

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION:

The Giant and the Tailor

From Vienna. Told by a countrywoman from Döbling (now a district of Vienna), this tale was first published by Franz Ziska in Büsching’s ‘Wöchentliche Nachrichten’ (1819) and then in his *Österreichische Volksmärchen* (Vienna 1822, 2nd ed. 1906). In 1843 it was included in the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm’s *Children’s and Household Tales [Kinder- und Hausmärchen]* (Vol. I 1812; Vol. II 1815; Vol. III 1822; many editions since then). Variations on the tale are particularly noted in Styria (cf. Peter Rosegger: *Tannenharz und Fichtennadeln*, Graz/Leipzig 1870).

The Wonder Tree

From Lower Austria. This tale is rare in the German folk tradition. It is taken from Theodor Vernaleken’s *Children’s and Household Tales* (Vienna 1864, 2nd ed. 1892). Further variations are found in Transylvania and Hungary, as well as in Pomerania.

Wagon “Stick On”

From Upper Austria. This adaptation of the tale told by Eisl, a former miner from Bad Goisern in Upper Austria, is taken from Karl Haidinger’s *Österreichs Märchenschatz* (Vienna, 1953). It is a variant of *Golden Goose* in Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm’s *Children’s and Household Tales*. A wagon that ‘goes by itself’ is also part of the South Slavic oral tradition; the North Germanic tradition tells of a self-driving sleigh.

King Aschelein

From Burgenland. This Animal Bridegroom story was first published in Johann Reinhard Bünker’s *Schwänke, Sagen und Märchen in heanzischer Mundart* (Leipzig 1906). It was transcribed in standard German following the dialect of Tobias Kern, a German road sweeper from Sopron in Hungary, who had learnt many old folk tales from his grandfather and friends of his generation. At the beginning of the 19th century, his home city of Sopron was an important northern settlement area for the so-called “Heanzen” (the German-speaking population of southern and central Burgenland), and until the evacuation of the West Hungarian Germans, it maintained close cultural links with modern Burgenland (especially in terms of folk customs, dialect, songs and nursery rhymes).

The Old Grey Horse

From Styria. This variant of the Tristan-fairytale (a type of the so-called steed tale) is taken from Anton Schlossar’s *Cultur- und Sittenbilder aus Steiermark* (Graz 1885). There are further variants handed down throughout Styria (the Mürz valley, West Styria), as well as in northern Burgenland and Carinthia. It is also related to the story from Paderborn, *Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful*, in the Grimm’s *Children’s and Household Tales*.

The Lost Ball of Twine

From Carinthia. Taken from Franz Franzisci’s *Culturstudien über Volksleben, Sitten und Bräuche in Kärnten* (Vienna, 1879). Individual elements are reminiscent of *Mother Holle* in the Brothers Grimm’s *Children’s and Household Tales*. Further variants are known in Lower Austria and Styria for example.

Mill, Mill, Grind for Me!

From Salzburg. Recorded in Salzburg by Helene Haidinger, first published by K. Haller, *Volksmärchen aus Österreich* (Vienna/Stuttgart/Leipzig n.d. [1915]). Variations on this tale are known all over Austria. It is based on a North Germanic legend where the prophetic warrior maidens Fenja and Menja work a magic mill called Grotti. At first it brings happiness and prosperity, but produces such enormous quantities of salt that the ship sinks and makes the sea salty.

The Bear

From Tyrol. First published in Ignaz Vincenz and Joseph Zingerle’s *Kinder- und Hausmärchen aus Süddeutschland*, (Regensburg, 1854). It is a variant of the well-known Hessian tale *The Singing, Springing Lark*, recorded by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm in the *Children’s and Household Tales*.

The Young Count who Travelled in the Underworld

From Vorarlberg. After Adolf Dörler: *Sagen und Märchen aus Vorarlberg*, Zeitschrift für Österreichische Volkskunde 14 (1908). Further variants are known in Austria (Lower Austria and Burgenland) and Scandinavia.



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one evening, he came across a cave in the tree, from which a light was shimmering. He entered and met an ugly old woman, who gave him a friendly welcome, prepared a good supper for him and offered him a place to sleep. When Hansl had eaten, he asked her how far it was to the tree top. 'My dear Hansl,' she replied, 'you still have a long way to go. I am merely Monday; you must also reach Tuesday and Wednesday, and so on till Saturday, and when you have passed the last, you will see what comes next.'

The next morning, Hansl set off again. Again, he had to climb for several days until he reached a cave. There lived a witch, Tuesday, who was even uglier than Monday, so that at first he was afraid of her. But when she promised him a good supper, he stayed there. In the morning, Tuesday warned him against Wednesday, who was a man who could not look upon human flesh. He followed her advice and did not stop again until he reached Thursday. This was a crookbacked old woman with dishevelled hair and a big red nose. Neither Friday nor Saturday looked any better, but they both received Hansl warmly.

Now Hansl had used up all his shoes and the axe, with which he held fast to the tree, had become quite blunt. He would have dearly loved to stop climbing, but as he didn't want to turn round when he was so far up, he kept going all the same. Soon he came to a stone wall that had grown into the tree trunk. He found a small door, opened it and stepped into a wide meadow. Here he fell down in a daze. When he came to himself again, he was lying in front of a golden city, over which shimmered such a bright light that his eyes simply couldn't bear it. Next to him lay his axe, which now had a golden handle. The top of the tree bore golden fruit and golden animals frolicked in the meadow.

Hansl believed himself to be in heaven and he wanted to stay there. But others say that he climbed down again and told them all about it.



‘Certainly, I have bread and bacon. Let us sit here and share it between us!’

So they sat down on two tree stumps and the old man was given all he could possibly eat. When they were both full, the little man spoke to him: ‘Because you gave me some of your food, you will also be given something with which I can help you. Here is a little wagon which you will easily be able to pull behind you. If anyone comes up to you and tries to touch the little cart, just say: ‘wagon, stick on!’ and he won’t be able to get away; he’ll have to follow everywhere you go.’ So the youth thanked him for this strange gift and went on his way.

As he left the forest, he came to a better road and met a chimney sweep, who asked him: ‘where are you heading with your cart?’

‘To the royal city,’ he answered cheerfully, but when the sweep came closer and wanted to touch the cart, he quickly cried ‘Wagon, stick on!’ Now the sweep couldn’t free his hand; it was stuck fast to the cart and so he had to follow, angry and cursing.

As the youngster went on his way with his new companion, he met a baker with

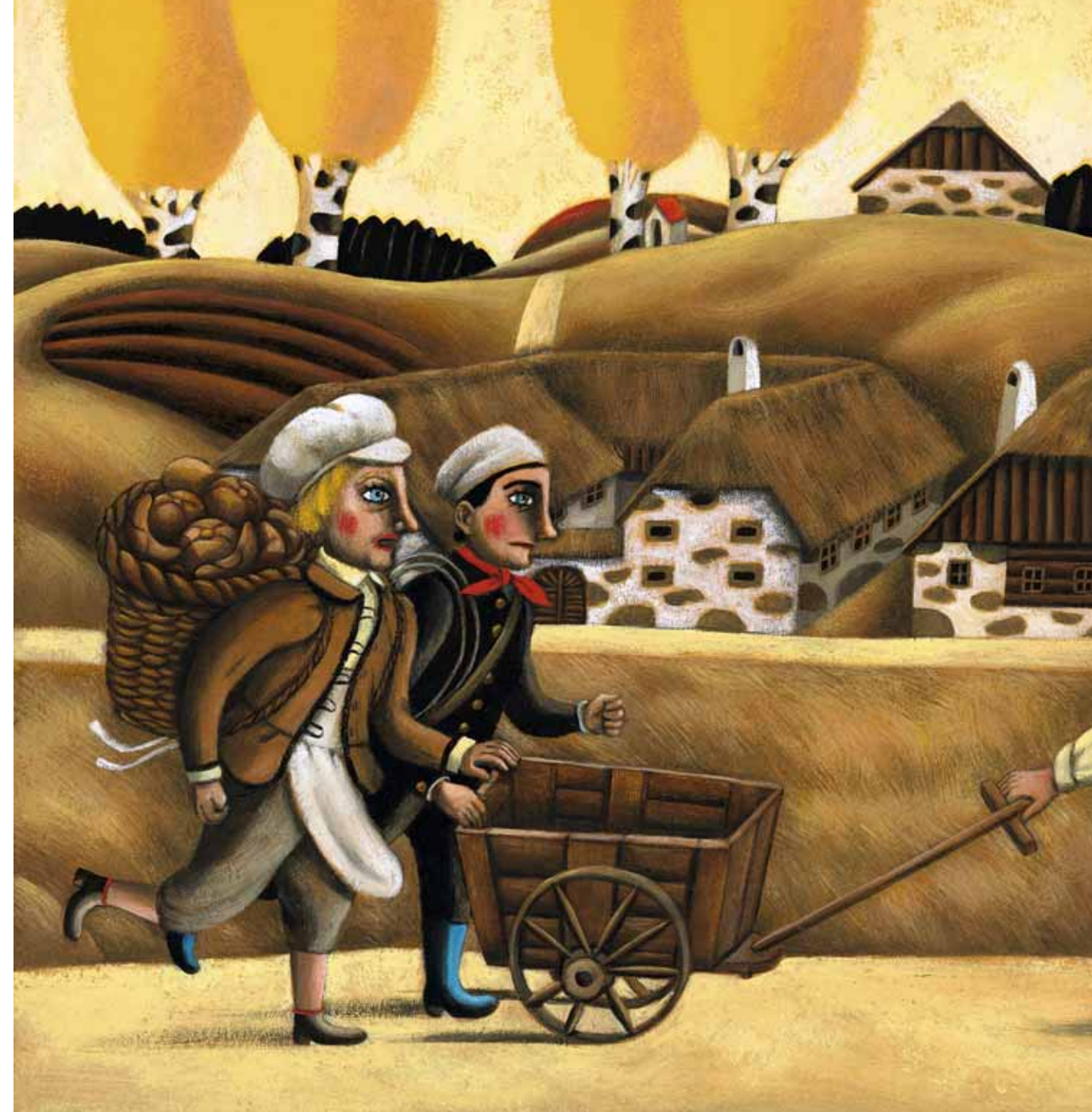
a basket of rolls on his back; as he passed, the latter reached out curiously towards the wagon. ‘Stick on!’ cried the boy quickly and now the baker was running along behind him, next to the chimney sweep.

When he arrived thus in the city, everyone who saw him began to laugh. Then a girl stepped out of a shop; the baker reached for her but the boy called ‘Stick on!’ and so she had to hang on to the extraordinary vehicle.

So they approached the castle with ever more people running behind him. But when he passed the window from which the princess looked down, she forgot her displeasure and laughed so heartily that her sullen ways were gone forever.

When the King saw this, he ran down the steps in person and embraced the youngest son. He welcomed him, greeted him as his son-in-law and immediately announced the wedding. Then a magnificent coach was sent to the boy’s home village to fetch the farmer’s family, for the lad insisted that his parents be present.

There was a merry feast and even the two brothers were set free and able to still their hunger at last.



maidservant and heard that her beloved had taken a princess of this country for his bride. The wedding was to be on the third day.

So she went to the first maidservant and offered her the golden bracelet in exchange for letting her go to the King's door. 'This is your first day here and you want to go to the King! If you are caught, they will have both our heads.' But the golden bracelet pricked the eye of the parlour maid so much that she let the princess go to the door.

Around midnight, she went to the door and called:

King Aschelein
I washed you with my wine
I wrapped you in my scraps of silk so fine
O, my dearest, chosen child.

Then she ran hastily back to her room. Immediately the King stood up and had his men look to see who it had been. They did not find her, however, for she had long been in her bed feigning sleep.

On the second day she again asked if she could go to the King's door. The parlour maid did not intend to let her, but the golden comb attracted her so strongly

that once again the princess was given permission.

At midnight she slipped up to his door again and called:

King Aschelein
I washed you with my wine
I wrapped you in my scraps of silk so fine
O, my dearest, chosen child.

Then she ran away as fast as she could and again he could not find her. On the third day she went to the maidservant again and said: 'I beg you, let me go up to the King's door a third time! I will give you a golden carillon!' Once again, the parlour maid was reluctant at first because she feared the consequences, but she liked the carillon too much and so in the end she said yes.

That night, however, there were four guards stationed in the King's chamber. The princess stepped up to the door once more and called:

King Aschelein
I washed you with my wine
I wrapped you in my scraps of silk so fine
O, my dearest, chosen child.

Then the four guards stormed out of the King's bedroom and before she could get far enough away, they had caught the princess. Light was kindled so that they could see who she was.

'What do you seek by my door these three nights?' he asked angrily. 'I will have you executed.'

'How can you have me executed?' she asked, 'When you spent a whole year resting with me as a bird.'

The King was shocked to the depths of his heart and regretted his harsh words.

'I bathed you in wine and wrapped you in my silken cloths until you regained your human form.'

Then the King took her in his arms and carried her into his chamber. They spent the night together and conferred.

In the morning, the King sent a message to the other princess that he would not marry her for the princess who had freed him from the form of a bird had arrived.

They were married and sent the good tidings to her homeland.





MILL, MILL, GRIND FOR ME!

SALZBURG



There was once a poor widow who had only one son, and he had been abroad for many long years. Although she owned a little house, things went very poorly with her and more than once she sighed: 'Oh, if only he'd come home so I had some help!'

And once as she sat there so, busily spinning with her thoughts far away, all at once the door opened and who should come in but her son. So she cried out: 'I'm so happy that you're back; now things will go better for me!' She also told him how hard and frugal her life was.

'Ah, well we can redress your poverty,' said the son, 'I have brought something back with me.' At that, he pulled a strange bundle from his old, tattered coat, unwrapped it and set an old coffee mill on the table – and that was the entire treasure.

'Oh yes,' said the old woman, disappointedly, 'is that all? My old coffee mill is much better than that.'

'Just wait, little mother,' replied the returned traveller, 'you'll soon see, and do you know what? I'm hungry – quick, put some coffee on for us!'

'I'll do that, but where can I get bread rolls, all the bakers' are shut?' his mother made herself heard.

'That's the least of our worries,' answered the son, 'I'll take care of the rolls.'

The old gammer went out into the kitchen and soon returned with a little pot full of coffee.

'Right,' said the son, 'nobody can see in, can they?'

'We'll just shut the little curtain,' she said, going to the window and pulling the curtain across, a little curious about what would come next. Meanwhile, he had stepped over to the table, began to wind the handle of the old mill saying:

'Mill, mill, grind for me
Fresh rolls by and by!'