3. *Traditional Narratives.*

(*a*) Nursery Tales, or Märchen; Hero Tales; Drolls, Fables, and Apologues;
(*b*) Creation, Deluge, Fire and Doom Myths;
(*c*) Ballads and Songs;
(*d*) Place-Legends and Traditions.

4. *Folk-Sayings.*

(*a*) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, etc.;
(*b*) Proverbs;
(*c*) Nicknames, Place-Rhymes.

But the empirical character of such a Classification is obvious. Its 'four radical groups' can only be compared to those of pre-scientific Botany—Trees, Bushes, Flowers, and Ferns. It may, perhaps, be justified as a Classification easily understood by, and convenient for, Collectors. The authors, however, of the now accepted Scientific Classification of Plants—the Scotsmen, Morison and Brown, and afterwards the Frenchmen, De Jussieu and De Candolle—did certainly not give the Plant-collector one moment's consideration in working out their Classification. Nor need the author of a Scientific Classification of Folklore give any more consideration to the Folklore-collector. And for this good and sufficient reason. A Scientific Classification is derived from the study of *constitution* and *organology*; and it is, therefore, a Natural Classification in this sense, that it relates things to each other in accordance with what is really most essential in their characteristics. And though such a Classification may not, at first, seem so easy and admirable as that into Trees and Bushes, Flowers and Ferns, yet, even by the Collector, it will be found in the long-run more satisfactory.

§ 3*b*. But if, as I have just said in other words, all Scientific or Natural Classifications of Facts are derived from analysis of internal *forces*, rather than from observation of external *forms*, a Natural Classification will necessarily be one which, as required by our General Historical Theory, permits of direct com-

parison of the facts of Folklore with those of Culture-lore. For Folklore and Culture-lore are really, as already indicated, but two forms of LITERATURE—a term of which the connotation need by no means be limited to Written Literature, or the Literature of *Letters*—there was a Hieroglyphic Literature before Letters were thought of—but may be used to include Oral Literature, or the Literature of *Tradition*. Now, deriving our most general categories of Literature from psychological facts, we recognise the three great classes of (I.) the Literature of Imagination—Poesy, in the wider sense of the term; (II.), the Literature of Observation—Records, or History in the older sense of '*Ισορία*; and (III.) the Literature of Ratiocination—Philosophy, or Science.[a] In Culture-lore it will hardly be questioned that we find three great classes of Books, those predominantly the product of Imagination; predominantly the result of Observation; and predominantly the outcome of Ratiocination—Poesy, Historiography, and Science. But hardly less clearly do we find Folklore divisible into similar Classes. That there is a Folk-poesy corresponding to Culture-poesy will not, of course, be questioned. But to the Recordations, or Historiography, of Culture-lore similarly corresponds the great Class of Folk-sayings which, in all its various subdivisions, forms a record of Folk-observations. And similarly also the Ratiocinative Literature, which appears as Science in Culture-lore, is found as Magic—

[a] These were the general categories of my Paper on a *Scientific Classification of Literature as the Basis of a Scientific Classification of Books*, read at the meeting of the Library Association, December 9, 1889—a Paper opening with a Criticism of the British Museum System as set forth in Dr. Garnett's Paper at the London Conference of Librarians, October, 1877, *On the System of Classifying Books on the Shelves followed at the British Museum.*

Witchcraft, Leechcraft, etc.—in Folklore. We have thus, in our comparative study of Literature in the larger sense of the word, a Folk-poesy to compare with Culture-poesy; Folk-sayings to compare with Culture-records; and a Folk-magic to compare with Culture-philosophy—this Folk-magic, however, being, as I believe we shall find, little more than a fragmentary set of relics of an ancient Culture-science. And just as we may thus compare Folklore and Culturelore, we may, and indeed must, if scientific students of History, compare Folk-customs and Culture-institutions, Folk-speech and Culture-language.

§ 3*c*. But how are these great Divisions of Literature both Oral and Written—the Imaginative, Observational, and Ratiocinative—to be each sub-classified? By distinguishing the general subjects of the conceptions predominantly expressed by each. Such general subjects are the Natural World, the Social World, and the Ancestral, or Historical, World. Hence, Imaginative Literature, Observational Literature, and Ratiocinative Literature will each have its sub-classification determined by its predominant subject—Kosmical Ideas, or Moral Notions, or Historical Memories. And hence we arrive at the following General Classification of

LITERATURE,
ORAL AND WRITTEN, OR
FOLKLORE AND CULTURE-LORE.

Imagination.	*Observation.*	*Ratiocination.*
Folk- and Culture-Poesy,	Folk- and Culture-Records,	Folk- and Culture-Science,

and of each of these Classes of LITERATURE, Oral and Written, the general subjects are (*a*) Nature, (*b*) Society, (*c*) History.

A more detailed Sub-classification is, however, required of our present special subject, Folk-poesy, and an indication at least of the similar Sub-classification of Folk-sayings and of Folk-magic. But using the term 'Poesy' as synonymous with Imaginative Literature, it will be necessary to have correlative terms for the various divisions of the Verse- and Prose- forms of Folk-poesy. And I would suggest that such technical limitations be given to the terms *Idylls* and *Tales*, *Songs* and *Stories*, and *Ballads* and *Legends*, that they shall be understood as signifying respectively Verse- and Prose- expressions of predominantly Kosmical Ideas, predominantly Moral Notions, and predominantly Historical Memories.

FOLKLORE.

Folk-conceptions.	*Folk-expressions.* I. Poesy.	II. Sayings.	III. Magic.
A. Kosmical Ideas.	(I.) *Idylls* and *Tales*: i. Zoonist. ii. Magical. iii. Supernalist.	(I.)	(I.)
B. Moral Notions.	(II.) *Songs* and *Stories*. i. Antenuptial. ii. Family. iii. Communal.	(II.)	(II.)
C. Historical Memories.	(III.) *Ballads* and *Legends*. i. Byzantine, ii. Ottoman, iii. Hellenic	(III.) In the case of those of Greece.	(III.)

As to the Sub-classification of the *Mythological Idylls* and *Tales*, illustrative of Kosmical Ideas, that can be scientifically founded only on a classification of Folk-conceptions of Nature, and my defence of the divisions here proposed will be found in my Concluding Essay

on *The Survival of Paganism*. The Sub-classification of the *Social Songs* and *Stories* illustrative of Moral Notions will, I trust, appear sufficiently obvious to require no special defence. And as to the *National Ballads* and *Legends* illustrative of Historical Memories, these, of course, must always be sub-divided in accordance with the Epochs of National History.

§ 4. To the two above-stated Principles of that new Method of the Science of Folklore which follows from its new Historical Basis—the principle of the *Psychological Criticism of Folklore-sources*, and the principle of such a *Natural Classification of the Facts of Folklore as will permit of a direct comparison with those of Culture-lore*—a third must be added which may be defined as the principle of the *Ethnological Study of Folklore-areas*. An Historical Theory which fails to recognise the essential difference between Animal (including primitive Human) Societies and Civilized Societies, and hence supposes Civilized to have originated, like Animal Societies, spontaneously and sporadically, naturally results in a Method which leads students to flit—like Dr. Tylor, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Lang—from area to area with a capriciousness significantly indicated by the flying fairy-figure stamped on the title-pages of the publications of the Folklore Society, and which cannot be expected to govern its motions by any consideration of the ethnological and historical relations of the areas on which it alights. Very different, however, is the Method that results from such an Historical Theory as that indicated in the preceding Section as to the Origins of Civilization. For if this *organic*, instead of, as previously, *inorganic*, form of Human Aggregation, originated only in such definite centres as Chaldæa and Egypt at certain definite and probably synchronous

dates; if the main characteristic of this new and higher form of Aggregation was the conflict of correlative Higher and Lower Races; and if there were migrations of every kind—warlike, commercial, and colonizing—from these Primary Twin-centres of Civilization; then, evidently no scientific conclusion can be reached with respect to the origin of the Folk-customs, the Folk-speech, and the Folk-lore of less or more distant regions without study, not only of the contemporary, but of the historical ethnology of the regions in which facts bearing on these subjects are collected. And this principle I have endeavoured to illustrate in verifying my deduced theory of the origin of Amazonian Matriarchy by study of the historical ethnology of the Ægean Lands from Kurdistan to Albania, and by collection of the relics of Matriarchal Custom still to be found in the Marriage-ceremonies of this clearly definable ethnological Area.[a] Such ethnological research is, no doubt, more necessary in some cases than in others. It cannot, however, fail, in every case, to throw more or less light on the Culture- or Folk-origin, and hence nature, of the various expressions of Folk-conceptions.

§ 5*a*. But no less necessary for scientific investigation of Folklore than such definitions as those above given (Section II., § 1) are those which we must now attempt —under the guidance of the Historical Theory set forth in our First Section—the definitions of *Civilization*, *Myth*, and *Religion*. Now, if Civilization originated, as we have seen reason to believe, in a subordination of Lower by Higher Races, and has been constituted by

[a] See my Introduction and Conclusion to *The Women and Folklore of Turkey*, entitled respectively *The Ethnography of Turkey*, and *The Origins of Matriarchy*.

a continuous interaction between the directive energies of Higher Races (or Classes) and the exertive energies of Lower Races (or Classes), then, in distinguishing Civilization from the lower forms of human Aggregation we must define it as, first of all, such a relation between Higher and Lower Races as results in *Enforced Social Organization*. Such a definition can, however, suffice only for that earliest stage of Civilization characterized by Megalithic monuments, the standing witnesses to, at least, an initial subordination of Lower by Higher Races.[a] Following the analogy of Geological nomenclature, I would name the two earliest stages of Civilization, as distinguished from mere Aggregation, respectively the Archaian and the Primary. Now, the Primary (Chaldeo-Egyptian) and the succeeding Secondary and Tertiary Civilizations have been distinguished by such more favourable economic organizations as have given the Higher Race at once impulse to, and leisure for, what has, in all ages, been the indispensable pre-requisite of Intellectual Development—the invention of new Recording Arts; hence, further Intellectual Development; and hence, Social Progress. We must also note that, in the later stages, and particularly in the Modern Stage of Civilization, that internal Conflict which distinguishes Civilized Societies has been one of Classes rather than of Races—a Conflict the opposed elements of which are determined by Economic rather than by Ethnical

[a] Not more on the Plain of the Pyramids, under the benign splendour of the Egyptian sun, than amid the Stones of Callernish, on the stormy shores of Loch Rogart in the Outer Hebrides, was I impressed with the necessity, not only of *proud thought* for desiring, designing, and directing the construction of such monuments, but of *forced labour* for excavating, transporting, and erecting their Titanic materials.

differences. Yet further. *Enforced* Social Organization we may reasonably believe to be but the necessary preparatory discipline making possible at length a *Voluntary* Social Organization through the interaction of Lower and Higher Capacities that are not only free to work, but that joy in working, within their due limits, for the Common Good. And thus it will be seen that CIVILIZATION may be defined as *Such a Relation between Higher and Lower Races, or Classes of the same Race, as results in enforced Social Organization followed by such economic conditions as make possible the invention of Recording Arts; hence, Intellectual Development; and hence, a Social Progress of which the goal is Voluntary Co-operation, or an internally, rather than externally, determined Social Organization.*

§ 5*b*. And now as to the definition of *Myth*. Like the terms Civilization and Religion, Myth is a word which is much oftener in the mouths of men than any clear conception of its meaning is in their minds. But here again I think that this theory of the Origins of Civilization, this theory of the Conflict of Races, will lead to more clear and verifiable conceptions, and hence definitions, than those at present current. First of all, it follows from such a Theory that we shall expect to find two classes of Myths characterized respectively, as are all other correlative expressions of Folk-life and Culture-life, by spontaneity and design; secondly, that these spontaneous Folk-myths and designed Culture-myths will be found traceable to such functions of Mental Energy as those above indicated,[a] but especially to Imagination, in its reaction on the impressions made by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments; and, thirdly, that we shall find that

[a] Above, p. 23.

Folk- and Culture-myths of all classes have variously acted and reacted on each other. And hence we appear to be led to such a definition as the following: MYTHS *were originally either spontaneous Folk-expressions, or designed Culture-expressions, in concrete and personalizing language, of the impressions made, or designed to be made, by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments; and are now most commonly extant either as Culture-polished Folk-myths, or Folk-mutilated Culture-myths.*

§ 5*c*. Finally, as to the definition of *Religion*. As the term is used both in an individual, and a social reference—Religion must be defined as connoting both a species of Individual Ideal, and a system of Social Observances. This species of Ideal cannot, I think, be defined, with due and verifiable comprehensiveness, save in the most general manner, as an *Ideal of Conduct derived from some general conception of the Environments of Existence*. The Environments of Existence are, as we have seen, the Natural World, the Social World, and the Historical World. But there is historically, not only a progressive consciousness of these, one after the other; but the forms in which each is conceived are progressively more refined and abstract. For the improved economic conditions, which follow on the establishment of Civilization, giving leisure for, and stimulus to, intellectual development, tend not only indirectly to give higher forms to the conceptions of these Environments, but directly to enlarge the area in which such higher conceptions are possible. And Religion, indeed, if the term is used in its social reference, can hardly be said to exist till that organic form of Human Aggregation arises, of which the determining condition is a Conflict of Higher and Lower Races, and which we call Civilization. Naturally it is the

Ruling Race, or Class, that both works-out doctrinal expressions of conceptions, and authoritatively symbolizes these in rites and ceremonies, nor certainly either uninfluenced by the notions and customs of the Lower Race, or Class, or without deliberate aim at ensuring its own social and political domination. Here again, therefore, we find, as in Civilization generally, two clearly distinguishable Elements—that of authoritative Doctrine and Observance, and that of spontaneous Ideal and Conduct—Elements determined in their forms by the economic, moral, and intellectual conditions of their interaction. And hence, finally, we may define RELIGION as, in its individual reference, *the Ideal of Conduct derived from some general conception of the Environments of Existence;* and, in its social reference, *the Observances in which Environment-conceptions, determined in their forms by the conditions of the interaction between Higher and Lower Social Elements, are authoritatively expressed.*

SECTION III.

THE NEW SUGGESTIONS OF HISTORICAL DEDUCTION.

§ 1*a*. Such then are the Definitions, and the Principles of Classification and Investigation which appear to follow from the application to the Facts of Folklore of the Historical Generalizations stated in the First Section. From these Generalizations there should follow also Deductions of more or less importance for the solution of the unsolved Problems of Folklore. To indicate certain of these Deductions is the object of this concluding Section; nor only with the hope of

arriving at more satisfactory solutions of unsolved Folklore Problems; but also of further verifying the Historical Generalizations from which these Deductions are drawn. For these Generalizations rest, as yet, only on inductive inferences. And evidently we shall have further assurance of their truth, if Deductions from them serve to give more satisfactory solutions of hitherto unsolved Problems.

§ 1*b*. But the Deductions I propose to draw from this new Conflict Theory are by no means put forward with any pretension that they offer suggestions which are in themselves alone sufficient for the solution of the Problems of Folklore. For I believe that those whose study of Nature and of Man has been the most profound, and whose knowledge, therefore, of the infinitely complex interactions of Energies is the greatest, will, of all men, be the least inclined to offer suggestions of explanation with any pretension that they are exclusively sufficient. One may, however, not unreasonably, perhaps, put forward facts not hitherto recognised, or not duly recognised, as of a great, though not exclusive, importance for the solution of unsolved problems. It is in this spirit that I make the following suggestions as deductions from our New Theory of History. And though, as I have already said, I agree with Gruppe, and other authoritative critics, in thinking that not any one of the current theories of Folklore and Mythology gives adequate explanations of the problems raised; I think also that each may be found to contribute something towards a complete solution; and I have the more faith in the suggestions which I venture to propose because they appear to supplement certain of these theories, and to reconcile others hitherto believed to be mutually contradictory.

§ 1*c*. Now, numerous as are the special Problems of Folklore, the most general and important may perhaps be stated as these three: First, the problem of the Origin of Mythical Tales; secondly, the problem of the Origin of Folklore Similarities—similarities of Folk-poesy, Folk-sayings, and Folk-magic; and thirdly, the problem of the Origin of Mythical Beings. I repeat that it is not to be imagined that I propose, in the following half-score of pages, to solve these great Problems. But I do hope to make it clear that certain of the facts generalized in this Theory of the Conflict of Races contribute, at least, to a more full and verifiable solution of each of these Problems. Nay, perhaps we shall find that, if not *just* such, some such Mythical Tales as set us the first Problem; some such Folklore Similarities as set us the second; and some such Mythical Beings as set us the third Problem, may be at once explained as direct deductions from the facts which I now proceed to indicate. They will be found to be facts of the history of the Conflict of Races; facts of the historical dispersion and ethnological relations of the White Races; and facts of the historical differentiation, and subsequent action and reaction of Culture- and Folk-conceptions.

§ 2*a*. First, then, as to the Origin of Mythical Tales. According to what is, at present, in Great Britain at least, the most generally accepted Theory, 'Fairy Tales' have their origin chiefly 'in the doctrine of spirits, the doctrine of transformations, and the belief in witchcraft held by savage tribes,'[a] and hence they are characterized as 'impossible stories . . . explicable, and explicable only, as relics of the phases where-

[a] HARTLAND, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 337.

through nations have passed from the depths of savagery'[a] — this 'passage' being postulated as a necessary evolution, and wholly unexplained as a natural process. But from a theory of the evolution of Civilization, not by any sort of necessity 'from savagery,'[b] but as the result of such an exceptional Conflict of correlatively Higher and Lower Races as that of which I have above indicated the evidences, there follows a quite different theory of the origin of these 'impossible stories.' Such a theory, in an approximate and provisional form, has, indeed, already been at least implicitly stated in the Definition of Myths deduced from our Conflict Theory. For this theory led us to distinguish Folk-myths and Culture-myths, and to expect, in the former, more of spontaneity, and in the latter, more of design; led us to find the primary cause of each in precisely the same general factors—the Impressions made by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments of Human Existence, and the reacting Mental Capacities which give expression to these Impressions; but led us also to expect great difference between Folk-myths and Culture-myths both in form and in content, and such an interaction as would elevate the former and degrade the latter. This was enough for a general Definition of Myths. But much more is required, by way of suggestive deduction, in order to a definite solution of the many special problems involved in one so general as that of the origin of Mythical Tales.

§ 2*b*. With reference then to, at least, one class of the Impressions from which, by our definition, Myths are derived, consider the historical facts of which this

[a] HARTLAND, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 352.
[b] *Ibid.*, p. 335.

Conflict Theory is, in the main, but a generalization. Men, from the time of our earliest geological knowledge of them, were already of different Races; not in conflict with each other as yet, because there was more than room enough for all; but in conflict with gigantic Animals, of the impressions made by whom one Race at least has bequeathed us proofs in its wonderful engravings. In a later Age, Human Races, now in conflict with each other, were, the Higher of them, possessed not only of polished, while the Lower had but the rudest, Stone Weapons; but possessed of what the Lower knew nothing of, the secret of giving birth to, controlling, and making a slave of the divine element, Fire; and possessed also of as willing as powerful, as attached as helpful, Servitors in Animals which to the Lower Races were still fear-inspiring Foes; and between these Higher and Lower Races, thus differing not ethnically only but culturally, there would appear to have been often the physical difference of relatively gigantic and dwarfish stature. But though in cases innumerable, and for ages unnumbered, these conflicts were without permanent and progressive results, they were not indefinitely thus fruitless; and permanent and progressive civilizations were at length founded by White Colonists, who had, however, thus had a long previous history, marked by many notable events, from the time of leaving their Primeval Home, to the time of their establishment as the undisputed lords of the great River-valleys of Chaldea and Egypt. Contemporaneously, and probably more or less connected, with the rise of these great Primary Civilizations, but outside their limits, the Lower Races, still unpossessed of any but the rudest arts, came into conflict, or at least contact,

with heroic Adventurers of the White Race, nor men only, but women, possessed of the powers given by all sorts of magical Arts, and of the products of the magical Art especially of converting stones into metals, and fashioning these into all desired implements, utensils, and ornaments; and, as a result of this, Civilizations of the Matriarchal type (if the theory as to their origin, which I have elsewhere set forth,[a] should be found verifiable) were widely established. And, later still, there were the Racial Conflicts, out of which arose the European Civilizations, both of the Classical and of the Modern Period. Nor do men die like dogs, without transmitting the memory of both their own achievements and those of their ancestors, and thus living immortally.

§ 2*c*. Reflect, then, on the immense variety of powerful impressions that must have been made by such historical facts as these, and by all those which they may recall, but which I have here no space even to indicate, facts also which would, in almost every case, differently affect, and be differently remembered by, the contending Races. Consider also this profoundly important psychological fact that, in all earlier stages of mental development, narratives of facts are not so much records of the *facts* themselves, as of the *impressions* made by them—made by experiences and traditions—and are, therefore, floriations, rather than photographs, of facts. And then, judge whether Mythical Tales are not—in at least one important element of the origin of most of them—explained by the first corollary of our Conflict Theory, namely, that the impressions made by such historical facts as the above on minds gifted with imagination and capable of articulate expression,

[a] *Women of Turkey*, Concluding Chapters.

would be certainly recorded in some such Myths and Stories of pre-Civilization-, Primary Civilization-, and post-Civilization- times, as we do actually find, in variants innumerable, both in Folklore and in Culture-lore—in *some* such Fairy Tales as those of Dragons, of Fire-theft and Fire-bringing, of Helpful Beasts, of Giants and Dwarfs, sometimes the one and sometimes the other magically gifted, and of Cannibal, and other Savage Customs; in *some* such *μύθοι* as those of Primeval Lands or Paradises, of Patriarchal Kinships of White Races, of remotely ancestral Migrations, Colonizations, and Wars, and of divine or semi-divine Beings — Gods and Goddesses, Culture-Heroes and Swan-Maidens; and in *some* such Hero Tales of Expulsion and Return, etc., as those both of Classic and of Modern Europe? No doubt what I have termed the 'floriations' of these archæhistoric (rather than 'pre-historic') Tales contain elements which demand futher explanation. But such explanation can be given only as result of the solution of the larger problem of the origin of Mythical Beings.

§ 3. Before, however, proceeding to submit the solution of this larger problem, which I would deduce from our general Historical Theory, it will be convenient to consider that of the origin of Folklore Similarities. The current theory of these Similarities explains their origin — the origin of the Similarities all over the world of Folk-poesy, Folk-sayings, and Folk-magic— by postulating the identity of the human mind in all races, and hence affirming 'that distinctions of race do not extend to mental and moral constitution.'[a] These Similarities, however, have been found to be, in innumerable cases, of so extraordinarily detailed a char-

[a] HARTLAND, *Fairy Tales*, pp. 351-352.

acter, that even such advocates of this fashionable theory as Mr. Lang have, of late years, expressed themselves far less confidently than formerly as to the adequacy of the explanation offered by a postulate of Mental Identity, which would appear to be true only if limited to the most general characteristics. But in a work published even as these pages are going through the press, it is again, with the old confidence, affirmed that such a postulate is 'an immeasurably more rational conception' than the 'clumsy device of importations, impossible borrowings, or affinities.'[a] Such dogmatism, however, ultimately rests on that current conception of Social Evolution which assumes such a development of Civilization from Savagery as has not only never been proved, but as recent research tends more and more definitely to disprove. Social Evolution, according to this theory of it, 'leads all the human groups through the same stages and by the same steps.'[b] But all the facts of which this Conflict Theory is but a generalization, urge the questioning altogether of the verifiable, and, therefore, scientific, character of this conception of 'stages' and 'steps,' as determined by a metempirical internal necessity which 'leads' to them rather than by definite and varying relations of co-existents and sequents. And I venture to think, not only that further ethnological, but also that further

[a] KEANE, *Ethnology*, p. 368. The reference is more particularly to American and Asian similarities. The special problem, however, of the origin of these similarities seems, as I have above said (p. 9), hardly, perhaps, as yet ripe for *any* dogmatic solution. But Mr. Keane is an impassioned advocate of Dr. Brinton's views as to the originality and independence of the ancient American, or, as I should say, Atlantisian Civilizations. See the latter's paper *On Various Supposed Relations between the American and Asian Races* (*Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology*), Chicago, p. 148.

[b] LEFÈVRE, *Race and Language*, p. 185, as cited by KEANE.

psychological, research will make the Similarities of Folklore appear far less scientifically explicable by the current extravagant postulate of Mental Identity, than as a direct deduction from our general theory of Historical Origins, and more particularly from those facts of the ethnological relations and dispersions of the White Races which I have above summarily indicated in setting forth the various sets of facts generalized by this Conflict Theory (Section I., § 4, pp. 13-15). Nor, as I think, will the similarities of Folklore only, be thus explained, but the similarities of all Religions of the Supernatural Type, or of Religions as defined by Gruppe.[a] But just as we found that there was an element in Mythic Tales the origin of which could not be explained from the facts of historical Conflict indicated, so we must now admit that there is an element in the Similarities of Folk-tales—their Similarities of Plot and exquisite artistic Form—which is not fully explained by consideration only of the above-indicated facts of Racial Dispersion. And our solutions of these problems of the origin of Mythical Tales, and of the origin of Folklore Similarities, must each, therefore, be completed by our solution of the problem which we now proceed to consider.

§ 4*a*. The final problem of which I would here suggest a solution, deduced from our general theory of the origins of Civilization, is that of the origin of Mythical

[a] 'Religiösen Glauben nennen wir den Glauben an einen Zustand oder an Wesen, welche zwar eigentlich ausserhalb der Sphäre menschlichen Strebens und Erreichens liegen, aber auf besondere Wege (durch Opfercermonien, Gebete, Busse, oder Entsagung) in diese Sphäre gerückt werden können,' s. 3. And thus defining *Religion* he maintains that 'aus einer allgemein menschlichen Veranlagung könnte die angebliche Universalität und Uniformität der Religion nicht erklärt werden, sondern nur aus einem historischen Zusammenhang.'—*Culte und Mythen*, ss. 254 ff.

Beings. According to the current theory of the sporadic origin of Civilization from Savagery, Mythical Beings, from the highest Gods downwards, are but Ancestral Ghosts of which the origin is to be found in the dreams recollected, and shadows, etc., observed by 'savage philosophers.'[a] A far more complex theory, but one far more adequate, as I think, to the complexity of the facts, is suggested as a deduction from our theory of the origins of Civilization in a Conflict of Higher and Lower Races. That theory has led us to define Myths as either spontaneous Folk-expressions, or designed Culture-expressions, in concrete and personalizing language, of the impressions made, or designed to be made, by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments. And the more detailed deduction now to be stated from our general theory is that, differing as Folk- and Culture-conceptions naturally must, the Mythical Beings, to which mental reaction on the impressions made by the Environments of Existence give rise, will be distinctively different in Folklore and in Culture-lore; that, in the creation, by the Culture-classes, of Mythical Beings, there will be clearly traceable design; and that a conflict between the Mythical Beings distinctive of Folklore and of Culture-lore respectively, will be one of the profoundest characteristics of the history of Religion.

§ 4*b*. Now, what are the facts? Closer investigation of Folk-conceptions has already shown,[b] and will, I believe, as a result of the present researches, still more clearly show, that the Mythical Beings of the Folk are

[a] Which had first made this 'discovery' was keenly contested, some years ago, by Mr. SPENCER and Dr. TYLOR in *Mind*.

[b] I would refer particularly to *The Golden Bough* of Mr. FRAZER and *The Legend of Perseus* of Mr. HARTLAND.

of an incomparably more concrete character than our 'Ghosts,' 'Spirits,' etc.; that they are also not, like these, conceived as 'Supernatural,' or outside the system of Nature, but as parts of Nature, acting, and capable of being reacted on, according to certain laws; and hence, that to refer to these Mythical Beings as 'Ghosts' or 'Spirits' is in the highest degree misleading. They are, in fact, more like the 'essential principles' of the modern chemist. They arise simply from such a distinction of internal energy from external form as requires no previous conception of 'Ghosts'; and 'Tree-life' or 'Corn-life' would, I submit, be a truer rendering of the Folk-conception than Mr. Frazer's 'Tree-spirit' or Corn-spirit.' Nor are such Mythical Beings of Folk-conception, as, for instance, the Greek 'Mother of the Sea,' or Keltic 'Sea-maiden,' in any sense 'Spirits'; nor have they likewise any connection with 'Ghosts.' They are but personifications of the internal energies which give to the grander or more awe-inspiring parts, or constituents, of Nature their distinctive characters—personifications, giving expression to the more powerful Impressions made by Nature—and hence, they may more fitly be termed *Supernals* than 'Spirits.' Altogether different are the Gods of Culture-lore. When, through the subjection of Lower Races, Higher Races gain the wealth and leisure necessary for developing those higher capacities which differentiate them as Higher Races, the phenomena that attract them in Nature, and hence the Powers they worship, become different. Instead of such Powers, or Life-Energies, as those of Trees, and especially of the Oak, and of Plants, and especially of Corn, which Mr. Frazer has shown to be characteristic of the Folk-element in the Primary Religions, the Culture-element in these Religions is

distinguished by such highly abstract Triads as those of which Professor Hommel has shown the similarity, if not identity, in the ancient Chaldean and Egyptian Religions.[a] Heaven, and Earth, and the Luminiferous Ether — these were the three greater Gods of the Primary Religions—these were the Gods of the Higher Races. But less and less concretely conceived, or, at least, represented, these Supernal Facts were imaged as Supernatural Beings; Mythical Beings, not like those of the Folk, with merely general, but with individual names; nor, like those of the Folk, belonging to the Natural, but to a Supernatural World. From the first establishment of the Primary Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt the notion of such Other-World Beings seems to have been elaborated, and with hardly questionable political purpose, in that great class of Myths, and especially Hell-myths, which I would distinguish as Sacerdotal. And hence, while the Supernals of Folk Religion are *compelled*—compelled by acts, words, or operations, the efficacy of which is believed to depend on man's own knowledge of, and ability to utter, the words—and knowledge of, and ability to perform, the operations or acts—proper in each special case; the Deities of Culture Religions are *implored*—implored by sacrifice, prayer, and praise, the efficacy of which is believed to depend on the good pleasure of a Supernatural Will. In a word, the Mythical Beings distinctive of Folklore differ so completely from those distinctive of Culture-lore, that the practical outcome of the one set of conceptions is Witchcraft, and of the other, Priestcraft.

[a] *Die Identität der ältesten Babylonischen und Ægyptischen Göttergenealogie. Trans.*, Ninth International Congress of Orientalists (1892), vol. ii., pp. 218-244.

§ 4*c*. These indications of the broad differences which are still found to separate the Mythical Beings distinctive of Folklore and of Culture-lore respectively must here suffice. But enough has, I trust, been said to suggest, at least, how complex are the facts which have to be explained in any adequate solution of the problem of the origin of Mythical Beings; and enough also, perhaps, to make it appear probable that a more complete solution of the problem than any at present current is offered as a deduction from our general theory of the Conflict of Races. More particularly it will, I trust, be evident that this suggested theory of the origin of Mythical Beings completes the solutions above suggested, both of the origin of Mythical Tales, and of the origin of Folklore Similarities. Though the former may, as our General Theory would lead us to expect, have originated in, and be, in a way, records of Historical Facts of the Conflict of Races, the older these records are, the more completely have their heroes been transformed into Mythical Beings; and of the origin of such Beings I have just endeavoured to indicate the conditions in the interaction of the distinctive conceptions of Folk- and Culture-classes. And, though the origin of the general Similarities of Folklore may have been so far also explained as a natural consequence of those Ethnological Dispersions to which our Conflict Theory draws attention, yet there remained unexplained those special Similarities of Plot, and of artistic Form, which would seem, however, now to find their explanation in the exercise, at the Centres of Dispersion, of such a moulding action by Culture-classes, both on Culture- and on Folk-conceptions, as is implied in the theory above indicated of the origin of Mythical Beings.

N.B.

§ 5*a*. But the above deductions from our Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization have been suggested, not merely with the hope of obtaining more satisfactory solutions of the greater Problems of Folklore, but with the hope also of thus obtaining deductive verifications of that General Theory. The current solutions of these Problems are, as we have seen, either implicitly based on, or explicitly drawn from, a theory of the origin of Civilization founded chiefly on what, as I have endeavoured to show, are unverifiable assumptions; namely (1), that all men possess practically equal capacities, and that Mankind may, therefore, be treated as 'homogeneous in nature'; and (2) that an unorganized Aggregation of Savages may independently 'raise itself' into a state of organized Civilization. Hence, as we have no historical knowledge whatever of such origins of Civilization, those who, notwithstanding this, believe in such origins, can explain Mythic Tales only as Fancies determined by certain Savage notions. The first question, therefore, between the current and the proposed theory of the Origins of Civilization may be thus stated. Our deduction from the New Theory is, that Mythic Tales of, at least, one great class are records, though fanciful records, of what we are more and more fully ascertaining to have been actual Conflicts (1) previous to the origin of Civilization, (2) resulting in its establishment, and (3) attending propagation from its Twin-centres. And we ask, Whether this deduction does not give an incomparably more verifiable explanation of these Mythic Tales than a theory which, ignoring all these facts of Conflict, explains all such Stories as those of Helpful Beasts, of Giants and Dwarfs, of Primeval Paradises, of Swan-Maidens, and of Expelled

and Returning Heroes—explains all such Stories as mere products of the assumed former exuberance of a 'Mythopœic Faculty'?

§ 5*b*. Consider next the opposed solutions of the problem of Folklore Similarities. The current theory of the Origin of Civilization, with its assumption of the homogeneity of Mankind, naturally explains these Similarities as the result of the mental identity of all Races. In doing so, however, it is obliged to postulate mental identity, capable of producing all over the world, not merely general similarities of Folk-tales, etc., but similarities of a most special and detailed character. And while ignoring all the difficulties raised by the elasticity of such an assumption of identity, it ignores also the ever-accumulating facts testifying to the dispersion of White Races from certain centres, and an accompanying diffusion of ideas, of which the original forms appear all to be found in the Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt. And here again the question is: Whether our Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization is not verified by a deduction from it which explains these Folklore Similarities by taking full account of all those facts which the Homogeneity Theory ignores?

§ 5*c*. Finally, as to the problem of Mythical Beings. From a theory of the sporadic development of Civilization from Savagery there naturally follows, as we have seen, a theory of the origin of Mythical Beings from observations and reflections of 'Savage Philosophers,' resulting in the notion of 'Ghosts.' And once more the question is: Whether such a distinction between Mythical Beings and such an explanation of their origins and their interaction as that deduced from our Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization does not

take a fuller account of the immense complexity of relevant facts than that 'Ghost Theory' explanation, which is the solution deduced from the current theory of Social Origins? Nor this only. For I would further submit whether the suggestions above deduced with respect to the origin of Mythical Beings do not, at least, indicate the possibility both of complementing some theories of their origin, and of reconciling the antagonism of others. For instance. We have theories of profound esoteric meanings in Mythologies; and theories which find nothing in Mythology but the crude notions of Savages. Certain facts have led to the theory of a primitive Monotheism; certain other facts to a theory of primitive Fetishism. But may not both sets of facts be accepted by, and both inferences from them included in, this Theory of Racial Conflict? For, discovering at the Origin of Civilization, not Coloured or Black Savages only, but these, ruled and organized by Colonists of White Race, with the noblest brain-development, and the amplest wealth and leisure for intellectual culture, may these White Brothers of ours —the founders of the greater Physical Sciences, and inventors of the greater Social Arts—be not unreasonably supposed to have had, beneath their Sacerdotal Mythologies, theories of the Universe not very different from our own Theisms or Agnosticisms? And, further. May they not unreasonably be supposed to have regarded that Pagan Mythology—which, at once terrorizing and consoling, so powerfully aided them in subjecting and organizing the Lower Races—much as our own Christian Philosophers, and even Priests of the higher ranks, regard that Christian Mythology, which, for its assumed Social Utility, they patronize, and even preach, though both disbelieve the historical,

and despise the moral implications of its exoteric mottoes and menaces—'Blood and Fire,' 'Turn or Burn'?

In concluding the *General Preface* to these *New Folklore Researches* I pointed out that their aim was determined by certain defects in the Philosophy of History—the lack, as yet, of a verified theory of the Conditions of the Origin of progressive Social Organization, or Civilization; and the further lack of a verified theory of the Conditions of the Origin of progressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination. The solution of the Problem set by the first of these defects must, as I said, be primarily drawn from the results of historical, archæological, and ethnological research; but its solution might be greatly aided if deductions, from whatever hypothesis we might be led to by research, could be shown to explain the more general of the unsolved Problems of Folklore.[a] I have just endeavoured to show that the deductions from our general Theory

[a] As an illustration of the rapidity with which the results of research appear to be confirming the above Theory of the correlative and derivative origins of Civilization, it may be worth noting that the 3rd edition of Professor SAYCE'S *Science of Language* had hardly been published, in which he still, in 1890, maintained—grounding on FICK'S *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der indogermanischen Sprachen*, and *Ehemalige Spracheinheit der Indogermanen Europa's*—the high Civilization independently arrived at by the Primitive Aryans (v. ii., pp. 127-134), than the last edition of SCHRADER'S *Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte* was issued, in which apparently conclusive proofs were given of such a social condition of the Primitive Aryans as was far more in accordance with my general Theory; and whereas Professor SAYCE also still affirmed that 'the Civilizations of China, of Babylonia, and Egypt were all independent and self-evolved' (v. ii., p. 381-2); Professor HOMMEL, in 1892, showed, as above noted (pp. 42), the identity of the Chaldean and Egyptian Religions; while Professor DE LACOUPERIE, up to the time of his premature and lamented death, was giving ever stronger reasons for believing that the Chinese was derived from the Chaldean Civilization.

of the Conflict of Races do serve deductively to verify that theory by the solutions they suggest of Folklore Problems. But the solution of the Problem set by the second of these defects in the Philosophy of History depends, as was said, mainly on the results of Folklore research. And it is with a view, therefore, chiefly to the solution of this Problem of Thought-origins, and hence Thought-development, that pieces representative of the whole cycle of Greek Folkpoesy have been here translated, and arranged in such Classes as to make them as available as possible for the purposes of scientific generalization. Interesting as I trust they may be found merely in themselves and without regard to the conclusions which may be drawn from them, I would hope that some readers may peruse them with a view to gaining from them light on the great historical Problem just indicated. And they will thus be able to judge of the verifiable character, or otherwise, of the conclusions to which their study has led myself, and which will be found stated in the final Essay on *The Survival of Paganism*.

TRANSLATIONS.

'*Quin etiam antiquitatum investigatores haud pauca in his popularibus carminibus reperient satis digna, quae respiciant, velut quod Charontem, fluminum arborumque numina, Parcam adhuc Graecis pro daemonibus venerari mos est. Sed multo magis miraberis quod caeci Rhapsodi vicos peragrantes quales ante triginta fere saecula Ulixis fata et Achilles certamina canebant, etiamnunc festis diebus populum epicis carminibus delectare solent.*'—PASSOW.

'*Le plus grand poète de la Grèce contemporaine, c'est le peuple grec lui-même, avec cet innombrable essaim de rapsodes qu'il engendre sans cesse, et qui s'en vont, en quelque sorte sans interruption, depuis le vieil Homère, le premier et l'inimitable, mendiant comme lui, chantant, improvisant, enrichissant chaque jour le trésor de cette poésie dont ils sont les fidèles dépositaires, en même temps que les vulgarisateurs.*'—YÉMÉNIZ.

FOLK-VERSE.

The letters *a*, *b*, etc., refer to Footnotes.
The numerals 1, 2, etc., refer to Annotations.

CLASS I.

MYTHOLOGICAL FOLK-IDYLLS:

IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF KOSMICAL IDEAS:

ZOÖNIST, MAGICAL, AND SUPERNALIST.

SECTION (I.)

IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ZOÖNIST IDEAS.

OLYMPOS AND KISSAVOS (OSSA).

Litochori.

(Oral Version.)

OLYMPOS old and Kissavos, the mountains great, disputed;
Olympos turns him round, and says to Kissavos, says he, 'You!
With me you dare to wrangle, you, Turk-trodden Kissavos, you!
With me, Olympos old renowned, renowned e'en to the City?
I seventy mountain-summits have, and two-and-sixty fountains;
To every bush an Armatole, to every branch a Klephtë.

And perched upon my highest peak there sits a mighty
eagle;
A mirror, in his talon grasped, he holds on high exalted,
And in it he his charms admires, and on his beauty
gazes!"[a]

THE SUN AND THE DEER.

Olympos.

(Oikonomides, E. 5.)

The Deer are racing o'er the hills, their Fawns around
them frisking;
One humble Deer walks all alone, nor with the herd is
going.
She saunters only in the shade, in lonely spots reposes,
And where she bubbling water finds, mixed with her
tears she drinks it.
The Sun has seen her from on high, and standing still
he asks her:
'O humble Deer, what is thy grief, thou go'st not with
the others,
But only saunter'st in the shade, in lonely spots re
posest?'

[a] After weeks of Brigand-hunting, we were ascending Olympos from the Pass of Petra, in the glorious sun-filled atmosphere of an August morning; and when near the probable site of the more ancient Pelasgian Sanctuary of the Olympian Dodona, my servant Demosthénes burst out with this Song, the last lines of which, however, he but imperfectly remembered. By the treachery of our guides, in league probably with the Brigands, the detachment of twenty infantry and two troopers, under a Yuz-bashi, got dispersed, and we narrowly escaped capture during the night which was spent on the mountain. But some two or three days later, our hostess at the village of Litochóri, above the Plain of the Muses, completed my servant's version of the Song. And there and then, with the help of Demosthénes, as much friend as servant, I made the translation here given. The three last lines seem to me a splendidly bold poetic way of saying that there is a magnificent view from the 'highest peak' of Olympos.—Ed.

'My Sun, as thou hast questioned me, thus even will
I answer:
For twelve long years I barren lived, without a Fawn
and barren;
But after the twelve years were passed, a Fawn had
me for mother.
I gave it suck, I tended it till it had lived two summers;
Then the inhuman hunter came, and shot my Fawn
and killed it.
Curst mayest thou, O hunter, be, both thou and all thy
treasures,
By whom I now am twice bereaved, of dearest child
and husband.'[a]

THE WAGER.

(Passow, dxv.)

The King and Konstantine did eat, they ate and drank
together,
When rose the question twixt them twain—whose was
the best black racer?
The King he stakes him golden coins, for he has wealth
in plenty;
And Konstantine so poor is he that he his head must
wager.
But when the wife of Konstantine, his well-belovéd
heard it,
Down to the horse's stall she went, and filled with oats
his manger.
'The King's black horse if thou canst pass, and win the
race, my Black One,
Thy daily rations I'll increase to five-and-forty handfuls;

[a] All our misfortunes after gaining the summit of Olympos (*above* p. 51 note) were attributed to the killing of the fawn of a gazelle in a wild volley poured into a herd on the highest ridge of the mountain.

I'll give these gauds that on me hang, and into horse-
shoes change them;
I'll give my golden earrings too, nails for thy shoes I'll
make them.'
They ran for forty miles apace, abreast they ran together;
When they had run the forty-fourth, and neared the five-
and-fortieth,
He sudden stopped, and him bethought of what his
lady'd told him.
Like lightning-flash he came in front, came from behind
like thunder,
And 'tween his rival and himself he left ten miles of
country.
'O stay, O stay, for I'm the King, and shame me not
'bove measure;
The wager that we two have laid I'll pay to thee twice
over!'

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.

(PASSOW, DIII.)

A SHEPHERD laid him down and slept, slept with his
crook beside him,
While strayed away a thousand sheep, and wandered
goats two thousand.
Then he along a lonely road, a lonely path betook him,
And meeting soon an aged Wolf, he stopped, and thus
he asked him:
'O Wolf, say, hast thou seen my sheep? O Wolf, hast
thou my goats seen?'
'Perhaps I am thy shepherd then, and I thy goats am
tending?
Upon the further mountain there, the further and the
nearer,

Upon the further graze thy sheep, thy goats upon the nearer;
I went there, too, to eat a lamb, a tender kid to choose me,
When quick the lame dog seized on me, and then the mad dog pinned me;
They've broke between them all my ribs, my big bone, too, they've broken!'

THE BIRD'S LAMENTATION.

(Passow, ccccxcvii.)

Among a lemon-tree's green leaves a bird its nest had woven;
But wildly soon the whirlwind blew, afar the nest it whirléd.
With her complaint she flew away, and with her sore heart-burning,
And built herself a nest again, she at a well's lip built it;
The maidens there for water went, and pulled her nest to pieces.
With her complaint she flew away, and with her sore heart-burning,
And now upon a reedy marsh her little nest she builded;
But fierce and wildly Boreas blew, and far and wide he whirled it.
With her complaint she flew away, and with her sore heart-burning,
And 'mong an almond-tree's green leaves she sat, and sad lamented.
Then from a castle-window high a King's fair daughter heard her.

'Would, birdie, I'd thy beauty bright, and would I had
thy warbling!
And would I had thy gorgeous wing, thy song of passing
sweetness!'
'Why would'st thou have my beauty bright, why would'st
thou have my warbling?
Why would'st thou have my gorgeous wing, my song of
passing sweetness,
Who eat'st each day the daintiest fare, while I eat
pebbles only;
Who drinkest of the finest wines, I water from the
courtyard;
Who liest on the softest couch, on sheets with broidered
borders;
While unto me my fate unkind gives but the fields and
snow-drifts?
Thou wait'st the coming of the youth for frolic and for
dalliance,
While I can but the sportsman wait, the sportsman
who'll pursue me;
That he may roast me at his fire, and sit and sup upon
me.
O lady, stay thou in thy place, and envy me no longer,
The anguish of another's heart—Ah! who can ever
know it!'

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.[1]

(KIND, *Anthologie*, i. 17.)

Now the Swallow comes again
From across the dark blue main;
Now again she builds her nest,
Warbles while she sits to rest.

March, O March, thou snow'st amain;
February bringeth rain;
April, sweetest of the year,
Coming is, and he is near.

Twitter all the birds and sing,
All the little plants 'gin spring;
Hens lay eggs, and O, good luck!
Already they begin to cluck!

Flocks and herds, a num'rous train,
To the hills will go again;
Goats will skip, and leap, and play,
Browsing on the wayside spray.

Birds and beasts and men rejoice,
With one heart, and with one voice;
Now the frosts have passed away,
Snow-wreaths deep, and Boreas gray.

March, O March, she came with snow;
February mud did throw;
Shines now April's kindly sun;
Febr'ary and March are done!

THE SOLDIER AND THE CYPRESS TREE.

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 414.)

THERE was a youth, he was a valiant soldier,
Who sought a tower, a town wherein to sojourn:
The road he found, and found he too the footpath;
Tower found he none, nor town wherein to sojourn.

He found a tree, the tree they call the Cypress:
'Welcome me, tree! welcome me now, O Cypress!
For I have strayed from battlefield returning,
And now my eyes in sleep would fain be closing.'
'Lo here my boughs, upon them hang thy weapons;
Lo here my roots, thy steed to them now tether;
Here lay thee down, rest here, and slumber sweetly.'

THE APPLE TREE AND THE WIDOW'S SON—I.

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 232.)

'APPLE-TREE, sweet apple-tree,
Lend us now, I say, your flowers,
From your boughs rain leaves in showers!'
'I my flowers do not lend,
Nor my leaves from branches send.
With my arms,[a] and all full-drest,
To the dance I'll with the rest.
There I'll wrestle, not one bout,
Three times nine times I'll stand out,
Wrestling with the Widow's Son,
That haughty and o'erweening one,
Who has basely slandered me,
And slightingly has looked on me.'[2]

[a] The ornaments of silver—chains, bracelets, brooches, clasps, pins, coins, etc.—indispensable to peasant 'full-dress,' are classed together as ἄρματα='arms.'

THE APPLE TREE AND THE WIDOW'S SON—II.

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 231.)

IN the charming taverns there
Sit the gallant youths and drink,
And the tailors sit and sew
Hats that Janissaries wear,
Caps with gay embroidery.
And one winsome tailor lad
Stitches all the livelong day,
And at night he steals away,
Digs, and all the earth he gets
Bears he to the Apple-tree.
'Apple-tree, here's earth for thee,
Cover with it warm thy roots;
And when thy green leaves appear,
And thy blossoms open out,
From thy store of sweetest fruits,
Give some apples for his share,
Every eve and every morn,
To the Widow's Son [forlorn].'

THE TREE.

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 415.)

A TREE within my courtyard grew,
To me 'twas pleasure ever new;
I gave fresh water to its root,
That it might thrive and bear me fruit.

Its leaves were all of gold so bright,
Its branches all of silver white;
Fair pink and white the flowers it shed,
Its fruit was like the apple red;
And I believed it was for me
That they had made it fair to see.

When the apples from the tree
Gathered were, the housewife (she
A *skýla* was) would give me none;
Into stranger hands they're gone.

PROCESSION FOR RAIN.[a]

Thessaly and Macedonia.

(KIND, *Anth.* i. 18.)

PERPERIÀ, all fresh bedewed,
Freshen all the neighbourhood;
By the woods, on the highway,
As thou goest, to God now pray:
O my God, upon the plain,
Send thou us a still, small rain;
That the fields may fruitful be,
And vines in blossom we may see;
That the grain be full and sound,
And wealthy grow the folks around;
Wheat and barley
Ripen early,
Maize and cotton now take root;
Rye and rice and currant shoot;

[a] In times of prolonged drought it is customary to dress up in flowers a girl, who heads a procession of children to all the wells and springs of the neighbourhood; and at each halting-place she is drenched with water by her companions, who sing this invocation.

Gladness be in gardens all;
For the drought may fresh dews fall;
Water, water, by the pail;
Grain in heaps beneath the flail;
Bushels grow from every ear;
Each vine-stem a burden bear.
Out with drought and poverty,
Dew and blessings would we see.

SECTION (II.)

IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MAGICAL IDEAS.

THE SONGSTRESS AND THE SEAMEN.

(ARAVANDINOS, 457.)

A MAID was singing as she sat within a splendid window,
Her song was on the breezes borne, borne down unto the ocean.
As many ships as heard her song, moored, and made fast their anchors.
A tartan from the Frankish land that was of Love the frigate,
Furled not her sails by breezes filled, nor yet along was sailing.
Then to his men the captain called, astern where he was standing:
'Ho, sailors! furl the sails at once, and climb ye up the rigging,

That to this charmer we may list, list how she's sweetly
singing,
Hear what's the melody to which she her sweet song is
singing.'
But so sweet was the melody, so passing sweet her
warbling,
The skipper turned him once again, and to the shore it
drew him,
And to the masts the mariners kept hanging in the
rigging.

THE MONSTER AND YIANNI.

(ARAVANDINOS, 452.)

NINE stalwart sons could Yianni boast, and they were
nine tall brothers,
And they did all agree one day that they would go
a-hunting.
When word of it to Yianni came, he ran to give his
orders.
'You everywhere may hunt,' he said, 'roam hither, and
roam thither,
But to Varlámi's[a] hill alone there must ye never
venture;
For there an evil Monster lives, with nine heads on his
body.'
But unto him they would not list, but would go to
Varlámi;
And out to them the Monster came, with nine heads on
his body,
And he snatched up the brothers nine, snatched up,
and them did swallow.

[a] The site now of one of the Metéora Monasteries.

When Yianni heard their dismal fate, then grieved was
he right sorely;
His spear into his hand he took, and his good sword
he girded,
And to Varlámi's hill he ran, and quickly he ascended.
'Come out, Stoicheió! come, Monster, out! and let us
eat each other.'
'O welcome my good supper now, and welcome my
good breakfast!'
Then Yianni on the Monster ran, with sword in hand
uplifted;
Nine strokes he dealt upon the heads, the nine heads of
his body,
And aimed another at his paunch, and set free all his
children;
And bore them home at eventide, all living, to their
mother.

YIANNI AND THE DHRAKONTA.[a]

Thessaly.

(PASSOW, DIX.)

WHO was it that was passing by at night-time and was
singing?
From nests arousing nightingales, and from the rocks
Stoicheia,
And waking, too, a Dhrákissa in Dhráko's arms
enfolded?
The Dhráko waxes very wroth and much is he
enragéd.

[a] The terms Dhráko and Dhrákonta are synonymous; Dhrákissa is the feminine. See Vol. II. 'Annotations,' note 6.

'Who was it that was singing there, for I am going to
eat him?'
'O leave me, Dhráko, let me go, O leave me five days
longer!
For Sunday is my wedding-day, my wedding-feast on
Monday,
And home I must conduct my bride upon the morn of
Tuesday!'
The Sun had darkened, darkened quite, the Moon her-
self had hidden,
And now the pale pure Morning Star was going to his
setting.
'O welcome here my dinner comes, and welcome here
my supper!'
'Stones may'st thou for thy dinner have, and pebbles for
thy supper!
For I'm the Lightning's son, and she is daughter of the
Thunder!'
'Yannáki, go, good luck to thee, and take thy good-
wife with thee!'

KATERINA AND THE DHRAKO.

(Breto, Ἐθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον, 44.)

Away there on the heaven's edge, and where the green
earth endeth,
The wild game, and the little hares, and deer of thirst
are dying.
And maidens, too, of noble birth, and they are well-
taught maidens.
The noblest lady decks her fair, comes down unto the
Dhráko.
'Bring, Dhráko, back the water now, that drink may
all the thirsty;

Take, an thou wilt, my gold from me, and pearls, an
thou wilt, take them.'
'I want no gold at all of you, your pearls I do not
want them;
Your Katerina I desire, I want the lovely songstress,
Who, when she only twice had sung, two cities laid in
ruins,
And if she should a third time sing, my city, too, she'd
ruin.'
They Katerina dress and deck, and lead her to the
Dhráko.
The Sun she places on her brow, the Moon upon her
bosom,
The feather of the raven black she curves upon her
eyebrow.
Nine keys the Dhráko throws to her, and gives her in
her apron.
'Take, open thou the houses all, and walk about within
them;
Save two that in the middle are, for those thou must
not open.'
But Katerina opened them, and walked about within
them.
Pashás she burning there did see, and árchontes all
glowing;
She there, too, her dear father saw, and, like the others,
burning;
And twining round about his cap she saw a snake
three-headed.
One kick she gives the door unto, and forth she flies
affrighted.
'May'st thou live, Katerina mine! what saw'st thou to
be frighted?'
'Pashás all burning I did see, and árchontes all glowing;

My father dear I saw there, too, and, like the others, burning;
And round about his cap I saw a snake, a snake three-headed;
And he was holding in his hand a wand, a wand of silver.
I of the Lightning am the child, I am the Thunder's offspring;
And when I flash, then art thou slain, I thunder, thou art stricken!'[a]

THE WITCH OF THE WELL.

Khalkhis.

(PASSOW, DXXIII.)

O THEY were four, five brothers, nine brothers in a band,
Who heard of battle raging, and took their swords in hand.
As on the road they journeyed, and on their way did ride,
With thirst were they tormented, but soon a Well espied,
That wide was fifty fathoms, a hundred fathoms deep.
They cast lots who should venture down that Well's side so steep;
The lot fell on the youngest, on Constantine it fell:
'O bind me now, my brothers, and I'll descend the well!'
They tied the rope around him, they let him down amain;

[a] This threat had probably the same effect on the Dhráko as similar threats in preceding songs.

But when they would withdraw him, he came not up
again.
They tugged, they strained, in vain 'twas, the cord was
snapped in twain.
'O leave me now, my brothers, leave me and go ye
home.
When our good mother asks you what has of me
become,
Do not you go and tell her, tell not our mother mild,
I've ta'en a Sorcerer's daughter, and wed a Witch's
child.
The clothes she's making for me, tell her to sell them
now,
And back to my betrothéd, give ye her marriage-vow.'

THE WITCH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(PASSOW, DXX.)

O PASSERS-BY, when passing my birthplace and my
home,
I've apples in my courtyard, go shake the apple-tree;
Then go and take my greetings unto my mother dear,
Then go salute my mother, my grieving little wife,
And my unhappy children, and all the neighbours
round.
Then say you to my dearest, O tell my dear Lenió,
Still if she will to wait me, or marry if she will;
Or if she'd come to seek me, then mourning let her
wear.
For I, alas, am married, in Anatolia wed;
A little wife I've taken, a Witch for mother-in-law,
Who all the ships bewitches, so they no more can sail;
And me she has enchanted, that I no more return.
My horse if I should saddle, unsaddled 'tis again;

My sword if I gird round me, it is again ungirt ;
I write a word to send thee, and 'tis again unwrit.'

THE SPELLS.

Trebizond.

(PASSOW, DXXVII.)

MAY they be curséd who have hung within the well the
apple ;
The apple's filled with poison dire, the well is full of
witchcraft.
And love is bound with spells about ; if I love one,
she's taken.
And love is now in sackcloth drest, I love one drest in
raiment.
She passes by in sackcloth drest, she passes by in
raiment.
Love's in the market but a drug, a drug 'tis in the
market.
You draw it, it comes after you ; if it is lost, you're
lost too.
I strive and strive, it naught avails, I sit me down
a-weeping.
You draw it, it comes after you, if it is lost, you're
lost too ;
And if 'tis to the river drawn, then are the waters
turbid ;
And if 'tis to the ocean drawn, then are the waters
reddened.
Its courtyard should the ocean be, its house should be
the vessel ;
And it should have the crested waves, the billows, for
its neighbours.[3]

THE THREE FISHES.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 115.)

A LITTLE fisher lad am I—
Lassie with the eyes of blue!
At spearing none with me can vie.

My spear up in my hand I took—
Long and supple reedspear true!
And for the fish I went to look.

And as for fishes there I watch—
Lassie with the eyes of blue!
Three little fishes soon I catch.

Then home I to my mother hie—
Long and supple reedspear true!
And give the fish to her to fry.

And as she cooked them o'er the flame—
Lassie with the eyes of blue!
Three mortal maidens they became.

One from Galata had come—
Long and supple reedspear true!
From Néochori one did roam.

And the third, the youngest one—
Lassie with the eyes of blue!
Was of all the sweetest one.

She from Remnia town did stray—
Long and supple reedspear true!
And she stole my wits away.

THE STOICHEION OF THE BRIDGE.

Peloponnesos.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 555.)

When I am dead and seen no more, the world will be
no poorer;
For I my money leave behind, my coins of gold and
silver.
A thousand leave I to the church and to the noble
minster,
To Vrety I two thousand coins bequeath, a bridge to
build there,
A bridge across the Tricha broad, with sixty-two wide
arches.
All day long do they build the bridge: by night it falls
to pieces.
And sadly weep the 'prentices, and sorely grieve the
masons.
A little birdie went and perched upon the arch i' th'
middle;
She sang not as a birdie sings, nor was her note the
swallow's:
'Without a human Stoicheion[4] the bridge can ne'er be
founded.
It neither must an idiot be, a madman, nor a pauper,
But Ghiorghi's wife it needs must be, Ghiorghi's, the
master-mason.'
Then hasten all the 'prentices, and off they set to
fetch her.
'Thine hour be happy, Ghiórghaina!' 'My boys, I'm
glad to see you!'
'Unbind and swaddle fresh thy babe, and of thy milk
now give him;

Thy husband Ghiórghi he is sick, and thou with us
must hasten.'
As they were going on the road, and on the road did
journey,
'Three sisters once were we [she cried], and Stoicheia
we'll all be!
Of Kórphos one's a Stoicheion; the other of Zitouni;
And I, the third and fairest one, o' th' bridge across
the Tricha,
And as my eyes are streaming now, may wayfarers
stream over!'

THE BRIDGE OF ADANA.

Kappadocia.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 716.)

ALL day long did they build the piers; by night they fell
in ruins.
'Come now and let us branches cut! come now will
we chop faggots.
Let us give up one soul of us that firm the bridge be
builded.'
They sat them down, and chopped away, the two-and-
forty masons,
Then fell from Yianni's hand his axe, unfortunate
Yiannáki![5]
'Yiannáki, go, thy goodwife fetch, if thou thy head
would'st keep thee!'
'If I should now my goodwife give, I yet can find
another;
But if I my own head give up, I while I'm young shall
leave her.'

But she again was vigilant, and quick at bath and
washing;
Quickly she bathed and quickly washed and quickly
brought his dinner.
When coming saw her Yiánnakos his eyes with tears
were brimming.
'O eat and drink, my noble men, to sport with her now
leave me,
While we together sport I'll throw the ring from off
my finger.'
They frolic and together sport, the ring falls from his
finger.
'If thou'lt go down and bring it we will own it both
together.'
Then down goes she, and down goes she, steps forty-
two descends she,
And fall upon her as she goes of stones a thousand *litras*,
And throw they down upon her, too, of earth a thousand
spadefuls.
'Yiannáki, open stands thy door, thy baby he is crying;
The loaves, too, in thy oven are, and burnt and black
become they;
Evil hast thou entreated me, so may thy youth be evil.'
'A door is it, and it may shut; babes are they; let them
stilled be;
The loaves that in my oven are, the servants out can
draw them.'
'Hear thou my words, Yiannáki mine, let not the world
rejoice thee;
Three only sisters once were we, we were three sisters
only;
The one did build the Danube's bridge, the second the
Euphrates',
And I, I too, the murdered one, the bridge build of
Adana.

As trembling now is my poor heart, so may the bridge
still tremble;
And as my tears are failing me, so may wayfarers fail it,
From August unto August pass one solitary camel,
A camel all alone, and on its back the camel-driver.'
'Now may thy mouth burn, girl, for that, for that same
word thou'st uttered.
For I an only brother have, and he's a camel-driver.'
'Then build in front of me a church, behind me build
a chapel;
And whoso passes by with oil, and wax, here let him
leave them;
And if there pass my mother by, her tears bid her let
fall here;
If pass my kindred, let them drop their sweet musk-
scented kerchiefs.'

THE MIRACLE[a] *OF ST. GEORGE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 159.)

O LIST and hear what once befell within a famous land!
A Monster foul had made his lair, and taken up his stand;
And gave they him not men to eat at morn and eve enow,
To take the water from the Well no one would he allow.
For that they cast lots every one, he who the lot should
draw,
Must to the Monster send his child, a gift for his foul
maw.
Then fell the lot upon the King, fell on his daughter fair,
And to be eaten she must go, that maid of beauty rare.
And then, with tears and loud lament, the King cries
out: 'O stay!
Take all my goods away from me, but leave my child,
I pray!'

[a] Θαῦμα. This word originally signified a *wonder* merely.

But with one voice the people say, and with one mouth they cry:
'Give us thy daughter, O our King, or thou instead shalt die!'
'O dress, adorn her, to the Well then lead my child forlorn;
That when the Monster eats her, she may not be chewed or torn!'[a]
Away in Cappadocia far, St. George hears, mounts his steed,
On his swift horse he rides apace, he's coming with all speed.
As o'er the road they hasten on, and pass with flying feet,
Within a dreary desert place, they Satan chance to meet,
'O great St. George, O great St. George, why such dire haste and speed?
Why do you spur your good swift horse, and forward urge your steed?'
'How, Satan, curséd Satan, how my name com'st thou to know?
I am a stranger in these parts, my family also.'
And sorely whipping his good horse, he to the Well comes down,
And finds the maiden standing there, like faded apple grown.
'O fly, O fly, thou gallant youth, for fear he should eat thee.
That Monster fierce, that Monster fell, by whom I'll eaten be!'
'Be thou not troubled, damsel mine, nor yet be thou afraid,

[a] He, no doubt, hoped that the stiffness of the embroidered and silver-ornamented national costume would necessitate her being *bolted*.

But on the name of our bless'd Lord thy thoughts be
firmly stayed.'
Then he alights and lays him down to take a little sleep,
Until the Monster shall come up from out that Fountain
deep.
When forth the Monster came the hills did shake and
were afraid,[6]
And from her fright all deadly pale and bloodless stood
the maid.
'Awake! arise, O gallant youth, for, see, the water's
fretting;
The Monster grinds his jaws; his teeth, his teeth for
me he's whetting!'
He quickly mounts upon his horse, with spear in hand
he goes,
Soon from the Monster's open mouth a bloody fountain
flows.
'See, Maiden, I've the Monster slain, go back unto
thy kin,
That all thy friends and folk may joy, when thee they
back shall win.'
'O tell, O tell, thou gallant youth, O tell to me thy name,
That I may gifts for thee prepare, and send my lord the
same.'
'They call me George where I at home in Cappadocia
live;
But let thy offering be a church, if gifts to me thou'dst
give.
And set a picture in the midst, a horseman let it bear,
A horseman who a Monster slays, slays with his good
stout spear.'

THE YOUTH AT THE TOMB OF ST. GEORGE.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 73.)

LATE last eve I chanced to pass—
Ἄλφα δυὸ, κι' ἄλλα δυὸ
By the church of great St. George.—
Σίγμα, κάππα, ῥῶ, κι' πῖ,
Δέλτα, ἰῶτα, μοναχὴ.

Walking is not to my taste,
Ἄλφα, etc.
Nor to ride do I make haste;
Σίγμα, etc.

Down I sat upon the ground,
Ἄλφα, etc.
Counting all the tombs around;
Σίγμα, etc.

And besides the three graves near,
Ἄλφα, etc.
There were full nine thousand there.
Σίγμα, etc.

As my horse strayed on the grass,
Ἄλφα, etc.
O'er a man's grave did he pass.
Σίγμα, etc.

The mossy stone did feel, and cried,
Ἄλφα, etc.
And heard the lonely youth, and sighed.
Σίγμα, etc.

Who is it that is treading here?
"*Αλφα*, etc.
And who is it is counting near?
Σίγμα, etc.

I for my father had a king,
"*Αλφα*, etc.
From a royal line did spring.
Σίγμα, etc.

Earth could not boast that on her breast
"*Αλφα*, etc.
My royal foot did ever rest.
Σίγμα, etc.

She's now my only coverlet,
"*Αλφα*, etc.
My sheets 'tween which I lie and sleep.
Σίγμα, κάππα, ῥῶ, κι' πῖ,
Δέλτα, ιότα, μοναχὴ.

THANÁSE VÁGHIA[a], *Part II.—THE VAMPIRE.*[7]

(VALAORITIS, *Μνημόσυνα.*)

'O WHY, Thanásé, thus dost thou arise,
Corpse-like and speechless, erect 'fore mine eyes?
O why, Thanásé, at eve dost thou roam,
Find'st thou no sleep e'en in Hades, thy home?

[a] Thanásé Vághia was a Greek lieutenant of the tyrant, Alí Pashá, of Ioannina. When all his other officers had refused to massacre the men of Gardíki, eight hundred in number, entrapped by falsehood and treachery in the courtyard of the Khan of Valieré, Thanásé Vághia offered to begin the butchery. For this deed, according to the Greek superstition, his body, after death, could not decompose, but walked the earth as a Vrykolokas or Vampire, in company with his victims and the Vízier Álí, and he is here represented as visiting his widow.

'Over the world many seasons have rolled,
Low since we buried thee under the mould;
Go! for thy presence drives peace from my breast,
Leave me, Thanásé, in quiet to rest!

'Direful on me thy crime's shadow is thrown—
See my condition! Thanásé, begone!
All the world flees from me, none will receive;
Alms to thy widow lone, no one will give.

'Come not so near me! Why frighten and daunt me?
What have I done thus to startle and haunt me?
Livid thy flesh is, and earthy thy smell,
Canst thou not yet turn to dust in thy cell?

'Closer around thee yet gather thy shroud,
Loathly worms crawl on thy face once so proud;
O twice-accurs'd, see'st thou not how they cower,
Ready to spring, and me likewise devour!

'Whence through the wild storm comest, trembling
and shaking,
See'st how the whole earth is rocking and quaking?
Out from thy silent grave how couldst thou flee?
Tell me, whence comest thou, what wouldst thou
see?'

'This very night, as I lay in my tomb,
Lonely and silent, 'mid darkness and gloom,
Shrouded, bound, helpless, and turning to clay,
Deep in my grave at the close of Earth's day,

'Cried there above me a dread *kukuvághia*;[a]
Still did he call and say, "Thanásé Vághia!
Rise! for the Dead Men will come thee to wake;
Rise, for away with them thee they will take!"

[a] The owl, the herald of the vampire.

'Hearing my name, and the words that he spake,
Made all my rotten bones rattle and shake;
Strove I to hide myself deep in the ground,
By their revengeful eyes not to be found.

'"Out with thee, traitor!" they cry in their ire;
"Out with thee! thee for our guide we require.
Out with thee! fearful one, not as wolves seek we;
Show us the way to our long-lost Gardíki!"

'Thus cry the Dead Men as on me they fall,
Thus, as all wrathful, they scream and they call,
Talon and tooth root up rank weeds and tear,
Scatt'ring the black soil, my corpse they lay bare.

'Thus from the quiet Dead me they unbury,
Out of the grave they quick rout me and hurry;
Laughing and gibing, they wildly deride,
On to Gardíki we run side by side.

'Fly we, and run we, all breathless and fast,
'Neath us the fair Earth we blight and we blast:
Where our black cloud passes on as it flies,
Tremble the cliffs, and from Earth flames arise.

'Flutter our winding-sheets now far behind,
Flutter like white sails filled out by the wind;
Far on our path, 'neath the light of the moon,
Rotten bones, falling, behind us are strewn.

''Fore us went flying the dread *kukuvághia;*
Still did he call and say, "Thanásé Vághia!"
Near to the desolate ruins we drew,
Where this accurséd hand so many slew.

'O what dread witnesses! fear made me cower.
Deep were the curses on me they did shower!

Bloody the draught was they forced me to drain;
See! on my lips still the horrible stain!

'Gathering to rend me, upon me they fastened;
Then was a cry heard, and tow'rds it they hastened:
"Glad we're to find you, O Vízier Alí;"
Into the courtyard they rush without me!

'On him the Dead Men fall furiously;
One and all leave me; then I, fearful, flee,
Breathless I flee from them; come I to rest
Here with my dear wife, for one night her guest.'

'Now that I've heard thee, Thanásé, begone,
Back to thy grave, though 'tis dreary and lone.'
'Give me for comfort, 'mid darkness and gloom,
Kisses three give me to take to the tomb!'

'When on thy corpse oil and wine they did place,
Came I in secret, and kissed thy cold face.'
'Years long and many have passed since that day,
Torment thy kisses hath taken away.'

'Go! for thy wild look my terror increases;
Rotten thy flesh, 'tis all falling in pieces.
Leave me! O, hide those hands! For like to knives
Seem the foul fingers that took those brave lives!'

'Come to me, O my wife! is it not I?
Once, thy Thanásé, in years long gone by?
Do not thou loathe me, and thus from me fly!'
'Go! I'm polluted if thou comest nigh!'

On her he throws himself, seizes and grips;
Close on her mouth press his cold clammy lips;
From her poor bosom, its covering rags,
Tearing in fury, he ruthlessly drags.

Bare he has laid it. His hand forward prest,
Wildly he plunges, and runs o'er her breast.
Turns he to marble, and cold as a snake,
Shivers the Vampire, with fear doth he shake;
Howls like a wolf, like a leaf trembles he,
Touched have his fingers the All-Holy Tree.[a]

Her Guardian had saved her when helpless she cried,
Vanished the Vampire, like smoke from her side.
Out in the darkness the dread *kukuvághia*
Still was repeating his 'Thanásé Vághia!'

SECTION (III.)

IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SUPERNALIST IDEAS.

INVOCATION TO THE MOIRAI.

(Heuzey, p. 139.)

Oh, from the summit of Olympos high,
The three extremest heights of Heaven,
Where dwell the Dealers-out of Destinies,[b]
Oh may my own Fate hear me,
And, hearing, come unto me!

THE EVIL-FATED ONE.

Nisýros.

(*Ἑλλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ.* Consple., xix., p. 197.)

Along the sea-coast wandered I, and by the shore of ocean,
And there the Fate-scribe I did meet, who writes the fate of mortals.

[a] The morsel of the true Cross worn as an amulet.
[b] *Αἱ Μοῖραι τῶν Μοιρῶν.* See Vol. II. 'Annotations,' No. 5.

The fates of all the other folk she has at noonday
written;
My fate alone did she decree, and write it down at
midnight.
The taper fell from out her hand, then, too, the ink
was spilléd,
It stained and spoiled her garments fair with musk so
sweetly scented.
And there she evil-fated me, the sevenfold unhappy:
'Go! be thou still devoured with thirst, and be thou
ever hungry;
May evermore thy lips be dry, thine eyes still tear-
bedimméd;
The rosy apple of thy cheek with salt tears ever
moistened!'

THE SONGSTRESS.

(PASSOW, DIX.)

UP in the neighbourhood above and in the topmost
quarter
There sat and spun a woman fair, and sang as she was
spinning.
So loud the woman sang her song, so wide her voice
did echo,
The Sun did hear, and he was wroth, and late went to
his setting.
The Mother of the Sun[8] learnt this, and thus she cursed
the woman:
'If, woman, thou unmarried art, may evil fate attend
thee;
And if thou hast been married young, may not thy
years be many;

Who hast the cause been that my Son came late home
to his setting,
Stayed listening thy song unto, and to thy wheel's loud
humming!'
And when the darling hears of this, she thus apolo-
gizes:
'I had a right to sing thus loud, and send my wheel
a-humming,
For I've a husband who's abroad, and many years is
absent,
And now he has a letter sent to say I may expect him.'
The Mother of the Sun doth hear, and gives her her
good wishes:
'If, woman, thou unmarried art, may good fate e'er
attend thee;
And if thou hast been married young, then may thy
years be many!'

CHARON'S MOTHER AND THE MAIDEN.

Nisýros.

(*Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ.*, XIX., p. 198.)

LAST eve as I was passing by the church of St.
Nikóla,
I heard the tombstones crying out; the black earth,
too, did tremble.
And Charon's mother, too, I heard, and she her son
was scolding:
'My son, you're always bringing them, to me you ever
bring them,
And yet this maiden you have brought weeps still, and
is not docile.
I give her apples, them she spurns, and throws away
my roses;

Sweet basil, too, to her I give, and underfoot she
treads it.'
And thus to her the maid replies, with lips by grief
embittered:
'I do not want your basil sweet, nor do I want your
balsams;
My father dear alone I want, I want my own sweet
mother!'

CHARON AND THE YOUTH.

Kappadocia.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 724.)

A YOUTH there was, and such a youth, for many talents
had he;
Upon the milk of sheep alone his mother him had
nourished.
Him Charon saw and longed for, as he drove his yoke
of oxen;
He laid wait for, and caught him, just as he his task
had finished.
'Charon, do thou let go my hair, and by the hand now
hold me;
And show to me where is thy Tent, and by myself I'll
enter.'
He loosed his hold upon his hair, and by the hand he
held him,
And showed to him where was his Tent, and it alone he
entered.
Him Charon charge of cattle gave that were to toil un-
broken,
And loaded Charon on his back the seed-grain without
measure.
He ploughs, goes forth, comes in again, and weeps he
at returning.

His plough is of the yellow gold, the yoke is shining silver,
The handles of the golden plough the bracelets are of heroes.
He ploughs, goes forth, comes in again, and weeps he at returning.
'Charon, my mother calls for me, my sister asketh for me,
'Let not thy mother call for thee, nor let thy sister want thee.'
'O Charon, let me go forth hence, and I'll come back to-morrow!'
'Here do the Saracens abide, and here the Turks do linger;
Here do the youths grow into men, and put forth beards the adults.
Bide thou here, too, thou few of years, with those who've many years seen.'
'If I could see thee, Charon mine, upon a broad, green meadow,
Thy black horse feeding on the grass, and thou laid wrapped in slumber,
Then softly, softly, I'd approach, and stealthily come nearer,
And, Charon, take away thy keys, of Paradise the openers;
Then would I open Paradise, and see who dwells within it.
There in the midst my mother sits, upon the edge my sister,
Upon the furthest, furthest edge my grandfather is seated.
Awake! arise! O birds of Dawn, let us go forth from Hades!'

[Then cried] a youth with hanging sleeves, [then cried]
a maiden slender:
'O take me, too, along with thee, let me go forth from
Hades!'
'Your sleeves they long and drooping are, your skirts,
besides, are trailing;
Your slippers, too, would make a noise, and know of it
would Charon.'
Outside was Charon, walking round, but yet he saw
and heard them;
And locking, bolting everywhere, he takes away the
openings.
'Here do the Saracens abide, and here the Turks do
linger;
And here, too, have they washed their swords, their
swords that were empoisoned;
And I stooped down to quench my thirst, and so my
morning faded.'[a]

CHARON AND HIS MOTHER.

Thessaly.

(Oikonomides, Γ. 3.)

Out in the little moon's white light, his horse was
Charon shoeing,
And thus his *mána* said to him, and thus his mother
charged him:
'My son, when thou go'st to the chase, when thou go'st
forth a-hunting,
Take not the *mánas* who have sons, nor brothers who
have sisters,
Take not those who have just been wed, nor those just
crowned in marriage.'

[a] These last lines seem to suggest that Charon himself had once been a mortal.

'Where I find three will I take two, where I find two, one only,
And if I find one man alone, him, too, will I take with me.'

CHARON AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

Thessaly.

(Oikonomides, Γ. 4.)

The Sun has risen clouded o'er, and dark is he and sullen;
Say, is he angry with the Stars, or with the Moon in heaven,
Or angry with the Morning Star that's near the Seven Pleiads?
He is not angry with the Stars, not with the Moon in heaven,
Nor angry with the Morning Star that's near the Seven Pleiads.
But Charon's making merry now, he's keeping his Son's wedding;
And boys he slays instead of lambs, and brides for goats he slaughters;
And he has ta'en the Widow's Son, no other son is left her;
And by his side she weeping goes, walks by his side lamenting:
'O leave him, Charon, leave me him, and I will pay his ransom;
O woe is me, I have but him, beside him I've no other;
I promise gold unto the Earth, and towers of pearls I promise,

And Earth shall wear them as a sword, and wear them
for a musket,
And for this feast ye celebrate, I'll bring you flowers
and violets.'

CHARON AND THE SOULS.[9]

Thessaly.

(Oikonomides, Γ. 2.)

Why do the mountains darkly lower, and stand brimmed
o'er with tear-drops?
Is it the wind that fights with them? is it the rain that
beats them?
'Tis not the wind that fights with them, nor rain that's
on them beating;
But Charon's passing over them, and with the Dead
he's passing.
The young men he before him drives, and drags the old
behind him,
And ranged upon the saddle sit with him the young and
lovely.
The old men beg and pray of him, the young beseech
him, kneeling:
'My Charon, stop thou in a town, or near cool fountain
tarry,
That water may the old men drink, the young men cast
the boulder,
And that the little bairnies all may go the flowers to
gather.'
'At no town will I stop to lodge, nor near cool fountain
tarry;
The mothers would for water come, and recognise their
children;
And know each other man and wife; nor would there
be more parting.'

CHARON AND THE GIRL.

(PASSOW, CCCCXIII.)

THERE boasted once a cherished one, she had no fear
of Charon:
For she had nine tall brothers bold, and Constantine
for husband.
And Charon somehow heard of it, some bird the tale
had told him,
And he set forth and came to them while seated at
their dinner.
'Good greeting to you, *árchontes*, and all the noble folk
here!'
'Sir Charon, you are welcome here, Sir Charon, you
are welcome.
O sit you down and eat with us, sit down and eat your
dinner.'
''Tis for no dinner I have come, I came not for your
dishes,
I came but for the cherished one, who has no fear of
Charon.'
He seized her by her flowing hair, and on her back he
threw her;
'Let go thy hold upon my hair, and hold my arm,
O Charon;
I'll farewell to my mother say, and farewell to my
sisters,
And farewell to my father dear, and farewell to my
brothers.
Oh, mother, when comes Constantine, afflict him not,
nor grieve him,

But spread his dinner that he dine, and ready make his
supper;
For I with Charon must depart, and he no more will
see me.'

THE SHEPHERD AND CHARON.

Samothrace.

(Passow, ccccxxxii.)

From tow'ring mountain-summit down there strolled a
young *léventé*,[a]
His fez on one side cocked he wore, and loosely hung
his gaiters.
And Charon looked at him, he looked, and much was
he displeaséd;
And seized him by his flowing hair, and by his right
hand held him.
'To take thy soul I'm sent by God, to take thy soul
He's sent me.'
'Let go thy hold upon my hair, and hold my hand, O
Charon,
And come and let us wrestle on a threshing-floor of
marble,
And whoso of the twain is thrown, then his soul be it
taken.'
When the *léventé* grasped his foe, then out the red
blood spurted;
But when he was by Charon grasped, with flesh were
fed the mountains.
'O Charon, I beseech thee now, take not my soul out
from me,

[a] This word has the same meaning as *pallikar*, namely, a strapping young man.

For I have flocks of sheep unshorn, and in the press
the cheeses;
And I have, too, a lovely wife, not meet to leave a widow,
And I have little ones besides, and they should not be
orphans.'
'Thy flocks of sheep may shear themselves, and press
themselves the cheeses,
The widows can get on alone, and they can rule the
children.'
'O Charon, I beseech thee now, take not my soul out
from me;
Show me where thou thy Tent hast pitched, and thee
to it I'll follow.'
'When on my Tent thine eyes shall look, fear will take
hold upon thee,
For outside it is green of hue, within 'tis blackest
darkness;
But open now thy mouth, for I will take thy soul out
from thee.'

THE JILTED LOVER.

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 37.)

I WILL go down to Hades, with Charon I'll unite,
And for my friend I'll take him, and brotherhood we'll
plight,
And then perhaps some arrows, some arrows keen he'll
lend,
That I, against those darlings, a deadly bow may bend,
Who kisses did me promise, all three so sweet and coy,
Then jilted me and cheated, as if I were a boy.

ZÁHOS AND CHARON.

(PASSOW, CCCCXXXIII.)

As Záhos pricked along the road, in search of Hades
going—
The horse he rode it was of iron, and golden was his
saddle.
Stair after stair descended he, yet steps still yawned
before him.
Earth saw him, and she shrank with dread; and
Charon, fearing, hid him;
And all the Dead who saw him come assembled around
and questioned:
'Why, Záhos, hast thou hither come? What, Záhos,
is't thou seekest?'
'I'm hither come to see my friends, and then I'll turn
me homeward.'
'Thy golden saddle, Záhos, say, hast thou another given,
Who com'st whence there is no return, to regions spider-
woven,
Where children are from mothers torn, and mothers
from their children?'
Then Charon's courage came again, and by his hair he
seized him.
'Let go thy hold upon my hair, and take my hand, O
Charon;
And Záhos' valour thou shalt see, and see if he will
fear thee.'
Then from his hair he loosed his hold, and by his
hand he held him.
He seizes Charon, and three times upon the ground he
throws him;

But Charon once more courage took, and by his hair
he seized him.
'Let go thy hold upon my hair, and take my hand, O
Charon!
Again will I stand up with thee, do with me what thou
pleasest.'
'Come, let us go and see my Tent that there thou
may'st recline thee;
Outside I hangings have of red, but black the inside
hangings.
As for the tent-pegs of my Tent, they are the hands of
heroes;
The knots and ropes around it spread, are maiden's
twisted tresses.'[19a]

THE RESCUE FROM CHARON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 456.)

ACCURSÉD may he be who said: 'Brotherhood knows
no sorrow.'
By Brotherhood the hills are rent, and torn the
spreading tree-roots;
Out in pursuit goes Brotherhood, and triumphs over
Charon!
Two Brothers had a Sister dear, through all the world
renownéd,
The envy of the neighbourhood, the belle of all the village;
And Charon looks with jealous eye, and for himself he'd
take her;
And to the house he runs and cries, as if he were the
master:
'Ho! open, maiden, let me in, with me to go prepare
thee;

For I'm the son of the black Earth, the spider-woven
Tombstone!'
'O leave me, Charon, leave me now, to-day take me
not with thee,
On Saturday betimes I'll bathe, I'll change my clothes
on Sunday,
On Monday morn I'll come to thee, I'll come to thee
unbidden.'
But by her hair he seizes her; in terror shrieks the
maiden.
See where her Brothers follow them, among the moun-
tain passes,
They fast pursue old Charon till they've snatched from
him their Sister!

THE RIVER OF THE DEAD.[a]

(Passow, cccLxxxvi.)

Last night so sorely in my breast my woeful heart was
aching,
That I awoke and asked of it, and once again I asked it:
'O say, my heart, what is thy pain, why heavily art
sighing?
Thou art not keeping the Bairám,[b] a hill thou art not
climbing.'
'O it were better far to climb a hill with leaden burden,
Than see the marvel that I saw, that I saw late last even:
The river swept two brothers down, with kisses inter-
twinéd;

[a] In most of the Thessalian Songs about the 'River of the Dead' it is identified with the great river of Thessaly, the Salémbria or Peneiós; and according to Homer, the stream by which the Peneiós is joined near Tempé, and which flows from the gorge of Sarandáporos, has an infernal origin.

[b] The ordinary phrase among the Greeks of the Turkish Provinces for any national festivity which, being usually accompanied with over-eating, is naturally followed by indigestion.

And one unto the other said, and one said to the other:
"O tightly, tightly grasp me now, nor, brother, from me sever,
For, if we once should separate, we'd ne'er be reunited."'

DIRGE FOR THE HEAD OF A HOUSEHOLD.[10]

(ARAVANDINOS, 428.)

Now sit around me, children mine, and let us see who's absent:
The best one in the house we lack, the family's head is lacking,
Who to the house a banner was, and in the church a lantern.
The banner's staff is broke in twain, the lantern is extinguished.
Why stand ye, orphan'd children, there, like wayfarers and strangers?
And from your lips comes forth no wail like nightingale's sad singing?
Your eyes, why weep they not amain, and stream like flowing rivers?
Your tears should spread as mere around, should flow as cool fresh fountain,
To bathe the dusty traveller, and give the thirsty water.

DIRGE FOR A HOUSE-MISTRESS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 429.)

WHAT is this noise falls on our ears, and what is this loud tumult?
Say, can it for a Wedding be, or can it be a Feast-day?
The Goodwife now is setting forth, to Hades she's departing.

She hangs her keys upon the wall, and sets her house
in order,
A yellow taper in her hand. The mourners chant sad
dirges;
And all the neighbours gather round, all those whom
Death has stricken.
Whoso would now a message send, a letter let him
give her;[11]
She who a son mourns unadorned, now let her send
his fin'ry;
Whoso a son unarméd mourns, now let her send his
weapons;
Write, mothers, to your children dear, and ye, wives,
to your husbands,
Your bitter grief, your suffering, and all your weight of
sorrow.

DIRGE FOR A SON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 432.)

O THOU, my son, departest now unto the Lower Regions,
And leav'st thy mother sorrowful, heartbroken, and de-
spairing!
Where shall I hide my pain for thee, how shall I throw
it from me?
For if I throw it on the road, the passers-by will take it,
And should I hang it on the trees, the little birds would
find it.
Where shall I hide my bitter tears, my tears for thy
departure?
If on the black earth they should fall, the grass no more
would flourish;
If they should in the river fall, they would dry up its
sources;

If they should fall upon the sea, the vessels there would
founder;
But if I lock them in my heart, I quickly shall rejoin
thee.

DIRGE FOR A DAUGHTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 435.)

'O TELL me, tell me, daughter mine, how long shall I
await thee;
Say, six months shall I wait for thee, or in a year
expect thee?
Six months—it is a weary time; a year—it is unending!'
'My mother, were it but six months, or were it but a
twelvemonth,
Then would the evil be but small, the time would fly
full quickly.
Now will I tell thee, mother mine, when to expect my
coming:
When thou shalt see the ocean dry, and in its place a
garden;[12]
When thou shalt see a dead tree sprout, and put forth
leaves and branches;
When thou shalt see the raven black, white-feathered
like a pigeon.'

DIRGE FOR A SISTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 437.)

I KNEW not, little sister mine, that thou to death wert
destined;
Or to Stamboul for horse I'd sent, and for a hearse to
Venice,

To Corinth I had sent to find, to find and bring me masons,
That they might marble hew for thee, and build a mausoleum.
O masons, build it long and wide, and build it proud and lofty,
That she may stand and gird herself, or she may cross-legged rest her;
And in the wall at her right hand leave her an open window,
That she may see when comes the spring, may see when shines the summer,
When warble all the birds around, the nightingales of springtide.

DIRGE FOR DEMETRIOS VLACHOS.

(LELEKOS, 20.)

O CURSÉD may the sickness be, and cursed with it the plague be,
That takes away such gallant boys, that takes such *pallikária!*
Each youth a mother dear can boast, a mother for his comfort;
But Metros the unfortunate no mother has to tend him,
To sing his dirge when he is dead, or comfort him in sickness:
Only a sister; she alone must sing his myriologia.
'Arise, arise, O brother mine! rise from thy couch, O Metros,
And change thy vest, and put thee on the one all gold-embroidered;

And wind thy girdle round thy waist, that which has
golden fringes;
Put on thine armour once again, look, as wert wont, a
Captain;
Around thee gird thine own good sword, that sword
so far renownéd;
And place thy pistols in thy belt, with stocks inlaid
with silver;
Take, too, thy gun, thy faithful gun, so famously
emblazoned,
And cry upon the mountain cliff, like valiant *pallikári!*'

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG HUSBAND.

(ARAVANDINOS, 430.)

'O CHARON mine, I beg of thee, and twice I bow
before thee;
The youth whom thou hast bid to thee, that thou
keep him not alway;
For he a wife has all too young that she be left a widow.
For if she briskly walk they'll say: "She seeks another
husband!"
If she walk slowly then they'll say: "It is but affecta-
tion!"
A little son, too, is his care, a baby in the cradle.'
'No mother dear of his am I, nor yet am I his sister;
The son of the black Earth am I, the spider-woven
marble;
And youths I eat, and maids devour, and young men
are my quarry;
I eat the bridelings with their coins, the bridegrooms
flower-becrownéd;

And now I've waited forty days, this withered straw to
gather,
And on the fortieth day and last shall all his ties be
severed.'

THE YOUNG WIDOW.[13]

(ARAVANDINOS, 473.)

UPON a bridge there sat a girl, a doleful lay she
chanted,
Which rent the bridge in twain, and caused the stream
to cease its flowing.
The River's Stoicheión came out, and sat upon the
margin:
'O change, my girl, that melody, and sing another
sonnet!'
'How shall I change my melody, and sing another
sonnet,
Who have a pain within my heart, for which there is
no healing?
I had my husband lying ill, sore sick upon his mattress;
He bade me go up to the hills, and healing food to
bring him;
He bade me bring him cheese of deer, and milk of wild
goats seek him.
And while I up the mountains went, and to the fields
descended,
To set the pen and sheepfold up, and catch a hind to
milk her,
My husband married him again, another wife he took
him;
The black Earth for his wife he wed, a Tombstone his
wife's mother.'[a]

[a] Compare *Iph. in Aul.*, 461. 'Hades, as it seems, will speedily attend on her nuptials.'

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMIA.

Kallameriá, Salonica.

(Passow, dxxiv.)

Five thousand sheep were in the flock, and there were
goats ten thousand,
That tended were by brothers three, and by the world's
three Genii.[14]
And one goes out to win a kiss, the second goes
a-wooing,
And Yianni, youngest of them all, alone they leave
behind them,
To watch and tend the flock of sheep, and keep the
goats from straying.
To Yianni then his mother says, and wisely thus she
warns him:
'If you would earn a blessing now from me and from
your father,
Stand never 'neath a lonely tree, nor rest beneath a
poplar,
Nor ever on the water's edge make with thy pipe sweet
music,
Or there will come the Lamia out, the Lamia of the
Ocean.'
But Yianni would not her obey, nor do his mother's
bidding;
He stood beneath a lonely tree, he rested 'neath a
poplar,
And down upon the water's edge made with his pipe
sweet music.
Then came the Water-Lamia out, the Lamia of the
Ocean.

'O play to me, my Yianni, play, play with thy pipe
sweet music;
If I should weary of the dance, thou for thy wife shalt
take me;
If thou shouldst weary of thy pipe, I'll take away thy
sheep-cotes.'
And all day long three days he piped, three days and
nights he whistled;
And Yianni was quite wearied out, and sorely worn
with piping.
She took from him his flocks of sheep, of all his goats
she robbed him;
And forth he went to work for hire, and labour for a
master.

THE STOICHEION AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 451.)

THERE came forth once a Stoicheiòn devouring all the
Heroes;
All were devoured and swept away, there was not one
remaining;
The Widow's Son alone remains, alone of all the Heroes.
His spear and sword he takes in hand, and forth he
goes a-hunting,
And hills and mountains o'er he runs, o'er peaks and
mountain-passes;
No game has risen on the wing, no game is roused in
covert.
But as the Sun begins to dip, and nears his kingly
splendour,[15]
He finds a lovely damsel lone, a fair-haired, black-eyed
maiden.
He stops and thus accosts the maid, he stands and thus
he asks her:

'My girl, whose daughter may'st thou be? O say, who
was thy mother?'
'A mother bore me like to thine, a mother like thine
bore me.'
'What ails thee, maiden? thou art sad, what ails thee
that thou sighest?'
'Where yonder thou that fig-tree seest, there at its
root a well lies;
Within I've dropped my splendid ring, the ring of my
betrothal.
The man who shall go down the well, and find and
bring it to me,
Him will I wed, and him alone, and he shall be my
consort.'
Then quick the youth stripped off his clothes, and down
the well descended.
'O pull me up, girl! pull me up, for I can find no ring
here!'
'Now thou art in, my Widow's Son, there shalt thou
stay forever!'[16]

THE DISGUISED LAMIA AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

Epeiros.

(CHASIOTES, 137.)

A LAMIA black from out the sea, devourer of the Heroes,
A woman's garments takes to her and puts on woman's
clothing;
And to the church, as woman, hies, her prayers says
like a woman;
As woman takes the holy bread,[a] from priestly hand
she takes it;

[a] *Ἀντίδωρον*, the surplus Communion bread distributed after the Mass, and usually carried home by the women to sick or aged relatives.

And as a woman comes she out, and at the church door
seats her;
Dishevelled wildly is her hair and bitter tears she's
weeping.
The Widow's Son there passes by, and on her long he
gazes.
'What ails thee, maiden mine, that thou art sobbing
thus and sighing?'
'Ah, seest thou that willow tree, all blackened by the
lightning?
My ring has fallen from my hand, ring of my first
betrothal,[a]
And who'll go in and bring it me, I'll take him for my
husband.'
He much her beauty did admire, and he his wife would
make her.
'I will go in, and I'll come out, and bring it you, my
lassie.'
They went then, and she let him down, her troth ring
up to bring her,
But speckled snakes he found below, with vipers inter-
twisted.
'My lass, now pull me up again, for nothing have I
found here;
Here there are only speckled snakes, with vipers inter-
twisted.
One wicked viper of them all, she holds thy ring, this
viper.'
'Now thou art in, my pretty youth, forth shalt thou
come, ah, never!
For I'm the Lamia of the Sea, devourer of the
Heroes!'

[a] Three betrothals (ἀῤῥαβῶν) precede a Greek marriage.

'And I, I am the Lightning's Son, I'll lighten, and will
burn thee!'
She of the Lightning was afraid, and up again she drew
him.

THE VOW TO ST. GEORGE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 443.)

A LITTLE Turkish youth was he, one of the Sultan's
pages,
Who loved, who loved a Romeot maid, but she did not
desire him.
Before her does she put the hills, the mountains leaves
behind her,
Within the church she gains at last, she kneels and
says three prayers:
'Effendi mine, O dear St. George, O save me from the
Muslim!
Of candles *litras* thee I'll bring, and *litras* bring of
incense,
And oil in hides of buffalo I'll bring thee by the skinful!'
There opened then a marble slab, within it hid the
maiden.
But see! see there the Turkish youth is drawing near
on horseback,
And at the church door he dismounts, and there him-
self he crosses.
'Effendi mine, O dear St. George, now show to me the
maiden;
I'll bring thee candles by the load, and by the load
bring incense,
And by the shipful I'll bring oil, I'll bring it by the
boatload!'
Now gapes the marble slab again, and there is seen the
maiden.

Then lifts she up her voice on high, cries loud as she is able:
'O list, ye mountains and ye hills, ye *vilayéts* and townships,
The Saint for gain has me betrayed, for treasure he's betrayed me!'[17]

THE DYING YOUTH TO HIS MOTHER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 434.)

ON that great mountain far away, which is both broad and lofty,
Which has upon its bosom mists, and fogs around its bases;
Wild amaranths bud *there* and bloom, two other herbs beside them;
The roedeer eat them, and they die; the brown bears, and they sicken.
There, little mother, thou must mount, those herbs three thou must find thee,
And thou must eat them, mother mine, and so thou may'st forget me.

THE VISIT TO PARADISE AND HELL.

(ARAVANDINOS, 160.)

O PANAGHÍA, thee I pray, and twice before thee bend me,
That thou wouldst give to me the keys, in Paradise to enter;
To enter as a living man, to walk there strong and healthy,
And see the rich men how they fare, see how the poor are lodged there.

The poor sit in the sun's glad light, they bask them in
the sunbeams,
The rich are wallowing in the pitch, and rolling in the
darkness;
And lying there is the Exarch, upon the edge supported,
And looks across towards the poor, and thus he them
beseeches:
'O poor, take ye my *aspras*[a] now, and give to me a
taper!'
'Here *aspras* are not current coin, and tapers are not
purchased.
Exarch, rememberest thou when we in th' other world
existed,
Thou gav'st no alms unto the poor, nor helpedst those
in sickness?
Exarch, rememberest thou when near thou unto death
wert drawing,
Thou wentest not to evensong, nor often unto matins,
Nor yet to holy liturgy, which makes the world to
tremble?
Rememberest how, by usury, to fifteen, ten thou
changedst,
Didst mingle water with the wine, and with the flour
mix ashes?'

[a] The *aspra*, from ἄσπρος, white, was the smallest silver coin; but the word was formerly used in the plural for money generally, as *para* (παράδες), the smallest copper coin, now is.

THE SHIP.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 112.)

SEE, a ship is sailing onward—
Kyrie eleison, hear us, Christ!
Sailing onwards o'er the ocean—
Holy Virgin, hear us, Christ!
And St. George and St. Elias,
And the holy St. Pelagius,
And St. Nikolas, Nikóla,[18]
Be to all her people gracious,
To all Christians, and to us!

Now the wild storm sings it loudly—
Kyrie eleison, hear us, Christ!
O arise and still its raging!—
Holy Virgin, hear us, Christ!
And St. George and St. Elias,
And the holy St. Pelagius,
And St. Nikolas, Nikóla,
Be to all her people gracious,
To all Christians, and to us!

In the ship is a schoolmaster—
Kyrie eleison, hear us, Christ!
Papa Santorinióté—
Holy Virgin! hear us, Christ!
And St. George and St. Elias,
And the holy St. Pelagius,
And St. Nikolas, Nikóla,
Be to all her people gracious,
To all Christians, and to us!

FOR THE FEAST OF THE CHRIST-BIRTHS.[19]

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 151.)

TO-DAY in Bethlehem's famous town is Christ our
Saviour born;
The heavens rejoice, all earth is glad upon this happy
morn.
In stable lowly He's brought forth, laid in a horse's
stall,
The King and the Creator, and the choir of Angels all
Sing to the Holy Trinity, 'Praise be to Highest God,
That over all the earth shall now be spread the faith
abroad.'
From out of Persia Magi three were coming on their
way,
Led by a shining star that failed them not by night or
day;
And on to Bethlehem they go, and ask, with anxious
mind,
Where Christ is born; for Him they seek, and Him
they fain would find.
When of the Christ-child's birth he heard, then troubled
was the King;
Possessed with rage, he said they must to him the
Magi bring.
The Magi came: he asked of them where Christ to seek
they'd go?
'In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, the Scripture saith, we
know.'
Saith he: 'Go ye and find Him me, go ye and find this
Lord;

And when ye Him have worshipped there, then come
and bring me word.'
For he himself would also go to worship and to pray,
With the most wicked treachery, intending him to
slay.
The Magi went with hastening feet, and when they saw
the star
Descend upon a lowly cave, they hurried from afar,
And, entering in the cave, they saw the Virgin Mother
mild;
Within her arms and on her breast she held the holy
Child.
They lowly bend and worship Him, to Him their gifts
they bring,
The gold and frankincense and myrrh, and praise to
God they sing.
When they had worshippéd the Christ, they turned
them back again,
To carry to King Herod word their search had not been
vain.
An angel out from heaven came down, he said they
must not go;
Another road he bade them take, another path did
show.
The Magi came not. Herod saw his orders had been
vain.
He said: 'In Bethlehem's town shall not a single child
remain.'
And fourteen thousand, in one day, they fourteen
thousand killed;
With lamentation, tears, and woe, was every mother
filled.

THE FEAST OF THE LIGHTS, OR EPIPHANY.

Ioannina (John the Baptist Town).

(ARAVANDINOS, 153).

O COME and learn the wonder great, the wonder great
that happened,
How Christ did condescend for men, and much for
them did suffer.
And then went down to Jordan's brink, and into
Jordan's waters,
With the command to be baptized, baptized by John
the Baptist.
'Come, O My John, come hither now, come and do
thou baptize Me,
For in this awful wonder thou may'st serve Me and
attend Me.'
'My Lord! O no, I cannot look, cannot look on Thy
beauty,
Nor can I gaze upon the Dove that o'er Thy head is
hov'ring.
My Lord! O no, I cannot touch Thee from above
descended,
For the wide earth and all the heavens submit them to
Thy orders.'
'Come, O My John, come unto Me, and linger thou no
longer;
To this great mystery we perform thou shalt become
the sponsor.'
Then John baptized his Lord forthwith, that might be
cleansed and purgéd
The sin that Adam first had sinned, and that it might
be cancelled;
And to confound the Enemy, to foil the Thrice-Accurséd[20]
Beguiler of mankind, that he in hell may dwell for ever.

VAIA, OR PALM SUNDAY.

(PASSOW, CCCIV.)

GOOD day! And happy may 't next year come round!
Your worships in good hour I trust we've found!
The nightingales are singing in the trees,
The swallows spread their wings upon the breeze.

O bring me balsams, lemon-trees now bring,
And plant them in the gardens, for 'tis spring;
The gardens of these lordly houses gay,
Which breathe forth sweetest scents by night and day.

Laz'rus has come, the eve of Passion Week,
Come, too, has He, the Virgin's Son so meek;
And Martha, joyful, Him goes forth to meet,
She worships, lowly bending at His feet.

'Lord, yesterday from us our Laz'rus fled,
And lies within the cave among the dead;
Grieve Thou with me, O grieving one,
And pity me, O pitying one!

And raise for me my brother from the grave,
My brother dead, whom yet my heart doth crave.'

And many other things to you I'd say,
My lords and ladies, on this day;
Long may you live, and happy may you be,
In coming years![a]

[a] Complimentary phrases are usually introduced into these festal-songs, which are sung by children for *largesse* at house-doors.

ODE TO THE SEVEN[a] PASSIONS.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 157.)

O GOOD is He, our holy God, and good it is to say it;
And whoso says it, he shall live, and he who hears is sainted;
And he who lists and understands, has Paradise for portion,
Yea, Paradise, and liturgies, and monasteries holy.
Away in far Jerusalem, upon the tomb of Jesus,
No tree was ever seen to grow, but now has one appeared.
For Christ our Saviour is that tree, its branches the Apostles;
Its green leaves are the Martyrs meek, its spreading roots the Prophets,
Who prophesied and said to men what Christ would come to suffer.
My Christ, and Thou hast borne the pain, and borne the suffering grievous,
When martyrized and tortured Thee those curst and sinful Hebrews,
The unbelieving, wicked men, a thousand times accurséd!
Unto the Smith they hurried them, for three great nails they wanted;
And he, that day, not only three, but five nails for them fashioned.
'O Smith and Master-craftsman, say, what wouldst thou with these five nails?'

[a] Literally, 'sacred.'

'I'll tell you why I made them, sirs, and this request
fulfil me:
The two you through His feet shall drive, two through
His hands you'll fasten;
The fifth and longest of them all you through His heart
will thrust me,
That out may flow the blood and gall, yea, flow from
out His vitals.'
And when the Panaghía heard, she sank to earth and
fainted.
O bring ye meat, and bring ye wine, and light cakes
bring ye to her,
That I may show the Comforter to all unhappy mothers,
To all the grieving sisters, and to all the grieving
brothers;
That they go not to hang themselves, nor take a knife
to slay them.

FOR THE GREAT FRIDAY.

(Passow, cccx. *a*.)

The Panaghía sits alone, alone she sits and lonely;
She prays, and all her prayers are for her only Son
belovéd.
A noise she hears, and tumult loud, and very great
confusion;
And forth she comes outside her door, and from her
street she sallies.
She sees the Heavens darkened o'er, and sees the Stars
all tearful;
She sees the bright Moon in the sky, in tears the dear
Moon swimming;
St. John she sees, who comes to her, he weeps, his
breast he's beating.

And in one hand he holds the hair torn from his head
in anguish,
The other holds a handkerchief that with his tears is
dripping.
'Now tell me, tell me, my St. John, O my St. John,
now tell me,
Hast thou not seen mine only Son, hast thou not seen
thy Teacher?'
'I have no mouth to tell of it, nor lips have I to speak it!
Nor can my breaking heart endure to share with thee
the tidings;
But, as thou askest me of this, so let me even tell thee.
See'st thou that hill, see'st thou that hill, that hill both
broad and lofty?
There have the Hebrews dragged Him forth, dragged
Him all bound and pinioned;
Laid hands on Him as on a thief, and as a murderer
led Him.'
And when our Lady heard these words, she swooned
away and fainted.
They jars of water poured on her, three jars of musk
they emptied,
And afterwards rose-water sweet, until she was recovered.
And when our Lady spake again, these were the words
she uttered:
'Let Martha come, and Mary come, Elizabeth come
with them,
Let them come where He may be found before they
crucify Him,
Before they thrust the nails in Him, before they yet
have slain Him!'
As they were journeying on the road, and on the road
were passing,
Long time our Lady wept, she wept, long time was
she lamenting.

And by a Gipsy smith they passed, a smith who nails
was making.
'Thou dog, thou Gipsy dog,'[a] said she, 'what is it thou
art doing?'
'They're going to crucify a man, and I the nails am
making.
They only ordered three of me, but five I mean to
make them;
Two for his two knees I design, two for his hands I
fashion,
The fifth, the sharpest of the five, within his heart
shall enter.'
'Thou dog, thou Gipsy dog,' said she, 'henceforth
make thou no ashes.
If thou henceforth shalt ashes make, the wind shall
whirl them from thee.'
And then her way she took again unto the Door of
Robbers.
The doors were fast shut every one, they fastened were
with boulders;
But from their fear they opened wide, all of themselves
they opened,[b]
And entered there our Lady in, with tears and lamenta-
tion.
There stood the Hebrews all around, they all around
were standing,
One spat on Him, one water threw, and mocked at
Him another.

[a] Gipsies are generally credited in the East with being ready for any base work.

[b] Compare *Il.* v. 749.

'Self-moving groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven.'

Also *Paradise Lost*, v. 251.

'The gate self-opening wide,
On golden hinges turning.'

She saw her Son upon the Cross, upon the Cross
beheld Him:
'Is there no knife to kill me with, no cord that I may
hang me?'
And from her Son the answer came, and from the
Cross He answered:
'My Mother, shouldst thou slay thyself, then all the
world would slay them.
Have patience, *Mána;* then, like thee, will all the world
have patience.'
'Tell me, my Son, O tell to me, say when may I expect
Thee?'
'On Easter morn, on Easter morn, the Lord's Day and
the Sabbath.
Go, *Mána*, go thou to our door, return among our
neighbours,
Spread in the midst a table low, within our dwelling
spread it,
With mothers let the children eat, and children with
their mothers,
And there let all the goodwives eat, they with their
worthy husbands;
Let all who love us there sit down, all who for us feel
sorrow.'

CLASS II.

SOCIAL FOLK-SONGS.

SONGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF VILLAGE LIFE:

ANTENUPTIAL, FAMILY, AND COMMUNAL.

SECTION (I.)

SONGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANTENUPTIAL LIFE.

I. YOUTH SONGS. II. MAIDEN-SONGS.
III. YOUTH AND MAIDEN-SONGS.

SUBSECTION I. YOUTH-SONGS.

THE NUNS.

Grévena.

(ARAVANDINOS, 225.)

A SPRIGHTLY, tall, and agile youth, a handsome *pallikari*,
Within his hand an Apple holds, and in his lap a Lemon;
The Apple, bending, kisses he, and thus consults the Lemon:
'O Lemon, little Lemon mine, i' faith I wish to marry.
'Young man, seek'st thou companionship, a wife art thou now seeking?
Go to the monastery high, where are the great store-houses,

There wilt thou find a worthy Nun, with three adopted
daughters;[a]
Panághio is the eldest called, and Déspo is the second;
The third, the youngest of the three, Thanásio the
black-eyed,
Who golden coins and fairest pearls the livelong day is
sifting.
The siftings bright, both gold and white, she places on
her bosom,
That she may make her bosom smell of Summer and
of Winter;
Of Summer with its cooling dews, of Winter with its
comfort;
And of fair Spring the beautiful, with all her flowers
and sweetness.'

ELENÁKI, THE LITTLE NIGHTINGALE.

Préveza.

(ARAVANDINOS, 224.)

FAIR Elenáki, my wee one, I wished to tame and lead
her,
A cage within to prison her, and there with musk to
feed her.
From fragrance rank of musk exhaled, and stifling
odour shed,
Aweary of the cage was she, my nightingale has fled.
The hours I pass in calling her, o'er hills I questioning
rove:
'Have you not seen Elenió, my faithless, faithless love?'
'But yesterday we her beheld, the reedy fields among,
And there the wanderer beloved had perched, and sat,
and sung.'

[a] *Ψυχοκόραις*, literally 'soul-daughters.' The monks have *Ψυχοπαιδιά*, 'soul-boys,' many of whom afterwards become Bishops and Archbishops, to whom marriage is forbidden.

With fire I all the reeds consume, and all to spoil endeavour,
But Elenáki, my wee one, has fled from me for ever!

THE LAST REQUEST.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 219.)

WHEN dark Death, my black-eyed maiden,
When dark Death his grasp shall lay,
On my soul, this boon I'll pray:

That they spread, my black-eyed maiden,
That they spread, in heaven's pure air,
My last couch, and wash me there.

Let her come, my black-eyed maiden,
Let her come and bury me;
Love shall then my sexton be.

Let her see, my black-eyed maiden,
Let her see, and let her know
What it is has laid me low.

Let her say, my black-eyed maiden,
But two words, but two sweet words;
Love's sad dirge these two sweet words.

After that, my black-eyed maiden,
May she sad tears on me shower,
Ere the black Earth me devour.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 221.)

'MANA, a fair maid I have seen; she washed beside the river;
Like silver bright her mallet shone, her slab was whitest marble.

I gave my gallant steed to her in payment for her kisses;
She hundreds, thousands still can give, and yet again
two thousand;
And I her humble slave would be, a servant in her
courtyard.
Sweep, widow, sweep again and oft, within thy beauteous
courtyard—
Sweep too, thy doorway, that, through it, in passing and
repassing,
Thy lovely daughter I may see, in musk so softly
nurtured;
All hearts she witches; mine, alas! beneath her spell
has fallen.'
'My only one, my daughter dear, is Sun and Moon in
heaven;
The Dawn alone doth she desire, as spouse to lie beside
her.'

THE VLACH SHEPHERDESS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 235.)

THE fields are thirsting for the rains, and for the snows
the mountains;
The falcons for the little birds, for thee, my Vlach, I'm
thirsting.
Thy hand so fair, so soft and white, thy hand so cool
and snowy,
Three long, long days, three long, long nights, I want it
for my pillow;
Sweet kisses then I'd feed thee with, I'd feed thee with
caresses.
But, ah! thou fleest from me, my Vlach, thou fleest,
and hast undone me!
Up to the branches I will fly, and there I'll sit bewailing;