

**Ἀπόκοπος τοῦ Μπεργαδῆ, ρίμα λογιωτάτη,
τὴν ἔχουσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι πολλὰ ποθεινοτάτη**

- Μίαν ἀπὸ κόπου ἐνύσταξα, νὰ κοιμηθῶ ἐθυμήθην·
ἦθεκα στὸ κρεβάτιν μου κ' ὕπνον ὑποκοιμήθην.
- 5 Ἐφάνισθη μου κ' ἔτρεχα εἰς λιβάδιν ὠραιωμένον,
φαρὶν ἑκαβαλίκευγα, σελοχαλινωμένον·
κ' εἶχα στὴν ζῶσιν μου σπαθὶν, στὸ χέρι μου κοντάριν,
ζωσμένος ἤμουν ἄρματα, σαγίτες καὶ δοξάριν.
Κ' ἐφάνη με ὅκ' ἐδίωχνα μὲ θράσος ἐλαφίνα·
- 10 ὦρες ἐκοντοστένετο καὶ ὦρες μὲ βίαν ἐκίνα.
Προυνὸν τοῦ τρέχειν ἤρχισα τάχα νὰ βάλω χέρα·
ἔτρεχα ὥστε κ' ἐτσάκισε τὸ σταύρωμαν ἡ μέρα.
Κ' εὐθὺς ἀπὸ τὰ μάτια μου ἐχάθηκεν τὸ λάφιν
καὶ πῶς καὶ πότ' ἐχάθηκεν ἐξαπορῶ τοῦ γράφειν.
- 15 Λοιπὸν τὸ τρέχειν ἔπαυσα οὕτως καὶ τὸ σπουδάζειν
καὶ τὸ ξετρέχειν τ' ἄπιαστον καὶ τὸ φαρὶν κολάζειν.
Καὶ ἀγάλι' ἀγάλι' ἐπήγαινα, σιγὰ σιγὰ περπάτου,ν,
τὸν κόσμον ἐξενίζουμου, τ' ἄνθη καὶ τὰ καλὰ του.
Καὶ πρὸς τὴν δείλην ἔσωσα στοῦ λιβαδιοῦ τὴν μέσην
- 20 κ' ἠῦρα δεντρὸν ἐξαίρετον καὶ ὠρέχθην τοῦ πεζεύσειν.
Ἐπέξευσα εἰς τὸ δεντρὸν κ' ἔδεσα τ' ἄλογόν μου
καὶ τ' ἄρματα ἐξεζώστηκα, θέτω τα στὸ πλευρόν μου.
Ὁ τόπος ὅπου ἐπέξευσα, λέγω ἐκεῖ ὅπου ἐστάθην,
ἦτον τοῦ λιβαδιοῦ ὀφαλὸς κ' ἦτον γεμάτος τ' ἄνθη.
- 25 Τὸ δέντρον ἦτον τρυφερὸν κ' εἶχεν πυκνὰ τὰ φύλλα,
εἶχεν καὶ σύγκαρπον ἄθον καὶ μυρισμένα μῆλα.
Καὶ μυριαρίφνητα πουλιὰ στὸ δέντρον φωλεμένα
κατὰ τὴν φύσιν καὶ σκοπὸν ἐλάλειν τὸ καθένα.
Καὶ ἀπὸ τὰ κάλλη τοῦ δεντροῦ, τὴν ἡδονὴν τοῦ τόπου
- 30 καὶ τῶν πουλιῶν τὴν μελωδίαν καὶ ὀλημερνοῦ τοῦ κόπου
ὡς ἀπὸ βιᾶς ἠκούμπησα τοῦ περιανασάνω
κ' ἐστοχαζόμεν τὸ δεντρὸν εἰς τὴν κορφήν ἀπάνω.
Κ' ἐφάνη με, εἶδα ἐκάθετον μελίσιιν φωλεμένον

- 3 Μίαν ἀπὸ κόπου ἐνύσταξα, νὰ κοιμηθῶ ἐθυμήθην· f 98^r
ἔθηκα εἰς τὸ κλινάρι μου, ὕπνον ἀποκοιμήθην.
- 5 Ἐφάνιστή μου κ' ἔτρεχα λιβάδιν ὠραιωμένον,
φαρὶν ἑκαβαλίκευγα, σελοχαλινωμένον·
νὰ ἴχω σπαθὶν εἰς τὸ πλευρόν, στὴν χέρα μου κοντάρι,
ζωσμένος ἤμουν ἄρματα, σαγίτες καὶ δοξάριν.
Ἐφάνιστή μου κ' ἔδιωχνα μὲ θράσος ἐλαφίνα·
- 10 ὦρες ἐκοντοστέκετον καὶ ὦρες μὲ βία ἐκίνα.
Πουρνὸν τὸ τρέχειν ἤρχισα τάχα νὰ βάλω χέρα
κ' ἔτρεχα ὡς οὐ κ' ἐτσάκισεν τὸ σταύρωμαν ἡ μέρα.
Κ' εὐθὺς ἀπὸ τὰ μάτια μου ἠφάνισεν τὸ λάφιν
καὶ πῶς καὶ πότε ἠφάνισεν ἐξαπορῶ τοῦ γράφει.
- 15 Λοιπὸν τὸ τρέχειν ἔπαυσα ὁμοίως καὶ τὸ σπουδάζειν
καὶ τὸ ξετρέχειν τὸ ἄπιαστον καὶ τὸ φαρὶν κολάζειν.
Καὶ ἀγάλι' ἀγάλια πήγαινα, σιγὰ σιγὰ ἐπερπάτου,ν,
τοῦ τόπου νὰ ξενίζωμαι, τ' ἄνθη καὶ τ' ἀγαθὰ του.
Καὶ πρὸς τὸ δείλιν ἔσωσα στοῦ λιβαδίου τὴν μέσην f 99^r
- 20 κ' ἠῦρα δεντρὸν ἐξαίρετον καὶ ὠρέχθην τοῦ πεζεύσειν.
Ἐπέξευσα εἰς τὸ δεντρὸν κ' ἔδεσα τ' ἄλογόν μου
καὶ τ' ἄρματα ἐξεζώστηκα, θέτω τα στὸ πλευρόν μου.
Καὶ ὁ τόπος ὅπου ἐπέξευσα, λέγω ἐκεῖ ὅπου ἐστάθην,
ἦτον τοῦ λιβαδίου ὀφαλὸς κ' ἦτον γεμάτος τ' ἄνθη.
- 25 Τὸ δέντρον ἦτον τρυφερὸν κ' εἶχεν πυκνὰ τὰ φύλλα,
εἶχεν καὶ σύναθον καρπὸν καὶ μυρισμένα μῆλα.
Καὶ μυριαρίφνητα πουλιὰ στὸ δέντρον φωλεμένα
κατὰ τὴν φύσιν καὶ σκοπὸν ἐλάλει τὸ καθένα.
Καὶ ἀπὸ τὰ κάλλη τοῦ δεντροῦ, τὴν ἡδονὴν τοῦ τόπου
- 30 καὶ τῶν πουλιῶν τὴν μελωδίαν καὶ ὀλημερνοῦ τοῦ κόπου
ὡς ἀπὸ βίας μου ἐκούμπισα τοῦ περιανασάνω
κ' ἐστοχαζόμεν τὸ δεντρὸν εἰς τὴν κορφήν ἀπάνω.
Κ' ἐφάνη μου, εἶδα ἐκάθετον μελίσιι φωλεμένον

- κ' εἶχε τὸ μέλι σύγκερον, πολὺν καὶ συνθεμένον.
 35 Εὐθύς τ' ἀνέβην ὠρμησα καὶ τὴν τροφὴν ὠρέχθην
 καὶ τὸ μελίσσι με θυμὸν ἀπομακρὰς μ' ἐδέχθην.
 Λοιπὸν ἀνέβην στὸ δένδρον με βίαν πολλὴν καὶ κόπον
 καὶ, ὅπου ἤβλεπα τὴν μέλισσαν, ἐκάθιζα στὸν τόπον.
 "Ἡπλωσ', ἐπίασα ἐκ τὸ κερὶν κ' ἤφαγ' ἀπὸ τὸ μέλι
 40 κ' εἶπε μου μέσα ὁ λογισμός: δῶσ' τῆς ψυχῆς τὸ θέλει.
 "Ἐτρωγα, οὐκ ἐχόρταινα, ἤρπου καὶ πάντ' ἐπείνουν
 καὶ ὡς πεινασμένος εἰς τὸ φὰν ὕστερα πάλ' ἐκίνουν.
 Κ' ἡ μέλισσα οὐκ ἔπαυεν πάντα νὰ με τοξεύη
 καὶ τὸ δένδρον ἤρχιτισεν, ὡς εἶδα, νὰ σαλεύη,
 45 νὰ συχνοτρέμη, νὰ χαλᾶ, νὰ δείχνη κάτω νὰ ῥθῃ·
 κ' ἐγὼ τὸ φὰν ἐσκόλασα καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ φόβου ἐπάρθην.
 Καὶ ἐστοχαζόμεν τὸ δένδρον, τοὺς κλώνους τοῦ τριγύρου,
 καὶ πάλιν μέσα τὸ ἔβλεπα, τίς τὸ ἴσειεν ἐσυντήρουν.
 Καὶ δύο, μ' ἐφάνην, ποντικοὶ τὸ δένδρον ἐγυρίζαν,
 50 ἄσπρος καὶ μαῦρος, με σπουδὴν τοῦ ἐγλείφασιν τὴν ρίζαν.
 Εἰς τόσον τὸ κατέφεραν καὶ ἔκλινε νὰ πέση,
 ὅθεν ἡ ρίζα τὴν κορυφὴν ἐκέλευσε νὰ θέση.
 Κ' ἐγὼ τὸ δεῖν το ἐτρόμαξα, νὰ κατεβῶ ἐβιάσθην,
 ἀλλ' ὡς μελίσσι εἰς τὸ φὰν ἔμεινα ἐκεῖ κ' ἐπίασθην.
 55 Τὸ δένδρον, ὅπου ἤλιπυζα νὰ στέκετ' εἰς λιβάδι,
 ἦτον εἰς φρούδι ἐγκρεμοῦ κ' εἰς σκοτεινὸν πηγάδι.
 Καὶ ὡς ἐκλινεν, μ' ἐφαίνετο, τὸν ἐγκρεμὸν ἐζήτα
 κ' ἡ μέρα πάντ' ὠλίγειεν κ' ἐσίμωνεν ἡ νύκτα.
 Καὶ ἀπείτις τὴν ἀπαντοχὴν τῆς σωτηρίας μου ἐχάσα,
 60 ὅθεν εἰς τέλος ἔμελλε νὰ καταστήσω ἐπίασα.
 Καὶ δράκοντ' εἶδα φοβερὸν στοῦ πηγαδίου τὸν πάτον
 κ' ἤχασκεν κ' ἐκαρτέρει με πότε νὰ πέσω κάτω.
 Λοιπὸν τὸ δένδρον ἔπεσε κ' ἐγὼ μετ' αὐτ' ἐπήγα
 καὶ τὰ πουλιά ἐπετάσασιν κ' οἱ μέλισσες ἐφύγαν·
 65 καὶ ἐφάνη μ', ἐκατήντησα στοῦ δράκοντος τὸ στόμα
 καὶ ἐμπήκα εἰς μνήμα σκοτεινόν, εἰς γῆν κὶ ἀνήλιον χῶμα.

- κ' εἶχεν τὸ μέλι σύγκερον πολλὰ καὶ συνθεμένον.
 35 Κ' εὐθύς τὸ ἀνέβην ὠρμησα καὶ τὴν τροφὴν ὠρέχθην
 καὶ τὸ μελίσι με θυμὸν ἀπὸ μακρὰ μ' ἐδέχθην.
 Λοιπὸν ἀνέβην τὸ δένδρον με βίαν πολλὴν καὶ κόπον
 καὶ, ὅπου ἔβλεπα τὴν μέλισσα, ἐκάθιζα στὸν τόπον.
 "Ἡπλωσα, ἐπίασα ἀπὸ τὸ κερὶν, ἤφαγα ἀπὸ τὸ μέλι
 40 κ' εἶπεν μου μέσα ὁ λογισμός: δῶσ' τῆς ψυχῆς τὸ θέλει.
 Κ' ἔτρωγα καὶ οὐ χόρταινα, ἤρπου καὶ πάντα ἐπείνουν
 καὶ ὡς πεινασμένος εἰς τὸ φὰ ὕστερα πάλι ἐκίνουν.
 Καὶ ἡ μέλισσα οὐκ ἔπαυε πάντα νὰ με δοξεύη
 καὶ τὸ δένδρον ἐκίνησεν, ὡς εἶδα, νὰ σαλεύη,
 45 νὰ συχνοτρέμη, νὰ χαλᾶ, νὰ δείχνη χάμαι νὰ ῥθῃ·
 κ' ἐγὼ τὸ φὰν ἐσκόλασα καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ φόβου ἐπάρθην.
 Κ' ἐστοχαζόμεν τὸ δένδρον εἰς τὴν κορυφὴν ἀπάνου
 καὶ πάλιν μέσα τὸ ἔβλεπα, τίς νὰ τὸ κλίνη ἐτήρουν.
 Καὶ δύο, μ' ἐφάνη[σαν], ποντικοὶ τὸ δένδρον ἐγυρίζαν,
 50 ἄσπρος καὶ μαῦρος, με σπουδῆς ἐγλείφασιν τὴν ρίζαν.
 Εἰς τόσον τὸ κατέφεραν ὅτι ἔκλινε νὰ πέση,
 ὅθεν ἡ ρίζα τὴν κορυφὴν ἐκέλευσε νὰ θέση.
 Κ' ἐγὼ τὸ δεῖν ἐτρόμαξα, νὰ κατηβῶ ἐβιάσθην,
 ἀλλὰ ὡς μελίσι στὸν ἀγρὸν ἔμεινα κ' ἐπίασθην.
 55 Καὶ τὸ δένδρον, ὅπου ἤλιπυζα νὰ στέκεται εἰς λιβάδι,
 ἦτον εἰς φρούδι ἐγκρεμοῦ καὶ εἰς σκοτεινὸν πηγάδι.
 Καὶ ὡς ἐκλινεν, μ' ἐφαίνετον, τὸν ἐγκρεμὸν ἐζήτα
 καὶ ἡ ἡμέρα ἐπλήρωνεν, ἔφθανεν καὶ ἡ νύκτα.
 Καὶ ἀφότις τὴν ἀπαντοχὴν τῆς σωτηρίας ἐχάσα,
 60 πόθεν εἰς τέλος ἔμελλεν νὰ καταστήσω ἐπίασα.
 Καὶ δράκοντ' εἶδα φοβερὸν στοῦ πηγαδίου τὸν πάτον·
 ἔχασκεν κ' ἐκαρτέρειε με πότε νὰ πέσω κάτω.
 Λοιπὸν τὸ δένδρον ἔπεσε κ' ἐγὼ μετ' αὐτὸ ἐπήγα
 καὶ τὰ πουλιά ἐπετάσασιν καὶ οἱ μέλισσες ἐφύγαν·
 65 κ' ἐφάνη μου, ἐκατήντησα στοῦ δράκοντος τὸ στόμα
 κ' ἐμπήκα εἰς μνήμα σκοτεινόν, εἰς γῆν, ἀνήλιον χῶμα.

Καὶ ἐκεῖ ὅπου κατήνησα, στὸν σκοτεινὸν τὸν τόπον,
 ὄχλον μ' ἐφάνην κ' ἤκουσα καὶ ταραχὴν ἀνθρώπων·
 διὰ τὸ 'μπα μου νὰ μάχονται, διὰ μένα νὰ λαλοῦσι·
 70 καὶ ἐδόθη λόγος μέσα των νὰ πέμψουσι νὰ δοῦσιν,
 τίς εἰς τὸν Ἄδην ἔσωσεν, τίς ταραχὴν ἐποίκεν
 καὶ τίς τὴν πόρταν ἤνοιξε, διχῶς βουλὴν ἐμπήκεν.
 Καὶ δύο μ' ἐφάνην κ' ἤλθασιν μαῦροι καὶ ἀραχνιασμένοι,
 ὡς νέων σκιά καὶ χαραγὴ, μυριοθορυβούμενοι.
 75 Κλιτὰ μ' ἐχαιρετήσασιν, ἡμέρα μ' ἐσυντύχαν
 κ' ἐγὼ ἐκ τοῦ φόβου ἐπάρθηκα, τί ἀποκριθῆν οὐκ εἶχα.
 Λέγουν μου: "Πόθεν καὶ ἀπὸ ποῦ; Τίς εἶσαι; Τί γυρεύεις;
 Καὶ δίχως πρόβodon ἐδῶ στὸ σκότος πῶς ὀδεύεις;
 Πῶς ἐκατέβης σύψυχος, συζώντανος πῶς ἤλθες,
 80 καὶ πάλιν στὴν πατρίδα σου πῶς νὰ στραφῆς ἐκεῖθες;
 Ὅπου στὸν Ἄδην κατεβῆ οὐ δύναται γιαγείρειν·
 μόνη ἡ νεκρανάστασις (ἡ)μπορεῖ νὰ τὸν ἐγείρη.
 Τὰ χνότα σου μυρίζουσι καὶ τὰ λινὰ σου λάμπουν·
 νὰ εἶπες λιβάδιον ἔτρεχες καὶ μονοπάτια κάμπου·
 85 ἀπὸ τὸν κόσμον ἔρχεσαι, τῶν ζωντανῶν τὴν χώραν!
 Εἰπέ μας ἂν κρατεῖ οὐρανὸς κι ἂν στέκει ὁ κόσμος τώρα.
 Ἄστράπτ', εἰπέ μας, ἡ βροντᾶ κι ἂν συννεφιά καὶ βρέχει
 καὶ ὁ Ἰορδάνης ποταμὸς ἂν κυματεῖ καὶ τρέχει·
 καὶ ἂν εἶναι κῆποι καὶ δεντρά, πουλιὰ νὰ κιλαδοῦσι
 90 καὶ ἂν μυρίζου τὰ βουνιὰ καὶ τὰ δεντρά ν' ἀθοῦσι·
 ἂν εἶ(ν') λιβάδια δροσερά· φυσᾶ γλυκὺς ἀέρας;
 Λάμπουσιν τ' ἄστρα τ' οὐρανοῦ καὶ ἀγερινὸς ἀστέρας;
 Καὶ ἂν σημαίνουν οἱ ἐκκλησιές, νὰ ψάλλουν οἱ παπάδες
 καὶ ἂν γέρνουνται καὶ τὴν αὐγὴν ν' ἀφτουσι τὲς λαμπάδες·
 95 παιδιὰ καὶ νὰ μαζώνονται, νέοι, τὸ καλοκαίριν
 καὶ νὰ περνοῦν τὲς γειτονιὲς κρατώντ' ἀπὸ τὸ χέριν
 καὶ μετὰ πόθου τὴν αὐγὴν νὰ παρατραγουδοῦσι
 καὶ σιγανὰ νὰ περπατοῦν, μὲ τάξιν νὰ περνοῦσι;
 Γίνονται γάμοι καὶ χαρές, παράταξες καὶ σκόλες;

Κάτω ὅπου ἐκατήνησα, στὸν σκοτεινὸν τὸν τόπον,
 ὄχλον μ' ἐφάνη κ' ἤκουσα καὶ ταραχὴν ἀνθρώπων·
 διὰ τὸ 'μπα μου νὰ μάχωνται, διὰ μένα νὰ λαλοῦσιν·
 70 κ' ἐδόθη λόγος μέσα τους νὰ πέψουσιν νὰ δοῦσιν,
 τίς εἰς τὸν Ἄδην ἔσωσεν, τίς ταραχὴν ἐποίκεν
 καὶ τίς τὲς πόρτες ἤνοιξεν καὶ ὡς ἄβουλα ἐμπήκεν.
 Καὶ δύο, μ' ἐφάνη, ἤλθασιν μαῦροι καὶ ἀραχνιασμένοι,
 ὡς νέων σκιά καὶ χαραγὴ, μυριοθορυβούμενοι.
 75 Γλυκέα μ' ἐχαιρετήσασιν, ἡμέρα μ' ἐσυντύχαν
 καὶ ὡς τοὺς εἶδα ὁ ταπεινός, τί ἀποκριθῆν οὐκ εἶχα.
 Λέγουν μου: "Πόθεν καὶ ἀπὸ ποῦ; Τίς εἶσαι; Τί γυρεύεις;
 Καὶ δίχως πρόβodon ὀδοῦ στὸ σκότος πῶς πορεύεις;
 Πῶς ἐκατέβης σύμψυχος, συζώντανος πῶς ἤλθες,
 80 καὶ πάλε στὴν πατρίδα σου πῶς νὰ στραφῆς ἐκεῖθες; f 99'
 Ὅπου στὸν Ἄδην κατεβῆ οὐ δύναται γυρίσει·
 οὐκ εἶδα ἡ νεκρανάστασις μόνον νὰ τὸν γυρίση.
 Τὰ χνότα σου μυρίζουσιν καὶ τὰ λινὰ σου λάμπουν·
 νὰ 'πες λιβάδιον ἔτρεχες καὶ μονοπάτιν κάμπου·
 85 ἀπὸ τὸν κόσμον ἔρχεσαι, τῶν ζωντανῶν τὴν χώραν!
 Εἰπέ μας ἂν κρατεῖ ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἂν στέκει ὁ κόσμος τώρα.
 Εἰπέ ἂν ἀστράπτει καὶ βροντᾶ καὶ ἂν συγγοφᾶ καὶ βρέχει
 καὶ ὁ Ἰορδάνης ποταμὸς ἂν κυματεῖ νὰ τρέχη
 καὶ ἂν εἶν' περ(ι)βόλια καὶ δενδρά, πουλιὰ νὰ κιλαδοῦσιν
 90 καὶ ἂν μυρίζου τὰ δενδρά καὶ τὰ λαγκάδια (ν') ἀχοῦσιν.
 Εἶναι λιβάδια δροσερά; Φυσᾶ γλυκὺς ἀέρας;
 Φέγγουσιν τ' ἄστρη τ' οὐρανοῦ καὶ ἀγερινὸς ἀστέρας;
 Καὶ ἂν σημαίνουν οἱ ἐκκλησιές καὶ ψάλλουν οἱ παπάδες
 καὶ ἂν ἀνάφθου τὴν αὐγὴν κανδήλια καὶ λαμπάδες·
 95 παιδιὰ καὶ ἂν μαζώνονται, νέοι, τὸ καλοκαίρι
 καὶ νὰ διαβαίνουν τὴν αὐγὴν κρατώντα ἀπὸ τὸ χέρι
 καὶ μετὰ πόθου τὴν αὐγὴν νὰ παρατραγουδοῦσιν
 καὶ σιγανὰ νὰ περπατοῦν, μὲ τάξιν νὰ περνοῦσιν;
 Γίνονται γάμοι καὶ χαρές, παράταξες καὶ σκόλες;

- 100 Φιλοτιμοῦνται οἱ λυγερὲς τάχα καὶ χαίροντ' ὅλες;
- 115 καὶ ἂν τὸ Σαββάτον βιάζονται ἀπ' ὥρας νὰ σκολάσουν,
νὰ ἐμπαίνουσιν εἰς τὸ λουτρόν, νὰ ἐβγαίνουσιν ν' ἀλλάσσουν·
καὶ τὸ ταχὺ τὴν Κυριακὴν τὴν ὄψιν τως νὰ νίβγουν
καὶ σκολινὰ νὰ βάνουσι, στὴν ἐκκλησί' ἂν παγαίνου·
καὶ ἂν μετὰ βάγιων καὶ μαντιῶν οἱ ἀρχόντισσες γυρίζουν·
- 120 καὶ ὡς ἀπὸ μόσχου καὶ λουτροῦ περνώντας νὰ μυρίζουν·
νὰ ἔχουν οἱ ἄρχοντες αὐλές, παλάτια καὶ τρικλίνους
καὶ ἂν ἔναι θάρρος εἰς αὐτοὺς καὶ ὑπεριψιά εἰς ἐκείνους·
νὰ σύρνουσιν ὑποταγές, στοὺς κάμπους νὰ τεντώνουν
καὶ μὲ γεράκια καὶ σκυλιὰ περδίκια νὰ ζυγώνουν·
- 125 καὶ ἂν προτιμεύουν γέροντες μικροὶ καὶ ἴκοδοσπότες,
ὡσὰν ἐπροτιμεύουντα, ὄντεν ἐζοῦμαν τότες.
- 101 Τὸν κόσμον τὸν ἐδιάβαινες, τὲς χῶρες τὲς ἐπέρνας,
οἱ ζωντανοὶ ὅπου χαίρονται, ἂν μᾶς θυμοῦντ' εἰπέ μας·
εἰπέ μας, θλίβονται διὰ μᾶς ἢ κόπτονται καμπόσον;
Σὰν ὄντε μᾶς ἐθάψασιν, τάχα λυποῦνται τόσον;
- 105 Βαστᾶς μαντάτα καὶ χαρτιά, παρηγοριῆς θλιμμένων
ἐδῶ στὸν Ἄδην τὸν πικρὸν καὶ τὸν ἀσβολωμένον;
Ἄνάγνωσέ μας τὰ χαρτιά καὶ πέ μας τὰ μαντάτα
καὶ εἴτι στὸν Ἄδην ἔχωμεν, δῶσ' μας τ' αὐτὰ καὶ νὰ τα!"
Καὶ εἰς πᾶσα λόγον ἐκλαιγαν, εἰς πᾶσα δύο στενάζαν:
- 110 "Σκόρπισε, χῶμαν ἄλαλον! "Ἄνοιξε, γῆς!" ἐκράζαν·
"Κ' οἱ πόρτες τοῦ Ἄδου ἄς χαλαστοῦν, νὰ πέσουν οἱ κατῆνες,
νὰ ἔμπη τὸ δρόσος τ' οὐρανοῦ, νὰ ἔμπουν τοῦ ἡλίου οἱ ἀκτίνες,
[νὰ ἰδῆ ὁ εἰς τὸν ἄλλον μας, (ὀ)λίγη φωτιά ἄς προβάλη·
ἂν ἔχουν οἱ νέοι τὴν ὄψιν τως καὶ οἱ λυγερὲς τὰ κάλλη.]"
- 127 Εἶδα τους πῶς ἐκόπτοντα καὶ πῶς ἀναστενάζαν,
καὶ ὁ κόσμος πῶς πορεύεται νὰ τῶν εἰπῶ μ' ἐβιάζαν.

115-126 ante 101-112 transposui 121 ἀρχόντισσες A: conl. van Gemert 113-114
delevi

- 100 Φιλοτιμοῦνται οἱ λυγερὲς τάχα καὶ χαίρονται ὅλες;
- 115 καὶ ἂν τὸ Σαββάτο βιάζονται ἀπὸ ὥρας νὰ σχολάσουν,
νὰ μπαίνουσιν εἰς τὸ λουτρόν, νὰ βγαίνουσιν ν' ἀλλάσσουν
καὶ τὸ ταχὺ τὴν Κυριακὴν τὴν ὄψιν τους νὰ νίβγουν
καὶ σκολινὰ νὰ βάλλουσιν, στὴν ἐκκλησίαν νὰ πάγουν·
καὶ μὲ βαγίων καὶ μανδιῶν οἱ ἀρχόντισσες γυρίζουν
- 120 καὶ ὡς ἀπὸ μόσχου καὶ λουτροῦ περνώντας νὰ μυρίζουν·
νὰ ἔχουν οἱ ἄρχοντες αὐλές, παλάτια καὶ τρικλίνους
καὶ ἂν ἔναι θράσος μέσα τους καὶ παρησία σ' ἐκείνους,
καὶ νὰ ἔχουσιν ὑποταγές, στοὺς κάμπους νὰ τεντώνουν
καὶ μὲ γεράκια καὶ σκυλιὰ περδίκια νὰ ζυγώνουν·
- 125 καὶ ἂν προτιμοῦνται οἱ λυγερὲς, οἱ μέσες καὶ οἰκοδοσπότες,
ὡσὰν ἐπροτιμεύονταν, ὅταν ἐζοῦμαν τότες.
- 101 Στὸν κόσμον τὸν ἐπέρασες, στὲς χῶρες τὲς ἐπέρνας,
οἱ ζωντανοὶ ὅπου χαίρονται, ἂν μᾶς θυμοῦνται εἰπέ μας·
καὶ ἂν ἔν' καὶ θλίβονται διὰ μᾶς ἢ ἂν κόπτονται καμπόσο·
ὡσὰν ὄντε μᾶς ἔθαψαν, τάχα λυποῦνται τόσον;
- 105 Βαστᾶς μαντάτα ἢ χαρτιά, παραγγελίης θλιμμένων
ἐδῶ στὸν Ἄδην τὸν πικρὸν καὶ ἀπολησμονημένον;
Ἄνάγνωσέ μας τὰ χαρτιά καὶ πέ μας τὰ μαντάτα
καὶ εἴτι στὸν Ἄδην ἔχωμεν, δῶσ' μας αὐτὰ καὶ νὰ τα!"
Καὶ πᾶσαν λόγον ἐκλαιγαν καὶ πᾶσα δύο στενάζαν:
- 110 "Σκόρπισε, χῶμαν ἄλαλον! "Ἄνοιξε, γῆς!" ἐκράζαν·
"Οἱ πόρτες τοῦ Ἄδου ἄς χαλαστοῦν καὶ ἄς πέσουν οἱ κατῆνες,
νὰ ἔμπη τὸ δρόσος τ' οὐρανοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἡλίου οἱ ἀκτίνες,
[νὰ δῆ ὁ εἰς τὸν ἄλλον μας, ἄμαν τὸ φῶς προβάλη·
καὶ ἂν ἔχουν οἱ νέοι τὴν ὄψιν τους καὶ οἱ λυγερὲς τὰ κάλλη.]"
- 127 Εἶδα τους πῶς ἐκόπτονταν καὶ πῶς ἀναστενάζαν,
καὶ ὁ κόσμος πῶς πορεύεται νὰ τοὺς εἰπῶ μ' ἐβιάζαν.

115-126 ante 101-112 transposui 118 πάγουν V^m: πήγ- V^m
121 ἀρχόντισσες V: conl. van Gemert 124 σχηλία V 104 λυπόνται V
113-114 delevi

- Καὶ ὡσὰν ἐψυχοπόνεσα καὶ κάποσα ἐλυπήθην,
 130 καὶ ὁ κόσμος πῶς πορεύεται νὰ τῶν εἰπῶ ἐθυμήθην,
 εἶπα τῶν: “Οὐρανὸς κρατεῖ καὶ ὁ κόσμος πάλιν στέκει·
 ἐκ τὰ θυμᾶσθε τίποτας οὐκ ἔλειπεν ἀπέκει:
 ἀνθεῖ, καρπίζει, γεωργεῖ, φυτρώνει καὶ μυρίζει,
 χρόνος ὁ δωδεκάμημος ὡσὰν τροχὸς γυρίζει.
 135 Ἄλλοι τὸν κόσμον χαίρουνται καὶ ἐσᾶς οὐδὲν θυμοῦνται,
 καὶ ἄλλους οἱ πόνοι δαπανοῦν, γιὰ λόγου σας λυποῦνται”.
 Λέγουν με: “Αὐτοὶ ὅπου χαίρουνται ἔχουν ἐδῶ μοιράδι
 ἐκ τοὺς ἐθάψαν εἰς τὴν γῆν κ’ ἔβαλαν εἰς τὸν Ἄδην;”
 “Αὐτοὶ”, λέγω, “ὅπου χαίρουνται αὐτοῦ μοιράδι ἔχουν,
 140 ἀλλ’ ἀπολησμονήσαν τῶν ὁκαὶ ἀπ’ αὐτοὺς ἀπέχουν.
 Μὲ ἄλλους τὸν βίον τως χαίρουνται καὶ αὐτῶν ἐλησμονήσαν,
 νὰ εἶπες οὐκ εἶδαν τοὺς ποτὲ οὐδὲ στὸν κόσμον ἦσαν”.
 Καὶ ἀναστενάξαν κ’ εἶπασιν: “Οἱ νιὲς ὅπου ἐχηρέψαν
 τάχα στεφάνιν δεῦτερον νὰ βάλουν ἐγυρέψαν;
 145 Ἦ μαῦρα ράσα ἐβάλασιν καὶ τὸν σταυρὸν φοροῦσι
 καὶ εἰς μοναστήρια κάθονται, διὰ ἐμᾶς παρακαλοῦσι;
 Μὴ μᾶς τὸ κρύψης, (εἰ)πέ μας το, πῶς εἶναι, πῶς δοικοῦνται·
 ἦ μὲ ἄλλους τώρα χαίρουνται καὶ ἐμᾶς οὐδὲν θυμοῦνται;”
 Καὶ ὡς εἶδα πόσον κόπτουνται καὶ βιάζονται νὰ μάθουν,
 150 ἐσίγησα τ’ ἀποκριθῆν, τὸ κόπτουνται μὴ πάθουν,
 ἀκόντα τὰ γενόμενα μὴ τῶν πληθύνουν πόνοι·
 εἶπε μου μέσα ὁ λογισμὸς: τοῦτο δοικᾶ καὶ σώνει.
 Ἔποικα σχῆμα σιωπῆς κ’ ἔσεισα τὸ κεφάλιν
 καὶ ὀμπρὸς ὀπίσω ἐγύρισα μὴ μ’ ἐρωτήσουν πάλιν.
 155 Καὶ ἐκεῖνοι πάλιν πρὸς ἐμὲ ἀρχῆθεν ἐγυρίσαν
 καὶ πρὸς τὸ πρῶτον (ἐ)ρώτημαν πάλιν μ’ ἀνερωτήσαν:
 “Τί καρτερεῖς τ’ ἀποκριθῆν; Ἄνθρωπ’, ἀπιλογήσου·
 εἰς τὰ πονοῦμεν πόνεσε, (εἰ)ς τὰ πάσχομεν λυπήσου!”
 Καὶ κάπου ἀποκρίθην τῶν, εἶπα τῶν: “Τί ἐρωτᾶτε;
 160 Καὶ τί μὲ βιάζετε νὰ πῶ τὸ ἤξεύρω καὶ μισᾶτε;
 Ἦξεύρετε τὸ γίνεται· μόνον ἐδὰ οὐκ ἐφάνη:

- Καὶ ὡσὰν ἐψυχοπόνεσα καὶ κάποσα ἐλυπήθην,
 130 καὶ ὁ κόσμος πῶς πορεύεται νὰ τοὺς εἰπῶ ἐθυμήθην,
 εἶπα τοὺς: “Καὶ κρατεῖ ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ὁ κόσμος πάλιν στέκει·
 καὶ ὁκ τὰ θυμᾶσθε τίποτες οὐκ ἔλειπεν ἀπέκει:
 ἀνθεῖ, καρπίζει, γεωργᾶ, φυτρώνει καὶ μυρίζει,
 χρόνος ὁ δωδεκάπλοκος ὡσὰν τροχὸς γυρίζει.
 135 Ἄλλοι τὸν κόσμον χαίρουνται καὶ ἐσᾶς οὐδὲν θυμοῦνται,
 ἄλλου(ς) οἱ πόνοι δαπανοῦν, διὰ λόγου σας λυποῦνται”.
 Λέγουν μου: “Ὅπου χαίρουνται ἔχουν ἐδῶ μοιράδι
 ἐκ τοὺς ἐθάψαν εἰς τὴν γῆν καὶ ἐπέψαν εἰς τὸν Ἄδην;”
 Λέγω τοὺς: “Ὅπου χαίρουνται καὶ ἰ αὐτοὶ μοιράδι ἔχουν,
 140 ἀλλὰ ἀπαλησμονηθήκετε ὅτι ἀπ’ ἐσᾶς ἀπέχουν·
 ἅμα τὸν βίον σας χαίρουνται καὶ ἐσᾶς ἀλησμονήσαν,
 νὰ πες οὐκ εἶδα(ν) τοὺς ποτὲ οὐδὲ στὸν κόσμον ἦσαν”.
 Καὶ ἀναστενάξαν κ’ εἶπασιν: “Οἱ νιὲς ὅπου ἐχηρέψαν
 τάχα στεφάνιν δεῦτερον νὰ βάλουν ἐγυρέψαν;
 145 Ἦ μαῦρα ράσα ἐβάλασιν καὶ τὸν σταυρὸν φοροῦσιν
 κ’ εἰς μοναστήρια κάθονται, γιὰ μᾶς παρακαλοῦσιν;
 Μὴ μᾶς τὸ κρύψης, πές μας το, πῶς εἶναι, πῶς δοικοῦνται·
 ἦ μ’ ἄλλους τρῶν καὶ πίνουσιν, διὰ λόγου μας λυποῦνται;”
 Καὶ ὡς εἶδα πῶς ἐκόπτονταν κ’ ἐβιάζονταν νὰ μάθουν,
 150 ἐσίγησα τοῦ ἀποκριθῆν, μὴ κόπτωνται καὶ πάθουν,
 ἀκόντα μου τὸ ἐρώτημα μὴ τοὺς πλεονάσουν πόνοι·
 κ’ εἶπεν μου μέσα ὁ λογισμὸς: τοῦτο δοικᾶ καὶ σώνει.
 Κ’ ἐποῖκα[ν] σχῆμα σιωπῆς κ’ ἔσεισα τὸ κεφάλιν
 καὶ ὀμπρὸς ὀπίσω ἐγύρισα μὴ μ’ ἐρωτήσουν πάλιν.
 155 Κ’ ἐκεῖνοι πάλιν πρὸς ἐμὲν ἀρχῆν, θωρῶ, ἐλαλοῦσαν
 καὶ πρὸς τὸ πρῶτον ρώτημαν δεῦτερον μ’ ἐλαλοῦσαν:
 “Τί καρτερεῖς τοῦ ἀποκριθῆν; Ἄνθρωπε, ἀπιλογήσου·
 εἰς τὰ πονοῦμεν πόνεσε, στὰ πάσχομεν λυπήσου!”
 Καὶ κάποτε ἀποκρίθηκα, λέγω τοὺς: “Τί ἐρωτᾶτε;
 160 Καὶ τί μὲ βιάζετε νὰ πῶ τὸ ξεύρω καὶ μισᾶτε;
 Οὐδὲν ἤξεύρετε τὸ ἐγένετον· μόνον ἐδὰ οὐκ ἐφάνη:

f 100'

- φίλον οὐκ ἔχει ὀποῦ θαφῆ, ἀλλ' οὐδ' (ὀπ') ἀποθάνη.
 Λέγει το κ' ἡ παραβολὴ ἀλήθεια καὶ ὄχι ψόμα:
 οὐαὶ τὸν βάλουν εἰς τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν σκεπάσῃ χῶμα!"
 165 Λέγω τους: "Πρὸς ἀπόκρισιν τάχα δοικᾶ σας τοῦτο;
 "Ἄν δὲ σᾶς σῶνει, νὰ σᾶς (εἰ)πῶ τὸ τέτοιον καὶ τοσοῦτον,
 πολλὰ ν' ἀναστενάξετε, νὰ μυριολυπηθῆτε
 καὶ ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης καὶ σπουδῆς στὸν "Ἄδην νὰ στραφῆτε.
 "Ὅμως, ὡς μ' ἐρωτήσετε, θέλω σᾶς τ' ἀναφέρει
 170 στὸν κόσμον πῶς πορεύεται τοῦ καθενὸς τὸ ἐταίριν:
 Οἱ νῆς ὀποῦ ἐχηρέψασιν ἀλλῶν χεῖλη φιλοῦσιν,
 ἄλλους περιλαμβάνουσιν κ' ἐσᾶς καταλαλοῦσιν.
 Στολίζουν τους τὰ ρούχα σας, στρώνουν τῶν τὰ λινά σας
 κ' ἔχουν καὶ λόγον μέσα τῶν μὴ λέγουν τ' ὄνομά σας.
 175 Καὶ τὸν ἐζήσασιν καιρὸν μὲ τὴν ἐσᾶς ὁμάδαν
 ἐφάνην τους οὐκ ἔζησαν ἡμέραν ἢ ἑβδομάδαν.
 Ζώντα σας ἐλογίζοντα ἄλλους τοὺς ἠγαποῦσαν·
 νὰ λείψετε ἐσπουδάσασιν, νὰ ἐβγῆτ' ἐπεθυμοῦσαν.
 Καὶ ἀπὲν ἐσᾶς ἐθάψασιν τάχα καὶ μαῦρα ἐβάλαν,
 180 ἐδιφορήσαν ἀπ' αὐτῆς κ' ἔκαμαν πάλιν γάλαν.
 Καὶ ἀπ' ἐντροπῆς ἐδείχνασι δάκρυα πικρὰ νὰ χύνουν
 καὶ τότε ἔλεγαν μέσα τῶν μὲ ἄλλον ἄντρα νὰ μείνουν.
 'Αλήθεια, μοίραν ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἔδειξαν νὰ χηρέψουν,
 νὰ κάτσουν εἰς τὰ σκοτεινά, ἄντρα νὰ μὴ γυρέψουν·
 185 καὶ εἰς ὀλιγούτσικον καιρὸν ἐβγήκαν νὰ γυρίζουν
 καὶ νὰ ἐξετρέχουν ἐκκλησίης, τὸν βίον σας νὰ χαρίζουν.
 Βαστοῦν κεριὰ καὶ πατερμούς, φοροῦν πλατιῆς ἀμπάδες,
 ἀποτρομοῦν καὶ ρίκτουσιν ἀγίασμα ὡσὰν παπάδες.
 Καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς ἕξι ἢ ἐπτὰ πᾶσαν ἑορτὴν καὶ σκόλην,
 190 ἀπὲν σφαλίσουν οἱ ἐκκλησίης καὶ ἀπὲν μισέψουν ὅλοι,
 τὰ μνήματά σας διασκελοῦν καὶ ἀπάνω σας διαβαίνουν,
 μὲ τοὺς παπάδες ταπεινά, κουρφὰ νὰ συντυχαίνου·
 τὰ εὐαγγέλια νὰ ἐρωτοῦν, συχνὰ νὰ κατουμύζουν,
 μ' ἕναν ἀμάτιν νὰ γελοῦν, μὲ τ' ἄλλο[v] νὰ κανύζουν.
 193α

- φίλον οὐκ ἔχει ὀποῦ θαφῆ, ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὀπ' ἀποθάνη.
 Μιλεῖ το ἡ παραβολὴ ἀλήθεια καὶ ὄχι ψόμα:
 ἀλλ' τὸν βάλουν εἰς τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν σκεπάσῃ χῶμα!"
 165 Λέγω τους: "Πρὸς ἀπόκρισιν τάχα δοικᾶ σας τοῦτο;
 'Ἐὰν οὐ δοικᾶ, νὰ σᾶς εἰπῶ τέτοιον καὶ τοσοῦτον,
 ὥστε νὰ ἀναστενάξετε, νὰ μυριολυπηθῆτε
 καὶ ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης καὶ σπουδῆς στὸν "Ἄδην νὰ στραφῆτε.
 "Ὅμως δέ, ἂν τὸ ὀρίζετε, θέλω σᾶς τ' ἀναφέρει
 170 στὸν κόσμον πῶς πορεύεται τοῦ καθενὸς τὸ ταίρι:
 Καὶ οἱ νῆς ὀποῦ ἐχηρέψασιν ἄλλα χεῖλη φιλοῦσιν,
 ἄλλους περιλαμβάνονται κ' ἐσᾶς καταλαλοῦσιν.
 Στολίζουν τους τὰ ρούχα σας, στρώνουν τους τ' ἄλογά σας,
 ἔχουν καὶ λόγον μέσα τους μὴ φέρουν τ' ὄνομά σας.
 175 Καὶ τὸν ἐζήσασιν καιρὸν μὲ τὴν ἐσᾶς ὁμάδαν·
 'διατὶ δὲν ἦτον', θλίβονται, 'μία μέρα, μία ἑβδομάδαν'.
 Ζώντας σας ἐγνωμιάζασιν ἄλλους τοὺς ἠγαποῦσαν·
 νὰ λείψετε ἐσπουδάσασιν, νὰ βγῆτε ἐπεθυμοῦσαν.
 Καὶ ἀπὸτις σᾶς ἔθαψαν τάχατε μαῦρα ἐβάλαν
 180 κ' ἐδιφοροῦσαν ἀπ' αὐτῆς κ' ἐκάμαν πρῶμιον γάλα.
 Καὶ ἀπὸ ἐντροπῆς τοὺς ἔδειχναν δάκρυα πικρὰ νὰ χύνουν
 καὶ αὐτῆς ἔλεγαν μέσα τους μὲ ἄλλον ἄνδρα νὰ μείνουν.
 'Αλήθεια, μοίραν ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἔδειξαν νὰ χηρέψουν
 κ' ἐκάτσαν εἰς τὰ σκοτεινά, πλέα ἄνδρα μὴ γυρέψουν·
 185 καὶ εἰς ὀλιγούτσικον καιρὸν ἐβγήκαν νὰ γυρίζουν
 καὶ νὰ ξετρέχουν ἐκκλησίης, τὸν βίον τους νὰ χαρίζουν.
 Βαστοῦσιν τὰ πατερημά, φοροῦν πλατιῆς ἀμπάδες
 καὶ ἀποτολομοῦν καὶ ρίκτουσιν ἀγίασμα ὡσὰν παπάδες.
 Καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς ἕξι καὶ [τῆς] ἐπτὰ πᾶσα ἑορτὴ καὶ σκόλη,
 190 ἀφοῦ ἔβγουν ἐκ τῆς ἐκκλησίης καὶ ἀφὸν μισέψουν ὅλοι,
 τὰ μνήματά σας διασκελοῦν καὶ ἀπάνω σας διαβαίνουν,
 192 διὰ τὰ εὐαγγέλια νὰ ρωτοῦν, συχνὰ νὰ κατουμύζουν,
 μὲ ἕναν ὀμματί νὰ γελοῦν καὶ μὲ ἄλλο νὰ κανύζουν.
 193α "Ἴτις τὸν κόσμον φεύγοντα, μισῶντα τὴν ὁμάδαν

194α

- 195 "Άλλες ἀπὸ διαβατικόν, ἄλλες μὲ ὀλίγον βρῶμα
καὶ μὲ τὴν νυκτοσυνοδιὰν κομπώνονται στὸ στρῶμα.
Μὰ ὅσες πονοῦν ἀπὸ καρδιᾶς καὶ ἀληθινὰ χηρέψουν
κάθονται εἰς τὰ σκοτεινὰ, ἄντρα νὰ μὴ γυρέψουν.
Ἐπέχουσιν τὲς ἐκκλησιές, μισοῦν τὰ μοναστήρια
200 καὶ σφικτομανταλώνονται, φράσσουν τὰ παραθύρια·
ἔχουν τὸν λογισμὸν παπάν, τὸν νοῦν ἐξαγοράρην,
τοῦ κόσμου τῆς συκοφαντίας φεύγουσιν τὸ γομάριν.
Τὰ ὄρνια πῶς μαζώνονται ἐλάχετε στὸ βρῶμα
καὶ ὀπίσω τους τ' ἀλλάγι του(ς) ὡς φαμελιά στὸ δῶμα;
205 Οὕτως ἐκεῖ μαζώνονται εἰς αὐτὲς οἱ πατέρες
καὶ ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης κάμνουσιν τὲς νύκτες τῶν ἡμέρες.
Νὰ τὲς κινήσουν πολεμοῦν, νὰ τὲς ξεβγάλουν πάσκουν·
ἀκούσετε τὸ τί λαλοῦν καὶ τί ἔναι τὸ διδάσκουν:
«Κεράτσα, τί σὲ ὠφελεᾶ νὰ κάθῃσαι στὸ σπίτι
210 καὶ νὰ ἴσαι εἰς τὰ σκοτεινὰ σὰν ὄρνια στὴν κοίτην;
Κερά, κατέβα ἐκ τὰ ψηλά, κατέβα ἀπὸ τ' ἀνώγια
καὶ πήγαινε στὴν ἐκκλησιὰν ν' ἀκοῦς Θεοῦ τὰ λόγια.
Τὸν βίον ὅπου σ' εὐρίσκεται, πράγματα τὰ φυλάσσεις,
ἀπόθεσέ τα εἰς ἐκκλησιές, καὶ σύντομα ν' ἀγιάσης.
215 Μὴ σὲ πλανέση συγγενής, φίλος μὴ σὲ κομπῶση!
Χαρὰ ὅπου βάλ' εἰς ἐκκλησιᾶς κι ὄχι πτωχοῦ νὰ δώση!»
Ἄλλ' ἀστοχοῦν ὡς τὸ πουλὶν τὸ λέγουν κουφολούπη,
ὅπ', ἂν στοχῆση εἰς τὸ πουλὶν, ἀρπᾶ στουπιὰ τουλούπι.
Εἰς αὐτὰ τὰ κολάζονται μόνον τὸ(ν) κόπον ἔχουν
220 καὶ ὡς φράροι μὲ ξυλόποδα ξεζωνάτοι τρέχουν".
Ἦκουσαν τὰ γενόμενα, ἐμάθαν τὰ ρωτοῦσαν
κ' ἐμυριοαναστενάξασιν εἰς τὰ φρικτὰ τ' ἀκοῦσαν.
Καὶ ἀλλήλως ἐσυντύχασιν, τάχα κουργὰ ἔπ' ἐμένα,
πάλιν νὰ μ' ἐρωτήσουσιν, ὡς ἤκουσα τὸν ἕνα.
225 Καὶ ὁ ἄλλος τῶν ἀρχίνισεν μᾶλλον ν' ἀνατριχῶνη·

202 συκοφαντίας A 204 τοῦ σταλαγητοῦ A: addidi: τως τ' ἀλλάγι τως Panagiot.

216 κῶχι A 219 addidi

- 194α κ' εἰς μοναστήρια διάγοντα πιάνονται στὴν βροχάδα.
195 "Άλλες μὲ ἀποδιαβατικόν, ἄλλες μὲ ὀλίγον βρῶμα
ἄλλες μὲ νύκτα συνοδιά κομπώνονται στὸ στρῶμα.
Καὶ ὅπου πονοῦν ἐγκαρδιακὰ καὶ ἀληθινὰ χηρεύουν
198 ἀπέχουσιν τὲς ἐκκλησιές, μισοῦν τὰ μοναστήρια
200 καὶ σφικτομανδαλώνονται, φράσσουν τὰ παραθύρια·
ἔχουν τὸν λογισμὸν παπά, τὸν Θεὸν ἐξαγοράρην,
τοῦ κόσμου τὴν συκοφαντία φεύγουσιν, τὸ γομάρι.
Εἶδες τὰ ὄρνεα πῶς μαζώνονται, καθίζουν εἰς τὸ βρῶμα,
καὶ ὀπίσω εἰς τὸ ἀλλάγι του(ς) κ' ἢ φαμελιά στὸ δῶμα;
205 Ἦτις ἐκεῖ μαζώνονται εἰς αὐτὲς οἱ πατέρες
καὶ ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης πολεμοῦν τὲς νύκτες, τὲς ἡμέρες.
(208) Καὶ ἄκουσε τί ἔν[αι] τὸ λέγουσιν καὶ τί ἔναι τὸ διδάσκουν·
(207) νὰ τὲς πλανέσουν πολεμοῦν, νὰ τὲς κομπῶσουν πάσκουν:
«Κυρά, καὶ ἴντα σὲ φελεῖ νὰ κάθῃσαι στὸ σπίτι,
210 νὰ εἶσαι εἰς τὰ σκοτεινὰ σὰν ὄρνια στὴν κοίτην;
Πέζευσε ἀπὸ τὴν κλίνην σου, κατέβα ἀπὸ τ' ἀνώγια
καὶ ζέτρεχε τὲς ἐκκλησιᾶς ν' ἀκοῦς Θεοῦ τὰ λόγια.
Καὶ βίον ὅπου σοῦ εὐρίσκεται, πράγματα τὰ φυλάσσεις,
βεργέτα τα στὴν ἐκκλησιὰν, εἰσμίων, κερά, ν' ἀγιάσης.
215 Μὴ σὲ πλανέση συγγενής, φίλος μὴ σὲ κομπῶση!
Χαρὰ ὅπου δώση σ' ἐκκλησιᾶ καὶ ἔχη πτωχοῦ νὰ δώση!»
Ἄλλ' ἀστοχοῦν ὡς τὸ πουλὶν τὸ λέγουν κουφολούπη,
ὅπου ἀστοχᾶ εἰ(ς) τὸ πουλὶ καὶ ἀρπᾶ στουπιὰ τουλούπι.
Εἰς αὐτὰ τὰ κολάζονται μόνον τὸν κόπον ἔχουν
220 καὶ (οἱ) φράροι μὲ ξυλόποδα ξεζωνάτοι νὰ τρέχουν".
Ἦκουσαν τὰ γενόμενα, ἐμάθαν τὰ ρωτοῦσαν
κ' ἐμυριοαναστενάξασιν εἰς τὰ φρικτὰ τ' ἀκοῦσαν.
Καὶ ἀλλήλως ἐσυντύχασιν, τάχα κρυφὰ ἀπὸ μένα,
πάλιν νὰ μ' ἐρωτήσουσιν, ὡς ἤκουσα τὸ(ν) ἕνα.
225 Καὶ ἀλλήλως ἐδικάζονταν μᾶλλον ν' ἀνατριχῶνη·

f 100^v202 τοῦ: καὶ V συκοφαντία V 204 addidi 208 delevi 205 ἐκεῖ μαζώνονται: εἰς
αὐ μαζώνεται V 215 μῆ: να V 217 κουφολούπη V 218 ἀστοχᾶ V: addidi τοῦ
λούπη V 220 add. Alexiou 224 add. Politis

λέγει: “Τὸ μᾶς ἀνήγγειλε, τοῦτο δοικᾶ καὶ σώνει”.
 Καὶ ἐκεῖνοι πάλιν πρὸς ἐμέ: “Μηδὲ μᾶς τ’ ὄνειδίσης
 ἂν δευτέρον (ἐ)ρωτήσωμεν· εἰπέ μας το, ἂν ὀρίσης:
 πῶς ὑπομένουν τὸ λοιπὸν οἱ ἄθλιες μας μανάδες
 230 λείποντα υἱοὶ τως νὰ θωροῦν ὑπαντρες τὲς νυφάδες
 καὶ πῶς στέκουν στὰ σπίτια τως δίχως τὴν ὀμιλιάν τως
 καὶ πῶς θωροῦν τὰ ρούχα τως δίχως τὴν ἔλικιάν τως;”
 “Ἀντάμα”, λέγω των, “μ’ ἐσᾶς ἐχάσασιν τὸ φῶς τως
 κι οὐδὲν θωροῦν τὰ γίνονται οὐδὲ ψηφοῦν τὸν βίον τως.
 235 Ἄναστενάζουν ὀγιά σᾶς, γιὰ λόγου σας λυποῦνται,
 τοῦ κόσμου ἐλησημονήσασιν καὶ ἐσᾶς μόνον θυμοῦνται”.
 Καὶ ἀπείτις τῶν ἐσύνητχα καὶ ἀπείτ’ ἀποκριθῆκαν,
 ἐποικαν σχῆμα σιωπῆς καὶ τὸ ρωτᾶν ἀφῆκαν.
 Καὶ ἀναστενάξαν κ’ εἶπασιν ὀκάτι καταλόγιν
 240 καὶ ἀθιβολῆν πολὺθλιβον κ’ ἔμοιαζεν μοιρολόγιν.
 Ἄκουσε τί ἔναι τὸ λαλοῦν καὶ τί τὸ τραγουδοῦσαν
 καὶ πῶς, ὅσον τὸ λέγασιν, δακρυῶν οὐκ ἐφυροῦσαν:
 “Χριστέ, νὰ ράγη τὸ πλακί, νὰ σκόρπισεν τὸ χῶμα,
 νὰ γέρθημαν οἱ ταπεινοὶ ἀπὸ τ’ ἀνήλιον στρῶμα!
 245 Νὰ γύρισεν ἡ ὄψη μας, νὰ στράφην ἡ ἔλικιά μας,
 νὰ λάλησεν ἡ γλώσσα μας, ν’ ἀκούσθην ἡ ὀμιλιά μας!
 Στὸν κόσμον νὰ πατήσαμεν, στὴν γῆν νὰ περπατοῦμαν
 καὶ νὰ καβαλικεύαμεν, γεράκια νὰ βαστοῦμαν·
 καὶ πρὶν ἐμεῖς νὰ σώσασιν στοὺς οἴκους τὰ ζαγάρια,
 250 νὰ δόθῃν λόγος κ’ ἔρχονται οἱ λείποντες καθάρια,
 νὰ ἴδαμεν τίς νὰ ξέβηκεν στὴν συναπάντησίν μας
 καὶ τίς νὰ μᾶς ἐδέχθηκεν στὴν πόρταν τῆς αὐλῆς μας·
 ἂν κατ’ ἀλήθειαν εὔραμεν ὄρκους τοὺς μᾶς ἐλέγαν:
 «Μὰ τὸν Οὐράνιον Βασιλιά, τὸν ποιητὴν καὶ μέγαν,
 255 ἂν ἔπαιρνε κατάλλαμαν ἀντίσηκον ὁ Χάρος,
 ψυχὴν, σῶμα γιὰ λόγου σας νὰ δώκαμεν μὲ θάρρος».
 Καὶ ἴτις μὲ λόγια θλιβερά, μὲ πρικαμένον σχῆμα
 καὶ μὲ τ’ ἀναστενάγματα καὶ τῶν δακρυῶν τὸ χύμα

231-2 ἔλικιάν τως – ὀμιλιάν τως A: transposui 239 κούδεν A
 254 βασιλῆα A

λέγει: “Τὸ μᾶς ἀνήγγειλε[ς], τοῦτο δοικᾶ καὶ σώνει”.
 Κ’ ἐκεῖνοι πάλιν εἰς ἐμέν: “Μηδὲν μᾶς τ’ ὄνειδίσης
 νὰ δευτερορωτήζωμε· εἰπέ μας το, νὰ ζήσης:
 πῶς ἀπομένουν τὸ λοιπὸν οἱ ἄθλιες μανάδες
 230 λείποντα υἱοὶ των νὰ θωροῦν ὑπανδρες τὲς νυφάδες
 καὶ πῶς θωροῦν τὰ ρούχα τους δίχως τὴν ἔλικιάν τους
 καὶ πῶς τοὺς οἴκους ἀνοικτοὺς χωρὶς τὲς φαμελίες τους;”
 Λέγω τους: “Ἄμα καὶ ἐχάσασιν τὸ φῶς τῶν ὀμματίων σας,
 τὰ γίνονται οὐκ ἔμποροῦν, οὐδὲ ψηφοῦν τὸν βίον σας.
 235 Ἄναστενάζουν, λέγω σας, διὰ λόγου σας λυποῦνται,
 τὸν κόσμον ἀλησημόνησαν, μόνον ἐσᾶς θυμοῦνται”.
 Καὶ ἀπείτις τὸν ἐρώτησαν καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀποκριθῆκαν
 κ’ ἐποικαν σχῆμα σιωπῆς, τὸ ἐρώτημαν ἀφῆκαν.
 Καὶ ἀναστενάξαν κ’ εἶπασιν ὀκάτι καταλόγιν,
 240 ἀθιβολῆν πολὺθλιβον καὶ ὀμοιάζει μοιρολόγιν.
 (242) Καὶ πῶς ὅπου τὸ λέγασιν τὰ δάκρυα τους οὐκ ἐσιγοῦσαν·
 (241) ἤκουσε τί ἔν’ τὸ λέγασιν καὶ τί ἔν’ τὸ λαλοῦσαν:
 “Χριστέ, νὰ ράγη τὸ πλακί, νὰ σκόρπισε τὸ χῶμα,
 νὰ γέρθημαν οἱ ταπεινοὶ ἀπὸ (τὸ) δόλιον στρῶμα!
 245 Νὰ διάγειρεν ἡ ὄψη μας, νὰ στράφη ἡ ἔλικιά μας!
 246 Στὸν κόσμον νὰ πατούσαμεν, στὴν γῆν νὰ περπατοῦμαν
 καὶ νὰ καβαλικεύαμεν, γεράκια νὰ βαστοῦμαν·
 ὀμπρὸς μας [διὰ] νὰ πηγαίνασιν σκυλία καὶ ζαγάρια,
 250 νὰ δόθῃ λόγος κ’ ἔρχονται οἱ λείποντες καθάρια,
 νὰ ἴδαμεν τίς νὰ ξέβηκεν εἰς συναπάντησίν μας
 καὶ τίς νὰ μᾶς ἐδέχθηκεν στὴν πόρταν τῆς αὐλῆς μας·
 ἂν κατ’ ἀλήθειαν ἤραμεν ὄρκον τὸν μᾶς ἐλέγαν:
 «Μὰ τὸν Οὐράνιον Βασιλέα, τὸν ὑψιστον καὶ μέγαν,
 255 ἂν ἔπαιρνε κατάλλαγμα ἡ ἀντίσηκον ὁ Χάρος,
 ψυχὴν καὶ σῶμα λόγου μας νὰ δώσωμεν μὲ θάρρος».
 Καὶ ἴτις μὲ λόγια δολερὰ καὶ ταπεινὸν τὸ σχῆμα
 καὶ μὲ τ’ ἀναστενάγματα, μὲ τῶν δακρυῶν τὸ σχῆμα

226 delevi 244 addidi 249 delevi

- τὸν βίον μας ἀφεντέψασιν καὶ ἄλλῶν τὸν ἐχαρίσαν,
 260 καὶ μ' ἄλλους χαίρουνται αὐτὲς κ' ἐμᾶς ἐλησμονήσαν.
 Οὐαὶ τοὺς ἔθλιψεν λοιπὸν τῶν γυναικῶν τὸ θάρρος,
 διατὶ στὸν "Ἄδην τοὺς πετᾶ συζώντανους ὁ Χάρος.
 Καὶ ὅπου τὰ δάκρυα τῶν ψηφᾶ, τὰ λόγια τῶν πιστεύει,
 ἀγρίμι(ν) εἰς λίμνην κυνηγᾶ κ' εἰς τὰ βουνιὰ ψαρεύγει.
 265 Γιατὶ, ὅντε δείχνει καὶ πονεῖ, τότε ἀναγαλλιάζει·
 τὴν ἐντροπὴν τῆς (ἐ)πεθυμᾶ κ' εἰς τὸ κακὸν σπουδάζει.
 Μ' ἕναν ἀμάτιν νὰ γελᾶ, μὲ τ' ἄλλο ν' ἀναδακρῶνῃ·
 τὸ δάκρυον δείχνει καὶ πονεῖ, τὸ γέλιον ὡς κομπώνει.
 Φίλον τὸν δείχνει καὶ πονεῖ γοργὸν τὸν ἐξοδιάζει
 270 καὶ παίρνει φόλαν γιὰ σολδίν, καλὰ καὶ δὲν τὸ ξάζει,
 καὶ ἀπὸ τὴν φόλ' ἀσημαδὰν κι ἀπ' αὐτὸν ἀγκινάριν
 καὶ ἂν εὔρη πράκτες καὶ καιρὸν, περνᾶ τὸ κιντηνάριν".

- Καὶ ἀπέιτις τὰ κατέμαθαν, ἐμυριαναστενάξαν,
 ἐχαμηλῶσαν τὴν φωνὴν καὶ τὸν σκοπὸν ἀλλάξαν.
 275 Κ' ἐθέκασιν τὸ μάγουλον, ὡς εἶδα, στὴν παλάμην
 κ' ἐτρέχασιν τὰ δάκρυα τῶς ὡς τρέχει τὸ ποτάμιν.
 Καὶ ὡς εἶδα ἐγὼ τὴν λύπην τῶς τὴν ἔδειξαν ὀπίσω,
 μ' ἔδοξεν τότε ὁ λογισμὸς νὰ τοὺς ἀναρωτήσω·
 λέγω τῶν: "Πόθεν καὶ ἀπὸ ποῦ καὶ τοῦτο πῶς ὁμάδι
 280 καὶ πότες ἐκατέβητε καὶ τί καιρὸν στὸν "Ἄδην;"
 Ἄκόντα μου τὸ ἐρώτημα κάτω στὴν γῆν ἐπέσαν,
 ἔκλαψαν καὶ τὸ βλέμμα τῶς πάλ' εἰς ἐμὲν τὸ στρέψαν.
 "Αὐτό", λέγουν, "τὸ ρώτημα πλέον μὴν τὸ ρωτήσης,
 μὴ μᾶς πληθύνῃ κίνδυνος· σίγησ', ἀνὲν καὶ ὀρίζης".
 285 Καὶ μετ' ὀλίγον ἀπ' αὐτοὺς εἰς ἐπαρηγορήθην
 καὶ τάχα ἐστράφη πρὸς ἐμὲ κ' ἴτις ἀπιλογήθην·
 "Λοιπὸν, ἀπεινὸν τὸ ρώτησες, θέλω σοῦ τ' ἀναγγεῖλειν
 ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης ἀπὸ 'δὰ μετὰ πικρὰ τὰ χεῖλη.
 Μάθ', ἀπὸ τὴν πατρίδα μας κατ' εὐγενεῖαν κρατοῦμεν·
 290 καὶ ποῖαν πατρίδα, ἐρωτᾶς· δεῦτερον νὰ σοῦ ποῦμεν.

- τὸν βίον μας ἐχαρίσασιν καὶ ἄλλοι τὸν ἀφεντέψαν,
 260 καὶ μὲ ἄλλους τρῶν καὶ πίνουσιν κ' ἐμᾶς ἐλησμονήσαν.
 Ὅγοι τοὺς ἔθαψεν λοιπὸν τῶν γυναικῶν τὸ θάρρος,
 διατὶ στὸν "Ἄδην τοὺς πετᾶ συζώντανους ὁ Χάρος.
 Καὶ ὅπου τὰ δάκρυα τοὺς ψηφᾶ, τὰ δάκρυα τοὺς πιστεύει,
 τ' ἀγρίμια εἰς λίμνη κυνηγᾶ καὶ στὰ βουνὰ ψαρεύγει.
 265 Διατὶ, ὅτεν δείχνει καὶ πονεῖ, τότε ἀναγαλλιάζει·
 τὴν ἐντροπὴν τῆς χαίρεται κ' εἰς τὸ κακὸν σπουδάζει.
 Μὲ ἕναν ὁμμάτιν νὰ γελᾶ καὶ μὲ ἄλλο νὰ δακρῶνῃ·
 τὸ δάκρυον τάχα καὶ πονεῖ, τὸ γέλιον καὶ κομπώνει.
 Φίλον τὸν ἔχει καὶ πονεῖ γοργὸν τὸν ἐξοδιάζει
 270 καὶ παίρνει φόλαν διὰ σολδί, καλὰ καὶ ἂ δὲν ἀξιάζει,
 καὶ ἀπὸ τὴν φόλαν ἴσημαδὰ καὶ ἀπ' αὐτὴν ἀγκινάρι
 καὶ ἂν εὔρη πράκτες καὶ καιρὸν, περνᾶ τὸ κιντηνάρι".

- Καὶ ἀπέιτις ἐδικάσθησαν κ' ἐμυριαναστενάξαν,
 [κ'] ἐχαμηλῶσαν τὴν φωνὴν καὶ τὸν σκοπὸν ἀλλάξαν.
 275 Κ' ἐθέκασιν τὸ μάγουλον, ὡς εἶδα, στὴν παλάμην
 κ' ἐτρέχασιν τὰ μάτια τοὺς ὡς τρέχει τὸ ποτάμιν.
 Καὶ ὡς εἶδα ἐγὼ τὴν λύπην τοὺς ὡς ἔδειξαν ὀπίσω,
 μ' ἔδοξεν τότε ὁ λογισμὸς νὰ τοὺς ἀναρωτήσω·
 λέγω τοὺς: "Πόθεν καὶ ἀπὸ ποῦ καὶ τοῦτο πῶς ὁμάδι
 280 καὶ πότες ἐκατέβητε καὶ τί καιρὸν στὸν "Ἄδην;"
 Καὶ ἀκόντα μου τὸ ἐρώτημα ὅψιν τῆς γῆς ἐποίκαν
 κ' ἐβλέψαν καὶ τὸ βλέμμα τοὺς καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲν στραφήκαν·
 λέγουν: "Αὐτὸ τὸ μᾶς ρωτᾶς πλέον μὴ μᾶς ρωτήσης,
 μὴ μᾶς πλεονάσῃ ὁ κίνδυνος· καὶ σίγησε, ἂν ὀρίσης".
 285 Καὶ μετ' ὀλίγον ἀπ' αὐτοὺς εἰς ἐπαρηγορήθην
 καὶ ταῦτα ἐστράφη πρὸς ἐμὲν, οὕτως ἀπιλογήθην:
 "Μικρὸν, ὅπου μὲ ἐρώτησες, θέλω σοῦ τὸ ἀναγγεῖλει
 ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης τώρα 'δὰ μετὰ ξερὰ τὰ χεῖλη.
 Μάθε ἀπὸ τὴν πατρίδα μας καὶ τί γενεὰ κρατοῦμεν·
 290 καὶ ποῖα ἔναι ἡ πατρίδα μας, δεῦτερον νὰ σὲ ποῦμεν.

Ἐμᾶς εἶν' ἡ πατρίδα μας ὅπου ἔναι τὸ λογάριν:
 ὡς ἀπὸ φύσιν καὶ λουτροῦ ἐγεύγοντα τὸ ψάριν.
 Τόπος ἄγριος, ἀδιάβατος καὶ τῶν πουλιῶν τὸ δάσος·
 ἐκεῖ ἐδείχθη(ν) ὑπεριψιά κ' ἐπλήθυνεν τὸ θράσος·
 295 καὶ ὅπου τοῦ κόσμου τὴν στρατιάν ἐνίκησεν τὸ πάλιον
 καὶ ὅπου τοῦ κόσμου ἀφέντεψεν τὸ μερτικὸν τὸ κάλλιον.
 Ἦτον καθρίπτῃς τ' οὐρανοῦ, ἦτον τοῦ κόσμου εἰκόνα
 καὶ ὡσάν τ' ἄζάρι ἔβανεν τὰ ἔξι κ' ἐκράτειν τὸ ἕνα.
 Ἦτον ἡ κρίσις τῆς σοφιάς, τῆς βασιλείας φεγγάριν,
 300 μάνα τῆς πλουσιότητος καὶ τῆς στρατιᾶς ἰππάριν.
 Ἦτον ἀντίθετον σκαμνὶν τῆς βασιλείας τῆς Ρώμης
 καὶ τῆς ἀλαζονείας ἀγγεῖον καὶ τῆς διπλῆς τῆς γνώμης.
 Εἰς αὐτὴν ὁ πατέρας μας ἦτον τὴν πόλιν πρῶτος,
 νὰ φέγγῃ ὡς ἥλιος τὸ πουρνὸν καὶ ὡς φέγγος εἰς τὸ σκότος.
 305 Εἶχαμεν πρῶτην ἀδελφὴν ὀκάπου παντρεμένην,
 μακρὰ ἔπο τὴν πατρίδα μας κὶ ἀπὸ καιροῦ σταλμένην.
 Ἔδοξεν τοῦ πατέρα μας εἰς αὐτὴν νὰ μᾶς στείλῃ,
 νὰ συγχαροῦμεν μετ' αὐτὴν ὡς ἀδελφοὶ καὶ φίλοι.
 Καὶ κάτεργον ἀπὸ σκαριοῦ ὥρισεν ν' ἄρματάσουν,
 310 νὰ τὸ κοσμήσουν σύντομα, ρόγαν διπλὴν νὰ δώσουν.
 Τὰ παλικάρια ἐφέρνασιν, ὀμπρός του τοὺς ἐστένα,
 κ' ἔπαιρνεν ἐκ τοὺς τρεῖς τοὺς δύο καὶ ἀπὸ τοὺς δύο τὸν ἕνα.
 Καὶ ἀπέιτις τὸ εὐτρέπισεν ἀπ' ἄρματα καὶ πλούτη
 καὶ πολεμάρχους καὶ ἄρχοντας καὶ ἀπ' ἀφεντίαν τοσοῦτην,
 315 αὐτοὺς εἰσέβη μετ' ἐμᾶς κ' ἡμεῖς μ' αὐτὸν ἀντάμα
 καὶ ὠρέχθη τὴν οἰκονομίαν ὡς ὁμορφόν τι πρᾶγμα.
 Καὶ τότε ἔγονατίσαμεν, ὡς ὥρισεν, ὀμπρός του
 καὶ ὅλους ἐμᾶς εἰς προσευχὴν ἐκίνησεν ἀτός του.
 Διὰ λόγου μας ἐκόπτετον, μόνον διὰ μᾶς ἐβιάσθη
 320 κ' εἶπεν: «Ἐσὲν παρακαλῶ, γῆς καὶ οὐρανοῦ τὸν πλάστην,
 καλὰ νὰ πᾶν, καλὰ νὰ ῥθοῦν, καλὰ νὰ διαγείρουν
 κ' εἰς τὸ τραπέζιν μου καλὰ νὰ τοὺς ἰδῶ τριγύρου».

298 τὰ ζάρη B: τὰ ζάρε A 304 ὡς' A 306 κάπο A

Ἐκεῖ ἔναι ἡ πατρίδα μας τὸ λέσιν *Λεοντάρη*:
 ὡς παρὰ φύσιν κ' ἐ(κ) λιμοῦ ἐγεύονταν τὸ ψάρι.
 Τόπος ἄγριος, ἀδιάβατος, κοίτες πουλιῶν καὶ δάσος·
 ἐκεῖ ὅπου δίκτυα πτερωτὰ καὶ πλεονάζει θράσος·
 295 καὶ ὅπου τοῦ δρόμου τὴν στρατιάν ἐνίκησεν τὸ πλάγιον
 καὶ ὅπου τὸν κόσμον ἔλειψεν τὸ μερτικὸν τὸ κάλλιον.
 Κ' ἦτον καθρέπτῃς τοῦ οὐρανοῦ κ' ἦτον τοῦ κόσμου εἰκόνα·
 καὶ ὅπου τὸ ἰππάριν ἄφηκεν καὶ αὐτὴν τὴν *Χαλκηδόνα*
 299
 300
 Κ' ἦτον ἀντίθετον σκαμνὶν τῆς βασιλείας τῆς Ρώμης
 καὶ τῆς ἀλαζονείας ἀγγεῖον καὶ τῆς διπλῆς τῆς γνώμης.
 Κ' εἰς αὐτὴν ὁ πατέρας μας ἦτον τῆς Ρώμης πρῶτος,
 νὰ φέγγῃ ὡς ἥλιος τὸ πουρνὸν καὶ ὡς φέγγος εἰς τὸ σκότος.
 305 Κ' εἶχαμεν πρῶτην ἀδελφὴν ὀκάπου ὑπανδρεμένην,
 μακρὰν ἐκ τὴν πατρίδα μας ἀπὸ καιρὸν βγαλμένην·
 κ' ἔδοξεν τὸν πατέρα μας εἰς αὐτὴν νὰ μᾶς στείλῃ,
 νὰ συγχαροῦμεν μετ' αὐτὴν ὡς ἀδελφοὶ καὶ φίλοι.
 Καὶ κάτεργον ἀπὸ σκαριοῦ ὥρισε ν' ἄρματάση,
 310 νὰ τὸ ἐξορθώσῃ σύντομα καὶ νὰ τὸ διορθώσῃ.
 Τὰ παλικάρια ἐπαίρνασιν καὶ ὀμπρός του τὰ ἐφέρναν,
 κ' ἔπαιρνεν ἐκ τοὺς τρεῖς τοὺς δύο καὶ ἀπὸ τοὺς δύο τὸν ἕναν.
 Καὶ ἀπότις τὸ ἀρμάτωσεν ἀπὸ ἄρματα καὶ πλούτη
 καὶ πολεμάρχους ἄρχοντες καὶ ἀπὸ ἀφεντία τοσοῦτη,
 315 [κ'] ἐσέβη(ν) αὐτοῦνος μετ' ἐμᾶς κ' ἐμεῖς μ' αὐτὸν ἀντάμα
 καὶ ὠρέχθη τὴν οἰκονομίαν, μὴ ἀπ' αὐτοὺς λείψῃ πρᾶγμα.
 Καὶ ταῦτα ἔγονατίσαμεν, ὡς ἔπρεπεν, ὀμπρός του
 κ' ἐστάθημαν εἰς προσευχὴν κ' ἐκίνησεν ἀτός του.
 Διὰ λόγου μας ἐκόπτετον, μόνον διὰ μᾶς ἐβιάσθη
 320 κ' εἶπεν: «Ἐσὲν παρακαλῶ, γῆς καὶ οὐρανοῦ τὸν πλάστην,
 καλὰ νὰ πᾶν, καλὰ νὰ ῥθοῦν, καλὰ νὰ διαγείρουν,
 νὰ ῥθουν καὶ στὸ κρεβάτι μου, νὰ τοὺς ἰδῶ τριγύρου».

291 λεοντ(ά)ρι V 292 add. Alexiou ἐγεύετον V 306 βγαλμένην: -ην Vs.l. 310
 ἐξορθωσι V 315 delevi ἀνταμα V 316 ἀπ' Vs.l. πρᾶγμα V^{ac}i.l.: λόγον V^{ac} 319
 ἐκόπτετον V

- Καὶ ἀφότου μᾶς εὐχίστηκεν, ἐδάκρυσεν κ' ἐξέβην
καὶ τὸν ὑπόλοιπον λαὸν τότε ὤρισεν κ' εἰσέβην.
325 Κ' ἔδειξεν μὲ τὸ χέριν του τότε νὰ σηκωθοῦμεν
καὶ τὴν ὁδὸν τοῦ δρόμου μας σύντομα νὰ κρατοῦμεν.
Πάραυτ' ὁ κόμης ὤρμησεν καὶ ἤρχισε νὰ ὀρίση
τῆς ἔξωθεν παραγιαλιᾶς νὰ λύσουν τὸ πλωρήσιν.
Κ' ἐδώκασιν τὰ βούκινα καὶ τὰ παιγνίδια ἐπαῖξαν
330 κ' οἱ ναῦτες ἐκαθίσασιν ὡς εἶδαν κ' ἐδιαλέξαν.
Τὸ σίδηρον ἐσήκωσαν, τότε ἔλασιαν ἐστρώσαν
κ' ἔκαμαν βόλταν λάμμοντα κ' ἔσωσαν εἰς τὴν φόσαν.
Πρὶν ν' ἀποχαιρετήσουσιν, ὅλοι φωνὴν ἐσύραν
καὶ τῆς ὁδοῦ τὸ θέλημα ἐκ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐπήραν.
335 Λοιπὸν τοῦ δρόμου τὴν ὁδὸν ἐπήραμεν καὶ τότες
ὁ νοῦς μας ἐκλονίζετο τὸ στρέμμα νὰ ἴναι πότες.
Καὶ ὁ λογισμὸς ἐκόπτετον καὶ εἰς τὸ κακὸν ἐκίνα·
τὸν θάνατον στὴν ξενιτεῖαν ὁ νοῦς μας ἐπρομήνα.
Τρεῖς ὥρες οὐκ ἐτρέχαμεν κ' ἐχάθηκεν τὸ κάστρον
340 κ' εἰς ἄλλην μίαν ἐσπέρωσεν κ' ἐφάνην πρῶτον ἄστρον.
Κ' ἔδειξεν τότε ἔξαστεριά ὁμοίως κ' εὐδιά μεγάλη·
ἡ νύκτα ἐκαλοφόρεσεν, τὸ δὲν ἐποίκεν [ἦ] ἄλλη.
Τὰ παλικάρια ἠγάλλουντα, ὅλοι ἐκαλοφοροῦσαν
καὶ μετὰ πόθου καὶ χαρᾶς τὸν δρόμον ἐκρατοῦσαν.
345 Ἐκεῖ πρὸς τὸ μεσάνυκτον ἡ ξαστεριά ἐσκοτίσθη,
οἱ ἄνεμοι ἐταράχθησαν κ' ἡ θάλασσ' ἐβρουχίσθη.
Ἐσυχοβρόντα κ' ἤστραπτεν κ' ἡ συννεφιά ἔπονᾶτον·
πῶς νὰ προσφέρῃ κίνδυνον τότες οἰκονομᾶτον.
Καὶ ὡς τῆς σφαγῆς τὸ πρόβατον εἰς τοῦ σφακτῆ τὸ χέριν
350 κείτεται δίχ' ἀπαντοχῆς καὶ βλέπει τὸ μαχαίριν,
ἴτις ἐμεῖς τὸν θάνατον ἐμπρὸς τὸν ἐθωροῦμαν·
στὸν Ἄδην νὰ κατέβωμεν ὡς θαρρετὰ κρατοῦμαν,
διατὶ τὰ κύματ' ἤρχουντα ἐναντίον τοῦ ἀνέμου
κ' οἱ ναῦτες ἐφοβήθησαν κ' ἤρχισασιν νὰ τρέμουν.
355 Κ' εὐθὺς καθοῦριν ἔσωσε μὲ τὴν βροντὴν καὶ χιόνιν
καὶ ἅμα τὸ σώσειν ἤρπαξεν τ' ἀριστερὸν τιμόνιν.

- Καὶ ἀπέιτις μᾶς εὐχίστηκεν, δάκρυον εἶδα καὶ ἐξέβη·
τότε τὸ τσοῦρμα τοῦ ἰλαοῦ ὤρισεν καὶ ἐσέβη.
325 Κ' ἔδειξε μὲ τὸ χέρι του τότες νὰ σηκωθοῦμεν
καὶ τὴν ὁδὸν τοῦ δρόμου μας σύντομα νὰ κρατοῦμεν.
Καὶ ταῦτα ὁ κόμης ἤρχισε κ' ἐκίνησε νὰ ὀρίση
τῆς ἔξω τῆς παραγγελίας νὰ ὀρίση τὸ πλωρήσι.
Κ' ἐδώκασιν τὰ βούκινα καὶ τὰ παιγνίδια ἐπαῖξαν
330 καὶ οἱ ναῦτες ἐκαθίσασιν ὡς εἶδα(ν) κ' ἐδιαλέξαν.
Κ' ἐσήκωσαν τὰ σίδηρα, τότε ἔλασιαν ἐστρώσαν
κ' ἐποίκαν γύρον λάμμοντα, κύκλον αὐτοῦ ἐστρώσαν.
Πῶς ν' ἀποχαιρετήσουσιν, ὅλοι φωνὴν ἐσύραν·
τότις, θωρῶ, τὸ θέλημα τῆς κεφαλῆς ἐπήραν.
335 Λοιπὸν τοῦ δρόμου τὴν ὁδὸν ἐπιάσαμεν ἐτότε
καὶ ὁ νοῦς μας ἐλογίζετον τὸ στρέμμα νὰ ἴναι πότε
Καὶ ὁ λογισμὸς ἐκόπτετον κ' εἰς τὸ κακὸν ἐκίνα·
καὶ θάνατον τῆς ξενιτεῖας ὁ νοῦς μας ἐπρομήνα.
Τρεῖς ὥρες οὐκ ἐτρέχαμεν κ' ἐφάνηκεν τὸ ἄστρον
340 καὶ εἰς ἄλλην μίαν ἐσπέρωσεν κ' ἐβγήκεν πρῶτον ἄστρον.
Κ' ἔδειξεν τότες ἔξαστερία καὶ μία εὐδιά μεγάλη
καὶ ἡ νύκτα ἐκαλοφόρεσεν, τὸ οὐκ ἐφάνη ἄλλη[v].
Τὰ παλικάρια ἠγάλλονταν καὶ οἱ ναῦτες ἐγελοῦσα
καὶ μετὰ δόξαν καὶ χαρὰν τὸν δρόμον ἐκρατοῦσαν.
345 Κ' ἐκεῖ πρὸς τὸ μεσάνυκτο ἡ ἔξαστερία ἐσκοτίσθη
κ' οἱ ἄνεμοι ἐταράχθησαν καὶ ἡ θάλασσα ἐβρουχίσθη.
Κ' ἐκοντοβρόντα κ' ἤστραπτεν κ' ἤρχιζεν ν' ἀπονᾶτον·
πῶς νὰ συμφέρῃ κίνδυνον σύντομα οἰκονομᾶτον.
Καὶ ὡς τῆς σφαγῆς τὸ πρόβατον στοῦ σφακτῆ τὸ μαχαίρι
350 καὶ βλέπει τὴν ἀπαντοχὴν στοῦ μαχαίριου τὴν μούρην,
ἴτις ἐμεῖς τὸν θάνατον ὀμπρὸς μας ἐθωροῦμαν·
στὸν Ἄδην νὰ κατέβωμεν ἀγκαλιαστὰ ἐκρατοῦμαν,
διατὶ κύματα ἔρχονταν ἀπὸ ἐναντίον τοῦ ἀνέμου
καὶ οἱ ναῦτες ἐφοβήθησαν καὶ ἤρχισασιν νὰ τρέμουν.
355 Κ' εὐθὺς καθοῦριν ἔφτασεν μετὰ βροχῆς καὶ (χι)όνι
καὶ ἅμα τὸ σώσειν ἤρπασεν πάραυτα τὸ τιμόνι.

Τότε τὸ ξύλον ἔπεσεν στ' ἀριστερόν του πλάγι
 κ' ἔποιικεν κτύπον φοβερόν καί, ὡς ἔδειξεν, ἐράγην.
 Καὶ δεύτερον μᾶς ἔσωσε κύμα μὲ τὸ καθούριν
 360 καὶ τὸ νερόν τ' ἀμέτρητον μᾶς ἤκαμεν κιβούριν.
 Ἡῦρε μας περιλαμπαστοὺς καὶ σφικταγκαλιασμένους
 ἢ τοῦ θανάτου συμφορὰ καὶ ἄπειρα λυπημένους·
 κ' εἰς τὸν βυθὸν μᾶς ἔριξεν ἀγκαλιαστοὺς ὁμάδιν
 καὶ ὁ Χάρος μᾶς ἐδέχθηκεν σύψυχους εἰς τὸν Ἄδην.
 365 Καὶ τ' ἄλλον τότε τοῦ λαοῦ οὐκ εἶδαμεν τί ἐγένη,
 ἀμ' ἐχωρίσαμεν ἐμεῖς καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀπὸ μᾶς ὡς ξένοι.
 Ἦμουν ἐγὼ εἴκοσι χρονῶν καὶ αὐτὸς λίγον πλεοτέριν
 καὶ ἀμάδι στεφανώθημαν κ' εἶχεν καθεὶς τὸ ταίριν.
 Διὰ τοῦτο μᾶς ἐδόθηκεν ἀντάμα νὰ ταφοῦμεν
 370 καὶ ἀντάμα νὰ γυρίζωμεν καὶ νὰ συμπερπατοῦμεν.
 Καὶ ἐμεῖς στὸν Ἄδην σώνοντα, σώνει κ' ἡ ἀδελφή μας
 κ' ἐβάσταν βρέφος κ' ἤρχετον καί, τὸ στραφῆν καὶ δεῖ μας,
 ἐσκόλασεν τὸ βιάζετον, ἔπαυσεν τὸ σπουδάζειν
 καὶ βλέποντα τὸ οὐκ ἤλπιζεν ἤρχισε νὰ θαυμάζη
 375 πῶς εἰς τὸν Ἄδην ἔβλεπεν τοὺς ἤξευρεν κ' ἐζούσαν
 καὶ πῶς τὸν κόσμον ἔχασαν τοὺς εἶδεν κ' ἐπονοῦσαν.
 Καὶ μετὰ τοῦτον τὸν σκοπὸν ἦστεκεν κ' ἐσυντήρα
 τὰ δύσπιστα νὰ μὴ ξαργῆ καὶ νὰ πιστεύῃ μοίρα.
 Καὶ κάπου ἐπιστάθηκεν κ' εἶδεν κ' ἐγνώρισέν μας
 380 καὶ ἀπείτις μᾶς ἐγνώρισεν, ἦρθεν κ' ἐσίμωσέ μας
 καὶ τὸν καθέναν ἤρπαξεν μὲ πόθον καὶ ἀγκαλιάσθην
 κ' ἔπειτα στὸ τραχήλι μας ὕστερ' ἀποκρεμάσθην·
 καὶ μετὰ δάκρυα ἐκίνησεν τὴν ὄψιν της νὰ πλύνη
 κ' εἶπε μας ἐξενίζοντα: «Τάχα καὶ νὰ 'σθ' ἐκεῖνοι
 385 τοὺς εἶχα ἀμάτια κ' ἤβλεπα, τοὺς εἶχα φῶς κ' ἐθώρουν,
 ἐντιμοτάτους ἤβλεπα, λαμπρὰν στολὴν ἐφόρουν;»
 Ἔκλαιεν ἐκεῖνη εἰς μιὰν μερὰν κ' ἡμεῖς ὁμοίως εἰς ἄλλην
 καὶ μετὰ δάκρυα ἐσύντυχεν κ' ἐρώτησέ μας πάλιν:
 «Πότε τὸ βλέπω ἐγίνετο; Πῶς τὸ θωρῶ ἐσυνέβη;
 390 Καὶ πῶς ἡ Τύχη ἐνάντιον σας νὰ κλώσῃ ἐσυγκατέβη;»

382 κ' ἔπειτα.. A: καὶ στὸ τραχήλι μας τῶν δυὸ Panagiot.

Τότε τὸ ξύλον ἔπεσεν στὸ ἀριστερόν τὸ πλάγι
 κ' ἔποιικεν κτύπον φοβερόν καί, ὡς ἔδειξεν, ἐράγη.
 Καὶ δεύτερον μᾶς ἔσωσεν σύντομα τὸ καθούρι
 360 κ' ἐμπῆκεν τὸ ἄμετρον νερόν κ' ἔποιικε μας κιβούριν.
 Καὶ ἦρε μας σφικταογκαλιαστοὺς καὶ σφικταογκαλιασμένους
 καὶ τοῦ κινδύνου τῆς φθορᾶς ἄπειρα λυπημένους·
 κ' εἰς τὸν βυθὸν μᾶς ἔριψεν ἀγκαλιαστοὺς ὁμάδιν
 καὶ ὁ Χάρος μᾶς ἐδέχθηκεν συζώντανους στὸν Ἄδην.
 365 Καὶ τὸ ἄλλον τσοῦρμα τοῦ λαοῦ οὐκ εἶδαμεν τί ἐγένη
 καὶ ἐχωριστήκαν ἀπὸ μᾶς κ' ἐμεῖς ἀπ' αὐτοὺς ὡς ξένοι.
 Καὶ ἦμουν ἐγὼ εἴκοσι χρονῶν καὶ αὐτὸς δύο πλεοτέριν
 καὶ ὁμάδι ἐστεφανώθημαν κ' εἶχεν καθεὶς τὸ ταίρι.
 Διὰ τοῦτο μᾶς ἐδόθηκεν ὁμάδιν νὰ κρατοῦμεν,
 370 ὁμάδι νὰ γυρίζωμεν καὶ νὰ συμπερπατοῦμεν.
 Καὶ ἡμεῖς εἰς Ἄδην σώνοντα, ἔσωσεν ἡ ἀδελφή μας
 κ' ἐβάστα βρέφος κ' ἤρχετον καί, τὸ στραφῆν καὶ δεῖ μας,
 ἐσκόλασεν τὸ βιάζετον, ἔπαυσεν τὸ σπουδάζειν·
 βλέποντα τὸ οὐκ ἤλπιζεν ἤρχισε νὰ θαυμάζη
 375 πῶς εἰς τὸν Ἄδην ἔβλεπεν τοὺς ἤξευρε κ' ἐζούσαν
 καὶ πῶς τὸν κόσμον τοὺς ἤφηκεν καὶ πῶς καὶ τῶρα ποῦ 'σαν.
 Καὶ μετὰ τοῦτον τὸν σκοπὸν ἔστεκεν κ' ἐσυντήρα·
 οὐδὲν μπορεῖ νὰ μὴ ξαργῆ καὶ νὰ πιστεύῃ μοίρα.
 Καὶ ἀπείτις ἐπιστάθηκεν κ' εἶδεν κ' ἐγνώρισέν μας
 380 καὶ ἀπείτις μᾶς ἐγνώρισεν, σύντο(μα) ἐσίμωσέν μας
 καὶ τὸν καθένα ἤλλαξεν μὲ πόθον καὶ ἀγκαλιάσθην
 καὶ εἰς τὸν τράχηλον τῶν δύο αὐτῆ ἀπεκρεμάσθη·
 καὶ μετὰ δάκρυα ἤρχισεν τὴν ὄψιν μας νὰ πλύνη
 κ' εἶπε καὶ ἐξενίζετον: | «Τάχατε νὰ 'στ' ἐκεῖνοι
 385 τοὺς εἶχα μάτια κ' ἔβλεπα, τοὺς εἶχα φῶς κ' ἐθώρουν,
 κ' ἴτις, ὄντα σᾶς ἔβλεπα, δόξας στολὴν ἐφόρουν;»
 Κ' ἔκλαιεν κείνη στὴν μιὰν μερίαν κ' ἐμεῖς οἱ δύο εἰς ἄλλην,
 καὶ ἀφότου ἐθρηνίστημαν, ἐρώτησέν μας πάλιν:
 «Πότε τὸ βλέπω ἐγίνετο; Πῶς τὸ θωρῶ ἐσυνέβη;
 390 Καὶ πῶς τῆς Τύχης τὸ κακὸν ἐπάνω σας ἐσέβη;»

f 102'

364 συνζοντανοὺς V 378 νὰ μεξαργεῖ V: correxi 380 addidi

Κ' ἐδιάβην ὥρα περισσὴ νὰ τῆς ἀποκριθοῦμεν,
 εἰς ὅ,τι μᾶς ἐρώτησεν κατὰ λεπτὸν νὰ ποῦμεν.
 Καὶ τότε' ἀπιλογήθημαν μετὰ δακρυῶν καὶ πόνου
 κ' εἶπαμεν τὸ μᾶς ἤφερεν ἡ συμφορὰ τοῦ χρόνου·
 395 πῶς τῆς θαλάσσου ὁ κίνδυνος, πῶς ἡ φθορὰ τ' ἀνέμου
 στὸν Ἄδην μᾶς ἀπέσωσεν δίχως αἰτίαν πολέμου:
 «Ἐρχοντας τότες εἰς ἐσὲ μὲ πόθον νὰ σὲ δοῦμεν
 μὲ τοῦ πατρός μας τὴν εὐχὴν καὶ πάλιν νὰ στραφοῦμεν,
 ἡ εὐχὴ κατάρρα ἐγένετο κ' ἡ προσευχὴ του βάρους
 400 καὶ θάνατος ὁ δρόμος μας καὶ τὸ ταξίδιν Χάρως.
 Καὶ τοῦτον πότ' ἐγένετο λέγω μικρὸν σημάδιν:
 ἀκόμη ἀπὸ τὰ ροῦχα μας βλέπεις ὑγρὰ μοιράδιν».
 Ἄκόντα μου τὸ ρώτημαν ἔκλαιγεν κ' ἐθρηνάτον
 κ' εἶπεν: «Οὐαὶ τοὺς καρτερεῖ τὸ δολερὸν μαντάτον,
 405 ὅπου στὸν Ἄδην ἔπεσαν μίαν νύκτα, μίαν ἐσπέραν
 τοὺς εἶχασιν παρηγοριάν, δύο υἱοὺς καὶ θυγατέραν!
 Τὸν Χάρον τως ἐσπείρασιν, θάνατον ἐθερίσαν,
 κόπους τοὺς ἀγωνίζοντα ἀλλῶν τοὺς ἐχαρίσαν.
 Ἄνθος ἦτον ἡ δόξα των, λουλούδιν ἡ χαρὰ των,
 410 διὰ ταῦτα ὁ ἥλιος ἔφερεν τὸ δολερὸν μαντάτον.
 Στὰ χιόνια ἐθεμελιώσασιν κ' εἰς τὸ νερὸν ἐκτίσαν·
 τώρα τὰ χιόνια ἐλύσασιν καὶ τὰ νερὰ σκορπίσαν.
 Τὸ θεμελίωσαν ἔπεσεν, τὸ ἐκτίσαν ἐράγη
 καὶ ἡ καρδιά τως μὲ σπαθὶν δίστομον τώρα ἐσφάγην.
 415 Ἡ Τύχη τὸ δοξάριν της ἐνάντιον τὸ ἐκοκιάσεν
 κ' εὐκαίρεσεν τὴν σπούρδαν της ὥστ' ἀπὸ τοὺς ἐφτίασεν.
 Μὲ τὴν καρδίαν τως ἤκαμεν σημάδιν τοῦ δεξιῶτη
 κ' ἔριξεν τὲς σαγίτες της ἀπὸ ὕστερον ὡς πρώτην·
 καὶ ἀπ' ὄλες μία δὲν ἔσφαλεν, ὄλους ἐπλήγωσέν τους·
 420 ποῦ νὰ τῶν δώση δὲν εἶχε πλία, διατὶ ἐθανάτωσέν τους».
 Καὶ ἀπέιτις ἐθρηνήσαμεν κ' ἐκλάψαμεν ἀμάδιν,

411 χιόνια A 412 χιόνια A 420 τ(ῶν) A

Καὶ διέβην ὥρα περισσὴ νὰ τῆς ἀποκριθοῦμεν,
 εἰς εἴτι μᾶς ἐρώτησεν κατὰ λεπτὸν νὰ ποῦμεν.
 Καὶ ταῦτα ἐπιλογήθημαν μὲ δάκρυα καὶ μὲ πόνους·
 εἶπαμεν τοῦτο ἤφερεν ἡ συμφορὰ τοὺς ἀνέμους
 395
 στὸν Ἄδην μᾶς ἐπέτασαν δίχως αἰτία πολέμου:
 «Ἐρχοντα τότε πρὸς ἐσὲν μὲ πόθον νὰ σὲ δοῦμεν
 ἐκ τοῦ πατρός μας ὀρισμὸν καὶ πάλιν νὰ στραφοῦμεν,
 ἡ εὐχὴ κατάρρα ἐγένετο κ' ἡ προσευχὴ του βάρους
 400 καὶ θάνατος ὁ δρόμος μας καὶ τὸ ταξίδιν Χάρως.
 Καὶ τοῦτο πῶς ἐγένετο, λάβε μικρὸν σημάδιν:
 ἀκόμη ἀπὸ τὰ ροῦχα μας εἶναι ὄγρα μοιράδιν».
 Καὶ ἀκόντα τὰ γινόμενα ἔκλαιγεν κ' ἐλυπάτον·
 λέγει: «Ἄλὶ ὅπου καρτερεῖ τὰ δολερά μαντάτα,
 405 τοὺς εἰς τὸν Ἄδην ἔπεψαν μίαν νύκταν, μίαν ἐσπέραν
 τοὺς εἶχασιν παρηγορία, δύο υἱοὺς καὶ θυγατέρα!
 Τὸν Χάροντα ἐσπείρασιν, θάνατον ἐθερίσαν,
 κόπους τοὺς ἠγωνίζονταν ἀλλῶν τοὺς ἐχαρίσαν.
 Ἄθος ἦτον ἡ δόξα τους, λουλούδιν ἡ χαρὰ των,
 410 καὶ ταῦτα [τα] ὁ ἥλιος τό' φερεν τὸ δόλιον τὸ μαντάτον.
 411
 412
 Καὶ ταῦτα ἐσκορπίσθησαν, τὸ ἐκτίσαν ἐχαλάσαν.
 414
 415 Κ' ἡ Τύχη τὸ δοξάριν της εἰς ἓνα δύο ἐσιάσεν
 κ' ἐγέμισεν τὴν σπούρδαν της, σαγίταν ἐκοκιάσεν.
 Καὶ στὴν καρδίαν του(ς) ἔποικεν σημάδιν τοῦ δεξιῶτη
 κ' ἔριξεν τὴν σαίταν της ἀπὸ ἴστηρ ὡς τὴν πρώτην·
 καὶ ἀπ' ὄλες οὐκ ἠστόχησεν, ὄλους ἐπλήγωσέν τους·
 420 καὶ τοῦ κινδύνου συμφορὰ κοντὰ ἐσίμωσέν τους».
 Καὶ ἀφότις ἐθρηνίστηκαν κ' ἐθλίβησαν ὀμάδιν,

393 ἐπιλογίθησαν V 400 θάνατον τοῦ δρόμου V 403 ἔκλεγαν καὶ λυπόνταν V
 405 ἐσπέραν: -σ- Vs.l. 409 των: τον V^{sc}: τους V^{sc} 410 delevi 416 της: του V 417
 addidi ἔποικεν Alexiou: ἔμπικεν V 418 της: του V ἀποστέρη V 419 ὄλους:
 ὄλαις V τους: τες V 420 τους: τες V

τότε τὴν ἐρωτήσαμεν: «Κ' ἐσὺ πότε στὸν Ἄδην;»
 Ἄκόντα μας τὸ ἐρώτημα ἐκλαπεν κ' ἐλυπήθη
 καὶ ἀφότου ἐστράφη πρὸς ἐμᾶς, ἵτις ἀπιλογήθη:
 425 «Κεῖτοντα στὸ κρεβάτιν μου μυριοθορυβουμένη
 (ὀκτῶ μηνῶν, μ' ἐφαίνετον, ἤμουν ἐγγαστραωμένη)
 ἐφάνη μου στὸν ὕπνον μου κάτινες μ' ἐλαλήσαν
 καὶ λέγουν με: 'Τί κάθεσαι; Τ' ἀδέλφια σου ἐβουλήσαν!'
 Εὐθύς τὰ ἐντός μου ἐπέσασι καὶ συγκοπή μ' ἐσέβη
 430 κ' ἐπήγεν κάτω τὸ παιδί καὶ ἄνω ἡ ψυχὴ μου ἐξέβη.
 Κ' ἵτις ὁ Χάρος μ' ἔδωκεν θάνατον εἰς τὴν γένναν·
 ὁμοίως τὸ βρέφος τὸ βαστῶ ἐπήρα μετὰ μένα.
 Ἄπὸ τὸν κόσμον μ' ἔδωκεν μόνον αὐτὸ μοιράδι,
 τάχα νὰ παίρνω ἄνεσιν καὶ συνοδιὰν στὸν Ἄδην».
 435 Κ' ἐδὰ στὰ ξημερώματα ἔσωσεν ὑπηρέτης
 καὶ πρὸς αὐτὴν ἐσίμωσεν κ' ἐσύντυχεν ἐδέτις:
 «Ἀπάρτι χώρισε ἀπ' αὐτοὺς καὶ πλέον μὴν ἀργήσης·
 ἔμπα στοῦ Χάρου τὴν αὐλήν καὶ τὸ χρωστεῖς νὰ δώσης».
 Κ' εἰς ὥραν ὀλιγούτσικην πέντε διὰ μᾶς ἐσῶσαν
 440 κ' ἔρικταν ἐκ τὸ στόμαν τως πύρινον ἔξω γλώσσαν,
 ἀρματωμένοι, πτερωτοί, ἀγριώτατοι καὶ μαῦροι,
 κ' εἶχαν τὴν ὄψιν ἄσχημον, μαύρην ὡσὰν σινάβριν·
 πόδια καὶ ἀνύχια καὶ πτερὰ σὰν νυκτερίδας εἶχαν
 καὶ ἀγάλια μᾶς ὠμίλησαν, ταῦτα μᾶς ἐσυντύχαν”.
 445 Καὶ πρὸς τὸ τέλος εἶπαν με: “Τάχα, θαρρῶ, ἄκουσές τα·
 εἶπα σε τὰ γενόμενα καὶ ὅλα κατέμαθές τα.
 Κ' εἰς τὸ μὲ βιάζεις νὰ σὲ πῶ, τοῦτο πότες ἐγένη,
 λανθάνομ' ἀπὸ τὸν καιρὸν καὶ ἀπὸ τὸν νοῦν μου ἐβγαίνει,
 450 διατὶ στὸν Ἄδην τὸν πικρὸν ἥλιος οὐκ ἀνατέλλει,
 οὐδὲ τὸ φέγγος τοῦ οὐρανοῦ τὸ ξέλαμπρόν του στέλλει.
 Χρόνος ἐδῶ οὐ γίνεται κ' ἡμέρα οὐ χωρίζει,
 ἀλλὰ τὸ σκότος τ' ἄμετρον τρέχει καὶ ὀμπρὸς τανύζει”.
 Καὶ ἀπειτίς μ' ἐδηγήθηκεν, ἐσίμωσε κ' ἐστάθη

437 καὶ πλέον.. A: καὶ μὴν ἀργῆς νὰ σώσης Panagiot. 438 χάρου B 439
 ὀλιγούτσικον AB 452 τονίζει AB: corr. Legrand

τότες τὴν ἐρωτήσασι: «Πῶς στέκεσαι στὸν Ἄδην;»
 Καὶ ἀκόντα τὸ ἐρώτημα ἐρώτησέν τους πάλιν
 καὶ ταῦτα ἐστράφη πρὸς αὐτοὺς καὶ ἐπιλογήθη πάλιν:
 425 «Κοιμοῦντα εἰς τὸ κρεβάτιν μου μυριοθορυβουμένη
 (καὶ ὀκτῶ μηνῶν, μοῦ ἐφάνηκεν, ἤμουνα ἐγγαστραωμένη)
 ἐφάνη μου εἰς τὸν ὕπνον μου κάτινες μ' ἐλαλοῦσαν
 καὶ εἶπαν μου: “Ἴντα κάθεσαι; Τ' ἀδέλφια σου ἐβουλήσαν!”
 Εὐθύς τὰ ἐντός μου ἐσπάσθησαν καὶ συγκοπή μ' ἐσέβη
 430 κ' ἐπήγεν κάτω τὸ παιδί καὶ ἄνω ἡ ψυχὴ μου ἐξέβη.
 Καὶ ἵτις ὁ Χάρος μ' ἔδωκεν θάνατον εἰς τὴν γένναν·
 ὁμοίως τὸ βρέφος τὸ βαστῶ ἤρπασεν μετὰ μένα.
 Καὶ ἀπὸ τὸν κόσμον μ' ἔτυχεν μόνον αὐτὸ μοιράδι,
 διὰ νὰ ἔχω τάχα συνοδιά καὶ ἄνεσιν εἰς τὸν Ἄδην».
 435 Κ' ἐκεῖ στὰ ξημερώματα ἔσωσεν εἰς ὑπηρέτης
 καὶ πρὸς αὐτὴν ἠθέλησεν κ' ἐσίμωσεν ἐδέτις,
 «Χώρισε», λέγων, «ἀπ' αὐτοὺς καὶ μὴν ἀργῆς νὰ σώσης
 καὶ ὑπα στοῦ Χάρου τὴν αὐλήν καὶ τὸ χρωστεῖς νὰ δώσης».
 Καὶ εἰς ὥραν ὀλιγούτσικην, λέγει με, πέντε ἐσῶσαν
 440 καὶ φλόγαν γὰρ ὀξύπυρην ἐρίκταν με τὴν γλώσσαν,
 ἀρματωμένοι, πτερωτοί, ἀγριόθωροι καὶ μαῦροι,
 τοὺς εἰς τὸν Ἄδην, προσδοκῶ, ἄρχοντες γαρδινάροι·
 παιδιὰ, νήπια, τὰ δύο λακταρίδας εἶχαν·
 ἄγρια μᾶς ἐλάλησαν, θρασεῖα μᾶς ἐσυντύχαν”.
 445 Καὶ πρὸς τὸ τέλος εἶπαν με: “Τώρα, θαρρῶ, ἠκουσές τα
 εἶπα σε τὰ μ' ἐρώτησες καὶ ὅλα ἐκατέμαθές τα.
 Καὶ τὸ μ' ἐβίαζες νὰ σοῦ πῶ, πῶς τοῦτο πῶς ἐγένη,
 λανθάνομαι ἀπὸ τὸν καιρὸν καὶ ἀπὸ τὸν νοῦν μου ἐβγαίνει,
 450 διατὶ εἰς τὸν Ἄδην τὸν πικρὸν ἥλιος οὐκ ἀνατέλλει,
 οὐδὲ τὸ φέγγος τὸ πικρὸν τὸ ξέλαμπρόν του θέλει.
 Χρόνος ἐκεῖ οὐ φαίνεται, ἡμέρα οὐ χωρίζει,
 μόνον τὸ σκότος τὸ λαμπρὸν τρέχει καὶ ὀμπρὸς ὀνίζει”.
 Καὶ ἀπὸ κάτω ὠδήγησεν, ἐσίμωσεν καὶ ἐστάθη

f 102”

434 ἀνεσίν V 436 αὐτὸν V 445 εἶπαμεν V

- καί, ὡς ἔδειξεν, ἐγδέχεται διὰ νὰ τοῦ πῶ νὰ μάθη.
- 454β Καί πρὸς ἐμὲν ἐστράφησαν πάλιν νὰ μ' ἐρωτήσουν,
- 455 καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲν ἐστράφησαν πάλιν νὰ μ' ἐρωτήσουν,
- 455β τοῦ κόσμου τὰ ἐντυλίματα κατὰ λεπτὰ ν' ἀκούσουν.
Μὴ δύνοντα τὸ ἀποκριθῆν καὶ παρααναμένειν,
διὰ τὸ σπουδάζειν τοῦ στραφῆν κ' εἰς τὴν φωτιὰν ἐβγαίνειν,
“Ἐχετε πλὴν ἐρώτημα; Μέλλω στραφῆν”, τοὺς εἶπα.
- 460 Λέγουν μ': “Ἀκροκατέρησε νὰ ῥθουν καὶ αὐτοὶ ὁποῦ λείπα,
μήπως καὶ θέλουσιν καὶ αὐτοὶ κάτι νὰ παραγγείλουν
καὶ ἀπὸ τὸν Ἄδην τὸν πικρὸν πιττάκια διὰ νὰ στείλουν”.
Ἄλλήλως ἐσυντύχασιν κ' εἰς ἀπ' αὐτοὺς ἐστράφη
κ' ἐκοντοπήδα με σπουδῆν, ὡς πολεμᾶ τὸ λάφιν.
- 465 Καὶ εἰς ὥραν ὀλιγούτσικην βλέπω φουσάτον κ' ἦρθεν·
δὲν εἶχεν μέτρος, τὸ ἔβλεπα, κ' ἦρχετον ἀπ' ἐκεῖθεν·
ἐκεῖ ἔδα νέους καὶ λυγερές, ἄνδρες καὶ παλικάρια
καὶ πολεμάρχους με σπαθιά γυμνὰ διχῶς φηκάρια·
καὶ σκορπισμένους ἄρχοντες, πεζοὺς καὶ καβαλάρους,
- 470 νὰ ἔχουν με αὐτοὺς ὑποταγές, ρήτορες καὶ νοδάρους.
Εἶδα διακόνους σ' ἐκκλησιές, πισκόπους καὶ παπάδες
κ' εἰς τὸν παστὸν ἀντρόγυνα, γαμπροὺς με τὲς νυφάδες.
Εἶδα κ' ἐφέρασιν σκαμνιά νὰ κάτσουν οἱ νοδάροι·
κοντύλι(ν) ἐκράτειν ὁ καθεὶς, χαρτὶν καὶ καλαμάρι·
- 475 κ' εἶχεν καθεὶς τριγύρου του φουσάτον νὰ τὸν βιάζη·
ἄλλος πιττάκια νὰ ζητᾶ, ἄλλος “Χαρτίν!” νὰ κρᾶζη.
- 476β “Σήμερ' ἀποστολάτορας μισεύγει”, νὰ λαλοῦσιν,
“βιάζου πολλά, μηδὲν ἀργῆς ὀγιὰ νὰ τὸ βαστοῦσιν”.
Κ' ὑγρά πιττάκι ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἐκ τοὺς γραφιοὺς ἐπαίρναν·
- 480 ἄλλοι, ἔβλεπα, τὰ βούλωναν καὶ ἄλλοι ἀνοικτὰ τὰ φέρναν.
Τόσοι μ' ἐκαταπέσσασιν πιττάκια νὰ με δώσουν,
ὅκ' ἔφριξα θωρώντας τοὺς κ' ἐτράπην πρὶν νὰ σώσουν.

454 ἐδέχεται AB: corr. Politis 457 παρααναμένειν A: παρὰ ἀναμένει B:
περιαναμένειν Panagiot. 459 μέλλει AB: corr. Legrand 471 καὶ ἴκλῆσις AB:
coni. Kakridis 475 βιάζη A

- καί, ὡς ἔδειξε, μοῦ ἐφαίνετον τὸ τί νὰ πῶ νὰ μάθη.
- 454β Καὶ τὸν κοντὰ του ἐκούτησε τάχατες νὰ σιγήσουν
- 455 καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲν ἐγύρισαν πάλιν νὰ μ' ἐρωτήσουν.
- 455β Καὶ ὡς εἶδα λοιπὸν καὶ ὀρέγονται ἐμπρὸς μου νὰ σιμώσουν,
τοῦ κόσμου τὰ ἐντάλματα κατὰ λεπτὸν ν' ἀκούσουν,
μὴ δύνοντα τὸ καρτερεῖν καὶ περιαναμένειν
καὶ τὸ σπουδάζειν καὶ στραφῆν κ' ἐ(κ) τῆ σκοτία νὰ βγαίνῃ:
“Ἐχετε πλέα, ἂν ὀρίσετε, τίποτε νὰ εἰπήτε;”
- 460 Λέγουν: “Ἀκροκατέρησε νὰ ἴθουν καὶ αὐτοὶ ὁποῦ λείπουν,
μήπως θελήσουν καὶ αὐτοὶ διὰ νὰ παραγγείλουν
καὶ ἀπὸ τὸν Ἄδην τὸν πικρὸν πιττάκια νὰ στείλουν”.
Καὶ ἀλλήλως ἐσυντύχασιν καὶ εἰς ἀπ' αὐτοὺς ἐστράφη
κ' ἐκοντοπήδα με σπουδῆν, ὡς πολεμεῖ τὸ λάφι.
- 465 Καὶ εἰς ὥραν ὀλιγούτσικην βλέπω φουσάτον κ' ἦλθεν·
ψῆφος νὰ μὴ ἔχη, ὡς ἔβλεπα, κ' ἦρχετον ἀπ' ἐκεῖθεν·
ἐκεῖ εἶδα νέους καὶ λυγερές, ἄνδρες καὶ παλικάρια
καὶ φῶς οὐκ εἶχα(ν), ὡς ἔβλεπα, κ' ἦρχοντο ἀπὸ πέρα·
εὐτρεπισμένους ἄρχοντας, πεζοὺς καὶ καβαλάρους,
- 470 νὰ ἔχουν αὐτεῖνοι ὑποταγούς, στρατιῶτες καὶ νοδάρους.
Ἐκεῖ εἶδα πλῆθος (σ') ἐκκλησιές, πισκόπους καὶ παπάδες
καὶ ἄφταν εἰς τὲς ἐκκλησιές σκοτός καὶ οὐ λαμπάδες.
Ἐκεῖ εἶδα κ' ἐκαθίσασιν εἰς τὰ σκαμνιά νοδάροι·
κοντύλι(ν) ἐκράτει ὁ καθεὶς, χαρτὶν καὶ καλαμάρι
- 475 καὶ ἄλλος πιττάκια νὰ ζητᾶ καὶ ἄλλος “Χαρτία!” νὰ κρᾶζη·
- 476β καὶ ἀπὸ τὴν τόσην τὴν σπουδῆν ἀρμόζει νὰ φωνάζῃ:
“Σύντομ' ἀποστολάτορας μισεύει”, νὰ λαλοῦσιν.
Σπουδάζετέ με ἐξ ἀρχῆς· δόκησε τὸ ζητοῦσιν:
ὅτι πιττάκια ἐκ τοὺς ζωντανοὺς αὐτεῖνοι μᾶς ἠφέραν.
- 480 Καὶ ἄλλοι τοὺς ἀβούλωτα καὶ ἄλλοι ἀνοικτὰ τὰ φέρναν.
Τόσοι με κατεσάσσασιν πιττάκια νὰ με δώσουν,
καὶ ἔφριξα θωρώντας τοὺς κ' ἔτρεχα ποῦ νὰ σώσουν.

457 δύνονται V post καρτερεῖ- del. 2(?) litt. V 458 addidi 461 παραγγείλουν V
469 εὐτρεπισμένους V^{pc}: εὐπρεπ- V^{ac}(?) 471 addidi 474 κοντίλην V καλαμάρη
V^{pc}: καμα- V^{ac}

“Ολοι τὰ χέρια ἐσήκωσαν καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲ θωροῦσαν·
 “Ἐπαρ’ πιττάκια!” ἐκράζασιν, “Βάστα χαρτιά!” λαλοῦσαν·

484β

485 “καὶ ὡς ἀπὸ λόγου μας γραφὲς αὐτὲς βάστα μετὰ σου
 ἀπὸ τὸν Ἴδην τὸν πικρὸν καὶ βλέπε μὴ σοῦ πέσουν.
 Λάλησε καὶ ἀπὸ λόγου σου· εἶπε τοὺς πονεμένους·
 Τοὺς εἰς τὸν Ἴδην ἔχετε ἀπὸ καιρὸν θαμμένους,
 τὸν οὐρανὸν στερεύονται, τὸν ἥλιον δὲν θωροῦσιν,
 490 τὸ χῶμαν ἔχουν σάβανον, τὴν γῆν στολὴν φοροῦσιν.
 Στεφάνιν ὅσοι ἐφόρεσαν ἀπὸ μυρτιὰν καὶ δάφνην
 τώρα τῆς γῆς τὸν κορνιακτὸν ἔχουν ὀδιὰ στεφάνιν.

Στὴν μέσην των δὲν δύνονται ζωνάριν νὰ βαστάξουν·
 ἐδῶ δὲν εἶναι ἀλλαγῆς τὴν σκόλην διὰ ν’ ἀλλάξουν.

495 Τὸ χῶμαν τὸ ἐπάτησαν εἶναι στὴν κεφαλὴν τως
 καὶ κάτω στὰ ποδάρια τως ἔπεσαν τὸ μαλλίν τως.
 Τὰ μάτια τως ἐσβέσσασιν τὰ ὠραιοπλουμισμένα·
 τὸ χῶμαν τὰ ἐσκέπασεν κ’ εἶναι κατακλεισμένα.
 Τὸν κόσμον πλέον δὲν θωροῦν ὡσὰν τὸν ἐθωροῦσαν,
 500 ὄντὲν ἐζοῦσαν οἱ πτωχοί, μὰ ἐδῶ πολλὰ πονοῦσαν.
 Ἡ ὄψη τως ἡ ἄμορφος κάποτ’ ἦτον λουσιμένη·
 τώρα φαγῶθην εἰς τὴν γῆν κ’ εἶναι πολλὰ βλαμμένη.
 Ἡ γλώσσα τως ἡ ἐλεεινὴ δὲν ἔμπορεῖ λαλήσειν,
 ὡς γὰρ νὰ πῆ τὸ δίκιον τῆς καὶ νὰ τὸ ὀμιλήσῃ.

505 Τὰ χέρια τως δὲν δύνονται ἀπάνω νὰ σηκώσουν

οὐδὲ νὰ τὰ μαζώξουσιν οὐδὲ νὰ τὰ ξαπλώσουν,
 τὸν Θεόν τως νὰ δοξάσουσιν μετὰ τὴν ταπεινοσύνην,
 γὰρ νὰ ἴβρη ἡ ψυχίτσα τως μικρὰν ἐλεημοσύνην.
 Τὰ πόδια τως τὰ ὄμορφα τώρα στὸν Ἴδην εἶναι
 510 καὶ τρώγονται καθημερινόν· ἀλλὶ κρίμαν ὀπού ’ναι!
 Καὶ νὰ περπάτησαν ποτὲ καὶ νὰ ἐπιλαλήσαν,

492 ὀδιὰ στεφάνην A: καὶ τὴν ἀράχνην Panagiot. 501 ὄψι A

511 ἐπιλαλάσαν A: -λούσαν B: corr. Legrand

483

“Ἐπαρ’ πιττάκια!” ἐκράζασιν, “Ἐπαρ’ χαρτιά!” ἐλαλοῦσαν·

484β “τοὺς εἰς τὸν Ἴδην ἔπεσαν κ’ ἐδῶ ὀπολησιμονῆσαν.

485 Καὶ ὡς ἀπὸ λόγου μας γραφὲς, ἔπαρ’ χαρτιά μετὰ σου
 καὶ ἀπὸ τὸν Ἴδην τὸν πικρὸν πρόσεχε μὴν σὲ πέσουν.
 Λάλησε καὶ ἀπὸ λόγου σου· εἶπε τοὺς λυπημένους·
 Τοὺς εἰς τὸν Ἴδην ἔχετε ἀπὸ καιρὸν ἐβγαλμένους,
 τὸν οὐρανὸν στερεύονται, τὸν ἥλιον δὲν θωροῦσιν,
 490 τὸ χῶμα ἔχουν σάβανον, τὴν γῆν στολὴν φοροῦσιν.
 Στεφάνιν τῶν ἐφέρασιν ἀπὸ μερτέα καὶ δάφνης·
 τώρα τῆς γῆς τὸν κορνιακτὸν δοικοῦνται τῆς ἀράχνης.

Τὰ μάτια τοὺς ἐσβήσσασιν ἀπὸ τὸ πρόσωπόν τοὺς·
 τὸ γίνεται οὐδὲν θωροῦν οὐδὲ ψηφοῦν τὸν βίον τοὺς.

495 Ἡ ὀμιλία των ἔπαυσεν ἀπὸ τὸν λάρυγγά των,
 νὰ ἴπεσ οὐκ εἶδε τοὺς ποτὲ τινὰς εἰς τὴν χαράν των.
 Καὶ ἡ γλώσσα τοὺς ἡ ταπεινὴ δὲν ἔμπορεῖ λαλήσει,
 νὰ τοὺς εἰπῆ τὸ δίκαιον τοὺς καὶ νὰ τοὺς ὀμιλήσῃ.
 Τὰ χέρια τοὺς οὐ δύνονται ἀπάνω νὰ σηκώσουν
 500 οὐδὲ νὰ τὰ ξαπλώσουσιν οὐδὲ νὰ τὰ ζαρώσουν,
 τὸν Θεὸν διὰ νὰ δοξάσουσιν μετὰ τὴν ταπεινοσύνην,
 οὐδὲ τὴν ἡλικίαν τοὺς μετὰ τὴν ἀγαθοσύνην.
 Τὰ πόδια τοὺς τὰ γλήγορα τώρα στὸν Ἴδην εἶναι
 καὶ τρώγονται καθημερινόν· ἀλλὶ κρίμαν ὀπού ’ναι!

f 103'

505 Καὶ κάτω εἰς τὰ ποδάρια τοὺς ἐπέσαν τὰ μαλλία τως.

Τοῦτο σὲ λέγομεν νὰ πῆς δίχως τῶν πιττακίων μας
 καὶ νὰ τοὺς πῆς καὶ τὸν βλαμμόν τὸν ἔχει τὸ κορμί μας,
 ἂ λάχῃ νὰ πονέσωσιν καὶ νὰ μᾶς λυπηθοῦσιν,
 νὰ ἐξεζαρώσῃ ἡ χέρα τοὺς καὶ νὰ μᾶς θυμηθοῦσιν.
 510 Διὰ τοῦτο σὲ παρακαλῶ, βλέπε μὴ ἀλησιμονήσῃς
 νὰ πᾶς ταχία εἰς τὰ σπῆτια μας καὶ νὰ τοὺς ὀμιλήσῃς.

490 σα υασανον V 491 τὸν V 492 δυκοῦνται V 494 γίνετον V

496 οἶδα V: corr. Alexiou τοὺς V^{ac}: σὰς V^{pc}(?)

τώρα ὅπου ἴναι εἰς τὴν γῆν σκώληκες τὰ γυρίσαν.

Τὰ χεῖλη κατεμαύρισαν κ' ἐκόπην ἡ λαλιά τως,

ἡ κεφαλή των σχίστηκεν κ' ἔπεσαν τὰ μυαλά τως.

515 Τοῦτο σὲ λέγομεν νὰ πῆς δίχως τῶν πιττακιῶν μας,

τὸν ἄμετρόν μας τὸν βλαμμόν τὸν ἔχουν τὰ κορμιά μας,

ἃ λάχη νὰ πονέσουσιν καὶ νὰ μᾶς λυπηθοῦσιν,

νὰ ξεζαρώσῃ ἡ χέρα τως καὶ νὰ μᾶς θυμηθοῦσιν.

Διὰ τοῦτο σὲ παρακαλῶ, βλέπε μὴ λησμονήσῃς

520 νὰ πᾶς αὔρι στὸ σπίτι μας καὶ νὰ τῶς ὁμιλήσῃς.

Εἶπὲ καὶ τὰς γυναῖκας μας, εἶπὲ καὶ τῶν παιδιῶν μας

νὰ δώσουσιν πολλῶν πτωχῶν ἀκόμη ἀπὸ τὸν βίόν μας·

νὰ πέψουσι στὲς φυλακὲς ψωμίν, κρασίν καὶ ἀλεύριν,

γὰ νὰ τῶν ἔχωμεν κ' ἡμεῖς πολλὴν ἢ ὀλίγην χάριν.

525 [Ἦς πιάσουν τὴν διάταξιν τὴν ἔποικα στὸν κόσμον

καὶ δὲν ἀφήκα κανενὸς πλὴν τῶν παιδιῶν μου μόνον,

θαρρώντας ὁ κακότυχος νὰ ποίσουν ὡς γὰρ μένα,

γιατί, ὄνταν ἤμουν ζωντανός, κακὰ ἔχα καμωμένα.

Διαταῦτος σὲ παρακαλῶ πάλιν μὴ λησμονήσῃς

530 νὰ πᾶς, ὡς εἶπα, σπίτι μας καὶ νὰ τῶν ὁμιλήσῃς.

Ἔσῃς πάλιν παρακαλῶ, ὥστε ὅπου νὰ ζῆτε,

κάνετε διὰ τὸν Χριστὸν αὐτοῦ ὅπου πορπατεῖτε,

ὁδία νὰ βρῆτε εὔρεμαν δίχως κανέναν κόπον

ἐκεῖ ὅπου θέλετε ὑπὸν μὲ βιὰν πολλὴν καὶ κόπον.

535 Μὴ σὲ πλανέσῃ συγγενής, γυναῖκα ἢ παιδί σου

νὰ τῶν ἀφήσῃς τίποτας δώσιν διὰ τὴν ψυχὴν σου·

ἀμὲ χαρὰ στὸν ἄνθρωπον ὅπου μὲ χέρια φθάνει

καὶ ἀνοίγει τὸ σακούλιν του καὶ δίδει πρὶν νὰ θάνῃ.

Ἐσφικτοκλείδωνα καλὰ· πτωχὸς οὐδὲν ἐτόλμα

540 νὰ μὲ ζητήσῃ τίποτας, ν' ἀναχασκίση στόμα,

διατὶ ἐκατέχασιν καλὰ τὴν εἶδησιν τὴν εἶχα·

δὲν ἐσιμώνασιν ποτὲ οὐδ' ὄρεξιν δὲν εἶχα.

Ἄμὲ κράτουν κ' ἐμάζωνα καὶ θύμησιν δὲν εἶχα

Εἶπὲ καὶ τὰς γυναῖκας μας, ἀκόμη τῶν παιδιῶν μας

νὰ δώσουσιν πολλῶν πτωχῶν ἀκόμη ἀπὸ τὸν βίον μας.

Καὶ ὡς πέμπουν εἰς τὴν φυλακὴν ψωμί, κρασίν, σιτάρι

515 καὶ ἂν τύχη νὰ ῥθῃ ὁ μισθός, νὰ φθάσῃ νὰ μᾶς σώσῃ”.

διὰ τὴν ψυχὴν τὴν ταπεινὴν νὰ δώσω λίγην ψίχα.

45 Ὅποιος ἐλπίζει ὀπίσω του γιὰ τὴν διάταξίν του
νὰ δώσουσιν τινὲς πτωχῶν κομπῶνει τὴν ψυχὴν του·
διότι δὲν κουράρουσιν οὐδὲ ποσῶς ψηφοῦσιν,
ἀμὲ νὰ τρῶν, νὰ πίνουσιν, τὸν βίον τως νὰ κρατοῦσιν·
νὰ τὸν κρατοῦσι σφαλιστὸν μὲ δύο, μὲ τρεῖς κατῆνες·
50 φλουριά, δηνέρια καὶ πτερὰ μὲ τὲς χρυσὲς κουρτίνες·
μόνον νὰ λογαριάζουσιν ὅκαὶ νὰ τὰ πληθύνουν,
καὶ θύμησιν δὲν ἔχουσιν αὐτῶν ὅπου τ' ἀφήνουν.
Νὰ 'πες οὐκ εἶδαν τους ποτὲ οὐδὲ μὲ αὐτοὺς ἐφάγαν
οὐδ' ἐγευτήκασιν ποτὲ ἀμάδιον κ' εἶχαν φάβαν.
55 Δὲν ἔχω πλέον νὰ σοῦ πῶ νὰ πῆς τῶν πονεμένων,
εἰμὴ χαιρετισμοὺς πολλοὺς ἐκ τῶν πολλὰ βλαμμένων".]

*

Δόξα πατρὶ καὶ τῷ υἱῷ καὶ πνεύματι ἁγίῳ,
τῷ ποιητῇ μου καὶ θεῷ καὶ πλάστῃ παναιτίῳ. Ἀμήν.

560 Νικόλαος ὁ Καλλιέργης, ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ Ζαχαρίου,
ὁ τῶν γραμμάτων συνθετὴς τούτου τοῦ τυπαρίου,
ἐκόπιασεν γι' αὐτὴν τοῦ Μπεργαδῆ τὴν ρίμα,
νὰ μὴν τῆς εὗρη οὐδὲ εἰς διαβάζοντά την κρίμα,
ὡσὰν εὐρίσκονται τινὲς πολλὰ κατεσφαλμένες,
οἱ ὁποῖες τὸ δίκαιον ἤθελεν νὰ 'σαν κατακαημένες.

565 Εἰς χίλια πεντακόσια καὶ θῆτα ἐξετυπώθη,
εἰς μῆνα τὸν Δεκέμβριον καὶ ἕξωθεν ἐδόθη.

TRANSLATION ACCORDING TO A

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Bergadis' *Apokopos*, a lyrical poem describing a dream descent to the Underworld, has proved enduringly popular throughout the Greek-speaking world since its probable date of composition around 1400. The first literary text in the vernacular to be printed as a Venetian chapbook in 1509 (A), it was also included in one of the earliest manuscript collections of such texts to be produced in Ottoman Greece (V). Reprints from later chapbooks continued into the nineteenth century, within a few decades of Émile Legrand's first scholarly edition of 1870. At the same time, formulaic and thematic parallels between certain passages of the poem and laments recorded from oral tradition suggest deep-seated interaction. Whether the poem influenced, or drew from, oral tradition – or a combination of both – Bergadis' *Apokopos* has remained a live and formative text for over 600 years.

Yet outside the Greek-speaking world, the poem is virtually unknown except to scholars. Neither Manuel Gonzales Rincon's English rendering (1990) nor his Spanish version (1992) has circulated widely. Having known and loved this poem since I began work on laments over forty years ago, I made it my first task as Seferis Professor of Modern Greek at Harvard University in 1986 to produce an English rendering which I could circulate in lectures and seminars so as to make this gem of world literature better known to diverse audiences (including classicists) unable to cope with the vagaries of medieval Greek. Still I hesitated to finalise and publish my translation. There remained too many uncertainties, textual and other; besides, we were all hoping that eventually the *editio princeps* of 1509 would turn up. And so it did, thanks to Evro Layton's untiring watchfulness (1990), thereby making possible for the first time a full synoptic edition of the two best witnesses, A and V. It is my pleasure and privilege to have worked with Peter Vejleskov on this poem over the past year.

For those of us who have taught this poem for so long even without the necessary aids, there was never any doubt as to its literary qualities or its appeal to people of all kinds. Each new reading brings new questions and fresh insights. Who is the poet-dreamer, and what is his lineage? Does he wake up to take the messages back to the living, as bidden by the dead? Which is the

famed but overweening city the two young men claim to hail from? Whatever answers we choose, it is the poet's exploration of a world outside his own, and the smell of life about him, that quickens the dead in their Underworld gloom to voice their questions and stories, at first to the poet, then to each other, and finally in throngs that send the poet hastening back to our world – or to the realm of books and fantasy: a truly Renaissance poem.

Conflicts of wealth, gender and religion abound, yet it is the tensions between the living and the dead that command our attention. Raw emotions are evoked as the dead ask about widows, mothers, sisters, priests. Misogyny and anti-clericalism are rife, but tempered by an ambivalence that casts no judgement. The aristocratic pursuits and perceptions of poet and young men are in the end levelled down by the equalisation of every human being in death. As I worked on the poem over the past fifteen months of trials and tribulations, including recovery from cancer and my 99-year old mother's return from near death, not to mention December's tsunami and the limbless, headless bodies of victims shattered by war and terrorism, what has sustained me is the authenticity of the poetic voice. Bergadis' name suggests noble Veneto-Cretan lineage; yet he writes in the Cretan vernacular, and employs the fifteen-syllable rhyming couplet with ease. Familiarity with Greek laments, with precedents such as Homer, Virgil, Lucian, Dante, and even the twelfth-century Byzantine dialogue, *Timarion*, are by no means inconceivable nor irreconcilable. Neither didactic nor allegorical, he invites us to confront the fears and hopes of living and dead by showing that we can speak to the dead. And they speak back.

This is the first English translation to be made by a native speaker of English, and the first that fully respects the text tradition. I began with V, but soon decided in favour of A, because it is the more complete and viable text, as well as being the first modern Greek printed book. I have no hard and fast rules, but I have tried to observe three principles. First, to know and love the text by heart so I could work out exact meanings and nuances while doing mundane chores or waiting for buses, as well as when checking glossaries and commentaries. Second, to read and listen to English voices and rhythms that are roughly compatible with the poem's chronological range of active transmission. To that end, I worked with *Beowulf*, Chaucer, Shakespeare, madrigals and ballads. Third, the nearest native equivalent to the original metre – in our case something like "Barbara Allen" – may not provide the best model, as too hard to sustain without music for a poem of 570 lines.

Eventually I settled on a five-measure line of ten syllables, with variation permitted between nine and twelve. To convey the somewhat stilted, and markedly different, tone of the Epilogue, I chose an elegiac nine-syllable line with a falling beat.

May this poem live for ever, and be translated into all the languages of the world!

Margaret Alexiou
Walmer, Kent
27 July, 2005

TRANSLATION ACCORDING TO A

*Significant differences in V are given below**

- “Apokopos” by Bergadis, a poem
most learned and beloved by the wise**
Worn out with toil I once longed for repose;
I lay on my bed and let my eyes close.
- 5 I thought I gave chase in a fair meadow,
riding on horseback with saddle and reins,
a sword at my belt, a spear in my hand,
accounted with weapons, arrows and bow.
I thought I gave bold pursuit to a doe:
- 10 at times she stood still, at times she sped on.
Daybreak it was: I set off on the hunt,
and kept chasing till day broke its crossways.
All at once the doe was gone from my sight,
yet how and when, I am at a loss to write.
- 15 Then did I cease to chase and cease to speed,
pursuing the uncatchable, punishing my steed.
Gently I rode onwards, slowly I ambled,
wondering at the world, its blooms and bounties.
Towards dusk I reached the midst of the meadow
- 20 where I longed to dismount at a wondrous tree.
I got down at the tree, tethered my horse,
took off my weapons and laid them beside me.
The place I dismounted, where I was standing,
was the meadow’s navel, laden with flowers.
- 25 The tree was tender, its foliage dense,
bursting with blooms and fragrant apples.

*a/b: first/second half of the line 1-2: Title not in V 18a: place

Myriads of birds had their nests in the tree,
 each one singing in tune with nature.
 The bounties and pleasures of tree and place,
 30 the song of the birds and the long day's toil
 made me perforce to pause and take breath, as
 I lifted my gaze to the top of the tree:
 I thought I saw bees swarming and nesting
 where plenty of honey lay thick set in wax.
 35 At once I felt urged to climb up and taste,
 but up there the swarm awaited with spite.
 So I climbed the tree with fervour and toil,
 stopping quite still when I saw the queen bee.
 I groped through the wax and ate of the honey
 40 as my mind said: give the soul what it wants!
 I ate, never sated; hungered, I reached
 out till starving I gorged myself once more.
 Not once did the queen bee cease her attack
 until I saw the tree begin to move,
 45 sway, swerve and tremble as if to fall down:
 stricken with panic, I ate nothing more.
 I lifted my gaze to the tree and its branches,
 looking closely inside – who made it shake?
 Two mice, as it seemed, had circled the tree,
 50 one white, one black, each greedily licking the roots.
 Down they gnawed as the tree bent to a fall
 till roots bade the peak to lay down its head.
 Affrighted to look, I climbed down in haste,
 but there I was trapped, like a swarm at its food.
 55 The tree I had thought to be in a meadow
 stood on a cliff-top above a dark well.
 In its fall the tree seemed to crave the cliff
 while day drew in and night was upon us.
 Gone was my every hope of salvation,
 60 for it was clear to me where I would end:

in the well's pit I saw a dread dragon
 waiting with jaws agape for me to fall.
 Then down fell the tree and I went with it
 as the birds flew off and the bees fled.
 65 Landing, it seemed, inside the dragon's mouth
 into a dark tomb, earth, sunless soil I slipped.

There in the dark place where I had landed
 I thought I could hear the commotion of men
 noisily arguing how I got down there.
 70 Talk was among them to send and find out
 who had got into Hades, who made a noise,
 who opened the door, slipped in without leave?
 Like cobwebs two black shades came forth, as if
 but an outline of young men in torment.
 75 Humbly they greeted me, gently they spoke,
 but I was dumbstruck, no reply. They ask,
 "Whence, where from? Who are you? What do you seek?
 How can you move in the dark with no guide?
 How did you get here, alive, with a soul,
 80 and how will you reach your homeland again?
 Who comes down to Hades cannot go back:
 only the Second Coming can raise him up.
 Your breath smells of life, your clothes are shining,
 as if you've been tracking on meadows and plains.
 85 You come from the world, the land of the living!
 Tell us if the sky holds, does the world stand,
 if there's thunder and lightning, clouds and rain,
 and does the Milky Way meander and flow;
 if there are gardens and trees, birds that sing,
 90 if mountains are fragrant and trees in bloom.
 Are meadows cool, does the wind blow sweetly?
 Do heaven's stars and morning star still shine?

- Say whether church bells ring for priests to chant,
 rising at dawn to light up the lanterns;
 95 if young folk still gather at summertime,
 clasped by the hand as they pass through the town,
 singing soft songs of longing at daybreak,
 as they walk quietly by in orderly file?
 Do they hold weddings, feasts and holy days?
 100 Are the girls courted, and are they all happy?
- 115 Say if they still leave early on Saturdays,
 in haste to get to the bath-house and change,
 so Sunday morning they can wash their face,
 dress up in their finest and go to church.
 Do grand dames in cloaks walk out with handmaids
 120 trailing the scent of musk and the bath-house;
 and if nobles have courtyards, palaces, halls.
 Do some have the heart and others the pride
 to sweep out with retinues, pitch tents on plains,
 hunting for partridge with hawks and with hounds?
 125 Young folks and householders – do they honour
 still their elders, as when we were alive?
- 101 As for the world you passed through, the lands you crossed,
 do the joyful living ones think of us?
 Tell us! Do they grieve and keen for us at all?
 Do they lament as when they buried us?
 105 Do you bring messages, letters of comfort
 from the bereaved to bitter black Hades?
 Read us the papers and tell us the news,
 let's have it – here's all we have in Hades!"
 They sighed at each word, at every two they groaned:
 110 "Scatter, wordless soil! Open, earth!" they cried.
 but let in heaven's dew, let sun's rays shine!

96b: at daybreak, 122b: power 125: Are they still honoured – girls, women,
 householders 126a: as they used to be 105b: of request 106b: bitter forgotten

- "May gates of Hades crash, may chains be sundered,
 113 [so we can see each other, light be shed –
 114 do young men have faces, young girls charms?"]
- 127 I saw how they keened, how they lamented,
 as they urged me to say how life goes on.
 My soul surged with such pity and sorrow
 130 I decided to tell them how the world fares.
 "Yes, the sky holds", I say, "and the world stands.
 Nothing is missing from what you recall:
 with blossoms and fruits, tilling, planting and smells
 the twelve-monthed year turns round like a wheel.
 135 Some folks are happy without a thought for you,
 while others grieve for you, consumed with pain."
 They ask, "Do the happy ones have kin here
 with those buried in earth, sent down to Hades?"
 I tell them, "Yes, they do have kinsfolk here
 140 but they're far away, and they have forgotten.
 Gone from their thoughts are the dead, whose wealth they
 spend with others: out of sight, out of mind!"
 Then they groaned, asking "What of young widows?
 Can they have sought a second wedding crown?
 145 Or donned the black habit, bearing the Cross,
 sitting in monasteries praying for us?
 Don't hide it, just tell us how they behave:
 do they forget us, enjoy life with others?"
 Seeing how much they grieved, desperate to know,
 150 I fell silent, lest they keen themselves to
 still greater harm should they hear what goes on.
 Said my mind to itself: that's quite enough!
 I made the sign of silence, shook my head
 and turned my back so they could ask no more.
 155 Back they went to the start all over again,

134a: twelvefold 140: you are forgotten for you are absent 148: eat and drink a-
 round, *grieving for us* 151b: *my question*

plied me with questions one after another:

“Why wait to reply? Man, give an answer:
feel pain for our suffering, pity our grief!”

In the end I made this reply, “Why ask?”

160 Why force me to say what I know you will hate?
You know what goes on: only here it's not clear:
there's no friend for him who lies buried and dead.

The proverb speaks truth, it tells no lie:
woe to him laid in earth, covered with soil!”

165 I say, “In answer will this be enough?

Else I'll spell out each and every detail,
I'll give you such fill of moanings and groanings
as will send you scuttling back into Hades.

Well then, since you ask me, I'll let you know

170 how each man's love-mate behaves in the world:

Young widowed women kiss other men's lips,
talking you down in their lovers' embrace.

On them they bestow your garments and bedclothes
with no word of your name by common consent.

175 As for the time they spent living with you,
it seemed no more than a day or a week!

During your lifetime they took other lovers,
keen to be rid of you, wanting you gone.

Once they had buried you, wearing their black,

180 some got with child, making milk once more.
Shame made them show bitter shedding of tears
all the while meaning to live with a lover.

True, some gave manifest signs of widowhood
by sitting in darkness – no husbands for them!

185 But all too soon out a-hunting they go,
chasing up churches, spending your savings.

With candles and rosaries, in broad woollen cloaks
they even dare scatter incense like priests.

161a: Don't you know 173b: and horses 176a: why, it was 180b: too soon 186b:
their

190 From sixth or seventh hour on holy days
when churches are closed and folks have gone home
they leapfrog your gravestones, riding across you,
consorting with priests in furtive whispers,
consulting the gospels, they nod up and down,
smiling with one eye they wink with the other.

195 Some do it in alleyways, others for snacks,
then on the nightwatch get laid on the bed.
Yes, those who grieve from the heart, true widows,
they sit in darkness, seeking no husband.

200 They avoid churches, abhor monasteries,
keeping doors tightly bolted, windows barred.
Reason is their priest, mind their confessor
as they shun the load of people's slander.

Have you seen birds of prey scum over fodder,
the flock behind like a clan on the terrace?

205 That's how holy fathers crowd round widows'
homes, rendering perforce their nights into days.
They fight hard to move them on, get them out
– just listen to what they say and teach:

“Woman, what good does it do you to sit there

210 at home in the dark like a broody hen?

Woman, get down from up there in the attic,
and be off to church to hear words of God.

The wealth you enjoy, the goods you dispose
– bestow on churches for instant sainthood.

215 Let no kinsman beguile nor lover deceive!

Blest who gives to the church, not to the poor!”

Yet they miss their target just as the witless
hawk lets slip his prey and clutches woolskeins.

For all their efforts, there's nothing but toil,

= ungirdled off they tumbled, like friars in dogs??

190a: they come out of church 192 not in V +193a: Thus shunning the world and
hating company +194a: living in monasteries they get caught in the net 198 not in
V 201b: God 206: working hard by day and by night 207: to entice them, deceive
them 211a: get off your bed 216b: and then to

220 – ungirdled off they trundle, like friars in clogs.”

They heard what goes on, they got their answers,
gave groan after groan to learn the dread news.

Whispering together, out of my hearing,
– should they ask more? I heard one of them say.

225 But the other one – his hair stood on end,
as he cried “His news is enough – no more!”

The pair turned to me, “Don’t mock us if we
ask one more question. Tell us, so please you,
how can our poor mothers bear to look on,

230 their sons gone, their daughters-in-law re-wed,
how can they stand up at home, and no talk there?
how look on sons’ clothes, no bodies in them?”

I reply, “With you they lost their life’s light,
they can’t see what goes on or control their goods.

235 Yes, they grieve for you, they groan for your sakes,
they think only of you, forgetting the world!”

When our questions were over and done,
they made the sign of silence, asked no more.

Then they groaned and told their own tale of woe

240 – it was a grievous story, like a dirge.

Listen to what they spoke and sang,
and how, in telling, they could stay no tears:

“Christ, could tombstone be shattered, earth dissolved,
and we wretches be risen from sunless bed!

245 If we could have our forms and faces back
with tongues to speak out, our plaint to be heard,

our feet on the ground and walking on earth,
we’d be riding our horses, hawks on the wrist,
our hounds racing home before we got back there

250 for the news to be spread: the dead have come back!

Then we should see who came to greet us

220b: the friars 231a: look at their clothes b: no bodies in them 232a: houses open
b: families 244b: wretched 246 *not in V*

and welcome us home at the courtyard gate;
whether the oaths they had sworn us proved true:

255 ‘By the king of heaven, the great creator,
if only Charos dealt in fair exchange,
gladly we had given you body and soul!’

With such sorrowing words and grieving form,
with moanings and groanings and shedding of tears
they stole our wealth and gave it to others

260 while they enjoy other men, forgetting us.

Woe unto men worn down by women’s boldness,
for Charos flings them alive into Hades.

Whoever heeds their tears, believes their words,
is chasing game on lakes, fish on mountain sides.

265 When she gives show of pain, she’s exulting,
desirous of shame, eager for evil,
smiling with one eye, tears in the other;

the tear shows her grief, the laugh her deceit.

She makes her pimp pity her, spend on her,

270 taking tuppence for farthing – not worth it!

from tuppence to shilling, on to a guinea:
with clients and time she’ll hit the hundred!”

They had learned all, groaned ten thousand times over,
then they lowered their voices, changed their tune.

275 They rested their cheeks, as I saw, on their palms,
while tears gushed forth as they do from a stream.

As soon as I saw their grief had subsided

I made up my mind to ask them a question:

280 “Whence, where from? How is it you came down
to Hades together? When did it happen?”

Hearing my question they fell to the ground

as they wept and cast their glance upwards to me.

“That is a question you must not ask
lest our danger increase: be silent, please.”

254b: lofty and mighty 260a: eat and drink with

285 After a while one of the pair took heart,
 turned round to face me and gave this reply:
 "Well then, as you've asked, I'm going to tell you
 as one now constrained with embittered lips.
 Take heed: in our homeland we come from noble
 290 stock. Which homeland? you ask – we'll tell you next.
 Ours is the homeland where there is wealth;
 where eating fish came by nature and birthright.
 A wild place, no way through, a thicket for birds,
 where conceit grew brash and impudence bred,
 295 where tournaments vanquished the mobbing crowd,
 where the well-off held sway over the people.
 The mirror of heaven, the world's icon;
 as at dice it threw sixes stuck on the one,
 the judgement of wisdom, sovranity's moon,
 300 the source of riches, the army's steed.
 It was the seat opposite the realm of Rome,
 vessel of arrogance and duplicity.
 In this city was our father first man,
 shining like the morning sun, in darkness moon.
 305 Our eldest sister was married abroad
 far away from home, many years ago.
 Father saw fit to send us out there
 for good times together as brothers and friends.
 He ordered a ship to be built and equipped,
 310 to be rigged out fast at double the wage.
 They brought up young lads, stood them before him,
 from three he chose two, then the best of the pair.
 When he had the ship decked with weapons and wealth,

287a: Briefly, 288b: dry 289b: what stock we come from 290: and which is our homeland, we'll tell you next. 291b: that is called *Lion* 292: where they ate fish against nature in famine 293b: of birdnests 294: where *winged nets* and impudence abound 295a: *crookedness* (?) b: street mobs 296: abandoned 298: *where the packhorse abandoned Chalcedon itself* 299-300 not in V 303b: Rome's 310: be prepared and repaired at highest speed

with warriors, nobles and so many lords,
 315 he went on board together with us,
 and admired the craft as a thing of beauty.
 We knelt down before him, as he ordained,
 while he led the prayers for all of us on board.
 For our sakes he laboured and hastened to
 320 say, 'I beg you, maker of earth and sky,
 grant them safe journey, safe return to my
 table so I can see them around me.'
 He prayed for us, wept and disembarked,
 then ordered the rest of the forces to board.
 325 With a gesture he bade us to rise and
 be off at once, keeping close on our course.
 Out rushed the captain and issued commands
 to loosen the cable towards open seas.
 The trumpets resounded, instruments played
 330 and the sailors sat as they saw and chose.
 They weighed anchor, and plied the oars as they
 rowed and turned round to reach offshore anchorage.
 Before taking leave, they all raised the cry,
 getting the captain's commands for the route.
 335 Once set on our course it was then that our
 minds filled with dismay – when would we be home?
 We were worried; our minds imagined the worst
 – what if we met our death in foreign parts?
 In less than three hours the fortress had vanished;
 340 the next hour brought sundown and the first star.
 The sky showed clear, the wind was fair,
 as night wore her finest, none finer than this.
 The crew at their revels were dressed in their best,

316b: lest aught be amiss 317: At this, as was his due, we knelt before him
 318: and we stood at prayers led by himself 322a: bedside 324b: the crew
 328: V *garbled* 332b: and turned in a circle 333a: *How* to take 334a: they then
 got, I think 336a: tried to work out 339b: *the star appeared* 343: were rejoicing,
 the sailors were laughing

holding their course with longing and joy.
 345 Then towards midnight the clear skies went black,
 the winds were in turmoil, the seas roared.
 To much thunder and lightning, the louring
 clouds then conspired to bring ruin upon us.
 Just as sheep for the slaughter at the butcher's
 350 hand lie frozen at the sight of the knife,
 so did we look on death before our eyes.
 We knew for sure we were bound for Hades,
 for the waves kept lashing against the winds,
 the sailors took fright, and began to tremble.
 355 Then came a cloudburst, hard on thunder and snow,
 and on impact it grabbed the portside rudder.
 On larboard side the mast came crashing down,
 with dreadful din, and smashed to smithereens.
 With the cloudburst a second wave crashed over
 360 us, and water on water made our grave.
 The throes of death found us locked and entwined
 in each other's embrace, to our great grief,
 and shot us down under conjoined to the depths
 where Charos received us in Hades with souls.
 365 What then became of the rest, we know not,
 for we parted from them as from strangers.
 I was twenty years old, he a bit older
 when we were crowned together, each to a mate.
 That is why we were allowed to be buried
 370 together, and walk about as a pair.
 We get down to Hades, and along comes our sister,
 holding a baby. She turns round and sees us:
 ceasing to haste, ceasing to speed, seized with
 wonder at such an unexpected sight!

344b: with glory and 348a: soon 349b: *knife* 350: *sees what the knife-point has in store* 352b: in each other's arms 355b: rain and 356b: at once the rudder 359: Secondly, the cloud-burst soon reached us 361a: *peril* 365a: rest of the crew 366a: they parted from us 367b: two years 369b: keep company

375 – how meet in Hades those she deemed alive,
 how behold their grief to lose the world?
 Lost in thought she stood and stared – it was all
 too hard to believe, she bided her time.
 Then she made up her mind: she looked, knew us
 380 and, upon recognition, she drew close,
 clasped each of us in her arms with yearning
 till she hung from our necks. Then she began
 to bathe her face in tears, as she asked
 in amazement, 'Can it really be you,
 385 you who were my eyes, you my light to see,
once held in honour; myself in bright raiment?'
 She wept to one side, we to the other,
 then in tears she spoke out and asked us again:
 'When and how did it happen, what I see now?'
 390 And how came Fate to weave her threads against you?'
 A long time passed before we could answer
 giving full details to all her questions.
 Then we responded in tears and with pain,
 telling her what disaster time held in store:
 395 how ocean's hazard, hurricane's peril
 sent us to Hades without cause of war.
 'We were coming to see you with longing,
 with father's blessing, then to make our way home;
 but his blessing turned curse, his prayer a burden:
 400 death was our course, Charos our journey.
 Here's a small sign as to when this happened:
 our clothes are still a bit wet, as you see.'
 Hearing *my question*, she wept, sang a dirge:
 'Alas for whom grievous news awaits

376: how she left them alive – *now where were they?* 380b: quickly 383a: our faces
 386: thus when looking at you I was dressed in glory 388a: when we'd lamented
 390: Fate's evil to strike 394: *this ... the winds* 395 *not in V* 396a: cast us into
 398a: at ... behest 401b: how 403a: what had happened 404: whoever awaits bad
 news

- 405 – one night, one evening has sent down to Hades
their comfort, two sons and one daughter!
They sowed their Charos, they reaped only death.
What they gained through their toils is left to others.
Their glory a bloom, their joy but a flower,
410 and that's why the sun has brought the dread news.
They laid foundations in snow, they built on water;
now the snows are melted, waters dispersed.
Their foundation collapsed, the building cracked;
their heart now sundered by a two-edged sword.
415 Fortune *notched her bow implacably*, then
emptied her quiver till she shot them down.
She made the heart the target of her bow,
arrows on the mark one after another,
not one went astray, they were all wounded.
420 – nowhere else to shoot, she'd killed them all.'
When we had wept and lamented together
we asked, 'When did you get down to Hades?'
Hearing our question she wept and lamented,
then turned towards us and gave this reply:
425 'As I lay on my bed, fretful and vexed
– I was eight months with child as I recall –
in my sleep I thought I heard voices, calling
'Why are you idle? Your brothers are drowned!'
At once my guts burst, I had a stroke:
430 out came my child, my soul sped upwards.
That is how Charos brought me death in childbirth
as I took with me this child in my arms.
Charos granted me this one share from the world,
as heart's ease and soul mate down here in Hades.'

410a: and then the 411-412 not in V 413: *And then it was scattered, they destroyed what they built* 414 not in V 415: And fortune all at once set her bow 416: and filled her quiver, notched her bow 420: and the peril of death closed over them 422: 'How are you faring 423b: *she asked them again* 425a: slept 432a: he seized 433a: I was allotted

- 435 Just then at daybreak, up came a servant,
he drew up close to her, greeting her thus:
'Take leave of these men at once, do not delay!
Go to Charos' courtyard – you have dues to pay!'
In a short while five creatures came for us,
440 darting fiery tongues out of their mouths.
They were armed, winged, ferocious and black;
their visage was hideous, as black as pitch;
their feet, claws and wings were just like a bat's.
Softly they spoke to us, such were their words.'
445 At the close the young men said, "Well then you've heard:
I've told you what happened, you have learned all.
As to when this took place, you urged me to tell,
I've lost my sense of time, gone from my mind,
for in bitter Hades no sun rises,
450 nor moon sends down its light from the sky.
Here time does not happen; day makes no difference,
only eternal darkness stretches out."
He finished his story, drew near and stood still
as if he was waiting to hear more news.
455 They turned to me and asked once again
to hear more troubles and news of the world.
I could not reply or stay any longer;
I had to turn round, get back to the light.
"Any more questions? I'm going home", I told them.
460 "Wait!", they say, "for the missing to come out
in case they want to send a message too
along with their letters from bitter Hades."

439b: creatures, he says, came 442: *those in Hades, I think, guards and cardinals*
443: *children, babies, the two bats had* 444a: fiercely b: rough their greeting
446a: answered your questions 447a: *how* 450: V *garbled* 451a: There ... show
452: *bright*, darkness runs on *in mockery* (?) 453a: *He came up from below* 454: V
garbled +454β: And he nudged his neighbour to keep silence +455β: When I saw
them draw in, close upon me 457a: wait 458b: out from the darkness 459: "Have
you more, if you please, to say?"

Their lips are blackened; cut off their speech;
their skull is split, spilled out their brains.

515 We say this so you – without our letters –
can tell of our bodies' boundless harm
in case they feel the pangs of pity
and open palms in memory of us.

That's why I ask you – please don't forget –
520 to go tomorrow to our homes and speak!
Tell our wives, and tell our children too,
spend from our goods on the many poor;
send to the prisons bread, wine and flour,
so we too may get great or lesser thanks.

525 [Let them find the worldly will I made,
bequeathing to none save my children,
Thinking, poor wretch, they would act for me
who in my lifetime had done bad deeds.

That's why I ask again – don't forget,
530 go to our homes, as I said, speak out!
All of you, I beg, while still alive,
do deeds for Christ wherever you may go,
so you may find treasure without toil,
wherever you may speed in haste and toil.

535 Let no kin beguile, nor wife nor child,
to leave them gifts to give for your soul.
No, joy to him who reaches out his hand
before he dies and opens up his purse.

I was tight-fisted: no poor man ever dared
540 to ask me for anything, open his mouth,
because they knew too well my reputation!
Never drew they near, nor did I want them.
I kept tight and close, with neither thought
nor crumb to spare for my soul's sake.

-513: / spend from our goods on the many poor; 514-15: send to the prison bread,
wine, wheat, and if payment comes, may it be in time to save us".

545 Whoever thinks his will guarantees gifts
to the poor after death deceives his soul –
– they just don't care, they can't be bothered,
except to eat, drink, hold on to their goods,
keeping them locked up with two or three chains,
550 florins, dinars and "feathers" with gold curtains,
working out only how to increase them
without a thought for those who bequeathed.
You'd say they never knew them, shared a meal,
nor ate together on a dish of lentils.
555 I have no more for you to tell the bereaved,
just many greetings from us, sorely maimed".]

*

**Glory to the father, to the son and to the holy spirit,
to my maker and God and all-causing creator. Amen**

**Nikolaos Kalliergis, Zacharias' son,
560 compositor of letters in this press,
laboured on this the rhyme of Bergadis
so those who read it find no wrong
as may be found in many faulty rhymes
that should by rights have been burned.**

**565 In fifteen hundred and nine was this printed,
and in December's month was it given forth.**