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## P. Marcus Holter.



### Dö heili Nacht.<sup>1)</sup>

Erzählung einer alten Bäuerin.

As is doh, wann mäs recht betracht,  
Å schene Sach um dö heili Nacht.  
Drauht pfeift dá Wind, alsdick fallt  
dá Schnee,  
Wias halt dá Wintá treibt, má woaf's  
voneh.  
Schauts enk abár á bißl um  
Drinn in dá warmá Stubn,  
Da is's glei andás — d' Kindá hupfen und springán  
Und lärmán und singán,  
Und hellroth vor Freud dö Wängerl gloßen,<sup>2)</sup>  
Ös is wir á Garten vo lautá Rosen.  
Wia funnts denn á nur andás sein?  
Kimmt denn 's Christkindl nöt und lögt eahn was ein?  
Å Kind bin i áh gwön, 's is freili schan á schene Zeit,  
Abár ös steht nix auf übár á rechte Kindäfreud,  
Und wann Weihnachten kimmt, ast wir i gschwind  
Auf án ötlá Stund á fernfrischs Kind.  
Gan heili Nacht abá, wann i stoanalt wir,<sup>3)</sup>  
Gane vägisz i mein Löbtá nia.  
Das is gwön á ráre heili Nacht —  
's Christkindl hat uns was gnummá, anstatt was bracht. —  
Da schauts — mein! herts mår á bißl zua,

<sup>1)</sup> Die heilige (Christ-)Nacht. <sup>2)</sup> glühen. <sup>3)</sup> wenn ich auch das höchste Alter erreicht habe (steinalt werde).