

## GARLAND IX

In the field is swaying, o,  
The mighty brave riding,  
Along the level field,  
On his black horse.  
And Ajka from her porch  
Casts here eyes upon him...  
Rosa plaits her fair hair,  
Come, Rosie, Rosie,  
Come, my little lamb!  
Rosa said to her Mother:  
"Let me marry, Mother mine!"  
"You'll marry, then be sorry!"  
The folk have gone a-hunting,  
Pearly dew, a foggy morn,  
O, the folk, the folk...  
At Prince Ivan's  
A fir-tree on the hill was planted,  
And a yellow quince-tree,  
A yellow quince and an orange-tree.  
He turned on the rushing water,  
And placed a maid to guard them.