

'The net^a then lower ye down to him, that in it mount
may he.'

'Ah, not the net, my lady fair, for I should giddy be!
The gate is half-way openéd—filled is the courtyard,
see!

Some fall upon the silver white, some with the gold
make free;

Into the glass tower, where the maid is sitting, rushes
he;

The maiden, when she sees him, flings herself into the
sea.

THE WAGER.

Peloponnesus.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 551.)

THE King and Yiánno made a bet, they laid a heavy
wager;

The King his goods and treasure staked, but e'en his
life staked Yiánno.

And all the nobles said to him, the nobles all advised
him:

'Yianno, beware! stake not thy life, for fear that thou
shouldst lose it!'

'Yea, but I fain my life would stake, for of my life I'm
weary.

Máro no longer smiles on me, no smile for me has
Máro;

And Máro is an orphan now, and she is under wardship.
A dish of pearls he^b sent to her, he sent a dish of sequins.

'The King his greetings sends to thee, and thy sweet
eyes he kisses.'

^a This mode of ingress and egress is still in use at the *Metéora* monasteries, and I was myself, on visiting them, thus drawn up, an exceedingly feeble old monk working the windlass.—ED.

^b The King.

‘If as a loan he sends them me, I will return them twofold ;

But if he sends them as a gift, I for his grace do thank him.’

‘He does not send them as a loan, that twofold you return them ;

Nor does he send them as a gift, that for his grace you thank him ;

But them he sends that you and he sleep for one night together.’

‘My golden slave, my silver slave, my silver slave and golden,

Put thou, my slave, my garments on, and give to me thy garments ;

At even there will come the King, and ye will sleep together ;

E’en should he cut thy finger off, beware thou speak not, *skýla!*

Nor should he all thy hair cut off, see, *skýla*, that thou speak not!’

When in the morn they rose again, and with their fill of slumber,

There came a messenger with news, Maróudia’s doorway sought he.

‘Máro, thy Yiánno they have seized, and they are going to hang him!’

‘If ’tis for theft they’re hanging him, him let not God deliver ;

But if they hang him wrongfully, then him may God deliver.’

Her little shoes did she put on, through bye-ways did she hasten,

Then paused, and pondered what to do, and set her wits in order.

'Where I am bound, what shall I say? and how shall
 I salute them?—
 Now may your years be many, Turks! *Papas*, I bend
 before you!
 Give you good day, O *Archontës*! the same to you,
 O Merchants!
 Look if my hand a finger lacks, if one long tress is
 lacking.
 He dallied with my slave alone, and now as slave
 I hold him!
 Come down from off thy throne, O King, that on it
 may sit *Yiánno*!
Yiánno's the equal of a King, the equal of a Sultan!'

*KOSTANTAS.^a**Kourenton.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 479.)

O HAVE you heard what yesterday did late at evening
 happen?
 A robber did they capture, and a klepht was he in
 secret,
 Who to the maidens fair gave chase, and to the noble
 maidens.
 O seize ye him, the robber seize! O seize ye him, the
 brigand,
 And with an untamed buffalo to the yoke do ye now
 bind him,
 To carry down the marble white from out the marble
 mountain,
 To build the church of *Haghià Sofià*, the spacious
 Monastery;
 Which two and sixty bells will have, and cells two and
 four hundred;

^a This is evidently not the Konstantine of the *Andronikos* cycle above mentioned.

And every cell its *sýmandro*^a and every cell its deacon.⁵⁴
There looked a noble maiden forth from out a splendid
window,
And gazed she upon Kóstanta, as he the cart was
drawing.
'Now softly, softly, Kóstanta, and don't distress the
cattle.
A buffalo's worth golden coin, and thou no coin art
earning.
The buffalo must take his way where there is mud and
water,
And Konstantino by his side upon the stony pavement.'
'What dost thou, beauteous lady, say? what say'st
thou, noble maiden?
Am I not he who brought to thee carnations red and
apples?
Am I not he who oft has kissed thee on thy lips so
ruddy?
Art thou not she who gave to me her kisses without
number?'

THE CAPTURE OF THE PRIEST'S
DAUGHTER.

Crete.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THE Saracens have sallied forth, and all the Isles they
pillage;
And Crete's fair Island did they seize when made they
their first foray,
They captive made and led away the Primate's eldest
daughter;
And five Pashas are guarding her, six company still
bear her,

^a The suspended plank which, struck with a mallet, is often used
in lieu of a bell in Greek churches.

And eighteen Janissaries who will lead her to the Sultan :

‘ Accept, O noble Padishah, the gift that Crete hath sent thee !’

Swift flies the news, and crosses soon the threshold of the Primate :

‘ Keep up thine heart, O Bishop mine, be patient, O my Primate !—

The Saracens have carried off thy daughter, thy María !’

When heard this news the Primate priest, his heart did sink within him ;

At once he doth his raiment sell, he selleth, too, his horses,

His houses of two stories, too, with courtyards paved with marble.

Three mules are laden with the gold, and laden with the silver ;

And down to the sea-coast he comes, and thus unto them calls he :

‘ O vessels mine, towards the shore now wear a little nearer ;

I’ll give a thousand her to see, to speak to her, a thousand ;

And fourteen thousand will I give to take with me my daughter !’

‘ The maid for ten we will not give, nor yet for your two thousand ;

She’s destined for a youth to kiss, for a pasha’s embraces.’

The streets he with his tears doth fill, the quays with lamentations.

‘ O go, dear Father, go thou home, return thou to thy courtyard.

If thou hast silver, take thine ease, if sequins, do thou
hoard them.'

'Thou'rt leaving us, my daughter dear, and giv'st thou
me no message?'

'What shall I, father, say to thee, what message shall
I give thee?—

My greetings to my mother dear, and to my two dear
sisters,

But to the youngest of them all do thou not give my
greeting,

Because she laid a curse on me at all the year's three
feast-days—

One at the Annunciation was, the second on Palm
Sunday,

The third it was on Easter Day, the day of Christ's
Arising—

That I be to a Turk betrothed, and that a Turk should
kiss me,

That I be wedded to a Turk, and by a Turk embracéd.
And true it is he was a Turk, a Turk, too, did they call
him.

And I on golden carpets tread, on golden stool I seat
me,

And wipe the tears that fill mine eyes with gold em-
broidered kerchief.'

THE HUSBAND'S SALE OF HIS WIFE.⁴⁷

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

A MANNIE, a wee man there was who had for wife a
beauty;

Unjustly he was called upon to pay nine thousand
aspras,

Three thousand gold and silver coins, of fine white
pearls three thousand,

Three thousand, too, of rubies red, such as are worn by
nobles.

He sells his vineyards with their yield, and those that
have been vintaged ;

He sells his fields unharvested, those, too, that have
been garnered ;

His mills three stories high he sells, together with their
millers ;

And yet all these do not suffice, so to his good-wife
goes he :

‘ O comb thee with thy golden comb, my love, for I
must sell thee !’

‘ O sell me not, *Affendi* mine, make not of me a
bargain ;

I’ll sell my velvet dresses now, they’ll fetch nine hundred
aspras.’

But yet these did not him suffice, and to his dear one
went he :

‘ O comb thee with thy golden comb, my love, come, I
must sell thee !’

He leads her by the hand away, to the bazaar he brings
her :

‘ O I’ve a lovely one for sale, and she’s a fair-haired
lassie !’

But no one made a bid for her, a word did no one utter,
Only the little Konstantine, the little Konstantino,
And he thus answer made to him, and unto him thus
spake he :

‘ Tell me—so mayst thou, Stumpy, live—for how much
wilt thou sell her ?’

‘ Two hundred for her little eyes, and for her lips five
hundred ;

But of her body angel-like the price cannot be reckoned.
He leads her by the hand away, and takes her to his
chamber,

And toys with and caresses her, and many kisses gives
her.

A little bird had perched close by, and sat upon the
window ;

He sang not as a bird doth sing, and like the other
birdies,

But with a human voice he spake, with human voice he
warbled :

‘ O see this wonder that befalls in the house of Kon-
stantino !—

A brother doth a sister kiss upon her eyes and eye-
brows !’

‘ O dost thou hear, Sir Konstantine, what sings that
little birdie ?’

‘ ’Tis but a bird, so let him sing, a birdie, let him
warble !’

Again the birdie warbled forth, again the same song
sang he :

‘ O see the wonder that befalls in the house of Kon-
stantino !—

A brother doth a sister kiss upon her eyes and eye-
brows !’

‘ O dost thou hear, Sir Konstantine, what sings that
little birdie ?’

He took her hand within his own, and to the dwarf he
brought her :

‘ Take now thy wife again to thee, take, Stumpy, back
thy dear one ;

The *aspras* that I’ve given thee, they are my sister’s
dowry !’

THE SLAVE.

(PASSOW, CCCCLXCI. A.)

My Master bade me pour the wine and fill for him the
 winecup ;
 And once again and oft I filled, and many songs I sang
 him,
 Till, weary grown, my trembling hand the cup could
 hold no longer.
 It fell not on the marbled floor, nor on the pebbled
 pavement,
 It fell on my *Affendi's* lap, and in my Lady's apron.
 Sore wrathful waxed my Master then, and he would go
 and sell me ;
 And criers he sent round about in all the neighb'ring
 country :
 ' Who wants to buy a handsome slave, to pour wine for
 his drinking ?'
 ' O sell me not, *Affendi* mine, make not of me a bargain ;
 For am I not thy handsome slave, and thy experienced
 servant ?'
 ' But I shall sell thee now, my slave, and make of thee
 a bargain.'
 ' It is not just, *Affendi* mine, to such a *pallikari* ;
 For I am known of all the world, and everybody knows
 me !'
 ' Go, go, my slave, good luck to thee ; but come thou
 never nigh me !'

HELIOYENNETI AND KHANTSERI.⁴⁸

Aï-Donáto (Souli).

(ARAVANDINOS, 446.)

YOUNG Hántseri faired gaily forth, for he was going
hunting,

But homeward he returned again, without his heart and
witless.

'My mother, at my heart's a pain; and in my head, my
mother;

And cruel pangs have seized on me; I'll die before the
evening!'

'My son, hast at thy heart no pain, nor in thy head,
my Hánts'ri;

Hast only seen Helióyenni, and so thou art distracted.
I'll send the scribes to her for thee, and I will send the
bishops,

That they may write the dowry down, and gentlemen
I'll send her.'

They went, and there they stood and knocked, knocked
at her lordly portal.

Helióyenni sat in her hall, five hundred slaves around her,
Some dressed in garments of the blue, and others of
the yellow;

In blue, in azure blue they sat, you'd call them noble
maidens.

She asked the envoys who they were, and what it was
they wanted.

'We're come from Hántseri, to say, he for his wife
would take you.'

'His body I'd not even have for horseblock in my
courtyard,

For men to mount their horses from, and mules around
it tether;

Nor would I have his little eyes as loop-holes for my
castle.'

When word is brought to Hántseri, it sorely, sorely
grieves him.

He loads a mule with golden coin, and to a Witch he
hies him.

And when she on his countenance sees grief and sick-
ness written,

Thus searchingly she questions him, she questions him
and asks him:

'Say, have the brigands set on fire thy cornfields and
thy castle?

Or have they slain thy brother now, thy brother best
belovéd?

'They've neither burnt my castle, dame; nor have I
yet a brother;

But I have see Helióyenni, and I am faint and dying.'

'Now go, and take thee Frankish clothes, and dress in
woman's garments,

And hie thee, hie thee then to her, and knock thou at
her portal.'

'Who art thou who art knocking with my portal's rings
of iron?'

'Tis I. I am thy cousin, come to thee from Aï-Donáto.^a
My mother dear has sent me here to learn the gold to
broider.'

'O welcome art thou, cousin mine, who com'st from
Aï-Donáto.'

And lovingly she kissed her then, and locked in tight
embraces,

^a This phrase has become proverbial in Ioannina, where a distant
relation is called 'Your cousin from Aï-Donato'—'ἡ εξαδερφή σου
ἀπὸ τὸν Αἰ-Δονάτο.'

And tenderly she took her hand, and led her to the daïs,
And sat her down to teach her guest how she the gold
should broider;

Only a kindling flame she felt, she felt a flame un-
wonted.

And when the broidering was done she gave to her the
spindle.

'O what horrid customs you have here, you people in
this village;

The day long at the broiderery, the evening at the
spindle!'

The day was done, and evening fell, fast coming was
the darkness,

And Hántseri still was not seen, with musk so sweetly
scented,

With hounds around him in the fields, and filling all
the meadows.

'The night has come, Helióyenni, and fast the shades
are falling;

The cuckoos wend them to their nests, and to their
beds the reapers;

And I, poor homeless nestling, where shall I go for my
slumber?'

'O hush thee, hush thee, cousin mine, and sleep thou
with my servants.'

'The daughter of a king am I, I am of royal lineage;
So low am I descended now that I must sleep with
servants?'

'O hush thee, hush thee, cousin mine, and sleep thou
in my chamber.'

When they had slept, those two had slept, and when
the Sun had risen

Two bowshots high above the hills, and glittered on the
hoar-frost,

Then Hántseri his bed forsook, and hastened to his mother.

‘O mother, deck the windows now, throw all the doors wide open;

Helióyenni is coming here, and she will be your daughter.’

‘Go, go, my son, have thou no care, I will make all things ready;

All that is needed I’ll prepare, and will await her coming.’

And when the maiden understood and knew that her heart’s burning

Was what none else but Hántseri, he only could extinguish,

Then wildly she began to rave, and madly she discourséd:

‘O friends and servants all of mine, and damsels of my mother,

O light for me the tapers red, and light for me green candles,

For Hántseri is coming soon, and for his wife he’ll take me.’

Forth fareth Helióyenni, to Hántseri she’s going,
She’s going to his famous tower within Aïdona’s castle;
Bareheaded, naked, too, is she—a sad sight ’tis, right surely!

Upon the road, as on she goes, to enter in the castle,
She meets a woman who’s a Witch, a thousand-year-old woman,

Who thus accosts and asks of her, and in these words she asks her:

‘Who has at even seen the Sun, who has seen Stars at noontide?

Who has seen Helióyenni, a traveller on the highway,

Bareheaded, go, and naked, too?—a sad sight 'tis, right surely!

Go, maiden, go, and do thou knock at Hántseri's high portal.'

'Where hast thou seen young Hántseri, O Witch, that thou shouldst know him?'

'Who knoweth not the Sun in heaven, nor knows the Moon at even,

He only knows not Hántseri that is of Aī-Donáto.

Go, go, my girl, knock at his door, at that same door stand knocking.'

Then went up Helióyénneti, and at his door knocked loudly,

And all the windows saw she closed, and she began to call there:

'O ope to me, thou Witch's son, O thou of Witch's lineage,

Who with thy spells has causéd me to wander on the highways!

If this is of thy spells the work, then let me die this moment;

But if this be the work of God, then I will go back homewards.'

Then wakes from slumber Hántseri; he cries, then forth he hurries.

He finds the windows all are shut, and fastened all the portals,

He finds, too, Helióyenni; dead at his gate she's lying.

He draws then out a golden knife, which in his breast he buries;

And by fair Helióyenni he lays him down expiring.

The youth a slender reed becomes, a cypress-tree the maiden;

And when soft blows the southern wind, they bend and kiss each other;

And as the wayfarers pass by the fields of Ai-Donáto,
They cross themselves full piously, and sing this
lamentation :

‘ See them, the two, so few of days, who passed away
so quickly,
When living they had never kissed, but, dead, they kiss
each other !’

THE DECEIVED MAIDEN.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

WITH favouring gales astern of her, her sails filled by
the breezes,

The King’s brave ship rides proudly on, and swiftly on
is sailing ;

And all the city is agog, all Venice swarms with gazers ;
And hurry all the palace dames, and gaze from out the
windows ;

Young maids, and matrons, ancient dames, lean from
the windows gazing.

One pretty maid leaned out so far, that seen could be
her bosom.

The King’s son caught a glimpse of it, the Prince’s son
perceived it,

The noble youth had seen it well, he who had many
thousands.

He turns him, and he homeward hies, just like a
withered apple,

An apple, or a damson plum, or like a shrivelled raisin.
No fever had he, yet he burned ; no ague, yet he
shivered ;

Nor yet a headache e’en had he, but on his bed he laid
him.

His mother came and questioned him, and asked of him his sister :

‘ Ah now, what ails our dearest boy, and why is he so mournful ?’

‘ Mother, my soul ! Mother, my heart ! and oh ! my head, dear mother !

Ah mother, that dear maid I saw, let not another wed her !’

‘ My son, is she a washer-girl, or is she a flax-beater ? The daughter of a king is she, or is she a queen’s daughter ?’

‘ She, mother, is no washer-girl, and she is no flax-beater,

But, mother, a king’s child is she, a queen doth call her daughter.

And, mother, boots of gold has she worn ever since her christening,

Yea, boots of gold she’s ever worn, and slippers worn of silver ;

The border of her apron, too, is worth a city’s ransom. Nor city’s ransom only worth, but ransom of its people.’

‘ And if ’tis as thou say’st, my son, if ’tis as thou hast told me,

Send thou a dozen notaries, ten ’prentices send with them ;

Send eighteen learned scribes with them to write down all her dowry.’

Full forty days it took these men to mount her lordly staircase ;

And two and forty days besides, before they found the maiden.

On golden throne had she her seat, with golden apple played she,

And watched the messengers approach from out her
lofty window.

‘What are you seeking, scribes, and you, ye notaries
so many?’

‘Health, joy to thee, O lovely one! Health to thee,
mayst thou well be!’

The King has sent us here to thee, to ask of thee a
favour.

The King has sent us here to say that he for wife would
take thee!’

‘If me the King desires to wed, of him I’d ask one
favour,

That he for me the sea would drain, and sow with
wheat the bottom,

Not only wheat that he sow there, but wheat and with
it barley;

And in the middle of the field a threshing-floor he
build me;

And in the middle of the floor that he a spear set
upright,

And on the spear’s point let the youth a needle finely
balance,

And on the needle seat himself, yea, seat himself cross-
leggéd,

And then I may, or I may not, consent your lord to
marry.’

The King was waiting their return, his hands clasped
on his bosom.

‘Now welcome are you back, my scribes! my notaries,
you’re welcome!’

What kind of news have you me brought, what message
from my fair one?’

‘But sorry news we’ve brought, my King, how tell it
you, we know not:

If thou wouldst wed this maiden, King, this favour thou
must do her—

To go and dry the ocean up, and sow with wheat the
bottom,

Nor wheat alone must thou sow there, but thou must
sow, too, barley ;

And in the middle of the field set up a floor for
threshing ;

And in the middle of the floor thy spear, O King, plant
upright ;

And on the spear's point thou must poise a needle
nicely balanced,

And on the needle take thy seat, yea, on its point,
crosslegged.

And then she may, or she may not, consent, King, you
to marry.'

The King sent to the maiden word, that he would do
her pleasure,

And if his gold should not suffice he'd sell both horse
and saddle.

As on his horse he rode along, and to his lady's fared
he,

His steed that voiceless yet had been, found voice, and
thus addressed him :

'Let me, let me, my lord the King, let me give thee a
counsel—

Go, dress thee now in women's clothes, and ride thou
like a woman ;

Salute thou, as a woman does, the hour of day
according.'

'O health and joy to thee, my aunt ! Health, joy to
thee, my auntie !'^a

^a The maiden's mother is here evidently addressed.

‘ My niece, thou welcome art to me, and yet I do not know thee !’

‘ What says my little aunt to me ? what says to me my auntie ?—

We in far distant lands do live, and thus know not each other.

My mother is of Khaniá^a, my father of Stambóli;^b
My mother sent me here to thee to learn the gold to broider ;

Gold broid’ry and silk broid’ry too, and all that I may fancy.’

‘ Most gladly will I then, my eyes, teach thee the gold to broider,

Gold broid’ry and silk broid’ry, too, and all that thou may’st fancy.’

‘ The sun has to his setting gone, and fallen has the darkness ;

The birds betake them to their nests, the wild beasts to their covert,

And I, poor lonely little bird, where shall I bide at even ?’

‘ O hush thee, hush thee, now, my niece, with me thou’lt bide at even.’

‘ I curses from my parents have, if with an aunt I slumber.’

A few steps they together walked, when once more sang the stranger :

‘ The night has fall’n, the darkness come, closed have the shops their windows,

The maidens fair are safe at home, and to their slumbers going.

And I, poor lonely little bird, have nowhere to betake me.’

^a Canea in Crete.

^b Στημπόλι, Constantinople.

‘Thou hast, with me, my cousin dear, with me thou’lt
bide this even ;
I’ll have for us my mattress spread, which part is of
my dowry,
I’ll spread for thee the counterpane, that is with
feathers quilted ;
I’ll spread for thee my finest sheets, sheets that with
musk are scented ;
For finely broidered sheets have I, their hems all
stitched with silver ;
My pillows white I’ll place for thee, with wool filled of
the softest.’
They all night long together slept, they slept like two
sweet sisters ;
And near the dawning of the day like birdies wild did
slumber.
When morning came, the maid arose, a shrilly cry she
uttered,
‘O list to me, ye spinsters all ! ye, too, who’re married,
listen !
For now the noble’s sons have learnt in women’s robes
to dress them,
That maidens fair they may beguile, disguised as
female cousins !’



SECTION (II.)

BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OTTOMAN
MEMORIES.*THE SACK OF ADRIANOPOLE.*

(1361.)

(PASSOW, CXCIH.)

WALLACHIA'S^a nightingales lament, the birds in western
countries ;
They weep at morn, they weep at eve, and weep they
too at noontide,
They're weeping for the pillaged town, sore pillaged
Adrianople,
That at the year's three festivals the Turks despoil and
pillage.
At Christmastide they tapers take, the palms on Passion
Sunday,
And on the morn of Easter Day, break up our 'Christ
is Risen !'^b

THE DEATH OF KONSTANTINE DRAGÁSÈS.

(THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGOS.)

(1453.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND)

FLY, news, unto the Frankish lands, and speed to
Venice, tidings !

^a Wallachia here means Thrace, not the Trans-Danubian country now known by that name.

^b The Easter salutation between members of the Orthodox Church.

Constantinople they have seized, they've ta'en the
famous City,

And Galata they've taken too, they've taken the Fanári;

And St. Sofiá is taken too, the splendid monastery,

With its four hundred *sýmandras*,^a its bells full two and
sixty;

And every bell had its own priest, and every priest his
deacon.

Within it were five hundred nuns, and there were
monks a thousand.

Thousands of Turks had entered in, by the Románo
gateway.

And Konstantíno Dragasés is fighting like to Charon.

He strikes to right, and strikes to left, and naught can
stay his ardour;

Amid the Turks he throws himself, and death he sows
around him;

Like a dark cloud he falls on them, and no man can
escape him;

'Twould seem as he'd the Turks destroy, and save Con-
stantinople;

Until a Turk, a stalwart Turk, at last slew Kon-
stantíno.

O weep, my brothers, weep amain, weep for the
orphan'd city!

Our Konstantíno they have slain, slain him who was
our standard.

Haste, brothers, to the Patriarch, and pray that he
come hither,

And bring the holy censers too, that we may hold the
fun'ral.

^a Perhaps 'wooden gongs' would be the best translation of the Greek *σήμαντρα*, which are simply suspended boards struck with a wooden clapper hung beside them.

An onset fierce the Turks have made, and they, the
 Janissaries;
 And the Emir^a has given command to massacre the
 Christians.
 Three days long have they slaughtered us, three days
 and three nights slaughtered,
 And Notarás they've massacred, both him and all his
 kindred.
 Fall'n is the City! fall'n into the claws of Hagar's
 children!

THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(1453.)

(PASSOW, CXCIV.)

THE city's taken, it is lost, they've taken Saloníca!
 And St. Sofiá they've taken too, the Minster great
 they've taken,
 Which has three hundred *sýmandras*, bells sixty-two
 of metal;
 And every bell has its own priest, and every priest his
 deacon.
 And as came forth the holy Saints, the Lord of all the
 Kosmos,
 A message came to them^b from heaven by mouths of
 holy Angels—
 'Cease ye your psalms, and from their place take down
 the Holy Objects,
 And send word to the Frankish lands that they may
 come and take them,
 That they may take the golden Cross and take the Holy
 Gospels,
 The Holy Table let them take, that it may not be
 sullied.'

^a The title borne by the Sultans at this epoch.

^b Those carrying the Icons.

And when the Virgin heard the words, all tearful were
the Icons ;

‘O hush thee, Virgin! Icons, hush! mourn not, and
cease your weeping ;

Again, with years, the time shall come when ye once
more shall dwell here.’

THE CHILD-TAX^a.

(1565-1675.)

(ARAVANDINOS, I.)

O CRUEL Sultan, curs'd be thou, and be thou thrice
accurséd,

For all the evil thou hast done, the ill thou still art doing!
Thou send'st and draggest forth the old, the primates,
and the parsons,

The tax of Children to collect, to make them Janissaries.
The mothers weep their darling sons, and sisters,
brothers cherished ;

And I am weeping, and I burn, and all my life I'll sorrow ;
Last year my little son they took, this year they took
my brother !

DROPOLÍTISSA.^b

(ARAVANDINOS, 420.)

DROPOLÍTISSA, I say,
As to church you go to-day,
You place in front your daughter gay,
With her fez worn all sideway,
Now at church you're going to pray,
A little prayer for us you'll say,

^a The Child-Tax was enforced till 1675, the last year of the
Vizierate of Achmet Kiuprili. The two following songs must also
belong to the century preceding 1675.

^b A woman of Dropolítissa is thus addressed.

That Turks take us not hence away
 To be enrolled as Jan'serai—
 Take us not to the Kislár Bey,^a
 Like the lambs on Easter Day!

*THE VIGIL.**North Eubœa.**(Δελτίον, I., 113.)*

'WHERE art thou going, 'Lenítsa, now, alone so late at
 even?'

'To my good aunt's I'm going now, to keep with her a
 vigil;

To spin a distaff-ful of flax, twice over too to spin it;
 To weave a dozen napkins with, to weave too fifteen
 kerchiefs;

To weave, besides, for my goodman, a long and silken
 girdle.

For I've a priest for father-in-law, and I've a learned
 husband,

And Janissary brother-in-law, who leads away the
 youngsters.'

*NIGHT-SCHOOL SONG.—I.**Salonica.**(Oral Version.)*

LITTLE moon of mine so bright,
 As I walk now shed thy light
 On my way to school to-night;
 To learn my letters now I go,
 To learn to broider and to sew,
 And the things of God to know.

^a Literally, 'Bey of the Women,' the Chief Eunuch of the Sultan, who was Governor of Greece.

NIGHT-SCHOOL SONG.—II.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., 243.)

LITTLE golden moon of mine,
Now upon my pathway shine,
As to school I now return,
Where to read and write I learn,
Lessons learn, and there learn, too,
What things God would have me do.
If I, Moon, should at thee scoff,
Do thou then my head cut off,
Take and throw it in the sea.
When the parson passes, he
Thus will say, and ask of thee:
'Whose may that loose head now be?'
''Tis that madman's, Konstantë!'

THE SEA-FIGHT AND THE CAPTIVE.⁴⁹

(*The Battle of Lepanto, 1574.*)

(ARAVANDINOS, 2.)

IF I were a sweet nightingale, or if I were a swallow,
Or golden lantern if I were that's in Messina's beacon,
Then might I see, then might I spy when Rhíga
spreads his canvas!
They joyful sail, and as they row, all gaily sing the
sailors;
They seek no port to enter in, no harbour where to
anchor;
Their quest is for Alí Pashá, they long to give him
battle.
When in mid-sea meet those two fleets, those battle-
ships so many,

Then roar the guns above the deep, and day is quenched
in darkness.
One prow is with another locked, and mast with mast
entangled ;
The blades are flashing in the air, and loudly crack the
muskets ;
With feet and hands the ships are filled, filled all with
bleeding corpses.
Alí Pashá's among the slain, that worthy *palikári*,
And Rhiga tows his galliot astern of his own vessel.
Within, a hundred captives lie with fetters heavy laden.
And sighed so sorely one poor slave that sudden
stopped the vessel.
Rhiga, amazed, then called to him the captain of the
galliot :
' He who has groaned so heavily that still has stood the
vessel ;
If he be of my followers, I will increase his wages ;
And if he of my captives be, he shall receive his
freedom.'
' I am the man who groaned so sore the vessel sailed
no longer ;
For I an evil dream have dreamt, a dream as here I
slumbered :
I saw my wife whom they had crowned and married to
another.
A bridegroom only four days old the Turks took me a
captive,
And ten long years I've passed since then on Barbary's
soil in durance ;
Ten walnut trees I planted there within my dreary
prison,
Of all of them I ate the fruit, but Freedom found I
never.'

SERAPHEIM OF PHANÁRI.

(1612.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 3.)

THE Bishop of Phanário, the aged Serapheimë,
By calumny the Turks o'erthrew, the Kóniars of
Pharsália ;
They chained him in the pillory, and cruelly they
tortured ;
And near to a dark cypress tree his reverend head they
severed.
The roots of the sad cypress tree all faded soon and
withered.
To keep the Bishop company they slew with him three
Klephtës,
And on the spot where their four heads had all been
thrown together,
A light⁵⁰ was seen to shine at night, seen by a simple
shepherd,
Who ran to bring his master word and tell him of the
wonder.
His master bade him go again and steal the head from
thither,
That head from which the bright light shone, and bear
it down to Doúsko.
The shepherd took it, and he ran unto Salambria's
margin.
But follow swiftly at his heels two Yánniniots pursuing,
And in his fright the simple swain has dropped it in the
river,
Then back unto his master run to tell of his adventure.
They two, when midnight dark had come, went down
to the Salambria ;

They searched, and soon its radiance bright the head
to them discovered,
And running joyfully they came, as morning broke, to
Doúsko.
And hurried there both young and old, the men of the
White River;^a
With holy rite they buried it within the sanctuary.
The folk of Agrapha were told; they wrote and prayed
the Patriarch
To send an order that the skull the Doúskiots should
give them.
They took it and they placed it high upon the hill
Korona,
That they might hold a feast to it, and build a roof to
shelter.
A picture too they made of him, limned by a skilful
painter;
Above was seen the Yánniniots the shepherd swain
pursuing;
And at the foot the Plague was crouched, the Plague
with aspect dreadful,^b
Whom he was piercing with a sword and under foot
was treading;
And since that time in Agrapha the Death has never
entered.^c

^a The Aspropotámos.

^b The Plague is personalised as a hideous old hag.

^c This song is still sung on his Feast-day in the Church dedicated to the martyred Bishop.

METSOÏSOS.^a

(1690-1715.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 31.)

BRAVE Metsoisos on the hills, high on the mountain-
ridges,

Has gathered round him gallant klephts, and they are
all Albanians.

He gathered them, he counted them, he counted them
three thousand.

'Now eat and drink, my brave boys all! rejoice, and
let's be merry;

This lucky year that's with us now, who knows what
next will bring us,

If we shall live, or if we'll die, to t' other world be
going?

Now list to me, my pallikars—now list to me, my boys
all:

'Tis not for eating I want klephts, I want no klephts
for mutton;

I want the klephts for their good swords, I want them
for their muskets.

For three days' marching must we do, and do it in one
night too;

That we may go, and set our feet within Nikólo's
houses;

Which have of coin a right good store, and which have
plates of silver.'

'Nikólo, may thy day be good!' 'Thou'rt welcome,
Metsoisos.'

'The boys want lodging here with thee, the pallikars
want dinner;

^a Or Mustapha, a famous Albanian robber-chief, great-grand-
father of Alí Pashá of Ioannina.

And I myself want five fat lambs, I want two good fat
wethers ;
A damsel fair besides I'd have, to pour the wine out for
me.
No, no ! I want no damsel fair, nor mutton killed and
roasted ;
Piastres in my lap I want, and sequins in my pocket.'

CHRISTOS MILIONIS.

(1700-1710.)

(PASSOW, I.)

THREE little birds perched on the ridge hard by the
Klephtës' stronghold,
One looked towards fair Armyró, the other down to
Válto ;
The third, the best of all the three, a dirge was singing
sadly :
'Lord Jesus! what can have become of Christos
Miliónis ?
No more in Valto is he seen, nor yet in Kréavrisi.
They say he has gone far away and entered into Arta,
And taken captive the Kadí, and made the Agas
pris'ners.'
The Mussulmans have heard of it, and sorely are they
troubled ;
They've called the Mavromáta out, and called Mouktar
Kleisoúra.
If you your bread would have of us, and if you would
be leaders,
First must you Christos execute, kill Captain Miliónis :
So has our Sultan ordered it, and he has sent a firman.'

When Friday dawned, and day had broke—would it
 had dawnéd never!—
 Then Soulieman set forth in quest, for he would go to
 find him.
 As friends at Armyró they met, as friends they kissed
 each other ;
 And all the livelong night they drank, until the day was
 dawning.
 And as the dawn began to shine, they hied to the
leméria,^a
 And Soulieman loud shouted there to Capitán Miliónis:
 ‘Christos, the Sultan asks for you, you’re wanted by
 th’ Agádes!’
 ‘While life and breath in Christos are, to no Turk will
 he yield him!’
 With gun in hand they ran to meet, as one would eat
 the other ;
 Fire answered fire, they fell, and, dead, both lay upon
 the mountain.

DEATH OF LAMBROS TZEKOURAS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

O LOFTY is mount Elatos, but loftier is Ghióna,
 But both ’fore old Liákoura their heads bow, do her
 reverence ;
 And there a Golden Eagle sits, on high he sits as sentry,
 And in his claws he holds a sword, a crown upon his
 forehead,
 And as his glance the mountains swept, it fell on
 Katavóthra ;

^a The hiding-places of the Klephts, said to be derived from
 ἄη μέρα, “all day.”

There he a human body saw, in pools of blood 'twas
lying.

'Who art thou who has placed thy foot in Lámbro's
lone *leméri*?

For he and I amid the snows of Liákoura reign only.'

'O Eagle of Liákoura, my best beloved comrade,

'Tis thou and I who o'er the snows of Liákoura reign
only!

Fly high above the mountain tops, fly down into the
valleys,

My greetings bear thou to the Klephts, and to the
Armatoles all,

To Yianni the Vrykolakas, to Christos Miliónis,

And to my heart-dear comrade true, to Vlacharmatas
Vergos!

The Eagle spread his mighty wings, off soared the
Golden Eagle,

And round about the mountains flew, and flew he
through the valleys,

Then drooped and laid him down to die upon the tomb
of Lámbros.

THE CHILD CRUCIFIED BY THE JEWS.⁵²

(1712.)

Zante.

(CHIOTIS, 'Ιστορικὰ Ἀπομνημονεύματα, vol. iii., p. 348,
etc.)

WHEN the full moon shines out brightly,

Jews their Paschal lambs do kill,

For the feast ordained by Moses,

And the law he gave fulfil.

From the hands of Pharaoh fleeing—
Captive them he could not keep—
Would that from the world they'd vanished,
Drownéd then within the deep!

Though they'd crucified the Saviour,
This their malice could not sate;
These vile miscreant Jews, ungrateful,
To this day the Christians hate.

In His Law has God commanded
They from murder should abstain;
Love their neighbour, too, He bids them,
If His grace they would obtain.

That the Jews these laws have broken,
Deeds they've lately done make plain;
Ah! the cruel, cruel wretches!

They a helpless child have slain!

On the Day of Palms, a mother
Misses from her side a child,
Weepingly her son she seeks for,
Tears her hair in sorrow wild.

All day long she vainly wanders,
Searching for him all around.
Spreads the news with sound of trumpet,
Hoping he'll at last be found.

With the Paschal lamb to eat it,
Make the Jews unleavened bread;
For it in the month of March was,
That they out from Egypt fled.

Six days they the child keep hidden,
And his young life they destroy;
Then into the depths of ocean,
'Mid the waves, they throw the boy.

To the surface his poor body
Came upon the seventh day;
Terribly by death transformed, it
On the lip of ocean lay.

Lifting him, they to his mother
Sadly the small burden bring;
She, at least, may wash and dress it,
And may bury it, poor thing!

When they'd brought him to his mother,
To perform the burial rite,
They unto the rulers hasten,
That the truth be brought to light.

'See this boy! He drowned was never!
Angrily exclaim the crowd;

'We'll exterminate these Hebrews!
With one voice they threaten loud.

'All the marks he bears proclaim it,
That he by these Jews was slain;
What more would ye? All the tokens,
Head and hands, bear but too plain!

On the eighth day by a sergeant,
To the slain boy's home was brought,
One who called himself a doctor,
But who of his art knew nought.

He declares the child, while playing,
Must have fallen in the sea;
To the market-place they bring it,
Seen of all the world to be.

Orders come the child to bury,
The cathedral church within.
Ah! poor weeping, mourning mother,
What avails this strife and din?

But our Saviour Christ has told us,
That the things which hidden are,
Shall before the world be published,
And to all men, near and far.

When the ninth day comes, the people
Swarm together in a crowd,
Shouting, threat'ning,—with their voices
All the town re-echoes loud.

Hears the Governor. He the truth would
Know of what has caused this stir.

The physicians asks to witness
When the child they disinter.

Four physicians, skilled in medicine,
Hasten then to see the sight:
They were Vinder and Khionis,
Sigouròs, Palládes hight.

Vinegar they lave his flesh with,
Thus to know if he'd been flayed;
Then they called to them the doctor
Who the inquest first had made.

Him they show the signs of murder.
“He was drownéd”! dost thou say?
Write and sign they their opinions,
And their science gains the day.

‘One that's met his death by drowning
Has not hands like these pierced deep;
With your own eyes now behold you
How they still like fountains weep!

‘Now to-day at once I pray you,
By the God of truth and love,
Let us to the Prior hasten,
True is he all men above.

‘ Weeps he that he’s been found worthy,
And his tears are never dried—
To behold in Christ’s remembrance
A young infant crucified.’

Now relate they a great wonder :
Ere this sainted child had been
Placed beneath the earth, above them
He by some was plainly seen,
Wide his little arms outstretching,
Showing whither he did wend ;
That to heaven he was hast’ning,
To the joys that never end.

Where for ever sing the angels
All around God’s holy Throne,
Of the Trinity, life-giving,
And the praises of the Son.

On the twenty-second April,
Seventeen twelve, did this befall ;
On the twenty-second April,
In this island we recall,

Once again the crowd assembled,
Six o’clock then was the hour ;
Fell they on the Jews, enragéd,
Them to slaughter and devour.

With a crash the doors they burst in ;
In the synagogues all three
Rush they, while the Jews do tremble,
And their prayers stop suddenly.

Tear they books, and strew the floor with ;
Tear they the Old Testament ;
Like fierce wolves they rush with hatchets,—
Now the house-doors down are rent.

Spoil and pillage they the Hebrews,
And the rich are first their prey;
Grieve the Rulers at these doings,
Yet what can I 'gainst them say,
When 'twas for the Faith they did it?
Many, many did they slay,
As 'tis written in the Bible
Did Elias in his day.

Well can I of ancient Sion,
Captive led, the tale believe;
'Tis by these events surpasséd!
Praise to God then let them give,
Who could in the ships take refuge.
Let them there hang up their lyres,
Weep and mourn in doleful concert,
As the ancients did, their sires.

O ye Hebrews, race ungrateful,
Brood of Satan! unto you
Did not long ago the Prophets
Prophecy what ye would do?
Be ye not at this astonished
For to all time ye must be
In the world a race despiséd,
For your Moses, said not he,
There would come on earth Messias
And ye must in Him believe?
Come he *has*. Why wait ye longer?—
Why the Saviour not receive?

O ye Hebrews, race ungrateful,
Pleasure-blinded ye're indeed!
Thus it is that faithful Christians
Can your nation captive lead!

O repent ye ! O repent ye !
 For your time approaches fast ;
 After death you will most surely
 Into flames of fire be cast !

Unto them that are baptized
 And believe in [God] the Son,
 With a single heart embracing
 God the Triune, Three in one,

Says He, ' Let them in My Kingdom
 This day enter, and My Name
 Shall they praise throughout the ages
 Everlastingly. Amen !'

*THE SIEGE OF NAUPLIA.*⁵²

(1715.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

IF I were but a bird, I'd fly, and on the heights I'd
 perch me,
 And from amid the clouds I'd watch the fleet sail from
 the City ;^a
 How it comes on with canvas spread, the poops deep
 in the water ;
 In front the galleys bravely ride, the battle-ships
 behind them ;
 And in the midst is Ali Bey, o'erlaid with gold's his
 frigate.
 And on the frigate's deck there sit three fresh and
 lovely maidens ;
 Three lovely maidens are they all, as fresh as running
 water.

^a Constantinople.

The one plays sweetly on the lute, the second the
tsivoúri,

The third, the fairest of them all, a sad, sad song is
singing :

‘Rejoicings fill the Castles all, and sounds of mirth
and music ;

But Nauplia and Monembasiá grieve, and are filled
with sorrow.

Why, Nauplia, dost thou not rejoice ? Why makest
thou not music ?’

‘Ah ! not for me are mirth and joy, and not for me is
music !

By land and sea, by land and sea, the Turks have me
encompassed.

On this side beaten by the waves, on that by Janis-
saries,

Crumbling are my high Citadels, they fall in heaps of
ruins !’

‘Give up, O Nauplia, the keys ! Nauplia, make thy
submission !’

‘Think ye that I Naupactos am, or I am vile Lefkádia ?
No ! I am Nauplia the renowned, by all the world
bepraiséd !

The blood will like a river run, thou shalt see towers of
corpses !’

The Janissaries make the assault, and with them the
Albanians,

The Agha of the Janissaries chanteth this *myrologion* :

‘The gallant youths of Nauplia, and beauties of the
district,

Who with their feet to tread the earth for haughtiness
disdainéd,

They now must condescend to be the slaves of the
Albanians.’

They weep not, sad ones, that they now are led away
 as captives,
 They mourn that they're asunder rent, and that they
 must be severed.
 The mother's parted from her child, the child's torn
 from his mother ;
 The husband from the wife is reft, they who have loved
 so dearly.
 The young bride goes to Tchamouriá,^a the bridegroom
 to the City.^b
 And in a ship that's painted black, sit fettered nine
 poor children,
 With terror in their little hearts, with eyes all tear-
 bedimméd,
 They gaze upon the Tatar who has them in his safe
 keeping ;
 And near them is their mother dear, her heart with
 anguish bursting.
 ' My Lord, *Affendi* Tatar, Sir ! My Lord, Tatar *Affendi* !
 O leave to me, a mother lone, but one of my dear
 children—
 The middle one, an it please thee, an 't please thee,
 Anagnósto !
 Or else my little daughter dear, she who was born at
 midnight—
 Or slay me, Tatar, slay me now, and hew thou me in
 pieces !'

^a Albania.^b Constantinople.

SYROS.

(1750-1760.)

Macedonia.

(PASSOW, xxxa.)

FROM Servia^a has Syros come, and Nannos out from
Vérria;^b

They houses have in Tsapourniá, and mansions in
Kanália,^c

A lodging-place at Kerosiá, within the Parson's
dwelling.

'*Papá*, bring bread, *Papá*, bring wine, and fodder for
the horses;

Bring, too, *Papá*, thy daughter out, our Capitán re-
quires her.'

'I've bread for you, I've wine for you, and fodder for
your horses;

But I have not my daughter here, I've sent her to the
vineyard.'

The words had hardly left his mouth, the words he'd
hardly uttered,

When lo! his daughter dear is seen, with apples heavy
laden.

She apples bears, her apron full, and citrons in her
kerchief.

She kneels to touch his garment's hem, and then his
hand she kisses.

^a The stronghold defending the pass of the Sarandáporos, and originally occupied by the Servians settled in the valley of the Haliacmon, by the Emperor Heraclius, about 620.

^b The *Bérrhæa* of St. Paul.

^c Identified by M. Heuzey with the Olympian Sanctuary of the Muses.

‘Come, maiden mine, upon my knee, and wine now
pour out for me ;
I’ll drink until the morning break, and birds go seek
their breakfast.’

‘I am the *Papa’s* daughter, sir—I am a Parson’s
daughter ;
And for no Captain of them all have I e’er filled a
winecup.
For it would be a shame to me, a shame to all my
kindred ;
A shame ’twould to my father be, who is a man of rank,
sir.’

‘Then will I take thee with my hand, and with my
sword I’ll take thee ;
Of no Pashá am I afraid, me no Vizier can frighten ;
I, for Pashá, have my long gun, this good sword’s my
Vizieri !
For I am Syros the renowned, the celebrated Syros.
By night and day am I at war, at early morn in
ambush ;
And famous captains, too, are mine, and chosen men
my soldiers—
And mine is Tségghi the renowned ; and mine brave
Captain Tásos ;
For when they see my hand and seal, and when they
see my writing,
They turn the night to day to come, to come apace and
join me.’

SATIR BEY.^a

(1760-1780.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 45.)

It happened on a Saturday before the dawn of Sunday,
That Satir Bey from his *konák* fared forth to battle
going.

But as he travelled on the road, and on the road was
riding,

A little Bird did cross his path, and sadly him accosted:
'Turn back, my Bey, I pray of thee, turn back, for
Death will meet thee!'

'Where didst thou learn, thou little Bird, that Death
would come to meet me?'

'Up in the sky, but yesterday, among the holy Angels;
They wrote thy dwelling desolate, they wrote thy wife
a widow,

They wrote thy young beys fatherless, they wrote them
poor and beggars.'

The words had hardly left his mouth, the words he'd
hardly uttered,

When rattle guns, and Satir Bey lies dead upon the
highway.

HOW THE TURKS ENTERED SPHAKIÀ.

(1770.)

Crete.

(LEGRAND, *Chansons Grecques*, 35.)

'Twas said 'the Turks could never come within the
Sphakiot land';

And yet I see they entered have, and as a wrathful
band!

^a An Albanian Chief of Grevena.

It was the morn of Friday, and it was the First of
May,

That into Sphakià came the Turks, and sword in hand
came they.

Cursed be the hour in which the Turks thus into
Sphakià came!

They ravaged all the country round, and set the towns
afame.

‘O Kallikrátë, Askypho, and other burghs of worth!
Say, where are now your gallant sons?—let them as
lions forth!

Where are your brave boys and your men renowned?
—now let them hie,

And like to lions hasten, and the passes occupy!’

‘At games the youths are playing down in Franko-
cástello;

And over in Anópoli entrenchments up they throw.

For joy they’re leaping, and the Turks they eagerly
await,

For they the battle would begin, and show their
prowess great.’

When up into the Market-place the Turks had won
their way,

A herald to the Sphákiots they sent, these words to
say:

‘Come now, and your submission make, and rayahs all
be ye;

For we shall capture all of you, though each a hero
be.

Come now, and your submission make, the Sultan’s
feet before,

That he may favours grant to you, and give you gifts
galore.

Great privileges you shall have, a goodly boon awaits,

And ye shall high distinguished be 'bove all the neigh-
b'ring States.

Your Sphákiot lands then from all laws will we exempt
declare,

While you them hold, your children too shall in this
compact share.'

'Your gifts we're well acquainted with, with tears they
aye o'erflow ;

For ye have given them full oft to men of Crete ere
now ;

And rather than accept your terms we one and all will
die ;

Rather than our submission make—life with dishonour
buy.

Ye cruel miscreants,⁵³ 'tis you the Christians who've
devoured,

Therefore, as freemen will we live, not rayahs over-
powered.'

When heard this answer the Pashá, then very wroth
was he,

And sent he to the Sphákiots word his pris'ners they
should be.

'Do what thou pleasest, O Pashá, nor to begin be loth,
We never will submit to thee, for we have ta'en an
oath—

That ne'er will we submit to thee, nor ever rayahs be :
Sooner than that, ah! sooner far, we'd perish mis'rably !'

'Then, then, ye Sphákiots, my troops to fall on you I'll
send,

Nor shall they leave your land again till summer hath
an end.

Ye think the tribute to escape, secure the hills amid ;

But I too have my infantry, they'll find you where
you're hid.

Your children 'mongst the rocks you've hid, lest evil
them betide ;

But I will find and take them, and with me they'll ever
bide.'^a

'Take, then, our wives and children all, our maidens
young take, too,

Perhaps ye may the victors be, for miscreants are you!

And so the parley ended, and began the battle's din,

The fighting fierce and terrible the earthworks from
within.

They've opened fire, and busily the fuse each Sphákiot
plies ;

The bullets thick around them fall like bolts from out
the skies ;

And rattle on the breasts of foes, as rattle hailstone
showers ;

While runs the red blood on the earth as stream from
fountain pours.

Alas! how many gallant men were in that onset slain,
And lay in heaps upon the ground ne'er to be known
again !

Ah! there they lay, those goodly youths, like angels
fair and bright,

Stretched namelessly upon the earth, in blood half lost
to sight !

Ah! there they lay, and mothers came and o'er them
wept and mourned,

The black and bitter tears they shed all hearts to
sorrow turned ;

The doleful dirges which they sang with lips all parched
and dry,

As, seated there beside the dead, they sang their elegy;

^a Meaning that he would make slaves of them.

The sighs that from their bosoms came filled all the air
around,

The flowers on that day of grief lay withered on the
ground!

And this these valiant men have done, these famous
heroes all,

That on the miscreant renegades they might as wild
beasts fall.

But when the Sphákiots' daring and their prowess these
did see,

They fled away from them in haste as they from death
did flee.

To Réthymno these *Turkoládes*^a hurried, sore afraid,
They fled the slaughter terrible the Christian youngsters
made.

And they of Réthymno did ask where they'd their
weapons left.

'The Sphákiots took them for their own, and us of
them bereft!'

'And where then are your warriors?' they asked of
them again.

'The Sphákiots have them devoured, away there on
the plain!'

A third time did they ask and say, 'Where have you
left your Chiefs?'

'The Sphákiots have slain them all—Alas! alas! our
Chiefs!'

^a A term of contempt.



DEMÁKI OF THE ASPROPOTAMOS.⁵⁴

1770.

(ARAVANDINOS, 5.)

THERE passes a Pashá by, and yet another comes ;
 To Trikkala they're riding, and enter they the town.
 The elders they are seeking, headmen of Trikkala ;
 They're seeking for Demáki of the Aspropotamo.
 Away Demáki hastens up to the mountains high :
 He's now in Kriki's towers, that are in Métsovo
 Roast meat is on his table, sweet wine is in his cup,
 Yet little eats or drinks he, nor yet does he rejoice.
 And then his son Nikóla his sire would fain console :
 ' Why eatest not, *Affendi* ? why wilt not merry be ?
 If they burn down our houses, we others soon can
 build ;
 Piastres of us ask they ?—sequins will we give ;
 If of our flocks they rob us, we other flocks can get ;
 Well be it with the Vlachs of the Aspropotamo !'

THE CAPTURE OF LARISSA AND TIRNAVO.

(1770.)

(PASSOW, CXLIX.)

LAST night a dream there came to me, a vision as I
 slumbered,
 In flames did Tírnova appear, and burning, too, was
 Lár'ssa ;
 They took the mothers with their babes, and wives took
 with their husbands ;
 They took with them a youthful wife—but three days
 born her baby.

A thousand went in front of them, behind them marched
five hundred.

'O wait awhile, my *pallikars*! O wait awhile, *leventës*!
My babe in swaddling bands I'd bind, milk from my
breast I'd give him.'

The *pallikars* awaited her, and waited the *leventës* :

'Petra, to thee I leave my child, O guard him well,
and tend him ;

For ere I go, and come again, and back can be
returning,

The raven shall have feathers white, and shall become
a pigeon !'

KOSTAS BOUKOVÁLAS.⁵⁵

(1772.)

(PASSOW, VIII.)

A GOLDEN Eagle in the sun sat sad, and plucked his
feathers.

Another Eagle questioned him, and earnestly he asked
him :^a

'Hullo, what is't has crossed thee now, thou sittest all
so faded ?'

'Last night I saw, saw in my sleep, while peacefully I
slumbered,

That I to the Pashá flew off, to Berat, into Koúrtë ;

And there I heard the Albanians say, as sat they all in
council,

To Agrapha they would go down, would go and crush
the klephtës.

The Eagle Boukoválas heard, and to the plain de-
scended,

^a Compare *Od.*, xix. 545 : 'But he (the eagle) came back, and
sat him down on a jutting point, and with the voice of a man he
spake. . . .'

His followers he gathered round, his company assembled.
 To them he told the evil dream, and by an oath he bound them,
 No more to trust to word of Turk so long as life was in them.
 He further charged and said to them, and called them round in council,
 And to the stronghold cried, and said to them within the loopholes :
 'Boys, take your weapons in your hands, and all comb out your tresses ;^a
 The Turks are going to fall on us—an army of twelve thousand.'
 And Metromáras then arose, and to his men he shouted :
 'Take heart, my warriors ! and show that ye are men and Christians !^b
 We'll clear the Turks from out the land ; here on this spot we'll slay them !'
 As lions roar they loud and long, as lions they make their sortie ;^c

^a This recalls the story told by HERODOTUS (vii. 208—9) of the Persian spy who, on the eve of the battle of Thermopylæ, reported that he had found the Spartans combing out their tresses ; and the reply made to Xerxes by Demaratus, that this meant that they would fight to the death. Compare PLUTARCH, *Lycurg.* c. 22, and XENOPHON, *Rep. Lac.* xii. § 8.

^b Compare *Il.* v. 529 : 'My friends, quit you like men, and take heart of courage.' The term Christian is, among the Greeks, popularly applied only to members of the Orthodox, or Greek, Church, and other Europeans are called, not Christians, but Franks. An old hermit of Mount Athos, whom I visited in his cave, was unable to believe that, as an *Anglos*, I could be a Christian ; and, to please the poor old maniac, I performed the Orthodox rite of kissing an Icon of the Panaghía. The true equivalent of the *Χριστιανοί* of the text would, therefore, be 'Greeks' rather than 'Christians.'—ED.

^c Compare *Il.* v. 782 : 'In the semblance of ravening lions.'

They rush upon the Turkish ranks, like goats abroad
 they're scattered ;
 They slaughter and make prisoners as many as two
 thousand.
 But Kostas in the fight has fall'n, fall'n are his two
 companions,
 Who'd been in Goúra Armatoles,⁵⁶ and Klephts had
 been in Zýgos.
 The fields lament him, and the hills, and all the vales
 are weeping ;
 The maidens of Phourná lament, the proud and
 haughty maidens ;
 And mourn the young Klephts for their chief within
 the lone *leméri*.

SOULIEMAN PASHÉNA.⁵⁷

(1786.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 6.)

WHOEVER mournful cries would hear, and doleful
 lamentation,
 O let him go to Yiánnina, before the lofty castle,
 And to the great Pashéna list, to Soulieman Pashéna,
 Who wails and loud laments her lord, and bitter tears
 is shedding.
 'Ye women all of Yiánnina, and ladies of the castle,
 Now put off all your garments red, and in the black
 array you,
 For they have slain my Soulieman—have slain the
 great Viziéri,
 The Viziér of all Yiánnina, and Voivode, too, of Arta !'

ANDROÚTZOS.

(1786.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

MESEEMED it was the early dawn, so bright the moon
 and starlight,
 And I by night the mountains climbed, up to their
 highest summits.
 I heard the breezes whispering, and thus they asked
 the mountains :
 ‘ You mountains two, Liákoura, and Ghióna in Salóna,
 What aileth ye that ye complain, and sigh so sorrow-
 fully ?
 Is’t that the snows do beat you sore ? or is’t the
 pelting hailstones ?’
 ‘ ’Tis not the snows that trouble us, nor yet the pelting
 hailstones,
 Delí Achmét is treading us, the summer through, and
 winter.’
 Androútzos, who these words did hear, was grieved at
 them right sorely,
 And sits he down and letters writes to all the gallant
 captains ;
 ‘ Gather together all your bands, your worthiest *palli-
 kária*,
 And let us go and fall upon this dog, Delí Achméti,
 Who Livadià laid desolate, and waste did lay Talánti.’
 Together gathered all the Klephts, they numbered
 fifteen hundred.
 They found him upon Zimenó, and fought him on the
 ridges,
 Delí Achmét have they destroyed, who was the pride of
 Turkey.

ANDROÚTZOS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

(1786.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THE doleful mountains weeping are, and comforted
will not be,

'Tis not for loftiness they grieve, not that the snows are
lacking,

But that the Klephts abandon them to roam amid the
valleys.

And Ghióna calls to Liákoura, and Liákoura to Ghióna :
'Dear mountain, thou who loftier art, and seest a wider
region,

What has become of all the band, the Klepht band of
Androútzos ?

Where do they roast their mutton now ? where shoot
they at the target ?

What mountain do they now bedeck with heads from
Turkish shoulders ?'

'What shall I, mountain, say to thee ? what, little
mountain, answer ?

The Klephts are not upon the hills, those mangy plains
possess them ;

They on the plains their mutton roast, and shoot they
at the target,

The plains, too, do they now bedeck with heads from
Turkish shoulders.'

Liákoura these words did hear, and sorely was she
grievéd.

She looks to right, and looks to left, and looks she down
to Skála.

'Ah thou, thou sickness-haunted plain, thou plain where
lurks consumption,

With my own brave and gallant youths dost thou now
 seek to deck thee?
 Come, give me back my ornaments, and give me back
 my heroes,
 Or I my snows will swiftly melt, and make of thee an
 ocean.'

KOUTZONÍKAS.⁵⁸

(1792.)

(PASSOW, CCIII.)

THREE birds were on a summit perched—the ridge of
 St. Elias ;
 To Yiánnina did one look down, and one to Kakosoúli;
 The third, the best of all the three, a sad dirge sang and
 chanted :—
 ' Albania has gathered her, and gone to Kakosoúli,
 Three companies are on the road, all three drawn up in
 order.
 One company's Moukhtár Pashá's, and one is Mit-
 sobóno's,
 The third, the best of all the three, the Selikhtár's com-
 manding.
 And from the mountain opposite, a parson's wife was
 gazing ;
 ' Where are ye, Bótsaris' brave boys, and Koutzoníka's
 followers ?
 The Albanians have come down on us, they want to
 make us captives.
 To Tepeléni we'll be dragged, and there they'll make
 us Muslims.'
 And Koutzoníka answered her, from Avaríko answered:
 ' *Papadià*, fear thou not that, put far from thee that
 terror,

For now you shall the battle see of Klephtës' long
topháikia^a—
 See how the valiant Klephts can fight, and they of
 Kakosoúli !'
 But scarce had Koutzoníka said, his say he'd hardly
 ended,
 When, see ! the Turks are flying fast, on foot and
 horseback flying.
 One fled, and, flying, another said : ' Pashá, be thou
 accurséd !
 Much evil hast thou wrought for us, hast brought to
 us this summer ;
 Thou'st wasted many Turkish swords, and many of
 Albania.'
 And Bótsaris cried out and said, while his good sword
 he brandished :
 ' Come now, Pashá, why art thou grieved, that thus
 post-haste thou fleest ?
 Turn here again unto our land, to desolate Kiápha ;
 Here thou may'st raise a throne for thee, and here
 thou may'st be Sultan.'

LAMBROS TZAVELAS.⁵⁹

(1792.)

(PASSOW, CCVII.)

THERE called aloud a parson's wife in Avaríko's village:
 ' Where are ye, Bótsaris' brave boys, and *pallikárs* of
 Lámbro ?
 A cloud has fall'n upon us now ; on foot and horseback
 soldiers ;
 They are not one, nor two, nor five, but they are nine-
 teen thousand.'

^a Guns.

‘ Let come the Turks, those worn-out Turks, for they
can never harm us !

Let come the battle, let them see the long guns of the
Soúliots !

And let them know our Lámbro’s sword, and Bótsaris’
tophaiki—

The weapons of the Soúliot maid, the far-renowned
Haidee !

The fight began, and loud around the guns their rattle
opened.

To Zervas and to Bótsaris cried loudly brave Tzavélas :

‘ Out with your swords, my gallant boys, and let your
guns be silent !’

‘ ’Tis not yet time,’ said Bótsaris, ‘ ’tis not yet time for
sword-play ;

Keep ye within the fortress still, nor from the walls yet
sally ;

For without number are the Turks, and few, alas ! the
Soúliots !’

‘ What is it, fellows, that ye fear ?’ Tzavélas boastful
answers :

‘ Our craven heads still must we hide before those dogs
th’ Albanians ?’

Each man his scabbard takes in hand, in pieces twain
he snaps it ;

They fiercely fall upon the Turks, like rams they fall
upon them.

Calls to his men Velí Pashá—‘ Turn not your backs
like cowards !’

And thus they answer him again, while they their guns
are firing :

‘ This place it is no Délvino, nor is it yet Vidíni ;

But it is Soúli the Renowned, whose praise the world
has sounded !

It is the sword of Lámbros brave, with Turkish blood
'tis stained—
The sword that's caused Albania's folk in mourning to
array them.
The mothers mourn their fallen sons, the wives their
slaughtered husbands.'

THE CAPTURE OF PREVEZA.^a

(1798.)

(PASSOW, CCI.)

'YIELD not, sore leaguered Preveza, to Ali Pasha's
soldiers !'
'How sayest—yield not, dost thou not see I cannot
hold out longer ?
Alí Pashá besieges me with soldiers twice five thou-
sand ;
His cannon pierce me like the rain, his bombs are like
the hailstones ;
And his small-arms shower down on us like to the rain
at springtide !'^b
The captives go to Yannina, as slaves to Tepeleni ;
They've taken Dame Yorgákaina, and all her sons'
wives with her.
In front there walks the mother-in-law, behind her walk
the daughters.
The youngest daughter lags behind, she walks not with
the others.

^a 'Remember the moment when Preveza fell,
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell,' etc.

BYRON, *Childe Harold*, c. ii.

^b Compare *Il.* xii. 278 : 'But as flakes of snow fall thick on a
winter's day when Zevs the Counsellor hath begun to snow, showing
forth these arrows of his to men.'

' Walk faster, my brave daughter dear, behind us do
 not loiter ;
 It is, perhaps, thy many coins, thy many pearls oppress
 thee ?'
 ' My strings of coins oppress me not, nor do my pearls
 oppress me ;
 It is my child that weighs on me, I've left him in the
 cradle.
 O cradle mine, rock thou my babe, O rock and nurse
 him for me,
 Until I go and come again, and back can be returning.
 For they have slain my husband dear ; upon my knees
 they slew him,
 Cut off his hands, which bleeding fell—they fell upon
 my apron !'

YIANNOUTSOS KONTODEMOS.

(1798.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 7.)

UPON the breast of Vikos high that is within Vradéto,
 There had a black-plumed partridge perched, and sang
 full sorrowfully.
 She sang not as a bird should sing, but a sad dirge was
 wailing :
 ' What is this evil that has fall'n upon betrayed Zagóri ?
 The primate they have massacred, good Noútso Kon-
 todémos,
 Who was the greatest 'mong the great in all the Vila-
 yéti.
 O Noútso ! said I not to thee—My brother, with me
 tarry.
 Thou wouldst not hear me, wouldst set out, to Yán-
 nina wouldst hasten,

That Turkish woman to salute, that Souliemán
Pashéna.⁵⁶

And she, to thank thee, thy poor head did sever from
thy body,

And on the dunghill cast it forth, and let the dogs
devour it.

On thee be curses, Páshéna, and thrice be he accursèd,
Thy husband, Alisót Pashá,^a whom to thy side thou'st
wedded.'

THE AMBUSCADE OF THE SOULIOTS.

Souli.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THERE set out the Albanians, the aghas forth did hie,
They hied to Kakosoúli, its gold to get they'd try.

And in the town they entered, and there, the church
hard by,

Set up their silken banners, their standards raised on
high.

The Kakosoúliot dogs in ambush for us lie ;

They fire, and raise their war-shout, and us they force
to fly ;

To Dervesiána fled we, nor once behind did spy.

They seize upon our *kápas*,^b our amulets^c thrown by,

Mehmét did shout aloud then, he for a truce did cry :

'Boys, if you are our brothers, as Christians make
reply—

You will not us our *kápas*, our amulets deny ?'

'This place it is no Maina, you're no Morea nigh,

Where you the babes and mothers may lead to slavery ;

^a Her second husband. See Annotation No. 56.

^b A cloak of white felt.

^c The Albanians carry their amulets in a small metal case attached to a strap which is worn on the upper part of the left arm.

But this is Kakosoúli, twelve towns you that defy,
Where sword and gun the women can wield right
valiantly !

*THE DROWNING OF KYRA PHROSÝNE.*⁶⁰

(1801.)

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 9.)

O HAVE you heard what has befall'n by Ioánnina's
lake-side ?

They've drowned Phrosýnë and with her sev'nteen
proud dames have died.

Ah, Phrosýnë, far-renowned,
Wert thou fated to be drowned !

No other dame had ever donned a dress of wool so
fine,

Phrosýnë wore it first of all, and walked abroad to
shine.

Ah, Phrosýnë, partridge mine,
Burns my heart this fate of thine !

Did I not warn thee, my Phrosýnë,—' Hide that fatal
ring !

If hears of it Alí Pashá, thou'lt feel the snake's fell
sting !—

Ah, Phrosýnë, woe is me !
Evil sure will hap to thee !

' If ye are Turks, unhand me now, a thousand coins
I'll pay,

If me you to Moukhtár Pashá will lead, two words to
say !

Ah, Phrosýnë, fair to see,
Deadly ill's befallen thee !

But neither golden coin, nor tears, can move the
Vizier's mood ;

And thou and sev'nteen other dames must be for
fishes food.

Ah, Phrosýně, partridge mine,
Evil weird to dree is thine !

A thousand measures in the lake will I of sugar throw,
The water to Phrosýně's lips will then be sweet, I
trow,—

Ah, Phrosýně, far-renowned,
Famed in all the world around !

Blow fiercely, bitter Boreas, blow, and make the
waters roar,

And surge, and cast Phrosýně and those ladies on the
shore.

Ah, Phrosýně, partridge mine,
Burns my heart this fate of thine !

NIKOTZARAS.

(1804.)

Thessaly.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THREE little birds have perched them on the high
ridge of Olympos,

One looks towards Livadiá, and one looks down to
Sérres ;

The third, the bonniest of the three, this lamentation
singeth :

'Where is he now, where can he be, where is now
Nikotzáras,

That not in Chásia is he seen, nor yet in Katerína ?

They say he's to Bulgaria gone, the *pallikars* to gather.
That Nikotzáras now doth fight, against three towns
doth battle,

'Gainst Sérres and the country round, against unhappy
Právi.

Three days the battle they maintain, three days and
nights they're fighting ;

No bread have they, nor water have, and none have
come to help them.

Fall sick the *pallikária*, nor fit are they for fighting.

They take and round them gird their swords, and in
their hands their guns seize,

And wend them down the mountain slopes and hie
them to the bridges.

They find the gates all closely shut, and drawn the
chains across them ;

And Nikotzáras cries to them, and shouts from the
entrenchments,

'Take courage, boys, keep up brave hearts, let not the
battle languish !

Bind bands of steel about your hearts, beneath your
feet put iron,

For we grim death must face to-day, to-day must meet
with Charon.

Then forth his sword doth Niko draw, his faithful
yatagháni,

But one blow to the chain gives he, one on the gates
he striketh,

The chain it broken was in twain, the gates have fallen
inwards.

'Boys, cross the bridge, and post yourselves on t'other
side the river,

You'll there great rocks for cover find, and for your
guns find pebbles.

Take up your stand, entrench you well, take up a
strong position ;
Against the Albanians hold the bridge, let them not
cross the river.
And some of you go foraging, go some of you a-
hunting,
Bring bread, bring wine, whate'er you find, to feed the
pallikária.'
They went, and laden they returned, with food returned
they laden,
The *pallikars* upon it fell, and each man cut his
portion,
And all uncooked the meat they ate, the flesh of deer
devoured they.
' And thus may we one day, my boys, the Turks devour,
the Othmans !
Now give ye praises unto God, and shoulder ye your
muskets ;
Take courage, boys, keep up your hearts, take courage,
bravely battle !'
Before them, Nikotzáras rushed like lion to the
struggle ;
The Turkish troops he put to flight, and the Pashá
took pris'ner,
And Nikotzáras hied him thence with all his *pallikária.*

NÍKAS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

WHAT aileth Maína's mountains now, they stand so
sadly faded ?
It has not snowed, yet they are hoar, nor rained, yet
they are moistened.

'Tis from the weeping of the Klephts, and from their lamentations.

It was upon a Saturday, the Klephts were making merry ;

Sheep had they, and they roasted them, rams on the spit they roasted ;

Sweet wine, too, had they for their drink, melodiously sang they.

But Zacharias spoke to them, thus Zacharias addressed them :

'Come, boys, and let us separate, into detachments band us.'

To Malevó sets Ghiorgo out, and Zacharias to Maína ;
And Níkas to Angelókastro, to his wife's mother goes he.

'Health, joy to thee, O mother-in-law !' 'And welcome here is Níka !

What dost thou, Níka mine, seek here, within the Turkish townships ;

Where hold the Turks their festival, the Klephts their feast are keeping ?'

Moustache and beard did Níka shave, and put on women's garments,

In women's clothes he dressed himself, with shoes of women shod him ;

To church went as the women go, and knelt there as a woman ;

As woman he the wafer took, and from the priest received it ;

And like a woman came he forth, and sat down at the doorway.

'Health, joy, Greek woman, be to thee !' 'Welcome are the Aghás here !'

'Hast thou seen Níkas here arrive ? hast Níkas seen come hither ?'

‘ Within is he, as godfather a child names and baptizes.’

‘ Health, joy, Greek woman, be to thee, thou Níka hast denounced !’

But Níka’s off to Malevó, he’s gone to seek for Ghiórgo.

THE HANGING OF STERGHIOS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

OPe thee, my mouth, yea, open thee to sing a lamentation,

The woes of Stérghios to sing, Stérghios of Saloníca,
Of Stérghios who evil fate by his own deeds brought on
him ;

The halter of Alí Pashá round his own neck he placed it.
For Stérghios his father’s curse for ever did pursue
him ;

From west to east it followed him, the wrath divine
pursued him.

Learnéd was he, and shrewd withal, he crafty was, and
cunning ;

The Devil he for master had, the Devil he resembled.
The Devil led him like an ass, against his will he led
him,

Nor wot he, the ill-fated man, where he was being
guided.

Said he, ‘ Thou’lt go to Yannina, with the Vizier hold
converse,

And he will dress thee all in gold, bedeck with coins
and jewels.

Thou to Alí Pashá must say, “ I’ve come for my ad-
vantage,

I've Deathless Water^a with me brought, for thee to drink
I've brought it."'
'If I this Deathless Water make thou drink't and be
immortal,
To me, who am thy humble slave, what honour shall
be given ?'
'I'll either dress thee all in gold, or dress thee all in
silver,
Or with a noose about thy neck a fitting gift will make
thee !
Whoso this year tells lies to me his portion shall be
hanging ;
Upon the Gipsies' Plane-tree he shall hang, that's on
the Common.'
And laughed Alí Pashá to hear the boasting of the
rascal,
And 'Ha !' he cried, 'thou rascal, I will send thee to
the hangman !
I but a mortal man was born, and as a man must die,
too,
My body, too, when I am dead, must in a tomb be
buried.
For such things as thou speakest of, I grudge thee not
the money ;
But that this Deathless Water we shall drink, I sorely
doubt it.
For lies thy words appear to me, yea, all that thou hast
told me,
And a fair noose about thy neck methinks will be thy
guerdon.'
Then set to work our Stérghios, and all his writings
opened,
To show what there might be behind the last of all
these papers.

^a See Vol. II., Annotations No. 9.

Ten little children he required, and of the Vizier asked
he.

Alí Pashá the order gave that he with them be
furnished.

And all the little children ten that he had gone and
asked for,

Did Stérghios with sugar feed, with sugar feed and
candy,

That he the juice might press from them, and then in
cauldron boil it,

And with it Deathless Water make, that Alí Pashá
might drink it.

Three years he laboured at his task, this man by God
accurséd,

But all his labour gained for him was but Bouníla's
willow.

*PAPA EVTHÝMIOS VLACHÁVAS.*⁶¹

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

'O KLEPHTS who are of Agrapha, and Armatoles of
Khásia,

Put on your braided jackets now, and gird your swords
around you ;

Betake you to your strongholds sure, hie to your posts
of vantage !'

Then cried aloud the sentinel to those within th'
entrenchments,

'A flock of crows I, coming, see, black are they like the
Albanians.

Perhaps 'tis Phótis who arrives, perhaps 'tis Lepeniótis.'

'It is not Phótis who arrives, nor is it Lepeniótis,

Moukhtár Pashá surprises us with thousands two-and-thirty!

Then forward Papa Thýmios comes, and with a voice of thunder,

‘Hold out, my *pallikars!*’ he cries, ‘all you in the entrenchments;

And we this vile Moukhtár Pashá, on’s head a blow we’ll strike him;

And as for those weak Koniárs, those mangy, poor Albanians,

We from the cliffs will pitch them down, and leave the crows to eat them!’

Three times the Turks did charge and shout their war-cry—*Allah! Allah!*

But on the rocks fell every one, both Koniar and Albanian.

Again, and to a fourth assault, Moukhtár his soldiers rallied.

The Turks their prayer to Allah made, but in the attack have fallen

Five thousand men of Koniar breed, seven hundred Liáp Albanians,

Within the strongholds of the Klephts, the Kapitans’ entrenchments.

The rocks are with Albanians strewn, and stream with blood of Koniar,

But now a bitter cry is heard—‘They’ve prisoner made Vlachávas!

And captives his companions made, and captives made his kindred!’

‘Why palest thou, O Thýmio? and why art thou afflicted?’

‘I grieve that I betrayed have been by lying, base Stournáris;

And, captive led to Yiánnina, Ali Pashá's hands hold
me.

Grieved now and sad will be my friends, mine enemies
be joyful.'

EVTHYMIOS VLACHÁVAS.

(VALAORITIS, *Μνημόσυνα ᾄσματα.*)

VLACHÁVA, son of whom art thou, what mother, and
what father?

* * * * *

Olympus loved the much-desired, the proud and lovely
Ossa;

For many years he gazed on her, his eyes with love's
fires burning;

And she would blush beneath his gaze, and she in fear
would hide her.

One night, the joy of gods, one night of spring, serene
and tranquil;

In heaven the stars all glorious shone, from very fulness
trembling,

As though they held love's hidden flame, love's burning,
love's heartbeating.

No sound was heard but bleating flocks, or sheep-bell's
muffled tinkle,

As wandered o'er the fields the sheep, and grazed within
the meadows.

Anon and ever, on the ear sweet strains of woodland
music

From shepherd's pipe lulled lovingly to sleep the trees
and flowers;

And fragrant from the laurels blew the breeze, and from
 the myrtles,
 And from the joyful lily who from out the stream had
 risen,
 As white as purest maiden's face the Sun had never
 gazed on.⁶²
 The lily curved his slender neck, and darted loving
 glances,
 To woo his shadow in the wave, within the deep blue
 water.
 O sweetly, sweetly, Echo brought upon the ear the
 carol
 Of Klepht, who called to mind the deeds of Christos
 Miliónis,^a
 And winds and trees and waters now stand still, all else
 forgetting,
 And breathless listen to the praise of him their ancient
 comrade ;
 While softly falls the crystal dew, pure as the tears of
 children,
 As if a sudden grief had seized upon the new bride's
 being,
 While listening to the dirge he sings for Christos
 Miliónis.
 Why, hills, surrounded by such wealth of love, and joy,
 and gladness,
 Girt with a life so manifold, with harmonies so varied,
 Why hear I not 'mid rustling leaves, and willow's sway-
 ing branches,
 And in the rippling of the streams, the voice of Free-
 dom whisper ?
 Such was the night Olympos chose to tell his love to
 Ossa ;

! ^a Singing probably the ballad, given *above*, p. 288.

To show the love he bore for her, and tell her of his
passion.

See how the lover is adorned! Across his ample
shoulders,

All white and wide his beard is spread, in soft and
waving billows,

That combed are by the moonbeams' rays, and tinged
with mellow radiance;

Around him snowy clouds he draws, like foam-flecks
freshly gathered;

The opal mist of sweet May dew he wears, as *fustanella*.
And brightly gleams, girt round his waist, and glitters
on his shoulder—

The lightning-flash for his good sword, the thunder-
bolt for musket.

Joy to the maiden who is loved, loved by the Klepht
Olympos!

The mountains whispered all night long, and one
another questioned;

And when the Morning Star arose, and woke from sleep
the roses

That, with the Dawn, sprang up the hills, and to the
highest summits,

On Ossa, lovely Ossa, still Olympos fond was gazing,
And saw her blush beneath his glance, blush like a
bashful maiden.

He stooped, he bent his crest to her, and on her lips he
kissed her;

And quick that kiss, that kiss alone, like life and flame
commingled,

Thrilled through the veins of the new bride, and all her
being kindled.

Ere many years had come and gone, ere many months
and seasons,

A sound was heard on Agrapha, and on the lofty
Pindus—
The footsteps of the Armatole, the terrible Vlachávas;
The voice of eagles too that cried, the voice of falcons
screaming:
'Ye forests, open wide a path, and gather up your
branches;
And let the Stoicheiò pass by, the Dhrákontas of Ossa!'

Fallen into the power of Alí Pashá, Vlachávas, after being cruelly tortured, is dragged through the streets of Ioánnina for three days, and dies. He is then decapitated by a Gipsy, who places his head on a stone pillar. But his faithful dog has followed unnoticed in the crowd.

The night had fallen, and, satiate, the wild beasts had departed;
The dog alone remained behind; upon the earth he stretched him,
And moaned, and moaned incessantly, poor hound, from his great sorrow.
But when the midnight dark had come, he sudden leapt and bounded,
And in his mouth, and with his jaws, to seize the head he struggled;
But, maimed and bleeding, his poor claws upon the stone slip, broken.
It is too high, he cannot reach. Yet still he clings, and stretches,
And slips, and falls; but, eagerly, again he leaps undaunted;
And with a last, wild, frantic bound, he stands upon the summit.

That head, that head so terrible between his teeth he
seizes ;

And with it swift he flees away, across the hills and
valleys.

And as their rapid course they take, the forest trees, all
startled,

Ask one another, 'Who is this?'—the pine-tree asks
the plane-tree,

The willow asks the cypress tall, the elm-tree asks the
laurel—

'Who this is who is passing by? say, is it not
Vlachávas?'

And with their eyes they follow them, but they are
fleeing ever.

When, near the dawning of the day, they reach the
heights of Ossa,

Upon her topmost, topmost ridge, among the deepest
snow-wreaths,

The faithful dog a deep bed digs, and there the head
he buries,

And by its side he stretches him, and lays him down
expiring.

O happy be the snowy bed where buried lies Vlachávas!

The mother who the hero bore again her bosom
opens,

And spreads a couch that he may rest, like babe within
the cradle.



*THE CAPTURE OF GARDIKI.*⁶³

(1812.)

(PASSOW, CCXIX.)

O CUCKOOS, sing your song no more, and, all ye birds,
be silent!

And ye Albanians everyone, be ye o'ercome with
sorrow!

The citadel has given in, and fallen is Khoumelítza;
Gardíki still is holding out, and she will not surrender;
But fain the struggle would maintain, and meet her
foes in battle.

When hears of this Alí Pashá, then greatly he's
incenséd,

And furiously with both hands writes, and sends
abroad his mandates:

'To thee, Lieutenant Yousoufí; to thee, Yousouf the
Arab;

Now when thou shalt my letter see, and thou shalt see
my mandates,

Demíri shalt thou take alive, the same with all his
children.

I want, too, Moustaphá Pashá, both him and all his
kindred.'

'I, joyfully, Pashá, will go; I go to bring them to
thee!'

And up arose Yousoufí then, and went forth to Gardíki.
And as he went to war against and fight with the
Gardíkiots,

Ismáil Delvíno called to him, and shouted from
Gardíki:

'Where go'st, dear Yousoufí Agá, dear Yousoufí the
Arab?

This place it is not Yánnina, nor is it Tepeléni—
It is Gardíki's famous town in all the world renownéd,
Where even little children fight ; and, like men, women
battle ;

Where fights the brave Demír Aghá, a worthy *pallikári* ;
Three days, three long, hard days they fight, three days
and nights they struggle,

Ere they surrender to Yousoúf, and to his hands submit
them ;

And holds out only Ismáïl, and fights within Gardíki.'

'Come, 'Smáïl Bey, and thou shalt see the eyes of our
Viziéri !'

'I never will submit to thee, and ne'er will I surrender!
I have a deadly gun to wield, and I've with me picked
soldiers.'

But they are scattered, sword in hand, Yousoúf has
made them pris'ners.

Ismáïl Bey he's captive made, brave Ismáïl Delvíni,
And prisoner made Demír Agá, with him Demíri Dostë ;
And ta'en are all before the gate of Yánnina's Vizieri.

Low bend they there, his skirt they hold, and kiss his
hand all humbly.

'We are to blame, my Lord Vizier ; we pray you now
forgive us !'

'There's no forgiveness here for you, nor mercy will I
show you !'

Here ! take these men, and drag them out unto the
broad lake's margin ;

Take you stout planks with you, I say ; of stout spikes
take you plenty.

Off with you ! nail them to the planks, and in the
water throw them ;

There let them swim the livelong day, the long day let
them row there !'

KATSANTÓNI, THE LEPÉNIOT, AND
TSÓNGKA.^a

(1815.)

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 43.)

- (*Strophe.*) LEPÉNIO'S trodden under foot,
(*Antistrophe.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
(*Str.*) They've made of it a highway!—
(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka, that thou hadst ne'er seen
day!*—
(*Str.*) They've taken silver, taken gold,
(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
(*Str.*) And pearls, too, have they taken;
(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
(*Str.*) They've taken Nikolákaina,
(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
(*Str.*) The great, the chief Pashéna;
(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
(*Str.*) They've seized and hurried her away,
(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
(*Str.*) High up to the *leméri*;
(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*
(*Str.*) And the Lepéniot born-fool,
(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
(*Str.*) Her by the hair now seizes,
(*Ant.*) *And to the ground he throws her.*
(*Str.*) 'O let me go, Lepéniot,
(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
(*Str.*) And tear not from my head my hair!
(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—

^a This is a Klepht's Dancing-song; but as it relates to a historical episode, it is placed here.

- (*Str.*) But write ye for the ransom now,
 (*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
- (*Str.*) Write ye nine thousand piastres,
 (*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
- (*Str.*) And that twelve *fezes* you they send,
 (*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
- (*Str.*) And drinks fifteen they send you,
 (*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
- (*Str.*) And send you, for the scribe's reward,
 (*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
- (*Str.*) An inkstand all of silver;
 (*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
- (*Str.*) And send for each soul-son of you
 (*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
- (*Str.*) A drinking cup of silver.
 (*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*

LIAKATÁ'S DESPO.²¹

(1816.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 74.)

WITHIN the Castle's lofty walls, the Vizier's high
seráï,

Where are a thousand partridges, shut up, yet sweetly
 calling,

They yet another captive bring, a partridge, all adornéd.
 Among Liakatá's sheepfolds they've hunted and en-
 trapped her;

And every partridge sweetly calls, and she alone is
 silent.

'Why, Despo, speak'st thou not to us, and why art
 thou so sullen?

Go in, the chamber to prepare, and change the mats
 and bedclothes,

And I will come and gaze on thee, and we'll converse together.'

'I am not sullen, my Pashá, but I, Pashá, have never been taught to spread the mattresses, and lay the sheets in order ;

I'm from the folds, a shepherdess, and this is all I ken, sir—

The flocks and herds to feed and tend, and morn and eve to milk them ;

The shepherd's gaiters coarse to knit, and curdle the *yiaóurti*.^a

THE EXILE OF THE PARGHIOTS.

(1819.)

(PASSOW, CCXXII.)

'BLACK little bird that comest here, from region over yonder,

O say what weeping sore is it, what doleful lamentation they send from Parga's city out, that rends the very mountains!—

Say, do the Turks attack her now, or does the battle burn her ?'

'The Turks have not attacked her now, nor does the battle burn her ;

But all the Parghiots are sold, are sold as goats and cattle.^b

^a A kind of curd, usually eaten uncooked and with sugar, and thought particularly wholesome in spring and early summer. But the Armenians cook it with an herb called *róka* (rocket), and serve it with toast and butter.

^b The conduct of the British High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Sir Thomas Maitland, in reference to Parga, was certainly, to say the least, open to severe criticism.

Ill-fated folk! now they must go, in exile must they
sojourn!

They leave their homes, they leave the tombs, the
graves of their forefathers;

They leave their holy place of prayer, by Turks 'twill
now be trodden.

And women tear their long black hair, and beat their
fair white bosoms;

And all the aged loud lament with bitter lamentation;

The priests with weeping eyes take down the Icons
from their Churches.

Seest thou those lurid fires that burn, what black smoke
from them rises?—

There are they burning dead men's bones, the bones of
those brave warriors

Who put the Turks in mortal fear, the Vizier in a
fever;

They are the bones of ancestors their children now are
burning,

That the Liápēs find them not, nor Turks upon them
trample.

Hear'st thou the wailing of the folk which echoes
through the forests?

And hearest thou the sounds of woe, the bitter lamenta-
tion?—

It is because they're driv'n away from their ill-fated
country:

They kiss her stones, they kiss the earth,^a and to her
soil "Farewell" say!^b

^a Compare *Iliad* iv. 522: 'And as he (Agamemnon) touched his
own land, he kissed it.'

^b They have now, however, returned; and I had the pleasure of
making the acquaintance of prosperous merchants belonging to
old Parghiot families.—ED.

RHIGAS PHERRAIOS.⁶⁵

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 75.)

O SING no more, ye nightingales, and, cuckoos, be ye
 silent !
 And you, ye poor Albanians, go, in mourning garments
 dress you !
 What is this evil that's befall'n, and what is this great
 tumult ?
 Rhiga Pherraío 's fall'n upon, and beaten yon Moustám
 Bey.
 The Bey cries to the *bimbashís*,^a calls to the *miraláis*^b.
 They 'gainst the earthworks lay their siege from morn-
 ing until evening,
 For fain they would the battle join, upon the plain of
 Lar'sa.
 Then forth the standard-bearers come with crosses
 angel-guarded,
 Karaïskákë's ancient line, and *Markobotsaratoi*^c;
 Brave men have they the sword to wield, and they are
 all Insurgents.
 Between their teeth their swords they hold, their guns
 upon their shoulders,
 And gunpowder as bread they eat, and bullets as a
 relish.
 Karaïskákë calls aloud, and earth at hearing trembles:
 ' In Turkey plunge ye now your swords, slay even in the
 harems !'
 As many Beys as heard his words donned straight their
 mourning garments ;

^a Captains, *Bin* (Tr.) = 100.^b Colonels, *Mir* (Tr.) = 1000.^c Sons of Marko Bótsaris.

The Sultan, too, that wretched Prince, still crying is,
and shouting :

'O cease ye from the battle, boys ! O cease ye now the
firing,

And I will grant to every one the boon his heart
desireth !'

SECTION (III.)

BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HELLENIC
MEMORIES.

ZITO HELLAS !⁶⁶

(KIND, *Τραγώδια*, 12.)

O THOU, my Sword belov'd, so keen, I gird !
And shoulder thee, my Gun, my flaming bird^a !
O slay ye, slay the Turks again,
The tyrants scatter o'er the plain !
Live thou, O Sword I gird !
Long life to thee, my Bird !

And when, O my good Sword, I hear thy clash,
And when, O my black Gun, I see thy flash,
That strew the ground with Turkish slain,
And '*Allah !*' cry those dogs amain,
No sweeter music's heard ;
Long life to thee, my Bird !

^a This recalls a famous Gaelic song by a Braemar poet-poacher, in which, addressing his Gun, he says :

'I would not give the kisses of thy lips
For all the yellow treasures of the Low-country.'—ED.

Now skies are dark, and thunder-clouded o'er,
 And tempest, rain, and flood, with Boreas roar ;
 I climb the hills, and leave the plain,
 The mountain-passes wild I gain ;
 My country rises free—
 Long life, my Sword, to thee !

For the most holy faith of Christ ; for thee,
 Hellas, my Fatherland, and liberty—
 It is for these that I would die ;
 While these live only, live would I !
 To see my Country free,
 Alone is life to me !

The hour has come, and loud the trumpets sound ;
 Now boiling is my blood, with joy I bound ;
 The *bam*, the *boum*, the *glin*, *glin*, *gloun*
 Begin, and loud will thunder soon !
 While Turks around me die,
 ' *Hellas, Hurrah !* ' I cry.

KOLOKOTRONES.⁶⁴

1770-1836.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 70.)

FAMOUS Leonidas' sword
 Kolokotrónes now doth gird.
 Faint the Othmans at its sight,
 Cold their blood doth run with fright.
 In Dólianá the fight's begun,
 Weeps each *Kadin*^a for her son.

^a A Turkish lady.

In Valtítsa now they fight,
Fall the Turks like storks in flight.
Now the battle is in Lala,
And the Turks cry '*Allah! Allah!*'

GHIÓURGOUKLIS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

DOWN from a four-peaked mountain-top descends a
rapid river,
Rocks in its rush it carries down, and bears down trees
uprooted ;
It bears down a sweet apple-tree, with apples heavy-
laden.
And hear of it three maidens fair, and go to do their
washing.
The first the sick ones here doth wash, the second one
the wounded,
The third, the fairest of them all, this sad lament is
singing :
' They've slain, they've slain Ghióurgouklis, the young
Kolokotrónis,
He who a rose was 'mong them all, 'mong all Koloko-
trónis.
Arise! arise! Ghióurgouklis! Oh, sleep not thou so
soundly !
To thee they have three letters brought, with bitterness
thou'lt read them.'
' Take hold of me, and raise me up, seat me that I may
read them ;
And bind ye round about my head a gold-embroidered
kerchief ;
And bring to me these letters now, that I with grief
may read them.'

Then cried he with a loud shrill voice, as loud as he
was able ;

And thus to his brave boys he spake, his *pallikars* thus
charged he :

'Fore God I charge you, O my boys! Revenge my
death, I charge you !'

THE KLEPHT'S FAREWELL.

(PASSOW, CLIII.)

' I TELL thee, mother, ne'er will I to base Turks be
enslavéd ;

I cannot bear it, mother mine—my heart would die
within me.

My gun I'll take, and I will go—I'll go and be a
Klephtë,

And on the mountains I will rove, and on the highest
ridges.

I'll for companions have the groves, with wild beasts
I'll hold converse ;

The snows I'll for my covering take, for couch the
rocky ridges ;

And with the young Klephts all day long, I'll hide in a
leméri.

I go, my mother ; weep thou not, but give to me thy
blessing,—

Yea, bless me, little mother dear, that many Turks I
slaughter.

And plant for thee a rose-bush fair, and plant a clove-
carnation ;

With sugar thou must water them, musk-water pour
upon them ;

And while they blossom, mother mine, and while they
put forth flowers,

Know that thy son is living still, and 'gainst the Turk
is fighting.
But when that sad, sad day shall come, when comes
that bitter morning,
The morn when both those plants shall die, and faded
fall their blossoms,
Know that thy son all wounded lies—in garments black
array thee.¹⁶⁷
Twelve years, twelve long, long years had passed,
twelve years and fifteen months gone,
And all that time the rose had bloomed, and blossomed
the carnation,
Till dawned a morning bright of Spring, till dawned a
May-day morning.
Sweet sang the birds within the groves, and all the
heavens were laughing—
One lightning-flash, one thunder-clap, and all was
turned to darkness!
Then sadly the carnation sighed, the rose-tree tears
was weeping;
At once they withered both and died, and shed their
faded blossoms,
And with them withered, too, and died, the Klepht's
unhappy mother.

THE KLEPHT'S WINTERING.

(ARAVANDINOS, 128.)

THE trees are faded, withered all, the hills with snow
are glistening;
The Vlachs go to the lowlands now, they go for winter
pasture.
The Klepht, where shall he shelter find? He leaves
the mountain-ridges,

His garb he changes,^a through the woods all silently
 he's stealing.
 No smile is there upon his lips, with head bent low
 he strideth ;
 He counts the passing days and nights, and waits the
 hour impatient,
 When spring shall open, beeches bud, and he gird on
 his weapons,
 With gun on shoulder, run again along the rocky ridges,
 And climb into the mountains high, and reach the
 Klephts' *leméri*,
 To mingle with his company, and ply again his calling,
 To slay the Turk wherever found, to strip bare every
 trav'ler,
 And wealthy captives seize upon, to hold them fast to
 ransom.

THE KLEPHTS AWAITING THE SPRING.

(ARAVANDINOS, 127.)

How peaceful all the mountains lie, how peaceful lie
 the meadows !
 It is not death that they await, old age does not afflict
 them ;
 The spring-time only they await, and May, and summer
 sunshine,
 To see the Vlachs upon the hills, to see the fair Vlach
 maidens,
 And listen to the music sweet that with their pipes
 they'll waken.

^a Exchanging the black kerchief and dirty-white kilt of the Klepht for the white fez and baggy breeches of the Peasant.

While graze their sheep, around whose necks the heavy
bells are tinkling.
Again they'll set their sheepfolds up, and set up their
encampment ;
Again the young Klepht boys will come for frolic and
for dancing ;
The Klepht bands, too, will scour again the fields of
fair Pharsália,
Their Turkish foes to catch alive, and when they're
slain to strip them,
And golden sequins carry off, and then divide and
share them ;
And give, perhaps, some two or so to fair and kind
Vlach maidens,
When stealing from them kisses two, with sweetest fun
and frolic.

HAÏDÉE.⁶⁸

(PASSOW, CCCV.)

Who fishes on the hills has seen, or deer upon the
waters ?
Who an unwedded girl has seen among the *pallikária* ?
For twelve long years had Haïdée lived an Armatole
and Klephtë,
And no one had her secret learnt among her ten com-
panions,
Till Eastertide came round again, the feast of Easter
Sunday,
When all went forth with sword to play, to fence, and
throw the boulder.
Once Haïdée threw, and only once ; ten times the
pallikária.

So tightly prisoned was her form, her shame and her
 confusion
 Did burst the fastenings of her vest, and showed her
 lovely bosom.
 One cries that it is gold he sees, another says 'tis
 silver ;
 One little Klepht has caught a glimpse, he knows what
 'tis full rightly,
 ' That is no gold that ye have seen, nor is it even
 silver ;
 'Tis Haïdée's bosom, nothing else—'tis Haïdée's hidden
 treasure !'
 ' O, hush thee, hush thee, little Klepht ! and do not
 thou betray me ;
 And I for thee my life will give, I'll give thee all my
 weapons !'

THE LOVELORN KLEPHT.^a

(ARAVANDINOS, 142.)

THE livelong night sleep fled from me ; to-day I'm all
 aweary
 For two sweet eyes, for two sweet eyes, two eyes of
 sweetest azure.
 But I will steal them some dark night, some dark and
 moonless midnight,
 And to the hills I'll mount with them, high to the
 mountain-ridges.
 At midnight I will kiss them there ; at morn again I'll
 kiss them.

^a Placing it here, instead of in Class II., may, perhaps, be
 excused by the completion thus given to the Song-picture of
 Klephtic life.

Oft have I heard the partridge call, the nightingale oft warble ;

Three times the cocks have crowed aloud, five times has screamed the peacock.

Awaken, O my partridge-eyed! Awake, and with me hasten !

And I will kiss the olive brown that on thy cheek's imprinted !

THE DEATH OF THE KLEPHT.

(PASSOW, CXLVI.)

ONCE we were forty gallant Klephts, we numbered forty Robbers,

Who'd made an oath upon the sword, three oaths on the *topháiki*,

That when a comrade should fall sick, then would we all stand by him ;

Stand by him when the Fates should call, or Destiny^a demand him.

The best of all the band fell ill, the richest and most valiant.

One to another signs did make, and said to one another,

'What, comrades, shall we do with him—a stranger in a strange land ?'

And he replied and answered them, with lips all dry and parchèd :

'Boys, take me in your friendly arms, and bear me in your bosoms,

And dig me with your hands a grave in th' Earth that must devour me.

^a See 'The *Moirai*, or Fates,' *above*, p. 81, and vol. ii., Annotations, No. 7.

Throw earth by handfuls, kisses throw, throw tears,
 and earth by handfuls;
 But lay me on my face, your path I shall not then
 discover.
 And when you see my mother dear, my long-expecting
 mother—
 Who always looked for my return three times a year
 impatient,
 First on Annunciation Day; and second, Passion
 Sunday;
 And third—'twill grieve her most of all!—when say we,
 "Christ is risen!"
 Say not to her that I am dead, say not that they have
 killed me;
 That I am married only say, and in a far, far country.'

SÁBBAS THE ARMATOLE.

(1821.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 81.)

WHY weep ye not, ye trees and boughs? why weep ye
 not, low ridges?
 Why weep ye not the Armatoles, and their brave Cap-
 tain Sábbas?
 Lord Jesus! what will happen here, the summer that
 is coming?
 In Goúra they're no longer seen, nor yet in Armyriótë.
 They say, to Yiánnina he's gone to give in his sub-
 mission:^a
 'Affendi, many be your years!' 'Ah, Sábbas, thou art
 welcome!

^a To Ismail Pashá, who was then victoriously besieging Ali Pashá, whose hour was now come.

How didst thou come? how dost thou do? how fare
thy *pallikaria*?

'*Affendi*, they submit themselves; they've to the plains
descended,

And I'm to thy protection come, to take hold of thy
garment!'^a

DIAKOS THE ARMATOLE.

(1821.)

(PASSOW, CCXXXV.)

THREE little birds had perched themselves, afar in
Alamána;

One looked down to Livádia, another to Zetoúni,
The third—the best of all the three—a lamentation
warbled:

'Arise and flee, Diákos mine, and let us to Livádia.

Omér Pashá will fall on us—Omér the Bey Vriónë.'

'Why, let the cuckold come along, and show himself,
the apostate!

We'll let him see the battle fierce of Armatole's *topháiki*;

We'll let him see Diákos' sword, how in red blood it
revels!

When furiously the fight had waged from morning until
evening,

Their guns they threw aside, and drew their swords
from out the scabbards,

And like wild lions on the Turks they made a desperate
onset.^b

Three times the Othmans count their dead, three
thousand find they missing.

^a In order to kiss its hem, a common action in the East when an
inferior asks, or obtains, a favour from a superior.

^b Compare p. 308, note c.

When call their roll the Armatoles, they miss but three
Leventës ;
 No one has gone to keep a feast, or gone to keep a
 wedding.
 Then cried Diákos unto them, with all his might he
 shouted :
 ‘ My brother, Basil, where art thou ? thou, Ghiórgghi,
 my beloved ?
 Their blood ye shall require from him, from that Omér
 Vriónë ;
 Meantime, go ! hither bring the Cross, and we’ll all
 kiss’t together !’

RESOULA AND FATMÉ.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

Two Turkish maidens they have seized, both famous
 for their beauty ;
 Diákos ’twas who Fatmé took, and Yiánni took
 Resoúla ;
 Upon his knees he seated her, and in her eyes was
 gazing.
 ‘ Resoúla, do thou Christian be, with holy oil baptized.’
 ‘ And how should I a Christian be, with holy oil bap-
 tized,
 I who have for my brothers Beys, and *Voïvodes* have for
 cousins,
 Who have besides Kourschid Pashá as my own cousin-
 german ?’
 The words had hardly left her mouth, still was the
 maiden speaking,
 When came her ransom, tied within a gold-embroidered
 kerchief.

But Yianniakós will none of it, and Yiánni does not want it.

‘Thine shall the ransom be, and thine shall be, too, all the *grósia* !

I will that Christian thou become, that I my wife may make thee.’

‘A Christian will I not become, e’en though thou cut my head off!’

And he his sword drew from its sheath, and her fair head sent rolling.

TSÓNGKA AND ALEXÁKI VLACHOPOULO.

(1821.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 82.)

O’ER all the world serenity, o’er all the world the sunshine,

But o’er Vrachóri’s township now black clouds and darkness hover.

The Kapitans are burning it, Tsóngka and Alexáki ;
And one, a Bey’s young son was he, from high *serai* thus hailed them :

‘What are ye doing, Christian boys ?—say, are ye not baptized ones ?

Have we not neighbours with you lived, together grown to manhood ?

Why then do ye our houses burn, and shed our blood why would ye ?’—

But ’tis not such complaint as this that flaming fires extinguish,

And all the women-children fall into the hands of robbers.

YIANNOÚLAS ZAKAS.

Zagorie.

(1824.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 85.)

METHOUGHT it was the early dawn, so bright the moon
 was shining,
 And forth abroad by night I came, and up the high
 hills climbed I.
 I heard the poplars thundering, I heard the mountains
 roaring.
 'Ye mountains high of Grevena, and Métsovo's tall
 poplars,
 What ails you that you thund'ring are, what ails you
 that you quarrel?'
 'The Klephts have to the sheepfolds come, with
 Kapitan Yiannoúlas,
 And captive they've our children ta'en, and captive
 ta'en our maidens,
 And they from us a ransom ask of *aspras* many sackfuls;
 And they demand that unto them the Captainship we
 render
 Of Grevena, of Métsovo, and eke of all Zagórie;
 And three days only will they wait, three days' and
 nights' grace give us,
 And then the towns they say they'll burn, the monas-
 t'ries and churches.'
 The vilayét has learnt the news, and all the chief men
 hasten,
 To Yiánnina they go, and stand before the Vizier's
 doorway.
 'Sore evil has befallen us, and it may e'en be greater,
 At Grévena, at Métsovo, and in betrayed Zagórie
 If we do not to reason bring that Kapitan Yiannoúla.'

KARAMÍTSOS.

(1824.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 83.)

AMID three mountains, and between Mount Athos and
Kassándra,
Three shining stars appeared in air, and in a row they
hovered.
'Look well at them, O Mítso mine, look well at them,
what mean they?'
'They are the signals of the Klephts, the signals of the
Captains;
Three Frankish ships are there below, and they have
come to seize us,
So let us on to dry land go ere dawneth yet the morning.'
As on the beach they disembarked, there did their foes
await them,
And Karamítso did they wound, both on his knees and
fingers.

GREGORIOS LIAKATÁS.—I.²¹

Thessaly.

(1825.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 86.)

BEFOOLED by early dawn was I, befooled too by the
birdies,
And up into the hills I climbed, and to the mountain
summit,
And there I heard a partridge call, she called and
sweetly sang she,

And cursed she too the mountains all with human voice
as spake she :

‘ O Aspropótamo’s high hills, and O ye crescent
mountains,

What with the Klepht boys have ye done and Kapitan
Gligóry ?’

‘ O him has Nikolós befooled, e’en Nikolós Stournáris!—
“ Gligóry, come along, let’s go, let’s go to Missolónghi,
There heads of thousands we’ll become, and they will
make us chieftains ;”

And Mítros has a letter writ, and sent it to Gligóry :

‘ Gligóry, hast thy senses lost, and hast God ta’en thy
reason ?

That thou dost our *leméria* quit, the house of thy fore-
fathers ?”

“ What can I, brother, do for thee ? what do for thee,
bré Mítro ?—

A bullet struck me in the fray, and in my left eye
entered,

But if God and the Virgin grant that I be cured, and
healed be,

Again I’ll to the hills return, and to the mountain
summits.’ ”

GREGORIOS LIAKATÁS.—II.

(1826.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 88.)

YESTRE’EN, it was at supper-time, yestre’en, towards
the sunset,

Three cherished maidens told the tale, and sorrowfully
sang it ;

One was Stournári’s daughter dear, Mark Bótsaris’ the
other,

The third, the youngest of them all, Kapitán Gligóry's daughter.

And as they sad lamented there, and there as sweetly sang they,

Flew down to them a little bird, and on her knees he perched him.

'O tell us, tell us, birdie dear, O tell us some good tidings!'

'What can I, little lady, tell, and what can I relate thee?'

'Fore yesterday and yesterday, I flew by Missolónghi, And there I heard they'd laid him low—the Kapitán Gligóry.

The trees, the branches weep for him, the fountains cool lament him,

And weep too they of Koútsana,^a they who are Kapitán's sons.'

THE SIEGE OF MISSOLÓNGHI.

(1826.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 15.)

ONE Saturday, as journeying, I passed by Missolónghi—

The ev'ning of Palm Sunday 'twas, the Saturday of Laz'rus—

I heard within a sound of woe, of tears and lamentation.

Not for the slaughter did they mourn, nor for the dead were weeping;

'Twas only for the bread they wept, for which the flour was lacking.

^a A township of the Aspropótamos.

Then from the Church a priest proclaimed, and called
to all the people :

' My children, young and old, approach ; come here to
St. Nikóla ;

Come for the last time and partake of the Communion
holy !'

But from the rampart Bótsaris was calling to them
loudly :

' Whoe'er is brave, and swift of foot, a valiant *palikári*,
Let him to th' Isles a letter take, to Hydra and to
Spezzia,

That they provision bring of corn, and we drive out
our hunger ;

And drive away the Arabs too ; that dog Ibráhim with
them.

Where goest, I say, 'Brahím Pashá, with thy old worn-
out Arabs ?

This place they call it Kárleli, they call it Missolonghi,
Where fight the valiant Héllenes still, like worthy
palikária !'

THE DEATH OF MARKO BÓTSARIS.⁵⁸

(1826.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THREE little partridges were perched, high up on
Karpenísi ;

Their claws with crimson dye were stained, and red
were dyed their feathers ;

And round about their heads were bound and twisted
soiled kerchiefs.

From fall of evening they lament, and cry they in the
morning :

‘Skódra Pashá will fall on us with soldiers eighteen thousand,
With him he’s bringing Djelad Bey, he’s bringing
Agha Kióris,
And Nikothéan’s coming, too, the dog, the Christian-
slayer!’

Amid the meadows they encamp, below St. Athanasius.
And set they to, and letters write to all the Klephtio
Chieftains.

‘Of you I ask Mark Bótsaris, that, bound, to me you
bring him;

That I may send him to the King, the Sultan at Stambóli.
And you, your lives I’ll give to you, nor yours alone—
your children’s.’

When Mark this proclamation heard, he stroked his
long moustaches,

To him he Lámbro Vekkon called, and secretly he
charged him:

‘Assemble, Lámbro, now the boys, the bravest *palli-
kária*,

For we this evening must set forth to march to Kar-
penísi.

Skódra Pashá to find we’ll go, to make his good
acquaintance.’

On Friday did they all set out, and quitted Missolónghi.
At Karpenísi they arrived, two hundred full they
numbered.

‘Come, boys, come eat and drink your fill, sit down
and eat your supper,

For whether we the morrow see the one God only
knoweth!

At five o’clock o’ th’ night^a must ye be on your feet and
ready,

^a Turkish time, reckoned from sunset, is probably referred to.

For Skódra must we fall upon while still he soundly
slumbers.'

Then in the dark of night they rose, and made the
assault in darkness.

His trusty sword has Marko drawn, and 'mid the tents
he rushes,

And twice six hundred men were slain, were slain in
that first onslaught.

But one Albanian Latin^a dog—would that his hand had
fallen!—

A bullet fired with deadly aim, which struck the head of
Marko.

With choking voice cried Marko then, cried Bótsaris,
though wounded :

'Where art thou, Kosta, brother dear? cease not for
me your firing!

And you, my boys, weep not for me, nor don ye
mourning garments;

Send tidings to the Frankish lands, send tidings to
Ancona;

And write a letter to my wife, that they have slain her
Marko;

Bid her with care bring up my boy, and letters let her
teach him.'

PHLOROS YIATAGHANAS I.

(1826.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

ON Malandrino's rocky heights was seated Sakarélis,
And oft he turned to ask his band—the few men that
were left him—

^a A Miridite, or Catholic Albanian.

‘My boys, say what has now become of brave old
Yiataghánas ?

He’s neither in Ghióna seen, nor yet in Galasídi.’

‘Fighting is Yiataghána now, and with him is Tzavára;
The Turks they slaying are like rams, Aghás like pigs
they slaughter.’

When to Achmét Bey came the news, it sorely, sorely
grieved him.

‘Stay, Phlóro, stay the fighting now, and let the guns
cease firing ;

I’ll make of thee an Armatole, and gold give all thou
askest !’

When Phlóro heard the words he spake, the blood
rushed to his forehead :

‘Thou Bey ! thou vile old Turk ! [he cried], thou
vermin-covered rascal !

I came not hither for thy gold, nor came I for thy
money ;

For I am Phlóros the renowned, I am old Yiataghánas,
Who ’mong the Heroes have grown old, among the
Klephts am Captain ;

And if thou darest, filthy Turk, come ! we’ll stand up
together,

And Phlóro’s sword I’ll let thee see, Tzaváro’s gun I’ll
show thee !’

PHLOROS YIATAGHANAS II.

Ibid.

THE herbage for the water weeps, for dew the trees are
weeping,

And weeping are the sons bereaved, sons of old
Yiataghána.

By day and by dark night they go, with sword in hand
 they're marching ;
 Meatless and drinkless on they go, and not an eye one
 closes,
 For they would Turkish bodies eat, with blood would
 they be satiate ;
 And at the setting of the sun, a Bey's young son they
 capture.
 When to the Bey the news was told, the blow was like
 to kill him ;
 A letter he sits down and writes and sends to Ranka-
 vánis—
 ' O Rankavánis, send him back, my only son restore
 me,
 And I will for his ransom give of golden coin five sack-
 fuls.'
 ' We do not want your golden coins, nor do we want
 your money ;
 Bring thou to us our Captain here, and take thy boy
 back with thee.'
 ' But Yiataghánas he is dead, of grievous sickness died
 he.'
 ' Then we thy son, O miscreant Bey, then we thy son
 will feed on ;
 For I will flay the boy alive, and on the spit we'll roast
 him !'

JOHN TZAVÁRAS.

Ibid.

THE cuckoo sings upon the hills, and on the shores the
 partridge,
 The deer have wandered forth to graze, the Klephts for
 heads gone hunting,

And John Tzavára forth has gone, and fain would he a
Klepht be.

First to the church he takes his way, the priest hears
read the Gospel,

Before the Christ his reverence makes, his arms then
dons he bravely.

And charges him his mother dear, and twice repeats
her counsel :

' Dear son, go thou to Sálona, and with thy sword
drawn enter,

Cut off the head of Emin Bey, and all his wicked
voivodes,

They who of thee an orphan made, and made of me a
widow !'

NASOS MANTALOS.

(1828.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 98.)

THE cuckoo sings it on the hills, and on the shore the
partridge,

And on a withered little tree our Peter-blackbird sings it;
And, as a funeral dirge, they chant and sing the mourn-
ful ditty :

' The noise of many guns I hear, and dismal is their
knelling,

Perhaps 'tis for a wedding, or perhaps 'tis for a feast-
day ?'

' They neither for a wedding fire, nor do they fire for
feast-day,

'Tis Násos battling, fighting hard against Hassáni
Ghíka.

Three days the fighting's lasted now, three days and
nights the battle ;

No water have they, bread they've none, no friend has
 come to aid them ;
 And now at break of day, at dawn, with sword in hand
 arising,
 A red-wet road he opens wide, "Farewell," they say to
 Khásia.'

THE WOMEN OF NEGATHA.

Zagorie.

(1828.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 100.)

THEY tell it in Karamberá, they tell it in Zagórie,
 And Zako's daughters tell it, too, high up in Valia-
 kárdha,
 The women of Negátha, too, sing it as *moiológia*,—
 The story of Balánaina, and of Kyrà Chrysoúla,
 And of Kyrà Angelikí, who Goúmaina's son's wife was,
 Whom they did drive in front of them, and whom as
 captives led they,
 And with them were companions twelve, and forty
 servant maidens.
 'Walk on, Kyrà Angelikí, behind why dost thou linger?
 Perhaps thy garments heavy are, thy ornaments are
 heavy?'
 'My garments do not weigh me down, nor do my
 gauds oppress me ;
 The white stones 'tis that hamper me, my knees are
 bruised and bleeding,
 For to these weary barefoot walks I've never been
 accustomed.'
 They took and led them far away, away to Valia-
 kárdha,

And there the Klephts begin the dance, and with them
set the women.

‘Dance thou, Kyrà Balánaina, so will the others dance,
too!’

‘O Lord, from out of Thy high heaven, wilt Thou not
bend and see us?—

This evil see that has befall’n, the greater ill that
threatens?’

Then took they them, and in a row, made stand up all
the women,

To see whose husband wealthiest was, and her they’d
hold to ransom.

Then Goúmaina’s Angelikí, the son’s wife of Chrysoúla,
With bitter tears bewailed her fate, bewailed her dire
misfortune;

For she her husband knew to be of all *Vlachià* the
envied.^a

THEODOROS ZAKAS AND THE SONS OF
MAKROS.

(1828.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 97.)

To Kranià, those dogs of Mákros’
Came, and on the bridge did post them;
Many a caravan they seized on,
Aspras took, and took piastres.
Took they, too, a Vláchá maiden,
Fair and white was she as snowdrift.
Sweet was she, yea, sweet as melon,
As a turtle-dove was comely.

^a These women were captured by the band of the Klepht Chief, Kapitán Zákas, who also figures in the next song, and on p. 368. *Vlachia* signifies the districts inhabited by the Vlachs.

Spread they 'fore them the piastres,
 And began they to divide them.
 Ha! See Thódoros! See Zákas!
 Quick a volley's fired upon them.
 Fifteen Klephtës there lie wounded,
 And lie dead the sons of Mákros.
 'Here! the sorriest jade go bring me,
 And we like to goats will sling them!'

SAPHÁKAS.

Epeiros.

(1829.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 99.)

THREE little partridges had perched high on the rocky
 ridges ;
 One is in spotted feathers drest, blue are the second's
 feathers,
 The third, that all in black is dight, this lamentation
 warbleth :
 'What is this evil that has happ'd to Kapitán
 Saphákas?—
 'Fore yesterday did he come forth from Yiánnina, the
 Castle,
 And, doubling, fled he to the hills, and to the highest
 summits.
 By night and day he hastened on, by road and narrow
 foot-track,
 Lonely, and all alone was he, and naked, and a-
 hungered.
 At last he to Tartána came, and in the Church did
 enter,

And vowed a golden lantern he would bring, and there
would hang it,
If safe he came to Agrapha, where he had friends and
fam'ly,
And had, besides, for his sworn friend, the Kapitán
Sotíri ;
They'd friends from earliest childhood been, sworn
friendship on th' Evangel.
So came he, and he found him there, and they
embraced each other.
But what these kisses him availed ? and what this
friendly greeting ?—
For on the morrow was he struck, struck by three
cruel bullets,
There as he sat and ate and drank with that Sotíri
Strátos.
A loud and bitter cry he gave, with wounded tongue
exclaimed he :
' Sworn friend, why slain me thus hast thou ? and why
hast thus betrayed me ?
O valleys, let your branches cry ! O mountains high,
low bend ye !
And to my mother bear the sound, and to my wife,
poor sad one !
And ye, O breezes, carry it, that hear may all the
Kosmos,
And learn how safely I escaped the claws of Turks and
Moslems,
To be by my sworn friend devoured—the faithless,
faithless Strátos !'

*GHIORGHÁKI OF BÉSOVA.**Grevena.*

(1831.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 101.)

A LITTLE birdie went and perched i' th' middle of the
 market,
 But sang not as a birdie should, and like the other
 birdies,
 But with a human voice she sang, and sadly thus
 lamented :
 'Ghiorgháki, hast thou lost thy wits, has God thy
 reason taken ?
 Forgettest thou, nor call'st to mind, that thou hast
 done much evil ?
 Why to Mehmét Aghá art come, to him why dost
 surrender ?
 Why, carelessly, in Grévena, about the town dost
 loiter ?'
 Mehmét Aghá has called to him that Soulieman
 Dhelvína,
 And secretly they counsel take to seize upon Ghior-
 gháki.
 In the bazaar he seated is, they fall on and disarm him,
 And fast they bind his hands and feet, and hew they
 him in pieces.

THE REVOLT OF THE TCHAMS.

(1831.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 21.)

THERE started out a little bird, and flew from Philiátes,
 And sped unto Emín Pashá, to Yiánnina's high Castle.

‘ Pashá mine, Paramythía’s chiefs, and with them all
the Tchámis
Are lifting up their heads again, yea, have already
lifted,
And to surround thee here they come, and Yiánnina
set blazing.
To-night they to Raïko came, and wrote they to
Veltsísta :
“ To you Veltsístan villages, Veltsístan priests and
elders,
Do you prepare much food for us, and bring it us to
Raïko,
Or else we’ll fire your villages, and take your persons
‘ captive.’ ”
‘ How many thousands, *bré* my bird, how many are
these Klephtës ?’
‘ Five thousand they together are, Seïkátans and
Demátans,^a
For thee, Pasha, they’d take alive, and thee they fain
would capture.’
Emin Pasha sets out at night, takes with him troops
five thousand,
Veltsísta had he seized upon ere sweetly dawned the
morning,
And opens bitter battle then, and fast the guns are
plying.
Three times the Tchams did charge on them, the
Tchams so brave and famous,
But they at the third onset broke, and then their backs
they turnéd,
And left their cloaks, and left their arms, and like to
goats they scampered.

^a *I.e.*, men of Seïkáta and Demáta.

THE PILLAGE OF KASTANIÁ.⁶⁹

(1832.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 103.)

THE Klephts together gathered them, within Aghià
 Triádha ;
 Tsápo's two strapping sons were there, the five boys of
 Blacháva ;
 And Zaka who's of Grevena, and three of Kontoyiánni's ;
 Ghiórghi from Xerómero, the son of Skylodímos,
 And Stráti who's from Agrapha, the two *Boukovalaíoi*,^a
 Kóstas Stournáris, Katsarós, and Yiánni Koutelídas ;
 And Tosks were there, and Liaps were there, with
 them Taphíli Boúsi.
 They banded them, they counsel took, and then set
 out together,
 To make the villages pay toll, and get from them their
 rations.
 A letter do they take and write, to Kastaniá they
 send it :
 'To you, headmen of Kastaniá, to you, Pashás, and
 great ones!—
 A hundred purses you will send, bread, wine, and *raki*
 send us ;
 A thousand pairs of shoes to wear, a thousand *fusta-*
nellas ;
 The *pallikars* would eat and drink, the *pallikars* would
 wear them.'
 The headmen did their words disdain, and straight
 their guns got ready.
 When made the Klephtës their attack, they made it in
 a fury ;

^a Sons of Boukoválas.

With naked sword in hand they rushed, and entered in
the village.

They seized upon the nearest house, and made of it
their quarters,

And *árchontēs* they captives took, and dames, and sons
of *árchons*.

'Accurséd may you, headmen, be, and Násos Kostaniótis,
For all the evil you have brought on our unhappy
village!

By Klephts we're carried to the hills, they take us off
as captives;

And they for us, as ransom, ask so many thousand
grósia.'^a

HADĴI CHRISTOS.

(1834.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 106.)

DARK trees, are ye not weeping, nor ye, dark branches
low?—

The deed of Hadji Chrístos should cause your tears to
flow!

His soldiers in the townships he bade their quarters
make;

And they from us two maidens of Portariá did take.

To Yiánnina they've led them, and to Mahmoúd Pashá,

Who's sent them to Stambóli, and to the Padisháh!^b

And when the Sultan saw them, he pleased was at the
sight;

And, to Mahmoúd Pashá, he a letter bade them write:

^a Piastres.

^b Sultan Mahmud II., 'The Reformer.'

‘Of Yiánnina and Lar’ssa, I thee Pasha have made,
So do what good thee seemeth, I want no sequins paid,
But I desire thou send me more of these maidens rare,
As lovely as Helénë, as Konstantína fair!’

TSÁPOS.

(1837.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 110.)

A LITTLE partridge on the braes of Métsovo was sitting,
And sadly, sadly did she call, as if her mouth were
human.
‘To-day’s a feast day, Tsápo mine, the great day ’tis
of Easter;
To-day thy thoughts will dwell upon the days when
thou a youth wert!’
With all his golden armour deckt, and with his sword
girt round him,
And in his Captain’s gala dress arrayed, went Captain
Tsápos.
He at the Resurrection Mass appeared like first of
Captains,
And at his house went in and out to greet with ‘Christ
is Risen!’
All his relations and his friends, of Métsovo the
primates.
And ample was the fare they spread, for ’twas the
Easter table;
Yet but his eldest son alone sat down to share it with
him;
For to the Easter fair had gone his other sons and
nephews.

An Easter lamb both fat and big, that on the spit wa
roasted,

They brought and there before him set, 'twas stuffed
in Klephtic fashion.

A shoulder he for portion took, and as the blade he
studied,

There came a paleness o'er his face, and low his head
he bended—

*For he had seen two open graves fresh dug within his court-
yard!*^a

'Tsápo! I thee good Easter give!' 'Bey, may thy
years be many!

Thou welcome to our table art!' 'I thank thee,
Kapitáni,

I'll but a cup of coffee take, sit down and eat your
dinners.'

Rose Tsápo courteous to his feet—the Bey's health he
would drink then;

But swallowed he the latest drop together with three
bullets,

And other five for ever closed the lips of Tsápo's eldest.
And murmured thus old Tsápo's tongue, as it in blood
was drownéd;

'Arim Bey, O thou Gipsy Turk, heir of Alí Pharmáki!—
I other sons and nephews have, and this do I bequeath
them:

So long as one of them shall live, my blood they shall
avenge it,

Nor e'er put faith in word of Turk, nor for a friend e'er
take one!

^a It is a common practice among the Klephts to find presages
pictured on the thin bone of a lamb's shoulder-blade.

KATARRACHIAS.

(1838.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 115.)

UPON a ridge three partridges were sitting 'mid the
barley,

The one looked down to Tríkkala, the other down to
Lar'ssa,

The third, the kindest of the three, thus called, and
sad lamented :

' O listen, *bré* Katarrachiá! O listen, sons of Tsápo!
Listen, Liáko Góntova, and Gheórghi Karamítso!

For Shemshi Bey's surrounding you with soldiers
fifteen hundred,

They at the monastery lodge, high up in Lepenítsa ;

They the *Kalóyers* question thus, thus press they the
Kalóyers :

"Where now has gone Katarrachiás? where has
Liákos wended?"

"To Kritharákia they have passed, they're mid the
highest summits ;

They have with them *tambouria* strong, *tambouria* of
battle."

Throughout the long, dark night he's marched, he's
marched with all his soldiers,

So that he may at dawn arrive, and here may close
surround you.'

Then loudly cried Katarrachiás: 'Boys! don't get in a
panic!

Wait till they come up close to us, that bullet find its
billet!'

Then when they had the battle joined, and handled
their *tophaíkia*,

And when around the corpses lay, all in the red blood
welt'ring,
Flashed out, as if by one accord, the keen knives of the
Klephtës.
And to the bottom of the cliff the Turks rolled, dead
and dying.
But, in the gloaming of that day, there whizzed a
cruel bullet,
It Shemshi's head on one side struck, and passed out
on the other!
The night upon the mountain fell, and silenced the
tophatkia;
And through the darkness flee the Turks, and them
betake to Lar'ssa,
At early morn the Klephts, too, flee along the lonely
hill-tracks.

LIAKOS GONTÓVAS.

(1839.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 116.)

THE hills are covered o'er with snow, and with
Dervenaghádhes^a;
Liákos all alone is left, Liákos, too, is wounded.
Which way shall he, poor fellow, turn, where go, poor
wretch, for shelter?
Should he go on to Kíssavo, he'd meet *Dervenaghádhes*;

^a Guardians of the roads, from the Turkish *derven*, a road, and *aghá*, a gentleman. The hero of this ballad bravely repulsed an attack made on him and his band by the *Dervenághá* of Thessaly, Soulieman Tabir Ambazi, and his rural militia. He received seven wounds in the fray, but made good his escape, and, after hiding in the mountains for some days, arrived, half dead, at Larissa.

Should he up to Olympos climb, his haunts are filled
with snowdrifts ;

And if he'll go to Greveno, he'll find *Dervenaghádhēs* ;
Should he go up to Métsovo, to join the sons of Tsápo,
He hears they've their submission made, and now they
are but rayahs.

'Where art thou Yiánni, my soul-son, my Yiánni well
belovéd !

Turn thee again, and take my arms, my sword that
cuts so keenly,

And do thou take them to my wife, to my unhappy
children ;

A man of Lar'ssa I'll become, and I will die in Lar'ssa.'

MEHMET AGHA AND SOULA.

(1844.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 117.)

SAT a fair young maiden at her father's door,
Comes Mehmét Aghá by, sees and is amazed.
Throws he apple, hits her, not a sign makes she
Throws he gold and silver, only smileth she ;
Five *pallikarákia* sends he to her home :—
'Give to us your Soula for Mehmét Aghá ?'
'Seven murders may be done within my door !
For Mehmét Aghá I love not, will not wed,
To be Mehmetína here in Grevéna !'



THE TAKING OF MÉTSOVO.

(1854.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 29.)

O'ER all the world serenity, o'er all the world the
sunshine,

But o'er unhappy Métsovo red flames and black smoke
rising.

The soldiers of Abdí Pashá have fought against and
sacked it ;

Nine thousand men were they in all, and full eight
thousand entered.

And Grivas had entrenched himself high up at Niko-
léti's,

With a hundred men who wore the Cross, with other
men two hundred.

And with a loud voice cried to him and called Housseín
Vriónis :

'Submit thee, Griva, to the Turks, do homage to
Pheríki,

And he thy life will grant to thee and friends we'll be
together !'

And Kókkalis replied to him, and shouted from the
window :

'What sayest thou, Houssein Pashá ? what sayest
thou, thou mad head ?

Of cartridges in each man's pouch we've many more
remaining,

And with our guns we still will play and skeletons we'll
strew you ;

And afterwards, when these are spent, with sword in
hand we'll wait you !'

On Friday at the dawn of day, it was a snowy morning,

And Grivas and his gallant boys at early morn are
wending,
By Zýgos' narrow mountain path the left side of
Chalíki,
And from among his followers he found but four were
missing.

THE BATTLE OF KALABAKA.^a

(1854.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 32.)

WHAT aileth thee, O wretched crow, that thou art cry-
ing and screaming?
Is it that thou for blood dost thirst? or thirstest thou
for carrion?
Come out high over Kósiako, high over Kalabáka,
And down towards the river look, and down to Kréa-
Vrissi;
There Turkish bodies thou shalt see, thou shalt see
headless bodies,⁷⁰
Where they have shut up Aliá Bey, and with him troops
four thousand.
The bullets fall as thick as rain, and cannon-balls as
hailstones,
And see, those muskets pour their shot like to the
small rain falling.
Hold out, O Hadji Petro mine, against the Liáp
topháikia!^b

^a The last battle of the futile Greek Insurrection during the Crimean War. (See *Annotations*, No. 70.)

^b Hadji Petro—'Peter the Pilgrim'—was a Vlach. The Liap Albanians turned the fortune of the day against the Greeks.

CHRISTOS AND DIMITRIOS TAKOS.^a

(1871.)

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 78.)

O WEEP with me, friends, weep with me! my foes, take
now your vengeance—*Christo Táko mine!*
And all who of my kindred are, put on your mourning
garments—*Christo Táko mine!*
Struck down has our poor Christos been in Oropó, at
even—*Christo Táko mine!*
And now I all alone am left, like solitary birdie—*poor*
Táko mine!
And there is none to tell of it, to none can I relate it—
poor Táko mine!
To tell of all my grief for him, to tell of all my sorrow
—*Christo Táko mine!*
Then I for my companion, take Nákos Zigouyiánnis—
Christo Táko mine!
That I my grief to him may tell, and tell him all my
sorrow—*Christo Táko mine!*
There came to me a bodeful dream, for me it presaged
evil—*Dimítri Táko mine!*
'Now rede it, Náko, rede me it, and tell me what it
bodeth—*Dimítri Táko mine!*
I saw a crimson handkerchief, and round my neck
'twas twisted—*Dimítri Táko mine!*

^a Two famous Klephts, brothers, and chiefs of the band by whom the three Englishmen, killed at Marathon in 1870, were captured. Christos, with half his band, was slain by the soldiers, Dimítri escaping with the rest to Agrapha. After many adventures, he was treacherously shot by his comrade Náko. His head, according to custom, was, as described in the following song, cut off and carried to Mehmét Ali Pashá on Mount Axiá, where it was buried.

' My Táko, it no meaning hath, my Táko, be not fearful—*poor Táko mine!*
 Five villages we'll set on fire, five townships set a-blazing—*Dimítri Táko mine!*

DIMÍTRIOS TÁKOS.

(1873.)

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 79.)

IN eighteen hundred sev'nty three, to Thessaly there came,
 The great Pashá Mehmét Alí [who was of famous name].
 His quarters he has taken up hard by at Ypourgó,
 To freebooting to put an end, and Táko, and Spanó.
 For they were famous Klephtic chiefs, 'twas they who,
 of their hoards
 Did strip bare all the wealthy ones, with their good
 arms and swords.
 And many would persuade them then, to go submission make,
 But fain they on their arms would die, and ne'er would
 them forsake.
 'Twas on the twentieth August some took counsel
 secretly
 How they might seize upon and slay Táko *Archilistí*,^a
 And on the twenty-fifth it was, above, on Axiá,
 That Táko's head went rolling, and was ta'en to the
 Pashá.

^a Ἀρχιληστή, Robber-chief.

Then three whole days do they rejoice, three days
spend feasts amid,
Because they've Tákos taken, and the world of him
is rid.
O Tákó, thou my hero wert, and famous in thy day,
Why to such friends didst trust thy life? Thou foolish
wert, *moré!*
And now will all the Klephtic bands, and ev'ry chief
we know,
Before the *Archons* and the Beys, to make submission,
go.
Spano Vangélis^a still holds out, and will not pledge his
word;
For with his arms on he would die, and holding his
good sword.
But he at length submitted, too, and 'fore Mehmét
Pashá,
Up there within the palace high he made his *temená*.^b

THE RISING ON OLYMPOS.

(1878.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 87.)

THREE Partridges did tell the tale, they wept and sadly
sang they,
And on a ridge far, far away, an Eagle sat and asked
them:

^a During my residence at Salonica a Klepht Chief of this name, on submitting to the authorities, proved to be a woman, who had long and successfully carried on this perilous calling without her sex being discovered. This event was made the subject of an official Report to the Foreign Office by our Consul-General at that city. The prefix *Σπανό* signifies 'beardless.' (See also *Annotation*, No. 68.)

^b The Turkish name for the lowly Oriental obeisance customary on such an occasion.

‘Tell me, my little Partridge dear, why wailest thou
and weapest?’
‘What shall I, Golden Eagle mine, what shall I now
relate thee?
Perhaps it is the springtime now, perhaps it is the
summer;
But who will now make joy for me, and who my heart
will gladden?
To darkness now my heart is turned, and black are
turned my feathers,
And black, too, have my claws become, and e’en my
bones so slender.
Where’er I fly I blazing find, I find black smoke and
darkness;
Where’er I turn I’m scorched and burnt, by flames
and embers glowing.
In Rhápsani and Karyà, and in betrayed Polyána,
The smoke it rises as a cloud, the flames flow like the
ocean;
The red glow on the clouds is cast, and all the world
seems blazing;
And fall the houses in the flames, the goods and gear
consumed are;
The churches totter to their fall, and burn the monas-
teries;
The folk betake them to the hills, and to the snows
they hasten,
So they may from the sword escape, and from the
Turkish soldiers.
Barefoot they flee across the ice, plunge through the
snowdrifts barefoot;
Withouten bread, withouten food, they hasten in their
terror.
Th’ unhappy mother, who a son, a babe bears at her
bosom,

Fleeth as if from Charon's sword, and from the cold is
dying ;
From rock to mountain doth she run, from mountain
cliff to valley ;
Far better on the rocks to die, than by Turks' hands
to perish !
The bitter tears the branches burn ; the sobs, the
wailing anguish
The very earth do rend, and run with Insurgents'
blood the torrents.'
The Eagle heard it, and he cried, ' O head ! O head of
hero !
Was't but for this, was't but for this, that thou my
claws didst rival ?
In Ailià, in Rhápsáni, near lonely monastery,
I saw thee, wounded as thou wert, thy dear dead
brother carry,
And thought it could be only thou—and yet two others
saw I.
Thou saidst to them : " Now is the time when heads
will be sent rolling ;
Now, when the boughs are blossoming, and earth puts
forth the herbage !"
O head, dear head, what hast thou done, that they
have sent thee rolling ?'
' As, Golden Eagle, thou hast asked, to thee I fain
would answer :
Aweary grown of slavery, I shouldered my *tophatki*,
'Gainst Turkey I rebelled and fought, and Liberty I
sought for.
Here, high on old Olympos' side, here is our native
village,
Where e'en the women bravely fight, and gladly strive
for Freedom.⁷¹

And Turkey, 'mid the battle fierce, and with my gun
beneath me,
Did slay and stretch me on the earth, and she my head
sent rolling !'

THE BATTLE OF DHOMOKÒ.

Thessaly.

(1878.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 91.)

THAT mother who has two tall sons, and to the wars
has sent them,
Tell her she must no more expect, no longer must
await them ;
For they were slain at Dhomokò, as fought they in the
battle.
The Dhomokò is rushing down, in swollen mighty
torrent ;
And bearing in its current rocks, and bearing trees
uprooted.
It carries down an apple-tree with apples heavy-
laden ;
And clinging to its branches were three brothers, each
embracing.
The one looks down to Dhomokò, and one to Makri-
nítsa,
The third, the youngest of the three, on Mataránga
gazes,
And sees that mother standing near, and she her hair
is tearing.
' O you perchance have seen my sons—they to the
war have sent them ?'

“Fore yesterday and yesterday, stretched on the earth
we saw them ;
And great black birds did feed on them, and white
ones round them circled ;
One bird of them, a white bird he, and better than the
others,
Fed not upon the hapless youths, but sang he
moirológia :
“Come, bird, and eat thou too with us, come eat the
loins of heroes,
That one span long thy claws may grow, an ell long
grow thy feathers.”
‘O take and write three letters now, write ye three
bitter letters ;
The first is to my mother dear, the second to my
sister,
The third, the bitterest of them all, write ye unto my
sweetheart.’
The mother to the mountains went, the sister to the
valleys,
His sweetheart, she, unhappy one, betook her to the
seashore.
She finds his two arms like to oars, like masts his two
legs finds she,
And scattered wide upon the sands his curling hair
beheld she.
The oars his mother took away, the masts did take his
sister,
His eyes, his two dark eyes, did take away his *skýla*
sweetheart.



KAPITAN BASDEKIS.^a

(1878.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 85.)

THE *pallikars*, so gallant all, unjustly have been
 slaughtered,
 With broken truce and treachery, with great and
 grievous suff'ring.
 Upon the cross-roads there they lie, so many headless
 bodies ;
 Each traveller that passes by, stands still and thus he
 asks them :
 ' O bodies, say, where are your heads ? O say, where
 are your weapons ?'
 ' O may that leader be accursed, that Kapitan Basdékis,
 Who did not shame to sell himself at Volo, in the
 fortress !'
 ' May you live long, Hobárt Pashá !'^b ' Thou'rt wel-
 come, my Basdédi.
 Ho, there ! make ready coffee, quick, and fill a long
tchiboúki ;
 And send two ladies here to us, to talk to and amuse
 him,
 And he'll relate his grievances, and tell us all his
 troubles.
 How many rebels were with you, how many *Boulouk-
 djídes* ?'^c

^a One of the leaders of the Pelion Insurrection in which Mr. Ogle perished—killed or murdered—a question still bitterly disputed when I was at Volo at Christmas, 1880-81.—ED.

^b I wonder whether our Turcophile Admiral was aware that his interview with the Insurgent had been thus graphically described in Greek Folk-song ?

^c Commanders.

‘ Insurgents forty once were we, and had ten *Bouloukdjides*,
And ne’er a one of all our band who was not strong and
healthy,
Until the time when sickness seized our Chief, our
eldest brother.
For forty days we carried him, and bore him on our
shoulders,
Till worn out had our shoulders grown, and ragged was
our clothing ;
And one unto the other said, and to his fellows
murmured :
“ Boys, shall we go and leave him here, here in this
ditch bestow him ?”
And the poor wretch heard what he said, and then he
fell a-weeping :
“ My boys, my boys, don’t leave me here, within this
ditch don’t leave me ;
But take me hence, and carry me up to the ridge that’s
yonder,
That nightingales may be my mates, and I with birds
may gossip,
Until the spring shall come again, and come once more
May’s summer,
When mountains dress them in the green, and gay are
the *leméria*,
When come th’ Insurgents on the hills, and Vlachs
their black sheep leading.” ’



THEMISTOKLES DHOMOÚZAS.⁷²

(1880.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 89.)

A LITTLE bird had perched itself on Aīlià in Rápsan,^a
 And all the day, from early dawn, a bitter song was
 wailing :

‘Olympos have I wandered o’er, the country round
 Kissávos,

And now from Hellas am I come, nor there could I
 discover

That Kapitan Themistokles, the gallant *ḡallikári* ;

But bitter tidings gathered I, as on the road I travelled:

By faithless Rápsaniots he’s slain, for they have giv’n
 him poison.

Accurséd may’st thou, Rápsan, be, thou who hast done
 this evil !

With treachery thou hast destroyed the Chief of all the
 Captains.

Hoar are the ridges for his sake, for him the towns are
 weeping.

The Koniárs he made to quake, for fear of him they
 trembled,

And ne’er a one was there who dared to meddle with a
 Christian.

Katarrachiás, Kalóyeros, the Chief of Klephtic Cap-
 tains,^b

^a Rápsan, or] Rapsáni, is a famous village on the Lower Olympus. I spent several days, before Christmas, 1880, boar-hunting in its neighbourhood. But I fear that the accusation here brought against its inhabitants is only too well founded.—ED.

^b To capture these gentlemen, and their bands, a *corps d’armée* was organized in the autumn of 1881 ; and by the favour of Salyh

These, too, bear witness to his worth, and talk of all
his brav'ry ;

They vaunt his swiftness in the chase, and greatly praise
his freedom ;

Upon Olympos he was famed, a stag in all his glory ;
With silver ornaments he shone, like snow upon the
mountain.

Said I not, my Themistokles, "O go not to Rapsáni ;
For very faithless are its folk, and evil will befall thee" ?

'I went to see my native town, I went to see my
kinsfolk !

The thought had never come to me, nor could I ever
fancy,

That they who were my dearest friends would seek to
give me poison !

Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief, I was permitted to accompany it
for six weeks—this being the only way in which it was then possible
to ascend Olympos, or explore its environs.—E.D.





ANNOTATIONS:
HISTORICAL, COMPARATIVE, AND
EXPLANATORY.

[As it was impossible, within present limits, to give the innumerable parallels to the incidents of Greek Folk-poesy which are to be found in the Folk-poesy of other Peoples, I have restricted my comparisons to other Greek, to some Oriental, and to Keltic tales, as, so far as my knowledge goes, these last appear to bear a closer and more striking resemblance to the Greek than do those of any other European race.]

1 (p. 56). A SURVIVAL of the *Χελιδόνισμα* of Ancient Greece. A similar welcome is given by the Turks and Armenians to the Stork. And the people of St. Kilda similarly welcome birds of passage generally (*Report of the Crofter Commission*, i., p. 467).

2 (p. 58). In many of these Folk-songs (see, for instance, the three following) Women are identified with Apple-trees; and this otherwise unintelligible song at once becomes clear if we conceive the Apple-tree to be identified with a Maiden who dons her 'arms,' *i.e.*, ornaments, in the hope of revenging herself on some youth who has slighted her. For 'Widow's Son' see *An. No.* 49.

3 (p. 68). This is evidently one of the love-spells or incantations still so largely made use of in the East, as described in my *Women of Turkey* (vol. i., p. 142).

4 (p. 70). "Αν θὲν στοιχειώσεται ἄνθρωπο. As I have elsewhere observed (*Women of Turkey*, vol. i., p. 335), every building or object is, according to Oriental belief, possessed by what is called a *tellestim*, whence our 'talisman,' which is created by the act of building or making, and which dies when its habitation is destroyed. The verb is *στοιχειώνω*; and the phrase literally translated would read, 'Unless a mortal becomes a stoicheion.' In an unpublished variant kindly placed at my disposal by M. Legrand, it is the Stoicheion of the River who suggests the remedy for the ever-crumbling arches:

Καὶ τὸ στοιχειὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ ἴστη μέση ἐβοοῦσε,
'Α' δὲ στοιχίσετε ἄνθρωπο, καμάρα δὲ γυρίζει.

'Then cried the River's Stoicheion, from out the stream he shouted:
"Till to Stoicheion a mortal change ye ne'er will raise the arches."'

Bridges so secured are called 'Stoicheion-built' (*στοιχειοθεμελιωμένα*). They are very numerous in the East, and with each one a variant of the above Folk-song is connected. Such are 'The Bridge of Arta' (*Greek Folk-songs*, p. 81); 'The Lady's Bridge,' in the Peloponnesos (Iatridos, 28); 'The Trembling Bridge,' near Canea, in Crete (Antoniadis, *Κρητηές*, 247); 'The Lady Evdokia,' of which Constantine and Eudocia are the hero and heroine (*Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ.*, *Consple.*, vol. xix., p. 197), etc. It is still a common belief in the East that the man, whose shadow falls on the first-laid stone of a house, or other edifice, will die within the