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Imprint:

Director: Mag. Renate Plöchl

Deputy director: Mag. Julian Sagmeister

Owner of medium: Oberösterreichische Landesbibliothek

Publisher: Oberösterreichische Landesbibliothek, 4021 Linz, Schillerplatz 2

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Unsern Hörmann!

Grad so, als wia 's bein Büchserl is:
An Druck, an Blits, an Hall,
So schoißt ins d' Liab aus 'n Herz'n gwiß
Jns Landlein z' Berg und z' Tal.

An Druck an föst'n mit da Hand,
An Blits in d' Augnan drein,
An Juchaza, daß 's hallt in Land,
A lustigs Uivatschrei'n.

Und weil ma 's öbbs nöt anders tean
Und g'lad'n hand allsand,
So muaf 's — dem liab'n Sechz'ga z' Ehr'n —
Hirtz krachet wern in Land!

Einz.

Hans Ernest.



An Leopold Hörmann.

Ob der Enns is a rebiges Völk,
Däs singt an der Traun und am Inn,
Ah in Mühlviertl kinan sie's prächti,
In Hausruck wachst a lebfrische Sinn.

Wia oft war i gasseln da drentn,
Mei' Hoamatl is ja nit weit,
Und was i aft gsehgn und dalost han,
Däs hat mi schon aufrichti gfreut:

Das richtige Wohlgefalln am Leb'n,
An alln, was brav is und recht,
Dö Art is so stark wia die Felsn,
Eahn Weis wia die Wasserl so echt.

A so bist ah Du samt Dein' Singa,
Wia kunts denn ah andersta sein —
Der Woaz wird allweil wia sein Bod'n
Und guat wia die Rebn der Wein.

Hans Fraungruber.

