

THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS.



HERE was a man who owned a donkey, which had carried his sacks to the mill industriously for many years, but whose strength had come to an end, so that the poor beast grew more and more unfit for work. The master determined to stop his food, but the donkey, discovering that there was no good intended to him, ran away and took the road to Bremen: “There,” thought he, “I can turn Town Musician.”

When he had gone a little way, he found a hound lying on the road and panting, like one who was tired with running. “Hollo ! what are you panting so for, worthy Seize ‘em?” asked the donkey.

“Oh!” said the dog, “just because I am old, and get weaker every day, and cannot go out hunting, my master wanted to kill me, so I have taken leave of him; but how shall I gain my living now?”

“I’ll tell you what,” said the donkey, “I am going to Bremen to be Town Musician; come with me and take to music too. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the drum.”

The dog liked the idea, and they travelled on. It