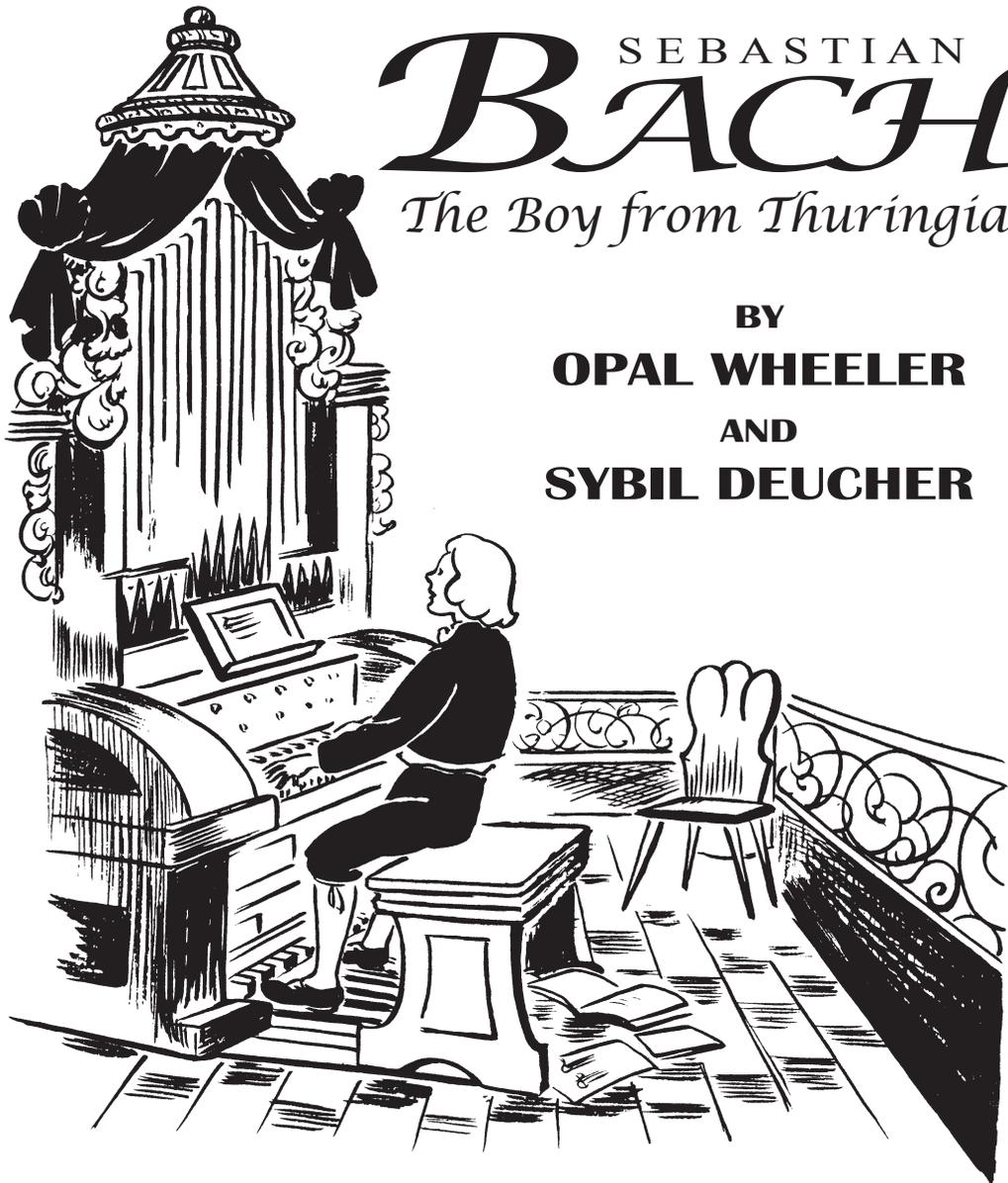


SEBASTIAN  
*BACH*

*The Boy from Thuringia*

BY  
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AND  
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*Illustrated by* MARY GREENWALT

THE TOWN CRIER ran down the winding streets of the little German village of Eisenach calling his good news.

“Make way! The band is coming! Make way for the Bach musicians!”

The town folk gathered quickly under the leafy trees of the beautiful Thuringian village for they were always eager to hear the music of the band.

Almost all who played, — brothers, uncles, cousins, were named Bach.

Down the street came the men, keeping time with their feet to the strong, stirring melodies, their instruments shining brightly in the morning sun.

On they marched, the town folk following, until they





came to the edge of the Thuringian forest, where they stopped to rest by a running stream. The children were tired, too, for they had been running to keep up with the long strides of the men.

It was very beautiful in the cool deep forest with the great Wartburg Castle high above them on the mountainside.

The children begged for one more melody from the band and again the music echoed through the mountains. Then the men led the way back through the winding streets to their homes.

In this same little village of Eisenach, nestling on the edge

of the forest, a little boy was born many years later.

When he was only two days old, he was carried to St. George's Church in the marketplace and christened Johann Sebastian Bach.

"I hope he will grow up to be a real musician like all the Bachs," said his father, Ambrosius, as they climbed the steeply rising street to the Bach home.

He carried little Sebastian up the oaken stairway and laid him carefully in the wooden cradle by the low brick oven where he would be snug and warm.

In Sebastian's home there never seemed to be a time when someone was not playing on an instrument or singing. His father was the organist in the village church. He played the violin, too, and many people came to him to take lessons, so little Sebastian grew up hearing music most of the time.

At night he never went to sleep at once for there was music and he wanted to hear all of it. When the sounds were just right, he would smile happily and listen without moving until he fell asleep.



When he was old enough, Ambrosius gave him lessons on the violin. His older brothers and sisters were delighted to see the little boy playing. He had a very small instrument, but even so, the tones he made were clear and true and his father was pleased.

“Come, Frau, and hear the little one! Why, he plays as well as his brothers.”

Ambrosius was very kind and patient and Sebastian liked the lessons with his father. He never wanted to stop when the time was up.