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GRISELDA: AARNE-THOMPSON TALE TYPE 887:
ANALOGUES OF CHAUCER'S "CLERK'S TALE".

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GRISELDA: AARNE-THOMPSON TALE TYPE 887:
ANALOGUES OF CHAUCER'S "CLERK'S TALE"

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate School
of The Ohio State University

By

William Edwin Bettridge, B. A., M. A.

# # # # #

The Ohio State University
1966

Approved by

Francis Lee Whig
Adviser
Department of English
PREFACE

For the past half century it has been the fashion to explain Chaucer's difficult and, to many readers unpleasant, "Clerk's Tale" as a rationalized folktale dealing with the marriage of a mortal to an other-world being or monster. Yet a number of scholars have pointed out the unsatisfactory nature of this interpretation, and this study was undertaken to see what might be learned from an investigation of the modern (i.e., post fourteenth-century) oral versions of folktale Type 887, "Griselda," in Aarne-Thompson's *The Types of the Folktale*. The purpose was threefold: first, to bring together the body of these folktales, most of which were unpublished; secondly, to determine whether or not the story of Patient Griselda is related to the Cupid and Psyche tales (A-T Type 425A), as had been suggested; and third, to see whether or not it would be possible to reconstruct an archetypal tale which Boccaccio might have used as a source and thus gain a new critical approach to the story.

Although the focus of the study is on the oral versions of the story, a few literary tales have been included for purposes of comparison and as a means of
tracing the story's development. Notable among these is a
Danish chapbook version, which is discussed in Chapter
Four.

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VITA

September 14, 1934
Born - Toledo, Ohio

1959. . . . .
B. A., Capital University, Columbus, Ohio

1960. . . . .
M. A., The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio

Teaching Assistant, Department of English, The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio

FIELD OF STUDY

Major Field: English

Studies in Medieval Literature and Folklore

Professor Francis Lee Utley
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CHAPTER I

THE SOURCE OF BOCCACCIO'S PATIENT GRISELDA

Probably none of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales has occasioned so much perplexed commentary as the Clerk's tale of the patient Griselda, the difficulty made the greater by the fact that the same strange story also caught the imaginations of two other literary giants of the fourteenth century, Boccaccio and Petrarch. Many Chaucer scholars are now agreed that the tale was an exemplum, intended to present an ideal of human behavior—woman to man, or man to God. It seems safe to say that we are dealing with a phenomenon peculiar to the medieval mind, and that most modern readers will probably never achieve more than a purely intellectual appreciation of the repellent cruelty of Marquis Walter and the cloying patience of Griselda.

Nevertheless, scholars have not been idle in their attempts to justify to man the ways of the terrible marquis and his patient victim. In 1903, George Lyman Kittredge published an article which was to set the tone for studies of the "Clerk's Tale" for the next half-century,
for it was he who suggested that an approach to the tale might be made through folk literature, and it was he who pointed out that the story of Griselda might be a rationalized version of the Cupid and Psyche tale (Aarne-Thompson Type 425A), influenced by the story of Fair Annie (cp. the final episode in Marie de France's *Lai del Frêne*). Barely concealing the fact that he found the story appalling, Kittredge wished to see the cruelty explained away on the grounds that it was demanded by the rules of a world not ours.\(^1\) The idea, with modifications, was picked up by D. D. Griffith, who in 1931 published a compelling argument for the case,\(^2\) and by W. A. Cate, who in 1932 gave it further refinement.\(^3\) It is at this point that the matter pretty much rests.

As things stand, then, the Griselda story is held to be a rationalized derivation of a special "tabu" or "patience" group of the widespread Cupid and Psyche


story, so thoroughly studied by Ernst Tegelhoff and by J.O. Swahn. That this view of the origins of Griselda has enjoyed wide currency is not surprising, for the case has been convincingly put. Griffith's general narrative summary of A-T Type 425A will demonstrate:

An other-world being espouses a mortal and the two live happily in human relation for a time. They are then separated because of some incident which is related to the difference in nature between the other-world being and the mortal. These separation motives vary greatly. For example, sometimes the other-world being disappears after a fixed time; sometimes this separation occurs just before or after the birth of a child; often the other-world being departs upon gaining possession of his beast covering; often the mortal violates a tabu which has been the condition of the union; and sometimes the other-world being must leave his mortal wife when she lights a candle at night and sees his human form. . . . These tales often end with this separation, but frequently, with the help of the other-world being or his emissaries, the mortal seeks reunion with his former partner and is successful after an other-world journey in which impossible tasks are accomplished.

4Ernst Tegelhoff, Studien zum Märchentypus von Amor und Psyche (Bonn und Leipzig, 1922).


Griffith later goes on to hypothesize a special "tabu group" of this tale which has the element of a requirement or prohibition placed upon the mortal as a condition of the marriage which later influences the happenings of the married life, the separation, and the reunion.

This is persuasive, especially since there are elements in the story of Griselda which point to folktale origins and which accord well with the Cupid and Psyche theory: (1) the delay of the wedding and the inactivity of Griselda and her father; (2) the meeting of Gualtieri and Griselda at the well; (3) Griselda's pre-nuptial promise; (4) the changing of Griselda's clothes; (5) the changes in her manner; (6) the peculiar nature of the wedding; (7) Gualtieri's harshness and pretended murder of the children; (8) Griselda's patient endurance; (9) the separation; (10) the return to her earlier condition; and (11) Giannucolo's status. To these we may add the fact that Petrarch claims to have heard the tale long before reading it in the Decameron, which points, at least tentatively, to oral currency. In general, then, the outline of Cupid and Psyche is certainly much like the tale

7Griffith, pp. 84 ff.

8Ibid., p. 16.
of Griselda, and there is ample evidence to point to folklore origins. Yet in the opinion of Professor Francis Lee Utley, the last word has not been said about Griselda:

If Type 425A Cupid and Psyche is, as has been strenuously argued, a source for Boccaccio's tale, perhaps with some contamination from Marie de France's Lai del Fresne, where the old wife is forced cruelly to be a wedding attendant for the new wife, there are still a good many unanswered questions. . . . Perhaps what is needed is more discussion of the dissimilarities of Cupid and Psyche and Griselda. 9

At his suggestion this study was undertaken to see what might be learned from a close look at some of the modern folktale versions of the Griselda story. Several tentative goals were proposed: to determine whether or not the tale of Griselda is related to A-T 425A; to bring together all available versions of the story, as listed in Aarne-Thompson and augmented wherever possible; to see if an archetypal tale could be reconstructed, one which might represent Boccaccio's source; and to see if any of these would shed new critical light on the literary versions.

As an experiment, let us return to the Cupid and Psyche argument. The outline presented above is approximately that of the tale which Griffith says Boccaccio came upon and to which he gave the realistic setting and style, although he does admit that it might have been partially humanized or rationalized by the folk before him.  

(Wirt Cate, on the other hand, thinks Boccaccio found the tale in much the same form in which he presented it.)

Whichever the case, someone executed certain very considerable changes in the tale. Just how considerable these changes are, few—and among them not Griffith or Cate—realize. Griffith's summary of the tale is rather brief, so let us take a look at the paradigm of A-T Type 425A, as it is presented in Stith Thompson's *The Types of the Folktale*.

425 **The Search for the Lost Husband.**

I. The *Monster as Husband.* (a) A monster is born because of a hasty wish of the parents. (b) He is a man at night. (c) A girl promises herself as bride to the monster, (c₁) to recover stolen clothes or jewels, (c₂) to escape from captivity in a spring or well, (c₃) or a girl seeks out or accidentally discovers a supernatural husband, (d) or the father pro-


11 Cate, p. 404.
mises her (d1) in order to secure a flower (lark) his daughter has asked him to bring from a journey, (d2) to pay a gambling debt, or (d3) to escape from danger. The father and bride try in vain to send another girl as the monster's bride.

II. Disenchantment of the Monster. (a) The girl disenchant the monster (dwarf, bear, wolf, ass, snake, hog, hedgehog, frog, bird, or tree) by means of a kiss and tears, or (b) by burning the animal skin, or (c) by decapitation, or (d) by other means.

III. Loss of the Husband. But she soon loses him because she has burned the animal skin too soon, or (b) has revealed his secret to her sisters, or (c) has broken other prohibitions, (c1) looking at him, (c2) kissing him, or (c3) staying too long at home.

IV. Search for Husband. (a) She undergoes a sorrowful wandering in iron shoes, (b) gets magic objects from an old woman or from her own child, (c) asks directions from the wind and stars, (d) climbs a steep glass mountain, (e) takes service as a maid with a witch who gives her impossible or dangerous tasks to perform, or (f) deceives importunate suitors.

V. Recovery of Husband. (a) She buys with three jewels three nights by the side of her lost husband, and wins him back, or (b) disenchant him by affectionate treatment. (c) Sometimes she must go on a journey and be compassionate to people and objects.

425A The Monster (Animal) as Bridegroom (Cupid and Psyche).

The maiden on a quest for her vanished bridegroom. Various introductions: Present from journey, father promises daughter or daughter promises
Even if we are willing to grant the similarities and changes that Griffith describes, we are struck at once with the number of story elements that Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer (or the folk who modified the tale before Boccaccio found it) seem to have forgotten or found unnecessary. If Marquis Walter is a rationalized monster, we are not told of the circumstances of his birth or of any nocturnal metamorphoses that he undergoes. Indeed, it can be successfully argued, I think, that none of his behavior is inexplicable or represents a shape-shifting variation in his character. He is essentially a good and noble person, but a rather wilful, self-centered, and perhaps a slightly immature one. His behavior toward Griselda is prepared for and, in fact, can be explained in other ways, if others are needed, as we shall see. While it is true that the girl is promised (or promises herself), it is for none of the reasons demanded by Type 425: she has had no clothes or jewels stolen; indeed, they have been heaped upon her. While she is often found at a spring or

well, there is never anything to suggest that she is a captive there (unless we are to assume that she has caught the eye of the Marquis in order that he might "take her away from all this"); she seems quite contented with her existence. In some tales she is even reluctant to leave. Her father goes on no journey (it is probably safe to say that Giannucolo has never been twenty-five miles from home in his life), and it is not even hinted that he is addicted to dicing and has lost his daughter gambling with the Marquis. And there is no suggestion whatever of a substitute bride. In a few tales Griselda's "unworthiness" is alluded to half-heartedly, and she is occasionally reluctant to leave her father who needs her; but in the majority of tales she acquiesces quietly, graciously, and at once to the demands of the Marquis. It might be argued that in a few versions she "disenchants" the "monster" when, at the end, her perfect loyalty and patience wring tears and an explanation of the test from him. But if so, then the element is out of place and the interpretation strains credulity; certainly none of the usual disenchancements is present. The leap from the literal to the figurative, moreover, would be an unusual one in narrative development. It is quite true that Griselda loses her husband, but there is no search for him: she goes home and quietly endures her fate. She does not go wandering in iron shoes
which must be worn out, she climbs no glass mountains, she gets no magic objects, she asks no directions, she performs a trying task for her husband (in serving at his second wedding) but no impossible or dangerous ones for a witch (and the witch is certainly not the husband), and she deceives no importunate suitors (there is never a question of any other man in Griselda's life). In all but one tale (CI 1) she is restored to her husband, but this is never because of any effort on her part. It is a tribute alone to her patient fidelity.

Most important, however, is the question of the tabu. Those who support the Cupid and Psyche theory assign Griselda to a special "tabu group" of 425A, recognizing that the tabu is an essential part of the Griselda story. And so it is, for where it is missing in fact it is there in essence, by implication. But the tabu in Griselda is an unusual one. It is the nature of folklore that where a tabu exists it will be broken, and Ernst Tegethoff, in his very complete study, Amor und Psyche, refers to "das Motiv, das wir, gestützt auf unser Material, als den eigentlich Mittelpunkt der Handlung ansehen mussten: das Verbot und seine Übertretung..."\(^{13}\) Thus, Tegethoff rightly recognizes that the tabu and its subsequent vio-

\(^{13}\)Tegethoff, p. 67 (italics mine).
lation are a **sine qua non** of the Cupid and Psyche story.

By contrast, it is the very essence of the tale of Griselda that she does not violate the tabu. She agrees before the marriage to accept whatever her husband does without question or complaint, and in only one version of the tale (FF 4) does she break her word, complaining after the loss of the second child; and this is a rather obvious distortion in the telling. The most she does otherwise is weep and ask that the child's body be protected from wild animals; she does not rebuke her husband or show him less love. Griffith finds some of the tales of the Cupid and Psyche type where weeping is also a violation of the tabu,\(^{14}\) but I do not see that this strengthens his argument that Griselda is a rationalized Psyche. For one thing, in the majority of tales, including the fourteenth-century literary versions, the heroine does not weep: she accepts her fate with complete stoicism. And her request that the child's body be kept from the animals in no way violates the tabu, but it does do a great deal to enlarge her character as an exemplary wife and as a sensitive human being. Griffith also refers to examples of Type 425A in which the loss of the child is endured without violation of the tabu; but he then goes on to say that the separation \(^{14}\)Griffith, p. 61.
is caused not by this test but by violations of another kind. Thus, we are still left with the fact that the tabu, or a tabu, is violated, and the separation is a punishment for that transgression. This is not the case with Griselda at all. Not only does she not violate the tabu when she loses her children, but the separation is in no wise a punishment, nor is it ever represented to her as such (except in FF 4). It is simply another test. Thus, if we accept the notion that the story of Griselda is a rationalized Cupid and Psyche tale, we have lost the original motivation for the heroine's separation from her husband and, consequently, the motivation for assuming that the husband is an other-world being. We are back to the point of having to explain his actions in human terms (or in religious terms, if we accept the argument that the tale, in some forms at least, is an exemplum), and the entire, involved Cupid and Psyche theory seems unnecessary, as well as unlikely. To accept such a theory we would have to believe that Boccaccio (or someone before him) took the tale of Cupid and Psyche, dropped out most of the elements that students of the tale attribute to it, rationalized its characters and events into those of the human world, and changed the essential nature of the pivotal element

15 Griffith, p. 62.
of the story: a great deal to accept.

If I understand Griffith's argument correctly, the principal reason for his position is that he is unwilling to accept the tale as an exemplum, insisting that it never appears as an exemplum, and that the tale is not something that grew out of or would appeal to feudal medieval society, but that it is something that comes from eastern cultures. As for the argument that the story would not have appealed to the medieval mind, I would refer Professor Griffith to the excellent article by James Sledd, quoted elsewhere in this study, wherein he shows that Griselda is, in Eileen Powers's words, "spiritually the child of her age." Even Cate disagrees with Griffith here, claiming that all the early literary versions are exemplary, as indeed they are. And we cannot ignore the fact, also presented elsewhere in this study, that many of the modern folk versions end on a moral note.

16 Griffith, pp. 14 ff. The possibility of eastern origins, which Cate rejects, is an interesting one, though one with which I am not prepared to deal at present. A number of Turkish variants have come to my attention too late to be dealt with in this study, and it is possible that more might be learned about the matter from them. (They are tentatively discussed elsewhere in this study.)


18 Cate, pp. 395-96.
Lest there be any last lingering doubts about the exemplary nature and purpose of the tale, let me quote the inscription on the title page of the Danish chapbook version (GD 4): "Griseldis--Two stories to read about Griseldis. . . . Of these stories all right-thinking women can obtain good knowledge of honorable women and especially what it means to have much patience." Thus, it appears that Griffith is not only guilty of faulty reasoning when he says that "the absence of the Griselda story from sermon books implies that the tale did not exist at least with its emphasis upon patience as a virtue";\(^19\) he is also mistaken in his facts.

Moreover, there is found in The Types of the Folktale another tale type, Type 887, which might offer a solution. Type 887, "Griselda," is described as follows: "A king marries a maiden of the lower class. She promises to be always complacent. The king puts her to the proof by making believe that he has killed their children and married another wife."\(^20\) As stated, one of the purposes of this study is to see if, from an investigation of the modern folktale versions of 887, evidence could be found of an

\(^{19}\text{Griffith, p. 118.}\)

\(^{20}\text{Aarne-Thompson, p. 302}\)
archetype which might have served Boccaccio as a source, which might have been the tale with which Petrarch was familiar. For the results of that investigation, let us turn to the analysis of the tales.
CHAPTER II

THE VARIANTS OF AARNE-THOMPSON TYPE 887

For those not familiar with the notation system commonly used in folklore studies, a word of explanation is in order. In the symbol used to identify each tale (e.g., GI 3) the first letter represents the language group to which the tale belongs (G=Germanic); the following letter or letters give the country or national group where the tale was found (I=Iceland); and the number is an arbitrary one distinguishing the tale from others in the group. The symbols used herein are as follows: RI Lit=Italian literary (Boccaccio), RL Lit=Latin literary (Petrarch), GE Lit=English literary (Chaucer), GI=Icelandic, GN=Norwegian, GS=Swedish, GSF=Finno-Swedish, GD=Danish, GG=Germanic, FF=Finnish, Lith=Lithuanian, SC=Czech, SSC=Serbo-Croatian, DI=Irish, RSPR=Porto-Rican.
I. Actors

A. Heroine and parents

1. Father: occupation

a. Farmer
   GI 3, GG 2, GG 4, GG 6, GG 7, FF 6 (also stone engraver), Lith 2, Lith 4 (king's worker)

b. Tenant
   GS 2

c. Crofter
   GN 1

d. Peasant
   GSF 2, GSF 4, GSF 5, SC 4

e. Shepherd
   GD 3 (cf. also I A 3), GD 4, GD 7

f. Swineherd
   GI 2

g. Charcoal burner
   GG 1, SC 2, SSC 1

h. Shoemaker
   GD 1, GG 3

i. Cottager
   FF 3, FF 4

j. Commoner
   GS 1

k. "King's partner"
   GD 2

l. Element lacking or unspecified
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GSF 1, GSF 3, GD 6 (widower), FF 1, FF 2, FF 5, Lith 1, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 3 (widower), CI 1, RSPR 1
2. Father: names

a. Giannucolo
   RI Lit

b. Janicola
   RL Lit

c. Janicula
   GE Lit, GD 7

d. Janiculus
   GD 4

e. Janikule
   GS 2

f. Jan Kuli
   GSF 4

g. Kulhelm
   GSF 3

h. Janeckova (?)
   SC 3

i. Kresina
   SC 4

0. Element lacking or unspecified
   GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GN 1, GS 1, GSF 1,
   GSF 2, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 6,
   GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, GG 4, GG 5, GG 6, GG 7,
   FF 1, FF 2, FF 3, FF 4, FF 5, FF 6,
   Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1,
   SC 2, SSC 1, CI 1, RSPR 1

3. Father and mother
   GI 1, GI 2, GS 1 (adopted, cf. I A 4 b),
   GD 3, FF 1, Lith 2

4. Other

a. Grandfather
   GG 5

b. Girl adopted from father by wealthy couple
   GS 1 (cf. also I A 3 b)
5. Heroine's name

a. Griselda
   RI Lit, SC 1, SC 3

b. Grasilda
   Lith 3

c. Griseldis
   RL Lit, GE Lit (also Griselde), GD 4, GD 7, GG 1, GG 6, GG 7

d. Griseldele
   GG 2

e. Grisilla
   GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4

f. Grisila
   GSF 5

g. Grissill
   GI 3

h. Grishildur
   GI 1, GI 2

i. Gret Salle
   GD 3

j. Gro Salaede
   GN 1

k. Cecilia
   FF 2

l. Helena
   FF 5

m. Massilie
   GD 1

n. Albertina
   Lith 4
o. Alvyra
   Lith 5

p. Bozena
   SC 4

q. Kiersten
   GD 5

r. Broom-marie
   GG 5

O. Element lacking or unspecified
   GS 1, GD 2, GD 6, GG 3, GG 4, FF 1,
   FF 3, FF 4, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2, SC 2,
   SSC 1, CI 1, RSPR 1

6. Heroine's duties

a. Tending animals
   RI Lit, GE Lit, GI 2, GI 3, GSF 2,
   GSF 4, GD 1, GD 4, GG 2, GG 4, FF 4,
   Lith 1, Lith 3, Lith 5

b. Cobbler
   GG 3

c. Field Worker
   Lith 2, Lith 4

d. Broommaker
   GG 5

e. Washing clothes
   SC 4

f. Housework
   RL Lit, GD 2, GD 6, FF 1

g. Fetching water
   GI 3 (cf. also I A 6 a), CI 1

h. Servant to hero
   GN 1

O. Element lacking or unspecified
   GI 1, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 3, GSF 5,
   GD 3, GD 5, GD 6, GD 7, GG 1, GG 6, GG 7,
   FF 2, FF 3, FF 5, FF 6, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3,
   SSC 1, RSPR 1
B. Unmarried hero

1. Rank

a. Marquis
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit

b. King
   GI 1, GI 2, GSF 3, GD 1, GD 2, FF 2, FF 3, FF 4, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 3, SC 2

c. Prince (This category occasionally overlaps with the prince later becomes king)
   GS 1, GSF 5, GG 4, FF 1, FF 5, SC 4

d. Count
   GN 1, GSF 4, GG 2, GG 3, SC 3, SSC 1

e. Margrave
   GI 3, GG 1, SC 1

f. Marg–earl
   GD 7

g. Duke
   Lith 2

h. Baron
   GG 6, GG 7

i. Nobleman
   GS 2

j. Lord
   GSF 2, GD 4, GD 5

k. Landlord
   Lith 4, Lith 5

l. Lord's son
   GD 3

m. Knight
   GSF 1

n. Element lacking or unspecified
   GD 6, GG 5, GI 1, RSPR 1
2. Name

a. Gualtieri
   RI Lit,

b. Valterus
   RL Lit, SC 1

c. Gualterus
   GD 7

d. Walter
   GE Lit, GI 3

e. Volter
   GD 4, GSF 1

f. Bolter
   GS 2

g. Artus
   GI 2

h. Herr Peder
   GD 5

i. Oldrich
   SC 4

0. Element lacking or unspecified
   GI 1, GN 1, GS 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4,
   GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 6, GG 1, GG 2,
   GG 3, GG 4, GG 6, GG 7, FF 1, FF 2,
   FF 3, FF 4, FF 5, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2,
   Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 2, SC 3, SSC 1,
   GI 1, RSPR 1

II. Introduction

A. Beautiful girl lives in humble circumstances
   with aged parent(s)

   l. Old man
      GS 1, GSF 3, GSF 5, GG 1, GG 2 (youngest of
      three daughters), GG 4, FF 3, FF 4, FF 5,
      SC 3
2. Old couple
   FF 1, Lith 2

3. Other
   a. Parents die; girl lives with grandfather
      GG 5
   b. Girl adopted from parents by wealthy
couple
      GS 1
   c. Girl is servant to king
      GN 1 (cf. II A 1), Lith 3

4. Girl is protected from suitors
   FF 1, SC 3

B. Unmarried hero

1. Urged to marry
   a. By subjects
      RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GSF 4,
      GD 2, GD 4, GD 5 (?), GD 6, GD 7, Lith 5,
      (cf. also II B 3)
   b. By counselors/noblemen
      SC 1, SC 2, SC 4
   c. By parents/family
      GD 3, GG 6, GG 7
   d. By friends
      SSC 1
   e. There is a spokesman for his subjects
      RL Lit, GE Lit, GD 4 (best speaker and
      loyal friend), Lith 5 (?--heroine's father),
      SC 2 (knight)
   f. Hero's willingness to marry when asked
      1. Willing
         RL Lit, GSF 4, GD 3, GD 5(?), GD 6,
         GG 3, SC 4
11. Reluctant
RI Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GD 1, GD 4, GD 7, GG 6, GG 7, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SSC 1

2. Decides to marry
GI 3, GS 2. (but cf. also II B 3), GN 1, GD 1 (?) GG 2, Lith 1, CI 1

3. Sees girl and falls in love with her
   a. While hunting
      GSF 1, FF 2 (stops for drink)
   b. Sees girl at work
      Lith 4
   c. Other
      GS 1, GS 2 (?—cf. also II B 2), GSF 3, GD 1 (?—cf. also II B 2), GG 5, Lith 5
         (cf. also II B 1)

4. To be married but not specified how he knows bride
   GSF 2

III. Wedding preparations

   A. Wedding prepared for bride unknown to subjects/guests

1. Before arrangements with heroine/parent(s)
   RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GN 1, GS 2, GSF 4 (but after meeting with bride), GD 3, GD 4, GD 7, GG 2, GG 3, GG 6, GG 7, Lith 4, Lith 5, CI 1

2. After arrangement with heroine/parent(s)
   RI Lit, Lith 1, SC 1, SSC 1

3. Hero has clothes made/prepared for bride
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GN 1, GD 3, GD 4, GG 2, GG 6, GG 7, Lith 2, Lith 4, SC 1, SSC 1
B. Trip to get bride (distinct from II B 3)

1. Search for bride
   GSF 4, GD 6, FF 1, Lith 1, Lith 2, SC 1, SC 2, SC 4, SSC 1, RSPR 1

2. Meeting of hero and heroine
   a. Sees girl while hunting
      GE Lit, GD 1, GG 1, FF 4, FF 5, Lith 1.
      (cf. also III B 2 b), SC 1, SC 2, SC 4
   b. Sees girl at work (cf. I A 6)
      GSF 4, GD 1, GG 2, PP 1, PP 5 (cf also III B 2 a), Lith 1 (cf. also III B 2 a), Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 5
   c. Stops for water
      GSF 5, Lith 2 (cf also III B 2 b), SSC 1
      (while hunting)
   d. Other
      RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GD 1, GD 2, GD 6, GG 2, GG 4, FF 3, FF 6, Lith 3, SC 3, CI 1, RSPR 1

3. Girl comes out to see bridal procession
   RI Lit, GE Lit, GSF 4, GD 2, GD 4

4. Girl at fountain or well
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GD 1, GD 2, GD 6, GG 3, FF 2, SC 1, SC 2, SC 4, SSC 1, CI 1

5. Not specified how he knows her
   GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GD 3, GD 5, GD 7, GSF 2, GG 3, GG 6, GG 7

6. Additional visits to heroine before proposal
   RL Lit, GE Lit, GSF 1, GSF 3, GSF 4, GD 1, GD 3, GD 4, GG 4, FF 1, FF 5, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SC 4, SSC 1

7. Trip after previously chosen bride
   a. Goes alone
      GSF 1, GSF 3, GSF 4, GD 5, GG 2, GG 4, FF 5, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 3
b. Goes with retinue
RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GS 2, GSF 2, GD 3 (with seam-stress), GD 4, GD 7, GG 3, GG 6, GG 7, SC 2, SSC 1

c. Sends someone
GD 1, GG 5, SC 4, CI 1

d. Synonymous with meeting
GD 2, GD 6, GG 1, GG 4, GG 6, GG 7, FF 2, FF 3, FF 4

O. Element lacking or unspecified
GN 1, GS 1, GSF 5, FF 1, Lith 3, Lith 4, RSPR 1

C. Marriage agreement

1. With girl
GN 1, GG 2, GG 3, GG 4, GG 5, FF 1 (cf. also III C 2 a), FF 3, FF 6, Lith 2, Lith 3, CI 1

2. With parent(s)

a. Parent(s) willing
RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 2, GSF 4, GD 4, GD 7, GG 1, GG 6, GG 7, FF 1 (but don't want to attend), FF 2, Lith 1, Lith 5, SC 1 (but don't want to attend), SC 2, RSPR 1

b. Parent(s) reluctant but finally consent (or girl taken)
GI 1 (but mother willing), GI 2, GI 3, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GG 5, FF 4, FF 5, Lith 2, SC 2, SC 3, SSC 1

3. Girl then consulted and agrees
RI lit, GE lit, GI 1, GSF 2 (by implication), GSF 4, GD 3, GD 4, GD 7, GG 1 (reluctant), FF 2, FF 3, Lith 1, SC 2

4. Other
GG 3
D. Tabu established

1. Hero establishes tabu
   RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 3, GN 1, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 7, FF 3, FF 5, Lith 1, SC 2, CI 1

2. Priest who marries them establishes tabu
   GG 3

3. Father establishes tabu with parting advice
   GSF 2

4. Tabu not explicitly stated, but other conditions present
   GI 1, GSF 1, GSF 3, Lith 3, SC 1 (?) 

E. Ceremonial exchange of clothing I (cf. also III A 3)

1. New clothes for bride
   RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 2, GI 3, GN 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 7, GG 2, GG 3, GG 5, GG 6, GG 7, FF 2, FF 4, FF 5, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SC 4, SSC 1, CI 1

2. Bride is transformed by new clothes (or true beauty and virtue is revealed)
   RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GS 1, GD 4, GG 2, GG 3, GG 5, SC 1 (?) - is taught manners, SC 2, SC 4, SSC 1, CI 1

3. Father keeps old clothes
   RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 3, GSF 1, GSF 3, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 3, GG 5, FF 2, FF 4, FF 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SC 4
4. Father doesn't want her to need old clothes again
   SC 3 (but cf. III E 3)
5. Is told to keep old clothes as reminder of her humble origins
   Lith 3
0. Element lacking or unspecified
   GI 1 (mounts horse with golden saddle),
   GD 5, GD 6, GS 1 (adoption by wealthy couple may displace),
   GSF 5, (except by implication), GG 1, GG 4, FF 1, FF 3,
   FF 6 (gives her gold coins), RSPR 1

IV. Tests
   A. Nature of marriage
      1. Live for a time in contentment
         RI lit, GE lit, GD 1, GD 3, GD 4, GG 2,
         GG 3, GG 5, Lith 1, Lith 5, SC 2, SC 3,
         SSC 1, CI 1
      2. Has affection of people
         RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 1, GD 3, GD 4,
         FF 3, Lith 2, SC 2, SC 4, SSC 1
      3. People dissatisfied
         GI 1 (king's men, not people), GD 6,
         Lith 2 (some are jealous)
   B. Births
      1. First child
         a. Girl
            RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 1, GI 2,
            GI 3, GN 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3,
            GSF 4, GD 3, GD 4, GD 5, GD 6, GD 7,
            GG 2, GG 5, GG 6, GG 7, FF 2, FF 6,
            Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1,
            SC 2, SC 3, SC 4
         b. Boy
            GS 1, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GG 1, GG 3,
            GG 4, FF 1, Lith 1, SSC 1, CI 1, RSPR 1
c. No sex given
   FF 3, FF 4, FF 5

2. Second child
   a. Boy
      RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 1, GI 2, 
      GI 3, GN 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, 
      GSF 4, GD 3, GD 4, GD 6, GD 7, GG 2, 
      GG 5, GG 6, GG 7, FF 1, FF 2, Lith 2, 
      Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, 
      SC 3, SC 4, RSPR 1
   b. Girl
      GS 1, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GG 1, GG 3, 
      GG 4, FF 5, Lith 1, SSC 1, CI 1
   c. No sex given
      FF 3, FF 4,

0. No second child
   GD 5, FF 6

3. Third child
   a. Boy
      GI 1, GSF 1, Lith 2, Lith 5 (4 children)
   b. Girl
      GSF 5, FF 1

4. Person who takes children
   a. Servant
      RI lit, RL lit, GE lit, GI 1, GI 2, 
      GI 3, GD 2, GD 4, GD 7, GG 1, GG 3 
      (midwife), GG 4 (midwife), FF 1, 
      Lith 5 (also hero), SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, 
      SC 4
   b. Hero
      GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4, GD 1, GD 3, 
      GG 2, GG 5, GG 6, GG 7, FF 3, Lith 2, 
      Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, CI 1, RSPR 1

0. Not specified
   GN 1, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 5, GD 6, FF 2, 
   FF 4, FF 5, Lith 1
C. Reasons for taking children

1. People/relatives dissatisfied because of wife's low birth
   GG 6, GG 7, SSC 1

2. Hero tells wife people dissatisfied with low-born heir/child
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GS 2, GD 1,
   GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GG 1, GG 2, SC 1, SC 2,
   SC 4, CI 1

3. Hero tells wife child must be killed because of her low birth (for no other reason, or because heir will be of low birth)
   GN 1, GS 1, GSF 3, GSF 4, GD 6, GD 7, GG 5,
   FF 2, FF 4, Lith 1, SC 3

4. Hero comes to despise wife because of her low birth
   Lith 5

5. Hero says her low birth makes her incapable of rearing child/child will be unhappy
   GSF 2, Lith 3

6. Other
   FF 3 (because child is ugly), Lith 2 (so wife won't age), Lith 4 (child is wrong sex),
   RSPR 1 (child sent to wife's parents so they will "believe in marriage" and not have it annulled)

0. No reason given
   GI 1, GI 2, GSF 5, GD 5, GG 3, GG 4, FF 1,
   FF 5, FF 6

D. Heroine's reaction

1. Complete stoicism
   GI 2, GS 2, GSF 3, GSF 5, GD 4 (blesses child),
   GD 7, GG 2 (blesses child), GG 6, GG 7, FF 1,
   FF 3, FF 5, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5,
   SC 1, SC 3 (blesses child), SC 4, SSC 1
   CI 1, RSPR 1
2. Asks only that child's body be protected from wild animals
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GS 1, GSF 2, GSF 4, GD 4, FF 2, SC 2

3. Asks only that child not suffer long
   GD 1, GD 2, GD 3

4. Weeps bitterly, but does not complain
   GI 1, GI 2, GN 1, GD 6, GG 1, GG 3, GG 5, FF 4, (but cf. IV C 6), SC 4

5. Other
   GI 3 (wishes she could die in its place),
   Lith 1 (acquiesces out of fear for own life)

6. Variants with later child
   FF 4 (complains bitterly; cf. IV C 4), GI 2
   (weeps bitterly third time; cf. IV C 1)

0. Element lacking or unspecified
   GSF 1, GD 5, GG 4, FF 6

7. Hero watches reactions/has servant report them
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GD 3, GD 4, GG 1, SC 1, SC 2

E. Disposition of children

1. Sent to hero's family
   a. Relatives
      RI Lit (in Bologna), GSF 1, GSF 2, FF 6, Lith 1
   b. Sister
      RL Lit, GE Lit (both Bologna), GI 3, GD 4
      GD 5, GD 6, GD 7, GG 1, SC 1, SC 2
   c. Other
      GI 1 (uncle)

2. Sent to Pontiff
   GSF 4
3. Other
GD 3 (promises no harm to child), GG 2 (to honest people), GG 6, GG 7 (to school),
Lith 2 (to governesses), Lith 3 (states that children are killed, but later says they were sent to governesses), Lith 4 (England),
SC 4 (Hostyn Castle), RSPR 1 (to heroine's parents)

4. Arrangements indefinite
GI 2 (another country), GN 1 (away), GS 1,
GS 2 (away), GSF 3 (away), GD 1 (away),
GG 3 ("arrangements made"), GG 4 (away),
GG 5 (to be well reared), FF 1 (abroad),
PF 2 (to others), PF 3 (abroad), PF 4 (another country), FF 5 (to be brought up), Lith 5 (secretly reared), SC 3 (away), CI 1 (banished)

5. Element lacking or unspecified
GSF 5, GD 2, Lith 3, SSC 1 (hero keeps children and rears them)

F. Wife's banishment

1. Time lapse between last child and banishment
   a. Soon/immediately
      GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GSF 3, GG 4, GG 5,
      FF 1, FF 4, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, RSPR 1
   b. A number of years
      RI Lit, RL Lit (12), GE Lit (12), GN 1 (16),
      GS 1, GS 2 (15), GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 4,
      GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2 (14), GD 3, (15), GD 4 (9), GD 5 (12), GD 6, GD 7 (12), GG 1,
      GG 2 (16), GG 3 (11), GG 6 (18), GG 7 (18), FF 2 (15), FF 3, FF 5, FF 6,
      Lith 1, Lith 2 (18), SC 1 (14), SC 2 (16), SC 4, SSC 1

5. Element lacking or unspecified
   SC 3, CI 1

2. Reasons for banishment
   a. Says people demand a noble wife
      GE lit (cf. also IV F 2 d), GI 3, (cf. also IV F 2 d), GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GG 1,
      GG 2, GG 6, GG 7, SC 4, CI 1
b. Says he wants another (noble) wife/is tired of her (commoness)
   RI Lit (cf. also IV F 2d), GN 1, GS 2, GD 5 (by implication), GD 7 (cf. also IV F 2d), GG 3, FF 2, FF 3 (doesn't like children), FF 5, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4 (doesn't like children), Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2 (cf. also IV F 2d), SC 3

c. Says relatives object to her
   SSC 1

d. Says Pontiff has new bride for him/has given him permission to remarry
   RI Lit (Cf. also IV F 2a), RL Lit, GE Lit (cf. also IV F 2a), GI 3 (cf. also IV F 2a), GSF 4, GD 4, GD 7 (cf. also IV F 2b) SC 2 (cf. also IV F 2a)

e. She has broken tabu
   FF 4 (complained about loss of child)

f. Accuses her of murdering children
   GI 1

0. No reason given
   GI 2, GS 1, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 5, GD 6, GG 4, GG 5, FF 1, RSPR 1

3. Nature of banishment

a. Return to old home/parent(s)
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GN 1 (denouement comes before she leaves), GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 6, GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, GG 4, GG 5, GG 6, GG 7, FF 1, FF 2, FF 4, FF 5, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2 (denouement comes before she leaves), Lith 4, SC 1 (father and heroine stay in kitchen while hero seeks new bride), SC 2, SC 3, SC 4 (denouement comes before she leaves), GI 1, RSPR 1

b. Kept as servant
   Lith 5, SC 1 (by implication), SSC 1
c. Other
GD 5 (asked where she would like to live),
FF 3 (goes out into wide world), FF 6
(may stay until new bride comes), Lith 3
(leaves)

4. Ceremonial exchange of clothing II

a. Told to (volunteers to) leave clothing/
all that she has received
RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GN 1,
GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 3, GSF 4, GSF 5
(by implication), GD 1, GD 3, GD 4, GD 6,
GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, GG 5 (can't do
old work in silken clothes), GG 6, GG 7,
FF 2, FF 4, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 3, Lith 4,
Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SC 4, SSC 1,
GI 1, RSPR 1

b. "Naked I came; naked I must return"
RL Lit, GE Lit, GD 4. FF 4 ("I have taken
her naked; naked she shall go, too"),
SC 2 (must go the way she came, without
taking anything with her), RSPR 1 ("nothing
brought, nothing carried")

c. Asks for, is allowed garment to cover
nakedness

RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GS 2, GSF 4,
GD 3, GD 4, GG 1, GG 3, GG 6, GG 7, FF 4,
Lith 4 (father meets her and covers her
with sheet), Lith 5 (refuses to leave
naked), SC 2, SC 3, SC 4, GI 1, RSPR 1 (?)

O. Element lacking or unspecified
GI 1, GI 2, GSF 2, GSF 5, GD 2, GD 5,
GG 4, FF 1, FF 3, FF 6, Lith 2

5. Interim period

a. Hero secretly sees to her welfare
GS 1

b. Years later hero rides by, sees her, and
faints from attack of conscience; she
revives him
GD 1
c. Years later hero bags lodging as beggar, hears her cry at night
   GSF 5

d. Hero has her come to castle to make bed, etc.
   GD 3

V. Second wedding

A. Time between banishment and wedding

1. Soon/immediately
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GN 1, GSF 1, GSF 4, GD 3, GD 4, GD 5, GD 7, GG 1, GG 6, GG 7, FF 2, FF 3 (not specified), FF 5 (not specified), FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 5 (?), SC 2 (not specified), SC 3, SC 4, CI 1, RSPR 1

2. A number of years
   GI 1 (16), GI 2 (16), GI 3 (13), GS 1, GS 2, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 6 (16), GG 2, GG 3 (7), GG 4, GG 5, FF 1, FF 4, Lith 3 (17), Lith 4 (12), SC 1, SSC 1 (15)

B. Arrangements

1. Hero announces intention to marry unknown bride
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GN 1, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 5, GD 6, GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, GG 4, GG 5, FF 1, FF 2, FF 3, FF 4, FF 5, FF 6, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SSC 1, CI 1

   0. Element lacking or unspecified
      GSF 3, GG 4, GG 5, SC 4, RSPR 1

2. Recalls heroine

   a. To work
      RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, FF 1, FF 4, FF 5, Lith 3, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3
b. As guest
GD 1, GD 6, FF 2, FF 3

c. Other
GG 4 (goes to her and asks her to remarry him), GG 5 (goes to show her beautiful woman), GG 6 (not specified), GG 7 (not specified), Lith 1 (not specified), Lith 2 (not specified), Lith 4 (not specified; makes her clean up), GI 1 (to show her bride)

0. Element lacking or not specified
GN 1 (hasn't left), GD 5, FF 6 (stays until bride comes), Lith 2 (hasn't left), Lith 5 (stayed as servant), SC 4 (hasn't left), SSC 1 (stayed as servant)

C. Denouement

1. Confrontation of heroine and "bride"
RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GN 1, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 5, GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 5, GG 6, GG 7, FF 1, FF 2, FF 4, FF 5, FF 6 (must receive "bride"), Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SSC 1, CI 1

0. Element lacking or unspecified
GI 1, GI 2, GSF 5, GD 6, GG 3, FF 3, Lith 4

2. Wife praises"bride's" beauty/asks that she be better treated (#)
RI Lit#, RL Lit#, GE Lit#, GI 3#, GSF 1#, GSF 2#, GSF 3, GSF 4#, GD 1#, GD 3#, GD 4#, GD 5#, GD 7, GG 1#, GG 2#, GG 6#, GG 7#, FF 2#, FF 4#, Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, SC 2#, SC 3#, CI 1#

0. Element lacking or unspecified
GI 1, GI 2, GN 1, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 5, GD 2, GD 6, GG 3, GG 4, GG 5, FF 1, FF 3, FF 5, Lith 4, SC 1, SC 4, SSC 1

3. Revelation
a. Immediately on arrival of principals
   GN 1, GSF 1, GD 6, GG 4, GG 5, GG 6,
   GG 7, FF 4, FF 6 (recognizes daughter),
   Lith 2, Lith 3, SC 1, SC 3

b. At banquet
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GS 1,
   GS 2, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4, GSF 5, GD 1,
   GD 3, GD 4, GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, FF 1,
   FF 2, FF 5, SC 2, SSC 1

c. In bridal chamber after "ceremony"
   GI 1, GI 2 (both contain episode with candle)

d. Other
   GD 2, (at ceremony), GD 5, FF 3 (at ceremony),
   Lith 1 (at ceremony), SC 4 (hasn't left; precedes V B 1), Lith 4 (not specified)

0. Element lacking or not specified
   Lith 5, CI 1

D. Conclusion

1. Hero and heroine happily reunited
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3,
   GN 1, GS 1, GS 2, GSF 1, GSF 2, GSF 3, GSF 4,
   GSF 5, GD 1, GD 2, GD 3, GD 4, GD 5, GD 6,
   GD 7, GG 1, GG 2, GG 3, GG 4, GG 5, GG 6,
   GG 7, FF 1, FF 2, FF 3, FF 4, FF 5, FF 6,
   Lith 1, Lith 2, Lith 3, Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1,
   SC 2, SC 3, SC 4, SSC 1, RSPR 1

0. Element lacking or unspecified
   CI 1

2. Wife praised as model of patience and fidelity
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GI 2, GI 3,
   GSF 2, GD 1, GD 3, GD 4, GG 3, GG 6, GG 7,
   FF 3, Lith 2, SSC 1

3. Ceremonial exchange of clothing III
   RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1, GSF 3, GD 3,
   GD 4, GD 6, GG 2, GG 5, FF 2, Lith 1, Lith 3,
   Lith 4, Lith 5, SC 1, SC 2, SC 3, SSC 1
4. Father brought to live in castle
RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 3, GS 2, GD 3, GD 4 (Janiculus taken into Volter's heart),
GG 3, FF 2 (brought to castle to celebrate the rejoicing), SC 1 (father dressed in
rich dresses in castle), SSC 1 (built father new house on site of old one)

5. Children married at end
RI Lit, RL Lit, GE Lit, GI 1

# # # # #

I. Actors

Father. In virtually all of the tales the
heroine has a father; in a few a father and mother are
specified. It is the requirement of the story that the
father be a poor and virtuous man in order to have reared
such a daughter, and in most well-developed versions it is
obvious that he cares for her deeply. The majority of
tales give some occupation for the father, although none
of the fourteenth-century literary versions does. Never­
etheless, the derivative nature is apparent, for in all three
literary versions the heroine has the duty of tending
animals, and it is easy to see the folk embellishment in
making the father a shepherd, a swineherd, or a humble
farmer, someone who would be likely to own animals. Even
in GD 2, where the father is called the "king's partner,"
it seems that he is really no more than a tenant farmer.
There are a few variants which do seem inexplicable in
terms of the story's logic, making the father a shoemaker, the grandfather a broommaker, or the father a charcoal burner. This last variant is interesting in that it occurs in three tales, GG 1, SC 2, SSC 1. As the particular German tale originated in Hungary, it is entirely possible that the three tales may be genetically related, although the occupation of charcoal burner is (or was) undoubtedly a common one in rural areas, and the triple occurrence may be coincidence. As is often the case with folk narrative, the particular choice may indicate the audience.

The fathers' names again point to the derivative nature of the tales. Where the names exist they are, almost without exception, forms of Boccaccio's Giannucolo. Nor is it surprising that the majority of tales assign no name. The father is a very minor figure in the drama, and the name is a strange one, particularly since it is a southern, Latinate name and most of the tales occur in the north. Thus, the tellers of the tales, many of which are related quite perfunctorily, have simply dropped a difficult and unnecessary name.

Two stories specify no parent, an indication of the parent's insignificant role and the importance of the heroine herself. In two instances the girl is adopted. In GG 5, a tale which strays considerably in its introduction
from the paradigm, the parents both die and the girl is adopted by her grandfather, a device perhaps intended to gain greater sympathy for the heroine. In GS 1, the girl, who has parents, is seen and adopted by a wealthy couple, an element which may displace the later ceremonial exchange of clothing as the symbolic rise in social status, with all that that implies (cf. III E 0).

**Heroine.** In some fifteen tales the heroine is given no name, but the remainder assign names that clearly point to literary origins. For the most part they are some form or other of Griselda/Griseldis/Griselde, with certain local variants (Grisilla/Grisila/Grissill in most of the Scandinavian versions, except for the very logical Grisbchildur in two of the Icelandic tales). There are also several unique instances of other names (Cecilia, Massilie, Albertina, etc.) which, I think, do not alter the conclusion, for they are mostly "storybook" names of romance derivation. The majority of those tales which do not give a name are of a hasty and unembellished nature, leaving out everything except the bare skeleton of the story.

The heroine's duties, which have already been referred to, are again entirely predictable in terms of the literary versions and the logic of the story. Most of the tales specify no particular duty, but the bulk of
the remainder follow the literary stories in making her
tend animals. Whatever her occupation it is a humble one,
a fact that serves to underscore the station from which
she comes and the very great change in her status when she
marries and again when her husband sends her packing.

Unmarried Hero. No real conclusions can be drawn
from the various versions of the hero's rank, except that
virtually all versions follow the lead of the literary
tales in making him a person of the nobility. The parti-
cular titles do not seem important, reflecting perhaps the
sort of title the teller was most familiar with; but the
almost uniform insistence on making him a lofty personage
again stresses the tremendous social gap between hero and
heroine, a condition which some critics point to as evidence
that the hero is an other-world being who is marrying a
mortal. While this idea is intriguing and to some extent
supported by the frequent presence of a (super-natural?)
fountain or well when the hero and heroine meet, it
nevertheless involves us in conclusions which are diffi-
cult to accept, and it seems unnecessary; the tale does
not demand it (these arguments are taken up elsewhere in
this study). Similarly, the hero's name presents no
important problems or conclusions, except that the frequent
absence of any name may indicate that it is the heroine
rather than the hero who seems most important to the tellers
of the tale. Where there is a name, it clearly follows the literary versions, except in three instances, where there seems to be no particular significance in the choice.

II. Introduction

The most common method of introducing the tale (and, perhaps, the most effective) is to begin with the unmarried hero who is being urged to marry by his subjects/friend/relatives, who fear that he, a good ruler, will die without an heir. Wherever the story is treated at all fully, the hero's fine qualities are stressed at great length, providing at once a contrast with and a justification for the conduct he is soon to exhibit. Where the tale is less obviously under the influence of the literary tradition, or where it is not well told, his qualities are hastened over, and we are left with an example of unjustified wanton cruelty. It is the ennobling type of introduction that Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer use, and it is not surprising that the majority of tales adopt it. There are a couple of variant forms of it, probably the result of bad memory or inadequate narrative technique: Either the hero decides himself to marry, or he simply sees the girl and falls in love with her. In either case, the effect is to rob the subsequent testing of a good deal of its motivation; for where the hero is urged to marry he
shows considerable reluctance, an unwillingness to lose his freedom, and a fear that he will find himself saddled with a woman who will make him miserable. In quite a number of tales using this kind of introduction the hero insists upon the condition that his subjects/relatives will accept any bride of his choice, an insistence that paves the way for the introduction of the humble Griselda. The hero's reluctance also sets the stage for the tabu or condition of the marriage and for the subsequent testing.

The other type of introduction begins with the heroine herself, describing in more or less detail her humble circumstances and peerless virtues. Then the hero is introduced in one of the manners described above. The reason for this variation is probably that in the minds of the tellers it is the figure of Griselda that bulks largest; it is she that the tale is about, and thus it is she with whom they begin the tale. The results are less happy than with the other type of introduction. It is true, of course, that the tale is about Griselda and her unmatched virtues. But these virtues stand out more clearly when we see them in contrast to the nature of Marquis Walter, a noble but still somewhat careless and self-centered young man. In short, Griselda becomes the greater for the contrast, and we are less surprised and therefore less shocked at the testing to which he subjects her, having seen in him
an aspect of character which makes it possible. Too, since
Griselda is really the central character, she is made the
more important by the suspense created by delaying her
entrance. We share in the curiosity of Walter's subjects,
 wondering what sort of woman he has selected and whether
she will meet his specifications. The tension thus
created makes her appearance the more impressive and the
more evocative of wonder at her humble state, great
beauty, and exalted virtue. The effect is missing where
the other introduction is used, and the hero appears some­
what breathlessly on the stage, like an actor who has
missed his cue; he seems almost an after-thought, a mere
piece of "business."

The two exceptions to these introductions occur
in a Finnish tale (FF 6) and the Porto Rican tale (RSPR 1).
Both tales begin with a riddling contest of sorts. The
Finnish tale appears to be contaminated by a tale which
bears a superficial resemblance to Griselda, Type 875,
the Clever Peasant Girl, in which a peasant girl becomes
the king's wife through her cleverness and is banished
when she angers him; or possibly with Type 921, the King
and the Peasant's Son, where the clever youth answers the
king's riddles.¹ It is difficult to see any connection

¹The Thompson motifs involved are either H561.1
or H583.
between this tale the Porto Rican one. The latter simply includes at the beginning motif H601, the Wise Carving of the Powl, and is generally a badly told tale.²

III. Wedding preparations

In the majority of instances, the wedding preparations are made before an agreement has been reached with either the heroine or her parents, a touch of arrogant self-assurance that further serves to underscore the nature of the hero. Curiously, this is an addition which we find in Petrarch and Chaucer, but not in Boccaccio. All three of the fourteenth-century literary versions and a number of others contain the element of the hero having clothing made for the bride, an act which prepares for the ceremonial exchange of clothing to come.

The meeting of the hero and heroine takes place in various ways, but all seem to reflect some aspect of the early literary tales. The hero is a man who loves hunting, and it is frequently on the hunt that he meets his future bride. Or he sees her performing her duties, which shows both him and the reader her industry. In other instances he stops for water, an event undoubtedly related to the element of the fountain or well to be discussed below.

²Its place in the post-literary tradition is clearly shown, however, by the element, "naked I came; naked I must return" (IV F 4 c).
Only three of the tales follow the lead of Boccaccio and Chaucer in having the girl come out of her hut to see the bridal procession, a nice touch of dramatic irony; but a considerable number of tales, including Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer, place the girl in some fashion at a fountain or well. This has been taken by Griffith and others to substantiate their claim that the hero is an other-world being and that the fountain or well is a kind of rationalized door to fairyland, which always lies across water. The argument is persuasive, yet a look at the tales shows that none of the tellers thought of it in this way. Indeed, the hero is usually already on the scene, and it is the heroine whom we find by the well. In view of the other problems involved with the "monster bridegroom" theory, it seems safest to conclude that this is simply an element of the story which appealed to the minds of the tellers, perhaps because it provides a pleasant visual touch, or because the fetching of water is a logical thing for a shepherdess to be doing. And the fact remains that, while it occurs in all three of our literary tales, it appears in only fourteen of the tales altogether.

In the trip after the bride, the tales are more or less evenly divided between those which show the hero going to get her with all his retinue and a great deal of
pomp and ceremony, a development in which they follow the literary versions, and in having the hero go alone for her. The variation seems logical enough and calls for no comment. Once there, the hero makes the marriage agreement with the parents in the majority of cases, although sometimes he asks the girl herself. In a number of instances, including Boccaccio and Chaucer, the girl is consulted after the parents have agreed. As a rule, the parents are as willing and acquiescent as Griselda herself, although a variant form has developed in which the parents, and particularly the father, show a reluctance to agree to the marriage, offering as a reason either the fear that they are being made fun of (which calls attention to the difference in social status) or he fears the lord will tire of her and send her home (which shows the same thing and presages the events that will happen later). Either he is persuaded or the girl is taken anyway.

At this point the story reaches its critical kernel, the establishment of the tabu, an element which we have seen to be vital to the tale. We can make this statement despite the fact that the tabu, as an explicit factor, is missing in more tales than those in which it occurs. It does occur in the fourteenth-century literary versions and in those tales which obviously derive rather directly
from them. Where it does not actually occur it either appears by implication, or its absence can be attributed to narrative failure on the part of the teller. In short, we clearly have the same story with all the same narrative elements, but the teller has merely forgotten to state that this particular condition was established as part of the marriage agreement; the story is changed in no other way. The majority of tales which do contain the explicit tabu follow the literary versions in having the hero set the conditions; two other tales (GG 3, GSF 2) offer slight but insignificant variations.

The ceremonial exchange of clothing is another element both Petrarch and Chaucer share with Boccaccio and which tellers of the oral tales seem to have found important, for all but eleven tales specifically include this element in some form or other; and of those eleven, four contain elements which might be construed as substitutes. For instance, in GS 1, as was mentioned above, the adoption of the girl by a wealthy couple may displace the exchange of clothing, as may her mounting the horse with the golden saddle in GI 1 and the gift of gold coins in FF 6. Again, this is one of the elements which the "monster bridegroom" theorists have fixed upon, claiming that the change of clothing represents a change from one
world to another (that one changes clothing on going to or leaving fairyland is a common enough motif in folk-tales). I would agree that it represents a change from one world to another, but I see no particular reason for assuming that it must be a change from the mortal world to the world of fairyland. It can just as easily serve as a symbol of Griselda's tremendous steps up and down the social scale, as symbol of the life she gains and loses at the whim of her husband. Too, the fact that she is given the clothing by the hero, who in many cases has had it especially prepared for her, indicates a great deal about the nature of the marriage relationship and goes a long way toward explaining Griselda's complete acquiescence to her husband's demands, behavior that has troubled so many readers. It is as if the authors of these tales are telling us that it is the Marquis Walter who has given her everything she has, save the virtue and constancy which is her dowry. The hero in many tales explicitly states that no dowry is necessary, that he will provide it himself. And that he has given her everything she has is underlined by the statement which occurs in a number of the tales, "Naked I came; naked I must return," (IV F 4 b). Her virginity has been the payment for the joy he has given her; she can take away only the constancy and fidelity which she brought and which will be the means of her
return to grace. Several of the tales refer to the change in Griselda when she puts on the rich clothing, but this "transformation" seems more in the nature of a revelation of her true beauty of body and soul, a beauty which the hero is praised for having seen. Rather than changing nature in any way, she merely has her true nature revealed for those of us too blind to be able to see it in "an oxes stalle." The new clothing functions, then, as symbol, and as symbol that operates on two levels: it is symbolic of the inner virtue which the hero has been wise enough to see, and symbolic of a new way of life to which the heroine has risen (or rather been elevated) and from which she will subsequently fall, only to be restored again. Thus, we are not to be surprised that this element has been retained in most versions, for not only would rich clothing be a most obvious symbol to the folk of high status, but it is also an element at the very heart of the tale. That it had its origins in some supernatural sphere remains a possibility, but an unlikely one.

IV. Tests

About the first part of the element of the tests little comment need be made, except to note that the majority of tales follow the literary pattern. The marriage is a happy one, and Griselda wins the affection of
her husband and his people. The first child born is a
girl in all but twelve tales, and in any case, there is
almost always an alternation of sex in the births; thus, we
are provided with the girl to be the "bride" and with her
brother. Some six tales gratuitously, with folktale
numerology, add a third child, but there is no significant
change in the story as a result. The people's alleged
dissatisfaction with the low-born heir is the usual rea-
son given for the removal of the children, with no sig-
ificant or unpredictable variants.

More important is the heroine's reaction to the
loss of her children. In the various tales it ranges
from complete stoicism (almost indifference in the poorer
versions) to bitter weeping, but in only one version does
Griselda forget her vow to accept without complaint
whatever comes to her, and in that tale (FF 4), she com-
plains only after the loss of her second child. In all
other instances she never objects but submits herself to
the will of her lord as she promised on her wedding day.
In a few cases she weeps, a human enough reaction (and,
indeed, in a few tales the hero is moved to the point of
tears, a strange reaction for an other-world monster),
and in others she touchingly asks that the child not suf-
fer or that its body not be thrown to the wild animals,
an element clearly derived from the literary versions. It is, as I have pointed out, this constancy that those who would argue for origins in the story of Cupid and Psyche have not considered. For the heroine's loss in that tale is quite clearly the result of her having violated the tabu. Here, as elsewhere, Griselda remains perfectly constant.

The disposition of the children presents no problem. A number of versions follow the literary tales, sending the children to relatives (often a sister as in Petrarch and Chaucer). Others state rather vaguely that they have been sent "away," or "to another country." One tale, its teller evidently recalling that the Pope is supposed to have given his permission for a divorce and remarriage, has the children sent to him (GSF 4).

Similarly, the element of the heroine's banishment shows great uniformity. The majority of tales conform to the literary pattern in allowing a number of years of relative peace to elapse, between the birth of the last child and the banishment; they are usually twelve, sixteen, or eighteen (both Petrarch and Chaucer give twelve). Twelve tales, showing some geographical uniformity, allow the banishment to follow immediately or soon after the last child is taken. There is little significant variation
in the reason given for the banishment: her commoness is no longer acceptable to the hero or his people, and he wishes to take another wife. In eight tales the Pontiff’s permission for this is claimed. In FF 4 she is accused (rightly) of breaking the tabu, and in GI 1 she is accused of the murder of her children. Often no reason at all is given.

In the bulk of the tales she either returns home or is to do so. Sometimes the denouement occurs before she leaves (in those tales which treat the story quite hastily), or she is allowed/required to stay until the new bride comes. In three tales she is kept as a servant.

What was said of the first ceremonial exchange of clothing also applies to the second one, when she leaves. In nearly half the tales, including the early literary versions, the heroine asks for a shift to cover her nakedness. This may have a spiritual significance, indicating that a pure and faithful soul will not go unprotected before the world; but it is more likely that it serves to illustrate further the nature of her character, for in the better versions she asks for the garment in order that the womb which bore her husband’s children not be exposed to the gaze of the curious. Thus, she is still
not complaining and breaking the tabu; her thoughts are only for his welfare, even at such a time.

Several tales include some discussion of what happens in the times following her banishment. The hero either secretly sees to her welfare (GS 1), or looks upon her and faints from an attack of conscience (GD 1), or the like. These instances appear to be the tellers' attempts to soften the harshness of the hero, a harshness that is preserved in all but four tales.

There is little to be said about the remainder of the story, for all tales show a considerable uniformity in their treatment, following the literary versions for the most part, with few significant variations. The tales are about evenly divided in giving the announcement of the second wedding soon or immediately, as in the literary versions; or after a space of some years, apparently an influence of IV f 1, the time between the last child and the banishment. In virtually every tale the heroine is subjected to the final degradations of having to appear at the wedding, to confront the bride, and to praise her beauty. Usually she is recalled to work as a menial at the wedding, again an influence of the literary tradition, and an effective refinement of cruelty, though sometimes she comes as a guest, apparently to soften the tale a little.
When she is confronted with the new "bride" and asked what she thinks of the girl, we see in something over half the tales the final revelation of Griselda's character; for despite her sorrow, she praises the girl's loveliness and her husband's choice (a better choice than his first one, for the girl is obviously of noble blood) and then utters the only complaint of the entire time of her testing: she asks that the girl, obviously a tender aristocrat, be better treated than she was—not because she regrets her experiences, but because she immediately feels sympathy for this tender girl, her supplanter. This element occurs throughout the tale's geographical distribution and appears in nearly all full treatments of the story. It is not confined as a literary felicity to Chaucer alone.

The happy moment of the revelation of the test comes for the most part at the banquet scene, a logical time, since this is the treatment in the literary tales and since the heroine was recalled to work as a serving maid at the wedding festivities. Other tales dispatch the matter briefly and less effectively by having the revelation occur immediately when the principals have arrived. Others convert the pretended wedding into a real one by substituting the wife for the daughter at the last minute. An interesting variation occurs in two of
the Icelandic tales (GI 1, GI 2) where the false ceremony is gone through with and the heroine is called upon to light the "bridal couple" to bed. Hot wax from the candle burns her hand, and she said, "Sore burn my fingers, but sorer burns my heart," an addition that we hasten to say occurs nowhere else, lest it give comfort to those who hold the Cupid and Psyche hypothesis.

In the conclusion the heroine is praised as a model of patience and fidelity in some sixteen tales, a moral ending that points to the exemplary purpose of the story. There is again an exchange of clothing as she resumes her proper life; and in some versions her father is also elevated in social status and the children properly married in true folktale fashion, again a debt to the literary tales. The only exception is the rather strange Irish tale (CI 1) in which, when the testing is complete, the husband admits that she has kept her bargain and tells her that "You are free to do as you please from now on," which sounds rather like a dismissal; but Sean O'Suilleabhain, who was kind enough to send me the tale, conjectures that the teller was made uneasy by the recording equipment into which he was speaking and may have neglected to give the tale its proper ending.

The analysis shows us a group of remarkably
consistent tales. With the exception of a few isolated variants which seem to be contaminations or local, perhaps individual variations, they all conform in essence to the literary versions of Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. In short, all of the modern versions which we have of Type 887 are obviously derivative. It was stated earlier that one of the purposes in undertaking this study was to see if it would be possible to reconstruct an archetype which would represent Boccaccio's source. Unfortunately, the evidence is all to the contrary, and there is no particular reason to assert that any form of the tale antedated Boccaccio. Yet this does not preclude the possibility of such an earlier tale. One hesitates to be too conjectural, for there is no concrete evidence that it ever existed; but there is no less reason for assuming its existence than for adopting the Cupid and Psyche theory, and the fact that Type 425A is different not only in general outline but in essential elements from the Griselda story makes the former the more attractive theory. And it would be better to assume that Boccaccio made it up out of whole cloth (in spite of Petrarch's allusion to an oral tale), than to try to derive it from so unlikely a source as Type 425A, Cupid and Psyche.
CHAPTER III

ABERRANT "VERSIONS" OF TYPE 887

Thompson lists several tales under Type 887 which do not conform to the 887 paradigm, tales which are not included in the analysis for the simple reason that they do not fit. The first of these is an Austrian tale of a rather literary nature presented by Karl Haiding in his Östereichs Märchenschatz, "Der Sprechende Vogel, der Singende Baum, und das Goldene Wasser." This tale has in common with the Griselda story only the element of the wife who is unjustly abused by her husband and later restored to his favor. A close look at the tale shows that it represents Type 707, rather than 887 (an analogue of Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale," rather than of the "Clerk's Tale"). The elements of the paradigm are as follows:

707 The Three Golden Sons. The queen bears marvelous children. They are stolen away. The queen is banished. The quest for the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the water of life.

I. Wishing for a Husband. (a) Three girls make a boast that if they marry the king they will have triplets with golden hair, a chain around the neck, and a star on the forehead. (b) The king overhears the youngest and marries her.
II. The Calumniated Wife. (a) The elder sisters substitute a dog for the newborn children and accuse the wife of giving birth to the dog. (b) The children are thrown into a stream but rescued by a miller (or a fisher). (c) The wife is imprisoned.

III. The Children's Adventures. (a) After the children have grown up, the eldest son sets out to find his father or (b) seek the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the water of life. (c) He and his brother, who goes after him, both fail and are transformed into marble columns. The sister by courtesy and obedience to an old woman succeeds in rescuing them and bringing back the magic objects.

IV. Restoration of the Children. (a) The attention of the king is drawn to the children and the magic objects. (b) The bird of truth reveals the whole history. (c) The children and wife are restored; the sister-in-law is punished.¹

Thompson also lists two other stories which clearly belong to this tale type, rather than to Type 887, both Russian (from Afanasiev), "The Singing Tree and the Talking Bird," and "The Wicked Sisters."² Although these obviously do not belong in a study of the Griselda story, they are worth mentioning because they illustrate the kind of erroneous interpretation that has plagued Griselda scholarship: that of assuming that any tale concerning or involving a put-

¹Aarne-Thompson, p. 242.

upon and patient wife is in some way closely connected with Griselda. Nowhere is this more clearly demonstrated than in a study by R.M. Dawkins, "The Story of Griselda," *Folklore*, LX (* ), p. 363. Commenting on earlier studies of Griselda, Dawkins says in the introduction to his article, "All of these views have the point in common that they give great, and to my mind an exaggerated, importance to the fact that the stories compared have as the heroine a very much ill-treated wife, but this is such a commonplace that it really does not carry us very far." 3

This is a very perceptive statement; yet Dawkins falls into the same trap that he has just described, mistaking general resemblance for essential similarity. He attempts to show a relationship between the Griselda tales and those of the Ogre Schoolmaster type, actually a combination of Types 707A and 894, with influences from a story type which Cosquin called the Prince in Lethargy. The general outline that Dawkins gives is as follows:

A monstrous demoniac creature, the ogre of Cosquin, . . . kept a school; a day school for girls. One of his pupils, coming early to the school, saw him devouring the body of one of her companions. . . . The little girl said nothing of what she had seen, but after several experiences of this sort ran away. . . . In due course she was mar-

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3 p. 363.
ried. . . . Then her husband had to go away to the war; in his absence a child was born. The ogre appeared and carried off the baby; in some versions he devoured it. After three such happenings the husband lost patience and drove his wife out, shutting her up in some miserable hole. In the Constantinople version the husband proposed to take a second wife, and, like Chaucer's Griselda, the poor wife was called upon to endure the humiliation of serving this second bride, her supplanter. Then comes the denouement of the story. The husband had to go away again and, as often in folktales, asked every woman of his household what present she would like him to bring back for her. . . . The rejected wife asked for three things, for the Knife of Slaughter, for the Rope of Hanging, and for the Stone of Patience. If he forgot them his ship would not be able to move; this is a familiar motive found in many tales. The husband of course did forget; some wise person suggested the cause of the trouble, and he bought the presents and so came safely to his home. Curious to see what his wife would do with such strange gifts, he kept a watch over her and heard her speaking to them in turn and asking their advice in her troubles. The Knife said: "Kill yourself." The Rope said: "Hang yourself." The Stone said: "Be patient." The underlying idea seems to be that she must not despair; must never give up hope, but meet her troubles like the stone, firm and patient to endure everything. . . . At this point the husband declared himself; the ogre appeared bringing the children with him; the patient wife was restored, and so the story ends happily.4

4Dawkins, pp. 364-65.
This is obviously the story of a calumniated wife, one who endures her sufferings with a patient loyalty, and the theme is certainly a "lesson in the virtue of unquestioning loyalty," as Dawkins observes. But we cannot consider it proven that she is "like Chaucer's Griselda." As in the arguments that Dawkins criticizes, the resemblances are superficial, and the narrative changes that we are asked to accept seem too great.

The most obvious difference is that the monster of the story is not the husband, or an agent of the husband's; indeed, he has nothing to do with him. The cruelty is outside the marriage relationship. The husband, as in Type 707, is as much of a victim of the monster's machinations as the wife is. His behavior, if somewhat unfeeling, is perfectly natural. Yet in none of the Griselda tales is there any suggestion of a monster, save the husband himself. Nor does the husband go on any trips, and he is not asked for nor does he bring any magic objects. And the rejected wife seeks no advice about her troubles.

More important is the question of the tabu, an element which we have seen to be essential to the Griselda story. In the majority of tales which Dawkins cites there is no clearly stated tabu. And if we were to accept the suggestion that it is there by implication, then it
would appear to be of the type usually associated with the Bluebeard stories (cf. Types 312, 955), an injunction to avoid a certain room, etc., a specific tabu rather than a general demand for patience no matter what happens. Whether or not this is the case, in these tales, as in those where the tabu is explicitly stated, the tabu is broken; the girl (although she remains silent) is guilty, and we are removed from the realm of the Griselda type. For the simple fact remains that Griselda has done absolutely nothing wrong and has nothing to keep silent about; even the supposed killing of her children has been done openly enough by a sovereign, her husband. 5

Finally, there is in the Romanic Review 6 an article which discusses a tale, the second half of exemplum XXVII of the Conde Lucanor, as a possible analogue of

5Recently a body of Turkish tales has come to my attention. I do not have the tales themselves, only Bécherd-Boratov's outline of them, and thus no valid conclusions can be drawn. Yet the outline suggests the possibility of a connection of some sort with Type 887 and with the tales with which Dawkins in concerned. The tales apparently differ from the normal 887 paradigm in that the premarital agreement permits the husband to eat the children in succession, which he does (or rather pretends to do). He then tells the heroine that he wishes to marry another wife. The wedding, however, turns out to be that of the eldest son, who explains everything. A search of Thompson's index reveals no motif to cover the pretended eating of children, but it may be that these tales represent a missing link between some sort of Ogre Schoolmaster tale and Griselda.

Boccaccio's tale. However, this tale, like the others we have just looked at, bears only the most superficial resemblances to the story of Griselda. The wife, Dona Vascunana, is patient and submissive, to be sure. But there is very little suggestion of any sort of test (the husband merely demonstrates his wife's agreeability to his doubting nephew, who is satisfactorily convinced), and she endures practically nothing. Thus the tale appears to belong only to that broad and not very helpful category of patient and devoted wives. If this is related in any way to the Griselda story, the relationship is too obscure to be of any real significance.

Thus, to talk of a cruel but finally kind master, a wife whose patience is exemplary, a wife whose children are taken and then restored, a husband who takes another wife or who intends an incestuous marriage with his daughter seems no more informative than to talk of a heroine who is a mistreated wife. In their eagerness to find similarities, such critics have overlooked differences and have thus been led to too facile conclusions.

This eagerness stems, of course, from a desire (understandable enough) to explain so strange and difficult a tale to modern readers. The damages from their attempts to do so are great. Dawkins's article is a case in point. Like several others, he would explain the story
of Griselda as a realistic rationalization of a supernatural folk story involving monsters or other-world beings. He says:

But of this passage from one medium to another it was hardly possible to make a real success. The half-seen, half-hidden agent of providence is a burden which no man of this world can possibly sustain. In the folktales the part is played only by characters who are by some means or other removed from the sphere of our human judgment, which can see only a tiny arc of the wide circles of the dealings of providence with men. Our capacity for faith and awe must be drawn upon, and this cannot be done at all when the agent is a real man like the Marquis Walter, who can never be more than a cruel and capricious husband with a very substantial touch of the prig. The sufferings, which in the stories when endured with patience purify the soul of the heroine, become after this translation hardly more than a single girl's slavish adherence to a misguided ideal.

He goes on to give Chaucer faint praise for having partially recognized this, but apparently without realizing what Chaucer has done that his predecessors did not do. And the conclusion that he finally leaves us with, at least by implication, is that the three greatest literary figures of the fourteenth century showed an inexplicable and unfortunate interest in an already badly botched story, of which they turned out three more badly botched versions, a con-

7Dawkins, p. 373.
clusion which does little to help the confused reader of Griselda's sorrowful biography.

We get more help by turning to a critic who, though perhaps less well versed in folk studies, shows a better understanding of the medieval mind. David Zesmer, while agreeing that the 'clerk's Tale' is realistically presented, insists that

'It is important in discussing this fine tale [italics mine] not to regard Walter, or even Griselda, primarily as individuals. They both stand for a principle or order whereby the wife submits cheerfully to the authority of the husband. Whatever one may think of this principle in the twentieth century, it was sufficiently vital in Chaucer's time to have made Griselda's conduct not only justifiable but morally obligatory. Walter as a person does not count; of course, as the Clerk implies, he is inhuman. But the principle of fidelity to a vow, such as the pledge of absolute obedience Griselda had made to Walter, counts for everything. Moreover, as some critics have pointed out, it is not Griselda's patience that stands out but her constancy, which is a positive virtue. One displays constancy to an ideal when he has taken full measure of the cost and made a choice; and Chaucer is very careful to make Griselda aware of what her original choice and subsequent conduct imply.'

Much the same approach is taken by James Sledd in a graceful and witty article on "The Clerk's Tale," in which

he is willing to accept the Cupid and Psyche theory, but in which he insists that the tale be evaluated on its own merits. The point, as far as we are concerned, would seem to be that the attempts to explain Walter and Griselda as the modified monsters of folktales have not been very satisfactory, for we cannot escape the fact that Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer did not portray them as supernatural monsters but as human beings, albeit exceptional ones. This fact, plus the difficulties we have seen in changing Cupid and Psyche tales or Ogre School-master tales into Griselda tales cast doubt upon the entire process. Were it not for Petrarch's reference to the tale's currency, we might be tempted to drop the entire folklore approach. Yet as I have suggested above, the conclusion that all extant folk versions of the Griselda story are derivative from the literary tales does not preclude the existence of versions of Type 887 in the fourteenth century, versions which may have had nothing whatever to do with monsters of any type, versions which may have served the same moral purpose of the literary stories. And if this very tentative suggestion gives little help in interpreting the tale, at least it has the

merit of not making the tale more obscure by bringing in other irrelevant issues and raising more problems than it solves.
CHAPTER IV

THE DISTRIBUTION OF TYPE 887

A look at the geographical distribution of the tales reveals an interesting phenomenon: the bulk of the tales is found in northern Europe, and there are no recorded versions in the South, save the Slavic ones, which are frankly derivative literary versions, and the German versions in Hungary; most strikingly there are none in Italy. The phenomenon is not readily explained. At first glance the distribution might suggest that the tale is actually northern in origin, and thus the concentration is logically in the North. Yet the study of the tales themselves has shown them to be derived from the early literary versions of Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. While it is difficult to draw certain conclusions, a look at the state of the tale in Denmark may shed some light on the matter. In *The Types of the Folktale* Thompson lists eleven versions of Type 887 for Denmark, the heaviest concentration of the tale. Yet when I wrote to the Nordisk Institut for Folkdigtning I received the answer that they had only seven versions of the story. Mr. Vibeke Wille's letter reads in
part, "... most of them are reprints of the old Danish Chapbook for the time 1528-1876" (cf. GD 4). Apparently the story, based upon the literary versions (particularly that of Petrarch, as Hermannsson has shown) made its way north in chapbook form, finally to Scandinavia, and re-entered oral tradition. Margaret Schlauch, studying Icelandic versions, finds the two tales of Gríshildur the Good (GI 1 and GI 2) based upon the Danish Volksbuch of 1592, which in turn was translated from Steinhöwel's German translation of Petrarch, from a Low German print of about 1500.2

Here we can see the reason for the inclusion of chapbook and literary tales in a study directed primarily at oral versions, for it should be recognized that the history of a narrative is often the story of its passage back and forth between literary and oral forms. The chapbook especially deserves our attention, for it usually represents the intermediate step. Literary in fact, it is essentially oral, for it is a literary version aimed at the

1Halldor Hermannsson, "The Story of Griselda in Iceland," Islandica, VII (1914), pp. i-11. Derivation from Petrarch can be seen in many places in the analysis. See, for instance, I B 2, etc.

folk. It is determined very largely by its audience, just as it in turn will greatly affect the future oral and possibly even literary history of the narrative. It is the doorway to the world of oral tradition.

But why norther. Europe and not the South? Why does it not appear in numbers in Italy, where we should expect to find it? The question is not easy to answer, but it may be conjectured that the presence of several great literary versions—one of them in the vernacular—suppressed the growth of the oral tale. A story so obviously Boccaccio's might have found little market in the oral tradition. This suggestion seems supported by the fact that much the same situation exists in the British Isles: no oral tales in England or Scotland, only one poor example in Ireland. (In his letter to me, Sean O'Suilleabhain says that "it is evident that the tale never 'caught on' among Irish storytellers. Indeed, the present version is a poorish one, and may have ultimately been derived from some unknown printed source.")) Of course, it may be that the story, despite its interest to two Italian humanists, simply did not appeal to the temperament of the southern folk and did catch the fancy of those of the North; but this does not explain the British situation, nor does it explain very well Boccaccio, Petrarch, Sercambi, and others
(one of Chaucer's sources was French, and there are no oral versions there either). And the literary versions, as opposed to the oral, are quite common in the South.³

Thus, we have a story which almost certainly had its origins (at least in the form with which we are familiar) in southern Europe, but one which made its way north, apparently in printed versions, and one which found there a more congenial soil to grow in, where it was freer from competition by great literary versions.

³See such studies of the literary history of the tale as Reinhold Köhler, Kleine Schriften, ed. J. Bolte, 3 vols. (Weimar, 1898-1900)(II, PP. 501, 534); Käte Lasenstein, Der Griseldisstoff in der Weltliteratur (Weimar, 1926); H. Siefkin, Das geduldige Weib in der englischen Literatur bis auf Shakespeare, (Leipzig, 1903).
DISTRIBUTION OF A-T TYPE 867

- oral version
- literary version
+ unlocated version
APPENDIX

Texts of the Tales

RI lit

Giovanni Boccaccio, The Decameron, Tenth day, tenth tale; written 1348-53; text from The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio, translated from the Italian by Frances Wimmar, New York, 1955.

Well, my dear gentle ladies, from what I've been able to gather, all this day has been devoted to kings and sultans and such grand people. Now I don't care to stray too far from your topic, so I shall tell you about a marquis. It is no magnificent deed I am going to relate, but a mad piece of stupidity, which, though resulting in much good so far as he was concerned, I'd warn you against imitating, for it was indeed a great shame that he should have derived any benefit from it.

A long time ago, the heir to the house of the lords of Saluzzo was a young man by the name of Gualtieri, who, since he had neither wife nor children, used to devote his time to nothing but hawking and hunting, without a care in the world about marrying or raising heirs--
which, by the way, showed him to have been a mighty clever fellow. His subjects, however, were not at all pleased with this state of affairs, and many times they importuned him to marry so that he wouldn't remain without an heir to succeed him, or they without a ruler. Indeed they even offered to find him a damsels of such exalted rank and noble parentage, that he could not but be eminently satisfied and entertain the highest expectations of her.

"My friends," Gaultieri answered, "you are forcing me into a thing I had made up my mind never to undertake, considering what a task it is to find a woman entirely suited to one's temperament. Just see how many examples there are of domestic infelicity, and how hard is the lot of the man who has stumbled upon an uncongenial mate! When you argue that from the ways of the parents you can know the daughters, and thence deduce that you can give me a wife with whom I shall be pleased it is arrant nonsense. By what art can you know their fathers, or learn the secrets of their mothers? Even if you did avail to know them, daughters are often quite different from their fathers and mothers. Still, since you are pleased to bind me in these fetters, I am willing to satisfy you. But as I wish to have no one to blame but myself if things should go wrong, I will be the chooser of my wife, warning you that if you do not respect the
the woman of my choice as your lady, no matter who she may be, you will experience, to your great disadvantage, how unpleasant it was for me to have married at your insistence but against my will."

"We'll agree to anything provided you marry," the worthy men replied.

Now for a long time Gualtieri had been favorably impressed by the ways of a poor country-girl who lived in a hamlet close to his estate. Moreover, he found her to be very beautiful, and so thought to himself that with a girl like her, he could live a fairly peaceable life. Accordingly, without searching any farther, he resolved to have her as his wife, and calling her father, a very poor, humble fellow, arranged with him about the marriage. That settled, Gualtieri, collecting his friends from the whole countryside, thus addressed them:

"Friends, for a long time you have desired me to marry, and I am disposed to consent, more to gratify you than for any wish I have to take a wife. You recall the promise you made me--that you would be satisfied with any woman I chose, whoever she might be, and that you would show her the respect due your lady. The time has come for me to abide by my promise, and I expect you to do likewise. In a hamlet near by, I found a young girl after my own heart. It is this girl I intend to marry in
a few days and bring to my house as my lady. It is for you now to make the wedding-feast as splendid as possible, and to welcome your mistress with due honor, so that I may have as much reason to be satisfied with your side of the bargain, as you have to be pleased with mine."

The honest people joyfully declared themselves well content and assured him that whoever the wife of his choice might be, they would look upon her as their liege-lady and respect her as such in everything. Thereupon, they began to make preparations for a splendid feast and a joyous celebration, Gualtieri with the rest of them. Magnificent was the banquet he planned, and many were the friends and kin, as well as guests from the country round about, whom he invited, gentlefolk and others. More than that, he had a number of rich and elegant gowns cut to the measure of a young woman who seemed to have the same proportions as the girl he was to marry, and prepared girdles, rings, a beautiful bridal-wreath and everything else that a bride required.

On the morning set for the wedding, Gualtieri mounted his horse, together with the gentlemen who had come there to attend him, and after seeing that everything was as should be, he said, "Gentlemen, it is time to bring the bride home."
Accordingly, he rode with his company to the village, where, as he came to the house of the girl's father, he met her hastening with the water she had fetched from the fountain, so that she might go with the other women to see Gualtieri's bride as she passed by.

"Griselda," he called her by name. "Griselda, where is your father?"

Shyly she answered, "He is in the house, sir."

Gualtieri dismounted. "Wait for me," he said to his retinue, and entered the little hovel alone, where he found Giannucolo, the girl's father.

"I have come to marry Griselda," he said to him, "but first I would like to know something from her lips in your presence."

Then turning to her, he asked whether, if he took her to wife, she would do her utmost to please him, and not be angry with anything he said or did, and whether she would always be obedient to him, and many another thing to the same purport. To each one Griselda answered, "Yes."

Thereupon Gualtieri, taking her by the hand, led her out of the house, and before his retainers and many onlookers, bade her strip naked. "Bring hither the clothes I had made," he said to his attendants. In these new garments he had her quickly clothed, and shoes put on
her feet, and upon her hair, rumpled as it was, the bridal crown was laid. Then, while everyone was gazing upon everything in awe, "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the wife I have chosen for myself, if she will have me."

Turning to her, standing there blushing and bewildered, "Griselda," he said, "will you take me to your lawful husband?"

"Yes, my lord," she said.

"And I will take you to my lawful wife," he added. And so, in the presence of all, he married her.

The ceremony over, he lefted her upon a palfrey and with an honorable following brought her home, where the wedding was celebrated with as much splendor and magnificence as if he had married the daughter of the king of France.

As time went on, the young bride seemed to have changed her ways and temperament together with her clothes. She was, as we have said, lovely of body, and with her beauty she became so charming, so pleasant and gracious, that rather than the daughter of Giannucolo, rather than the little shepherd-lass, one might have thought her the offspring of some great lord, which was a wonder to everyone who had known her in her former state. She was moreover so obedient to her husband, and so willing to serve, that he considered himself the happiest and the most fortunate
of mortals. Toward his subjects, too, Griselda was so kind and gracious, that there was not a man of them who did not love and respect her with profoundest feeling, or failed to pray for her welfare and glory. Indeed, though once they had said that Gualtieri showed little wisdom in marrying her, they were now unanimous in declaring that he had been a most shrewd and wise man, as none but he could have seen what a gem was hidden under those poor peasant rags. In short, such was Griselda's conduct, that before many months had elapsed, not only in her husband's domain, but everywhere, people spoke of her virtue and good management, turning to Gualtieri's favor everything that had been said when he had taken her to wife.

Not long after she had been with Gualtieri, she conceived, and in due process of time, gave birth to a baby-girl, to her husband's delight. But Alas! shortly thereafter a strange whim seized him, to try her patience by long suffering and unbearable cruelties. In the beginning he stung her with words, and pretending grave concern, told her that his subjects were poorly satisfied with her because of her humble origin. They were even less pleased, he continued, that she was bringing children into the world, and were so discontented at the birth of her daughter that they did nothing but complain.
Griselda did not wink a lash at his words or waver in her meekness. "My lord," she said, "do with me what you deem most becoming your honor and comfort and I shall be content for I know I am less than the least of them, and that I was not worthy of this estate to which you raised me out of the generosity of your heart."

Gualtieri was exceedingly gratified by her reply, knowing thereby that she had not become puffed up with pride because of the honor she had received from him or others. But not long after he had spoken generally to her of his subjects' resentment at the birth of her daughter, he sent her one of his servants whom he had previously instructed. The man came to her with a doleful countenance.

"My lady," he said, "if I value my life, I must do what my lord commands. He has ordered me to take this daughter of yours and--." He said no more.

Griselda, seeing the grief on the man's face and hearing his words, and recalling moreover what her husband had told her, understood that the man had been commanded to put the little girl to death. But instantly she took the infant from the cradle, kissed her and said a blessing over her, and then, without revealing on her face the grief that wrung her heart, she laid her in the man's arms.
"Take her," she said, "and do faithfully what has been commanded you by your lord and mine. But do not leave her to be devoured by wild beasts and birds of prey, unless he bade you do that too."

The servant took the child and went to his master to tell him what Griselda had said. Gualtieri, marveling at his wife's constancy of purpose, sent the man to a relative of his at Bologna with the child, praying the good lady to rear her in goodness and modesty, without ever divulging whose daughter she was.

As time went on, Griselda again conceived, and in due time gave birth to a baby-boy, which rejoiced Gualtieri tremendously. Nevertheless, not content with what he had already done, he tortured her more than ever, and coming to her one day looking sorely troubled, "Griselda," he said, "since you brought this son or yours into the world, there's been no living with my subjects, who do nothing but murmur at the thought that a grandson of Giannucolo's will be lord over them after my death. Therefore, I'm afraid that unless I want to be chased out of my realm. I had better do what I did before, and finally put you aside and take another wife.

Griselda listened to him, her soul bowed to patience, and said nothing but, "My lord, think only of contenting yourself and gratifying your pleasure."
Have no care for me, for there's nothing gives me joy but what I see pleases you."

A few days later Gualtieri sent for the boy, as he had sent for the girl, and this child he likewise sent to Bologna to be reared, pretending he had had him slain. Again Griselda neither looked nor spoke other than when her daughter had been taken away.

Gualtieri was astonished, and avowed to himself that no other woman in the world could have done what she did. Indeed, had he not witnessed with his own eyes how devoted she had been to the babes during the short time he had been pleased to let her have them, he might have been led to believe she bore up so well out of indifference, though he was convinced she did so out of prudence and constancy.

Meanwhile his subjects, believing he had had his children murdered, were loud in condemnation, thinking him a cruel monster. They pitied Griselda, for never did she make any other answer to the women who sympathized with her over the loss of her infants in this barbarous fashion, but, "Whatever seems good to him who fathered them must please me too."

Years passed since the birth of the girl, and Gualtieri thought now the time had come for him to put his wife's patience to the extreme test. One day, while
many of his people were assembled, he told them that he could no longer bear to have Griselda as his wife. "It was a foolish mistake of my youth," he said, "and therefore I shall try my utmost to obtain a dispensation from His Holiness, so that I may put her away and take another wife."

Bitterly, the worthy men reproached him, but he cut the matter short by saying, "It must be so."

When Griselda heard what was going on, and thought that she would have to go back to her father's hut, perhaps to tend sheep again as in the olden days, while another woman enjoyed the embraces of the man she loved most in the world, she grieved and suffered in the depths of her heart; but as she had suffered the other strokes of fortune, she strengthened herself to suffer this.

Not long after, Gualtieri had some forged documents sent to him from Rome, whereby he pretended to his subjects that the pope had granted him a dispensation to put away Griselda and remarry. Sending for her, he said before a number of his vassals, "Griselda, by a special grant from the pope I am now at liberty to cast you aside and take another wife. My ancestors have always been great nobles and lords of this country; yours have only been peasants. Therefore, I want you to be my wife
no longer and to go back to Giannucolo's house, taking with you the marriage portion you brought me, so that I may bring hither the other bride I have found, who is more suited to my rank and station."

Courageously, and with more than feminine strength, Griselda contained the tears rising to her eyes. "My lord," she said, "I have always known my poverty to have been ill-matched to your great station. What I have been to you I have always regarded as a boon from you and Almighty God—a boon that I never claimed entirely for my own as a gift bestowed upon me, but only as a loan. You are pleased to take it back; I must find it good to return it, as I do. Here is the ring with which you took me to wife; take it. You tell me to carry away with me the marriage-portion I brought you. My lord, you will need no treasurer to pay it, and no sumpter to bear it away, for I have not forgotten you took me naked. If you think it worthy that this body which carried the children engendered by you should be stared at by all, then, my lord, naked I shall go. But I beg you, as the claim of my virginity, which I brought but do not carry away, grant me to take only a shift over my dowry."

Gualtieri, though moved to weeping, steeled himself to look stern and ruthless. "You shall have that shift, then," he said.
Everyone pleaded with him to give her at least a gown, that the woman who had been his wife for more than thirteen years should not be seen to leave his house in poverty and shame. But their prayers were vain. Griselda, however, commended them all to God, and left his house barefoot, with her head uncovered, and only a shift over her body. And so she returned to her father, amid the tears and weeping of all who saw her.

Now Giannucolo, who had never been able to believe that the mighty lord would always keep his daughter as his wife, had been living in daily expectation of this event, and had kept for her the clothes which she had cast off the day Gualtieri took her to wife. He gave them back to Griselda, therefore, and she put them on, devoting herself once more to the humble duties of her father's home, as she had once done, bearing with unbowed spirit the cruel strokes of unfriendly fortune.

After Gualtieri had sent his wife away, he gave his subjects to understand that he had chosen as his new bride one of the daughters of the lords of Panago, and accordingly entered into elaborate preparations for the wedding. Then, sending for Griselda, he said to her:

"The new bride I have chosen will soon be brought home to me, and I'd like to welcome her with due honor on this first visit of hers. You know, Griselda,
that I have no women here who are handy at arranging the rooms and doing any of those little things which such a reception requires. You, best of all, know how to add all those gracious touches. Therefore do everything that is to be done, invite whatever ladies you think should comes, and welcome them as though you were mistress here. After the wedding, you may go home again."

No knife-thrust could have hurt Griselda more, for she had not succeeded in laying aside her love for him as she had her good fortune. Nevertheless she replied, "My lord, I am ready to do your service."

In her poor peasant clothes she entered the house which she had left in her shift not long since, and swept and cleaned and arranged the rooms, directing where tapestries were to be hung on the walls and benches placed. With her own hands, she prepared the meats and saw after everything as though she had been the merest scullery-maid. She had no respite until everything had been done to her satisfaction. The work accomplished, she invited all the ladies of the country round, and then awaited the coming of the day appointed for the wedding when, although the clothes she wore were poor and humble, she welcomed the guests with all the courtesy, cheer and graciousness of a lady.
By this time Gualtieri's children, who had been brought up in Bologna by a lady of his family, wife of one of the lords of Panago, had grown, his daughter into a most beautiful girl of twelve, and his son to a lad of some six years. Now Gualtieri had sent a message to the lady's husband, begging him to come to Saluzzo with his son and daughter, and to bring a large and honorable escort with him. "But let no one know who the girl is," he told him. "Say simply you are escorting my new bride."

The Count of Panago did as Gualtieri told him and set out on his journey. Some days later, toward noon, he had arrived with the girl, her brother and a noble company at Saluzzo, where peasant-folk and people from the neighboring hamlets were everywhere gathered to await the coming of their lord's new bride. The ladies who had been invited by Gualtieri came forward to receive her and led her to the great hall, where the tables were spread for the banquet. Then Griselda, in her poor garment, came forward with a happy face to greet her. In vain, the ladies had pleaded with Gualtieri either to allow the poor woman to remain in one of the rooms, or to let her wear one of the gowns that had been hers, so that she would not have to appear so wretched before his guests. Therefore, just as she was, she said to the new bride, "My lady, you are heartily welcome."
Presently, the guests were shown their places at the board and the meats were served. Everyone had eyes for no one but the girl, and avowed Gualtieri had made a change for the better; but most of all, Griselda admired her and the little lad.

When Gualtieri saw that the unheard of situation in no way changed Griselda, of whose keen understanding he had had too many proofs to believe it was stupidity that rendered her so patient, he thought it high time to deliver her from the suffering which he guessed lay hidden beneath her brave reserve.

Summoning her before him, he asked her with a smile in the presence of all his guests, "What do you think of our bride, Griselda?"

"My lord," she answered, "I think very highly of her, and if, as I believe, she is as wise as she is beautiful, I have no doubt you will be the happiest man in the world to have her as a wife. One only prayer I have to ask of you from the bottom of my heart: Do not torment her with the agonies you inflicted upon that other woman who was once yours, for I scarcely think she can bear up under them; for she is young, my lord, and has been tenderly reared, whereas the other had borne continual hardships from her very childhood."
Gualtieri, seeing she was convinced that the girl was to be his wife, and had therefore spoken worthily in every way, bade her sit on his right hand and said, "Griselda, it is now time your long-suffering patience were rewarded, and that all those who have looked upon me as a cruel, iniquitous monster should know that all I did was done with an end in view--namely to teach you to be a wife, and them to know how to choose and keep one. At the same time I strove to procure myself enduring peace while I lived with you--a thing I was afraid I should never have, if I married. It was to this end that I tortured and tormented you in all the ways you have borne. I am convinced now that you can give me the bliss I sought, for never, either by word or deed, have you deviated from my desires. Therefore, Griselda, it is my intention soon to restore to you all at once the joys I took from you at various times, and to reward you with supreme happiness for the many torments I have made you suffer. Take, then, Griselda, take with a joyful soul this girl whom you think my bride, and this little lad, her brother--take them, your children and mine! Ay, for they are those whom you and many others believed I had cruelly murdered. Take me, your husband, who loves you above everything in the world, for truly, I can well
boast there is no man alive who had better reason to be satisfied with his wife!"

With these words, he took her in his arms and kissed her, and rising to his feet, led her, weeping for joy, to where their daughter sat bewildered. They folded the girl tenderly in their arms, and her little brother, too, and relieved her and all the guests of any doubts they may have had.

Presently, the women left their places at table and retired with Griselda to a room apart. More auspiciously than on her marriage, they tore off her miserable frock, dressed her in one of her own rich gowns and escorted her again into the reception hall, splendid as a lady, which, even in her rags, she had never failed to be. Marvelous was her happiness in her children, and great was the joy of the guests at this unexpected turn of events. The festivities waxed more and more joyous, and continued for many days, all men reputing Gualtieri a very wise man, though they condemned as cruel and intolerable the trials he had made his lady endure. But the admiration was all for Griselda, the model of wisdom and patience.

Some days later, the Count of Panago went back to Bologna, and Gualtieri, taking Giannucolo from his toil, elevated him to a rank more becoming his father-in-law; and so the poor fellow ended his remaining years in
honor and comfort. Then he bestowed his daughter nobly in marriage, and lived long and happily with Griselda, whom he ever afterwards cherished and held in high esteem.

What more can we say, except that divine spirits may sometimes descend from heaven, even to wretched hovels, just as in kingly palaces others may be born who are fitter to keep swine than to rule over men? What other than Griselda could have suffered dry-eyed, even cheerfully, the harsh, unheard of trials imposed upon her by Gualtieri? In my opinion, it wouldn't have been a bad thing for him if he had come across the sort of woman who, on being turned out of doors in her shift, would have had some jolly spark so rummage her hide for her that perhaps some good thing might have resulted.

At the foot of the mountains on one side of Italy lies the land of Saluzzo. Its first and greatest ruler, Walter, was young, handsome, and noble. Occupied with the pleasures of the present, he was careless of the future—especially of marriage and offspring. One day his subjects came to him, and their spokesman said: "Noble Marquis, we rejoice in such a kind and noble lord. One boon, however, would make us the happiest of men: namely, that you marry as soon as possible. For old age and death come quickly. We shall select for you a worthy, noble wife. Free us, we pray, of fear lest you die issueless, leaving us without a lord." Walter answered: "I never thought to marry, for I have rejoiced in my liberty. Yet I submit to your wish. My wife, however, I shall choose myself. You, on your part, must promise that whomever I choose you will honor as your mistress." They promised, and the Marquis gave orders to prepare for the nuptials and fixed the wedding day. Not far from the palace, in a poor village, dwelt Janicola, the neediest inhabitant of all, who had
a daughter Griseldis, beautiful both in body and spirit. She cared for her aged father with love and faithfully performed her homely tasks. Walter had often seen her and had noted her virtue. Her he decided to take to wife. Everyone wondered who the bride was to be, but no one knew. Walter, meanwhile, made ready jewelry and clothing. On the appointed wedding day, Walter, followed by his train, issued from the castle as if to meet his bride. As Griseldis, carrying water, was crossing her threshold, Walter, drawing near, asked for her father. When the old man came, Walter requested his daughter in marriage. Stupified, stammering, Janicola assented. They entered the house, and Walter addressed Griseldis: "Your father and I desire that you shall be my wife. But first I have one thing to ask: will you agree never to dispute my wish and always allow me to do whatsoever I desire with you?" Trembling, Griseldis replied: "I will never even think contrary to your will; nor will anything you do ever vex me." Satisfied, Walter led her before the people and proclaimed her his bride. He commanded that she be clad with new garments, so that she was suddenly transformed. Then Walter married her and led her to the palace. Griseldis seemed to all to have been reared not in a shepherd's hut but in a king's court. So gracious were her manners, so sweet
her speech, that all the people loved her. Her fame spread, and Walter was held wise for having discovered such hidden virtue. She attended not only to domestic but even to state affairs. Ere long she bore a beautiful daughter. Walter, desiring to test his wife, said to her: "Though you are dear to me, your low origin, and especially the birth of your child, displease my nobles. I must do with your daughter as they desire. Show that obedience which you promised when we married." Griseldis replied: "We are yours; do as you will." Soon after, Walter sent to her a follower, who said "Blame me not for what I do unwillingly. I am ordered to take this infant." Griseldis guessed her daughter was to be killed, yet showed no emotion. She kissed the child and gave it to the man, saying, "Do our lord's bidding; yet take care lest beasts or birds mutilate her body." The servant bore the little girl to Walter, who was moved with pity, yet ordered her taken to Bologna to his sister, wife of the Count of Panago, where she was to be cared for and hidden from all. Meanwhile Griseldis betrayed to Walter no altered emotions or change or attitude, nor ever mentioned her daughter. Four years later, Griseldis bore a son. When the child was two years old, Walter came to his wife and said: "My people resent that Janicola's grandson is heir to their lord. I must, therefore, do with his child as I did with
the other." Griseldis replied: "My wish is your wish. If you desired even my death, I would gladly die." Again Walter sent his follower, who demanded the child. Griseldis blessed and kissed her son, then gave him, too, over to the servant. Walter, marveling at her constancy, sent the boy where he had sent the girl. As before, Griseldis remained unchanged. The rumor spread that Walter had murdered his children, and his reputation grew black. But, persisting in his severity, twelve years after the birth of his daughter he had papal bulls forged, leading the people to believe that the Pope had annulled his marriage and given him leave to take another wife.

Griseldis, hearing the news, awaited Walter's will. Walter sent to Bologna for his offspring, and let everyone believe that a maiden from there was to be his new bride. His relative the count set out with the two children. Meanwhile Walter, still testing his wife, said to her: "Although I have delighted in our marriage, my people compel me to take another wife, who is even now on the way here. Take back your dowry, therefore, and return to your old home." She answered: "I have ever realized my unworthiness and I give thanks for these years I have dwelt with you. Willingly I return to my father's house, willingly yield to your new bride. My dowry, I know, was but nakedness and faithfulness--naked I came,
naked will I go. Yet, for propriety's sake, allow me one
shift to cover the belly in which I carried your children."
"Keep one shift," he said, with wet eyes and trembling
voice. Stripping to her shift, she went forth in that
alone, dry-eyed and silent among many who followed her
weeping and bewailing her fate. Her old father, always
suspicious of the marriage, had kept her coarse gown; at
his threshold he covered her with it. In kindness and
humility she remained with him for some days. A little
before the Count of Panago was to arrive, Walter sent for
Griseldis. "I desire," he said, "that the maiden and
guests coming here tomorrow be fittingly received. Since
I have no one able to do this, do you, despite your poor
clothing, perform the task." "Gladly," she replied, and
took up the household implements and set to work. The
count arrived, and all commended the maiden and her
brother. Griseldis, unashamed in her old garments, greeted
the maiden and the other guests, and managed all things so
well that everyone wondered at her. She praised both the
maiden and the boy. As they were about to sit at table,
Walter mockingly cried, "Griseldis, what think you of my
bride?" "None prettier or finer could be found," she
replied; "I wish you joy. But, I beg, do not treat her so
harshly as you have another, for her delicateness could
not bear it. "Enough, Griseldis!" Walter exclaimed.
"Your faithfulness to me has been proved." Embracing her, he continued: "You are my only wife, and ever shall be. This maiden is your daughter; that youth, your son. Know all that I am not so evil as has been thought." At these words Griseldis was overcon the joy. Then the ladies clothed and adorned her very grandly. Everyone was happy; and that day was even more honored than had been her marriage day. For many years they lived happily. Walter moved old Janicola into the castle and held him in esteem. For his daughter he arranged an honorable marriage; and his son succeeded him as his heir. I have told this story not to arouse the ladies to imitate Griseldis but rather to urge all men to be steadfast to God, when he tries us, as this poor woman was to her temporal lord.

THE CLERK'S TALE

Heere bigynneth the Tale of the Clerk of Oxenford

Ther is, right at the west syde of Ytaille,
Doun at the roote of Vesulus the colde,
A lusty playn, habundant of vitaille,
Where many a tour and toun thou mayst biholde,
That founded were in tyme of fadres olde,
And many another delitable sighte,
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markys whilom lord was of that lond,
As were his worthy eldres hym biforn;
And obeisant, ay redy to his hond,
Were alle his liges, bothe lasse and moore.
Thus in delit he lyveth, and hath doon yoore,
Biloved and drad, thurgh favour of Fortune,
Bothe of his lordes and of his commune.
Therwith he was, to speke as of lynage,
The gentilleste yborn of Lumbardye,
A fair persone, and strong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curteisye;
Discreet ynogh his contree for to gye,
Save in somme thynges that he was to blame;
And Walter was this yonge lorde's name.

I blame hym thus, that he considered noght
In tyme comynge what myghte hym bityde,
But on his lust present was al his thoght,
As for the hauke and hunte on every syde.
Wel ny alle othere cures leet he slyde,
And eek he nolde—and that was worst of alle—
Wedde no wyf, for noght that may bifalle.

Onely that point his peple bar so soore
That flokmeele on a day they to hym wente,
And oon of hem, that wisest was of loore—
Or elles that the lord best wolde assente
That he sholde telle hym what his peple mente,
Or elles koude he shewe wel swich mateere—
He to the markys seyde as ye shul heere:

"O noble markys, youre humanitee.
Asseureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,
As ofte as tyme is of necessitee,
That we to yow mowe telle oure hevynesse.
Accepteth, lord, now of youre gentillesse
That we with pitous herte unto yow pleyne,
And lat youre eres nat my voys desdeyne.

"Al have I noght to doone in this mateere
Moore than another man hath in this place,
Yet for as muche as ye, my lord so deere,
Han alwey shewed me favour and grace
I dar the bettre aske of yow a space
Of audience, to shewen oure requeste,
And ye, my lord, to doon right as yow leste.

"For certes, lord, so wel us liketh yow
And al youre werk, and evere han doon, that we
Ne koude nat us self devysen how
We myghte lyven in moore felicitee,
Save o thyng, lord, if it youre wille be,
That for to been a wedded man yow lest;
Thanne were youre peple in sovereyn hertes reste.

"Boweth youre nekke under that blisful yok
Of soveraynetee, noght of servyse,
Which that men clepe spousaille or wedlok;
And thenketh, lord, among youre thoghtes wyse
How that our dayes passe in sondry wyse;
For thogh we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ryde,
Ay fleeth the tyme; it nyl no man abyde.

"And thogh youre grene youthe flooure as yit,
In crepeth age alway, as stille as stoon,
And deeth manaceth every age, and smyt
In ech estaat, for ther escapeth noon;
And al so certein as we knowe echoon
That we shul deye, as uncerteyn we alle
Been of that day whan deeth shal on us falle.

"Accepteth thanne of us the trewe entente,
That nevere yet refuseden thyn heeste,
And we wol, lord, if that we Wolfe assente,
Chese yow a wyf, in short tyme atte leeste,
Born of the gentilleste and of the meeste
Of al this land, so that it oghte seme
Honour to God and yow, as we kan deeme.

"Delivere us out of al this bisy drede,
And taak a wyf, for hye Goddes sake!
For if it so bifelle, as God forbede,
That thurgh youre deeth youre lynage sholde slake,
And that a straunge successour sholde take
Youre heritage, O, wo were us alyve!
Wherfore we pray you hastily to wyve."

Hir meeke prayere and hir pitous cheere
Made the markys herte han pitee.
"Ye wol," quod he, "myn owene peple deere,
To that I nevere erst thoughte streyne me.
I me rejoysed of my liberte,
That seelde tyme is founde in mariadge;
Ther I was free, I moot been in servage.

"But nathelees I se youre trewe entente,
And truste upon youre wit, and have doon ay;
Wherfore of my free wylye I woole assente
To wedde me, as soone as evere I may.
But ther as ye han profred me to-day
To chese me a wyf, I yow relese
That choys, and prey yow of that profre cesse.

"For God it woot, that children ofte been
Unlyk hir worthy eldres hem biforn;
Bountee comth al of God, nat of the strene
Of which they been engendred and ybore.
I truste in Goddes bountee, and therfore
My mariadge and myn estoat and reste
I hym bitake; he may doon as hym leste.
"Lat me allone in chesynge of my wyf,—
That charge upon my bak I wole endure.
But I yow preye, and charge upon youre lyf,
That what wyf that I take, ye me assure
To worshipe hire, whil that hir lyf may dure,
In owrd and werk, bothe here and everywhere,
As she an emperoures doghtere weere.

"And forthermoore, this shal ye swere, that ye
Agayn my choys shal neither grucche ne stryve;
For sith I shal forgoon my libertee
At youre requeste, as evere moot I thryve,
Ther as myn herte is set, ther wol I wyve;
And but ye wol assente in swich manere,
I prey yow, speketh namoore of this materere."

With hertely wyl they sworen and assenten
To al this thynge, ther seyde no wight nay;
Bisekynge hym of grace, er that they wenten,
That he wolde graunten hem a certein day
Of his spousaille, as soone as evere he may;
For yet alwey the peple somewhat dредde,
Lest that he markys no wyf wolde wedde.

He graunted hem a day, swich as hym lesteth,
On which he wolde be wedded sikerly,
And seyde he dide al this at hir requeste.  
And they, with humble entente, boxomly,  
Knelynge upon hir knees ful reverently,  
Hym thonken alle; and thus they han an ende  
Of hire entente, and hoom agayn they wende.

And heerupon he to his officeres  
Comaundeth for the feste to purveye,  
And to his priuee knyghtes and squieres  
Swich c arge yaf as hym liste on hem leye;  
And they to his commandement obeye,  
And ech of hem dooth al his diligence  
To doon unto the feeste reverence.

Explicit prima pars.

Incipit secunda pars.

Noght fer fre thilke paleys honurable,  
Whey as this markys shoop his mariage,  
There stood a throop, of site delitable,  
In which that povre folk of that village  
Hadden hir beestes and hir herbergage,  
And of hire labour toooke hir sustenance,  
After that the erthe yaf hem habundance.

Amonges thise povre folk ther dwelte a man  
Which that was holden povrest of hem alle;
But hye God somtyme senden kan
His grace into a litel oxes stalle;
Janicula men of the throop hym calle.
A doghter hadde he, fair ynogh to sighte,
And Grisildis this yonge mayden highte.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee,
Thanne was she oon the faireste under sonne;
For povreliche yfostred up was she,
No likerous lust was thurgh hire herte yronne.
Wel ofter of the welle than of the tonne
She drank, and for she wolde vertu plese,
She knew wel labour, but noon ydel ese.

But thogh this mayde tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corage;
And in greet reverence and charitee
Hir olde povre fader fostred shee.
A fewe sheep, spynnynge, on feeld she kepte;
She wolde noght been ydel til she slepte.

And whan she homward cam, she wolde brynge
Wortes or other herbes tymes ofte,
The whiche she shredde and seeth for hir lyvynge,
And made hir bed ful hard and nothyng softe;
And ay she kepte hir fadres lyf on-lofte
With everich obeisaunce and diligence
That child may doon to fadres reverence.

Upon Grisilde, this povre creature,
Ful ofte sithe this markys sette his ye
As he on huntyng rood paraventure;
And what it fil that he myghte hire espye,
He noght with wantown lookynge of folye
His eyen caste on hire, but in sad wyse
Upon hir chiere he wolde hym ofte avyse,
Commendynge in his herte hir wommanhede,
And eek hir vertu, passynge any wight
Of so yong age, as wel as chiere as dede.
For thogh the peple have no greeet insight
In vertu, he considered ful right
Hir bountee, and disposed that he wolde
Wedde hire oonly, if evere he wedde sholde.

The day of weddyng cam, but no wight kan
Telle what womman that it sholde be;
For which merveille wondred many a man,
And seyden, whan they were in privattee,
"Wol nat our e lord yet leve his vanytee?"
Wol he nat wedde? alnas; alnas, the while!
Why wole he thus hymself and us beigile?"

But natheneles this markys hath doon make
Of gemmes, set in gold and in asure,
Brooches and rynges, for Grisildis sake;
And of hir clothynge took he the mesure
By a mayde lyk to hir stature,
And eek of other aornementes alle
That unto swich a weddyng sholde falle.

The time of undren of the same day
Approcheth, that this weddyng sholde be;
And al the paleys put was in array,
Bothe halle and chambres, ech in his degree;
Houses of office stuffed with plente
Ther maystow seen, of deynteuous vitaille
That may be founde as fer as last Ytaille.

This roial markys, richely arrayed,
Lorde and ladyes in his compaignye,
The whiche that to the feeste weren yprayed,
And of his retenue the bachelrye,
With many a soun of sondry melodye,
Unto the village of the which I tolde,
In this array the righte wey han holde.
Grisilde of this, God woot, ful innocent,
That for hire shapen was al this array,
To fecchen water at a welle is went,
And cometh hoom as soone as ever she may;
For wel she hadde herd seyd that thilke day
The markys sholde wedde, and if she myghte,
She wolde fayn han seyn som of that sighth.

She thoght, "I wole with others maydens stonde,
That been my felawes, in oure dore and se
The markysesse, and therfore wol I fonde
To doon at hoom, as soone as it may be,
The labour which that longeth unto me;
And thanne I may at leyser hire biholde,
If she this wey unto the castel holde."

And as she wolde over hir threshfold gon,
The markys cam, and gan hire for to calle;
And she set doun hir water pot anon,
Biside the threshfold, in an oxes stalle,
And doun upon hir kne she gan to falle,
And with sad contenance kneleth stille,
Til she had herd what was the lordes wille.

This thoghtful markys spak unto this mayde
Ful sobrely, and seyde in this manere:
"Where is youre fader, O Grisildis?" he sayde.
And she with reverence, in humble cheere,
Answerde, "Lord, he is al redy heere."
And in she gooth withouten lenger lette,
And to the markys she hir fader fette.

He by the hand thanno took this olde man,
And sayde thus, when he hym hadde sayde:
"Janicula, I neither may ne kan
Lenger the plesance of myn herte hyde.
If that thou vouche sauf, what sobityde,
Thy doghter wol I take, er that I wende,
As for my wyf, unto hir lyves ende.

"Thou lovest me, I woot it wel certeyn,
And art my feithful lige man ybore;
And al that liketh me, I dar wel seyn
It liketh thec, and specially therfore
Tel me that poynt that I have seyd wifore,
If that thou wolt unto that purpos drawe,
To take me as for they sone-in-lawe."

"Thou lovest me, I woot it wel certeyn,
And art my feithful lige man ybore;
And al that liketh me, I dar wel seyn
It liketh thec, and specially therfore,
Tell me that point that I have said before,
If that thou wilt unto that purpos drawe,
To take me as for thy son-in-lawe."

This sodeyn cas this man astonied so
That reed he wax; abayst and al quakynge
He stood; unnethes seyde we wordes mo,
But oonly thus: "Lord," quod he, "my willynge
Is as ye wole, ne ayeynes youre likynge
I wol no thyng, ye be my lord sodeere;
Right as yow lust, governeth this mateere."

"Yet wol I," quod this markys softely,
"That in thy chambre I and thou and she
Have a collacioun, and wostow why?
For I wol axe if it hire wilt be
To be my wyf, and reule hire after me.
And al this shal be doon in thy presence;
I wol noght speke out of thyn audience."

And in the chambre, whil they were aboute
Hir tretys, which as ye shal after heere,
The peple cam unto the hous withoute,
And wondere hem in how honest manere
And tentifly she kepte hir fader deere.
But outrely Grisildis wondere myghte,
For nevere erst ne saugh she swich a sighte.

No wonder is thogh that she were astoned
To seen so greet a gest come in that place;
She nevere was to swiche gestes woned,
For which she looked with ful pale face.
But shortly forth this materne for to chace,
Thise arn the wordes that the markys sayde
To this benigne, verray, feithful mayde.

"Grisilde," he seyde, "ye shal wel understonde
It liketh to youre fader and to me
That I yow wedde, and eek it may so stonde,
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be.
But thise demandes axe I first," quod he,
"That, sith it shal be doon in hastif wyse,
Wol ye assente, or elles yow avyse?

"I seye this, be ye redy with good herte
To al my lust, and that I frely may,
As me best thynketh, do yow laughe or smerte,
And nevere ye to grucohe it, nyght ne day?
And eek whan I sey 'ye,' ne sey nat 'nay,'
Neither by word ne frownyng countenance?
Swere this, and heere I swere our alliance."
Wondrynge upon this word, quakynge for drede,
She sayde, "Lord, undigne and unworthy
Am I to thilke honour that he me beede,
But as ye wole yourself, right so wol I.
And heere I swere that nevere willyngly,
In werk ne thought, I nyl yow disobeye,
For to be deed, though me were looth to deye."

"This is ynoth, Grisilde myn," quod he.
And fortth he gooth, with a ful sobre cheere,
Out at the dore, and after that cam she,
And to the peple he sayde in this manere:
"This is my wyf," quod he, "that standeth heere.
Honoureth hire and loveth hire, I preye,
Whoso me loveth; ther is namoore to saye."

And for that no thyng of hir olde geere
She sholde brynge into his hous, he bad
That wommen sholde dispoillen hire right theere;
Of whiche thise ladyes were nat right glad.
To handle hir clothes, wherinne she was clad.
But nathelees, this mayde bright of newe
Fro foot to heed they clothed han al newe.

Hir heris han they kembd, that lay untressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fyngres smale
A corone on hire heed they han ydressed,
And sette hire ful of nowches grete and smale.
Of hire array what sholde I make a tale?
Unnethe the peple hir knew fir hire fairnesse,
Whan she translated was in swich richesse.

This markys hath hire spoused with a ryng
Broght for the same cause, and thanne hire sette
Upon an hors, snow-whit and wel amblyng,
And to his paleys, er he longer lette,
With joyful peple that hire ladde and mette,
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,
I seye that to this newe markysesse
God hath swich favour sent hire of his grace,
That it ne semed nat by liklynesse
That she was born and fed in rudenesse,
As in a cote or in an oxe-stalle,
But norissed in an emperoures halle.

To every wight she woxen is so deere
And worshipful that folk ther she was bore,
And from hire birthe knewe hire yeer by yeere,
Unnethe trowed they,--but dorste han swore--
That to Janicle, of which I spak bifoire,
She doghter were, for, as by conjecture,
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For though that evere vertuous was she,
She was encressed in swich excellence
Of thewes goode, yset in heigh bOUNTee,
And so discreet and fair of eloquence,
So benigne and so digne of reverence,
And koude so the peples herte embrace,
That ech hire lovede that looked in hir face.

* Noght oonly of Saluces in the town
Publiced was the bountee of hir name,
But eek biside in many a regioun,
If oon seide wel, another seyde the same;
So spradde of hire heighe bOUNTee the fame
That men and wommen, as wel yonge as olde,
Good to Saluce, upon hire to biholde.

Thus Walter lowely--nay, but roially--
Wedded with fortunat honestetee,
In Goddes pees lyveth ful easly
At hoom, and outward grace ynogh had he;
And for he saugh that under low degree
Was ofte vertu hid, the peple hym heelde
A prudent man, and that is seyn ful seelde.

Nat oonly this Grisildis thurgh hir wit
Koude al the feet of wyfly hoomlinesse,
But eek, whan that the cas required it,
The commune profit koude she redresse.
Ther nas discord, rancour, ne hevynesse
In al that land, that she ne koude apese,
And wisely brynge hem alle in reste and ese.

Though that hire bousbonde absent were anon,
If gentil men or other os hire contree
Were wrothe, she wolde bryngen hem aton;
So wise and rype wordes hadde she,
And juggementz of so greet equitee,
That she from hevene sent was, as men wende,
Peple to save and every wrong t'amende.

Nat longe tyme after that this Grisild
Was wedded, she a doghter hath ybore.
Al had hire lever be born a knave child,
Glad was this markys and the folk therfore;
For though a mayde child coome al bifore,
She may unto a knave child atteyne
By liklihede, syn she nys nat bareyne.
Explicit secunda pars.

Incipit tercia pars.

Ther fil, as it bifalleth tymes mo.
When that this child had souked but a throwe,
This markys in his herte longeth so
To tempte his wyf, hir sadnesse for to knowe,
That he ne myghte out of his herte throwe
This merveillous desir his wyf t'assaye;
Nedeles, God woot, he thoghte hire for t'affraye.

He hadde assayed hire ynogh biforn,
And found hire evere good; what neded it
Hire for to tempte, and alwey moore and moore,
Though som men preise it for a subtil wit?
But as for me, I seye that yvele it sit
To assaye a wyf whan that it is no nede,
And putten hire in angwyssh and in drede.

For which this markys wroghte in this manere:
He cam allone a-nyght, ther as she lay,
With stierne face and with ful trouble cheere,
And seyde thus: "Grisilde," quod he, "that day
That I yow took out of youre povere array,
And putte yow in estaat of heigh noblesse,—
Ye have nat that forgotten, as I gesse?
"I seye, Grisilde, this present dignitee,
In which that I have put yow, as I trowe,
Maketh yow nat foryetful for to be
That I yow took in povre estaat ful lowe,
For any wele ye moot youreselven knowe.
Taak heede of every word that y yow seye;
Ther is no wight that hereth it but we tweye.

"Ye woot yourself wel how that ye cam heere
Into this hous, it is nat longe ago;
And though to me that ye be lief and deere,
Unto my gentils ye be no thyng so.
They seyn, to hem it is greet shame and wo
For to be subgetz and been in servage
To thes, that born art of a smal village.

"And namely sith thy doghter was ybore
Thisse wordes han they spoken, doutelees.
But I desire, as I have doon biforn,
To lyve my lyf with hem in reste and pees.
I may nat in this caas be recochelees;
I moot doon with thy doghter for the beste,
Nat as I wolde, but as my peple leste.

"And yet, God woot, this is ful looth to me;
But nathelesse withoute yourw wityng
I wol nat doon; but this wol I," quod he,  
"That ye to me assente as in this thyng.  
Shewe now youre pacience in youre werkyng,  
That ye me highte and swore in youre village  
That day that maked wasoure mariage."

Whan she had herd al this, she noght ameved  
Neither in word, or chiere, or contenaunce;  
For, as it semed, she was nat agreve.  
She seyde, "Lord, al lyth in youre pleasaunce.  
My child and I, with hertely obeisaunce,  
Been youre al, and ye mowe save or spille  
Youre owene thyng; werketh after youre wille.

"Ther may no thyng, God so my soule save,  
Likentoyowthatmaydispleseme;  
Ne I desire no thyng for to have,  
Ne drede for to leese, save oonly yee.  
This wyl is in myn herte, and ay shal be;  
No lengthe of tyme or deeth may this deface,  
Ne chaunge my corage to another place."

Glad was this markys of hire answeryng,  
But yet he feyned as he were nat so;  
Al drery was his cheere and his lookyng,  
When that he sholde out of the chambre go.
Soone after this, a furlong wey or two,
He privelv hath toold al his entente
Unto a man, and to his wyf hym sente.

A maner sergeant was this privee man,
The which that feithful ofte he founden hadde
In thynges grete, and eek swich folk wel kan
Doon execucioun in thynges badde.
The lord knew wel that he hym loved and dradde;
And whan this sergeant wiste his lordes wille,
Into the chambre he stalked hym ful stille.

"Madame," he seyde, "ye moote foryeve it me,
Though I do thyng to which I am constreyned.
Ye been so wys that ful wel knowe ye
That lordes heestes mowe nat been yfeyned;
They mowe wel been biwaalled or compleyned,
But men moote nede unto hire lust obeye,
And so wol I; ther is namoore to seye.

"This child I am comanded for to take,"--
And spak namoore, but out the child he hente
Despitously, and gan a cheere make
As though he wolde han slayn it er he wente.
Grisildis moot al suffre and al consente;
And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille,
And leet this cruel serçeant doon his wille.
Suspecious was the difname of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also;
Suspect the tyme in which he this bogan,
Allas! hir doghter that she loved so,
She wende he wolde han slawen it right tho.
But nathelees she neither weep ne syked,
Conformynge hire to that the markys lyked.

But atte laste to spoken she bogan,
And mekely she to the sergeant preyde,
So as he was a worthy gentil man,
That she moste kisse hire child er that it deyde.
And in hir barm this litel child she leyde
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blisse,
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus she seyde in hire benigne voys,
"Fareweel my child! I shal thee nevere see.
But sith I thee have marked with the croys
Of thilke Fader--blessed moote he be!--
That for us deyde upon a croys of tree,
Thy soule, litel child, I hym bitake,
For this nyght shaltow dyen for my sake."

I trowe that to a norice in this cas
' It had been hard this reuthe for to se;
Wel myghte a mooder thanne han cryd "allas!"
But natheless so sad stidfast was she
That she endured al adversitee,
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,
"Have heer agayn youre litel yonge mayde.

"Gooth now," quod she, "and dooth my lorde
heeste;
But o thyng wol I prey yow of youre grace,
That, but my lorde forbad yow, atte leeste
Burieth this litel body in som place
That beestes ne no briddles it torace."
But he no word wol to that purpos seye,
But took the child and wente upon his weye.

This sergeant cam unto his lorde ageyn,
And of Grisildis wordes and hire cheere
He tolde hym point for point, in short and pleyn,
And hym presenteth with his dogther deere.
Somwhat this lorde hadde routhe in his manere,
But natheles his purpos heeld he stille,
As lorde doon, whan they wol han hir wille;

And bad this sergeant that he pryvely
Sholde this child ful softe wynde and wrappe,
With alle circumstances tendrely,
And carie it in a cofre or in a lappe;
But, upon payne his heed of for to swappe,
That no man sholde knowe of his entente,
Ne whenne he cam, ne whider that he wente;

But at Boloigne to his suster deere,
That thilke tyme of Panik was countesse,
He sholde it take, and shewe hire this mateere,
Bisekyng hire to doon hire bisynesse
This child to fostre in alle gentillesse;
And whos child that it was he had hire hyde
From every wight, for oght that may bityde.

The sergeant gooth, and hath fullfild this thyng;
But to this markys now retourne we.
For now gooth he ful faste ymaginyng
If by his wyves cheere he myghte se,
Or by hire word aperceyve, that she
Were chaunged; but he nevere hire koude fynde
But evere in oon ylike sad and kynde.

As glad, as humble, as bisy in servyse,
And eek in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to hym in every maner wyse;
Ne of his doghter noght a word spak she.
Noon accident, for noon adversitee,
Was seyn in hire, ne nevere hir doghter name
Ne nempned she, in earnest nor in game.

Explicit tercia pars.

Sequitur pars quarta.

In this estaat ther passed been foure yeer
Er she with childe was, but, as God wolde,
A knave child she bar by this Walter,
Ful gracious and fair for to bicholde.
And whan that golk it to his fader tolde,
Nat oonly he, but al his contree merye
Was for this child, and God they thanke and herye.

Whan it was two yeer old, and fro the brest
Departed of his norice, on a day
This markys caughte yet another lest
To tempte his wyf yet ofter, if he may.
O nedelees was she tempted in assay!
But wedded men ne knowe no mesure,
Whan that they fynde a pacient creature.

"Wyf," quod this markys, "ye han herd er this,
My peple sikly berthoure mariage;
And namely sith my sone yboren is,
Now is it worse than evere in al our age,
The murmure sleeth myn herte and my corage,
For to myne eeres comth the voys so smerte
That it wel ny destroyed hath myn herte.

"Now sey they thus: 'Whan Walter is agon,
Thanne shal the blood of Janicle succeede
And beenoure lord, for oother have we noon.'
Swiche wordes seith my peple, out of drede.
Wel oughte I of swich murmur taken neede;
For certeinly I drede swich sentence,
Though they nat pleyn speke in myn audience.

"I wolde lyve in pees, if that I myghte;
Wherfore I am disposed outrely,
As I his suster serveede by nyghte,
Right so thenke I to serve hym pryvely.
This warne I yow, that ye nat sodeynly
Out of yourelseyf for no wo sholde outreye;
Beth pacient and therof I yow preye."

"I have," quod she, "weyd thus, and evere shal:
I wol no thyng, ne nyl no thyng, certayn,
But as yow list, Naught greveth me at al,
Though that my daughter and my sone be slayn,—
At youre comandement, this is to sayn.
I have noght had no part of children twyne
But first siknesse, and after, wo and peye.
"Ye been oure lord, dooth with youre owene thyng
Right as yow list; axeth no reed at me.
For as I lefte at hoom al my clotlyng,
When I first cam to yow, right so," quod she,
"Lefte I my wyl and al my libertee,
And took youre clotlyng; wherfore I yow proye,
Dooth youre plesuance, I wol youre lust obeye.

"And certes, if I hadde prescience
Youre wyl to knowe, er ye youre lust me tolde,
I wolde it doon withouten necligence;
But now I woot youre lust, and what he wolde,
Al youre plesance ferme and stable I holde;
For wiste I that my deeth wolde do yow ese,
Right gladly wolde I dyen, yow to plese.

"Deth may noght make no comparisoun
Unto youre love." And whan this markys say
The constance of his wyf, he caste adoun
His eyen two, and wondreth that she may
In pacience suffre al this array;
And forth he goth with drery contenance,
But to his herte it was ful greet plesance.
This ugly sergeant, in the same wyse
That he hire doghter caughte, right so he,
Or worse, if men worse kan devyse,
Hath hent hire sone, that ful was of beautee.
And evere in oon so pacient was she
That she no chiere maade of hevynesse,
But kiste hir sone, and after gan it blesse;

Save this, she preyede hym that, if he myghte,
Hir litel sone he wolde in erthe grave,
His tendre lymes, delicaat to sighte,
Fro fowles and fro beestes for to save.
But she noon answere of hym myghte have.
He wente his wey, ashym no thyng ne roghte;
But to Boloigne he tendrely it broghte.

This markys wondred, evere lenger the moore,
Upon hir pacience, and if that he
Ne hadde soothe knowen therbifoore
That parfitly hir children loved she,
He wolde have wend that of som subtiltee,
And of malice, or for cruel corage,
That she hadde suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew that next hymself, certayn,
She loved hir children best in every wyse.
But now of wommen wolde I axen fayn
If thise assayes myghte nat suffise?
What koude a sturdy housbond moore devyse
To preeve hir wyfhood and hir stedefastnesse,
And he continuynge evere in sturdinesse?

But ther been folk of swich condicion
That whan they have a certein purpos take,
They kan nat stynte of hire entencion,
But, right as they were bounden to a stake,
They wol nat of that firste purpos alake.
Right so this markys fulliche hath purposed
To tempte his wyf as he was firste disposed.

He waiteth if by word of contenance
That she to hym was changed of corage;
But nevere koude he fynde variance.
She was ay oon in herte and in visage;
And ay the forther that she was in age,
The moore trewe, if that it were possible,
She was to hym in love, and moore penyble.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two
Ther nas but o wyl; for, as Walter lest,
The same lust was hire plesance also.
And, God be thanked, al fil for the beste.
She shewed wel, for no worldly unreste
A wyf, as of hirself, nothing ne sholde
Wille in effect, but as hir housbonde wolde.

The sclaundre of Walter ofte and wyde spradde,
That of a cruel herte he wikedly,
For he a povre womman wedded hadde,
Hath mordred bothe his children privelly.
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.
No wonder is, for to the peples ere
Ther cam no word, but that they mordred were.

For which, where as hir peple therbifore
Hadde loved hym wel, the sclaundre of his diffame
Made hem that they hym hateede therfore.
To been a mordrere is an hateful name;
But natheneles, for ernest ne for game,
He of his cruel purpos nolde stente;
To tempte his wyf was set al his entente.

What this his doghter twelve year was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wyse
Enformed of his wyl, sente his message,
Commaundynge hem swiche bullos to devyse
As to his cruel purpos may suffyse,
How that the pope, as for his peples reste,
Bad hym to wedde another, if hym leste.
I seye, he bad they sholde countrefete
The popes bulles, makyng mencion
That he hath leve his firste wyf to lese,
As by the popes dispensacion,
To stynte rancour and dissencion
Bitwixe his peple and hym; thus seyde the bulle,
The which they han publiced atte fulle.

The rude peple, as it no wonder is,
Wenden ful wel that it hadde be right so;
But whan thysse tidynges came to Grisildis,
I deeme that hire herte was ful wo.
But she, ylike sad for everemo,
Disposed was, this humble creature,
The adversitee of Fortune al t'endure,

Abidynge evere his lust and his plesance,
To whom that she was yeven herte and al,
As to hire verray worldly suffisance.
But shortly if this storie I tellen shal,
This markys writen hath in special
A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,
And secreely he to Boloigne it sente.

To the Erl of Panyk, which that hadde tho
Wedded his suster, prayde he specially
To bryngen hoom agayn his children two
In honorable estaat al openly.
But o thyng he hym preyede outrely,
That he to no wight, though men wolde enquere,
Sholde nat telle whos children that they were,

    But seye, the mayden sholde ywedded be.
Unto the Markys of Saluce anon.
And as this erl was preyed, so did he;
For at day set he on his wey is goon
Toward Saluce, and lorde many oon
In riche array, this mayden for go gyde,
His yonge brother ridynge hire bisyde.

    Arrayed was toward his mariage
This freshe mayde, ful of gemmes cleere;
Hir brother, which that seven yer was of age,
Arrayed eek ful fressh in his manere.
And thus in greet noblesse and with glad cheere,
Toward Saluces shapynge hir journey,
Fro day to day they ryden in hir wey.

    Explicit quarta pars.

    Sequitur pars quinta.
Among al this, after his wikke usage,
This markys, yet his wyf to tempte moore
To the outreaste preeve of hir corage,
Fully to han experience and loore
If that she were as stidfast as bifoore,
He on a day, in open audience,
Ful boistously hath seyd hire this sentence:

"Certes, Grisilde, I hadde ynogh plesance
To han yow to my wyf for youre goodnesse,
As for youre trouthe and for youre obeisance,
Noght for youre lynage, ne for youre richease;
But now knowe I in verray soothfastnesse
That in greet lordshippe, if I wel avyse,
Ther is greet servitute in sondry wyse.

"I may nat doon as every plowman may.
My peple me constreyneth for to take
Another wyf, and crien day by day;
And eek the pope, rancour for to slake,
Consenteth it, that dar I undertake;
And trewely thus muche I wol yow seye,
And newe wyf is comynge by the weye.

"Be strong of herte, and voyde anon hir place,
And thilke dowere that ye broghten me,
Taak it agayn; I graunte it of my grace.
Retourneth to youre fadres hous," quod he;
"No man may alwey han prosperitee.
With evene herte I rede yow t'endure
The strook of Fortune or of aventure."

And she agayn answerde in pacience,
"My lord," quod she, "I woot, and wiste alway,
How that bitwixen youre magnificence
And my poverta no wight kan ne may
Maken comparison; it is no nay.
I ne heeld me nevere dogne in no manere
To be youre wyf, no, ne youre chamberere.

"And in this hous, ther ye me lady maade--
The heighe God take I for my wastnesse,
And also wysly he my soule glaade--
I nevere heeld me lady ne mistresse,
But humble servant to youre worthynesse,
And evere shal, whil that my lyf may dure,
Aboven every worldly creature.

"That ye so longe of youre benigneitee
Han Holden me in honour and noblye,
Where as I was noght worthy for to bee,
That thonke I God and yow, to whom I preye
Foryelde it yow; ther is namoore to seye.
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende;
And with hym dwelle unto my lyves ende.

"Ther I was fostred of a child ful smal,
Til I be deed my lyf ther wol I lede,
A wydwe clene in body, herte, and al.
For sith I yaf to yow my maydenhede,
And am youre trewe wyf, it is no drede,
God shilde swich a lorde wyf to take
Another man to housbonde or to make!

"And of youre newe wyf God of his grace
So graunte yow wele and prosperitee!
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,
In which that I was blissful wont to bee.
For sith it liketh yow, my lord," quod shee,
"That whilom weren al myn hertes reste,
That Ishal goon, I wol goon whan yow leste.

"But her as ye me profre swich dowaire
As I first broghte, it is wel in my mynde
It were my wrecched clothes, nothyng faire,
The whiche to mo were hard now for to fynde.
O goode God! how gentil and how kynde
Ye semed by youre speche and youre visage
The day that maked was oure mariage!
"But sooth is seyd—algate I fynde it trewe,

For in effect it preeved is on me—
Love is noght cold as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for noon aduersitee,
To dyen in the cas, it shal nat bee
That evere in word or werk I shal repente
That I yow yaf myn herte in hool entente.

"My lord, ye woot that in my fadres place
Ye did me streep out of my povre weede,
And richely me cladden, of youre grace,
To yow broghte I noght elles, out of drede,
But feith, and nakednesse, and maydenhede;
But heere agayn your clothyng I restoore,
And eek your weddyng ryng, for everemore.

"The remenant of youre juelles redy be
Inwith youre chambre, dar I saufly sayn.
Naked out of my fadres hous," quod she,
"I cam, and naked moot I turne agayn.
Al youre plesance wol I folwen fayn;
But yet I hope it be nat youre entente
That I smoklees out of youre paleys wente.

"Ye koude nat doon so dishonest a thyng,
That thilke wombe in which youre children leye
Sholde bifoire the peple, in my walkyng,
Be seyn al bare; wherfore I yow preye,
Lat me nat lyk a worm go by the weye.
Remembre yow, myn owene lord so deere,
I was youre wyf, though I unworthy weere.

"Wherfore, in gerdon of my maydenhede,
Which that I broghte, and noght agayn I bere,
As voucheth sauf to yeve me, to my meede,
But swich a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therwith may wrye the wombe of here
That was youre wyf. And heer take I my leeve
Of yow, myn owene lord, lest I yow grave."

"The smok," quod he, "that thou hast on thy bak,
Lat it be stille, and bere it forth with thee."
But wel unnethes thilke word he spak,
But wente his wey, for routhe and for pitee,
Bifoarn the folk hirselven strepeth she,
And in hir smok, with heed and foot al bare,
Toward hir fadre hous forth is she fare.

The folk hire folwe, wepyngs in hir weye,
And Fortune ay they cursen as they goon;
But she fro wepyng kepte hir eyen dreye,
Ne in this tyme word ne spak she noon.
Hir fader, that this tidynge herde anoon,
Curseth the day and tyme that Nature
Shoop hym to been a lyves creature.

For out of doute this olde poure man
Was evere in suspect of hir mariage;
For evere he dened, sith that it began,
That when the lord fulfild hadde his corage,
Hym wolde thynke it were a disparage
To hys estaat so lowe for t'alighte,
And voyden hir as soone as ever he myghte.

Agayns his doghter hastily goth he,
For he by noyse of folk knew hire comyng,
And with hire olde coote, as it myghte be
He covered hire, ful sorwefully wepynge.
But on hire body myghte he it nat brynge,
For rude was the clooth, and moore of age
By dayes fele than at hire mariage.

Thus with hire fader, for a certeyn space,
Dwelleth this flour of wyfly pacience,
That neither by hire wordes ne hire face,
Biforn the folk, ne eek in hire absence,
Ne shewed she that hire was doon offence;
Ne of hire heighe estaat no remembraunce
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenaunce.
No wonder is, for in hire grete estaat
Hire goost was evere in pleyn humylitee;
No tendre mouth, noon herte delicaat,
No pompe, so semblant of roialtee,
But ful of paciend benyngnytee,
Discreet and prideeles, ay honurable,
And to hire housbonde evere meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and moost for his humblesse,
As clerkes, whan hem list, konne wel endite,
Namely of men, but as in soothfastnesse,
Though clerkes preise wommen but a lite,
Ther kan no man in humblesse hym acqyte
As womman kan, ne kan been half so trewe
As wommen been, but it be falle of newe.

(Part VI.)

Fro Boloigne is this Erl of Panyk come,
Of which the fame up sprang to moore and lesse,
And to the peples eres, alle and some,
Was kouth eek that a newe markysesse
He with hym broghte, in swich pompe and richesse
That nevere was ther seyn with mannes ye
So noble array in al West Lumbardye.
The markys, which that shoop and knew al this,
Er that this erl was come, sente his message
For thilke sely povre Grisildis;
And she with humble herte and glad visage,
Nat with no swollen thoght in hire corage,
Cam at his heste, and on hire knees hire sette,
And reverently and wisely she hym grette.

"Grisilde," quod he, "my syl is outrely,
This mayden, that shal wedded been to me,
Received be to-morwe as toially
As it possible is in myn hous to be,
And eek that every wight in his degree
Have his estaat, in sittyng and servyse
And heigh plesaunce, as I kan best devyse.

"I have no wommen suffisaunt, certayn,
The chambres for t'arraye in ordinaunce
After my lust, and therfore wolde I fayn
That thyn were al swich manere governaunce.
Thou knowest eek of old al my plesaunce;
Thogh thyn array be badde and yvel biseye,
Do thou they devoir at the leeste weye."

"Nat oonly, lord, that I am glad," quod she,
"To doon youre lust, but I desire also
Yow for to serve and plesse in my degree
Withouten feyntynge, and shal everemo;
Ne nevere, for no wele ne no wo,
Ne shal the goost withinne myn herte stente
To love yow best with al my trewe entente."

And with that word she gan the hous to dighte,
And tables for to sette, and beddes make;
And peyned hire to doon al that she myghte,
Preyynge the chambereres, for Goddes sake,
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake;
And she, the mooste servysable of alle,
Hath every chambre arrayed and his halle.

Abouten undred ganthis erl alighte,
That with hym broghte thise noble children tweye,
For which the peple ran to seen the sichte
Of hire array, so richely biseye;
And thanne at erst amongst hem they seye
That Walter was no fool, thogh that hym leste
To chaunge his wyf, for it was for the beste.

For she is fairer, as they deemen alle,
Than is Grisilde, and moore tender of age,
And fairer fruyt bitwene hem sholde falle,
And moore plesant, for hire heigh lynage.
Hir brother eek so fair was of visage
That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesaunce,
Commendyng now the markys governoence.--

"O stormy peple! unsad and evere untrewel
Ay undiscreeet and chaungynge as a fane!
Delitynge evere in rumbul that is newe,
For lyk the moone ay wexe ye and wane!
Ay ful of clappyng, deere ynogh a janel
Youre doom is fals, youre constance yvele preeveth;
A ful greet fool is he that on yow leeveth."

Thusseyden sadde folk in that citee,
Whan that the peple gazed up and doun;
For they were glad, right for the noveltee,
To han a newe lady of hir toun.
Namaore of this make I now mencioun,
But to Grisilde agayn wol I me dresse,
And telle hir constance and hir bisynesse.--

Ful bisy was Grisilde in every thyng
That to the feeste was apertinent.
Right noght was she abayst of hire clothynge,
Thogh it were rude and somdeel eek torent;
But with glad cheere to the yate is went
With oother folk, to greete the markysesse,
And after that dooth forth hire bisynesse.
With so glad chiere his gastes she receyveth,  
And konnyngly, everich in his degree,  
That no defaute no man aperceyveth,  
But ay they wondred what she myghte bee  
That in so povre array was for to see,  
And koude swich honour and reverence,  
And worthily they preisen hire prudence.

In al this meene while she ne stente
This mayde and eek hir brother to commende  
With al hir herte, in ful benyngne entente,  
So wel that no man koude hir pris amende.  
But atte laste, whan that thise lordes wende  
To sitten doun to mete, he gan to calle  
Grisilde, as she was bisy in his halle.

"Grisilde," quoc he, as it were in his pley,  
"How liketh thee my wyf and hire beautee?"  
"Rifht wel," quod she, "my lord; for, in good fey,  
A fairer saugh I nevere noon than she.  
I prey to God yeve hire prosperitee;  
And so hope I that he wol to yow sende  
Plesance ynogh unto youre lyves ende.
"O thyng biseke I yow, and warne also,
That he ne prikke with no tormentynge
This tendre mayden, as ye han doon mo;
For she is fostred in hire norissyngge
Moore tendrely, and, to my supposyngge,
She koude nat adversitee endure
As koude a povre fostred creature."

And whan this Walter saugh hire pacience,
Hir glade chiere, and no malice at al,
And he so ofte had doon to hire offence,
And she ay sad and constant as wal,
Continuynge evere hire innocence overal,
This sturdy markys gan his herte dresse
To rewen upon hire wyfly stedfastnesse.

"This is ynogh, Grisilde myn," quod he;
"Be now namoore agast ne yvele apayed.
I have thy feith and thy benyngnytee,
As wel as evere womman was, assayed,
In greet estaat, and povreliche arrayed.
Now knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedfastnesse,"—
And hire in armes took and gan hire kesse.

And she for wonder took of it no keep;
She herde nat what thyng he to hire seyde,
She ferde as she had start out of a sleep,
Til she out of hire mazednesse abreyde.
"Grisilde," quod he, "by God, that for us deyde,
Thou art my wyf, ne noon oother I have,
Ne nevere hadde, as God my soule save!

"This is thy doghter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wyf; that oother feithfully
Shal be myn heir, as I have ay disposed;
Thou bare hym in thy body trewely.
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively;
Taak hem agayn, for now maystow nat seye
That thou hast lorn noon of thy children tweye.

"And folk that ootherweys han seyd of me,
I warne hem wel that I have doon this dede
For no malice, ne for no crueltee,
But for t'assaye in thee thy wommanheede,
And nat to sleen my children--God forbeede!-
But for to kepe hem pryvely and stille,
Til I thy purpos knewe and al thy wille."

Whan she this herde, aswowne doun she falleth
For pitous joye, and after hire swownynge
She bothe hire yonge children to hire calleth,
And in hire armes, pitously wepynge,
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissynge
Ful lyk a mooder, with hire salte teeres
She bathed bothe hire visage and hire heeres.

O which a pitous thyng it was to se
Hir swownyng, and hire humble voys to heere!
"Grauntmercy, lord, God thanke it yow," quod she,
"That ye han saved me my children deere!
Now rekke I nevere to been deed right heere;
Sith I stonde in youre love and in youre grace,
No fors of deeth, ne whan my spirit pace!

"O tendre, o deere, o yonge children myne!
Youre woful mooder wende stedfastly
That crueel houndes or som foul vermyne
Hadde eten yow; but God, of his mercy,
And youre benyngne fader tendrely
Hath doon yow kept,"—and in that same stounde
Al sodeynly she swapte adoun to grounde.

And in hire swough so sadly holdeth she
Hire children two, when she gan hem t'embrace,
That with greet sleighte and greet difficultee
The children from hire arm they gonne arace.
O many a teere on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stooden hire bisyde;
Unnethe abouten hire myghte they abyde.
Walter hire gladeth, and hire sorwe slaketh;
She riseth up, abaysed, from hire traunce,
And every wight hire joye and feeste maketh
Til she hath caught agayn hire contenaunce.
Walter hire dooth so feithfully plesaunce
That it was deyntee for to seen the cheere
Bitwixe hem two, now they been met yseere.

Thise ladyes, whan that they hire tyme say,
Han taken hire and into chambre gon,
And strepen hire out of hire rude array,
And in a clooth of gold that brighte shoon,
With a coroune of many a riche stoon
Upon hire heed, they into halle hire broghte,
And ther she was honured as hire oghte.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful ende,
For every man and womman dooth his myght
This day in murthe and revel to dispunde
Til on the welkne shoon the sterres lyght.
For moore solempe in every mannes syght
This feste was, and gretter of costage,
Than was the revel of hire mariaye.

Ful many a yeer in heigh prosperitee
Lyven thise two in concord and in reste,
And richesly his doghter maryed he
Unto a lord, son of the worthieste
Of al Ytaille; and thanne in pees and reste
His wyves fader in his court he kepeth,
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succeedeth in his heritage
In reste and pees, after his fader day,
And fortunat was eek in mariadge,
At putte he nat his wyf in greet assay.
This world is nat so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath been in olde tymes yooore,
And herkneth what this auctour seith therfoore.

This storie is sayd, nat for that wyves sholde
Folwen Grisilde as in humylitee,
For it were inportable, though they wolde;
But for that every wight, in his degree,
Sholde be constant in aduersitee
As was Grisilde; therfore Petrak writeth
This storie, which with heigh stile he enditeth.

For, sith a womman was so pacient
Unto a mortal man, wel moore us oughte
Receyven al in gree that God us sent;
For gree skil is, he preewe that he wroghte,
But he ne tempteth no man that he boghte,
As seith Seint Jame, if ye his pistol rede;
He preeveth folk al day, it is no drede,

And suffreth us, as for oure excercise,
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful ofte to be bete in sondry wise;
Nat for to knowe oure wyl, for certes he,
Er we were born, knew al oure freletee;
And for oure beste is al his governaunce.
Lat us thanne lyve in vertuous suffraunce.

But o word, lordynges, herkneth er I go:
It were ful hard to fynde now-a-dayes
In al a toun Grisildis thre or two;
For if that they were put to swiche assayes,
The gold of hem hath now so badde alayes
With bras, that thogh the coyne be fair at ye,
It wolde rather breste a-two than plye.

For which heere, for the Wyves love of Bathe--
Whos lyf and al hire secte God mayntene
In heigh maistrie, and elles were it scathe--
I wol with lusty herte, fressh,and grene,
Seyn yow a song to glade yow, I wene;
And lat us stynte of ernestful materie.
Herkneth my song that seith in this manere:
Lenvoy de Chaucer.

Grisilde is deed, and eek hire pacience,
And bothe atones buryed in Ytaille;
For which I crie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be t'assaille
His wyves pacience in trust to fynde
Grisildis, for in certein he shal faille.

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,
Lat noon humylitee youre tongue naille,
Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence:
To write of yow a storie of swich mervaille
As of Grisildis pacient and kynde,
Lest Chichevache yow swelwe in hire entraille!

Folweth Ekko, that holdeth no silence,
But evere answereth at the countretaille.
Beth nat bidaffed for youre innocence,
But sharply taak on yow the governaille.
Emprenteth wel this lessoun in youre mynde,
For commune profit sith it may availle.

Ye archewyves, stondeth at defense,
Syn ye be strong as is a great camaille;
Ne suffreth nat that men yow doon offense.
And sklendre wyves, fieble as in bataille,
Beth egre as is a tygre yond in Ynde;
Ay clappeth as a mille, I yow consaille.

Ne dreed hem nat, doth hem no reverence,
For though thyn housbonde armed be in maille,
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest, and eek his aventaille.
In jalousie I rede eek thou hym bynde,
And thou shalt make hym couche as doth a quaille.

If thou be fair, ther folk been in presence,
Shewe thou thy visage and thyn apparaille;
If thou be foul, be fre of thy dispence;
To gete thee freendes ay do thy travaille;
Be ay of chiere as light as leef on lynde,
And lat hym care, and wepe, and wrynge, and waille!

Bihoold the murye words of the Hoost.

This worthy Clerk, whan ended was his tale,
Oure Hooste seyde, and swoor, "By Goddes bones,
Me were levere than a barel ale
My wyf at hoom had herd this legende ones!
This is a gentil tale for the nones,
As to my purpos, wiste ye my wille;
But thyng that wol nat be, lat it be stille."

Heere endeth the Tale of the Clerk of Oxenford.
GI I


THE STORY OF GRÍSHILDUR THE GOOD

There once reigned a king who had neither wife nor children. His supporters were dissatisfied that he did not care sufficiently for his realm in that he wished his dynasty to die out without a legal heir to the throne. They often discussed this question with the king but in vain. One fine day the king ordered twenty horses to be saddled, 10 for men and 10 for ladies one of which should be saddled with a lady's saddle laid with flaming gold. The ladies-in-waiting started discussing which of them would have the honour of riding in the golden saddle, and each one of them thought herself the most worthy. However, this went otherwise than they had expected for the king let none of them ride the horse with the golden saddle, but made nine of the ladies-in-waiting ride the other horses with
ladies' saddles and chose nine of his favourite men to ride with him and the ladies-in-waiting, while the horse with the golden saddle was led by the rein with the riders. Nobody knew where the king was going and nobody would ask him. When the riders were some distance from the city, they saw that the king was making towards a wood. They rode for a long time and the king decided the way. At last he came to a farm where he and his escort stopped.

The king knocked at the door and an unusually fair and beautiful young girl appeared. He asked her about her name and family. She said that her name was Grishildur and that she was the daughter of the couple in the hut, her father being old and bed-ridden, her mother of slightly better health than he. The king said that he had a matter to discuss with them and Grishildur then bade him come inside. The king did so, greeted the old couple and said that the purpose of his visit was to seek the hand of their daughter. They were quite averse to this, especially the man who said that the king was trying to make a fool of him, an infirm and bed-ridden old man and that the king would certainly find other women elsewhere that were more his equals than the daughter of himself, a hut-dweller, and said that this was out of the question as even if he gave him his daughter, the king would in a
short time lose interest in her and probably drive her away with shame. The king was angered by the old man's words and said that he had the power to take the peasant's daughter without his consent if he used such immoderate language. The old woman was more yielding and wished to soothe the king's wrath towards the old man and asked him not to be angered by her husband's words as he was aggrieved on account of his illness and senility so that he did not always control his tongue. The old woman then entreated her husband to comply with the king's request and said that it was an honour for them if the king were to wed their daughter, even if he drove her away within a short time. In the end, thanks to the old woman's persuasiveness, they consented to the betrothal of their daughter to the king. During this scene inside the hut, Gríshildur was outside, but when the king came out, he asked Gríshildur to mount the horse with the golden saddle. She asked for an explanation and the king then told her what had been agreed upon. Gríshildur was very much surprised and thought that this was rather hasty, but the king said that nothing further need be said for if she would not come voluntarily, then he would take her away by force. Gríshildur went inside and tearfully took leave of her parents who gave her their best wishes and then she
departed with the king and his escort. After that the
king wedded her and they found true affection.

The king's men were dissatisfied that he had
chosen as his queen a person of such humble origin and used
all means to defame her, but she gave no cause for criticism
and was liked by everyone. On account of this slander, the
king became more indifferent towards the queen as he was of
a wilful nature. Now a year passed and the queen bore a
child, it was a beautiful girl, the very image of her
mother. The king said that the queen should keep the
baby with her for her own pleasure and that she should
look after it well. But within a short time, he sent
one of his men to the queen and ordered him to take the
baby away from her and to watch her reactions. The man
went reluctantly and took the child. The queen asked him
to leave the child alone, but he said that it was the
king's orders to take it away. The queen cried bitterly
but the man took the baby to the king who in turn sent it
to the care of his uncle. The queen dared not complain
to the king about this treatment and he never enquired
about the baby, but he asked his man how the queen had
reacted at losing her child. A year later, the queen gave
birth to a son, a fair and lovely child, and now, as be-
fore, the king said that she should take care of the child
for her pleasure. But soon after she had recovered from
the birth, the king sent a man to take away the son as had formerly been done with the daughter. The queen was even more desperate at the loss of her son than earlier at losing her daughter, and she wept bitterly when he was taken away. All this was recounted to the king, but he showed no concern and shortly summoned the queen. When she appeared before him, he asked her to show him their children. This was more than she could bear and flowing in tears she said that the children had been taken away from her by his command so she could not show them to him, and that he ought to know best what had become of them. The king burst into a rage and asked if she dared besides murdering her children, for she certainly had murdered them, to tell the lie about him that he had ordered the children to be taken away from her, and thereby try to save her skin. He then became mad with rage and ordered the queen to get herself away and never let him see her again, and said that she deserved to be killed.

Gríshildur then left the palace, inconsolable with grief and sorrow, went back to her parents' hut in the wood, and to her added sorrow her old father did not welcome her, but said that it served her right for having gone away with the king, only to be driven away with shame after having lived with him for two years. Her old mother was
more sympathizing towards her and tried to console her as best she could. Grishildur then stayed with her parents the next sixteen years and served them dutifully. After these years had passed, the king made known his intention to marry once again, and that he had chosen a young and beautiful maiden to be his queen. One day he sent his men into the wood to the farm of Grishildur and her parents. They brought her the king's compliments with the message that he bade her to do him the favour of coming to his palace to supervise the preparation of food for his wedding which was to be celebrated the same day. She showed great reluctance and her parents even more so. In the end she gave in and went to the palace.

The wedding took place and Grishildur served the guests with great skill and efficiency, but she showed no interest in anything besides her work. In the evening when the guests retired and the king wished to go to his bedroom with his new wife, he asked Grishildur to take the remnant of a candle and light it and hold it between her fingers and accompany the bride and bridegroom to their bedroom. Grishildur obeyed and held the light while they undressed. The new queen then went first to bed and the king was undressing. By that time there was so little left of the candle that Grishildur held that her fingertips were scorched and the king asked if she had not
burnt her fingers. Grishildur said: "Sore burn my fingers, but sorer burns my heart," and tears ran down her cheeks.

Then the king could not bear to see her thus any longer, so he stood up and said: "From now on I will lengthen your name and call you Grishildur the Good. I have now fully tested your kindness and tolerance by all that you have had to suffer, but this maiden whom I pretended to make my queen is in fact our daughter, she is your very image; and our son is also here, a handsome young man and likely to become a good ruler. If it is your will as mine, then you alone are my queen and no one else."

After that they embraced one another and the king was eloquent in asking queen Grishildur’s forgiveness. Then she took her place beside him as his queen and their relationship was tender to the end of their lives. Their son inherited the kingdom after his father and give his sister in marriage to a prince from another country.

And thus ends the story of Grishildur the Good.
THE STORY OF GRÍSHILDUR THE GOOD

There once was a king named Artus, he reigned alone and his ministers often entreated him to get married which he usually ignored. He was always slow in making decisions and preferred to take his time for he was of a wavering and irresolute nature. He was now sixty years of age.

One day he ordered his horse to be saddled and another horse with the most gorgeous lady's saddle. He then had horses saddled for twelve men and twelve ladies and everyone found this to be very strange as nobody knew where they were going. He now summoned his men and ladies-in-waiting and each one of these speculated as to who would be considered fair enough to ride the beautiful horse. And when Artus came he ordered each lady to take her horse and he himself held the rein of the beautiful horse.
The ladies' spirits fell at discovering that none of them was considered worthy of riding this horse. An escort of thirty knights accompanied the king. He now rode for many hours without talking to anyone and nobody dared speak to him. At last he came to a small hut which was inhabited by a poor swineherd. He had a daughter called Gríshildur whose task it was to tend to her father's swine and do all the house-keeping in the little hut, as her father was senile and bed-ridden and her mother was also in poor health. The king now dismounted and went inside the hut to the old man who became scared of this mighty lord. He asked the king to kindly not disgrace him by entering his hut. The king asked for his daughter, and the old man enquired what he wanted her for, to which the king replied that she was to become his wife. The old man thought that he was being mocked and the old woman said: "What an honour." The old man said that he could bear to be ridiculed in any other respect than this. The king then claimed that his power was such that he could take their daughter if he so wished and thereby ended the discussion with the old man, and at the same moment Gríshildur entered and the king took her on his knee and kissed her. At this the old man got angry. Artus now clothed her with beautiful garments and led her out. The old man shouted and
accused the king of robbing him of his only support in his old age, and as the people in the king's escort saw the king's behaviour, they did not conceal their disdain.

Shortly afterwards their wedding took place. A year later she gave birth to a beautiful daughter, and as she lay cuddled in her mother's lap one of the king's servants came and took the baby and, as far as the mother could see, killed it and took it away. This happened three times as she bore two sons, and the same man took them both. Artus now enquired his man how she reacted to the loss of her children. He said that she had become pale in the first instance, the second time she had blushed vividly and the last time she had wept bitterly. Now the king came to her and asked her where their three children were, and she embraced him and kissed his feet and said that his best servant had killed them before her very eyes and gone away. Artus said that he did not wish to see her any more. She now went home to her parents and told them all that had happened. Then her old father said that this was what he had suspected, but her mother showed her great kindness.

Now sixteen years passed and one day Artus sent a message to Gríshildur that he was going to wed a princess and commanded Gríshildur to come and serve him and his
bride in their bedroom, and she had to obey his orders. She now went to the palace clad in rags. And in the evening when they went to their bedroom Artus wanted no light except an almost burnt-out candle which Grishildur was to hold in her hands. And as she now sees the bride get into bed and the king, rigid with old age, preparing to lie down, Artus says that the light is dying out and her fingertips are said to have been scorched, and she said: "Sore burn my fingers, still sorer burns my heart." Then the king said: "I am now testing your kindness and tolerance. This is your daughter and mine." And then both their sons were sent for and there were great rejoicings and the king said: "Who else could have done this? And I now shall name her Grishildur the Good." Their children had been brought up in another country till she saw them again. Nothing further is recorded about them.

Thus ends this story.

AN TALE OF A MARGRAVE

It happened in Italy that there was a Margrave named Walter. He was a great lord in the land. He married a girl of scant means so that he might have a heir. He told his men and kinsmen that he wished to take a wife, rich or poor after his will.

In a nearby village dwelled a poor farmer who had many children, among whom was a daughter who because of their poverty tended the cattle of others who dwelled in the village. And she was called Grissill.

The Margrave had prepared many costly clothes of silk and corduroy, betrothal gifts and gold rings for his bride-to-be, for he desired to seek her.

When all was prepared, he bid all his followers to go with him to seek his bride-to-be; and when they came to the village, the Margrave halted before a little door. So Grissill came and had fetched water, which was her daily task. The Margrave asked where her father was. She said courteously that he was in the house. He bid her
call him, and when he came, the Margrave asked whether he wished to marry his daughter to him. The poor man stared and asked him not to mock his daughter or their poverty; but be that his will, then be his daughter his. Then the Margrave speaks and asked her whether she would be obedient to him all her days and not do what he wanted left undone and always be happy whether he were in prosperity or adversity. She agreed. As soon as his lords and ladies saw that, they dismounted from their horses and did great honor to his bride-to-be. After the Margrave had her adorned with costly clothes, gold rings, and jewels which he had had prepared, and after she was placed on the wagon near him and honored above all the other young women. And when she came home to the Margrave's palace their wedding was performed very impressively. And when time passed she became pregnant with a girl-child.

Then the Margrave wondered how he might prove his wife, and he told her that all his men held it against him that he had married such a poor woman, and did not want to leave the country to her children, and she should do as he said if she wished to keep his friendship and let herself be separated from the child as soon as she became stronger. She said it should be so.
And when she lay in child bed the Margrave said to his servant to take the child and pretend he would slay it.

The servant came and said he had to take the child and slay it according to the Margrave's command. She kissed her child and prayed God that she might die in its place. The servant came with the child to his lord and had enough to say of his wife's obedience. And the Margrave sends the child to his sister, who was a Countess in Born so that she could care for it as her own child.

He was never aware that his wife sorrowed or lamented for any reason, and so she becomes pregnant a second time, and things went as before. It was a male child, and she thought that her death. The Count sends it to his sister.

Now the Count tells her that it is against his men's will that he remain with her any longer; so too it is the Pope's consent that he can dispose of her and take another wife of greater means. Now he writes his sister to come with his son and daughter, who then was 14; and he had it be known that she would be his own wife, saying to his wife that she go him to her father, and leave behind all her expensive clothes for it is not wise to have two wives.
She answers: "Lord, I have not been worthy to be called your wife; therefore I return to my earlier calling. I thank you for all the honor and that I have been your wife. And I request you to let me keep this "serk" to hide my naked limbs. The Count agrees to that, and she must clear out before his new bride-to-be comes. So she does, and she takes off all but the "skyrt." Barefooted and bareheaded she leaves her lord and goes to her father. She takes her old rags, which her father had kept for fifteen years, and puts them on.

Now the Countess of "Born," his sister, comes to the land, and the two children he had with Grissill. Then the Count sends to Grissill and bids her to help cook the food, for she knows his likes, and to carry water, and such like during his wedding. She returns in her tatters and says she wishes to serve however she can and as she wills. And at noon, right at meal time, he had Grissill told that she must bring him a gold cup and asked her how his young "bride" appeared to her. She said: "Excellent, as befits your high standing. But I pray you that you deal more gently with her than with your former wife, for she is young and hasn't experienced anything disagreeable.

Now the Count could no longer conceal this from Grissill; instead he left the table, embraced her, kissed
her, and said: "I'll never, my dear wife, do such a
ting as this to you again. See here our children: the
young woman I said I'd marry; and this young count is
our young son whom my sister has raised." After the
Count said to his children: "See now, my children,
this is your mother."

After that [her] former things were taken from
her and she was dressed in her clothes, the best, and
also adorned with jewels. After the Count gave her father
great lands and wealth, and at the end of this magnificent
reception, they all lived together happily and peacefully.

Here all can see the great steadfastness (!)
of the poor young Grissill, and it is a fair example
for all women for it beseems them to be so to their
husbands. And this tale ends here.

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 5 g, I A 6 a, I A 6 g, I B 1 e,
I B 2 d, II B 2, III A 1, III A 3, III B 4, III B 5,
III B 7 b, III C 2 b, III D 1, III E 1, III E 3, IV B 1 a,
IV B 2 a, IV B 4 a, IV C 2, IV D 5, IV D 7, IV E 1 b,
IV F 1 a, IV F 2 a, IV F 2 d, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a,
IV F 4 c, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2,
V C 3 b, V D 1, V D 2, V D 4
First recorded by H. E. Bergh, a schoolteacher, in a newspaper, the Fedraheomen, in 1870; later reprinted with some slight changes by Reidar Christiansen in Eventyr og sagn ffa Valdres. Valdres is one of the long valleys in the east of Norway, Lat. 61°, Long. 9°. Translated by Reidar Christiansen.

GRO SELDE

Once upon a time, and it was very long ago, a noble and splendid count wanted to marry. Preparations were going on--brewing and baking for three times eight days, and seamstresses were at work for four fortnights to make a dress for the bride. But when the day of the wedding came, no one knew who was to be the bride. Among the servant maids of the count there was a girl by the name of Gro Selde. She was the daughter of one of the count's crofters, and she was so pitiful and poor that she was dressed entirely in rags. I will take you, Gro Selde, for my wife, said the count, if you will promise never to say "no" to what I decide. She promised and the wedding was held in grand style, and was the talk of everyone far and wide.
In due time, an infant, a girl, was born to them. "The baby is of such humble origin on her mother's side, that we will destroy it," the count said. Gro Selde wept, but she never protested or threatened. When the next year she "had to lay down again" (was again confined,) the same thing happened over again. The count said that the boy, on his mother's side, came of such low-class people, that, just to preserve the respect of his servants, he could not let the baby live, and they took the child away from her.

After sixteen more years, the count announced that he intended to marry, and preparations for the wedding began. People were thinking that this was hardly in accordance with the law, but they had to do as the count ordered; and the brewing and baking went on, and the seamstresses were at work for four fortnights to make a dress for the bride. On the day of the wedding he said, "As for you, Gro Selde, out of respect for my rank, I can't carry on with you any longer. I will have a younger bride now, and one with a noble ancestry. You will have to go back to the place from which you came.

At the same time a lady was arriving in a carriage. She was very handsome, and smiling, fine and haughty, so bright that the splendour was seen far and wide. As for Gro Selde, she was weeping, full of sorrow, as she might
well be, as she gathered her old rags into a bundle and prepared to leave. Then the count said, "Well, Gro Selde, this is not the new bride, but it is your daughter, and the youngster following her is your own son. From this day I shall not test you any more, and you may say 'no' to me as often as you like." So they had a second wedding, and it was the talk of everyone far and wide. And Gro Selde and the count were both content and lived in agreement ever after. And if they have not died quite recently, they are still alive. The last time I said "Good-night" to them everything was still all right.
A commoner had a daughter, a beautiful and good girl. The daughter became motherless and missed the motherly care and attention. She often went out to the highway to watch the strangers who rode by and also to play. Now as she often played by the wayside and saw many people, a wealthy and important couple saw her and became attached to her and requested that her father let them take her and bring her up. At first the father was reluctant but finally consented because he realized what an up-bringing she would receive from them. He realized she would be in good hands. After she joined the household, she behaved very satisfactorily and grew both in wisdom and beauty. Everyone who saw her loved her.

A prince came to visit the household, and when he saw her he experienced a great liking for her and asked that she become his wife. The request was granted.

The prince became king of the country and she became the queen. She soon became pregnant, and when the time was fulfilled, she bore a prince. This prince was
taken from her because she was a commoner. Her descendants were likewise taken from her, but she accepted her fate with patience and meekness and asked only that her child not be left to the ravenous animals. This was promised. Next year she again became pregnant, and when the time was up, she bore a beautiful daughter. But as before, this child was taken from her because of her low birth. This she also accepted with meekness. She only requested that her child not be fed to the ravenous birds and animals. This she was promised. She recovered and lived with great concern for her children and also for the lack of love and respect her husband showed her.

Time went by year by year, and one day the king announced that she must make preparations to depart and that she could only take along what she had brought. She felt that she had brought a pure and deserving love with her. She knew that if she was deprived of the former that her conscience was clear and would do whatever her husband, the king, decided was best for her. She therefore gave up all of her rights and sought out her father, who took her in and promised her that in the future she could reside with him.

Secretly the king inquired about her welfare and gave her whatever she had to have, so that she would not
have to suffer hardships. Time went by and she mourned her children. Soon the rumor spread that the king had chosen a young and beautiful girl to become his queen. The forsaken queen could no longer carry her fate. She was summoned to the palace to prepare for the coming festivities. This she also humbly accepted. She dressed in servant's garb and arranged all the festivities up until the day of the wedding. Guests arrived from near and far until they could hardly be counted with all the splendor and pomp that was had. Horses and wagons, drivers and known friends all mingled together. In spite of all the splendor, the queen remained the same. Now all the guests were present; tables were laid; food was served, and the king sat at the table with the beautiful lady on one side and a handsome gentleman on the other side. Guests were standing in line. Then the forsaken queen was brought into the room dressed in ordinary clothing. The young lady stood up and made room for her, but the queen very reluctantly sat down by the king. The young lady sat down beside her. Then the king asked his queen if she knew these people, and she naturally said "No," as she had never seen them before. The king remarked, "These are our children, and you are my queen and wife. You are sitting by my side and claim the privileges you have been denied so long. I have given you a difficult test. I promise to
fulfill my obligation as father and husband. This reunion has made me the happiest person on earth." Thousands of congratulations were in order, and the family received the blessings of the whole nation.

I A 1 j, I A 2 0, I A 3, I A 4 b, I A 5 0, I A 6 0, I B 1 c, I B 2 0, II A 1, II A 3 b, II B 3 c, III B 2 d, III B 7 0, III C 2 a, III D 0, III E 2, III E 0, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 0, IV C 3, IV d 2, IV E 4, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 0, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 5 a, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2 Q, V C 3 b, V D 1.
GRISELDA

(Grisilla, or the Patient Wife)

There was once a nobleman whose name was Bolter. He had no wife. But he said, "I have a tenant who has a beautiful daughter, and he went to the tenant, Janikule, and asked for his daughter, Grisilla, as a wife. He had taken young women and older women with him who were to dress Grisilla as a bride. They removed her simple clothing and dressed her in the most expensive clothing, due a nobleman's wife.

Time went by, and she had a daughter, but the nobleman, Bolter, approached her, "The child must go. You know you are of poor lineage, and my servants are complaining." She answered, "The child and I belong to you. Do as you want with us."

Later she bore him a son. Again the nobleman approached his wife and said, "You know you are of poor
lineage, and the boy must go." Grisilla answered as before, "The child and I belong to you. Do as you see best."

She became very sad. Thus passed fifteen years. Then Bolter said, "Hear now, Grisilla, you were of common stock, and you can go home to Janikula again. I intend to get a young woman of my own background for a wife."

She answered, "I will go, but I ask only for some linen with which to dress myself." Later, dressed in simple linen, she went back to her father. Her servants followed her, but no one saw her shed a tear. Her father said, I always thought that when the nobleman tired of Grisilla he would let her go."

After a time word came to Grisilla to return and help with the wedding festivities. The nobleman said, "No one can do as well as Grisilla, and I also want her to see the beautiful wife I have chosen this time."

Grisilla obeyed, but with a heavy heart. When the large crowd had assembled, the nobleman went into the kitchen and asked for Grisilla to come out and see all the guests; and when she did this, he could no longer hide his feelings for her, but said, "Grisilla, you are my only wife, and I want no other. This one beside us is our daughter and this is our son." Later even Janikula came to them, and everything went well.
I  A  1 b,  I  A  2 e,  I  A  5 e,  I  A  6 0 ,  I  B  1 1 ,  I  B  2 f,  
I I  B  2 ,  I I  B  3 c,  I I I  A  1,  I I I  B  2 d,  I I I  B  7 b,  I I I  C  2 a,  
I I I  D  0 ,  I I I  E  1,  I V  B  1 a,  I V  B  2 a,  I V  B  4 0 ,  I V  C  2,  
I V  D  1 ,  I V  E  4,  I V  F  1 b,  I V  F  2 b,  I V  F  3 a,  I V  F  4 a,  
I V  F  4 c,  V  A  2,  V  B  1,  V  B  2 a,  V  C  1,  V  C  2 0 ,  V  C  3 b,  
V  D  1 ,  V  D  4. 
THE TALE OF HERR VOLTER AND GRISILLA

Once a knight, Herr Volter, was hunting and came upon a cabin in the woods where he met only an old man and his daughter, who was unusually beautiful but was dressed in rags and poor clothing. Her name was Grisilla. When he came the second time, he gave Grisilla very fine clothes and began courting her. When Grisilla was to leave her home, she intended to throw away her old ragged clothing; but her father, when he saw what she was doing, said "Don't throw away your old clothing. You might need them." And he took them away to store them. Grisilla then married Volter, but he was unusually mean to her, and put her to many tests. Grisilla was very obliging and patient through it all. No matter what Volter said, she always answered, "My will is my master's will." She gave birth first to a little girl. He took the child and gave her to some rich relatives of his who would bring her up, and said to his wife, "You are of such low rank that no child is worth
living after you." Then she gave birth to two sons, and he did the same with them without his sister knowing what he did with them.

At last he said to Grisilla, "Go back where you came from. I want nothing more to do with you." She expressed her many thanks to him for the time she had been in his home. Then she went back to the little cabin and dressed herself in her old ragged clothing and lived as before with her father. A few weeks passed by, and Volter brought his children home. The little girl had attended school as was beautiful and nice. Volter planned a big party for his children and sent for Grisilla to come and make preparations for a wedding. When she came, he showed her his daughter and said, "See what a young and beautiful bride I have." "Yes, you do have a young and beautiful bride, but you must not put her to the same tests that you put me to," answered Grisilla.

When she had said this, he embraced her and said, "You are mine. I didn't intend to leave you, without putting you to a test, to try to make you angry." Then he said, "This young girl, she is our daughter and these boys are our children." From then on they lived blissfully and happily, and Volter was the best man Grisilla might desire.
IA10, IA20, IA5e, IA60, IB1m, IB2e, II B3 a, III B6, III B7 a, III C30, III D4, III E1, III E3, IV B1a, IV B2a, IV B3a, IV B4b, IV C3, IV D0, IV E1a, IV F1b, IV F20, IV F3a, IV F4a, VA1, VB1, VB2a, VC1, VC2, VC3a, VD1.
GRISILLA

Once there was a lord who was very wealthy.
Thus it was that he was to have a wedding, but was without a bride. When the guests came and everything was ready, the bride was absent. The groom then went with his guests to one of his peasants, who had a nice and beautiful girl. When he arrived there she was out pasturing the cattle in the woods. The lord followed her home and asked her father to give her to him as a wife. "The lord will do as he pleases. I have nothing against it if the girl has no objections," answered the old man. He got her as his bride and dressed her up from head to foot before he rode home with her. When they rode away the father said to her that she was not to say or do anything against her man, no matter what he did. She promised to be obedient. The lord tested her unmercifully. The first child she got was a girl. He took the child from her and sent her to his relatives, so they could bring her up, because he thought
that his wife was of such low rank that she could not do
it. The wife, who was called Grisilla, gave her child away,
but begged that she not be thrown to the wild animals. The
lord promised that this would not be done. After a year had
passed, Grisilla gave birth to a boy, which the gentleman
also took from her and sent him to his relatives to be
brought up. Grisilla only asked that the child not be
thrown to the wild animals. "No, that will not happen,"
answered the lord. After a while he drove Grisilla back
to her father. When she got there, she had to do the same
work as before. After a time had passed, the lord brought
his children home. He sent for Grisilla, who was acquainted
with and used to the house, to come and prepare for a wedd-
ing, as he was going to marry the second time. She came.
He had no bride, but sat down to the table with one of his
children. When they ate, he pointed to his daughter and
said to Grisilla, "Don't I have a beautiful bride?" "Yes,
surely she is beautiful, but you must not test her as you
have tested me, because she is too tender and will not
stand for that," said Grisilla. When the lord heard that,
he began to cry and said that it was their own child, and
likewise the other child, who was a boy. From that time
the lord was kind to Grisilla and held her as a good wife.
I A 1 d, I A 2 0, I A 5 e, I A 6 a, I B 1 j, I B 2 0,
II B 4, III B 5, III B 7 b, III C 2 a, III C 3, III D 3,
III E 1, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 b, IV C 5, IV D 2,
IV E 1 a, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 0, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 0, V A 2,
V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 b, V D 1, V D 2.
There was once a poor man named Kulhelm. He had a daughter named Grisilla. She was a beautiful girl. They lived in a little cabin (hut) and were very, very poor and poorly dressed. Then it happened one day that the king came riding by and saw Grisilla. He began to admire her. Another time when he came he brought clothing for Grisilla. When she dressed, she was going to throw away her old clothes, but her father said, "We shall keep them; maybe we will need them sometime."

Then he kept them stored. Grisilla got to ride with the king to the palace where she married him and became his queen. When a year had passed by, Grisilla gave birth to a girl child. Then the king put her to a difficult test. He took the child from her, and said to his counselors that as the queen was not of kingly descent, but of low rank, she was not worthy of having any children. "She is as much yours as mine," thought the
queen, and let them take her child. Then after a while the queen was again with child and got a boy. The king took the child away and said to his counselors that as the queen was not of royal blood, her children could not be heirs to the throne. Then the king made plans for the queen to return to her father and live in the little hut, and she began to put on her old rags. After a while the king had a feast. He then sent for his wife to come to the palace to prepare and cook the food. She came in her old clothes and was very ragged. When they sat down to the table, the king's daughter sat with her father. The king then called in his queen and said, "This is my betrothed," and pointed to his daughter. "She is more worthy of that than I am," thought the queen. The testing time was now at an end, and the king said to his daughter, "Here is your mother." When she heard that, she became very frightened and thought she would die, because she had never seen her mother before, and now she saw her so ragged and so unusually poorly dressed. The king claimed his queen and asked her to change her clothing. From that time on they lived very blissfully and happily. The king never again tested his queen.
III D 4, III E 1, III E 3, IV B 1, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 b, IV C 3, IV D 1, IV E 4, IV F 1 a, IV F 2 0, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, VA 2, VB 1 0, VB 2 a, VC 1, VC 2, VC 3 b, V D 1, V D 3
THE COUNT AND GRISILLA

Once there was a count who was very good to his people. He was already getting old but was unmarried. His people then said to him that he should take a wife so that he would have children. "Yes, yes," he thought. One day the count rode about his property when he saw a pretty peasant girl in the woods. She was pasturing sheep, but had her spinning wheel with her and sat and spun. He didn't talk to her but rode home. His peasants again began to insist that he be married. "I will get married, but do not reproach me if I just take anyone, even the poorest girl." "That we will not do," they said. He then rode away in his wagon to claim his bride. When he came to the peasant's house where the girl lived, she (who was named Grisilla) said, "Now comes the count, and I will go out and see the count's nuptial." When she came out, the count asked if her father were at home. "Yes," she answered. The count then stepped down from
his wagon and went in to see the peasant, who was named Jan Kuli.

When the count came in, he said, "Hear ye, Jan Kuli, I have come to ask for your daughter to be my wife." Jan Kuli was so surprised that for a long time he could not answer a word. At last he said, "If it is my master's will, as it is mine, so shall it be." The count then went out and spoke to Grisilla. She answered the same as her father: "If it is our master's will, so shall it be." "Listen now, Grisilla, you must not give me any uncourteous word, but let me do and counsel as I please." "I understand that, and even if it means death, I will not say anything against you," said Grisilla. The count had the bridal clothing with him and asked Grisilla to change clothes. This she did. When she had done this she intended to throw away her old rags. Then her father said, "Listen now, Grisilla, keep the old clothes, because you don't know when you will need them." Grisilla rode away with the count, and they were married, and the feast was celebrated with pomp and splendor.

The first child she got was a girl. When she was one year old, the count went to her and said, "You are of such low lineage that you cannot bring up children. I will take the child from you and let it be butchered."
"The nobleman does as he pleases," answered Grisilla, and later said, "Let the blood be hidden so that the dogs will not lick it." "Yes, that I will do," answered the nobleman, and took the child from her and she was satisfied. Then when two years had passed, Grisilla gave birth to a boy. When the boy was one year old, the nobleman went to Grisilla and said, "As you are of such low rank, you cannot bring up children. My peasants admonished me to take the child from you and destroy it, because they thought that if the boy lives, he shall be so wicked that they shall all have to leave. I will butcher him." "The count does as he pleases, just so the blood is hidden, so that the dogs will not lick it," answered Grisilla, and let the count take the child away. The children were sent to the pontiff to be brought up.

A long time passed by when the count said to Grisilla, "You can now go back to your peasants; the pontiff has written to me that he has a young bride for me. You must leave everything you have gotten from me, money and clothing." This Grisilla did. In just her undergarment she traveled home to her parents. The nobleman now planned a big feast and guests were invited, but nobody knew where the bride was. The bride's clothing was also ready. He said he was going to get the bride in his wagon and hitched up the horses, and the bridal guests followed
him and were absent when the pontiff sent the count's children home. Now the count rode to Jan Kuli's and asked Grisilla, who was acquainted with his house, to come home and prepare the feast, as he was going to marry. She came. As they sat at the table, the count said to Grisilla and pointed to his daughter, "See what a young and beautiful bride I have." Yes, I see that, but the count must not test her as he has tested me," said Grisilla. "That is your own daughter and that is her brother sitting by her side," said the count, who fell on his knees and asked Grisilla to forgive him. She did as he wanted. From that time on the count was never mean to Grisilla.
A peasant had a daughter named Grisila. He was so poor that the daughter had to go dressed in a skirt made of hides. Once a prince came to the little farm and asked for water, which she handed him in a wooden cup. He fell in love with her and marries her. She must promise him to be obedient in everything except to go through fire and water. When she left the little farm, her father took care of the skirt made of hides and said, "Maybe you will need it sometime."

In the course of three years, Grisila gave birth to three children, a boy and two girls. The children were taken from her immediately after birth. At last the prince drove her away. She yielded in everything and returned to the little farm.

After many years her former husband dressed as a beggar comes to the little farm and asks for lodging for the night. At night he heard her cry and asked what was the matter. "All for my sake," she answered. After a time the prince commanded her to appear as a waitress at his wedding. In her skirt made of hides she must appear at
the feast. The young girl whom she thought was the prince's bride was found to be her own daughter. Grisila was again received as the prince's mate and lived happily with him.
Levinsen, Folkeeventyr fra Vendsyssel (1958), 72 nr. 14; MS: DFS XI, 144-46 (Gg 36b); Coll.: Niels Levinsen 1954; Teller: Maren Matthisdatter i Furby, 69 years; County: Hjørring; Parish: Furreby (1248) (Lat. 57° 30', Long. 10°). Translated by Mrs. Nellie Millwood.

THE PATIENT MASSILIE

There was a king in a country who had a son who was to inherit the kingdom which he did at his father's death. The son was not married and he often rode out in the woods to hunt and saw young, pretty girls amongst high and low classes of people. But not any of them suited him. Then there was a poor shoemaker who lived in town; he had a daughter named Massilie, and her father owned one cow which she took out to graze in the woods. She was so beautiful though clad poorly. He rode out very often to see her in the woods, patted her cheek and showed her his love for him but did not say anything and she never thought anything about his kindness.

Then one day he rode up to the shoemaker's door and there she stood outside by a post and was watering her cow. She was always embarrassed in his presence because she was so poorly dressed. The king asked her if
she would tell her father the king wished to have her father come out as he wished to talk with him. This he did and knelt before the king and asked what he demanded. "I demand nothing," said the king, "but I want to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

The shoemaker hardly knew how to answer. After a bit he said, "Your Highness is not making fun of her? For though she is very poor she is very diligent." "No," answered the king. "I do not want to make fun of her; neither do I want her for my mistress." But he wished to make her Queen. So of course the shoemaker hurried to give his assent. The wedding day was decided and when it arrived a fine carriage was sent to the shoemaker's door with four ladies in fine clothes and a queenly dress for the daughter covering her from head to feet and they drove to the castle and she was married and all was well. The king was loving and good to her as though she had been a real princess. So she became pregnant and in time welcomed a lovely son. Three days after the birth of their son her husband came to her and said, "Now things are really bad. The law of the entire land is against this because you are of the lower class; he cannot ascend to our throne. It is better I take the boy away or the entire country will rise in war against me." "As you will," his wife said sorrowfully, got up out of her
bed, kissed the child and only one thing did she ask of
her husband. "Don't let my child suffer too long." He
took the child away. She never knew where nor did she
ever ask him.

She got up when well again and about a year
passed when she became pregnant again and in time gave
birth to a lovely daughter. Three days later the king
came in to her and said, "It is worse than ever now, worse
than when our son was born; they do not wish a daughter to
become a heir to the throne and their queen. I will have
to dispose (kill) of her too." "As you will my husband,"
she answered and really sorrowful raised up in bed,
kissed her child while her tears fell on her child and he
hastened away after asking him not to let the child suffer
long. Her husband went away with his daughter; she knew
not where.

The queen became well again and was queen for
some years. Then one day the king thought she looked so
sorrowful and depressed. He went to her and said, "Now
it is awful again, worse than ever. Now they want me to
lose my throne if I do not separate myself from you." "Do
as you wish," she said patiently and immediately three
ladies came into her and began to pull off her queenly
clothes right down to her slip. "Do let me keep my slip,
for the honor I felt before I no longer have." They asked
permission of the king and he said she could keep the slip. She was given some old clothes and went home to her old father, the shoemaker, who was still alive. Then Massilie could take care of the cow again and several years went by, about sixteen, since she had given birth to the princess and one day the king came riding by; he saw her by the well with her father's cow and his conscience hurt him so much he fainted and fell off his horse. As soon as she knew he had fainted, she ran to him with water. As soon as she knew he was revived, she hastened away and every time she heard people speak ill of him, that he had done her an injustice, she always answered, "I hope it may always go well with the king."

After the king came home from that ride he decided he would like to get married again and this time he would seek a princess from a king's family and the entire country was invited to the wedding and even though Massilie was so poor she was also invited.

The wedding day came and all the guests, Massilie, too, saw the beautiful bride-to-be, from a royal family, and a prince, her brother, who accompanied her. They were shown to the table; at one end the king was seated and the "bride-to-be" at his side and next her brother. Massilie was seated right across from them at the other end. Massilie looked carefully at them and was sure the princess
resembled the king so much she became very pale. Many times she has thought "It's no wonder this one gets the king; she is so like him." And so she was not jealous that this girl should marry him but nevertheless anxiety and sorrow and fear of harm came over her that she almost fainted and fell off her chair. The king saw this, got up and went to her, took her hand and said, "Get up, Massilie, sit by my side; you are my queen and for always; these you see are your children." He set her by his side and there was much happiness in the castle and the entire land and he sent out an order to his whole country that never again must anyone tempt a patient woman.

I A 1 b, I A 2 0, I A 5 m, I A 6 a, I B 1 b, I B 2 0, I I B 1 f 11, II B 2, II B 3 c, III B 2 a, III B 4, III B 6, III B 7 c, III C 2 b, III D 0, III E 1, IV A 1, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 b, IV C 2, IV D 3, IV E 4, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 a, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 5 b, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 b, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 b, V D 1, V D 2
Grundtvig, Gamle danske Minder II, 167 nr. 310; MS: DFS XV, 616 (Gg 36a); Coll.: Jeanina Stampe 1853; County: Praestø; Parish: Praestø (492) (Lat. 55°, Long. 12°).
Translated by Mrs. Nellie Millwood.

THE PATIENT WOMAN

There was once a king who was very highly esteemed by his countrymen both lowly and of royalty. For many years their biggest sorrow, that he did not marry, for thus the country would have no one to inherit his kingdom. They asked him so often to find them a queen so his own family could continue to rule over them. Finally he promised he would obey their wishes and marry but on one condition—they must swear, under oath, that whether he chose a poor girl of lowly birth or one of near royalty they must honor her equally well as his queen. They promised to do so—love and honor even though of lower parents.

The king had a partner who had one daughter and lived with him for her mother was dead. She kept house for him and was his only support and pleasure. One day the king called him saying that he was going out for a ride and might look in. So therefore to expect him
and be in his best clothes. The daughter asked if she could go outside to see the king ride by; she could, just to have an errand out, go to get a pail of water. When the king drove up she was just coming out to get her pail of water. The king went into the house and asked the old partner if he could marry the latter's daughter. He said, as her father, he hated to part with her—that was the worst the king could ask of him—for he would not be happy nor she either and he begged the king to leave them alone together. But the king insisted on getting her so as he had fine clothes for her with him she bathed in the water she had just brought in, donned the fine clothes and rode to the castle with the king. When they had arrived at the castle, the king told her now she would really become his wife but one thing she must promise him—never to cry or look cross no matter what happened and she promised. So they were married and a year passed and she gave birth to a son. When his subjects heard this, they became so happy they rushed to the castle to congratulate in loud voices and show their happiness.

Then the king went in to her and said—now I must tell you something—my people are very angry and upset for they do not want your child of a simple mother for a future king but they insist he be slain. The queen answered, "Yes, now you can see it is as my father said
and as I said, but you would not listen to us." A servant
came in to get her son and she was alone; she asked that
her son could be put away quickly as possible and no one
saw her sorrowing for she had promised always to be happy.
A year later a daughter and she thought surely this one I
may keep--The country folk were so happy once more but her
husband came in again to her and said the crowd demanded
the child be put away again, slain like the first one.
She answered, "Yes, thus it must be!" and only asked him
to have it done quickly again. For 14 years she reigned
as queen and her husband came in saying "my people demand
I marry a woman of royal blood so we may have a royal
child to inherit the throne." She answered, "I have long
expected this since they would not let my children live;
they do not want me either." She was very happy to go
home to her old father, the old partner and he became very
happy to have her back again; they were so pleased with
each other. Her old loom was still in its corner since
she left it and she sat down and began to weave, spinning
till the yarn was used up. One day as she was spinning a
summons came from the king that she should come at once to
the castle to help plan the meal to be served at his wedding.
She hated to go but knew she had to go. She got it all in
order. What they should have, she ordered and all did as
told. The day the king was to be married she received a
summons to come and see him married and the clothes she
must wear. All was very distasteful to her but she had
to comply no matter how hard it was for her to do so.
Once there, she had to stand on his left side and on his
right stood a beautiful young lady whom she guessed was
to be his bride. Instead of taking the young lady's hand,
he reached to the left for her hand and they were married
again and then he told her the young lady was their
daughter. Then her son came to her and she learned she
had her two children alive although she had thought them
both dead.

For so many years she carried her sorrow in her
heart for she had promised and given her word to be happy
and never complain to her king, but to endure life in
quiet. This now the king could see for her knew her well
enough to know she was only pretending not to grieve. Now
she was as happy as he was and lived happily with him for
many years and became loved and honored by the country
folk as much as they loved their king.

I A 1 k, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 f, I B 1 b, I B 2 0,
II B 1 a, II B 1 g, III B 2 d, III B 3, III B 4, III B 7 d,
III C 2 b, III D 1, III E 1, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 a,
IV C 2, IV D 3, IV E 0, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 a, IV F 3 a,
IV F 4 0, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2 0, V C 3 d,
V D 1
THE PATIENT WOMAN

There once lived a Lord who lived on a large estate near a woods. He and his wife were getting old, and they had only one son who was already getting up in years. He was about 30 years old. Then one afternoon the wife said to her husband as they were eating lunch, "Do you know what I am thinking about a great deal?" she asked. "No, what are you thinking about?" "About our son who never seems to want to get married; we don't even know if he is engaged to. He is old enough and I think it is high time he should have a wife. I am also tired of keeping house for so many people--I would like to have permission to be free." "Yes, of course," said her husband. "I have nothing against if our son wants it so. Then we will talk with him tomorrow and learn what he thinks."

Next morning as they were eating breakfast their son came in and his mother said, "Do you know what we were
talking about at supper last evening?" No, he didn't know. "We were wondering a great deal why you never talk about wanting to get married." "Yes, now that you mention it," he said, "I would be glad to think about it, for I am old enough. But only on one thing I insist—that I be allowed to have the one I choose." "Yes that you may," they said, "only on one condition—you must pick a respectable woman. It matters not if she is poor, for if you take care of this place you can have plenty and if you don't care for it rightly then more land would not suffice either." So it was settled.

Next day when the mother stood near the chimney her son came there and asked if they had malt to brew ale for a wedding. "Yes, that we have and plenty." So he told her to start brewing and he would be married right soon. "Oh," she said "I can be sure of one thing, you are marrying a poor one and you will yourself manage for the wedding feast." He answered nothing. So she said she would start the preparations. But there was no one who knew whom he intended to marry. It might be the worst choice; he didn't know himself. But one day soon he drove into a nearby town and there he walked in to a young lady who was a fine seamstress and tailor. Then he asked if he could get her to sew a wedding dress for his bride-to-be. She said yes but she would first have to go into town to look
for styles and cloths, etc. That they did and she asked him, "Who will I be sewing for?" He said, "You can sew one like your own clothes and it will fit."

After that they went to a shoemaker who measured her feet and she picked out the style. Then he drove home and began to write wedding invitations although he had talked to no one about being his bride. The wedding day came; all was in order. The guests came and he had not told anyone about the bride. They looked and listened and asked one another but no one knew. Just as the guests came he called for his horses and carriage and drove into town to get to his seamstress who he asked to come with him this day to help his bride dress. Also he had arranged with the minister and deacons but they did not know who the bride might be. So he invited the guests to come in and eat and then wait a while while he and the seamstress drove off to get his bride. Soon they drove into the woods where they saw an old shepherd with a few sheep. He beckoned to the man who came forward hat in hand for he knew this man from the nearby estate. So he asked, "Is your daughter home." "Yes," they said and he followed them into the home and he asked if he could wed their daughter. They thought awhile; it seemed so crazy he just couldn't mean it but he did. He wanted to be married inside an hour and all was ready. Before saying
yes they had to consult the daughter who must give her
answer. Maybe she did not even know him. But she did
for he lived close by and she said yes she would marry
him if he meant it and would be good to her for she was
poor and had nothing of which to brag. That he knew and
promised to be good to her only asking one thing. She
must promise to always agree with him and never do any-
thing against his wishes. She said she would try. With
that all was settled. So she got ready at once, bathed
and dressed, for the seamstress should help her and had
the underclothing and dress ready. So the old mother
gathered up her old clothes to save for the time when she
came home again, for, said her mother, "This has come about
too fast to last." Just as she was ready their carriage
drove up and they drove through the woods to their church.
Their guests were so surprised not knowing who his bride
would be. Then from the church they drove to his home
and his parents were so pleased they knew his wife, such
a near neighbor, "Gret Salle." She had helped them often
at butchering time and also with laundry work and was such
a capable person and they loved her. It was a big wedding
and lovely as it could be.

They lived in happiness for a year and then a
little daughter was born. The next day the young father
came into the room and asked his wife how she felt and she
said, "Thank you, pretty well." Then he said there is more to it than that. This estate has a set rule you cannot keep your child for if I should die before you, the child would inherit the place and of course you are of the poorer class than I am. And he started to walk out with the child. She cried then, but answered, "As you will, but do not throw it out to die in the field." "No, I won't," he answered, "No harm shall come to the child." Then he went out with the child. When he came back he went in to see his wife and talked kindly with her. He could tell she was quiet but friendly and not at all vexed but patient and talked with him.

A year passed and this time a son was born to them. The second day her husband came to her, was friendly but said "A son is worse for the estate would go to him and that must never happen to one of lowly birth." Again she was patient and only asked him not to harm the child. That he promised. He could not tell if she was angry with him or just sad. Thus 15 years went by; no more children arrived although she expected children several times but none came. By this time both her husband's mother and father were dead. Her inward sorrow continued and her husband could not tell if she was sorry or angry. Then one day he came to her in the kitchen and said, "Now there is something else." "What something
else?" she said. "How they insist I must have another wife. I cannot keep you any longer." She said, "Yes, again as you wish." And he answered, "You well know your clothes and the things you have are mine." "Yes, I know," she answered, "but I would not care to go home naked. I'd be content to wear my daily and old clothes if you will accompany me home." Daylight was dying so he accompanied her through the woods and talked with her and he could not tell if she felt angry or misused. Finally he said farewell and she went to her home and into the house. The old folks had gone to bed early that evening. She rapped on the door; then her father came and let her in. When he saw her, he said, "Hmm, I thought so that it would end this way; it is odd that it has lasted this long." "Yes," she admitted, "I'm here."

Next day came word from her husband that she must come again to make his bed; no one else could do that. She went willingly and in the time it took he sat in her room with her. When done he asked her to sit on the couch by him and sing a song for him, that, he loved very much. That she would do too. Then he would walk home with her, so it seemed he still had kindly feeling toward her. Next day it was the same and she had to promise she would come every afternoon three of four days and make his bed as he liked and he would accompany
her to the woods and then no more after that time. The 4th day he told her he was going to get married; his cook was already preparing for the feast and he asked her to come the next morning to help the cook since she was acquainted with the house, from then on to get the feast ready. That evening he gave her a set of good clothing, very nice for her to wear the day of the wedding. But she must not come into the church while he was there but with wedding guests assembled to watch them come home and into the house.

So she got into her fine new things and went to her former home for she had promised to be there when he came from church. She went into the kitchen, stayed there and helped the cook a bit until the carriage came from the church.

Her husband of former times came right out into the kitchen, smiled at her and looked at her very carefully and said, "It is good you are here; come with me now in to see my bride." He took her in to the young lady who was dressed like the other guests and was very beautiful and he asked, "Tell me now, is she not beautiful? How do you like her?" "I like her so very much; she is so lovely, you could not have done better. But let me tell you one thing." "What's that?" he asked. "You must not be so hard on her as you have been to me, for she is born of
"upper class" people and could not possibly endure what I have endured, for I am born of poor people." He answered, "I will never offend you again; you have kept your word with me, though I tested you too hard. This bride I called here is not my bride but your daughter and mine and beside her stands your son. They were both confirmed today; that is why we were in church. You are my wife and shall continue to be so long as I live; for you have endured much to prove your love. Now we will be married in town and your daughter will help you into your wedding gown." All became so happy, the old and young. Never was there a happier wedding. Her old parents were brought there and given a lovely room where they lived happily the rest of their lives.

That's how it went for Gret Salle for she had stood her tests well.
R. Paulli, Danske Folkebøger, VIII (1920) s. 79.
Translated by Mrs. Nellie Millwood.

How Lord Volters his court and riders advised him to marry.

Going down the valley lies "Solssens"—a ways off and to the west is a very high mountain called Vesuvius (Vesaus). Its height rises up into the skies and makes it majestic by nature. From this mountain originated a spring which headed toward Solssens, east of the mountain. It was joined by numberless smaller streams and became so large and beautiful that the poet Virgillius called it the king and lord over all waters. It rushes down fast and right through the land called Liguria, next through Emiliam, next through Flamminiam. It reaches Genedien and adds many more streams right till it empties into the big water. The land around the mountain is pleasing to the eye and very good soil. Around and below the mountain also many powerful estates and fruitful land. At the base of the mountain is a city Salvitz, built better than other towns with a very sound foundation because it was for Margressuens, a count's dwelling.
He was most powerful of all the lords and his name was Lord Volter and he was government head of the whole land. He was young in age but looked older because of his great tact and wisdom. Royal in all his actions—well satisfied with what he had and never desiring a larger or wealthier country. He served his people with tact and wisdom. He spent much time in the woods and enjoyed hunting—sometimes neglecting things he might have done, always planning he'd have plenty time. He never spent any time looking for a wife and marriage which caused his people much sorrow. Finally they decided to have a talk with him and picked out the one amongst them who had the best choice of words and a most loyal friend to Lord Volter and decided to have him say, "Dearest master, your many good qualities have long been known to us, we do not like to infer we are not content; but now my friends have asked me to convey their wishes to you although I know your supporters equally love you but if you will lend me your ears I will speak for all of us. Not that I asked for this privilege or think I am wiser than the others, but because of your many kindnesses to us all, I dare to speak for them. Your rules merit much praise; we are all content but in only one thing could you make us more happy, since you are the kind of friend we can ask this one favor that you would soon seek and find a wife and soon bring about
your wedding and pledge your married status mostly because
time goes so fast. True you are still young; nevertheless,
you know old age creeps on us soon and quietly and steals
away youth. You also know death often visits the "young"
as well as the "old." No one goes free from death: all
people must die. As sure as we all know death comes. We
ask you, in good faith to listen to our wishes and get
yourself a bride. We will be pleased with your choice. We
know she will be of good character and beautiful and give
us all peace of mind as well as pleasure. Please Lord
free your people of anxiety that you die and leave no
heirs. This we heartily implore thee."

How Lord Volter solved the situation.

Without any more requests Lord Volters proceeded
to answer them: Dear friends, you compel me to do what
never has occurred to my mind. By preference I have always
kept myself out of anything which might interfere with my
"freedom" a thing you rarely find in wedlock. My people's
desires I will fulfill gladly and easily but only on my
conditions; much as I understand your love and loyalty I
do not want to have you pick out my bride. I want to do
that myself because a woman's will power often and easily
creates unhappiness between children and their father. As
I also know all the goodness we find in people is from God—In Him I shall put my trust. He in all His kindness will lead me to the one with whom I best can live and die. So therefore I will obey your will and find a wife. But I also ask of you, too, will you promise to me to matter whom I choose for my bride, will you love and honor her as you should your lady? That none of you will ever resent her and not consider her my lawful wife whom I intend to live with till death parts us whether she is a king's daughter or the daughter of a shepherd? This his people promised gladly. Later he told his people the day on which he would be married and the day celebrated. This pleased his people very much and they departed each to his home. Lord Volter began at once to plan all the wedding details leading up to a wedding of such importance.

How Lord Volter rode out to find his wife—with many Lords, riders, friends, ladies and young ladies but none of them knew who his bride would be.

Not far from his palace the land was poor and not very fertile and there dwelled mostly his poor people. Among them a poor man named Janiculus. He had one daughter named Griseldis who was very beautiful. She was also very patient, kind, and dutiful of heart and none of like age could do or had more accomplishments. Being raised
on little nourishing food and knowing nothing of a better way she was happy and good to her old father. During the daytime she worked in the field watching her father's sheep and spinning, thus passing the time as her spinning wheel she had taken out with her daily. In the early evening she gathered pear and whatever else she could find to carry home to her father for their evening meal.

At night she slept on a hard bed. All that ordinarily happened to a shepherd's child was her lot and she lived patiently with her old father. When Lord Volter went riding or walking her often looked kindly at her, not with any look of unworthy thinking or covetnous but acknowledging her modesty, her beauty of creation, and her drab life. So because of this he could not get interested in any other young lady in the whole world.

Now the time for his wedding was approaching and no one knew who his bride would be nor from where she was coming. All his people wondered constantly but Lord Volter alone took care of all things pertaining to gold rings, crown, costly clothes, belts, etc. as he wanted it according to his love for Griseldis. Still as no one knew and time for the wedding and festivities was close, he saw to it that table arrangements and costly appointments were prepared and now Lord Volter got ready to ride out to meet his bride accompanied by a host of riders, servants, women,
and young women. Griseldis had no idea at all what was about to take place. She straightened her father's house neatly and then asked him if she could go out with the other young girls to see the Lord coming with his bride. She hurried out to the well to get another pail of water as the well was quite far from the house. He and his party were approaching. He nodded to her and said, Griseldis, where is your father?" She curtsied and said shyly, "He is in the house." Lord Volter answered, "Tell him to come out to me." As he came out the Lord took his hand and led him aside, talked with him quietly saying, "Janiculis, I regard you very highly as I know you do me, and I know what I ask of you, you will gladly do. Still I must ask of you though I am your Lord. May I have your daughter as my lawful wife and will you take me as your daughter's husband?" The old man took his hand away and became so excited it was sometime before he could talk. Finally he said with a big sigh and hands that shook, "Lord Volter, I have never wanted anything but your will, so now be it as you will, only because you have always been my favorite Lord." Then Lord Volter said, "Let's go into your house and in your presence I'll hear and learn her answer." So they went in and his people outside couldn't wonder enough. The girl had gone inside and was fixing up her house being nervous about such outstanding company
coming into her home. Lord Volter talked with her and said, "Griseldis, it pleases your father and me that you should become my lawful wedded wife. I hope and believe it could please you too. But only on one condition. If it should happen that we disagree as married people often do, will you promise me on your honor that you will do my will and never say 'No' to what I ask of you. You will not rebel against me and give me angry words but let me be the one to decide what is necessary." To such a strange and queer request, she answered meekly and quietly, "My dearest Lord, I know I am unworthy of such an honor but if it is your will that you will have me I promise you I will never not only talk against but I will never think thoughts against you. There is nothing you could ask of me I would not do; even to die for you would not be too hard."

Lord Volter said, "Enough said."

Now about how Lord Volter pledged Griseldis with his ring and told his people she would be their "first lady" that they should honor and obey her as was their duty.

Whereupon he took Griseldis by the hand before his people and said "she will be my bride. You must honor and obey her and always hold her dear as you do me. This is for all time as I consider her the most honorable and best woman of all. But since she must not have to wear her
old clothes into the palace. I bid you help her get
dressed in costly clothes from head to feet." Straight-
way the ladies and young ladies hid her from view with their
clothes and coats until she was dressed in fine clothes,
rare jewels, and rings on her fingers, so she could well
know she was her people's favorite. Then Lord Volter
placed the ring on her finger and before his people pledged
his broth, placed her on white horse and led them to the
palace. So the wedding was held amidst much pleasure,
praise and honor.

God gave His blessing that the former and poor
shepherd's daughter, with courage and wisdom became so
dear to her people and received so much honor that it is
hard to understand how it came about. Her lovely character,
friendly ways, beauty, and costly clothes one could not
recognize her as a daughter of Janiculus, the poor shepherd.
So great was her beauty, improved by her good life, her
kind words and good mind that she could make friends out-
side of her own home in nearby places where folks came to
get acquainted and learn for themselves of her tact and
friendliness. Lord Volter was so satisfied with her
dignity, friendliness so honored by all in her home and
secure in peacefulness. Her people honored Lord Volter
for being able to see through her modesty and old clothes
her real value, her mild manners and the fine person she
was. And how she never once was disagreeable to him or to her household or those under her husband's commands. And at no time of her husband's travels away from their homeland but she could understand matters of politics or government and give good advice to some of the royalty. They admired her wisdom and often told her she must have been sent from heaven.

Shortly hereafter she took to her bed often--being pregnant and knowing that, her people became very happy and could hardly wait for the child to be born. God sent her a lovely daughter (she had hoped to have a son though not even her husband knew that). Her husband and household were happy to hear the child's first cry. But Lord Volter had become possessed of a new idea. Though love may have been the cause I do not know, but will let wiser people than I decide that, he saw his wife as loving him very dearly; she had been and was honorable, ambitious and truthful in all things. Anyway his secret ambition was to test her harder and more. He went into her room looking as though he was very angry and talked seriously to her saying, "Griseldis, you well know the house from which you came here. I believe you have not forgotten the poverty in which you were raised. Although you have here acquired so much authority and power. You are very dear to me but my noble royalty Lords do not look so kindly
toward you since you begin to have children who might then inherit the country and not be eligible because of your lowly birth, a poor man's daughter. I have always had peace and a good understanding between my countrymen and me. So I cannot do as I would like to with my child but instead I must obey their will though it grieves more than anything else, my dear lady. Nor will I take steps to carry out their wishes without telling you. Therefore I ask your consent with patience and without complaining as you promised." As Griseldis heard him she neither cried or sighed but with greatest patience and no commands answered, "You are my Lord--I and my daughter are yours. Therefore do as you will. I will never think badly of you but wish you well. I ask nothing and therefore do not fear losing anything. You alone are fastened strongly in my heart and you nor anyone else will ever know my mind except that I am grateful to you and nothing shall be too hard for me to accomplish." Getting such an answer made Lord Volter very happy but he did not let her know his real feeling. He acted as though he were very sorry and sad as he left the room. But soon after he sent his servant in to her, a man he could trust. He instructed the servant as to what he should say and do. The same servant came to Griseldis during the night and said, "Griseldis, my dear lady, I ask you with most respect that
you do not think my demands of my origin but I must do this because I am commanded to do so and it is much against my will and I am unhappy about this. You of your own judgment and wisdom know I must obey my lord's orders. You yourself know his lordship's orders are severe. I must take your child away from you. " Then he stood still as he had been ordered to do--and she knew he had orders to do away with the child. This Griseldis understood for her Lord had said so--she looked more worried--as the orders came during the night--she did not cry out nor sigh or in any way betray her sorrow. It would have been hard for the baby's nurse, how much harder it must have been for the real mother. She made the sign of the holy cross on the baby's face and breast, wrapped it well, and said, "Dear boy go now and do as your dear Lord has ordered. I only ask one thing; do not place it where wild animals or birds can destroy the poor little child. You know it is not my husband's will either." Then the servant took the child and gave it to his Lord telling him what the wife said and asked of him, 'Lord Volter felt sad but still could not give up his idea of trying and testing. He gave the servant instructions of what to do, which he did. Carefully wrapping it he laid it in a basket, got onto a camel, and took the child to Bononien, to Lord Volter's sister, the count of Panintz' wife--who was to bring it up
as though it were her own child and teach her to obey—be honored and with worthwhile treatment as befitted royalty.

As time went on Lord Volter watched Griseldis' face and her words. But he could never by her face or actions tell but that she always seemed quiet, dignified, willing to serve happily and loving him so much. She never cried or sighed—nor did she speak a word about the daughter she lost.

How Lord Volters became again father—this time to a son and how he again decided to continue testing to prove her love for him by sending his son away too. Never once did his wife give way to impatience or sorrow—

Three years later, God in His mercy gave Griseldis an especially lovely son who brought Lord Volters and all his countrymen great happiness and again though the Lord decided to test and prove his wife some more he told her, "Griseldis, you must have noticed how displeased and worried our people are again that I have you for a wife and since you again have given birth to a child especially a boy—who when I am dead would be their Lord—a son of Janiculus' daughter—Lord over them all—That such a noble royalty married beneath himself—the Lord God himself must pity us. Such I hear every day from my people. I would like
to live in peace and good relationship with my people; That I can't do because great sorrow I must keep to myself. So I can think of nothing except that what I did to our daughter I must do to our son also. I will do this myself so you need never blame yourself—or grieve that it is your fault."

The good and long-suffering Griseldis answered him and said, "My will is your will—yours to do as you will—I only ask nothing of you about this child either—I am prepared to work according to your demands as long as I can do as you will me to, no longer I belong to you. You are my Lord. You have a right to do as you please without my knowledge. The time I changed from my old clothes in my old father's house and came to your house—that time I walked out of my own will as I did out of my old clothes and I have taken on your will as well as your clothes, And therefore whatever you want, I want. Would I could surmise long ahead what your will is and follow it. I would do so, since I don't always know your will I will try to follow your wishes no matter what they are. If you even wished me dead I would gladly die. Our wills will always be to do the same whether it be death or other creatures here on earth." Lord Volters was much amazed; he had never imagined a woman's love and loyalty could be so faithful. He acted as though he was very
sorrowful and walked away from her, called his loyal
servant and told him, "Go in to my wife and do as before."
So the servant looked very sympathetic and complained, "I
am sorry my Lord demands this of me, to have to commit and
do such a pitiful murder." He fell on his knees and asked
her not to cry but to bear her troubles with God's help.
So he asked for the child. She took the lovely child; not
even her face showed her sorrow but how her heart suffered
no one knew even I could tell. The child was not only
dear to the mother but to anyone who might see it. She
blessed the child with the sign of the cross on its breast
and face as she had the daughter. She looked at the child
a little while, then asked the servant, "My good friend,
go fast and do what you were commanded to do. I only ask
one thing of you, if you must do this--that wild animals
or birds may not destroy this child of royal blood."
That he would do as she asked him. He took the child to
its father and told him what she had said. Her Volters
was again frightened and surprised. Had he not in truth
shown great love for his child when he provided a good home
and she so easily could give it away to die? Even though
her great love for him made her willing to undergo any
hardship even to dying if it were his will, she should. And
yet he thought if I should be the judge how would I know
who is guilty.
So he dispatched his servant with the child to Bononien and his sister's for good care. Such temptations as Lord Volters had because of his own wife, who had always been most loyal? Too much so toward the most outstanding or desirable man the world had ever known?

There are many who start something and never finish that which they started. But such was not Lord Volters way. He would try to test and prove her till he was really satisfied. He could not tell that his test proved any more to his satisfaction than the first test. She lived each day modest living, her patience never yielding to his will but always to his will so that neither he or she ever had any will. Her will was his and his will was hers.

Among the country's royalty bad rumors began to grow about Lord Volters which among the people became more and more numerous.

How he was supposed to have murdered her children like a tyrant and ungodly man for his wife's fault of not being royally born but of a lowly farm man and poor. But mostly because no one ever had a chance to see the children nor did they know where they were. This caused the good Lord Volters to become unpopular by those who were in lower class than he--they all who had held him in high honor and worthiness and highest love now made no effort to see or hear him.
This Lord Volters could well notice but nevertheless he could not give up and test his wife no more.

How Lord Volters forthwith tested Griseldis with a letter from Rome wherein he was told to get rid of Griseldis and get himself another wife.

Now about 12 years had passed since Lord Volters' daughter was born—so Lord Volters sent some messengers to Rome and gave them these orders. When they came home from Rome they should pretend they had a letter from the Pope for him in which he was told—For the lord's powerful management of his people and for his royal behavior the Pope would allow him to get rid of his present wife, who was a shepherd's daughter of lowly birth not worthy of a lord and get himself a wife of royal blood worthy and honorable thus to create a feeling of peace to grow between him and his people the common folks. The rumor spread among his people but it was possible not everyone believed it to be true.

When the rumor reached Griseldis I believe she became very sorrowful. Though she made herself suffer and show the very greatest patience. God would take care of her future; she was unprepared though for what the many changes here and there did to her heart and life. She
would gladly give back the importance and power of being Lord Volters' wife had brought her.

Lord Volters wrote to his brother-in-law the count in Bononien asking him to personally bring his children and the rumor spread throughout the land that the count had given Volters his daughter to be his lawful wife. The count did as Lord Volters ordered, since he had raised both the children in all the splendor of royalty—good manners and conduct and the very costliest clothing. He brought both the daughter and her brother to Salvitz with a large crowd of riders, servants, ladies, and young ladies in such a manner as folks do going to a big wedding of importance.

Not yet could Lord Volters give up his hardness but still wanted to test and try to tempt his wife to break her patient demeanor. He went in to her and said, "Griseldis, I have had your good will and pleasure in our married life, so much, still I have noticed in your manner and ways that you stay the same as others of your class those from whom you have come. I feel, too, that I can no longer remain in your class having a farmer's daughter for my wife. My countrymen compel me to change, also our holy father the Pope tells me I may have another wife and part from our married life. She will arrive soon. Therefore you must be willing to give her your
place, your tact and power. Take back your wealth that you brought and go back to your father's old home." The patient Griseldis answered and said, "My lord, I have always felt to myself that my patience and to your power had nothing alike. I have never considered myself worthy of being your servant even much less worthy of being your wife. I have also in your house, in which you have made me a woman, as God will bear me witness, that I always have felt myself even unworthy to be your servant and can never thank God or you enough that I lived so long in your house. I have been treated as a woman of honor and worthiness much more than I could ever have earned. So I am all ready and prepared to go to my father's house, live my life and sometime die—there where I was well known in my youth and know I have been a lawful wife.

I will also not go proudly from this house where I have had so much power and honor.

You ask me to take my wedding clothes and gifts which you gave me with me. What it is I well know I have not forgotten that, outside my father's house my old clothes were taken off and I donned the lovely and costly clothes you brought and I was with much honor taken to the castle. I have done nothing wrong—been loyal to you in all ways. Therefore I will take off my clothes and put on my old clothes in which you took me as your servant.
My other clothes which I have used in my higher place here you will find all together in my room. I came ill clad from my father's home; as such I will go back. But it seems to me not quite right that the life which carried and gave birth to your children should go naked before all these people so I beg you to let me keep my one slip, to cover my poor servant woman's nakedness." Lord Volter could no longer be so unkind. Tears washed down his face and he could scarcely talk but said, "I am content; keep the slip" and walked away crying and distressed. Griseldis took off all her clothes except the slip which would hide her nakedness. Then she walked away from the palace in her bare feet; many people pitied her that she should be so unfortunate and none of them could keep back the tears, but Griseldis herself and came pitifully back to her father's house. He was not surprised for he had always thought she would be better off amongst poor people like herself than in high class society. He had always believed that when her Lord tired of her and begins to hate her because she was shy and patient he would drive her out of his home and palace as was always the way with the rich and mighty folks. Now when he heard from people around she was coming home and saw his daughter coming quietly and almost naked he at once started to get out her old and ragged clothes that he had long ago put in a chest. He
went toward his daughter to give her the clothes with which to cover herself but the people stayed with her right to the door of the house and were crying for her in her misfortune. But Griseldis seemed glad to be in her father's house, showed again how patient she was since none of her sorrowing friends could see on her face or manner any sign of her sorrow and never heard her complain that she had fallen from great power to poverty and slavery. The more she had to bear the more her patience and strength to bear adversity increased.

Now you must hear how Lord Volters ordered Griseldis to accept his new bride with honor and obedience.

Count of Pawintz was on the way and every day expected to arrive. Rumors were constant that he was bringing the bride. Lord Volters learned from a rider in advance of what day the count would be seen coming. On the day before the Count was due Lord Volters sent for Griseldis. She came obediently and he said to her, "I would like that the young lady, my bride-to-be, who will be coming here with women, young women, riders, servants, and all others who may come should be welcomed by you. Likewise all the others who may be coming to such a celebration that they here also be welcomed with mannerly
words and whatever is necessary in such a case. I have royal women who also could do this for me but nevertheless even though you have poor and worn clothing I give you his command—greet and welcome the guests each according to his position in life, for in my mind my habits and all my body I know you are far more well mannered and cultured than anyone." Griseldis answered and said, "Lord I will not only do as you ask and heartily thank you for letting me do this service. And in my mind and body not be haughty but instead serve you in great humility."

With these words Griseldis began at once to arrange everything pertaining to beds, tables and all the other things needed for such a celebration. What she could not do herself, she showed others with such patience that everything was well done and made ready. She showed herself in every way to be a trustworthy servant woman. The second day after this the Count of Pawintz arrived with the young man and young girl whose beauty was so outstanding and accompanied by a handsome young man; all people were amazed. Some said, "Lord Volters has shown wisdom since the bride to be is much younger and unlike the older one undoubtedly is of royal blood and more than that, Lord Volters will have a prince for a brother-in-law." And Griseldis hid her feeling and appeared glad and light-hearted. She neither cried or looked unhappy before
going before her people in old clothes. She approached the bride-to-be with a mild look and said, "Dearest gracious lady, God and I welcome you." Then she welcomed all the others with good manners as she had been asked to do. The house and hall were so pretentiously decked the guests wondered at the tact and good manners existed in any one of such lowly birth or in a person so poorly and unwisely dressed. Her only aim was to show the young prince and the young lady praise and honor. Such could not be given of herself except but of her great goodness to all.

As they were about to be seated at the table Lord Volters asked Griseldis in a loud voice as if he wanted all the guests to hear him, "What do you think of my bride-to-be? Is she not a beautiful person?" "Yes, Lord," Griseldis answered, "A lovelier woman you could not find in all the world and without any doubt you could not find a better wife and will be happier than you ever could picking any other or me. God, the most powerful, knows I only ask Him to grant you both happiness. Still one thing I ask of you. Do not punish her as sharply as you have castigated your first wife. She is young and very carefully raised; she could never stand to suffer and understand." As Lord Volters realized the undescrivable love his wife had borne for him all the
years he had sorely tempted and tested her, her loyalty to him, he was overwhelmed with her love and power to endure; he decided she had been punished enough and said, "Now I am convinced no man in the world has tried and tested his wife like I have and found so great and powerful loyalty in her as I have. He embraced her kindly and with such love Griseldis was not only frightened but looked as though she had just awakened from most unheard of and wonderful dream. Lord Volters told her, "Griseldis, you are alone my dearest wife; I've never had any other. I've never had anyone else. This young woman who you thought was my intended bride, this is your daughter and this is your son. All that which I have taken from you, daughter, son, home and clothes I give all back to you. No one could or would do anything else in all honesty. It is all my fault; I only meant to try you and test you to find out if you were loyal to me. I have not let your children die. I have had them well cared for and raised honorably."

When the patient Griseldis and her children heard what had been said, they became so very happy and so astounded where they that for a while they could not talk. And after that they understood her great love had held her back and allowed him to have his will even though it had spoilt her happiness for years until now. On her happy children loving and kissing her the large crowd clapped
hands in joy nor could any of them refrain from tears of joy.

Then Griseldis was put back into her former place of honor, all her costly clothes put on her, so that she experienced the greatest happiness and showed her people a sight they had never seen of "joy." Lord Volters and his wife, the son and daughter lived lovingly together many years with much Godliness. First of all Lord Volter took into his heart the poor old father-in-law Janiculus whom he formerly had spurned.

That way he could keep his word with his good Griseldis whom he tried in every way to show how much he honored and loved her. His daughter he named a countess, his son inherited the country at his father's death and ruled for many years well, with much wisdom and patience.
2. Herr Peder rode away under oath to hunt for a wife.
   He liked little Kiersten so friendly and innocent all on a summer's morning.
2. His love cast a spell over little Kiersten.
   He brought her to his own home.
3. But one month of the year was left.
   Little Kiersten gave birth to a daughter.
4. On Saturday the little daughter was born.
   On Sunday she was sent away.
5. Peder left for strange lands and gave his sister the little daughter.
6. He asked her to love this little one as though it were her own daughter.
7. Asked her to raise the child with honor.
   She must know she was of royal blood.
8. The child grew up so good and modest.
   She knew nothing except that her mother was dead.
9. When she was 12 winters old she was so friendly and kind.
10. Mr. Peder lowered his head in shame and went aloft to see his little Kiersten.
11. "Little Kiersten, where would you like to live? While I get married to a wife.
12. I like to live near a little water A rider's daughter in Sweden's land.
13. "With great sorrow will I live my life God grant you happiness with a wife.
14. Then soon thereafter she saw The bridal party riding.
15. Tell me Herr Peder under oath Which one is your plighted wife?
16. It is my young wife She rides first under golden sky."
17. Now I see your rightful wife God grant I had been long dead.
18. She rode toward the fiancee (young lady) with honor And bade her to be welcome.
19. She gave her the gold rings My dear father gave me all of them.
20. Then she gave her the gold band God protect you from harm and water!
21. I believe you are a maiden rich. God grant he doesn't treat you like me.
22. The shame made skin clear as wine
   All day the wife rode on.
23. All day she rode on
   Little Kiersten with cheeks so pale.
24. Late at night the smoke was falling
   And Peder beckoned Kiersten to stop.
25. Little Kiersten let your fears fly away
   I will never leave you again.
26. This is not my young bride
   But is our daughter.
27. It was gladness, all were happy
   --My daughter wonders--
   But all was good
   Peder and wife drank their wedding wine together
   All on a summer's morning.
REMNANTS OF A FAIRY STORY

There was once a man who owned a large estate but he was getting old and had no children to inherit his property. Folks on his estate esteemed him highly and wanted him to get married; then perhaps he'd get a son who would become as good as his father and become in time a good head of estate-man. So the estate owner promised he would do as they wished but they must promise to be happy whether he married a rich girl or a poor one.

So he rode away on his horse with his groom. They rode past a house where a young girl lived. She kept house for her father who was a widower. As he rode by, the girl was out with a crock to get water. He became so fond of her that he married her.

First they became parents of a girl. But in this time various people became jealous of her and carried stories to their master and the latter decided to test her worthiness. He told her their children would have to be
slain because they were children of such a poor girl, and their daughter was taken away from the mother but in reality he sent his child to his sister. In the same manner when she gave birth to a son her husband told her the child would have to be slain, but instead sent him to the sister.

The young mother was very sorrowful. But she was not yet tested enough. In time he sent her back to her old father. Now she had to take only her old clothes and her father told her when she returned, "He might have known it would end this way." But she answered her husband was free to treat her as he wanted but her "honor" he could not give back to her.

Now when their daughter was 16 years old and the lord pretended he wanted to marry her and invited the mother to the wedding. But when he saw how grieved the mother was, he repented and could not restrain his own tears, but said to her "You have been tried enough now; you shall don the wedding clothes that he had saved for her and he married her again."
Also in Piemont a rich and powerful man Marg-earl named Gualterus who had decided he would never marry, but his people wished so much he would marry he decided to yield to their wishes but only on one condition, he would pick his own bride; they must all accept her with grace and be pleased with her.

Weeks after that he made preparations for the wedding without anyone knowing who his bride would be. When the wedding guests arrived and saw no bride Gualterus rode off with a few servants and stopped at a shepherd's house. The shepherd had one very beautiful daughter; her diligence and honor the Earl knew well. He called the father Janicula and asked if he could marry his daughter. Likewise he asked the daughter if she would be his wife. Both in greatest surprise said "Yes." Then she was given costly bridal clothing and the wedding proceeded. But first Gualterus demanded she must always obey him, never oppose his will. This she proudly promised.

After a year's time a lovely daughter was born so Gualterus proceeded to test her promise. With a serious look he told her his friends and countrymen would not
ever accept the daughter because his wife was of humble parents and the child would have to be put away and his servants took it to the nearby woods. His wife Griseldis said not a word, kissed her child and gave her to the servant. The servant had secret orders to deliver the child to Gualterus's sister who lived in Bononien and who would tend her carefully.

A year later a son was born and delivered to the sister likewise, who never was to let anyone know the children were "royalty." Griseldis had made no complaint whatever because her children were taken from her.

After 12 years Gualterus told his wife he had obtained permission from papal authority that he could remarry and pick a woman of royal birth. He ordered Griseldis to take off her lovely clothing, put on her old clothes and go home to her father. She did so with no complaint at all.

In the meantime his brother-in-law came from Bononien and brought with him a lovely young princess whom it was thought would be his bride. With her was an outstanding and handsome young man.

Then Gualterus called Griseldis to come to wait table at the wedding. She came in her old clothes and proceeded to work. Then Gualterus asked her, "How do you like the new bride?" Griseldis praised her highly
and said, "She is lovely." Gualterus became so touched he threw his arms around Griseldis and said, "She is our daughter and this is our son." Griseldis was restored to her former prestige and honor and the happiness was greater than ever before.
THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHARCOAL BURNER

THE STORY OF GRISELDIS

A charcoal burner had a daughter, who was very beautiful and moral. One time a margrave on the hunt came past the charcoal burner's house. When he saw the girl, he demanded her from her father as his wife. The girl was very surprised, because she thought that she was not for such a high lord, and that he would only make her unhappy. Thereupon the count swore that he would make her happy. He put her in the wagon and took her with him. He placed her in his house as his wife. In the first year she had a son. Then the count wished to test her, to see whether she had also a noble heart, because her beauty was not enough. He took Griseldis' child away. He said that his people wanted to succession from a peasant woman. Griseldis remained steadfast. The servant came and was supposed to bury the child. Griseldis...
kissed and blessed the child and then she wept greatly. The lord inquired of the servant how she had conducted herself. Then he sent a female servant with the child to his sister.

The following year Griseldis was again with child. And she had lived as if nothing at all had happened. That pleased him very much. With the second child he did exactly as he had done with the first. Then they lived a long time without children. Then thought the count, I wish to test her to the limit. He wished to marry someone else. He will say that the people will not approve her. She thus should go back to her father just as she came here. He allowed her only her underclothes. All the bystanders wept fearfully. She went naked and without shoes back to her father. There she was poor or prosperous. Then the count gave a banquet. Griseldis was supposed to help serve the guests. She was supposed to give help at the wedding. When all the guests were assembled, the count called Griseldis. Griseldis, look at my bride. A young and beautiful girl: that is my bride.

Griseldis said, I wish all happiness and greater joy to my successor. Then the count embraced her and said, you remain my wife, and here is your daughter.
Forgive me everything that I did to you. From now on we will live in peace.

I A 1 g, I A 2 0, I A 5 c, I A 6 0, I B 1 e, I B 2 0, II A 1, III B 2 a, III B 7 d, III C 2 a, III C 3, III D 0, III E 0, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 a, IV C 2, IV D 4, IV D 7, IV E 1 b, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 a, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 4 c, V A 1, V B 1, V B 2, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 b, V D 1
There was once a poor, poor farmer, who had three daughters, and the youngest of them was named Griseldele. This Griseldele was far prettier than her sisters, and was also so honest and diligent that everyone was astonished by her. She had always to go and keep watch on the mountain, but she was never content with guardianship alone, but always took with her another piece of work, in order not to be idle.

At the foot of the mountain stood a count's castle, wherein lived a young count, who was not yet married and who thought that by chance he should long for a countess. He saw Griseldele going every day over the mountain and wondered not only about her beauty but even more about her diligence and modesty. Then one time the thought came to him that he should take that diligent, modest maiden as his countess, that he should never find a better, as far as the sky is blue. This thought fixed itself ever more firmly in his head, and he was soon resolved to have Griseldele as his wife. He caused
everything to be put in order for the wedding, but said
to no man who she was, whom had selected as his bride.
When everything was in order for the wedding, and nothing
was wanting but the bride, he ordered his servants to go
into the stall and make his horse ready so that he could
call for his bride. When the wagon stood ready for his
departure, he ordered them all to go away, for he did not
wish that anyone should go with him and discover that the
bride was only of the common class. When all had gone
away, he carried out to the wagon a beautiful wedding
gown which he had hidden nearby, climbed up and then
drove off. He soon came to the place where the farmer
lived with his three daughters. The house did not stand
on the road, but a considerable piece apart. Then he
turned off the road and went to the house. The farmer,
who was splitting wood before the house, wondered about
the carriage which came there and thought, "The
beautiful coach has left the road, so I must run toward
him and tell him that he should turn around." Even from
afar he pointed with his arm that waggoner should turn
around; and when he came nearer and the lord saw him,
he said, "Go back the same way; you are on the wrong road.
You can go nowhere when you pass my hut." The lord
laughed and said shortly, "Oh, no, father, I am on the
right road." Herewith he gave the horses a smack and
drove through (past) much gayer and happier. The farmer turned around and ran after the carriage. When the lord reached the house, he waited for the farmer and asked him if he did not have three daughters. "I have three daughters indeed," answered the farmer. "Well, go tell them to come out here." The farmer wondered very much why the count wanted his three daughters; but he dared not ask, and had to do his will at once, even if he did not know why. He went inside and fetched the daughters. The two eldest came out in their tattered (?) garments that they always wore. The count saw that the right one was not among them and asked the farmer, "Don't you have another one? You said that you have three. Where is the third, whom you do not allow to be seen?" The farmer asked pardon and said, "I have ordered Griseldele to come out here, but things have never gone so badly for me, because she has just shamed herself." "Tell her indeed to come out here," said the count, "and tell her that by all means I wish to see her, and it would please me if she were dressed, as poorly as she wishes." The farmer went inside to fetch her out, and finally Griseldele came out in a tattered (?) frock. She presented herself before the strange lord with blushing face; but the count thought it far better than if she had approached him very freshly and boldly. He saw immediately that it was who, whom he had already
long desired, and asked her if she would not like to become his wife. You may be sure that at first she thought it was only a joke and that she best enjoyed the count's favor. However when he repeated the same question the second and third time and assured her solemnly that he was completely in earnest and that the people already awaited the wedding, then she began to believe it more and more and stuttered out an ashamed "Yes." The count thanked her again and again, gave her the beautiful dress from the wagon and said that she should now throw away the tattered frock and put on the silken garment instead of it. Then Griseldele went to her chamber, and when she came out in the silken, gold-embroidered dress her beauty shone more than ever; and the count realized that he had found not only the most honest but also the most beautiful bride. Then he gave the father and the two sisters rich presents, with which they would indeed be content because he did not wish to invite them to the wedding. Then he ordered Griseldele into the wagon, turned around, and drove gaily back to his castle. When he came into the court, everyone ran to the wagon to see the unknown bride. Everyone wondered about the beauty of the girl; but no man dared ask the count where he had gotten her. Griseldele did not know what to do among all the high-ranking people, and if she had not immediately grown fond of the count, she would have wished herself over 99 miles away.
The wedding was celebrated with suitable (?) pomp, and the count and Griseldele lived from now on as man and wife together in peace and love. A year passed, and she presented the count with a child, a girl. It was hardly in the world, when the count went in to Griseldele, put on a gloomy expression, and said, "Now give me the child at once; I will then throw it in the Ziggel (?), and the people will know nothing of it. I have long been ashamed that I took you as wife; how badly it would go if an heir from this marriage should succeed me." How full of woe the words and request of the count made Griseldele, one can only imagine. She said not a word, however, held her pain within her to please her husband, made the sign of the cross, and kissed the child, and gave it to him. He took it, got into the coach and drove far away to some honest people. To these he gave the child and ordered them to christen it before all and to name it Maria. Then they should diligently nourish and educate it; he would repay them well for everything and would look in from time to time, to see how his little daughter was. When he had everything in order, he went home again, went to his wife, and said, "Now indeed no man will inquire anything more about it, because I have secretly thrown it into the Ziggel." At these words a deeper pain shot Griseldele through the heart, and she wished to weep
bitter tears; however, she suppressed the terrible pain within her, and she endured everything very humbly and out of love for her lord.

After a year they had another child and that was a boy. Hardly was he in the world, when the count came to Griseldele, put on a gloomy expression, and said, "Now give me the baby at once, so that I can throw him in the Ziggel. I am never secure before the people because I married you; what would they say if I were to bring up as my heir a child related to you as well as to me?" Again Griseldele said nothing, took the little boy, crossed and kissed it, and let it suffice her. He went away with it, got into his coach, and went with it to the same people to whom he had also brought the girl. To these he gave over the child, commanded them to give it the name of Johann in the baptism and to nourish and train him. Then he went home, went to Griseldele and said, "It is good that the boy now lies in the Ziggel, so that the people ask nothing about it." Griseldele again said nothing, so deep was the woe these words made in her soul.

The count went repeatedly to see how his children were; he also told them when they could understand that he was their father, and that it gave him great joy that they were growing so robust and that they had been reared so
honestly by the strange people, and that he had not brought
the slightest grief against their welfare. Griseldele,
however, never asked anything about her children, and
thought often with pain how it had been when the two child-
ren were still alive. However, she never let a word of
complaint be heard, but yielded herself patient and humble
to her fate.

Seventeen years after the birth of the first
child, the count came one day to Griseldele and said, "Now
there is nothing more for it; you must leave the castle.
The people wonder why I permitted you here so long and are
angry with me because I so dishonor my family. Go home
again, put on your tattered frock, and send the noble gar-
ment back." Griseldele was frightened over this command,
but she did not become angry, but parted from her husband
as if he had always done her only good. Silently she left
the castle and made her way home. Then indeed she had
many heavy thoughts and was afraid that her father was
perhaps already long dead. "And what will my sisters say,"
she thought, "when I tell them that the count has driven
me out!" They will laugh me to scorn and not envy my bad
luck because I formerly wanted to elevate myself so high
above them!" With such thoughts she went home and came
at last to the little farmhouse. Yet she then had a
pleasure, because she found her father still alive, and
to him she could lament her deep sorrows. She then asked
him if he wished to keep her with him again; she would
gladly do all work and would not let herself remark that
she had once been something other than the poor Griseldele.
Her father was moved to pity for her, gave her consolation,
ordered her to stay there, and said,

Put on your tattered frock,
And eat with me a (?)

Griseldele put on her tattered frock again and
sent the costly silken dress back to the count in the
castle. She lived again as formerly, with farm work and
rural fare; and if she thought back on her husband with
love and longing, she did not expect to ever return to the
castle again.

Then one day she received a letter from the count
in which it was ordered that she come at once to the castle
and wash all the floors; for it was necessary that everything
in the castle be cleaned, for he wished to hold a new wed-
ding and marry a bride who was as beautiful as the sun.
Griseldele hesitated not a moment, went to the castle, slid
around there all over the floors in her tattered frock like
the commonest farm girl. When she had washed all the floors
in the entire castle, the count came to her and said, "I
will now go and fetch my bride; during the wedding you can
wash up in the kitchen or something, or whatever they
assigned you to do." Griseldele did not speak a bitter word, wished him luck on his journey, and remained in the castle.

Then the count went in a beautiful coach to his children and brought them to the castle. He forbade them, however, to call him Father until he again gave permission for it. He also gave them the manners and customs by which they should at first behave in the castle; and said especially to the daughter, that she should do just as if she were his bride. The count ordered Griseldele to come, set the beautiful maiden before her, and said, "Isn't it true that this time I have a beautiful and aristocratic bride?" Griseldele answered little and thought to herself, "Beautiful and aristocratic she is indeed; but I wish her good fortune in such a marriage."

Then the pledge was to be celebrated before everyone, and from near and far came the invited guests. During the meal the count said at one time, "Tell Griseldele that she serve one time, fresh from the washing in her filthy garment and tattered frock." The servant went out and told Griseldele. She was frightened by this command and requested the count to release her from this. He, however, sent out once more and commanded her to come in immediately with the next food. Then she obeyed without
further contradiction and carried in a dish in her filthy garment and tattered frock. Then she saw the count sitting next to the beautiful maiden, and on his other side sat a handsome youth who ever so little resembled the supposed bride. When she went out again, the father said to his children, "Now you are permitted to call me 'Father;' and that woman, who just served, on her next appearance you must greet her as your mother. She has endured her trial and suffered a long time. Now, however, the sufferings must be at an end, and we will all lead a joyful life together." As soon as she came in the next time she heard the bride and the youth call the count "Father," and when she had placed the food on the table then all three sprang toward her and called her, and greeted her as wife and mother. The count then commanded her to put on her noble dress again and to sit at the table with them. Now the marriage was celebrated in earnest, and from then on Griseldele had no more evil days, but only happiness and good fortune.

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 5 d, I A 6 a, I B 1 d, I B 2 0, II A 1, II b 2, III A 1, III A 3, III B 2 b, III B 2 d, III B 7 a, III C 1, III D 0, III E 1, III E 2, IV A 1, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 b, IV C 2, IV D 1, IV E 3, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 a, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 b, V D 1, V D 3
Once upon a time there was a count that was a very rich man. He had a great fortune, but no wife. The servants agreed among themselves, that they would convince him that he ought to get married. All of the servants just suggested to him that he ought to take a wife—they would like serving him much better then. He watched them closely and on the next day he said that they should prepare everything for the wedding. He brought the best (lady) cooks from the whole land and they had to prepare only what was good and expensive. And when they were finished they were supposed to tell him. And when everything was ready and prepared they said that the wedding could be held now. So he had invitations sent to all of the musicians, the gentlemen, the counts, and the kings, that they should come to his wedding. Now he held such a big wedding, that it was indescribably big. So he let two beautiful white horses be harnessed up. The wheels were
all inlaid with silver and then he got into the light carriage and the music had to accompany him. And no one knew where they were going, and he had a staff, and at the place where he would hold the staff up in the air they were supposed to stop. The music played, but no one knew where he was going to fetch his bride. Everyone was curious. And then he drove into a poor village, where only very poor people were. There a poor cobbler-girl had just dipped water at the well. And when she saw what beautiful princes and counts were coming, she left the water bucket standing and jumped into the house. Her old father was still sleeping. Then he quickly jumped out of bed and went out to the well in his nightshirt and the girl herself is out there too. And when the count came there with the carriage he put up the staff: Stop!—so the music stopped and struck up "Frisch auf, glück auf!" (obviously a happy, congratulatory tune—tr.), and the bridegroom, he went to the cobbler-girl and bowed and asked for her hand. And she was very frightened and didn't know what she ought to say and she collapsed for sheer fright. And her old father picked her up and the bridegroom helped too and said that he had come to marry her and now there was going to be a wedding for them. They led her into her house and the maids had the wedding dress and the bridal wreath along and they dressed her there in the room. The father wept
and thought he was dreaming. When she was dressed the two escorts of the bride led her. She was hardly able to walk. The bridegroom lifted her up on the carriage and she was so very beautiful that everyone was astonished because she was so beautiful. She was a great pleasure to the bridegroom. He had probably seen her once sometime before and therefore drove there (now). And they drove back, straight to the (church), and had themselves married to each other.

After the wedding was the noon meal, where they dined well. And the priest had joined them together, and there he said, whatever he does with her, she dare not be sad. If he should see only a single tear on her, then it would go badly with her. But if she is always cheerful, then it would always go well with her. The festivities lasted as long as they could ever wish. And he lived right well with her for a whole year. Right well. They they were blessed with a little son, and when the son came into the world, he had already talked with the midwife. She wasn't supposed to show the child to the mother at all, she should take it away from her right away. So the midwife didn't dare show it to her at all and he removed the child and everything was arranged already. And the mother was very sad, but she didn't dare to show it, and when he didn't see it she spilled many tears, but he never saw it. A year later she was blessed again with a little girl. And
it was the same thing again. When it came into the world, the midwife took it away again and she didn't dare ask where it got to or anything. But she didn't show it, that she is sad, but it hurt her very much. Otherwise they lived right well with each other about 10, 11 years, only that she just didn't know anything about the children.

Once the husband got up during the night. He said: "So that you know, your time is over now. From today on I don't need you anymore the clothes are gone. Go home to your father." He chased her out in her nightshirt in the middle of the night. And she went home and arrived crying at her father's in the middle of the night. The old father cried day and night. Now she can't marry anyone else. He had told her then, how it would happen, if she married a man above her station. They lived again like they did before. The father didn't come to inquire, her husband either. They lived on like this about 6, 7 years. Suddenly she got a letter, from the count again, that he was calling her, that she had to come to be a dishwasher. He was marrying again. For the second time. He needs her badly to help. But she is quite poor, the way she was by the cobbler, that's the way she is supposed to come. And when she arrived, the (lady) cooks have already prepared for her day of honor. The count said, that now another one is marrying, but not which one. He doesn't need the
cobbler-woman. So he had arranged everything just the same, the carriage, the music, and had said again that where he raises his staff, that's where they are supposed to stop, that's where the bride is. But then he drove that way from the railroad station down to the platform and there he stopped. There they wait for the train. When the train comes, it is hung full of wreaths with all kinds of decorations. The bride is in it. When it got up to the platform the conductor opened the door. Then a beautiful, young person offered the bride his arm and helped her out on the platform. The count jumped over and led her to the carriage and then they drove back. After that they ate the noon meal and the mother, as poorly dressed as she had been at the cobbler's, had to serve the food. When they had finished eating the count stood up and clapped and shouted, what was due a mother, what all his wife had experienced and was so patient up to the last moment. Whether it was due her, to put such a beautiful bride in her arms. Everyone shouted: Hooray! Long live the count and his beautiful wife so he gave her the hands of the son and the daughter: so wife, there you have your son and your daughter and then we are going to live happily again. For the beautiful young lady and the young man, that was his daughter and his son, whom he had had raised by better
folks than we are. And he was given a count's estate by all of the counts and princes. And the count had the cobbler-woman fetch her father and had him wash and put on other clothes and then they lived happily with each other and the children were with them and it can be, that they still live today. And now it's told.

I A 1 h, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 b, I B 1 d, I B 2 0, II B 1 a, II B 1 f, III A 1, III B 4, III B 5, III B 7 b, III C 1, III C 4, III D 2, III E 1, III E 2, IV A 1, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 a, IV C 0, IV D 4, IV E 4, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 4 c, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1 0, V C 2 0, V C 3 b, V D 1, V D 2, V D 4
Once upon a time there was a farmer, who had a daughter who had to take the cows to the prince's pasture every day. Now the prince lets it be made known, that whoever pastures again on his meadow, he will have him hanged. The daughter of this farmer doesn't know this and comes with her cows on the meadow again. Now comes a (sort of sheriff's deputy--tr.) and says, if she didn't know, what the prince had announced, that no one should pasture on his meadow any more or he would be hanged. Then the girl gets deathly afraid and says, she didn't know that at all. Now she makes for home with her cows and says to her father: now we've done something nice, now I'm going to be hanged. Now they all start to cry.

Then one day a coach comes driving up in front of the house, then a gentleman gets out and comes inside and asks the old farmer where his daughter is, he wants to take her along, because she had pastured on his meadow. Then the farmer calls his daughter in. Then the prince asks
her if she wants to go along. Yes, she says, if it isn't any other way, then she has to go along. Then she gets into the coach and goes along with the prince.

The old folks cry now as hard as they can. But when the prince gets back home, then he says if she wants to be his wife. Then she says, Yes. The wedding is supposed to be in 8 days. Then she has to write home right away, that her father and mother are supposed to come to the wedding.

After a year is past, she has a little boy, and when he was a few weeks old, the midwife had to take him away. After a little while more is past, she has a little girl. When it was a few weeks old, she lets it be taken away too. But then the prince chases her away too, and she goes back to her parents. They cry now as hard as they can.

When a long time had passed, then comes the prince driving up again one day and asks her, he wants to get married again, if she won't take him back. O, yes, she says. Then she has to go along with him immediately again, and when they get back home, there is everything all ready. Then he says to her, if she hadn't come along right now, he wouldn't have brought her back. Then he introduced her to both her children, who now were all
grown up. Then she stayed with him and they still lived together quite a long time.

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 a, I B 1 c, I B 2 0,
II A 1, III B 2 d, III B 6, III B 7 a, III B 7 d, III C 1,
III D 0, III E 0, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 a, IV C 0,
IV D 0, IV E 4, IV F 1 a, IV F 2 0, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 0,
V A 2, V B 1 0, V B 2 c, V C 2 0, V C 3 a, V D 1
THE LITTLE BROOM-MARIE

She was born to poor parents and both of the parents died. Now she came to her grandpa and he was a broom maker. And (she) fetched all the birch twigs for the Grandpa for making brooms and also went into the town and sold the brooms. And was a very beautiful girl. Now once upon a time she couldn't get rid of the brooms in the village any more, so she goes into the town and carries them onto the marketplace. Now all of a sudden comes a young man and acted like he was watching Marie. Then all of a sudden he stood still and asked how much she wants for the brooms she had left. So she said. So he said OK, they're all sold, I'll send over to pick up the brooms. Then a servant came to pick up the brooms and said, she should bring that many again next week, the master had ordered that many brooms again. When she came home she told the thing to her grandpa. It didn't please the grandpa at all, and he (carded on like crazy). Then Marie said this: Now, Grandpa, isn't it all right then? Then
he says: You know, this seems awfully unusual to me. You shouldn't pay attention to such young men in the town. What, she said, he pays me for my brooms and leaves and the servant comes and gets them. Now the servant said she should bring the brooms herself next week, such and such to the castle, they didn't have time to get the brooms. So Marie just went to the castle with the brooms. She was amazed, she had never seen such a thing. Then he led her into the salon and said, Look once, this is all yours, now I want to have you for my wife. I want to marry you. Then she said: O, I can't do this! My grandpa is old, he can never be alone, I can't go away from grandpa. What did he say? I'll take care of your grandpa, you don't need to be afraid. Then he had had the coach prepared already and led her into the room with beautiful clothes in it and a lady-in-waiting. Then she looked at herself (in the mirror), she didn't even recognize herself, then they are in the coach and drove to the grandpa. However, she had taken her broom-maker's clothes along and thrown them into the room in the little house. Then the grandpa began to cry and said: Marie, what are you doing, what are you doing. And he gave him money right away, so he could help himself, and explained everything to him clearly. And Marie was happy and took farewell of her grandpa for going away. Then the grandpa
said: Stop, Marie, I want to tell you something yet: take your clothes and roll them together and stick them away in the attic, maybe you'll still be glad you did. Then Marie began to laugh and the gentleman too. Don't you know what I say? Serving the rich and bird song, that sounds nice, but doesn't last long. Then (since he didn't like backtalk), Marie crawled up the ladder and stuck her clothes into the attic. Then they drove away and had a wedding and were happy. Then she had a little girl. And when this little girl was there the husband says: I, a child from a broom girl, I don't want that. And he took this child and had it raised well. And then it lasted two years, and then she did just the same thing with the little boy. Then this didn't make Marie satisfied, and she didn't do anything but cry. Then he chased her away. Then she was away again to the little broom house. But then she wore silken clothes and couldn't make any brooms. She had to find a way to support herself. Then she thought about her grandpa and got her clothes out of the attic. Then she made brooms again. Now on a beautiful, bright summer day she sits in the room and has the door open and makes brooms. Then she sees a coach coming from far away. And she thinks it just seems to me it's my husband's coach. But I'm not going home with him, when it's him. He comes and drives up and gets
out and goes in and says: 'Come, Marie, now I want to show you what a beautiful young woman I have sitting in the coach. Then Marie says: 'I'm not going to go look. OK, he says; then I'll go get them. Then he brought the girl and the boy and said: 'Now look once, Marie, these are your two children now! We've come to get you now. Now you're coming along, but take off your broom-maker's clothes and put on some others for me. Then they drove home and lived happily together for many years, all four of them.

I A 2 0, I A 4 a, I A 5 r, I A 6 d, I B 1 0, I B 2 0, II A 3 a, II B 3 c, III B 7 c, III C 1, III C 2 b, III D 0, III E 1, III E 2, III E 3, IV A 1, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 b, IV C 3, IV D 4, IV E 4, IV F 1 a, IV F 2 0, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, V A 2, V B 1 0, V B 2 c, V C 1, V C 2 0, V C 3 a, V D 1, V D 3.
GG 6, GG 7

Zentralarchiv der deutschen Volkszählung, No. 80 018; Submitted by Richard Wossidlos; Teller: an uncle of Wirt Helms; Province: Mecklenberg; Village: Graal (Lat. 54° 15', Long. 12° 14'). Translated by Jon Amstutz.

GRISELDIS

(There) is a baron—(and his relatives) advise him, (he) ought to take himself a wife. But (he) doesn't want to—(Now a) farmer has (a) girl Griseldis—(he) doesn't mind her, is also virtuous and industrious. He doesn't answer—(the baron goes) he off to her m. [other] —"whether she wants to give her to him." "Well, then it's so that—(is a) rich man, she has nothing against him—he wants to have her—G. brought in—well, she gets all naked and bare—she just ought to do that, he likes her, he's had all the stuff prepared, gets dressed, bridal escorts arranged for, (and then she was) married—(they both) live really in peace—when he has had her 3/4 of a

1Both GG 6 and GG 7 are obviously the same tale, the source of the one is indicated above; the other is published in Richard Wossidlos and Gottfried Henssen, Mecklenberger Erzählchen (Berlin, 1958), p. 155. The printed version has apparently been given editorial expansion. For purposes of comparison, the originals of both follow the translation. In the translation the apparent editorial additions are given in parentheses().
year, comes a girl—(Then he says) on account of his parents, she's not supposed to nurse—(Then he says) the relatives are so against it—(Then he says) "we have to kill the child"—"I can raise it too," "that's much too close to the others," "well, then you'll have to do that."
(He is) Friendly just like always /she believes that/
(the child is dead) (here the characteristic that the baron has a second child, a son, taken away, is missing)—comes—year—she is completely calm about it—always in peace—now there came (no more) not (the) children go to school, learn what's to be learned—when (the) girl (is) 18 years old—(says the baron) the relatives were pushing so for it—"it's best that we do it"—"well, that's for you to know—"I've brought along a virgin body for you—you can't give it back—"

Now he's supposed to give her her petticoat—yes—

: (Now she comes) back home—V.

8 days (later) he gives—(a) great ball—the boy is the bride's escort, the people believe, the girl is supposed to become the (new) wife—(He sends) orders (to) gris., she's supposed to come over—(I) would like it if you were

2V.=Vater (father) (translator's note).
here too, really--(she) so goes over--(then he) comes out of the other room with the bride--(He says) to gr., "Do you like her?" Yes, but she is so young and tender, he shouldn't burden her with such hard tests (as she had)--(then he says) that is your daughter--(and the young man is your) son, (and) you are my dear wife, (and) should remain so,--Between them and us, who has such a wife, who lets herself be pleased with that.

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 5 c, I A 6 0, I B 1 h, I B 2 0, II B 1 c, II B 1 f ii, III A 1, III A 3, III B 5, III B 7 b, III B 7 d, III C 2 a, III D 0, III E 1, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 b, IV C 1, IV D 1, IV E 3, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 a, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 4 c, V A 1, V B 2 c, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 a, V D 1, V D 2

Archival version

GRISELDIS

Is'n baron - raden em to, sall sik ne fru nehmen, Will ümmer nich - Buer het dirn Griseldis - mag se liden, is ok dugendsam un flitig, he antwurt ümmer nich up - he hen to ehr m.(udder) - "ob se em de geben wull." "ne, denn heit dat - he - riken mann, se harr nix geegen em - he wull se hebben - G. rinholt - ne, se wir nakt un blot - se sull dat mal ingahn, he vermüggt ehr. Tüg het he all maken
laten, trickt sik jo an, trugenledders all besorgt -
anruft - leben recht in freden - as he se 3/4 johr hat
hett, kümm't ne dirn - sine öllern willen, se sall nich
stigen - de fründ kamen dor so dull gegen an - dat kind
möten wi umbringen - upforder' kamm ik't auch, dat is de
annern so väl to nah, ja denn nöst du dat dohn. Likers
ümmer fründlich (se glöwt dat) - kümm'- johr - se is ganz
geruhig dorbi - ümmer mit freden - nu kamen dor nich
kinner gahn up scholen, lihren wat to lihren - as dirn 18
johr - fründ kamen dor so dull gegen - am besten wi gahn
von ein - ja, dat möstst du weiten - jung fräulichen
leib hef ik di mitbröcht - kennst nich weder geben -
he sall ehr den unnerrock nu laten - ja - to
hus - V.: "hef ik dat nich segt!" 8 dag, stifft he -
groten ball - de jung is trugenledder, de lüd globen, de
dirn sall de fru warden - ordre gris. süll mal henkamen
-müggt gīrn, dat du ok hier wirst, ja wol - geiht jo
röwer - kümm't rut mit de brut ut de anner stuw - to gr.
"magst de wol liden?" ja öwer se is man jung un zart, son
hart proben sull he ehr nich uplegen - dat is deine
dochter - sōhn, du bist meine liebe frau, sollst sin
bläben, -wann dor en twischen wir, de son fru harr, de sik
dat gefallen let.
Wossidlos and Henssen version

Dor is n Baron, un de Fründ raden en to, he sall sik ne Fru nehmen; äwer he will ümmer nisch. Nu hett n Buer ne Dirn hatt, Griseldis, de mag he liden, is ok dugendsam un flitig. De Beron geiht hen to ehr Mudder, ob se em de geben wull. -- "Ne, denn heit dat, he is n riken Mann." -- He wull se hebben. Dunn ward Griseldis rinhalten. -- Ne, se wir nakt un blot.

Se süll dat mal ingahn, he vermuggt ehr. Tüg het he all maken laten, treckt sik jo an, Trugenledders all besorgt, un dor ward se antrugt.

De beiden leben recht in Freden. As he se 3/4 Johr hatt hett, kümmt ne Dirn. Dor seggt he, sine Öllern willen, se sall nich sogen. Dunn seggt he, de Frund kamen dor so dull gegen an. Dunn seggt he: "Dat Kind möten wi ümbringen." -- Upfödern kann ik't." -- "Dat is de annern so vál to nah." -- "Ja, denn möst du dat dohn."--

He is likers ümmer fründlich (se glöwt, dat dat Kind nich mihr lewt) / hier fehlt in der Aufzeichnung der Zug, dass der Baron auch ein zweites Kind, einen Sohn, wegnnehmen läszt/. -- Nu kamen dor nich mihr. De Kinner gahn up Scholen un lihren, wat to lihren is. As nu de Dirn 18 Johr is, seggt de Baron, de Frund kamen dor so dull gegen: "Am besten, wi gahn von ein." -- "Ja, dat
müst du weiten; n jungfraulichen Leib hef ik di mitbröcht, den kannst du nich weddergeben." He sall ehr den Unnerrock laten. -- Ja. --

Nu kümmt se to Hus. Dor seggt de Vadder: "Hef ik dat nich seggt?" -- Acht Dag dornah stift he n groten Ball. De Jung is Trugelsedder, de Lüd glöben, de Dirn sall de nige Fru warden. He schickt Ordre na Griseldis, sall mal henkamen: "Ik müggt girm, dat du ok hier wirst!" -- Se geiht jo röwer, dor kümmt he rut mit de Brut ut de anner Stuw. He seggt to Griseldis: "Magst de woll liden?" -- "Ja, öwer se is man jung un zart, so hart Proben sull he ehr nich uplegen, wie se hatt hadd." Dot seggt he: "Dat is din Dochter, un de jung Mann is din Söhn, un du bist meine liebe Frau und sollst es auch bleiben." -- Wann dor en twischen wir, de son Fru harr, de sik dat gefallen let.
Once there were an old man and an old woman. They lived in a dark wilderness on the shore of a little pond in a little cabin. They had a very beautiful daughter that they would not have shown to anyone. One day the man and the woman went to the forest to saw wood. The girl stayed to do home works. She looked out of the window and saw the king's son coming on horse to the yard. Because the girl had never seen people and did not even know that there were people in the world she hided herself behind the oven. The king's son spoke to her but the girl dared not answer but only told where the man and the woman were. The king's son went away, and the man and the woman came back from the forest. The girl told that while she was at home there had called a boy who had spoken to her. Next day the man and the woman went again into the forest. After a little while the king's son came but now the girl did not hide herself but asked him to sit down and talked with him about several things. The girl asked where the boy was coming from, and the boy told to be the king's son. After a little while the boy went away. The man and the
woman came back from the forest. The girl told that the same boy as yesterday had visited again. Now the man and the woman thought that he certainly now begins to woo their daughter. Next day they went, however, into the forest. After a little while the same boy came to the girl. The girl served him tea and the boy began to ask her for the mistress of the king's castle, and the girl agreed if the parents will agree. The boy remained waiting for the man and the woman. In the evening they came from the forest and were surprised to see a noble man. The boy told the matter to them, if he might get their beautiful daughter. The man and the woman gave the girl to the king's son in marriage. The boy told the parents to come to celebrate the wedding, but the man and the woman did not want to go and said, that because they are so poor they do not go there but stay at home. The boy and the girl went to the castle. After a year the girl had a baby boy. It was rejoiced at, but the joy did not last long. When the king's son learned what had happened, he told the servants: Take the child here, I will kill it. The servants went crying to the queen and said that the king had told to take the child to him that he will kill it. The queen wrapped the child in pure clothes and gave it to the servants and they took it to the king. There was just a ship leaving for abroad and the king brought the child into the ship and
told to nurse it there. But nobody knew anything about that, and the ship sailed abroad and the child with it. So they live there a year again, and the queen has a baby boy again. When the king learned what had happened, he told to bring the child to him that he will kill it. The servants went crying to the queen and said that the king had told to take the child to him that he will kill it. The queen said: "Why are you crying in vain, if he will kill he may do it, that's his own." And she wrapped the child in white clothes and gave it to the servants who brought it to the king. There was again a ship leaving for abroad and the king left the child in the ship to be taken there. So they live in peace a year and even another, and then the queen gives birth to a daughter and the king asks it to him again and he leaves it in the ship to go abroad. After a little while the king tells his wife to go away and the girl left without grieving anything. She goes home, so the parents blame her for going to the nobles at all. Tens of years pass away, so the king goes abroad and asks his former wife to be as servant while he will bring a new bride. The girl went in spite of her parents' refusal to serve for the time the king is abroad. After a little while the king comes back and he has a girl and two gentlemen with him. They begin to eat and the king asks if the old queen recognizes the guests. But she did not,
and said how she could know all people. The king said that this girl and the boys are their children. He took his former bride to live beside him and so they live happily right up to death.

IA10, IA20, IA3, IA50, IA6f, IB1c,
IB20, IA2, IA4, IIIB1, IIIB2b, IIIB6,
IIIB70, IIIC1, IIIC2, IIIE0, IVB1b, IVB2a,
IVB3b, IVB4a, IVG0, IVD1, IVE4, IVF1a,
IVF20, IVF3a, IVF40, V A2, V B1, VB2a,
VC1, VC20, VC3b, V D1
Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Soura; Maria Österberg, 124, 1928, from her mother, Edla Österberg; Lohja (Lat. 60° 15', Long. 24°). Translated by SKS.

Once there was a young king hunting in the forest. When he walked there in the forest he became thirsty and he went into a little cottage to drink. The daughter of the cottage gave him water to drink and she was so unusually beautiful that the king at once fell in love with her and asked the girl's father her in marriage. Father promised immediately his daughter to the king and the girl also consented willingly to become the king's wife. So that poor girl whose name was Cecilia was taken to the royal castle with great magnificence and the beautiful royal clothes were put on her already in the little cottage. Her old father took her old clothes and put them away in the event that they still once more would be needed.

When Cecilia had been married about a year she gave birth to a little daughter. Then her husband, the king, went to look at her and said: "Now, Cecilia, I have married so humble wife that this child may not live but it must be killed." Cecilia answered: "The king does as the king will, but put her flesh so that the birds do not get it, and her blood so that the beasts of the forest do not get
It." Then the child was taken away and Cecilia might not see her any more. After about two years Cecilia gave again birth to a son. Her husband, the king, went again to look at her and said again: "Now, Cecilia, I have married so humble wife that this child, too, may not live but it must be killed." Cecilia answered again: "The king does as the king will, but put his flesh so that the birds of the skies do not get it and his blood so that the beasts of the forest do not get it." Then the child was taken away and Cecilia might not see him any more, but she grieved secretly for her children. The king did not let kill them, however, although he said so to his wife but he gave them to the others to be nursed and brought up. After that Cecilia was no more as gay and careless as earlier and she had not more children to the king. - Fifteen years passed so away. Then the king said: "Now, Cecilia, I have decided to forsake you and marry a young very beautiful girl. Now you may go back to your old home again to live with your father." - "The king does as the king will, and I must be satisfied with that," Cecilia said. Now Cecilia must go back to her father and take off the royal clothes, and father gave her her old clothes again that she taken off when she was brought to the royal castle, and father had put them away in the vent that they still once more would be needed. A few days Cecilia was
now in her home cottage with her father, but then the royal carriage came to take her to the royal castle, for a great feast should be celebrated there. Cecilia went again to the royal castle, too, and the dining-table stood ready there and a very young and very beautiful maid sat beside the king. The king said: "Now Cecilia, this is now my bride whom I am going to marry, is she not very beautiful?" Cecilia answered: "Yes, she is beautiful, but if the king is as hard as to me, she cannot stand it, for she is too young." Now the king said: "Cecilia, this is your own daughter whom you have borne under your heart." Now the son was also taken in and the king said: "This is your son whose death you have mourned. They stayed away from you only to be nursed and brought up but I have not said it before. Now you may always be with them and as their mother, and I have never thought to marry anyone else but you. This feast has been arranged only for the sake of the children's home-coming. And now we'll be glad and live happy together the whole rest of our life."

The old father was also brought to the royal castle to celebrate the rejoicing and Cecilia was dressed again with the royal clothes and honoured as queen and it was not until now she was really happy the whole rest of her life.
IA 10, IA 20, IA 5 k, IA 60, IB 1 b, IB 20,
II B 3 a, III B 4, III B 7 d, III C 2 a, III C 3, III E 1,
III E 3, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 0, IV C 3, IV D 2,
IV E 4, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, VA 1,
VB 1, VB 2 b, VC 1, VC 2, VC 3 b, VD 1, VD 3,
VD 4
Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seura; A. Lampin 15, 1882, Haukivuori (Lat. 62°, Long. 27°10'). Translated by SKS.

There was a cottager who had a surprisingly beautiful daughter. The king called at the cottage and fell at once in love with the daughter. He asked: "Will you marry me?" - "Who would not marry a king," the girl answered. "But you must promise that you will never say a bad word to me though I should do whatsoever," the king said. The girl promised that, too, and became the king's wife, and nobody knew where the queen came from; all just wondered her beauty. When the queen had a child the king wanted to prove if his wife were able to keep her promise. He said: "Your child is ugly as a whelp of a creature, isn't it; it must be killed." The queen remembered her promise and said not a word though her heart ached because her only child would be killed. But the king took the child and said to give it to the executioner, though he secretly sent it abroad to be brought up. After a year the queen had a child again. After having seen it the king said: "This is as ugly as your first child, too, it must be given to the executioner." The child was taken from the queen again and sent abroad, but the queen was wilent and suffered by herself. At last the king said; "I
must get rid of you because you don't give me a right in-
eritor, but conceive such frogs." Even now the queen
answered nothing, but took leave of her husband and went
out to the wide world. Then it was told again that the
king was going to marry and the wedding was being prepared
in the castle, but nobody knew anything about the bride.
The king also invited his former wife to the wedding and
let bring his children home from abroad, but nobody recog-
nized them; they only believed that the daughter was the
king's bride. When they should be married the king took
the hand of his former wife and said: "Here is my bride,
more faithful I could find nowhere; here are your children
that you once gave up without grumbling." So the king
rewarded the faithfulness of his wife.

I A 1 1, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 0, I B 1 b, I B 2 0,
I I A 1, I I I B 2 d, I I I B 7 d, I I I C 1, I I I C 3, I I I D 1,
I I I E 0, I V A 2, I V B 1 c, I V B 2 c, I V B 4 b, I V C 6,
I V D 1, I V E 4, I V F 1 b, I V F 2 b, I V F 3 c, I V F 4 0,
V A 1, V B 1, V B 2 b, V C 1 0, V C 2 0, V C 3 d, V D 1,
V D 2
Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seura; Juho Sjöros 178, 1881; Meitoinen (Lat. 60°35', Long. 22°). Translated by SKS.

A HUMBLE WIFE

There was a poor cottage where lived an old father with his daughter. They had a cow and always in the summertime the girl tended the cow and she had a spinning wheel with her. When the cow was grazing in a valley the girl span. The son of the king was hunting and saw her. She was very beautiful. And the young king began to make a match. The girl's father said that she won't manage there, she is such a peasant dolt. The king said that she'll learn what is necessary for her to learn. He took the girl and the wedding was celebrated.

Father put the girl's old clothes in a tub and said: "May be they are once more needed."

Then she had a baby and the king took it to other countries to be brought up but said to his wife: "It is of so peasant origin that it must be killed." The queen grieved for that greatly. She had another baby and it was done again in the same way with it. Then the queen said: "Why did you take me here only to be mocked at? I am certainly poor but at home I should still have been needed,
I should have tended the cow there and spun near the fountain and fed the birds. No one would have said to me that I'm of poor peasant origin. Why did you come and take me away from my beautiful home?" The king answered: "Up till now you have been humble in every way as a wife of peasant origin shall be, too. But now you begin to complain. I will not keep you anymore." The king drove her away and said: "I have taken her naked; naked she shall go, too." The wife prayed if she were still allowed wear a chemise, and the king allowed her to do so. In that way she was driven away from the royal castle.

Father came towards the girl with clothes and said: "I knew it that you won't manage there, among them." The girl cried and mourned then greatly but was always equally humble and lived with her father.

After some years the king sent word that she shall come to prepare the wedding, the king will marry again. She obeyed. The king showed her a beautiful maid and said that she is his bride and of royal origin. The girl said: "Be that as it may but I pray to the king that she won't be treated as badly as I. She is weak, of noble origin, she won't stand it though I have stood because I'm of strong peasant origin." Then the king embraced his wife and told that all has only been a proof and the girl was
her daughter. And the son was also brought to the mother. Not till then the joy arose when she saw that they had not been killed.

IA14, IA20, IA50, IA6a, IB1b, IB20, II A1, III B2a, III B2b, III B7d, III C2b, III E1, III E3, IV B1c, IV B2c, IV B40, IV C3, IV D4, IV D6, IV E4, IV F1a, IV F2e, IV F3a, IV F4a, IV F4b, IV F4c, VA2, VB1, VB2a, VC1, VC2, VC3a, VD1
Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seura; Kaarle Krohn 3636, 1884; told by Kaisa Pulkkinen, aged 36, who heard it from her aunt, Leena Pulkkinen; Kivijärvi (Lat. 63°, Long 25°). Translated by SKS.

Once an old man had far away in a wilderness in a little cabin a beautiful daughter and wonderful, called Helena. The king's son was hunting and thought that from here he'll take when he'll next time (come) that from here he'll take a wife for himself. Well, he came back from the cabin and (said) nothing in the cabin and went home then in the evening and asked his parents if he may take a wife for himself from there, that he had seen there a fair one whom he likes. And he took royal clothes with him in a bundle that he'll give them to her then, when she was there in the cabin in ragged clothes, in patched tatters but with a pretty face. And he came a second time to the cabin and asked the old man the girl. The man tried to hinder that you don't care about a beggar's daughter, but the king's son said that he does take, and then the beggar man promised his daughter to the king's son. And they put on her the good clothes that they had, and the old man took the ragged clothes, said that put your ragged clothes away, you'll certainly still have need of them. Well, the girl did not
do that, but the old man put them away after they had gone. Well, the king then brought the girl to the royal court and said: "You shall not take it ill though whatsoever happens to you but you'll not be killed." And she promised that she'll not take it ill though whatsoever happens to her. And then he married her and they celebrated the wedding and drunk and were gay. Well, then the queen had a child and it was taken away and they said that this will be killed now. The queen said, you may kill, you may take it, she is not sorrowful at all. Well, then she had another child, it was a girl, and they said that now this is taken (to be killed), this child, and she said, you may take, you may kill this child, she is not sorrowful. Well, then they lived to the age of 15, the children, they were taken to be brought up, but it is not allowed to her to bring them up. And they were 15 years old, when it was said that now, you queen, go back to the cabin, the king will take another wife, and she said, that she'll go away, and so she went to her father to the cabin. Father said that now you have need of your ragged clothes, did he not say so when you were going. Well, wonderful Helena did not yet take this ill at all but was always gay. Well, then she was ordered to come to prepare the wedding, because the king will take another wife. Well, they were sitting behind the table, the king and his daughter
beside him, when wonderful Helena came to cook for wedding, and the son on the one side of the father, he was as a bridesman there, and the bride on the other side. And (they said) nothing to wonderful Helena that they are her children, but so that it is another queen beside the king now, sitting behind the table, that who was her daughter. Well, at last it was then made known that she is her child that was taken (to be killed), when she had given birth to them, and the son on the other side of the king, that was her own son. Well, it was not until then the joy arose and a drinking bout.

(This text has been recorded by stenography, and the copyist has not been able to read all words. From this follows that there are lacks in the Finnish text; in the translation the uncertain words are in brackets.)

I A 1 0, I A 2 0, I A 5 1, I A 6 0, I B 1 c, I B 2 0, II A 1, II B 1 g, III B 2 a, III B 6, III B 7 a, III C 2 b, III D 1, III E 1, III E 3, IV B 1 c, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 0, IV C 0, IV D 1, IV E 4, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, V A 1, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2 0, V C 3 b, V D 1
THE KING CAUSES HIS CROFTER TO ENGRAVE STONE,
MARRIES THEN HIS DAUGHTER AND PROVES HER

A king had a crofter. He caused him to engrave stone every working day. When he could never engrave it he complained it at home to his wife and children. The crofter had a full-grown daughter. She said to her father: "Do tell the king himself to engrave stone, promise then to skin in yourself." When the crofter went again to the king to do his working days the king caused him again to engrave stone. The crofter now said to the king: "If the king engraves himself, please, I'll certainly skin after that." The king said: "Some one has certainly advised you that, you have not yourself discovered it." At last the crofter said: "My daughter advised me that." Then the king ordered the crofter to tell his daughter to come to him. The king said to the crofter: "She shall come neither on horse nor without horse, neither by sleigh nor without sleigh, she shall drive neither on nor off the road, neither with nor without a driver, neither with nor
without a bridle, she shall come neither by day nor by night, she shall come neither inside nor be outside."
The crofter went home and told it to his daughter. The girl asked her father to make her a big ladle. She fastened the ladle to the tail of a dog and put a rope in the mouth of the dog and tied the other end of the rope to the mouse that she had fastened to the handle of the ladle. She drove neither along the road nor the roadside but along the ditch and she came at dawn. She set her one foot inside the door of the king's court and kept the other outside. The king told her to come in and gave her a large heap of gold coins. When the girl was going home with her dog, the king drove with the horse after her. He threw the bridle around her and pulled her in his sleigh. The king took her back to his court and asked her in marriage. The girl answered: "I'm not good enough for queen because I'm so poor." The king said: "You will do." After some days the grand wedding was celebrated and so the daughter of the crofter became the king's wife. After some years she gave birth to a daughter that was immediately taken to a relative of the king to be brought up. After many years had gone the king said to his wife: "I don't care about you anymore, you may go back to the croft which you have come from, for I'll marry another." The queen answered: "Yes, I'll go, I did not wish here
at all." The king said to her: "Now you may, however, still stay here as long as my new wife will come here."

One day the king said: "Now she will be taken here today, prepare now yourself to receive her." The queen said to the king: "I will not receive her, the king himself may receive his wife." The king said to her: "I don't go, that's you who must go." She must go to receive her. When the queen asked her in the evening of that very day: "Where are you coming from?" she answered: "I'm from this royal court." Then the queen noticed that she was her own daughter and the king had only proved her.

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 0, I B 1 b, I B 2 0,
III B 2 d, III B 7 a, III C 1, III E 0, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 0,
IV C 0, IV D 0, IV E 1 a, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a,
IV F 4 0, V A 1, V B 1, V B 2 0, V C 1, V C 3 a, V D 1
PASAKA (A TALE)

One young king, wanting to marry, searched for a young lady who would be pleasing to him but was not able quickly enough to find one. One time the young king, having ridden out to hunt, found a very beautiful girl tending a herd and coming closer to her asked whether she had parents, what were they names, and where do they live; and finally, having said goodbye, rode further on.

After a few days the king came to see the shepherdess' father and told him that he wanted to marry his daughter. The father agreed to this and so did the girl. The king also told the father, while his daughter was listening, that he will marry the girl only with a condition that she never utter a contradictory word to him or else she will be put to death. The shepherdess agreed to this also. While leaving, the king commanded the girl to prepare for the wedding and he, after coming home, sent envoys to other kingdoms to invite guests for the wedding. He also commanded that all kinds of foods be gathered for the wedding.
When the wedding began, the king showed his betrothed to his guests and asked them whether his betrothed was beautiful. They answered that if she was beautiful to the king, then she was beautiful to them of course. Then the king commanded the girl to dress in fine robes and then they rode (to church) for nuptials. After nuptials they and their guests celebrated gaily for a few days.

The young couple lived happily for several years. However, as soon as God gave them a son, the king told his wife that he did not want his successor to be a son of a peasant and commanded that he be killed. The mother, being afraid of being put to death herself, did not answer anything. The king, having taken the son from his mother, did not kill him but sent him to (his) relatives to be brought up.

Several more years passed again and God gave them a daughter. This time the king also told his wife that it is necessary to kill the baby girl because it is not fitting for him to have a child of a peasant for a daughter. Likewise, he took the daughter away from her mother saying that he will kill her, but he did not kill her. The mother, being afraid to say a word against this, kept quiet. The daughter, without the mother's knowledge, was also given to (his) relatives.
When the prince and princess were grown up, the king, wanting to test his wife's mettle, commanded her to take off her royal garb and to return to her father to tend the herds as she did at first. The queen, fearing death, obeyed the king's words. While the queen was leaving for her father's the king told her that he would take another wife because he did not want to live with a peasant.

As soon as the queen left for her father's home the king instructed his servants to prepare (food) for a ball which would be a wedding with his second wife. He also commanded that guests be invited and he left to bring back his son and daughter whom he called his second wife.

During the "wedding" he commanded that his old wife be brought to him. As soon as she entered, he called her to him and asked her if his new wife was beautiful. She answered that if the bride was beautiful to the king, she was beautiful to her of course.

Then the king commanded that the queen dress in her royal robes and explained that the "bride" was not his wife but daughter and that her brother was their son; hearing this the queen rejoiced.

From that time the king did not persecute his wife and both spent the rest of their lives with happiness.
I A 1 0, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 a, I B 1 b, I B 2 0, 
II B 2, III A 2, III B 1, III B 2 a, III B 2 b, III B 6, 
III B 7 a, III C 2 a, III C 3, III D 1, III E 1, IV A 1, 
IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, IV B 4 0, IV C 3, IV D  5, IV E 1 a, 
IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, V A 1, V B 1, 
V B 2 c, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 d, V D 1, V D 3
KUNIGAIKSTIS (THE DUKE)

Once there was a very poor couple who had a very beautiful daughter. Once while she was raking hay, a duke happened to pass by. He noticed her and was very pleased with her. The duke was afraid to start talking to her so he commanded his driver to ask her for some water. The driver went and asked her. She replied:

"If the duke will wait I will run to the village and bring some water."

She hurriedly ran into the village, brought back two glasses of water, and gave them to the duke. The duke did not drink as much as he looked at the beautiful maiden. He asked her:

"Couldn't you come with me to be my maidservant?"

The maiden answered:

"I am poor, I am a servant for a farmer, I don't want to leave my old parents."

Then the duke said:
"I will take you for a wife. Go to your parents, tell them everything, and tomorrow I will come there."

The girl went home. She told her parents everything. She told them to clean their house. The next day the duke arrived. He asked her:

"Fairest maiden, will you be my wife?"

The maiden answered:

"Fairest duke, it is your will."

The maiden's parents said that they were poor and that they could not give him anything. To this the king answered:

"I don't need anything, only your daughter."

Well, everything was decided. The duke bought silks and other expensive materials, had robes sewn, came to see the maiden, and dressed her. She was a real duchess. The entire village was amazed, and some were even jealous. The wedding began but their house was too small so the duke rented another house which was the nicest in the whole village. There they had the feast. All kinds of foods and drinks were brought there. Many gentlemen, ladies, dukes, and duchesses came there. (The bride and groom) left for nuptials. When they came back, the wedding was ended there. The duke presented her parents with millions and expensive things and took his wife to his kingdom. There they were met by his parents and other guests who
were overjoyed with the bride. It seemed to them that an
angel had arrived. Here the wedding was even more elaborate.
After the wedding they lived for a year and God gave them
a daughter. The duke, wanting his wife not to tire, gave
the child to be brought up by hired governesses. He came
to his wife, and asked:

"Fairest lady, what would you say if I killed
our daughter?" he said wanting to test if she had not be­
come vain. She answered him:

"Fairest duke, it is your will."

He carried the daughter to her mother, told her
to kiss it, and separated the child from her mother. At
that time the child was four weeks old. After a year God
gave them a son. He kept the son with his mother for four
weeks and again gave the child away to be brought up by
governesses, but he told the mother that he had killed
the child. After a year God again gave them a son. He gave
the son away to the governesses so that his wife wouldn't
tire (age?).

Eighteen years had arrived since God had given
them their first child. Then the duke, wanting to test
his wife whether she would remain a vain duchess or stay
as she was before, said to her:

"Fairest duchess, I am going to take you to your
parents and after I am back, I will marry another."
She merrily answered:

"Fairest duke, it is your will. I shall dance and be merry during your second wedding."

He began to prepare for the wedding. (His servants) cooked, baked, and fried foods for the second wedding. Then preparations were made to meet the children arriving from the city who were not small anymore and were educated. The children arrived at the plantation and the duke brought out his wife saying:

"Let us go see my second wife."

They neared the seated children. The duke, pointing at the children said:

"This is my (new) wife and those are her brothers."

The duchess, seeing his future wife said:

"Fairest duke, at first you said that I was beautiful, but now I see that this wife is more beautiful."

Hearing this, the duke relaxed and said to the children:

"I am your father and she is your mother."

The children greeted their parents and the duke fell at his wife's feet saying:

"Thank you, that you did not turn against me, but now we all will live (together) until our death bed."
And even I was there for that wedding. I ate, drank, and couldn't keep a bite in my mouth. (i.e. food was so good--idiomatic typical ending for most Lithuanian folk tales.)

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 3, I A 5 0, I A 6 c, I B 1 g, 
I B 2 0, II A 2, III A 3, III B 1, III B 2 b, III B 2 c, 
III B 6, III B 7 a, III C 1, III C 2 b, III D 0, III E 1, 
IV A 2, IV A 3, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 3 a, IV B 4 b, 
IV C 6, IV D 1, IV E 3, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, 
IV F 4 0, V A 1, V B 1, V B 2 c, V B 2 0, V C 1, V C 2, 
V C3 a, V D 1, V D 2
PASAKA SENUJU (A TALE OF THE OLD ONES)

Poor Grasilda was a servant girl for a king, she herded and fed the hogs. The king noticed her manner of doing things, and that she was quiet and of good heart so the king decided to marry her. She had only a blouse and a short blue skirt. But the king knew his relatives, that they would not let him marry her. Thus he asked that they would let him marry whomever he wanted. The relatives thought that he would not take a commoner and thus allowed him to do so. He told her to dress in queenly robes, to put the blouse and skirt on a chair, and every day to look at those clothes - and remember what she was before.

They lived for a year and God gave them a daughter. Then he said:

"You know, Grasilda, it will be unhappy for her to live on this earth, no one will call her a princess, they will say that she is the daughter of Grasilda, a shepherdess. I'll take her and chop her head off."
She answered:
"Fairest king, do whatever you want."

He took the girl from the cradle, into another room, chopped her head off, came back, washed his hands, and sat down to drink tea.

Grasilda drank tea with the king but didn't cry because he daughter's head had been chopped off.

They lived for another year, a son was born. The king did the same with the son. . . .he asked her again:

"Grasilda, what will we do, because it will be hard for him to live on this earth: no one will call him a prince, they will say that he is the son of Grasilda, a shepherdess - it is necessary to chop his head off also."

She answered:

"Fairest king, do whatever you want."

He took the son and chopped his head off. Then the king said:

"You know, Grasilda, we must separate: I was really stupid - I took Grasilda, a shepherdess (for a wife).

And he continued:

"Go take off your clothes of a queen and dress in your own - the blue skirt and blouse, and I will marry with another, with another. . . .

They lived for 17 years. Then he prepared for a wedding and told her to wash (flax?). When he brought
back his bride and her brother, he commanded Grasilda to
look if his (new) wife is beautiful and asked her:

"Is my (new) wife beautiful?"

Grasilda answered:

"As the sun! And her brother is also beautiful!"

Then he commanded her to dress in queenly robes
and said:

"This is not my wife and her brother but our
children. Whatever for would I chop their heads off? I
had given them to governesses."

After that time they began in live together in
harmony.

I A 4, I A 5 b, I A 6 a, I B 1 b, I B 2 0, II A 3 c,
II B 1 g, III B 2 b, III B 2 d, III B 6, III B 7 0,
III C 1, III D 4, III E 1, III E 5, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a,
IV B 4 b, IV C 5, IV D 1, IV E 3, IV E 0, IV F 1 a,
IV F 2 b, IV F 3 c, IV F 4 a, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 a,
V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 a, V D 1, V D 3
A young landlord was in love with the daughter of one of his workers who lived with her in a cottage at the end of the plantation fields. The lord, while loving her, wanted to show that he could not stand her. Thus he made her work very hard. He bought nuptial clothes. He would not let her out of his sight and constantly plagued her with work. Just before the evening he heated a shower and had everyone clean up; however he kept her working. The lord already had all the holy things and drove out to nuptials. He commanded her to stay at home. Later he returned, dressed her in nuptial clothes, and drove out to nuptials. When a daughter was born to them the husband accused her of not having a son. His wife patiently kept quiet. The husband took the daughter and sent her to England. When a son was born, then the husband again accused her of not having a daughter. Then the husband organized a ball. He undressed her and sent her home naked. Her father met her and covered her with a
sheet. Thus she worked for her father for twelve years.

The lord again organized a ball and announced that he will marry anew, that he does not want his old wife. He prepared nuptial clothes and washed himself. He commanded her to clean up also. He brought back her children and having brought back his banished wife, married her.

Thus Albertina suffered.

I A 1 a, I A 2 0, I A 5 m, I A 6 c, I B 1 k, I B 2 0,
II B 3 b, III A 1, III A 3, III B 6, III B 7 0, III C 0,
III D 0, III E 1, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 b, IV C 6,
IV D 1, IV E 3, IV F 1 a, IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a,
IV F 4 c, V A 2, V B 1, V B 2 c, V C 1 0, V C 2 0,
V C 3 d, V D 1, V D 3
Once there lived an unmarried ruler. At the end of his fields there lived an old man who had a young daughter named Alvyra. This man would always say:

"Mister landlord, marry."

He would answer:

"My girlfriend has not grown up yet."

Thus Alvyra grew up with her father until she became 18 years old. Then the landlord commanded that cattle be slaughtered and began to prepare for a ball. All the guests arrived but there wasn't any bride. Then he commanded that horses be hitched to a fine carriage and drove them away. He went to Alvyra's father and brought her back. He dressed her in wedding robes and married her. He was very pleased with her because she was very industrious. If she went to herd cows she would take her knitting along. He would wonder how this is possible.
After a year, a daughter was born to them but the landlord began to despise her and thought:
"From a common mother, you cannot have a good child."

He sent a servant to take the child and kill it. The servant came in her room and stood there. She asked him why he was there. He said that the landlord had sent him to take your daughter. The mother then said:
(Missing section: Apparently the landlord took the girl away and hid her. Then they had a son.)

"Let him come himself because this is the landlord's son.

The landlord took and hid the son and secretly raised him without saying anything. She kept quiet and continued to live as before. After they had a second son the landlord again sent the servant to kill the child. She gave him to the servant. After the third son was born he (the landlord) said to her:

"I cannot live with you, you are too common for me."

He threw a party, dressed her in wedding clothes, brought her to the party and commanded her to take off her wedding clothes. She took them off. The landlord commanded her to take off her underwear. But she replied:
"I won't take them off because you did not get me naked."

A girl came and said:
"Alvyra, go be a servant, because the lord is marrying another."

She began to leave. The lord gathered her children and said to them:

"Will your mistress be good, (your mistress) or my betrothed?" (Her oldest daughter was already 15.)

His wife Alvyra was already educated and rich but she kept quiet and left. Then the ruler commanded her to dress in nuptial clothes and married her for the second time. Then the two lived happily. Then he would even want that she would say a word against him.

Markgraf Valterus liked only hunting in Italian country. Noblemen advised him to marry and give heir to the country. The markgraf told them that he wishes to marry one he loves and that the nobility must promise him to respect his wife regardless of her family origin. Valter looked in vain for a bride in various courts. Once during the hunting he met a maid in front of a hut and asked her for water; the maid ran all ashamed into the hut. Valter followed her; learned from old man that he has daughter Griselde which supports him by working. Valter wanted to see her, fell in love, gave presents to the father, returned to the troops. Next day he came alone. Griselde was carrying water from the well. Valter asked her if she wanted to marry. Griselde answered that she is serving only the father and could not serve two men. Valter told to her father that he wanted to give her a husband;
intimated that he himself wanted to marry Griselda. He went home. Then he sent a knight into the hut to teach Griselda the manners. At home he started to prepare for marriage inviting guests. Before marriage he brought to Griselda in a carriage wonderful dresses, admired her beauty, gave her a ring. The father asked permission to stay in the hut. Valter took Griselda home, celebrated marriage.

After one year Griselda had a daughter but the prince was discontented. After five months he wanted to test his wife for obedience in everything. He told her that the nobility were reproaching him her peasant origin; afraid that they will be ruled by the child from a low family and wanted to dispose of the child. Griselda obeyed. The prince sent a servant to her to take the child and Griselda gave it away. The servant cried; said to his master, "How devoted was his wife to him." The prince confided to him that he wanted only to test his wife and sent in the night the servant together with the child to his sister to Banonye city. He sent a letter to his brother-in-law. The brother-in-law answered that he would be happy to keep the child. The court was told that the child suddenly died from convulsions. Griselda did not show any emotion. Next year she gave birth to a son. Walter pretended to be unhappy. After one year he said
again to his wife that this peasant child should be dis-
posed of because of the nobility's reproach. Griselda
gave the son again to the servant in the night and the ser-
vant brought the child to his master's sister. Walter
announced that the child died.

After 14 years the prince declared to his court
that he will divorce the peasant girl and will marry an
aristocrat. The noblemen obeyed but were unhappy. Walter
sent someone to bring old dresses from her father. The
father complained that he suspected this to happen and,
therefore, kept her dresses and brought them. Griselda
went, changed the dress and returned back. The prince
ordered her father to stay in the kitchen to help while he
will go looking for a bride. The father and Griselda went
away. Walter called the guests and went to his sister to
bring his daughter and son. He brought them to Griselda,
said everything to her and her father, ordered them to
dress in the appropriate rich dresses, and brought them to
the noblemen. After that they lived twenty more years and
died in the winter. The son then took the rule.
IV B 4a, IV C 2, IV D 1, IV D 7, IV E 1b, IV F 1b,
IV F 2b, IV F 3a, IV F 3b, IV F 4a, VA 2, VB 1,
VB 2, VC 1, VC 20, VC 3a, VD 1, VD 3, VD 4
The powerful king did not want to marry. The nobility sent to him an old knight to tell that they want to have an heir to the throne. The king agreed under condition that they will respect and love the spouse of his choice whoever she will be. The knight told this to the court people and the rulers and they promised to do that. The king started to prepare for the wedding.

Not far away from the castle there was the village of charcoal-makers and wood-cutters; the king often went there to hunt. One charcoal-maker had a beautiful daughter, a virtuous shy maiden which honored her father and journeymen. The king often saw her, learned her noble qualities and obedience and wanted to marry her.

He called the rulers, court people, and knights; took them in glorious procession to the forest. At this time the daughter of the charcoal-maker was carrying home water from the well. The king asked her if her father was at home; ordered to call him. The king took his hand and asked him if he knew that he must obey him as his subject and if he wants to have him as a son-in-law. The scared charcoal-maker said that he did not want to oppose the king's will but asked to do what the maid says.
They entered into the hut where the maid was sitting in a simple dress. The king asked the maid, she answered that she also does not want to oppose the king's will. The king wanted her to promise that she will be obedient, never make him angry and will not oppose him in any way. The maid obediently and shyly promised, the king gave her his ring, showed her as a mistress to the people. She was dressed as a queen, decorated with a crown and jewels; they went home and the prince declared the marriage. The marriage lasted a month. The queen was liked by people because of her devotion; she acted like a born empress and advised the king cleverly. At the absence of the king she accepted the ambassadors and had respect in foreign courts.

When the daughter was born, the king wanted to test his wife. He told her that after the birth of the child she lost respect and devotion among the courtiers and the people because the child of a poor girl may become the heiress of the throne. The queen answered obediently that the king can do with the child anything he wants. The king shed tears but sent the servant to take the child from her and to tell her that he was ordered to kill. The queen gave the child; she only asked the servant not to give it for feeding to animals and birds. The servant told that to the king. The king cried; sent the child to his sister abroad to be educated in virtue and in
fear of God. The king watched his wife; she did not show the anger or sorrow for the child.

After four years the queen had a son; everybody was happy. But after two years the king wanted to test his wife again, and repeated the same thing he made with his daughter. The queen spoke obediently as usual. The servant entered in the night to the queen, while she prayed, took her son and said that he must kill him; the queen spoke the same words as before. The king ordered to give the child to his sister, the same way as the daughter saying nothing to his wife.

During sixteen years the king watched the queen but did not notice any changes. Then he announced publicly that he regrets his wedding with a woman from a low class and for this reason he removed her children; he let it be said that he has the Pope's permission, written on a golden scroll, to divorce the woman from the peasant family and marry a princess. The queen cried secretly and asked God for help.

The king sent for his daughter and son; spread the rumor that they are his bride and her brother; then said to his wife that he let her go the way she came without taking anything with her and that her father still has her old dress. The queen obeyed, wished all happiness to the new queen, left her jewels in the room; she asked only
that the king give her some simple dress that she does not have to go semi-nude for people to laugh. The king went away very moved. The queen took out everything what was on her, stayed in her underslip and went barefooted to her father. Many distinguished women went after her crying. The father sold her at home that he always expected this day to come and, therefore, kept all her old dresses.

When the news came that the princess is coming, the king sent for the queen to come in her old skirt, he ordered her to supervise the kitchen during the wedding. The glorious procession came next day. The queen greeted her children in a dirty skirt. But talked unusually wise and noble. During the meal the king ordered the queen to come, called her "old woman" and asked her if he will have a beautiful wife. The queen praised his choice. She only mentioned to use his language more carefully because the girl is delicate, educated, and not used to abuses.

The king then declared that she is the best under the skies; embraced her and revealed to her that princess and prince are her children. The queen wept from joy, was dressed right away into the queen's dresses and a celebration followed.
I A 1 g, I A 2 0, I A 5 0, I A 6 0, I B 1 b, I B 2 0, I I B 1 b, I I B 1 e, I I B 1 f, I I B 1 g, I I I B 1, I I I B 2 a, I I I B 4, I I I B 6, I I I B 7 b, I I I C 2 a, I I I C 2 b, I I I C 3, I I I D 1, I I I E 1, I I I E 2, I I I E 3, IV A 1, IV A 2, IV B 1 a, IV B 2 a, IV B 4 a, IV C 2, IV D 2, IV D 7, IV E 1 b, IV F 1 b, IV F 2 b, IV F 2 d, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 4 b, IV F 4 c, V A 1, V B 1, V B 2 a, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 b, V D 1, V D 3

JANECKOVA

A poor widower cared well eighteen years for his daughter Griselda. He warned her to avoid boyfriends, told her that she has enough time for them. She met a count when she was nineteen; he asked her whose daughter she was and does she want to get married. The maid afraid that her father disapprove. The count said her not to afraid to tell that she is wanted by a nobleman. The father warned her that the noblemen are taking a poor girl only for a while to please them. The count continued to chase her. The maid said to him that her father does not want a nobleman. The count told her to say the father that he will come for her tomorrow. The father told her not to trust. The maid cried; the father wanted to protect her. The count came next day and said that he will arrange everything for the girl and that she can leave all her poor dresses at home. The father had to take the girl next day into the castle. He took her. The father hardly recognized her after she was washed and dressed. The girl gave him her dresses to keep. The father wished her not to need these dresses again was dined and went home.
The count and his wife loved each other, but when the daughter was born, the count told to her wife to kiss her daughter for the first and last time because it is not proper for the children of a low class to reach such a high position. The mother crossed the child and they took it away. The same thing happened to her son.

Sixteen years passed and then the count told to his wife to go to the father, who is still keeping her old poor dresses, that he will marry a girl from a noble family, and that she can go away jilted. The wife knelt and asked to give her a slip to cover the stomach which bore his children. In the evening she went to her father. The father was already sleeping; he said that he expected that to happen. He gave her the dresses. The order came after three months saying that count is getting married and that the former wife has to come to help in the kitchen. The father advised her not to go. The woman wanted to drink her cup to the end. In the castle she saw a seventeen-year-old bride. The count asked her how she liked the bride. "Klizerda" knelt before her, forgave him and asked him not to hurt his bride because she is of a noble family. The count let his wife know that this is her daughter. Then he showed her their son and let her be beautifully dressed.
I A 1 0, I A 2 h, I A 5 a, I A 6 0, I B 1 d, I B 2 0,
II A 1, II A 4, III B 2 d, III B 6, III B 7 a, III C 2 b,
III D 0, III E 1, III E 3, III E 4, IV A 1, IV B 1 a,
IV B 2 a, IV B 4 a, IV C 3, IV D 1, IV E 4, IV F 1 0,
IV F 2 b, IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 4 c, V A 1, V B 1,
V B 2, V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 a, V D 1, V D 3
Oldřich, the Czech prince, loved the hunting and did not marry. A knight came to his castle in the Druhousi over Ohři and asked the prince in the name of the knights to marry and give them an heir. Oldřich agreed with condition that they will love and honor the spouse of his choice. The noblemen promised. Oldřich ordered to prepare the wedding celebrations in Drahousi. He went hunting, returned through the Opucna village and saw a beautiful girl washing clothes in the spring. He showed her to his servants and some of them found that the girl was called Božena. Oldřich declared: "I am telling you that Božena will be my wife." Many noblemen came a day before wedding asking to see the bride. Oldřich told them who she was and sent the noblemen to call her. The noblemen went for her bringing the prince presents and telling the people that prince is marrying the daughter of the peasant Kresina. She was dressed in princely clothes, sat on a horse and was brought to Drahousi. After the wedding everybody praised her soul-inspiring beauty, innocence and nobleness; the princess behaved as she were educated in emperor's court. Shortly she had a daughter, Božena.
After a year Oldřich wanted to test his wife. He reminded her that she was from a poor peasant family. He told her that noblemen do not want to be ruled by the child of a poor peasant girl. He has to accept their will and dispose of the child. The princess was sad but told him that they are both his and he can do what he wants without her opposing him. The prince hardly can keep himself from crying. In night he sent the servant to ask the princess for the child to be lost forever. The princess gave the child. Oldřich sent it to live in the Hostyn Castle. After four years the princess had a son Bretislav. When the child was two years old, Oldřich again told his wife that they have to lose the son because of noblemen's will. The princess obeyed; her love to husband did not change. The prince was terrified, almost cried, but in night sent again the servant for the child. The child was taken to the Hradisk near Olomouce and then to the Hostyn. The elder brothers of the prince died. Oldřich became a lord of vast lands and was inaugurated in Prague for the king's office. He wanted to terminate the test of his wife and show her virtues in full glory. He called the highest noblemen and told them what he did. Then he called the princess. He told her that the noblemen now wanted him to send her back to her father and to marry a younger more noble lady. The princess admitted that their marriage was not equal; never,
she said, she was his spouse but a servant girl. She thanked him for his goodness, said that she is ready to return to father giving voluntarily everything to the lady he chose. She returned to the prince the princely clothes and ring; she asked only to give her a linen slip so that the body, which bore his children, will not be naked because she gave her clothes to the father and has them there.

When Božena wanted to leave, Oldřich embraced her. He said to her that she passed a hard test not of his will but according to the will of noblemen. He took the princess to the throne, the noblemen congratulated her and promised loyalty; the Moravian noblemen brought the children to Božena. Oldřich and Božena then moved into Prague castle. Bretislav, after father's death, gave the Hostyn forest to the Olomouc bishop in exchange for empty area at the junction of the Dyje and Morava rivers where he built the Bretislava or Breclava.
Once upon a time there lived a count, who owned a very large estate, and who was still unmarried. His friends urged him to get married, so that the big estate would have a mistress. But the count never got around to getting married. But finally he realized that he could not manage the estate by himself, and decided to marry the first girl who would appeal to him the most.

One day he went hunting in the forest where he came upon a charcoal maker's cottage. The count was very thirsty, so he asked the charcoal maker if he could have a drink of water. The charcoal maker was busy, so he asked his daughter to bring the count a cup of water. The charcoal maker's daughter came and brought the water to the count. She was one of the most beautiful girls that the count had ever seen. The count was overcome by the
girl's beauty. The count fell in love with the girl. Every day he went hunting and every day he went to the charcoal maker's cottage to ask for some water. Whenever the beautiful girl brought him water, he always gave her some money.

One day he told the charcoal maker how the things were and that he would like to marry his daughter. The charcoal maker just looked at him and said: "Count, sir, you must be joking. You are a count and my daughter is just a poor wretched girl!" The count answered him: "I am not joking. I'll either marry her or no one at all."

The next day the count sent to the charcoal maker a wagon-load of various chests, and in the chests were different kinds of dresses and gowns, everything that a girl would need for a wedding. This convinced the charcoal maker, his wife, and his daughter that the count was very serious about the marriage. Again, the count came to the charcoal maker and told him: "You don't have to worry about anything. I'll prepare everything that is necessary for the marriage, and I'll announce the wedding day."

In his castle, the count was preparing for a big wedding. His friends realized that the count was serious about getting married, but they didn't know whom he was marrying, even his closest friends didn't know.
Came the wedding day, as the count had agreed with the girl. A large number of carriages arrived, with many friends and noblemen, all ready to go to the wedding, but still no one knew who the bride was, and where she was from.

They all set out, and arrived at the charcoal maker's, and they were all very surprised, when they saw where the count had come for the bride, and when they saw the charcoal maker's cottage. But they were even more surprised when they saw the count bringing his bride from the cottage. No one had ever seen such a beautiful woman.

From the cottage they all went to the church where the priest performed marriage ceremony. All the people were stunned by the beauty of the bride.

After the ceremony there was a huge celebration at the count's castle. Everyone liked the bride. She was pretty and very kind. The count lived happily with her, and his estate doubled in richness. She bore him two children, a boy and a girl. But his relatives and friends were not pleased with her, because she was of a common family. They would never let the count forget that his wife was a charcoal maker's daughter.

This was too much for the count, so he went to his wife one day and told her: "Dearest wife, I have to tell you that from this day on I cannot have you as a wife
any more because of my relatives. They are always re-proaching me with the fact that you are of a poor and common family, and I no longer have any peace. I'll bring up the children by myself, and from this day on you will work as a common maid in the kitchen. Take off your pretty clothing and put on maid's attire." The wife was very patient and only said: "It will be as you say!" And from then on she spent her time working in the kitchen as a maid.

Fifteen years went by, but she never complained to anyone. One day the count came to the kitchen and told the scullery maids, that on such and such a day they would have to prepare a big feast, because he would be marrying a young girl. His wife said nothing, only became pale, and continued working. She cleaned herself up nicely, to look her best for the count's wedding.

When the day came, she herself prepared the big meal and by noontime everything was ready. The bride came accompanied by a young, good looking man. They all seated themselves at the table and the count sat next to his bride. His first wife had to serve them at the table. It was very difficult for her, so that she could hardly walk from sadness and grief, but she didn't complain to anyone. When the meal was over, the count said: "Now, summon our maid." She came in,
ashamed, and the count picked up a glass to toast her, and said: "The first time, I married a woman that I loved, She was a charcoal maker's daughter, but she was the most beautiful woman under the sun. My relatives, and my friends, counts and barons, always reproached me for marrying a charcoal maker's poor daughter. I never had any peace and quiet because of that. I put her purposely to work as a scullery maid, and she spent almost twenty years like that without complaining to anyone. I tested her even more. I told her that I was getting married again. She prepared herself for my seemingly second marriage, she served us at the table, but she never complained. I think that there is not a better woman in the world than she. Because of that, from this day on she will no longer be a servant in my house, but the countess, my true wife. The one seemingly my bride and her companion are her and my children, to enjoy them together with me--that will be her pay for her great patience."

When he finished, the relatives, the counts and barons told him that that was the right thing to do, and she and her children wept with joy. From that day on no one reproached him again, because they all realized that he had not only the most beautiful, but also the most kind wife.
That same day she dressed herself in the finest clothing of a countess and with the children and her husband went to visit the old charcoal maker. They found him still strong and healthy, they had built for him on the same spot where his old cottage was a nice house, and they gave him enough money so that he no longer had to toil with charcoal.

After that the count and his wife and their children lived happily for many years; they even buried the old charcoal maker who never dreamed that he would die a gentleman.
A RICH MAN AND A FAITHFUL WIFE

Well, there was a rich man there long ago, and the thought came to him to marry. He gathered the tenants around him for a celebration. They came together this day and he went along in his coach ahead of them. None of them knew where he was to get his wife. As he went on out through the countryside, he met a young woman, with a vessel on her head, carrying water from the well. He stuck his head out from the coach and asked her to marry him. She answered that a woman like herself would not suit him as a servant, let alone as a wife. "O, don't mind that!" said he; "will you marry me?" "I will," said she. "Well," said he, "you must promise me that you will not make me angry and that you will be humble and kindly." "Well, I promise that," said she.
He ordered his servants to go out and to dress her up. Of course, they did so, and it did not take them long until they had made a fine, suitable woman of her. They put her into the coach and took her to the big house. The marriage took place in a few days time, and they got on well enough. In the course of time a son was born to him, and the son was only a few weeks old or three, when he (the husband) came to test her faithfulness (obedience). "Well," said he, "the tenants are complaining that his (child) is no heir to them as he is only the son of a country-woman, and I think I will have to get rid of him." Well, she looked at him. (end of record)

He took the child from her and she did not know, dead or alive, what he did with it. That was good and it wasn't bad (a cliché in storytelling). Things remained like that. She was afraid to ask him what he had done with the child through fear that she would anger him. But later on, in the course of time, she gave birth to a daughter. A week or fortnight later he came to her again to test her further. "Well," said he, "the tenants are complaining again that this child is no (proper) heir for them. I will have to banish it. I can't turn them against me." "Take it, if you wish," said she.

He took the child from her and banished it. Things remained so, and the mother did not hear any word
about either of the children. The pair of them (husband and wife) were getting along nicely enough for some years. Then he said to himself that he would have to test her further. He came to her again and said that the tenants were complaining again, that they were afraid that they would not have any heir. "And," said he, "they are ordering me to bring in another wife and to banish you. Isn't that hard?" "Do as you wish," said she. "All that concerns me is in your hands; I have no claim to anything."

He ordered her to leave. She took off whatever clothes she had on, even her shoes, threw some old cloak over her head and walked out of the big house, without shoe or stocking. She went home to her father. After a few days, he (husband) went to where she was and said that he would like her to come to see what she thought of the young woman he was now going to marry. She went with him to the big house and he brought the young woman in front of her. "How do you like her?" he asked. "Well, indeed," said she, "I think that I have never laid eyes on a more beautiful woman," said she. "She is soft and young, and I have one request to make to you—that you will not be as hard on her as you were on me." "Well," said he, "I won't be. You have kept your promise faithfully, and you are free to do as you please from now on."
I A 10, I A 20, I A 50, I A 6 g, I B 10, I B 20, 
II B 2, II A 1, II B 2 d, II B 4, II B 7 c, III C 1, 
III D 1, III E 1, III E 2, IV A 1, IV B 1 b, IV B 2 b, 
IV B 4 b, IV C 2, IV D 1, IV E 4, IV F 1 0, IV F 2 a, 
IV F 3 a, IV F 4 a, IV F 4 c, V A 1, V B 1, V B 2 c, 
V C 1, V C 2, V C 3 0, V D 1 0

THE WISE WOMAN

A man was walking looking for a woman who was wise, in order to marry her and he arrived at the house of a very poor old man who had only one daughter and asked whether there were anything to eat because he was very hungry. Then the old man told him that he had only a hen that was his daughter's and that if he paid her well she would kill it and would make it a meal. The old man told him that if they did not have another thing to eat in his (company), that they had prepared it. Thus it happened, because the old man and his daughter had nothing more.

After the hen was dressed and served, the man gave the head to the old man, the legs to the old woman and the wings to the daughter. At night the old man asked his wife:--What did he give you?--The legs, and I was not able to eat them.--To me the head.--And to you daughter, what did he give you? The wings. And then the girl says:--(Why do you guess that was?)--Why daughter?--To you he gave the head because you are the head of the house, and to you to legs because you represent the foundation of the house, and to
me the wings because I am (independent).

Then the man on hearing the girl's explanation said:--I found the woman that I look for.--If you give me your daughter to marry, I will protect (or favor) you.

The old man and the old woman said that it was all right and they married and after she had the first son, the husband said:--I am going to send my son to your parents in order that they believe in our marriage, because they say that it is null (or void of effect).--And she answered him:--Very well.

After they had the second son, he did the same and seeing that she did not grieve any because of this, he said:--You will have to go to your parents' house with the (poor, wretched) garments that you brought.

She very agreeable so did it and when her friends said:--How is this that you with such good clothes that you have go so badly dressed. She answered Nothing brought, nothing carried. Then the husband sympathized with her and returned to take her to his side with her sons.
LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED


¹This bibliography does not list works used solely as sources of tales. For those references, see Appendix.