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## Aus 'n Deanstbotnlöbn.

D' Daberger Lisl is dö Tag vo da Stadt zruckfemma, wo s' an ötla Jahr ba vaschiedene Herrschafn in Deanst gwön is. I bi mit 'n Dabergaleutn recht guät an, drum geh i öftas a weng in Hoagartn umi und so hat 's sö sie g'schickt, daß i grad den Tag drent gwön bi, wia d' Lis hoamfemma is. Nu, an iads wa schan bal a weng valögn gwön, wia mar ins grüaßt ham und als wann mar oan Gedanka ghabt hättn — an iads ham ma nah dera Maurseitn abigschaut, wo 's Menschafensta is und mir is 's in Geist vürkemma i steh dort und 's Lisl habt ma dö böttwarm Hand aua. So an Unsinn. Das is amal gwön, abar iaß, wo i schan lang — — — ah, laß mar das! Sie muaß mar 's ankenntn habn, wia mir gwön is, drum hat s' gsagt: „Geh, Seppl, siß Dih nieda und leist uns a weng Gföllschast.“

„Mit Balaub!“ is mei Röd gwön und aft han i mih niedalass'n. „Nu,“ han i nacha d' Lis g'fragt, „wia is 's dar denn ganga in da Stadt?“

„Na, so anmitta und zeitweis ölendi.“

„Wa nöt aus! Ma moanat, in da Stadt müat 's oan viel bössa gehn, wia ban ins da, wo d' Schinderei dahoam is?“

„Oh, da schneidst Dih,“ moant s', „sollst na dö vaschiedna ‚Gnädign‘ kenna lerna, o mei Mensch, da gibts Bockfella drunta.“