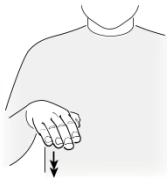
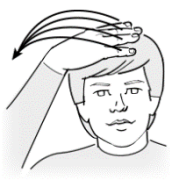


Tomtegubben som hade snuva

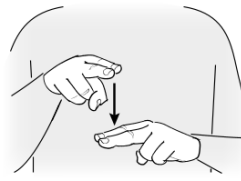
Text Felix Körling



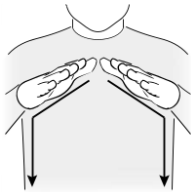
En liten



tomtegubbe



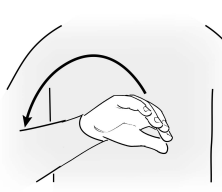
satt en gång



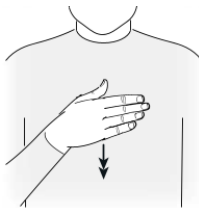
vid stugan



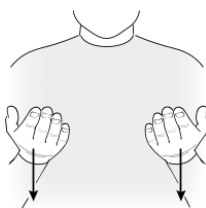
sin



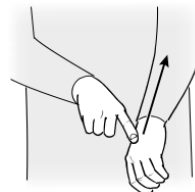
en tuva.



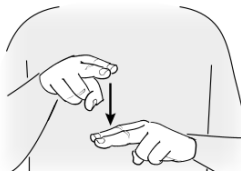
Han tyckte



dagen



var så fasligt lång,



han



satt



och

vände på sin

luva.



Usch, han frös



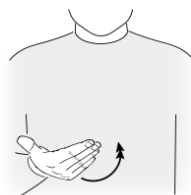
och han nös,

atschi, atsch, atsch, prosit!

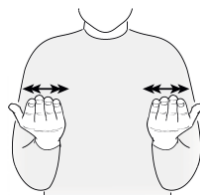




Usch, han frös och han nös,



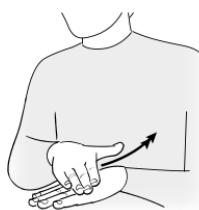
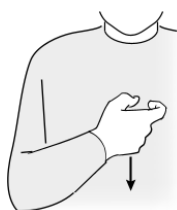
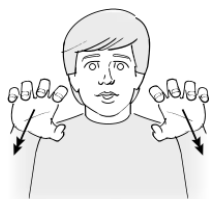
stackars gubben hade snuva.



Men tomtegumman

sade

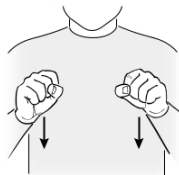
"Vad står på?"



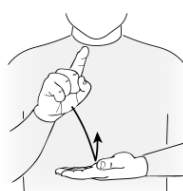
Du skrämmer både mig och katten.



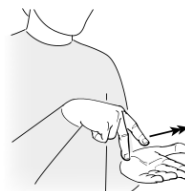
Till doktor Mullvad



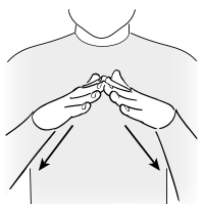
ska du



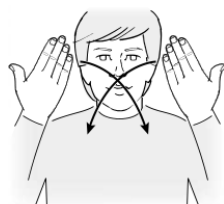
genast



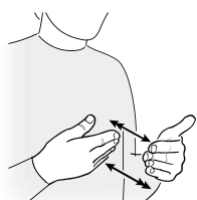
gå,



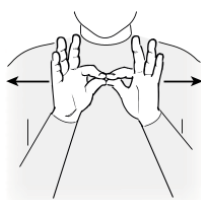
så att vi kan få ro



till natten.



Gör dig



fin,

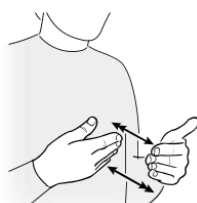


gubben

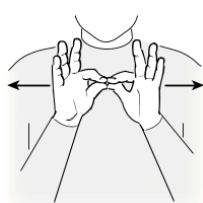


min,

atschi, atsch, atsch, prosit!



Gör dig



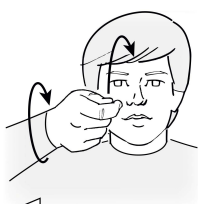
fin,



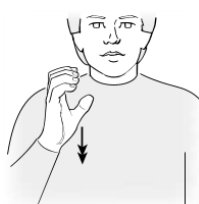
gubben



min,



och ta på dig

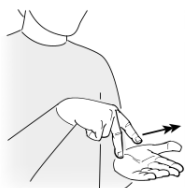


söndagshatten.”





Och gubben



gick till



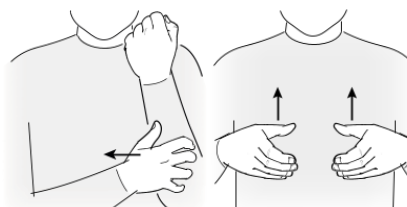
doktor Mullvad in,



som bodde



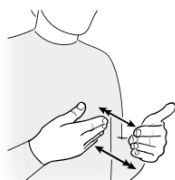
under



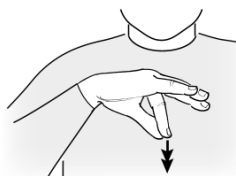
björkestubben.



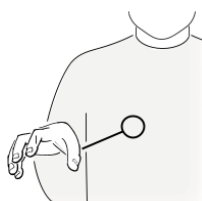
Och doktorn



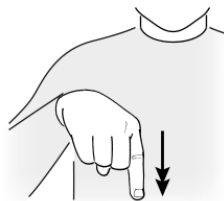
laga genast



medicin,

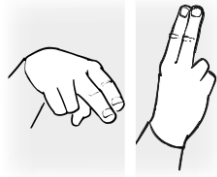


som han tog fram ur källarskrubben.





"Hoppas sa,



nu

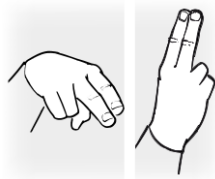


blir jag bra!

atschi, atsch, atsch, prosit!



"Hoppas sa,



nu



blir jag bra!



det nös jag på," sa



tomtegubben.