



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



GR
1
AS



**THE JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE**

VOLUME 35



**EDITED BY
FRANZ BOAS**

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

LANCASTER, PA., AND NEW YORK

Published by the American Folk-Lore Society

G. E. STECHERT & CO., AGENTS

NEW YORK: 151-155 WEST 25TH STREET

PARIS: 16 RUE DE CONDÉ

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 57, 59, LONG ACRE

LEIPZIG: OTTO HARRASSOWITZ, QUERSTRASSE, 14

MDCCCXXII



Copyright, 1922,
By THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY
All rights reserved

PRESS OF
THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY
LANCASTER, PA.

vahr.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME 35.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
Porto-Rican Folk-Lore: Folk-Tales.	I
Tales of Spanish Provenience from Zufi	62
Riddles from Negro School-Children in New Orleans, La.	105
Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa.	116
Tales and Proverbs of the Vandau of Portuguese South Africa	151
Thirty-Third Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society.	205
Bulu Tales	209
Two Folk-Tales from Nyasaland	216
Short Notes on Soul-Trapping in Southern Nigeria	219
Negro Spirituals from the Far South	223
Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, Virginia	250
Traditional Texts and Tunes	335

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Three Jamaican Folk-Stories	328
"Tar Baby"	330
From "Spiritual" to Vaudeville.	331

REVIEWS.

Mason and Espinosa's Porto-Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs	99
Replies to Miss Dennis's review.	101
Gonzales' The Black Border	332

MISCELLANEOUS.

List of Abbreviations used in this Volume	v
Index to Volume 35	433

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS VOLUME.

- BAE 19 James Mooney, Myths of the Cherokee
(Annual Report, Bureau of American
Ethnology, 19, Pt. 1). 1897-98.
- Bolte u. Polfvka J. Bolte u. G. Polfvka, Anmerkungen zu
den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder
Grimm.
- Christensen A. M. H. Christensen, Afro-American Folk
Lore. Boston, 1892.
- Clouston W. A. Clouston, The Book of Noodles.
New York, 1888.
- Cole Mabel Cook Cole, Philippine Folk Tales.
Chicago, 1916.
- Dähnhardt O. Dähnhardt, Natursagen. Berlin, 1907-
12.
- Honey J. A. Honey, South African Folk-Tales.
New York, 1910.
- JAFI Journal of American Folk-Lore.
- MAFLS Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.
- Nassau R. H. Nassau, Where Animals Talk. Bos-
ton, 1912.
- PaAM Anthropological Papers of the American
Museum of Natural History.
- Schultze Leonhard Schultze, Aus Namaland und
Kalahari. Jena, 1907.

Vol. 35.

JANUARY-MARCH, 1922.

No. 135.

THE
 JOURNAL OF
 AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

EDITED BY
 FRANZ BOAS.

Associate Editors.

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE,
 AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU,
 ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

HISPANIC NUMBER.
 PUBLISHED IN COLLABORATION WITH
 THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PORTO-RICAN FOLK-LORE.—FOLK-TALES	1
TALES OF SPANISH PROVENIENCE FROM ZUÑI	62
REVIEWS	99



LANCASTER, PA., AND NEW YORK:
 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.
 G. E. STECHERT & CO., NEW YORK, AGENTS.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE (Quarterly: Editor, Frank Boas), issued by the American Folk-Lore Society, is designed for the collection and publication of the folk-lore and mythology of the American Continent. The subscription price is four dollars per annum.

The American Folk-Lore Society was organized January 4, 1888. The Society holds annual meetings, at which reports are received and papers read. The yearly membership fee is four dollars. Members are entitled to receive The Journal of American Folk-Lore. Subscribers to the Journal, or other persons interested in the objects of the Society, are eligible to membership, and are requested to address the Permanent Secretary to that end.

Authors alone are responsible for the contents of their papers.

Officers of the American Folk-Lore Society (1922).

President.—F. G. Speck, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

First Vice-President.—E. C. Hills, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Second Vice-President.—J. Walter Fewkes, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D.C.

Councillors.—For three years: Phillips Barry, 83 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.; A. M. Espinosa, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.; C.-M. Barbeau, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Can. For two years: J. R. Swanton, 5526 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D.C.; E. K. Putnam, Davenport, Io.; Stith Thompson, University of Maine, Orono, Me. For one year: R. B. Dixon, Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass.; E. Sapir, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Can.; A. L. Kroeber, Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco, Cal. Past Presidents: Pliny Earle Goddard, American Museum of Natural History, New York; Robert H. Lowie, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.; Elsie Clews Parsons, New York. Presidents of Local Branches: C. Peabody, C. T. Carruth, Miss M. A. Owen, William Johnston Andrews, Reed Smith, Clyde G. Glasscock, John M. Stone, J. H. Cox, Edward Sapir.

Editor of Journal.—Frank Boas, Columbia University, New York, N.Y.

Associate Editors.—George Lyman Kittredge, Aurelio M. Espinosa, C.-Marius Barbeau, Elsie Clews Parsons.

Permanent Secretary.—Charles Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.

Treasurer.—Alfred M. Towner, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Officers of Local and State Branches and Societies.

BOSTON.—*President*, Charles Peabody; *First Vice-President*, F. H. Putnam, Cambridge, Mass.; *Second Vice-President*, H. D. Heathfield, Boston, Mass.; *Secretary*, Miss M. Fish, 9 Prescott St., Brookline, Mass.; *Treasurer*, Samuel H. Dean, 2 B Newbury St., Boston.

CAMBRIDGE.—*President*, C. T. Carruth, Cambridge; *Vice-President*, Mrs. E. F. Williams, 8 Lowell St., Cambridge; *Treasurer*, Carleton E. Noyes, 30 Francis Ave., Cambridge; *Secretary*, Miss Penelope Noyes, Cambridge.

KENTUCKY.—*Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Fannie C. Duncan, Miss Josephine McGill; *Secretary*, Miss Myra Sanders; *Treasurer*, John F. Smith, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

MISSOURI.—*President*, Miss Mary A. Owen, 9th and Jules Sts., St. Joseph, Mo.; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Edward Schaaf (2606 South Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo.), Mrs. Eva W. Case (2822 Troost St., Kansas City, Mo.), J. W. Rankin (311 Thilley Ave., Columbia, Mo.); *Secretary*, Archer Taylor, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.; *Treasurer*, C. H. Williams, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.; *Directors*, A. E. Bostwick (Public Library, St. Louis, Mo.), Mrs. W. B. Ver Steeg (St. Louis, Mo.), Leah R. Yoffie (Soldan High School, St. Louis, Mo.).

NORTH CAROLINA.—*President*, William Johnston Andrews; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. William N. Reynolds, Mrs. S. Westray Battle, Miss Maude Minish; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Frank C. Brown, 301 Faculty Ave., Durham, N.C.

NORTH DAKOTA.—*Secretary*, George F. Will, Bismarck, N.D.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*President*, Reed Smith, 1628 Pendleton St., Columbia, S.C.; *Vice-President*, Henry C. Davis, 2532 Divine St., Columbia, S.C.; *Secretary and Treasurer*, F. W. Cappelmann, Law Bange, Columbia, S.C.

TENNESSEE.—*Secretary*, Henry M. Wilse, Chattanooga, Tenn.

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER.)

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 35.—JANUARY—MARCH, 1922.—No. 135.

PORTO-RICAN FOLK-LORE.¹

FOLK-TALES.

BY J. ALDEN MASON; EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

PART I.—CUENTOS PICARESCOS.

CONTENTS.

I. CUENTOS DE JUAN BOBO, *continued.*

	PAGE
57. Juan y los objetos mágicos (59)	2
58. Braulio el tonto y el enano del pozo (60)	7
59. Juan y la princesa son echados al mar (61)	8
60. Juan se compadece de un perro, un gato y una culebra (62)	14
61. Los animales ayudan a Juan (63)	17
62. El gusano ayuda a Juan (64): Juan arregla el asunto de los cabros (65)	18
63. El traje de piel de piojo (66)	19
64. La olla que calienta el agua sin fuego (39): el pajarito virtuoso (24): el traje de piel de piojo (66)	21
65. El Doctor Todolosabe (67)	21
66. El ramo de todas las flores (68)	22
67. Los animales agradecidos, y las adivinanzas de Juan (69)	23
68. El lunar de la princesa (55): las adivinanzas de Juan (70)	26
69. Juan manda la cerda a misa (1): Juan mata la vaca (4): Juan mata a su hermano (2): Juan vende la carne a las moscas (6): las adivinanzas de Juan (70)	26
70. Juan mata los pollos (3): Juan manda la cerda a misa (1): Juan mata a su hermano (2): las adivinanzas de Juan (70)	34

II. CUENTOS DE PEDRO DE URDEMALAS.

71. La olla que calienta el agua sin fuego (39)	35
72. La olla que calienta el agua sin fuego (39): El pito que resucita (40): Pedro no quiere casarse con la hija del rey (31)	36
73. Pedro no quiere casarse con la hija del rey (31)	37
74. Pedro vende el cuero de la vaca (71): Pedro no quiere casarse con la hija del rey (31)	39

¹ Continued from p. 208 of Volume 34.

	PAGE
75. Le pagan por un muerto (44): Juan no quiere casarse con la hija del rey (31): El gigante trata de matarlo en el catre (76)	40
76. Pedro sujetando el mundo (47)	43
77. Pedro y los objetos mágicos (59)	43
78. Pedro se vuelve sirviente (La lista de pellejo [50])	44
79. La lista de pellejo (50): Juan regresa con el perro (29)	45
80. La lista de pellejo (50): Juan corta matas de plátano y las patas de los novillos (33): Pedro lleva el río (73)	47
81. Pedro mata a la madre del gigante (72): Pedro se lleva el río (73): Pedro se lleva el monte (74): Pedro mete el dedo en el palo (75): El gigante trata de matarlo en el catre (76): Pedro y el gigante tiran piedras mar afuera (77): La lista de pellejo (50): Pedro regresa con el perro (29): El pájaro virtuoso (24)	47
82. La lista de pellejo (50): El huevo y las batatas (78): Pedro se lleva el río (73): Pedro se lleva el monte (74): Pedro mata a la madre del gigante (72)	51
83. Pedro y las hijas de su amo (79): Pedro logra matar a su amo (80): La lista de pellejo (50)	51
84. Pedro y el león (81)	52
85. Pedro se come las pajarillas del cabro (82)	53
86. Pedro se come las pajarillas del cabro (82): La muerte en el árbol (83)	55
87. La muerte en el árbol (83): La muerte en la damajuana (84)	56
88. La olla que calienta el agua sin fuego (39): El sombrero maravilloso (85): El compadre trata de matarlo (86)	57
89. El sombrero maravilloso (85)	58
90. El pito que resucita (40): Pedro logra matar a su amo (80)	58

I. CUENTOS DE JUAN BOBO, *continued.*

57. JUAN Y LOS OBJETOS MÁGICOS (59).

Una vez había un hombre que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Vivía con la madre en una casita en el campo. Un día le dijo a la madre que iba a elevarse hasta llegar donde estaba Dios para que le diera dinero. La madre le dijo que no, pero al otro día hizo un hacho y le dijo: — Mamá cuando V. vea que este hacho se eleva allí en aquel alto, es que yo me elevo con él. Demostrándole el alto se fué. Cuando llegó tiró el hacho en el aire y continuó andando. Cuando hubo andado un poco se halló un viejo que le preguntó dónde iba y él le dijo: — A buscar dinero donde está Dios.

Entonces el viejo le dió una cajita y un bastón y le dijo: — Cada vez que necesites dinero abre la cajita y tendrás el que necesites, y al bastón cuando te quieran atropellar dile: “¡Descomponete bastón!” El bastón estará dando palos hasta que le digas: “¡Componete bastón!” Juan tomó el bastón y la caja y se fué. Cuando llegó la noche pidió posada para parar la noche y en la misma casa le robaron la caja.

(Version a.)

Un día salió Juan Bobo de su casa sin permiso de sus padres para ir a casa de su padrino a pedirle el aguinaldo. Empezó a andar, y anda y anda hasta que llegó a la casa de su padrino. — Buen día, mi querido padrino. Yo he venido para que V. regale mi aguinaldo. El padrino en seguida le dijo: — Buenos días querido ahijado, ¿cómo no? Tu aguinaldo está seguro. Después le convidó a sentarse y se sentó. Al poco rato le trajo una pequeña cabrita. — Toma, ahijado, esta cabrita. Cuando tú necesitas dinero dile, “Abre chivita” y después “Cierra chivita.” Tomando Juan Bobo la chivita en la mano, le dijo: — ¡Ay! Padrino, ¿cómo va a ser esto? — y se fué. Como el camino era demasiado lejos, le cogió la noche y tuvo que dormir en una casita que encontró en una montaña muy alta. Preguntó si le daban posada y le dijeron sí, y subió. Antes de entrar, dijo que traía una cabrita que si le decían “ábrete” echaba dinero, y si le decían “ciérrate,” no echaba nada. Las personas que estaban en la casa contentas al oír esto le dijeron que entrara que iban a dormir. En seguida se acostaron y Juan Bobo como era poco sabio de verdad, empezó a roncar. Los de la casa entonces cogieron la chivita de Juan Bobo y la escondieron.

Al otro día cuando se levantó, procuró su chiva y no la encontró. Allí se arreglaron y él volvió atrás otra vez. — Padrino, déme mi aguinaldo que el otro me lo cogieron. Su padrino le dió una potranquita y le dijo: — Si necesitas dinero dile “abre potranquita.” Entonces empezó a andar hasta que llegó a la casa otra vez. Pidió posada y en seguida le dijeron que sí muy contentos.

Se acostaron y empezó el Bobo a roncar, y le cogieron la potranquita y la escondieron. Al otro día él no encontró su aguinaldo pero comprendió que en la misma casa se la habían robado.

Salió otra vez en busca del aguinaldo, pues hacía tres días que no iba a su casa y no quería llegar sin nada. — Padrino, déme mi aguinaldo que me cogieron el que me dió en la casa donde quedé durmiendo. Al padrino le pudo mucho ya y le dijo: — Caramba contigo, ahijado. Toma este garrote; llévatelo y cuando quieras que él dé palos, dile “ábrete garrote” y cuando no quieras, “ciérrate.”

Llegó a la casa donde él dormía y pidió posada. Subió con el garrote diciendo que no dijeran “abre garrote,” pues daría palos. Ellos no le creyeron y dijeron “abre garrote” y empezó a dar palos a viejas, mozas y niñas. Llamaron a Juan Bobo y él dijo que hasta que no le dieran sus intereses no decía “ciérrate.” Se los dieron y el garrote no dió más palos.

(Version b.)

Una vez había una viejita que era muy pobre y tenía un hijo, que era bobo. Un día le dijo el bobo a la madre: — Yo me voy a

alquilar en casa del rey. La madre le dijo: — Que tú te vas a alquilar, si tú no sirves para nada. — Sí, mamá, verás como yo te hago feliz. Y ella le dijo: — Bueno, vete a ver si te alquila.

Y se fué el Bobo para en casa del rey. Al mes de estar en casa del rey, dijo: — Mi Majestad, yo quiero que usted me dé con que ir a ver a mi mamá. Y el rey le dijo: — Sí, ¿cómo no? Toma este mantel y cuando tú llegues a tu casa tú tiendes el mantel en la mesa y después le dices: “Ponte, mantel,” y él en seguida pone muchas cosas buenas y los mejores manjares.

Cuando iba para su casa, entró en la casa de una vieja que vivía al frente de la carretera, y lo llamó y le dijo: — Bobo, siéntate en la hamaca, que te voy a hacer un poco de café, pero quédate dormido. Y cuando estaba dormido le cogió el mantel y le puso otro que no servía para nada y después lo llamó para que tomase el café, y después que se lo tomó cogió su mantel que le había cambiado la vieja y se fué, y cuando llegó a su casa, la madre estaba ablandando unas habichuelas, y el Bobo le dijo: — Mamá, ¿qué estás haciendo? Y ella le contestó: — Hijo, yo estoy haciendo unas habichuelas. — Pues mamá, bote eso que yo traigo una cosa buena. Mamá, ponga la mesa para comer muchas cosas buenas.

Y la vieja cogió las habichuelas y las botó y cuando él tendió el mantel le dijo: — Mamá, véngase a comer muchas cosas buenas. Y cuando tendió el mantel, que ya la vieja estaba sentada, fué a poner el mantel y no le produjo nada; la vieja se quedó sentada de lo más desconsolada, y le dijo: — Ves hijo, que me hiciste botar las habichuelas. Bueno, y se fué el Bobo a casa del rey y le dijo: — Rey, usted me ha engañado a mi con su mantel. — Pues mira, aquella casa a que fuiste, aquella vieja te puso a dormir y te cogió el mantel nuevo y te puso otro viejo; pues mira, yo te voy a dar este bastón y tú cuando llegues a la casa, ella te ha de decir, “Súbete, Bobo, te voy a hacer café.” Y cuando tú te subas, en seguida te sientas en la hamaca y deja el bastón abajo y tú en seguida te levantas y mandas a subir al bastón y en seguida le dices: “Vea, bastón” y en seguida comienza a darle palos y palos hasta que ella te tenga que dar el bastón y después ella te da el mantel y tú te vas en seguida.

(*Version c.*)

Esta era una vez que había un hombre que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Un día se fué a ganar dinero y donde trabajó le dieron una bolsa de dinero que cada vez que le decía, “¡Comparte bolsa!” empezaba a soltar dinero.

Una vez Juan Bobo fué a un baile y se llevó la bolsa. Cuando llegó al baile le dijo a la vieja: — Tenga esta bolsa, pero no le diga “com-

ponte bolsa." No bién volteó Juan la cara, cuando la vieja dijo: — ¡Composte bolsa! — y empezó a soltar dinero. Después Juan Bobo fué a procurar su bolsa y la vieja le dijo que no la tenía.

Otro día Juan Bobo fué a trabajar a la misma casa y le dieron un bastón que se le decía: "Composte bastón" y empezaba a dar garrotazos.

Un día fué Juan a la misma casa a un baile y le dijo a la vieja: — *May* vieja, tenga ese bastón, pero no le diga "composte bastón." No bien había virado el pobre Juan la cara, cuando dijo la vieja: — ¡Composte bastón! — y le cayó a garrotazos. — ¡Ay, ay, ay, ay! — decía la vieja y Juan Bobo le dijo: — Si usted me da la bolsa yo le quito el bastón. — ¡Toma, toma las llaves y cógela! — decía la vieja gritando. Cogió Juan Bobo la bolsa y le dejó el bastón hasta que la mató.

Se acabó mi cuento y se fué por un roto. Y otro que sepa que se diga otro.

(Version d.)

Una vez la madre de Juan Bobo tenía muchas matas de coles y entre todas había una chiquita y Juan Bobo le dijo: — Mamá, dame esa matita chiquita de coles.

Un día hizo un temporal y se llevó la matita de Juan Bobo y al otro día fué a donde estaba el viento: — ¡Buenos días, viento! — ¡Entra! — le contestó el viento, y Juan Bobo le dijo: — Yo no vengo a entrar, yo vengo a buscar mi matita de coles.

Y el viento le dijo: — Toma este paño de mesa y verás todo lo que te dará. Y Juan Bobo quería saber lo que le daba el viento y le dijo: — ¡Composte! Y el paño le dió muchas frutas y fué a una casa y dijo: — ¡Guárdeme este paño, pero no le digan "Composte paño," porque da muchas cosas buenas!

Y Juan Bobo se fué. Al otro día fué a donde estaba el viento: — ¡Buenos días, viento! El viento le dijo: — ¡Entra! Y Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Yo no vengo a entrar, que yo vengo a que me den mi matita de col!

Y el viento le dijo: — ¿Pero lo que te dí ayer? Y entonces el viento le dió un fuate de cuero. — Toma ese fuate de cuero y verás qué muchas cosas buenas te dará.

Y Juan Bobo quería saber lo que le daba y dijo: — ¡Composte, fuate! Y el fuate le cayó a cantazos limpios, y lo llevó a la misma casa donde llevó el paño de mesa, y Juan Bobo le dijo: — Pero no le digan "Composte fuate," porque da muchas cosas buenas.

La mujer en seguidita que se fué Juan Bobo se sentó con los muchachitos en la mesa y dijo: — ¡Composte, fuate! Y el fuate cayó a cantazo limpio y Juan Bobo que estaba allí escondido salió corriendo y diciendo: — ¡Denme mi paño de mesa, porque si no dejo que el fuate los mate!

Y la mujer le dió el paño y Juan Bobo dijo: — ¡Descomponete fueete! Y el fueete no les dió más y Juan Bobo vivió muy feliz después.

(*Version e.*)

Una vez Juan Bobo tenía una mata de plátano en una lata, y le dijo la madre que le tuviera cuidado. Un día el viento le tumbó la mata de plátano y cuando Juan Bobo vino y vió que el viento le había tumbado la mata de plátano se fué detrás del viento para matarlo. Cuando ya iba lejos se encontró con un hombre, y era el viento, y le preguntó: — ¿Para dónde vas, Juan Bobo? — Yo voy a encontrar al viento para matarlo. Y el hombre lo contentó y le dió un burrito y le dijo que nunca le dijera al burrito, "Abre la boca, burrito."

Juan Bobo iba ya de noche y se encontró con una casa donde vivían un viejito y una viejita y pidió posada. Les dió el burrito a guardar pero les advirtió que nunca le fueran a decir que abriera la boca. Juan Bobo se quedó dormido y la viejita y el viejito le dijeron: — Abre la boca, burrito. Y no acabaron de decirle cuando una cantidad de monedas salieron rodando por el suelo. Viendo que salía mucho dinero de la boca del burrito le volvieron a decir que abriera la boca, pero esta vez el burrito la cerró. Los viejitos ya solamente tenían un burro viejo y cuando Juan Bobo despertó le dieron el burro viejo. Juan Bobo se fué.

Cuando llegó a la casa le dijo a la madre: — ¡Madre! ¡Jajajá! Recójase las mantas. La madre le dijo que ya venía con unas de las de él, pero cuando Juan Bobo le dijo al burrito que abriera la boca el burrito no lo entendió.

Entonces Juan Bobo se fué otra vez detrás del viento diciendo que lo iba a matar. Ya que iba lejos se encontró con el mismo hombre. El hombre le dió un mantelito, pero le dijo que nunca le dijera, "Abrete, mantelito."

Y Juan Bobo se fué y llegó a la misma casa de los viejitos y volvió a hacer lo mismo de antes. Los viejitos le dieron posada y Juan Bobo les encargó el mantelito y les dijo que no le dijese que se abriera. Juan Bobo se quedó dormido, y los viejitos para experimentar le dijeron al mantelito que se abriera. Y en seguida había allí manjares de todas clases y todas buenas comidas. Ellos tenían un mantel viejo y cuando Juan Bobo despertó le dieron el mantel viejo y él se fué.

Cuando ya Juan Bobo iba llegando a la casa le gritó a la madre: — ¡Madre! ¡Jajajá! Ahora sí es verdad. La madre le dijo que ya venía con otra, pero él le dijo al mantel viejo: — Abrete, mantelito. Pero no hubo nada.

Entonces Juan Bobo se fué otra vez detrás del viento y se volvió a encontrar con el mismo hombre, y el hombre le dió un palo dentro de un saco, pero le advirtió que nunca le dijese: — Salte del saco.

Juan Bobo se fué y llegó otra vez a la casa de los viejitos y ellos en seguida le mandaron subir, muy complacientes.

Cuando ya se iban a acostar Juan Bobo les advirtió que no le fueran a decir al palo que se saliera del saco. Pero luego que Juan Bobo se durmió los viejitos le dijeron al palo que se saliera del saco, y el palo se salió del saco y comenzó a dar palos a derecha y a izquierda, y los viejitos empezaron a gritar y a llamar a Juan Bobo para que los salvara. Cuando Juan Bobo despertó les dijo que si ellos le daban el burrito y el mantelito le mandaba al palo que se metiera en el saco. Los viejitos le dijeron que sí y le dieron a Juan Bobo su burrito y su mantelito y se fué.

Cuando Juan Bobo iba llegando a la casa le dijo a la madre: — Ahora si es verdad. Y le dijo al burrito que abriera la boca y corrieron por el suelo grandes cantidades de monedas. Y le dijo al mantelito que se abriera y una mesa llena de buenas comidas se apareció.

Entonces Juan Bobo hizo un palacio y mandó que viniesen todas las personas de la provincia a un gran convite. El día del convite le dijo al mantelito que se pusiese el salón lleno de buenos manjares y de toda clase de licores. La gente de la provincia se fué toda a la casa de Juan Bobo y cuando todos estaban en la comida fué Juan Bobo y se paró en una de las puertas del salón y mandó cerrar la otra. Y entonces le mandó al palo que se saliera del saco. Y el palo se salió del saco dando palos a derecha y a izquierda y mató casi a toda la gente que estaba en el palacio. Y Juan Bobo fué entonces el rey de la provincia y el más rico.

58. BRAULIO EL TONTO Y EL ENANO DEL POZO (60).

Tenía una madre un hijo que se llamaba Braulio el Tonto. No teniendo agua, la madre lo mandó al pozo para que le trajese un balde de agua. El muchacho cogió el balde y se fué.

El pozo era de barril, y por lo visto había que amarrar el balde de un extremo de la soga y tirarlo. El muchacho amarró su balde y lo tiró. Al tiempo que lo tiró se reventó la soga y el balde se quedó. El muchacho de tonto que era, se tiró al pozo para coger el balde. Cuando vió que un hombre chiquito o sea un enano le había cogido el balde, el muchacho le dijo: — Dame mi balde.

El enano echó a correr por una calle que había por debajo de la tierra y Braulio se le fué detrás, diciéndole: — Dame mi balde.

El enano le metió la cabeza a un gran portón que había y lo abrió y el muchacho también le metió la cabeza y lo abrió. Llegaron entonces a la puerta de la capital encantada. El enano le metió la cabeza a la puerta y pasó. El muchacho hizo la misma operación. Entonces Braulio se quedó entretenido con unas estatuas que había en la entrada y se le perdió el enano. Se puso y rompió las estatuas. Las estatuas eran gentes que había allí encantadas.

Ya era la noche, y él estaba un poco estropiado cuando se acostó a dormir. Después que había dormido un sueño, vió una gran claridad. El creía que era el día y se levantó. Eran las gentes que él había desencantado que venían con hachos a alumbrarle el camino.

Pero el muchacho no sabía donde era que estaba. Las gentes le dijeron que se fuera a un aposento obscuro que había en la casa, y que allí encontraría todas las fieras del mundo. Un camaroncillo que está en el medio de todas, para más señal es tuerto y está sentado en un sillón.

Se fué el muchacho y lo encontró, y al frsele a tirar encima se le fué corriendo para un cerro, y se le volvió un burro al no encontrarlo. Se fué a donde estaban las gentes y les dijo que lo había encontrado pero que se le había ido corriendo. Y se le había desaparecido.

Entonces les dijeron que se fuera al cerro y un burro que estaba amarrado que le cortara una oreja y se la trajera. Se le cortó la oreja y se la trajo. El burro se vino detrás de él y cuando llegó a donde estaban, se paró el enano, le dió una gorra para que le dejara quieto; que con aquella gorra tenía tanto poder como él.

La cogió pero no le bastaba para pedirle su balde. El le dijo: — Dame mi gorra que yo te doy tu balde.

El muchacho se puso a pelear con él y le dijo que le dejara que él le daba su balde y que pidiera por su trabajo. El enano se estuvo quieto y le entregaron su balde. Le dijeron que pidiera por su trabajo. El dijo, como tonto al fin: — Quiero una escopeta que a todo lo que le apunte lo mate, unas alpargatas que me transporte donde yo quiera, y un bolsillo que nunca esté vacío.

Todo lo que él pidió se lo concedieron porque él había desencantado una gran capital. Entonces se puso las alpargatas y dijo: — Tráspórtame con el balde lleno de agua a casa.

Dicho esto y estando en su casa fueron dos cosas iguales. La madre le preguntó que le había pasado, y él le contó y le dijo que él tenía unas alpargatas que se las ponía y los transportaba donde él quería, y una escopeta que a todo pájaro que le disparaba lo mataba, y un bolsillo que nunca estaba vacío, y sé que vivieron felices.

59. JUAN Y LA PRINCESA SON ECHADOS AL MAR (61).

Todos los días iba Juan Bobo a buscar arena a la playa en una yegua panda, y de compromiso tenía que pasar por el palacio del rey. La princesa lo velaba cuando pasaba para ponerle apodo, y Juan Bobo siempre le decía:

— Permítame Dios que te veas preñada de mí.

La princesa se iba detrás de él y cuando llegaba a la playa y encontraban un pecesito en la orilla y la princesa le decía a Juan Bobo que lo cogiera, Juan Bobo le decía a su yegua: — Panda, dale una patada y bóvalo al agua. La yegua le daba una patada y lo botaba al agua.

La princesa entonces se iba para su casa y se ponía con mucho sufrimiento porque Juan Bobo no le cogía el pescadito.

Esto sucedía todos los días, hasta que llegó el día en que la princesa dió a luz un niño con una manzana en la mano. Todos los de la casa le pedían la manzana al niño pero él no se la daba, pero ni tampoco se sabía quien era el padre del niño. Ni lo sabía el padre, ni la madre ni ningún particular.

Entonces el rey publicó en la prensa que su hija había dado a luz un niño con una manzana en la mano y que a quien el niño se la diera ése se casaba con la princesa. Entonces comenzaron a venir blancos de todas partes, y grandes y príncipes y caballeros y jóvenes. Todos, uno por uno, le iban pidiendo la manzana al niño, y el niño a nadie se la daba. Todos los caballeros se fueron y al día siguiente dijo el rey que vinieran pobres y de todas clases.

Juan Bobo supo la noticia y se fué donde la madre para que le preparara una muda de ropa, y le dijo que iba a pedirle la manzana al niño de la hija del rey. La madre le dijo que quizá estaba loco, que como se iba a subir al palacio con los trapos de ropa que llevaba y así descalzo como estaba. Juan Bobo le dijo que le hiciera el favor de prepararle la ropa porque de todos modos él iba a pedirle la manzana al hijo de la princesa. La madre se vió mortificada por su hijo y se puso y le preparó la ropa y luego que se la preparó se vistió y se fué al palacio.

Subió Juan Bobo y fué donde estaba el niño y le dijo: — Mi hijo, dame la manzana. El niño estiró la mano y le dió la manzana a Juan Bobo. El rey los casó y los echó en un barco y le dió un barreno y le echó pan y vino. Los echó por la mar afuera y los atrancó en un cuarto. Cuando el barco iba por la mar afuera la princesa se puso a llorar, y cuando el barco se fué cogiendo agua ella le decía a Juan Bobo: — ¡Ay, Juan Bobo, que nos ahogamos! Y él le decía: — Come pan y bebe vino y acuéstate a dormir. La princesa tenía miedo y volvía a decir: — ¡Ay, Juan Bobo, que nos ahogamos! — Come pan y bebe vino y acuéstate a dormir. — ¡Ay, Juan Bobo, que nos ahogamos! — Come pan y bebe vino y acuéstate a dormir.

Por fin el barco ya se iba a pique y los que iban en el barco estaban ya con el agua hasta el pescuezo. Entonces dijo Juan Bobo: — Ven aquí, mi pecesito mágico. Y el pecesito se le apareció y le dijo: — ¿Qué quiere mi amo? — Que me eches a tierra y me hagas un palacio al lado del rey pero más grande y más bonito, y que siempre se disparen diez cañonazos al despertar el alba. Y así fué.

Seguidamente se encontraron en tierra en un palacio muy bonito y muy grande. Al día siguiente se dispararon diez cañonazos al despertar el alba. El pueblo y toda la gente del rey se despertaron para ver lo que ocurría. Al ver aquel palacio que se había aparecido allí todos

se quedaron admirados. El rey entonces fué a ver quien era el que vivía allí, y vió que era su hija y entonces fueron reyes.

(Version a.)

Esta era una madre que tenía un hijo bobo y todos los días lo mandaba a buscar leña y pasaba el Bobo por en casa de un rey con el burrito, a buscar la leña y la hija del rey se echaba a reír.

Volvió la vieja a mandar al Bobo a buscar leña, en otro viaje y la hija del rey volvió a reírse. La madre lo mandó a buscar leña con su burro y él le dijo: — Madre, yo no voy, porque la hija del rey se echa a reír. Y ella le dijo: — Hijo, véte, que eso Dios no lo perdona. — Pues échame una alforjita de *maduro* y queso. Llegó al mar y se puso a almorzarse su alforja y venían unos pecesitos y él a tirarles chinitas de queso. Y llegó un pez muy grande y se dobló y le echó mano y le dijo el pez: — ¡Ay! suéltame, buen trabador. ¿Qué quieres que te haga? — Pues yo lo que quiero es que me ayudes a cargar este burro de leña. Y llegó y le ayudó a cargarlo. — Y ahora quiero que me hagas tú un burrito de leña y que ande solo. Y se fué, para en casa de su madre y al pasar por la casa del rey, se echaron a reír las muchachas de otro viaje. — ¡Ay, mamá! ¡qué bobo que trae un burro de leña que anda solo!

Se cansaron de reírse hasta que la más chiquita se quedó riéndose, y entonces llegó el bobo y le echó la maldición, que permitiera Dios que se viera preñada por el pez.

Se fué en casa de su madre y la muchacha se quedó muy triste y acongojada y siguió su vientre creciendo y dió a luz un niño varón. El rey se asustó al ver que su niña, sin tener relaciones con nadie, había dado a luz un niño pero entre tanto mandaron a buscar a todos los reyes de las comarcas del mundo y al que el niño le dijera papá, ese era el padre.

Le pasaron toditos por encima y a ninguno le dijo papá. Pues mandaremos a buscar a toditos los mendigantes. Entonces todos siguieron pasándole por encima, ya no quedaban más, y Bobo llegó a las puertas del rey y dijo que él venía a pasarle. El rey le dijo que si se atrevía a asegurar que él era el padre. Y él le dijo que sí.

— Y por mi corona real que si usted no me hace ver eso, le mando quitar la vida. Llegó, lo pasó por encima y dijo el niño: — ¡Ay! papá. — Pues le daremos la mano a este Bobo, con mi hija.

Entraron y lo afeitaron y lo recortaron y lo vistieron y los casaron, y dijo el rey: — Háganme una caja muy grande para que quepan ellos parados y acostados. La hicieron y los echaron dentro de la caja y se los llevaron y los tiraron en el mar. La mujer empezó a llorar: — ¡Ay! Bobo sin vergüenza, por culpa tuya estoy yo aquí. — Eso es bueno que te pase para que no seas burlona, pero quiero manifestarte

que yo te defenderé y te echaré a tierra y le dijo al pez: — Pecesito mío, échame a tierra, — y lo echó en tierra. Y entonces le dijo: — Ahora quiero que me saques de ésta caja. Lo sacó el pez y él le pidió que le hiciera un palacio en frente del rey, mejor que de aquél, con todas las alhajas de un palacio; que tuviera sirvientes y cocinera y que estuviera a la hora de servir la mesa, para echarle al rey en los bolsillos unas tazas, unos platillos, unos platos, unas cucharas y unos tenedores, y unos cuchillos. Llegó y le puso el palacio. Cuando el rey, por la mañana se levantó y vió aquel palacio, dijo: — ¡Ay, mujer! ¡mira qué palacio tan lindo está en frente de mi palacio!

Se tiró el rey y fué allá al palacio ese y le preguntó por la salud y le dijo que si estaban buenos. El le dijo que si estaban buenos, que a la hora de la mesa lo esperaban allá con todita su familia, y para que entraran a la mesa llegó la sirvienta a servir la mesa con todos los platillos, y las tazas y los platos y las cucharas y los tenedores y los cuchillos.

Sirvieron la mesa y comieron, y después que comieron contó los platillos y faltó uno y contó las tazas y faltó una, y contó los platos y faltó uno, y contó las cucharas y faltó una, y contó los cuchillos y faltó uno, y contó los tenedores y faltó uno. Y dijo el dueño de la casa: — ¿Quién los tendrá? hay que registrar. El fué el primero que se registró y no los tenía, los registró a toditos y no los tenían y faltaba el rey que registrar. — Mi señor y rey, regístrese usted. — ¿Pero yo qué voy a tener, cuando los tengo en casa mejores? Pero me viraré los bolsillos. Y se viró los bolsillos, cayendo al suelo todito hecho polvo, y dijo: — ¡Ay! ¿quién será ese que me los ha echado? Dijo el Bobo: — Muy fácil, según entró el niño en el vientre de su hija, pues éstos son los que botó usted en aquella caja, en el mar.

Cuando le dijo que aquéllos eran los que había botado, cayó con un vahido, pero cayó la demás familia también y los revivió a fuerza de perfumes y pulseras de vino en las coyunturas, y se levantaron y se fueron para su palacio y el Bobo se quedó en su palacio con su mujer.

El rey mandó buscar un cura para casarlos y los casaron y entonces el rey se quitó la corona y coronó a Balminio de rey y la reina se quitó la corona y coronó a Josefa de reina y les hizo un palacio en frente del suyo y los puso a vivir allí y siguieron viviendo una vida feliz.

(*Version b.*)

Había una mujer que tenía un hijo bobo y lo mandaba todos los días a buscar leña a la playa, y tenía que pasar por la casa del rey Gustavo. Ese rey tenía tres hijas. Una se llamaba María, otra Matilde y la otra Julia. Cuando pasaba el bobo todos los días se echaban a reír de él. La madre del bobo le dijo que fuera otra vez por leña y el bobo le dijo: — Yo no voy a buscar leña porque las hijas del rey se ríen de mí. Ella le dijo: — Véte, que eso no le hace. Entonces el bobo le dijo: —

Hágame una parva de maduros y queso. Entonces la madre le dió los maduros y el queso y se montó en un burro y se fué a buscar la leña.

Se sentó a la orilla del mar a comerse la parva y despedazaba queso para que los peces se pusieran a comer. Y entonces se allegó un pez muy grande y lo cogió. El pez le dijo: — Suéltame. Y el bobo decía: — Es pa que madre te coma. Y entonces el pez le contestó: — Suéltame, y en cuantos trabajos te veas clama por el pez Maimón. Y entonces el bobo le dijo: — Ayúdame a cargar el burro de leña y hazme otro burrito de leña que ande atrás del burro grande. En seguida le hizo el pez lo que quería. Y cuando pasaron por la casa del rey Gustavo las hijas del rey se asomaron y se fijaron en el burrito y María y Matilde al verlo les causó cuidado y se encerraron en un cuarto. Pero Julia la menor, empezó a reírse, y decía: — Después de ser bobo hizo un burro de leña que anda atrás del otro. Y entonces el bobo le contestó: — Permita Dios que te veas preñada de mí por el pez Maimón. Entonces ella se echó a llorar del bochorno que pasó.

Y así fué que a Julia le fué creciendo la barriga, y al poco tiempo tuvo un muchacho macho. El rey cuando lo supo le preguntó que si de quien era hijo y Julia le contestó que ella no había tenido amistad con nadie y no se había rosado con ningún hombre. Entonces el rey enlutó al palacio y mandó buscar a todos los príncipes de la ciudad para que le pasaran por encima y el muchacho dijera quien era su padre. Y le pasaron todos los príncipes por encima y a ninguno le dijo papá. Y entonces el Rey Gustavo mandó buscar a toditos los bobos y a los pobres que había en aquella ciudad para que le pasaran por encima del muchacho. Y toditos vinieron y le pasaron por encima al muchacho y a ninguno le dijo papá. Y sólo quedaba el bobo que no lo habían pasado por encima porque no lo había sabido todavía.

Pero cuando lo supo, dijo: — Madre, yo voy a pasar por encima del muchacho. Y entonces la madre le dijo: — Muchacho, tú estás loco. Será para que te maten. Y entonces el bobo le dijo: — Madre, yo me voy porque es hijo mío.

Entonces se fué el bobo para la casa del rey. Y cuando llegó le preguntaron los vasallos qué se le ofrecía, y el bobo les respondió que venía a pasar por encima del muchacho de Julia. Entonces los vasallos se lo dijeron al rey, y el rey le dijo que subiera y entonces le preguntó que si aseguraba que el muchacho era hijo de él. El bobo le dijo que sí, y que si no que le mandara quitar la vida. Y entonces el rey le dijo que pasara y el bobo se arrolló la cota y dió un brinco por arriba del muchacho y el muchacho en seguida le dijo papá. Entonces el rey Gustavo le dijo a uno de sus vasallos que le trujera un barbero. Y seguido vino un barbero y recortó al bobo y le pusieron vestidura de príncipe. Mandaron buscar un cura y casaron a Julia con el bobo, y también bautizaron al muchacho. Después que estaban casados el rey

mandó buscar un carpintero para que le hiciera una caja donde cupieran solamente dos personas a cuerpo derecho y tumbado y de cualquier manera. Y seguido vino el carpintero y le hizo la caja, y echaron a Julia con el bobo y el muchacho y atrancaron bien la caja y la botaron mar afuera.

Cuando se vieron en el mar Julia le decía al bobo: — Mira como me estoy mirando por la maldición que me echaste. Ya papá y mamá nos botaron al mar. Entonces el bobo le pasaba la mano a Julia y le decía: — No te apures que tú estás al lado de un hombre que no te dejará padecer. Pero ella se insultaba y lloraba, y decía: — Ya nos vamos a ahogar. Entonces el bobo la consolaba, y cuando ya le pareció al bobo que era a media noche, dijo: — Aquí, mi pez Maimón, échame a tierra. Y en seguida estaban en tierra y la caja abierta, y entonces el bobo le dijo a Julia: — ¿Ves? Yo te decía que tú estabas al lado de un hombre que no te dejaba ahogar. Y entonces el bobo le dijo al pez: — Quiero que me hagas un palacio al lado del palacio del rey que sea más grande y más bonito que él del rey Gustavo, y quiero que me des alhajas y animales y riquezas, y que me pongas a mí un príncipe civilizado, y que mi hijo y mi mujer me las pongas que no los conozca nadie, ni el rey Gustavo. Y también te necesito mañana, a la hora de la mesa para que me le echés en el bolsillo al rey Gustavo una taza, una copa, un platillo, un cubierto y un tenedor, y que el rey no lo sienta cuando tú le echés eso.

Y entonces se encontraron en su palacio y empezaron a pasearse por el balcón de su palacio, y se asomaron los vasallos del rey Gustavo y vieron aquellos dos príncipes desconocidos y se lo dijeron al rey, y entonces el rey se levantó y lo vió y no lo conoció. Y entonces el rey Gustavo le dijo a la reina: — Ahí hicieron un palacio sin permiso mío. Voy a ver quien lo hizo. Y se tiró y fué al palacio. Entonces se tranquilizaron de parte y parte y el príncipe recién venido allí le invitó para que la reina y él y sus vasallos le acompañaran a almorzar. Y el rey Gustavo le dijo que con mucho gusto le acompañaba, y vinieron a almorzar. Y entonces el príncipe le dijo a la cocinera al poner la mesa: — Cuenta toda la loza. Y la cocinera la contó y entonces comenzaron a comer aquellos manjares que el rey nunca había comido.

Después que almorzaron el príncipe le dijo a la cocinera: — Usa de tu derecho y cuenta la loza otra vez. Y ella se puso a contar. Y contó las copas y dijo: — Falta una copa. Y contó las tazas y dijo: — Falta una taza. Y contó los cubiertos y dijo: — Falta uno. Y contó los tenedores y dijo: — Falta uno. Y entonces el príncipe dijo: — Tenemos que registrarnos toditos, a ver quien tiene lo que falta. Entonces se miró los bolsillos del chaquetón y del pantalón, y así empezó por toditos los demás y el último que faltaba era el rey Gustavo. Y el príncipe le dijo: — Usted no se mira lo suyo. Y el rey le contestó:

— Yo, teniendo de esa loza en casa, ¿para qué voy a coger ninguna? Y el príncipe le respondió:— Por eso no se espante usted, que yo soy dueño de este palacio y me registro primero que ninguno. Y entonces el rey Gustavo se miró los bolsillos y cayó toda la loza al suelo. El rey se alzó y dijo:— ¿Cómo puede ser esto? Y entonces le dijo el príncipe:— No se alze, que eso no es gran cosa, que con esa sutileza que entró esa loza en su bolsillo entró ese muchacho en el vientre de su madre. El rey no conocía a ninguno y entonces se dió por conocido con Julia, el bobo y el muchacho. El rey les echó los brazos y se besaron y la reina también. Y entonces el rey y la reina se quitaron la corona y se la pusieron al bobo y a Julia que era su hija. Y entonces se ofrecieron de parte y parte y era el bobo el más querido de todo el reinado, y quedaron viviendo una vida tranquila y feliz para siempre. Y entonces el rey Bobo mandaba al rey Gustavo y éste le obedecía en todo porque el bobo tenía la corona que el rey Gustavo le había puesto.

60. JUAN SE COMPADECE DE UN PERRO, UN GATO Y UNA CULEBRA (62).

Había una vez un señor que tenía un hijo bobo.

Un día lo mandó a comprar un medio de pan, pero cuando iba por el camino que iba se encontró con un hombre con un perro y le preguntó:— ¿Para dónde lleva usted ese perro? Y el hombre le dijo que a matarlo porque era malo. — ¿Quiere usted un medio y no lo mata? El hombre contestó que sí.

Cuando llegó a su casa su madre lo reprendió, y al otro día lo mandó y le dijo que no volviera a hacer como el día antes.

Lo que la madre le dijo lo echó en saco roto, pues se encontró con otro hombre que iba a matar un gato. Le preguntó que para qué lo quería, y cuando le dijo que lo iba a matar, le volvió a dar el medio porque lo dejara vivo. Si mucho le había peleado la madre el día antes mucho más lo hizo esta vez.

Al siguiente día lo mandó la madre otra vez a comprar el medio de pan, y cuando volvía se encontró con un hombre que llevaba una culebrita para matarla. Hizo lo mismo que con el gato y el perro y le dió el medio y cogió la culebrita y se la trajo para su casa. La madre no le dijo nada, sino que más nunca lo mandaría a comprar cosas.

Juan, que así se llamaba el bobo, cogió la culebra y la puso en una tina y allí fué creciendo, hasta que un día le dijo a Juan:— Juan déjame ir que ya no quepo aquí. Y Juan le dijo:— Vete. La serpiente antes de irse, le regaló una sortija y le dijo:— Toma esta sortija. Es de virtud y todo lo que tú le pidas te lo concederá. De hoy en adelante ya no eres bobo. Y se fué.

Juan le pidió a la sortija una casa bien lujosa y que Mercedes, lindísima hija de don Guillermo, se casara con él. Y así fué. Se casó con ella y ya nadie le decía Juan Bobo sino Don Juan.

Don Juan le regaló la sortija a Mercedes y le encargó que no la botara. Pero un día se presentó un prendero que se la fué a comprar, y viendo que ella no quería vendérsela le dijo:— Quiero verla. Y cuando ella se la enseñó, dijo:— Sortija, por la virtud que tienes y la que Dios te ha dado ponme en Madrid con Mercedes. Y en seguida se hallaron en Madrid los dos.

Cuando don Juan llegó a su casa y no habló a su esposa se fué a casa de don Guillermo y le contó que su hija había desaparecido. Don Guillermo no estaba para bromas y le denunció, diciéndole que él le había matado a su hija. Fué puesto en prisión y no se le hizo caso a lo que él decía.

Cuando el perro y el gato supieron que su amo estaba preso y sin tener que comer fueron a un almacén y en lo que el perro entretuvo a los perros de la casa el gato empezó a sacar todo lo que pudo y se lo llevaron a la cárcel. Luego se fueron en busca de la serpiente y le contaron lo que pasaba. Y ella les dijo que el hombre que se había robado a Mercedes y la sortija vivían en Madrid y tenía la sortija escondida en una parte que si destornudaba caía al suelo, y que ellos dos se proporcionararan un ratón y se fueran a buscarlo.

Así lo iban a hacer, pero no se habían hallado ningún ratón, cuando vieron venir un vapor que iba tripulado por ratones y le dijeron al capitán:— Si no nos prestas un ratón te comemos a ti con toda tu gente. El capitán dijo que sí y siguieron su camino. Cuando llegaron a casa del prendero estaba durmiendo. El gato le dijo al ratón:— Métele tu rabo por la nariz para que destornude. Así lo hizo el ratón y cuando destornudó cayó la sortija y la cogió el gato como más listo y regresaron a su país.

Después de muchísimos trastornos por su viaje de regreso llegaron a la cárcel y le dieron la sortija a don Juan. El en seguida le pidió que le trajera a su esposa a casa de don Guillermo con el prendero y así sucedió. Cuando don Guillermo comprendió lo que había pasado puso a don Juan en libertad, pidiéndole perdón.

Volvieron a vivir juntos ellos y se trajeron al gato y al perro para su casa. La serpiente era una encantada y salió más tarde de su encantamiento y ellos vivieron muy felices.

(*Version a.*)

La madre de Juan Bobo tenía tres medios y mandó a buscar un medio de carne a Bobo y éste encontró un perro ahorcándose y dió el medio por el perro.

Se lo llevó a la madre y la madre le dió otro medio y el Bobo se volvió y encontró que estaban ahorcando un gato y dió el otro medio por el gato y le llevó el gato a la madre.

La madre le dió el otro medio para que volviera a buscarle el otro medio de carne, y el Bobo se fué a encontrar ahorcando una culebra y la culebra le dió una sortija de virtud, y el Bobo dijo: — Sortija, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, que le des comida a mi madre, de todas clases. Y después que almorzaron se fué para en casa del rey a pedirle a la hija para casarse con ella.

El rey le contestó que si le hacía un palacio en medio del mar, reluciente, de oro y plata, que él lo viera a la hora de levantarse, que le daba a la hija. Y el Bobo dijo: — Pues sí iré.

Fué y le pidió a la sortija que le diera un palacio en medio del mar, reluciente, de oro y plata, que cuando el rey se levantara le reluciera el balcón. Y el rey al ver eso, mandó buscar al Bobo para casarlo con la hija y ponerla debajo del palacio.

A los tres días o cuatro, de estar ella debajo del palacio, pasó un quincallero vendiendo prendas y la hija del rey le dijo que ella tenía prenda fina, mejor que él. El quincallero se la cambió por otra que se parecía a la de ella. Al poco rato de haber salido el quincallero, le dijo a la sortija: — Sortijita, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, quiero que la mujer se venga en seguida detrás de mí.

Ella se fué con él y se embarcaron para la isla de los Ratones, y cuando fué Juan Bobo y no encontró a la mujer, se fué a darle razón al padre y el padre lo mandó aprisionar a cadena perpetua, y no había sol, ni sombra, ni le daban ni agua.

El perro salió, fué a donde estaba el gato y le dijo: — Nuestro amo, quien nos salvó la vida, está sufriendo; vamos a llevarle que comer. Y el gato le contestó: — Vé al panadero y quítale un rollo de pan, y yo me voy a una tienda y veo donde están los quesos y le quito un canto a uno.

Ya el perro tenía un rollo de pan; se lo entregó al gato, porque era el que podía subir a donde estaba el amo, y fué y le llevó el pan y el queso y le dijo el amo al gato que tenía sed, que le llevara agua. El gato le llevó agua y el amo le dijo al gato: — Me faltan tres días para morir, voy a ver si van a la isla donde está ella y pueden conseguir la sortija aunque sea.

Y fué el gato a donde estaba el perro y le dijo: — Busquemos la manera de ir a donde están ellos. Y el perro buscó un candray y se echó.

Entraron de candongueros el perro y el gato y se embarcaron para la isla de los ratones. Al llegar allá, el gato se pasaba las uñas por la cara.

Llegó el centinela a donde estaba el rey y le dijo: que venía un hombre con veinticinco machetes y decía que por la barba que tenía, que no iba a dejar uno de ellos.

Vino el rey con toda su tropa a recibirlo en la orilla del mar y ellos al entrar le dijo el gato que no iba a hacerles ningún mal, que iba en

busca de una princesa que se había ido con un quincallero, y que quería que le ayudaran a conseguir a la princesa.

Los ratones lo llevaron a la casa, y estaban durmiendo cuando llegaron, y como ya estaban dormidos, los ratones buscaron por toda la casa y no encontraron la sortija, y al no encontrarla lo despertaron diciéndole, que entregara la sortija o le quitaban la vida.

El quincallero se la entregó, el gato la cogió y volvieron y se embarcaron y en medio del mar le dijo el perro que le enseñara la sortija y el gato le contestó que él tenía la mano muy bronca y la podía dejar caer; pero tanto insistió que se la tuvo que dar. Al cogerla el perro, se le cayó, tuvieron que virar para atrás y al virar para atrás volvió y lo vió el centinela y le dijeron al rey que decían los dos señores que si primero no les habían hecho nada que ahora acababan con ellos. Y se preparó el rey con todo su batallón. Y el gato le dijo que la sortija se le había perdido en medio del mar y tenían que ayudarle a buscarla. Y el rey mandó a los ratones que le ayudaran a buscarla y fueron y la encontraron.

El perro y el gato caminaron y volvieron a caer a su tierra y el gato en seguida fué a donde estaba su amo, le entregó la sortija y el amo dijo: — Sortija, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado que me pongas y en veinticuatro horas esté yo con mi mujer en mi palacio.

A las veinticuatro horas lo mandó buscar el rey y le entregó el palacio y la mujer y entonces el rey mandó matar al quincallero, por ser el culpable.

61. LOS ANIMALES AYUDAN A JUAN (63).

Había una vez una aldea en la cual vivía un Bobo. Este oyó decir a sus amigos que había un rey que ofrecía la mano de su hija al que le derribase un árbol que había en el jardín del palacio.

El Bobo le dijo a su madre que se casaría con la hija del rey, porque él le iba a derribar el árbol. Entonces la madre le preparó una patata, un bollo de pan y un queso, para su viaje.

En la mañana salió de su casa y estuvo andando hasta que encontró un *guaraguao* y le dijo: — Te doy la patata y en los apuros que me vea clamo por ti. El *guaraguao* aceptó el trato.

Siguió andando y más adelante encontró una cigüeña y le dijo: — Te doy el queso y en los apuros que me vea clamo por ti. La cigüeña también convino en el trato.

Siguió andando y por último halló un perro al cual le dijo lo mismo que a la cigüeña y al *guaraguao*.

Bien entrada la noche llegó el Bobo a palacio y se presentó al rey. El rey lo llevó al sitio donde estaba el árbol y le entregó una hacha.

El Bobo empezó a picar con todas sus fuerzas hasta estar el árbol casi derribado, pero entonces se presentó la hija del rey y se le sentó en el tronco del árbol y quedó éste como antes. Entonces el Bobo clamó por la cigüeña y en seguida vino ésta y derribó el árbol.

Cuando el rey vió que había derribado el árbol, le dijo que tenía que cuidarle veinticuatro palomas en tres días sin que le faltara ninguna. Se puso a cuidarlas, y el primer día vino la hija del rey y le pidió una. El Bobo le dijo que si permitía que le diera dos latigazos le daba la paloma. Así fué, pero en seguida llamó al guaraguao y éste se la quitó. La niña llorando se volvió a su palacio.

Al día siguiente fué la madre y le sucedió igual y después fué el padre y le aconteció lo mismo. Al cumplirse los tres días vino el Bobo con sus palomas. El rey viéndolas completas le dijo que tenía que cogerle en una noche tres fanegas de trigo, que se le habían mezclado con arroz.

El Bobo llamó a la cigüeña y al guaraguao, y entre los tres escogieron el arroz y el trigo. Al ver el rey esto, dijo que tenía que decirle tres verdades. El Bobo le contó las tres cosas que le habían sucedido en el palacio.

El rey tuvo entonces que cumplir su palabra y el Bobo de la aldea se casó con la hija del rey y vivieron felices por muchos años.

62. EL GUSANO AYUDA A JUAN (64): JUAN ARREGLA EL ASUNTO DE LOS CABROS (65).

(64) Un día salió Juan y dijo: — Mujer, yo me voy a ver si hallo vida, porque aquí no puedo estar.

Salió y llegó a una casa a ver si le daban trabajo. — Sí, — le dijo el dueño, — yo lo quiero a usted para que vea los animales. Yo no le he preguntado a usted como se llama. — Yo me llamo Juan.

Estuvo un año trabajando y al año arregló su cuenta y le dijo: — Arrégleme mi cuenta, que pienso ir a donde está mi familia. Y él se vino con doscientos pesos que le sobraron.

A poco tiempo que anduvo llegó a una isla extraña y encontró una hormiga trabajando y vió que llevaba un gusanito la hormiga y se lo quitó y se llevó su gusanito y en el camino le dijo el gusanito: — Juan, en los trabajos que tú te veas, clama por mí.

Y siguió adelante y llegó a un cañaveral y cortó una caña para comérsela, porque llevaba hambre y el dueño lo denunció y fué citado para el juicio; fueron, y entonces le dijo el gusanito: — Yo te voy a defender el juicio y hablo por ti.

Lo llamaron, y el gusanito le decía al oído las palabras que tenía que contestar al Juez, y éste le dijo a Juan: — ¿Dónde está su defensor? ¿Usted es el mismo defensor? — Sí, yo mismo. — Bueno, pues usted fué quien cortó la caña. — Yo no la he cortado, a mí me la dieron, —

le dice entonces el defensor; y para perjudicarlo le habían puesto la caña en las manos, y él lo dice porque lo vió y para justificarlo traerá nueve testigos, que cree que el dueño de la hacienda no los traerá. — Traiga cada parte sus testigos, — dijo el Juez. El hacendado vino con tres testigos y Juan vino con nueve. — Entonces le fallaremos el juicio, porque Juan ganó el juicio. Entonces se fué Juan y el abogado y le dijo el gusanito: — No vuelvas a hacer eso, porque te puedes ver en prisión. Y se desapareció y se fué, y Juan se fué para donde estaba su familia, y le dijo a la mujer: — En toda mi vida me había pasado lo que me pasó en mi viaje.

Y le dijo ella que le contara qué había sido.

— Me ha pasado que por cuenta de una caña me ví en juicio, pero me vuelvo.

(65) Se volvió y cogió otro camino y se encontró dos cabros peleando por un terreno y cuando él los vió les dijo: — ¿Qué les pasa? Ellos le dijeron que peleaban por una parcela de terreno. Y él les dijo: — No peleen que yo los arreglo. Ellos se separaron y se puso uno en un lado y el otro en el otro lado y el tal Juan se puso en medio y cuando estaba tirando los cordeles para medir el terreno, se tiraron a pelear y lo pincharon en medio y lo despatarraron con los rifles y no volvió a donde estaba su familia, porque murió en el acto.

63. EL TRAJE DE PIEL DE PIOJO (66).

Una vez había un rey en una nación. Un día llamó a su barbero para que lo recortara, y el barbero le encontró un piojo, y le dijo: — ¿Su majestad tiene piojos? — ¡El rey piojo! No, el rey no tiene piojo. — Sí, su majestad tiene piojo. — Pues enséñemelo. El barbero le dió un piojo. Entonces el rey lo echó en una caja, y le daba comida, y el piojo fué creciendo tanto que ya no cabía en la caja.

Después el rey mandó hacer una jaula de manera que él no se pudiera salir y lo puso en la jaula. Lo alimentaba todos los días, y creció tanto que no cabía en la jaula. Entonces el rey mandó hacer un corral expresamente para él, y lo puso en el corral, y el creció hasta llegar a ser del tamaño de un buey. El rey no quiso dejarlo crecer más, y lo mandó matar. De la piel del piojo se hizo un traje. Amenazando al sastre que hizo el traje y a sus criados con pena de muerte si divulgaban de qué era su traje.

Entonces el rey mandó publicar que él que adivinara de qué era el traje que él llevaba puesto, se casaba con su hija. Al otro día empezaron a venir jóvenes a adivinar y ninguno aceptaba. Llegó el caso que Juan Bobo averiguó que el rey había ofrecido su hija al que adivinase de qué era su traje.

Juan Bobo le dijo a su mamá: — Mamá, mamá, yo voy a adivinar hoy. — Pero muchacho, no han adivinado los adivinos. Vas a adivinar

tú, que eres un bobo. Juan Bobo se fué donde el rey, y le dijo:— Señor rey, yo voy a adivinar pero quiero pensar un día por una esquina de la cocina. Y Juan Bobo por la noche se acostó detrás del fogón, y las dos criadas del rey estaban hablando, y le dijo una a la otra que quien sería el que iba a adivinar qué era de la piel de un piojo. Al otro día Juan Bobo se fué a adivinar, y le dijo al rey:— Señor rey, yo soñé anoche que su traje era de la piel de un piojo, y estoy seguro que es de un piojo. Entonces el rey abrazó a Juan Bobo, diciendo:— Juan, tú eres mi futuro yerno. Después el rey preparó a Juan Bobo y a su hija y se casaron.

(Version a.)

Este era un rey que tenía una hija. Un día se puso su sirvienta a espulgarla y le halló un piojo. Y echaron el piojo en un barril y al día siguiente ya había crecido tanto que no cabía en el barril. Lo mataron, le sacaron el cuero y le hicieron de él un vestido a la hija del rey.

El rey dijo que el que le adivinara de qué era el traje de su hija se casaba con ella. Fueron todos los principales de la corte, condes y ricos caballeros de la ciudad a ver si adivinaban y ninguno pudo adivinar.

Había una señora que tenía un hijo que era bobo, y éste le pidió permiso a su mamá para ver si adivinaba. Su madre quería hasta matarlo por su atrevimiento pero él no obedeció y se fué.

Cuando iba por el camino se halló en el camino a un hombre enterrado en la tierra con una oreja de fuera. Lo desenterró Juan Bobo y le preguntó:— ¿Qué es lo que haces aquí? Y el muerto le contestó:— Oyendo todo lo que pasa por el mundo. El bobo le preguntó que si como se llamaba y él le contestó que se llamaba Oidor y Oiré. El bobo le contestó que siendo Oidor y Oiré le dijera de qué estaba hecho el vestido de la hija del rey. Y le respondió que era del cuero de un piojo. El bobo lo convidó para que fuera con él y entonces se fueron los dos juntos.

Más tarde hallaron un hombre que tenía una piedra muy grande amarrada de una pierna. El bobo le preguntó porqué tenía aquella piedra amarrada de su pierna. El hombre le contestó que era porque andaba demasiado. La piedra pesaba cien quintales. El bobo le dijo que si se quería ir con él y el hombre se fué con ellos.

Al poco rato de andar se encontraron con otro hombre en las orillas de un río. Le hizo la misma pregunta y el hombre le respondió que estaba esperando que el río creciera para tomar agua. El bobo le dijo que porqué no tomaba de la que el río tenía y el hombre le respondió que ésa no le daba para calmar la sed. Lo invitaron a que fuera con ellos y se fué. Se fueron todos juntos.

Más adelante vieron un flechero apuntando para el aire y el bobo le preguntó a quien le apuntaba. El flechero le respondió que a un mosquito que estaba en los elementos. Lo invitaron a que se fuera con ellos y se fué.

Llegaron todos juntos al palacio del rey. El Bobo le dijo al rey que iba a adivinar de qué era el vestido de su hija. El rey le dijo: — Diga la primera. El bobo dijo: — Será del cuello de un gargajo. — No. Diga la segunda. — Será del cuello de un piojo. El rey le dijo que sí, que se casaría con su hija, pero que primero él y sus compañeros tenían que comer todas las comidas que él mandara hacer.

64. LA OLLA QUE CALIENTA EL AGUA SIN FUEGO (39): EL PAJARO VIRTUOSO (24): EL TRAJE DE PIEL DE PIOJO (66).

(39) Pasó una vez que Juan Bobo calentó una olla de agua en su casa y se fué a la orilla del río con la olla y el agua. Vino un hombre y le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ¿qué haces tú allí? — Esta olla que calienta el agua sin candela. — Juan Bobo, ¿en cuánto me la vendes? — En mil pesos. — Sí, dámela acá. Y le dió los ochavos y Juan Bobo se fué corriendo para donde estaba su mamá.

Su mamá le dijo: — ¿Cómo los has conseguido, muchacho? — Porque puse a calentar una agua y me fuí a la orilla del río y pasó un hombre y me la compró.

(24) Un día hizo una cueva en la calle y empezó: — Si se me va, por aquí lo cojo, por aquí. Pasó un hombre y le dijo: — ¿Qué haces tú allí? — El ruiseñor del rey, que se me fué. — Juan Bobo, véndemelo, que te doy un millón de pesos. — Y Juan Bobo le dijo: — Sí, — y se lo compró.

(66) Un día supo Juan Bobo que el rey tenía un flux y que el que adivinara se casaba con la hija del rey. Juan Bobo vió un ratón y le dijo que fuera por la noche a casa del rey y le dijera de qué era el flux del rey. El ratón se fué a casa del rey y por la noche oyó al rey que le decía a su hija: — ¿Quién adivinará que este flux es de cuero de pulga? El ratón lo oyó decir y se fué corriendo para donde estaba Juan Bobo, se lo dijo y Juan Bobo le dió un queso al ratón. Al otro día se celebraron las bodas y se fué Juan Bobo a adivinar. Allí estaban los soldados por si Juan Bobo no adivinaba, matarlo. Juan Bobo adivinó y la reina se quería casar con el príncipe. Y el rey dijo: — Cuando ella se levante, al que ella se levante mirando con ése se casa. Y la reina se levantó mirando a Juan Bobo y se casaron ellos dos.

65. EL DOCTOR TODOLOSABE (67).

Una vez había un joven que vivía con su mamá. Un día a la reina se le perdió una gargantilla y le dijo al rey que publicara que

el que adivinara donde estaba la gargantilla que se casaría con la princesa. Todo el mundo iba pero no adivinaba. Entonces Juan le dijo a su madre que iba a adivinar donde estaba la gargantilla, y se fué. Cuando le dijo al rey que él iba a adivinar, el rey le dijo que sí, pero que tenía tres días para cumplir su palabra. El dijo que estaba bien. El primer día fué una de las sirvientas; entonces él dijo: — ¡Gracias a San Matías, que de las cuatro he visto una! La sirvienta se fué asustada, porque realmente allí había cuatro sirvientas y entre ellas era donde estaba la gargantilla. Por la tarde fué otra y él dijo que gracias a Dios, porque de las cuatro había visto dos. Ella se fué asustada y se los dijo a sus amigas. La tercera era muy astuta y dijo que ella iba a llevarle el café. Y se fué; él dijo: — ¡Gracias a San Andrés, que de las cuatro he visto a tres! Ella fué asustada también hasta que se tuvieron que descubrir. El no lo sabía, pero no se descubrió sino que dijo que él ya lo sabía, pero que las iba a salvar del peligro. Entonces les dijo que cogieran el pavo más grande y le echaran la gargantilla dentro del maíz y ellas así lo hicieron. Cuando se cumplieron los tres días el rey lo llamó. Juan Bobo dijo que lo único que tenía que hacer era coger al pavo más grande, que lo abrieran y que le encontrarían adentro la gargantilla. Mataron al pavo más grande y realmente le encontraron la gargantilla. El rey le dijo que él no se podía casar con la princesa, pero que le iba a dar una cantidad de dinero y que si él quería que se quedara allí. Juan dijo que no, porque tenía que ir a ver a su mamá, y así lo hizo, y vivió feliz con su mamá.

66. EL RAMO DE TODAS LAS FLORES (68).

Dijo un rey que el que le trajera el ramo de todas las flores, el sabor de todos los sabores y la redoma de todas las aguas se casaría con su hija. El joven que se fué a buscar estas tres cosas llegó a donde estaba Juan Bobo, y le dijo: — Este camino ¿para dónde va? Y Juan Bobo le respondió: — Este camino no va ni viene. — Y tu padre ¿dónde está? — Dando un pedón que no se lo devuelven. — Y tu madre ¿dónde está? Mirándose a sí misma. — ¿Y aquella que grita? — Llorando los gustos pasados. — Y ese río, ¿está hondo? — No se le puede llegar al fondo, y el ganado de casa pasa y no se moja ni el lomo. Y entonces el joven se fué corriendo en el caballo y el caballo se cansó porque Juan Bobo le había dicho que si iba corriendo se cansaba. Y así pasó y miró para atrás y llegó y le preguntó al bobo porqué no le pagaban al día al padre y le dijo: — Porque está enterrando un muerto. — Y tu madre, ¿qué era lo que hacía? — Confesándose. Y como dijo que el camino no iba ni venía, porque la gente iba y venía, pero el camino siempre estaba allí. — Y tu hermana, ¿porqué estaba gritando? — Porque había dado a luz. — Y el río que no llegaban las piedras al fondo, ¿porqué pasan los patos y no se mojan? — Vuelan

por encima. Y como el caballo se le cansó creyó que el bobo era un joven inteligente y podía adivinar donde estaban el ramo de todas las flores, el sabor de todos los sabores y la redoma de todas las aguas. Y vino y le preguntó al bobo de los tres objetos, y el bobo le dijo que el ramo de todas las flores era una colmena, que le llevara un panal al rey, que ése era el ramo de todas las flores. Y le dijo que la redoma de todas las aguas era una botella de agua, y que el sabor de todos los sabores era un grano de sal. Y siguiendo los consejos de Juan Bobo el joven llevó estas cosas al rey y se casó con la hija del rey.

67. LOS ANIMALES AGRADECIDOS, Y LAS ADIVINANZAS DE JUAN (69).

Sucedió un caso como otros muchos, en la muy noble y leal Villa de Mala Rabia de la provincia de la Perruca del reino de la Perrada de donde era rey Don Pedro Grullo. Había en esa Villa un Juan Bobo, como muchos. Tenía el rey una muy linda hija tuerta de un ojo y bizca del hermano.

El rey echó una circular por la cual se le hacía saber a los malos rabiosos, que le daba una fuerte dote y la mano de su bellísima.

La princesa rabiosa que quería decir en aquel lenguaje (hoja de rosa) al hombre fuese quien fuere, si sordo de las dos piernas o bizco de las orejas, tullido de las caderas, a su hermosísima hija se la daría por pareja al que le adivinara las adivinanzas que le dijera y dijera una que se la adivinara el que entrase en lid y acertare, pagaba con la pensadora. — ¡Ay! madre, dijo Juan Bobo, voy a adivinar. — ¿A dónde quieres ir, pedazo de borrico, ya no te cansas de darme tormentos de un modo y quieres dármele de otro? A ver si te vas a dormir.

Hizo un gran lío el bobo con su única y larga camisa y tomó camino de la ciudad donde se prometía la mano de la princesa. Atravesando montes y malezas, pues no se conocían carreteras, llegó a la orilla del mar y encontró un pececito saltando en la orilla de tierra; lo echó al agua. — Gracias, Juan Bobo — le dijo una ronca voz. Era la madre del pez. — ¡Librete Dios de los lobos y de animales dañinos.

Siguió su camino contentísimo con aquella ejemplar bendición; llegó a la orilla de un río, quiso vadearlo y no pudo y vió un viejo caballo que estaba en un altísimo barranco; entendió que tenía sed sin poder bajar al río y Juan Bobo le dió agua con su sombrero. — Gracias, bobo de los bobos, — dijo el caballo que por cierto estaba muy flaco, — ayúdame a bajar y monta en mí.

Así lo hizo el bobo de Juan y emprende el caballo veloz carrera y si el bobo no ve a tiempo unos pichones los hubiera estropeado, pero lo evitó quebrando el caballo al mismo tiempo. — Se han caído de su nido, — dijo el caballo, — en ese árbol que su copa se pierde en las nubes, está su nido; su madre llora por ellos. Sube y devuélveselos a su madre.

Lo que hizo el bobo subiendo y subiendo; seis días estuvo en esta penosa ascensión manteniéndose de la fruta que el árbol tenía.

Bajó a los seis días justamente y allí encontró al flaco rocinante; montó en él y emprenden veloz carrera y en un abrir y cerrar de ojos llegaron pues a la ciudad donde gobernaba el rey que prometía la princesa en casamiento. Notó que en la gran puerta al entrar en la ciudad, había una gran muralla de cabezas humanas. Eran las de todos aquellos que no pudieron adivinar las adivinanzas que la princesa les decía y las suyas eran adivinadas por ellas.

Juan Bobo sin encomendarse a nadie se dirigió al palacio y antes de llegar vió que ardía una gran hoguera frente al regio alcázar que tenía de extensión una legua. Eran los cuerpos de los que quisieron adivinar.

Juan Bobo picó espuelas a su flaco rocín y helo aquí que brincó por ella y cayó en el patio, con admiración de todos.— Frun, frun,— resopló el caballo.— Aquí me tenéis,— dijo Juan,— a adivinar sin que me adivine.— ¿No te admira extranjero, el espectáculo que forma el montón de cadáveres y cabezas que has visto al entrar a la gran ciudad?

Esto le dijo un ordenanza.— A adivinar y a que no me adivinen, vengo. Fué presentado al rey, el que lo miró con marcado desprecio al contemplar su larga cota hecha de cotí.

En aquel tiempo se había presentado la princesa, la que en seguida dijo la siguiente adivinanza:

— Yo caí de un alto árbol;
mitos son los hombres todos
adivíname de modo
si nó de qué se cegó.
Tu cabeza hombre de Dios
por necio y por temerario,
otros más que tú de sabios
mi padre se las cortó.

— Aquí tengo una en el bolsillo,— dijo Juan. Caí-mito, mi Dios,— sacando un gran caimito del bolsillo.

Perdió la princesa, pues era caimito lo que la adivinanza significaba. Y dijo Juan en seguida:

— Quiero subir por la escala
¿ en qué tu poder se basa?
Adivíname princesa
hija digna de tu raza.

No pudieron adivinar y Juan Bobo cachondiándose les dió tres días. Consultaron a los grandes sabios, mandaron emisarios a todos los países conocidos y por conocer; nadie adivinó. Se dieron por vencidos y convencidos.

Entonces Juan Bobo les dijo: — El que la coma si no es de mata, se muere. Calabazas, Dios mío, calabazas.

Y todos quedaron convencidos de que eran calabazas. — El Bobo, — dijo la princesa, — me pertenece. El rey dijo: — Todavía hay que chuparse los dedos. — A la princesa se le ha perdido el otro día en un paseo de mar, una sortija, y el adivinador adivinando tiene que entregarla.

Juan Bobo confiando en su caballo para la huida dijo: — Un momento.

Bajó al patio, cabalgó y salió aceleradamente. Clavó espuelas al flaquenco y partió como un rayo. Llegado que hubo a la orilla del mar, el caballo se plantó parándose en dos patas. Juan Bobo le dijo: — Ahora es que te toca correr, ¿te resistes? ¡Adelante, caballo!

Entonces el caballo le dijo: — Más caballo eres tú y mira como hablas. ¡Pié a tierra, insensato! — y tomó la forma de un caballero (el caballo, se entiende, porque Juan Bobo lo era), saca un largo pito, extrañísimo por su forma, táñelo y sale un tremendo y largo individuo. Al momento estaban todos los peces en tierra. — ¡A ver, señores! — dijo el caballo-caballero, — ¿quién de ustedes sabe de la sortija de la princesa Vizcaína? — Yo no sé, — dijeron todos. — Falta el mero, — dijo el Juez. Vuelve el caballo-caballero y toca el pito; preséntase el mero con su tremenda y grande barrigaza. — ¿Sabes de la sortija de la princesa Vizcaína? — Me la iba a tragar cuando la chopa me la quitó delante, y me los tragué a la sortija y a la chopa. ¡Helos aquí! — y los arrojó al momento.

Juan Bobo loco de alegría, corre al palacio y le entrega la sortija al rey. — ¿Queda algo más? Dijo el rey: — Tienes que conocerla entre todas las mujeres que te presente.

El rey había mandado buscar a todas las bizcas de su reino y de los demás. Tuvo tanto gusto en seleccionarlas que todas parecían una misma.

Aquí los apuros de Juan, cuando en seguida llegan tres pajaritos y se paran dos en los hombros y uno en la cabeza, y Juan Bobo conoció a los tres pájaros que había echado en el nido. — ¡Oh maravillas de las maravillas! — dijo orgulloso el rey, — ¡hasta los pajarillos vienen a celebrar tu hermosura!

No hay duda que Juan Bobo distinguió a la princesa. El rey no tuvo más remedio que entregársela por esposa. El rey murió y Juan Bobo fué elegido rey.

Reinó y gobernó a su pueblo con sabiduría, sin absolutismo siendo absoluto el reinado. Quiere decir: un modelo de reyes y no olvidó a su madre a quien hizo venir a su corte.

68. EL LUNAR DE LA PRINCESA (55): LAS ADIVINANZAS DE JUAN (70).

(55) Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo que era bobo. En la ciudad donde él vivía habitaba un rey que tenía una hija, la cual tenía un lunar en una pierna. El rey mandó a buscar toda la gente que vivía en las provincias cercanas y cuando hubo llegado toda la gente, les dijo que quien le adivinara lo que tenía su hija en una pierna, ése se casaría con ella. El bobo que oyó lo que el rey había dicho, dijo a su mamá: — Mamá, yo voy a adivinar lo que tiene la hija del rey en la pierna. La madre le dijo: — Pero bobo, ¿cómo tú vas a adivinar lo que tiene la hija del rey en una pierna? Pero tanto se empeñó el bobo que la madre lo dejó ir.

El bobo se fué y se escondió debajo de una escalera. Estaba toda la gente reunida tratando de adivinar cuando salió el bobo de su escondite y dijo: — Señor rey, lo que su hija tiene es un lunar en la pierna derecha. El rey quedó asombrado al oír aquella frase y por no dejar casar a su bellísima hija con un bobo, mandó hacer tres panes para el bobo con arsénico.

(70) La madre del bobo tenía una perrita que se llamaba "Niña" y una yegua que tenía por nombre "Paula." El bobo que no se comía nada sin darle a la perra y a la yegua, le dió un pan a cada una y se quedó asombrado al ver que tan pronto como se lo comieron quedaron muertos; botó el que había dejado para él.

Su madre que había salido y en el camino había sabido que el rey trataba de envenenar a su hijo, se apresuró a llegar a su casa, pensando encontrar a su querido bobo muerto, y cual no sería su sorpresa al ver que cuando llegó, él la recibió diciéndole: — Mamá, pan mató a Paula y Paula mató a tres; apunté a quien no oí y a quien no ví, maté; comí carne con palabra de la iglesia y encima de duro puse blando y encima de blando iban muchísimas moscas cantando. Esto quería decir que encima de la yegua iban muchas moscas cantando. El resultado fué que el rey no dejó casar a la linda hija con el bobo.

69. JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA LA VACA (4): JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO (2): JUAN VENDE LA CARNE A LAS MOSCAS (6): LAS ADIVINANZAS DE JUAN (70).

(1, 4, 2) [Véase 34 : 146-150.]

(6) Salió Juan Bobo con la carne de la vaca por la calle a venderla. Nadie le quería comprar la carne, solamente las señoritas del manto negro que detrás de él le hacían: — Juem, juem, juem. Bueno, Juan Bobo les vendió la carne a ellas, y les preguntaba: — ¿Cuándo vengo a cobrar? Y ellas sólo hacían: — Juem, juem, juem. Entonces él dijo: — Me dicen que a la tarde, que a la tarde yo venga. Las señoritas del manto negro no le pagaron y él le dió las cuentas al juez y al alcalde. Este le dijo que donde quiera que viera una la matara.

Pasó Juan Bobo por la iglesia y entró. Estaba el cura diciendo la misa y tenía una mosca en la frente. Juan Bobo llegó y le dió un macetazo que lo achocó. En seguida la policía y el alcalde cogieron a Juan Bobo para llevarlo a la cárcel. El decía: — ¿A mí me llevan para la cárcel? No. Dejen al juez venir aquí. Yo he preguntado a él si él no me dió el permiso para que matara donde quiera que encontrara una de ellas. Yo no iba a matar al cura. ¿Porqué él se dejó caer? No le hicieron nada.

(70) La madre de Juan Bobo no encontraba que hacer con él porque no la dejaba vivir tranquila. Un día que él iba para la ciudad, la madre le envenenó un pedazo de pan y se lo dió. Juan Bobo se montó en una yegua panda que tenía y continuó su camino. Cuando él se consideró que la yegua tenía hambre dijo: — Panda tendrá hambre. Deja darle un pedazo de pan. Cuando llegó a un río Panda tomó agua y se murió. Entonces vinieron dos pájaros y comieron de ella y se murieron; después hizo una creciente y se llevó a Panda y los pájaros. Juan Bobo siguió para el pueblo, en donde había una gran fiesta a consecuencia de un triunfo que había en el palacio del rey, que el que dijera una adivinanza y el rey ni la reina ni la princesa no adivinaban, se casaban con la princesa. Juan Bobo llegó: — Yo voy a adivinar. Todo el mundo se echó a reír al ver a Juan Bobo. El empezó: — Pan mató a panda, panda mató a dos y un duro sobre un blando matando a tres. Nadie en el palacio pudo adivinar y Juan Bobo se casó con la princesa.

(Version a.)

(70) Esta era una vez que la hija del rey de Verona por ser única hija era muy antojadiza. Se le ocurrió una vez que aquel a quien ella no le adivinara una adivinanza se casaría con ella.

Su padre encontró exagerado el capricho pero como nunca la contrariaba le dió gusto. Mandó el pregón a anunciar por calles y pueblos el deseo de la princesa. Vinieron los duques, condes, marqueses y otros grandes caballeros, y a todos les adivinaba ella la adivinanza. Vino toda la nobleza y a todos les adivinaba. Por último vino el pueblo y era juego para ella adivinar lo que ellos pensaban.

En el pueblo de A vivía una mujer que tenía un hijo llamado Juan Bobo. Oyó el pregón y un día le dijo a la madre: — Hazme una alforja y prepárame a Mozo, mi burro, que me voy a adivinarle a la princesa su pensamiento. Su madre se desesperó porque era demasiado feo y bobo para ir al palacio. Quiso quitarle la idea de que fuera, pero él se empeñó en ir. Por último, llorando mucho, le preparó la alforja con veneno. Al otro día le puso la ropa de los días de fiesta, le dió la alforja y le ensilló a Mozo, le dió la bendición y se quedó llorando. El le decía: — Madre, no te apures que de ésta vas a quedar rica. Se fué muy contento.

Anduvo una milla y cuando ya estaba muy cansado llegó a la orilla de una cañada y dijo: — Buen sitio es éste para descansar. Se apobó, amarró el burro, le quitó la alforja, la olió y dijo: — ¡Qué buen olor tiene! Bebió agua y se acostó. Se durmió en seguida. El burro, no encontrando yerba, se comió la alforja y en el acto cayó muerto. Bajaron dos grullas, le picaron en la barriga al burro y quedaron muertas. Bajaron otras tres y picaron a las grullas muertas y quedaron muertas. Con eso se despertó Juan Bobo, miró el cuadro y dijo: — ¡Ajá! Pan mató a Mozo, Mozo mató a dos, dos mataron a tres. Cogió un palo y se fué.

Tenía mucha hambre y anduvo hasta que más no pudo. Encontró una palma de albaricoques, vió el cielo abierto, pero las palmas eran tan altas que a duras penas alcanzó cuatro o seis. Se las comió y dijo: — Pasé por un duro.

Siguió andando. Cuando ya no podía más se encontró con un platanal y se alegró mucho. Comió hasta que más no pudo y al fin dijo: — Ahora, a palacio. A las pocas horas llegó. No lo querían dejar entrar porque lo vieron tan feo y tan bobo.

Se asomó la princesa, y al verlo preguntó quién era aquel simple. Le dijeron que era uno que pretendía decirle una adivinanza. Ella se rió mucho y dijo que quería pasar el rato con él, que lo dejaran entrar. Subió Juan Bobo y ella le dijo que ella quería que le dijera la adivinanza a ella sola. Juan Bobo le dijo que no, que mandara a buscar la música y la tribuna para él subir. Y así se citó el pueblo para las tres porque le causó gracia al rey la presencia de Juan Bobo.

A las tres de la tarde no cabía la gente en palacio. Todos querían oír la simpleza con que él saldría. Se subió a la tribuna y dijo: — Mi señorita, la princesa, pan mató a Mozo, Mozo mató a dos, dos mataron a tres, pasé por un duro y un blando me la ganó. Ella pensó, discurrió y le pidió tres días para ella pensar. Entonces el pueblo gritó: — Se la ganó, se la ganó, se la ganó.

Juan Bobo le concedió los tres días, pero el rey exigió que se quedara en palacio y él aceptó. Lo trataron muy bien.

La primera noche que durmió en palacio fué a su cuarto una de las camareras de la princesa, a conquistarlo, a ver si por oro o dinero o halagos él le decía el significado de la adivinanza, pero él le exigió una prenda y no quiso. A la otra noche fué otra más bonita y con más ofrecimientos, pero tampoco quiso decirle la adivinanza. A la tercera noche fué la misma princesa, y a ella sí le dijo, pero exigió su cadena de oro. Al otro día era cuando tenía que adivinarle. Ella salió muy contenta porque creía haber triunfado.

Se volvió a llenar el palacio de gente. Al subir Juan Bobo a la tribuna el rey le dijo: — Si mi hija te adivina la brutalidad que has dicho te mando ahorcar. Y él le dijo que estaba bien pero que pedía la

gracia de hablar tres palabras. Volvió a decir la adivinanza y la princesa la adivinó. El pueblo comenzó a gritar: — ¡Qué lo ahorquen! ¡Qué lo ahorquen! Entonces él dijo: — Tengo concedida la gracia de hablar tres palabras, las cuales son: La primera noche de estar en palacio vino una paloma blanca, le apunté, la maté, me la comí y allá van las plumas. Cuando dijo esto tiró una enagua. Al verla todo el mundo se sorprendió. — La segunda noche vino otra paloma blanca, le apunté, la maté me comí la carne y allá van las plumas — y tiró una camisa. — La tercera noche vino una paloma real, le apunté, no la maté, pero allá van las plumas — y tiró la cadena de oro de la princesa. Y entonces todos gritaron: — ¡Se la ganó! ¡Se la ganó!

Entonces por que no se casara con la princesa le dieron un mulo cargado de dinero, y entonces se acordó de su madre y se fué para su casa.

(Version b.)

(70) Una vez un rey tenía una hija y dijo que el que le dijera una adivinanza que no la hubiera en ningún libro, se casaba con su hija. Juan Bobo estaba oyendo lo que dijo el rey y en seguida se fué para su casa y le dijo a la madre: — *May*, yo voy a adivinar en casa del rey. La madre le dijo: — Juan Bobo, déjate de esas cosas, que tú no sabes nada, tú lo que vas es a estorbar allá. El dijo: — Sí, *may*, yo voy a adivinar. La madre como no quería que Juan Bobo fuera a adivinar, le hizo unas tortas, les echó veneno y se las dió.

Juan Bobo se fué, pero no se comió las tortas; le dió una a una perra que tenía y la perra se murió; vinieron tres moscas y se pegaron sobre la perra y se murieron. Cuando iba Juan Bobo, vió a un pichón que estaba en un nido, le tiró con una piedra y el pichón se fué volando, pero mató a tres pichoncitos que estaban en el nido. Juan Bobo cogió los pichoncitos y se los llevó.

Cuando iba con los pichoncitos entró en la iglesia y los chamuscó en la lámpara del Santísimo y tomó agua bendita. Juan Bobo siguió caminando, cuando iba pasando por un puente de un río, vió que cuatro perros traían a un caballo muerto. Los perros iban ladrando. Juan Bobo anotó todo esto en la memoria y siguió hasta que llegó en casa del rey.

El rey no creía que fuera Juan Bobo el que adivinara, y Juan Bobo fué el que adivinó y se casó con la hija del rey, porque dijo una adivinanza que no la había en ningún libro, porque fué él quien la sacó de su memoria, de acuerdo con lo que le había pasado y había visto.

La adivinanza es la siguiente: "Torta mató a Paula, Paula muerta mató a tres. Apunté a quien ví y maté a quien no ví. Comí con las palabras de la iglesia y bebí agua ni del cielo, ni de la tierra. Pasé por un duro sobre de un blando y ví bajar un muerto con cuatro vivos cantando."

(Version c.)

(70) Había un rey que tenía una hija y dijo que iba a celebrar una fiesta para que el joven que dijera una adivinanza y él no se la adivinara, ése se casaba con su hija.

Había un bobo y él le dijo a su madre que iba a ir a casa del rey. Entonces la madre del bobo le dijo que no fuera, porque lo mataban a él y a ella. Pero el bobo se puso a pensar cómo hacía la adivinanza que el rey no adivinara.

Se fué a la tienda y compró tres bollos de pan, y se los dieron envenenados y él se los dió a una mula que se llamaba Paula. La mula se murió y la botaron; entonces tres perros comieron de ella y se murieron también. El se fué a cazar y vió una paloma, y le tiró y no mató a la que vió, sino a otra que estaba detrás.

Se fué a la iglesia y recogió los papeles escritos y asó a la palomita. Entonces él dijo: — “Pan mató a Paula, Paula mató a tres; apunté a quien ví; maté a quien no ví y con palabras de la iglesia la asé y me la comí.”

Al día siguiente se fué el bobo a casa del rey y todos subieron, mas el bobo se quedó abajo. Todos dijeron sus adivanzas y el rey se las adivinaba. Preguntó que si no quedaba nadie más, y le dijeron que quedaba un bobo abajo.

El rey lo mandó subir y él dijo su adivinanza. — “Pan mató a Paula, Paula mató a tres; apunté a quien ví, maté a quien no ví y con palabras de la iglesia la asé y me la comí.” El rey no se la adivinó y el bobo se casó con la hija del rey.

(Version d.)

(70) Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo que se llamaba Juan y la gente le decía Juan Bobo por su manera de ser. Un día el rey dijo que el que supiera una adivinanza que fuera a su casa y si él no la adivinaba el que fuera se casaba con su hija.

Un día Juan Bobo oyó decir esto en la ciudad y se fué y le dijo a la madre que quería ir a la casa del rey. La madre le dijo que cómo iba a ir a la casa del rey así sucio. Juan Bobo no hizo caso y se fué con una perrita que él tenía y que se llamaba Pana. La madre le había dado un pastelillo con veneno para que Juan Bobo se muriera.

Siguió su camino y en el camino le dió mucho hambre a la perrita y Juan Bobo le dió el pastelillo y la perrita se murió. Siguió su camino y cuando fué para atrás para ver si venía Pana encontró tres pájaros que estaban muertos porque también habían comido de la perrita. Después vinieron cuatro pájaros más y comieron de los tres y se murieron también.

Entonces Juan Bobo dijo que ya había encontrado una adivinanza y le dijo: — Mamá, por matarme a mí mató a Pana, Pana mató a tres y tres mataron a cuatro.

Siguió su camino con una escopeta que traía y vió a un pájaro y le apuntó para matarlo, y dió la casualidad que había dos pájaros en la rama y mató al que no apuntó y el que le apuntó se fué volando. Entonces dijo: — Pues ya tengo algo más para mi adivinanza y la repitió: — Mamá, por matarme a mí mató a Pana, Pana mató a tres, tres mataron a cuatro, apunté al que ví, maté al que no ví.

Siguió andando hasta que al fin llegó a una iglesia. Y a Juan Bobo le dió hambre y cogió todos los libros de la iglesia y hizo con ellos una hoguera y allí asó el pájaro y se lo comió. Después le dió sed y cogió el agua bendita y se la bebió. Entonces dijo que ya tenía más para su adivinanza y la repitió toda: — Mamá, por matarme a mí, mató a Pana, Pana mató a tres, tres mataron a cuatro, apunté al que ví, maté al que no ví, con palabras santas lo asé y me lo comí, tomé agua que no fué llovida ni crecida.

Entonces Juan Bobo siguió andando y cuando fué a coger el vapor para ir a la casa del rey cuando iba navegando pasaron dos pajaritos cantando. Y entonces Juan Bobo dijo: — Esta adivinanza no me la adivina el rey y entonces le añadió a la adivinanza lo que le había pasado navegando por el mar.

Siguió navegando hasta que llegó a la casa del rey. Juan Bobo no se atrevía a entrar y se quedó por detrás de las escaleras. El salió al balcón y vió a Juan Bobo y le dijo que entrara. La casa estaba llena de gente. Había condes, marqueses y muchos jóvenes guapos y bien vestidos. Cuando Juan Bobo entró y se vió entre tanta gente estaba lo más asustado. Cuando empezaron a decir las adivinanzas, todas las que decían el rey las adivinaba. Juan Bobo se quedó para lo último, y ya que habían dicho todas las adivinanzas Juan Bobo empezó a decir la suya: — Mamá, por matarme a mí, mató a Pana, Pana mató a tres, tres mataron a cuatro, apunté al que ví y maté al que no ví, con palabras santas lo asé y me lo comí. Tomé agua que no fué llovida ni crecida, y yendo navegando por el mar dos pajaritos pasaron cantando. Entonces todos empezaron a aplaudirlo y el rey no se la pudo adivinar. Y entonces el rey cogió a Juan Bobo, lo vistió bien y la noche siguiente se casó con la hija del rey y siguieron viviendo felices por muchos años.

(*Version e.*)

(70) Allá por los años en que vivía mi abuelo había un rey que tenía una hija muy hermosa y se la ofreció al que viniera el día del sorteo de la princesa y adivinara una adivinanza que no estuviera en su libro.

Todos los reyes y príncipes y grandes personajes de la comarca entera asistieron al sorteo. Cuantas adivinanzas daban otras tantas perdían, pues todas se encontraban en el libro del rey.

Juan Bobo oyó decir del sorteo y le dijo a su madre: — Mamá, quiero ir a ver si adivino una adivinanza que no esté en el libro del rey para casarme con la hija del rey. La madre le dijo: — Muchacho, ¿Cómo vas a ir para que te tiren por la escalera abajo? Si vas te voy a dar una paliza. Y Juan Bobo le dijo: — No, usted va a ver como me caso con la princesa.

La madre no le hizo caso y Juan Bobo cogió y se fué para el monte. Allí se encontró con una vieja que estaba sentada en una piedra moliendo ajo para echarles a unos huesos de carne que tenía para hacer unas sopas. Juan Bobo se acercó y le dijo: — Madre vieja, ¿qué hace usted ahí? Y la vieja le dijo: — Mi hijo, moliendo ajo para esos huesitos mortantes que ves ahí y que las aves cantantes ya se van a llevar.

Juan Bobo se calló la boca y se fué corriendo para su casa y le dijo a su mamá: — Mamá, sácame ropa que me voy al sorteo en la casa del rey. La madre, por no contradecirle, le sacó ropa, Juan Bobo se vistió y se fué.

Llegó a donde el rey y se quedó en la cola de la fila, pues toda la comarca estaba en la fila adivinando. Después de que nadie acertaba a adivinar porque todas las adivinanzas estaban en el libro del rey, el rey alcanzó a ver a Juan Bobo y le dijo: — ¿Qué quieres tú? Y Juan Bobo le respondió: — Señor rey, yo vengo a adivinar, para ver si me saco a la princesa su hija. Todos se echaron a reír, pero el rey le dijo a Juan Bobo: — Pues di, a ver si adivinas. Entonces él dijo: — Señor rey, a que no me adivina esta adivinanza: Ajo, majo, pico en piedra, ave cantante en hueso mortante. Todos se miraron con asombro. El rey buscó su libro y no encontró la adivinanza. El rey se disgustó mucho por no poder adivinar la adivinanza y exigió al bobo que explicase la adivinanza. Y entonces el bobo dijo: — Pues señor, rey, yo iba por un monte, encontré una vieja moliendo ajo en una piedra, que quiere decir "ajo, majo, pico en piedra." Y la vieja me dijo que era para una sopa que iba a hacer con unos huesos mortantes que las moscas se los iban a llevar, y eso quiere decir "ave cantante en hueso mortante." Como los huesos eran de animal muerto por eso dice que eran huesos mortantes, y como las moscas zumban por eso dice aves cantantes.

Entonces el rey no tuvo que hacer sino darle su hija como esposa, y demás está decir lo orgulloso y contento que se pondría el bobo con una esposa reina.

(Version f.)

(70) Existió en tiempos muy remotos y aún no se recuerda la fecha, un rapazuelo muy andrajoso, pero de un talento escudriñador y algo

célebre. Este era Juan Bobo. Muchacho aún de 18 años de edad, decidió correr fortuna o lo que es lo mismo, arriesgarse a los tropezones mundanos. Le pidió a su madre la única herencia que le pertenecía; esto es: una yegua gorda como una espina, tuerta del ojo derecho, coja por haber mudado un casco o pezuña; y lo que es mejor, pues le sentaban tan bien los aperos por ser deforme del espinazo, a cuyo nombre le agradaba el de "Panda." Al fin su madre decidió concederle el permiso al chico, y un viernes muy temprano, salió él de su casa.

Había un palacio muy cerca de aquel poblado en el cual habitaba un rey que tenía una hija, la cual por medio de un libro adivinaba todas las jerigonzas que los grandes letrados le decían. El rey para mayor recreo había ordenado que el hombre que dijese una adivinanza y su hija no la adivinara, se casaría con ella, poseído de que nadie lograría su empeño. Juan Bobo oyendo estas voces decidió llegar al palacio, pero aun no había pensado ninguna para exponerla ante la princesa.

Mientras iba caminando conversaba a solas pensando lo que iría a decir ante la princesa y en esto su yegua desfallecía de hambre. Por fin decidió alimentar a su bestia con una libra de pan, pero el panadero le cogió tanto asco al animal que le vendió envenenado para los ratones. Juan cogió su pan y prosiguió su camino hasta llegar cerca de la orilla de un río. Allí le dió agua y el pan, pero pocos momentos después el animal no pudo sostenerse y cayó muerta a consecuencia del veneno que tenía el pan. ¡Cuán grande fué su sorpresa al ver que su yegua había matado a tres ratoncitos que por allí jugaban! Pocos momentos después el río sobrevino de madre y se llevó la yegua con la corriente. Mientras la muerta bestia se deslizaba suavemente por el río abajo, tres *mazambiques* iban posados sobre su lomo con dirección hacia el mar.

Mientras el bobo pensaba en su interior: pan mató a panda; panda mató a tres; un duro sobre de un blando y un muerto cargando a tres; vió pasar cerca de sí un rebaño de ovejas.

Como el hombre que va desenfrenado, cogió una piedra y ¡pam! la lanzó hacia el carnero más gordo que había visto; pero la desgracia le perseguía y acertó a matar al más flaco del rebaño. No logrando sus deseos se puso a pensar nuevamente: — Apunté al que ví y maté al que no ví. Aquí completó nuestro hombre su deseo formando una estratégica adivinanza:

Pan mató a panda, panda mató a tres; un duro sobre de un blando y un muerto cargando a tres; apunté al que ví y maté al que no ví.

Lleno de alegría iba repitiendo estas frases mientras caminaba.

Al amanecer arribó al palacio pidiendo permiso para ir a presencia de la princesa, pero los polizontes que hacían la guardia real, no querían dejarle entrar. Enterada la princesa de lo ocurrido ordenó que entrara inmediatamente, a lo cual accedió con la mejor cortesía de un pobre

labrador. Cuando la princesa preguntó cuales eran sus deseos él dijo, sin acertar a decirle princesa, pues tal era el júbilo que lo barga en aquellos momentos: — Mi reina, yo vengo a casarme con vos. La princesa asombrada ante aquella osadía le dijo: — ¡Sí, conseguiréis lo que pedís, si diciendo una adivinanza yo no lo adivinara. Convinieron y Juan Bobo se explicó de la manera más cortés que pudo: — Allá vamos con el cañonazo — dijo él; — ¡mató a panda, panda mató a tres; un duro sobre de un blando y muerto cargando a tres; apunté al que ví y maté al que no es.

Quedó estupefacta la princesa por espacio de tres días, al final de los cuales no pudiendo adivinar tuvo que acceder a los deseos de Juan Bobo. Luego él explicó ante la corte su soñada adivinanza: Pan, el que él compró en la panadería; panda era la yegua; mató a tres eran los ratones muertos al caer la yegua; un duro sobre de un blando era la yegua sobre el río; un muerto cargando a tres, eran los mazambigues sobre la yegua en el río; apunté al que ví y maté al que no es, era cuando él apuntó al carnero gordo y mató al flaco.

Siete días después de estos sucesos, Juan Bobo pasó a ser el príncipe de aquella comarca y gobernador de una gran villa.

70. JUAN MATA LOS POLLOS (3): JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1) Y JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO (2): LAS ADIVINANZAS DE JUAN (70).

Había una vez un bobo que se llamaba Juan y tenía un perro que se llamaba Vélez y había en una ciudad un rey que tenía una hija; dicho rey decía que el que le echase una adivinanza y él no se pudiera adivinar se casaría con su hija y si nó lo mandaría a ahorcar. Juan tenía su madre y un hermano.

(3) Un día se fué su mamá para misa y le encargó que cuidara gallinas. ¿Qué hizo Juan? Las metió a todas en un saco y las gallinas se murieron ahogadas. Cuando su madre llegó de misa se quiso volver loca al ver lo que Juan había hecho, quiso castigarle pero éste se escapó.

El domingo siguiente volvió su madre a misa y le dijo que le cuidara los pavos; los ensartó uno por uno y los colocó en la pared. Cuando regresó su madre de misa y vió que le había matado todos los pavos le dió una fuetiza.

(1) Otra vez su madre tuvo que salir a una diligencia y le encargó que le cuidase la cerda. ¿Qué hizo Juan? Vistió a la cerda y mandó a misa. Cuando su madre regresó y le preguntó por la cerda le dijo que la había vestido y la había mandado para misa. Su madre se puso furiosa y le dió un castigo.

(2) Fué otro domingo a misa y le encargó que le cuidase al muchacho y no lo dejara llorar. Tan pronto como lo oyó llorar, le tapó la boca con un pañuelo y el muchachito se murió.

(70) Cuando su madre vino y encontró al hijo muerto preparó una tortilla para matar a Juan y como él era tan bobo llamó al perro y le tiró la mitad y vió que el perro se murió y le dijo que él no comía esa tortilla. Se fué a botar al perro y se pararon tres moscas encima del perro y se murieron y vió también en un palo un cuco en una rama y otro cuco en la rama de más arriba y debajo del palo había un becerro que decía: — ¡Mee! — entonces él dijo: — ¡Ya tengo la adivinanza que le voy a decir al rey. Le echó la adivinanza al rey que era la siguiente:

Tortilla mató a Vélez,
Vélez mató a tres.
Cuco sobre cuco,
Debajo de cuco un mee,
Garabato emparejé.
¡Adivinad vuestra merced!

El rey no pudo adivinarlo y Juan se casó con la hija del rey.

II. CUENTOS DE PEDRO DE URDEMALAS.

71. LA OLLA QUE CALIENTA EL AGUA SIN FUEGO (39).

Pedro Animala y Compai Conejo eran enemigos. Y Compai Conejo andaba buscando a Pedro Animala para matarlo. Un día Pedro Animala estaba haciendo la comida cuando vió a Compai Conejo que venía. Entonces Pedro Animala cogió la olla y la puso en el medio del camino, cuando llegó Compai Conejo y le dijo: — Ya te voy a comer. Hoy sí que no te salvas. Y Pedro Animala le respondió: — No me mates. Mira que yo tengo una olla maravillosa. Y como el agua estaba hirviendo todavía, Compai Conejo lo creyó y dijo: — ¿La vendes? Pedro Animala le dijo que no y entonces Compai Conejo le dijo: — Si no me la vendes no te perdono la vida. Y Pedro Animala le dijo: — Bueno, por ser usted, se la voy a vender y me ha de dar dos mil pesos. Compai Conejo se los dió. Compai Conejo se fué muy contento y se fué para su casa y le dijo a su mujer: — Toma esta olla, pon la comida dentro de ella y no te ocupes más. Y la mujer se creyó y cogió la olla y puso los alimentos a cocinar sin candela. Y a las doce cuando se sentaron a almorzar hallaron la comida fría y cruda. Y entonces Compai Conejo se convenció una vez más de lo malo que era Pedro Animala.

(Version a.)

Una vez había un hombre que era muy astuto y maldito, y se llamaba Pedro Urdemalas. Una vez tenía un compadre. Un día en que la mujer de Pedro de Urdemalas estaba haciendo la comida, vió venir al compadre y le sacó la leña al caldero en que la comida se estaba cocinando. Cuando el compadre de Pedro de Urdemalas

llegó encontró el caldero sin leña y la comida hirviendo. Entonces él dijo:— Compadre, ¿qué le parece? Mire, que caldero que hace comida sin leña. Y entonces el compadre dijo:— Yo le doy lo que V. me pida. Y entonces sacó de su bolsillo un puñado de monedas de plata y se lo dió a Pedro de Urdemalas. Al otro día cuando la mujer del compadre de Pedro de Urdemalas fué a poner el caldero para cocinar el almuerzo, puso el caldero sin leña y se fueron a conversar para la sala y el caldero no había hervido todavía. Ella hacía más de cinco horas que lo había puesto. Entonces él dijo:— Yo mañana voy a casa de compadre Pedro para devolverle el caldero. Cuando él fué a devolver el caldero, Pedro de Urdemalas se había ido a otro pueblo lejano.

(Version b.)

En cierta ocasión hubo un hombre que hacía muchas maldades.

Un día no tenía dinero y pensó en el modo de adquirirlo. Se buscó un caldero y se fué al monte. Allí hizo juego, colocó el caldero al fuego y puso algunas legumbres dentro de él para hacer un cocido. Tan pronto como el cocido estuvo cocido salió al camino con su caldero y lo puso en medio de él. Pronto aparecieron por allí tres caballeros, preguntaron a Pedro qué hacía y él les contestó:— Estoy preparando mi comida.— ¿Cómo haces tu comida en caldero y sin fuego?— Porque este caldero no lo necesita. Y si así no fuera el agua no estaría hirviendo. Los hombres, deseando adquirir el caldero, le rogaron a Pedro que se lo vendiera, pero él les contestó que no podía vendérselo porque era el mayor capital que él podía poseer. Pero luego los hombres le ofrecieron unos miles de pesos y Pedro se decidió a vendérselo. Le entregaron el dinero a Pedro y se fueron muy contentos con su caldero. Y Pedro bailaba de la alegría que tenía por haber hecho tan gran maldad.

Pasado algún tiempo los hombres tuvieron necesidad de cocer su comida y llenaron el caldero de agua y arroz y lo pusieron en el camino, pero el agua no hervía. Se volvieron atrás para devolverle lo que le habían comprado porque no servía, pero no le encontraron.

72. LA OLLA QUE CALIENTA EL AGUA SIN FUEGO (39): EL PITO QUE RESUCITA (40): PEDRO NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31).

(39) Esta era una vez y dos son tres que había un hombre muy malo que se llamaba Pedro de Urdemalas. Este hombre le debía una cantidad a un señor. Un día el señor fué a cobrarle a Pedro pero él sabía que él iba y se puso a cocinar en una olla de barro y cuando el señor venía cerca de él, la apeó y siguió hirviendo sin carbón. En seguida salió a comprárselo pero Pedro decía que no se la vendía a ver si le decía que le daba vuelta. Entonces le dijo:— Si me das cincuenta pesos, sí.

— El señor hizo el trato y le llevó la olla a su señora y le dijo que no tenía que ponerle carbón, por que ella hervía sólo. Y ella lo hizo así. Al medio día cuando fué a verla estaba igual que cuando la puso.

(40) Se lo dijo al esposo y él en seguida se fué para donde Pedro. Pedro sabía que él iba y le dijo a la madre: — Cuando venga Manuel a cobrarme, V. se pone a pelear conmigo. Yo le pongo esta vejiga de sangre y le clavo este cuchillo en el pecho, y V. cae como muerta. Entonces yo empiezo a tocarle,¹ y V. se va moviendo hasta que se pare. Así lo hizieron y cuando él llegó se pusieron a pelear y en seguida él la mató y empezó a tocarle hasta que se paró. El hombre en seguida se lo salió a comprar y se lo dió por cien pesos de vuelta. Se fué a su casa y mató a la mujer y pasaron dos policías y le condenaron a cadena perpetua y allí murió.

(31) El rey llegó a saber que él era tan malo y lo mandó a buscar. Lo iban a tirar por un barranco y cuando lo tenían preparado, empezó a decir: — No me caso, no me caso. El hombre le dijo: — ¿Por qué tu dices que no te casas? — El dijo: — Por que me quieren hacer casar con la hija del rey y yo no quiero. — Entonces, salte que yo me caso. Pedro se fué y vinieron y lo tiraron. A los pocos días pasó por allí Pedro como con cien ovejas y el rey dijo: — Pedro, yo te tiré a ti por aquel barranco el otro día. El le dijo: — Si V. me ha hecho un favor; si allí hay más ovejas. — Pues, ven esta tarde para que me tires. Y vino Pedro y lo tiró. Todavía no ha salido.

73. PEDRO NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31).

Había una vez en un pueblo, gobernado por un rey, un hombre llamado vulgarmente Pedro Animales. Este hombre era un pillito fino. Una vez este mismo hombre robó a un pobre campesino unas vacas. El campesino se dirigió presurosamente al pueblo a dar la queja al rey. El rey envió en seguida una patrulla de soldados a arrestar a Pedro Animales. Los soldados encontraron a éste cuando se dirigía hacia el pueblo a vender lo que había robado. La patrulla de soldados loató y lo llevó a presencia del rey.

Muy cerca del pueblo había un risco, por donde acostumbraban hechar a los ladrones. El rey ordenó que colocaran a Pedro Animales en la parte arriba del risco. Los soldados cumplieron la orden recibida y él fué metido en un saco, y puesto en el sitio ordenado hasta nueva orden del rey.

Más tarde pasaron por allí unos caminantes, y se pararon en el sitio indicado, cuando oyeron una voz que salía de dentro del saco que decía: — No me caso; no me caso con la hija del rey.

Uno de los caminantes le preguntó porqué estaba metido en aquel saco y él le dijo que porque no quería casarse con la hija del rey.

¹ Es decir, tocar el pito para que resucite.

Entonces uno de ellos le dijo que lo metiera dentro del saco que él se casaba. Este desató el saco y Pedro Animales se salió y metió al otro, retirándose para su casa riéndose.

El rey ordenó que empujaran a Pedro Animales por aquel precipicio. Cuando llegaron al sitio indicado oyeron que el hombre decía que se casaba con la hija del rey. Los soldados ejecutaron la orden recibida y empujaron aquel hombre por aquel precipicio.

Unos días después apareció Pedro Animales con un rebaño de cabros. El rey se espantó al verlo por allí y mandó a llamarlo. El compareció ante el rey y le contó que abajo del precipicio había un hombre que le regalaba cabros al que era tirado por aquel risco. Mucha gente ambiciosa por tener estos animales le dijeron a Pedro Animales que fuera a la tarde al risco para que los empujara.

El fué y los empujó y retirándose para su casa riéndose decía que fueran a buscar cabros al limbo.

(*Version a.*)

Durante el tiempo en que esta isla era gobernada por los reyes existía un hombre llamado Pedro de Urdemalas. Era tan malo que el rey lo mandó prender y se dispuso a matarlo. Lo prendieron y cuando lo iban a matar pidió que le dejaran un día más de vida. El rey se lo concedió y lo metieron dentro de un saco y le pusieron un plomo adentro, lo ataron a un árbol sobre el mar, para al otro día cortar la sogá y que se ahogara. Luego que lo dejaron solo se puso a gritar: — No me caso. No me caso. No me caso con la hija del rey. Un pastor que iba pasando con sus ovejas lo oyó gritar y se acercó y le preguntó que pasaba y que por qué gritaba. Y Pedro de Urdemalas le respondió que era que no se quería casar con la hija del rey y que por eso lo iban a matar. Entonces el pastor le dijo que lo metiera a él en el saco y que cuando lo vinieran a matar él diría que sí. Así lo hicieron y el pastor sacó a Pedro de Urdemalas del saco y se metió él, y Pedro lo amarró bien y se fué con las ovejas. Cuando vinieron a ver a Pedro para matarlo el pastor empezó a gritar: — Me caso. Me caso. Ahora sí me caso con la hija del rey. Creyeron que estaba loco y lo echaron en el mar. Y Pedro siguió siendo más travieso que nunca.

(*Version b.*)

Una vez Pedro de Urdemalas le robó unas cabras al rey y el rey lo amarró en la cocina. Al poco rato pasó un hombre por la cocina y Pedro empezó a decir: — No me caso; no me caso. Entonces el hombre le preguntó que le pasaba y Pedro le dijo que el rey quería casarlo con su hija y él no quería. Entonces el hombre le dijo: — Yo me amarro y me caso, — y se amarró él y soltó a Pedro. Al poco

rato el rey mandó a que le echaran agua caliente. Entonces empezaron a echarle agua caliente y el hombre empezó a decir: — Yo me caso, yo me caso, — y lo quemaron todo.

(Version c.)

Una vez había un hombre que se llamaba Pedro Animala. Este hombre acostumbraba discutir con el rey y hacerle maldades. El era muy diestro y sabía que nunca podría el rey matarlo. Un día le hizo una maldad tan mala al rey que lo echaron dentro de un saco para que por la mañana siguiente lo tirasen a los golfos del mar. Entonces lo echaron en el saco para por la mañana siguiente tirarlo.

En cuanto la gente se fué empezó a gritar: — No me caso. No me caso. No me caso con la hija del rey. Cuando él decía esto llegó un pescador y le preguntó: — ¿Porqué estás gritando? ¿Qué te pasa? Y Pedro le respondió: — Porque me quieren casar con la hija del rey y yo no quiero. Y por eso me van a echar a los golfos del mar, porque no quiero casarme con la hija del rey. Entonces el pescador le dijo: — ¿Quieres que yo me entre dentro del saco y yo digo que me caso? Entonces Pedro dijo que sí y él salió y el hombre se entró. El hombre decía: — Yo me caso; no me tiren al mar que yo me caso. Entonces cuando vinieron a tirarlo, oyeron la voz y dijeron: — ¡Ah! ¿Con qué tú te casas? Y lo cogieron y lo tiraron al mar. Entonces Pedro se fué para una montaña y reunió como mil cabros. Al poco tiempo marchó para la ciudad cocheando en voz alta a su ganado.

Cuando el rey oyó, dijo: — ¡Qué voz tan parecida a la de Pedro! Si no se hubiera tirado al mar dijeran que era él. Cuando llegó al palacio gritó a sus cabros y pareció ser el mismo.

Entonces se asomaron a la puerta y dijeron: — Pedro, ¿no hace tantos años que le tiraron en el mar? — Sí, pero creían hacerme un mal y me hicieron un bien. Mire, en el mar he sacado esta riqueza. Si allí cada salta era un cabro, y cuando salí de allí traje estos animales. El rey dijo: — Si es así, tñrenme a mí. Y lo tiran, y Adiós.

74. PEDRO VENDE EL CUERO DE LA VACA (71): PEDRO NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31).

(71) Una vez había un hombre que se llamaba Pedro de Urdemalas. La madre tenía una choza y un día Pedro le rompió la casa a su madre y le horcó la vaca. Peló la vaca, le sacó el cuero, lo secó y se fué a venderlo. Dijo a la mamá: — No se apure, madre. Pidió caro por el cuero y no lo vendió. El venía por el camino. Vió una luz y no se atrevía a pasar y tiró el cuero y los bandidos huyeron. Cogió el dinero y llegó a su casa.

(31) El rey sabía lo que él tenía y lo echó en un saco y lo amarró en un estante de la casa para echarle al mar. El vió a un hombre

con un rebaño y él decía:—Yo no me caso con la hija del rey. El hombre le preguntó:—¿Qué te pasa, Pedro? Le dijo que lo querían hacer casar con la hija del rey, y él no quería. El dijo:—Salte tú, y yo me entro, y él le dijo que sí. Lo soltó y él entró y el rey lo cogió para echarlo al mar. El rey se fué para su casa y Pedro salió. El rey dijo:—¿Pedro, no te acabo de echar en el mar?—Sí, pero yo me encontré esto.—Y el rey dijo:—Echame a mí.—Y lo echó y quedó gobernando el palacio del rey.

75. LE PAGAN POR UN MUERTO (44): JUAN NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31): EL GIGANTE TRATA DE MATARLO EN EL CATRE (76).

(44) Había una vez dos hermanos que vivían con su querida madre en una continua desunión. El mayor de ellos no podía ver al más pequeño, y viceversa. Un día, viéndose los dos escasos de dinero se decidieron matar a la madre, para poder hacer dinero con ella. Llegó la noche y los dos bien combinados, le quitaron la vida a la pobre anciana. A la mañana siguiente la echaron dentro de un saco y cargaron con ella. Se fueron donde estaba un hortelano que estaba cosechando unas habas y los dos muchachos pusieron a la madre hincada de rodillas, como recogiendo los granos. El hombre creyó que lo que ella hacía era robarle los frutos y decidió pegarle un tiro. Al caer la vieja al suelo, Juan Chiquito y Juan Grande se echaron a gritar, y el hombre de lo más apurado los llamó y les dió una talega de dinero para que no dijieran nada.

Luego cogieron a la vieja y echaron a andar. Cuando estaban ya cerca de una tienda de campo se acercaron los dos y vieron que unos jfbaros estaban haciendo la compra de sus casas y además tenían unas bestias, que eran quienes los iban a conducir a sus hogares con sus compras. Juan Chiquito y Juan Grande velaron cuando los jfbaros compraron un saco de jamón y tocino y lo echaron dentro de las banastas del caballo; mientras Juan Grande y Juan Chiquito velaban para ver cómo podían cambiar el saco donde tenían a la vieja muerta, por el saco del jamón y el tocino. Cuando vieron que nadie los veía, se acercaron y pusieron a la vieja en las banastas y cogieron el saco de jamón y tocino y echaron a correr. Concluyeron los jfbaros de comprar, se pusieron en camino, pero resulta que ese día hacía un sol muy picante y ya la vieja estaba demasiado podrida. Durante el camino uno de los viajeros le dice al otro:—*Compay*, ¿usted no sabe que el *jasmon* y el tocino se nos están *jabombando* un poco? Debemos andar para llegar pronto y ponerlo a ventear.

A todo esto, el jfbaro que llevaba a la vieja en la banasta había dejado a su mujer sin tener que comer hasta que llegara él, pero resultó que la pobre mujer, viendo que no tenía nada que darle al chiquito de comer, se fué al corral y cortó una calabacita nueva que había en

la mata y se la puso a sancochar. En los momentos que ya la iba a sacar de la olla, vió venir a su marido cargado de provisiones. El jíbaro le gritaba a una distancia de 20 o 30 metros y le decía: — Mujer, mujer mía, abre la puerta y bota todito lo que estás haciendo que aquí llevamos de todo; corre y ven busca el *jasmón* y el tocino, que parece que se nos quiere *jabombar* un poco y ponlo al viento para que se refresque. La pobre señora corrió llena de alegría y botó la calabaza y se puso a correr hasta alcanzar a su marido. Cuando los dos estaban cerca de su casa, dícele el jíbaro: — Mira mujer, saca primero el *jasmón* y el tocino, antes que se dañen más. Y la mujer cogió el saco y lo desamarró delante del jíbaro. Al ver los dos que lo que había en el saco era una vieja encarrujada en lugar del jamón y tocino (ya la vieja tenía como un mes de estar podrida), se echaron a correr dejando todo lo que tenían, quedándose sin comer la mujer, el chiquito y el marido.

Durante esta escena Juan Grande y Juan Chiquito se aparecieron y cargaron con las demás provisiones y con todas las bestias. Luego los pobres jíbaros estaban de lo más asustados y no se atrevieron a regresar a su hogar hasta que se murieron de hambre en el monte.

Juan Chiquito y Juan Grande vendieron todas sus provisiones y partieron el dinero; cogieron de nuevo a la vieja y echaron a caminar, vieron dos hombres que estaban peleando a machetazos y entre Juan Grande y Juan Chiquito la metieron por en medio y los jíbaros por machetearse los dos, puñalearon a la vieja dentro del saco. Entonces salieron Juan Grande y Juan Chiquito gritando: — ¡Socorro! ¡Caridad! ¡Que estas gentes han matado a *may*! ¡Por Dios, corran policías! ¡Que la han asesinado todita! Cuando los hombres oyeron los gritos de Juan, les pusieron en las manos un talegón de dinero para que se llevaran a la vieja y la enterraran sin que dijeran nada de que ellos la habían matado.

Tomaron el dinero y el saco con la vieja y echaron a andar de nuevo; luego al partir los ochavos, Juan Grande quería emborracar al Chiquito y se armó una disputa. Entonces Juan Chiquito se desunió de su hermano Juan Grande; pero éste como más lija, le dejó la madre a Juan Grande y se quedó con el dinero dejándole dicho a Juan Grande que todo el dinero más que hiciera con la vieja, lo cogiera para él.

(31) Se fué Juan Chiquito a correr fortuna, salió a un camino y alcanzó a ver una congregación de vacas, bueyes y ovejas, con un capataz que las traía para venderlas en el pueblo. Entonces dice Juan Chiquito: — ¡Ah! aquí me voy yo a salvar con este capataz. Cuando venía el maestro del ganado bien cerca, Juan Chiquito se metió dentro de un saco y se tendió a lo largo en medio de la carretera. Veló que el capataz estuviera bien cerca y se puso a murmurar las

siguientes palabras: — ¡Ay, ay! ¡qué injusticia! ¡Me quieren casar con la hija del rey y yo no quiero! Así es que mi rey me va a matar, porque yo soy un desgraciado para ella. Cuando repitió estas frases Juan Chiquito, el capataz que lo oyó mandó a los peones que se pararan con el ganado, mientras él se puso a escuchar las palabras de Juan que decía, y dijo para sí: — ¡Caray! A este hombre lo quieren casar con la hija del rey y él no quiere, ¿Por qué será esto? ¡Caramba! Si él quisiera meterme a mí dentro del saco para poder casarme yo con ella.

Entonces sacó a Juan del saco y se metió él, dejándole toda su fortuna a Juan Chiquito con todo el ganado también. Juan Chiquito haciéndose el tonto lo aceptó y lo amarró bien, dejándole encargado que dijera que ya él se había decidido a casarse con la hija del rey. El capataz muy contento se quedó en medio de la carretera diciendo lo mismo que Juan Chiquito le había dicho que dijera. Juan Chiquito se hizo de dinero negociando todo el ganado, entonces guardó el dinero y regresó en busca del capataz diciéndole: — ¿Qué dices amigo? ¿Te has decidido a casarte con mi hija? El capataz de lo más contento le respondió que sí. Entonces lo cogió Juan Chiquito y lo metió dentro de una banasta de la bestia y se lo llevó cerca de un peñón y lo arrojó con todo y bestia al mar donde no apareció más.

(76) Juan Chiquito viendo que ya era rico, decidió regresar a donde estaba su hermano Juan Grande, a ver qué era de su vida. Llegó a la casa del hermano, pero como el hermano le tenía roña, dijo para sí: — Espérate, éste me vá a pagar las verdes y las maduras todas de una sola vez. Juan Chiquito se imaginaba todo lo que Juan Grande pensaba. Juan Grande se puso a amolar un machete para matar a Juan Chiquito y poder él quedarse con el dinero.

Juan Grande no tenía más que una cama de su mamá, para él y Juan Chiquito y le dijo a Juan Chiquito que él se iba a trabajar y no venía hasta la media noche, que se acostara a la parte derecha de la cama. Juan Chiquito le dijo que estaba bien. Se fué Juan Grande diciendo para sí: — ¡Caray! A éste lo mato yo esta noche, y ese capitalazo lo cogeré yo todito. Llegó la hora de dormir y Juan Chiquito como más listo ya sabía lo que Juan Grande quería hacer con él. Cuando se fué a dormir le encargó a la madre que se acostara a la derecha de la cama y lo dejara a él a la izquierda; cosa que cuando Juan Grande viniera a matarlo le enterrara el puñal a la vieja y no a él.

Juan Grande de regreso llegó a la media noche con otro cómplice que dejó afuera. Entró a lo oscuro y fué poco a poco hasta que tocó a la vieja y muy creído de que era su hermano le enterró el puñal hasta más no poder. Juan Chiquito que estaba despierto oyendo todo lo que pasaba, salió gritando: — ¡Ay, ay! ¡que han matado a *may*! ¡Policías, guardias, corran! ¡Juan mi hermano ha matado a *may* vieja!

Juan Grande de lo más asustado le dijo: — Mira muchacho, que me vas a comprometer; toma este dinero que me queda a mí y no digas nadita más.

Cogió Juan Chiquito el dinero y se echó a andar de nuevo burlándose de Juan Grande. Ahora Juan Grande quería averiguar como Juan Chiquito había hecho aquella fortuna tan grande y se le fué detrás preguntándole de qué manera había hecho él esa fortuna. Juan Chiquito ya molesto le respondió: — Mira, si quieres hacer fortuna como yo hice métete dentro de un saco y ponte a decir esto: “¡Ay, que mi rey me quiere casar con su hija y yo no quiero!” Y repites estas palabras muchas veces y tú verás que mucho dinero te vas a hacer.

Juan Grande creído de que era verdad, voló y esperó que viniera mucho ganado por una carretera y se puso en medio dentro de un saco, diciendo lo que Juan Chiquito le había dicho. Pero resultó que el que venía con el ganado era Juan Chiquito y al oírlo decir lo mismo que él le había dicho que dijera, se echó a reír y le pasó con todos los animales por encima. Luego después que hizo eso, lo cogió y lo metió en una banasta y lo echó por un risco abajo, y ésta es la fecha en que no se sabe del santo ni el rastro de Juan Grande.

Y Juan Chiquito, como más sabio quedó lleno de fortuna a cuenta de sus antecedentes.

76. PEDRO SUJETANDO EL MUNDO (47).

Una vez Pedro de Urdemalas prometió matar a Juan el Astuto. Juan el Astuto encontró una vez a Pedro y no sabiendo que hacer para evitar a Pedro tomó una gran piedra en la cabeza, y cuando Pedro se acercó le dijo: — ¡Ay, amigo Pedro, qué cansado estoy con esta piedra! Si la suelto el mundo se acabará. Y Pedro de Urdemalas le dijo: — Pues págame a mí mis veinte pesetas y así no se acabará el mundo para tí. — Pues sujetame aquí la piedra para irte a buscar el dinero a casa. Pero ten cuidado que no se te caiga. Pedro aceptó y se quedó cuidando la piedra para que no se acabara el mundo. Pasaron horas y horas y Juan no regresaba. Y Pedro cada vez más cansado ya se sentía desfallecer. Por último ya de noche y ya extenuado de cansado que estaba, dijo: — ¡Qué se acabe el mundo! — y tiró la piedra. El mundo no se acabó y Pedro prometió vengarse de Juan y le persiguió sin tregua. Y después Pedro le jugó una buena a Juan Astuto.

77. PEDRO Y LOS OBJETOS MÁGICOS (59).

Este era un hombre que tenía un asno muy viejo que ya no le pagaba ni tan siquiera la yerba que se comía. Un día el hombre le dijo a su esposa: — Si me das esas piezas de oro que has ganado pronto salgo de este asno viejo que ya no sirve para nada. La mujer convino en

eso y el hombre se fué para el pueblo para vender el asno. Y al llegar al pueblo le puso unas onzas de oro al asno debajo de la cola, y empezó a gritar: — Vengan a comprar este asno que caga onzas de oro. Y vinieron muchos a ver lo que pasaba y vieron que salían unas onzas de oro. Y Pedro les advirtió que era de tres en tres días que pasaba la operación. En seguida un hombre viejo se lo compró y le dió a Pedro una gran cantidad de dinero. Y se fué para su casa muy contento. El otro se fué y abasteció al asno muy bien y cuando se llegó el día de la operación comenzó a darle ejercicio para que cagara onzas de oro. En poco más lo mata, dándole palos por las patas y por la cabeza, pero nada que brotaba onzas de oro. Y no sabía el hombre que era todo la astucia del otro que le había puesto las onzas debajo de la cola.

78. PEDRO SE VUELVE SIRVIENTE (LA LISTA DE PELLEJO [50]).

Una vez había un señor que alquilaba sirvientes pero nunca les pagaba. Salió Pedro de Urdemalas a buscar colocación y se alquiló con él. Primero el señor le mandó a tumbar un monte y como a media noche los viejos de la casa les mandaron una comida.

El día siguiente lo mandaron a arar con los bueyes, pero le dió tanto hambre que tuvo que matar un buey para comérselo. Fué a la casa y el señor le preguntó donde estaban los bueyes. Y Pedro de Urdemalas le dijo: — Me comí uno.

Después lo mandaron a bañar unas mulas y eran tan malas que las ahogó. Llegó a la casa y el señor le preguntó: — ¿Dónde están mis mulas? Y Pedro respondió: — Las ahogué.

Por la noche el viejo y la vieja lo llevaron a un salto para echarlo, pero él los echó a ellos primero y les gritó: — Allá van los cascaretos. Ahora soy yo el rico.

(Version a.)

Una vez había un hombre que tenía un hermano. Este hombre se llamaba Pedro. Un día el hermano se fué a trabajar y Pedro le dijo: — Tú tienes que pasar por un río donde encontrarás una piedra redonda. No te pares en ella por que fácilmente te puedes caer. Has de encontrar un hombre bobo pero no te fies de él que te puede dar un pescozón. También pasarás por donde está un perro flaco. Ten cuidado que te puede morder.

Por fin llegó a una casa que era de un gigante, el cual estaba alquilando peones por meses. El peón que entrara tenía que trabajar con una orden que el que le diera coraje de uno de los dos le sacaba una lista de pellejo. Un día le dió coraje y le sacaron una lista de pellejo al hermano de Pedro y se fué otro viaje a su casa.

Cuando llegó a su casa, Pedro se fué a casa de ese individuo diciendo así a su hermano: — A mí no me pasa lo que a ti te ha pasado. Pedro

pasó por el río donde estaba la piedra y no la movió, por el hombre y no le dió el pescozón, por el perro y no lo mordió.

Llegó a casa del gigante y se alquiló con las mismas condiciones que el primero. Un día el gigante le dijo que tenía que ir con él a buscar agua. Entonces se fueron. El gigante cogió dos barriles, uno en la cabeza y otro en un dedo. Pedro se fué adelante para el río. Cogió un pico y una pala y se puso a hacer una zanja. Cuando llegó el gigante, le preguntó a Pedro qué hacía. Entonces él le dijo que iba a llevar el río a su casa. Él no iba a llevar aquellas chispas de agua a su casa para cada rato estar buscando agua. Entonces el gigante le dijo que lo dejara que él no iba a llevar una cosa tan peligrosa a su casa que él llevaba la necesaria.

Otro día le dijo que tenía que llevarle las ovejas, riéndose a su casa. Entonces Pedro cogió un cuchillo y se fué donde las ovejas y les cortó el labio de arriba. Cuando las llevó a la casa del gigante, le preguntó a Pedro que había hecho. Entonces él le dijo que si no le había dicho que le llevara todas las ovejas riéndose.

Otro día le dijo que se las llevara bailando, y él las cogió y le cortó una pata a todas. Otro día el gigante le dijo que iban a hacer una comida para ver el que más comiera. Entonces Pedro cogió la piel de una oveja y se la amarró delante del abdomen y mandó a preparar una camisa grande.

Llegó el día de la comida, y Pedro una cucharada se la echaba por la boca y muchas por el saco de piel que tenía delante del abdomen. Por fin, ya el gigante no podía comer más pero Pedro continuaba comiendo. Entonces el gigante le dijo a Pedro que le daba una gabela para comer y si lo cansaba le sacaba una lista de pellejo. Entonces Pedro se fué donde estaban unas mujeres lavando, cogió un cuchillo y se cortó la piel que tenía amarrada delante del abdomen, y cayó la comida al suelo.

Entonces les dijo a las mujeres que estaban lavando que si pasaba por allí un gigante corriendo que le dijeran que si le quería alcanzar tenía que cortarse el abdomen según él lo había hecho, para que saliera la comida.

Cuando el gigante pasó le preguntó a las lavanderas que si por allí no había pasado un hombre corriendo. Y ellas le dijeron que les había dicho que si lo quería alcanzar, tenía que cortarse el abdomen para botar la comida. El gigante se cortó el abdomen y cayó muerto.

Pedro estaba un poco más adelante, arriba de un árbol riéndose cuando vió que el gigante se había matado él mismo. Entonces Pedro se apeó y se fué a casa del gigante y se hizo dueño de todo lo que tenía.

79. LA LISTA DE PELLEJO (50): JUAN REGRESA CON EL PERRO (29).

(50) Había una vez y dos son tres que había un hombre que se llamaba Juan Bobo y se fué a colocar. Cuando hubo andado mucho, llegó a

una casa. La casa era del diablo y dijo: — ¿Aquí pueden alquilarme? — Sí, — dijo el diablo, — Pero para la comida y el almuerzo es un huevo y un canasto de pan. Y el que le dé coraje se le saca una lista de pellejo.

(29, 50) Juan Bobo le dijo que estaba bien, y al ir a trabajar tenía que ir con una perra, y hasta que no se viniera la perra que él no se viniera. Al otro día se fué la perra adelante y Juan Bobo atrás. Cuando llegaron Juan Bobo se puso a trabajar y eran las doce y media y la perra no se iba. Cuando llegaron las dos de la tarde, se fué la perra y Juan Bobo atrás. Cuando llegaron le pusieron a Juan Bobo un huevo y un canasto de pan. El se comió el huevo con un bollo de pan. Cuando acabó le quitaron el plato y el canasto de pan y lo puso en la alacena, y se fueron. Cuando llegaron las ocho de la noche estaba Juan Bobo trabajando. Al momento la perra se fué y él se le fué detrás y a Juan Bobo le dió coraje. El diablo le preguntó si tenía coraje y le dijo que como no le iba a dar coraje, y el diablo cogió y le sacó una lista de pellejo. Juan Bobo se fué y se lo contó a Pedro de Urdemalas.

(50) Pedro se fué a colocar donde estaba Juan Bobo, y le preguntó al diablo que si había trabajo. El diablo dijo: — Sí, pero para la comida y el almuerzo es un canasto de pan, y el que le dé coraje se le saca una lista de pellejo, y el mayordomo es una perra. — Sí, está bien, — dijo Pedro. Al otro día se fueron la perra adelante y Pedro detrás. Pedro cortó una vara y le cayó a varazos, y la perra se vino corriendo. El diablo le dijo: — ¿Porqué te has venido tan pronto? — Por que la perra se vino. Le dieron un canasto de pan y un huevo, y se sentó. Se puso a comer pan y se comió un canasto de pan y dejó el huevo enterito, y le pusieron otra canasta y al último se la comió con el huevo, y todos los días le hacía lo mismo.

Un día el diablo le dijo que el que agujerara una palma le daba un burro lleno de oro y hizieron la apuesta. Pedro se fué por la noche con una barrena y agujeró la palma y la llenó de sebo.

Al otro día se fueron y el diablo metió el dedo y se le partió y Pedro de Urdemalas metió el dedo y pasó al otro lado y le dió el burro lleno de oro.

El diablo dijo: — Vamos a hacer una apuesta de un burro lleno de oro, el que lleve una vara más lejos.

Pedro: — Barrita, barrana, que vaya y caigas en Duana y mates la vieja que más vieja haya.

Diablo: — No, no no tires por que me matas a mi madre, — y le dió el burro lleno de oro.

Pedro estaba en la finca con el diablo y vió en un árbol un pichón. Le cayó a piedras y el diablo le dijo que no le tirara que era su mujer, y Pedro siguió tirándole y el diablo le repitió lo mismo.

Pedro: — ¿Y a V. le da coraje por eso?

Diablo: — No eso no me da coraje. Pedro le siguió tirando.

Diablo: — No le tires que es mi mujer.

Pedro: — ¿Y a V. le da coraje? Diablo: — ¿Cómo no me va a dar coraje si me vas a matar a mi mujer? Pedro le sacó la lista de pellejo y se fué.

80. LA LISTA DE PELLEJO (50): JUAN CORTA MATAS DE PLÁTANO Y LAS PATAS DE LOS NOVILLOS (33): PEDRO SE LLEVA EL RÍO (73).

(50) Era una vez una vieja muy rica. No le duraban mucho tiempo los alquilados. Un día pasó una señora con un muchacho. Ella la llamó y le dijo que si le alquilaba a su hijo. La señora contestó que sí y quedaron a dos pesos mensuales. La anciana le explicó los trabajos que el muchacho tenía que hacer; buscar agua, llevar a darles a los caballos y bañarlos.

Convino el muchacho con la anciana en que al primero de los dos que le diera coraje se le sacaría una lista de pellejo desde el cerebro hasta el talón: — No tengas cuidado que a mí nunca no me da coraje y de un muchacho menos.

Al día siguiente ella lo mandó a buscar agua, después a bañar los caballos. Al otro día lo mandó a buscar leña, no habiendo más.

(33) El muchacho le cortó la pata a los chivos y a los cabros, las hizo un paquete y las llevo.

(73) Lo mandó a buscar agua y llevó un pico y una pala y le trajo el río a la casa, por que la vieja quería siempre tener mucha agua y mucha leña.

Lo mandó a darle agua a los caballos y él le cortó el hocico a todos ellos. Cuando ella vió a los caballos le dijo a Juan que porqué había hecho eso. A lo que él contestó: — ¿Te da coraje? — No, vete búscame los cabros. Los trajo y al asomarse ella a la puerta, lo vió en el estado que él los trafa. Entonces si que a ella le dió coraje de todo lo que él le hizo mal. Cuando ella estaba dormida, él cogió un cuchillo, le sacó una lista de pellejo desde la cabeza hasta el talón y la vieja se murió. Juan quedó rico de lo que ella había dejado.

81. PEDRO MATA A LA MADRE DEL GIGANTE (72): PEDRO SE LLEVA EL RÍO

(73): PEDRO SE LLEVA EL MONTE (74): PEDRO METE EL DEDO EN EL PALO (75): EL GIGANTE TRATA DE MATARLO EN EL CATRE (76): PEDRO Y EL GIGANTE TIRAN PIEDRAS MAR AFUERA (77): LA LISTA DE PELLEJO (50): PEDRO REGRESA CON EL PERRO (29): EL PÁJARO VIRTUOSO (24).

(72) Una vez fué Pedro de Urdemalas y se alquiló en la casa del gigante por meses, y el gigante le dijo: — Señor Pedro, aquí sale un cuco todas las noches. Y Pedro le dijo: — No tenga usted cuidado

que yo esta noche lo cazo. Y apenas oscureció se fué Pedro abajo de un árbol de chino que había y cargó la escopeta. Y al momento oyó que decían en el árbol: — ¡Cuco, cuco, cuco! Y Pedro le disparó con la escopeta un tiro. Y bajó la madre del gigante y el gigante le dijo: — ¡Ay, Pedro, qué ya usted me ha matado a mi madre! — Pues usted me dijo que era un cuco que comía gente. — Pues súbase, que qué vamos a hacer. Ya no hay remedio.

(73) Al otro día le dijo el gigante a Pedro: — Vamos a buscar agua. Y cuando Pedro vió que el gigante cogió dos cuarterolas en cada mano y que él no podía con ninguna cogió una azada y un pico y cuando llegó al río comenzó a hacer una zanja. Y el gigante entonces le dijo: — ¿Qué va V. a hacer, señor Pedro? Y Pedro le dijo: — Me voy a llevar el río, porque yo no voy a estar viniendo todos los días con esa jicarita a buscar agua. Entonces el gigante le dijo: — Pues mejor es que no se lleve ninguna, porque usted se va a llevar la casa con el río, y entonces se vinieron vacíos.

(74) Al otro día le dijo: — Señor Pedro, vamos a buscar leña. Y se fueron. Y Pedro se llevó sogas y bejucos y comenzó a amarrar el monte. El gigante arrancó dos palos de los más grandes y le dijo a Pedro: — Señor Pedro, ¿qué va usted a hacer? Y Pedro le dijo: — Yo voy a amarrar el monte para llevármelo. — No, no se lo lleve, porque entonces el monte se pudre y se pudre la casa. Y volvieron sin nada.

(75) Otro día le dijo el gigante a Pedro: — Ahora vamos al monte y en el ortegón más fuerte vamos a clavar el dedo a ver quien lo clava más adentro. Y Pedro se fué adelante y buscó una barrena y fué y hizo un agujero en el ortegón y lo tapó con tierra. Y cuando fué el gigante tiró el dedo y lo clavó todo. Y entonces fué Pedro y tiró el dedo por el agujero que había hecho y metió hasta parte de la mano. Y cuando el gigante vió que tenía más fuerzas dijo entre sí: — Ya sé que no voy a poder matar a este diablo. Vámonos a casa.

(76) Por la noche Pedro sabía que aquella noche lo iba a querer matar el gigante. Hizo un muñeco de hojas de plátano y lo vistió con su ropa y lo acostó en el catre y lo arrojó bien. Y entonces él se metió abajo del catre.

Cuando el gigante creyó que ya Pedro estaba durmiendo se levantó poco a poco y cogió la maceta del pilar que pesaba cincuenta libras y fué donde él estaba acostado y le buscó la cabeza y le dió con todas sus fuerzas tres golpes, y volvió y se acostó. Entonces madrugó bien temprano para irse a buscar plátanos para ir a comerse a Pedro. Y cortó una carga buena de plátanos y se volvió para su casa. Y cuando iba llegando vió a Pedro asomado por una ventana con una venda en la cabeza. Y cuando llegó le dijo: — Señor Pedro, ¿qué tal ha pasado la noche? — No muy bien, porque parece que vino un

zancudo y me ha dado tres picotazos en la frente, que me tiene con dolor de cabeza. Y entonces dijo el gigante entre sí: — Este diablo no tiene muerte.

(77) Y otro día le dijo: — Hoy vamos a tirar mar afuera a ver quien tiene más alcance. Y se fueron. Y el gigante dijo: — Vamos a tirar. Y tiró el gigante y dijo: — Lanza, lanza, cae en Francia. Y entonces Pedro tiró y dijo: — Lanza, lanza, cae en Francia y rómpele la panza a la más vieja de Francia. Y el gigante dijo: — Señor Pedro, no vuelva a tirar la lanza, porque ésa es mi abuela y usted la va a matar.

(50) Después hicieron un arreglo que el primero que le diera coraje el otro lo matara. Y al otro día le dijo el gigante a Pedro: — Señor Pedro, usted me va a hacer un trabajo en los plátanos. Y Pedro le dijo que sí, y fué y lo puso a trabajar. Y Pedro le dijo: — ¿Usted quiere este trabajo por el parejo? Y el gigante le dijo que sí. Siguió Pedro trabajando y todo lo hizo por el parejo, plátanos y todo tumbados. Y cuando el gigante fué a ver el trabajo y vió que Pedro todo lo llevaba por el parejo, le dijo: — Señor Pedro, ¿qué ha hecho usted? Usted me ha desmolido la finca. — ¿Y que a usted le da coraje por eso? — Por eso no. A mí no me da coraje.

(29) Al otro día le dijo el gigante: — Váyase a hacerme un trabajo con esa perra y cuando la perra se venga se puede usted venir. Pues siguió trabajando y ya eran las doce y la perra no se iba. Cortó Pedro un fuate y le dió a la perra una buena azotada y la perra siguió para la casa. Y cuando llegó le dijo el gigante: — ¿Ya usted se vino? — Sí, señor; usted me dijo que cuando la perra se viniera me viniera yo también. Sí, señor, así fué. ¿Y a usted le da coraje por eso? — No, señor, no me da coraje.

(24) Un día venía Pedro por un camino y vió a un señor que venía con un caballo, y se sacó un estudio para quitarle el caballo. Cogió el sombrero y lo tiró como tapando alguna cosa. Y entonces vino el señor del caballo y le dijo: — ¿Qué haces allí? Y Pedro le respondió: Estoy tapando unos pichoncitos de urdiera. Pedro de Urdemalas se había cagado y tenía tapada la cagada abajo del sombrero. Y entonces le dijo al del caballo: — Sujete usted este sombrero y présteme el caballo y quédese aquí mientras yo vengo. Y así lo hicieron. Y se fué Pedro de Urdemalas en el caballo y el hombre se quedó con el sombrero. Cuando ya hacía mucho tiempo dijo el hombre: — Ya éste no va a volver. Y metió la mano, poco a poco para coger a los pichoncitos y se engrudó de cagada, y dijo: — Es cierto que me la urdió ese Pedro de Urdemalas.

(Version a.)

(50) Este Pedro era un hombre que se elogiaba de mucho poder y valor, y aunque carecía de ambas cosas, con su astucia sola engañaba

a cuantos lo trataban. Un día fué a pedir colocación a la casa de un gigante cuyo método era dar colocación a aquéllos que le igualaban en fuerzas. Guiado por su arrogancia el gigante le concedió el empleo, diciéndole que solamente tendría que ayudarle en sus faenas.

(73) El primer día lo convidó para que le trajera dos barriles de agua. Pedro cogió una pala, y no haciendo caso de los barriles se puso a cavar una zanja. — ¿Qué haces, Pedro? — le preguntó el gigante. — Pues voy a llevar el río a la casa, porque yo no voy a estar cargando agua todos los días en chispas de barriles. — ¡Ay, Pedro, vas a inundarme la casa! No llesves agua. Ya sabes, Pedro, que de este modo habías de escaparte de tu trabajo.

(74) Al día siguiente fueron los dos a buscar leña. En un solo momento hizo el gigante un gran haz de leña y se sentó a aguardar a Pedro. Viendo que Pedro se tardaba mucho se fué a ver que estaba haciendo, y le preguntó: — ¿Qué haces, Pedro? — Estoy cortando estos bejucos para amarrar la montaña y llevármela. — Quita, Pedro, — dijo el gigante, admirado, — yo no te voy a permitir que llesves las sabandijas a casa. No llesves leña.

(75) Viendo el gigante que no encontraba nada difícil para Pedro, un día le dijo que la mañana siguiente tenía que barrenar el dedo en una palma que había en el patio. Durante la noche Pedro estuvo pensando como se las haría para salir bien. Se proporcionó una barrena y después de haberle hecho un agujero a la palma de un lado a otro lo ocultó con cebo. Cuando llegó la hora de la ejecución con gran tranquilidad y confianza traspasó la palma por el agujero con el dedo.

(77) Por fin lo convidó el gigante para disparar en desafío dos flechas, y Pedro de Urdemalas teniendo que tirarla a mayor distancia. La acción fué ejecutada primero por el gigante, y como ya Pedro sabía que sus fuerzas no podían igualar a las del gigante recordó que había oído decir que la bisabuela de éste era la de más edad en Francia, y con ademán de afirmación se paró, y cogiendo la flecha, dijo:

—Lanza, lanza, lanza,
rómpele la panza
a la vieja más vieja
que se halle en Francia.

Entonces el gigante, sujetándole la mano le dijo: — Si has de matar a mi bisabuela que quiero tanto no dispaes. Quédate por ahí, que yo te mandaré dar el almuerzo, pero no vuelvas a meterte en mis negocios.

Y aquí termina la escena, y así conocemos que éste era el modo de vivir de nuestro ya conocido Pedro.

82. LA LISTA DE PELLEJO (50): EL HUEVO Y LAS BATATAS (78): PEDRO SE LLEVA EL RÍO (73): PEDRO SE LLEVA EL MONTE (74): PEDRO MATA A LA MADRE DEL GIGANTE (72).

(50) Muchos años atrás cuando los españoles comenzaron a poblar a Puerto Rico vino un español muy malo. Siempre colocaba a la gente, pero era con una condición, y esta condición era que tenía que trabajar hasta que cantara el cuco. Pero como el cuco nunca cantaba todos salían perdiendo. Y lo que perdían era una lista de pellejo. Al fin todos se enojaban y salían de la casa de este hombre con una lista menos de pellejo.

(78) Había otro pícaro que se llamaba Pedro de Urdemalas de lo malo que era y oyendo decir del mal amo dijo que con él no iba a hacer lo que había hecho con los otros. Vino a la casa del hombre y se alquiló con la misma condición que los otros. Por la mañana le pusieron para comer un huevo con dos batatas, pero él se comió el huevo y pidió otro para comérselo con las batatas. Y entonces se comió las batatas y pidió más para comer con el huevo. Y así que ya estuvo bien lleno se fué a hacer sus oficios.

(73) La mujer del hombre le mandó a buscar agua pero llegó la noche y viendo que no venía lo fueron a buscar y le preguntó el dueño que por qué había tardado, y Pedro le respondió que estaba haciendo una canal para llevar el agua a casa. Al dueño le dió coraje y entonces Pedro le dijo:— Si a usted le da coraje le arranco a usted una lista de pellejo. Y el hombre contestó:— No, no tengo coraje.

(74) Después lo mandaron a buscar leña pero viendo que no venía fueron a buscarlo y lo encontraron tumbando el bosque. Entonces el señor le dijo que por qué no le había llevado la leña y él le contestó que estaba tumbando el bosque para no tener que buscar más leña.

(72) Por la noche el marido le dijo a su mujer que Pedro le quemaba la paciencia que si no se le iba a arruinar y como el trato era hasta que cantaran los cucos, lo mejor que debía hacer ella era subirse a un palo y cantar como cuco. Ella así lo hizo pero Pedro que la oyó, dijo:— Cucu en este tiempo, — y cogiendo su escopeta, le tiró un tiro y mató a la mujer de su amo. Cuando el español lo supo no se pudo contener del coraje y Pedro fué el que le arrancó una lista de pellejo. El le tuvo que dar la mitad de su capital.

83. PEDRO Y LAS HIJAS DE SU AMO (79): PEDRO LOGRA MATAR A SU AMO (80): LA LISTA DE PELLEJO (50).

(79) Había una vez un señor que tenía tres hijas. Este señor estaba trabajando, y un día salió Pedro de Urdemalas a alquilarse con él. Ese señor estaba en la tala y le mandó a la casa a buscar tres azadas. Y entonces Pedro les dijo a las tres hijas de ese señor que lo quisieran,

y ellas le respondieron que no podía ser porque ellas eran señoritas recatadas. Entonces Pedro se asomó a la puerta y le gritó al señor que estaba en la tala que si eran todas tres señoritas y el señor le respondió que sí. Y al contestarle el padre de las muchachas que sí y al oírlo ellas, pues no pudieron menos que quererlo. Y viendo ese señor que Pedro de Urdemalas tardaba con las azadas se vino para su casa y halló lo que había hecho Pedro de Urdemalas con sus hijas. Pedro salió corriendo y se fué.

(80) Y en el camino se encontró con un cabro y lo cogió y lo mató y se echó las tripas del cabro dentro del seno. Y al pasar por donde estaban unas mujeres lavando se dió una puñalada al seno y dejó las tripas allí, y les dijo a las mujeres: — Díganle a ese hombre que viene detrás de mí que si quiere alcanzarme que haga lo que hice yo, que se tire una puñalada al seno y deje las tripas allí. Entonces Pedro de Urdemalas se fué corriendo cuando el hombre que llegaba adonde estaban las mujeres les preguntó si Pedro de Urdemalas había pasado por allí. Ellas le dijeron que sí y que si lo quería alcanzar que hiciese como él había hecho, que se tirara una puñalada al seno y dejara las tripas allí. Y entonces el hombre bruto lo hizo y quedó muerto.

(50) Y entonces Pedro de Urdemalas siguió su camino y al fin llegó a una casa donde vivía un gigante y se alquiló con él. Hicieron el trato que el primero que se enojara tenía que sacarse una lista de pellejo en seguida. El gigante lo mandó a buscar agua en una canasta y él se puso a agrandar el pozo. Ya iba a oscurecer y no venía con el agua, y al fin el gigante se fué a donde estaba y le preguntó lo que le había pasado que se tardaba tanto. Y Pedro de Urdemalas le dijo que él lo que quería hacer era llevarse el pozo a la casa para no tener que venir a buscar agua otra vez. Al gigante no le pareció bien esto pero no dijo nada. Y Pedro le preguntó que si se enojaba por eso. Y el gigante entonces dijo que sí, y Pedro le arrancó una lista de pellejo desde los pies hasta la cabeza.

84. PEDRO Y EL LEÓN (81).

Una vez había un matrimonio y tuvieron un hijo y le buscaron nombre y le dieron el nombre de Pedro de Urdemalas.

Fué creciendo y llegó al cuerpo de hombre y un día salió a dar un paseo a la montaña y allí se encontró con un león y le dijo: — Te voy a comer. Despidete del padre Dios, que te voy a comer. — No, no me comas — le dijo Pedro de Urdemalas, — antes de que me comas te voy a pedir un favor, y es que hagamos una apuesta para ver quien es más valiente. Y el león le dijo que sí. Y la apuesta consistía en hacer un boquete en un palo con el dedo.

Y entonces, Pedro de Urdemalas, como era más sabio, cogió y se fué por la noche y tomó un machete y le hizo un boquete al palo. Y

otro día fueron al palo el león y Pedro de Urdemalas. Y llegó el león y le dijo: — Pues dentre usted el dedo primero que yo. Y Pedro de Urdemalas metió el dedo en el boquete que había hecho el día antes. Y entonces el león fué a hacer el boquete en el palo y se le rompió el dedo y no le pudo dentrar al palo. Y entonces Pedro ganó la apuesta y el león no se lo comió. Y todo fué por la maña que dispuso Pedro. Entonces Pedro llegó y se fué con sus padres y el león se fué para las montañas.

Pedro salió otra vez y después llegó a la casa de un gigante y le hizo lo mismo porque era más sabio que ninguno de ellos.

Y llegó donde una cueva donde nadie entraba porque llegaban muchos leones y tigres. Y como ya había llegado el tiempo que estaba ya barbudo sus padres salieron para ver donde estaba su hijo Pedro. Y cuando lo llegaron a ver todos se contentaron mucho porque ya hacía mucho tiempo que no se veían. Y vieron a Pedro que llevaba por allí en la cueva un cordero y un plato y una cuchara. Y cuando se fueron a venir los padres Pedro se entristeció lo más mucho y por no ver donde estaban sus padres se cogió y se traspasó para otra cueva, donde no podía salir a buscar comida porque también había muchos leones y tigres. Y al fin salió de allí y pasó por un bosque y se vino para donde sus padres y se quedó con ellos. Y ya ellos estaban ancianos. Y después faltó Pedro y se quedaron los dos viejos solos.

85. PEDRO SE COME LAS PAJARILLAS DEL CABRO (82).

Era Cristo y llevaba cuatro, y uno de los cuatro era Pedro de Urdemalas. Y le dijo Cristo a Pedro: — Pedro, tú te quedarás para que hagas el almuerzo para mí y mis otros discípulos, y yo lo que te encargo es que de todos los cabros uno es para mí, y es lo que yo quiero. Tú cogerás el cabro mejor que haya, el más gordo. Por este camino derecho nos seguirás después que esté el almuerzo.

Y cuando vino Pedro con el almuerzo Cristo le dijo: — Yo no quiero mi almuerzo con él de los discípulos. Y como no lo quiso el almuerzo no le pidió la pajarilla del cabro. Y le dijo a Pedro: — Mañana se van ustedes y matan el cabro y me dan la pajarilla, que no quiero más comida. Entonces Pedro le trajo el cabro, pero él se había comido la pajarilla. Y el Señor le preguntó: — ¿Y qué hiciste con la pajarilla? — Pues Señor, no tenía pajarilla. — Pues mañana lo matas tú y me traes la pajarilla. — Todos los cabros que están en la montaña no tienen pajarilla. Y era porque Pedro siempre se comía la pajarilla.

Y entonces dijo el Señor: — Pondré cuatro montones de dinero y este dinero es para el que me diga quien se come las pajarillas de los cabros. Y entonces Pedro siguió trayendo los cabros al Señor y no se comía las pajarillas. Pero el Señor no le dió el dinero, porque solamente quería saber quien era el que se comía las pajarillas. Y

entonces, Pedro desde ese día para acá siguió trayéndole las pajarillas todos los días.

Y siguieron andando por unos bosques y al fin llegaron a donde estaba rezando un vecino y Pedro le dijo al Señor: — Señor, ¿porqué no entra a rezar? Y el Señor le respondió: — Porque esos están rezando y están pensando en lo que van a robar. Y al cabo de un rato llegaron y el señor de la casa saludó a Jesús y a sus discípulos y los convidó a subir, pero él le dijo que iba de paso.

Entonces se quedó en la escalera y allí se apareció una gallina de un vecino. Y el hombre salió y le dijo a su mujer: — Mujer, mira la gallina que se nos ha aparecido. Y la mujer le dijo al Señor: — Déme unos granitos de maíz para amarrarla. Y el Señor le dijo que esa gallina no era de ella.

Y entonces se levantó y entró Pedro de Urdemalas, y le porfiaba al Señor y le decía: — Esa será una gallina que se le ha desaparecido y quizá tiene hambre. Y el Señor le dijo que se callara, y le dijo: — Ahora voy a arreglar a todos los hambrientos que andan por el mundo. Y dejó Jesucristo a los discípulos cinco días sin comer ni beber para saber lo que llevaba Pedro de Urdemalas, porque maliciaba que llevaba algo. Y Jesús era él de adelante y Pedro era él de atrás. Y Pedro de Urdemalas cogía de las piñas maduras y se las escondía a Jesús y se las comía.

(*Version a.*)

Pues, señor, había una vez un hombre muy travieso que se llamaba Pedro de Urdemalas. Una vez fué a alquilarse a casa del cura. El cura lo aquiló por dos pesos. Todos los días rompía algo en la casa del cura y nunca cogía un centavo. Después de estar dos años en esa casa, le dijo al cura que tenía ganas de salirse, porque estaba cansado de trabajar, y tenía que descansar.

El cura le dijo que si se quería salir del alquiler que se saliera pero lo sentía mucho. Pedro le dijo al cura que le sacara la cuenta. El cura le dijo que no le quedaban más que tres centavos. El señor Pedro, al oír esta respuesta del cura se asustó, porque después de haber trabajado tres años no le quedaban más que tres centavos. El señor Pedro dijo que tenía que comerse aquellos centavos donde no hubiera mimes y moscas. Los compró de morcillas, pan y otros friquitines. Se fué andando por un camino. Anda, anda y anda hasta que llegó a un sitio aislado y se sentó. Pero no hizo nada más que sentarse y en seguida se le llenó lo que comía de moscas y mimes.

Le dió un coraje tan grande que se puso a echar maldiciones. Siguió andando y donde fué Pedro cogió lo que comía y botó la mitad. Una vez que él estaba cansado de andar y ya tenía hambre dijo que se iba a sentar a comer. Se le presentó un viejo y le dijo que le diera que comer porque tenía hambre.

Entonces el viejito no se fué. El viejo era Dios. Una vez encontró un puerco y el viejo le dijo: — Ve a coger ese lechón para comérselo. Pedro le dijo: — Miren a este viejo que se está creyendo que yo soy pícaro. Ve tú si quieres. Yo voy a buscar candela. Entonces el viejo fué y cogió el lechón y Pedro buscó la candela. Pero antes de irse, el viejo le dijo que él quería el corazón del puerco. Pero en lo que el viejo fué a buscar leña, él mató el puerco y se comió el corazón. Cuando el viejo vino, Pedro le dijo que el puerco no tenía corazón. Pero el viejo le dijo que tenía pero que estaba bien.

86. PEDRO SE COME LAS PAJARILLAS DEL CABRO (82): LA MUERTE EN EL ÁRBOL (83).

(82) Había una vez un hombre llamado Pedro Animala y salió por un camino a dar un paseo. Después de poco andar se encontró con dos hombres y estos dos hombres eran San Pedro y San José, y él no los conocía. San José y San Pedro le dijeron a Pedro Animala si se quería ir con ellos. Y Pedro Animala se fué, pero cuando iban de viaje los cogió un aguacero y se metieron en una casa. Pedro Animala se metió en el lado que estaba cubierto y San José y San Pedro tuvieron que meterse en el lado que estaba descubijado. Y al terminar la lluvia Pedro Animala miró a San José y a San Pedro y como los vió secos y él estaba poco mojado habiendo estado en la parte cubierta se puso a echar maldiciones, pero San José y San Pedro vieron que era ignorante y le dijeron que se callara, y que eso le pasaba por ser tan egoísta.

Después ellos siguieron su camino y llegaron a una casa en donde vivían los dos santos en el tiempo que vivían en la tierra. Y cuando estaban allí le dijo San Pedro a Pedro Animala un día que le matara un cabro negro y le llevara la asadura porque iban a dar un paseo. Pedro Animala mató el cabro, frió la asadura y se la comió. Cuando volvieron los santos traían un bollo de pan muy pequeñito, y Pedro Animala estaba enojado porque decía que aquel pan no daba para nada. Pero los santos no hacían caso de lo que Pedro Animala decía. Lo llamaron para que comiera y al mismo tiempo le pidió San Pedro la asadura. Pedro Animala respondió que ningún cabro negro tenía asadura, pero los santos no le dijeron nada y se pusieron a comer. Y Pedro Animala no pudo terminar de tanto que había. Ni tampoco pudo terminar el pan que tan pequeño le había parecido. Los santos le dijeron a Pedro Animala que comía más con los ojos que con la boca y él les dijo que era verdad.

Un día San José se puso a contar un dinero que tenía. Hizo cuatro montones y Pedro, como era tan grosero, le tiró los montones porque dijo que no eran más de tres. Y entonces San Pedro hizo cuatro montones; uno para San Pedro, otro para San José, otro para Pedro

Animala y otro para el que se había comido la asadura del cabro. Pedro dijo que se la dieran a él, que como tenía hambre se la había comido.

Entonces San José y San Pedro le dijeron a Pedro Animala que si se quería ir con ellos para el cielo y que moriría santo. Y Pedro Animala les dijo que no. Y entonces le dijeron a Pedro que les pidiera algo. Y Pedro Animala les dijo que le dieran un saco que todo lo que él quisiera cayera en el saco. También les dijo que le dieran una baraja que todo lo que él ganara fuera para él. Y también les pidió un tiple que cuando él lo tocara todos salieran bailando. Los santos le dijeron que eso no podía ser, y entonces Pedro Animala les dijo que no le dieran nada. Pero ellos le concedieron lo que les pidió. Y entonces los santos se fueron para el cielo y Pedro Animala se quedó en la tierra.

(83) San Pedro después de mucho tiempo mandó a la muerte para que se llevara a Pedro Animala. Y cuando la muerte venía lo más contenta Pedro Animala le dijo que no viniera con changuerías si no quería que la echara en el saco. Y la echó en el saco y la amarró bien. A los siete años juntó muchos muchachos y con piedras comenzaron a tirarle a la muerte y todita la mataron.

Entonces mandaron al diablo para que fuera a buscar a Pedro. El diablo llegó, brincando lo más contento. Y Pedro le dijo que si como había venido tan contento y que por eso lo iba a echar en el saco. Y en seguida lo echó en el saco y lo amarró bien lo mismo que a la muerte. Y entonces San Pedro mandó que lo llevaran al purgatorio. Lo llevaron y cuando él vió a las ánimas comenzó a tocar el tiple y ellas comenzaron a bailar. Entonces San Pedro mandó por él y lo dejó por el mundo porque no sabía que hacer con él.

Al mucho tiempo que Pedro Animala estaba ya cansado de vivir en el mundo repartió todo el dinero que tenía y se fué para el cielo. En el cielo no lo querían recibir y él tomó el saco y todo lo que tenía y lo tiró en el medio de la sala. San Pedro lo puso debajo de la mesa, y Pedro Animala comenzó a pelliscarle las piernas a San Pedro. Y al fin, como no lo dejaba hacer nada le puso una piedra de candela y la puso en la puerta de subir, y allí pellisca a todos los que pasan.

87. LA MUERTE EN EL ÁRBOL (83): LA MUERTE EN LA DAMAJUANA (84).

(83) Pedro Malo era un hombre a quien le gustaba mucho hacer maldades; ya la gente no lo podía soportar, hasta que un día vino la muerte a buscarlo y él estaba lo más contento para irse con la muerte, pero le dijo que tenía primero que irle a buscar un pájaro que tenía en un árbol cerca de su casa. Resultó que él tenía el árbol embreado y cuando la muerte fué a subir al árbol se quedó pegada; él la dejó pegada al árbol por un largo tiempo hasta que pudo despegarse y fué a donde estaba el Señor sin Pedro Malo y tuvo que volver a buscarlo.

(84) El estaba decidido a irse, pero que primero tenía que lavarle una damajuana y cuando ella se metió dentro de la damajuana, le puso un tapón y la tapó. Cogió la damajuana, la puso en el cogollo de una palma; ésta tenía muchos cocos y un día vino un coquero a tumbar los cocos, se encontró con la damajuana y se volvió loco de alegría creyendo que era su felicidad; que estaba llena de dinero. Quiso destaparla y cuando la destapó salió la muerte y creyendo que era Pedro Malo lo cogió por el pelo y lo llevó al cielo. Resultó que no era él y tuvo que venir a ponerlo de donde lo había cogido.

Estaba tan asustado y era tanto el miedo que tenía el hombre, que cuando lo puso en los pimpollos de la palma, quiso bajarla tan ligero, que cuando iba bajando se cayó y se mató. Donde él creyó haber encontrado su felicidad encontró la muerte.

88. LA OLLA QUE CALIENTA EL AGUA SIN FUEGO (39): EL SOMBRERO MARAVILLOSO (85): EL COMPADRE TRATA DE MATARLO (86).

(39) María Niquitalia se casó con un hermano de Pedro de Urde-malas. Este hermano era un hombre muy rico y era su compadre de Pedro.

Un día se puso Pedro a hacer una tala en la orilla del camino, y puso un caldero a hacer una sopa por donde el hermano su compadre tenía que pasar. Y no tenía nada lumbré. Y el hermano le preguntó: — ¿Cómo es que puede usted hacer esto? Y Pedro que había botado los tizones y las cenizas y todo cuando vió venir al compadre le respondió: — Compadre, ésta es mi felicidad. Este caldero puede cocer la comida sin lumbré ni nada. Y el compadre en seguida le compró el caldero por dos mil pesos.

(85) Pues entonces Pedro tomó sus dos mil pesos y se fué para el pueblo y puso trescientos pesos en tres partes, y después se vino y le dijo al hermano: — Compadre, mañana vamos al pueblo. Vamos a hacer unas compras para surtir una tienda. Y éste le dijo: — Sí, vamos. Y él llegó y se llevó al compadre y se despachó de los trescientos pesos que había dejado en cada parte y se despachó de todo.

Y cuando llegaron a las tiendas le preguntó a uno, cambiándose el sombrero: — ¿Qué debo por este pico? Y le dijo el dueño de la tienda: — No debe nada. Y así hizo en los tres comercios. Y el compadre lleno de admiración le dijo: — ¿Qué es eso que no le cobran nada? Y él le dijo que era su sombrero que dondequiera que iba hacía así y nada le cobraban. Pues tantas eran las majaderías que tuvo que venderle el sombrero al compadre.

(86) Y entonces el hermano se fué con la mujer y le dijo: — Ahora sí tenemos la felicidad. Y al otro día se fué con unas cuantas bestias para el pueblo y todo lo que compró lo tuvo que pagar y se vino injuriado para matar al compadre.



Pero ya Pedro había comprado una cabra con una pichona y dejó la pichona amarrada y le dijo a la mujer: — Cuando mi compadre esté aquí mandas la cabrita adonde mí para yo salir cuando él esté aquí.

Cuando el compadre llegó ella lo mandó a subir y él le dijo que no, que solamente venía a buscar a su compadre. Y entonces ella le dijo: — Súbase, que ahora voy a mandar a buscarlo. Y arrancó carrera con la cabrita en las manos, y vino a saludar al compadre y le dijo: — Compadre, yo vengo a matarlo. Pero lo dejó al ver eso.

89. EL SOMBRERO MARAVILLOSO (85).

(85) Una vez estaba Pedro deseoso de obtener dinero y se valió de una de sus tretas. Se encontró a tres dueños de tiendas y depositó en cada tienda cien pesos y les dijo que cuando él viniera con un sombrero de tres picos y les doblara un pico le dieran los cien pesos.

Se fué Pedro y a poco se encontró con un hombre en el camino. Y el dijo que él tenía un sombrero de tres picos y con él iba a cualquier casa de comercio y le doblaba un pico al sombrero y luego le daban cien pesos, y nunca le cobraban nada.

Entonces el hombre le dijo que quería ver la suerte esa. Y se fueron entonces a las tiendas donde Pedro tenía depositados los trescientos pesos. Al llegar los dos hombres a la tienda seguido Pedro le dobló una punta al sombrero y seguido le dieron los cien pesos. Y después se fueron a las otras dos tiendas y allí hizo lo mismo.

El hombre se quedó con ganas de comprar el sombrero, y al poco tiempo le dijo a Pedro: — Véndamelo que yo se lo pago bien. Pedro no quiso esperar muchas súplicas y dijo que sí. — ¿Cuánto quiere usted por él? — Dos mil pesos. — No, es mucho. Le doy mil. — Cójalo; pero no se lo debía de vender.

Y entonces Pedro cogió sus mil pesos y se fué corriendo lejos de aquel pueblo. Un día el hombre cogió su sombrero y se fué a una tienda y le dobló la punta del sombrero pero nada que le dieron. Y fué a muchas tiendas y en todas le pasó lo mismo. No le dieron nada. Después pensó un rato y al fin se convenció que aquél era Pedro Animala, y cogió el sombrero y lo tiró hecho pedazos, y dijo: — Si yo cogiera a Pedro lo mataba.

90. EL PITO QUE RESUCITA (40): PEDRO LOGRA MATAR A SU AMO (80).

(40) Una vez se encontró Pedro de Urdemalas en necesidad de dinero y le dijo a la mujer que él tenía un tiple y que con ese tiple él podía hacer dinero, haciéndose ella la muerta, y que cuando él tocara y le mandara hacer cualquier movimiento que lo hiciera. En seguida la mujer se hizo la muerta. Pedro la amortajó. Y en seguida vino el compadre de Pedro para ver a la muerta. El compadre vió que

Pedro estaba sin pena ninguna y le dijo que si como era que estando su mujer muerta no tenía pena ninguna. Y entonces Pedro le dijo:—Compadre, yo tengo aquí mi instrumento de resucitar a los muertos y ya usted verá como yo la resucito ahora mismo. Entonces cogió el tiple y le tocó a la mujer. Después de tocar un rato le dijo a la muerta:—Mueve una pierna. Y en seguida la muerta movió una pierna. Entonces de la misma manera le mandó que moviera la otra pierna, y la muerta la movió también. Y siguió Pedro tocando y mandándole a la mujer que moviera los brazos, la cabeza, y todo hacía la mujer. Después el hombre le dijo a la mujer:—Párate. Y ella dió un brinco y cayó parada.

Entonces Pedro le dijo a su compadre:—Ya ve, compadre, que lo que le dije es verdad. Y el compadre le dijo:—Compadre, véndame el tiple. Y Pedro le respondió:—No, compadre, porque ésta es la suerte mía. Y la mujer dijo también que no.—Pues, compadre, le doy dos mil pesos por él. Entonces Pedro se habló con la mujer y después le dijo a su compadre:—Compadre, si usted viene y nos resucita cada vez que uno de nosotros nos muéramos le vendo el tiple. Le dió los dos mil pesos, y se fué a su casa con el tiple.

Llegó y le dijo a la mujer que tenía un tiple que resucitaba a los muertos. Y le dijo la mujer que ella ni creía eso. Y entonces el marido cogió un palo y le dió hasta que la dejó muerta y cayó al suelo. El hombre cogió en seguida el tiple y lo tocó y le dijo a la mujer:—Mueve una pierna. Y la mujer no se movía. Y siguió tocando el tiple y mandándole a la mujer que se moviera pero no se movía. El pobre se volvió loco, pues como quería mucho a la mujer y veía que no resucitaba se decidió matar a Pedro. Y cogió un puñal y se fué a matar a Pedro de Urdemalas.

(80) Ya Pedro lo sabía y cogió y mató un cabro y le sacó el cuero y se aforró de la cintura para arriba y se echó las tripas del cabro y arrancó a correr y el compadre detrás. Y cuando iba corriendo pasó por una quebrada y allí estaba una mujer lavando, y le dijo:—Por aquí va a pasar un hombre que viene detrás de mí para matarme, y dígame que si me quiere alcanzar que se pegue una puñalada y deje las tripas aquí como yo, y que en seguida me alcanzará. Y cogió el puñal y se dió una fuerte puñalada y dejó allí las tripas. Pero éstas eran las tripas del cabro. Y siguió corriendo.

Cuando pasó el compadre y le preguntó a la mujer que estaba lavando si había visto pasar por allí a Pedro de Urdemalas, ella le dijo que sí, y que si lo quería alcanzar que hiciera como él, que se había dado una puñalada y había dejado allí las tripas para correr mucho. Y la mujer le enseñó las tripas del cabro que creía que eran las de Pedro de Urdemalas. Y el hombre sacó un puñal y se dió también una puñalada y se le salieron las tripas y cayó muerto. Y Pedro se volvió para su casa, riéndose.

INDEX TO INCIDENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>(1) Juan manda la cerda a misa, 34 : 146-150, 154, 172, 173, 184-187, 190, 207; 35 : 26, 34.</p> <p>(2) Juan mata a su hermano, 34 : 146-150, 154, 162, 171-173, 184, 185, 187, 190, 207; 35 : 26, 34.</p> <p>(3) Juan mata los pollos, 34 : 146, 147, 149, 150, 154, 184-186, 207; 35 : 34.</p> <p>(4) Juan mata la vaca, 34 : 146, 147, 150; 35 : 26.</p> <p>(5) Juan vende la vaca al santo, 34 : 152.</p> <p>(6) Juan vende la carne a las moscas, 34 : 147, 150-155, 181, 193; 35 : 26-27.</p> <p>(7) Juan echa una aguja dentro de una canasta, 34 : 156, 157, 187, 193.</p> <p>(8) Juan echa a su hermano a los animales, 34 : 156.</p> <p>(9) Juan echa una carrera con la olla, 34 : 156, 157, 187.</p> <p>(10) Juan va a las bodas de su hermano, 34 : 157, 180, 205, 206.</p> <p>(11) Juan vende un pavo, 34 : 157-159, 170, 173, 180.</p> <p>(12) Juan calienta a su abuelita, 34 : 159, 160.</p> <p>(13) Juan pierde su dinero, 34 : 161.</p> <p>(14) Juan y el cura, 34 : 161.</p> <p>(15) Juan en la casa de los bandidos, 34 : 162.</p> <p>(16) Juan se limpia con un trapo del fogón, 34 : 162.</p> <p>(17) Juan entierra los rabos de los cerdos, 34 : 162, 172.</p> <p>(18) La hija coja del rey, 34 : 163.</p> <p>(19) Juan hace reír a la hija del rey, 34 : 163.</p> <p>(20) La gallina que tenía sólo una pata, 34 : 164.</p> | <p>(21) ¿ Cuanto cuesta el burro? 34 : 164.</p> <p>(22) El muñeco de brea, 34 : 164.</p> <p>(23) Juan y los quesos, 34 : 165.</p> <p>(24) El pajarito virtuoso, 34 : 165; 35 : 21, 47, 49.</p> <p>(25) Cuando Juan se casó, 34 : 166.</p> <p>(26) Juan se va a misa, 34 : 166, 167.</p> <p>(27) Patelin, 34 : 168.</p> <p>(28) Huevos de yeguas, 34 : 168.</p> <p>(29) Juan regresa con el perro, 34 : 168, 169; 35 : 45-47, 49.</p> <p>(30) Juan lleva una carta al diablo, 34 : 169.</p> <p>(31) Juan (Pedro) no quiere casarse con la hija del rey, 34 : 170, 171, 184; 35 : 36-42.</p> <p>(32) Juan tira piedras en vez de quesos, 34 : 170.</p> <p>(33) Juan corta matas de plátano y las patas de los novillos, 34 : 172; 35 : 47.</p> <p>(34) Juan mata a una vieja, 34 : 172, 173.</p> <p>(35) Juan, la mujer y su cortejo, 34 : 173.</p> <p>(36) El pájaro adivino, 34 : 174.</p> <p>(37) Juan se cae de un palo, y se muere cuando el burro meneas la cola, 34 : 174-176.</p> <p>(38) El conejo que llama a su amo, 34 : 176.</p> <p>(39) La olla que calienta el agua sin fuego, 34 : 176, 177, 179; 35 : 21, 35-36, 37, 57.</p> <p>(40) El pito que resucita, 34 : 176, 178; 35 : 36, 37, 58-59.</p> <p>(41) Juan siembra clavos, 34 : 179.</p> <p>(42) Pedro tira a su hermano dentro de un pozo, 34 : 179.</p> <p>(43) Juan manda dinero con el viento, 34 : 180.</p> <p>(44) Le pagan por un muerto, 34 : 147, 180-182; 35 : 40-41.</p> |
|---|--|

- (45) Juan vende centavos, 34 : 183.
 (46) Juan riega el maíz después de cortalo, 34 : 184.
 (47) Juan sujetando el mundo, 34 : 184; 35 : 43.
 (48) Juan ahoga a su hermano, 34 : 184.
 (49) Juan vende la carne a yo, 34 : 185.
 (50) La lista de pellejo, 34 : 186; 35 : 44-47, 49-52.
 (51) Juan y la princesa, 34 : 187.
 (52) Juan se echa en la cabeza burro y leña, 34 : 187.
 (53) "Medio almud," 34 : 188-190.
 (54) Juan hace hablar a la princesa, 34 : 191.
 (55) El lunar de la princesa, 34 : 192-197; 35 : 26.
 (56) Juan y los ladrones, 34 : 198-201.
 (57) Juan y los bandidos, 34 : 201-204.
 (58) Juan y los bandidos bajo del árbol, 34 : 160, 204-207.
 (59) Juan (Pedro) y los objetos mágicos, 35 : 2-7, 43-44.
 (60) Braulio el tonto y el enano del pozo, 35 : 7-8.
 (61) Juan y la princesa son echados al mar, 35 : 8-14.
 (62) Juan se compadece de un perro, un gato y una culebra, 35 : 14-17.
 (63) Los animales ayudan a Juan, 35 : 17-18.
 (64) El gusano ayuda a Juan, 35 : 18-19.
 (65) Juan arregla el asunto de los cabros, 35 : 18-19.
 (66) El traje de piel de piojo, 35 : 19-21.
 (67) El doctor todolosabe, 35 : 21-22.
 (68) El ramo de todas las flores, 35 : 22-23.
 (69) Los animales agradecidos, y las adivinanzas de Juan, 35 : 23-25.
 (70) Las adivinanzas de Juan, 35 : 26-35.
 (71) Juan (Pedro) vende el cuero de la vaca, 34 : 171; 35 : 39.
 (72) Pedro mata a la madre del gigante, 35 : 47-48, 51.
 (73) Pedro se lleva el río, 35 : 47-48, 50, 51.
 (74) Pedro se lleva el monte, 35 : 47-48, 50, 51.
 (75) Pedro mete el dedo en el palo, 35 : 47-48, 50.
 (76) El gigante trata de matarlo en el catre, 35 : 40, 42-43, 47-49.
 (77) Pedro y el gigante tiran piedras mar afuera, 35 : 47, 49-50.
 (78) El huevo y las batatas, 35 : 51.
 (79) Pedro y las hijas de su amo, 35 : 51-52.
 (80) Pedro logra matar a su amo, 35 : 51-52, 58-59.
 (81) Pedro y el león, 35 : 52-53.
 (82) Pedro se come las pajarillas del cabro, 35 : 53-56.
 (83) La muerte en el árbol, 35 : 55-56.
 (84) La muerte en la damajuana, 35 : 56-57.
 (85) El sombrero maravilloso, 35 : 57-58.
 (86) El compadre trata de matarlo, 35 : 57-58.

TALES OF SPANISH PROVENIENCE FROM ZUÑI.

BY FRANZ BOAS.¹

I. THE HOPI BOY AND THE SUN.

A POOR Hopi boy lived with his mother's mother. The people maltreated him, and threw ashes and sweepings into the house in which they lived. They were very unhappy. One day the boy asked his grandmother, "Who is my father?" His grandmother replied, "My poor boy, I do not know who your father is." — "I want to find my father, because all the people treat me so badly. We cannot continue to live in this place." Then his grandmother said, "Come, grandchild! you must go and see the Sun: he knows who your father is."

On the following morning the boy made a prayer-stick and went out. Many young men were sitting on the roof of the *kiwa*. When they saw him going by, they said, "See where that little boy is going!" One of them remarked, "Don't make fun of him! I believe the poor little boy has supernatural power."

The boy took some sacred meal made of corn-meal, pounded turquoise, coral, and shell, and threw it up. When he looked up, he saw that the meal formed a trail which led upwards. He climbed up; but when he was half way up, the trail gave out. Then he threw more of the sacred meal upwards, and a new trail was formed. After he had done so twelve times, he came to the Sun. But the Sun was so hot, that he was unable to approach him. Then he put new prayer-sticks into the hair at the back of his head, and the shadow of their plumes protected him against the heat of the Sun.

He asked the Sun, "Who is my father?" — "I only know children who are conceived in the day-time, for all children conceived in the day-time belong to me."

Then the boy gave to the Sun a prayer-stick, and turned to go back. He fell down from the sky, and landed in the Hopi village.

On the following day he went westward; and when he came to Holbrook, he saw a cottonwood-tree. He chopped it down, and cut off a piece of the trunk of his own length. He hollowed it out, and made a cover at each end. Then he went home. There he took some sweet corn-meal and prayer-sticks. He carried them to his box and entered it. Then he closed the door. He had a small hole

¹ Collected in Zuñi, 1920, from "Nick."

in the door through which he could peep out. Then he lowered the box into the river and drifted down.

He drifted for four days and four nights, and finally the box drifted ashore at the place where the two rivers join. He felt the box striking the shore, and tried to get out; but he was unable to open the door. Then he took the plug out of his peep-hole and looked out. It was about the middle of the forenoon. All his efforts to open the box were in vain, and he thought he would have to die inside.

In the afternoon a Rattlesnake-Girl came down to the river. When she discovered the box, she took off her mask and looked into it. She asked the boy, "What are you doing here?" The boy replied, "Open the door! I cannot get out." The girl asked, "How can I open it?" — "Take a stone and break the door."

Then the girl broke the door with a stone, and the boy came out. The girl said, "Let us go to my house!" She took him along; and when they entered, he saw many people inside, — young men, girls, and old people. They were all rattlesnakes. They asked him, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I want to find my father." The girl replied, "I will go with you; you cannot go alone."

She made a small tent of rattlesnake-skins. She carried it down to the river, and then entered it. Then they travelled in the tent for four days and four nights. Finally they reached the ocean. There they saw a meteor, which fell into the sea and entered the house of the Sun. They asked the meteor to take them along, and in this way they reached the Sun's house.

When they entered, they saw an old woman who was working on turquoise, coral, and white shell. When she saw them, she fainted. She was the Moon, the mother of the Sun. After a little while she awoke; and the boy asked, "Where is my father?" The Moon replied, "He has gone out, but he will soon be home."

In the evening the Sun came home, and the old woman gave him venison and wafer-bread to eat. After he had eaten, he asked the boy, "What do you want here?" The boy replied, "I want to know my father." The Sun replied, "I am the father of the whole world. I think you are my son. When I go into the other world, you shall accompany me." Early in the morning he said, "Let us go!" He opened the door in the ground, and they went out. He sat down on a stool of crystal. He took a fox-skin and held it up. Then daylight appeared. After a little while he let the fox-skin down, and took the tail-feathers of the macaw and held them up. Then the yellow rays of sunrise appeared. After some time he let them down, and said to the boy, "Now let us go!" He sat down on his stool, and made the boy sit down behind. Then they went out into another world.¹

¹ The narrator said it was probably China. From here on until the return of the boy the story is based on Old-World elements.

After they had travelled for some time, they saw people with long ears (*Lacokti ianenakwe*). When they went to sleep, they covered themselves with their ears as with blankets. The Sun said to the boy, "Look at those people! When the droppings of bluebirds fall on them, they die." The boy said, "How is that possible? How can people be killed that way? Let me kill the birds!" The Sun said, "Go ahead! I shall wait for you." Then the boy jumped down, took a small cedar-stick, and killed the bluebirds. Then he made a fire and roasted and ate them. The people shouted, "Look at this boy! He is eating Navahoes!" — "No," said the boy, "these are not Navahoes, they are birds." Then he went back to the Sun.

They went on. About noon they came to another town. The Sun said to the boy, "Look! here the Apache are coming to make war on the people." The boy saw a whirlwind moving along; and when wheat-straw was blown against the legs of the people, they fell down dead. The Hopi boy said, "How can people be killed by wheat-straw? Let me go down and tear it up." The Sun said, "I shall wait for you." The boy jumped down, gathered the wheat-straw, and tore it up. The people said, "Behold this boy, how he is killing the Apache!" The boy replied, "These are not Apache. That is wheat-straw." Then he went back to the Sun.

They came to another town. There he saw people with very long hair reaching down to the ankles of their feet. They had a large pot in which thin mush was being cooked, and onions were tied to its handles. The mush was boiling over; and when it hit a person, he died. The Sun said, "Look at the Jicarilla Apache, how they kill the people!" — "No," said the boy, "these are not Jicarilla Apache. It is mush. I will go down and eat it." The Sun said, "Go! I shall wait for you." Then the boy jumped down. He dipped the mush out of the pot, took the onions from the handles to which they were tied, and ate the mush with the onions. The people said, "Behold, how this boy eats the brains, hands, and feet of the Jicarilla Apache!" The boy said, "These are not Jicarilla Apache! It is corn-mush. Come and eat with me!" — "No," they said, "we are no cannibals. We do not eat Apache warriors." Then the boy went back to the Sun, and they went on.

Finally they came to the house of the Sun in the east. There the sister of the Sun waited for them, and she gave them venison-stew for supper. After they had eaten, the Sun said to his sister, "Wash my son's head." She took a large dish, put water into it, and yuccasuds; she washed his head and his body, and gave him new clothing, the same kind as the Sun was wearing, — buckskin trousers, blue moccasins, blue bands of yarn to be tied under the knees, a white sash and a belt(?) of fox-skin,¹ turquoise and shell ear-rings, a white shirt,

¹ More probably a pendant.

silver arm-rings, bead bracelets, and a bead necklace. She put macaw-feathers in his hair, and a sacred blanket (*mtha*) over his shoulder, and she gave him a quiver of mountain-lion skin.

Then the Sun said to him, "Go ahead! I am going to follow you." Then the boy went ahead. He took the fox-skin, held it up, and the dawn of day appeared. Then he put it down and raised the macaw-feathers. He held them up with the palms of his hands stretched out forward, and the yellow rays of sunrise appeared. Then he dropped his hands and went on into the upper world. When he came up, the people of Laguna, Isleta, and the other eastern pueblos, looked eastward and sprinkled sacred meal. The Sun said, "Look at the trails (the life) of the people! Some of them are short, others are long. Look at this one! He is near the end of his trail; he is going to die soon." Then the boy saw an Apache coming, and within a short time he killed the man whose trail had appeared so short. He saw everything that was happening to the people. The boy said to the Sun, "Let me go and help the people!"

Then he jumped down and went to the place where the Laguna people were fighting against the Apache. He told the people to wet their arrow-points with saliva, and to hold them up to the Sun, who would then help them. He killed ten of the warriors. Then the boy went back to the Sun.

They went on, and saw a number of Navahoes who were going to make war upon the Zuñi. He killed them. Then he saw his own people, the Hopi.

A Mexican was playing with his wife. When the Sun saw them, he threw the Mexican aside, and cohabited with the woman. He said to the boy, "I do not need a wife, for all the women on earth belong to me. If a couple cohabit during the day-time, I interfere as I did here. I am the father of all the children that are conceived in the day-time."

In the evening the Sun entered his house in the west. The boy wanted to go back to his own people. Then the Sun's mother made a trail of sacred flour, and the boy and the Rattlesnake-Woman went back eastward over it. At noon he came to the house of the Rattlesnakes. The Rattlesnake-Woman who accompanied him said, "I want to see my father and my mother. After that let us go on!" They entered the house, and she told her relatives that the Hopi boy was her husband. Then they went on.

In the evening they arrived in Hopi. There the boy went to his grandmother. An old chief said, "Behold, a handsome man is going into the house of these poor people!" He invited him to come into the chief's house. The boy, however, replied, "No, I am going into this house." The war-chief said, "We do not want you to enter this



dirty house." Then the boy replied, "Tell your people to clean the house. It is mine. When all of you treated me badly, I went up to the Sun, and he helped me."

On the following evening the chief called a council. The boy went there and told all that had happened to him. He said to them, "You shall teach the people how to act rightly. The Sun told me to instruct you to forbid all bad actions." The people accepted his instructions. They went to clean his house, and all worked for him. The boy gave peaches, melons, and wafer-bread to the poor. Every evening after sunset he gave them to eat. The women would come with their dishes, and he gave them venison-stew and peaches. He said to the chief, "I teach the people how to act. Even if you are my enemy, I must show you how to act rightly."

After some time, twin children were born to his wife, — a boy and a girl. They had the shape of rattlesnakes. The youth's sister used to carry them on her back. When any children saw them and kissed them, the rattlesnakes would bite them, and the children died.

2. THE SOLD CHILD.¹

A poor Mexican lived in Los Lunas. Every day he went out to chop wood; and when he came home, his little dog would come out of the house to meet him. One day he went down to the river. There a catfish spoke to him, and said, "What are you doing?" He replied, "I am cutting wood." The catfish said, "When you go home, you must give me the first thing that meets you."² The Mexican thought that, as usual, the dog would meet him, and promised the catfish to bring him. He turned to go home; and when he approached his house, his little son came out to meet him. The man began to cry, and said, "I must sell you to the catfish. I promised to take you there." He then took his own son and sold him to the catfish for a thousand dollars. The fish took the boy, and they lived together in the water.

The boy grew up. He had no clothing. The fish owned an orchard under water, in which apples, grapes, and peaches were growing.

When the boy was grown up, he travelled up the river under water, and went as far as Albuquerque. There he saw an Antelope-Girl coming down to the water. The catfish said to the boy, "Catch that antelope!" He went out of the water and followed the Antelope-Girl. She ran up the mountain, and he pursued her. The antelope was always a little ahead of him. He followed her the whole day long, and was led far to the north. Finally he came to a prairie. The antelope ran ahead over a low hill, and disappeared from his view.

¹ Heard by my informant from a Mexican in Galup in 1892.

² See Bolte und Polivka, 2 : 318, 516.

When he came to the top of the hill, he saw a large white house. The boy thought, "I have lost the antelope; I think I will stay here over night. I must have something to eat." He entered the house, which was entirely deserted. However, a fire was burning in the fireplace, and the table was set. He saw tobacco and corn-leaves on the table, and he made a cigarette and smoked it. Then he sat down at the table, on which he found chili with meat, beans, biscuit, and eggs. He did not know who had brought the food. After he had eaten, he sat down next to the fireplace; and when he looked back, the dishes had been taken away, although he did not see any one coming or going. When night came, he became tired. He went into another room, and he found a bed ready made. He went to bed and went to sleep. About midnight he awoke, and he noticed that a woman was next to him. He spoke to her, and asked, "How do you come here?" She replied, "I live here. I want to marry you. Ask your parents and your sisters and your brothers whether they will agree. For four nights you may not see me.¹ To-morrow morning you will not find me."

The youth asked, "Who is my father?" The woman replied, "Your father lives in Los Lunas. He has a store there. He sold you to the catfish, and with the money that he obtained he bought a store." And she told him what had happened when his father sold him to the fish. "To-morrow take my horses; they know the way to your father."

The following morning he found himself alone in the house. He looked around. Beautiful clothes were on a chair next to his bed,—a hat, necktie, overcoat, trousers, and whatever was needed. He dressed himself and went out. There he found warm water, comb, and soap, a looking-glass, and a towel, and his breakfast was ready on the table. Outside there was a buggy with large bay horses and a beautiful lap-robe.

After he had eaten his breakfast, he jumped into the buggy, and the horses took him to Los Lunas. There he found his father working on the platform in front of his store. When the buggy arrived, the man said, "Where do you come from? Where are you going?" The young man was invited into the house, and his father asked him what he wanted. The young man replied, "I want to ask you something."—"What do you want to ask?"—"Somebody wants to marry me."—"Well, if somebody wants to marry you, why don't you marry her? I have no right to interfere. You are not my son."—"Yes," replied the other, "you are my father." Then his mother came in, and he also asked her permission to marry. His mother

¹ Amor and Psyche; Bolte und Polivka, 2 : 247, 267; but also 2 : 327; 3 : 114.

became angry, and said, "It does not concern me if you want to marry, you are not my son." — "Yes," said he, "you are my mother." — "How do you know that?" Then the young man turned to his father, and said, "Is it not true that at one time you went to the river and sold to the catfish whatever was going to meet you in front of your house? You thought it was going to be your dog; but your boy came to meet you, and you had to sell him to the fish." — "Yes," said the old man, "it is true." — "The fish has raised me, and I am your son." Then the old woman wept and recognized her son, and his parents were full of joy to see him. They prepared dinner for him; and afterwards they asked him, "Who is the girl that wants to marry you? Is she pretty?" The young man replied, "I have not seen her. I saw her only during the night." — "Is she rich?" — "Yes, evidently she is rich, because she has given me my clothes, and this buggy and the horses are hers. I am not going to see her for four days." His father said, "You must see her to-night. Let me give you these matches and three candles. You must see whether she is pretty or not."

Then the boy drove back home; and when he arrived, he left the buggy outside, and somebody unharnessed the horses and put them into the stable. He sat down near the fireplace. The table was set, and he ate his supper. Then he went to bed and slept. At midnight he woke up, and he found the girl next to him. She asked, "What did your father say?" He replied, "Father asked me how you looked; he asked whether you are rich. I told him that you gave me my clothes, and that the buggy and the horses were yours." The girl replied, "You will see me after three days." Then they went to sleep. The young man, however, waited until the girl was fast asleep. He shook her, but she did not wake up. Then he quietly took one of his candles, lighted it, and held it over the girl, who was lying on her back. She had a gold necklace and gold ear-rings, and rings on her fingers. She had beautiful black curly hair, and she was very pretty. While he was looking at her, a drop of wax fell on her forehead, and she woke up. She said, "Why did you look at me? Did I not tell you that you must not see me for four days? Now you will never see me again, and your house will disappear." He embraced her and spoke kindly to her, but she was angry and pushed him away. Finally he went to sleep.

On the following morning at sunrise he awoke, and he found himself in the burrow of an antelope. There was no house to be seen, only antelope-tracks were all around him.

Then the young man was afraid. He did not know what to do. He did not know which way he had come, nor which way the Antelope-Girl had gone. Finally he started and went eastward. He walked

a whole day. He was hungry, thirsty, and tired. In the evening the coyotes were howling around him, and followed his tracks. Later on, after sunset, wolves pursued him. He took up a stick and tried to defend himself. Finally he found a piñón-tree, and climbed it. There he spent the night. Early in the morning the coyotes and the wolves which had been sitting under the tree ran away. At some distance he saw a light, and he resolved to go there. He climbed down the tree and went in the direction in which he had seen the light. After he had gone some time, he came to a fire. A man was sitting there. It was Distela Glande (*estrella grande*) who was camping there. He had a whole steer boiling in the kettle, and a big trough full of water. Distela Glande said to the boy, "Where did you come from?" — "I came from the West." — "Where are you going?" — "I do not know." The great star said, "You shall stay with me. You shall cook for me and carry water for me. Every morning you must kill a steer, boil it, and fill this trough with water." He gave a piece of meat to the boy, while he himself ate the whole steer, and he drank sixty gallons of water. In the morning he went out. He wore two-mile boots, and with every step he made he covered two miles. The boy staid in camp, killed the steer, boiled it, and carried water. At sunset the great star came back, and found everything ready. This was repeated every day. The great star forbade the boy to enter the house which was near by. After some time, however, the boy became tired, and said, "I should like to know why the star forbade me to enter the house; I want to see what is in it." He opened the door and went in. In the stable he saw a large bay horse, saddle, bridle, saddle-blanket, and saddle-bags. The horse said to him, "Where do you come from?" The boy told him how he had camped with the great star. Then the horse said, "The big star is going to eat you; take good care! To-morrow morning saddle me, and I will carry you away." Then the boy went into the other house to the east. There he found a well of blue lead. Accidentally he put his foot into it, and the lead cut his foot. Then he went out, shut the door, and bandaged his foot.

In the evening the big star came back. They had supper; and after they had eaten, the big star asked the boy, "What has happened to your foot?" The boy replied, "While I was walking, I fell, and the knife and the axe cut me." Then the big star got angry, and said to his knife, "Why do you cut my boy? If I tell you to cut my meat, then cut my meat, but not my boy." Then he spoke in the same way to his axe, and scolded it. They did not reply. He broke the bones of the steer, took out the marrow, rubbed it on the boy's foot, and bandaged it.

On the following morning the big star started out again. When he had gone twenty steps, the boy went into the stable, saddled the

horse, and was ready to make his escape. The horse said, "Take my comb and brush and the steer's stomach, and cut out the lead well and put it in my bag." The boy obeyed. The lead well was like a wagon-tire, which he put on the horse. Then he mounted, and the horse ran westward.

When the big star had gone some distance, he said, "I believe the boy went into the house, and my axe and my knife did not cut him at all. Maybe he has made his escape." He turned back; and when he came home, he found the door open, and the horse and the boy gone. Then he went in pursuit,¹ and said, "If I catch them, I am going to kill both horse and boy, even if they are my horse and my boy." Although the horse was running quickly, the big star was faster, and came near. The boy saw him coming, and said to the horse, "He is coming, he is going to kill us!" Then the horse said, "Throw the comb behind you!" He threw it backward over his shoulder, and at once it was transformed into a large lake. The big star could not cross it, and had to take a long round-about way in order to follow the fleeing horse. But he continued in pursuit; and when he came near again, the boy cried, "He is coming near! He is going to kill us!" The horse said, "Throw the brush over your shoulder!" and when it fell down, it was transformed into thick timber. The big star could not pass through it, and had to walk around it, but he continued his pursuit. When he drew near again, the horse said, "Take the steer's stomach and throw it down!" and when it fell down, it was transformed into rocks and canyons. The big star had to take a long round-about way, but after a while he drew near again. Then the horse said, "Feed me some of the lead." After the horse had eaten it, he said, "Now hold on to the pommel of the saddle and sit tight." Then the horse began to buck, and shot forth bullets, which killed the star. When he was dead, the horse said, "Now cut off his head and throw it eastward!" The boy did so, *and it was transformed into the morning star.* Then the horse ordered the boy to cut out his heart and throw it westward, and *it became the evening star.* The horse ordered the boy to cut out his intestines and throw them westward, and *they became the seven stars. All the stars were made out of the body of the great star.*

Then the boy said, "Now let us go on!" After a while they came to a river. There they met a Negro who was carrying a bundle on his shoulder. The horse said to the boy, "Let us kill him!" — "How shall we kill him?" asked the boy. "Ride close up to him, and I am going to kick him." The boy rode up to the Negro, and asked him, "Where do you come from?" The Negro replied, "I come from the king. I was looking for work, but he had no work." The boy said,

¹ See Bolte und Polivka, 2 : 140.

"I am going to the king in order to ask for work." The Negro said, "Maybe you won't find any." — "I shall go, anyway," answered the boy. Then he turned; and as soon as he had done so, the horse kicked and hit the head of the Negro, who fell down dead. Then the horse told the boy to jump down and to skin the Negro. The boy obeyed, and skinned him, beginning at the feet. Then the horse told him to put on the Negro's skin; and he himself transformed himself into an old ugly horse with hanging hips, and blind in one eye. They tied a stone to the Negro's body, and threw it into the river. Then they went to the king's house.

When they came near the town, the horse said, "Go to the king. If he says that he has no work for you, tell him that you want to help him prune the plum-trees, peach-trees, apple-trees, and grapes; and it would be well if the king would allow you to do so." The boy went to the king's house and knocked at the door. When the cook came out, he said to him, "I want to see the king." The cook went back to call the king, who came out. He asked the boy, "What do you want?" The boy said, "I want to work for you." — "I have no work, for I have enough men to look after my sheep, to cut wood, and to do all my work." — "Have you no work at all for me? I am sure you have an orchard with peach-trees and pear-trees." — "Yes," he said. "Then give me an axe, hoe, and shovel. I am going to chop down the trees and spread soil over them, and next year you will have an abundance of fruit. Then you can earn a great deal of money." When the king's wife heard what the boy proposed, she objected, because she thought he would spoil the orchard; but the boy said, "If I should spoil the orchard, you may cut off my head." Then he made a contract with the king, and they signed their names to the agreement. The king gave him a new shovel and hoe, and sent somebody with him to show him a small house in the orchard in which he was to live. His food was sent to him there. On the following morning the boy cut down the trees, and spread soil over them. Then new beautiful trees sprang up.

The king had four beautiful daughters. They had to take supper to the boy in the evening; but the three eldest ones were afraid of him, and did not want to go. Only the youngest one took food to him. The boy lived there for a whole year. The following year the trees bloomed beautifully, and were full of fruit. The king had to pay the boy for the fruit.

Then the horse said to the boy, "Let us go to the king and ask him whether he will not rather give you one of his daughters in marriage than pay you. If he refuses, ask the girls whether they want to marry you."

One day at noon the king's youngest daughter came to bring dinner for the young man. She entered the house, but he was not inside.

Then she looked out, and saw him behind the house, standing near a ditch in which he was washing the Negro's skin; and she saw that he was very beautiful and that he was white. After he had washed the Negro's skin, he put it on again; but the girl had seen him. He went into the house, and the girl smiled at him. The boy said, "Have you been here a long time? I have been outside washing myself." The girl said, "Is that so? Let us eat!" Up to that time she had never eaten with him. She staid there a long time before she went home, but she did not tell her father what she had seen.

Then the horse said, "Now go to the king and offer to marry his daughter." The boy obeyed, and said to the cook, "Call the king." The king came out, and asked him, "What do you want, my boy?" The boy replied, "I want to marry one of your daughters." The king laughed, and said, "My daughters do not want to marry you." — "Maybe one of them wants me, anyway. If one of them will marry me, you do not have to pay me for the fruits in your garden." The king said, "Let me try! but I am sure they will refuse you." Then he called the eldest one. He said, "Inezelita, come out!" She came, and asked, "What do you want, father?" The king said, "Do you want to marry this man?" She laughed, and slammed the door and went in. The boy said, "Try the next one." Then the king called her, and said, "Ancelina, come out!" She came out, and asked, "Father, what do you want?" The king asked, "Do you want to marry this man?" She became angry, and said, "I do not want to have such a man for my husband," slammed the door, and went in. — "Well," said he, "ask the next one." — "I am sure she does not want to." — "Try it, anyway." The king called her, and said, "Ancalina, come out!" She came. "What do you want, father?" — "Will you marry this man?" — "No," she said, "I do not want to have an ugly husband," slammed the door, and went in. "Now, I have one more daughter. She is the prettiest one. I am sure she does not want you." — "Try it, anyway." Then the king called, "Angelina, come out!" — "Father, what do you want?" — "Do you want to marry this man? If you want him, take him!" The king motioned to her, indicating that he wanted her to refuse. She, however, said, "Yes, I will marry him." Then the king became angry, and said, "If you marry him, you may not stay in my house." And Angelina replied, "I shall go with him." The boy married her, and said to the king, "Now you may keep all your fruits, and you do not need to pay me." He took her to the small house in the orchard, and there they lived.

About¹ this time the Navaho attacked the town, and the king's Mexican soldiers were killed by them. The people said, "Tell your

¹ See Bolte und Polivka, 3 : 97.

son-in-law to go to war with us." Then the king sent a letter to his son-in-law, and ordered him to join the army. His wife made cakes and biscuits for him, and he accompanied the soldiers. The king had a number of sons who also joined the army. When they came near the Navaho, the boy said, "Don't let us eat now! Let us eat after we have given battle!" but the soldiers did not obey him. They camped, prepared their food, and ate before they attacked the Navaho. The Navaho killed many Mexican soldiers. The boy, however, gave to his horse some of the lead to eat; and when it had eaten enough, the horse began to buck, and killed the Navaho. Then he jumped down and scalped them. He put their scalps in his belt and returned home. He found his wife in tears, because she believed that he had been killed. He left his horse outside and went in, and his wife was delighted to see him. He put the scalps outside in the orchard, and the people saw them.

After some time the Navaho attacked the king again, and again the young man went to war and scalped many of the Navaho. When he came home, he put up the Navaho scalps, and the people saw them.

The Navaho attacked a third time, and the same thing happened as before. The Navaho killed many soldiers; but the king's son-in-law finally overcame them, and brought home their scalps. The people did not understand how he saved himself, while all the other soldiers were killed.

Finally his people said, "If the Navaho come again and he kills them, then he shall be our father and king." Before they set out to war, the horse said to the boy, "Let us now appear in our proper form! These wars must end. Very soon there will be no more lead left, and then I cannot help you." On the following day, when they set out to attack the Navaho, the horse appeared as a large bay horse with a beautiful saddle, and the young man appeared in his proper form; he had taken off his Negro skin. He had a beautiful mustache. The king saw him, and said, "Since my son-in-law is a beautiful rich man, we must treat him well. Cook for him, and give him the best to eat. He shall be your master." Then the soldiers went to the Navaho country, and there they prepared food and gave him to eat. He gave the remaining lead to his horse, and told the soldiers, "Now you shall see how I fight!" The other soldiers stood there and saw him. The horse began to buck, and killed all the Navaho. Then he said, "Now all the Navaho are dead, and you are saved; and from now on you shall no longer maltreat me. The soldiers said, "Now you are our father, you are no longer a slave." They took the scalps of the Navaho and went home. When they arrived home, he did not go back to his orchard, but went into the king's house and took the king's place, and his father-in-law was no longer king.

3. SACATE CALZÓN.¹

Once upon a time there was a poor Mexican woman who had a cow and a calf. She had nothing to eat, and no clothes to wear. She said to her son, "Sell this cow and the calf in the town." The boy asked his mother, "What shall I ask for the cow?" She replied, "Forty dollars." — "And how much shall I ask for the calf?" — "Twenty dollars," she said. Then the boy started with the cow and the calf.

While he was walking along, he met a traveller, who asked him, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I am going to town to sell this cow and this calf." The man replied, "What do you want for them?" — "Sixty Dollars." — "I will give you six beans. Each one is worth ten dollars, so that is as much as sixty dollars." The boy accepted the six beans, and went back home.²

His mother asked him, "Did you sell the cow and the calf?" — "Yes," he replied. "And where is the money?" The boy showed her the six beans. Then the mother beat her son, and said, "Go away! I do not want to see you any more. Now I have nothing to eat, and nothing to live on."

The mother took away all his clothing and turned him out. He had nothing to eat. The boy went his way for three days. Finally he came to a level place. There he saw a bird's nest, and four little birds in it. He said, "I am going to take this bird's nest and eat the birds, because I am hungry." He went along; and when he came to a spring, he sat down in order to eat. High grass was growing around the spring. He tore it off, and made a pair of trousers, shirt, and hat out of it. While he was sitting there, he met God (Liós); and God asked him, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going eastward, and I am going to see whether the king has any work for me." — "What kind of work do you want to do?" — "I can cook for him, or I can chop wood, or I can carry water, — any kind of work will satisfy me." God asked, "What are you carrying under your shirt?" The boy said, "A bird's nest." — "What do you want to do with it?" — "When I am hungry, I shall cook it, and eat the birds." — "Don't do that!" — "But what shall I eat?" — "Save the birds; and when you reach the king's house, they will help you." Then God took a package out of his bag and gave it to the boy. It contained meat and eggs and bread. He said, "Eat this. To-morrow you will reach the king's house."

The following morning the boy arrived there. He knocked at the door; and the king sent out his cook, who asked, "What do you want?" The boy said, "I want to work. I can carry water, sweep the house, or chop wood." Then the king engaged him. He was

¹ Told to Nick by his grandfather, who heard the story near Isleta.

² See Bolte und Polívka, 2 : 440.

shown a small house in the corner of the yard, where he was to live. The boy chopped wood, swept the house, and carried water, and every evening he went into his house. On account of his grass suit he was called "Sacate Calzón."

When the boy came home, he put one of his birds on the table, and at once it was transformed into a lamp which gave beautiful light.

In the evening the king's daughter sent the cook to carry supper to the boy. The cook took it there; and when he reached the house, he saw the beautiful lamp on the table. The cook had never seen a lamp, because the people used only candles. He went back and told the king's daughter that Sacate Calzón had a new kind of lamp. The king's daughter said to him, "Ask him what he wants for it. I will give him a trunk full of money." The cook went back and asked Sacate Calzón, "How much do you want for your lamp?" The boy replied, "I don't want to sell it." — "But the king's daughter wants to have the lamp." The boy replied, "I do not want any money. I will give it to her if she will allow me to sleep under her bed." The cook went back and told the king's daughter what the boy had said. She replied, "It is well. Let him sleep under my bed." Then she took the lamp, and the boy slept under the bed of the king's daughter.

On the following morning he went back to work, and in the evening he went to his house. He put another bird on his table. It was transformed into a beautiful lamp which gave a light even clearer than the former one; and when the cook brought his supper, he saw the lamp. He went back and told the king's daughter what he had seen. She offered two trunks of money for it. The cook went back, and said, "The king's daughter offers you two trunks of money for the lamp." — "No," the boy said, "I will not sell it, but she may have it if she will allow me to sleep under her bed." The cook went back and reported what the boy had said. The king's daughter agreed again, and the boy slept under her bed the second night.

On the following day he went back to work, and in the evening he put the third bird on his table. It was transformed into a still more beautiful lamp; and when the cook came and saw it, he reported to the king's daughter that Sacate Calzón had a still more beautiful lamp. She offered him three trunks of money for it, but again he agreed to let her have it only if she allowed him to sleep under her bed.

The following morning he worked again, and in the evening he put the fourth bird on his table. It was as beautiful as a gasoline lamp. When the cook brought the supper, he saw it, and told the king's daughter that Sacate Calzón had a still more beautiful lamp. She offered four trunks of money for it, but he did not accept it. The boy said, "I will give it to her if she will allow me to sleep on her bed." Finally she consented.

About this time the king had a quarrel with another king. Sacate

Calzón determined to help the king for whom he was working. He took off his straw trousers and put on good clothing. He said to his wife, "I am going to work for the king with whom your father is quarrelling; and when he asks me, I am going to tell him that I have married the king's daughter, and I am going to stake my life against all his property. About noon I shall stop work, and then you must come and bring my lunch."

Then he went to the other king. He put on his straw trousers, and looked like a poor man. He knocked at the king's door and asked for work. The king asked him, "What can you do?" — "I can make adobe." — "How much do you want?" — "I want one and one-half pesos." — "I will pay you that, and give you a lunch besides." Sacate Calzón replied, "I do not want your lunch. My wife always brings my lunch." — "Who is your wife?" — "She is the king's daughter." — "That is not true. I don't believe it." — "Well, let us bet! If my wife, the king's daughter, does not come to bring my lunch, you may cut off my head, and you stake all your property against it." The king called three witnesses, and they set down the bet in writing. Both the king and Sacate Calzón signed their names. Sacate Calzón said, "I wish my wife would come right away!" and the king remarked, "Don't expect her! At one o'clock you will be dead." Then the boy said, "I wish my wife would come right away, then I should stop work right now." Again the king said, "At one o'clock you will be dead." — "Oh, no!" said the boy, "at one o'clock I am going to own all your property. Your wife and your daughters will belong to me." Thus they quarrelled.

A little before noon the king saw dust of horses like a sandstorm. The boy said, "Here my wife is coming." He washed and cleaned himself; and soon his wife came, accompanied by soldiers who guarded her; and she brought cake, pie, and tortillas; and when they came to Sacate Calzón, they stopped. She alighted; and the king asked, "Is that your husband?" She replied, "Yes." Then she showed him their marriage certificate, and the king had lost his bet. Sacate Calzón threatened that he was going to cut off the king's head. He said to him, "Now in a moment you will be dead." The king said, "I will work for you, and all my property shall be yours."

4. LANCO BLÂLA.¹

A long time ago there was a king (Léya) who was very rich. He had six thousand sheep and four thousand cattle and horses. He had a

¹ Told to Nick by his father's father. In part of the story Nick called the hero "Lâla Blanco," then he corrected himself and called him "Lanco Blâla." I presume the name is a distortion of "Blanca Flor." "Flora" is a girl's name in Zufi, and is pronounced "Lâla."

beautiful daughter. He said, "If any one can shear all my sheep in one day, he may marry my daughter." All the young men tried it, but nobody succeeded.

The Sun heard about this, and thought he would try. He became a man and went down to Old Mexico. Then he travelled westward; and after he had passed the top of the White Mountains, he came to a spring. There he took his bow and his lightning arrow and shot into the spring. In the fourth world below, his arrow hit some saliva, which was transformed into a person, who came out of the spring and sat down on the ground. The Sun saw him. He was a small dark man, and looked like a Zuñi. The Sun said, "Are you here, my son? I want you to go to Old Mexico to the daughter of the king. If any one is able to shear his sheep in one day, he is to marry his daughter. You shall do so." — "I will try," said the boy. The Sun said, "Somebody shall go with you. Be sure not to eat anything that the king may give you. Wait until you come to a lake in the southeast. There you will find a large white horse which belongs to me. The king's daughter will like to have it. Do not eat until after you have caught the horse and taken it to her." The boy promised to obey. "You must stay there for twenty-five years. Then come back here, and I will send you home."

The boy started on his travels through Old Mexico. Finally he came to a mountain. There he met a mountain-lion, who asked, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter. I am going to shear his sheep." The mountain-lion said, "May I go with you?" The boy accepted his offer, and they went on together. After some time he met a bear, who asked, "Where are you going?" The boy replied, "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter. I am going to shear his sheep." The bear said, "May I go with you?" The boy said, "Come along!" and they went on. After some time they met a wild-cat, who asked, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter. I am going to shear his sheep." — "May I go with you?" The boy said, "Come along!" After they had gone some time, they met a wolf, who asked, "Where are you going?" — "I am going to Old Mexico to marry the king's daughter." — "May I come along?" The boy accepted him, and they went on westward. The boy was carrying some sacred meal. Every now and then he would swallow a little of it, but he did not eat anything else. Every night they camped, and in the morning they went on.

On the fourth day they reached the top of a large mountain. There the mountain-lion said, "To-morrow morning at sunrise we shall reach the king's house." They camped, and early the following

morning the animals called the boy. They said, "Now you must have a name. How shall we call you?" None of the animals knew how to call him. After some time the wolf said, "I shall give you a name. Sit down on top of the mountain! When your father the Sun rises, I shall call you. Then answer!" The boy sat down on the top of the mountain and looked eastward. When the sun rose, the wolf shouted, "My son, Lâla Blanco!" The boy replied, "What do you want? I like that name." Then they went down the mountain. At the foot of the mountain the animals said, "We shall stay here. You go on!"

Early in the morning Lâla Blanco arrived at the king's house. He saw that the people had tied together the feet of the sheep and were shearing them. Some were shearing five sheep, others six sheep. He looked into the corral and saw the foreman shearing the sheep. While Lâla Blanco was standing there, the foreman turned around and saw him. He asked, "What do you want? Do you want some work? What can you do?" — "I can help you shear the sheep." The boy entered the corral, and they gave him a rope to tie up the sheep. He, however, took a sheep between his knees and sheared it. Then he caught another one and did the same. In one hour he had sheared many sheep. Then the foreman went to the king and told him about it. He said, "Come and look at this boy!" The king came, and said, "You are a good workman. You can shear sheep well." Then six flocks of sheep were driven into the corral, and he sheared them. The king asked, "What is your name?" The boy replied, "My name is Lâla Blanco." — "I never heard of such a name," said the king. The boy continued, and sheared many sheep. One flock after another was driven into the corral, and he sheared them all. He succeeded in shearing the six thousand sheep all in one day. Then he went to the king's house. The king's daughter brought him his supper; but he said, "I am not hungry." She urged him to eat, but he refused. He staid in the house, and the king's daughter wanted to marry him. She said, "I should like to have you for my husband." But he refused her, and said, "Wait a while." He said, "It is too warm for me in the house. I shall sleep outside." He carried his bed to the corral, and put it down among the sheep and pigs. The following morning at breakfast-time the people looked for him, but could not find him. His bed in the corral was empty. Finally they found him lying among the pigs, where he had slept. They said, "Get up! Breakfast is ready." He, however, swallowed a pinch of sacred meal; and when the king's daughter invited him to eat, he refused. She said, "You must eat something!" but he replied, "I am not hungry."

After some time the king's daughter asked for wood for her fire. He went out and carried wood for her. He put the wood into the

stove and helped her cook. After some time she saw the people going into the corral. He asked, "What are they doing there?" She said, "I do not know. Maybe they are marking father's cattle." He said, "I shall go and see." She wanted him to stay, but he refused. Many irons were in the fire, and the people branded the steers and marked their ears. There was one wild steer of which the people were very much afraid. They asked the boy whether he would mark the steer. He said, "I can do it." They told him to mount a large white horse and to catch the steer. "No," he replied, "I cannot ride: the horse might fall, and the steer might gore me." He went into the corral. The steer was pawing the ground. Then he talked to him, spit on him, took him by the horns and threw him. He called one of the men to come with a hot iron and to brand the steer on the side. The people became angry, and said, "You branded him on the wrong side. You must brand him on the left side." — "No," said Lâla Blanco, "that is wrong; this side is better." He continued, and branded many cattle. He finished this work in one afternoon. Then he went home.

When the king saw the strength and ability of Lâla Blanco, he wanted him to marry his daughter; but the young man refused. The king said so him, "You must get my white horse in the southeast. For five years I have tried, but nobody has been able to catch it." Lâla Blanco said, "Wait for four days. You must give me one man, who must drive a post into the ground four feet deep, and you must give me a long rope." Then the king bought a long rope and gave it to him. The king's daughter made biscuits, cakes, and pie for him; and she gave him meat and eggs, potatoes and coffee, and fork, knife, and spoon. He took these along. He camped at night, and after four days he came to the lake; and there, a short distance away, he saw the horse sleeping. As he went along, he saw some gophers, who asked him, "Where are you going?" — "I want to catch the horse." The gophers said, "We will awaken the horse. Three times he will run around the lake; the fourth time he will pass close by you; then catch him with your lasso. Stand between two cedar-trees." Then Lâla Blanco made a fire and prepared breakfast, but he did not eat. Meanwhile the gophers made a burrow towards the horse. They came up under him and bit his side. The horse jumped up and ran once around the lake. Lâla Blanco was holding the lasso in his left hand. Three times the horse ran around the lake. The fourth time it passed close to the boy. He threw his lasso and caught it. The horse fell on its side, and he quickly hobbled its fore and hind legs. Then the gophers said to him, "Now you must get its saddle." Lâla Blanco went to the lake, and there he met Old-Woman-Spider, who said to him, "Have you come?" — "Yes," he said, "I want to get the

saddle for the horse." She replied, "Come in here, step into this spider-web, and close your eyes! I will let you down into the water, and don't open your eyes until you get there!" Lâla Blanco obeyed, and he entered the water in the spider-web. Then he found himself in another world. When the spider-web stopped, he opened his eyes, stepped out, and turned to the east. There he saw a large white house, which he entered. In the house was a large white saddle, a white bridle, white shoes, spurs, saddle-bags, and a saddle-blanket and clothing, — trousers, shirt, and hat. He took all of these, put them in the spider-web, and shook the rope. Then Old-Spider-Woman pulled up the rope. When he came out of the water, Old-Spider-Woman said to him, "Now open your eyes!" She continued, "Take this!" When he looked to the north, he saw much gold, which he put into his saddle-bag. When he looked to the south, he saw much silver, which he put into the other saddle-bag. The Spider-Woman asked him, "Did you take everything?" — "Yes," he replied. Then he went to the horse. He saddled it, took off the hobbles, and made the horse rise. Then he said to the gophers, "Now eat all that I have cooked! I am not going to eat." The gophers thanked him. He mounted the horse, and it started running towards the lake. The gophers shouted, "Pull him back!" Then he pulled the left side of the reins, turned the horse's head, said good-by to the gophers, swung his hat, and rode home. The horse ran like lightning. At night he came home. He put the horse into the stable and took off the saddle. Then he went to the house. The king's daughter gave him supper, but he refused it. He said, "I have caught the horse," and told her all that had happened.

On the other side of the street lived a poor Mexican who had raised a pig for his many children. He said, "Let us put our pig into the field in which Lâla Blanco's horse is! The horse will kill the pig, and we are going to get money for it. Then we can buy something good to eat." They took their pig out and put it into the field. On the following morning it was found that the horse had killed it. Then the old man said to Lâla Blanco, "Why don't you put your horse into the corral, so that it cannot kill my pig?" The king's daughter heard his complaint, and sent out to inquire what the trouble was. The poor Mexican said, "Lâla Blanco's horse has killed my pig. He shall pay for it. Where is he? Call him out!" Then they called him out; but he said, "Tell the man to come in." When the poor man came in, he said, "Your horse has killed my pig: now you shall pay me." — "What do you want for it?" he asked. The poor man said, "Five dollars." Then the king's daughter opened her trunk and gave the five dollars to Lanco Blâla. He replied, "No, I don't want your money; I shall pay him with my own money." He went to his

saddle-bag, and said to the poor man, "Five dollars is not enough for you, you need more." He took out two handfuls of gold and gave them to him, and he gave to his children silver money. He said to the children, "Save this money, so that you may have some when you are grown up." Then he turned to the old man, and said, "I know that you took your pig to my horse in order to have it killed. Why don't you come to me and ask me for money? I am perfectly willing to give it to you." Then the man was ashamed. The poor man said to him, "Now you may keep my pig, skin it, and eat it." — "No," said Lanco Blâla, "I do not want your pig. You can skin it, and eat it with your children." Then the poor man went home. He bought beans and sugar and flour for his children. He bought new furniture. He skinned his pig, and ate it with his children.

Lâla Blanco still refused to sleep in the house, but went into the corral and slept with the pigs.

One day another king sent a letter, and asked that Lanco Blâla help him against a giant. Lanco Blâla agreed. The king's daughter prepared food for him. He wrote to the king that he would be there in four days. He started, and arrived at the king's house. The king said to him, "When you go to fight the giant, I shall send my soldiers with you." He gave him six wagons of hay and corn for his horse. "If you do not kill the giant and bring me his scalp, I am going to cut off your head. If you do kill him, then you may cut off my head, and those of my wife and daughter." Lanco Blâla replied, "If you want that agreement, then let us make it in writing! and you, your wife, and your daughter must sign." The king did so. Then Lanco Blâla started with the soldiers. After he had gone some distance, he left the soldiers behind, and camped by himself. Then his animals — the lion, the bear, the wild-cat, and the wolf — came and joined him. They said to him, "The house of the giant is one mile away from here. Tell your soldiers to go to sleep, because to-morrow they are going to fight." Lanco Blâla did as the animals asked him, and after an hour all the soldiers were asleep. Then the lion told him, "Now kill all the soldiers! Cut off their heads!" The soldiers were in bed, always two in one bed. With one stroke he cut off the heads of each pair of men, and he killed all their horses and mules. Then the animals told him to go to sleep. When day dawned, the lion said, "When the sun rises, call the giant." Lanco Blâla started, and stopped at an arroyo. Shortly after sunrise the giant came out of his house. He looked around, and Lanco Blâla called him. The giant tried to find who had called him, and went around the mountain. Then Lanco Blâla called again. The lion spoke to him, and said, "Go a little farther along! Maybe he will see you then." Lanco Blâla went on, and shouted again. He called to the giant, "Come down! I want to fight

you." Then the giant saw him, and came. Lanco Blâla said, "You are a strong man. Let us see who is the stronger! If I am stronger than you, I shall kill you." They began to wrestle. After a little while Lanco Blâla became tired, and called to his animals for help. Then they bit the giant. The bear tore open his side and tried to kill him. The giant said, "You cannot kill me. My heart is in my house. If you find it, then I shall die." The animals went into the house. There they saw a large hammer hanging over an anvil. Lanco Blâla asked the giant, "What is this?" He replied, "If I do not succeed in killing a person who comes here, I take him into the house and kill him with this hammer." He placed a human bone on the anvil and released the hammer, which shattered the bone. He said, "That is the way that I kill people." At another place a large saw was hanging. They asked him, "What is this?" He replied, "If I do not succeed in killing people outside or with my hammer, I kill them with this saw." He placed a human bone under the saw, pulled a rope, and the saw came down and cut the bone to pieces. In still another room he had a large stove. The animals asked, "What is this?" He said, "If I do not kill people before they come here, and if my hammer and my saw do not kill them, I put them in the stove. Then I roast them and eat them. Now look for my heart! If you do not find it, you cannot kill me. The animals looked for the heart, but they could not find it. And he said, "If you do not find it, you are going to die."

In one of the rooms there was much yellow corn. They searched among it. Among the corn they found a coral as large as a fist. That was the giant's heart. When Lanco Blâla took it up, the giant died.

Then they went out. The lion said, "Now go and take all his cattle!" Lanco Blâla turned around, and in a canyon near by he found horses. In still another one he found mules. He released all of these. All these animals were cannibals. He told them, "From now on, eat grass and yucca and brush, but do not eat human beings!" Then he went back to his animals. The lion said to him, "Now we have done our work. Tell us where to go." Lanco Blâla said to him, "Go northward, up the mountain, and kill deer, which shall be your food." — "Thank you," said the lion, and went away. Then the bear asked him, "Where shall I go?" — "Go northward and live on the high mountains, and eat black ants, weeds, and roots." He said to the wild-cat, "Go southward and live on rabbits." To the wolf he said, "Go to the east; kill antelopes, eat their flesh, and drink their blood." Then the animals left him.

The giant, however, came back to life; but he was blind, and could not find the door of his house, While he was stumbling about, he fell

into the door of his stove. The wood in the stove was burning, and his body was consumed. His heart burst, and a large fire came out of the mountain.

Lanco Blâla was riding back to the king's house. The scalp of the giant was dangling from his arm. He travelled as fast as he could. Suddenly he saw the fire from the mountain pursuing him and coming nearer and nearer. He threw a comb back over his shoulder. It was transformed into a large lake, which detained the fire. Gradually, however, it found its way around the lake. When it came near again, Lanco Blâla threw a hairbrush back over his shoulder. It was transformed into a canyon and mesas, and it took the fire a long time to pass these. When it came near again, he threw his sword down, which became a long river. After some time the fire crossed the river too. Then Lanco Blâla said, "I do not know what to do now." Then his horse said to him, "Ask your father to help you." Then he took a dollar gold-piece, wet it in his mouth, and held it up to the sun. He asked him for help. At once a cloud came down; and when the fire came near him, a heavy rain poured down, which extinguished the fire. Then he filled his hands with water four times, and gave it to his horse to drink; and he himself also drank four times from his hands.

In the afternoon he reached the king's house. When he arrived there, he asked one of the servants to call out the king. He said to him, "Here is the giant's scalp. Now I am going to kill you. I am going to cut off your head." He told him that the giant had killed all the soldiers, and that they were not worth anything. The king replied, "I have lost my life." Lanco Blâla said to him, "Now look up to the sun for the last time! Soon you are going to die." The king looked up, and cried. Lanco Blâla took hold of his head. He took a large knife and pretended that he was about to cut his throat. Then the king said, "Wait a moment! Keep me as your slave. Let me work for you! I will cut wood for you and do whatever you tell me." — "That is good," said Lanco Blâla. "Then I am not going to kill you." The king called his wife, and Lanco Blâla threatened to kill her; but she also offered to work and wash for him. She said, "I do not want to die, because my husband is foolish." Then they called their daughter. She wept, and said, "Do not cut off my head! rather marry me!" Lanco Blâla replied, "I have a wife." — "That does not matter, you might as well have two wives." — "If you are willing to treat my wife as a sister, I will take you." Then he took the king, his wife, and his daughter along to the other king's house. He went ahead, and they walked behind him. When he arrived at his house, he took the saddle off his horse, and he asked his new wife to take it into the house. He said to her, "If you cannot lift it, you are no longer my wife." She tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. Then

Lanco Blâla said, "You are weak, I don't want you." He lifted the saddle and carried it in. Then his new wife said, "Let me carry your saddle-blanket!" — "No," he replied, "you are too weak;" and he himself carried it into the house. Then he said to his new wife, "You are too bad, you try to kill people. You must not do so. If a man wants to marry you, why don't you take him? My wife is soon going to come."

Then the first king's daughter, his wife, arrived. He showed her the giant's scalp. She cooked for him, and now he ate. For five years he staid with his wife. Then he went back to the White Mountains. When he arrived on top of the mountain, he sat down near the spring at which he had originated. The Sun came down and asked him what he had done, and he told him everything that had happened. The Sun said, "I am glad to hear this. Now the Mexicans are going to be better. They will not act as they have done heretofore." He took the boy and shot him back into the spring from which he had come.

5. JUAN SIN MIEDO.¹

A long time ago a Mexican priest lived in Zuí. A Mexican girl cooked for him. One morning after she had prepared breakfast, she called the priest; and while he was sitting at the table with the girl, he said to her, "You are going to give birth to a child." — "No," she said, "that is not true." The priest continued, "You are going to have a wise son." The girl replied, "You are no seer. How do you know what is going to happen?" — "I know it," he retorted. She, however, laughed at him, and would not believe him. However, after a month the young woman gave birth to a boy. She hid the baby in a trunk. Then she washed herself, put on new clothing, and prepared the breakfast for the priest. When the priest was sitting at the table, the infant knocked against the trunk with his feet; and the priest asked, "What is in that trunk?" The young woman replied, "Maybe it is a cat." The priest did not say anything. After a little while the noise was heard again, and he asked again, "What is in that trunk?" The young woman replied, "It is a cat." He, however, said, "That is no cat, it is a child. Take him out!" The young woman asked him, "How do you know that?" The priest repeated, "Never mind! I know it. Take him out!" Then she opened the trunk, and the child was standing there. He looked like a six-year-old child. He was standing, and holding with his hands to the sides of the trunk. The priest said, "You are a wise child." The boy grew up quickly; and one day the priest said to him, "Stand in the doorway." While the boy was standing there, looking out of the house, the priest went quietly up to him and suddenly clapped his hands, in order to frighten

¹ See Bolte und Polivka, 1 : 22.

the boy. The child, however, was not afraid. "Indeed," said the priest, "he is a boy without fear." He said to the young woman, "I'll bet that he will not have the courage to go at midnight to church to ring the bells. If he does so, I will pay you much money." The boy heard it, and said, "I am not afraid. If I win, you shall give me an undershirt and drawers, trousers and stockings, a hat, and a kerchief to tie over my hat, a mule and saddle, and an axe, canteen, pan, cup, knife and fork, and also give me some bacon and potatoes. If I lose, then you may have all that my mother has, and you can keep the money that you owe her." They made the bet in writing, and signed it. Sunday night the boy wanted to go to the church; but his mother said, "No, first go to sleep, and do not start until twelve o'clock." The boy lay down and slept. During this time the priest went to the churchyard and took a body out of a grave. He carried it up the ladder of the steeple, placed it there, and he said to the dead man, "When the boy comes to ring the bells, frighten him. Do not let him pass." Then he went home.

A little before twelve o'clock the mother called the boy; and she said to him, "Now go and ring the bells." He put on his hat, and tied the kerchief around it. He went up the ladder as quickly as he could. When he had almost reached the top of the church, he saw somebody on the ladder. He said, "Who are you?" Then the dead one let a green light shine from his eyes, his nose, and his mouth, and tried to frighten the boy. He, however, said, "Doesn't that look nice? Let me see it once more!" And again the green light shone from the dead man's face. The boy said, "That is remarkable. How do you do that? Let me see it once more!" He made him repeat this four times. Then he said, "Now go out of my way! I have to go up to ring the bells." The dead man said, "Never mind! I will make room for you. You can pass by me." — "No," said the boy, "maybe you will push me down." Then the dead one said, "No, I only wanted to frighten you; but you do not know any fear." The boy asked, "Who sent you here?" — "The priest did. He told me to frighten you. Come up here! I am not going to do you any harm." But the boy mistrusted him, and said, "Maybe you will throw me down. Come down, or I am going to kill you with my axe." — "Where is your axe?" — "I have it at home." The boy jumped down the ladder and ran home. When the priest saw him coming, he said, "He did not ring the bells. He is afraid. Now you have lost your money." The boy, however, merely asked his mother, "Where is my axe?" She took it out of the corner, and said, "What do you want to do with it?" He replied, "I want to kill some one with it." He ran back to the church; and the dead man asked him, "Where is your axe?" The boy, however, simply took it and cut up the dead man. He merely

said, "I am already dead, I cannot die twice." But the boy passed without hindrance, and rang the bells. When the priest heard it, he said, "I knew he was a wise boy. He is not afraid. He is ringing the bells."

When the boy came home, he said to his mother, "Call the priest, and let him pay us." His mother said, "Oh, he will pay us tomorrow." — "No," retorted the boy, "I want to have the money now." The priest heard him, and gave him the money that he had lost.

When the boy grew up, he said to his mother, "Make some bread for me. I am going out to look for work." His mother baked bread for him; and on the following morning, after breakfast, he asked the priest for a mule. The priest took him to the corral where he kept his mules and horses. He said to him, "Take this small mule. It is the best one I have. When you are grown up, you may take a bigger one." The priest saddled the mule, and said to it, "At noon, when the boy takes dinner, kick him once and kill him." The mule asked, "Where shall I kick him?" The priest said, "Kick him in the testicles." Then the priest put on the saddle, and he gave to the boy a canteen and bread and whatever he needed. The boy mounted the mule, and rode to Calistea Canyon. He rode up some distance, and at noon he started a fire and prepared his dinner. He took the saddle off the mule and tried to hobble it. Then the mule put back its ears. The boy said, "Maybe you want to kick me." — "Yes," said the mule, "I am going to kick you in the testicles." — "Who told you to do so?" — "The priest did." Then the boy said, "Wait until I put on my new clothing." He put on his overcoat, and tied his kerchief over his hat. Then he tried again to hobble the mule. The mule kicked and hit him in the testicles. Then the boy fell over in a faint. After a while he woke up; and the mule said to him, "Now you may hobble me." — "No," said the boy, "you are going to kick me again." The mule replied, "No, the priest told me to kick you only once, and so I am not going to kick you again." Then the boy hobbled the mule. He made coffee and fried bacon and potatoes. Then he ate dinner. After dinner he took off the hobbles, and said to the mule, "Now I am going to ride you. I am tired." — "No," said the mule, "I am going to run into the *arroyo* and throw you. Then you will die. Nobody has ever ridden me." — "Oh," said the boy, "if you try to leave the trail, I am going to beat you with my stick." — "Well," said the mule, "try it." Then the boy buttoned up his overcoat, and tied his kerchief over his hat, and mounted. The mule tried to leave the trail, but the boy beat it until it turned back. When the mule tried to turn to the left, he beat its head on the left-hand side; and when the mule bucked, he knocked it right on the

head. Finally the mule fell down. The boy said, "What is the matter with you? I think you are hungry," and he offered the mule biscuit. But the animal did not stir. The boy said, "It looks to me as though you were dead." Then he cut off four posts with forked tops, and two long poles. He put up the posts, and laid the long poles across them. Then he took the mule's fore-legs and placed them over one of the long poles, and he took the hind-legs and put them over the other poles, so that the mule was hanging in the air. Then he said, "Now I am going to ride you," and he sat down on its back. He made a whip and beat its feet, but the mule did not stir. Then he beat the left side, and the mule began to stir a little. Then he struck again the other side, and the mule stirred a little more. "Soon you are going to wake up," said the boy. "Now, look out!" When he struck the fourth time, the mule jumped off from the poles and ran the whole day without stopping. Finally the boy became very tired, and said, "Stop, you fool! stop! I am hungry. I want to eat." The mule replied, "I am going to run on until I come to a spring where there is nice grass. Let us eat there!" The boy wanted to stop, but the mule ran on, and after some time they arrived at the spring. Then the boy jumped off and started a fire. He made coffee, fried bacon, and ate. After dinner they went on.

In the afternoon they came to a mountain. There he saw a number of Mexican men coming from the southwest. He met them at a crossing of the roads. They asked him, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I am looking for work." The men said, "We are also looking for work. Let us go on together!" He asked them to put their loads on the mule, and they went on. When it was near sunset, they reached the Rio Grande. The men were going to camp there; but the boy said, "No, let us cross the river to-night!" The men said, "No, it is too late." But the boy insisted. Then the men got ready. They took off their shoes and trousers, and began to wade across the river. While they were in the water, the sun set. Meanwhile the boy was still on the eastern side of the river. They said to him, "You are too slow, you will never get across to-night." When it was dark, the boy started. He sent the mule ahead; but since it was dark, he lost it, and was unable to find it. He called the mule, and it answered from the east. Then he said to the mule, "I am not going to drive you across, I am going to ride you across." He mounted, and rode into the water. Meanwhile it became quite dark; and he said to the mule, "Let us stop here in the water until to-morrow morning!" — "How can we do that?" asked the mule. "I am going to sleep sitting on your back, and you sleep standing in the water," said the boy. "Let us do so!" said the mule.

When the boy awoke the following morning, they went on and crossed the river. There the boy saw a white house. The two men

who had accompanied him had gone into the white house the night before. When the boy rode near, he saw a number of people who carried their dead bodies out of the house. They took them to the Plaza; and the boy asked, "What has happened to these people? How did they die?" And when he came near, he recognized his companions. The people told him that the house was haunted, and that whoever staid there over night was found dead on the following morning. The boy, however, had no fear, and rode his mule to the white house. He took off its saddle and hobbled it. Then he entered. The house was entirely empty. He looked around and found a fireplace. The house was quite clean. Then the boy said, "I shall make a fire here, and I am going to sleep next to the fireplace." He carried the saddle into the house, and started the fire. The people in the town saw smoke coming out of the chimney. When the governor heard about this, he said to his *teniente*: "Go and see who is there! Tell him to come out. If he stays in that house over night, we shall have to bury him to-morrow morning." The *teniente* went to the house and found the boy. He told him that everybody who slept in the house was killed; but the boy replied, "Why should I die in this good house? I am going to stay here." And the *teniente* replied, "If you insist, you will be dead to-morrow morning." — "No," said the boy, "I am not going to die." He could not be induced to leave the house. In the evening he fried potatoes and bacon. When his supper was ready, he placed the dishes on the floor. He poured out his coffee and began to eat. Then he heard above in the chimney a noise which sounded like wind. The boy said, "I think a gale is coming up." But presently a man's shoulder and arm fell through the chimney. The boy said, "What does that mean? Whoever has done that?" And he threw the arm and shoulder into a corner, and re-arranged his fire. After a little while he heard again a noise, and said, "Who is coming now?" Then the right shoulder and arm of a man fell into the fire. "Why do they always fool me?" said the boy, and he threw the arm and the shoulder into the corner. He arranged his fire, and continued to eat. Soon he heard a new noise. "Who is coming now?" said he. "Soon we shall have enough people here." Then the right leg of a person fell down into the fire, and almost extinguished it. The boy became angry, and said, "Who is the stupid fellow who throws these bones into my fire?" He took the leg and threw it into the corner, and re-arranged his fire. It was not long before the noise began again, and the left leg of a person fell down into the fire. He threw it into the corner, and re-arranged his fire. When it just began to blaze up again, the head and trunk of a person fell down. The boy threw them into the corner, and started his fire again. Suddenly he saw a large Indian standing in the corner of the room. He said,

"You are a brave boy. I thought you would die of fright when the bones came down the chimney. Other people who see it die." The boy replied, "Well, they must be very stupid." Then the tall man said to him, "Now we will wrestle. One of us must die, and the one who survives shall own the house." The boy said, "Wait until after I have eaten. When I am hungry, I am weak." The boy ate as though nothing had happened; and after a while the large man said, "Are you done now?" — "Wait a little while. First I have to put away my dishes." Then he put on his overcoat, and tied his kerchief over his hat, and said, "Now I am ready!" and they began to wrestle. The man was so large, that the boy could not put his arms around him; and he said, "Wait a little while, I have to stand on my saddle." Secretly he pulled out his little axe. Then he said to the man, "Now I am ready!" When the man put his arms around him, the boy took his axe and struck him with it, and the large man fell. He said to the boy, "You are fortunate. Now the house belongs to you. Here are the keys, but do not open the doors until to-morrow morning. If you do so to-night, you will die. When you are dead, the people will come to-morrow morning to bury you. When they carry you out, the priest will stand on one side; and after he has thrown the soil into the grave, then get up and come into the house through the east door." Then he gave him the keys. Immediately after this a whirlwind came and carried away the large man. The boy sat down to take a rest. Then he made his bed and went to sleep. He slept until midnight. Then he woke up, and said, "The big man is a liar, I am not dead." He went to sleep again, and woke up again before sunrise; and again he said, "The big man is a liar. Why should I die?" He woke up again shortly after sunrise, turned over, and went to sleep again; but when he went to sleep the fourth time, he died.

In the morning the people from the town came to the house, and they found him dead. They said, "Let us dig a grave and bury him!" After they had dug a grave, a number of men came and carried him out. They covered him with a blanket, and carried him to the graveyard. They put the body down into the grave, and threw soil on top of it. After a while the priest asked, "Are you done now?" and the people replied in the affirmative. Then they went away. Immediately the boy arose and ran back into the house. When the people saw it, they were surprised, and said, "Who is this boy running into the house?" He prepared his breakfast, and after that he opened all the rooms. In one of the rooms he found a bed. A sword lay on it, and under the bed was much money, — silver, gold, and paper. Then he opened another room, which was full of all kinds of medicines. He had a small cut on his hand, and decided to try the medicine. He put some on it, and at once the cut was healed up. He went into

another room, and found a bay horse, a carriage, corn and wheat, oats, and a brush. Then he took his mule and put it into the stable and gave it to eat.

After some time the people of the town had a celebration. He asked himself, "Shall I go there?" He cut off his left leg with his sword. Then he applied the medicine to the wound, and it healed up at once. He carried his left leg in his hands. He put on poor clothing. His coat and his trousers were torn, but his pockets were full of money. He went where horse-races and foot-races were being held, and where a cock-fight was going on. "Is there anybody who can run very fast?" — "Yes," said the people. He bet a thousand dollars against the runner. The other man started; and when he was way ahead, the boy began to jump. He moved along in somersaults on his hands and his one leg, and reached the goal first. The people asked, "Who are you? What is your name?" And the boy replied, "I am Djamisa." The people said, "How can we get our money back? Let us have a horse-race! He cannot possibly ride with his one leg. Let us ask him whether he will run a race!" The boy agreed, and they gave him a large saddle-horse. The boy staked all his money against that of another man. The horse which he was to ride was very wild, and six men had to hold it. He took the rope and spoke to the horse. Then he put his fingers into the horse's nose and on its ears, and the horse stood there quietly. The people said, "Formerly, when anybody touched the horse, it kicked. Certainly we are going to lose now." The people told Djamisa to saddle the horse; but he said that he would ride bareback without a bridle, and only with a rope and a halter. He made a noose in his rope, and put it on the horse's neck. He let the rope drag behind, jumped on the horse, which started at once. It ran about in circles, and the boy came back to the people. Then he called the owner of the horse to sit behind him. He said, "The horse won't do you any harm. If it should kick you, I will give you all my money." Then the other jumped on the horse, and the two rode around the town. When they came back, the boy told the owner, "Now this horse has been broken. If it should ever kick again, I will give you all my money."

After a while Djamisa asked the people, "Where does the king live?" One man said to him, "Do you see the soldiers near that cottonwood-tree? The king's house is near by." He went there. When he came to the cottonwood-tree, the boy left his property in the branches of the tree. He reached the soldier, who forbade him to go on. Djamisa said, "I came to see the king." — "You cannot see him." — "Why not?" — "People must pay much money if they want to see him. It costs a thousand dollars." — "Well, I will give you a thousand dollars." He paid the money to the soldier, who

allowed him to pass. In the first room of the house, he found another guard, who would not allow him to pass. The boy said, "I came to see the king." — "You have to pay five hundred dollars if you want to see him." The boy paid it, and was allowed to pass. In the following room there was another guard, who demanded two hundred and fifty dollars; and after the boy had paid him, he came to a fourth one, who demanded one hundred and fifty dollars. Finally the king's cook came out. The boy said to him, "I want to see the king," and the cook went in to call him. Djamisa was talking to the king when he was called to dinner. Djamisa asked him, "How much must I pay you in order to be allowed to eat with you?" The king said, "Fifty dollars." He paid the money, and the king and Djamisa ate together. In the afternoon he said to the king, "Now I must go home, but I am going to come back to see you." The king said, "I should like to know who he is. He must have a great deal of money. He shall marry my daughter." He sent out his soldiers to search for him. Meanwhile Djamisa had put on his leg. He wore overalls, and carried a small bundle on his shoulder. Thus he walked across the street. The soldiers asked him, "Did you see the man who visited the king?" — "How does he look?" — "He has only one leg." — "Which one?" — "The right one." The boy said that he did not know the man. The soldiers went back, and he continued on his way. He walked around the town to his house, and there he staid for several days. Then he went back to the king. The king asked him whether he would help him find the boy, and he asked five dollars a day as pay. The king's soldiers had looked through all the houses in the town without finding the man. Then the king thought, "Maybe he lives in the white house." The soldiers went there. Then Djamisa dressed himself like a soldier, and stood guard in front of the house, and did not permit the soldiers to go in. He asked them, "What do you want?" They said, "We want to see whether the man lives here who dined with the king." — "You cannot see him. It costs too much money. You have to pay a thousand dollars." The soldiers paid a thousand dollars, and the boy repeated everything that had been done to him at the king's house. Finally the soldiers reached him, and delivered the king's letter. He read it, and said, "I do not want to marry the king's daughter." He wrote an answer, and sent it back through the soldiers. They took the letter to the king; and when he had read it, he replied, insisting again that Djamisa should marry the king's daughter. The soldiers took the letter there, but again he declined. The king sent three letters; and when the boy continued to decline, the king finally wrote, "If you do not marry my daughter, I am going to put you into prison." Then Djamisa replied, saying that he would marry the king's daughter the following week on Monday. When the king received this letter, he

ordered the cooks to prepare for a great feast. They killed cattle and made cakes and pies, and after a week the marriage was celebrated. Djamisa took the king's daughter to live with him in the white house. He was very rich. He had many sheep and cattle, and herdsmen to take care of the herds.

One day his wife received a letter from her mother, who had died some time before, and who was now in heaven. She wrote to her that a festival was going to be celebrated in heaven, and she asked her and her husband to come. Djamisa did not want to go, but finally he was persuaded. For four years he and his wife staid in heaven. When he came back, his sheep and cattle, horses and mules, were scattered, and he was quite poor.

6. JOSÉ HOSO (JUÁN DEL OSO).¹

In the evening, in San Felipe, a girl went to get water. When she was at the spring, a bear came and carried her up the mountains to Cip'apulima, where he put her into a cave. The people searched for her, but they could not find her. Her mother looked for her in every house and among all her relatives, but there was no trace of the girl. In the evening her brothers took torches and went to the spring. There they found her water-jar filled with water, and they discovered her tracks and those of the bear. They followed them; but after a short time they lost the tracks, and could not find them again. On the following morning many people went up the mountains to look for her, but they could not find her.

The bear married her. In the morning, when he went out, he put a large rock in front of the cave and shut her in. The young woman was unable to lift the rock, and had to stay inside. After some time she had a child. She continued to live in the cave, and the bear did not allow her to go out. He fed her on venison, and she became very thin and weak. Then the bear said, "I have to get corn and wheat for you." He went to San Felipe, where he took some corn and wheat, which he gave to her. He stole a grinding-stone and a muller, and gave them to her. Then she made bread. One night the bear went again to the village, and stole a jar and everything that was necessary for cooking. Then the woman made stew of venison and corn for herself and her child.

Her son grew up. One day, when the bear was out, he asked his mother, "Why do you always stay here in this dark cave?" She replied, "Because your father stole me when I was a young girl. He threatened to kill me if I did not go along." The boy asked,

¹ Told to Nick by an old Zúñi. See Bolte und Polfvka, 2 : 297; F. Panzer, *Untersuchungen zur deutschen Heldensage*, 1 : 1-246.

"Where is your home, mother?" — "My poor boy, your grandfather is Cazique in San Felipe." Then the boy said, "Let us go there!" — "How can we go? I cannot move the stone that closes this cave." — "That stone is not heavy. I can lift it." — "Let us wait until tomorrow, but don't speak to your father about it." Then the woman made many tortillas. When the bear came home, he asked her, "Why do you make so many tortillas?" She replied, "Because our boy eats so many. If I make a few only, he will not have enough." The bear did not reply. On the following morning, as soon as he was gone, the woman put on her moccasins, wrapped up the tortillas, the boy pushed away the rock, and they went out. They started for San Felipe. When the bear had gone some distance, he thought, "I do not know why my wife made so many tortillas. I believe that she and the boy intend to run away." He turned back, and saw that the cave was open and that they had escaped. He ran in pursuit, intending to kill them. After some time the woman became tired. Her boy said, "Mother, you must go on! Maybe father is pursuing us." He turned back, and saw the bear coming. He said to his mother, "You see, he is pursuing us. I am sure he wants to kill us." His mother replied, "Why did you tell us to run away? Now we must die." The boy, however, encouraged her, and said, "Go ahead! I am going to wait for him here. I am going to kill him." A cottonwood-tree was standing near by. He broke off a stick and struck it against a rock. The stick broke. Then he took another stick and tried it, and it was so strong that it did not break. The boy was left-handed and very strong. When the bear came up to him, he struck him on the side of the head and thus killed him. Then he went to his mother and told her that he had killed the bear. He said, "Now let us go on slowly!"

They went along, and finally they arrived at San Felipe. The people recognized the woman. They led her into the house, and asked her what had happened to her. Then she told the whole story.

The boy was very strong, and he beat all the children. The people called him José Hoso. His mother sent him to a Mexican school. He always carried an iron hammer, which was very heavy. He struck the children with it, and therefore he was put into prison and was to be killed. When he heard that the people intended to kill him, he broke the bars in the window of the prison, jumped out, and ran away. He went far away into another country.

Finally he arrived at a Mexican town. In this town lived a king whose daughters had been stolen. All the people were searching for them. The king said to José, "If you find my daughters, you shall marry one of them; and, besides that, I am going to pay you much money. It is four years since I lost my daughters." José said to

the king, "Get for me a long, heavy rope, and an axe." The king bought these, and gave them to José. The king also gave him food to take along on his travels. Then José went southward. There he met a Mexican who carried wood on his mule. The Mexican asked him, "Where are you going?" José replied, "I am looking for the king's daughters." — "How much is he going to pay you?" — "He is going to give me one of his daughters in marriage." — "Let me go with you!" — "Well, come along! Take your wood home and come back. I shall wait for you." — "No," said the man, "when my mule goes home, my children will unload the wood. I do not need to go with her." Then the two went on. After some time they met a man who also was carrying wood. The man asked them, "Where are you going?" They replied, "We are looking for the king's daughters." The man said, "I am going along with you." The three went on together. They came to a large mountain in which there was a deep pit. Then they cut a large post and tied the rope to it; and José said to the others, "I am going to climb down. You may follow me." He took hold of the rope and climbed down the pit. When he was half way down, the rope was at an end. He was standing on a stick which had been tied to the end of the rope, and he swung himself to and fro. Finally the rope struck the side of the pit, and he jumped off and stood on a narrow shelf of rock. Then he told the two Mexicans to come down too. They let themselves down along the rope, and stood with him on the narrow shelf. Finally José jumped down, and the Mexicans followed him. When they landed at the bottom of the pit, they found themselves in another world. There was a trail, which they followed, and finally they came to a house. They went in; and in the house they found the king's daughters. An old man, Mohapate (Huevos glandes), was sitting there with spread legs. He had enormous testicles. When he saw the visitors, he became very angry; and when they came in, his testicles began to swell up. They became larger and larger, and filled the whole house. He was trying to choke the three men, but José took his iron and struck him with it. Then the man died. They went into the inner room, and led out the king's daughters. They took them to another town. There José saw much jewelry, — ear-rings, chains, and bracelets of gold and silver. The people in the town said to him, "We will help you get some of the jewelry."

On the following morning he started back for the king's house. When he came to the pit, he stepped into a basket which was tied to the end of the rope, and wanted to go up. José had his heavy iron bar, and therefore the people could not pull him out. The two Mexicans said, "Leave your iron bar here! It is too heavy." — "No", he said, "I am not going to do that." Then they said, "Wait down here! Let us go up first!" Then the Mexicans and the king's

daughters were pulled up, and they left him down below. José waited for the basket to come back, but it did not come down again. Then he went back to the city in which he had seen the jewelry, and told the people what had happened to him. The people replied, "Wait! you will get the king's daughters and the money, anyway." They gave him a gray horse and a horn, and said to him, "If you need anything after you reach the king's house, call the horse, and we will send it to you, and also all the jewelry you want. When you are about two miles this side of the king's house, send the horse back." Then José mounted the horse and rode off. When he was near the king's house, he sent the horse back and walked towards the town. He did not go to his house, but crawled into a chicken-coop in which he lived. One day the king questioned him, and said, "What are you doing there?" He replied, "I am looking for work." — "What can you do?" — "I am a silversmith, and I can make jewelry." Then he took out some of the jewelry which the people had given him, and showed it to the king. The king said, "I shall show this to my daughters. Maybe they want some rings and ear-rings." The king gave José silver to make jewelry for his eldest daughter. Then José took his horn and went some distance away from the city. With his horn he called his horse. When he blew the horn, the people of the town in the pit brought him the jewelry. He mounted his horse and rode back to the city. He gave the jewelry to the king's eldest daughter, and pretended that he himself had made it. On the following day the next eldest daughter of the king wanted to have some jewelry, and the same thing happened as before.

The king's daughters were to be married to the Mexicans who had taken them back. The day before the marriage José went home. He changed his clothing, and took his iron hammer in his left hand. Then he went to the king's house. When the king saw him, he said, "You have gone out in vain. These two Mexicans have already found my daughters. Where have you been?" He replied, "I have been at home." — "I thought you went out to look for my daughters." — "Yes, and I found them too." — "No, that is not true. The two Mexicans found them." Then José told him how he had met the two men carrying wood, and how they had gone with him; and he told the whole story, — how he had killed the old man, and how the Mexicans had finally left him at the bottom of the pit. The king said, "Is that true?" — "Yes, your daughters know about it." Then the king asked his daughters. When the Mexicans saw José, they were afraid, and did not dare to speak; and the king's daughters said now, "Yes, he found us, and he killed the old man." Then the king turned out the two Mexicans, because they had lied, and José married one of the king's daughters. That is the reason why Mexicans are always lying.

7. SANTU.

It was in 1899, at the time when the Santu Dance is held behind the church. The chief, the governor, and the *tenientes* were present. The Santu was standing on a table on blankets, and boys and girls were dancing for him. It was in the afternoon, after dinner, when one of the *tenientes* nudged me, and said, "Blood is coming out of the Santu's head." Then I saw how a little swelling appeared at the temple of the head of the Santu, and a drop of blood came out. The face of the Santu changed color, and looked very pale, like that of a dead person. I thought at first that it was no blood. A hole appeared which was nearly an inch deep, and I thought that the paint was coming off because the image had been wet; but I put my finger on and smelled of it, and it smelled like blood. It looked as though the Santu had been shot. I felt very badly. This lasted a little while. Then suddenly the hole disappeared, and the Santu looked as before. He was no longer pale, but had his regular color, and his eyes were quite vivid.

The dance continued for four days. This happened on the fourth day. The following night we were sitting in a house, and were talking about this matter. There were twelve men there, all *principales*.

In the same year, during the harvest dance, the people were distributing peaches, apricots, and other fruits. The people were shooting with six-shooters, as was the custom at that time. Then they hit one boy in the shoulder, and my niece was hit in the abdomen. She died the following day. I believe the Santu wanted to tell us that this was going to happen. Nobody knows who fired the shots. Since that time the officers have forbidden shooting. If a person shoots, he is put into jail.

The Mexicans call the Santu "Santu Linio." If a Mexican wishes to pray to him, the keeper of the Santu has to bring him out. The Mexican may pay him fifty cents or twenty-five cents; rich people, as much as five dollars; or they may give him some calico. This money is given to the sacristan.

During the Santu Dance everybody pays him. The paying is not demanded by anybody; but the people, not only from Zuñi, but also from other pueblos, give to the Santu whatever they like, money or candles. Whenever the Santu is exhibited, candles must be lighted for him.

When a Mexican is sick and asks for the help of the Santu, the sacristan must bring him out, and the Mexican prays to him. The Santu is carried into the living-room, and candles are lighted. The Catholics and Americans do this, but not the Zuñi.

In December, at the end of the year, the Santu is exhibited for eight days in the house. Then the Zuñi make little sheep out of clay, also pumpkins and ears of corn. They bring these to the Santu, and

pay money to him. For eight days these are left there in the house of the sacristan. After this time the people who made the clay figures take them away. They make a hole in the ground, in the house or in the corral, and bury the figures there. Then their corn and their stock will increase. During this time also two candles are left burning next to the Santu.

NOTE. — Nick says that the Mexicans instituted the office of governor, but he does not know the form of political organization that prevailed before that time.

8. THE REBELLION AGAINST THE SPANIARDS.¹

The Mexicans were plotting to kill all the Zuñi on Sunday after church. A young war-chief overheard them, and understood what they were talking about. Therefore he informed the chief, and at night a council was called. There the young war-chief told the assembled people that the Mexicans were planning to kill them. There were forty or fifty war-chiefs in the assembly. They decided to kill the Mexicans before they had a chance to attack them.

On the following Sunday they hid their bows, arrows, and war-clubs under their blankets, and went to church. After the sermon, when the people were singing a Mexican song, the war-chiefs arose. Ten or fifteen of them stood next to the door, and they called the boys and girls, and told them to hurry out of church. When all were out, they shut the door and killed all the Mexicans. One man, a Mexican, ran into one of the adjoining rooms. There were ten or fifteen rooms on each side of the church. The priest was sitting on the altar at the feet of the Santu, and crossed himself. The war-chiefs did not attack him. They tied his hands on his back. The Mexican who had escaped into the adjoining room crept up the chimney and made good his escape.

After this had happened, the Zuñi from all the seven towns left their pueblos and went up Corn Mountain.

When the people of the Rio Grande Pueblos heard what had happened, they held a council. They had learned that the Mexicans were about to send an expedition against the Zuñi, and the Rio Grande Pueblos were summoned to accompany them. One young man, a good runner from Laguna, ran with all speed to the Zuñi who were living on Corn Mountain, and told them of the approaching war-party. The chief of the Zuñi invited the runner in, and gave him to eat and to drink. He told him not to drink any of the water from the springs in the valley, because the water had been poisoned. He also advised him that the Laguna people, who were compelled to accompany the Spaniards, should hold juniper-branches in the mouth, and that then

¹ The narrator, Nick, said that he had heard this story first at Mesita, and then again at a council in Zuñi.

they would not attack them. Before the Laguna runner left, he promised to send word to Zuñi ten days before the warriors should start.

Ten days after this, six or eight people from Laguna came on their mules. They made a camp at the foot of Corn Mountain. The Zuñi chief sent down to inquire who they were. When the Laguna met them, they wept, because they thought that the Zuñi were going to be killed, and told them that the Spaniards were coming with a large army. When the chief of the Zuñi heard the message, he sent word to them, warning them not to drink, because all the springs had been poisoned. Then the members of the Shell Society went into their *kiwa*, in which they staid for eight days. After eight days the Spanish army arrived. The soldiers were on horseback. They rode four abreast. They encamped at the place where the reservoir now is. After they had eaten, they attacked the mesa. The Zuñi defended themselves with bows and arrows, while the Spaniards had muzzle-loading guns. At that time the head of the Shell Society came out of the *kiwa*. He had long hair. He was painted black around the eyes. His forehead and chin were painted white. He had eagle-down on his head. His body was painted red, and white lightning was painted on his clothing. He held a shell in his mouth. He had no bow and no other weapons. He stepped right to the edge of the cliff; and when the Spaniards shot at him, he just blew out of his mouth. Then the bullets could not hit him, and the soldiers tumbled about as though they were drunk. Blood flowed out of their eyes, nose, and mouth, and they died. Only a few were left. Then the Spaniards, with the people from the Rio Grande Pueblos, went back.

After a month they came back again with a new army. The Laguna sent word again, telling them that the soldiers were coming. They made their camp at the same place as before. After they had eaten, they came to attack the Zuñi.

Then the priest, who had staid with the Zuñi, said, "I will write a letter to them and tell them that you have not killed me." But he had no paper and no ink: therefore they took a rawhide, spanned it over a frame, and he wrote on it with charcoal. He wrote, "I am still alive, but I have no clothing." Then they put a stone to the frame and threw it down. A soldier picked it up and carried it to the commander. He read it, and gave orders to the soldiers to stop fighting. They sent a priest's dress, paper, and ink to the father, and asked him to return with them to Mexico. He, however, replied, saying that he could not wear the dress of dead people; that he wanted to stay with the Zuñi and wear their clothes. Then the Zuñi came down from the mountain, and the soldiers went back.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK, N.Y.

REVIEWS.

Porto Rican Folk-Lore: *Décimas*, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs. Collected by J. ALDEN MASON; edited by AURELIO M. ESPINOSA. (Journal of American Folk-Lore, 31 : 289-450.)

PREVIOUS to this time no collection of popular songs has ever been published from Porto Rico. A number of years ago Professor Juncos of the University of Porto Rico gathered considerable material; but he abandoned the idea of its publication because of its close correspondence with similar collections from Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Andalusia. Dr. Mason's collection is therefore a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the folklore of Spanish-speaking countries.

It is noticeable that the songs gathered into Parts III and IV of Dr. Mason's collection have much more in common with those of other Spanish-speaking countries than have the *décimas* in Parts I and II. The cradle-songs and nursery rhymes are traditional, and are found with little or no variation in Spain, Argentine, Chile, Cuba, New Mexico, and California. For example: Nos. 274-276 are heard in exactly this form throughout Spain; 315 and 329 substitute the name "Paco" for "Pepe;" 359 is sung throughout Spain to the same music, but with the refrain "La tarara sí, la tarara no," and the *trabalengua* 360 occurs throughout Spain and Cuba. Some of the *décimas*, also, are based on popular Spanish *coplas* or songs. The introductory lines of No. 169, for instance, occur in an Aragonese *copla* of popular origin. Other *décimas* are inspired by Spanish ballads. But the majority are distinctly of Porto-Rican origin, and reflect Porto-Rican thought and custom. Whether, however, these *décimas* come from the true folk, and not rather from the lettered classes; and whether, therefore, they may be strictly classed as folk-poetry, — is to be questioned.

Dr. Mason tells us that he gathered his material from school-children, who are drawn almost altogether from the literate population of the towns, and not from the true folk, who live in the country or in the mountains, and who, since they can generally neither read nor write, preserve their dependence upon oral transmission for their learning and their amusements. The native Porto-Rican of the country and the mountains is known as the *jíbaro*. He is very poor, and lives simply. His hut, or *bohío*, made of palm-bark or of dry-goods boxes, contains two rooms, where the hammocks or canvas cots for sleeping are kept folded in the corner by day. Sometimes he has a small garden, and keeps a cow or a goat. He lives on beans, rice, and native fruit. The mountain *jíbaro* rarely works the year round; often he is employed only in the fall to help gather the coffee or to cut the sugar-cane. The *jíbaro* of the small town does all sorts of unskilled labor. He may work on the roads, or sell candy and fruit at evening outside the theatre, or keep a stand on the plaza. From these town *jíbaro* the school-children no doubt gather some true folk-songs; and from their contact with the towns the *jíbaro* learn something of politics,



especially when they gather at the barber-shop, which in Porto Rico is the centre for popular political discussion and amusement. But it is the ballad, the Christmas carol, and the nursery rhyme, — the traditional folk-poetry of Spain, — which the *jíbaro* sings among his own people when they gather in the evening at some one's house to dance; and this is the real folk-song of Porto Rico. The verses are ordinarily sung, not recited, to the accompaniment of the *cuatro* (a primitive sort of guitar about the size of a violin with four strings) or to a *guicharo* (an instrument shaped like a large pine-cone, over the roughened surface of which a forked steel instrument is rubbed with a rasping sound). It is doubtful whether the *décimas* included in Dr. Mason's collection fairly represent the popular art of these mountain people.

In the first place, except in *décimas* 79 and 128, no grammatical errors or archaisms occur such as are common to the *jíbaro*, such as *truje* for *traje*, *pullá* for *por allá*, *jacer* for *hacer*, *corteja* for *querida*. If the transcriber has softened these corruptions out of a desire for clearness, such circumlocutions as *motivado a que*, *resulta a que*, *resultas de*, so common to the *jíbaro*, cannot be omitted or changed in the *décima* without destroying the metre. Nor do the political *décimas* employ the popular names for the political parties,—*gatos* for the Republicans, *ratones* for the Unionists. So far as language is concerned, then, the *décimas* do not reflect the true folk.

The popular political *décima* not only lacks the language of the folk: it is hardly to be regarded as an expression of their feeling. It probably originates in the groups that gather in the barber-shop; or it appears in the local newspaper, and bears about the same relation to the Porto-Rican folk-poetry as such songs as "Over there" bear to that of this country. It is not the *jíbaro*, but the public-school student, who writes of Washington, Lincoln, and the Monroe doctrine. Nor are the specimens here collected representative in character. Although there are several *décimas* in the collection which complain of Spain's treatment of Porto Rico, there is not one which expresses dissatisfaction with the United States Government, nor one which expresses the wish for independence. But the Unionist party, which stands for independence, has for many years been popular and influential; was, in fact, especially prominent at the time when many of the complaints against Spain were composed, and, judging from its recent triumphs, continues to influence popular thought. Certainly a great deal has been written on this theme of independence besides José de Diego's "Cantos de Rebeldía," so well known to all Unionists. Why are such verses absent from this collection? Perhaps the Porto-Ricans, with the courtesy and eagerness to please which Mr. Juncos calls "their propensity for festive exaggeration," felt that the recital of rebellious verses might be displeasing to an American collector.

Many of the non-political *décimas* are not popular in content or in spirit. Some, such as Nos. 2 and 222, are full of classical allusions, and are developed by means of simile and metaphor not characteristic of folk-poetry. Such is No. 12, so similar in spirit to Jorge Manrique's "Coplas que hizo por la muerte de sa padre." The last stanza of the *décima* is almost identical

with the third of the *coplas*; and the sentiment, though common to Spanish poetry and thought, is by no means popular in tone. No. 25, which, if not composed by the well-known Porto-Rican poet, José Gautier, is very similar to his work, is too figurative and of too lyric a quality to be popular in origin. No. 42, inspired perhaps by the lines taken from Espronceda's "Student of Salamanca," is not popular either in spirit or in content; No. 58, which is based on the same introductory lines, is developed in a much simpler way, and uses a theme more typical of the people.

The same distinction should be drawn between Nos. 47 and 55. The former is too figurative, too carefully and consistently developed, for folk-poetry; the latter, more simple and direct, is probably a popular poem. The references to flowers uncommon in Porto Rico point to a foreign origin for Nos. 76, 90, and 91, probably to the Spanish ballads of the seventeenth century, which are literary rather than folk ballads. No. 255 was composed for a vaudeville singer, a *copletista*, and sung several years ago at the Romea Theatre in Madrid: it can hardly be classed as folk-lore. And No. 160, "La vida del campesino," although it pictures exactly the life of the *jibaro*, is the work of Alejandrina Benítez, a lady of culture. The original, which I think was never published, may be found, according to Mr. Virgilio Dávila, in the possession of the Eugenio Benítez Castaño family.

Valuable as is this interesting collection of *décimas* from Porto Rico, I think we should use considerable caution in assuming it to be truly representative of a folk-art.

LOUISE D. DENNIS.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

The above review by Miss Dennis is, on the whole, directed to show that many of the *décimas* under discussion are learned or semi-learned. Since I have said as much in my introduction to the *décimas*, I hardly think it was necessary for Miss Dennis to repeat what I had already said. I quote below from my introduction (p. 290):—

"The popular poets have often been under the influence of real poetic inspiration. One suspects in some cases semi-learned influences; but even so, they are considered anonymous, have no known authors, and are in every respect the poetry of the people. . . . I suspect, however, that in Porto Rico, and perhaps also in other countries, the *décima* is cultivated by more pretentious poets; and it is not unlikely that many of the compositions that have attracted our admiration and attention are the product of learned poets, who composed them for the people and abandoned them to their fate." (See also pp. 291-292.)

I would say now exactly what I said before; but I certainly do not, for that reason, believe that our complete collection of *décimas* cannot be classed as folk-poetry. On the whole, the material is folk-lore, in spite of the learned influences I speak of, and which Miss Dennis discovers anew. These *décimas* are of the same type, as a rule, as those published by Lenz ("Über die gedruckte Volkspoesie von Santiago de Chile," 1895); and he does not hesitate to call them *Volkspoesie*. I agree with him, and in general also with the remarks of Dr. Mason, given below.

As to No. 160, I am glad to know that it is of known authorship. May I say that I do not consider Doña Alejandrina Benítez much of a poetess? Any third-rate New-Mexican *cantador* can compose better ones, real popular *décimas*.

As for the language, I have explained many times that one cannot publish folk-lore material in the original dialect, unless one makes a specialty of the dialect and has taken down personally every word of it. On the whole, however, the Spanish spoken by the most ignorant classes of Porto Rico is the same as that spoken by the ignorant in most Spanish countries. Nothing would be gained for dialectology unless it were in phonetic script, recording the exact sounds in question. As regards syntax, the *décimas* reflect quite well, and are indeed representative of, the popular Porto-Rican popular Spanish.

But Miss Dennis raises the question as to just what are the marks of popular poetry or folk-lore. Here we enter a problem that is indeed interesting, but we may have quite different opinions on the subject. Personally I am certain that folk-poetry has most of the elements of learned poetry, and often in a more refined degree. What poetry is prettier than the Spanish ballad poetry, and is it not popular poetry? If it is not, then I have yet to learn just what folk-poetry is. It is real art, — yes, real folk-art, — and much superior to the art of poets like Doña Alejandrina Benítez. It may interest our reviewer to know that in Dr. Mason's bulky collection of Porto-Rican folk-lore¹ — and folk-lore it is, in spite of the learned and semi-learned sources of some of it — we found, among other things, some thirty odd traditional Spanish ballads, evidently thrown in just for good measure. That alone is sufficient, in my mind, to prove the real popular character of the collection as a whole.

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

Miss Dennis raises the question whether the *décimas* do not proceed from the lettered classes instead of from the country people, and whether, therefore, they are entitled to be considered as true folk-poetry.

This question naturally resolves itself into two phases: (1) Is the *décima* a popular poetical vehicle among the *jíbaros*? and (2) Is the *jíbaro* the originator of these *décimas*? Apparently Miss Dennis considers that both these questions should be answered in the negative, believing that practically all the *décimas* were composed by local poets in towns, where they were written down by the school-children. I, however, shall insist on a dogmatic affirmative to the first question, and a qualified affirmative to the second.

The *décima*, despite the fact that it is a poetical vehicle of considerable artistic merit, comparing favorably in rigidity of form and general spirit with the English sonnet, appears to be the most popular form of poetical expression among the illiterate *jíbaros*. At the *velorios* and other social gatherings, according to my informants, it is the *décima* rather than the *aguinaldo* which is most sung. It was a source of great surprise to me

¹ Published in the *Revue Hispanique*, Vol. 43 (1918): "Romances de Puerto Rico," publicados por Aurelio M. Espinosa.

to find these poems, many of them of not a little beauty, known and sung by illiterate mountain peasants. Quite a number of the *décimas* in the collection were written down by me in phonetic text from the dictation of *jibaros* in out-of-the-way country *barrios*. I believe that there are few adult *jibaro* men who have not memorized one or more *décimas*, which they sing, when called upon in turn, at social gatherings; and nearly every little country hamlet has its noted *décima* singer, who has dozens of them at his tongue's end.

Miss Dennis offers three principal reasons for believing that the *décimas* are not truly of the country people: first, that the school-children who wrote them down came from the literate classes in the towns; second, that they contain few of the phonetic, dialectic, grammatical, and rhetorical linguistic peculiarities of the *jibaro*; and, third, that the collection contains no *décimas* relative to the movement for independence.

Despite Miss Dennis's evident intimate acquaintance with things Porto-Rican, I cannot agree with her that "school-children . . . are drawn almost altogether from the literate populations of the town, and not from the true folk, who live in the country or in the mountains." That was doubtless the case under the Spanish regime; but under the American school-system every child is required to attend school, and the law is enforced with considerable success. Many are my recollections of pleasant rides up into the mountains off the main roads with district school-supervisors to inspect their little country schools. I rather believe that the bulk of my material was written by little *jibaritos* in these country schools. They, of course, got their contributions from their illiterate parents.

As regards the question of dialectic peculiarities and provincialisms, it could hardly be expected that the children would record the mistakes of their elders. They are particularly taught to avoid all these vulgarities, and to write only correct standard Spanish. Only in cases where they wished especially to call attention to *jibaro* diction would they write *truje*, *jacer*, and *pullá*. This was done in several cases, as Miss Dennis notes. To delete as of literary origin all folk-poetry not written in dialect would be to throw out the baby with the bath-water. However, as Miss Dennis points out, we should expect to find such rhetorical provincialisms as are not grammatical errors, and which could not be corrected without destroying the metre. That these are few certainly indicated that the majority of the *décimas* were composed by persons of some cultural background.

To me, the lack of *décimas* breathing a desire for independence is good evidence that the collection is truly exemplary of the poetry popular among the *jibaros*. Unless conditions have changed greatly since 1915, there is no more loyal American citizen anywhere than the Porto-Rican *jibaro*. The devotion of this illiterate class, generally ignorant of a word of English, to America, is a great tribute to our colonial policy and administration. Several times men questioned me anxiously whether there was any truth in the rumors—for the more impossible the rumor, the more quickly it spreads—that Porto Rico was to be returned to Spain. "Better we all die fighting than go back again under Spanish rule," said one. I received the distinct impression that the movement for independence was largely

confined to the better-educated populations of the towns,—the artisan proletariat, let us say,—and not shared by the *jíbaro* peasantry.

I feel, therefore, that the *décimas* in the published collection are fully representative of the poetry of the *jíbaro*. The sources, however, are various, quite naturally. Many, as Espinosa has pointed out, are traditional Spanish. Others give internal evidence of *jíbaro* authorship. This group, naturally, are of a simple style. A third large group are probably the product of local amateur poets in towns and villages. Thus Nos. 115 and 116 I recollect receiving directly from such a poet, the shoemaker of a tiny village. These and probably a few others were not widely known; but the great majority, irrespective of their authorship, had been memorized by *jíbaro* singers, and incorporated in peasant folk-lore. Naturally it was impossible to separate the *décimas* into groups according to their origin. Were Spanish folk-lore perfectly known, the traditional *décimas* could have been separated. As for the others, only years of persistent research in Porto Rico could elucidate their authorship or locality of origin. Miss Dennis has done a great service by pointing out the origin of several, and it is hoped that other interested students of Spanish folk-lore and Porto-Rican literature will offer further aid toward the same end.

J. ALDEN MASON.

FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 35.—APRIL—JUNE, 1922.—No. 136.

RIDDLES FROM NEGRO SCHOOL-CHILDREN IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.

COLLECTED BY A. E. PERKINS.

[THE riddles here collected were written down in March, 1920, by Negro public-school children of the McDonough School 6 in New Orleans, La., and sent to me by the principal, Mr. A. E. Perkins, B.S., Ph.D., without his alteration or correction. The school draws from a district of English-speaking colored people, many of whom come from Mississippi. It is noticeable that the riddles show no trace of riddle-making as a live art. All are of English origin; there is not, so far as I know, a single native African riddle among them; no local changes or inventions occur (with the possible exception of 3 and 5) either of pattern or of subject-matter; not an original riddle appears in the whole list. The majority are of the modern conundrum type. Of the sixty-four folk-riddles, thirty-six have preserved the English rhymed form. This differs from the Jamaica habit, where the rhyme is likely to break down and the riddle to fall into pattern form. Only six story-riddles occur, but several of these were given more than once; and the elaborate explanations perhaps indicate a taste still active for this kind of riddling.—MARTHA WARREN BECKWITH.]

FOLK-RIDDLES.

1. Round as a butterbowl,
Deep as a cup.
The Mississippi River
Cannot fill it up.
Ans. Sifter, strainer.

2. Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
If you guess that,
You can have poor me.
Ans. Watch.

(Variant.)

Round as a biscuit,
 Busy as a bee,
 The prettiest little thing
 That I ever did see.

3. My walls are red,
 My tenants are black,
 My color is green
 All over my back.
Ans. Watermelon.
4. Black within and red without,
 Four corners round about.
Ans. Chimney.
5. Large as a house,
 Small as a mouse,
 Bitter as gall,
 And sweet, after all.
Ans. Pecan (tree and nut).
6. Open like a barn-door,
 Shut like a trap.
 Guess all your lifetime,
 You won't guess that.
Ans. Pair of corsets.
7. Round as an apple,
 Deep as a cup,
 And all the king's horses
 Can't pull it up.
Ans. Well.
8. Taller than a house,
 Taller than a tree.
 Oh, whatever can it be?
Ans. Star.
9. Thirty white horses
 On a red hill.
 Now they tramp, now they romp,
 Now they stand still.
Ans. Teeth and gum.
10. House full, room full,
 And can't catch a spoonful.
Ans. Smoke.
11. As crooked as a ram's horn,¹
 Teeth like a cat.
 Guess all your lifetime,
 You will never guess that.
Ans. Brier-bush.
- ¹ *Variant:* Crooked as a rainbow.

12. Rough on the outside,
Smooth within;
Nothing can enter
But a big flat thing.
When it enters,
It wiggles about,
And that is the time
The goodie comes out.
Ans. Oyster.

13. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose:
A hundred eyes and never a nose.
Ans. Sifter.

14. From house to house he goes,
A messenger small and slight,
And whether it rains or snows,
He sleeps out in the night.
Ans. Path.

15. Four legs up and four legs down,
Soft in the middle, and hard all 'round.
Ans. Bed.

16. Long big black fellow,
Pull the trigger, make it bellow, — Bang!
Ans. Gun.

17. Black we are, but much admired,
Men seek for us till we are tired;
We tire the horse, but comfort man:
Tell me this riddle if you can.
Ans. Coal.

18. In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal-clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
Ans. Egg.

(*Variant.*) A little white house with no windows or doors, but yet robbers break in and steal the gold. — *Ans.* Egg.

19. Patch upon patch,
A hole in the middle:
Guess that riddle,
I'll give you a gold fiddle.
Ans. Chimney (of patched dirt).



20. Through the woods, through the woods I ran,
And as little as I am, I killed a man.
What is it?
Ans. Bullet.

21. Hicky More, Hocky More,
On the king's kitchen door.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't pull Hicky More, Hocky More,
Off the king's kitchen door.
Ans. Sunshine.

22. As I was going through the garden-gap,
Whom should I meet but Jimmie Red-Cap;
A stick in his mouth, a stone in his throat:
If you tell me this riddle, I give you a goat.
Ans. Cherry.

(*Variant.*)

As I was going through the garden-gate,
Whom should I meet but Dickie Red-Cap,
With a stick in his hand and a stone in his throat:
If you guess my riddle, I will give you a goat.

23. Old Mother Twitchet had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in the trap.
Ans. Needle and thread.

(*Variant.*) I had a little sister; she had one eye and a long tail. Every time she went through the gap, her tail got shorter and shorter.

24. Little Anne Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red nose.
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.
Ans. Candle.

25. Twelve pears were hanging high,
Twelve men came riding by.
Each man took a pear:
How many pears were left on the tree?
Ans. Eleven (the man's name was Eachman).

(*Variant.*)

Eleven hats hanging high,
Eleven men came riding by.
Each man took a hat,
And that left eleven still.

26. A king met a king
In a great lane.
He said to the other,
"What is your name?" —
"Gold is my bridle,
Gold is my rein.
I have told you my name twice,
And yet you don't know."
Ans. Is (?).

27. As I was going over London Bridge,
I met a London scholar:
An' drew off his hat an' drew off his coat.
What was the scholar's name?
Ans. Andrew.

28. As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?
Ans. Only one.

29. Sisters and brothers have I none,
But that man's father is my father's son.
Ans. A man is speaking of his own son.

30. There was a man who had no eyes;
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it;
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on.
*Ans. The man had one eye, and
the tree two apples.*

31. Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.
Ans. Hours of sleep.

32. Fifty is my first, nothing is my second,
Five just makes my third, my fourth's a vowel reckoned:
Now, to fill my whole, put all my parts together;
I die if I get cold, but never fear cold weather.
Ans. L-O-V-E.

33. As I was going to town to sell my eggs, I rode and yet walked. —
Ans. Little dog named Yet.

34. What relation is that one to its own father who is not its father's own son? — *Ans.* Daughter.

35. Two people were sitting on a log, — a large and a small one. The large one was the small one's father, but the small one was not his son. — *Ans.* His daughter.

36. There was a man of yore. He was neither on land, nor in the sea, nor in the air. Where was he? — *Ans.* Jonah in the whale's belly.

37. I haven't got it, don't want it, wouldn't have it. But if I had it, I would not take the whole world for it. — *Ans.* Bald head.

38. I have an apple I can't cut, a blanket I can't fold, and so much money I can't count it. — *Ans.* Moon, stars, sky.

39. At night they come without being fetched, and by day they are lost without being stolen. — *Ans.* Stars.

40. Come up and let us go; go down, and here we stay. — *Ans.* Anchor.

41. When pulled, it is a cane; when pushed, it is a tent. — *Ans.* Umbrella.

42. When held, it goes; when let loose, it lies down. — *Ans.* Pen.

43. The man who made it did not want it; the man who used it did not want it. — *Ans.* Coffin.

44. Go all 'round the house and make but one track. — *Ans.* Wheelbarrow.

45. 'Live at each end, and dead in the middle. — *Ans.* Plough (man and mule at each end).

46. If he come, he no come; if he no come, he come. — *Ans.* If the crows come eat the corn, it would not come up; if the crows did not come and eat the corn, it would come up.

47. On a hill there stood a house, and in the house there was a shelf, and on that shelf there was a cup; in that cup there was some suck, and you couldn't get that suck unless you broke that cup. — *Ans.* Egg.

48. Goes up white, and comes down yellow. — *Ans.* Egg.

49. Upon the house, white as snow; down on the ground, yellow as gold. — *Ans.* Egg.

50. On a hill stands a house; in the house stands a trunk; in this trunk there is something nobody wants. — *Ans.* Death.

51. Four legs and can't walk, four eyes and can't see, and smokes a pipe. — *Ans.* Chimney.

Riddles from Negro School-Children in New Orleans. III

52. White as a lily, it's not a lily; green as grass, it's not grass; red as fire, it's not fire; sweet as sugar, it's not sugar; black as ink, it's not ink. What is it? — *Ans.* Blackberry.

(*Variant.*) White as snow, green as grass, black as smut.

53. Red as blood, but blood it's not; black as ink, but ink it's not; white as milk, but milk it's not; green as grass, but grass it's not. — *Ans.* Watermelon.

54. Four stiff standers, two lookers, two crookers, and one switch-box. — *Ans.* Cow.

55. Two heads, no neck, no arms, no legs, no face. — *Ans.* Barrel.
(*Variant.*) What object has two heads and one body?

56. Tip tip upstairs, tip tip downstairs. If you don't mind out, tip will bite you. — *Ans.* Bee.

57. Two legs sat upon three legs with one leg on his lap. In comes four legs, takes up one leg. Up jumps two legs, snatches up three legs, throws three legs at four legs, and makes four legs bring back one leg. — *Ans.* A leg of mutton, a man, a dog, and a stool.

58. Four legs sat on two legs with four legs standing by. — *Ans.* Maid milking a cow.

59. As I was going through the world of Wicky Wacky, I met Bone Backy. I called Tom Tacky to run Bone Backy out of the world of Wicky Wacky. — *Ans.* Field of corn, a cow, and a dog.

60. Once a slave's master told him if he could find a riddle that his master could not guess, he would set him free. This is the riddle. What is it that never slew anything, but yet slew twelve? — *Ans.* It is a crow that ate of a poisoned horse; and twelve murderers ate of the crow, and died.

61. Six set and seven sprung, —
Out of the dead the living run.
Ans. A quail sat on six eggs, and hatched them
in a dead horse-head. She and her little
ones made seven.

62. Love I sit, love I stand,¹
Love I hold fast in my hand.
Ans. There was a lady that had a dog whose
name was Love. When this dog died, she
took his skin and patched a chair, her shoes,
and her glove.

¹ Pennsylvania German Riddles (JAFL 19 [1906] : 105); Guilford County, South Carolina (JAFL 30 [1917] : 203).

63.

Horn eat a horn up a white oak-tree.¹

If you guess that riddle, you may hang me.

Ans. A runaway slave, having been pursued till he took to a tree, was promised, by the white master who pursued him, his acquittal for killing a man, provided he told them a riddle they could not answer. He said this riddle. The man's name was Horn. He boiled a dead calf's horn, and ate it up in the tree.

64.

I sat high, I looked low.

I looked for one to come, but two did come.

The wind did blow, my heart did ache,

To see what a den the fox did make.

Ans. There was once a lady that had promised to marry a young man. He told his sweetheart to meet him a certain place in the woods. Now, this young lady was very rich; and this young man was going to kill her and take her jewels and money. When she reached the woods, she found a fresh grave dug. She wondered what this meant. She said she would climb a tree and wait until her beau came. She looked for him to come alone, but he brought some one else with him. They both waited and waited, but she did not come. After a while they left, then she too went home. The same night her beau came home and asked why wasn't she in the woods. She told him she had a riddle for him to guess, and if he guesses it right she will still marry him. However, he did not guess it; so she told him, and they did not remain friends any more.

MODERN CONUNDRUMS.

65. What is the beginning of every end, and the end of every place?
— Letter *e*.

66. What is the usefulest thing in the house and the least thought of? — Dish-cloth.

67. What is that which, by losing an eye, has nothing but a nose? —
Ans. Noise.

68. How many boiled eggs may a man eat on an empty stomach?
Ans. One: after that, his stomach wouldn't be empty.

¹ Guilford County, South Carolina (JAFL 30 [1917]: 203).

69. What is the oldest table in the world? — *Ans.* Multiplication table.

70. Who are the two largest ladies in the world? — *Ans.* Missouri and Mississippi.

71. What is it that you can feed, but can't give water? — *Ans.* Fire.

72. What is it that a man can give to a lady, and can't give to another man? — *Ans.* A husband.

73. What is the best way to keep a man's love? — *Ans.* Don't return it.

74. What is it a lady's husband can never see her with it on? — *Ans.* A widow's veil.

75. If a bear were to go into a dry-goods store, what would he want? — *Ans.* Muzzlin' (muslin).

76. Who was the first whistler, and what tune did he whistle? — *Ans.* The wind. He whistled "Over the hills and far away."

77. What is that you can hold in your left hand, and not in your right? — *Ans.* Your right elbow.

78. If you saw a dude riding on a donkey, what fruit would it remind you of? — *Ans.* A pear (pair).

79. What is it that doesn't ask questions, and requires answers? — *Ans.* The door-bell.

80. What is it you will break if you even name it? — *Ans.* Silence.

81. What is the sure sign of early spring? — *Ans.* A cat watching a hole with her back up.

82. What would happen if a colored waiter carrying a dish of turkey swimming in grease should accidentally let it fall? — *Ans.* It would be the fall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the breaking up of China, and the ruin of Africa.

83. What is the key-note to good manners? — *Ans.* Be natural (B natural).

84. Who is the greatest of home-rulers? — *Ans.* The baby.

85. What is it that belongs to you, yet is used more by your friends than by you? — *Ans.* Your name.

86. What word makes a girl a woman? — *Ans.* Age.

87. What is the largest room in the world? — *Ans.* Room for improvement.

88. If a man is born in England, raised in France, and died in Montreal, what is he? — A dead man.

89. In what place did the cock crow so that all the world could hear him? — In Noah's Ark.
90. What subject can be made light of? — Gas.
91. What snuff-box is that whose box gets fuller the more pinches he takes? — *Ans.* Candle-snuffers.
92. What does a lawyer do when he dies? — *Ans.* Lies still.
93. What is this it takes two to make one? — *Ans.* A bargain.
94. What is the first thing you do when you make biscuits? — *Ans.* Wash your hands.
95. What flower grows between your nose and your chin? — *Ans.* Tulips (two lips).
96. Why is the letter *a* like a honeysuckle? — *Ans.* Because a *b* (bee) follows it?
97. Why is a prudent man like a pen? — *Ans.* Because his head prevents him from going too far.
98. Why is a boy like flannel? — *Ans.* Because he shrinks from washing.
99. What is the difference between a sentence and a cat? — *Ans.* One has its pause at the end of its clause; the other, its claws at the end of its paws.
100. What is the difference between a soldier and a lady? — *Ans.* A soldier faces powder, and a lady powders her face.
101. What is the difference between a pie and a pair of trousers? — *Ans.* A pie has to be made before it is cut, and a pair of trousers has to be cut before it is made.
102. What is the difference between an auto and a horse? — *Ans.* They kick at different ends.
103. Why is a rooster on a fence like a penny? — *Ans.* Because the head is on one side, and the tail on the other.
104. What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? — *Ans.* Nine cents difference.
105. Why is a room full of married people like an empty one? — *Ans.* Because there isn't a single person there.
106. Why is high tariff like overalls? — *Ans.* Because it protects the laboring-man.
107. What is the difference between a conductor or motorman and a cold in the head? — *Ans.* The conductor knows the stops, and the cold stops the nose.

108. What is the difference between a stubborn mule and a postage-stamp? — *Ans.* One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

109. Why do preachers preach without notes? — *Ans.* Because their families would starve without greenbacks.

110. Why does a stick of peppermint candy remind you of the United States? — *Ans.* Because it never has been licked.

111. Why did they make the Statue of Liberty's hand eleven inches instead of twelve inches? — *Ans.* Because, if it had been twelve inches, it would have been a foot instead of a hand.

112. Why does a hen lay an egg? — *Ans.* To give the rooster a chance to cackle.

113. Why is Philadelphia more subject to earthquakes than any other city? — *Ans.* Because she is a Quaker city.

114. Why do the Spaniards want Admiral Dewey's picture on their postage-stamps? — *Ans.* Because it's the only way they can lick him.

115. Why may a beggar wear a short coat? — *Ans.* Because it will be long enough before he gets another.

116. Why is a dog warm in winter, and colder in the summer? — *Ans.* Because in the winter he wears an overcoat; and in the summer, pants and shirts.

— 117. Why did the duck cross the pond? — *Ans.* Because she wants to get on the other side.

118. Why did the Kaiser defy the whole world? — *Ans.* Because he thought he could whip them.

— 119. Why is your nose in the middle of your face? — *Ans.* Because it is the scenter (centre).

— 120. Why did Webster write the words in the dictionary? — *Ans.* Because he knew them.

— 121. Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him? — *Ans.* Because he had no knife.

122. Why should architects make good actors? — *Ans.* Because they are fine at drawing houses.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

UMBUNDU TALES,¹ ANGOLA, SOUTHWEST AFRICA.

BY WILLIAM C. BELL.

I. MIAPIA LA KAMBEU.

Kua kaile ufeko wa fina, kuenje Mbeu la Miapia va endeleko oku ka tambela ufeko waco, kuenje vo sanga pole eci vo sanga vangandiahe ka va yonguile oku eca ufeko waco pamue ku Mbeu, pamue ku Miapia.

Kuenje va ngandiaci va eca oseco tunde ko Bailundo toke ko Dondi vati, U wa pitila lombili eye o tambula ufeko waco. Kuenje va katuka vosi, Miapia wa tambula opatolonya yahe, eci va pitila vosi kofeka Miapia wa kuata ocinjoko wa enda kusenge oku nia eci a enda kusenge Mbeu wa iñila vopatolonya ya Miapia, noke Miapia weya kusenge wa yelula opatolonya mu li Kambeu elunguko lia Mbeu omo ka kuete ovolu, Miapia wa kuata ohele wa soka hati, Mbeu wa enda ale kuenje wa palala lonjanga.

Kuenje Miapia wa pitila kimbo liaco eci a pitila vali komele yimbo wa tula opatolonya yahe muna mu li Kambeu, wa linga omo si iñila vimbo handi tete ha nia. Kuenje wa enda opatolonya wa yi sia.

Kuenje Mbeu wa tunda lombili vopatolonya yina ya ambatele Miapia wa iñila lonjanga vimbo kuenje Ufeko va wiha Mbeu. Miapia eci eya kusenge wa yelula opatolonya yahe wa sanga Mbeu wa tambula ale ufeko, kuenje Miapia wa sumua, Kambeu wa sanjuka.

[Translation.]

THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE.

Once there was a beautiful maiden, and the tortoise and the swallow went to court her. They found her, and they found also her relatives, and they did not wish to give the girl either to the tortoise or to the swallow.

However, the relatives set a test from Bailundo even to Dondi, saying, "He who arrives quickest, he takes the girl." So they rose up the both of them, the swallow taking his little hand-bag; and when the two arrived at the point indicated, the swallow took fright and went to the woods (to stool). Whilst he was thus gone, the tortoise climbed into the hand-bag of the swallow. Soon the swallow returned from the woods, picked up the hand-bag in which was the tortoise (this was his wisdom, as he did not possess fast legs), and the swallow was much disturbed thinking that the tortoise had already gone on before: so he flew hurriedly.

¹ Olosapo via Umbundu. Vowels are to be pronounced according to their continental values; *c* is pronounced like the English *ch*.

Soon the swallow arrived at the village; and as soon as he reached the outskirts, he put down his hand-bag, in which was the tortoise, saying, "I shall not enter the village yet, until I first go to the woods." So he went, leaving his hand-bag behind him.

Immediately the tortoise climbed out of the hand-bag which the swallow had carried, and speedily entered the village. The girl was given to him. When the swallow came from the woods, he picked up his hand-bag, entered, but found that the tortoise had already received the girl, and consequently was very sad; but the tortoise was happy.

2. KANDIMBA LA MOMA.

Kandimba wa mina kuenda Moma wa minavo kuenje va livala ukamba va lisola calua. Kandimba hati, A Moma eteke tu cita omala veto, ove vu Moma o tambulapo omala vange ndi Kandimba ama nālāvo lomala vove.

Kuenje va linga ndeci va likuminyile, omala va citile Moma va tandavala nō momo ka va ikile oku nyama, omala va Kandimba vana va kala la Moma va yongola oku nyama avele ndocitua cavo coku nyama, momo Moma ka kuete avele okuti o nyamisako omala va Kandimba.

Kuenje Kandimba eci a limbuka okuti omala vahe vana a citile va kolako naito wa tila lavo osimbu Moma a enda vusenge, kuenje Moma eci eya vusenge wa sanga Kandimba wa tila lomala vahe, Moma wa ci suvuka wa kongola olomoma viosi. Moma wa linga omo, Tu landuli Kandimba lomala vahe.

Yu olomoma via imba ocisungo viti, Tu landula Kandimba wa lia ofuka yomoma. Tu landula Kandimba we— wa lia ofuka yomoma.

Kandimba oku yeva ocisungo caco wa yokoka wa sanga ocinyama cinene hati, Mopele. Ocinyama oku yeva ocisungo caco hati, Si ci tēlā.

Wa ci linga kinyama viosi via ci lembua. Noke wa sanga ocenye hati, Mopele. Ocenye hati, Omo. Kuenje ocenye ca iñisa ondimba lomālā vayo kututa noke wa ndindāko leve, Eci olomoma vieya via pula Kacenye viti, Kandimba wo molā? Eye hati, Ocili ndo molā yu kututa, oco wa va ilikila kelungi liñi hati, Oko ku li Kandimba.

Kuenje omoma yimosi ya yongola oku iñilā, ocenye citi, Iñili nō vosi yene oco vu mola Kandimba, eci va iñilā ocenye ca yelula ovava a sanya ca itila kututa ku li olomoma kuenje olomoma via fa viosi. Kandimba wa popelua.

ELUNGULO: Otuvina tutito tu tēlā oku kuatisa ovina vinene, vosi va lembua oku popela Kandimba pole Kacenye wa ci tēlā.

[Translation.]

THE RABBIT AND THE PYTHON.

The rabbit was with young, and the python also; and they swore friendship one with the other, for they loved each other a great deal. The rabbit said, "O Python! the day we give birth to our children, you, Python, take my children; and I, the rabbit, will have your children."

So they did as they had agreed. The children of the python stretched themselves out long, because they were not habituated to nurse. The children of the rabbit were with the python, and they wished to nurse, as was their custom; but the python did not have "breasts" with which to nurse the children of the rabbit.

Soon, when the rabbit perceived that her children which she had given birth to were getting stronger, she ran away with them whilst the python was in the woods. When the python returned from the bush, and she found that the rabbit had run off with her children, she was angry, and called together all the pythons, saying, "Let us follow the trail of the rabbit and her children!"

So the pythons began singing, "Let us follow the rabbit who stole [ate] her debt to the python! . . . Let us follow the rabbit — the rabbit — who stole her debt to the python!" . . .

The rabbit, hearing this song, began to shake (tremble). She found a large animal, and said to it, "Save me!" The animal, hearing the song of the pythons, said, "Impossible [I am not able]."

The rabbit went to all the animals, and they all shunned doing anything. Finally she found a cricket,¹ and cried, "Save me!" The cricket replied, "All right." So then the cricket put the rabbit and her children into a burrow, blocking it up with dirt. When the pythons came, they questioned the cricket, saying, "Have you seen the rabbit?" And he replied, "Indeed, I have; she is in that burrow [pointing to a different one from that in which the rabbit was] — in there is the rabbit."

So the one python wished to enter; but the cricket said, "All of you had better go in and find the rabbit;" and when they had done so, the cricket took hot water, pouring it into the burrow where were all the pythons, thus killing them. The rabbit was saved.

MORAL: Little things are able to accomplish large results; all shunned helping save the rabbit, nevertheless the little cricket was able to do it.

3. ULUME LUKAI WAHE.

Ulume lukai va ile oku pasula Kimbo liukai, eci va pitila kimbo va va yolela ca lua muele, kuenda va va telekela ovina via lua osanji!

¹ A species that burrows.

ongulu! ositu! via lua muele esanju lika oloneke viaco. Kuenje eteke limue ulume wa popia lukai wahe hati, Okuetu hēlā oku enda kimbo lietū, ukai wa linga Omo muele. Kuenje ukai wa ci popia ku vangandi-ahē hati, Hēlā tu enda yapa ovo va tava.

Omele eci kuaca va va nenela onjeke yepungu ovo va pandula, kuenje va wila konjila oku enda ende toke va pitila kolui lumue lunene ulume eye wambata onjeke yepungu, eci va kala keyau ulume wa kupuka lonjeke yepungu volui, ukai wa liyula hati, a mai we! a mai we! etaili veyange we!

Kuenje ulume wa endele muele kombuelo yolui lonjeke wa yi seleka vusitu kuenje weya kukai wahe wa linga omo, Okuetu onjeke ya enda muelē, ukai hati, Ka ci lingi cimue.

Eteke limue va enda kolonaka oku senda eci va kala loku senda va yeva onjila yi lila omo, ko— ko—o, ulume hati, Yoyo omunga yo cinyuavava ondambi ya citapulavakela opo ya lilila ndoto ndanō ovava ngenda ha nyuapo muele. Kuenje wa enda wa sia ukai wahe lomala ponaka wa pitila kusitu una a sile onjeke yepungu eci a pitila wa siakala ondalū wa fetika oku kanga kuenda wa teleka asola wa lia.

Eteke limue wa ci linga vali veyā kolonaka eci a yeva onjila yaco yomungu ya lila vali yiti, ko—o ko—o, ulume wa popia omo, Yoyo omungu yocinyuavava ondambi yocitapulavakela, yapa weya vali kusitu kuna a sile onjeke yahe wa fetika oku kanga olukango loku teleka asola oco fetike oku lia ukai wahe yu, eye wa lisalukako ukai hati, Ca! ca! ca! ove puai oco o linga linga eci? Omālā va fa lonjala ove epungu liomālā lia nyihile māi o li malela vefē liove? Ulume osoi yo kuta eye ulume hati, Tu lie, ukai hati, Ove vumbua yomunu si li.

Kuenje eteke limue umue ulume wa kelisa ocimbombo eci va kala loku cilā ukai wa yongola oku lombolola eci co lingile veyāhe ponjala. Kuenje ukai wa tundila vocila wa fetika oku imba hati, Ca ndingile Sambimbi ponjala—, kuenje ulume wa yayulako letaviya hati, Weya ku ci popie vali okai wange. Ukai wa imba vali hati, Ca ndingile Sambimbi ponjale—, vosi va taviya ndeci ca taviya veyaco vati, Weya, weya ku ci popie vali okai wange—.

Olusapo hati, Onjala ka yi osoi.

[Translation.]

A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

A man and his wife went to visit the village of his wife. When they arrived at the village, they were received with great gladness; and they cooked for them many things, — a chicken, a pig, meat. There was much joy all the days. It came to pass that one day the man said to his wife, "Partner, to-morrow we return home;" to which the wife replied, "Very well." Then the woman told her relatives, saying, "To-morrow we are going," and they acquiesced.

When the morning broke, they brought them a sack of corn, for which they were thankful. They started off on their journey, going on and on, until finally they came to a large river. The man was carrying the sack of corn. When they were on the bridge, the man fell into the river with the sack. The woman cried out in anguish, "Mother, oh! Mother, oh! to-day my husband, oh!"

The man was carried way down the river with the sack. He came to the bank, and hid the sack in a thick clump of trees. He returned to his wife, and said, "Partner, the sack went on down the stream." The wife responded, "Never mind! it makes no difference."

One day they both went to the river-bottom gardens to hoe; and as they were digging over the ground, they heard a bird singing, "There, there, there!" The man said, "That is the messenger of drinking-water — a handsome person — awaiting me; and as it cries thus, I go to drink, even water." So he went, leaving his wife and the children in the field by the river. He reached the thick woods in the ravine where he had hidden the sack of corn; and upon arrival he built a fire, and began to parch some kernels and to boil the whole corn, and eat.

One other day it happened again. They came to the river-fields; and as they heard the bird singing again, saying, "Ther-e, the-re," the man said, "There again the messenger calls and awaits me;" and off he went again to the woods in the ravine where he had hidden the sack of corn. He began to parch some and to boil the whole corn, and began to eat. Behold, there stood his wife! He was frightened. The wife said, "Shucks, shucks! and that's the way you do, is it? The children nearly die with hunger, and the corn given me by mother for them your stomach is finishing it up!" The man, covered with shame, cried, "Come, let us eat!" The woman answered, "You dog of a man, I won't!"

It came to pass that one day a man made strong beer; and when they were dancing, the wife attempted to tell what her husband had done at the time of famine. In the midst of the place of gathering she began to sing, "So did Sambimbi at the time of famine." . . . And her husband began quickly a chorus, saying, "Never mind! Don't tell it again, my own wife." . . . And the woman sang again, saying, "So did Sambimbi at the time of famine." . . . All now took up the chorus of her husband, saying, "Never mind, never mind! Don't tell it again, my own wife."

MORAL: Hunger (or famine) has no shame.

4. KACINJONJO LA NGUNDUAHELELE.

Eteke limue va linga olonamalālā pokati kavu va linga omo, tu ende tu ka lisalamaileko oco tu tale u o velapo oku salama, kuenje Kacin-

jonjo eye wa livangako oku ka salama noke Ngunduahelélē wo vanjiliya kuenje wo mola, va lisalamailako olonjanja via lua.

Kuenje Kacinjonjo wa popia lokuavo Ngunduahelélē hati, Kuende ka salamevo, eye wa enda eci a kala loku enda wa sokolola hati, Hise nda ha salama pocanju ca Kacinjonjo oco ka telā oku mola vali, kuenje wa ci linga;

Kacinjonjo wa kala loku vanjiliya ukuavo eteke liosi ko muile vali. Kuenje uteke weya wa sumua oco a linga omo, ndinga nye omo Ngunduohelélē ka moleha? Oco a linga hati, Hise nda ngenda kocanju cange si ka pekelako, momo cila uteke weya kuenda nda kava. Wa enda ende— toke a pitila, pocanju cahe eci a vanjapo o lete pa nāinā nāi nāi oku ci mola usumba wo kuata ca lua.

Yu wa imba ocisungo cahe hati, Ngunduahelélē kimbo kua yevala oluiya kuende ka taleko—. Ngunduahelélē kimbo kua yevala oluiya kuende ka taleko—. Nōke Ngunduahelélē co linga ohenda yu wa tundapo wa linga hati, Ame ukuelē Ngunduahelélē. Kuenje va yola yola.

[Translation.]

THE BIRD AND HIS PLAYMATE.

One day there was friendly strife between them; and they said one to the other, "Let us go and play hide-and-seek, and then we shall see who is best able to hide!" Then the bird went first to hide, and his playmate looked for him diligently until he found him. So they did many times.

Finally the bird said to the other, "Now you go and hide!" As he was going to hide, he thought to himself, saying, "Well would it be if I went and hid in the nest of the bird, so he would not be able to find me;" and so he did.

The little bird spent the entire day looking for the other, but without success. Finally night came on, and he was tired from his searching; and he said, "What shall I do because my playmate I cannot find? This I will do: I will go to my nest and have a sleep, because night has come on and I am tired." He went on and on until he arrived. In his nest, when he looked, there shone something bright, so very bright that it frightened him to look at it.

Greatly scared, he began to sing, "Playmate, playmate, in the village a proclamation is being sounded! Go and see! . . . Playmate, playmate, in the village a proclamation is being sounded! Go and see!" . . . After that the playmate felt for the little bird, and so came out and said, "It is I, your playmate." So they laughed gayly at each other, and were happy.



5. ULUME WA ILE KUVALA LOMOLĀ.

Ulume wa yongola oku ka pasula kuvala wahe oco a linga hati, Ove a Kamalanga tuende o ka sindikile kuvala wange, Kamalanga hati, Omo muelē.

Kuenje va kuta epunda liavo noke va fetika oku enda kuvala toke va pitilā, omanu va lua va yolela va linga omo, Akombe veyā we! Tiakololo, oco va va lekisa konjo ya posoka puai onjo yaco yi li sungue vali lonjo ya ndatembo yahe, va lale ciwa ciwa kuenda va va telekela ovina via lua va lia.

Eteke limue ulume wa kala naito lonjala oco wa sokolola epungu li kasi kocumbo, oco a popia lukuenje hati, Kuende ka teye epungu kocumbo, oco Kamalanga ka tavele wa popia hati, Siti kulo kuvala ka ci lingi osoi?

Ukulu wa tema wa popia lumalehe hati, Osoi ye? kulo kuvala wove? Siti kuvala wange? Noke omolā ka tavele yu wa enda eye muele wa enda nō atako ka walele cimue oco a pitila kocumbo wa teya epungu, lia lua enene wa li kutila ponanga wa lituika kutue, oco wa soka oku tiuka konjo vo yekisile noke onjo yo limba yu wa iñila vonjo ya ndatembo yahe, eci o sanga wa sima hati, Ukuenje wange Kamalanga, oco a fetika oku popia hati, Ove si ku ihako epungu liange cosi oco o kasi muele atako lacimue a wala. Oco ndatembo yahe a linga omo, Mulo a ndatembo hamoko vonjo yove. Eye wa popia hati, Ku ka likembise ove muele Kamalanga si ku iha epungu liange. Noke hati, Mbanja nō ndeti ndatembo yahe, ya! ya! osoi yo kuta wa tila oco eya vonjo muna a sile ukuenje oco wa popia lahe hati, Tuende kimbo lietu. Ukuenje hati, Si endi luteke ulo. Kuenje eye wa enda ukuenje wa sala.

Omele ya nena ongulu ya pia ca fina, oco va pula ukuenje vati, Ukombe wa enda pi? Eye hati, Wa enda kimbo. Ukuenje wa liako vimue olositu vimue wambatelako ukuluwahe, eci o sanga kimbo wo wiha ositu yahe eye puai wa tema ca lua lukuenje.

Ukuenje wa lombolola cosi komani ndeci ca ka pitile kuvala kuenje omolā wa sanga esunga komanu.

[Translation.]

A CHILD ACCOMPANIES A MAN TO HIS WEDDING.

A man wished to go to his own wedding-feast: so he said to a boy, "Come on! I want you to accompany me to my wedding-feast." Kamalanga replied, "All right."

So they tied up a little bundle, and started off for the wedding-feast. Soon they arrived; and all the people were pleased to see them, crying out, "Our friends have come! our friends have come!" So they showed them a very fine house. This house, however, was next

door to that of his mother-in-law. They slept very comfortably, and they were provided with many things to eat.

However, one day the man became a little hungry, and cast eyes upon the corn in the garden near the house. Finally he said to the boy, "Go and break off some ears in the garden." But Kamalanga would not agree, saying, "Isn't this a wedding-feast? Won't it make shame to do that?"

The elder became angry, and said to the boy, "Shame? Is this your wedding-feast? Isn't it mine?" But the boy would not go: so after a while he himself went, wearing nothing about his loins. Upon reaching the garden, he broke off a lot of corn, tied it up in the cloth he carried, and placed it upon his head. He thought to return to the house from which he came; but, forgetting its exact location, he entered the house of his mother-in-law. Noticing a person, and thinking it to be that of his boy Kamalanga, he said, "I will not give you any of my corn;" and there he was standing entirely naked. Soon his mother-in-law said, "This is the house of your mother-in-law, not yours." But he said, "Do not mock me, you Kamalanga! but I will give you no corn of mine." Then he noticed there indeed was his mother-in-law! Whew! Whew! Filled with shame, he ran out, and reached the house where he had left the boy, and said to him, "Come on! Let's go home!" The boy replied, "I am not going this night." So he went off alone, leaving the lad.

In the morning they brought a pig deliciously well cooked, and asked the boy, "Where is our visitor?" and he replied, "He has returned home." The lad ate some of the meat, and other of it he carried home with him to the man to whom he gave it, as it was intended for him.

He flew into a passion with the lad; but, when the boy had explained to all the people what had happened at the wedding-feast, they took his side, and were greatly amused.

6. ONJALI LOMOLĀHE.

Ulume wa fuka okasima kuenda o ka sole ca lua puai omolāhe eye o ka lava lava otembo yosi. Eteke limue omolā okasima kaco ko tila ka enda kisitu kupālā pālā. Noke isiaco weya wa linga hati, A tate okasima ketu ka pi? Eye hati, Okasima ketu ka tila. Eye isiaco wa temā hati, Ove a molange wa huka, kuende ka vanje ndopo okasima osimbu hu lete. Eye hati, Pi ha ka sanga a tate? Eye hati, Kuende kisitu. Oco omola wa lila ca lua yu wa popia la isiahe hati, Songele okanōma oko ha vanja lako okasima, isiaco wa songa kuenje wa wiha.

Omolā wa enda lika liahe kisitu, eci a pitila kusitu wa tete wa sika okanōma loku imba ocisungo hati, Kumbiti, kumbiti okasimaka tate

omo ka li omu? Olosima vio tambulula viti, Mulo ka kemo ka enda kusitu kupombombo vanja oku ku li ucilā umue ka ku li ovicilā vivali. Momo okasima kavu ka kuete icilā vivali, wa ci linga kisitu via lua puai ka ka sangele, noke wa pitila kusitu wa sulako wa sika vali hati, Kumbiti, kumbiti okasima ka tate omo ka li omo? Olosima vio tambulula vali viti, Mulo ka kemo ka enda kusitu kupombombo vanja oku ku li ucilā umue ka ku li icila vivali, puai noke wa ka mola yu wa ka kuata kuenje wa sanjuka. Wa ka tuala ku isiahe isiahe wa ci sola puai omolā wa ci patekela momo isiahe wo kangisa.

[Translation.]

A PARENT AND HIS CHILD.

A man had brought up a little monkey, and he loved it very much; but it was his child who had the care of it always. One day the little monkey broke away from the child, and ran to the thick woods of a ravine far, far away. After a while the father came, and said to the child, "Beloved, where is our little monkey?" And he replied, "It has run away." The father became very angry, and said, "You, my child, have done badly. Go at once and look for the little monkey while I am watching you." He replied, "O father! where shall I go?" — "To the woods in the ravine." So the child began to cry distressingly, and said to his father, "Make me a little drum, and I will go and look with that." This the father did, and gave it to him.

The child went all by himself to the thick woods; and when he arrived at the first one, he began to play his little drum, and to sing, "Kumbiti, Kumbiti, the little monkey of my father, is he here?" All the monkeys replied, saying, "Here he is not, but has gone to the woods in the ravine of the Pombombo. Look there, and you will find just one tail, not two," because the little monkey did not have two (tails), but only one tail. So he went to one ravine after another, but without success: he could not find it. Finally he reached the farthest woods, and he played again, singing, "Kumbiti, Kumbiti, the little monkey of my father, is he here?" All the monkeys replied, saying, "Here he is not, but has gone to the woods in the ravine of the Pombombo. Look there, and you will find just one tail, not two." Finally he saw the little monkey, and caught him, and in consequence was filled with joy. He took him to his father, who was very much pleased; but the child always remembered how his father had wronged him.

7. ULUME KUVALA WAHE.

Ulume umue eci a kala kimbo liavo wa panga oku ka pasula kuvala. Wa enda vo tambula ciwa ciwa, kuenje omelē vo telekela ombelela yu vo simbuilamo ondungo yolongupa, eci a yi lia yo pepa muelē, kuenje osimbu omanu va enda kovapia wa sokolola sokolole—, noke hati,

Hise nda ngenda ha lesa vocine caco muna va tuile ondungo yolongupa yu wa enda kuenje wa iñisa utue wahe vocine caco yu wa fetika oku lesa ondungo lelimi liahe ndomo ombua yi lesa lesa, noke wa yongola oku tundamo puai ka ca tavele, hati, ndinga ndeti, ndinge ndeti haimo ka ci tava. Noke wa kupuka posi locine, olongulu vieya vio tinōlōla ca lua osoi yo kuta. Kuenje omanu veyā kovapia, va lete ndatembo yavo yu locine kutue posi posamua. Ndatembo yahe wa fetika oku liyula ca lua alume veyā va nyanūlā onjaviti va tetula ocine oku tundamo haico oku enda kimbo liavo!

[Translation.]

A MAN AT HIS WEDDING-FEAST.

A man living at his own village desired to go and visit at the wedding-feast at another village. There they received him with great appreciation; and in the morning they brought him a dish which had been seasoned with a relish in which were peanuts, and it was very delicious to the taste. After the people had gone to work in the fields, he continued thinking how tasty that relish was; and finally he said, "I just think I shall go and lick out the mortar¹ in which they mixed together that relish." So he stuck in his head and began to lick out the sides of the mortar with his tongue, the same as a dog would do it. After a while he tried to withdraw his head, but was unable to do so, though he tried every way he could think of. Finally he fell over on the ground, mortar and all, and the pigs came and began to roll him over and over, and it shamed him fearfully. Later the people came from the fields, and found their son-in-law there on the ground, with the mortar fastened tightly to his head. They made a great outcry; and the men then came, and they brought an axe with which they split open the mortar, releasing the man, who, without further ceremony, hastened back to his village.

8. ULUME WA SAPA.

Ulume umue kotembo yonjala wa kala lombenje yowiki, noke omo onjala ya lua wa fēlā posi opo a kapa ombeje yowiki, eci onjala yo vala o pekela posi o puēlā loluneva. Wa ci linga olonjanja via lua.

Kuenje eteke limue ukai waye wo molā yu wo popia hati, Ove puai ku sokolola omalā vetu. Kuenje ulume osoi yo kuta.

[Translation.]

A GREEDY MAN.

Once upon a time, when there was great hunger, a man had a gourd of honey. As the famine became more severe, he went and

¹ A mortar is made from the end of a log hollowed out, and may be from six to twelve inches deep, sometimes more.

dug a hole in the ground, in which he placed the gourd of honey. Whenever he felt the pangs of hunger, he went and lay on the ground, and sucked up the honey with a hollow reed. This he did many times.

However, one day his wife caught him in the act, and said to him, "That's how you do, is it? and you don't even think of our children!" And the man was filled with shame.

9. UKAI LOMŌLĀ.

Eteke limue ukai wa ile kovapia lomŏlāhe Casangu pole omolaco wo sola ca lua kuenda omanu vamue vo solevo ca lua. Eci a pitila kepia wa tula ohumba wa yelula omŏlā wo kapa pesita kuenje wa sitikako.

Wa fetika oku lima, eci a pitila pesita a kapele omŏlā ka ivalukile wa lima lonjanga kuenje omŏlā wo teta utue, oco wa lila ca lua muelē wo yelula lusumba, noke wa yelula uti umue utito wa tuihinya utue. Yu wa enda kimbo loku lila ca lua. Eci a pitila nawa yahe hati, A nawa omŏlā eye ndu kuate. Eye wa fetika oku imba ocisungo, ceci hati, Casangu o vela mutue, Casangu o vela mutue, o vela mutue ongongo ya Luanda, ongongo ya Luanda. Manjange, ocindele cange Casanguwe!

Omanu kuenje va tambula omŏlā va limbuka okuti wa fa kuenje omanu va lila ca lua. Ukai wa lombolola ndeci ca pita, kuenje omanu vo tukula ukai weveke.

[Translation.]

A MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

One day a woman went to the field to work, taking along her child Casangu. Not only did she love this child greatly, but others did also. When she arrived at the field, she put down her basket which she carried, and took the child and placed him near a pile of brush which was to be burned, and covered him up.

She began her work, tilling the ground and digging it over. When she reached the pile of brush in which the child had been nestled, she forgot all about it, and, hoeing vigorously, she cut off the child's head. Heart-broken, she cried a great deal, then she picked him up with fear. After a while she took a little piece of wood and joined the head to the body. Then she went on to the village. When she arrived, her brother-in-law said, "O sister! let me hold the child." Then the woman began to sing, saying, "Casangu is sick in his head, Casangu is sick in his head, his head is sick. What hardship, what hardship! O my brother! O Casangu! My white child!"

Then the people came and took the child, and saw that it was dead, and they all cried most bitterly. The woman explained just how it happened; and when they heard, they dubbed her a fool.

10. ULUME UKUAKU LAVEKELA KEPIA.

Eteke limue ulume wa yeva ondaka kukai wahe okuti imunu vi li loku yana ca lua kepia lietu. Ulume oku ci yeva wa yelula uta wahe wosika ukai lomāla hati, Nda enda oku ka lavekela, ukai lomāla vati, Oco muele. Ca kala onolosi oco a enda wa kala konjila loku sima hati, etaili ha yambula imunu. Yu wa pitila kepia wa tumala vocipundo luta wahe noke wa yeva imunu viovuya kocipundo yu vio molā, eye wa seteka oku loya puai ya! ka ci tēlēlē, oco vo kuata loku veta ca lva. Noke vo sasa kuenje omo vocipundo caco mua kala ombia londalu vo teleka; eci a pia vo simbula.

Imunu via fetika oku iva epungu locipoke ha va endi kimbo liavo, ombia yomunu va yi sia piko loku feloka toke komēlē. Omele eci ukai eya kepia lomāla va ambata osema lovava eci va pitila pocipundo va sanga ombia ya pia onduko, eci va yi mola va yolela ca lua va sima okuti mbi tate wa ipaya ombambi lukai haico a simavo.

Ovo kuenje va pika iputa ukai yapa o simbula ositu; loku mahamo oco wa avela omālā vahe, noke wa siamo yimue ya veyahē momo wa soka okuti mbi wa ka yeva kusenge kuenje va kala vepia osimbu ya lua. Ukai wa nūalā vepia hati, oco mbanje űo ndeti konele yepia ya! ya! epia va li punda epungu! ocipoke! cosi ca enda limunu. Kuenje wa fetika oku lilula hati, Ene amālā epia va lipunda, so yene puai wa enda pi? eye he oko a lale kulo? Yu wa fetika oku lila kumosi lomālā vahe. Eci veyā valī vocipundo hati, oco mbanje űo vonēle yula wa kala vocipundo o lete űo utue wa veyahē yu. Va fetika oku lila lomālā vahe kuenje va enda kimbo, eci va pitila kimbo va fetika oku lenda ovaimo mekonda liositu yaco va lile kuenje omanu va yayulako oku va nyuisa ihemba, noke va sanja ca lua inumba, kuenje va kaya oco va fetika oku lombolola ndeci ca pitile kepia.

Olusapo hati, Ocihandeleko ci koka ekandu, momo olonjanja tu yeva okuti oku lia ositu yomunu imo li lenda. Ukai waco wa lia ositu ya veyahē lomālā vahe puai ka va lendele ovaimo puai apa a ci limbuka wa lenda imo kumosi lomālā.

[Translation.]

A MAN WHO WENT TO GUARD HIS FIELD.

One day a man heard from his wife that thieves were stealing a great deal from their field. Upon hearing it, he at once picked up his gun and bade good-by to his wife and children, saying, "I am going to go and watch;" and they replied, "All right." It was evening; and as he went along the path, he was thinking that to-day he would punish those thieves. Upon arriving at the field, he hid himself in the field-hut, with his gun. Soon he heard the thieves coming toward the field-hut, and they saw him. He tried to shoot,

but he was unable to do so. So they caught him and beat him unmercifully; then they cut him up. There being in the field-hut a big pot and fire, they cooked him up; and when it was done, they seasoned it.

Then the thieves began to steal the corn and the beans, and afterwards went to their village, leaving the pot containing the man on the fire, where it kept on boiling until morning. In the morning, when the woman came to the field with her children, they brought meal and water. Arriving at the field-hut, they found the pot with its contents thoroughly cooked. They rejoiced greatly when they saw it, as they thought that "father" had killed a deer; and so thought also the wife.

So they made mush; and after the woman had seasoned the meat, she tasted it and gave to her children. However, she left some in the pot for her husband, as she thought that probably he had gone again to the woods to hunt. They awaited him a long time. Then the woman took a turn around her field to see how it was, and was astonished to see how it had been plundered, — corn, beans, all, had gone with the thieves. So she began to cry loudly, saying, "My children, the field has been plundered; but your father, where is he? Did he not come here to sleep?" So she began to cry, together with her children. She came again to the rest-hut, saying, "I'll just look under the bed [which was in the field-hut]," and there she saw the head of her husband. She and her children began to weep bitterly as they returned to their village. As they arrived, their bodies (stomachs) began to swell because of the meat which they had eaten. The people hurried and gave them medicine, because of which they vomited what they had eaten. Soon they were well, and they explained all that had happened at the field.

MORAL: Knowing the law brings sin. Many times we have heard that to eat man's flesh will produce severe bloating. The woman ate the flesh of her husband, as did also her children; but they did not swell up, because they did it unknowingly. As soon as they realized it, however, they bloated immediately.

II. ULUME LUKAI UKUAKU LIPONGOLOLA OCINYAMA.

Ulume wa kuela ukai puai ukai waco ukuaku lipongolola ocinyama, eci ulume a enda vusenge eye eca olongupa komālā vahe va vali, ukuavo wokatumba ukuavo wahe muele. Eci a va iha olongupa viaco va takilā eyemuele lahe o takila, puai viahe o takila lombili eci a mala o nyeha olongupa viamolā wokatumba, nda ka tava oku eca olongupa viaco nyoho yaco o lipongolola ocinyama kuenje omolā o tila o londa vuti, eye yapa weya ale vemehi liuti waco oku takila uti

okuti wu kupuka posi, oco a takilē omola kuenje omolā o liyula, Tate, tate wa ka yeva wa ka yeva ukongo wa ka yeva, Tate ocinyama covusenge.

So yahe eci a ci yeva hati, Oco—o. Eci ukai a yeva ondaka yulume wahe lahe wa yolokela volui wa liyavekamo kuenje wa pongoloka vali omunu.

Kuenje eteke limue so yaco wa salama. Eye ukai wa eca vali olongupa, omolā eci a fetika oku takilā wo sakalaisa kuenje wa tilila vuti, eci ukai a fetika oku takila uti ulume wo loya kuenje ukai waco wa fa.

[Translation.]

A MAN WITH A WIFE WHO COULD CHANGE HERSELF INTO
A WILD ANIMAL.

A man married a woman; but this woman was one who could change herself into an animal. When the man would go to the woods, she would give peanuts to her two children, — one her very own, the other a step-child. Whenever she would give them peanuts, she also would eat some, but hers she would eat very quickly; and when she was through, she would snatch away by force those of her step-child. And if the child would not willingly give them up, the mother would change herself into a wild animal, and then the child would flee and climb a tree. Meanwhile the animal came to the foot of the tree and began gnawing it, so it would fall to the ground. Then the animal would begin to chew at the child, which would cry out loudly, "Father, father, who has gone to hunt, who has gone to hunt, the hunter who has gone to hunt, father, here's a wild animal of the woods!"

The father, hearing the cry, responded, "All right! . . . all right!" When the woman heard the voice of her husband, she ran quickly to the river and threw herself in, at which she became again a person.

One day the father secreted himself near by. The woman again gave peanuts to the child; and when it began to eat, she annoyed it in the same manner as formerly, and it fled for refuge to a tree. Thereupon the woman began to chew at the tree, — in the guise of an animal, as before, — and the man fired at and killed her.

12. ULUME WOCILIAŃU LUKAI WAHE.

Ulume wa kuela ukai puai kimbo liavo onjala ya lua. Oco ukai wa pañinya ulume wahe hati, Tuende kimbo lia tate la mai momo oko ku li okulia kua lua. Olongupa, epungu, ocipoke, ovisiakala, olonamba, lomutu. Kuenje va enda, eci va amako vonjila wa pula ukai wahe hati, Ocili muelē ku li okulia kua lua? Eye hati, Oco ku li muele okulia kua lua. Ende ta kimbo va va yolela ca lua, onganja yocimbombo kolongolo, oku pitila koñolosi via pia iputa lositu yosanji

wa lia. Haimo eci a imbapo wa sokolola hati, Ca! Ove vukai wange wa niaña eci tua tunda kimbo heti, Ku mai okulia kua lua tueya kulo vali okulia kuna wa tukuile ka ku moleha? Wa tumila ukai wahe weya, hati, Cina tua popia vonjila ku ka ivaleko popo. Va pekela omele kua ca vo pikila vali iputa viosanji haimo ulume wa ci pembula hati, Ya iputa lika muele lokulia kuna kua sapu ilile ukai wange vonjila ka ku moleha, wa nēmba, Oco wa kovonga ukai wahe hati, Ove vuniañi eci tua likuminyile ca ku limba? Kuenje ukai wahe wa yevako wa ka ci sapula ku inahe. Yu va enda kovapia oku kopa olongupa, utombo, ovisakala, omutu, okulia kuosi. Eci veyā vimbo va teleka kua pia, kuenje va longeka vohumba yimue yinene va nena konjo, ulume wa sanjuka eci a mola okulia kuaco. Wa lia viosi wa yukiyako vali iputa. Oku pitila vuteke ofi yeya wa fetika oku kenya kenya, omele kua ca vati, Ka tahi tu ka vanji eci ci kuete omunu. Oku piti la kocimbanda wa taha hati, Lacimue ci kuete omunu ofi a lale, puai oku kutulula osoi ndatambo yene kuendi ko kapi kesisa, ko singilisi, puai tete ko nyuisi vimue ovihemba vievi. Pole oku singilisa kuaco kolui u kapi upanga umue wene, u yaliko esisa, olonguaya povaka, kuenda oloñoma oku sikila vu ka imba ocisungo hoti,—

Olonamba kovisakala!
Cilikuete kuete kumue!
Omamale a nieko!

Kuenje wa ecako ketako oku nia tiu, tiu, kuenje wa kaya! Mekonda liosoi yaco wa tikula uta wahe wa enda vusenge loku kua kua heyi, heyi, eci a sanga ocinyama congelenge tai—i uta kuenje ca wila posi weya wa tetako ucilā waco wa tiuka vali vimbo loku kua kua eci a pitila wa eca ucila waco komanu kuenje omanu vo kuama eyemuele haimo nō oku kua kua kuahe, te pocinyama caco opo yapa omanu va ci yuva vati, Avoyo olosande vio sengela, puai oco a linilā nilā nō ndeti.

[Translation.]

A GLUTTONOUS MAN AND HIS WIFE.

A man married a woman, returning with her to his village. Because of great hunger, the woman said to the man, "Let us go to father's and mother's village, where there is to be found much food, — peanuts, corn, beans, yams, tubers, and squash!" So they started off; and as they were going along the path, the man asked his wife again, "Is it really true there will be much food?" to which she replied, "Certainly, there is much food." They kept on going and going until they finally reached the village, where they received a most hearty welcome and were given immediately a gourd of beer to drink. In the evening they had mush with side-dishes of meat and chicken. However, when

he had finished, he began to think what the woman had said, saying in his mind, "Gracious! that woman of mine fooled me good, because, when we left the village, she said, 'At my mother's there's lots of food;' and now we come here, and where's the food, I should like to know?" So he sent and called his wife, and said, "What we talked about coming along the path, don't forget it!" They slept again; and in the morning they made him more mush with chicken; yet the man despised it, saying, "Gee! only mush! Where's that fine food my wife told me about coming along the path? There isn't any, that's all! She lied to me." So he called his wife, and said to her, "You poor stick, have you forgotten what you promised me?" After hearing what he said, she went and told her mother. Her mother went to the field and brought back peanuts, cassava, yams, squash, and all sorts of things to eat. Then she cooked them all in fine shape, and filled a large basket full, and brought it to the house. The man was overjoyed when he saw the food, and ate the whole of it up; and not only that, but ate mush as well. When night came on, his stomach began to groan and groan; and when it was daylight, they said, "Let us divine, in order that we may discover what is the matter with him!" So they went to the witch-doctor and divined; and he said, "Nothing is the matter with the man except a stomach-ache, but, in order to pay him back for his treatment to his step-mother, go and place him upon a mat, and treat him as one possessed by a spirit. First, however, give him this medicine to drink. Then to do the thing properly, as one possessed with a spirit, place him upon a ridge in the field (as where the corn grew) near the river, spread a mat over him, put a guava in each hand. Then let the big drums beat, and all sing as follows:—

" Tubers and yams
Have combined together!
Now let his bowels move! "

Then they let go of him, and, my! what a movement! But he was cured. But it shamed him fearfully, and so he took his gun and went to the woods hallooing and calling; and when he found a gnu, bang! went his gun, and the big animal fell to the ground. Then he ran up and cut off its tail, and returned to the village, hallooing. When he arrived, he gave the tail to the people; and they all followed him back to the woods, he hallooing all the way, until they came to where the animal was. They skinned it, saying, "Whew! but good luck has pursued him; and that accounts for the way his bowels just flew!"

13. UKAI WA POPELA VEYAHE.

Onjala ya veta vofeka yavo pole vofeka mua tundile ukai mua akala okulia kua lua, kuenje ukai hati, Tuende kofeka yetu tu ka

vanjeko okulia, kuenje va enda eci va pitila oko kimbo va va yolela ca lua, kuenje ekumbi lionolosi vo laleka onjala. Puai eci va kala kimbo liavo wa popele lukai wahe hati, Olonamba si lia lia. Eci va pitila oko ndatembo yahe wa fela olonamba hati, va ende va ka tuale ku ndatembo, ukai wahe hati, Ndatembo yove olonamba ka lialia, puai omo olonjo vi lisungue, ndatembo yulume wa ci yeva, wa sika ovilua hati, Olonamba ndia ndia, olo namba ndia! ndia!

Omolāhe wa ci yeva hati, Yevelela a kuku tate hati, Olonamba ndia ndia. Kuenje ndatembo yahe oku ci yeva wa enda kovapia oku ka fēla olonamba kekumbi kueya vimue viowisu, vimue via pia: kuenje vo nenelā wa lia oñolosi wa yukinyako iputa, oku pitila vuteke co kokela ocipulukalo eye oku ci sokolola okuti nda o tundila posamua hati, Ka ci tava momo kuvala ka va nila nilako, yu wa tambula olualusa yahe wa nilāmo yeyuka to laninā, omele kua ca olio eteke lioku enda kimbo, omolā hati, Va nene kulo ohualusa eye hati, Ya, ngambata nō amuele momo muli vimue sanga o vi lola posi. Eci eya ponjango oku liusika la ndatembo yaha ekolombele wa patahālā, cina kapa pepunda mbu. Kuenje ongulu ya yeva elemba li tunda vohualusa kuenje ongulu ya kuatamo ohualusa mua kala aninā, waya waya powiñi womanu; ndatembo yahe co linga osoi, oku tundapo wa tambula uta wahe wa enda vusenge wa loya omalanga wa loya vali omalanga yikuavo, wa tetako icila vi vali weya vali kimbo liuvala wahe wa eca ovicila viaco. Omanu vati, Ahamba ahe a nila vohualusa.

Ukai wahe hati, Ahamba aco omo a linga linga omo nda a nilāmo yapa hoti, oku lia ositu kueya.

[Translation.]

HOW A WOMAN HELPED HER HUSBAND OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.

The country of a man and his wife was greatly distressed by lack of food. However, in the country from which the woman came, there was much food; and so the woman said, "Let's go to my country in search of food!" and off they went. When they arrived at the village, (the people) were greatly pleased to see them; but when evening came, they found hunger. Before leaving their own village, the man had said to his wife, "Now, tubers I will not eat." When they arrived at this village, the mother-in-law went and dug some tubers, saying, "Take these to my son-in-law;" but his wife said, "Yes, but he doesn't eat tubers." Because of the houses being close together, the son-in-law heard the conversation, and began to whistle, saying, "Tubers I will eat, tubers I will eat!"

His child, hearing this from his father, cried out, "Listen to that, will you? Dad says he will eat tubers!" So his mother-in-law, upon hearing of it, went to the field to dig tubers. Later she brought some back uncooked, and some that were cooked. They brought them to

him, and he ate freely, after which he had mush as well. During the night, because of all that he had eaten, it brought on diarrhœa. However, from custom of the wedding-feast, it would never do for him to go outside under the circumstances. So he took his bag (?) and stooled in it, filling it completely full. The next day early they were to return to their village; and the child said, "Bring the bag, I'll carry it." But the father replied, "Oh, no! never mind! I will carry it, because it contains something which may easily drop out." When he came to the palaver-house to bid good-by to all, the bag was suspended from his shoulder; he had not put it in the bundle of the child. A pig, getting a whiff of the odor which came from the bag, snatched at it, and shook it before the crowd, and the contents were scattered far and wide. It surely was a most unpleasant situation for the son-in-law. Upon leaving, he at once took his gun and went to the bush, where he shot a large deer. Then he shot a second one. He cut off the two tails, and returned to the village and handed out these tails. The people said, "It was his spirits which stooled in the bag."

And his wife stood pat, and affirmed, "Yes, that is the way his spirits do; and whenever they stool in his bag, then we know it means there is meat coming."

14. AKISIKISI VOFEKA LOMANU, NDECI VA SANGA ONIMA YAVO.

Akisikisi vofeka a lua oco a takilā omanu vofeka umuamue lika wa sialamo eye ukai puai wa mina. Kuenje wa tilila kolui yu wa iñilā voluneva omo a kala toke wa cita. Eteke a cita omolāhe kuenje hati, Tua tunda etu vosakunyanga, ohonji peka lisongo. Eteke limue hati, A mai etaili sula omongua oco u mbumbe momo ngenda kimbo liakisikisi. Kuenje inahe wo vumba vumbe pe te vovaso omo mua sala. Wa tambula ohualusa yahe kuenda ohonji ende te pimbo liakisikisi wa sangapo lika ava va teleka olombia viositu vosi va enda kusenge oku yeva. Eye eci eya wa lia olombia viosi viositu, muele weya hati, Ndu takilā. Eye wa liyula hati, Ndekate nō momo mepa, mepa, mepa! Kuenje wa tundapo weya vali ku nyoho yahe. Eteke leteke haimo nō vamuele veyā tupu va sanga olombia via liwa ale, va pula ava vakuaku tata vati, Helie o lia lia olombia? Ovo vati, Umue nō okokuenje o pepa ca lua. Kuenje vosi va lipañinya vati, Etaili tu usala oco tuiye tu vanje omunu waco, kuenje va lete nō o li loku iya, vati, Okaliye yo o li loku iya.

Eci eya wa lia olombia viosi, eci va soka oku wipaya, eye hati, Ko ka njipali nō mepa, mepa, mepa. Vo lekata vosi. Vo pula vati, O lingainga ndati. Eye hati, Ene vu ci yongola? Ovo vati, Oco. Hati, Ka tiavi olōhui kuenda sandi olombiavinene u kapi piko ovava aco a feluke muele.

Kuenda vu vanji akuku anene eci ovava a feluka vosi vu wila vakuku amo ngenda loku itila ovava katimba ene, puai eci njitila ovava lomue o litetela oku uha nō ne, momo omo va linga linga umbanda waco. Vosi va wila vakuku aco eye wa itila ovava katimba avo kuenje vosi va fa. Wa tiuka ku nyoho yahe hati, Vosi nda va ipa pe.

[Translation.]

THE ORDER OF THE HIDEOUS MASKED PERSONS, AND HOW THEY MET THEIR FATE.

In a certain country the goblins (*akisikisi*) were very numerous, and they were eating up all of the people. So it came about that but one person was left, and she a woman soon to give birth. So she ran away to the river, and crawled in among the reeds and hid there until she had a child. Then she came out, the child carrying a bow in front. In course of time the boy said to her, "To-day you pound some salt, and you do me obeisance, because I am going to the village of the goblins." So his mother did as she was told, and minded him most explicitly. He took his bag and his bow, and went on and on until he arrived at the village of the goblins, where he found no one except those who were cooking big pots filled with meat. All had gone to the woods to hunt. He immediately ate up all the pots of meat; and when found by the leader who returned, the leader cried, "And I am going to eat *you* up!" The child screamed out, crying, "Just lick away at me, because I am sweet, I am sweet, I am sweet." Then he left, and returned to his mother. And so it happened day after day, when the owners returned from their hunt, they found the pots entirely empty. They asked those who tended the pots who it was that had been eating the meat; and they replied, "Just only a little boy, but he is very sweet." So they agreed among themselves, saying, "To-day let us stay at home and watch for that person, and see who it is." Soon they saw him coming; and the word was passed, "There he's coming."

When he arrived, he finished up the pots; and as they thought to kill him, he said, "Do not kill me, for I am sweet, I am sweet, I am sweet." They licked him with their tongues; and then they asked him, "How do you do it?" And he said, "Do you really wish to know?" and they said, "Sure." So then he told them to get together a lot of fire-wood and to find some big pots; to fill these with water and get them to boiling good.

They were also to find some corn-bins (these are made of bark, and portable); and when the water was boiling well, they were to climb into these bins. "I will sprinkle a little water upon your bodies; but not one of you make an outcry, but keep as still as mice, because

it is only then that the charm will work." So when the water was boiling, they all climbed into the corn-bins, and he poured great quantities of boiling water upon them until they were all dead. Then he returned to his mother, and said, "Now we've got our pay, they are all dead."

15. OKU KOVONGA OMBELA.

Otembo yaco ombela ka ya lokele olondui viosi via kukuta, ovinyama lolonjila via fa lenyona. Evi via salapo kuenje via likongola, kuenje via londa komunda yimue oku kovonga ombela. Komunda yaco kua kala vali ewe linene, u o kovonga ombela oko a talama lombinga peka. Tete Kandimba, kuenje wa londa lombinga peka vakuavo vosi va tumala posi vemi.

Kuenje wa sika vombinga, —

Pe—e, pe—e

Ombela, ombela vongangele— ya ca etenya—a

Pe—e, pe—e

Ombela, ombela vongangele— ya ca etenya—a

Eci ci linga ndeti ndombela ndombundu tui tui

Ove a Hosi tu ka nyuila pi ovava

Eci ci linga ndeti ndombela ndombundu tui tui

Ove a Hosi tu ka nyuila pi ovava.

Ndaño wa kala loku kovonga haimo ombela ka yeyile. Ovinyama viosi haico via linga haimo ombela ka yeyile. Kuenje va tumila Mbeu, hati, Eye.

Ovinyama vimue vinene via fetika oku pembula Mbeu viti, Etu tumanu vocili tua ci tokoka etela lianõ li telã nye? Puai haimo vati, Eye nõ.

Eci Mbeu eya wa tambula ombinga wa londa kewe liaco wa sikamo (cina ca tete haico). Kuenje ombela ya fetika oku lemilã'eci a kala loku sikamo vali, kuenje ombela yeya. Ovinyama viosi via komona viti, Mbeu ukulu, Mbeu ukulu. Oku imba kuaco umosi eci a imba ovinyama viosi vi taviya.

Hosi mekonda eye wa linga ndosoma eye wa tukula, ndeci etu pokati ketu nda pa veta cimue tu tukula umue wa velapo.

[Translation.]

THE RAIN-MAKER.

Once upon a time there was a great drought, because no rain fell. The rivers were dried up, and the animals and birds were dying with thirst. Those which remained gathered themselves together, and climbed upon a high mountain in order to invoke rain. Upon the mountain was a very large stone, and the one seeking to call the rain would stand upon the stone with the whistle made from a deer-horn

in his hand. First the rabbit began, and he climbed upon the rock with the deer-horn whistle in his hand, all the others sitting about the base.

Then he would blow the horn and sing, —

“Toot — ot — ot!!!
 Rain, rain, come from afar! Drought, go away!
 Toot — ot — ot!!!
 Rain, rain, come from afar! Drought, go away!
 As we do like this, may a little rain come as mist!
 To you the Lion, where shall we find water to drink?
 As we do like this, may a little rain come as mist!
 To you the Lion, where shall we find water to drink?”

Even though he called the very best he could, yet the rain did not come. And so tried all the animals in their turn, yet without success. Finally they sent and called the tortoise, telling him to come.

But with this, all the large animals began to despise the tortoise, saying, “If we, the really wise and capable animals, are unable to accomplish anything, why call such a slow-poke as that?” However, the crowd said, “Let him come!”

So the tortoise, taking the deer-horn whistle in his hand, climbed the rock, and began to blow the whistle and sing, as had done the others. Soon the clouds began to gather; and as he continued calling and singing, the rain began to fall. Then all the animals were astonished; and they began to say, “The tortoise is our ruler, the tortoise is our ruler!” One of them led the singing, and all the rest joined in the chorus.

In the above the Lion is mentioned as he to whom all the other powers give obeisance.

16. ENYANGA LA CINJILA.

Ulume wa tele onjanjo venyala kuenje weya kimbo, omele wa tunda hati, Ha nyulā olonjanjo viange, wa sanga mua fa ocinjila cinene. Ulume hati, Etaili nda yeva kuenje wa nyanūla ombueti oku ci tesola. Onjila ya popia hati, Mopele lienyala, oco ame eteke hu popele liesisi. Ulume kuenje wo pandululamo kuenje ca enda, ulume weya kimbo.

Ukai wo pula hati, Ka mua file? Eye hati, Oco.

Eteke limue ukai hati, Tuende o ka sindikile kimbo lietu, ulume hati, Omo muele. Kuenje ukai wa sula osema.

Kuenje va katuka oku enda eci va pitila vonjila va ñualēhēlā la Cinyoha congongo, onjila yosi wa yi sitika lapa va pita ka pa moleha, Cinyoha wa popia hati, Imbila! Imbila! Imbila! utandanjila! Kuenje va eca iputa eye wa tambula haimo hati, Imbila! Imbila! Imbila!

utandanjila! Kuenje va eca ohumba yosema wa ina, haimo oku pinga ka liwekelepo toke ikuata viosi via pua loku eca. Noke wa eca omōlā lukai wahe, Cinyoha wa ina.

Eye haimo hati, Imbila, utandanjila, ulume lacimue vali a kuete, oku tiukila konyima ka ci tava, oku enda kovaso ka ci tava, Cinyoha wa sitika usenge wosi, kuenje ulume wa londa vuti. Wa ivaluka Cinjila una wa lingile hati, Mopele lienjala oco ame eteke hu popele liesisi.

Kuenje wa fetika oku kovonga Cinjila.

Cinjila we—e, nda ku popelele lame ndo mopele—e
Cinjila we—e, nda ku popelele lame ndo mopele—e
Volongongo tua endeke kavali volongongoanjile—e
Volongongo tua endeke kavali volongongoanjile—e.

Noke Cinjila wa yevako eci ulume a kovonga, haimo ulume wa kovonga vali (cina ca tete haico). Cinjila hati, Oco—o. Kuenje weya wo pula hati, Nye? Eye hati, Cinyoha. Kuenje Cinjila wa ipa onyoha yaco. Kuenje onyoha yaco va yi tola va sanga vimo omanu vana a inile haimo va kasilili lomuenyo, lukai wahe, kuenda omālā vahe lovikuata viosi, kuenje va enda kimbo liavo.

Olusapo luaco lu lombolola ohenda. Ukuene nda wa ku linga ohenda love u lingavo ohenda.

[Translation.]

A CLEVER HUNTER AND A BIRD.

A man once set a snare in the plain, and then went on to his village. In the morning he says to himself, "I am going to have a look at my snares and see if perchance some large bird has been caught." And so it proved. He found one, and he lifted his stick to kill it. Then the bird spoke to him, saying, "Save me here on the plain, and some day I will save you in the thick woods." The man heeded and untied the bird, and it went. When the man reached his village, his wife asked, "Did nothing get caught?" to which the man replied, "As you say."

One day the woman said to the man, "Come, and let us go and visit our village!" to which the man responded, "All right, surely!" And the woman began to pound the meal for the journey.

In time they got started; and as they were going along the path, suddenly there appeared before them a very large snake, so that the whole path was blocked, with nowhere to pass. The big snake spoke, saying, "Give me something, give me something, give me something, you there, standing upon the path!" They gave him their mush, which he took quickly, and yet demanded, "Give me more, give me more, give me more, you standing there upon the path!" So they gave him the basket of meal, which he quickly swallowed. However,

he did not let up with his demands until all they had was given him. Finally he gave the child and his wife, and the snake swallowed them all.

Yet he was not satisfied, and continued demanding more. The man could not flee, neither could he pass and go on ahead, for the snake blocked the whole woods. The man climbed a tree; and then he remembered how long ago the bird had begged to be released, saying, "Save me here on the plain, and some day I will save you in the thick woods."

So at once he began to call for the bird Cinjila:—

"Cinjila, oh, I saved you! Will you not save me?
Cinjila, oh, I saved you! Will you not save me?
We have both been in trouble, — the two of us in trouble!
We have both been in trouble, — the two of us in trouble!"

Before very long the bird heard the man calling, and yet he called a second time. Then the bird replied, "All r-i-g-h-t!" and when he came, asked what it was? The man replied, "The big snake." So the bird killed the snake; and when they cut him open, they found within him everything he had swallowed, — the woman and the child, both alive, and all their belongings. Then they proceeded on to their village.

This proverb illustrates kindness: If you show kindness to another, some one in time will show you a kindness.

17. CISUE KUENDA KAVILI.

Ka vili la Cisue va kala lakai vaco, oloneke viosi va kala loku sandiliya eci va kuatisa laco akai vavo. Nda nye? nda nye?

Kavili wa ipapa olomuku, kuenje o yuva ovipa viaco ha yali pula wukai wahe, ositu yaco va takilā kuenje ca posoka. Kacisue wa ipaipa olosanji o sunya ovonya aco ha yali pula wukai wahe hati, Oco ukai wange a pekela ciwa, lacovo ca posoka. Eteke limue ukai wa Kavili wa enda konjo ya Cisue wa sanga ukai wa Cisue o lale povonya olosanji, kuenje wa tundamo lutima uvala hati, Ukai wa Cisue eye o lale pawa ame mbu.

Kuenje weya konjo yahe wa popia lulume wahe hati, Ame sia kuelele, wa kuela Nakacisue eye o lale povonya olosanji. Ame ndale povipa violomuku vianō. Kavili kuenje co vala kutima yu wa enda ku Cisue hati, Ukuetu pi wa ka sangele ovonya olosanji? Cisue hati, Kimbo liomanu. Puai nda o yongola helā tunda omele muele ka salame ocipepi lolonjo eci omanu va yulula olosanji viavo o kuata, oco ame nda ka lingile oco. Kuenje helā Kavili wanda kimbo wa sanga akai a va likongela pamosi oku sula osema olosanji va vi yulula ale kuenje Kavili weya wa salama pokati kolohumba, osanji ya pita ocipepi lahe kuenje wa yi kuata, noke akai vo molā va vilikiya vati,

Kavili O! o kasi oku mālā olosanji! Kuenje umue ukai wa votoka hati, Ndi kepa, kuenje we kapuma owisi vonyima pu, okavili ka lepuka kuenje va ka imba kilu lionjo.

Osimbu ka kasi kilu lionjo ka litunga tunga omuenyo noke ka pasukapo ka senjeleketa posi ce kaka posi pu, ka tueha lolupesi keya konjo yahe ka popia lukai wahe hati, Ocipululu cove ca soka oku njipaisa lakai vomanu.

Omo va lua va sia eci va ci kuete, vati, Citito, Tu sanda eci ca lua, kuenje va ci pumba.

[Translation.]

THE WILD-CAT AND THE WEASEL.

The weasel and the wild-cat lived with their wives; and every day they sought the best they could to help and please their wives, whether by this thing or the other thing.

The weasel killed mice; and he would skin them, and spread the skins upon the bed of his wife. The meat they ate, and it was very fine indeed. The wild-cat would kill chickens; and he would pluck out the feathers, and with them would make a bed for his wife, saying, "So my wife will sleep well;" and that was very nice also. One day the wife of the weasel went to the house of the wild-cat, and she found her lying comfortably upon the bed of chicken-feathers. She turned back to her own house, saying within her heart, "The wife of the wild-cat sleeps with much comfort, but I not at all!"

When the weasel arrived at her own house, she said to her husband, "I am not really married; but the wife of the wild-cat *is*, for she lies upon a bed of chicken-feathers, while I sleep only upon the skins of rats!" The weasel, deeply grieved, went to the wild-cat, and said, "Friend, where did you get your chicken-feathers?" The wild-cat replied, "In the village, where people live. But if you wish some, to-morrow morning go very early and hide very near to the houses; and when the people let out their chickens, you catch one; that is how I did." So the next morning the weasel went to the village, and found that the women had already gathered themselves together at the usual place to pound meal, the chickens having been let out already. The weasel came, and managed to hide himself among the baskets. Soon a chicken passed very near, and he caught it. Thereupon the women saw him, and began to cry out, "The weasel, the weasel, he is eating up all our chickens!" One of the women got quickly up, and threw her pestle with which she had been pounding meal, and struck it upon the back. The little weasel fainted, and they threw it upon the top of the house.

After lying there a little while, he began to revive; and as soon as his strength came back, he slid with difficulty to the ground, and hurried

as fast as he could to his house. Then he unburdened himself to her, saying, "Your greed was nearly the end of me in the hands of the women of the village!"

Many people leave that which they have, saying it is little; they seek something bigger, and are disappointed.

18. KANDIMBA KUENDA ONGUE.

Eteke limue Ongue ya pañinya Kandimba hati, Tu papale okasolosolo eye hati, Omo. Kuenje Kandimba wa fetikako wa enda wa salama vocisuku cowangu Ongue ya landulako ya vilikiya hati, Kasolosolo—o kasolosolo—o nende wa ililapi, wa ilila kututu, ku moleha pululu, sikileko ovilua, fie—e, sikileko vali, fie—e. Kuenje wo vanjiliya noke wo sanga.

Ongue la yovo hati, Linga lamevo ha salameko, kuenje ya enda ya salama vocisuku konele yonjila, ucila wo langeka nō vonjila hati, Oco Kandimba a linge hati, Uti, etimba liosi lia salama vowangu. Kuenje Kandimba wa landulako lahevo wa vilikiya hati, Kasolosolo—o kasolosolo—o, nende wa ilila pi? Wa ilila kututu ku moleha pululu sikileko ovilua, fie, sikileko vali, fie. Noke kandimba wa molā ucila wongue vonjila, kandimba wa nyanūlā uti wa pumako ongue ya tundapo!

Kuenje kandimba wa enda vali oku ka salama, wa nola ombinga yomalanga wa yi kapa akala, kilu liaco wa kapako ulela, kuenje wa yi, fēlēla polumbandi eye muele wa lifēlēla ponēlē yaco ocipepi lombinga kuenje wa salama, wa tundisa lika etui limosi etimba liosi ka li moleha. Ongue ya kala loku kovonga Kasolosolo—o kasolosolo—o, nende wa ilila pi, wa ilila kututu, kututu ku moleha pululu sikileko, fie, sikileko vali, fie. Ongue ya vanjiliya vanjiliye ko muile. Noke weya polumbandi wa sanga ombinga letui limosi hati, Haka! Nda mola owima. Kuenje wa vilikiya vakuavo hati, —

Ene akulu, ene akulu, ndo tali cilo we, ca molā mbolovolo.

Ene akulu, ene akulu, ndo tali cilo we, ca molā mbolovolo.

Polumbandi, polumbandi pa tunda ombinga we okutui kumue.

Polumbandi, polumbandi pa tunda ombinga we okutui kumue.

Vakuavo vosi eci veyā va vanjako va komoha vati, Haka! Eci ka ca la muiwa, ndanō ovinyama vinene lomue wa ci limbuka. Noke onjamba veyā hati, Eci ngenda ha ci liataila, eci a pitila wa vanjako nō sui hati, Haka! Eci ci kola. Ovinyama viosi via nūālā konele yaco oku piluka momo vati, Umue nda wa tundapo o fa, kuenje va nuālako loku imba.

Noke Mbeu weya hati, Ci kasi pi? Ovo vati, Omanu vocili va tila ove o silivila nye? Kuenje vo takumuilā konyima haimo wa lipilika, kuenje vo pitisa. Eci eya polumbandi wa molā ombinga kuenda etui

hati, Oco muele vu kasi oku pilukila ndeti? kuenje wa kuata vetui lia kandimba wo tundisapo, kuenda ombinga wa yi somolapo. Ovinyama viosi via komoha olondunge via Kandimba kuenda Mbeu viti, Mbeu ukulu!

[Translation.]

THE RABBIT AND THE LEOPARD.

One day the leopard cried out to the rabbit, saying, "Come, let us play hide-and-peek!" To this the rabbit agreed, and he began by hiding himself in a large patch of grass which had been kept for a fire-hunt. The leopard looked all about for him, crying, "Whither, — oh, whither, — oh, oh, tell me where you have gone! Perhaps in a hollow log, and you cannot be seen! Whistl-e, whist-l-e, whist-l-e again!" And so he sought for him until he found him.

Then it was the leopard's turn to hide; and he went and hid himself in a bunch of grass by the side of the path, his tail protruding out into the path, for he said, "When the rabbit comes along, he will think it is a stick, because the whole body is hidden from view in the grass!" The rabbit began his hunt, and did as the leopard, crying out, "Whither, — oh, whither, — oh, oh, tell me where you have gone! Perhaps in a hollow log, and you cannot be seen! Whist-l-e, whist-l-e, whist-l-e again!" Just then the rabbit saw the tail of the leopard in the path, and he lifted his stick and gave it a good whack. Then the leopard came out.

Now, the rabbit went again to hide, and he picked up the horn of a large deer. He took it and put charcoal upon it, and on top of that he put oil. Then he went and dug in a threshing-floor, where the ground is very hard, and let most of the horn protruding. Then he dug again near by, secreting himself, leaving but one of his ears sticking out, the whole of his body being covered up. The leopard began to call, "Whither, — oh, whither, — oh, oh, tell me where you have gone! Perhaps in a hollow log, and you cannot be seen! Whist-l-e, whist-l-e, whist-l-e again!" The leopard looked and looked, but could not find him. At length he came to the threshing-floor, and there he found a horn sticking out of the ground, and one ear! "Gracious me! I've seen an omen!" Then he began to call the other animals, saying, —

"You rulers, come here! you rulers, come here! come and look at this: here is to be seen the Great One.
You rulers, come here! you rulers, come here! come and look at this: here is to be seen the Great One.
By the threshing-floor, by the threshing-floor, there appears a horn and but one ear.
By the threshing-floor, by the threshing-floor, there appears a horn and but one ear."

When the others all came and looked, they were greatly surprised, saying, "Gracious! such as this has never before been seen." Even among the very large animals, not one of them recognized what it was. When the elephant came, he said, "Shucks! I am going to tread upon it;" but when he approached nearer and saw, he ejaculated, "Whew! but this is a mystery!!" So all the animals went round and round the threshing-floor and began to divine, because they said, "If one leaves from amongst us, he will die!" So they continued walking around the spot and singing.

Finally the tortoise came, and asked, "Where is it?" They snubbed him, saying, "If we, the people of great wisdom, are unable to solve the mystery, what do you think you can do?" So they cast him behind them; but he continued begging for a chance, so they let him through. When he came to the threshing-floor and saw the horn and the ear, he exclaimed, "Well, indeed! and that is why you are divining?" Whereupon he grabbed the ear of the rabbit and pulled him out; then he grabbed the horn and jerked that out. All the animals were greatly surprised at the wisdom of the rabbit and the tortoise, all declaring, "The tortoise is our superior, the tortoise is our superior!"

19. NOTOLINGO LOMOLĀHE UTOLINGO.

Eteke limue nyoho yahe wa enda kovapia wa sia ombia yohale piko hati, Teleka, eci njiya sanga ya pia. Kuenje omolā wa kala loku teleka ya pia ciwa. Ekumbi vokati kilu olohumbihumbi vieya via iñilā vonjo via lia ohale yosi. Omolā vonjo wa tilamo mekonda liusumba, kuenje eci via mālā oku lia via enda. Eci nyoho yahe eya wo lundila hati, Ove muele wa yi lia kuenje wo puma hati, wo laleka onjala hati, Wa lia ale ombelela. Ndanō omolā wa sapula hati, Olonjila via yi lia, haimo hati, Esanda liovē.

Olonke viosi wo sila sila haimo olonjila via lialia nyoho yahe wa enda loku puma puma hati, Ove o kasi loku lia lia.

Eteke limue omolā wa kava hati, Ngenda ha liponda nō amuele. Kuenje wa tunda lolupesi oku yolokela kewe limue linene, ewe liaci li kuete eleva vokati kuenda uvelo. Omunu nda wa tema oko a enda oku liponda, ewe liaco nda li lete omunu li asama eci omunu a iñilā li kupikako vali. Eci omolā a kala loku yolokelako inahe wa kala lusumba hati, Omolānge sanga o ka nyēlēlē kuenje wo landula loku kovonga hati, —

Ove Utolingo tiuka.

Notolingo, Notolingo, Notolingo.

Ove Utolingo tiuka.

Notolingo, Notolingo, Notolingo.

Ame hameko nda lia akunde, akunde olohumbihumbi via lia.

Ame hameko nda lia akunde, akunde olohumbihumbi via lia.

Omola ka tiukile, kuenje wa pitila kewe, ewe oku mola omōlā liasama li yevala ngūlu, ngūlu. Kuenje omōlā wa iñilā momo utima wo vala ewe kuenje lia tuvikako. Nyoho yaco oku sokolola omolāhe, lahevo wa iñilā wo sanga yu. Omōlā wo pula hati, Nye weyilila vali? Eye hati Ove nda ku landula.

Olusapo luaco lu lombolola omanu vamue va lundaila nō vakuavo, umue ndanō o kasi oku likala haimo vati, Ove muele.

[Translation.]

NOTOLINGO AND HER DAUGHTER UTOLINGO.

Once upon a time the mother of Utolingo went to the field, leaving a pot of cow-peas cooking upon the fire, saying to her daughter, "Cook them, so that when I come back they will be thoroughly done." So the child looked after them carefully until they were fully cooked. When the sun was at noon, there came many very large birds, which entered the house and ate up all the cow-peas. The child fled in terror. After they had finished the cow-peas, every bit of them, they flew away. Later, when the mother returned from the field, she accused the child, saying, "You ate those cow-peas yourself." Then she beat the child, and would give her nothing more to eat, saying she had already eaten. But the child insisted that the birds had come and eaten the food. But the mother simply replied, "That's all nonsense!"

And so it happened day after day, — the mother leaving the child, and the birds coming and eating as before. And the mother kept beating the child, saying, "You're the one who is doing the eating!"

Finally the child became exasperated, and said, "What's the use? I am going to kill myself!" So she ran as fast as she could toward a big stone in which was a cave in its centre, with a doorway. A person becoming very angry would run toward this rock to kill himself; and the rock, seeing the person coming, would split open, and, when the person had entered, would shut to again. As the child was hastening toward this rock, the mother became frightened, saying, "I'm afraid my child will be lost," and she hurried after her, crying, —

"O Utolingo! come back!
Notolingo, Notolingo, Notolingo,
O Utolingo! come back!
Notolingo, Notolingo, Notolingo!" —

"I did not eat the cow-peas, the birds ate them;
I did not eat the cow-peas, the birds ate them;"

was the reply by the child.

But she would not return; and when she arrived at the stone, the stone, seeing the child, opened up, and there were heard sounds of



rejoicing. The child entered because her heart was sore, and the stone closed in around her. The mother, thinking of her child, ran in also and found her. The child asked her, "And why did you come after me?" to which the mother replied, "Because I wanted to find you."

This proverb emphasizes how some will continue to falsely accuse another, even though he continually declares he is guiltless.

20. AKUENJE VA VALI KUENDA VA NYOKULU YAVO.

Akuenje vavali va tunda oku ka fetika ovitula, kuenda vonyokulu yavo, eci va pitila lolosinge ka va sangele, kuenje va fetika oku tunga, u o tungila nyokulu yahe u o tungila nyokulu yahe. Noke ombela yeya ukuenje ukuavo wa tunga lombili osinge ya nyokulu yahe kuenje wa vunda, ukuavo puai ka malele lombili yu wa popia lukuavo hati, Linga Maikulu a vunde vosinge yove, ukuavo ka tavele hati Lovevo vulume nye kua tungilile lombili? Ame si tava.

Kuenje nyokulu yahe wa vunda vemi liuti womanda, ombela eci ya kanālā ya tola uti waco mua vunda nyokulu yahe, kuenje wa fa. Ukuenje waco wa yelula nyokulu yahe wo vunga olonanga, wa lituika, wa enda lahe kesinya lia Kuanja ku li oviva vioku inba ava va fa. Eci a kala loku enda wa nūalēhēlā lekisikisi lio pula hati, Katuta ketu! Katuta ketu! Nyokulu o ko tuala pi? Eye hati:—

Kuku ho tuala vesinya lia Kuanja,
Ngelenge yo lila hi—i,
A ngelenge yo lila hi—i, hi—i.
Ngelenge yo lila hi—i,
A ngelenge yo lila hi—i, hi—i.

Ekisi hati, Neteleko utue ha linge onganja yoku nyuila kuenje wo tetelako, wo pitahālā. Akisi osi a nūalehelā lahe haico o linga. Umue okuokuo, umue okulu hati, ha linga oluiko luoku pika iputa. Noke wa nūalehela lokahulukai hati, Nyiheko apuvi a lenēlā wa wiha. Noke wa wimba onumbi hati, Nyokulu ka wimbe vociva ci yela ovava. Kuenje wa pitila kociva caco, wa imbamo nyokulu yahe, eye wa kala kongongo nyokulu yahe wa tumuha olonjanja vi vali tatu yaco wa iñilā. Kuenje vociva mua tunda ovindele lolondona lovikuata viavo. Nyokulu yaha, lahevo wa pongoloka wa linga ondonga wo pula hati, Ame elie? Eye hati, Ove kuku. Kuenje weya kimbo, va tunga olonjo, lolombalaka imbo lieyuka ovindele.

Ukuavo una wo limilile osinge eci a ci vanja ocipululu co kuata, kuenje wa popia nyokulu yahe hati, Linga hu ipaye oco tu mōlā ovipako, nyokulu yahe ka tava eye wa lipilika kuenje wo tesola, wo vunga onanga kuenje wa lituika.

Eci a kala loku enda wa tokeka lekisi wo pula hati, Katuta ketu? Katuta ketu nyokulu o ko tuala pi? Eye hati, —

Kuku ho tuala vesinya lia Kuanja,
Ngelenge yo lila hi—i;
A ngelenge yo lila hi—i, hi—i;
Ngelenge yo lila hi—i;
A ngelenge yo lila hi—i, hi—i.

Nyiheko utue waco, eye ka tavele hati, Kuku eye ha teta? Kuenje wa pitahālā. Vosi a nūalehēlā lavo lomue a tetelako. Kuenje wa sima hati, Ukuetu citito ame mbelapo. Yu wa tokeka la kahuluwa wo pinga apuvi aco hati, Ame si kuete ovayo haimo ka tavele. Kahuluwa hati, Ndanō wa nimila linga hulmbe onumbi. Kuenje wo sapuila hati, Nyokulu ko tuale vociva ci kusuka ovava omo mu li ovindele, ukuele omo a ka imbilevo. Kuenje wa yoloka kociva catukuiwa, wa imbamo nyokulu yahe, eye wa kala kongongo loku talamēlā nyokulu yahe wa iñilāmo huti, ewe ka tumbulukile, wa kala osimbu noke kua tomboka otuvikasia kuenda ocimbali co sapuila hati, Ovikasia evi omo mu li eci o yongola. Eci enda ka tunge onjo ya fina lonjinena ku ka sie. Kuenda eci o ka tuvula ovikasia viaco ka kale lika liove, kuenda ka liyikilemo.

Kuenje weya kimbo, Wa popia lukuavo hati, Nda ka viupile, kuenje wa tunga onjo, eci ya pua wa liyikilamo lika liaha, wa fetika oku tuvula. O tuvula eyi mu li olonyihi, yikuavo olonyoha, yikuavo alimbono, viosi muele mueyuka nō ovipuka vi lumana. Noke eci a mālā vio katukila oku lumana, kuenje wa fa.

Ekandu liaco lio pisa.

Tete wa limila ukuavo osinge, vali wa linga ongangu wa ponda nyokulu yahe oku pesela osonde.

[Translation.]

TWO BOYS AND THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.

Two boys started off with their grandmothers to begin a new village. When they arrived, they did not find any huts in which to stay. So they at once began to build,—one boy building for his grandmother, and the other for his grandmother. Soon the rain began to fall. One boy had built his very quickly; and so his grandmother entered, and was protected from the rain. The other one had not finished; and so he begged of the other, saying, "Do a kindness, and let my grandmother come into your hut!" The other would not, replying, "You also are a man. Why didn't you hurry faster with your building? I won't agree to it!"

So his grandmother sought cover under a large tree called the "omanda." As the storm increased, the lightning struck the tree under which she was; and it was torn open, and the grandmother was killed. The boy picked her up and wrapped her in cloth, put her upon his shoulder, and started with her to the other side of the river

Quanja, where there were pools into which they threw those who died. As he was on his way, he met a goblin,¹ who greeted him with friendliness, saying, "Where are you going with your grandmother?" And he responded thus:—

"Honored sir, I am carrying her to the other side of the river Quanja,
 The deer is crying hi — hi;
 Oh, the deer is crying hi — hi;
 The deer is crying hi — hi;
 Oh, the deer is crying hi — hi."

The friendly spirit said to him, "Cut me off the head, that I may use it as a gourd with which to drink." He did so; and then on he went again, complying with all the requests made of him. One of the spirits would ask an arm; another, a leg with which he might stir his mush. Pretty soon he met a little old woman, who begged, "Give me the lungs, because they are soft," and so he did. Soon one advised him, saying, "Throw your grandmother into the pool, and the water will become clear!" When he arrived at the pool, he did as he was told. He stood upon the bank, and he saw her come to the surface twice; and the third time she sank. Then at once from the pool there came forth white men and white women, with all their belongings. Among them was his grandmother, who was turned into a white woman. She asked him, saying, "Who am I?" And he recognized her. Then they all came to the village and built houses and put up tents, so that the village was filled with white folks.

Now, the other boy, who had been stingy about his hut, forbidding the grandmother to shield herself in it from the rain, when he saw all that had happened, became filled with greed, and said to his grandmother, "Come, let me kill you! and we also shall become wealthy." But his grandmother rebelled, but he struck her and killed her, and, wrapping her in cloth, lifted her upon his shoulder.

As he was going along the path, he met a friendly spirit, which greeted him kindly, and asked, "Where are you going with your grandmother?" He replied, —

"Sir, I am going with her to the other side of the Quanja,
 The deer is crying hi — hi;
 Oh, the deer is crying hi — hi;
 The deer is crying hi — hi;
 Oh, the deer is crying hi — hi!"

"Give me the head," said the spirit; but the boy replied, "And why, sir, should I do that?" Then he went on; and though he met many spirits, he would not comply with the requests of any of them,

¹ A hideous masked person.

for he said, "The other boy is insignificant, but I am far wiser." He met also the little old woman; and she begged for the lungs, saying, "Give me, for my teeth are all gone," but he would not. Then she said to him, "Even though you are mean to me, let me give you advice: take your grandmother to the pool where the water is red, for there are found the white folks, and there is where the other boy went." So he hurried along to the pool described, and threw in his grandmother. He stood upon the bank waiting for her; for he said, "A stone will not come to the surface." He remained there a long time; and soon there appeared some little boxes, and with them a native servant, who said, "These boxes contain that which you so much desire. When you reach your village, build a very fine house, not forgetting to put in windows. When finally you open these boxes, be entirely by yourself, and be sure you lock yourself in."

When he arrived at the village, he said to the other boy, "I have gone and gotten them too!" Then he built a house; and when it was finished, he shut himself in all by himself, and began to open the boxes. One he opened contained bees, another snakes, another hornets. All of them were filled with insects which bit and stung. When he had finished opening all of the boxes, then they assailed him and killed him.

His own sin had condemned him.

First, he was stingy about his hut; second, because of imitation, he killed his own grandmother, thus shedding blood.

21. ONYOKA YOMOMA LOLUAVAVA.

Oluavava lua tanga vuti, noke onyoha yomoma yeya vemi liaco oku vunda undembo. Kuenje okanende keya ka wila vuti waco, omunu lahevo eci a mola onende ya wila vuti kuenje wa kala loku yomba luta. Kuenje omoma ya pañinya oluavava hati, Lupula okanende sanga omunu o ka loya, volofa viomunu umosi mu li olofa viowini. Luavava ka tavele oku lupula onende.

Noke omunu weya ocipepi kuenje wa loya onende, kuenje ya kupukila kutue womoma, omunu hati, Ha nōlā onende o lete omoma kuenje wa nyānūlā ondiaviti wa topola omoma, kuenje wa yi vunga hati o yelula ka ci tava, hati, O vanja olondovi ka vi moleha. Kuenje wa vanja vuti wa mola oluavava yu wo sungamo wosi yu wa kuta laco omoma.

Moma wa popia la luavava hati, Sia ci popele siti, Lupula onende momo volofa viomunu umosi mu li olofa viowiñi?

Olusapo hati, Ukuele nda o suñilā langeka vekaha liomunu umosi mu li ekaha liowiñi. Kanende, la luavava, kuenda moma va takela pamosi.

[Translation.]

THE PYTHON AND THE VINE (?).

The vine was in the tree whither it had climbed. Soon a big snake, the python, came and rested in the shade of the tree. A dove came also and perched in the same tree. Then a man, when he saw the dove fly to the tree, stalked the bird, and he had a gun. Then the python called to the vine, saying, "Scare away the bird or perhaps the man will shoot it, and in the death of one there may be the death of many." But the vine would not consent to scare away the dove.

Soon the man came close up and shot the dove, so that it fell upon the head of the snake. The man went to pick up the dove, and then saw the python; so he grabbed his axe and killed it. Then he folded it up to better carry it; but it would not work, and he looked around for some bark rope. He failed to find any, but saw the vine climbing up the tree; and so he pulled that down, and with it tied up the snake in a tight bundle.

Then the python said to the vine, "Did not I tell you to scare off the dove, for in the death of one there might be the death of many?"

MORAL: Though some sleep, in the wakefulness of one is the wakefulness of many. Failure to warn resulted in the dove, the vine, and the python all being destroyed.

22. SIOKANDA LA NOKANDA, LA NDECI UKAI WO FETISA.

Siokanda wa kala ocimunu wa enda loku ivava olongombe, lolosanji, lolohombo, lolongulu. Pokati pa kala olui lunene ka lu kuete eyau, ulume nda wa yongola oku ka iva o pañinya Nokanda kuenje o tiapula onanga kovava a litepa, nda wa ka ivile o pañinya vali ukai wahe o tiapula vali onanga kovava a litepa o pita.

Eteke limue wa ka ivile olongombe vamuele vo mōlā vo lupuisa, eci a pitila kolui wa kovonga Nokanda.

Ukaivange Nokanda we—e
 O tiapula onanga kovava—a
 Ukaivange Nokanda we—e
 O tiapula onanga kovava—a
 Va muele ongombe nda veyā,
 O tiapula onanga kovava—a
 Va muele osanji nda veyā,
 O tiapula onanga kovava—a
 Vamuele ongulu nda veyā,
 O tiapula onanga kovava—a
 Va muele ohombo nda veyā,
 O tiapula onanga kovava—a.

Eye ndanō wa ka ivile Nokanda ukuaku tepa ovava u limilā o lia lukai umue wiñi. Nokanda eye wa enda loku popela lombili, momo nda wa ka ivile va muele vo lupuisa eye eci a pitila kolui o kovonga Nokanda eci a yoka ovava a litokeka vali, va muele ndanō vo kuama eci va pitila kolui ka va kuete apa va pita.

Eteke limue ka tavele vali pokuenda wo pitisa, puai eci a tiuka ndanō ulume wa kovonga haimo ka tavele, wa popia lahe hati, U o lia lia lahe a ku pitise ame si tava. Kuenje vamuele eci vo sanga vo wipa, olongombe viavo va enda lavio.

Olusapo hati, Eci a lia lia elau ka sokoluile ukuahenda.

[Translation.]

SIOKANDA AND HIS WIFE NOKANDA, AND HOW SHE PAID HIM BACK.

Siokanda was a thief, and he used to go and steal oxen and chickens and goats and pigs. Near by his village was a large river which had no bridge. When the man wished to go to steal, he would call upon his wife Nokanda that she should dip a cloth in the water, and it would divide, and he would cross over. Then, when he had stolen, he would call again for his wife to come and dip the cloth in the water, in order to divide it, and he would return safely.

One day he went as usual and stole some oxen. The owners saw him and gave chase. When he arrived at the river, he began to call Nokanda as usual: —

“My own wife Nokanda, oh — o!
Dip the cloth in the water — O,
My own wife Nokanda, oh — o!
Dip the cloth in the water — O,
What if the owner of the ox should come,
Dip the cloth in the water — O,
What if the owner of the chicken should come,
Dip the cloth in the water — O,
What if the owner of the pig should come,
Dip the cloth in the water — O,
What if the owner of the goat should come,
Dip the cloth in the water — O!”

And the man, even when he went to steal and Nokanda would divide the water for him, he was stingy to her, and he would go and eat with some other woman. Nokanda always went quickly to help him out in his trouble, because, after he had stolen, oftentimes the owners would rush after him. As soon as he would arrive at the river, he would call Nokanda, and she would divide the water; and after he had passed, the water came together again, so that, even if the pursuers reached the bank, they found no place where they might pass.

One day, however, she refused to help him cross. When he reached the river on his way back, he called and called to her; but she replied, "Let the one with whom you are continually eating see you across this time! I won't do it." The owners, when they caught him, killed him, and went back with their oxen.

MORAL: One enjoying good luck and fortune forgets to be kind.

TALES AND PROVERBS OF THE VANDAU OF
PORTUGUESE SOUTH AFRICA.

BY FRANZ BOAS AND C. KAMBA SIMANGO.

THE following tales were written by Kamba Simango, a native of Portuguese South Africa. The written material was dictated to Franz Boas and rewritten by him. The revised copy was again corrected by Kamba Simango, whose mother tongue is the Chindau of the coast.

The alphabet used, so far as consistent with accuracy, is that used by the Mashona missionaries.

Vowels: a, e (open), i, o (open), u.

Long vowels (due to contraction) are indicated by a superior period following the vowel, as a[.] These are always strongly accented. There is no significant pitch in Chindau, such as occurs in some of the neighboring dialects, as Sechuana. The only exception noted is the second person singular mù (low tone), while the third person mú has the high tone. Accented syllables, however, have a raised pitch.

There are no diphthongs.

As in Kisuaheli, the voiceless stops are all slightly glottalized, and should be written p', t', k'; but, since all of them are glottalized, the symbol ' has been omitted. The glottalization disappears only in the combination kw. The sounds th, ph, and kh are strongly aspirated surds. The voiced stops are b, d, g. In a few words we find a glottalized b, d ('b, 'd). These are probably Zulu loan-words. There are three pure nasals — m, n, ɲ — corresponding to the positions of p, t, k (ɲ like n in "sing"). The voiceless fricatives are f, s, ʃ, h. The voiced fricatives are v, ʋ, z, ʒ, g. The f is always sharply dento-labial; s is alveolar; ʃ is alveolar, with strong rounding of lips, therefore with marked ū resonance; h is a medial fricative, and seems to occur only after t and p. Among the voiced fricatives, v is bilabial; ʋ, labio-dental; z, alveolar; ʒ, alveolar with strong rounding of the lips, corresponding to ʃ. These sounds correspond to the labialized s of Thonga¹ and Venda.² g is a medial fricative corresponding to the k position. This sound occurs probably exclusively after m, f, v, p, and r, and originates from the combination mu + vowel and vu + vowel. After m it is pronounced individually as a labial click; i.e., m + a sound produced by suction with closed lips followed by a sudden

¹ H.-A. Junod, *Elementary Grammar of the Thonga-Shangaan Language*, p. 9.

² Carl Meinhof, *Lautlehre der Bantusprachen*, p. 23.

opening of the lips. The coast dialect has also the fricative sh (like sh in English). In the dialects of the interior this is generally replaced by s. The affricative series contains the b and p stops followed by labio-dentals (that is, bʋ and pʃ), while the labial stops followed by bilabials are missing. The alveolar affricatives are combined with the sh series, — dj and ch. The affricatives with z and s (that is, dz and ts) are absent in the coast dialects. These take the place of dj and ch in the interior. The affricatives ending with z and s are rendered as bʒ and ps. The closure of the lips, however, is very weak, so that there is sometimes an acoustic impression of an initial d or t in place of b and p. It seems, however, that etymologically these sounds go back to a combination of labial sounds. Similar sounds occur in Thonga and Herero.

While the dialect of the interior has apical r, we have here a sound which I have written l because its principal constituent seems to be a lateral trill combined, however, with a slight medial trill. Before w, this sound regularly changes to a strongly aspirated apical r, forming the combination rhw. The trill r occurs also before g. Finally we find the open breath h and the semi-vowels y and w.

When g follows n or d, it sounds in rapid speech like y. The n and d are at the same time more cerebral than in other positions.

As in other Bantu languages, the combinations of nasals and stops as initial sounds of syllables are very common. The following combinations occur:—

mb mph
 nd nth
 ng nk

We have also the combination of nasal and fricative and affricative in the following for ms:—

nsh nch
 ms

In these combinations the second voiceless sound starts with a marked voicing, which, however, disappears in the course of the articulation.

	Bila- bial.	Labio- dental.	Alve- olar.	Alve- olar, labial- ized.	Palatal.	Semi- lateral trill.	Apical trill.
Stops {	b('b)	—	d('d)	—	g	—	—
Glottalized.....	p	—	t	—	k	—	—
Aspirate.....	ph	—	th	—	kh	—	—
Spirants {	v	ʋ	z	s	g	l	rh(w)
Surd.....	—	f	s	sh	h	—	—
Affricatives {	—	bʋ	—	dj	bs	—	—
Surd.....	—	pʃ	—	ch	ps	—	—
Nasal.....	m	—	n	—	ɲ	—	—
Breath.....	h.						
Semi-vowels.....	y, w.						

TALES.

I. ZINTHEDE NE SHULO.

shulo ne zinthede vainga shamgali. nge imge nshiku shulo wainga mumavushwa, na-chilingo sola lakapsa, ena wakangwina mugulu, ndiso, mulilo auzini kumugumila. sola nelapela kupsa shulo wakabuda mugulu, akalangalila kuti unoda kukhanganisa zinthede, ndiso wakabulukuta mumahungupsa. na-songana na zinthede wakati kwali, ena wainga musola lichipsa, mulilo wakamugumila kani wakaudjima nge mata ake. zinthede alizivi kutenda mukutanga zakaleva shulo, kani shulo wakavangilila kuti zaileva zaiva sokadi. shulo wakati kuna zinthede, "vonai masimbe omahungupsa ondinao pamuvili pangu." zinthede na-vona mahungupsa wakatenda kuti shulo wainga musola lichipsa. zinthede kuti achazopindwa wakati kuna shulo, ena angazodjimavo mulilo nge mata. nge imge nshiku sola laipsa zinthede wakati kuna shulo, unoenda ena kodjima mulilo. zinthede lakangwina mumasola lakaedja kudjima mulilo nge mata kani alizivi kuudjima. lana lakafilamgo ngo vupsele vgalo.

BABOON AND HARE.

Hare and Baboon were friends. One day Hare was | in the grass by himself. While he was there, the grass burned. Hare went into a hole, | and therefore the fire did not reach him. When the grass was burnt [finished burning], Hare came out | of the hole, and thought that he wanted to play a trick on Baboon. Therefore (5) he rolled about in the cinders. When he met Baboon, he said to him | that he had been in the grass when it was burning. The fire had reached him, but he had put it out | with his saliva. Baboon did not believe at first what Hare told him, | but Hare persisted (saying) that what he told was true. Hare said to | Baboon, "See the cinders that were left after the burning, and which I have on my body!" (10) When Baboon saw the remains of the burning, he believed that Hare had been in the grass | and was burned. Baboon, that he might not be outdone, said to Hare that he | would also put out the fire with saliva. One day the grass was burning. Baboon | said to Hare he would go and put out the fire. Baboon went | into the grass. He tried to put out the fire with saliva, but he did not (15) put it out. He died in it on account of his stupidity.

2. ZINTHEDE NE SHULO.

zakaita, zakaita. zinthede lakaenda kunthalavunda kobunshila musikane weyo. nelatendwa lakaenda kovona musikane wo laka-bounshila.

murhwendo rhwala rgo chipili lakatola simba kuti alipelekedje. simba wainga muzukulu walo, ena wainga mupsele. novali mu-

- gwansha zinthede lakati kuna simba, "unoziva kuti tinenda kwambiya wangu. ndinoda kuti iwewe unase kuva nomuko dja. kuti nondakutuma ko-tola chilo uchado zolanaba. ndinoziva kuti iwewe uli muzukulu wakapfava." simba wakatenda zese zakaleva zinthede.
- 10 zinthede lakatize kuna simba, "kudali tovana muchelo, kuti inini nondati, 'madombidombi ngoangu,' iwewe wochizoti, 'makengekenge ngoangu.'" zinthede lainga lakaleba, ndizo, lakatanga kovona zese zainga mbeli kwavo. nolavona mumsinda wainga nomsinda djakaibwa lona lakati, "madombidombi ngoangu," simba echiti, "makengekenge ngoangu."
- 15 novaguma pamumsinda zinthede lakarga msinda djakapsuka, simba wakarga makenge. novavona kunga zinthede likati, "madoledole ngoangu;" simba waiti, "mavunduvundu ngoangu." zinthede lakatanga kunga, nolapedja kunga lakaiwundula kunga simba achito wamga. simba wakamga mavundu. novapedo nomuzi wa'mbiya va zinthede lona lakati kuna simba, "unouvona uwu mutiu kani? wona mutombo unotwi mundapolapola. kuti inini nondapiswa ngo kurga, nondati kouli, 'simba, muzukulu, endocha mudji, wo mundo-polapola,' iwewe uzoza wo'ucha uwu." simba wakatenda izi. novaguma kwambiya vakabikirhwa lupiza. norhwaziswa zinthede nolapedja kushamba nyala lakatukutidja munwe walo mulupiza likati,
- 25 "simba, muzukulu, ndapsa! gogomai, wocha mudji womundapolapola." simba waakaenda achigogoma kocha mudji. na'vipinda zinthede lakarga lupiza rhwese. lakasiya lushoma. simba wakaviya nawo mudji kani zinthede alichaiudepi. lona lakati kuna simba,
- 30 "naviya nowapinda madjimgalamu angu akaza akarga lupiza. ngokuti zona zai ita zailunsha andizivi kualambisa." lakatatidja simba ndawo zinshi djaivonesa kuti madjimgalamu mazinshi akashamba nyala paidjo. simba wakarga lupiza rhwakasiwa. zinthede lakaita izi nshiku djesé djovaigalayo. kwati novaviya kanyi simba ingawa-kaonda.
- 35 shulo wakabunsha simba kuti waionda ngenyi. ena wakaronzera shulo zakaita zinthede. murhwendo rhwe chitatu zinthede lakada shulo kuti alipelekedje kwambiyalo. shulo wakatenda kuenda nalo. zinthede lakapangilila shulo kudali ngo zolakapangila simba. shulo wakatenda zakaleva zinthede, ena aizivi kupikidja nalo. novavona mumsinda zinthede lichiti, "madombidombi ngoangu," shulo wakaleva zinthede lichito lapedja kuleva izi. zinthede lakalega kurga msinda, shulo wakadjirga. novaguma pakunga shulo wakatanga kuleva zinthede lichito lapedja kuleva zolaida kuleva. lona alizivi
- 45 kuimga kumga. shulo wakaimga. nova-pedo no muzi zinthede lakatatidja shulo mutombo. shulo wakati, "eya, ndinozoza kocha mutombo nomgandi mütuma." lakabunsha shulo kuti alidi lona kuti ena alilunshe. shulo wakati azolilunshipi. novafamba mukuvo müdoko shulo wakati kuna zinthede, walasha mupasha wake. waka-

vgilila sule koulonda. ena wakavgilila kocha mudji wo mundapolapola. wakaucha akaukanda muchivanga chake. wakaviya vona vakaenda kumuzi. novaguma wakapuwa lupiza, zinthede nolapedja kushamba nyala lakatukudja munwe walo mulupiza likati, "shulo, muzukulu, ndapsa! endocha mudji wo mundapolapola." shulo wakangwinisa nyala yake muchivanga chake, akatola mudji wo mundapolapola akalipa vona zinthede. zinthede lakalamgidja lupiza lichiti, simba ngainga muzukulu kwaye. shulo azivi kuleva chilo kani wakarga lupiza. vakaviya kanyi zinthede lakashola shulo zikulu.

zinthede ne laviya kanyi lakasunga chuma choko'lovola ndicho mukadji walo. lona lakada kuti livgilidjile shulo zakaita kwolili. nge nshiku yolaida kuenda ndiyo ne chuma lakaenda koba vana va shulo likavakanda muchivanga. lakapelekedjwa nge chikodji, go-vola, ne shulo kuti vaite vubaba vgallo. zinthede lakapa shulo kuthwala chivanga chainga ne vana vake. novafamba mushango muuluk shulo wakazwa sezwi ichilila, wakaitevela. na-guma poyainga waka-vona muti wainga no nyuchi. wakabula vuchi; achivurga wakazwa mazwi achiti, "baba ndipevo, baba ndipevo." shulo wakalingalinga. achiti pamge ishili djailila kudalo, kani azivi kuvona shili. na-rgaze wakazwa mazwi achikumbila wakanasa kupulukila, kazwa kuti mazwa-aiwa muchivanga, ndiso akachisunyungula, akavona vana vake novai limgo, akavabudisa akavapa vuchi. wakavavakila dumba kuti vaglepo kumphela na-viya kurhwendo rhwake. wakashamula mulomo we chivanga pamukoko we nyuchi, (djona) djakangwinamgo. nochazala wakachisunga chivanga ngo muboshwe kudali ngo kusunga kochakaitwa nge zinthede. shulo wakaviya kwa-kasiya zinthede no vange, akavapa vuchi vgainga navgo. zinthede lakati kuna shulo, "shulo, nasa kubatisisa chivangecho." lakaza kochilingila chona chainga chakasungwa ngo masungilo alo, ndiso alizivi kuleva chilo.

kwati novaguma kwa-mbiya va zinthede, lona nelachungamidjwa ngo kuti, "mgakavanga vazinthede?" lakadavila nge chigonthe likati, "nda uwe, kunyadja mungwali nkhwo kutolela vana vake."—"hedjo vachikodji." chikodji chikati, "hedjo hadjo, bikanyi sadja, vusavi tinavgo."—"tambanyi va shulo." shulo akati, "tinotamba hedu, takabwa kanyi tichina zano, zano takazolipuwa mugwansa ndi sezwi."—"djokulalama vagovola," govola likati, "tinolalama hedu, zainga sokala, makole ano tingaedjana." vanthu vakashamiswa nge zigonthe zaitwa nge zinthede no vubaba vgallo. vakabikirhwa sadja lichina vusavi. nolaziswa, chikadji chichida kuvulaya govola kuti chimuite vusavi, kani chikodji nochambulukila govola, govola lakachilova nge ndonga likachivulaya chona chikaitwa vusavi. novapedja kurga vokumadjimbiya ve zinthede vakavungava munyumba kuti vaze koashila chuma. zinthede lakabunsha shulo kuti abude mumba, shulo wakabuda. ena achibuda wakachochotola djiso lake kuna

govola kuti limutevele, na-buda govola lakamutevela. zinthede la-
 95 kada kuti govola ligale, kani lakati linoviya linenda kunsha. vese
 vokuvumbiya vakavungana. misuvo yakakonywa ngokuti zinthede
 alichaidepi kuti shulo avone vana vake vachiitwa chuma chokulovola
 ndicho. shulo wakatanga kusunga misuvo yese ngo kunsha. zinthede
 lakangwinisa mukono walo muchivanga kani alizivi kubudisa chilo
 100 ngokuti nyuchi djaililuma. vanthu vaigalila kuvona chuma. laka-
 ngwinisaze nyala yalo nyuchi djaililumaze sikulu. lakachilasha chi-
 vanga pasi, nyuchi djakabuda djikaluma vanthu vese vainga mu-
 nyumba. vanthu vakaedja kubuda kani misuvo yese yainga yaka-
 sungwa ngo kunsha. vanthu wakatanga kulilova zinthede sikulu.
 105 novapganya misuvo zinthede lakabuda likatiza ne lina mphonshe
 zinshi. shulo na govola vakaenda kanyi. shulo wakapinda ngo
 paikasiya vana vake akavatola akaenda navo kanyi kwake. zinthede
 alizivi kuzoendaze kwambiya walo. lakamutama mukadji wolaida
 kufuma.

BABOON AND HARE.¹

It happened, it happened. Baboon went to a neighboring place to seek for | a girl there (to be his wife). When he was accepted, he went to see the girl to whom | he had proposed.

On his second journey he took along Wild-Cat to accompany him. (5) Cat was the sister's son of Baboon. He was dull. When they were on their journey, | Baboon said to Wild-Cat, "You know that we go to my mother-in-law. | I want you to behave well. When I | send you to get a thing, do not refuse. I know that you, being | my sister's son, are meek." Cat agreed to everything Baboon said. (10) Baboon also said to Cat, "When we see wild fruits, I | shall say, 'The ripe ones are mine.' You then say, 'Half-ripe ones | are mine.'" Baboon was tall. Therefore he saw everything | in front of them. When he saw a fruit-bearing tree (species ?) the fruits of which were ripe, | he said, "The ripe ones are mine;" and Cat said, "The half-ripe ones (15) are mine." When they arrived at the fruit-tree, Baboon ate the ripe fruit, | Cat ate the half-ripe ones. When they saw water, Baboon said, | "The clear is mine;" and Cat said, "The muddy is mine." | Baboon began to drink; when he finished drinking, he made the water muddy before Cat | could drink. Cat drank the muddy water. When they were near the kraal of (20) Baboon's mother-in-law, he said to Cat, "Do you see this tree? | It is medicine which is called cooling. When I am burnt | by food, and I say to you, 'Cat, sister's son, go and dig the root of the | "cooling-tree,"' come here and dig this." Cat agreed to this. | When they arrived at the mother-in-law's house, ground beans were cooked for them. When the ground beans were

¹ See Carl Meinhof, *Afrikanische Märchen*, p. 87 (Matumbi, East Africa); more distantly related, p. 146 (Kuanyama, Portuguese West Africa).

brought, and Baboon (25) finished washing his hands, he thrust his finger into the ground beans, and said, | "Cat, sister's son, I am burnt. Run and dig the root of the 'cooling-tree.'" | Cat ran and went to dig the root. When he was gone, | Baboon ate all of the ground beans. Cat came back | with the root, but Baboon did not eat it. He said to Cat, (30) "When you were gone, my sisters-in-law came and ate the ground beans. | Because what they did was shameful, I did not stop them." He showed Cat | many places, and told him that many of his sisters-in-law washed | their hands at these places. Cat ate the ground beans that were left over. Baboon did this | every day while they were there. When they came home, Cat was (35) thin.

Hare asked Cat why he was thin, and he told | Hare what Baboon had done. The third trip Baboon wanted | Hare to accompany him to his mother-in-law. Hare agreed to go with him. | Baboon instructed Hare, and told him in the same way as he had told Cat. Hare (40) agreed to what Baboon told him. He did not argue with him. When they saw | a fruit-tree, while Baboon was saying, "The ripe ones are mine," Hare | said, before Baboon had finished, (the same) that he said. Baboon did not eat | the fruit, Hare ate it. When they arrived at the water, Hare began | to say, before Baboon had finished saying, what he wanted to say. He did not (45) drink the water. Hare was drinking. When they were near the kraal, Baboon | showed the medicine to Hare. Hare said, "Yes, I shall come to dig | the root when you send me." (Baboon) told Hare that he did not want him | to disgrace him. Hare said he would not disgrace him. When they had gone a | little distance, Hare said to Baboon that he had lost his arrow. (50) He went back to look for it. Then he went back to dig the root of the "cooling-tree." | He took it and put it into his bag. He came back, and they went | to the kraal. When they arrived, they were given ground beans; (and) when Baboon had washed | his hands, he put his finger into the ground beans, and said, "Hare, sister's son, | I am burnt. Go and dig the root of the cooling-tree." Hare put (55) his hand into his bag, and took out the root of the cooling-tree | and gave it to Baboon. Baboon did not accept it. Cat | was his sister's son. Hare did not say anything, but he ate | the ground beans. They went home, and Baboon rebuked Hare much.

When Baboon arrived home, he gathered things to pay for (60) his wife. He wanted to take revenge for what Hare had done to him. | It was on the day he wanted to go with the things that he went to steal the children | of Hare, and he put them into a bag. He was accompanied by Hawk, | Dove, and Hare, who were his spokesmen [fatherhood]. Baboon gave to Hare | the bag to carry in which were his children. When they had walked a little ways, (65) Hare heard



a honey-bird (species ?) singing, and followed it. When he reached a place | where he saw a tree on which were bees, he took off the honey. When he was eating the honey, he heard | a voice saying, "Father, give me some." Hare looked around. | He thought that perhaps birds were singing this, but he did not see any birds. When he was eating again, | he heard voices; and when he listened carefully, he heard that the voices (70) came from the bag, therefore he untied the bag, and he saw his children inside; | he took them out, gave them honey. He built a shed, that they | might stay in it until he came back from his journey. He opened the mouth | of the bag at the beehive (of the bees), and they entered into it. When | it was full, he tied up the bag left-handed, in the same way as (75) it had been done by Baboon. Hare arrived at the place where he had left Baboon and | the others, and gave them honey which he had. Baboon said to Hare, | "Hare, carry that bag carefully." He came to examine it, | and it was tied in the way he had tied it. Therefore he did not say anything.

When they arrived at Baboon's 'mother-in-law's, he was greeted (80) by saying, "Are you strong, Sir Baboon?"¹ and he replied with a proverb, saying, | "Thanks.² The way to serve rightly the wise one is by taking his child." — "How are | you, Sir Hawk?" Hawk said, "How is it? We have cooked sadja and | meat." — "Greetings, Sir Hare!" Hare said, "We are well, | we came from home without any particular purpose. Purpose was given to us on the way by the honey-bird." (85) — "Of life, Sir Dove."³ Dove said, "We are living. How is life? It was thus | of old. Nowadays we can try one another." The people were astonished much by what | was said by Baboon and his spokesmen. Sadja was cooked for them without | meat. When it was brought, Hawk wanted to kill Dove to make him | meat (for the sadja); but when Hawk wanted to pounce on Dove, Dove struck him with (90) a stick and killed him, and he was made meat. After they had finished eating, | the people of Baboon's mother-in-law gathered in the house and came | to receive the presents. Baboon told Hare to go out of the house, | and Hare went out. As he was going out, he winked his eyes | to Dove to follow him. When Hare had gone out, Dove followed him. Baboon (95) wanted him to remain, but Dove said that he would come back after going outside. All | his mother-in-law's people were assembled. The doors were shut because Baboon | did not want Hare (to see) that his children were made things by which payment was made. | Hare began to tie up all the doors from the outside. Baboon | put his hand into his

¹ That is, "Are you well?"

² *Nda uwe*, the answer to greeting.

³ Form of greeting.

bag, but he did not bring out anything (100) because the bees stung him. The people were waiting to see the presents. | Again he put his hands in, and the bees stung him very much. He threw down the | bag, the bees came out and stung all the people in the | house. The people tried to go out, but all the doors were tied | from the outside. The people began to beat Baboon very much. (105) When they broke the doors, Baboon went out and ran away, having many wounds. | Hare and Dove went home. Hare passed by | where he had left his children. He took them and went with them to his home. Baboon | did not go back to his mother-in-law. He failed to get the wife whom he had wanted | to marry.

3. SHULO NE ZINTHEDE.

nge nshiku imge shulo wakati kune zinthede, "chekulu ngatende koba manduwi kumäsevula. ndinoziva musevula una manduwi akanaka." zinthede likati, "eya, chakwe ndinotha imbga ngokuti ndakazwa kuti kwounoda kuti tende kuna imbga djakapangama." shulo wakati, "atizovoneki ngo vanthu." shulo na zinthede vakaenda koba manduwi. kwakati novaguma kumäsevula wakaleva shulo vakatanga kudupula matepo e manduwi. novadupula matepo mazi-nshi vakaenda pamumfuli wo muti, vakatanga kuchenga manduwi. shulo na-guta watanga kutamba no zinthede akati, "tetegulu ndotamba no mülomo wenyukani?" zinthede likati, "ndozorhanganeni?" — "ndotamba ne nyala djenyu?" — "ndozoekavanganeni?" — "ndotamba no nsheve djenyu?" zinthede likati, "ndozwanganeni?" — "ndotamba no mgishe wenyu?" zinthede likati, "eya." shulo wakacha lindo, wakakohomela hoko, wasunga bote pahoko, waka-sungila mgise¹ we zinthede nge bote lakasungila pahoko. na-pela kusunga mgise we zinthede wakaupfuchila mulindo. napedja kuita isi wakaenda pachulu akamima echiti, "chekulu, vanoba manduwi, chekulu, vanoba manduwi." zinthede lakati, "shulo, zinyi zo unoitalo?" shulo wakanangila kumima. vanthu ne imbga vakaza vachigogoma. shulo wakatiza. zinthede lakaedja kutiza kani lakakonerhwa ngokuti mgise walo wainga wakasungwa. lakaedja nge simba gulu lakagula mgise walo lakatiza vanthu nembga vachito vakaguma. lona alizivi kukanganwa zaita shulo kwalo.

HARE AND BABOON.

One day Hare said to Baboon, "Sir,² let us go | and steal peanuts from a garden! I know a peanut-garden in which there are good peanuts." | Baboon said, "Yes, but I am afraid of dogs, because | I hear that where you want us to go, there are dogs. They are apt to

¹ Or mgishe.

² Chekulu, also used as term for mother's brother; ordinarily tetegulu.

bite." (5) Hare said, "We are not going to be seen by the people." Hare and Baboon went | to steal peanuts. It happened that, when they arrived at the peanut-garden mentioned by Hare, | he began to pull out the vines of the peanuts. When they had pulled many peanut-vines, | they went into the shade of a tree and they began to eat the peanuts. | When Hare had eaten enough, he wanted to play with Baboon. He said, "Mother's brother, shall I (10) play with your mouth?" Baboon said, "How am I going to eat?" | — "Shall I play with your hand?" — "How am I going to pick?" — "Shall I | play with your ears?" Baboon said, "With what shall I hear?" — | "Shall I play with your tail?" Baboon said, "Yes." Hare | dug a hole, and he drove into the ground a stake and tied a rope to the stake, and (15) tied Baboon's tail to the rope which he tied to the stake. When he had finished | tying Baboon's tail, he put back the soil into the hole. When he had finished doing this, | he went to a white ant-hill and called out, "Mother's brother is stealing peanuts! | Mother's brother is stealing peanuts!" Baboon said, "Hare, what are you doing?" | Hare persisted and shouted, and the people and the dogs came (20) running, and Hare ran away. Baboon tried to run away, but could not | because his tail was tied. He tried with great force, | and broke his tail before the people and the dogs arrived. | Baboon ran away, but he did not forget what Hare had done to him.

4. KUCHIWA SIMENGE NYAMA.

5 *ng*e gole lakatama ndilo kuna mfula kwakava ne chikava chikulu. makandwa ese o kumga akaoma. kumga neyatamika munyika mgese. mambo we zikala, mphontholo, wakakoka nyama djese kuza kubanshe lake, kuti djizoveleketa nthango yo kucha sime. nodjavungana
5 mphuka mambo mphontholo, wakadjibunsha kuti, "mangwana izanyi mgese kocha mgimbo. mphuka inolega kuza, aizomgi kumga yo mumgimbowo."

10 mumangwana fumi mphuka djakavungana pandawo yakananwa ndi mambo no manganakana ake, kuti sime lichiwepo. mphuka djailicha sime ngo kutamba. djaitamba imge *ng*e imge. djakadula lumbo kuti djiimbe djichitamba. urgu ndirgo lumbo rgodjakadula.

chinyanshensheleka nshe ¹
kuputu, kuputu, bukuta mphuli
tinolukanda kuna vabongo.

15 djakamba lumborgu, djichitamba djikaita lindo gulu, kani kumga aizivi kubva, ngokuti ngo kutamba kwadjo djaivangisa musanga. makani djakavangilila kutamba. nguva ya shulo neyaguma, shulo azivi kuwanika. mambo wakatuma mutume komudana. mambo

¹ Repeated four times.

nabunsha shulo kuti, "watama ngenyi kuza kocha sime?" shulo wakadavila, "andidi kucha sime ngokuti inini ndinomga maveto." mambo wakamulekela.

mphuka nedjalemba kutamba djakagurhwa musana, ngokuti kumga aizivi kubwa. hamba yakati, "ndilegelenyivo ndiche sime." nyama djese djakaseka hamba, djichiti, "unga zoitenyi iwewe?" kamba likati, "sanyisa isisu msuka meso, azingazoitwi ndiwe." hamba wakavangilila kuti atenderhwe kucha sime. no djamutendela, waka-ngwina mulindo, akafukunyula musanga, wakachindirhwa nge nyama. mphuka djese djakalingila zaitwa ndi hamba. hamba nangalangala mulindo, wakabovola kumga, sime likazala nge kumga. mphuka djakadakala ngo kuvone kumga.

zuva nelovila nyati wakati, kuna mambo, "sime ngalilindwe, ngokuti shulo walamba kuti besa kucha sime, makani na zwa kuti tabovola kumga, unozza kochela kumga musime ledu. wakalega kucha ngokuti achaidepi kubata basa, maveto aleva kuti anoamga, ainga mamanomano kuti alegerhwe." mambo ne mphuka djese djakati, "unoleva sokadi nyati. tinomuziva shulo munthu wakangwala zikulu."

bongo wakati, "ndakulinda inini vusiku uvgu vgo kutanga." shulo na zwa kuti kumga ya bovorhwa, wakaenda kobula vuchi akuvudila mubazi akatola mapazi ake akaenda kusime kochela kumga. na guma pasime wakati, "haye, haye." bongo akati "ndiyani?" shulo akati; "ndini inini, ndina chigona, chamunamsa kamge, kuviya ndisunge." bongo akati, "watinyi?" — "ndini inini, ndina chigona, chamunamsa kamge, kuviya ndisunge." bongo akati, "sedelayi." shulo wakasedela akanamsisa bongo vuchi. bongo no lavila vuchi, wakati kuna shulo, "ndipeze." shulo wakati, "kuti watenda kusungwa, ndinokupaze." bongo wakati, "eya, ndisungeyi." shulo wakamusunga, kani azivi kumupa vuchi. shulo wakangwina musime. wakashela kumga. na pedja kuchela kumga, wakairundula akaenda kanyi kwake. mumangwana fumi bongo wakawanika na kasungwa, kani azivi kuleva kuti wakamusunga ndiyani.

kamba wakati, "ndinozolinda sime nyamasi." nalavila zuva, shulo wakaza akati, "haye, haye," kudali nge zakaleva ngo muvutuku mga kalinda bongo. kamba wakadavila kudali nge zakaita bongo. shulo namunamsisa vuchi wakamusunga kamba, wakashela kumga, na zadja mapazi ake wakairundula. djese mphuka djalinola sime, djakasungwa ndi shulo, kani adjichailevepi kuti shulo wakaljisungwa kudini no kuti shulo wainga ne chilo cha idjipa.

hamba wakati unolinda sime ngo utgo vusiku. nyama djakasungwa ndi shulo, djakamuseka kudali nge zedjakaita djichicha sime. zuva nelavila hamba wakaenda mukumga. shulo naguma wakati, "haye haye." azivi kuzwa munthu wakadavila, ndizo wakati, "ndava laila vona, ndaiziva kuti avangazo pikidjani neni." wakaenda musime.

kochela kumga. nepedja kuzadja mapazi ake wakavundula kumga
 kudali ngomusambo wake. noambuka, nelasala gumbolinge mukumga,
 65 hamba wakabata gumbo la shulo. shulo wakatetezela hamba, makani
 hamba azivi kuveleketa. kunsha nokwaedja shulo wakawanika pa-
 sime wakaendeswa kuna mambo. nyama djakadakala sikulu ngo
 kubatwa kwa shulo, makani shulo wainga mungwali, ndizo wakati
 70 kuna vamambo, "ndinoda kutamba ngoma yangu uchito watonga
 ndava yangu." mambo wakatendela shulo kuti atambe ngoma yake.
 shulo wakamba lumbo rhwake, wakabunsha mphuka djaiva pabanshe
 kuti djimumbile achitamba urgu ngo lumbo rhwake: —

nandi, shulo, kupembela unoviyalini? mangwana,
 kuti, shulo, kupembela unoviyalini? mangwana,
 75 iwe shulo wapembela unoviyalini? mangwana.
 nandiwe, shulo, kupembela unoviyalini? mangwana.
 kuti, shulo, wapembela unoviyalini? mangwani.

nodjavona shulo achitamba, mphuka djakanyaukirhwa djakata-
 mbavo djikaita bukuta gulu, shulo wakatiza. mambo ne mphuka
 80 djaiti shulo ulipo unatamba navo. nyama adjizivi kuvonana nge
 bukuta, gjimge djaibayana. bukuta nelanganuka, mphuka djaka-
 psanga shulo, kani shulo azivi kuwanika. magumo.

THE DIGGING OF THE WELL BY THE ANIMALS.¹

One year which was lacking in rain there was a great drought. |
 All the lakes (of water) were dried up. Water was not to be found
 in the whole country. | The chief of the animals, Lion, called all the
 animals together to come to his court | to talk over the matter of
 digging a well. When the animals were assembled, (5) Chief Lion
 told them, saying, "To-morrow | all shall come to dig a well. If an
 animal should not come, he will not drink the water of | the well."

On the following day many animals assembled at the place which
 was selected, | according to the order of the chief and his advisers,
 where the well was to be dug. The animals (10) were to dig the well
 by dancing. They were to dance one by one. They composed | a
 song which they were to sing and to dance to. This song which they
 composed was, — |

Trotting, trotting, nshe [four times].
 Stamping, stamping, dust rises,
 We give this to Hyena.²

(15) They sang this song dancing, and making a large hole; but

¹ See Jacottet, *The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore*, 1 : 32, where also comparative notes are given; also Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York, 1920), p. 45 (Vandau); tune of song (*Ibid.*), p. 122.

² That is, the next dancer was to be Hyena. The animals were thus called one by one.

the water | did not come out, because by dancing they made the hole hard. But | they persisted in dancing. When the turn of Hare came, Hare was not | found. The chief sent a messenger to call Hare. The chief asked | Hare why he did not come to dig the well. Hare answered, (20) "I do not want to dig the well, because I drink dew." The chief | let him go.

When the animals were tired dancing, they were discouraged because the water | did not come. Turtle said, "Let me try to dig the well!" All the animals | laughed at what Turtle said. "What can you do?" Leopard said, (25) "We red-eyes are baffled. It would never be done by you." Turtle | persisted that he be allowed to dig the well. He | entered the hole, and burrowed in the sand which was packed hard by the beasts. | All the animals looked at what was being done by Turtle. When Turtle disappeared | in the hole, he dug through to the water, and the well was full of water. The animals (30) were glad because they saw the water.

When the sun was setting, Buffalo said to the chief, "The well should be watched, | because Hare refused to help dig the well; but when he hears that | we struck water, he will come to drink water in our well. He refused to dig | because he did not want to work; he mentioned that he drank dew; it was (35) an excuse, so that he might not be troubled." The chief and all the animals said, | "What you say is true, Buffalo. We know Hare is very wise."

Hyena said, "I shall watch this night to begin." When Hare | heard that water had been dug out, he went to get honey, which he put | into his calabash, and he took his calabash and went to the well to fetch water. When he arrived (40) at the well, he said, "Haye, haye!" Hyena said, "What is it?" Hare said, | "I myself taste once what is in the calabash. It is done again when I tie." | Hyena said, "What did you say?" — "I myself | taste once what is in the calabash. It is done again when I tie." Hyena said, "Come here!" Hare | came near, and gave a taste of honey to Hyena. Hyena tasted the honey, and said (45) to Hare, "Give me more." Hare said, "If you are willing to be tied, | I shall give you more." Hyena said, "Yes, tie me." Hare tied him, | but he did not give him the honey. Hare entered the well. | He dipped out water. When he had finished getting water, he disturbed it and went to his house. | The next morning Hyena was found tied, but (50) he did not tell who had tied him.

Leopard said, "I shall watch the well this night." When the sun set, Hare | came and said "Haye, haye!" as he had said the night before | when Hyena was watching. Leopard answered in the same way as Hyena had done. | Hare let him taste the honey. He tied Leopard, dipped out water, (55) and filled his calabash. He disturbed

the water. All the animals that watched the well | were tied by Hare; but they did not tell that Hare had tied them, | and that Hare had the thing which he gave them.

Turtle said he would watch the well that night. The animals tied by Hare laughed at him in | the same way as (at the time) when they were digging the well. When the sun (60) set, Turtle went into the water. Hare arrived, and said, "Haye, | haye!" He did not hear a person answer; therefore he said, "Serves them right, | I knew they would tire of trying to get me." He went into the well | to draw water. When he finished filling his calabash, he disturbed the water, | as was his custom. When he came out of the water, his one leg remained in the water; (65) Turtle had taken hold of the leg of Hare. Hare begged Turtle, but | Turtle did not speak. When day broke, Hare was found at the | well. He was taken to the chief. The animals were very glad because | Hare was captured. But Hare was wise; therefore he said | to the chief, "I want to dance my dance before you judge (70) my case." The chief allowed Hare to dance his dance. | Hare sang his song, and asked the animals who were in court | to sing for him while he danced to this song:—

"Hare, are you going about aimlessly? When are you coming back?

— To-morrow.

Hare, are you going about aimlessly? When are you coming back?

— To-morrow.

(75) You, Hare, if you go away, when are you coming back? — To-morrow.

Hare, are you going about aimlessly? When are you coming back? — To-morrow.

To-day, Hare, are you going about aimlessly? When are you coming back? — To-morrow."

When the animals saw Hare dancing, they had a desire to dance also, | and they made much dust, and Hare ran away. The chief of the animals (80) thought that Hare was there dancing with them. The animals did not see one another | on account of the dust, and stabbed one another. When the dust settled, the animals looked for | Hare, but Hare was not to be found. The end.

5. SHULO NE HAMBÁ.

shulo wakati kune hamba, "ngatende koba malungu, ndinoziva kuna malungu makulu, atizovoneki ngo vanthu ngokuti vanomga dolo." hamba yakati, "tapo." shulo ne hamba vakatola sivanga zavo kuti vazoise malungu. novaguma kumamunda vakacha malungu, novapedja kucha shulo wakati, "ngativese mulilo tikoche malungu. tirge." vakavesa mulilo, vakakocha malungu. na-ibwa shulo wakati kune hamba, "ngatikande malungu muzivanga zedu."

novapedja kuita isi shulo wakati kune hamba, "iwe enda ngeino, ini ndende ngeno, tichidana vanthu kuti, shulo ne hamba vanoba malungu." hamba wakati, "eya, ngaite iso." shulo wakaleva kune hamba, kuti, "ukavona vanthu vachiza viyai utole chivanga chako, utize." shulo wakaenda ngo kumboshwa achimima kuti, "shulo ne hamba vanoba malungu." hamba azivi kuenda, wakangwina muchivanga cha shulo. shulo na zwa vanthu vachiza wakati, "hamba we, tizai, vanthu voza kuno." shulo wakaviya achigogoma akatola chivanga chake. ena achaizivepi kuti hamba waiva muchivanga chake. shulo wakagogoma achiti, "hamba wabatwa nge vanthu." kwati shulo nalemba kugogoma wakati, "ndakugala pamumfuli pomuti ndirge malungu." wakangwinisa mukono wake muchivanga wakabatabata malungu achipsanga lungu lakakula; na-chaliwana wakudulula chivanga. hamba wakabuda muchivanga akati, "shulo, iwewe waiti wakangwala, kani auzivi. inini ndapedja kurga malungu ainga muchivanga mgako, iwewe uchindithwala." shulo wakaisiya hamba akaenda kanyi kwake.

HARE AND TURTLE.¹

Hare said to Turtle, "Let us go and steal sweet-potatoes! I know | where there are large sweet-potatoes. We are not going to be seen by the people, because they are drinking | beer." Turtle said, "Let us!" Hare and Turtle took their bags | to put into them sweet-potatoes. When they arrived, they began to dig sweet- (5) potatoes. After they had dug, Hare said, "Let us make a fire, so that we may roast | the sweet-potatoes! Let us eat!" They made a fire, and they roasted sweet-potatoes. When the | sweet-potatoes were done, Hare said to Turtle, "Let us put the sweet-potatoes in our bags!" | When they finished doing so, Hare said to Turtle, "You go this way, I | shall go the other way, shouting to the people that Hare and Turtle are stealing (10) sweet-potatoes." Turtle said, "Yes, let us do so!" Hare said to | Turtle, "When you see people coming, come back, take your bag, and | run away." Hare went to the left side, shouting, "Hare and | Turtle are stealing sweet-potatoes!" Turtle did not go, but went into | Hare's bag. When Hare heard the people coming, he said, "Turtle, (15) run away! The people are coming here!" Hare came back running. He took | his bag. He did not know that Turtle was in his bag. | Hare ran, saying, "Turtle is caught by the people." | When Hare was tired running, he said, "I will sit down in the shade | of a tree and eat sweet-potatoes." He put his hand into his bag (20) and felt for sweet-potatoes. He looked for a large sweet-potato there, but he did not find it. He emptied | the bag.

¹ Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York, 1920), p. 43 (Vanda).

Turtle was in the bag, and said, "Hare, | you thought you were wise, but you are not. I ate the sweet-potatoes | in your bag while you were carrying me." Hare left | Turtle and went to his house.

6. SHULO NE MPHEMBGE.

(Version a.)

shulo na mphe**mb**ge va**in**ga va**sh**amgali. **n**ge nshiku mphe**mb**ge wakati kuna shulo, "kudali nendichina minyanga ndingatodjana newe inini. iwewe nouna minyanga un**g**atodjana neni." **n**ge imge nshiku vachitamba shulo wakati kuna mphe**mb**ge, "ndino iziva nshila
 5 yo kubzula ndiyo minyanga. iwewe un**g**azobzula minyanga yako inini ndingazoishonga yona **n**ge djimge nshiku." mphe**mb**ge ngokuti waida kuti vushamgali vgavo vuvangisise wakada kuti minyanga yake ibzurhwe. ndizo wakati kuna shulo, "ndi noda kuti undidjidjise kubzutwa kwe minyanga." shulo wakati kuna mphe**mb**ge, "ngatende
 10 kopsanga huni." ne**v**aviya ne huni shulo wakatola mbende akaizadja **n**ge kumga. akaigadja pachoto akati kuna mphe**mb**ge, "kuti iwewe, **n**ge djimge nshiku, uzobzule minyanga yako ndiyisimile, inini, ndizobzule nsheve djangu **n**ge djimge nshiku, udjisimile, no kuti tovavili tiwane ili simba lo kubzula nsheve ne minyanga yedu, zinodikana
 15 kuti tingwine mumbende ili pachoto mumge **n**ge mumge, kuti nsheve ne minyanga yedu ipfave, izonasa kubzulika." mphe**mb**ge wakatenda zakaleva shulo. shulo wakati kuna mphe**mb**ge, "inini ndinotanga kungwina mumbende ngokuti ndinoziva zotinoita." shulo achito wangwina mumbende ya**in**ga pachoto wakabunsha mphe**mb**ge kuti, ena na gugudja pamufiniko mphe**mb**ge ngazouduhumule. shulo wangwina mumbende mphe**mb**ge wakadumaidja mbende ngo mufiniko. mulilo auchaivepi muzinshi. shulo wakagala muvokulu achito wagugudja pamufiniko. kumga neyopisa shulo wakagugudja pamufiniko mphe**mb**ge wakauduhumula. shulo akabudga mumbende. mphe**mb**ge wakangwina mumbende. shulo wakaidumaidja ngo mufiniko. na pedja kuidumaidja wakakokela huni pachoto. mphe**mb**ge wakangwina mumbende kumga noyongayopisa. azivi kugalamgo mukuvo mukulu kumga noyopisa zikulu noyoda kuvila. na zwa kupisa kwe kumga waka
 25 gugudja pamufiniko kani shulo wakati kwali, "auto, wagala mukuvo mukulu unoti ndiwo minyanga yako ipfave. aulangalili kani kuti inini ndagalamgo mumbende mukuvo mukulu? nsheve djangu adjidi mukuvo mukulu kudjipfavisisa djona. minyanga yako inoda mukuvo mukulu kuipfavisisa." mphe**mb**ge wkapulutana zakaleva shulo, wakalegela shulo kuti adumaidje mbende. shulo wakakanda
 30 buwe pamufiniko. mphe**mb**ge nagugudja. shulo azivi kuduhumula mbende. kumga ingayovila. mphe**mb**ge wakagugudja pamufiniko nge simba kani shulo waiti, "nguva yako aito yaguma." noyavila

kumga *mphembge* wakaita simba kuti abu'dge, kani mufiniko wainga una buwe; ndizo ena wakafilamgo mumbende. na-ibva *mphembge* shulo wakatola minyanga yake akaiita nyele padjidja achiti,

ndatamba na *mphembge*
nyalala telele kuteku,
mphembge waibva
nyalala telele kuteku,
ndatola minyanga,
nyalala telele kuteku,
minyanga ya *mphembge*,
nyalala telele kuteku,
ndaita nyele,
nyalala telele kuteku,
djondo lidjali,
nyalala telele kuteku.

shulo waimba lumborgu achilidja nyele yo minyanga ya *mphembge* shamgali wake.

(Version b.)

shulo na *mphembge* vaiva shamgali. vushamgali vgavo vgainga vgakavanga sikulu, vakagondisana kuti, "tafa ngatavigane." vaka-tendelana muzilo zese zovaita.

nge imge nshiku vaiveleketa ngo kungatodjani kwavo, kudali nge minyanga ya *mphembge* ne nsheve dja shulo. *mphembge* wakati kwa shulo, "kudali notakatodjana vanthu vangazoti tili vabalirhwana." *mphembge* wainga shamgali wozokadi, zese zailondzela shulo zaiva sokadi, kani shulo wakatanga kutonthola, ngokuti waiemula chimo ne minyanga ya *mphembge*. *mphembge* waimunyisa shulo mitambo yese yo vaitamba kudali ngo kugogoma no kubzalana. shulo wakati kuna shamgali wake, "ndailangalila chilo chingatiita kuti titodjane sikulu. andizivi kukulondzela kuti madjitetegulu angu aiva ne minyanga kale, ona akada kuva ne nsheve djakaleba, ndizo akabzuta minyanga ayo. kuti no ndakupa mutombo iwewe unozova ne simba lo kubzuta minyanga yako, uisimile nge nshiku yo unoda."

mphembge waida kudakalisa shamgali wake. wakati, "izo zingaita sakanaka." shulo wakati, "ngatende kopsanga huni." novaviya ne huni vakatola mbende hulu kakuizadja nge kumga kakuigadja pamulilo wo vakavesa. shulo wakati kuna *mphembge*, "simba lo kubzula minyanga lili mukumga neyodjiya, ngokuti inini ndinoziva mutombo ndakutanga kungwina mumbende. ndidumaidjei mufinipo, no ndagugudja pamufiniko uzo udhumula." shulo wakangwina mumbende yaiva pachoto. kumga noyadjiya wakagugudja pamufiniko, *mphembge* wakaiduhumula mbende. shulo na-budga *mphembge* wakangwina mumbende, shulo wakaidumaidja a kadila buwe panyezulu po mufiniko akanasa kukokela huni pamulilo. *mphembge*

nazwa kupisa kwe kumga wakagugudja pa mufiniko kani shulo azivi kuuduhumula. ndizo mphembge wakabikwa, na-ibva shulo wakabula mbende akabzuta minyanga ya mphembge akaiita nyele. akachilidja lumbo.

30 ndatamba na mphembge
nyalala telele kuteku,
mphembge waibva
nyalala telele kuteku,
35 ndatola minyanga,
nyalala telele kuteku,
minyanga ya mphembge,
nyalala telele kuteku,
ndaaita nyele,
40 nyalala telele kuteku,
djondu lidjali,
nyalala telele kuteku.

HARE AND DUIKER.¹

(Version a.)

Hare and Duiker were friends. One day Duiker | said to Hare, "If I had no horns, I should be like you. | If you had no ears, you would be like me." One | day while they were playing, Hare said to Duiker, "I know a way (5) of pulling off the horns. You will be able to pull off your horns, and I | shall borrow them some day." Because Duiker wanted | their friendship to be strengthened, he wanted his horns | to be pulled. Therefore he said to Hare, "I want you to teach me the | pulling of the horns." Hare said to Duiker, "Let us go (10) and look for fire-wood!" When they came back with the fire-wood, Hare took a pot and filled it | with water. He put it on the hearth. He said to Duiker, "You | some day may be able to pull off your horns, so that I can put them on; | and some day I shall pull off my ears, and you put them on. So that both of us | may obtain this power of pulling off our ears and horns, it is necessary (15) that we go into this pot on the fire one by one, that our ears | and horns may become pliable, so that they can be pulled." Duiker agreed | to what Hare said. Hare said to Duiker, "I shall begin | to go into the pot, because I know how to do it." Hare went | into the pot which was on the fire. He told Duiker that when he knocked (20) on the lid, Duiker should take it off. When Hare had entered the pot, | Duiker covered the pot with the lid. There was not much fire. | Hare staid a long time in the water before he knocked on the lid. | When the water was hot, Hare knocked on the lid, and Duiker uncovered it. | Hare came out of the pot. Duiker went into the pot.

¹ Compare E. Jacottet, *The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore*, I : 13-14, 18.

(25) Hare covered it with the lid. After he had covered it, | he piled fire-wood on the hearth. When Duiker had gone into the pot, | the water was getting hot. He did not stay in very long before the water became very hot, | and it was about to boil. When he felt the heat of the water, | he knocked on the lid; but Hare said to him, "You have not staid (30) very long (to be time not enough) for your horns to be soft. Don't you remember, | I staid in the pot a long time? My ears | do not need much time to make them soft. Your horns need | a long time to make them soft." Duiker listened to what Hare said. | He let Hare cover the pot. Hare put (35) a stone on the lid. Duiker knocked, (but) Hare did not uncover | the pot. The water was boiling. Duiker knocked on the lid | with strength; but Hare said to him, "Your time has not come yet." When the water was boiling, | Duiker used (made) great power to come out; but the lid had | a stone (on it), therefore he died in the pot. When Duiker was cooked, (40) Hare took his horns and made whistles, singing, —

"I played with Duiker,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
Duiker is cooked,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
(45) I took his horns,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
The horns of Duiker,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
I made a whistle,
(50) Be quiet telele kuteku,
Which I am playing,
Be quiet telele kuteku."

Hare was singing this song and playing on the whistle made from the horns of Duiker, | his friend.

(Version b.)

Hare and Duiker were friends. Their friendship was | very strong. They pledged each other, "When we die, we will bury each other." They | agreed in all things they did.

One day they were talking about their not being alike in regard to the (5) horns of Duiker and the ears of Hare. Duiker said to | Hare, "If we were alike, people would say we were brothers." | Duiker was a true friend; all he told Hare was | true; but the friendship of Hare began to be cold, because he envied the head | and horns of Duiker. Duiker beat Hare in all games (10) they were playing, such as running and touching each other. Hare said | to his friend, "I was thinking of something that would make us quite alike. | I never did tell you that my great-grandfathers had | horns long ago. They

wanted to have long ears, therefore they plucked out | their horns. When I give you medicine, you will have the power (15) to pull out your horns and wear them, any day you like."

Duiker wanted to please his friend. He said, "This is | good." Hare said, "Let us go to look for fire-wood!" When they came back | with the fire-wood, they took a large pot, filled it with water, and put it | on the fire. Hare said to Duiker, "The power to (20) pull out your horns is in the water when it gets warm; because I am the one who knows | the medicine, I shall begin and go into the pot. Cover me with the lid; and when I knock on the lid, lift it." Hare went into | the pot which was on the fire. When the water was lukewarm, he knocked on the lid. | Duiker uncovered the pot. When Hare came out, (25) Duiker went into the pot; Hare covered it, and put a stone | on top of the lid, and carefully put fire-wood on the fire. When Duiker | felt the heat of the water, he knocked on the lid; but Hare did not | uncover it, therefore Duiker was cooked; when he was done, Hare took the pot | up from the fire, and pulled off the horns and made whistles, and played and (30) sang, —

"I played with Duiker,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
Duiker is cooked,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
(35) I took his horns,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
The horns of Duiker,
Be quiet telele kuteku,
I made a whistle,
(40) Be quiet telele kuteku,
Which I am playing,
Be quiet telele kuteku."

7. MPHONTHOLO NE SHULO.

(*Version a.*)

5 nge imge nshiku mphontholo yakavona shulo ikati, "ehe, ndiwe, iwewe wakavulaya vana vangu!" shulo wakati, "andinipi." mphontholo yakati, "unoti wakangwala iwewe. ndinokuziva ndiwe wakavavulaya. ndaiti wainga wakanaka, kani uli bandu. ndakakugonda no vana vangu, iwewe wakapinduka kuita bandu. imapo, ndikutatidje!" mphontholo yakatanga kuza kuna shulo, shulo wakata-tiza, mphontholo yakamugogomela. shulo nalemba, wakapinimidja kuti wavangilila kugogoma mphontholo inozomubata. achilangalila izi wakavona buwe lakacheama, wakaenda pasi palo akali batilila.
10 mphontholo yakateveia shulo pasi pe buwe. shulo wakati, "mpho-

ntholo, tetegulu, batilanyi buwe, linozotiwila." mphontholo yakakanganwa kuti yaida kuvulaya shulo, yakalangalila kuti yalegela kũbata buwe yona ne shulo vanozowirhwa ndilo, yakabatilila buwe. shulo wakalegela buwe akabva pasi palo achiti kune mphontholo, ; "batisisanyi buwelo, linozo muwila." mphontholo yakagalapo pasi pe buwe nshiku zinshi. neyafa nge nshala no kulemba yakalegela buwe, kani buwe alizivi kuwa. mphontholo yakabva pasi pe buwe ichisongeya shulo. ichiti, "pondi nozovonana na shulo apazomeli mavushwa."

(Version b.)

mambo mphontholo wakazwa kũtokota kwa shulo kudjo nyama djese. shulo waizivga ndidjo djese mphuka kuti wainga mungwali sikulu, ngokuti waiziva misambo yese. wakanyisa mphuka djese kuita misambo mizinshi wainga ne vgilu, ngokuti kudali nawanika mumfumfu waiziva mazano mazinshi okubva ndiwo mumfumfu.

kwati vana vatatu va mambo mphontholo nevabarhwa, mambo wakada kuti shulo avadjidjise mazano ese a-moziva. shulo wakadana nd imambo mphontholo. na-guma wakabũunshwa ndi mambo mphontholo, kuti unoda kuti shulo adjidjise vana vake misambo yese yaanoziva. yanoziva shulo wakatenda kuita mudjidjisi wo vana va mambo. mambo wakati kuna shulo, "iwewe ne vana vatatu vangu munozogala munyumba yakasoserhwa, apana munthu unozotenderhwa kungwina munyumba. neni no mukadji vangu atizongwinipi munyumba. tinokutumila nyama no kurga kunodika ndiwe ne vana."

shulo no vana vatatu va mambo vakagala munyumba yakaleva mambo. ena wakavadjidjisa vona nge zuva lo kutanga kuita misambo ne mitambo, kudali, ngokulova kata, kubzalana no kumphuka mitanda. zuva nelavila mambo mphontholo no mukadji wake vakaza kunyumba kuti vabũunshe kutamba kwe vana vavo, shulo wakati kuna mambo mphontholo, "vana vatamba zakanaka nyamasi mitambo yondavadjidjisa."

shulo ne vana novorga kurga. ena waivapa maphondo. vana novakumbila shulo kuti vanoda nyama shulo wakati kovali, "ndinomu-vapa maphondo ngokuti ndinoda kuti meno enyu avange, kuti mgarga nyama yakapfava meno enyu angavangipi." mumangwana fumi shulo wakadjidjisa vadjidji vake kutamba mitambo no kuita misambo. zuva nelavila mphontholo no mukadji wake vakaza kobũunsha kugala ko vana vavo. shulo wakavavonesa vana mumge nge mumge. wakatakula vana pavachansha achiti, "vonanyi ili zinthikinya! lingilanyi ili zinthikinya!" mambo no mukadji wake wakadakadjiswa sikulu ngokuti shulo wakakolodja vana vavo vushoni. nshiku djese shulo waitamba no vana, vona vakanga voziva mitambo mizinshi. vadjibali vavo wakaza nshiku djese kovavona no kozwa kuti vaidjidja wani.

- 35 shulo wakaziva kuti kudali wadjidjisa vana ve mphontholo misambo yese, nyama djese adjingawani kupfala no kudakala, ngokuti mphontholo djinozodjitambudja. naye shulo no vukama vgake vanozova mungozi. ndizo wakalangalila zano lokuvulaya ndilo vana ve mphontholo vachito valuka.
- 40 munge mutambo wovaita wainga wo kumphuka mulilo. shulo wakaphinga mgana munge ngo muti achimphuka, mgana wakawila pa mulilo, akapsa akafa. zuva nelavila mphontholo wakaza kovona vana vake, shulo wakatakula vana pavgalo achiti, "lingilanyi ili zinthikinya." wakatakula mgana munge kavili. nge nshiku yakatevela shulo wakaphingaze munge mgana naye wakawila pamulilo akapsa akafa. zuva nelavila mphontholo na za, shulo wakatakula katatu mgana wakasala. shulo wakaphinga mgana we chitatu naye wakafa.
- 50 shulo namulayo mgana we chitatu wakalangalila zano laimubudisa mungozi yaingamgo. ena wakapganya musuvo wo lusosa, akasosonyula lusosa, akazikwenga, akapfanyangula vuboya vgake. waita izi kuti anase kubunsha mphontholo kuti manthede avulaya vana vake. zuva nelavila mambo mphontholo wakaza kovona vana vake, kani wakavona shulo nali kunsha kwe lusosa, na kagumbatana achilila.
- 55 mphontholo wakapinimidja achiti pange vana vake vamukwenga shulo ngokuti ingavokula, kani mphontholo nabunsha shulo kuti waililangenyi, shulo wakasumula ndava yo kufa ko vana, no kuti manthede akaza akavavulaya. ona akadoda kumulaya naye ngokuti wakavikila vana. mphontholo wakavona musuvo wakapganywa no
- 60 vana vake vakavulawa, ndizo wakachenezwa sikulu, azivi kubunsha mibunsho mizinshi. ena ne hama djake vakaenda kolonda manthede. mphontholo ne hama djake vakaawana manthede nakavata. vakavulaya manthede mazinshi. mashoma akatiza. muma ngwana fumi ao manthede, akatiza akaza kubunsha mphontholo kuti wavalailenyi hama djao maulonyi. mphontholo azivi kuda kupulutana zakaleva manthede, kani nevasovela ndava mphontholo no manthede akatendelana kuti vaende kunyumba kwaiinga ne vana, mphontholo vati vakavulawa nge manthede. novaguma panyumba zakavoneswa kuti apana zinthe lakaza panyumbapo nge nshiku yakavulawa
- 70 ndiyo vana. mphontholo watenda kuti manthede azivi kuvulaya vana vake. makani wakalangalila kuti, shulo ndiyena wakavavulaya akusukumidjila ndava kuna manthede. wakabunsha manthede kuti unopaluka sikulu ngokuti wavulaya hama djao djichingazivi kuita chilo kwali.
- 75 mphontholo wakatevela shulo kanyi kwake, namuvana wakamu songeya achiti, "ndiwe, iwewe wakavulaya vana vangu ukati kwendili, vakavulawa nge mathende!" wakagogomela. shulo na lembe kugogoma wakavona buwe lakacheama wakaenda pasi palo akalibata,

mphontholo naguma, shulo wakati kwali, "chekulu, batililanyi buwe, linotiwiwa." mphontholo wakakanganwa kuti waida kuvulaya shulo, wakabatilila buwe ngokuti waiziva kuti buwe no lawa laiwiwa ena ne shulo. pange shulo waipona ngokuti ena mudoko. mphontholo nabata buwe. shulo wakalilegela akabwa pasi palo, achiti kuna mphontholo, "batilisa buwelo kuti walegela linozokuwila iwewe." mphontholo wakagala pasi pe buwe mazuva mazinshi achingazivi kurga chilo no kuvata hope. kwati na-lemba nafa nge nshala ne hope wakalegela buwe akawa pasi. ena waita kuti buwe laizomuwiwa kani alizivi kuwa. mphontholo wakasikweva pasi pe buwe akaenda kanyi kwake.

mphontholo na-va ne simba wakaenda kanyi kwa shulo kuti amuvulaye. waiti shulo achaizivepi kuti wakabwa pasi po buwe, ndizo waiti unowana shulo nakavanairhwa. wakaenda kanyi kwa shulo mumangwana matete, ngokuti waiti shulo wainga wakavata, kani shulo wakaziva nshiku yakabwa ndiyo mphontholo pasi po buwe, kutanga nge nshiku ya kamusiya ndiyo mphontholo pasi pe buwe, shulo wakaenda kolingila nshiku djese kuti azive kuti mphontholo wainga pasi palo. mphontholo naguma kanyi kwa shulo wakanyangila achenda ku musuvo, akagugudja musuvo nge simba; kani shulo achangemgopi mumba, wainga kunsha achikota mashana pachulu, wakavona mphontholo ichiza. mphontholo na-vona shulo pachulu, wakatanga kumugogomela, shulo wakatiza akatevela gwansa lichaiinga ne mavushwa mazinshi. mphontholo ingayoda kumubata, shulo na-guma pandawo yainga no magulu mazinshi, wakangwina mulimge. mphontholo ngokuti waigogoma sikulu wakapindilidja pamagulu. navgilila wakalingila pamilomo yao, kani yese yainga ne soka dja shulo djaiwonesa kuti wakangwina mgadjo mgese achigogoma mphontholo wakashamiswa ngokuti shulo achaiingepi nthambo, azivi kuvona kuti shulo wakangwinisa kudini mimilomo yese ngenguvayo yakamuvona achingwina gulu ngokuti achaizivepi gulu lakangwina shulo, mphontholo wakatanga kupfuchila magulu ese ngo musanga. na-guma pagulu gulu, wakavona kuti lainga ne chifemelo chikulu chaiinga nthambo mumavushwa, wakaenda kolingila pamulomo wacho, akavona soka dja shulo, akaziva kuti shulo wakabudga ndicho. mphontholo azivi kulasha nguva, wakatevela lusoka rhwa shulo, akagogoma sikulu ngokuti waiziva kuti shulo inga wa nthambo. lusoka rhwa shulo rhwakaenda pachitulu, mphontholo na-guma po wakanasa kuchipota kuti avone kuti shulo azivi kuenda kuimge ndawo. na-tama kuvona lusoka rhwa shulo luchibwa pachitulu wakatanga kuvganda mavushwa nokuchindila malindo aivona, kani azivi kuwana shulo. shulo wakangwina mugulu limge lainga ne chifemelo chaiinga ngo mumavushwa, ngo kunshila kova kabwa ndiyo. shulo wakabudga ndicho icho chifemelo akoenda kanyi kwake. nali pachulu, chakaleba

wakavona mphontholo achitevela lusoka rhwake, a-chivganda mavushwa o pachitulu no kupfuchila malindo, waimuseka.

125 zuva nelavila, mphontholo na lemba, na fa nge nshala, na tama kuwana shulo, wakaenda kanyi kwake. achenda kanyi wakalangalila achiti, pamge shulo azivi kuenda pachitulu.

mazuva mazinshi akapinda mphontholo na shulo vachinga zivi kusongana. nge imge nshiku shulo wakadobatwa ndi mphontholo, 130 ngokuti wakamuvona achikota mashana. shulo na vona mphontholo, wakaima pamütanda wainga mumavushwa kuti anase kuvamukulu kani wakamugomela no kuti waiita zimanomano mphontholo achadomuziva kuti wairhwala. mphontholo wakamubunsha kuti wainga ndiyani ena. shulo wakati wainga shulo mavuvu, muzukulu wa shulo

135 no kuti wainga unorhwala sikulu, no kuti uvgu vutenda vgakamugumila ngo medji wakafa. mphontholo wakabunsha kuti ena wakavona shulo tetegulu wake kani. shulo mavuvu wakati, eya, wakamuvona zulo achenda iyo, mphontholo wakatevela shulo, kwakatatidja shulo mavuvu. mphontholo na pinda shulo wakaseka ngokuti wakamu-

140 khangandja.

nge imge nshiku mphontholo wakasongana na shulo achenda kanyi kwa shulo, wakamugomela, shulo wakatizila kugandwa. na guma pagandwa wakatanga kugula ngo painga pachina kumga, kani painga no matope, na pakati wakaima. mphontholo na vona kuti shulo

145 waima waiti kani wakabatwa nge muchuvda, ndizo mphontholo wakatanga kumumphukila, kani azivi kumugumila shulo ngokuti mphontholo achimphuka. shulo wakatanga kugogoma. mphontholo wakawila mumatope akanasa kuzamirhwamgo. shulo wakabwa mumatope akaima pamutunthu akalingila mphontholo achigusa mumatope, akamuseka sikulu, achiti, "kudali, iwewe, wavangilila kundigogomela unozotambudjika, ngokuti ndinozokulaila iwewe." wakamusiya mphontholo nakazamirhwa mumatope. mumangwana fumi mphontholo wakavoneka nge hama djake nakazamirhwa, djona djakamubesa kumukweva kumütunthu.

155 mphontholo wakanaswa kucheneswa sikulu ndi shulo. wakamusingeya sikulu, naye shulo inga walembe kutambudjwa ndi mphontholo, ndizo wakatola mitanda yainga ne mabako, akanasa kuiladjika ngo kutevelelana. mutanda wo kumphili wainga mulomo mudoko. mphontholo na vona shulo wakamugomela nge simba gulu. shulo 160 waiziva kuti kudali na chagogomesa mphontholo waizomubata, ndizo wakangwina mubako lokutanga, naye mphontholo wakangwinavo. shulo wakangwina mgelechipili naevo mphontholo wakamutevela. mphontholo waigogoma zikulu shulo ingawoda kubatwa. wakangwina mubako doko, mphontholo naye wakangwina nge simba gukulu, kani 165 azivi kubudgamgo, wakazimanika. shulo wakaza kovona mphontholo akati, "iwewe, avzobi umgo mubako." magumo o lungano.

LION AND HARE.

(Version a.)

One day Lion saw Hare, and said, "Yes, you | are the one who killed my children." Hare said, "I am not the one." | Lion said, "You think you are wise. I know you | are the one. I thought you were good, but you are murderous. I (5) trusted you with my children; you turned out to be murderous. Wait, | I will show you."¹ Lion began to (come) run after Hare; Hare | ran away; Lion ran after him. When Hare began to be tired, he thought | that, if he kept on running, Lion would catch him. When Hare thought thus, | he saw a leaning stone. He went under it and held it up. (10) Lion followed Hare under the stone. Hare said, "Lion, grandfather, hold the stone! It will fall on us." Lion | forgot that he wanted to kill Hare, but thought that, if he should | let go his hold of the stone, he and Hare would be crushed by it, and held the stone. | Hare let go of the stone and ran away, saying to Lion, (15) "Hold the stone firmly, that it may not fall on you!" Lion staid under | the stone for many days. When he felt hungry and tired, he let go of | the stone, but the stone did not fall. Lion came out from under the stone | and threatened Hare. He said, "Where I see Hare, no | grass will grow."²

(Version b.)

Chief Lion heard the reputation of Hare among all the animals. | Hare was known to all the animals as very wise, | because he knew all kinds of tricks. He outdid all the animals | in many tricks; he had wisdom; for, when he was found in danger, (5) he knew many plans by which he could come out of danger.

Thus the three children of Chief Lion (who were born), — the chief | wanted that Hare should teach them all the plans he knew. Hare was called | by Chief Lion. When he arrived, he was told by Chief | Lion that he wanted Hare to teach all the tricks (10) known to him. Hare agreed to become the teacher of the children of the | chief. The chief said to Hare, "You and my three children | shall stay in a house which is fenced in, and no person is allowed | to go into the house. Even I and my wife are not allowed | in the house. We shall send meat and food needed by you and the children."

(15) Hare and the three children of the chief lived in the house mentioned by | the chief. Hare taught them the first day to play

¹ See Leo Frobenius, *Völkermärchen der Kabylen*, 3 : 7; Leonhard Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari (Hottentot)*, p. 466; E. Jacottet, *The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore*, 1 : 40, where other comparative notes are given.

² See Leonhard Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari*, p. 486; E. Jacottet, *l. c.*, 1 : 44; comparative notes, *JAFI* 30 : 237; Porto Rico (*JAFI* 34 : 184. No. 47; 35 : 43. No. 47).

tricks | and games; such as playing *kata*, to touch one another, and jumping | poles. When the sun set, Chief Lion and his wife came | to the house to ask about the well-being of their children; and Hare said (20) to Lion, "The children played well to-day the games | which I taught them."

Hare and the children were eating food. He gave the children the bones. When the children | asked Hare for meat, Hare said to them, "I give you | the bones because I want your teeth to be strong; if you should eat (25) soft meat, your teeth would not be strong." The next morning | Hare taught his pupils to play games and to do tricks. | When the sun set, Lion and his wife came to ask about the well-being | of their children. Hare showed the children one by one. | He lifted the children on a platform, saying, "See! (30) this one is very fat." The chief and his wife were well pleased | because Hare treated their children nicely. Every day | Hare played with the children, and they came to know many games. | Their parents came every day to see them and to hear that they were learning | nicely.

(35) Hare knew that, if he taught the children of Lion all his tricks, | all the animals would not find happiness and comfort, because the Lions | would trouble them. Hare and his relatives would be in danger. | Therefore he thought out a plan (of) how he could kill the children of Lion | before they were grown up.

(40) One game they played was jumping over the fire. Hare | tripped one of the children with a stick while he was jumping, and the child fell | into the fire and burned and died. When the sun set, Lion came to see | his children; and Hare lifted the children on the platform, saying, "Look! this one | is fat." He lifted one child twice. On the following day (45) Hare tripped another child, who also fell into the fire | and died. When the sun set and Lion arrived, Hare lifted | the one remaining child three times. Then Hare tripped the third child, and | he died.

Hare thought of a plan to get out of (50) the danger in which he was. He broke the gate of the enclosure and untied | the enclosure. He scratched himself and ruffled his hair. He did these things | in order to tell Lion that baboons had killed his children. | When the sun set, Chief Lion arrived to see his children; but | he saw Hare outside of the fence with folded arms, crying. (55) Lion thought and said that perhaps his children had scratched | Hare because they were growing; but when Lion asked Hare why | he was crying, Hare told his story of the death of the children, and that | baboons had come and killed the children. They wanted to kill him because | he was protecting the children. Lion saw the broken gate and (60) that his children were killed; therefore he was made very angry; he did not ask | many questions. He and his friends went to follow the

baboons. | Lion and his friends found the baboons sleeping. | They killed many baboons, and a few escaped. In the morning | these baboons who had escaped arrived to ask Lion why (65) he had killed their friends the night before. Lion did not want to listen to | what the baboons said; but when they had talked over the affair, Lion and the baboons | agreed to go to the house where Lion's children had been, who, Lion | said, had been killed by the baboons. When they arrived at the house, he was shown | that no baboon had come into the house in which had been killed (70) the children. Lion thought and saw that the baboons had not killed | his children. However, Hare was he who had killed them, | and shifted the responsibility to the baboons. He told the baboons | that he was very sorry because he had killed their friends without their | having done anything to him.

(75) Lion followed Hare to his house; and when he found him, he | threatened him, and said, "You killed my children, and you said to me that | they had been killed by the baboons." He ran after him. When Hare was tired | running, he saw a leaning rock, and he went under it. He held it up; and | when Lion arrived, Hare said to him there, "Sir, hold the rock, (80) it will fall on us!" Lion forgot that he wanted to kill Hare, | and held the rock, because he knew that, if the rock fell, it would fall on him and | Hare. Perhaps Hare might have escaped because he was small. Lion | held the rock. Hare let it go, and came out from under it, and said to | Lion, "Hold on to that rock! If you let go, it will fall on you." (85) Lion remained under the rock many days without | food and sleep. When he was tired, and dying of hunger and sleep, | he let go of the rock. He was afraid the rock would fall on him, | but the rock did not fall. Lion dragged himself from under the rock, and went | to his home.

(90) When Lion had strength (again), he went to the house of Hare | to kill him. He thought Hare did not know when he had come away from the stone, therefore | he thought he would find Hare unawares. He went to the house of Hare | in the morning, because he thought Hare was asleep; but | Hare knew the day when Lion had come from under the stone, (95) because, from the day on which he left Lion under the stone, Hare had gone to watch every day to know that Lion | was still under it. When Lion arrived at the house of Hare, he stole up to it | and went to the door. He knocked at the door with force, but Hare | was not in the house; he was outside sitting basking on an ant-hill, (100) and saw Lion coming. When Lion saw Hare on the ant-hill, | he began to run after him; and Hare ran away, and followed a path | which had not much grass. Lion was about to reach him | when Hare arrived at a place which had many holes. He entered | one. When Lion arrived at the place, he passed (105) by

the hole, because he was running fast. He returned to look at the mouths (of the holes); but all of these had | footprints of Hare, which showed that Hare had entered into all of them running. | Lion was puzzled because Hare was not far. He could not | see how Hare had entered all the mouths during that time | when he saw him entering the hole; because he did not know which hole was entered (110) by Hare, Lion began to cover all the holes with sand. | When he arrived at a large hole, he saw that it had a large opening | a distance away in the grass. He went to look at the mouth, | and saw in it the tracks of Hare, and he knew that Hare had come out from it. | Lion did not waste time; he followed the tracks of Hare, (115) running fast, because he knew that Hare was far away. | The tracks of Hare went to a hummock of grass. When Lion arrived at | the hummock, he carefully went around it to see that Hare did not go to another place. | When he failed to see the tracks of Hare coming from the hummock, he began | to beat down the grass and to cover the holes which he saw; but he did not find (120) Hare. Hare had entered a hole with another opening | in the grass on the way from which he had come. Hare came out | by a side-hole, and went to his house. When he was on a long ant-hill, | he saw Lion following his tracks, brushing down the grass | of the hummock and covering the holes. He laughed at him.

(125) When the sun set, when Lion was tired and dead of hunger, when he failed | to find Hare, he went to his home. As he was going home, he thought | perhaps Hare had not gone to the hummock.

Many days passed before Lion and Hare | met each other. One day Hare was almost caught by Lion, (130) because he saw Hare basking in the sunshine. When Hare saw Lion, | he sat on a log, so that he seemed to be large. The log was in the grass. He was groaning much. He pretended | to be sick. Lion asked him who | he was. Hare said he was Hare Mavuvu, the grandson of Hare, (135) that he was very sick, and that this sickness had come to him | the past month. Lion asked him whether he had seen | Hare, his grandfather. Hare Mavuvu said yes, he had seen him | the day before, going that way. Lion followed the Hare in the direction Hare | Mavuvu had pointed out. When Lion had gone, Hare laughed because he had (140) fooled him.

One day Lion and Hare met while Hare was going to the house | of Hare; Lion ran after him, and Hare ran away towards a lake. When he arrived | at the lake, Hare began to go across where there was no water, but where it was | muddy. When he was in the middle, he staid there. Lion saw Hare (145) standing there, and thought that he was caught by a vine; therefore Lion | jumped at him, but did not reach Hare because, | when Lion jumped, Hare began to walk away.

Lion | fell into the mud and sank deep into it. Hare went out of | the mud and sat on dry land. He watched Lion struggling in the mud; (150) he laughed at him much, saying, "If you persist running after me, | you will be in trouble, because I shall serve you right." | He left Lion sunk in the mud. In the morning | Lion was seen by his friends sunk (in the mud). They | helped to pull him out of the mud.

(155) Lion was made really angry at Hare. He | threatened him much, and Hare also was tired of being troubled by Lion; | therefore he took a log which was hollow, and laid it down carefully. | The log had a large opening at one end, and the other mouth was small. | When Lion saw Hare, he ran after him with great power. Hare (160) knew that if he did not run fast, Lion would catch him; therefore | he entered the first hole, and Lion also entered. | Hare entered the second hole, and Lion followed him. | Lion was running fast, and Hare was almost about to be caught. He entered | the small hole, and Lion also entered it with great force, but (165) he could not come out. He wedged himself in. Hare came to see Lion, | and said, "You will not come out of the hole." That is the end of the story.

8. KUFA KWE SHULO.

nge limge zuva shulo wakaenda kanyi kwa djongwe. na guma wakabunsha mukadji wa djongwe kuti, "djongwe waendapi." ena wakati, "djongwe uli mubelele kani müsolo ne gumbo limge lake zaenda komga dolo." mukutanga shulo azivi kutenda zakalevga ngo mukadji wa djongwe. na vona djongwe na li mubelele na kaima nge gumbo limge achina müsolo, wakashamiswa zikulu. shulo wakaenda kanyi kwake achilangalila zakaitwa ndi djongwe. na guma kanyi wakasumulila mukadji wake zakaita djongwe. mumangwana fumi shulo wakazwa djongwe achilila. wakaenda kanyi kwake. djongwe wakatanga kusumulila shulo za kaita no vanthu va kanga navo dolo. shulo na mubunsha kuti, "wakatumisa kudini müsolo ne gumbo, kuti zende komga dolo?" djongwe wakati, "inini ndakacheka müsolo ne gumbo langu. iwewe unolangalila kuti wakandivona ne ndakaima nge gumbo limge ndichina müsolo. ndakacheka gumbo no müsolo wangu zikaenda komga dolo. nezapedja zakaviya kwendili." shulo ngokuti achaidepi kupindwa ndi djongwe na viya kanyi, wakabunsha mukadji wake kuti, "mangwana ndinoda iwewe utole chipanga ucheke müsolo ne gumbo limge langu, ngokuti ndinoda kuti zende komga dolo, kudali nge zakaita djongwe." mukadji wake wati, "unozofa," kani wakavangilila kuti aiite¹ zalevalo. ndizo kunsha nokwaedja mukadji wake wakacheka müsolo ne gumbo lake, kani azizivi kwenda komga dolo. shulo na tama kumuka mukadji wake wakaenda kobunsha djongwe kuti mulume wake a zivi kumuka. djongwe lakati, "ndaiti shulo mungwali, kani mupsele."

¹ Or a'ite.

THE DEATH OF HARE.¹

One day Hare was walking to the house of Rooster. When he arrived, | he asked the wife of Rooster, "Where is Rooster?" She | said, "Rooster is in the house, but his head and one leg | went to drink beer." At first Hare did not believe what was said by (5) the wife of Rooster. When he saw Rooster in the house standing on | one leg without head, he was very much astonished. Hare went | to his home thinking about what was done by the Rooster. When he arrived at home, | he told his wife what the Rooster was doing. The following day | the Hare heard Rooster crowing. He went to Rooster's house, and Rooster (10) began to tell Hare what he had done and how the people had been drinking beer. | When Hare asked him, "How do you send your head and your leg | to go and drink beer?" Rooster said, "I cut off my head | and my leg. You remember that you saw me standing | on one leg, and I was without head. I had cut off my leg and my head, (15) and they had gone to drink beer." The Hare, | because he was unwilling to be surpassed by Rooster, when he came home, said | to his wife, "To-morrow I want you to take a knife and cut off | my head and one leg, because I want them to go and drink | beer, the same as Rooster did." His wife said, "You will die," (20) but he insisted that she should do what he had told her. Therefore, when day broke, | his wife cut off his head and his leg, but they did not go | and drink. When the Hare failed to rise, his wife went | and told the Rooster that her husband did not arise. Rooster | said, "I thought Hare was wise, but he was a fool."

9. HAMBANE NSHOU.

ngo imge nshiku nshou yakasonga na ne hamba. hamba yakati kuna nshou, "mgakavanga chekulu, muchaitawani?" nshou yakadavila kuti yonayaitamba. hamba wakaibvunsha kuti yaiendepi. nshou yakati yaiambafamba hayo kuti ivone nyika. nshou yakati
 5 *kuna hamba noyapedja kuilingila, "iwewe muzukulu ulimufupi zikulu." hamba ikati, "ndiyani ulimufupi? amuzivi kuti inini ndingamudalika?" nshou ikati, "kudalika iyani?" — "kudalika imgingi," hamba yakaipingula ikatize, "viyanyi mangwana ndinozomuvonesa kuti ndingamudalika." nshou noyapinda hamba yakadana*
 10 *hamba imge. ikati koili, "ngatiche malindi mavili, kozoti nshou noyaza mangwana inini ndinozongwina mulindi limge. iwewe uzongwine mgolimge lindi. kunozoti nshou noyaima pakati po malindi inini ndinozoti, 'koili chekulu, vanshou, ndomudalika,' iwewe wochizo-*

¹ See Otto Dempwolff, *Die Sandawe* (Abhandlungen des Hamburgische Kolonialinstituts, 34 : 163), Hamburg, 1916; M. Heepe, *Jaunde-Texte* (Hamburg, 1919), pp. 119, 223; Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York, 1920), p. 48 (Vandau); *American Negroes* (JAFL 30 : 190, 226, 237; 32 : 401; 34 : 7).

buda mulindo, uzoti, 'ndadalika,' inini ndizongwina mulindo langu. iwewe wochizotivo, 'ndodalika.' inini ndizoita zowaitalo." nshou yakaguma kudali ngo kutendelana kwayo ne hamba. noyaguma hamba yakati, "tetegulu, imgingi mgakandipikidja zulo kuti andi-ngamudaliki. ndinoda kumuvonesa kuti inini ndingamudalika; imanyi apa." nshou yakasekiswa nge zakaleva hamba. hamba yakati, "inini ndadalika." noyapedja kuleva kudalo imge hamba yakati, "ndadalika." yona ikatize, "ndodalika." imge yakabuda mulindo kati "ndadalika." hamba yakati kuna nshou, "chekulu, ndamunyisa ini ngokuti ndamudalika kavili." nshou yakashama sikulu ngokuti azivi kuvona kuti hamba yakaidalikisa wani.

TURTLE AND ELEPHANT.¹

One day Elephant met Turtle. Turtle said | to Elephant, "Are you well, grandfather? How do you do?" Elephant | replied that he was well. Turtle asked him where he was going. | Elephant said he was just walking about to see the country. Elephant said (5) to Turtle, when he finished looking about, "Grandson, you are very short." | Turtle said, "Who is short? Don't you know that I can jump over | you?" Elephant said, "Jump over whom?" — "Jump over | you," replied Turtle; and he added, "Come to-morrow, and I'll | show you that I can jump." When Elephant was gone, Turtle called (10) another turtle. He said to him, "Let us dig two holes. In this way, when Elephant | arrives to-morrow, I go into one hole, you go into | the other hole. When Elephant stands between the two holes, | I shall say, 'Grandfather, Sir Elephant, I jump over you.' Then you | will come out of the hole. You will say, 'I have jumped.' I shall go into my hole. (15) You will also say, 'I am going to jump,' and I shall do what you have done." Elephant | arrived, as it was agreed between him and Turtle. | When he arrived, Turtle said, "Grandfather, you made a bet yesterday that I | could not jump over you. I want to show you that I can jump over you. | You stand here." Elephant was made to laugh at what Turtle said. Turtle (20) said, "I am going to jump." When he had finished saying that, the other turtle | said, "I have jumped." He also said, "I am going to jump," and the other one came out | of the hole, and said, "I have jumped." Turtle said to Elephant, "Sir, | I have won over you, because I have jumped over you twice." Elephant wondered | very much, because he did not see how Turtle jumped over him.

¹ See Carl Meinhof, *Afrikanische Märchen*, p. 93 (Konde, near Lake Nyassa); also references in note (*Ibid.*, p. 325). See also comparative notes in Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, 4 : 46-96; *American Negroes* (JAFL 30 : 174, 214, 225; 32 : 394; MAFLS 13 : 102, note 1).

10. NSHOU YAKATAMA MGISHE NGENYI.

mambo we nyama na da kupa mphuka djese mgishe, wakatuma mutume kodjikoka kuti djize kwali djipuwe mgishe. mphuka djese djakaenda kwa mambo koashila mgishe, kani nshou aizivi kuenda. yakatuma muvge kuti uviye ne mgishe wayo. muvge nowaguma kwa mambo wakasana mgishe mukulu wawo. nowopinda wakalangalila kuti nshou waubunsha kuti nga'utolele mgishe. wakatola mgishe müdoko akaviya nawo akaupa nshou. ngokuti nshou aizivi kuenda kositolela mgishe yoga, mutume wayo wakaviya ne mgishe müdoko uchi ngazivi kutodjana ne chimo chayoy.

5

10 Hence the proverb, nshou yakatama mgishe ngo kutumila.

WHY THE ELEPHANT LACKS A TAIL.

The chief of the animals wanted to give tails to all the beasts. He sent | a messenger to tell them that they would all be given tails. All the animals | went to the chief to receive tails; but the elephant did not go, | he sent the jackal to bring his tail. When the jackal arrived at (5) the chief's place, he selected a large tail for himself. When he had what he desired, he remembered | that the elephant had asked him to bring him a tail. He took a | little tail, and took it back home and gave it to the elephant. Because the elephant did not go | to get his tail, and his messenger only brought back his little tail, | it is now of this size.

(10) Hence the proverb, the elephant lacks a tail because he sent for it.

11. BONGO NE MGEDJI.

ngo vumge vusiku bongoy lakaguma pagandwa likavona chilo chaimunikila mukumga, lakapinimidja kuti chilo icho chaimunikilalo mugandwa iphondo le nyama. lakanasa kulingilisa kuti livone poliili phondo. lakafunduluka kuti linase kumphukila mukumga lo-nyula phondo. lakamphukila mukumga kani, alizivi kunyula phondo. lakaambuka, likaima pamphilipili pe gandwa, likalingila mukumga likavonaze mgedji uchimunikila mugandwa, likamphukilaze mugandwa, kani alizivi kunyula phondo. bongoy lakamphukila mugandwa likamphela lavundula kumga, kumga neyadola, lakavonaze mgedji mukumga. lakaedjerhwa pagandwa lichiedja kunyula mgedji wo lakavona mugandwa, lichiti iphondo. ngo uvgo vusiku bongoy alizivi kuwana chilo chokurga ngokuti lakatambisa nguva yalo ngo kuda kunyula mgedji wo laiti iphondo gulu le nyama.

5

10

HYENA AND THE MOON.¹

One night Hyena arrived at a lake and saw a thing | which was shining in the water; he thought that the thing which was shining |

¹ See JAFI. 32 : 394.

in the pond was a bone of game. He looked carefully, so that he saw where | the bone was. He went back in order to jump well into the water to take out (5) the bone. He jumped into the water, but did not take out the bone. | He came out of the water, and stood at the edge of the lake and looked into the water; | again he saw the moon shining in the lake; he jumped again into the lake, | but he could not take out the bone. Hyena jumped into the lake | until the water was muddy. When the water was clear again, he saw again the moon (10) in the water. Day broke upon him at the lake while he was trying to take out the moon which | he saw in the lake, and which he thought was a bone. That night Hyena could not | find anything to eat, because he wasted his time in the effort | to take out the moon, which he thought was a big bone of game.

12. LUNGANO NGO KUFA KO VANTHU.

kwakati malule na-pedja kuita nyika ne vanthu wakatuma rhwaiwi kuti rgurondzele vanthu kuti munthu wafa ngamuke. rhwaiwi rhwakaenda ne masoko ku vanthu. malule wakatuma sosomodji mumasule mga rhwaiwi akati, "sosomodji, enda worondzera vanthu kuti, wafa ngalove." sosomodji lakaenda lichigogoma, likaguma kune vanthu rhwaiwi rguchito rhwaguma. sosomodji lakati ku vanthu, "malule wati, 'munthu wafa ngaalove.'" vanthu vakati, "eya." rhwaiwi norhwaguma ku vanthu rhwakavarondzera masoko akabva kwa malule aiti, "wafa ngamuke." makani vanthu vakati, "malule watuma sosomodji kutirondzera kuti wafa ngalove. tinotenda masoko aza ne sosomodji." ndizo vanthu kuti wafa vanolova ngokuti vona vakatenda masoko akaza ne sosomodji.

A TALE ABOUT THE DEATH OF THE PEOPLE.¹

It happened, when the Creator had finished making the world and the people, he sent Chameleon | to tell the people that when a person dies he will come to life. Chameleon | went with the message to the people. The Creator sent the Lizard | after Chameleon, saying, "Lizard, go and tell the people (5) that when one dies, he will stay away." Lizard went running; he arrived among | the people before Chameleon arrived. Lizard said to the people, | "The Creator said, 'When man dies, he will stay away.'" The people said, "Yes." | When Chameleon arrived among the people, he told them his message which came | from the Creator, and which said, "Whoever dies shall wake up." However, the people said, "The Creator (10) has sent

¹ See Carl Meinhof, *Afrikanische Märchen*, p. 65 (Kamba, British East Africa); also notes, p. 324; E. Jacottet, *The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore*, 1: 46; Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent*, p. 76 (Zulu).

Lizard to say that people who die stay away. We have accepted the message | which came with Lizard." Therefore people who die stay away, because they | accepted the message which was brought by Lizard.

13. NSHUNSHU.

nshunshu ishili ina chimo cho munthu. inogala mumfula. yona ina simba lo kupa munthu bzoka no vubeze. kuti noyada kupa munthu vubeze, inomutola yoenda naye kanyi kwayo mukumga. munthu na guma kanyi kwayo unopawa matope ne hove mbishi kuti
5 arge. inomupa izi kuti imutike. kudali munthu una chichunge unotenda kurga zaanopuwa ndiyo. na pedjwa kutikwa unopuwa bzoka no vubeze, unopalurhwa ndiyo. inomupa mutundu ne zembe no mitombo nazo zese zaanonyinda nyamsolo.

vanthu vanogala ne nshunshu vakaita inga isisu. avana mapapilo,
10 vanoveleketa lulimi rgotinozwa. vanolidja no kutamba ngoma djo manthiki kudali ngezo tinoita isisu. vanthu vakatorhwa ndiyo nshunshu kutinovaviya vanoti nshunshu ima muzi ne nyumba inga djedu.

vazinshi vanthu vanoti vakavona ngome dje nshunshu ne dja-
15 kanikwa pachitulu no pamagomokomo. vamge vanoti vakazwa ngoma djichilidjwa vachizwaze no mazwi o vanthu achiimba manthiki.

kuti nshunshu noyada kutola munthu inomusa bepo gulu. ili bepo linomuthwala lomuendesa kuna nshunshu. no kudali nshunshu inogala mumfula, munthu wo inotola abilipi noyamutola.

20 neyapedja kumupa munthu vunanga, inomuendesa kanyi kwake kuti aende ku vanthu vake kotata.

mubvumo nowawa mgoyo wawo auvoneki ngokuti unotorhwa nge nshunshu. inotola kuti iuite mutumbo.

nshunshu ina simba lokundondomedja ngalava no vanthu vayo.
25 pamge inotola ngalava ka kusiya vanthu mumfula.

mphazinshi vanthu vanoti vakavona ngalava zinshi dje nshunshu dji chifamela mukumga. vanthu novaphedo padjo djinongalanga.

NSHUNSHU.

Nshunshu is a bird which has the form of a human being. He lives in the water. He | has the power to give man a supernatural helper and the power of healing. When he wishes to give | to a man the power of healing, he takes him and goes with him to his house in the water. | When the man arrives in his house, he is given mud and raw fish to (5) eat. He gives these to him in order to try him. If the man has courage, | he is ready to eat what is given by him. When the trial is complete, he is given | a supernatural helper and the power of healing; he is initiated (literally, "torn to pieces") by him. He

gives him the medicine-receptacle, the divinatory bones | and medicines, and everything that the medicine-man needs.

The people who live with the nshunshu act as we do. They have no wings. (10) They speak a language which we understand. They play instruments, and dance with songs of the | manthiki, just as we do. The people who have been taken by the | nshunshu say, when they come back, that the nshunshu has a village and houses, just as | we have.

Many people say they have seen the drums of the nshunshu where (15) the water is close to the sun, on an island or on the bank of a river. Others say they have heard the drums | when they were played, and they also have heard voices of people singing the manthiki.

When the nshunshu wants to take a human being, he causes a heavy gale to arise. This gale | makes them go towards the nshunshu. Although the nshunshu | lives in the water, the person whom he takes does not get wet when he is taken to him.

(20) After he finishes giving the power of healing to a man, he lets him go to his home, | that he go to his people to practise.

When a palm falls, the heart (centre bud) is invisible, because it is taken by the | nshunshu. He takes it in order to make medicine out of it.

The nshunshu has power to sink canoes and their people. (25) Sometimes he takes the canoes, and leaves the people in the water.

There are many people who say that they saw many boats of the nshunshu | floating on the water. When people come near them, they (the boats) disappear.

14. VALOVOZI VAVILI.

vanalume vavili vakafuma munyumba imge. mganalume waka-fuma thethadji mūdoko waiṅga wakanaka zikulu. vese vo kuvambiya vake vaimuda ṅgokuti waiṅga wakapfava. vadjimgalamu vake vaivunḡana kwali kuti vazwe ṅgano djaiita. mganalume wakafuma thethadji mukulu wakava ne thima, ṅgokuti achaidikepi ṅgo vo kuvambiya, kudali ṅgo mulovozi wake.

kwakati mabonole naibwa, ava vadjimulovozi vailinda munda wo mabonole, ṅgokuti ṅguluve djairga mabonole no vusiku.

mulovozi waiṅga ne thima waiṅga ne vuta ne mipasha. ṅgo vusiku vḡailinda mulovozi wake, wakamushonga vuta ne mipasha kuti alinde ṅguluve. pakati povusiku ṅguluve djakaza korga mabonole. (mulume we thethadji mūdoko) wakafula ṅguluve ṅgo mupasha, wakashongwa ndi nyevanishi wake. ṅguluve yakatiza no mupasha. mumangwana fumi, wakaenda kolingila pakafulila ṅguluve, kani a-zivi kuwana mupasha. wakatevela mukhondo we ṅguluve mugwasha mphela na-guma mukati mge gwasha mga kachinda. wakavgivilila

akabwunsha mulovozi wake, kuti mupasha wa kafula ndi wona nguluve wakapinda ne nguluve. mulovozi wake wakati, vuta ne mipasha yaiva yo vutaka, ndiso, waida mupasha wake. wakapwira mipasha mizinshi kuti ilipe mupasha wake wakalashwa ngo mulovozi wake, kani azivi kutenda, wakavangilila kuti unoda mupasha wake wo vutaka.

mulovozi wakalasha mupasha wakaenda mugwasha koutevela. vadjisele vavo wakati, ngatende mipasha ya da kulipa ndiyo uwo mupasha walashika, makani mune wo mupasha azivi kutenda kutola mipasha yo milipo. azivi kupulutana vatesala no vambiya vake.

mulovozi wakalasha mupasha, wakalonda mukhondo we nguluve yakafula. mphela na guma pamuzi we chikalavga, akachibwunsha, kuti waitevela nguluve ya kafula no vusiku, yakatiza no mupasha. wachisumulila kuti mune wo mupasha, azivi kutenda kulipirhwa mupasha wake chikalavga chakalumila nyoka. chona chainga mune we nguluve ya kafula, ndiso chakamuvonesa mudala lainga ne mipasha mizinshi, yakaviya ne nguluve djaifurhwa nge vanthu. wakasana mupasha wake. wakatenda chikalavga sikulu ngo vunyasha vgacho.

no pinda, chikalavga chakamupa mupila no mutombo. chakamudjidjisa kutamba komupila no kurgiwa komutombo, kuti azodjidjise vange kutamba mupila. uwo mupila waichakwa ngo mulomo, aunchaimidjwepi. kudali munthu wauwidja, napuwa mutombo wai-zouluha. munthu achikaazi kurga mutombo a ngauluchipi.

na viya no mupasha, wakamupa mulovozi (wake) mupasha wake. mumadeko wakadjidjisa vadjingalamu vake kuchaka mupila, kudali ngeza kadjidjiswa nge chikalavga. vanthu vazinshi vakaza kovona kutamba kupsa komupila. mulovozi we thima, navona kuti vese vanthu vaishamiswa ngo kuchakwa ko mupila, wakati kuna mukadji wake no vadjingalamu, kuti vanthu vese ve kanyi kwake no vana vadoko, vanoziva kuchaka mupila kudalo. kuti avonese kuti uniza kuchaka mupila. wakaenda kuchaka mupila. mupila nowakhandirhwa kwali wakaumidja, kani azivi kuulucha, ndiso mune. mulovozi, mune wo mupila wakada mupila wake. wakada kulipa nge imge mipila. kani mune wawo wakalamba, achiti waida mupila wake. ndava yakashamisa vanthu. ngokuti kudali mupila upuwe mune wawo unowanika ngo kumutumbula munthu wakaumidja.

vanthu novachaiziva kuti wanoitawani. wakabwunsha mulovozi wake kuti, "azivi kunaka kuva ne thima; ngokuti kudali ndavangilila kuda mupila wangu iwewe notumburhwa. unozofa ngo kuchunga mgoyo."

TWO MEN WHO MARRIED TWO SISTERS.

Two men married into one family. The man who | married the younger sister was very meek. All his mother-in-law's people | loved him because he was good. All his brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law |

assembled around him to listen to the stories he told. The man who married (5) the elder sister was envious because he was not loved by | his mother-in-law's people as was the man who had married his wife's sister.

When the corn was ripe, these men who had married sisters watched the corn-garden, | because the wild pigs were eating the corn at night.

The one man of the two who had married sisters, and who was jealous, had a bow and arrows. On the night (10) when the other man who had married the younger sister was watching, he loaned him his bow and arrows to watch | against the wild pigs. At midnight the wild pigs came to eat the corn. | (The husband of the younger sister) shot a wild pig with the bow | which his elder brother (that is, the man who had married the elder sister) had loaned him. The wild pig ran away with the arrow. | The next morning he went to look where he had shot the wild pig, but he did not (15) find the arrow. He followed the tracks of the wild pig into the woods | until he reached the middle of the woods, where there was a thicket. Then he returned, | and told the man who had married the elder sister that the arrow with which he shot the wild pig | went away with the wild pig. The man who had married the elder sister said that the bow and arrows | were his heritage, and therefore he wanted his arrow. He was given many arrows (20) to pay for the arrow which was lost by the man who had married the younger sister, | but he did not accept them. He insisted that he wanted his arrow | which he had inherited.

The man who had married the younger sister, and who had lost the arrow, went into the woods to look for it. | Their wives' brothers said he should accept the arrows with which he wanted to pay for (25) the arrow which was lost, but the owner of the arrow did not agree to take | the arrows in payment. He did not listen to his father-in-law and his mother-in-law.

The man who had married the younger sister, and who had lost the arrow, followed the tracks of the wild pig | which he had shot, and arrived at the kraal of an old woman, whom he told that | he was following a wild pig which he had shot during the night, and which had run away with the arrow. (30) He told that the owner of the arrow did not agree to be paid for his arrow. | The old woman took pity on him. She was the owner of | the pig he had shot: therefore she showed him the inside of the barn, in which were many arrows | which had come back with the pigs which were shot by people. He selected | his arrow. He thanked the old woman very much for her kindness.

(35) As he was leaving, the old woman gave him a rubber ball and medicine. She taught | him how the ball-game was played and the way the medicine was eaten, that he might teach | the others to play

ball. This ball was played with the mouth; | it was not swallowed. When a person swallowed it and he took medicine, | he spit it out. If the person did not eat the medicine, he could not spit it out.

(40) When he came back with the arrow, he gave it to the man who had married his wife's elder sister. | In the afternoon he taught his brothers-in-law to play ball in the way | he was taught by the old woman. Many people came to watch | the new way to play ball. The jealous husband of the elder sister, when he saw that | the people were surprised on account of the way of playing ball, said to his wife (45) and his brothers-in-law that all the people of his home, even small children, | knew how to play ball in that way; and to show them, | he went to play ball. So he went to play ball. When the ball was thrown at him, | he swallowed it, but he could not spit it out: therefore the owner, his wife's sister's husband, the owner | of the ball, wanted his ball. He wanted to pay with other balls; (50) but its owner refused, saying he wanted his own ball. The case | puzzled the people, because, if his ball were given to the owner, it would have to be | by cutting open the man who had swallowed it.

The people were puzzled what to do. He told the one who had married the elder sister, | "It is not good to be jealous, because, if I should insist (55) on wanting my ball, you would have to be cut open. You will die if you continue to be | cruel."

15. KULAILA MUNTHU UNA THIMA.

vanalume vavili vainga vakavakilana pedo. mumge wakapfuya mbudji. mganalume achaiva ne mbudji wainga ne thima. nge nshuku imge mbudji yo muvakirhwana wake yakaenda mumunda mgake mgo mabonole, yikarga mikutu mitatu. mune we munda
 5 naivona mbudji, wakitola akaenda nayo kumunowayo achiti, "mbudji yako yarga mikutu mitatu yo mabonele angu, ndizo ndinoda kutola mabonele angu ali mundani mgayo." iyi mbudji yainga yo mabzoka, yaiva no mavala akachena akaiita mbudji yakanaka. mune we mbudji wakati, "ndinokulipila mabonole argiwa nge mbudji yangu.
 10 enda, wo vuna mikutu mitanthatu mumunda mgangu." mune we mabonole wakati, "andidi mabonole ako, ndinoda angu ali mundani mge mbudji yako." mune we mbudji wakatetezela muvakirhwana wake kuti aende kovuna mabonole mumunda mgake alipe ndiwo, kani muvakirhwana wake azivi kutenda. mganalume, waiva ne thima
 15 ngokuti achaivepi ne mbudji, waii wawana chivambo chokuti muvakirhwana wake avulaye mbudji yake ndicho. mune we mbudji wakati, "eya, ndinovulaya mbudji yangu, utole mabonole ako ali mundani mgayo." mbudji yakavalawa wakatola mabonole ake.

kwati nge imge nshiku mganalume waiva ne mbudji wakanika
 20 vulungu vgake. mgana wo munthu wo mabonole wakaenda painga

no vulungu, akatola mphumba yo vulungu akaimidja. mune wo vulungu wakati, "mgana wako wamidja vulungu vgangu, ndinoda vulungu vgangu vuli mundani mgo mgana wako." baba wo mgana wakati, "ndinokulipila." mune wo vulungu wakalamba. wakaenda kwamambo. mambo wakati, "eya, iwewe, waiva ne thima nge mbudji yake yakarga mabonole ako. auzivi kupulutana zakalevga ngo muvakirhwana wako. mupe vulungu vgake vuli mundani mgo mgana wako." mune wo vulungu navona mai wo mgana, achiputa-puta achilila, wakamulumila nyoka, akati, kuna muvakirhwana wake, "ndinokulegela, kani, iwewe, uchavaze ne thima, ngokuti lona alizivi kunaka. thima linozokutamisa hama.

THE CURE OF A JEALOUS PERSON.

Two men had built (houses) as neighbors near together. One of them owned | a goat. The man who had no goat was jealous. | One day the goat of his neighbor went into his garden | of corn. He ate three corncobs. When the owner of the garden (5) saw the goat, he took it and went with it to its owner, and said, "Your goat | has eaten three of my corncobs: therefore I want to take | my corn which is in the stomach of the goat." This goat was bzoka, | and had white spots, which makes a goat nice-looking. The owner of | the goat said, "I will pay you for the corn eaten by my goat. (10) Go and cut six corncobs in my garden." The owner of | the corn said, "I do not want your corn. I want my corn which is in the stomach | of your goat." The owner of the goat pleaded with his neighbor, | asking him to go and cut corn in his garden and to pay himself with it, but | his neighbor did not agree. This man, who was jealous (15) because he did not own a goat, found a reason why his neighbor | should kill his goat. The owner of the goat | said, "Yes, I | will kill my goat, so that you may take your corn which is | in its stomach." The goat was killed, and he took his corn.

So one day the man who had the goat dried (20) his beads in the sun. The child of the man who had the corn went near | the beads, and he took one (grain) of the beads and swallowed it. The owner of | the beads said, "Your child swallowed my bead; I want | my bead that is in the stomach of your child." The father of the child | said, "I will pay you." The owner of the beads refused. He went (25) to the chief. The chief said, "Yes, you were jealous of | his goat, which ate your corn. You did not listen to what was said | by your neighbor. You must give him his bead, which is in the stomach of | your child." When the owner of the bead saw the mother of the child suffering | and crying, he felt pity, and said to his neighbor, (30) "I will let you go; but you must not be jealous, because it is not | good. Jealousy will deprive you of friends."

16. NDAVA YE NGWENA.

kuiyi nyika yedu, ngo kwanshikazi kuna mulambo mukulu unodanwa ngo kuti naile. nge nguva imge kwakaguma mumulambo ngwena hulu. yona yakaenda kundawo djese, yakavulaya mabouta ne nombwe no vahavisi vadjo; no vafambi yailuma. kutha ko vanthu
 5 kwakava kukulu sikulu. akuchaivepi no munthu wainga ne simba lokuvulaya ngwena. mambo we nyika no manganakana vakasangana no vanthu vazinshi kuti vasovela ndava ye ngwena, kuti kuivulaya ngwena. novavungana kubanshe lukovo rhwakaguma. rhwakakwila pamutanda rhwakaveleketa rhwakati, "matombo no manganakana,
 10 munondivona imgingi, ndaza komuli, ndili mudoko sikulu, andinga mubesipi nge simba, muiyi ndango yenyu ne ngwena; kani ndinga-mubesa ngoku mupangila, kuti muchazotambudjikase. kungwala kunonyisa chichunge chikulu chenyu. sakanaka kuti muchida kunyisa mukolole mukulu, itanyi iso, achito wakula achina simba. mu-
 15 noiseka ngwena ichili doko ichito yava ne simba, kani kuti neyakula munoitiza muchiitha sikulu. ngwena djino ndinyenya sikulu ngokuti ndinoti djichito djabudga mumanda ndinodjirga. ndingadjirga no kudali djili makuma shanu nge nshiku imge. imgingi munodjilegela ngwena mphela djakula mgozoda kudjivulaya. djuvulaenyi djito
 20 djakula."

THE STORY OF THE CROCODILE.

In this country of ours there is in the north a large river | called by the name "Naile." At one time there arrived in the river | a large crocodile. It went everywhere, and killed sheep | and cattle and their herdsmen; it bit even travellers. The fear of the people (5) was very great. There was no person who had power | to kill the crocodile. The chief of the country, and the nobility, assembled | with many people to talk over the matter of the crocodile, to say what they could do to kill | the crocodile. When they arrived at the court, the fox arrived. He climbed | on a log and spoke, and said, "King and Noblemen, (10) you see me; I came to you; I am very small; I cannot | help with strength in this your matter with the crocodile, but I can | help by advice, that you may not be in trouble again. Wisdom | surpasses your great bravery. It is wise, if you want | to overcome your great enemy, to do so before he grows up and before he has strength. (15) You laugh at the crocodile when it is small and before it has strength; but when it is grown up, | you run away and you are much afraid. Crocodiles do not like me much, on account of | what I do before they come out of the eggs. I eat them. I can eat | even fifty in one day. You leave | the crocodiles until they are grown up. Then you want to kill them. Kill them before (20) they grow up.

17. MUZALE NO MULANDA.

sakaita sakaita.— kwaiva ne mganalume wainga ne vakadji vatatu. waida mukadji mumge sikulu. vange vakadji vake vakava ne vusanshe.

5 nge imge nshiku mganalume wakabata hanga akaviya nayo a kapa vachide vake kuti aibike. pakati po vusiku mumge mukadji wainga no vusanshe sikulu wakaenda kunyumba ya chide, akaba hanga. mumangwana fumi chide a zivi kuwana hanga, wakabounsha mulumgake. mulume wakacheneswa sikulu akabounsha vakadji vese vake kuti unovabidjisa gona kuti awane waba hanga. gona la ivabidjisa¹

10 lainga lokuambuka mulambo ngo kufamba palusinga rhwaitandikwa panulambo.

zuva lichito laguma lo kubila gona mukadji wakaba hanga wakapangila mgana ke mudoko we kadji, kuti, "nondafa pano, iwewe tola mulanda wako wende kwa thetheadji wako mgali. ena unozokukolodja.

15 zuva lokubila gona ne laguma vakadji vo mganalume no vanthu vakavungana pamulambo. lusinga norhwapela kutandikwa pamulambo. vakadji mumge nge mumge vakatanga kufamba palusinga kuti vaambuke mulambo. kwaiti mukadji wakaba, hanga na pakati po mulambo lusinga rhwaida vuka, ena waiwila mumulambo. vachano vakatanga kufamba palusinga vachemba lumbo urgu:

20

lusinga lusinga,
dyandyali
kuti ndilini
dyandyali
25 ndakabe ganga,
dyandyali
ganga la chide,
dyandyali
lusinga davuka,
30 dyandyali
ndiwile mga budji
dyandyali
ndizofilamgo
dyandyali

35 ena ngokuti a zivi kuba hanga wakaambuka mulambo achifamba palusinga.

mukadji we chipili yakava nguva yake yo kufamba lusinga. wakamba lumbo rhwakambiwa mge vachano. na pakati po mulambo lusinga rhwakadadjuka akawila mumulambo akafilamgo, ngokuti ndiyena wakaba hanga.

40

mgana wo mukadji na vona kuti ma ke vafa wakalonga zilo zake akatola mulanda wake akaenda kwathethadji wake mgali. vachito

¹ Literally, "to wet the gourd;" i.e., to make a trial with a gourd containing medicines.

vaguma kumuzi kwathethadji wake ena no mulanda vakazolola pagandwa vakashamba. novapedja kushamba vachisimila *nguvo* avo, 45 mulanda wakati kuna tenshi wake, "*ngati tenganisane nguvo djedu ndivone kuti nguvo djenyu djinondinakila kani.*" novapedja kusimila mulanda wakati, "*nguvo djenyu djinondinakila, no djangu djinomunakilavo imgingi. mgochithwalanyi mutani. ndinozomulegela kuti musimile nguvo djenyu tichito taguma kwathethadji wenyu.*" 50 inini ndinozotola muthwalo."

novatenganisa va kafamba mulanda nakava muzale no muzale nakava mulanda. nonavona muzi muzale wakati kuna mulanda, "wochindipa *nguvo djangu ngokuti tapedo wo muzi wa thetheadji wangu.*" mulanda wakati, "ndino mupagalegale." ena wakavangila 55 kufamba. muzale wakavangila kuda *nguvo djake makani mulanda azivi kumupa.*

na:vaguma kwathethadji wake. ena wakaashila mulanda achiti ndi thetheadji wake. no kudali thetheadji wakati ena ndiye wainga hama yake. mgali azivi kupulutana za kaleva *ngokuti mulanda waiti,* 60 "ena unonyepa. inini ndini thetheadji wako." *ngokuti mgali achai-zivepi hama yake wakatola mulanda achiti ithethadji wake. thetheadji wo zokadi wakaendeswa kunyumba yo valanda.*

yaiva *nguva yokulinda shili. ndizo thetheadji wakaitwa mulanda wakapuwa basa lo kulinda shili kumunda wo mupunga. achilinda* 65 *shili kumamunda waimba lumbo urgu achilila.*

mai vaileva
linde, linde,
kufa kwangu pano
linde, linde
70 enda kumukulu
linde, linde,
mukulu ndi yani?
linde, linde,
mukulu ndi mgali
75 linde, linde,
mgali wandilasha
linde, linde,
ngo kuda mulanda
linde, linde.

80 achimbalo bɔuli la mai wake lakaza kwali lichiti, "*mgali walasha hama yake kudali, achitola mulanda achiti ihama yake.*" bɔuli la mai wake laimushambidja lichimupa *nguvo djakanaka djo kusimila. na viya kanyi mulanda waiti muzale na muvona achiza nakasimila nguvo djakanaka wakava ne thima wakabvunsha mgali achiti,*" thetheadji mgali, mulanda unoviya kumamunda na kasimila *nguvo* 85 *djakanigala. ngati djitole.*" ena wakadjitola *nguvo.*

mazuva ese a-kaenda kolinda shili bʉuli la mai wake laiza kwali lichishova mgali nge zakaita kuhama yake. zuva nelavila waiviya na-kasimila nguvo djakanaka imsa nakani wadjitolerhwa.

imge nshiku mulume wa mgali wakada kuziva munthu waipa mulanda nguvo. wakaenda kovandila kumamunda. wakazwa mulanda achimba. achimbalo wakazwa izwi le bʉuli lichivele keta lichiti, "mgali kudali kuna hama yake." wakavona bʉuli lichipa nguvo mulanda.

na-pedja kuvona izi wakaviya kanyi achigogoma akasumilila mukadji wake mgali achiti, "takalasha thethadji wako ngo kuda mulanda. inini ndavona bʉuli la mai wako lichineleketa na thethadji wako." ndizo mgali wakacha lindo mubebele akaadja bonde palo akagadjika kurga akadana mulanda waiti ndi thethadji wake. ena na-gala pasi wakawila mulindo akafilamgo. mgali wakatola thethadji wake.

THE MISTRESS AND HER SLAVE.

It happened, it happened. — There was a man who had three wives. | He loved one wife very much. His other wives were | jealous.

One day the man caught a guinea-fowl. He brought it home, and gave it (5) to his beloved one to cook it. At midnight one of the wives who were | very jealous went to the house of the beloved one and stole the guinea-fowl. | The next day the beloved one did not find the guinea-fowl, and told her husband. | Her husband became very angry, and told all his wives | that he would bring them to trial to find out who stole the guinea-fowl. The trial was crossing (10) a river by walking over a rope which was suspended across | the river.

The day before the trial was to come off, the wife who had stolen the guinea-fowl | instructed her little daughter, "When I am dead here, take | your slave and go to your elder sister Mgali. She will take care of you."

(15) When the day of the trial came, the wives of the man, and the people, | gathered at the river. After the rope had been put over the river, | the wives one by one began to walk on the rope | to cross the river. It would be, when the wife who stole the guinea-fowl came | to the middle of the river, the rope would break, and she would fall into the river. (20) The first wife began to walk on the rope, singing this song: —

"Rope, rope,
Dyandyali,
If I am the one,
Dyandyali,
(25) Who stole the treasure,
Dyandyali, —
The treasure of the beloved one,
Dyandyali, —

O rope! break!
 (30) Dyandyali,
 I fall into the river Budje,
 Dyandyali,
 There I shall die,
 Dyandyali."

(35) Since she had not stolen the guinea-fowl, she crossed the river walking | on the rope.

Then it was the turn of the second wife to walk on the rope. | She sang the song as it was sung by the first wife. When she arrived in the middle of the river, | the rope broke; and she fell into the river and died in it, because (40) she was the one who had stolen the guinea-fowl.¹)

When the child of the wife saw that her mother was dead, she packed up her belongings, | took her slave, and went to her sister Mgali. Before | they arrived at the house of her sister, she and her servant took a rest | on the shore of a lake, and they washed themselves. After they had washed themselves, while they were putting on their clothing, (45) the slave said to her mistress, "Let us exchange our dresses | and see how your dress suits me!" After they had | dressed, the slave said, "Your dress suits me, and my | dress also suits you. Now you carry the basket. I will let you have | the clothes you were wearing before we arrive at your sister's (house). (50) Then I shall take the basket."

When they had exchanged their dresses, they walked along, the slave being the mistress, and the mistress | being the slave. When they saw the kraal, the mistress said to the slave, | "Give me my dress, because we are near my sister's home." | The slave said, "I will give it to you by and by." She continued (55) to walk. The mistress urged her to return her dress, but the slave | did not give it to her.

When they arrived at her sister's (house), she received the slave, thinking that she was | her sister, although her sister said that she was her sister. | Mgali did not listen to what she said, because the slave said, (60) "She lies! I myself am your sister." Because Mgali did not know | her sister, she took the slave, thinking she was her sister. The real sister | was sent to the house of the servants.

It was the time for watching the birds (so that they should not eat the fruits of the garden): therefore the sister who was made a slave | was given the work of watching the birds in the garden of rice. While she was watching (65) the birds in the garden, she would sing this song, and she would cry:—

¹ E. Jacottet, *The Treasury of Ba-Suto Lore*, 1 : 180; Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York, 1920), p. 49 (Vandau); tune of songs (*Ibid.*), pp. 124-126.

- “ Mother said,
Oh, watch! oh, watch!
When I die, my daughter dear,
Oh, watch! oh, watch!
- (70) Go to your sister,
Oh, watch! oh, watch!
To your elder sister,
Oh, watch! oh, watch!
Your elder sister Mgali,
(75) Oh, watch! oh, watch!
Mgali that spurns me,
Oh, watch! oh, watch!
And loves the slave,
Oh, watch! oh, watch!”

(80) While she was singing, the soul of her mother came to her, saying, “Mgali forsakes | her sister in this way, taking the slave and thinking she is her sister.” The soul of | her mother washed her, and gave her beautiful clothing to put on. | When she came home, the slave who said that she was the mistress, when she saw her coming dressed in | beautiful clothing, became jealous, and told Mgali, saying, (85) “Sister Mgali, the slave is coming from the garden dressed in beautiful clothing. | Let us take it!” She took away the clothing.

Every day she went to watch the birds, the soul of her mother came to her, and | blamed Mgali for what she was doing to her sister. At sunset she came back | clothed in beautiful new dresses, but they were taken away from her.

(90) One day the husband of Mgali wanted to know the person who gave | the slave the dresses. He went and hid in the garden. He heard the slave | singing. As she was singing, he heard the voice of the soul speaking, and saying, | “Mgali should do thus to her sister.” He saw the soul giving a dress | to the slave.

(95) After he had seen all this, he returned home running, and told his | wife Mgali, saying, “You spurned your sister and loved | the slave. I myself saw the soul of your mother speaking with your sister.” | Therefore Mgali dug a hole in the house and spread a mat over it | and placed food on it. She called the slave who had said she was her sister. When she (100) sat down, she fell into the hole and died there. Then Mgali took her sister.

18. LUNGANO.

zakaita, zakaita.—kwaiva na mambo waiŋga mutenthe. uwu mambo waiŋga ne mganawekadji wakanyala zikulu. madumbi omunthalavunda no nthambo, vana ve madjimbavge, vakazwa kunyala ko munyakwava kuchitokotiswa nthambo no munthalavunda. vese vaida kufuma munyakwava.

makavila akaza mumge nge mumge kobvunshila munyakwava. ese ainasa kuzichwanya ngokuti aipinimidja kuti nyakwava navona nguvo djaisimila unotenda kufumga ngo mumge wayo. makani ese madumbi akalambga nge baba wa nyakwava. madumbi achaimuvonepi nyakwava, ngokuti wainga mungome. kwaiti madumbi na-za kobvunshila, mambo na-lamba, no oenda kanyi, nyakwava waialingila nali pajanela¹ nye zulu kwe ngome, kuti avonwe ndiwo.

madumbi ese naedja kubvunshila nalambga, mambo wakati, "mudumbi unochipuwo chakanaka zikulu ndiyena unozofuma nyakwava. ese makavila akalonga kuti aende kunyika djili nthambo kotenga silo zakanaka zikulu.

kwaiva no mudjimbavge waiva ne vanavelume vatatu. vona vakaenda kunyika djili nthambo kothenga silo zakanaka.

ava vadjinyenyi ne vanukuna vakaenda koshambadja ngo mumabaliikinya kunyika djilin thambo zikulu. vese vo vatatu vainga ne mabalikinya avo. vakafamba mazuva ne mgedji mizinsh ivachito vagumila nyika. vakazoguma pachitulu chikulu chaiinga no vanthu. vakavona vanthu vainga vachete vanalume ne vanakadji vaifamba pa mutunthu. kwati hama nthatu nedjaambuka pamutunthu. djakapaladjana.

mumge wakavona mganalume wainga muchete mukulu achiluka chisenga akamubvunsha kuti, "unozoitenyi ndicho chisenga ichi chakadali kuleba?" muchenshebu wakatanga kundzela mulumbgane basa lo chisenga achiti, "ichi chisenga china simba lo kundigumisa kunyi kakuli nthambo zikulu nge nshiku imge." mulumbgana wakachitenga chisenga. mumge wakaenda kuchikalavga chaita magona akuchibvunsha kuti, "unozoitenyi ndiwo aya magona?" chikalavga chakati, "nge magona aya kuti munthu nafa, ndingamumusa ngoku munamsisa mafuta e gona." mulumbgane wakatenga gona. mulumbgane we chitatu wakaguma pamuzi wo mganalume, mgiti we supeyo.¹ akumubvunsha kuti, "unozoitenyi nge idji supeyo?" mgiti we supeyo wakamuvonesa nyika djili nthambo nge supeyo.

novapedja kutenga vakaenda kumabalikinya avo, wakatanga kutatidjana zovakatenga. vachilingila musupeyo vakavona vanthu vazinshi vakavungana kungome ya mambo. vakanasa kulingilisa, vakavona nyakwava nali mumavelo mgayaya wake. vakavonaze kuti nyakwava wairhwala, no kuti madjibeze ai'mupa mutombo. novalingilaze musupeyo vakavona nyakwava nafa, na mambo achiedjelela vushoni mutembe wa nyakwava kuti wende koigwa. mulumbgane waiva ne gona wakati, "kudali ndaguma kanyi vachito vamuviya nyakwava ndingamumusa nge gona langu." wainga ne chisenga wakati, "chisenga changu chinotigumisa kanyi nyamasi."

¹ Portuguese derivation.

idji hama nthatu djakasiya mabalikinya adjo djikapakila pachisenga. chisenga chakapetenyuka. chikavagumisa kanyi kwavo nge nguva doko, vakaenda kungome ya mambo mutembe wa nyakwava ingawoda kovigwa. idji hama nthatu djakangwina mungome djikaenda mukwalatu¹ mgowa iva no mutembe. mulumbgane wainga ne gona wakagwadama pambeli po mutembe akatanga kufunyangula gona lake. mambo navo vese vainga munyumba vakashama zikulu nge zaida kuitwa nge idjo hama nthatu. na pedja kufunyangula gona wakabsuta munongola akaunamsisa nyakwava achiti, "nyakwava, mukayi." nyakwava wakamuka. vanthu vakashamiswa nge zaka-itwa ngo mulumbgane. mambo wakati kumulumbgane wakamusa mgana wake, "iwewe, wochifuma mgana wangu." makani hama nthatu nodjapedja kusumula nthango yavo, mambo azivi kuziva kuti ndiya ni wo vatatu unozofuma nyakwava, ngokuti vese vaita basa gulu kumusa nyakwava. supeyo yakavavonesa kufa kwa nyakwava, ngokuti chisenga chakavazisa kanyi nge nguva doko, gona lakamusa nyakwava. nthango yakakhahamadja mambo ne banshe lake. hama nthatu djakatendelana kuti nyevanshi wadjo ngafume nkyakwava. mambo wakapa hama mbili mitunthu yo kutonga kuti avonese kutenda kwake nge zovakaita kwali.

A TALE.

It happened, it happened. — There was a chief who was a rich man. This chief | had a daughter who was very pretty. The young men of the neighborhood | and those from far away, the sons of the noblemen, heard of the beauty of the | princess being praised far and near by. All (5) wanted to marry the princess.

The suitors came one by one to woo the princess. All | were nicely dressed up, because they thought that, if the princess saw the dresses | that they had on, she would be willing to be married to one of them. But all the youths | were refused by the father of the princess. The youths did not see (10) the princess, because she was in the castle. When the youths came to ask | for her, the chief refused them. When they went back home, the princess looked at them from | the window high up on the castle, so that she could be seen by them.

All the youths tried to woo her, and were refused. The chief said, | "The young man who has a very good gift, he will marry the princess." (15) All the suitors prepared to go to distant countries to buy very | nice presents.

There was a nobleman who had three sons. They | went to a far country to buy nice things.

These [older] brothers [and younger brothers] went in boats to (20) trade in very distant countries. Each of the three had | a boat.

¹ Portuguese derivation.



They sailed many days and months before | they reached the country. They arrived at a large island on which there were people. | They saw the people who were there, very old men and women, who walked about on | the land. Then the three brothers went ashore. On the land they (25) parted.

One saw a man who was very old weaving | a braid of palm-leaves; and he asked him, "What are you going to do with that braid?" | The old man began to tell the man about | his work, and said, "This braid has the power to make one arrive (30) in a country which is very far, in one day." The man bought | the braid of palm-leaves. Another one went and met an old person who made calabashes. He | inquired, "What are you going to do with these calabashes?" The old person said, | "With this calabash, if a person is dead, I awaken him by drawing on a stick through his mouth | the fat of the calabash." The young man bought the calabash. The third young (35) man arrived at the kraal of a man, a maker of looking-glasses. He | questioned him, "What are you going to do with this looking-glass?" The maker of looking-glasses | made him see a distant land by means of the mirror.

When they finished their trade, they went on board their boat, and they began to | show one another what they had bought. When they looked into the mirror, they saw many people (40) gathered in the castle of the chief. They looked carefully, | and saw the princess lying in the lap of her nurse. They also saw that the princess was sick. The doctors were giving medicine to the princess. | When they looked again into the mirror, they saw the princess was dead. The chief | was making ready to have the princess buried. Her corpse was being arranged carefully, for it was going to be buried. (45) The young man who had the calabash said, "If I can arrive at home before | they bury the princess, I can awaken her with my calabash." The one who had | the braid of palm-leaves said, "My braid of palm-leaves makes us arrive at home to-day." | Then the three brothers left their boat. They got on the braid of palm-leaves. | The braid unrolled, and made them reach their home in a little while. (50) They went to the castle of the chief. The corpse of the princess was about | to be buried. Then the three brothers went into the castle. They went into | the room in which was the corpse of the princess. The young man who had the calabash | kneeled before the corpse and began to open his calabash. | The chief and all those who were in the room wondered very much at (55) what was going to be done by the three brothers. When he finished opening the calabash, | he pulled out a stick and passed it over the mouth of the princess, and said, "Princess, | wake up!" The princess awoke. The people wondered on account of | what was done by the young men. The

chief said to the young man who raised | his daughter, "You shall marry my child." When the three brothers (60) finished telling their story, the chief did not know who | of the three should marry the princess, because all did great work | in awakening the princess. The mirror made them see the death of the princess, | the mat carried them home in a short time, and the calabash awakened | the princess. Therefore the matter puzzled the chief and his court. The three brothers (65) agreed among themselves that the oldest should marry the princess. | The chief gave the two other brothers countries to rule to show | his gratitude for what they had done for him.

19. VASAGOLE.

zakaita zakaita. — kwaiva no mambo wakagala mugole. ena wainga no mgana wokadji wakangala zikulu. uwu munyakwava wainga ne yaya no mamge mapuntha a'itamba nawo. mapuntha no munyakhwava ainga akangala zikulu. ese ainga nsurhwa. nshiku djese munyakwava no yaya wake no mamge mapuntha vaizapasi vachibva mugole ko-shamba mugandwa lainga lakanaka. ili gandwa lainga pedo ne gwasha. munyakwava ne vasikane vake vaedeluka no kwenda mugole ngo mitengela yovaiva vayo. kwaiti vasikane vo mugole novaza kolumgila mugandwa madumbi o munyika akavanona akada kuvabunshila. kani vasikane novavona vanthu vachiza kugandwa, vaiambuka mukumba vakatola mitengela yavo vakambuluka vachenda mugole. madumbi mazinshi o munyika vana vo madjimambo no madjiganakana akada kufuma munyakwava. ona akaedja kutola mutengela wake. mamge madumbi akatola mutengela wo munyakwava. kwaiti mudumbi na-tola mutengela wo buntha alichazendepe no vamge vasikane mugole, kani laizotevela mudumbi lichimba lichilidja nthuzwa yalo. kuti mudumbi na-lingila sule mutengela waizombuluka uchenda kumusikane. ena musikane wai-zombuluka achenda mugole. ndizo ao makavila aiutola mitengela aiti na-zwa musikane achimba achilidja nthuzwa ailingila sule mutengela yaienda kuna vamune wayo.

vana vo madjimbavge no vo manganakana novakonerhwa kubata mapuntha o mugole, mudumbi mumge mgana wo mulombo wakati, ena unoenda kuti aedje kutola mutengela wo musikane wo mugole. aya madumbi akakonerhwa kutola mutengela akamuseka zikulu, kani ena wakavangilila kuti unoenda koedja kutola mutengela wo musikane. wakavindala mugwasha, mapunthu o mugole na-guma na-pedja kungwina mukumba, mulumbgane wakatola mutengela wo munyakwava. mapuntha na-vona achitola mutengela ona akabva mukumba akatola mitengela yawo akambuluka. munyakwava wakasala, wakatanga ku'idja nthuzwa yake achimba

- sam·dumbiwewe, ndekande; wochizwa nthuzwa yanguyowe, ndekande.
nyalala.
- 35 sam·dumbiwewe, ndekande.
nyalala.
- tongo lingilewe, ndekande.
nyalala.
- sam·dumbiwewe, ndekande; mganawe ndoda kupindawe, ndekande.
nyalala.
- 40 sam·dumbiwewe, ndekande. mganawe wochilingilawe, ndekande.
nyalala.
- sam·dumbiwewe, ndekande.
nyalala.
- 45 ndoda kwendawe, ndekande.
nyalala.

kani mulumbgane a·zivi kulingila sule. na·famba mukuvo mukulu
nyakwava wakabunsha mulumbgane achiti, imai iwewe wakundifuma.
mulumbgane newakaima. munyakwava wakati kwati, iwewe unoenda
50 neni kanyi kwangu mugole. musagole no mulumbgane vakaenda
mugole.

THE SKY PEOPLE.¹

It happened, it happened. — There was a chief who lived in heaven. He had | a child, a very beautiful girl. This princess had as | attendants a nurse and other girls, with whom she played. The girls who were with the | princess were very beautiful. All were supremely beautiful. Every day, (5) the princess and her nurse and the other girls came down from | the sky to bathe in a lake which was nice. This lake was | near a forest. The princess and her girls came down and | went up to the sky by means of plumes which they had. When the Sky girls | came to bathe in the lake, and the young men of earth saw them, (10) they wanted to court them; but when these girls saw men coming to | the lake, they came out of the water, took their plumes, and flew away, | going up to the sky. Many youths, the sons of | chiefs and noblemen, wanted to marry the princess. They | tried to take her plume. Some of the youths would take the plume (15) of the princess. When a youth took the plume of the girl, | she could not go with the other girls to the sky; but she would follow the youth, | singing and playing her reed rattle. If the youth looked back, | the plume would fly away and go to the girl; and she, the girl, | would fly away, going to the sky. Therefore these young men would take the plume, (20) and, when they heard the girl singing and playing her reed rattle, would look back, | and the plume would go to its owner.

When the sons of royalty and of nobility had failed to take | the

¹ See Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York [1920]), pp. 51-53; tune of song, pp. 127-128.

rikabuda risa remadzwa. iwewe nasa kundibonga, ngokuti ndini
 10 ndakuitire nyasha dzisikabwiri dzokureka soro rako kũpotera mũkanwa
 mgangu. apana chiro chinopinda mũkanwa mge thika chinobuda."

(b) BONGO NE ZINYAMŪTANDA.

(Coast Dialect.)

nge zuva limge bongu lichirga nyama lakakhamga nge phondo.
 nolusongana ne zinyamũtanda lakati, "zinyamũtanda ndinozokupa
 musalo mukulu, kudali ungangwinisa mũsolo wako mũmukulo wangu,
 ubwise phondo landikhama." zinyamũtandu lakangwinisa mũsolo
 5 walo mũmukulo we bongu. likabisa phondo. zinyamũtanda nola-
 pedja kũbisa phondo lakati kuna bongu, "wochindipa mushalo wangu
 wowandigondisa." bongu lakati, "unoda mushalo wakadini. azizivi
 kũnaka zenda kuitila? zokungwinisa mũsolo wako mukanwa mge
 bongu ukabudga ucha lemadjwa. iwewe nasa kundidenda, ngokuti
 10 ndini ndakuidile nyasha djichingabwili djokulega mũsolo wako kũ-
 ngwina mũkanwa mgangu. apana chilo chinopinda mũkanwa mge
 bongu chinobudya."

THE HYENA AND THE CRANE.¹

One day Hyena was choked by a bone. | When he met Crane, he
 said, "Crane, I will give you | a great reward if you can put your
 head into my throat | and take out the bone which chokes me."
 Crane put his head (5) into the throat of Hyena and pulled out the
 bone. When Crane had finished pulling out | the bone, he said to
 Hyena, "Now give me my reward that you promised me." | Hyena
 said, "How much of a reward do you want? Is it not enough | what
 I have done for you, to put your head into the mouth of Hyena | and
 come out without being hurt? You had better thank me, because I
 am the one (10) who did a kindness to you beyond expectation while
 allowing your head to enter my mouth. | Nothing that enters the
 mouth of a hyena comes out again."

PROVERBS.

1. Simba lo ngwena lili mumfula.
 (The strength of the crocodile is in the water.)
2. Meno e imbga alumani.
 (The teeth of the dogs do not bite one another.)
3. Zitiyo kuenda mumphala kuvona ndi mai.
 (Chicks that go into the chicken-house see their mother.)
4. Mgana walilila nyele yo lufuta.
 (The child cried for a reed flute [that means, do not make an
 effort to get what has no value].)

¹ The lines correspond to the Gaza Land version.

5. Vulombo, vulombo havgo desa lo kumga alikokotwi.
(Misery, misery, indeed! A calabash of water which is licked clean! [that means, Even if I am poor, I do not propose to be exploited. If I did, I should be like a calabash that has been licked clean].)
6. Funda mutako ngeine nyama.
(By walking back, game is obtained [that means, it is often worth while to go back in order to get things which you own rather than to seek something new at a distance].)
7. Yafila Malopanyi kunamunyu.
(He died in Malopanyi, where there is salt [that is, the game died where there is salt available for cooking the venison,—success under the most favorable circumstances].)
8. Chipanga achizivi vatendji.
(The knife does not know its owner [that is, it cuts every one, even its owner].)
9. Ngalipole wakapsa ndilo.
(Let it cool off, he has burnt himself.)
10. Wakalasha djindja ngokuda ganga.
(He has denied his tribe on account of gain.)
11. Zambuko lehangga ndi limge chasala sule chachikwali.
(When guinea-hens fly up, a chikwali [a small bird flying slowly] remains behind.)
12. Lembe le hove lakavodjwa nge hove imge.
(A pile of fish can be spoiled by a single fish.)
13. Kuwila mumapiti chemapete.
(Cockroaches fall into the mush [that means, one cockroach after another falls into mush without learning by the fate of the preceding ones].)
14. Kanyi akuna chilima.
(In the home is no darkness [that is, one is always happy at home].)
15. Djila le mphepo ntho kukevelana.
(The bed-cover of the wind [cold] is by [from] pulling apart [that means, if you are under one cover, and each pulls the narrow cover to himself, both will get cold].)
16. Milo aina fembo.
(The nose has the power of smell [that means, man has sense in order to understand what is going on].)
17. Mota aizivi vugalo.
(The boil does not know its place [that is, misfortune comes to both rich and poor].)

18. Kutambisa munyu *ngo* kulunga djerge.
(He threw away the salt with which frogs are seasoned.)
19. Nshou ailemerhwi *ngo* mulembe wayo.
(The elephant does not feel the weight of his trunk [that is, the rich do not feel their wealth as a burden].)
20. Kuziluma mgishe che makone.
(To bite one's tail like the makone [a fish] [that is, to act against one's own words].)
21. Ngalava hulu yakafila padima.
(Even a large ship may be wrecked in darkness [that is, small things may spoil great plans].)
22. Vulombo avusekwi.
(Poverty is not laughed at.)
- 23.* (Isisu) kakulilila muhana che hamba.
([We] weeping inside [in the chest] like the tortoise [that is, we weep without being able to offer resistance to an enemy].)
- 24.* Hove djinotevela mulambo wadjo.
(Fish follow their river [that means, people will support their own family or tribe].)
- 25.* Andichalambi kununa pachoto *ngo* pondali.
(I do not refuse to yield fat when I am on the hearth [fire] [that means, I yield to pressure].)
- 26.* Andinyiswi *nge* chilo chichina mulomo.
(I am not defeated by a thing that has no mouth [that is, man must persevere, for the future does not speak].)
- 27.* Mulilo wo mbava aukotwi.
(By the fire of a thief not to be warmed [that is, if you associate with bad people, you may be taken as one of them].)
- 28.* Manthede a *novengana* pakurga, napamfumfu anobesana.
(Baboons quarrel over food, [but] in danger help one another.)
29. Kusukuta mbeleko mgana achito abarhwa.
(To tan the carrying-blanket of a child before it is born [that is, borrowing trouble].)

* Revised from Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York, G. Schirmer), p. 14.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE thirty-third annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1921, at the Brooklyn Institute Museum, Brooklyn, N.Y., in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association and the Maya Society.

A meeting of the Council was held at nine in the morning. There were present Messrs. Farabee, Dixon, Boas, Swanton, Nelson, Hrdlička, Kidder, and Peabody.

The regular meeting of the Society was held at two in the afternoon. The reports of the Secretary, Editor, and Treasurer were presented as follows: —

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The membership of the Society is as follows: —

	1920	1921
Honorary members	6	7
Life members	13	12
Annual members	388	393
Subscribing libraries	188	179
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	595	591

Four members have died during the year, — Charles P. Bowditch, Mrs. J. T. Duncan, Mgr. Lionel Lindsay, Miss Sarah Yerxa.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

The report of the Secretary was accepted.

TREASURER'S REPORT, 1921.

GENERAL FUND.

Receipts.

Membership	\$1217.12	
Membership, Canadian Branches	279.00	
Contribution from Canada for French number	1200.00	
Charles Peabody, contribution	388.00	
Houghton, Mifflin Co., sale of plates	10.10	
Interest	16.20	
	<hr/>	
Total receipts		\$3110.42

Total receipts brought forward		\$3110.42
<i>Expenses.</i>		
New Era Co., manufacture of Journal:		
April-June, 1920	\$ 458.98	
July-Sept., 1920	832.65	
Oct.-Dec., 1920	669.10	
Index, vol. for 1919	218.86	
Reprints	83.68	
Rebates to branches	76.45	
Miss Andrews, work on Journal (13 months).	325.00	
Postage, Editor.	14.25	
Postage, annual meeting.	3.25	
Postage, Boston Branch.	3.00	
Cosmos Press, printing	13.19	
Express	7.71	
Exchange, Canada.	169.50	
		2875.62
Total expenses		2875.62
Balance.		\$234.80
Balance paid to Publication Fund from money borrowed		234.80
		\$000.00
Balance on hand, General Fund*		\$000.00

PUBLICATION FUND.

<i>Receipts.</i>		
Balance from 1920.	\$ 256.37	
Dr. Parsons, Philippine Memoir	1000.00	
Contributions to fund	75.00	
G. E. Stechert, sale of Memoirs:		
Vol. III.	3.50	
Vol. X.	24.50	
Newell-Moore Fund, income	85.00	
Refund from General Fund	234.80	
		\$1679.17
Total		\$1679.17
<i>Expenses.</i>		
Miss Andrews, work on Memoir:		
Vol. XII	\$ 127.60	
Vol. XV.	66.47	
G. Beaverson, music blocks for Memoir, Vol. XV.	308.25	
Express on Memoir, Vol. XV	1.39	
		503.71
Total		503.71
Balance †		\$1175.46

ALFRED M. TOZZER, *Treasurer.*

The report of the Treasurer was accepted.

* The General Fund still owes the Publication Fund \$384.85 borrowed in 1920.

† Practically this entire sum is now due for Memoir, Vol. XV.

REPORT OF THE EDITOR.

Owing to exceptionally unfavorable conditions, the publication of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* has lagged inordinately behind during the present year. Early in the year the October-December number for 1920 was brought out. Immediately after that a printer's strike occurred in the New Era Printing Company, and it has been utterly impossible to have any work done during the rest of the year. Notwithstanding constantly repeated demands, no proof was forthcoming until December. The first and second numbers of the present year are now in type, — the first number entirely in pages, — so that there is some hope that publication may be resumed.

The question arises, since there is no sign of improvement in the conditions of the Lancaster printing-office, whether a change in printer should not be considered. The lower price which formerly prevailed in Lancaster no longer exists. The Editor suggests that a committee consisting of the Treasurer, Secretary, and Editor be appointed to consider the question of printing.

Volume 12 of the *Memoirs of the Society*, "Filipino Popular Tales," by Dean S. Fansler, was completed during the year.

It seems necessary that the Society, during the next year or two, should restrict itself as much as possible in the publication of its *Journal*, unless special support can be secured. The financial condition, as it appears from the Treasurer's report, is so unfavorable, that the publication of a journal of more than five hundred pages is no longer possible.

The Editor wishes to express his thanks to his associates, Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, Professor George Lyman Kittredge, Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa, and Mr. C.-Marius Barbeau.

Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa has reported in the *Journal* on the general results of his collecting-trip to Spain, which was made possible by the active interest of our former President, Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons. The discussion of his material is progressing; and we may hope to obtain, as a result of this enterprise, material that will enable us to carry forward the much-needed comparative study between American and Peninsular Spanish folk-lore.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor*.

The report of the Editor was accepted.

Officers for the year 1922 were elected as follows:—

PRESIDENT, F. G. Speck.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, E. C. Hills.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes.

COUNCILLORS: for three years, Phillips Barry, A. M. Espinosa, C.-M. Barbeau; for two years, J. R. Swanton, E. K. Putnam, Stith

Thompson; for one year, R. B. Dixon, E. Sapir, A. L. Kroeber; past Presidents, P. E. Goddard, R. H. Lowie, Elsie Clews Parsons; Presidents of local branches, C. Peabody, C. T. Carruth, Miss Mary A. Owen, Reed Smith, W. H. Thomas, John M. Stone, J. H. Cox.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL, Franz Boas.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, George Lyman Kittredge, A. M. Espinosa, C.-Marius Barbeau, Elsie Clews Parsons.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, Charles Peabody.

TREASURER, Alfred M. Tozzer.

The following papers were read:—

“The Scalp-Dance at Zuñi in 1921,” by Elsie Clews Parsons.

“The Vision in Plains Culture,” by Ruth Benedict.

“New Phases in the Study of Primitive Music,” by Helen H. Roberts.

“The Ritual Bull-Fight and its Connection with the Growing of Irrigated Rice,” by C. W. Bishop.

“The Deer-Hunt in the Southwest,” by Esther Schiff.

“The Shaker Religion of Puget Sound,” by T. T. Waterman.

“Complexity of Rhythm in Primitive Decorative art,” by Gladys Reichard.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 35.—JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1922.—No. 137.

BULU TALES.

BY GEORGE SCHWAB.¹

I. MVIN LISTENS TO THE VOICE OF FOOLISHNESS.

A nga bo na, môt ve kôlô, ve² ke wulu afan afan. ane a nga yene tit é tele a wua je nga. ane tit é nga wu. tite te é mbe jôe' na, mvin.³ eyoñe te môt a nga jô na, me tame⁴ ba tite jam. eyoñ a nga mane tune tit ékôp, ane tite jé é nga kôlô si a ke mbi afan. ane môt a nga loone tite na, a mvin, te ke, éyoñ w' aye ke afane den, ke⁵ betit b' aye jô wo na, ô ne te ékôp amu jé? ke, w' aye dañe wô'ô ôson. ma fe éyoñ m' aye kui ja ke bôt b' aye jô me na, jé ô bili ékôp? éyoñ m' aye kate be na, ékôp mvin, ke me ke,⁶ m' aye wô'ô ôsone ya kate bôt foé. ajô di e ne te yian. ane mvin é nga bulan a zu bômbô si. ane môt a nga mane ba tit a ke je ja. ane môte te a nga ke kui ja dé a loone binga bé a kape be tit ése, ve émien a nji di je amu a nga yene je angôndô. nalé môt a ne ngule ya jañ éyoñ a bo a mate besinë bé ve beta bulan vôm be né.

[Translation.]

(1) It did happen thus, Man left, [and]⁷ went [to] walk [in the] forest (forest). Then he did see | [an] animal (it) standing and fired (it) [his] gun. And then [the] animal (it did) died. Animal (that it was) had the name (thus) | Mvin. Then Man (he) did say thus, I first cut up [my] animal (mine). When | he had finished skinning

¹ See this Journal, 25: 106-124; 27: 266-288; 32: 428-437.

² *Ve* is an untranslatable particle when used as in narratives of this kind.

³ *Mvin* is the antelope *Cephalophus calyphygus*.

⁴ *Tame* is an auxiliary verb meaning "do first." As used here, it expresses adverbial modification.

⁵ *Ke*, as used here, has about the significance of our exclamation "hm!"

⁶ *Ke me ke* is equivalent to "hm! I too," or "hm! I also."

⁷ Words in parentheses are literal translations of words not required in reading the English translation. Words in brackets are added in order to make the sentence clearer.

[the] animal, then [the] animal (his it) did get up [from the] ground and went running [into the] forest. And so || (5) Man (he) did call [the] animal thus, O Mvin, not go, when you will go [into the] forest to-day | [the] animals (they) will say [to] you thus, You have no hide why (for)? You will (surpass to hear | shame) [be ashamed]. I too when I shall reach [my] village [the] people (they) will say [to] me thus, Why (you have) [have you this] hide? | I shall tell them thus, [It is the] hide [of] Mvin, I too, I shall (hear shame) [be ashamed] to | tell [the] people [the] news. (Matter this it) [This you must] not do. And so Mvin (it) did return and come [to] lie || (10) [on the] ground. And so Man (he) did finish cutting up [the] animal and (went) [took] it [to the] village. Then Man (that he) did go | [and] reach[ed] [his] village (his) and call[ed] [his] wives (his) and divided [among] them [all the] meat (all), but himself he not ate [of] it because | he did (see) [look upon] it [as something] horrible. Thus one (he has power) [may] (to) perish when he (does he) runs away | [from] (haters) [his enemies] (his), but again returns [to the] place [where] they are.

2. GORILLA AND CHIMPANZEE ESCAPE FROM LEOPARD.

- 1 A nga bo na. ze ve ke a jeñe¹ betit. ane a nga viane² yen ékañ.
 ane a nga jô na, m' aye zu kpwé ékañe jame ji akiti. ane nji ke é
 nga ke a wulu. ane nye ke a nga yene fe ve ékañe te. ane a nga jô
 na, m' aye zu kpwé ékañe jame ji akiti. ane wo'o ke a nga ke a fan
 5 ve yene fe ékañe te. ane bese be nga ke tôban. ane³ ze a nga tate
 sili wo'o ba nji na, mi ate⁴ zu bo jé va? ba fe be nga sili nye na, wo
 ate zu bo jé va? ane ze a nga jô na, m' ate zu kpwé ékañe ji. wo'o
 na, ma fe m' ate zu kpwé ékañe ji. ane nji ke a nga jô na, ma fe m' ate
 zu kpwé ékañe ji. ane bese be nga jô na, a nto ve bia bese bi jibi⁵
 10 kpwé. eyoñe te be nga jô na, za a yeme bete yôp? nji na, ma
 m' ayeme bete yôp. ane nji a nga bete yôp a tyi'i ékañ a mesôñ. a
 maneya bo nalé ve sili na, za a zu ka ékañ? wo'o na, ma. ane be
 nga sili na, za a yem fial⁶ ékañ? ze na, ma m' ayem. ane wo'o a

¹ *Jeñ* means literally "to search for," but is often used in the sense of "to hunt."

² *Viane, vane, or via'a* = an auxiliary verb, meaning "to do the unexpected instead of the expected," and cannot readily be translated to make good reading in English.

³ *Ane* is used to introduce sentences in narrative, much as the unlettered in our own country use the word "and" to introduce sentences: *Ane* = "and so, then, as, like, since."

⁴ *Ate* is an auxiliary verb, and is the sign of the near past; anything which has transpired during the present day or the previous night; as, "mi ate so éyoñe vé?" ("when did you arrive [to-day or during the previous night]?") *Nga* is an auxiliary verb, used with remote past; i.e., any action which has taken place before or previous to last night.

⁵ *Jibi* = "endure or bear," but is frequently used as auxiliary verb in the sense of "to do unwillingly."

⁶ Oil-palm nuts grow in large bunches, between "thorny" protuberances or spines, which severely lacerate the hands of the inexperienced; so the bunches of nuts are generally hacked to pieces by the natives. During the hacking-process, most of the ripe nuts fall out of their sheaths.

nga tate ke fé a jô be na, me tame ke tyi'i ôkaé. eyoñ a mbe fé a nga jô émien na, aka'a nsó'an m'ate yene ze a sôké'é ékañ! nge a sôé me nalé ye me nyini? ane a nga tup a ke fé. eyoñ be yangeya wo'o ôbe nté ze na, bi jaéya yange wo'o. a!¹ nji, tame ke tyi'i bia akaé. ane nji a nga ke fé. ane a nga wulu a nga jô émien na, aka'a mbo'ane m'ate yene ze a bo! nge a bo me nalé, ye me nyiñe? ane nye fe a nga tup, ve li'i ze a tele.

[Translation.]

(1) It did happen thus. Leopard did go and hunted animals. Then he did see [a] bunch | [of ripe oil-palm nuts]. And so he did say thus, I shall come [and] cut down [my] bunch (my this) to-morrow. Then Gorilla also (he) | did go and walked. And he also (he) did see also only [the] bunch (that). And so he did say | thus, I shall come [and] cut down [my] bunch (my this) to-morrow. Also Chimpanzee (also he) did go [into the] forest || (5) [and] saw also [the] bunch (that). And so [they] all (they) did go [and] met. So Leopard (he) did first | ask Chimpanzee and Gorilla thus, You did come [to] do what here? They too (they) did ask him thus, You | did come [to] do what here? So Leopard (he) did say thus, I did come [to] cut down [this] bunch (this). Chimpanzee | [said] thus, I too (I) did come [to] cut down [this] bunch (this). And so Gorilla too (he) did say thus, I too (I) did | come [to] cut down [this] bunch (this). Then all (they) did say thus, (There is only [then let us] we) [Then let us] all (we suffer) || (10) cut [it] down. Then they did say thus, Who (he) knows [how to] climb up? Gorilla thus, I | (I) know [how to] climb up. And so Gorilla (he) did climb up and cut [the] bunch with [his] teeth. He | finished do[ing] thus [and] asked thus, Who (he) comes [to] tie [in a bundle] [the] palm-nuts? Chimpanzee thus [said], I. Then they | did ask thus, Who (he) knows [how to] pick out [the] palm-nuts? Leopard [said] thus, I (I) know [how]. And so Chimpanzee (he) | did first go [to the] forest and said [to] them thus, I go [to] cut leaves [in which to wrap the palm-nuts after they have been separated from the bunch]. When he was [in the] forest he || (15) did say [to] himself thus, What a clawing I did see Leopard [when] he clawed [the] bunch! If he | claws me like that [shall] I (live) [escape]? And so he did (pierce) [run away], and went [into the] forest. When they did wait | [for] Chimpanzee [a] little while Leopard [said] thus, We are tired wait[ing] for Chimpanzee. Oh! Gorilla, go cut [for] us | leaves. So Gorilla (he) did go [into the] forest. As he (did walk) [was walking] he did say [to] himself thus, What | a doing I did see [that] Leopard (he) did! If he [should] do me thus, I shall live? And so || (20) he too (he) did run away leaving Leopard (he) standing [there].

¹ A can frequently be best translated by our "say;" as, "Say, Bill, where are you going?"

3. WHOSE HUSBAND WAS HE?

- 1 A nga bo na. môt ve lu'u binga betan. binga bete be mbe môé na, ngon ôsimesan. a ôbi'i¹ zen a ôsoñ metok² a ôtôkan a ôwô-melô. nde nnô wop a nga jô be na, dubane me bibôbolô.³ m'ye ke mvan.⁴ ane a nga dañ ôsôé: ô mbe anen. ane a nga yen ando'o: e to
- 5 nwuman abui. ane a nga bete yôp a kpwé ando'o yôp. ane a nga bo ve ko a ku si ve wu. ane a nga bo ve mane nyuñelan. eyoñ be nga to nlam binga bé be nji yem jam nnô wop a nga bo. ane ôsimesan a nga simesan nnô wop. nde a nga loen ôbi'i zen, nye a nga yene zen nnôm a nga ke. ane be nga ke zene wôé ve yen ôsôé nnô wop
- 10 a nga dañ. ôsoñ metok² a nga dañe be: be kui kindi'i yat. woña be nga kui ando'o si a yen nnôm a nto ve afufus afufus. ane be nga loen ôtôkan, nnye ve tôkan nnôm. eyône te be nga loen ôwômelô. nnye ve wômelô nnôm. ane be nga ke ja a vak amu be nga yen mvaé. eyoñ nnôm a nga ye nyi nda wua bese ve suñ nye. ôsimesan
- 15 na, a ne éñwom amu me nga simesan nye. ôbi'i zen na, a ne éñwom amu me nga bi zen. ôsoñ metok na, a ne éñwom amu me nga soñ ôsôé. ôtôkan na, a ve éñwom amu me nga to'e nye. ôwômelô na, a ne éñwom amu me nga wômelô nye. nde be nga ke be betyi'i mejô. nye na, ke! mie bese, a ne nnô wonan bese.

[Translation.]

(1) It did happen thus. Man married (five) women. [Those] women (those, they) were (names) [named] | thus, Remembering and Finding-Path and Sounding-Fords and Picking-Things-Up and Bring-to-Life. | And so [their] husband (their he) did say [to] them thus, (Put to) soak [for] me cassava. I shall go | hunting. Then he did cross [the] river: it was large. And he did see [a] wild mango tree: it was || (5) bearing much [fruit]. And so he did climb up and threw down wild mangoes [from] above. And so he did | (do) slip (and) [he] fell down (and) died. And so he did (do) finish crumbling to pieces. As they | did remain [in] town [his] wives (his, they) [did] not know (thing) [what their] husband (their, he) did do. And so Remembering | (she) did remember [their] husband (their). So she did call Finding-Path she (she) did | (see) [find the] path [their]

¹ *Bi* = "to catch, to take," literally.

² *Soñ metok* = to sound the depth of a stream at a ford or crossing-place. The one who does this advances with a stick or pole with which the depth of water is ascertained at each step before the step is taken. *Alok* (plural *metok*) is a pond or wide place in a stream.

³ *Bibôbolô* (singular *ôbôbolô*) = the long sticks of cooked cassava, the "staff of life" of West African coast, commonly called "kank" by Europeans. Before a journey is undertaken, enough of these "sticks" are cooked to last for the journey.

⁴ *Mvan* = to go hunting or fishing out in the forest by camping there for some time. Rude shelters, called *bibem*, are built out in the forest when people go *mvan*.

husband (he) did go. And so they did go [that] path there, [to] see [the] river [their] husband (their) || (10) (he) did cross. Sounding-Fords (she) did cross them: they reached [the] bank (beyond) [on the other side]. Then | they did reach wild mango tree under and saw [that their] husband (he) was very small pieces. And so they did | call Pick-Things-Up. She picked up [the pieces of her] husband. Then they did call Bring-to-Life. | She brought back to life [her] husband. And so they did go [to the] village and rejoice[d] because they (did see | good) [felt glad]. When Husband (he) was about to enter [the] hut [of] one of (them) [his wives] all quarrelled over him. Remembering || (15) [said] thus, He is mine because I did remember (that of) him. Finding-Path [said] thus, He is mine | because I did find [the] path. Sounding-Fords [said] thus, He is mine because I did sound | [the] river. Picking-Things-Up [said] thus, He is mine because I did pick [him] up (him). Bring-to-Life [said] thus, | He is mine because I did bring [him] to life (him). And so they did go to (cutters) [the settlers of] disputes. | He [said] thus, Hm! you all, he is husband yours all.

4. WHY ALL THE BIRDS HATE HAWK.

A nga bo na, ze a nga kombô yen abañ amu a nga yi wôé nye ane a nga wulu afan ve te ke yen abañ. ane a nga yen zum a bet élé yôp a yene fe abo abañ wôé. ane a nga sili zum na, za a ne abo di? zumu¹ na, abo abañ le. ze na, tame² zu me ne va. ane zumu a nga sise si. ane ze a nga nyoñe jôm be kalan ajô a jô zumu na, kalan na, éyoñ w'aye yen abañ a bô si va te ve'ele kate nye na, ze a zu valé, amu m'aye wôé nye. ane ze a nga kôlô. ane abañ a nga zu a ke ôyo. ane zumu a nga yene ze a za'a ôbe ôyap a jô nye na, wulu'u avô!³ wulu'u avô! ane abañ a nga kôlô si⁴ a ke mbil a kui ôôé. ze ve wô'ô abé ane a nga yene abañ momo. môs mfe éyoñ abañ a nga bô ôyo wôé, zumu a nga beta yene ze a za'ak. ane a nga jô abañ na, wulu'u avô! wulu'u avô! ze a zu bi wo. éyoñ ze a nga kui élé ane⁵ a nga koé abañ a tubeya.⁵ azu lale ze, zumu a nga bo fe nalé. ane ze a nga ya'a a ke jeñ ôbam a jô nye na, ô tame²

¹ In Bulu folk-tales, animals often have an extra letter or two affixed to the regular name or word for that animal; as, for example, *kulm* for *ku* = "tortoise;" *summ* for *sum*; etc.

² Untranslatable here.

³ The words, "wulu'u avô! wulu'u avô!" when properly intoned and spoken, sound very much like the call of the green forest pigeon or dove.

⁴ *Kôlô si* = "depart" or "leave ground or earth," literally.

⁵ *Tubeys* = past form of the verb *tup*, which literally means "to pierce or bore." When used in the sense of "to run away," it still conveys this idea of forcing a way through the jungle when running to escape.

- 15 wôé ma anon ese wo aye yen. ajô te ôbam w'abi anon ese a so môse te a zu kui môse wu amu zumu a nga kpwe'ele ze a du'u nye.

[Translation.]

(1) It did happen thus, Leopard (he) did wish [to] see Otter because he did wish [to] kill him. | And so he did walk [into the] forest but [did] not go [to] see Otter. Then he did see Pigeon (he) upon | [a] tree (up) and he saw also [the] track [of] Otter there. And so he did ask Pigeon thus, (Who he has) [Whose] track | [is] this? Pigeon [said] thus, [That is the] track [of] Otter (that). Leopard [said] thus, Come [where] I am here. And so Pigeon || (5) (he) did come down. Then Leopard (he) did take [the] thing (they swear palaver) [upon which they take an oath at a palaver] and said, Pigeon (thus), | swear thus when you (shall) see Otter (he) lying down here not try [to] tell him thus, Leopard (he) | comes there, because I shall kill him. And so Leopard (he) did leave. Then Otter (he) did | come and (go) [went to] sleep. And then Pigeon (he) did see Leopard (he) come rather far [away] and told him thus, | Walk quickly! walk quickly! And so Otter (he) did arise and (go) ran and reached || (10) [the] river. Leopard (hear badness) felt bad when he did see Otter (not any) [gone]. [Another] day (another) when | Otter (he) did lie asleep at that place, Pigeon (he) did again see Leopard (he was) coming. And so he did | say [to] Otter thus, Walk quickly! walk quickly! Leopard (he) comes to catch you. When Leopard (he) | did reach [the] tree he did find Otter (he) [had] run away. (Coming) [When he came] (three) [a third time] (Leopard) Pigeon (he) did | do again thus. Then Leopard (he) did become angry and (go) look[ed] for Hawk and said [to] him thus, You || (15) kill (for) me [all the] birds (all) you will see. Because of this Hawk (he) catches [all the] birds (all coming) [beginning with that] day (that) | (coming reaching) [to this] day (this) because Pigeon (he) did torment Leopard and deceived him.

5. HOW THE BEES LOST THEIR FRIENDS.

- 1 A nga bo na, mvô'ôm ba be ayôme biôm bise bi alôan fé¹ be nga ke tabe élé jia. bise na, jôm e se ngu² ya kui va amu bia bese bi ne ayok. môs éziñ môt a nga lôt vôm ate. ane a nga yen wôé élé éte. nye nya, me ke bô'ô³ wôé. ane a nga ke nyoñ nduan ja, ba be bôte
5 befe. ane môt ate a nga bet élé yôp. eyoñ a nga ke kui bebé vôm wôé ô nga to, ane⁴ biom bise bi alôan bi nga lôpe nye. mvô'ôm fe

¹ Things which live in the forest and which sting.

² *Ngu* signifies literally "strength" or "power."

³ *Bô'ô* = literally "to chop out of a hollow tree," whether honey or edible grubs, etc. The word is *bôk*. It changes to *bô'ô*, when followed by another word, for euphony.

⁴ *Ane* is untranslatable as used here.

é nga zu lópe nye. ane a nga ku si, te fe ngule ya bô'ô wôé. ve mvô'ôm é nga kobô melu mese¹ ve na, ma! ma!² eyoñ biôm bise bi alðan bi nga wô'ô ajô te,³ be nga jô na, bi a⁴ ye fe tabe va. wôna bi nga kôlô. mvô'ôm ve li'i étam. môs mfe môt mfe a nga beta ke lôte vôm ate, a yene wôé.⁵ nye fe a nga bulan ja a nyoñ nduan a loene bôte befe. nde be nga ke kôban nduan. môte wua a nga bet élé yôp vôm wôé ô nga to. ane a nga dub⁶ nduan abôñ. mvô'ôm fok é nga zu a ya ve é nji bo nye jam, amu biôm bi alðan bi maneya kôlô. aso môs ate azukui den, bôt b'abô'ô wôé.

[Translation.]

(1) It did happen thus, Honey-Bees and they [all] small things that sting [into the] forest (they) did | go [to] live [in one] tree (one). All [said] thus, [No] thing (it not) can (to) reach here because we all (we) are | fierce. [One] day (one,) Man (he) did pass [that] place (that). And so he did see [that] honey-tree (that). | He [said] thus, I [will] go chop out [the] honey. And so he did go [to] get fire [from the] village, he [and other] people (other). || (5) Then [that] man (that, he) did climb [up the] tree (up). When he did (go) reach near [the] place [where the] | honey (it did stay) [was], [all the] things (all) which sting (they) did sting him. [The] Bees too | (they) did come [and] sting him. And so he did fall down, [he was] not again able to chop out honey. But | [the] Bees (they) did talk continually thus only, I! I! When [all the] things (all) | which sting (they) did hear [them] saying that, they did say thus, We [shall] not (again) [longer] remain here. Then || (10) they did leave. [The] Bees [were] left alone. [Another] day [another] man (another, he) did again go | pass [that] place (that), and saw [the] honey-tree. He also (he) did return [to the] village and get fire and | called [the] [other] people (other). And so they did go [to] light [a] fire. [One] man (one, he) did climb | [up the] tree (up) [to the] place [where the] honey (it did remain) [was]. Then he (did) put (in) [the] fire [into the] hollow of the tree. [Other] bees | (others, they) did come and became angry; but they [did] not do [to] him [any] thing, because things (they) [that] sting(ing) (they finished || (15) to go) [had gone] away. (Beginning) [From that] day (that) until to-day, people (they) cut out from trees honey.

¹ *Melu mese* = literally "all the nights," but is used only in the sense of "daily," "every day," or "continually."

² "Mal Mal" The *m* is, in narrating the tale, drawn out in imitation of the hum of the bees. *Ma* = the personal pronoun "I," used emphatically. It is "me" unless so used. The inference is, of course, that the other insects were offended at the bees, whose humming they interpreted as meaning, "We have driven away the man."

³ *Ajô* = literally "a saying, word, or an affair" ("palaver").

⁴ *A*, spoken with rising inflection, signifies negation.

⁵ *Wôé* is used both for "honey" and a "bee" or "honey-tree."

⁶ *Dwôp*, the *p* becoming *b*, forming the word *dwb*, means literally "to soak in water, soak, or wet:" hence "to soak the hollow of the bee-tree with fire, to kill the bees."

TWO FOLK-TALES FROM NYASALAND.

BY A. IRVING HALLOWELL.

In February, 1920, the following Yao texts were recorded from the dictation of Dr. Daniel Malekebu, an educated Bantu, who was then living in Philadelphia. Native to the region of Blantyre, south of Lake Nyasa, Dr. Malekebu has since returned to his people as a medical missionary. He speaks English fluently, and the free translations of the tales are based upon the word-for-word rendering which he gave. No claim to further accuracy can be made, however; and the writer is unqualified to offer any detailed linguistic analysis. The phonetics of the texts have to some degree been corroborated by notes made on this dialect by Dr. F. G. Speck, through whom I made the acquaintance of Dr. Malekebu, and at whose suggestion the attempt was made to salvage this bit of African folk-lore.

The phonetic orthography has the following values:—

VOWELS.

a	as in <i>father</i> .
e	like <i>a</i> in <i>fate</i> .
i	as in <i>pique</i> .
o	as in <i>note</i> .
u	like <i>oo</i> in <i>boot</i> .

CONSONANTS.

b, p, d, t, g, k, m, n, s	approximately as in English.
ŋ	palatal nasal, like <i>ng</i> in English <i>ring</i> .
l	as in English, except before the vowel <i>u</i> , when palatalization seems to take place.
tc, dj	surd and sonant prepalatal affricatives, like <i>ch</i> in English <i>church</i> , and <i>j</i> in <i>judge</i> .
w, y	semi-vowels.

I. AKALULU NI AKWITETE.

Kweleko wakuli wandu wawili, menagowo lialidji akalulu ni akwitete. Lualine wasosile kudja kutciwambo kusuma ŋguo. Nipo powayitce kutciwamboko ni wosepe wasumile ŋguo, nambo akwitete wasumile ŋguo djambone, nambo akalulu wasumile ŋguo djakusakala; nipo akalulu walidji wangakondwa. Powadjawulaga kumangwano

akalulu wambuledje akwitete ligongo nguo djakusalala. Wandjigele ni kumdjotca pamoto. Nambo miasi wakwiwadjasitce pamasamba ni djapangwitce tcidjuni. Nipo akalulu powagonile tcidjuni tcitca-djimbile nyibo, "wawuledje akwitete ligongo nguo djakusalala akwitete." Nipo akaluluwawadjikamwile tcidjunitci ni kutciulaga. Nambo miasi djakwiwadjasitce ni kupaŋgania tcidjuni. Nambo akalulu powadjesile wadjilekugona soni tcidjunitce tcadjile kwimba nyibo djakwe, "niwawuledje akwitete ligongo nguo djakusalala akwitete." Powayitce kumusi wandu watite, "akwitete alikwapi?" Nipo akalulu watite, "awile." Nambo tcidjunitce tcadjimbile nyibo djakwi, "niwawumledje akwitete ligongo nguo djakusalala akwitete." Nipo wandu wamkamwile akalulu ni kumbulaga.

[Translation.]

MR. RABBIT AND MR. GRASSHOPPER.

(Once) there were two people. Their names were Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Grasshopper. One day they wanted to buy cloth at Quilemane; and after they arrived at Quilemane, they both bought cloth. Mr. Grasshopper purchased a very beautiful piece of cloth; but Mr. Rabbit bought a piece of cloth (that was) less beautiful, and Mr. Rabbit was unhappy. On their way home Mr. Rabbit killed Mr. Grasshopper because of Mr. Grasshopper's beautiful cloth. He took him and burned him (the grasshopper) in the fire, but (it happened that) his blood was spilled on to a leaf and was transformed into a bird. When Mr. Rabbit went to sleep, this bird started to sing a song (over and over again): "He has killed Mr. Grasshopper because of Mr. Grasshopper's beautiful cloth." (Now,) Mr. Rabbit was able to catch this bird, and he killed it; but its blood was spilled, and was (again) transformed into a bird. When Mr. Rabbit had walked another day's journey, he went to sleep again, and (then) the bird went to singing its song (over and over again): "He has killed Mr. Grasshopper because of Mr. Grasshopper's beautiful cloth." When Mr. Rabbit arrived at the village, the people asked, "Where is Mr. Grasshopper?" And Mr. Rabbit replied, "He is dead." But the bird once again sang its refrain: "He has killed Mr. Grasshopper because of Mr. Grasshopper's beautiful cloth," and the people caught Mr. Rabbit and killed him.

2. NDANO DJA LISIMBA NI MBALAPI.

Lualine mwa Africa liakuli lisimba liadjile kwilambo. Ni liyasimene mbalapi, nipo lisimbali lidja kamwile mbalapisi, nipo djinebalapi djatite, "ndawidjine naga lisimba liitci kwende tuitce makongolo getu pampepe nipo tumanyane." Nambo lisimba liyaitce kusosa kuŋkamula balapi lisimba lipilaitce balapisi siyatandite kumenyana. Nam-

bo lisimba nganaliulaga. Balapidjine djatite, "naga lisimba liitce kwende tuitce mitwe djetu pampepe kanga lisimba tiliitce tutuminyane lisimbali." Lyaitce nipo mbalapisi djawitcile mitwe pompepe, nipo wamanyane ni waliuledje lisimbali.

[Translation.]

STORY OF LION AND ZEBRA.

One day in Africa there was a lion which went to the plains. And he found a zebra, and this lion he caught this zebra. And the other zebras they said, "When the lion comes the next time, let us place our feet together and kick." (So,) when the lion came waiting again to catch the zebras, they (got together and) began to kick. But they did not succeed in killing the lion. One of the zebras then said, "When the lion comes, let us put our heads together! We shall (then) kick the lion when he comes." He (the lion) came; and (this time) the zebras placed their heads together, and they kicked and they killed the lion.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SHORT NOTES ON SOUL-TRAPPING IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

BY L. W. G. MALCOLM, M.SC. (CANTAB.).

THE object of the present communication¹ is to record certain observations concerning the trapping of a man's *ukpõn*, or bush-soul as it is more commonly called, in the Efik area, southern Nigeria, West Africa. The whole question of the religious beliefs of the natives of certain tribes in southern Nigeria appears to be a complex one, more especially with regard to their ideas concerning the functions of the soul.² In the present paper I propose to refer only to that entity which has been called the "bush-soul."

According to Miss Kingsley,³ the Efik believe that every person is endowed with four distinct souls,³ one of which is external and dwells in wild-beast form. This external soul may only exist in any wild animal, but never in one domesticated or in a plant.⁴

In order that a man may know the nature of his bush-soul, he invokes the aid of a wizard, who, according to the amount of payment given, will designate any animal he thinks may be desired. Thereafter the connection between the man and the animal is both close and intimate. For example, a leopard was captured in Old Town, Calabar, on the 18th of October, 1915, and an old man appeared before the authorities and claimed that the animal was the possessor of his bush-soul. He begged that it might be released, but permission was refused. He then asked that he might be allowed to measure it with a length of rope, and as a final request asked that he might be allowed to strike it with his fist before it was shot. All these requests were recognized as subterfuges, in order to allow the animal to escape when the door of the cage was opened.

¹ The information contained in these notes was collected at Calabar in 1918. For permission to consult his notes I have to thank the Rev. J. K. MacGregor of that town.

² J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, *Balder the Beautiful*, 2 (1913) : 204-206; (Miss) M. Kingsley, *Travels in West Africa* (1897), 459-461; J. Parkinson, "Notes on the Efik Belief in Bush-soul" (*Man*, 6 [1906] : No. 80); A. E. Crawley, *The Idea of the Soul*, 1909.

³ Ankermann does not consider that the Efik have four souls. He says, "Ich halte diese Teilung für irrtümlich und verweise demgegenüber auf die zitierte Bemerkung Nassauss über die verschiedenen Erscheinungsformen der Seele; die erste, dritte und vierte Seele Miss Kingsleys sind jedenfalls eine und dasselbe."—"Totenkult und Seelenglaube bei Afrikanischen Völkern" (*Zeitschr. für Ethnol.*, 1918 : 112).

⁴ J. G. Frazer, *op. cit.*, 205.

Concerning the Efik belief in the external soul, Goldie¹ says that the "*ukpong* is the native word we have taken to translate our word 'soul.' It primarily signifies the shadow of a person. It also signifies that which dwells within a man, on which his life depends, but which may detach itself from the body, and, visiting places here and there, again return to its abode in the man. Besides all this, the word is used to designate an animal possessed of an *ukpong*, so connected with a person's *ukpong*, so they mutually act upon each other. When the leopard or crocodile, or whatever animal may be a man's *ukpong*, gets sick or dies, the like thing happens to him. Many individuals, it is believed, have the power of changing into the animals which are their *ukpong*."

To trap a man's soul, the wizard (*abiaidiön*) learns from all possible sources what are his proposed victim's chief desires. This is done generally by an enemy, who conveys the information to the wizard. The two then go to a secluded spot in the forest. A cock is held up by the wizard, and the soul is called to come for the thing which is most desired. Sometimes this is the name of a favored girl, some particular food, or material wealth. The wizard then holds up a wooden dish (*aqua*); and if the soul has not come and lodged in it, use must be made of some other favored desire. When the wizard considers that the *ukpöñ* is in the dish, it is speared.

As a man has an animal as well as a human *ukpöñ*, it is the former which is trapped and speared. If the *ukpöñ* of a leopard is sought, parts of the body of this animal would be used to trap it. Sometimes the *ukpöñ* is not killed outright, but only wounded. In such a case the man whose *ukpöñ* has been trapped will become seriously ill. If the *ukpöñ* is killed, then the human *ukpöñ* will sever its connection with the man's body and go straight to the home of the dead (*obio ekpo*). There is thus a real and sympathetic relationship between the animal and its *ukpöñ*. It is the latter which is captured by the wizard, the animal itself remaining in the forest. It is believed that only a wizard can see the *ukpöñ*, and it is not every wizard who has the ability to trap it.

When the *ukpöñ* has been injured, the man affected immediately makes inquiries, and consults a rival wizard, who, by means of "medicine," endeavors to find out who has trapped the *ukpöñ*. In one way or another, in which money may be spent freely, the identity of the trapper is ascertained. In many cases a family feud results after a man's *ukpöñ* has been injured. If the guilty person is found, he is forced to undergo the *mbiam* test, and be judged by the tribal authorities. If all the facts are not brought to light, the wizard is compelled to reveal the whole affair.

¹ H. Goldie, Calabar and its Mission (Edinburgh and London, 1901), 51-52.

It is possible for a man to have more than one animal *ukpõñ*; but this is not common, except in the case of chiefs. Bush-souls may also be inherited.

An *ukpõñ* may be purchased, but in no case may a man have more than one inherited and one purchased *ukpõñ*. To purchase an *ukpõñ* the wizard is approached, and informed of the man's desire, and on the payment of a heavy sum of money this desire is generally gratified. It may be used to make a man strong or rich, or to harm a rival or enemy. For example, the owner of a large flock of sheep or goats is envied by a neighbor, who purchases a leopard *ukpõñ*, which will result in the real animal destroying them. In this way the power of the purchased *ukpõñ* may be stronger than that of the inherited one, because it can be chosen for a definite purpose. If a man enjoys good or indifferent health, if he is poor or rich, it is all the result of his having a corresponding *ukpõñ*. The inherited *ukpõñ* may die; and in this case the man will weaken, but not die. If the purchased *ukpõñ* dies, then the man will weaken and die.

The animal *ukpõñ* is transferable. If a man has a bush-cat (*ikiko*) *ukpõñ*, and it is trapped, "medicine" is made in order that the trapper may become forgetful. If the actual animal dies, then its *ukpõñ* may be transferred to some other animal. I was unable to find out what are the beliefs concerning the duality of the *ukpõñ* in animals.

Frazer¹ says that when a man dies, then the animal which contains his external soul "becomes insensible and quite unconscious of the approach of danger. Thus a hunter can capture or kill him with ease."

It is believed that everything, both animate and inanimate, is endowed with an *ukpõñ*. Thus, when a chief died in the Efik area, he was buried with his women slaves and personal belongings, the *ukpõñ* of all these being believed necessary to the comfort of the chief's ghost in the home of the dead (*obio ekpo*). Included among the slaves was the woman (*akani ukpõhori*) who tended the late chief's boxes and kept the key of his money-box. Her right hand was bored, and the keys thrust through the opening; the woman who tended the lights had a native lamp attached to her right hand in a like manner. In addition to slaves, all the late chief's personal belongings were buried with his body, in order that their *ukpõñ* might accompany his ghost to the home of the dead.

The explanation of the Efik belief in the bush-soul is somewhat difficult to understand. Frazer² considers that here we seem to have something like the personal totem "on its way to become hereditary, and so grow into the totem of a clan."

Ankermann considers that the evidence at present is insufficient,

¹ J. G. Frazer, *op. cit.*, 205-206.

² *Ibid.*, 222 (note).

but that there appear to be traces of sex totemism. Further, if, as Frazer¹ thinks from information supplied by Mr. Henshaw, a man may only marry a woman with the same sort of bush-soul, then we have an example of totemic endogamy.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

¹ J. G. Frazer, *op. cit.*, 205. ". . . A man may only marry a woman who has the same sort of bush-soul as himself; for example, if his bush-soul is a leopard, his wife must also have a leopard for her bush-soul. Further, we learn . . . that a person's bush-soul need not be that either of his father or of his mother. For example, a child with a hippopotamus for his bush-soul may be born into a family, all the members of which have wild pigs for their bush-souls; this happens when the child is a reincarnation of a man whose external soul was a hippopotamus."

NEGRO SPIRITUALS FROM THE FAR SOUTH.

BY A. E. PERKINS.

THE Negro spirituals of slavery times were composed in the fields, in the kitchen, at the loom, in the cabin at night, and were inspired by some sad or awe-inspiring event. The death of a beloved one, even one of the master's family, the hardness of a master or his cruelty, the selling of friends or relatives, and heart-rending separations, a camp-meeting, a great revival, the sadness and loneliness of old age, unusual phenomena such as the bursting of a comet,—any of these might be sources of inspiration.

Negro folk-song making still goes on. The "Titanic" sank on Sunday, April 14, 1912. The following Sunday I saw on a train a blind preacher selling a ballad he had composed on the disaster. The title was "Didn't that ship go down?" I remember one stanza:—

"God Almighty talked like a natural man,
Spoke so the people could understand."

To-day spirituals divide themselves roughly into regular service songs, class or covenant meeting songs, and prayer-meeting songs. The service songs are usually sung to slow time, and are soft and melodious. By "service" I mean the preaching-service. The audience must be led up to a point of fervor and sympathy for the sermon. The songs reveal struggles passed through during the last week or month by the members. The earnest and touching "amens," the moans and frequent interruptions from voices in the midst of the song, expressing faith, telling of triumphs over troubles and of ordeals passed through, go down to the fundamentals of Negro religious life.

"What trials have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last?"

This stanza is a quotation, not from a spiritual, but from a hymn that is much loved by Negro church congregations; for the Negro, with a few changes in time and tone, and an adaptation of various other parts of hymns to suit his taste, has slightly turned many of the standard church-hymns into modified spirituals.

A growing sentiment for standard and classical music, both in church and social life, is tending to push the spirituals into the back-

ground. They must go, in fact. Many, many years will pass by, of course, before they will be forgotten and have fallen into complete disuse by the rural church, and in the church of the masses in the cities even; nevertheless they are passing away. They are almost entirely discarded to-day by the élite church of the race. They have no striking meaning for the spirit and life of the forward and intelligent groups of Negroes of to-day.

I. IN SOME LONESOME GRAVEYARD.

(*A fragment.*)

This time another year
I may be gone in some lonesome graveyard,
O Lord! how long?

2. KING JESUS WILL BE MINE.

(*A fragment.*)

When the moon go down in a purple stream,
Purple stream,
And the sun refuse to shine,
And every star shall disappear,
King Jesus will be mine.

3. KING JESUS COME ER RIDIN' 'LONG.

(*A fragment.*)

Dark clouds is er risin',
Thunder-balls er burstin';
King Jesus come er ridin' 'long
Wid er rainbo' 'cross his shoulders.

4. DON'T CARE WHER' YER BURY MY BODY.

Don't care wher' yer bury my body,
Don't care wher' yer bury my body,
Don't care wher' yer bury my body;
Oh, mer little soul gwi' rise and shine,
Oh, mer little soul gwi' rise and shine.

Bury mer body 'n de east of de garden,
Bury mer body 'n de east of de garden,
Bury mer body 'n de east of de garden;
Oh, mer little soul gwi' rise and shine!
Oh, mer little soul gwi' rise and shine!

5. I WISH THAT HEAVEN WAS MINE.

I wish that heaven was mine,
I wish that heaven would be mine,
I wish that heaven was mine;
Oh, save me, Lord, save me!

I called to my brother,
My brother hearkened to me,
The las' word I heard him say
Was, "Save me, Lord, save me!"

I wish that heaven was mine, etc.

6. DEAD AND GONE.

Chorus.

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
All the friend I have's dead and gone.

My dear mother died a-shoutin',
All the friend I have's dead and gone.

(Chorus.)

My poor brother died a-shoutin',
All the friend I have's dead and gone.

(Chorus.)

My poor sister died a-shoutin',
All the friend I have's dead and gone.

(Chorus.)

My poor father died a-shoutin',
All the friend I have's dead and gone.

(Chorus.)

My poor Elder died a-shoutin',
All the friend I have's dead and gone.

7. GIVE ME JESUS.¹

In the mornin' when I rise,
In the mornin' when I rise,
In the mornin' when I rise,
Give me Jesus.

Chorus.

Give me Jesus, give me Jesus;
You may have all this world,
Give me Jesus.

Ef it's 'fore day when I rise,
Ef it's 'fore day when I rise,
Ef it's 'fore day when I rise,
Give me Jesus.

(Chorus.)

¹ A very popular class-meeting song.

Ef it's midnight when I rise,
 Ef it's midnight when I rise,
 Ef it's midnight when I rise,
 Give me Jesus.

(*Chorus.*)

8. WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN THE FIRST TRUMPET SOUNDS?

Chorus.

Where shall I be when the first trumpet sounds,
 Where I be when it sounds so loud,
 It sounds so loud till it wake up the dead;
 Oh, where shall I be when it sounds?

Moses, Moses, he did live till he got old,
 Where shall I be?
 He was buried in the mountain, so I'm told,
 Where shall I be?

Joshua was the son of Nun,
 Where shall I be?
 Prayed for the Lord to stop the sun,
 Where shall I be?

9. O HALLELUYER, GOOD LORD!

("In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea, a saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—*MATT. iii. 1, 2.*)

And halleluyer, good Lord!
 Halleluyer, good Lord!
 Halleluyer, good Lord!

I heard Rachel cry,
 Heard Rachel cry,
 Heard Rachel cry.

What Rachel cryin' erbout?
 What's Rachel cryin' erbout?
 What's Rachel cryin' erbout?

She's cryin' erbout her child,
 She's cryin' erbout her child,
 She's cryin' erbout her child.

What's the matter with her child?
 What's the matter with her child?
 What's the matter with her child?

Oh, the king's goin' slay her child,
 The king's goin' slay her child,
 The king's goin' slay her child.

Oh, the Lord's goin' save her child,
Now, the Lord's goin' save her child,
Now, the Lord's goin' save her child.

Oh, halleluyer, good Lord!
Halleluyer, good Lord!
Halleluyer, good Lord!

IO. THE OLD ARK'S ER MOVIN'.

Chorus.

Oh, the old Ark's er-movin', movin', movin',
The old Ark's er-movin', movin' erlong.

Heaven's so high, heaven's so high,
None can enter but the sanctified.

(Chorus.)

When I git to heaven, be able to tell,
Two archangels goin' tone one bell.

(Chorus.)

When I git to heaven, ain't I goin' to shout,
Nobody dare can take me out.

(Chorus.)

II. 'MEMBER DYIN' DAY.

(" But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."—ISAIAH xl. 31.)

Chorus.

Go, Mary, go! Run, Martha, run!
Go tell de Lord I am on my way.

Got my 'ligion in de hard time,
Jesus gi' me de eagle's wings;
Got my 'ligion in de hard time;
'Member dyin' day.

(Chorus.)

Don't care what you call me,
Jesus gi' me de eagle's wings;
Don't care what you call me,
'Member dyin' day.

(Chorus.)

Call me a slothful member,
Jesus gi' me de eagle's wings;
Call me a slothful member;
'Member dyin' day.

(Chorus.)

Call me a long-tongue liar,
 Jesus gi' me de eagle's wings;
 Call me a long-tongue liar,
 'Member dyin' day.

(*Chorus.*)

12. WHERE SHALL I GO TO EASE ER MY TROUBLED MIND?

("Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. . . . I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I."—ST. JOHN xiv. 27, 28.)

Where shall I go,
 Where shall I go,
 Where shall I go,
 To ease a my troubléd mind?

Go to God
 To ease my troubléd mind,
 Go to God
 To ease a my troubléd mind.

Where shall I go,
 Where shall I go,
 Where shall I go,
 To ease a my troubléd mind?

In the valley
 To ease my troubléd mind,
 In the valley
 To ease a my troubléd mind.

Where shall I go, etc.

On my knees, etc.

13. MER KNEE-BONES IS ER ACHIN'.

("The Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?"—GEN. iii. 9.)

Lord called Adam,
 Adam refused to answer;
 De secon' time he called him,
 He said, "Lord, here am I!"

Chorus.

Little chil'un, you'd better b'lieve;
 U'm mos' don' worryin' wid de crosses;
 Little chil'un, you'd better b'lieve,
 Try ter git home to heb'n by am by.

Mer knee-bones is er-achin',
Mer body's rackin' wid de pain,
I b'lieve ter mer soul U'm er chile of God,
And heb'n is er my aim.¹

(Chorus.)

14. MASTER'S IN DE FIELD.²

Sister, carry de news on,
Master's in de field;
Sister, carry de news on,
Master's in de field.

Pray independen', pray bold,
Master's in de field;
Pray independen', pray bold,
Master's in de field.

Brother, carry de news on,
Master's in de field;
Brother, carry de news on,
Master's in de field.

Walk independen', walk bold,
Master's in de field;
Walk independen', walk bold,
Master's in de field.

Elder, carry de news on,
Master's in de field;
Elder, carry de news on,
Master's in de field.

Shout independen', shout bold,
Master's in de field;
Shout independen', shout bold,
Master's in de field.

15. FALL ON MER KNEES AND PRAY.

Sister Mary was walkin' in de garden,
Waterin' de withered plants;
She put on de wings of Noah's dove,
With a great long trail behind,
A great long trail behind her,
And a great long trail behind.

¹ This verse would more logically come first.

² A very old spiritual.

Fall on mer knees and pray-a-a,
 Fall on mer knees and pray.
 Fall on mer knees and pray-a-a,
 Fall on mer knees and pray.

16. I'M GOIN' UP HOME.

("All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—JOB xiv. 14.)

Chorus.

Oh, wait till my change comes!
 I'm goin' up home.
 Oh, wait till my change comes!
 I'm goin' up home on de cloud.

Moses, Moses, he did live till he got old;
 Died in de mountain, so I'm told.

(Chorus.)

H for Hannah, how happy was she,
 Walking on de pillars of Galilee!

(Chorus.)

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Tell me where my Saviour's gone.

(Chorus.)

Pluck one block out uv Satan's wall,
 Heard stumble, and I saw him fall.

(Chorus.)

17. THAT'S ANOTHER WITNESS FOR MY LORD.

Read in Genesis, you understand,
 Methus'lah was de oldest man,
 Lived nine hundred and sixty-nine,
 Died and went to heaven in due time.

Methus'lah was a witness for my Lord,
 Methus'lah was a witness for my Lord.

You read about Sampson from his birth,
 Strongest man that lived on de earth;
 'Way back yonder in ancient times,
 He slayed three thousand of de Philistines.

Sampson he went wandering about,
 For his strength hadn't been found out;
 His wife dropped down upon her knees,
 Said, "Sampson, tell me where your strength lies, please."

Delila talked so good and fair;
He told her his strength lie in his hair;
"Shave my head just as clean as your hands,
And my strength'll be like a nachual man's."

Wasn't that a witness for my Lord?
Wasn't that a witness for my Lord?

Isaiah, mounted on de wheel o' time,
Spoke to God Ermighty way down de line:
Said, "O Lord! to me reveal
How can this vile race be healed?"

God said, "Tell de sons of men
Unto them'll be born a king.
Them that believe upon his way,
They shall rest in de latter day."

Isaiah was a witness for my Lord,
Isaiah was a witness for my Lord.

There was a man amongst de Pharisees
Named Nicodemus, and he didn't believe;
He went to the Master in de night,
And told him to take him out er human sight.

"You are de Christ, I'm sure it's true,
For none do de miracles dat you do;
But how can a man now old in sin
Turn back still and be born again?"

Christ said, "Man, if you want to be wise,
You'd better repent and be baptized;
Believe on me, de Son of Man,
Then you will be born'd again."

An' you'll be a witness.

18. I'M ROLLIN', I'M ROLLIN', THROUGH AN UNFRIENDLY WORLD.

O sister! won't you help me?
O sister! won't you help me to pray?
O sister! won't you help me,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?

Chorus.

I'm er-rollin', I'm er-rollin',
I'm er-rollin', through an unfriendly world;
I'm er-rollin', I'm er-rollin',
Through an unfriendly world.

Journal of American Folk-Lore.

O brother! won't you help me?
 O brother! won't you help me to pray?
 O brother! won't you help me,
 Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?
 (Chorus.)

O preacher! won't you help me?
 O preacher! won't you help me to pray?
 O preacher! won't you help me,
 Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?
 (Chorus.)

O mourner! won't you help me?
 O mourner! won't you help me to pray?
 O mourner! won't you help me,
 Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?
 (Chorus.)

O Christian! won't you help me?
 O Christian! won't you help me to pray?
 O Christian! won't you help me,
 Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?
 (Chorus.)

19. OH, WHAT A TRYIN' TIME!

Wasn't that er tryin' time with the sinner?
 Wasn't that er tryin' time with the sinner?
 Wasn't that er tryin' time with the sinner?
 Oh, what er tryin' time!

What you goin' to do when the world's on fire?
 What you goin' to do when the world's on fire?
 What you goin' to do when the world's on fire?
 Oh, what er tryin' time!

Don't you see that fire er-boilin'?
 Don't you see that fire er-boilin'?
 Don't you see that fire er-boilin'?
 Oh, what er tryin' time!

Don't you hear them sinners howlin'?
 Don't you hear them sinners howlin'?
 Don't you hear them sinners howlin'?
 Oh, what er tryin' time!

Wasn't that er tryin' time with the convert?
 Wasn't that er tryin' time with the convert?
 Wasn't that er tryin' time with the convert?
 Oh, what er tryin' time!

20. DON' YER GRIEVE AFTER ME.

("And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. . . . And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—GEN. xxviii. 10-12.)

Oh, when U'm dead and buried,
Don't yer grieve after me;
When U'm dead and buried,
Oh, I don' wan' yer to grieve after me!

We're climbin' Jacob's ladder,
Don't yer grieve after me;
We're climbin' Jacob's ladder,
Don't yer grieve after me;
We're climbin' Jacob's ladder,
Don't yer grieve after me;
Oh, I don' want yer grieve after me!

Every round gits higher and higher,
Don' yer grieve after me;
Every round gits higher and higher,
I see my Jesus comin', don't yer grieve after me, etc.

21. ALL ER MY SINS ARE TAKEN ERWAY.

Chorus.

All er my sins are taken erway,
All er my sins are taken erway,
All er my sins are taken erway,
Oh, glory to His name!
All er my sins are taken erway,
Taken erway.

Sister Mary wore three links of chain,
Sister Mary wore three links of chain,
Sister Mary wore three links of chain,
Every link had Jesus' name.
All er my sins are taken erway,
Taken erway.

(Chorus.)

If I had er died when I was young,
I had er died when I was young,
If I had er died when I was young,
I wouldn't have had this race to run.
All er my sins are taken erway,
Taken erway.

(Chorus.)

The tallest tree in Paradise,
 The tallest tree in Paradise,
 The tallest tree in Paradise,
 The Christians call it the tree of life.
 All er my sins are taken erway,
 Taken erway.

(*Chorus.*)

As I went down in the valley to pray,
 As I went down in the valley to pray,
 I went down in the valley to pray,
 I went down in the valley to pray,
 My soul got happy and I staid all day.
 All er my sins are taken erway,
 Taken erway.

(*Chorus.*)

If I had wings like Noah's dove,
 If I had wings like Noah's dove,
 If I had wings like Noah's dove,
 I'd fly away to the world above,
 All er my sins are taken erway,
 Taken erway.

(*Chorus.*)

22. JINE DE MORNIN' BAND.

Chorus.

Good-mornin', good-mornin'!
 Jine de mornin' band!
 Good-mornin', good-mornin'!
 Good-mornin', good-mornin'!
 Jine de mornin' band!

Oh, run erlong, mourner, and git your crown!
 Jine de mornin' band!
 By your Father's side set down,
 Jine de mornin' band!

(*Chorus.*)

Look up yonder what I see,
 Jine de mornin' band!
 A band of angels after me,
 Jine de mornin' band!

(*Chorus.*)

Shout, my sister, fer you are free,
 Jine de mornin' band!
 Fer God's done bought your liberty,
 Jine de mornin' band!

(*Chorus.*)

23. THERE'S ER LITTLE WHEEL ER-ROLLIN' IN MY HEART.

There's er little wheel er-rollin' in my heart,
There's er little wheel er-rollin' in my heart,
There's a little wheel er-rollin' in my heart,
An' surely my Jesus mus' be true.

I'm er-prayin' fer my brother in my heart,
I'm er-prayin' fer my brother in my heart,
I'm prayin' fer my brother in my heart,
An' surely my Jesus mus' be true.

I'm prayin' fer my sister in my heart,
I'm prayin' fer my sister in my heart,
I'm prayin' fer my sister in my heart,
An' surely my Jesus mus' be true.

24. I'M ER PORE LITTLE ORPHAN CHILE IN DE WORLD.

Chorus.

I'm er pore little orphan chile in de worl',
Chile in de worl',
I'm er pore little orphan chile in de worl',
I'm er pore little orphan chile in de worl';
Good Lord! I cannot stay here by myself.

My mother an' father both are dead,
Both are dead, etc.

(Chorus.)

De train done whistled, and de cars are gone,
Cars are gone, etc.

(Chorus.)

My brothers an' sisters all are gone,
All are gone, etc.

(Chorus.)

I got my ticket fer de train,
Fer de train, etc.

(Chorus.)

25. THERE'S LOVE-FEAST IN HEAVEN TO-DAY.

Chorus.

Hail, oh, hail! Hail, oh, hail!
Hail, oh, hail!
There's love-feast in the heaven to-day.

God Ermighty spoke to Brother Jonah one day,
 Love-feast in the heaven to-day;
 He told Brother Jonah to go his way,
 Love-feast in the heaven to-day.
 (*Chorus.*)

I looked towards the Northen pole,
 Love-feast in heaven to-day;
 I saw dark clouds and fire roll,
 Love-feast in heaven to-day.
 (*Chorus.*)

Oh, look up yonder what I see,
 Love-feast in heaven to-day;
 A band of angels after me,
 Love-feast in heaven to-day.
 (*Chorus.*)

26. DON' GIT WEARY.

Christians, don't git weary,
 Christians, don't git weary,
 Christians, don't git weary,
 For the work is 'most done.

I have a brother over yonder,
 I have a brother over yonder,
 I have a brother over yonder,
 For the work is 'most done.

Brother, don't git weary,
 Brother, don't git weary,
 Brother, don't git weary,
 For the work is 'most done.

Big camp-meetin' over yonder,
 Big camp-meetin' over yonder,
 Big camp-meetin' over yonder,
 For the work is 'most done.

Elder, don't git weary,
 Elder, don't git weary,
 Elder, don't git weary,
 For the work is 'most done.

I have a mother over yonder,
 I have a mother over yonder,
 I have a mother over yonder,
 For the work is 'most done.

27. BY AN' BY I SHALL SEE JESUS.

(*A Fragment.*)

By an' by I shall see Jesus,
By an' by I shall see Jesus,
By an' by I shall see Jesus,
In that land over there.

28. I BEEN DOWN AND TRIED.

(*A Fragment.*)

Arise, O mourner! I been down and tried,
Arise, O mourner! I been down and tried.

I done been up, and I done been down,
Been down and tried,
I done been upon de groun',
I been down and died.

Arise, O mourner! etc.

29. SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT!

This melody embodies in words and music the elemental fervor and emotion characteristic of the Negro. The notes are inimitably soft and soothing, with moderate time. The refrain may be sung in solo or unison. It is one of the old and now exceedingly popular Negro songs, and is most frequently asked for by white auditors who visit Negro schools, colleges, and public entertainments with programmes of a literary and religious nature.

Refrain.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!

I looked over Jordan, an' what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home!
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home!

(*Refrain.*)

If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home!
Jes' tell my friends I'm comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home!

(*Refrain.*)

I'm sometimes up, an' sometimes down,
 Comin' for to carry me home;
 But still my soul feels heavenward bound,
 Comin' for to carry me home.

(*Refrain.*)

30. "COME DOWN, ANGEL, AND TROUBLE THE WATER!"
 OR, "O ROCK ER MY SOUL!"

("For an angel¹ went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." — ST. JOHN v. 4.)

Chorus.

Come down, angel, and trouble the water,
 Come down, angel, and trouble the water,
 Come down, angel, and trouble the water,
 O rock er my soul!

Before I'd lay in hell one day,
 O rock er my soul!
 I' sing an' pray my soul erway,
 O rock er my soul!

(*Chorus.*)

I love to shout, I love to sing,
 O rock er my soul!
 I love to praise my heavenly King,
 O rock er my soul!

Refrain.

Rock er my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 Rock er my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 Rock er my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
 O rock er my soul!

I think I hear the sinner say,
 O rock er my soul!
 My Saviour taught me how to pray,
 O rock er my soul!

(*Chorus.*)

Jesus told me once before,
 O rock er my soul!
 To "go in peace an' sin no more,"
 O rock er my soul!

(*Chorus.*)

¹ Not "angels," as it is often rendered, but "angel."

I hope to meet my brother there,
O rock er my soul!
That used to join me here in prayer,
O rock er my soul!

(*Chorus.*)

Observations and Comment.—I do not think the early rendition of this old and popular spiritual by the early Fisk Jubilee Singers was strictly true, either to words or music. This would be expected, as the original would be exceedingly difficult to put to music. There are, in fact, no keys and chords that could fully comprehend many of these melodies. The only true and exact rendition would have to be made by the use of the graphophone. Different sections of the South have different renditions, of course, as most of the spirituals have, varying but slightly usually in both words and music. The above rendition or wording differs from the Fisk Singers' rendition, and I believe it more true to the original song. It is provincial to Mississippi, Louisiana, and western Alabama.

31. GOIN' TO STAN' ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

Chorus.

Goin' stand on the walls of Zion
An' view that ship come sailin',
Goin' stand on the walls of Zion,
To see it give erway.

Brothers, ain't you mighty glad
Goin' to leave this sinful army?
Brothers, ain't you mighty glad
To see it give erway?

Sisters, ain't you mighty glad, etc.
(*Chorus.*)

Mourners, ain't you mighty glad, etc.
(*Chorus.*)

Christians, ain't you mighty glad, etc.
(*Chorus.*)

32. REAP WHAT WE SOW.

The words and music are by Rev. Charles P. Jones, noted Evangelist and song-writer, of Christ Church, Jackson, Miss. Here may be seen an evolution in Negro spirituals, the irresistible influence of higher contact with the white man, and the effect of education and

changing social and religious conditions of the Negro. Dr. Jones is one of the most eloquent and unique characters in the Negro pulpit to-day; and he has filled some of the most distinguished white pulpits, both North and South. His religious fervor, implicit faith in a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, education and natural ability, have given him a national reputation.

("For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.)

Reap what we sow! Oh, solemn thought,
With what an awful meaning fraught!
Yet surely we to judgment go
To reap just what in life we sow.

Chorus.

Yes, reap just what we sow;
Let's mind, then, what we do;
'Tis God's decree for you and me
To reap just what we sow.

Reap what we sow! Oh, when and where
Shall this reward so sure appear?
Beginning in God's church forgiv'n,
'Twill end in either hell or heav'n.

(Chorus.)

Reap what we sow! No wealth or power
Can help us in that judgment hour,
Except the wealth of faith alone:
We're sure to reap what we have sown.

(Chorus.)

Reap what we sow! O God of grace!
Pardon us ere we meet Thy face!
Grant us full cleansing from all sin,
The Spirit place our hearts within.

(Chorus.)

Reap what we sow! Oh, grant that we
Sow to the Spirit constantly,
That when we shall to judgment go
We'll reap just what in life we sow.

(Chorus.)

33. IT'S ME, O LORD! STANDIN' IN DE NEED OF PRAYER.

("Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry."—Ps. lxxxviii. 2.)

Chorus.

It's me, it's me, O Lord!
Standin' in de need of prayer;
It's me, it's me, O Lord!
Standin' in de need of prayer.

It's not my brother,
But it's me, O Lord!
Standin' in de need of prayer;
It's not my brother,
But it's me, O Lord!
Standin' in de need of prayer.
(*Chorus.*)

It's not my sister, etc.
(*Chorus.*)

It's not my elder, etc.
(*Chorus.*)

It's not my mother, etc.
(*Chorus.*)

The reader will notice the constant recurrence of "mother," "brother," "sister," and "elder." This is common in the Negro spirituals. The word "Brother," "Sister," may refer to a fellow-member in the church, or a brother or sister by blood. "Elder" is the title usually applied to the minister in the humbler type of churches and the less educated group. "Mother," the word dear to all peoples, is not less dear to the lowly or the proud of colored race.

34. JOHN SAW THE HOLY NUMBER.

("And I heard the number of them which were sealed: and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand."—REV. vii, 4.)

Chorus.

John saw the Holy Number,
'Way in de middle of de air;
John saw de Holy Number,
'Way in de middle of de air.

I got er little book,
Gwi' read it through,
'Way in de middle o' de air;
I got Jesus well as you,
'Way in de middle of de air.

Refrain.

Come over, then,
John saw de Holy Number, etc.

Some er des mornin's bright and fair,
'Way in de middle o' de air,
Gwi' hitch on my wings
And try de air,
'Way in de middle of de air.
(*Chorus.*)

If yer wan' er dream dem heabenly dreams,
 'Way in de middle of de air,
 Jes' lay your head on Jordan's stream,
 'Way in de middle of air.

35. DRY BONES GWINE ER RISE ERGIN.

("O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. . . . Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: . . . and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone." — EZEKIEL xxxvii. 4-7.)

Most of the spirituals are founded on some striking Bible incident or character, the sequence of which incident or life gives comfort to the "traveler from earth to glory."

Refrain.

O little child'un!
 O little child'un!
 O little child'un!
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin.

Some go ter meetin' fer to sing an' shout,
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin;
 'Fore six months dey's all turned out,
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin.

(Refrain.)

Talk erbout me, but 'taint my fault,
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin;
 Me God Ermighty gwine er walk an' talk,
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin.

(Refrain.)

If you 'spect ter git heab'n when you dies,
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin,
 Better stop your tongue frum tellin' lies,
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin.

(Refrain.)

Got my breastplate, sword, and shiel',
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin,
 Gwine boldly marchin' through de fiel',
 Dry bones gwine er rise ergin.

(Refrain.)

36. THERE'S ER WHEEL IN DE MIDDLE DE WHEEL.

("The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl: and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel." — EZEKIEL i. 16.)

Refrain.

There's er wheel in de middle of de wheel,
'Zekiel saw de wheel;
There's er wheel in de middle of de wheel,
'Zekiel saw de wheel.

Well, de little wheel represent Jesus Christ,
'Zekiel saw de wheel;
And de big wheel represent God Himself,
'Zekiel saw de wheel.

(Refrain.)

37. ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE MORE FAITH IN JESUS.

("And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole." — LUKE xvii. 19.)

This is a very popular class-meeting song with the Methodists. The tone of the song is slow, rhythmic, and mellow, soothing and comforting to the pilgrim who has resolved to be courageous and hopeful under his struggles toward "Heaven an' immortal glory."

Chorus.

All I want,
All I want,
All I want,
Is a little more faith in Jesus.

Oh, run 'long, mourner, and git your crown,
A little more faith in Jesus;
By your Father's side set down,
A little more faith in Jesus.

(Chorus.)

My father says it is the best,
A little more faith in Jesus,
To live and die a Methodest,
A little more faith in Jesus.

(Chorus.)

I love my brother,¹ yes, I do,
A little more faith in Jesus;
I hope my brother loves me too,
A little more faith in Jesus.

(Chorus.)

¹ "Brother" is here used as a member of the church of the same faith and order.

I love the Lord, he heard me cry,
 A little more faith in Jesus;
 And I'm gwi' trust him till I die,
 A little more faith in Jesus.
 (*Chorus.*)

38. GOIN' 'ER ROCK TROUBLE OVER.

Refrain.

Goin' er rock trouble over,
 I believe,
 Rock trouble over,
 I believe;
 Goin' er rock trouble over,
 I believe that Sabbath has no end.

I wouldn't be a sinner,
 Tell you de reason why,
 'Fraid de good Lord might call me,
 And I wouldn't be ready to die.

Refrain.

I think I got religion,
 I believe,
 Think I got religion, etc.

39. LORD, I WANT TO BE LIK' JESUS IN MY HEART.

Lord, I want to be like Jesus
 In er my heart, in er my heart;
 Lord, I want to be like Jesus,
 In er my heart.

Refrain.

In my heart! In my heart!
 Lord, I want to be like Jesus
 In er my heart.

Lord, I don' 'ant to be like Judas
 In my heart, in er my heart,
 Lord, I don' 'ant to be like Judas
 In er my heart.

(Refrain.)

Lord, I want to be more holy
 In my heart, in er my heart;
 Lord, I want to be more holy
 In er my heart.

(Refrain.)

Lord, I want to be a Christian,
In er ny heart, in er my heart;
Lord, I want to be a Christian
In er my heart.

(Refrain.)

40. STEAL AWAY.

This is perhaps one of the oldest of the most popular of the Negro spirituals. Of its exact origin, locality, and authorship, no one knows definitely. It was very probably composed in some of the far Southern States, — not unlikely Louisiana, South Carolina, Georgia, or Mississippi, possibly Virginia. The origin of this song is said by some to have been on the Red River in Louisiana. This is possible, but it is difficult to establish exact date and place of the origin of the oldest of these melodies. The swing, rhythm, soothing melody, the heart-searching pathos of its sentiment and tone, were born of a patient and suffering soul, — one whose joy here was founded upon a hope of relief from suffering here and an entering into joy on the other side. It was also likely composed in cotton, rice, or cane fields. It combines with the swing of the body in using the hoe. The "steal away" likely meant stealing off down in the woods or into a valley to pray. Prayer, on the part of the slave, often meant dissatisfaction with his lot as a slave; but the meaning of the words was often hidden by sharp turns from the facts in mind. Slaves were not infrequently punished for praying. It was thought in some way, possibly, to have the power of bringing the condemnation of God upon the system of slavery. But singing was necessary for the dull, heavy, monotonous life of the slave. This melody has been sung all over the English-speaking world and in other tongues.

Refrain.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away home to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home!
I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds in er my soul:
I ain't got long to stay here.

(Refrain.)

Green trees er-bendin',
Pore sinners stan' er-tremblin',
The trumpet soun's in er my soul:
I ain't got long to stay here.

(Refrain.)

Tombstones er-burstin',
 Pore sinners stan' er-tremblin',
 The trumpet soun's in er my soul:
 I ain't got long to stay here.

(*Refrain.*)

41. SAVE ME, MY LORD!

Chorus.

Save me, save me, my Lord!
 Save me, save from sinking down!

If I had er died when I was young,
 Save me from sinking down!
 I wouldn't have had this risk to run,
 Save me from sinking down!

(*Chorus.*)

Ever since my Lord has set free,
 Save me from sinking down!
 This old world has been a hell to me,
 Save me from sinkin' down!

(*Chorus.*)

Sometimes I hang my head and cry,
 Save me from sinkin' down!
 But I'm goin' serve God till I die,
 Save me from sinkin' down!

(*Chorus.*)

42. GOOD-NIGHT! THE LORD'S ER-COMIN'.

Chorus.

Good-night! the Lord's er-comin',
 Good-night! the Lord's er-comin',
 Good-night! the Lord's er-comin',
 And the Lord's er-comin' down.

I hang my harp upon the willow-tree,
 It sounded over in Jubilee.

(*Chorus.*)

God showed Noah the rainbow sign, —
 No water, but fire, next time.

(*Chorus.*)

There is a fire in the east, fire the west,
 There's fire amongst us Methodests.

(*Chorus.*)

43. 'MOS' DON' TALKIN' ERBOUT ME.

You may talk erbout me
Jes' as much as you please,
But me an' God Ermighty gwi' walk an' talk.

Chorus.

Oh, mos' don' talkin' erbout me by an' by,
'Mos' done talkin' erbout me by an' by.

Oh, dat liar run, and dat liar shout,
But my good Lord will fin' him.

(Chorus.)

44. ROUGH, ROCKY ROAD.¹

Rough, rocky road
'Mos' don' travellin';
Rough, rocky road
'Mos' don' travellin';
Rough, rocky road
'Mos' don' travellin';
Boun' to carry my soul to my Jesus,
Boun' to carry my soul to my Lord.

Mourners on the road
'Mos' don' travellin', etc.

Sisters on the road
'Mos' don' travellin', etc.

Elders on the road
'Mos' don' travellin', etc.

Backsliders on the road
'Mos' don' travellin', etc.

45. YOU WANT MORE FAITH.

The crown the good Lord give me
Shine like a mornin' star,
The crown the good Lord give me
Shine like a mornin' star.

Chorus.

Brother, you want more faith,
More faith, more faith,
Brother, you want more faith,
Shine like a mornin' star.

¹ A very old spiritual.

The robe the good Lord give me,
Shine like a mornin' star,
That robe the good Lord give me,
Shine like a mornin' star.

Sister, you want more faith,
More faith, more faith,
Sister, you want more faith,
Shine like a mornin' star.

46. EVERY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT.

This is one of the most thrilling of the later jubilee songs. It is much used for taking up collections in churches. It invariably suggests patting of feet, swaying of the body, and rhythmic bodily motions, the audience often rising to great heights of emotion and fervor.

Refrain.

Every time I feel the spirit
Movin' in my heart,
I will pray.

Ol' Pharaoh thought he had me fast,
But the sea dried up an' let me pass.

(Refrain.)

You ask me why I sing so bol',
It's the love of Jesus in my soul.

(Refrain.)

Jordan's River, so chilly and cold,
Chills the body, but not the soul.

(Refrain.)

I want to go to heaven,
And I want to go right;
I want to go to heaven
All dressed in white.

(Refrain.)

47. I KNOW THE LORD HAS LAID HIS HANDS ON ME.

Another late and exceedingly popular melody. The long, droll, and recurring rhythm, the prolongs peculiar in much of the Negro folk-songs, are touchingly beautiful. It is a song of triumph, joy, and implicit faith in the promise of the Lord.

Refrain.

Oh, I know the Lord,
I know the Lord,
I know the Lord
Has laid His hands on me.

I never felt such love before,
I know the Lord has laid His hands on me,
Saying, "Go in peace and sin no more,"
I know the Lord has laid His hands on me.
(*Refrain.*)

He took me from the miry clay,
I know the Lord has laid His hands on me,
And told me to walk the narrow way,
I know the Lord has laid His hands on me.
(*Refrain.*)

Some seek the Lord, but don't seek right,
I know the Lord has laid His hands on me,
They sin all day and pray all night,
I know the Lord has laid His hands on me.
(*Refrain.*)

48. A FRAGMENT.

(*Very plaintive and touching.*)

Sing a ho that I had the wings of a dove,
Sing a ho that I had the wings of a dove,
Sing a ho that I had the wings of a dove,
I'd fly erway and be at rest.

A. E. PERKINS,
2911 MILAN ST.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FOLK-LORE FROM ELIZABETH CITY COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

BY A. M. BACON AND E. C. PARSONS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
PREFACE	251	29. Above Ground and Below Ground	277
TALES	252	30. Dancing out Sand	278
1. Incriminating the Other Fellow	252	31. Fatal Imitation	278
2. Playing Godfather.	253	32. In Liquor	279
3. Playing Godfather: Tell- Tale Grease	255	33. Why Dogs chase Cats	279
4. Tell-Tale Grease	256	34. Nobody but You and Me. 279	
5. Tar Baby: Mock Plea	256	35. Who dat says "Who dat says 'Who dat?'"	280
6. Tar Baby: The Lord dines	258	36. Magic Flight	280
7. Playing Godfather: Tar Baby: Mock Plea	259	37. Flower of Dew	281
8. Take My Place	260	38. The Little Girl and Her Snake	281
9. False Message: Take My Place	261	39. The Test.	282
10. In the Bag	262	40. Soul or Sole	282
11. Watcher Tricked: Fox flies	262	41. Mate to the Devil.	282
12. Lion brooks no Rival	264	42. Woman-Cat	283
13. The Ugliest Animal	264	43. Broom-Charms	284
14. Picking a Quarrel	264	44. Out of Her Skin.	285
15. Buzzard makes Terrapin his Riding-Horse	265	45. The Six Witches	286
16. Why Frog lives in the Water	266	46. Can't set Still.	287
17. Little Pig and Wolf	267	47. The Old Woman, Her Daughters, and the Kid	287
18. Dog and Dog-Head	269	48. Haunted House	288
19. Keeping Pace.	270	49. Haunted House	289
20. Relay Race.	271	50. The Dismembered Ghost.	290
21. "I once had a Brother"	272	51. Buried Treasure.	290
22. Trouble	272	52. Haunted Bridge.	291
23. The Escape.	273	53. The Single Ball	291
24. The Password.	274	54. What darkens the Hole	292
25. In the Bee-Tree.	274	55. The Slave turns.	292
26. Playing Dead Twice in the Road	275	56. Sweet-Potatoes	292
27. Cartload of Fish	276	57. Master's Hog.	293
28. Rabbit seeks Meat	277	58. What did You say?	293
		59. Master's Fowls	293
		60. Saving Hog.	294
		61. Going to Heaven	294
		62. The Lord and Langton.	295

	PAGE		PAGE
63. Hunting on Sunday . . .	295	92. Green Irishmen	305
64. The Frightened Guest . . .	296	93. Trunk	306
65. Dividing the Souls	296	94. Why Shingle?	306
66. Not too Lame	297	95. Three More Fools: Mr. Hard-Times	306
67. Skeleton	299	96. Pamelance	307
68. First Out	299	97. Who fills the Penitentiaries	308
69. Rabbit-Meat	300	98. Punishment after Death .	308
70. Brick on Her Head	300	99. Beating Dead Dog	308
71. Choosing a Wife	300	100. Where's Mr. McGinnis? .	308
72. Hot Hands	300	101. The Lord's Family	308
73. Chair on His Head	301	102. Horse and Cart	309
74. The Deer-Stalker	301	103. Who struck Patrick? . . .	309
75. Clock runs Down	302	104. Missing Word	309
76. Moon Cheese: Irishmen at the Well	302	105. Corn in the Ear	309
77. Bricks and Mortar	302	106. Which Way does the Road go?	309
78. Englishman and Irishman	302	107. Spreeing	310
79. Watermelon	303	108. Curly Tail and Straight Tail	310
80. Mare's Egg	303	109. To Torment already . . .	310
81. Mother of All the Ticks .	303	110. Officers Only	311
82. Three Ends	303	111. Rank	311
83. String Beans	304	112. No Extra Expense	311
84. You, Naither	304	113. In the Camp Reading- Room	311
85. Understand	304	114. Length of Service	311
86. Lumber Business	304	RIDDLES (1920)	312
87. Yah and Yea	304	RIDDLES (1894)	326
88. Judgment Day	305		
89. Cobble, Cobble, Cobble! .	305		
90. Silver Dollar	305		
91. Toad-Frog	305		

PREFACE.

Two decades or more ago Miss A. M. Bacon conducted a folk-lore society in Hampton Institute. Some of the material recorded was published in "The Southern Workman." Through the kindness of Miss Herron of the Institute the unpublished material was given to me to edit, and appears in the following collection. The most notable part of Miss Bacon's collection is, I think, the so-called "Irishman Stories." These noodle-tales have a widespread distribution in the South; and Miss Bacon was the first recorder, as far as I know, to recognize the place of the tales in the hospitable folk-lore of Negroes.¹ How hospitable Negro folk-lore is to new-comers is also evidenced in the following collection by the war-time tales or anecdotes of W. D. Elam of Virginia, and still more strikingly in Tale No. 68, in which appear Mutt and Jeff, most recent of folklorish or quasi-folklorish figures.

¹ See "Irishman Stories" (Southern Workman, 28 [1899]: 192-194).

A few noodle-*tales* and others I recorded from the Institute students in 1920. As Hampton Institute students are drawn from many parts of the country, these tales, as well as the tales recorded by Miss Bacon, are of varied provenience, — from Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, the Carolinas, etc. From North Carolina is contributed the English tale of "Dividing the Souls," told very much as I heard it told a few years ago near Greensborough. No. 28, "Rabbit seeks Meat," has a particular distribution in the Sea Islands and Georgia; and it is inferable, from the reference to Georgia at the conclusion of the tale, that the narrator was from Georgia. No. 18, "Dog and Dog-Head," has a like distribution; and from the name of the narrator, La Patten, it is probable that he came from the Sea Islands, once the home of French settlers.

During my visit to Hampton I also collected tales from three schools, — from Whittier School, which is under the administration of Hampton Institute, and which draws its pupils largely from the two nearest towns, Phœbus and Hampton; from the Public or Union Street School of Hampton; and from the Orphan Home maintained by Mr. and Mrs. Weaver. With the exception of a few tales contributed by inmates of the Orphan's Home, these tales from the school-children may be considered part of the county folk-lore.

The tales collected in 1920 are given with the name and home of informant or writer. The tales taken from the Institute records are in some cases undated, and in some cases unlocalized.

Riddles 1 to 123 were recorded from the school-children in 1920; riddles 124 to 137 were recorded by Miss Bacon in 1894 (124-135 from J. W. Bedenbaugh, a student from Bradley, N.C.; and 136-137 from Maun of Georgia).

E. C. P.

TALES.

I. INCRIMINATING THE OTHER FELLOW.¹

(Version a.)

Once upon a time Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf went to steal a cow from a man. They caught the cow and killed it, and took off the hide. Then Brer Rabbit told Brer Wolf that "whoever owns this cow is coming, and the way you must do is to get into the hide and wrap up." So when the man came, Brer Rabbit said, "The way to do to find out who stole the cow is to put the hide on the fire." Brer Wolf cried, "It's not me, it's Brer Rabbit!" Brer Rabbit replies, "Knock him in the mouth! He is a grand rascal! He'll spoil a gentleman's credit!"

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

(Version b.¹)

There was once a man, an' he had an overseer an' a head man. An' when the overseer was supposed to be watchin', he would go out to see his girl and leave the head man to watch. An' every mornin' one sheep was missing, until one day the man said, "Every day one of the sheep are gone." So that night, instid the overseer goin' to see the girl, he watched and seed what the head man did; an' when the head man picked up the sheep, the overseer said, "Ha, ha! You're the one that been taking away the sheep! Now you take that sheep and carry it to the man." The head man reached down after the sheep, and picked it up and let it fall, and said, "I can't carry it. I betchyer you can't pick that sheep up." And while the overseer was pickin' the sheep up, the head man reached and got his gun, and said, "Now you kyarry that sheep to the man." An' he made him kyarry the sheep to the man, an' said, "Here's the man that was takin' away your sheep." So that's the way that the man lost his job.

2. PLAYING GODFATHER.

(Version a.²)

There was oncet a boy, an' he was called to name the baby. First he named it Topped-Off. The second time he was called he named it Half-Gone. The third time he was called he named it All-Gone. The fourth time he said it was Peanut-Butter.

(Version b.³)

Once upon a time B'o' Rabbit and B'o' Fox lived together. They used to put their dinner to cooking before they went to work in the morning, so that it would be done when they reached home in the evening. All went on very well until one day they decided to have black pease for dinner. Now, B'o' Rabbit was very fond of black pease and he was very greedy, so he begun to think of a plan to eat all the pease by himself. At last he thought of a scheme. When he had been working a while, B'o' Fox was startled by hearing B'o' Rabbit cry out, "Who's that calling me?" B'o' Fox said, "What's matter, B'o' Rabbit?" B'o' Rabbit replied, "Some one's calling me, so I am gwine see what dey wants, be back in a minute." When he came back, B'o' Fox said, "Who was it?" — "My aunt sent for me to come and name her baby."

¹ Informant, Gladys Bright of Hampton. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 32 : 366-167), Benga (Nassau, 85-95), Bushman (Honey, 24). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 70 note 1).

² Informant, Marian Gee of Phœbus. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 5-10, Nos. 2, 3; JAFL 34 : 2-4), North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 192-193, 215-216), Pennsylvania JAFL 30 : 215-216). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 1, 2 (note 1).

³ Written by Minnetta in 1902.

—“Well, what did yer name it?”—“Just-Begun.”—“What a funny name!” said B’o’ Fox, but B’o’ Rabbit said nothing. B’o’ Rabbit worked about ten minutes, then hollered out, “I wish you all would stop calling me.”—“What’s matter now, B’o’ Rabbit?” asked B’o’ Fox. “Somebody is a-calling me agin, and I am dead tired of it too, but I guess I’ll have to go and see what dey wants.” This time he staid a little longer than the first time. When he came back, B’o’ Fox said, “Who was it calling you this time?” B’o’ Rabbit said, “My cousin just come home from the North; and dem folks at home dey done tell her that I was fust-rate at naming babies, so nothing could do but she must call me to name hern.”—“Well, what did yer name it?”—“Half-Gone,” replied B’o’ Rabbit. Well, B’o’ Rabbit worked for half an hour, then hollered out, “I declare, I won’t go a step. No, indeed! not if I knows myself.” B’o’ Fox said, “What an airth de matter wid you, B’o’ Rabbit?”—“Somebody is calling me agin, but I ain’t a-gwine.”—“You had better go and see what dey wants,” said B’o’ Fox. “Well, long as you think I ought to go, I guess I have to go,” said B’o’ Rabbit. At the end of an hour B’o’ Rabbit returned in high spirits, greeting B’o’ Fox with, “Another baby to name.”—“Well, I never, sence I been born! Another baby to name! Well, what did you name it?”—“All-Gone,” replied B’o’ Rabbit. “That’s a mighty queer name,” said B’o’ Fox; but B’o’ Rabbit held his peace, and worked on in silence for the remainder of the day. When they reached home that evening, they were surprised to find the pease all gone, and they had to go to bed supperless.

(Version c.¹)

One day Bro’ ’Possum gathered a large kittle of pease and put them in a kittle to cook. In the mean time he ask’ Sister Weasel to come over and help him work in the garden and have dinner with him. Sister Weasel came; and, as she couldn’t leave her three little babies home, she brought them along, too.

Bro’ ’Possum had told Sister Weasel abou’ the pease he had on cooking; and the whole time she was working, she was thinking of how she could get into the house to eat them befo’ Bro’ ’Possum did. At last the thought came to her mind that she would tell Bro’ ’Possum to let her go into the house to name one of her babies. When she thought the pease were done, she said, “Bro’ ’Possum, got to go in de house to name one ob my babies. Won’t be gone long.”—“All right, Sis’ Weasel! Don’t stay long!”

Sister Weasel went into the house, and found the pease nice and done. So she ate the top off and ran back to work. “What did you name your baby, Sister Weasel?” asked Bro’ ’Possum. “Top-Off,”

¹ Written by Gladys Stewart of Phœbus.

answered Sister Weasel, working all the time. In a few minutes Sister Weasel felt hungry again; and she said to Bro' 'Possum, "Bro' 'Possum, I got go in and name my second baby." — "All right, Sister Weasel! but don't stay long!" said Bro' 'Possum.

Sister Weasel went in this time and ate half of the pease. This time, when she came out, Bro' 'Possum asked, "Well, Sister Weasel, what did you name this one?" — "Half-Gone," said Sister Weasel, and away she went chopping in the garden. Pretty soon she felt hungry again; for, once she had tasted those pease, she couldn't stop until she had eaten them. So she said, "Bro' 'Possum, let me go in now and name my last baby, and I won't bother you any more." Bro' 'Possum gave his consent. This time Sister Weasel cleaned the kettle, and came running out agin. "What did you name this baby, Sister Weasel?" asked Bro' 'Possum. "All-Gone," said Sister Weasel, and went hard at her work. Pretty soon Bro' 'Possum noticed that Sister Weasel was getting sluggish on the job, and he thought that she was hungry. So he said, "Come, Sister Weasel, let's eat the kittle of pease, and we will feel more like working." — "All right!" said Sister Weasel. When Bro' 'Possum went into the house and found that the pease had gone, he became very angry, and told Sister Weasel that she had eaten all his pease. "Now, Bro' 'Possum, I haven't eaten your pease," said Sister Weasel. "You have eaten my pease, Sister Weasel, and I am going to eat you for my dinner." When Sister Weasel heard this, she became frightened, for well she knew that Bro' 'Possum would eat her up with little trouble. But what was she to do? Bro' 'Possum's garden, which he loved dearly, was a long ways from the house, but one with a keen eye could see all over the garden. Sister Weasel knew that Bro' 'Possum could not do this, on account of his poor sight. So she said, "O Bro' 'Possum! just look how the Wren children are stealing your crop!" At this Bro' 'Possum forgot all about his pease, an' ran down to his garden. In the mean time Sister Weasel grabbed her babies and ran as fast as she could to the woods and hid. After she got herself hidden, she laughed to herself of how she had fooled Bro' 'Possum.

3. PLAYING GODFATHER: TELL-TALE GREASE.¹

Once the bear and the rabbit had some butter. There was a good deal of it. They were out working together in the field. After a little while the rabbit looked up toward the house, and said, "Buh Bear, I hear some people calling me up to the house." The bear said, "Go and see who they are." Buh Rabbit went to the house and ate some of the butter. Then he came back and worked for a little time. After a while he said, "Buh Bear, I hear those people calling me again," and he went to the house a second time. This he did three or four times,

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

until he had eaten all the butter. After a time Buh Bear said, "It is time to stop work and go to the house and get something to eat." When they got to the house, the bear found that the butter was all gone. Then he said, "Buh Rabbit, you ate that butter when you came to the house. Let's build a fire and lie down before it! and the one that ate the butter it will run out of his mouth." So they lay down before the fire and went to sleep. Soon Buh Rabbit awoke, and found that the butter had run out of his mouth on to a piece of bark under his head. He slipped the bark under the bear's head, where the bear found it when he awoke.

4. TELL-TALE GREASE.¹

Two men went to buy some cheese. They put it out in field. One said he wanted some water. He went back and ate the cheese. They went to sleep. The one who wakes up with grease on his face will be the one who took the cheese.

The greedy one wakes up, and grease is on his face; but he takes and rubs it on the face of the other.

5. TAR BABY: MOCK PLEA.

(*Version a.*²)

Once Broder Rabbit and Broder Fox decided to be friends. So they were to go out at night to steal from Broder 'Possum, but it seemed dat Broder Rabbit would try and play off on Broder Fox. Well, they went on; Broder Rabbit pretended to be Broder 'Possum's best friend. Well, Broder 'Possum said to Broder Rabbit one day, "Look here, Broder Rabbit! does you know dat somebody is stealing all my milk and corn?" Broder Rabbit he laughed, and said, "Well, Broder 'Possum, that's too bad! Us ought to catch that person, and what we do for him will be a plenty." Broder 'Possum thought Broder Rabbit was de man, so he fixed for him. So one night Broder 'Possum set up a tar man near his corn-crib. Up comes Broder Fox and Rabbit with their sacks. Broder Fox he spy the man, he stops; but Mr. Rabbit he walks on; and when he saw the man, he was frightened very much, but he took courage and went on. He walked up to the tar man,

¹ Informant, Marian Gee of Phœbus. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 2-4; MAFLS 16 : 8-14, Nos. 3-6), Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 1-2).

² Written by Charles E. Flagg of Montgomery, Ala., in 1899. For "Tar Baby" compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 4; MAFLS 16 : 25-29, Nos. 13-15); Porto Rico (JAFL 34 : 164-165); comparative, Folk-Lore, 30 : 227-234. For "Mock Plea" compare South Carolina (JAFL 32 : 394; 34 : 5; MAFLS 16 : 12-14 [Nos. 6, 7], 26-29 [Nos. 14, 15]); Florida (JAFL 30 : 225); Mpongwe (Nassau, 22-23); Bushman (Honeÿ, 77-78, 82-83); Hottentot (Schultze, 477); Philippines (Cole, 177-178; MAFLS 12 : 326 ff.); Biloxi (JAFL 6 : 49); Cherokee (BAE 19 : 272-273, 278-279); comparative, MAFLS 13 : 15 (note 4), Dähnhardt, 4 : 43-45.

and railed out, "Oh, yes! I cotch you here at Broder 'Possum's crib. You de fellow been stealing corn." The man didn't speak. Then Broder Rabbit walked up to strike him. He slapped the man, and his hand stuck. "Let my hand go! I got anoder one here." He then pound away with the other hand, and that stuck. "You better let go my hands! I got two foots here." Then he pound away again, and his foot stuck. He kicked again, and his other foot stuck. "You better let my foots go! I got a head here, I'll butt you." Then he gave a hard butt, and there he was hard and fast for Broder 'Possum the next morning.

Well, the next morning Broder 'Possum came down and found Broder Rabbit stuck fast to the tar man. "O Broder Rabbit! I thought I would catch you. You are the one who has been stealing from me." — "Oh, no, Broder 'Possum! I was just watching to see if I could catch anybody for you, and, come to behold, I cotched this man. I walked up and spoke, and he wouldn't speak, so I struck him; and every time I struck him, my hands and feet would stick, so I kept him until this morning for you." — "Well, that's all right, Broder Rabbit. I put this man here just to catch you. So now I am going to punish you." — "Lord! Broder 'Possum, what is you gwine to do to me?" — "I am going to throw you in the river." — "Oh, please throw me in right now, Broder 'Possum! I likes dat very much." — "No, I won't throw you there, I'll put you in the fire." — "Oh, I don't care! I want to go in the fire, I am cold. Please put me in now, Broder 'Possum!" — "No, I won't do that, I'll tie you and throw you in the brier-patch." — "O Broder 'Possum! please don't throw me in the patch, those briers will stick me to death." — "Well, I am going to throw you in, anyway." Then he bound Broder Rabbit and threw him into the patch, but the rabbit was just where he wanted to be. After he was loosed, he laughed at Broder 'Possum, and went on his way with Broder Fox. "Well," said Broder Fox, "I guess, when you gwine steal again, you will be a little more shy."

(Version b.¹)

A man once had a nice spring, but sometimes it was muddy. Some one told him that it was a rabbit that did it, and to put a tar baby down there and it would scare him away. He did so; and when the rabbit saw it, she hailed, "Who are you?" She said, "If you don't tell me your name, I will slap your head off." So saying, she tried it, and her hand was stuck. She cried, "You had better turn me loose, I have another hand," and she let him have it. That one was stuck. She kept on this way until hands, feet, tail, and head were stuck in the tar. Now what? The man came, and was satisfied with his scheme.

¹ Written in 1899.

So he said to her, "I have you, Miss, and I'll fix you. I will fling you in this spring and drown you." — "Please put me in there!" said she. "No," said he, "I won't put you in there, because you want to go in there." There was a pile of bushes on fire, and he said, "I am going to fling you in that fire." She said, "All right! I like fire." — "No, no, Miss! I sha'n't please you so much." So he found a cluster of briars, and said that he had a great mind to fling her in there. She cried and yelled, begged him not to put her in such a place. He thought he had found the right place to punish her. So he let her go; and when she landed there, she cried out to him, "This is my home; my mammy and daddy were *born* in here."

(Version c.¹)

Mrs. Hare had a fine lot of ducks, and every now and then she would miss one or two of them. Mrs. Hare became troubled about her ducks; and she tried very hard to catch the thief, but was unable to do so. After a while she thought of a way to catch the thief. She moved the ducks, and put in their place a big pot-of tar. That night Mr. Fox came, as he had done before, and stuck his paw down after a duck, but something held his paw; and he said in a loud voice, "Turn me loose, turn me loose! I say, you better turn me loose! I have another one back here, and I'll let you have it presently." At last he threw his other paw into the tar, and that was held fast. He did not give up the fight, and continued to fight until all of his paws were made fast. Then he said, "Look here! You better turn me loose! I got a great big club back here; and if you don't turn me loose, I'll let you have it, sure." (Unfinished.)

6. TAR BABY: THE LORD DINES.²

Once there was a farmer who owned a cabbage-patch. Every morning Mr. Rabbit would go an' eat the farmer's cabbage. One morning the farmer made a tar baby and put it out there beside the cabbage-patch. The next morning, when Mr. Rabbit came down to the cabbage-patch, he didn't know what to make of the tar baby. So he said, "Good-morning!" but the tar baby didn't say a word. So Mr. Rabbit said, "Good-morning! If you don't speak to me this time, I will hit you." So Mr. Rabbit said, "Good-morning!" The tar baby didn't say a word. Mr. Rabbit hit him with his paw, and it stuck fast in the tar. Mr. Rabbit said, "Turn me alose!" And then Mr. Rabbit kicked the tar baby, and his feet stuck fast in the tar. The next morning, when the farmer came down to the cabbage-patch, the farmer said, "I have you now!" So he carried Mr. Rabbit home and threw him in the rye-field. Mr. Rabbit ran home.

¹ Written by J. H. Thomas in 1899.

² Written by Martha James.

Not long after that Mr. Rabbit put out signs that the Lord was coming. So one day the Lord came to see the farmer. The Lord sat down and had a nice dinner. After the dinner was over, the Lord went out doors and pulled off his clothes, and said, "I told you I was going to eat at your house some day."

7.¹ PLAYING GODFATHER: TAR BABY: MOCK PLEA.

A fox once hired a rabbit to help him work on his farm, and the fox's wife had to cook for them. They began work early in the morning, while Mrs. Fox was cooking pease, of which the rabbit was very fond. He would work to get to the end of the row before Mr. Fox, and answer as if some one had called him. Mr. Fox would say, "Who is that?" The rabbit would say, "Your wife called me, I don't know what she wants." Mr. Fox would say, "Go see what she wants." The rabbit would go to the house and say, "Mrs. Fox, Mr. Fox says give me a plate of pease, please." — "All right!" said Mrs. Fox, "tell him there are only two more left." When Mr. Rabbit began work, he would run to the end of the row and back, and answer again. Mr. Fox would say, "Who is that?" The rabbit would say, "Your wife called me again. I don't know what she wants." — "Go and see what she wants," said the fox. Then Mr. Rabbit would go, and say to Mrs. Fox, "Mr. Fox says give me another plate of pease." — "Please tell him there's only one more left." Mr. Rabbit ate the pease and went back the third time. At noon Mr. Fox said, "Come, Mr. Rabbit! we'll go and get our dinner." The rabbit said, "Oh, no, Mr. Fox! I don't care for any dinner." — "I don't want anybody to work for me without eating," said Mr. Fox. Mr. Rabbit went, but would not keep up with Mr. Fox. Mrs. Fox met Mr. Fox in the yard, and asked where he was going, and also told him there was no dinner because he had sent Mr. Rabbit to eat all the pease.

Mr. Fox said, "Never mind, never mind! I'll catch you. Go in the dairy and bring me that butter." The rabbit went in and stuck his front paw in the butter, but it stuck fast. He said, "Never mind, never mind! I have another paw here." He stuck it in, and it stuck fast. "Never mind, never mind! I still have another one here." He stuck that one in, and it stuck fast. "Never mind, never mind! got one more here," and that stuck fast. "Never mind, never mind! I got a mouth here." He put his mouth in, and it stuck fast.

Then Mr. Fox came upon him, and said, "Now I have you! I am going to kill you; I am going to throw you in a pile of briers." The rabbit said, "Please don't throw me in the briers! You may burn me, you may roast me, but please don't throw me in the briers! You will tear my face and eyes to pieces." Then Mr. Fox took him, and threw

¹ Written by Nellie Virginia Hudgins.

him in the briers. The rabbit laughed, "Ha, ha, ha! you threw me to my home in bamboo-briers. I was bred and born in a brier-patch."

8. TAKE MY PLACE.

(*Version a.*¹)

Oncet upon a time a man had a daughter, an' he had a very large cabbage-patch. He used to leave his daughter home while he go to work. An' every day when he went to work, the rabbit would come and steal his cabbage. One day he staid home. He caught the rabbit and put him in a bag, and hung him up a tree to starve. The rabbit heard a fox comin'. He tol' the fox to come up there and untie the bag, and, if he'd get into the bag, he'd hear the singin' in the clouds. The fox got in the bag. The rabbit tied him up in there, and left the fox hollerin', "Me no hear no singin' in the clouds!" As the rabbit was runnin' across the cabbage-patch, the man saw him, and threw the hatchet at him and cut his tail off. An' rabbits haven't had any tails since.

(*Version b.*²)

Bear plants potatoes and beans, which are stolen. Bear says, "Who's dat been medlin' in my field and been eatin' my peas and taters? Oh, well! I'll get him yet! I knows what I's gwine to do. I'll set for dat ar gent'man, and I's sure to git him'." . . . Rabbit visits Bear, and tells him that Fox is the thief. Bear sets a snare, which Rabbit himself is caught in. Fox comes up, and Rabbit begins to sing, and says, "O Mr. Fox! I see all kinds of beautiful things, now I am swingin' in this pleasant swing. O Mr. Fox! I see a beautiful city ober yonder." — "Bro' Rabbit, may I swing some and see somet'in' too?" — "Not yet, Bro' Fox; you can swing some by and by." — "Oh, let me swing some now, Bro' Rabbit!" — "All right, Bro' Fox! you may swing. Now, Bro' Fox, you come here and git me out ob dis swing, and let me put you in, so you can see some ob de beautiful t'ings I's been seein'." After Fox is in the snare, Rabbit says, "Bro' Fox, when you are in, let me know, so I can push you and make you swing high." — "All right, Bro' Rabbit! I's all right. Now push me! . . . I see no heaben and city dat you told me 'bout." Bear comes up. Rabbit says, "Mr. Bear, Mr. Bear, I told you dat Fox been eatin' your taters and peas. Now you see for yourself." — "Well, sir, Mr. Fox, what's you doin' in dis trap?" — "Mr. Rabbit got me in here. He was in here firs'." — "I don't believe it. I care for no 'scuse. Guess I's 'bout as well kill yer now."

¹ Informant, Lillian Courtney of Hampton. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 14-15; MAFLS 16 : 37-38, No. 23; 41-43, Nos. 28, 29), Alabama (JAFL 32 : 400-401), Porto Rico (JAFL 34 : 170-172), Liberia (JAFL 32 : 414-415). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 82 (notes 2, 6); JAFL 30 : 229.

² Abstract from tale written by W. T. White in 1903.

(Version c.¹)

One day Brer Rabbit stole some cabbage from Brer Wolf. Brer Wolf caught Brer Rabbit and put him into a hollow log, and put a block of wood into each end to prevent Brer Rabbit from getting out. He said that he was going to starve Brer Rabbit to death. After Brer Rabbit had been in there a half a day, Brer Wolf passed by and hailed him. "Hello, Brer Rabbit!" said he. Brer Rabbit answered, "Hello!" The next day Brer Wolf passed again. Brer Rabbit spoke so low that he could scarcely be heard. Brer Wolf said to himself, "He is 'most dead." About noon Brer Wolf came back again, and hailed, but received no answer. Brer Wolf got an axe and pounded upon the log, but he got no answer. He then called and called, but no answer. So he said, "Brer Rabbit is dead." Brer Wolf took the block out of the end of the log, laughed to himself, and walked away. After he was gone, Brer Rabbit laughed, too. He came out of the log greatly tickled at Brer Wolf's foolishness. In a few days he met Brer Wolf. Brer Wolf said, "Hello, Brer Rabbit! I thought you were dead." Then he caught Brer Rabbit again, and decided to box him up and throw him into the river. Brer Wolf called Brer Bear, Brer Elephant, and Brer Fox to see the fun. After Brer Rabbit was put into the box, it was found that there were no nails to nail the cover down with. So they put the cover on, and all went away after nails.

As soon as they were gone, Brer Rabbit came out. He found a stone, and put it in the box and fitted the cover on, just as before. When Brer Wolf came back without looking into the box, he and his friends began to nail down the cover of the box.

When they were ready, they said good-by to Brer Rabbit, but he would not speak. They laughed, and said he was mad. Then they flung the box into the river, and it sank.

In two or three days Brer Rabbit came back with cheese and butter and milk and gold and silver. He gave them all some, and thanked them for throwing him into the river. He told them that he had had a good time. Then Brer Wolf asked them to put him into a box and throw him into the river. They did it, but have not seen him since.

9. FALSE MESSAGE: TAKE MY PLACE.²

Once a rabbit went up to a man's house and told his little daughter that her father said let him go into the garden, but turn him out a long time before dinner. At noontime the little girl's father came

¹ Informant, E. E. Edwards. Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

² Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 14-16; MAFLS 16 : 40-43. Nos. 27-29). Georgia (JAFL 32 : 402). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 82 (notes 2, 6); also Jicarilla Apache (PaAM 8 : 233), Wichita (Dorsey, Pub. Carnegie Institution [1909]. 54).

home and went into the garden. He saw that something had been eating his peas, so he asked the little girl who had been eating his peas. The little girl told him about the rabbit. The father told the little girl that the next time the rabbit came, she should keep him there until he returned. The little girl did as she was bidden. When the man came home and found the rabbit, he caught him, and tied him with a rope. The rabbit got a great many little strings and put them on a sitck, so as to make a little fiddle. Late in the afternoon an opossum came along, and saw the rabbit tied and playing on the fiddle. Brer Opossum said, "Brer Rabbit, what is you doing tied dere?" The rabbit said, "Don't you see my fiddle? I am going to play for dese people, and dey gib' me five dollars a hour. Don't you wish you were in my place?" The opossum said, "Brer Rabbit, if you let me take your place, I will show you where you can get any kind of food you want, and I will give you half the money." At first the rabbit refused, so as to make the opossum think that he meant what he said; but finally he let the opossum untie him and take his place. Night came, but the opossum found nobody to play the fiddle for. After a time a man came in with a kettle of hot water and poured over him. That was all the pay he got. At last the opossum was unloosed and went away sadder and wiser.

IO. IN THE BAG.¹

Once upon a time there lived a fox whom the people called a chicken-thief. One morning early he took a bag and went to the village to get a chicken. After getting the chicken, he went to a farmer's house, where he asked if he might leave his bag. Before leaving, he told the woman not to open the bag, then he trotted to the village. As soon as the fox was out of sight, she opened the bag, and out flew the chicken. The farmer's wife put a stone in the bag, and fixed it like the fox had it. The fox came back, thanked her, and ran home. He got the water ready, and then went to put his chicken in. Time he opened the bag, the stone rolled in and scalded the fox to death.

II. WATCHER TRICKED: FOX FLIES.²

Where there was a turkey-buzzard fly. Once there was a fox and a buzzard who were good friends. They used to go hunting together. One day they took their guns and went a-hunting. They came to a tree where there was a holler in the tree. Ol' fox decided there was somethin' up the holler, a rabbit or somethin'. So he got some dry wood and made a fire in the holler, and smoked it. He smoked and smoked it, and nothin' came down. But he was sure there was some-

¹ Written by Marian Gee of Phœbus. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 21).

² Informant, Josephine Johnson of Windsor, Va. For bibliography of "Watcher Tricked" see JAFL 30 : 178 (note 1).

thin' up there. So he tol' the turkey-buzzard to stay and watch the holler, and see that nothin' came down, while he went back home to get an axe to cut the tree down. The buzzard promised that he'd do so. The fox went home to get an axe, and the buzzard set down by the tree to watch the holler. While the fox had been talkin' to the buzzard, the rabbit had been thinkin' of some way to come down the holler. So after de fox left, Rabbit said to de buzzard, "Mr. Buzzard, they tell me you have silver eyes and a gold bill." An' the buzzard said, "Well, so I have." The rabbit said, "Look up yonder an' let me see them!" An' the buzzard was very glad to show his gold bill and silver eyes. So he poked his head in the holler and looked up at the rabbit. The rabbit raked up a handful of trash and threw in his eyes. The buzzard went off to get some water to wash his eyes; and while he was gone, the rabbit came down. The buzzard came back and sat down by de holler and waited for the fox. Fox came and cut down the tree, and didn' see the rabbit run or anything. So he ask, "Mr. Buzzard, where is dat rabbit?" And de buzzard said, "He was up dere de las' time I see him." So de fox decided to split de holler open. He split it, and still didn' see any rabbit; an' he ask again, "Mr. Buzzard, where is de rabbit?" Buzzard said, "He was up dere de las' time I saw him." Den de fox got angry wid de buzzard, and ran at him with his axe to kill him. And de buzzard ran and ran so fast, dat he split his dress wide open, and he took de two sides of his dress and commence to fly, used dem for wings. So you see de buzzard's been flyin' ever since.

Buzzard was angry wid de fox, and wanted to get even with him: so one day he came flyin' over de fox, singin', —

"Way down yonder, whey I come f'om,
Dey t'row away meat,
Dey t'row away bread.
Everyt'ing good dey t'row away."

And de fox say, "What's that, Mr. Buzzard? Sing dat again." And de buzzard sang it: —

"Way down yonder, whey I come f'om,
Dey t'row away meat,
Dey t'row away bread.
Everyt'ing good dey t'row away."

Fox asked de buzzard, "Mr. Buzzard, could you take me down there?" Buzzard say, "Yes, jump up on my back." Fox got on de buzzard back. Buzzard went flyin' 'round. He went way up in de air. When he'd gotten high enough to kill the fox, he turned from one side to the other. Every time he turned, de fox would run to de oder side, and

de buzzard saw he couldn' turn him off in dat way. So he turned over upside down, and Fox fell to de ground and was killed.¹

12. LION BROOKS NO RIVAL.²

Lion was supposed to be the head of all the beast in that place. He got so lazy ev'ry day, he had an animal come in ev'ry day so he could eat it. Ev'y day animal went in. So finally it came the rabbit's turn to go in. He was one of the wisest animals of that time. He was supposed to be there at twelve o'clock. He came hoppin' along the road, stoppin' everywhere, lookin' at everything, until it threw him off time. Wonders, why he goin', what could he do to keep the lion from gettin' so angry with him. So finally he came across a well. The thought came to him as he looked into the well, he saw his shader, he had a scheme to fool the lion. He had been told by the other animals that any way he could get rid of the lion, they would pay him, give him praise of being the wisest animal of the forest. He entered the lion's room pretendin' he had been runnin', doin' all he could to get there on time. The lion asked him why he was so late. The rabbit began to tell him the story why he was so late. So he tol' the lion, if he didn' believe what he had tol' him, to follow him, and he would show him. So the lion went with the rabbit to the well. The rabbit tol' the lion to get up on the curb of the well and look down into the well, and he would see what had delayed him. So he did. When he looked into the water, he saw another face, not knowing that it was himself. He frowned, he grit his teeth, and the other lion did the same thing. The lion on top, thinking that he was master of all the beasts of the forest, jumped into the well, and that was the last of the lion. And the rabbit got the praise of being the wisest beast of the forest.

13. THE UGLIEST ANIMAL.³

There was a gathering, a bunch of animals. The bear was the head of this gang. They had a feast. The bear got thirsty; and he said, "The ugliest animal in the house could get me some water." The animals looked at one another. Finally they looked 'round and saw a monkey. The monkey say, "You all need not look at me, because I'm not the ugliest animal in the house."

14. PICKING A QUARREL.³

Onct there was two foxes. They were always friends. They never say an unkind word to each other. So one day Fox say, "Let us have

¹ L. Frobenius, *Volksmärchen der Kabylen*, 3 : 6.

² Informant, William Franklin of Montgomery County, Alabama.

³ Informant, Clarence Thomas of Atlantic City, N.J.

a quarrel!" So the other one say, "All right!" The other fox say, "How was we to start the fuss?" The firs' fox say, "That was easy to start." So the first fox got two stones; and he say, "These are my stones." The second fox say, "All right! Then you shall have them." The first fox say, "You can't do like that; you mus' say something back. You never start a quarrel." The first fox say, "This whole fores' belong to me." The second fox say, "How come I to be in here?" An' he said, "I can easy get out." The firs' fox said, "No, you won't get out. We have always been friends, an' anything I have will always be yours, and anything you have will always be mine." So they gave up the silly game, and never tried it again.

15. BUZZARD MAKES TERRAPIN HIS RIDING-HORSE.

(*Version a.*¹)

Once there was a buzzard and a terrapin who went to see the king's daughter. The buzzard said to the terrapin, "Where are you going?" The terrapin asked him what that was to him. The buzzard he said, "I just asked you." Then he said he was going to see the king's daughter. The buzzard asked the terrapin to just let him ride on his back, and he would go with him. The terrapin let him ride as far as the fence, then told him that when he came to the gate he must get down. The buzzard said, "All right!" but when they came to the gate, he said, "Just carry me as far as the door, and I will get down." But when they got to the door, the buzzard popped his spur into the terrapin, and rode into the house on the terrapin's back. Then the girl said she would have the buzzard, because he was so smart.

(*Version b.*²)

The rabbit and the fox were going to see a girl, and the fox was getting the best of the rabbit. So B'o Rabbit, when he went to see the girl, would talk against B'o Fox to her. When the fox came, the girl would tell him what the rabbit had said. The fox got mad and went to see the rabbit, and asked what he was talking about him for. The rabbit denied it, and said, "If I could see that girl, I would face her in that story, and I would go over there now if I wasn't sick." The fox was so anxious to have the rabbit and the girl together, he said, "Get on my back, and I will carry you over there." The rabbit had told the girl that his papa had the fox for his riding-horse the last twelve months, and he expect to have him the next twelve. The rabbit made out he was so sick until he couldn't go; but the fox told him to get on his back and go, anyway. Then the rabbit decided to go, but

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 6; MAFLS 16 : 53-55, Nos. 38-40). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 30 (note 1).

² Informant, Ananias Tyson. Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

said he could not ride without a bridle, saddle, switch, and spur. The fox said, "Get them, and we will go, for some one is telling a story." They went on until they got near the girl's house, and the fox told the rabbit to get down; but the rabbit made out he was so sick, and asked the fox to carry him to the corner of the house. When they got there, the rabbit gave the fox a cut with the switch and a kick with the spur, and made him jump up on the girl's steps, and said, "Look here, girl! what I told you? Didn't I say I had Brother Fox for my riding-horse?" The fox wanted to fight, and jumped out and pulled off the bridle and saddle; but the rabbit ran off. When the fox met the rabbit, he wanted to kill him; but the rabbit said to the fox, "I am not the rabbit did you that way. He had little eyes, but I got big eyes."

(Version c.¹)

The bear and rabbit agreed to go to a party one night, and the bear called at the rabbit's house. The rabbit said that she was sick and could not go. The bear urged her to go, for the girls would be so disappointed if they did not go. The bear had to argue considerable to get her to consent, and then on condition that the bear carry her part of the way, for she could not walk. The bear said that he would. So she dressed, put on her spurs, took her reins and whip in her hand. Says the bear, "What are you going to do with these?" — "I want the girls to think I rode horse-back." The bear thought no more about it, but started off. After getting near the house, the bear asked the rabbit to get down off his back, he did not want the ladies to see her sitting upon his back. She said that she was so sick, that, if she had to walk, it would kill her. So the bear pitied her and carried her to the yard, and ordered her to get down or he would break her neck. Meanwhile, during the ride, she had slipped the lines about the bear's neck: so she drew them tight, drove the spurs into his side, and gave him a crack over the head with the whip. She made him trot around the house a few times, calling the ladies out to see the sight. Finally she dismounted, tied the bear to the post, and walked in the dance-hall and said, "Ladies, I told you all that Mr. Bear was my riding-horse."

16. WHY FROG LIVES IN THE WATER.²

Once there was a frog and a terrapin who were going to see the same girl. The girl said that she would have the one that could sing the most beautiful song. Then the frog began to sing, "Cluck u-lu-lu, cluck u-lu-lu!" The terrapin was frightened because the frog sang such a beautiful song, and he tried to sing too; but he could only say, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" The girl said that the frog's song was the

¹ Written in 1899.

² Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

best. Then the terrapin said, "Come, let us go down to the creek and get a drink! and we will try again." The frog agreed, and they started for the creek. The frog got there first, and sat down on the bank to wait; and while he waited, he began to sing. Soon the terrapin came up softly behind the frog and pushed him into the water, and spoiled his song. Then the girl said she would have the terrapin. The frog grieved so, that he never came out on the land to live any more.

17. LITTLE PIG AND WOLF.

(Version a.¹)

Once there lived a little pig in a very close little room. A wolf would come by every day and try to fool the little pig out, so he could eat him. One morning the wolf called, but the pig did not answer him. The wolf was very sure the little pig was in there: so he said, "I know where a plenty of grapes. You better come and go with me." When the wolf was gone, the little pig put out for the grape-vine. By that time the wolf came to the pig's home and called him again. He did not receive any answer. Then he put out to the grape-tree too. When the pig saw the wolf, he hid in some moss on the tree. The wolf saw the pig before he got there; and when he got there, he called the pig, but he did not get any answer. By that time the wolf started to climb the tree. When he got to the little pig, the little pig ran out and jumped and ran away, and got home before the wolf caught him. By the time the little pig jumped in his door and shut it, the wolf had his head in the door, and it caught his head. He said to the pig, "Let me go! I will not hurt you." The pig opened the do' a little, and the wolf jumped in. The pig caught him by the leg, but he was afeard: so he said, "Yonder come de dogs." — "Let me in! Let me in! Hide me in the box! The dogs will catch me!" said the wolf. The pig did so, but he got angry and began to put holes in the box. "What are you doing?" said the wolf. "Putting holes so you can get air," said the pig. "Oh, indeed!" said the wolf. When the pig got the holes in the box, he put on some water. When it was very hot, he said, "Don't you want some cool water poured on yo' to mek yo' feel good?" — "Yes," said the wolf. So the pig po'ed hot water on him and killed him.

(Version b.²)

A long time ago Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit were good friends, but for some reason or other they became deadly enemies. Brer Wolf decided to do Brer Rabbit harm. Brer Rabbit staid in his house most of the time, so Brer Wolf couldn't get at him. Wolf, however, thought

¹ Informant, Joe Seawright. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 17-18), North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 175-176).

² Written by W. P. Narcom in 1903.

of a way to get him out by stratagem. He knew that Brer Rabbit liked fruit: so he went to Brer Rabbit's door one night, and told him he knew where some fine large apples grew, and asked him if he would like to go and get some. Brer Rabbit very politely accepted the invitation, and agreed to go for the apples next morning at five o'clock. Brer Wolf trotted off home to dream of the sweet revenge he was going to have on Brer Rabbit, but Brer Rabbit was on to his tricks. Promptly at three o'clock he went after his apples, and was back quite a while before five o'clock. As the clocks struck five, Brer Wolf tapped on the door. "Are you ready to go for dem apples, Brer Rabbit?" says 'e. Brer Rabbit says, "La', Brer Wolf, my watch said five o'clock long 'go, and I thought you wasn't comin', so Ise done been." Brer Wolf was so mad he couldn't stand still; but he did not give up his hope for revenge, so he told Brer Rabbit 'bout some peaches which were farther away from Brer Rabbit's house than the apples. Brer Rabbit gladly consented to go, this time at four o'clock; but when Brer Wolf came after him next morning, he had been fooled again, and Brer Rabbit was inside enjoying his peaches. This time Brer Wolf was so mad dat his har turned gray, but he wouldn't give up. He decided to send Brer Rabbit on a fool's errand: so he told him about some fine pears. They grew on a distant hill very far away. There wa'n't no pears dere at all. Brer Wolf jest want to get Brer Rabbit out of his house one more time. They agreed to go at three o'clock this time. Brer Rabbit started out ahead of time, as usual; but Brer Wolf, who had caught on to him, started out early too. He first caught sight of Brer Rabbit sittin' on de hill resting, den he kinder laughed up his sleeve when he thought how tired he must be from walking so far, an' how mad he must be for bein' fooled. After waiting a while, so's to catch his wind, he started out as if to speak to Brer Rabbit.

Brer Rabbit knew there was trouble in the wind: so, as soon as he saw Brer Wolf comin', he made a break for home. Right down de hill he went, and Brer Wolf started right behind him. It was a race for life; and Brer Rabbit did his level best, while old Brer Wolf was equal to the occasion.

They ran through cornfields, through woods and across fields, 'til they got in sight of Brer Rabbit's house. The sight of the house gave Brer Rabbit new courage and strength; so that he made a final break, and got in the house and locked the door just as Brer Wolf rushed 'ginst it.

Brer Wolf tried all of his force to open the door; and as he failed, he decided to come down the chimney. Brer Rabbit had no intention of letting any one come down the chimney after him: so he just set a big kettle of boiling water right under the chimney; and when Brer Wolf dropped down, he went smack into the kettle. Den Brer Rabbit slapped on de cover, and he had Brer Wolf just where he wanted him.

Brer Wolf make all kinds of whining entreaties for Brer Rabbit to let him out, but it wasn't no better for him. Brer Rabbit made a fine stew of Brer Wolf, and eat apple-sauce and peaches along with him. After this he went after fruit whenever he got ready, without fear of being caught by Brer Wolf.

18. DOG AND DOG-HEAD.¹

The rabbit and the frog were partners, and they were living on the same plantation. They had raised some rice, and were going to London with it: so they sacked it up and got ready to start. The rabbit could travel faster than the frog, so he would stop once in a while to wait for the frog. "Ber Frog, can' you come no faster den dat?" said Ber Rabbit. "You des' go on, Ber Rabbit, I be dar," said the frog. "Yes, I know you will when you eat up all dar rice," said Ber Rabbit. The rabbit thought that the frog was eating the rice because the frog panted under his throat, and the rabbit thought he was chewing. "Well," said the rabbit, "I ax yer eat some mine, too," said the rabbit. "You shall not eat all your rice and be fat, and me be poor." So the rabbit began to eat, and ate till he ate all his rice mostly. They both wanted to buy a hound, so they could catch a deer. When they go to London, the frog had enough to buy him a hound, but the rabbit had just enough to buy him a dog's head. On the way back home the frog's dog jumped a deer and caught it. The frog could not keep up with the dog, but the rabbit he kept up and did the hallowing. When the dog caught the deer, B'o' Rabbit ran the frog's dog away, and put his dog-head there.

When the frog got there, Ber Rabbit said, "Ber Frog, I thought your dog was some 'count, but dar dar dog-head of mine he can fly. Des' look how he stick to dar deer! Your old dog scared to go dar. Hold him dog-head! Don' let him go!"—"Now, Ber Frog, you go over dar whar you see dar fire at and get some fire, and I will give you half." They saw the moon rising, and they thought it was a fire. Ber Frog went hopping just as fast as he could. Soon as he thought he was far enough so that the rabbit could not see him, he hopped behind a large tree and soon came back. "Ber Rabbit, dat man would not let me hab no fire." Den Ber Rabbit look in de wes' and saw a star. "Well, yonder is a man; go ober dar."

Away Ber Frog went, but soon came back again. "Ber Rabbit, dat man say you come. I walk too slow." Away Ber Rabbit went, leaving Ber Frog to watch till he come. Ber Rabbit soon came again. "Ber Frog, dar man lib too far dat a way."—"Well, Ber Rabbit, des' go right over dar to dat man, he don' live very far. You can go dar."—"Ber Frog, you oughter go, for somebody mout take dat

¹ Informant, La Patten. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 1-5).

deer away from you." — "No, dey won't, neider! Um a man, — a good man, too," said Ber Frog. So Ber Rabbit went again.

While Ber Rabbit was gone, Ber Frog hid the deer so Ber Rabbit could not see him. Then he went jumping up and scream an' holler, an' call, "Ber Rabbit, Ber Rabbit!" Ber Rabbit came running. "Wha' de matter? Wha' de matter?" — "A grade [great] big red-eyed man don' come an' took dar deer 'way from me." — "Look a yere, Ber Frog, yo' don' say his eyes was red?" — "Yes, his eyes was red," Ber Frog he say. "Well, I don' keer," say Ber Rabbit. "Any ol' fool ought know a old dead dog-head can catch no deer. Yo' ol' dog caught him. I des' make fool out you." — "Ber Rabbit, I knowed dat you was lying. I don' carried dat deer home. I knowed my dog caught dat deer. I ain' gwine gib you a bit, neider. Now you go 'long to your house. I go to mine." And away they both went.

19. KEEPING PACE.

(Version a.¹)

Once there was a rabbit and a snail who were courting the same girl. The girl finally said she would marry the one that could win in a race and reach her house soonest. Brer Snail lived in a little house just in front of Brer Rabbit's house. Early one morning Brer Rabbit came along, and said, "Hello, Brer Snail! Are you ready?" — "Not yet, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Snail. I must eat my breakfast first, and then I must fasten up my house." But he only wanted to keep Brer Rabbit until he could get on his tail. At last he told Brer Rabbit he was ready, and Brer Rabbit started off on a run. The distance they had to go was five miles. At the end of the first mile Brer Rabbit called out, "Hello, Brer Snail!" expecting Brer Snail to answer far away; but Brer Snail answered close at his heels. Then Brer Rabbit ran all the faster. At the end of the next mile he called again. Brer Snail answered in a low voice, as though he were far behind. Brer Rabbit called him at the end of each mile, and each time Brer Snail made his voice fainter. At the end of the five miles Brer Rabbit called for the last time. Brer Snail's voice was so low that it could scarcely be heard. So Brer Rabbit thought he would take a walk, and come back in time to go into the house before Brer Snail got there; but, as he turned, Brer Snail jumped off his tail, and went into the house and jumped into the girl's lap. By and by Brer Rabbit came in. He sat down by the side of the girl. But the first voice he heard was Brer Snail's, saying, "Hello, Brer Rabbit! Ise here, you see!"

¹ Informant, Henry Rhetta. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare *Bahamas* (JAFL 30 : 229), *South Carolina* (Christensen, 58-61), *North Carolina* (JAFL 30 : 189), *Pennsylvania* (JAFL 30 : 209), *Chickasaw* (JAFL 26 : 292). See also Dähnhardt, *Natur-sagen*, 4 : 72 *et seq.*

(Version b.¹)

A terrapin and fox had a dispute about a girl as to which should marry her. Bro' Fox told Bro' Terrapin that the one who got to the girl's house and sit down by her side first should be the one to marry her. Bro' Terrapin agreed to this, and they both started off for the goal. In the mean time Bro' Terrapin grabbed hold of Bro' Fox's tail; and when Bro' Fox reached the girl's house and was sitting down by her side, Bro' Terrapin advised him not to intrude on his good nature: consequently Bro' Terrapin won the girl.

(Version c.²)

Once upon a time a buzzard met a wren. "Mr. Wren, dahs one thin' I kin do that you can't," said Mr. Buzzard. "What is it, Mr. Buzzard?" said the wren. "I kin fly so high, you kin scarcely tell me from de cloud." — "All right, Mr. Buzzard! S'pose we hab a race!" So the buzzard and the wren started. When the buzzard spread his wings, the wren lightly sat in the hollow of his back and went on up with him. "Wha' air ye, Mr. Wren?" said the buzzard when he had gone a little distance. "Ise right heah, Mr. Buzzard." Higher and higher went Mr. Buzzard. "I yi, Mr. Wren!" — "I yi, Mr. Buzzard, Ise right heah above ye, go a li'l' higher, Mr. Buzzard." — "No," said Mr. Buzzard, "we'll go down to the earth." . . . — "Well, Mr. Wren, you're allus above me. Why is't you neber fly higher den de fence ef you kin fly so high?" — "Well, you see, Mr. Buzzard, ef I tell you dat, you will be jus' as wise I be."

20. RELAY RACE.³

Once on a time there was a prize put up on a race between the rabbit and the turtle. It was said that the one who won should have a beautiful young girl for his wife. The turtle, knowing that the rabbit could make better speed than he could, went around the day before the race and got all his friends to help him. He was careful to get turtles about his own size, so that they could easily be mistaken for himself. The turtle posted them at different places along the road, and told them to be ready. When the rabbit came along at each point where there was a turtle, the turtle would cry out, "Hello, Brer Rabbit!" Then the rabbit would run all the faster. When Brer Rabbit reached the end of his journey, there was a turtle to cry out, "Hello, Brer Rabbit! You see I have won the race."

¹ Written by W. N. Brown in 1899.

² Written by Lucy C. Barrow of Phœbus.

³ Informant, Cornelius Carr. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare Bulu (JAFL 29 : 277), Benga (Nassau, 95-98), Philippines (Cole, 89; MAFLS 12 : 428-429), Cherokee (BAE 19 : 270-271), Jicarilla Apache (PaAM 8 : 237), South Carolina (JAFL 32 : 394; MAFLS 16 : 79, No. 70), Florida (JAFL 30 : 225-226). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 102 (note 1), JAFL 32 : 390 (note 9), MAFLS 16 : 79 (note 1).

21. "I ONCE HAD A BROTHER."¹

One day Brer Fox was hungry. As he wandered about the wood, he saw a squirrel upon the branch of a tall tree. "Hello, Brer Squirrel!" he said. "Hello, Brer Fox!" replied the squirrel. Then said Brer Fox, "I once had a brother who could jump from limb to limb." — "So can I," replied Brer Squirrel. "Let me see you!" said the fox. So Brer Squirrel jumped from limb to limb. "Brer Squirrel, I have a brother that can jump from tree to tree." — "I can, too." So Brer Squirrel jumped from tree to tree. "Brer Squirrel, I had a brother who could jump from the top of a tall tree right into my arms." — "I can, too," said Brer Squirrel, and he did. Brer Fox ate him up.

Brer Rabbit was lying in his bed near by, and saw all that was done. "Brer Fox," said he, "you are a mighty smart man, but I had a brother who could do something you cannot do." — "What was it?" said Brer Fox. "My brother could let anybody tie a large rock around his neck, and jump off this bridge into the water, and swim out." — "So can I," said the fox. Then Brer Rabbit fixed the rock and the string, and Brer Fox jumped, but he has not been heard of since.

22. TROUBLE.

(Version a.²)

The turkey and the rabbit were once going through an old field, and the rabbit asked the turkey what made his eyes so red. Brer Turkey told him it was trouble. Then Brer Rabbit asked him what trouble was. Brer Turkey said, "Come with me into the field, and I will show you trouble." Brer Turkey made believe he was after water, but he was only setting the field a-fire in different places. By and by Brer Rabbit heard the fire begin to roar. "Brer Turkey! Brer Turkey!" he cried, "how are you going to get out of this field?" Brer Turkey said he was going to fly out. "Take me with you, Brer Turkey!" said the rabbit. But Brer Turkey said he could hardly get himself out. Brer Rabbit ran through the fire, and that is how he lost his tail. The fire caught it and burned it off. And Brer Rabbit has never had a tail since.

(Version b.³)

One day Brer Rabbit was complaining, in the presence of Brer Fox, of the many troubles he saw every day. Brer Fox said to Brer Rabbit, "Brer Rabbit, you are all the time talking about trouble! trouble!! trouble!!! I certainly would like to see trouble one time." — "Well," said Brer Rabbit, "I'll tell you where to go; and if you do just like I

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Published in *Southern Workman*, 28 : 113.

² Informant, Ella Anderson. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare *South Carolina* (MAFLS 16 : 59-60, No. 48).

³ Written by J. H. Thomas in 1899.

tell you, you will be able to see it." — "All right!" said Brer Fox, "I'll be there, sure." — "You go away down the road and lie down in that hay-field and go to sleep; and when trouble comes by, I will call you." — "All right, Brer Rabbit! I'll be there." Brer Fox went and laid down in the centre of the hay-field and went to sleep; and as soon as he had gone to sleep, Brer Rabbit made a large ring around Brer Fox. When the ring was about five feet high, Brer Rabbit set the hay on fire, and then cried out, "Brer Fox! O Brer Fox, Brer Fox!" About this time Brer Fox awoke, and, finding himself surrounded with the flames, he soon thought that he saw trouble, and cried out, "Trouble! Trouble! Trouble!"

23. THE ESCAPE.

(Version a.¹)

Once a girl was picking peas in a pea-patch, and a rabbit came along. Brer Rabbit went to eating peas. He found them so good, that he kept eating and singing, too.

"Picking peas,
Land on my knees.
Heard old woman call
Right over there."

By this time the girl stopped and listened to the rabbit. As soon as he had finished his song, she said, "Sing that song again," and the rabbit sang again.

"Picking peas,
Land on my knees.
Heard old woman call
Right over you."

While he was singing, she caught him and carried him to the house, and told her father and mother to listen to Brer Rabbit sing. The mother said, "Put him on the floor." Then Brer Rabbit sang,—

"Picking peas,
Land on my knees.
Heard old woman call
Right over you."

When he had finished, they said, "Sing that song again." Brer Rabbit say, "Put me on the bed, and I will." So the little girl put him on the bed, and he sang the same song again. Then the father and mother said, "Sing that song again." Brer Rabbit say, "Put me in the window, and I will." So they put him in the window; and he sang,—

¹ Informant, Sarah Demmings. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare Cherokee (BAE 19 : 274, 279). Comparative, MAFLS 13 : 135-137.

"Picking peas, picking peas,
Land on my knees.
Heard old woman call
Right over you."

And with that he jumped out of the window and ran away into the woods, and they never saw Brer Rabbit again.

24. THE PASSWORD.¹

Once a 'possum and a wolf planned to go to a king's palace. The wolf went to the house to eat some rice. When he got to the rice-house, he said to the door, "Glue up!" and the door got tighter and tighter, but did not open. Finally the king caught him. Then the wolf begged him to let him go, and he would never come there again as long as he lived. So the king let him go.

Then the wolf went back home; and when he got there, he found the 'possum. "Hello, fellow!" he said. "Where you been?" The 'possum said he had been to his girl's house.

Then the wolf told him he had been to the king's house, and that he had had some rice to eat. The 'possum wanted to know where it was. Then the wolf told him about the door, and that when he got to it, he must say, "Buckle loo!" and the door would open. Then the 'possum went into the house and did as the wolf said, and the door flew open. Then he ate all the rice he wanted, and, as he came out, said to the door, "Glue up, glue up!" and the door got tighter and tighter. Before the 'possum could get out of the house, the king came, and said, "Who is this in my house?" The 'possum said, "It is me, King." And he asked the king to let him out, but the king burnt him up.

25. IN THE BEE-TREE.²

Brer Buzzard was going to kill Brer Rabbit. One day Brer Buzzard met Brer Rabbit in the road. Brer Rabbit had two jugs of syrup. Brer Buzzard said, "If you don't give me one of those jugs, I will kill you." He gave one of them to Brer Buzzard. Then Brer Buzzard said, "You will have to give me both jugs." Brer Rabbit did so. "Now I have both jugs," said Brer Buzzard, "and I am going to kill you, anyhow." Brer Rabbit said, "Brer Buzzard, please let me off, and I will carry you to a bee-tree." Brer Buzzard said, "All right!" They went on; and when they got to the tree, Brer Rabbit went up first and ate honey until he saw the bees and came down. Then Brer Buzzard went up. He was so greedy, that the bees stung him on the head. It

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 13; MAFLS 16 : 36-37, Nos. 22, 23). Comparative, Folklore, 29 : 206-218.

² Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 35-36, No. 21). Alabama (JAFL 32 : 400).

swelled in the hollow so that he could not get it out. Then Brer Buzzard said to Brer Rabbit, "Run for the doctor, and ask him what I shall do!" Brer Rabbit ran around the tree, and said, "Two good wrings and one good snatch." But that wouldn't do. Brer Rabbit ran around the tree again, and said, "Take the hatchet and chop it out." Brer Buzzard said, "Come on, and get it out for me!" Brer Rabbit went up there and chopped around, and then cut his head off. Then Brer Rabbit got a piece of mud and put it on his neck, and said, "Now flutter, now flutter, if you can!"

26. PLAYING DEAD TWICE IN THE ROAD.

(Version a.¹)

Once a rabbit and wolf went out one day to catch some fish. The wolf caught all the fish, and the rabbit didn't catch any. So the rabbit said to himself, "I am going home to my wife." Then he said to the wolf, "Brer Wolf, you have caught all the fish, and I have not caught any; and to-morrow morning your wife will be eating fish, and mine will be qu'rrling."—"I don't care," said Brer Wolf. "Please give me some fish for my wife!"—"I'll not, Brer Rabbit." Then Brer Rabbit said to himself, "Never mind! I will go and lie in the road where Brer Wolf has got to come along." Brer Rabbit went and laid in the middle of the road. The wolf came along with his basket of fish. The old rabbit pretended to be dead. Brer Wolf kicked him over, and said, "Ha! here is an old dead rabbit," and passed on. The rabbit went under the hill and got in the road again, and lay in the road as if he was dead. The old wolf came on and kicked him over, and said, "Ha! here is another dead rabbit," and passed on. Brer Rabbit went around him and got into the road again. When Brer Wolf came along to this dead rabbit, he set his basket of fish down, and went back to get the first rabbit; and then the rabbit got his basket of fish.

(Version b.²)

A rabbit once said to a fox, "Let us go fishing!"—"All right!" said the fox. The fox took the basket and went in the boat; while the rabbit sat upon the hill and played the violin, which she said would make the fish bite. When she saw that the fox had his basket full of fish, she ran down the path some distance, feigning to be dead. When the fox came along and saw her, he wondered, but passed on. After the fox had passed some way, the rabbit jumped up and ran through the bushes, heading the fox, and lay down in the road as before. And the rabbit did this way the third time; and when the fox found the

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 11-12). Comparative, Folklore, 28 : 408-414.

² Written in 1899.

third dead rabbit, he said that he would go back and count them. He put his fish down by this last dead rabbit, and went back to count; but when he returned, he had found no dead rabbits and his fish were gone; for, when he turned his back, the rabbit got up and took the basket of fish away.

(*Version c.*¹)

Near St. Louis there lived a bear who loved to go a-fishing. Once he fished all day in the Mississippi River. A cunning little hare thought of a trick to play Bear to rob him of his nice string of fish. He ran around in front of the bear, and lay down across his path as if he was dead. The bear kicked him, and, seeing he was stiff, jumped over him. The hare got up and ran around the bear, and lay down across his path again. "There lays another old dead hare," said the bear. The hare jumped up and ran around a third time, and lay down across the bear's path. "What a nice meal I should have if I had those two which are left behind!" said the bear. He laid down his fish and went back to get them. He could not find them; and when he hurried back to get his fish, there was no trace of them, nor of the hare which he had left with the fish.

(*Version d.*²)

Once a fox heard a rabbit had outwitted a wolf. He decided not to be friends to her any more. But Mis' Rabbit came and begged his pardon, and it was granted. Mr. Fox offered to go hunting with Mis' Rabbit; but the rabbit was lazy and played off sick, and staid at Mr. Fox's house till he was very near ready to come back. Then she ran way down the road, and curled up and played off dead. Brer Fox came 'long and looked at her; but he thought probably she had been dead too long, so he passed on. As soon as Brer Fox was out of sight, Mis' Rabbit jumped up and ran through the field and got ahead of him, and laid down again to fake Mr. Fox. This time he looked at her and he looked into his bag. His bag was large enough to accommodate one or two more, so he put Mis' Rabbit in, and put his bag in the grass, and went back to get the other rabbit. Before he was around the corner Mis' Rabbit jumped up and ran home with Mr. Fox's game. So Mr. Fox found no game when he returned.

But one day Mis' Rabbit was walking along, and she asked Mr. Fox what he killed. He said he killed a lot of game, but he had learned a headful of har' sense. She laughed and went on.

27. CARTLOAD OF FISH.³

A boy had some fish; and he saw a fox, and he thought he was dead, and he put him upon the fish. An' he wasn' dead; and when the boy

¹ Abstract from tale written by W. O. Clayton in 1903.

² Written by Bassette in 1903.

³ Informant, Verna Turner of Hare Valley, Va. Compare comparative, *JAF* 32 : 395 (note 1), also South Carolina (*MAFLS* 16 : 39-40, No. 25).

was pullin' his cart along, the fox took his fish and ate um. An' when the boy got home, he didn' have any fish.

28. RABBIT SEEKS MEAT.¹

The king's daughter was rich, and she wanted some alligator-meat to eat. The rabbit took his harp and went to the creek, and began to sing on his harp. The alligator came out to join in a dance; but the rabbit struck after him with a large club, so he went back. The rabbit went and killed a squirrel, and dressed himself in the squirrel's skin. He went back to the pond and began playing again. The alligator came out and played. The rabbit walked around playing until he got a chance to kill the alligator. He killed him, and carried him to his wife.

Then the rabbit's wife said that she wanted some panther-meat. The rabbit went to the woods and built a fire and blew a horn; and when the panther came, he told him that he would let him eat him if he would come through his fire. "I will," said the panther; but the panther did not know about the rabbit's tar baby in the middle of the fire. It caught him, and he died. The rabbit took him to his wife.

When the rabbit and his wife were nearly ready to go to their new place, his wife asked for some elephant-meat. She did not think that he could get elephant's meat; but he said, "I can get any kind of meat." He met the elephant, and said, "I heard that you could carry a stack of hay, a can of oil, a box of matches, and me on the top." — "I can," said the elephant. "Why, do you want to try it?" — "Yes." — "I don't believe you can," said the rabbit. They got the hay on the elephant's back, and the rabbit got upon the hay and took the oil and matches. As the elephant walked on, the rabbit put his oil on the hay. He thought the oil would sting the elephant; but before the elephant could speak, he said, "Hay stings people backs, don't it, brother Elephant?" — "Yes," said the elephant, "but I don't mind that." When they got nearly to the place where the rabbit would have to get down, the rabbit lighted a match and stuck it to the hay. Then he got down, and said, "What is that on your back?" After the elephant died, he took some of the meat to his wife. Soon after this the rabbit and his wife moved to their new place in Georgia.

29. ABOVE GROUND AND BELOW GROUND.²

Once a rabbit and a fox undertook to work a farm together. They made an agreement that the rabbit was to have all that grew above

¹ Informant, Boyd Rhetta. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 14-19, No. 8), Georgia and comparative (JAFL 32 : 404, 416-417).

² Informant, Loneva Willoughby. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 175; 32 : 391), South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 109-111, No. 112), Biloxi (JAFL 6 : 48). Comparative, Bolte u. Polivka, 3 : 355.

the ground, and the fox all that grew below the ground. The first year they planted peas. When the peas were ripe, the rabbit had them all. Buh Fox was angry at this, and said the rabbit cheated him. Buh Rabbit said, "Don't let's quo'rl! I will tell you how to settle this fuss. Next year you shall have all that grows above the ground, and I will have what grows below." So it was agreed. The next year they planted potatoes; and again they had trouble, for Buh Rabbit got all the crop. He kept on that way until he starved the fox to death. Then he had all the crop, and all the land too. Buh Rabbit sure is sharp.

30. DANCING OUT SAND.¹

Once the rabbit and the fox went courting a king's daughter. The king said he would give her to the one who would dance sand out of the rock. The fox danced and danced, but could not dance any sand out of the rock. At last the rabbit had his turn. Before he began, he tied a bag of sand with a little hole in the bottom in each of his trouser's legs. Then he danced, and the sand flew. He said, "O Buh Fox! just look, just look!" The fox knew that his chance was lost. The rabbit won the king's daughter.

31. FATAL IMITATION.²

One day Brer Rabbit was very hungry, and he did not feel like working, so he thought he would get a meal in some foul way. He saw a fisherman coming along the road one day with his tray of fish on his head, plying his trade. So he immediately jumped into his hole and stuck his foot out, so as to trip up the fisherman. Not noticing where he was walking, the fisherman came along and stumped his foot against Brer Rabbit's, upsetting his whole tray of fish. Brer Rabbit then ran out and got a full supply of fish, and then ran back in. Before long Brer Wolf came along past Brer Rabbit's house, and smelled the fish that Brer Rabbit was cooking. He called in to Brer Rabbit, "Where did you get all dem fish, Brer Rabbit?" — "From the fisherman." — "Well, gimme some, den!" — "No, but I'll tell you how to get 'em. You go home and stick your big toe up out of de ground; and when de fisherman comes along, he will stump his foot against yours, and throw away all his fish; then you run out, get as much as you want." — "All right!" says Brer Wolf. Brer Wolf went home and did this, but this time the fisherman was very particular where he walked; and when he came by Brer Wolf, he recognized the toe, and with the big stick he had he beat poor Brer Wolf's toe until it was well broken.

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

² Written by Samuel D. Holloway in 1903.

32. IN LIQUOR.¹

Brer Rat fell into a barrel of whiskey one day, and couldn't get out: so he cries to Brer Cat, and says, "Brer Cat, if you take me out of this barrel, and when I dry, I'll let you eat me." — "All right!" says Brer Cat. So Brer Cat took Brer Rat out of the barrel of whiskey and put him in the sun so that he would dry quickly. Meantime Brer Rat was looking for some hole that he might run into. Finally he saw one, and with a jump he hid himself. Then Brer Cat says, "Oh, no! that's not fair, Brer Rat." — "What's not fair?" — "You said, if I took you out of that barrel of whiskey, you would let me eat you when you dry." — "A man's liable to say anything when he's in liquor."

33. WHY DOGS CHASE CATS.²

Once upon a time a dawg married a cat; an' every evenin' when the dawg came home, the cat was sick, and he never get any supper. One day the dawg decided to stay 'round the corner of the house and watch his wife. The cat went to playin' with the kitten. When she saw the dawg comin', she ran and put a marble into her mouth, an' said she had the toothache. An' the dawg started to chasin' her. Dawgs been chasin' cats ever since.

34. NOBODY BUT YOU AND ME.

(Version a.³)

Once an old man, an' his name was Uncle Mose; and some one tol' him that if he could stay in this haunted house, he would give him all the meat he could eat. So he went to this house, and he started a fire on the hearth, and he put on his frying-pan with the meat in it. A little animal came in the chimney and turned the frying-pan over, and said, "There's nobody but you and me here to-night, Uncle Mose." And he set his frying-pan up again, and he turned the frying-pan over again, and said, "There's nobody but you and me here to-night, Uncle Mose;" and Uncle Mose said, "Yes, an' I ain't a-gwine to be here long.")

(Version b.⁴)

There was once a haunted house; and the man said to John, "If you stay in this house, I'll give you two bushels of gold." So that night, while John was in there layin' back to get a good smoke, a cat as big as a man came, and said, "John, ain't nobody here but me an' you." John said, "Hol' on! 'tain' nobody gwine be here but you pretty soon."

¹ Written by Samuel D. Holloway.

² Informant, Lillian Courtney of Hampton.

³ Informant, Thomas L. Man of Phoebus. Compare Hampton, Va. (*Southern Workman*, 28 : 449), South Carolina (*JAFL* 34 : 21). Comparative, *JAFL* 32 : 367 (note 1).

⁴ Informant, Gladys Bright of Hampton.

He ran so fast 'til he came to a rabbit; said, "Rabbit, don't you know you ought not to get in a skyared man's path?" He ran so fast 'til he outran the rabbit. He came to a man. The man said, "I didn' know you could run so." John said, "You haven't seen anything yet; jus' wait a minute."

An' John came to the man's house that offered him the two bushels of gold. The man said, "John, I thought you was goin' to stay in the house." — "No, I ain't goin' to stay in that house, either." And then he tol' him about the kyat and the rabbit and the man.

(Version c.¹)

Mr. Scott offered Uncle Tom a cartload of watermelons if he would stay in a haunted house one night. Uncle Tom went into the house and looked all through it. He didn't see anything. Then he sit down an' went to sleep. After a while a pair of boots came down. Then a barrel came down. Then a broom came down. An' it woke Uncle Tom. Then the ghost came down. The ghost said, "It ain't nobody here but you and me."² Uncle Tom said, "I ain't gwine to be here long." Then Uncle Tom began to run. He got tired, and sit down on a stone. When he looked around, he saw the ghost an' all the things sittin' down 'longside of him. The ghost said, "Ha! You ain't got rid of me yet!" Then Uncle Tom began to run again. He ran all the way to the farmer's house. Tol' the farmer he could have his ol' watermelons, if he wanted to, he wasn' gwine to stay in that old haunted house for nobody.

35. WHO DAT SAYS "WHO DAT SAYS 'WHO DAT?'"³

Oncet there was a man. He said he wasn't afraid to stay in the house where any one died. And some man tol' him if he'd stay in there, he'd give him two thousand dollars. And he was sittin' there smokin' his pipe, an' some one came there and said, "Who dat?" And this man said, "Who dat says 'Who dat?'" The other man says, "Who dat says 'Who dat says 'Who dat?'" An' the man took up his hat and flew.

36. MAGIC FLIGHT.⁴

Was a little girl named Katie; and an old woman lived in a house by herself, and everybody believed she was a witch. As Katie was passin' by, the old woman opened the door and told her to come in, and the

¹ Informant, Lucy Morris of Phœbus.

² When the story was retold, it ran, "There's plenty of us here to-night."

³ Informant, Verna Turner of Hare Valley, Virginia.

⁴ Informant, Thelma Cannady of Hampton. She heard the story from her grandmother, who lives at Newport News. Compare Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 50-60, with bibliographical notes); also South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 51-52, No. 36), Zuffi (JAFL 35 : 83).

little girl went in and saw a beautiful room with lots of pretty pictures; and the old woman said she would give her some apples to eat. And after she finished eating the apples, the old woman told her to stay with her all the time. An' then Katie remembered that her mother sent her on an errand to get something for supper. She told the ol' woman that she would stay, but she had to get something for her mother for supper, else she wouldn' have anything. An' she told her she could have anything she wanted; and she took a wand and hit the table, an' in Katie's mother's house there came lots of good things, and she was wonderin' where they came from. And Katie 'greed to stay with her for a week. An' at the end of the week she had a dream. She dreamed that a elf came and told her that the witch was goin' to kill her. The next night she dreamed the same thing. The elf left her a comb and a handkerchief, and told her to drop them when the witch came after her. She jumped out the window in the middle of the night; and as she was almos' nearin' home, she looked behind and saw the witch comin' after her. So she dropped her comb, an' a fores' grew up; and it took the witch a long time to get through. Then, after she got through, Katie dropped her handkerchief, and a river came. An' the witch had to cross the river. As she was almos' home, she came to a woods where a wood-cutter was cuttin' down some trees. The wood-cutter saw the witch, so he cut off her haid. He took Katie home. And her mother told her that came of children that disobeyed.

37. FLOWER OF DEW.¹

Once there was an old woman who staid in the wood. She was a witch. A man and his young wife were out in the woods. The old witch saw the young woman, and she changed her to a nightingale. The man wept a great while, and he began to seek some way to get his wife. He was out walking, and he found a crimson flower with dew in the middle. He pulled the flower and went to the witch's house, and went to the cage of his wife; and she came out, and they went home.

38. THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER SNAKE.²

Once upon a time there was a little girl name' Little Annie Johnsen. Her father's name was Charles Johnsen. Her mother's name was Carrie Johnsen. This Little Annie lived in the woods. Every morning when she ate her breakfast, she always leave something in her plate. It was a milk-snake that lived in her back yard, and every morning she would carry food to this snake. Her mother and father wonder why she would go down to the back yard so much. Her mother followed

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. See Bolte u. Polivka, 2 : 69.

² Written by Bernice Pressey. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 185), Alabama (JAFL 32 : 373). Comparative, Bolte u. Polivka, 2 : 459.

her one morning, and she found her down the back yard feeding the snake. This little girl was eight years old. This snake was very kind to her.

39. THE TEST.¹

During slavery-time Marse George owned a good number of pigs. So Uncle Dick and sev'el other slaves made up a plot to kill some of these. So the night for the slaughter came, and they succeeded in killing three. As they were takin' them home, they met Marse George younges' boy; but he didn' make out what dey have, but wondered what were dey doin' out dat late. So nex' day 'bout ten o'clock Marse George called Uncle Zeke and tol' him to roun' up his hawgs. So it was found dat four was missin'. So Marse George sent for Broder John, and tol' him to call all his niggers up. An' he did as he was tol'. Marse George said, "Some of you been stealin' ma hawgs." He then asked his wife's opinion 'bout de matter. So she suggested that a rope would be tied between two magnolia-trees, and the one that didn' jump it stole the hawgs.² So de day appointed came, an' Marse George's dawg led it. So it finally came Marse George's horsler and he missed de rope. So he was given hundred lashes and put back on de farm.

40. SOUL OR SOLE.³

Once upon a time there lived a girl. She wanted to know any kind of dance, and sing any kind of song. One day while she was alone, a man stood before her. He said, "You are always thinking about dancing and singing." He said, "If you want to, I will make you so as long as you want to. You must give your soul to my master when your time is up." — "I should like to be with him for twenty-eight years," she said. The time rolled by quickly. When her time was up, she heard a loud noise, saying, "I am coming! I am coming! I am coming after you! According to your word, I am coming after you!" The master had come after her soul. She did not want to give him her real soul. She took up an old shoe-sole and threw it at him. The ugly, man-like thing did not know the difference, and he was contented.

41. MATE TO THE DEVIL.⁴

Once there was a woman who could do anything she wished to do. If she didn't like some one, she would speak to him, and in that way hurt him; and if one of her friends should get cross with another person

¹ Informant, Armstead V. M. Jones of Scotland, La.

² This appears to be a variant of the test of jumping the fire. See, comparative, JAF^L 32 : 394 (note 3) and MAFLS 16 : 14 (No. 7). It seems to be a variant of the widespread South African story of the test by walking the rope (see JAF^L 35 : 193).

³ Written by William Herbert.

⁴ Informant, Betty Wiley. Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

that she didn't like, she would throw something on the ground and make something that belonged to that person fall dead. In that way she threw a dipper of water on the ground for spite to a man, and made one of his fine horses fall dead in the street. This woman was said to be a mate to the Devil, and he could give her power to hurt any one that she didn't like or got cross with. She had power to kill if she would only speak when she was angry. There were a great many rooms to her house; and in one of the rooms up in the fourth story was a dark room, always with a blue candle in there burning, and an old man said to be the Devil. This man staid in there always, and never came out. The way he was seen was by a very small window. He at length opened it, and an old woman was going by, when she saw him. This story is what she told.

42. WOMAN-CAT.

(Version a.¹)

Long, long ago there lived an old miller. His family was very small. There was no one but him and his wife alone. This old man was not very rich, and had to work very hard to save what he had. His mill was the greater part of his property. He ran it day and night, or the larger part of the night. His wife was an old witch, and would come to the mill every night while this old man was there. She came in the form of a cat. The old man would stop his mill after everybody was gone with their meal. He would spend the other part of the night reading. This cat would come every night and get in his lap. Sometimes the cat would not let him read, she would make so much noise. The old man was very tired of her. One day he was telling one of his friends about the cat, how it acted. This friend called himself very wise. So he said that it was the miller's wife. This friend told him how he could prove that it was his wife. The miller was told to cut off one of the cat's paws; and if it was his wife, it would be her finger. The miller laughed at his friend, but he did as he was told. The cat came in that night as usual, and sat in the miller's lap. The miller began playing with her; and while he was playing, he slipped out his knife and cut off one of her paws. The cat left the mill as quick as she could. The miller put the paw in his pocket, and it turned into a finger. The miller went home the next morning, and found his wife in bed claiming she was sick.

(Version b.²)

Once upon a time there was a man whose wife was a witch, and he owned a gris'-mill. He employed a man to keep the mill. Every night

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 9-10; MAFLS 16 : 24-25, No. 12; JAFL 30 : 196).

² Written in 1899.

this keeper would light his candle and read his Bible. After a few nights a cat would come in and get upon the table and put out the light. Finally the old mill-keeper became enraged, and cut the cat's left paw off. The cat hurried out on three legs. As soon as the man cut off the paw, it became a hand, upon which was a beautiful ring. On it was the name of his employer's wife. The next morning the old keeper went to the house and asked to see the lady, without explaining his business. The landlord objected, of course, as the lady was ill in bed. Then the man drew from his pocket this hand, and told the full story. The husband looked at the ring and knew it. Then he carried the man into his chamber, and told her that this man wanted to see her. The man wanted to shake her hand. She refused. Then he took from his pocket this hand and ring. Her husband was there, and she knew he would not want her any more. So she got up out of the bed and began to plan for her departure.

She ordered a boy to go to the store and bring her two tin plates, but not to put his tongue to them; if so, he would break her craft. The boy got the plates and did not fail to put his tongue to them. The witch took the plates, placed them to her side, and became a bird. She took her flight; and, after getting a few rods in the air, the plates fell off, leaving her without wings: hence she fell to the ground and smashed into bits. These bits became moles, and burrowed in the ground.

43. BROOM-CHARM.

(*Version a.*¹)

Once an old colored man was harassed several nights by what he said was an old witch riding him, so he planned to catch her. She came every night in the form of a yellow cat. This night, as the old man lay down before the open fire-arch, which had in it a big hot fire, he saw this same yellow cat come in the door and take her seat right before the big fire in front of him. He immediately got up, and took his broom and put it across the door; and then he went back, stirred the fire up, put on several more logs, and made it as hot as possible. The yellow cat, which was the old witch, could not move out of her place, but simply turned from one side to the other. She could not move as long as the broom lay across the door. After the old man had burned almost all the fur and skin off the cat, he removed the broom and told her to go. No sooner was the broom removed than the cat flew. The old man said that he knew who she was: so the next day he went to this neighbor's house to see how she was; and before he got there, the woman's husband met him, and asked why he burned his wife so badly last night. He said that she was in bed, with the skin burnt off of her.

¹ Written by Nannie Williams in 1899.

If it is a white cat, it is a white woman; a yellow cat, a yellow woman; and a black cat, a black woman; and if you put the broom across the door when the cats come in, they cannot leave until the broom is removed, so it is said.

44. OUT OF HER SKIN.

(*Version a.*¹)

Once there was a woman that could turn into a witch. When the husband would go to bed, she would slip out, and go off into the woods and turn into a bear. Once she went off and turned into a bear, and a man shot her in the shoulder. When she went home, her husband asked her what had happened. She said that she got hurt through an accident. The next time she turned into a panther, and wandered off in a very thick woods and ran the women and children. One night she was off, and a man saw her and shot her in the hip. While she was gone, the husband missed her and got up. He saw her skin lying by the fire. He got some red pepper and put it inside of the skin. Then he locked the door to keep her from coming into the house that night. When she came back, she slipped through the keyhole and went to get into her skin. Every time she went to get in, the pepper would burn her. She would say, "Skinny, skinny, don't you know me?" Then she would try again: it would burn her still. She would say, "Skinny, skinny, don't you know me?" The husband woke up. She got into it, but could not stay. Then she was tarred, and burnt to death.

(*Version b.*²)

Once it was said that an old lady had a very bad enemy near her. She got mad. She tried in all ways to do her harm, and she could not. At last she decided to witch her, and so she did. The old woman at night slipped out of her skin and went to do her conjure-work. While she was gone out to conjure the woman, her husband went up there. No one was there. He went back home, looked in the corner of his chimney, and there lay a bundle. He took hold of it. While looking at it, it was a person's skin. Then he went into the house looking at the skin, and it was the old lady's skin. He then went to work boiling some red pepper. Then he rubbed the skin all over and put it back. By and by the old woman came back and tried to get back into her skin; but it burnt her so, she had to jump out again. Again and again she tried; but each time it burnt her so, she could not get into it. Finally she said, "There is a bad witch working on me. I must go home and get a doctor."

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 10-11; MAFLS 16 : 63-64, No. 53). Comparative. JAFL 27 : 247; 32 : 363 (note 1).

² Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

45. THE SIX WITCHES.¹

Once upon a time there was a house which was scarcely noticed, that stood just outside of a very famous little village. In this house lived an old lady and her five daughters. The house looked terribly bad outside; but if any one had gone inside of it, they would have found it very different from the outside. The old lady and her five daughters were witches, and it is said that they got all they wanted from the village stores. One afternoon two travellers happened by this house just about sunset, and asked if they might stay all night. The old lady told them they could if they would be satisfied with the place she would give them, as she was not a rich person. The men told her it was all right, just so they were not out of doors. She asked them to come and sit down, she would have them something to eat in a few minutes. So she did. And the two men ate, and then went to bed very soon, for they were very tired from walking so hard. One of them went to sleep very soon after he got into bed; but the other one would not go to sleep, because he thought the old lady and her daughters were up to something. Just as soon as the old lady and the family thought the men were asleep, they reached up the chimney and (each) got an old greasy horn² a juice and put to their mouths, then said a few words³ and was gone. The man that was not asleep grew very much frightened for a while, but soon got over it. As soon as he got over his fright, he got up and put on his clothes, and looked for the horns that the old lady and the five daughters used. He succeeded in finding the horns up the chimney. And as soon as he got them, he put one of them in his mouth and said a few words, and out he went. When he stopped, he was in a man's store in the village, where he found, to his surprise, the old lady and her daughters. He did not know how he got in the store: so he went up to the old lady and began to talk with her, but she gave him no answer. The old lady looked at her daughters, and said a few words which the man could not understand; and out they went, and left the man alone in the store. The man said as near as he could the same things that the old lady said, but could not get out. He would rise up as far as the ceiling of the store and strike his head, but could not get out. When day came, the poor man was so afraid, that he did not know what to do. The clerk of the store came down very soon and unlocked the door. "I have been missing things out of my store for a long time," replied the clerk, thinking that the man had hidden himself in the store before he closed it the night before. "Oh, no!" replied the man. "If you will allow me a chance, I will

¹ Written in 1903 by W. S. Burrell. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 32 : 392).

² *Variant:* Gourd.

³ *Variant:* "Flute, I'm gone." The other witches respond, "I'm after you."

tell you just how I happened to be here." So he told the clerk all about it, and also took the clerk to the old lady's house, where his partner was. When the clerk entered the old lady's house, he saw several things that he knew he had in his store and had missed them. So he went back to the village, and sent the sheriff after the old lady and her daughters, and let the man go free. When the old lady and her daughters were brought to trial, they were guarded by (?); and when they got ready to pass the sentence on them, they began to sing a little song, which every one wanted to hear. They sang for about fifteen minutes; and as they sang, they began to move directly upwards until they got so far up in the air that a person could hardly see them, and then disappeared. Those that were guards began to quarrel with each other because one did not shoot and the other did not shoot. So they got mad, and began shooting each other.¹

46. CAN'T SET STILL.²

There was once an old woman who was very anxious to get to church to tell her experience, as most of the Baptist people are; but this old woman was the last one to get to church, and every one was through telling their experience, so she was called upon as soon as she got in church. She got up twisting and turning, and then began, "Well, sisters and brothers, Ise had a mighty hard time to-day. I went to churn my milk, and the pig routed it over. I went to set my hen, and she flew up and broke my eggs. I got my old horse and started to church, he stuck a fence-rail in his side, and I had to walk, and I'm so full of sea-ticks I can't set still."

47. THE OLD WOMAN, HER DAUGHTERS, AND THE KID.³

Once there was a widow living in a house with two daughters, and she had a kid and kidkins. Gloves were very much in fashion then; and the girls used to keep asking their mother if they might not kill the kid, so as to have some gloves made out of the skin. But the mother said no, she had only that one kid, and could not spare her. At last the girls made a plot to have the kid, anyway. One night they asked their mother if they might bake some cakes. The mother let them do so. They baked and baked. At last the mother came to the fire to see if they had not nearly finished. They pushed her into the

¹ *Variant:* The witch puts something in the mouth of the man on the gallows, and on his head one of the black caps she and the other witches used in their flight. The man repeats the password after her; and they vanish to sight, leaving only a little smoke. Back in her house the old witch gave the young man his clothes, and said, "This is a lesson for you. Always mind your own business, and not old peoples'." (Burrell.)— Compare Maryland (JAFL 30 : 209-210).

² Written by Araminta in 1899.

³ Informant, Ida Woode. Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

fire, and she was burned to death. Then they killed the kid and skinned it, and got ready to make the gloves. That night, after they were in bed, the mother came back, and said, "Daughter, daughter!" The daughters were too frightened to answer; but the kid answered, and said, "Baa, baa, little mother!" The next morning the girls took the ashes of their mother and carried them off into the woods. The next night the mother came back and began to call at the gate, but she did not hear any answer. She came to the door and called, but still heard no answer. Then she pushed the door open, and went into the house and called and called, but did not get any answer. At last she jumped into the bed and tore the girls in pieces.

48. HAUNTED HOUSE.¹

There was a travelling preacher who was looking for a place to stay just for one night. He went to a very rich family and ask them, if they had a room, would they let him stay until morning. They told him that they did not have a room there, but there was an old house that sat over there in the field, it was very haunty, and "If you can stay, you are welcome to it, for several men have been there, but did not come out again." The preacher went over there to the old house, opened the door, and went upstairs, made himself a good fire in the fireplace, and sat there reading his Bible until twelve o'clock. He heard the dishes and pans rattling, and the chairs moving about, and some one scuffling around the floor. He said to himself, "I did not know that there were another family in here." He did not pay any attention to that, he went on reading his Bible. After a while he heard some one coming scuffling up the stairs. They said to him, "Mr. White said come down and have supper." — "Tell him that I am not at all hungry, I have just been to supper." The second time he sent a cat. It scratched on the door and said, "Mr. White says please come down and have supper." — "Tell him that I do not care for anything, I have just been to supper." The third time he said, "Mr. White says, if you don't come down, you wish you had." The preacher began to feel frighten', and said, "I will be down there in a minute." The preacher went down there to supper. There was a table all set with pretty dishes and plenty to eat. All the chairs around the table were filled with people except one, and that was for the preacher. When he sat down, they ask him if he would bless the table. He said, "Yes, I will." This is the blessing that he said: "Good Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive, for Christ sake. Amen." When he raised his head up, everybody was gone, and he was left there in the dark. He had to feel his way back up to his room. This was the only man ever lived there that did not get killed or ran away before

¹ Written by Elsie Johnson.

morning. The next morning the preacher left the house, and thanked the people for letting him stay there.

49. HAUNTED HOUSE.¹

Once upon a time was a family of people who were different from all the people around them. They had very nice stock around them, a large orchard, all kinds of poultry, and a beautiful flower-yard. When one of the family died, they that remained buried the one that was dead. When all of them died but one, he became very lonely and died very soon. There was not any one to bury him, so he lay on his bed and decayed. After his death the house was said to be haunted, and no one could go inside of it. The next year after the last one of this family died, the fruit-trees bore a tremendous quantity of fruit, but no one came to get it.

When people rode along the road which was near the house, they were often tempted to take some of the fruit that hung over the road; but when they put their hands to get the fruit, some one would speak to them and frighten them, so that they would forget the fruit. One day an old man who was a thief came by the house, and saw all the fruit and the poultry, and a large number of eggs lying under the flowers. He asked the people around why they did not get some of those things that were wasting there. The people answered by telling him if he could get any of them, he might have them. "Very well," replied the old man, "I will have some of those things before I sleep to-night." So he laid his coat that had his arms down just a little ways from the house, and stopped there until night came. As soon as it was a little dark, the man arose and went inside of the orchard, and tied eight hens which were up a large apple-tree to roost. When he had tied the eight, he discovered a light somewhere, he did not know where. He looked down on the ground, and there were two large dogs with lamps on their heads, which were giving him a good light. When he saw this, he became so frightened that he turned the hens loose and fell backwards out of the tree. The dogs jumped after him just as soon as he got to the ground. The man jumped up and began to run as fast as he could, with the dogs right behind him. His home was about four miles, and he ran every step of it. When he got to his house, he fell in the door speechless, and lay speechless for a long time. When he came to his senses, he told his wife and family about what had happened to him. After that there was not a man in the community that was any more honest than he was. He had been a rogue all of his life up to this time. After this happened he always worked for what he got.

¹ Informant, Duncan. Recorded by A. M. Bacon.



50. THE DISMEMBERED GHOST.¹

Once there was a very rich family of people, and they all died. Everybody was afraid to go there. Finally some one put up a sign-board which said, "Any one who will go to this house and stay over night can have the house and all that is in it."

A poor boy came along and read it. "I will go," said he, and he went at sunset. He found all that he wanted, and went to work to cook his supper. Just as he was ready to eat it, he heard a voice from the top of the chimney. He looked up, and saw a leg. The leg said, "I am going to drop." — "I don't care," said the boy, "jes' since you don' drop in my soup." The leg jumped down on a chair. Another leg came, and said, "I am going to drop." — "I don' keer," said the boy, "jes' since you don' drop in my soup." One after another all the members of a man came down in the same way. The little boy said, "Will you have some supper? Will you have some supper?" They gave him no answer. "Oh," said the little boy, "I save my supper, and my manners too." He ate his supper and made up his bed. "Will you have some bedroom? Will you have some bedroom?" said the little boy. No answer. "I save my bedroom, and my manners too," said the little boy; and he went to bed. Soon after he went to bed, the legs pulled him under the house and showed him a chest of money. The little boy grew rich, and married.

51. BURIED TREASURE.²

It is said once a very rich man died, and his store was haunted; and his brother wanted some one to stay there at night, but everybody was afraid. Then he said that he would give fifty dollars to any man to stay there one night. A doctor said that he would stay there that night; and he went in and closed the door, and took his newspaper to read. Now everybody was quiet, and he was reading away, he heard something walking on the doorsteps. Then he raised up his head, and the door flew open and in came a cow with no head; and he jumped up and ran out the other door. When the owner of the store heard this, he said, "I will give five hundred dollars to any one that will stay here the next night." Then a preacher said, "I will stay;" and the preacher went in and closed the door, and took his Bible to read. He said to himself, "I will go upstairs," and away he went. When all the town was still, he heard something coming in; he read on, then he heard it coming upstairs; read on, it came to him; then he looked up and saw four men without a head,³ with a coffin. Brought it to

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare Pennsylvania (JAFL 30 : 217), Zuni (JAFL 35 : 88), Cape Verde Islands (MAFLS 15 [pt. 1] : 135, 241 [note 1]).

² Informant, Jonas McPherson. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 195), South Carolina (JAFL 32 : 368).

³ See JAFL 32 : 398.

him, sat it down, and started toward him. The preacher left, and told the news; and when the owner heard this, he said, "I will give five thousand dollars to any one that will stay here one night." Then a poor man said, "I will stay." He went in and closed the door, and in a few minutes he heard something coming in at the door. He was very much afraid; but he said, "I will not run, but I will ask it what it wants here." At this moment the door flew open, and in came a man without head and arms. The poor man said, "What do you want here?" Then he said, "That is what I have been coming here for, for some one to ask me that. Sir, my money is down under the hill; and if you come with me, I will show it to you, and you may have two thousand dollars of it, and I want you to divide the rest with my brothers." And he did so.

52. HAUNTED BRIDGE.¹

There is a bridge near my home known as the "Haunted Bridge." During the Civil War the Northern army came through this country, doing a great deal of damage. A man by the name of Mr. Cheek, who lived within fifty yards of my home, heard that this army was approaching. He made ready to escape on his horse. He started off in haste. He came to this ditch. He was in a hurry to cross. The crossing was called "Ford." The bridge has been built there since then. He made his horse run into the ditch, and both himself and the horse were killed. It is said by a good many people, at night when they cross the bridge, he can be seen at any time on his black horse, on a dark stormy night especially. There was a man who lived near Mr. Cheek's house whom Mr. Cheek did not like. I heard this man say that Mr. Cheek comes to his house every night and knocks. The man says he knows it is Mr. Cheek. Sometimes he gets up and opens his door, and once or twice he saw him in the form of a cow.

53. THE SINGLE BALL.²

There was once a slave and his mahster. The slave could tell any kind of a tale for his mahster, so his mahster used to take him around with him to visit his friends. On one occasion the mahster told the following tale, and asked Jake, his slave, to verify it and also tell jus' how it was done. "Yesterday Jake and I were out on East Mountain, huntin', and we saw a deer on West Mountain. And I aimed, and shot the deer through his right hind-heel and his right ear with one shot. — Didn't I do it, Jake?" — "Yes, sah, mahster! you certainly did it." — "Well, all right, Jake! You jus' tell this gentleman how I did it."

¹ Informant, Rosa Ruce. Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

² Informant, Payton Brown of Pulaski County, Virginia. Compare North Carolina, Georgia, Bahamas (JAFL 30 : 191); Georgia (JAFL 32 : 370); South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 117, No. 122).

Jake scratched his head and thought a moment, and said, "Oh, yes! mahster, you mean the deer dat was scratchin' his head? De deer had his right foot up, scratch his right ear, when mahster shot, and the bullet went through his right heel and his ear." It was a very plausible story; but Jake turned to his mahster, and said, "Look here, mahster! please get dem shots a little closer together nex' time."

54. WHAT DARKENS THE HOLE?¹

Two Negro boys went out bear-hunting. They knew where there was an old bear with a cub. So they went; and the mother-bear was out from her hole, intending to get the baby-bears. And Jake staid on the outside to watch for the old bear, and Ike went in to get the baby-bear. While Ike was in, the baby-bears begin to cry; and the mother-bear, not being very far away, hurried to see what was the trouble. She came so swiftly, that Jake didn't have time to call to Ike; but jus' as the mother-bear went into the hole, Jake seized her by the tail. Ike was within, and the light had been shut off; and Ike hollered, "Hey! What darken de hole?" An' Jake replied, "If dis tail-hol' slips, you'll see what darkens de hole."

55. THE SLAVE TURNS.²

Once upon a time there was a king who had a daughter. Her name was Mabel. One night Mabel was invited to a big dance. The slave who worked for her father was to carry her to dis dance. Before they could get there they had to cross a little river. The slave pulled his shoes off and took her on his back. After while they arrived at dis house where the dance was. When she got in dis house, she did not notice him. When she got ready to go, the slave carried her to the river. He had to pull off his shoes, as before. When he got half way the river, the slave dropped her in the water, and said, "Ben Jones' horse ti'ed."

56. SWEET-POTATOES.³

Once upon a time there was a little slave who always said that he didn't like sweet-potatoes. Every night he would go to his master's potato-hill and steal his potatoes. Then he would go back to his little house and sit around the fire, and say, —

"Sweet-'tatoes, yer nice,
Are blows an' bites.
I eats a peck every night."

¹ Informant, Payton Brown of Pulaski County, Virginia. Compare Georgia (JAFL 32 : 371), South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 118, No. 124).

² Written by Adeline Wyche.

³ Written by Helen Bailey.

The next time that he went to the hill, his master watched him. After he had gotten into the house and cooked the potatoes, his master opened the door and went in. "I thought you said that you didn't like potatoes," said the master. He carried him down to the place where he whipped his slaves at, and whipped him.

"Yes, master, blows an' bites.
I eats a peck every night.
Sweet-potos, sweet-potoes.
Yes, master, I ain't gwoin' eat no mo' dem 'tatoes."

57. MASTER'S HOG.¹

Once there was an old man who, every time his master killed a hog, would kill one too. One day he killed a very large hog, and was trying to carry it upstairs. The old man kept saying, "Push, old lady, push!" The old woman would say, "Pull, old man, pull!" She looked, and saw their master coming, and she turned the hog loose. The old man saw his master coming, and he began to pull, and call out, "Push, old lady, push! It's the heavies' hog I eber kill; but push, old lady, push!" But old massa came up and caught the hog, and pulled until the old man turned it loose. Old massa went and got a switch, and began with the son first. The old man would say, "Stand to it, my son! stand to it!" He drew blood; but the old man say, "Stand to it, my son! Neber fail. Stand to it!"

58. WHAT DID YOU SAY?²

Long ages ago, when our fore-parents were slaves, every rainy day they would have pease to eat. One day when the master brought the pease to his slaves, one of them said, "Um ti'ed a pease. We's got pease fur dinner, and we's got pease fur suppers." His master heard what he said. He came right away, and asked him what did he say. "Not'in', master," said he; "I just say, 'More rain, more grass grows.'"

59. MASTER'S FOWLS.³

Master began to miss his fowls: so one night he walked down the field towards Aunt Dinna's house, and he saw a big fire with a pot over it. Now Aunt Dinna began to sing, —

"Massa, ain't you glad your old game-hen
Been on the roos' so long?
But Ah got 'em in the pot at las'."

Aunt Dinna sang over this tune three or four times while taking the feathers from the old hen. So the master began to sing, —

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 22).

² Written by Helen Bailey. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 54).

³ Written by Thorne.

"Aunt Dinna, ain't you glad my old game-hen
 Been on the roos' so long?
 You got 'em in the pot at las'.
 But, Aunt Dinna, ain't you sorry
 You got my old game-hen in the pot,
 For Massa gwine to cut your back at last."

60. SAVING HOG.¹

In this community, every time any one killed a hawg, it was necessary to give some of it to the neighbors. So Sis Garret husband killed a hawg; and Sis Garret said, "Garret, you ain't gwine give away all dis hawg. Us gwine to save it fur us chillun." Soon after dey had killed de hawg, and cut it up and salted it down, Sis Jenkins came to see Sis Garret. When Sis Garret saw Sis Jenkins comin', she exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord! Garret, yonder comes Sis Jenkins. Push de meat under de baid." He get out de house. Now, Sis Jenkins came in, and said, "Good-mornin', Sis Garret! I been hear you kill hawg." Sis Garret say, "Yes, I been kill; but he been a small one, and Garret an' de chillun done eat um all up." An' Sis Jenkins answered, "Yere!" An' den de two women begun to talk about first one thing and then the other. While they sat talking, Sis Garret's large gray kyat came in and ran under the bed. Suddenly the kyat came back out, dragging a large piece of fresh pork. Sis Jenkins exclaimed, "Sis Garret! What's dat de kyat been have?" Sis Garret jumped up and stretched her apron in front of de kyat with the meat; and she shouted, "Oh, my Gawd! Skyat! Skyat!"

61. GOING TO HEAVEN.²

Once there was an old slave who prayed to the Lord that he would take him home, soul and body. At last, one day when his master was gone off, he told his wife that next day he would bid the world good-by, for the Lord had made known to him that he was going to take him up, soul and body. So next day he went out to a tree where he often went, and prayed, "O Godie! take me to the place where people don't have to work! Master give five hundred lashes every night and morning." His master was out in the bushes, and heard everything that was said. So he went to town and bought a line and windlass. He took the line and climbed to the top of the tree. By and by the old slave came back, and prayed, "O Lord! take me to heaven, where massa can't beat me any more! Send me a line from heaven!" He looked up, and there was the line. He took hold of the rope and put it around his neck. He said, "Lord, Ise ready to go." Now his master began to draw him up. The slave said, "Wait, Lord! Let me down again!" He let him down.

¹ Informant, Julian Bagley of Duval County, Florida.

² Recorded by A. M. Bacon.

He then said, "God, I ready! Let me go again!" and he started up again. Then he said, "O Lord! let me down again, and get some moss hay and put it on my neck!" He put the hay on his neck. Then he said, "I go now, I know. Farewell, everything!" He left the ground. He did very well till he got up about nine hundred feet, then he got to whirling around. He said, "O Lord! let me back!" but his master did not let him back. He said, "O God! don't you hear me? Let me back!" His master then got so ticklish until he turned the windlass loose, and down he fell. When he reached the ground, he had no breath left. He lay there like a dead man for a long time. When he came to his right sense, he got up and ran home. When he got home, he said, "Alice, I want you tell me what you praying to God for. You just as well pray to the Devil: for God made known to me that He was going to take me where He is; and when He got me way up, He let me fall back to the ground. I ain't gwine pray no mo', an' I don' want to see you pray no more. You is just losing your time, and you might get more sleep. I don' want see you at such a thing again."

62. THE LORD AND LANGTON.¹

Once there was an old man named Langton; and whenever he prayed, he would say, "O Lord! please come and take poor Langton home out of his suffering!" Every night he did that, people began to notice it:—so some mischievous boys said that they would try his faith. One night they came to the old man's door, and waited until the old man began to pray. When he got to his old saying, one of them knocked on the door, — bam, bam, bam! The old man stopped praying and listened, and no one said anything. After a while he began again; and soon he said, "O Lord! please come and take poor Langton home out of his sufferings!" One of the boys knocked on the door, — blip, blip, blip! The old man stopped again, and asked, "Who is that?" One of them replied, "The Lord has come to take poor Langton home out of his sufferings." The man jumped off his knees and blew the light out, then with a very excited voice exclaimed, "Langton has been dead and gone a fortnight!"

63. HUNTING ON SUNDAY.²

Once there was a man who would go hunting every night, — Monday night, Tuesday night, Wednesday night, Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday night, Sunday night. And doing this, the preacher begged him to cease hunting so much. He would hunt Sunday nights.

¹ Written by Pratt in 1899. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 57-58, No. 46), Virginia (JAFL 32 : 361-362, and bibliographical note).

² Informant, Allen Ewing of Butler County, Alabama. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 184).

But he didn't heed. One Sunday he went out with the dawgs. He treed a 'possum. All at once something up in the tree began naming the days of the week: "Monday night, Tuesday night, Wednesday night. . . poor 'possums can't get no rest." Came down out of the tree, ketch the dawgs, beat them. The man ran away home, said that was a cure for hunting Sunday nights.

64. THE FRIGHTENED GUEST.¹

Once upon a time a master had a boy working for him. One Sunday his master went to church and told him to cook a duck. The boy cooked the duck, and said, "I will taste the wing;" then he said, "I will taste the other wing;" and then he ate all the duck. Then it was too late to cook another duck. His master brought the preacher to take dinner. The master was sharpening his knife. The boy said, "He is sharpening his knife to kill you." The preacher began to run. The boy said to his master, "There he goes with the duck!" The master began to run after the preacher.

65. DIVIDING THE SOULS.²

✓ This story my grandmother told me 'bout slavery-time.

There was an old man on the plantation. He was lame, he had a cork leg, and he insisted he couldn't get along without a cane to help him walk. He had two grandsons at that time who were very eager to hunt nuts in the woods. One afternoon in the fall these two boys went hunting walnuts. On the way back, for fear that some of the other children would take their nuts, they stopped by the cemetery to hide them. So they went in and hid the walnuts behind a tombstone, intending to leave them there until night, and then come and get them. To be sure that nobody had bothered them, they brought two out, — two walnuts, — and put them outside of the gate. That night after supper they sneaked outside the cabin to the cemetery to divide their walnuts. They sat down in the cemetery and began dividing them in this way: "Two for me, and two for you; two for me, and two for you." About that time one of the slaves passed the cemetery. It was about midnight. He heard these boys talking. So he ran very fast to the cabin, 'cause it frightened him hearing these boys in the cemetery, and told Uncle Remus that Satan and the Lord were in the cemetery dividing the souls, saying, "Two for me, and two for you."

¹ Written by William H. Harris. Compare comparative, MAFLS 13 : 77; also South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 140, No. 159).

² Informant, Genna Carter of Greensborough, N.C. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 177), Charlottesville, Va. (JAFL 30 : 215). In the Negro musical comedy *Lisa*, played this season in New York, the graveyard scene of this well-known English-Negro tale is introduced, the ghostly voice saying, "You take the tall one, and I'll take the short one," in this dramatic version the two grave-robbers being tall and short.

Uncle Remus doubted this statement, and they both went to investigate. They stopped just at the gate to listen; and they heard these boys saying, "Two for me, and two for you; two for me, and two for you." 'Bout that time Uncle Remus said, "Lord, I believe dey is." The boys had just about finished dividing the walnuts, and, remembering the two outside the gate they left, one said, "Two for me, two for you, and those two outside the gate you can have either one of them you want." Uncle Remus, not sure which one would get him, Satan or the Lord, dropped his stick which he used for thirty years, and ran back to the cabin.

66. NOT TOO LAME.

(Version a.¹)

A rich planter fell from his horse in a fox-hunt, and was lamed for life. He was carried about in a litter by four slaves. When his wife was about to die, she made him promise to bury with her all her jewels. The planter was carried every day to the grave, and every night would send a servant to see that the grave was undisturbed. One night the servant returned in haste to report that some one was robbing the grave. The litter-bearers had gone to a cake-walk on the next plantation, so the planter made his servant carry him on his back. . . . The slaves reasoned, "We belongs to marster, an' de chickens dey belongs to marster." And so they felt free to take what they wanted. Two slaves planned to steal a sheep and to bury it for safe-keeping in the graveyard. One went to the pasture to get the sheep; the other, to the graveyard to dig the hole. When the planter came on the back of the servant, the man digging thought it was his partner with the sheep. "Is he fat?" he asked. The servant was frightened by the voice from the grave, and said, "Fat er lean, take him!" and dumped his master into the hole, and ran back to the house. He was the fastest runner on the plantation; but when he reached the house, he found his master there already, with the bed-clothes over his head.

(Version b.²)

McAllister's plantation adjoined Joe Jenkin's, and their slaves were neighbors.

Joe's coachman was a big strapping fellow, with swarthy skin, kinky hair, pearl teeth gracefully set in a bright-red gum that was very prominent whenever he parted his weighty lips to speak or grin. Sam was very fond of McAllister's house-maid. Lily Bell prided herself as the belle of all the plantations, far and near. She was a mulatto of medium height and size, beautifully shaped, with bright rosy cheeks,

¹ Written by I. C. Diamond in 1899. His version has been abbreviated. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 184), Alabama (JAFL 32 : 398).

² Written by John A. Jentons in 1903.

dark eyes that sparkled under heavy eyelids, and her head was covered with thick, black, glossy hair.

Sam was always in the height of glory when he was *en route* to "ma Bell's house;" but once when he got there, her charming features and musical voice had not the usual pleasant effect on him. Lily Bell got uneasy as she stared at Sam from head to foot.

"Why, what's the mattah wid ma Sam, humph? Who's been atter you, dem hans or dem hants? Oh, talk, Sam! Don't you hear yo' honey talkin' to you?" All this time Sam stood with head bent. After a while he broke silence: "Wal, you see, Lily Bell, I is so glad you t'ink so much ob Sam; but to-night you came near not habin' any Sam, 'cause de hants like ter skeered me to deaf." — "Why, Sam!" — "Yes, indeed, honey! 'tis er fact! As I wus comin' ober here ter-night by de cemetary, I saw two white hants standin' up straight, and one on de ground." — "Whar did yer see dem, Sam?" — "By de graveyard." — "O Sam! I know you are 'fraid to go back to-night." Just at this instant Lily Bell's brother spoke. "I ain't erfraid of hants; and ef I could walk, I would go home wid you, Sam." This boy was deformed. He had almost reached his first score, and he had never walked. Sam was much comforted by Tom's remarks, and he felt ashamed of himself for being afraid, if poor afflicted Tom was not afraid of hants. The graveyard which Sam had often passed at night was about two miles from the cabin where Lily staid. He thought that was quite a ways to carry a man, but finally he accepted the proposition. "Will you do it, Tom, sure enough?" — "Yes, Sam, ef you tote me, I will." — "Den, all right, Tom! Ef Lily will excuse me, I will be goin' right now, 'case I am in a big hurry."

The objects Sam saw at the graveyard were not hants: they were men. Two men had been in the act of stealing McAllister's sheep and coming to the graveyard to dress them. This is what Sam saw. After taking leave of Lily Bell for the night, he started home with Tom on his back. He dared not look up, but walked with his head downward. Just as they reached the graveyard, one of the rogues who was waiting for his partner to come with a sheep, through mistake took Sam for his partner. So he rushed to Sam, and, rubbing his hand on Tom, he said, "Is he fat, John?" Just then Sam dropped Tom, saying, "Take him, fat er lean! I don't want him." Sam started back to Lily's home as fast as he could run. Poor Tom was so frightened, he knew not what to do. Although he had never walked, that night he beat Sam running, and got back home before Sam did. On investigation the next morning, it was found out just what had been taking place at the graveyard. The slaves of both plantations were never after that afraid of haunts, and Tom continued to walk.

67. SKELETON.¹

There were once some men who offered one hundred dollars to the man who would bring them the skeleton of a dead person. That night, before the man got to the cave, one of the men who offered the money went and got in there and hid himself. The man came along and went into the cave to get his skeleton. The man in the cave said, "So, sol dat's my head." The man tried three time; but each time he was frightened by the man hid in the cave, who kept saying, "Dat my head, dat my head." Finally he grabbed the skull and ran away. The man ran till he came to the house; then he said, "Here, take your skull! The Devil is on behind."

68. FIRST OUT.

(Version a.²)

Once Mutt and Jeff got together, thinking what they wanted to do. "Say, Jeff! I know where I can get me some meat. Let's go round yonder and see that house to-night! There's a cow round there I want to get." They got there that night 'bout twelve o'clock. Mutt tol' Jeff, "Take this axe. I wantcher ter hit the first thing that come out in the head." So Mutt went in, and lef' Jeff on the outside. Cow had a young calf, Mutt didn' know it. Cows are very bad when they have young calves. Mutt went under the house (in olden time people used to keep the cow under the house) to get the cow. The cow run him out first. So Jeff struck him on the head and knocked him to de groun'. When he became conscious, he asked Jeff, "What didcher hit me for? What didcher mean?" Jeff said, "Nofin (nothing), only to do what you tol' me to do."

(Version b.³)

Story about two Dutchmen. They went out one night to ketch some sheep. They knew where it was a pas'ure, and to this pas'ure there was only one gate. Dutch people they don't seem to remember as well as we do, and one of the men told Sam to go 'roun' in the pas'ure and drive the sheep to him. An' Sam went in at this gate, and this other man was called Pat. Pat staid at the gate; and when Pat sent Sam in, he said, if anything came at the gate, he was goin' to kill it. Sam went in the pas'ure and roamed all aroun', but he couldn' fin' any sheep. After he had hunted all round in the pas'ure, he had forgotten what Pat had told him, and, not thinking, came back to the same place that he went in. Pat not knowin' any better, when Sam

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon.² Informant, Fred Davenport of Newbury, S.C. Compare South Carolina (JAFL 34 : 8).³ Informant, Augustine O. Green of Amelia County, Virginia.

came up through the gate, Pat took him for a sheep. Pat was standin' outside the gate with a large club; and, when Sam came out, Pat struck him with the club and knocked him out. At the same time Pat thought that Sam had a sheep; but when he came to find out, he had knocked Pat in the head. Pat said to himself, "This will end up my tryin' to get other people's sheep."

69. RABBIT-MEAT.¹

Once a old man caught a rabbit, and was telling his friends how good rabbit-meat was. He said, "It is good fried, it is good stewed, it is good baked, it is good any way you can cook it."² While he was bragging about it, the rabbit jumped out of his hand and went in full speed across the field, while the old man watched him. After a while the old fellow hallowed out, "Go ahead! you are not any good. You are dry meat, anyhow, and I never did like you."

70. BRICK ON HER HEAD.³

Once there was a little girl name' May, and she went to her grandmother's to stay for a while. She had a pretty little pink dress, and it was gettin' too small for her. Her grandmother told her she couldn't wear it next summer, because it was too small. And she tol' her to put a brick on her head, so she wouldn' grow more. And when she went back to her mother, her mother asked her why was she so small. She tol' her she had been wearing a brick on her head.

71. CHOOSING A WIFE.⁴

It was once a boy. Had been out to seek his wife. So he met three daughters, and he loved them all, but he didn't know which one to take. So his mother told him to invite them all to his house and give them each some cheese. The first one ate the cheese with the skin and all. The second cut the skin off, and took half the cheese with it. The last one did not cut too much nor too little. So that was the one he chose for his wife.

72. HOT HANDS.⁵

Once upon a time there was an old doctor who used to rob graves so as to experiment on the bodies. So he happened to know of an old Irishman who died with a peculiar disease; and one night when people were busy and everything seemed favorable, he took his team and went

¹ Written by E. T. Sully in 1899.

² Compare JAFL 30 : 175.

³ Informant, Verna Turner of Hare Valley, Virginia.

⁴ Informant, Mary Jett of Phœbus.

⁵ Written by W. Young in 1899.

to the graveyard, got the body, and put it in his wagon. A young man who wanted to have some fun climbed in behind the wagon, and got under the seat with the coffin. The doctor stopped at almost every saloon and got something to drink, so as to steady his nerves. Very soon he was quite drunk. He also found a partner to ride with him. Every now and then he would feel to see if the corpse was all right. This fellow who was under the seat touched the doctor's hand every now and then. By and by the doctor mentioned it to his partner, and said, "Say, Mike! this fellow's hand is hot." The fellow who was under the seat said, "Yes, if you had been in hell as long as I have, your hands would be hot too."

73. CHAIR ON HIS HEAD.¹

Two Arishmen. One of them had been in America quite a while, and he knew about the deer. He took this new Arishman out with him, gave him a gun. He put him on a stand. He tol' him, he says, "The first thing you see comin' by here makin' high jumps," he says, "shoot him." Tol' him, "After you shoot him and sure you kill him, blow your horn." So pretty soon, while he was on the stand, a frawg runnin' out of the way of a snake came by, jumpin' as high as he could to get out of the way of the snake. This Arishman saw him, put up his gun and shot him, — shot him and blew his horn, blew his horn, blew his horn. The other feller didn't come for quite a while, seen the deer hadn' gotten there that quick. While he was there waitin' for the other Arishman to come, a real deer came runnin' by. He saw him, big thing, with a set of horns on his head. He ran out the way. So pretty soon afterwards the other Arishman came, said, "Did you get him, Pat?" — "Yes, by Jesus! I got him." Took him down there and showed him the frawg, said, "This isn't any deer, Pat. Did you see any deer comin' down here?" No, he hadn' seen any deer; said, "I saw somethin' comin' through here with a chair on his head, but I didn' see no deer."

74. THE DEER-STALKER.²

Up in the mountains of Virginia, in the days of slavery, a white man took one of his slaves with him deer-hunting. He told Jim (the Negro slave) to stand at the foot of the mountain while he went up with the hounds to chase the deer down, and when the deer came past to shoot it. Not long after Master ascended the mountain, the deer came past; but Jim was so very much astonished at the speed of the deer, he forgot to shoot. The hounds and Master followed close behind the deer; the

¹ Informant, Wesley D. Elam of Sussex County, Virginia. Compare Florida (JAFL 30 : 223); also *Southern Workman*, 28 (1899) : 194.

² Written by R. C. Lewis of Manassas, Va., in 1899. See *Southern Workman*, 28 : 199. Compare Florida (JAFL 30 : 223), Georgia (JAFL 32 : 370-371).

Master exclaiming, "Did he pass yer, Jim?" — "Yea, Sir Massey, he just done pass." — "Well, why didn't you shoot him?" — "'T worn't no use, Massey, 'cause, de way he was gwine when he passed here, he will butt his brains out 'gin a tree."

75. CLOCK RUNS DOWN.¹

Oncet they had a clock, and it had been runnin' a long time. So the clock stopped runnin', and they didn't know what was the matter. So one was named Mike; and he said to Ike to take the clock apart and see what was the matter. He found a bug inside. He said it couldn' run because the engineer was dead.

76. MOON CHEESE: IRISHMEN AT THE WELL.²

Once upon a time two Irishmen came to a well as they were travelling through the country one night. One of them happened to look down into a well, and saw the moon, which he took to be a cake of cheese. Calling the other, he said, "Faith, Pat, and, ma Jesus, here is a cake of cheese! How are we going to get it?" The other said, "Pat, you catch hold of the top of the well, and I will go down and catch hold of your feet, then we shall be able to reach the cheese." So these two went down, one hanging to the other's feet. The one at the top said, "Faith, Pat, and, ma Jesus, hold on, Pat! Let me spit on my hand and catch a fresh grip!" So he let go his hold to catch a fresh grip, and they both went tumbling down into the well. I do not know whether they got the cheese or not; the person that told the story to me said he left about that time.

77. BRICKS AND MORTAR.³

A feller asked an Arishman why did he put mortar between the bricks. An' the Arishman said, "To hold the bricks together." The feller said, "The mortar keeps the bricks apart."

78. ENGLISHMAN AND IRISHMAN.⁴

There was once two huntsmen, — an Englishman and an Irishman. One day they went hunting. Their success were two turkeys, — a real turkey and a turkey-buzzard. When the hunt was over, of course the Englishman thought he was the smartest man. He suggested how the game ought to be divided. He said, "Pat, I killed both the real

¹ Informant, Louise Man of Phœbus.

² Written by E. M. Evans in 1899. See *Southern Workman*, 28 : 193. Compare Florida (JAFL 30 : 222-223), South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 117, No. 123). England and comparative: Clouston, 46-47, 49-53; Dähnhardt, 4 : 230.

³ Informant, Williams.

⁴ Written by Frances.

turkey and the buzzard; but you may take the turkey-buzzard, and I the turkey; or I'll take the turkey, and you the buzzard." — "Say that again," said Pat to Joe; and he said it again the same way. "You haven't said turkey to me the first nor the last, now I'll take the real turkey," said Pat to Joe, and leave the smart Englishman very sorrowful.

79. WATERMELON.¹

Once there were two Irishmen, and they bought a watermelon. So they sat down in a corner of a fence to eat it. On looking up, they saw two colored men peeping over the fence at them. One of them said, "Pat, let us eat the watermelon and give the poor niggers the guts!" So they ate the rind, and gave the poor niggers the melon.

80. MARE'S EGG.²

Once an Englishman sold an Irishman a goose-egg, and told him it was a mare-egg, and, if he would carry it home and put it under a setting hen, he would have a young colt in about three weeks' time. So away went the Irishman with his egg, and in getting over a fence he let his egg fall. When the egg fell, up jumped a rabbit. The Irishman did not know it was a rabbit, but thought it was a colt that had come out of the egg; and away he went running and whistling after his colt until the rabbit was out of sight.

81. MOTHER OF ALL THE TICKS.³

It was an Irishman, walking up a road, came upon a gold watch. He stopped and looked at it, and heard it *tickin'*. So he decided that mus' be the mother of all the ticks. He had trouble with the ticks. So he took his foot and stamped it all to pieces. Pretty soon he met a man looking for his watch. He asked him had he seen a watch in the road down there. He 'plied no, he hadn't seen no watch. So he kep' after him. So he said, no, he'd seen a big tick down there, must have been the mother of all the ticks. So he stamped down on the tick. That's all he had seen. He took the feller back there, and of course he found his watch.

82. THREE ENDS.⁴

Once there was a sea-captain who thought he would have some fun with one of his witty Irish sailors. The captain said to him, "Pat,

¹ Written by Lelia Gilbert in 1899. See *Southern Workman*, 28 : 193-194.

² Written by E. T. Sully in 1899. See *Southern Workman*, 28 : 192-193. *Comparative*, Clouston, 37-38.

³ Informant, Wesley D. Elam of Sussex County, Virginia. Compare South Carolina (MAFLS 16 : 65). See also *Southern Workman*, 28 (1899) : 193.

⁴ Written by W. Young in 1899.

here is a piece of rope. If you find three ends to it, you can marry the best-looking of my daughters, and she is very beautiful." Pat took the rope, and studied and studied and studied for several days. He never even ate his meals, and the captain had a hard time trying to get him to work. At last Pat went to the captain and said that he had found three ends to the rope, and called the captain to the ship's side. He showed the captain both ends of the rope, and then threw it overboard, and said, "Faith, and there's the other end!"

83. STRING BEANS.¹

An Irish girl was told to have string beans for dinner. She asked her mistress for a needle. Her mistress asked what did she want it for. She answered, "And, in faith, how can I string the beans without a needle?"

84. YOU, NAITHER.²

There were once two Irish families living near each other; and as it is the custom of nearly every one to wash on Monday, one of these old Irish women thought that she would wash too. So she went to her neighbor, and said, "Faith, en is you gwine to use your wash-board this morning?" The reply was, "No, and you naither."

85. UNDERSTAND.³

Two Irishmen, Bill and Mike, were once working on a building. Bill was on the wall, laying brick; Mike was just below, mixing mortar. Just before throwing down some worthless brick, Bill hollowed to Mike to stand from under. Mike stepped to one side, but not far enough for Bill to see whether he had moved or not. Bill shouted again, "Do you understand?" — "No," said Mike, thinking that he meant if he stood under the wall. "You'd better understand, or you'll get hurt." Mike stepped beneath the pendulum. Just then the brick fell, and Mike was severely wounded.

86. LUMBER BUSINESS.⁴

Once an Irishman in this country sent to Ireland for his brother. He informed him of his extensive trade in the lumber business, and urged him to come at once. His brother spent most of his money to come to America. When he landed, he asked an officer to direct him to a certain street. On turning the corner of the street he was looking for, he saw his brother standing in front of a store peddling his lumber trade, selling matches.

¹ Written by Lutie Jarvis in 1899.

² Written by Araminta in 1899.

³ Written by Kendrick in 1899.

⁴ Written by Lee Gill in 1899.

87. YAH AND YEA.¹

Once upon a time an Irish boy and a Dutch boy were fussing over a piece of tough beef. The fuss got so great that they decided to each take an end in his mouth and pull for the prize. So they got an extra party to count three for a signal to begin pulling. As is known, when a Dutchman says "yes," he opens his mouth with "yah," and the Irishman says "yes" as "yea" through his teeth. When the extra party asked if they were ready, the Dutchman said, "Yah," and the Irishman held his teeth with "yea" on the stake, and therefore won.

88. JUDGMENT DAY.²

Uncle Sam and Pat were out hunting one night, when, about twelve o'clock, there came up a terrible storm. It grew worse, and there came a crack of lightning. Pat got up in the tree; but Uncle Sam thought the day of judgment was surely coming, and he knelt down and began to pray. He wanted Pat to pray, too; but Pat didn't believe in the day of judgment, and wouldn't. Then there came another crack of lightning, which made Pat drop out of the tree; and he fell down on his knees, too, and began to pray, "O Lord! if judgment day is coming, save my soul, if I've got one!"

89. COBBLE, COBBLE, COBBLE!

One day an Irishman was walking along by the farmyard; and when he came along, the old turkey called out, "Cobble, cobble, cobble, cobble, cobble!" But the Irishman didn't like it, and called back, "I'm no cobbler, but a good workman by trade."

90. SILVER DOLLAR.³

An Irishman came to this country, and, just after he landed, a friend took him over the town. He saw a silver dollar lying in the street, and was going to pick it up; but his friend told him not to do that, for he would find plenty of them lying about round the corner. So he believed it and went on; but when they got around the corner, his friend left him and went back to pick up the dollar, and the poor Irishman found no more.

91. TOAD-FROG.³

An Irishman was going along the road, and he met a colored man. The colored man asked him had he ever seen a snake. "Faith, I saw one just now coming along the road," said the Irishman; "but it was hopping so fast, and it didn't have any tail." It was only a toad-frog he had seen.

¹ Written by W. H. Young in 1899.

² Informant, W. T. Anderson. Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899.

³ Informant, R. R. Moton. Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899. Possibly this tale was suggested by the tale of "Playing Dead Twice in the Road" (*Folk-Lore*, 28 : 406).

92. GREEN IRISHMEN.¹

It is said that some one went down to Hades once, and there he saw the Devil, and the Devil showed him all around. He saw all kinds of people there in the fires, — the Germans and English and Japanese and Negroes, — but no Irishmen. So he asked the Devil how it was that he had no Irishmen; and the Devil said, "Oh, we have some here!" and he took him round to a place where the heat could strike, but there was no fire burning. When asked why they were not in with the others, the Devil said, "We are just drying them here; they are too green to burn now."

93. TRUNK.²

An Irishman was passing a Jew store; and the Jew said, "Walk in, sir, and let me sell you a trunk!" — "Faith," said the Irishman, "and what am I going to do with a trunk?" — "Why, put your clothes in it," the Jew said. "And will you have me go naked, then?" said Pat.

94. WHY SHINGLE?²

An Irishman was asked why he did not shingle his house. And he replied that when it rained, it was too wet to do so; and when it was dry, the house did not need it.

95. THREE MORE FOOLS: MR. HARD-TIMES.³*(Version a.)*

An Irishman who had not been in this country very long, fell in love with an American girl; but the girl's father objected to her marrying him, because he was such a fool. He told the Irishman that if he would go off and find another such big fool, he might marry his daughter. So he went off looking for a fool; and he found a man who had moss all over the top of his house, and had put his cow up on the top of the house to eat off the moss. Then he found another man who didn't know how to get into a pair of trousers: so he hung them up in a tree, and climbed up and jumped down into them.⁴

Another man brought some money that he had saved up for a long time to his wife, and said, "Put this money away for hard times; and when Mr. Hard-Times comes, you give that money to him, and not

¹ Informant, R. R. Moton. Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899.

² Informant, W. T. Anderson. Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899.

³ Informant, R. R. Moton. Recorded by A. M. Bacon. See *Southern Workman*, 28 : 230-232. Compare Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 93-94). Comparative: Clouston, 191-204; Bolte u. Polívka, LIX.

⁴ This is a long story, not always told of an Irishman. Another incident in Mr. Hard-Times's story is where the man comes to a house where the moon is shining in brightly, and the whole family is scrubbing the house to get off the moonshine.

to any one else." But some one out of doors who wanted to get the money heard their conversation; and when the husband had gone, he knocked on the door. The woman went to the door, and said, "Good-morning! Who are you?" The man said, "I am John Hard-Times." She said, "Oh, you must be the man my husband meant for me to give the money to!" and the man said yes, he was. So she went and got the money which she had put away very carefully, and gave it to him, and he went off. When her husband returned and heard what she had done, he was much disturbed, of course, and said to her, "All right! Pull the door behind you, and come and find the man." And he started off; and she takes the door off the hinges and drags it behind her, and he looks back and sees her. Well, finally they find Mr. Hard-Times and get the money back; and finally, I believe, he kills her, she is so stupid.

So the young man finds out all these fools; and, as it turns out, the old man is the biggest fool of all, and the young fellow marries his daughter.

(Version b: *Three More Fools.*)

An Irishman lived in an old house; and there was considerable moss on the roof of the house, and he wanted his cow to eat the moss, so he tied a rope round her head and began to pull her up. Some one who was passing called out to him, "Why, don't do that! You'll kill the cow! What are you doing that for?" The Irishman said he wanted her to eat the moss. "Well, why don't you pull it off and throw it down to her?" the man said; and the Irishman said he hadn't thought of that.

96. PAMELANCE.¹

'Bout a boy named Pamelance. His mother sent him to his aunty's, an' she gave him some butter; an' he put the butter up in his hat, an' it melted all down over his face. And when he got home, his mother said, "Lord-dee mussy, Pamelance! What dat you got dere, boy?" He said, "Butter, mammy." — "Don'tcher know dat's not de way to carry butter? You ought to take it and put it in a leaf, and take it to the water an' cool it an' cool it an' cool it." So the next day he went to his aunty's, she gave him a little puppy; and he took it to the water and cooled it and cooled it and cooled it 'til it died; an' then he brought it home. His mother said, "Lord-dee mussys, Pamelance! What dat you got dere, boy?" — "Dawg, mammy." — "Don'tcher know dat's not de way ter carry a dawg? You oughter take it and tie a little string around it, and let the dawg walk home." So the next day he went to his aunty's, she gave him a loaf of bread. An' he took it and tied a string around it, and pulled it home. And when he got

¹ Informant, Verna Turner of Hare Valley, Virginia. Compare Porto Rico (JAFL 34 : 156). Comparative, Clouston, 123-126.

home, his mother said, "Lord-dee mussy, Pamelance! What dat you got dere, boy?" So the next day he went there, his aunty gave him a cake. An' he took the cake and mashed it all up in his hand, and brought it home; and his mother asked him what did he have. He tol' her he had some cake. She tol' him that wasn' the way to carry cakes, said she wasn' goin' to send him to his aunty's any mo'.

97. WHO FILLS THE PENITENTIARIES?¹

Once an Irishman was making a grand speech, and crying out, "Who puts up all the fine buildings? — The Irish. And who puts up the court-houses? — The Irish. And who builds the State penitentiaries? — The Irish. And who fills them? — The Irish, begobs!"

98. PUNISHMENT AFTER DEATH.¹

Once an Irishman was going along through a desperate piece of woods, when along came a panther. He struck it and killed it, but continued to beat it, and was pounding it to jelly when another man came along and asked what he was doing that for. "Don't you see it's dead?" — "Yes," said Pat, "but I want to show him that there's punishment after death."

99. BEATING DEAD DOG.¹

A dog attacked an Irishman; and he took a stick and beat him to death, and kept on beating. Some one asked him why he did that when the dog was dead. "Faith, he may be dead," he said, "but he doesn't know it."

100. WHERE'S MR. MCGINNIS?¹

They say that the Irish laborers never work so faithfully as when the train is coming, because often the railroad-inspectors are on the train, and they notice if they leave off work too soon. Once a working-man was killed by working too long when the train was coming; and the foreman said to an Irishman there, "Go and tell Mrs. McGinnis that her husband was killed by the train." Pat started off quickly; but the foreman called him back, and said, "Tell it to her gently." Pat hurried to the house, and said to the woman, "O Mrs. McGinnis! where's Mr. McGinnis?" — "Down on the railroad working," said Mrs. McGinnis. "You're a liar," said Pat, "he's dead."

101. THE LORD'S FAMILY.¹

An Irishman went to a Quaker's meeting one night, and sat there, and no one said anything. At last one got up, and said, "I feel like

¹ Informant, R. R. Moton. Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899.

I was married," and sat down again. After a while some one else got up, and said, "Who you feel like you was married to?" and sat down. By and by the first one got up, and said, "I feel like I was married into the Lord's family." Then the Irishman got up, and said, "I'm afraid you will never see your father-in-law."

102. HORSE AND CART.¹

An Irishman used to go to town and get drunk; and sometimes, when in that condition, he couldn't find his horse. Once when he did this, some boys took his horse and left a cart in its place. When the Irishman came along, he didn't know what to think of it. And he said, "If ~~this~~ is me, I've lost a horse; and if it isn't me, I've found a cart."

103. WHO STRUCK PATRICK?¹

Two men got fighting. They were about the same size; and an Irishman came up, and asked in a loud voice, "Who struck Bill Patrick?" No one answered; and he asked again, "Who struck Bill Patrick?" A great big man stepped up; and the Irishman said quickly, "Faith, you gave him a hell of a licking."

104. MISSING WORD.¹

Two Irishmen got into a prize-fight; and when one wanted to give up, he was to say a certain word. Well, they fought and fought and fought and fought; and they both wanted to stop, but couldn't think of the word. Finally one thought of it; and the other said, "Bejabers, I'm glad you thought of it, for I've been trying to for a long time, and couldn't."

105. CORN IN THE EAR.¹

An old man had been driving a pair of mules; and he gave them to an Irishman, and told him at twelve o'clock to give the mules "twelve (y)ears of corn in the (y)ear." At noon he went out, and saw the man shelling up a little of the corn at a time, and trying to pour it into the mule's ears. He called out, "How's this? I told you to give it to them in the ears?" The Irishman said, "Well, I'm trying to give it to them in the ears, but they won't take it."

106. WHICH WAY DOES THE ROAD GO?¹

Some one asked an Irishman, "Which way does this road go?" — "Faith, I've been living here twenty years, and it's never gone

¹ Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899.

anywhere yet." Another person asked him how his potatoes turned out. "Faith, they didn't turn out at all, I had to dig them out." When some one who wanted a drink asked if he had any spirits about his house, he said, "You dumb fool! do you think my house is haunted?"

107. SPREEING.¹

Two Irishmen went into the great city of Richmond soon after coming to this country, and concluded they would go on a spree: so they bought a cigarette and divided it in halves, and got five cents' worth of peanuts. One said, "Pat, if our wives could know how we was spreeing, wouldn't they wape?"

108. CURLY TAIL AND STRAIGHT TAIL.¹

Two men, one an Irishman, testing their strength, got into a pen of hogs. The one who should throw out the most hogs was to win the bet, and both were blindfolded. Whenever the other man threw out a hog, the Irishman would pretend he threw one out too. At last there was only one little pig left with a straight tail; and the Irishman threw it out, and said, "Every pig that I threw out, I gave his tail a curl." And so there was only the one little straight-tailed pig that the other man could claim.

109. TO TORMENT ALREADY.²

Said a white sergeant and a white corporal and himself died and went to heaven. Said, of course, the sergeant was in front, and the corporal behind, and he in the rear of all. Sergeant went up to St. Peter's gate, and St. Peter asked him what was he doing there. Said he came to heaven. St. Peter asked him, "What have you done to be permitted to the Kingdom of Heaven?" Said he'd been over the top sev'el times and killed sev'el Germans. So St. Peter told him, said, "I'm sorry, but you ain't done enough to be admitted to the Kingdom of Heaven." So he sent him to Torment. So up went the corporal. He asked the corporal what he'd done to deserve the right to the Kingdom of Heaven. He told him he had captured a machine-gun, won a *croix de guerre* and a distinguished service-cross. So he told him he was sorry, but he couldn't be permitted on that. This time the colored feller walked up; and he said, "I walked up and told St. Peter the truth. Asked me what I'd done to be admitted. I tol' him I'd been down there at Brest for the last eighteen months in a stevedore regi-

¹ Informant, R. R. Moton. Recorded by A. M. Bacon in 1899.

² Informant, Wesley D. Elam of Sussex County, Virginia.

ment. He tol' me, "Come on up, John! You been to Torment already."

110. OFFICERS ONLY.¹

Soldier said that in France he went to a café, ordered a drink. By the time the waitress had brought him a drink, in walked a M.P. [Military Police], and told him this place was for officers only. So he went down the street to another café and ordered another drink; and in walked another M.P., who told him it was for officers only. He stopped; he said to himself that he 'fraid that the next time there'll be a war, it'll be for officers only.

111. RANK.¹

'Bout a colored private doing guard-duty. When he firs' went to camp, sergeant had entire charge of him, knew nothing about any other officers. Considered sergeant highest man in the army. One night sergeant said, "Have you seen the colonel anywhere 'round here to-night?" — "No, I haven' seen any colonel." He was gone for few minutes, came back again. "Have you seen the colonel 'round here?" — "No, I haven' seen any colonel." Little later an officer came up to him. He hollered to him. "Is that the way you salute an officer? I'm the colonel of this post." He brought his gun down to present. Said, "You the colonel of this post? You better go to that guard-house and see the sergeant. He's been looking for you all night. He'll give you the devil when he sees you."

112. NO EXTRA EXPENSE.¹

Some feller got some one to read his letter and answer. Came to commandant, asked for a stamp; said, "Give me a red one, last time I sent a brown one." Commandant said, "If you want a red one, must pay extra." — "Give me a brown one, then, 'cause I don't want to go to no extra expense for that gal."

113. IN THE CAMP READING-ROOM.¹

Feller in camp, couldn't read or write. He passed through the reading-room, and he was holdin' a letter upside down. The secretary asked him, "Can't you read writin'?" — "Can't read readin' first."

114. LENGTH OF SERVICE.¹

Pat and Mike were in the army. They were asked how long they was in it. Said, there as long as they couldn' get out.

¹ Informant, Wesley D. Elam of Sussex County, Virginia.

RIDDLES (1920).

1. Whitey sent Whitey to drive Whitey out of Whitey. — *Ans.* A white man sent a white dog to drive a white rabbit out of a white cotton-patch.¹

(*Variant.*) White driving white out of a white cotton-field. — *Ans.* A dog driving sheep out of a cotton-field.

2. Goes up white and comes down yellow. — *Ans.* Egg.²

3. Goes all around the house in the day-time, and sits up in the corner at night. — *Ans.* A broom.³

(*Variants.*) (1) What work all day long, an' stay in the corner at night; (2) All round the house, and never come in. — *Ans.* A broom-handle.

4. Can run, but can't walk. — *Ans.* A train.

5. Can holler, but can't talk. — *Ans.* A train.

6. Deep as a cup,
Round as an apple,⁴
All the king's horses⁵
Can't pull it up.

Ans. A well.⁶

7. If he comes, I no come. If he no come, I come. — *Ans.* A farmer planting corn. If the crows come, it will ruin his crop, then the corn will not come; but if the crows don't come, his crop will come.

8. Up and down, up and down,
Never touches the sky nor ground.
Ans. Pump-handle.

9. Black within,
Red within,
Four corners all round about.
Ans. Chimney.⁷

(*Variant.*)

Four sides,
Black inside,
Red inside.

¹ Compare JAF^L 32 : 375 (No. 3), 388 (No. 1), 439 (No. 4); 34 : 34 (No. 66), 87 (No. 52); MAFLS 16 : 152 (No. 2).

² Compare JAF^L 34 : 34 (No. 64); MAFLS 16 : 165 (No. 75).

³ Compare JAF^L 30 : 204 (No. 25); 32 : 390 (No. 23); 34 : 30 (No. 39).

⁴ *Variant:* Biscuit.

⁵ *Variant:* Little King's horses.

⁶ Compare JAF^L 30 : 201 (No. 1); 32 : 389 (No. 16); 34 : 27 (No. 13); MAFLS 16 : 156 (No. 28).

⁷ Compare JAF^L 30 : 206 (No. 52); 34 : 29 (No. 29).

10. A houseful,
A yardful,
Can't ketch a spoonful.¹
Ans. Smoke.²

11. A hillful,
A bowlful,
An' can't ketch a bowlful.
Ans. Mist.

12. All round the house an' make but one track. — *Ans.* Wheelbarrow.³

13. Walkin' over the water,
And never touching the water.
Ans. A lady walking on the bridge,
with a tub of water on her head.⁴

(*Variant.*)

Above water
'Low water.
Ans. Woman with a pail of water
on her head walkin' over a
bridge.

14. In the water,
Out of the water,
Never touch the water.
Ans. { Egg in the shell.
Nail in bottom of ship.

15. In the water,
On top the water,
Out the water,
But does not touch the water.
Ans. Egg inside of a duck.

16. As I was going over London Bridge,
I met a London scholar;
He tipped his hat an' drew his cane,
And in this riddle I call his name.
Ans. Andrew.⁵

¹ *Variants:* (1) Still I can't get a bowlful; (2) Yet you can't get a thimbleful.

² Compare JAF^L 30 : 201 (No. 3); 34 : 26 (No. 8); MAFLS 16 : 153 (No. 6).

³ Compare JAF^L 30 : 202 (No. 9); 32 : 390 (No. 24); 34 : 29 (No. 30).

⁴ This riddle is printed in a collection of Conundrums, Riddles and Puzzles published in Philadelphia in 1904. Several riddles given in this collection were recited by the school-children, most of which I have not included. Riddle No. 12, whether drawn from this collection or not, has an established circulation. Compare JAF^L 30 : 206 (No. 49); 34 : 31 (No. 47).

⁵ Given in Conundrums, Riddles and Puzzles. Compare JAF^L 34 : 37 (No. 87), 24 (No. 17).

(Variant.)

A man walking over London Bridge,
An' drew off his hat.

Ans. His name Andrew.

17. Two legs sit on three legs;
In come four legs,
Grabs up one leg;
Up got two legs,
An' made four legs
Bring that one leg back.

Ans. Man sitting on a chair.
Dog came in, ham lay down;
dog got it, made bring back.¹

(Variant.)

Two legs sittin' on three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
Up come four legs,
Snatch one leg;
Two legs threw three legs at four legs
To make four legs bring one leg back.

Ans. Man sitting on three-legged
stool, with ham in his lap,
etc.

18. Little red house
With white fence all round it,
Door keep opening and shutting.

Ans. Tongue and teeth.

19. Something that has a white ivory fence. — *Ans.* Teeth.

20. Went out on two legs
An' come back on four legs.

Ans. A man on two legs came
back sitting in a chair.

21. There's a being that first goes on four, next on two, next on three. What is it? — *Ans.* Man.

22. Go out in the fields in the day-time, and come and sit up on the table at night. — *Ans.* Milk.²

23. Hamsie Dumphy sat on a wall,
Hamsie Dumphy had a great fall.
All the king's horses
An' all the king's men
Can't put Hamsie Dumphy together again.

Ans. Egg.³

¹ Compare JAFI 34 : 34 (No. 62); MAFLS 16 : 163 (No. 61).

² Compare JAFI 34 : 31 (No. 41).

³ Compare JAFI 30 : 206 (No. 51); 34 : 25 (No. 4); MAFLS 16 : 165 (No. 74).

24. Eyes that can't see,
 Tongue that can't talk,
 An' soul that cannot be saved.
 Ans. Shoe.¹
25. Little Paddy Rew,
 King of the Jew,
 Pull off his socks,
 Put on his shoes.
 Spell that in four letters.
 Ans. That.²
26. What has an eye,
 But cannot see?
 Ans. Needle.
27. What has a head,
 But has no hair?
 Ans. Pin.
28. What has teeth,
 But cannot eat?
 Ans. {Saw.³
 Comb.
29. What has hands
 An' has no fingers?
 Ans. Clock.
30. What has legs,
 But cannot walk?
 Ans. {Table.
 Chair.⁴
31. What has a face,
 But cannot see?⁵
 Ans. Clock.
32. What has a mouth,
 But cannot eat?
 Ans. Doll.
33. What has a trunk,
 But needs no key?
 Ans. {Elephant.
 Tree.

¹ Compare JAFI 30 : 203 (No. 21); 34 : 32 (No. 50).

² Compare MAFLS 16 : 173 (No. 162).

³ Compare JAFI 34 : 32 (No. 52).

⁴ Compare JAFI 30 : 204 (No. 24); 34 : 32 (No. 51).

⁵ *Variant:* But has no mouth (compare JAFI 30 : 204, No. 24).

34. What goes through the wood
An' never touches a limb?
Ans. Voice.¹

35. Old woman had so many children, she didn' know what to do. —
Ans. That was hen. She had so many chickens, she couldn' sit on them.

36. If you feed it, it will live;
If you give it water, it will die.
Ans. Fire.²

37. What goes 'round
An' makes a thousand tracks?
Ans. A broom.

38. Eleven pears was hangin' high,
Eleven mans go riding by,
Each take a pear.
Ans. Eleven man had the
name of Eleven.³

(*Variant.*)

Seven pears hanging on a tree,
Seven men came passin' by,
Each man took a pear,
And left six hangin' there.
Ans. All seven men took pear.

39. Take one hawg-foot bone and lay it at the door, an' it'll be all men's door. — *Ans.* Court-house door.⁴

40. Hickamor hackamor,
On the king's kitchen door,
All the king's horses
And all the king's men
Can't pull Hickamor, Hackamor,
Off the king's kitchen door.
Ans. Sun.⁵

41. The longer you cut it,
The longer it grows.
Ans. Ditch.⁶

¹ Compare MAFLS 16 : 156 (No. 27).

² Compare JAFLL 34 : 36 (No. 79).

³ Compare JAFLL 30 : 202 (No. 13); 32 : 375 (No. 4); 34 : 32 (No. 55); 86 (No. 39).

⁴ Compare JAFLL 34 : 30 (No. 36). Recorded at Hampton (*Southern Workman*, March, 1894) as, "There are bones enough in a hog's foot to lay at every man's door in the country.—*Ans.* The court-house is every man's door in the country."

⁵ Compare JAFLL 34 : 29 (No. 26); MAFLS 16 : 161 (No. 52).

⁶ Compare JAFLL 32 : 389 (No. 13).

42. Little Miss Nannicoat
Had a long petticoat.
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.
Ans. Candle.¹

43. Between the earth,
Between the sky,
Not on a tree.
Now, I've told you,
Now, you tell me.
Ans. Knot on the tree.²

44. Dead in the middle,
'Live at each end.
Ans. Horse, plough, and a man.³

45. What kind of a husband would you advise a young woman to get? — *Ans.* A single man, and leave the married man alone.⁴

46. As I was goin' to my Whilly Whicka Whackum,
I met Bum Backum.
I called Jim Whackum
To run Bum Backum
Out of my Whilly Whicka Whackum.
Ans. As I was going through my garden,
I met a rabbit, and I called to my
dog to run him out.⁵

47. What is that that the President has seen and the Lord has never seen? — *Ans.* A man to equal himself.⁶

¹ Compare JAFI 30 : 202 (No. 19), 275 (No. 5); 32 : 440 (No. 20); 34 : 24 (No. 1); 110 (No. 2); MAFLS 16 : 169 (No. 111).

² Compare JAFI 30 : 205 (No. 40); 34 : 33 (No. 58).

³ Compare JAFI 30 : 201 (No. 6); 32 : 388 (No. 4); 34 : 36 (No. 77); MAFLS 16 : 155 (No. 17); also Galla (Harvard African Studies, 3 : 198, No. 3).

⁴ Compare JAFI 34 : 37 (No. 90).

⁵ Compare JAFI 34 : 34 (No. 67); MAFLS 16 : 152 (No. 3). Recorded at Hampton (Southern Workman, March, 1894) as,—

"As I went across my Whirly-Whicka-Whackum,
I met Tom Tackum
And called Bom Backum
To drive Tom Tackum
Out of my Whirly-Whicka-Whackum.

Ans. Whirly-Whicka-Whackum is a field. Tom
Tackum is a horse. Bom Backum is a dog."

Possibly "Master of all Masters" (Jacobs, English Fairy Tales) is the source of this riddle-tale.

⁶ Compare JAFI 30 : 207 (No. 56).

48. As I was in my chamber,
I heard something fall.
I sent my maid to pick it up,
But she couldn't pick it up at all.
Ans. Snuff.
49. The cat, the goose, and the bee,
The world is ruled by these three.
Who are they? What is it?
Ans. Parchment, pen, and wax.
50. Round as a rainbow,
Teef (teeth) like a cat,
Think of many things
Before you think of that.
Ans. Brier.¹
51. Mouth like a barn-door,
Ears like a kyat,
Guess all night,
And can't guess that.
Ans. Owl.²
52. He wears a hat
Stuck on his neck
Because he has no head,
And many times his hat comes off
When we are sick in bed.
Ans. A bottle of medicine.
53. As I was going 'cross London Bridge,
I met Sis Sally Ann.
She was drunk, and I was sober,
So I kicked her over.
Ans. A bottle of whiskey.³

(Variants.)

- (1) As I was goin' up London Bridge,
I met my sister Nancy.
I cut off her head and drank her blood,
And left her body standin'.

Ans. Bottle of wine.⁴

¹ Compare JAF^L 30 : 204 (No. 32); 34 : 35 (No. 74).

² Compare JAF^L 30 : 204 (No. 33).

³ Compare JAF^L 30 : 277 (No. 20); 32 : 375 (No. 6); 34 : 24 (No. 2); MAFLS 16 : 159-160 (No. 46).

⁴ Recorded at Hampton (Southern Workman, March, 1894) as,—

"As I was going along one day,
I met my sister Ann.
I wrung her neck and sucked her blood,
And let her body stan'."

(2) As I was going 'cross London Bridge,
I met old Sally Gray.
I sucked her blood an' ate her meat,
An' threw her skin away.

Ans. Watermelon.¹

54. This is a joke I was fooled by:
Which must I say,
The yolk of a egg *is* white,
Or the yolk of a egg *are* white?

Ans. I'm not to say either, because
the yolk of an egg is yellow.

55 Long stick,
Black feller,
Pull his cock,
And hear him beller.

Ans. Gun.²

56. What goes to a spring and never drinks? — *Ans.* Path.³

57. Mention a thing has two heads,
Two feet, one each side, four the other,
And one tail?

Ans. Lady on horseback.

58. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

Ans. Sifter.⁴

59. Two lookers,
Two crookers,
Four standers,
One switch about.

Ans. Cow.⁵

60. A thousand eyes,
But yet can't see.

Ans. A cinder-sifter.⁶

61. What runs all the way from San Francisco to New York without moving? — *Ans.* Railroad-track.

¹ Recorded at Hampton (Southern Workman, March, 1894) as,—

"As I was walking in the field,
I met old Father Gray.
I ate his meat and drank his blood,
And threw his hide away."

² Compare JAFI 30 : 202 (No. 18); 34 : 36 (No. 80).

³ Compare JAFI 32 : 389 (No. 7); 34 : 26 (No. 9, *variant* 2).

⁴ Compare JAFI 34 : 28 (No. 21).

⁵ Compare JAFI 30 : 201 (No. 7); (MAFLS 16 : 154 (No. 15).

⁶ Compare JAFI 34 : 28 (No. 21).

62. Why is a hen on a fence like a penny? — *Ans.* Because the head on one side, and the tail on the other.

63. I made a three-legged stool, and how many sit on it? — *Ans.* One man named More Yet.¹

64. What goes all down street and comes back home, and sits in the corner and waits for a bone? — *Ans.* Shoes.²

65. What's the difference between a mountain and a hill? — *Ans.* No difference, a hill is a young mountain.

66. Two men heard of a job,
And both of them wanted a job;
And they got to fighting,
And kill each other,
And who will get the job?

Ans. Undertaker.

67. Round as a apple,
Busy as a bee,
Pretties' little thing
I ever did see.

Ans. Watch.³

68. Why is a roomful of married women similar to an empty room? — *Ans.* Because there's not a single one in there.

69. Why do sailors wear their trousers large at the bottom? — *Ans.* Because they're made that way.

70. A Indian man first time in town see a white man riding. A white man is lazy: he walks while he is sitting down. — *Ans.* White man was riding a bicycle.

71. What makes the clock look 'shamed? — *Ans.* Because he got his hands over his face.

72. A man rode, but yet he walked. — *Ans.* A man ridin' across the bridge, and had dog named But Yet.⁴

73. Why is an egg and a colt so much alike? — *Ans.* Because both of 'em have to be broke.

74. Why is a policeman and a rainbow so much alike? — *Ans.* Because he never turns up until after the storm.

75. What's that?
I haven't got it.
I would not have it.
If I had it,
I wouldn' take the world for it.

Ans. Bald head.⁵

¹ Compare JAF^L 32 : 375 (No. 5).

² Compare JAF^L 32 : 389 (No. 9); 34 : 31 (No. 40).

³ Compare JAF^L 30 : 201 (No. 2); 32 : 389 (No. 17); 34 : 28 (No. 17).

⁴ Compare JAF^L 30 : 202 (No. 17); 34 : 25 (No. 6).

⁵ Compare JAF^L 30 : 204 (No. 34); 32 : 389 (No. 14).

76. "Now, see here!
 Timothy Tit Con's wife is dead, poor thing!"
 Which is proper,
 I *is* crazy or I *am* crazy?
Ans. The one that'll answer say "I am crazy."
 (Variant.)
 Which is the properest,
 I *am* a fool, or I *is* a fool?
Ans. You are a fool.

77. Once in a man,
 Twice in a moment,
 What is not once in a thousand years?
Ans. Letter M.¹

78. As I was goin' up heeple steeple,
 I met some Christian people;
 Some were nickle, and some were nackle,
 And some were the color of brown terbacker.
Ans. Partridge.²

79. If two pigs come to five dollars, what will a hawg come to? —
Ans. Corn.

80. Where is the first place you hit a nail? — *Ans.* On the head.

81. Why does the sun rise in the east? — *Ans.* Because yeast will rise anything.

82. What is two things flapping and one going in and out? — *Ans.*
 A hawg with his ears flapping and his nose going in and out.

83. What kin is a child to his father when he's not his son? — *Ans.*
 His daughter.

84. How many cow's tails will it take to reach the sky? — *Ans.*
 One, if it was long enough.³

85. Why is a dirty boy like flannel? — *Ans.* Because it shrinks when it's washed.⁴

86. Man who made it didn' use it,
 The man who bought it didn' want it,
 The man who used it didn' know it.
Ans. Coffin.⁵

¹ Compare JAF^L 34 : 83 (No. 3).

² Compare JAF^L 30 : 202 (No. 10); 32 : 390 (No. 20); MAFLS 16 : 163 (No. 62).

Recorded at Hampton (Southern Workman, March, 1894) as,—

"As I went down by Heeple Steeple,
 There I met a heap of people;
 Some were nick, and some were nacky,
 Some were color of brown terbacky.

Ans. Bees."

³ Compare JAF^L 34 : 84 (No. 11).

⁴ Given in Conundrums, Riddles and Puzzles.

⁵ Compare MAFLS 16 : 173 (No. 160).

96. Green rind,
 Red meat,
 Full of syrup,
 Hard to beat.
 Ans. Watermelon.
97. On the hill there's a house,
 In that house there's a closet,
 In that closet hangs a coat,
 In that coat is a pocket, and
 In that pocket there's an Indian head.
 Ans. A penny.
98. Green within green,
 Seven doors within the seam.
 Ans. Green house with green
 graves around it, and
 seven doors.
99. Red outside,
 White inside.
 Ans. Apple.¹

100. What is the difference between a sailor and the letter *d*? —
Ans. They both follow the *c*.

101. Black as a coal,
 Slick as a mole,
 Red along tail,
 And busted hole.
 Ans. Frying-pan.²
102. Long legs,
 Short thighs,
 Bald head,
 And no eyes.
 Ans. Tongs.³
103. Higher than the house,
 Higher than the tree,
 Oh, what can this little thing be?
 Ans. { Sky.
 { Star.⁴
104. Whitey went upstairs,
 Whitey came downstairs,
 Whitey left whitey upstairs.
 Ans. A hen went upstairs,
 and laid a egg (aigg).⁵

¹ Compare MAFLS 16 : 166.

² Compare JAFL 34 : 28 (No. 19).

³ Compare JAFL 30 : 201 (No. 4); 34 : 28 (No. 23).

⁴ Compare JAFL 30 : 276 (No. 9); 34 : 29 (No. 27); MAFLS 16 : 159 (No. 42).

⁵ Compare JAFL 30 : 204 (No. 29); 32 : 388 (No. 1); 34 : 25 (No. 5).

105. Ippie ippie upstairs,
Ippie ippie downstairs,
If you don't watch out,
Ippie ippie'll bite yer.
 *Ans. Wasp.*¹
106. Ol' Mother Twichet
Had but one eye
An' a long tail;
Dat she let fly.
An' ev'y time
She went thro' a gap,
I bite off her tail,
She lef' in the crack.
 *Ans. Needle.*²
107. Black we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us until they're tired;
We tire the horses, but comfort man.
Tell me this riddle if you can.
 *Ans. Coal.*³
108. As I went through the garden gap,
Who could I meet but Dick Redcap,
A stick in his hand, and a stone in his throat.
Tell me this riddle, I'll give you a goat.⁴
 *Ans. Cherry.*⁵
109. Flower of Virginia,
Fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain.
Put in a bag,
Tie it up with a string.
Tell me this riddle, I'll give you a pin.
 *Ans. Plum pudding.*⁵
110. As I was going somewhere,
I saw a ship come sailin'.
It was loaded with people.
As I drew near,
I didn't see a single person.
 Ans. They were all married.

¹ Compare JAF^L 30 : 206 (No. 50); 32 : 389 (No. 11); 34 : 27 (No. 12).

² Given in a school-reader, *Work and Play with Language*, by Robbins and Row. Compare JAF^L 34 : 110 (No. 3).

³ Compare JAF^L 34 : 85 (No. 22).

⁴ This riddle was told to me several times, and the "goat" of the original was always rendered "goat."

⁵ Learned from a book. Compare JAF^L 34 : 85 (No. 24).

111. As I was goin' up London Bridge,
I met three living people,
They were neither men, women or children.
Ans. Was a man, a woman, and a child.¹

112. Big at the bottom,
Little at the top,
In the middle go flippity flop.
Ans. Churn.²

113. Thirty white horses 'pon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ,
Now they stand still.
Ans. Teeth and gums.³

114. What is that all young misses look for and don't wish to find? —
Ans. Hole in stocking.

115. Why is a black hen greater than a white hen? — *Ans.* Because
a black hen can lay a white egg, and a white hen can't lay a black egg.

116. There was a man of Adam's race
Had a certain dwelling-place,
Not in heaven, not in hell,
Not on earth where human dwell.
Ans. Jonah in the whale's belly.⁴

117. When does a dawg wear the mos' clothes, — in winter, or summer? — *Ans.* In summer, because he wears a coat, and pants.

118. Why does a hen cross a road? — *Ans.* To get on the other side.

119. Black an' white an' red all over. — *Ans.* Newspaper.⁵

120. I had a little sister
They call Peep Peep;
She wades the water
Deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountain
High, high, high.
Poor little thing
Has but one eye.
Ans. Star.⁶

121. Oncet a man had a goose, a fox, and a bag of corn to carry across
the river in a boat. He couldn' leave the fox with the goose, because
the fox would eat the goose. He couldn' leave the goose with the corn,

¹ Compare JAFI 34 : 85 (No. 23).

² Compare JAFI 30 : 202 (No. 16); 32 : 390 (No. 21); 34 : 34 (No. 63); MAFLS 16 : 157 (No. 34).

³ Compare JAFI 34 : 25 (No. 3, *variant 1*).

⁴ Compare JAFI 34 : 83 (No. 8).

⁵ Compare JAFI 30 : 201 (No. 8); 34 : 31 (No. 44), 88 (No. 67).

⁶ Compare JAFI 30 : 206 (No. 53).

because the goose would eat the corn. He could only carry one at a time. How did he take them over? — *Ans.* He carried over the goose and left the goose over, and came back and got the corn and carried the goose back. He carried the fox over and went back and got the goose.¹

122. A man had twenty sick sheep (sounds like twenty-six). One died. How many did he have left? — *Ans.* Nineteen² (but the guesser will most always say twenty-five).

RIDDLES (1894).

123. White told White to take White and run White out of White.³

124. Two big biscuits, one cup of coffee,
Gwine to Augusta black and dirty.

Ans. Locomotive.

125. "Fry me some eggs, fry me some eggs!" —
"Got no lard, got no lard!" —
"Tallow will do, tallow will do." —
"Cloddy land, cloddy land." —
"Plough it deep, plough it deep!" —
"Muddy de water, muddy de water!"

Ans. A pond full of green frogs talking to themselves. When the sixth frog says "Muddy de water," he see his enemy, they all disappear.

126. As I was walking out one day,
I saw a wonderful thing.
'Twas not in the earth,
'Twas not in the sky,
'Twas (k)not in a tree.
Where could this wonderful thing be?

Ans. In a tree.⁴

127. Green Morocco built a ship,
An' he built it for his daughter,
An' I've told her name three times,
An' I'm ashamed to tell three times over.

Ans. Her name was Ann.

128. Travels round the fields all day,
Comes home at night and sits under the bed.

Ans. The farmer's shoes.⁵

¹ Compare JAFL 32 : 375 (No. 1); MAFLS 16 : 161 (No. 56).

² Compare JAFL 34 : 36 (No. 85), 84 (No. 18); MAFLS 16 : 175 (No. 187).

³ See No. 1.

⁴ See No. 43.

⁵ See No. 3.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THREE JAMAICAN FOLK-STORIES. — The following Anansi stories and the songs which go with them were collected incidentally by the writer in Jamaica during the winter of 1920-21, while making a study of Jamaican folk-song as part of the Vassar College study of Jamaican folk-lore, which is conducted by Miss Martha W. Beckwith. They were accidentally omitted from the larger collection to be published as Memoir XVII of the American Folk-Lore Society.

1. *King's Daughters an' Anansi.* — Once de king had t'ree daughter; an' him said, if any one know de name ob his daughter, he will gib dem one to marry to. Anansi heah. One day de t'ree daughter were passing, an' dey saw a tree wid some cherries; an' den Anansi said, if dey wanted a cherry, he would pull dem; an' de lady tell him to go an' pull dey; an' when he pull dem, he t'row dem. When he was comin' down, he t'row himself off a tree, an' de king's daughter begun to cry; an' one said, "Po' me William Daniel!" an' de odder said, "Po' me Corning, po' me walk lak a tum be shem shem!" So one day de king were looking out, an' him heah Anansi coming playing, "Me Corny mek me get me William Daniel." An' Anansi marry to him.

When Anansi fall down off a tree, him form die, but he didn' dead at all, an' de king daughter get a carriage an' tek him home.

[The tune that Anansi was playing is given below. It was obtained from Winifred Leach of Brown's Town.]

♩ = 96.

An' me Corn - y mek me get ma Wil - liam Dan - iel him
walk lak a tum - be shem, shem, him walk lak a tum - be shem, shem.

[This story is of European derivation, and is also given by Jekyll ("Jamaican Song and Story," No. II), as "Yung-Kyum-Pyung;" but the story is not quite the same, and the songs are very different.]

2. *Anansi an' Tumble-Tud.* — Once Anansi an' Tumble-Tud went to Kingston. De two ob dem brought a barrel each ob cheese. When dey were coming back, Anansi an' Tumble-Tud ate up one barrel; an' when he ketch part ob de way, Tumble-Tud tol' Anansi to eat his; but Anansi tol' him to roll it home, an' he will gib him some ob his. But when dey come home, Anansi kep' his barrel. Dey call de barrel "timbal."

[The song which is sung is what Anansi sang to his barrel on the way home, when he was struggling with it, before he inveigled Tumble-Tud into doing the work. It was obtained from the same source as No. 1.]

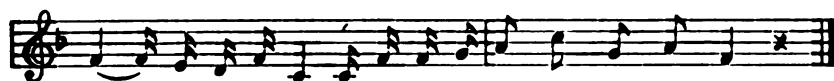
♩ = 96.



Roll, me tim-bal, roll, me Beck-y Tim-bal, fol-low me, me Beck-y



Tim-bal, fol-low me 'long road, me Beck-y Tim-bal fol-low me,



Roll, me Tim-bal roll, me Beck-y Tim-bal, fol-low me.

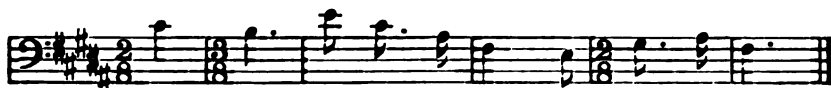
3. *Bra Yebel*. — H'Anansi walk him groun', an' him plant it, an' him plant plantain, an' he had two plantain, bear two bunches, an' ebry day him gwine a' him groun' an' da watch dose plantain. Had groun' nex' to a fiel' belong to Bra Yebel, an' Bra Yebel hab two daughter, an' Bra H'Anansi ben want de two daughter to co't, an' he ax Bra Yebel fe gib him daughter fe marry to. Bra Yebel tell him, "No." Well, Bra H'Anansi bex wid Bra Yebel. One day Bra H'Anansi went bahk to de fiel' an' cut off half ob de plantain an' went away wid it; an' de nex' day Bra H'Anansi go bahk a de fiel', miss de plantain, an' say Bra Yebel tief it. But him didn' call out Bra Yebel name yet.

[Calling out the name means actually to accuse a person of guilt. Evidently, however, Anansi soon decided to make up a song in which he could hint about what Bra Yebel was supposed to have done: for this is the song he sang, which I obtained from Alfred Williams of Maroon Town, —]

♩ = 192.

Bra Ye-bel, oh, me ruin, oh, Bra Ye-bel,
(roon)

oh, me ruin, oh, Bra Ye-bel, oh, me



ruin, oh, Bra Ye-bel, ah, me plan-tain ah.

HELEN H. ROBERTS.

NEW YORK.

"TAR BABY."—In the "Scientific Monthly" of September, 1922, Dr. W. Norman Brown of the Johns Hopkins University makes an argument for the African origin of "Tar Baby" as against the Jacobs theory of origin in India. In Dr. Brown's brief the strongest point is the lack of versions of "Tar Baby" in the folk-lore of peoples otherwise borrowing from India, and yet the point is in itself inconclusive: tales do not have to travel, however well established the folk-lore highway may be.

However, until we get other versions, European or Arabic, of "Tar Baby," to add to the Portuguese Negro versions from the Cape Verde Islands, in which "Tar Baby" appears in conjunction with the "Master Thief" cycle, I fully agree with Dr. Brown that the hypothesis I advanced in "Folklore," that "Tar Baby" may have travelled in that cycle from Asia, is tenuous.

"Tar Baby" is undoubtedly, as Dr. Brown points out, more popular or widespread to-day in Negro cultures than in other cultures; but that is far from proving that the tale was not carried from outside into Africa. Tales, like customs or other cultural expressions, may very well start, or, better say, take a distinctive form, in one place, and accrue greatly in vogue or in color in another place. In fact, such process is highly characteristic of cultural change.

It is in just such change in tales that folk-lorists are coming to be more and more interested, as well as in the areas of tale-distribution, rather than in the "origins" of tales. Of what tale can it be known that it is not borrowed? Now, in studying distribution and change, it is important, we know, to distinguish very clearly between the pattern of the tale and its dress or setting. In his discussion of "Tar Baby," Dr. Brown has in several particulars failed to do this. Whether the personage of a tale is animal or human, is immaterial to the pattern, or whether or not the tale is used to point a moral; and in "Tar Baby" the nature of the trap is immaterial, — "Tar Baby" is a misleading title, — or even the escape from the predicament, or, in last analysis, basing the incident as a whole on a theft. The pattern of "Tar Baby" is what Dr. Brown properly calls "the stick-fast motif," — how different parts of the person in succession are caught and held. This being so, I fail to see how Dr. Brown can eliminate the version from India which he cites, that of the Samyutta Nikāya, as the earliest recorded version of the same tale of which we have so many lately-recorded versions in Africa and in America.

A close parallel to the India version was found by Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa on his recent expedition to Spain; and to be added to the bibliography of the tale, as given by Dr. Brown and in "Folklore" (30 : 227-234), are the following references: Porto Rico (JAFL 34 : 164-165); Pueblo Indians (Taos), Parsons in MS.; and, recently noted by Dr. Boas, Guiana Indians (T. Koch-Grünberg, Vom Roroima zum Orinoco, 2 [1916] : 47); Africa, F. Bachmann, "Nyihä Märchen" (Zt. f. Kolonial-Sprachen, 6 : 84-86); C. Mitternützer, "Die Sprache der Bari in Zentral-Afrika," 10-15 (1867); "Afrikanische Märchen," 95, 312, 325, 335 (Jena, 1921).

E. C. P.

FROM "SPIRITUAL" TO VAUDEVILLE. — In the Negro musical comedy "Shuffle Along," which had a long run in New York City in 1922, one song was so notably in music and verbal form of the familiar type of "spiritual," that I made inquiry about its history, and, through the kindness of Mrs. Grace Nail Johnson, was given by one of the Four Harmony Kings who sang the song a note on how the song was learned by the quartette, and the following wording:—

1. Ain't it a shame to steal on Sunday,
Ain't it a shame to steal on Sunday,
Ain't it a shame to steal on Sunday,
Ain't it a shame,
Ain't it a shame to steal on Sunday,
When you got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday too,
Ain't it a shame?
2. Ain't it a shame to drink hootch on Sunday, etc.
3. Ain't it a shame to shimmy on Sunday, etc.
4. Ain't it a shame to gamble on Sunday, etc.

The quartette first heard the song at a Negro meeting in St. Louis by "Jubilee singers." "We learned it only to use in our jubilee work, but we used it one night as an encore in 'Shuffle Along,' and it was at once a big hit. It is the biggest number we use now. We had several offers from publishers who wanted to put the song into a jubilee catalogue; but before this could be done, J. S. B. and W. H., hearing us sing the song, slipped and had it published. But they added a whole lot to it, which has spoiled it, and is not the way we sing it at all. Now the Black Swan Record Company have put it out, with us singing it. . . . It is a wonderful song, that not only expresses the religious feeling of older days, but fits into this day and time." — A bit of acculturation, indeed!

E. C. P.

REVIEWS.

The Black Border. By AMBROSE E. GONZALES. Columbia, S.C., 1922.

THE stories of this "Black Border," which is the coast and islands of South Carolina and Georgia, are stories, not by the folk, but about them, and are not entirely interesting to the folk-lorist, unless the literary setting which is determined by the white Southern point of view is taken itself as folk-lore. The attitude of the writer towards the Negro dialect that he has recorded, it is to be said, with considerable care, can hardly be taken in any other way. For example, after drawing attention to certain vowel-sounds, he tells us that "in no other tongue, perhaps, can so much be expressed with so little strain upon brain or lips or glottis as by the Gullah's laconic use of these grunting jungle-sounds," — for the student of phonetics, a rather diverting reference to the subtle sounds and tones of the languages of Africa.

In a primer by two students of African phonetics — Daniel Jones of the University of London, and Solomon Tshekisho Plaatje of Kimberley — occurs this maxim: "Don't imagine that a difficult language can be turned into an easy one if you only clothe it in an inaccurate but familiar-looking orthography." May not this apply to the writing of dialect as well as of mother-tongue — to "Gullah" as well, say, as to Sechuana? It requires special training to write languages according to a rigid phonetic system; and, when so written, they are a sealed book to the general reader. In this country it has become a tradition to write Negro dialect according to an orthography which is neither phonetic nor conventional, but a mixture of the two stirred by the whim of the writer. As the task of writing dialect phonetically, with the Queen's English involved, is not to be undertaken single-handedly, would it not be well to agree to keep as closely to conventional orthography as possible, expressing the elisions, which bulk large in Negro dialect, by apostrophes, and changing letters only when actually there is a difference in pronunciation? To take instances from the Gullah glossary given as an appendix in "The Black Border," why not write "dange'ous" instead of "dainjus," "chil'" instead of "chile," or, "bery well den" instead of "berrywellden"? and why write "cundemn" for "condemn," "fast'n" for "fasten," "i'on" for "iron," "gonnil" for "gunwale," "pawpus" for "porpoise," "'nuf" for "'nough"? Is this proneness to out-dialect dialect associated in any way, one wonders, with such practices as referring to Negroes as "darkies" or of classifying by indirection through using the term "educated Negro" where, in equivalent circumstance, the term "educated white" would not be used? Such verbal habits will have to receive attention from the psychologists when the psychologists undertake a serious study of the feeling of cultural superiority.

But, besides orthographic oddities and cultural self-assertiveness, there have strayed into Mr. Gonzales' Gullah glossary bits of interesting Negro-lore. Small frogs are called "fry-bakin frogs" from their call, "Fry-bacon,

tea-table! fry-bacon, tea-table!" "grin' salt" (grinding salt) is said of a circling hawk or vulture; "sweet-mout' talk" is that of a philanderer; "long mout'" describes the surly or contemptuous pushing-out of the lips of an angry or discontented person; "long talk ketch run'way nigguh" means that talk by the roadside caused runaway slaves to be caught by the "patrol;" "plat-eye" is the name of an apparition common to the Georgetown section of the coast; and so on.

E. C. P.

NEW YORK.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 35.—OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1922.—No. 138.

TRADITIONAL TEXTS AND TUNES.

BY ALBERT H. TOLMAN AND MARY O. EDDY.¹

THE present collection is a continuation of the one in this Journal, **xxix** [1916], 155-197, entitled "Some Songs Traditional in the United States." That paper will be cited here as Part I, with the page reference added. As in the earlier paper, the material will be arranged in the following divisions: I. Older ballads (those in Child); II. Modern ballads (excluding homiletic ballads and play-party songs); III. Homiletic ballads; IV. Play-party songs. The texts under I are numbered as in Child. Under each of the other divisions the arrangement is alphabetical by titles. A generally accepted title is used when practicable. It is not the intention to print a text which is virtually a duplicate of one already in print and generally accessible.

If any ballad treated here is mentioned in one of the four following lists, the fact is indicated, unless reference is made instead to a published version of that collector.

CHECK-LISTS.

- Phillips Barry [check-list], no date [approximately 1907]. Privately printed. (A New England collection; 84 ballads described.)
- H. M. Belden, *Song-ballads . . . known in Missouri*, 2d ed., 1910. Privately printed. (145 titles.)
- Louise Pound, *Folk-Song of Nebraska and the Central West*, A Syllabus. Nebraska Academy of Sciences, 1915. (More than 500 titles; 16 "Pioneer and Western Songs" given in full.)
- Hubert G. Shearin and Josiah H. Combs, *A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*. Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., 1911. (About 350 titles.)

In addition to the volumes of this Journal, cited as JAFL, the follow-

¹ The present collection has been put in form by the undersigned; but Miss Eddy has contributed so much to it, that it seems only fair to name her as joint author. Almost all of the airs here printed have come from her. I have no knowledge of music. Miss Eddy is trying to collect all the folk-songs surviving in tradition in the State of Ohio, both the words and the airs. She will welcome assistance. The address Perrysville, O., will always reach her. — A. H. TOLMAN.

ing collections have been examined for texts and parallels. These are usually referred to by title only. Books printed before 1898 are not cited for texts of ballads contained in Child's great collection, completed in that year. References which seem to contradict this principle are given for the tunes. Some of the books named were not before me when this paper was first written in 1917. References in Kittredge, "Ballads and Songs" (*JAF* xxx, 283-369), are usually not repeated here.

1. *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, James Henry Dixon (in vol. xvii of the publications of the Percy Society).
2. *Ancient Scots Ballads, with the traditional airs . . .* George Eyre-Todd. London, n.d. [1894 ?].
3. *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, ed. by John Harland, edition of 1875. London, Routledge. (Contains few folk-songs.)
4. *Cowboy Songs*, John A. Lomax. New York, 1910. (An enlarged edition came out later.)
5. *Early Ballads . . . also Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Robert Bell. London, 1877. (Reprints much of Dixon's collection, No. 1 above.)
6. *English County Songs*, Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland. London, 1893.
7. *English Folk-Songs*, Wm. Alexander Barrett. London, n.d., Novello.
8. *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, with introduction, notes, and bibliography. Putnam, 1917. (Especially valuable.)
9. *English Minstrelsie*, S. Baring-Gould. 8 vols., Edinburgh [1895-97]. (Not many folk-songs included.)
10. *English Traditional Songs and Carols . . . with accompaniments*, Lucy E. Broadwood. London, 1908, Boosey.
11. *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, Ella Mary Leather. London, 1912.
12. *Folk-Songs from Dorset*, H. E. D. Hammond. London, 1908, Novello.
13. *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties*, R. Vaughan Williams. London, 1908, Novello.
14. *Folk-Songs from Hampshire*, George B. Gardiner. London, 1909, Novello.
15. *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, five series. London, first edition, 1904-09.
16. *Folk-Songs from Sussex*, W. Percy Merrick. London [1912], Novello.
17. *Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, Josephine McGill. New York and London, 1917, Boosey.
18. *A Garland of Country Song*, S. Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Shepard. London, 1895, Methuen.
19. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, 6 vols. and Part I of Vol. vii. London, 1899-1922. (In progress.)
20. *Lonesome Tunes: Folk Songs from the Kentucky Mountains, Vol. I*, Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway. New York, 1916, H. W. Gray Co.

21. *The Minstrelsy of England*, Alfred Moffat and Frank Kidson. London, 1901. (Not many folk-songs are included.)
22. *Modern Street Ballads*, John Ashton. London, 1888, Chatto.
23. *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, [Miss] M. H. Mason. London, new ed., 1908.
24. *One Hundred English Folksongs*, Cecil J. Sharp. Boston, 1916, Ditson.
25. *The Popular Songs of Scotland*, with . . . melodies, George F. Graham. London, new ed., 1884.
26. *The Quest of the Ballad*, by W. Roy Mackenzie. Princeton University Press, 1919. (Nova Scotian material. Referred to as "Mackenzie," with page-numbers.)
27. *Real Sailor-Songs*, John Ashton. London, 1891.
28. *The Roxburghe Ballads*, Wm. Chappell and J. W. Ebsworth. 8 vols. London and Hertford, Printed for the Ballad Society, 1871-99.
29. *The Roxburghe Ballads*, Charles Hindley, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1873, 1874, Reeves and Turner.
30. *Scots Minstrelsie*, John Greig. 6 vols. Edinburgh, vol. ii dated 1893.
31. *The Shirburn Ballads, 1585-1616*, Andrew Clark. Oxford, 1907.
32. *Songs and Ballads of Northern England*, John Stokoe and Samuel Reay. London [1892], Scott.
33. *The Songs of Scotland*, J. Pittman and Colin Brown. London, n.d., Boosey.
34. *Songs of the West*, S. Baring-Gould and others. London, 5th ed. with additions [1913], Methuen.
35. *Traditional Tunes . . . with Words*, Frank Kidson. Oxford, 1891.
36. *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, With Many Old . . . Melodies*, Robert Ford. Paisley, new ed., 1904, Gardner.

In this list Nos. 1, 3, 5, 22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, print no tunes; Nos. 4, 36, print some airs; the other collections give both words and music. For a valuable list of books on the subject of traditional music, see "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 61-65; iii, 144 f., 244 f., 319 f.; iv, 82, 142; v, 252. Nos. 4, 8, 17, 20, in the above list, contain texts and airs found in the United States. No. 26 is Nova Scotian material.

Some ballads taken up in Part I, and not elsewhere mentioned in this article, have interesting variants in "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians." I cite Part I by page and title, and the texts of Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Sharp by numbers. Part I, p. 158, "The Twa Brothers" (Child, No. 49), = No. 11 in C. and S. (4 texts, 5 airs); p. 159, "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" (Child, 73), = No. 16 in C. and S. (2 texts, 11 airs);¹ p. 171, "Dog and Gun," = No. 52 in C. and S.; p. 190, "The Unlucky Young Man," — compare No. 115 in C. and S.²

The compilers of this collection are most grateful to Professor Kit-

¹ See also Mackenzie. pp. 97-99.

² [See also "Posey Boy," Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont* (New York [1919]), pp. 7-9.]

tredge for advice and assistance. His additions and annotations are indicated by brackets.

The material here presented was first put together in 1917.¹

I. OLDER SONGS

(NUMBERED AS IN CHILD).

4. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT.

Part I, 156; JAFI xxx, 286; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 11; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 2 (4 texts, 5 airs); Mackenzie, pp. 93-95. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, ii, 282 (3 airs); Songs of Northern England, 130; English County Songs, 164.

Obtained through Miss Eddy, from Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O.

Little Golden.

1. Come listen, come listen, young people all,
A story unto you I will tell,
Of a false-hearted knight and little Golden,
And the truth unto you I will tell, tell, tell,
And the truth unto you I will tell.
2. He went unto her father's house
About nine o'clock at night;
Up bespeaks the parrot,
And unto the Golden did say,
"What is the matter with my little Golden,
That you are up before day, day, day,
That you are up before day?"
3. "Hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
No tales on me do tell,
And your cage shall be lined with the yellow glittering gold,
And hung on yon willow tree, tree, tree,
And hung on yon willow tree."
4. They took of her father's yellow glittering gold,
Likewise of her mother's fees,
And the two best horses in her father's stable
Wherein stand thirty and three, three, three,
Wherein stand thirty and three.
5. She jumped on the bonny, bonny brown,
And he on the dapplin' gray;
They rode till they came to the sea-beating shore,
Long, long before it was day, day, day.
Long, long before it was day.

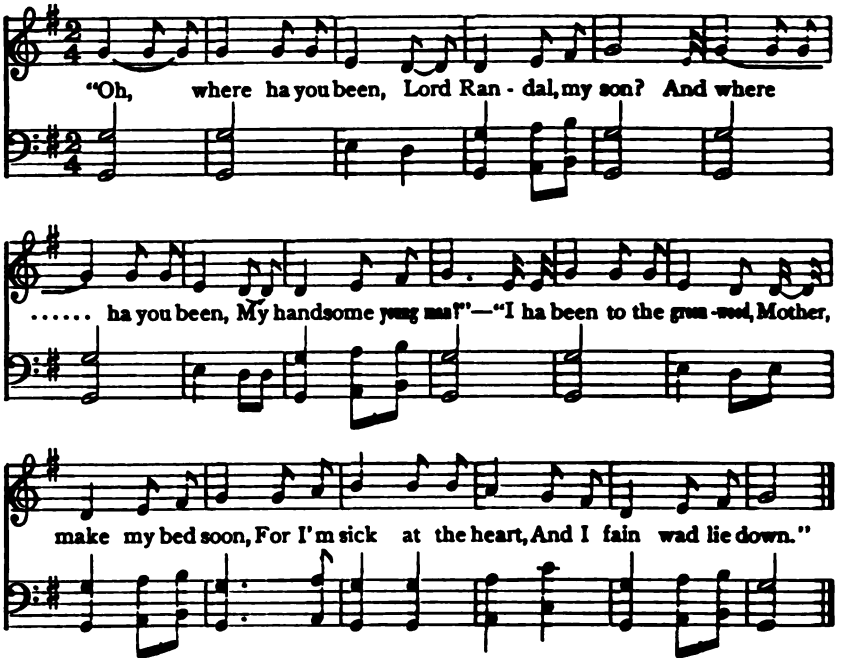
¹ Professor Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska has brought out an excellent anthology of American folk-poetry, *American Ballads and Songs* (Scribner's, 1922), with an introduction, notes, and an index. For many of the ballads here given good texts may be found there. By a regrettable oversight, references to that book have not been inserted in reading the proof of the present collection, except in a few cases.

6. "Take off, take off that fine silk gown,
And lie it on yonder stone;
For it is too fine and over-costly
To rot in a watery tomb, tomb, tomb,
To rot in a watery tomb."
7. "O turn your head around about,
And gaze at the leaves on yon tree;
Ain't it a pity such a rebel as you
A naked woman should see, see, see,
A naked woman should see?"
8. He turned his head around about,
To gaze at the leaves on yon tree;
So manfully she picked him up,
And plunged him into the sea, sea, sea,
And plunged him into the sea.
9.
Saying, "Six king's daughters you have drowned here,
And the seventh has drowned thee, thee, thee,
And the seventh has drowned thee."
10. She jumped on her bonny, bonny brown,
And led home the dapplin' gray,
She rode till she came to her father's stable,
One long hour before it was day, day, day,
One long hour before it was day.
11. Then up bespeaks her father,
And unto the parrot did say,
"What's the matter with my pretty Polly,
That you're plattering so long before day, day, day,
That you're plattering so long before day?"
12. "Two strange (or wild) cats came to my cage door,
And said they would murder me,
And I was calling to little Golden,
To drive these cats off away, 'way, 'way,
To drive these cats off away."

12. LORD RANDAL.

Part I, 157; JAFI xxx, 289-290; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 18; Ancient Scots Ballads, 48; Scots Minstrelsie, iv, 128; Songs of Scotland, 136; The Songs of England, ed. J. L. Hatton, London, Boosey, n.d., 111; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, v, 117-120, 122 f., 244-248; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 6 (5 texts and airs); Shearin, Modern Language Review, xiv (1919), 211-214.

The following air comes from Miss Emma Schrader, University of Chicago, "as I remember having heard my mother sing it, in Chebanse, Ill. It probably came from England with my grandparents, who came to America in 1845."



"Oh, where ha you been, Lord Ran - dal, my son? And where
 ha you been, My handsome young man?"—"I ha been to the gum-wood, Mother,
 make my bed soon, For I'm sick at the heart, And I fain wad lie down."

53. YOUNG BEICHAN.

For references to American texts see JAFI xxx, 294-297. Add English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 12 (2 texts, 5 airs); Mackenzie, pp. 112-118.

Miss Eddy sends a fragmentary text of "Lord Bateman," gotten in Ohio.

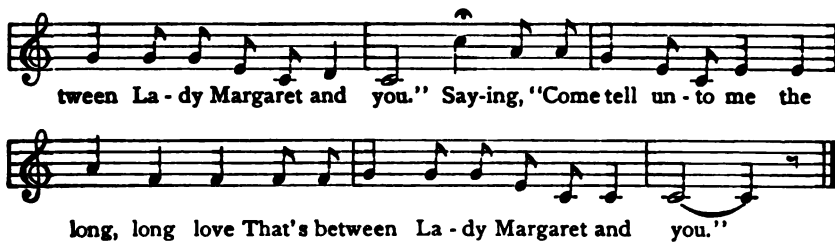
74. LADY MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

See Part I, 160; JAFI xxx, 302-304; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 17 (4 texts, 7 airs); Mackenzie, pp. 124-126.

This text and air came to Miss Eddy through Miss Jane Goon from Mrs. Liza B. Bowman, Akron, O.



1. Sweet Wil-liam a-rose one mer-ry May morning, And dressed himself in
 blue, Say-ing, "Come tell un - to me the long, long love That's be-



2. "I know no harm of her," he said,
 "And I hope that she knows none of me,
 But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock
 Lady Margaret my bride shall see."
3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own hall door,
 A-combing back her hair,
 When who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
 As they to the church drew near.
4. She threwed down her ivory comb,
 And with silk she tied her hair,
 And this pretty, fair maiden went out of the room,
 And never was seen back there.
5. The day was far spent and the night was coming on,
 When most of the men was at work;
 Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
 By a dream that he dreamt that night.
6.
 He dreamed his room was full of wild swine,
 And his bride's bed swimming in blood.
7. The night was far spent, and the day coming on,
 When most of the men was asleep,
 When Lady Margaret's ghost appeared,
 And stood at his bed's feet.
8. "How do you like your bed," says she,
 "And how do you like your sheet?
 And how do you like your newly-married bride,
 That lies in your arms and sleeps?"
9. "Very well do I like my bed," said he,
 "And also I like my sheet,
 But the best of all is that fair lady in white
 That stands at my bed's feet."

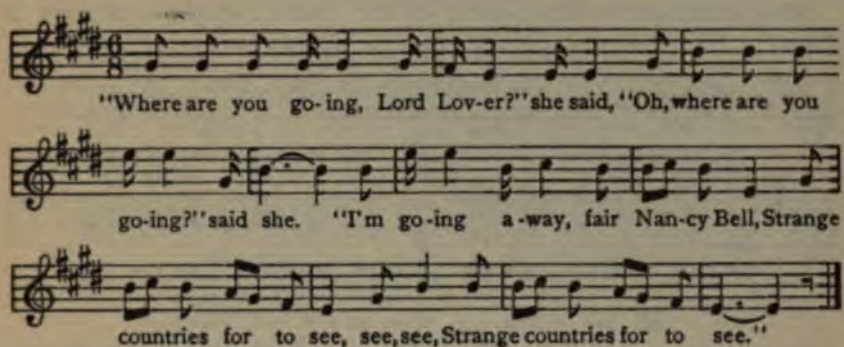
10. Her face was as white as the driven snow,
Clad in that yonder cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily-white hand,
That held her lily-white shroud.
11. Then he called on his merry maidens all,
By one, by two, by three,
And the last of all on his new married bride,
Lady Margaret she might go and see.
12. Oh, is she in her high bower-ee,
Or is she in her hall,
Or is she in her gay coaches,
Among her merry maidens all?
13. No, she is not in her high bower-ee,
Nor she is not in her hall,
But she is in her new coffin,
Laid out against the wall.
14. "Take down, take down, those sheets," said he,
"Made out of the silk so fine,
And let me kiss them clay-cold lips,
For so oft they have kissed mine."
15. "Take down, take down, those sheets," said he,
"Made out of the linen so fine,
To-day they are over Lady Margaret's corpse,
And to-morrow they will be over mine."
16. Lady Margaret she died as if to-day,
Sweet William he died on the morrow;
Lady Margaret she died of pure, pure love,
Sweet William he died of sorrow.
17. Lady Margaret was buried under a cherry-tree top,
Sweet William was buried under a willow,
And they both grew high, and they both grew together,
And they tied in a true-lovers' knot.

75. LORD LOVEL.

Part I, 160. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 18; Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains, 9-13. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vi, 31-33.

Miss Eddy sends an excellent text that comes from Pennsylvania. She gets the following air from the singing of Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve,

O. "It resembles the tune to 'Lord Lovel' in Sharp's 'One Hundred English Folksongs,' No. 26, and sounds very well with his accompaniment."

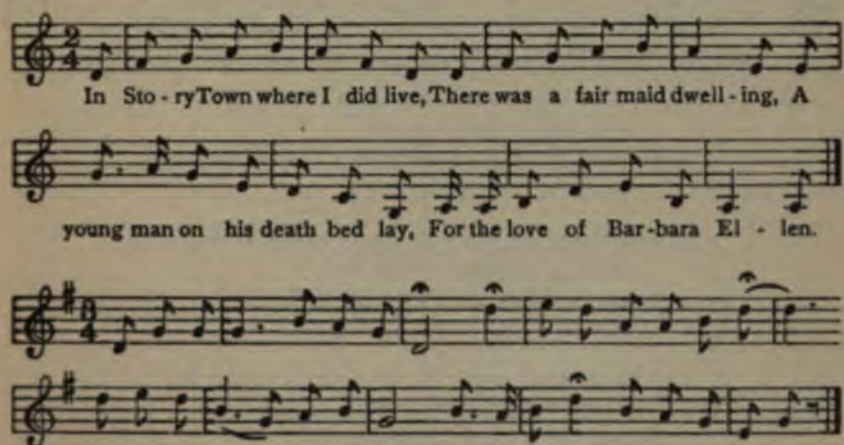


"Where are you go-ing, Lord Lov-er?" she said, "Oh, where are you go-ing?" said she. "I'm go-ing a-way, fair Nan-cy Bell, Strange countries for to see, see, see, Strange countries for to see."

84. BONNY BARBARA ALLEN.

In Part I, 160, two references are wrong. They should read: Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 265-267; JAFL xx, 256. Add: JAFL xxx, 317; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 21 (6 texts, 10 airs); a Nova Scotian text is in Mackenzie, pp. 100-102. Scots Minstrelsie, i, 92; Ancient Scots Ballads, 188; The Popular Songs of Scotland, 80; The Songs of Scotland, 132; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 7; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, ii, 80 (2 airs).

Since Part I was in print, Miss Eddy has obtained two more texts from Ohio, one from Kentucky, and the following tunes. The first air is from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.; the second, from the singing of Mrs. Brannan, Lily, Ky. "This is the way she sang most of the stanzas."



In Sto-ryTown where I did live, There was a fair maid dwell-ing, A young man on his death bed lay, For the love of Bar-bara El-len.

93. LAMKIN.

Part I, 162-164; JAFI xxx, 318; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 23.

Miss Eddy sends Miss Goon's air for "False Lambkin," printed in Part I.

False Lambkin was a ma - son As good as ev - er laid stone,
He built Lord Ar-nold's cas - tle And the Lord paid him none.

155. SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

Part I, 164-166; JAFI xxx, 322; Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 26. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v, 253-256; English County Songs, 86; Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs, 46.

The Jew's Daughter.

Obtained by Miss Eddy from the singing of Mrs. Charles Wise, Perrysville, O.

1. It rains, it mists, it rains, it mists, It sprinkles all o - ver the
plain, And all of the boys in our town Went out to
toss their ball, ball, ball, Went out to toss their ball.....

2. At first they tossed it a little too high,
And then a little too low,
Over in the Jew's garden flew one of the balls,
Where no one dared to go.
3. Out came the Jew's daughter all dressed in silk,
Crying, "Come in, little boy,
Come in, come in, my pretty little boy!
You shall have your ball again."
4. "No, I won't come in, no, I sha'n't come in,
Unless my playmates do,
For oftentimes have I heard it said
Whoever went in should never come out again."

5. At first she showed him a ripe yellow apple,
And then a gay, gold ring,
And next a cherry as red as blood,
To entice the little boy in.
6. She took him by his lily-white hand,
And drew him across the hall;
Down in the dark cellar she went with him,
Where no one could him amid [call].
7. And there she laid him upon a table
Beside a great bow-knife,
And called for a basin all lined with gold
To catch his heart-blood in.
8. "Lay my Bible at my head,
My prayer-book at my feet,
And when my playmates call for me,
Pray, tell them I'm asleep.
9. "Lay my prayer-book at my feet,
My Bible at my head,
And when my parents call for me,
Pray, tell them that I'm dead."

226. LIZIE LINDSAY.

The Blaeberry Courtship.

"The Blaeberry Courtship," or "The Blaeberreries," which seems to be founded on the traditional ballad of "Lizie Lindsay," has not, I think, been hitherto found in the United States; but Mackenzie prints a text from Nova Scotia ("The Quest of the Ballad," pp. 230-234).

See *Ancient Scots Ballads*, 248; *The Popular Songs of Scotland*, 264; *Scots Minstrelsie*, ii, 216; *The Songs of Scotland*, 118; *Handbook of the Songs of Scotland*, ed. by William Mitchison, 1851, 17; *Songs of the North*, ed. by Macleod, Boulton, and Lawson (1885), 66 (with air); Stokoe, *Songs of Northern England*, 62-63. [Also: Ford, *Vagabond Songs*, ii, 77-82, and *Auld Scots Ballants*, 121-125; Whitelaw, *The Book of Scottish Ballads*, 1845, 276-278; Gavin Greig, xliii; *The Goldfinch* [chapbook], J. Marshall, Newcastle, 12-16; broadsides printed by George Walker, Jr. [Durham] and Stephenson [Gateshead], and a Glasgow chapbook ["The Blaeberry Courtship:" Harvard College 25276.43. 23, No. 1], "printed for the Booksellers."]

Obtained through Professor Edith Foster Flint of the University of Chicago, and Mrs. M. P. Starr of Chicago, from Mrs. Annie McAllister, Winnetka, Ill., an aged Scotchwoman, who learned the words from her mother.

1. In the Highlands of Scotland there dwells a young man;
He's well educated, as we understand;
2. He's awa' to the Lowlands to ask for a bride,
And he's rolled himself up in a bra tartan plaid.
3. It's "Will you come wi' me," said he, "bonnie lassie;
Oh, will you come wi' me those Highlands to see?"
4. "I'll no leave those Lowlands nor brown corn-fields,
Not for all the blay-berries your wild mountain yields."
5. Down comes her father, a gray-haired old man:
"Could you not get a mistress in all your own land?"
6. "But small entertainment's for our Lowland dames,
For to promise them blay-berries on your wild heathery plains."
7. Down comes her mother, her daughter to advise,
Saying, "If thou go with him, thou wilt not be wise.
8. "He's a real rakish fellow, and as bare as the cra';
He's a king to the Katherines [worms]¹ for a' that we kna'."

.
9. She's awa' now, poor thing, she's awa';
She's awa' to a place her two eyes ne'er saw.

.
10. "Don't you remember, school-fellows were we?
I was slighted by all the house, darlin', but thee.
11. "These lands and fine livings were all gie'd to me;
And I wooed you, my darling, to share them with thee.
12. "You're welcome from . . . , you're twice welcome home,
And welcome as mistress to Bailywell Toun."

Refrain.

Milka' coos [cows], lassies, and come away home.
Put on your hat, farmer, for that is too low,
For a peacock to bow to a crow.

243. JAMES HARRIS (THE DÆMON LOVER).

For American texts see JAFL xxx, 325-327. Add *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 29 (5 texts, 11 airs).

English texts: *Songs of the West*, No. 76 (a shortened text; see Introduction); *Real Sailor Songs* 74, 2d text.

¹ This gloss is in Mrs. Starr's MS.

The House Carpenter.

American texts of "The House Carpenter" are not uncommon. Usually they do not vary greatly from the de Marsan broadside (New York City, about 1860); reprinted in Henry de Marsan's "New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal" (i, 626 [No. 83]), and by Barry (JAFL xviii, 207).

Miss Eddy sends three variants and three airs. In one of her texts the wife jumps overboard. I print the airs. The first is from the singing of Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O. The second air was obtained from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O. The third was taken down by Professor Eschman, Denison College, Granville, O., from the singing of Professor Lily Bell Sefton.

(a)

"Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met," said
 he. "I've just re - turned from the salt, salt sea, And it's
 all for the love of thee, I've just re - turned from the
 salt, salt sea, And it's all for the love of thee."

(b)

"Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met," said
 he. "I've just re - turned from the salt, salt sea, And it's
 all for the love of thee, I've just re - turned from the
 salt, salt sea, And it's all for the love of thee."

[New]

(c)

"I've just come from the salt, salt sea, And 'twas all on ac-
count of thee, For I've just had an of-fer of a
king's daugh-ter fair, And she fain would have mar-ried me."
"Well, if you've had an of-fer of a king's daugh-ter fair, I
think you're much to blame, For I've late-ly been mar-ried to a
house car-pen-ter, And I think he's a nice young man."

In Aolian Mode.

274. OUR GOODMAN.

Part I, 166; JAFL xxx, 328; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 32 (2 texts, 3 airs). Ancient Scots Ballads, 116; Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, 212-214.

Miss Eddy sends in a coherent but incomplete text from Ohio. ["'Twas on Christmas day" may be found also in "The Nightingale" (London, Tegg), pp. 144-145.]

II. MODERN SONGS

(EXCLUDING HOMILETIC BALLADS AND PLAY-PARTY SONGS).

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Belden, No. 33; Pound, 14. This is derived from the favorite ballad "The Children in the Wood," printed in Percy's *Reliques*, iii, 169 ff. (Wheatley's edition); also in *Child's English and Scottish Ballads* (1857-58), iii, 128 ff.; in *Davidson's Universal Melodist*, ii, 184 (with tune); and elsewhere.¹ A semi-comical version is given in *Modern Street Ballads*, 124.

From Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io.

¹ [See Charles Kent, *The Land of the "Babes in the Wood,"* London (1910).]

1. Oh, don't you remember, a long time ago,
Two poor little children whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away, one fine summer day,
And lost in the woods? So I've heard people say.

2. And when it came night, oh, sad was their plight!
The moon did not shine, and the stars gave no light.
They cried and they cried, and they bitterly sighed;
Poor babes in the wood! They lay down and died.

3. And when they were dead, the robins so red
Brought strawberry-leaves, and over them spread;
And sang them a song the whole night long.
Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!

[This children's song was printed in 1818 at Newburyport, Mass., in a tiny volume called "A Song Book for Little Children," pp. 7-9 (Harvard College Library, 25276.43.82). Miss McGill has found it in Kentucky ("Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains" [1917], pp. 103-106 [with tune]). It is regularly included in collections of nursery rhymes: Halliwell, 5th and 6th eds., No. 52, p. 35; Mrs. Valentine, "Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles," Camden Edition, No. 53, pp. 36-37; Louey Chisholm, "Nursery Rhymes," p. 68; "The Old Nursery Rhymes, or The Merrie Heart," 5th ed., pp. 66-67; Andrew Lang, "The Nursery Rhyme Book" (1897), p. 56; Miss Mason, "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," p. 22 (with tune); Baring-Gould, "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes," No. 27, p. 40 (4 stanzas).

The long ballad of "The Children in the Wood" was often printed in this country as a broadside in the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century. Harvard College has an eighteenth-century copy "Sold at the Heart & Crown in Cornhill," Boston (Child Broadside), and another of about 1800 or earlier without imprint; also two broadsides printed in Boston by Nathaniel Coverly the younger,— one of about 1811 ("Nathaniel Coverly, jun. Theatre Alley"), the other somewhat later, *ca.* 1818-28 ("N. Coverly, 16 Milk St."). A Newburyport (Mass.) broadside in the same library dates from early in the nineteenth century, and has a tantalizing imprint: "Sold by the Thousand, Groce, Hundred, Dozen, or Single, at the Bookstore and Printing-office of W. and J. GILMAN, Middle-street, Newburyport: Where may be had, wholesale or retail, a variety of Ancient and Modern Popular Songs and Ballads.— Price 3 cts." The Boston Public Library has an eighteenth-century American broadside of this piece (without imprint: H90a.309). The ballad is included in a song-book entitled "The Warbler," published at Augusta, Me., in

1805, pp. 177 ff. (Brown University). In 1796 "The Massachusetts Magazine," viii, 444-445, reprinted, without indication of source, part of a favorable critique on the piece from "The Westminster Magazine" of January, 1774. Among the many English broadsides containing the ballad, one is particularly noteworthy: it is a huge twopenny sheet published by Catnach and illustrated with eight delightful cuts (Harvard College Library). There is a quasi-comic version, "It's a woful tale I'm about to relate" (broadside, Bebbington, Manchester, No. 406: Harvard College.)]

BALLAD OF THE THREE (IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES).

Part I, 167. See JAFL xxx, 348-349.

"King Arthur" (English County Songs, 20¹) resemble this, so does "The Three Sons" (One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 80). Both of these versions confirm Professor Kittredge's view that the text in Part I is complete; but Mrs. Fanny H. Ferris, Wheaton, Ill., says that in her youth she used to sing an additional stanza.

[In fact, two stanzas WERE appended to the song in one sophisticated version:—

Now if these three roguish chaps,
Who flourished under the king,
Had lived to see as much as me,
They'd surely have learned to sing.

Then the miller could sing to his love,
And the weaver comfort his wife,
And the little tailor make ballads for
To keep thesê three rogues right.

Thus the song appears in "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 12" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 39, and "The 'We Won't Go Home till Morning!' Songster" (New York, DeWitt, cop. 1869), p. 19. The latter has also the following prose introduction: "*Spoken:* In good old colony times, when our forefathers were under the king, there were three roguish chaps, who fell into mishaps, just because they couldn't sing. The Publisher would advise all boys to learn to sing, and then they will be found in the company of young ladies enjoying a musical feast; *this*, will keep them from falling into mishaps." The same (with the same prose preface) is in "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 293 (No. 41). The regular version occurs

¹ [This version is adopted by Granville Bantock, *One Hundred Songs of England* (Boston, cop. 1914), No. 32, pp. 53-54. See also Percy C. Buck, *The Oxford Song Book*, 1916, pp. 110-111 (from the *Scottish Students' Song Book*); *The Vauxhall Comic Song Book*, ed. by J. W. Sharp, *First Series*, p. 187. Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, Part IV, chap. 2, contains a fragment consisting of the first line ("King Arthur had three sons") and the whole of the last stanza.]

in "The Stonewall Song Book," 11th ed. (Richmond, Va., 1865), p. 34, and, with some variations, in "Frank Brower's Black Diamond Songster and Ebony Jester" (New York, Dick & Fitzgerald, cop. 1863), p. 42.¹ In the latter the song begins, —

Old Daddy Hopkins had three sons,
As big rogues as ever did swing;
And he kicked them all three out of doors,
Because they could not sing.

A curious parody, "In Good Republican Times," turns the ditty to political uses. It is found in "The Wide-Awake Vocalist; or, Rail Splitters' Song Book. Words and Music for the Republican Campaign of 1860" (New York, cop. 1860), pp. 46-47. It begins, —

In good Republican times,
When foes were turning their coats,
Some roguish chaps did bait their traps
To catch the people's votes.

The song about three rogues beginning "When Arthur first in court began" (JAFL xxx, 349) was inserted by George Colman the Younger in his comedy "The Battle of Hexham; or, The Days of Old," first performed at the Haymarket on Aug. 11, 1789. He labels it "Old Glee, and Old Words" (act iii, London, 1808, p. 21). It may be found also in "The Busy Bee, or Vocal Repository" (London [179-]), i, 30-31; "The Royal Minstrel" (London, 1844), pp. 32-33; and Mrs. Valentine's "Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles," No. 3, pp. 2-3. In this country I find it in "The Singers' Magazine and Universal Vocalist" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1835), i, 275; in "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 754, No. 99 ("King Arthur"), and also, as a separate piece of music, "When Arthur first in court began, A Cheerful Glee for Three Voices Composed by Dr. Callcott, Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte," Philadelphia, John F. Nunns (Harvard College Library).]

THE BANKS OF CLAUDY.

Belden, Herrig's Archiv, cxx, 66 (one of ten ballads there printed on the theme of "The Returned Lover"); JAFL xxvi, 362 (Pound), a text and full references; Barry's No. 30 resembles this; Shearin's version, 24, seems not to have a happy close. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 19; iii, 287-289; cf. vi, 272, and vii, 112; Traditional Tunes, 88 ("the air resembles that below").

¹ [This songster is reprinted in The Universal Book of Songs and Singer's Companion (New York, Dick & Fitzgerald, cop. 1864)].

Miss Eddy got a text and this air from the singing of Mrs. Margaret Davis, Perrysville, O.

As I walked out one morn-ing All in the month of May, Down
 by yon flow - ery gar - den I hap-pened for to stray, I
 o - ver-heard a fair maid In sor - row doth complain, "All
 on the banks of Clau - die I'm told he doth re - main."

[To the references in JAFL xxvi, 362, may be added Gavin Greig, "Folk Song of the North-East," xlvi; an English slip of the first half of the last century (no imprint: Harvard College); and, for America, "The Pearl Songster" (New York, C. P. Huestis, cop. 1846), pp. 44-45; "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 44-45; "The Arkansas Traveller's Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 56; "The Wandering Refugee Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 34; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 40 (No. 5); "The Vocalist's Favorite Songster" (New York, cop. 1885), p. 185; "Delaney's Irish Song Book, No. 1," p. 8; "Wehman's Irish Song Book No. 1" (cop. 1887), p. 10; "Wehman Bros.' Pocket-Size Irish Song Book No. 2" (New York, cop. 1909), p. 12; broadsides published by Johnson (Philadelphia), A. W. Auner (Philadelphia), De Marsan (New York, List 2, No. 36, formerly J. Andrews), and Wehman (New York, No. 414). There is an American copy of Irish provenience in the Child MSS., i, 39 (Harvard College Library). Dr. B. L. Jones has found the song in Michigan. Mackenzie (pp. 175-176) reports a version from Nova Scotia.

"The Banks of Claudy" was taken up by the Negro Minstrels in the fifties of the last century and turned to comic uses. The following version appears in the "Words of the Songs sung by the Campbell Minstrels (organized 1849), . . . Mr. Fox, Proprietor," St. James's Hall (London, J. Mallett, Printer), p. 15.

THE BOY WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

Written and sung by Mr. C. H. Fox.

'Twas on a summer's morning, all in the month of May,
Down by a flow'ry gardjuen where Betsy she did stray,
I over-hear'd a damsuel in sorrow to complain
All for the loss of her true luvvyer who plow'd the raging main.

Chorus.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh! OH!

I step't up to this damsuel, I put her in surprise,
I knew she did not know me, I bein' in a singular disguise;
Says I, my charming creturer, my gay young heart's delight,
How far have you to travviel this dark and dreary night?

(Chorus.)

The way, kind Sir, to Plugsocket if you please to show,
So pity a fair distracted maid, for there I have to go,
In search of a faithless-hearted young man, Takemush is his name,
All on the banks of Plugsocket I'm told he does remain.

(Chorus.)

If Takemush he was here to-night he'd keep me from all harm,
But he's on the field of battuel with his gallient uniform;
As he's on the field of battuel, his foes he will destroy,
Like a roaring king of worruiers he fought the wars of Troy.

(Chorus.)

The same parody, without the fourth stanza, is printed in "Charley Fox's Sable Songster" (New York, F. A. Brady, cop. 1859), pp. 9-10. It has a few Darkey touches (such as "oberheard" for "overheard") and the following chorus:—

With my oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
He was my darling:¹
He was the boy with the auburn hair;
His name was Mackavoy.

The hero's name is Sakmush, not Takemush, and the banks are those of Plucksocket. See also a de Marsan broadside (New York), List 8, No. 45, originally published (it seems) by J. Andrews in 1858 (3 stanzas and chorus); "Songs of the Florences" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 35 (4 stanzas and chorus); "American Dime Song Book No. 2" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1860), pp. 11-12 (4 stanzas and chorus). In 1896 "Delaney's Song Book No. 13" gave the same

¹ [The word "boy" is accidentally omitted.]

four stanzas and chorus, but with amusing local adaptations: the heroine is journeying "to Mauniyunk" (Manayunk, Pa.), her lover's name is "Snicklefritz," the banks are those of the "Schullikill," it is "Johnny Kizer" who would keep her from all harm, and "Like a roaring boy from Darbia he fought in Germantown" (p. 22).]

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

I find no previous American text. Barry, No. 50. English County Songs, 116; English Folk-Songs, No. 45; Traditional Tunes, 53, 173; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 232 (air only); Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, 78 (with air).

Miss Eddy reports that "The Banks of Sweet Dundee" in W. Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs" (Edinburgh, 1876, i, 258) has substantially the story of "The Banks of Claudy."

Recited to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Jane Vanscoyoc, Perrysville, O. The opening stanza seems to have come in from the song "Jack Munro." In the complete English ballad, Mary kills her uncle too, and gets all his money.

1. There was a wealthy merchant,
In London he did dwell,
And he had a lovely daughter,
And the truth to you I'll tell.
2. Her parents died and left her
A large amount in gold,
She then lived with her uncle,
Who was the cause of all her woe.
3. Her uncle had a plow boy
Young Mary loved quite well,
And in her uncle's garden
Their tales of love they would tell.
4. Her uncle overheard them,
.
He bargained with a squire
Their plans to overthrow.
5.
.
"We will banish young Willie
From the banks of sweet Dundee."
6. So early on one morning
He knocked at this maiden's door,
.
And unto her did say:

7. "Arise, arise, young Mary,
And a lady you may be,
For the squire is a-waiting
On the banks of sweet Dundee."
8. "What care I for your squire,
Or lords and dukes likewise?
For young Willie's eyes appear to me
Like diamonds in the skies."
9. As young Mary was a-walking
Down in her uncle's grove,
She met this wealthy squire
Who wants to make love to her.
10.
And he put his arms around her,
And tried to throw her down.
11. "Stand off, stand off," cried Mary,
"For dauntless I will be."
She the trigger drew, and the squire slew,
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

[There are two songs which go by the name of "The Banks of Sweet Dundee." The original song, to which Professor Tolman's text belongs and his references apply, and which is also known as "Undaunted Mary," is common in English broadsides. It runs to ten stanzas. See Harvard broadsides as follows: 25242.17, vi, 149, and ix, 79 (Bebbington, Manchester, No. 83); vii, 117 (Catnach); xi, 15 (Such); Pitts; George Walker, Durham, No. 6. The Walker broadside has an additional stanza, which appears also in Ford (as cited above) and in the text collected by Greig in Scotland, "Folk-Song of the North-East," lxvi. For America see "De Witt's Forget-Me-Not Songster," p. 94; "We Parted by the River Side Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 44; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 37 (No. 5); "Irish Come-All-Ye's," p. 68; "Delaney's Scotch Song Book No. 1" (New York), p. 3; "Wehman's Irish Song Book No. 1" (New York, cop. 1887), p. 117; "Wehman Bros. Pocket-Size Irish Song Book No. 2" (New York, cop. 1909), pp. 6-7; Wehman broadside No. 274; Andrews broadside, List 6, No. 81. An imperfect copy was taken down in 1910 by Mr. F. C. Walker in St. John, New Brunswick. Mackenzie (pp. 47-48) prints a Nova Scotian version.

The other song is a sequel or "answer." This is the piece published by Christie (i, 258-259) as "The Banks of Sweet Dundee." It recounts the heroic deeds of Mary's lover, who has been pressed into the

navy, and tells of their happy reunion. Harvard College has it in broadsides issued by John Ross (Newcastle, No. 19: 25242.17, iv, 184) and J. O. Bebbington (Manchester, No. 320: 25242.17, x, 68), and Greig gives a text ("Folk-Song of the North-East," xxx). A somewhat different "answer," telling the same story, is in broadsides issued by Ryle & Co. (25242.17, vii, 238) and C. Paul. I have no record of the printing of either "answer" in America.]

THE BEDROOM WINDOW, OR, THE DROWSY SLEEPER.

I give this title to two songs which have a similar situation. Since this article was written, Professor Kittredge has discussed "the literary relations of this piece," also "the curious varieties in which it occurs and its mixture with other songs." See texts of "The Drowsy Sleeper" and comments (JAFI xxx, 338-343); also "The Silver Dagger" (JAFI xxx, 361-363).¹

No. 1.

This is the form called by Professor Kittredge "The Drowsy Sleeper." The lover is at the girl's window. She will not "ask" her father (waken her father), because he has with him a weapon (dagger) with which to kill her lover. She remains faithful. The conclusion does not suggest suicide.

American texts: JAFI xxix, 200; xxx, 338-341, 3 texts (Kittredge); Bel-den, Herrig's Archiv, cxix, 430 f., 3 texts; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 47, Texts A and B, with airs. Shearin, 23; Pound, 18.

English texts: Folk-Songs from Sussex, 12; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 269; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 47 (10 stanzas); Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 99. Compare Journal of the Folk-Song Society, iii, 78 ff.

Miss Eddy gets the following fragment from the singing of Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O.



1. Go a-way from my win-dow, You'll wa-ken my fa-ther, ~~Whom (Them)~~
2. No, I'll not go nor I'll court no oth-er, Nor



notes of love he will not hear, Or you must go and
whis-per gen-tler in her ear, But I will have you



court some oth-er, Or whis-per gen-tler in my ear.
from your moth-er, And res-cue in your true love's care.

¹ [A version of this piece ("The Shining Dagger"), with tune, is given by Sturgis and Hughes, Songs from the Hills of Vermont (Boston [1819]), pp. 30-31.]

No. 2.

The situation is the same at first as in No. 1, but the lover and maid commit suicide with the same "silver dagger." Professor Kittredge points out that this form is a mixture of "The Drowsy Sleeper" ("The Bedroom Window") and "The Silver Dagger."

American texts: JAFI xxx, 341-343, texts IV and V (Kittredge); English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 47 (text and air). Barry, No. 30; Pound, 18.

Miss Eddy sends an excellent text. The lover kills himself with "the silvery weapon."

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

It is interesting to find an American version of this well-known broadside ballad.

Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, 60 (64 stanzas); Child reprinted this text in his earlier collection (1857, iv, 161); Percy's text in the *Reliques* has emendations (ii, 171, Wheatley's ed.); Hindley, *Roxburghe Ballads*, i, 48; Chappell, *Roxburghe Ballads*, i, 38. The traditional text in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i, 202, resembles mine.

Part I of "The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green" or "Tom Strowd," a play written in 1600, has come down to us (reprinted in Bullen's edition of Day and in Bang's "Materialien"). The former existence of the lost Parts II and III, recorded in Henslowe's Diary as written in 1601, shows that the theme was popular. Not much of Part I is derived from the ballad; but at the close of the play another character proposes to the blind beggar (a wronged nobleman who has assumed this disguise) that the beggar and he "drop angels" on a wager, and the beggar wins.

The text recited to Miss Eddy was learned nearly sixty years ago.

[The version was certainly learned from print. It is almost word for word the same as that printed in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 129-130; "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 323-324.]

THE BOLD PRIVATEER.

An English text is in "Traditional Tunes" (Kidson, 101).

Johnny (Jemmy) is about to go "aboard a bold privateer," but will return to his Polly.

[Miss Eddy's Ohio version, learned nearly sixty years ago, is almost identical, word for word, with that in the broadside printed by J. Andrews, List 1, No. 50 (New York); but Andrews has one more stanza, at the end:—

"Oh, my dearest Polly, your friends do me dislike,
 Besides you have two brothers who'd quickly take my life.
 Come change your ring with me, my dear, come change your ring with me,
 And that shall be our token, when I am on the sea."

The song was very popular on the American stage in the fifties and sixties of the last century.¹ It may be found in "The Ethiopian Serenader's Own Book" (New York, Philip J. Cozans), pp. 23-24; "The American Dime Song Book" (Philadelphia, cop. 1860), pp. 20-21;² "American Dime Song Book No. 2" (Philadelphia, cop. 1860), pp. 48-49; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 53; "Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams' Irish Boy and Yankee Gal Songster" (Philadelphia, 1860), p. 32 ("sung by Mrs. Barney Williams"); "Songs of the Florences" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 27 ("as sung throughout the United States by Mrs. W. J. Florence, with hand-organ accompaniment, in her inimitable character of Frau Vonspitenislidicks, in the Protean Farce of 'Mischievous Annie'"); "Christy's New Songster and Black Joker" (New York, cop. 1863), p. 55 ("Der Bold Privateer," in German dialect, "as sung by W. A. Christy, in the character of the 'Organ Girl'").

The circulation of the song in American broadsides is curiously attested by "Tony Pastor's Combination Song or A Bunch of Penny Ballads" (sheet music, Boston, cop. 1863; Harvard College Library). This begins, —

As you walk through the town, on a fine summer day,
 The subject of my song you have met on your way,
 On railings and on fences, wherever you may go,
 You will see the Penny Ballads stuck up in a row.

And "The Bold Privateer" is mentioned among these penny ballads.³

Harvard College has two (and doubtless more) English broadsides that contain "The Bold Privateer:" 25242.17, vii, 178 (Catnach); ix, 179 (Bebington, Manchester, No. 185).]

BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

An American text in JAFL xiv, 140, from which I take the title.

The song begins, —

"Bonaparte he's awa' from his wars and his fighting;
 He's gone to the place that he takes no delight in."

¹ [A different song, but suggested by this, is "The Bold Privateer. Sung by Rollin Howard, in Howard at Home," for which see Henry de Marsan's *New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal*, i, 285 (No. 40).]

² ["Music published by Firth, Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York."]

³ ["The Goot Lager Bier" (de Marsan broadside, List 11, No. 33) is to be sung to the tune of "The Bold Privateer."]

Belden, No. 36. The *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (ii, 88-90) prints a traditional text and two airs, also the broadside texts of *Catnach* (5 stanzas) and *Such* (6 stanzas).¹

Miss Eddy sends an incomplete Ohio text.

[This song occurs in "The American Songster," edited and published by John Kenedy (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 247-248; also in the editions published by Nafis & Cornish (New York, no date) and Cornish, Lamport & Co. (New York, 1851, same pages); "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, Richard Marsh, 1854), iii, 129 ff.; "The Pearl Songster" (New York, C. P. Huestis, 1846), pp. 80-81 (Brown University); "The Forget Me Not Songster" (Nafis & Cornish), pp. 205-206; the same (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher), pp. 118-119; "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 51; "Wehman's Irish Song Book No. 1" (New York, cop. 1887), p. 113; "Delaney's Song Book No. 14" (New York [1897]), p. 22; broadside, de Marsan (New York), List 14, No. 10.]

THE BRAMBLE BRIAR.

Part I, 168. Professor H. M. Belden has made a full and valuable study of this ballad, entitled "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and *The Bramble Briar*" (Publications of the Modern Language Association, xxxiii [1918], 327-395). *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 38 (1 text, 4 airs); cf. Mackenzie, 153-154. *One Hundred English Folksongs*, No. 2; *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i, 160; v, 123 ff.

Miss Eddy gets this air from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.

In Port-ly Town there lived a mer-chant Who had two sons and a
daugh-ter fair, And a pren-tice bound from a
far in-tend-er, Who ploughed the vic-tories all o-ver the main.

BUENA VISTA BATTLEFIELD.

Pound, 40. Miss Eddy's form, written down by a relative in 1856, corresponds closely to the text in Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, 34. I print only the last two stanzas, which improve upon the words there given.

¹ [Harvard College has these two broadsides (25242.17, vii, 184; xii, 30); also one by J. O. Bebbington (25242.17, ix, 116.)]

6. "But, comrade, there is one I fain
Once more would look upon,
She lives upon the sloping hill
That overlooks the lawn,
The lawn where I shall nevermore,
In springtime's pleasant hours,
Go forth with her in merry mood,
To gather wood and flowers.¹
7. "Tell her, when death was on my brow,
And life receding fast,
Her voice, her form, her parting words,
Were with me to the last,
On Buena Vista's bloody field,
Tell her I dying lay,
And that I knew she thought of me
Some thousand miles away."

[This poem was written very soon after the battle which it commemorates (fought on Feb. 22 and 23, 1847), for it is printed in Albert G. Emerick's "Songs for the People," i, 112-116 (Philadelphia, 1848, cop. 1847). Emerick remarks: "We have cut the foregoing verses from a newspaper, and set them to music . . . The talented author, Colonel Henry Petriken, is wholly unknown to us personally" (p. 116). Miss Eddy's text agrees word for word with Emerick's in the two stanzas given above.]

THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

Part I, 169-170. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 101; compare also the close of No. 106. Cf. One Hundred English Folk-songs, No. 94; cf. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, v, 181-189; cf. The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, 205-206.

Miss Eddy gets a text superior to that in Part I and the first air below from Mrs. M. M. Moores, and the second air from Miss Helen Chapel, both of Perrysville, O.

(a)

In Jer-sey City, where I did dwell, A butcher's boy I loved so
well; He courted me my heart a-way, And now with me he will not stay.

¹ Lomax has "wild-wood flowers."

(b)



[To the references for "The Butcher Boy" given in JAFI xxix, 169-170, may be added "The Genevieve de Brabant Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 18; "Delehanty & Hengler's Song and Dance Book" (New York, cop. 1874), p. 135; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 16 (No. 3); "Delaney's Song Book No. 18" (New York [1898]), p. 24; "Wehman Bros.' Good Old-Time Songs No. 3" (New York, cop. 1914), p. 72. In all, the text is almost identical, letter for letter, with that in the de Marsan broadside, and the same is true of Miss Eddy's copy. See also the Nova Scotia version in Mackenzie, pp. 9-10. A slip recently acquired by the Harvard College Library (no imprint) carries the date of the piece back to the eighteenth century ("The Cruel Father, or, Deceived Maid"). The broadside song "Sheffield Park" (Catnach; Jackson & Son, late Russell, Birmingham) resembles "The Butcher Boy."]

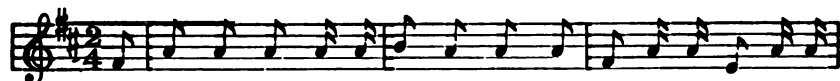
CALIFORNIA.¹

Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," has the following songs that concern gold-mining in California: p. 9, "The Days of Forty-Nine;" p. 15, "Joe Bowers;" p. 25, "The Miner's Song." See also, later, "The Dying Californian."

These words and the air come through Miss Eddy from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.



1. When formed our band, We are all well manned To jour-ney a - far to the



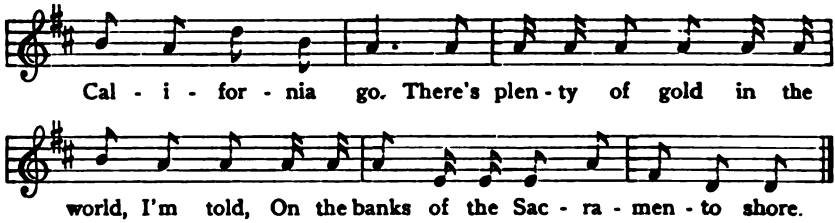
prom - ised land. The gold - en ore is rich in store On the

CHORUS.



banks of the Sac - ra - men - to shore. Then Ho, boys, ho! To

¹ [Part of this song has been used as a chanty. See "The Banks of the Sacramento" in Bullen and Arnold's Songs of Sea Labour (cop. 1914), p. 21. The tune is different.]



2. As oft we roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
We'll not forget kind friends at home,
But memory kind still brings to mind
The love of friends we left behind.
(Chorus.)
3. We'll expect our share of the coarsest fare,
And sometimes sleep in the open air,
On the cold damp ground we'll all sleep round [sound],
Except when the wolves go howling round.
(Chorus.)
4. As we explore to the distant shore,
Filling our pockets with the shining ore,
How it will sound as the shout goes round,
Filling our pockets with a dozen of pounds.
(Chorus.)
5. The gold is there almost anywhere,
We dig it out rich with an iron bar,
But where it is thick, with spade or pick
We take out chunks as big as a brick.
(Chorus.)

CAROLINE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

Pound, 18; Shearin, 11. Miss Eddy sends an Ohio text.
Lovely Caroline is courted by a hired man.

6. Enticed by young Henry,
She put on her other gown,
And away went young Caroline
Of Edinburgh town.

Later Caroline is deserted.

11. She gave three shrieks for Henry,
And plunged her body down,
And away went young Caroline
Of Edinburgh town.

[American printed copies occur in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 175-177; also in the edition published by Turner & Fisher, Philadelphia, pp. 130-132; "The American Songster" (Philadelphia, W. A. Leary & Co., 1850), pp. 44-48; and in the reprint by Richard Marsh, New York, entitled "The Star Song Book," pp. 44-48; "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, 1854), iii, 44-48; "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 319-321; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 519 (No. 69); "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 311-312; "Delaney's Scotch Song Book No. 1," p. 2; broadside, J. Andrews, New York, List 3, No. 69 (Brown University). Dr. B. L. Jones has found the song in oral circulation in Michigan.

The following songs in the Andrews-de Marsan series of broadsides are to be sung to the tune of "Caroline of Edinburgh Town:" "Loss of the Arctic" (List 1, No. 79), "The Fate of a False Lover" (List 3, No. 25), "The Lily of the West" (List 3, No. 70), "Execution of James Kelly" (List 8, No. 23).

For English copies see the Harvard broadsides: Pitts, 25242.17, iv, 110 (John Gilbert, Newcastle-on-Tyne, No. 5); v, 152 (Catnach); x, 132 (J. Bebbington, Manchester, No. 389); xiii, 53 (Such, No. 359; also among the Child Broadside); John Harkness, Preston, No. 212. See also a chapbook, "The Ballad Singers' Budget" (Newcastle, W. & T. Fordyce), pp. 6-7. The New York Public Library has the piece in a broadside by Swindells, Manchester. There is a Dublin broadside (P. Bereton); and the song occurs in Irish chapbooks, — "Caroline of Edinburgh Town" (Waterford, W. Kelly, ca. 1828: 25276.3.5, iii, No. 93), "Oh, Erin! my Country" (same printer: 25276.3.5, ii, No. 59).

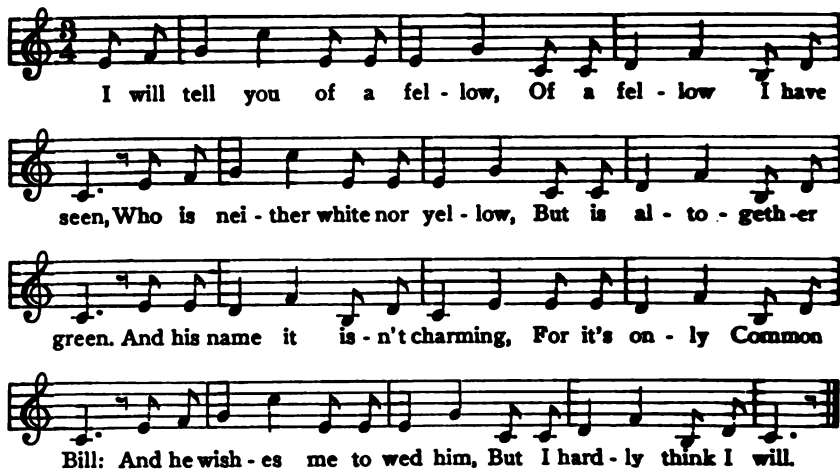
Another broadside ballad recounts the well-deserved "Fate of Young Henry in Answer to 'Caroline of Edinburgh Town'" (Pitts). He is twice shipwrecked, and the second disaster ends with his drowning. The piece closes thus: —

So Henry is dead and gone, and none his fate do mourn,
Some did rejoice with heart and voice to think he'd ne'er return,
So a warning take for your sweethearts' sake, you young men all around,
Think of Henry and Caroline of Edinboro' Town.

This answer occurs also in "The Ballad Singers' Budget" (cited above), pp. 8-9.]

COMMON BILL.

Part I, 171. Miss Eddy gets this air from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.



I will tell you of a fel - low, Of a fel - low I have
seen, Who is nei - ther white nor yel - low, But is al - to - geth - er
green. And his name it is - n't charming, For it's on - ly Common
Bill: And he wish - es me to wed him, But I hard - ly think I will.

["Hardly think I will" in "Rodey Maguire's Comic Variety Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), pp. 33-34 ("as sung by Rodey Maguire"), and "The Maiden's Resolution" in "Spaulding's Bell Ringers' Songster," pp. 16-17 ("as sung by Emma Bailey"), are versions of this piece. "I Hardly Think I Can" (mentioned in *JAF* xxx, 171, note 1) may be found also in "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 187 (No. 28).]

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

I take this title from Miss Pound (*JAF* xxvi, 359). She comments, "The model for this piece was evidently the 'I am dying, Egypt, dying,' of William Haines Lytle's well-known poem, 'Antony to Cleopatra.'" Miss Eddy obtained a text in nine stanzas, and the first air below, from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O. A much longer text of fifteen stanzas and the second air came to her from Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, State Librarian, Columbus, O. It was learned from his father, who lived in Columbiana County, Ohio. In this variant the dying man expects to be buried at sea.

(a)



Lay up near - er, brother, near - er, For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy pres - ence seemeth dear - er When thy arms around me fold.

Slowly and with feeling.

(b)

Lay up near - er, broth - er, near - er, For my limbs are grow - ing
cold, And thy pres - ence seemeth dear - er When thy arms a - round me
fold. I am dy - ing, broth - er, dy - ing. Soon you'll miss me in your
berth. For my form will soon be ly - ing 'Neath the o - cean's bri - ny surf.

["The Dying Californian or The Brother's Request — Ballad — Poetry from the *New England Diadem*¹ — Music by A. L. Lee" was published in Boston by Ditson in or about 1855 (the date of the copyright), and it is still in Ditson's list. The words circulated widely in song-books and broadsides. See broadsides of J. Andrews (List 1, No. 26, New York),² Horace Partridge (No. 277, Boston), and Wehman (No. 540, New York); "Johnson's New Comic Songs No. 2" (2d ed., San Francisco, 1863, cop. 1859, first issued 1860), pp. 35-36; "The American Song Book" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1859), pp. 56-58; "The American Dime Song Book" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1860), pp. 56-58; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1" (cop. 1860), p. 51; "The Shilling Song Book" (Boston, Ditson, cop. 1860), p. 64; "Irwin P. Beadle & Co.'s Ten Cent Song Book for the Million" (New York, cop. 1863), p. 57; "Geo. Munro's Ten Cent Song Book for the Million" (New York, cop. 1863), p. 57; "The Love and Sentimental Songster" (New York, cop. 1862), pp. 45-46 (reprinted as Part II of "The Nightingale Songster" [New York, cop. 1863] and also as Part III of "The Encyclopædia of Popular Songs" [New York, cop. 1864]); "The American Song Book No. 2 for the People" (New York, cop. 1866), pp. 48-49; "We Parted by the River Side Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 35; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 125 (No. 20); "Delaney's Song Book No. 7" (New York [1894]), p. 23; "Wehman Bros.' Good Old-Time Songs, No. 1" (New York, cop. 1910), pp. 107-108.]

¹ [I can find no other trace of any magazine or annual called *The New England Diadem*.]

² [The tune of "Our Fifer-Boy" (de Marsan broadside, List 16, No. 69) is indicated as "Air: James Bird; or Dying Californian."]

FATHER GRUMBLE.

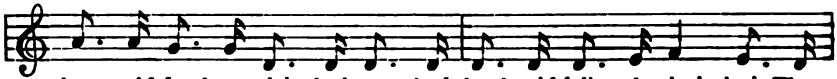
Part I, 173-177; a text and full information in JAFI xxvi, 364-366; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 112. "John Grumlie" is in Kennedy's Handbook of Scottish Song, London, 1866, 22 f.; Scots Minstrelsie, ii, 160; Songs of Scotland, 130.

The first air came to Miss Eddy from Mr. Henry Maurer, the second air from Miss Lucille Wilson, both of Perrysville, O.

(a)



Old Grum-ble he did say one day, And swore it should be true, true; That

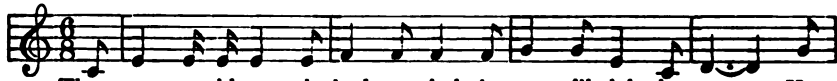


he would do the work in the house, And she should follow the plough, plough, That



he would do the work in the house, And she should follow the plough, plough.

(b)



There was an old man who had a mind, As you will plain-ly see; He



thought he could do more work in a day Than his wife could do in three.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

From Miss Eddy. Written by her father in an album with "Ashtabula, O., 1852," on the cover.

1. Down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,
Down in the lowlands a poor boy roamed,
By his friends he was deserted, he looked so dejected,
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home:
2. "Oh, where is my cot, oh, where is my father,
Alas they are gone, and has caused me to roam;
My mother died on the pillow, my father sank in the billow,"
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.
3. "Bitter was the night, and loud roared the thunder,
The lightning did flash, and our ship was overthrown,
I clasped my master round O, I gained my native ground O,
Lost my father in the deep, far, far away from home.

4. "I waited on the beach, right 'round me roared the water,
I waited on the beach, but alas, no father came.
It's now I'm forced to range, exposed to every danger,"
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.
5. A lady when she heard him, she opened her window,
And in the kindest manner desired him to come in;
Tears fell from her eyes as she heard his mournful cries,
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.
6. She begged of her father to find him some employment,
She begged of her father no more to let him roam;
Her father said, "Don't grieve me, this boy shall never leave me,
Poor boy, I will relieve thee, so far away from home."
7. Many years he labored to serve his noble master,
Many years he labored, till he a man became;
It's now I'll tell each stranger the hardship and the danger
Of a poor little fisherman's boy far, far away from home.

[This song occurs as "The Poor Fisherman's Boy," or "The Fisherman's Boy," in the following Harvard broadsides: Pitts; Hill, Lambeth; 25242.17, iv, 36 (W. R. Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne); v, 151 (Catnach); xi, 4 (Such, No. 4); and also in a chapbook, "The Ballad Singers' Budget" (W. & T. Fordyce, Newcastle), pp. 9-10 ("The Fisherman's Boy:" 25276.43.5). For American texts see "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, Richard Marsh, 1854), ii, 197-198; "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 94.]

THE FISHERMAN'S GIRL.

From Miss Eddy. Written by her father in an album with "Ashtabula, Ohio, 1852," on the cover.

1. It was down in the country a poor girl was weeping,
It was down in the country poor Mary Ann did mourn,
She belongs to this nation, "I've lost each dear relation,"
Cries a poor little fisherman's girl,
"My friends are dead and gone."
2. "Oh once I'd enjoyment, my friends they reared me tender,
I passed with my brother each happy night and morn,
But death has made a slaughter, poor father's in the water,"
Cried a poor little fisherman's girl,
"My friends are dead and gone."

3. "So fast falls the snow, I cannot find a shelter,
So fast falls the snow, I must hasten to the thorn,
For my covering is the bushes, my bed it is the rushes,"
Cried the poor little fisherman's girl,
"My friends are dead and gone."
4. It happened as she passed by a very noble cottage,
A gentleman he heard her, his heart for her did burn,
Crying, "Come in, poor lonely creature," he viewed each drooping feature
Of a poor little fisherman's girl,
Whose friends are dead and gone.
5. He took her to the fire, and when he'd warmed and fed her
The tears began to fall, he fell on her breast forlorn,
Crying, "Live with me forever, we part again, no, never,
You are my dearest sister,
Our friends are dead and gone."
6. So now she's got a home, she's living with her brother,
Now she's got a home, and the needy ne'er does scorn;
For God was her protector, likewise her kind conductor,
The poor little fisherman's girl,
When her friends were dead and gone.

[This song is found in Harvard broadsides: John Ross, *Newcastle-on-Tyne*; 25242.17, iii, 185 (Todd), and v, 189 (Rial & Co.). The Todd broadside has ridiculous corruptions, but the Rial text is almost exactly that of Professor Tolman. Both broadsides, however, have (as stanza 2) the following additional stanza (I follow Rial):—

"Oh, who has a soft heart to give me some shelter;
For the winds do blow, and dreadful is the storm
I have no father nor mother, but I've a tender brother,"
Cried a poor little Fisherman's girl, "my friends are dead and gone."

For American texts see "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, Richard Marsh, 1854), ii, 210-211; "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 160; "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 53-54. Of these, the second (Elton) lacks the stanza just quoted; the other two have it.]

FLORA, THE LILY OF THE WEST.

The lover of Flora kills his rival. In Shearin's text, 16, Flora is also the "girl from Mexico," and the lover is in prison at the close.

"Songs of the West," No. 58, gives two airs. The editor arbitrarily cuts off the story at the end of my stanza 6. In the full English story, common in broadsides, the murderer escapes the gallows.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O. (10 stanzas).

Quite lively.

When first I came to Lou - is - ville Some pleasure there to find, A
dam - sel there from Lex - ing - ton Was pleas - ing to my mind. Her
ru - by lips, her ro - sy cheeks, Like ar - rows pierced my breast. The
name she bore was Flo - ra, the Li - ly of the West.

[For American texts ("The Lily of the West") see "The Dime Songster No. 3" (Indianapolis, C. O. Perrine, cop. 1859), p. 8; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 5" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 48; "Uncle Sam's Army Songster" (Indianapolis, C. O. Perrine, cop. 1862), p. 20; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 187 (No. 28); broadside, J. Andrews H. C. L. (also de Marsan, Brown University), New York, List 3, No. 70 ("Air. — Caroline of Edinburgh Town").¹ In all of these the girl is from Michigan, and her name is Mary. There are six double stanzas, the last being, —

Since then I've gain'd my liberty, I'll rove the country through,
I'll travel the city over, to find my loved one true;
Although she stole my liberty, and deprived me of my rest,
Still I love my Mary, the Lily of the West.

English broadside texts ("Flora, the Lily of the West") occur among the Harvard broadsides as follows: Taylor, 14 Waterloo Road; 25242. 17, i, 122 (Spencer, Bradford); ii, 180 (no imprint); iii, 65 (Forth, Pocklington); iv, 54 (John Gilbert, Newcastle-on-Tyne); v, 61 (no imprint, but apparently J. Cadman, Manchester, No. 139); v, 201 (Catnach); xi, 35 (Such, No. 35). The Harvard Library has also an Irish broadside. In all these the hero is released because of "a flaw in the indictment." They agree to a hair, each having seven stanzas, except Catnach and the Irish copy (six).]

¹ [Compare "Minnesota, the Lily of the West," in The Fifth Avenue Songster (Beadle's Dime Song Book Series, No. 22, cop. 1868), pp. 28-29.]

THE FLYING CLOUD.

Obtained by Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io., from Mr. Frank Covell, at the time assistant keeper, Split Rock Light, Minn., and from Mr. Ole Fonsted, Beaver Bay, Minn. Mr. Covell learned his songs in the neighborhood of Fremont, Mich. In one reference Mr. Cooper gave Mr. Covell's residence as Beaver Bay, Minn.

1. My name is Edward Hallahan,¹
 As you shall understand;
 I belong in the county of Waterford,
 In Erin's happy land.
 When I was young and in my prime,
 Kind fortune on me smiled;
 My parents reared me tenderly,
 I being their only child.
2. My father bound me to a trade
 In Waterford's own town;
 He bound me to a cooper there
 By the name of William Brown.
 I served my master faithfully
 For eighteen months or more;
 When I sailed on board the "Ocean Queen,"
 Bound for Bermuda's shore.
3. When we arrived at Bermuda's shore,
 I met with Captain Moore,
 The commander of "The Flying Cloud"
 Belonging to Trimore;
 So kindly he requested me
 Along with him to go
 To the burning coast of Africa,
 Where the sugar-cane doth grow.
4. We all agreed excepting five,
 And these we had to land,
 Two of them being Boston men,
 And two from Newfoundland;
 The other was an Irishman
 Belonging to Trimore.
 Oh, I wish to God I had joined those men,
 And staid with them on shore!
5. "The Flying Cloud" was as fine a boat
 As ever sailed the seas,
 As ever hoisted a maintopsail
 Before a lively breeze;

¹ [Mackenzie reports this ballad from Nova Scotia, and prints eight stanzas (pp. 151-153). His text begins, "My name is Robert Anderson."]

I have ofttimes seen our galliant ship,
As the wind lay abaft her wheel,
With the royal and skysail set aloft,
Sail nineteen by the reel.

6. Oh, "The Flying Cloud" was a Spanish boat,
Of five hundred tons or more;
She would outsail any other ship
I ever saw before.
Her sails were like the drifting snow,
On them there was no stain;
And eighteen brass nine-pounder guns
She carried abaft her main.

7. We sailed away without delay,
Till we came to the African shore;
And eighteen hundred of those poor slaves
From their native isle [?] sailed o'er;
For we marched them all along our decks,
And stored them down below;
Scarce eighteen inches to a man
Was all they had to go.

8. The very next day we sailed away
With our cargo of slaves.
'Twould have been much better for those poor souls
Had they been in their graves;
For the plague and the fever came on board,
Swept half of them away.
We dragged the dead upon the decks,
And threw them in the sea.

9. We sailed away without delay,
Till we came to the Cuban shore;
We sold them to a planter there,
To be slaves forevermore;
The rice and coffee fields to hoe
Beneath the burning sun,
To lead a long and wretched life,
Till their career was run.

10. And when our money was all gone,
We put to sea again.
Then Captain Moore he came on deck,
And said to us his men,
"There's gold and silver to be had,
If with me you will remain;
We will hoist aloft a pirate's flag,
And we'll scour the raging main."

11. We robbed and plundered many a ship
Down on the Spanish Main;
And many's the widow and orphan child
In sorrow must remain;
For we made them to walk our gang-plank,
And gave them a watery grave;
For the saying of our master was,
"A dead man tells no tales."
12. At length to Newgate we were brought,
Bound down in iron chain,
For robbing and plundering merchant ships
Down on the Spanish Main.
It was drinking and bad company
That made this wretch of me.
Now let young men a warning take,
And a curse to piracy!

THE GRAY MARE.

American text: JAFI xii, 251. Barry, No. 71; Belden, No. 104; Pound, 57.

English texts: Songs of the West, No. 51; Traditional Tunes, 78-81.

Young Rogers will not marry Katie unless he is also given the gray mare. Later she ridicules him for "courting my father's gray mare."

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O.

Young Ro-gers the mil-ler went court-ing of late, A farmer's fair
daugh-ter called beau-ti-ful Kate. She had for her por-tion fine
jew-els, fine rings, Be-sides to her no-tion full fif-ty fine things.

[Harvard broadsides: 25242.17, ii, 152 ("Roger the Miller and the Grey Mare," Harkness, Preston, No. 564); iv, 179 ("Young Roger and the Grey Mare," Forth, Pocklington, No. 144); xii, 3 ("Grey Mare," Such, No. 156; also among the Child Broad-sides). See Greig, lxvii (1 stanza). The New York Public Library has the piece in a broadside issued by Swindells, Manchester ("Roger the Miller"). A text from Michigan (from Ireland) was sent to Child in 1881, and is in the Child MSS., xxiii, 76, 1a (846).]

THE GREEN BED.

American texts: JAFI xxv, 7; xxviii, 156; Belden, Herrig's "Archiv," cxx, 68-69; "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," No. 48; Mackenzie, 189-195 (2 texts). See Shearin, p. 14.

[For British copies in oral circulation, see Christie, i, 250-251 ("Young Johnnie's been a Cruising"); Greig, cxv ("The Brisk Young Sailor Lad"); "Songs of the West," No. 91 ("The Green Bed," rewritten¹); "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 48; iii, 281-282; v, 68 ("The Green Bed"). There is a Scottish copy, taken down in 1876-77, in the Murison MS., fols. 35-37 (Harvard College). The song is common in broadsides: Harvard College, 25242.17, ii, 46 ("Jack Tar, or The Green Bed Empty," George Walker, Jun., Durham, No. 91); vii, 10 ("Liverpool Landlady"); x, 155 ("Jack Tar; or, The Green Bed Empty," Bebbington, Manchester, No. 413). See also Ashton, "Real Sailor-Songs," 47 (2 texts).]

For "The Saucy Sailor," a common English song with a similar situation, see "English Folk-Songs," No. 32; "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 92; "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," iv, 342-345 (9 airs); "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 45; "Songs of the West," No. 21.

["Saucy Sailor Boy" in broadsides: Harvard College, 25242.17, vii, 113 (Ryle & Co.); x, 96 (Bebbington, No. 350); xii, 105 (Such, No. 260); Such, No. 164 (also among the Child Broad-sides). Somewhat similar is "Tarry Sailor" (25242.17, v, 63).]

Recited to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Jane Vanscoyoc, Perrysville, O.

1. Young Johnny's been to sea,
 And young Johnny's been on shore;
 Young Johnny's been to Ireland,
 Where he has been before.
2. Saying, "I'll go and see young Polly
 Before my voyage [I] take;"
 He called upon her mother,
 And unto her did say:
3. "Bring forth your daughter Polly,
 And set her on my knee;
 And we will drown melancholy;
 And when I return again, married we will be."
4. And when he returned again,
 As he had promised before,²
 He called to see young Polly.²
 Her mother met him at the door,

¹ [Reprinted in a sumptuously illustrated volume, *The Golden Vanity and The Green Bed . . . With Pictures* by Pamela Colman Smith (New York, 1899).]

² I have transposed these lines.

- 5. Saying, "What luck, what luck, young Johnny?"
 "On sea, oh, I lost my ship
 And cargo on the raging main.

- 6. "Where is your daughter Polly?
 Go bring"

- 7. "Oh, my daughter Polly's absent,
 And has been all the week.
 So now for your lodging,
 Young Johnny, you may seek."
- 8. By this time John pulled out
 Two handfuls of gold;
 The sight of the money
 Made the old woman new;
- 9. Saying, "You're welcome home on shore.
 I'll go bring my daughter Polly,
 And we'll drown melancholy,
 And married you shall be."
- 10. "Before I lie within your door,
 I'd lie within the street;

- 11. "I'd go to yonder tavern,
 And make the tavern hurl;
 A bottle of good brandy,
 And on my knee a girl."

THE GREEN FIELDS AND MEADOWS.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O. The text is inferior to that in JAFL xx, 267.

Three staves of musical notation in treble clef, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Come now, my friends, come lend at - ten - tion To these few
 lincs I'm a-bout to write, It is as true as ever was
 writ - ten Concern-ing a youth and ear - ly bride.

HARRY BALE.

Fuller text in Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," 172.
Through Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, from Mr. Frank Covell. See under
"The Flying Cloud."

1. 'Twas in the town of Arcady
In the county of Le Peer,
There stood a little shingle-mill,
Had run about one year.
2. 'Twas there this young man lost his life,
Caused many to weep and wail,
'Twas there this young man lost his life,
And his name was Harry Bale.
3. Harry was a sawyer,
Head sawyer in a mill,
He'd followed it successfully
Three years, three months, until
4. Death had called for him to go,
And leave this world of care.
We know not when 'twill be our time
Poor Harry's fate to share.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Miss Eddy sends a text, six stanzas. This air is from Mr. Charles
B. Galbreath, Columbus, O., learned from his father.

Slowly.

Let me go to my home that is far dis-tant
west, To the scenes of my youth that I like the
best, Where the tall ce-dars are, and the bright waters
flow, Where my par - ents will greet me, white man, let me go.

The image shows four staves of musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a tempo marking of 'Slowly'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

[The regular title of this song is "The Indian Hunter." By this name it occurs in "The Singer's Magazine and Universal Vocalist" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1835), i, 138-139; "The Bijou Min-

strel" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1840), p. 148; "Hadaway's Select Songster" (Philadelphia, 1840), pp. 198-199; "The Popular National Songster" (Philadelphia, John B. Perry, 1845), p. 277; "The Southern Warbler" (Charleston, S.C., 1845), pp. 32-33 ("Air. — Meeting of the Waters"); "The Virginia Warbler" (Richmond, 1845), pp. 32-33; "The Singer's Gem" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother), pp. 141-142; "The Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster" (Miscellaneous Songs, p. 128); "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 240-241; "The National Songster" (New York, Richard Marsh: a reprint of "The Popular National Songster"), p. 227; "The Rose-Bud Songster" (Richard Marsh), p. 227; "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, 1854), i, 227; ii, 227; "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Philip J. Cozans), p. 120; "The Jenny Lind Forget-Me-Not Songster" (New York, Richard Marsh), p. 280; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 3" (cop. 1860), p. 30; "Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time" (cop. 1863), p. 29; "We parted by the River Side Songster" (New York, De Witt, cop. 1869), p. 61; J. Andrews, broadside, List 3, No. 63; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 111 (No. 18); "The New York 1 Ct. Ballad Sheet" (Lieder), i, 96 (No. 12); "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 7" (New York, 1891), p. 50 (with tune). Sometimes the song is entitled "The Indian's Prayer," — "The Indian's Prayer. Music composed by I. B. Woodbury" (Boston, E. H. Wade, cop. 1846: Harvard College); "The Home Melodist" (Boston, Ditson, cop. 1859), p. 5 (only 4 stanzas);¹ "The Shilling Song Book" (Boston, cop. 1860), p. 57 (only 4 stanzas); "The Arkansas Traveller's Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), pp. 42-43 (4 stanzas).

"The Indian Hunter" is also the title of Eliza Cook's celebrated poem beginning "Oh, why does the white-man follow my path?"² It has often been printed in America: see "The Granite Songster" (Boston, 1847), pp. 11-12; Edward I. White, "The Boston Melodeon," ii (cop. 1852), 3; "Dempster's Original Ballad Soirees. Third Series" (Boston, 1854), p. 6 ("The Indian's Complaint"); "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 71; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 4" (cop. 1860), p. 50; "The People's Free and Easy Songster" (New York, William H. Murphy), p. 147; "Sam Slick Yankee Songster" (New York, cop. 1867), p. 72. Broadside: J. Andrews, New York, List 4, No. 19 (Brown University); J. Wrigley, New York, No. 384; A. W. Auner, Philadelphia. The poem was set to music by Henry Russell.³

¹ With I. B. Woodbury's music.

² [Melaia and Other Poems (authorized American edition), New York, 1844, pp. 343-344.]

³ ["The Indian Hunter . . . Written by Eliza Cook. The music composed . . . by

JACK MUNRO.

A young girl disguises herself as a sailor to serve with her lover. When he is badly wounded, she carries him to a doctor. Later she discloses herself, and they are married. A reconciliation with the girl's father concludes the fullest form of the story. — Barry, No. 33; Belden, No. 14; Shearin 9 ("Jackaro").

American texts: JAFI xii, 249; xx, 269-273 ("Jackaro"); see xxv, 9; Cowboy Songs, 204; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 55 (3 texts, 4 airs); Lonesome Tunes, i, 38; a shortened form from Nova Scotia is in Mackenzie, 135-137.

In the following broadside ballads a lady disguises herself in order to serve with (be near) a sailor (soldier) lover or husband: —

Roxburghe Ballads, ed. by Ebsworth, vii, 727-733, 737-739; viii, 146-148; viii, part ii, p. cxxxviii.* Compare also "The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow," in Child, edition of 1857-58; iv, 328, and in Roxburghe Ballads, ed. by Ebsworth, ii, 86 ff.

Miss Eddy sends an incomplete text of six stanzas, and a full one of thirty-three stanzas.

[For America see also "The American Sailor's Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 172-174; "The Washington Songster" (New York, Turner & Fisher), pp. 172-174; "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 21-23; Shearin, "Sewanee Review," July, 1911. For England, see "The Siren" (Newcastle, J. Marshall), pp. 5-7; broadside, Walker, Durham, No. 108 (Harvard College); cf. "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 227-228. Greig, xlv, has the piece.]

The first air was sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.; the second, by Mrs. Virginia Summer, Canton, O.

No pauses.

(a)

There was a wealth-y mer-chant, In Eng-land he did dwell,
 And he had a love-ly daugh-ter, The truth to you I'll
 tell, An - te ī - ī Ān - te - an - te - ī - an - te - ī.

Henry Russell, Boston, C. H. Keith, 67 and 69 Court St." [1848-51]. Also "The Indian Hunter, A Song Written by Eliza Cook, the Music Composed . . . by Henry Russell. N. Y., Jas. L. Hewitt & Co." (Both in Harvard College Library.) This song was on the programme of the "Grand Farewell (and positively the last) Concert of the Hutchinson Family" at Manchester, England, June 13, 1846, p. 9.]

(b)

There was a wealth-y mer-chant, In Lon-don he did dwell, And he
 had an on-ly daugh-ter, And the truth to you I'll tell, And sing
 tra la la La la la le de la, Tra la la la lay, And sing
 tra la la La la la le de la, Tra la la la lay.

JACK WILLIAMS.

Recorded by Shearin, 10, as "Jack Wilson;"¹ Pound, 34; Mackenzie, p. 143. Recited to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Mary Boney, Perrysville, O. Learned by her almost 60 years ago.

1. I am a boatman by my trade,
 Jack Williams is my name,
 And by a false deluded girl
 Was brought to guilt and shame.
2. In Catherine Street I did resort,
 When people did me know;
 I fell in love with a pretty girl,
 Which proved my overthrow.
3. I took to robbing night and day
 To maintain her fine and gay,
 And all I got I valued not,
 But gave to her straightway.
4. And next to Newgate I was brought,
 And bound down to irons strong,
 With rattling chains around my legs,
 And long to see them on.
5. I wrote a letter to my love,
 And some comfort to find,
 Instead of a friend to me,
 She proved to me unkind.

¹ [Compare Shearin, *Sewanee Review*, July, 1911.]

6. And in a scornful manner said,
 "I hate thievish company;
As you make your bed, young man,
 Down on it you must lie."
7. In these lonesome cells I lie,
 It's no more than I deserve;
It makes my very blood run cold
 To think how I've been served.
8. If I ever regain my sweet liberty,
 A solemn vow I make,
To shun all evil company
 For that false woman's sake.
9. With trials o'er, and sentence passed,
 Hung I was to be,
Which grieved my parents to the heart,
 To think of my misery.
10. But the heavens proved kind to me,
 As you shall plainly see;
I broke the chains to scale the walls,
 And gained my sweet liberty.

[The Harvard College Library has broadsides of "Jack Williams" printed by Pitts, Such (No. 25), and J. O. Bebbington (Manchester, No. 364).

For American texts see "The Pearl Songster" (New York, C. P. Huestis, 1846), pp. 156-157; "The American Songster" (Philadelphia, W. A. Leary & Co., 1850), pp. 74-76 (reprinted by Richard Marsh, New York, as "Star Song Book"); "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, 1854), vol. 3, pp. 74-76; "New American Song Book and Letter Writer" (Louisville), pp. 109-110; "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 112-113; "The Washington Songster" (New York, Turner & Fisher), pp. 167-168; "The American Sailor's Songster" (New York, Philip J. Cozans), pp. 167-168; "The Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster" (Popular Songs, pp. 109-110); "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 54-55.]

JAMES BIRD.

Barry, No. 65; Belden, No. 51.

Miss Eddy sends two texts of this interesting American ballad. These agree well in language; but the one sung by Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O., is incomplete. Mr. Maurer's air is given below.

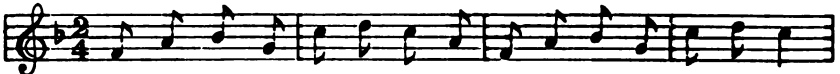
Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, Ohio State Librarian, has thoroughly investigated the history of this song, and has published the results of his inquiry. Miss Eddy sends the following references:—

"The Battle of Lake Erie in Ballad and History," by C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Archæological and Historical Publications, xx (1911), 415-456; see especially pp. 417-423. For the author of the song see "Memoir of Charles Miner," by Charles F. Richardson and Elizabeth Miner Richardson, Wilkesbarre, 1916. The very letter spoken of in the song is printed in part on p. 72 of this memoir.¹ See also "The Ballad of James Bird," by C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Archæological and Historical Quarterly, January, 1917, xxvi, 52-57.

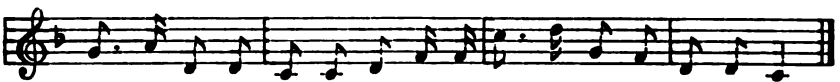
The letter of James Bird to his parents was dated Nov. 9, 1814. Mr. Charles Miner (1780-1865), the author of the ballad, printed it in his own paper, "The Gleaner," Wilkesbarre, Penn., late in 1814. The ballad gives the facts of Bird's career accurately and with considerable fulness. Has this country produced any historical ballad that has passed into tradition, which is more interesting than this?

The text here printed was copied from a manuscript owned by Mrs. Letitia Coe, Perrysville, O., written by her sister Mary Tannehill about 1855. It reproduces the original poem of Mr. Miner with substantial accuracy, stanza for stanza. Some of the changes from the words of the author seem to me improvements. The following lines of the original have been noticeably departed from in this variant:—

- 12, 2. Here will Bird his cutlass ply.
18, 4. But for him would heave a sigh?
19, 1. Lo! he fought so brave at Erie,



1. Sons of free-dom, lis - ten to me, And ye daughters too, give ear;



You a sad' and mournful story As e'er was told you soon shall hear.

2. Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the West;
Then our forces quick assembled
The invaders to resist.
3. Among the troops that marched to Erie
Were the Kingston volunteers,
Captain Thomas then commanded,
To protect our west frontiers.

¹ [Reprinted from Proceedings and Collections of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, xiv, 55 ff. (Wilkes-Barre, 1915): see especially pp. 117-126.]

4. Tender were the scenes of parting,
Mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their love in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.
5. There was one among that number
Tall and graceful in his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.
6. One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayers once more,
Pressed his father's hand and left him,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.
7. Mary tried to say, "Farewell, James,"
Waved her hands, but nothing spoke.
"Farewell, Bird, may heaven protect you,"
From the rest a parting broke.
8. Soon he came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.
9. Where is Bird? The battle rages;
Is he in the strife, or no?
Now the cannons roar tremendous,
Dare he nobly meet the foe?
10. Ah, behold him, see him, Perry!
On the selfsame ship they fight;
Though his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.
11. But behold, a ball has struck him,
See the crimson current flow.
"Leave the deck!" exclaimed brave Perry;
"No," said Bird, "I will not go.
12. "Here on deck I'll take my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly,
I'll stand by you, gallant captain,
Till we conquer or we die."
13. So he fought, though faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes arose,
Victory having crowned our effort,
All triumphant o'er our foes.

14. And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No, nor ever to his bosom
Clasped the maid his heart adored.
15. But there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shore,
Better if poor Bird had perished
Midst the cannons' awful roar.
16. "Dearest parents," said the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you;
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.
17. "I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letter, brother, sister,
'Tis the last you'll have from me."
18. Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where's the heart not dead to pity
But from him we'll heave a sigh?
19. Though he fought so brave at Erie,
Nobly bled, and nobly dared,
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Let his precious life be spared.
20. See him march and bear his fetters,
Harsh they clang upon the ear;
Yet his step is firm and manly,
For his breast ne'er harbored fear.
21. See him kneel upon his coffin;
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him! Hark, O God, they've shot him!
See! his bosom streams with blood.
22. Farewell Bird, farewell forever!
Friends and home you'll see no more;
For your mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

["James Bird" has been many times printed, — in a Philadelphia chapbook of about 1820 ("Sold by R. Swift:" Harvard College Library, 25276.43.81), for instance, and in the following collections,

amongst others: William McCarty's "Songs, Odes, and other Poems, on National Subjects" (Philadelphia, 1842), Part II, pp. 254-256 ("Mournful Tragedy of James Bird. *Tune — The Tempest*"); "Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 97-99; "The Boquet Melodist" (New York, Wm. H. Murphy), pp. 225-227; "Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time" (New York, 1863), pp. 10 ff.; "Delaney's Song Book No. 16" (New York [1897]), p. 25. See also "The Boston Transcript," Dec. 4, 1909. Dr. B. L. Jones has found the song in Michigan.

"The Tempest," to which the piece was sung,¹ is the well-known "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer," by George Alexander Stevens,² familiar to our fathers and grandfathers not only as a song,³ but as the tune of an elaborate country-dance.]

JAMES WHALEN.

Sung to Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper by Mr. Frank Covell. See under "The Flying Cloud."

1. Come all you tender Christians,
I pray that you draw near;
'Tis of the terrible accident
I mean to have you hear.
2. 'Tis of a young and comely youth,
James Whalen he was called,
Was drowned from Le Claron's raft,
All on the upper falls.

¹ [The tune of "Our Fifer-Boy" (de Marsan broadside, List 16, No. 69) is indicated as, "Air: James Bird; or Dying Californian."]

² [The Choice Spirit's Chaplet, edited by G. A. Stevens (London, 1771), pp. 198-200. Cf. "The Marine Medley," in Songs, Comic, and Satirical, by G. A. Stevens, 1772, pp. 20-24 (2d ed., 1782, pp. 20-24; Philadelphia ed., 1778, Songs, Comic, Satirical, and Sentimental, pp. 20-24). See also The Busy Bee (London [17-]), ii, 113-116; The Muses Delight (Liverpool, 1754), p. 291; The Convivial Songster (London [17-]), pp. 320-322 (with tune); The Vocal Magazine or Compleat British Songster (London, 1781), p. 345; The Musical Miscellany (Perth, 1786), pp. 109-111 (with tune); Calliope or The Musical Miscellany (London, 1788), pp. 30-32 (with tune); Ritson, English Songs, 1783, ii, 127-129 (2d ed., by Park, 1813, ii, 144-146); Chappell, A Collection of National English Airs, 1840, i, 35-36, ii, 5 (with tune); The Social Vocalist, ed. by Charles Sloman (London, 1842), pp. 530-532; Fairburn's Everlasting Songster, pp. 48-49; Helen K. Johnson, Our Familiar Songs, pp. 120-122 (with tune); Christopher Stone, Sea Songs and Ballads, pp. 18-20.]

³ [Under the title of "The Tempest" or "The Storm." See, for example, The Boston Musical Miscellany, 1811, pp. 142-145 (with tune); The American National Song Book (Boston, cop. 1842), pp. 26-27 (incomplete, with tune); The Southern Warbler (Charleston, 1845), pp. 58-60; The Songster's Museum (Albany, 1822), pp. 5-7; The Universal Songster (New York, 1829), pp. 11-13; The American Minstrel (Philadelphia, 1834), p. 44; Kenedy's American Songster (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 157-160; The Nonpareil (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 5-7; Home Sentimental Songster (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 143-145.]

3. The water being in its raging course,
The river booming high,
When the foreman unto Whalen says:
"The jam you'll have to try.
4. "You're young and noble active;
Though death is lurking near,
You are the man to lend a hand
The waters for to clear."
5. Then up spoke young Whalen
Unto his comrades bold:
"Come on; altho' 'tis dangerous,
We'll do as we are told.
6. "We'll obey our orders bravely,
As noble men should do."
And as he spoke, the jam it broke,
And let young Whalen through.
7. There were three of them in danger,
But two of them were saved,
But noble-hearted Whalen,
He met a watery grave.
8. One tender cry for mercy,
"O God, look down on me!"
And his soul was gone from earthly bourne,
Gone to Eternity.
9. For no human form could live upon
That foaming watery main;
Altho' he struggled hard for life,
His struggles were in vain.
10. The foaming waters tore and tossed
The logs from shore to shore,
And here and there his body lies
A-tumbling o'er and o'er.
11. Come all you jolly river boys,
And listen to Jimmie's fate.
Be cautious and take warning
Before it is too late.
12. For death is lurking near you,
Still seeking to destroy
The pride of many a mother's heart,
And many a father's joy.

JOHNNIE SANDS.

Part I, 178. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 45, corresponds to "The Old Woman of Slapsadam," Part I, 179. Miss Eddy sends a text of "Johnnie Sands."

["Johnny Sands Comic Ballad Composed by John Sinclair" was published by Ditson at Boston (cop. 1842). Sinclair is thus made responsible for the tune, not the words. Evidence of the popularity of this song may be seen from its inclusion in the following song-books, in addition to those cited in Part I: "The Dime Songster No. 3" (Indianapolis, C. O. Perrine, cop. 1859), p. 17; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 6" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 10; "American Dime Song Book No. 2" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1860), pp. 33-34; "Billy Birch's Ethiopian Melodist" (New York, cop. 1862), pp. 26-27; "The Lotta Firefly Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 24; "The Annie Hindle Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), pp. 21-22; "I Really Think She Did Songster" (New York, Hilton & Syme), p. 8 ("as sung by Charles E. Harris"); "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," Vol. I, No. 4, p. 31; Frank B. Ogilvie, "Two Hundred Old-Time Songs" (New York, cop. 1896), No. 124, pp. 114-115 (with tune credited to "Sinclair"). It may also be found in "The Book of Modern Songs," ed. by J. E. Carpenter (London, 1858), pp. 31-32; and "British Minstrelsie" (Edinburgh [1899], Part IV, pp. 22-24 (with "J. Sinclair's" music).]

KATIE MOREY.

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 62 (2 texts and airs). This song has some resemblance to No. 112 in Child, "The Baffled Knight." Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O.

1. Come, { all ye young and fool-ish lads, Come lis-ten
do ri id-dle, Sing do ri aye, Sing do ri

to my sto-ry; I'll tell you how I fixed a
id-dle o dan-dy, I'll tell, etc.,

plan To fool Miss Ka-tie Mor-ey. Sing Mor-ey.

2. I told her that my sister Sue
 Was in yon lofty tower,
 And wanted her to come that way
 And spend one happy hour.
 (*Refrain.*)
3. But when I got her to the spot,
 Saying, "Nothing is the matter,
 But you must die or else comply,
 There is no time to flatter."
 (*Refrain.*)
4. She squeezed my hand and seemed quite pleased,
 Saying, "There is no fear, sir,
 But father he is coming this way,
 And he will see us here, sir."
 (*Refrain.*)
5. "If you'll but go and climb that tree,
 Till he does pass this way, sir,
 Then we will gather grapes and plums,
 And we will sport and play, sir."
 (*Refrain.*)
6. I went straightway and clumb the tree,
 Not being the least offended,
 My true-love came and stood beneath,
 To see how I ascended.
 (*Refrain.*)
7. But when she got me to the top,
 She looked up with a smile, sir,
 Saying, "You may gather your grapes and plums,
 And I'll run quickly home, sir."
 (*Refrain.*)
8. I straightway did descend the tree,
 A-coming with a bound, sir;
 My true-love got quite out of sight
 Before I reached the ground, sir.
 (*Refrain.*)
9. But when my thoughts I did relent,
 To see what I'd intended,
 I straightway made a wife of her,
 Then all my troubles were ended.
 (*Refrain.*)

["Katy Mory" in fifteen stanzas, the last two quite free in their nature, occurs in an American broadside of about 1830 (no imprint): "Katy Mory, and Poll and Mistress" (Harvard College). Stanza 8 of Tolman's text is not in the broadside; stanzas 2, 4, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, of the broadside, are not in Tolman.]

THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN.

Sung to Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io., by Mr. M. Peak, Hurtsville, Io.

1. O'er swamps and alligators
 I'm on my weary way;
 O'er railroad ties and crossings
 My weary feet did stray;
 Until at close of evening,
 Some higher ground I gained.
 'Twas there I met with a Creole girl
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.
2. "Good-eve to you, kind maiden!
 My money does me no good.
 If it were not for the alligators,
 I'd stay out in the wood."
 "Oh, welcome, welcome, stranger!
 Altho' our house is plain,
 We never turn a stranger out
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain."
3. She took me to her father's house;
 She treated me quite well.
 Her hair in flowing ringlets
 About her shoulders fell.
 I tried to paint her beauty,
 But I found it was in vain;
 So beautiful was the Creole girl
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.
4. I asked her if she would marry me;
 She said that could never be;
 She said she had a lover,
 And he was far at sea.
 She said she had a lover,
 And true she would remain,
 Till he came back to her again
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.
5. Adieu, adieu, fair maiden!
 I never shall see you more.
 I'll ne'er forget your kindness,
 In the cottage by the shore.

At home in social circles
 Our flaming bowls we'll drain,
 And drink to the health of the Creole girl
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

THE LITTLE FAMILY.

Part I, 182. Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O., corrects stanzas 4 and 6 as there given, making them read, —

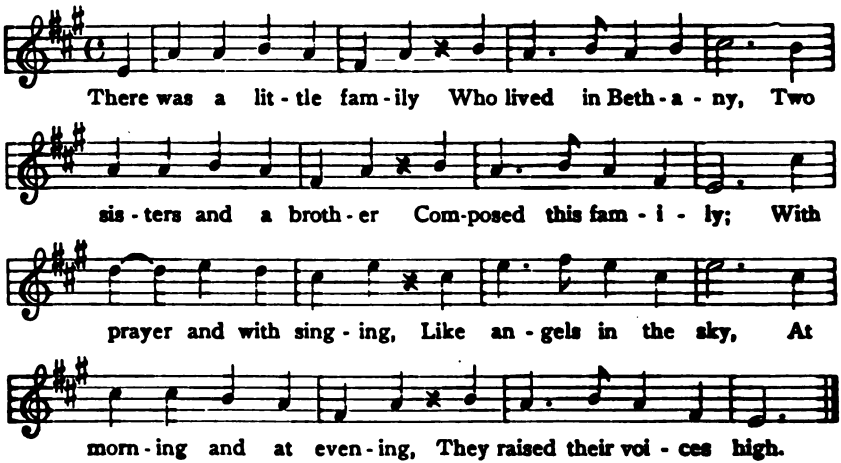
4.

Their brother grew afflicted
 And rudely thrown abed.

6. The Jews came to the sisters,
 Put Lazreth in the tomb,

.

The following is Miss Goon's air: —



There was a lit-tle fam-ily Who lived in Beth-a-ny, Two
 sis-ters and a broth-er Com-posed this fam-i-ly; With
 prayer and with sing-ing, Like an-gels in the sky, At
 morn-ing and at even-ing, They raised their voi-ces high.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Part I, 184; JAFI xxx, 334-335; Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont* (Boston [1919]), 22-25 (with tune).

The text of Professor Kittredge (JAFI xxvi, 176) differs decidedly from others; it ends with the young lover dying in "New Bedlam." Like the text in Part I, but shorter, is that in JAFI xxviii, 147. "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 57" (2 texts, 5 airs). An air, with less than a stanza of the words, is in "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 81.

Miss Eddy obtained a text and air from Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O. The air follows.

Once I court - ed a fair beau - ty bride, I court-ed her by day,
 And I court-ed her by night, I court - ed her for love, And her
 love I did ob-tain, Therefore I have no rea - son at all to complain.

LUMBERMEN'S SONGS.

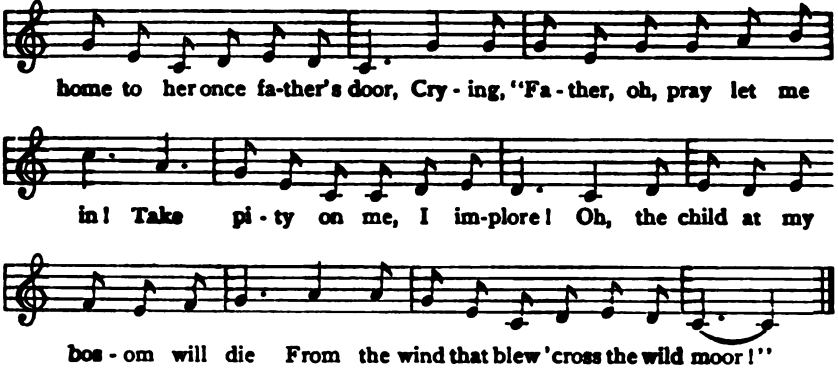
The songs of the lumbermen, known as "lumber-jacks" or "shanty boys," make an interesting group. This collection has the following song-ballads of this class: "Harry Bale," "James Whalen," "The Mossback Son and the Shanty Boy," "The Shanty Boy's Alphabet." The following have already appeared in this Journal: "The Big Eau Clair" (xxii, 259), "Shanty Teamsters' Marseillaise" (xxvi, 187), "Silver Jack" (xxviii, 9). Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," has "Harry Bale" (p. 172, a much fuller text than here), "Foreman Monroe" (p. 174), "The Shanty Boy" (p. 252).

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

Part I, 185. Miss Eddy sends a text of 32 lines and 2 airs, the latter from Mrs. M. M. Moores and Miss Helen Chapel, Perrysville, O. [Additional American references are: "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 2" (cop. 1860), p. 28; "The Thomas M. Hengler New Sensation Songster" (New York), p. 41; "Wehman's Song Book No. 3" (New York, cop. 1891), p. 17; "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 7 (New York, 1891), p. 98; Sturgis and Hughes, "Songs from the Hills of Vermont" (Boston [1919]), pp. 36-39 (with tune). "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 7 (No. 1); "Delaney's Song Book No. 2" (New York [1893]), p. 8; "Wehman Bros.' Pocket-Size Irish Song-Book No. 3" (cop. 1909), p. 49; broadside of J. H. Johnson, Philadelphia.]

(a)

One night when the night it blew cold, Blew bit - ter a-cross the wild
 moor, Young Ma - ry she came with her child, Wan - d'ring



home to her once fa-ther's door, Cry - ing, "Fa - ther, oh, pray let me
in! Take pi - ty on me, I im-plore! Oh, the child at my
bos - om will die From the wind that blew 'cross the wild moor!"

(b)



THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.

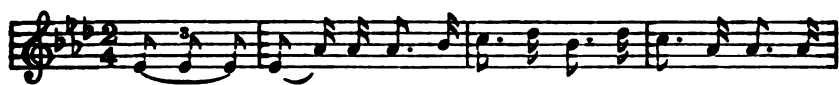
Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children* (2d ed., 1903, New York), No. 41; *Modern Language Notes*, xxviii (November, 1913), 215 f. Belden, No. 100; Shearin, 20 (Shearin's summary ends, "But his wife assumes direction at his death"); Dixon, 204 ("Ancient Poems," etc.); Bell, 414 ("Early Ballads," etc.); *Songs of Northern England*, 58; *Songs of the West*, No. 12 (the miller asks each son "what toll" he will take); *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire* has a dialect version, "The Lancashire Miller."

Miss Eddy obtains the words, except the final stanza, from Mrs. M. M. Moores; the final stanza and the air, from Mrs. Moores' brother, Mr. Henry Maurer; both of Perrysville, O.

[This is a somewhat disordered version of the famous broadside ballad "The Miller's Advice to his Three Sons, On taking of Toll:" Roxburghe collection, iii, 681 (white letter, early eighteenth century, Ebsworth, "Roxburghe Ballads," vol. viii, part ii, pp. 611-612)

Douce, iv, 44. Harvard College has two copies of a similar eighteenth-century broadside, one of which belonged to Percy. Greig, xli, gives the piece.

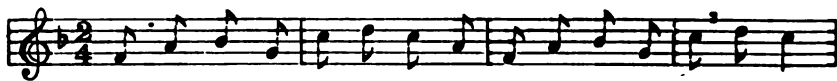
Four stanzas from American tradition are quoted by Ceclia Thaxter, "Among the Isles of Shoals" (Boston, 1901), p. 81; cf. Miss Harper, "Modern Language Notes," xxviii, 215-216 (November, 1913). Dr. Alma Blount has sent in a text from the State of New York. F. C. Brown, p. 10, reports the piece from North Carolina; B. L. Jones, from Michigan. Newell prints a good text under the title of "The Miller of Gosport" ("Games and Songs of American Children," 1884, pp. 103-104).]



1. The mil-ler called up-on his eld-est son, "O son! my race is



al-most run, And if to thee the mill I give, Pray,



tell to me what all you'll have, With a foll loll lol-li doll day."

2. "Why, father, you know my name it is Ralph,
Out of every bushel I'll steal one half,
Out of every bushel that I do grind,
For that's the best living that I can find,
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."

3. "O son, O son! if this you do,
You will not do as I have done.
To you the mill I cannot give,
For by those means no man can live.
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."

4. He called upon his second son:
"O son! my race is almost run;
And if to you the mill I give,
Pray, tell to me what all you'll have.
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."

5. "Why, father, you know my name it is Dick,
Out of every bushel I will steal one peck,
Out of every bushel that I do grind,
For that's the best thing that I can find.
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."

6. He called upon his youngest son:
 "O son! my race is almost run;
 And if to thee the mill I give,
 Pray, tell to me what all you'll have.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
7. "Why, father, you know I'm your darling boy,
 In stealing corn is all my joy.
 I'll steal all the corn, and swear to the sack,
 And whip the mill-boy when he comes back.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
8. "O son, O son! if this you do,
 'Tis you will do as I have done,
 The mill is thine," the old man cried,
 And shut his d — old eyes and died.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
9. But now he is dead and in his grave,
 The greedy worms his body do crave;
 But where he is gone I cannot tell,
 But I rather suppose it is down to hell.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."

MR. FROG WENT A-COURTING.

JAFI xxvi, 134 f. (with references); English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 119; Barry, No. 76; Pound, p. 76. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 226 (with references). Compare the Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, 209 f.

Miss Eddy gets the following words from Mrs. L. A. Lind, Canton, O.

(Version a.)

1. Mr. Frog went a-courting, he did ride, e-ha!
 Mr. Frog went a-courting, he did ride,
 A sword and pistol by his side, e-ha!
2. He rode up to Miss Mousie's door, e-ha!
 He gave three raps and a very loud roar, e-ha!
3. He sat down and he took her on his knee, e-ha!
 Said he, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me, e-ha?"
4. Says she, "I cannot answer that, e-ha!
 Till I see my Uncle Rat, e-ha!"
5. "Uncle Rat's in London town, e-ha!
 And I don't know when he'll come down, e-ha!"

6. Uncle Rat came riding home, e-ha!
"And who's been here since I've been gone, e-ha?"
7. "A very wealthy gentleman, e-ha!
Who says he'll marry if he can, e-ha!"
8. Uncle Rat he grinned and smiled, e-ha!
To think his niece should be a bride, e-ha!
9. "Who shall the wedding guests be, e-ha?"
"A little busy bug and a bumble-bee, e-ha!"
10. "And where shall the wedding supper be, e-ha?"
"Down in the valley in a hollow tree, e-ha!"
11. "What shall the wedding supper be, e-ha?"
"A slice of bread and a cup of tea, e-ha!"
12. The first came in was Major Dick, e-ha!
He ate so much it made him sick, e-ha!
13. The next came in was the bumble-bee, he ho!
He tuned his fiddle in his knee, e-ha!
14. The next came in was the old dun cow, e-ha!
She wanted to dance, but didn't know how.
15. The next came in was Colonel Bed-Bug, hi ho!
He had whiskey in a jug, e-ha!
16. The old song-book lies on the shelf, hi ho!
If you want any more, sing it yourself.

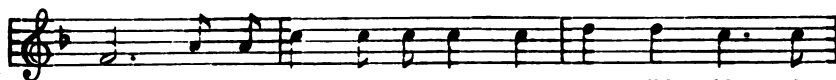
(Version b.)

Sent by Miss Eddy. Sung by Miss Lucille Wilson, Perrysville, O. Learned from the singing of her father. His home was in western Pennsylvania.

Rather lively.



1. Mis - ter Frog went a - court - ing, he did ride, A - ha, a -



ha! Mis - ter frog went a - court - ing, he did ride, A



sword and pis - tol by his side, A - ha, a - ha!

2. He rode till he came to the little Mouse's house,
And he chased little Mouse all 'round the house.
3. He took little Mouse upon his knee,
And said, "Little Mouse, will you marry me?"
4. "I can't consent to a thing like that
Until I see my Uncle Rat."
5. Old Uncle Rat came riding home,
"And who's been here since I've been gone?"
6. "A very nice young man indeed,
Who smokes and puffs and chews the weed."
7. "And where shall the wedding supper be?"
"Down in the meadow by the big oak-tree."
8. "And what shall we have for the wedding supper?"
"Three green peas fried in butter."
9. The mouse went swimming in the lake,
And there she was caught by a big black snake.
10. The frog went a-swimming in the brook,
And there he was caught by a big fish-hook.

[The oldest record of "The Frog and the Mouse" is the mention of "The frog cam to the myl dur" in "The Complaint of Scotland" (1549, ed. Murray), p. 64, if, indeed, that song was really a version of our ditty.¹ On Nov. 21, 1580, a "ballad" entitled "A moste Strange Weddinge of the ffrogge and the mowse" was entered to Edward White in the Stationers' Register (Collier, ii, 132; Arber, ii, 382).²

The oldest extant version, "The Marriage of the Frogge and the Mouse," is printed in [Ravenscroft's] "Melismata," 1611 (with tune); reprinted in "Selections from the Works of Thomas Ravenscroft" (Roxburghe Club [1822, Part II], p. 16, with tune); and by Rimbault, "Notes and Queries," 1st series, iii, 51; Rimbault, "A Little Book of Ballads and Songs," 1851, pp. 87-88; Chappell, "Popular Music of the Olden Time" (1855), i, 88 (with tune); Bullen, "Lyrics from

¹ [In commenting on the songs cited in *The Complaint*, Pinkerton remarks: "I am told that No. 17 ('The frog cam to the myl dur') used lately to be sung on the stage in Edinburgh, and contains a mock courtship between a frog and a mouse, of some satyrical merit" (Select Scottish Ballads, 1783, ii, p. xxxii); but this is not very satisfactory evidence for identification.]

² [Duly noted by Warton in 1781 (*History of English Poetry*, iii, 445).]

the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age," 1887, pp. 60-61; Dearmer and Shaw, "Song Time," p. 19 (with tune); Walter Crane, "The Baby's Opera," pp. 24-25 (slightly altered and with the "Rowley" burden); Vincent Jackson, "English Melodies," 1910, p. 32 (in part, with tune). From the "Melismata" comes, obviously, the text from a "MS. dated 1630" printed by Robert Chambers, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" (new edition [1870]), pp. 56-57.

There is a group of Scottish texts from oral tradition — at least five in number — which are closely related to the song in "Melismata," but are associated with one another by special features: (1) Robert Pitcairn's Ballad MSS.,¹ ii (1817-22), 115-116 (Harvard College MS. copy, 25241.27), printed in Maidment, "Scottish Ballads and Songs," 1859, pp. 153-156; (2) the same, ii, 119-121 (Harvard College MS. copy, as above), printed in Maidment, pp. 157-158; (3) [Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe] "A Ballad Book" (privately printed, 30 copies [1823]; new ed., by David Laing, 1880), No. 30, pp. 86-88; reprinted from C. K. Sharpe by Rimbault, "A Little Book of Ballads and Songs," 1851, pp. 89-91; by Aytoun, "The Ballads of Scotland," 1858, ii, 94-95 (2d ed., 1859, ii, 97-98); by Robert Chambers, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," new ed. [1870], pp. 55-56; by Bullen, "Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age," 1887, pp. 186-187; and by Edith Emerson Forbes, "Favourites of a Nursery" (Boston, 1917),² pp. 158-159; (3) Kinloch MSS. (1827 and after),³ Harvard College Library, iii, 11-15; (4) Macmath MS.,⁴ pp. 21-23 (Harvard College MS. copy, fols. 16-17; also in Child MSS., i, 159-163); (5) fragment, with tune, "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 226. All of these except No. 4 have a "Cuddy alone" burden (with some variation) which is akin to the "Kitty alone" burden in Ritson (see below); the burden of No. 4 has some resemblance to that in "Melismata."

An English traditional version, related to the song in "Melismata," is printed in [Ritson's] "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 1810, pp. 1-2;⁵ thence (but without the reference) by Halliwell, "The Nursery Rhymes of England" (Percy Society, 1842), No. 93, pp. 70-72 (2d ed., No. 118, pp. 87-89; 5th and 6th eds., No. 173, pp. 110-112); and from Halliwell in Mrs. Valentine, "Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles" (Camden ed., No. 197), pp. 119-121. This Ritson text is not quite complete, as one may see by comparing it with "Melismata," on the one hand, and, on the other, with the texts (belonging to this same tradi-

¹ [See Macmath, *The Bibliography of Scottish Ballads in Manuscript* (Edinburgh Bibliographical Society), p. 8; Child, v, 398.]

² [Erroneously credited to Percy's *Reliques*.]

³ [See Macmath, *l.c.*, p. 9; Child, v, 398.]

⁴ See Macmath, p. 11; Child, v, 399.]

⁵ [Compare Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i, p. xli.]

tional version) furnished by Rimbault, "A Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes," pp. 26-27 (with tune), and Miss Mason, "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," pp. 8-9 (with two tunes, and burdens different from each other). A still longer text, belonging, to all appearances, to this group, is that suppressed (but for one stanza and the burden) by Baring-Gould and Sheppard (who print a tune), "A Garland of Country Song," No. 13, pp. 30-31. Here belong also the fragmentary text (from an Irish nurse) in Mrs. Leather, "The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire," 1912, p. 210,¹ and a two-stanza fragment (with the "Kitty alone" burden) from Missouri in Belden's MS. collection; as well as (apparently) a copy written down for me in 1894 by Hon. Nathaniel Gordon of Exeter, N.H. Mr. Gordon could recollect but six stanzas, corresponding to stanzas 1-5 of the Ritson-Halliwell version; his fourth stanza is wanting in that text, but is an integral part of the song, being a good representative of a stanza in "Melismata." I subjoin his fourth stanza, with the burden or chorus:—

Said he, "Madam Mouse, are you within?"
Rigdum botto-metty kīmo
 "Oh, yes! kind sir, I sit and spin."
Rigdum botto-metty kīmo

Kīmo karro dīlto darro
Kīmo
Strim stram pother-riddle
Luther bonner rigdum
*Rigdum botto-metty kīmo.*²

At about the same time I obtained one stanza from Miss Frances Perry of Exeter, N.H., with a variant of the same burden. Another copy with the same burden is printed by Sturgis and Hughes, "Songs from the Hills of Vermont" (Boston [1919]), pp. 18-20 (with music). Belden has a good but condensed copy with this burden, and a fragment of one stanza with a distorted form of it. This "kīmo" burden is that of Mrs. Leather's fragmentary Herefordshire version (p. 209), and has been reported in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, ii, 188, and

¹ [Mrs. Leather's first version (p. 209) is a corrupt fragment of four stanzas.]

² [Mr. Gordon had also heard the song with a different burden:—

There was a frog lived in the well,
Perry merry dictum o-domīnes
 And a mouse liv'd in the mill.
Perry merry dictum o-domīnes.
Tum er hallaroons, er pallerroons
Er perry merry temperroons,
Er perry merry dictum o-domīnes.

For this burden in another song, see Child, i, 414 (note); *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii, 272; *JAF* xxix, 157. See also Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (1890), pp. 73, 234.]

in Folk-Lore, xviii, 449.¹ It is quite different from the "Kitty alone" burden in Ritson and Baring-Gould (or the "Cuddy alone" of Scottish texts). Rimbault's burden is different from both, and Miss Mason's burden is still another. A form or development of the "kimo" burden appears in the Negro minstrel song to be mentioned presently.

An Irish version in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, ii, 75, has several old features which connect it closely with the text in "Melismata," but varies from that text by introducing a number of wedding guests, — the bee (with a fiddle), the snail (with bagpipes), the pig, the hen, and the duck. Here belongs a shorter text in "Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society," iv, 22 (with tune). A similar elaboration occurs in several American copies: see Perrow's Mississippi text (JAFL xxvi, 134-135); Wyman and Brockway, "Lonesome Tunes," i, 25-29;² an unprinted variant collected by Miss Wyman in Letcher County, Kentucky;³ Campbell and Sharp, "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," No. 119; a fragment printed in the "Boston Transcript," Feb. 4, 1911, Part ii, p. 8; a New York copy in the same newspaper, Feb. 18, 1911; five texts (some of them fragments) in Belden's MS. collection; Professor Tolman's first text (above), and five unprinted copies in my possession, from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and the South (MSS., iii, 126-127, 129-130, 133; iv, 72; v, 185-186). Three of these last make a special sub-group by virtue of their conclusion:—

The frog he swam to the lake,
And there was swallowed by a big black snake.

The big black snake he swam to land,
And there was caught by a nigger man.

The nigger man he went to France,
And that's the end of my romance.⁴

With this general group (though lacking the elaboration in guests) belong a nine-stanza text in the "Boston Transcript," Jan. 28, 1911, Part ii, p. 8, and two unprinted copies in my possession (MSS., iii, 125; vii, 171), one of them from North Carolina. A tendency to elaboration (fox, etc.) may also be seen in the Scottish copies.

About 1809 a form of the traditional English version was so modified by omissions and the insertion of modern features as to fit it to the comic stage of the time (the frog, for instance, takes "his opera hat"

¹ [See also Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (1890), pp. 73, 234. A curious variation of this burden may be seen in the comic song "Polly, Won't You Try Me, O?" as "sung by Mrs. Florence at Drury Lane;" broadside, Ryle & Co. (Harvard College).]

² [The burden is practically the same as in Mr. Gordon's first version (above).]

³ [Compare also the Kentucky "Bed-Time Song" (Wyman and Brockway, i, 22-24).]

⁴ [There are varieties in detail here, of course, among the three.]

along when he goes a-courting), and was sung in this shape ("The Frog in the Cock'd Hat" or "The Love-sick Frog") by the famous comedian Liston, to "an original air by C. E. H., Esq." (Charles Edward Horn).¹ Liston's song begins, —

A frog he would a-woeing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no, —

and has the burden "Heigho! says Rowley," etc. It may be found in "Fairburn's Catamaran Songster, or Theatrical Galamathias" for 1809 (London), pp. 31-32;² a Pitts broadside, "The Frog in the Cock'd Hat" (Harvard College); "The Vocal Library," No. 1758, p. 648; "The Yankee Songster's Pocket Companion" (Gardiner, Me., 1824), pp. 77-79; "Davidson's Universal Melodist" (London, 1847), i, 166-167 (with tune); Helen K. Johnson, "Our Familiar Songs" (New York, 1881), p. 434 (with tune); Baring-Gould, "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes," No. 17, pp. 27-30; and, with omissions and slight changes (probably from secondary tradition), in [W. A. Wheeler] "Mother Goose's Melodies" (New York, 1877), pp. 7-19, and Robert Ford, "Children's Rhymes," 1903, pp. 118-120 (from Ford, in Louey Chisholm, "Nursery Rhymes," pp. 32-34). The Liston song, oddly crossed with older tradition, occurs in Alexander Laing of Brechin's MS. (Harvard College Library),³ No. 8, pp. 9-11 (Scottish).

That particular form of the traditional ditty which underlay Liston's *rifacimento* is tolerably well represented, it appears, by the version (from Yorkshire) in Rimbault, "A Little Book of Ballads and Songs," pp. 93-94, and by that of *ca.* 1790, of which a fragment is given in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, ii, 110⁴ (cf. ii, 45-46).⁵ It must have differed but slightly from the texts in Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland" (and Halliwell) and in Rimbault's "Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes," pp. 26-27; but the burdens in the cases cited show much variety, only the Ritson-Halliwell copy having "Kitty alone"⁶ (equivalent to the "Cuddy alone" found in most of the Scottish texts).

¹ [See Notes and Queries, 1st series, i, 458; Baring-Gould, *A Garland of Country Song*, p. 31; and *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 152.]

² ["The Frog in the Cock'd Hat, or The Rat, the Mouse, the Duck, and the Cat, and her Kittens. *Sung by Mr. Liston at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; and by Mr. Johannot, at Astley's Amphitheatre, with universal Applause.*"]

³ [See Child, v, 398.]

⁴ [This Notes and Queries version has a "Heigho crowdie" burden, which may or may not be the origin of the Rowley burden. The Notes and Queries man dates his recollection back to *ca.* 1790.]

⁵ [A remnant appears, perhaps, in a ring-game song (No. 10) collected in Michigan by Miss Emelyn Gardner.]

⁶ [A form of this burden is printed by Baring-Gould and Sheppard, *A Garland of Country Song*, p. 31.]

D'Urfey's stupid and indecent burlesque, "A Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's" (beginning "Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse"), may be found with a tune in "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (1714), v, 298-300, and in "The Merry Musician or A Cure for the Spleen" (1716), pp. 17-18; without music, in "The Hive" (1732), iv, 135-137.

A burlesque utilizing the "kimo" burden was once very popular on the Negro minstrel stage in two forms, known respectively as "Keemo Kimo" and "Kitty Kimo." For "Keemo Kimo" (3 stanzas) see "Keemo Kimo, Geo. Christy and Wood's Celebrated Banjo Song As Sung by P. H. Keenan. Arranged by A. Sedgwick. Published and Sold by Geo. Christy & Wood's Minstrels, 444 Broadway, N. Y." (cop. 1854 by H. Wood); "George Christy and Wood's Melodies" (cop. 1854), pp. 7-8 (a song-book afterwards included in "Christy's and White's Ethiopian Melodies," Philadelphia, Peterson); "The Christy's Minstrels' Song Book" (London, Boosey), vol. ii, part ii, pp. 56-57 (with tune); "Beadle's Dime Melodist" (New York, cop. 1860), pp. 26-27 (with tune); "Howe's Comic Songster" (Boston, Elias Howe), pp. 94-95 (with a fourth stanza). For "Kitty Kimo" (4 stanzas) see de Marsan broadside, List 3, No. 12 ("composed and arranged by Charles White"); "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, p. 138, No. 22 ("Composed and arranged by Charles White, and sung by Old Dan Emmit"); Wehman broadside, No. 651; broadside, "Wholesale Depot, 27 Green Street" (Harvard College); "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 3" (cop. 1860), p. 64; "Gus Williams' Old Fashioned G. A. R. Camp Fire Songster," p. 14; "Wehman Bros.' Good Old-Time Songs No. 1" (New York, cop. 1890), p. 86. Each of these two forms has one stanza about the frog; the rest is riotous and delightful nonsense. The burden is a development of the "kimo" form (see above), and appears also in Campbell and Sharp's No. 120, p. 319. Quite a different song entitled "Keemo Kimo" (likewise obviously American) is found in an English broadside issued by Bebbington of Manchester (No. 367: Harvard College Library, 25242.17, x, 111). It gets its burden from the minstrel song, but has cut quite loose from "Frog and Mouse."]

THE MOSS-BACK SON AND THE SHANTY BOY.

This modern American lumbermen's song resembles a mediæval "debate." An interesting parallel is the English debate "The Husbandman and the Servingman," — "Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs," etc., 42;¹ "English County Songs," 144; "Folk Songs from

¹ ["God speed the Plough, and bless the Corn-mow. A Dialogue between the Husband-man and the Serving-man" is Roxburghe, ii, 188; Pepys, iv, 272; Euing, 127; Crawford, 845, 846. See Collier, A Book of Roxburghe Ballads, 1847, pp. 312-316; Roxburghe Ballads, ed. Ebsworth, vi, 520, 523-525; Crawford Catalogue, 1890, pp. 301-302; Davies Gilbert, Some Ancient Carols, 2d ed., 1823, pp. 72-75.]



Somerset," No. 71. The Servingman confesses himself beaten.

A similar debate between "the Serving-man and the Husband-man" (also called the "Plough-man") is in "Roxburghe Ballads," Chappell, i, 300; in the edition of Hindley, i, 385.

Shearin lists, p. 21, "Kaintucky Boys . . . A *débat* between a Virginia lad and the Kentucky maiden whom he comes to woo. She scorns lands and money, and lauds the superior manliness of the Kentucky lads." A variant in Shearin praises the boys of Owsley County, Kentucky.

Two texts have come to me that agree very closely, — one through Miss Helen Dye from Mr. Willard Dye, Cadillac, Mich.; the other from Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io.

[This *débat* has a curious resemblance to the famous mediæval Latin poem "De Phyllide et Flora," in which two damsels discuss the comparative merits of a knight and a clerk as lover: Wright, "The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes," pp. 258-267, 353-371; Schmeller, "Carmina Burana," 1847, pp. 155-165 (3d ed., 1894, pp. 155-165); Hauréau, "Notices et Extraits," xxxii (pt. 1), 259-269; cf. Laistner, "Goliath," pp. 70-96.]

1. One evening as I was walking out,
Just as the sun went down,
I walked along quite carelessly
Till I came to Trenton town.
There I heard two maids conversing,
As slowly I passed by;
One said she loved her moss-back son,
While the other, her shanty boy.
2. The one that loved her moss-back son,
These words I heard her say:
"The reason why I love him,
For at home with me he'll stay;
He'll stay at home all winter,
To the woods he will not go;
And when the spring comes on again,
His lands he'll plough and sow."
3. "All for to plough and sow your land,"
The other girl did say;
"If crops should prove a failure,
Your debts you could not pay.
If crops should prove a failure,
Grain-markets would be low.
The sheriff oft-times sells you out
To pay the debts you owe."

4. "Off with the sheriff selling us out!
That does not me alarm;
For what's the use of being in debt
When you're on a good farm?
From off your farm you'll earn your bread,
Without working in storm and rain;
While your shanty boy works hard each day
His family to maintain."
5. "Oh, how I love my shanty boy,
Who goes out in the fall!
For he's both stout and able,
And fit to stand the squall.
With pleasure I'll embrace him,
In the spring when he comes down;
His money with me he'll spend quite free,
While your moss-back son has none."
6. "Oh, how you praise your shanty boy,
Who goes out in the fall!
He's called up before day-break,
For to stand the storm and squall;
While happy and contented,
My boy with me he'll stay,
And tell to me sweet tales of love,
Till the storm has passed away."
7. "I cannot bear that silly trash
Those moss-back sons do say.
The most of them they are so green
The cows would eat for hay.
How easy it is to mark them,
Whene'er they come to town!
You'll see the boot-blacks gather round
And say, 'Moss, how are you down?'"
8. "Now, what I've said of your shanty boy,
I hope you'll pardon me;
And from that ignorant moss-back son
I will try and get free.
The very next chance that I do have,
With some shanty boy I'll go,
And leave that ignorant moss-back son
His buckwheat for to sow."

MY GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

Grandma advises against marriage. The speaker is more afraid of dying an old maid. Five stanzas.

Pound 62. Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perryville, O.

[For American copies see "The Home Melodist" (Boston, cop. 1859), p. 44 (with music); "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 2" (cop. 1860), p. 15 ("Music published by H. Waters, 333 Broadway, N. Y."); "The Shilling Song Book" (Boston, cop. 1860), p. 93; "Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Music" (Boston, cop. 1874), p. 87; de Marsan broadside (New York), List 7, No. 59. "My Grandma's Advice" still keeps its place in the Oliver Ditson Company's catalogue, and may be had at any time (words and music). The song is a variation on "The Old Maid" ("When I liv'd with my Grandam on yon little green"): "The Lover's Harmony," No. 17, p. 134 (Pitts [1840]).]

MY TRUE-LOVE HAS GONE TO FRANCE.

[*Shoolie Aroon.*]

See *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 253-254, iii, 26-31; *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 93 ("Putman's Hill").

(*Version a.*)

Mrs. Maxwell, Canton, O., wrote this down for Miss Eddy from memory.

1. If I was up on yonder hill,
There I'd sit and cry my fill,
Till every tear would turn a mill,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

Chorus.

Shoolie, shoolie, shoolie rure,
Shoolie za-ca-ra-ca Sally Bobicue,
It's when I saw the Sally by the heel,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

2. Sell my clock and sell my reel,
And likewise sell my spring wheel,
To buy my love a sword and shield,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

(*Chorus.*)

3. My true-love has gone to France
To seek a fortune in advance,
If ever he comes back, there'll be a war-dance,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

(*Chorus.*)

(*Version b.*)

Recited to Miss Eddy by Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, State Librarian, Columbus, O. Learned from his father in Columbiana County, Ohio.

1. My true-love has gone to France,
Seeking his fortune for to advance,
And if he ever returns, it will be but a chance,
Suck-a-gill to a wanyan slonyan.

Chorus.

Shule, shule, shul-a-make-a-rule,
And a shula in a gräss, and a shula cooka you,
And a gräss in a won, oh dill, oh-la-done,
Suck-a-gill in a wanyan slonyan.

2. My old daddy was very cross,
He neither allowed me a cow nor a hoss,
Be it for the better, or for the wuss,
Suck-a-gill to a wanyan slonyan.

(Chorus.)

3. My old mother was a very fine man,
She used to ride the Darby ram;
He sent her whizzin' down the hill,
And if she ain't got up, she lays there still.

(Chorus.)

(Version c.)

Obtained through Miss Eddy from Mrs. L. A. Lind, Canton, O.

1. My daddy was so very cross
He gave me neither cow nor horse;
He's none the better, I'm none the worse.
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

Chorus.

Shoo li, shoo li, shoo li roo,
Shoo li, sack a rack, a salobabo cue,
While I sigh for Salobabo lee,
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

2. I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
All over the world I'll buy my bread,
So that my parents will think me dead.
Comapalala boosi Laurie.
3. I wish I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill.
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

(Version d.)

1. My old dad-dy's gone to France, There to pur-chase me a
 ve - ry fine chance; If I should sigh for Sal-ly Bob-o-link, Come
 bib - a - lil - a - boo - za lo - ra; Shu - li - shu - li, shu - li - roo,
 Shu - li - sa - ca - ra - ca } bib - a - lil - li - cue, If I should sigh for
 Zach - a - ri - ah }

Sal - ly; Bob - o - link, Come bib - a - lil - la - boo - za - lo - ra.

2. I dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
 And o'er this world I'll beg my bread,
 So my parents think me dead.
 Come bib-a-lil-la-boo-za-lo-ra, etc.

[Version *a* is close to the common version of "Shule Aroon." See Manus O'Connor, "Old-Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland" (cop. 1901), p. 110 (also published as "Irish Come-all-ye's"); "Delaney's Irish Song Book No. 2," p. 5; "Wehman Bros.' Pocket-Size Irish Song Book No. 3" (cop. 1909), p. 95; Redfern Mason, "The Song Lore of Ireland" (New York, 1910), p. 267; Alfred Moffat, "The Minstrelsy of Ireland," 4th ed., pp. 104-105; Joyce, "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs," 1909, No. 425, pp. 236-237; "Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society," October, 1912, xii, 27 (a peculiar version); "Songs of our Land" (Boston, Donahoe [185-]), pp. 57-58 ("Shuile Agra," with additional stanzas). A text "adapted by the editor," Alfred B. Graves, may be found in "The Irish Song Book," pp. 6-7; in "Sixty Irish Songs," edited by William A. Fisher (Boston, cop. 1915), pp. 154-157; and in Boulton and Somerwell's "Songs of the Four Nations" (London, 1893), No. 40, pp. 210-214 (with an Irish translation by Dr. Douglas Hyde, "Sinbhail a Graidh").

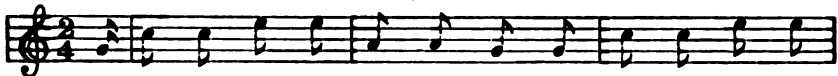
The well-known Yale song entitled "Shool" is a comic *rifacimento* of "Shule Aroon." See Charles S. Elliot, "Songs of Yale" (New Haven, 1870), pp. 50-51; C. Wiston Stevens, "College Song Book"

(Boston, cop. 1860), pp. 40-43; Henry R. Waite, "Carmina Colligensia" (Boston, cop. 1860), p. 44; the same, "Student Life in Song" (Boston, cop. 1879), pp. 119-121; "Camp Songs" (Boston, Ditson, cop. 1861, p. 41).]

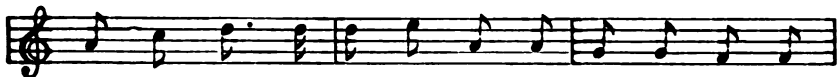
NO, SIR!

Pound, 43; Wolford (see bibliography under Division IV), 73. See "O, No, John!" in "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 94, and in "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 68 (this air should be compared with the second one printed below). Compare the fragment in "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," iv, 298. Miss Eddy sends two variants. The first air was learned by her as a girl; the second she gets from the singing of Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O.

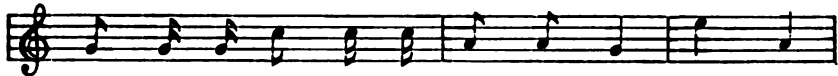
(a)



My fa - ther was a wealth - y mer - chant, Where he is I



do not know, Be - fore he died he made me prom - ise

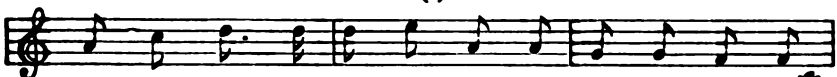


Al - ways to an - swer the young man No. No, No,



No, sir, No, Al - ways to an - swer the young man No.

(b)



Tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me



so; Tell me why, when asked a question, You will always answer



CHORUS. No. No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir,



No, sir, No. No sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No.

["No, Sir!" (almost word for word like No. 1) occurs in "Gems of Minstrel Song" (cop. 1882 by W. F. Shaw), p. 23 ("Words and Music Arr. by A. M. Wakefield"); "Popular Songs and Ballads" (cop. 1882 by W. F. Shaw), p. [62] (with the same note as to words and music); "Delaney's Song Book No. 23" (New York [1900]), p. 26. It is manifestly an adaptation of the familiar "No, John!" A kind of "answer" to the song is "Yes, Sir!" in "Delaney's Song Book No. 23," p. 26.

In another and more sophisticated working-over of the same motif the dialogue is reported, not given directly: "No! No! Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall" (eighteenth-century slip, Harvard College, 25242.3, fol. 132). It begins, —

That I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense of men,
I promis'd my mother again and again,
To says [sic] as she bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask, I should answer them no.

A duet on the same theme is "No! no!" "The American Minstrel" (Cincinnati, 1837, cop. 1836), pp. 303-304 ("The celebrated duet sung by Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Rowbotham"); "The Singer's Own Book," new edition (Philadelphia, cop. 1832), p. 46 (with singers as above); the same (reprint by Leavitt and Allen, New York), p. 46; "Burton's Comic Songster" (Philadelphia, 1838), pp. 98-99, also in the reprint of 1856 ("Billy Burton's Comic Songster," New York, Richard Marsh), pp. 98-99 ("Sung by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Rowbotham"); "The Bijou Minstrel" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1840), p. 274; "Col. Crockett's Free and Easy Song Book," p. 241 ("Sung by Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Rowbotham"); "The Arkansas Traveller's Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 61 ("The celebrated Duett in the Burletta of 'No.' As sung by James Dunn and Mrs. W. G. Jones, at the New Bowery Theatre. Air — 'Isabel'").

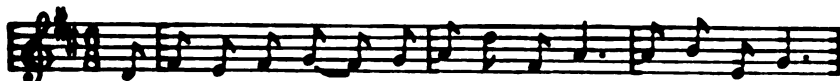
A simple and pretty version of the "No" theme is "You shan't, Sir!" ("The Melodist, and Mirthful Olio," London, 1828, ii, 148-149.)

Other related pieces of older date are: (1) "The Dumb Lady; Or, No, no, not I; I'll Answer" (begins, "Underneath a little Mountain"): Roxburghe collection, ii, 111; Pepys, iii, 128; Douce, 65 v.; Huth, i, 83; Crawford, No. 1224 (Roxburghe Ballads, ed. Ebsworth, iv, 352-354; Crawford Catalogue, p. 443); and (2) "O nay, nay, not yet" (begins, "A young man walking all alone"): "Merry Drollery," Part I, 1661, pp. 32-33, in Ebsworth's reprint of "Choyce Drollery," 1876, pp. 204-206; "Percy MS., Loose and Humorous Songs," pp. 92-93. One may note two other songs of similar tenor, — "No, my Love, not I" (Harvard broadsides. 25242.17, iv, 103, John Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 17; and vi, 82, urham, No. 40); and "No, Tom,

No" (25242.17, ii, 23, George Walker, Jun., Durham, No. 18). Compare also "Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, vi, 157-158; vii, 201.]

OLD GRANDDADDY'S DEAD.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Miss Lucille Wilson, Perrysville, O. Learned from the singing of her father, whose home was in western Pennsylvania.



1. Old granddaddy's dead and laid in his grave, Laid in his grave,



laid in his grave, Old grand-dad-dy's dead and



laid in his grave, Laid, yes, laid in his grave.

2. There sprang up an apple-tree right at his head.
3. When all the apples were ready to pick,
4. There came an old woman to gather them up.
5. Old granddaddy jumped right out of his grave,
6. He gave the old woman a wonderful kick.
7. She managed to climb up a strawberry hill,
8. And there she sat down and made her last will.
9. The saddle and bridle hangs on the shelf,
10. If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.

[See Newell, "Games and Songs of American Children," 1884, pp. 100-101 ("Old Grimes"); Barry, No. 74 ("Old Grumble"); Pound, p. 57; JAFI xiii, 230-234 ("Little Johnny Wattles"); F. C. Brown, "Ballad-Literature in North Carolina," p. 11 ("Old Grumley"); "Focus," iii, 155-156 ("Old Grundy"), iii, 274-275 ("Bobbie"). Dr. B. L. Jones reports the song from Michigan ("Old Crompy," "Old Pompey," "Old Crony," "Old Jumbly"). I have a copy from Maine which preserves the Protector's name ("Oliver Cromwell went down to Whitehall").

For English texts see Gomme, "Traditional Games," ii, 16-24 ("Old Roger"), and "Children's Singing Games," pp. 48-51; Broadwood and Fuller Maitland, "English County Songs" ("Oliver Cromwell"); Gillington, "Old Hampshire Singing Games," pp. 4-5 ("Old Roger"); Norman Douglas, "London Street Games," 1916, pp. 76-77. Compare Leather, "Folk-Lore of Herefordshire," p. 263.]

THE PRETTY MOHEE.

Belden, No. 52, "Momee (Maumee);" Pound, 66, "Pretty Maumee, The Pretty Mohea;" Shearin, 12, "The Pretty Mohee (Maumee)." Wyman, *Lonesome Tunes*, i, 52 ff. Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, 1922, 197 f.

A young man is attracted by a fair Indian lass. Afterwards, when jilted, he longs to return to her, "And spend all my days with my pretty Mohee."

Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper sends a text, nine stanzas.

[This song has been found in Kentucky by Miss Loraine Wyman, and in Michigan by Dr. B. L. Jones. It is printed in an abbreviated form in "Delaney's Song Book No. 16" (New York [1897]), p. 24.

"The Little Mohee" appears to be a chastened American remaking of the favorite English broadside song of "The Indian Lass," which begins, —

As I was walking on yon far distant shore,
I went into an alehouse for to spend an hour,
As I sat smoking and taking my glass,
By chance there came in a young Indian lass.

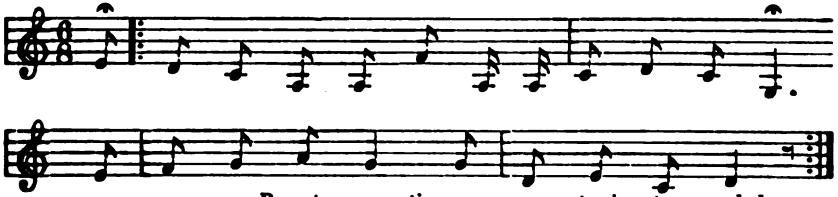
She sat down beside me and squeezed my hand,
"Kind sir, you're a stranger, not one of this land,
I have got fine lodgings if with me you will stay,
My portion you shall have without more delay."

See Kidson, "Traditional Tunes," pp. 109-111; "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 262; and the following Harvard broadsides: 25242.17, iii, 100 (Forth, Pocklington, No. 146); iv, 70 (John Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 74); iv, 140 (John Ross, Newcastle, No. 74); vi, 213 (no imprint, No. 128); x, 124 (Bebbington, Manchester, No. 380); xi, 36 (Such, No. 36); Nichols, Wakefield. "The Indian Lass" is extant in an American broadside, — de Marsan, List 14, No. 40.]

THE ROLLING STONE (THE DISCONTENTED HUSBAND).

Belden, No. 66. I take the title of this interesting song-debate from Hamlin Garland's autobiography, "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, 1917), see pp. 43-45, 466. He speaks of the song as "embodying admirably the debate which went on in our home as well as in the homes of other farmers." The book brings out vividly the importance of ballad-singing as an element in pioneer life.

Copied in an album by Rev. Franklin Eddy, father of Miss Eddy, with the date 1852, Ashtabula, O. The tune sung by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O



Repeat as many times as necessary to sing stanza and chorus.

1. "Since times are so hard, I must tell you, sweetheart,
That I must leave off with my plough and my cart.
Away to Wisconsin a journey I'll go,
To double my fortune as other folks do.

Chorus.

"Whilst here I must labor each day in the field,
And the winter consumes all that summer doth yield."

2. "O Collins! we witnessed your sorrow at heart.
I see you've neglected your plough and your cart;
Your hogs, sheep, and cattle at random do run;
And your best Sunday jacket goes every day on.

Chorus.

"Then stay on your farm, and you'll suffer no loss,
For a stone that keeps rolling can gather no moss."

3. "O wife, let us go! and don't let us stay;
I long to be there, I long to be great;
You'll be some great lady, and perhaps that I
Will be some great governor before I shall die.

Chorus: "Whilst here I must," etc.

4. "O husband! remember that land will be too dear,
And you'll have to work hard for many a year;
Your hogs, sheep, and cattle will all be to buy,
And you'll scarcely get settled before you will die.

Chorus: "Then stay on your farm," etc.

5. "O wife, let us go! and don't let us stand;
I'll purchase a farm all cleared by the hand,
Where hogs, sheep, and cattle are not very dear,
And we'll feast on fat buffalo half of the year.

Chorus: "Whilst here I must," etc.

6. "O husband! remember that land of delight,
Where Indians do plunder by day and by night;
They'll plunder your houses, and burn to the ground,
And your wife and your children lay mangled around.

Chorus: "Then stay on your farm," etc.

7. "O wife! you've convinced me, I'll argue no more,
I never had thought of your dying before;
I love my dear children, although they are small;
And you, my dear wife, is more precious than all.

Chorus.

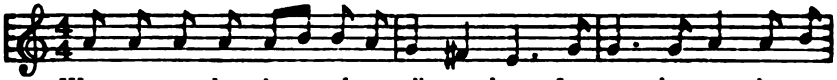
"Then I'll stay on my farm, if I suffer no loss,
If the stone that keeps rolling can gather no moss."

THE SAILOR BOY. .

The following may all be called variants of "The Sailor Boy:"
"Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 99; "One Hundred English
Folksongs," No. 72; JAFI xxx, 363-364 (see for references).¹

The last two stanzas of the text here given are found in "The
Butcher's Boy," Part I, 169-170.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O.



1. Wea-ry are the hours of a sail - or boy; Its cause, its cause, is to



weep and to mourn, Its cause, its cause, is to weep and to mourn, For the



sake of the lov - er that nev - er will re - turn. Its cause, its cause, is to



weep and mourn For the sake of the lov - er that nev - er will re - turn.

2. Black is the color of my true-lover's hair,
His resemblance is the lily's fair,
To tell, to tell, will give me joy,
For none will I have but my sweet sailor boy.
3. Father, father, build me a boat,
That I may on the ocean float;
And every ship that I sail by,
There I'll inquire for my sweet sailor boy.

[¹ Add: Christopher Stone, *Sea Songs and Ballads*, pp. 174-176; *Cuala Press Broad-
side* for August, 1909 (Second Year, No. 3).]

4. As I sailed down from Spain,
I saw three ships sail over the main,
I hailed a happy captain as he passed by,
And there I inquired for sweet Willy boy.
5. "Captain, captain, tell me true,
Doth sweet Willy sail with you?
To tell, to tell, 'twill give me joy,
For none will I have but sweet Willy boy."
6. "O fair lady! I'll tell you true,
He was drowned in the gulf below;
On Éroc Isle as we passed by,
There we left your sweet sailor boy."
7. She dashed her boat against a rock,
I thought the lady's heart was broke,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Just like a lady in despair.
8. "Bring me a chair to sit upon,
And pen and ink to write it down."
At the end of every line she dropped a tear,
At the end of every verse cried, "Oh, my dear!"
9. "Dig my grave both wide and deep;
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world that I did love."

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

Pound, 42.

I.

Sent by Miss Eddy. Written by Rev. Franklin Eddy in an album dated Ashtabula, O., 1852.

1. 'Twas early spring when I was young,
The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sang,
All was happy, but none so happy as I,
When my lovely sailor lad was nigh.

Chorus.

Trol lol lu, trol lol la, etc.,
All was happy, etc.

2. The evening star was shining still,
And twilight peeped o'er the eastern hill;
The sailor lad and his lovely bride
Sat weeping by the ocean's side.

3. 'Twas scarce three months we had been wed,
And oh, how fast the moments fled!
But we were to part at the dawning of the day,
And the proud ship bore my love away.
4. Long months passed by, he came no more
To his weeping bride on the distant shore;
The ship went down 'mid the howling of the storm,
And the sea engulfed my sailor's form.
5. 'Tis autumn now, and I am alone,
The flowers have bloomed, and the birds have flown;
All is sad, yet none so sad as I,
For my sailor lad no more was nigh.
6. My sailor sleeps beneath the wave,
The mermaids they kneel o'er his grave,
The mermaids they at the bottom of the sea,
Are weeping their sad tears for me.
7. I would that I were sleeping too,
In the silent wave of the ocean blue;
My soul to my God, my body in the sea,
And the wild waves rolling over me.

II.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O. Miss Eddy sends a third text, which is a little shorter.



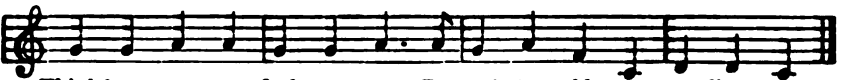
1. Our youthful hearts do oftimes weep For those who plow the bri - ny deep;



Think how ma - ny find a grave Beneath a wide, out-spreading wave. La



la la la la la la la la la la la la la!



Think how ma - ny find a grave Beneath the wide, out-spreading wave.

2. But now I will relate a case
Which happened in my early days,
Of a sailor boy whose heart was true,
But now he lies in the ocean blue.

3. 'Twas early spring, the year was young,
The flowers did bloom, the birds they sung,
But not a bird was happier than I,
When my loved sailor boy was nigh.
4. The moon had risen o'er the eastern hills,
The stars they shone in the twilight still;
The sailor boy and his bride
Were walking by the ocean side.
5. 'Twas scarce three months since first we met,
But oh, how swift the moments fled!
And we must part at the dawning of the day,
And the proud ship bears my love away.
6. Long months passed away, he came no more
To his weeping bride on the ocean shore;
The ship went down at the howling of the storm,
And the waves closed o'er my lover's form.
7. Would that I were resting too,
Beneath the waves in the ocean blue;
My soul at rest in the bottom of the sea,
And the blue waves rolling over me.

THE SHANTY BOY'S ALPHABET.

Sung to Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io., by Mr. Frank Covell.
See under "The Flying Cloud."

1. A is the axe that cutteth the pine;
B is the jolly boys, never behind;
C is the cutting we early begin;
And D is the danger we ofttimes are in.

Chorus.

And it's merry, merry, so merry are we;
Not a mortal on earth is more happy than we.
Then it's a heigh derry derry, and a heigh derry down.
The shanty boy is willing when nothing goes wrong.

2. E is the echo that makes the woods ring;
And F is the foreman, the head of our gang;
G is the grindstone we grind our axe on;
And H is the handle so smoothly worn.

(Chorus.)

3. I is the iron that marketh the pine;
And J is the jolly boys, never behind;
K is the keen edges our axes we keep;
And L is the lice that keeps us from sleep.

(Chorus.)

4. M is the moss we stick in our camps;
 And N is the needle we sew up our pants;
 O is the owl that hoots in the night;
 And P is the tall pine we always fall right.

(Chorus.)

5. Q is the quarrels we do not allow;
 And R is the river our logs they do plough;
 S is the sleighs so stout and so strong;
 T is the teams that haul them along.

(Chorus.)

6. U is the use we put our teams to;
 V is the valley we haul our logs through;
 W is the woods we leave in the spring.
 I've told you all I'm a-going to sing.

(Chorus.)

THE SOLDIER'S WOOING.

Part I, 188. A text in JAFI *xxiii*, 447. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 41. See also JAFI *xxx*, 363.¹ Pound, American Ballads and Songs, 1922, 68 f.

"Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, vi, 230 f., seems to be an early form of this piece. The lover is a Keeper. In the same collection, vii, 559 ff., he becomes a Seaman.

This air was sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Virginia Summer, Canton, O. The latter learned it from her mother, who died eleven years ago, aged eighty-four.

Sol - dier, oh, sol - dier just com - ing from the plain, He
 court - ed a la - dy of hon - or and fame. Her
 rich - es were so great that they scarce - ly could be told, And
 yet she loved a sol - dier for be - ing so bold.

¹ [Printed ca. 1800 or earlier in *The Echo: or, Columbian Songster*, 2d ed., Brookfield, Mass., pp. 150-152.]

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.

Part I, 188; see references there. Much information here given comes from Professor Kittredge. Brackets indicate verbatim quotations from him.

The statements made by Robert O. Morris of Springfield, Mass., in the "Springfield Weekly Republican" of Oct. 8, 1908, are based upon "An Historical Address delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the Town of Wilbraham," in 1863. [The exact form of the record is given by Chauncey E. Peck ("The History of Wilbraham," p. 79): "Timothy Mirrick, the son of Lt. Thomas and Mary¹ Mirrick, was bit by a ratel snake on August the 7th, 1761, and died within about two or three ours, he being 22 years, two months and three days old and vary near the point of marridg." The fullest account of the tragedy (apart from articles in this Journal) is given by Peck, pp. 79-84. It is much superior to that of Stebbins.]

Dr. Rufus P. Stebbins, the orator at Wilbraham's centennial celebration, furnished Mr. Morris a text which he believed to be the exact words of the author's copy. According to direct tradition, he says, the author was one Nathan Terry. [Practically the same text was printed by J. G. Holland ("History of Western Massachusetts," ii, 161-162), who calls his version "an authentic copy, preserved in the family." It was reprinted in JAFI xiii, 107-108. E. E. Hale reprints Stebbins's text in his "New England History in Ballads" (1903, pp. 86-88).]

Mr. David A. Wells, of national reputation, also investigated this ballad. He gave Nathan Torrey as the name of the author. He gave as approximating the original text a version (also in the "Weekly Springfield Republican," Oct. 8, 1908) very similar to that of Stebbins. "At Wilbraham's centennial celebration this poem was lined off in the old-fashioned way and sung by the audience" (Morris).

[The more or less comic version given by the famous humorist John Phoenix (George H. Derby) in "The Squibob Papers" (New York, 1865), pp. 45-52, is reproduced (with due credit) in "The Wandering Refugee Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 40; "The 'We Won't Go Home till Morning' Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 52; "Yankee Robinson's 'Beautiful Amazon' Songster" (New York, cop. 1870), p. 46; and "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 40 (No. 5).

Another comic version is printed in "Hooley's Opera House Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 56 ("sung by Archy Hughes"), and in "Bryant's² Songs and Programme for the Week commencing Oct. 30th, 1865," vii, 761-762, No. 48 ("sung by the Quisby Oglers;")

¹ [Morris gives the name wrongly as Eunice.] ² [Bryant's Minstrels.]

"Music of this Song for sale by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York").

An older and shorter comic version is given in "Book of Words of the Hutchinson Family," New York, 1851 (= "Book of Poetry of the Hutchinson Family," New York, 1858), p. 37 ("as sung in the old fashioned Continental style").]

Miss Eddy's father, Rev. Franklin Eddy, when twenty years old, copied the following form of the poem in an autograph book dated Ashtabula, O., 1852.

The Major's Son.

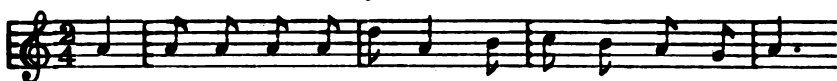
1. On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A noble youth who was known full well;
He was the major's only son,
And he was aged twenty-one.
2. On Monday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow;
He mowed one round, and then did feel
A poison serpent at his heel.
3. When he received this deathly wound,
He threw his scythe upon the ground;
Returning home was his intent,
A-calling loudly as he went.
4. His voice was heard both far and near,
But not a friend to him appeared;
They thought 'twas workmen he did call;
Alas, poor man! he fell alone.
5. When daylight gone and evening came,
His father went to seek his son;
And when he came to where he lay,
He was dead and cold as any clay.
6. His eyes and mouth were closed fast,
His hands were laid across his breast.
They thought he laid him down to rest;
Alas, poor man! he breathed his last.
7. In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
When this sad accident was done.
Let this a warning be to all
To be prepared when God doth call.

Miss Eddy obtained a version of "Springfield Mountain" from Mr. C. B. Galbreath, State Librarian of Ohio, that was "formerly very

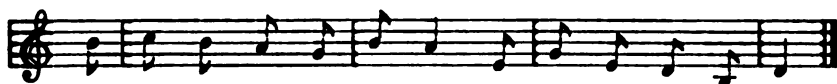
popular in western Ohio." This form is superior to any of the four texts given in Pound, "American Ballads and Songs" (1922), 97-100. Miss Pound holds that ballads naturally deteriorate in tradition. The Galbreath text is a singable ballad. The original memorial poem is heavy and prosy in comparison.

THE TEXAS RANGERS.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Summer, Canton, O.; learned by him about 1869. Lomax ("Cowboy Songs," pp. 44-46) prints a longer form. See JAFI xxv, 14 (Belden); xxvi, 186. Pound (p. 28) prints a text; reprinted in Pound, American Ballads and Songs, 1922, 163 f. I have heard a Kentucky variant sung by the Rev. G. R. Combs, Paris, Ky. [B. L. Jones ("Folk Lore in Michigan," p. 4) reports the song. Wehman's broadside No. 748 ("The Texan Ranger") lacks the third stanza of Miss Eddy's text.]



1. Come, all ye roving rangers, Who - ev - er you may be,



And lis - ten to the trou - bles That's hap - pened un - to me.

2. My name 'tis nothing extra,
But it I will not tell,
I am a roving ranger,
And I'm sure I wish you well.
3. It was at the age of sixteen
I joined a jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio
Unto the Rio Grande.
4. Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right,
Before we reached the station,
"Boys, we will have to fight."
5. I saw the black smoke rising,
I saw it bathe the sky,
The very first thought struck me,
"Now is my time to die."
6. I saw the Indians coming,
I heard them give the yell,
I saw their glittering glances,
And the arrows round me fell.

7. But full nine hours we fought them
Before the strife was o'er,
The like of dead and wounded
I never saw before.
8. Six of the noblest rangers
That ever saw the West,
We buried by these comrades,
There ever for to rest.
9. I thought of my old mother,
In tears to me did say,
"To you they are all strangers,
With me you'd better stay."
10. I thought she was old and childish,
And this she did not know,
My mind was bent on roving,
And I was bound to go.
11. Perhaps you have a mother,
Likewise a sister, too,
Perhaps you have a sweetheart,
To weep and mourn for you.
12. If this be your condition,
Although you love to roam,
I advise you by experience,
You had better stay at home.

VILLIKENS AND HIS DINAH.

(Version a.)

The following song, sent by Miss Eddy, comes from the collection made by the father of Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, Columbus, O.

Jimmy and Diana.

1. In Cumberland city, as you shall all hear,
There lived a young damsel both comely and fair,
Her name was Diana, scarce fifteen years old,
And she had to her position [portion?] a large sum of gold,
2. Besides an estate, when her father did die,
Which caused many a young man to court the lady;
Among the whole number sweet Jimmy was one,
Who strove for to make this fair damsel his own.
3. Hand in hand together they used for to walk,
To hear the small birds sing, and sweetly they'd talk;
He said, "My Diana, sweet, innocent maid,
My lovely Diana, my heart you've betrayed."

4. In two or three weeks after, her father did say,
 "Go dress yourself up in your best rich array,
 For I've a knight for you worth thousands a year,
 And he says he will make you his joy and his dear."

5. "To wed with any young man I don't feel inclined,
 To wed with any old man I won't be confined.
 Besides, I'm too young, and I pray you, therefore,
 To let me live single one year or two more."

6. "O stubborn daughter! Oh, what do you mean?
 Go dress yourself up, no more fit to be seen."
 In this wretched condition this maid was forced out,
 And she went a-roving the groves all about.

7. She went to yonder bower where the small birds sing sweet,
 Where she and her Jimmy they used for to meet;
 She sat herself down by the side of a tree,
 And a strong dose of poison ended her misery.

8. She had not been there one half-hour, I'm sure,
 Till Jimmy came roving the groves o'er and o'er;
 He espied his Diana, a note laying by,
 And in it she told him, "'Tis for you I die."

9. He kissed her cold clay lips ten thousand times o'er;
 "I'm robbed of my jewel; I'm robbed of my store."
 He fell on his sword like a lover so brave;
 Now Jimmy and Diana both lie in one grave.

[This is an interesting version of the serious ballad on which the celebrated comic song of "Villikens and his Dinah" was founded (see JAFL xxix, 190-191). One other serious version is appended for comparison.¹

(*Version b.*)

Communicated by Emelyn E. Gardner about five years ago with this note:—

"The following ballad was sung to me by Mrs. Zilpha Richtmyer of West Conesville, N.Y. She had learned it from her mother, who had learned it from *her* mother, who had brought it from England with her more than a century ago."

¹ [This serious ballad, "William and Dinah," is known in broadsides, — Catnach, for example, and W. King, Oxford. A copy given me by Mr. F. C. Walker in 1910 differs from Catnach in only a few small points: it was taken down by him in St. John, New Brunswick, "from the recitation of Mrs. Robert Lane, who emigrated from England at a very early age," and whose songs "mainly descended from her mother, a native of Bristol."]

Diana.

1. Come, listen a while, and to you I will tell
Concerning a damsel who in London did dwell.
Her name 'twas Diana, scarce sixteen years old,
And her fortune 'twas full thirty thousand in gold;
2. Besides a large estate, if her father should die,
Which caused many a suitor to court this lady.
Among this whole number Sir William was one;
There was none that she fancied like to Sir William.
3. Her father came home on one certain day,
And unto his only dear daughter did say,
"O daughter, dear daughter! you need never fear,
I've another match for you worth thousands a year."
4. Said she, "Honest father, oh, don't me confine!
But to marry this citizen is not my design."—
"Consider ten thousand a year you shall have."
Said she, "I would rather go choose me a grave."
5. Sir William, when walking the garden around,
Espied his Diana lying dead on the ground,
With a cup of strong poison and a note lying by,
And in it did tell how Diana did die.
6. "Sir William, Sir William, I bid you farewell,
And the love I bore for you there's no tongue can tell.
But take my advice now, although I am gone,
And marry some fair maid both handsome and young."
7. He kissed her cold lips a thousand times o'er,
And called her his dear one, though she was no more,
Then fell on his sword like a hero so brave;
Now he and Diana both sleep in one grave.]

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.

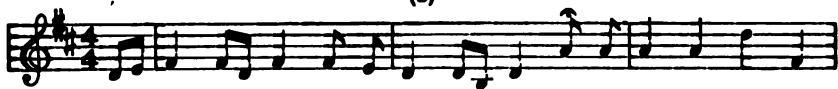
Part I, 191. Miss Eddy sends two airs. The first is from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.; the second, from Mrs. Ryland, Ashland, O.

As an interesting example of the way in which ballads get localized, Mr. Henry Maurer tells Miss Eddy that this song was written concerning "Charlotte Dills, who was frozen to death at Auburn, Ind., in 1862. She had two brothers who were lawyers, and one who was a minister."

In his full account of this poem and its author (JAF^L xxv, 156-168), Mr. Phillips Barry tells us that the ballad was composed by William

Carter "before he left Vermont, in 1833;" and points out that the original occurrence is claimed for the poet's birthplace, Benson, or Bensontown, Vt. (pp. 158-159). Barry prints a full text in JAFI xxii, 367-370. Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, 1922, 103-107.

(a)

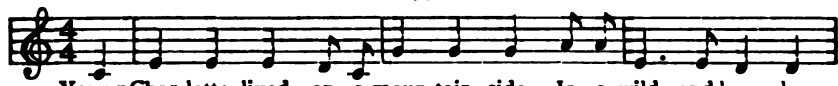


Fair Char-lotte lived on a moun-tain side In a wild and lone-ly

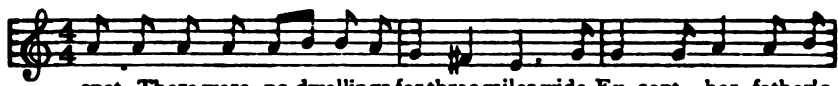


spot, No dwellings 'round for three miles wide Except her fa-ther's cot.

(b)



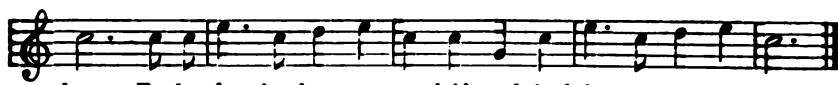
Young Char-lotte lived on a moun-tain side In a wild and lone-ly



spot, There were no dwellings for three miles wide Ex-cept her father's



cot. And yet on ma-ny a win-try night long swains were gathered



there, For her fa-ther kept a so-cial board, And she was ver-y fair.

YOUNG EDWARD.

See text and notes, JAFI xx, 274 f.

Sent to Miss Eddy from the Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., by its president, Rev. A. G. Weidler.

1. Sweet Mary was a servant girl;
She loved the sailor boy
Who ploughed the main much gold to gain,
Down in the Lowlands low.
2. "My father keeps a public-house
Down by the seaside shore,
And you can enter there to-day,
And there all night may stay.
3. "I'll meet you in the morning here;
Don't let my parents know
Your name, young Edward dear,
Who ploughs the Lowlands low."

4. Young Edward he sat down to drinking there
Till time to go to bed,
But little was he thinking then
What soon would crown his head.
5. Young Edward rose and went to bed;
Had scarcely gone to sleep,
When Mary's cruel father bold
Into his room did creep.
6. He killed him there, and dragged him
Down the seaside shore;
He sent his body bleeding
Down to the Lowland low.
7. Sweet Mary she lay sleeping,
She dreamed a frightful dream;
She dreamed she saw her lover's blood
Flowing in a stream.
8. She arose, put on her clothes,
Just at the break of day;
"Father, where is that young man
Who came last night to stay?"
9. "He's dead, he's dead, no tales to tell;
His gold will make a show."
"You've killed the one that loved me,
The one that loved me so.
10. "My true-love is in the ocean,
The waves roll o'er his breast,
His body is in motion,
I hope his soul's at rest."

[A Kentucky text of "Young Edwin (Edward) in the Lowlands," contributed by Miss Pettit, was printed in *JAF* xx, 274-275, with references to "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 124, and to broadsides published by Catnach and Bebbington. Miss Loraine Wyman has also found the song in Kentucky; and Campbell and Sharp print versions (with airs) from North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia (No. 46, pp. 169-172). Belden has it from Missouri (No. 79); Shearin, from Kentucky (p. 9, "Driver Boy"); and B. L. Jones reports it from Michigan (*Folk-Lore in Michigan*, p. 4, "Young Emma"). Mackenzie records it in Nova Scotia ("Young Edmund" or "Young Emily"), and prints two stanzas (*The Quest of the Ballad*, pp. 154-155). It is known in Scotland and Ireland (see references

in Campbell and Sharp, p. 330), as well as in England. In addition to the broadsides already mentioned, the Harvard College Library has Forth (Pocklington), Such (No. 228), John Gilbert (Newcastle, No. 30), Pitts, Jackson & Co. (Birmingham, late J. Russell), and others.]

III. HOMILETIC BALLADS.

The homiletic ballads of the United States are a very characteristic product. I print some pieces that have lately come to me, also two which I mentioned in Part I, 191-192, by title, but which seem good enough, in their doleful way, to deserve preservation.

Six songs in JAFL xiv, 286-292, are examples of the homiletic type. An interesting collection of religious and homiletic ballads is printed in the "Journal of the [English] Folk-Song Society," ii, 115-139. Many of these are intended for singing as Christmas carols.

AWFUL! AWFUL! AWFUL!

Belden, No. 42. Mr. W. J. Button of Long Beach, Cal., writes me: "I recall a song that was in oral tradition in my youth [sixty years ago]. I heard it in Indiana, though I think it came from Kentucky. I remember only one stanza [a form of stanza 2 below]:—

"I saw a youth the other day,
All in his prime, he looked so gay,—
But he trifled all his time away,
And now he's brought to Eternity.
Oh, it's awful! awful! awful!"

This stanza and several others, sung in a minor key, never failed in their effect — at least, on one youthful hearer."

Professor Belden has printed the two opening stanzas of the piece in JAFL xv, 18. He kindly sends me the following complete text, with permission to print. He has three variants. This text was taken from the manuscript ballad book of Mrs. Lida Jones, compiled probably in the sixties, and was secured for Professor Belden by Miss Ethel Lowry from Mrs. Jones's nephew, C. A. Scott of Everton, Dade County, Missouri, in 1906. The name at the bottom is presumably that of the person from whom Mrs. Jones obtained the text.

1. Death is a melancholy call,
A certain judgment for us all.
Death takes the young as well as old,
And lays them in his arms so cold.
 'Tis awful! awful! awful!
2. I saw a youth the other day,
He looked so young, he was so gay;
He trifled all his time away,
And dropped into eternity.
 'Tis awful! awful! awful!

3. As he lay on his dying bed,
Eternity begins to dread.
He cries: "O Lord! I see my state;
But now I fear I've come too late."
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
4. His loving parents standing round,
With tears of sorrow dropping down,
He says: "O father, pray for me!
I am going to eternity."
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
5. His tender sister standing by
Says: "Dearest brother, you must die;
Your days on earth will soon be past;
Down to the grave you must go at last."
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
6. A few more breaths may be perceived
Before this young man takes his leave.
"O father, fare thee well!
I'm drawn by devils down to evil."¹
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
7. The corpse was laid beneath the ground,
His loving sister standing round
With aching heart and troubled mind,
To think her brother in hell's confined.
'Tis awful! awful! awful!


LUCY CLARY.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

Miss Eddy obtained the following text and air from Mrs. Virginia Summer, Canton, O. A shorter text and the second air came from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.

(a)

Slowly



1. At dawn of day I saw a man Stand by a grog sa-loon,
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parched; Oh, that's the drunkard's doom.

¹ So in the manuscript, though in the last stanza the fell monosyllable asserts itself.—
H. M. B.

2. His little son stood by his side,
And to his father said,
"Father, mother lies sick at home,
And sister cries for bread."
3. He rose and staggered to the bar,
As oft he'd done before,
And to the landlord smiling said,
"Just fill me one glass more."
4. The cup was filled at his command,
He drank of the poisoned bowl,
He drank, while wife and children starved,
And ruined his own soul.
5. A year had passed, I went that way,
A hearse stood at the door,
I paused to ask, and one replied,
"The drunkard is no more."
6. I saw the hearse move slowly on,
No wife or child was there,
They too had flown to heaven's bright home,
And left a world of care.
7. Now, all young men, a warning take,
And shun the poisoned bowl;
'Twill lead you down to hell's dark gate,
And ruin your own soul.

(b)

I saw a man in grief and care Stand by a grog-shop door, His
eyes were red, his lips were parched, I viewed him o'er and o'er. His o'er.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ANNA ROSS.

I have a version of this poem, ninety-two lines long, entitled "The Death of a Young Woman," gotten by Miss Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O. It is less effective than the shorter form of fifty lines here printed. A third text of fifty-six lines, no longer in my possession, was copied by Mrs. Jonah Simmons Brown, Warren, Ind., from her mother's copy-book, where it is dated Dec. 10, 1842. This is the only evidence I have as to the age of the piece. Unfor-

tunately my three texts of the poem were listed in Part I, 191-192, as belonging to two separate poems. This, I now see, was a mistake.

The fact that three forms of this homiletic ballad from two States have come to me, shows that it enjoyed a wide circulation and great popularity. But I have also direct testimony on this point. Mrs. Ella Adams Moore, wife of Professor A. W. Moore of the University of Chicago, writes me as follows concerning the piece: "I never heard the poem except in Illinois, but some cousins from southern Indiana used to sing it with other ballads similarly affecting and edifying. I remember being tremendously stirred by them in my tender youth. . . . I believe this particular poem had rather a wide circulation. I never really *knew* any of it; but I have heard it often."

The text here printed comes through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Anderson, both of Warren, Ind. It was obtained in 1914, when Mrs. Anderson was eighty-five years old.

1. A while before this damsel died,
Her tongue was speechless, bound and tied;
At length she opened wide her eyes,
And said her tongue was liberalized.
2. She called her father to her bed,
And thus in dying anguish said:
"From meeting you have kept your child,
To pleasures vain and wanton wild.
3. "To frolics you would let me go,
To dance my soul to pain and woe.
But now, dear father, do repent,
And read the Holy Testament.
4. "Your head is blooming for the grave;
You have a precious soul to save.
Your children teach to serve the Lord,
And worship God in one accord."
5. Her tender mother she then addressed,
Whose tears was streaming down her breast.
She grasped her tender hand and said:
"Remember me when I am dead.
6. "Your aged years have rolled away,
And brought you to this present day.
Now take your dying child's advice,
And turn from sin and avarice,

7. "Before the golden bowl is broke,
Or life's fair cord receive a stroke."
Her honored brother she then addressed,
And thus to him her love expressed:
8. "Forsake your sins and turn to God,
And fear the vengeance of his rod;
Or he will send your soul to dwell
Forever in a lake of hell,
9. "Where fiery billows bursting roll
Around a never-dying soul. —
Come, sister, dear, and take your leave;
And do not for me weep and grieve.
10. "See around my head, how angels shine,
In spangled garments long and fine!
They are around my bed, they are in my room,
To waft my spirit home.
11. "I see no pleasure here on earth,
Traced from my death down to my birth,
That would entice my soul to stay
In this vain world of misery."
12. Underneath death's dark cypress shade
They placed the young departed maid;
While friends and kindred wept around,
To see her corpse laid in the ground,
For her body there to lay
Until the resurrection day.

OUR CHERRIES.

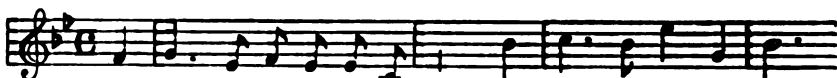
Taken by Miss Eddy from a very old book belonging to Mrs. Maxwell, Canton, O. It belonged to her mother. The ink is badly faded. This remarkable bit of theological satire, or warfare, is signed E[sther] E. Skelley, Hopedale, O.

1. See those cherries how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall;
Had they not that network over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.
2. So to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes of small dimensions
Only certain knaves can get.

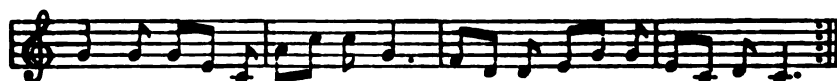
3. Shall we then these networks widen,
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which even already slide in
Lots of small, dissenting souls?
4. "God forbid!" old Testy crieth;
God forbid! so echo I;
Every ravenous bird that flieth
Then would to our cherries fly.
5. Ope but half an inch or more,
And behold what bebies break in;
Here some cursed old popish crow
Sticks his long and lickerish beak in.
6. Here sly Arian's flock unnumbered,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who with small belief encumbered
Slip in easy anywhere.
7. Methodists, of birds the aptest
Where there['s] pecking going on,
And that water-fowl, the Baptist,
All would share our fruits anon.
8. "God forbid!" old Testy snivels;
God forbid! I echo too;
Rather may ten thousand divels
Seize the whole voracious crew.
9. If less costly fruits won't suit 'em;
Hips and haws and suchlike berries,
Curse the cormorants, stone 'em, shoot 'em;
Anything to save our cherries!

TO THE YOUNG AND PROUD.

Miss Eddy gets from Miss Lizzie Brubaker, Perrysville, O., the following air, and stanzas 1 and 4 of the accompanying words.



Oh, ye young, ye gay and proud, You must die and wear the shroud;
CHO.: Then you'll cry and want to be Hap-py in e-ter-ni-ty; E-



Time will rob you of your bloom; Death will bring you to the tomb.
ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty, Hap-py in e-ter-ni-ty.

4. His commands let all obey,
We may be happy, sure we may.
Then we'll all unite and sing
Praises to our God and King.

Chorus.

Oh, how happy we will be,
Happy in eternity! etc.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

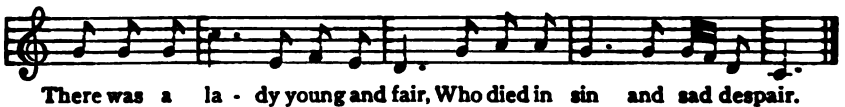
Through Miss Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.

1. My youthful mates, both small and great,
Stand here; and you shall see
An awful sight, which is a type
Of what you soon shall be.
2. I did appear once fresh and fair
Among the youthful crowd.
But now behold me dead and cold,
Wrapped in a sable shroud.
3. My cheeks once red like roses spread,
My sparkling eyes so gay;
But now you see how 'tis with me,
A helpless lump of clay [clay].
4. When you are dressed in all your best,
In fashion so complete,
You soon must be as you see me,
Wrapped in a winding-sheet.
5. O youth, beware! and do prepare
To meet the monster Death;
For he may come while you are young,
And take away your breath.
6. When you unto your frolics go,
Remember what I say;
In a short time, though in your prime,
You may be called away.
7. Now I am dead; I can't return;
No more of me you see.
But it is true that all of you
Must shortly follow me.

8. When you unto my grave do come,
 The gloomy place to see,
 I say to you who stand and view:
 Prepare to follow me.

WICKED POLLY.

Miss Eddy sends the air that belongs with Miss Jane Goon's text in Part I, 192. Miss Pound prints two texts in "American Ballads and Songs," 1922, 111-114.



IV. PLAY-PARTY SONGS.

I have a number of interesting play-party songs, but will print only one text. I have not the music for any of them, and the music is peculiarly important. A brief bibliography will perhaps be of service.

The great English work is by (Lady) Alice Bertha Gomme, "The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland" (2 vols., London, 1894, 1898). The most important of these songs have been carefully re-edited for school use, with Mr. Sharp's arrangement of the music and with full directions for dancing, in the following series:—

Gomme, Alice B., and Sharp, Cecil J., Editors, *Children's Singing Games*, in Five Sets, I to V. London, Novello & Co., 1909-12. The H. W. Gray Co., New York, Sole Agents for U. S. A.

The following references are for the United States:—

- Newell, William Wells, *Games and Songs of American Children*. 2d ed. Harper, 1903.
 Ames, Mrs. L. D., "The Missouri Play-Party" (JAFL xxiv [1911], 295-318).
 Wedgwood, Harriet L., "The Play-Party" (JAFL xxv [1912], 268-273).
 Hamilton, Goldy M., "The Play-Party in Northeast Missouri" [JAFL xxvii [1914], 289-303].
 Piper, Edwin F., "Some Play-Party Games of the Middle West" (JAFL xxviii [1915], 262-289).
 Van Doren, Carl, "Some Play-Party Songs from Eastern Illinois" (JAFL xxxii [1919], 486-496).
 Gardner, Emelyn E., "Some Play-Party Games in Michigan" (JAFL xxxiii [1920], 91-133).
 Spinney, Susan Dix, "Riddles and Ring-Games from Raleigh, N.C." (JAFL xxxiv [1921], 110-115).

Isham, Caddie S., "Games of Danville, Va." (JAFL xxxiv [1921], 116-120).
 Wolford, [Mrs.] Leah Jackson, *The Play-Party in Indiana*. Indiana Historical Commission, Indianapolis, 1916 [published October, 1917].¹

(This book grew out of the author's Master's dissertation [Miss Leah Jackson, University of Chicago, 1915]. It is the fullest and most careful treatment of the play-party available. It has been cordially praised by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp. For the locality primarily considered, Ripley County, Indiana, where this kind of social gathering is still universally popular, the collection is substantially complete. Mrs. Wolford was the rightful historian of the play-party; her father and mother first met at a gathering of this kind. I regret to add that she died early in 1918.)

The song which has been given in Division II of this collection, "Mr. Frog Went a-Courting," is sometimes used as a play-party game.

(See JAFL xxxiii, 98-99.)

The following singing-game seems especially dramatic and interesting.

ROVING BACHELOR.

This play-party game begins with the choosing of partners. After that it agrees in general, but not closely, with the game of "Marriage" as given in Newell, No. 10, form (1). Piper, No. 16, has a few lines that are used here; also Wolford, 43.

Obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Taylor, Warren, Ind.

1. There comes a roving bachelor,
 All in his dirty clothes;
 And he would like to get married,
 But he don't know where to go,
 But he don't know where to go.

2. So I will be his counsellor,
 And tell him where to go.
 Oh, don't you see those pretty girls,
 All seated in a row,
 All seated in a row?

3. So I will go and try my luck,
 And see what I can do;
 And if I get a pretty wife,
 I'll always think of you,
 I'll always think of you.

¹ Can be purchased of the Indiana Historical Association, Indianapolis, Ind., for one dollar.

4. And if I get an ugly one,
 As sure as I am born,
 I'll take her down to New Orleans,
 And trade her off for corn,
 And trade her off for corn.

(The above is for choosing partners.)

5. Come, my loving partner,
 Present to me your hand;
 'Tis I that wants a wife,
 And 'tis you that wants a man.
6. Come, my loving partner,
 Present to me your heart.
 We'll travel down to Jericho,
 And there we will part.
7. I'll mourn, I'll mourn,
 And that shall be my cry;
 If I never see my true-love,
 It's surely I must die.
8. Oh, yonder comes my true-love.
 It's how do you do?
 How have you been
 Since last I saw you?
9. Now we'll get married,
 That's if we can agree;
 We'll travel down to Jericho,
 And there happy be.

Partners face each other in a long line. Head couple step out, all singing, "Come, my loving partner," etc.; head couple join right hands and march down to end of line. As they part, each passing back of the line, all sing, "I'll mourn," etc. As they approach the head of the line, all sing, "Oh, yonder comes my true-love," etc. They then march through again, and stop at the foot of the line. The next couple succeeds, and so on.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

INDEX TO VOLUME 35.

- Africa, West, soul-trapping in, 219-222.
 African proverbs, 202-204.
 — tales, 116-150, 151-202, 209-215, 216-218.
 American Folk-Lore Society, annual meeting of, 1921, 205-208.
 — Editor's Report on Journal, 207.
 — election of officers for 1922, 207-208.
 — papers read at annual meeting of, 208.
 — Secretary's Report, 205.
 — Treasurer's Report, 205-206.
- Bacon, A. M., and Parsons, E. C., Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, Virginia, 250-327.
 Bell, W. C., Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa, 116-150.
 Boas, F., Editor's Report on Journal of American Folk-Lore, 207.
 — Tales of Spanish Provenience from Zufii, 62-98.
 — and Simango, C. K., Tales and Proverbs of the Vandau of Portuguese South Africa, 151-204.
 Bulu Tales, 209-215.
- Dennis, Louise D., review of Mason and Espinosa's Porto Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs, 99-101.
 — reply to, by Espinosa, 101-102.
 — — —, by Mason, 102-104.
- E. C. P., From "Spiritual" to Vaudeville, 331.
 — Review of Gonzales' The Black Border, 332-333.
 — "Tar Baby," 330.
- Eddy, M. O., and Tolman, A. H., Traditional Texts and Tunes, 335-432.
- Espinosa, A. M., reply of, to Miss Dennis's review of Porto Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs, 101-102.
 — and Mason, J. A., Porto-Rican Folk-Lore. — Folk-Tales, 1-61.
 — — — Porto Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs, reviewed, 99-101.
- Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, Virginia, 250-327.
- Gonzales' The Black Border, reviewed, 332-333.
- Hallowell, A. I., Two Folk-Tales from Nyasaland, 216-218.
- Incidents in Porto-Rican tales, index to, 60-61.
- Jamaican Folk-Stories, Three, 328-329.
- Malcolm, L. W. G., Short Notes on Soul-Trapping in Southern Nigeria, 219-222.
- Mason, J. A., reply of, to Miss Dennis's review of Porto Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs, 102-104.
 — and Espinosa, A. M., Porto-Rican Folk-Lore. — Folk-Tales, 1-61.
 — — Espinosa's Porto-Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and Other Songs, reviewed, 99-101.
- Musical notation, Anansi songs, 328-329.
 — — traditional tunes, 340, 341, 343, 344, 347, 348, 352, 356, 359-362, 364-366, 369, 372, 374, 375, 377, 378, 380, 385, 388-391, 393, 404, 405, 407, 409, 410, 412, 414, 417, 421, 424, 425, 428, 430.
- Negro school-children in New Orleans, La., riddles from, 105-115.
 Negro Spirituals from the Far South, 223-249.
- Notes and Queries, 328-331.
 Nyasaland, Two Folk-Tales from, 216-218.
- Parsons, E. C., and Bacon, A. M., Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, Virginia, 250-327.
- Peabody, Charles, Thirty-Third Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, 205-208.
- Perkins, A. E., Negro Spirituals from the Far South, 223-249.

- Perkins, A. E., Riddles from Negro School-Children in New Orleans, La., 105-115.
 Porto-Rican Folk-Lore. — Folk-Tales, 1-61.
 Proverbs of the Vandau of Portuguese South Africa, 202-204.
- Reviews, 99-104, 332-333.
 Riddles from Elizabeth City County, Virginia, 312-327.
 — from Negro School-Children in New Orleans, La., 105-115.
 Roberts, H. H., Three Jamaican Folk-Stories, 328-329.
- Schwab, G., Bulu Tales, 209-215.
 Simango, C. K., and Boas, F., Tales and Proverbs of the Vandau of Portuguese South Africa, 151-204.
 Soul-trapping in southern Nigeria, 219-222.
 Spanish provenience, tales of, from Zufii, 62-98.
 "Spiritual" to Vaudeville, From, 331.
 Spirituals, Negro, from the Far South, 223-249.
- Tales:
 African, 116-202, 209-218.
 Jamaican, 328-329.
 Southern (Virginia), 252-311.
 Spanish (Porto-Rican), 1-59.
 — (from Zufii), 62-98.
 Tales and Proverbs of the Vandau of Portuguese South Africa, 151-204.
- Tales from Nyasaland, Two, 216-218.
 Tales of Spanish Provenience from Zufii, 62-98.
 "Tar Baby," 330.
 Texts, African:
 Bulu, 209-215.
 Umbundu, 116-149.
 Vandau, 153-156, 159-162, 164-165, 166-168, 170-174, 179-186, 188-193, 195-197, 199-202.
 Yao, 216-218.
 — Spanish (Porto-Rican), 1-61.
 Texts and tunes, traditional, 335-432.
 Thirty-Third Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, 205-208.
 Tolman, A. H., and Eddy, M. O., Traditional Texts and Tunes, 335-432.
 Tozzer, A. M., Treasurer's Report, 1921, 205-206.
 Traditional Texts and Tunes, 335-432.
- Umbundu Tales, Angola, Southwest Africa, 116-150.
- Vandau of Portuguese South Africa, tales and proverbs of the, 151-204.
 Vaudeville, from "Spiritual" to, 331.
 Virginia, Folk-Lore from Elizabeth City County, 250-327.
- Yao texts, 216-218.
- Zufii, tales of Spanish provenience from, 62-98.

TEXAS.—*President*, W. H. Thomas, College Station, Tex.; *First Vice-President*, Mrs. E. Owen, Rio Grande City; *Second Vice-President*, Victor J. Smith, Alpine, Tex.; *Secretary-Treasurer*, J. Frank Doble, University of Texas, Austin, Tex.; *Councillors*, Clyde Chew Glascock (Rice Institute, Houston, Tex.), Gates Thomas (San Marcus, Tex.), Miss Julia Estill (Fredericksburg, Tex.).

VIRGINIA.—*President*, John M. Stone, Mount Fair, Va.; *Vice-President*, Miss Martha M. Davis, Harrisonburg, Va.; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Walter A. Montgomery, Richmond College, Richmond, Va.; *Archivist*, C. Alphonso Smith, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*President and General Editor*, John Harrington Cox, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.; *Vice-President*, Robert Allen Armstrong, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Walter Barnes, Fairmont Normal School, Fairmont, W. Va.

MEXICO.—*President*, Manuel Gamio, Inspector-General of Monuments, Mexico City, Mex.

CANADA.—*President*, E. Sapir, Victoria Museum, Ottawa; *Secretary*, C.-M. Barbeau, Victoria Museum, Ottawa; *Treasurer*, Gustave Lanctot, Dominion Archives, Ottawa; *Editor*, J. F. Kenney, Dominion Archives, Ottawa.

Entered as second-class matter, July 6, 1921, at the Post Office at Lancaster, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

For back volumes apply to G. E. Stechert & Co., who can supply most of the volumes at \$4.00 per volume.

Claims for non-delivery of current numbers of the Journal should be sent to G. E. Stechert & Co.

G. E. STECHERT & CO., Agents { NEW YORK, 153-155 WEST 25TH STREET.
PARIS, 16 RUE DE CONDÉ.

OTTO HARRASSOWITZ, LEIPZIG, QUERSTRASSE, 14.
DAVID NUTT, LONDON, 57, 59, LONG ACRE.

SINGLE NUMBERS, 2r.50.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00

Publications of the American Folk-Lore Society.

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

- Vol. I. HÉLI CHATELAIN, Folk-Tales of Angola. Fifty Tales with Ki-mbundu text, literal English Translation, Introduction, and Notes. 1894. xii + 315 p. (With two maps.) \$3.50 net.
- II. ALCÉE FORTIER, Louisiana Folk-Tales. In French Dialect and English Translation. 1895. xi + 122 p. \$3.50 net.
- III. CHARLES L. EDWARDS, Bahama Songs and Stories. With Music, Introduction, Appendix, and Notes. Six Illustrations. 1895. xiii + 111 p. \$3.50.
- IV. FANNY D. BERGEN, Current Superstitions. Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-Speaking Folk. With Notes, and an Introduction by WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL. 1896. vi + 161 p. \$3.50 net.
- V. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, Navaho Legends. With Introduction, Notes, Illustrations, Texts, Interlinear Translations, and Melodies. 1897. viii + 299 p. *Out of print.*
- VI. JAMES TEIT, Traditions of the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia. With Introduction by FRANZ BOAS, and Notes. 1898. x + 137 p. \$3.50.
- VII. FANNY D. BERGEN, Animal and Plant Lore. Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-Speaking Folk. With Introduction by J. Y. BERGEN. 1899. 180 p. (Second Part to Vol. IV., with common Index.) \$3.50.
- VIII. GEORGE A. DORSEY, Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee. With Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. 1904. xxvi + 366 p. \$6.
- IX. M. R. COLE, Los Pastores. A Mexican Miracle Play. Translation, Introduction, and Notes. With Illustrations and Music. 1907. xxxiv + 234 p. \$4.
- X. ELEANOR HAGUE, Spanish-American Folk-Songs. 1917. 111 p. \$3.50.
- XI. JAMES A. TEIT, MARIAN K. GOULD, LIVINGSTON FARRAND, HERBERT J. SPINDEN, Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes. Edited by FRANZ BOAS. 1917. x + 201 p. \$3.50.
- XII. Filipino Popular Tales. Collected and edited, with Comparative Notes, by DEAN S. FANSLER. 1921. xix + 473 p. \$5 net.
- XIII. ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS, The Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas. 1918. xx + 170 p. \$3.50.
- XIV. MERCIE L. TAYLOR, Index to Volumes I-XXV (1888-1912) of the Journal of American Folk-Lore. WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL MEMORIAL VOLUME. *In preparation.*
- XV. ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS, Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands. *In press.*
- XVI. ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS, Folk-Tales of the Sea Islands, South Carolina. *In press.*

