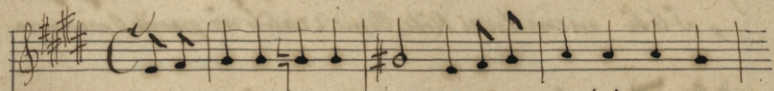
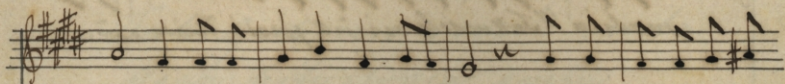
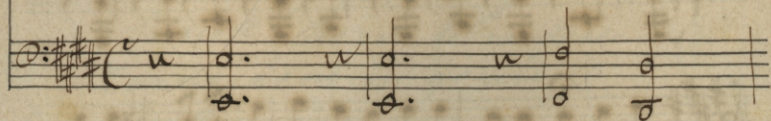
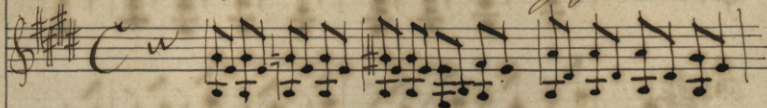


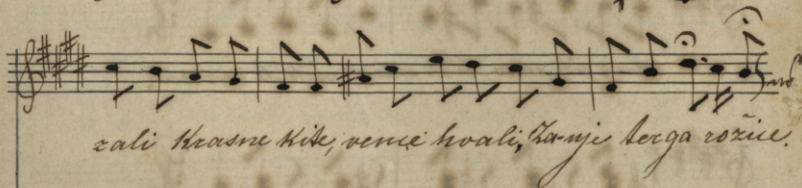
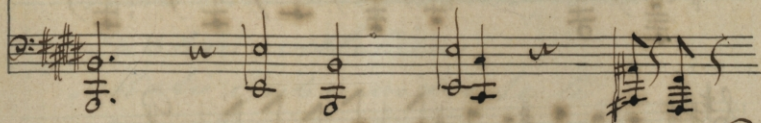
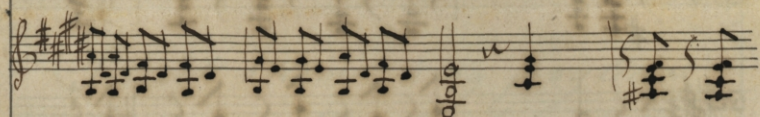
Tri rožice.



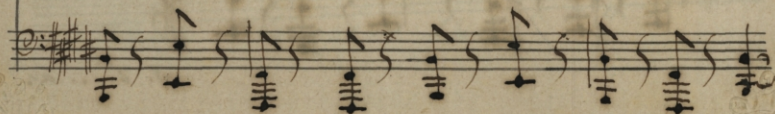
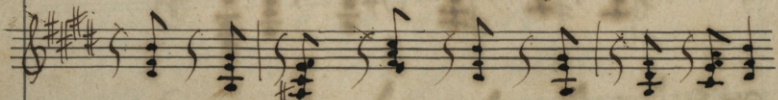
Mali lepa, mlada mali sprehozaji se po

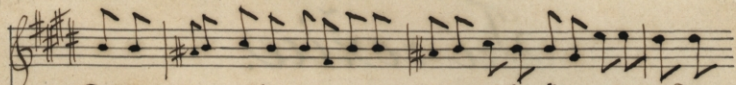


sraki Pleše kite venčike, Mali sinček, sinček

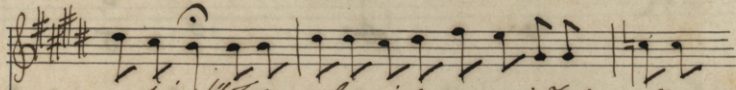
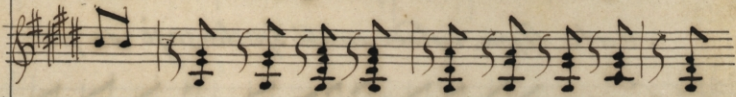


zali krasne kite, venice hvale, kranje ker ga rožice.

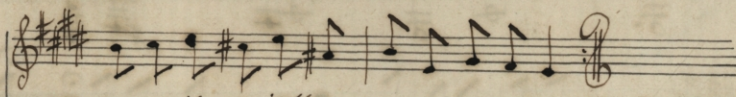
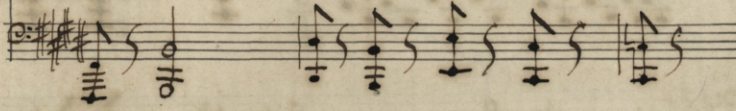
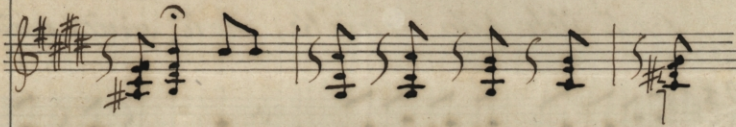




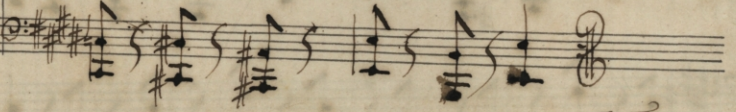
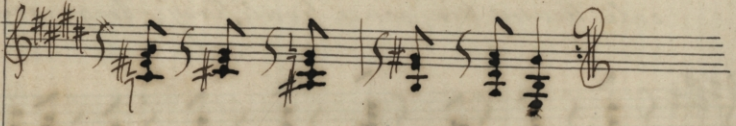
„ Sletí moudrái kíte, lémé z zálh róz poróit, U púdraga



malicia! Tak vesela sinich poróit, Uira róze,



obryh jih nosi, Kar nar lepšich le zarna.



J. T. . . . a.

Gledaj, gledaj ah rudič,
Zarjasto jasne in gorice,
glej svetlice mali glej.
Svile, ko zlate kresnice,
Zorne, ko neba zvezdice,
kati se zvejo, povej!
"Sinček! Pože se rudič
Zarjasto jasne in gorice,
Mali so zarjdeni;
Tati ljubozen v sercu vneta
Mora biti svoja sveta
Za domače se reči!" "

Sinček stoji, krog pogleda
kar mu kroglovida, blesta
Zablisi svetlica,
"Mali ljubca vidiš se le
Bolj, ko mežli snizec bele,
krila tati nedolžniga?"
"Sinček mali! rože se le
Bolj, ko mežli snizec bele,
Zmenjuje se slati,
Svoje serce ptuje zlobe,
Ptuje želje in hudobe
Mora biti čisto tati!" "

Prozice druge krog isci,
Od veselj hrepenci
Siničk k materi hiti:
" Mo nebesa večne slave,
Mati glej veslice plave,
Lepših o'j gotovo ni. "
" " Mo nebesa večne slave,
Te veslice iskoplave
Lepo so plavičice.
Kakor zvezde neba ceski,
Moras biti vedno zvesti
Vreden sin Slovenije! " "

Serino rici - roze zveze
Siničku jili na serce stixe,
Tasno vridagne mili glas:
" " Mati siničk, siničk xali
Zvesto ljubi, zvesto bivali
Prozice ne življenja čas!
V zitu zvesto skup rasejo
Z njim objete, z njim padejo,
Kadar skup odsetka jili; —
Tih zato vzemite znakov
Kar vas sercinik je junakov
Na slovenskim rojenih. —

In ho vličejo težave
Se brez maha, se brez sprave,
Nad preglubo materjo:
Z njo junastko se držite,
Zobrite — z njo padite,
Ah zapusti jo nebo! — " "
Serini govor siska vname,
Besediti vneto jame:
" Mati hiba matica!
Rože bodo povenele, —
Alj za vek so želje onle
Glavne želje v dnu serca! "



Joseui P. 1850