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Den da Fremd siagst wo a Fleckal
Das oan g'fallt — willst ehrli sein,
Uba af da Welt kann's nirgends
So s'chen wie ön da Hoamat sein.

Hansberg, September 1927.



D' Hoamat.

So s'chen is Dein Hoamat, schauft hin wodawöll,
Das Bachal is da Puls und da Wald is dö Seel,
Dö Berg'n san dö Lungan, müassen stark sein wie Erz
Und 's Tal drunt, dö's liabe, is' da Hoamat ihr Herz.

's gibt nix nach da Muada, was so heilt und groß,
Als wie dö liab' Hoamat, dö Dir liegt ön Schoß,
Dö Hoamat is' ja, wo'st vom Muadaleib her
's erstemat ön d' Welt g'schaut, vagiß nimmamehr.

Und druckt Di holt 's Herzload öfters ön Leb'n,
Steig afi af d' Bergal, schau abi ön d' Eb'n,
Woan Di bitterli aus, wann Dein Herz öfters wund,
Dein Hoamat, dö liabe, macht Di ja wieda g'sund.

Hansberg, September 1927.



Hoamat, di han i gern . .

Deine Berg'n und Deine Hügaln,
Grüaß'n oba überall
Und dö Bachaln habn's gar trawi,
Obi af eahn Weg ön's Tal.
Und Dein Wald, der rauscht voll G'hoamnis,