

BUYING

(Continued from

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"Not so sweet as it should be
Is the song you sang to me.
But I thank you. You may take one,
For now must I be gone."

Then the mouse went down the hill,
To look for other songs for sale.
He met a bird high on a limb,
A kackock who called to him.

"Little Mouse, hear. I pray thee.
Please give some of those to me.
If you like with me a trade
I'll pay you with what be said."

"Sing a song that I may listen
Under trees whose leaves do glisten,
Then I'll give you what I've here,
For sweet songs to me are dear."

"Sago . . . gok," the bird began,
"Sago . . . gok," and all was done.
"This to me is very sweet.
The best that you will ever meet."

" 'Tis not pleasing to my ear.
My mother would not care to hear
The songs of the sagoksoks.
Take one, though, taste how she cooks."

He went up and down the hill
Till he saw a big hornbill
Who asked him, "What is that you bring?
What do you want for the thing?"

"A sweet song is all I want.
'Tis a song I wish to hunt.
If your voice is sweet by chance
Sing a song that I may dance."

"Koo, koo, tongkago, koo, koo.
Children call me tongkago, koo.
I live in Lumagapoo.¹
Koo, koo, tongkago, koo, koo."

"Sweeter than the first I've heard
Is the song of this queer bird.
Thank you for what you've given.
For that I'll give you seven."



He desired a song still sweeter.
Perhaps, thought he, there is one better.
And later he met an oriole.
An oriole, yellow and beautiful.

"Little Mouse, how tired you must be,"
The oriole said. "Come and rest with me.
Come in and take a seat.
O, you have something nice to eat."

"I have traveled from morn till noon,
Filled with sadness and some gloom.
If you sing me some sweet songs
I'll give you what to me belongs."

¹ In the native dialect this means a mountain where the hornbills live.

A SONG

Last Issue)

"O then, listen while I tweet
The songs that are very sweet.
I will try to let you hear
The songs that I hold dear."

"Tee tee yolao tee yolao,
Children call me tiolao,
Tee tee yolao tee yolao,
They say I am tiolao."

"It is near to being fair,
But it is lost in the air.
You've done your very best.
Your song is sweeter than the rest.



"Now I must go down the plain.
I will come to you again,
And pay the price of your song
If I can't find a sweeter one."

Little Mouse gave him twelve crackers,
Then he bound the rest together,
They will buy a song still unsung,
Sweeter than the rest had been.

Then he saw a lively quail
Running up and down the hill,
Filled with joy . . . and full of mirth,
The liveliest creature on the earth.

"Little Mouse," softly said he,
"What a dinner this would be!
If you tell me what you wish
I will give it all for this."



"A song is what I wish to cherish,
A song so sweet is all I seek,
A song is what I wish to cherish
A song so sweet is all I seek."

"A song is what you wish to cherish.
I will sing the song you wish.
If that is all that makes you sad,
With my song will I make you glad.

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
Happily, happily singing as I play.
Merrily, merrily dancing all the day."

"'Tis the seventh song I've heard.
'Tis the one by me adored.
First, here's one cracker for thee,
Then please sing again for me,"

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
Happily, happily singing as I play.
Merrily, merrily dancing all the day."

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yo—eek . . .
This is the sweet song I seek.
Sing it once more, line by line.
This is the song I wish were mine."

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
That is what you next should say.
Sing it fairly in that way."

(To be continued)