Story 1009 (1973 Tape 6)  

**Narrator:** Emine Coşkun, in her 70's, wife of folk poet, Talibi Coşkun  

**Location:** Bayburt kaza, Gümüşhane Province  

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Köroğlu, Nigar, and the Birth of Hasan Bey  

There were once five or six men who were getting ready to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. As they were about to leave home on this journey, an old woman asked to be included in the pilgrimage. They accepted her as a member of their group and set out.  

After they had been traveling for a few days, the woman fell ill. The men could do nothing but leave her in a village along the way and proceed on towards Mecca.  

When the woman had recovered from her illness, she asked the people there how she could possibly overtake the group of pilgrims with whom she had been traveling. They said, "There is only one way in which you can do that. You must ask for assistance from a famous man named Köroğlu. He can ride in one hour the distance it..."  

1 Köroğlu (literally, The Son of the Blind Man) was a legendary bandit endowed with great strength and at times assisted by supernatural agencies. Many who try to establish a degree of historicity for this figure associate him with the Celali Revolts that began in 1603 and continued through much of the 17th century.
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would take us ten days to travel."

She went to Koroğlu's house and was accepted there as a guest of Allah. After she had told him her problem, he said, "Now be quiet! Eat, drink, and enjoy yourself, but then rest!" At the end of the day, he came to her and said, "O lady, I learned today that it is the will of Allah that I take you to rejoin your companions on the pilgrimage."

"Oh, may Allah bless you!" said the old woman.

Then while she prayed for him, he had Kir prepared and brought to the door. Koroğlu tightened the girth at seven different places. Saying, "Hey, old lady, let us go!" he placed her on the saddle behind himself. "Now close your eyes!" She closed her eyes.

2The legendary home of Koroğlu was named Çamlıbel, which scholars have hypothetically located in various places in Turkic-speaking parts of Asia. In Turkey, however, it is almost always placed in Bolu Province, where a major peak is named Koroğlu Mountain. Çamlıbel is not mentioned here, but it is referred to shortly beyond this point in the tale.

3Kir means iron gray and at means horse. This was a very special horse which had drunk the foam that rose on the Water of Life.

4It is not clear whether there were seven places along the girth strap where it could be tightened or whether there were seven girth straps. Either would indicate the size and power of the horse.
"Now open your eyes!" When she opened her eyes, he asked, "Where are you?"

She said, "Oh, I see the pilgrims here. We must have reached _______ 6 by now."

"Do you recognize your friends among those pilgrims?"

"Yes"

Köröglu then asked, "Is there any other horse like mine?"

"No."

"Is there any other person like me?"

"No."

"And is there any finer lady than the one I brought here today?"

"Unfortunately there is a finer lady than the one you brought here, and her name is Nigar."

"Where is this Nigar?"

5 Regardless of Kırat's special powers, he is not a flying horse. The "Open your eyes/Clos e your eyes" routine is common in tales of flying horses, flying carpets, and magic horses. It is inappropriate in this kind of tale.

6 The place name given here is garbled and un-translatable.
"She lives at Akşehir. The widow of a padişah, she herself now rules the people there."

"Very well," said Koroğlu, "you need not bother yourself any more about that. Your concern now is a pilgrimage. Go now and join your pilgrim companions. Goodbye!"

He then turned his horse's head in the other direction and soon arrived at the kiosk where Nigar was said to live. He arrived right at the door of that place and asked, "Is this such-and-such a place, and does so-and-so live here?"

"Yes, yes," they answered.

Koroğlu dismounted and became a guest at that house. The owner was a padişah, but she did not come to greet him or sit to talk with him as a host usually does with a guest. The servants of the house settled him in

In most variants of this part of the Koroğlu cycle, Nigar lives in far Eastern Turkey or the Caucasus area. The girl wooed by Koroğlu's son, Hasan Bey--her name is often given as Telli Hanım--is usually said to live at Akşehir.

Expressions like such-and-such and so-and-so are used as shortening devices quite often in Turkish folktales. The listener already knows the location and the personae. Some folkloristic theory holds that such expressions are used by tellers so far removed from the story that they do not know the specifics of time, place, and personae. This is certainly not the case here, nor is it so in most places where it occurs in Turkish tales.
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a fine room and brought food and drink to him, and when it became dark, he retired.

In the middle of the night, however, Köroğlu awakened, having rested from the fatigue of his travel. He said to himself, "Why did I come to this place? What am I doing here? Am I crazy? Did I come all this distance just to sleep?" Locking the outer doors of the house, he began to look through the whole building, room after room. When he found the room of the lady, he entered it quietly. Inside he saw a woman sleeping with a candle burning in a silver candlestick at the foot of her bed and a candle burning in a golden candlestick at the head of her bed.

Going to her side, he nudged her gently and said, "Open your eyes! I am a respectable and decent man. I tell no lies. I commit no treachery. I intend no harm to you. Open your eyes so that I may talk to you."

The woman opened her eyes in surprise and asked, "What are you looking for here at such a time as this?"

"O lady, they call me Köroğlu. I am the kind of man who says, 'Even if I had not known you were a padişah, I'd have been interested in you, for you would now become a padişah.' I have come here by the will of Allah"
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to ask for your hand.\textsuperscript{9} What is your response to this?"

"Oh-h-h-h, are you mad--coming here this way at such a time of night? What do you want?"

"I am the kind of powerful man who can take whatever he wants, but my conscience will not permit me to do that now.\textsuperscript{10}

"All right, then. Leave here now, and in the morning I shall call you to a meeting with me where we can talk before witnesses."

"Very well," he said, returning to his bed to sleep for the rest of the night. In the morning he arose and went to her presence and asked, "Is your word still as good this morning as it was last night?"

"Yes," she said. After they had talked about the matter for a while before witnesses, \textit{they assembled} several people to be present at their marriage ceremony. It was like a village wedding.

\textsuperscript{9}Matchmakers usually ask for the hand of a woman, not the potential bridegroom. But whoever is the asker, that person traditionally says, "I have come by the will of Allah and the approval of the Prophet to ask for the hand of X for Y."

\textsuperscript{10}That is, I could take you by force but I have inner reservations about doing so.
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This woman was very pleased to be married to such a brave, strong, and handsome man. She thought, will make an excellent husband for me."

But, sir, Köroğlu remained there with her only a week, and then he said to her, "I am going to leave."

"Where are you going?" she asked. "I have a family and a home at Çamlıbel. I shall go there."

"No, you cannot do that!" she said. "What is Çamlıbel to you now? I am the widow of a padişah and I myself am a padişah now. I absolutely do not want such a thing to happen. Don't do such a thing! Is it really possible that you mean to do so?"

"Yes, I shall go," he said.

"All right, but hold on a minute so that I can tell you something. Let's talk together in a courteous way. So you intend to leave? But what if I am pregnant as a result of your living here with me for a week? What is to become of the baby that may be born? Is he to be

Narrators frequently address audiences. In this case it was the collector being addressed as sir (efendi in Turkish). In a coffeehouse storytelling session the narrator will often call his audience Gentlemen (Turkish: efendiler)."
"No, I shall not do anything to allow him to be called a bastard. If the child is a boy," said Köroğlu, rolling up his sleeve and removing from his arm a metal arm band, "place this band on his arm and send him to me at Çamlıbel. If the child is a girl, you just have her married to someone when she comes to the right age."

"All right," she said, knowing that nothing would be changed now even if she were to break down and cry. "All right," said Köroğlu and left.

After nine months this woman bore a child. Köroğlu had told her, "If I have a son, name him Hasan Paşa or Hasan Bey; if I have a daughter--well, I don't know what name to give a girl." Therefore, as soon as a son was born, he was named Hasan Bey. But as the boy was growing up, she never said to him, "Your father is a man named Köroğlu who lives at a place called Çamlıbel. She never uttered a sound about this to him. As time passed the boy went this way, he went that way, playing and fighting with the other boys.

Days passed along this way, but one day something
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happened that upset Hasan Bey greatly. A woman said to him, "O you (bastard) of an unknown father, you have my child!"

Hasan Bey did not respond to this woman. Instead he went home in silence. When he got there he said, "See here, Mother! Do you see this rope, Mother Tother? You have never spoken to me about this before, but you must. I have never seen a father. If I have one tell me who he is. If you have a (bastard) son, tell me that. Tell me the truth, for if you do not, I shall kill you with this rope!"

Frightened, his mother said, "All right. I'll tell you. But what kind of language is this? Who told you such a thing?"

"Someone said this to me in public."

"Son, your father is Köroğlu, and he lives at Çamlıbel."

"So that is how it is. Why didn't you tell me this before?"

13 Repeating a word but prefixing the repetition with the letter m is a scornful verbal gesture. If someone, for example, keeps asking for ekmek (bread) a second person annoyed by this may say, "Oh, ekmek, mekmek!" Here the boy says ana, mana--ana being the Turkish word for mother. We have tried to approximate the verbal effect with Mother, Tother."
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"Well.

"Hm-m-m. Well, all right, but if my father is Köroğlu, why am I living here with you?"

The boy had a colt exactly as old as he was.14 Mounting this colt, he began riding in the direction of Çamlıbel. After a while he came to a prairie where there were several horses tethered, with sacks on their heads. It was summer, August and very hot. "What is going on here?" he asked.

No one told him that these were Köroğlu's horses. Instead, one of the men there said, "Oh, get along, boy!"15

In response to this, Hasan Bey drew his sword and killed the man. Then he killed all the other men there who dared to attack him. He laid them all out neatly on the grass to make it look as if they had just fallen down there.

14 In some variants of this tale Kirat sires a colt on Nigân's mare. In many other Turkish folktales a hero feeds a magic apple of fertility to both his wife and his horse. Both bear offspring at exactly the same time--an impossibility since human and equine gestation periods are different. When the child grows up, he rides off on this horse--most unlikely, for by then the horse (in terms of equine life expectancy) would be very old.

15 We are not given his age, but he is still quite young.
At that time Köroğlu began looking down from Çamlıbel with his binoculars. To one of the young men near him he said, "Ulan," what is going on down there in our pasture? Does that fellow think that Köroğlu is dead? Quick, 'Lan, go down and see who he is!" When he looked again through his binoculars, Köroğlu saw that the stranger had also beaten the young man he had just sent down to the pasture. Looking in his binoculars again, Köroğlu said, "Ulan, Demircioğlu!" Now you had better go down there and take a look at that fellow. Who is he, anyway? Perhaps he thinks that Köroğlu has died! You give him some advice about that!" But Demircioğlu was also defeated almost as soon as he arrived at the pasture. Hasan Bey did not kill him but tied him up and packed him among the sugar chests.

Looking down at his captured representatives Köroğlu said, "Such men went but did not return. Perhaps my enemies really do think that I am dead!" Taking his bow

16 The word ulan is a rather rough expression: Hey, you! Except among people who are very close to each other, it is considered an insult. Sometimes (as in the second sentence after this) ulan is shortened to 'lan.

17 Demircioğlu means son of the blacksmith. This character was really a son of a blacksmith, a young man of almost as much great strength as Köroğlu himself. He joined Köroğlu's band of outlaws and became one of the three or four most important persons in the whole cycle of Köroğlu's men.
and arrows) he mounted his horse and went down toward
the pasture.

As soon as he began to move, people in the area said
to each other, "Here comes the wind!" You know, where-
ever he went with his horse, the two of them kicked up
a huge cloud of dust. They did not say, "Köroğlu is
coming!" They just said, "Here it comes!" When Hasan
Bey heard this, he asked the people what they meant by
that. They said, "The owner of this pasture and that
forest is coming!" They did not say, "Köroğlu is com-
ing," but "The owner is coming!"

"Well, let him come," said Hasan Bey, "and probably
either he or I will kill the other. But, after all
who actually owns this pasture and that forest? It is
Allah. I am going to ask that man approaching how he
can own either forest or pasture when they are Allah's." And when Köroğlu got close enough, Hasan Bey called to
him, "Who is the owner of the forest and pasture?"

"It is I!" shouted Köroğlu.

"But who gave you all this? From whom did you get
permission to take it? Doesn't it all belong to Allah?
And so you are coming here now, too? Very well, then,
come right along!"
Köroğlu was so angry that he decided to kill this young man if he could. "See here, young man, we are now going to play a game on which we'll wager our lives. The one who wins will kill the other."

"All right."

"Come on, then!"

They both said "Bismillah" and began fighting. Before long Hasan Bey struck Köroğlu a mighty blow and knocked him down. He said, "Now I shall fulfill the terms of the wager and kill you." As he reached to pull out his knife, the metal armband he was wearing flashed in the light.

Köroğlu saw this and said, "Oh, my son! How do I know that you are my son? I know it because I have just seen my armband on your arm. I am Köroğlu, your father."

"How can you be my father?" asked Hasan Bey.

"Well, I am. I went to your mother's land and married her. After a while I wanted to return to my own country, but she would not come with me. I said to her, 'If you have a child and that child is a boy, name him Hasan Bey. When he is old enough, place this armband on...

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18 Bismillah (God is great, the Merciful) is said by faithful Moslems at the beginning of any undertaking. By extension, the expression means, "I begin with the name of God."
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his arm and tell him to go to Çamlıbel and find me. Your name is Hasan Bey—isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. You are my father, and I have come very close to making a terrible mistake! Oh, please forgive me!"

"Come on, son, let us go to our home!"

I cannot go with you."

"I cannot go with you unless you first make this pasture and that forest public property."

"All right, then. For the sake of my son, Hasan Bey, I hereby make this area a public park.

They mounted their horses to leave, but by then thirty-two of Körüğlu's men had arrived from Çamlıbel. They asked Körüğlu, "What is going on here? What is this all about?"

"This is my son," said Körüğlu.

Thinking that he could not be heard by Körüğlu, one of the thirty-two said to the others, "When he becomes

19 The narrator does not say public property. He says, "Make this property a foundation," which means the same thing. It is somewhat out of keeping with the tradition that Hasan Bey should make this demand of Körüğlu, for the image of Körüğlu is that of a noble outlaw who robs the rich to give to the poor.
afraid of anyone, he calls him his son."

Another said, "Be quiet!"

Köroğlu said to Hasan Bey, "My son, I sent down here against you a man named Demircioğlu. Where is he?"

"Oh, by Allah, Father, I do not know. I tied him up and placed him beneath some of the things stacked here. Is he still alive?"

They went quickly and rescued Demircioğlu from beneath the freight packets. Köroğlu then asked him, "Ulan, didn't you make this armband years ago for my son?"

Yes, I was the one who made it."

Turning to his thirty-two followers then, Köroğlu said, "You see, I was not lying to you about this man's being my son! Why do you talk about me the way you just now did?"

When they reached Çamlıbel, Köroğlu called Ayvaz to him and told him to show Hasan Bey around Çamlıbel. As they went through the castle looking in room after room, they came at last to a door that was locked. "Unlock this door," Hasan Bey said.

Ayvaz was an adopted son of Köroğlu. The son of an Istanbul butcher, Ayvaz had been kidnapped years earlier by Köroğlu.
"I can't," said Ayvaz, "for only your father has a key to this room." Ayvaz had been warned at an earlier time by Köroğlu never to enter that room.

"Well, go and get the key," said Hasan Bey, "for I intend to examine all of the rooms.

Ayvaz went to Köroğlu and said, "You had better come. A situation has arisen which is something that I cannot handle."

In the meantime, before Ayvaz could return, Hasan Bey struck the door and burst open the lock. When he entered the room, he at first saw nothing unusual there, and he said to himself, "How ridiculous to lock a room which contains nothing!" Then he noticed on one side of the room a screen held on the wall by a nail. When he pulled out the nail and lowered the screen, he saw that there was a picture behind it. Hasan Bey took one look at that picture and immediately collapsed, falling unconscious to the floor.

When Köroğlu was informed of this, he said, "That is what I was afraid of, and now it has happened!"

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21 Literally, he says *bolt*, not nail

22 Beauty is an unaccountably potent force in Turkish folktales. Even the strongest of heroes may faint at the sight of a beautiful woman.
that room, they gave cold water to Hasan Bey and revived him. "What is the matter, my son? What has happened?" asked Koroğlu.

"Nothing has happened. But who is the person in that picture?"

"Oh, she is a ravishing beauty--the most beautiful girl in the world. But what is that to you?"

"I want that girl for my wife," said Hasan Bey. "If she is alive, I shall go and get her."

"Oh, no, Son, don't try to do any such thing. Give up this idea." He could not very well tell his son that he himself had tried seven different times to win that woman.23

"No, I intend to get her, and I shall attempt to do so even if it leads me to my death.

When Koroğlu was unable to dissuade Hasan Bey from going on such a quest, he finally said, "Very well, Son, if you insist on going, let me give you some advice. In the city where this beauty lives I have a brother24 named

23 In most versions of this tale Koroğlu explains at length to his son his long quest for the woman in the picture, a quest that failed. The narrator has not yet named the woman nor identified the city where she lives.

24 The word brother here refers to a very close friendship rather than to blood relationship.
Abdurrahman. Go to him and become a guest in his house, for he will help you if he can. If he cannot help you, then nobody can help you."25

"All right."

"Give my very fondest greetings to your uncle."

"Very well.

Hasan Bey mounted his horse and rode to the home of Abdurrahman. His host was beside himself with joy to see the son of his dear friend. He said to Hasan Bey, "My son, hope that you will stay here with me for a year, for in this way I shall feel that your father is also here with me."

But after Hasan Bey had been there for only a day or two, he said, "My dear uncle, I shall leave tomorrow."

"Oh, what kind of a thing is that to say?"

"My uncle, allow me to speak frankly. I have something that I must accomplish, and that is the reason that I must leave."

"What is this? Tell me about it."

"My father sent you his fondest greetings, and he

25 The narrator here does not say what it is that Köroğlu wants his "brother" to do for Hasan Bey, but, as we discover later, it is to provide him with a special horse known to have unusual abilities.
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his request that you give me Saçlıdoru."

"Oh, in the name of Allah, Saçlıdoru is like the pupil of my eye!" To himself he said, "Well, this young man has demanded that pupil. If I do not give it to him, Köroğlu will feel disappointed. If I give it to I may sustain a great loss." Then to Hasan Bey he said, "My son, I shall let you take Saçlıdoru. But you return it to me with your own hands, won't you, son? should know that I wouldn't let it go for anyone or anything—even for the sake of my own eyes.

Now that he knew he could use the horse, he next to make some arrangement to see the most beautiful in the world. He said, "My uncle, let me go for a and leave the horse here with you. I shall return tomorrow."

"All right, my son. When you need it, the horse will be here ready for you."

Hasan went to the house where she lived, taking plenty of money with him. When he reached her home, he saw that there were guards at the gate, all armed with bayonets. (This girl was a sister of seven brot-

26 This is simply a way to describe how important the horse is to him.
To himself Hasan Bey said, "O Allah, how can I ever enter this house? It seems to be impossible. How can I manage it?" Approaching the guards, he asked, "Are you guarding this gate?"

"Yes."

"Well, here are 100 gold pieces for you, 100 gold pieces for you, and 100 gold pieces for you. Allow me to enter this building for just one hour."

"No, we couldn't do such a thing. They pay us a good monthly salary to guard this place."

"Just let me in for an hour. What would be wrong with that?"

Finally the guards said, "All right, boy, go ahead in, but only stay an hour--no more.

Almost as soon as he entered the house, the girl saw him and asked, "What are you doing in my house? There are men armed with bayonets at the gate. How did you get past them?"

"Don't bother with that question. I have come in the name of Allah and with his will to ask you for your hand in marriage. Do you like me? That is a more impor-

The sister with seven brothers is an entirely different story from this narrative. Here the seven brothers are merely the protectors of their sister.
tant question than how I managed to get in here. What do you say?"

She answered, "If you could get me out of here, I would certainly go with you. But you couldn't do that. What horse is there in the world that could make my escape possible? There is no such horse!" But to herself she was thinking, "He who steals a minaret can also find a way to disguise it."

After some further conversation, it was apparent that the girl was willing to go with him. "Do I have your promise to go? What time shall we leave?"

"Yes, you have my word on this. When you return for me this evening, however, you will find the guards changed. You won't recognize them, but that is simply because they dress differently at night from the way they dress during the day. They make this change around seven o'clock."

"All right," he said. He was not very worried about this, for he trusted the effect of the money that he had given to the guards. Nevertheless, when he arrived there that evening he was startled to see that the guards on duty were wearing steel helmets.

"Come, come," they said. "Don't you recognize us?
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We are changed only in appearance

"Oh may Allah bless you!" he said. Again he paid them in gold and again he was admitted into the house. Once inside, he said to the girl, "Let us go!" and the two fled.

When the guards saw them departing, one said to another, "Ulan, they are leaving, and we are the guards. What will happen to us as a result of this? How did they get out while we were right here at the gate?"

While the guards were arguing with each other in this way, the young couple were fleeing. But they hadn't gone any farther than from here to Ulus before the boy shouted to the girl, "You either come and ride on my horse with me or I shall go and ride on your horse with you."

"No, no," she answered. "We must ride on as fast as we can!"

But soon after that Hasan Bey again called out, "Either you come to my horse and ride with me or I shall

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28 Although the narrator was a resident of Bayburt, she was telling this tale at Maltepe, Ankara, about a mile from the Ulus section of Ankara.

29 That is to say that he wants to be closer to the girl
come to your horse and ride on it with you

   Unable to resist him any longer, she called, "Come here and ride on Saçlıdoru with me!"

   Embracing, they both rode on Saçlıdoru, but their speed was slowed down. After they had traveled some distance, they grew very sleepy and decided to stop for a while to rest. When they awakened, however, found that they were almost surrounded by troops

   The girl said, "Now do you see what you have done? You shall be sacrificed, and my life will be ruined too. Hasan Bey said, "Don't despair! Allah is great and He will help us!"

   They attempted to escape, each now riding on his own horse, but there were too many enemies all around them to permit this. and began to fight.

   The girl was especially accurate in her shooting.

   When her brothers had been informed about her elopement, they said, "We have done everything that we could to protect her. We placed guards at her gate to keep her at home, but she managed to escape anyway. So, let her go!"
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But there was a lame man who had wished to marry this girl, and he exhorted her brothers to pursue her. "What ails you? Did that fellow with whom she fled place some kind of spell upon you? How did he persuade you to let her go? How can you remain here and do nothing about it? Chase them! Chase them!" Because of these words of the lame man, the brothers placed him at the head of some troops to catch the runaways.

In the bloody battle that developed, the soldiers and their lame leader were killed. The two lovers were separated from each other, and after the battle had ended, she went around the entire area examining every corpse. She searched here and there. Finally she to the foot of a mountain that was alongside the battlefield, and there she found him wounded and lying among the rocks. She said, "Oh, my Hasan Pasha is dead!" she began to cry.

She then began to pick wild flowers and herbs from which to make medicine to treat Hasan Bey's wounds. She made ointments to place on these wounds, but all the while she was doing this she cried so much that the tears flowed from her eyes like the waters of ten rivers.
Meanwhile Köroğlu had a dream in which he saw that his son was in great trouble. He called together his companions at Çamlıbel and said, "Come on, friends, let us go!"

"Where?" they asked.

son is in great danger. Let us go to his assistance!"

all mounted their horses and rode behind Köroğlu in the direction where the battle had occurred. It took them several days to reach the place, and as they were traveling. Hasan Bey had begun to revive. When he saw the dust rising in the distance, he realized that his father was coming. He called to the girl, "Hey, get ready  My father is coming!"

"All right, let him come! It will be a pleasure to see him."

When Köroğlu came within sight, the girl rode out to meet him. But Köroğlu did not know who she was at first. He said to himself, "Just a minute  I'll sing her a stanza of verse and try to determine whether she is one of us or somebody else."

Friend, I have no daughter;
Friend, I have a son.
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I have more foes than friends.
What's your lover's name?

The girl responded

Though I am not your daughter,
I am the snow of great mountains,
The fruit of rich gardens.
My lover is Hasan Pasha.

After she had finished singing that, she said, "Oh, welcome, Sir!"

Köroğlu then recognized the girl and said to his followers, "That is she

Hasan Bey then came and embraced his bride

When Köroğlu saw Hasan Bey alive, he asked, "What happened, Son? What was this all about?"

Hasan Bey answered, "Well, it was so-and-so and such-and-such, my father.

"May all of your injuries pass quickly,"30 said Köroğlu.

Everyone now started for home. As they approached Çamlıbel, however, Hasan Bey said, "No, Father, I shall not enter your house. No, I won't do that."

30The speaker here uses the traditional "get well" remark in Turkish, "Gecmis olsun."
not, my son? Why won't you come?"
the girl spoke up, saying, "Oh, how shameful! How can you say such a thing to my father-in-law? Shame on you!"

But Hasan Bey responded, "Inasmuch as he attempted seven different times to win you for himself, who knows but what he may now kill me and at last take you for himself?"

"No!" said Köroğlu.

"Father, you must give your word about this here in public before I shall enter your house.

"What word, my son? What are you talking about? Whatever you want me to say I shall say."

Hasan Bey said, "Father, you made seven attempts to win this girl, and you failed in all of them. If you are now intending to kill me in order to win her, then I shall not enter your house. Tell me the truth, Father!"

Köroğlu said, "Oh-h-h, Allah, forgive me! You are my child, my son. Before you arrived I did seek this girl because of her uniqueness. But now she is your bride, and I could have no such interest in her any longer. What are you talking about? Aren't you ashamed for what you have said? But I forgive you and attribute
it to your naivete. Now come along home!"

After they arrived home, Köroğlu had prepared for them a marvelous feast. Don't ask me to describe just it was a marvelous feast. I know only that it was a splendid feast to accompany the wedding festivities of Hasan Bey and his bride. The two were married and made that place their home.