

WEDDING SONGS, 6

SUMMARY

Lietuvių liaudies dainynas (The Book of Lithuanian Folk Songs) is an anthology of songs in a series of publications representing a long tradition of singing in Lithuania. It is compiled following a uniform and strictly defined structure, namely that of the catalogue of Lithuanian folk songs. The principles of the compilation of the book of songs have been formulated in the *Instruction for the Compilation of Lithuanian Folk Songs* (edited by Leonardas Sauka, 1980).

The publication is compiled on the basis of a genre system. Lithuanian folk songs are classified into the following genres: wedding, work, calendar ceremonies, children, family, military-historical, youth, love, feasting, songs of literary origin, humorous-didactic songs, romances, polyphonic songs, ballads, laments, light and merry songs. Within the system of genre, songs are subdivided into smaller groups according to their functions and themes. Songs of one theme belong to certain types and are numbered. One type consists of all variants of one and the same song. Variants within one type are further subdivided into versions and variant groups. Such subdivision helps to reflect variations of poetic text as well as other distinct structural changes. In order to mirror the vitality and development of the singing tradition, variants with a larger degree of improvisation are also included. Songs of individual genres are published in a series.

Songs included in a publication are provided with a commentary which states the number of variants forming one version or variant group, the place and time of recording a song, major publications, as well as significant moments of textual variation, contamination or joining of motives, thematic resemblance to songs of other genres, and comments on the performance of the song by the person presenting it. Type variants are presented in the way that best reflects peculiar features of the respective variation. Publications include authentic songs that are most valuable in terms of their poetic and musical characteristics, representing all ethnographic regions of the country.

Starting with volume 15, the book of songs has been issued together with CDs containing the recordings of the songs of the publication. The CDs include only authentic recordings in order to reflect the versatility of the material being published.

The primary source of this multi-volume publication of songs is the folklore archive of the Lithuanian Institute of Literature and Folklore. Material accumulated in other folklore funds as well as printed materials have also been used. The Lithuanian folklore archive is continuously updated with new, recently recorded material. Latest data finds its way into *The Book of Lithuanian Folk Songs* as well.

The first volume of *The Book of Lithuanian Folk Songs* was issued in 1980. Over 30 years 22 volumes have been compiled and published covering songs of various genres.

DOWRY SENDING SONGS

THE DAUGHTER (MOTHER) AMASSES THE DOWRY (1–25)

1. **I am my beloved mother's** (V 1639 – 1 var.) only daughter. I never avoided doing chores. Mother told me to wake early. I obeyed, got up and stoked the fire to make breakfast. Mother told me to spin thin threads. I obeyed, and spun many threads. Mother

told me to weave thin shrouds. I wove thin shrouds and piled them into the dowry chest. They drove my dowry to a foreign land in two-three carriages, with five-six steeds. There, where the wagons got stuck, the ties snapped – the girl's heart filled with worry. When I walked across the house, the floor sank, and tears rolled off my face.

2. **Dear mother of mine** (V 1640 – 1 var.), my heart, sow some flax for me. I will spin thin linen, and weave white shrouds. I will fill up the dowry chests and wait for young guests to come riding over.

3. **Prepare your dowry, girl**, (V 1641 – 2 var.), you're about to be a bride. – If I had known, I would have prepared the dowry: spun thin threads, wove dense shrouds. I would have washed them to bright whiteness and hung them to dry high on the hills, upon silk ropes. There, where the wind billows and the sun bleaches.

4–5. **Oh, rue rue** (V 1642 – 18 var.), don't grow for so long in the garden. Young sister, don't stay so long at your mother's place. Weave shrouds of white linen – you know you'll have to leave. I broke a red rose, but I did not let my heart break over that good-for-nothing boy.

6. **The dear daughter grew up** (V 1643 – 4 var.). I will not leave my mother's place until I've amassed a dowry equal to that of other daughters. When I wove shrouds, the shuttle darted quickly. When I took to bleaching the shrouds, my mother looked on with pride. When I opened the dowry chests, and began cutting the thin shrouds, my mother wept sorrowfully. Don't cry, mother, I'm neither the first nor the last – there are many such girls.

7–8. **When I had two sisters** (V 1644 – 2 var.), they wove thin shrouds with new looms. The looms buzzed, the harness flashed, and they both sang beautifully. – Hey, quiet down, brothers: when I leave, I will take the chests with me. You won't sow rye in the spot where the chests used to stand. You will replace me with a hired hand, and pay a hefty salary. I will depart a hundred miles across the seas. Beyond the waters grows a green linden tree. The linden grew, the leaves turned green, the top swayed. Dear God, my days are full of hardship, but they are still harder for the little fish in shallow waters.

9–14. **The girl weeps** (V 1645 – 78 var.), since she has not amassed a dowry. – Don't cry, girl, you will amass one at your husband's place. – Mother, there won't be any time at my husband's. I'll have to go to sleep late, and wake early, and then wake all the others in the house. I was there one day, and a second, and heard how mother-in-law wakes me. – Get up, daughter-in-law, you slept enough at your mother's place. You slept long, dressed well, and didn't amass a dowry for yourself.

15. **So it was, so it was** (V 1646 – 1 var.). Our sister is not lazy – she is a spinner. She never rested during work breaks and never went strolling through the markets. – Tell me, sister, why are you so sad? You grew up happy at your mother's, amassed a dowry with your sister. – They'll drive my dowry across the fields, and drive my young days into hardship.

16–22. **Whoever wants to get me** (V 1647 – 50 var.), will have to wait a while. I just started growing up, weaving thin shrouds, every year I add a measure to the dowry.

23. **I planted rue** (V 1648 – 2 var.) beneath my mother's window. – Rue, why don't you bloom in the wintertime? – How will I bloom in the winter: the cold freezes my blossoms, the wind tears at my branches? – Dear girl, why aren't you getting married this winter? – How will I marry in the winter, if I haven't amassed a dowry? There are no gloves for the matchmaker, no embroidered shirt for the priest. Father, make me a chest. Mother, wake me in the morning. I will wake early, spin thread, weave thin shrouds, and amass my dowry.

24. **We were three sisters, tūto** (V 1649 – 8 var.). All three of us shared one dowry. We will divvy up the dowry: the first will get the towels, the second – thin shrouds, and the third will get the rest. // We were three brothers. All three of us shared one horse. We will

split up the horse: the first will get the bridle, the second the saddle, and the third will get the horse.

25. **Raspberry white-blossomed** (V 1650 – 1 var.). As sister opened the door and flung the keys onto the dowry barrel she announced: – Father didn't leave me any time to amass my dowry during the day. I prepared the dowry only in the mornings and evenings, I even wove shrouds during the mid-day break. The sun will come up, a boy will come riding from a faraway land. We will speak sweetly and divvy up the bride's gifts.

THE DAUGHTER WILL LEAVE AND TAKE THE CHESTS WITH HER (26–57)

26–35. **When I was little** (V 1652 – 173 var.) I'd never grow drowsy in the cradle. When I grew up, I'd walk around the house and admire the chests. – Mother, which chest will you give to me when you marry me off? – Daughter of mine, the fullest and most colorful, that one will be your chest // When I was little, I'd never grow drowsy in the cradle. When I grew up, I would walk around the stable and admire the horses. – Father of mine, which steed will you give me when you marry me off? – Son of mine, the most beautiful bay steed, that one will be your horse.

36–47. **Oh, how my brothers avoid me** (V 1653 – 133 var.) and my colorful chests. You won't replace the chests with steeds. My brothers avoid me and my rue garden. You won't sow wheat and barley in my rue garden. I am departing this fall, I'll leave an empty space. I will leave you sad and weeping. Who here is sad, who here weeps? Brothers and sisters are sad, mother sorrowfully weeps. Over there I will find them dancing, singing and waiting for me. Who is dancing, singing and waiting for you there? Sisters-in-law dance, brothers-in-law sing, mother-in-law waits for me. The son will bring the bride home, and she will become a spinner, a weaver, and a big help to her mother-in-law.

48–55. **You couldn't stand me, mother** (V 1654 – 184 var.), nor the rue in the garden, nor the chest in the house. I'll leave you in a day, in an hour, in just one minute. I fell into great hardship, worries and sorrowful tears, mother. – Come back, daughter. Now I will love you, and call you my daughter. – The time has passed, mother: the guests are already at the table, and my man is at my side.

56–57. **What is that village** (V 1655 – 8 var.)? Whenever the village residents came together, they gossiped about me. Neighbors, tolerate my young days. I would have left this fall, but I felt sorry to leave behind three things: my rue, my wreath, and my young days. When I leave that village, I will leave an empty space. I will leave you sad and weeping. When I go to a different village, I will find them waiting for me. There are musicians, violins, and sisters-in-law who dance. Sisters-in-law, make a space for my chests in the barn, and a place for me at the table.

THE MOTHER WILL MISS HER DEAR DAUGHTER, THE WEAVER (58–103)

58–69. **Oh forest, forest** (V 1657 – 208 var.) full of little birds. On a clear day the birds chirped, on a misty day they were sad. Father is marrying his son off thirty miles from here. – Father, don't marry me off, I am the eldest plowman. You will have to hire other plowmen. They plowed all day, but didn't finish a single row, broke the plow and punished the bulls – they made old father weep. // The green woods are full of little birds. On a clear day they sang, on a foggy one they were sad. Mother is marrying off her daughter thirty miles from here. – Mother, don't let me go, I am the eldest weaver. You will have to hire other weavers. Throughout the day they wove, but didn't finish a single meter. They futzed with the silk harness, and broke the reed – they made old mother weep.

70–80. **The dappled steed neighed** (V 1658 – 303 var.), and a young man came riding. – Wake up, dear mother, wake your daughter. Go to the tall barn, and pick out a dowry for your daughter. Daughter, say farewell to your mother. The cuckoo is calling in the orchard, mother is weeping in the house. How not to weep when she must marry her daughter off? Who will stoke the fire, who will calm my heart? Who will care for me when I fall ill, who will mourn for me when I die?

81–86. **You will miss me, mother** (V 1659 – 155 var.). When you go into the granary, where I used to weave shrouds, you won't find me there. Father, you will miss me. When you go to the stables, where I used to feed the bay steed, you won't find me there. Brother, you will miss me. When you go to the field where I used to rake the green hay, you won't find me there. Sister, you will miss me. When you go into the garden where I used to plant green rue, you won't find me there. Boys, girls, you'll miss me. When you go out where we used to dance, you won't find me there.

87–88. **Green and beautiful are the oak's branches** (V 1660 – 18 var.), still more beautiful are the mother's daughters. The north wind blows, a mother scolds her daughter. Mother, don't scold your daughter. When you wake in the morning, you won't find your eldest daughter – the weaver, the hay-raker, and the dowry chest will be missing. // The north wind blows, father scolds his son. Father, don't scold your son. You'll wake early in the morning, and won't find your eldest son, the hay-cutter, the plower, and the horse from the stable will be missing.

89–91. **The pigeon coos and warbles** (V 1661 – 18 var.) as it flies, my mother weeps as she walks. – I will go to the granary to the dowry chest – both the chests and the daughter are missing. // The pigeon coos and warbles as it flies, father weeps as he walks. – I will walk over to the barn to the oxen – both the oxen and my daughter are missing. // The pigeon coos and warbles as it flies, my brother weeps as he walks. – I will go to the new stable to the horses – both the horses and sister are missing. // The pigeon coos and warbles as it flies, my sister weeps as she walks. – I will go to the garden near the rue – both the rue and sister are missing.

92. **Whose is that green yard** (V 1662 – 2 var.), copper gate, brass keys? That is our father's green yard. Old father walks over to the new stable, and looks – the horse is missing. He looks in the house – his son is gone. Where is our son, where is his steed? The son is in a foreign land, in a special place. Old father weeps that his son doesn't know how to plow, nor how to fix the plow. Don't weep, father, your son will learn how to plow and how to fix the plow.

93–100. **As mother walked** (V 1663 – 85 var.), she opened the door to the barn. – Here is my daughter's green dowry chest. – Mother, don't say such things, don't break my heart. My heart breaks, my young days come to an end. // Father opens the barn door and says: – Here is my daughter's roan cow. – Father, don't say such things, don't break my heart. My heart is breaking... // Sister goes to the garden and says: // – Here is my sister's green rue. – Sister, don't say such things, don't break my heart... // Brother opens the stables and says: – This is my sister's bay steed. – Brother, don't say such things, don't break my heart...

101–103. **Father walked around the estate** (V 1664 – 24 var.) and bitterly wept: – Both my daughter and the grey oxen are gone. // Mother walked around the barn and bitterly wept: – Both my daughter and the colorful chests are gone. // Brother walked around the stable and bitterly wept: – Both sister and the white steeds are gone. // Sister walked around the garden and bitterly wept: – Both sister and the green rue are gone.

104–131. **Weave shrouds, dear mother** (V 1667 – 717 var.). A boy is coaxing me to a foreign land. – Daughter, wait at least another year. – Mother, I can't wait: the brothers-in-law are coming and driving away the painted chests. The chests rumble and clang, the girl weeps as she parts from her mother.

132–141. **Why are you so sad, dear viburnum** (V 1668 – 373 var.)? You grew up among trees, you brought forth blossoms amid branches. – I'm sad, dear rowan, because the storm broke my branches, and the frost froze my blossoms. // – Why are you so sad, young man? You grew up at your father's and fed the horse in the stable. – I am sad, dear girl, because they intend to marry me off and hide the spurs. They will bring the horse out of the stable, and me into captivity. // – Why are you so sad, dear rowan? You grew up among trees, and brought forth blossoms amidst leaves. – I am sad, dear viburnum, because they intend to cut me down and prune my branches. // – Why are you sad, dear girl? You grew up at your mother's, amassed a dowry with your sisters. – I am sad, dear boy, because they intend to barter for me and sell my wreath. They'll drive the dowry across the field, and drive me into hardship.

142–143. **The carriage stands in the middle of the yard** (V 1669 – 45 var.), my girl stands in the tall barn. Place the chest into the carriage, and take me along with you. When they drove me through the green forest, the cold dew fell from the trees onto the painted chest. The mist falls, the dew falls, and so do my bitter tears.

144. **The horses stand all in a row** (V 1671 – 1 var.), they are ready to drive the dowry away in a carriage. Brothers stand beside the house, ready to carry the dowry. Sisters stand beside the rue garden, beside the young maiden. As many branches and green leaves as there are on a rue plant, there's that much to talk about among the sisters. As many branches and green leaves as there are on the trees, there's that much to talk about among the brothers.

145. **Oh back when I was a young girl** (V 1672 – 1 var.), everybody loved me and led me by my white hands, gave me green wine to drink and white bread to eat, offered me a golden ring. On a bright, clear day they drove me away as a bride, and behind me followed my white dowry.

146–149. **A warm wind blew** (V 1673 – 42 var.), and melted the snow. The girls rejoiced that the rue turned green. The skylark flies above the trees, singing joyful songs. I would write a letter and send it to a girl in a foreign land. – My maiden, do you love me? – I love you and always will. – I have a bay steed and a cart. Sit beside me, dear maiden, I will take you to my father's estate where the cuckoos call and the girls sing. – I will neither sit, nor go to your place: father won't let me, and I feel sorry for my mother. The brothers-in-law drive the dowry across the field, and me into hardship. They drive the dowry across the village and me into a hovel. They carry the dowry into the hovel, and pour beer into the glass. The sad girl sits at the table. – Are you sorry for your rue, or your young days? – I feel sorry for my rue and my young days, and my wreath which suited me so well. I sat at the table, looked out the window – the youth are dancing in the rue garden. – Young maiden, they are trampling and disrespecting your green rue.

150–153. **Oh you groomsmen, drivers of the dowry chest** (V 1675 – 26 var.), little-by-little carry the painted chests and be careful not to twist off their stands – you won't be able to fix them without a carpenter. Drivers of the dowry, carry the painted chests little-by-little, careful not to break the locks, you won't fix those without a blacksmith.

154. **Brothers-in-law hold up high** (V 1676 – 1 var.) my dowry chest. Bridesmaids, hold up high my rue. Maid of honor, raise my white little hat. Mother, show them my great

hardship. Boys, escort me across the even fields. Dowry-drivers, drive my chests. I got a man who has neither land nor a plot, there isn't even a place to build a house. Neither a barn nor a bed – there is no place to put the bride to sleep. When you marry a poor man, you will have to weep daily.

155–156. **Hurry up and get ready, sister** (V 1677 – 5 var.), brothers are already harnessing the horses. – Let them harness them or not, I'm still enjoying myself here at my mother's. – Hurry up and get ready, sister, your father is allotting your dowry. – Let him allot it or not – I'm still enjoying myself here at my mother's place. – Hurry up and get ready, sister, your mother is amassing your dowry. – Let her amass it or not – I'm still enjoying myself at my mother's place. – Hurry up and get ready, sister, your brothers are carrying the dowry chests. – Let them carry them or not, I'm still enjoying myself at my mother's place.

157. **That tufted hen** (V 1678 – 3 var.) won't lay any eggs. – Mother, wake your daughter. The dowry-drivers are driving the chests across the pepper garden, across the field of oats.

158–160. **There are people willing to carry** (V 1679 – 10 var.). *The dowry-drivers carry the dowry chests from the barn out to the road and into the carriage. As they carry they sing:* There are people willing to carry – there's nothing to carry. There are people willing to lift, there's nothing to lift. *Those on the bride's side sing the opposite:* There's something to lift, but nobody to lift it. There's something to carry, but no one to carry it.

161–162. **Poor quality chests** (V 1680 – 6 var.). *The dowry-drivers sing:* The chests are poorly made, and they're empty – the sisters of the bride are lazy. *The bride's side replies:* The chests are painted, the dowry is heavy – our sister is a worker: she wove thin shrouds and amassed them in painted chests.

163. **People said that our sister** (V 1681 – 2 var.) was neither a spinner nor a weaver. The dowry drivers can't even roll or lift sister's dowry chests!

164. **The colts are scrawny** (V 1682 – 1 var.), the reins are broken – they cannot drive or pull sister's dowry.

165. **Take the dowry chests, dowry-drivers** (V 1683 – 3 var.), and put them in the carriages. Whatever remains in the barn is for mother; that which is in the carriage will be yours. – There aren't many chests, barrels and sheets. Mother, is this all the dowry that you gathered for your daughter? – You can't even lift the chests and barrels! That's how much dowry I amassed for my daughter. If it seems like that's too little, I have more: I'll add a skillet, a pot, a ladle and a masher.

166. **Neighbors, dear neighbors** (V 1684 – 7 var.), you don't know a thing. The matchmakers offered me, but I don't have anything. My chests are in the sauna beneath the hearth: on a good road even a cat could pull it, and on a poor road, even a peasant could carry it.

167–168. **Young man, what were you thinking** (V 1685 – 24 var.)? Why did you fall in love with me, an orphan? I have neither a father nor a mother; I have no dowry chests, nor a dowry. I planted flax, wove a shroud, and set it to the side. Nine brothers are lifting the dowry – that's enough for me, an orphan.

169. **My dear brothers** (V 1686 – 1 var.), bridle up eight horses. When you harness the horses, you'll come by the barn. As you approach, have old mother come out. When mother comes out, open the door to the barn and show the daughter's dowry chests. Brothers of mine, lift the chests into the painted cart. When we drove across the even field, brothers escorted me. When we drove through a green forest, a cuckoo called out. And when we came to a brick manor, the dogs came running. When we entered the large estate, the old mother-in-law greeted me. – Mother-in-law, open the doors to your barn, show me where to put the dowry chests. Brothers, put the chests in the barn behind the door.

170. **Let's drink young wine, brothers** (V 1687 – 1 var.), now that we conquered the bride's side, now that we got the bride out of the house, and transported her white dowry. Don't rumble, roads, don't clang, tin bridges, until we bring the bride and her white dowry.

171. **Go on home feather-capped lords** (V 1688 – 3 var.). You won't bang my chests around. I didn't make these chests for you, and I didn't hire blacksmiths for you. I made the chests and filled the sheets with down for my daughter.

172. **We travelled a long way** (V 1689 – 2 var.), froze our hands and feet. If only they'd give us some vodka – our feet and hands would warm up. We won't drink such poor vodka, we'll have a taste of the red stuff.

SONGS ABOUT LEAVING FOR THE HUSBAND'S HOME

FATHER GIVES HIS DAUGHTER AWAY (173–180)

173. **On whose windowsill, leliumai** (V 1694 – 3 var.), did the rose bloom? Who picked it? Juozukas picked it. Juozukas, learn to love and care for it. When the rose was at our place it bloomed beautifully with red blossoms and green leaves. Don't place it near the path, Juozukas, don't trample it into the dark dirt. Learn to love Nastutė – your friend. Don't say any unkind words to her.

174–176. **Oh Lord, oh Lordy** (V 1695 – 26 var.), what's going on that today is such an unhappy day? Father is bringing his daughter and carrying a green rue. – My son-in-law, I'm giving you my daughter into a fate of hardship, and a green rue instead of a whip. Son-in-law, learn to respect my daughter, she was raised with best intentions and coddled until breakfast. Her braid is golden, her white hands are like paper, her face is red as apples, and her eyes are blue like periwinkles.

177. **Oh, all you distinguished guests** (V 1696 – 2 var.), take off your hats. They are bringing you a beautiful maiden – a princess. You guys, you guests, you knew how to beg, and woo, know how to respect her too: don't let her walk barefoot in the winter, don't send her to fetch water.

178. **Oh, you foreign guest** (V 1697 – 4 var.), we are giving you our sister. Don't scold her with cruel words, don't hit her with a whip. Just teach her with kind words, and nudge her along with a southernwood sprig.

179–180. **Old father gathered all the guests** (V 1698 – 19 var.), sat them down at the white table. – Drink up, guests, be merry, but be sure to respect my daughter. My daughter was raised well, her yellow hair is braided.

THE CUCKOO CALLED THE DAUGHTER AWAY (181–237)

181–199. **O rustle and roar, trees of the forest** (V 1700 – 461 var.), our brothers are still young. My brothers will grow up, and cut down a forest tree. They cut it in the woods, and chopped it up by the forest's edge; beside the road they built a new house with four corners. On each corner a cuckoo called every morning. She called until she coaxed away the daughter from her mother and the sister from her brother.

200–201. **I planted a rue, I planted a mint** (V 1701 – 29 var.), I planted a carnation. The rue didn't grow, the mint didn't grow, nor did the carnation. Only a green rue with a golden top grew. And a motley cuckoo came flying from the green wood and landed on the top of the rue. – Shush, cuckoo, fly to the woods, don't break off the top. As she flew, she kicked off, and broke the top of the rue. Our sister wept for the top of the rue. It broke because it was so flimsy. My heart didn't fall for a rich boy. My heart leaned toward a servant boy.

202–237. **In father's yard there is a nine-branched sycamore** (V 1702 – 802 var.). On every branch – there is a golden bud, at the top – a motley cuckoo. She called in the morning and the evening until she called away the mother's daughter. The cuckoo flew out of the sycamore, and they led the daughter out of her father's estate.

THE GIRL IN A FOREIGN LAND WON'T HEAR HER MOTHER OR FATHER
(238–267)

238–256. **Over the sea come lords** (V 1703 – 240 var.) from Warsaw to visit Lithuanian girls. – Young girl, come sit in the black boat, we will cross the seas together. You won't hear your mother bitterly weeping, nor your father heavily sighing. You'll only hear the roaring of the seas, the swishing of reeds. You'll think that it's your mother bitterly weeping, and your father sighing.

257–259. **What times are these** (V 1704 – 61 var.), when lords are making merry? They drank and feasted until they tempted sister away from her father, mother, brothers and sisters. They'll take you, sister, across the seas. You won't hear your father sighing, nor your mother bitterly weeping. You won't hear your sisters singing, nor your brothers playing music. All you'll hear is the roaring sea and the swishing reeds.

260. **My mother raised me** (V 1705 – 14 var.) like a rue in a garden. As she raised me, as she carried me, she promised me to a boy. My mother tossed me like a golden apple beyond the sea, beyond the waters, a hundred miles away. – Mother of mine, why did you marry me so far away? I won't see my sick father or my dying mother. I'll only hear a cuckoo call and a pigeon coo.

261–265. **If only I knew** (V 1706 – 45 var.) where mother will marry me off to, I would cover the fields with shrouds, I would tie up the gates with sashes, and I would decorate the paths with rue. The soldiers from Warsaw came riding and took a liking to a Lithuanian girl. They took her beyond the dark woods, beyond the deep sea, where she can't hear her father sighing, and can't see her mother weeping.

266–267. **The carriage stands in the yard** (V 1707 – 13 var.), the beautifully adorned girl weeps. – Whether you weep or don't weep, we will still take you to a foreign land. There you won't hear your mother's voice, nor your father's sighing. You'll only hear the roaring of the woods and the call of the motley cuckoo.

THE MAIDEN LEAVES RUE FOR HER YOUNGER SISTER (268–286)

268–284. **On a Spring day** (V 1709 – 308 var.) I planted a green rue, and spoke to it. Green rue, fragrant little flower, I never thought I'd leave you. I will leave the rue to my younger sister. I hope my sister will know how to care for the rue. The horses are already bridled and stand outside the porch. The time has come for the daughter to get into the carriage. I sat in the carriage, six horses carried me. On either side rode two brothers calming me down – hush, don't cry sister, you'll cry enough tomorrow morning in the house of your mother-in-law. They'll take off your wreath, put on a white wimple, and they'll scatter your green rue throughout your mother-in-law's house. I gathered the rue and bitterly wept: – Thank you, green rue, for adorning me so long.

285. **Beneath mother's glass window** (V 1710 – 4 var.) a lilac bloomed. Beneath the hundred-branched lilac stood two young sisters conversing with a wreath. – Little wreath of green rue, where will I put you; shall I give you to mother-in-law, sister-in-law or the young man? Neither to mother-in-law, nor sister-in-law, only to the young man. The grumpy mother-in-law scorned my work. The dark-eyed sister-in-law scorned my

footsteps. The good-for-nothing boy challenged my character. – Go ahead and challenge your bay steed, boy. My mother and father tried me as they raised me. For three years they swung me in a cradle, and carried me close. – Don't worry, girl, I will calm you down up high in the granary, in a new bed, beneath down covers.

286. **If only I had a say at my mother's place** (V 1711 – 2 var.), I would wash the table, I would parcel out the shrouds and give them to my true brothers. – My brothers, don't harness the steeds just yet, don't load up the painted chests. I will still sit at the colorful table, drink some young wine and ask my sisters. My sisters, I leave my rue garden and the green rue in your hands. Brothers, now you can bridle the horses, load the chests, and take me to the land of the one I don't love.

WHO WILL DO THE CHORES WHEN THE DAUGHTER (SON) DEPARTS
(287–305)

287–299. **The winds neither blow** (V 1715 – 231 var.), nor do the orchards rustle. The new plow does not shine in the field. Old father wept as he saw his son off to war. – Who will plow my even fields, who will saddle the swift steed? – Your son-in-law will plow the fields, he will saddle the steed. – I can't sow a field so poorly plowed by my son-in-law, nor can I ride far on a horse he saddled. // The winds neither blow, nor do the orchards rustle. The new loom does not shine in the house. The old mother weeps as she marries off her daughter. – Who will weave my thin shrouds and embroider them with colorful patterns? – Your daughter-in-law will weave shrouds and embroider them with colorful patterns. – I won't be able to sew anything with the shrouds my daughter-in-law weaves, nor will I wear those that she embroiders.

300–305. **On the very last evening** (V 1716 – 62 var.) at my mother's place, I sat at the table and bloomed like a lily. – You, white table, who will wash you when sister leaves? You, vast yard, who will sweep you when sister departs? You, colorful bed, who will make you when sister becomes a daughter-in-law? You, thin shroud, who will weave you when sister departs? You, green rue, who will plant you when sister marries? Who will pick you when sister breaks away? Who will wear you when daughter becomes a bride? You, old mother, who will help you out when your daughter departs?

WHAT WILL THE GIRL FIND THERE, HOW WILL SHE SETTLE (306–357)

306–308. **The maiden crossed the vast estate** (V 1719 – 15 var.), and as she walked, she swayed. – Young maiden, why do you sway as you walk: are your shoes too high and the floors too narrow? – My shoes are neither too high, nor are the floors too narrow. Father is going to the market and will buy me a skirt and a blue vest. Mother will weave many thin shrouds and marry me off. I will find three brothers-in-law, all three of them blacksmiths. They will forge me a high granary on four posts. On those posts stand golden goblets full of wine. – Daughter of mine, that high granary is your mother-in-law, the posts are your brothers-in-law, the goblets are painful words, and the wine is your tears.

309–310. **Oh the mother is giving away** (V 1720 – 13 var.) her daughter to a yard full of hardship. – Daughter of mine, what will you find there? – Mother, my dear, I will find an impossible mother-in-law, a father-in-law like a cloud, a brother-in-law like a thorn, and a sister-in-law like a spark. I will please my mother-in-law: I will wake early in the morning and go to the rue garden. I will make a broom from marjoram branches, and will sweep the yard. I will wash the white table, and wash my face to whiteness. Mother-in-law will say: – My daughter-in-law is a true worker: she woke early, swept the yard, washed the table, and washed her face.

311. **Oh my, oh Lordy** (V 1721 – 3 var.), how will I ever please my mother-in-law, the mother of my man? – Young girl, go to bed late, wake early. The roosters crowed beside the grinding stone, the sun rose beside the son's cradle. I will please mother-in-law, the mother of my man. The mother-in-law walked around the estate, and inspected her daughter-in-law's works. – My daughter-in-law knows how to spin thin thread, weave thick shrouds, wash them to whiteness, and dry them on rue branches.

312–313. **Oh sorrowful and sad is this evening** (V 1722 – 12 var.), tomorrow morning will be still more sad. This evening I am at my mother's, tomorrow morning I'll be at my mother-in-law's. The chores are easy at mother's place, the chores are hard and the words sharp at mother-in-law's. The hard chores break my hands, the sharp words pinch my heart. You will wake in the morning without being woken, you will labor, spin the heavy grinding stones and carry water you can barely lift. While the other young maidens are still sleeping, you will lull your little son to sleep.

314–316. **Mother of mine** (V 1723 – 13 var.), why did you marry me off to a foreign land? There I found a nasty sister-in-law who does not let me pick the green beet leaves. – Daughter, oh young one, don't be as haughty as you were at my place. Go plant together, weed together, and then you'll be allowed to pick the beet leaves. – Mother, why did you marry me off to a foreign land? There I found a mean brother-in-law who doesn't let me ride the bay steed. – Young daughter, don't be as haughty as you were at my place. Graze the horse together, and you will be allowed to ride the bay steed.

317. **Oy, was that gold blooming on the hill** (V 1724 – 2 var.)? That was neither gold nor silver – that was a mother escorting her daughter across the field, instructing her thus: – Be wary of your mother-in-law like you would of hot flames. – Whether I'm wary or not, it still burns. // Was that gold blooming on the hill?.. – Be wary of your father-in-law as you would of lightning and thunder. – Whether I'm wary or not, it still thunders. // Was that gold blooming on the hill?.. – Be wary of your brother-in-law, as you'd protect yourself from the cold north wind. – Whether I'm wary or not, it still blew. // Was that gold blooming on the hill?.. – Be wary, daughter, of the sister-in-law as you would take cover from the driving rain. – Whether I take cover or not, it still pours.

318–319. **Weep, sister** (V 1725 – 5 var.), and we will feel sorry for you; when you weep over there, we won't witness it. When you live there, who will wake you in the early morning? Who will help you out with difficult chores? You will find your mother-in-law – not your dear mother, a sister-in-law – not your sister, a father-in-law – not your dear father, and a brother-in-law – not your dear brother.

320. **You'll leave your mother behind** (V 1726 – 9 var.), you'll leave your dearest heart. Think it over, if you won't regret it. You will leave your dear mother, and find a mother-in-law there. Think it over, if you won't regret it. You will leave your father, and find a father-in-law there... You'll leave your sisters, and find sisters-in-law there... You'll leave your brothers, and you'll find brothers-in-law there... You'll leave your garden, and find chores there... You won't plant rue there, you won't make a crown-wreath. Think it over – will you not regret it?

321. **Look out the bright window, sister** (V 1728 – 10 var.), brother is harnessing a bay steed for you. He will take you to a foreign land where mother-in-law will greet you mid-yard. You'll have to kiss her hand and give her gifts. Your mother-in-law will lead you into the poor part of the house, and you will begin to weep with sorrowful tears. Mother-in-law will give you a hard task – to pound the green rye. There is not as much grinding as regret, there are not as many rye grains as there are tears. All the neighbors are surprised: the brother is at war, sister has been wed, father and mother lie in their graves on the high hill. The water will rise on all sides, and hardship will befall you from your young days

onward. You will weep, sister, from dawn till dusk. Another suitor will never come to call on you.

322. **Ding ding the widows ring** (V 1729 – 11 var.), the dogs are barking. I went to see if it wasn't my suitor. I find the boy looking in, I give him a drink of beer and mead. As I drank beer, I spoke sweetly and promised myself to the boy. There aren't as many leaves on the rue as there are sweet words between us. The rue leaves will fall off, the sweet words will disappear. A wimple quickly replaces the golden braids and rue wreath. Tears quickly replace my bright face and cheerful disposition. My white hands quickly learned difficult tasks. – Daughter of mine, what will you find there once you settle in? You'll find a nasty mother-in-law, and father-in-law won't be a daddy to you. You'll sweep the floor without kicking up dust, while listening to harsh words. You'll wash your face without water, you'll spin the grindstone without rest.

323–327. **I call out in the green forest** (V 1730 – 62 var.), and I wail as I suffer. It was a sorrowful Sunday morning, many tears were shed. This evening is still more sorrowful, since the crown-wreath has been removed. My sorrowful tears fall, because I've lost my young days. I'll swim through my tears as if they were the sea, and will never see my young days again. Upon the sea the waves are rough, our sister heavily sighs. The harnessed horses neigh. You will say goodbye and weep over both the young and old. You will leave your sisters here, you will no longer live with your brothers, you will suffer hardship in your young age. They are taking the girl to her new home. We will not know how you will live there. All we know is what awaits you there: parents-in-law and your husband. You will also find brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. When they each utter a word, you'll spend the whole day wailing. Just the harsh words of your husband will be enough, not to mention his blows. You will never visit your parents. If you will want to go to church, you will have to be obedient to your mother-in-law. You stood out from the crowd like a picked flower from the rue garden. If you will be rich, you will walk in good spirits, and everyone will like you. If you live poorly, you will fall into hardship, and dry up like a grass in summer. I will carry my heavy cross and offer it to the glory of God.

328. **I told you, girl, I told you, young one** (V 1731 – 6 var.), don't fall into hardship while you are still young. What will you find there until you settle in? You will wake in the morning without being woken, you will stoke the fire without being asked to. The kettle will boil over, the baby will cry, no one will say a sweet word to you. // I told you, young man, don't fall into hardship while you're still young. What will you find there until you settle? You will wake in the morning without being woken, feed the steed without being asked to.

329. **Oh girl, oh young one** (V 1732 – 4 var.), why were you so sad as you walked? – My heart is sad, since I will have to leave. A young man is taking me to a foreign land. The dew is falling from the trees onto the bay steed. My tears are also falling onto the black earth.

330. **Mother crosses the yard weeping** (V 1733 – 4 var.), and carries rue in her hand. Oh you green rue, you will leave together with my daughter. Daughter, what will you find there? A mother-in-law, not your mother. When you will have to set up the loom, your sorrowful tears will fall.

331–353. **Oh you girl** (V 1735 – 686 var.), why did you leave your mother's place? Did your father not love you? Did your mother not care for you? – They loved and cared for me, and escorted me a ways across the fields. Across the fields and the road until the bay steeds grew tired. – Young maiden, white lily, what will you find here until you settle? You'll find an obstinate father-in-law and a hard-headed mother-in-law. You will wash your face with sorrowful tears, and wipe it with white hands. You will wake in the morning without being woken, you will stoke the fire without being asked to. You will spin the grindstone without rest, and no one will greet you nor calm your heavy heart.

354. **Oh Lordy, Oh my God** (V 1736 – 7 var.), how good it is to be at my mother's place; the chores are easy, the words are sweet, young men are giving me attention. They intended to marry me to a boy whom my heart does not love. – Girl, what will you find at his place? You will find a nasty mother-in-law, and a stubborn father-in-law. You will stoke the hearth, and find that it's in tatters. You will heat the kettles and find they are missing. You will spin the grindstone and wash the spoons while bitterly weeping.

355. **Oh sister, how will you live** (V 1737 – 3 var.), once you go to your husband's place? Night and day you will weep, and never return to your homeland. You will wake in the early morning, and struggle as you spin the heavy grindstones. You will get blisters on your hands, and tears will roll down your face. And your mother-in-law will still say: my daughter-in-law is a lazy-bones.

356–357. **Young girl, what were you thinking** (V 1738 – 24 var.), why did you take off your wreath? You thought that you won't suffer hardship at your husband's place? You will suffer for eternity, never seeing the light of day, you won't see how the sun rises through your tears. You will find a nasty mother-in-law who will scold you every day. You will find sisters-in-law like sparks, and your father-in-law like thunder. You will sweep the yard instead of your sisters-in-law, and kiss the hands of your mother-in-law. If you walk too fast, she will say you're not serious enough. If you walk too slow, she'll say you're good for nothing. You will sweep the yard while weeping bitterly and water it with tears. Your skirt will be made of two aprons, and your apron – but a dishrag.