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U wunderbore Stroß'n.

Die fohrstroß'n noch Treff'n is heuer wieder fein,
ma glabat's nit, wonn ma's nit siecht;
in zwa Stund'n, stott aner, konnst keman hinein,
wonn unterwegs dir ka Rad'l nit bricht.

Jo wos is denn, daß die Stroß'n gor nir nit taugt?
„Jo weil,“ sogt der Postillon, „der Stroß'neinramer
stehn tuat und schaugt.“

Nachst, g'lod'n zu an Fest, bin um sechsse i weg
und hätt' in Töbring um sieb'ne soll'n sein;
sunst is dos a G'spaß, — ober heuer „beim Bäck“
bin umer a neune i keman hinein.

„Is gonz begreift,“ sogt der Tscheini, „warum de Stroß'n
nir taugt,
den Stroß'nmaster hon i g'seg'n, wia er geh'n tuat
und schaugt.“

Ma sogt, 's Lond hot ka Geld nit
und für de Stroßnan is holt nir nit zan kriag'n;
jo, wos mochen's mit de hoch'n Umlog'n, i bitt',
noch höhere kunnt ma jo nit mehr dazig'n.

„Ah,“ sogt der Zernatt, „dos is nit, daß die Stroß'n
nir taugt,
i hon den Inschenier wieder g'seg'n, wia er fohr'n
tuat und schaugt.“