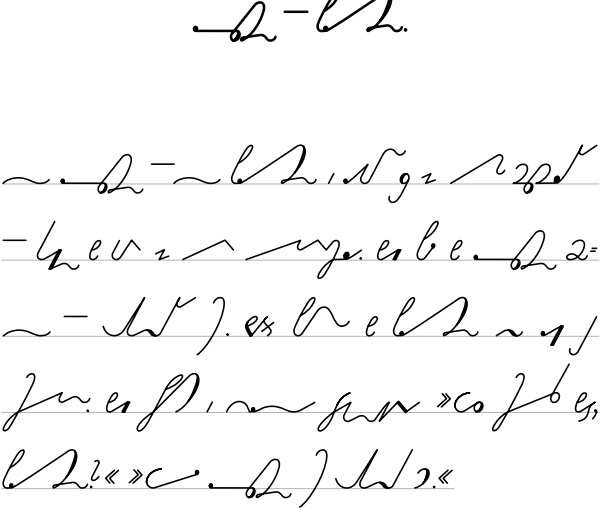

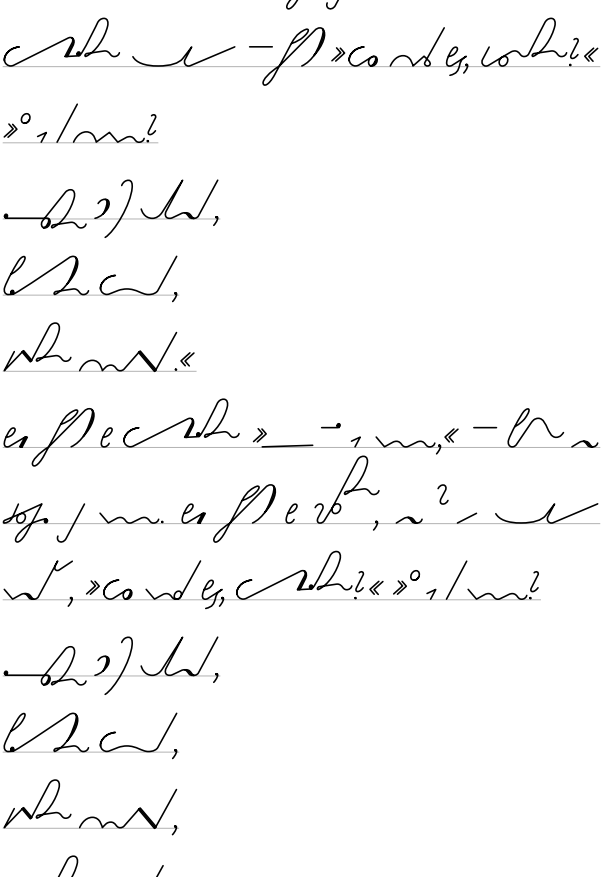

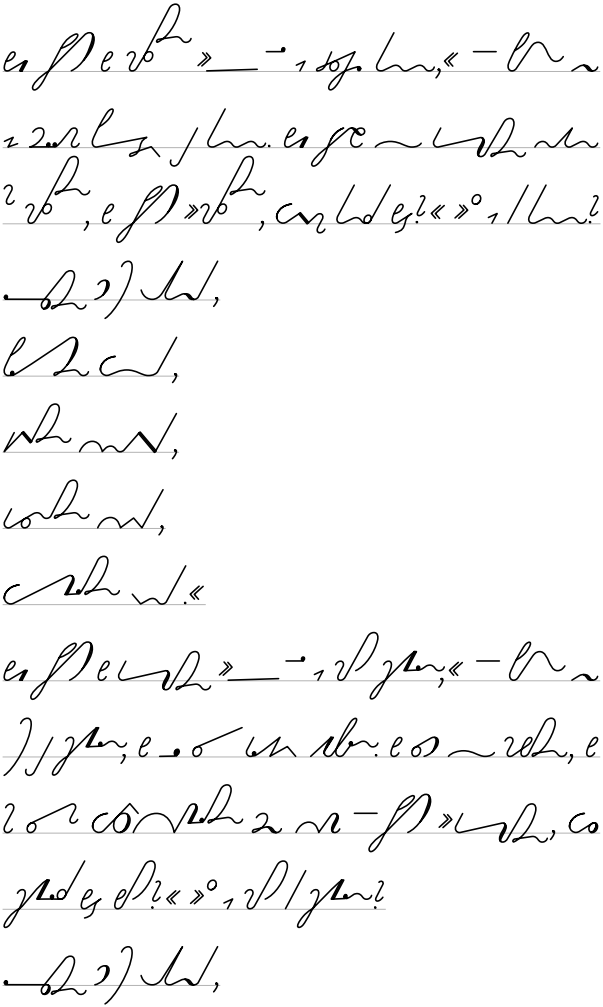

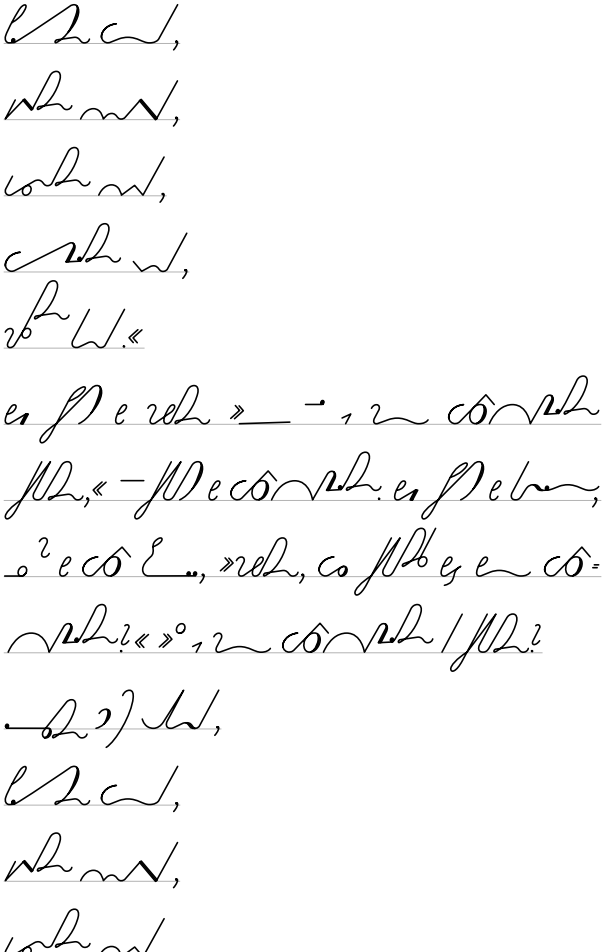

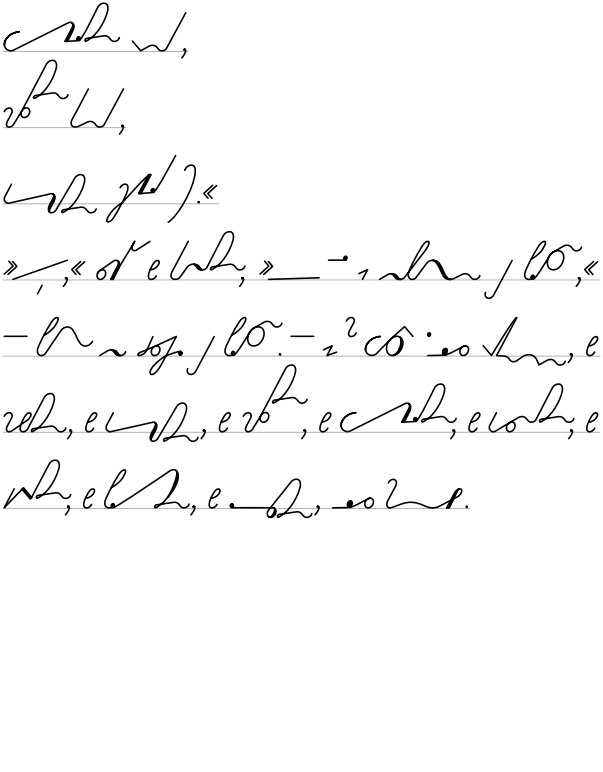

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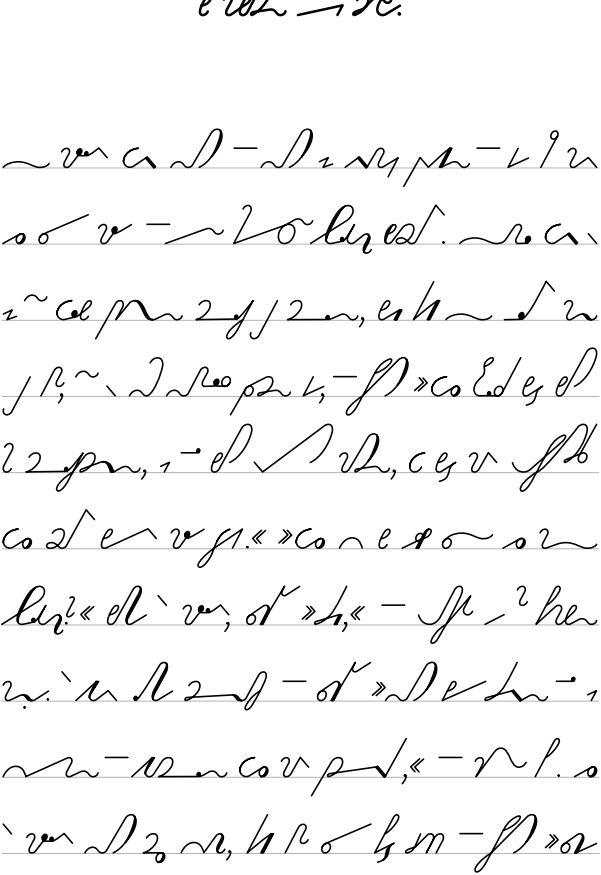

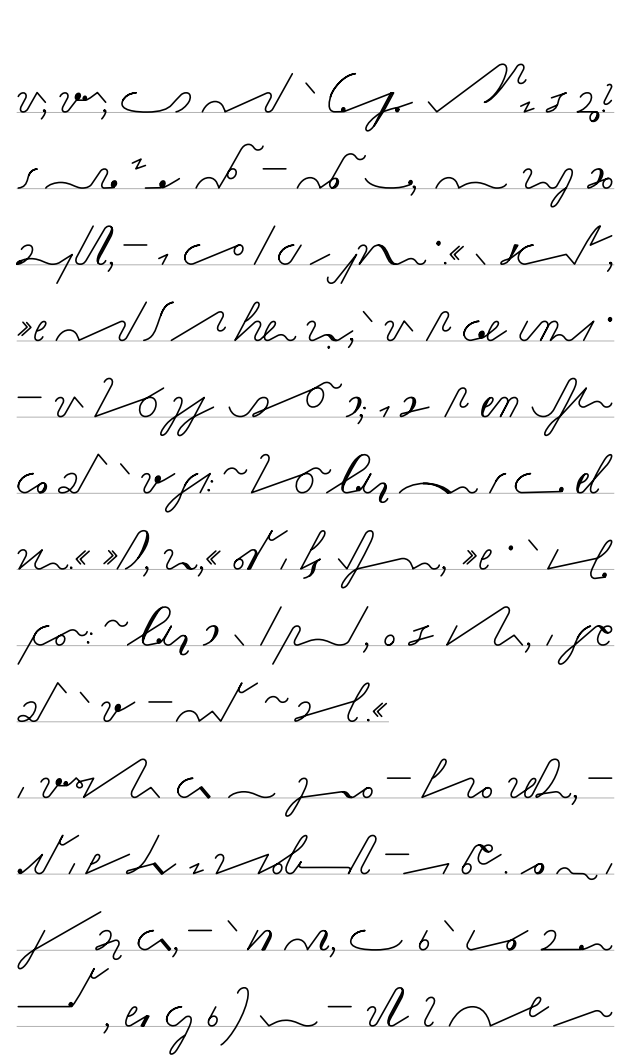

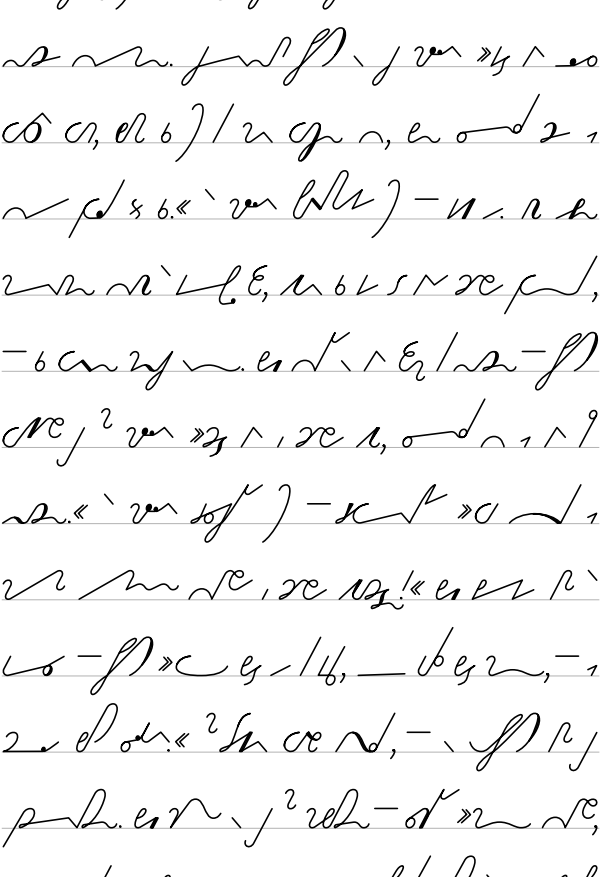

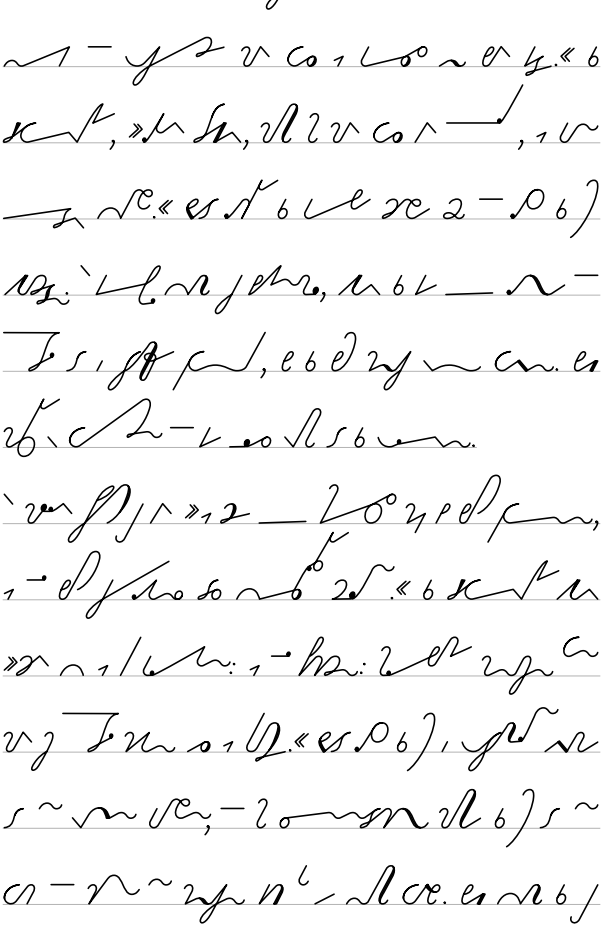

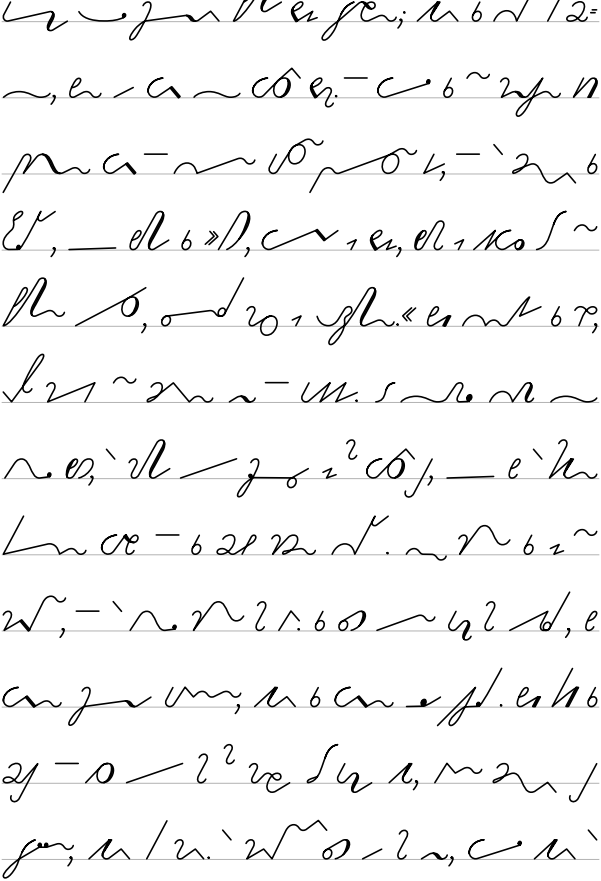

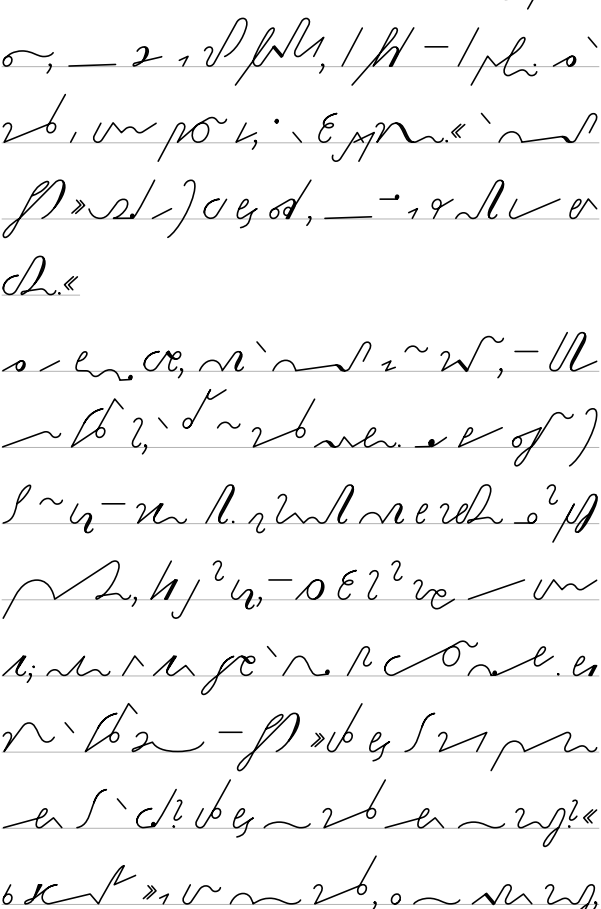

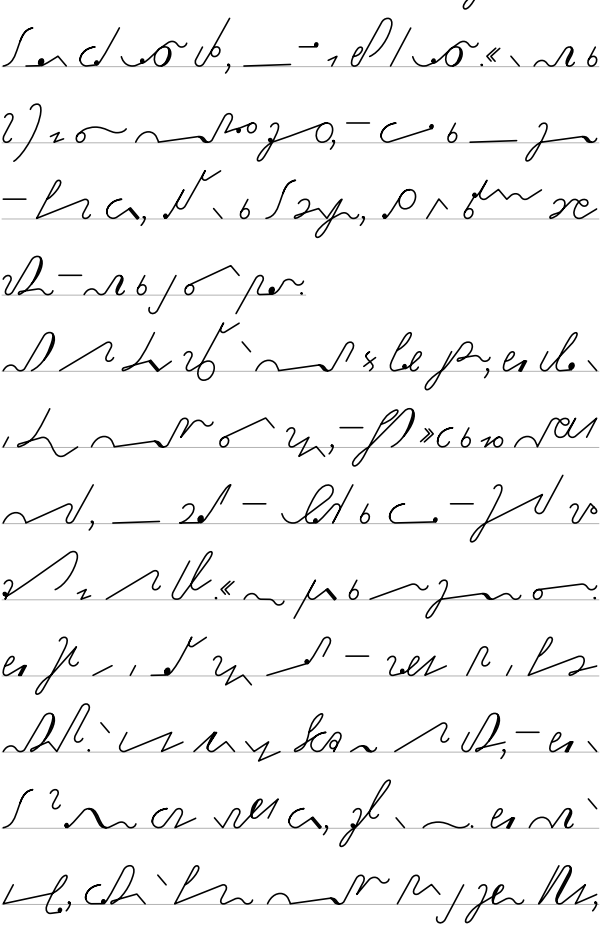

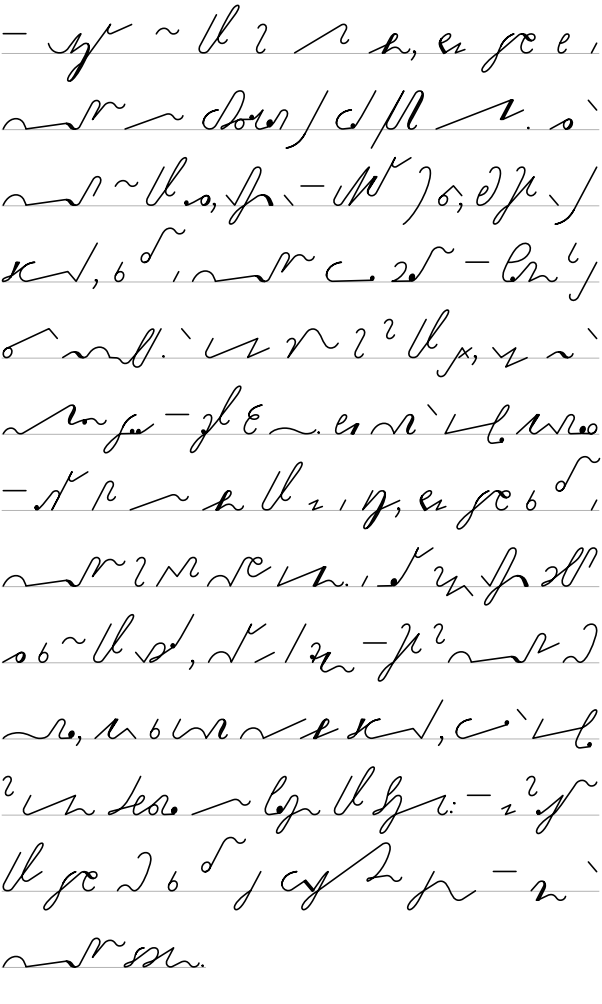

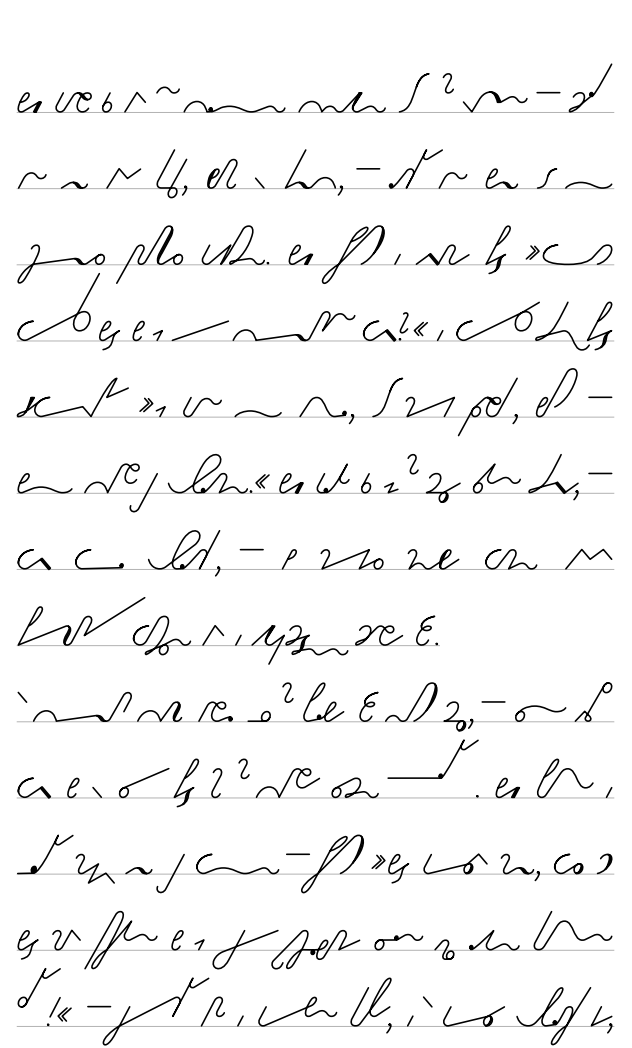

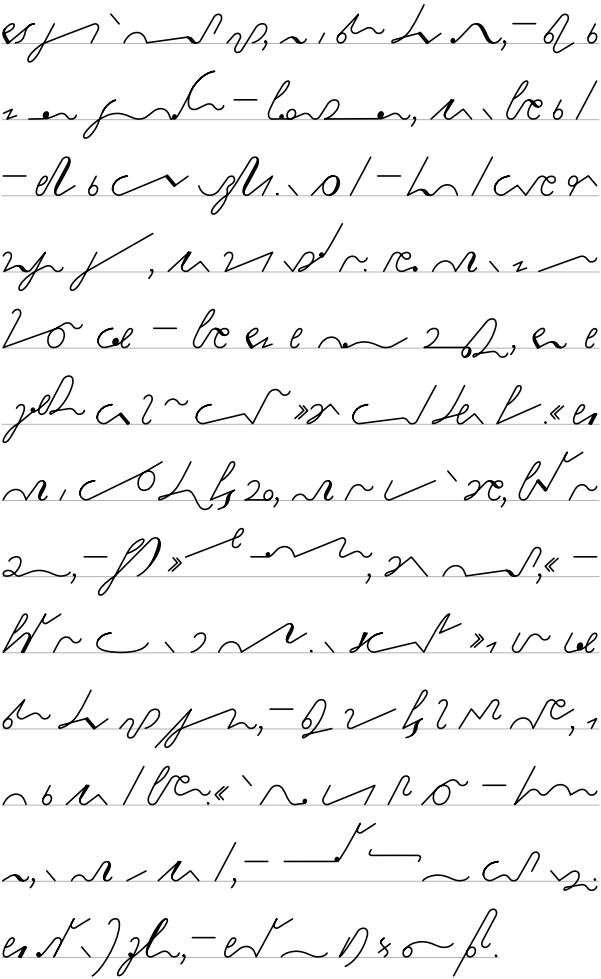

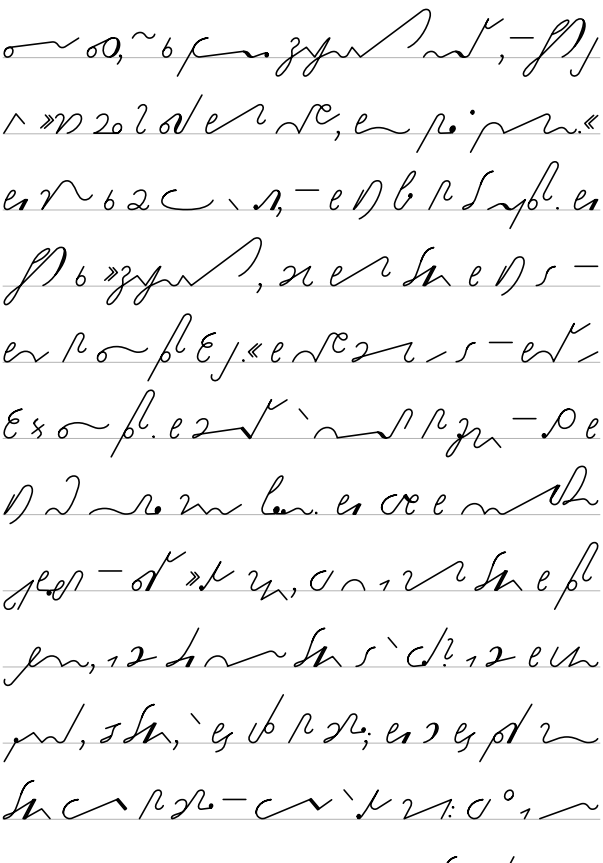

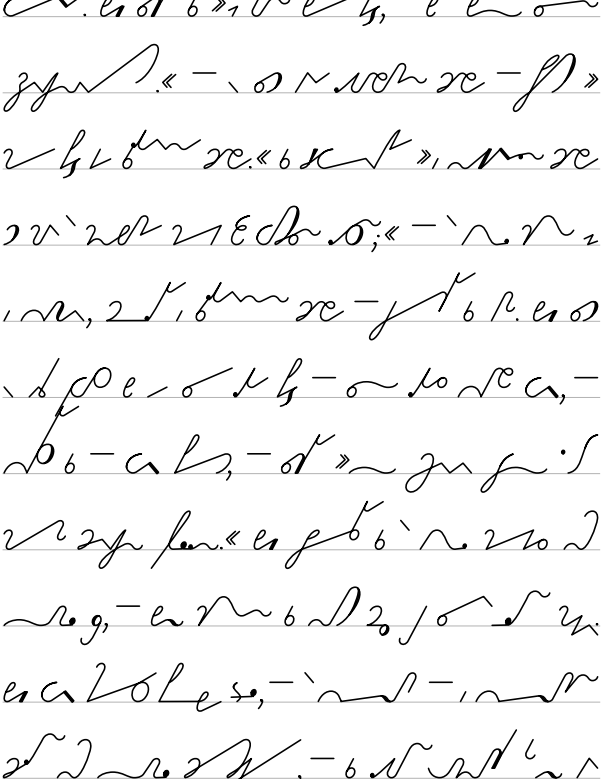

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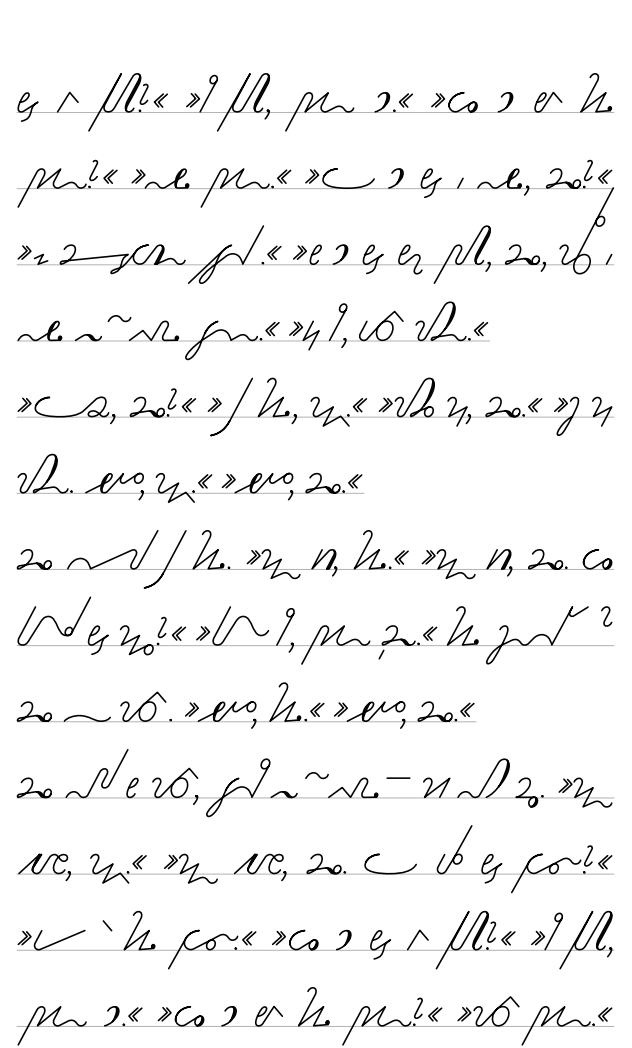

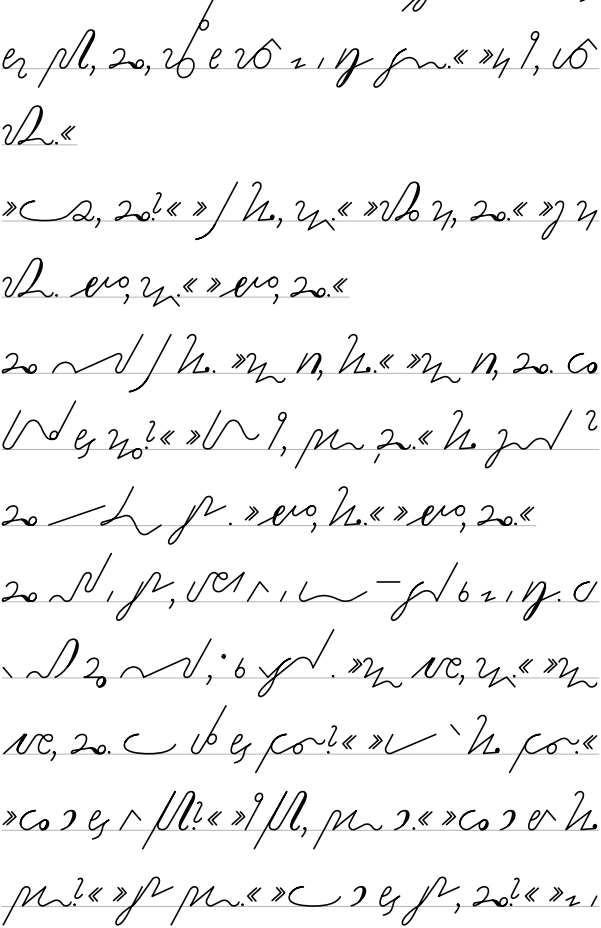

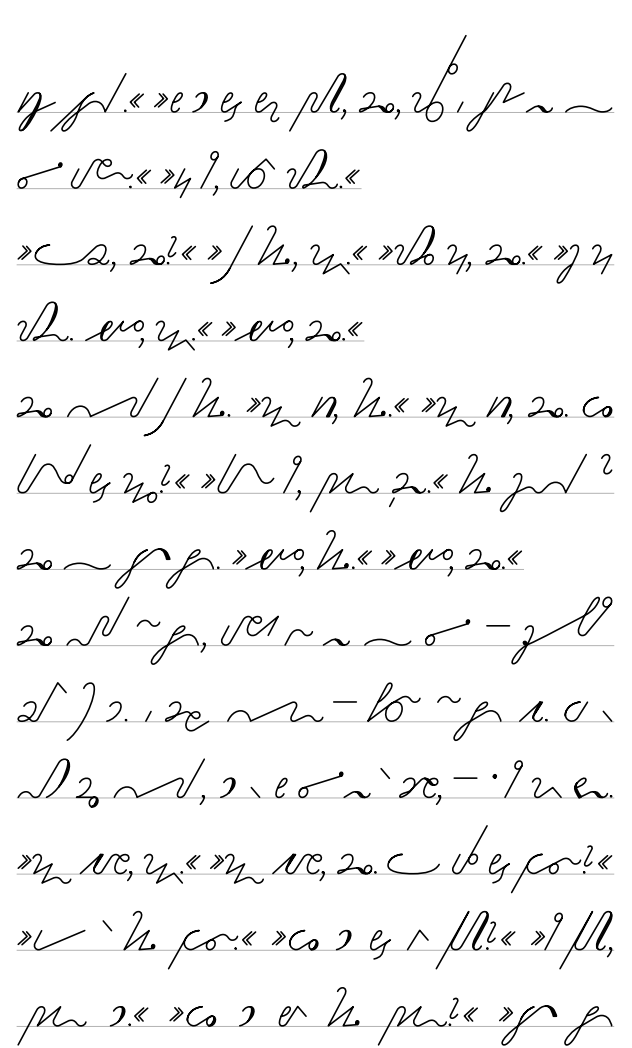

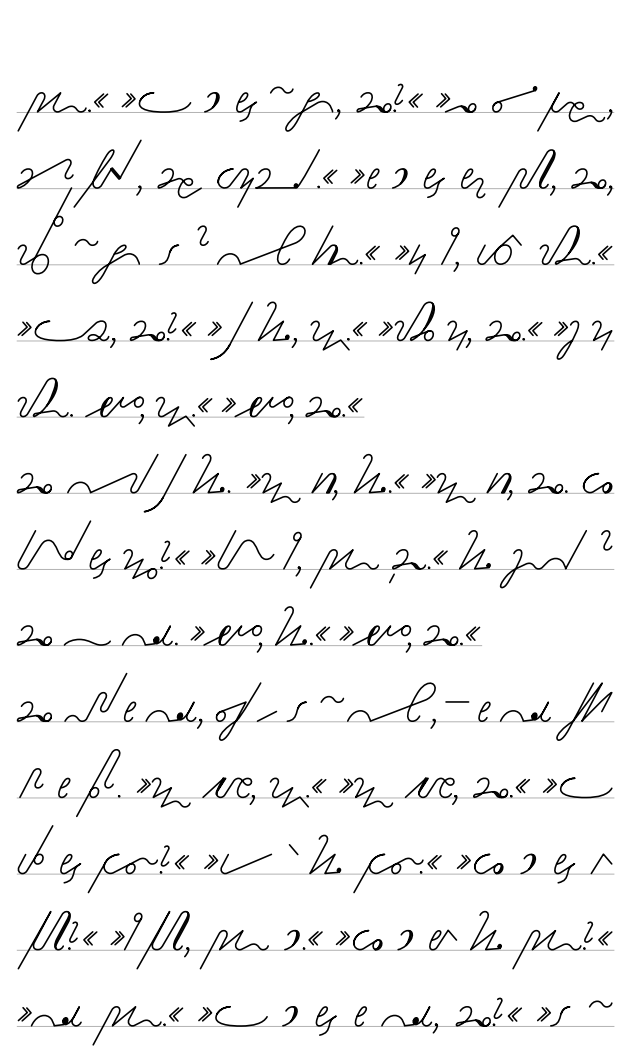

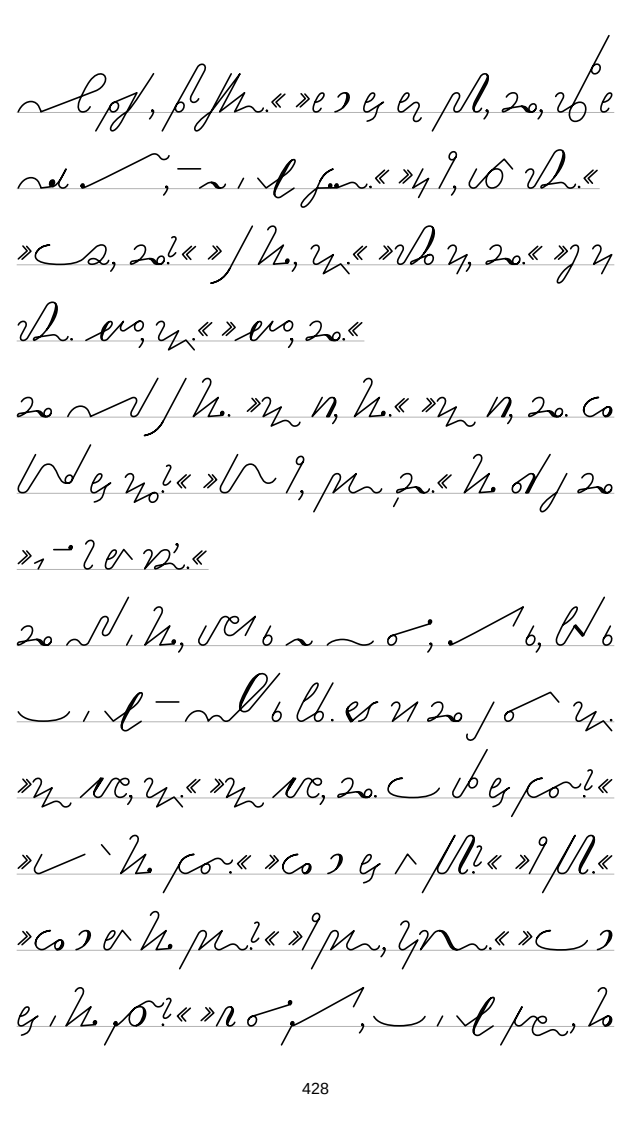

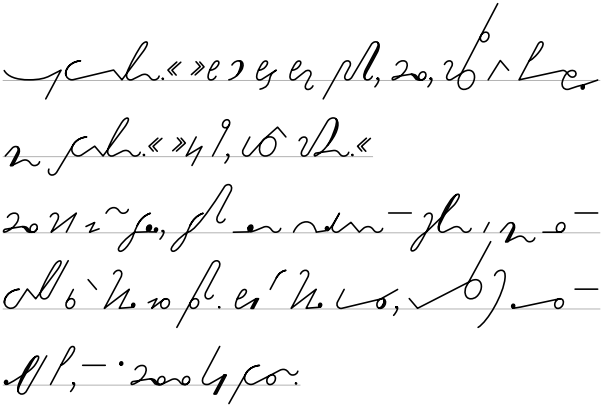

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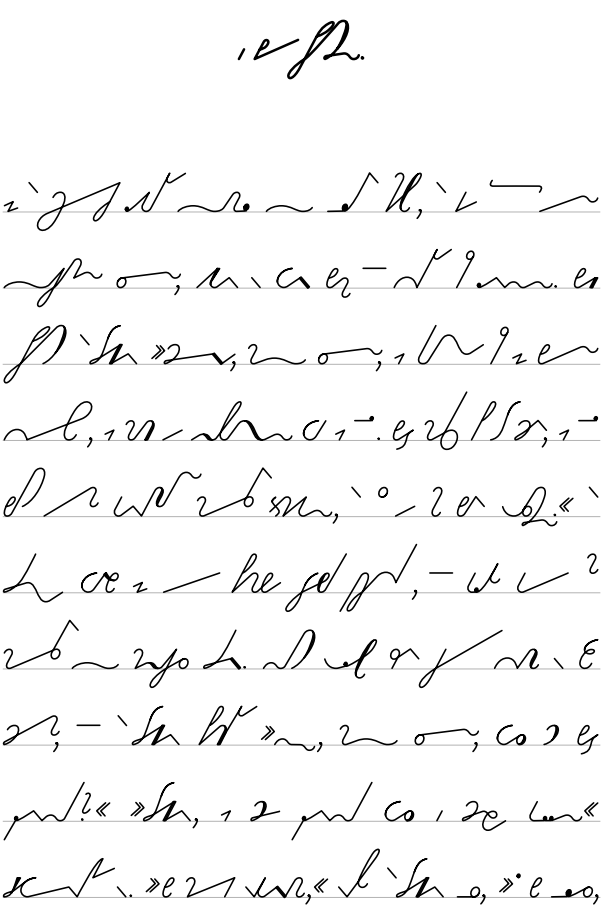

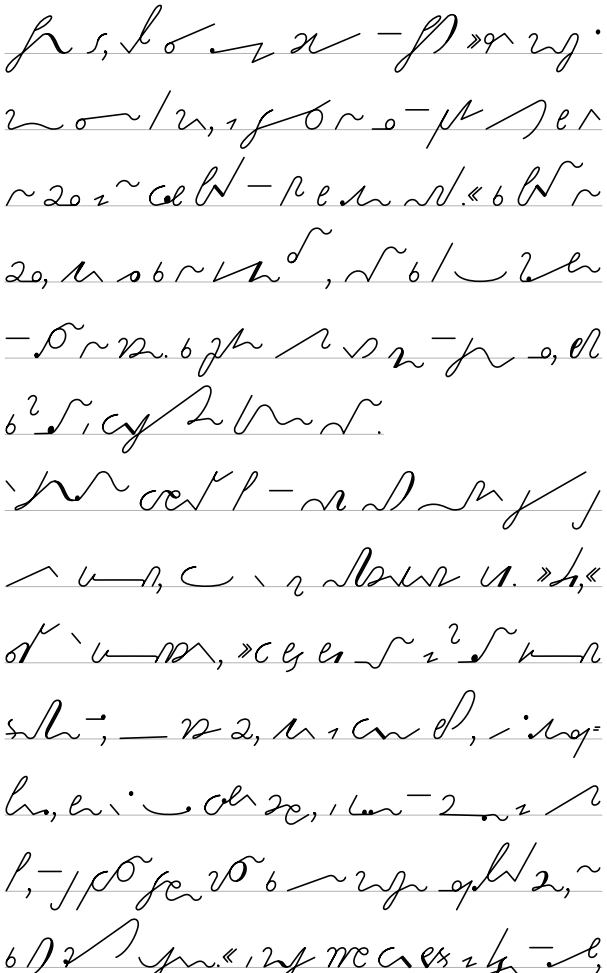

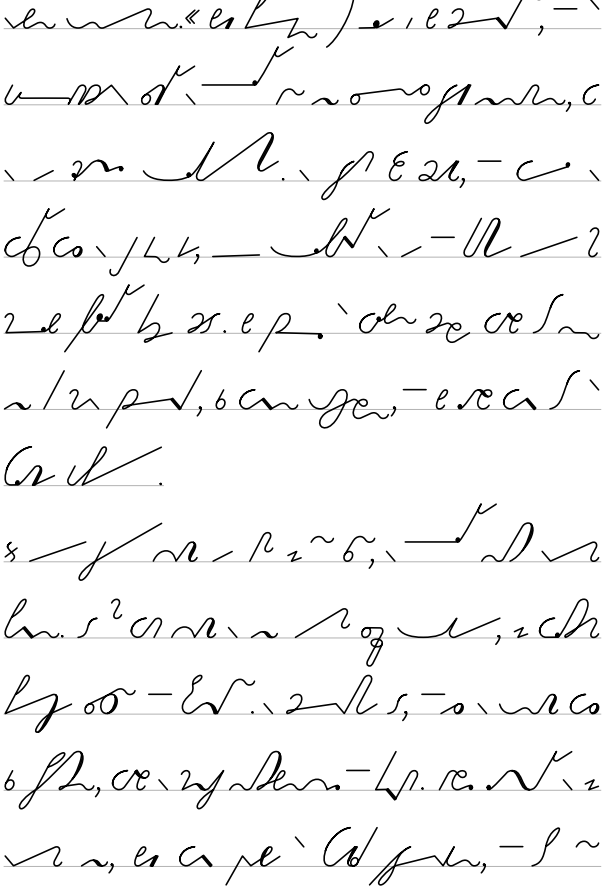

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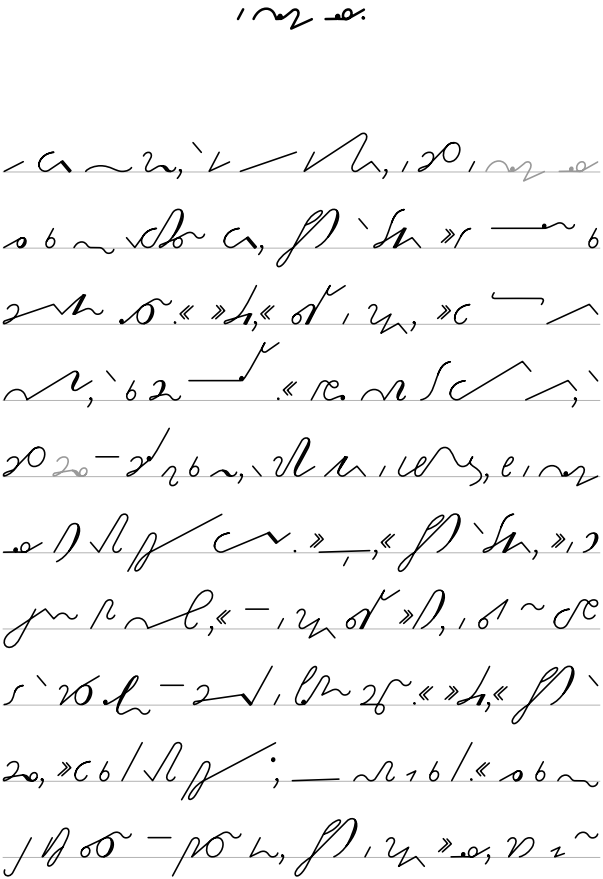

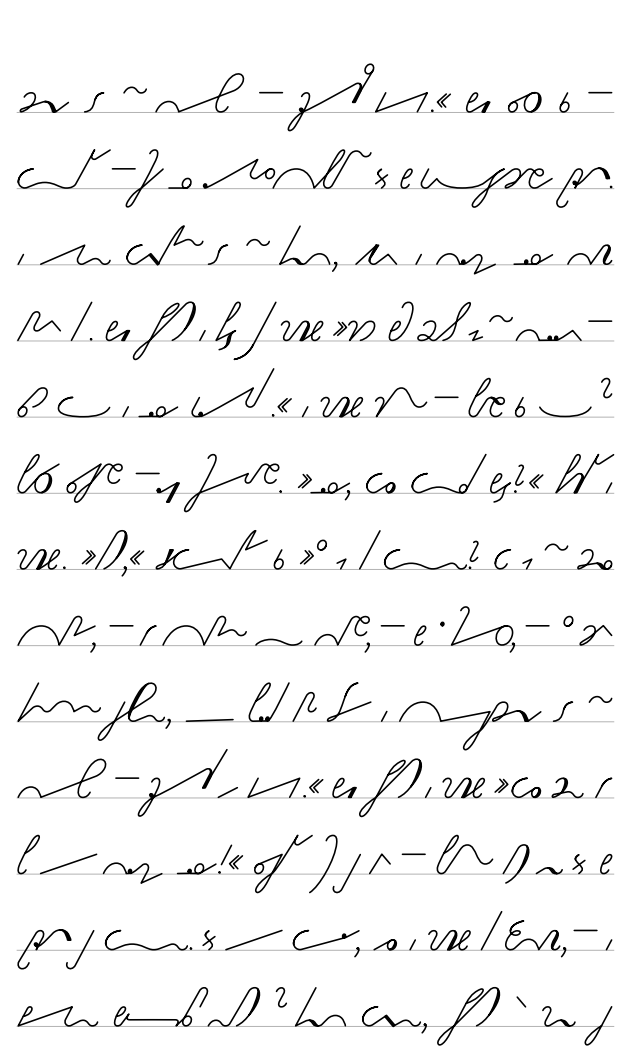

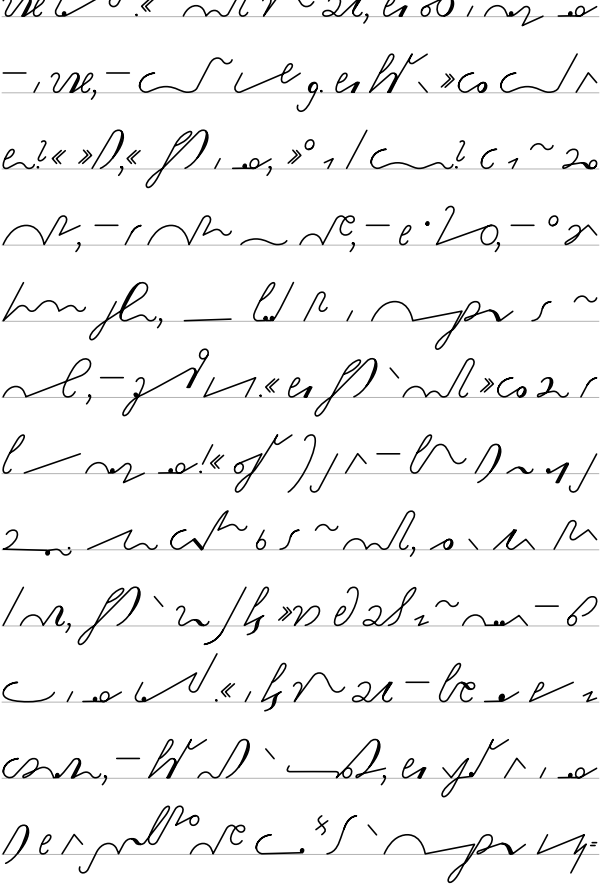

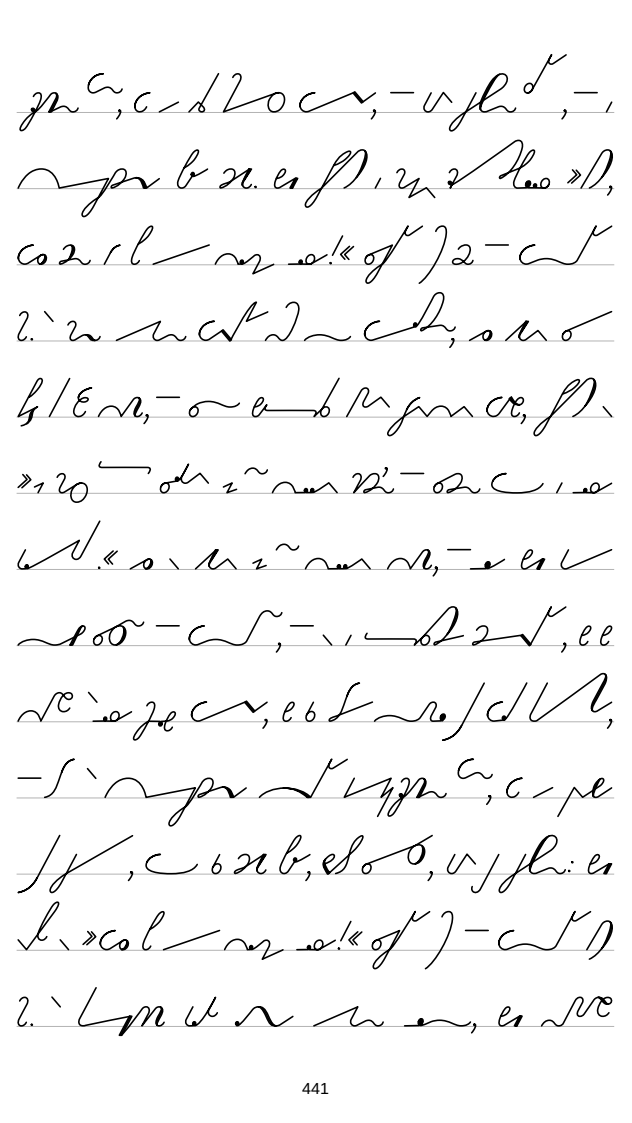

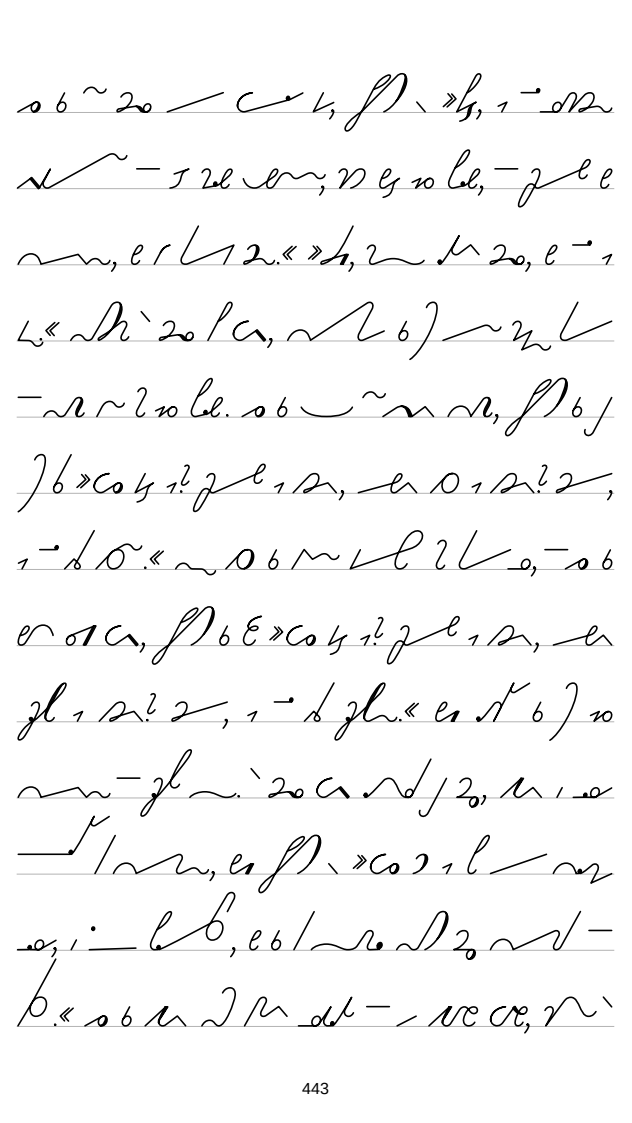

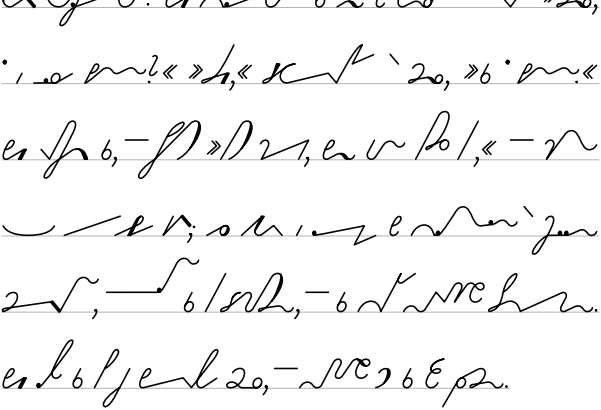

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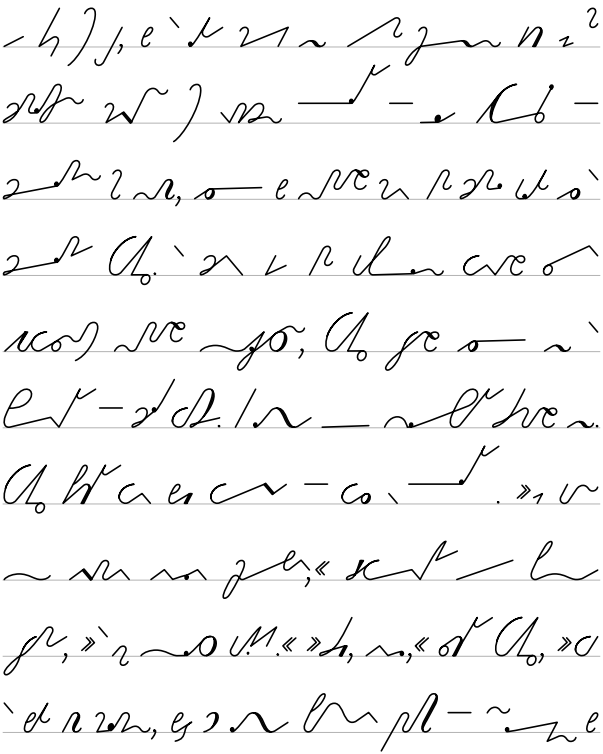

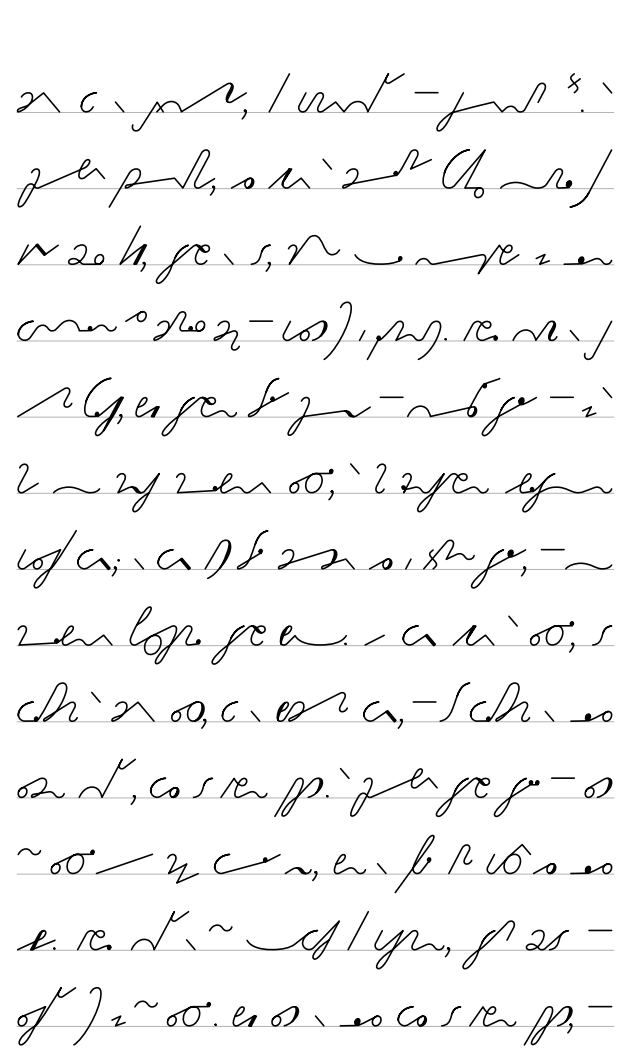

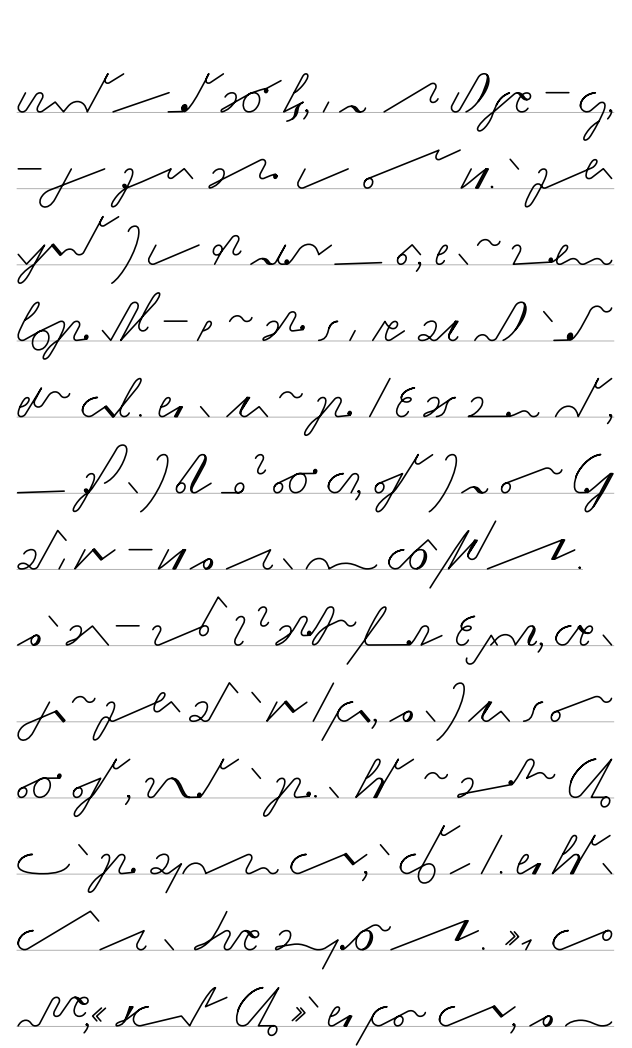

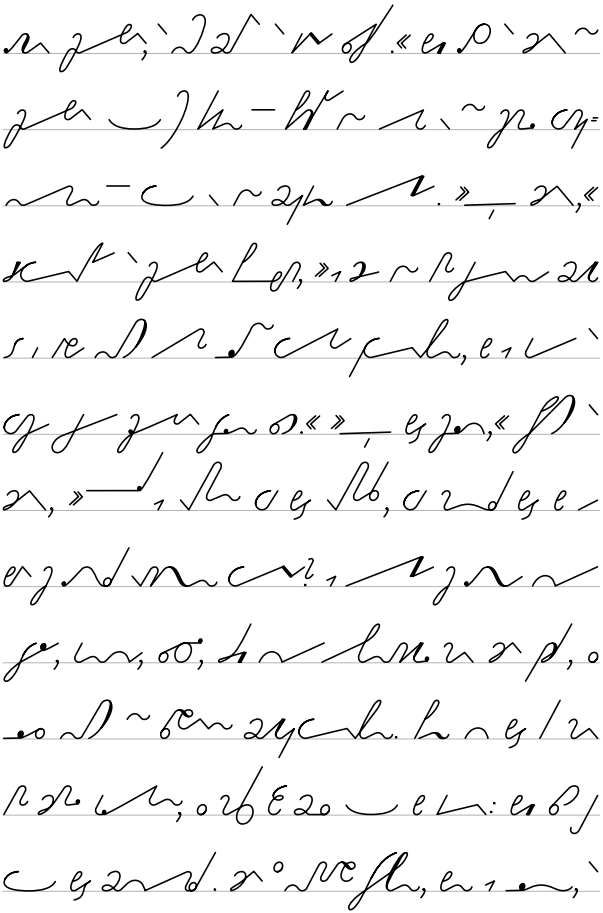

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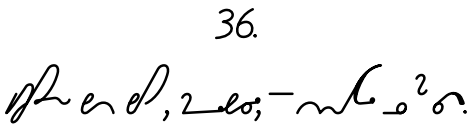

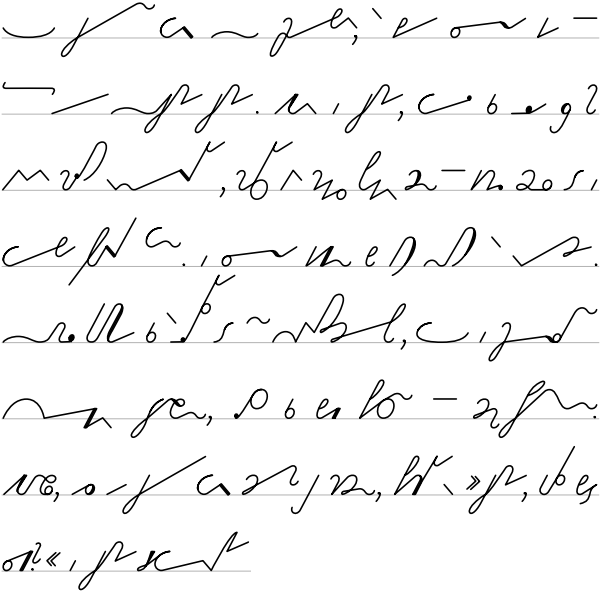

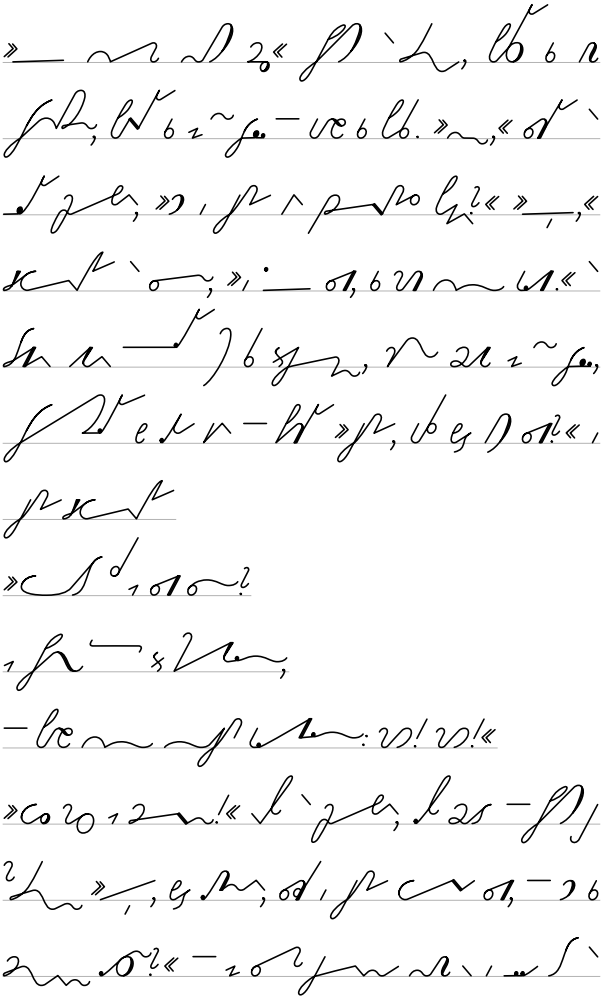

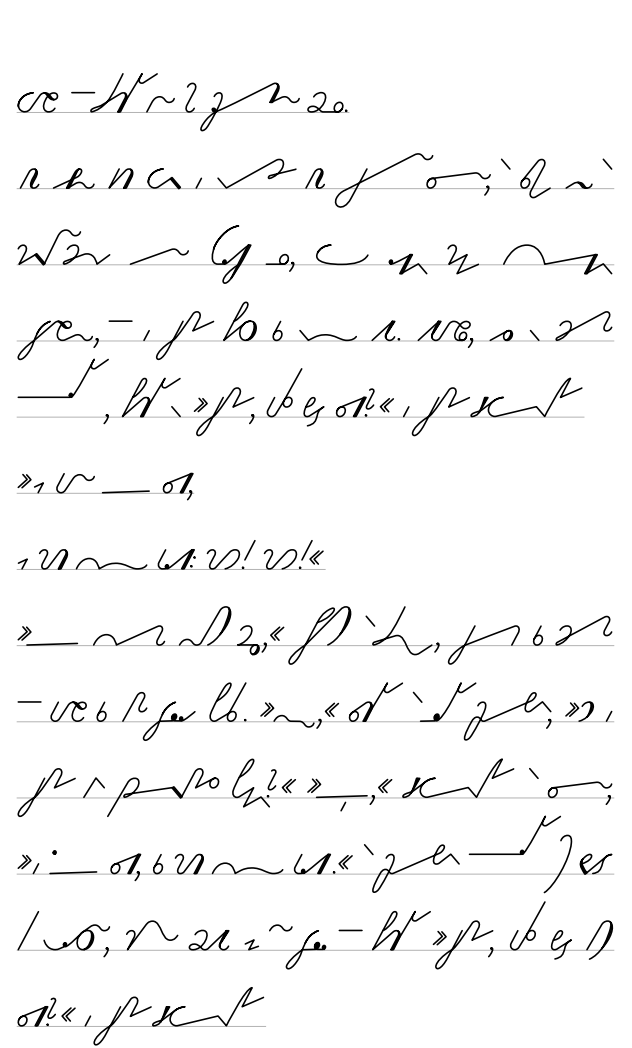

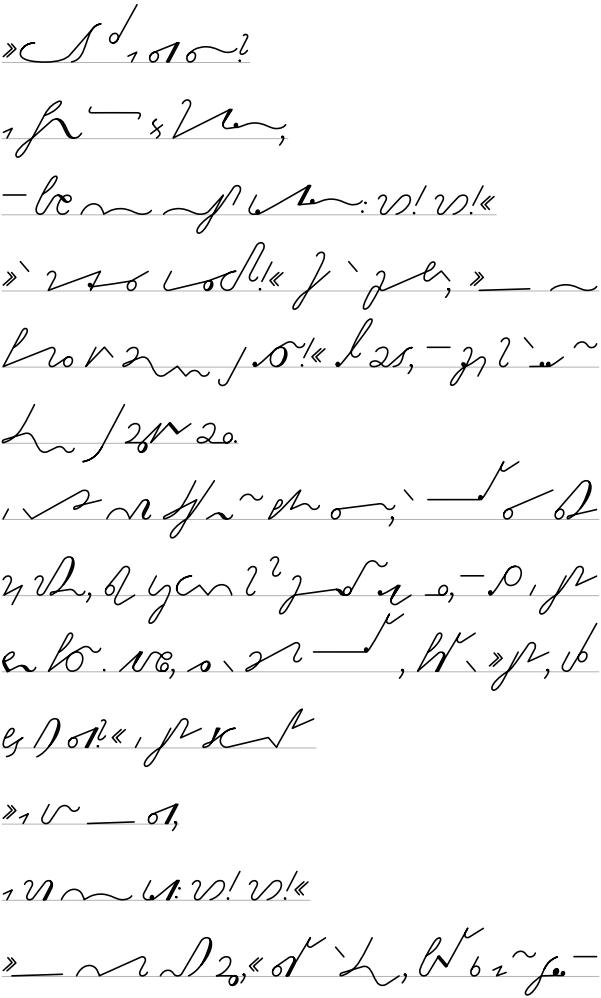

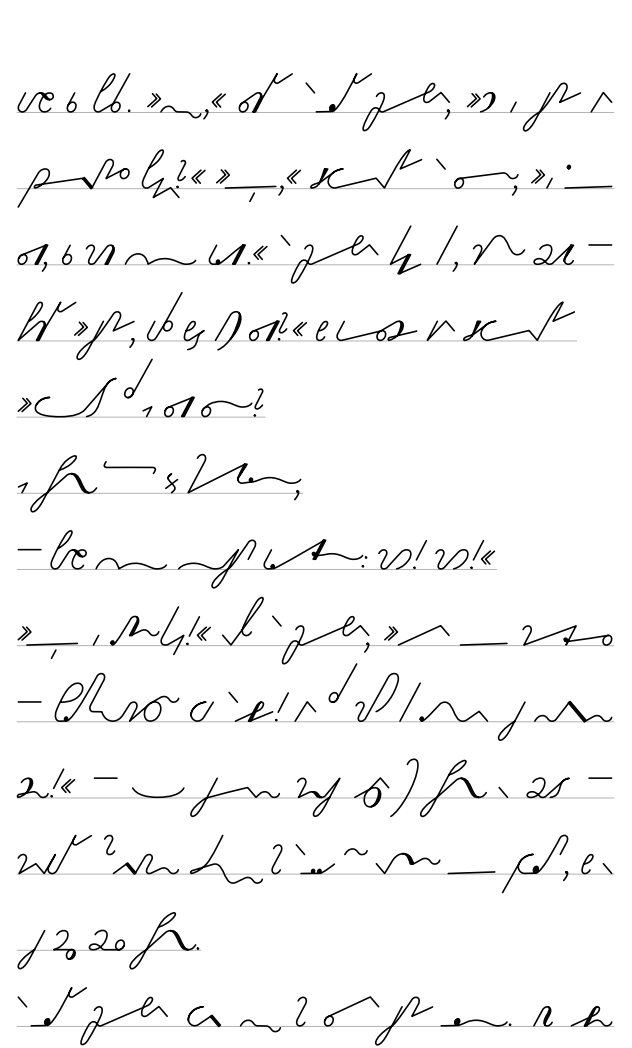

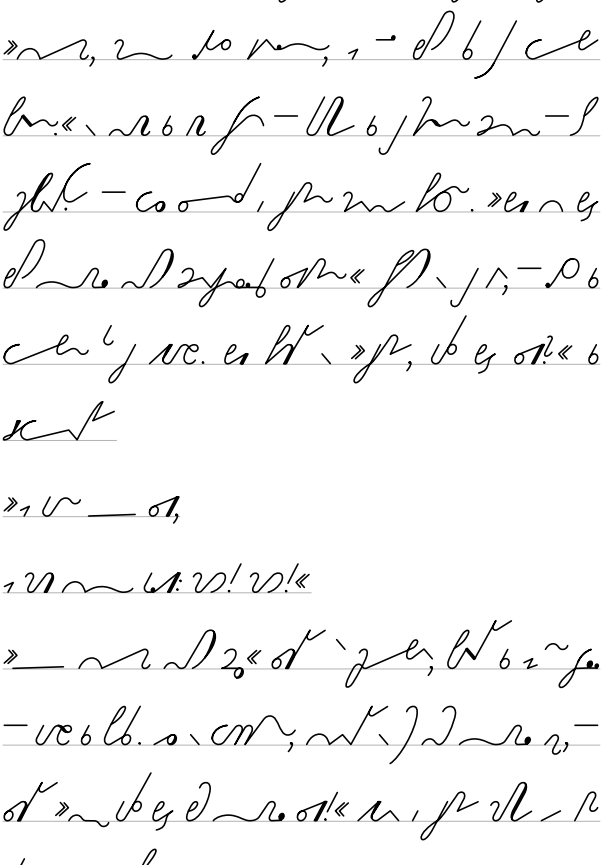

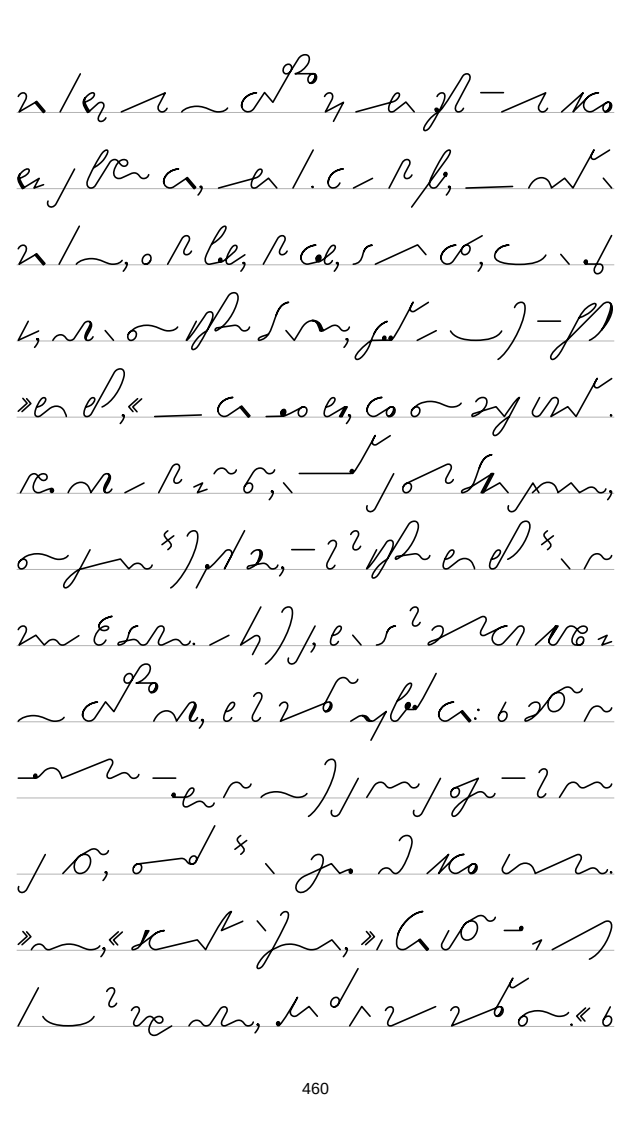

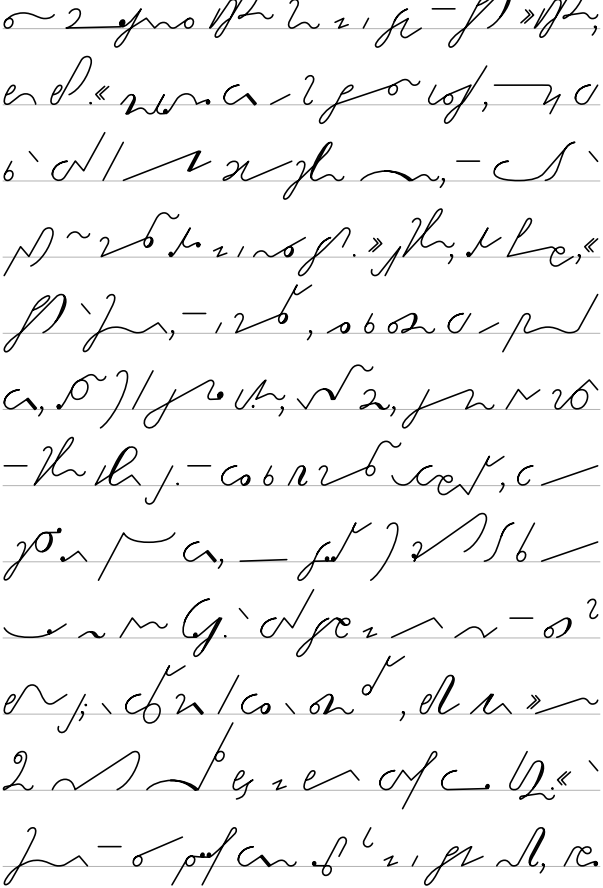

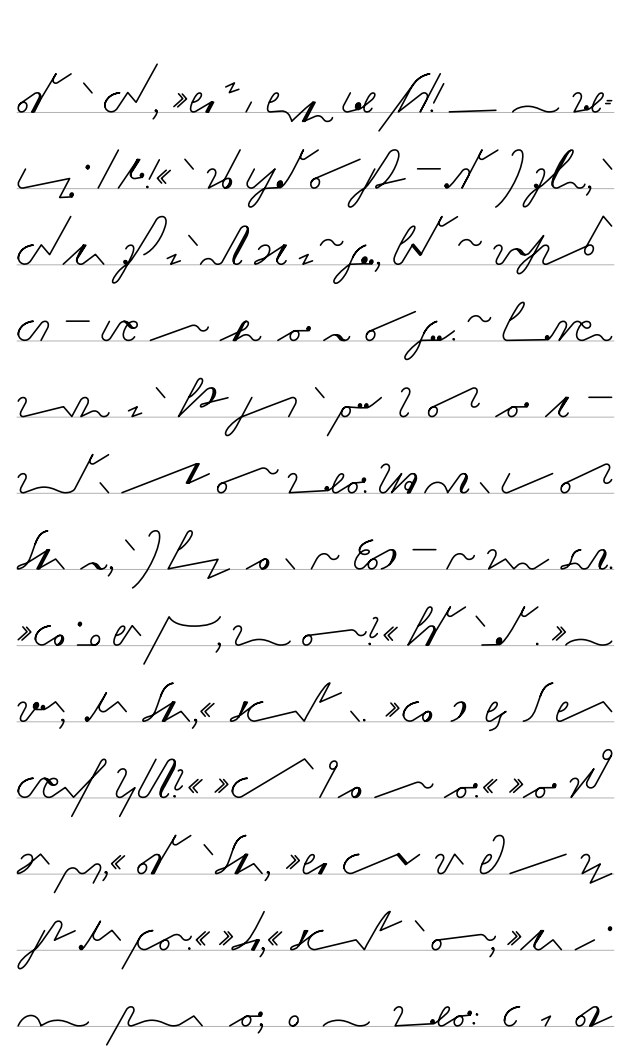

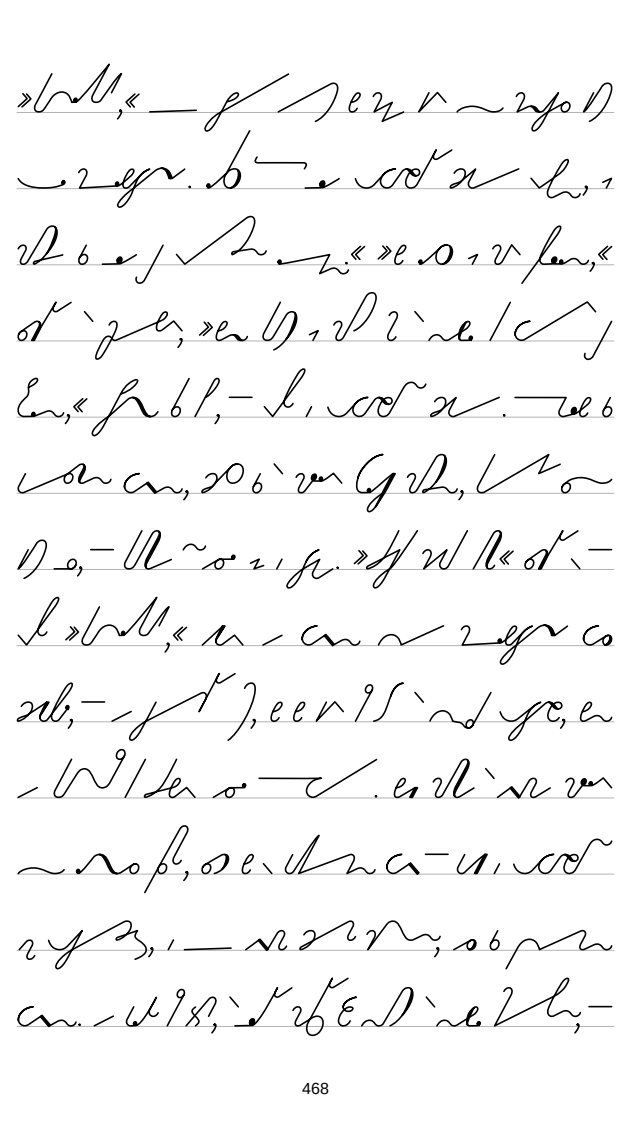

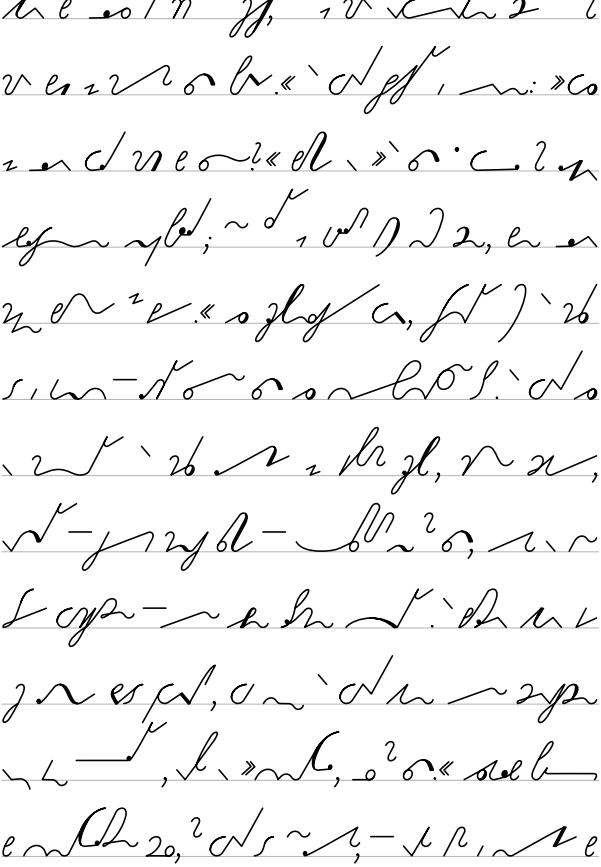

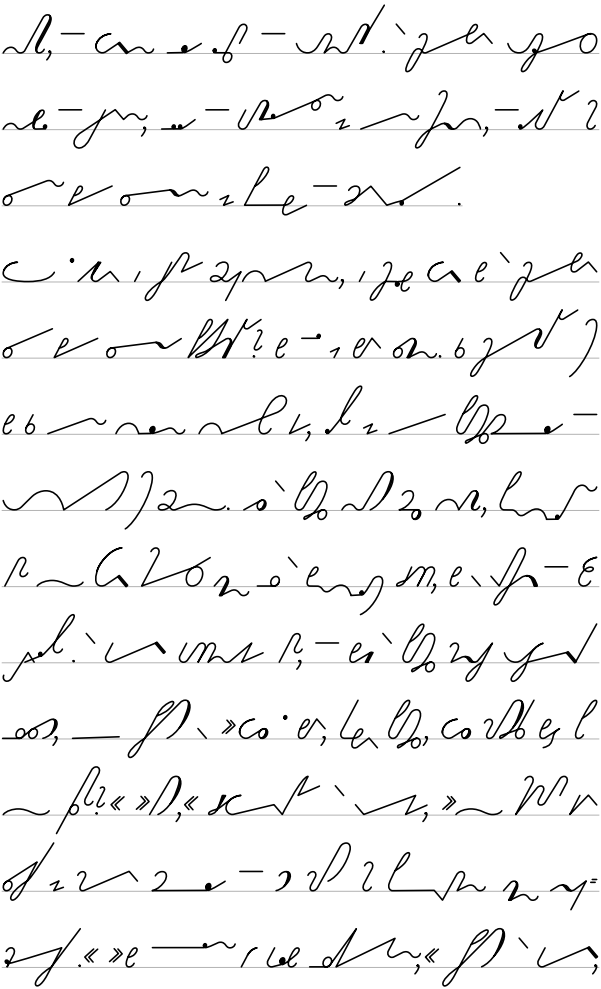

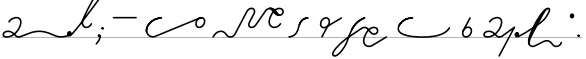

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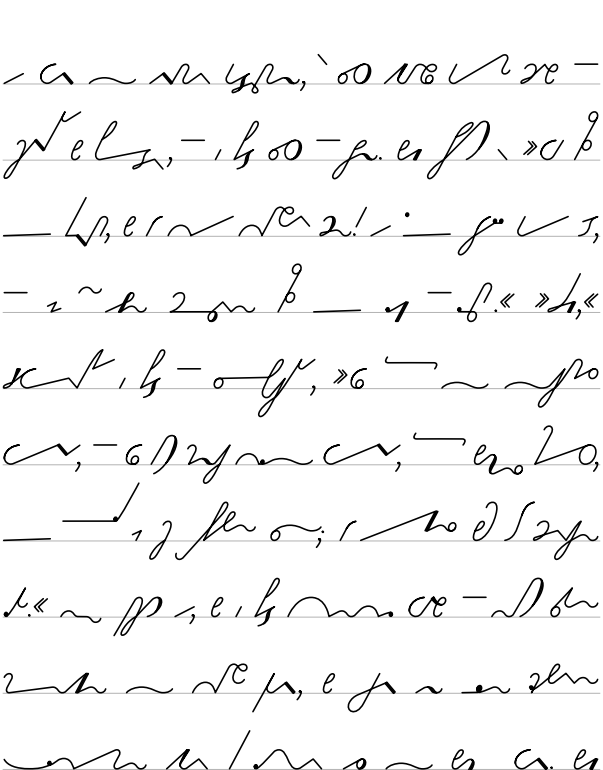

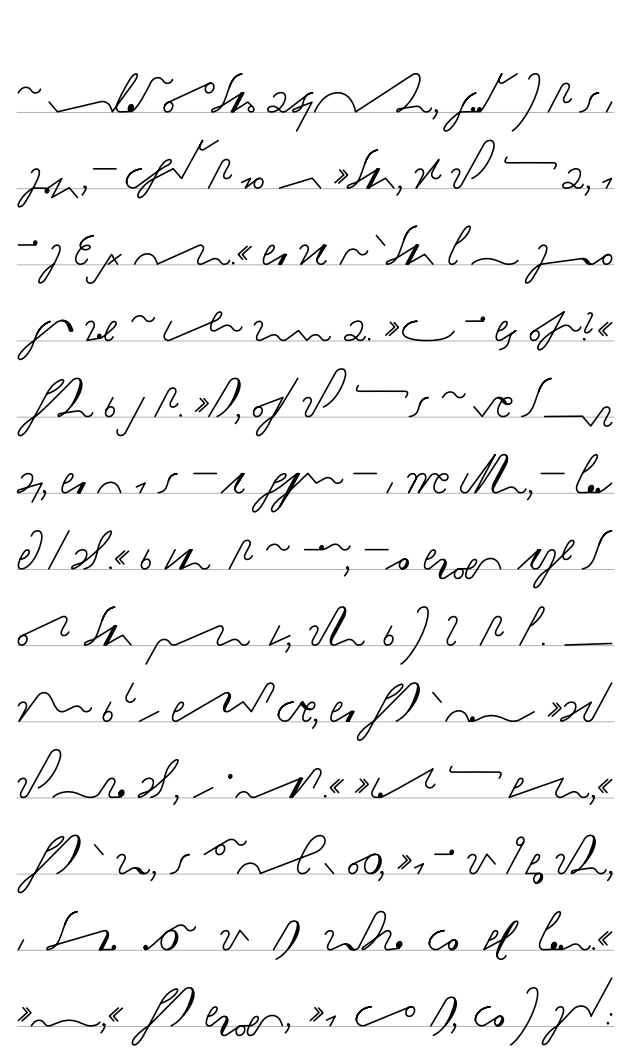

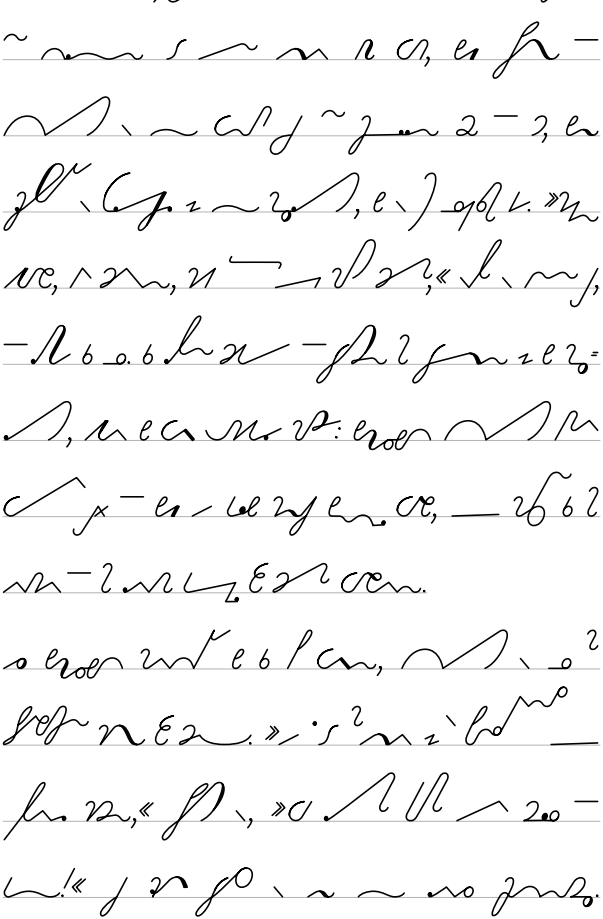

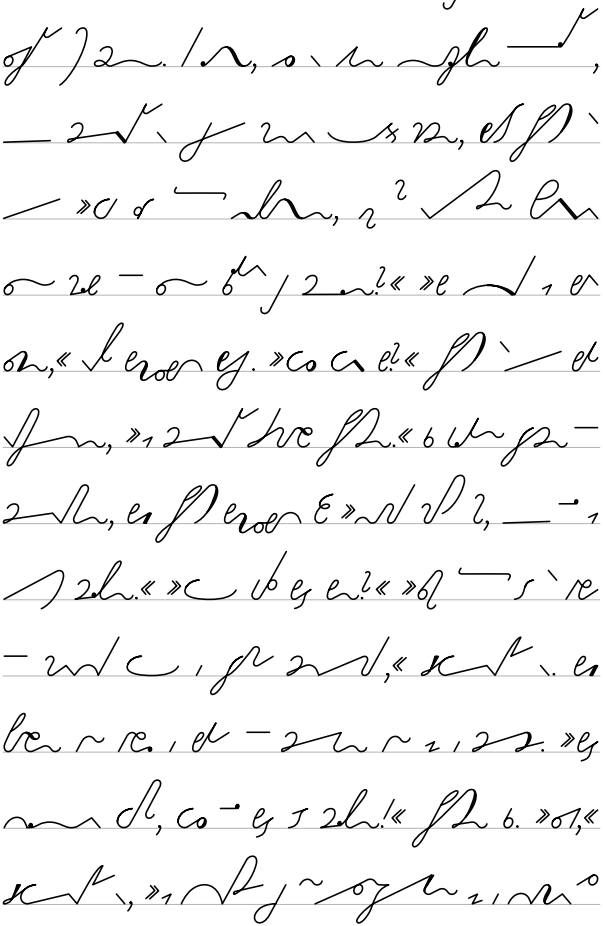

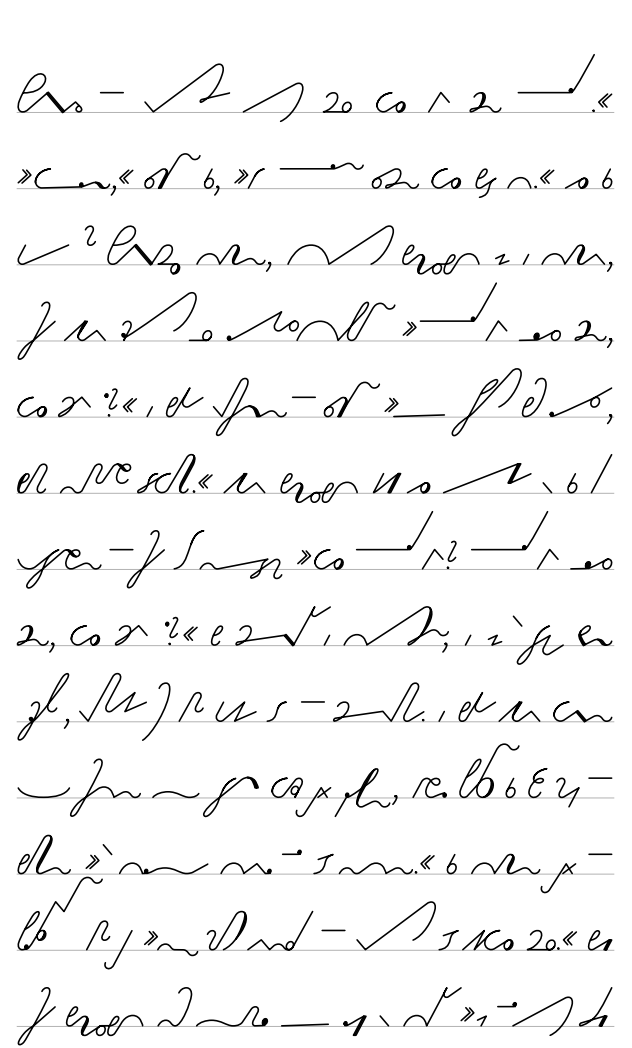

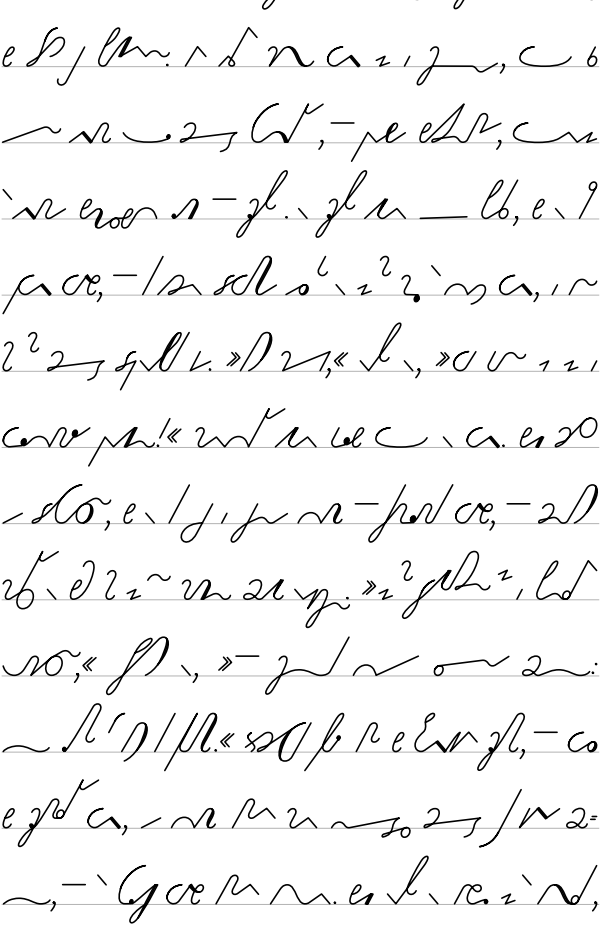

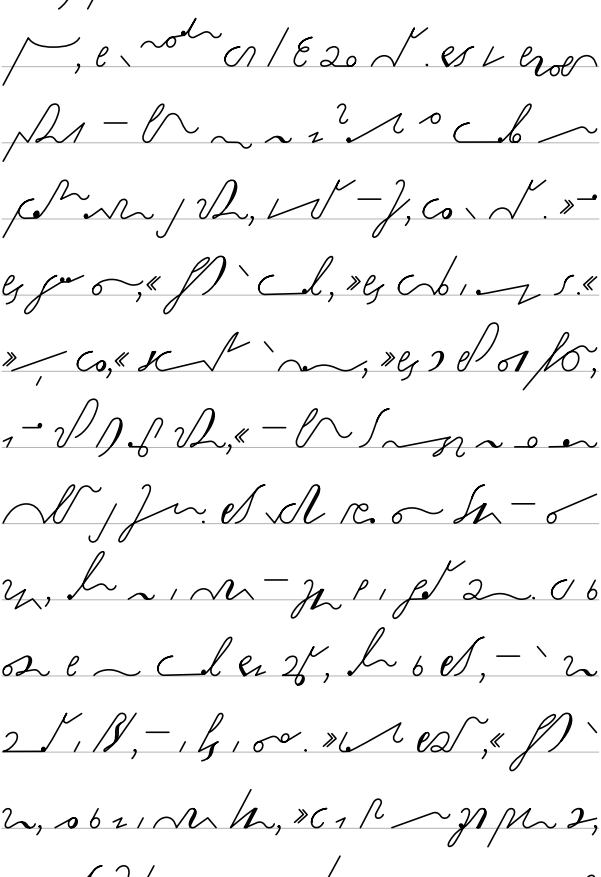

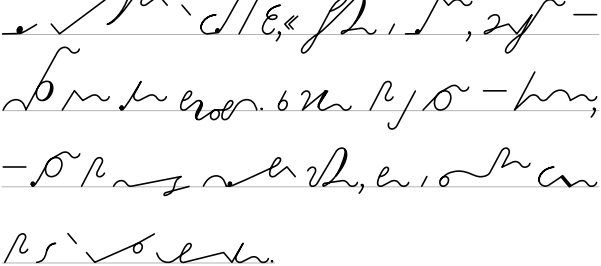

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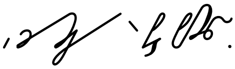

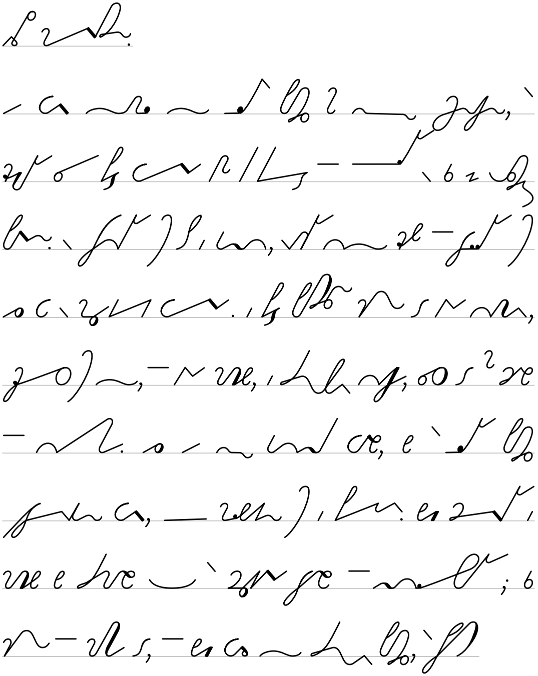

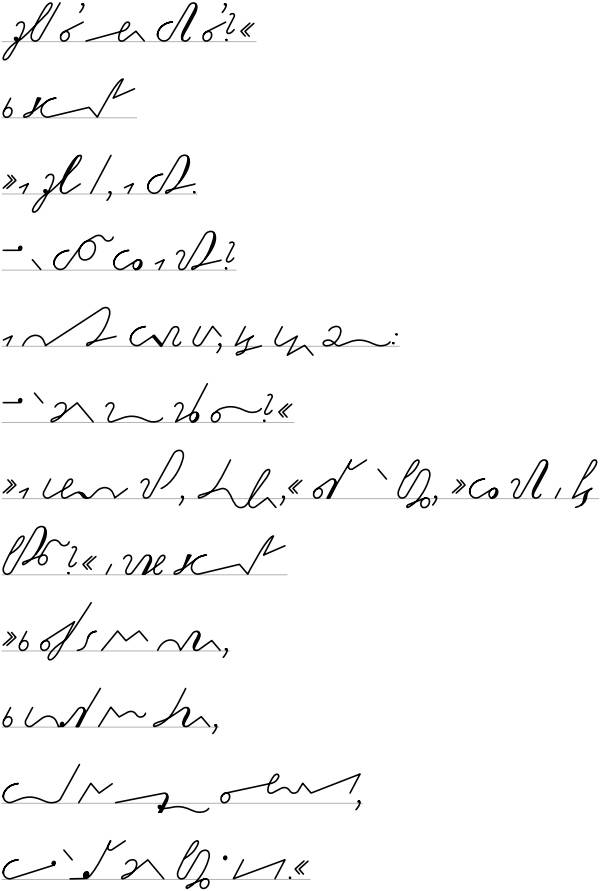

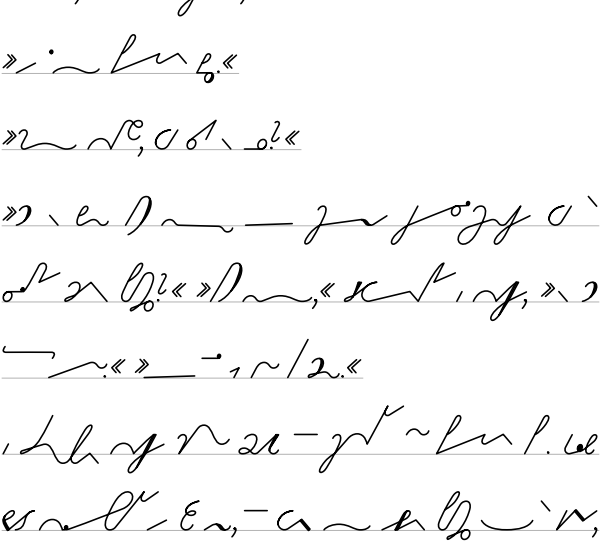

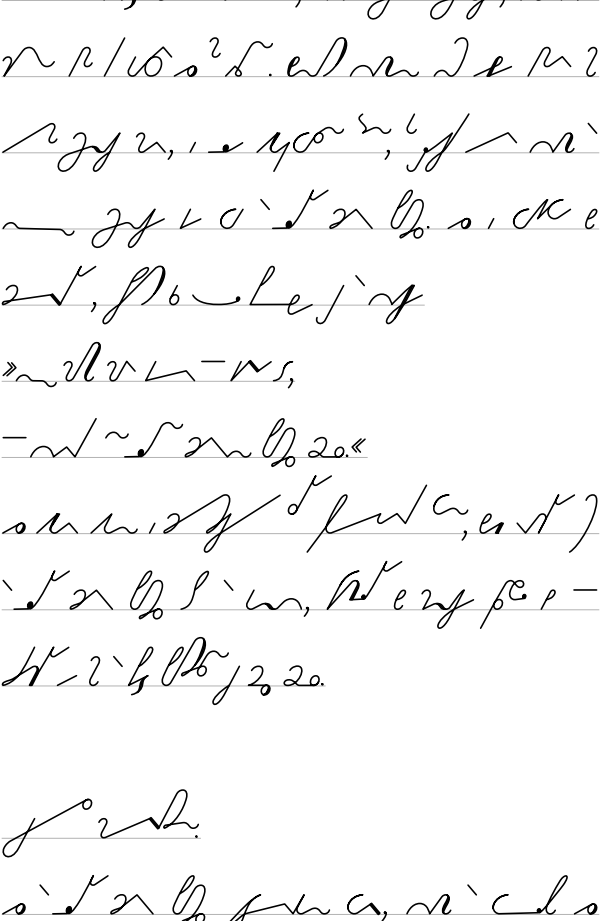

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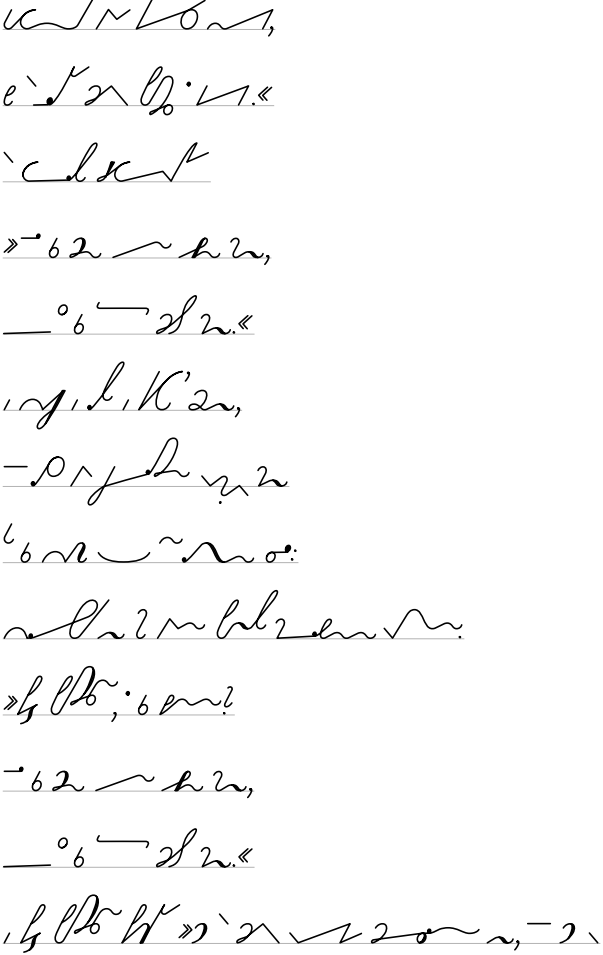

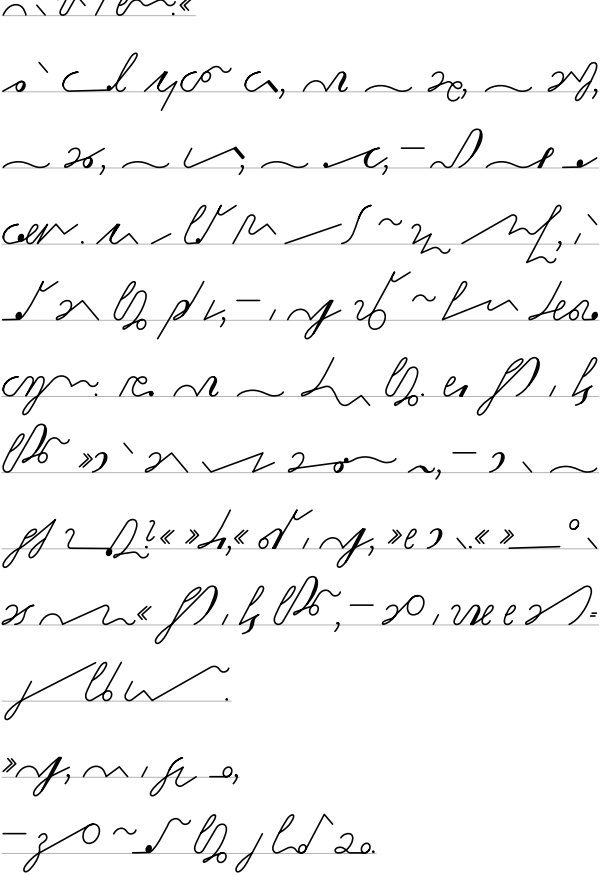

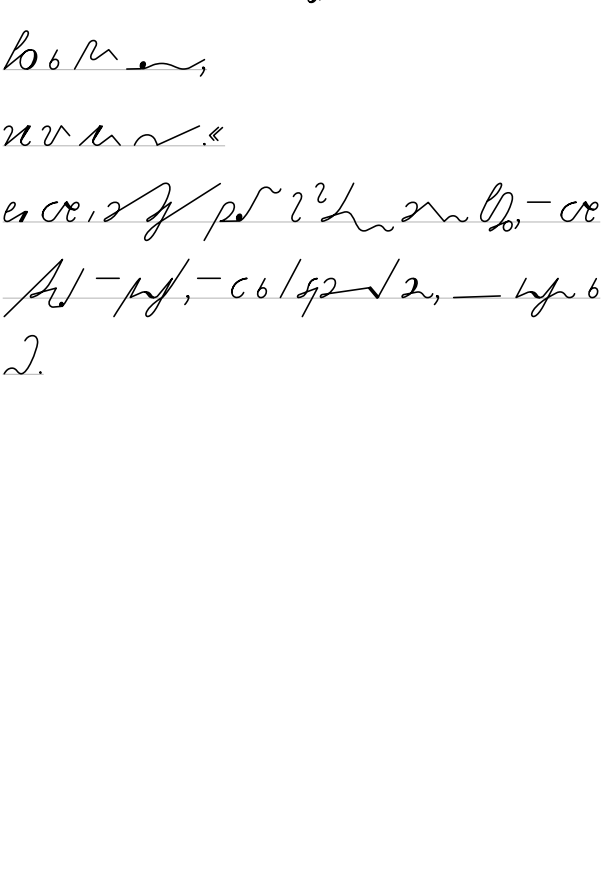

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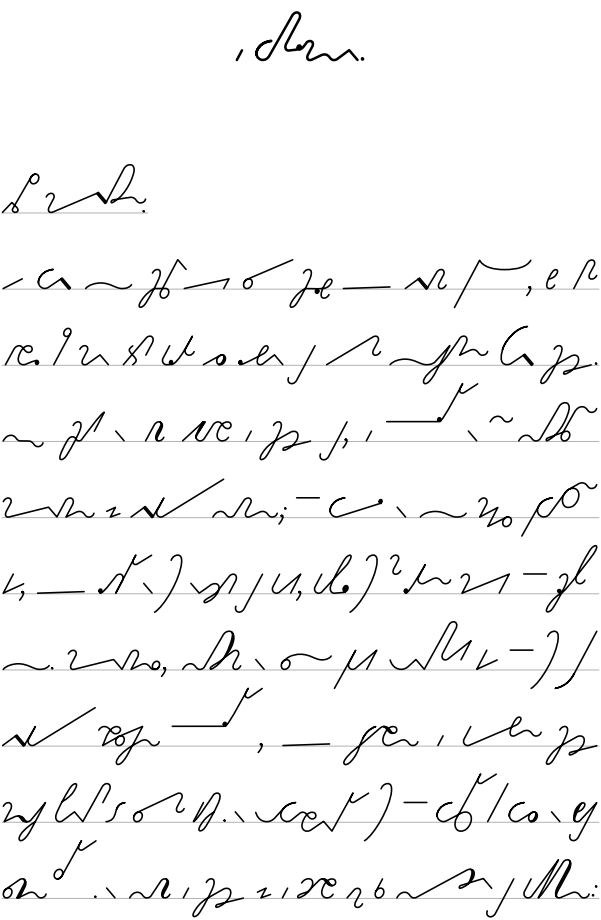

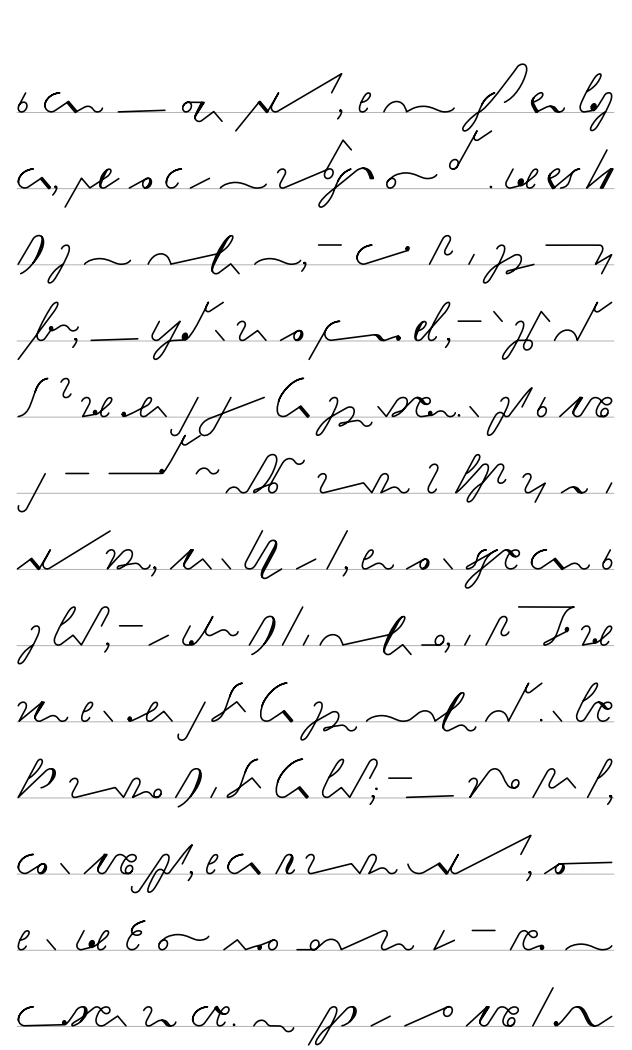

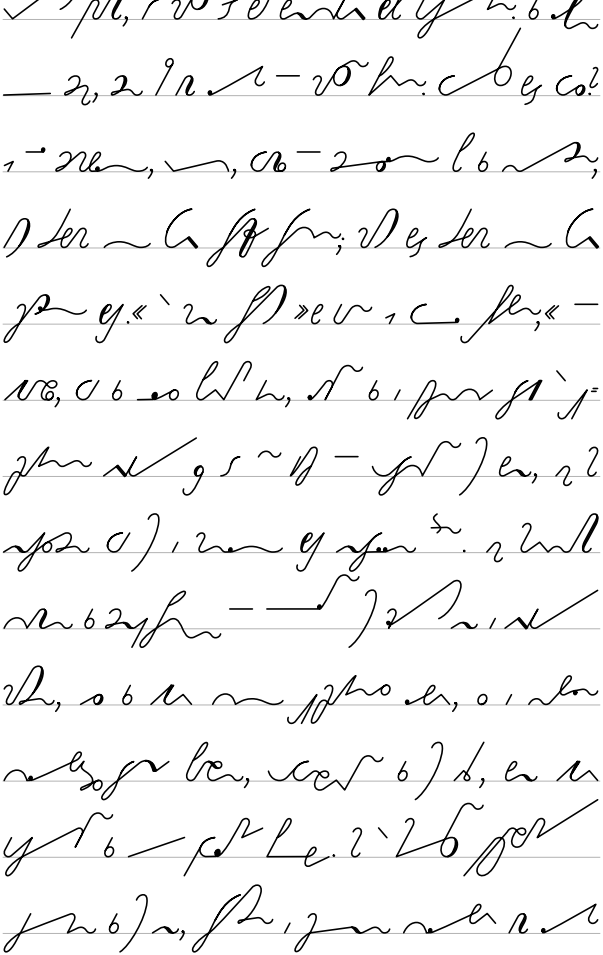

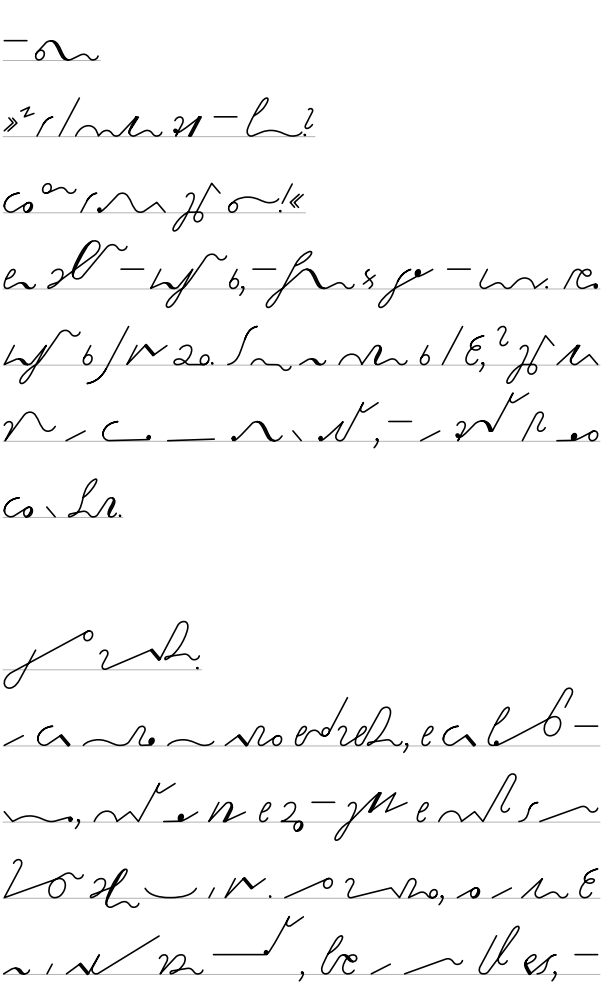

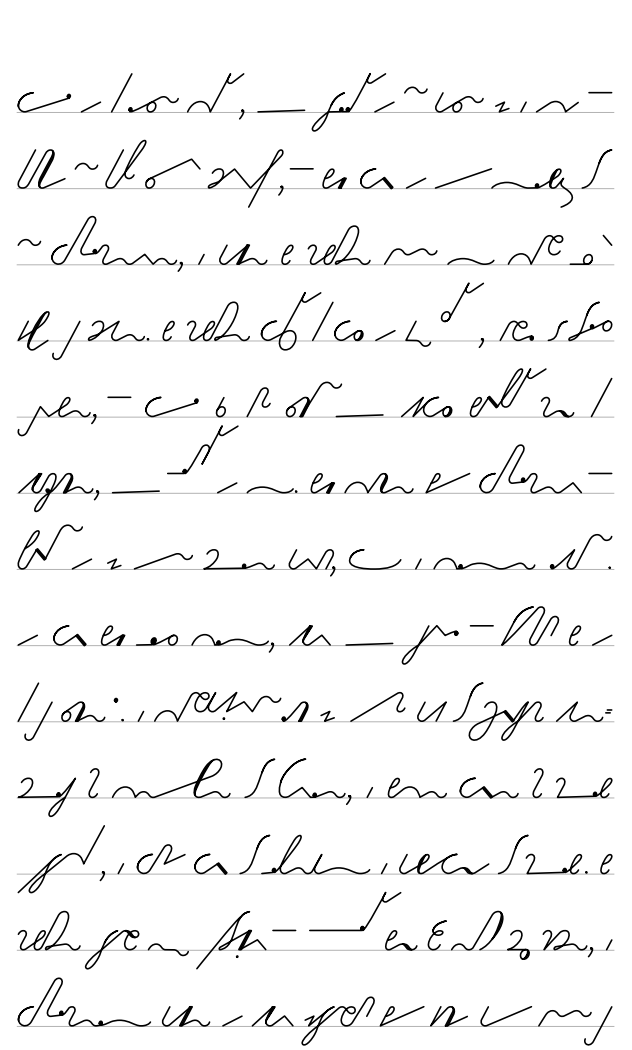

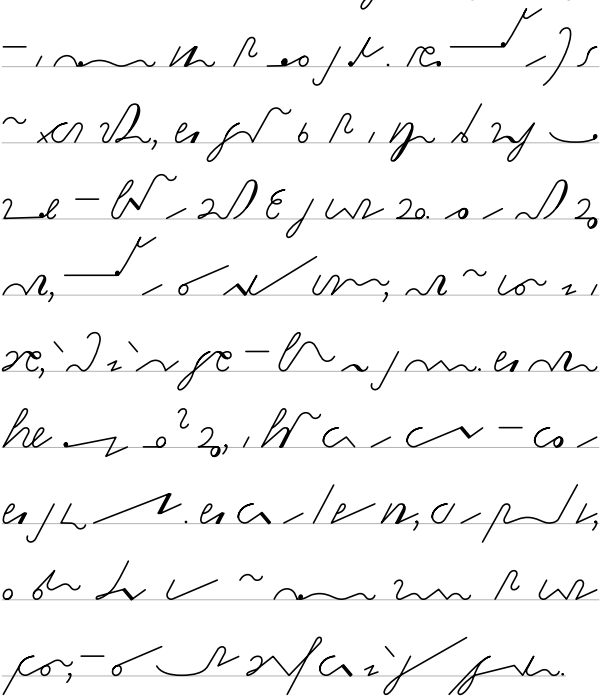

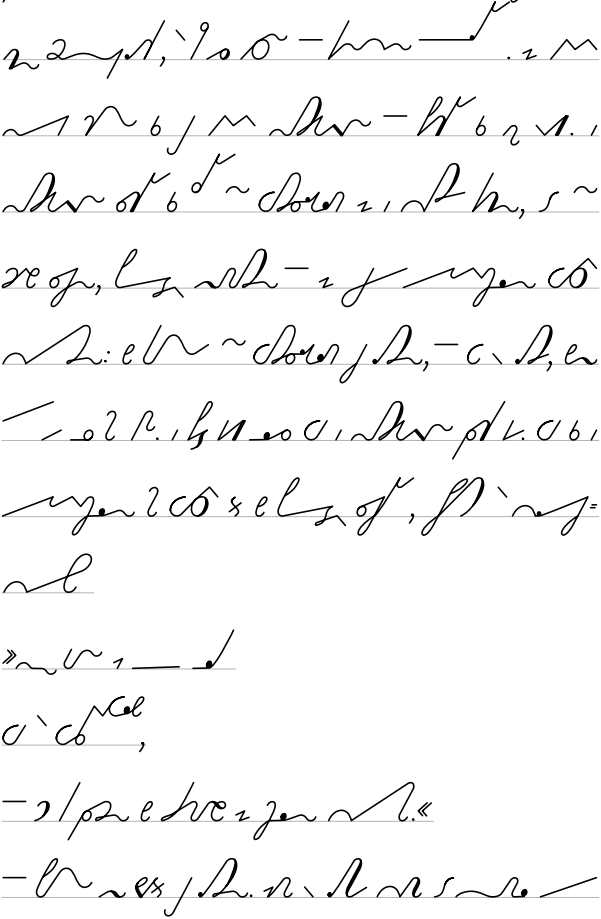

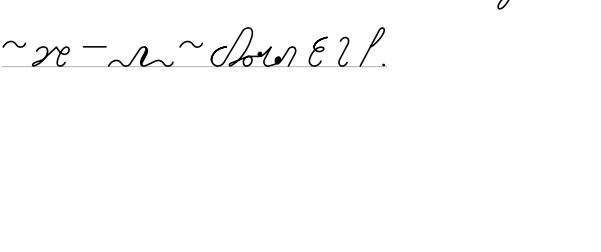

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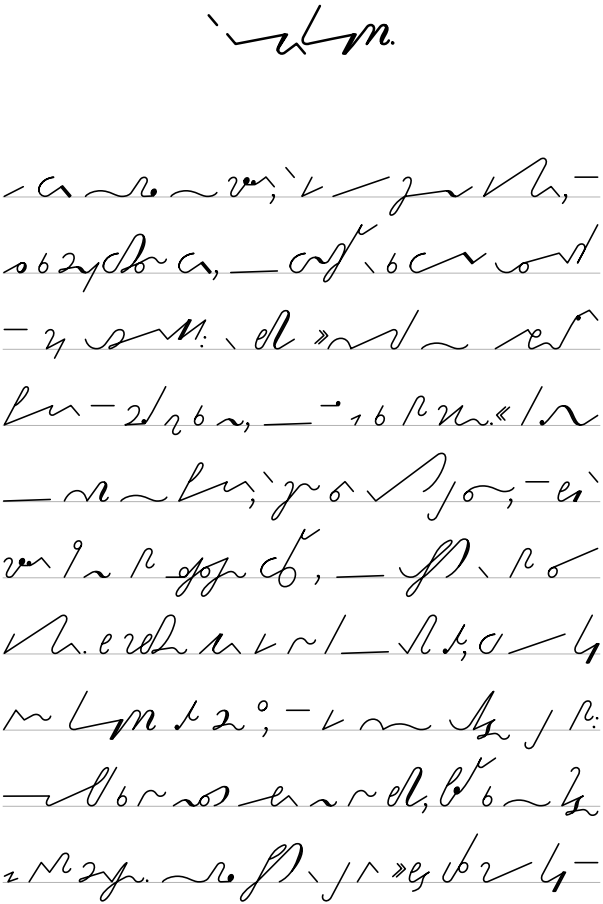

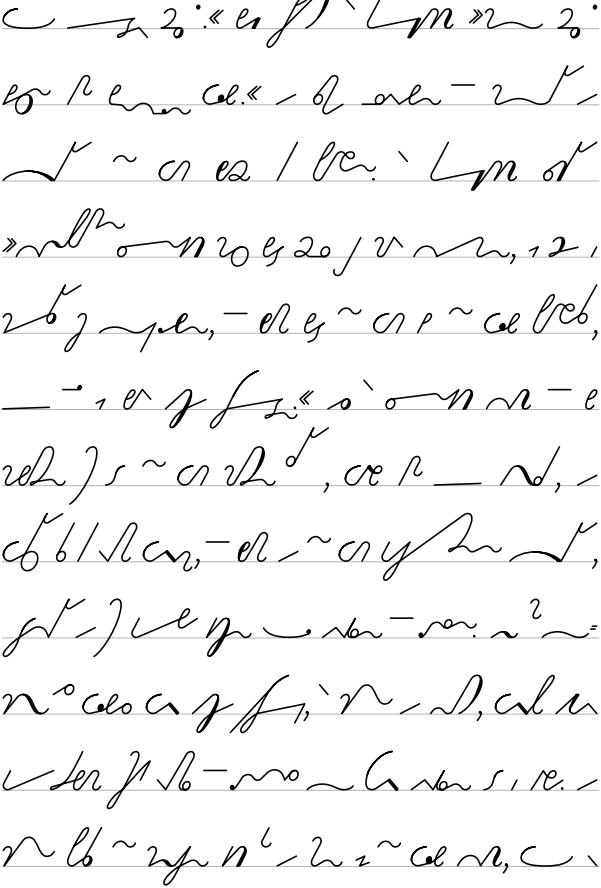

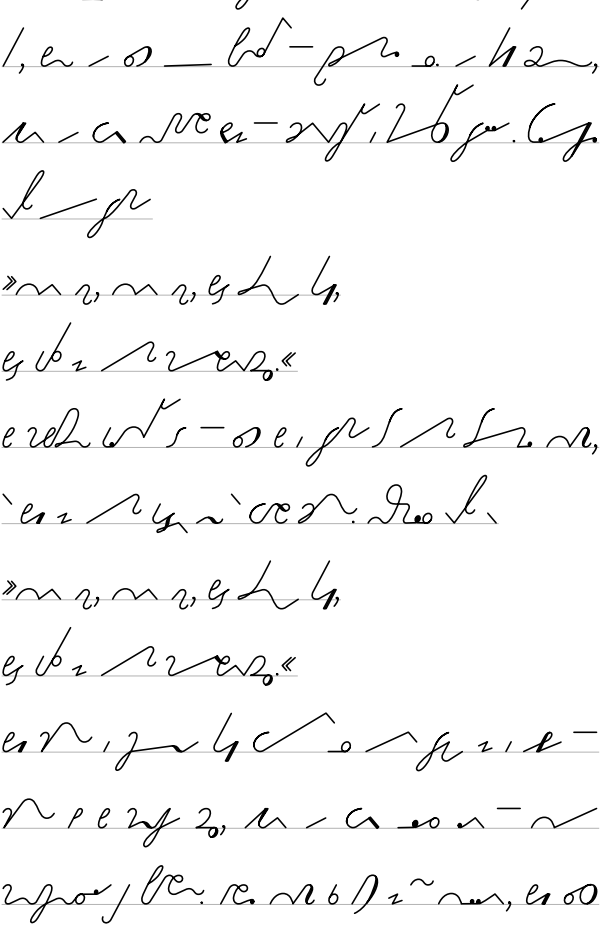

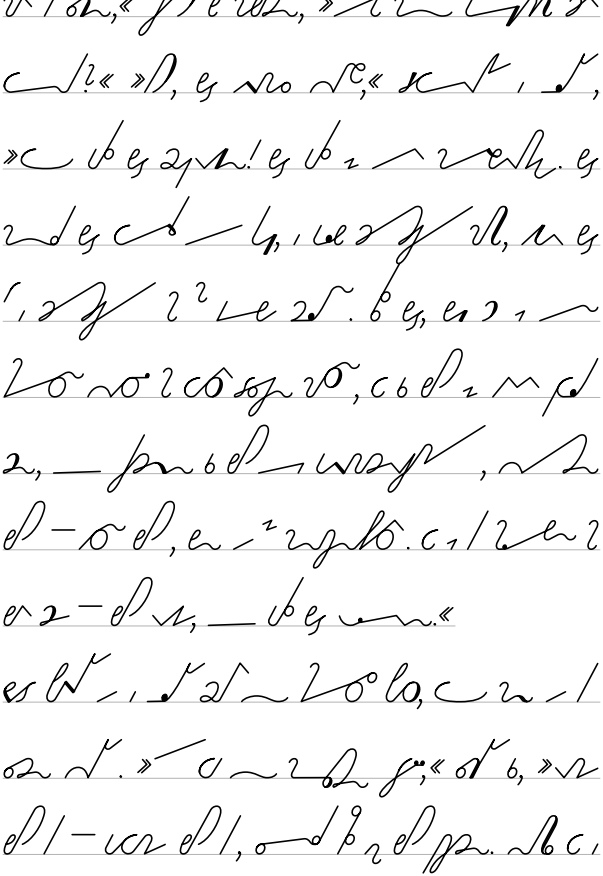

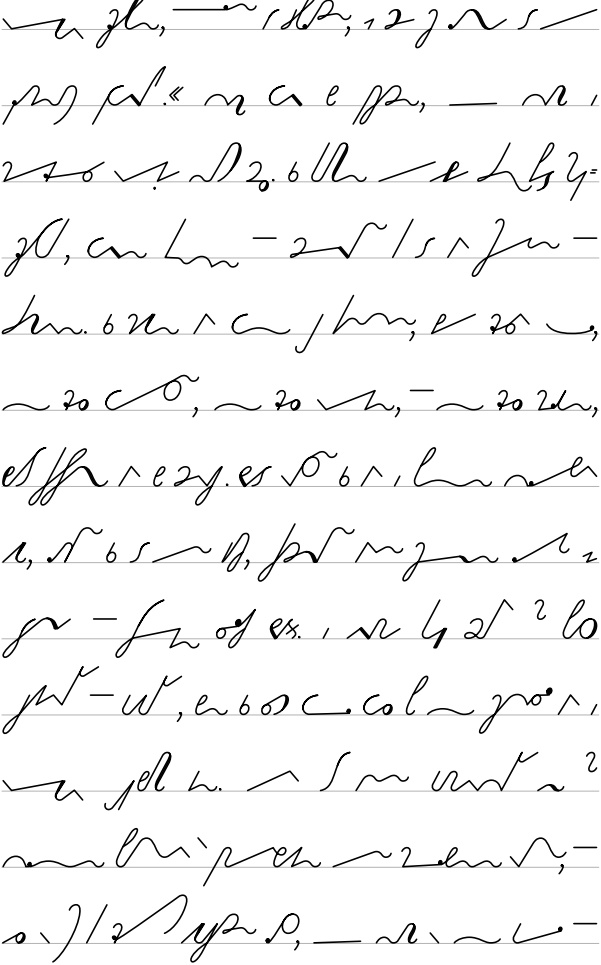

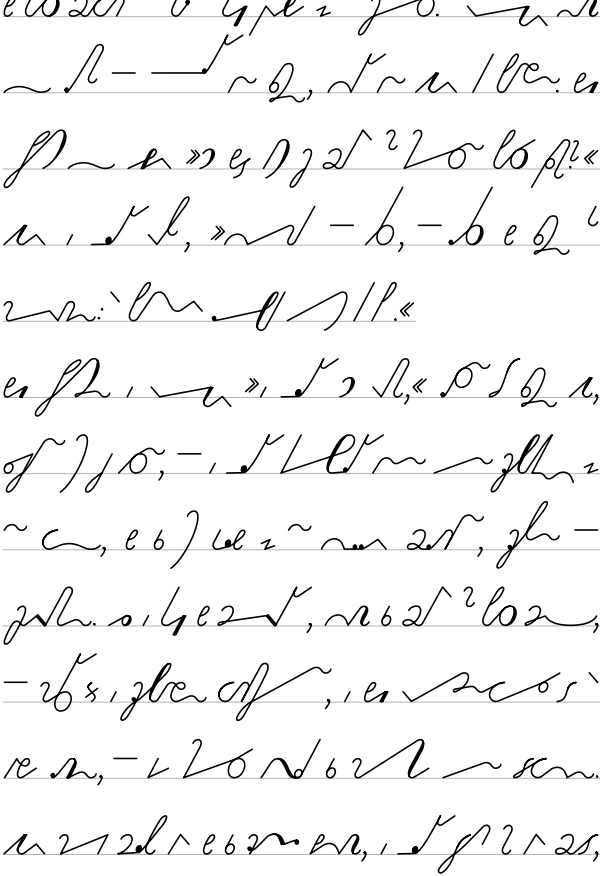

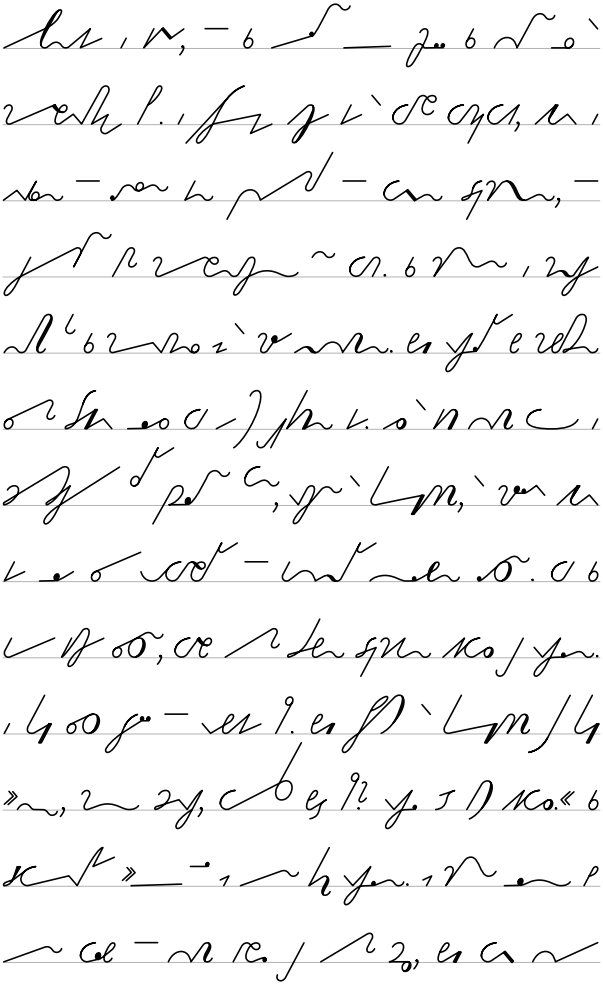

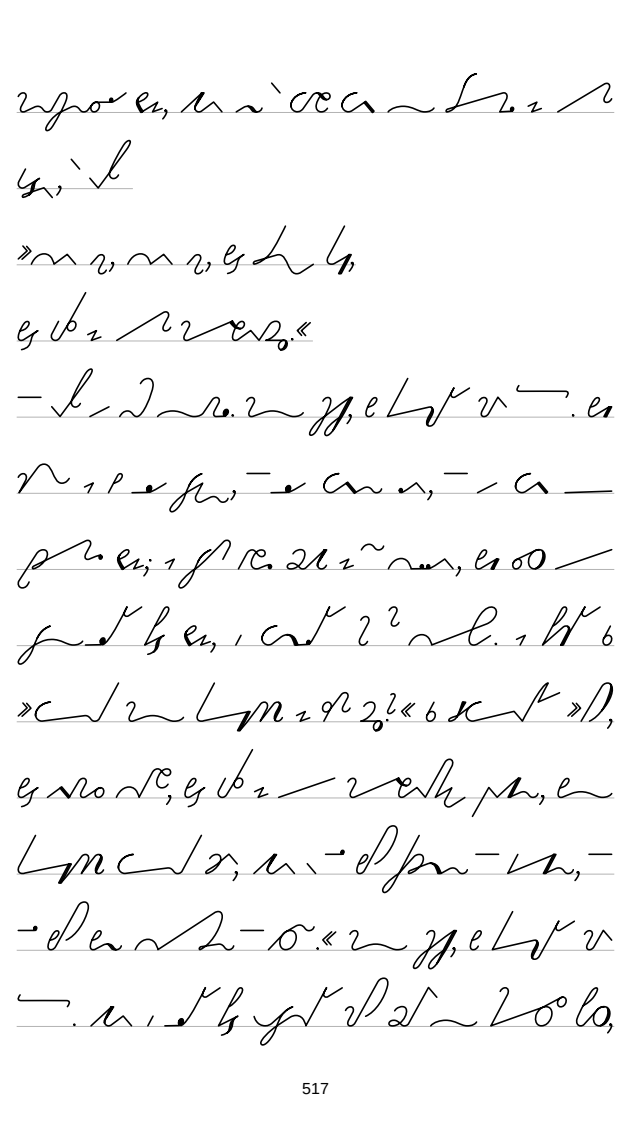

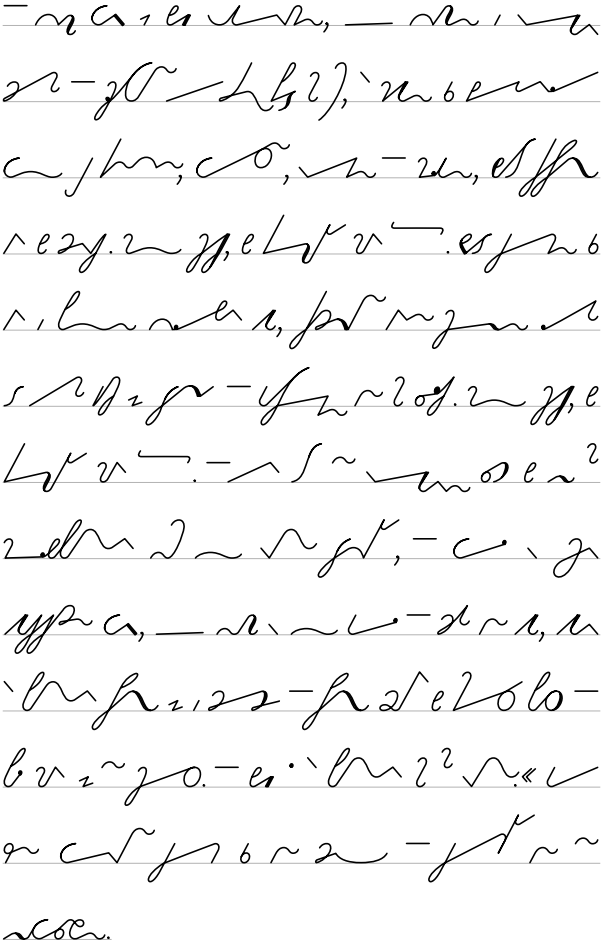

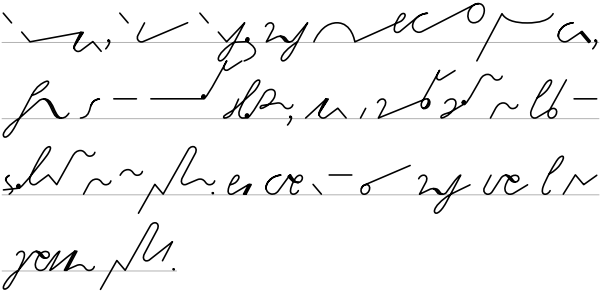

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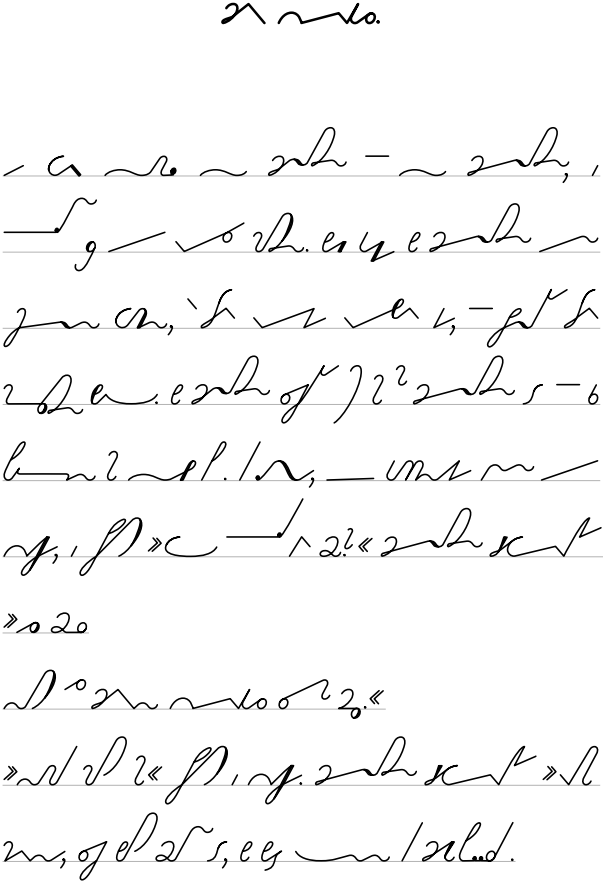

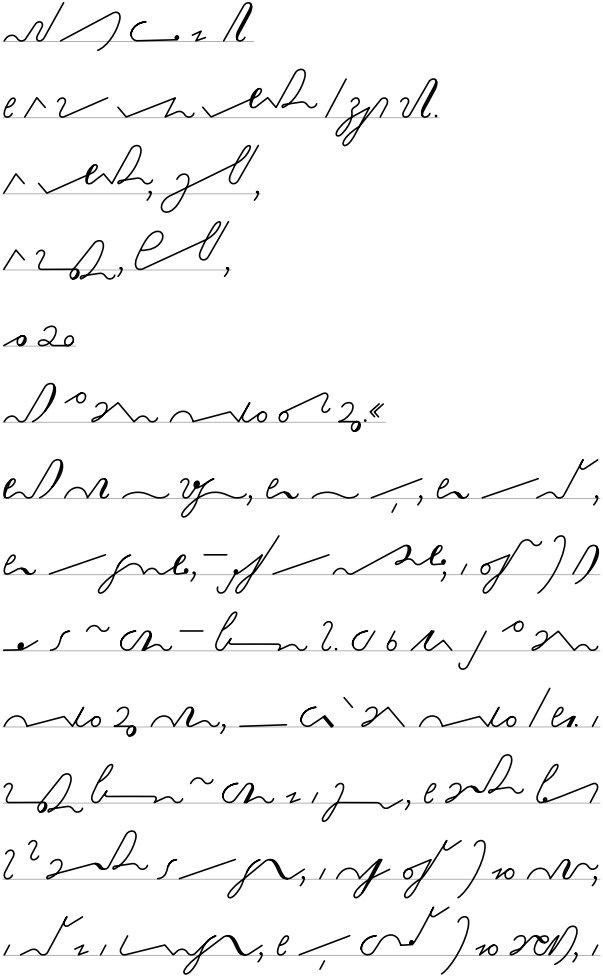

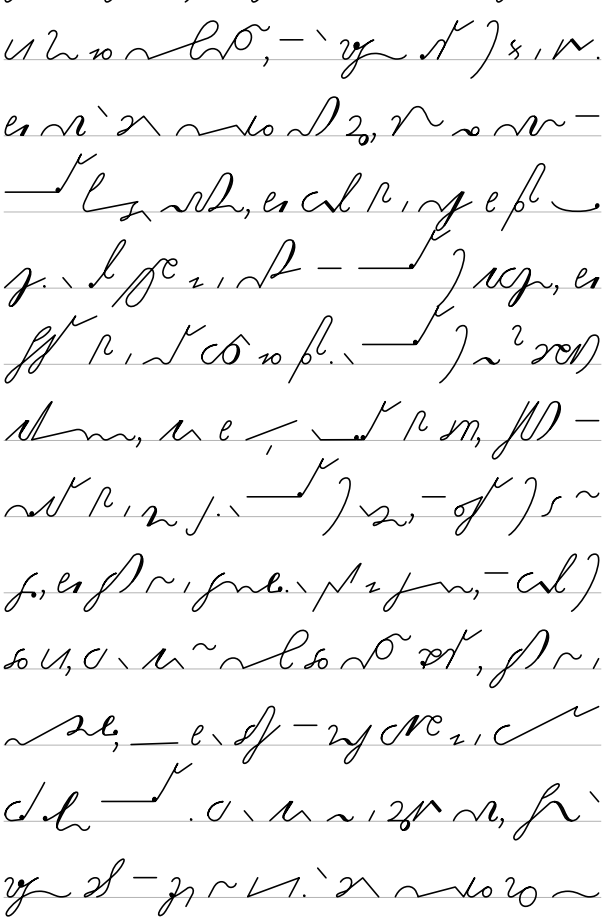

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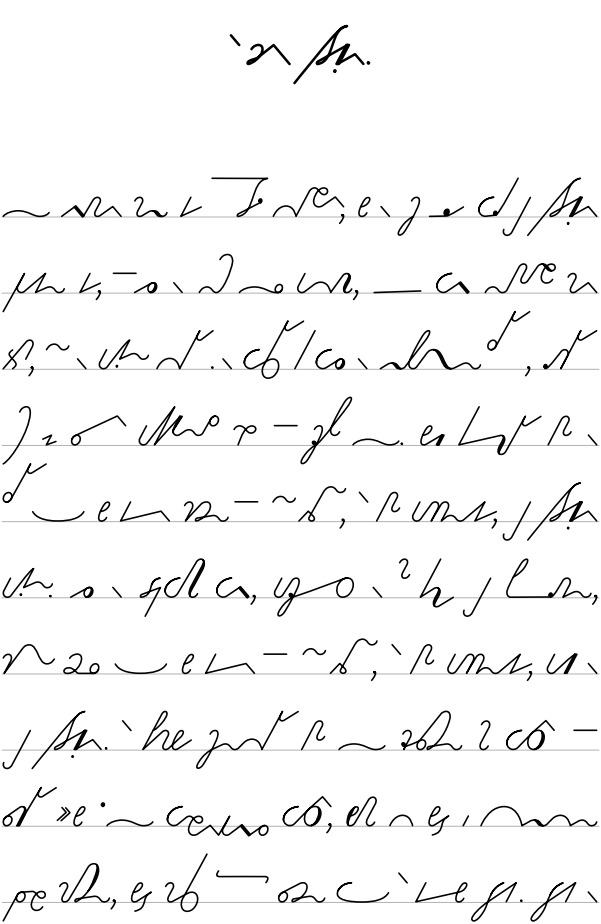

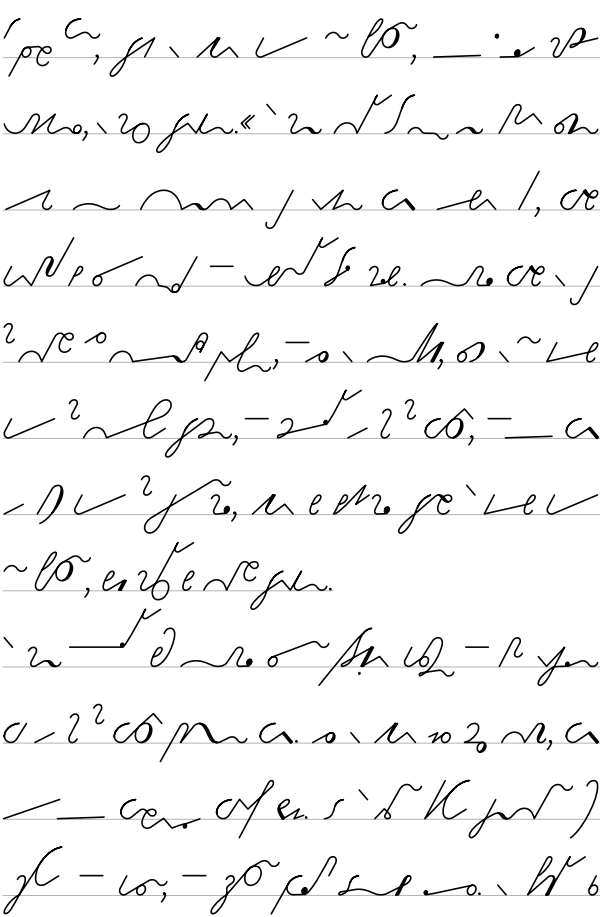

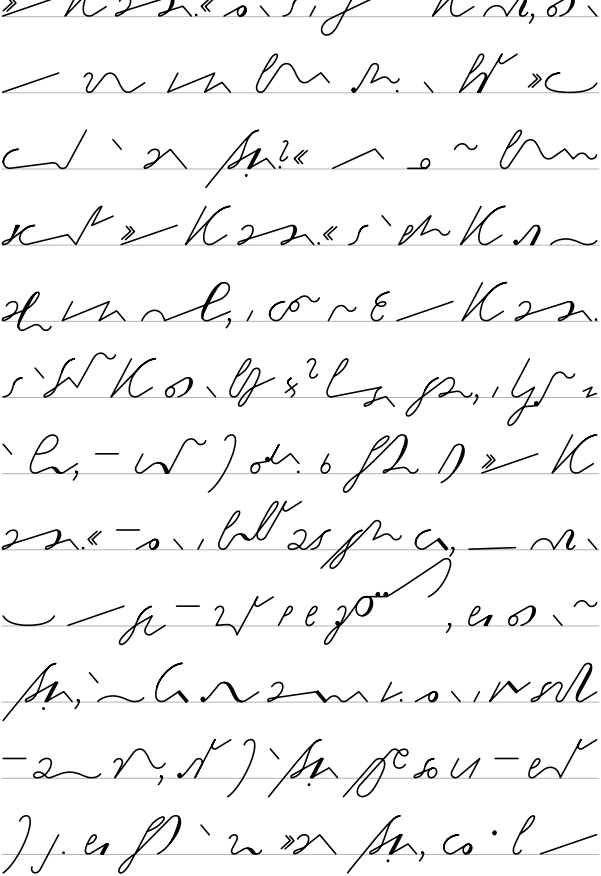

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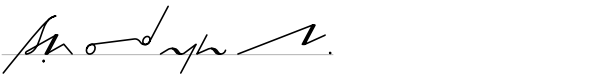

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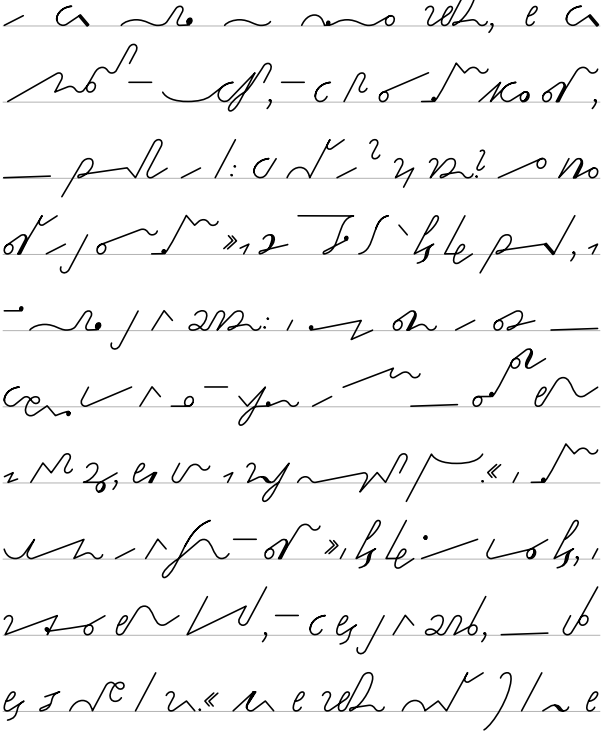

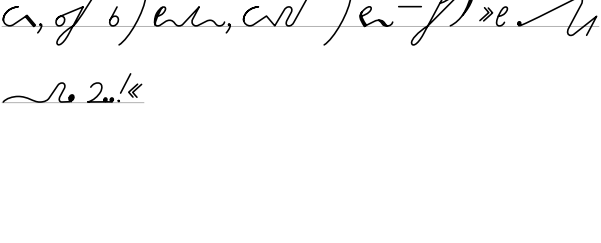

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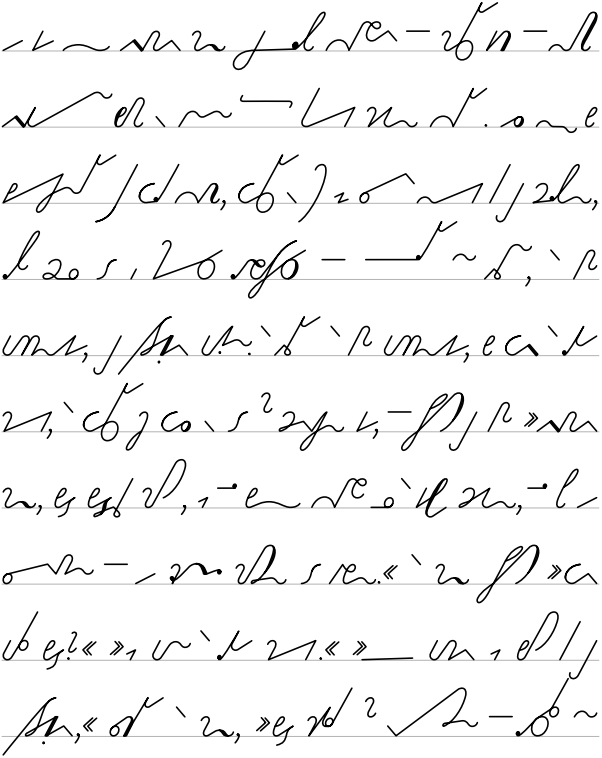

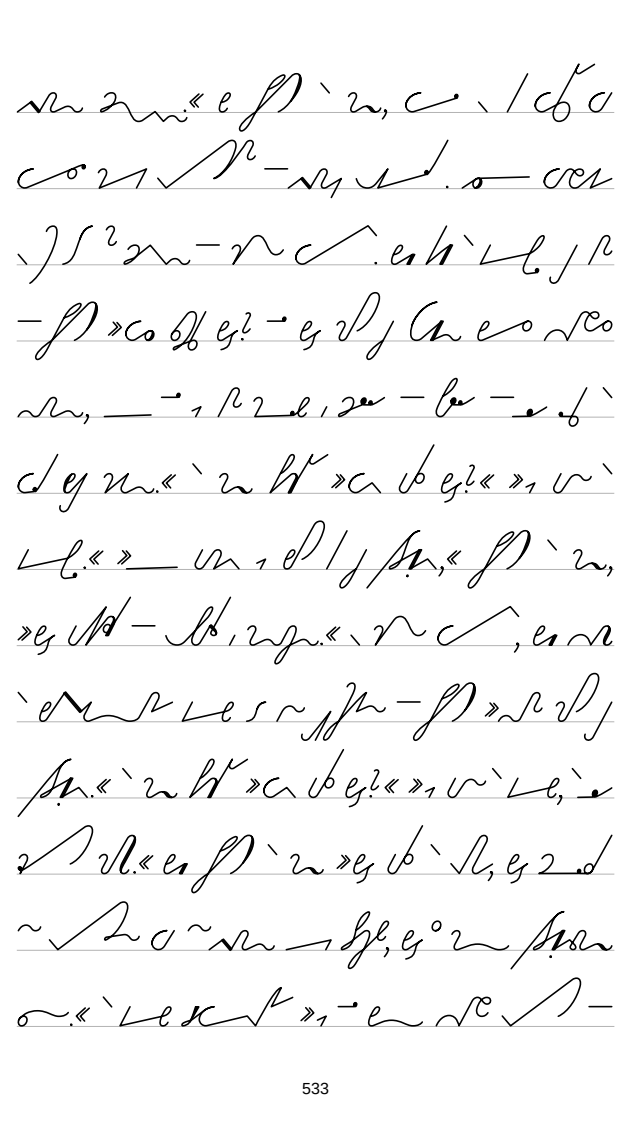

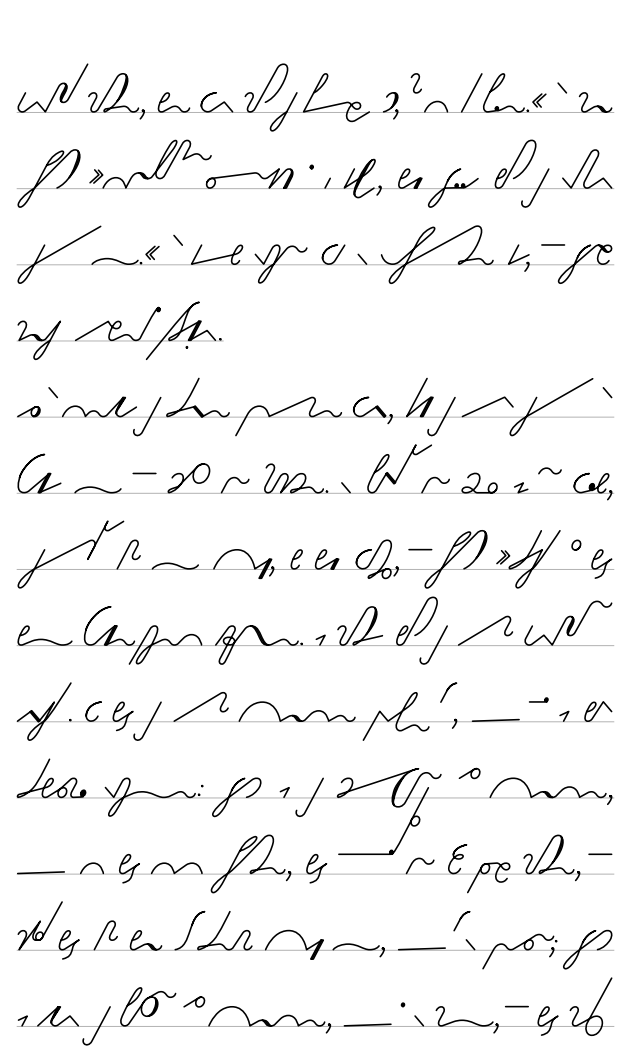

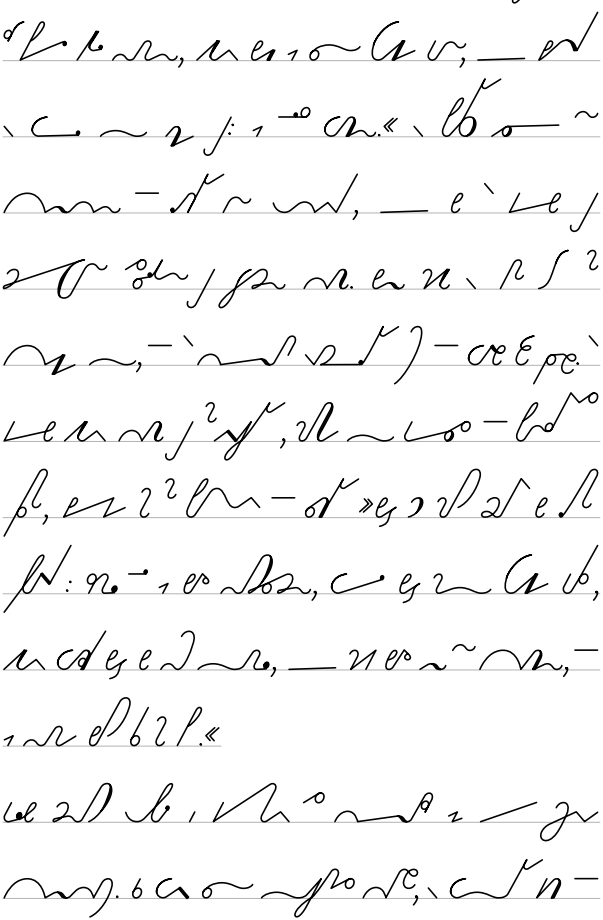

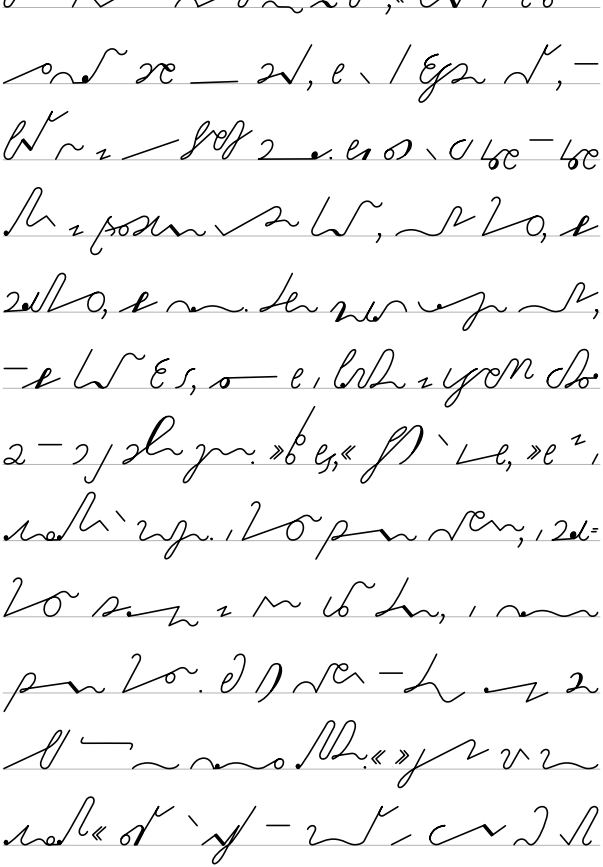

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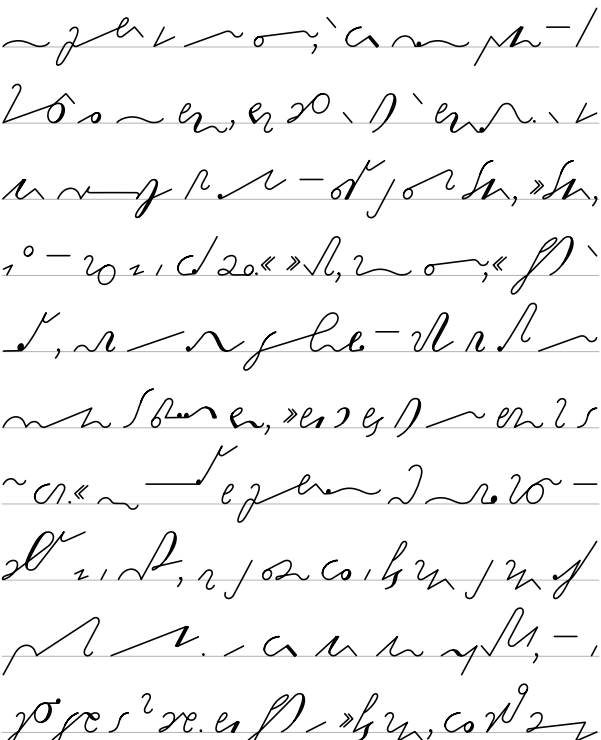

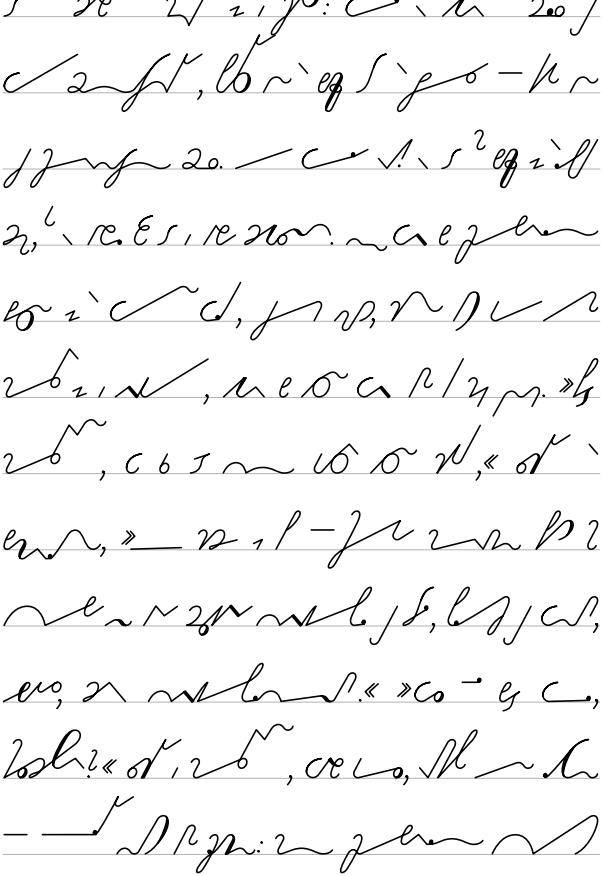

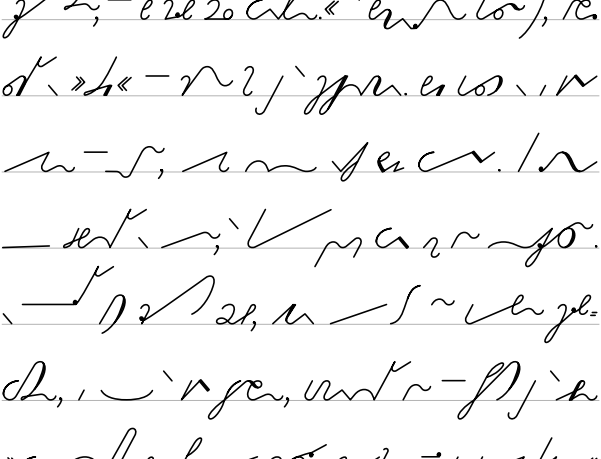

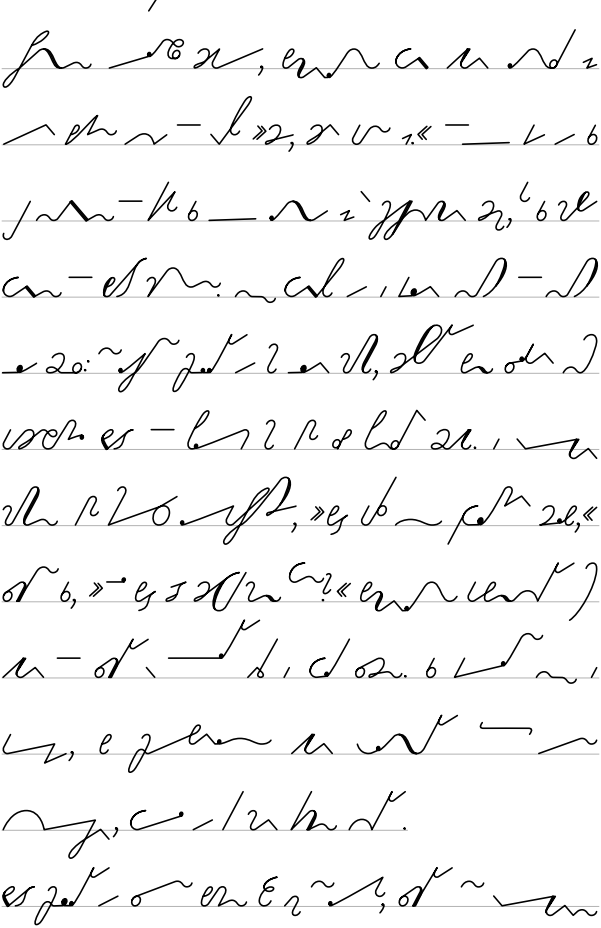

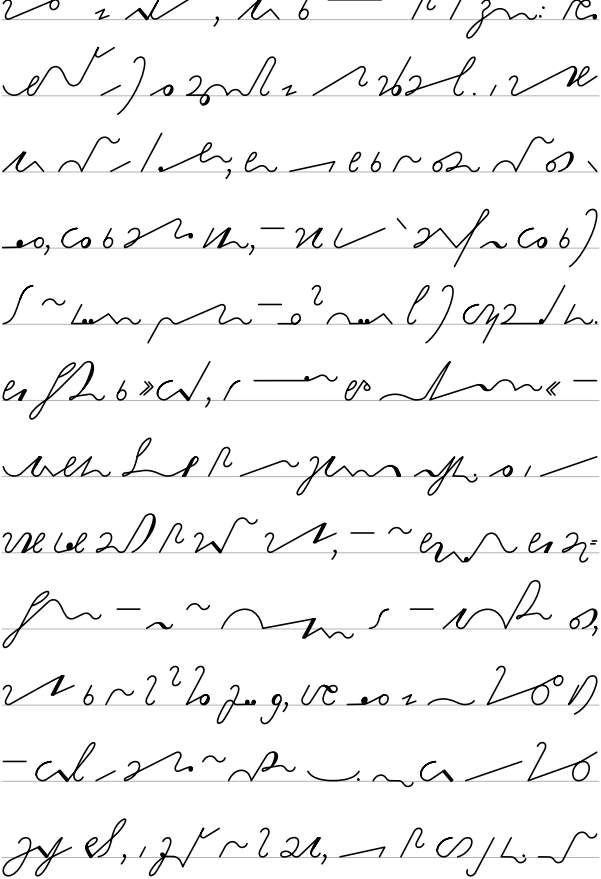

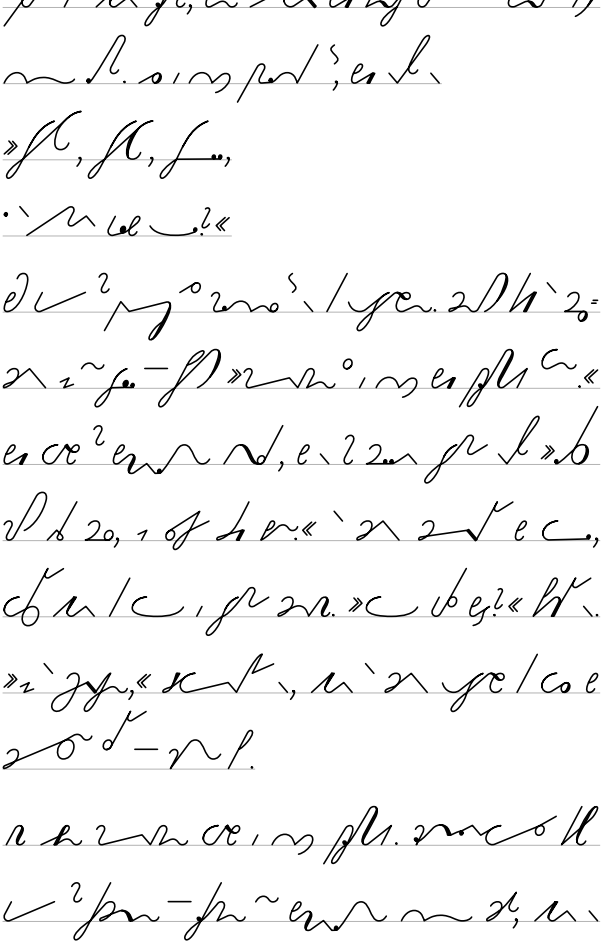

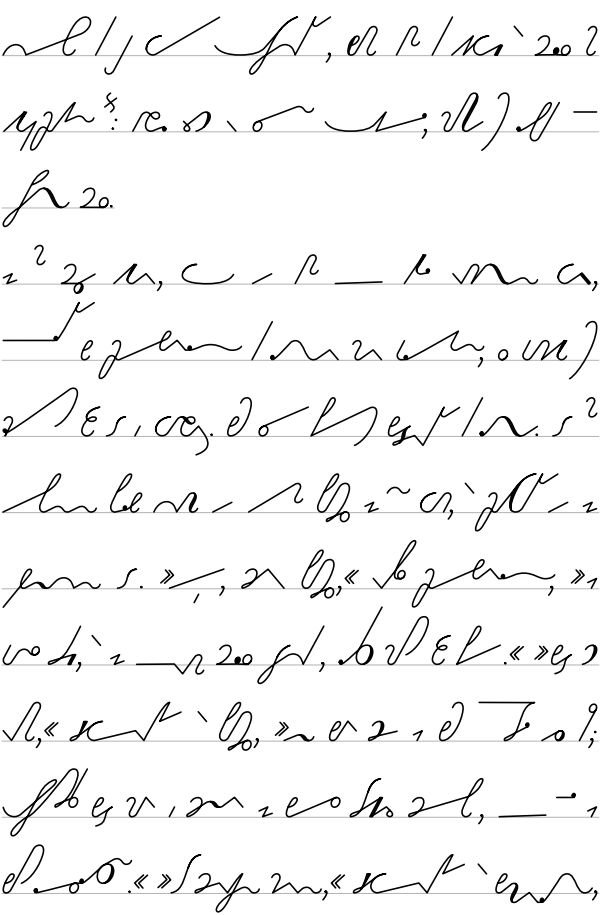

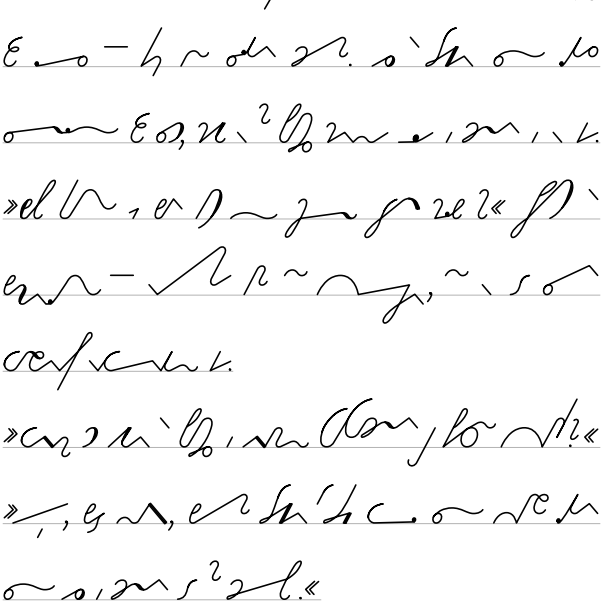

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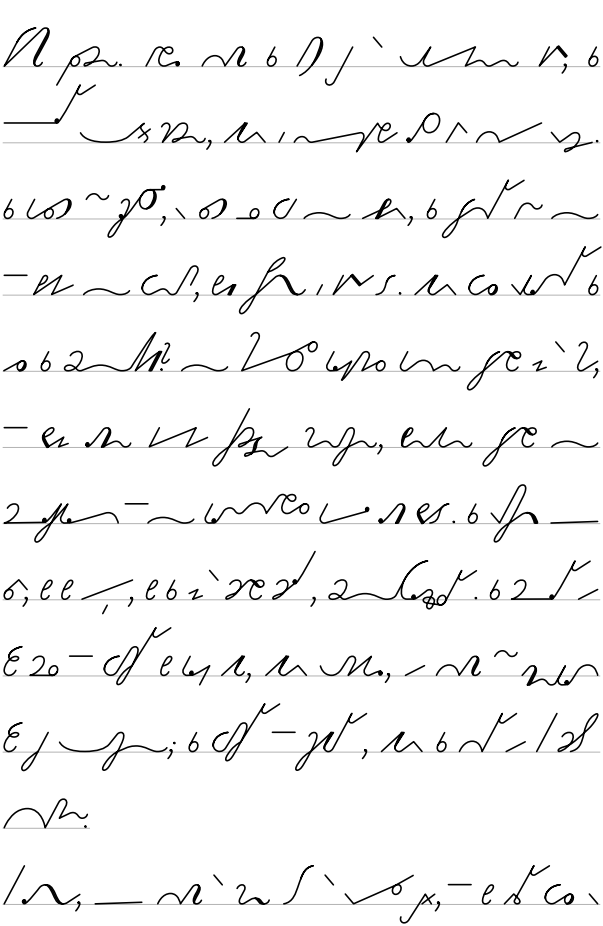

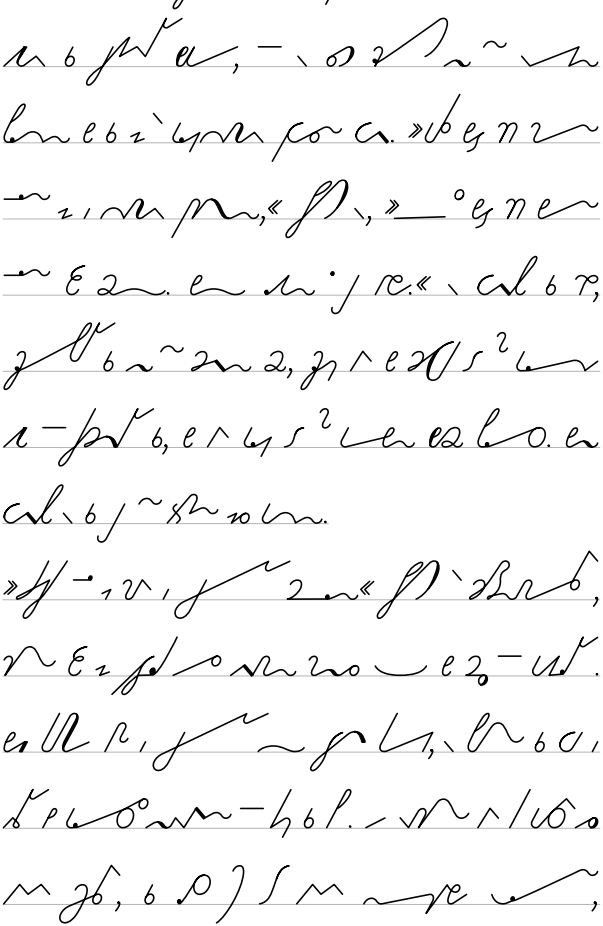

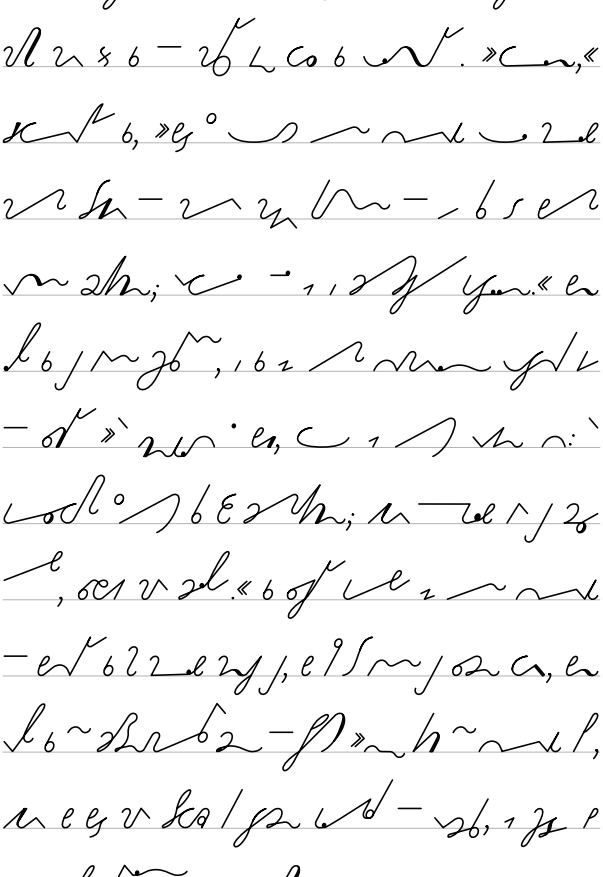

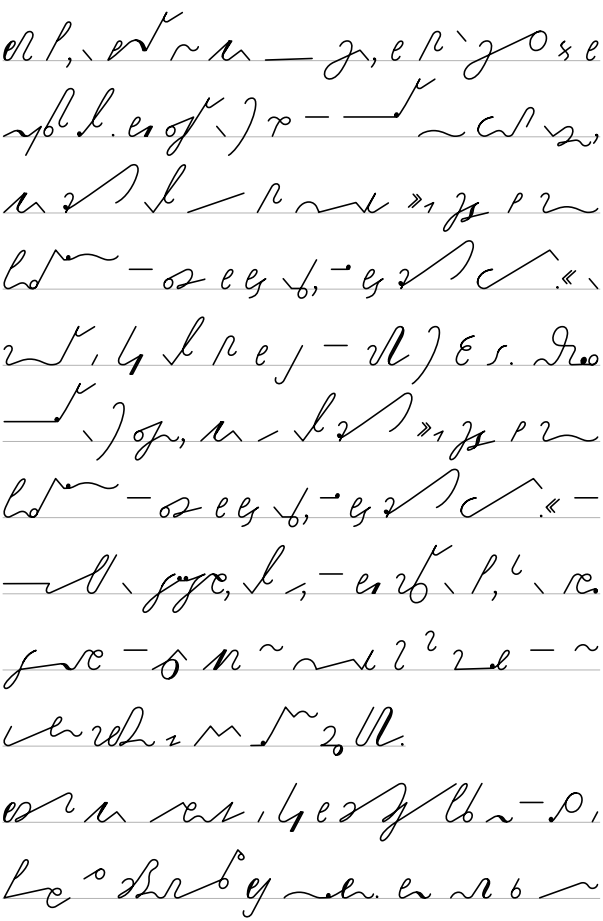

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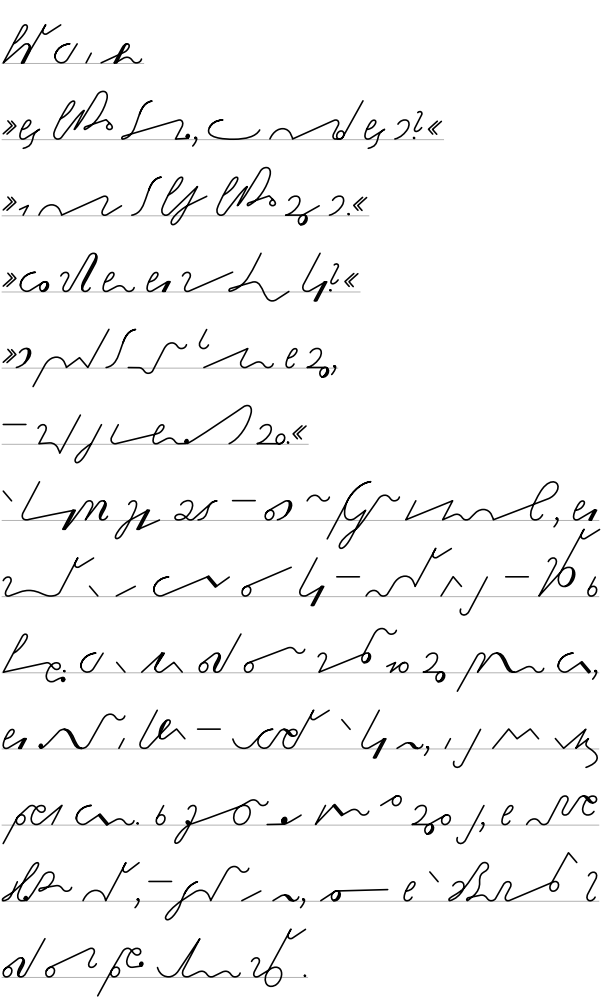

47.

Von dem Machandelboom.

Dat is nu all lang heer, wol twe du-
send Johr, do wöör dar en ryk
Mann, de hadd ene schöne frame
Fru, un se hadden sik beyde sehr
leef, hadden awerst kene Kinner, se
wünschden sik awerst sehr welke, un
de Fru bedd'd so veel dorüm Dag un
Nacht, man se kregen keen un kre-
gen keen. Vör erem Huse wöör en
Hof, dorup stünn en Machandel-

boom, ünner dem stünn de Fru eens im Winter un schelld sik enen Appel, un as se sik den Appel so schelld, so sneet se sik in’n Finger un dat Blood feel in den Snee. »Ach,« säd de Fru, un süft’d so recht hoog up, un seg dat Blood vör sik an, un wöör so recht wehmödig, »hadd ik doch en Kind, so rood as Blood un so witt as Snee.« Un as se dat säd, so wurr ehr so recht fröhlich to Mo-de: ehr wöör recht, as schull dat wat warden. Do güng se to dem Huse,

un't güng een Maand hen, de Snee vorgüng: un twe Maand, do wöör dat gröön: un dre Maand, do kömen de Blömer uut der Eerd: un veer Maand, do drungen sik alle Bömer in dat Holt, un de grönen Twyge wören all in eenanner wussen: door süngen de Vögelkens dat dat ganße Holt schalld, un de Blöiten felen von den Bömern: do wöör de fofte Maand wech, un se stünn ünner dem Machandelboom, de röök so schön, do sprüng ehr dat Hart

vör Freuden, un se füll up ere Knee un kunn sik nich laten: un as de soste Maand vorby wöör, do wurren de Früchte dick un staark, do wurr se ganß still: un de söwde Maand, do greep se na den Machandelbeeren un eet se so nydsch, do wurr se trurig un krank: do güng de achte Maand hen, un se reep eren Mann un weend un säd »wenn ik staarw, so begraaf my ünner den Machandelboom.« Do wurr se ganß getrost, un freude sik, bet de neeg-

te Maand vorby wöör, do kreeg se en Kind so witt as Snee un so rood as Blood, un as se dat seeg, so freu-de se sik so, dat se stürw.

Do begroof ehr Mann se ünner den Machandelboom, un he füng an to wenen so sehr; ene Tyd lang, do wurr dat wat sachter, un do he noch wat weend hadd, do hüll he up, un noch en Tyd, do nöhm he sik wedder ene Fru.

Mit de tweden Fru kreeg he ene Dochter, dat Kind awerst von der

eersten Fru wöör en lüttje Sähn, un wöör so rood as Blood un so witt as Snee. Wenn de Fru ere Dochter so anseeg, so hadd se se so leef, awerst denn seeg se den lüttjen Jung an, un dat güng ehr so dorch't Hart, un ehr düchd as stünn he ehr allerwegen im Weg, un dachd denn man jümmer wo se ehr Dochter all das Vörmägent towenden wull, un de Böse gaf ehr dat in, dat se dem lüttjen Jung ganß gramm wurr un stödd em herüm von een Eck in de

anner, un buffd em hier un knuffd em door, so dat dat aarme Kind jümmer in Angst wöör. Wenn he denn uut de School köhm, so hadd he kene ruhige Städ.

Eens wöör de Fru up de Kamer gaan, do köhm de lüttje Dochter ook herup un säd »Moder, gif my enen Appel.« »Ja, myn Kind« säd de Fru un gaf ehr enen schönen Appel uut der Kist; de Kist awerst hadd enen grooten sworen Deckel mit en groot schaarp ysern Slott. »Mo-

der,« säd de lüttje Dochter, »schall Broder nich ook enen hebben?« Dat vördrööt de Fru, doch säd se »ja, wenn he uut de School kummt.« Un as se uut dat Fenster wohr wurr dat he köhm, so wöör dat recht, as wenn de Böse äwer ehr köhm, un se grappst to un nöhm erer Dochter den Appel wedder wech un säd »du schalst nich ehr enen hebben as Broder.« Do smeet se den Appel in de Kist un maakd de Kist to: do köhm de lüttje Jung in de Döhr, do

gaf ehr de Böse in dat se fründlich to em säd »myn Sähn, wullt du enen Appel hebben?« un seeg em so hastig an. »Moder,« säd de lüttje Jung, »wat sühst du gräsig uut! ja, gif my enen Appel.« Do wöör ehr as schull se em toreden. »Kumm mit my,« säd se un maakd den Deckel up, »hahl dy enen Appel heruut.« Un as sik de lüttje Jung henin bückd, so reet ehr de Böse, bratsch! slöög se den Deckel to dat de Kopp afflöög un ünner de roden Appel füll. Da

äwerleep ehr dat in de Angst, un dachd »kunn ik dat von my bringen!« Da güng se bawen na ere Stuw na erem Draagkasten un hahl« uut de bäwelste Schuuflad enen witten Dook, un sett't den Kopp wedder up den Hals un bünd den Halsdook so üm, dat'n niks sehn kunn, un sett't em vör de Döhr up enen Stohl un gaf em den Appel in de Hand.

Do köhm doorna Marleenken to erer Moder in de Kääk de stünn by

dem Führ un hadd enen Putt mit heet Water vör sik, den röhrd se jümmer üm. »Moder,« säd Marleen-ken, »Broder sitt vör de Döhr un süht ganß witt uut un hett enen Appel in de Hand, ik heb em beden he schull my den Appel gewen, awerst he antwöörd my nich, do wurr my ganß grolich.« »Gah noch-maal hen,« säd de Moder, »un wenn he dy nich antworden will, so gif em eens an de Oren.« Do güng Marleen-ken hen un säd, »Broder, gif my den

Appel.« Awerst he sweeg still, do gaf se em eens up de Oren, do feel de Kopp herünn, doräwer vörschrock se sik un füng an to wenen un to ro-ren, un löp to erer Moder un säd »ach, Moder, ik hebb mynem Bro-der den Kopp afslagen,« un weend un weend un wull sik nich tofreden gewen. »Marleenken,« säd de Mo-der, »wat hest du dahn! awerst swyg man still, dat et keen Mensch maarkt, dat is nu doch nich to än-nern; wy willen em in Suhr kaken.«

Do nöhm de Moder den lüttjen Jung un hackd em in Stücken, ded de in den Putt un kaakd em in Suhr. Marleenken awerst stünn daarby un weend un weend, un de Tranen füllen all in den Putt un se bruukden goor keen Solt.

Do köhm de Vader to Huus un sett't sik to Disch un säd »wo is denn myn Sähn?« Da droog de Moder ene groote groote Schöttel up mit Swartsuhr, un Marleenken weend un kunn sich nich hollen. Do

säd de Vader wedder »wo is denn myn Sähn?« »Ach,« säd de Moder, »he is äwer Land gaan, na Mütten erer Grootöhm: he wull door wat blywen.« »Wat dait he denn door? un heft my nich maal Adjüüs sechd!« »O he wull geern hen un bed my of he door wol sos Wäken bly-wen kunn; he is jo woll door upha-wen.« »Ach,« säd de Mann, »my is so recht trurig dat is doch nich recht, he hadd my doch Adjüüs sagen schullt.« Mit des füng he an to äten

un säd »Marleenken, wat weenst du? Broder wart wol wedder ka-
men.« »Ach, Fru,« säd he do, »wat smeckt my dat Äten schöön? gif my mehr!« Un je mehr he eet, je mehr wull he hebben, un säd »geeft my mehr, gy schöhlt niks door af hebben, dat is as wenn dat all myn wör.« Un he eet un eet, un de Kna-
kens smeet he all ünner den Disch, bet he allens up hadd. Marleenken awerst güng hen na ere Commod un nöhm ut de ünnerste Schuuf

eren besten syden Dook, un hahl all de Beenkens un Knakens ünner den Disch heruut un bünd se in den syden Dook un droog se vör de Döhr un weend ere blödigen Tranen. Door läd se se ünner den Machandelboom in dat gröne Gras, un as se se door henlechd hadd«, so war ehr mit eenmal so recht licht, un weend nich mer. Do füng de Machandelboom an sik to bewegen, un de Twyge deden sik jümmer so recht von eenanner, un denn wedder tohoop,

so recht as wenn sik eener so recht freut un mit de Händ so dait. Mit des so güng dar so'n Newel von dem Boom un recht in dem Newel dar brennd dat as Führ, un uut dem Führ dar flöög so'n schönen Vagel heruut, de süng so herrlich und flöög hoog in de Luft, un as he wech wöör, do wöör de Machandel-boom as he vörhen west wöör, un de Dook mit de Knakens wöör wech. Marleenken awerst wöör so recht licht un vörgnöögt, recht as

wenn de Broder noch leewd. Do güng se wedder ganß lustig in dat Huus by Disch un eet.

De Vagel awerst flöög wech un sett't sik up enen Goldsmidt syn Huus un füng an to singen

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,
mein Vater der mich aß,
mein Schwester der Marlenichen
sucht alle meine Benichen,
bind't sie in ein seiden Tuch,
legt's unter den Machandelbaum.
Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörn schöön Va-

gel bün ik!«

De Goldsmidt seet in syn Waarkstäd un maakd ene gollne Kede, do höörd he den Vagel, de up syn Dack seet un süng, un dat dünkd em so schöön. Da stünn he up, un as he äwer den Süll güng, do vörlöör he eenen Tüffel. He güng awer so recht midden up de Strat hen, eenen Tüffel un een Sock an: syn Schortfell hadd he vör, un in de een Hand hadd he de golln Kede un in de anner de Tang; un de Sünn schynd so

hell up de Strat. Door güng he recht so staan un seeg den Vagel an. »Vagel,« secht he do, »wo schöön kanst du singen! Sing my dat Stück nochmaal.« »Ne,« secht de Vagel, »twemaal sing ik nich umsünst. Gif my de golln Kede, so will ik dy't nochmaal singen.« »Door,« secht de Goldsmidt, »hest du de golln Kede, nu sing my dat nochmaal.« Do köhm de Vagel un nöhm de golln Kede so in de rechte Poot, un güng vor den Goldsmidt sitten un süng

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,
mein Vater der mich aß,
mein Schwester der Marlenichen
sucht alle meine Benichen,
bindt sie in ein seiden Tuch,
legts unter den Machandelbaum.
Kywitt, kywitt, was vörʼn schöön Vagel bün ik!«
Do flög de Vagel wech na enem Schooster un settʼt sik up den syn Dack un süng
»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,
mein Vater der mich aß,

mein Schwester der Marlenichen
sucht alle meine Benichen,
bindet sie in ein seiden Tuch,
legts unter den Machandelbaum.
Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörn schöön Va-
gel bün ik!«
De Schooster höörd dat un leep
vör syn Döhr in Hemdsaarmels, un
seeg na syn Dack un mussd de
Hand vör de Ogen hollen, dat de
Sünn em nich blendt. »Vagel,« secht
he, »wat kannst du schöön singen.«
Do rööp he in syn Döhr henin »Fru,

kumm mal heruut, dar is een Vagel: süh mal den Vagel, de kann maal schöön singen.« Do rööp he syn Dochter un Kinner un Gesellen, Jung un Maagd, un se kömen all up de Strat un seegen den Vagel an wo schöön he wöör, un he hadd so recht rode un gröne Feddern, un üm den Hals wöör dat as luter Gold, un de Ogen blünken em im Koop as Steern. »Vagel,« sägd de Schooster, »nu sing my dat Stück nochmaal.« »Ne,« secht de Vagel, »twemaal sing

ik nich umsünst, du must my wat schenken.« »Fru,« säd de Mann, »gah na dem Bähn: up dem bäwelsten Boord door staan een Poor rode Schö, de bring herünn.« Do güng de Fru hen un hahl de Schö. »Door, Vagel,« säd de Mann, »nu sing my dat Stück nochmaal.« Do köhm de Vagel un nöhm de Schö in de linke Klau, un flöög wedder up dat Dack un süng

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,

mein Vater der mich aß, mein

Schwester der Marlenichen
sucht alle meine Benichen
bindet sie in ein seiden Tuch,
legts unter den Machandelbaum.
Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörn schöön Va-
gel bün ik!«
Un as he uutsungen hadd, so flöög
he wech: de Kede hadd he in de
rechte un de Schö in de linke Klau,
un he flöög wyt wech na ene Mähl,
un de Mähl güng »klippe klappe,
klippe klappe, klippe klappe.« Un in
de Mähl door seeten twintig Mäh-

lenburßen, de hauden enen Steen un hackden »hick hack, hick hack, hick hack,« un de Mähl güng »klippe klappe, klippe klappe, klippe klappe.« Do güng de Vagel up enen Lindenboom sitten, de vör de Mähl stünn und süng

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,«
do höörd een up,
»mein Vater der mich aß,«
do höörden noch twe up un höörden dat,
»mein Schwester der Marlenichen«

do höörden wedder veer up,

»sucht alle meine Benichen,

bindet sie in ein seiden Tuch,«

nu hackden noch man acht,

»legts unter«

nu noch man fyw,

»den Machandelbaum.«

nu noch man een.

»Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörn schöön Vagel bün ik!«

Do hüll de lezte ook up un hadd dat lezte noch höörd. »Vagel,« secht he, »wat singst du schöön! laat my dat

ook hören, sing my dat nochmaal.« »Ne,« secht de Vagel, »twemaal sing ik nich umsünst, gif my den Mählensteen, so will ik dat nochmaal singen.« »Ja,« secht he, »wenn he my alleen tohöörd, so schullst du em hebben.«»Ja,« säden de annern, »wenn he nochmaal singt, so schall he em hebben.« Do köhm de Vagel herünn, un de Möllers saat'n all twintig mit Böhm an un böhrden den Steen up, »hu uh uhp, hu uh uhp, hu uh uhp!« Do stöök de Vagel

den Hals döör dat Lock un nöhm em üm as enen Kragen, un flöög wedder up den Boom un süng

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,
mein Vater der mich aß,
mein Schwester der Marlenichen
sucht alle meine Benichen,
bindt sie in ein seiden Tuch,
legts unter den Machandelbaum.
Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörn schöön Vagel bün ik!«

Un as he dat uutsungen hadd, do deed he de Flünk von eenanner, un

hadd in de rechte Klau de Kede un in de linke de Schö un üm den Hals den Mählensteen, un floog wyt wech na synes Vaders Huse.

In de Stuw seet de Vader, de Moder un Marleenken by Disch, un de Vader säd »ach, wat waart my licht, my is recht so good to Mode.« »Nä,« säd de Moder, »my is recht so angst, so recht as wenn en swoor Gewitter kummt.« Marleenken awerst seet un weend un weend, da köhm de Vagel anflegen, un as he

sik up dat Dack sett't, »ach,« säd de Vader, »my is so recht freudig un de Sünn schynt buten so schöön, my is recht, as schull ik enen olen Bekannten weddersehn.« »Ne,« säd de Fru, »my is so angst, de Täne klappern my, un dat is my as Führ in den Adern.« Un se reet sik ehr Lyfken up un so mehr, awer Marleenken seet in en Eck un weend, un hadd eren Platen vör de Ogen, un weend den Platen ganß meßnatt. Do sett't sik de Vagel up den Ma-

chandelboom un süng

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,«

Do hüll de Moder de Oren to un kneep de Ogen to, un wull nich sehn un hören, awer dat bruusde ehr in de Oren as de allerstaarkste Storm, un de Ogen brennden ehr un zack-den as Blitz.

»mein Vater der mich aß,«

»Ach, Moder,« secht de Mann, »door is en schöön Vagel, de singt so herrlich, de Sünn schynt so warm, un dat rückt als luter Zinne-

mamen.«

»mein Schwester der Marlenichen«

Do läd Marleenken den Kopp up de Knee un weend in eens wech, de Mann awerst säd »ik ga henuut, ik mutt den Vagel dicht by sehn.« »Ach, gah nich,« säd de Fru, »my is as beewd dat ganße Huus un stünn in Flammen.« Awerst de Mann güng henuut un seeg den Vagel an.

»sucht alle meine Benichen,

bindt sie in ein seiden Tuch,

legts unter den Machandelbaum.

Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörʼn schöön Vagel bün ik!«

Mit des leet de Vagel de gollne Kede fallen, un se feel dem Mann jüst umʼn Hals, so recht hier herüm, dat se recht so schöön passd.

Do güng he herin un säd »süh, wat is dat vörʼn schöön Vagel, heft my so «ne schöne gollne Kede schenkd, un süht so schöön uut.« De Fru awerst wöör so angst, un füll langs in de Stuw hen, un de Mütz füll ehr von dem Kopp. Do süng de Vagel

wedder

»mein Mutter der mich schlacht,«

»Ach, dat ik dusend Föder ünner de Eerd wöör, dat ik dat nich hören schull!«

»mein Vater der mich aß,«

Do füll de Fru vör dood nedder.

»mein Schwester der Marlenichen«

»Ach,« säd Marleenken, »ik will ook henuut gahn un sehn of de Vagel my wat schenkt?« Do güng se henuut.

»sucht alle meine Benichen, bindt

sie in ein seiden Tuch,«

Do smeet he ehr de Schöh herünn. »legts unter den Machandelbaum. Kywitt, kywitt, wat vörn schöön Vagel bün ik!«

Do wöör ehr so licht un frölich. Do truck se de neen roden Schö an, un danßd un sprüng herin. »Ach,« säd se, »ick wöör so trurig, as ik henuut güng, un nu is my so licht, dat is maal en herrlichen Vagel, hett my en Poor rode Schö schenkd.« »Ne,« säd de Fru un sprüng up, un de

Hoor stünnen ehr to Baarg as Führsflammen, »my is as schull de Welt ünnergahn, ik will ook henuut, of my lichter warden schull.« Un as se uut de Döhr köhm, bratsch! smeet ehr de Vagel den Mählen-steen up den Kopp, dat se ganß to-matscht wurr. De Vader un Mar-leenken höörden dat un güngen henuut: do güng en Damp un Flamm un Führ up von der Städ, un as dat vorby wöör, do stünn de lüt-je Broder door, un he nöhm synen

Vader un Marleenken by der Hand, un wören all dre so recht vergnöögt un güngen in dat Huus by Disch, un eeten.

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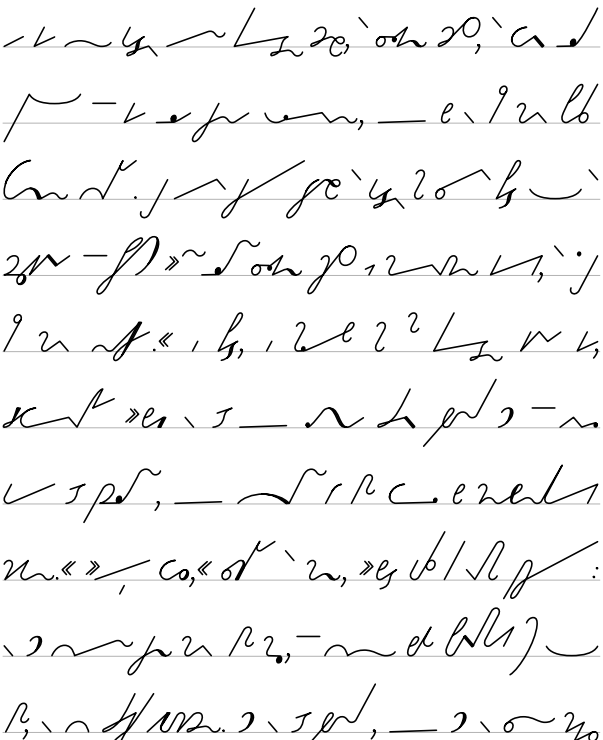

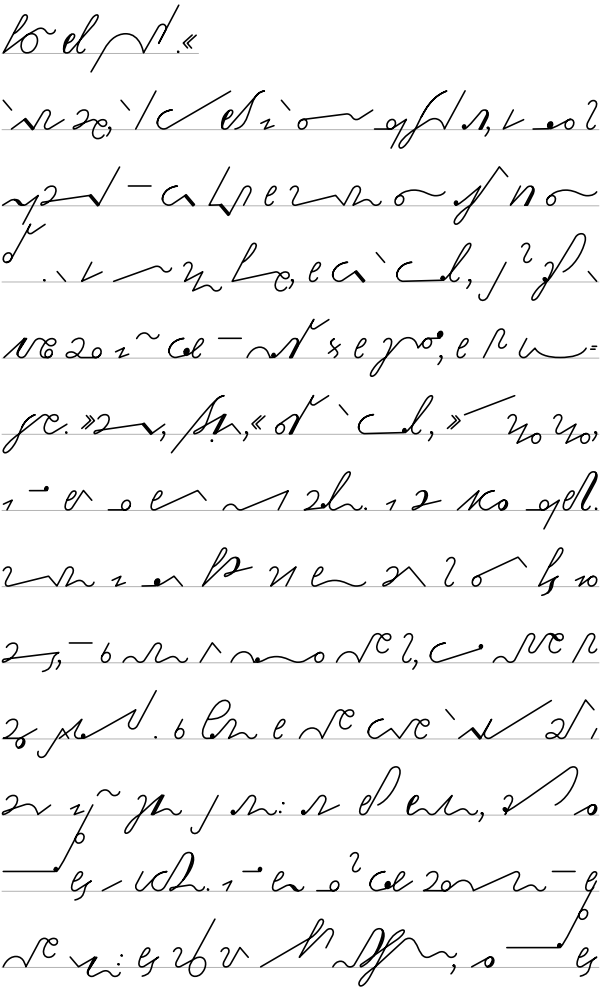

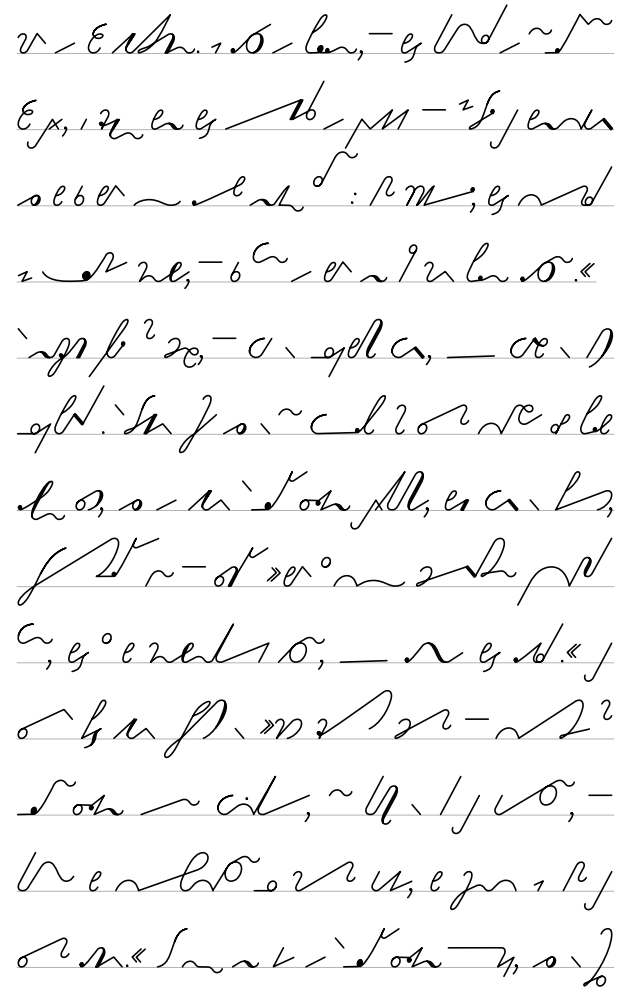

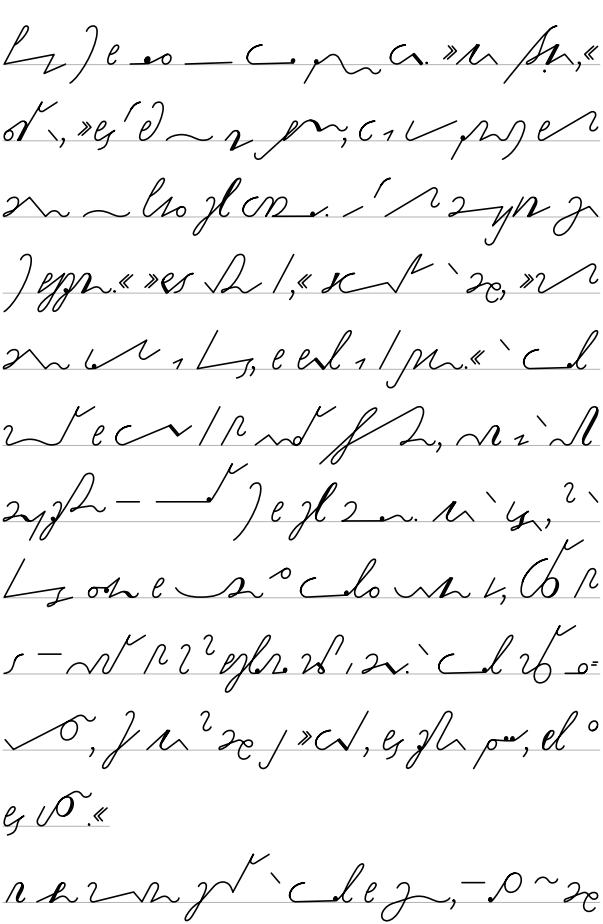

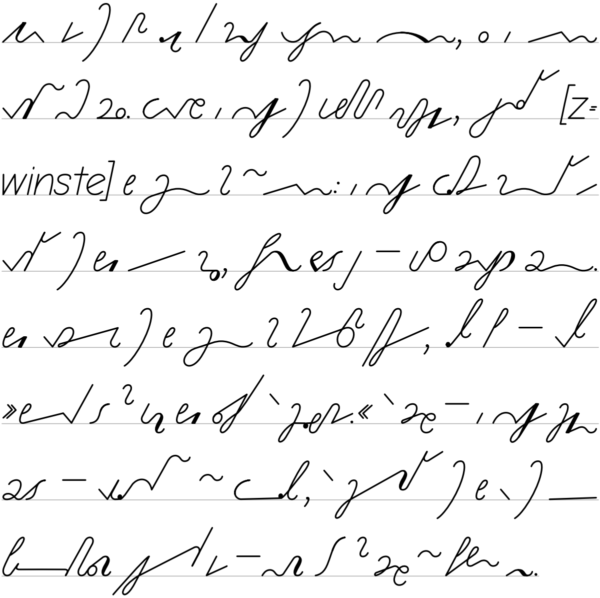
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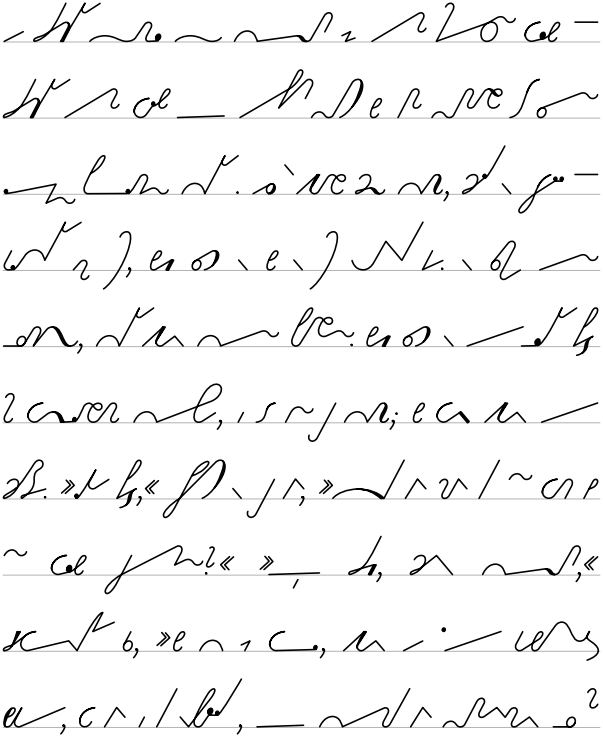

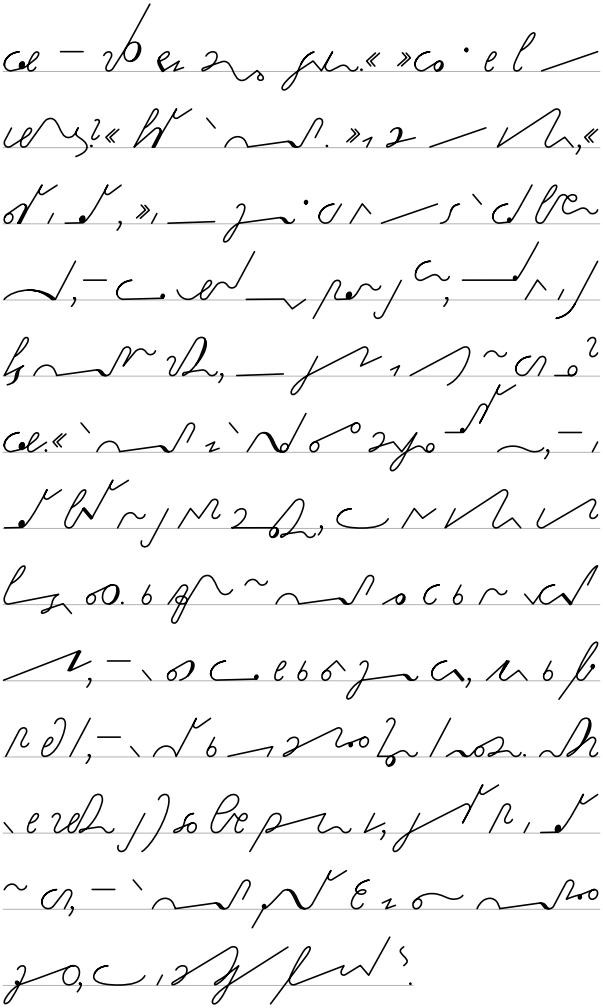

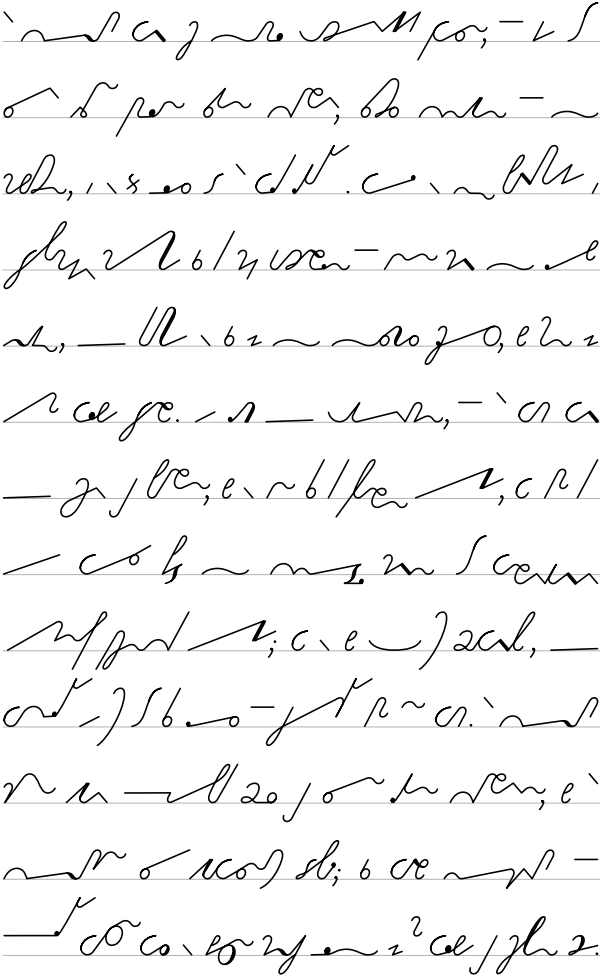

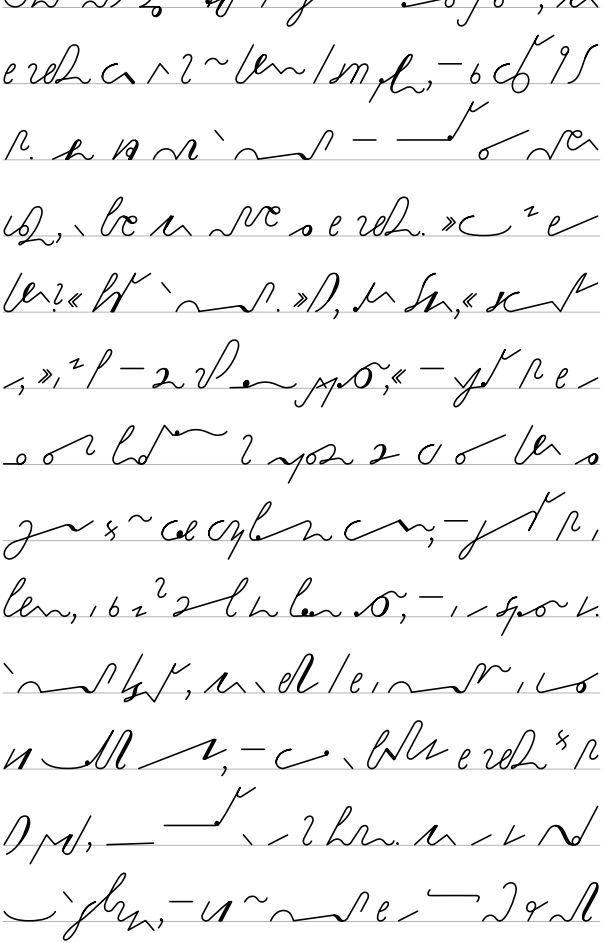

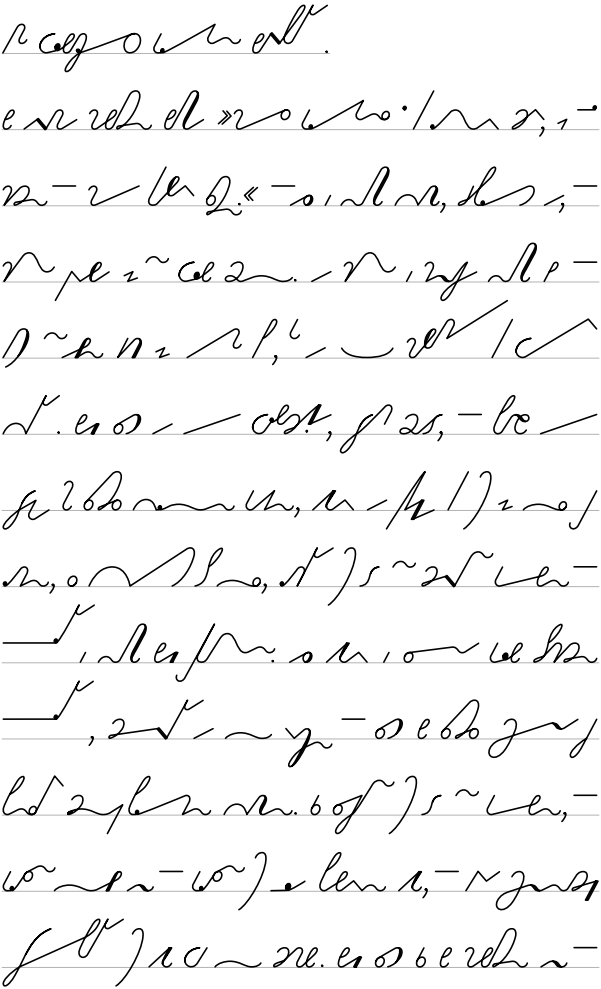

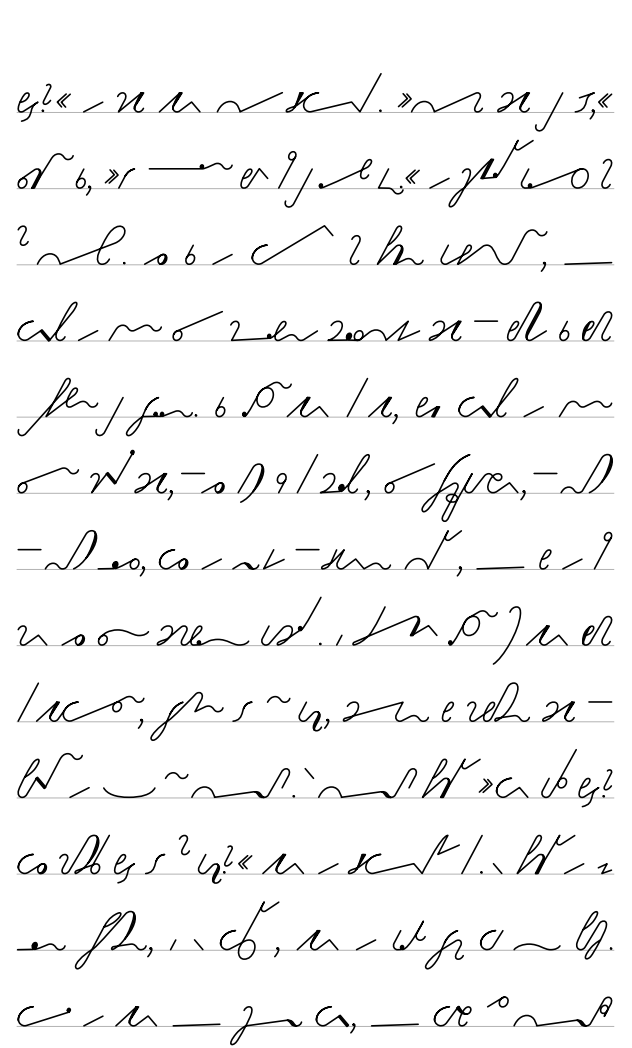

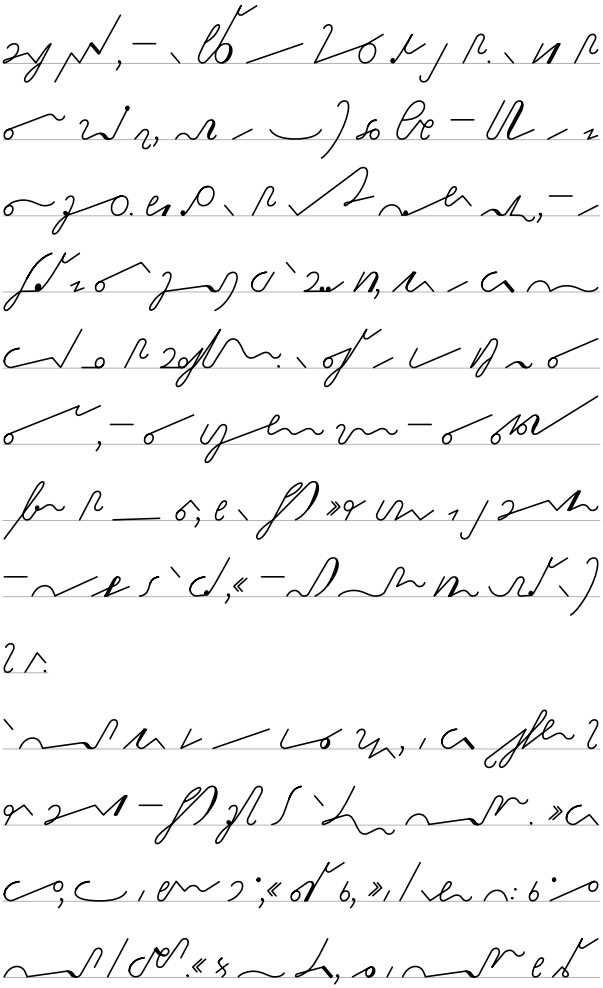

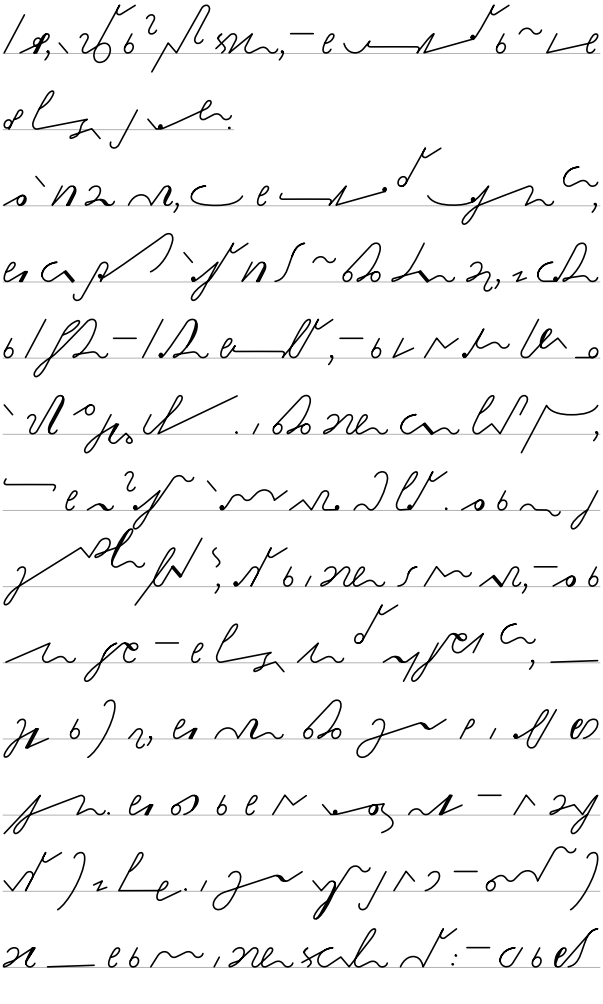

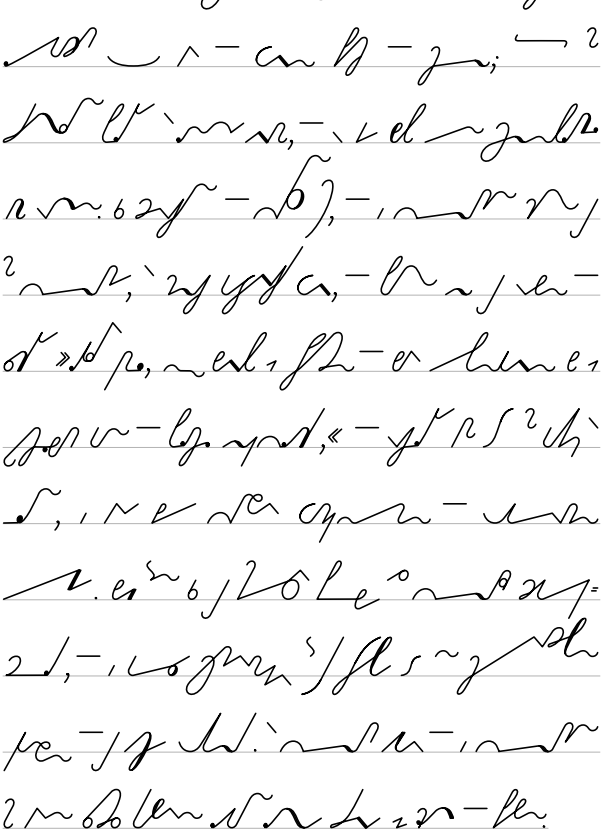

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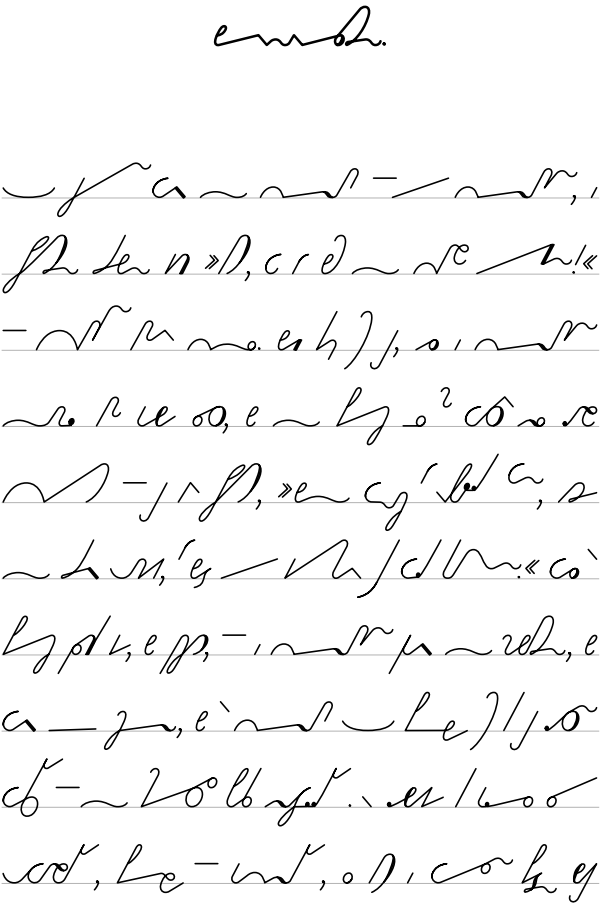

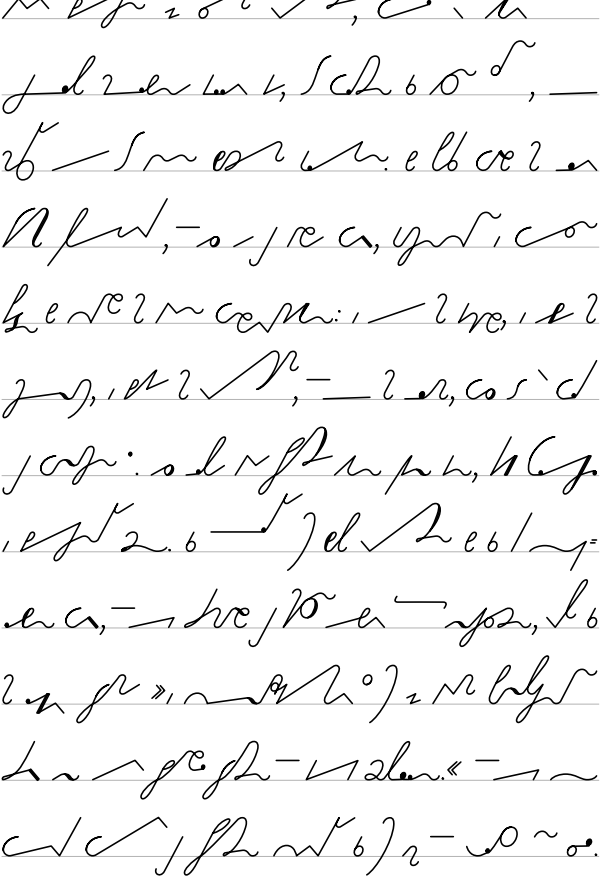

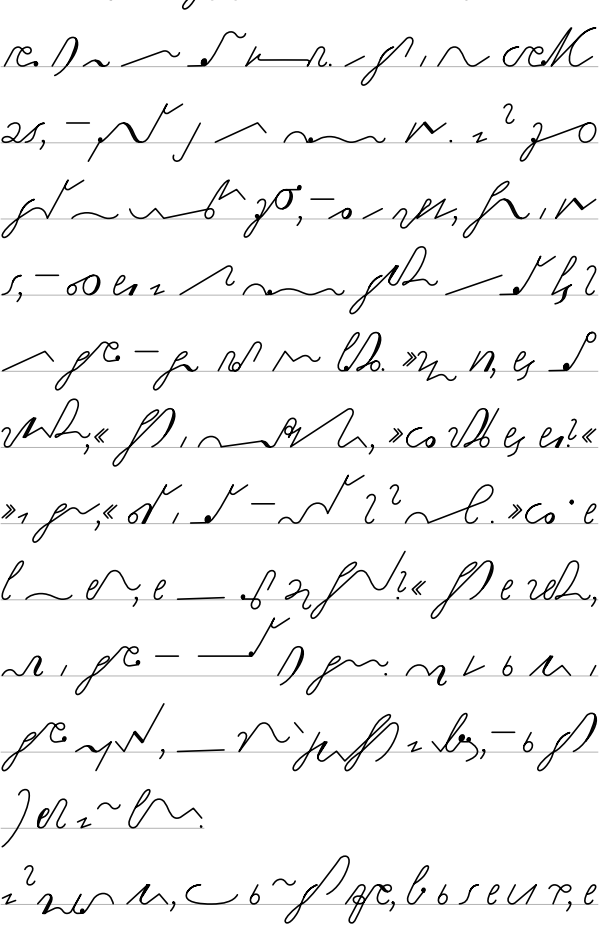

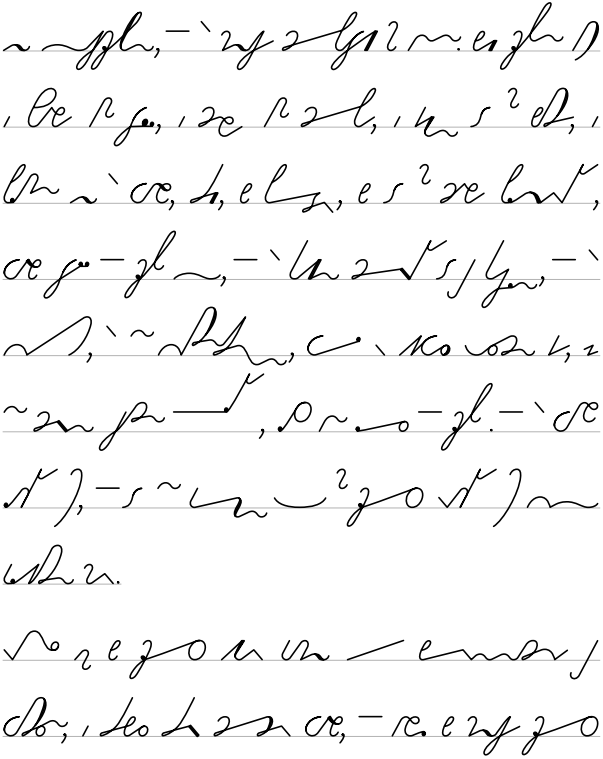

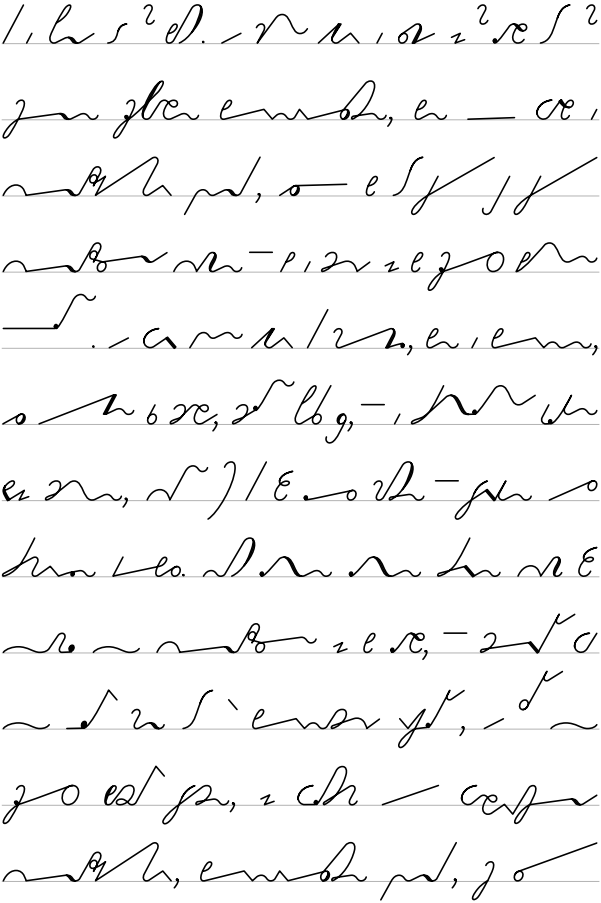

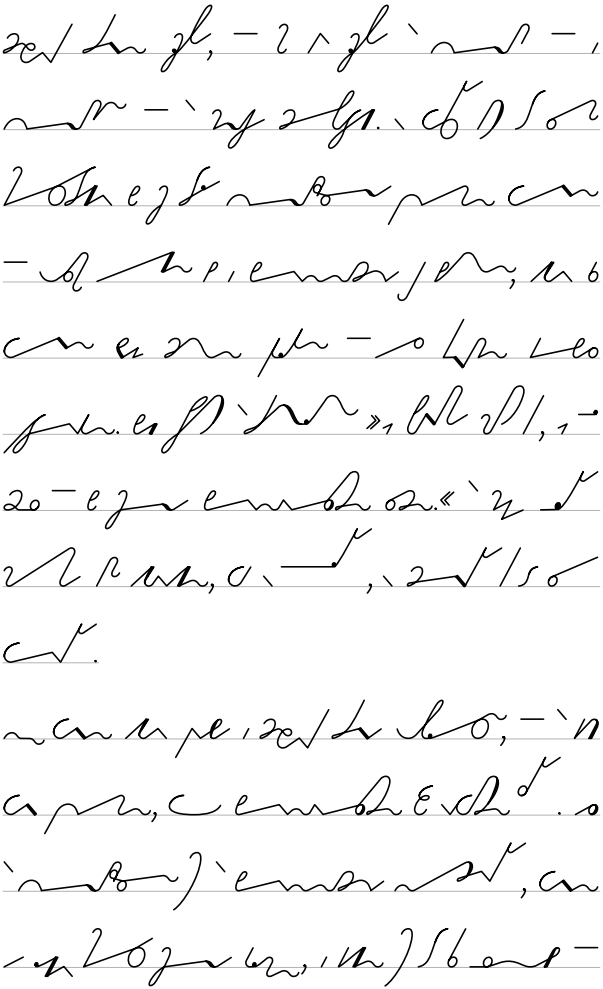

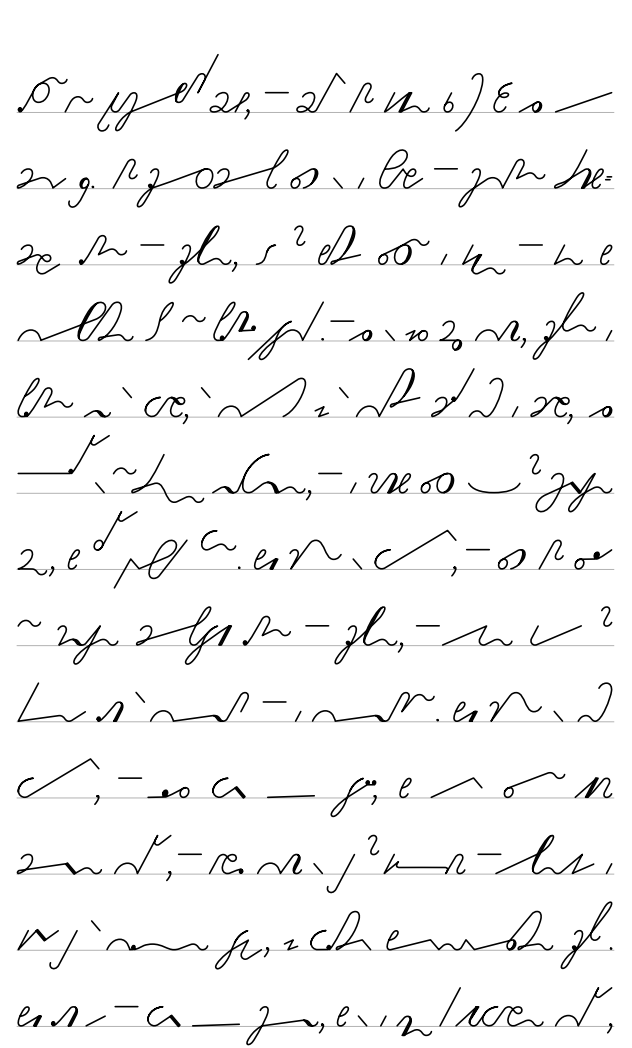

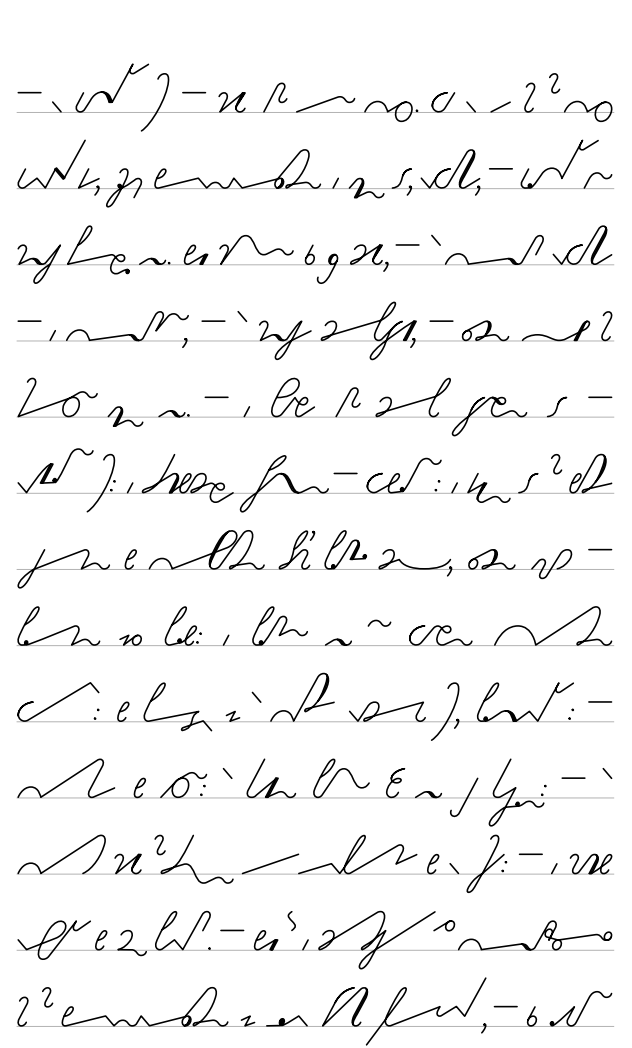

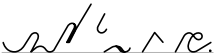

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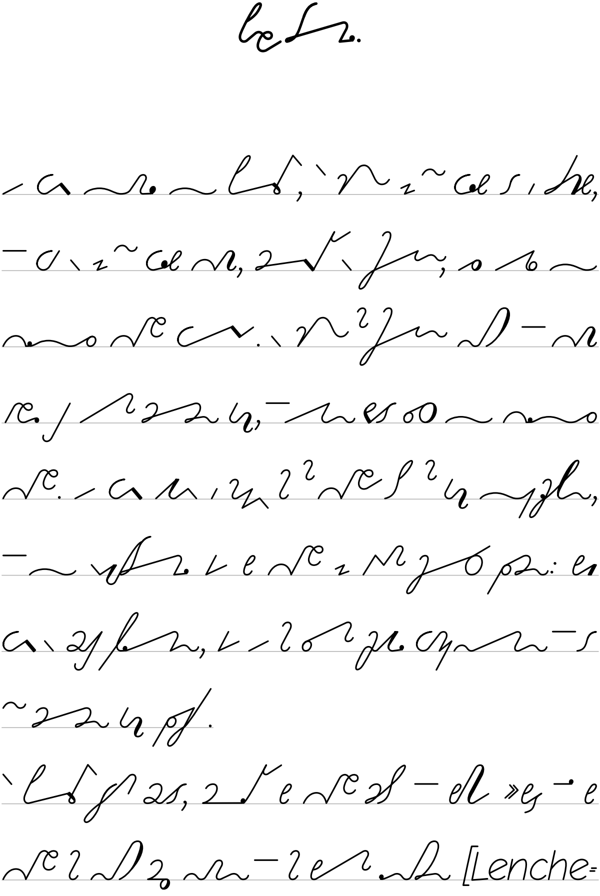

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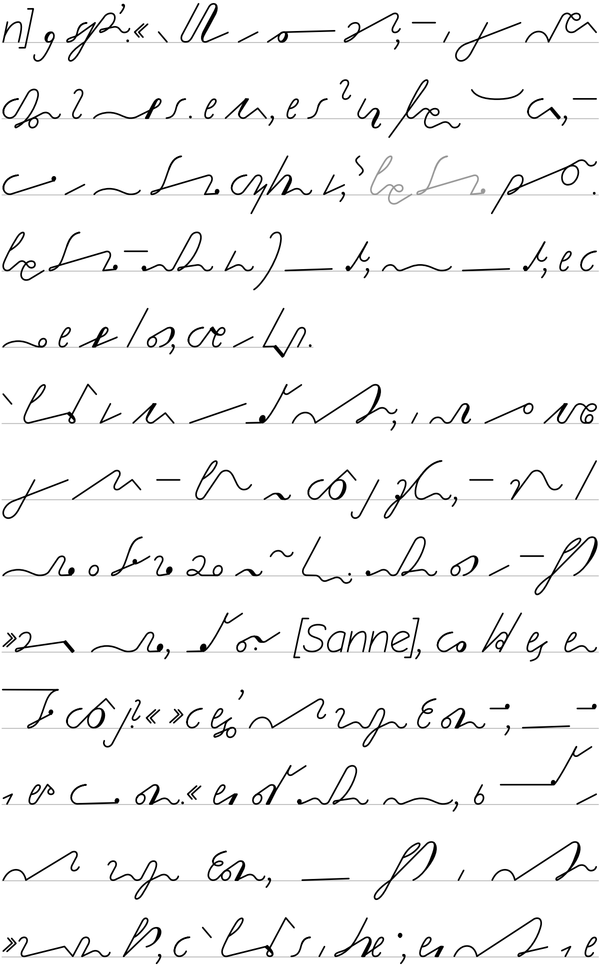

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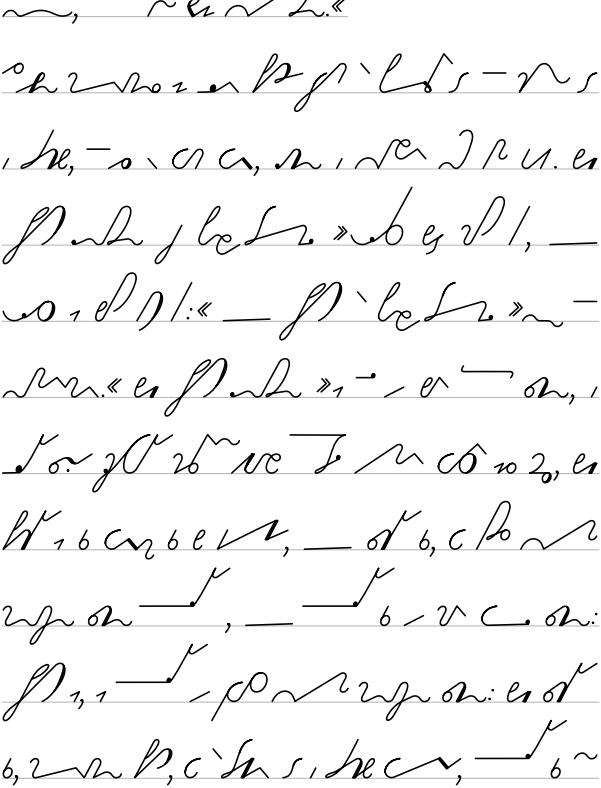

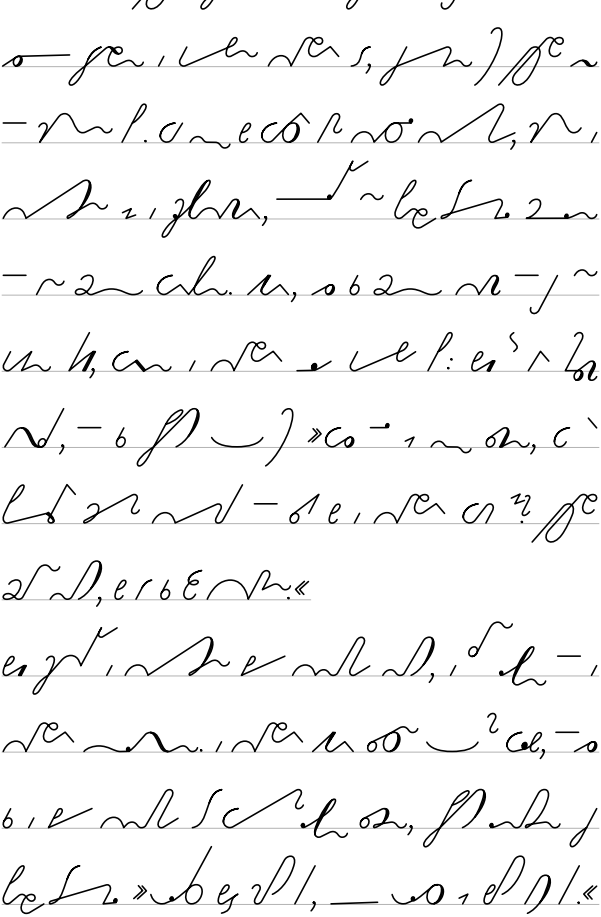

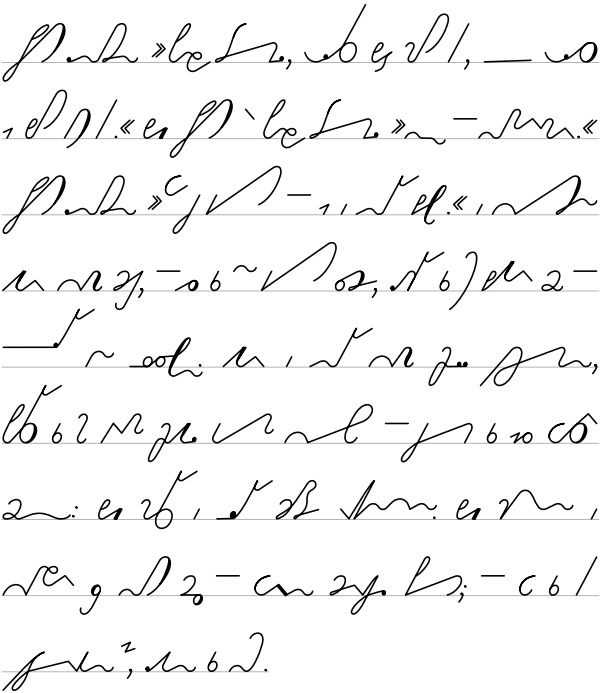

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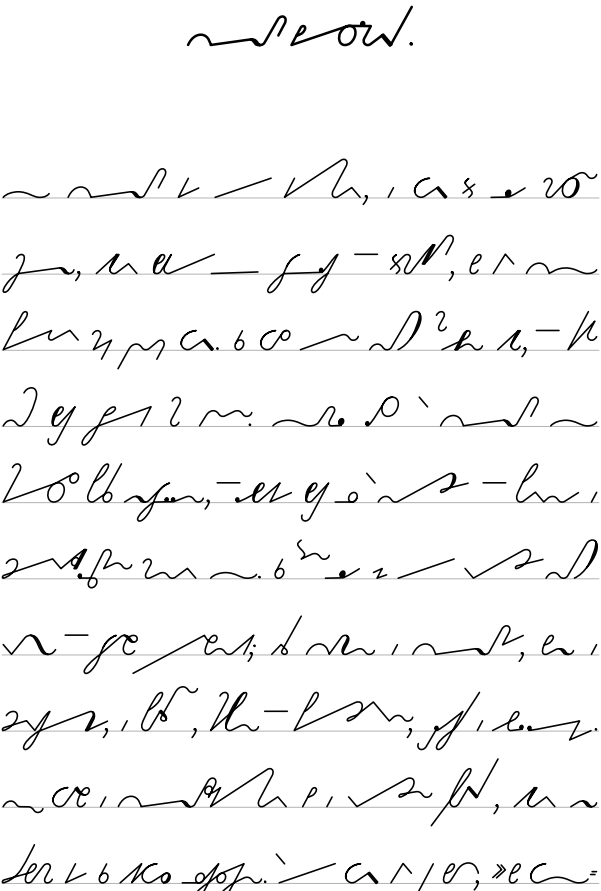

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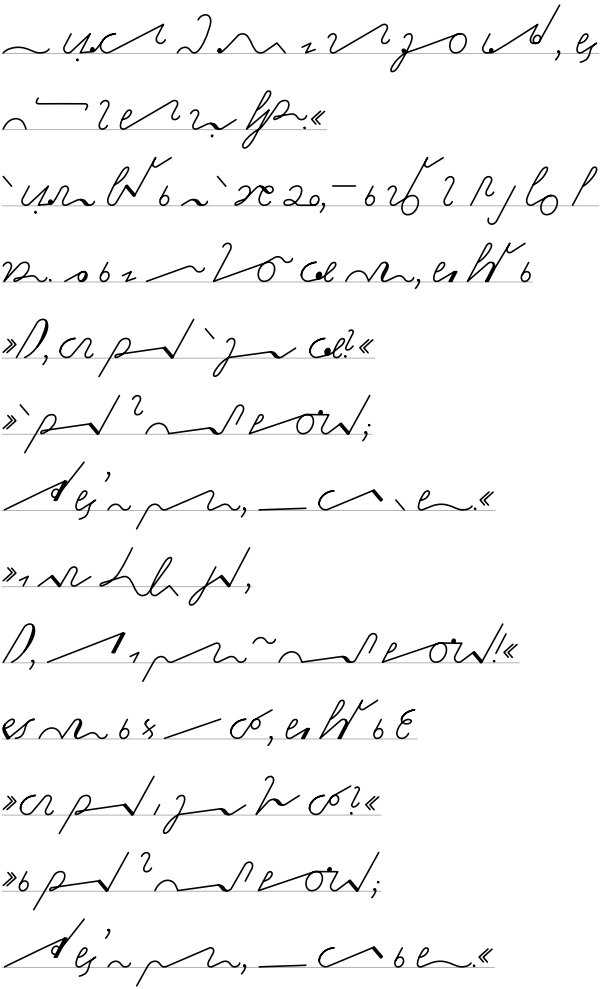

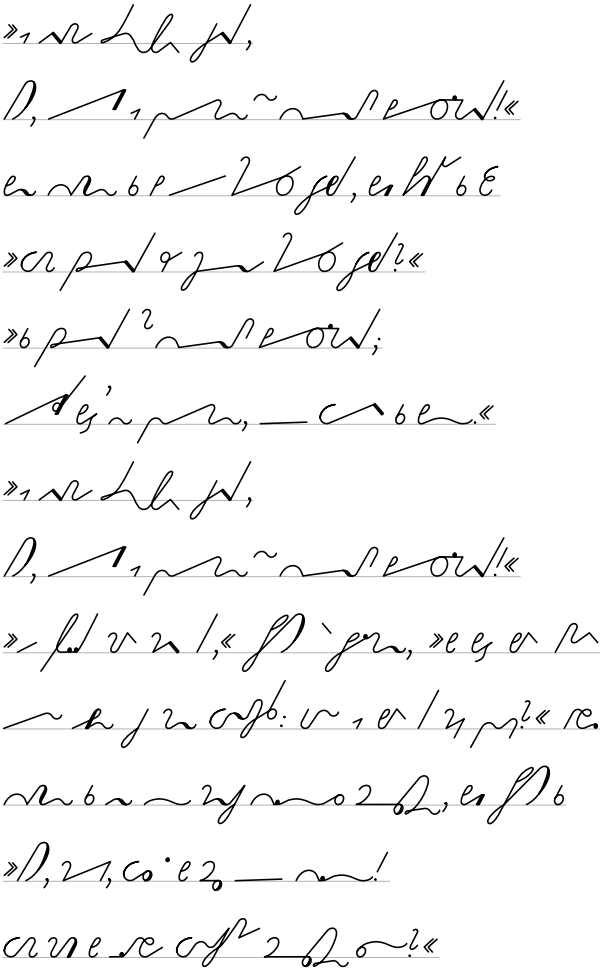

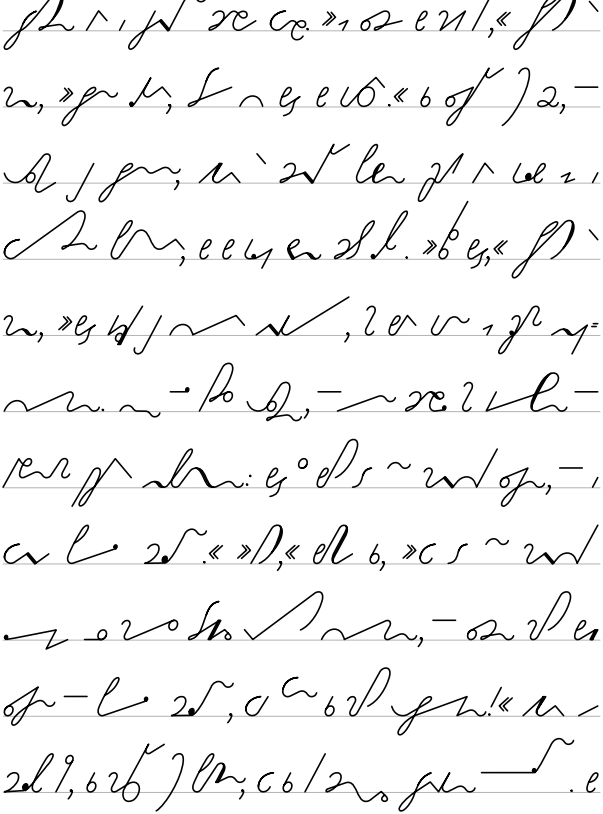

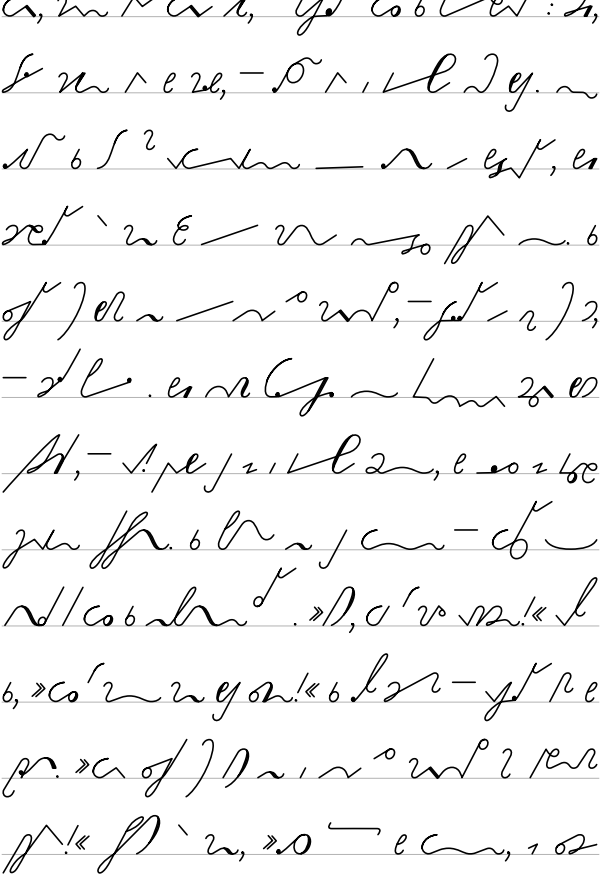

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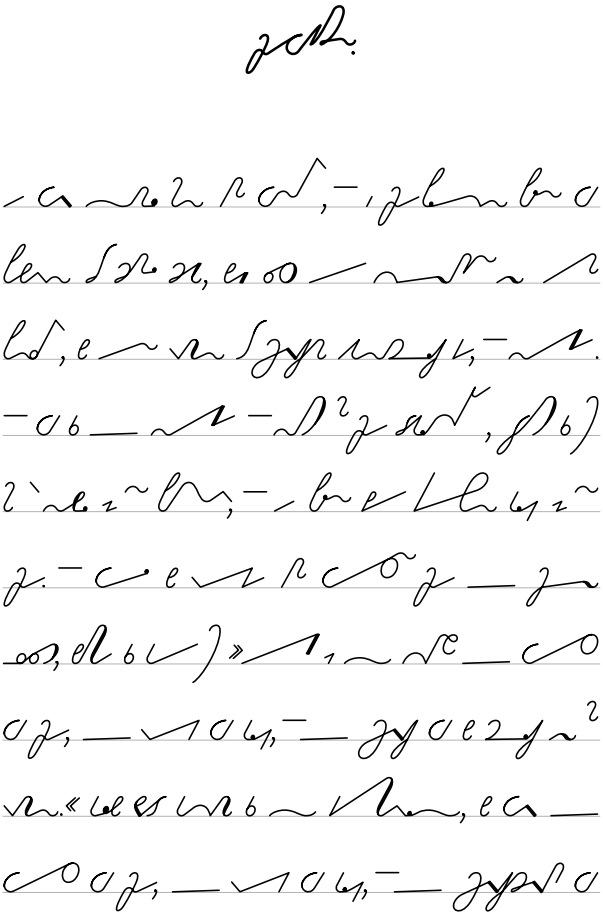

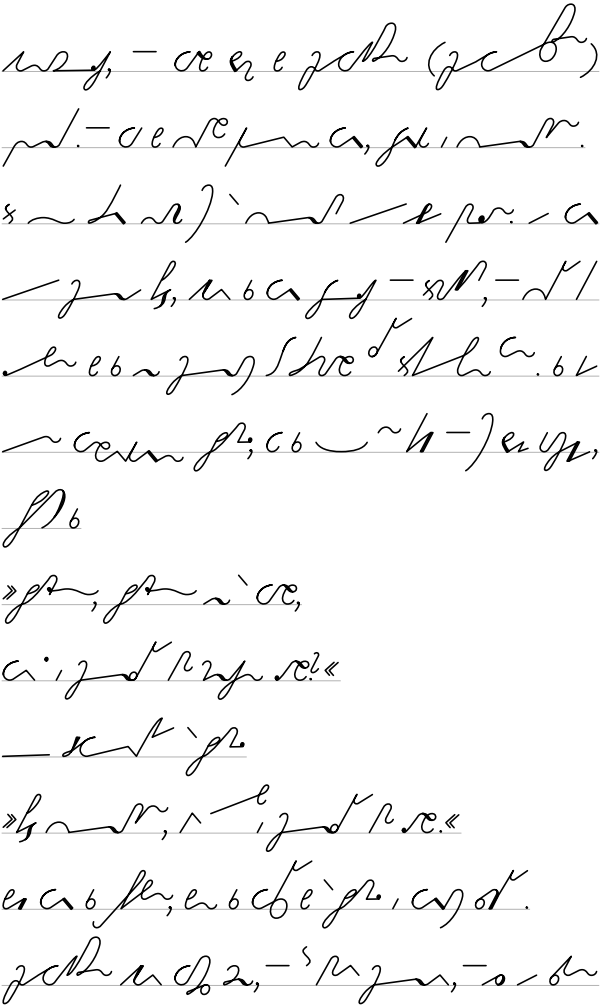

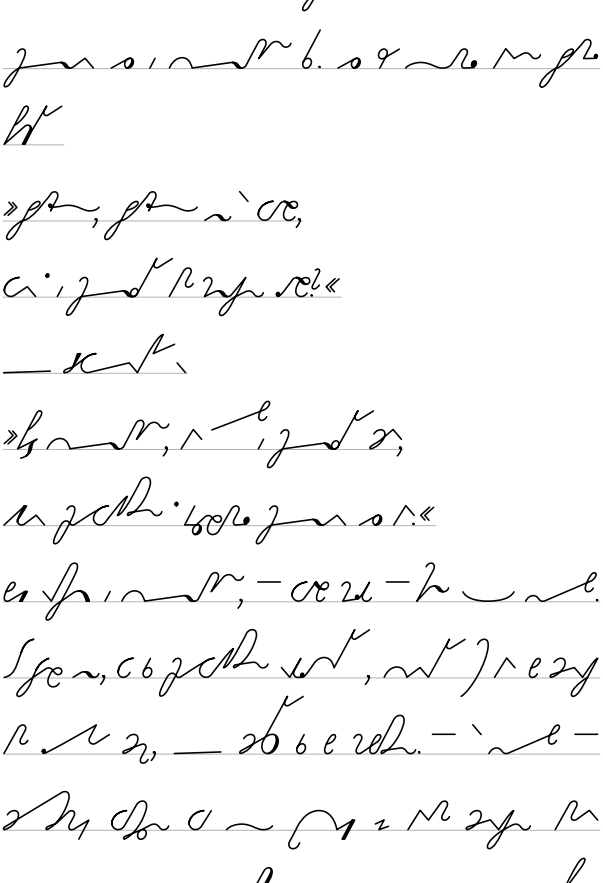

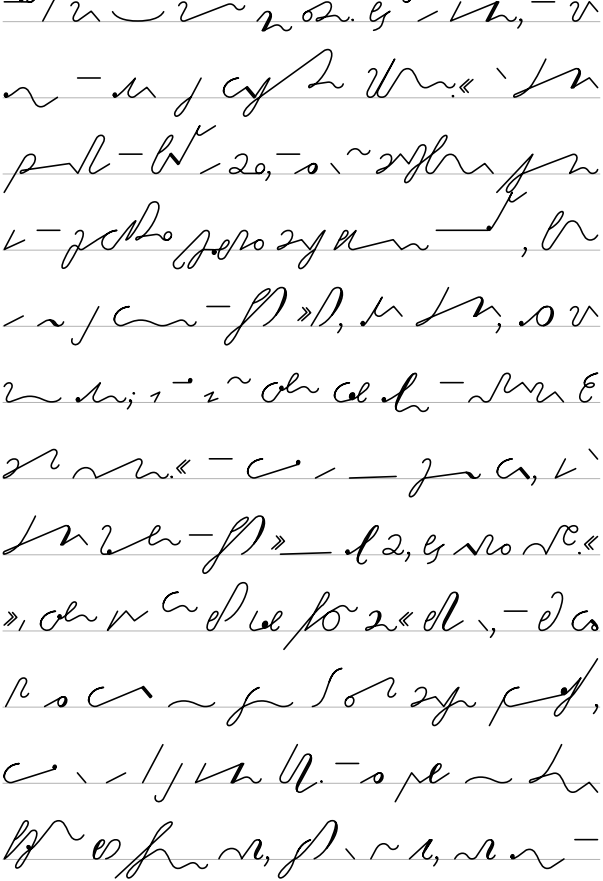

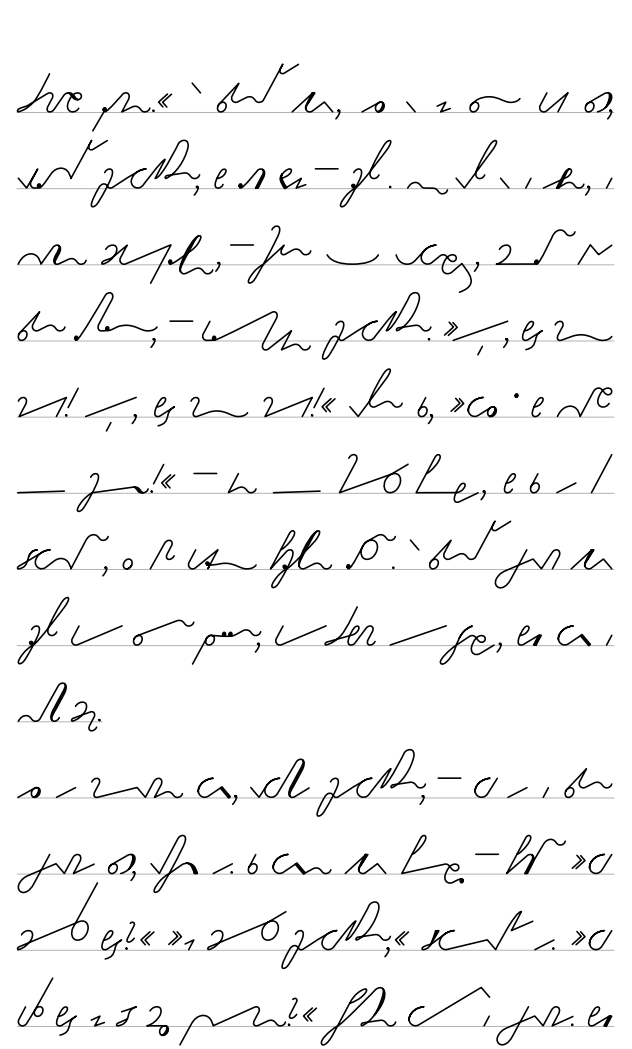

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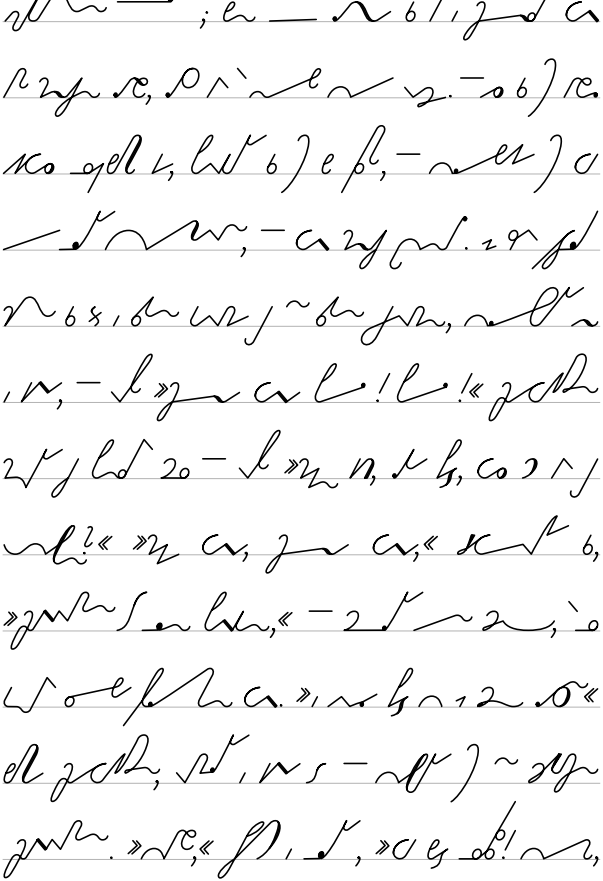

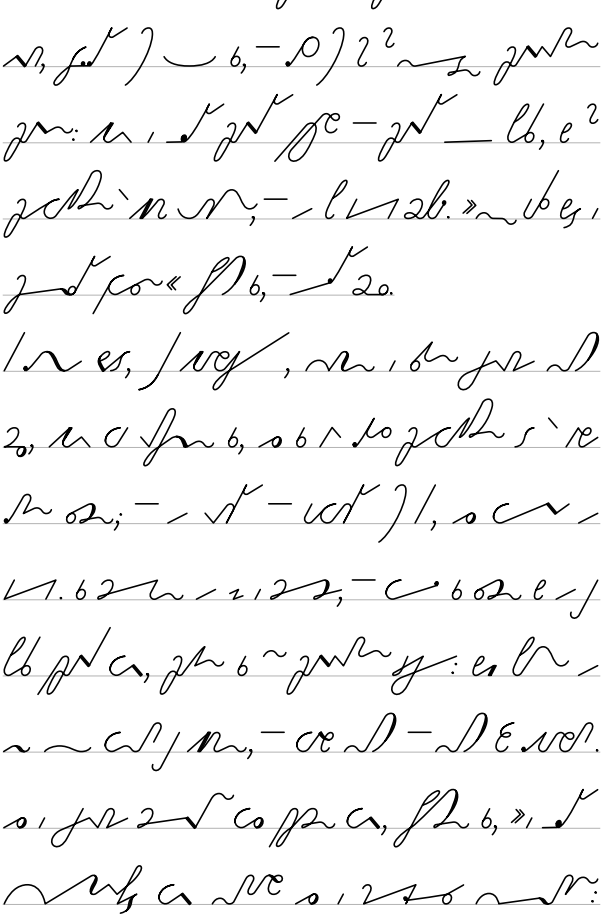

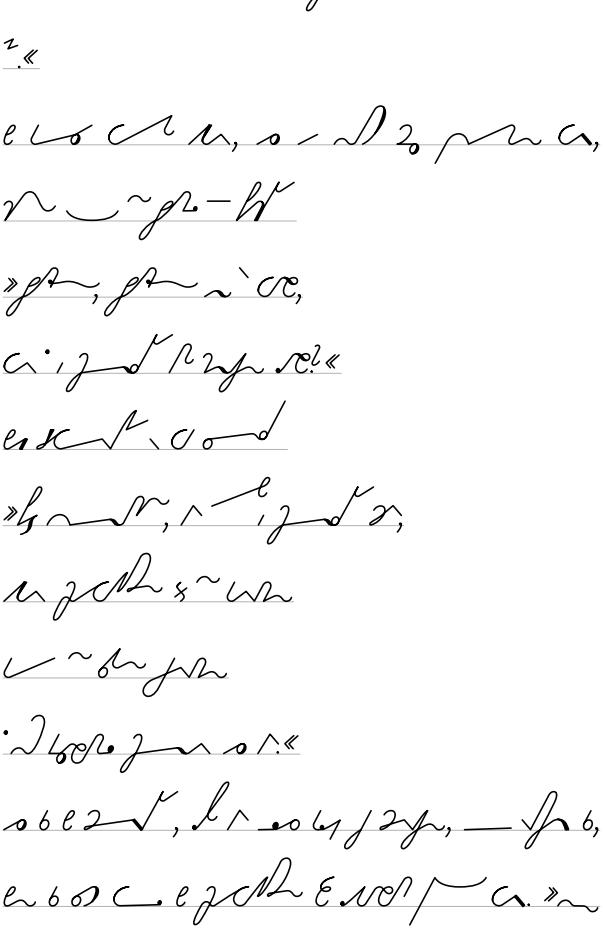

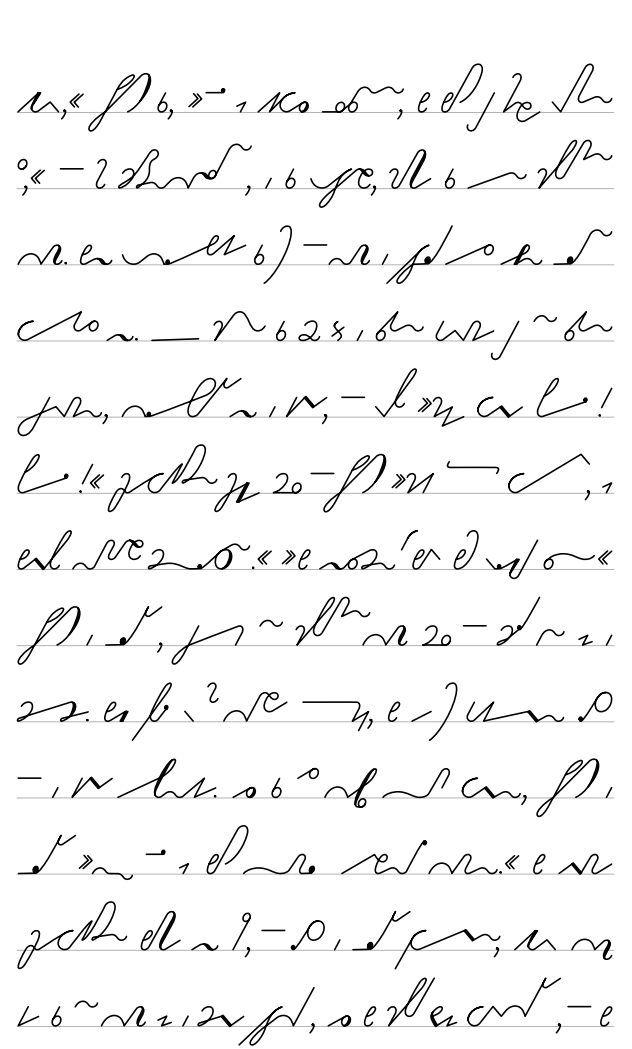

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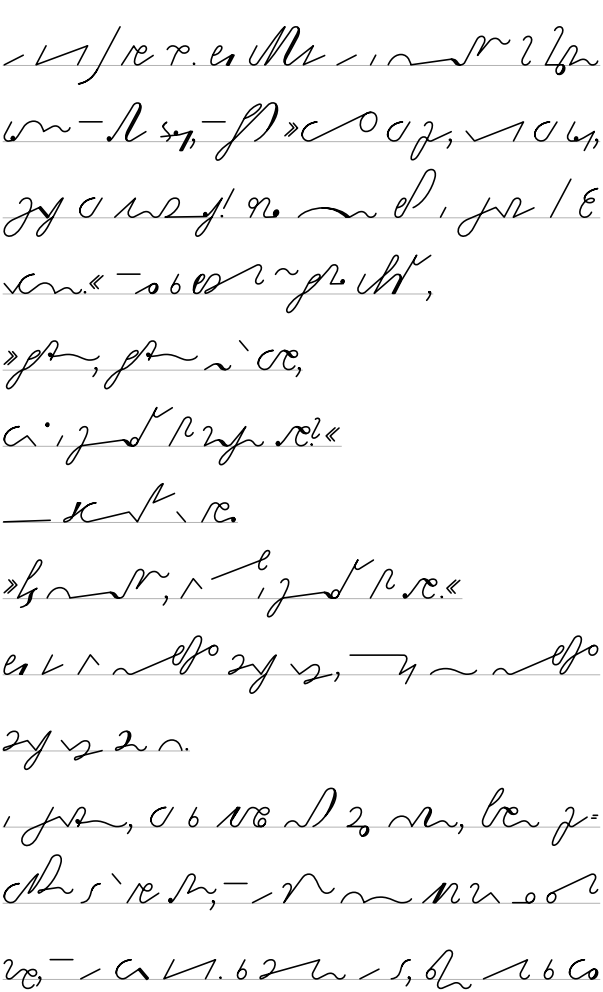

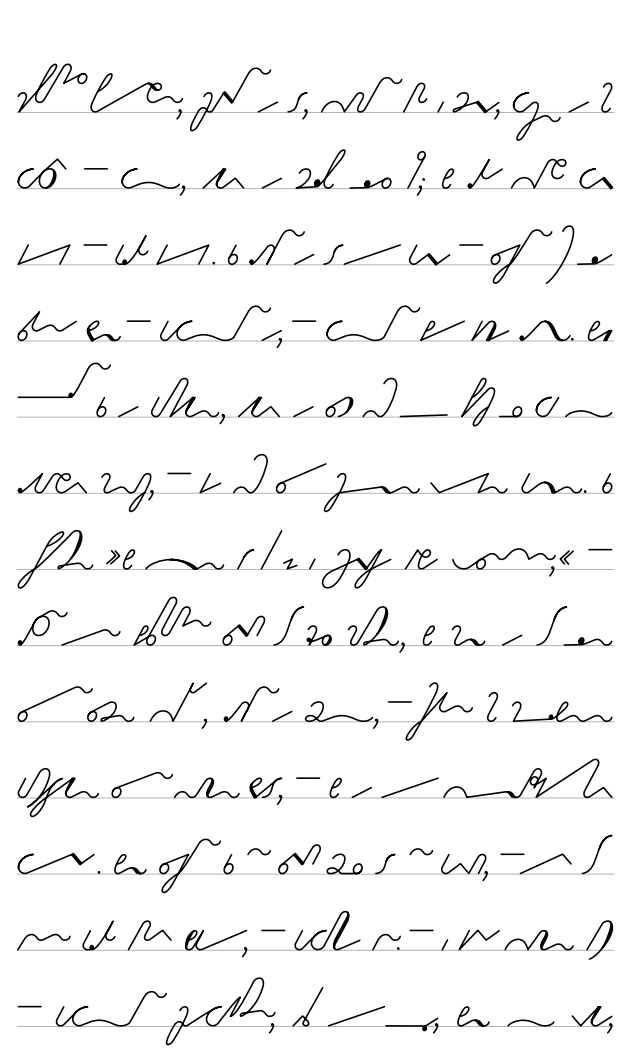

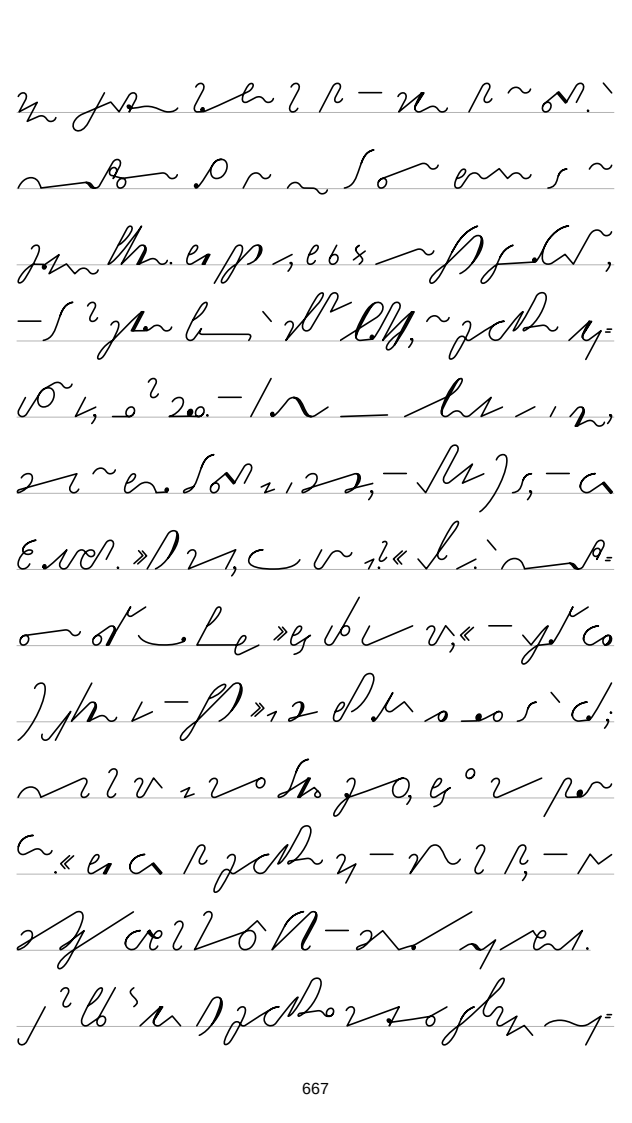

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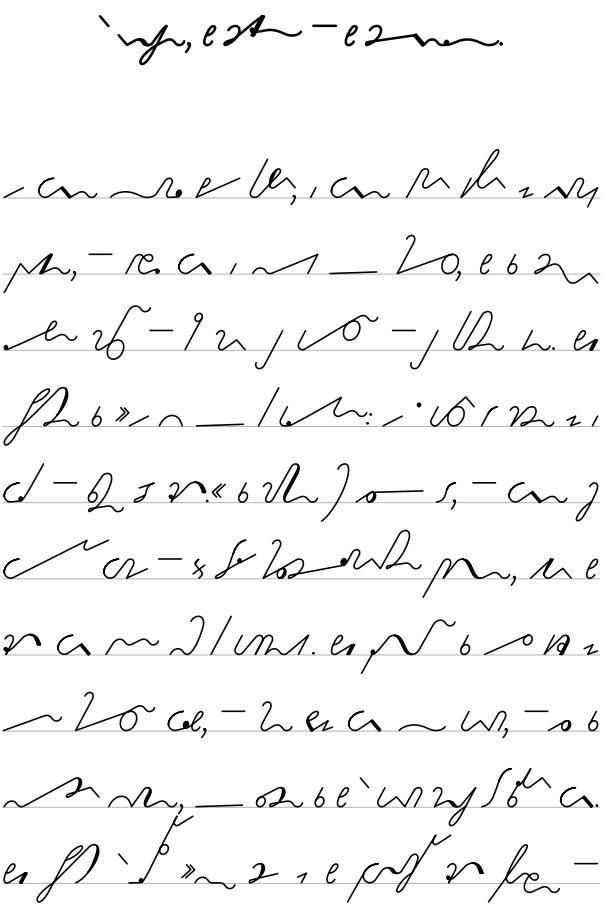

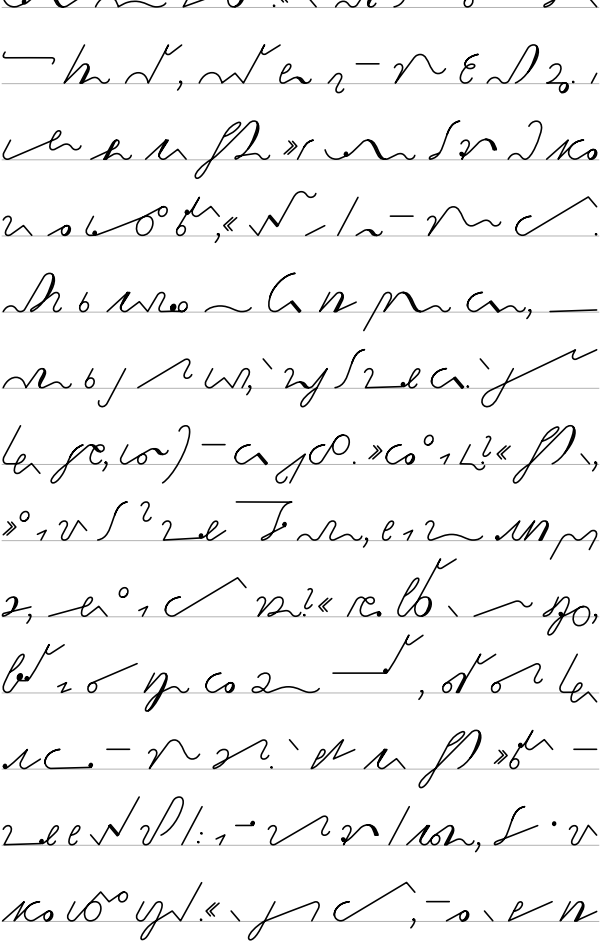

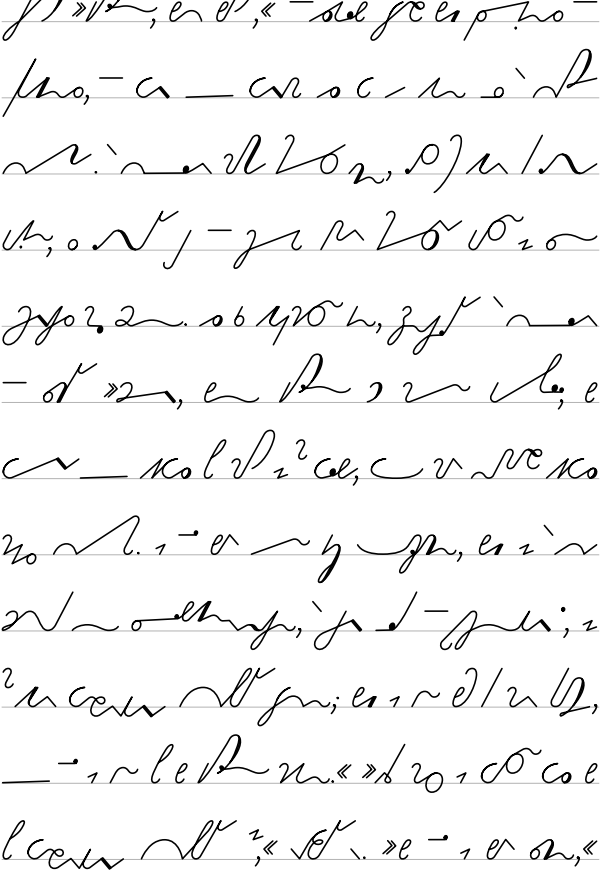

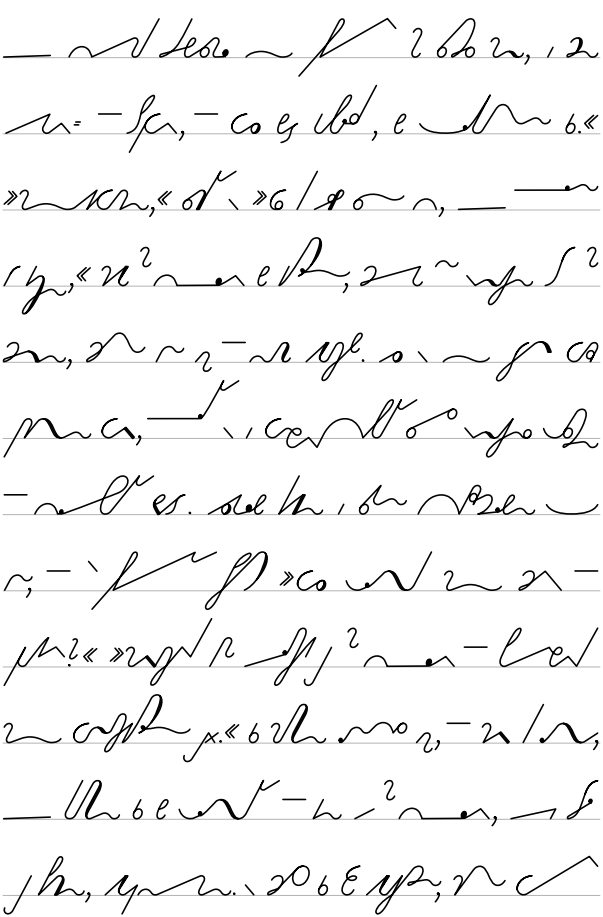

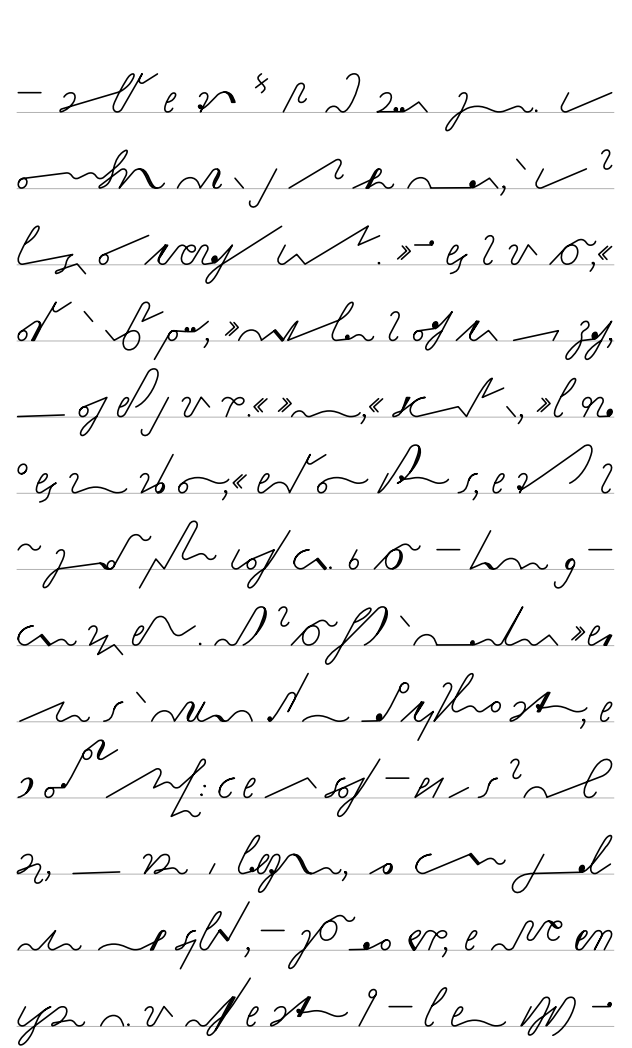

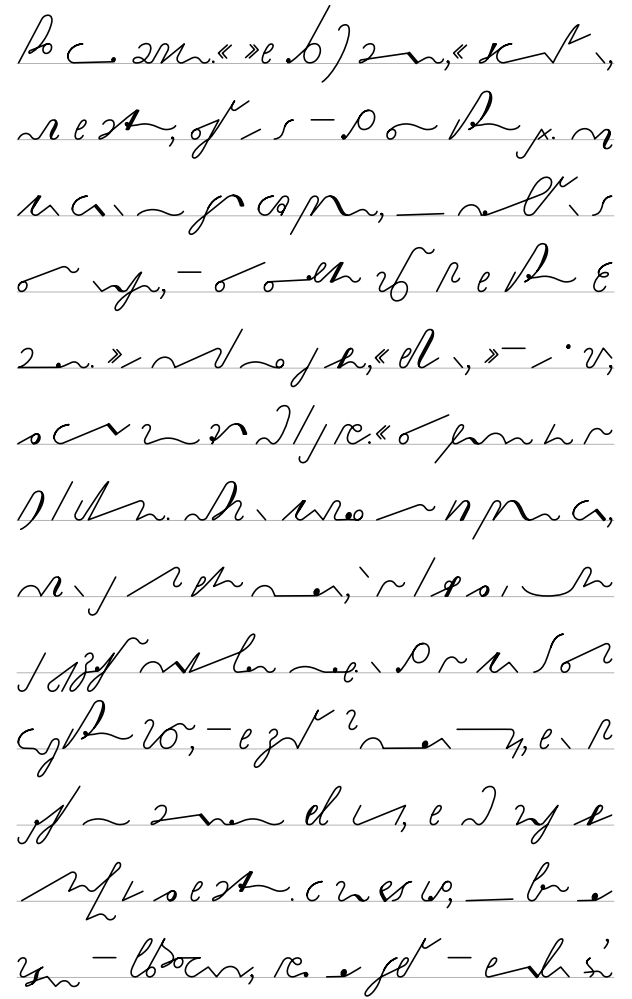

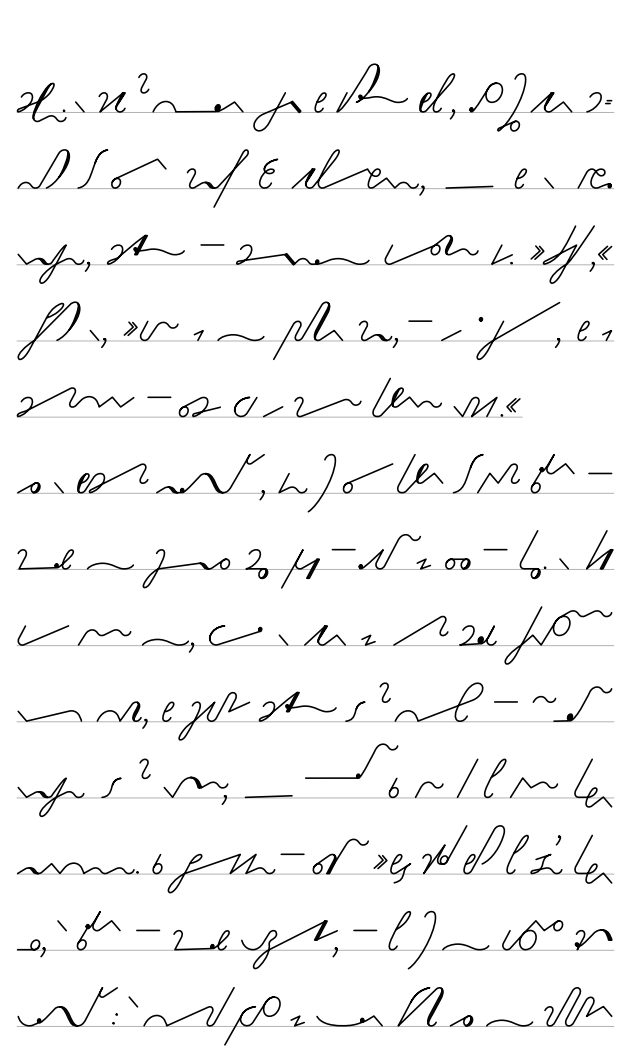

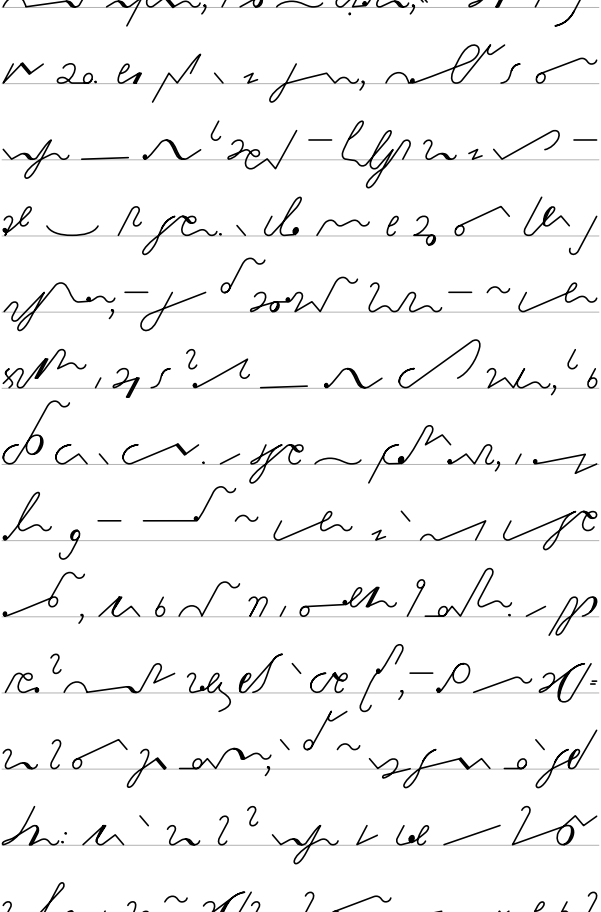

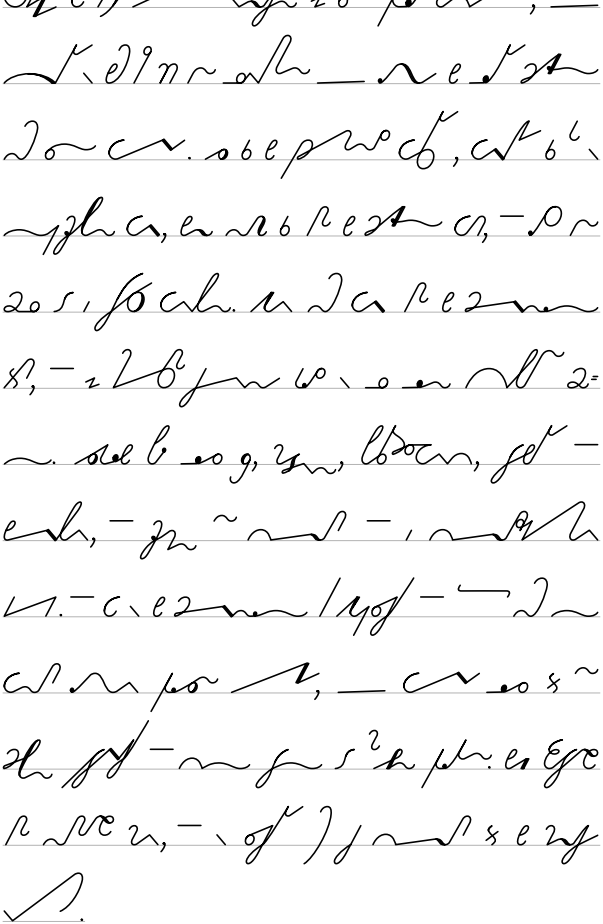

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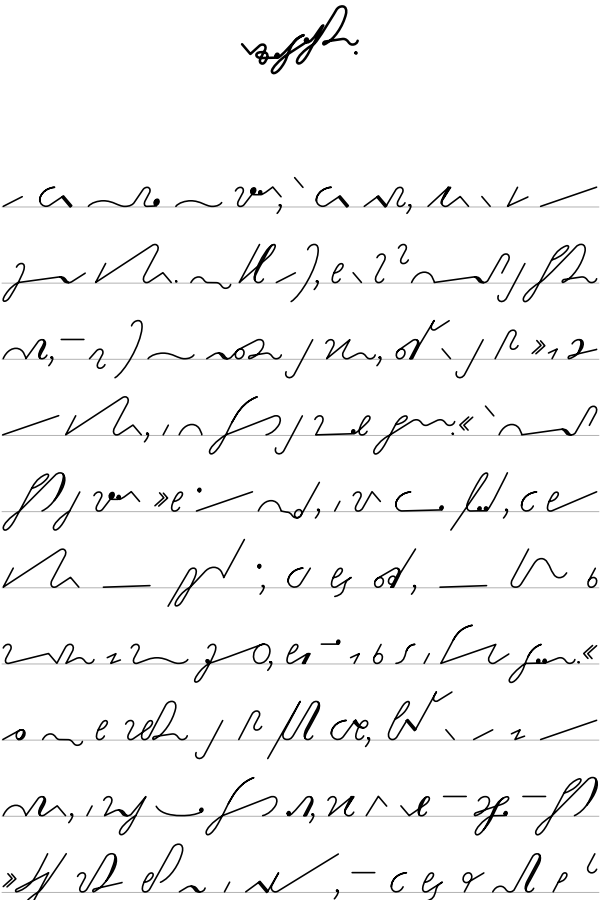

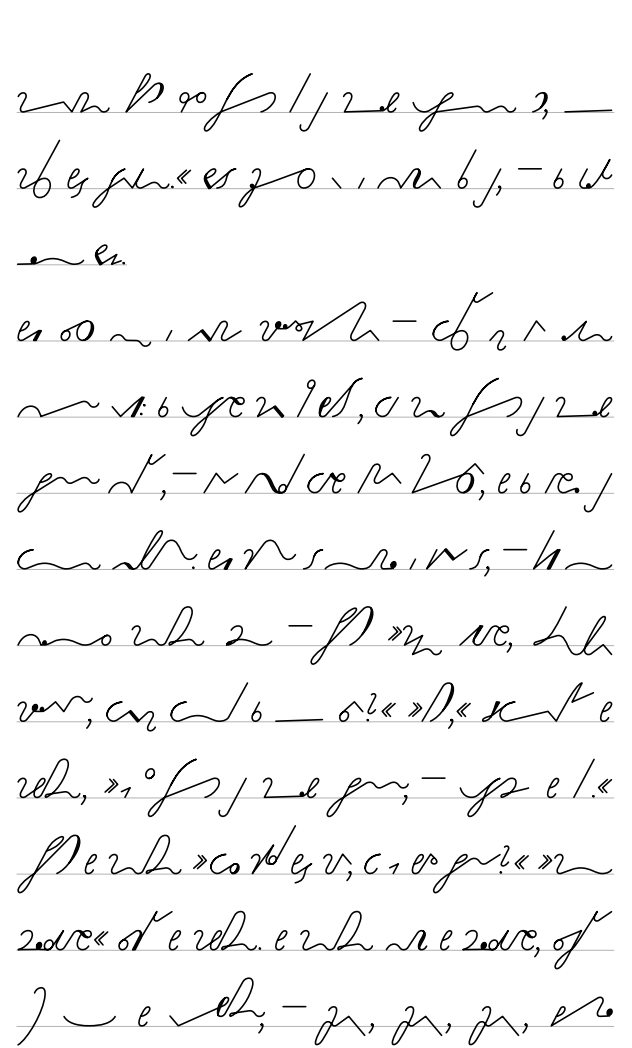

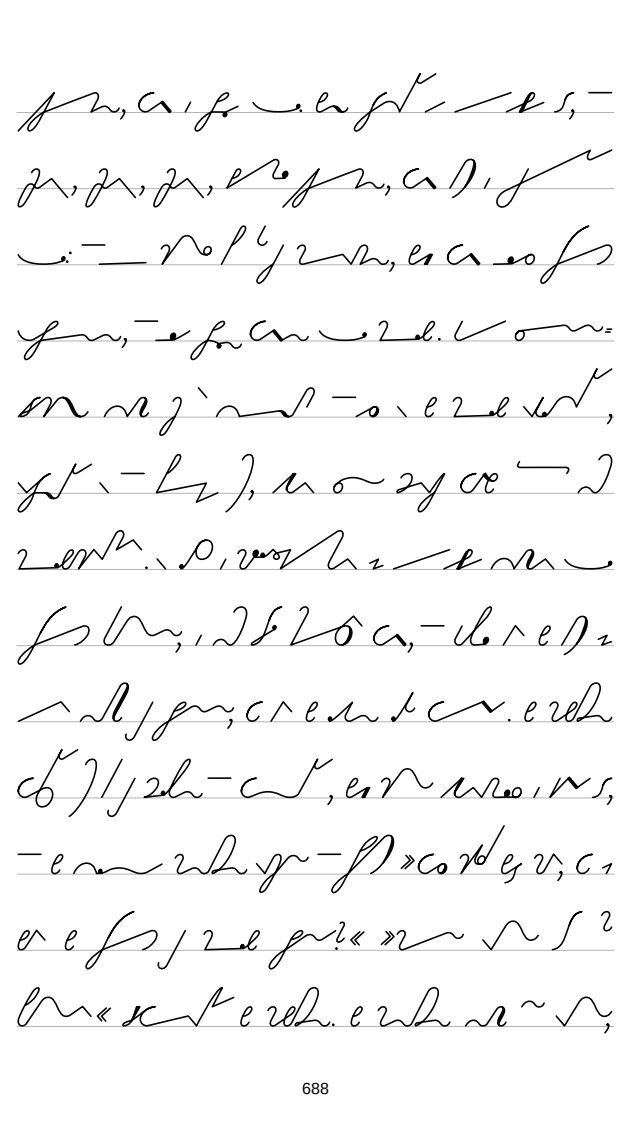

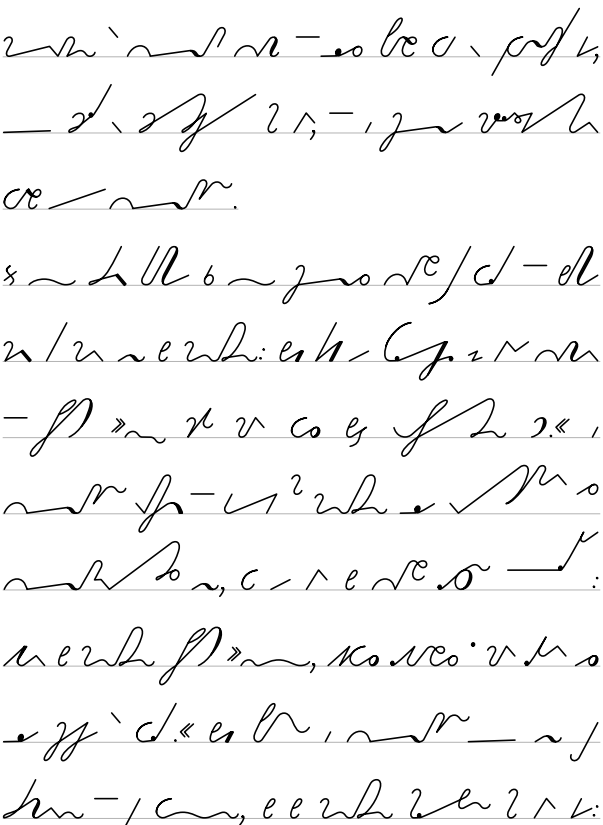

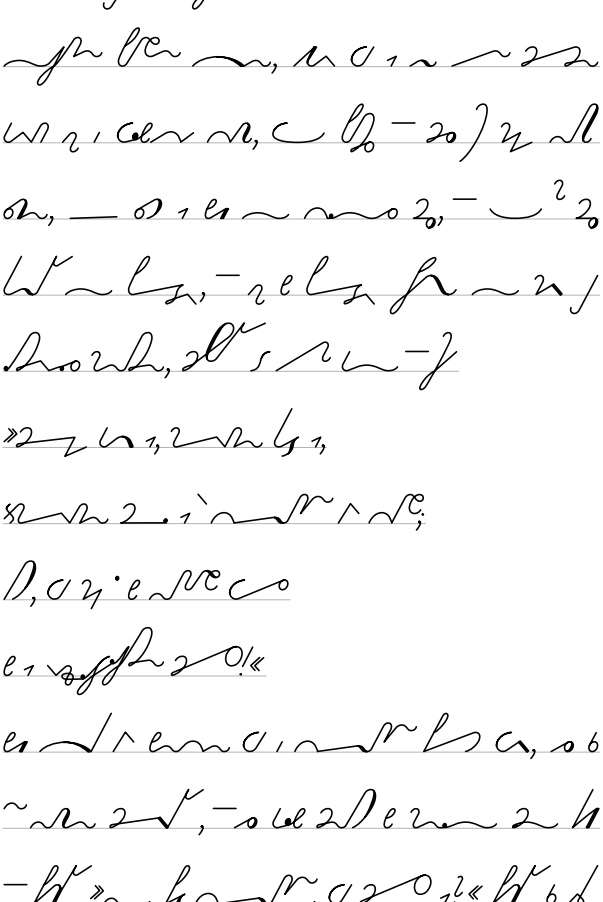

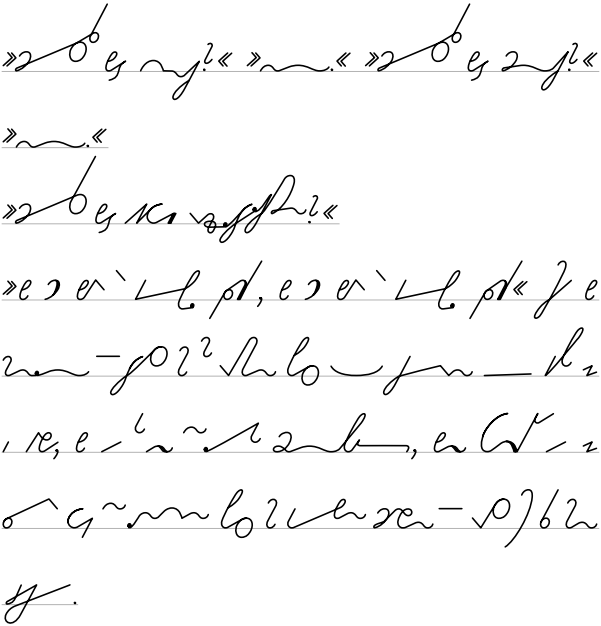

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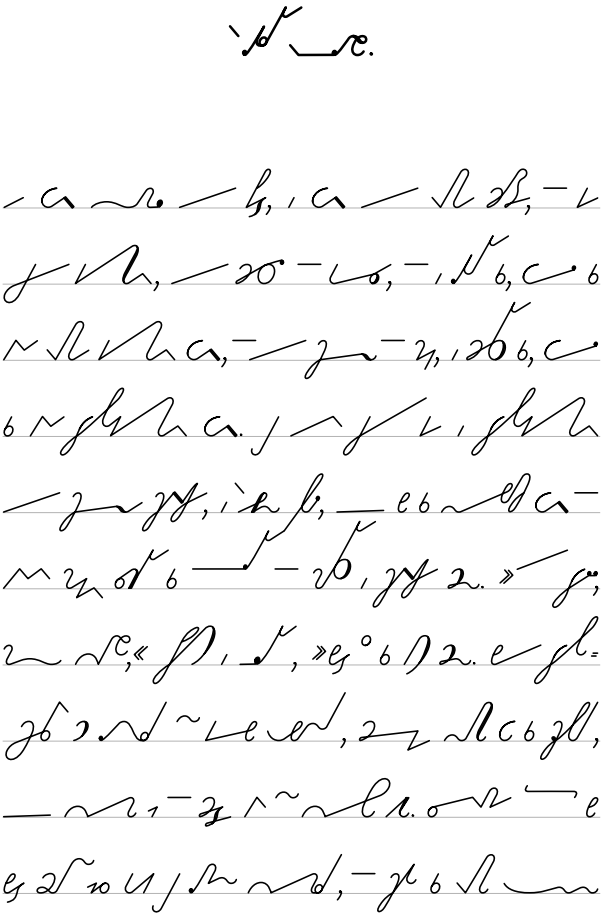

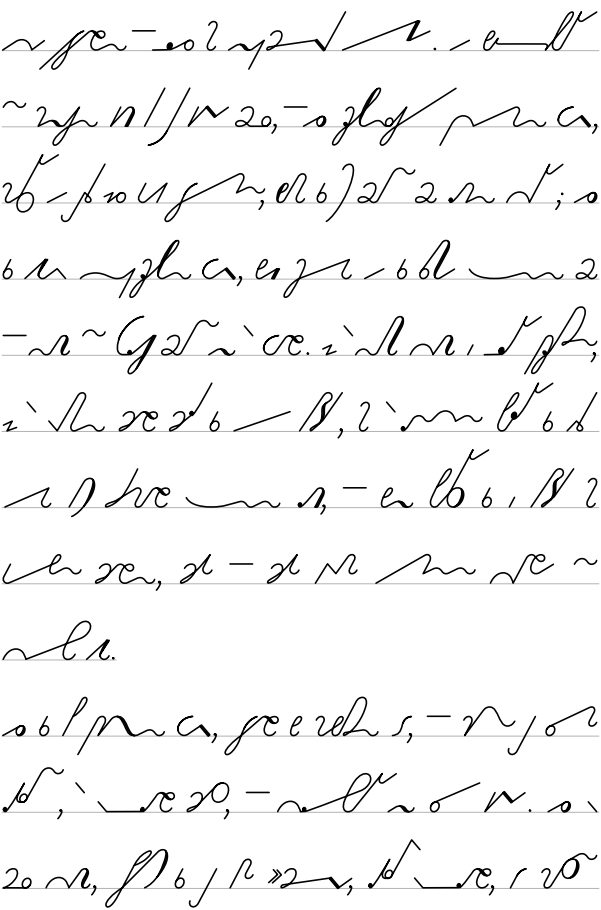

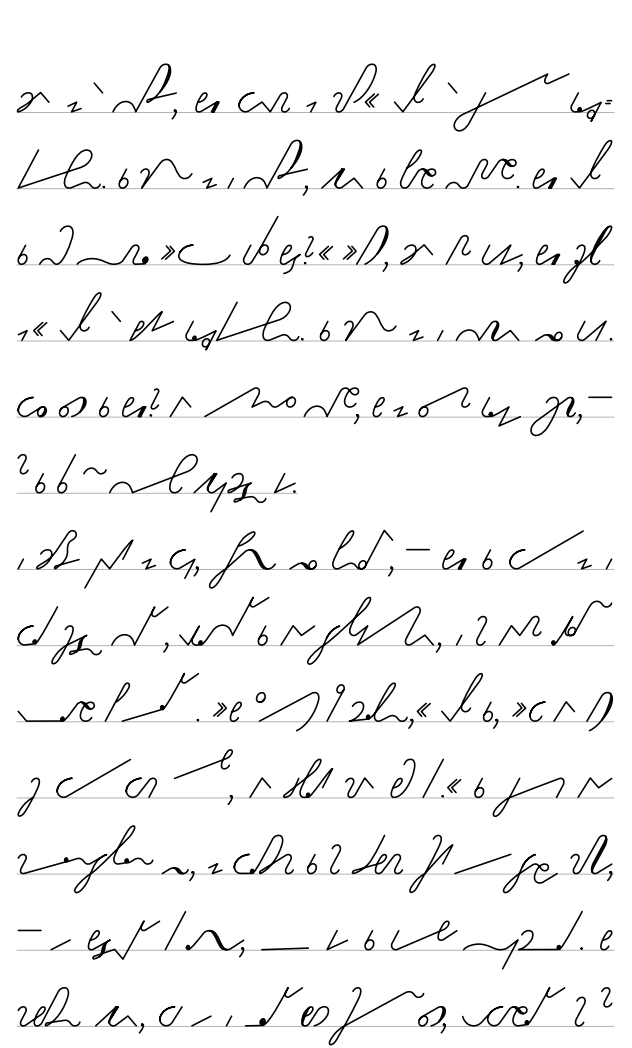

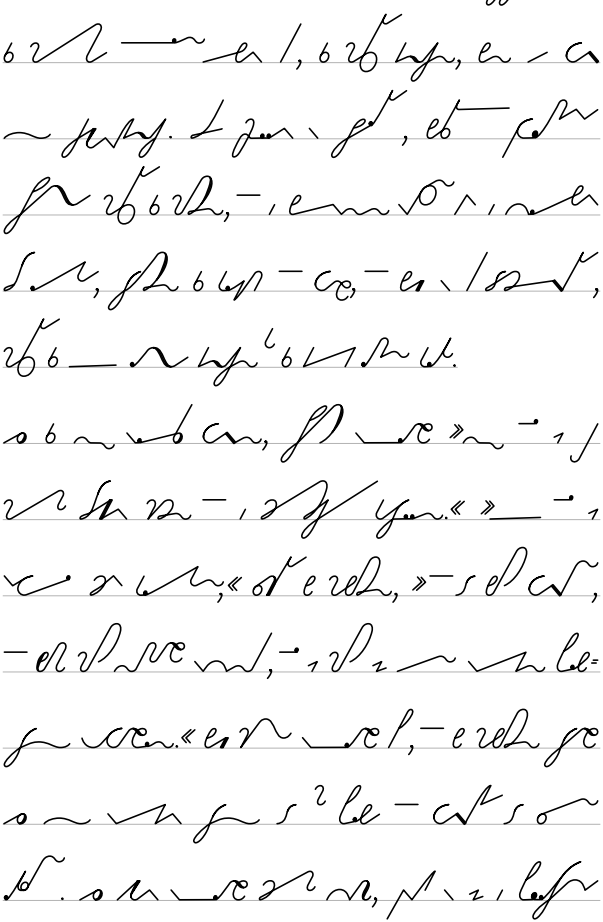

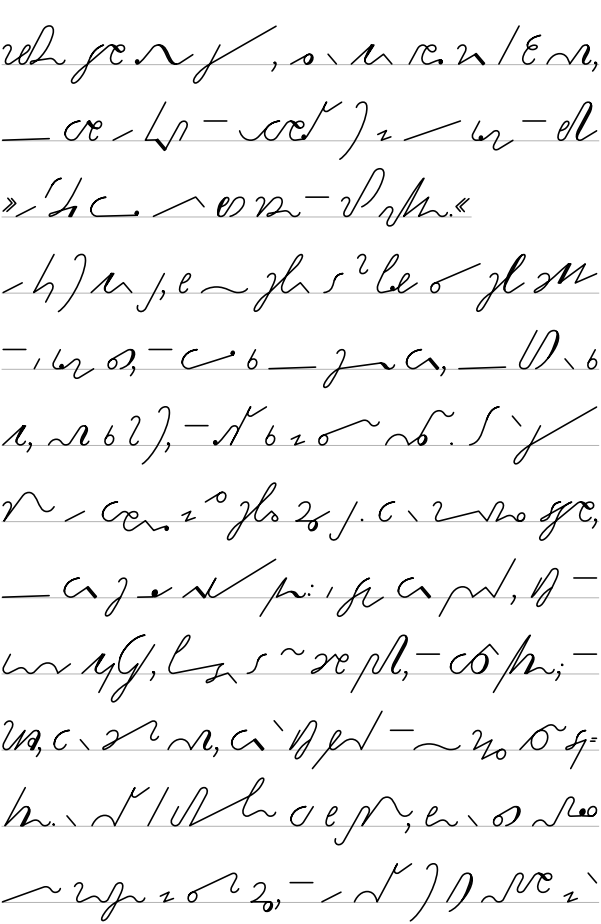

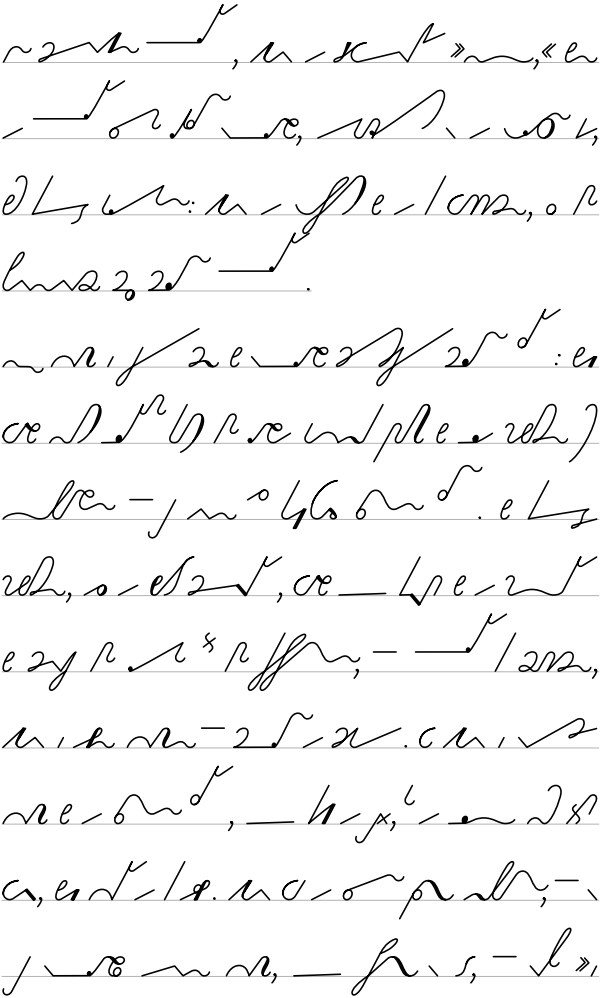

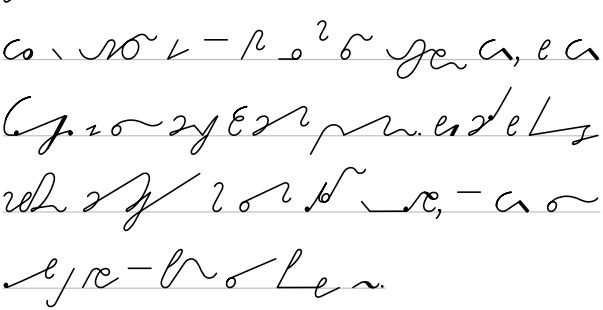

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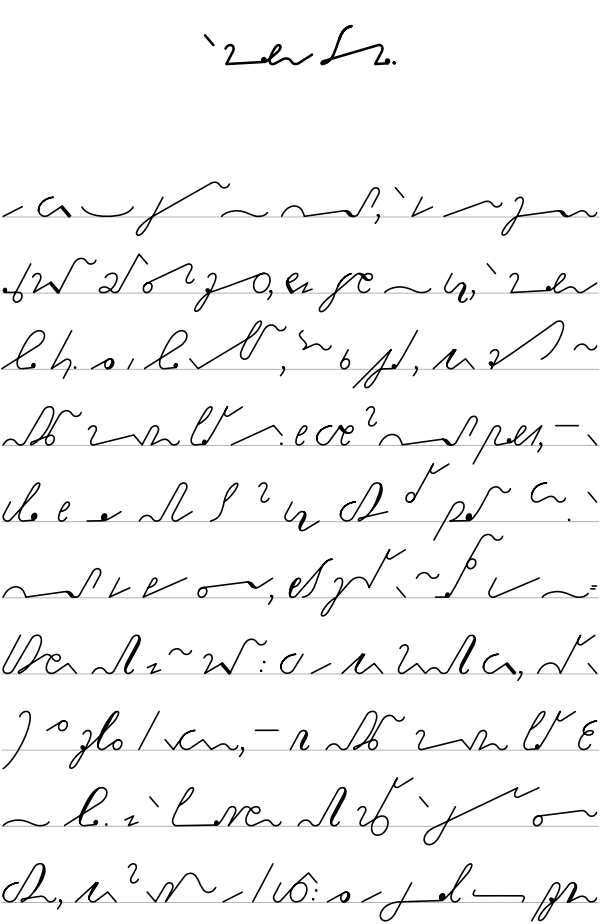

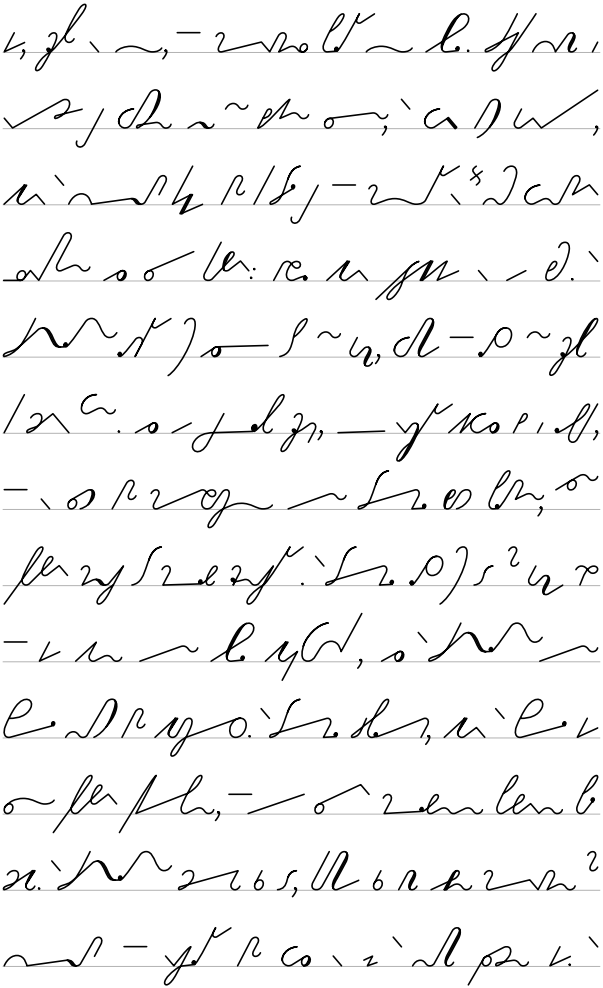

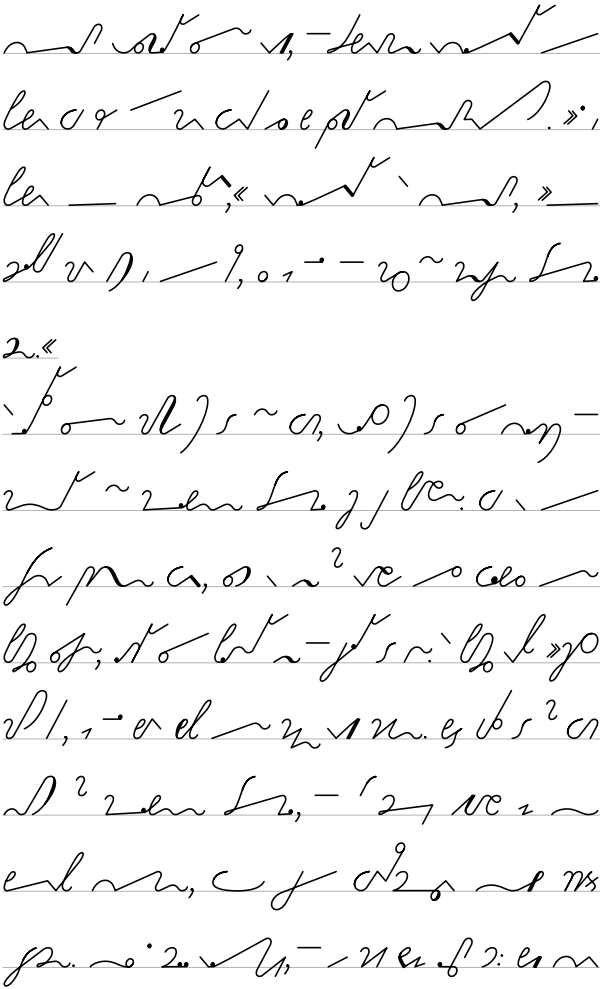

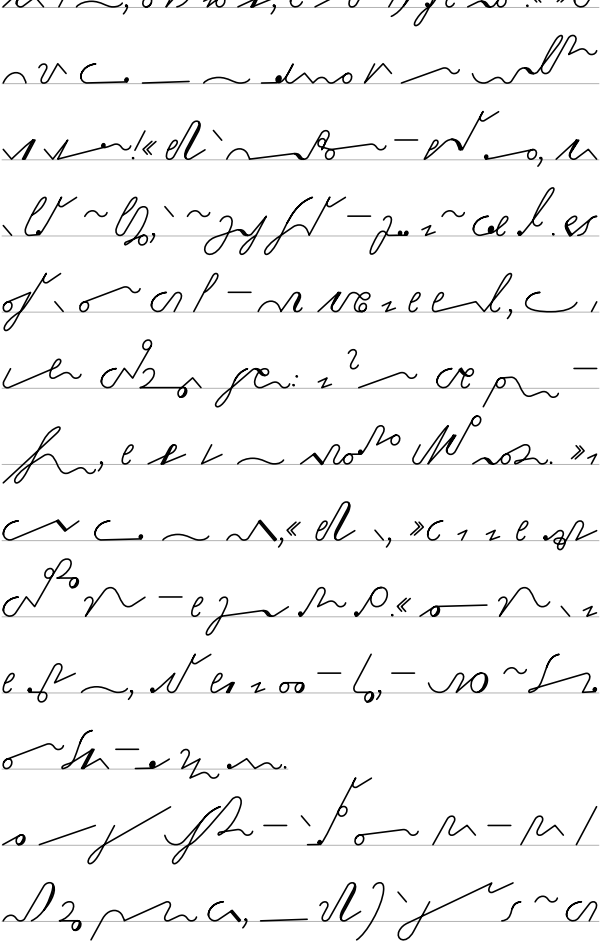

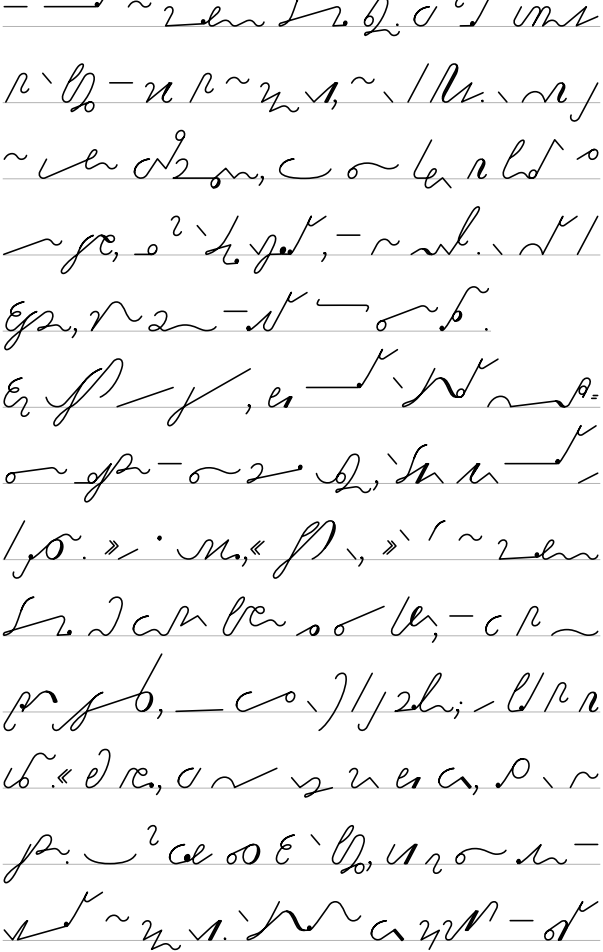

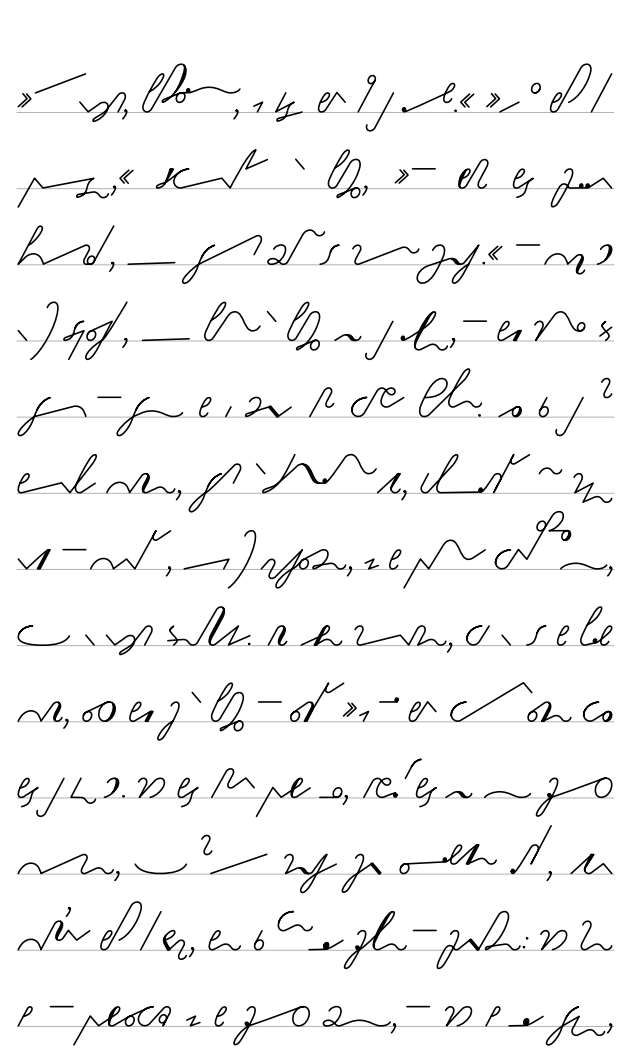

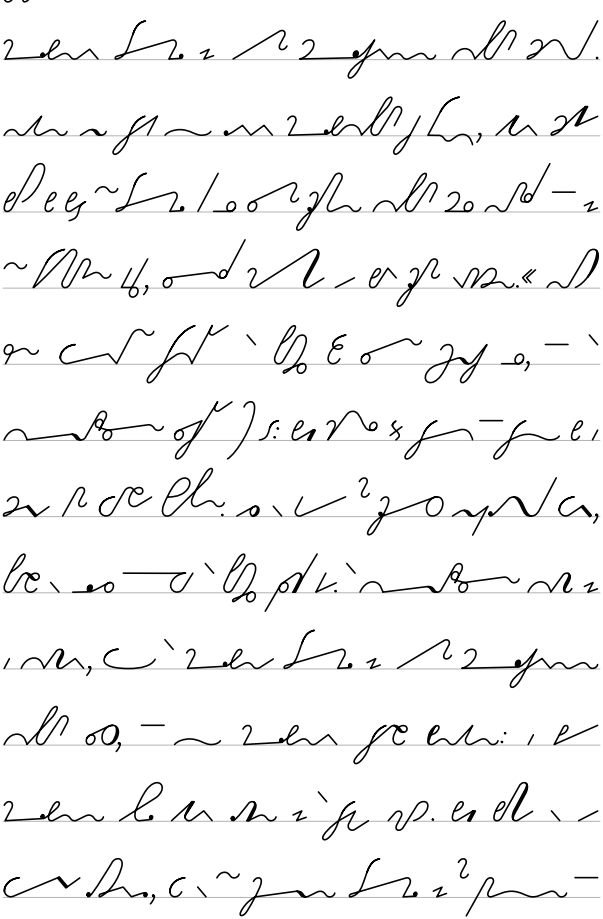

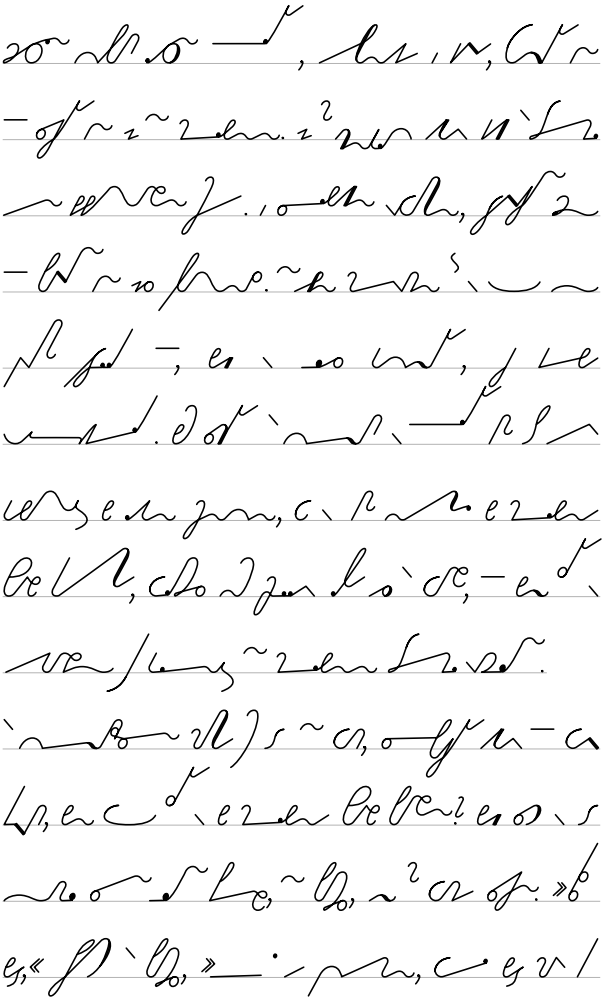

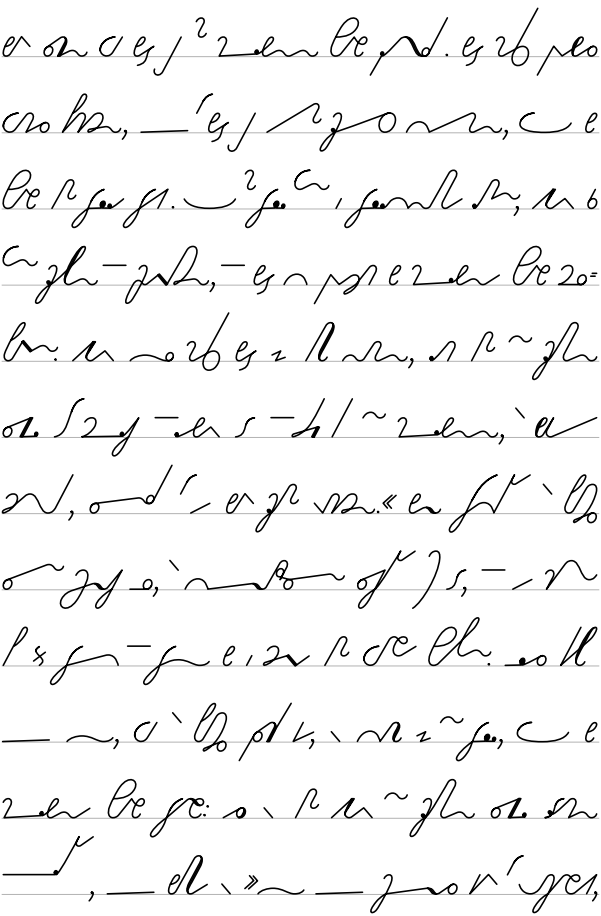

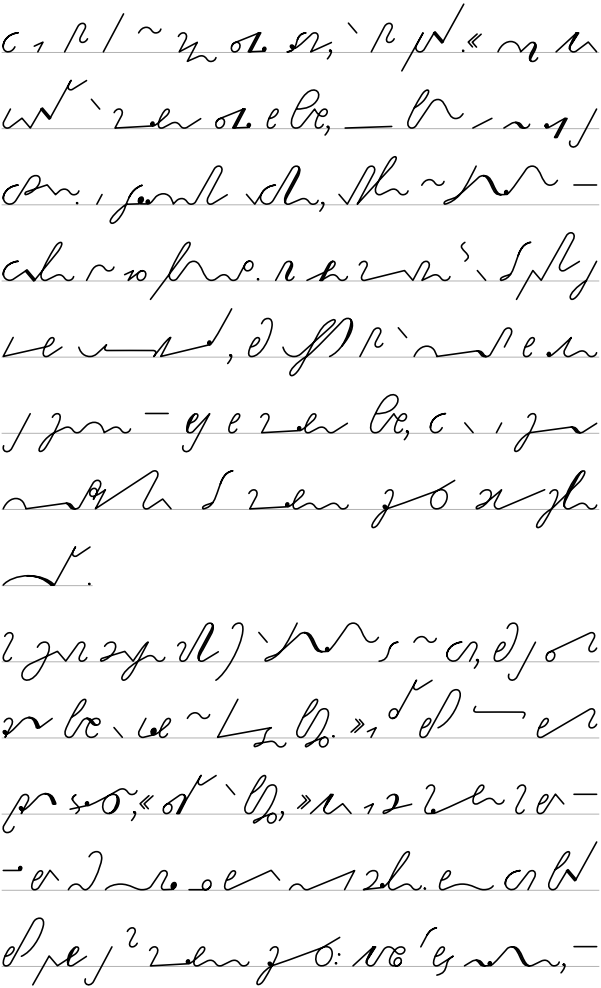

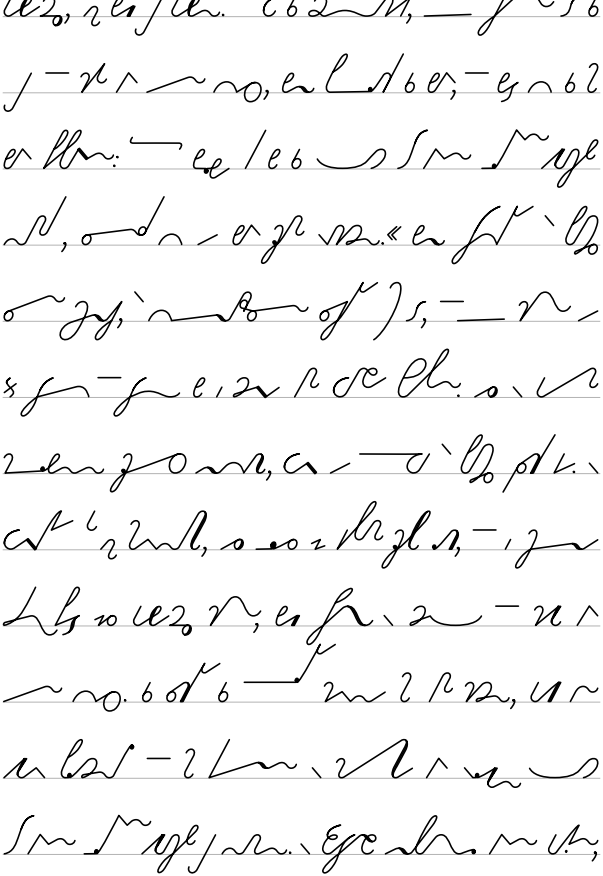

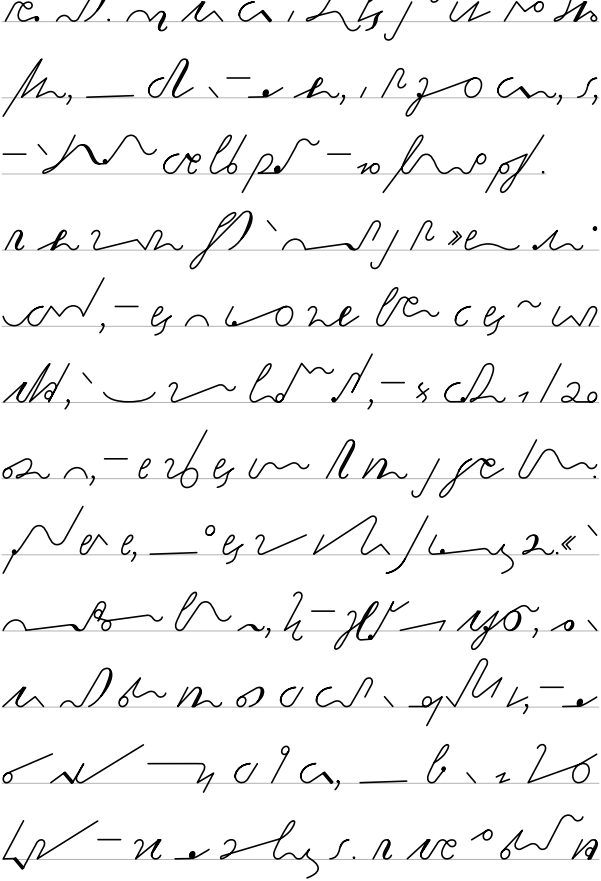

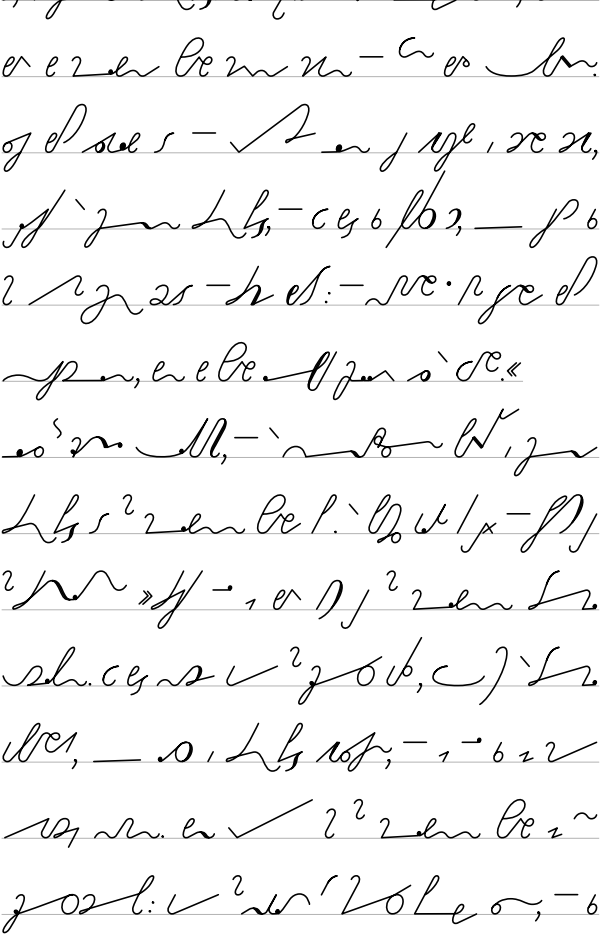

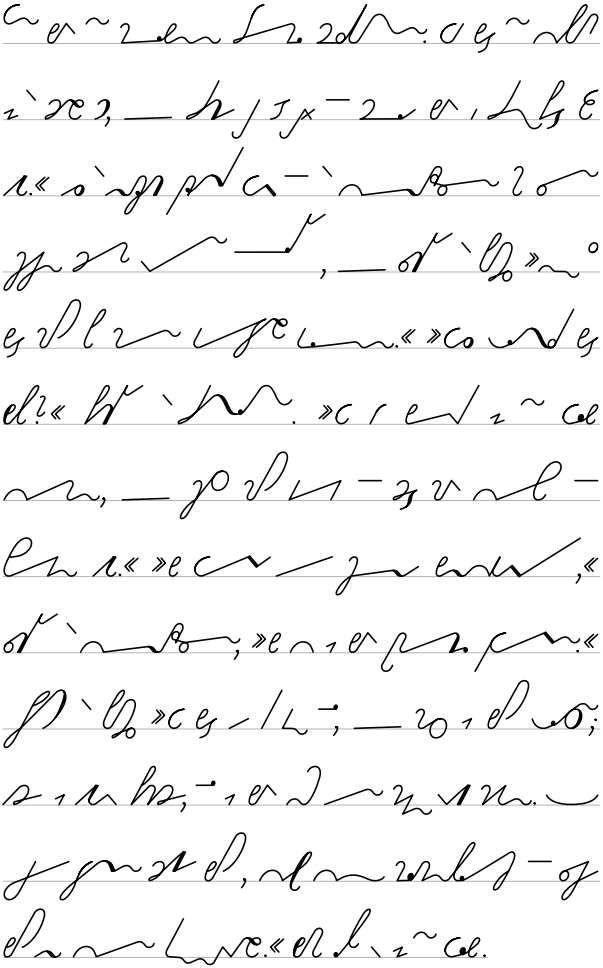

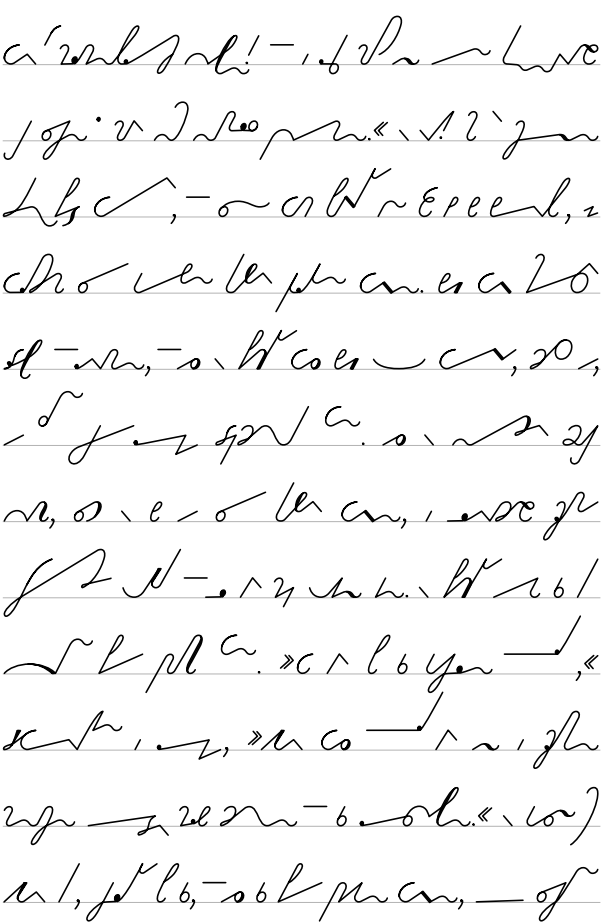

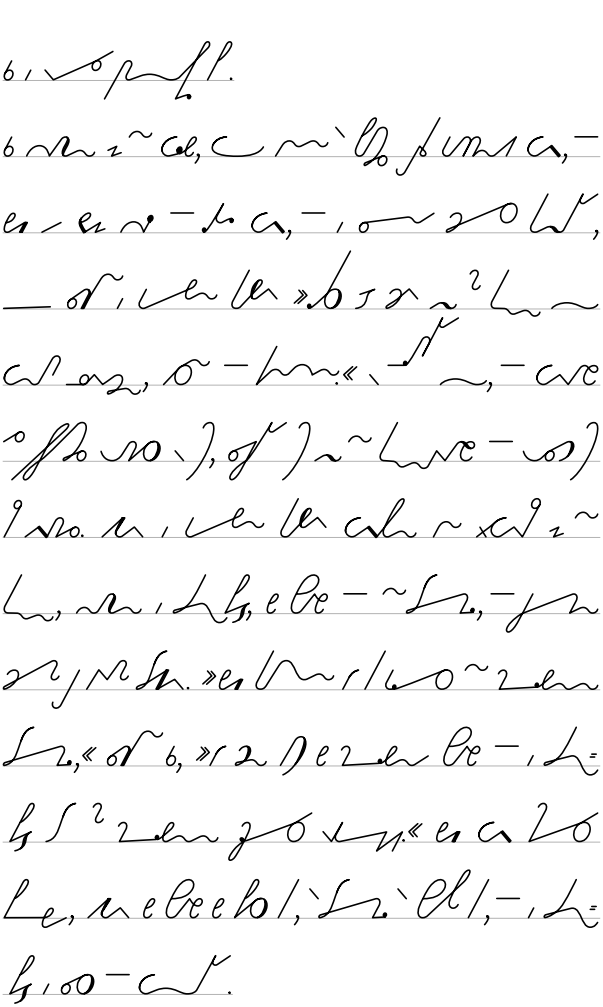

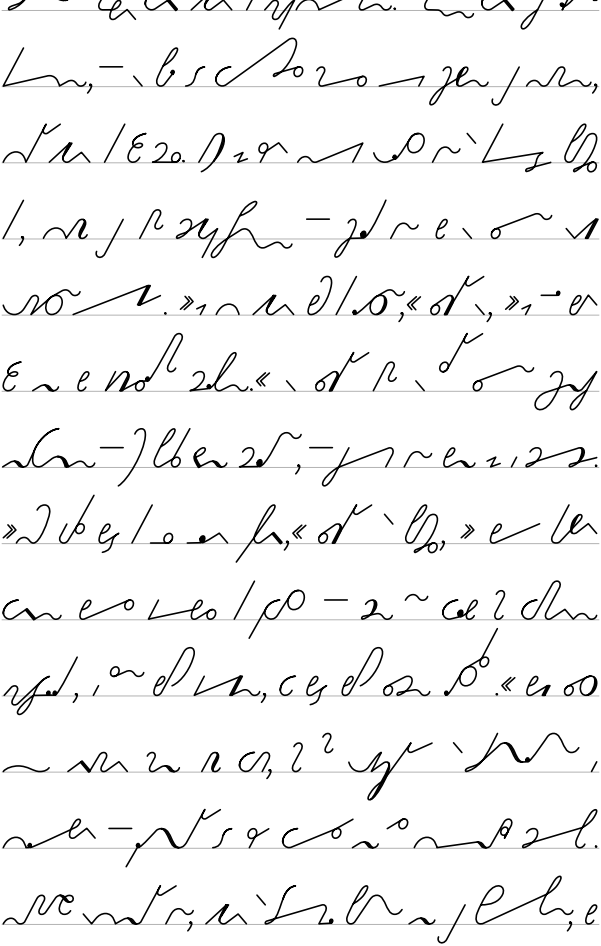

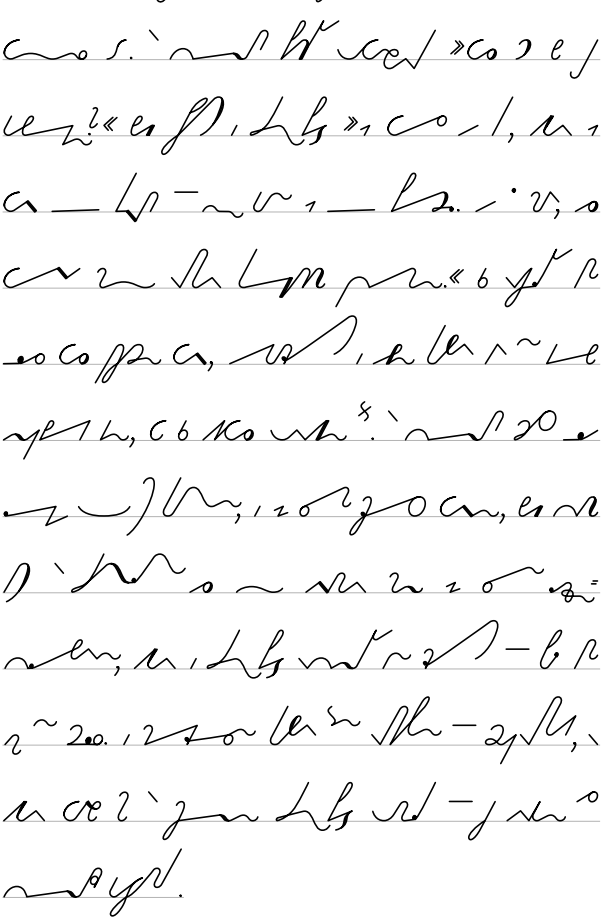

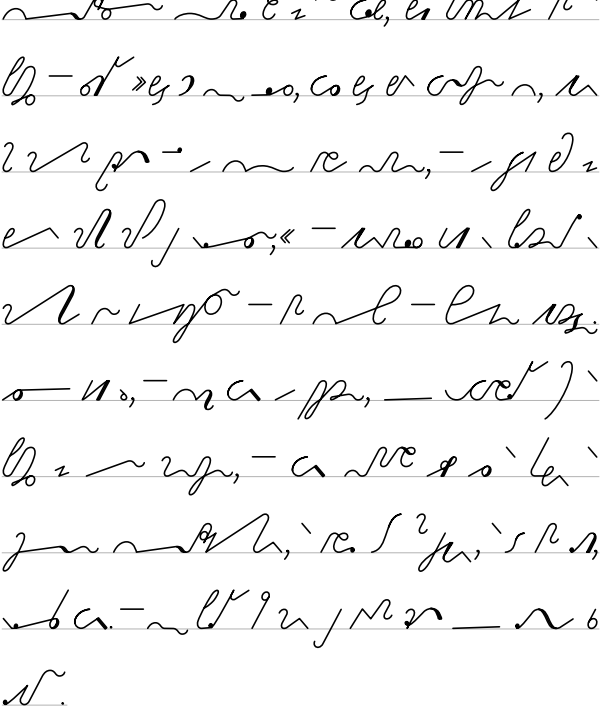

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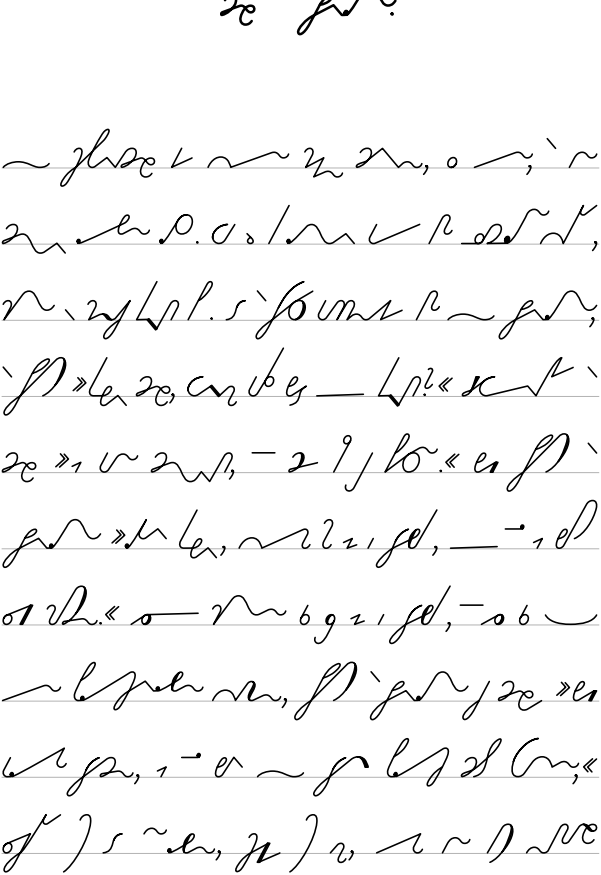

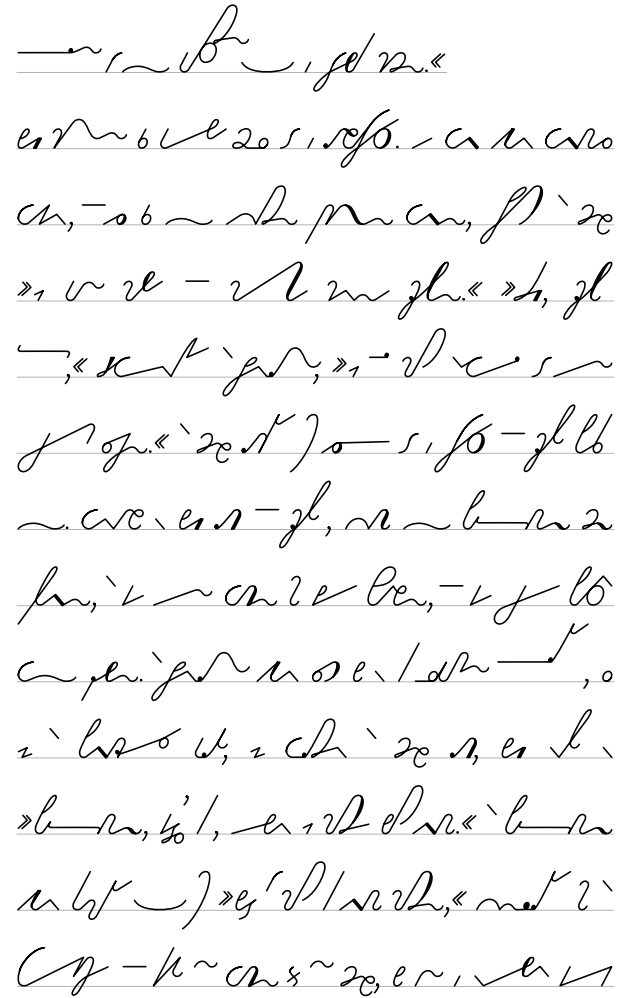

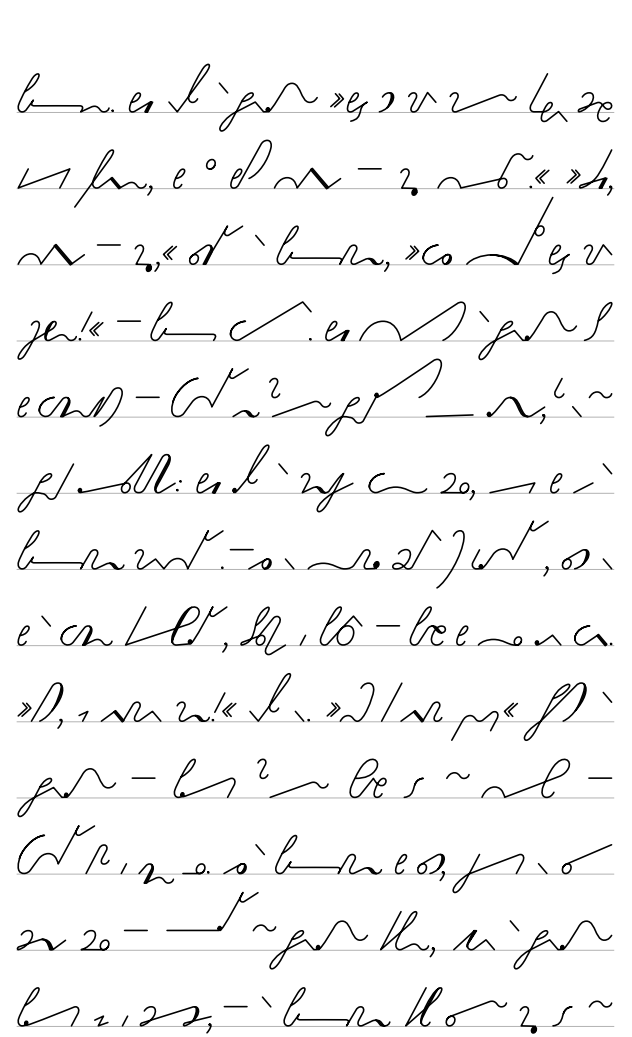

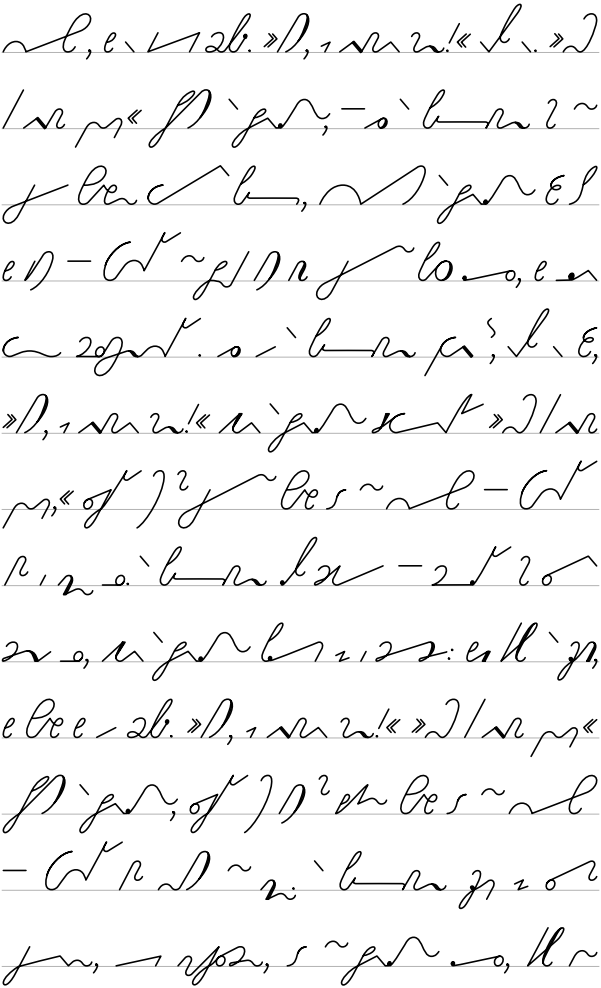

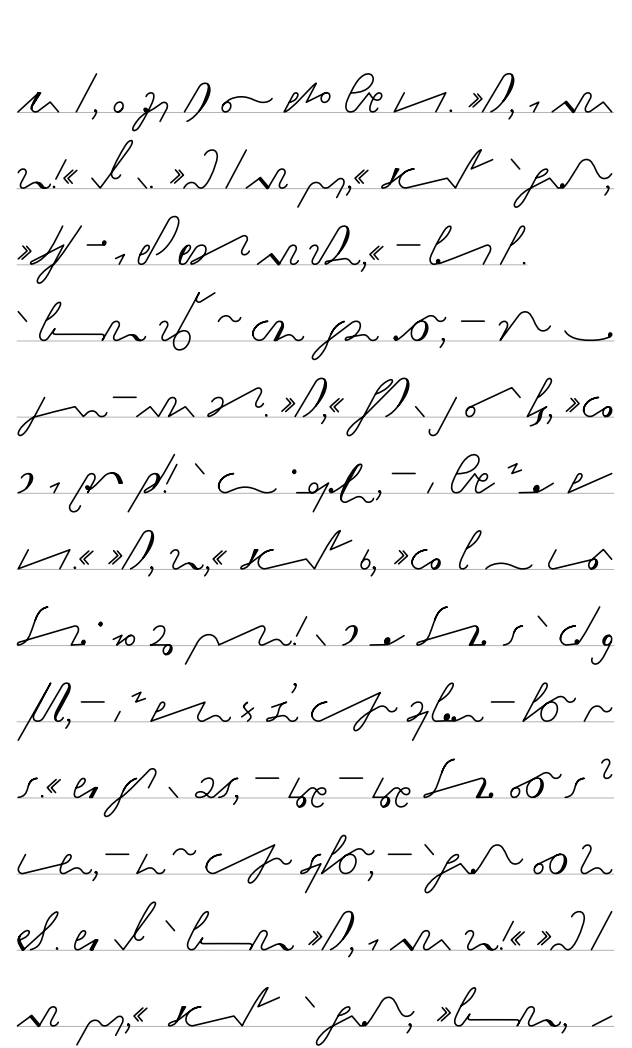

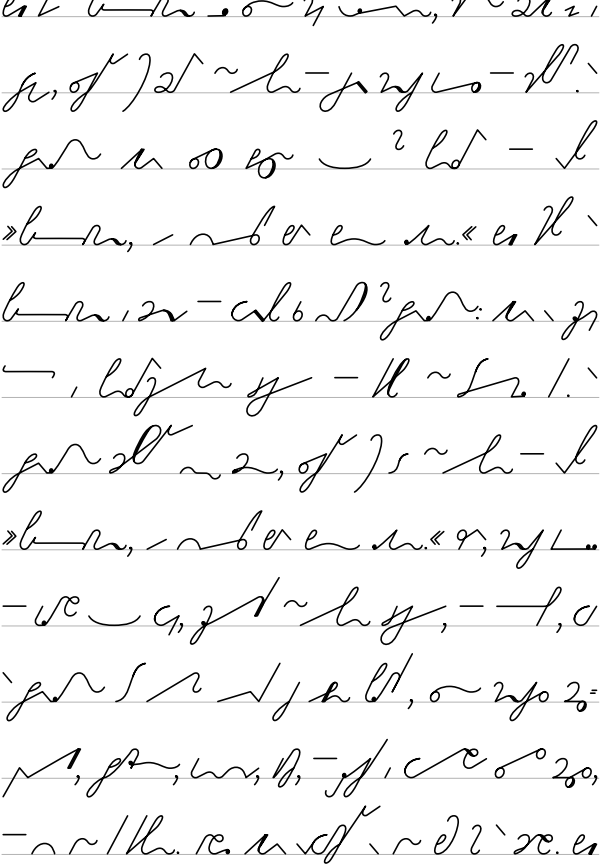

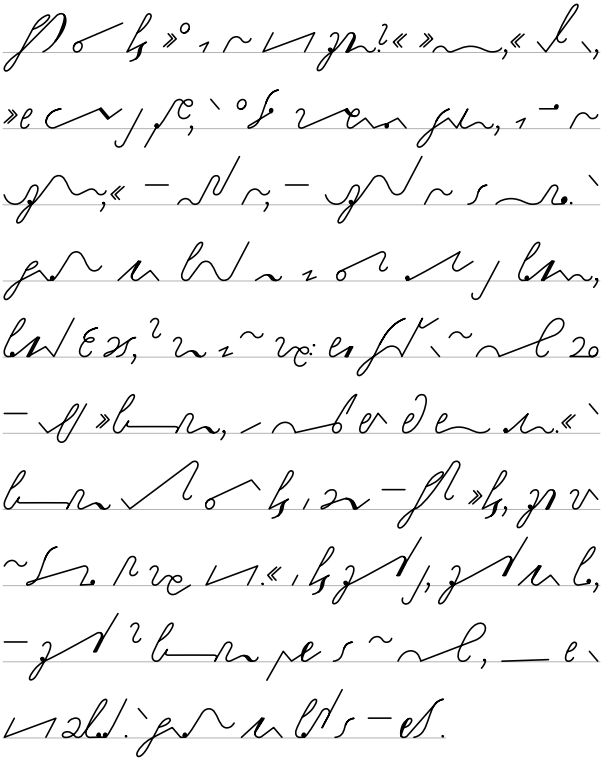

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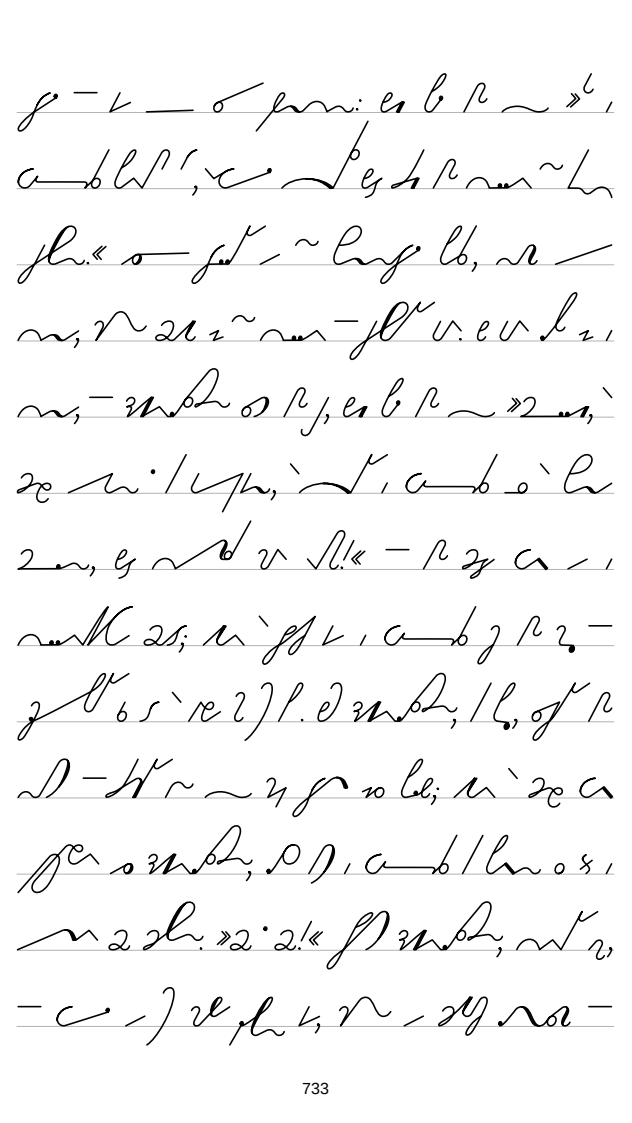

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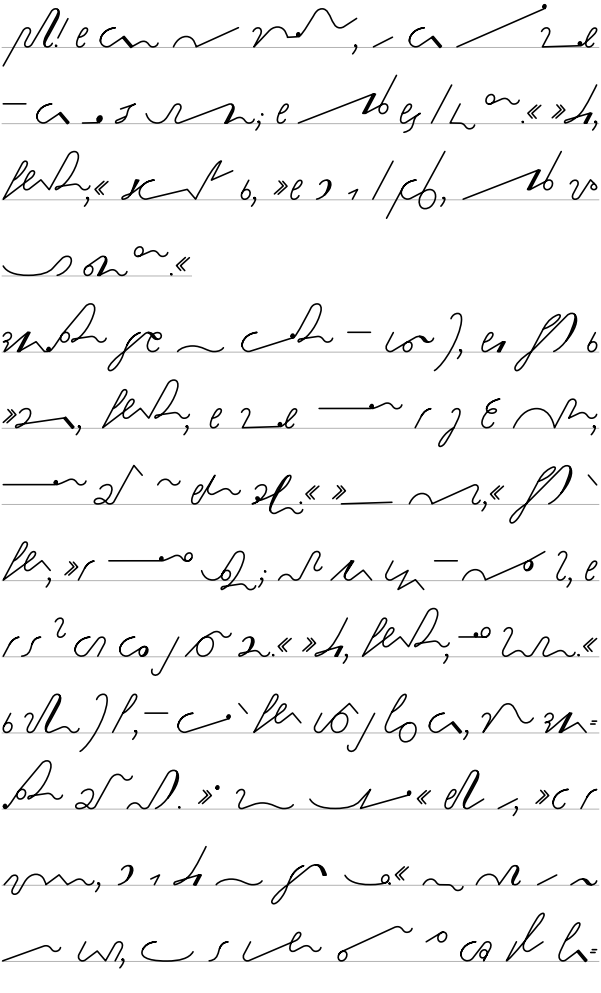

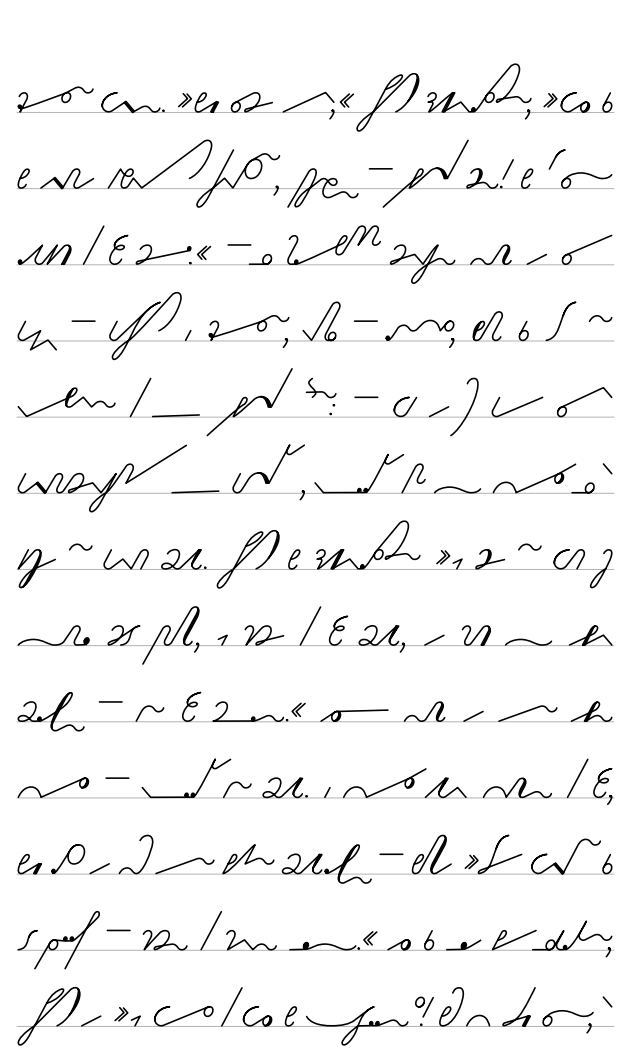

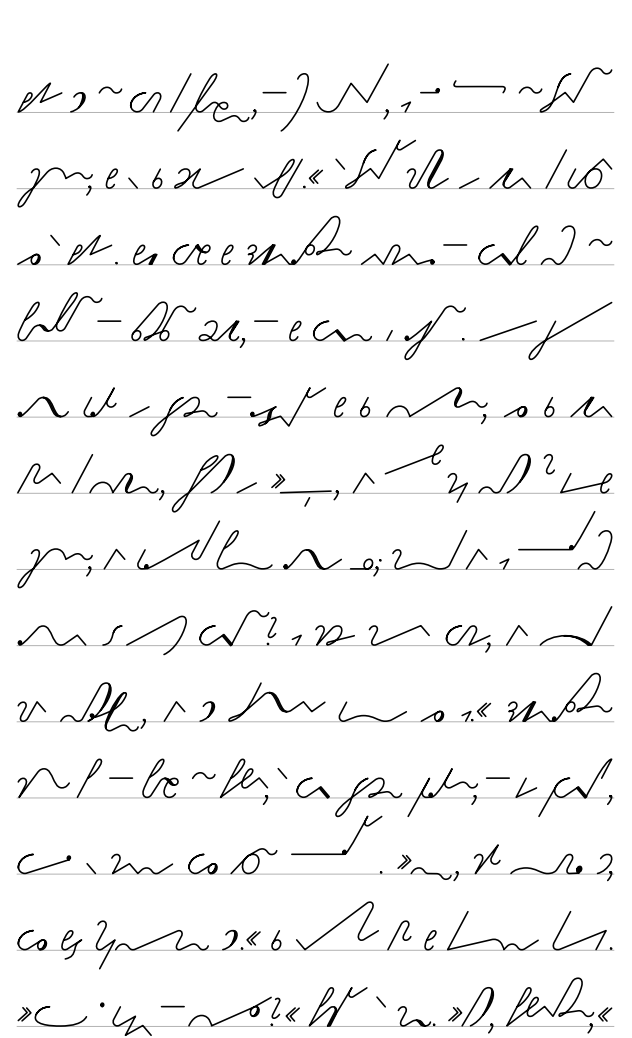

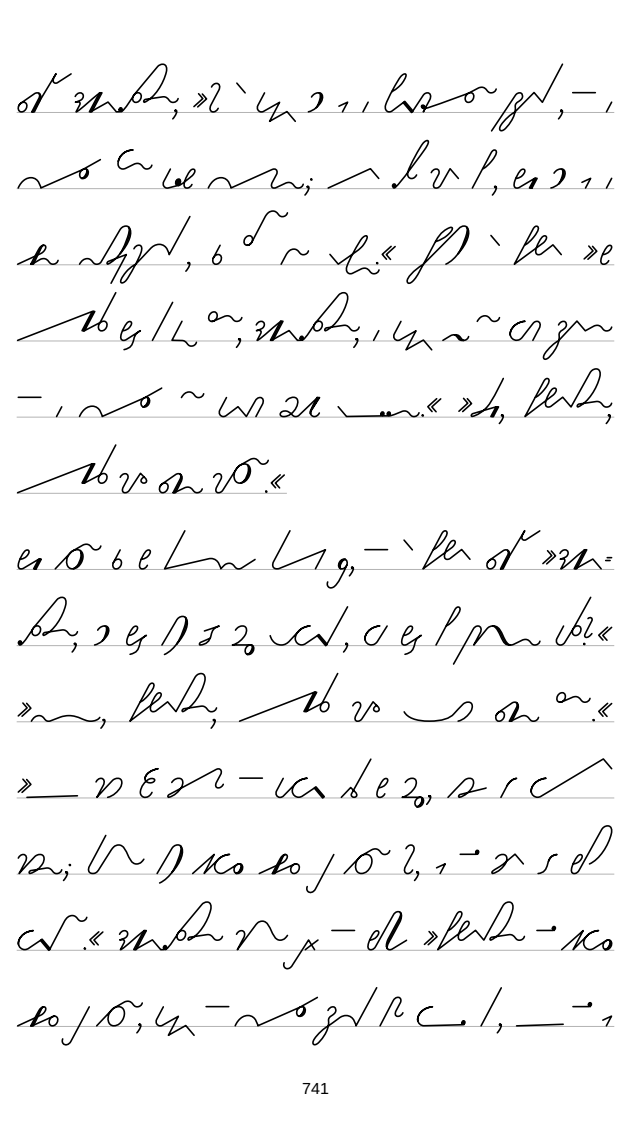

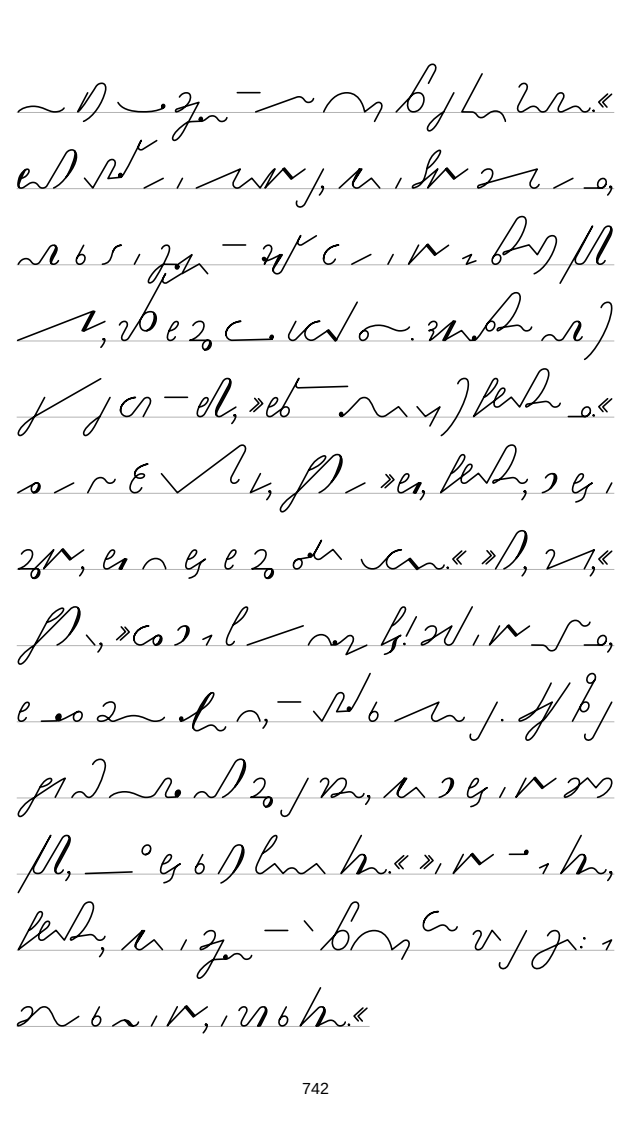

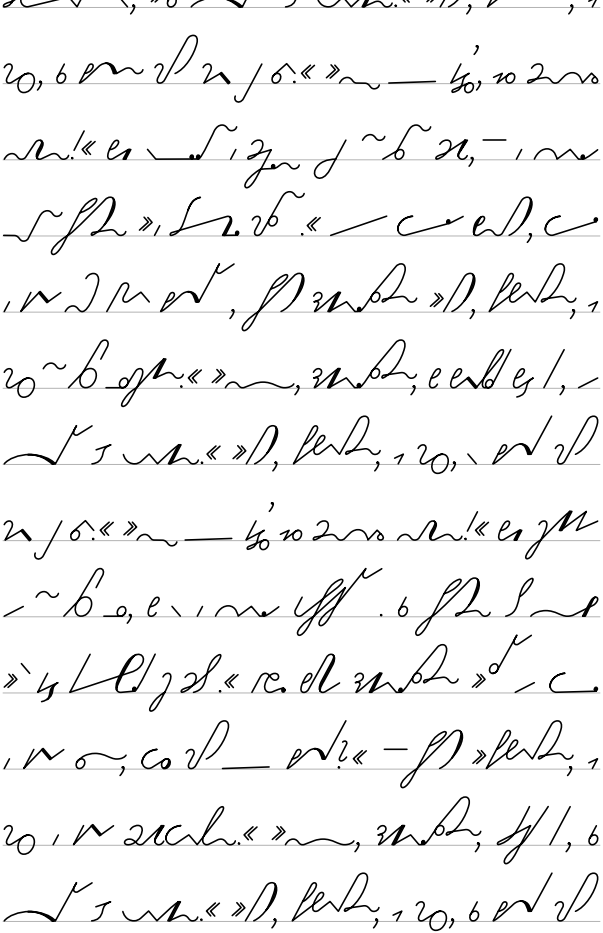

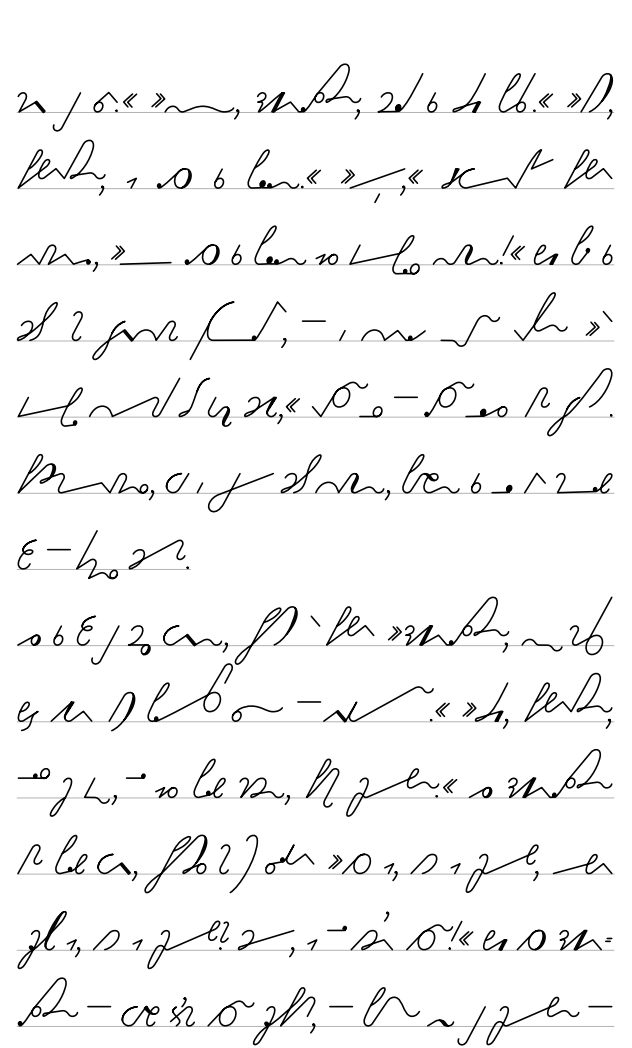

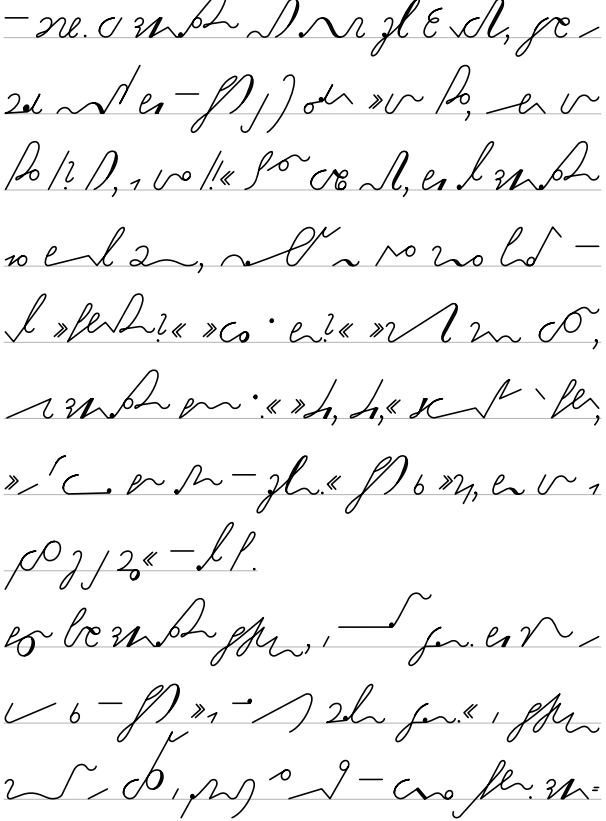

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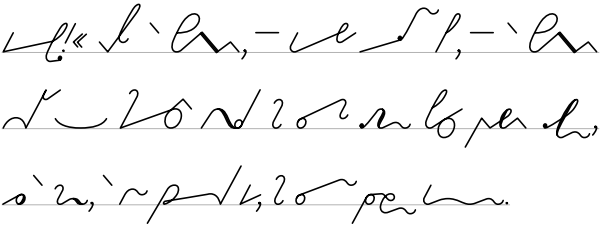

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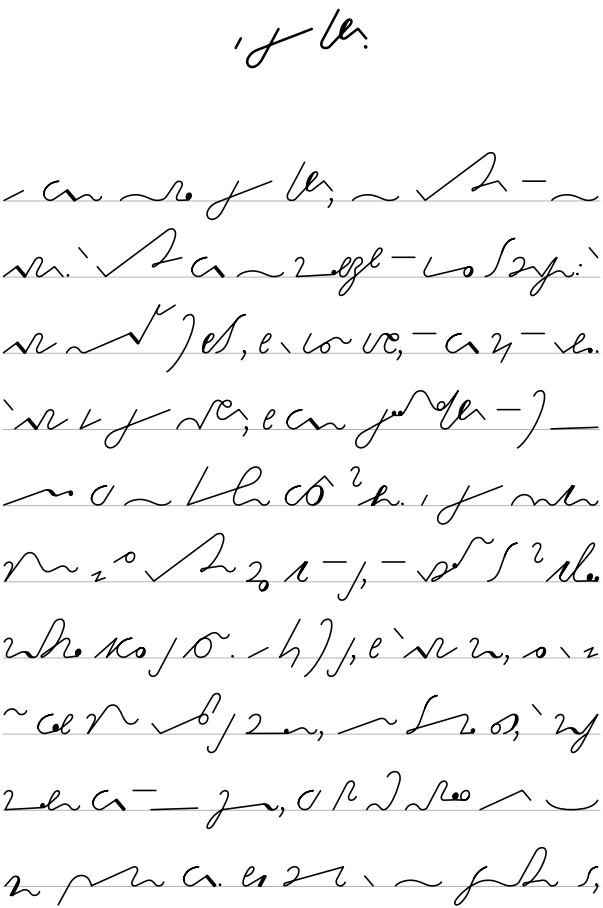

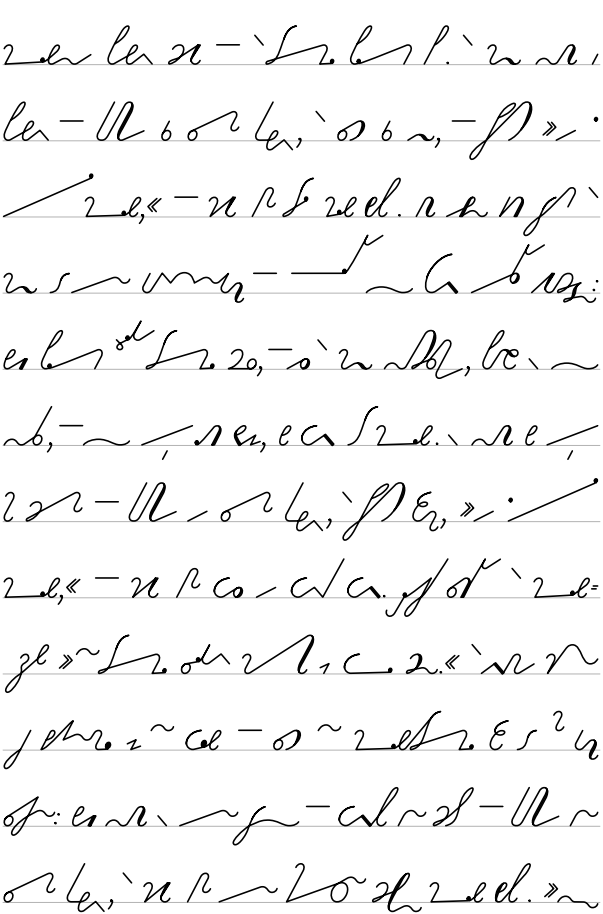

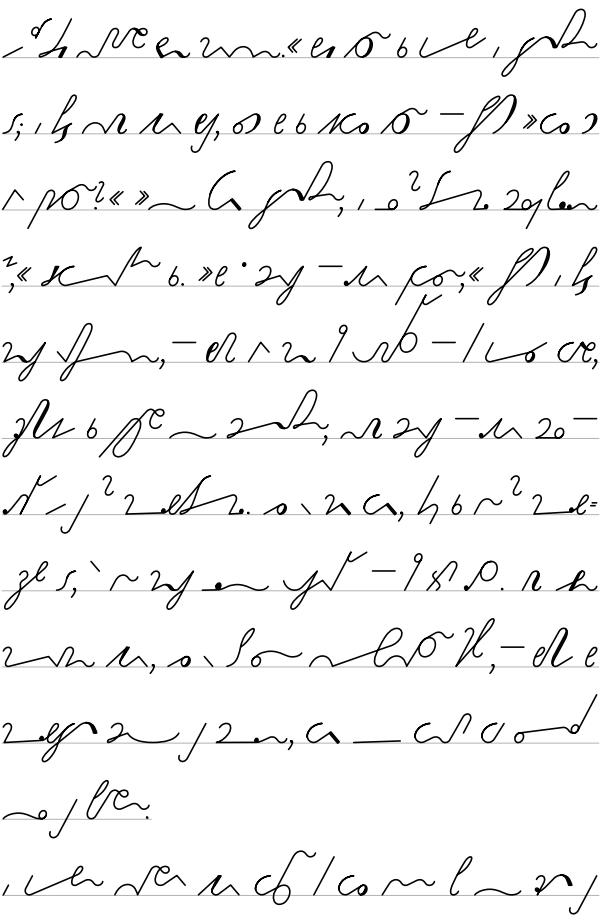

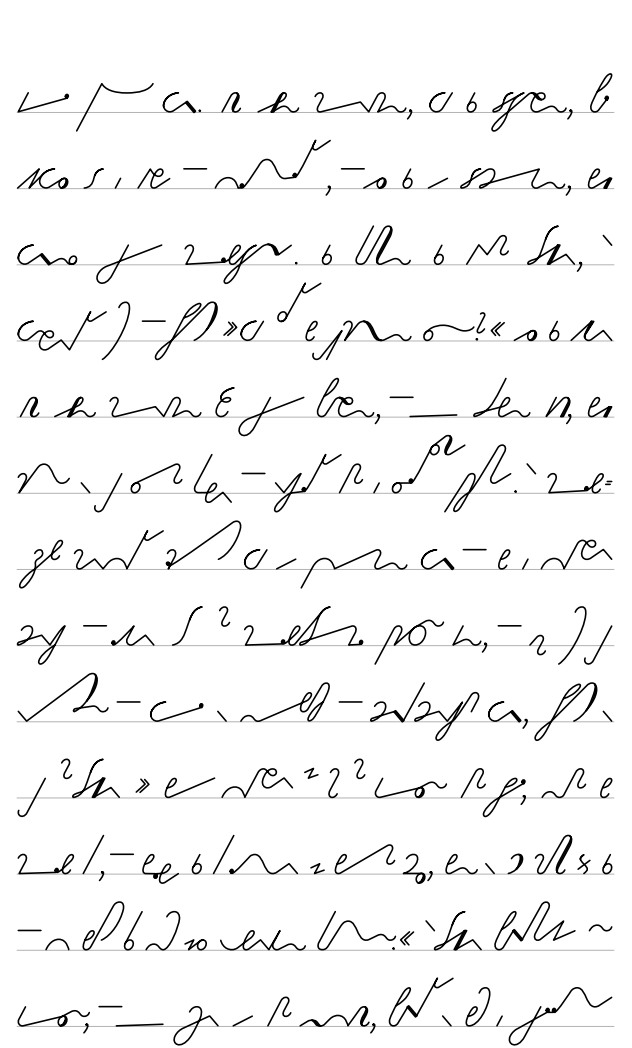

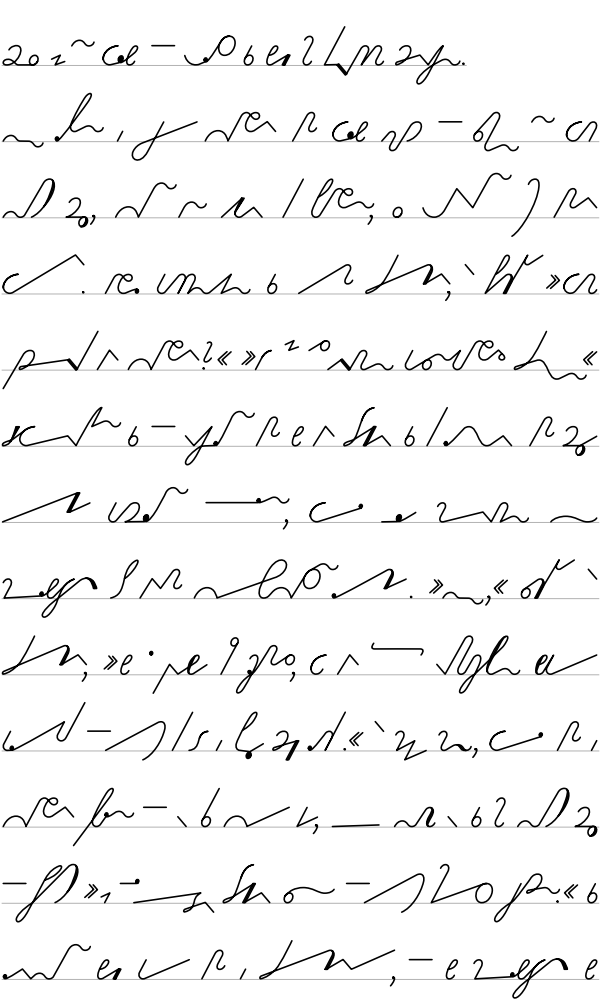

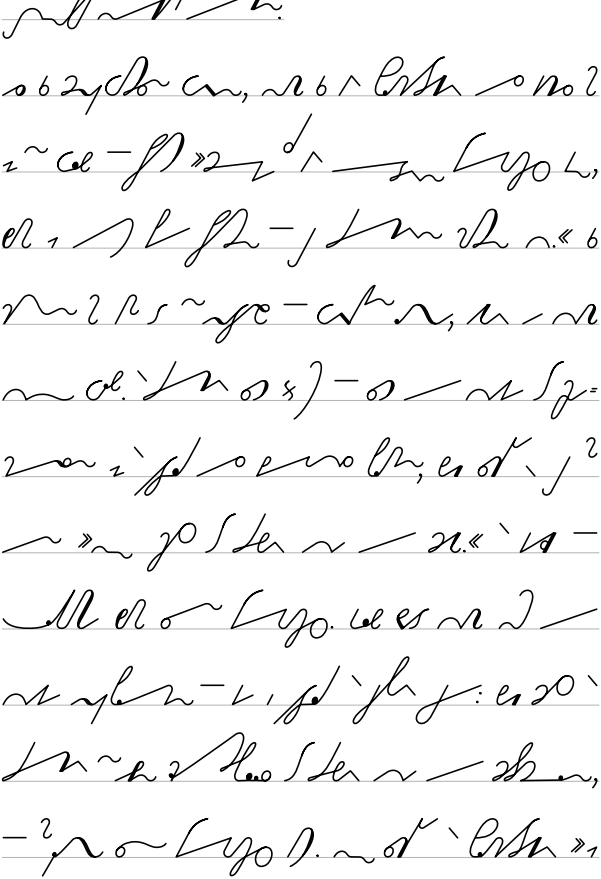

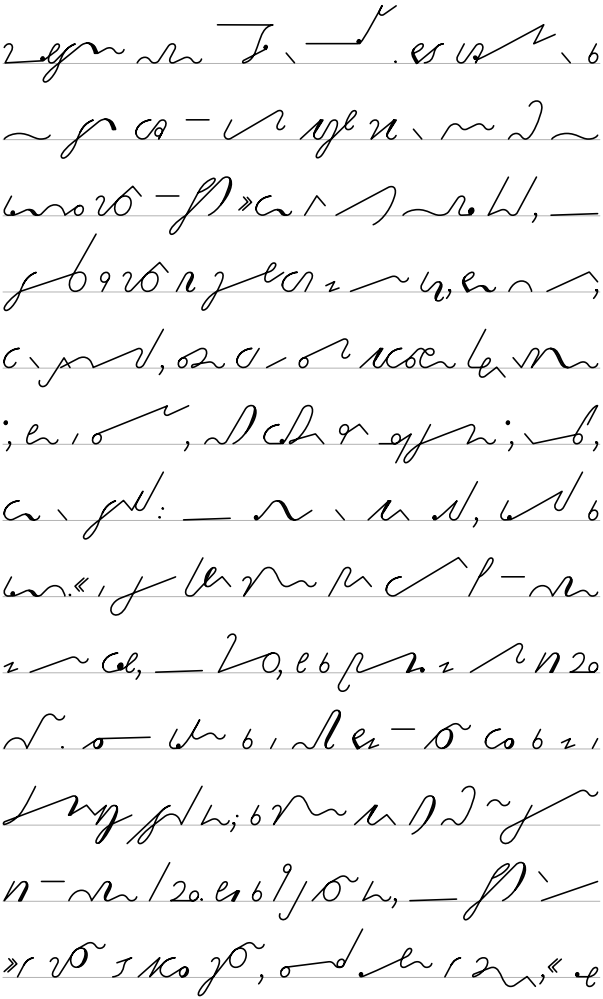

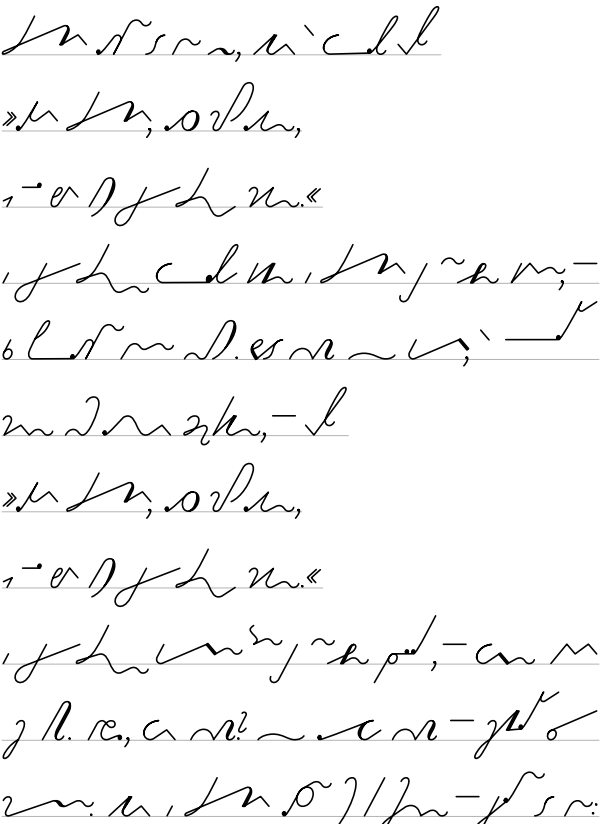

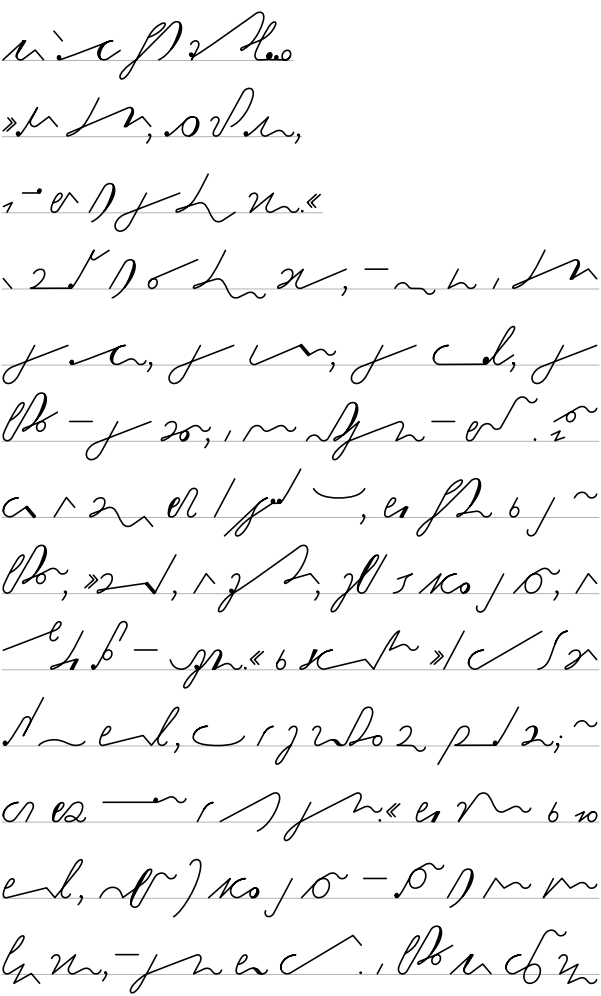

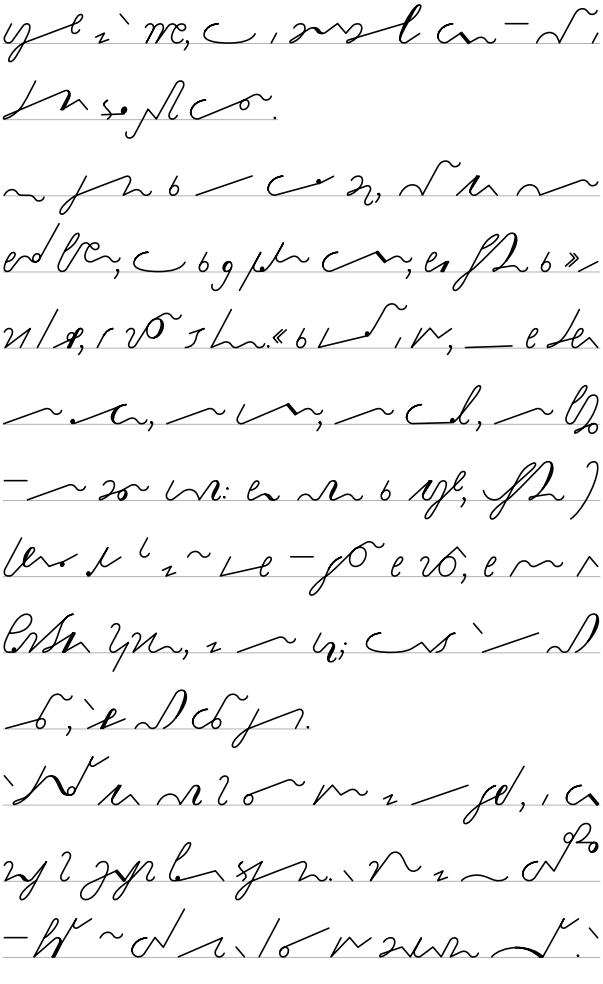

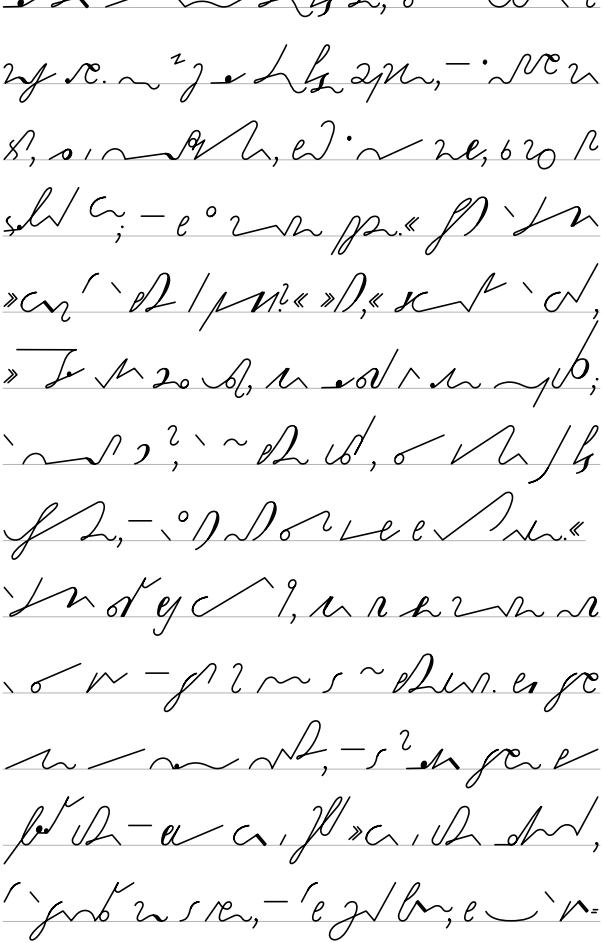

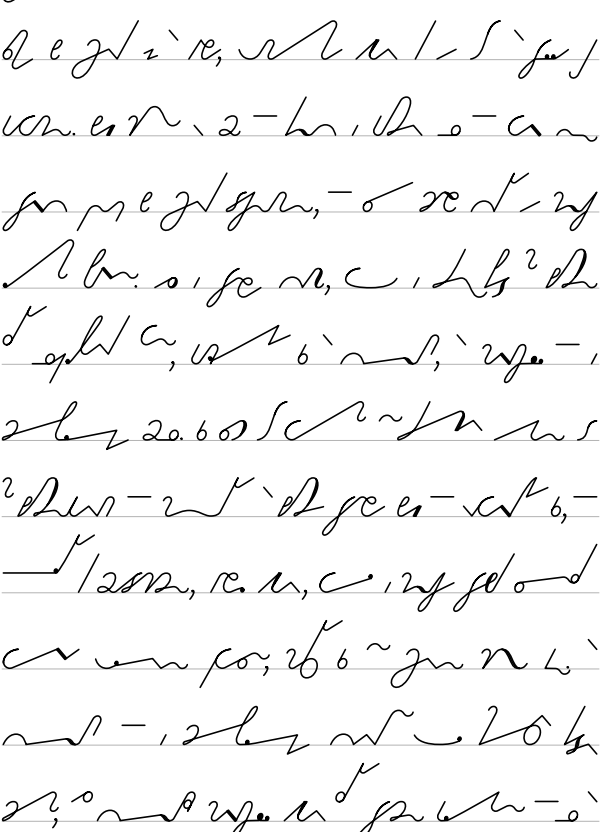

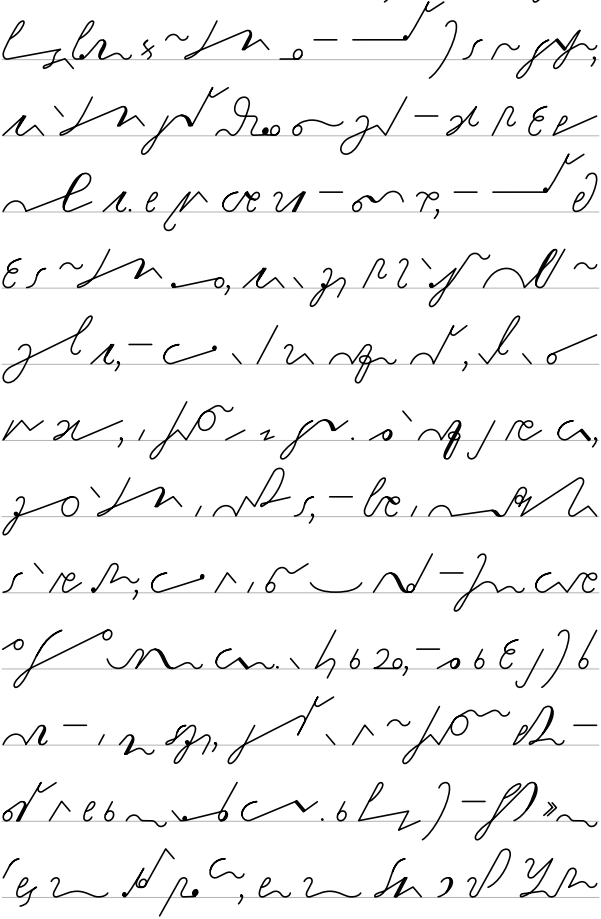

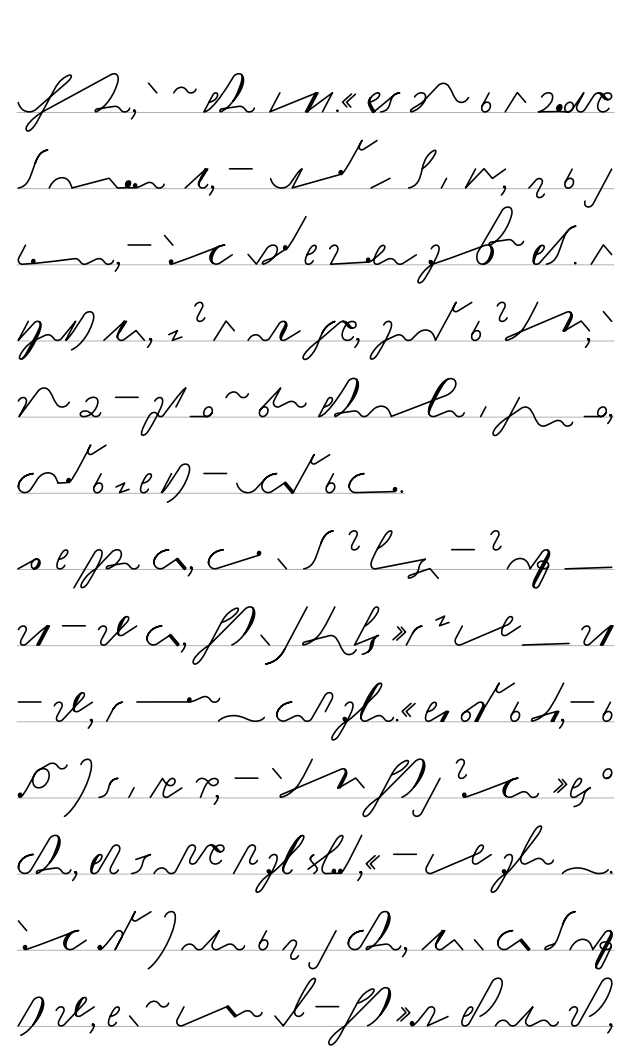

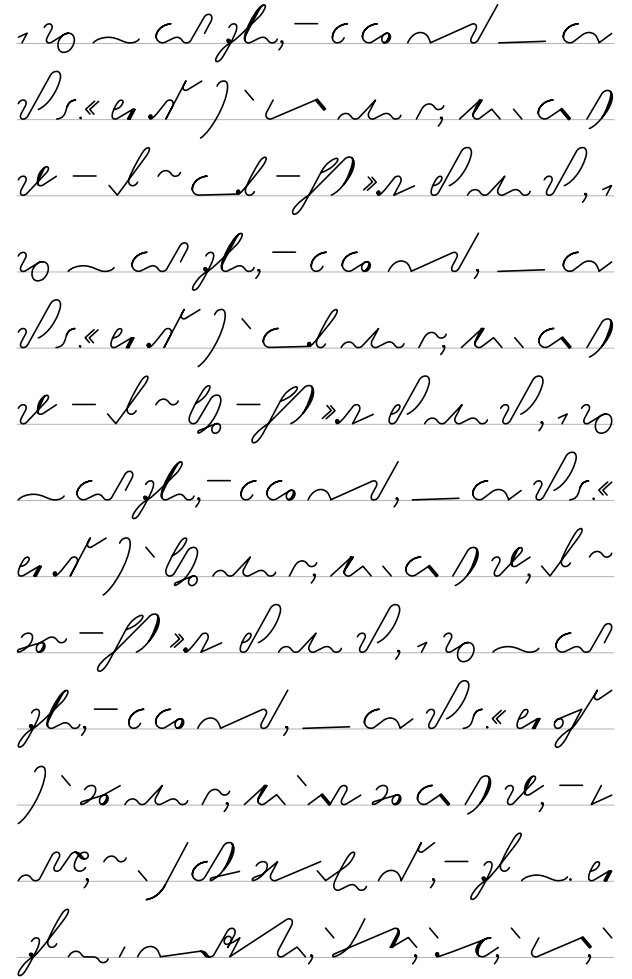

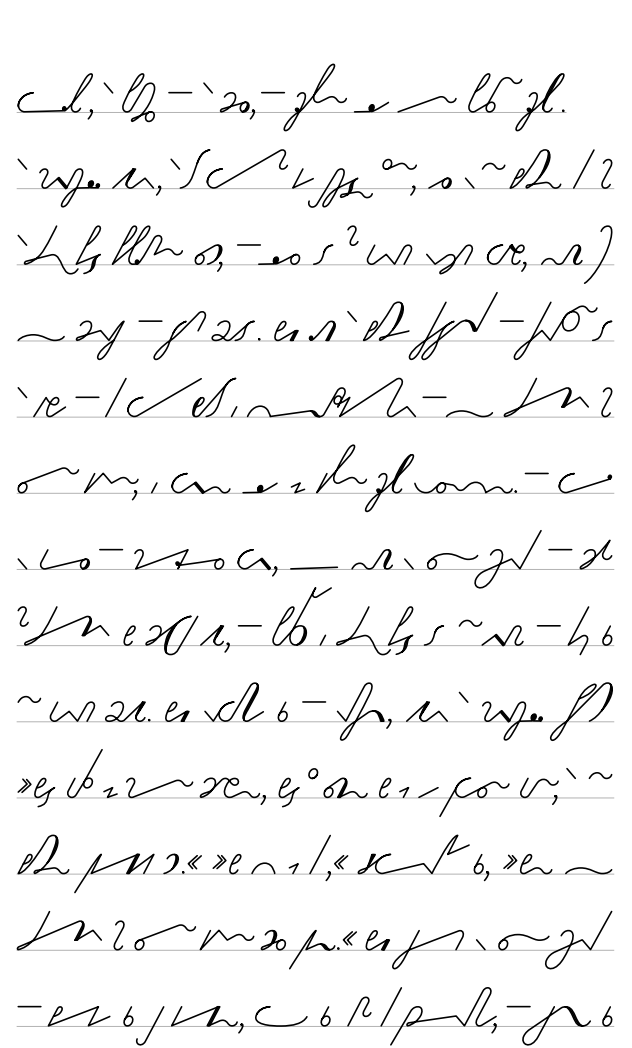

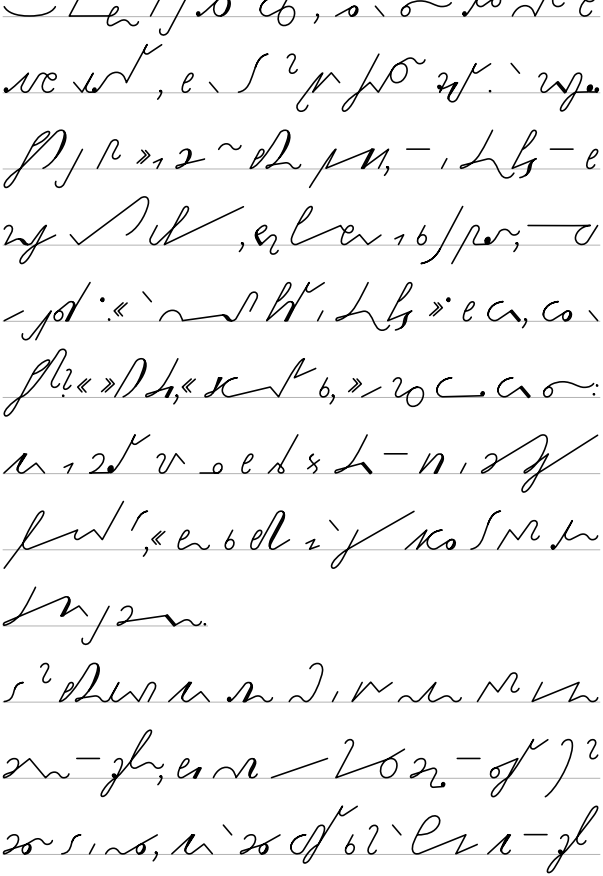

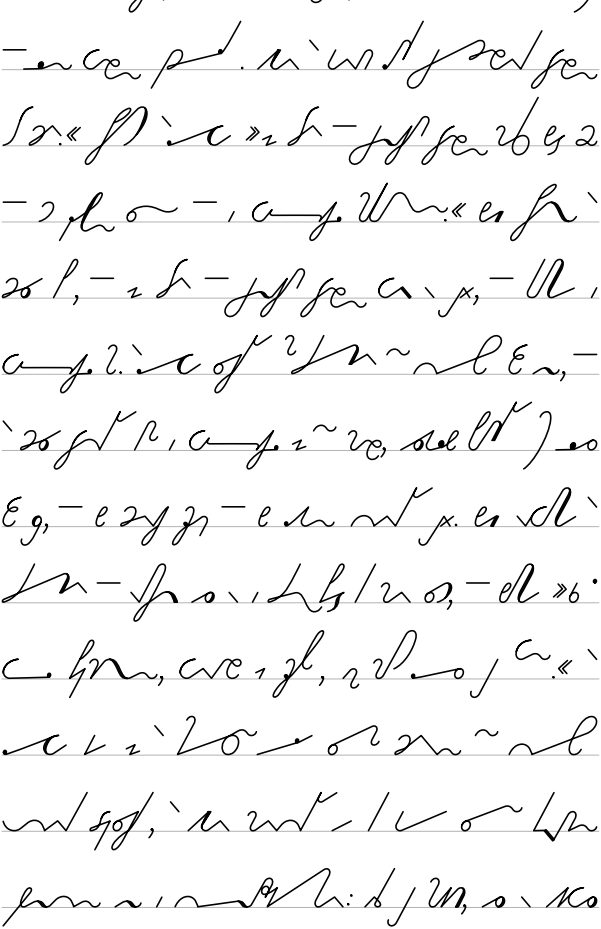

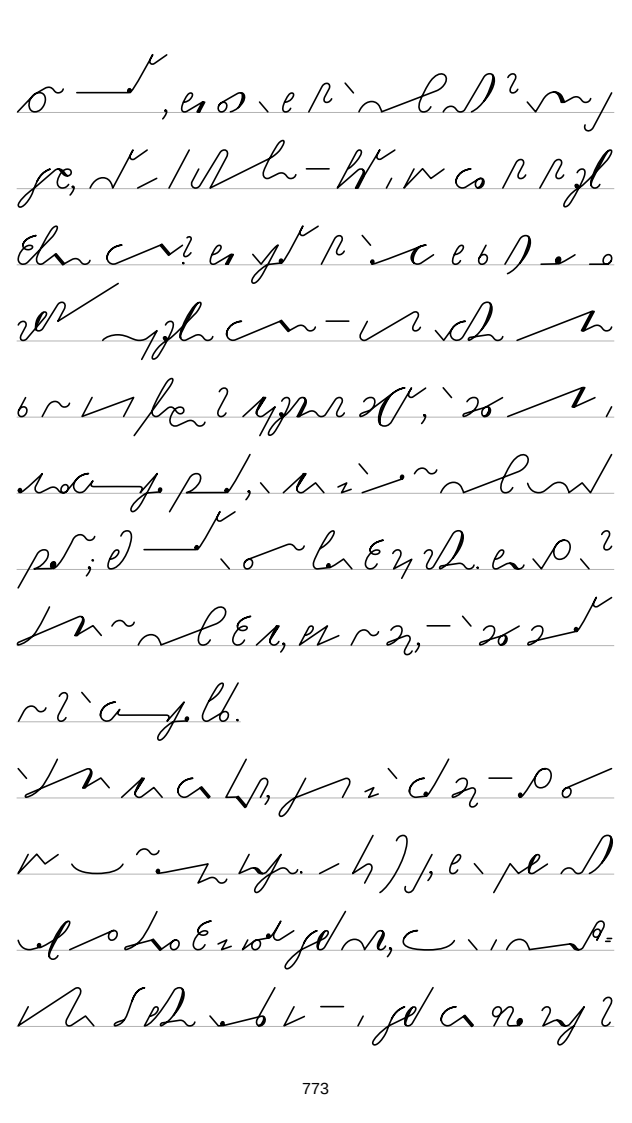

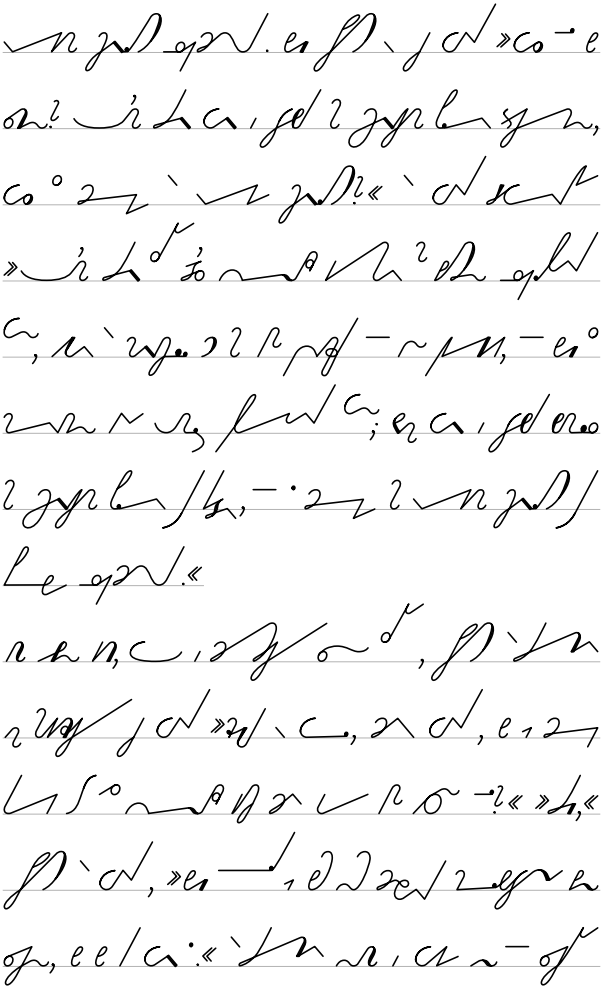

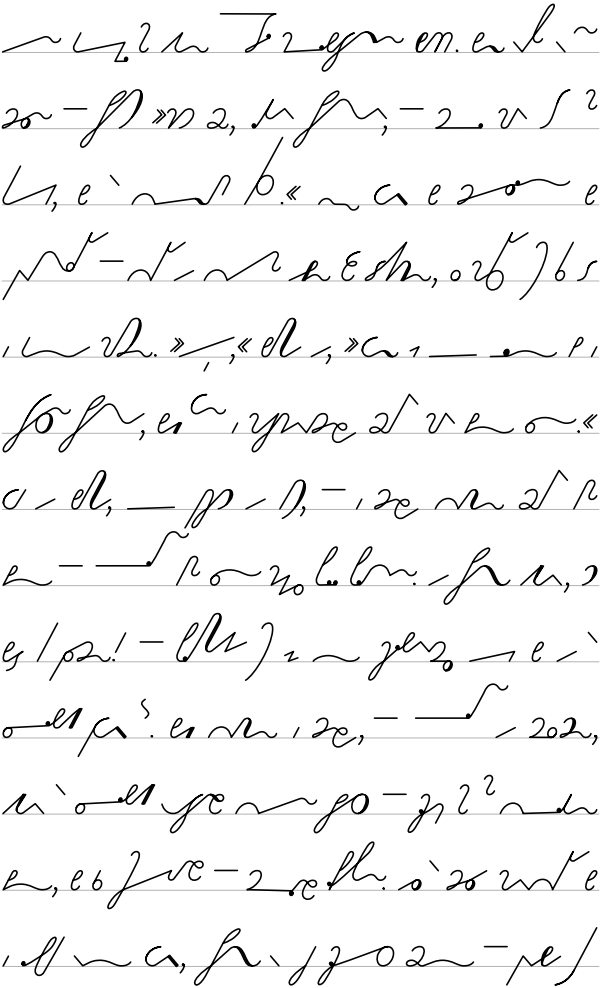

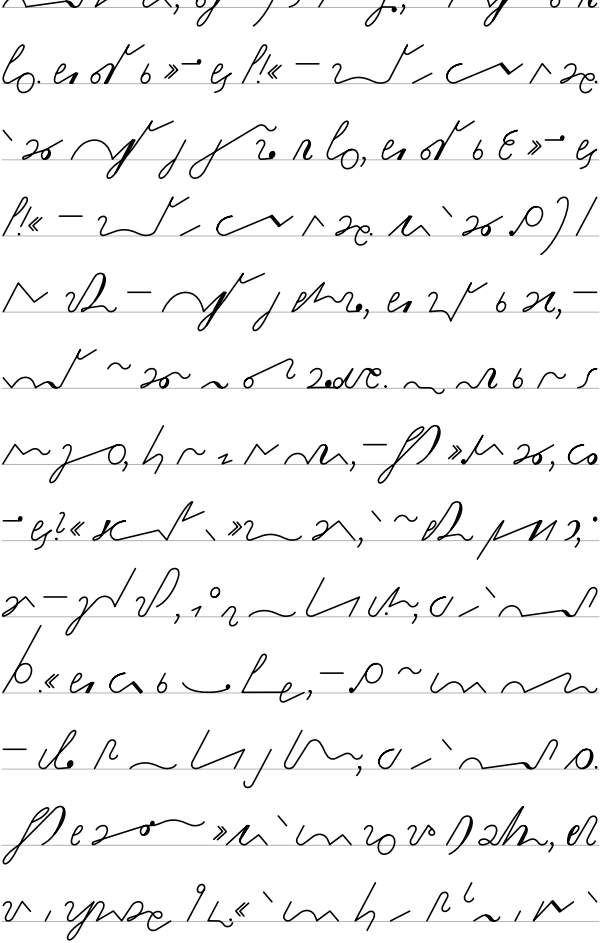

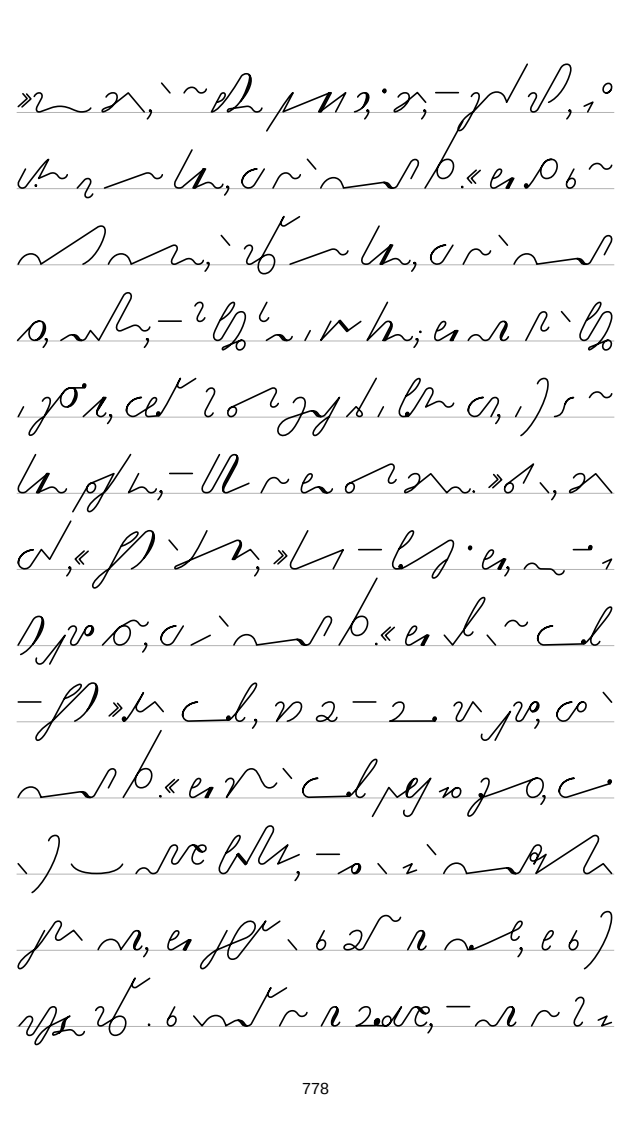

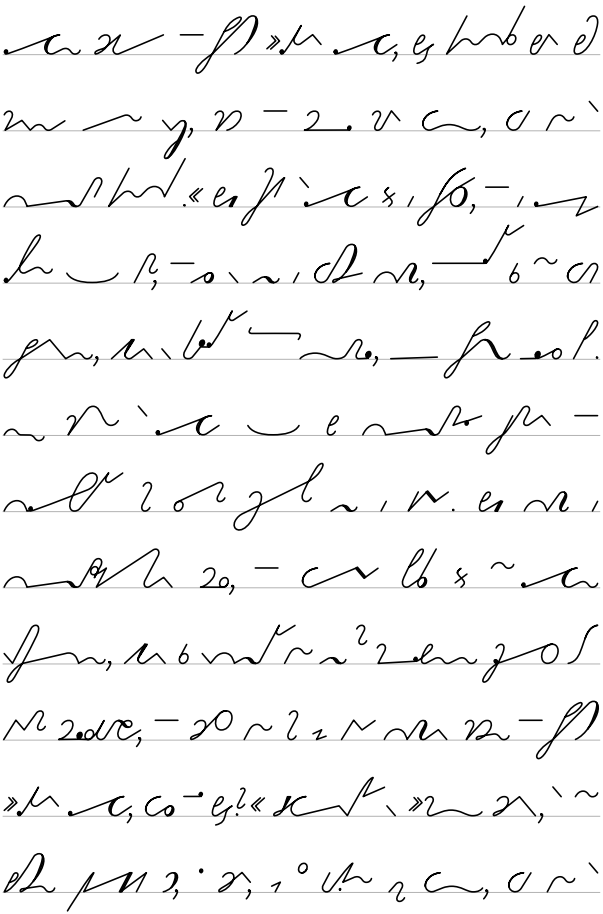

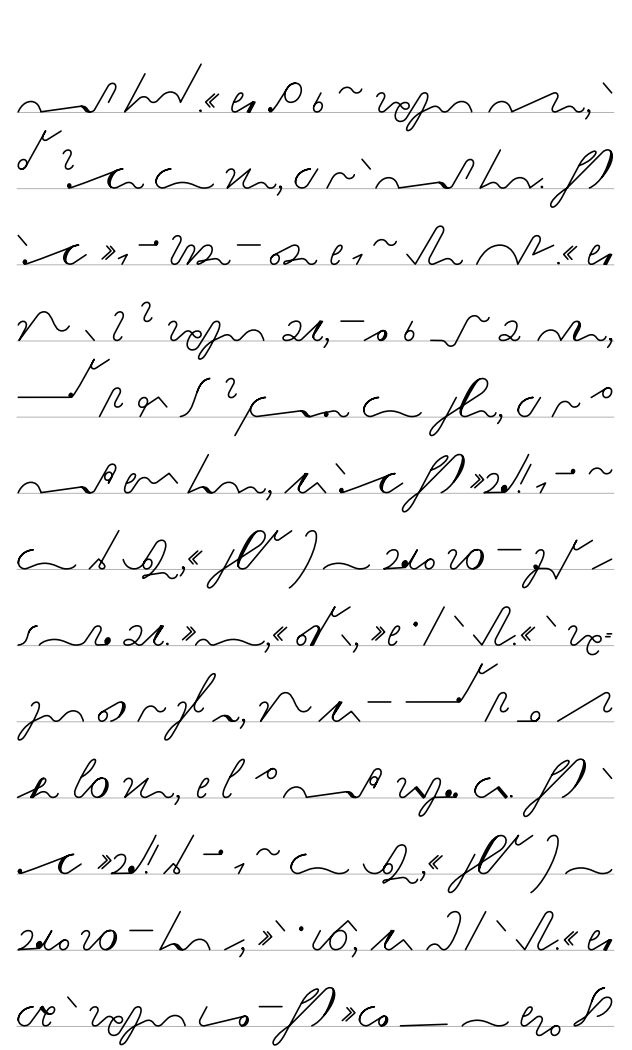

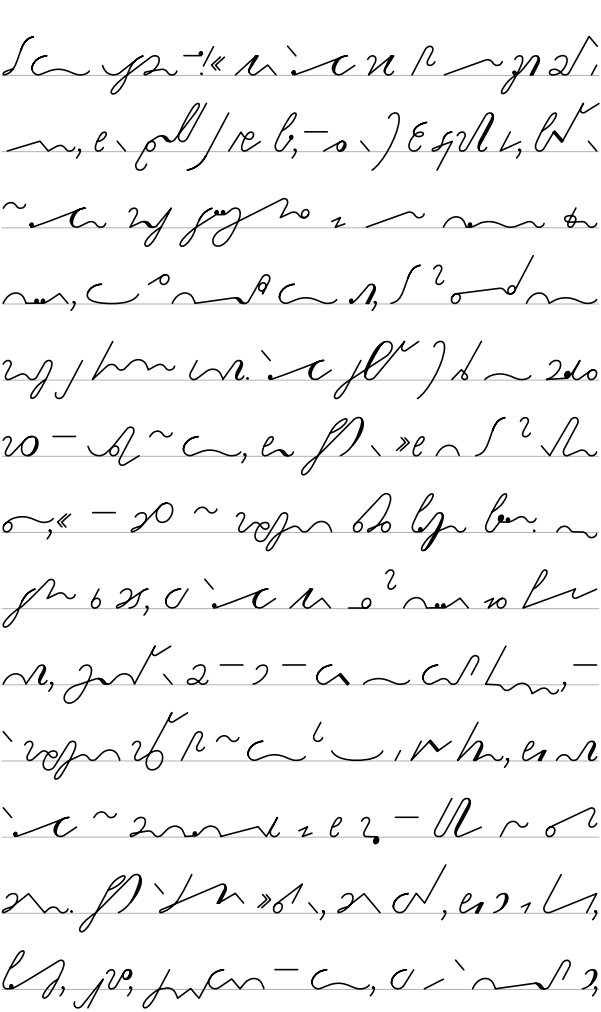

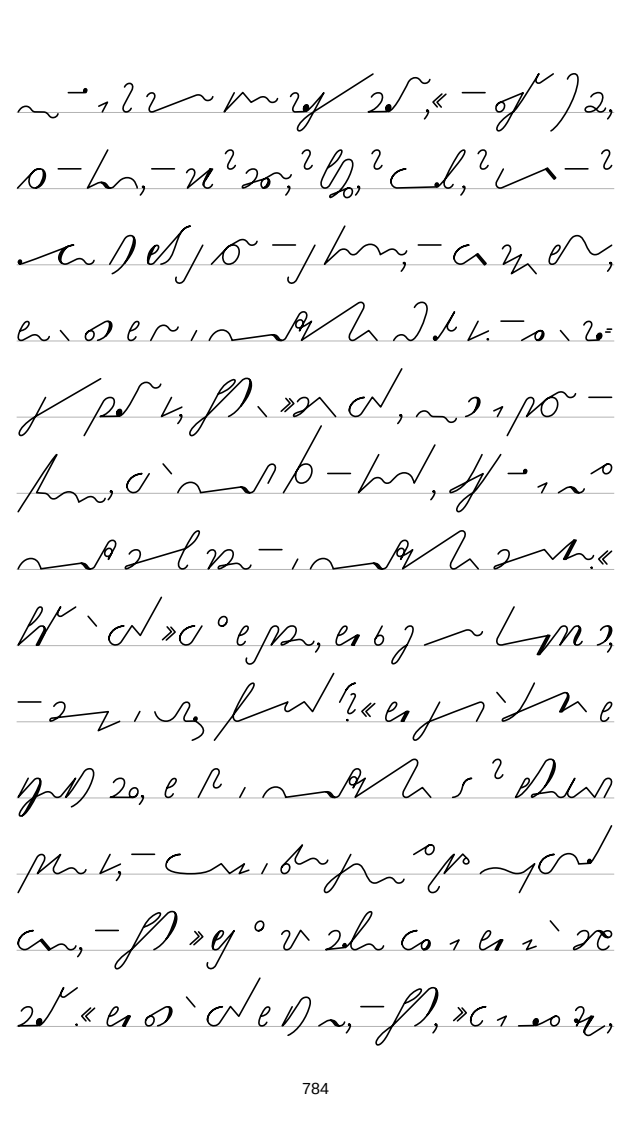

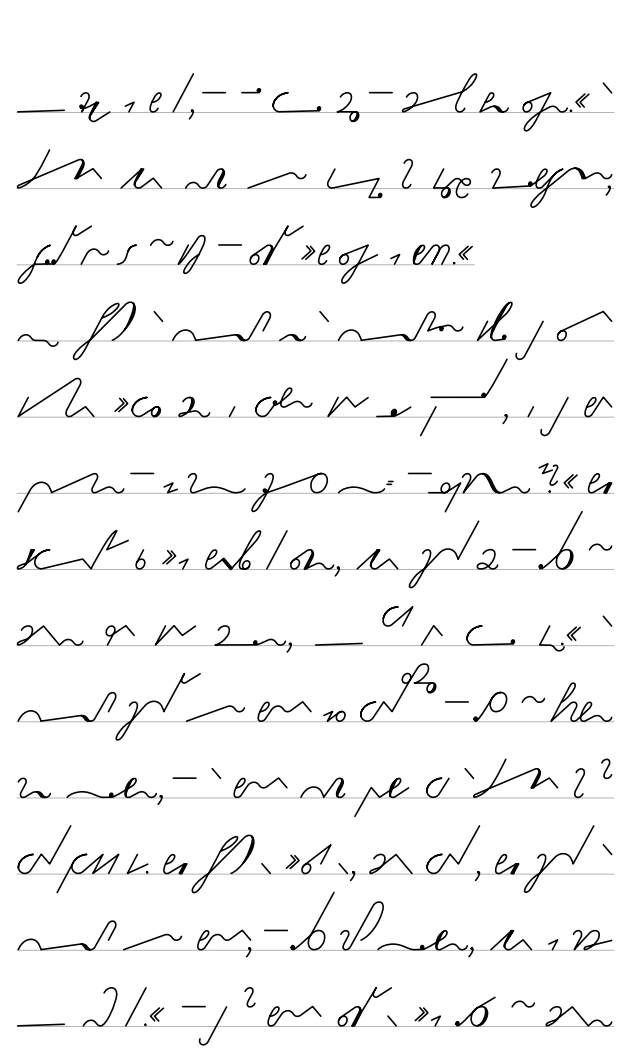

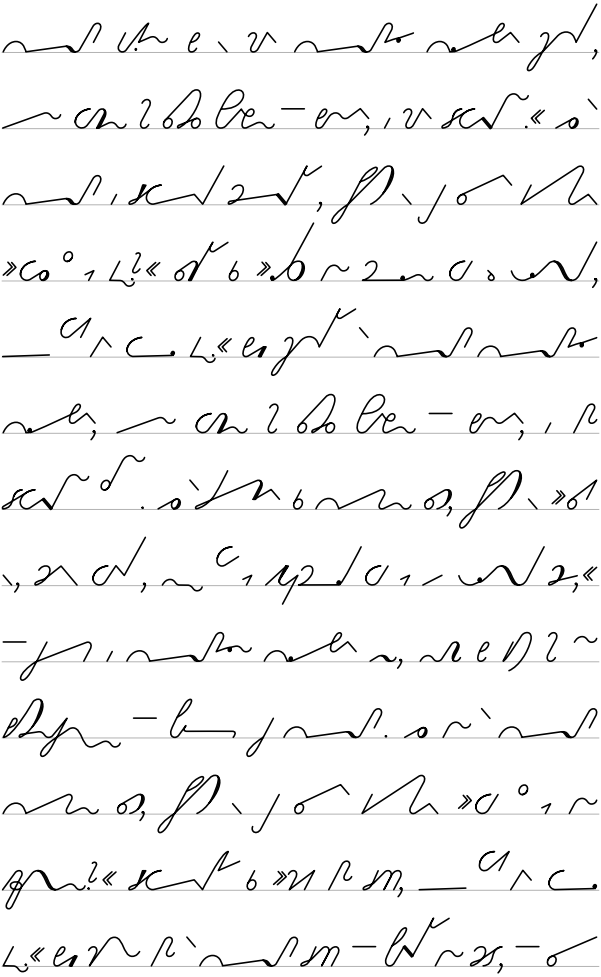

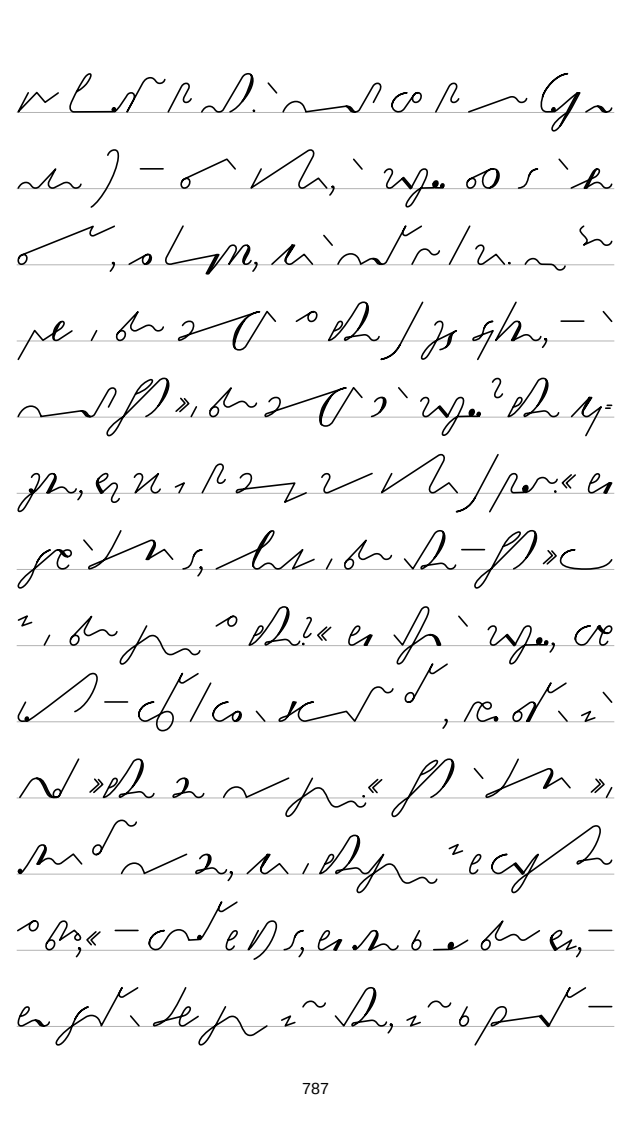

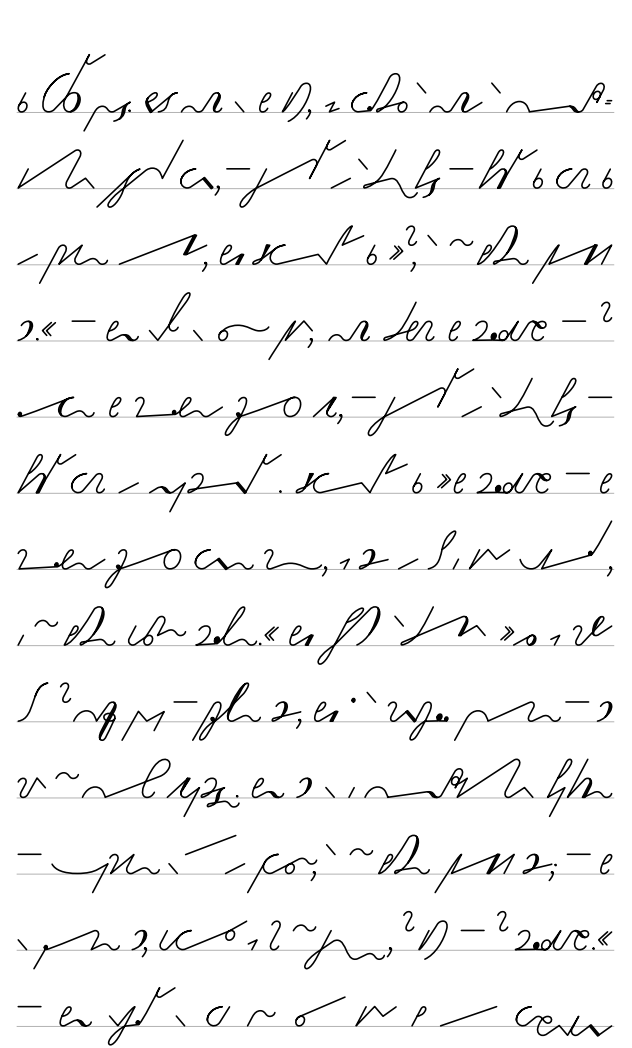

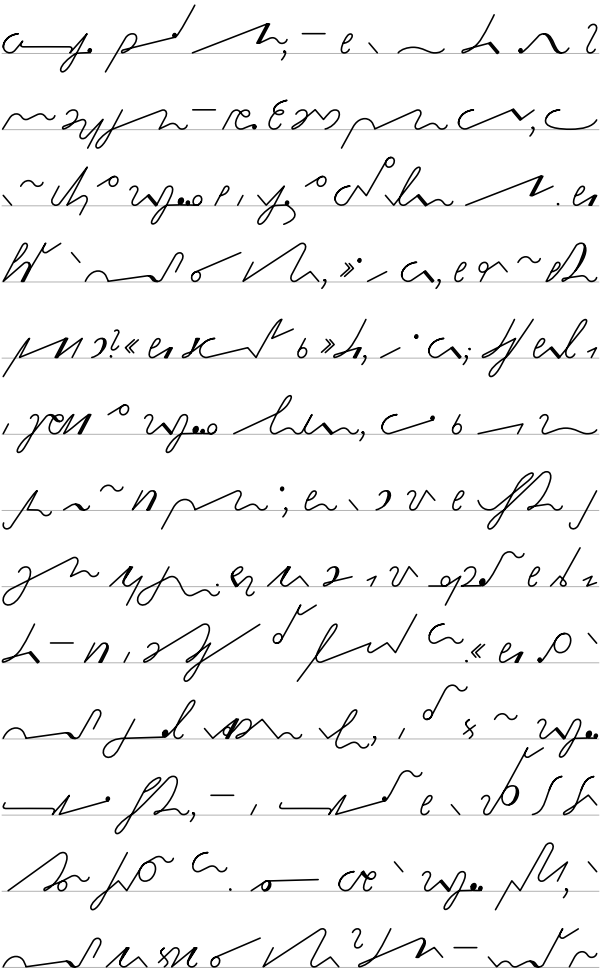

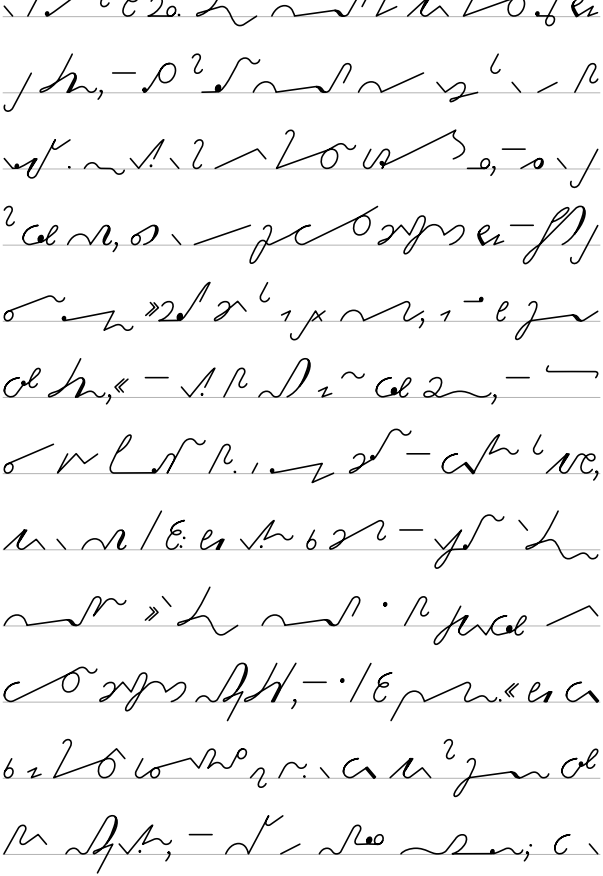

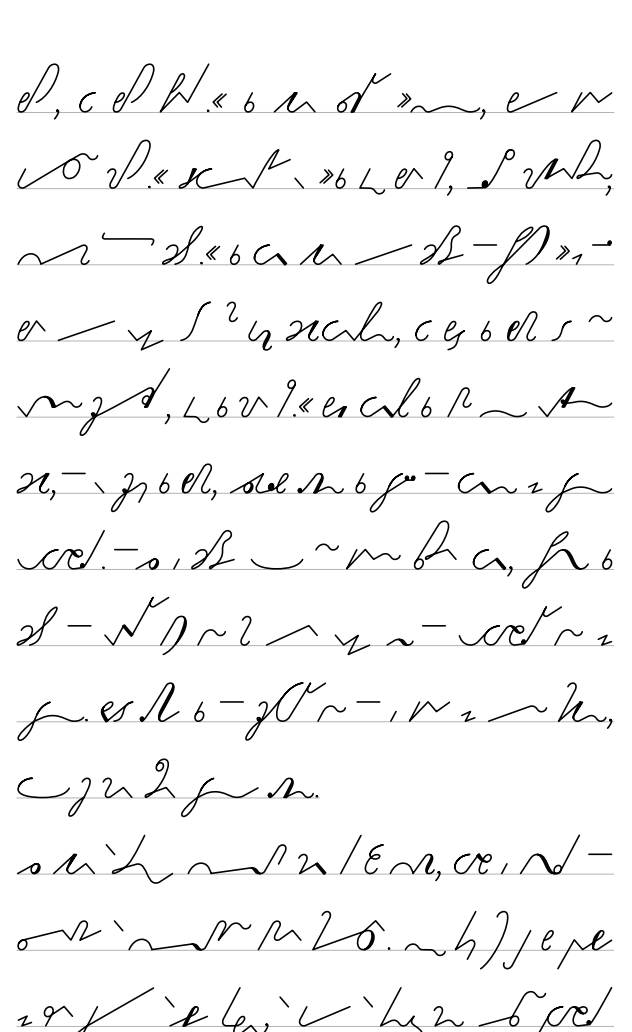

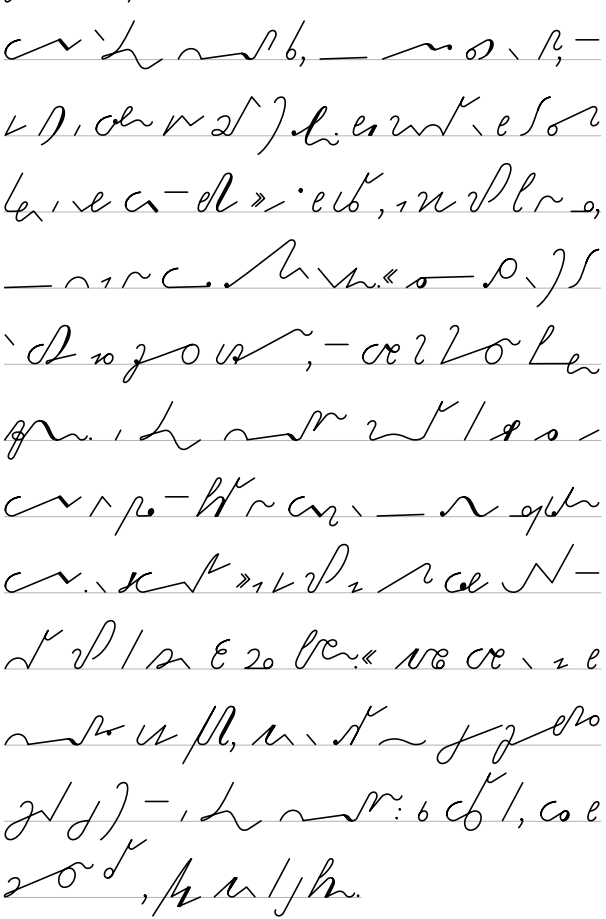

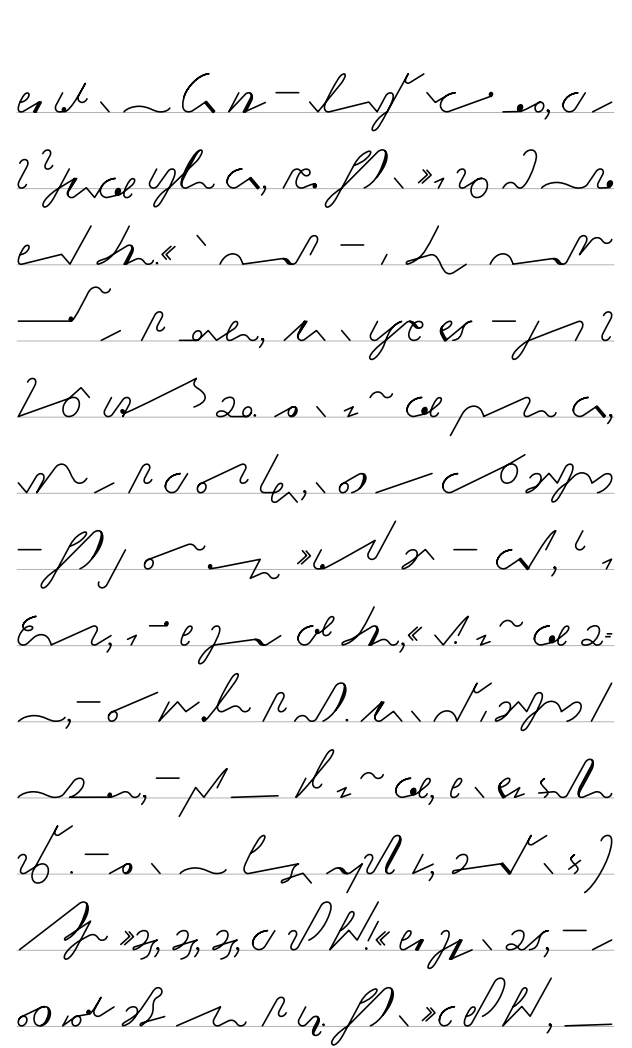

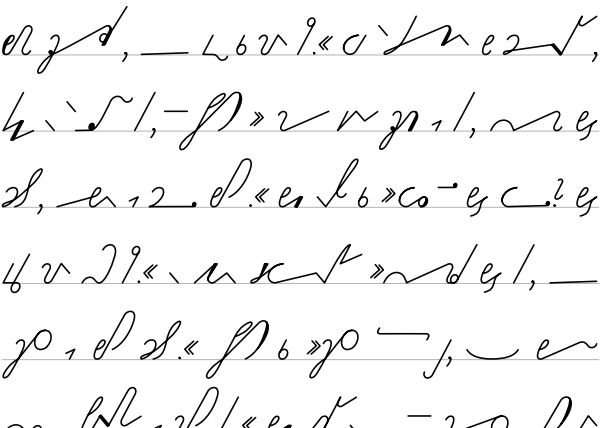

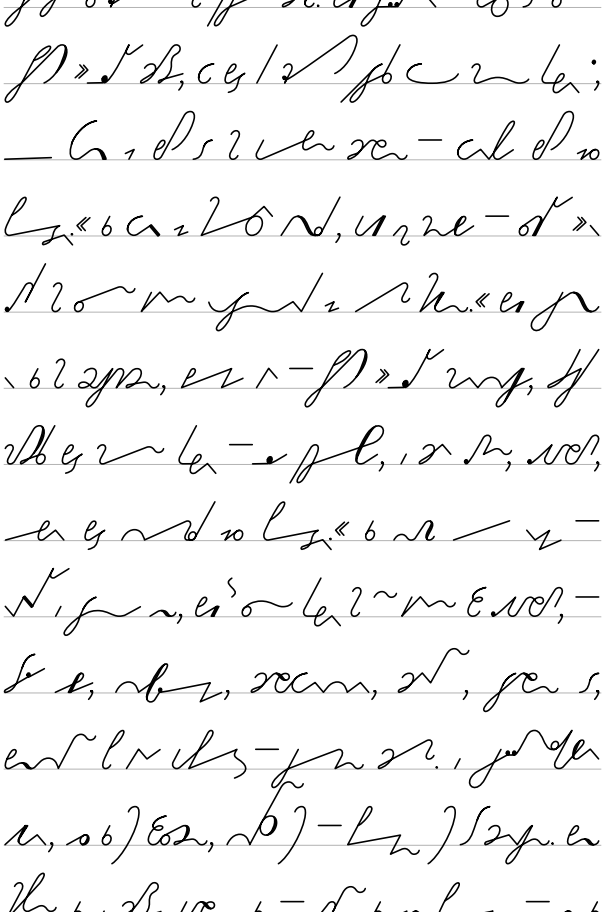

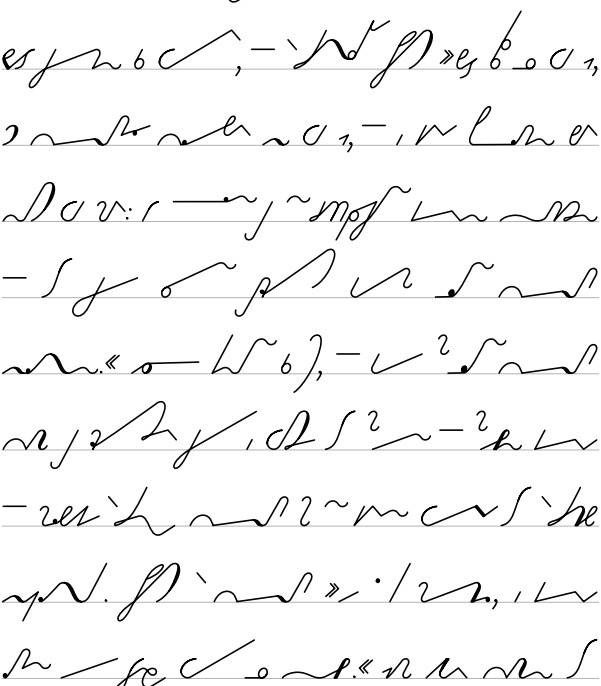

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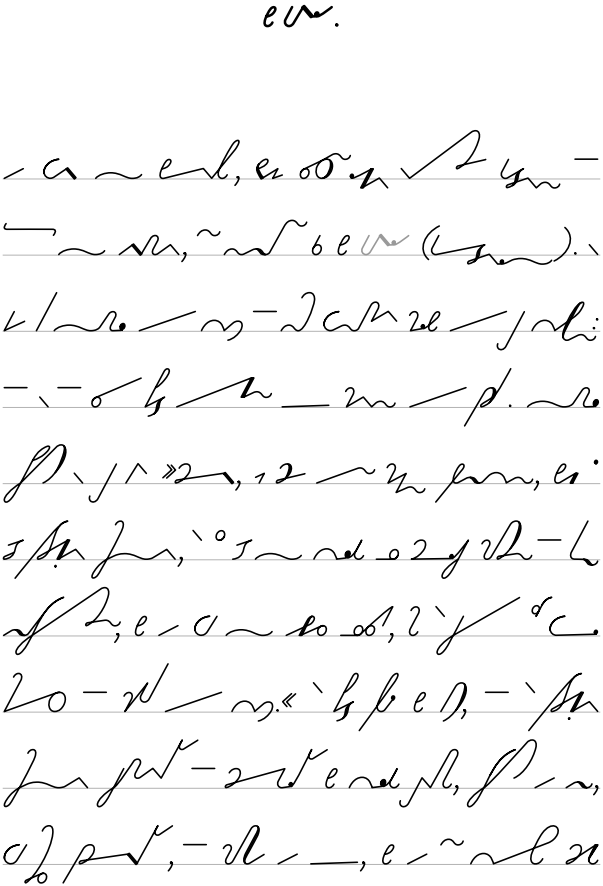

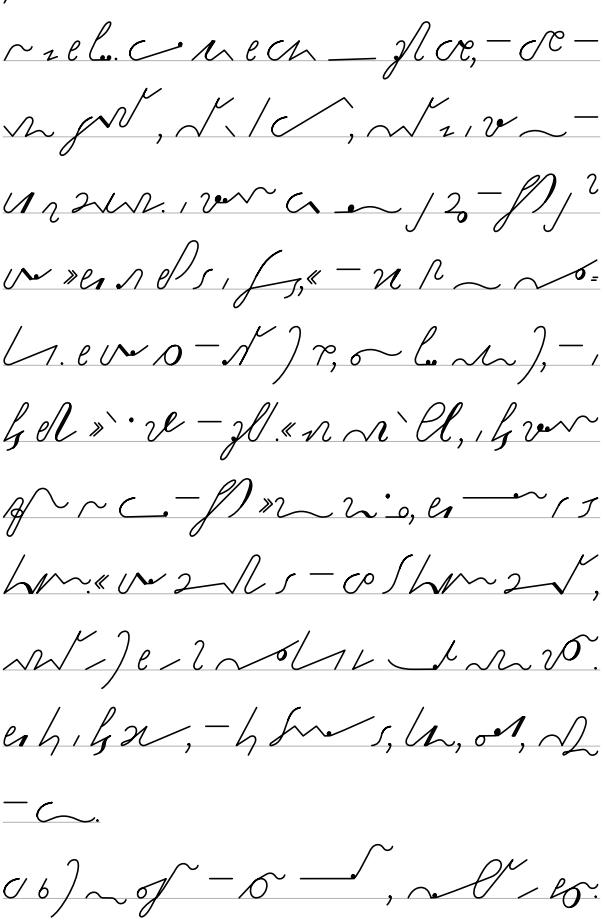

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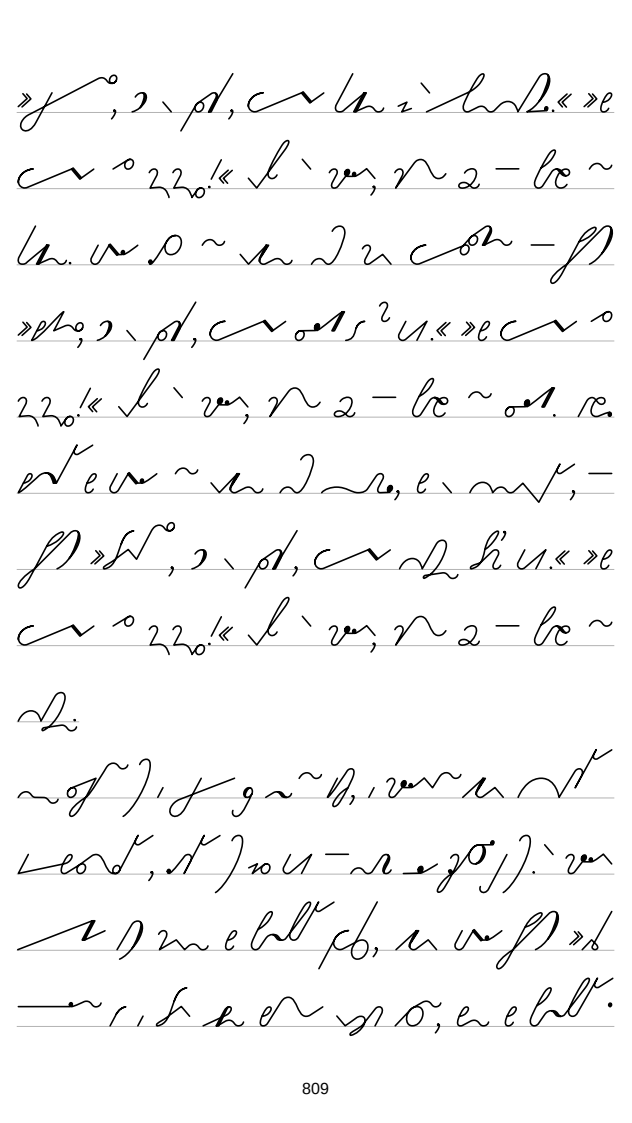

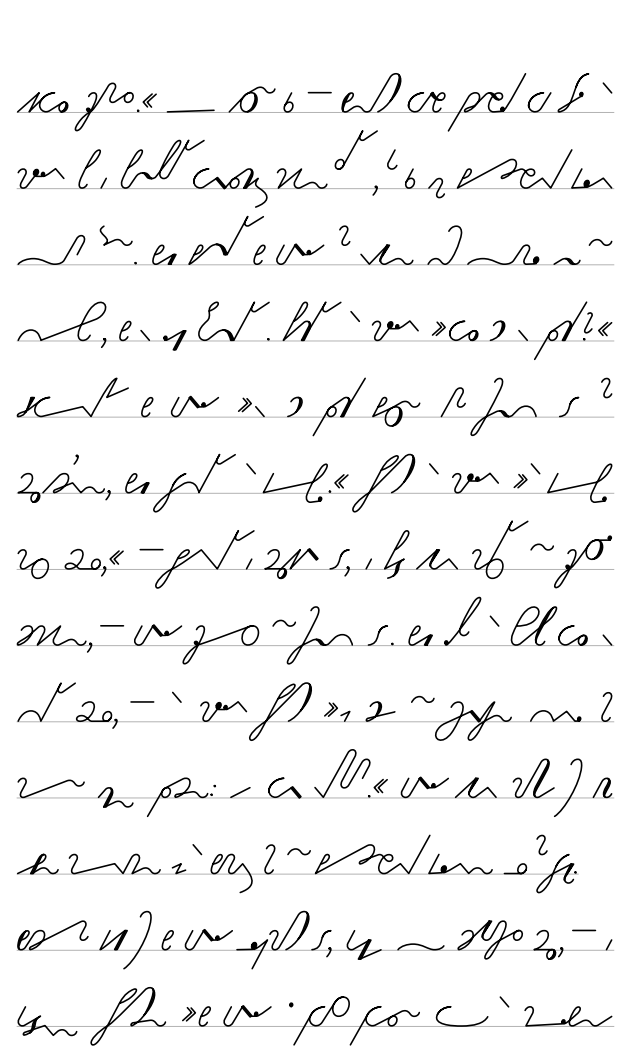

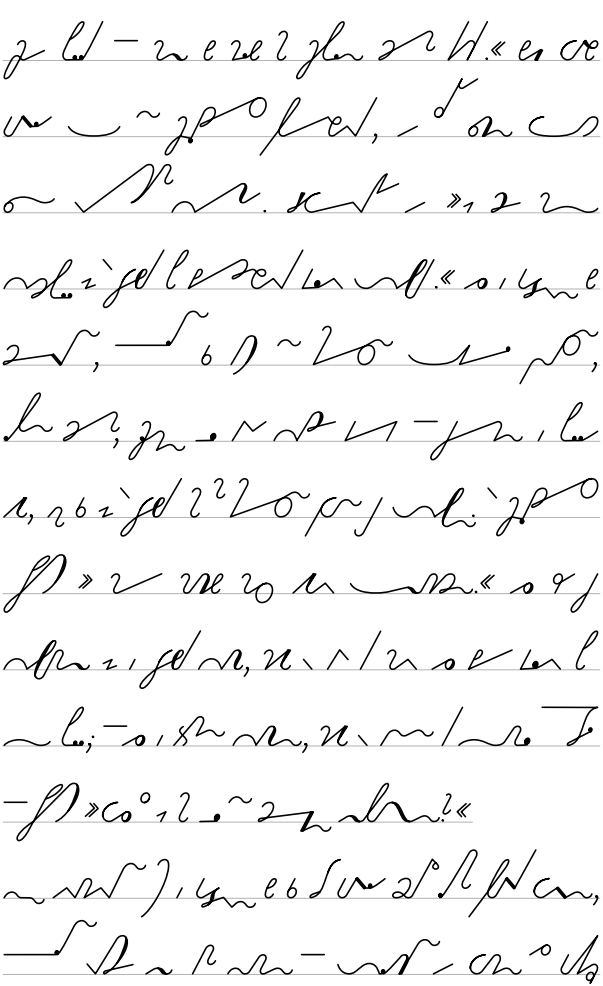

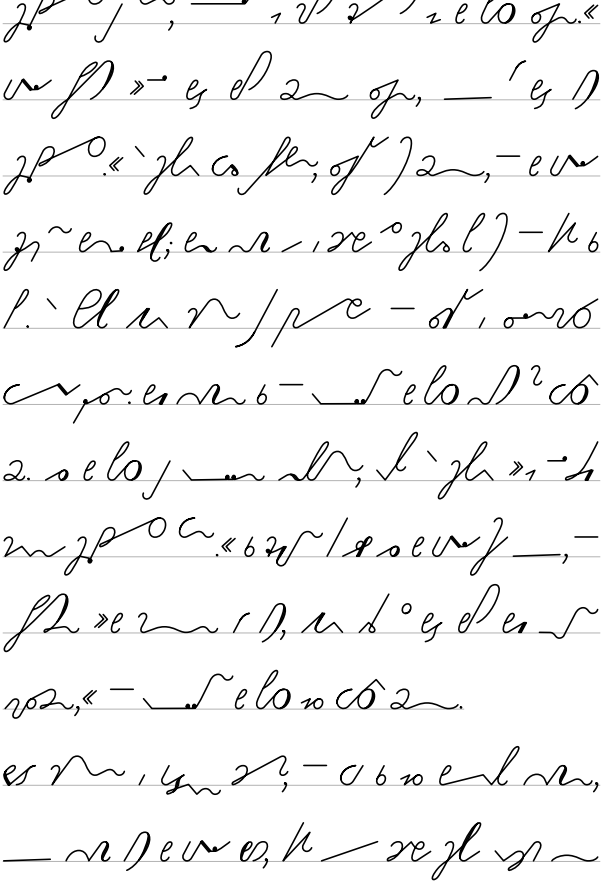

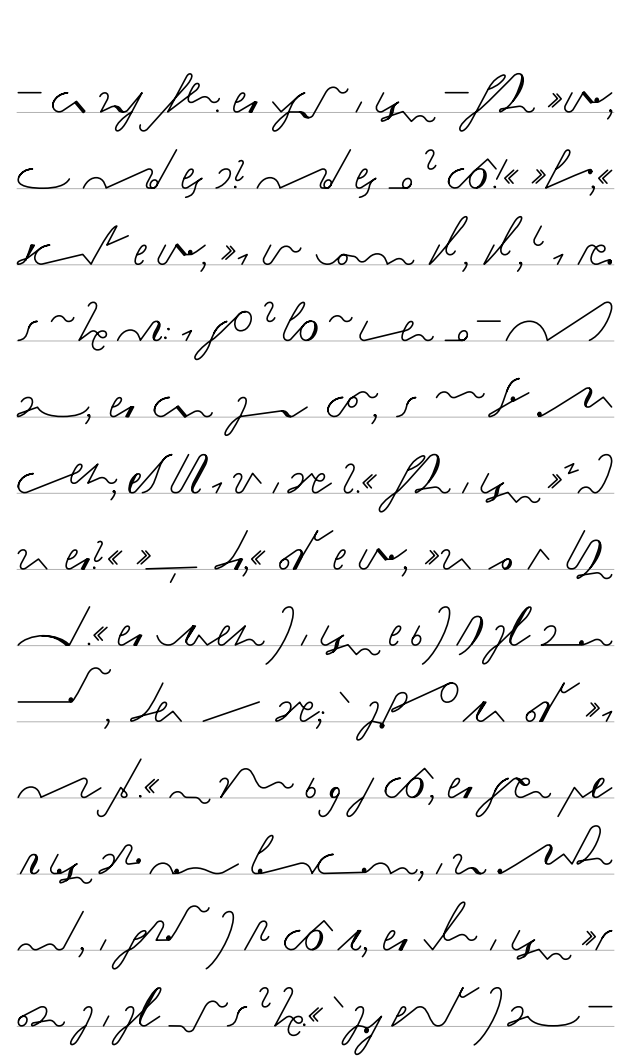

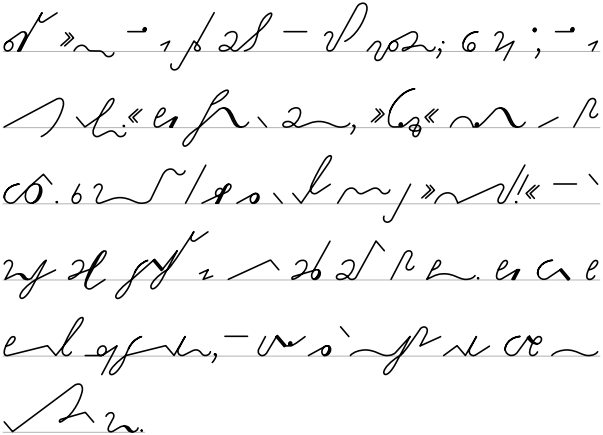

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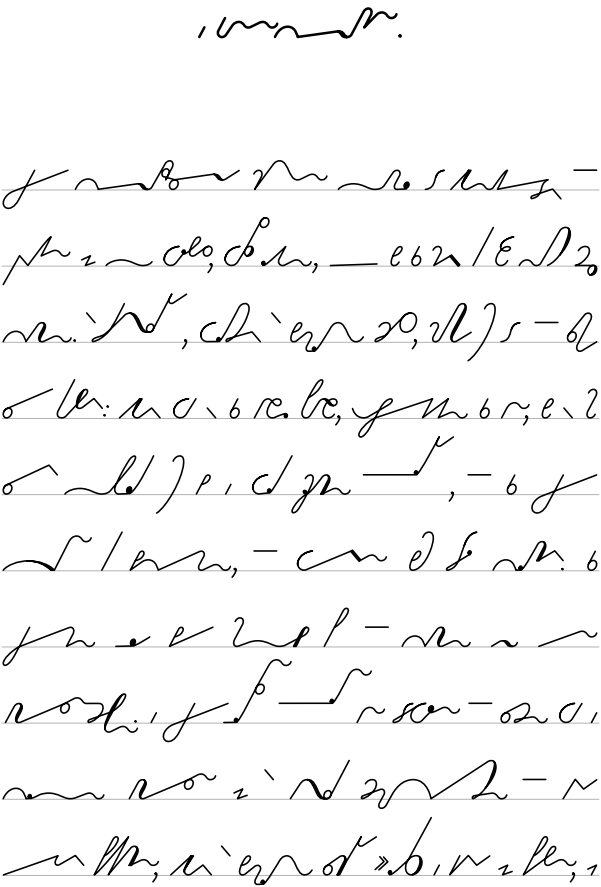

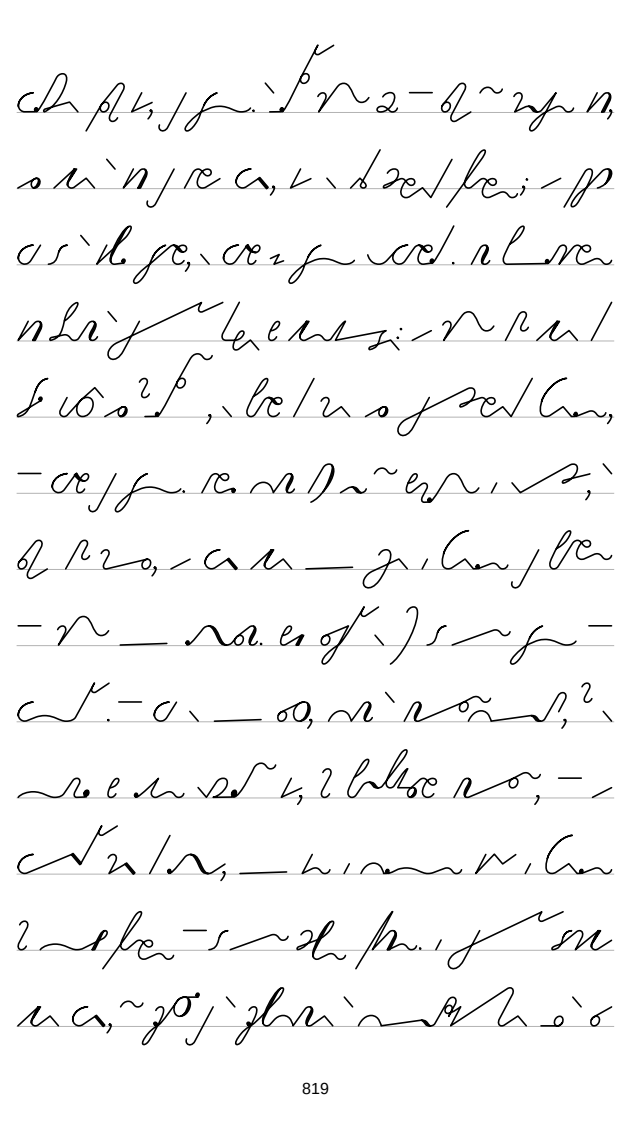

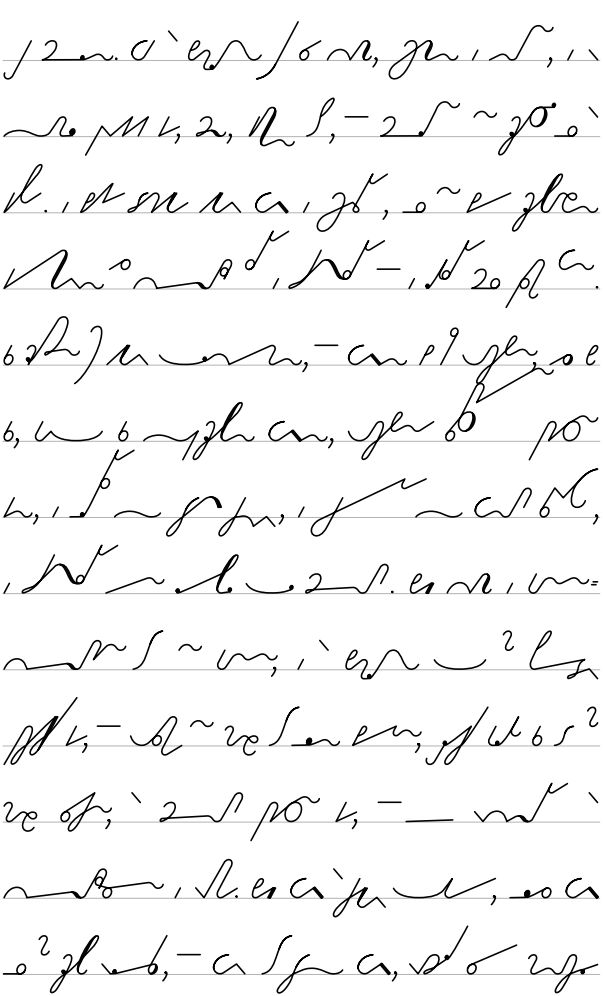

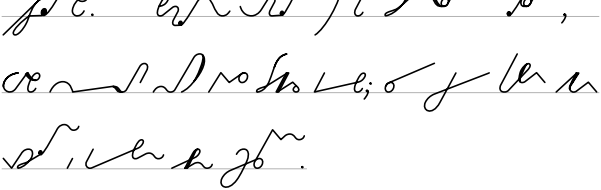

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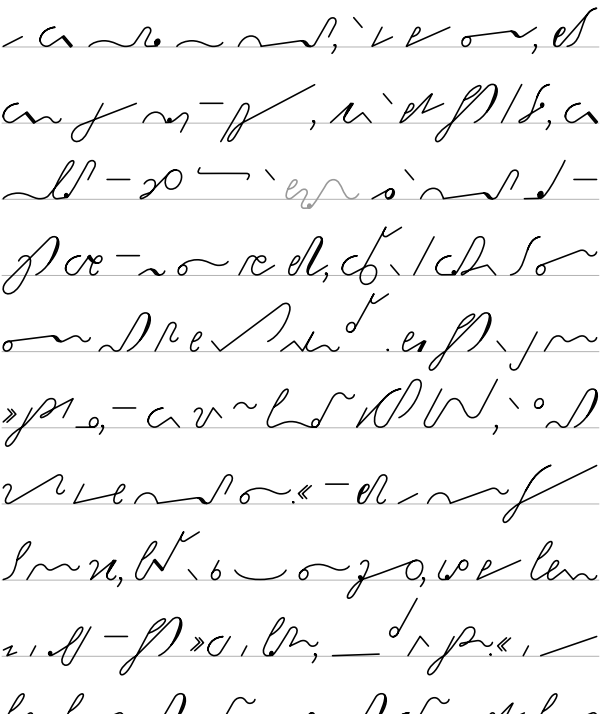

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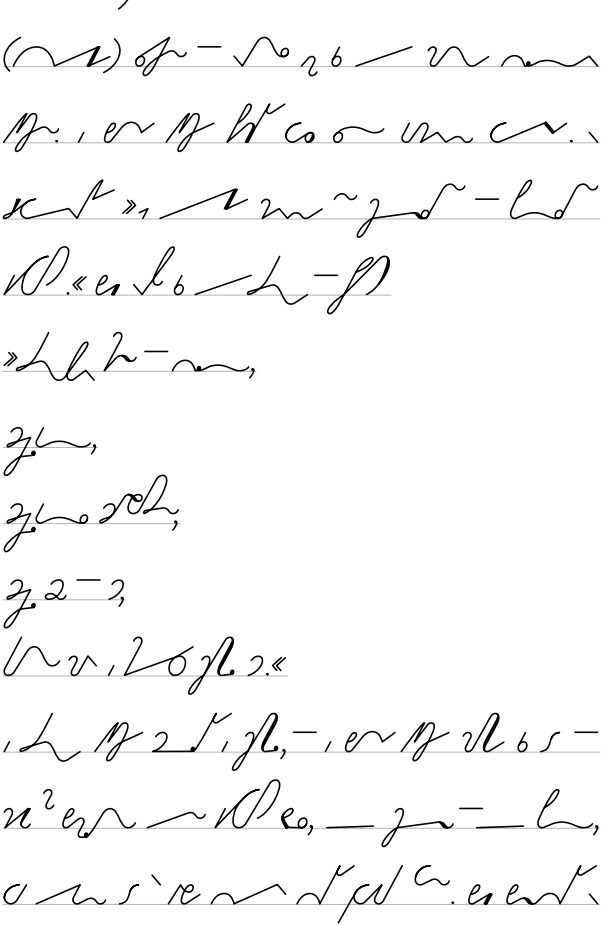

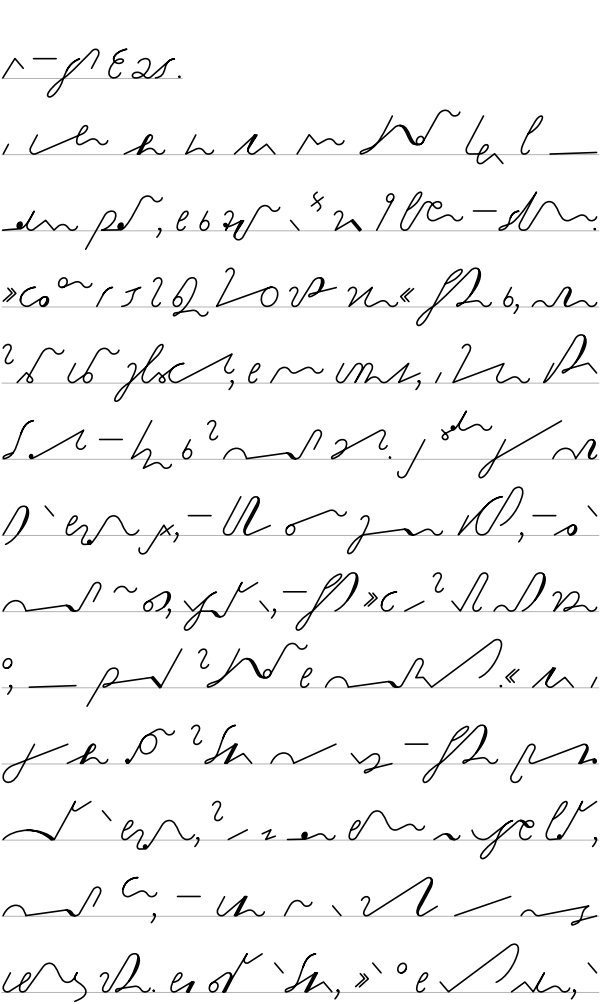

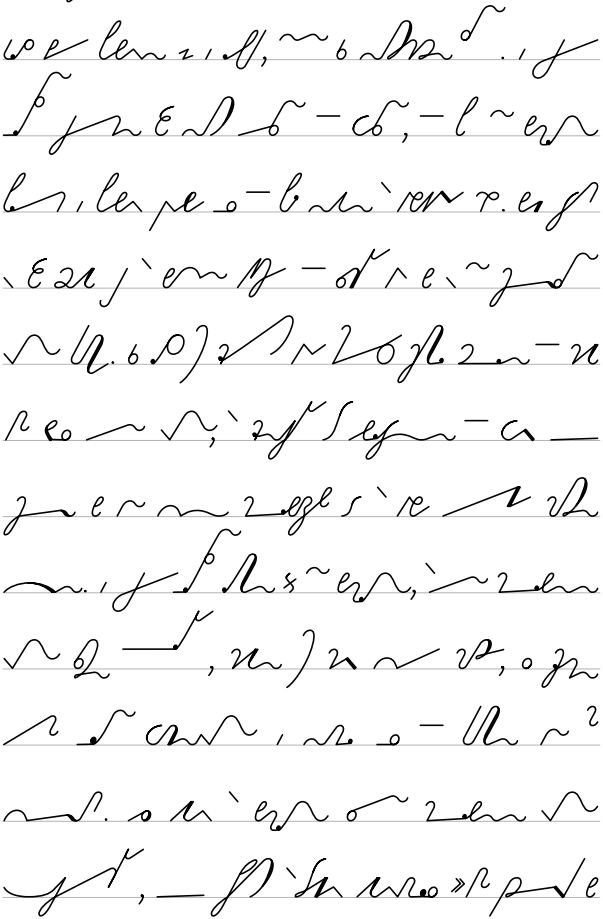

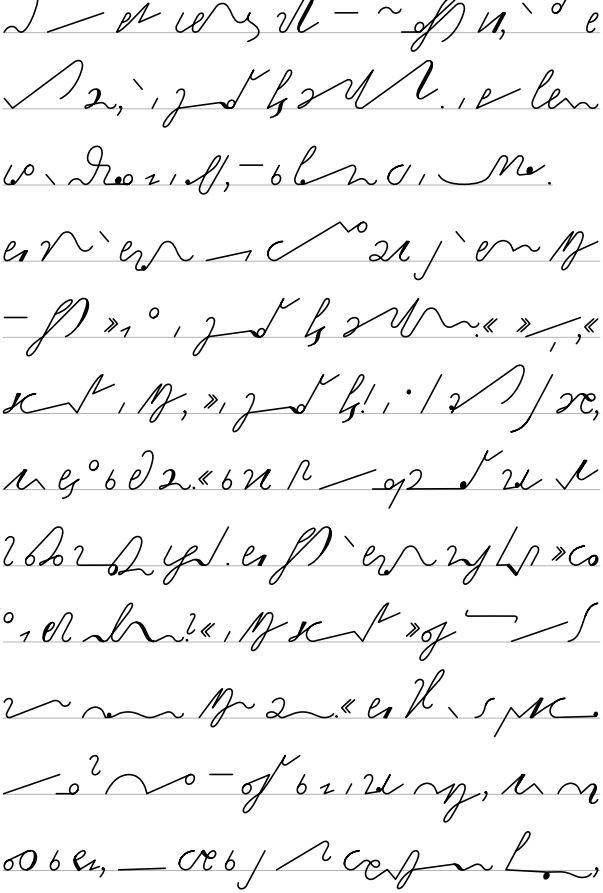

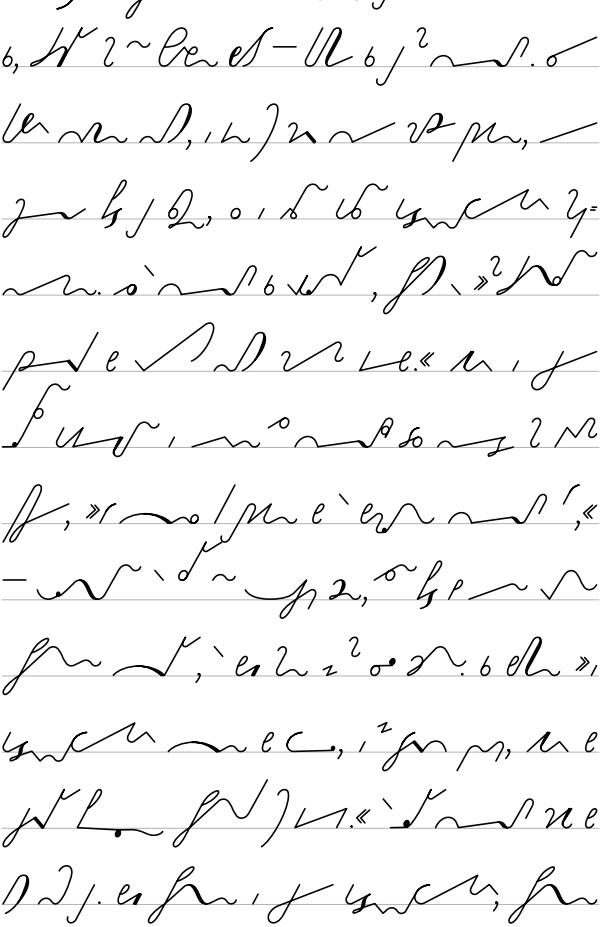

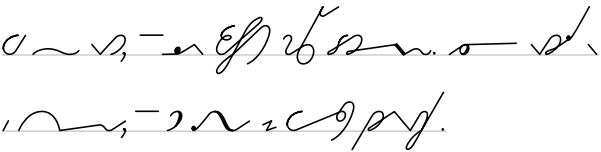

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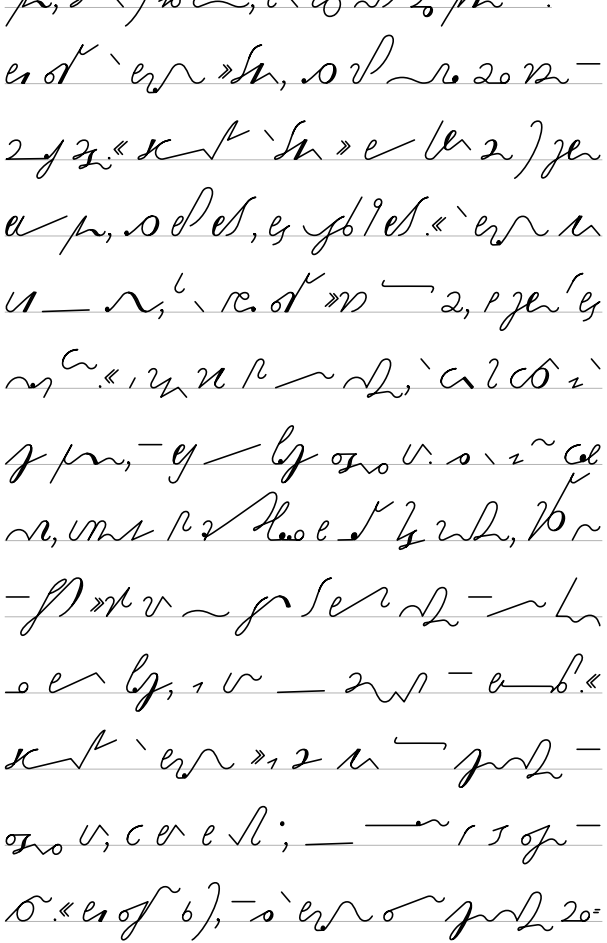

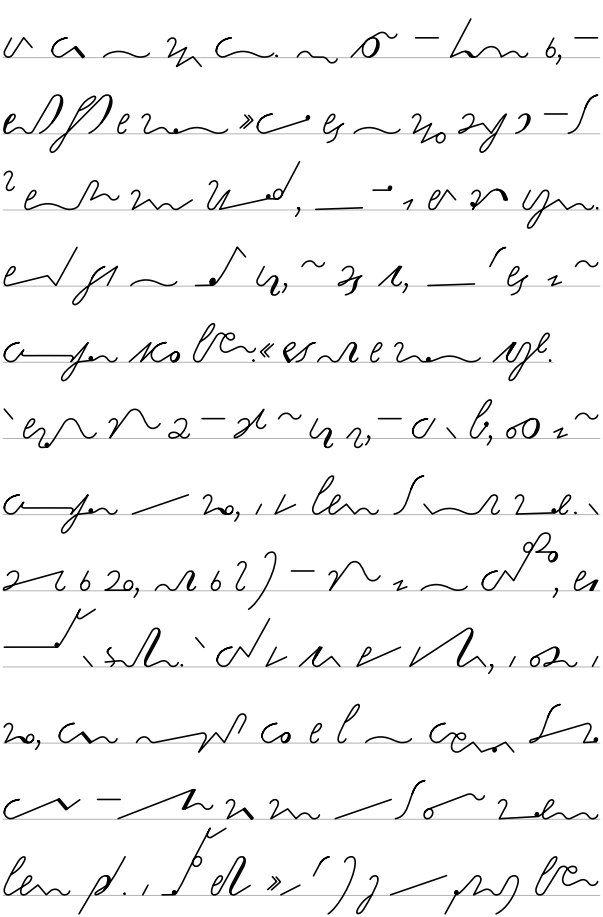

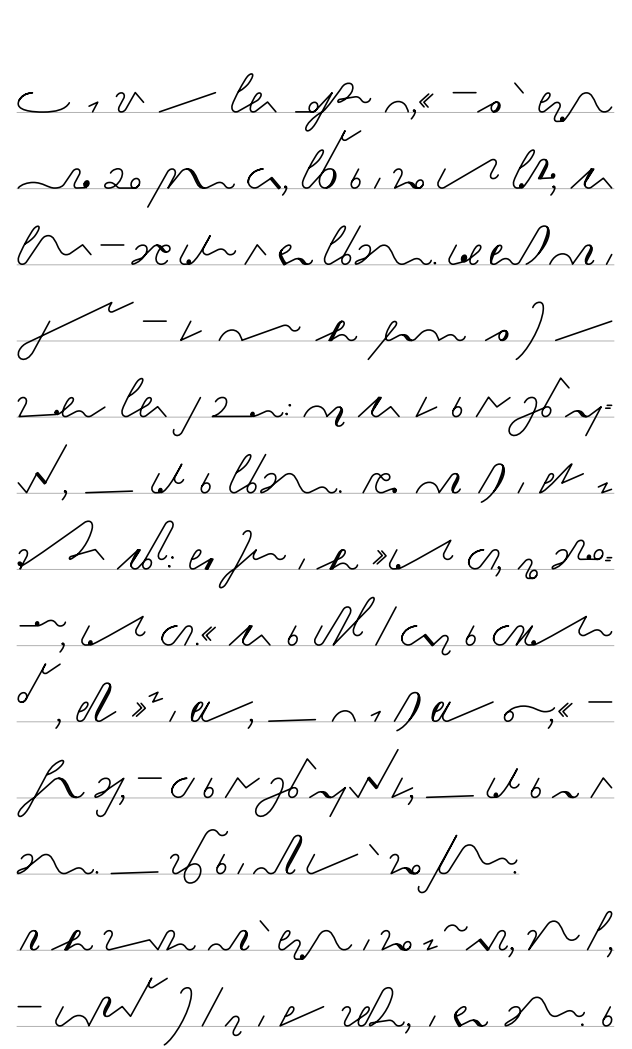

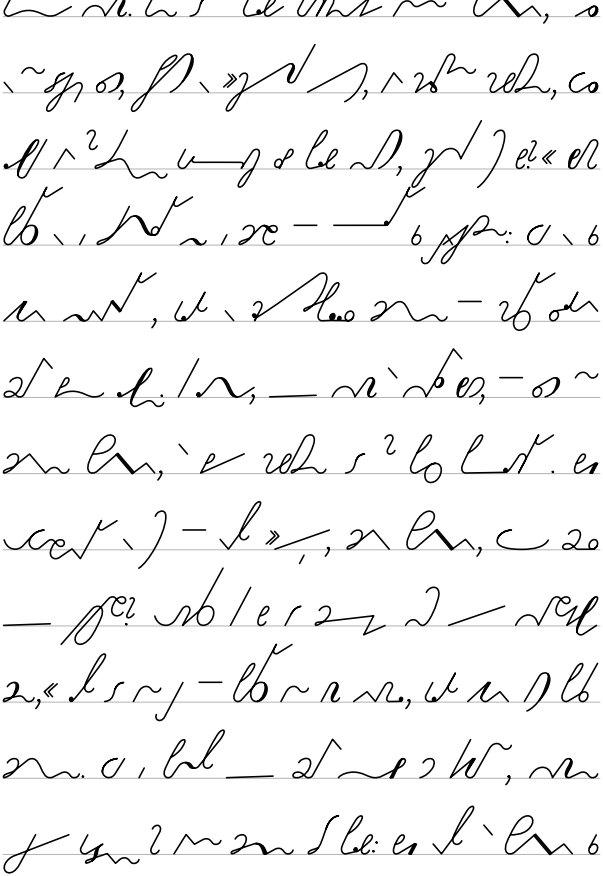

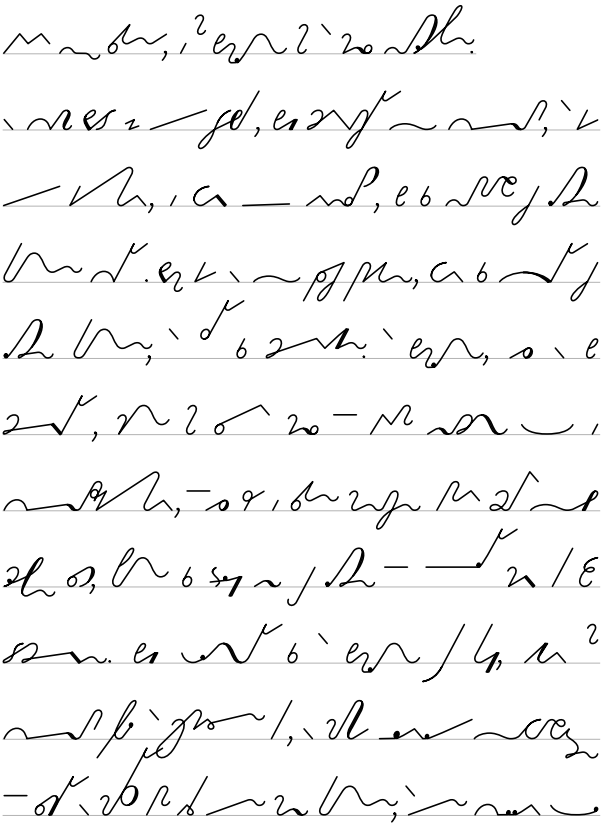

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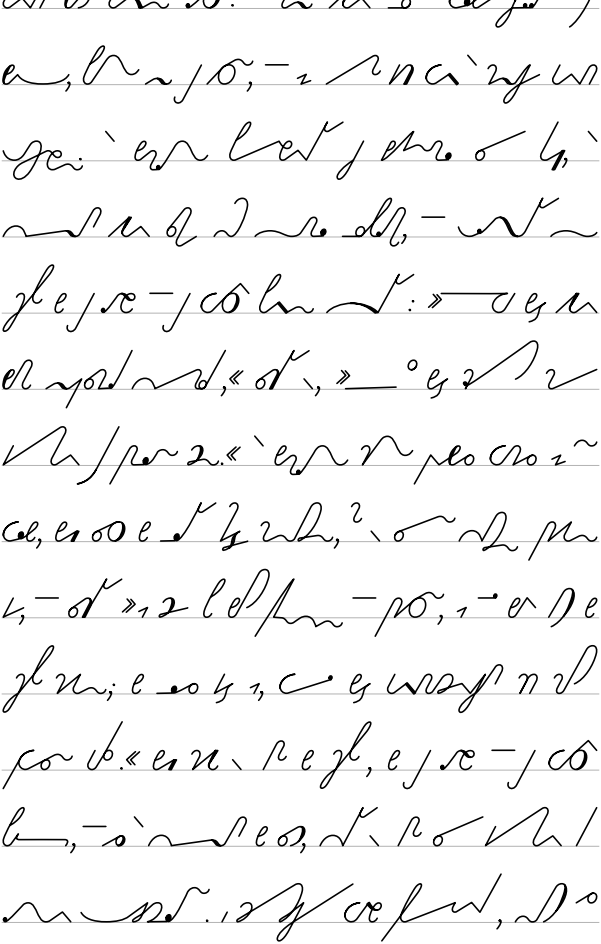

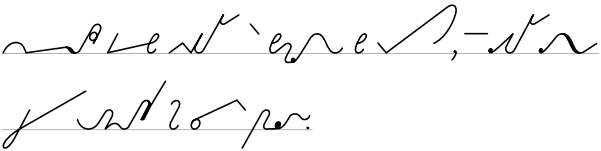

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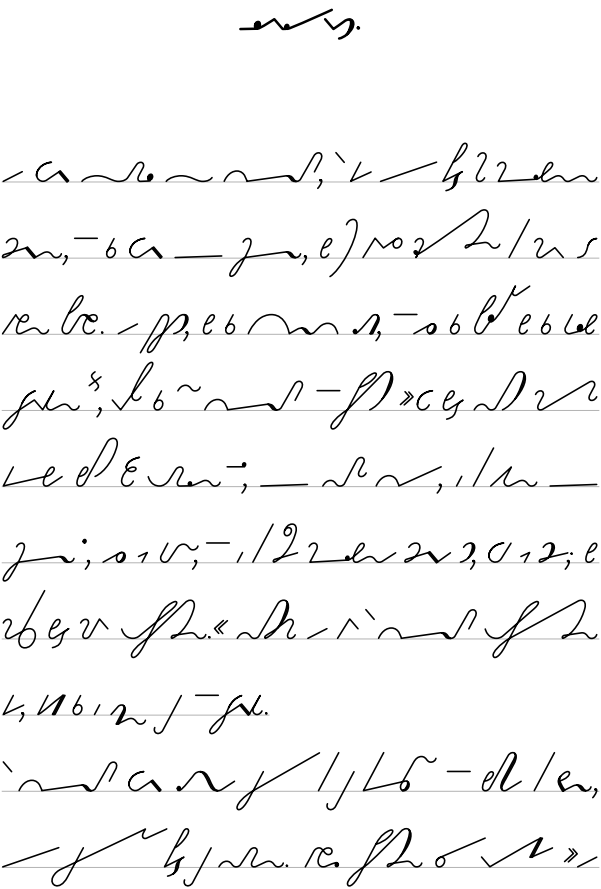
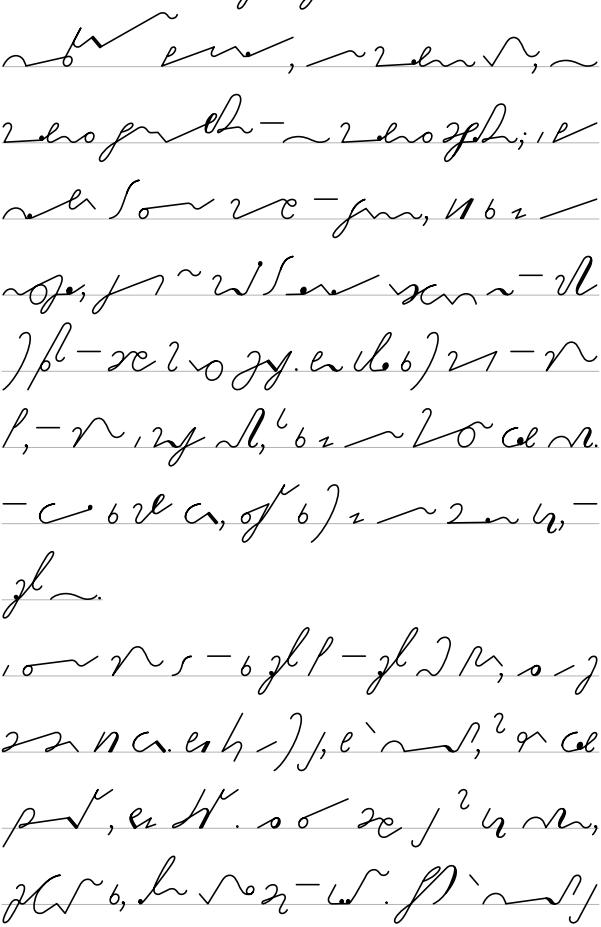
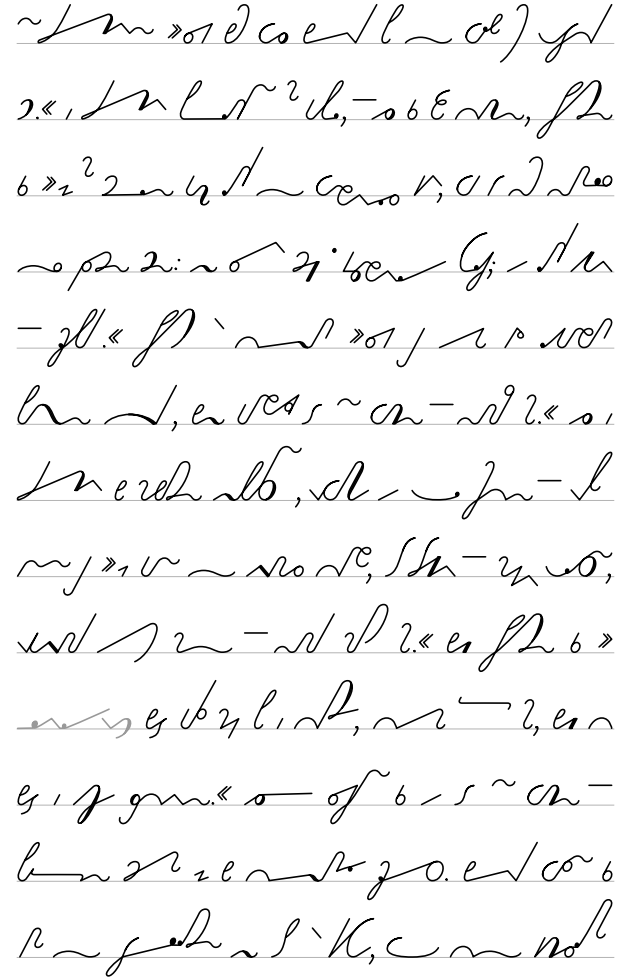
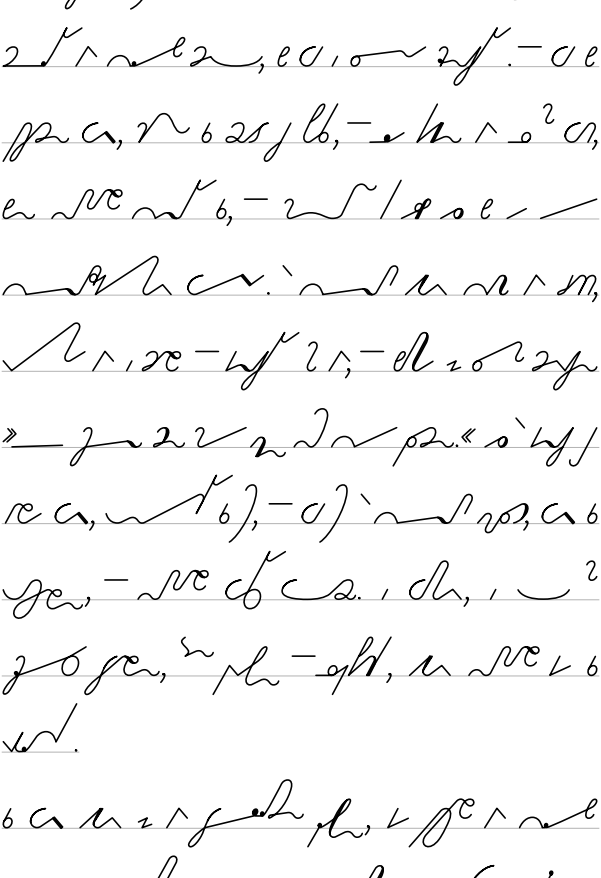
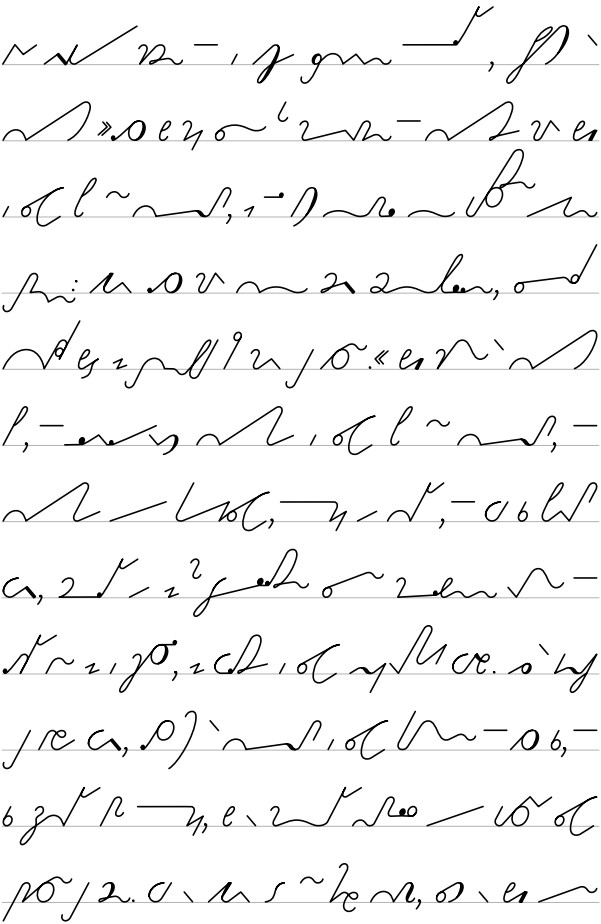
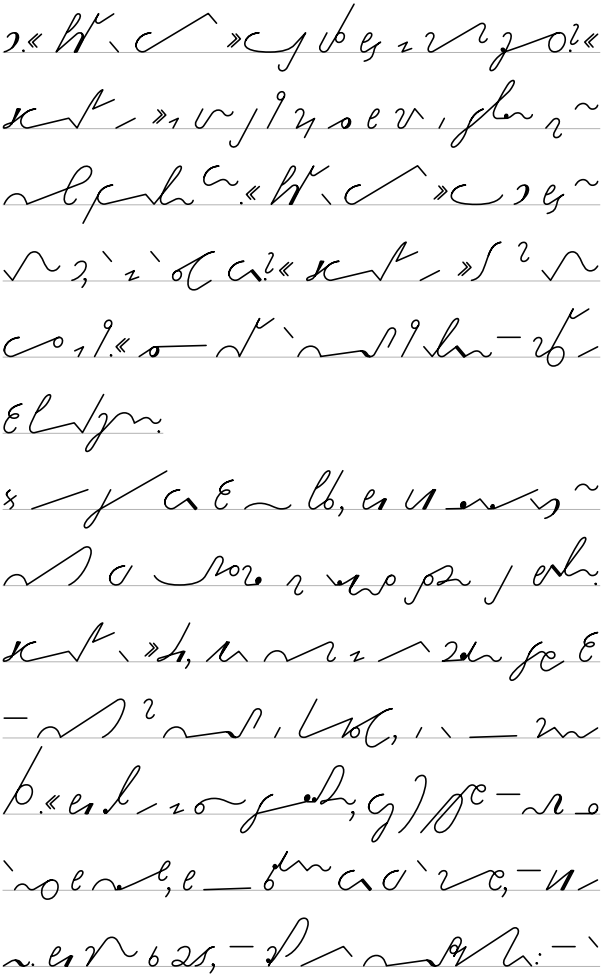


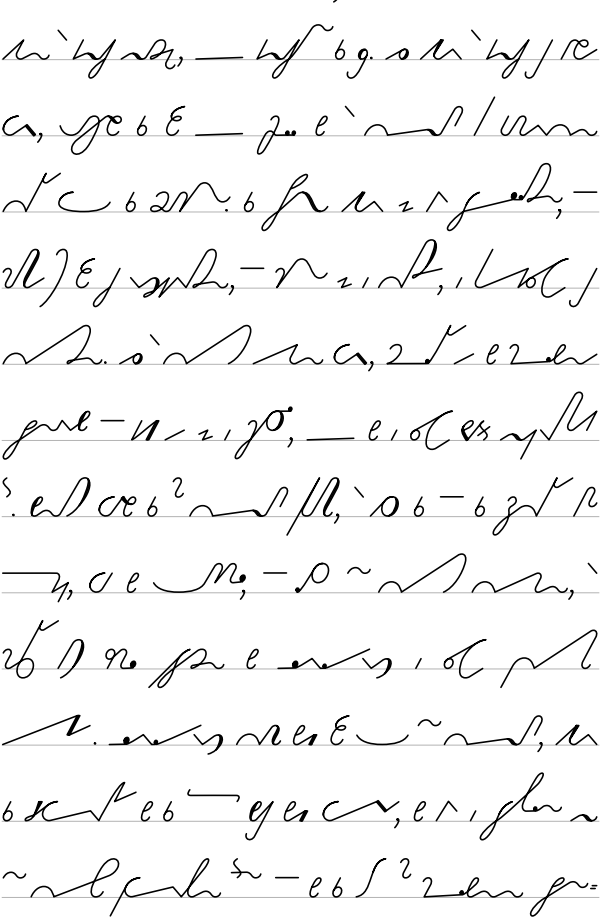


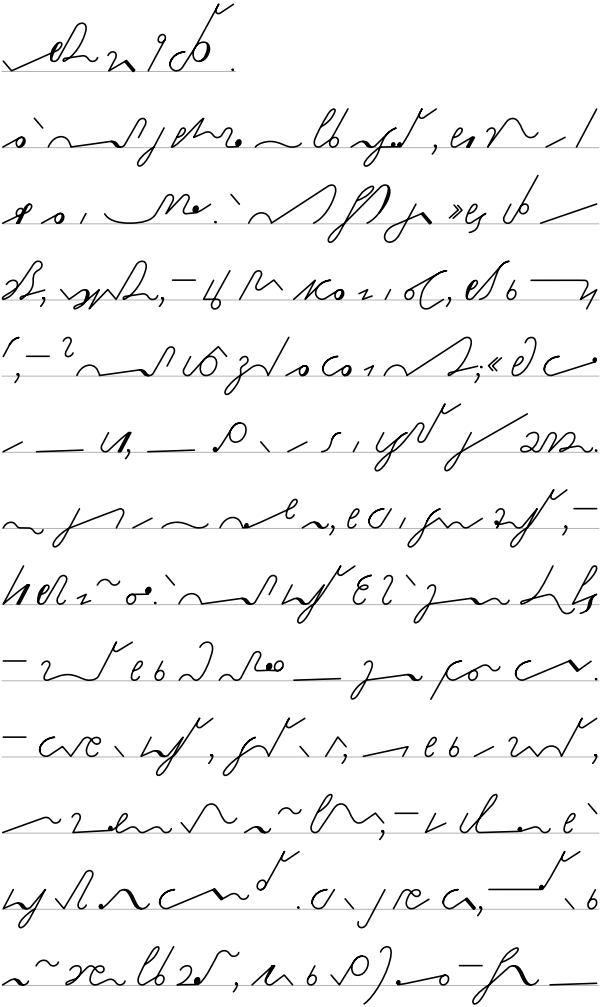


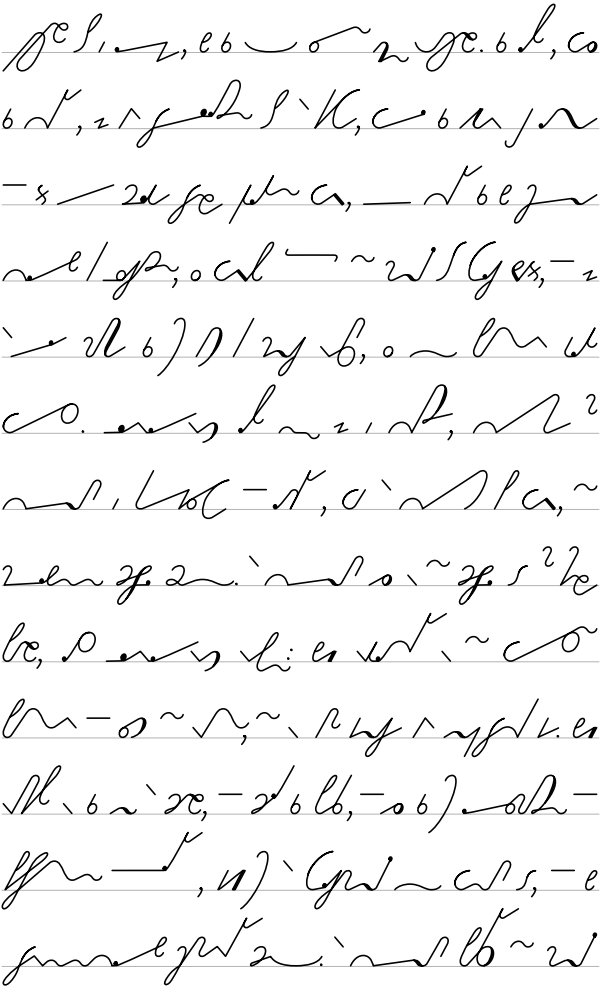












66.

Häsichenbraut.

Et was ene Frou mit ener Toachter in änen schöhnen Goarten mit Koal; dahin kam än Häsichen und froaß zo Wenterszit allen Koal. Da seit de Frou zur Toachter »gäh in den Goarten, und jags Häsichen.« Seits Mäken zum Häsichen »schu! schu! du Häsichen, frisst noch allen Koal.« Seits Häsichen »kumm, Mäken, und sett dich uf min Haosen-

schwänzeken und kumm mit in min Haosenhüttchen.« Mäken well nech. Am annern Tog kummts Häsichen weder und frisst den Koal, do seit de Frou zur Toachter »gäh in den Goarten, und jags Häsichen.« Seits Mäken zum Häsichen »schu! schu! du Häsichen, frisst noch allen Koal.« Seits Häsichen »kumm, Mäken, sett dich uf min Haosenschwänzeken und kumm mit mer in min Haosenhüttchen.« Mäken well nech. Am dretten Tog kummts Häsichen we-

der und frisst den Koal. Do seit de Frou zur Toachter »gäh in den Goarten und jags Häsichen.« Seits Mäken »schu! schu! du Häsichen, frisst noch allen Koal.« Seits Häsichen »kumm, Mäken, sett dich uf min Haosenschwänzeken und kumm mit mer in min Haosenhüttchen.« Mäken sätzt sich uf den Haosenschwänzeken, do brachts Häsichen weit raus in sin Hüttchen und seit »nu koach Grinkoal und Hersche (Hirse), ick well de Hochtidlüd be-

ten.« Do kamen alle Hochtidlüd zu-
sam'm. (Wer waren dann die Hoch-
zeitsleute? das kann ich dir sagen,
wie mirs ein anderer erzählt hat:
das waren alle Hasen, und die Krähe
war als Pfarrer dabei, die Brautleute
zu trauen, und der Fuchs als Küster,
und der Altar war unterm Regenbo-
gen).

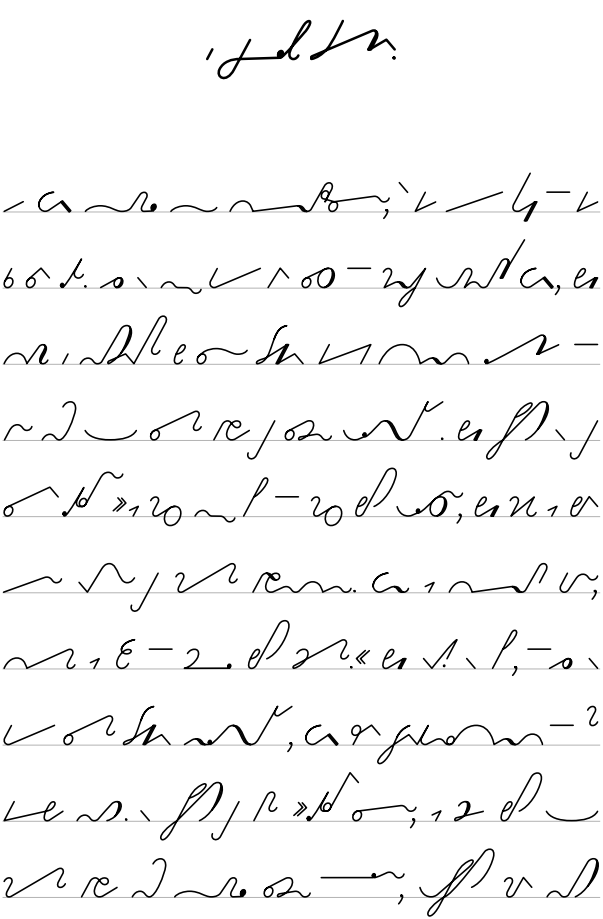
Mäken aober was trurig, da se so
alleene was. Kummts Häsichen und
seit »tu uf, tu uf, de Hochtidlüt
senn fresch (frisch, lustig).« De

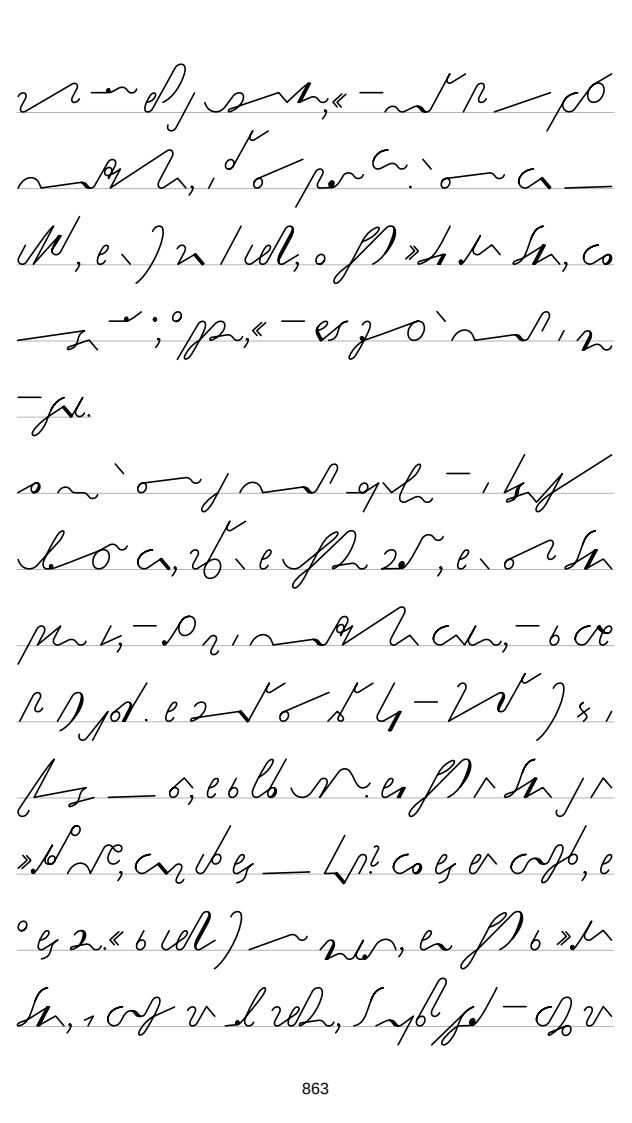
Braut seit nischt und wint. Häsichen gäht fort, Häsichen kummt weder und seit »tu uf, tu uf, de Hochtidlüt senn hongrig.« De Braut seit weder nischt und wint. Häsichen gäht fort, Häsichen kummt und seit »tu uf, tu uf, de Hochtidlüt waorten.« Do seit de Braut nischt und Häsichen gäht fort, aober se macht ene Puppen von Stroah met eren Kleedern, und gibt er eenen Röhrleppel, und set se an den Kessel med Hersche, und gäht zor Motter. Häsichen kummt

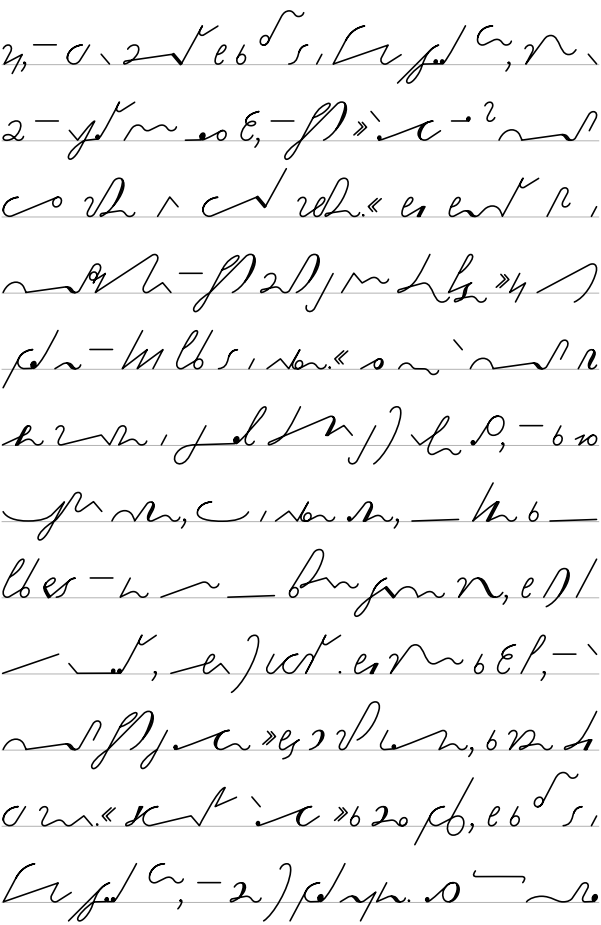
noch ämahl und seit »tu uf, tu uf,« und macht uf und smet de Puppe an Kopp, daß er de Hube abfällt.

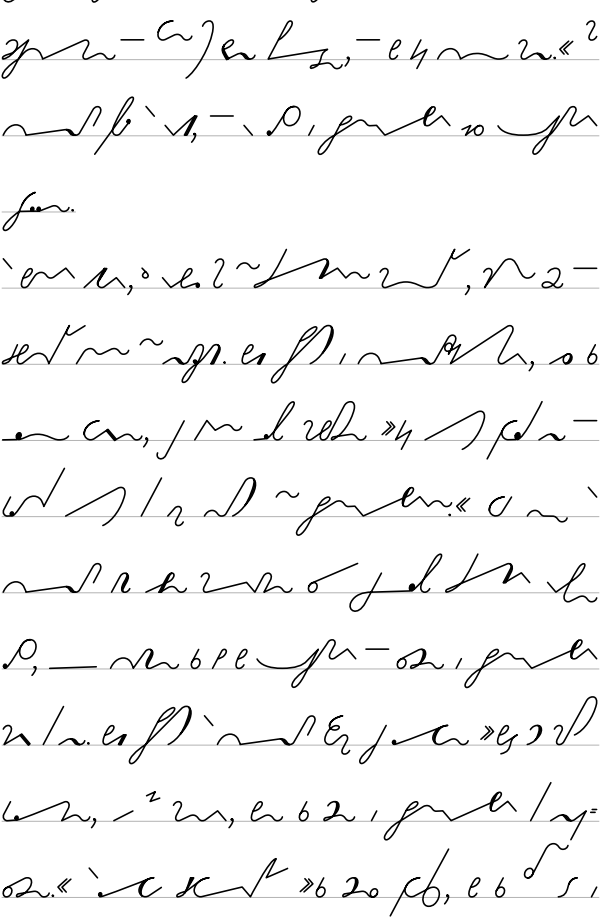
Do set Häsichen daß sine Braut nech es und gäht fort und es trurig.

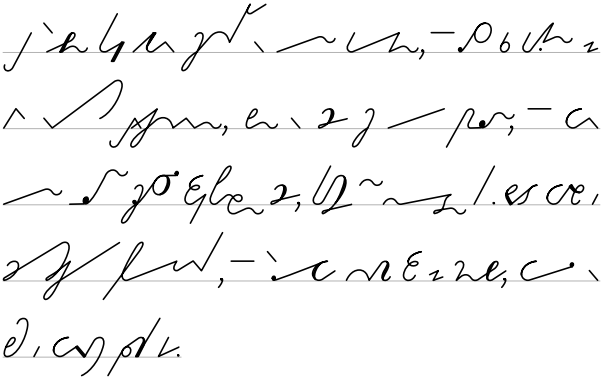
67.











68.

De Gaudeif un sien Meester.

Jan wull sien Sohn en Handwerk lehren loeten, do gonk Jan in de Kerke un beddet to ussen Herrgott wat üm wull selig (zuträglich) wöre: do steit de Köster achter dat Altar un seg »dat Gaudeifen, dat Gaudei-fen (gaudieben).« Do geit Jan wier to sien Sohn, he möst dat Gaudeif-en lehren, dat hedde em usse Herr-gott segt. Geit he met sienen Sohn

un sögt sik enen Mann, de dat Gau-
deifen kann. Do goht se ene ganze
Tied, kummt in so'n graut Wold, do
steit so'n klein Hüsken mot so'ne olle
Frau derin; seg Jan »wiet ji nich
enen Mann, de dat Gaudeifen
kann?« »Dat känn ji hier wull leh-
ren,« seg de Frau, »mien Sohn is en
Meester dervon.« Do kührt (spricht)
he met den Sohn, of he dat Gaudei-
fen auk recht könne? De Gaudeifs-
meester seg »ick willt juen Sohn wull
lehren, dann kummt övern Johr

wier, wann ji dann juen Sohn noch kennt, dann will ick gar kien Lehrgeld hebben, un kenne ji em nig, dann müge ji mi twe hunnert Dahler giewen.«

De Vader geit wier noh Hues, un de Sohn lehret gut hexen un gaudeifen. Asse dat Johr um is, geit de Vader alle un grient wu he dat anfangen will, dat he sienen Sohn kennt. Asse he der so geit un grient, do kümmt em so'n klein Männken in de Möte (entgegen), dat seg »Mann,

wat grien ji? ji sind je so bedröft.« »O,« seg Jan, »ick hebbe mienen Sohn vör en Johr bi en Gaudeifs-meester vermet, do sede de mig, ick söll övert Johr wier kummen, un wann ick dann mienen Sohn nich kennde, dann söll ick em twe hun-nert Dahler giewen, un wann ick em kennde, dann höf ick nix to giewen; nu sin ick so bange dat ick em nig kenne, un ick weet nig, wo ick dat Geld her kriegen sall.« Do seg dat Männken, he söll en Körsken Braut

met niemen, un gohen unner den Komin stohen: »do up den Hahl-baum steit en Körfken, do kiekt en Vügelken uht, dat is jue Sohn.«

Do geit Jan hen un schmit en Körs-ken Schwatbraut vör den Korf, do kümmt dat Vügelken daruht un blickt der up. »Holla, mien Sohn, bist du hier?« seg de Vader. Do freu-de sick de Sohn dat he sienen Vader sog; awerst de Lehrmeester seg »dat het ju de Düvel in giewen, wu könn ji sus juen Sohn kennen?« »Va-

der, loet us gohn« sede de Junge.

Do will de Vader met sienen Sohn nach Hues hengohn, unnerweges kümmt der ne Kutske an föhren, do segd de Sohn to sienen Vader »ick will mie in enen grauten Windhund maken, dann künn ji viel Geld met mie verdienen.« Do röpt de Heer uht de Kutske »Mann, will ji den Hund verkaupen?« »Jau,« sede de Vader. »Wu viel Geld will ji den vör hebben?« »Dertig Dahler.« »Je, Mann, dat is je viel, men wegen dat

et sǒn eislicke rohren Ruen (gewaltig schöner Rüde) is, so will ick en behollen.« De Heer nimmt en in siene Kutske, asse de en lück (wenig) wegföhrt is, do sprinkt de Hund uht den Wagen dör de Glase, un do was he kien Windhund mehr un was wier bie sienen Vader.

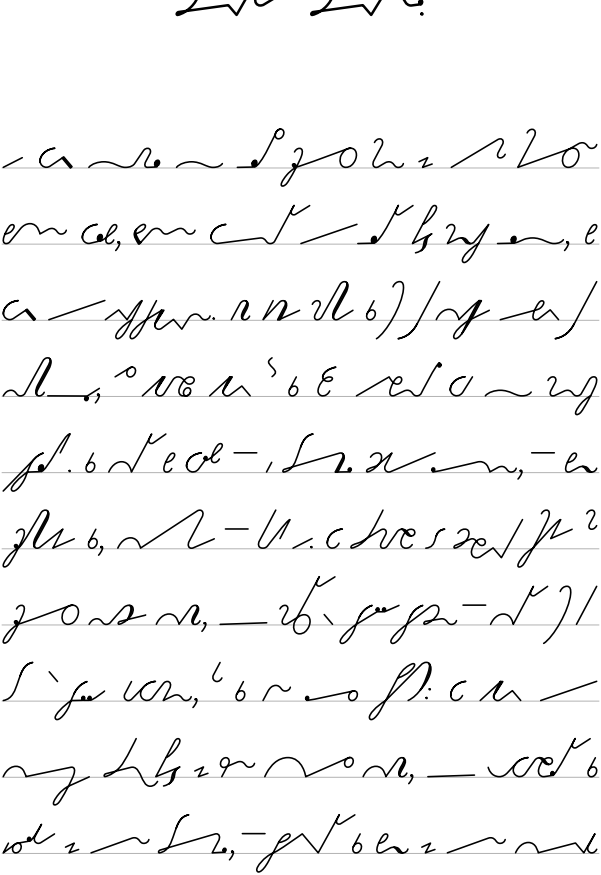
Do goht sie tosamen noh Hues. Den annern Dag is in dat neigste Dorb Markt, do seg de Junge to sienen Vader »ick will mie nu in en schön Perd maken, dann verkaupet mie;

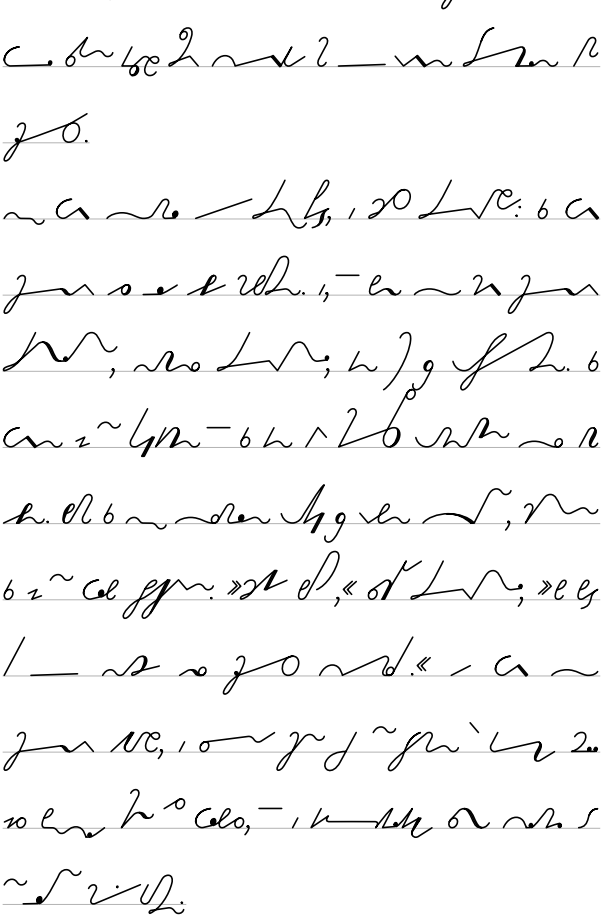
awerst wann ji mie verkaupet, do möt ji mi den Taum uttrecken, süs kann ick kien Mensk wier weren.« Do treckt de Vader met dat Perd noh't Markt, do kümmt de Gaudeifsmeester un köft dat Perd för hunnert Dahler, un de Vader verget un treckt em den Taum nig uht. Do treckt de Mann met das Perd noh Hues, un doet et in en Stall. Asse de Magd öwer de Dehle geit, do segt dat Perd »tüh mie den Taum uht, tüh mie den Taum uht.« Do steiht de

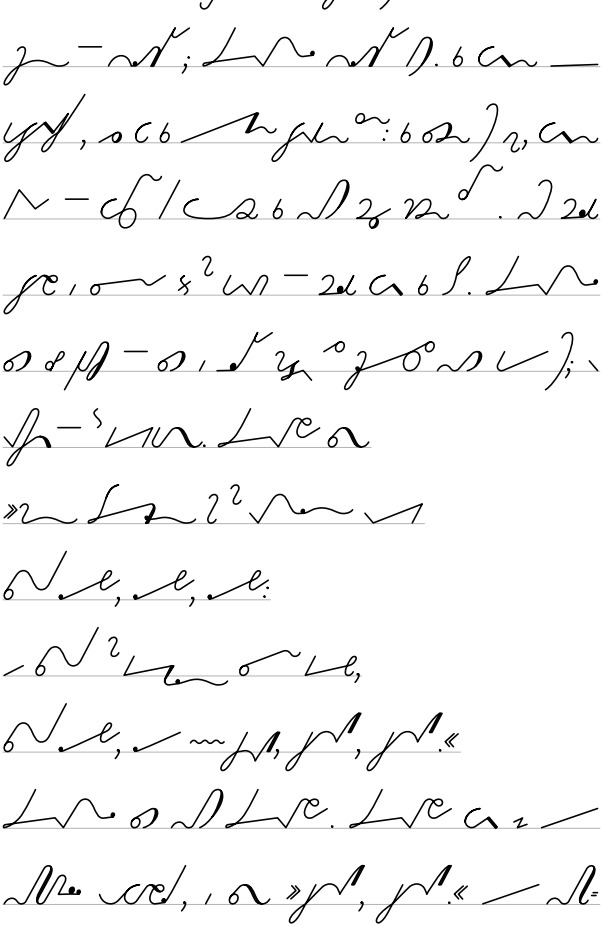
Magd un lustert, »je, kannst du kühren?« Geit hen un tüht em den Taum uht, do werd dat Perd en Lüning (Sperling), un flügt öwer de Döhre, un de Hexenmeester auk en Lüning, un flügt em noh. Do kümmt se bie ene (zusammen), un bietet sick, awerst de Meester verspielt un mäk sick in't Water, un is en Fisk. Do werd de Junge auk en Fisk, un se bietet sick wier, dat de Meester verspielen mot. Do mäk sick de Meester in en Hohn, un de Junge werd

en Voß un bitt den Meester den Kopp af; do is he storwen un liegt daut bes up düssen Dag.

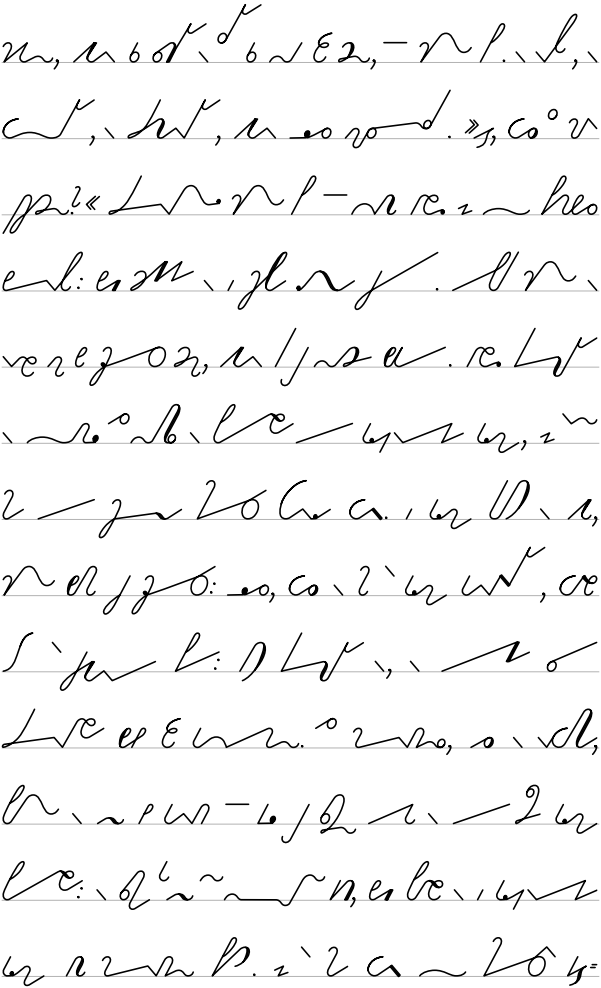
69.

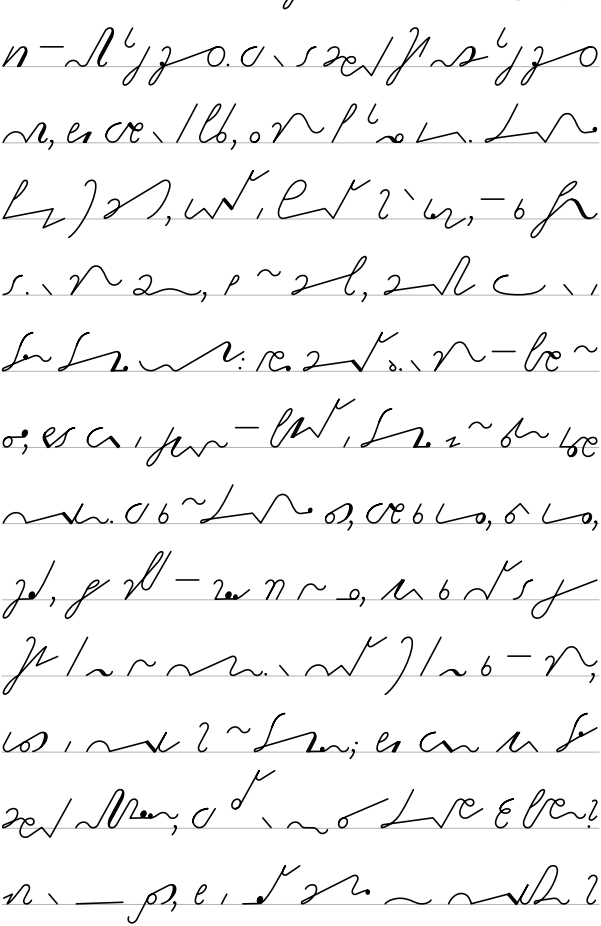


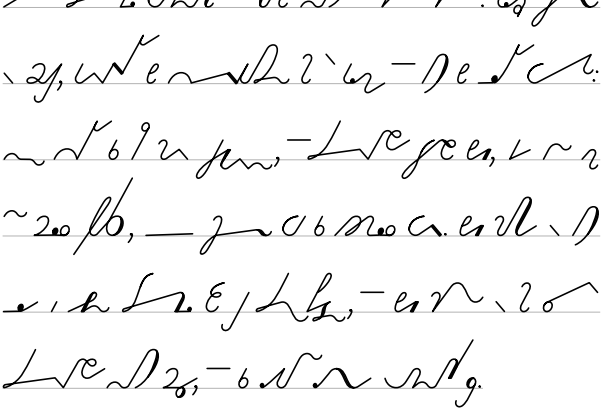




[Zachiel], [Möndel]







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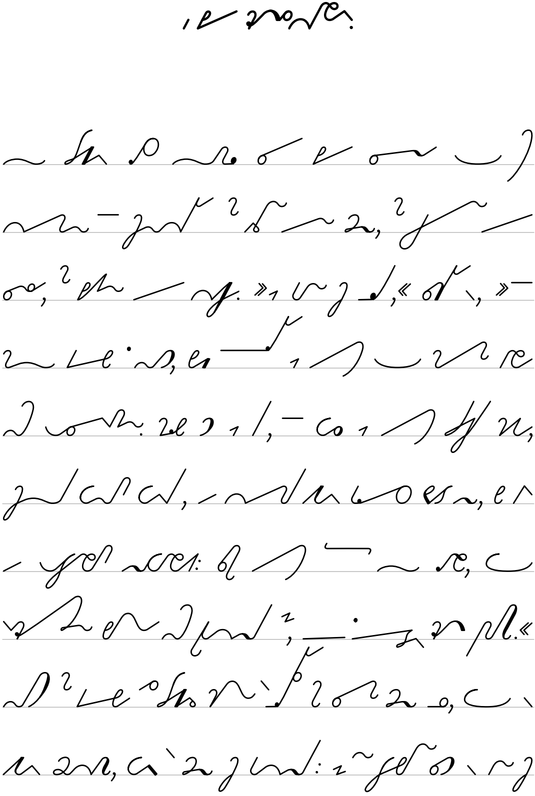

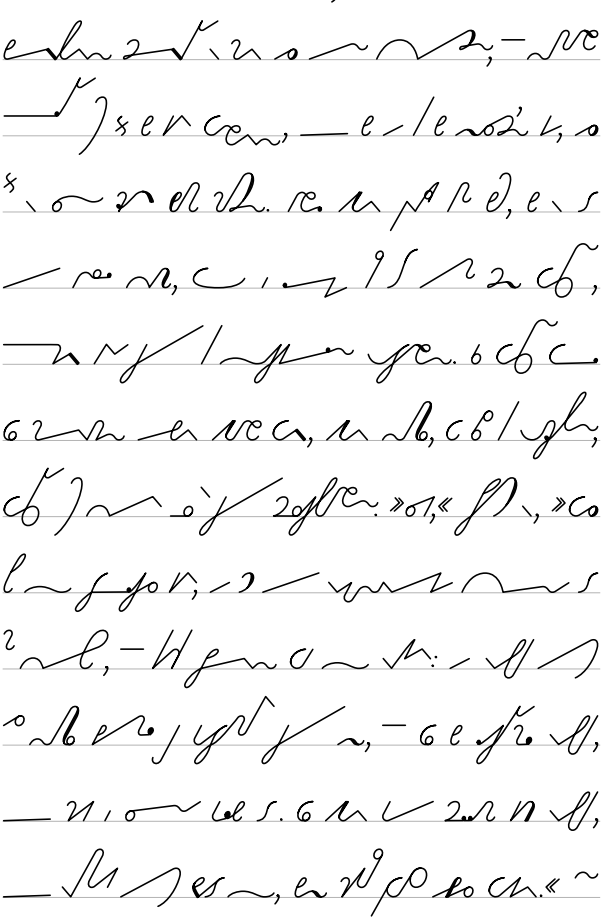

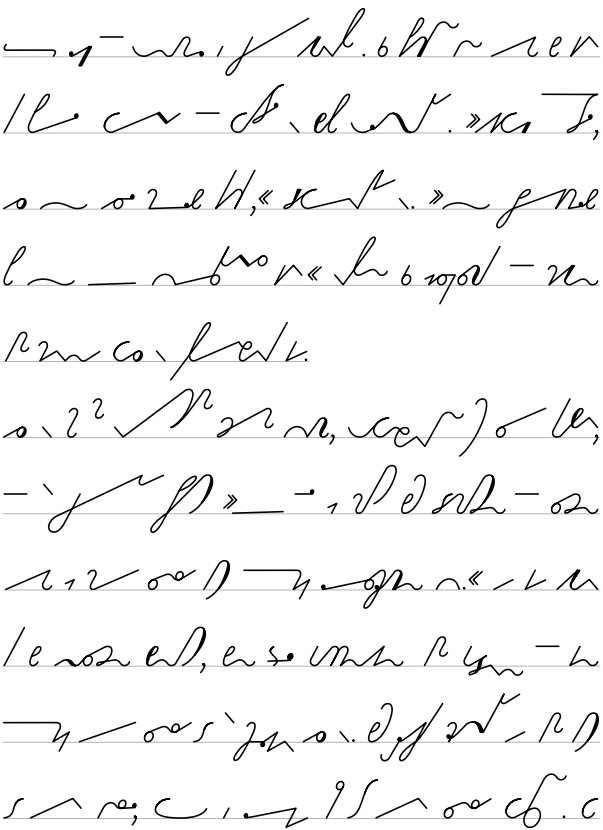

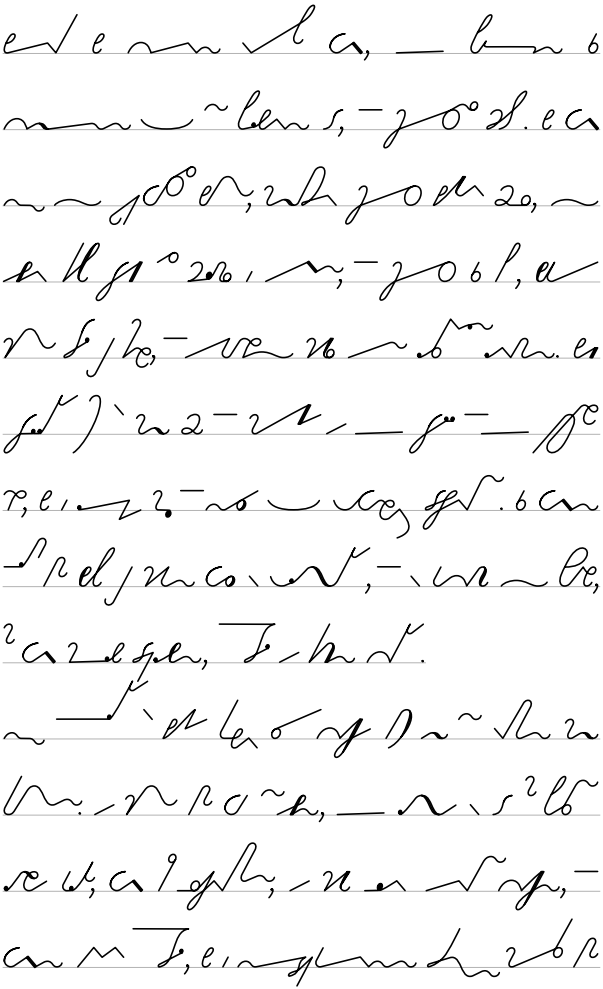

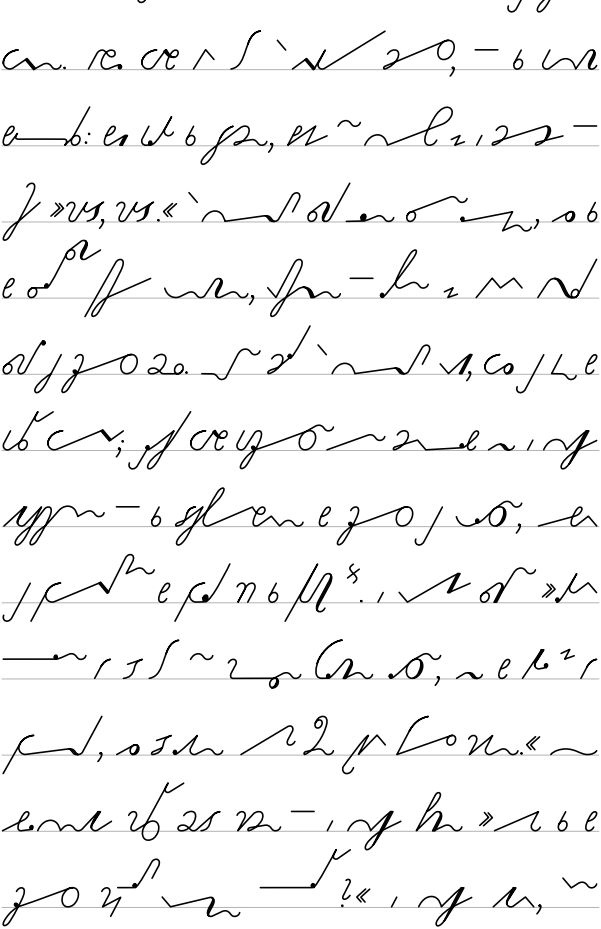

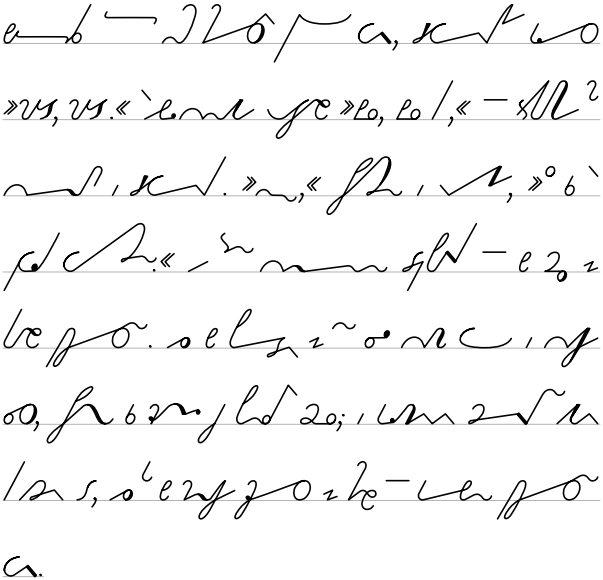

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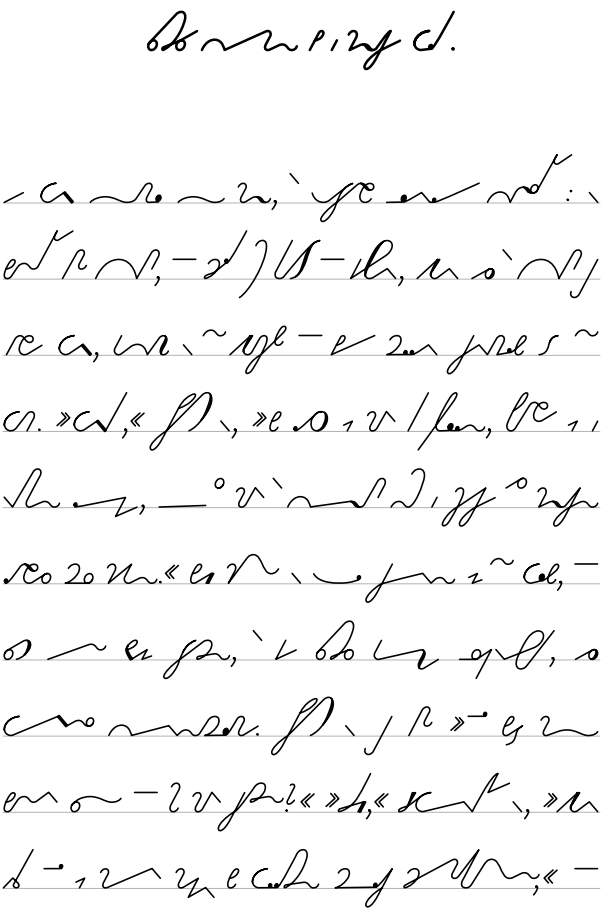

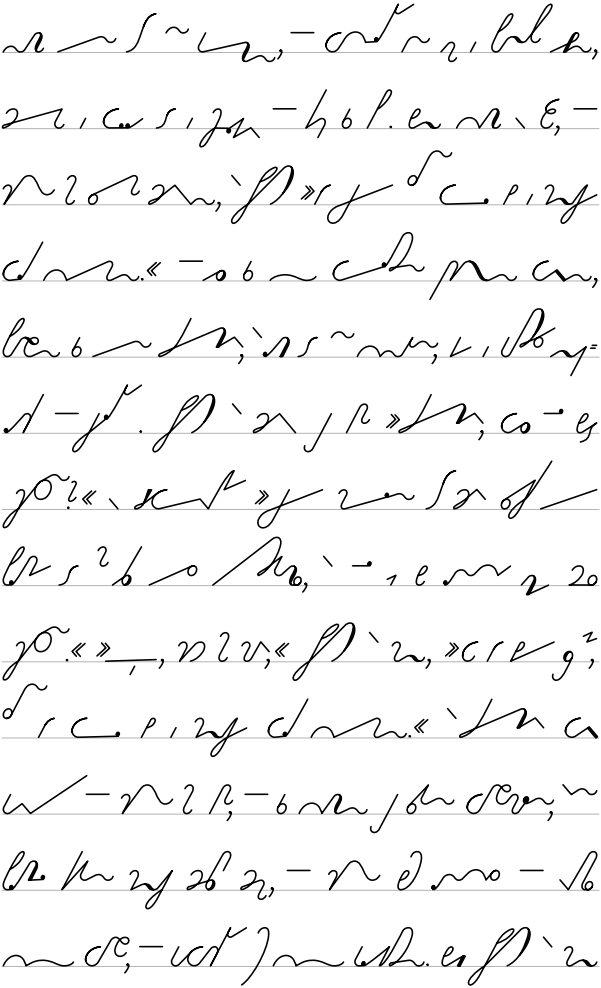

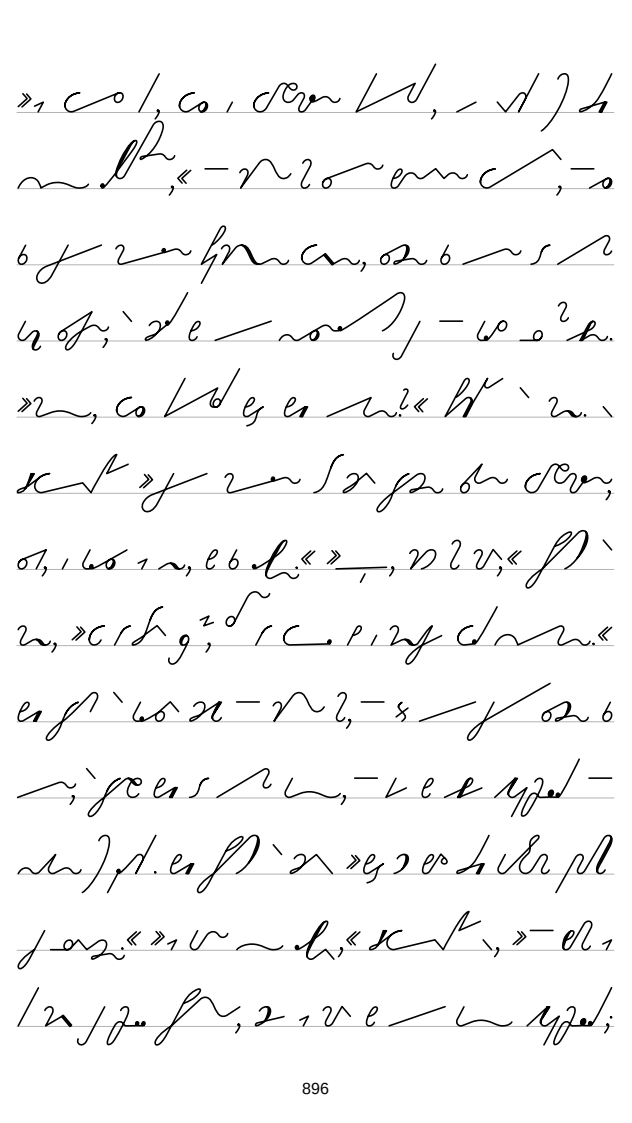

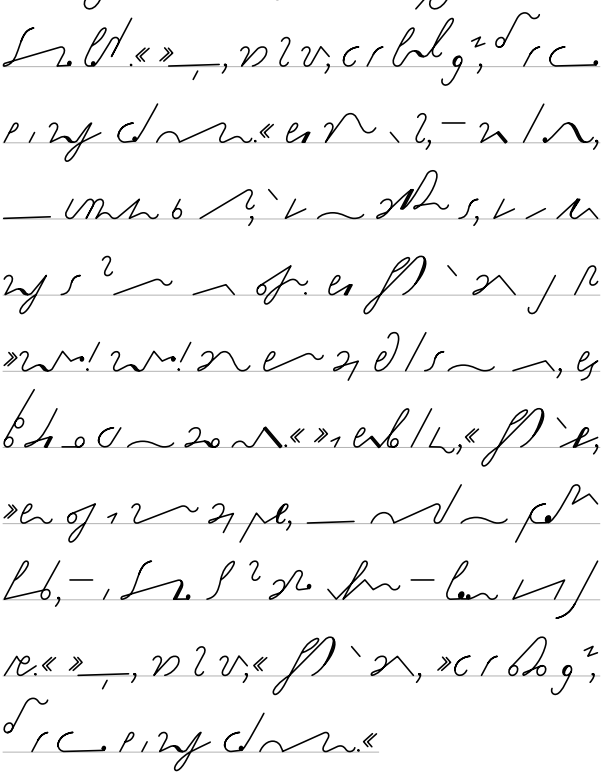

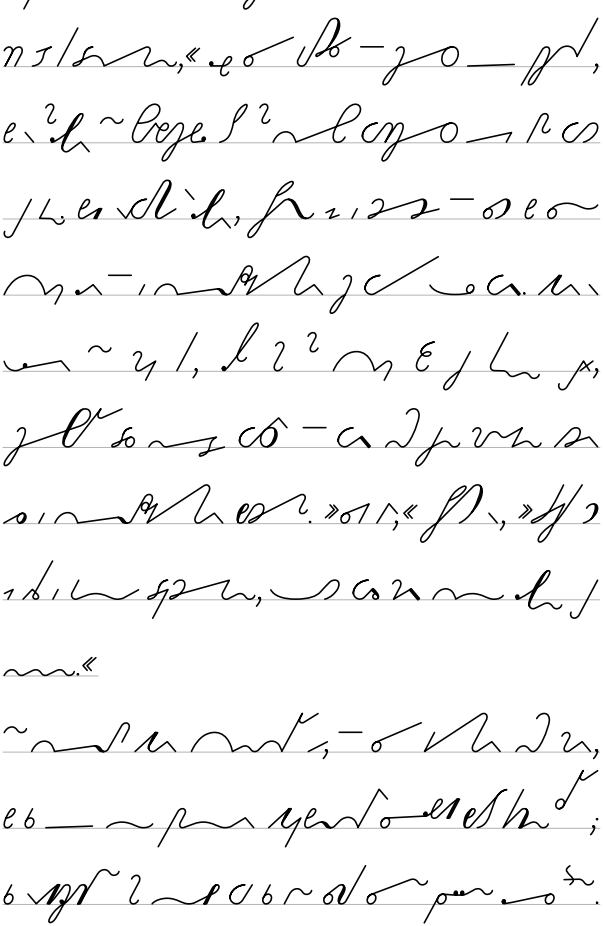

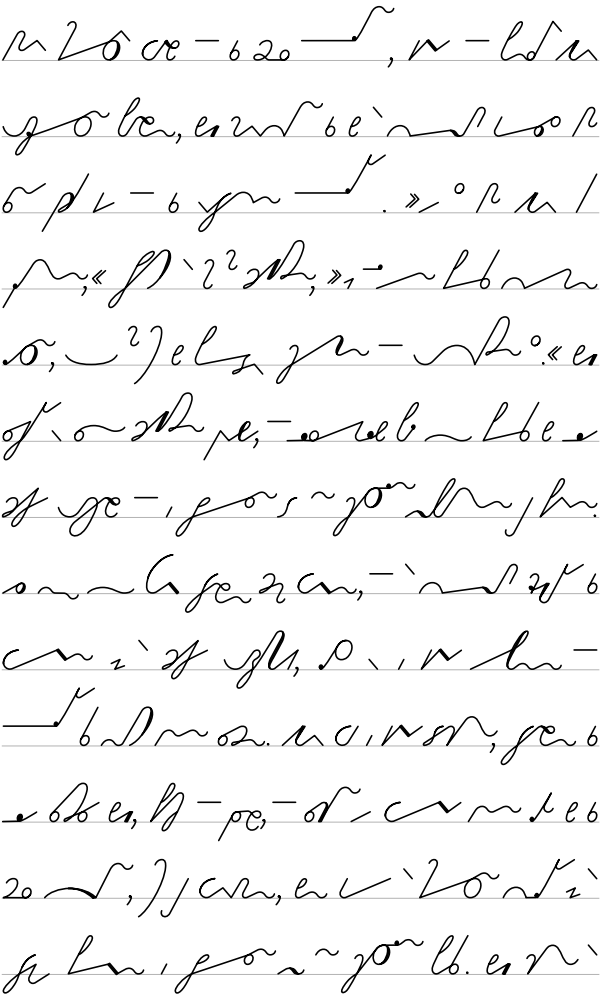

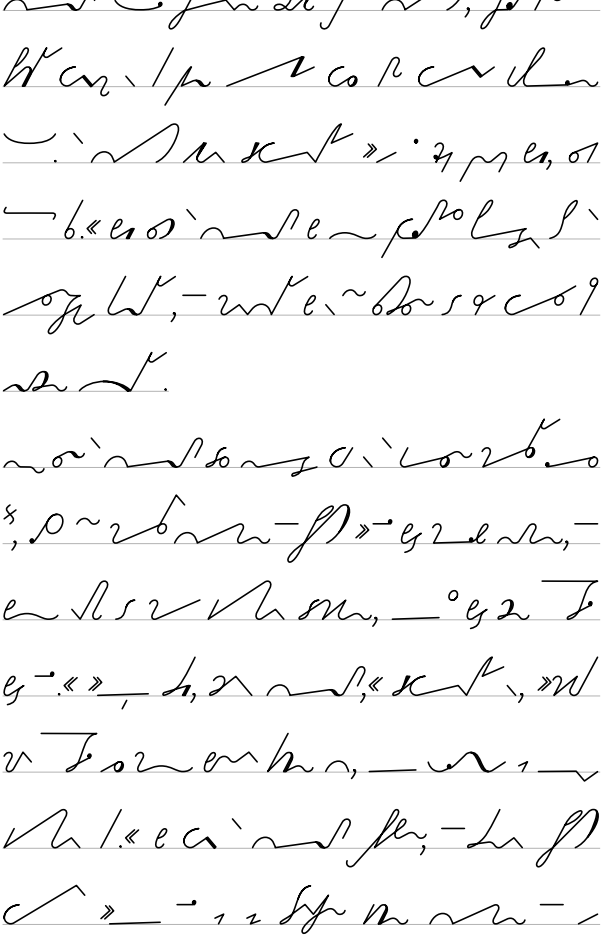

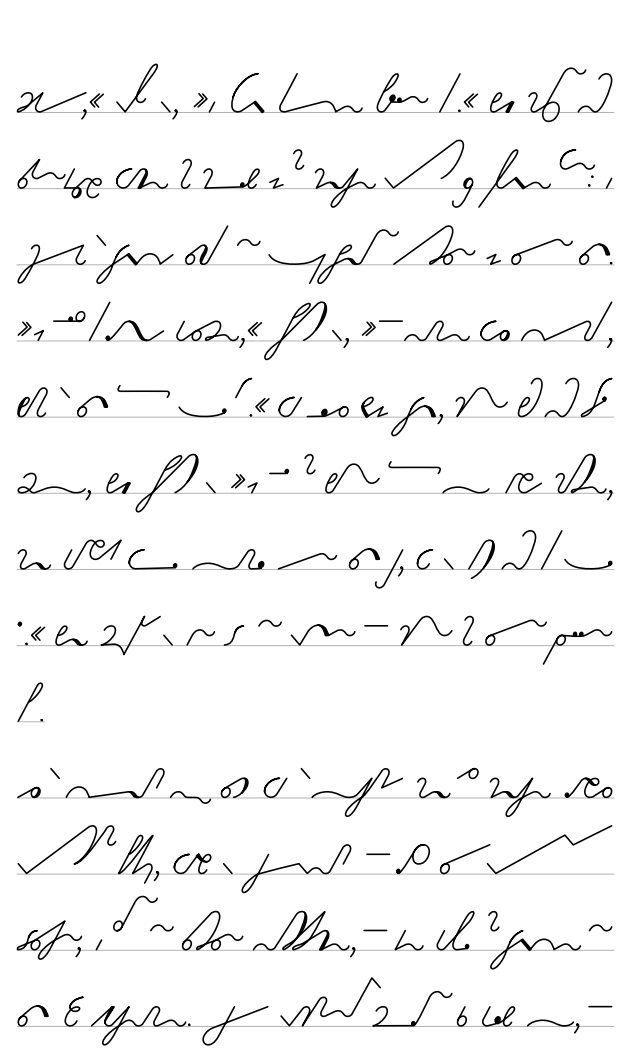

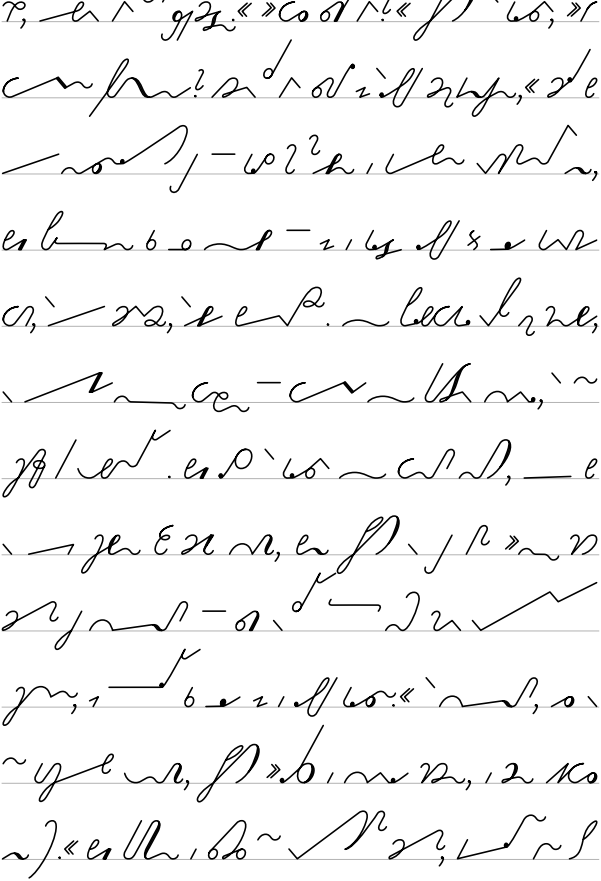

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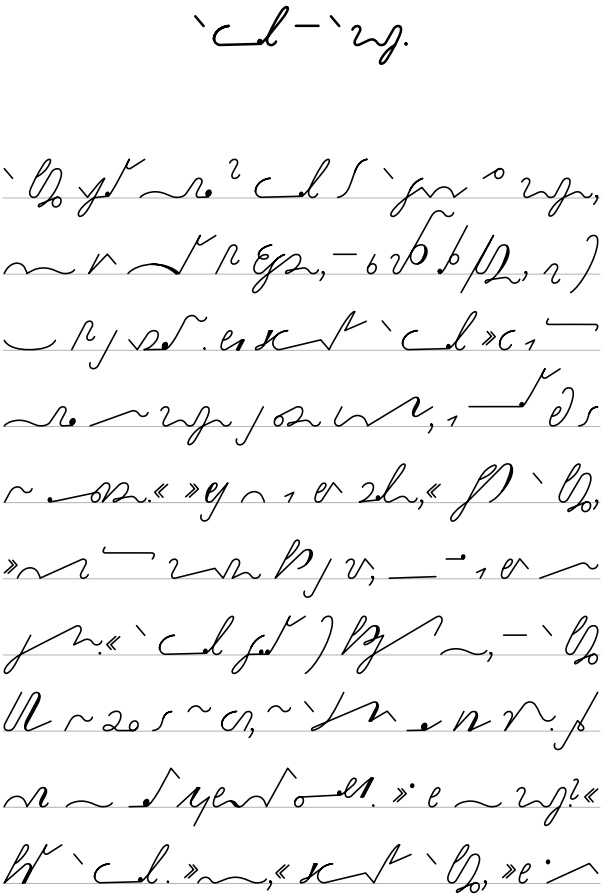

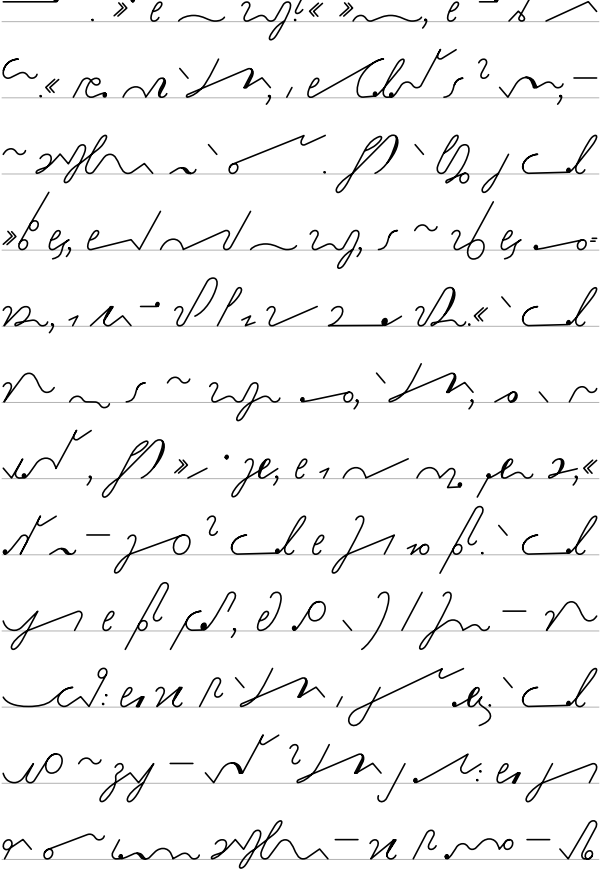

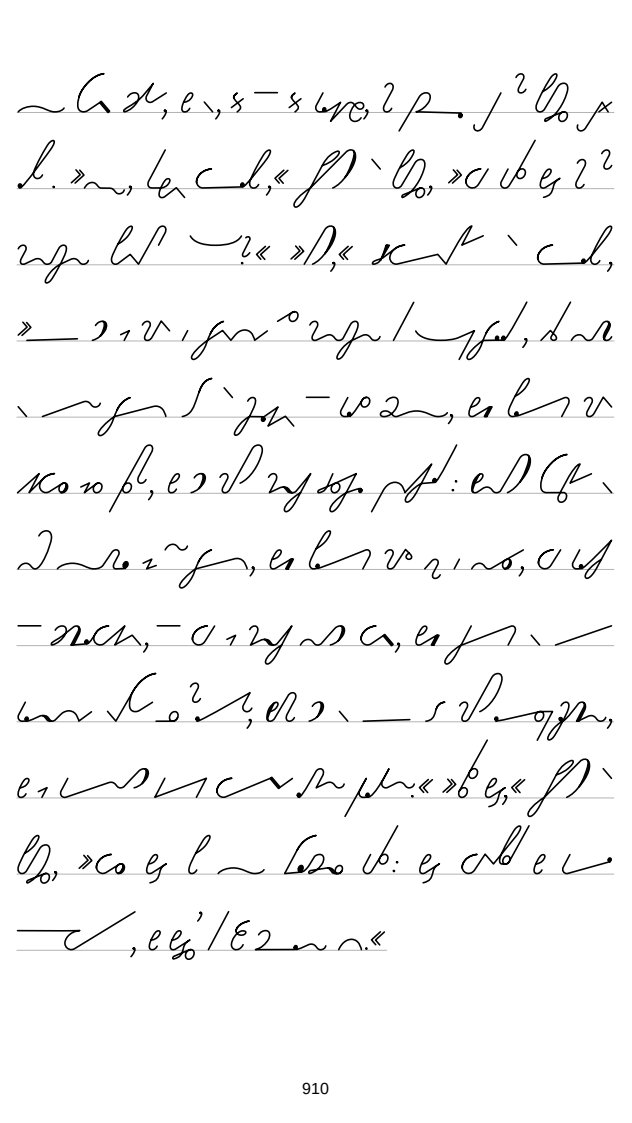

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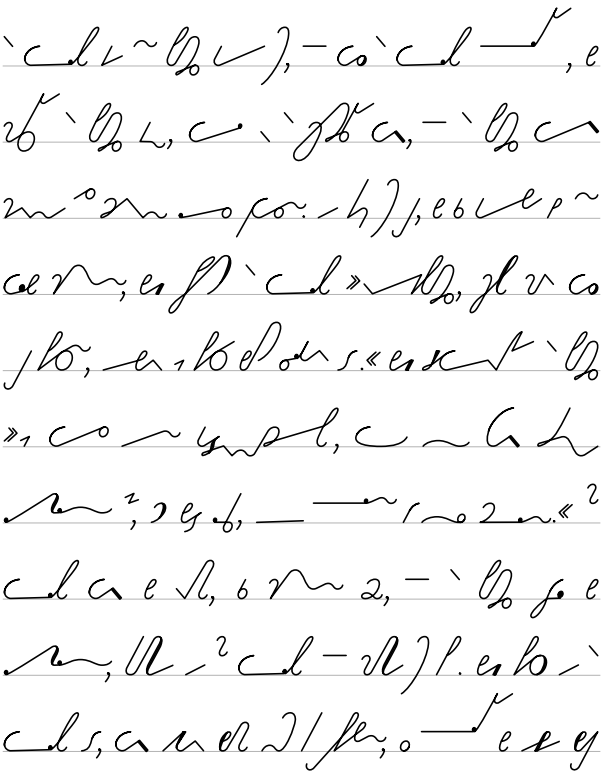

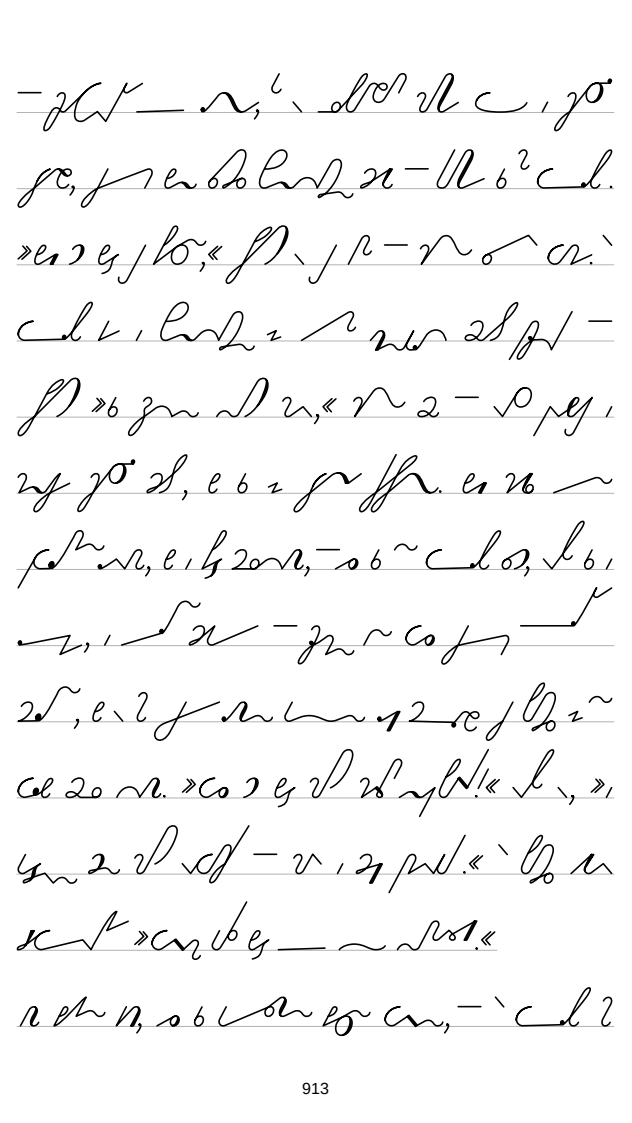

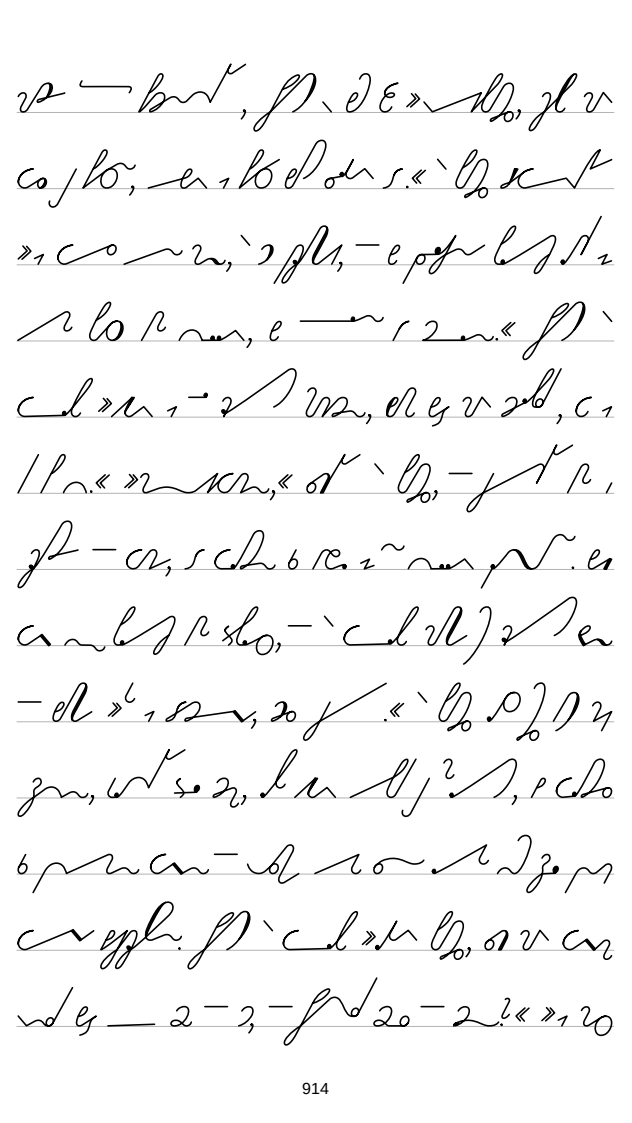

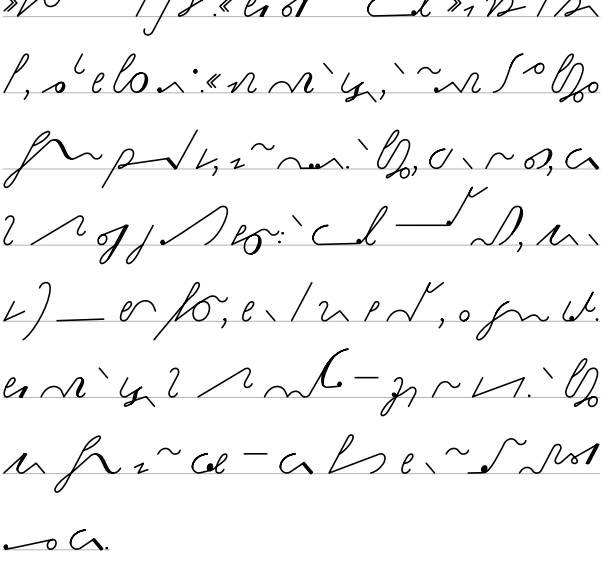

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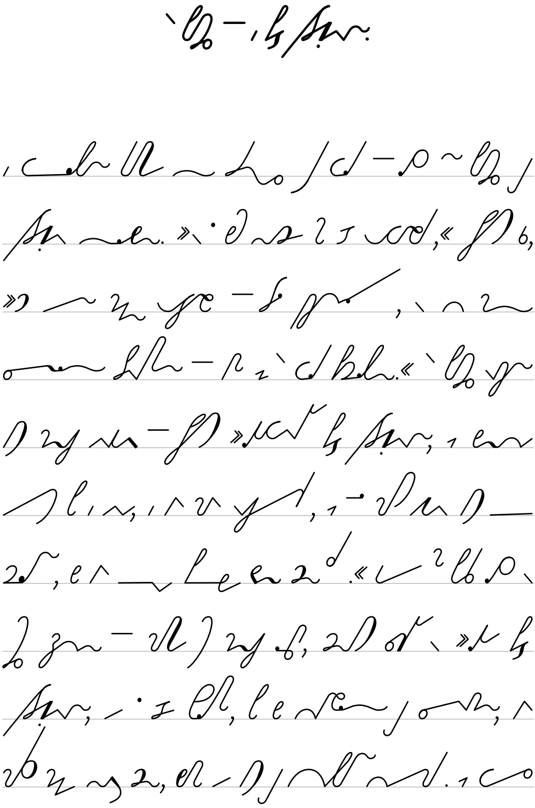

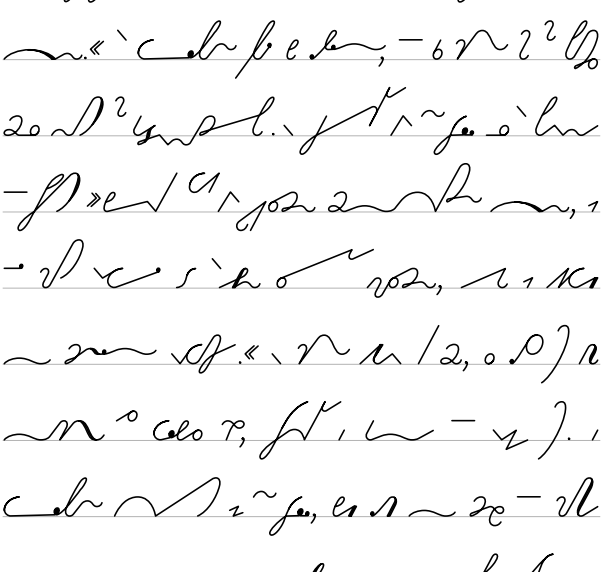

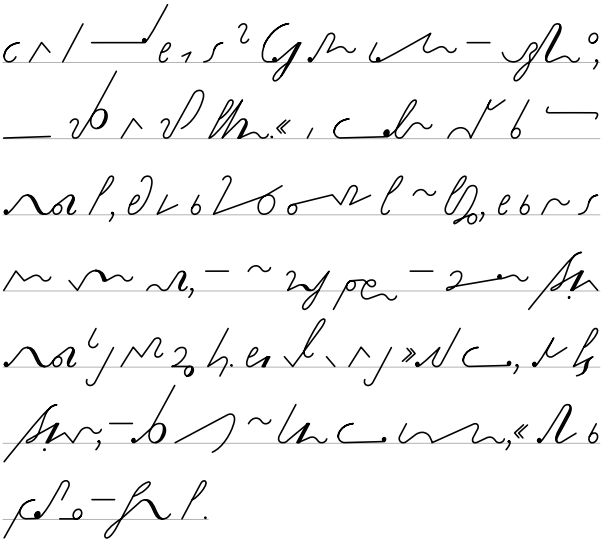

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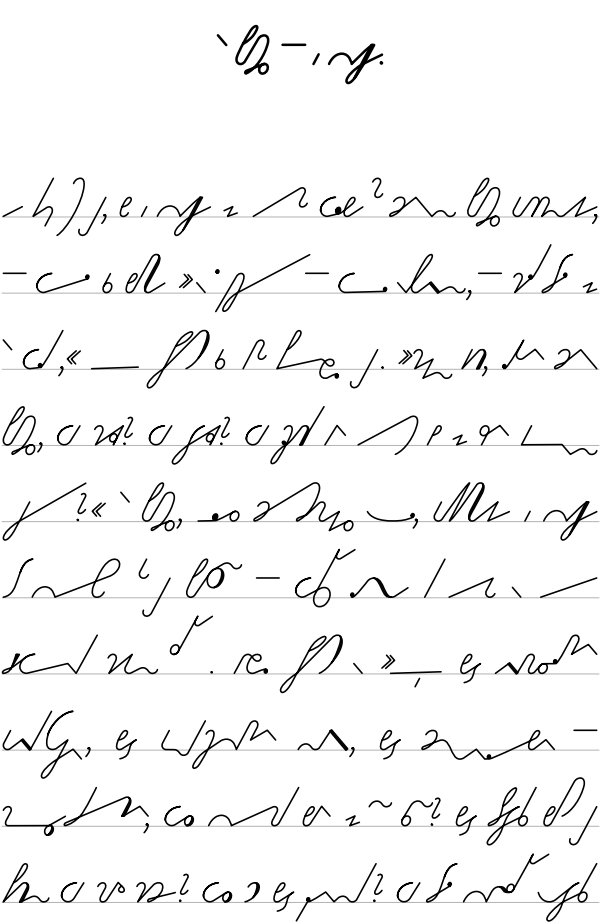

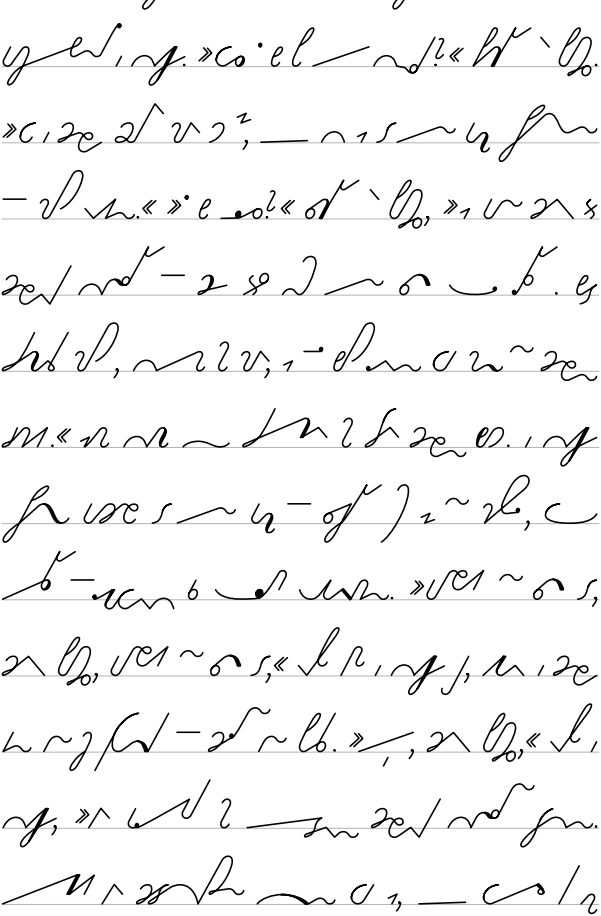

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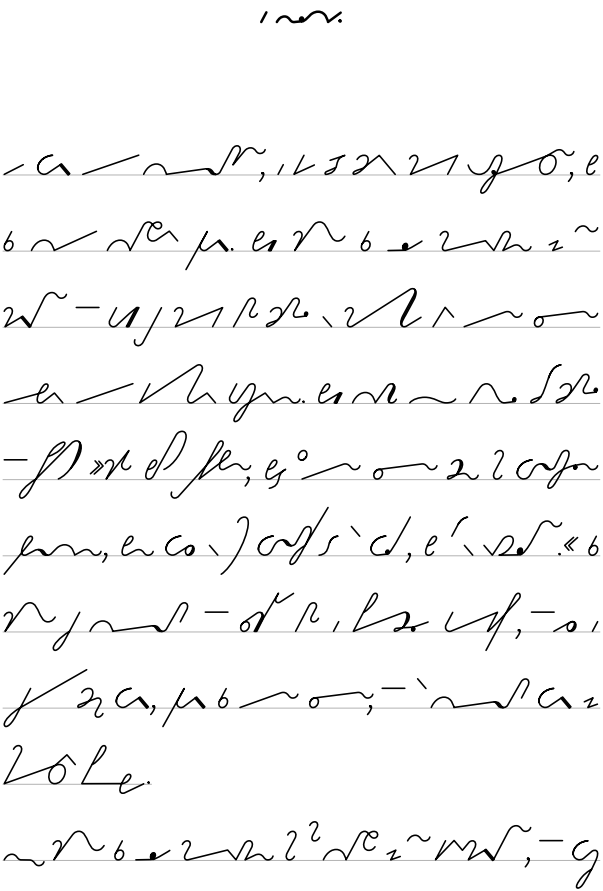

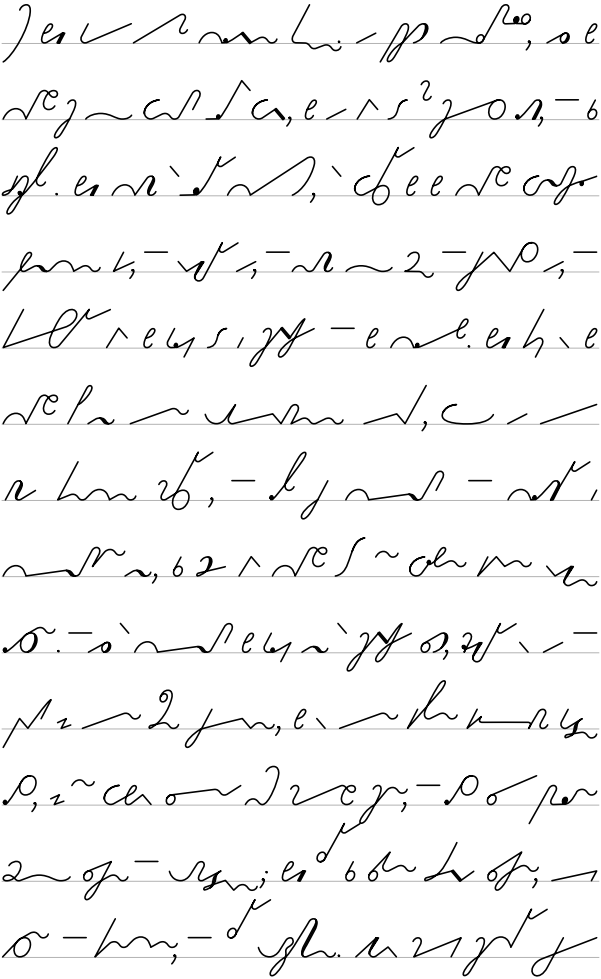

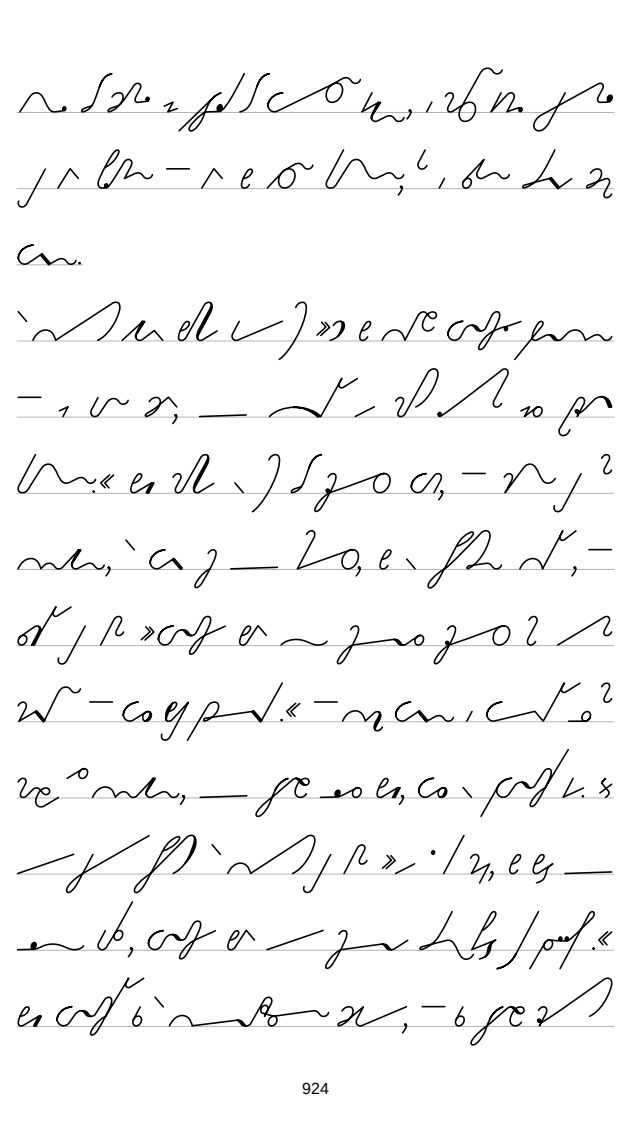

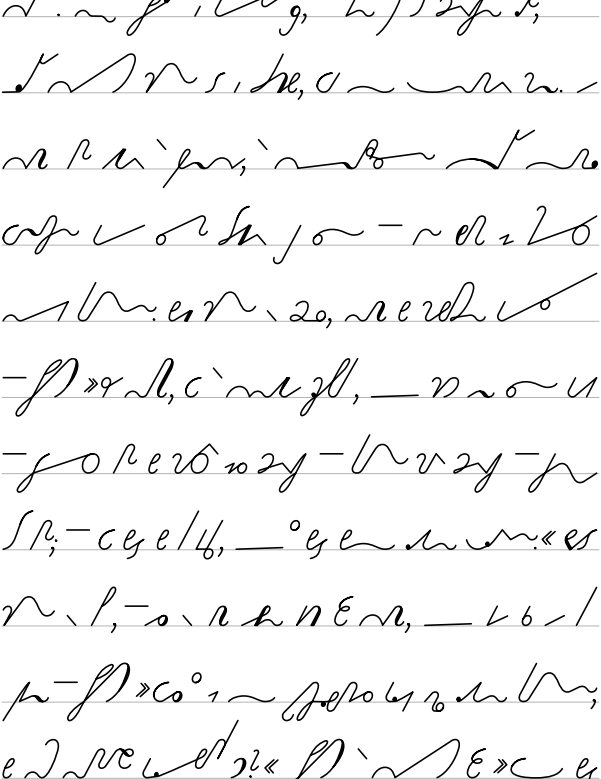

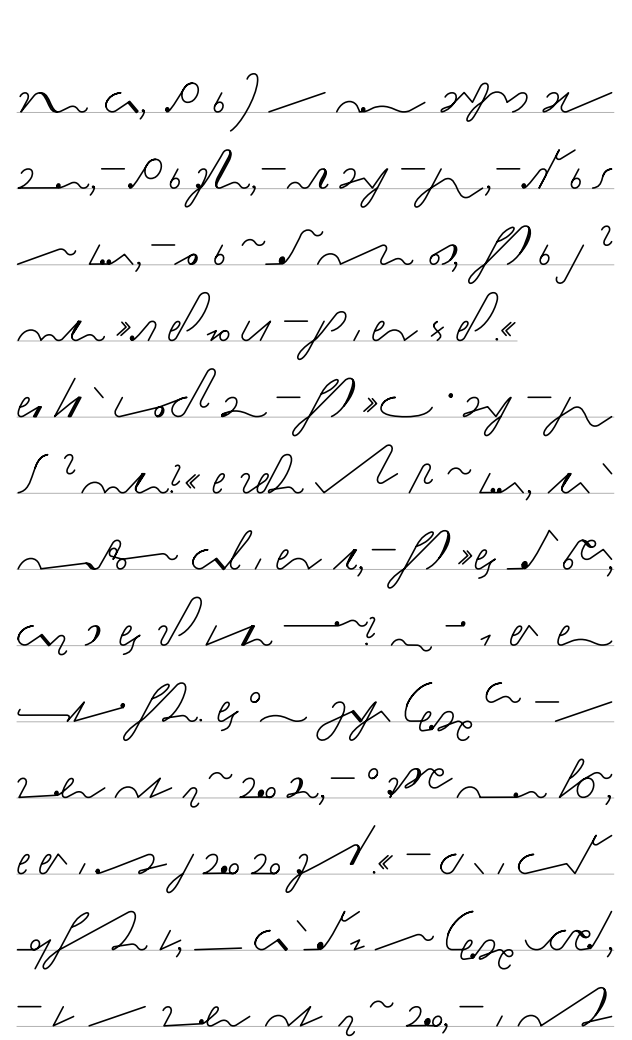

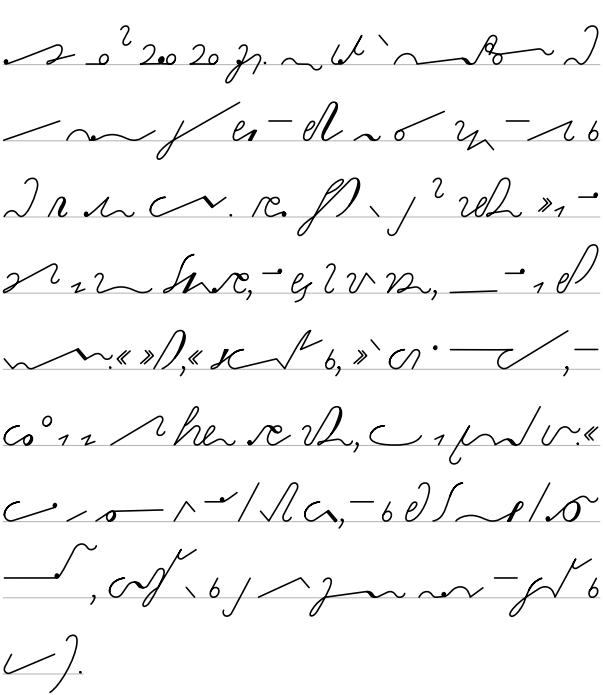

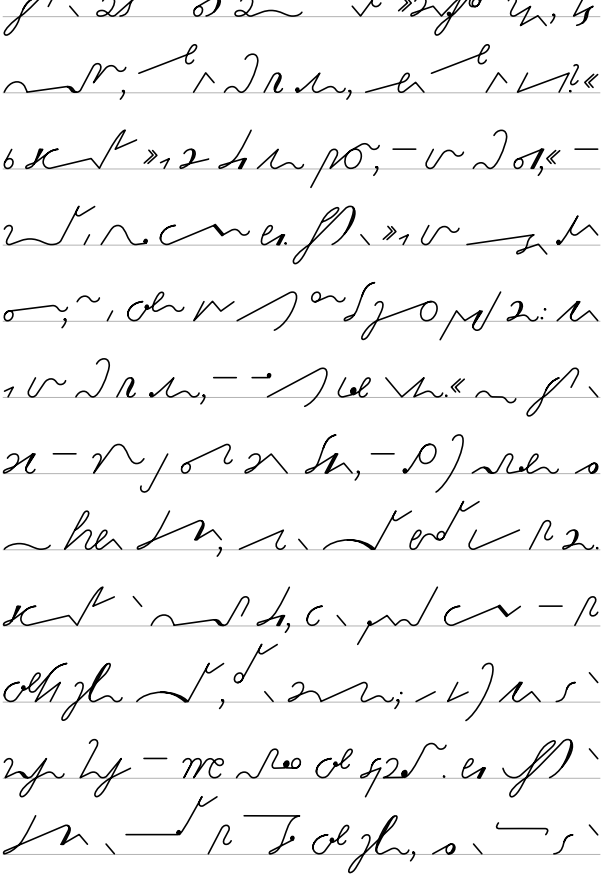

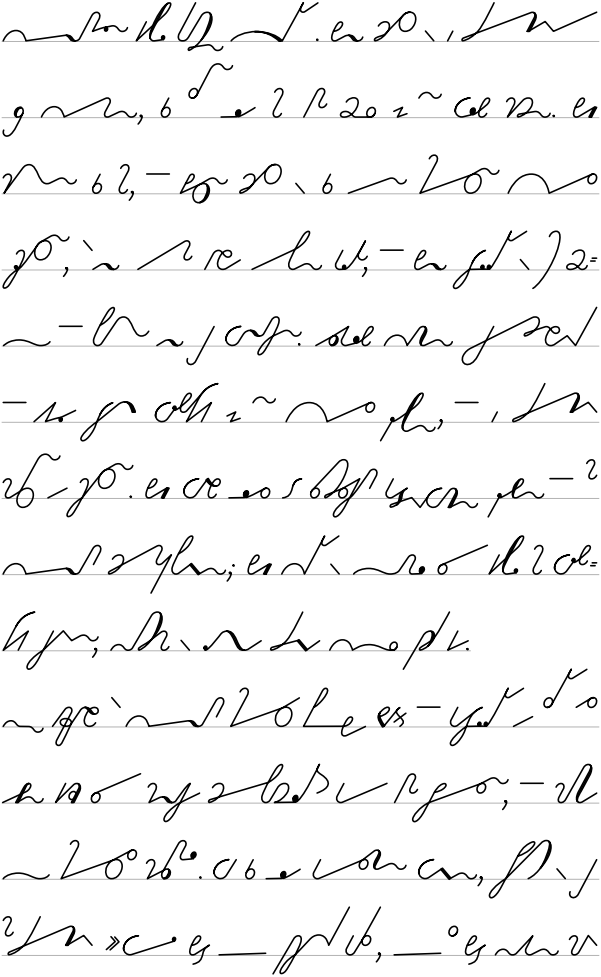

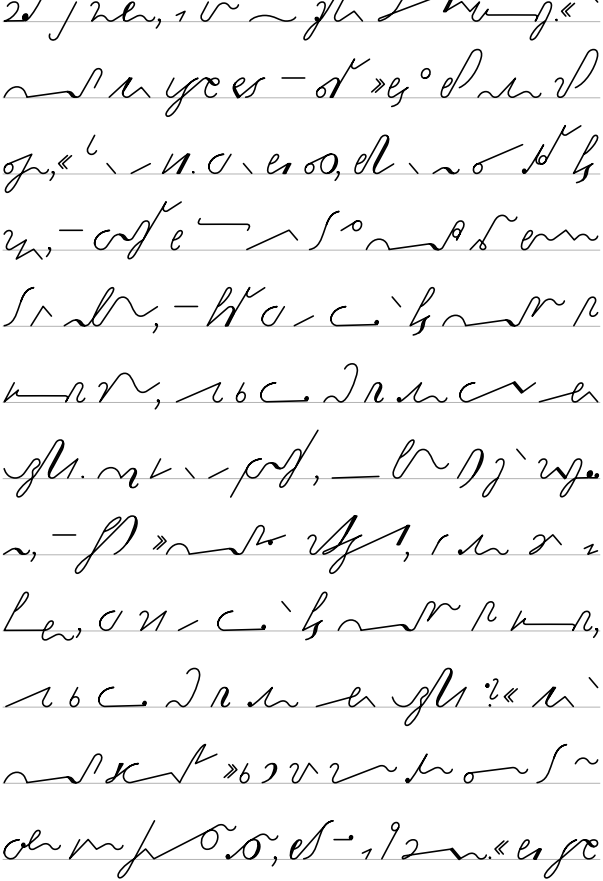

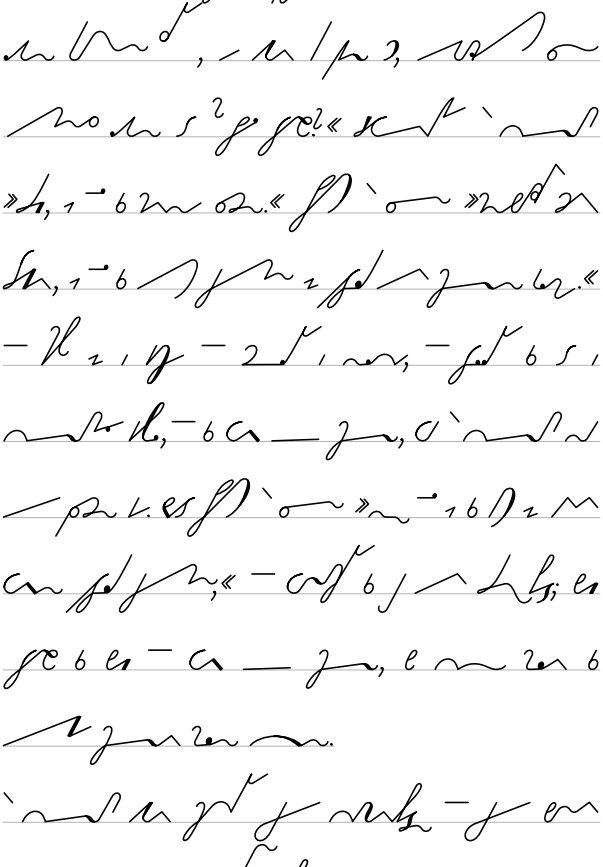

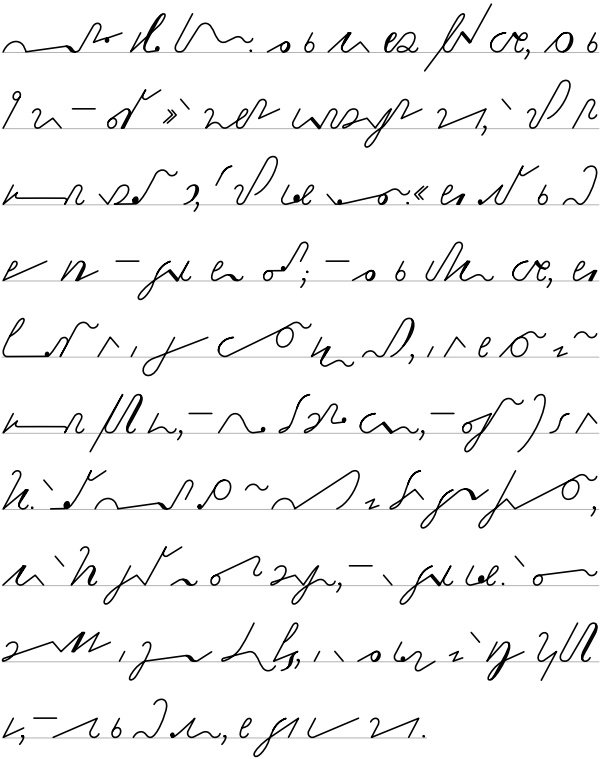

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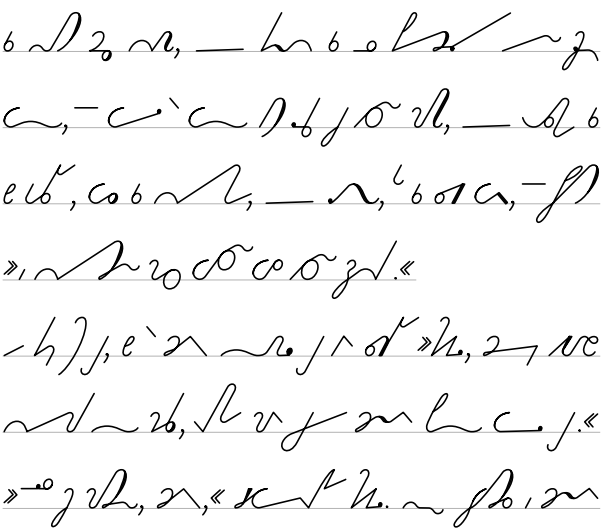

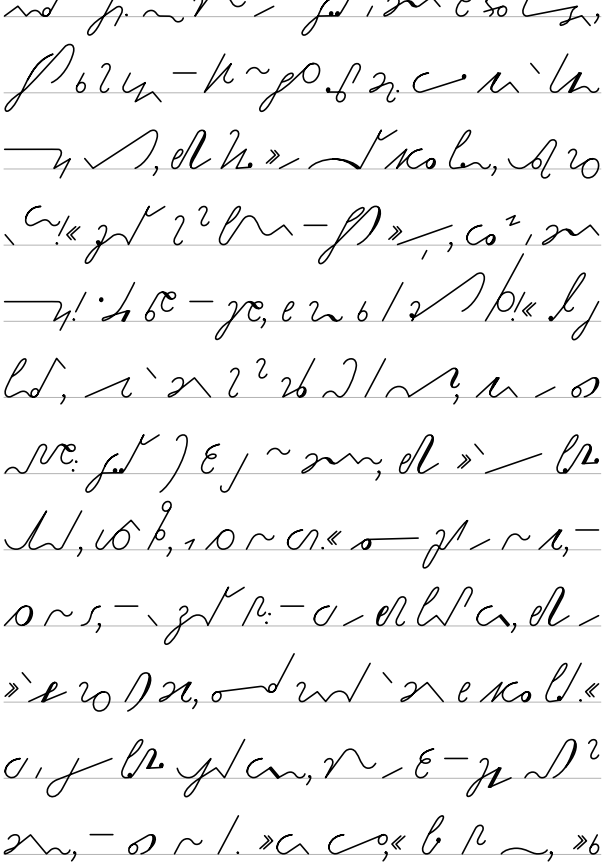

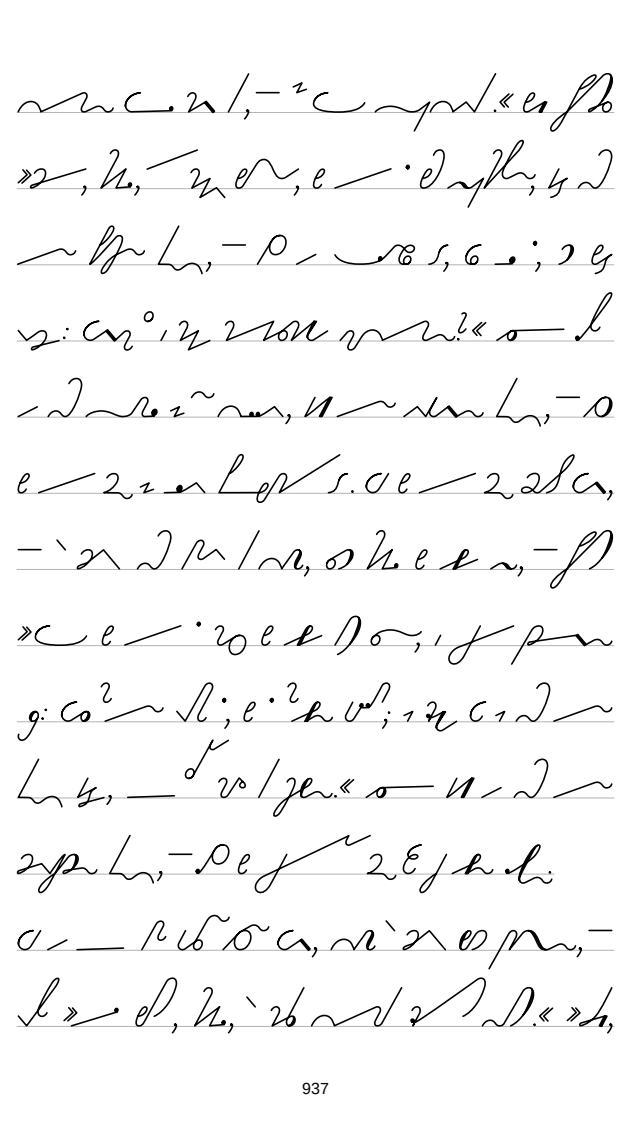

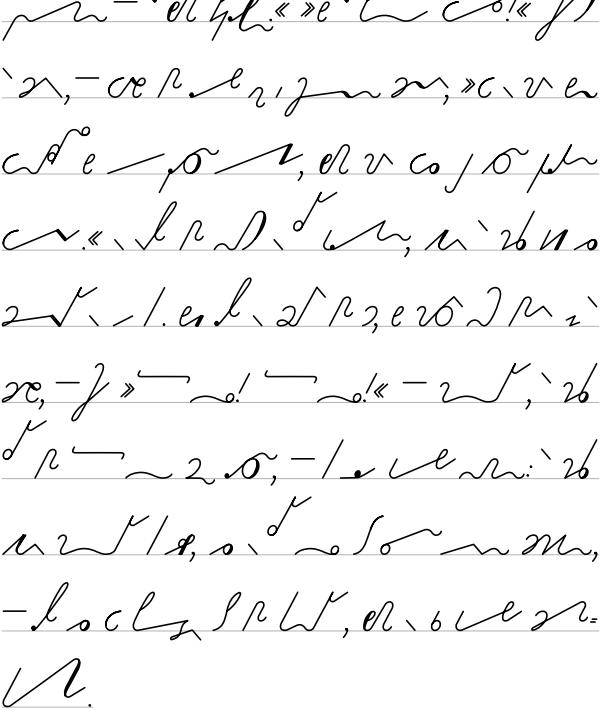

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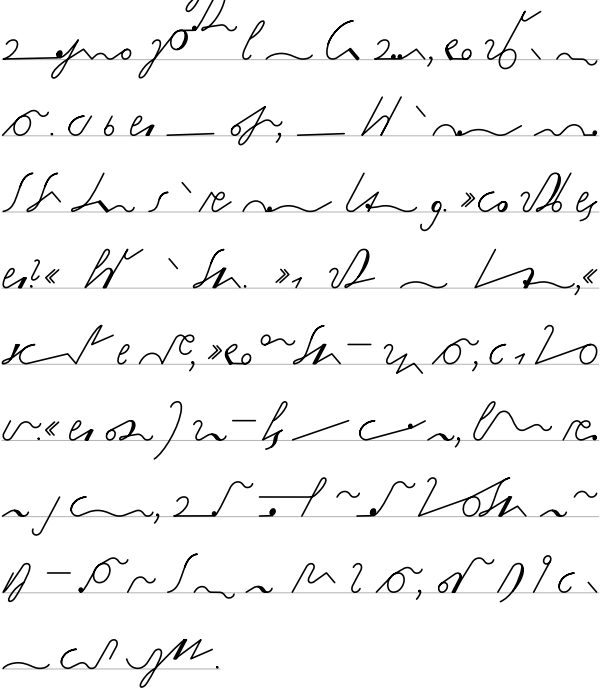

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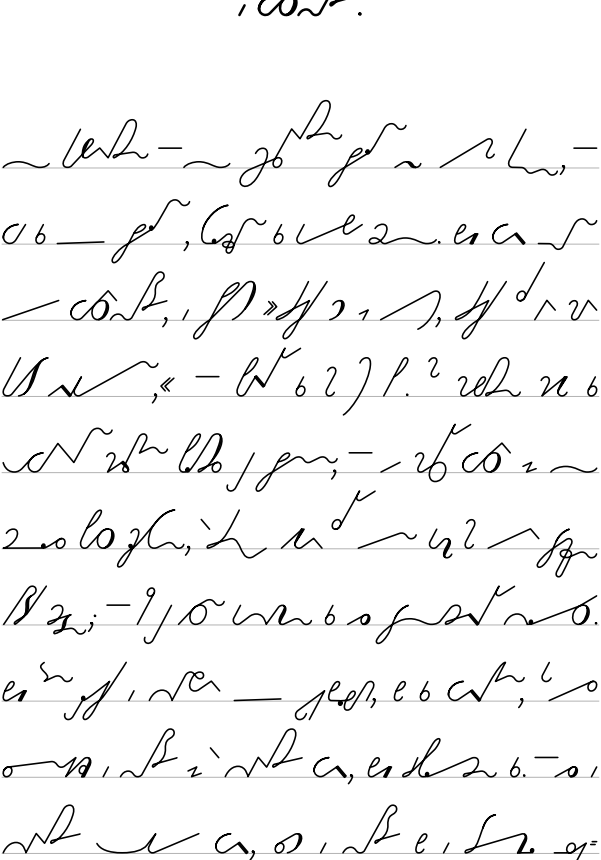

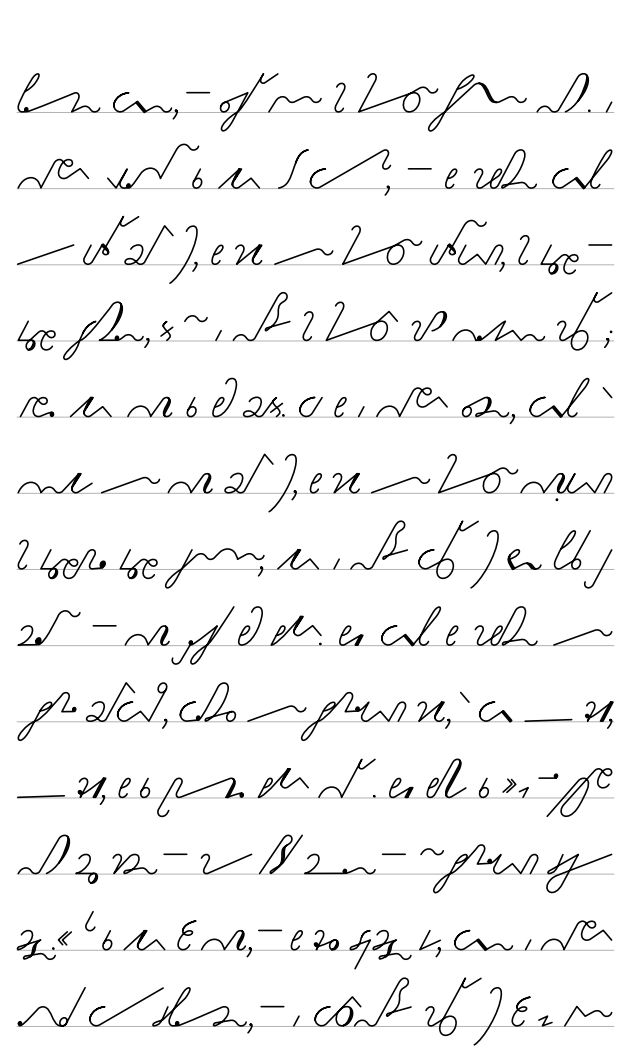

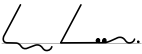

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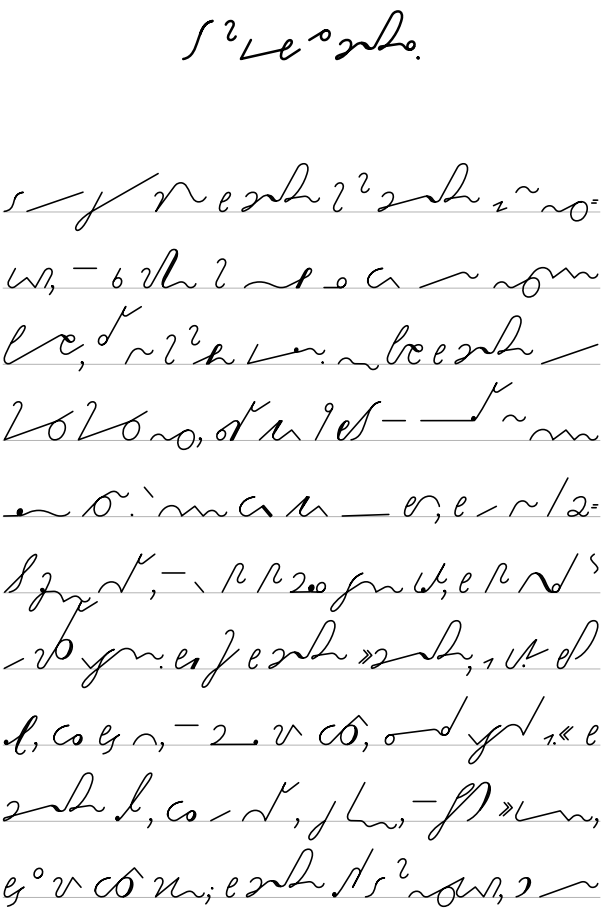

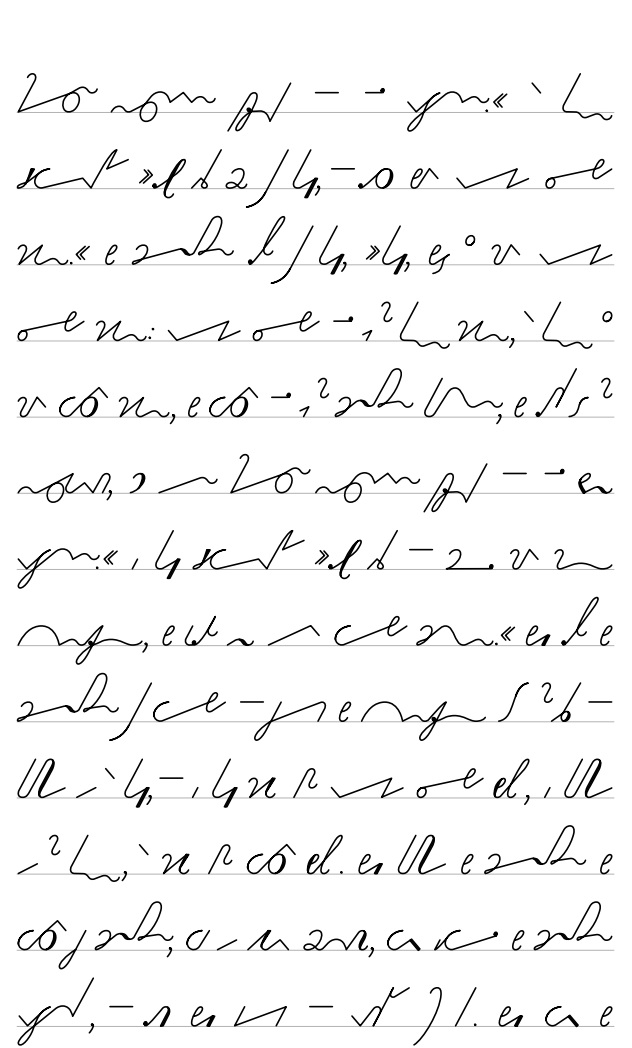

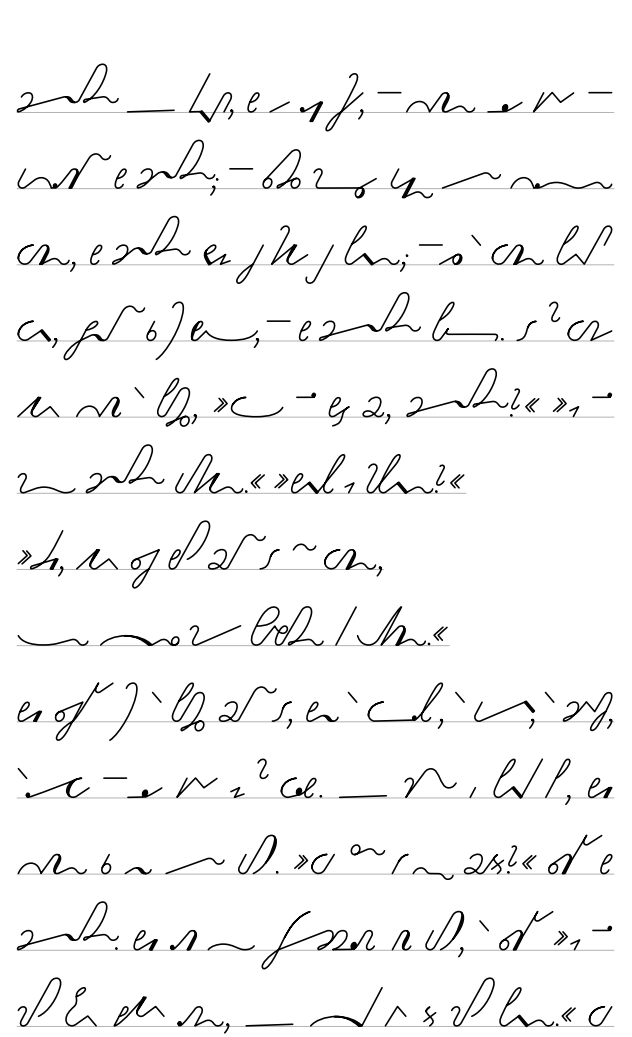

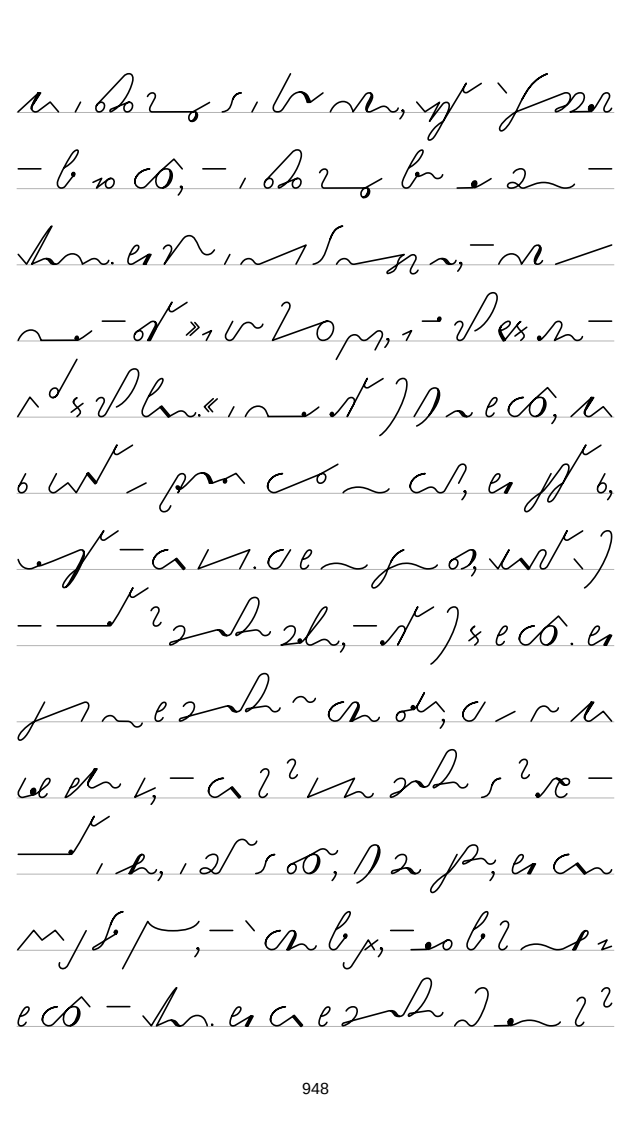

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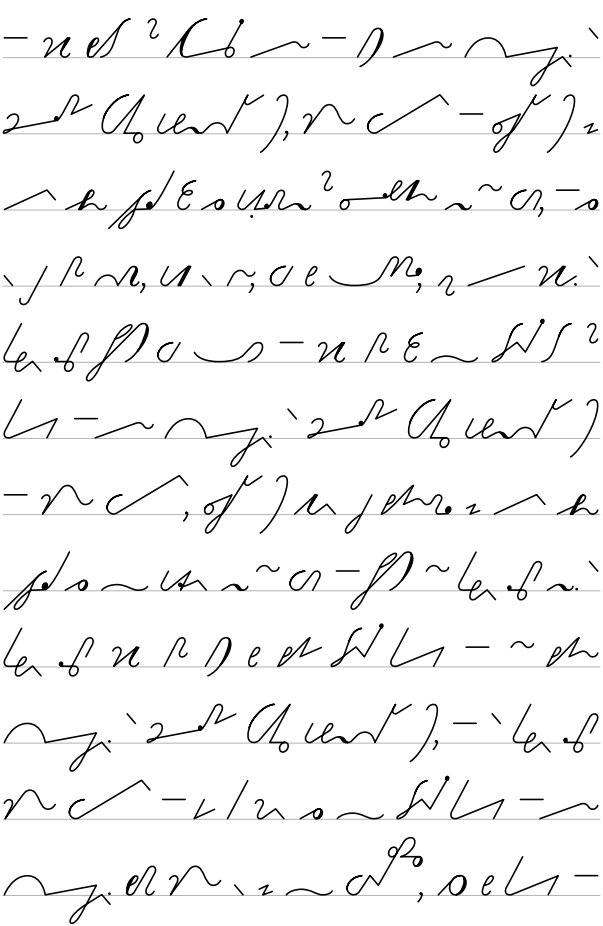

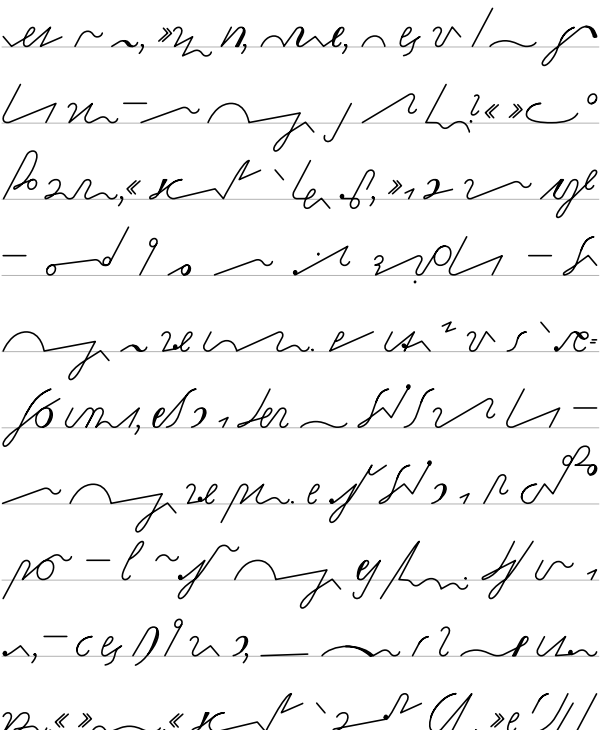

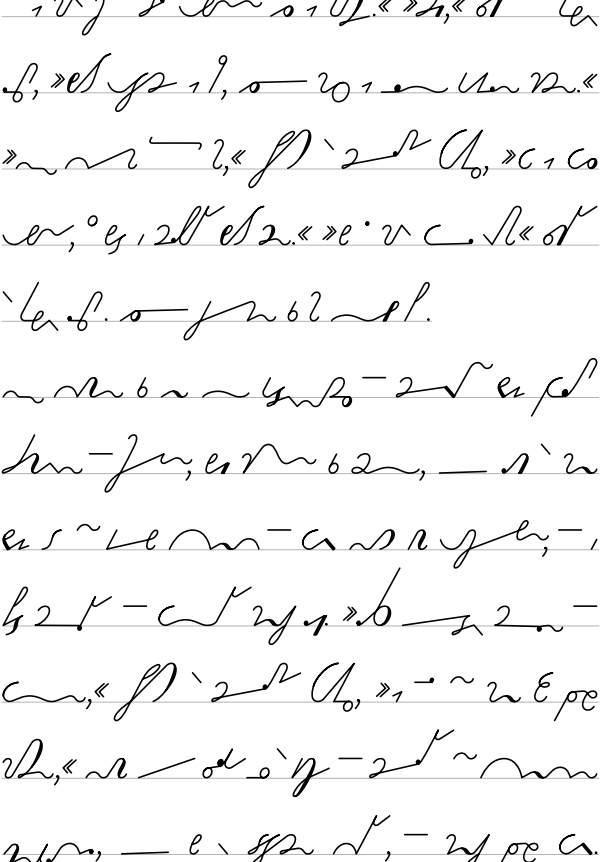

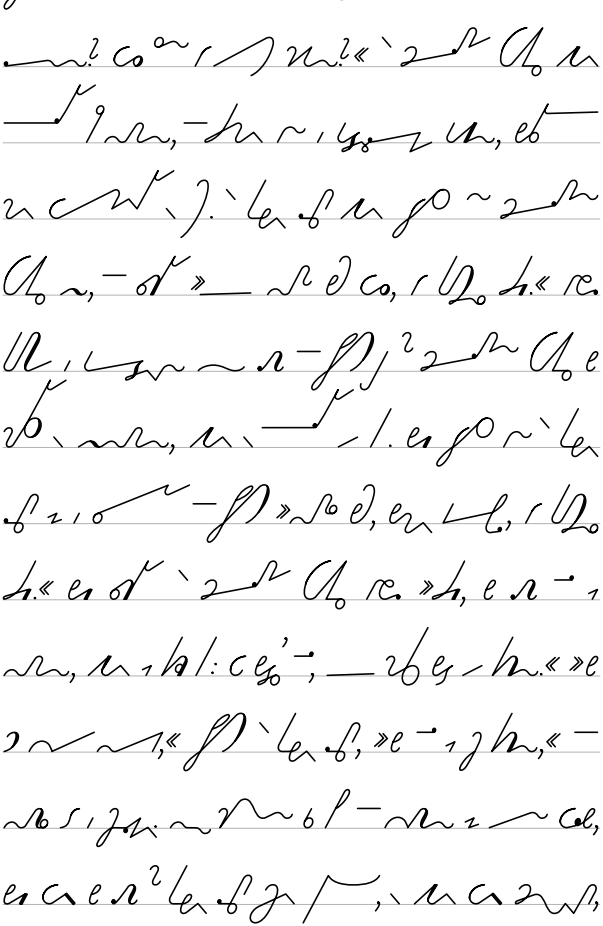

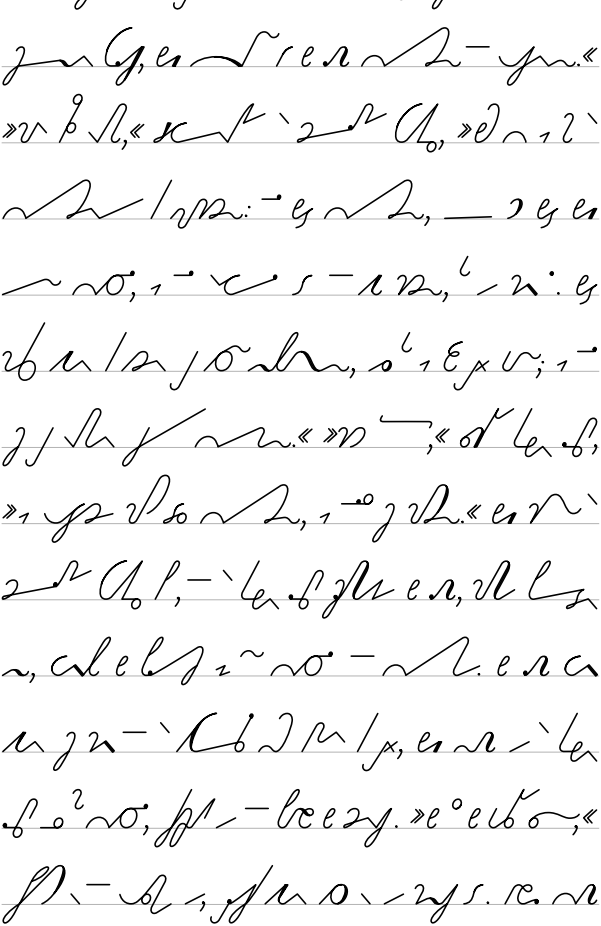

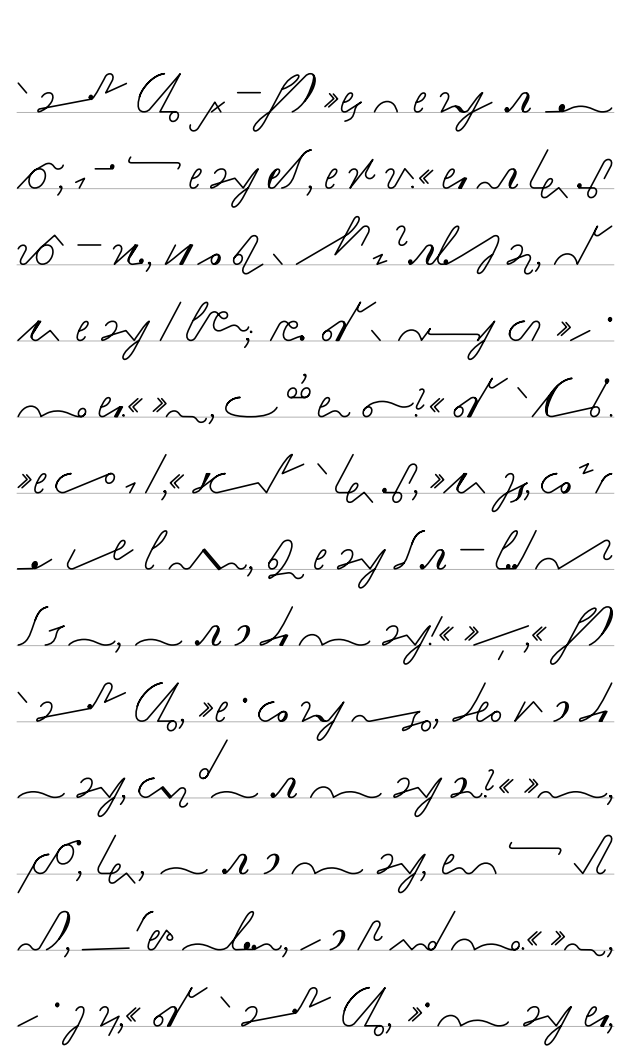

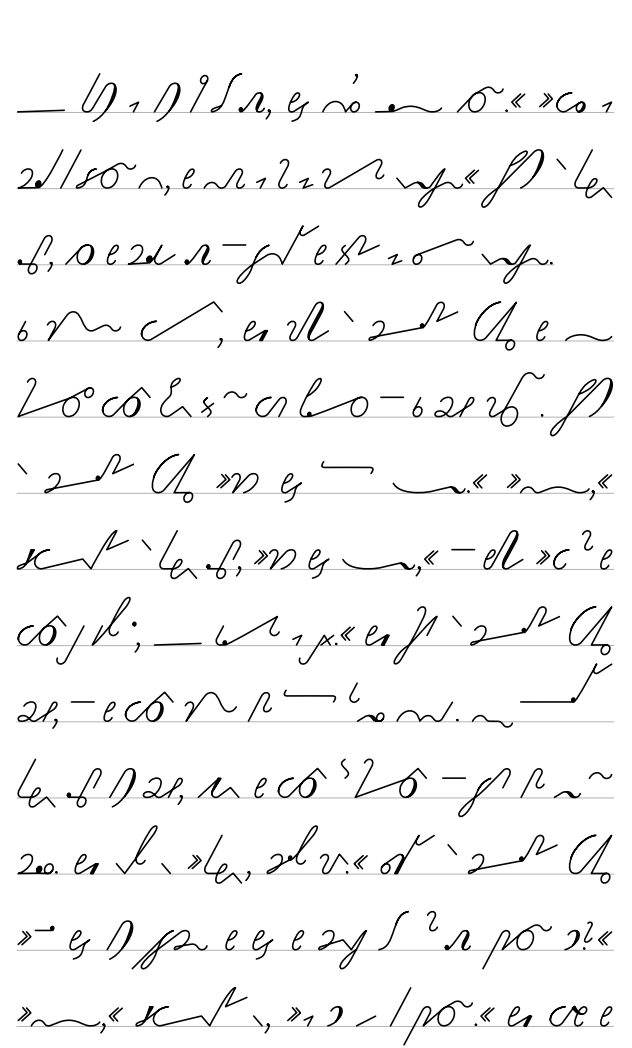

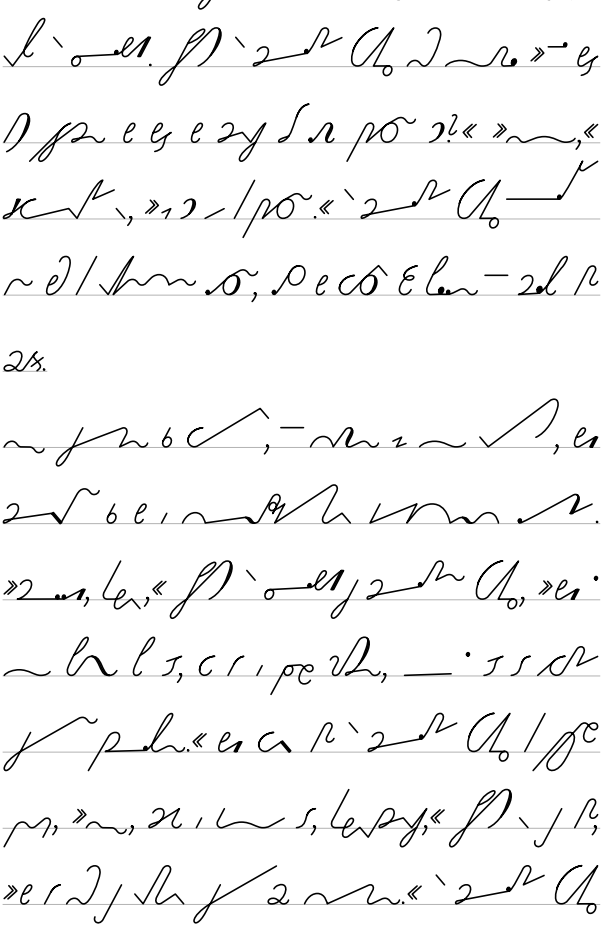

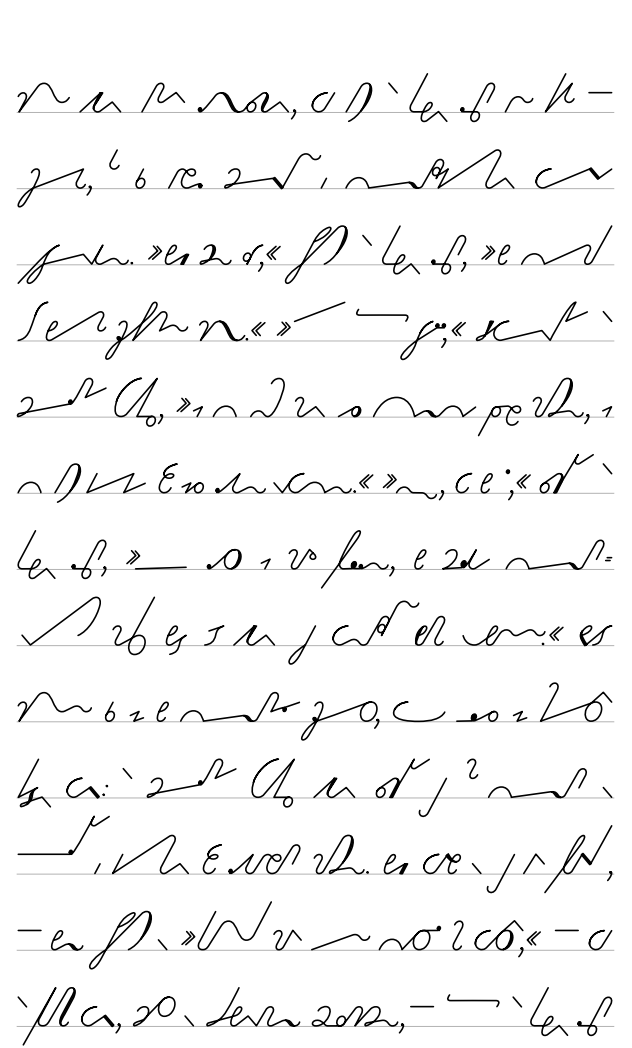

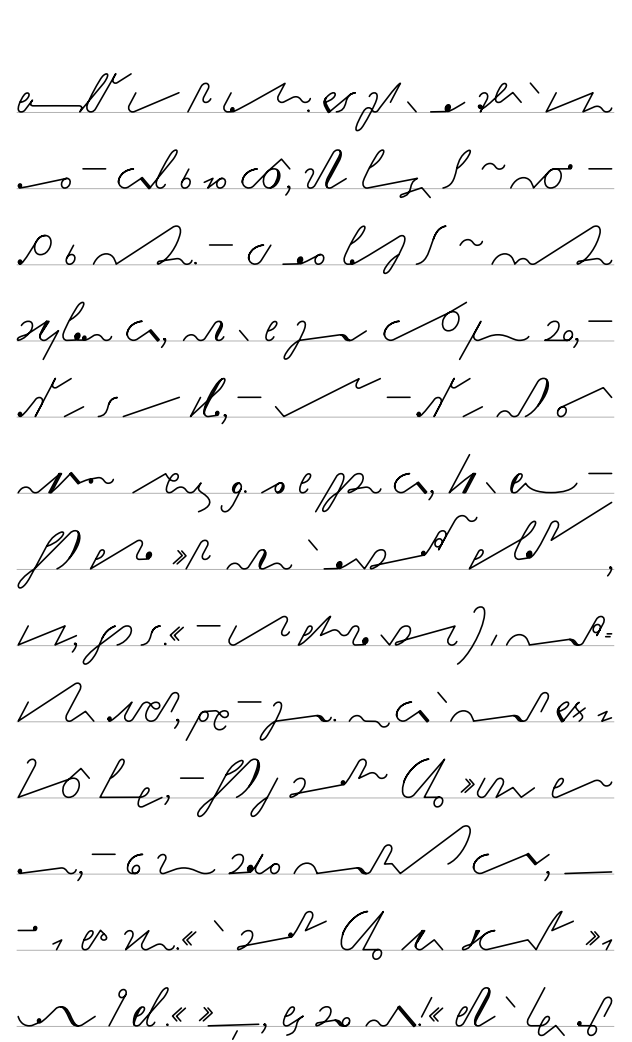

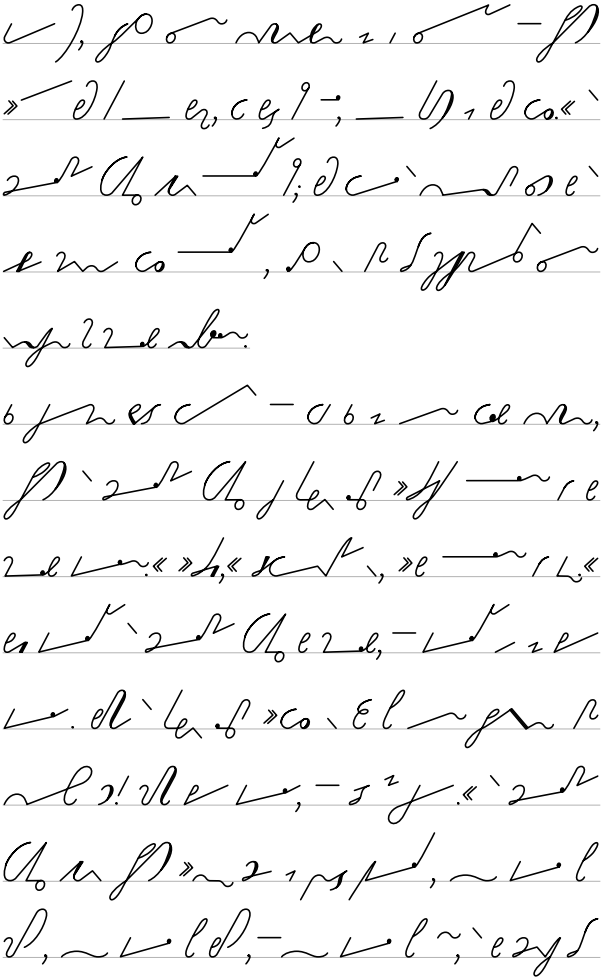

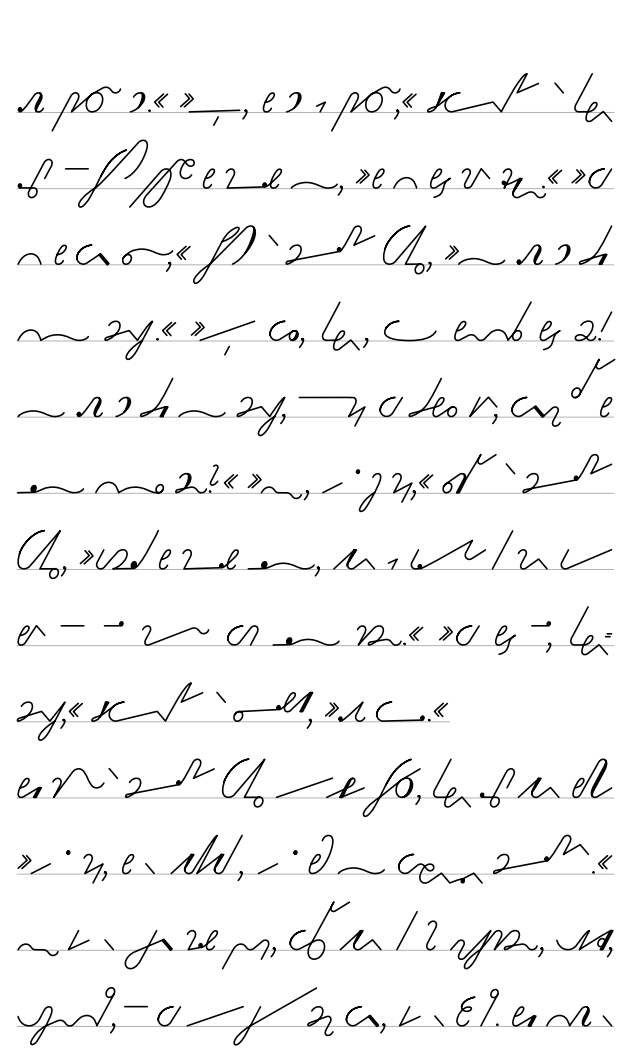

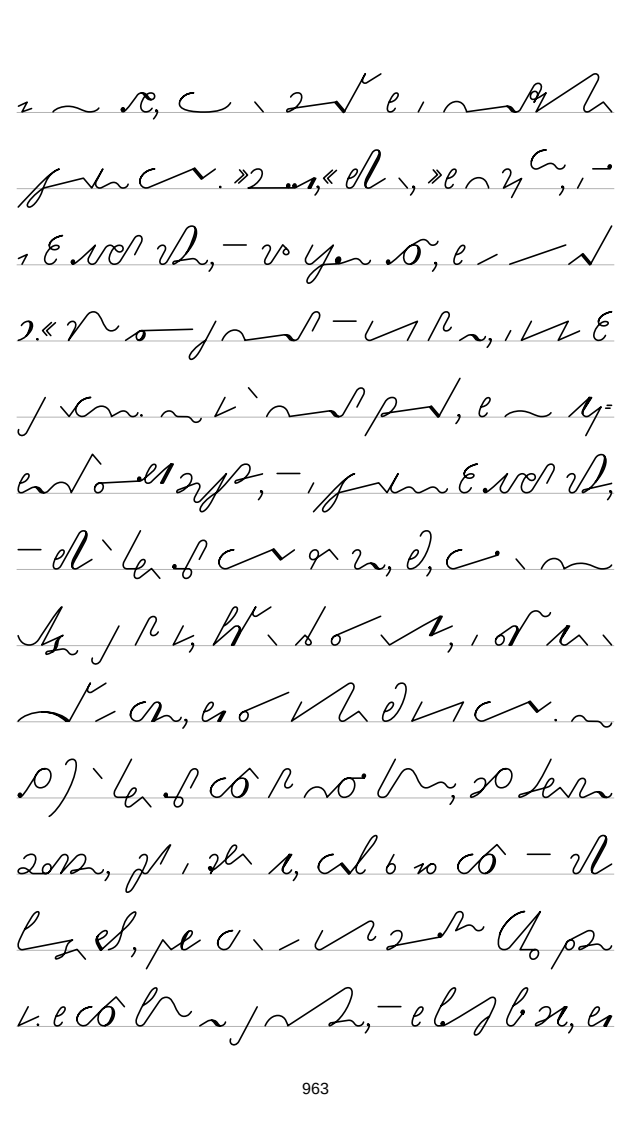

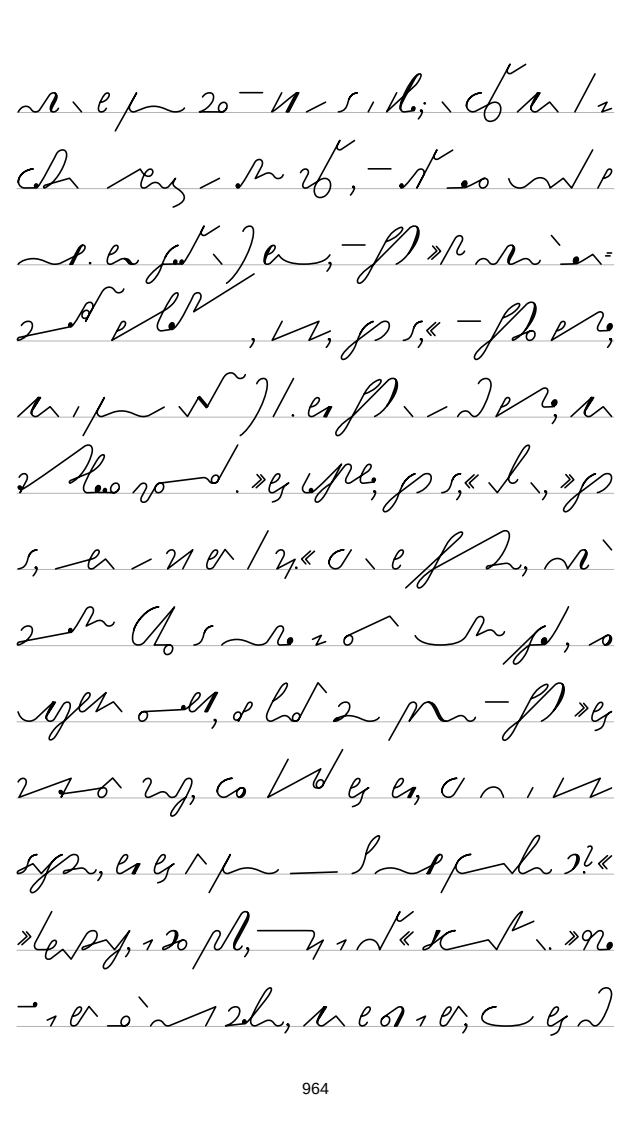

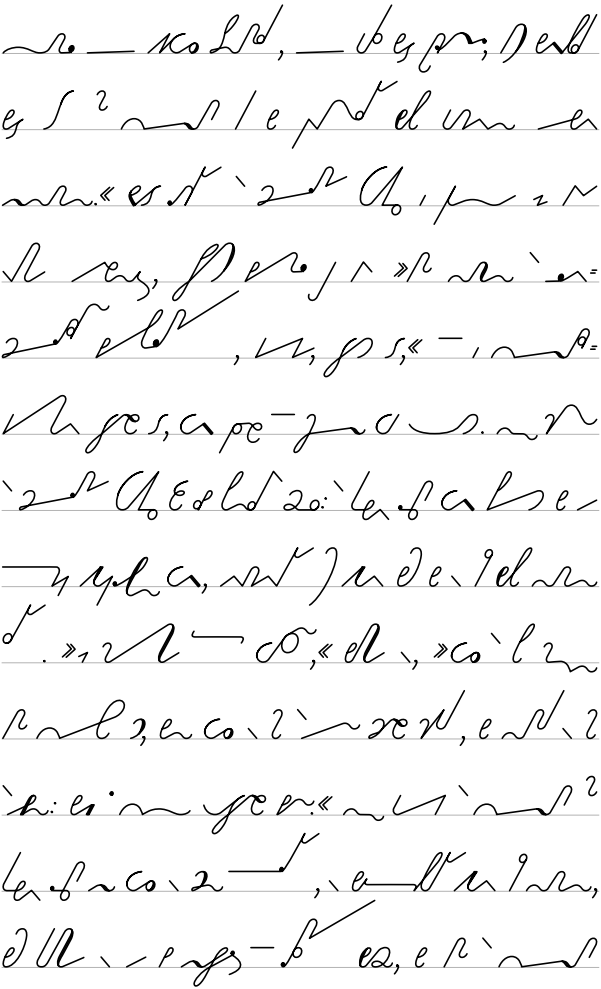

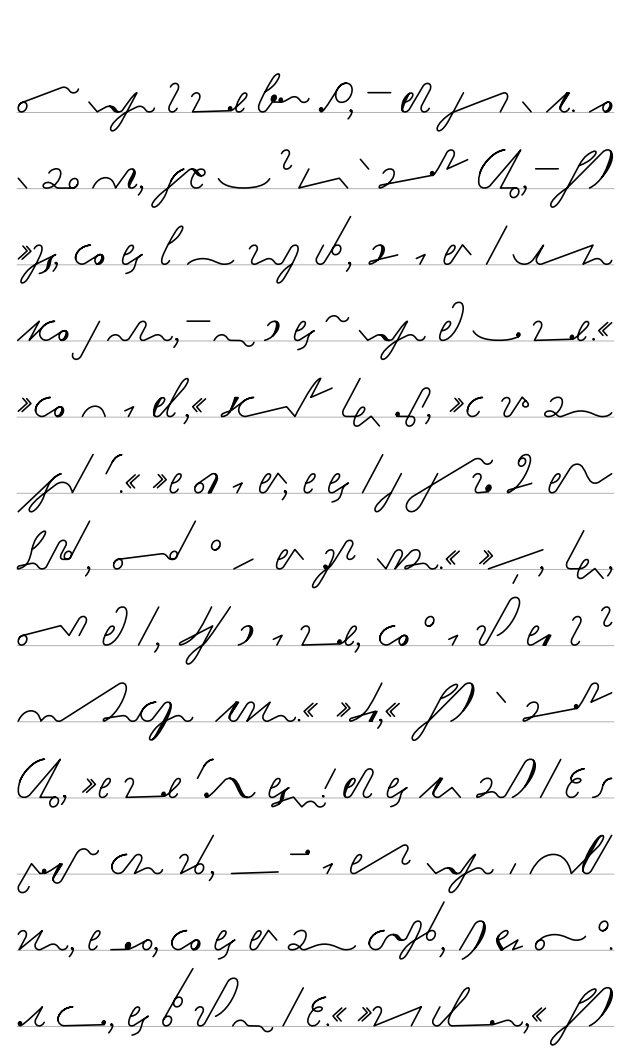

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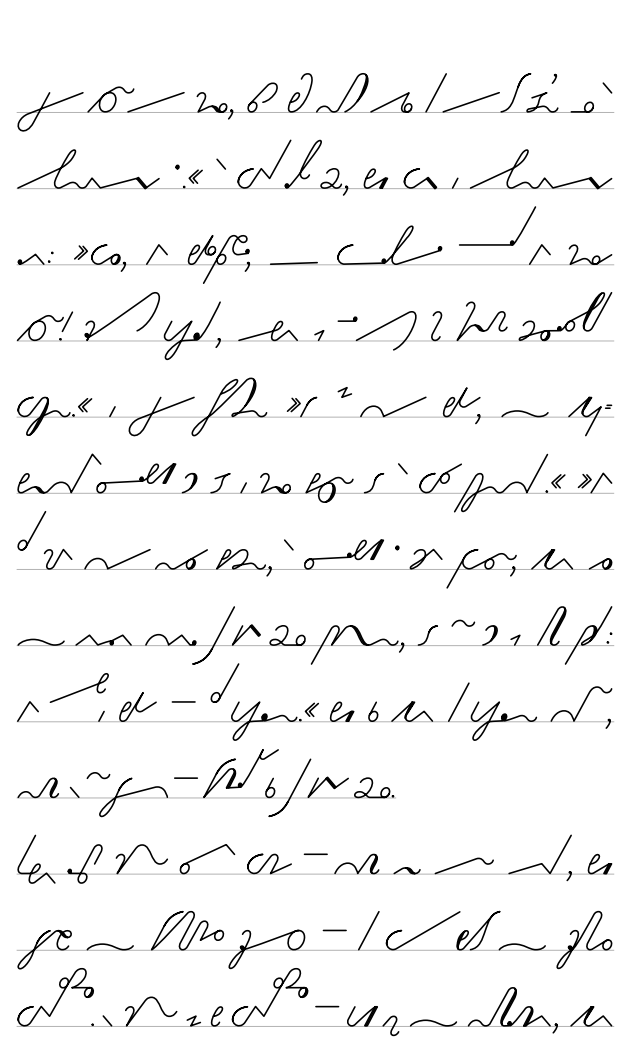
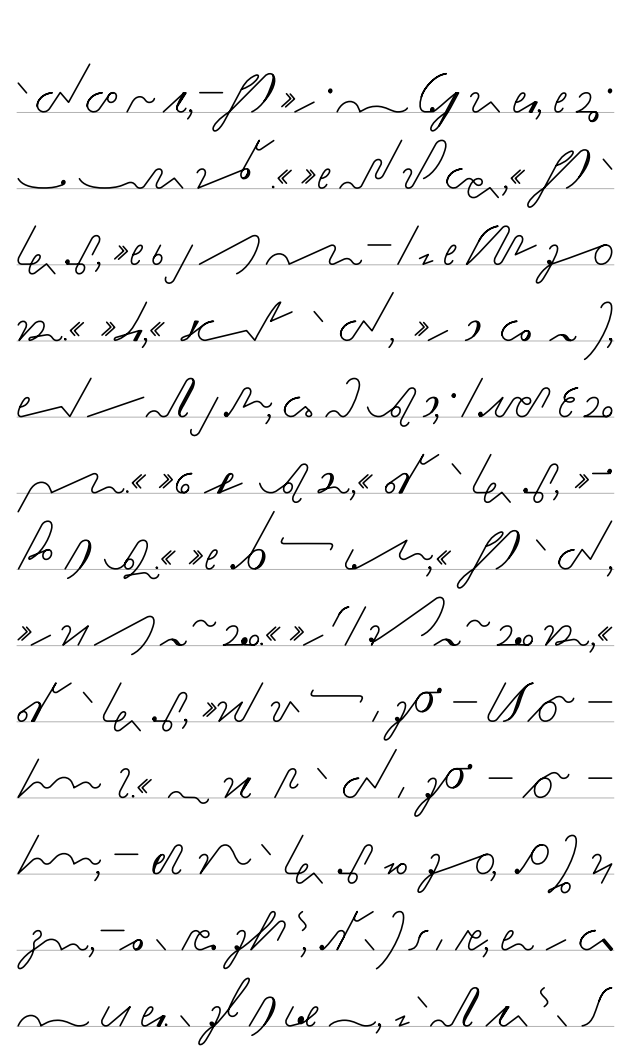
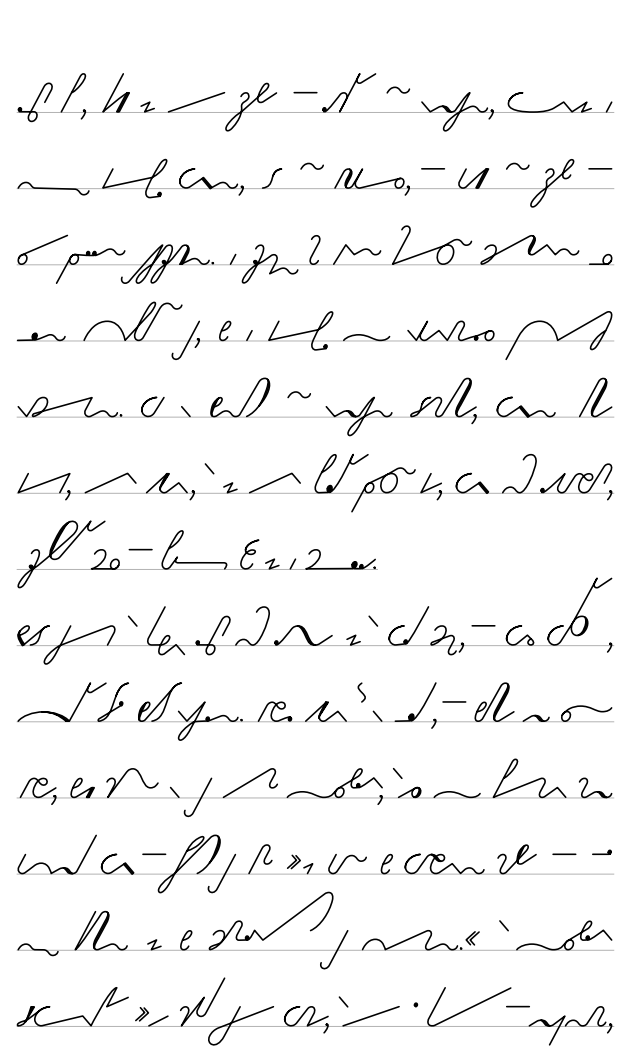
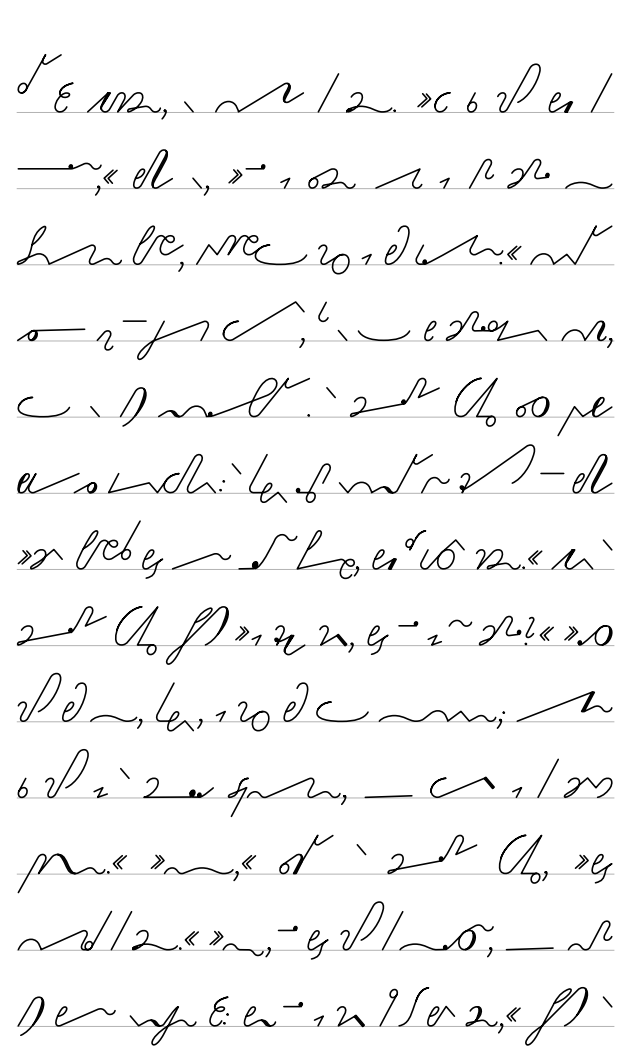
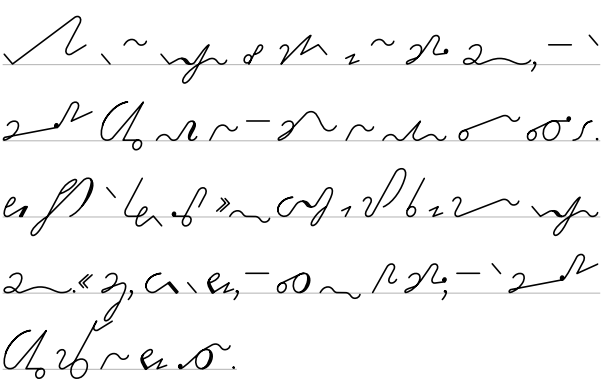










82.

De Spielhansl.

Js is emohl e Mon gewön, der hot ninx us (als) g'spielt, und do hobend'n d' Leut nur in Spielhansl g'hoaßen, und wal (weil) e gor nit afg'hört zen spieln, se hot e san (sein) Haus und ullss (alles) vespielt. Hietzt (jetzt), nette (eben) in lötz-ten Tog, eh's iahm (ihm) d' Schuldne schon s' Haus hobend wögnehme willn, is unse Herrgout un de halli

Pedrus kemme und hobend g'sogt er sull's übe d' Nacht g'holte (bei sich behalten). Oft (da) hot de Spielhansl g'sogt »wögn meine kints do bleibn döi Nocht; ober i kong eng koan Bött und ninx z'össn (zu essen) gebn.« Oft hot unse Herrgout g'sogt er sulls ne (nur) g'holten, und söi willetn ian (ihnen) selbe wos z'össn kaffen; dos is in Spielhansl recht g'wön. Oft hot iahm de halli Pedrus drei Grouschn gebn, und er sull zen Böcke (Becker) gehn und e

Brod huhln. Hietzt is hullt (halt) de Spielhansl gonge, wie er aber ze den Haus kemme is, wou die onnen Spiellumpn drin g'wön sand, döi iahm ullss ogwunge hobnd, do hob'ns n g'ruefft und hobend g'schrien »Hansl, geh ahne (herein).« »Jo,« hot e g'sogt, »willt's me die drei Grouschn a non ogwinge.« Döi hobnd'n obe (aber) nit ausg'lossn. Hietzt is e hullt anhi (hinein) und oft hot e die drei Grouschn a non vespielt. De halli Pedrus und unse

Herrgout hobnd ollewall (immer) g'wortt, und wie er ian z'long nit kemme is, sand's iahm intgögn gonge. De Spielhansl obe, wie e kemme is, hot ton us wenn iahm's Geld in ne Locken (Lacken) g'folln war, und hot ollewall drin herumkrobbelt: obe unse Herrgout hots schon g'wisst, daß e's vespielt hot. Oft hot iahm de halli Pedrus non mohl drei Grouschn gebn. Hietzt hot e sie obe nimme veführn losse und hot ian s' Brod brocht. Oft hot'n unse Herrgout

g'frogt wou e koan'n Wein nit hot, do hot e g'sogt »u, Herr, d' Fasse sand alli laar.« Oft hot unse Herr-gout g'sogt er sull ner in Költe (Keller) ohi (hinab) gehn, »is is non de böst Wein int.« Er hots long nit glaubn willn, obe af d'löst hot e g'sogt »i will ohi gehn, ober i woaß«s daß koane int is.« Wie er obe's Fassl onzapft hot, se is de böst Wein ausse g'runne. Hietzt hot er ian in Wein brocht, und döi zwoa sand übe d' Nocht do blieb'n. In onnen Tog, in de

Früe, hot unse Herrgout zen Spielhansl g'sogt, er sull sie (sich) drei Gnodn ausbittn. Er hot g'moant, er wird sie 'n Himmel ausbittn, obe de Spielhansl hot bettn um e Korntn, mit der er ullss g'wingt; um Würfl, mit den er a ullss g'wingt, und um en Bam (Baum), wou ullss Oubst draf wochst, und wonn oane (einer) affi steigt, daß e nimme ohe kon (herab kann), bis er iahm's schofft (befiehlt). Hietzt hot iahm unse Herrgout ullss gebn, wos e velangt hot

un is mit'n hallin Pedrus wiede fuert (fort).

Hietzt hot hult de Spielhansl erst recht zen spieln ongfongt, und hätt bold d' halbeti Welt zomg'wunge. Oft hot de halli Pedrus ze'n unse Herrgoutn g'sogt »Herr, dos Ding tuet koan guet, er g'winget af d'löst non (noch) d'ganzi Welt; me müssn iahm in (den) Toid schickn.« Hietzt habend's iahm in Toid g'schickt. Wie de Toid kemme is, is de Spielhansl nette be'n Spieltisch g'sössn; oft hot

de Toid g'sogt »Hansl, kimm e Bissl ausse.« De Spielhansl obe hot g'sogt »wort nur e Bissl, bis dos G'spiel aus is, und steig dewall e weng af'n Bam do affi und brouck uns e wengerl wos o, daß me afn Wög wos z'noschn hobn.« Hietzt is hullt de Toid affi g'stiegn, und wie e wiede hot ohi wille, hot e nit kinne, und de Spielhansl hot'n sieben Johr droubn lossn, und dewall is koan Mensch nit g'storbn.

Oft hot de halli Pedrus zen unsen

Herrgoutn g'sagt »Herr, dos Ding tuet koan guet, is sterbet jo koan Mensch mehr; mir müessn schon selbe kemme.« Hietzt sand's hullt selbe kemme, und do hot iahm unse Herrgout g'schofft daß er in Toid ohe lossn sull. Oft is er obe glei gonge und hot zen Toid g'sogt »geh ohe,« und der hot'n glei g'numme und hot'n okragelt (erwürgt). Oft sands mit enonne fuert und sand in d'onneri Welt kemme, do is hullt man (mein) Spielhansl zen Himmel-

toir gonge und hot onkloupft. »Wer is draußt?« »De Spielhansl.« »Ach, den brauche me nit, geh ne wiede fuert.« Oft is e zen Fegfuirtoir gonge und hot wiede kloupft. »Wer is draußt?« »De Spielhansl.« »Ach, is is e so (ohne das) Jomme und Noit g'nue be'n uns, mir willn nit spieln; geh ne wiede fuert.« Of is e zen Hüllntoir gonge, und do hobn's n anhi lossn, is is obe niamd dehoambt g'wön, us de olti Luzifar und krumpn Tuifln (die g'rodn hobn af de

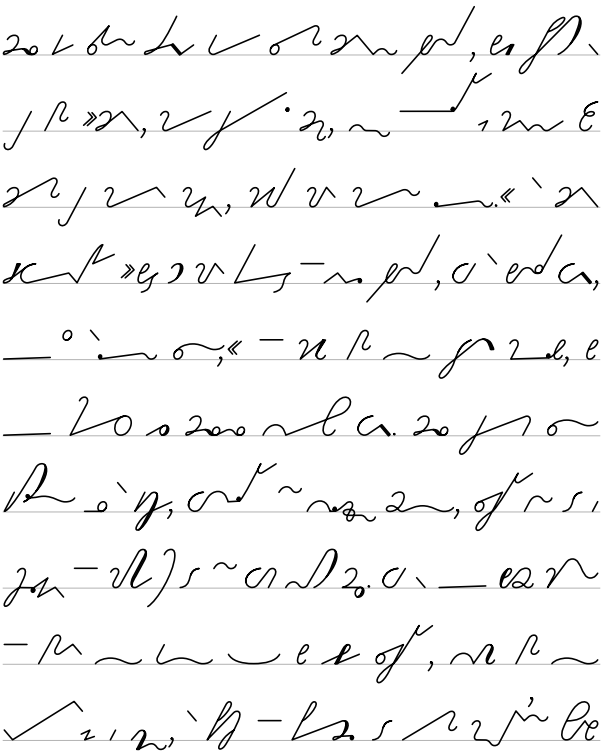
Welt z' toan g'hot), und oft hot e si glei ine (nieder) g'sötzt und hot wiede zen spieln ong'fongt. Hietzt hot obe de Luzifar ninx g'hot, us sani krumpn Tuifln: döi hot iahm de Spielhansl ogwunge, wall e mit sann Kortn ulls hot g'winge müeßn. Hietzt is e mit sann krumpn Tuifln fuert, und oft sand's af Hoihefuert (nach Hohenfurt), und hobnd d' Houpfnstange ausg'rissn und san demit zen Himml affi und hobnd zen wägn ong'fongt; und hietzt hot

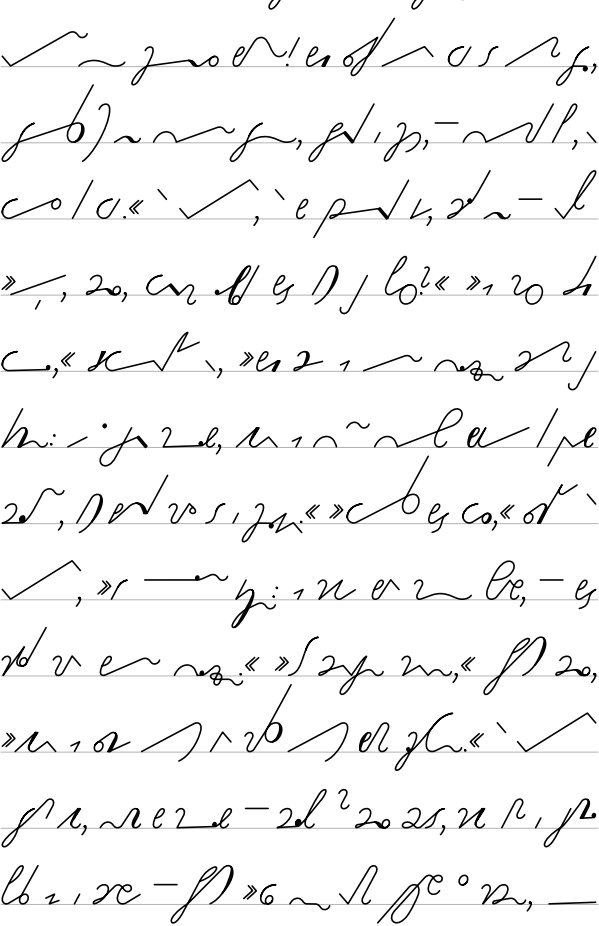
de Himml schon krocht (gekracht). Oft hot de halli Pedrus wiede g'sogt »Herr, dos Ding tuet koan guet, mir müeßn ne anhe (herein) lossn, sunst werfet er uns in Himmel ohi (hinab).« Hietzt hobnd's 'n hult anhi lossn. Obe de Spielhansl hot glei wiede zen spieln ong'fongt, und do is glei e Lärm un e Getös won (worden), daß me san oagns Wort nit vestondn hot. Oft hat de halli Pedrus wiede g'sogt »Herr, dos Ding tuet koan guet, wir müßn ne ohi

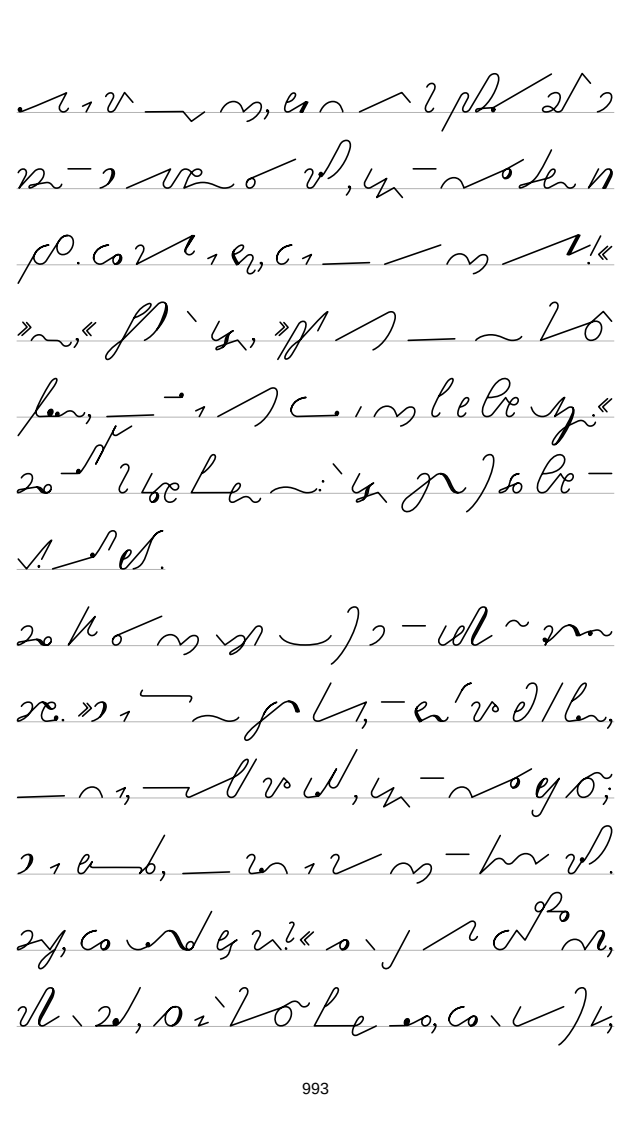
werfen, er machet uns sunst in gonzn Himl rewellisch.« Hietzt sands hullt her und hobnd'n ohe g'worfn, und da hot sie san Seel z'toalt (hat sich seine Seele zerteilt) und is in d'onnen Spiellumpen g'fohrn, döi non (noch) bis date lebnd.

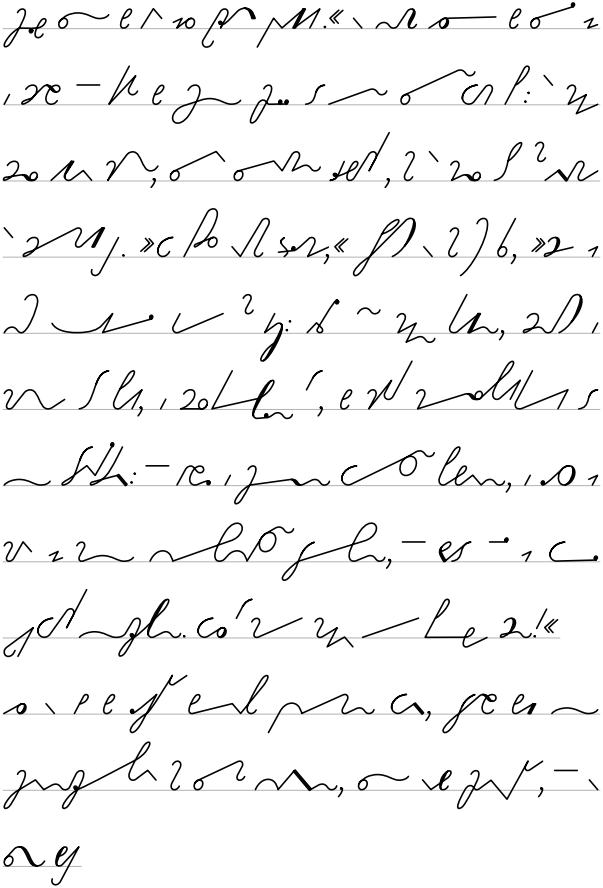
83.

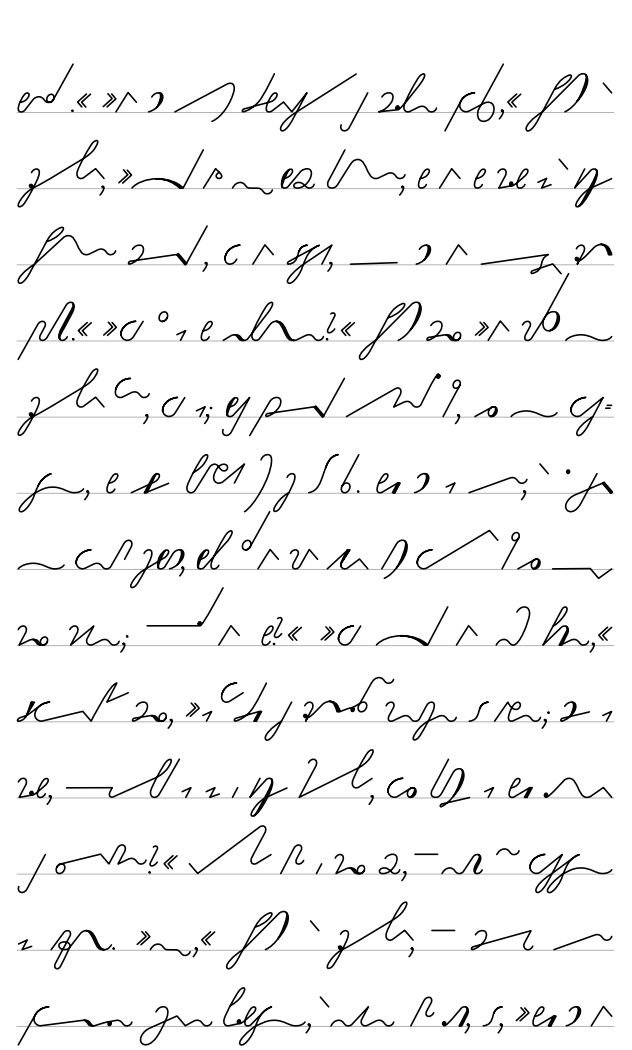
[illegible]

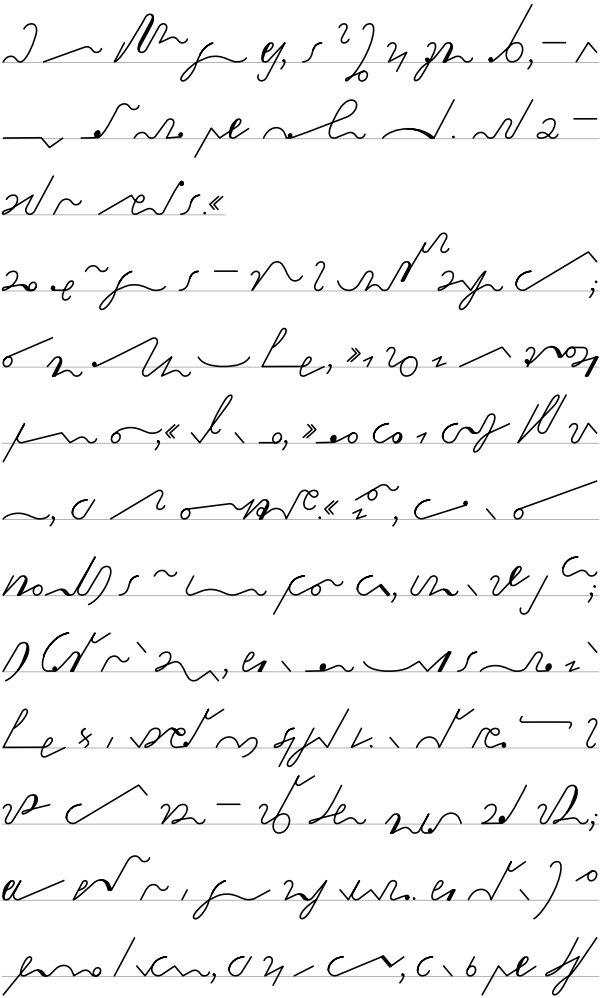












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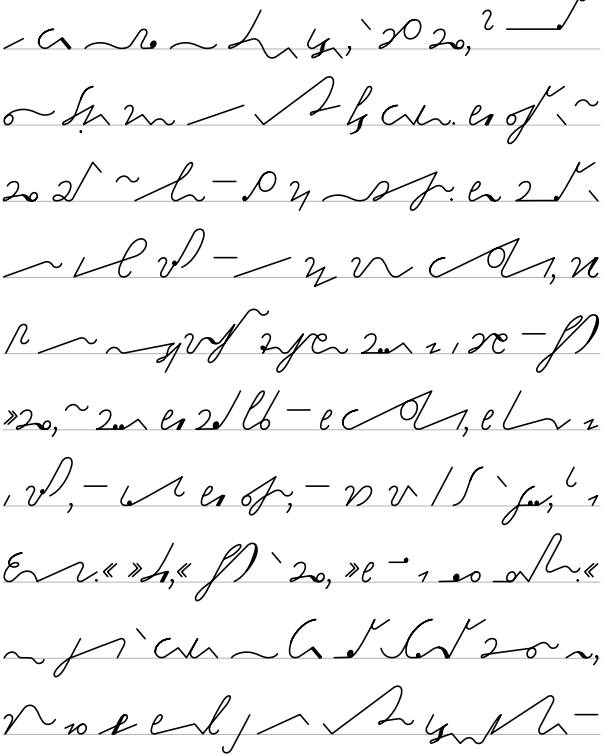

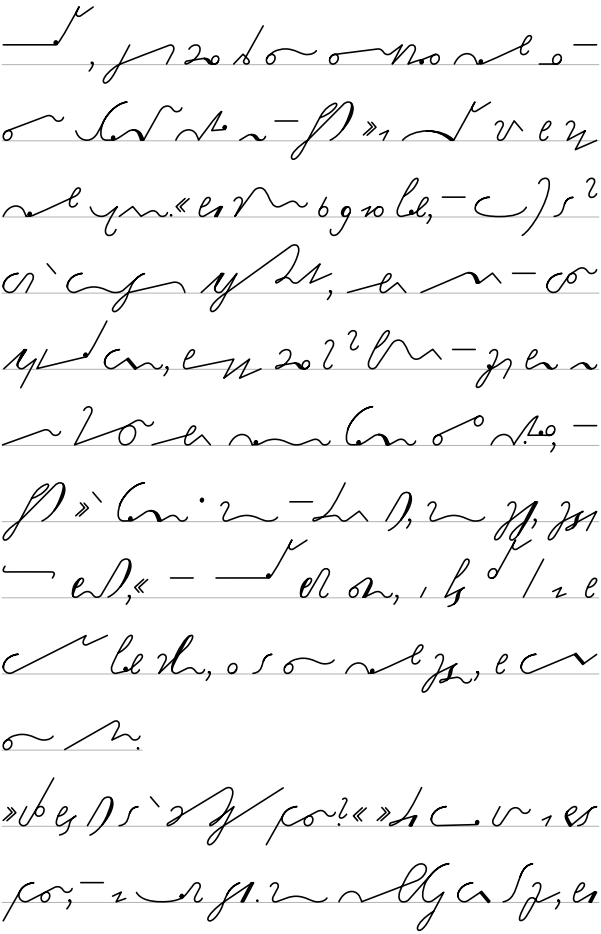

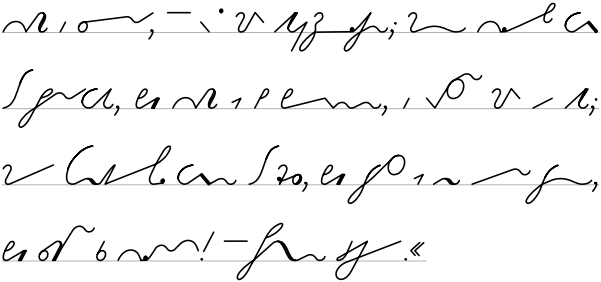

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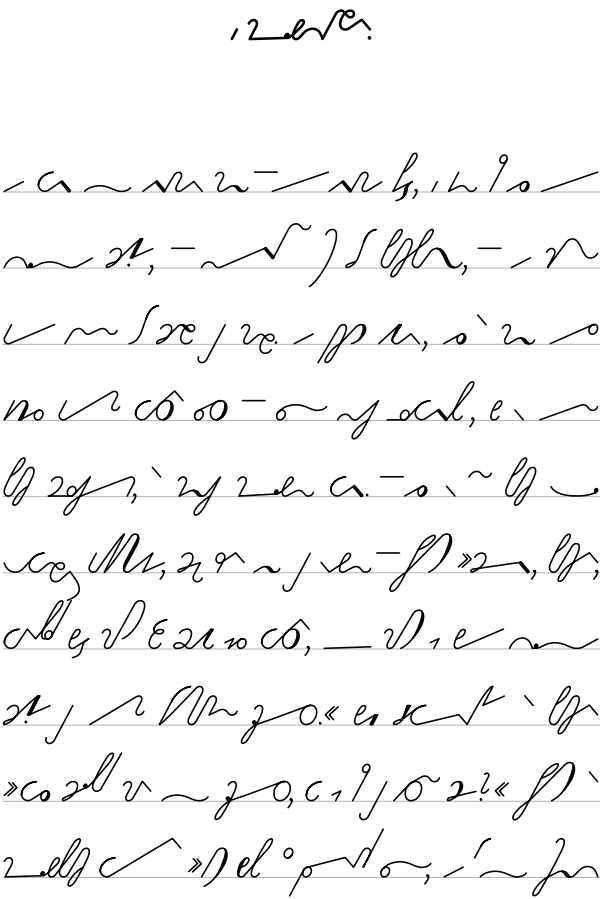

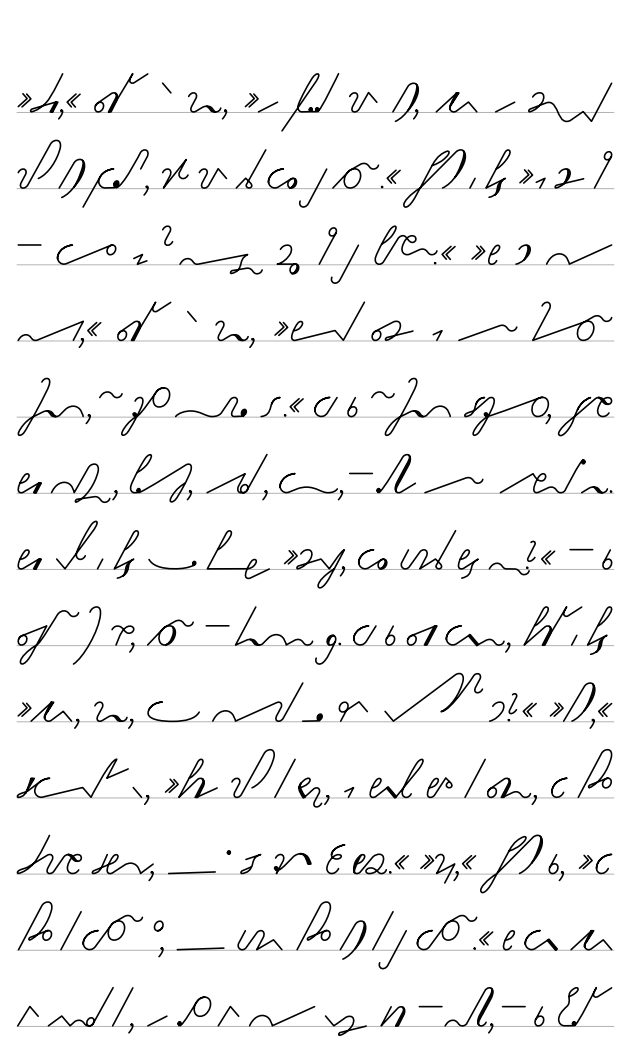

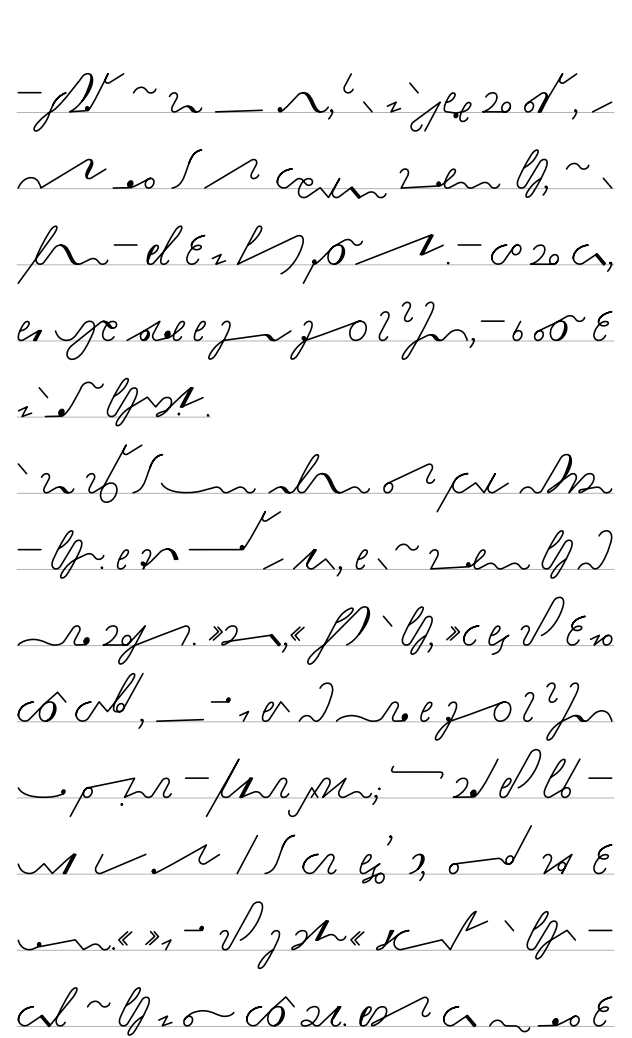

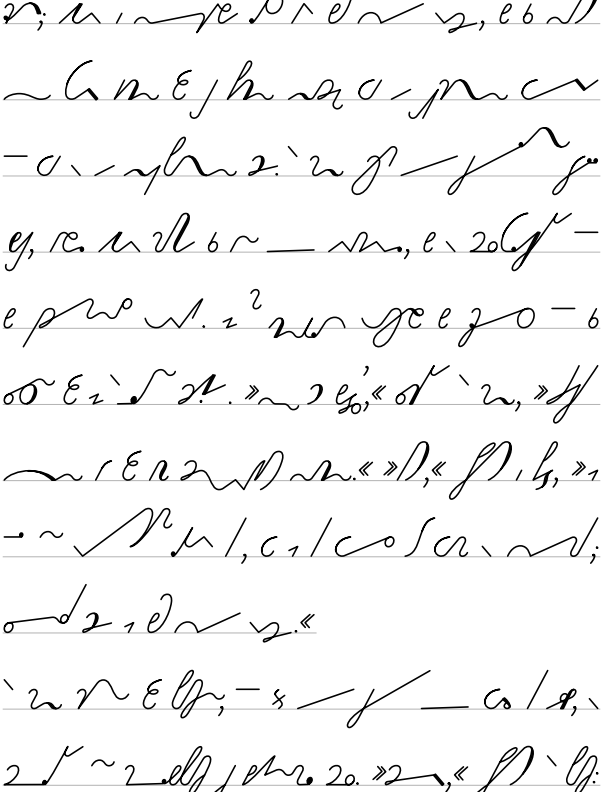

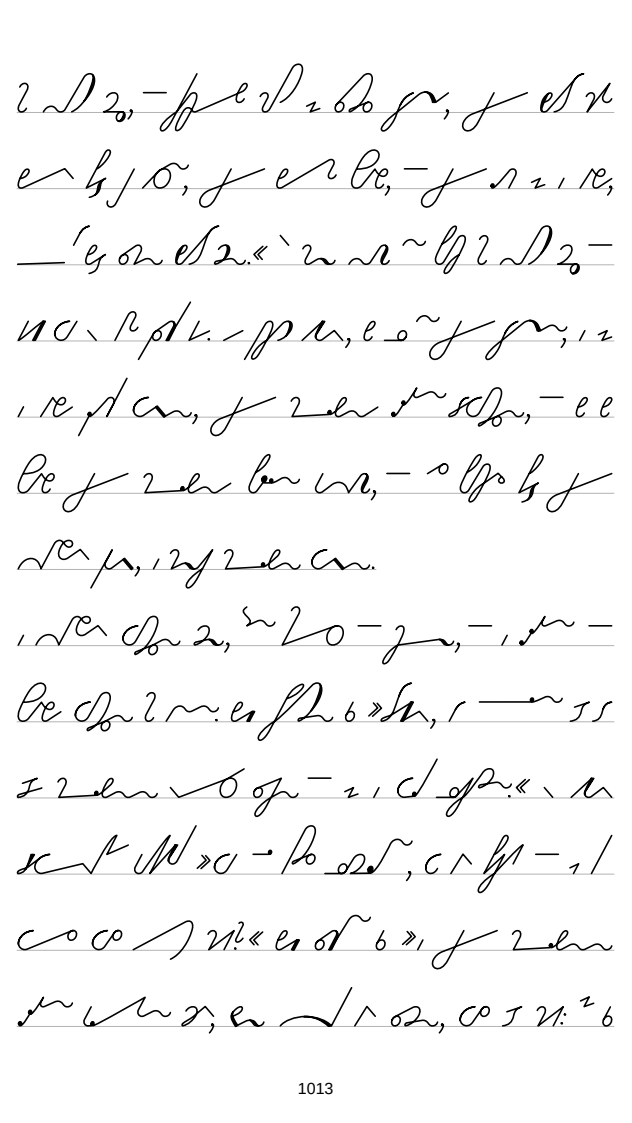

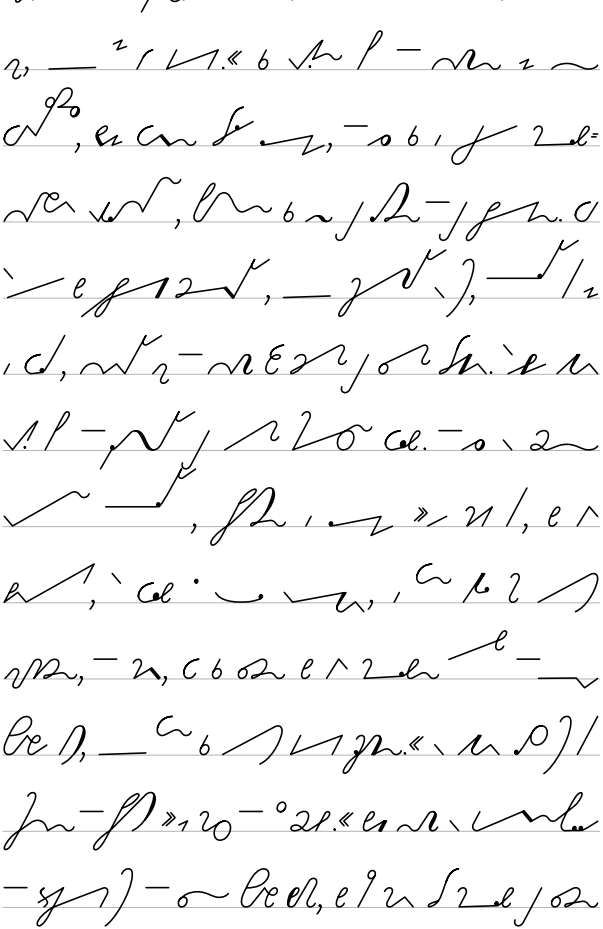

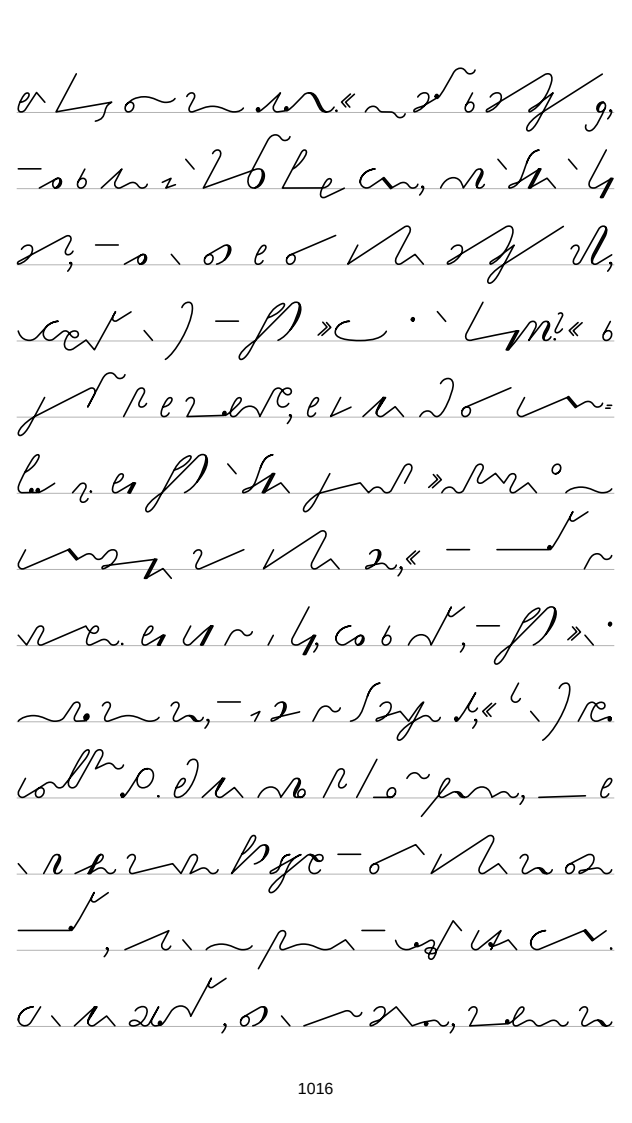

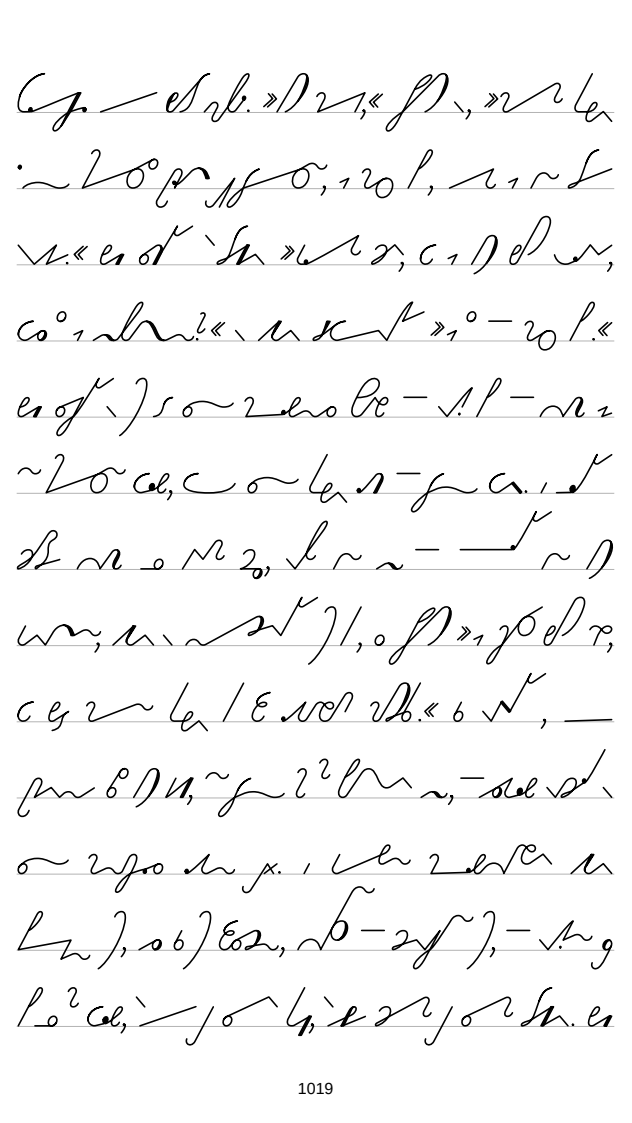

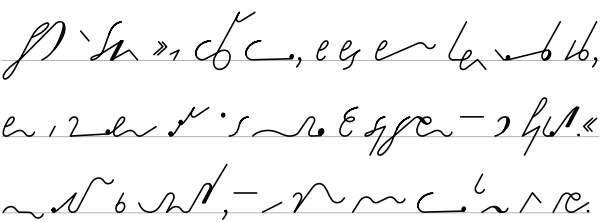

86.

Ho-Zao.