

My weeping great a mere shall make, and flow out a  
 cold fountain.  
 For water will the fair ones come, and come, too, will  
 the black-eyed ;  
 And with them my Vlachoula dear—oft shall I give her  
 water.

*THE NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.*

*Zagorie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 211.)

MINE was the failing, idiocy,  
 That lost my running's prize, ah me !  
 I found thee all alone, I wot ;  
 With kisses sweet I fed thee not ;  
 I gazed on thee unsatisfied,  
 And thus I sat, by Love tongue-tied.  
 Thy mother mild, where then was she ?  
 Thy father stern, where then was he ?  
 Thy mother at the church did pray,  
 Thy sire at Yánnina did stay ;  
 And by thee sat the idiot meek,  
 Whose downcast eyes the earth did seek.

*THE WOOER.*

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 212.)

O PARTRIDGE, I entreat of thee, thee I salute, O  
 maiden,  
 That thou the keys would'st lend to me to enter in the  
 garden ;  
 Carnations sweet, and lemons ripe, that I for thee may  
 gather ;

And I a ring of diamonds bright will send thee for a token ;

In far Venetia it was wrought, and bought it was at Stámboul.

And for the finger of my bride 'tis by my mother destined.

Thy mother dear I love full well, and I do kiss her hand now ;

I'll make of her a mother-in-law, and thou'lt be my sweet consort.

*THE LOVER'S DREAM.*

*Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 213.)

AMID sweet roots of balsam hid, amid green basil's fragrance,

All wearied I lay down to sleep, to take a little slumber ;

As on the ground I sleeping lay, there came to me a vision—

My love was being married, and her husband was my rival.

'Twas not enough that she did wed, and did my rival marry,

But me they asked to crown them twain, as groomsman at the wedding.

The golden crowns, too, I prepared, the candlesticks of silver ;

The wedding veil I brought to her—it was with pearls inwoven.

My dream, should it be true, and she for husband take another,

All may unto her wedding go, but I will to her shrouding;  
 All may to her take flocks of sheep, I'll lead a black cat<sup>a</sup> only.

*LOVE SONG.*

(PASSOW, DXXXII. *b.*)

I CANNOT live when absent thou,  
 Thou present, sickness lays me low;  
     'Tis thou my life art stealing,  
     'Tis thou who art my healing.

I look on thee, I madly love—  
 I gaze, my pulses wildly move;  
     My heart doth faint within me,  
     No longer reason's in me.

So many things I'd say to thee,  
 Yet am I dumb when thee I see;  
     Bound is my tongue before thee,  
     And mutely I adore thee!

I look upon thee, and I burn;  
 And when I see thee not, I mourn;  
     Though mad when I behold thee,  
     I die if thou withhold thee.

*DESPO OF LIAKATÁ.*<sup>21</sup>

*Epeiros.*

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

Now would the branches bud and bloom, but night  
 frosts will not let them;

\* With the hope of bringing ill-luck to the wedding.

And fain would I abandon thee — Despo, child of  
 Liakatá—my heart's pain will not let me.  
 Still lower draw thy broidered veil, that it may hide  
 thine eyebrows,  
 So that the kisses be not seen — Despo, child of  
 Liakatá—that I have showered upon them.  
 Then hie thee, to thy mother go, and tell her not to  
 curse me,  
 For her I'll make my mother-in-law—Despo, child  
 of Liakatá—I'll make of her my mother.  
 Then go and deck thee with thine arms,<sup>a</sup> come to the  
 cool sweet fountain,  
 And o'er Liákoura's high hills — Despo, child of  
 Liakatá—and fresh fall'n snows we'll wander.  
 And thou wilt be the dew of dawn, of May the pearly  
 hoarfrost,  
 Within my lone *lemeri*<sup>b</sup> thou—Despo, child of Liakatá—  
 wilt shine as shine the Pleiads.

THE PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

*Roumelia.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 359.)

I AM that pretty little bird, with feathers green and gay,  
 Who sought from thee a kiss to win, and thou said'st  
 'Saturday !'  
 Come has the Saturday, and passed, soon Sunday here  
 will be,  
 But my poor lips that promised kiss still asking are of  
 thee !

<sup>a</sup> The heavy silver ornaments worn by the peasants are usually called by this name. See p. 58, note *a*.

<sup>b</sup> A brigand's hiding-place.

*THE LITTLE BIRD.**Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 395.)

ALL this summer, this long summer,  
 One small bird have I been hunting ;  
 Hunting been, and much desiring,  
 It to catch in vain aspiring ;  
 Snares I set, and birdlime lay—  
 All my pains are thrown away.  
 Other method I did choose,  
 That my bird I might not lose.  
 I began to sing a lay,  
 On my violin to play ;  
 Then my songs and violin  
 Brought my bird my chamber in ;  
 I with my devices all,  
 Caused her in my arms to fall.

*THE BLUE-EYED BEAUTY.**Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 385.)

MAY he be curs'd who planted there the vine within  
 thy courtyard,  
 Thy doorway filling with its leaves that I no more can  
 see thee.  
 Come to thy bowered window now, and from it hang  
 thy tresses ;  
 Let them a ladder be, and steps, that I may place my  
 feet on,  
 And I will kiss thee on thy neck, and on thy precious  
 olive.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Ἐλῆρά = ἐλαία = *olive* and *mole*.

*THE ROSE-TREE.*

*Grevena.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 408.)

O LITTLE Rose-tree mine, so red,  
O say, where shall I plant thee?  
I dare not plant thee in the sea,  
For I should fear the sailors;  
I dare not plant thee on the hill,  
For fear thou shouldst be frozen.  
Oh, I will plant thee in a church,  
Or in fair monastery,  
And just between two apple-trees,  
Between two orange-bushes;  
That down the oranges may fall,  
And in thy lap the apples;  
And all their blossoms flutter down  
In showers upon thy roses;  
And at thy roots I'll lay me down,  
Lie there, and sweetly slumber.

*THE QUESTION UNASKED.*

*Crete.*

(JEANNARAKI, 172.)

STARS! O little stars of mine!  
Stars of eve, and stars of morn!  
Stars of morning all love-lorn!  
Came the Dawn and still I roved,  
There where lived the maid I loved,  
In her quarter, all love-lorn.

And the neighbours questioned me :

‘ Say, why rovest thou at morn  
In our quarter, all love-lorn ?’

‘ Lives a maiden here I love,  
’Tis to see this maid I rove,  
And to tell her I’m love-lorn.’

‘ Tell us what she’s like, this belle,  
Perhaps we’ve seen her, who can tell,  
And perchance we know her well ?’

‘ Black her eyes, her brows are black,  
Her neck like crystal is, alack !  
And men are maddened for her sake !’

### *THE RIVER AND THE LOVER.*

*Ioannina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 398.)

RIVER, as thou sudden gushest,  
And in crested wavelets rushest,  
Bear me on thy waters dancing,  
On thy whirling eddies glancing ;  
Let the fair ones come a-washing,  
Let the black-eyed come a-bleaching ;  
Let me here my old love find,  
Who to suff’ring me consigned ;  
Then I’ll wash her body small,  
Till come from me the poison all.

DISTICHS.

I.

(PASSOW, CIIL.)

BEFORE thy doorway as I pass, thy footprint there I  
know;  
I bend, and fill it with the tears that, as I kiss it, flow.

II.

(ARAVANDINOS, 214.)

LOVE me as I am loving thee—as I desire, desire me;  
The time may come for thy desire when I no more  
desire thee.

III.

(*Ibid.*, 234.)

BE curst, thou plane-tree, curst be thou and thy wide  
branches green,  
The pallikars no longer can by Elenió be seen.

IV.

(*Ibid.*, 999.)

I HEAR my heart a-sighing, a-grieving with its smart,  
And my *nous* which calls in answer: 'Have patience,  
O dear Heart!'

V.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 357, No. 16.)

THY lips are of the coral red, thy neck is crystal white;  
The mole that's on thy rosy cheek is made of diamond  
bright.



## VI.

*(Ibid., p. 359, No. 34.)*

OPEN thy lips and tell to me a truth, nor do thou fail:  
Dost thou love me with all thy heart, or is't a fairy-tale?

## VII.

*(Ibid., p. 360, No. 35.)*

I ALL day in the café sit, and cups of coffee sip;  
But when I chance to think of thee, 'tis slip 'twixt cup  
and lip!

## VIII.

*(Ibid., p. 357, No. 8.)*

FLED are my hopes away from me, like tree of leaves  
bereft,  
Which by the wind are borne away, and but bare  
branches left.

## IX.

*(Ibid., p. 357, No. 14.)*

OF all the stars of heaven so bright, but one like thee  
is seen;  
It rises at the midnight hour, and dims the others' sheen.

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SUBSECTION II.—MAIDEN SONGS.

THE FORSAKEN LOVE.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 228.)

COLD is the wintry night, and cold the mountain-wind  
is blowing ;  
The hills are whitened o'er with snow, and all the  
fields are frozen.  
But you, my little gardens lone, do not you freeze and  
harden,  
For I my lover dear have lost, my faithless, faithless  
lover,  
Who swore when we so sweetly kissed that he would  
love me ever ;  
And now he has abandoned me, a reed beside the river,  
A reed from which the top's been cut, and but the  
stalk's left standing.  
At what gay table sits he now, where eating, and  
where drinking ?  
Whose are the hands pour out to him, the while that  
mine are trembling ?  
Whose are the eyes that gaze on him, the while that  
mine are weeping ?

THE DESPAIRFUL ONE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 208.)

SAID I not to thee, ' *Skyla* girl, go not to ocean down ?  
The sea tempestuous will become, if thee it takes,  
thou'lt drown.'

‘ If I am seized, and I am launched upon the angry sea,  
 My body I will make a boat, my arms two oars shall be;  
 And swimming still, thus will I gain that opposite fair  
   isle,  
 And there will I my lover find, there we’ll the time be-  
   guile;  
 I’d sooner die, in wild waves lost, if such should be my  
   fate,  
 Than here remain, by day and night, alone and desolate!’

*THE BULGARIAN GIRL AND THE  
 PARTRIDGE.*

*Grévena.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 281.)

THERE reaped a little Bulgar girl amid a field of barley;  
 Her sickle was of damascene, her binds were all of  
   silver.  
 Right briskly did she reap the grain, but soon her heart  
   was aching.  
 Upon her reaping-hook she leaned, that she might bear  
   her baby,  
 And in her apron folding it, to bury it she hastened.  
 A Partridge met her on the way, at four cross-roads  
   she met her:  
 ‘ Where goest, Vourgára, with the child—the child  
   where wouldst thou bury?  
 Say, is it not a cruel sin, thou rock’st it not in cradle?  
 Twelve birdlings have I in my nest, and I have not  
   killed any;  
 And one, an only one is thine, and him wilt thou not  
   cherish?’  
 ‘ But thou, twelve birdlings if thou hast, thou hast them  
   with thine honour;

And I, if I have only one, it is without a husband.'  
'Alas for her who murder does that she her shame may  
bury!'

A FRANK I'LL NOT MARRY.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 404.)

OVER in Roïdo, in Roïdopoula,  
A Frank fell in love with a Romeopoula.<sup>22</sup>  
To love him the Romeot girl could not bring her,  
Though still in her ears thus her mother would ding  
her:

'Take him, my daughter, now be thou his dear,  
And thou narrow trousers henceforward canst wear.'

'Mána, I never will marry a Franko;  
I hate his *Per Dio* and his *Ali mango*.'<sup>23</sup>

'Take him, my daughter, for he wears a hat.'

'I a Frank husband won't marry for that!'

'Take him, my daughter, he's plenty of cash.'

'I won't have a husband without a moustache!'

'Take him, my daughter, and wed now the swain,  
You may, in three months' time, divorce him again!'

DISTICHS.

I.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 356, No. 3.)

WHAT tree is there that fadeth not, whose branches  
droop not low?  
And what unmarried maid is there whose heart it  
knows no woe?

## II.

*(Ibid., p. 357, No. 15.)*

EXILE, where bid'st in foreign lands? Thy couch who  
spreads for thee?

Who, when thou hunger'st, cooks thy food, and thou  
forgettest me?

## III.

*(Ibid., p. 358, No. 23.)*

WHEN blossoms gay the plane-tree wide, and oranges  
it bears,

Then shalt thou win a kiss from me without despairful  
prayers.

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SUBSECTION III.—YOUTH AND MAIDEN SONGS.

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*THE FRUIT OF THE APPLE-TREE.**(ARAVANDINOS, 240.)*

WITH all his greyhounds fleet around, a youth goes out  
a-hunting;

A falcon small upon his wrist he bears as forth he  
sallies.

It frees itself, and flies afar, and in a garden enters;  
But quick, his falcon to regain, the hunter follows after.  
A maiden fair within he finds, at marble fountain  
washing;

With whitest pearls she is bedecked, and strings of  
golden sequins.

'Call off thy dogs, Sir Hunter bold, and tie them to  
the bushes!

I fear they'll bite me, Hunter bold—I fear that they  
will chase me.'

'My little dogs are better taught, 'tis only hares they  
worry ;

And ne'er to maidens fair as thou do any kind of evil.

O tell me, tell me, maiden mine, what dowry canst  
thou bring me ?

No dowry do I ask of coin, nor dowry of adornment.'

'No dowry dost thou ask of coin, nor dowry of adorn-  
ment ?

Then will I give this apple-tree, all covered o'er with  
blossom ;

All laden, too, with rosy fruit, with fairest, sweetest  
apples.'

'Thou, maiden, art the apple-tree, and now let fall the  
apples !'

She broke the strings, and far and wide her pearls and  
sequins scattered.

'Come, gather, youth ! come, gather them, the apples  
of my fruit-tree ;

And gather them again, again, and stoop again and  
gather !'

*THE VLACH SHEPHERDS.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 369.)

'THE time has come that we may go, the hour for our  
departure ;

Now let us climb up to the hills, up to the marble  
mountain ;

There will we find a hollow tree, in which we two may  
enter.'

'My Vláchá, when we thirsty are, say, where shall we  
find water ?'

‘I have my gourd, thou hast thy gourd, and we can drink together.’

‘My Vláchá, bread where shall we find to eat when we are hungry?’

‘I have my cake, thou hast thy cake, and bread we’ll eat together.’

‘My Vláchá, when we feel the cold, what shall we have for covering?’

‘My shepherd’s cloak, thy shepherd’s cloak, will cover us together.’<sup>a</sup>

### DEMOS AND THE TURKISH GIRL.

(ARAVANDINOS, 275.)

O LIST to me, and I will tell, what has this week befallen:  
Our Demos fell in love, he loved a charming Turkish  
maiden;

On Friday did he pay his court, on Saturday the whole  
day;

And early on the Sunday morn at last did leave his lady.  
They caught him, and they bound his arms, and to be  
hanged they led him;

A thousand went in front of him, five hundred walked  
behind him,

And Demos in the midst of them walked bound, with  
mournful aspect,

Like rose that from the parent tree two days ago was  
severed.

The Turkish maiden hears the news, and to her window  
hastens;

‘Demos!’ she cries, ‘be not afraid, be not o’ercome  
with terror;

<sup>a</sup> *Compare:*

‘Come under my plaidie, the nicht’s gaun to fa’;  
Come under my plaidie, there’s room for us twa.’

For coin I in my lap will take, and sequins in my pocket;  
And if the gold will not suffice, the rings from off my  
fingers!

If these will not thy ransom buy, I'll sell my every chattel!  
O thou, *Kadi!* O thou, *Krite!*<sup>a</sup> who knowest human  
nature,

Hast ever branchless vineyard seen, or youth without  
a sweetheart?'

THE LOVERS, OR THE DISCOVERED KISS.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 209.)

'My girl, when we each other kissed, the night had  
fall'n; who saw us?'

'The stars of night looked down on us, the moon on  
us was gazing;

She, stooping, whispered to the waves, and to the  
waves she told it;

The ocean told the oar the tale, the oar then told the  
sailor;

And gay and loud the sailor sang, and all the neigh-  
bours heard it;

So the confessor heard of it, and told it to my mother;

From her my father learnt it soon, and sorely he  
reproached me;

Hard were the angry words he said, and strictly he  
forbade me,

Nor yet without the door to go, nor yet unto the window.

But I will to the window go, to gather my sweet basil,

And I the youth whom I love best will take for my  
companion.'

<sup>a</sup> The judge is here addressed by his Turkish and Greek titles.



*THE PARTRIDGE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 222.)

I STEALTHILY and silent tread, as soft as wounded snake,  
So that the partridge hear me not, for then to flight  
she'd take.

I come, approach the partridge hid among the thickest  
green ;

She flutt'ring shakes her wings and plumes her feathers'  
silver sheen.

'Tell me what mother gave thee birth, O thou enslaver  
bright ?'

'For mother I a partridge had, for sire a thrush so gay ;  
In pigeon's plumage me they dressed and decked in  
bright array.'

*THE DARLING.**Nisýros.*

('Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλογος, XIX., p. 205.)

A DARLING on her death-bed lay, and she was near  
a-dying,

For the embraces of a youth, and for his love she  
languished.

Three maidens of the neighbourhood went to her house  
and found her ;

The one did bring her basil sweet, the one a pear did  
bring her ;

And one, the kindest of them all, took her a golden  
kerchief,

'Good-day to thee, O darling one ; and may'st thou  
soon recover !

Smell now this basil fresh and sweet, and let this pear  
refresh thee,

And wipe the moisture from thy brow with this gold-broidered kerchief!

‘I want no basil sweet to smell, no pear can now refresh me;

Nor with the kerchief from my brow care I to wipe the moisture!’

‘My girl, we too have been in love, and we have now forgot them;

And thou, my girl, because thou lov’st, art going to die, we wonder?’

‘But when you three in love did fall, it was with *pallikária*;

The youth whom I so dearly love, the world has none more noble!

He has a Frankish air with him, the grace of a Venetian, Moustaches drawn out to a point like braid of Salonika!

Among the three fair neighbour maids one for her case felt pity.

‘Tell me, my girl, now, where he lives, and I will go and bring him.’

‘Across the fields which there thou seest, and ’mong the verdant meadows,

Where all the trees are bright as gold, and have their roots of silver,

Among them lives and dwells my love, my most forgetful lover,

Who now has quite forgotten me, and ne’er a thought doth give me.’

She sets off on the long, long road; and goes and there she finds him.

The golden tree there broke she down, and made a way to enter.

And there within found Yiannaké, at marble table seated;

The maiden who poured out to him was decked in gauds of silver.

And he, when he [the stranger] saw, rose up and stood before her.

'Now welcome art thou, neighbour mine, my neighbour well-belovéd!

Sit down and eat, sit down and drink, sit down and take thy pleasure!

And eat thou of the heaven's wild birds, and eat of the wild partridge!

'I came not for thy viands here, nor came I for thy wine-cups,

I only for my neighbour came, she who is much belovéd. Come let us go and seek her now, for she is just a-dying.'

'The heavens are built upon the earth, the West on a foundation,

And her last wish shall be fulfilled, to her last words I'll hearken;

The last request she makes of me I cannot choose but grant her.'

They set out on the long, long road, to find her are they wending,

The darling one beholds him come and greets him from the window:

'Welcome to him I wished to see, whose coming I have longed for.

O welcome to the basil sweet, with flowers of golden yellow.'

'Thou greet'st me fairly, O my Love, ere thee I fair have greeted!

A galley-covered sea art thou, thou art a flowering garden;

Thou art my fount of water cool, whose channels are of silver!

## THE LOVER'S RETURN.

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 242.)

FULL two years have I journey'd upon the sea, the sea,  
Two more the hills thrice round I've travelled wearily;  
I've left the distant lands, and now my home is near;  
But ere my friends I seek, I haste to find my dear.

Within a garden, lo! among the rosy bowers,  
She from a crystal vase the coolest water pours.

An apple then I throw, of it she takes no heed;  
I gold and silver throw, and now she's roused indeed.

She raises her dark eyes, and angry is her gaze;

She opes her rosy lips, and then to me she says:

'Where hast thou, *poustë*<sup>a</sup> vile, and base deceiver, been?

Nor last year, nor 'fore that, nor yet this winter seen?'

'In foreign lands I've toiled, with foreigners have  
wrought;

All I, poor fellow, earned, to thee I've fondly brought.

I've brought a mirror, comb, and knife of silver white:

The mirror in its depths to see thy beauties bright;

The comb, with it to smooth thy golden tresses twined;

The silver knife to pare the apple's ruddy rind.'

## 'A TURK I'LL NOT MARRY.'

(ARAVANDINOS, 403.)

OVER in Sálona, in Saloníki,

Come forth the fair ones all mincingly walking.

One brunette maiden has had the good fortune

Loved by a Turk to be, asked, too, in marriage.

\* A word originally Persian, but borrowed by Greek and Albanian from Turkish. See DOZON, *Langue Chkype*, pp. 9, 88-93.

' *Mána*, I'll kill myself e'er Turk I'll marry !  
 ' Maiden, e'en kill thyself, Turk thou wilt marry !  
 ' Partridge small I'll become, on hillside wander !  
 ' Hunter will I become, and I will snare thee !  
 ' *Mána*, I'll kill myself e'er Turk I'll marry !  
 Grassblade will I become, from earth upspringing !  
 ' Lambkin I'll then become, and I will eat thee !  
 ' Into a grape I'll change, from vine-branch hanging !  
 ' Harvester I'll become, and there will find thee !  
 ' *Mána*, I'll kill myself, e'er Turk I'll marry !

### THE HORSE'S WARNING.

(JEANNARAKI, 104.)

How bravely dressed is Kóstantes, when he on horse-  
 back rideth !  
 Bright as the sun his saddle shines, and like the stars  
 his clothing,  
 And not a maiden that he meets can e'er refuse to  
 kiss him.  
 One maiden only, Eleniò, a kiss she will not give him.  
 ' I fear me thou a rover art, and hast another mistress !'  
 ' Now, by the good sword that I wield, and by my  
 ardent passion,  
 I swear that none but thy sweet self is now by me  
 beloved !'  
 Then his black steed, though voiceless he, found voice,  
 and warned the maiden :  
 ' See that thou, *skýla* Eleniò, no kiss give to this rover,  
 In every village he has nine, and ten in every city,  
 And in Constantinópoli he has both wife and children !'

THE OATH.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 137.)

I OF a maiden asked a kiss ;  
‘ Give me thine oath,’ said she.  
And by the heavens I swore to her ;  
Said she, ‘ Too high for me !’  
So by the ocean I did swear ;  
She answered, ‘ Deep’s the sea !’  
Then by the church I swore to her ;  
Said she, ‘ But lime and stone !’  
When I had by the *eikons* sworn—  
‘ They’re painted wood alone !’  
I swore by my fair youth ; she said,  
‘ But thou’rt a false one known !’

YANNEOTOPOULA.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 392.)

‘ O THOU Frank, thou Frankopoúla,<sup>a</sup>  
Beautiful Yianneotopoúla !<sup>b</sup>  
Who has said I do not love thee,  
That in worn-out clothes thou’st dressed thee,  
And in soiled dress remainest ?  
Busk thee, busk thee, in thy gayest ;  
Come with me when evening cometh.’  
‘ Why with thee to come dost bid me,  
Who art faithless and deceiving ?  
With thy kisses, and embraces,  
One step more and thou wouldst blight me,  
Like the dewdrop on the herbage ;

<sup>a</sup> Daughter of the Frank.

<sup>b</sup> ‘ Daughter of Ioánnina.’

Like the wheatear on the meadow,  
Wither'd, left alone, and lonely.'

*THE CYPRESS.*

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 397.)

I ONE day a cypress planted  
Close beside a marble fountain,  
That to wash might come the fair ones,  
And the black-eyed with their bleaching.  
Came there one, and came another,  
Poor, but she with charms was wealthy;  
She illumed the sea and fountain.  
'Maiden, where did'st find such radiance?'  
'Chief of Klephtës was my father,  
War-chief's daughter was my mother:  
From the Sun his charms they'd stolen,  
From the Moon they stole her radiance,  
They in two shares these divided;  
I, from them, received my portion.'

*THE RAKE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 233.)

'LOOK at this cunning fellow here, so roguish he and  
sly;  
See how he strokes his long moustache, and leers with  
tipsy eye!  
'I am no cunning fellow, nor a tipsy rogue am I,  
My love she has forsaken me, and left me here to sigh.  
Bright yellow sequins forty, see, strung on a single  
thread—  
They're thine, Maroúsio, if thou'lt make with me one  
night thy bed.'

‘With fire be all thy coins consumed, and burnt thy  
sequins all;  
My charms they were not given me within thine arms  
to fall;  
Nor are these eyes of mine so sweet, this neck as white  
as snow,  
That they with thee and such as thee should ever  
trusting go!’

*THE WOMAN-HUNTER.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 226.)

DOWN on the beach of an islet lone,  
An eagle in search of his prey has flown;  
No stag does he stalk, neither hunts he hare,  
He hunts but the black-eyed, the maidens fair.  
‘Lips red as rosebuds, and sloe-black eyes,  
Look from the window and hear my sighs!  
Wandering eyes, that are dark as sloes,  
How, without me, can ye sleeping close?’  
‘Braid I am weaving, nor may I stay;  
When my task’s finished, I’ll not say nay.’  
Cursed be the braid, and the braider too,  
Cursed, who have aught with the braid to do!  
I’ll send a letter,—when in thy hand,  
This be assured of, and understand,  
That when thou readest it, shouldst thou tear,  
Thou, my Light, doom’st me to dark despair!’



THE BLACK-EYED MAID.<sup>a</sup>*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 389.)

- ‘ TO-NIGHT, to-night, my black-eyed one, ’tis here that  
I’d be biding.’  
 ‘ And if thou bidest here, my guest, thou’lt pass the  
night outside there.’  
 ‘ Outside it rains, I shall be drenched; it snows, I shall  
be frozen.’  
 ‘ Within, my guest, there is no room; my house it is  
too narrow.’  
 ‘ A knife I’ll take, and slay myself; thou’lt of the crime  
be guilty!’  
 ‘ If thou shouldst wound and slay thyself, ’tis little I’d  
be caring.’

## THE SISTER SLAYERS.

*Peloponnesus.*

(Δελπίου, I., p. 554.)

- As deep as is the ocean blue, as high as are the  
heavens,  
The length of cloth a maiden wove, had woven in her  
courtyard.  
There passed the son of Kontë by, and sweetly thus  
he asked her:  
 ‘ How long wilt thou be weaving, lass? how long wilt  
thou be winding?’  
 ‘ I, *poústë*<sup>b</sup>, if I weaving am, I, *poústë*, if I’m winding,  
I’ve woven thee into my cloth, on my wood-comb  
thou’rt written;

<sup>a</sup> Compare BURNS, ‘O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet?’ and her answer.

<sup>b</sup> See p. 141, note a.

And on my shuttle's tassel, too, I see thy image graven.'  
'And thou hast been beguiled by me, beguiled with  
golden sequins!'

Her mother all these words did list, and heard them  
from her window.

'What say'st thou, *skýla*, shameless one? what art  
thou, Jewess,<sup>a</sup> saying?

When back thy brothers come at eve, against thee  
I'll bear witness.'

'What hast thou seen, O mother dear, to what wilt  
thou bear witness?'

'All that mine eyes have seen I'll say; to that will I  
bear witness.'

At even came her brothers back; away they'd been  
a-hunting.

'Good even to our mother dear; to thee good even,  
sister!'

'Good even can there be for me, good even that you  
wish me?

You but one sister only have, and kissed she's been,  
this sister!'

'Dear mother, who has kissed her, then? by whom  
was kissed our sister?'

'The son of Kontë her has kissed, and he it is who's  
kissed her.'

One by the hair then seizes her, and by her arm  
another;

The third, the youngest of them all, his knife within  
her plunges.

Then lifted up her voice the girl, as loud as she was  
able:

'O open ye my coffer now, my coffer, mine no longer,

<sup>a</sup> 'Οβριὰ = 'Εβραῖα, used as an opprobrious epithet.

My mourning garments put me on, put on my shoes of mourning.'

And Kontë's son her cry did hear, that came up to his window.

'I pray you now, O carpenters! I pray you, master-workmen,

Her coffin that you fashion not to fit her body merely;  
Nor wide, nor narrow, fashion it, leave room for two within it;

And at the coffin's right hand side I pray you leave a window,

That in at dawn may shine the sun, the breezes blow at noontide;

And that the birds may come and go, their messages to bring her.'

A reed did Kontë's son become, the girl became a cypress.<sup>24</sup>

The reed to kiss doth bend his head, he bends to kiss the cypress.<sup>a</sup>

The maiden's mother watching sits, sits watching at her window.

'Ah! see them now, those short-lived ones!—see how they laugh and frolic!

When living they each other loved, now, dead, they still are lovers!'

### *FROM BRIDESMAID TO BRIDE.*

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 215.)

FOR two-and-twenty Sundays, and for two-and-twenty Mondays,

Not once into the market-place saw I come my beloved;

<sup>a</sup> This may be explained by the rapid growth and height of the reed as compared with the slow growth of the cypress.

But when the twenty-second came at length I saw him  
passing,

He like a garden sweetly smelt, like orange-tree in  
blossom,

And roses held he in his hand, and carried them in  
bunches.

‘Where wert thou, swift and handsome youth, and  
youth so well beloved?’

Where wert thou while I sought for thee, where wert  
thou while I sought thee?’

‘Good-morrow to thee, partridge mine, thou golden  
dove of day-dawn;

A good awakening mayst thou have to-morrow, golden  
pigeon!’

‘Where goest, thou, of eyebrows fine? Tarry, for  
much I’d tell thee!’

‘My father and my mother now have ready made my  
wedding;

Come, if thou wilt, and bridesmaid be; come, so that  
thou may’st crown me.’

She turns and to her mother goes, just like a faded apple.

‘O Mother! they’ve invited me to go and crown in  
marriage

The youth whom thou awaitedst still that I should  
take for husband.’

‘What sayest thou, my daughter dear—that thou wilt  
go and crown them?’

Hast thou the feet to stand upon, and hast thou eyes  
to see with?’

‘Dear mother, my resolve is made, and I will go and  
crown them;

Myself in patience I’ll possess, a whole heart will I  
show them.’

‘Dress thee, and busk thee, daughter mine, and go  
thou with my blessing;

A bridesmaid do I send thee forth, a bride return thou  
hither.'

She dressed herself, she busked herself, she donned her  
bravest raiment ;

She put the sun upon her brow, she wore the moon for  
circlet.

Sees her the sun and is amazed, the church, and is  
bewildered ;

The *papas*, and they hold their peace, the deacons all  
are silent ;

They all forget the psalms to sing, the singers and  
precentors.

' *Papas* and deacons, sing your psalms, and take again  
your prayer-books,

For I am of a mother born, like any other mother.'

' *Papa* mine, I beseech of thee, now, as thou giv'st the  
blessing,

To turn the crowns the other way, and place one on  
the bridesmaid ;

And let the bridesmaid wife become, the bride become  
the bridesmaid.'<sup>13</sup>



SECTION (II.)

SONGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF FAMILY LIFE:

I. EARLY MARRIED LIFE. II. LULLABIES,  
AND NURSERY RHYMES. III. LATER  
MARRIED LIFE.

SUBSECTION I.—SONGS OF EARLY MARRIED  
LIFE.

WEDDING-SONGS.<sup>25</sup>

(1) FOR THE THRONING<sup>a</sup> OF THE BRIDE.

*Parga and Préveza.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 286.)

THOU didst but sit upon the throne, when lo! its wood  
all lifeless,  
Thy beauty quickened into leaf, and flushed all o'er  
with blossom.  
The very deer made holiday the day thy mother bore  
thee.  
For dowry the Apostles Twelve bestowed on thee thy  
beauty.  
Of all the Stars of heaven so bright one only thee  
resembles—  
The Star that shines at early dawn, when sweet the  
morn is breaking.

<sup>a</sup> Literally, however, *θρανίον* is but a 'stool,' and a 'throne' is  
*θρόνος*.

From out the heavens Angels came, the Saviour's  
 orders bearing :  
 The brightest radiance of the Sun they brought thee  
 on descending.  
 Thou hast the hair of Absalom, the comeliness of  
 Joseph ;<sup>26</sup>  
 He'll fortunate and lucky be, the youth who thee shall  
 marry.  
 The Bridegroom's mother should rejoice, gay be the  
 Bride's new mother,  
 Who such a noble son has borne, a mate for such a  
 maiden.  
 What *proxenétés* made the match, who cinnamon has  
 eaten,<sup>a</sup>  
 When such a Partridge was betrothed, and wed to  
 such an Eagle !

(2) FOR THE BRIDE'S TOILET.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 283.)

DRESS thee, and busk thee, winsome one,  
 Dress thee, and busk thee, maiden,  
 So to the bridegroom thou appear  
 As flowery field and garden !  
 The nightingales all envy thee,  
 They fly in troops before thee,  
 Singing, and saying in their song,  
 ' Joy we all in thy beauty !

<sup>a</sup> The eating of cinnamon by the *προξενητής*, or matchmaker, and the mothers of the couple, is one of the ceremonies of betrothal.

So brightly shine the golden locks  
That ripple on thy shoulders;  
Angels have surely combed them out,  
With combs of silver combed them!

(3) *FOR THE BRIDEGROOM'S TOILET.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 291.)

DOWN upon the shore,  
Down upon the sea-coast,  
Now they arm<sup>a</sup> a bride,  
And adorn a bridegroom.  
Handsome is the bridegroom,  
Handsome he and youthful;  
Fair as gold his hair,  
Broad and dark his eyebrows;  
Like an eagle he,  
He is like a redbreast.

(4) *WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM SETS OUT  
FOR THE BRIDE'S HOME.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 294.)

SET out, my tree, start gaily,  
Set out, set out, my cypress; (*bis*)  
Set out to seek the poplar, (*bis*)  
With long and slender branches; (*bis*)  
Beside thee thou shalt plant it, (*bis*)  
And tenderly bedew it, (*bis*)  
And when the breezes bend thee, (*bis*)  
Thou'lt stoop, and kiss it sweetly.

<sup>a</sup> Ἀρμάτων = put on her 'arms,' or ornaments. See p. 58,  
note a.



(5) *Ibid.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 292.)

MY own beloved has bidden me to come to the  
 betrothal,  
 Before the Danube shall come down, and water fill the  
 torrents ;  
 But I would at her bidding go through heavy rain and  
 snowfall ;  
 Or, if the Danube should come down, and overflow  
 the rivers ;  
 Upon my ring I then would stand, and steer me safely  
 over.

(6) *FOR THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE FROM  
 HER FATHER'S HOUSE.*

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 296.)

FAREWELL, my father dear, farewell ;  
 Good-bye, my sweet, kind mother ;  
 Farewell, my loving brothers all,  
 And you, my friends and kinsfolk ;  
 For to my mother-in-law's I go,  
 To my new home I'm going,  
 And letters there I'm going to learn,  
 To write down all my treasures.  
 Farewell, *addio!* neighbours all,  
 And you, my neighbours' daughters,  
 For to my mother-in-law's I go, etc.

(7) *FOR THE SAME.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 299.)

DOWN among the meadows,  
'Mong the little meadows,  
Come the mules a-grazing,  
Cool, and quiet gazing ;  
One is not a-grazing,  
Cool, and quiet gazing.  
' Mule, why art not grazing,  
Cool, and quiet gazing ?'  
' What enjoyment can I have ?  
Or what grazing can I crave ?  
I am going from my father,  
And am wan and withered ;  
I am going from my mother,  
And am wan and withered ;  
I am going from my brother,  
And am wan and withered.'

(8) *FOR THE WEDDING DANCE.*

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 315.)

TO-DAY the heavens are decked in white,  
This is a day right gladsome ;  
To-day there have together come  
An eagle and a partridge ;  
A little spotted partridge here  
Has come to us a stranger ;  
Her little claws are coloured red,<sup>a</sup>  
And finely marked her plumage ;

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the henna with which her nails are stained.

She in her claws has water ta'en,  
 And oil upon her feathers,  
 That she may wash her ladyship,  
 That she may preen her beauty.  
 To-day it is a worthy day,  
 With sequins in its pocket,  
 For we two birds have wedded now,  
 And we a pair have made them.

(9) *FOR THE PROCESSION TO THE BRIDE-  
 GROOM'S HOUSE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 307.)

RED and white cherry on a branch, in newly-planted  
 orchard,  
 She hangs like tassel on the horse, like saddle rayed  
 with sunshine.  
 Happy he'll be whose 'tis to kiss the summer and the  
 winter,  
 To kiss the summer rosy-red, to kiss the winter snow-  
 white.

(10) *FOR THE ARRIVAL AT THE BRIDE-  
 GROOM'S HOUSE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 311.)

DAME and mother-in-law forth come,  
 Welcome now the partridge home!  
 Take the bird to your abode,  
 Lightly trips she o'er the road.  
 Receive her now,  
 Receive her now,  
 The sun and moon command you now!  
 O see her as she walks along,

She's like an angel 'mid the throng!  
O rise, go forth, and thou shalt see  
Both sun and moon appear to thee!  
Dame and mother-in-law, forth come,  
Welcome now the partridge home!  
Within the cage thou her must bring,  
Like little bird she'll sweetly sing.

*THE WICKED STEPMOTHER.*

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

ONCE a Bulgarian's daughter loved the son of a [Greek]  
parson,

And well he loved the maiden too, though thus his  
mother scorned her:

'Lofty our houses are, my son, not fitting for Bul-  
garians!'

'Ah, hold thy peace, my mother dear, they fitting are,  
most fitting.'

A thousand bridesmaids and best-men he asked, a  
thousand kinsmen.

The bride in robe of silk was dressed, in velvet robe  
the bridegroom.

As they were going on the road, and near the house  
approaching,

There came the bridegroom's mother forth, and she  
advanced to meet them.

'O welcome, welcome is my son, a fair bride is he  
bringing,

More comely far is she than thou, and fairer than thy sister.'

'Dear mother, give to her the keys, the keys all do thou  
give her!'

'To-morrow her I'll give the keys, to-morrow she'll be  
mistress!'

Cook, who hast many dishes made, meats many for  
the wedding,  
Make for our bride another dish, of three snakes' heads  
prepare it,  
The viper's, and the adder's black, the writhing, darting  
serpent's,  
And put thou in the broth of them of salt, of salt a  
measure,  
One measureful put thou of salt, of pepper put a *litra*—  
Take, take, and eat; my daughter-in-law, eat thou  
these little fishes.'  
And once she eats, and twice partakes, the third time  
is she poisoned.  
Her arms she crosses on her breast, her mother-in-law  
thus prays she:  
'O give me now, sweet mother-in-law, give me a drop  
of water!  
For see my lips are parched and dry, parched by the  
burning poison.'  
'No water with thee, bride, thou'st brought, where  
shall the pitcher find it?  
The clouds have drunk the water up, the sun the well  
has emptied.  
Go to thy lord and father-in-law, and he perhaps may  
give thee,  
He will not grudge thee, if he has, but, what he has,  
will give thee.'  
With arms upon her bosom crossed, she makes to her  
her reverence,  
Then goes she to her father-in-law, the same words  
says she to him:  
'O give me, lord and father-in-law, give me a little water,  
For see, my lips are burnt and dry, burnt by the burning  
poison.'

‘No water with thee, bride, thou’st brought, where shall the pitcher find it?’

The clouds have drunk the water up, the sun the well has emptied.

To thy kinswoman hie thee now, if she should have, she’ll give thee;

She will not grudge thee, if she has, but, what she has, will give thee.’

With arms upon her bosom crossed, she made to him her reverence.

Then she to her kinswoman goes, to her the same words says she:

‘O give me, lady kinswoman, one single drop of water,

My lips are parched, my lips are dry, parched with the burning poison.’

‘No water with thee, bride, hast brought, where shall the pitcher find it?’

The clouds have drunk the water up, the sun the well has emptied.

But go thou to thy husband dear, if he should have, he’ll give thee,

He will not grudge thee, if he has, he’ll water not refuse thee.’

With arms upon her bosom crossed, to her she makes her reverence,

And goes she to her husband dear, to him the same words says she:

‘O give to me, my husband sweet, one little drop of water,

For dry and parched is my poor heart, parched with the burning poison.’

Then takes he up the silver jug, and takes the golden pitcher.

But while he up three mountains climbed, and valleys  
three descended,

The Dhrakos had the stream cut off, drawn from the  
well the water.

'O Dhrako, let the water run, and fill the well, O Dhrako!  
For I've a sick one left at home, a sick one who is dying!'

The Dhrakos let the water down, he let the well be filled.  
But as he went along the road, along the road was going,  
He in the courtyard saw the priests, and at the tomb  
the deacons.

A funeral he saw approach, the bier with crimson  
coverings.

Then forth he drew a golden knife from out a sheath  
of silver,

He raised it to the heavens, and then within his breast  
he plunged it.

'Mother, bear thou another son, then bride he'll have  
another ;

Daughter and lady thou hast lost, and precious marriage  
blessings ;

Now both together bury us, and in a blooming garden.'  
And there, where buried they the youth, grew up a tall  
green cypress ;<sup>24</sup>

And there where buried they the maid, a reed grew,  
tall and slender.

The pliant reed doth bend its head, and kisses it the  
cypress.

Then when the *skýla* mother saw, whose jealousy had  
slain them—

'Ah see! [said she] the unhappy ones, see those who  
loved so fondly !

If they, when living, never kissed, dead, they may kiss  
each other !'

TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.<sup>a</sup>

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 331.)

WITHIN these halls, with cushions spread, and spread  
with handsome carpets,<sup>b</sup>  
Within this lordly, princely house, this palace built of  
marble,  
A youthful bridegroom lies asleep, he like a lamb is  
sleeping ;  
He has a brideling well beloved, and fain would she  
awake him.  
Should she upon him water throw, she fears that it  
might chill him ;  
And should she sprinkle him with wine, she fears  
'twould make him tipsy.  
Sweet sprigs of basil now she takes, and marjoram she  
gathers ;  
Therewith she hits him on the face, and on the lips  
she strikes him :  
'Awake, O golden comrade mine, and sleep thou not  
so soundly ;  
The sun is high within the sky, the nightingales are  
silent.'

<sup>a</sup> This song is sung by the women who come on the morrow of the wedding to awaken the young couple, and lead the bride to the well. (See *The Women and Folklore of Turkey*, vol. i., pp. 88, 89.)

<sup>b</sup> The furniture of Oriental houses, especially in the remoter districts, consists chiefly of carpets, rugs, and cushions.



THE WIFE'S DREAM.<sup>27</sup>

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 337.)

O SOUNDLY my beloved sleeps, and how shall I awake  
her?

I take of sugared almonds now, and throw them on  
her body.

'My Partridge, thou dost soundly sleep!' 'I have  
slept sound, *Affendi*;<sup>a</sup>

And in my sleep I've dreamed a dream—I pray thee  
now expound it:

All saddleless I saw thy bay, and broken saw the saddle;  
Thy gold-embroidered kerchief, too, all in the mud was  
trodden.'

'My bay—it means the road I take; my saddle—  
foreign countries;

My broidered kerchief all besoiled—it is our separation.'

'Where thou art going, my hero, now, O let me ride  
beside thee!

That thou may'st have me ever near, before thine eyes  
for ever!

'Where I must go, my dearest girl, there beauty may  
not venture;

For I'd be murdered for thy sake, and thou'dst be  
taken captive.'

## THE EXILE.

(PASSOW, CCCXXX.)

Now's the hour of my departure, yearns and fails my  
heart o'erflowing;

Shall I e'er return—who knoweth? To a stranger  
land I'm going.

<sup>a</sup> 'Αφέντη (softened by the Turks into *Effendi*) = αὐθέντης, from  
αὐθεντία = authority, lordship.

Hill and valley must I traverse, rocky wilds and deserts dreary,  
Where the timid game his haunt has, where the wild bird builds his eyrie.  
Now has come the hour despairful, hour which tears me from my home ;  
Now has come the sentence fateful, which abroad doth bid me roam.  
Lassie, like the gladsome dawning, gentle lassie, kind and true,  
Burns my heart with bodeful anguish now I'm bidding thee 'Adieu !'

*THE HUSBAND'S DEPARTURE.*

*Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 336.)

' My hero, wilt to foreign lands, and wilt thou leave me lonely ?  
Oh, take me too, and, on thy horse, hang me, as hangs a tassel !'  
' What can I do with thee, beloved—what can I do, dear lassie ?  
For thou hast gold upon thine hands, and on thy bosom silver.  
If thou wert but an apple red, thee in my breast I'd carry ;  
But thou'rt a full-grown mortal now, nor canst hang like a tassel !  
And should we pass the hills across, the klephts I would be fearing ;  
And should we travel through the towns, the Turks I'd aye be fearing.

At monastery, or at church, the very prior would scare  
me!

At morn will I a goldsmith bring, and he shall twice  
refine thee;

A silver cup he'll make of thee, a ring and cross he'll  
fashion.

The ring I'll on my finger wear; the cup I'll ever drink  
from;

And on my breast the cross I'll wear, by day and night  
suspended.'

### *THE EXILED BIRD.*

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 35.)

My bird in exile far away,  
And lonely and sad-hearted,  
The foreign lands rejoice in thee,  
And I'm consumed with longing.  
What shall I send thee, exile mine,  
And what shall I prepare thee?  
Should I an apple send, 'twould rot;  
A quince, 'twould dry and shrivel.  
Oh, I will send my tears to thee,  
Upon a costly kerchief;  
My tears are such hot, burning drops  
That they will burn the kerchief.  
Arise, O exile, and return!  
Thy family awaits thee;  
Thy sister longs to see thee come;  
Thy wife awaits thy coming,  
Her eyes all wet with weeping.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

*Malakassi.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 343.)

‘O HE would go, my comrade dear, away to foreign countries.

O be ye cursed, ye foreign lands, you and your wealth be curséd,

Which take from us our blooming boys, and send them back when married ;

Ye take the husbands when they’re young, and send them back when agéd !

O exile mine, thy kerchief fine, why soiled dost thou keep it ?

O send it me, my wanderer, O send me thy white kerchief ;

I’ll wash it thee in water warm, with soap I’ll wash it for thee.’

‘The water warm where wilt thou find, and where the soap, my lassie ?’

‘For water warm I have my tears, for soap I have my spittle ;

My slab shall be the marble black—send, let me wash it for thee !’



SUBSECTION (II.) CHILD-LIFE.  
LULLABIES AND NURSERY RHYMES.

LULLABIES.<sup>1</sup>

I.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 163.)

SLEEP! my little darling one;  
Sleep! my sweet musk-nurtured one—  
*Náni-nani, náni-nani*—  
On his eyes, Sleep, softly lie—  
*Náni-nani, náni-nani,*  
Or be skilpt<sup>a</sup> by mammy dear,  
Or scolded by his daddy dear.

II.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 164.)

O SLUMBER, washed on Saturday,  
On Sunday dressed in clean array,  
On Monday morn to school away,  
As sweet as apple, bright and gay.  
Sleep! the nightingale has flown,  
To Alexandria she has gone.  
*Náni!* thou canary bright,  
Who my brain bewilders quite.

<sup>a</sup> Whipt as one would whip a child.

III.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 170.)

O ROCK the sweet carnation red,  
And rock the silver shining,  
And rock my boy all softly too,  
With skein of silk entwining.  
Come, O Sleep! from Chio's isle,  
Take my little one awhile;  
*Náni*, though no nightingale  
Sweeter is in any vale;  
White as curd, or winter snows,  
Delicate as any rose.

IV.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 165.)

Go to sleep, my darling one!  
Something would I give to thee;  
Yea, a gift I'd make to thee:  
Arta fair and Yannina,  
Arta fair and Yannina.  
Give thee Chio with its vessels,  
And Stambóli with its jewels.  
*Náni-nani!* shut that eye!  
Or with rocking I shall die.  
*Náni-nani*, son of Ralli,  
Who a General's child shall marry.

V.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 171.)

My dear child, my darling boy,  
 Is silver and gold without alloy;  
 The other children of the street  
 Are money false and counterfeit.  
 My good child fain would I see,  
 When a bridegroom he shall be;  
 I'll rejoice when by his side,  
 I shall see his own dear bride.

VI.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 169.)

O SLEEP, who takest little ones,  
 Take to thee my darling one!  
 A tiny one I give him thee,  
 A big boy bring him back to me;  
 As tall as any mountain grown,  
 And straight as lofty cypress;  
 His branches let him spread about;  
 From the West to Anatolia.

VII.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 166.)

O SLUMBER now, and she'll thee bless,  
 The mother dear who bore thee;  
 He too, thy sire, who hopes to see  
 Thy children grow before thee.

O Slumber, come ; come softly now,  
And lie upon my wee one's brow ;  
O come, and in thine arms now take him,  
And in the morning sweetly wake him.

VIII.

(KIND, *Anth.*, p. 80, Ed. 1844.)

SAINT MARINA, lull to sleep,  
Saint Sophià bring slumber deep,  
Give him of the world a peep.  
Let him plants in blossom see,  
Hear birds twitt'ring on the tree,  
Home then bring him back to me ;  
Lest his father call in vain,  
And to beat his nurse be fain,  
Should his babe come not again.  
Lest his mother seek her son,  
Wandering, weeping, all alone,  
Soured her milk from making moan.

IX.

(PASSOW, CCLXXIX.)

COME, O Sleep, and take my boy !  
*Hushaby* ! sing to my joy,  
To the noble's vineyard lead him,  
Bear him to the gardens shady ;  
There the Bey with grapes will feed him,  
And with pomegranates the lady.  
And the slave a cake will bake him.  
*Hushaby* ! Sleep, softly take him !



## X.

(KIND, *Anth.*, p. 78, Ed. 1844.)

*NÁNI!* Mother's on her way  
 From the stream where laurels grow,  
 Where the fresh sweet waters flow;  
 She will a rose-blossom bring,  
 Thirty petals in a ring,  
 And a clove-carnation gay.

## XI.

*Chios.*

(PASSOW, CCIV.)

IF thou wilt take him, gentle Sleep, three sentinels I'll  
 station;  
 Three sentinels, and watchmen three, and all the three  
 brave heroes.  
 I'll post the Sun upon the hill, the Eagle in the  
 valley,  
 And Mister North Wind, fresh and cool, I'll place  
 amid the islands.  
 The Sun, when evening came, did set; and then the  
 Eagle slumbered;  
 And Mister North Wind, fresh and cool, home to his  
 mother wended.  
 'My Son, where wert thou yesterday, the day before,  
 the night too?  
 Hast thou been fighting with the Stars, or with the  
 Moon disputing,  
 Or fighting with the Morning Star, the Star that is my  
 sweetheart?'

‘I have not quarrelled with the Stars, nor with the  
Moon disputed ;  
Nor quarrelled with the Morning Star, the Star that is  
thy sweetheart—  
But I a golden boy have watched within a silver  
cradle !’

XII.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 174.)

My dear boy, so white, so white,  
The Kadi’s daughters fair invite :  
They ask him to the Castle, where  
They honey-cakes for him prepare,  
Honey-cakes with almonds spread,  
Sweetmeats, too, with sugar red.  
Going, going ; he’s going, he’s going !  
May the Panaghía guard him !  
Going, going ; he’s going, he’s going !  
May the Christ watch o’er and ward him !

XIII.

*Ibid.*

COME, O Sleep ! and take my boy, bear him to the  
garden bowers ;  
Fill his lap with violets, with the rosetree’s sweetest  
flowers.

Dear Sleep, if my boy thou lovest,  
Take him with thee where thou rovest !

## XIV.

*Syra.*

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

SLEEP, for I am rocking thee, and *Hushaby!* I sing to thee ;

And still thy cradle must I rock, till slumber sweet I bring to thee ;

And when to sleep thou'rt lulled at last,

I'll leave thee to Our Lady's care,

With Christ, and with the Holy Three,

And with the Holy Virgin near.

O Holy Three ! watch over Him ! Do Thou, Christ make him grow !

Give him, dear Lady, in the morn, a wakening sweet to know !

Come, O Sleep ! Come here, come here !

Come, Christ, and Our Lady dear !

## XV.

*Ibid.*

THE Wind is sleeping on the plain, the Sun upon the height,

My nursling dear is slumbering amid the daisies white ;

The lemon-blossoms slumber too, the balsams on their stem ;

They, when thy clothes to wash I took, with musk sweet-scented them.

XVI.

*Ibid.*

O SLUMBER now, my darling one, thy Fate works hard  
for thee ;  
And thy good Luck is coming here, and laden cometh  
she.

XVII.

*Ibid.*

TAKE him, O Sleep, from me awhile, take him a-walking  
now with thee ;  
And lead him here, and lead him there, then bring him  
back again to me.  
When home thou bringest him, dear Sleep, leave not  
his health behind him ;  
But fat and rosy bring him me, and bonny let me find  
him.

Bring him with the morning hours,  
With the roses and the flowers.

XVIII.

*Ibid.*

O SLUMBER, precious diamond, key of England [far  
away],  
And star that shines at sweetest dawn, and sun that  
shines by day.  
Sleep, rosy Dawn ! sleep, shining Star ! and, new  
Moon, fall asleep !  
Carnation bud, and daisy white, be wrapped in slumber  
deep !<sup>20</sup>

*By-by, baby ! hushaby !*  
In thy silver cradle lie.

XIX.

*Ibid.*

Now may he sleep and quiet lie, in silver cradle fine ;  
 Of silver 'tis, and 'tis of gold, and brightly doth it  
 shine ;  
 For gilded was it by the Sun, the Sun at noontide  
 bright,  
 And by the Stars that shine at eve, and Moon that  
 shines by night.

XX.

*Ibid.*

*O HUSHABY!* thy mother sings, yet liest awake, my  
 dearie !  
 And wide thine eyes are open still, though mother's  
 arms are weary !  
 Come, dear Sleep ! and take my boy, take him with  
 thee where thou farest ;  
 Take him to Dolmá Baktché,<sup>a</sup> fill his hands with flowers  
 the rarest !

*NURSERY-RHYMES.*

I.

(PASSOW, CCLXXIV.)

THERE was an old man,  
 And he had a cock,  
 That crowed in the morn,  
 And awoke the old man.

But there came a cat  
 And ate the cock, etc.

<sup>a</sup> One of the Imperial Palaces.

And there came a fox  
That ate the cat, etc.

And there came a wolf  
And ate the fox, etc.

And there came a lion  
And ate the wolf, etc.

And there came a river  
And drowned the lion, etc.

II.

*Salonica.*

(PASSOW, CCLXXVI.)

ONE old dame, a bad old dame,  
Quarrelled with her cocks and hens,  
Quarrelled with her little cat.

*Tsit!* and *Xoo!*

I say, old woman, where is your spouse?

One old dame, a bad old dame,  
Quarrelled with her cocks and hens,  
Quarrelled with her little cat,  
Quarrelled with her little dog.

*Oust!* and *Tsit!* and *Xoo!*

I say, old woman, where is your spouse?

One old dame, a bad old dame,  
Quarrelled with her cocks and hens,  
Quarrelled with her little cat,  
Quarrelled with her little dog,  
Quarrelled with her little pig,  
Quarrelled with her little ass,

Quarrelled with her little cow,  
 Quarrelled with her little hut.

*Phoo! Oo! Aa! Youtz! Oust! Tsit! Xoo!*<sup>a</sup>  
 I say, old woman, where is your spouse?

## III.

*Salonica.*

(PASSOW, CCLXXV.)

We will have—what shall we have?  
 We will have a wee old man,  
 Who shall keep our little garden,  
 Where the roses gaily grow.

We will have—what shall we have?  
 We will have a fine big donkey,  
 For our wee old man to ride on, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?  
 We will have a little wasp,  
 That shall sting the fine big donkey,  
 That shall throw the wee old man, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?  
 We will have a little cock,  
 That shall eat the little wasp, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?  
 We will have a little fox,  
 That shall eat the little cock, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?  
 We will have a clever dog,  
 That shall kill the little fox, etc.

<sup>a</sup> In the Levant there is a special exclamation for driving out each of the domestic animals. *Tsit!* for a cat; *Xoo!* for poultry; *Oust!* for a dog; *Youtz!* for a pig; *Aa!* (with nasal sound) for a donkey; *Oo!* for a cow; *Phoo!* for things in general.

We will have—what shall we have?  
We will have a little stick,  
That shall beat the little dog, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?  
We will have an oven wide,  
That shall burn the little stick, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?  
We will have a river swift,  
That shall quench the oven's fire, etc.

IV.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 188.)

IT rains, it rains, and soon 'twill freeze,  
And the parson smells the cheese;  
Where shall we put our lady bride?  
Beneath the chickpea-stalk she'll hide.  
Where shall we put our bridegroom gay?  
Beneath the Cross he'll sit all day.

V.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 197.)

'STORK, O father pilgrim,<sup>30</sup> say!  
Did you chance to see my sheep?'  
'Yes, I saw them yesterday,  
Grazing by the lakeside steep.  
A wolf came up and on them fell,  
A fox stood by in great delight;  
The dogs did bark and bay right well,  
The shepherd cried with all his might.'



## VI.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 195.)

I WENT to a good nun's dwelling,  
 Which has upstairs and has downstairs,  
 Oped the door and in I entered.  
 There I found a wolf a-dancing,  
 And a fox who food was cooking,  
 A hare who on the lyre was playing,  
 A weasel on a pipe was whistling,  
 And a giant of a hedgehog  
 At a tortoise eyes was making.  
 And the tortoise was quite shamefaced,  
 And within her hole she hid her.  
 Then upon her bed I mounted,  
 Found a cake and a round biscuit;  
 Milk beside them in a pitcher.

## VII.

*Smyrna.*

(ORAL VERSION.)

'TIRIRÌ, where go'st, Siree?'  
 'To the shepherd's, cheese to eat.'  
 But no cheese at all found we,  
 So the shepherd well we beat.

## VIII.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 198.)

I A PINE-TORCH lighted me,  
 To my pocket I set fire,  
 Which has echoes, which has wheels,

Which has fields and mountains high.  
Trees upon the mountains grow,  
Branches on the trees, I trow,  
In the branches nests abound,  
In the nests the eggs are found;  
From the eggs young birds come out,  
On the birds will feathers sprout.

IX.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 191.)

'COME down, O apple,  
For I'd ask you,  
What does the maiden  
That I love, do?'  
'Braid she is plaiting,  
By night and by day.'  
'For whom does she plait it?'  
'For Yanni, they say.'

X.

(PASSOW, CCLXXVII.)

OUR good parson [so I'm told],  
Who has heaps and heaps of gold,  
Went one day and bought a cock.  
*Kikikík!* thus sings the cock!

Our good parson, I am told,  
Who has heaps and heaps of gold,  
Went one day and bought a hen.  
*Kakakák!* thus sings the hen!  
*Kikikík!* thus sings the cock!

Our good parson, I am told,  
 Who has heaps and heaps of gold,  
 Went one day and bought an ass.  
*Ga-ga-ga!*<sup>a</sup> thus sings the ass!  
*Kikikík!* thus sings the cock!  
*Kakakák!* thus sings the hen!

## XI.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 179.)

TAKE you him, and keep you him,  
 All sing gaily songs to him;  
 He'll fly light as any bird,  
 Leap like lambkin, 'pon my word;  
 Stare like any peacock proud,  
 Laugh as any angel loud,  
 Take him, dance him on your knee,  
 Softly dandle him for me;  
 Bid him live, grow strong and tall,  
 So to win the maidens all.

## XII.

## SWING SONG.

*Smyrna.*

(Oral Version.)

Row, row, Manóli,  
 We'll go to Stambóli  
 To fetch a little oil O!  
 A little Samos oil O!  
 To make our pussy shine O!  
 And all her kittens nine O!

<sup>a</sup> The Greek equivalent for our *Heehaw*.

XIII.

SUNG ON PALM SUNDAY.

*Smyrna.*

(Oral Version.)

PALM, Palm, Palm Sunday,  
*Kolio* fish we eat to-day ;  
But when comes next Sunday round,  
We'll eat red-dyed eggs so gay !

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SUBSECTION III.—SONGS OF LATER MARRIED  
LIFE.

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*THE WICKED MOTHER-IN-LAW.*

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

O IT was little Konstantine, it was young Konstantino ;  
A vineyard planted he in May, in May a wife he wedded ;  
In May, too, did a summons come for him to join the  
    army ;  
Far were his wanderings to be, yet meagre were his wages.  
' Ah, must thou go, my Konstantine, and I, where wilt  
    thou leave me ?'  
' First I will leave thee to the Church ; then, to the  
    Saints I leave thee ;  
And, thirdly, to my mother dear, and to my two sweet  
    sisters,  
That thou may'st hares for dinner have and partridges  
    for supper,  
That they may bring thee little fawns that thou may'st  
    keep as playthings.'<sup>31</sup>  
But scarce a mile the youth had gone, scarce two or  
    three miles journeyed,

When her they seated on a stool, and shaved her silken  
tresses ;  
They cut off all her flaxen hair, her long thick plaits so  
golden ;  
And three sheep did they give to her, and all the three  
were scabbéd ;  
Three goats, too, did they give to her, and all the three  
were sickly ;  
Three sheep-dogs did they give to her, and all the three  
were savage ;  
Three loaves of bread they gave to her, and all of them  
were mouldy ;  
And by the hand they led her forth and pointed to the  
mountain :  
' Seest thou, seest thou that mountain there, which is  
both broad and lofty ?—  
There must thou go to pass the night, awaken in the  
morning ;  
And till thou hast a thousand sheep, and hast of goats  
ten thousand,  
See to the plain thou come not down to bring thy  
flocks to pasture ;  
And where the foaming river flows do thou not come  
for water ;  
And into the great olive-yard see thou come not to fold  
them.'  
But as her Fate had ordered it, as her Good Luck  
would have it,  
In one year she'd a hundred sheep, and soon above a  
thousand ;  
For each ewe bore for her a lamb, twice in the year  
each mother.  
A thousand soon became the sheep, the goats became  
ten thousand.

For bells around their woolly necks she hung her  
golden earrings,  
For collars round the sheep-dogs' necks her golden  
rings [and bracelets].  
And to the plains she led them down and grazed them  
in the pastures ;  
And where the foaming river ran she brought her  
flocks to water ;  
And into the great olive-yard she led them, and did  
fold them.  
See ! there is coming Konstantine, across the plains  
a-riding ;  
He's mounted on a horse of iron and golden is his  
saddle ;  
And he is holding in his hand a switch, a switch of  
silver ;  
His bonnet, too, is gay with flowers, his armour it  
shines brightly.  
' A good day to thee, Shepherd-lad ! ' ' Good may thy  
day be, Soldier ! '  
' Tell me, so may'st thou, Shepherd, live, to whom  
belong these sheepfolds ?  
Whose are these flocks thou feedest here that golden  
bells are wearing ?  
Whose are these sheep-dogs thou hast here that collars  
wear of silver ?  
And whose, too, is the Shepherd-lad who has the  
braid-fine eyebrows ? '  
' The sheep with golden bells bedecked belong to the  
Deserted ;  
The dogs that silver collars wear belong to the  
Deserted ;  
The Shepherd with the braid-fine brows is hers, too,  
the Deserted.'

Then lashes his good horse the youth, and to his home  
he cometh.

‘ My mother! Health and joy to thee!’ ‘ Welcome,  
my Konstantino!’

Welcome, my little Konstantine, my son, to me thou’rt  
welcome!’

‘ Say, mother, where is now my wife, tell me where is  
my fair one?’

‘ Ah, she, my son, is dead and gone, ’tis now a many  
summers.’

‘ And where, then, is my fair one’s grave, that I may  
there burn incense?’

‘ My son, the grass o’er it has grown, I know it now no  
longer.’

‘ And if I, mother, find my wife, what may I then do  
to thee?’

‘ If her thou findest, good my son, thou mayest then  
behead me.

Yea, thou mayest then cut off my head as on thy  
knees ’tis lying,

That with my blood thy clothes be dyed, and stained  
thy silken raiment.’

Then lashes his good horse the youth, and comes he to  
the Shepherd.

‘ Tell me, so may’st thou, Shepherd, live, whose are  
these flocks, I pray thee?’

Whose are the sheep thou feedest here that golden  
bells are wearing?’

Whose are the sheep-dogs thou hast here that collars  
wear of silver?’

And whose, too, is the Shepherd-lad who has the braid-  
fine eyebrows?’

‘ My parents on me laid a curse if ever I should  
tell it;

But twice hast thou asked this of me, and now will I  
declare it :<sup>32</sup>

These flocks with golden bells bedecked belong to  
Konstantíno ;

The dogs that silver collars wear belong to Konstantíno ;  
And Konstantine's the Shepherd is who has the braid-  
fine eyebrows.'

The horse sank down upon his knees, she leaped upon  
the saddle ;

Again the youth did lash his steed, and to his home  
return they.

' Here, mother, is my dearest wife ! here, mother, is  
my lady !'

' Since thou hast found her, Konstantine, take thou  
me, and behead me !'

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

*Peloponnesus.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 549.)

O HAVE you heard what's happened now, away in  
Missolonghí ?—

How Kourt Alí did fall in love, and how a priest's wife  
loved he ?

And yet to tell her was ashamed, to talk with her  
ashamed.

He an old woman takes and sends, a wizened little  
*skýla*,

Who hails and greets her from afar, when near her  
thus addresses :

' Kourt Alí salutations sends, and he your sweet eyes  
kisses ;

A thousand sequins here are wrapped, piastres full five  
hundred ;



All, all are thine, if only thou one single night pass  
with him.'

'Sooner would I the black earth here see with my  
heart's blood reddened,

Than I'd the priest, my husband, leave, leave for a  
Turk's embraces !'

When Kourt Alí her answer heard, then sorely did it  
grieve him ;

And hies he forth to seek a witch, a little, young one  
finds he :

'Bewitch for me the parson's wife, that I to wife may  
take her !'

### *THE UNFORTUNATE COUPLE.*

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THERE come to Helen matchmakers, a bride they  
make of Helen ;

Three Princes fain would marry her, three Kings as  
wife would take her.

And forty days the go-betweens are climbing up the  
staircase,

And other four-and-forty spend before they find the  
fair one ;

At last they to the chamber come where hidden is the  
maiden.

Upon a golden throne she sits, with golden apple playing.  
'Health, joy to thee, O maiden fair ! Health, joy to  
thee, fair maiden !'

'And welcome is the King to me, he with his scribes is  
welcome !'

Three years did they the dowry write, six years the  
maiden's portion,

And seventeen months the secret hoard the maiden's  
mother gave her.  
But leap years evil-fated came, and months of maledic-  
tion,  
And debts the dowry went to pay, and sickness took  
the riches.  
As swineherd hires himself the youth, as flax-beater  
the fair one,  
And all day long the flax she beat to make the King's  
fine linen.  
At evening they weighed the flax, if but one hank were  
lacking,  
The King would scold and angry be, her lord do  
nought but grumble.  
She gives to him her golden rings, each worth three  
thousand piástres.  
But still the King finds fault with her, her lord does  
naught but grumble.  
She gives to him her earrings fine, each worth six  
thousand piástres,  
And still the King finds fault with her, her lord doth  
naught but grumble ;  
To him she gives her bracelets too, each worth eight  
thousand piástres ;  
And yet the King finds fault with her, her lord doth  
only grumble ;  
Her flaxen hair they cut to make the hank they said  
was lacking.

One Sunday, 'twas an Easter Day, it was a feast-day  
solemn,  
With grief and longing she was seized, as she her folk  
remembered,

Her arms upon her bosom crossed, she hastened to  
her husband.

‘O take me to my mother dear, and take me to my  
kindred!’

‘How take thee can I, cursed by Fate, and thou so  
low as thou art?’

Thou who wert white and beautiful, but now art cob-  
web-covered?’

‘Ah, take me to my mother dear, ah, take me to my  
kindred!’

If thou art shamed to come with me, the road show  
thou me only.’

‘That mountain seest thou yonder, which has nearer  
slope and further,

Which clouds upon its summit has, and fogs around  
its bases?—

Thou there thy sire wilt ploughing find with forty yoke  
of oxen,

Full two-and-forty yoke has he, and five-and-thirty  
ploughmen.’

Then sets she out, poor luckless one, drowned in the  
tears she’s weeping,

With tears and sobbing sore went she, with mournful  
lamentation.

And as she went along the road, to God she prayed  
this prayer:

‘O let the servants of my home be found all in the  
garden!’

And God has listened to her prayer, the *Panaghía* has  
heard her.

She found the servants of her home all in the house’s  
garden.

And signs she makes them from afar, when nearer thus  
she hails them :

‘Call in your dogs, call in your dogs, or they’ll devour  
the stranger !

A bit of bread, a cup of wine, unhappy I am fainting !’

‘So may our Helen live for us, who far away is  
wedded !—

We bread hot from the oven bring, we’ve brought it  
for the ploughmen ;

But go thou to our lordly house, and what they have  
they’ll give thee.’

Then forward went the unhappy girl, still sobbing she  
and weeping ;

Weeping and sobbing went she on, with mournful  
lamentation ;

And from a distance them salutes, and says when  
comes she near them :

‘Call off your dogs ! call off your dogs ! or they’ll  
devour the stranger !

A bit of bread, a cup of wine, unhappy I am fainting !’

A slice of bread they gave to her, and olives in her apron ;

A drink of light and acid wine they gave her in a basin ;

Upon a stool they seated her, and thus they closely  
questioned :

‘My girl, art thou a washer-girl, or art thou a flax-  
beater ?’

‘O neither washer-girl was I, nor yet was I flax-  
beater !—

The daughter of a king was I, and lived within a  
palace ;

And me had taught my mother dear to weave fine  
silken damask.’

Then at the loom they seated her, to test her skill at  
weaving.

She threw the shuttle, and began to sing this lamentation :

‘ O lonely loom, abandoned loom, O loom left solitary !  
While I the warp did stretch on thee, there came to  
me matchmakers ;

And when I turned the roller round I did but my good  
pleasure ;

When from the loom we cut the cloth, they came as  
bride to take me.

Three years they wrote my dowry down, six years they  
wrote my portion,

And seventeen months the secret hoard that my dear  
mother gave me.

But leap years evil-fated came, and months of maledic-  
tion,

And debts my dowry went to pay, and sickness took  
my riches ;

As swineherd hired himself the youth, as flax-beater  
the fair one ;

And she—for so her Fate has willed—has come to you  
a weaver.’

Her sister heard the words she spake, and said she to  
her mother :

‘ This, mother dear, our Helen is, in distant land who  
married.’

‘ Now may a viper sting thy tongue, and strike thy  
heart the lightning !—

For that same word thou speakest now, thou say’st it  
without knowledge.

My Helen’s coming I await, the first ’mong noble  
ladies.’

Again those words repeated she, the self-same words  
repeated :

‘ O lonely loom, abandoned loom, O loom left solitary !

As queen I first did work at thee, now as a slave  
I'm weaving.'

And when these words her mother heard, when heard  
them too her sister,

All three did lovingly embrace, they died all three  
together.

*THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.*

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 348.)

DAY sweet in Anatolia dawns, and sweet the West is  
shining ;

The birds unto the meadows go, the women to their  
washing ;

And I go with my good black steed, I go to give him  
water ;

And there, close by a deep well's side, I find a darling  
woman.

'My girl, for my black steed and me, I prithee draw  
some water.'

Twelve pailfuls from the well she drew, and yet her  
eyes I saw not ;

But as the thirteenth pail she drew, her head at length  
she lifted ;

Then loudly neighed my good black steed, and sadly  
sighed the woman.

'Tell me, my girl, why art thou sad, why sorrowfully  
sighest ?'

'My husband's gone to foreign lands, and ten long  
years he's absent ;

But two years more I'll wait for him, three more will  
I expect him ;

And comes he not on the thirteenth, I'll hide me in a  
nunn'ry.'

'Now tell me what your husband's like, it may be that  
I know him.'

'Oh, he was tall, and he was slim, himself he proudly  
carried.

A travelling merchant, too, was he, in all the country  
famous!'

'My girl, your husband he is dead, five years ago was  
buried.

I lent to him some linen then—he said thou wouldst  
return it;

And tapers, too, I lent to him—he said thou wouldst  
repay me;

A kiss I lent to him besides—he said thou wouldst  
return it.'

'If thou hast linen, tapers lent, be sure I will repay thee;  
But if a kiss thou'st lent to him, that he himself must  
pay thee!'

'O lassie, I am thy goodman; see, am not I thy husband?'

'If thou art he, my husband dear, himself, and not  
another,

Tell me the fashion of the house, and then I may believe  
thee.'

'An apple-tree grows at thy gate, another in thy court-  
yard;

Thou hast a golden candlestick that stands within thy  
chamber.'

'That's known of all the neighbourhood, and all the  
world may know it;

Tell me the signs my body bears, and then I may  
believe thee.'

'Thou hast a mole upon thy chest, another in thine  
armpit;

There lies between thy two soft breasts a grain, 'tis  
white and pearl-like.'

'Thou, thou my husband art, I know—oh, come to my  
embraces!'<sup>33</sup>

THE GARDEN.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 382.)

PICTURELIKE, dear garden ground,  
Hedged with marguerites around,  
Zoned about with beds ablow,  
Marjoram is the outmost row,  
In the midst an Apple-tree,<sup>a</sup>  
Soon to earth 'twill falling be.  
To the fruit a youth approaches,  
Him the Apple-tree reproaches:  
'Come not, youth, the apples gath'ring;  
See, the leaves are sere and with'ring;  
Counts the master every one,  
And for thee, youth, there are none.'

THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

*Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 340.)

WHY didst thou, *mána*, marry me, and give me a Vlach  
husband?<sup>b</sup>

Twelve long years in Wallachia, and at his home three  
evenings.

<sup>a</sup> By the apple-tree and its master an elderly husband is probably  
meant; and by the desirable fruit, his wife.

<sup>b</sup> The population of the secluded mountain valleys of Zagórie  
is, in considerable part, Vlach, and the men are famous for their  
energetic enterprise in commerce during their customary years of  
exile, often wandering as far westwards as Spain, and northwards  
as Holland.



On Tuesday night, a bitter night, two hours before the  
dawning,  
My hand I did outstretch to him, but did not find my  
husband.  
Then to the stable-door I ran; no horse fed at the  
manger.  
I sped me to the chamber<sup>a</sup> back, I could not find his  
weapons.  
I threw me on my lonely couch, to make my sad  
lamenting :  
‘O pillow, lone and desolate! O mattress mine, forsaken!  
Where is your lord who yesternight did lay him down  
upon you?’  
‘Our lord has left us here behind, and gone upon a  
journey—  
Gone back to wild Wallachia, to famous Bucharesti.’

MAROULA, THE DIVORCED.

(ARAVANDINOS, 241.)

‘ARISE, Maroúla, from the earth, and shake the dust  
from off thee ;  
Arise, and on the balcony now spread for us thy bower.  
Go hasten, make us coffee, too, bring wine and fill the  
beakers ;  
And take and bathe thyself, and change, and don thy  
brightest raiment ;  
Then hie thee to the dance away, then hie thee to the  
village,  
That all the belles may gaze on thee, and all the  
*ḡallikária* ;  
There will thy husband see thee, who another wife has  
taken.’

<sup>a</sup> Ὀντα, Turkish *Oda*. Rooms are made into bedrooms by simply  
bringing the mattress, etc., out of the cupboard.

'And if I am divorced, what then? 'Twas he who had  
the worst o't!  
At two o'clock I'll to the bath, at four I'll change my  
raiment;  
And out of fourteen *pallikars* I'll choose another husband.  
And then I will my house set up right opposite his  
dwelling;  
And there beside his garden gay will I plant me my  
garden;  
I'll come, and go, that he may see, and boil with rage,  
and burst him!'<sup>a</sup>

DIMOS.

North Eubœa.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 136.)

ΑΗ! those splendid eyes of thine, O Dimos mine!  
Thine eyebrows finely painted,  
They on a sick-bed me have laid, O Dimos mine!  
For them it is I'm dying.  
Take in thine hand thy little gun, O Dimos mine!  
And to the chase now wend thee;  
Kill, an thou findest, partridges, O Dimos mine!  
If turtle-doves, then shoot them;  
And if my husband thou shouldst meet, O Dimos mine!  
Then do thou shoot, and kill him.

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

IN one of Yiánni's palaces is seated lovely Máro;  
A mirror in her hands she holds, and on her charms  
she gazes.

<sup>a</sup> *Him* thus used for *himself* is common in English *patois*, and may be allowable in translating this Greek *patois*.

'O charms! O beauteous charms of mine! and O, my  
 snow-white bosom!  
 To Yiánnakos do they belong, but Kosta 'tis who'll kiss  
 them!'

And soon there passed by Kostantës, upon his black  
 horse riding.

'Good-morrow to thee, Máro mine!' 'Thou'rt welcome,  
 Kostantë mine!

Be pleased to enter, Kostantë, that we may kiss together!'

'I fear and tremble, Máro mine, there might return  
 Yiannáki.'

'Yiannáki to the hills has gone, he's gone the wild deer  
 hunting,  
 He'll with him bring alive the deer, and dead he'll bring  
 the bear-meat;  
 The smaller game he'll bring with him, suspended from  
 his saddle.'

And Máro, pacing up and down, thus made to God her  
 prayer:

'Send down, dear Christ, the rain and snow, and make  
 a bitter winter,  
 That on the hill may Yianni stay, so that the beasts  
 devour him!'

Upon a high rock Yianni stood, and looked toward his  
 dwelling,  
 Fires burning in his houses saw, lights gleaming in his  
 courtyards.

He stood and pondered on these things, within himself  
 thus said he:

'Can now my mother dear be dead, or now have died  
 my sister?  
 Or my Maria given birth, and she a son has borne me?'

His black horse saddles he, and mounts, and to his  
 home descends he.

‘Come down, O Máro! ope the door, and take the game I’ve brought thee!’

‘It frights me, Yianni! I’m afraid! to it I’m not accustomed!’

Go, rather call thy mother down, for her ’tis not unusual.  
He takes and to his mother goes, and to his mother calls he:

‘Come, mother, down, and ope the door, unload the game I’ve brought thee.’

The words he’d hardly uttered when to him thus spoke his mother:

‘My boy, thou ruinest thyself with this same game and hunting!’

Thy Máro is with Kostantë, and thou the chase wilt follow?’

Then smartly he whips up his horse, and to his house he gallops.

One kick gives he the doors unto, with one bound upstairs comes he;

Máro he seizes by the hair, and by the hand takes Kosta.

‘Which, Máro, is the handsomer, which, Máro, the more manly?’

‘For beauty, and to wield the sword, *your* lordship ’tis surpasses;

But as for dalliance sweet and kiss, *his* lordship you surpasses.’

‘Thine, Kostantë, is not the blame; go thou about thy business!’

A golden knife did Yianni draw from out a sheath of silver,

And as upon his knees it lay, cut off the head of Máro.  
In pieces small he chopped her up, and in the sun he spread them;

And from the sun into a sack, and to the mill he bore it.

'Grind now, my mill, grind now for me the pieces that were Máro,

And make of them a crimson flour, to powder black, too, grind them,

That hither there may come the scribes, the scribes to fill their inkhorns,

And milk-white maidens, too, may come, the rosy rouge to gather.'

*THE OLD MAN'S WIFE (I.).*

(ARAVANDINOS, 206.)

O WE were once three sisters dear, and all we three did marry ;

A King one to herself did take, and his Vizier the other,

And I, the fairest of them all, I took a rich old fellow. They roasted at the Palace sheep, at the Vizieri's, poultry ;

But rams and calves they roasted whole to grace the Ancient's<sup>a</sup> wedding.

Uncounted flocks I found were his, and his were herds of oxen,

Unmeasured vineyards, countless casks, and grain in great storehouses.

But what, unhappy orphaned one, care I for all these riches,

Who on my mattress by my side such company must suffer ?

Thou oldest man,<sup>b</sup> thou stinking-mouth'd, thou skeleton, thou blar-eyed !

<sup>a</sup> Παλιόγερος.

<sup>b</sup> Πρωτόγερος.

Curst may my mother be ; and Earth, dissolve not in  
thy bosom  
The Go-between<sup>a</sup> whom she employed to bring about  
my wedding !

THE OLD MAN'S WIFE (II.).

Zagóvie.

(Ibid, 207.)

I WEARY not of foreign lands, of journeys long ;  
I'm wearied only by the message of the girl,  
Who sends me word by birds, and by the eagles swift :  
'Where'er thou art, my Exile, quickly, quickly come !  
Because they have betrothed and married me, alas !  
A husband me they've given, slothful, oh ! and old.  
About the mattresses I'm scolded every night ;  
At morn he drives me forth the water cold to draw ;  
A heavy pail he gives to me, too short a rope ;  
No water can I reach, though low I stoop and strain ;  
Of wool nine fathoms I have cut, a cord to make :  
Where'er thou art, my Exile, quickly, quickly come !'

THE CHILD SLAYER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 455.)

O SAD is Tuesday, Wednesday too, and bitter, bitter  
Thursday ;  
And Friday now is dawning, would that it had dawned  
never !  
Forth Kostas wends at morning light, and for to go  
a-hunting ;

<sup>a</sup> The consequence of which would be that, after death, the *προξενήτρα* would become a Vampire. Compare Aristophanes, 'Alas ! would that the matchmaker had perished miserably who induced me to marry your mother.'—*The Clouds*.

And to his teacher Johnny goes, that he may learn his letters.

A paper he at home forgets, and turns again to fetch it.

And in the house a youth he sees, who's with his mother playing.

'Unfaithful mother, who is this? And what wants here this stranger?

At even when the *Affendi*<sup>a</sup> comes, all this will I relate him.'

His mother laughed, and mocked at him, and dragged him to the cellar,

And like a lamb she slew him there, the *skýla*, like a butcher.

And now is Kostas coming home, home from a hard day's hunting,

A living deer he brings with him, he brings a stag he's wounded;

And in a leash a tiny fawn, for little Jack to play with.

'My darling, health and joy to thee! where is our son, now tell me?'

'He went at morning to the school, and has not yet returned.'

He mounts his mare and rides away, and hies him to the teacher.

'Ho, teacher, where's my little Jack? are not yet done his lessons?'

'To school to-day no Johnny came; I have not seen your Johnny.'

Back to his house he then returns, but there he finds no Johnny.

He runs and seizes on the keys, and hies him to the cellar,

<sup>a</sup> See note, p. 162.

And there he finds his little son, like lambkin finds  
him slaughtered.  
In pieces small he chops her up, chops up that *skýla*  
mother,<sup>a</sup>  
And gathers up the pieces all, and puts them in a  
wallet.  
Away he bears them to the mill, like any madman  
running:  
'Grind now, my mill, O grind for me the bones of this  
adult'ress!'

DISTICHS.

I.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 358, No. 24.)

A FLOWER I took thee to my heart, and there a thorn  
art thou;  
And marvels all the world to see that lost our love is  
now.

II.

(*Ibid.*, No. 25.)

So goes the world, for 'tis a sphere, and round and  
round it rides;  
Some God one to another leads, and others He divides.

<sup>a</sup> Compare: *I wish I were where Helen lies.*  
I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
I hacked him in pieces sma'  
For her sake that died for me.





## SECTION (III.)

## COMMUNAL SONGS.

I. DANCING. II. FESTIVAL. III. HUMOUROUS.

SUBSECTION I.—DANCING SONGS.<sup>34</sup>*THE DREAM.**Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS. 405.)

DOWN in St. Paraskeví  
 Sleeps a maid, and fair is she.  
 Sleeps she soft, and dreams a dream—  
 Sees her wedding, it would seem.  
 This has turned the maiden's head ;  
 She decks her when she leaves her bed,  
 Bathes herself, and combs her hair,  
 Gazes in the mirror fair ;  
 Throws her eyes about and plays,  
 Casts them down, and to them says :  
 ' Little eyes, I'll bless you so,  
 To the dance as now we go,  
 If you there yourselves will use,  
 Husband for me well to choose.  
 Age and gold I don't desire ;  
 Youth and beauty I require.  
 An old man's hard to satisfy ;  
 One may not laugh when he is by ;  
 Soft on his mattress must he lie ;  
 His pillows one must pile up high,  
 And all the night he's snoring lying,  
 While by his side the maid is sighing.'

FAIR ONES AND DARK ONES (I.).

(ARAVANDINOS, 378.)

To the dance the fair ones go,  
Little boats to sea that row ;  
Out come troops of maids brown-eyed,  
Oranges in clusters tied ;  
Out comes many a black-eyed maiden,  
Who's with moles like olives laden ;<sup>a</sup>  
Out comes one with eyes of blue,  
Waist so slim and fair to view.  
Out comes, too, a partridge small,  
But with widest skirts of all ;  
As she danced and skipped around,  
One poor youth cast eyes to ground.

FAIR ONES AND DARK ONES (II.).

*Zagóvie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 379.)

To the dance the fair ones go,  
Sorely lovesick I'm laid low ;  
Dark ones come, too, in my sight,  
Girls whose waists are slim and slight.  
Out, too, come the maids black-eyed—  
Curse them ! I for them have died.  
Still come those with eyes of blue,  
Wearing aprons green of hue ;  
Out, too, come the partridge-eyed,  
Flower bedecked, and rosy dyed.

<sup>a</sup> Literally 'covered with olives.' See *above*, p. 126, note <sup>a</sup>.

## THE DANCER.

Grevena.

(ARAVANDINOS, 426.)

Now it is Easter Sunday gay,  
 Now 'tis a gladsome feast day,  
 Now all the maidens busk themselves  
 To go and dance the *hóra*.

Go! bring to me my ornaments,  
 And bring to me my mirror,  
 That I may deck and see myself,  
 And trip forth like a partridge,  
 To set the merry dance on foot,  
 Down on the village common.

And dancing there I'll raise my eyes,  
 And they shall dart forth lightnings;  
 The Turks for me will slay themselves,  
 Apostatize to Romeots.

And I will cause Mehmét Aghá  
 To lose his wits entirely:  
 And I will make the Primate priest  
 To miss his Easter masses.

## THE DANCE OF THE MAIDENS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 410.)

'OUT, now, maidens, to the dance!  
 Out while you have still the chance;  
 For very soon you'll wedded be,  
 From household troubles never free;  
 When children round you 'gin to grow,  
 How to neighbours' can you go?'

‘ We shall beat them well, I trow ;  
Leave them all at home, I vow !’

‘ Time to dance how can you take,  
When you have to cook and bake ?’

‘ We will leave the bread to burn,  
All the meat to smoke may turn !’

‘ You must sit at home and spin ;  
Weaving, too, will keep you in.’

‘ Both we mock at gaily, pooh !  
At the loom and distaff too !’

‘ Your husband you indoors will close,  
And with his stick he’ll give you blows.’

‘ The stick should have two ends, he’d see !  
And we would have a second key !’

### THE GREEN TREE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 406.)

- (*Strophe.*) WHOEVER did green tree behold—  
(*Antistrophe.*) *Thine eyes are black, thy hair is gold !*  
(*Str.*) That with silver leaves was set ?—  
(*Ant.*) *Jet black eyes, and brows of jet !*
- (*Str.*) And on whose bosom there was gold—  
(*Ant.*) *O eyes that so much weeping hold !*  
(*Str.*) At its root a fountain flowing—  
(*Ant.*) *Who can right from wrong be knowing ?*
- (*Str.*) There I bent, the fount above,—  
(*Ant.*) *To quench the burning flame of love !*  
(*Str.*) There I drank that I might fill me,—  
(*Ant.*) *That my heart I thus might cool me.*

(Str.) But my kerchief I let slip—

(Ant.) *O what burning has my lip!*

(Str.) Gold-embroidered for my pleasure—

(Ant.) *'Twas a gift to me, the treasure!*

(Str.) That one it was they broidered me,—

(Ant.) *While sweetly they did sing for me!*

(Str.) Little maids so young and gay,—

(Ant.) *Cherries of the month of May!*

(Str.) One in Yannina was born,—

(Ant.) *Robe of silk did her adorn!*

(Str.) T'other from Zagórie strayed,—

(Ant.) *Rosy-cheeked this little maid!*

(Str.) An eagle one embroidered me—

(Ant.) *Come forth, my love, thee would I see!*

(Str.) T'other a robin-redbreast tidy,—

(Ant.) *Thursday—yes, and also Friday!<sup>a</sup>*

(Str.) Should a youth my kerchief find,—

(Ant.) *Black-eyed with gold tresses twined!*

(Str.) And a maiden from him bear it,—

(Ant.) *Round her slim waist let her wear it!*

### THE WOOER'S GIFT.

*Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 384.)

(Strophe.) A YOUNGSTER me an apple sent, he sent a  
braid of scarlet—

(Antistrophe). *He sent a braid of scarlet.*

<sup>a</sup> Literally 'Monday and Tuesday;' but as these words are merely brought in for the rhyme, I have taken a similar liberty.

(Str.) The apple I did eat anon, and kept the braid of scarlet—

(Ant.) *And kept the braid of scarlet.*

(Str.) I wove it in my tresses fair, and in my hair so golden—

(Ant.) *And in my hair so golden.*

(Str.) And to the sea-beach I went down, and to the shore of ocean—

(Ant.) *And to the shore of ocean ;*

(Str.) And there the women dancing were, and drew me in among them—

(Ant.) *And drew me in among them.*

(Str.) The youngster's mother there I found, and there, too, was his sister—

(Ant.) *There was his eldest sister.*

(Str.) And as I leapt and danced amain, and as I skipped and strutted—

(Ant.) *And as I skipped and strutted,*

(Str.) My cap fell off, and ev'ryone could see my braid of scarlet—

(Ant.) *Could see my braid of scarlet.*

(Str.) ' I say, the braid you're wearing there was to my son belonging—

(Ant.) *My dearest son belonging.'*

(Str.) ' And if the braid that now I wear was to your son belonging—

(Ant.) *Your dearest son belonging,*

(Str.) He sent an apple, it I ate, my hair the braid I wound through ;

(Ant.) *And I will soon be crowned, too.'*<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *I. e.*, married.

## THE LITTLE ROSE.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 18.)

- (*Strophe.*) By three wide oceans girt about,—  
 (*Antistrophe.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) Stands secure a lofty castle—  
 (*Ant.*) *Far famed golden orange!*
- (*Str.*) Up within it one there sits—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) And she golden coins is stringing—  
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon!*
- (*Str.*) Stringing and unstringing yet—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) Strings a dozen she has finished—  
 (*Ant.*) *And, alas! my wits diminished!*
- (*Str.*) Six around her neck she's twisting—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) Six around her head she's twining—  
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon!*
- (*Str.*) 'Come forth, my Sun, that I go forth—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) Shine Thou out that I may shine too—  
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon!*
- (*Str.*) That many hearts I may consume—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) And if thou shinest out, my Sun—  
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon!*
- (*Str.*) Thou all the herbs wilt wither—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*
- (*Str.*) And I, if I shine out, my Sun—  
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon!*
- (*Str.*) I all the youths shall wither—  
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose!*

THE CHIOTE MAIDEN.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 16.)

(*Strophe.*) DOWN upon the shore, down upon the sea-beach,

(*Antistrophe.*) *On the shore a maiden, see!  
Blossom covered orange-tree!*

(*Str.*) Washing are the Chiote girls, the parson's daughters—

(*Ant.*) *And a Chiote maiden wee,  
Blossoming like lemon-tree!*

(*Str.*) There one Chiote maid, parson's little daughter—

(*Ant.*) *One small Chiote maiden, see!  
Blossoming like orange-tree!*

(*Str.*) Washing, hanging out, and with the sand still playing—

(*Ant.*) *Washing, hanging out, is she,  
Blossoming like lemon-tree!*

(*Str.*) By her sails a boat, caulked with gold its timbers—

(*Ant.*) *By her sails a boatie, see!  
Blossoming like orange-tree!*

(*Str.*) Bright the boatie shines, bright her oars are glancing—

(*Ant.*) *Bright, too, shines the maiden, see!  
Blossoming like lemon-tree!*

(*Str.*) Boreas blows, the West Wind, and the *Tra-*  
*montána*—

(*Ant.*) *Boreas blows upon her, see!  
Blossoming like orange-tree!*

(*Str.*) And uncovers he her pretty foot and ankle—

(*Ant.*) *Shows her pretty ankle he,  
Blossoming like lemon-tree!*



(Str.) Brightly shone the sea, all the world was shining—

(Ant.) Lighted all the ocean she,  
Blossoming like orange-tree!

### THE EARLY WEDDED LASSIE.

Corinth.

(ARAVANDINOS, 417.)

(Strophe.) Now would I set a dance a-foot,—

(Antistrophe.) My early-wedded lassie!

(Str.) That all the world may learn it,—

(Ant.) Betrothed so young, my lassie!

(Str.) May learn it, and take heed to them,—

(Ant.) My early-wedded lassie!

(Str.) How Love doth seize upon us;—

(Ant.) Betrothed so young, my lassie!

(Str.) It through the eyes takes hold on us<sup>a</sup>,—

(Ant.) My early-wedded lassie!

(Str.) And roots itself within the heart,—

(Ant.) Betrothed so young, my lassie!

(Str.) Puts forth its roots and lifts its crest,—

(Ant.) My early-wedded lassie!

(Str.) Its green and leafy branches,—

(Ant.) Betrothed so young, my lassie!

(Str.) Bursts out in blossoms red and gay,—

(Ant.) My early-wedded lassie!

(Str.) The flowers of Love these blossoms,—

(Ant.) Betrothed so young, my lassie!

(Str.) And in the bosoms of these flowers,—

<sup>a</sup> Compare Theokritos, 'φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ, ὅθεν ἵκετο,' and 'ἐκ τοῦ ὄραν τὸ ἔραν.' Also Shakespeare's,

'Tell me where is Fancy bred,' etc.

- (*Ant.*) *My early-wedded lassie!*  
 (*Str.*) The bees are ever sipping;—  
 (*Ant.*) *Betrothed so young, my lassie!*  
 (*Str.*) The honey archontes do eat,—  
 (*Ant.*) *My early-wedded lassie!*  
 (*Str.*) The wax the saints do feed on,—  
 (*Ant.*) *Betrothed so young, my lassie!*

THE LOVESICK LASS.

*Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 416.)

- (*Strophe.*) ‘O LASSIE mine, with dusky brow,  
 Wilt thou no pity for me show?’  
 (*Antistrophe.*) *Why still stand with scornful air,  
 While I am dying of despair?*  
 (*Str.*) Lean from thy lattice, lassie mine,  
 They steal from thee thy roses fine!  
 (*Ant.*) ‘If forth I lean, what think’st to gain?  
 Thou wilt get naught to ease thy pain.’  
 (*Str.*) ‘Come, lassie, to thy doorway then,  
 An eagle’s carrying off thy hen!’  
 (*Ant.*) ‘And if I do, what gain have you?—  
 Rake, with your fez cocked all askew!’  
 (*Str.*) ‘Come to thy porch, and be not coy,  
 Long may’st thou live thy mother’s joy!’  
 (*Ant.*) ‘And if I come, what wilt thou gain?—  
 That will not rid thee of thy pain!’  
 (*Str.*) ‘O lassie mine, with dusky brow,  
 Why art so cruel to me now?’  
 (*Ant.*) *Who has kissed thy lips, my dear?—  
 Lips extolled both far and near!*  
 (*Str.*) ‘One who so sweetly sang to me,  
 But now has journey’d o’er the sea.’

- (*Ant.*) *Say, what can I find to send  
To my love, my faithful friend?*
- (*Str.*) *Should I an apple send, 'twould dry,  
A thirty-petalled rose, 'twould die,*
- (*Ant.*) *A quince, it soon would shrivelled lie,  
And he would gaze on it, and sigh.*
- (*Str.*) *My tears unto my love I'll send,  
Which from my eyes stream without end,*
- (*Ant.*) *Upon this rosy kerchief, see!  
And let him send it back to me!*

## THE CONFESSOR.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 6.)

- (*Strophe.*) *FULL forty days— (Antistrophe.) And Amán!  
Amán!<sup>a</sup>*
- (*Str.*) *Full forty days I meditate,  
Full forty days I meditate,  
Ere to the priest my way I take.  
And once I'd gone, and twice I'd gone,  
And once I'd gone, and twice I'd gone,  
But him could never find alone.*
- (*Str.*) *I went once more— (Ant.) And Amán! Amán!*
- (*Str.*) *I went one Sunday morn as well,  
I went one Sunday morn as well,  
And then I found him in his cell.*
- (*Str.*) *I knelt and kissed— (Ant.) And Amán!  
Amán!*
- (*Str.*) *I knelt and kissed the parson's hand,  
I knelt and kissed the parson's hand,  
And sat me down at his command.*

<sup>a</sup> This ejaculation has in Greek, as in Turkish, many shades of meaning, and might be here translated 'O dear!'

(Str.) 'Papá, let me—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'Papá, let me my sins confess,  
Papá, let me my sins confess,  
And then do thou me shrive and bless!

(Str.) 'Thy sins are—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'Thy sins are very many, O,  
Thy sins are very many, O,  
No more love-making must thou go!

(Str.) 'When thou relin—' (Ant.) *And Amán!*  
*Amán!*

(Str.) 'When thou relinquishest, Papá,  
When thou relinquishest, Papá,  
Thy bread baskets and *litourgía.*'

(Str.) 'Then will I—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'Then will I, too, cease to rove,  
Then will I, too, cease to rove,  
In search of the black eyes I love!

(Str.) Goes the par— (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) Goes the parson to his prayer,  
Goes the parson to his prayer,  
Go I to his daughter fair.

(Str.) Goes the priest— (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) Goes the priest to church to pray,  
Goes the priest to church to pray,  
Steal I to his wife away!

### THE LEMON-TREE.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 418.)

OF the Lemon-tree ask I one lemon alone.  
She answers—' *They've counted them every one!*'

Of the Lemon-tree ask I for lemons but two.  
 She answers—' *Not one even is there for you!*'

Of the Lemon-tree ask I, I ask lemons three.  
 She answers me—' *Rascal! I owe none to thee.*'

Of the Lemon-tree ask I, four lemons I claim.  
 She answers—' *Who art thou? I know not thy name.*'

Of the Lemon-tree ask I, five lemons so bright.  
 She says—' *Hold the candle and show me a light!*'

Of the Lemon-tree ask I, six lemons I pray!  
 She says—' *Hold it still till it's all burnt away!*'<sup>a</sup>

### HOW THEY GRIND PEPPER.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 407.)

Now, my lasses, I will show you, how they pound and  
 grind the pepper—

For the Devil, the *kaloyers*—  
 With your noses grind it, so!<sup>b</sup>  
 Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

Now, my lasses, etc.,

With your elbows grind it, so!  
 Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

Now, my lasses, etc.,

With your knees now grind it, so!  
 Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

<sup>a</sup> Compare the game of ' *Oranges and Lemons*'—  
 ' *Oranges and lemons, says the bells of St. Clements,*' etc., etc.;  
 which suddenly ends with

' *Here comes a candle to light you to bed,  
 Here comes a chopper to chop off the last one's head.*'

<sup>b</sup> The dancers make corresponding movements to each verse.

Now, my lasses, etc.,

With your feet then grind it, so!  
Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

Now, my lasses, etc.,

With your nails now grind it, so!  
Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

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SUBSECTION (II.) FESTIVAL SONGS.<sup>a</sup>

---

NEW YEAR'S DAY.<sup>35</sup>

*Amorgos.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 643.)

THE month's first day, the year's first day, the first of  
January!

Saint Basil now is coming forth, from Cesaræa coming,  
Tapers and incense in his hand, with paper, too, and  
ink horn.

Three Saints there meet him on the way, and all the  
three thus question:

'Say, Basil, whence art coming now, and whence art  
thou descending?'

'I from my mother coming am, and to the school I'm  
going.'

'Sit down and eat, sit down and drink, sit down and  
sing thou to us!'

<sup>a</sup> This and the following song are sung at house doors for *largesse*. As the subjects of other Festival Songs are the events of the Christian Year, they will be found in CLASS I., Section iii., and their titles only are given here.

1. For the Feast of the Christ-births.
2. The Feast of the Lights, or Epiphany.
3. Vaia, or Palm Sunday.
4. Ode to the Sacred Passions.
5. For the Great Friday.

'I letters only learning am, of singing I know  
 nothing.'  
 'Well, if thou now a scholar art, say us thine *Alpha,*  
*Beta!*'  
 And then the staff on which he leaned to say his  
*Alpha, Beta,*  
 The staff that was all dry and dead put forth fresh  
 buds and branches;  
 And on the topmost branches perched a gaily plumaged  
 partridge;  
 And stood below, with water filled, a finely sculptured  
 basin.  
 And down to it the partridge flew, and drank, and  
 fluttered upwards,  
 She with her dripping feathers fine, did the *Affendi*  
 sprinkle.<sup>a</sup>  
*Affendi,* and all-worthy sir, and five times o'er *Affendi!*  
 For thee, *Affendi,* fitting 'twere to be on black horse  
 mounted,  
 With three to hold thy saddle on, and six to hold thy  
 stirrup,  
 And three men more to beg of thee—'*Affendi,* be thou  
 mounted!'  
 And seemly, too, it were for thee to seat thee on a  
 carpet,  
 And with thy right hand counting out, and with thy  
 left hand lending;  
 And meet for thee were, too, the shops within Con-  
 stantinople,  
 To gather in the coins of gold, and sift the silver  
*aspras.*  
 For our *Affendi* we have said, we'll now speak for our  
 Lady:

<sup>a</sup> See above, p. 112, note <sup>a</sup>.

O Lady of the marble neck! O Lady of the moon-  
cheeks!  
Who hast the Sun for countenance, and hast the Moon  
for bosom;  
The jetty wing of raven, too, thou hast for archéd  
eyebrow;  
Thy courtyards all of marble are, of bright steel are  
thy portals,  
And golden doorposts to thy doors, archways with  
pearls bestudded.  
Thou hast a son, a gentle boy, a sweet musk-scented  
darling;  
Thou bathest him, and combest him, and to the school  
thou send'st him.  
The schoolmaster set him to work, his lessons to be  
learning,  
When flew a spark the candle out, and set on fire his  
papers;  
And set on fire his garments, too, so beautifully  
broidered;  
His garments which had broidered been so fine by  
three Princesses.  
One with her love had broidered them; one them with  
silk had broidered;  
The third, the fairest of them all, heaven with its stars  
had broidered.  
We've for our Lady said our say, now speak we for her  
Daughter:  
O Lady dear, thy Daughter fair, the crown is of the  
kingdom!  
From far off Venice have they sent a ring for her  
betrothal;  
Loved is she by a ruler's<sup>36</sup> son, and her he fain would  
marry.



But as he is a ruler's son, he asks a lordly dowry ;  
 Vineyards he asks unvintaged all, and fields asks with  
 their harvests ;  
 And for the sea he likewise asks—the sea with all its  
 vessels.  
 But if he should with her be blessed,<sup>a</sup> he'd slay a  
 thousand oxen,  
 Nine thousand sheep besides he'd slay, three thousand  
 goats he'd slaughter,  
 So that his friends might eat and drink, his foes might  
 burst with envy.  
 We've for our Lady said our say, and now the Nurse  
 address we :<sup>37</sup>  
 Light for us now the candles, Nurse ! go upstairs and  
 come downstairs ;  
 Take in thy hand thy little keys, thy keys with pearls  
 encrusted,  
 And open now for us thy chest, thy chest of many  
 colours ;  
 And take thou a good handful out, and throw them to  
 our fiddle,  
 And we will love thee, all of us, and our good Fate  
 shalt thou be.  
 And should it please thee so to do, our dear white-  
 plumaged partridge,  
 Open to us the lordly doors that we wish all ' Good-  
 even !'

### THE FIRST OF MAY.

(ARAVANDINOS, 440.)

O MAY has come, the month of May, the month of  
 May is with us,

<sup>a</sup> *I. e.*, blessed by the priest in marriage.

May, with her thirty-petalled flowers, and April with  
his roses.

Thou, April, art in roses drest ; and May, thou month  
most cherished,

Thou floodest all the gladsome world again with bloom  
and blossom ;

And me thou twinest tenderly in the embrace of  
beauty.

Go, tell the maiden that I love, go, give the maiden  
warning,

That I am coming with a kiss before the rain or snow  
falls ;

Before the Danube shall come down, and draw the  
rivers to him.

When it is raining I go forth, and when the shower  
ceases,

And when the still small rain falls down, then springs  
the sweet carnation.

O open us your little purse, your purse with pearls  
embroidered !

If it has groats in, give them us ; and if but pence, yet  
give them,

And if sweet wine within you find, give us that we may  
drink it.



SUBSECTION (III). HUMOUROUS SONGS.<sup>38</sup>

## THE PARSON'S WIFE.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 7.)

O MAIDENS, to the dance come out, and learn our lays  
 and ballads,  
 And see the broidered aprons gay, green aprons and  
 blue aprons ;  
 And see, too, how the Parson's Wife comes out among  
 the gallants.  
 The Parson follows close at hand, and at her side goes  
 begging :  
 ' O most shortwaiting *papadia*,<sup>a</sup> two words I want to  
 ask thee :  
 How canst thou leave our house unkept, and all alone  
 the children ?'  
 ' Go, parson, go, do thou go home—go stay thou with  
 thy children,  
 And I with the young men will go, and with the  
*pallikaria*.'  
 ' I say, where are the *Hierá*,<sup>b</sup> that I may chant the  
 service ?'  
 ' The fire may burn the *Hierá*, the house, and thee  
 within it !'

<sup>a</sup> Παπαδιά, the title given to the wife of a Παπάς, or parish priest.

<sup>b</sup> The 'holy things'—the church books, vestments, etc.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.<sup>a</sup>

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 354.)

A SHEPHERD once a wife had he,  
To curdle milk she'd ne'er agree ;  
His cheese to him she'd never bear,  
To leave him was her only care,  
And to the town she fain would go,  
And she would be a lady O !  
' O leave me not, my partridge dear ;  
Still with me bide—live with me here.  
I'll sell the pig that's in the sty,  
A fur-lined cloak for thee to buy ;  
I'll sell the goats, and have a ring,  
Made with the money that they bring ;  
And all the kids for thee I'll sell,  
To buy thee earrings fine, as well ;  
I'll sell the sheepfold for thy sake,  
So I a dress for thee can make ;  
I'll sell the farm, and land I'll lack,  
So thou mayst have a mantle black.'<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> This song recalls the English nursery rhyme :

' Johnny Scott, a man of law,  
Sold his bed, and lay on the straw ;  
Sold the straw, and lay on the grass,  
To buy his wife a looking-glass.'

<sup>b</sup> The ordinary outer garment of shepherds' wives is of unbleached and undyed wool.

*THE STUMBLE.**Préveza.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 396.)

ALL the maidens here I see,  
 All but her who's dear to me.  
 Water she has gone to bring,  
 I'll go seek her at the spring.  
 There will I her pitcher crack,  
 Empty handed she'll go back.  
 Her mother asks when she gets home,  
 What of her pitcher has become?  
 'I tripped, my mother, near the well,  
 And broke my pitcher as I fell.'  
 'It was no tripping broke your jug,  
 But likelier far some gallant's hug!'

*THE SYMPOSIUM.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 411.)

DRINK we beakers filled to brim,  
 With us black-eyed maidens trim;  
 Black eyes with us at our wine;  
 Black eyes from the windows shine  
 If I were a klepht I'd steal 'em,  
 Or were cunning, I'd beguile 'em!  
 To the market they should go,  
 While the crier went to and fro;  
 I would sell 'em, I'll be bound,  
 Sell 'em for five hundred pound!

‘ But these eyes cannot be sold,  
Nor can trafficked be for gold ;  
Freely given they ever are,  
To a worthy pallikar !’

THE WINESELLER.

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 421.)

IN Anatolia [so they tell],  
In Adrianople town as well,  
Sweet wine, red wine, there they sell.  
There the Turks come every day ;  
Drink, and then their reck'ning pay.  
One old Koniár<sup>a</sup> who's drunk his wine,  
To pay his score refuses.  
‘ O give me, Turk, my *aspra*,<sup>b</sup> now,  
And I'll to thee a lady bring,  
Who has sequins by the string.’  
‘ Thou no lady need'st me bring,  
Who has sequins by the string ;  
But a Vláchá, mountain-bred,  
One who wears an apron red.’

THE GALLANTS.

*Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 390.)

ALONG are passing gallants gay,  
And on their lutes they sweetly play.  
‘ O play, my little lute, an air !  
Who knows ? we may entice some fair,

<sup>a</sup> An Asiatic Turk, settled in Europe, and so called from the ancient Turkish capital, Konieh (Qonya), *Iconium*, in Asia Minor.

<sup>b</sup> See *Trans.*, p. 107, note <sup>a</sup>.

As through the quarter down below,  
 Or lordlier *mahallá*,<sup>a</sup> we go!  
 A high-born maid awakes from sleep,  
 And from her mattress off doth leap;  
 Her casement gains with hurrying feet,  
 And glances down into the street.  
 'O lordly little window high,  
 What song wouldst hear as I pass by?  
 It is a sin, if e'er was one,  
 So fair a maid should sleep alone!'

### THE JANISSARY.

*Salonica.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 424.)

AT *Salonica*'s gate [of yore],  
 There sat a Janissary;  
 A Janissary youth was he,  
 And in his hand a lute he bore.—

A lute of gold. He strikes its strings.  
 'Play, little lute,' to it he sings:  
 'And tell me, for thou know'st, I wis,  
 What is the value of a kiss?'

'A matron's, sequins twelve will cost;  
 For widow's, just fourteen you'd pay;  
 To kiss a sweet unmarried maid,  
 Venetian sequins five were lost.'

<sup>a</sup> Quarter, or street.

THE HEGOUMENOS AND THE VLACH GIRL.

*Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 383.)

To the upper quarter go,  
Or the neighbourhood below ;  
Vlach girls sit, and wash them there—  
Sit and wash, and comb their hair.  
This a 'goúmenos<sup>a</sup> was told,  
Breathless ran he to behold.  
'Vlachopoúla, thee I love ;  
This I've come to tell my dove.'  
'Goúmenè, if thou lov'st true ;  
Go and fetch a boat, now do ;  
'Handsome let its boatmen be,  
To pull the oars for thee and me.'

THE BULGARIAN GIRL.

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 425.)

LONG years a doz'n I toiled and moiled,  
Within Stambouli's workshops ;  
Sequins a thousand there I earned,  
Piastres earned five hundred ;  
All of them in one night I spent,  
With one Bulgarian damsel.  
Give me, O Bulgar, back my coins,  
And give me back my sequins !<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Ἡγούμενος, Hegumenos, or Abbot.

<sup>b</sup> This Song recalls the story of that famous satire of Sappho's, in which she ridiculed her brother Charaxas for having spent all



## THE KLEPHTS.

(ZAMBELIOS, II., 45.)

To the hills the klephtës came,  
 Stealing horses was their game;  
 But no horses did they find,  
 So my little lambs they took,  
 Flocks of kids from 'neath my crook.  
 There they go, they go, they're gone!  
 O poor things, poor things, poor things!  
 Little lambkins mine,  
 Little goats of mine,  
*Vai!*<sup>a</sup>

They took from me my milk-pail new,  
 In which my flocks' sweet milk I drew;  
 They took from me my reed-pipe true—  
 From out my hand they took it, too.  
 There they go, they go, they're gone!  
 O poor things, poor things, poor things!  
 Little pipe of mine,  
 Little pail of mine,  
*Vai!*

My wether's gone, too, from the fold;  
 He had a fleece as bright as gold,  
 And horns of silver on his head.  
 There they go, they go, they're gone;

---

his profit on a cargo of wine with the beautiful Thracian hetaira, Doricha, usually called 'Rosycheeks' ('Ροδῶπις), once the fellow-slave of 'Æsop, the fable-writer,' and brought to Navkratis, at the eastern mouth of the Nile, by the Samian merchant, Zantes.—See ATHENÆUS, *Deipn.*, xiii. c. 69.

<sup>a</sup> *Bai!* an exclamation either of mere surprise, or of distress and dismay.

O poor things, poor things, poor things!  
Little flocks of mine,  
Little wether mine,  
    *Vai!*

*Panaghia*, I pray of thee,  
Punish all these klephts for me!  
Ay, and on them sudden fall;  
Take away their weapons all.  
In their strongholds punish them,  
Yea, and all the like of them.  
O poor things, poor things, poor things!  
Little flocks of mine,  
Little wether mine,  
    *Vai!*

*Panaghia*, if heard by thee,  
And thou smite the klephts for me;  
And again within the fold  
Comes my ram, with fleece of gold,  
I'll roast when comes next Easter round,  
The fattest lamb that can be found,  
Till from the spit it falls to ground!  
O poor things, poor things, poor things!  
Little flocks of mine,  
Little wether mine,  
    *Vai!*

Another version (KIND, *Anthologie*, I., 16) concludes as follows :

PANAGHIA, if heard by thee,  
And thou smite these klephts for me,  
A lamb I'll roast thee, I'll be bound,  
Till from spit it falls to ground.

And mid April's flowers so gay,  
 On St. George's holy day,  
 I will feast and eat my fill,  
 And rejoice with right goodwill.

*THE KLEPHT TURNED FARMER.*

*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 352.)

THE Klephtë's trade had Yianni left, and now would be  
 a farmer ;  
 His plough he made of figtree-wood, the yoke he made  
 of laurel ;  
 He made of bulrushes his team, an old spade was his  
 ploughshare ;  
 As for his goad, it was a stick, cut from a branch of  
 olive.  
 He sowed, and when the autumn came, he reaped his  
 corn nine measures.  
 The five he owed, and paid them back, three by the  
 Turks were taken,  
 The one, poor one, that's left to him, he to the mill  
 will carry.  
 He finds the clapper on the mill, and cut off is the  
 water ;  
 And while he makes the water run, and sets the mill  
 agoing,  
 The rats come out on every side, and gnaw his sack to  
 tatters.  
 ' I say, boo, boo, my little sack ! Ah me ! I am un-  
 lucky !'

And while he's twisting him his thread<sup>a</sup> to mend his  
torn sack's tatters,

A wolf comes out from t' other side, and kills and eats  
his donkey.

'I say, boo, boo, my donkey dear! Ah me! I am un-  
lucky!'

Away he goes and climbs a hill, and sits him in the  
sunshine;

And takes him off his breeches wide, to rid them of the  
vermin.

From high above an eagle swoops, and carries off his  
breeches.

'I say, boo, boo, O breeches mine! Ah me! I am un-  
lucky!'

He sets out down the hill again, and soon his children  
spy him.

'O *mána*, here *Affendi*<sup>b</sup> comes, and from the mill he's  
coming,

Without the sack, without the ass, and oh! without  
his breeches!'

Yannóva to the door came out—she for the flour was  
waiting—

And called to him: 'Come, hurry now! the cakes I  
must be kneading;

For hungry all the children are, and for their food  
they're screaming.'

'Now hold thy tongue, thou featherbrain!<sup>c</sup> I'm  
deafened with thy chatter;

For unbreeched home thou seest I've come, and come  
without the donkey!'

<sup>a</sup> Unspun yarn, which is dexterously twisted with the hands as  
required for use.

<sup>b</sup> See *above*, p. 162, n. <sup>a</sup>.

<sup>c</sup> Ζαλιάρικα, from Ζάλη, giddiness.



### CLASS III.

HISTORICAL FOLK-BALLADS :  
BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HISTORICAL  
MEMORIES ;  
*BYZANTINE, OTTOMAN, AND HELLENIC.*

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#### SECTION (I.)

BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF BYZANTINE  
MEMORIES.

---

*ANDRÓNIKOS AND HIS TWO SONS.*<sup>39</sup>

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THE Saracens are pillaging, the Arabs, too, are  
harrying ;

They're harrying Andrónikos, his wife, too, they take  
with them.

Nine months within her bosom then had she her baby  
carried ;

And in the prison brings it forth, and nurses it in  
feters.

Crumbs soaked in milk the mother takes, and these  
she gives her baby ;

The Emir's wife her baby feeds on crumbs of bread  
and honey ;

And thus to him his mother says : ' My son ! Andrónikos' son !'

Thus says to him the Emir's wife : ' My son ! and my Emir's son !'

When one year old he grasped a sword ; when two, a lance he wielded :

And ere his third year he had passed was held to be a hero.

Forth goes he, and his fame is great, and no one him can daunten,

Not even Peter Phocas ; no, nor even Nikephóras ;

Nor Petrotráchilos, who makes the earth and kosmos tremble ;

Nor Konstantínos does he fear, should he in fair fight meet him.

They lead to him his charger black ; at once he leaps and mounts him ;

His flank he touches with the spur, the hill they have ascended ;

And there the Saracens they find, their skill at leaping trying.

' Such leaps as those you're leaping, you, are only fit for women,

Not women who are barren yet, but women who are pregnant !

You nine black steeds among you have, with mine you ten may number.

Bind now my hands behind my back, with three-fold chains, too, bind them ;

And sew you up my little eyes with thread of three strands twisted ;

Upon my shoulders place a mass of lead that weighs  
three quintals ;

And circle, too, my ankles round with heavy iron  
fettters.'

They bind his hands behind his back, with triple  
chains they bind them ;

His eyelids they together sew with thread of three  
strands twisted ;

And they upon his shoulders place a weight of lead,  
three quintals ;

And circle, too, his ankles round with heavy gyves of  
iron.

When all this had they done to him, the Saracens thus  
hailed him :

' Ah ! baby boy, and younker bold, recover now thy  
freedom !'

To ope his eyes he then essays, the threefold threads  
are broken ;

His infant hands he does but move, the iron chains fall  
from them ;

His baby shoulders then he shrugs, the leaden weight  
has fallen ;

Twice only does he upwards bound, when from him  
fall the fettters ;

O'er the nine horses' backs he leaps, and on his own  
alights he ;

One touch he gives him of the spur, and on the plain  
they find them.

There calls to him his mother dear, and hails him from  
the window :

' My son, if to thy sire thou'dst go, tarry, that I may  
charge thee :

The tents of other men are red, a black tent is thy father's ;

Unless thou art adjured three times, do thou not quit thy saddle.'

And as she bade him, so he did, and just as she had charged him.

The tents of all the rest were red, the black tent was his father's.

Three times around it did he hie, but could no door discover ;

He gave its side a hearty kick, from outside inside came he.

Andrónikos beholds him then, and, coming forth, salutes him,

Invites him to dismount, and asks him many, many questions :

' Ah ! baby boy, and younker bold, now say who are thy kindred ?

Tell me of what stock thou art come, and say what is thy birthplace ?'

' If three times thou adjure me not, I will not leave my saddle.'

' If, youngster bold, I draw my sword, then well will I adjure thee !'

' And if thou shouldest draw thy sword, my sword can I not draw too ?'

' If, youngster bold, I seize my spear, then well will I adjure thee !'

' And if thou shouldest seize thy spear, my spear can I not seize too ?'

' Now may the sword I girded wear, which cuts both for- and backwards,

Be plunged within my heart if I should do thee any evil !'



The Emir he approaches, and vaults lightly from his saddle,

And then the Emir questions him, and asks him of his kindred ;

Asks him of what stock he is come, and asks him of his birthplace.

‘The Saracens were pillaging,’ etc. [here follows the story as above].

In tears is bathed Andrónikos as he on him now gazes.  
His folded hands he lifts to Heaven and thus his God he praises :

‘To Thee I praises give, sweet God, twice and three times I praise Thee,

I was a lonely sparrow-hawk, two sparrow-hawks have I now!’

‘O God, if I Thy creature am, Christ, grant me now this prayer :

Cause to appear before me now only a little army ;

Let there but sixty standards be, and men a hundred thousand !’

As if the youth had been a Saint, his prayer got heard and granted,

And there before him soon appeared the army he had asked for ;

Nor very small was it, nor yet was it a very large one,  
But sixty standards numbered it, and men a hundred thousand.

The many leaves upon the trees, the many stars of heaven,

The many wavelets of the sea, can only them outnumber.

He first attacked them in the rear, the centre soon was routed ;

And as he turned and followed them he met with  
Konstantino :

‘ Give heed, give heed, O Konstantine, or I may do  
thee damage !

My sword hilt burns within my hand, my sword, it  
flashes lightnings ;

My good right arm has not yet found that which may  
satisfy it !’

Then answers Konstantine the boy, and thus to him  
replies he :

‘ There are wild dogs in plenty here, do thou hie forth  
and slay them !’

Both to the onset spur their steeds, the bridles touch  
each other,

And meet the points of their two spears. They go to  
seek their father ;

They bend before him, kiss his hand, and take from  
him his blessing.

KOSTANTES.

*Amorgos.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., 646.)

THE King set forth to hunt one day, the King would go  
a-hunting,

With five-and-sixty noble lords, with eighty *pallikária*,  
And with the sons of Papanos, and with him Kostantino.

All day they scour the country round, but yet they find  
no quarry ;

And as the sun began to dip, two hours before the  
darkness,

A lion they approaching see, a lion see descending,

And shining was his noble head, like full moon shining  
brightly ;

His tail behind him he did lash, and twist in knots full  
sixty,  
By every knot there written was—‘Of you I fear not  
sixty!’  
Towards where Kostantë did stand, there went the lion  
roaring,  
And Kostantë avoided it, and rode away behind it.  
‘Turn, turn thy horse, O Kosta, now, and to the lion  
ride thee!’  
‘I am afraid, my lord and King, I fear that he’ll  
destroy me!’  
‘Now by the Holy Wood I hold, and by my charm I  
charge thee,  
And by Constantinople too, my Kosta, be not fearful!’  
With four strides has he reached the lion, with five has  
crushed and slain him.  
As many nobles as were there with jealous eye beheld  
him.  
‘O seest thou, our lord and King?—that Kostantino  
seest thou?—  
Seize thou upon him stealthily, and stealthily, too,  
bind him;  
And secretly imprison him within a tower of iron,  
In tower all of iron built, and with a lead roof  
covered.’  
And so one Easter Sunday gay, a glorious day of  
springtide,  
They secretly laid hold of him, and secretly they bound  
him,  
And secretly they shut him up within a tower of iron,  
A tower all of iron built, and with a lead roof covered.  
And as his father sat at meat, away in Babylonia,  
The wine, as he was drinking it, turned turbid in the  
winecup.<sup>40</sup>

‘Now know I that this day my son within a trap is  
taken ;  
Ensnared is he, and fettered too, and fast is held in  
prison !’  
Soon in the stirrup was his foot, he mounts and swiftly  
rides he ;  
His good black horse soon sets him down outside the  
tower of iron.  
One kick he gives the iron tower, and in and out goes  
freely ;  
His son he seizes by the hand, and to the King he  
leads him.  
‘O seest thou, my lord the King, seest thou this Kos-  
tantino ?—  
If thou shouldst do him any harm, or if thou shouldst  
destroy him,  
Then will I slay thee, O my King, yea, with thy queen  
I’ll slay thee,  
Constantinople town, that’s thine, with herds of swine  
I’ll fill it !’

SIGRÓPOULOS.<sup>41</sup>

*Kappadocia.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., 718.)

ALL day long does Andrónikos his sons thus warn and  
counsel :  
‘My boys, if you a-hunting go, mind you go not down  
yonder ;  
Sigrópoulos has planted him, and there he men doth  
swallow.’  
But when the youths did hear of this, then had they  
great rejoicings.

They hunted and they hunted, and they went down  
over yonder,  
And went to see Sigrópoulos, and found him stitching  
harness.  
'Well doest thou, Sigrópoulë!' 'My lambs, you too  
are welcome!  
Fine china youths are you [I wot], with little hands of  
china!  
'Andrónikos' [nine] sons are we, his little hands are we  
too!  
'And I with good Andrónikos a bond of brotherhood  
made;  
A bond of brotherhood have we, and there's an oath  
betwixt us!  
'Andrónikos is dead and gone, the brotherhood is  
severed;  
Andrónikos is lost to us, lost is the oath betwixt ye!  
Andrónikos at table sat, there came to him a presage:  
The bread which in his hand he held grew hard as  
'twere a pebble;  
The wine which in his hand he held became like blood  
and troubled.<sup>40</sup>  
'Now somewhere in the world the Turks do sore  
oppress my children!  
Bring here to me my little staff, which weighs full forty  
litras;  
And bring to me my little sword, which forward cuts  
and backwards;  
And bring me here my good black horse, my young  
foal bring me hither!  
But if I by the dry land go, too late shall I o'ertake  
them,  
If by the marshy lands I go, I fear to sink beneath  
them.'

The sea he for his girdle donned, the heavens for his  
turban,  
The raven's wing for eyelashes, the upper and the  
under ;  
A thousand hours of ocean's length he in one hour had  
travelled.  
He went and found Sigrópoulos, laid down was he, and  
sleeping.  
' Oho ! Oho ! Sigrópoulë ! who liest down and sleepest !'  
' The crime was none of mine [I say], the crime it was  
thy children's.  
For thus they came and said to me—" Andrónikos has  
perished,  
The bond of brotherhood is broke, lost is the oath  
betwixt ye !"  
But let me to the bath to wash, and then come out and  
sun me !'  
He went into the bath and washed, and he came out  
and sunned him,  
Then vomited the nine youths he, all with their leathern  
trappings,  
Nine youths with all their armour girt, nine youths  
with leathern trappings ;  
There only lacked of Konstantine one of his little  
fingers.

*YIANNAKOS, OR THE ASSASSINATED  
HUSBAND.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 481.)

THE fame that Yiannakós enjoyed—a lovely wife he'd  
married,  
Who slender was, and who was tall, and who had thick  
dark eyebrows,

And white as swan's was her fair neck, her eyes like  
eyes of partridge—

To set forth caused Syrópoulos from Yiánnakos to  
take her.

As on the road alone he went, to God he said a prayer,  
That he might Yiánnakos surprise upon his mattress  
lying,

Barefooted and ungirded too, clad only in his singlet.  
And as he prayed, so it fell out; for Yiánnakos was  
sleeping.

'Health, joy to thee, O Yiánnikë, I wish thee health,  
good-morrow.'

'Syrópoulë, thou welcome art, now eat and drink thou  
with me.'

'I came not here to eat and drink, I came here for thy  
fair one;

Give her to me of thy free will, thy life if thou dost  
love it.'

'To keep my head in safety, I five fair ones good would  
give thee;

I'd give to thee my mother first, I'd give thee my two  
sisters:

For fourth one I'd my cousin give, my much bepraised  
cousin;

I'd last of all my crowned one give, she who of all is  
envied.'

But, as he spoke, ran Yiánnakos, he ran his sword to  
fetch him;

Ill-fated man! he reached it not, before his head went  
rolling.

KONSTANTSÍNO AND BLACK YIANNI.

*Kappadocia.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., 722.)

WHAT mother, say, what mother now is like to this  
good mother,  
Who has for sons nine gallant youths, who has, too,  
their nine bridelings,  
Who cradles, too, within her house, nine babies of her  
kindred?<sup>10</sup>  
And who has round her shoulders hung nine poor and  
childless widows.  
'O mother mine, now bake us bread, O mother mine,  
and biscuits,  
For I and my eight brothers here have to the wars  
been summoned.'  
'With sorrow have I kneaded them, and with my tears  
have rolled them;  
And with my sad and heavy sighs I've in the oven  
placed them.'  
Eight of the brothers mounted then, but Konstantsíno  
waited.  
'Mount thou, my son Konstántsinë, for gone are thy  
eight brothers.'  
'My mother, ridden much have I, and far have gone  
for freedom;  
And should I ride as much again, again when will you  
see me?  
Mother, thy daughter-in-law go bring, the little  
Margarita,  
And let us kiss but once or twice, the third kiss us  
shall sever.'



Five kisses gives he to his horse, and ten gives to his  
dear one,  
And ere she said, 'My blessing take!' nine hills had he  
passed over.  
But there was yet one little hill which one stride would  
not cover.  
A fair-haired maiden there he asked, who all in tears  
was drownéd,  
'Now may I, maiden, ask of thee—do travellers pass  
by here?'  
'Eight travellers have just passed by, as if there were  
another,  
For backwards did they ever look—there still should  
be another.'  
'Now may I, maiden, ask of thee how I may overtake  
them?'  
'If thy black horse become a bird, if thou become a  
swallow,  
Then mayst thou reach Black Yianni's, on his threshing-  
floor o'ertake them.'  
'Black Yianni! bring forth wine to us, pour out that  
we may drink it!'  
'I for thy brothers eight have yet one single jar not  
opened,  
But I for little Konstantsine nine jars will gladly  
open.'  
One jar is broached and empty found, but full is found  
the second;  
He opens, too, the middle one, it holds a foul snake's  
poison.  
He fills, and drinks Black Yianni, and he gives, too, to  
the others.  
So died Black Yianni there and then, gave up the ghost  
the others,

And Konstantsíno's wife beloved saw in her sleep a vision.

'Mother, last night in dream I saw, and in a vision, mother,

I saw that here within our house, and outside in the courtyard,

Through every chamber of the house a golden tree did wander.

Thou, mother, wert thyself its roots, thy nine sons were its branches,

Its leaves, they thy descendants were, and men would fain them scatter.'

*THE VAMPIRE.*<sup>42</sup>

(PASSOW, LXVIII.)

THERE came to the good mother's child, and to the widow's daughter,

From Babylon a go-between in marriage to demand her.

Her seven brothers all say nay, but Konstantine is willing.

'Why should we not wed Areté, my mother, with the stranger?'

'But who will bring her back to me, that I may see my daughter?'

'I, I will bring her back again, and thou shalt see thy daughter ;

Twice in the winter shall she come, and three times in the summer.'

When Areté was wedded thence, within a foreign country,

Then died her seven brothers all, and Konstantine was murdered.

The mother sat all sad and lone, a reed upon the meadow ;

By night and day she grieved and wept, she wept upon the tombstone,

And tore her hair for Konstantine, for her beloved Kosta.

‘ Arise, arise, O Konstantine, arise, and bring her to me, And keep the promise thou hast made that thou to me wouldst bring her—

Twice in the winter she should come, and three times in the summer !’

And God has heard her weeping sore, and listened to her sorrow :

The tombstone cold a horse becomes, and the black earth a saddle ;

The worms are changed to Konstantine, who goes to fetch his sister.

‘ A happy meeting, Areté !’ ‘ My Konstantine, thou’rt welcome.’

‘ Come, Areté, let us depart—and let us go back home-wards.’

‘ Tell me if ’tis for joy I go, and in my best I’ll dress me ;

Or if for evil ’tis I go, I’ll go as thou hast found me.’

‘ Come, Areté, let us depart—come just as I have found thee.’

As they were riding on the road, they heard a birdie warbling :

‘ O God, who art all-powerful, a wonder great Thou workest ;

That those who are alive should walk with those who have been buried.’

‘ O listen, listen, Konstantine, to what the bird is saying !’

'Tis but a bird, so let him sing; a songster, let him twitter.'

And by the path, as on they rode, again the bird was singing:

'O God, who art all-powerful, a wonder great Thou workest;

That those who are alive should walk with those who have been buried!'

And Areté, who'd heard his song, which rent her heart in twain, cried:

'O listen, listen, Konstantine, to what the bird is saying!'

'Tis but a bird, so let him sing; a songster, let him twitter.'

And as they went along the road, and near the town were drawing:

'Go on before, my Areté—go enter in our dwelling; And I will go and sleep awhile, for I'm o'ercome with slumber,

And sorely wearied am I too, and tired with my long journey.'

'Come, Konstantine, within the house now let us go together.'

'I smell of incense, sister dear; with you I cannot enter.'

Once more within her home arrived, she joyful hails her mother:

'I'm glad to see thee, *mana* mine!' 'My Areté, thou'rt welcome.

But whom hast thou come home to see? Wouldst see thy eight tall brothers?

Ah! they are dead, the seven are dead, and Konstantine is murdered.'

‘Why, mother, now, our Konstantine to my old home  
has brought me!’  
Then tightly they embraced and kissed, the mother and  
the daughter;  
And they were left, those two forlorn, all sad those two  
and lifeless:  
And they, too, hid beneath the earth, the soil all spider-  
woven.

*SIR PORPHÝRO.*<sup>43</sup>

*Kappadocia.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., 723.)

A WIDOW-WOMAN bore a child, the widow decked her  
baby,  
The widow-woman suckled him, and called him Sir  
Porphýro.  
A girdle when indoors he wore, without a chain he  
girded;  
And when he met with three or four he in the street  
thus boasted:  
‘Should they provoke me very much, I’ll seize upon the  
kingdom!’  
And when the King did hear him call, and heard his  
angry boasting,  
He soldiers sent, and quick they came, and standard-  
bearers hastened.  
And when Porphýro heard of it, he made himself a  
shepherd.  
He took a thousand sheep with him, and took of lambs  
five hundred,  
And led them forth to graze and feed in lone and desert  
places.

‘ Now let me ask thee, shepherd lad, hast thou seen here Porphýro ?’

‘ Porphýros many here there are, now which Porphýro seek ye ?’

‘ The one who is the Widow’s Son, Armenian are his kindred.’

‘ Then I that same Porphýro am, what business with me seek ye ?’

While thus they spoke him face to face a crowd behind him gathered.

‘ Now let them seize this Porphýro, and let them bind his elbows !’

Then on Porphýro did they seize, and bound his arms together ;

With twofold irons they fastened him, with threefold chains they bound him ;

And threw they on his body too the snake, the snake three-headed.

‘ Through all the towns now let me pass, through Nicea do not lead me,

A fair-haired maiden there I love, she’ll see me, and ’twill grieve her.’

But passed they by the towns each one, and through Nicea led him.

And when the maiden heard of it, then hastened she to meet him.

‘ Porphýro, where are now thy words, and where is now thy boasting,

Thou who didst say thus vauntingly—“ I all the world can conquer !” ’

‘ The world is all unconquered yet, and no one yet has won it.

They win the mountains, and the hills, and all the fearsome sea-coast ;

And win they, too, the black, black graves, the white  
 shroud is their booty.'  
 'And if these men should now be Turks, then woe's  
 for me and thee too ;  
 And if again they Romeots be, then may we both be  
 joyful.'  
 They took him and went on their way; they took him  
 and passed onward.  
 At going out he slaughtered them, at coming in he slew  
 them;  
 And of the thousands that had come he left not one  
 remaining.  
 'Let me not see thee, Porphýro, may not the world  
 delight thee !  
 Do thou one blind man only leave, an only son, or  
 cripple,  
 That he may to our mothers go to tell the chilling  
 tidings !'

### *DÍGENËS AND HIS MOTHER.*

*Crete.*

(JEANNARAKI, p. 276.)

ON every third November, and each twenty-third of  
 April,  
 A festival they celebrate in great St. George's honour.  
 The maiden whose this feast-day is, and who the mass  
 has paid for,  
 Must neither eat, nor must she drink, nor must she yet  
 be joyful,  
 And sheep three hundred there they slay, of goats kill  
 full five hundred.  
 Nine villages do they invite, and *pallikárs* in thousands.  
 'O eat and drink, my brave boys all, but yet be ever  
 watchful,

Lest Charon come and find us here, and fall on, and  
disperse us ;

And take the men with him for sword, and take the  
youths for poniard !'

The words had hardly left his mouth, when Charon  
came towards them.

' Who here an arm of iron has, and legs and feet of  
steel has,

To wrestle let him come with me, on a threshing-floor  
of iron !'

And none to him an answer gives, or says that he'll go  
with him ;

But Dígenēs, the Widow's Son, comes forward at the  
challenge.

' I have an arm of iron then, and legs and feet of steel,  
too,

With thee to wrestle I will go on a threshing-floor of  
iron !'

They go and fight, and struggle sore, from morning  
until evening,

And Dígenēs' dear mother there is by his side still  
standing ;

Three kinds of wine are in her hand, she holds three  
kinds of poison ;

And if her Dígenēs should win, the wine she'll pour out  
for him ;

And if he should not win the day, the poison she will  
swallow.

Each grasps the other in his arms, they fiercely pant  
and wrestle,

And where they tread and where they turn the pave-  
ment creaks beneath them.

Long time they wrestle, but as yet not one has thrown  
the other,



And Charon thinks within himself, by treachery he'll  
conquer.

Then trips he up [young] Dígenës, and on the ground  
he throws him,

And his poor mother, left forlorn, the draught of poison  
swallowed!

*THE DISCARDED WIFE.*<sup>41</sup>

*Kappadocia.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., 719.)

FOR one whole year and five full months sick lay he,  
my Akritis;

And for the flesh of lambs he longed, the milk of black  
sheep fancied.

'If I for it the servant send—slow-footed is the  
servant.

I who am fleet will go myself, bide, and return to-  
morrow.'

And when unto the hill I came, and to the ruined castle,  
And when I had the lamb's flesh got, and milked the  
black sheeps' udders,

And when I'd found a deer-hide strap to sling them  
o'er my shoulder,

Then came there one who said to me; 'They've ta'en  
away thy husband.'

And then another came and said: 'They're blessing  
thy beloved.'

'If him they've ta'en, what shall I wear? if blessed,  
how shall I dress me?

His bridesmaid now let me become, and let me hold  
the garlands.'

'And hast thou feet to stand upon, and hast thou  
hands to hold them?

Hast thou the firmness and the heart to utter the responses ?'

' Yea, I have feet to stand upon, and I have hands to hold them,

And I've the firmness and the heart to utter the responses.'

She mingled with the company from morning until evening ;

Then sat her down, and cut up there full two and forty pieces ;

And fastened to her fingers fine full two-and-forty tapers.

The servants walk in front of her, and servants walk behind her,

And servants walk on either side ; she joins the wedding party.

The *Papás* saw, and silent stood, amazed stood the deacons ;

The Prior, when he her did see, then lost he his Evangel.

' Chant, *Papá*, chant as thou art wont, be not amazed, O Deacons !

And do thou, too, O Prior, chant, nor lose thou thy Evangel.'

' See, Dummy, see ! See, Dummy, see ! Thy fingers ten are burning !'

' Dumb woman none am I for you, nor " Dummy " need you call me ;

It was but yesterday you came, to-day we hear you speaking !'

' *Papá*, do thou remove the crowns, and place them on my first one.'

' Mother, I saw in dream last night, and with my faults, my mother,

That I a golden cross did kiss, again a bride became I.  
 ' Let May but come, let May but come, when comes  
     again the Darling,  
 I'll sprigs of honeysuckle take, and twine them in my  
     tresses,  
 Then will I wed, then will I wed, with fire will I thy  
     heart burn !'

*THE ENCHANTED DEER.*<sup>45</sup>

*Eubœa.*

(PANDORA, 15.)

ON Tuesday Dígenës was born, and he must die on  
 Tuesday.  
 He to invite his friends begins, and bids, too, all the  
 Heroes ;  
 Minas<sup>a</sup> will come and Mavralís, the Dráko's son is  
 coming,  
 And Tremantáheilos<sup>b</sup> will come, who shakes the earth  
 and kosmos.<sup>c</sup>  
 They go together and they find him lying on the meadow.  
 ' Where hast thou been, O Dígenës, that thou art now  
 a-dying ?'  
 ' O eat, my friends, eat, eat and drink, for I am going  
 to leave you ;  
 On Alamána's<sup>d</sup> mountains high, o'er Arapía's meadows,  
 Where once not e'en ten men came out, nor even five  
 were passing,

<sup>a</sup> The Armenians have a saint of this name, who, like the Moslem Khidhr, comes to the assistance of those who invoke him, whether on land or sea.

<sup>b</sup> Literally, ' Trembling lips.'

<sup>c</sup> Compare *Il.* xiii. 18. ' And the high hills trembled, and the woodland, beneath the immortal footsteps of Pôseidon.'

<sup>d</sup> A fortified bridge near the town of Zitúnos, where Diacus was captured.

They come by fifties—hundreds now, and pass by with  
their weapons.

And I, unhappy man, came out, came out on foot and  
arméd.

Three hundred bears my hand has slain, and sixty lions  
conquered ;

But I th' Enchanted Deer pursued, pursued and sorely  
wounded,

That wears upon his horns a cross, a star upon his fore-  
head ;

And bears between his antlers proud, between his  
tynes the Virgin.

That crime has filled my measure full, and now I am  
a-dying.

Here in this upper world I've lived, I've lived years full  
three hundred,

And none of all the heroes bold e'er daunted or dis-  
mayed me.

But now I have a Hero seen, unshod, on foot, and  
arméd,

One who in broidered robe was drest, and in whose  
eyes were lightnings.

I with my eyes did him behold, and sore my heart was  
wounded ;

That stricken Deer's my fatal crime, and now I am  
a-dying.'

*TSAMATHÒS AND HIS SON.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 460.)

AMONG the plane-trees of St. George,<sup>a</sup> a merry feast  
they're keeping,

Dances on this side and on that, and songs, and music  
playing.

<sup>a</sup> St. George's Church or Monastery.

A thousand sheep from first to last they for the feast  
are roasting.  
'O eat and drink, I say, my boys, and dance and sing  
full gaily,  
And let not Tsamathòs come here, let him not come  
and fright us !'  
But hardly had the words been said, when Tsamathòs  
approached them,  
As he came out from 'mid the hills and to the feast  
descended.  
He strode, the hills with fear did quake, he called, rent  
were the forests.  
And on his shoulder as he came, he bore a tree up-  
rooted ;  
And from the branches of the tree were many wild  
beasts hanging.  
Then suddenly the dancing stopped, upset were all the  
tables,  
And to one side withdrew the folk, and stood in fear  
and trembling.  
'Who here a breast of marble has ? and who has hands  
of iron ?  
Let him to wrestle with me come on the threshing-  
floor of marble !'  
But not a man of them was found, not one himself who  
offered,  
Saving the Widow's Son alone, the Widow's nimble  
youngster,  
Forward to come and wrestle there on the threshing-  
floor of marble.  
Beneath the tread of Tsamathòs the marble floor sank  
lower ;  
And where the youngster placed his feet, it sank, and  
disappeared.

Where fell the blows of Tsamathòs the red blood  
flowed a river ;  
And where the youngster's blows did fall, the bones  
were cracked and broken.  
' Stay then, I say, lithe youngster, stay, I'd ask of thee  
a question—  
What *skýla* mother did thee bear, and who was then  
thy father ?'  
' My mother, when a widow left, birth to me had not  
given ;  
But to my father like am I, and I will yet surpass him !'  
Then Tsamathòs did seize his hand, away with him did  
hasten  
To seek the mother of the youth, to learn where was  
her dwelling.  
The Widow watched them as they came, and set a  
table ready.  
And as they ate, and as they drank, the Widow filled  
their wine-cups.  
She filled her son's with rosy wine, but Tsamathòs' with  
poison.

THE WIDOW'S CASTLE.

*Kaḗpadocia.*

(*Δελτίον*, I., 727.)

DOWN by the Theologian's kirk, Aghio Yiánni,  
There is many a castle, and both small and great,  
Like the Widow's Castle, castle ne'er I've seen ;  
Double built, and treble, it is built of gold,  
Nailed with nails of silver, like to Paradise.  
Turks to seize upon it for twelve years have sought,  
But they could not take it, all abandoned it.  
'Mong themselves the soldiers thus did then dispute :  
' If I take the castle, what shall be my boon ?'

' Fifty young men thou shalt as thy servants have,  
 Many beauteous maidens thou shalt have for slaves.'

' Ope to me, my Márrou, let the stranger in !'  
 Opened to him Márrou, let the stranger in.  
 In the stranger's footsteps trod a thousand more.  
 Seized they upon Márrou, held her by her hair.  
 Up the towers she mounted, this lamentation made :  
 ' Woe, woe for me the stranger, and the desolate !'

*THE BEAUTY'S CASTLE.*<sup>46</sup>

(KIND, *Avθ.*, 30.)

OF all the Castles I have seen, or dreamt that there  
 could be,

A Castle like the Beauty's was ne'er seen nor dreamt  
 by me.

It forty towers has round about, that all of silver are,  
 And other forty-five there are from which to fight in  
 war.

The Turks a dozen years or more war 'gainst the Castle  
 make,

But they the Beauty's Castle high have ever failed to  
 take.

A Turk then, young and full of guile, who was of  
 Konieh breed,

Hies him unto the Sultan, and before him thus doth  
 plead :

' O say, my lord the Sultan, say, what then would be  
 my fee ?'

' A thousand sequins and a horse then will I give to  
 thee,

Two swords of silver, good in war, thy guerdon too  
 shall be.'

' Thy silver do I not desire, nor do I want thy gold,

Nor do I want thy war-horse fleet, nor want I sword to hold;

I only want the maiden fair, whom walls of glass enfold.'

'If thou the Castle shouldst take, I'll give her too to thee.'

A little monk becomes he, then, a cassock black dons he,

Then sobbing, trembling, tottering, he goes unto the door,

And on his knees a-weeping, he the Beauty doth implore:

'O open, open Beauty's door, now do thou open wide!

Door of the Queen, now open, and door of the Black-eyed!

'You, you a little Moslem are, a Turk of Konieh you!

Go, or my men will kill thee; go, or they will hang thee, too!

'Now, by the Cross, my lady fair, and by the Virgin dear,

No man am I of Konieh, nor Turk that thou shouldst fear;

I'm but a little Christian monk, come from my hermitage,

O give me of your pity now, my hunger to assuage.'

'Give you to him a loaf of bread, and speed him on his way!

'O lady fair, thy church within, fain would I kneel to pray!

O open, open, Beauty's door, now do thou open wide,

Door of the Queen, now open thou, and door of the Black-eyed!

'Well, throw ye down to him the hooks, and draw ye him up here.'

'O see you not my cassock old and rotten is?—'twould tear!