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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CLIPSRYMKES ***

CLIPSRYMKES,

FEN

H.G. VAN DER VEEN.



TO FRENTJER, BY
W.J. BRUINING, Kz.
1846.

*De wereld is een hangklok: de slinger is 't vrouwelijk
geslacht en 't gewicht is de geldzak.*

Proeven van een Nieuw Satyrisch Woordenboek,
Vad. Letteroefeningen.

*Voor je 't rechte komt te weten,
Is je halve tijd versleten.*

WIRDTJE FOÄRAOF.

Clips-Rymkes! *scille jimme wol sizze, Læsers! Clips-Rymkes? dat is tjuster. Just, tjuster is 't, in dat woe 'k eack mey dit wird to kennen jaen. Ick hoopje mar, dat it jinge jimme fierder sjen scille, ljeacht wurde mey; in dat 't jimmen net giet, as mey 'n hopen buwcken, mey ljeachte opschriften (titels) in tjustere ynhalen.*

Freget min lyckwols neyer uetlizzinge fen 't wird, ick scil myn bæst er op dwaen, muwlk wirdt it yn allen sa klaer net, as oare foärredens: now, den mat dit eack mar ien clips-wirdtje foäraof hjitte.

De Hollâners neame socke rymkes Snavel-, (by forkoärtinge: snel, eygentlick beck, snou-) Punt- as Hekeldichtjes; as leawwer: hwat hja mey dy trye wirden sizze wolle, siz ik mey dit iene.

Eclips, as lyck as wy, Friezen, sizze: Clips-rymkes binne it, it iene is wol hwat tjusterer (bedecker) as 't oare, mar allegeärre draeye se sa folle wol, dat er hjirre as dære altiid wol ien rântje beditsten wirdt; howol 't ick just net op ien prick aof wil, ho 't it draeit, as ho 't it snijdt, declineert, aofwycket, neyerkomt, op graeden, menueten in seconden aof, lyck as de loftgeleerden in hymelkindigen. Mar dit wyt ick: lyck as er onderscheid ynne greate fenne Clipsen ynne Natuwr is, sa scil min hjir aeck onderscheid sjen: altiid binne myn Clipsen net allycke moay; dit hinget sims simpel fen 't waer aof.

Min hat ommers sa goe' waer (moay waer, inkelde daegen alheel gen waer) ynne boärgerlicke, sedelicke, steatkindige wrald in yn ues breinkasten as ynne Natuwt. (JEAN PAUL maake miniatur-clipsen yn syn huwshaldinge).^[A]

Dærby is de iene folle gouwer klear as de oare, mey to sizzen: "'t is ljeacht, as: "'t is tjuster!" kreckt as min 't sjucht by ien sinneclips, dy 't de kickerts oan 't raesen bringt, omt hja miene, dat de nacht harren oerfalt, wyl 't greater beesten, minder forfeard, stil de beusichheit fenne dey foartsette. Eack kin ien lytse clipse sims mear tumult meitse, as ien greate, as er mar klaer waer treft: dit seagen wy oan JAN KAREL JOSEPHUS VAN SPEYK, de 5 Feb. 1831, ynne heldere daegen fenne tjiendeysce fieltogt.—In waerd sa, by Napoleons tiiden, de lytse broederscip net beclipse troch 'e greate fryheid in gelyckheit?

Ién forsiik lyckwol, Læsers! to wyten: tink net, dat ick de iene as de oare mey dizze as jinge wirden op 't each hie, wol saecken. It rymke: "Op Immen," mey er de schyn fen hawwe, it wæsen ontbreckt er oan; went it is louter de weärrega fen Op Iemand (as Ingelinne). In is 't, da min sims by de earste læsinge mient, dat it wol sa is; as dat min net sjen ken, wær 't igge as ein fæst sit, yn 't jinge ick op pompier maulke—læs noch 'ris, in tink er ien byttje op ney, as 't jimmen beleaft! in jimme scille fornimme, dat ick my-sels faeker beclipse as ien oar. Ynne Natuwr giet 't ommers eack sa; went moânne- in sinneclipsen binne eygentlick ierdclipsen. Yn 't earste gefal blieowt er meastentiid noch al ien byttje ljeacht oer, in ien sinneclips is sims wol ris tiige great, mar noait totael: ien lytse bol ken ommers ien greate noait al heel in de al wey meitse; lytse ljeachten noait de greate al heel fortjusterje, it haldt mey ien lytse schymer al hird op: better ken ien great bol him sels beclipsje. Mochte it eack al ris barre, dat myn clipsen jimmen to swart, to tjuster in to gleuan as sa hwat binne—och, minscen! wol se hwat trogge fingers sjen, in tink: "hwa is er oppe wrald dy dær buwten kin?"

Duennega, 1845.

H.G. VAN DER VEEN.

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CLIPS-RYMKES

ABBECAET.

Sjucht min cometen oan'e stirt,
Ho dat har baenen binne,—
'k Lieouw dat min sa oan 't jild wys wirdt,
Ho 't 'e Abbecaten rinne;
Fen oare kleaten mey min 't dwaen,
Hjir ken nen minsc' de loop op jaen.

ADELDOM.

Fen 't adeldom? ho dom! neamt min de wysheit^[B] sa?
Brocht net de slange yn 't Haof den d' adel minscdom ta?
In dat wier ommers wiis:—de minsc moäst falle in stean:
'n Alle adels neam ik *dom*, dy *foar* as *ney* dy geaen'.

APEL.

Hwa 't alleman fordomt, omt ADEM apels mocht—!
Ick jaen myn tawird net:
'k Ha 't ADEM eack net jown, 'k hoopj 't hy yn 't jongst gerjucht
Yn my ién foarspraek het.

[Pg 6]

BEGJIN.

't Begjin hat nen begjin as ney ien fæst besluet,
In hwat it ein beschrieowt—socks wiist 't begjin faeks uet.

BEWIIS.

Is mannich troch 't bewiis net faek forbjustre racke,
Omt min mey ljeacht bij ljeacht, nen ljeacht mar schymer macke?

BUCHEL.

"Gebreckich, dy ien buchel hat!"
Dat lycket TRYN hwat geck ta:
"t Is oerfloed," seit se, "Ey ju!" sey TET,
"t Komt, 't each wol synes eack ha."

C.

It Hollâns hat nen C, ho scil min cint den schrieowe?
Sint! (hillich?) 't koe nen quea: cint sintet 'n hopen lieowe.

CHARON. ^[C]

Hwat hie 'k, aldman, foarhinne ien fear,
Dat bæst wier; hwat is 't now?
Forgees—de minscen kenne n't mear,—
Forgees is 't now, dat 'k schow.
'k Tochte earst, 'k lizz' foär myn alde dey,
'n Miljoen braspennings, ^[D] glædwey, wey:—
Romein in Griek dy hiene
By 't stalt; mar Jood in Christ'nen staen',
Mey lege buwssen 'n moaye klean;
Hwat scoen' dy schepsels miene!

[Pg 7]

Wyl 't ick it folle drocker ha,
(Min stoomt my 't folk bij fleten ta!)
'n Now minder yitte barre?
Ne, is de wraldmerk' mar ris oer,
As 'k harren eack ien reckning stjoer!
Forgees scil ick net farre.

'n Doärwaerder ('k sizz' 't har, dy hwat wyt)
Dy hat myn spil ynn' hannen;
In as it Hege Rjuchtshaof sit,
Den huwcht 't er net to spannen,
As 't is mar: "wey, mey him! (in foart)
"Hast' dy to wrald mey 'n oärmans goed,
Formacke in dien, man, bæstich!
Dat mast belye, hondert jier, ^[E]
Mienst 't Charon hjir dyn jonge wier?
Dær foär 's syn fear to laestich!"

[Pg 8]

Now, minscen! tink 'ris onderweis,
Ho blieow 'k 'n knap man de læste reis:
Tjien duiten binn' jimm' nedich;
As cinten binn't now—sândeheal—
't Is 't selde eack ho 't it hjit—'t prins'peal
Dat macket ues hjir fredich.

Fen ADEMS tiid is myn octrooi
My jown troch Gods genaede:
'n Yn 't earst wier 'k wol ien byttje loay;
Mar 'k waerd' sims eack oerlaeden
Mey swiere frachten ^[F] dærom seach

Ick, dat ien ink'len oars foart teach;^[G]
Mar dat bart now net langer,
'k Far now op Gods genaede ta,
In somt 'k by JEZUS hellinge ha,
Waerd 'k eack ien byttje stranger.

To fore sette ick wol ris oer
Foar 'n botsen, 'n blank as foar ien stoer,
Sims by de gratie allinne:^[H]
Mar 't swier fortimm'rjen twinget my,
(De berntjes blieow' noch lyckwols fry)
Dat mat ick eack wær winne.

In dærom, minscen! dwaen jimm' bæst,
Went, sycker, 't eintje draecht it læst:
"Steun op genaede allinne,
As jimme klear binn' mey de fracht;
Went CHRISTUS jouwt noukeurich acht,
Ho flytich dat we binne.

CINTEN CINTEN.

Cinten
Sinten'
't Christendom:
Christ'en
Christ'nen'
CHRISTUS om.

DEA.

Kenn' wy mey better feärman farre,
As dy ues ney de hymel bringt!
Wy blieowe eack den by him bewarre,
As schip in laeding yit forsinkt.

DOMENYS.

Och: *dom* en *nys*! sa ken min 't læse;
't Wier better *wiis* in *nys*, tocht' my:
Wier 't domme *nys*: (freamd) 't mocht sa wæse—
Mear *wiis* nys kaem fen domenys.

DROME.

JAN seit, dat 't libjen dromen is,
KLAES mient, 't is fier it plankjen mis;
Dat striidt as ljeacht in tjuster;
Mar ick sizz': drome in miene is ien,
Wirdt sliepend 't ien, 't oar weitsend' dien—
't Is beyde 't buwckjen bjuster.

EARE.

Muwlk is dit blinkjend goed
Dat 'e wrald foär echt forkleärret,
Meast all'geär' falsce munt
As de iiwichheit 't wirddeärret.

ECHT.

"De H foär echt,"
Seit HALBE, "is hecht:
'n De man is 't hoofd, sa tinkt it my,"
"In de S foar echt,"
Seit S_{IPK}, "klinkt sæcht:
Ick bin de hals, sa draey ick dy."
Nen letters—rjucht as krom,
Dy dope ien echte echt om.

EED.

Twæ fingers? hwat ien quea! sa doar min God oanroppe!
'n Falsce eed beswaerd mey 'n eed!—ién is er ommers boppe.
Tink oane schrift, dy seit: swaer by nen ding, mar sizz':
"Ja, né,"—mey 't hert—dat dær by muwlk forgotten is.

[Pg 11]

FARYSEE.

Bekeard yn wird; yn 't wæsen
In Ingel, foâr ien oar;
Mar net yn 't hert to læsen,
Went satan stiet 'er foar;
O! neam him och noch wé,
Mar simpel: Fariseé!^[1]

FRY-GOD (CUPIDO).

O guwchlery!
Fen pylkje in wjuck,
Hwat macket dy
Ues 't libben drock!

"Wird' ryck, wird wiis,
AS SALEMO!"
(Sa swetste, o biis!
ô Cupido!)
"Sa min as him
Strekt rie noch die,
As net myn stim
Wralds liedsman wie."

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Ho lyts—'n great biis,
ô Cupido!
Bist': ryck in wiis
AS SALEMO?!

Moarnsier, jounslet,
By nacht, by dey,
Hwa taogest' net
Fenn' goede wey!

Dyn eygen moer
(Godin dær 't wier!)
Hwat hold hja oer
Fen 't moai? nen sier,
Somt hja troch dy
Beguwich'le waerd:
VULKAEN—har fy—
Hat har forsmaed.

Fry wiern wij, biis!
Wierst' dow yn 't net:
Mar jong in griis
Hast dow forret

Forret, altiid;
't Is mickje in—sjit?
In dat ta spyt
Noch fryen hjit.

[Pg 13]

Ja, fryen, biis!
Dyn guwch'lery:
In ryck noch wiis
Is by dy fry.

't Is slaewerny,
Wol sæft, mar fæst:
Dyn wjuckjes—fy!
Wær jaen' se ræst?

Hwat libbet, sjucht
Al wær ney dy;

Ho schjin ues nocht,
Wy blieow' dy by.

Earst den is 't uet,
As 't kald gebient,
Him, lease guet!
Mey 't græf forient.

Neam 't fry den fryen,
O lytse biis!
"'t Græf eint ues lyen,"
Sizze ick, is wiis.

[Pg 14]

FYN.

Fyne noäskes, fyne tongkjes;
Fyne hoäskes, fyne schonkjes;
Fyne glæskes, fyne wyntjes;
Fyne mæskes, fyne lyntjes;
Fyne speckjes, fyne swaerdjes;
Fyne beckjes, fyne graedtjes;
Fyne spierkes, fyne luwdjes;
Fyne knierkes, fyne huwdtjes;
Fyne feltjes, fyne faldjes;
Fyne steltjes, fyne kraldtjes;
Fyne liiskes, fyne triëdtjes;
Fyne biiskes, fyne sniëttjes;
Fyne hoäntjes, fyne pripkjes;
Fyne kroantjes, fyne lipkes;
Fyne hantjes, fyne lockjes;
Fyne pantjes, fyne brockjes;
Fyne prikjes; fyne flockjes;
Fyne stickjes, fyne pockjes;
Fyne hattjes, fyne spiltjes;
Fyne mattjes, fyne prultjes;
Fyne snaeren, fyne waeren;
Fyne slypers, fyne knypers;
Fyn ... fyne ... er falt my net mear yn—
As...—groue minschen wirde fyn!

GEBOD. (ALFTE)

'k Hald m'oan 'e tjien geboden Gods,
'k Steun op syn frye genaede,
In CHRISTUS is myn deel, myn rots;—
'k Belyd', 'k bin swier belae
Mey sondenschuld fen fleisch in bloed....
"Mar mey 'k je den ién rie jaen, SJOERD?
Nim 't alft' gebod er yit noch by:
Foryff'lje nimmén—God noch my!"

[Pg 15]

GECKOANSTECKEN.

As 'k sizz': de "jonkheit brânt yit, grien,
De griisheit toär in heal forgien,
Ho alder noch ho gecker".
Bin 'k den *geckoan*, as bin 'k ien *geckoanstecker*?

GRIIS, GRIIZ.

Is griis net griis in wiis,
Den 's griis ien griize griiz.

HERT.

Dit 's 't oerglæs fenne siel, dær bloed troch rint as sân,
Min foun yit folle al uet, foaral in Ingelân;
Mar 'n nye sielklock net, 'k lieow, dit rint eaek to fier:
Ién letter koe 't oars dwaen, as Ing'lân Ing'llân wier.

Fen *Poppenwier* ney *Dearsum*, rydt

Ien post by nacht in dey;
In opt 'e Directeur kreckt wyt,
Ho trou 't min 't oer 'e wey gean lit,
Juwch Hy dit oerglæs mey.

[Pg 16]

HONGER.

Elts' minsce hat hast ien hear,
In is foär 'n oar syn'n daof.
Mar honger kloppet oan,
In 't is—*ien kudde, ien g'loof.*

HONK.

Wy kry'boatse oppe wrald as bern,
In sette fry hwat schonk;
't Spant, dat min 't mey 'n oar fyne ken,
Foar 't 'e dea seit: *hjr is honk!*

ICK.

Hwat *ick* is, wyt ick net:
't Hjit fleisch in bloed yn 't libben;
Bin ick, as 't græf my hat,
Den huwd in hier in ribben?

IEN ICK.

't: "*Ien Ick*" is altiid frêâmd foar my;
Is 't eack nen nuewer stickje?
Went, as er immen trouwt, mat dy
Him-sels den yit *forickje?*

IMMEN. (OP)

Ynne hel binn' diwels, freuanen!
Diwelinnen binn' dær net:
Oppe wrald binn' dy fæst bleauwn, in
'k Lieow, dat min yn *dat* huws ien hat.

[Pg 17]

JAN IN.....

Wær is jow wyf fen dinne, JAN?
M myn f frou ... d dat is en Kuindersman.

JANEVER.

Is 't 't Fransc genèvre? *je*—ney 't Hollansc? Frysc? as Ingelsch?
Janever seit m'n op 't Frysc, op 't Ingelsc is 't læste ewwer;^[J]
Hja neam' jenever *gin*, gin! ewwer? ick woe leawwer
Dat 't Ingelsc ues gin^[K] wier, in 't ever-gin! frysc-ingelsc.

JILD.

God PLUTUS tuenket mey de wrald,
Hy is wolsteld, mar dom;
Oars bæste boaden, dy 't er haldt:
Faem VENUS wuerr't, in BACHUS-OM
Dy schoffelt now in den ien gong;
Mar PLUTUS bruwckt kald jild ta dong.
In omt dit roun is, komt it yit
Dat *hjr* sims neat in *dær* wær fiêrst to folle sit;
Ien inkeld sté hat mar fen pas:
Sa dwaende, jouwt ues wrald ien hopen misgewas.

NB. Fen PLUTUS, de *Jildgod*, fenne mansiike VENUS in fen BACHUSOM, dy swiete prieower, scil min, tink ick, wol mear wyte, as er hjir fen schreauwn stiet, to mear, dær 't 'er now al sahwat oeral fenne goderye leard wirdt.

[Pg 18]

KLEYSIICKTE.

De kleysiickte onder 't fee! hwa het er oait fen heärd!

'k Miend 't socks de minscen scheelde;
Mar—'k tink, dat har gekley de hymel oandien hat,
In 't dærom mear fordeelde.

KOLOANJE.

Koloanje Willemssoad!
Ien soad foär 't Haed fen 't Lan?
Is dat ien Christen oard—
't Giet boppe myn forstàn.

"*Koal-oan, ju!* alles breck,"
Sey BINSE, (mat min 't læse)
"Mat 'n Willems-soad genæse!"
Now, den is 't net sa geck!

KROADE (OPPE).

De stoomkunst rint yit fier!
In sjuch, ho feylich is 't:
Hjir sliapt de passegier
In droomt de machinist.

LAMPEN. (SPAR)

Ja, oalje-dom wier de alde dey;
(God mey 'r ues foär bewarje!)
Do barnden lampen de oalje wey,
Now haw' wy goed, dy-sparje!

[Pg 19]

LICHME.

Ues lichme is aeydop lyck,
Myn freuanen! As wy steârre,
Is 't neat; went 't iiw'ge pyck
Komt uet 'e siel, de deârre.

LJEACHTMIS.

Fy, all'gearr, 't ljeachtmis, ald in ny?
Né, hwat ick lieow, dat lieow ick net:
Dit neam ick sins-forbjustery,
'n Dat 's 't tjusterst tjuster dat min hat.

MAL.

Net altiid in oeral,
Mar is 't net faek 't gefal:
Ien bastert 't mal fen 't mal?

MATTH. 7:21.

O grouel, dy dit wird forjit!
Al: "Heare, Heare!" ropt, mar lit
Al hwat de Heare ues hjir belæste:
Is 'n Heareschreeuwer net op wey—
Wær sa'n ien den belânje mey,
Dy God lit dwaen, om sels to ræsten!?

MINSCEN.

De minscen, weagens lyk, dy troch Gods asem rinne,
Geane op in del ney 't græf; in schomje en bruwze mear,
Ney 't hja yn rommer sé as oan 'e kusten binne:
'n *Hjir* duwck't ien as ien berch, in *dær* ien as ien fear!

[Pg 20]

N.N.

Ken m'n onbekend uet N.N. læse,
De greatste N.N. mat God wol wæse.

NEYGEANDE.

Neygeande is elts hjir, jong in ald,
Mey boase lust yn 't herte;
Neygeande! it is mar: "krye in hald!"
Nen Ingels kin 't belette.
Hwat Ingels! Doom'nys leare ues 't quea,
Hja wiise ues sels de wey
Yn 't neygean: sjuch! ien earne dea
Giet min oan 't græf ta ney.
Neygeande minsc! dyn neyste bloed,
As 't oan dyn kreft net leyt,
Dy haldste yn 't neygean net to goed,
As wier 't ynne iiwichheit!

NIMMEN.

Ick winksje nimmen dea;
Mar NIMMEN woe 'k, dat stoar;
Went dy docht alle quea
Foâr my en foâr ien oar.

OALICK.

Is oalick ('n oar belickt) behoarlick,
Den 's ommers eack 't wird: oalick: *oarlick*.

[Pg 21]

OANTROUWD.

Baas JAN forlear syn wijf;
de bern wiern' raer oerstjoer;
Mar JAN blieowt fry constant,
in treast't har om har moer.
"Ja, bern!" seit hy, fen sels
"jimm' mem—dat mat jimm' knelle;
Ick wier mar oan har trouwd,
mar 'k kin 't mar justjes stelle."

OMKOAL.

Ho ken min 'n omkoal sa forsmædsje!
Is den de hele wrald gen koal,
In dêr wy allegearr' ney aedsje?
Mar—omkoal rint *altiid* om koal.

P.S.

P.S. Post Scriptum (Ney-schrift) JAN?
't Prinspeal fen 't schrift meits ick er fen;
Went hwast my schrieowst, ho folle, ho min—
Forjits! 't P.S.—'t hat slot noch sin.

PEIL.

Onpeilbre sé, hjit *grondeloos*,
In noait is min 'r op druwchte racke;
Mar hjit ien minsce *sondeloos*—
Kin min dêr eack sa peil optrecke?

[Pg 22]

PINNE.

Schreaww mannich pinn' ris mey de fear—
(Schoan 't minder wie' to læsen)
'k Lieow, mannich schrift die net sa sear,
In scoe sa djoer net wæse.
Dat swarte in fyn'
('k Woe dat 'k it leach!)
Is faeks fernyn
Foâr pong in each:
Foâr pong in each, dat wyt Notaris,
As, lyck as HUYGENS seit: *Nood daer is*.

QUANSQUIIS.

'n Quacksalwrich wird neam ick, quansquii
Fen 'n bryckjend poep, ien Diwelbänder;
"Krâns! kriis! krâns! kriis!" spriik 'r uet: "quans! quiiis!"
In wær: "quans! quiiis!" (it spande er)
't Geloof heärt, quansquii, rounom by;
't Woe, dat we er, quansquii sonder koenen,
Mar ién quansquii behalde wy,
In dat is 't greatst quansquii: it tjoenen.

QUEADE.

De Queade is ues comiis,
Om sims ues deuchd to peylen,
In wy, ynne oare wrald,
Nen falsce waer' to feylen.

[Pg 23]

QUEA JILD, QUEA MINSCEN.

Quea jild komt fen goe' minscen,
Quea minscen fen goe' jild;
't Falsc' jild fen echte minscen,
't Falsc' minscdom fen echt jild.

RIE IN DIE.

'n Goe rie is folle wird'ch, mar mear noch ien goe' die;
Mar foärrie 's alderbæst fen alle die in rie.

ROMTE.

"De wrald is eärsling!" sey dowe ACKE,
"Hwat ick mochte onderwyne,
"Ho 'k screpte yn romte in romte macke,
"Ick koe yit krapte fyne.

ROUWE.

'n Minsce' hat ien herte as stien;—syn neyste bloed forsteärr't,
In hy giet djip ynn' rouwe,
Sa lang 't hy heel nen læst fen rouw to wachttjen hat
Yn *him* to gaen. Besouwe
W' oer 't quea fenne earste fal—forlies foar 'e hele wrald—
Dy waerd' berouwe *opp'* scheamte:
Now rouw't min oeral *yn*, fen top ta tean; in haldt
De queakleur better noch, 't blæd fen 't fiigebeamte!

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SATAN.

Al hwat de Heare wæs'ne is iiwich, altiid goed,
Mar hwat ien minsce docht, is minder goed as tjoed.
Is Satan kleare quea—hwa haldt min foär *syn* macker?
Dy socks foär Gods wirk haldt, neam ick ien greaten stacker;
Ien stacker lyck as him, dy fen nen goeddwaen wyt:
Ien *dwaes*, dy 't mey him *haldt*, *wiis* dy him *farre* lit!

SJIPPE. (OM)

Om sjippe, giet min yit net fier,
Wy haww' se yn 't Làn, mar lang forlyne;
Do 't minsdom oergroeid sielsmoarch wier,
Koe m'n echte to *Jerues'lim* fyne:
Dær, wær 't de Hear JËZUS libbe hie,
'n Wralds sielsmert troch Him wosken wie,
Teach 't midsyiewwsteam by fleten hinne
Om sjippe—in brocht se net jamk thues:—
In 't paed om sjippe is noch foar ues
Oer de alde krueswey eack allinne.

SNIE.

As 't ierdryck, kald in stiif, schynt ynne rouw to sitten,
Struy' de Ingels lowers del;

Foär eltse steär ien steärke, om 't minsc'dom sjen to litten,
 Ho 't God, sa hillich, sa great, altiid har heit wol hjitte,
 Dy d' ierde oan e hymel boun, sa fæst, dat neat har schiedt,
 O, minsce! set nin træd op 't godlick sniekleed del,
 As tins, dat God, as heit, syn leafde ues schoagje liet.

TEY.

De winter, ruwch yn 't bird, wirdt fenne sinne ynsjippe,
 'n Dy lit it fette sop (de tey) op 't ierdryck drippe.

TREFFER. (IEN)

Ald schipper ROEL waerd minder oan;
 Syn ein, sei Dokter, scoe hast komme,
 In wyl 't min miende, dat 'er slomme,
 Wier ROELOMME er uetschaedt tjinne moarn:
 De feint raop: "now! dat treft mar schoan—
 Hwat *koe* er moarns oars bromme!"

TRIËNNEN.

De triënnen sizze mear, as wirden ueterje kenne:—
 Is 't muwlck wol de iiw'ge tael, dy hjir ues siel yit spreckt?
 Is 'n minsce 't biild fen God,—'k lieouw, dat de triennen binne,
 Al 't jinge ues iiwich ick ken iiwichs hjir besinne,
 Sa 't 't *wol* by de iéne, in 't *wea* by de oare uet 't eachwiet breckt.

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UETSET.

Baes PIER syn aldste dochter trouwt,
 In omt se al gâns foaruet hat,
 Seit hy: hja hat *genaoch* foaruet!
 In treastet har mey 'e mans uetset.

UETSJEN.

Ien minsce, pas to wrald, sjucht uet, ney boartery;
 'n Ho âlder noch ho mear—yn 't ein de bril er by:
 Is 't ny'chheit, dat dit spil ues allegear 't steårren docht?
 Den eårste is 't uetsjen dien, as min jinsels uet sjucht.

UET TO YTEN, UETYTEN.

Uet t' *yten*, SJIRK? pas op dyn maegje!
Uet yten,—'k haw fen beiden wæst—
Uet yten, kenst' net mear as draegje,
 Uet t' *yten* jouwt noch swierder læst.

NB. Uet to *yten* is by de boeren uet to *tjock-yten*; *uetyten*, neame hja troch it *yten uetset*, *dyd*: yn de earste beteikenis wirdt SJIRK hjir eack sa oan spritsen; mar it de oare sjucht mear op uet lydschjin uet *yten*; as rom fen maegje, slop.

WIRD. (GODS)

De heele Biibel hjit Gods wird:
 Ién wird, dær wy by tuws'nen læse!
 Mar 'k tink, dat 't mey 'n oar ién betjudt;
 In dat ken *neat* as *Leafde* wæse.

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WRADSEIN, WRADSSEIN.

"'t *Iene ueterste uet*, 't *oare yn!*" 'k lieow 't by gelearden fæst is;
 'n Hwa onderfynt 't eack net, dat hjir faeks freuchdsein læst is;
 In tuws'nen dingen mear dy in nen delen lycken,
 Dy meitse 't sizzen wier troch moaye in maole blyken:
 Hwat sa fenne oanfang aof oer' wrald in 't wraldsce sein is,
 Sizze ick yn ienen hjir: '*k lieow, dat wraldsein wraldssein is.*

WIIF.

"'t Is ADEMS schuld," sey JAEY, "dat alle man fordomd waerd,

Omt hy oan 't strueck'ljen racke,"
Dat tank't de diwel dy, as dy ien ribbe omtnomd waerd,"
Sey JAN, "hiest 't better macke?
In—'k lieow, 't wier noch sa maol net roun,
Hie hy, yn pleats fen 'n wiif, syn ribbe mar wær foun."

YNTJE JANSZ.

'n As song wraldssjongbaes yit,
(De blyne Grieck, HOMEAR)
'n Noch moayer as it hjit,
Hy spylle it hjir net klear.
Mey MILTON den gelyck....
Hwat MILTON!—TASS', VOLTAIRE
In KLOPSTOCK, BILDERDYK—
'n As songen se allegeärre
Har heldedicht op ny,
Mey 'n tryris hjitter fjoer,
Wis, Friesen, raopen' wy
Er blieowt nog fryhwat oer!
Hwa doar him mey de pinn'
By immen forgelyckje!
JEAN PAUL (och, dat 'k gen bin!!)
JEAN PAUL scoe muwlk mey 'm pryckje.
Mey 'm pryckjen!? Ne er næst,
In YNTJE boppest stean:
Hwa 't YNTJE JANSZON læst,
Mat ear in each forgean.
Wey, lompe pinne! wey,
Ick, sondich minsc, scoe 't weagje
'n Kom ues profet byney!?
Ick lieow, 'k beswymm' ... 'k steäreagje.

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YTE.

Neame ouverturen op fenn' greatste spylershaesen,
Dit 's 't: "Generael-Hoezee!" sa lang 'r hwat is to aesen,
De Maege stjoert 't orchest, in nimmen docht it better:
As 't slim komt, macket 'r ien marsch—op *druwch brea* in *kald wetter*.

YTEN. (GEBED FOÄR)

"Kom, de eagen ticht, 'n de hannen gear!"
Sa lear' wy 't quea as bern.
't Quea? 't bidden foär ues leawen Hear!
Ja freuanen! 't quea, went sjen:
Foär 't *yten*, net foär 'e Heare is 't, yit,
Dat min de berntjes bidde lit:
Sa wird' wy slaewen fenne wrald,
Yit lyts in fry, lit stean den—ald!

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CLIPS-ODE.

"*Siet eens, hoe rond is LÏJS, en hoe vermagert PHILIPIS:
De een schijnt een volle maan, en de ander haer eclipsis.*"

HUYGENS.

1. Wol wier 't ald spreukjen, Almanak!
Dow biste ien rjuchte leugensack:
Mar *fjouer* clipsen 't hele jier?
'k Lieow *tuwsen* wier hwat better wier
2. Dow rekenst' wol op *Liouw't* in sa
(Now ja, dær giet wol gâns om ta!)
Mar alle pleatsen mast' ney sjen,
Ho 't min al clipsen krye ken.
3. *Den Haag* in *Dordt*; *St. Ann'* in *Grouw*,
Terschelling, *Heidelberg*, ter *Gouw*,
De *Knype*, *Drogeham* in *Rys*,
In *Rome*, *Munchen* in *Parys*.

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4. Ney *Dearsum*, *Rotterdam* in *Broek*,
Schiedam in *Lojengea*, *Dykshoek*—
Alle *um* in *am* in *gea*, woe m'n 't dwaen,
Scoen' dy wær nye clipsen jaen.
5. Nen doarp, ho lyts, kastiel in kluws.
Op 't lân, op 't wetter, schip in huws,
Ja, tjerke in timpels, dær 'k fen swy'.
Dy jaene clipsen wær opp' ny.
6. In den de tiid, by nacht as dey,
Dy bringt wær oare clipsen mey;
Mar dy 'st dow neamste, it schaete ues net,
As hie m'n 'er niks fen hinne set.
7. COLOMBUS hie er foardeel fen,
('t Is wier) mar socken schrande man,
Dy wist, hwat 'n nye wrald uet ley,
Wist eack yn ontiid rie in wey.
8. 't Is wier, dyn tiid hjit middelbaer,
Mar mannich wirdt to let gewaer,
Dat 't midden faeks noch fier fen 't eyn is:
In is 't yn 't midden net meast clipsis?!
9. Foart op Nyjiersdey clipsit 't yit,
As credit debit efter sit;
Min neame 't sa 't min 't wol, ick sizz
Dat 't den by mannich 'n ien wol clips is.
10. Tink oan 'e Freed, oan' Sneuan in Snein,
By Turk in Jood in Christen rein,
As hillich, ho min 't neame, ick sizz'
Dat 't faek ien tiige tiige clips is.
11. De hege feesten—'k swye er fen,
Mar lege geesten swewe er den:
Min neam' se heech in sillich, 'k sizz'
't Binn' daegen sims mey 'n greate clipsis,
12. Comeedsjes, oppe merke as net,
De hele merke, as oare pret,
It wæse er bliid in ljeacht, ick sizz'
't Is 'r oeral fol to sjen fen clipsis.
13. Ja, moarns in jouns, by nacht by dey,
Op bæd as oppe hearenwey,
Min mey er wæse meye,—'k sizz'
't Is dær net seldom clips op clipsis.
14. Mar hwat fen tiid in pleats mear sein,
Fen ljeacht in tjuster, dey as snein,
Ien inkeld minsce, ja! ick sizz'
't Is faek ien greate, greate clipsis.
15. Wier is 't in blieowt it, Almanak!
Dow wierste in biste ien leugensack;
Mar, hwat fen dyn bereck'ning fiks is:
Dow seiste ues kreckt *honeer* 't it clipsis.
16. Noch mear: wær sa, ho langen tiid,
Dat mackest' ruchtber wiid in siid;
Mar de oaren, dy 't ick neamde, ick sizz'
Dat 't dær mey faeks to muwck is clipsis.
17. In komt min 't onforwacht to sjen,
Dat onforfalt sinis barre ken,
Min sloopt jins eagen in ick sizz'
Dat 't faeks den clips wirdt in herclipsis. [L]
18. In berntjes, goede, froede lju,
Och God! ontjilde dy 't net rju?!
Neam elts 't mar oars, dy wol, ick sizz'
Er binne berne- in bernsbernsclipsis.
19. Begjin fen ADEMS tiiden aof,
In fenne schied'nis yn it haof,
Ja, follen neam 't dær klear, mar 'k sizz'
't Is dær foar folle mear noch clipsis.
20. d' Historie fenne wetterfloed,
Fen ABRAM, ISAÄK in har bloed;
Egijpte, *Arabie*, *Horeb*—'k sizz'

- 't Is mannich Jood in Christen clipsis.
21. Nen Turk beclipset *Mecca* sa;
 Min mey ien seilstien bæd dær ha,
 Foär vader MAHOMED,^[M] ick sizz
 't Is ien fenne alderlytste clipsis.
22. *Jerusalim! Jerusalim!*
 Al spriik uet 'e hymel dær Gods stim—
 Gelearden mey 't betwistje—ick sizz'
 By 't greatste ljeacht, de greatste clipsis.
23. Hwa roun net, in ues tiid, to keap,
 In raop 't nysgierrich folk to heap
 Mei printjes fen dy clips?! Ick sizz'
 Noch sjucht in heart min 't yit, o clipsis!
24. Mar fjouer clipsen 't hele jier?
 ô Almanakjen wier 't mar wier;
 Mar net ien eagenblik—ick sizz'
 't Is altijd, hjir as dær, wol clipsis.
25. Went—scil min ien goed ding hiir ha,
 Dær heärr' yit trye dingen ta,
 Seit CLAUDIUS. In is 't sa, 'k sizz':
 Den ken 'k mar ien, ien *goede* clipsis.
26. Ues trye bollen meitse dy,
 Mar den 's de wachter^[N] fol as ny:
 Ja fol in ny! Ho mannich, sizz'
 Bringt hjir mey fol in ny 'n quea-clipsis.
27. Mey heal, mey quart, mey wrack mey ald,
 In sonder sinne hat de wrald,
 To jammer faek—'t is wier ick sizz'
 Net to bereckenjene clipsis.
28. 't Mey wæse, dat it rounne, omheech,
 Allinne roun schaed jouwt omleech—
 Dat rounne is hjir faek glydrich, 'n 'k sizz'
 't Jouwt stroffling in socks neam ick clipsis.
29. O, clipserie foär sin in hert,
 Forsmaedsje wy dyn foarschrift net:
 Fen fierren, 'n troch 'e fingers—'k sizz'—
 Sjucht min faeks sonder schea noch, clipsis.
30. Wol, dy mey 't steärren, bliid in fry
 Seit: "'k clipse nimmē—'n nimmē my."
 Min mey 't mey sizzen dwaen—ick sizz'
 De dea-snick' noch, mar dær?! nen clipsis.
31. Mar de ierdkleat draeit mey ues sa hird,
 Dat 't Trye Ien (hill'ge schymer) wirdt;
 In JESUS (clips-fry) God!... Ick sizz'
 Wy libje clips, wy steärre ... O clipsis!!

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OANTEIKENINGEN

BIJ DE

CLIPS-ODE.

1. Alles, hwat mar ald in hwat ny is, wirdt berymd, Læsers! in scoe min 't my den qualick nimme, dat ick ien ding sa ald in sa ny fen beiden, eack berymde?

Foaral net, as min wyt, dat iek eygentlick net sa 'n greaten rymer bin (dy hjitte lieow 'k tichters—dichters, mien ick) dat ick jimme in my sels fenne wrald loatse scoe, went ik ken net bæst omheech komme in ynne hichte forkeare, (den wird ick duwselich in 't begjint my to schymerjen) sa 't ick myn rymfjoer net ynne wolkens timperje ken, lyck as ... mar ik wol nen minsce beclipsje, mar dy immen sey: "ik schop den aardbol weg, en doop mijn wicken in de wolken!"

As 't jin sa begjint oan to gean in yn to barnen, den is 't better mey SYBE KUNST^[O] to sizzen:

"Wij winsen u alle de segen van den Heer,
 En hiermede legge wij de pin neer."

2. *Liouwert*. Er binne dy sizze, dat er alear, do 't e Alde-haof ien beaken ynne Middelse wier, ien kastlein wenne, dy Lieowe hjitte, in, dat min him om syn bæstens Leawe (Lieowe) weard (hospes) neamde in dær fen dinne Leafweard, Lieuwert, Liouwert, Liouwt.

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Now schrieowt min op syn heech-hollans: Leeuwarden, 'k tink Leeuw-waarde, scil 't betjudde.

3. *Den Haag, 's Gravenhage, 's Hage*. Tink hjir, læser? oan OLDENBARNEVELD, prins MAURITS in de DE WITTEN; tink oan 'e tiiden fen ues romruftige séhelden in dizze stæd, tink oan 'e 10 deysce fjildtocht, oan WILLEM I in WILLEM II, yn in *ney* dy tiiden, in sizz' my den, as ick ongelyck ha, mey tu bewaaren, dat min, nei dy onderscheidene tiid n de planeten waernimmende, clipsen yn soarten to sjen krye scoe?

Dordt. Hjir by is 't ommers genaoch de jierren 1618 in 1619 te schrieowen, om ues hoopje te litten, dat er einling fen dy clips sein wirde ken, hwat de namme fenne aldstæd to kennen jouwt:

Dor- Door- drecht—trek—Doortrek.

Trochreisgje, passeare, foarby gean; honear komt it sa noch? Clips! clips! clips!

St. Anna. (Sus Anna). Scoe 't dær sa erch wirden wæse mey Sus-anna, dat er ien heel doarp uet ontstien is? Min wyt, dat as er ien pear jonge lju trouwden, dy hwat to foarbaerich wæst hiene, dat den it St. Anna klockjen, onder 't lieden fen 't feestklockjen, now in den ris mey bingele, omdat ongemerkt uet to bringen, (min trouwde do oppe gis wey allegearr' ynne tjerke.) in ho luwder dat socks gong, ho mear Sus-Anna; dær fen dinne seyt min noch, (went it komt ommers noch wol ris to pas) dær rint ien bytje, as dær rint hwat fen Sus as St. Anna onder.

Grouw. As dat op syn etymologisch Ge-rouw, as Gea-rouw, as op syn Waldmans Grauw, as op syn suiwer Hollâns Graauw wirde ken as wæse mat, as dat it mey folle *ou*-en allyck schat wirde mat, 't is gâns clipsisch.

Terschelling. Eack al clipsisch. Is 't Tear (verteer) as teare schelling? (6 *stoeren*). As is 't ter schelvisch en ling! (*visch* in *vangst* er net forgotten, omt dy wirden oertollic *wierne*?) Den scoe 't oafkomstich wæse fenne fiscery. As hat it de namme fenne Noardsee goden as reusen kryge, dy 't mar: ter schilling! neamden, omt mar wey to schylen, to packen? Wy scille dær strack noch ien stealtje fen jean by Akrom.

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Heidelberg. By 'n party minscen, dy hwat lang scoen hawwe, ney clipsen oppe poolsce hichte fen Dordt bereckene, *Heilige berg* læsen. Hwat mat it wæse: Heide-berg as: Hei! del berg! Ick scoe 't mey 't læste halde; went ien heide-berch jouwt net folle frucht in ick mien, dat min dær yn dy stæd noch al ien byttje leafhabbery foar e wynstock hat, as hawn hat. To minsten, min hat er ien fet fen 36 foet lang in 24 foet heech.

As dat fol is, as dat it leech macke wirdt troch 'e Heidelberger godgeleardens, wyt ick net. Min kin, tinkt my, lyckwols neygean, dat sa 'n fet noch al hwat clips meitse koe. In—ien schrander reckonmaster hat uetcyfere, dat er by de forgaederinge fenne Dordsce Synode mear sopen (dronken, woe 'k sizze) is, as yn e ytlicke jieren, dat dit selde huws (dær hja do hymelkindigen by eltsoar wierne) ta herberch tjinne.

Ter Gouw sizze de scippers; *Gouda* seit min oars op syn Hollâns. It earste hat syn eygenscip ney it wetter: Gouw; it oare mey wol a! Goud! as Goud! a! as mey de *h* er foär Ha! Goud! wæse, as alde foärspelling troch 'e earste prekers dien, oppe kunst fen it glæsschildërjen fenne CRABETTEN. Hwa wyt it!

De Knype. Muwlk komt dit wird wol fen 't ken nype; min wyt den, dat it benouwtheit betjudt, as, dat it er nou besocht wirdt, dær fen dinne: as it nypt (knypt) in weder (wær) nypt (knypt) Boven in Beneden knype.

Drogeham. Scoe 't Droge, druwge, toärre ham; der ogen ham; as op syn Zeeuwsch in Grinslansch der hoogen (ham) wæse matte?

Dat hege in druwge is altiit min to schiften. Ick jaen hjir by noch ien riedling foär reckonmasters op, t.w.: Yn ho folle sprongen ien flie fenne Ham ynne Knype komme kin?

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Rys. Wær mey dit wird dochs wey komd wæse? Rys—biisemrys, rys, to sieden; riiz, omheechstiige; forbastere fen *reis*? (Dy twae læste wirden betjudde eack fen pleats foroarje, mar it læste kin alle kanten uet, in sa is 't dær by Rys, in 't earste mat altiit omheech.

Alles kin min er fen meitse. In dat hat eack wær syn eygenscip yn 't wird-sels. Tink oan 'e boal, læser! oan 'e hueshimmelers, oan 'e baenfegers, oan 'e kouedrieowers,—oan 't diarrhée, oan 't sop—oan 'e loftbollen; oan 'e gæst (in al hwat mear riist troch ynnimmen, ynjaen as ynsmytten) oan 'e actie's, oan 'e reisen by nacht in by dey, mey stoomscip as stoomwein, oan lytse in greate, goede in tjoede reisen, oan oafdiene in uetstelde reisen in oan siskes in spreckwirdtjes fen reisgjen in rys in riiz in riize oafkomstich.

Hwat wirdt er al sa net mey *Rys* dien, mey Rys yn alle beteikenissen fen 't wird? Hwa doar, hwa wol in hwa kin in hwa scil dit sizze. Mar—nysgierrich is 't dat er sa 'n aerige profetsye yn leit, dær min fen sizze mey, dat de tjinswirdige eygener de goede folbringer fen is. Dat syn Heech Berne foar alle tjoede clips bewarre blieowe mey—is de winsce fen myn hert!

Rome. Min seit it is ney ROMULUS neamd, dy foärsycker eak heech spriik, dær 't er keuning waerd (750 jier foar JESUS komste) in earst mey wolwinne maolke great macke is; sa 't min 't wol

Berome, bereamme, beroomde, fette stæd doopt hawwe mey. Neyer hân is dat wirdke *Be* fæst wey-fallen: min lit ommers sa wol mear ien letter twae wey, as docht er ién as twae by ney eygen forkiesinge. Dat is alleman lyckwol net ta betrouwd, om mar to jaen in to nimmen, sa 't min wol. Sjogge hjir ien stealtje:

"Ik zal, sprak vader VADIUS, dien ouden ram eens kelen;
Maar snijdt gij *me* onderwijl de ballen knapjes af;"
Terwijl hij zich gebukt aan 't slachterswerk begaf.
En 't knaapjen flink van hand, gehoorzaamt zijn bevelen,
En—wip! daar ligt de boel in 't zand,
En de arme Priester is ontmand,
Uit misverstand.
Spreek duid'lijk, die beveelt, gebieden is geen spelen.

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BILDERDIJK.

Mar—hwat *Rome* oangiet, vader HUYGENS tocht er eack sa oer, dat it beroemd room, fet op fet wier.

Hwat ien buwter dat dær eack al macke is, dat kenne nen pinnen beschrieowe; min mat de stæd sjen in sjoen ha yn onderscheiden tiiden, om dær ien tinkbiild oer to meitsen. Dær is hwat om ta gien! As it dær eack clipses joun hawwe scil? Ja, minscen! foaral somt Paus GREGORIUS yn 1512 de Almanakken forbettere hat in de clipsis er jier op jier yn bekend maeke waerden. Mar—hwat ick fenne histoarje fen *Rome* sizze mey: de Pausen hjitte er jimmer noch hillich. Min mient, dat dy hillige dynastie mar ienkear in eack foar altiit har sels clipse hat. Ien duetscer uet 18/19 yeuw seit er fen:

Kein Weib wie 's Einmal sich ergab,
Wird künftig mehr zum Pabst erhoben;
Denn jeder legt zuvor schon Proben
Von seiner Manheit ab.

HAUG.

Tiiden fen LUTHER, ERASMUS, LEO in TETZEL binne wær yn oare qualiteit.

Munchen. Fen Mönch, Monnik. Min seit er fen, dat dy stæd yn fruchtberheit de measten yn *Europa* oertreft in yn sa fier oerclipset; er is clips in herclipsis.

Paris. Wær is Paris net mey it ien as it oar? Hjir mey har teal, dær mey har preal, dær mey har kunsten, hjir mey har kuren, dær mey har wytenscip, dær mey har buwgen, hjir mey har hackebirden, dær mey har hierkrollen, hjir mey har ruwckende, dær mey har stjonkende waer—
allegearr' Paris!

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De stæd-sels mat danich ynne mist dele. Yn 1844 mat it er sa erch wæst ha, dat de blynen de sjenden foar ien seur in ien leur to rjuchte brochten, omt hja better sonder eagen seagen as de oaren mey. Min hat er mear fen heärd, lyck as in 1572 (23, 24 Aug.) 1789, 1792, 1799, 1830. Mey ién wird: Paris wier mistich; is mistich in macket mistich.

Hjir by komt my noch ien mistpraetje yn 't sin, twisce ien scoenmacker in ien gelearde.

Gelearde. Wel, baes! jimm' haww' ien Domeny?

Hwat tinkt je fen dy man?

Baes. Ien slimme fraech, mynhear! foär my,

Dy 'k net beänderje kin,

As jy mat m' earst ien andert jaen

Op dizze fraech, fen my:

Hwat waer bringt follen fen 'e baen?

Gelearde. (schoert oppe mouwe in laket)

Wel, baes! ho miene jy,

Sa wyt ick 't net.

Baes. Myn goede man!

Heär den: *sa* tinkt it my:

As 't ljeacht noch tjuster is, is 't den

Nen mist? Now, dat 's ues Domeny!

4. *Dearsum*. De earseam, soom, som, sum? De earste *um*? In sa Dea 's um, hiem, plack, sté? Dearsum? Deare se him? Gelearden mey 'e beslisse; mar 't scil wol sa hwat wæse, to minsten as min er ien hondert jier twae oer practisearje wol, scil min wol wyte, hwat Dearsum is.

Rotterdam. Rotten (bisten) oppe daem? slimme daem; slim, as rotten oppe daem? It komt to minsten fen it wetter: *rotte*. As scoene de Rotterdammers de namme fen ien schelnamme halden hawwe, fen Schiedam? dat hja seinen': 't rot al ter dam; 't forgiet ta slyck, modder.

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't Rottet alles to slyck (dam). As giet it libben fen alle minscen net ney Rotterdam?

De iene macket de reis quart, de oare lang; de iene hat ien pleisierige, de oare ien beswierlicke, de iene ien foardelige, de oare ien schedlicke reis, mar alle minscen komme op 't læst oer

Dearsum ney Rotterdam, in dær fen dinne hoopje wy allegearre yn *Hemelumer Oldephaer'*, mar net yn *Noordwolde* to kommen.

Wy begjinne ues reis fen *Schoot* in *Poppenwier*. Dær fen dinne geane ien hele boel rjuecht uet, oer *Lytsewierum*, ney de greate stæd. Oaren meitse it ien bytje oars, in rinne *Lytsewierum* foarby, geane troch *Ytens* in *Wyns*, as *Alde* in *Nye Tryn*, blieowe to lang yn *Vrouwbuert*, forslingerje sims ney *Loyengea*, ney de *Knype* in *Jiskenhuesen*; oaren studeare hwat to *Nieuw-kruisland*, oaren besijkje quansquius de *Hemelsce berch*, as komme yn selscip fen studinten fen *Ald-* as *Nykerk* in sa hwat hinne; mar fen dizze in jinge komme er noch al folle ris ewentjes to *Peins* as to *Weinterp*; forslingerje now in den ris ney *St. Anna* in sa oer *Swartsluws* ney *Rotterdam*. Inkelden mey to *Blija*, to *Hichtum* as to *Wolsum* goede daegen slyte; as lang *Ingelummer* in *Burgummer* wæse, ienders giet it eack al de alde wey op.

Broek. Dær binne fen sels alle froulju ynne brukk. Hat muwlk ien fenne Amazonen (Downen mei brukken oan) mey opset sin ien doarp oanlein, om de eare fenne frouljues brukk foâr iiwich op to halden? Min fynt se noch al mear yn ues Lân: *Noardbroek*, *Zuidbroek*, *Bennebroek*, *Donkerbroek*, in hwa wyt wær min al mear nen Broeken hat, dær min se al heel net mient to hawwen!

Schiedam. Hwat scil min er fen meitse? Scoe it eack fenne Ingelscen oafkomstich wæse; dy, omt se sly nen gin (jenever) binne, in dær bæste soarte founen, fen bliidscip floekten (dat dogge se mear) seinen: 's God dam? dat dit swietjes wey yn Scho- Sche- Schiedam foroare is? As scoe 't posteriori gien wæse?—Min mey reckenje, sa fier in sa heech as min wol, de clipsen to bereckenjen oppe hichte fen *Schiedam*, in egaelwey it begjin, midden in ein oan to wiisen, in de greatte yn tommen to sizzen—sa 'n minsce hat er noait wæst in scil er eack noait komme. Né, alle ministers, hegeschoällen mey alle perfesters, alle rekenmasters mey 'n oar, dy er op Gods gansce ierdbodem wenje, binne dær net ta yn steat. De matigheits-, de aofschaffings in alle oare genoatscippen mey har bæst dwaen, om geschikte ystreminten to kryen, wær troch 't min se sonder schea troch sjen ken, dit is de cirkel-quadratuer ynne sedekinde in it macket de beschaewinge gelyck oan ien oaneindige breuk, dy de ienheit wol neyer in neyby komme, mar noait alheel uetdrucke ken.

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Socke clipsen to bereckenjen, dær mochten de Almanakmaekers dochs wol ris mey begjinne!

Schiedam mey fen dinne wæse wær 't wol—wy sizze noch: "God damje 't!"

Loyengea. Is dit it alde "Luilekkerland" it gea fen lântlopers in luiwammesen? it Loyengea? 't gea, dat net folle opbringt? It hjit mey *Goëngea* de lege gea'n; legean, seit min ynne wânling. Is er eack oerienkomst to siikjen yn Loyela in Loyenga? It rymt foar in efter to minsten, in as de beyde eynen lyck lizze, passe de middens den eack net op eltsaar? De dichters ryme ommers eack mar mey ien, twae letters, in min seit den lyckwols: "dat rymt alheel, dat rymt moay!"

KLOPSTOCK (de forneamde sjonger fenne Messiede) waerd troch 'e learnmaster fen CLAUDIUS net onder 'e dichters reckene, omt syn sangen net rymden in hy sei tjin CLAUDIUS: "hier ein Ohr! und da ein Ohr! das reimt!" Min hat rymers mey de letter in mey de geest.

Dykshoek. Op 't Bildt. Wærom neamt min dat Bil? sa dat min sizze ken: de hoek oppe Bilyk, kreckt as ick sims wol sizzen hearde: op it bil hawwe de bargaen eack eagen. 't Is wier, bilbeeren seit min eack; mar dat giet omme mackelickheit foar 't uetsprecken: in buwte dat, bilboeren binne alle boeren. It alde wird, seit ien alde-tealkenner, betjudt: Be-iled—bewettere—bestroomd mey wetter; dærom 't Dykshoekje: 't P. hoekje.

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Ammen, ommen, gea-en. Folle nammen fen stæden in doarpen hat min yn ues lân, dy sa sluete. Yn ues *Fryslân* hat min folle *um* (om) in *gea*. *Gea* wirdt oer 't algemien wol forstien in halden foar: *earne* (ergens) *streek*, *lân*, *contreje*. *Iestergea*, *Follegea*, *Duennengea* in dat duennet in geaet sa ien great deel fen uws provincie troch.

Mar as *am* in *um* allegearre sa fier wey socht wurde scille, as dit mey *Koudum* (Kowe-dom?) in *Ackrum* 't gefal is, den hawwe de Mythologisten noch hwat to forhackstuwckjen.

Fen *Akrom* wirdt *sa* sein: De reusen, (min ken se, mey har schonken fen 20 jelne, sa fluch as de wyn in sa great as de Alde-hoaf; min wyt, ho 't se sprongen as wynhounnen; mey bar lieuwe koppen, slangehuwden, eagen as folle moannen, hier as boartsels—ien bosch lyckmey toscen as stienrotsen; ien luwd, dat 6 oeren fier yn 't roun heârd waerd; dy 'n haey behimmelen kreckt as wy ien iel; rowieren yn ién swolch leech dronken; it iiser briiken mey har hânnen as wy it glæs as ien breakarste, in de beâmmen del traepen as gæs) now, socke reusen macken effentjes it farwetter fen *Irnsum* nei *Akrom*. Mar har forstân wier yn allen sa great net as bar lichmen; in min wist do eack noch fen gen waterstaet in ingenieur, lyck as now. Mey 'n rep hierne se dat sleattje uetsmyten', mar—ién fen dy alde polderjonges (de putbaes) gong 'ris ewentjes mey de earmen oere nael feone Akrommer toer lizzen, seach by 't wirk lâns in raop: *A!! krom!!* lyck as min noch sljucht wey seit: *Akrom*.

Mear documinten in meditaesjes oer clipsery hat min ynne Visoenen fen YNTJE JANSZON, DR. LUDEMAN, LAURENBERGCH; Mathematische Verlostigungen, Jobsiade, de Domenys hifke, DR. STRAUZ, Bijdragen tot de huishouding van staat fen dr. EEKMA, Moeder de Gans, Thijl Uilenspiegel, Bunjans Christenreize, de wandelende siele in s.f., CLEMENT MAROT, de geest van JAN TAMBOER, Bijdragen tot het lagere schoolwezen in Nederland van REIN BEERDA, it Rad van Avontuer, KLAES KLIM, studintenleven in Typen; Handleidinge om de menschelijke stem te bespelen, conjac met zout, de rok van Trier toegelicht, in mear oare bekinde in onbekinde taljeachtingen, handliedingen, awentoeren, wandelende sielen, bijdragen, verlostigungen, lear- in kerkredens,

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visioenen in sa fierder.

Post Scriptum. Min wyt hwat greate clips JEREMYAS DEKKER yn syn *Betooverde* wereld oan 't ljeacht brocht hat; mar minder bekind is 't muwlk, hwat vader HUYGENS seit:

"Wij oversondighen den Duyvel, van wien men noyt las,
Dat hij woekeraar, dronckaert of hoerejager was."

Hwa haldt lyckwols de Diwel net foär it greatste clipsbeest, dat er is?!

FUOTNOATEN:

- [A] Læsten noch sey er immen: "praetje fen dingen—wy hawwe ien hele wycke wæst dat we gen wear hienen!"
- [B] *Wysheit* is hjir nomd as synonym mey *ryckdom*, folgens de Grammatica fen RABENER.
- [C] Min ken dochs de alde schouwman, dy de sielen fen de iéne waol ney de oare bringt? Sa net, ienders scil min wol mey him yn kennis komme.
- [D] De Grieken in Romeinen treauwen har deaden ien Obólus ynne muwle: dær Charon har foar oersetete. Ien Obólus wier 't sæchste part fen ien drachme, in macke 10 chalci. Sa'n Obólus wier om in de by 6½ cint as ien braspenning, 10 duiten.
- [E] Passegiers, dy net klear wierne mey de fracht in sa dwaende, har saeken net goe' beadminestreerd hiene, moasten 100 jier omswerwe.
- [F] Charon doelt hjir fæst op minsken lyck as dy alden earst wierne: METHUESELIM groeide ommers mar 969 jier!
- [G] HENOCH in ELYAS—de iene mey'n loftbol in de oare mey 'e fjoerwein (stoomwein).
- [H] Dat wier fæst eack sa yn NAPOLEONS tiiden, do 't it *brea* sa *djoer* in de *kanonnekost* (nye recruten) sa *goedkeap* wier: vivat CHARON!!
- [I] *Faryseé* betjudt *aofschacte* seit ues Pastoor.
- [J] Altiid.
- [K] gen, nen, net.
- [L] Ds. GOOT, ôver de oogziekten yn de Vaderlandsche Letteroefeningen.
- [M] Min mat wyte, dat MAHOMED to *Mecca* yn ien iiseren kiste ynne loft sweeft, troch middel fen seilstien.
- [N] De moänne.
- [O] Ien forneamd schilderer, Rymer in wirkmuechkindedige, dy ynne læste jierren to *Grouw* bloeyde.

Transcriber's notes

Obvious typographical errors have been corrected, this is indicated in the html [like this](#)--hover mouse over for explanation.

There was a printer error in page numbering as page numbers 33, 34, 35 and 36 were re-used. An original copy was consulted to be sure that these were not missing or duplicate pages.

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