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hüaselt eahm eini: „Sefferl, i — i heirat Di af
da Stöll, ast bist a Prinzessin, wirst a Fürstin,
kriagst lauta nobligs Gwand und seine Speisn!“

„Mei Herr, dös wa aba schen! Aba na, es gang
ja nöt!“ sagt s' völli trauri.

„Wögn wö denn nöt, han, Schatz?“ wispelet
da Damian und drückt s' zuwi zu eahm.

„Ja, weil i dahoam ollweil d' Dar ausnimm
und wann i wögheirat, woaz neamd, wo d' Heahr⁴
eahne Nösta ham.

„Das wird si macha lassn. Dindl, i hab Dih
gern zun Dadručka. Sag ja' und i schenk Dar oa
Gschloß um das ana!“

„I han Dih eh ah gern,“ moant 's Dindl draf
schen gschami und ast habn sie si z'samm, dö zwoa,
und da Damian drückt ihr das erst Bužl aſi. Wiar
er 's Sefferl auslaſt, sagt s': „Geh, hab Dih nu
amal zuwa!“

„Hast halt doh so viel Liab zu mir?“ fragt da
Prinz.

„Nu ja, abar weilst halt gar so a guat schmöckats
Gwand hast.“ Draf habn sie si wieda z'samm.

„Ja, was siahg i denn da!“ schreit da Lettmoar
hintar eah.

„Jesß Marian, da Vada!“ ruuft 's Mensch und
da Damian fahrt ah z'ruck, als wann 'n a Nadan
bissn hätt.