

# GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES

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A shoemaker had three daughters. Once on a time when he had gone out, a great lord came in a splendid carriage, and took one of the girls away with him, who never returned. Then he took away the second in exactly the same way, and lastly the third, who likewise went with him, believing she was about to make her fortune. On the way, when night fell, he asked her,

“The moon shines so bright,  
My horses run so light,  
Sweet love dost thou repent?”

(“’t maantje schynt zo hel,  
myn paardtjes lope zo snel,  
soete liefje, rouwt ’t w niet?”) \*

“No,” she answered, “why should I repent? I am always safe when with you;” nevertheless she was secretly alarmed. They came into a great forest, and she asked if they would soon reach the end of their journey. “Yes,” he replied, “Dost thou see that light in the distance, there stands my castle.” Then they arrived there and everything was most beautiful. Next day he said to her, “I must go away, but I will only be absent two days; here are the keys of the entire castle, and thou mayst see of what kind of treasures thou art the mistress.” When he had set out on his journey, she went through the whole house and found everything so beautiful that she was perfectly satisfied. At length she came to a cellar wherein sat an old woman scraping intestines. “Well, little mother, what may you be doing?” said the girl. “I am scraping intestines, my child; to-morrow, I will scrape yours for you.” Thereupon the girl was so terrified that she let the key which she was holding in her hand fall into a basin full of blood, which it was not easy to wash off again. “Now,” said the old woman, “Your death is certain, because my lord will see by that key that you have been in this chamber, into which no one is permitted to enter except himself and me.” Then the old

\* This recalls the well-known song of the dead rider, which in the Norwegian popular rhyme runs, “maanen skine, dömand grine, värte du ikke råd (*Idunna*, 1812, p. 60). Compare *Altdeutsche Blätter*, i. 194.

woman perceived that at this very moment a cart of hay was going to be driven away from the castle, and said, "If thou would'st save thy life, hide thyself in the hay, and then thou wilt be driven away with it." This she did, and got safely out. When the lord came home however, he asked for the girl. "O," said the old woman, "I had no more work, and as it had to be done to-morrow anyhow, I killed her at once; here is a lock of her hair and her heart, and there too is some blood which is still warm; the dogs have eaten all the rest of her, but I am still cleaning her intestines." So he was satisfied, and believed that the girl was dead. She had, however, arrived at a castle to whose owner the cart of hay had been sold. She sprang out, and told the lord of the castle all that had happened. He asked her to stay there, and after some time gave a feast to the noblemen of the neighbourhood, and the lord of the murder-castle was invited too. The girl was forced to seat herself at table, but her face and dress were so changed that she was not recognizable. When they were all sitting together every one was to tell a story, and when it was the maiden's turn, she related her own. During this the lord of the murder-castle became so very uneasy that he wished to force his way out, but the lord of the castle had him seized and bound. Then he was executed, his murder-castle was pulled down, and the maiden received his treasures. She married the son of the lord of the castle where she had taken refuge, and lived to an old age.