

Story #626 (1977, Tape #21)

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Location: Elazığ, Province of  
Elazığ

#626 Padishah -- daughter of

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#626 daughter -- of padishah

#626

The Padishah's Daughter and the Shepherd

Once in the past, there was a padishah, and this padishah had a daughter. Of course, since she was of royal blood, the padishah wanted to give her in marriage to a vizier or someone similar, higher or lower, but someone of importance.

However, there was a strong lad in that place who was a shepherd's son. His name was simply Shepherd. This youth roamed the mountains and valleys with his flocks. One day he came down to the village fountain, and it happened that the girl also had taken her earthen water jug and gone to the fountain.<sup>1</sup> They looked at each other, and Shepherd said, "When is your wedding?"

The girl replied, "I didn't come here for a wedding. I came to fetch some water."

The shepherd said, "Don't deny it. I know I am just a shepherd's son, and you are the padishah's daughter. The padishah would never give you hand to me."

"You make an effort, and do something, because I do not care about money or status. Your personality is what is important to

<sup>1</sup>It is, of course, quite unrealistic that a padishah's daughter would be carrying water and that a padishah (king or sultan) would be living in a village. Peasant narrators, however, adapt setting and social context to those they know.

Shepherd -- son of  
son -- of shepherd

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me. Love is important for me. I am ready night or day."

Meanwhile someone informed the padishah about his daughter. Someone told him that his daughter was in love with Shepherd. The padishah gathered all of his viziers and told them that Shepherd's head had to be chopped off.

At this very time a poor dervish was trying to get to the padishah's chamber, but the guard stopped him telling him the padishah was having an important meeting and that no one was allowed in. The dervish pleaded with the guard, saying that it was very urgent that he should speak to the padishah. The guard sent a messenger into the padishah's chamber, relating the dervish's request. The padishah reluctantly asked the guard to let the dervish come in.

The dervish came in and told the padishah that he had some advice for him. If the padishah thought it was good, he could follow his advice; if not, he could have his head. The padishah consented to listen to what the dervish had to say. So the dervish asked, "Were you born a padishah from your mother's womb?"

The padishah and his viziers were astounded to hear such a question. The dervish went on. "What did your father do? Was he a padishah? Or was he someone in high places?"

The padishah thought about this question and thought, and then he said, "No, my father was a farmer. He plowed the earth and worked very hard. I grew up and studied hard. My fortune turned, and I became padishah."

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"You see, one never can tell how one's fortune will turn. One can be rich or poor, but who knows what the future holds? It may be true that this fellow is a shepherd's son and shepherd himself. Who knows what his fortune will be in the future? You cannot refuse your daughter's hand to him because of his position in life. You must let Shepherd have your daughter's hand."

The padishah pondered on these wise words, and decided the dervish was right. In fact, he told the dervish he admired his wisdom and courage. He sent a messenger to Shepherd and told him not to go off with the sheep in the morning because he was to be given the padishah's daughter in marriage.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup>There is clearly some telescoping in this tale.