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Wir i wach wir von Trám,  
 Bin i weit von dáham,<sup>1)</sup>  
 Sit i weit von mein'n Schaß  
 Auf án'n oanschichtign Plaz.

Mit mein'n Glück is's nig worn,  
 s' Wan hat s' Andre wáloru,  
 D' hoafte Liab dö is z' End,  
 Dá kalte Frost hats wábrennt.

I her á Glockn anschlagu,  
 Sö thoan án'n Todn hertragn;  
 I möcht in Sarg drinnát sein,  
 Grabts mi ein, grabts mi ein!

### s' Traunstoan-Hoamweh.

Vorn Gärtl steht án altá Bám,  
 Da halt i gern mei Ruah,  
 Da steh i oft als wir in Trám  
 Und woafz nót was i thua.

Ja d' Vögerl singán vollá Freud,  
 Drum is's mei liabstá Plaz,  
 I siach ön Traunstoan vo dá Weit,  
 Der is mei altá Schaß.

Wir oft, wir oft hat d' Ähnl gsagt:  
 „Du wirst foan'n Fried nót göbn,  
 Bis dáß di s' Traunstoan-Hoamweh packt,  
 Dös wirst nót los dein Löbn!“

I habs nót glaubt, i hab má denkt:  
 Dö Alte is á Narr,  
 Sie woant und hats foan Mensch nót fränkt,  
 Und recht hats ghabt! 's is wahr.

<sup>1)</sup> daheim.