

The Four Musicians of Bremen

Written and Illustrated By Ellen Baumwoll

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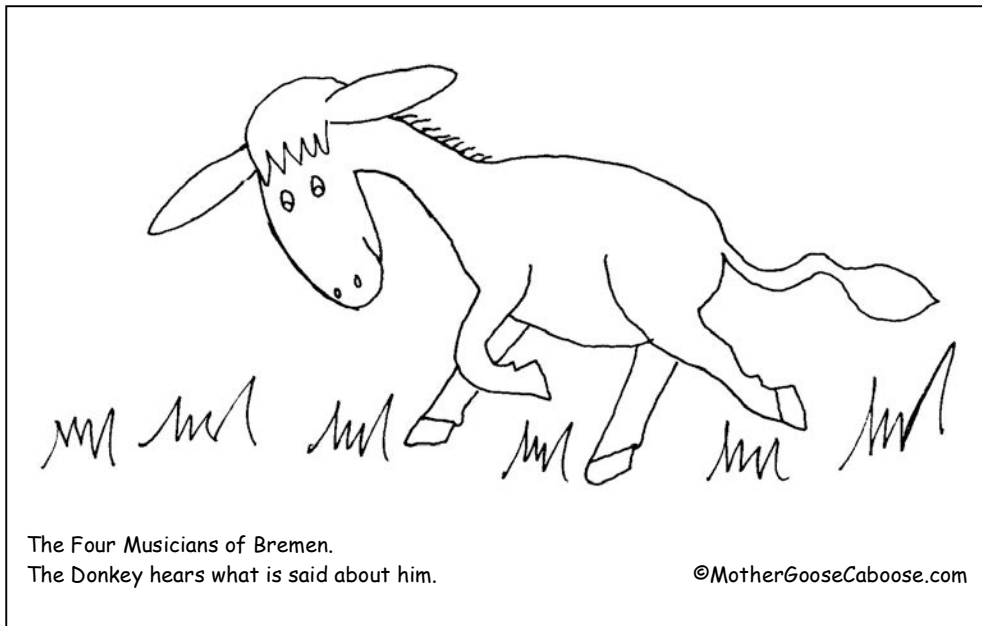


The Four Musicians of Bremen.
Drawing adapted from clip art.

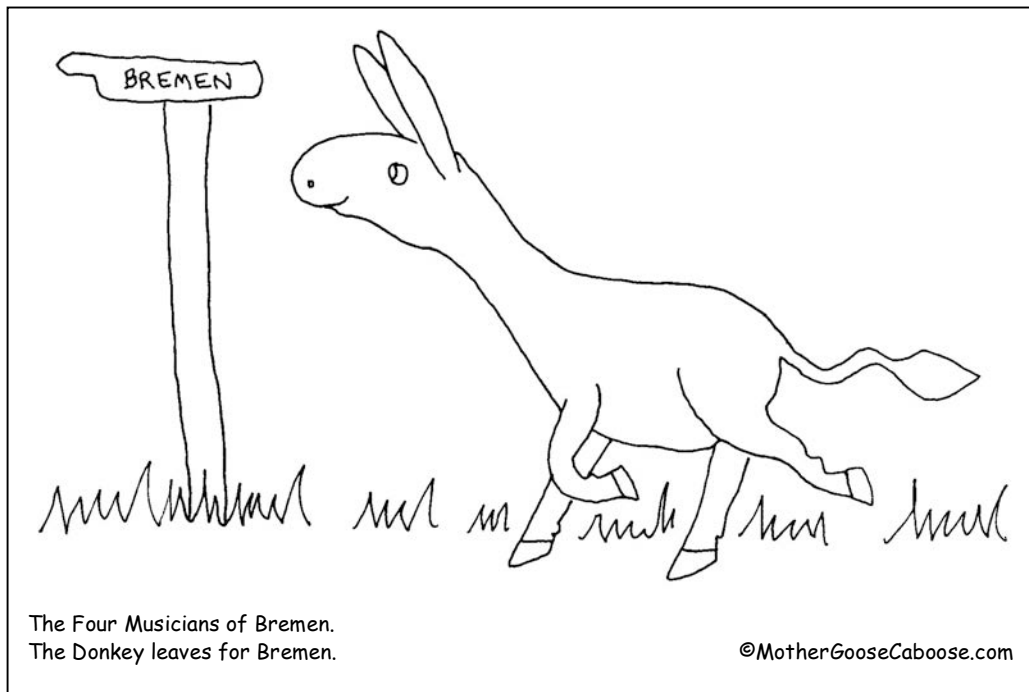
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The Musicians Of Bremen Retold By Ellen Baumwoll.

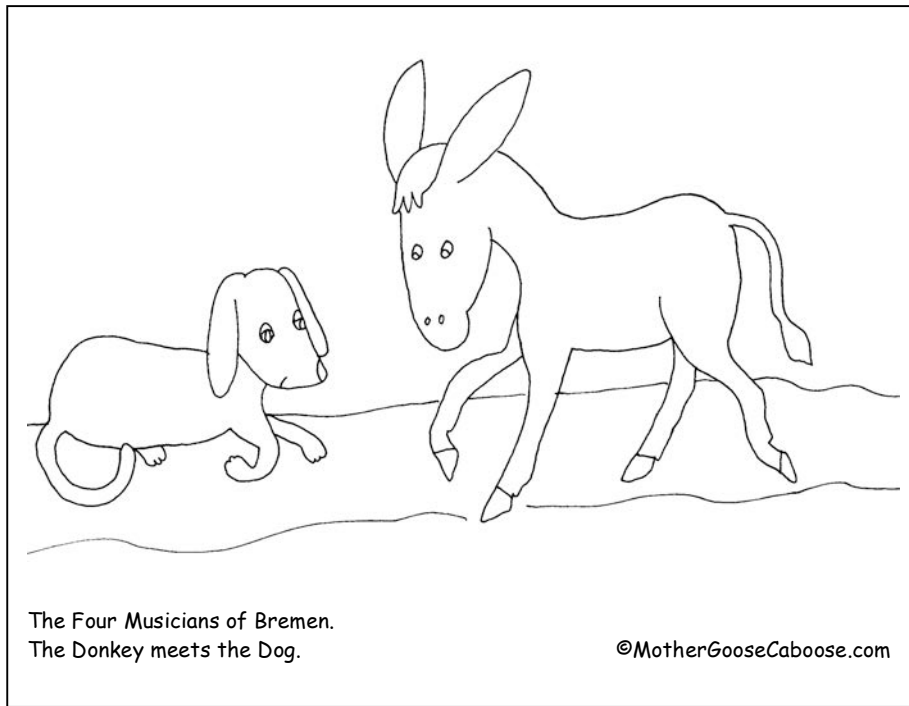
There was once a Donkey who spent his whole life working for a farmer and his wife. He'd grown much too old to work any more. Then he heard the farmer say through the door. "He can no longer work. He's weak and he's thin. We'd be better off to use his thick skin."



Though the Donkey was old, he was a smart guy. And he knew if he stayed there, soon he would die. So he left the farmyard that very same day. "To Bremen," he said. "I will go all the way. A town-musician, I know I can be." And he ran down the road. It was good to be free.

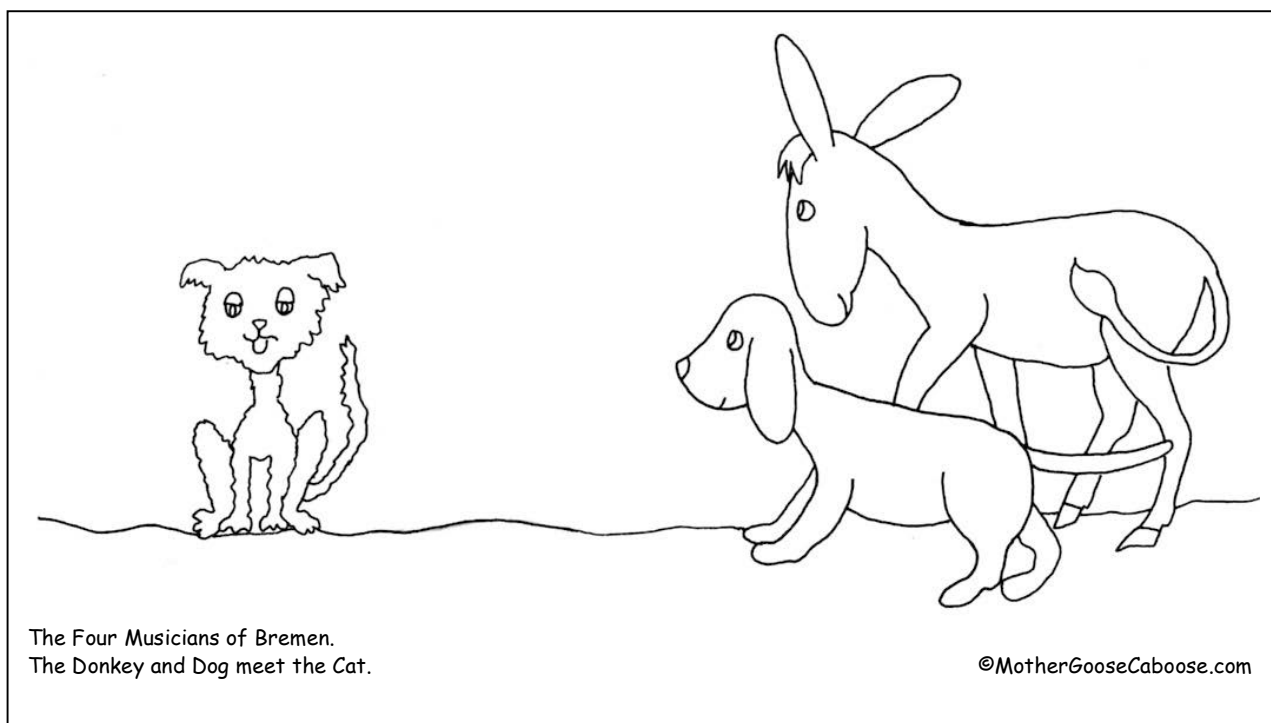


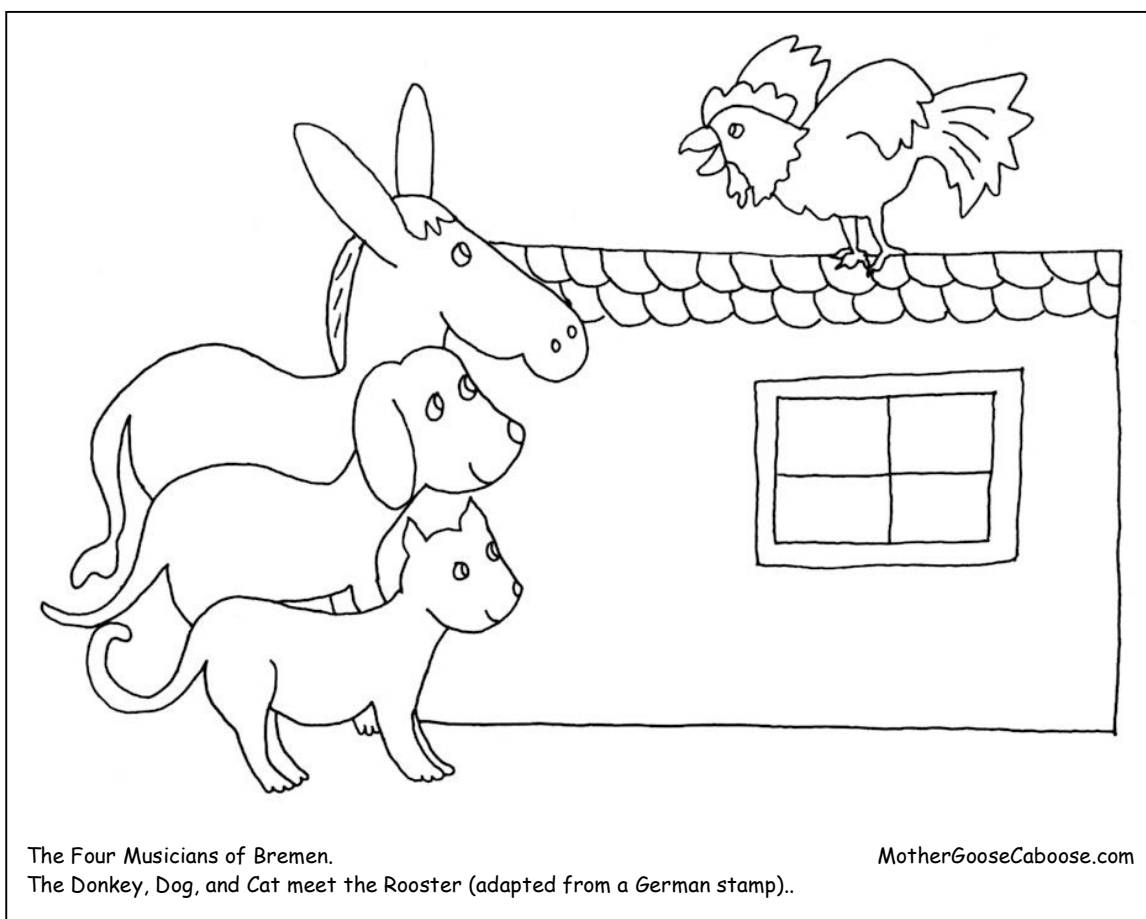
"I'll play on a lute a sweet-sounding song." And he soon met a Hound-Dog limping along. "Why are you limping?" called the Donkey. "I am old and for that my master beats me.



I can no longer hunt, my legs are all bowed; so I ran for my life down this winding road. I know if I stayed there, I now would be dead. But I do not know how I will now earn my bread." "Well," said the Donkey, "to Bremen I go and I go in haste - to be a musician - there's no time to waste. But if you will come with me from here to there, I would be glad in the music to share. I'll play the lute and you'll play the drum. I'd really be happy if you would come." The Hound said, "I love drum music, bow-wow-wow-wow, and I'll come to Bremen along with you now."

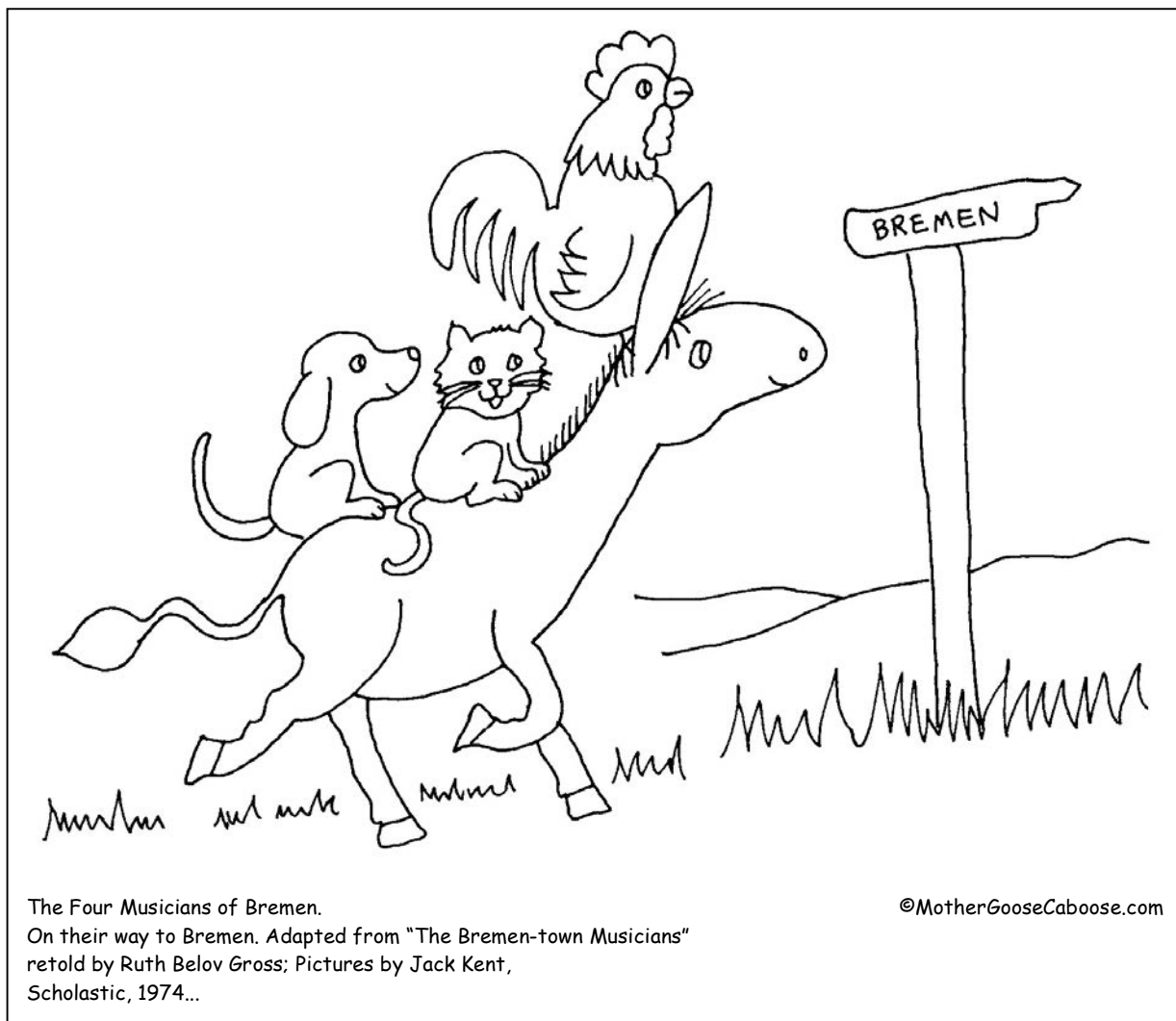
So off the two set, the Donkey and Hound, but presently they met an old Cat on the ground. His face looked like three rainy days had passed through, and the Donkey asked, "What on earth has crossed you?" The Cat said, "I cannot chase mice any more. I'm old and I'd rather just sleep on the floor. My teeth are all worn down to short tiny stumps. My hair is all matted together in lumps. My mistress, she threatened to drown me some day. So I left in the night. I could no longer stay. But now, I do not know what I can do. Can you both tell me; can you, you two?" "Well," said the Donkey, "to Bremen we go and we go in haste - to be town-musicians - there's no time to waste. But if you will come with us from here to there, we would be glad in the music to share. I play the lute, the Hound plays the drum, and you can sing night music if you will come." The Cat said, "I love night music, mew-mew-mew-mew, and I'll come to Bremen with both of you."





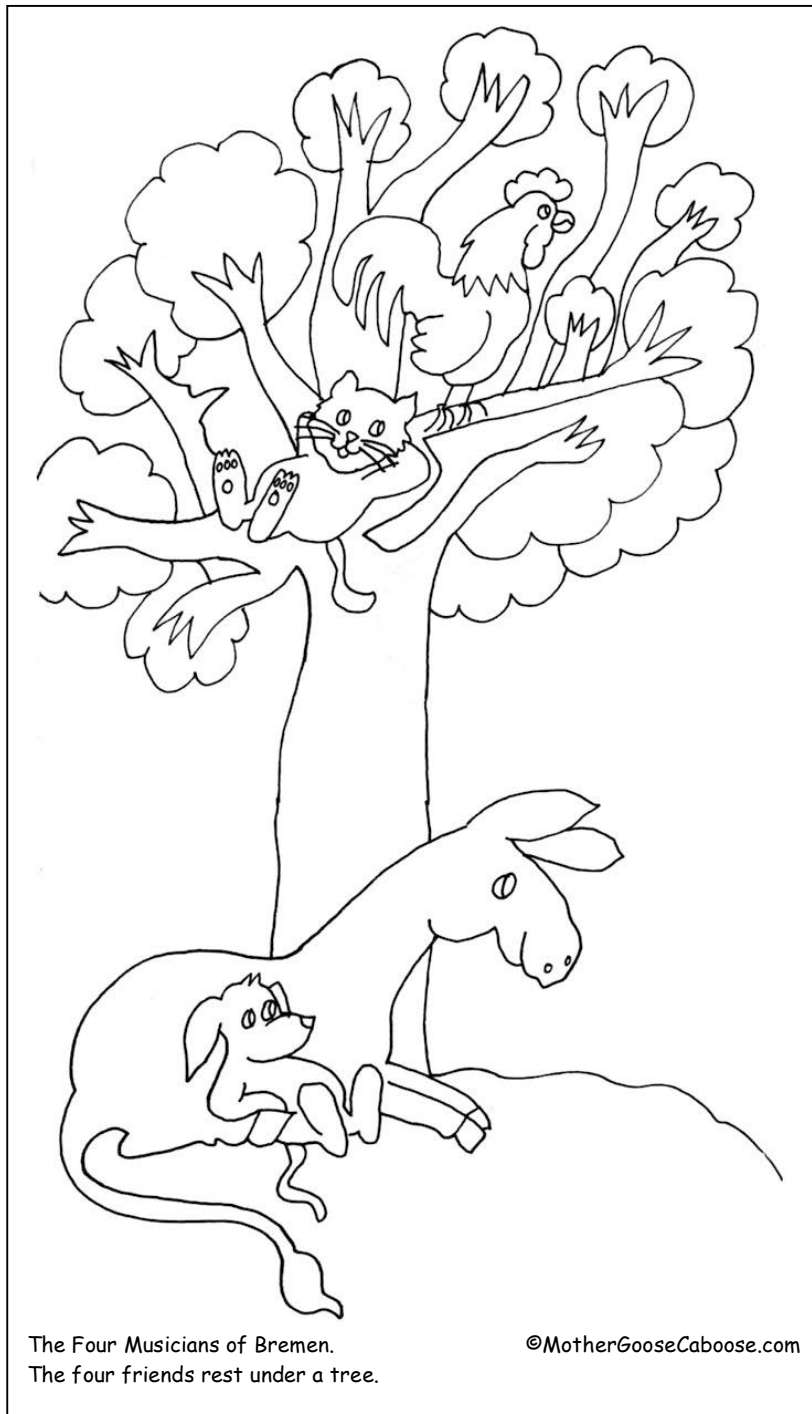
So the Cat went along with the Donkey and Hound, but presently they heard a strange crowing sound. It came from a Rooster sitting alone. Said the Donkey, "Your crow pierces marrow and bone." The Fowl said, "That's how I forecast what the weather will be, but the housekeeper isn't so happy with me. She told the cook to cut off my head. So I know if I stay here I soon will be dead. I really don't want to end up in the soup." And the Rooster grew gloomy and began to droop. "Well," said the Donkey, "to Bremen we go and we go in haste - to be town-musicians - there's no time to waste. But if you will come with us from here to there, we would be glad in the music to share. I play the lute, the Hound plays the drum, the Cat

sings night music, and you, if you come, can sing with your very fine voice in our group. We would be happy if you'd join our troupe." The Bird said, "I love day music, cock-a-doodle-doo, and I would be happy to join all of you." So the Rooster joined up with the three friends he'd found, but soon it was dark and they looked all around, for a safe place to sleep for the rest of the night; and, finally they found one that was just right.



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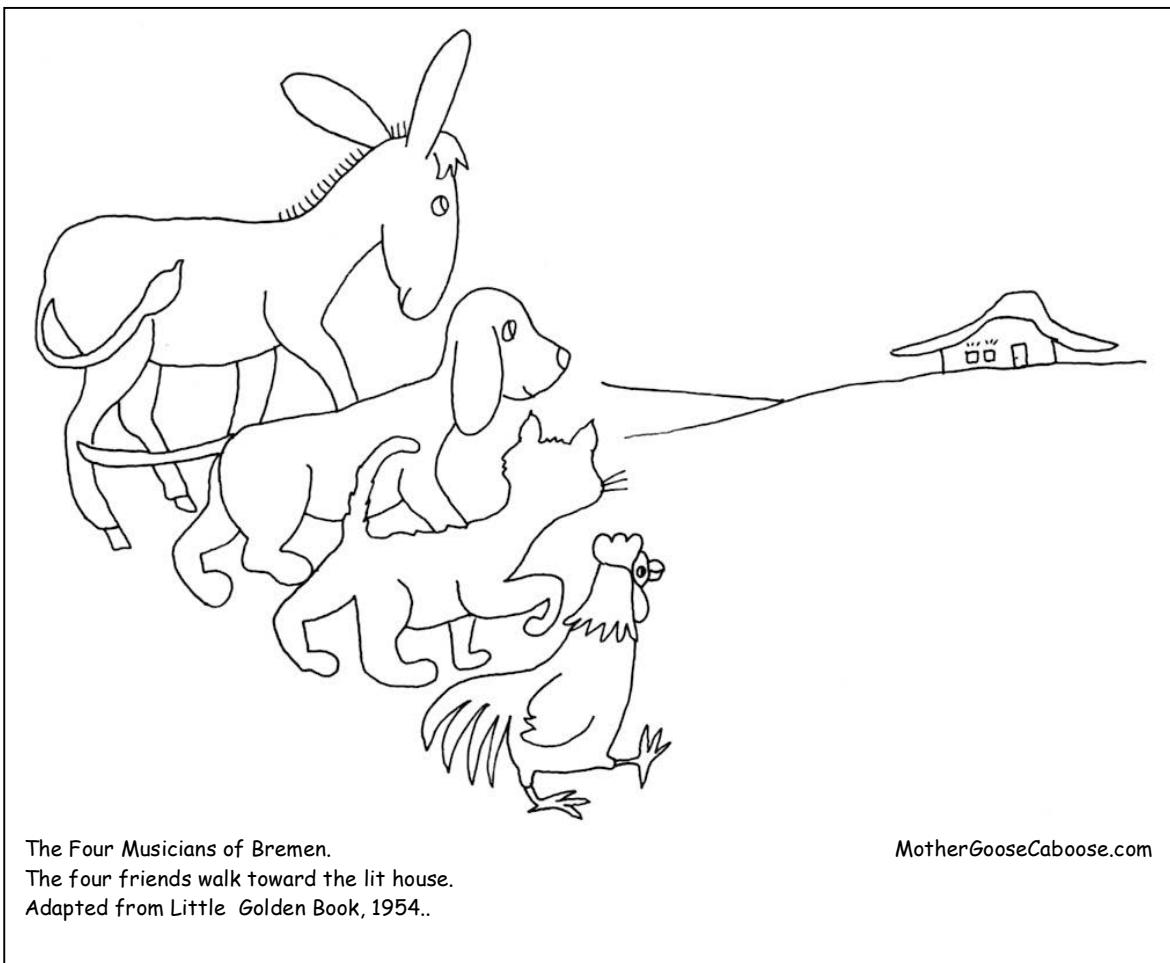
Under a tree the four travelers did stop. And the Rooster flew up to the tippy-most top. Then the Cat he climbed onto a branch of the tree. And the Hound he lay down with the old gray Donkey.



The Four Musicians of Bremen.
The four friends rest under a tree.

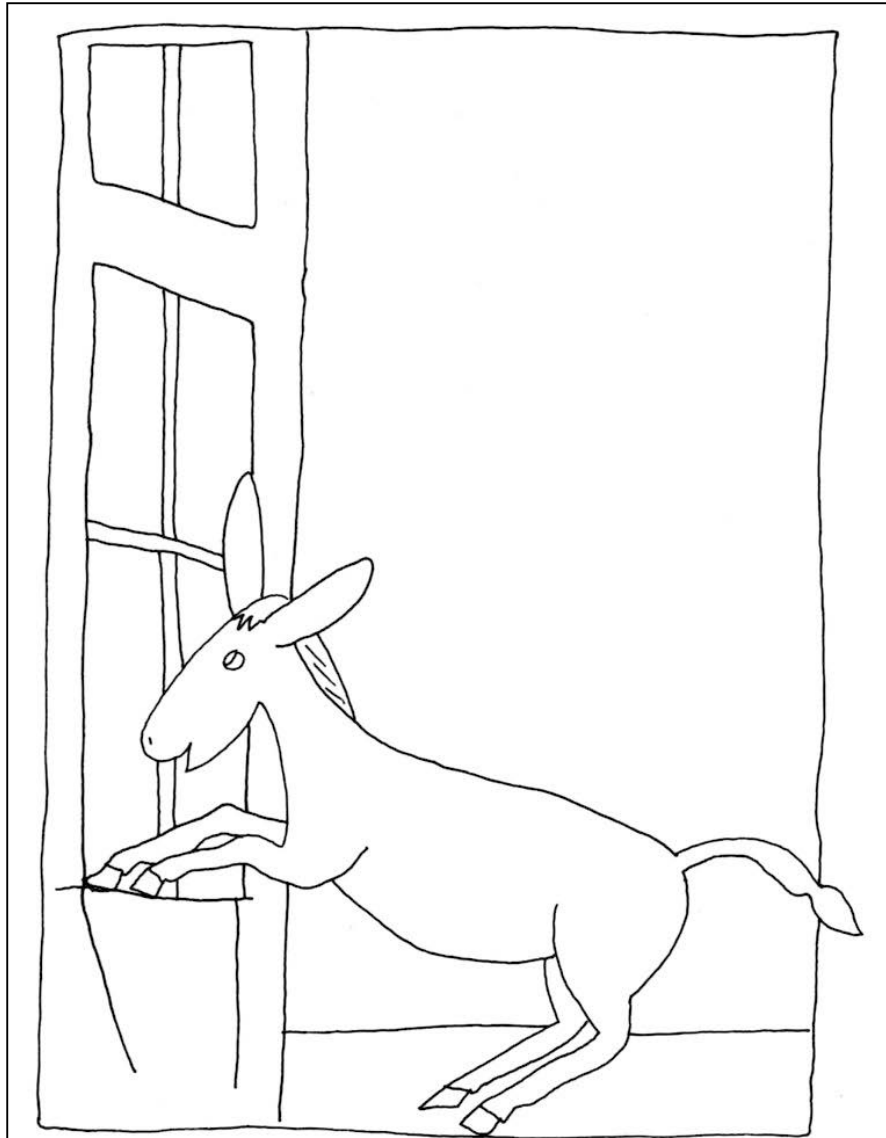
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But the old Fowl spied a sparkling light, off in the distance of the night. And he called to his friends from on top of the tree, "I see a house in the distance, you three." Then turning his head, the old Hound-Dog said, "Yum, I'd like some bones and meat." And the old Cat called out, "Without any doubt, I must wash my hair and my feet!"



So the four runaways made haste that same day, hurrying toward that light. And the closer and closer they came to it, it became very bright.

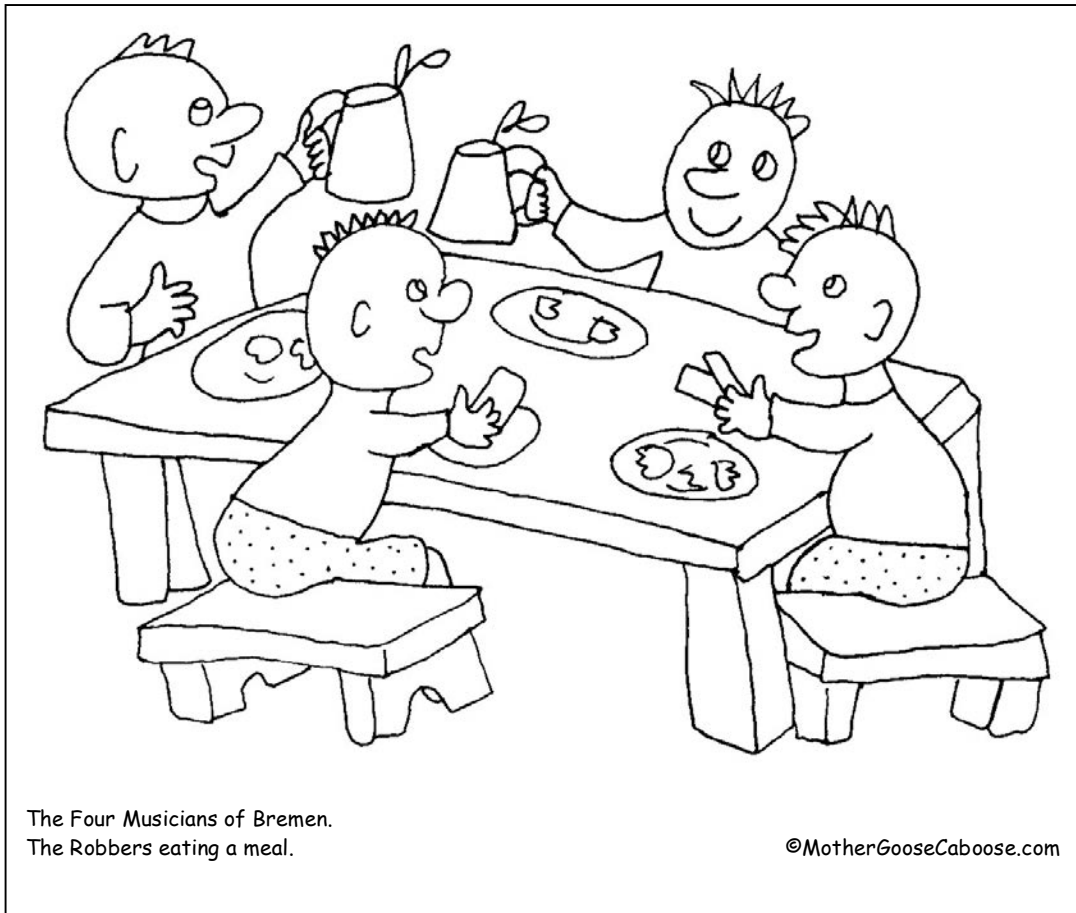
Then the old donkey, the biggest one, peeked into the well-lit window.



The Four Musicians of Bremen.
The Donkey looks in the window.

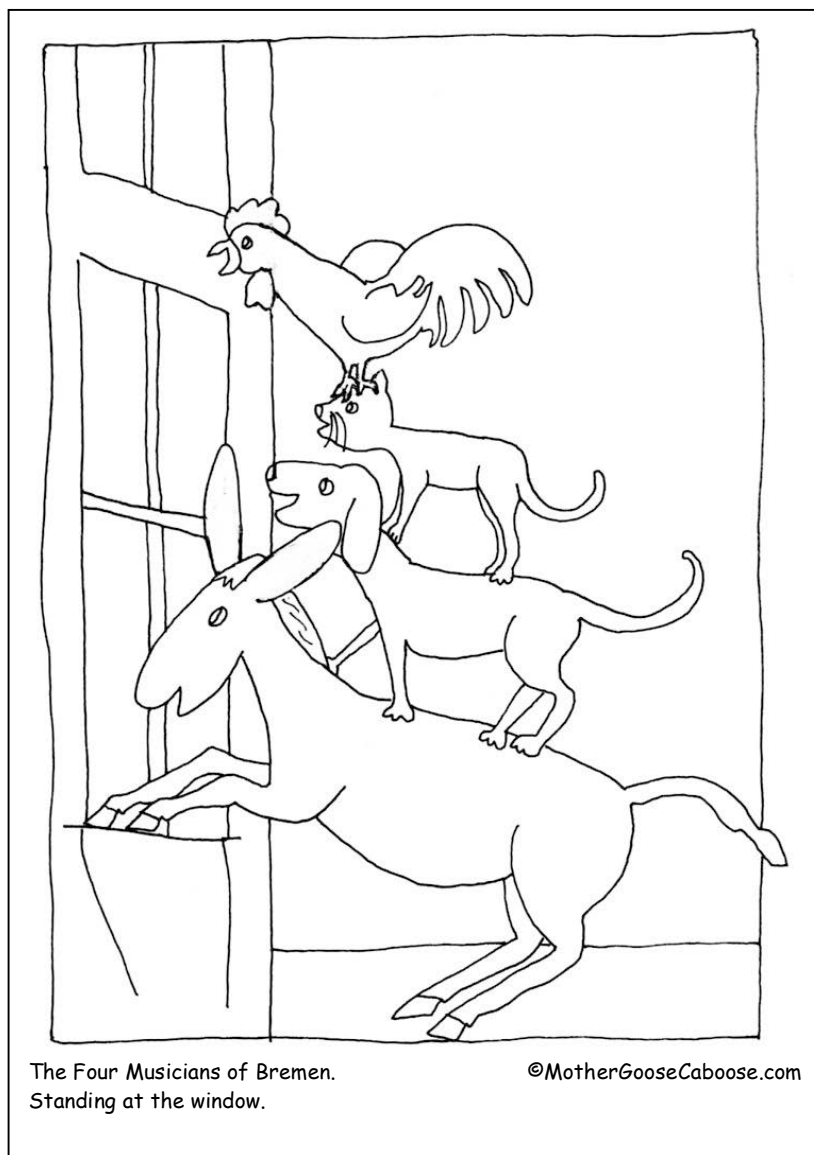
"What do you see?" whispered the three from their positions below.

"Savory meats, drinks, and bread laid on a table plain. And a band of robbers with faces red eating up every grain. "We need some of that," said the Bird, Dog and Cat, "Let's drive those robbers away." So they counseled around, without a sound, and devised a plan to stay.

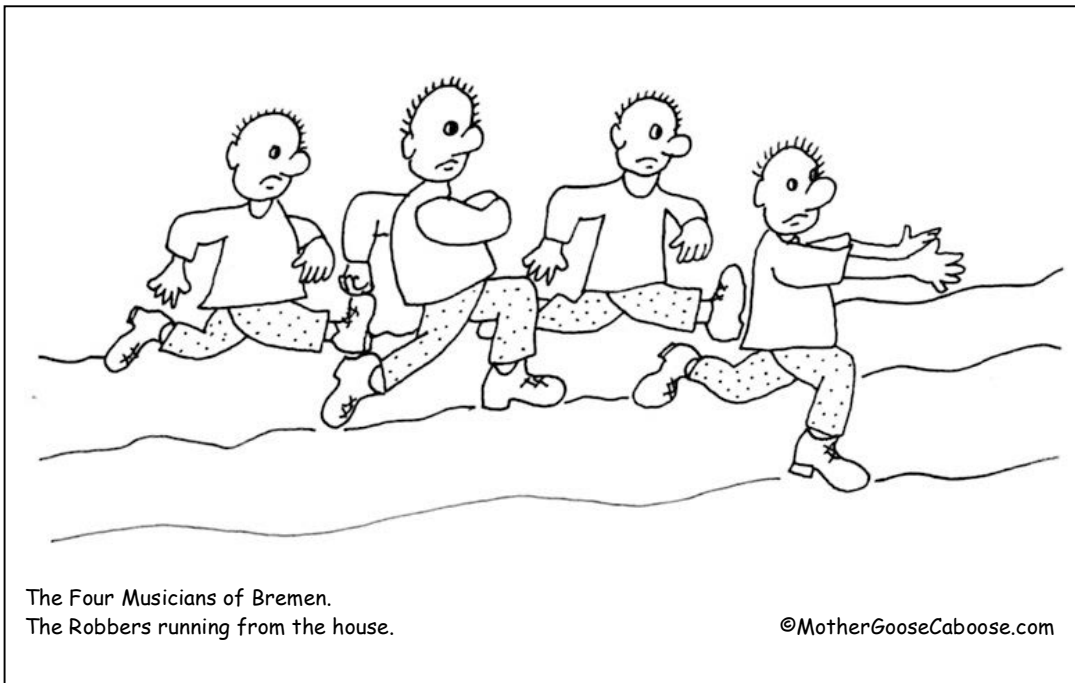


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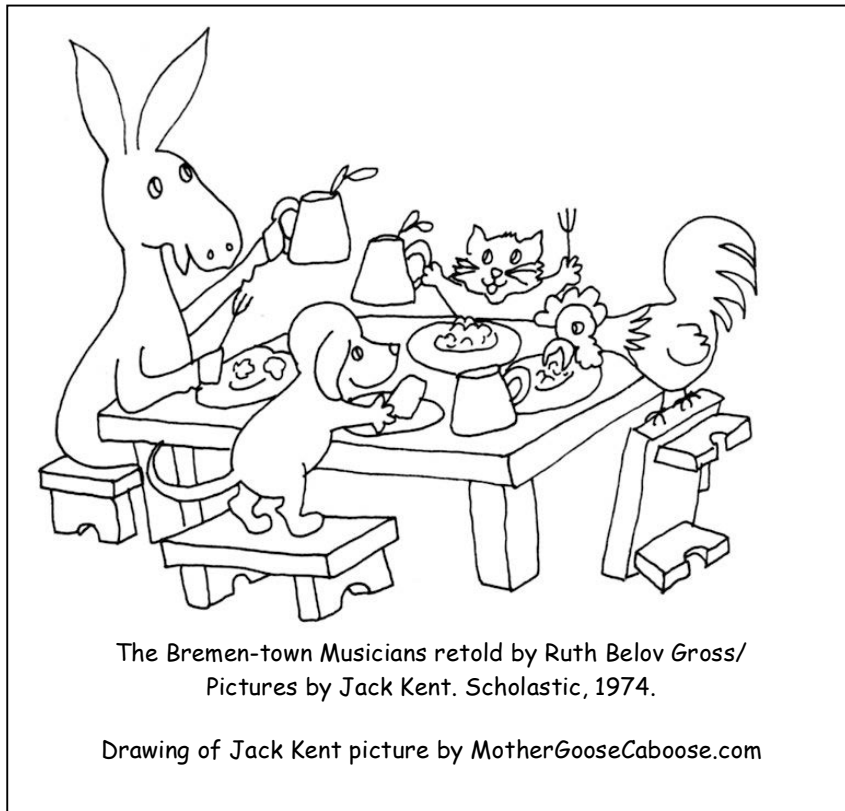
The Donkey placed his two forefeet onto the window track. Then came the Hound, with leap and bound, who jumped on top of his back. Next the Old Cat, he sat on the Dog, and then the old Rooster said, "Now I will fly, up very high, and perch on the Old Cat's head." And, then they performed their music; they sang and they played and played. The music was so piercing, the robbers were afraid. The Hound barked, "Bow-wow-wow," the Rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo," the Donkey brayed "Hee-haw," and the Cat cried, "Mew, mew, mew."



The music shook all the windows and rattled the old floor. The robbers thought that ghosts had come and ran out the front door. Into the forest those robbers ran, as fast as they were able.

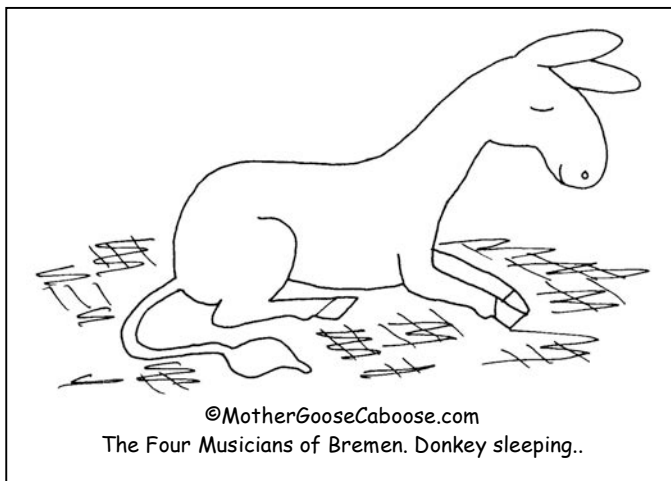


And, then the four companions sat down at the dinner table. They ate up all the leftover food as if they'd not eaten before. And laughed about how they'd tricked the robbers into running out the door.



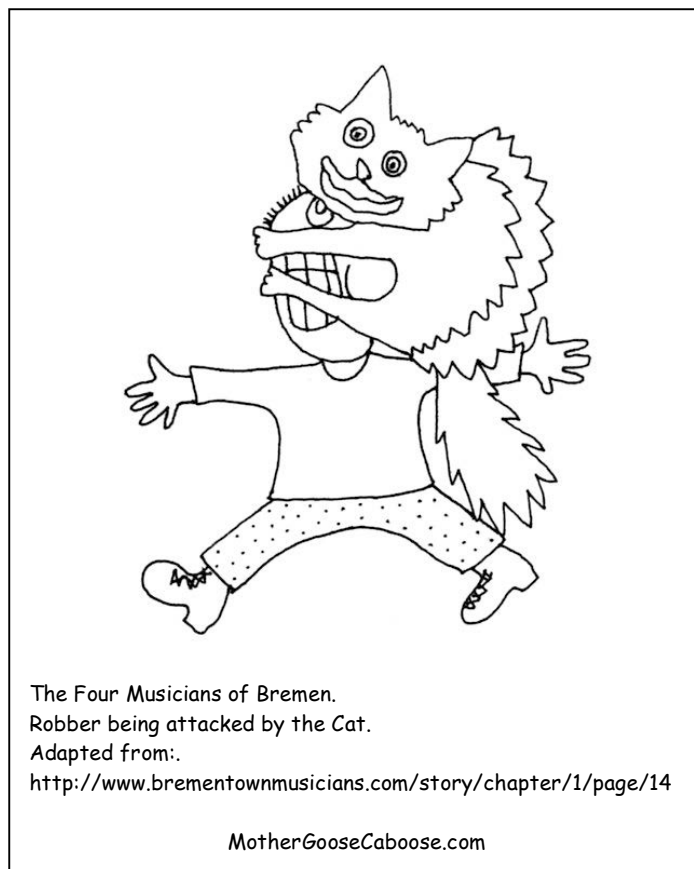
The Musicians Of Bremen Retold cont'd. By Ellen Baumwoll. p.15.

As soon as they finished eating, they turned off every light. And according to their habits, found a place to sleep that night. The Donkey slept on straw outside, the Hound behind the back door; The Rooster flew up to the top-most beam, and the Cat curled up on the floor. And then, without another peep, the weary vagabonds went to sleep.



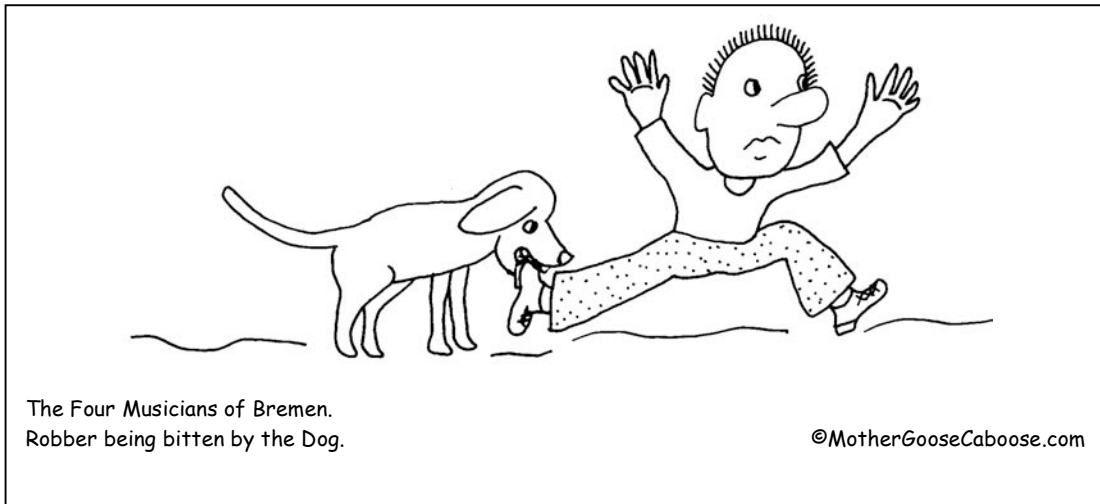
In the middle of the night, from their hiding place, the robbers saw no burning light and set a steady pace. They had to see what made the noise but first they had to wait. Until one of them was sent out, to investigate. He looked around outside the house and saw no one was there. And then went into the kitchen with the utmost care. Since it was so very dark, a match he went to light. He tried to

strike it on two coals that he saw shining bright. The coals were only the Cat's eyes, fiery and yellow. But when the robber came too close he scared the dear old fellow. The Cat, not understanding, flew up from the wood floor - and scratched the robber's face until, he ran out the back door.

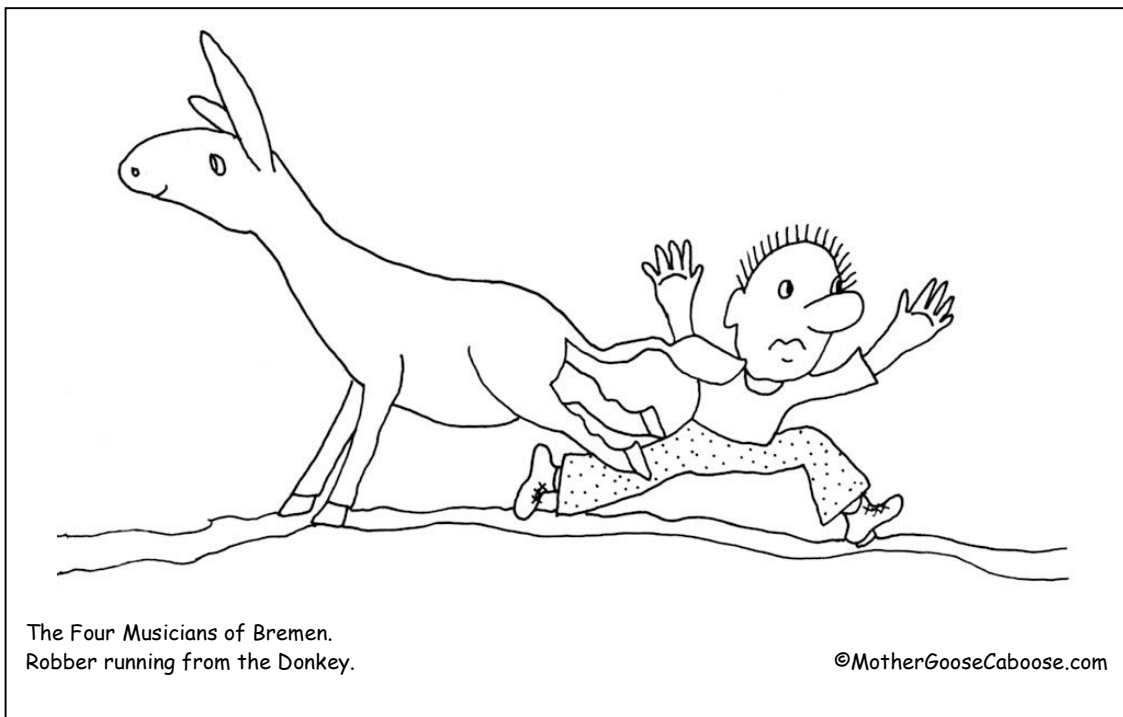


The Hound who was asleep woke up to all the clatter. He sprung up to his feet when he heard all the chatter.

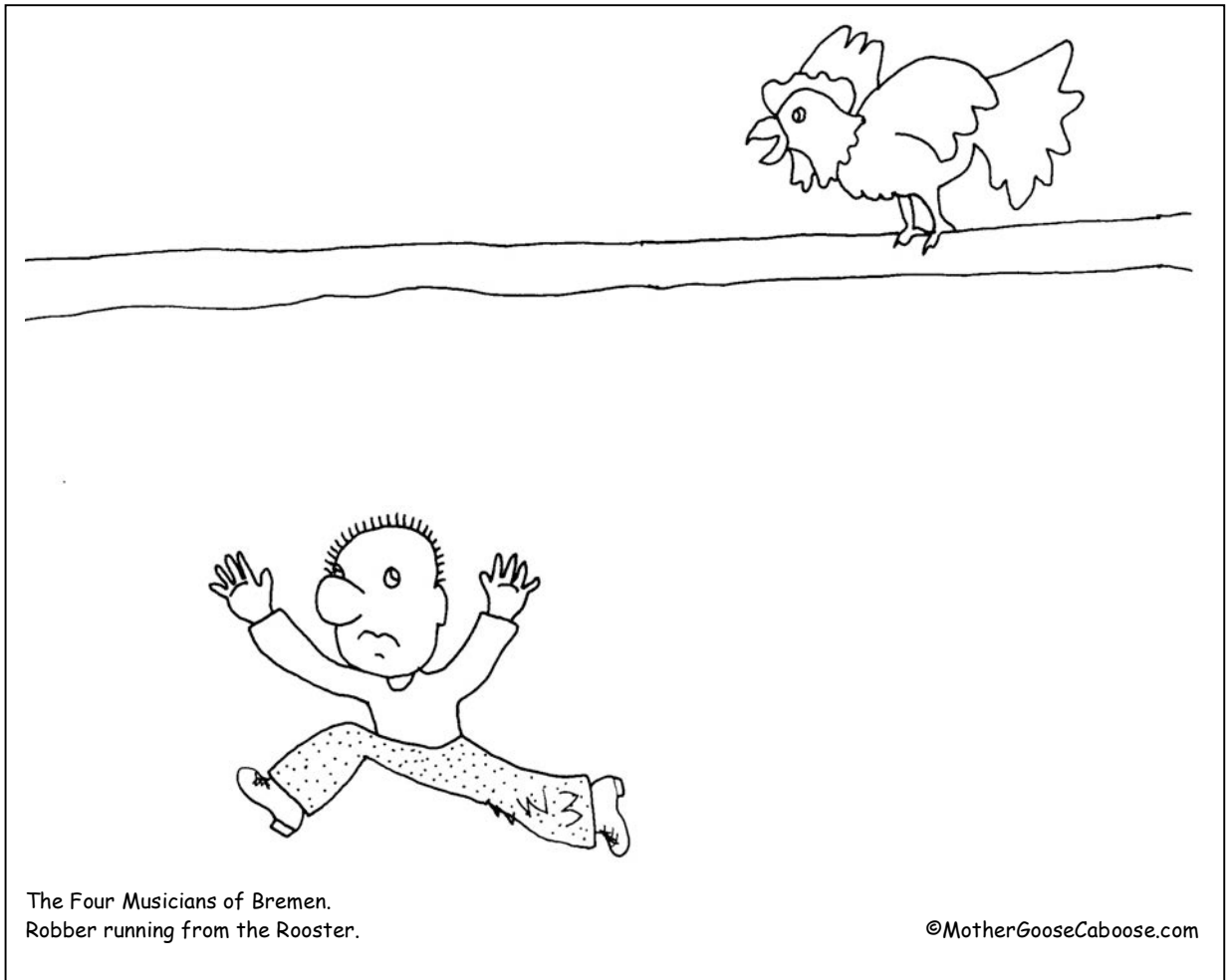
Then as the robber passed, the Dog knew what to do. He bit him on his leg and bit him on his shoe.



The robber ran outside onto the Donkey's bed - who kicked him hard with his hind feet as the scoundrel fled.



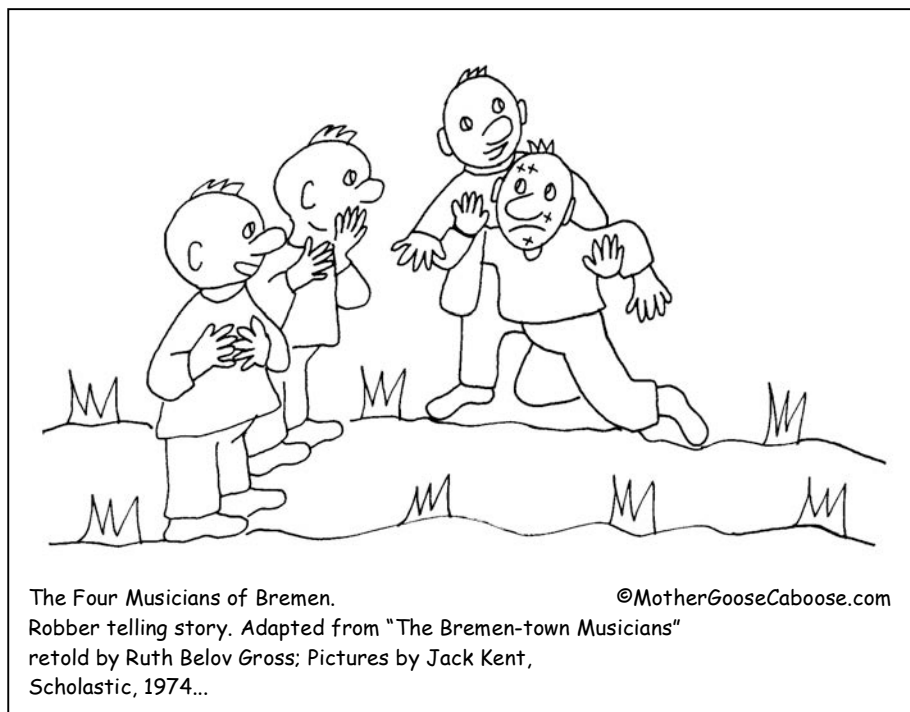
Then from high above, the Rooster took his cue. He stretched his wings across the beam and crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."



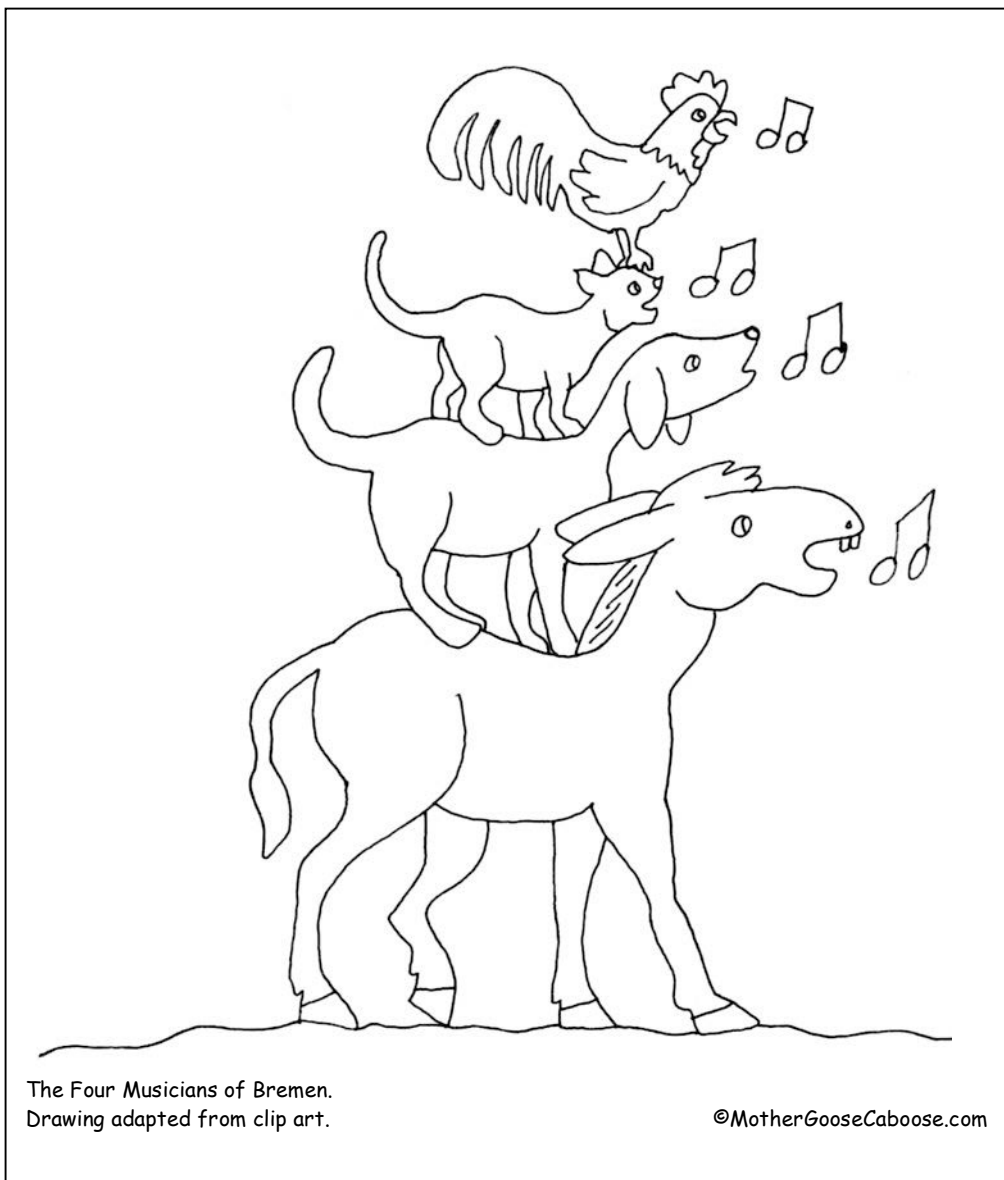
The Four Musicians of Bremen.
Robber running from the Rooster.

The lame and frightened robber ran to the forest wood. He ran back to his cohorts - running as best he could. He spoke to his companions who were waiting there. They listened to his woeful tale with the greatest care.

"A hideous witch sits in the house. Her sharp nails scratched my face. And at the door, a man with a knife slashed me every place. Then in the yard, a big black creature clubbed me black and blue. While on the roof a judge called out, 'Bring that rogue up, do.' That house is haunted, it is clear. We must go far away from here!"



So the robbers were never seen again which was good for the musicians of Bremen. They decided on that very same day, in that house they all would stay. And from this situation, they thrived and prospered well. Those four musicians lived long lives, the local town folk tell.



A Poem To The Musicians Of Bremen

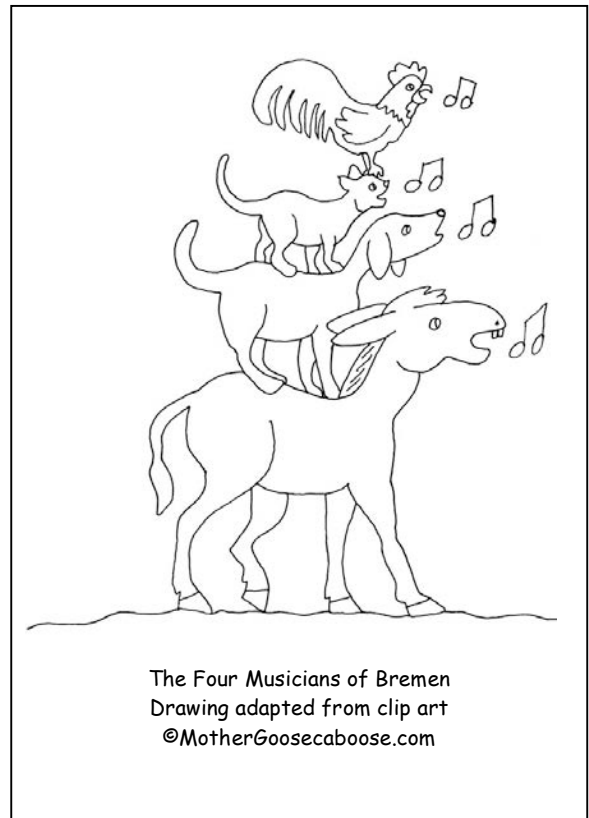
By Ellen Baumwoll

The four musicians of Bremen;
 were clever as could be.
 They ran from danger when it was there;
 they wanted to be free.
 They prospered from their music;
 they sang and played and played.
 They never thought of giving up;
 they never were afraid.
 The Hound barked, "Bow-wow-wow;"
 and banged on his drum, "Ruma-tum."
 The Donkey brayed, "Hee-haw, hee-haw;"
 and on his lute did strum.
 The Rooster sang his day music;
 "Cock-a-doodle-doo."
 And the Cat sang his night music;
 "Mew-mew-mew-mew-mew."

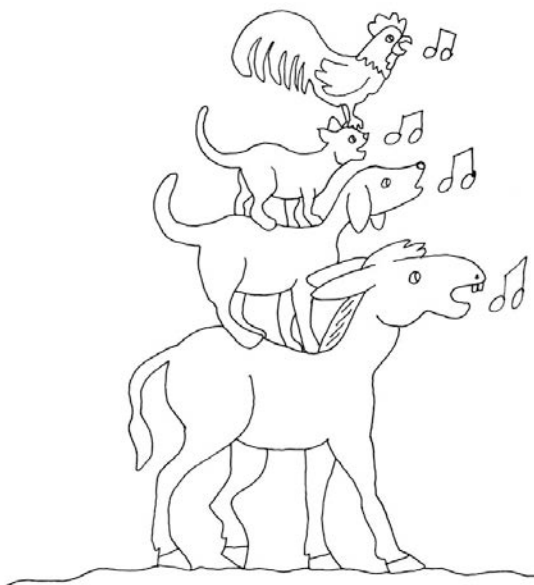
So, if you have a dream,
 you've wanted to achieve,
 Take a tip from The Musicians of Bremen,
 have courage and believe.

END.

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The Four Musicians of Bremen

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The Four Musicians of Bremen



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