

Grimm



Grimm Notes

Grimm

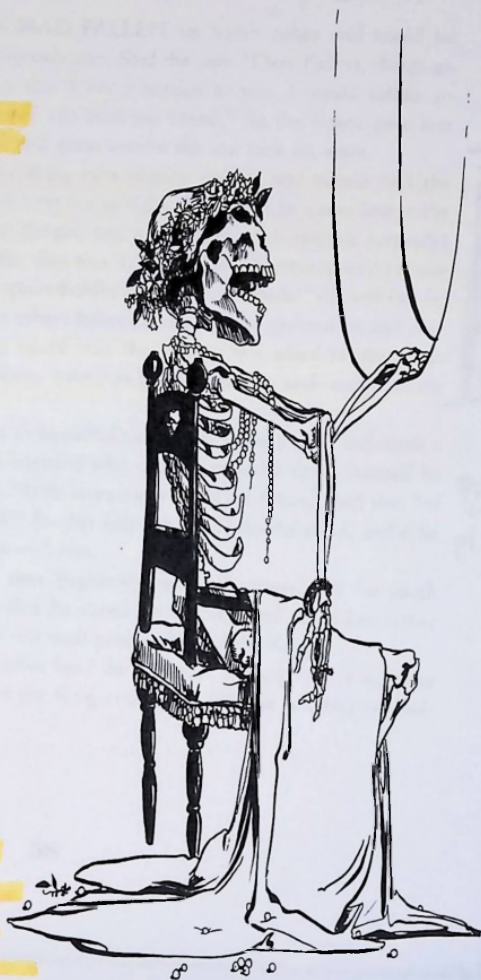
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At home, meanwhile, the bride was getting everything ready for the wedding and sending out the invitations to the sorcerer's friends. Then she took a skull with its mouth still filled with grinning teeth, crowned it with jewels and a garland of flowers, carried it to the attic, and placed it as if to look out of the attic window. When everything was ready for the wedding, she dipped herself in a barrel of honey, then she cut open the featherbed and rolled in it until no one could recognize her, for she looked like a very strange bird. Then she left the house and on her way she met some of the wedding guests, who asked from where she came. "I come from the sorcerer's house," she replied.

"And how fares the young bride?" the guests asked. Through her feathered disguise, she answered, "From the bottom to the top, she is sweeping the house. See there, she is watching you from the attic window."

A little further on, she met her bridegroom, who was slowly returning home. He asked the same questions as his friends before him, and received the same answers. He looked up to the window, saw the decorated skull, and believed it to be his true bride. He kissed his hand lovingly to her and entered the house.

But just as he had gone in to greet his gathered guests, the brothers and other relatives of the bride arrived to rescue her. They locked up all the doors to the house so that no one could escape, and then set it afire, and the sorcerer and all his friends were burnt to ashes.



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The Three Snake Leaves

A H-thunder of this after the death of Geli.



POOR MAN HAD FALLEN on harsh times and could no longer support his only son. Said the son: "Dear Father, things go so badly with us that I am a burden to you. I would rather go away and see how I can earn my bread." So the father gave him his blessing, and with great sorrow the son took his leave.

At this time, the King of a mighty empire was at war and the youth took service with his army and went out to fight. And when he came before the enemy, there was a battle, and great danger, and it rained shot so that his comrades fell on all sides, and when the leader also was killed, those left were about to take flight, but the youth stepped forth, spoke boldly to them, and cried: "We will not let our Fatherland be ruined!" Then the others followed him, and he pressed on and conquered the enemy. When the King heard that the victory was owed to the youth alone, he raised him above all the others, gave him great treasures, and made him the first in the kingdom.

The King had a daughter who was as beautiful as she was strange. She had made a vow to take no one as her lord and husband who did not promise to let himself be buried alive with her if she died first. "If he loves me with all his heart," said she, "of what use will life be to him afterward?" On her side she would do the same, and if he died first, would go down to the grave with him.

This strange oath had up to this time frightened away all suitors, but the youth became so charmed with her beauty that he cared for nothing and asked her father for her hand. "But do you know what you must promise?" said the King.

"I must be buried with her if I outlive her," he replied, "but my love is so great that I do not mind the danger." Then the King consented, and the wedding was solemnized with great happiness.

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They lived now for a while happy and contented with each other, and then it befell that the young Queen was attacked by a severe illness, and no physician could save her. And as she lay there dead, the young King remembered what he had been obliged to promise, and he was horrified at having to lie down alive in the tomb, but there was no escape. The King had placed sentries at all the gates, and it was not possible to avoid his fate. As the day came when the corpse was to be buried, he was taken down with it into the royal vault and then the door was shut and bolted.

Near the coffin stood a table on which were four candles, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine, and when this provision came to an end, he would have to die of hunger. And now he sat there full of pain and grief, ate every day only a little piece of bread, drank only a mouthful of wine, and nevertheless saw death daily drawing nearer.

Whilst he thus gazed before him, he saw a snake creep out of a corner of the vault and approach the dead body. And as he thought it came to gnaw at the corpse, he drew his sword and said, "As long as I live, you shall not touch her," and hacked the snake in three pieces.

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The leaves on the ground came into the unhappy man watching all the wondrous leaves that the snake to life likewise be human being laid one of his wife, and then hardly had he in her veins, and it again her eyes, and

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Celi
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After a time, a second snake crept out of the hole, and when it saw the other lying dead and cut in pieces, it retreated, but soon came again with three green leaves in its mouth. It took the three pieces of the snake, laid them together, as they fitted, and placed one of the leaves on each wound. Immediately the severed parts joined themselves together, the snake moved and became alive again, and both of them hastened away together.

The leaves were left lying on the ground, and a thought came into the mind of the unhappy man who had been watching all this to know if the wondrous power of the leaves that had brought the snake to life again could not likewise be of service to a human being. So he picked up the leaves and laid one of them on the mouth of his dead wife, and the two others on her eyes. And hardly had he done this than the blood stirred in her veins, rose into her pale face, and colored it again. Then she drew breath, opened her eyes, and said: "Ah, God, where am I?"

"You are with me, dear wife," he answered, and told her how everything had happened, and how he had brought her back again to life. Then he gave her some wine and bread, and when she had regained her strength, he raised her up, and they went to the door and knocked and called so loudly

that the sentries heard it and told the King. The King came down himself and opened the door, and there he found both strong and healthy, and he rejoiced with them that now all sorrow was over.

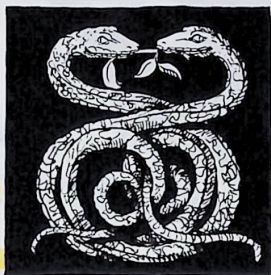
The young King, however, took the three snake leaves with him, gave them to a servant, and said: "Keep them for me carefully, and carry them constantly about you; who

knows in what trouble they may yet be of service to us!"

A change, however, had taken place in his wife: after she had been restored to life, it seemed as if all love for her husband had gone out of her heart. After some time, when he wanted to make a voyage over the sea to visit his old father, and they had

gone on board a ship, she forgot the great love and fidelity that he had shown her, and that had been the means of rescuing her from death, and conceived a wicked inclination for the skipper.

When the young King lay there asleep, she called in the skipper and seized the sleeper by the head, and the skipper took him by the feet, and thus they threw him down into the sea. When the shameful deed was done, she said: "Now let us return home and say that he died on the way. I will extol and praise you so to my father that he will marry me to you and make you the heir to his crown."





But the faithful servant had seen all that they did, and he unfastened a little boat from the ship, got into it, sailed after his master, and let the traitors go on their way. He fished up the dead body, and by the help of the three snake leaves that he carried about with him

and laid on the eyes and mouth, he fortunately brought the young King back to life.

They both rowed with all their strength day and night, and their little boat sailed so swiftly that they reached the old King before the others. He was astonished when he saw

them come alone, and asked what had happened. When he learned the wickedness of his daughter, he said: "I cannot believe that she has behaved so ill, but the truth will soon come to light." He bade both go into a secret chamber and keep themselves hidden from everyone.

Soon afterward the great ship sailed in, and the godless woman appeared before her father with a troubled countenance. He said: "Why do you come back alone? Where is your husband?"

"Ah, dear Father," she replied, "I come home again in great grief; during the voyage, my husband became suddenly ill and died, and if the good skipper had not given me his help, it would have gone ill with me. He was present at his deathbed and can tell you all."

"I will make the dead come alive again," cried the King, and he opened the chamber and bade the two come out. When the woman saw her husband, she was thunderstruck, and fell on her knees and begged for mercy.

The King said: "There is no mercy. He was ready to die with you and restored you to life again, but you have murdered him in his sleep and shall receive the reward that you deserve."

Then she was placed with her accomplice in a ship that had been pierced with holes and sent out to sea, where they soon sank beneath the waves.



The Juniper Tree



LONG TIME AGO there was a rich man who had a beautiful and pious wife. They loved each other dearly, but had no children, though they wished for them very much. The woman prayed for them day and night, but still they had none. Now, there was a courtyard in front of their house in which stood a juniper tree, and one day in winter the woman was standing beneath it, paring herself an apple, and while she was paring herself the apple she cut her finger, and the blood fell on the snow.

"Ah," said the woman, and she sighed right heavily and looked at the blood before her and was wistful. "If I had but a child as red as blood and as white as snow!"

And while she thus spoke, she became quite happy in her mind and felt just as if that were going to happen. Then she went into the house, and a month went by and the snow was gone; and two months went by, and then everything was green; and three months, and then all the flowers came out of the earth; and four months, and then all the trees in the wood grew thicker, and the green branches were all closely entwined, and the birds sang until the wood resounded and the blossoms fell from the trees; then the fifth month passed away, and she stood under the juniper tree, which smelled so sweetly that her heart leaped, and she fell on her knees and was beside herself with joy; and when the sixth month was over, the fruit was large and fine, and then she was quite still; in the seventh month, she snatched at the juniper berries and ate them greedily, then she grew sorrowful and sick; when the eight month passed, she called her husband to her, wept, and said, "If I die, then bury me beneath the juniper tree."

Then she was quite comforted and happy until the next month was over. She had a child as red as blood and as white as snow, and when she beheld him she was so delighted that she died.

Note: These 4 tales,
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Her husband buried her beneath the juniper tree, and he began to weep sore; after some time he was more at ease, and though he still wept, he could bear it, and after some time longer he took another wife.

By the second wife he had a daughter named Marlinchen. The child of his first wife, however, was a little son, and he was as red as blood and as white as snow. When the woman looked at her daughter, she was filled with love, but when she looked at the little boy, evil thoughts came into her heart of how she could get all her husband's fortune for her daughter and of how the boy stood in the way.

And so she took great hatred to the little boy, and pushed him from one corner to the other and slapped him here and cuffed him there, until the poor child was in continual terror, for when he came home from school he had no peaceful place.

One day the woman had gone upstairs to her room, and her little daughter followed and said, "Mother, give me an apple."

"Yes, my child," said the woman, and she gave her a fine apple out of a chest that had a great heavy lid with a great sharp iron lock.

"Mother," said the little girl, "is brother not to have one, too?"

This made the woman angry, but to her little daughter she said: "Yes, when he comes home from school." And when she saw from the window that the boy was coming, an evil

thought came to her. She snatched at the apple, took it away again from her daughter, and said: "You shall not have one before your brother." And she threw the apple into the chest and shut the lid.

When the little boy came in the door, the woman kindly asked him, "My son, will you have an apple?" while she cast him a nasty look.

"Mother," said the little boy, "how dreadful you look! Yes, give me an apple."

Then she spoke as kindly as before, while holding up the top: "Come here and take one out for yourself." And as the boy was stooping over the opened chest—crash!—she slammed down the lid, so that his head flew off and fell among the red apples.

The woman was overwhelmed with terror and thought, "If I could but make them think that it was not done by me!" So she went to her chest of drawers, took a white handkerchief out of the top drawer, set the boy's head on his neck again, and folded the handkerchief round it so that nothing could be seen. She sat him on a chair in front of the door and put the apple in his hand.

After this Marlinchen came into the kitchen to her mother, who was standing by the fire constantly stirring a pot of hot water. "Mother," said Marlinchen, "Brother is sitting at the door, and he looks quite white, and has an apple in his hand. I asked him to give me the apple, but he did not answer me, and I was quite frightened."

"Go back to him," said the woman, "and if he will not answer you, give him a box on the ear."

So Marlinchen went to the boy and said: "Brother, give me the apple." But he was silent, and she gave him a box on the ear, whereupon his head fell off.

Marlinchen was terrified. She began to cry and ran to her mother and said, "Alas, Mother, I have knocked my brother's head off!" And she cried and screamed, and would not cease.

"Marlinchen," said the woman, "what have you done? But be quiet and let no one know—as it cannot be helped now, we will make him into a pot of stew."

The woman took the little boy and chopped him in pieces, put him into the pot, and made him into stew, but Marlinchen stood by and wept and wept, and all her tears had fallen into the pot and there was no need of any salt.

Then the father came home and sat down to dinner and he asked, "But where is my son?" His wife served up a great dish from the pot of stew, while Marlinchen wept fiercely.

Then the father asked again, "But where is my son?"

"Ah," said his wife, "he has gone across the country to his mother's great uncle; he will stay there a while."

"And what is he going to do there?" the father asked. "He did not even say good-bye to me."

The wife replied, "Oh, he wanted to go, and asked me if he might stay six weeks. He is well taken care of there."

"Ah," said the man, "I feel so unhappy lest all should not be right.

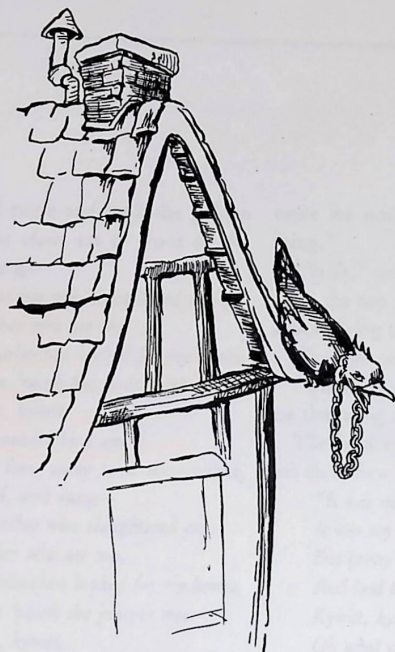
He ought to have said good-bye to me." With that he began to eat and said, "Marlinchen, why are you crying? Your brother will certainly come back." Then he said, "Ah, wife, how delicious this food is! Give me some more."

The more he ate, the more he wanted to eat, and he said, "Give me some more;

you shall have none of it. It seems to me as if it were all mine." And he ate and ate and threw all the bones under the table, until he finished it all.

But Marlinchen went away to her chest of drawers and pulled her best silk handkerchief from it. She took all the bones from beneath the table, tied them up in the silk, and carried the bundle outside the door, weeping tears of blood. Then she laid them down on the green grass under the juniper tree, and after





she had laid them down she suddenly felt light and did not cry anymore. At that the juniper tree began to stir itself, and the branches parted and moved together again, as if someone were rejoicing and clapping his hands.

At the same time a mist seemed to arise from the tree, and in the center of this mist it burned like a fire, and a beautiful bird

flew from the fire, singing magnificently. The bird flew high up in the air, and when it had gone, the juniper tree was just as it had been before, and the handkerchief filled with bones had disappeared. Marlinchen, however, was as gay and happy as if her brother were still alive. She went merrily into the house, sat down to dinner, and ate.

When the bird flew away, it lighted on a goldsmith's house and began to sing—

*"It was my mother who slaughtered me,
It was my father who ate me,
But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,
And laid them 'neath the juniper tree.*

Kywitt, kywitt, kywitt,

Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"

The goldsmith was sitting in his workshop making a golden chain when he heard the bird singing on his roof, and a very beautiful song it seemed to him. He stood up, but as he crossed the threshold he lost one of his slippers. Yet he walked right out into the middle of the street with one shoe and one sock, still wearing his apron, holding the golden chain in one hand and his pincers in the other.

He stood still, looked up at the bird, and said: "Bird, how beautifully you can sing! Sing me that piece again."

"Nay," said the bird, "I'll not sing it twice for nothing! Give me the golden chain, and then I will sing it again for you."

"There," said the goldsmith, "there is the golden chain for you, now sing me that song again."

Then the bird came and took the golden chain in his right claw, sat in front of the goldsmith, and sang—

*"It was my mother who slaughtered me,
It was my father who ate me,
But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,
And laid them 'neath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, kywitt, kywitt,
Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"*

Then the bird flew away to a shoemaker, lighted on his roof, and sang—

*"It was my mother who slaughtered me,
It was my father who ate me,
But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,
And laid them 'neath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, kywitt, kywitt,
Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"*

The shoemaker heard the song and ran out-doors in his shirtsleeves. He looked up at his roof and was forced to hold his hand before his eyes lest the sun should blind him. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully you can sing!" Then he called in at his door: "Wife, just come outside and look at this bird. He certainly can sing." Then he called his daughter and all of his children, and his apprentices, both young men and maidens alike, and they all came to the street and looked at the bird and saw how beautiful he was, and what fine red and green feathers he had, and how like real gold his neck was, and how the eyes in his head shone like stars.

"Bird," said the shoemaker, "now sing me that song again."

"Nay," said the bird, "I'll not sing it

twice for nothing; you must give me something."

"Wife," said the man, "go into the shop; upon the top shelf there stands a pair of red shoes. Bring them here."

Then the wife went and brought the shoes.

"There, bird," said the man, "now sing me that song again."

The bird came and took the shoes in his left claw, flew back on the roof, and sang—

*"It was my mother who slaughtered me,
It was my father who ate me,
But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,
And laid them 'neath the juniper tree.
Kywitt, kywitt, kywitt,
Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"*



And when he had finished his song he flew away with the chain in his right claw and the shoes in his left claw, and he flew until he reached a mill, and the mill went "clip-clap, clip-clap, clip-clap." And in the mill sat twenty miller's men hewing a millstone—and they went "hick-hack, hick-hack, hick-hack." Then the bird went and sat in the linden tree that grew in front of the mill, and sang—

"It was my mother who slaughtered me,"

Then one of them stopped working—

"It was my father who ate me,"

Then two more stopped working and listened to that—

"But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,"

Then four more stopped—

"And laid them 'neath"

Now eight only were hewing—

"the juniper tree."

Now only five—

"Kynwitt, kynwitt, kynwitt,"

And now only one—

"Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then the last stopped also and heard the final words. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully you sing! Let me, too, hear that. Sing that once more for me."

"Nay," said the bird, "I'll not sing it twice for nothing. Give me the millstone, and then I will sing it again."

"Yes," said he, "if it belonged to me only, you should have it."

"Yes," said the others, "if he sings again, he shall have it."

Then the bird came down, and the twenty millers all set to work with a beam and raised the stone up—hu-uh uhp, hu-uh uhp, hu-uh uhp. The bird stuck his neck through the hole, put the stone on as if it were a collar, flew onto the tree again, and sang—

"It was my mother who slaughtered me,

It was my father who ate me,

But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,

And laid them 'neath the juniper tree.

Kynwitt, kynwitt, kynwitt,

Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"

And when he finished, he spread his wings, and with the chain in his right claw, the shoes in his left, and the millstone round his neck, he flew far away to his father's house.

There in the room sat the father, the mother, and Marlinchen at dinner, and the father said, "How light and happy I feel!"

"Nay," said the mother, "I feel so uneasy, just as if a heavy storm were coming."

Marlinchen, however, sat weeping and weeping.

Then came the bird flying, and as it seated itself on the roof, the father said, "Ah, I feel so truly happy, and the sun is shining so beautifully outside. I feel just as if I were about to see some old friend again."

"Nay," said the woman, as she tore her stays open, "I feel so anxious, my teeth chatter, and I seem to have fire in my veins." But Marlinchen still sat in a corner crying. She held her plate before her eyes and cried until it was quite filled with water.

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Then the bird sat on the juniper tree, and
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"It was my mother who slaughtered me,"

Then the mother shut her eyes and covered her ears and would not see or hear, but her eyes burned and flashed like lightning, and there was a roaring in her ears like the most violent storm—

"It was my father who ate me,"

"Ah, Mother," said the father, "that is a beautiful bird! He sings so splendidly, and the sun shines so warm, and there is a smell just like cinnamon."

"But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,"

Then Marlinchen laid her head on her knees and wept without ceasing, but the father said: "I am going out, I must see the bird quite close."

"Oh, don't go," said his wife, "I feel as if the whole house were shaking and on fire."

But her husband went out and looked at the bird—

"And laid them 'neath the juniper tree.

Kyvvitt, kyvvitt, kyvvitt,

Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"

On this the bird let the golden chain fall, and it fell exactly round the man's neck, so exactly round that it fitted beautifully.

The man went back indoors and said: "Just look at the handsome golden chain the beautiful bird has given me!" But his wife was so terrified that she fell to the floor and the cap fell off her head.



Then sang the bird once more—

"It was my mother who slaughtered me,"

"Would that I were a thousand feet beneath the earth so as not to hear that!" the woman cried.

"It was my father who ate me,"

Then she fell down again as if dead.

"But pretty Marlinchen looked for my bones,"

"Ah," said Marlinchen, "I, too, will go out and see if the bird will give me anything." Then she went out—

"And laid them 'neath the juniper tree."

Then the bird threw the shoes down to her.

"Kynwitt, kynwitt, kynwitt,

Oh what a beautiful bird am I!"

All at once Marlinchen was lighthearted and joyous. She put on the new red shoes and danced and leaped into the house.

"Ah," said she, "I was so sad when I went out and now I am light; that splendid bird has given me a pair of red shoes!"

"Nay!" said her mother, and she sprang to her feet and her hair stood on end like flames of fire, "I feel as if the world were coming to an end! I, too, will go out and see if I feel lighter." As she went out the door—crash!—the bird threw the millstone down on her head and crushed her flat to the ground.

The father and Marlinchen heard that and rushed out to see smoke and flames and fire rising from the spot. When it was over, there stood the little brother, who took his father and Marlinchen by the hand, and all three were happy and went into the house and ate their dinner.



Fowler's Fowl



IN OLDEN TIMES there was a sorcerer who dressed himself as a pauper and went begging from house to house and stole away pretty girls. No one knew where he took them because none ever came back. One day the sorcerer knocked at the door of a man who had three beautiful daughters. He feigned weakness and carried an old battered basket on his back to hold any gifts he might be offered. He asked for a bite of food and the eldest girl came out to give him a piece of bread. At the sorcerer's touch, she came under his spell and could not help herself from jumping into his basket.

At that, he hurried off with a powerful stride and carried her to his house in the middle of a dark forest. Everything in the house was magnificent and the sorcerer gave the girl whatever she could wish, saying to her, "My darling, you will be happy here with me; you have everything your heart desires."

It went this way for a couple of days and then the sorcerer said, "I must go away on a journey and leave you alone for a while. Here are the keys of the house: you may go anywhere and look at everything, but one room is opened with this little key, and I forbid you to enter it under pain of death." He also gave her an egg and said, "Look after this egg very carefully and carry it wherever you go, because something terrible will happen if it gets lost." She took the keys and the egg and promised to take good care of everything.

When he had gone, the girl went through the house from top to bottom and looked at everything. The rooms glittered with silver and gold and it seemed to her that she had never seen such great splendor. Finally she came to the forbidden door; she meant to walk past, but curiosity nagged at her. She looked at the key; it looked like any ordinary key. She put it in the keyhole and turned it just a little bit, but the door sprang open. And what did she see? A great bloody basin stood in the middle of

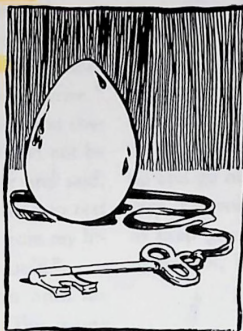
the room. It was filled with the parts of dead bodies that had been hacked to pieces; beside it stood a butcher's block with a gleaming ax on top. The girl was so horrified that she dropped the egg, which she held in her hand, and it fell into the basin. She quickly picked it out and wiped off the blood, but her efforts were in vain because the blood reappeared in a moment. She washed and scrubbed, but it would not come clean.

It was not long before the man came back from his journey and the first things he asked for were the key and the egg. She gave them to him but she was trembling, and he could tell from the red spots on the egg that she had been in the bloody chamber. "You have gone in the room against my will," he said. "And shall go back against your own. Your life is finished." He threw her down, dragged her in by the hair, and cut her head off on the block. Then he hacked her to pieces so that the blood flowed all over the floor, and tossed her into the basin with the rest of his victims.

"Now I'll go and get the second one," said the sorcerer, and again he went back to the house disguised as a poor man begging for food. The second daughter brought him a piece of bread and he caught her as he had the first by just touching her and then carried

her away. She fared no better than her sister, for her curiosity led her astray: she opened the door to the bloody chamber, looked inside, and paid with her life.

Now the sorcerer went and fetched the third girl, but she was smart and clever. When he had given her the key and the egg and gone on his journey, she first carefully put the egg away, then she looked all around the house and finally went into the forbidden room. Ah, what she did see! There in the basin lay her two dear sisters, miserably murdered and hacked into pieces. But she got her wits about her and set to work and gathered all the parts and laid them in the right order: head, body, arms,



and legs. And when nothing was missing, the limbs began to move and joined together and the two girls opened their eyes and were alive again. They were happy and kissed and hugged one another, and then the third one let her sisters out of the horrible room and hid them away.

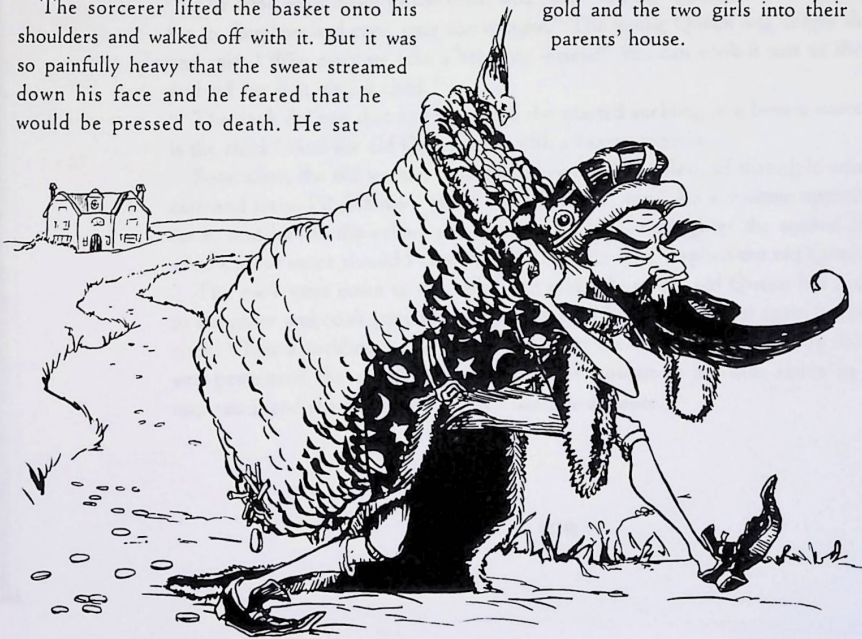
When he returned, the sorcerer immediately demanded the key and egg, and as he could see no trace of blood, he said, "You have passed the test and shall be my bride."

"I will marry you," she answered, "but first you must take a basket full of gold to my father and mother, and you must carry it on

your own back. Meanwhile I will get everything ready for the wedding." Then she ran to where her sisters were hidden and said, "Now is the time that I can save you. The wretched man himself shall carry you home, but send help to me as soon as you arrive." She put both of them into the basket and covered them with gold so that they could not be seen. Then she called the sorcerer and said, "Now take the basket, and don't stop to rest on the way. I'll be keeping guard from my little window to make sure that you don't."

The sorcerer lifted the basket onto his shoulders and walked off with it. But it was so painfully heavy that the sweat streamed down his face and he feared that he would be pressed to death. He sat

down to rest awhile, but right away one of the girls in the basket cried, "I'm looking out my window and can see you resting! Get up and go on at once!" He thought it was his bride calling to him and got up and went on his way. Again he wanted to sit down, but right away the voice cried, "I'm looking out of my window and can see you resting! Get up and go on at once!" Each time he tried to stop, the voice would call to him and he had to keep going until finally, groaning and out of breath, he brought the basket with the gold and the two girls into their parents' house.



The Mother-in-Law



ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a King and a Queen, and that Queen had a wickedly evil mother-in-law. When the King went off to war, the old Queen had her daughter-in-law locked up in a musty room in the cellar, and her two little boys were locked up with her. One day the old Queen found herself with a craving for human flesh and she thought, "I would love to eat one of those two little boys." Upon that thought, she summoned the cook and ordered him to fetch one of her grandsons from the cellar and have him slaughtered and prepared for cooking. "What kind of sauce should I prepare?" asked the cook. "A brown one," replied the old Queen.

The cook went down to the cellar and said: "Oh my Queen, the old Queen wants me to slaughter and cook your son tonight." The young Queen was deeply distressed and said: "Why can't we take a baby pig instead? You can cook it just as she wanted and tell her that it's my child."

The cook did just that and presented the roasted suckling in a brown sauce: "Here is the child." And the old Queen ate it with a hearty appetite.

Soon after, the old woman thought to herself, "The flesh of that child was so delicate and tasty, I'll just have to eat the other one, too." So she again summoned the cook, sent him to the cellar, and commanded him to slaughter the second child. "In what kind of sauce should I cook him?" "A white one," replied the old Queen.

The cook went down to the cellar and said: "Now the old Queen has ordered me to slaughter and cook your second little son." The young Queen again begged of the cook: "Take a suckling pig and cook it the way she likes it." So the cook did just that and presented the suckling pig to the old woman in a white sauce as she had requested, and she ate it with an even heartier appetite.

At last, the old woman thought to herself, "Now the children are in my body, and I can eat the young Queen herself." She summoned the cook and ordered that the young Queen be made for her dinner. When asked how she should be prepared, the old Queen replied, "Well spiced."

Once more the cook went to the cellar and spoke to his Queen. A suckling pig would not fool the old woman this time, but she told him to prepare a young deer just brought in from the hunt instead. Again, the cook did as she said and brought to the table a well-spiced venison, which the old Queen ate with the heartiest appetite of all.

Oh! Just imagine the plight of the poor young Queen, locked away in the cellar with her two young Princes. As time went on and her husband did not return, it was more and more difficult to keep the little boys from their fussing and crying.

It then came to pass that the old Queen, her appetite piqued, would roam the halls of the castle in the dead of night, hoping to pick up the scent of a tender young servant child who should

be hers for the eating. As the old woman crept quietly through the cellar one night, she heard a baby's sudden wail and knew at once that the young Queen and the Princes still lived.

Enraged at the cook's deception, the old woman ordered a large cauldron to be brought forth and filled to the top with vipers, toads, and serpents. Then were the cook, the young Queen, and her two sons brought before her and she prepared to throw them all into the pot to meet their death.

It happened that just as the old woman's victims were about to be tossed into the slithering stew, there came a clattering of horses in the castle courtyard. Then the old Queen knew that the King had returned from battle and he would surely see her punished for her wicked appetites.

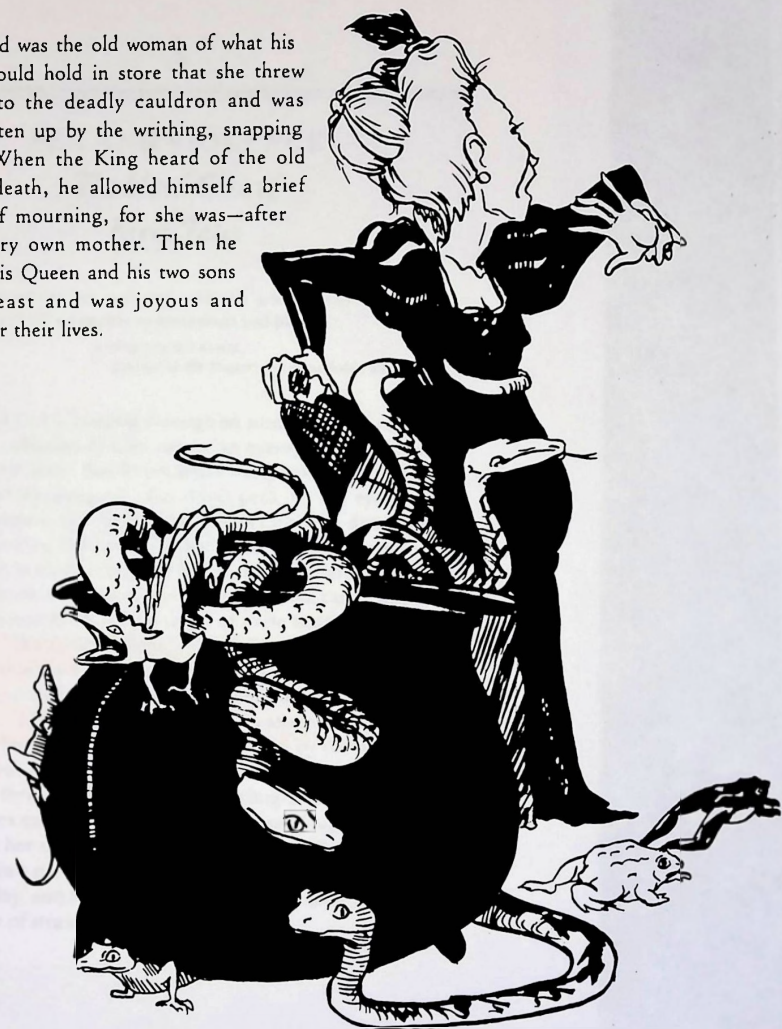


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So afraid was the old woman of what his
revenge would hold in store that she threw
herself into the deadly cauldron and was
quickly eaten up by the writhing, snapping
reptiles. When the King heard of the old
woman's death, he allowed himself a brief
moment of mourning, for she was—after
all—his very own mother. Then he
gathered his Queen and his two sons
to his breast and was joyous and
thankful for their lives.



SEX AND VIOLENCE

*The Hard Core of
Fairy Tales*

These stories are suffused with the same purity that makes children appear so marvelous and blessed.

—WILHELM GRIMM,
preface to the *Nursery and Household Tales*

FOR MANY ADULTS, reading through an unexpurgated edition of the Grimms' collection of tales can be an eye-opening experience. Even those who know that Snow White's stepmother arranges the murder of her stepdaughter, that doves peck out the eyes of Cinderella's stepsisters, that Briar Rose's suitors bleed to death on the hedge surrounding her castle, or that a mad rage drives Rumpelstiltskin to tear himself in two will find themselves hardly prepared for the graphic descriptions of murder, mutilation, cannibalism, infanticide, and incest that fill the pages of these bedtime stories for children. In "The Juniper Tree," one of the most widely admired of the tales, a woman decapitates her stepson, chops his corpse into small pieces, and cooks him in a stew that her husband devours with obvious gusto. "Fledgling" recounts a cook's attempt to carry out a similar plan, though she is ultimately outwitted by the boy and his sister. Frau Trude, in the story of that title, turns a girl into a block of wood and throws her into a fire. "Darling Roland" features a witch who takes axe in hand to murder her stepdaughter but ends by butchering her own daughter. Another stepmother dresses her stepdaughter in a paper chemise, turns her out into the woods on a frigid winter day, and forbids her to return home until she has harvested a basket of strawberries.



FIGURE 2. A Moritz von Schwind illustration of one of the many gruesome episodes in "The Juniper Tree."

Lest this litany of atrocities leads to the mistaken view that women are the sole agents of evil in German fairy tales, let us look at examples of paternal and fraternal cruelty. Who can forget the miller who makes life miserable for his daughter by boasting that she can spin straw to gold? Or the king of the same tale who is prepared to execute the girl if her father's declarations prove false? In another tale a man becomes so irritated by his son's naiveté that he first disowns him, then orders him murdered by his servants. The singing bone, in the tale of that title, is whittled from the remains of a fratricide victim; when the bone reveals the secret of the scandalous murder to the world, the surviving brother is sewn up in a sack and drowned. The father of the fairy-tale heroine known as Thousandfurs is so bent on marrying his own daughter that she is obliged to

flee from her hellier in female his twelve sons i a girl. One mon- ing them to disr

In fairy tales, criminal to the Robber Brideg trothed and his off her clothes, sprinkle them thieves, spotting an axe, chops o her lap. Such b ands and high- more of an ogi girl known as A one of thirteen her transgressi ment. There tl of whom is whi the young quee mysterious dis- picions of the condemn her fesses her sin (bound) does M Compassion cl gin Mary as sh

The Grimm tone down de to eliminate p. was often at tl own volition. I tensifying viol vision in the fi

flee from her home into the woods. Another father is so firm a believer in female ultimogeniture that he prepares twelve coffins for his twelve sons in the event that his thirteenth child turns out to be a girl. One monarch after another punishes wicked females by forcing them to disrobe and to roll down hills in kegs studded with nails.

In fairy tales, nearly every character—from the most hardened criminal to the Virgin Mary—is capable of cruel behavior. In "The Robber Bridegroom," a young woman watches in horror as her betrothed and his accomplices drag a girl into their headquarters, tear off her clothes, place her on a table, hack her body to pieces, and sprinkle them with salt. Her horror deepens when one of the thieves, spotting a golden ring on the murdered girl's finger, takes an axe, chops off the finger, and sends it flying through the air into her lap. Such behavior may not be wholly out of character for brigands and highwaymen, but even the Virgin Mary appears to be more of an ogre than a saint in the Grimms' collection. When the girl known as Mary's Child disobeys an injunction against opening one of thirteen doors to the kingdom of heaven and tries to conceal her transgression, the Virgin sends her back to earth as punishment. There the girl marries a king and bears three children, each of whom is whisked off to heaven by the Virgin, who is annoyed by the young queen's persistent refusal to acknowledge her guilt. The mysterious disappearance of the children naturally arouses the suspicions of the king's councilors, who bring the queen to trial and condemn her to death for cannibalism. Only when the queen confesses her sin (just as flames leap up around the stake to which she is bound) does Mary liberate her and restore the three children to her. Compassion clearly does not number among the virtues of the Virgin Mary as she appears in fairy tales.

The Grimms only occasionally took advantage of opportunities to tone down descriptions of brutal punishments visited on villains or to eliminate pain and suffering from their tales.² When they did, it was often at the behest of a friend or colleague rather than of their own volition. More often, the Grimms made a point of adding or intensifying violent episodes. *Cinderella's* stepsisters are spared their vision in the first version of the story. Only in the second edition of



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the *Nursery and Household Tales* did Wilhelm Grimm embellish the story with a vivid account of the doves' revenge and with a somewhat fatuous justification for the bloody tableau at the tale's end: "So both sisters were punished with blindness to the end of their days for being so wicked and false." Rumpelstiltskin beats a hasty retreat on a flying spoon at the end of some versions of his tale, but the Grimms seem to have favored violence over whimsy. Their Rumpelstiltskin becomes ever more infuriated by the queen's discovery of his name; in the second edition of the *Nursery and Household Tales*, he is so beside himself with rage that he tears himself in two. Briar Rose sleeps for a hundred years while a hedge peacefully grows around the castle in the first recorded version of the story. In successive editions of the Grimms' collection, we not only read about the young prince who succeeds in penetrating the thorny barrier, but also learn the grisly particulars about Briar Rose's unsuccessful suitors. They fail because "the briar bushes clung together as though they had hands so that the young princes were caught in them and died a pitiful death."

The changes made from the first to the second edition in "The Magic Table, the Gold Donkey, and the Cudgel in the Sack" show just how keen the Grimms must have been to give added prominence to violent episodes. In the first edition of the *Nursery and Household Tales*, we read about the encounter between the story's hero and an innkeeper who confiscates the property of the hero's brothers.

The turner placed the sack under his pillow. When the innkeeper came and pulled at it, he said: "Cudgel, come out of the sack!" The cudgel jumped out of the sack and attacked the innkeeper, danced with him, and beat him so mercilessly that he was glad to promise to return the magic table and the gold donkey.³

The second edition not only fills in the details on the crime and its punishment, but also puts the innkeeper's humiliation on clearer display.

At bedtime [the turner] stretched out on the bench and used his sack as a pillow for his head. When the innkeeper thought his guest was fast asleep and that no one else was in the room, he went over and

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There is no mention of devils in this version; the girl's father is the sole satanic figure. The Grimms found it easy, however, to reintroduce the devil by mutilating the folkloric text whose authenticity they so admired. The original introduction detailing the father's offenses was deleted from the tale and replaced by the less sensational account of a pact with the devil.⁶

Even without reading Freud on the devil as a substitute for the father, it is easy to see how the devil became mixed up in this tale. Just as God, Saint Peter, and Christ came to stand in for various benefactors in folktales, so Satan in his various guises was available for the role of villain and could incarnate forbidden desire. "The Poor Man and the Rich Man," "The Devil and His Grandmother," and "The Carnation" are among the many other texts in the *Nursery and Household Tales* that mobilize divinities and devils as agents of good and evil. The Grimms seemed, in general, to have favored tales with a Christian cast of characters over their "pagan" counterparts, although there was no compelling folkloristic reason for them to do so. For "The Girl without Hands," they chose to graft the introduction from what they considered an inferior version of the tale (but one that had the advantage of demonizing Satan instead of a father) onto a "superior (and complete)" variant. Clearly the Grimms were not particularly enamored with the idea of including plots concerned with incestuous desire in a collection of tales with the title *Nursery and Household Tales*. Incest was just not one of those perfectly natural matters extolled in their preface to the tales.

Sex and violence: these are the major thematic concerns of tales in the Grimms' collection, at least in their unedited form. But more important, sex and violence in that body of stories frequently take the perverse form of incest and child abuse, for the nuclear family furnishes the fairy tale's main cast of characters just as the family constitutes its most common subject. When it came to passages colored by sexual details or to plots based on Oedipal conflicts, Wilhelm Grimm exhibited extraordinary editorial zeal. Over the years, he systematically purged the collection of references to sexuality and masked depictions of incestuous desire. But lurid portrayals of child abuse, starvation, and exposure, like fastidious descriptions of

cruel punishment: life seemed to have harsh realities of e

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cruel punishments, on the whole escaped censorship. The facts of life seemed to have been more disturbing to the Grimms than the harsh realities of everyday life.

How is one to explain these odd editorial practices? The Grimms' enterprise, we must recall, began as a scholarly venture and a patriotic project. As early as 1811, the brothers proclaimed that their efforts as collectors were guided by scholarly principles, and they therefore implied that they were writing largely for academic colleagues. There was an idealistic effort to capture German folk traditions in print before they died out and to make a modest contribution to the history of German poetry. As Jacob Grimm pointed out during his search for a publisher, the main purpose of the proposed volume was not so much to earn royalties as to salvage what was left of the priceless national resources still in the hands of the German folk. The Grimms therefore were willing to forgo royalties for the benefit of appearing in print. Still, the brothers expressed the hope that the volume in the offing would find friends everywhere—and that it would entertain them as well.⁷

Weighed down by a ponderous introduction and by extensive annotations, the first edition of the *Nursery and Household Tales* had the look of a scholarly tome, rather than of a book for a wide audience. Sales, however, were surprisingly brisk, perhaps in part because of the book's title. Several of the Grimms' contemporaries had already registered respectable commercial successes with collections of stories for children, and the appearance of the *Nursery and Household Tales* coincided to some extent with a developing market for collections of fairy tales. By 1815 nearly all 900 copies of the first volume had been sold, and Wilhelm Grimm began talking about a second edition in light of the "heavy demand" for the collection. The Grimms had every reason to be pleased, particularly when one calculates that thirty years later (when literacy was more widespread and the demand for children's literature greater) a book such as the popular *Struwwelpeter* had a first printing of only 1,500. With their reputation for "revering trivia" and their endless struggles to get things published, they must also have been growing hungry for a measure of commercial success or at least for some indication of

known stories—more or less what became the classic canon of texts. The first printing of 1,500 copies sold well, and the brothers witnessed nine additional printings of this edition in their lifetimes. To be sure, the market for children's literature was gradually opening in those years—the frontispieces to collections of fairy tales begin, at about this time, to show nursemaids and grandmothers reading to children from books instead of narrating freely. But Wilhelm Grimm also had the right instincts about how to strengthen sales. For the abridged edition, he even went beyond Achim von Arnim's advice on how to turn the *Nursery and Household Tales* into a book for children. The preface and the notes were eliminated; illustrations were added (by the Grimms' brother Ludwig Emil); and the texts were based on the revised version of 1819. As Wilhelm wrote his publisher, anything that smacked of scholarship had no place in the volume.²⁰

Eliminating references to unwanted pregnancies, introducing marriage before displaying the marriage bed, and explicitly condemning deviant behavior must have gone a long way toward silencing critics and appeasing parental objections to the first edition of the *Nursery and Household Tales*. It clearly made good commercial sense to move along those lines. But why intensify violence or take pains to portray the punishment of evildoers if one is aiming to reach an audience of children? For one thing, the Grimms were careful to eliminate violence whenever it appeared in too realistic a setting. "The Starving Children," for example, is less a fairy tale than a quasi-journalistic account; therefore it never appeared between the covers of the second edition. When it came to fairy tales, however, the Grimms adopted a different strategy. There they had no reservations about including detailed descriptions of children abused and of abusers punished; nor did they rush to excise passages that showed heads rolling or fingers flying through the air.

Professional raconteurs report that children are rarely squeamish when they hear about decapitation or other forms of mutilation. Grisly episodes often strike them as amusing rather than horrifying. Vilma Mönckeberg, a notable teller of fairy tales, recalls that her young audiences found episodes in "The Juniper Tree" to be "hi-

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larious." The cannibalistic tableau in that tale did not elicit disgust and outrage as she had feared. Another storyteller reports that children "howled with delight" when hearing about the agony of the Jew in the brambles in the tale of that title.²¹ And this for reasons that probably had little to do with anti-Semitism. Obviously this kind of laughter is more a release for pent-up anxieties than an expression of delight, but it also indicates that the depiction of physical violence in fairy tales has a special appeal for children, and not only in connection with the punishment of villains. When it comes to descriptions of a hero's trials and tribulations, however, we are dealing with a somewhat different matter. There, children, who invariably count themselves among the downtrodden and underprivileged, identify and empathize with the protagonist. The more Hansel, Gretel, Cinderella, and Snow White are victimized by the powers of evil, the more sympathy they elicit and the more captivating they are for children. Wilhelm Grimm's editing procedures here again succeeded in making the *Nursery and Household Tales* more rather than less attractive to young audiences.

All this is not to say that the Grimms were rank opportunists. Rather they were part of a tendency that had become a trend by the early nineteenth century. The stories collected by the two young students of folklore and philology (Jacob was twenty-seven and Wilhelm twenty-six when the first volume of the *Nursery and Household Tales* was published) could still be considered a source of entertainment for all age groups. They appeared in print just when folktales were moving out of barns and spinning rooms and into the nursery. The process by which adult entertainment was translated into children's literature was a slow one with a long transitional period when the line between the two was by no means clear.

In many ways, the Grimms' collection (at least in its original form) straddled the line between adult entertainment and children's literature. By giving their collection the title *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, the Grimms seemed from the start to imply that their tales were intended primarily for children and that their province was henceforth the domestic sphere. But as C. S. Lewis has said of fairy tales, "Many children don't like them and many adults do." No age group

stitutions generally mirror those of feudal times. The inheritance customs set down in tales featuring a man and his three sons remind us that we are in a premodern world where favoring the eldest son is essential to preserving the patrimony. "Hans in Luck" and other stories of foolish exchanges that turn hard-earned gains into worthless pebbles reflect the preoccupations of a society in which much of the economic activity was based on bartering. The degree to which spinning stands as a woman's destiny (unless she is rescued from household drudgery by a prince or clever enough to convince her husband that spinning will deform her) points once again to the early origins of these tales. It takes no special degree of historical sophistication to recognize that the social structures, institutions, and economic networks of many fairy tales are based on medieval or, at least, premodern models. To be sure, the origins of these tales may well go back even further, though to date them from the Ice Age, as one critic does, seems to be stretching a point.¹³

No one has succeeded in establishing the exact (or even approximate) time during which the story "Hansel and Gretel" took place, yet historians seem to have focused on it as an especially rich source of cultural data. One historian argues that the tale is wholly realistic, reflecting premodern social conditions in which "wicked stepmothers were not a subject of fantasy any more than castout children."

According to the Grimms, the situations in their particular collection were so commonplace that most readers would have no trouble recognizing them as true to life. For an example of the many "basic situations" depicted in the tales, they referred their readers to the case of impoverished parents who drive their children from hearth and home, leaving them to starve in the woods. Another was the case of the hard-hearted stepmother who is an expert in child abuse, making life unbearable for her husband's children.¹⁴

Even as late as 1806, the year in which the Grimms first began collecting tales, child abandonment—along with infanticide—was not so uncommon a practice among the poor as to make its fictional portrayal appear more sensationalistic than realistic. And given the high mortality rate for women during their childbearing years, a stepmother in the household (and a hostile one at that) came peril-

the realistic opening paragraph of a fairy tale and to focus solely on the skeletal outlines of the larger, surrealist content. But the facts of family life that so often set the stage for a hero's adventures form an integral part of each tale; to ignore them is to do violence to the entire text. For that reason, interpretations that neglect to take the hero's full history into account often fail to ring true. Since fairy tales concern themselves with family conflict and since conflicts at home so often anticipate the struggles that lie ahead, it makes eminent sense to look at the psychological dynamics of the initial conflict as a source of interpretive clues and cues for the body of the text. Most fairy tales consist of two parts seamlessly joined: focusing on one alone can lead to a kind of interpretive arbitrariness that allows fairy tales to serve as the scaffolding for anything ranging from a personal philosophy to a political ideology.

That arbitrariness is revealed in its most pronounced form in the interpretive fashions of British folklorists writing during the Victorian era. For those scholars, myths, heroic legends, and folktales alike had nothing to do with the facts of human life; instead they dramatized cosmological battles between the sun and the night. A dragon-slaying hero was enshrined as the solar hero conquering the dark forces of the night, the gleaming rays of the sun represented by his sword, spear, or arrows. The entire pantheon of Greek heroes, from Achilles to Odysseus, became exemplars of solar heroes who undertake long westward journeys filled with arduous labors culminating in death and rebirth. Fairy tales were no exception to the rule that human drama is a metaphor for expressing cosmic processes. One of the more renowned exponents of comparative mythology saw solar deities in both Cinderella and the Frog-King, but also in nearly every other fairy-tale hero. For him Hansel and Gretel were nothing but dawn children; the gold that is their reward at the end of the tale represents the radiance of the sun. The sweet voice of reason ultimately reasserted itself in folkloric studies when Andrew Lang counseled against hurrying to explain every incident in a fairy tale as a "reference to the natural phenomena of Dawn, Sunset, Wind, Storm, and the like." Our own day and age has witnessed (to borrow a phrase from Richard Dorson) the total eclipse

fool, he mounts a wretched nag to seek his fortune in the world. Although there are hints that he is something of a dragon slayer (he arrives at Munsalvæsche during the feast of Saint Michael, the vanquisher of Satan as dragon), the only dragons he slays are emblazoned on his opponent's helmet. But like folkloric heroes, Parzival knows no fear and consequently displays valor on the battlefield. Although he fails the initial test of compassion, in the course of his adventures he develops that quality and learns humility.

Remaining in the same poetic climate but moving to another era, we find that Richard Wagner's Siegfried also launches his heroic career as a naive youth without fear. The resemblances between his story and the "Fairy Tale of One Who Went Forth to Learn Fear" are unmistakable. To his cantankerous guardian, Mime, Siegfried confides that he wishes to learn what it is to fear, to which Mime responds that the wise learn fear quickly, the stupid have a harder time of it.²¹ Siegfried clearly belongs in the latter category. Like the one who went forth to learn fear, he discovers that emotion in the experience of love. As he sets eyes on the sleeping Brünnhilde, he feels a mystifying quickening of emotions:

How cowardly I feel.
Is this what they call fear?
Oh mother! mother!
Your fearless child!
A woman lies in sleep:
She has taught him to be afraid!

(Siegfried, act 3)

No one was more surprised by the resemblances between the Grimms' fairy-tale character and the heroic Siegfried than Richard Wagner. In a letter to his friend Theodor Uhlig, he wrote: "Haven't I ever told you this amusing story? It's the tale of the lad who ventures forth to learn what fear is and who is so dumb that he just can't do it. Imagine my amazement when I suddenly realized that that lad is no one else but—young Siegfried."²²

It would not be difficult to identify countless other guileless fools and lads without fear in German literature. From the baroque era through the romantic period to the present, naiveté is the signature of many a literary hero. The protagonist of Grimmelshausen's *Sin-*

Wagner
influenced
by Grimms
also

Grimm Brothers' Home Page

compiled by



D. L. Ashliman

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-

Chronology of their life

1785. Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm is born January 4, 1785, in Hanau, Germany, son of Philipp Wilhelm Grimm (a lawyer and court official) and his wife Dorothea Grimm, née Zimmer.

1786. Wilhelm Carl Grimm is born February 24, 1786, in Hanau, Germany, son of Philipp Wilhelm Grimm and Dorothea Grimm.

The children of Philipp Wilhelm Grimm and Dorothea Grimm

1. Friedrich Hermann Georg Grimm (1783-1784) ✕
2. Jacob ~~Ludwig~~ Carl Grimm (1785-1863) 78
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7. Friedrich Grimm (1791-1792) ✕
8. Charlotte (Lotte) Amalie Hassenpflug, neé Grimm (1793-1833) 40
9. Georg Eduard Grimm (1794-1795) ✕

1791. The Grimm family moves to Steinau.

1796. Philipp Wilhelm Grimm, father of eight Grimm brothers and one Grimm sister, dies January 10, 1796, at the age of 44. Three of his nine children have preceded him in death. His oldest surviving child, Jacob, is 11 years old.

1798. Jacob and Wilhelm move to Kassel, their mother's home city, to enter secondary school. The 13 and 14 year old boys will live with an aunt.

1802. Jacob begins his study of law at the University of Marburg.

1803. Wilhelm begins his study of law at the University of Marburg.

1806. Jacob and Wilhelm, influenced by the folk poetry collection of Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, begin to collect folktales (*Märchen*).

1808. Dorothea Grimm, mother of eight Grimm brothers and one Grimm sister, dies May 27, 1808, at the age of 52. In order to support his younger brothers and sister, Jacob takes a position as a librarian at Kassel. Wilhelm will follow soon.

²⁷⁺²⁶
1812. The Grimm brothers publish volume one of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (*Children's and Household Tales*), an unpretentious book containing 86 numbered folktales.

²⁹⁺²⁸
1814. Volume two of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* appears in print, pre-dated 1815, adding 70 stories to the previous collection. This famous work will see six additional editions during the Grimms' lifetime. In its final version it will contain 200 numbered stories plus 10 "Children's Legends." It is destined to become the best known and most influential book ever created in the German language.

1816, 1818. The Grimms publish two volumes of *Deutsche Sagen*, a collection totalling 585 German legends.

³⁴⁺³³
1819. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm receive honorary doctorates from the University of Marburg. Their scholarly work on linguistics, folklore, and medieval studies continues, resulting in many publications.

⁴⁰
1825. Wilhelm Grimm marries Henriette Dorothea (Dortchen) Wild, who -- together with other members of her family -- had provided the Jacob and Wilhelm with many of their best folktale texts.

⁴⁴⁺⁴³
1829-1830. The Grimms resign their positions as librarians in Kassel and accept positions at the University of Göttingen as librarians and professors.

1837-1841. Professors Grimm join five of their university colleagues in a formal protest against a constitutional violation of Ernst August, King of

Hannover. The seven professors (Die Göttinger Sieben) are fired. The Grimm brothers receive many offers for new positions, and finally accept appointments at the University of Berlin.

^{57-67 + 56-66}
1842-1852. The Grimms continue their scholarly work and political activities, but finally give up their formal appointments at the University of Berlin (Jacob in 1848, Wilhelm in 1852) in order to dedicate themselves to their own studies and research.

1859. Wilhelm Grimm dies December 16, 1859, at the age of 73.

1863. Jacob Grimm dies September 20, 1863, at the age of 78.

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What they wrote

In addition to the works listed below, the Grimms (especially Jacob) wrote many substantive articles, reviews, forewords, and chapters, and published numerous editions and translations. Their achievements as pioneering folklorists, linguists, and medievalists are astounding by any measure.

Major joint publications of the "Brothers Grimm"

- **The Grimms' first collection of folktales** was not published during their lifetime. It was a manuscript containing 53 stories, some written out in detail, others sketched in brief outline form. In December 1810 they submitted this collection to Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim for inclusion in a planned third volume to their successful collection of folk poetry entitled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Magic Horn, 3 volumes, 1806, 1808, 1808), which was to be dedicated to folktales. This fairy-tale volume never materialized, and the manuscript was not returned to its authors, but the Grimms' interest in collecting and editing folklore did not die. In 1812 they came out with their own fairy-tale collection.

- *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales), vol. 1, 1812; vol. 2, 1814 (pre-dated 1815).
2nd edition, 1819.
volume 3, *Anmerkungen* (Commentary), 1822.
3rd edition, 1837.
4th edition, 1840.
5th edition, 1843.
6th edition, 1850.
7th edition, 1857. This final version is the basis for most editions and translations published after the Grimms' death.

The final version of this pioneering collection consists of 200 numbered stories plus ten "Children's Legends." The standard abbreviation for the collection is **KHM**, from the German title.

- *Altdeutsche Wälder* (Old German Forests), 3 volumes, 1813, 1815, 1816. Miscellaneous writings on linguistics, folklore, and medieval studies.
- *Der arme Heinrich von Hartmann von der Aue* (Poor Heinrich by Hermann von der Aue), 1815. An edition with commentary of an important medieval German epic.
- *Lieder der alten Edda* (Lays from the Elder Edda), 1815.
- *Deutsche Sagen* (German Legends), 2 volumes, 1816, 1818.
- *Irische Elfenmärchen* (Irish Fairy Tales), 1826. This is a translation, with a long and insightful introductory essay, of Thomas Crofton Croker's book *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (London, 1825).
- *Deutsches Wörterbuch* (German Dictionary), 32 volumes, 1852-1960. The Grimms themselves saw only the entries A through F of this monumental historical dictionary published during their lifetime. The remaining parts were published by several generations of scholars over a 100 year span.

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Major individual works of Jacob Grimm

- *Deutsche Grammatik* (German Grammar), 4 volumes, 1819, 1826, 1831, 1837.
- *Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer* (German Legal Antiquities), 1828.
2nd edition, 1854.
- *Deutsche Mythologie* (German Mythology -- also translated as Teutonic Mythology), 1835.
2nd edition, 2 volumes, 1844.
3rd edition, 1854.
- *Geschichte der deutschen Sprache* (History of the German Language), 2 volumes, 1848.
2nd edition, 1853.

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Major individual works of Wilhelm Grimm

- *Altdänische Heldenlieder, Balladen und Märchen* (Old Danish Heroic Lays, Ballads, and Folktales), 1811. A translation.
- *Über deutsche Runen* (On German Runes), 1821.
- *Die deutsche Heldensage* (The German Heroic Legend), 1829.

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Links to external sites relating to the Grimm

Brothers

General

English-language sites

- [Yahoo! Directory: Brothers Grimm.](#)
- *National Geographic's* [Grimms' Fairy Tales: From Folklore to Forever.](#)
- A walking tour of downtown Kassel, where the Grimms lived and worked from 1798 until 1830, and where they produced their best-known works.

German-language sites

- [Deutsche Märchenstraße.](#) A tourist route in Germany connecting the principal cities associated with the Grimms and their tales.
- [Hanau-Online.](#) A home page for Hanau, Germany, the city of the Grimm brothers' birth.

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Biographical

German-language sites

- [Brüder Grimm, Lebensdaten.](#) A year-by-year chronology of their life.
- [Brüder Grimm.](#) A brief sketch of their life, plus links to electronic texts of their fairy tales and legends (in German).

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Studies of specific tales

The number preceding each title represents the tale's KHM number, i.e., the tale's number in the Grimms' final edition (1857) of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*.

See
Anecd

1. The Frog King; or, Iron Henry (Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich)

- The Frog King or Iron Heinrich by the Brothers Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857.
- Frog Kings. Folktales about slimy suitors from around the world.
- Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich von den Brüdern Grimm. Ein Vergleich der Fassungen von 1812 und 1857.

2. Cat and Mouse in Partnership (Katze und Maus in Gesellschaft)

- Cat and Mouse. Fables about cats and mice.

21. Cinderella (Aschenputtel)

- Cinderella. Aarne-Thompson folktale type 510A and related stories of persecuted heroines translated.
- Cinderella Stories. From the Children's Literature Web Guide of David K. Brown, University of Calgary.
- The Cinderella Project, University of Southern Mississippi.

26. Little Red-Cap (Rotkäppchen)

- Little Red Riding Hood and other tales of Aarne-Thompson type 333.
- "Ich bin der Weg" - Rotkäppchen. An article about the Grimms' "Little Red-Cap", in German, by Silke Bost.

27. The Bremen Town Musicians (Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten)

- Animals in Exile: Folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 130.

28. The Singing Bone (Der singende Knochen)

- The Singing Bone and other tales of Aarne-Thompson type 780.

38. Mrs. Fox's Wedding (Die Hochzeit der Frau Füchsin)

- Widows in (Short-Lived) Mourning. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson types 65, 1350, 1352*, and 1510.

39. The Elves (Die Wichtelmänner)

- Midwife (or Godparent) for the Elves: Fairy tales of Aarne-Thompson type 476* and migratory legends of Christiansen type 5070.
- Changelings.

42. The Godfather (Der Herr Gevatter)

- Godfather Death.

43. Frau Trude

- Witchcraft Legends.

44. Godfather Death (Der Gevatter Tod)

- Godfather Death.

46. Fitcher's Bird (Fitchers Vogel)

- How the Devil Married Three Sisters and Other Type 311 Tales.

50. Little Briar-Rose (Dornröschen)

- Sleeping Beauty, folktales of type 410.

53. Little Snow-White (Sneewittchen)

- Snow White and other tales of type 709
- Snow White by Kay E. Vandergrift, Rutgers University.

- Death of the Seven Dwarfs, a folk legend from Switzerland with an ending quite different from that of the familiar fairy tale by the Grimm brothers.

55. Rumpelstiltskin (Rumpelstilzchen)

- Rumpelstilzchen, ein Vergleich der Fassungen von 1810, 1812 und 1819.
- The Name of the Helper. Folktales of type 500, and related tales, in which a mysterious and threatening helper is defeated when the hero or heroine discovers his name.

63. The Three Feathers (Die drei Federn)

- Animal Brides. Folktales of type 402.

65. All-Kinds-of-Fur (Allerleirauh)

- The Father Who Wanted to Marry His Daughter: Folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 510B.
- Incest in Indo-European Folktales.

66. The Hare's Bride (Häsichenbraut)

- How the Devil Married Three Sisters and Other Type 311 Tales.

88. The Singing, Springing Lark (Das singende springende Löweneckerchen)

- Beauty and the Beast. Tales of type 425C.

101. Bearskin (Der Bärenhäuter)

- Bearskin and other tales of type 361.

106. The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat (Der arme Müllerbursch und das Kätzchen)

- Animal Brides. Folktales of type 402.

108. Hans-My-Hedgehog (Hans mein Igel)

- Hog Bridegrooms. Tales of type 441, in which a beautiful maiden is forced to marry a hog or a hedgehog.

110. The Jew in the Thorns (Der Jude im Dorn)

- Anti-Semitic Legends.

117. The Willful Child (Das eigensinnige Kind)

- The Hand from the Grave. Folktales and legends of type 779.

179. The Goose-Girl at the Well (Die Gänsehirtin am Brunnen)

- Love Like Salt. Folktales of types 923 and 510.

182. The Little Folks' Presents (Die Geschenke des kleinen Volkes)

- Fairy Gifts. Folktales and legends of type 503.

187. The Hare and the Hedgehog (Der Hase und der Igel)

- The Tortoise and the Hare and Other Races between Unequal Contestants. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson types 275A, 275A*, and 1074.

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Electronic texts of the Grimms' tales and legends**English-language sites**

- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales), compiled, translated, and classified by D. L. Ashliman, University of Pittsburgh.
- Tales Collected by the Brothers Grimm, based on Margaret Hunt's

translation. A project directed by William Barker, Memorial University of Newfoundland.

- Grimms Fairy Tales, translated by Edgar Taylor (the first English translator). This selection is part of a comprehensive site from Great Britain entitled Fairy Tales and Fables.
- Grimms' Fairy Tales. From the electronic text project at Carnegie-Mellon University. These unattributed translations are based on the work of Margaret Hunt, but include many revisions and alterations.
- The Grimms' Fairy Tales. An unattributed English translation side by side with the original German text. Edited by Yves Kodratoff for Northvegr, a web site promoting northern European heathenism.
- Fairy Tales by the Grimm Brothers. This site includes both German and English versions of selected fairy tales, along with illustrations from 19th-century editions. Presented by Robert Godwin-Jones, Virginia Commonwealth University.
- Household Tales. A selection of 42 tales from the Harvard Classics, vol. 17, part 2. This site is part of Great Books Online from bartleby.com.

German-language sites

- Märchen der Gebrüder Grimm. These texts are part of the Märchen, Fabeln und Sagen, a library of folk and fairy tales, sponsored by Projekt Gutenberg-DE, die digitale Bibliothek.
- Märchen der Brüder Grimm, edited by Kurt Derungs. This site is part of the Märchenlexikon sponsored by *edition amalia*. It includes German-language texts of most of the tales, plus information about the Grimms' sources and the tales' Aarne-Thompson type numbers.
- Deutsche Sagen, herausgegeben von der Brüder Grimm. These texts are part of the Bibliothek der Sagen und Legenden, a library of legends, sponsored by Projekt Gutenberg-DE, die digitale Bibliothek.
- Sagen der Brüder Grimm, edited by Kurt Derungs. This site is part of the Märchenlexikon sponsored by *edition amalia*. It includes German-

language texts of most of the legends, arranged in alphabetical order.

Journals and Encyclopedias

The following journals and reference works often include articles about the Grimm brothers.

- Fabula: Zeitschrift für Erzählforschung/Journal of Folktale Studies/Revue d'Etudes sur le Conte Populaire, edited by Rolf Wilhelm Brednich and Hans-Jörg Uther.
 - Marvels & Tales: Journal of Fairy-Tale Studies, edited by Donald Haase (Wayne State University).
 - Enzyklopädie des Märchens. The web site (in the German language) of the leading reference work dedicated to the study of folk and fairy tales.
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Revised September 2, 2002.

The Frog King or Iron Heinrich

by the
Brothers Grimm

a comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857
compiled and translated

by



D. L. Ashliman

*Interesting
to see the
changes.
A.H. would
have probably
even read the
later as we
discussed.*

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- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- Der Froschkönig von den Brüdern Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857, in the original German.
- Grimm Brothers Home Page.

First edition, 1812 <i>✂</i>	Final edition, 1857 <i>✂ ✂</i>
The Frog King; or, Iron Heinrich	The Frog King; or, Iron Heinrich
Once upon a time there was a princess who went out into a forest and sat next to a cool well.	In olden times, when wishing still did some good, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, who, indeed, has seen so much, marveled every time

	it shone upon her face. In the vicinity of the king's castle there was a large, dark forest, and in this forest, beneath an old linden tree, there was a well. In the heat of the day the princess would go out into the forest and sit on the edge of the cool well.
She took great pleasure in throwing a golden ball into the air and catching it, but once it went too high. She held out her hand with her fingers curved to catch it, but it fell to the ground and rolled and rolled right into the water.	To pass the time she would take a golden ball, throw it into the air, and then catch it. It was her favorite plaything. Now one day it happened that the princess's golden ball did not fall into her hands, that she held up high, but instead it fell to the ground and rolled right into the water
Horried, the princess followed it with her eyes, but the well was so deep that she could not see its bottom.	The princess followed it with her eyes, but the ball disappeared, and the well was so deep that she could not see its bottom.
Then she began to cry bitterly, "I'd give anything, if only I could get my ball back: my clothes, my precious stones, my pearls, anything in the world."	Then she began to cry. She cried louder and louder, and she could not console herself.
At this a frog stuck his head out of the water and said, "Princess, why are you crying so bitterly?"	As she was thus lamenting, someone called out to her, "What is the matter with you, princess? Your crying would turn a stone to pity."
"Oh," she said, "you ugly frog, how can you help me? My golden ball has fallen into the well."	She looked around to see where the voice was coming from and saw a frog, who had stuck his thick, ugly head out of the water. "Oh, it's you, old water-splasher," she said. "I am

	crying because my golden ball has fallen into the well."
The frog said, "I do not want your pearls, your precious stones, and your clothes, but if you'll accept me as a companion and let me sit next to you and eat from your plate and sleep in your bed, and if you'll love and cherish me, then I'll bring your ball back to you."	"Be still and stop crying," answered the frog. I can help you, but what will you give me if I bring back your plaything?" "Whatever you want, dear frog," she said, "my clothes, my pearls and precious stones, and even the golden crown that I am wearing." The frog answered, "I do not want your clothes, your pearls and precious stones, nor your golden crown, but if you will love me and accept me as a companion and playmate, and let me sit next to you at your table and eat from your golden plate and drink from your cup and sleep in your bed, if you will promise this to me, then I'll dive down and bring your golden ball back to you."
The princess thought, "What is this stupid frog trying to say? After all, he does have to stay here in the water. But still, maybe he can get my ball. I'll go ahead and say yes," and she said aloud, "Yes, for all I care. Just bring me back my golden ball, and I'll promise everything."	"Oh, yes," she said, "I promise all of that to you if you will just bring the ball back to me." But she thought, "What is this stupid frog trying to say? He just sits here in the water with his own kind and croaks. He cannot be a companion to a human."
The frog stuck his head under the water and dove to the bottom.	As soon as the frog heard her say "yes" he stuck his head under and dove to the bottom.
He returned a short time later with	He paddled back up a short time

the golden ball in his mouth and threw it onto the land.	later with the golden ball in his mouth and threw it onto the grass.
When the princess saw her ball once again, she rushed toward it, picked it up, and was so happy to have it in her hand again, that she could think of nothing else than to run home with it.	The princess was filled with joy when she saw her beautiful plaything once again, picked it up, and ran off.
The frog called after her, "Wait, princess, take me with you like you promised," but she paid no attention to him.	"Wait, wait," called the frog, "take me along. I cannot run as fast as you." But what did it help him, that he croaked out after her as loudly as he could? She paid no attention to him, but instead hurried home and soon forgot the poor frog, who had to return again to his well.
The next day the princess was sitting at her table when she heard something coming up the marble steps: plip, plop.	The next day the princess was sitting at the table with the king and all the people of the court, and was eating from her golden plate when something came creeping up the marble steps: plip, plop, plip, plop.
Then there came a knock at the door, and a voice called out, "Princess, youngest, open the door for me!"	As soon as it reached the top, there came a knock at the door, and a voice called out, "Princess, youngest, open the door for me!"
She ran and opened the door. It was the frog, whom she had put completely out of her mind.	She ran to see who was outside. She opened the door, and the frog was sitting there.
Frightened, she slammed the door shut and returned to the table.	Frightened, she slammed the door shut and returned to the table.
The king saw that her heart was	The king saw that her heart was

pounding and asked, "Why are you afraid?"	pounding and asked, "My child, why are you afraid? Is there a giant outside the door who wants to get you?"
"There is a disgusting frog out there," she said, "who got my golden ball out of the water. I promised him that he could be my companion, but I didn't think that he could leave his water, but now he is just outside the door and wants to come in."	"Oh, no," she answered. "it is a disgusting frog." "What does the frog want from you?" "Oh, father dear, yesterday when I was sitting near the well in the forest and playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I was crying so much, the frog brought it back, and because he insisted, I promised him that he could be my companion, but I didn't think that he could leave his water. But now he is just outside the door and wants to come in."
Just then there came a second knock at the door, and a voice called out:	Just then there came a second knock at the door, and a voice called out:
Youngest daughter of the king, Open up the door for me, Don't you know what yesterday, You said to me down by the well? Youngest daughter of the king, Open up the door for me,	Youngest daughter of the king, Open up the door for me, Don't you know what yesterday, You said to me down by the well? Youngest daughter of the king, Open up the door for me,
The king said, "What you have promised, you must keep. Go and let the frog in."	The king said, "What you have promised, you must keep. Go and let the frog in."
She obeyed, and the frog hopped in, then followed her up to her chair.	She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in, then followed her up to her chair.
After she had sat down again, he called out, "Lift me up onto your	He sat there and called out, "Lift me up next to you."

chair and let me sit next to you."	
The princess did not want to, but the king commanded her to do it.	She hesitated, until finally the king commanded her to do it.
When the frog was seated next to her he said, "Now push your golden plate closer. I want to eat from it."	When the frog was seated next to her he said, "Now push your golden plate closer, so we can eat together."
She had to do this as well.	She did it, but one could see that she did not want to.
When he had eaten all he wanted, he said, "Now I am tired and want to sleep. Take me to your room, make your bed, so that we can lie in it together."	The frog enjoyed his meal, but for her every bite stuck in her throat. Finally he said, "I have eaten all I want and am tired. Now carry me to your room and make your bed so that we can go to sleep."
The princess was horrified when she heard that. She was afraid of the cold frog and did not dare to even touch him, and yet he was supposed to lie next to her in her bed; she began to cry and didn't want to at all.	The princess began to cry and was afraid of the cold frog and did not dare to even touch him, and yet he was supposed to sleep in her beautiful, clean bed.
Then the king became angry and commanded her to do what she had promised.	The king became angry and said, "You should not despise someone who has helped you in time of need."
There was no helping it; she had to do what her father wanted, but in her heart she was bitterly angry. She picked up the frog with two fingers, carried him to her room, and climbed into bed, but instead of laying him next to herself, she threw him bang! against the wall.	She picked him up with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and set him in a corner. As she was lying in bed, he came creeping up to her and said, "I am tired, and I want to sleep as well as you do. Pick me up or I'll tell your father." With that she became bitterly angry

	and threw him against the wall with all her might.
"Now you will leave me in peace, you disgusting frog!"	"Now you will have your peace, you disgusting frog!"
But when the frog came down onto the bed, he was a handsome young prince, and he was her dear companion, and she held him in esteem as she had promised, and they fell asleep together with pleasure.	But when he fell down, he was not a frog, but a prince with beautiful friendly eyes. And he was now, according to her father's will, her dear companion and husband. He told her how he had been enchanted by a wicked witch, and that she alone could have rescued him from the well, and that tomorrow they would go together to his kingdom. Then they fell asleep.
The next morning the prince's faithful Heinrich arrived in a splendid carriage drawn by eight horses, decorated with feathers and glistening with gold.	The next morning, just as the sun was waking them, a carriage pulled up, drawn by eight horses. They had white ostrich feathers on their heads and were outfitted with chains of gold. At the rear stood the young king's servant, faithful Heinrich.
He had been so saddened by the prince's transformation that he had had to place three iron bands around his heart to keep it from bursting in sorrow.	Faithful Heinrich had been so saddened by his master's transformation into a frog that he had had to place three iron bands around his heart to keep it from bursting in grief and sorrow.
The prince climbed into the carriage with the princess. His faithful servant stood at the rear to drive them to his kingdom.	The carriage was to take the king back to his kingdom. Faithful Heinrich lifted them both inside and took his place at the rear. He was filled with joy over the redemption.

After they had gone a short distance, the prince heard a loud crack from behind.	After they had gone a short distance, the prince heard a crack from behind, as though something had broken.
He turned around and said: "Heinrich, the carriage is breaking apart." "No, my lord, the carriage it's not, But one of the bands surrounding my heart, That suffered such great pain, When you were sitting in the well, When you were a frog."	He turned around and said: "Heinrich, the carriage is breaking apart." "No, my lord, the carriage it's not, But one of the bands surrounding my heart, That suffered such great pain, When you were sitting in the well, When you were a frog."
Once again, and then once again the prince heard a cracking sound and thought that the carriage was breaking apart, but it was the bands springing from faithful Heinrich's heart because his master was now redeemed and happy.	Once again, and then once again the prince heard a cracking sound and thought that the carriage was breaking apart, but it was the bands springing from faithful Heinrich's heart because his master was now redeemed and happy.

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- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- Der Froschkönig von den Brüdern Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857, in the original German.

Revised November 23, 1999.

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The Jew in the Thorns

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Once upon a time there was a rich man who had a servant who served him diligently and honestly. Every morning he was the first one out of bed, and at night the last one to go to bed. Whenever there was a difficult job that nobody wanted to do, he was always the first to volunteer. He never complained at any of this, but was contented with everything and always happy.

When his year was over, his master gave him no wages, thinking, "That is the smartest thing to do, for it will save me something. He won't leave me, but will gladly stay here working for me."

The servant said nothing, but did his work the second year as he had done before, and when at the end of this year he again received no wages, he still stayed on without complaining. When the third year had passed, the master thought it over, then put his hand into his pocket, but pulled out nothing.

However, this time the servant said, "Master, I have served you honestly for three years. Be so good as to give me what by rights I have coming to me. I would like to be on my way and see something else of the world."

"Yes, my good servant," answered the old miser, "you have served me without complaint, and you shall be kindly rewarded."

With this he put his hand into his pocket, then counted out three hellers one at a time, saying, "There, you have a heller for each year. That is a large and generous reward. Only a few masters would pay you this much."

The good servant, who understood little about money, put his wealth into his pocket, and thought, "Ah, now that I have a full purse, why should I worry and continue to plague myself with hard work?"

So he set forth, uphill and down, singing and jumping for joy.

Now it came to pass that as he was passing by a thicket a little dwarf stepped out, and called to him, "Where are you headed, Brother Merry? You don't seem to be burdened down with cares."

"Why should I be sad?" answered the servant. "I have everything I need. Three years' wages are jingling in my pocket."

"How much is your treasure?" the dwarf asked him.

"How much? Three hellers in real money, precisely counted."

"Listen," said the dwarf, "I am a poor and needy man. Give me your three hellers. I can no longer work, but you are young and can easily earn your bread."

Now because the servant had a good heart and felt pity for the dwarf, he gave him his three hellers, saying, "In God's name, I won't miss them."

Then the dwarf said, "Because I see that you have a good heart I will grant you three wishes, one for each heller. They shall all be fulfilled."

"Aha," said the servant. "You are a miracle worker. Well, then, if it is to be so, first of all I wish for a blowpipe that will hit everything I aim at; second, for a fiddle, that when I play it, anyone who hears it will have to dance; and third, that whenever I ask a favor of anyone, it will be granted."

"You shall have all that," said the dwarf. He reached into the bush, and what do you think, there lay a fiddle and a blowpipe, all ready, just as if they had been ordered. He gave them to the servant, saying, "No one will ever be able to deny any request that you might make."

"What more could my heart desire?" said the servant to himself, and went merrily on his way.

Soon afterward he met a Jew with a long goatee, who was standing listening to a bird singing high up in the top of a tree.

"One of God's own miracles," he shouted, "that such a small creature should have such a fearfully loud voice. If only it were mine! If only someone would sprinkle some salt on its tail!"

"If that is all you want," said the servant, "then the bird shall soon be down here." He took aim, hit it precisely, and the bird fell down into a thorn hedge.

"Rogue," he said to the Jew, "Go and fetch the bird out for yourself."

"My goodness," said the Jew, "don't call me a rogue, sir, but I will be the dog and get the bird out for myself. After all, you're the one who shot it."

Then he lay down on the ground and began crawling into the thicket. When he was in the middle of the thorns, the good servant could not resist the temptation to pick up his fiddle and begin to play.

The Jew's legs immediately began to move, and he jumped up. The more the servant fiddled the better went the dance. However, the thorns ripped apart the Jew's shabby coat, combed his beard, and pricked and pinched him all over his body.

"My goodness," cried the Jew, "what do I want with your fiddling? Stop playing, sir. I don't want to dance."

But the servant did not listen to him, and thought, "You have fleeced people often enough, and now the thorn hedge shall do the same to you." He began to play all over again, so that the Jew had to jump even higher, leaving scraps from his coat hanging on the thorns.

"Oh, woe is me!" cried the Jew. "I will give the gentleman anything he asks, if only he quits fiddling, even a purse filled with gold."

"If you are so generous," said the servant, "then I will stop my music. But I must praise the singular way that you dance to it." Then he took his purse he went on his way.

The Jew stood there quietly watching the servant until he was far off and out of sight, and then he screamed out with all his might, "You miserable musician, you beer-house fiddler! Wait until I catch you alone. I will chase you until you wear the soles off your shoes. You ragamuffin, just put a groschen in your mouth, so that you will be worth six hellers." He continued to curse as fast as he could speak. As soon as he had thus refreshed himself a little, and caught his breath again, he ran into the town to the judge.

"Judge, sir," he said, "Oh, woe is me! See how a godless man has robbed me and abused me on the open road. A stone on the ground would feel sorry for me. My clothes are ripped into shreds. My body is pricked and scratched to pieces. And what little I owned has been taken away with my purse -- genuine ducats, each piece more beautiful than the others. For God's sake, let the man be thrown into prison."

The judge asked, "Was it a soldier who cut you up like that with his saber?"

"God forbid," said the Jew. "He didn't have a naked dagger, but rather a blowpipe hanging from his back, and a fiddle from his neck. The scoundrel can easily be recognized."

The judge sent his people out after him. They found the good servant, who had been walking along quite slowly. And they found the purse with the money on him as well.

When he was brought before the judge he said, "I did not touch the Jew, nor take his money. He offered it to me freely, so that I would stop fiddling, because he could not stand my music."

"God forbid!" cried the Jew. "He is reaching for lies like flies on the wall."

The judge did not believe his story, and said, "That is a poor excuse. No Jew would do that." And because he had committed robbery on the open road, the good servant was sentenced to the gallows.

As he was being led away, the Jew screamed after him, "You good-for-nothing. You dog of a musician. Now you will receive your well earned reward."

The servant walked quietly up the ladder with the hangman, but on the last rung he turned around and said to the judge, "Grant me just one request before I die."

"Yes," said the judge, "if you do not ask for your life."

"I do not ask for life," answered the servant, "but let me play my fiddle one last time."

The Jew cried out miserably, "For God's sake, do not allow it! Do not allow it!"

But the judge said, "Why should I not grant him this short pleasure? It has been promised to him, and he shall have it." In any event, he could not have refused because of the gift that had been bestowed on the servant.

The Jew cried, "Oh, woe is me! Tie me up. Tie me up tightly."

The good servant took his fiddle from his neck, and made ready. As he played the first stroke, they all began to quiver and shake: the judge, the clerks, and the court officials. The rope fell out of the hand of the one who was going to tie up the Jew.

At the second stroke they all lifted their legs. The hangman released the good servant and made ready to dance.

At the third stroke everyone jumped up and began to dance. The judge and the Jew were out in front and were the best at jumping. Soon everyone who had gathered in the marketplace out of curiosity was dancing with them, old and young, fat and thin, all together with each other. Even the dogs that had run along with the crowd stood up on their hind legs and hopped along as well. The longer he played, the higher the dancers jumped, until they were knocking their heads together and crying out terribly.

Finally the judge, quite out of breath, shouted, "I will give you your life, but just stop fiddling."

The good servant listened to this, then took his fiddle, hung it around his neck again, and climbed down the ladder. He went up to the Jew, who was lying upon the ground gasping for air, and said, "You rogue, now confess where you got the money, or I will take my fiddle off my neck and begin to play again."

"I stole it. I stole it," he cried. "But you have honestly earned it."

With that the judge had the Jew led to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

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- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Der Jude im Dorn, *Kinder- und*

Hausmärchen (Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales), final edition (1857), no. 110.

- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
 - The Grimms' knew at least four versions of this tale:
 1. Albrecht Dietrich, *Historia von einem Bawrenknecht* (1618, originally written as a rhymed theater piece in 1599).
 2. Jakob Ayrer, *Fritz Dölla mit seiner gewünschten Geigen* (1620).
 3. An oral version from Hessen.
 4. An oral version from the von Haxthausen family.
 - This tale was included in the first edition of the Grimms' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, volume 2, (1815), no. 24. It underwent only modest stylistic modifications between the first and the final editions.
 - Aarne-Thompson type 592, *Dancing in Thorns*. In the oldest versions of this story, the hero's scapegoat and victim is a Christian monk, and not a Jew.
 - Translator's notes:
 1. A heller is a small copper coin. The word can be translated with *farthing* or *penny*.
 2. The hero's hunting weapon is identified in German as a *Vogelrohr*, literally a *bird-pipe*. Most translators render this into English with *gun*, although I prefer the more primitive and less lethal weapon, the *blowpipe*.
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Related links

- Anti-Semitic Legends.

- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales).
 - The Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
 - D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
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