

Question

Do not write on either margin.

#8

4hr

The Dream of Demos

Two versions

Presumably from the modern Greek

H.W.

● SUPPLEMENTARY ANSWER-BOOK. No. _____

Do not write on either margin.

Candidate's Number _____

Subject _____

[To be inserted, *in order*, inside the cover at the end of the Principal Answer-Book.
The whole to be securely fastened together with the clip supplied.]

Question _____

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The Dream of Demos.

I have not said it to you once, I have not
said it to you three nor five times,
Demos:

Lower every thing connected with you, lower
your armour

Do you not see that the Albanians are spying
and would assassinate you on
account of your money and your pride?

The cuckoo speaks in the mountains
and the partridge in the meadows,
a little bird also speaks it in the
head of Demos

It was not spoken in the language
of fools nor of swallows
but it was spoken and said by a human
voice.

Demos mine why are you so yellow
and covered with ecchymosis?

Little boy since you ask of me
I will tell you:

I turned aside in order that I might
get a little sleep

and I saw in the sleep in the sleep into
which I fell

I saw the heaven and the stars of a
bloody colour

and my robe of Damascus all stained
with blood.

The Dream of Demos

Not once nor twice nor three five times even
have I to Demos said

Go not so bravely, speak about nor with so
high a heap

The Albanians all my steps are dogging
And are ~~ever~~ ^{ever} ~~these~~ ^{these} ~~tricked~~ ^{tricked} to slay

To chastise my proud behaviour and to make
my job their prey

The cuckoo speaks it in the mountain
The partridge upon the plain

A little little bird doth speak it into the
chrysalis of the brain

Not that which we from swallows hear
Not that which we from mortals speak in

Human language plain and clear

Why ^{my dear} ~~demas~~ ^{my dear} ~~your~~ look so pretty and
Why ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~an~~ ^{an} with ~~colours~~ ^{grey}
Since pretty little ~~bird~~ ^{bird} you ask me to
you the whole truth I will say
I ~~perhaps~~ ^{perhaps} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~behind~~ ^{behind} the ~~arrow~~ ^{arrow} ~~and~~
While ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~truth~~ ^{truth} I ~~felt~~
as I slept ~~behind~~ ^{behind} the ~~arrow~~ ^{arrow} for me
a ~~troubled~~ ^{troubled} sleep I felt
I saw the ~~heaven~~ ^{heaven} ~~look~~ ^{look} all bloody the stars
They look all bloody too
So also ~~looked~~ ^{looked} my trusty sabre
My ~~damascene~~ ^{damascene} looked bloody too.

I saw the heaven all-blooded, be-blooded ^{more}
~~the heaven~~ ^{the heaven} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~bloody~~ ^{bloody} ~~so~~
you all the stars I seen
~~so also was~~ ^{so also was} my trusty sabre my
trusty sabre ~~damascene~~ ^{damascene}.

THE DREAM OF DEMOS.

Not once nor twice nor (three) five times even have I to
Demos said

Go not so bravely dressed about nor with so high a head
The Albanians all thy steps are dogging (thee) and are
(thee resolved) eager thee to slay

To chastize thy proud behaviour and to make thy gold their
prey

The cuckoos speak it in the mountains the partridges
upon the plains

A little little bird doth speak it into the chieftain's
startled brain

But not in speech of birds tis spoken

Not that which we from swallows hear

But tis in speech of mortals spoken in human language
plain and clear.

Why Demos (do you look) mine art thou so pretty

Why covered oer with cobwebs grey

Since pretty little bird you ask me to you the whole
truth I will say

I stepped aside behind the arras now little bird the
truth I tell

And as I slept behind the arras for in a troubled sleep
I fell

(I saw the heaven look all bloody the stars they look
all bloody too
So also looked my trusty sabre
My Damascine looked bloody too.)

I saw the heaven all be-blooded, be-blooded were
(The heaven - all the heaven was bloody and were) so
were (all) the stars I ween
(So also was) Be-blooded too was my trusty sabre my
trusty sabre Damascine.

THE DREAM OF DEMOS.

I have not said it to you once, I have not said it to you
thrice nor five times, O Demos.

Lower everything connected with you, recover your armour.
Do you not see that the Albanians are spying you
And would assassinate you on account of your money and
your pride?

The cuckoos speak in the mountains and the partridges in
the meadows,

A little bird also speaks it in the head of Demos.

It was not spoken in the language of fowls nor of swallows
But it was spoken and sent by a human voice.

Demos mine why are you so yellow and covered with cobwebs?

Little bird since you ask of me I will tell you:

I turned aside in order that I might get a little sleep

And I saw in the sleep in the sleep into which I fell

I saw the heaven and the stars of a bloody colour

And my sabre of Damascus all stained with blood.