

JOSEPH  
*HAYDN*

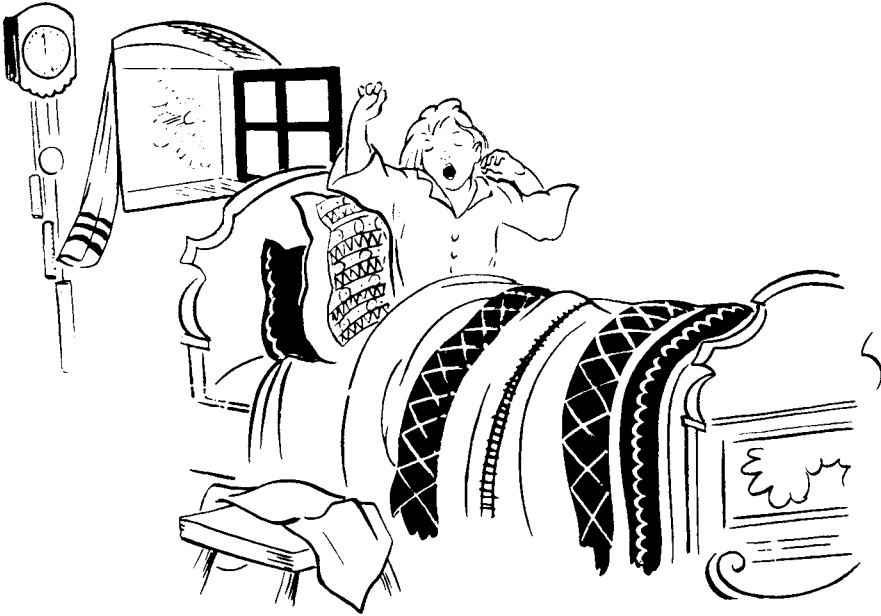
*The  
Merry Little  
Peasant*



**BY OPAL WHEELER AND SYBIL DEUCHER**

*Illustrated by* MARY GREENWALT

**Zeezok**  
publishing  
Elyria, OH



## A PEASANT BOY IN ROHRAU

The great red sun was just beginning to light the narrow streets of the little Croatian market town of Rohrau. Over the rough cobblestones heavy carts were rumbling by the low thatched roof cottage where Matthias Haydn, the wheelwright, lived with his happy family.

Everyone was asleep in the Haydn cottage but little Sepperl, as Franz Joseph was often called. With the first rumbling outside his window, he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. It was time for the market!

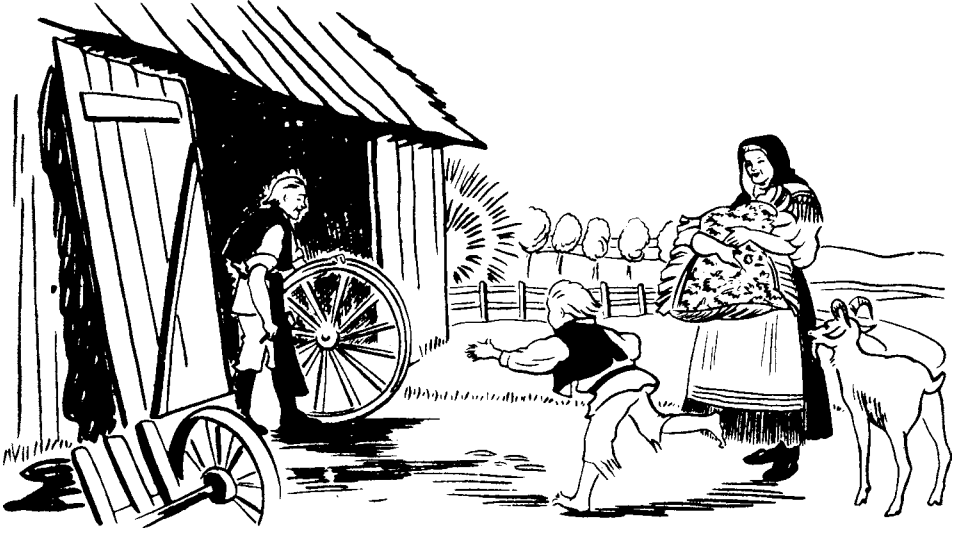
Quickly putting on his clothes, he hurried out into the early morning light and ran to the market square just at the end of the street. Dodging the horses' hoofs, he watched the great carts being unloaded and the stalls piled high with ripe fruits and vegetables.

“Ho there, young Sepperl! You are always up with the sun. Come and have a bit of breakfast here with me,” called Kreutter, the fruit man, as he piled the wares higher on his stall.

Perched on an old barrel with his bare feet dangling, Sepperl munched bright red apples, while old Kreutter told him marketing tales of long ago.

The sun climbed higher in the sky and soon housewives with baskets on their arms were busy buying food for their large families.

“We are to have a concert tonight, Herr Kreutter. You must come to hear us for Cousin Matthias Frankh is coming from Hainburg to play on his violin. Perhaps he is here now — I must go and see! Good-bye, good-bye, Herr Kreutter.”



Sepperl ran to the shop next to the simple cottage that Matthias Haydn had built for his good wife, Frau Marie, and the children.

There was Matthias hard at work making a new wagon for neighbor Hendl. He sang as he fitted the parts together and it was not long before Sepperl was singing too in his high clear voice.

“Cousin Frankh! Here he comes! We shall surely have a concert tonight,” cried Sepperl, running to the doorway.

The schoolmaster from Hainburg came striding down the street, carrying his violin case under his arm.

“Well, well, Matthias! Singing — always singing you are — even at work.”

“Come in, come in, Frankh! Indeed we are glad to see you!” cried Matthias.

The Haydns were always delighted with cousin Frankh’s visits for he knew much about music.

There were many concerts in the humble little home. Often father Haydn sat in the vine-covered doorway, plucking the strings of his much loved harp. With Mother Haydn and the children they sang together merry old Croatian folk songs.

