

4

5pp

The Death of Yoti

Two mss.

apparently from the modern Greek

H.W.

The Death of Yoti.

Yoti got up
this morning ~~at~~ full early, full two hours
before day-break
for water call to wash me and that I may
feel awake
of storm's rays in the forest, break the oaks
the pines give way
and the skeletons abuse their captain
for the smallness of their pay
I got up so early Yoti ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~
soon the Pagans will attack us, then
one ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~pagans~~ ~~will~~ ~~attack~~ ~~us~~
Hold your tongue you silly fellow, what
has got into my head
I have ~~not~~ ~~yet~~ ~~decided~~ ~~on~~ ~~my~~ ~~mind~~
remove the ~~pagans~~ ~~heads~~!

Put me up if you are able and support
me whilst I sit
Pray me some sweet some of power
~~and strength & life~~
So that I may sing old ballads, ballads
such as make one cry:
O that I were on the mountains, mid
thick shades on mountains high!
Where the little lambs are bounding and
the fat sheep grazing!

For my cruel wounds ~~and~~ my med-
icine I remove the stinging lead
Till me some I'd fain be drunker
or at least a little bit
So that I may sing old ballads, ballads
of a wounded soul
Would that I were on the mountain
mid the shades the most profound
Where the little lambs are bounding
and the fat sheep grazing!

THE DEATH OF YOTI.

I get up very early, two hours before day
And I call for water and I wash water to waken me,
And I hear the pines and they thunder and the oaks
and they crack
And I hear the grumbling of the Klephts
At what their captain pays them.
Why do you get up Yoti and are not sound asleep?
The pagans are pressing upon us intending to attack us.
What have I to say to you, foolish lad, poor silly fellow.
Medicate my wounds, remove the stinging lead
Pull me so that I get up, support me so that I sit.
And bear me sweet wine to drink so that I intoxicate myself.
So that I sing ballads afflicting and melancholy.
O that we were on the high mountain and in the thick
shades
Where are the little lambs, and the fat sheep.
Where the sheep and the on the fat meadows stray

Like this would I were on the mountains
Midst the shades the most profound.

97.50 net
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The Death of Goliath

I get up very early two hours before day
and I feel for water and I wash my face
and I hear the oaks and they crack
and I hear the grumbling of the elephants
at what their captain says. Then
why do you get up Goliath and are not
sound asleep?
The pagans are preparing upon us intending
to attack us.
What have I to say to you, foolish
pao, poor silly fellow?
Medicate my wounds, remove the
stinking legs
pull me so that I get up, support me
so that I sit.
and bear one breast wine so drink to
that I intoxicate myself.

So that I sing rather affecting and
melancholy.

O that we were on the high mountains
and in the thick shades

Where are the little lambs, and the fat
sheep.

Where the sheep and the
the fat meadows stray on

Like the woods I were on the mountains
most the chace the most profound