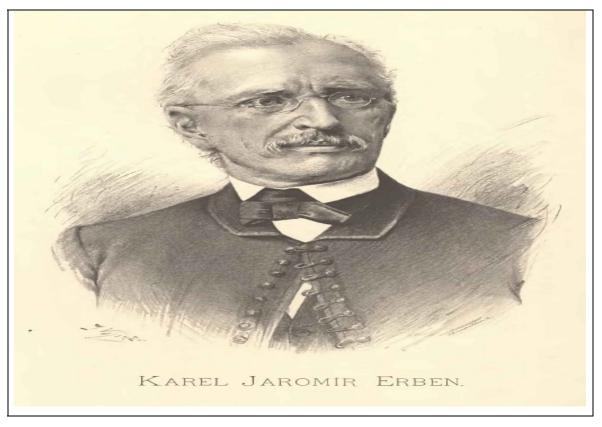
Biography research Resources: www.wikipedia.org / www.goodreads.com

KAREL JAROMIR ERBEN



EARLY LIFE

Karel Jaromír Erben was born on November 7, 1811 in Miletín near Jičín, Austria. He went to college in Hradec Králové. Then, in 1831, he went to Prague where he studied philosophy and later law. He started working in the National Museum (Národní muzeum) with František Palacký in 1843. He became editor of a Prague's newspaper in 1848. Two years later, in 1850, he became archives' secretary of the National Museum.

FAMILY LIFE

Karel Erben married Barbora Mečířová in 1842 and they got divorced in 1857. Then he married Žofie Mastná in 1859-1870

FACTS

Karel Erben is considered an important poet of the Czech literary Romanticism in the mid-19th century.

END OF LIFE

Karel Jaromír Erben died of tuberculosis on 21 November 1870 (aged 59) in Prague, Austria-Hungary. He was burried in Olšany Cemetery.

Works

= Písně národní v Čechách (Folk Songs of Bohemia) (1842-1845); contains 500 songs

= Kytice z pověstí národních (A Bouquet of Folk Legends) (1853, expanded edition 1861) (English edition, 2012)

= Sto prostonárodních pohádek a pověstí slovanských v nářečích původních: čitanka slovanská s vysvětlením

slov ("One Hundred Slavic Folk Tales and Legends in Original Dialects: a Slavic Reader with Vocabulary", 1865)[6] = Vybrané báje a pověsti národní jiných větví slovanských (Selection of Folk Tales and Legends from Other Slavic

Branches) (1869)

= Prostonárodní české písně a říkadla (Czech Folk Songs and Nursery Rhymes) (1864); 5-part collection of Czech folklore

České pohádky (Czech Fairy Tales)

One of the poems in the moust famous collection of Erben (the bouquet)

Wedding Shirts

Eleven o'clock has come and gone, and still a lamp is shining on, and still a lamp is burning there, suspended over a kneeler. On the wall of the lowly room, like a bud and a rose in bloom, was the holy family hung, the parents of God and their son. Before the image of those three, a young girl prays on bended knee: her head is bowed her hands are crossed, her hands are crossed over her breast; tears are streaming from her eyes, her chest is heaving, then she sighs. And when a hovering tear drops down, it falls upon her soft white gown. "Oh dear God, where is my daddy? Grass is growing on his body! Oh dear God, where is my mother? There she lies – next to my father!