There was once upon a time, a tailor, who had three sons and only one goat. But as the goat supported the whole of them with her milk, she was obliged to have good food, and to be taken every day to pasture. The sons, therefore, did this, in turn.
Once, the eldest took her to the churchyard, where the finest herbs were to be found, and let her eat and run about there. At night, when it was time to go home, he asked, “Goat, have you had enough?”
The goat answered:
“*I have eaten so much,Not a leaf more I’ll touch,Ma! Ma!*”
“Come home, then,” said the youth, and took hold of the cord round her neck, led her into the stable and tied her up securely.
“Well,” said the old tailor, “has the goat had as much food as she ought?”
“Oh,” answered the son, “she has eaten so much, not a leaf more she’ll touch.”
But the father wished to satisfy himself, and went down to the stable, stroked the dear animal and asked, “Goat, are you satisfied?”
The goat answered:
“*With what should I be satisfied?Among the graves I leapt about,And found no food, so went without,Ma! Ma!*”
“What do I hear?” cried the tailor, and ran up-stairs and said to the youth, “Hollo, you liar; you said the goat had had enough, and have let her go hungry!” and in his anger, he took the yard-measure from the wall, and drove him out with blows.
Next day, it was the turn of the second son, who looked out for a place in the fence of the garden, where nothing but good herbs grew. And the goat cleared them all off.
At night, when he wanted to go home, he asked, “Goat, are you satisfied?”
The goat answered:
“*I have eaten so much,Not a leaf more I’ll touch,Ma! Ma!*”
“Come home, then,” said the youth, and led her home and tied her up in the stable.
“Well,” said the old tailor, “has the goat had as much food as she ought?”
“Oh,” answered the son, “she has eaten so much, not a leaf more she’ll touch.”
The tailor would not rely on this, but went down to the stable and said, “Goat, have you had enough?”
The goat answered:
“*With what should I be satisfied?Among the graves I leapt about,And found no food, so went without,Ma! Ma!*”
“The godless wretch!” cried the tailor, “to let such a good animal go hungry,” and he ran up and drove the youth out of doors with the yard-measure.

Now came the turn of the third son, who wanted to do the thing well, and sought out some bushes with the finest leaves, and let the goat devour them.
In the evening when he wanted to go home, he asked, “Goat, have you had enough?”
The goat answered:
“*I have eaten so much,Not a leaf more I’ll touch,Ma! Ma!*”
“Come home, then,” said the youth, and led her into the stable, and tied her up.
“Well,” said the old tailor, “has the goat had a proper amount of food?”
“She has eaten so much, not a leaf more she’ll touch.”
The tailor did not trust to that, but went down and asked, “Goat, have you had enough?”
The wicked beast answered:
“*With what should I be satisfied?Among the graves I leapt about,And found no leaves, so went without,Ma! Ma!*”
“Oh, the brood of liars!” cried the tailor, “each as wicked and forgetful of his duty as the other! Ye shall no longer make a fool of me,” and, quite beside himself with anger, he ran up-stairs and belabored the poor young fellow so vigorously with the yard-measure that he sprang out of the house.
The old tailor was now alone with his goat. Next morning he went down into the stable, caressed the goat and said, “Come, my dear little animal, I myself will take you to feed.”
He took her by the rope and conducted her to green hedges, and amongst milfoil, and whatever else goats like to eat. “There you may for once eat to your heart’s content,” said he to her, and let her browse till evening.
Then he asked, “Goat, are you satisfied?” She replied:
“*I have eaten so much,Not a leaf more I’ll touch,Ma! Ma!*”
“Come home, then,” said the tailor, and led her into the stable, and tied her fast.
When he was going away, he turned round again and said, “Well, are you satisfied for once?”
But the goat did not behave better to him, and cried:
“*With what should I be satisfied?Among the graves I leapt about,And found no leaves, so went without,Ma! Ma!*”
When the tailor heard that, he was shocked, and saw clearly that he had driven away his three sons without cause. “Wait, you ungrateful creature,” cried he, “it is not enough to drive you forth, I will mark you so that you will no more dare to show yourself amongst honest tailors!”
In great haste, he ran up-stairs, fetched his razor, lathered the goat’s head, and shaved her as clean as the palm of his hand. And as the yard-measure would have

been too good for her, he brought the horsewhip, and gave her such cuts with it that she ran away with mighty leaps.
When the tailor was thus left quite alone in his house, he fell into great grief, and would gladly have had his sons back again. But no one knew whither they were gone.
The eldest had apprenticed himself to a joiner, and learnt industriously and unweariedly, and when the time came for him to go on his travels, his master presented him with a little table which had no unusual appearance, and was made of common wood. But it had one good property; if any one put it down, and said:
"*Little Table!Set thyself!*"
the good Little Table was at once covered with a clean little cloth. And a plate was there, and a knife and fork beside it, and dishes with boiled meats and roasted meats, as many as there was room for, and a great glass of red wine shone so that it made the heart glad.
The young journeyman thought, "With this you have enough for your whole life!" and went joyously about the world, and never troubled himself whether an inn was good or bad, or if anything was to be found in it or not. When it suited him he did not enter an inn at all, but either in the plain, a wood, a meadow, or wherever he fancied, he took his Little Table off his back, set it down before him, and said:
"*Little Table!Set thyself!*"
and then everything appeared that his heart desired.
At length, he took it into his head to go back to his father, whose anger would now be appeased, and who would now willingly receive him with his Wishing-Table. It came to pass that on his way home, he arrived, one evening, at an inn which was filled with guests. They bade him welcome, and invited him to sit and eat with them, for otherwise he would have difficulty in getting anything.
"No," answered the joiner, "I will not take the few bites out of your mouths. Rather than that, you shall be my guests."
They laughed, and thought he was joking. He, however, placed his wooden Little Table in the middle of the room, and said:
"*Little Table!Set thyself!*"
Instantly it was covered with food, so good that the host could never have procured it, and the smell of it arose pleasantly to the noses of the guests.
"Fall to, dear Friends," said the joiner.
And the guests, when they saw that he meant it, did not need to be asked twice, but drew near, pulled out their knives and attacked it valiantly. And what surprised them most, was that when a dish became empty, a full one instantly took its place.
The innkeeper stood in one corner and watched the doings. He did not know what

to say, but thought, “I could easily find use for such a cook as that in my kitchen.”
The joiner and his comrades made merry until late into the night. At length they lay down to sleep, and the young apprentice also went to bed, and set his Magic Table against the wall.
The host’s thoughts, however, let him have no rest. It occurred to him that there was a little old table in his lumber-room, which looked just like the apprentice’s. And he brought it out quite softly, and exchanged it for the Wishing-Table.
Next morning, the joiner paid for his bed, took up his table, never thinking that he had got a false one, and went his way.
At midday, he reached his father, who received him with great joy. “Well, my dear son, what have you learnt?” said he to him.
“Father, I have become a joiner.”
“A good trade,” replied the old man; “but what have you brought back with you from your apprenticeship?”
“Father, the best thing which I have brought back with me is this Little Table.”
The tailor examined it on all sides and said, “You did not make a masterpiece, when you made that. It is a bad old table.”
“But it is a table which furnishes itself,” replied the son. “When I put it down, and tell it to set itself, the most beautiful dishes stand on it, and a wine also which gladdens the heart. Just invite all our relations and friends. They shall refresh and enjoy themselves for once, for the table will give them all they require.”
When the company was assembled, he put his table in the middle of the room and said:
“*Little Table!Set thyself!*”
but the little table did not bestir itself, and remained just as bare as any other table which did not understand language. Then the poor apprentice became aware that his table had been changed, and was ashamed at having to stand there like a liar.
The relations, however, mocked him, and were forced to go home without having eaten or drunk. The father brought out his patches, and began to tailor again, but the son went to a master in the craft.
The second son had gone to a miller and had apprenticed himself to him. When his years were over, the master said, “As you have conducted yourself so well, I give you an Ass of a peculiar kind, which neither draws a cart nor carries a sack.”
“To what use is he put, then?” asked the young apprentice.
“He lets gold drop from his mouth,” answered the miller. “If you set him on a cloth, and say:
“‘*Bricklebrit!*’

the good animal will drop gold pieces for you.”
“That is a fine thing,” said the apprentice, and thanked the master, and went out into the world. When he had need of gold, he had only to say:
“*Bricklebrit!*”
to his Ass, and it rained gold pieces, and he had nothing to do but pick them off the ground. Wheresoever he went, the best of everything was good enough for him, and the dearer the better, for he had always a full purse.
When he had looked about the world for some time, he thought, “You must seek out your father; if you go to him with the Gold-Ass, he will forget his anger, and receive you well.”
It came to pass, that he reached the same public-house in which his brother’s table had been exchanged. He led his Ass by the bridle, and the host was about to take the animal from him to tie him up, but the young apprentice said, “Don’t trouble yourself. I will take my gray horse into the stable, and tie him up myself, for I must know where he stands.”
This struck the host as odd, and he thought that a man who was forced to look after his Ass himself, could not have much to spend. But when the stranger put his hand in his pocket and brought out two gold pieces, and said he was to provide something good for him, the host opened his eyes wide, and ran and sought out the best he could muster.
After dinner, the guest asked what he owed. The host did not see why he should not double the reckoning, and said the apprentice must give two more gold pieces. He felt in his pocket, but his gold was just at an end. “Wait an instant, sir host,” said he, “I will go and fetch some money;” but he took the tablecloth with him.
The host could not imagine what this could mean, and being curious, stole after him, and as the guest bolted the stable-door, he peeped through a hole left by a knot in the wood.
98The stranger spread out the cloth under the animal and cried:
“*Bricklebrit!*”
and immediately the beast began to let gold pieces fall, so that it fairly rained down money on the ground.
“Eh, my word!” said the host, “ducats are quickly coined there! A purse like that is not amiss.”
The guest paid his score, and went to bed, but in the night the host stole down into the stable, led away the master of the mint, and tied up another ass in his place.
Early next morning, the apprentice went away with the ass, and thought that he had his Gold-Ass.
At midday he reached his father, who rejoiced to see him again, and gladly took

him in. “What have you made of yourself, my Son?” asked the old man.
“A miller, dear Father,” he answered.
“What have you brought back with you from your travels?”
“Nothing else but an ass.”
“There are asses enough here,” said the father. “I would rather have had a good goat.”
“Yes,” replied the son, “but it is no common ass, but a Gold-Ass. When I say:
“‘*Bricklebrit!*’
the good beast opens its mouth and drops a whole sheetful of gold pieces. Just summon all our relations hither, and I will make them rich folk.”
“That suits me well,” said the tailor, “for then I shall have no need to torment myself any longer with the needle;” and he ran out and called the relations together.
As soon as they were assembled, the miller bade them make way, spread out his cloth, and brought the ass into the room. “Now watch,” said he, and cried:
“*Bricklebrit!*”
but no gold pieces fell, and it was clear that the animal knew nothing of the art, for every ass does not attain such perfection.
Then the poor miller pulled a long face, saw that he was betrayed, and begged pardon of the relatives, who went home as poor as they came. There was no help for it, the old man had to betake him to his needle once more, and the youth hired himself to a miller.
The third brother had apprenticed himself to a turner, and as that is skilled labor, he was the longest in learning. His brothers, however, told him in a letter how badly things had gone with them, and how the innkeeper had cheated them of their beautiful wishing-gifts on the last evening before they reached home.
When the turner had served his time, and had to set out on his travels, as he had conducted himself so well, his master presented him with a sack, and said, “There is a Cudgel in it.”
“I can put on the sack,” said he, “and it may be of good service to me, but why should the Cudgel be in it? It only makes it heavy.”
“I will tell you why,” replied the master; “if any one has done anything to injure you, do but say:
“‘*Cudgel!Out of the sack!*’
100
and the Cudgel will leap forth among the people, and play such a dance on their backs, that they will not be able to stir or move for a week, and it will not leave off until you say:

“‘*Cudgel!Into the sack!*’”
The apprentice thanked him, put the sack on his back, and when any one came too near him, and wished to attack him, he said:
“*Cudgel!Out of the sack!*”
and instantly the Cudgel sprang out, and dusted the coat or jacket of one after the other on their backs, and never stopped until it had stripped it off them. And it was done so quickly, that before any one was aware, it was already his own turn.
In the evening, the young turner reached the inn where his brothers had been cheated. He laid his sack on the table before him, and began to talk of all the wonderful things which he had seen in the world. “Yes,” said he, “people may easily find a Little Table which will cover itself, a Gold-Ass, and things of that kind—extremely good things which I by no means despise—but these are nothing in comparison with the treasure which I have won for myself, and am carrying about with me in my sack there.”
The innkeeper pricked up his ears. “What in the world can that be?” thought he. “The sack must be filled with nothing but jewels. I ought to get them cheap too, for all good things go in threes.”
When it was time for sleep, the guest stretched himself on101 the bench, and laid his sack beneath him for a pillow. When the innkeeper thought his guest was lying in a sound sleep, he went to him and pushed and pulled quite gently and carefully at the sack to see if he could possibly draw it away and lay another in its place. The turner had, however, been waiting for this for a long time; and now, just as the innkeeper was about to give a hearty tug, he cried:
“*Cudgel!Out of the sack!*”
Instantly the little Cudgel came forth, and fell on the innkeeper, and gave him a sound thrashing.
The host cried for mercy. But the louder he cried, so much the more heavily the Cudgel beat time on his back, until at length he fell to the ground exhausted.
Then the turner said, “If you do not give back the Little Table that sets itself, and the Gold-Ass, the dance shall begin afresh.”
“Oh, no,” cried the host, quite humbly, “I will gladly bring out everything, only make the accursed Kobold creep back into the sack!”
Then said the apprentice, “I will let mercy take the place of justice, but beware of getting into mischief again!” So he cried:
“*Cudgel!Into the sack!*”
and let him have rest.
Next morning, the turner went home to his father with the Wishing-Table, and the Gold-Ass. The tailor rejoiced when he saw him once more, and asked him likewise

what he had learned in foreign parts.
“Dear Father,” said he, “I have become a turner.”
“A skilled trade,” said the father. “What have you brought back with you from your travels?”
“A precious thing, dear Father,” replied the son, “a Cudgel in the sack.”
“What!” cried the father, “a Cudgel! That’s worth your trouble, indeed! From every tree you can cut one for yourself.”
“But not one like this, dear Father. If I say:
“‘*Cudgel!Out of the sack!*’
the Cudgel springs out and leads any one, who means ill by me, a weary dance, and never stops until he lies on the ground and prays for fair weather. Look you, with this Cudgel have I got back the Wishing-Table and the Gold-Ass, which the thievish innkeeper took away from my brothers. Now let them both be sent for, and invite all our kinsmen. I will give them to eat and to drink, and will fill their pockets with gold into the bargain.”
The old tailor would not quite believe, but nevertheless got the relatives together. Then the turner spread a cloth in the room, and led in the Gold-Ass, and said to his brother, “Now, dear Brother, speak to him.”
The miller said:
“*Bricklebrit!*”
and instantly the gold pieces fell down on the cloth like a thunder-shower, and the Ass did not stop until every one of them had so much that he could carry no more. (I can see in your face that you also would have liked to be there!)
Then the turner brought the Little Table, and said, “Now, dear Brother, speak to it.” And scarcely had the carpenter said:
“*Little Table!Set thyself!*”
than it was spread, and covered with the most exquisite dishes. Then such a meal took place as the good tailor had never yet known in his house. The whole party of kinsmen stayed together till far in the night, and were all merry and glad. The tailor locked away needle and thread, yard-measure and goose, in a press, and lived with his three sons in joy and splendor.
What, however, has become of the goat, who was to blame for the tailor driving out his three sons? That I will tell you.
She was ashamed that she had a bald head, and ran to a fox’s hole and crept into it. When the fox came home, he was met by two great eyes shining out of the darkness, and was terrified and ran away. A bear met him, and as the fox looked quite disturbed, he said, “What is the matter with you, brother Fox, why do you look like that?”

“Ah,” answered Redskin, “a fierce beast is in my cave and stared at me with its fiery eyes.”
“We will soon drive him out,” said the bear, and went with him to the cave and looked in. But when he saw the fiery eyes, fear seized him likewise. He would have nothing to do with the furious beast, and took to his heels.
The bee met him, and as she saw that he was ill at ease, she said, “Bear, you are really pulling a very pitiful face. What has become of all your jollity?”
“It is all very well for you to talk,” replied the bear, “a furious beast with staring eyes is in Redskin’s house, and we can’t drive him out.”
The bee said, “Bear, I pity you! I am a poor weak creature, whom you would not turn aside to look at. Yet I believe I can help you.” She flew into the fox’s cave, lighted on the goat’s clean, shaved head, and stung her so hard that she sprang up crying, “*Ma! ma!*” and ran forth into the world like mad; and to this hour no one knows where she has gone.