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mei' Jagdgeschlößl „Hirschleitn“, dort bleibn ma banand, bis da Sengstmann in Badan 's Zepitar aus da Hand schlägt.“

„Abar zerst muaß i 's Deine Muada nu a weng abarama, dös Gröba,“ sagt 's Mentsch.

„Bitt Dih, laß 's guat sein! Sie reiẗat Dar dö ganzn Zottn aus.“

„Geh, Du bist ah a Locherl, wannst Dar olls gfalln laßt, und mörk das, a Bua, der sei Diandl z'sammshimpfn laßt, is a doppelta.“

„Sei stad und gehn mar!“

„Na, na, i geh schan nimima mit ah! I will a Kindal nöt um sei' Muada bringa. Gehn mar wieder ausanand, wenigstens hast an Hoamgang!“

„Und Dei Liab?“ fragt da Damian schichti.

„Is Deine Schneid nahgrennt,“ sagt s'. „Geh nur alloan af Hirschleitn, woaßt, a Liabschaft ohne Sögn mag i nöt!“

„Sefferl, wann dös Dei' Ernst is, aft daschoiß i mih!“

„Ja, es is mei' Ernst, also daschoiß Dih, wannst nöt a Mäulmacha bist!“

„Wann i nar a Bürgn da hätt, i tats schan, daß D' as sehast, wia gern i Dih han!“

„Dort hängt eh oani!“ macht 'n 's Diandl afmörksam und zoagt in Schloßgang af a Maur hin.

„Abar wer woaß 's, ob s' glasn is,“ macht si da Prinz d' Musröd.

„Pfui Teufl, scham Dih! So schen als D' bist