


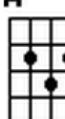
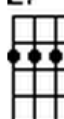
Helgdagskväll i timmerkojan

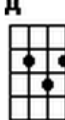
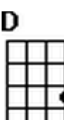
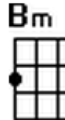

1

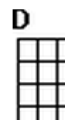
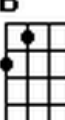
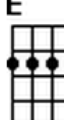
Helgdagskväll i timmerkojan är en av författaren Dan Anderssons mest välkända dikter. Den ingick i novell- och diktsamlingen Kolvaktarens visor som gavs ut 1915.

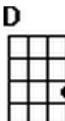
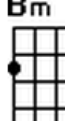
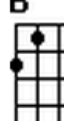
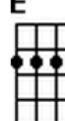
2014-10-22 PL


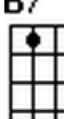
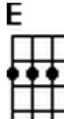
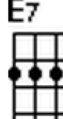
Bort,  längtande  vekhet ur  sotiga  bröst,

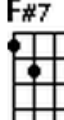
vik,  bekymmer ur  snöhöljda  bo!

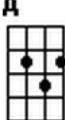
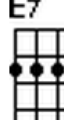
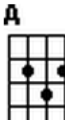
Vi ha  eld, vi ha  kött, vi ha  brännvin till  tröst,

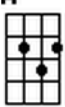
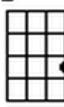
här är  helg, djupt i  skogarnas  ro!


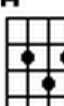
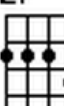
Sjung,  Björnbergs-  Jon ur din  fullaste  hals

om  kärlek och  rosor och  vår! 

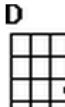
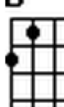
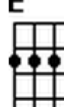
Stäm  fiolen,  Brogren, och  spela en  vals

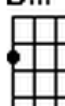
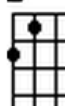
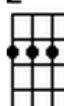
för  spökblåa,  månlysta  snår!


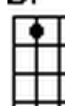
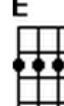
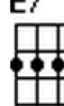
Det är  mil efter  mil till  lador och  hus

där  frosten går  tjurig vid  grind,

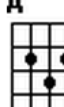
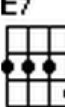
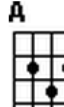
här är  lustigt i  stockeldens  gula ljus, 

som  darrar i  nattens  vind.

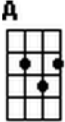

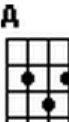

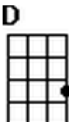
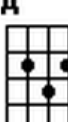
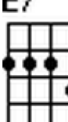
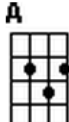
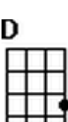
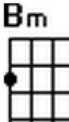
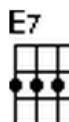
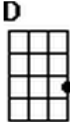
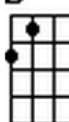
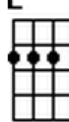
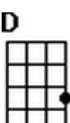
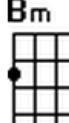
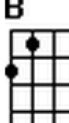
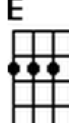
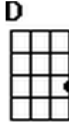
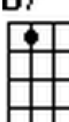
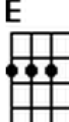
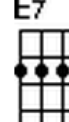
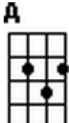
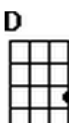
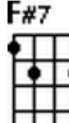
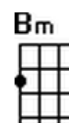
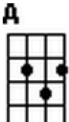
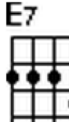
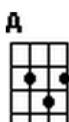
Du är  fager,  Brogren, i  eldglans  röd,

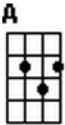

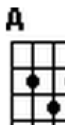

där du  gnider din  svarta fiol,  

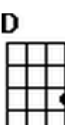
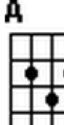
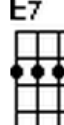
för  mat och för  brännvin du  glömt all  nöd,

och din  panna är  ljus som en  sol.

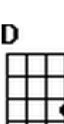
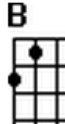
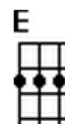


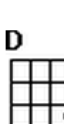
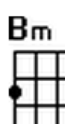
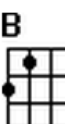
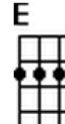
Och  Jon, där du  sitter vid  grytan  din,
 en  baron i din  mollskinns-  skrud,
 se fast  åren ha  garvat ditt  sega  skinn,
 i ditt  sot är du  ung som en  gud!
 Och  Vargfors-  Fredrik, du  skrattande  man,
 som  vill alla  uslingar  väl 
 kom,  sjung om din  ungdoms  synd, om du  kan,
 och en  skål för din  gosse-  själ!

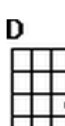
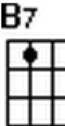
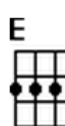
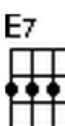
Och när  morgonens  stjärnor  blekna och  dö

och när  ångorna  stelna till  is,

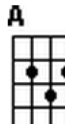

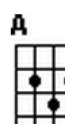
och när  dagningen  skälver på  myr och  sjö

vi  sova på  doftande  ris.

Då  sova vi  alla på  granris  tungt

och  drömma om  bleka  mör 

och  snarka och  vända oss  manligt och  lugnt,

medan  elden  falnar och  dör.