

### **Eine moderne morgenländische Fassung der Sage vom armen Heinrich.**

Im dritten Band der englischen Zeitschrift „Folklore“ steht eine Anzahl von Balochi Tales, Erzählungen aus Beludschistan, „translated from the original orally collected by Mr. Dames“. Eine von ihnen (S. 518) lautet folgendermaßen:

There was once a king who had a boil on his face, and many doctors physicked him, but it would not heal. One day a physician came to him, and said: „Buy a lad and kill him, take out his liver and tie it on the boil, and it will be healed.“ So the king had a proclamation made in the land. A starving man brought his son and sold him to the king, took his money, and went his way. The king ordered that the lad should be taken away and shut him up in a room. The king's men took him away and shut him up in a room. Then the king considered in his heart that the lad was now old enough to understand, and „most lykely“, he thought, „he is now weeping because I am going to kill him“. So he said to one of his men: „Go and see what the lad is doing“. Then the man came back, and made this report to the king: „The lad does not weep at all, but he draws three lines on the ground; two he wipes out and one he leaves there“. Then the king arose, and came and asked the lad why he drew these lines. The lad answered: „My lord, I am playing a game“. But the king said: „Tell me the truth straight out“. Then the lad said: „One line is for my parents who brought me here and sold me to thee, and took their money and went their way. One line is for thee, thou art the king of the land, yet didst not fear to shet my blood, and thou hast bought me to slay me. One line is for my God. There was no help for me in my parents, nor was there help for me in thee, king; my God's help only is left me, there is no other“. Then the king was moved with compassion towards him and let him go, saying: „I give up also the money paid to your parents“. That night the king lay down to rest, and when he arose in the morning, by God's mercy, his boil was healed.

Diese Erzählung stimmt in den Hauptpunkten zu einer Erzählung in Sadi's Gulistan, S. 45 der Übersetzung von Graf, Leipzig 1846, auf deren Übertragung in Oeanders' Lustgarten schon Wackernagel hingewiesen hatte, Wackernagel-Loischer, der arme Heinrich S. 204. Das Entscheidende ist auch hier, wie in der Erzählung von Constantin und Silvester, die Gesinnung des Kranken, nicht die des Opfers. Es gilt also hier wie dort, was der Welsche Gast 6226 nicht übel also ausgedrückt hat:

die wile do im was ze muot  
daz er wolde der kinde tot,  
do half im niemen uz der not.  
do er den siechtuom wolde liden,  
e er wolt diu kint zersniden,  
do half im got harte schier.

Gießen.

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