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## D' Liab.

Mein Gott, d' Liab is so viel süaß,  
Wer's kenna g'lernt hat, woaß,  
Wann's oan packt mit olla Kraft,  
. . dö's is koan G'spoaß.

Langsam roast's ön Herz'n zuwa,  
Dö echte Liab kimmt net so gach,  
Uba steckl's amal ön Dir drinn,  
Salt sö sö schein zach.

Lernst a so a Diandl kenna,  
A Mühlwiatlarin, van g'sund'n Schlag,  
Muakt ollweil an sie nua denka  
. . Nacht und Tag.

Woast oft net vielleicht, wiast dran bist,  
Druckst Di uma, weh' und bang,  
Teufel! Du, dö's geht ön's G'müat oft,  
Weit fahl't's nöt und Du bist krank.

's schmeckt Dir koan Ess'n, hast koan Schlaf nöt,  
's g'freut Di nir, ös hat koan G'schma,  
Hast a so an hoamlig'n Kumma,  
. . 's geht Dir was a.

Hat Dir's Diandl d' Liab eing'stand'n,  
Luast an Fuchza volla Freud'n,  
Hast ön Himmel auf da Erd'n  
. . . und volla Geig'n.

Schau's Di mit dö liab'n Neugerln,  
So trauli an grad, wannst as halst,  
Druckst a Bussal af ihr Munderl  
. . . daß grad schmalzt.