

The Young Bride Mourns her Dead Husband

There once was a young butcher. He slaughtered sheep, cattle, and so on. And in the evening when he would leave the butcher shop, he would bring home liver, spleen, heads, legs, and would boil them and eat them for *meze*. And with the *meze* he would have a little brandy to drink. They sat cross-legged, the small flask stood between his legs, the *meze* too, and he drank and ate. However, time came when the butcher died.

The bride started to weep for her young husband because he had been so good:

"Oh, alas, good man, my good man.' Why have you cut me off? How good you were, my young man, when you were butcher, when you brought me heads galore, legs galore, liver galore. But now, my good man, there are no heads, no tripe! So now my good man, what am I to do?"

She gave brandy to the women and said:

"Drink, dear women, and say 'May God rest his soul', he really enjoyed it, it always stood between his legs."

"Oh, dear man, now what am I to do?"