

The Cowherd and the Maiden

There was a certain young man who was very good looking but poor. There was no one poorer than he. And he hired himself out as a cowherd in a village, to graze the villagers' cows. There was a certain rich man's daughter. When she went to drive her father's cattle, she would say to him:

"Hey there, drool-puss, hey drool-puss, graze the cattle well,"

Again, the next day she'd go:

"Hey there, snot-nose, don't you be slow with the cattle tonight!"

Again, the next day she'd come out:

"Hey there, baldy, why don't you graze the cattle well? Go drive them where there's grass!"

And the poor fellow would return in the evening, and what could he do about it. There was an old woman, and he says to her:

"Ah, old woman, this is how it is, what can I do? There is this young woman who, every day when I go to drive the oxen, she hurls insults at me and just about attacks me. What should I do?"

"It's okay, granny will tell you, but do you have three napoleons?"

"Oh, dear granny, I'll look for some, I'll find them."

"Well then, that's fine! Granny will teach you and bring her to you, and you'll do it with her."

"Oh, come on now!"

"That's how it will be."

The girl went to do laundry by the river. She bent over, tilted the kettle, bent over the tub

to do the washing. This old woman walks round and round her this way and that:

"Hey there, girlie, you're beautiful, no doubt about it! But," she said, "your poor cunt is crooked!"

"Oh, old woman, is there a cure?"

"Granny will straighten it for you, but it'll cost you five napoleons."

"Whatever, five, ten, no problem, my father is a wealthy man, he'll give you anything to fix it."

"Fine! On Saturday, you'll come to my place. I'll get a little olive oil and a leek - a fine one, a good one. I'll smear you and the leek with some olive oil, we'll screw your cunt on the leek, and it will straighten out."

Now the old woman says to the cowherd:

"Listen, on Saturday you'll pay someone to graze the cattle, and you'll come to my place and hide. You'll be hidden and granny will get this business in order."

And he got someone to graze the cattle and he went to the old woman's. He got there and hid. The young woman came and the old woman laid her down.

"There, good, but listen: I'm going to cover your head with a bag so you don't see, so that you won't be frightened of anything or jump up somehow. I'll put the bag over you."

"That's fine, granny, do it the way you know how, however the Lord taught you to do it, do it that way!"

And she puts the bag on her and begins with the olive oil, smears her, does her up and coughs; that was the signal to the young man. He came out there.

"Ah," she said, "now!"

The cowherd began, he did it. And the old woman says to him with a sign:

"Okay, now go out, go out!"

And he leaves. The woman removes the bag and asks her:

"It might ache a little, but was it something good or bad?"

"Oh, granny, when you smeared the olive oil, it was so-so, but when you put that leek in me, I thought I'd tear the bag with my teeth."

"Well good, good!"

The girl went off. The next day she goes to drive the cattle to the cowherd.

"Hey there, drool-puss, how come you were so slow with the cattle last night, why didn't you drive them in on time?"

"Well there, drool-puss, snot-nose, I straightened it for you."

"Huh? How's that?"

"What do you mean, how? You know when the old woman smeared you with olive oil, and then put the bag over your head and then the leek? You thought it was a leek, but that wasn't a leek, that thing was mine."

"How can that be?"

"It's so!"

"Then now I'm yours, no one else's. I will marry you."

And she went home and said to her mother:

"Mother, I'm going to marry."

"What, dear?"

"I'm getting married and I'm going to take the cowherd."

"What do you mean the cowherd, what's this? You'll marry the village cowherd, a poor man. That can't be, we are so rich, can't happen?"

"I'll have no one but the cowherd, if you want to let me, you let me, if not I'll kill myself.
It'll be him and no one else."

There was nothing they could do, they consented, and the cowherd became their son-in-law and they brought him to their home.