

Wann de Kleeschen amgang ass ze baken

♩ = 80 Text a Musik: Heint Metz

1. Jor fir Jor, sou ém d'Mat vum No - ven - ber, fir - ken
 2. Dag an Naacht mus - sen d'Fe - er si hat - den, fir dass
 3. Dag fir Dag nu ver - geit mat vill Baer - gen, Huet dee

d'Ën - ge - len d'Fe - er ém un, Tass ge -
 d'Ënpt stéit do un - ven de Schoul, Mer ge -
 Schwaer - ze schon d'Rod - de ge - plecht? Huet vill

scheem rees de sechs - ten De - zern - ber, an Tass
 ém at - le - guer et hei - ré - den, wéi ass
 béis Kan - ner hee scho ge - faer - gen? Huet ge -

dat wat sou gë - ni mer hunn. **Refrain:** Wann de
 o - we den Him - mel sou rouf,
 mécht hee, dass mer eis ge - schéckt?

Klees - chen am - gang ass ze be - ken an den
 Hou - se - ker d'Ën - se - le schmeit, dau - send

Es - ge - len d'Sou - che ver - ge - len, an den
 le - ad schon d'Flees - si - ver spert.



When Santa Claus is baking

Year after year, around the midst of November,
 angels light up the fire again.
 It will soon be December 6th
 And that's the day we like so much

Chorus:
 When Santa Claus is baking
 And his little helper cleans his boots,
 thousands of angels are packing up the gifts
 and his donkey feels the travel nerves.

The fire has to be kept day and night,
 so that the chimney up there never stops to smoke.
 We all see it down here
 For as the sky is so red.

Day after day goes with fear,
 Has the little helper picked a rod already?
 Has he caught many evil kids?
 Did he see that we behaved well?



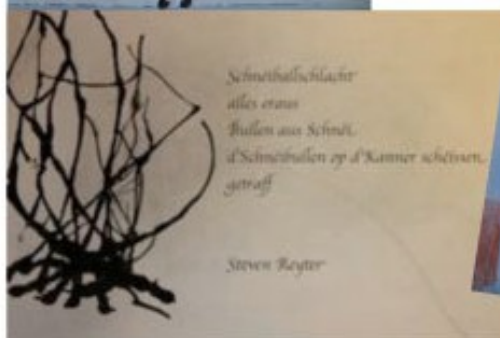
Kleeschen, Kleeschen

Ipp dipp dapp
 Ech stelle méng Schlapp
 Pling plang plong
 Du stells déng Schong
 Ech héieren d'Klacke schellen
 Gläich gëtt et Kamellen
 Hei hei hei
 Lo ass de Kleeschen hei
 Ho ho ho
 Den Housécker ass do

Ha ha ha
 Ech kréie Schokola
 O wi gutt
 De Bruce kritt eng Rutt
 Hey hey hey
 D'Rutt deed schéi wéih
 Hee hee hee
 Den Housécker mécht sech op de Wee
 Hou hou hou
 A mir sinn all déck frou.



Schoul Diddeléng



195. Friedrich

Léiwert Herrgottsbliedchen

Let war Herrgottsbliedchen, get war Späck an
 der Léiwert, an der Léiwert, an Fried, ware Fried, an
 i war der der get der get war, der get der get war
 Léiwert der Jung Léiwert der war, Léiwert der Léiwert war

Léiwert Herrgottsbliedchen

Dear God's St. Blasius, give us bacon and peas.
 One pound, two pounds, next year you're going to get well.
 Let the young people live, and the old ones die.
 If you don't come now, our feet get cold;
 If you don't come soon, we'll walk on hoses;
 If you don't come fast, our feet get thin;
 If you don't come at all, you'll get a lap full of nuts.

The feast of St. Blasius, celebrated on the 2 February, can occur before Lent, but it is unconnected with Carnival. On St. Blasius's day, children carrying rods tipped with little lights, called *Lichtbengelchen*, or some moderns sophisticated version of the same appliance, go from house to house, singing the song of St. Blasius and begging for treats.

The custom is called *Lichten* (lighting). There is mention of bacon and peas in the song, suggesting that long ago the poor begged for food, and perhaps even for Shrove Tuesday bacruts on St. Blasius's day.

Like many traditions, this one too has evolved over the years. Today the beggars are little children who eagerly accept handouts of sweets, although they prefer coins, or better still a crisp banknote.



Buergbrennen (The Burning Castle)

It is a Celtic tradition. The original meaning of the word „Buerg“ comes from the Latin word „comburare“ which stands for burning something together. It does not mean the building of a Middle Age castle. The Latin word was splitted into two parts and the first part was dropped. As time goes by, the second part was transformed into „Buerg“.

On Buergsonndeg (Castle Sunday), the first Sunday after the Carnival castles are burned on large fields all over the country. They are built by an association, mostly the boy-scouts who are gathering inflammable materials in order to put them together to a huge cross. It stands in the middle of a field or on a hill. Traditionally the castle is enlightened by a couple recently married.

The symbol of the fire is birth of spring and it is meant to drive the winter away. It is the triumph of the heat, the light over the cold and the darkness.





Schoul Diddeléng



Et ass Wanter:



Klammern aus dem Bett, a maachen d'Fenster op.
An ech spieren schon, déi äiskal Loft.
Et ass Wanter, 7 Auer fréi
An dobaussen, alles voller Schnéi
Nach dälischer wéi d'Nuecht, a wien hätt daat geduecht,
dass de Wanter schon kennt, also brauch ech waarm Strémp
Box un, Schaal un, dobaussen ass et ugezunn.
Mutz op, Kaputz drop, alles fir op d'Kopp?
Schwäikel, äiskal, äisglaat a minusgrad
Klimawandel? Egalwat!

**Et ass Wanter.
Ob e fréiert oder ziddert,
Ob e schnaddert oder bibbert.
Egal ob kal oder naass
Et mecht trotzdem Spass.**



Lo gëtt et awer Zäit, maachen mech op de Wee,
um Glatéis, an duerch Schnéieren.
Et ass kaum ze gleewen, dei hun vergiess ze streeën.
Et ass äiseg, rutscheg, matscheg, kuck mech:
Gesin aus, wéi en Inuit
A fueren gläich matt mengem Schlitt
Gott sei Dank, hun ech waarm Händschen
A bauen, e Schnéimännchen.
Oder schéissen einfach Schnéi,
oh Wanter, ass sou schéin



An am Wanter, do kann e viles maachen
Schoki drénken, oder baken.
Och Kaddoen, där gin et der vill,
gudd waarm doheim bei der Famil,
ënnert dem Beemchen, fir Chrëschttag
oder vum Kleeschen, aus sengem Sak.
A fir d'Fuesend, do sin ech verkleet,
daat ass d'Zäit vun Freed an Dommheet.
Schminken, fierwen, Konfetti, Kamellen
Alles daat bis Buergbrennen

