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Katralkonoti . KALIAKONDI . 2 pp.

Would that I were a bird that I might  
 fly that I might go  
 and look to the banks on the island  
 of unfortunate Athaka,  
 that I might hear Loukenna, the  
 wife of Louke.  
 Now she mourns and sheds tears  
 as the partridge afflicts herself now  
 she strips off her locks  
 like the feathers of the crow. She  
 has all her days  
 at the window she sits and looks  
 at the sea  
 and as many ships as pass she puts  
 her hand to her forehead.

ships, my reports, my golden  
trigantines  
ye who sailed and come into the  
desert Malto

Do ye know my trust and Souke  
Rahakoude?

We left him yesterday in your  
solin

The men's sea with you of  
lamb, had mutton on the spot  
and five priests were burning  
The spots  
they had lamb and were supping  
a young lamb was cooking for him  
on a spot

He on a horn of lamb was feasting before  
the fire did roast a sheep  
The five Malachian captives before the Archdeacon

KALIAKONDI.

Would that I were a bird that I might fly that I might go  
And look to the Franks on the island of unfortunate Ithaka  
That I might hear Loukenna, the wife of Louke:  
How she mourns and sheds black tears  
As the partridge afflicts herself how she strips off her locks  
Like the feathers of the crows - she has all her dress  
At the window she sits and looks at the sea  
And as many ships as pass she puts question to  
Ships, my vessels, my golden brigantines,  
Ye who speed and come into the desert Baltos  
Do ye know my husband Louke Kaliakonda?  
We left him yesterday in Gaurolin  
He was seated with a joint of lamb, had mutton on the spit  
and five prisoners were turning the spits  
They had lamb and were supping  
A young lamb was cooking for him on a spit  
He on a loin of lamb was feasting, before the fire did roast  
a sheep  
Whilst five Wallachian captive lasses the pitchfork spit did  
turning keep.