

HUGO DE MELTZL.

THE BLACK WODAS

AN INEDITED GIPSY BALLAD.
ORIGINAL TEXT WITH TRANSLATION.

KOLOZSVÁR

ACTA COMPARATIONIS LITTERARVM VNIVERSARVM.

Printed by John Stein.

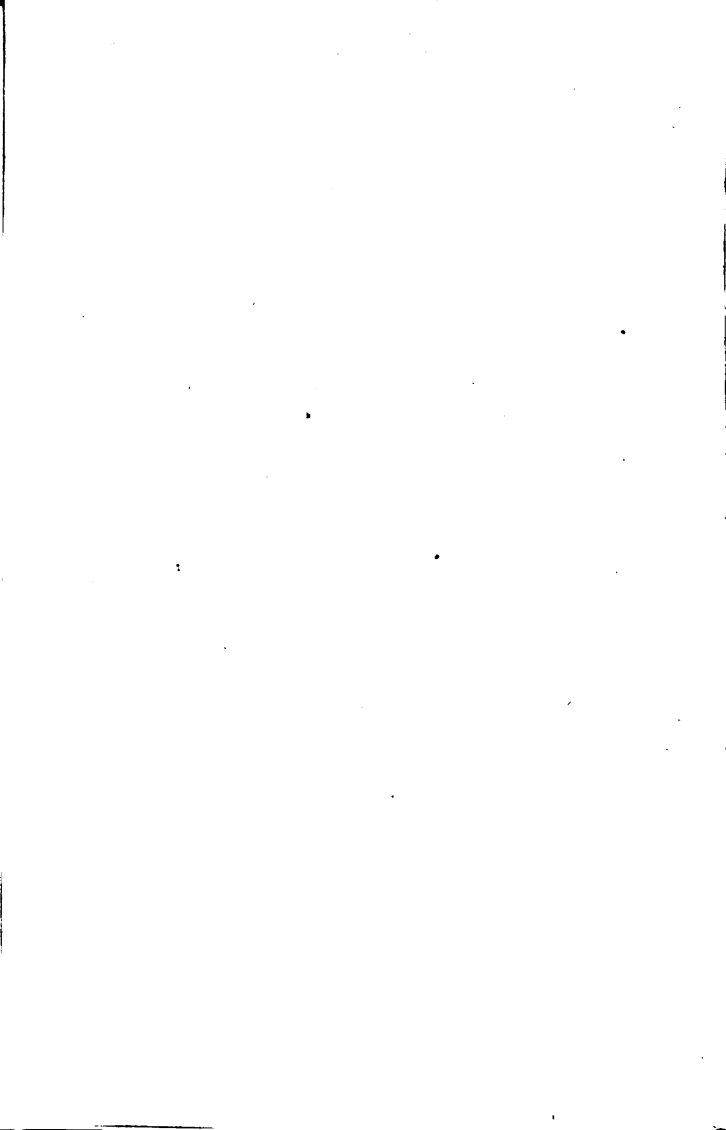
1879.

Printed in 100 copies.

TO
RASMUS B. ANDERSON,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN,
AUTHOR OF
NORSE MYTHOLOGY AND EDDA

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

H. M.



THE following ballad is to our knowledge the first gipsy-poem of this kind, which has ever been printed. This ancient popular ballad was sung to us by a Gipsy woman in Transylvania (in the north-eastern country.) Failing a transcription-method which has not been considered in the Standard-Alphabet even by Lepsius, we are obliged to make use of our own method accordingly *c* = German *tsch*, *ç* = German *ch*, *ñ* = the French *gn*, *j* = the English *j*.

In Hungary and Transylvania are only the *town-gipsies* nailsmiths and musicians. This explains the line 49 about the gloves. The wandering Gipsies have generally no other handwork than tinkering, horsebartering, or rather thieving.

The last 4 lines of the original text appear incoherent; we have therefore omitted them in our prose translation.

KALAI WODAS.

*T'ushtyi, t'ushtyi, Barshoñ Gyuri,
Thai besh tuke pre tri viña,
Cinger tuke patkosegi.
„Me mindyar mange ushtyau.*

5. „*Le metura thai shulau.*“
Mindyar opre ushtyilas
Thai pre viña voi beshlyas
Patkosegi cingerdyas.
Ando foros kai jilyas
10. *Peko mas, kai voi tsindyas,*
Peko mas, parno manro ;
Ande korcoma jilyas,
Ote çalyas thai pilyas,
Pesa romñake tsoça tsindyas
15. *Na kamñas voi te tsine la.*
Mindyar o Vodas tsinyas la
Ode peñas la romñake :
„Ja ando boltos thai puc so mangel.“
Mindyar voi andre jilyas,
20. *Thai tsoça voi pushlyas,*
Odai peñas o boltashis :
„Me na dauła do pilyonenge,
„Ke me igosan dauła vash lovenge.“
Mindyar o Vodas tsinyas la.
25. *Sar tsinyas la te giñas la.*
Barshoñ Gyuri pala lake voi jilyas,
La mindyar ke rosardyas,
Rosardyas la taraklyas la
Ande yak la cudiñas la :
30. *Ode cingar kai diñas :*
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
„Sar pabol more punre !“
Mik pabol, o kurve, mik,
But topankes cingerdyal.
35. *„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,*
„Sar pabol moro mashkar.“
Mik pabol, o kurve, mik,

- But rokles kai cingerdyal.*
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
 40. *Sar pabol more kolyin.“*
Mik pabol, o kurve, mik,
But gada kai cingerdyal.
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
„Sar pabon more cuca.“
 45. *Mik pabon, o kurve, mik,*
But çune len, kikine len.
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
„Sar pabon more vasta.“
Mik pabon, o kurve, mik,
 50. *But kestyives cingerdyal.*
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
„Sar pabon more pike.“
Mik pabon, o kūrve, mik,
But hasikes cingerdyal.
 55. *„Voda, Voda, ka'ai Voda,*
„Sar pabol, mori kori “
Mik pabol, o kurve mik,
But bisorai nashadyal.
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
 60. *Sar pabol moro muj.“*
Mik pabol o kurve mik
But çune les, cumine les.
„Voda, Voda, kalai Voda,
„Sar pabol moro shoro.
 65. *Mik pabol, o kurve, mik*
But kosne kai cingerdyal.

THE BLACK WODAS.

Rise, rise Velvet George,
 Cheer up and sit to the bellows
 Hammering, forging iron nails.

- „Without delay“ the husband said
5. Take the broom and tidy up.
And in a trice George raised himself
And was on his feet,
Sat down to the bellows
And forged iron nails,
10. Then he set off to the market.
Fresh roast meat he bought,
Fresh meat and still white bread;
On the spot put up at the inn
And eat there and drank there:
15. But his wife's dress he did not buy,
He thought not at all about her wishes.
But she at once told it to Wodas!
Wodas thus answers his love:
„Go to the merchant ask the price
of the dress!
20. Quickly went she
And she chose a dress; then
Said the merchant: „It is not sold
For pawn, sold only for ready money!“
Wodas bought the dress immediately
25. Bought it and went.
But already came Velvet George
And found his wife.
And threw her into the forge.
Thus the poor woman cried there:
30. „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,
How my feet burn already.“
Let them burn wench, let them burn,
Thou hast worn out many shoes.
„Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,

35. Already my whole 'girdle burns."
 Let it burn wench, let it burn,
 Many garments thou hast torn.
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,
 Already my whole chest burns!“
40. Let it burn wench, let it burn,
 Many chemises thou hast torn.
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,
 Oh, how my bosom now burns.“
 Let it burn wench, let it burn,
45. Already many have touched it.
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,
 Oh, how my hands already burn.“
 Let them burn wench, let them burn,
 They have cost many gloves.
50. „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,
 Oh, how my shoulders burn.“
 Let them burn wench, let them burn.
 Thou hast torn many jerkins.
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas
55. Oh how my neck now burns!“
 Let it burn wench, let it burn,
 Many pearls thou hast wasted.
 „Wodas, Wodas oh black Wodas,
 My mouth will now already burn.“
60. Let it burn wench, let it burn,
 Already many thou hast kissed.

The following is our German metric translation, for those readers who do not know English :

DER SCHWARZE WODAS.

— Volksballade. —

Aufstehn, aufstehn *Gyuri Bársony*,*
 Frisch zum blasebalge setz dich,
 Eisennägel hämmere, schmiede.

- „Gleich, sogleich,“ versetzt der gatte,
 5. „Nimm den besen, mach’ mir ord-
 nung.“

Und im nu hatt’ sich erhoben
 Gyuri und war aufgestanden
 Und er sass am blasebalge
 Und er schmiedet eisennägel.

10. Hin zum markt drauf er begab sich,
 Frischgebraten fleisch er kaufte,
 Frisches fleisch und weisses brot auch;
 Kehrt ins wirtshaus ein zur stelle
 Und er ass dort und er trank dort,
 15. Doch der frau kauft er kein röck-
 chen,

Denkt gar nicht an ihre wünsche ;
 Doch die sagt es gleich dem Wodas,
 Spricht der Wodas zur geliebten :

- „Geh zum kaufmann und des kleides
 20. „Preis erforsch“; — flugs ist sie
 gangen

Und sie wählt sich aus ein röckchen,
 Spricht der kaufmann: „Nicht für
 pfand ist’s

„Feil, feil ist’s für baares geld nur!“
 Wodas kauft das stück zur stelle,

*) *Bársony* magy. = sammet. *Gyuri* magy. diminutiv von *György* (Georg.) Die sprache der Brom wimmelt von lehnwörtern, die dem magyarischen entnommen sind.

25. Und er kauft es und er geht dann.
 Aber Gyuri Bársony naht schon,
 Und er hat die frau gefunden, —
 Wirft sie in die feueresse.
 Also hat die frau geschrieen:
30. „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
 „O wie brennen meine füsse.“
 Lass sie brennen, dirne, lass,
 Hast viel stiefelchen zerrissen.
 „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
35. „O schon brennt mein ganzer gürtel.“
 Lass ihn brennen, dirne, lass,
 Manchen rock hast du zerrissen.
 „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
 „O wie brennt mein ganzer busen.“
40. Lass ihn brennen, dirne lass,
 Hast gar manches hemd zerrissen.
 „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
 „O wie brennen, meine brüste.
 Lass sie brennen, dirne, lass,
45. Mancher hat sie schon betastet.
 „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
 „O wie brennen meine hände.“
 Lass sie brennen, dirne, lass,
 Handschuh hast du viel gekostet.
50. „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
 „O wie brennen meine schultern.“
 Lass sie brennen dirne, lass,
 Hast manch *Hasika**) zerrissen.
 „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
55. „O wie brennt mein ganzer hals schon.“
 Lass ihn brennen, dirne lass,

*) Oberkleid.

Hast halsperlen viel verschleudert.
 „Wodas, Wodas, schwarzer Wodas,
 „O schon will der mund mir brennen.“
 60. Lass ihn brennen, dirne, lass,
 Manchen hast mit ihm geküsst du!

MR^S I. M. has kindly corrected our English translation and we beg to offer our thanks.

One sees distinctly, this ballad is divided into two parts. The first part explains the awful tragedy and is perhaps preserved to us only in a later and revised form. Against this, the second part containing the proper tragedy, makes the impression of an antique tradition in its form as well as its contents.

It is a dialogue between husband and wife, between the man who is indifferent and sated with revenge, and his wife, who on the borders of the grave laments for her *distant lover*, — a dialogue by the ghostlike light of the flames which atone for the criminal love, as there are certainly few with such beauty and perfection of form in the ballad poetry of the entire literature of the world.

It would lead too far to explain all the details of beauty and difficult passages!

The metre is the common lyrical, one to which I have already referred in my collection of lyrical national songs (Jile

Romane*): it is trochee fourfeet. The verse lines seem to be corrupted in five places of the original text, or resolved into prose: v. 14, 18, 22, 23, 26. One remarks that these abnormities belong to the first part of the ballad; which in its present form, is however declared by us secondary. Indeed the second part, purely dialogical, is entire in itself, tight and firm as a crystal and therefore may have resisted the tooth of time better in its firmness. Nevertheless beauty of diction is not wanting to the first part, beauty of diction especially the palilogie is frequent in 9—10, 24—25, 27—29. The last is particularly very appropriately descriptive, painting and melodious, because it is double. It is indeed double, sometimes even threefold and it gives therewith, at the same time, a very interesting and weighty aesthetic doctrine, namely: that it is also by this figure less dependant upon *logical* than upon *rhythmical* repetition:

La mindyar ke rosardyas

Rosardyasla taraklyasla

Ande yakla cudiñasla.

It is not necessary to have a particular musical ear, to find out the con-

*) Jile Romane. Volkslieder der transilvan.-ungar. Zigeuner. Originaltexte mit gegenüberstehenden übersetzungen. Proben einer grösseren sammlung inedita. Kolozsvár 1878.

formity of tone of the two turnings (printed in italics). To this is added the third, respectively fourth conformity of tone: *cudiñasla*. All these are necessarily not logical but rhythmical parallelisms. The same thing appears also v. 25 in the melodious *giñas la* which accords in some degree with the double *tsinyas la*.

I must still remark that our ballad has appeared in the mean time in an excellent metrical translation by the professor Rasmus Anderson of the Wisconsin University. This translation is the following:*)

*„Rise, arise, my velvet Georgy!
Quickly sit down at the bellows,
Forge and hammer nails of iron.“
„Right away,“ replied the husband;
„Take the broom, sweep off the dust.“
In a trice did George arise.
Quickly he was on his feet.
At the bellows he was sitting
And was forging of iron.
To the market then he went.
There a roast of meat he bought,
Bought fresh meat and white bread too.
Then he walked into an inn,
There he ate and there he drank.
For his wife no dress he bought,
To her wishes gave no thought.
But she soon to Wodas told it.
Wodas thus his love did answer:
„Go to the merchant and of the dress
Ask the price!“ — Quick went she*

*) S. the Philadelphia Robinson's *Epitome of Lit.* 1879. April 1. p. 55.

And did choose a dress.
 Said the merchant: "I sell not
 For a pawn, for cash alone!"
 Straightway Wodas bought the dress,
 Bought it and did straightway leave.
 Velvet George had come however,
 And his wife he had discovered.
 On the forge he quickly laid her,
 While she cried and shouted thus:
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 How my feet are burning now!"
 „Let them burn, lass, let them burn!
 You have worn out many shoes."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 My whole girdle now is burning."
 „Let it burn, lass, let it burn!
 Many dresses you have torn."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 How my breast is burning now."
 „Let it burn, lass, let it burn!
 Many garments you have torn."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 How my bosom burns and smarts!"
 „Let it burn, lass, let it burn!
 Many a one has oft defiled it."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 How my hands already burn!"
 „Let them burn, lass, let them burn!
 They have cost me many gloves."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 How my shoulders both are burning!"
 „Let them burn, lass, let them burn!
 Many jackets you have torn."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas,
 How my neck is burning now!"
 „Let it burn, lass, let it burn!
 You have wasted many pearls."
 „Wodas, Wodas, oh black Wodas!
 Now my mouth begins to burn."
 „Let it burn, lass, let it burn!
 With it many you have kissed."

Of the mentioned incoherent 4 last lines in the original text we give the following translation:

„Wodas, o black Wodas,
O how burns now my whole head!“
Let it burn, wench, let it burn,
Handkerchiefs hast many torn.

I learnt afterwards from one of my hearers, Mr. H. von Wliskoeki, that this ballad is also common among the Gipsies in Kolozsvár. (The above-mentioned Gipsy woman was habitant at Bistritz). The above-named gentleman had the kindness to communicate the following variation in the dialect of Kolozsvár:

*Tushtyi, t'ushtyi, moro Gyuri,
Thai besh tuke pre t'ri viña,
Cinger lokes iskabani.
„Me lokes mange ushtyau,
Le sheprevis thai shulau.“
Lokes opre ushtyilas
Thai pre viña vo beshlyas,
Iskabani cingerdyas.
Andre foros kai jilyas
Peko mas, kai vo tsindyas,
Peko mas, parno manro;
Jilyas andro pishalo;
Ode galyas thai piyas,
Romnake jo na tsindyas,
Shukar roklyes na tsindyas.
Na kamñas vo tsine la
Lokes Misi tsine la.
Lokes Misi tsiñas la,
Sar tsiñas la, giñas la.
Gyuri pal' lake jilyas.
Lokes la rosardyas la,
Rosardyas la taraklyas la
Andre yak la cudiñas la,*

Ode cingar kai diñas la:
„Misi, Misi, moro Misi,
„Sar pabol more punre.“
Mik pabol, o lubñi, mik,
But topankes cingerdyal — he, he; he, he!
„Misi, Misi, moro Misi.
„Sar pabon more vasta.“
Mik pabon, o lubñi, mik,
But kestjives cingerdyal. etc.
„Misi, Misi, moro Misi,
„Sar pabol moro mashkar.“
Mik pabol, o lubñi, mik,
But rokles tu cingerdyal. etc.
„Misi, Misi, moro Misi,
„Sar pabon more pike.“
Mik pabon o lubñi, mik,
But hasikes cingerdyal. etc.
„Misi, Misi, moro Misi,
„Sar pabon more cucu.“
Mik pabon, o lubñi, mik,
But çune len, kikine len. etc.
„Misi, Misi, moro Misi,
„Sar pabol mar moro muj.“
Mik pabol, o lubñi, mik,
But çune ies, cumine les. etc.
Devla, devla tut mardyas,
Romñi, lubñi tut mardyas, — he-he, he-he..

This ballad is sung in a dramatic form in Kolozsvár, namely to the tact of the hammer in the forging. Especially the second part is divided between two partners, complaint and answer, with the refrain: „he, he; he, he!“ In the choice of name the neighbourly satire has very often a welcome field.

In conclusion I consider it my duty to remark, that four years ago a collection of Gipsy ballads was announced

by Mr. LELAND in London, as I have just learned from my collectant. Whether these collections have really been published I do not know.

Kolozsvár University 1879.
