

Vassilis's

Vassilis, sit wisely, to become a householder,
to acquire sheep, pairs and cows,
villages and vineyards, girls to work.

My mother, I will not sit down to become a householder,
to make vineyards, girls to work and be a slave of the Turks,
a boy among the elders.

Bring me the light sword and the heavy rifle
to fly like a bird high in the mountains,
to take the mountains next to me, to walk through the bushes,
to find the hideouts of the thieves, the captains' hideouts;
and whistle like a thief, to join my comrades
who fight against Turkey and Arvanites."

In the morning he kisses his mother and leaves.

"Hello mountains with cliffs, valleys with white frost!
- Welcome the worthy child and the worthy brave man.