

The image features a complex, high-contrast black and white pattern of a woven textile. The pattern consists of vertical bands of different textures and colors, creating a diamond or checkerboard-like effect. The fringed edges at the bottom are particularly detailed, showing individual threads. The overall effect is one of intricate texture and traditional craftsmanship.

# BALKAN FOLK SONGS

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*Compiled for the  
Balkan Music & Dance Workshops*



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EAST EUROPEAN FOLKLIFE CENTER



Since the early 1980s, singers have gathered after dinner at the Balkan Music & Dance Workshops to share music and friendship. In 1981, Carol Freeman and Carol Silverman compiled the first songbook, composed of songs which were taught through the years. In subsequent editions, the songbook was amended with contributions from many others.

With this expanded songbook, the East European Folklife Center hopes to continue the tradition of sharing Balkan folklore.



*Dedicated to peace in the Balkans.*

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## Bolujem Ja, Boluješ Ti

Bolujem ja, boluješ ti,  
 Bolujemo od ljubavi,  
 Jer nikoga ne ljubim ja  
 Osim tebe, dušo moja.  
 Zar ne znaš ti odavno već  
 Da ljubav sja među nama,  
 I nikoga ne ljubim ja  
 Osim tebe, dušo moja.  
 Otićiću u dalek svet  
 Da srcu svom pronadem lek,  
 Jer nikoga ne ljubim ja  
 Osim tebe, dušo moja!  
*City song*

I am ill, you are ill,  
 We suffer from lovesickness.  
 For I love no one  
 Other than you, my soul!  
 Don't you know, from long ago  
 That love shines between us.  
 And I love no one  
 Other than you, my soul!  
 I will travel to far away places  
 To find a cure for my heart,  
 For I love no one  
 Other than you, my soul!

## Oj Livado, Rosna Travo

Oj livado, rosna travo, javore, javore,  
 Koj po tebi čuva stado, zlato moje? (2)  
 Čuvala ga djevojčica, javore, javore,  
 Od sedamnaest godinica, zlato moje. (2)  
 Ovce čuva, pjesmu pjeva, javore, javore,  
 —Moj dragane, što te nema, zlato moje? (2)  
 Gdje si dragi ovih dana, javore, javore,  
 Kad ja ovce čuvam sama zlato moje? (2)  
*Serbia and Croatia*

Oh meadow, dewy grass, maple tree,  
 Who is tending the flock, my golden one?  
 A young shepherdess  
 In her seventeenth year,  
 Watches the sheep and sings a song,  
 "My beloved, why aren't you here?"  
 Where have you been these days, dear,  
 While I tend the sheep alone?"

## Dobro Jutro, Moj Bekrijo

//Dobro jutro, moj bekrijo,  
 A gde si mi poranio?//

*Refrain:*

//Oj, arijo bre, arijo bre, arijo bre,  
 Lumpuj, dragi, do zore//

//Evo idem iz kafane,  
 Lečio sam srcu rane//

//Otvori mi prozore  
 Da te ljubim do zore.//

*City song*

Good morning, my bum  
 But what are you doing up so early?

Oh song!  
 Carouse, dear one, till dawn.

Here I come from the tavern,  
 I've been soothing my wounded heart.

Open your windows  
 So I can love you till dawn.

## Čep Čep

//Čep, čep u slavinu, nož, nož u slaninu,//

Cork into the tap, knife into the bacon,

*Refrain:*

//Haj mala rogozi, sedi pa vozi (hej!)//

Hey little cat-tails, sit down and drive!

//Mili Bože, a što mi ga nema, joj,

Dear God, why isn't he here,

Joj, nema nema, ali mi se drema//

Alas, he isn't here, but I'm drowsy.

//A šta ćemo za večeru?

And what will we have for dinner?

Hleba, sira i krumpira.//

Bread, cheese and potatoes.

//A šta ćemo za doručak?

And what will we have for breakfast?

Jedno jaje i to mućak.//

One egg and it's rotten.

//Lepa ti je udovica, al' još lepše devojčica.//

The widow's pretty, but the girl is prettier.

*Vojvodina, Serbia*

## Banja Luka

//Banja Luka vatrom izgorela,

Banja Luka, by a fire burning,

U tebi me cura zanjela,//

In you, a girl enthralled me.

//Zanjela garavim očima,

Enthralled me with her dark eyes,

Bijelim licem i mednim ustama.//

Her white face and her honey lips.

//Da se oči kupuju za pare,

If eyes could be bought for money,

Ja bi sebi kupio garave.//

I would buy those dark eyes for myself.

//Mila draga, kad bi moja bila,

Sweet dear one, if you would be mine,

Moja bi se želja ispunila//

My desires would be fulfilled.

*Bosnia*

## Marijana

Jedne divne, tihe majske noći,

One divine quiet May night

Ti si rekla da ćeš doći

you said you'd come

Na prvi randevu.

to the first rendezvous.

Noć je, oko mene svud je tamna,

It's night, around me all is dark,

A Marijana spava sama

But Marijana sleeps alone

i ne zna da sam tu.

And doesn't know I'm here.

*Refrain:*

//Oj, Marijana, slatka mala Marijana,

Oh my sweet little Marijana,

Ja ću te čekati jer ti ćeš doć.//

I'll wait for you because you'll come.

Baštom opet cvjeta majske cvijeće,

In the garden May flowers still bloom

A ja drhtim sav od sreće

and I tremble completely from happiness,

Jer čekam samo nju.

Because I wait only for her.



Ponoć davno, davno već je prošla,  
A Marijana nije došla  
Na prvi randevu.

A ja pod palmom sjedim sam  
A oči sklapa san,  
I tužan čekam davno žuden dan.  
*Dalmatia, Croatia*

Midnight is long past,  
But Marijana hasn't come  
To the first rendezvous.  
But I sit alone under a palm  
And sleep closes my eyes,  
And I sadly wait for the long desired day.

### Kafu Mi, Draga, Ispeci

Kafu mi, draga, ispeci,  
Baš k'o da je, draga dušo, za tebe,  
//Aj aj aj aj, ja ću doći, oko pola noći  
Da sjednem kraj tebe.//

Dušek mi, draga, razmjesti,  
Baš k'o da je, draga dušo, za tebe,  
//Aj aj aj aj, ja ću doći, oko pola noći  
Da legnem kraj tebe.//

Ne dolazi, dragi, ne treba,  
Jer ti drugu dragu sada miluješ  
//Aj aj aj aj, ti si rek'o  
Da si bolju dragu stek'o od mene.//  
*Bosnia*

Make me a cup of coffee, dear,  
just like you would for yourself, dear soul.  
Hey, I will come around midnight  
to sit by you.

Arrange your bed, dear,  
just like you would for yourself, dear soul.  
Hey, I will come around midnight  
to lie by you.

Don't come, dear one, you needn't,  
because you now love another.  
Hey, you said  
that you'd gotten a better lover than I.

### Dunave

Rastao sam pored Dunava,  
pokraj dobrih starih alasa.  
//Lovio sam šarane, ispraćao brodove  
I snivao (divne) snove daleke.//

*Refrain:*

//Dunave, Dunave  
Kraj tebe mi srce (moje) ostade.//

Plovio sam belim ladama,  
morima i mnogim rekama.  
//Al Đerdapske klisure i Dunavske obale  
Na srcu su (samo) mome ostale.//

Kada bi se opet rodio,  
Dunavom bi opet plovio.  
//Pevao bi curama, što rastu kraj Dunava  
I mahao (divnim) belim ladama.//

*Novokomponirana narodna pesma (newly-composed folk song), Serbia, composed by D.Toković*

I grew up by the Danube  
by the good old fishermen.  
I fished for carp, saw the boats off  
And dreamed beautiful dreams of far away.

O Danube,  
my heart stays with you.

I've sailed white boats  
in seas and many rivers.  
But the Đerdap gorge and the Danube shores  
alone remain in my heart.

If I were born again,  
I'd sail the Danube again.  
I'd sing to the girls who grow up by the Danube  
and sail beautiful white boats.



## Oj Jelo, Jeleno

//Oj Jelo, Jelo, Jeleno, //	O Jela, Jelena
//Oj Jelo, Jelo, Jeleno, Ne gazi seno košeno. //	Don't trample the mowed hay.
//Mladi ga momci kosili, //	Young men have mowed it
//Mladi ga momci kosili, I tebe, Jelo, prosili. //	And asked for you in marriage
Mala mi soba miriše Tu gde mi Jela uzdiše, //Mala mi soba miriše Tu gde mi Jela uzdiše. //	My little room is fragrant  Where Jela sighs.
//Zbog tebe, Jelo, Jeleno, //	Because of you, Jela
//Zbog tebe, Jelo, Jeleno, Svi piju vino rumeno. //	Everyone drinks red wine.
<i>Vojvodina, Serbia</i>	

## Nešto Mi Se Pamet Pomeravlja

Nešto mi se Pamet pomeravlja, (2) //Nešto mi se, mile moj, pamet pomeravlja, oj. //	For some reason I feel confused For some reason, my dear one, I feel confused, Oh!
Možda mi se Nova ljubav javlja, (2) //Možda mi se, mile moj nova ljubav javlja, oj. //	Perhaps, there is A new love approaching.
Nova javlja, Stara zaboravlja, (2) //Nova javlja, mile moj, stara zaboravlja, oj. //	A new love approaching, The old one is forgotten.
Al' ja staru zaboravit' neću, (2) //Al' ja staru, mile moj, zaboravit' neću ,oj. //	But I will never forget the old love.
<i>Šumadija, Serbia</i>	

**Pred Senkinom Kućom**

//Pred Senkinom kućom  
nane, vodenica.//  
Senka mi je suđenica (2)

//Pred Senkinom kućom,  
nane, voda teče. //  
Tu prolazim svako veče. (2)

//Digni oči, Senko,  
mori, pogledaj me, //  
Digni oči, namig' na me. (2)  
*Vojvodina, Serbia*

In front of Senka's house  
Mama, is a flour mill.  
Senka was born to be mine.

In front of Senka's house  
Mama, water flows.  
There I pass every night.

Lift your eyes, Senka  
Just look at me!  
Lift your eyes, wink at me.

**Krca, Krca Nova Kola**

Krca, krca nova kola,

*Refrain:*

Zlato, zlato moje,  
jagne, jagne moje.

A ko mi se u njih vozi?  
Milka mi se u njih vozi.  
A ko im je rebadžija?  
Mirko im je rebadžija.  
Na volove podvikuje  
A na Milku namiguje.  
*Šumadija, Serbia*

A new cart, creaking along,

my darling,  
my little lamb

Who is riding in it?  
Milka is riding in it.  
And who is the driver?  
Mirko is the driver  
He shouts "Giddyup" to the oxen  
While winking at Milka.

**Spavaj Mi, Spavaj, Ančice**

Spavaj mi, spavaj, Ančice, (3)  
Na krilu svoje majčice.

*Refrain:*

Tulipan, jorgovan, to su cvjeta dva,  
Volilo se dvoje mladi k'o dva goluba,  
Tulipan, jorgovan, to su cvjeta dva,  
Tebe draga, zaboravit', neću nikada.

Tvoja će majka spavati, (3)  
A mi ćemo se 'jubiti.

Ta tvoja crna oka dva (3)  
Koja su mene gledala,

Ta tvoja medna ustašca (3)  
Koja su mene 'jubila!  
*Dalmatia, Croatia*

Sleep, little Ana, sleep  
In your mother's lap.

Tulip, lilac, these are two flowers,  
A young pair were in love like two doves,  
Tulip, lilac, these are two flowers,  
You, my beloved, I will never forget.

Your mother will sleep  
And we will do some kissing.

Those dark eyes of yours  
That looked at me

Those honey lips of yours  
That were kissing me!

## Sve Ptičice Iz Gore

//Sve ptičice iz gore//

//Sve ptičice iz gore  
spustile se na more.//

//Samo jedna ostala//

//Samo jedna ostala  
koja mi je pivala.//

//Koja mi je pivala//

//Koja mi je pivala  
O nesritnoj ljubavi.//

//Zbogom ostaj, mila ti,//

//Zbogom ostaj, mila ti,  
Moja prva ljubavi.//

//Nosit ću te u srcu,//

//Nosit ću te u srcu,  
mili cvite ubrani.

*Dalmatia, Croatia*

All the birds from the forest  
have gone down to the seaside.

Only one stayed behind  
and sang to me.

It sang to me  
about an unhappy love affair.

So long, my dear,  
my first love.

I will carry you in my heart,  
my beloved, picked flower.

## Samo Nemoj Ti

//Samo nemoj ti  
majci kazati  
da te 'jubim ja,  
oj, Milena moja!//

*Refrain:*

//I ona sama  
da ne zna mama  
Ružice brala,  
dragom je dala.//

//Ti si rajski cvijet,  
Tebe voli svijet,  
Tebe 'jubim ja,  
Oj, Milena moja!//

//Oj ti dragi moj,  
Primi pozdrav moj,  
Moga srca dar  
Tebi u spomenar.//

*Vojvodina, Serbia and Slavonia, Croatia*

Just don't  
tell your mother  
that I am in love with you,  
Oh, my Milena!

And she on her own,  
behind mom's back  
picked little roses  
and gave them to her sweetie.

You are the flower of paradise,  
The whole world loves you,  
I love you,  
Oh, my Milena!

Oh, my sweetie,  
Accept my greetings  
From my heart as a gift  
To you as a remembrance.

## Tiha Noći, Moje Zlato Spava

Tiha noći, moje zlato spava,  
nad glavom joj od bisera grana,  
a na grani k'o da nešto bruji,  
to su pari sićani slavuji.

Žice predu iz svilenog glasa,  
otkali joj duvak do pojasa,  
pokrili joj i lice i grudi,  
da se moje zlato ne probudi.

*Vojvodina, Serbia, text by Jovan Jovanović "Zmaj."*

Quiet night, my golden one is sleeping,  
above her head a branch of pearls,  
and from the branch there comes a hum  
of tiny nightingales gathered there.

They spin strings from their silken voices.  
they have woven a waist-long veil for her  
and covered her face and bosom  
so she won't be awakened.

## Kad Ja Podoh Na Bembašu

Kad ja podoh na Bembašu,  
na Bembašu na vodu,  
//ja povedoh bijelo janje,  
bijelo janje sa sobom.//

Sve od derta i sevdaha,  
od tuge i žalosti,  
//svud sam iš'o, svud sam gled'o,  
ne bi l' dragu vidio.//

Sve djevojke Bembašanke  
na kapiji stajahu:  
//samo moja mila draga  
na demirli-pendžeru.//

Ja joj rekoh: —Dobro večē!  
Dobro večē, djevojčē!  
//Ona meni: —Dođ' doveče,  
dođ' doveče, dilberče.//

Ja ne odoh isto večē  
već ja odoh sutradan:  
//ali moja mila draga  
za drugog se udala!//  
*Sarajevo, Bosnia*

When I travelled to Bembaša  
to Bembaša, to the water (fountain),  
I brought a little white lamb,  
a little white lamb along with me.

With sorrow and yearning for love,  
with sadness and grief,  
I wandered everywhere, and searched,  
hoping to meet my sweetheart.

All the girls of Bembaša  
were standing at their front gates,  
only my dear sweetie was  
at her window with iron latticework.

I said, "Good evening,  
Good evening, dainty girl!"  
She said to me, "Come tonight,  
come tonight, darling!"

I didn't go the same evening  
but went the next day  
but my dear sweetie  
had married another!

## Kopa Cura Vinograd

Kopa cura vinograd, vinograd.  
Njoj dolazi momak mlad, momak mlad.  
//—Dobro jutro, curo mala,  
jesi l' okopala vinograd?//

A girl is digging vines in the vineyard  
A young man approaches her,  
"Good morning, dainty girl,  
have you dug up the vineyard?"

Otkud ideš, Anice, Anice?  
—Idem iz Ravanice, Ravanice.  
//Prevedi me preko drumu,  
ne znam gde je Ruma rođena!//

Otkud ideš, Nikola, Nikola?  
—Idem iz Krušedola, Krušedola.  
//Ljubio sam krušedolke,  
najlepše devojke mladane.//  
*Vojvodina, Serbia*

Where are you coming from, Anica?"  
"I'm coming from Ravanica.  
Help me cross the road,  
I don't know where Ruma was born!

Where are you coming from, Nikola?"  
"I'm coming from Krušedol.  
I've been making out with the girls of Krušedol,  
The most beautiful young girls."

### Divan Je Kićeni Srem

Divan je kićeni Srem,  
lepo je živet' u njem.  
Sremica zdrava k'o dren,  
sladak je poljubac njen.

*Refrain:*

//Srem, Srem, Srem,  
lepo je živet' u njem.//

Kad Sremac pođe na rad  
da kopa vinograd  
ponese litru il' dve.  
Sremice, poljubi me

Proš'o sam selo i grad,  
nisam je našao do sad,  
a sada idem u Srem,  
možda je draga u njem.  
*Vojvodina, Serbia*

Beautiful Srem is wonderful,  
life is good there.  
Woman of Srem, fit as a fiddle,  
sweet is her kiss.

Srem, Srem, Srem,  
life is good there.

When a man from Srem goes to work  
to dig in his vineyard,  
he brings a liter or two.  
Woman of Srem, kiss me!

I've wandered across village and city,  
I haven't found her yet,  
and now I'm going to Srem,  
Maybe my sweetie is there.

### Oj, Lolo Moja

Oj, lolo moja, joj!  
//Oj, lolo moja, crni Ciganine,  
crni Ciganine, joj! //

Oj, za tobom mi joj!  
//Oj, za tobom mi, moje srce gine,  
moje srce gine, joj! //

Oj, crne oči, joj!  
//Oj, crne oči, lola titra njima,  
lola titra njima, joj! //

Oj, ja bi mlada, joj!  
//Oj, ja bi mlada, pobigla za njima,  
pobigla za njima, joj! //

Oh, my sweetheart, black Gypsy,

my heart wilts for you, oh!

Oh, dark eyes,  
my sweetie plays games with them,

I would run after them, oh!

Oj, nisam znala, joj! //Oj, nisam znala, nisam virovala, nisam virovala, joj! //	Oh, I didn't know, I didn't believe,
Oj, da je tako, joj! //Oj, da je tako, poljubiti slatko, poljubiti slatko, joj! //	that kissing could be this sweet, oh!
Oj, lolo moja, joj! //Oj, lolo moja, gde je kuća tvoja, gde je kuća tvoja, joj! //	Oh, my sweetheart, where is your house, oh!
Ej, druga, treća, joj! //Ej, druga, treća, u šoru najveća, u šoru najveća, joj! //	Oh, the second or third, the biggest one on the street!
Ej, sve ti volim, joj! //Ej, sve ti volim, ne volim ti ime, crni Ciganine, joj! //	Oh, I like everything about you but your name, black Gypsy!
<i>Slavonia, Croatia and Vojvodina, Serbia</i>	

### Aj, Leti Soko

//Aj, leti soko nisko pa visoko, oj, Zoro, Zorice.//	Fly, falcon, low and high, oh Zora, my little Zora.
//Aj, daj mi, soko, tvoje crno oko, oj, Zoro, Zorice.//	Falcon, give me your dark eye.
//Aj, ne bi dao plavo za garavo, oj, Zoro, Zorice.//	I'd never give blue (eyes) for dark ones.
//Aj, berem grozde, biram tamjaniku, oj, Zoro, Zorice.//	I pick grapes, I pick out the muscats.
//Aj, slađa dika nego tamjanika, oj, Zoro, Zorice.//	My sweetheart is sweeter than muscats.
//Aj, volim diku, dika voli mene, oj, Zoro, Zorice.//	I love my sweetheart and he loves me.
<i>Slavonia, Croatia and Vojvodina, Serbia</i>	

**Crven Fesić**

Crven fesić, mamo,  
 Crven fesić, joj mamice,  
 //Crven fesić u dragana moga,  
 Joj, mamo, mamice.//

Ispod fesa, mamo,  
 Ispod fesa, joj mamice  
 //Ispod fesa namiguše na me,  
 Joj, mamo, mamice.//

Crne oči, mamo,  
 Crne oči, joj mamice,  
 //Crne oči, u dragana moga,  
 Joj, mamo, mamice.//

Medna usta, mamo,  
 Medna usta, joj mamice,  
 //Medna usta u dragana moga,  
 Joj, mamo, mamice.//

Da me oće, mamo,  
 Da me oće, joj mamice,  
 //Da me oće poljubiti s njima,  
 Joj mamo, mamice.//

Dala bi mu, mamo,  
 Dala bi mu, joj mamice,  
 //Dala bi mu srce iz nedara,  
 Joj mamo, mamice.//

*Bosnia*

Little red fez, mama,  
 Little red fez, oh, mommy,  
 A little red fez my sweetie has,  
 Oh, mama, mommy.  
 From under the fez, mama.  
 From under the fez, oh, mommy,  
 he keeps winking at me.

Dark eyes, mama,  
 Dark eyes, oh, mommy,  
 dark eyes my sweetie has.

Honey lips, mama,  
 Honey lips, oh, mommy,  
 Honey lips my sweetie has.

If he would, mama,  
 If he would, oh, mommy,  
 If he would only kiss me,

I would give him, mama,  
 I would give him, oh, mommy  
 the heart from my bosom.

**U Ranu Zoru**

U ranu zoru, zoru, zoru,  
 Kad svane dan,  
 Ja idem kući, sav nakresan. (2)  
 Ja tebe ljubim, ljubim, ljubim,  
 To dobro znaš.  
 Ti mirno spavaš, a ja nemam sna.(2)  
 Ti mirno spavaj, spavaj, spavaj,  
 Usni sanak svoj,  
 A ja idem dalje, u svoj nespokoj.(2)  
*City song*

In the early dawn,  
 When day is breaking,  
 I go home completely drunk.  
 I love you,  
 This you know well,  
 you sleep peacefully while I have no rest.  
 Sleep peacefully,  
 Dream your dream,  
 While I wander on into my restlessness.



## Gori Lampa Nasrid Vinkovaca

//Gori lampa nasrid Vinkovaca,  
dodi diko, bit će poljubaca!//  
*Refrain:* //Oj, jadi, jadi, jadi,  
Jadi, jadi, ne valja, što radi!//  
//Sati biju, ajziban se kreće,  
ode moje mirisavo cvijeće.//  
//Sedam uri, ide lola curi,  
ne voli je pa se i ne žuri!//  
//Devet sati, ide lola Kati,  
ide Kati, pa se i ne vrati//  
//Diko moja, četiri su sata,  
skidaj ruke sa mog vrata!//  
//Pred zoru je lipo milovanje,  
kad se dika sprema na oranje.//  
*Slavonia, Croatia*

A lamp is burning in Vinkovci,  
come here, sweetie, there'll be kisses!  
Oh, sorrows,  
it's not proper what he's doing!  
The clock strikes, the train leaves,  
my dear fragrant flower is leaving.  
Seven o'clock, a guy goes to his girlfriend's,  
he doesn't like her much, so he takes his time.  
Nine o'clock, a guy goes to see Kata,  
goes to Kata's and doesn't come back.  
Hey sweetie, it's four in the morning,  
take your hands off my neck!  
Before dawn is great for making out,  
when my sweetie gets ready for plowing.

## Tri Sam Dana Kukuruze Brala

Tri sam dana kukuruze brala, (2)  
Savio se ružmarin diki na šešir,  
Rastaje se dan i noć, diko, laku noć!" (2)  
Dok sam diki kupila duvana, (2)  
Tri bi dana sokak mirisao (2)  
Od dikina finoga duvana. (2)  
*Slavonia, Croatia and Vojvodina, Serbia*

I gathered corn for three days,  
Rosemary is braided on my sweetheart's hat,  
Day and night are parting, sweetie, good night!  
After I buy tobacco for my sweetheart,  
Our lane will be scented for three days.  
From my sweetheart's fine tobacco.

## Evo Banke, Cigane Moj

//Evo banke, Cigane moj,  
Cigane moj, sviraj mi ti!//  
Ja ću tebe slušati,  
Ti ćeš meni svirati,  
Evo banke Cigane moj,  
Cigane moj, sviraj mi ti.  
//Šampanj ćemo otvoriti,  
Otvoriti i popiti.//  
A kad dođe onaj čas,  
Šampanj oboriće nas,  
Evo banke, Cigane moj,  
Cigane moj, sviraj mi ti.  
*Serbian version of a Hungarian song*

Here's a ten, my Gypsy,  
My Gypsy, play for me!  
I will listen to you,  
You will play for me.  
Here's a ten, my Gypsy,  
My Gypsy, play for me.  
We'll open a bottle of champagne,  
We'll open it and drink it up,  
And when the moment comes  
The champagne will knock us down,  
Here's a ten, my Gypsy,  
My Gypsy, play for me.

## Nakraj Sela Čadava Mehana

Nakraj sela čadava mehana,  
iz nje viri kose nečešljana,  
//Nečešljana od silnoga pića,  
to je kuća seoskih mladića. //

Iz kafane pijan ja izlazim,  
čudnovate ulice nalazim,  
//Levo, desno, nigde moga stana,  
oj ulice ala si pijana.//

Gle meseca što se nakrivio,  
na jedno je oko zažmurio,  
//A drugo je sasvim zatvorio,  
sram ga bilo i on se napio.//

Ko to lupa na moj pendžer tako,  
zar vi momci ne znate polako?  
//Moj Milenko leg'o je da spava,  
od te lupe zabole ga glava.//  
*Vojvodina, Serbia*

At the edge of the village is a sooty tavern,  
Unkempt hair sticks out of it,  
Unkempt due to much booze consumed,  
That's the village boys' home.

I leave the tavern drunk,  
I come upon weird streets,  
Left, right, my address nowhere in sight,  
Oh, street, you are so drunk.

Look at the moon, how it is crooked,  
It squints with one eye,  
While the other is completely closed,  
Shame on it, it got drunk, too!

Who is knocking on my window like that,  
Can't you boys take it easy?  
My Milenko has gone to sleep,  
From this racket he got a headache.

## Pozdravi Ga, Sokole

Milo moje, vrati se,  
Tuga, tuga slomi me.  
Duša mi je pusta bez tebe,  
Nemam nikog da se radujem.

Evo prođe godina  
Duga, duga, preduga,  
Samo bela ptica seća me,  
Bela poput moje postelje.

//Pozdravi ga, sokole,  
Ej, sokole,  
Reci mu, reci sve,  
Pozdravi ga, sokole,  
Ej, sokole,  
Pozdravi od mene //

*Novokomponirana narodna pesma (newly-composed folk song), Serbia*

My beloved, come back,  
Sadness, sadness has broken me.  
My soul is empty without you,  
I have no one to make me happy.

Here, a year has passed,  
Long, long, too long,  
Only a white bird reminds me,  
White like my bed.

Give him my greeting, falcon,  
Oh, falcon,  
Tell him, tell him everything,  
Give him my greeting, falcon,  
Oh, falcon,  
Greetings from me.

**Ej, Ja Sam Mala**

Ej, ja sam mala,  
I moj dika mali,  
Ej, pa mi tepa,  
Diko moja lepa.

*Refrain:*

//Ej, sviće zora,  
čuj, garava moja,  
Sviće zora,  
Lumpovat' se mora,  
Poć' se kući mora!//

Ej, ala sam se  
Naljubio lica.  
Aj beogradskih  
Cura lepotica.

Ej, diko moja,  
I jesi i nisi,  
Aj, oženi se  
Da vidim čiji si.

Ej, diko moja,  
Pola srca moga,  
Ej tebe volim  
I više nikoga.  
*Vojvodina, Serbia*

Oh, I am young  
And so is my sweetie  
Oh, he coos to me:  
My pretty sweetie.

Oh, the dawn is breaking,  
Listen, my black-haired one,  
The dawn is breaking,  
We've got to make merry!  
We've got to go home!

Oh, I have kissed  
Many a face to my heart's content,  
Oh, many a face  
Of young Belgrade beauties.

Oh, my sweetie,  
You're mine and not mine,  
Oh, get married,  
So I can see whom you belong to.

Oh, my sweetie,  
Half of my heart,  
Oh, I love you  
And no one else!

**Milica Je Večerala**

Milica je večerala  
I na sokak istrčala  
Da vidi ko se veseli. (2)

Mati više, mati zove:  
Ajde kući, pile moje,  
Večeraaj, lolu ne čekaj (2)

Fala mati na salati,  
Ja ne mogu večerati,  
Večeraaj, mene ne čekaj. (2)

Milica je fino dete,  
Što je, momci, ne zovete?  
Milice, dušo i srce. (2)

Milica was eating dinner  
When she ran out to into the street  
To see who was making merry.  
Mother scolded, mother called:  
Come back into the house, hon;  
Have your dinner, don't wait for your sweetie.

Thanks, mother, for the salad,  
I can't eat dinner,  
Eat yours, don't wait for me.

Milica is a nice kid,  
Why don't you guys invite her out?  
Milica, my soul and heart!

Stara kola, nova ruda,  
 'Oće Milica da se uda  
 Za koga, za svog dragana. (2)

Nova kola sva šarena,  
 Milica je isprošena  
 Za dragana kog je volela. (2)  
*Vojvodina, Serbia*

An old cart, a new drive shaft,  
 Milica wants to get married,  
 To who, to her sweetie.

A new cart, beautiful colors,  
 Milica is engaged  
 To her true beloved.

### Škripi Đeram

//Ljubio sam,  
 I sad je još ljubim. //  
 Škripi đeram, (2)  
 Ko je na bunaru, (2)  
 Ej, škripi đeram.  
 Na bunaru (2)  
 Kajka materina, (2)  
 Hej, na bunaru.

//Neće majka  
 Da joj budeš snajka. //  
 Vodu lije, (2)  
 Belo lice mi je, (2)  
 Ej, vodu lije.  
 Vodu vadi, (2)  
 Belo lice ladi, (2)  
 Ej, vodu vadi.

*Slavonia, Croatia and Vojvodina, Serbia*

I have loved  
 And I still love her.  
 The well is creaking,  
 Who is at the well?  
 Hey, the well is creaking,  
 At the well.  
 Mother's favorite Kajka,  
 Hey, at the well.  
 My mother doesn't want you  
 For a daughter-in-law.  
 She pours water,  
 Washes her fair face,  
 Hey, she pours water.  
 She brings up the water,  
 Cools her fair face,  
 Hey, she brings up the water.

### Ćiribiri Bela Mara Moja

//I oni jarboli moje brodice,  
 To su vam nožice moje Marice.//

*Refrain:*

Ćiribiri bela Mare moja, (3)  
 Odoh u marine.

//I ona vesla moje brodice,  
 To su vam ručice moje Marice.//

//I ona idra moje brodice,  
 To su vam gačice moje Marice.//  
*Dalmatia, Croatia*

Those masts of my little boat  
 are my Mara's little legs.

Oh, my beautiful Mara,  
 I joined the navy.

And those oars of my little boat  
 are my Mara's little arms.

And those sails of my little boat  
 are my Mara's little panties.

## Siromah Sam

Nisam kriv što živ  
Kad sam siromah.  
Takvog me je napravila  
Ta sudbina zla.

*Refrain:*

Siromah sam, siromah sam,  
Al' volim da živim.  
Dok poslednji dinar imam,  
Neću da se smirim.

Radim ja, radim ja  
Celog života.  
Para nemam, sreće nemam  
Uvek siromah.

Gledam ja, mislim ja  
Znam kako valja,  
Al' šta vredi uvek radim  
Kako ne treba.

*Novokomponirana narodna pesma (newly-composed folk song), Serbia  
Composed by Predrag Zivković "Tozovac," Diskos NDK 5121*

I can't help it  
if I live as a poor man,  
such was the way I was made  
By that evil fate.

I'm a poor man,  
but I love to live,  
until my last dinar  
I won't quit.

I work  
My whole life long.  
I have no money, no luck,  
I'm always poor.

I consider and ponder life,  
I know what is good,  
But that doesn't help, I always do  
What I shouldn't.

## Obraše Se Vinogradi

Obraše se vinogradi  
dole kraj Topole,  
//došlo vreme da se uzme  
koji koga vole. //

Obraše se vinogradi,  
meni majka kaže,  
//—Ovi momci iz Topole  
lepe cure traže.//

Pa neka ih, nek se žene  
i nek se vesele,  
//I ja imam svoje zlato  
koje voli mene. //

Ljubismo se, grlismo se  
k'o slavuji mladi,  
//kol'ko smo se voleli  
znaju vinogradi. //  
*Šumadija, Serbia*

The vineyards have been picked  
down by Topola,  
The time has come for marriage  
to those in love.

The vineyards have been picked,  
my mother says to me,  
these guys from Topola  
are looking for beautiful girls.

So let them, let them marry  
and celebrate.  
I, too, have a sweetheart  
who loves me.

We've kissed, we've embraced  
like young nightingales,  
How much we've been in love  
only the vineyards know.

## Ajd' Idemo, Rado

Ajd' idemo, Rado,	Let's go, Rada,
Ajd' idemo, dušo,	Let's go, sweetheart,
//Ajd' idemo, bela Rado	Let's go, fair Rada
Dole do Morave, //	Down to the banks of the Morava,
Da vidimo, Rado,	To watch, Rada,
//Da vidimo, dušo,	To watch, sweetheart,
Da vidimo, bela Rado, //	To watch, fair Rada,
Kako čamac plovi. (2)	A boat sailing by.
Čamac plovi, Rado,	The boat sails by, Rada,
//Čamac plovi, dušo,	The boat sails by, sweetheart,
Čamac plovi, bela Rado, //	The boat sails by, fair Rada,
A krmar govori: (2)	And the helmsman speaks up,
—Ne udaj se, Rado,	“Don't get married, Rada
Ne udaj se, dušo,	Don't get married, sweetheart,
//Ne udaj se, bela Rado,	Don't get married, fair Rada,
Još si dete mlado. //(2)	You are still a young child.”
<i>Šumadija, Serbia</i>	

## Ej Pletenice

Ej, pletenice od uva do uva, (2)	Hey, my thick braids from ear to ear,
<i>Refrain:</i>	
Zvildice Danice, ne izlazi,	Little morning star, don't come out,
rano je, rano je, zlato moje. (2)	It's early, too early, my golden one.
Ej, alaj mene moja dika čuva. (2)	My sweetie looks after me.
Ej, pletenice, divojačko lice, (2)	Hey, braids and a girl's face,
Ej, a kapice dobro vata lice. (2)	A little bonnet frames the face well.
<i>Baranja, Croatia, Jugoton LPY S-61073</i>	

## Berem Grožđe

Berem grožđe i crno i bilo, i crno i bilo,	I am picking grapes, both red and white
<i>Refrain:</i>	
Dodi drugo na divane, do'će lane. (2)	Come, friend, to the work party, sweetheart will come
Da mi dode moje lane milo, moje lane milo,	So that my sweetheart will come to me,
Dodi, diko, i odnesi grožđe, i odnesi grožđe	Come, my love, and take the grapes
Da mi moje tužno srce prođe, tužno srce prođe.	So that my heart's sadness will pass.
Bilo grožđe na čokotu leži, na čokotu leži,	The white grapes lie on the vine,
Dodi, diko, pa se sa njom ženi, pa se sa njom ženi.	Come, my love, get married to her.
<i>Baranja, Croatia, Jugoton LPY S-61073</i>	

## Pevano Kolo

Ej, širite se široki rukav(i), (2)	Hey, spread out, you broad sleeves,
Ej, vatajte se do mene, bećar(i). (2)	Hey, come and dance next to me, you bachelors.
Ej, uzalud ti, curo, šlingeraj(i), (2)	Hey, girl, your fancy lace is all for nothing,
Ej, kad na njima spavaju bećar(i). (2)	Hey, if bachelors sleep on it.
Ej, poznam svoje lane po goved(i), (2)	Hey, I recognize my love by his cow herd,
Ej, šaren bika i garava dik(a). (2)	Hey, a dappled bull and my dark-eyed sweetie.
Ej, Bizovac je selo najmili(je), (2)	Hey, Bizovac is the dearest village,
Ej, najlepše je selo Slavoni(je). (2)	Hey, it's the most beautiful village in all Slavonija.
Ej, gori lampa, cilindar pucket(a), (2)	Hey, the lamp is burning and the globe is popping,
Ej, oće nana bogatoga zet(a). (2)	Hey, mom wants a rich son-in-law.

*Slavonija, Croatia, Village Music of Yugoslavia, Nonesuch H-72042*

## Diva Marica Žito Dožela

Diva Marica žito dožela,	Marica reaped wheat.
Žito dožela, tri vinca plela,	Reaped it, then wove three wreaths.
Žito dožela, zdravlja, veselja. (2)	Reaped wheat of health and happiness.
Prvog je plela žito pšenice,	She wove the first one of wheat,
Drugog je plela vina lozice,	She wove the second of grapevines,
Trećeg je plela zdravlja, veselja. (2)	She wove the third of health and happiness.
Koga je plela žito pšenice,	The one she wove of wheat
Toga nosite u naše polje,	That one, carry to our fields,
Nek bi nam bolje rodilo polje. (2)	So the fields will yield more wheat.
Koga je plela vina lozice,	The one she wove of grapevines
Onog nosite u naša brda,	That one, carry to our hills,
Nek naša brda vinom urode. (2)	So the hills will bear more wine.
Koga je plela zdravlja, veselja,	The one she wove of health and happiness
Onog nosite u naše selo,	That one, carry to our village,
Nek nam selo zdravo, veselo. (2)	So our village will be healthy and happy.

*Nijemci, Slavonija, Croatia, recorded on Da Si Od Srebra, Da Si Od Zlata, Yugoton LSY-739*



**Zasp'o Janko**

Zasp'o Janko pod jablanom  
Svoje mile drage,

*Refrain:*

//Lepe moje crne oči,  
pogledajte na me.//

Pod jablanom zlatnom granom  
Svoje mile drage

Ja otrgnem zlatnu granu,  
Svoje mile drage.

*Slavonija, Croatia*

Janko slept beneath a poplar tree  
belonging to his sweetheart.

"My lovely dark eyes,  
Look up at me."

Beneath the golden branch of the poplar  
of his sweetheart

I plucked a golden branch  
of my sweetheart's poplar.

**Ličko Kolo**

Pjevaj mi, pjevaj, sokole, (2)  
šalaj sokole.

K'o što si sinoć pjevao, (2)  
šalaj pjevao.

Pod moje dragaj pendžerom, (2)  
šalaj pendžerom.

Moja je draga zaspala, (2)  
šalaj zaspala,

Studen joj kamen pod glavom, (2)  
šalaj pod glavom.

Ja sam joj kamen izmak'o, (2)  
šalaj izmak'o,

A svoju ruku podmak'o, (2)  
šalaj podmak'o.

*Lika, Croatia*

Falcon, sing to me,

As you sang last night

Under my love's window.

My love fell asleep,

A cold stone under her head.

I took the stone away

And put my arm underneath.

**Aj'mo Cure, Aj'mo Se Okretat**

Aj'mo, aj'mo cure ajdmo se okretat',  
aj'mo se okretat'.

Koja, koja ne zna ne treba nam smetat',  
ne treba nam smetat'.

Oči, oči plave varaju bećare,  
varaju bećare,

A gra-, a graojke varaju djevojke,  
varaju djevojke.

Come on girls, let's turn around.

Whoever doesn't know how to, need  
not bother us

Blue eyes deceive the young men,

But grey eyes deceive the girls.

Ja se, ja se malo našalila s njime, našalila s njime,	I joked a little with him,
A on, a on misli da ginem za njime, da ginem za njime.	And now he thinks I'm dying for him.
Svi mi, svi mi kažu da sam premalena, da sam premalena,	Everyone tells me I'm too small
Što ću, što ću veća, skupa je odjeća, skupa je odjeća.	Why would I want to be bigger, clothes are expensive.
Curi-, curica je ujela bečara, ujela bečara,	A girl bit a young man
Baš za, baš za usta gdje stoji cigara, gdje stoji cigara	Right on his mouth, where he keeps his cigar.
I si-, i sinoć me poljubio jedan, poljubio jedan,	Last night someone kissed me,
Polju-, poljubac mu iljadarku vredan, iljadarku vredan.	His kiss was worth a thousand dinars
Naši-, našičanke blizu apoteke, blizu apoteke,	Our girls are near the drugstore
Nisu, nisu ljepše neg Martinske seke, neg Martinske seke.	But they're not any prettier than the girls from Martin.

*Slavonija, Croatia, Jugoton LPY-V-50905*

## Ramo Ramo

Kad sam sreo druga svog, prijatelja jedinog, Najsrećniji beše dan jer ne bejah više sam. Pesma nas je tešila, tuga nam se smešila, Ali vihor sudbe zle od mene ga odvede.	When I met my friend, My only friend, It was my happiest day Because I was no longer alone. The song consoled us, The sadness smiled at us, But the whirlwind of evil fate Has taken him away from me.
<i>Refrain:</i> //Aj Ramo Ramo, Ramo, družo moj, (2) da li čuješ jecaj moj?//	Hey, Ramo Ramo, my friend Can you hear my sobs?"
Lutam i sad živim sam k'o ugašen sunčev plam, Jer ti si otišao Bolji život našao.	I wander and live alone Like an extinguished ray of sun, Because you went away And found a better life.

Al' ja ipak nadam se  
i zovem te: —Vrati se,  
Vrati mi se, Ramo ti  
Sudbine smo iste mi.

But I still hope  
and call to you, "Come back,  
Come back to me, Ramo,  
Our fates are intertwined."

*Serbia, based on an Indian film song, text by B. Milojević*

### Verka Kaludžerka

//So čerel e Verka, Verka Kaludžerka  
Hohadjala o jašari, lole papučenca.//

What did Verka (the nun) do?  
She lied to the man, red slippers.

*Refrain:*

//Aj, ja, Verka, Verka Kaludžerka,  
Hohadjala o jašari, lole papučenca //

//Lače phrala phene nasvali e Verka  
Ka merel e Verka, Verka Kaludžerka.//

Her brother says she is sick.  
She is dying.

//Ake aven e Roma, te mandžen e Verka,  
Te mandžen e Verka, Verka Kaludžerka.//

The Roma come, they want Verka.

*Rom (Gypsy) song, Vojvodina, Serbia*

### Jovano Jovanke

Jovano, Jovanke,  
//Kraj Vardara sediš, mori,  
Belo platno beliš,  
Se na gore gledaš, dušo,  
Srce moje, Jovano.//

Jovana, little Jovana,  
you sit by the Vardar River  
bleaching your white cloth,  
looking upward,  
O my dearest Jovana.

Jovano, Jovanke,  
//Tvojata majka, mori,  
Tebe ne te dava  
Kaj mene da dojdeš, dušo,  
Srce moje, Jovano.//

Jovana, little Jovana,  
your mother  
won't let you  
come to me,  
O my dearest Jovana.

Jovano, Jovanke,  
//Jas te doma čekam, mori,  
Doma da mi dojdeš,  
I mi ne dohodiš, dušo,  
Srce moje, Jovano.//

Jovana, little Jovana,  
I wait at home for you  
to come home to me,  
but you don't come to me,  
O my dearest Jovana.

*Macedonia*

## Ajde, Red Se Redat

Ajde, red se redat, male, ajde, red se redat Kočanski sejmeni, mila male, Kočanski sejmeni.	They are forming ranks, mother,  The janissaries from Kočani.
Ajde, k'e mi odat (male) (2) pokraj Kriva Reka (mila male). (2)	They shall go Along the Kriva River.
Ajde, k'e go baraat (male) (2) Iljo aramija (mila male). (2)	They will search for Iljo the outlaw.
Ajde, ne mi bilo (Iljo) (2) pokraj Kriva Reka (mila male). (2)	Iljo wasn't Beside the Kriva River,
Ajde, tuk mi bilo (Iljo) (2) vo Soluna grada, mila male vo ladna mejana.	But instead was In Thessaloniki-town In a cool tavern.
Ajde, Iljo pilo (male) (2) vino em rakija (mila male). (2)	Iljo was drinking Wine and brandy.
Ajde go služila (male) (2) moma makedonka (mila male). (2) <i>Macedonia</i>	Waiting on him was A Macedonian girl.

## Done Donke

Otkako se, Done Donke, zasakavme, leli, Od togaj se, Done Donke, ne vidovme.	Since we fell in love, Dona, Since then we haven't seen each other.
Samo ednaš, Done Donke, kaj češmata, leli, Kaj češmata, Done Donke, nad seloto.	Only once, at the fountain, At the fountain above the village.
Malku vreme, Done Donke, postojavme, leli, Od sabajle, Done Donke, duri do večer.	We stopped only for a short time, From dawn all the way to dusk.
Duri dzvezdi, Done Donke, ogrejava, leli, Duri stomni, Done Donke, razkisnava. <i>Dračevo, Macedonia, as sung by Mile Kolarov</i>	Till the stars shone, Till the waterjugs became soft.

## Bitola, Moj Roden Kraj

Bitola, moj roden kraj, vo tebe sum roden, mene si mi mil.	Bitola, my hometown I was born in you, you are dear to me.
<i>Refrain:</i> Bitola, moj roden kraj, Jas te sakam, od srce znaj, Bitola, moj roden kraj, Jas te sakam, za tebe peam.	Bitola, my hometown, Know that I love you with all my heart. Bitola, my hometown, I love you and sing about you.

Ej roden kraj, koj bi možel  
 Zbogum da ti reče da ne zaplače?  
 Vo tebe sum odel gol i bos,  
 Vo tebe porasnav, jas ne sum ti gost.  
 Mnogu gradovi, sela projdov,  
 Kako tebe poubav nigde ne najdov.

*Macedonia*

O hometown, who could  
 say farewell to you and not begin to weep?  
 In you I wandered naked and barefoot,  
 in you I grew up, I am not merely your guest.  
 I've traveled to many villages and towns  
 but a place more beautiful than you  
 I have never found.

## Ne Se Digaj

Ne se digaj na golemo, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 Barem da si od koleno, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 Pile šareno.

Ja elaj mi na koleno, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 Da mi vidiš košulava, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 Oko kalešo.

Tri godini ne e prana, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 A četvrta nekrpena, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 Pile šareno.

So kuršumi izdupena, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 A so krv e oblejana, Jovano, Jovanke,  
 Oko kalešo.

*Macedonia, as sung by Mile Kolarov*

Don't act, Jovana,  
 As if you are high-born,  
 Brightly-colored bird.

Come and sit on my knee,  
 So that you can see my shirt,  
 Black-eyed one.

It hasn't been washed in three years,  
 Or mended in four,  
 Brightly-colored bird.

It's riddled with bullet holes,  
 And stained with blood,  
 Black-eyed one.

## Tropnalo Oro

//Tropnalo oro golemo, golemo  
 Pred popova vratica, vratica. //

//Site devojki dojdaja, dojdaja,  
 Stojna Popova ne dojde, ne dojde, //

//Stojna popova ne dojde, ne dojde,  
 Majka ì biser nižeše, nižeše. //

//Majka ì biser nižeše, nižeše  
 Em si ja Stojna učeše, karaše: //

//—Koga k'è odiš na oro, na oro,  
 Na tanec da se ne fak'aš, ne fak'aš. //

//Na tanec ti e ludoto, ludoto,  
 So raka k'è te pofane, pofane, //

//So raka k'è te pofane, pofane,  
 So oko k'è ti namigne, namigne.//

*Macedonia*

The dance line stamped along  
 in front of the priest's doorway.

All the young girls came out  
 but Stojna Popova didn't come.

Her mother was stringing pearls for her,

and instructing Stojna,

"When you go out to the dance  
 don't get into the dance line,

for a young man is in line.

He will grab you by the hand

and wink at you."

### Tri Godini, Kate

Tri godini, Kate, bolen ležam,  
Ti ne dojde, Kate, da me vidiš.  
Tri posteli skapa, tri pernici,  
Ti ne dojde, Kate, da me vidiš.

Sega dojde, Kate, arno stori.  
Pokači se, Kate, po skalata,  
Otvori go, Kate, džam pendžere,  
Da go vidiš, Kate, ezeroto.

Kak' igrae, Kate, ezeroto  
Dalgi, dalgi, Kate, beli peni,  
Tak' igrae, Kate, mojto srce,  
Mojto srce, Kate, of, za tebe.  
*Resen and Ohrid, Macedonia*

For three years, Kata, I was lying ill,  
but you didn't come to see me.  
I wore out three beds and three pillows,  
but you didn't come to see me.  
Now you come, Kata, and you do me good.  
Climb up on the stairs  
open the glass-paned window  
so that you can see the lake.  
See how the lake skips along, Kata,  
waves with white foam,  
That is how my heart skips  
for you.

### Mi Go Zatvorile

Mi go zatvorile mladiot Jordanče,  
Mi go zatvorile vo temni zandani. (2)

Vo zandani ima voda do kolena,  
Voda do kolena, kosa do ramena. (2)

Koga dojde vreme Jordan da se pušta,  
Pravo on si trga vo negovo selo. (2)

Koga dojde Jordan do domašni porti,  
Dva pati mi čukna, tri pati mi vikna. (2)

Koga go dočula negovata majka,  
Porti otvorila, sina pregrnila. (2)

—Kade mi e, majko, mojto verno libe  
Porti da otvori, mene da pregrne? (2)

—Tvojto verno libe snošti se omaži  
Za tvojot komšija, za tvojot pobratim. (2)  
*Macedonia*

It is told that the young Jordan  
was locked up in a dark dungeon,  
with water up to his knees,  
his hair down to his shoulders.  
When the time came to set him free,  
He went straight to his village.  
When he came to the gates of his house,  
he knocked twice, he called three times.  
When his mother heard him,  
She opened the gates and embraced her son.  
“Mother, where is my true love  
to open the gates and embrace me?”  
“Your true love was married last night,  
to your neighbor, your blood brother.”

## More, Sokol Pie

More, sokol pie voda na Vardarot. (2)                      A falcon drinks from the Vardar River.

*Refrain:*

Jane, Jane le belo grlo! (2)                      Jane, fair throat!

More, oj sokole, ti junaško pile,(2)                      Oh, falcon, you heroic bird,  
 More, ne vide li junak da premine, (2)                      Have you see a hero pass by  
 Junak da premine s devet ljusti rani, (2)                      With nine deep wounds,  
 S devet ljusti rani, site kuršumlji ,(2)                      All of them bullet wounds,  
 A deseta rana s nož e probodena.(2)                      And the tenth, pierced with a knife.

*Macedonia*

## Bolen Leži Mlad Stojan

Bolen leži mlad Stojan,                      Young Stojan lies ill.  
 Bolen leži, i k'e umre.                      He lies ill and will die.  
 Nad glava mu mladata nevesta                      At his head is his young bride  
 S maško dete na race.                      With her baby son in her arms.  
 Solzi roni, solzite i kapat                      Her tears are falling,  
 Po Stojanovo lice.                      falling on Stojan's face.  
 Stojan se podrazbudi,                      Stojan awakens,  
 I tiho i govori:                      and softly says to her,  
 —Neveno le, ti mlada nevesto,                      “Nevena, young bride,  
 Što mi ladi licevo,                      What is cooling my face?  
 Dali sitna rosa podrosuva,                      Is it tiny dewdrops  
 Ili silni doždovi?                      or a hard rain?”  
 A Nevena mu veli:                      Nevena says to him,  
 —Stojane, bre stopane,                      “Stojan, my husband,  
 Nitu sitna rosa podrosuva,                      It is neither tiny dewdrops  
 Nitu silni doždovi.                      Nor a hard rain.  
 Mojve solzi po lice ti kapat                      My tears are falling on your face  
 Od selanski nepravdini.                      On account of village injustices.  
 Sinojk'a kaj češmata,                      Last night at the well  
 Selani se zbiraja.                      The villagers gathered.  
 Zbor zboreja, koga ti k'e umreš,                      It was said that when you die  
 Dete da mi zadavat,                      They will suffocate my child,  
 Mene me grabnat, daleku odnesat,                      They will seize me and take me away  
 Za pari me prodadat.                      And sell me for money.”

*Macedonia, as sung by Vaska Ilieva and Nikola Badev*



## Dodek E Moma Pri Majka

Dodek e moma pri majka,  
 Dotu e bela i crvena.  
 Dotu e odila, šetala,  
 Mominski pesni pejala,  
 Mominski pesni pejala,  
 Mominski oro igrala.  
 Godi se, zacrnela se,  
 Oženi se, zakopa se.

A što se svekor, svekrva?  
 Tova e crno crnilo.  
 A što se dever i zolva?  
 Tova e žolto žoltilo.

A što se malkite deca?  
 Tova se sitni sindžiri.  
 A što e kitka šarena?  
 Tova e prvoto libe.

*Macedonia*

When a girl is with her mother,  
 She is fair and rosy.  
 Wherever she goes  
 She sings maidens' songs,  
 She sings maidens' songs,  
 And dances maidens' dances.  
 She gets engaged, and begins to grow somber,  
 She gets married and begins to bury herself.

What are a father-in-law and mother-in-law?  
 Black blackness.  
 What are a sister- and brother-in-law?  
 Yellow yellowness (indicating jealousy).

What are the young children?  
 They are fine chains.  
 What is this colorful bouquet?  
 This is first love.

## K'e Pomine, Tano

K'e pomine, Tano, k'e pomine, sevdo,  
 K'e pomine, dušo mori, ergenite.  
 Ergenite, Tano, ergenite, sevdo,  
 Ergenite, dušo mori, Kosturčani.

Kosturčani, Tano, Kosturčani, sevdo,  
 Kosturčani, dušo mori, gornoselci.  
 K'e ti frle, Tano, k'e ti frle, sevdo,  
 K'e ti frle, dušo mori, kalap sapun.

Da si mieš, Tano, da si mieš, sevdo,  
 Da si mieš, dušo mori, belo lice.  
 Belo lice, Tano, belo lice, sevdo,  
 Belo lice, dušo mori, rudo grlo.

K'e ti frle, Tano, k'e ti frle sevdo,  
 K'e ti frle, dušo mori, zlaten prsten.  
 Da ne se izmamiš, Tano, da ne se izmamiš,  
 Da ne se izmamiš, dušo, da go zemaš.

*Kostur region, Greek Macedonia, as sung by the Vodenki, RKA-A 5018*

They will pass by, Tana, my love,  
 My love, the bachelors,

The bachelors from Kostur,

from the upper villages.  
 They will toss you  
 a bar of soap

for you to wash  
 your fair face,  
 your fair face,  
 and your soft throat.

They will toss you  
 a golden ring,  
 but don't let yourself be tricked  
 into taking it!

### Sokol Mi Leta Visoko

Sokol mi leta visoko, mori devojko, sokol mi leta visoko.	A falcon flew high, oh girl,
Nad taja grada Kukuša, mori devojko, nad taja grada Kukuša.	Above the town of Kukuš,
Nad Delčevite dvorovi, mori devojko, nad Delčevite dvorovi.	Above Delčev's courtyards.
Delčevo libe ubavo, mori devojko, Delčevo libe ubavo	Delčev's beautiful love
Ramni dvorovi meteše, mori devojko, ramni dvorovi meteše	Was sweeping the level courtyards
I drobni solzi roneše, mori devojko, drobni mi solzi roneše.	And shedding delicate tears.
Žalno go Goce tažeše, mori devojko, deka e Goce zaginal	Sorrowfully she mourned Goce Because Goce perished
Vo toa selo Banica, mori devojko; za žalna Makedonija.	In the village of Banica For sorrowful Macedonia.
<i>Kostur region, Greek Macedonia</i>	

### Se Navali Šar Planina

Se navali, se navali Šar Planina, ajde, se navali, se navali Šar Planina.	There were heavy snows on Šar mountain.
Mi potfati, mi potfati tri ovčara, ajde, mi potfati, tri ovčara, tri čobana.	Three shepherds got caught.
Prvi ovčar, prvi ovčar ì se moli, ajde, prvi ovčar, prvi ovčar ì se moli, —Pušti mene, pušti mene, Šar Planino ajde, pušti mene, pušti mene Šar Planino.	The first shepherd pleaded with it, “Release me, Šar mountain, I have a wife who will mourn me.”
Imam žena, imam žena što me žali, ajde, imam žena, imam žena što me žali.	
Vtori ovčar, vtori ovčar ì se moli, ajde, vtori ovčar, vtori ovčar ì se moli, —Pušti mene, pušti mene Šar Planino, ajde, pušti mene, pušti mene Šar Planino,	The second shepherd pleaded with it, “Release me, Šar mountain, I have a sister who will mourn me.”
Imam sestra, imam sestra što me žali, ajde, imam sestra, imam sestra što me žali.	
Treti ovčar, tretí ovčar ì se moli, ajde, tretí ovčar, tretí ovčar ì se moli,	The third shepherd pleaded with it,

—Pušti mene, pušti mene Šar Planino, ajde, pušti mene, pušti mene Šar Planino, Imam majka, imam majka što me žali, ajde, imam majka, imam majka što me žali. Odgovarja, odgovarja Šar Planina, ajde, odgovarja, odgovarja Šar Planina, —Žena žali, žena žali šest nedeli, ajde, žena žali, žena žali šest nedeli, //Sestra žali, sestra žali tri godini, ajde, sestra žali, sestra žali tri godini ,// Majka žali, majka žali dur do groba, ajde, majka žali, majka žali dur do groba. <i>Macedonia</i>	“Release me, Šar mountain,  I have a mother who will mourn for me.”  The Šar mountain answered,  “A wife mourns for six weeks,  A sister mourns for three years,  But a mother mourns to the grave.”
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### Ogrejala Mesečina

Ogrejala mesečina šek'erna, (2) <i>Refrain:</i> Aleno, galeno, dragaj dušo medena! (2) Ne mi bila mesečina šek'erna, (2) Tuk mi bilo maloj mome ubavo (2) Poranilo za vodica studena. (2) <i>Macedonia</i>	The sweet moon was shining.  Oh, my dear, honey-sweet, cherished one!  It wasn't a sweet moon, But was a beautiful girl, Who awoke early to fetch cold water.
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### Aber Mi Dojde

Aber mi dojde od Soluna grada, Solunčanite besilka stavile, K'è mi go besat Goceta, Goceta Delčev vojvoda. Goce mi se storil crno k'umurdžiče, Pa mi se šeta Solunska čarsija. I sred čarsija askeri, I na Goceta zбореja: —A bre g'aurče, crno k'umurdžiče (2) Ne li go vide Goceta, Goceta Delčev vojvoda? —Abre askeri, vie bre askeri (2) I da go vidam Goceta, Ne mi go Goce poznavam. <i>Macedonia, on RTB 12791</i>	News came from the city of Thessaloniki That the people there had constructed a gallows, And were going to hang Goce Delčev, the rebel leader. Goce disguised himself as a black coalseller And strolled through the Thessaloniki marketplace. In the middle of the market were Turkish soldiers, Who said to Goce, “Hey, you infidel, you black coalseller, Haven't you seen Goce Delčev the rebel leader?” “Hey you soldiers, Even if I saw this Goce, I wouldn't recognize him.”
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## Sedna Ludo Da Večera

Sedna ludo, sedna mlado da večera,  
Ajde, sedna ludo, sedna mlado da večera

Da večera, da večera rudo jagne,  
Ajde, rudo jagne, rudo jagne, rujno vino.

Večerajk'i, večerajk'i ta dočulo,  
Ajde, moma poe, moma poe u livade:

—Ajde ludo, ajde mlado, da begamo,  
Lele, naše selo, naše selo džumbušlija

Naše selo, naše selo džumbušlija.  
Ajde, surle sviri, surle sviri, tapan čuka,

Tapan čuka, tapan čuka, oro igra,  
Ajde, tapan čuka, tapan čuka, oro igra!

*Macedonia, Kučkovki, RTB 12718*

—Lele Jano, lele milo čedo,  
a što sediš na visoki čardak,  
komu vezeš svilena marama,  
što ja vezeš vreme tri godini?

—Jas ne vezam svilena marama,  
tuku vezam zname makedonsko.

—Komu k'e go davaš tova zname  
što mu turaš trista drama srma?

—K'e go davam na Delčev vojvoda  
i negova verna mu družina.

—Ne li znaeš Delčev da zagina,  
Toj zagina za Makedonija.

*Macedonia*

A young lad was sitting down to dinner

Of fresh lamb  
and sparkling wine.

As he ate, he heard  
A girl singing in the meadow:

Come, young man, let's run away  
To our merry village.

The zurlas are playing, drums are beating,

The drums are beating, there is dancing.

## Lele Jano

"Oh Jana, dear child,  
why are you sitting on the high balcony,  
for whom are you embroidering the silken kerchief,  
that you have been embroidering for three years?"

"I am not embroidering a silk kerchief.  
I am embroidering a Macedonian flag."

"To whom will you give this flag into which  
you are putting 300 drams of silver thread?"

"I will give it to Delčev, the rebel chief,  
and his trusty company (of men)."

"Don't you know that Delčev has died;  
He died for Macedonia."

## Sednal Dedo Kraj Ogan

Sednal dedo kraj ogan,  
go zapali luleto, (2)  
si go ostavi g'ezveto, (2)  
g'ezveto so rakija.

//Bog da bije babata  
so dolgata skutina.  
Vrzna vam, vrzna tamu,  
isturi rakijata.//

Letnal dedo po neja,  
—Čekaj babo da vidiš (2)  
što čudo mi napravi, (2)  
rakija mi isturi.

Baba mu se moleše  
—Nemoj dedo, ne mavaj, (2)  
K'e ti kupam rakija (2)  
tri pati prepečena.

*Macedonia, as sung by Marica Zilkovska and Persa Nikolova*

Grandpa sat by the fire  
He lit his pipe,  
And put down his pot  
Of brandy.

May grandma be cursed  
With her long skirt.  
She tucked it up here, she tucked it up there  
And spilled the brandy.

Grandpa flew up after her,  
“Wait, Granny, look and see  
What a mess you've made.  
You spilled over my brandy!”

Grandma begged him,  
“Don't beat me  
I'll buy you brandy  
Distilled three times as strong.”

## Sevdalino Maloj Mome

Sevdalino maloj mome, Sevdo,  
Sevdalino maloj mome,  
//Ušte li si doma, Sevdo,  
Ušte li žoltici broiš? //

Site pari mi gi zede, Sevdo,  
Site pari mi gi zede,  
//Pet stotini groša pari,  
Iljada žolti liri.//

Daj mi malku od parite, Sevdo,  
daj mi malku od parite,  
//Da si kupam konj dorija,  
Da ne odam peš vo selo //

Kučinjata da ne me lajat, Sevdo,  
Kučinjata da ne me lajat,  
A momite da ne mi se smejat (2)  
Kučinajata da ne me lajat,  
A momite da ne mi se smejat.

*City song, Macedonia, as sung by Nikola Badev*

Sevdalina, young girl,  
  
are you still at home,  
are you still counting your golden coins?  
  
They have taken all my money, Sevda,  
  
five hundred piasters  
and a thousand golden liras.  
  
Give me a bit of your money, Sevda,  
  
so that I can buy myself a dappled horse,  
so I won't have to go barefoot through the village,  
  
so that the dogs won't bark at me, Sevda,  
  
so that the girls won't laugh at me.

## Ajde Leno, Dojdi

Ajde Leno, dojdi dolu nasred selo,  
Dolu nasred selo, sobor se sobralo.  
Tamu se sobrale i stari i mladi,  
Oro zaigrale, pesni zapeale.

Srede vo oroto našeto ovčarče,  
Kako i naduvala taa pusta gajda!  
Site devojčinja igraat i peat,  
Ubavata Cena ni igra ni pee.

//Go gajdarče gleda i se posmehnuva,  
Na gajdarče Cena s oko namignuva.//  
*Macedonia, recorded on RTB 12791*

Come, Lena, let's go down to the village center,  
A festival is happening there.

There young and old have gathered,  
They're beginning to dance and sing.

In the middle of the dance is our shepherd.  
How he inflates that damned bagpipe!  
All the young girls are dancing and singing,  
But beautiful Cena is neither dancing nor singing

She sees the bagpipe player and chuckles,  
Cena winks at the bagpipe player.

## Pavle Mi Pie

Pavle mi pie, Pavle mi pie  
vino em rakija, vino em rakija.  
Toj mi ispil, toj mi ispil  
tri iljadi groša, tri iljadi groša.

Koga dojde vreme, koga dojde vreme  
vino da se plati, Pavle pari nema.  
Mu progovara, mu progovara  
toj mlad mejandžija, toj mlad mejandžija:

—Ej gidi Pavle, ej gidi Pavle  
Pavle pijanica, Pavle pijanica,  
Aja prodaj si, ja prodaj si  
tvoja brza konja, mene da mi platiš.  
*Skopje area, Macedonia*

Pavle was drinking  
wine and brandy.  
He drank up  
three thousand piasters' worth.

When the time came  
to pay for the wine, Pavle didn't have the money.  
The young tavern-keeper,  
spoke up,

"Hey, Pavle,  
Pavle, you drunkard  
Go sell  
your swift horse so that you can pay me."

## Naročua, Poročua

Naročua belo Mende, poročua. (2)  
Kak da znai adži Pavle da si dojdi (2)  
Da si dojdi adži Pavle pred Petrovden, (2)  
Pred Petrovden, adži Pavle, za dve nedeli. (2)  
Ako ne dojdi adži Pavle pred Petrovden, (2)  
K'e go najdi belo Mende omoženo, (2)  
Omoženo belo Mende, za Stavreta. (2)  
Za Stavreta, belo Mende, vo komšiji. (2)

*Galičnik, Macedonia (Note: everyone in the village was married on Petrovden)*

Fair Mende's marriage was arranged.  
How was Hadji Pavle to know that he should come  
Before St. Peter's day,  
Before St. Peter's day, in two weeks time?  
If he doesn't come before St. Peter's day,  
he will find fair Mende married.  
Fair Mende married to Stavre,  
to Stavre, the neighbor.

## Ajde Da Li Znaeš, Pametiš, Milice?

Ajde, da li znaeš, pametiš, Milice,  
 koga si bevme malečki de,  
 Koga si bevme malečki, Milice,  
 aj, koga se dvajcata ljubevme,  
 Aj, koga se dvajcata ljubevme, Milice,  
 vo čičovoto gradinče de.  
 Vo čičovoto gradinče, Milice,  
 aj, kaj šarenite cvek'inja.  
 Aj kaj šarenite cvek'inja, Milice,  
 trendafil cvek'e cuteše de,  
 Trendafil cvek'e cuteše, Milice,  
 aj, na gradite ti pag'aše,  
 Aj na gradite ti pag'aše, Milice.  
 Ti na skutot mi spieše de.  
 Ti na skutot mi spieše, Milice,  
 a togaš ti lice celuvav,  
 A togaš ti lice celuvav, Milice.  
 Lice ti beše spotnato de.  
 Lice ti beše spotnato, Milice,  
 a na srce ogan mi goreše.  
*City song, Macedonia, as sung by Ansambl Čalgija*

Do you know, do you remember, Milica,  
 when we were young,  
 when we were young, Milica  
 when we two fell in love,  
 When we two fell in love,  
 in uncle's flower garden  
 among the colorful flowers.  
 The roses were blossoming  
 and thier petals fell on your breast.  
 You were sleeping on my lap,  
 and then I kissed your face.  
 Your face was flushed  
 and fire burned in my heart.

## More, Čičo Reče Da Me Ženi

More, čičo reče da me ženi;  
 more, včera reče, sega nejk'e.  
 // More, včera reče, sega nejk'e;  
 a pak strina Sava ič ne dava.//  
 More, ne davaše, ne davaše;  
 more, najposle se saglasiše,  
 More, najposle se saglasiše;  
 more, mi zgodiše bela Neda,  
 More, bela, bela kako arapka,  
 more, t'nka, t'nka kako mečka.

Oh, uncle said that I should marry ,  
 Yesterday he said so but now doesn't wish it  
 And Aunt Sava won't give me away at all.  
 She wouldn't give me,  
 Then finally she agreed,  
 Finally she agreed to engage me to fair Neda,  
 Fair as an Arab,  
 Slender as a bear.

More, kačiše ja na kolata,  
 more, a kolata prikrcaja,  
 //More, a kolata prikrcaja,  
 more, bivolite primrcaja.//

More, koga Neda potegliše;  
 more, do dve daske se skršiše.  
 //More, do dve daske se skršiše;  
 more, bivolite s' uplašiše.//

*City Song, Macedonia, as sung by Vaska Ilieva*

They lifted her into the carriage,  
 But the carriage creaked,

And the oxen lurched.

When they began to pull Neda  
 At least two planks broke

And scared the oxen.

### Tri Godini Se Ljubevme

//Tri godini se ljubevme,  
 loša duma ne rekovme.//

*Refrain:*

//Zar ne ti e žal, bre libe, aman i za mene,  
 jas da umram se zaradi tebe? //

//Tebe te nosat na venčilo,  
 Mene, milo libe, na besilo.//

//Tebe ti čukaat tapanite,  
 Mene, milo libe, kambanite.//

//Tvojta majka pesni pee,/  
 Mojta majka solzi lee.//

*City song, Prilep, Macedonia, as sung by Nikola Badev*

For three years we loved each other  
 and never quarreled.

Aren't you sorry for me, my love,  
 That I should die, all because of you?

They take you to the wedding,  
 and me, my love, to the gallows.

For you the tapans sound,  
 for me, my love, the church bells.

Your mother sings songs,  
 While my mother weeps.

### Snošti Si Go Vidov, Mamo, Ubavoto Stojne

Snošti si go vidov, mamo, ubavoto Stojne. (2)

Last night I saw beautiful Stojna.

*Refrain:*

Stojne, bre Stojne, stapni mi na noga,  
 Dilber, be, Stojne, sedni mi na koleno.

Stojna, oh Stojna, come step on my foot,  
 Oh dear Stojna, come sit on my knee.

Ubavata Stojna, mamo, altan čelo ima. (2)

Beautiful Stojna has a forehead like a gold coin.

Stojninata snaga, mamo, tenka pa visoka. (2)

Stojna's body is tall and slender.

Stojninite oči mamo, crni kako grojze.  
 Stojninite veg'i, mamo, morski pijavici.

Stojna's eyes are black like grapes.  
 Stojna's eyebrows are curved like leeches.

Idi ja posakaj, mamo, ubavata Stojna.  
 Belkim k'e ja dadat, mamo; k'e umram za neja.

Come here, I want you, beautiful Stojna.  
 Perhaps they'll give her to me; I'm dying for her.

*Macedonia*



## Site Momi Tikvešanki

Site momi Tikvešanki belo grozje berat, (2) All the girls from Tikveš gather white grapes  
 Belo grozje berat, mamó bre, beli pari zimaat, (2) And are paid in silver coins  
 Beli pari zimaat, mamó bre, na g'erdan gi nižat, (2) Which they string into necklaces  
 Na g'erdan gi nižat, mamó bre, na guša gi nosat, (2) Which they wear at their throats  
 Na guša gi nosat, mamó bre, begove da gledaat, (2) So the beys (Turkish overlords) will see them  
 Begove da gledaat, mamó bre, meraci da frlat. (2) And fall in love with them.  
*City Song, Macedonia*

## Paro Le, Sevdo Le

Para berit kiselec, Mice ora v gradina (2) Para gathers sorrel, Mice plows in the garden.  
*Refrain:*  
 Paro le, sevdo le, sevdo le, Paro le, Oh Para my love, oh my love Para,  
 Srceto mi go izgore. My heart is burning for you.  
 —Daj mi, Paro, kiselec, uste da si oladam. (2) "Give me some sorrel, Para, to cool my lips."  
 —Na ti, Mice, kiselec, uste da si oladiš. (2) "Here's some sorrel, Mice, to cool your lips."  
 —Ne ti sakam kiselec, tuk ti sakam usteto. (2) "It's not the sorrel that I want, it's your lips I want."  
*City Song, Macedonia*

## Bisero Čerko

—Bisero, čerko mori, Bisero, lele, "Bisera, dear daughter,  
 Ne mi fačaj turčin, mori, pobratim, Don't embrace the Turk,  
 Bisero, lele,  
 Ne mi fačaj turčin, mori, pobratim.  
 Turčin ot vera, mori, ne znaje, lele, A Turk knows nothing of faith  
 Turčin vo crkva, mori, ne ide, A Turk doesn't go to church."  
 Bisero, lele,  
 Turčin vo crkva, mori, ne ide.  
 —Ako je ot Boga rečeno, lele "If God wills it  
 Turska nevesta mori če stanam, I'll become a Turkish bride,  
 Majčice mori dear mother,  
 Turska nevesta, lele, če stanam  
 Turska nevesta, džanam, če stanam, lele, I'll become a Turkish bride,  
 So devet rala, mori, tapani, With nine pairs of drums,  
 Majčice mori, dear mother,  
 So tija piskavi zurli. with those strident zurlas."  
*Macedonia*

## Zasvirel Stojan

Zasvirel Stojan, posvirel  
So šaren kaval, lele, nad selo. (2)

Dočula Stojna Popova  
Metejk'i ramni, lele, dvorovi. (2)

Na ti ja, majko, metlava  
Da vidam majko, lele, koj sviri,  
So šaren kaval, lele, nad selo.

Ako e ludo neženeto,  
Čekaj me, majko, lele, godina,  
So mlado momče, lele, na konja.

*Skopje area, Macedonia, as sung by "Temjanuški"*

Stojan began to play  
on his decorated kaval above the village

Stojna Popova heard him  
as she was sweeping the courtyards.

Here, take the broom, mother.  
I'm going to go to see who is playing  
on a decorated kaval above the village.

If it is a young unmarried man,  
wait for me, mother, to come back in a year  
riding on a horse with a young man."

## Na Srce Mi Leži

Na srce mi leži, mila mamo,  
Na srce mi leži,  
Aj na srce mi leži, mila mamo,  
Edna ljuta zmija.

Ne mi bila zmija, mila mamo,  
Ne mi bila zmija,  
Aj ne mi bila zmija, mila mamo,  
Tuk' e karasevda.

Sevdinite oči, mila mamo,  
Sevdinite oči,  
Aj sevdinite oči, mila mamo,  
Crni čerešovi.

Sevdinite veg'i, mila mamo,  
Sevdinite veg'i,  
Aj sevdinite veg'i, mila mamo,  
Crni pijavici.

Sevdinata snaga, mila mamo,  
Sevdinata snaga,  
Aj sevdinata snaga, mila mamo,  
Tenka topolova.

*Veles, Macedonia, as sung by Nikola Badev & Blagoj-Petrov Karagule*

On my heart lies, dear mother,

A poisonous snake.

It wasn't a snake,

But it was a love unrequited.

This love's eyes are

Like black cherries.

This love's eyebrows are

Like black leeches.

This love's body is

Like a slender poplar.

## Tamu Daleku

Tamu daleku voda mi doteče od bunarot  
I na bunarot anamče mi sedi,  
platno mi beli. (2)

Ozdola ide edno ludo mlado neženeto  
I na anamče veli em govori:  
—Aman, anamče, (2)

Kolku go davaš, kolku go prodavaš,  
aman, platnoto?

—I da go davam, i da go prodavam,  
tebe ne davam. (2)

—Kolku go davaš, kolku go prodavaš,  
aman, liceto?

—I da go davam, i da go prodavam,  
tebe ne davam. (2)

—Turčin ke stanam, vera ke razmenam,  
tebe da zemam.

—I da go razmeniš, i da ne razmeniš,  
jas ne te sakam. (2)

*City song, Macedonia*

There, far away, water flows from a spring.  
At the spring a Turkish lady sits bleaching cloth.

Up comes a brazen young bachelor  
and says to the Turkish lady: "Oh, Turkish lady,

For how much will you sell your cloth?"

"Even if I were to sell it, I wouldn't give it to you."

"For how much will you sell your face?"

"Even if I were to sell it, I wouldn't give it to you."

"I'll become a Turk, I'll convert just to marry you."

"Whether you convert or not, I still don't want you."

## Ne Si Go Prodavaj, Koljo, Čiflikot

//Ne si go prodavaj, Koljo, čiflikot;  
mama ne me dava, Koljo, za tebe.//

*Refrain:*

//Po meani odiš, Koljo, rujno vino pieš,

Doma rano ne si odiš da spieš.//

//Kolku ti čini, Koljo, čiflikot,  
Tolku mi čini, Koljo, liceto.//

//Ne si go prodavaj, Koljo, trloto,  
mama ne me dava, Koljo, za tebe.//

//Kolku ti čini, Koljo, trloto,  
Tolku mi čini, Koljo, grloto.//

//Ne si gi prodavaj, Koljo, ovcite,  
mama ne me dava, Koljo, za tebe.//

//Kolku ti činat, Koljo, ovcite,  
Tolku mi činat, Koljo, očite.//

*City song, Macedonia*

Don't go and sell your farm, Koljo,  
for my mother won't marry me to you.

You go from one tavern to the next, drinking  
sparkling wine,  
and you don't come home early to sleep.

However much your farm is worth, Koljo,  
that's how much my face is worth.

Don't go and sell your paddock, Koljo,  
for my mother won't marry me to you.

However much your paddock is worth,  
that's how much my throat is worth.

Don't go and sell your sheep, Koljo,  
for my mother won't marry me to you.

However much your sheep are worth,  
that's how much my eyes are worth.

## Slušam Kaj Šumat Šumite, Bukite

Slušam kaj šumat šumite, bukite, (2)	I listen to the trees rustle, the beech trees,
//Slušam kaj šumat šumite,	
Plačat za vojvodata, kapidanot.//	They weep for the rebel leader, the captain.
—Drugari, verni drugari, makedonci, (2)	“Comrades, faithful Macedonian comrades,
Koga niz selo vrvite,	When you traverse the village,
So konji da ne tropate, ne tropate,	don’t let your horses’ hooves clop,
So konji da ne tropate,	
So puški da ne frlate, ne frlate.	Don’t fire your rifles
Da ne ve čuje majka mi starata,(2)	So that my old mother won’t hear you,
//Da ne ve čuje majka mi;	
K’è ve praša za mene, aman, za mene://	Or she will ask you about me.”
—Kade e sin mi, Kostadin, Kostadin? (2)	“Where is my son Kostadin,
//Kade e sin mi, Kostadin,	
Kostadin vojvodata, kapidanot? //	Kostadin the leader, the captain?”
—Vie na nejze kažete, kažete: (2)	“You should tell her
//Sin ti se, babo, oženi,	He has married
Za edna Makedonka, porobena.//	An enslaved Macedonian woman.”
<i>City song, Macedonia</i>	

## Dejgidi Ludi Mladi Godini

Dejgidi ludi mladi godini (2)	O you wild years of my youth,
letnavte kako sivi galabi (2)	you flew away like grey doves,
letnavte kako sivi galabi (2)	
padnavte vo momini dvorovi (2)	you alighted in young women’s courtyards,
padnavte vo momini dvorovi (2)	
skoknavte na momini skutovi (2)	you leapt into young women’s laps,
skoknavte na momini skutovi (2)	
prespavte vo momini pazuvi (2)	you fell asleep on young women’s breasts,
prespavte vo momini pazuvi (2)	
za mene kail ne se storivte. (2)	you never made your peace with me.
<i>City song, Demir Kapija, Macedonia, as sung by Aleksandar Sarievski</i>	

## Kako Što E Taa Čaša

Kako što e taa čaša polna so vino, (2)	As full as this glass is with wine,
taka e i mojto srce polno s jadovi. (2)	that is how full my heart is with sorrows.
Daj da pijam, mila mamò, da se napijam, (2)	Let me drink, dear mother, until I am drunk,
jadovite, mila mamò, da zaboravam. (2)	so that I may forget my sorrows.
Ja poslušaj, mili sinko, stara si majka, (2)	Dear son, listen to your old mother:

i da pieš, bre Stojane, fajde si nema. (2)      even if you drink, Stojan, it won't bring you any comfort.  
 Ja zemi si, mili sinko, puška berdanka, (2)      Dear son, take up your rifle  
 pa si ojdi, bre Stojane, gore v planina. (2)      and go up into the mountains.  
*City song, Macedonia, as sung by Aleksandar Sarievski*

### Ne Se Beli, Mare Mori

Ne se beli, Mare mori, ne se crvi (2)      Don't put on powder, Mara, don't put on rouge,  
 ne se tolku, Mare, doteruvaj. (2)      and don't dress up so fine.  
 Mi se smejat, Mare mori, ergenite, (2)      The bachelors and the tradesmen, Mara,  
 ergenite, Mare, esnavdžiite. (2)      are all taken by you.  
 Kogo si go, Mare mori, poglednala, (2)      Whomever you have set eyes upon, Mara,  
 sekomu si, Mare, bolest dala, (2)      has fallen ill,  
 Komu dva dni, Mare mori, komu tri dni, (2)      some for two days, Mara, some for three,  
 a na mene, Mare, tri godini. ( 2)      but me, for three years.  
 Me napravi, Mare mori, suvo drvo, (2)      You have made me, Mara,  
 suvo drvo, Mare, javorovo. (2)      into a piece of dry maplewood.  
 Zemi ogan, Mare mori, zapali me, (2)      Lay a fire, Mara, set me ablaze,  
 zapali me, Mare, izgori me. (2)      and burn me up.  
*Prilep, Macedonia*

### Sardisale Lešočkiot Manastir

Sardisale, sardisale      They laid siege  
 Lešočkiot manastir,      to the monastery of Lešoč,  
 Sardisale, sardisale  
 Arnauti Zlatinčani.  
 //—Abre pop egumene      "Oh priest, Father Superior  
 Kade ti se komitite? //      where are the guerilla fighters?"  
 //—Abre paša, kuzum paša      "Oh pasha, dear pasha,  
 Jas komiti ne vidov.//      I haven't seen the guerilla fighters."  
 //Se naljutil turskiot paša,      The Turkish pasha became enraged  
 Go zapalil manastiro.//      and he set the monastery on fire.  
*City song, Macedonia, Jugoton EPY-4324*

## Kaži Jano

//—Kaži, Jano, kaži, dušo  
Koja večer, džanam, jas da dojdam?//

//—Koga sakaš, togaj dojdi,  
So mnozina, džanam, da ne idiš.//

//Da go zemiš toj G'org'ija,  
Toj G'org'ija, džanam, ovardata.//

//Toj me znai kaj što sedam:  
V odajčeto, džanam, varosano.//

//V odajčeto varosano,  
Varosano, džanam, kadrosano.//

//Odajčeto mi e malo,  
Toa zbira, džanam, samo dvajca.//

K'e jadime, k'e pieme  
Golem džumbuš k'e praime.

K'e jadime, k'e pieme  
I najposle, džanam, k'e se zejme.

*City song, Macedonia, Jugoton EPY-3663*

“Tell me, Jana, tell me, my soul,  
which evening I should come?”

“Come whenever you wish,  
but don't come with a crowd.

You should take along G'org'ija,  
that scoundrel G'org'ija.

He knows where I live  
in the small, white-washed room.

In the small room,  
white-washed and hung with pictures.

My room is small  
Only two may gather there.

We will eat and drink  
and have a big celebration.

We will eat and drink,  
and, finally, we will marry.”

## Devet Stota Osma Godina

Devet stota osma godina, (2)

//Devet stota osma godina  
dojde denot na Urjetot .//

Veter duva od Soluna, (2)

//Veter duva od Soluna,  
carot stana od prestolot.//

Šukri paša na stol sedi ,(2)

//Šukri paša na stol sedi,  
na stol sedi, kafe pije,//

na stol sedi, kafe pije, (2)

//na stol sedi, kafe pije,  
kafe pije, zbor im zbori://

—Poslušajte, solunčani (2)

//Poslušajte, solunčani,  
zberete se na medžlisot, //

zberete se na medžlisot, (2)

//zberete se na medžlisot,  
dajte imza na Urjetot, //

In the year 1908

came the day of the Hürriyet (legal reforms).

The wind blows from Thessaloniki;

the Sultan stepped down from his throne.

Šukri Pasha sits in his chair,

sits in his chair drinking coffee,

drinking coffee and saying to them:

“Listen to me, people of Thessaloniki,

gather together in the Assembly,

and add your signatures to the Hürriyet,

dajte imza na Urjetot, (2)  
 //dajte imza na Urjetot,  
 da se vratat vojvodite, //  
 da se vratat vojvodite, (2)  
 //da se vratat vojvodite,  
 carot nimi k'e im prosti.//  
*City song, Macedonia*

so that the guerrilla fighters may return,

for the Sultan will pardon them."

## Imala Majka

Imala majka edno mi čedo,  
 Edno mi čedo Nikola  
 S oči zvezdici, lice trendafil,  
 Levento čedo, krilato.

A mother had one child  
 Her one child, Nikola,  
 With eyes like stars and a face like a rose,  
 Well-built and swift.

### *Refrain:*

E, Nikola, e, bŭlgarski junak,  
 E, Nikola, e, pirinski orel.

Hey, Nikola, Bulgarian hero,  
 Hey, Nikola, Pirin eagle.

Dotegnalo mu ot čorbadžii  
 I černo robstvo fašistko.  
 Litnal Nikola boj da se bie  
 S vŭrli narodni dušmani.

He became weary of the landowners  
 and the black slavery of fascism.  
 He flew up to battle  
 the cruel people's enemy.

Dom mu stanali Pirin i Rila,  
 Tevnite nošti zakrila,  
 Zname čŭrveno v race razvelo,  
 I mladi momci povelu.

His home became the Pirin and Rila mountains,  
 The dark nights hid him,  
 In his hand he waved the red flag,  
 And commanded the young men.

Koga hvanali levent Nikola  
 S jaki sindžiri vŭrzali,  
 Skinal e prangi, pak e politnal  
 Otnovo zname e razvel.

When they caught well-built Nikola,  
 They bound him in strong chains,  
 But he broke the chains and flew away  
 To wave the flag again.

*Pirin, Bulgaria, composed by Dimitŭr Janev*

## Devojko, Mome, Mrena Ribo

Devojko, devojko, mome, mrena ribo, (2)  
 mome, mrena ribo, čŭrvena jabŭlko! (2)

Oh young girl, you barbel-fish,  
 you little red apple!

Za tebe sŭm sleznel jot vrŭh, jot planina, (2)  
 jot vrŭh, jot planina na cvrŭsta pladnina, (2)

For you I have come down from the mountain  
 at the height of day

Toku da te vidja povejnalo le si, (2)  
 povejnalo le si ili posŭrnalo, (2)

just to see if you have faded,  
 faded or withered

Ili posŭrnalo kato len za voda, (2)  
 kato len za voda i strator jot voda. (2)

like flax for water,  
 or cockscomb from excess water.



Devojko, devojko, kitka sŭm ti nabral, (2)  
 Kitka razšarena, ot skaletu zdravec,  
 Ot skaletu zdravec, ot blatata kaleš.  
*Obidim, Pirin, Bulgaria, as sung by the Gruevi Sisters, Topic 12T107*

Oh young girl, I have picked you a bouquet,  
 a colorful bouquet, geraniums from the cliff  
 and avens from the marshlands.

### Ruske Le, Mome Hubava

Ruske le, mome hubava,  
 kakva ti tenka snagata,  
 //kakvo ti lice cŭrveno, lele,  
 takŭv ti sŭrce junaško.//

Ruska, beautiful girl,  
 Just as your waist is slender,  
 And your face is rosy,  
 So your heart is heroic.

Ne predeš tenko vreteno,  
 ne vezeš v gergef darove,  
 //a nosiš puška bojlija, lele,  
 gerdan ot drebni kuršumi.//

You don't spin finely,  
 You don't embroider your dowry on a frame,  
 Instead you carry a long slender rifle  
 And a necklace made of tiny bullets.

Mene me mama rodila  
 onaja svetla godina,  
 //koga Rusija darila, lele,  
 skŭpa i svidna svoboda.//

Mother gave birth to me  
 That blessed year  
 When Russia gave us  
 Our dear freedom.

Turci sa mŭzda mŭstili,  
 mnogo narod pogubili,  
 //mama i tate zaklali, lele,  
 mene na pate hvŭrlili.//

The Turks took revenge,  
 And many people perished,  
 Mother and father were slain,  
 I was thrown on the road.

Toga me rusi vzelali,  
 v bojna me ljulka ljuleli,  
 ruski mi pesni pejali, lele,  
 ruska me krŭv zapoili, (2)  
 ime mi Ruska turili.

Then the Russians took me,  
 They rocked me in a war cradle,  
 They sang Russian songs to me,  
 Russian blood they fed me,  
 And they gave me the name Ruska.

Za tŭj mi lice cŭrveno,  
 za tŭj mi tenka snagata,  
 //za tŭj mi sŭrce junaško, lele,  
 junaško sŭrce bezstrašno.//  
*Razlog, Pirin, Bulgaria*

That's why my face is rosy,  
 That's why my waist is slender,  
 That's why my heart is heroic,  
 a heroic heart, without fear.

### Rusi Kosi Imam

//Rusi kosi imam, grebenče si nemam.//

I've fair hair, but no comb.

*Refrain:*

Eleno, vino cŭrveno,  
 Eleno, dve cŭrveni jabuči. (2)

Elena, red wine,  
 Elena, two red apples.

//Grebenče si nemam, nema koj da kupi.//  
 //Belo lice imam, belilce si nemam,//  
 //Belilce si nemam, nema koj da kupi.//

I've no comb, I've no one to buy me one.  
 I have a fair face, but no face powder,  
 Nor someone to buy it for me.



//Tũnka snaga imam, kolanče si nemam,/  
 //Kolanče si nemam, nema koj da kupi.//  
 //Da me ženi mamó, za mlado momčence.//  
*Razlog, Pirin, Bulgaria*

I have a slim waist but no belt,  
 I've no belt, nor someone to buy me one.  
 Marry me off, mother, to a young boy.

### Ajda Idem

Ajda idem, Jano, ajda idem,  
 ajda idem, Jano, v Gornija Poroj. (2)  
 Tam k'è ti jupa, Jano, tam kje ti kupa,  
 tam kje ti kupa, Jano, šam-šamija,  
 šam-šamija, Jano, anterija.  
 Ti da ja nosiš, Jano, ti da ja nosiš,  
 ti da ja nosiš, Jano, jaz da te gledam (2)  
 Da se pukat, Jano, da se pukat,  
 da se pukat, Jano, dušmanite, (2)  
 I moite, Jano, i moite,  
 i moite, Jano, i tvoite, (2)  
 A naj-veče, Jano, a naj-veče,  
 a naj-veče, Jano, begovite (2)  
*Melnik, Pirin, Bulgaria*

Let us go, Jana,  
 to Gorni Poroj.  
 There I will buy you  
 a head-scarf,  
 ahead-scarf and a jacket.  
 For you to wear,  
 So I can look at you.  
 So that  
 our enemies will burst (from jealousy)  
 Both mine,  
 and yours,  
 But most of all,  
 the beys (Turkish provincial governors).

### Sŭrce Mi Trŭgnalo

Sŭrce mi trŭgnalo, mlad komita d' ida, (2)

My heart is set on being a young rebel fighter,

*Refrain:*

Źalaj male, naŹalaj mi se,  
 Gledaj, bela Jano, nagledaj mi se.

Mourn for me, mama, mourn me well  
 Look at me, fair Jana, look at me well.

Mlad komita d' ida, ju gora zelena, (2)  
 Ju gora zelena, puška da si nosja ,(2)  
 Puška da si nosja, turci da jotbivam, (2)  
 Turci da jotbivam, zemja da si vzema, (2)  
 Zemja da si vzema, zemjata bŭlgarska! (2)  
*Jakovo, Pirin, Bulgaria*

To be a fighter in the green forest,  
 To carry a rifle,  
 To drive back the Turks,  
 To take back the land,  
 The Bulgarian land!

## Šarena Gajda

Ot doma do čarsija  
trŭgnah s gajda šarena,  
na rabota da joda  
i na gajda da sviram.

*Refrain:*

Šarena gajda izpisana,  
sŭs manista nagizdana,  
sviram, pejam, oro igram,  
rum-ba rum-ba-ba.

//Cŭnih se u popa  
da mu pasam gŭskite.//

Otkarah gi po luni,  
deto treva ne raste, (2)  
deto voda ne teče.

//Otdolu ide popište,  
vŭrti oči da plači.//

//Dva šamara mi udri,  
gajdata mi ja zema.//

*Pirin, Bulgaria, BHA 10929*

From home to the market place  
I embarked with my colorful bagpipe  
to go to work  
and to play the bagpipe.

Colorful bagpipe, carved  
and decorated with beads,  
I play, I sing, I dance,  
Rum-ba rum-ba-ba.

I was hired by the priest  
to graze his geese.

I took them out in the moonlight  
to where grass doesn't grow,  
and where water doesn't flow.

Along came the big ol' priest  
Rolling his eyes and crying,

He hit me twice  
and took away my bagpipe.

## Trŭgnal Mi Jane Sandanski

Trŭgnal mi Jane Sandanski, lele,  
Pod taja Pirin planina.

Nasrešta sreštnal ovčarče, lele,  
Jane go pita zapita:

—Ovčarče mlado, čobanče, lele,  
Ne si li videl četata,

Ne si li videl četata, lele,  
Na dedo Jane Sandanski?

*Sandanski, Pirin, Bulgaria, Columbia Bulgaria*

Jane Sandanski set out  
Across the Pirin mountains.

He met a shepherd,  
Jane asked him,

“Young shepherd,  
Haven't you seen the fighting band

of grandpa Jane Sandanski?”

## Junak Jodi, Konja Vodi

Junak jodi, junak jodi,  
junak jodi, mori, konja vodi, (2)

Konja vodi, konja vodi,  
konja vodi, mori, peša jodi. (2)

Nasrešnalo, nasrešnalo,  
nasrešnalo, mori, malkaj moma. (2)

A young man went along  
leading a horse,

walking.

He met  
a young woman

Toj na moma, toj na moma,  
 toj na moma, mori, progovarja: (2) and said to her,  
 —Daj mi, mome, daj mi, mome, “Give me  
 Daj mi, mome, mori, tvojtá kitka, (2) your bouquet  
 Tvojtá kitka, tvojtá kitka,  
 Tvojtá kitka, mori, ran bosilek. (2) of early basil.”  
*Velingrad, Bulgaria*

### Snošti E Dobra Docna Sedela

Snošti e Dobra docna sedela, (2) Last night Dobra stayed up late.  
*Refrain:*  
 Oj Dobro, Dobro, Dobra nevesto. (2) Oh Dobra, the bride,  
 Docna sedela, poprelkuvala, (2) She stayed up late spinning,  
 Ta e naprela devet vretena, (2) She spun nine spindles  
 Devet vretena tenka osnova. (2) of fine wool.  
 Ta e natkala tenki darove (2) She wove fine gifts  
 Da mi daruva svekūr, svekūrva, (2) for her father-in-law and mother-in-law,  
 Svekūr, svekūrva, dever, etūrva, (2) for her brother-in-law and his wife,  
 Dever, etūrva, po-mala zūlva. (2) for her husband’s younger sister.  
*Pirin, Bulgaria, BHA 10929*

### Majka Na Jane, Mori, Dumaš

Majka na Jane, mori, dumaše:  
 —Ne ti li sinko, mori, omrazna (2) Jane’s mother said to him,  
 puška na ramo, mori, da nosiš? “Son, aren’t you weary  
 of carrying a gun on your shoulder?”  
 Jane na majka, mori, dumaše:  
 —Ne moga, male, mori, da gledam (2) Jane said to his mother,  
 taz turska černa, mori, robija. “Mother, I can’t stand  
 this black Turkish slavery.”  
 Jane si majka, mori, ne sluša,  
 nametna puška, mori, prez ramo, (2) Jane didn’t heed his mother.  
 i čift pištovi, mori, na pojas. He put his gun on his shoulder  
 and a pair of pistols on his belt.  
 Pa ojde v gora, mori, zelena,  
 na taja Pirin, mori, planina, (2) He went to the green forest  
 i negovata, mori, družina. of the Pirin mountains  
 and to his fighting band.  
 Jane družina, mori, dumaše:  
 —Družino verna, mori, sgovorna, (2) Jane said to his fighting band,  
 Aj da se s turci, mori, bijeme. “Oh, band, united and loyal,  
 Let’s fight the Turks.”  
*Pirin, Bulgaria, BHA 10929*

## Kalina Gŭrlo Boljalo

Kalina gŭrlo boljalo, *Kalino le*

Kalina gŭrlo boljalo.

Svekŭrva ì go lekuva  
od zelen gušter glavata,  
od ljuta zmija šŭrceto,  
pa ì gŭrlo ne minuva,  
ne minuva, ne zdravee.

Kalina Stojan govori:

—Libe Stojane, Stojane,  
pregni si bŭrzi bivoli  
ta me zakaraj, zakaraj,  
pri mojta majka roŭdena  
da mi gŭrlo izlekuva.

I drugoŭ me je boljalo,  
mama mi go lekuvaše.

Diva si tikva bereše  
s presno ja mleko vareše,  
pa mi gŭrlo nalagaše.

Stojan Kalina govori:

—Kolata mi sa strošeni  
bivoli ne sa kovani.

Kalina Stojan govori:

—Libe Stojane, Stojane  
ogin ti goril kolata!  
Ceta ti jali bivoli!

*Madŭare, Samokov region, Bulgaria*

Kalina's throat hurt;

her mother-in-law treated her  
with the head of a green lizard,  
the heart of a fierce snake,  
but her throat did not heal.

She said to her husband, Stojan,

"Dear Stojan,  
Harness up the swift oxen.  
Take me home  
to my own mother  
to cure it.

It hurt me one other time,  
mama cured it.

She gathered wild squash  
and boiled it in fresh milk  
and soothed my throat."

Stojan said to Kalina,

"The cart is broken,  
the oxen are not shod."

Kalina said to Stojan,

"Dear Stojan,  
may your cart burn up!  
May the dogs eat up your oxen!"

## Moma Neveno

Moma Neveno, Neveno,

*Moma Neveno, Neveno*

prokleti da sa, Neveno,  
tvoite stari kumove,  
što te krŭsteja, Neveno,  
da ve'ne sveto po tebe.  
Ve'ne koj ve'ne, Neveno,  
a ja siromah naj-'nogu  
celi mi do tri gudini.  
Prati me tate da ora  
a ja se Bogu pomolih  
da mi se ščupi raloto,

Nevena, girl,

damn  
your godparents  
for naming you Nevena (marigold)  
so all the world would pine for you!  
Some pine, some don't pine,  
but I, 'poor man,  
have been pining for three whole years.  
My father sends me out to plow  
and I pray to God  
that the plow will break,

raloto i kopaloto,  
 ta doma da si otida,  
 kraj Nevenini da mina,  
 dano Nevena da vida!  
 Ako te vidim, Neveno,  
 cal den si orem i peem.  
 Ako Nevena ne vidim,  
 tri dena bolen kje ležim!  
*Raduil, Samokov region, Bulgaria*

the plow and the shovel,  
 so I can go home  
 and pass by your house  
 hoping I'll catch a glimpse of you!  
 If I see you, Nevena,  
 I plow and sing all day.  
 If I don't,  
 I'm sick in bed for three days!

### Libe Stojanke

—Libe Stojanke, Stojanke,  
 petrovska blaga jabŭlko,  
 dovečera šte da dojdem,  
 da dojdem da te iskame.  
 Sakŭn da ne si odrekla  
 na mojta roda golema,  
 na mojta roda golema,  
 golema roda pročuta.  
 —Libe le Gjorgi, Gjorgi le,  
 ta kak da reča iskam te,  
 kato me mama ne dava  
 kato na tebe pijanec?  
 Na vino pieš kajmaka  
 a na rakija parvaka.  
 Na vino vadiš nožove  
 a na rakija pištrole.  
 Na vino bieš majka si,  
 a na rakija bašta si.  
*Ihtiman, Bulgaria*

“Stojanka, my love,  
 St. Peter's sweet apple,  
 this evening we're going to come  
 to ask for your hand.  
 Be sure you don't refuse  
 my big family,  
 my famous family!”  
 “Gjorgi my love,  
 how can I say I want you  
 when mama won't give me to you,  
 you drunkard?  
 You drink the strongest wine  
 and the first-distilled brandy.  
 When you're in wine you draw knives,  
 and pistols when it's brandy.  
 When you're drinking wine you beat your mother,  
 and when you're drinking brandy, your father.”

## Trŭgnal Momko Lov Da Lovi

Trŭgnal momko lov da lovi, lele,  
Na pŭt sreštna malka moma,  
Pusna sokol po gŭlŭbi, lele,  
A toj trŭgna sled momata.

Nastigna ja do kapina, lele,  
Ulovi ja prez pol'vina,  
Stori mu se kat trŭstika, lele,  
Kat trŭstika vŭv ezero.

Pogledna ja v bjalo lice, lele,  
Stori mu se kat jabŭlka,  
Stori mu se kat jabŭlka, lele,  
Kat jabŭlka vŭv gradina.

Celuna ja v medna usta, lele,  
Stori mu se vino pije,  
Stori mu se vino pije, lele,  
Teško vino trigodišno.  
*Varna, Bulgaria, BHA 481*

A lad went hunting.  
On the way he met a young woman.  
He let his falcon free among the doves.  
And he set out after the woman.

He caught up to her by the blackberry bush,  
Caught her by the waist,  
It seemed to him like reeds  
In a lake.

He looked into her fair face  
It seemed to him like an apple

In the garden.

He kissed her honey lips,  
It seemed to him like wine,

Strong wine, of three years vintage.

## Okol Pleven

Okol Pleven, okol Pleven,  
okol Pleven rusi snovat,  
Rusi snovat, rusi snovat,  
Rusi snovat, turci gonat.

Rusi go sa zagradili,  
zagradili, obsadili.  
Osman paša, Osman paša  
na stol sedi, kniga piše,

Kniga piše do sultana:  
“Oj sultane, moj sultane,  
oj sultane, moj sultane,  
oj sultane, naši carju!

Pratete mi malko vojska,  
če mi vojska namalela,  
namalela, ogolela,  
ogolela, obosela,

Če topove iztrošeni.”

A sultana otgovarja:  
“Nemam vojska da ti prata,  
nito puški, ni topove.

Around Pleven  
The Russians are bustling about,

Chasing the Turks.

The Russians surrounded Pleven  
and laid siege.

Osman paša  
Sits on a chair and writes a letter

To the sultan:  
Oh, sultan, my sultan

Oh, sultan, our czar,

Send me a small army  
For my army is dwindling,  
becoming naked  
and barefoot,

And the cannons are broken.”

The sultan answered,  
“I have no army to send you,  
Neither guns nor cannons.

//Rusite sa silna vojska,  
silna vojska nebroena.”//  
*Bulgaria*

The Russians are a powerful army  
Too numerous to be counted.”

### Petruno, Pile Šareno

—Petruno, pile šareno, (2)  
De gidi jagne galeno. (2)  
Petruninite jočici, (2)  
Te činat šepa žültici. (2)  
Petruno, pile šareno,  
Kolko si tolkoz jubavo,  
Jot Boga li si padnalo,  
Il' si v gradinka niknalo?  
—Ludo le, ludo ta mlado, (2)  
Ne sŭm ot Boga padnalo  
Nito sŭm v gradinka niknalo.  
I mene majka rodila, (2)  
I mene kakto i tebe. (2)  
Koga me mama rodila, (2)  
V gradina se e povela,  
V gradina se e sgodila.  
Za topola se e dŭrŭžala, (2)  
Kŭm jabŭlka e gledala, (2)  
Za tuj sŭm tŭnka, visoka, (2)  
Za tuj sŭm bela, cŭrvena. (2)  
*Pirin region, Bulgaria, as sung by Magdalena Morarova, XOPO II*

“Petruna, you cute chick,  
Come on, my lamb.  
Petruna’s lovely eyes  
are worth a handful of gold.  
Petruna, you cute chick,  
How come you are so beautiful?  
Did you fall from heaven?  
Or blossom from the garden?”  
“Hey you crazy fool,  
I didn’t fall from heaven  
Nor blossom from the garden.  
My mother gave birth to me  
Just as yours did to you.  
When my mother gave birth to me  
She was led into the garden,  
She happened to be in the garden.  
She held on to a poplar tree  
And looked at an apple tree,  
And that’s why I am slender and tall,  
And that’s why I’m fair and rosy.”

### Ja Objadvaj, Mamo

Ja objadvaj, mamo, mene nedej kani, mamo,  
Ja objadvaj, mamo, mene nedej kani.  
Snošti otidoh na pusti sedenki, mamo,  
Snošti otidoh na pusti sedenki.  
Mojto purvo ljube drugo ljube ljubi, mamo,  
Drugo ljube ljubi i s drug prikazva.  
Ništo ne mu rekoh sal go ljuto kŭlnah, mamo,  
Ništo ne mu rekoh sal go ljuto kŭlnah:

Eat, mother, but don’t invite me to eat.  
Last night I went to that damned work party.  
My true love loves another,  
And with her he was talking.  
I said nothing to him, I just cursed him bitterly:

//Dano se provališ i da ne prokopsaš, ljube  
Deto me ostavi na čuždite rŭce!//

“May you fail and come to no good,  
For you have left me in strange hands!”

*Provadija, Bulgaria, as sung by Sonja Kŭnčeva, Balkanton 326*

## Hodila Mi E Bojana

Hodila mi e Bojana  
 Devet godini hajdutin.  
 Na deseta se sgodila  
 Za Mirčo, mlada vojvoda.

Sednala mi e Bojana  
 Koprina da se prepreda,  
 Tŭnki darove da pravi,  
 Junaci da si daruva.

Mirčo v gorata otiva  
 Družina da si sŭbira.  
 Tam sa go turci hvanali,  
 Vŭv Tŭrnovo go otkarvat.

Kat se Bojana nauči,  
 Zahvŭrli hurka srebŭrna.  
 Obleče drehi junaški,  
 Prepasa sabja frengija.

Če si turcite nastigna  
 I im glavite izrjaza,  
 Mirčo Bojana dumaše:  
 —Halal ti struva vojvodstvo!

*Provadija, Bulgaria, as sung by Sonja Kŭnčeva*

Bojana was a rebel fighter,  
 For nine years.  
 In the tenth year she became engaged  
 To Mirčo, a young rebel leader.

Bojana sat down  
 To spin silk,  
 To make fine wedding gifts  
 To give to the rebels.

Mirčo went up into the mountains  
 To gather his fighting band.  
 The Turks seized him there  
 And took him away to Tŭrnovo.

When Bojana learned of this  
 She threw down her silver distaff.  
 She dressed in the clothing of a warrior  
 And girded on a slender saber.

When she caught up with the Turks  
 And cut off their heads,  
 Mirčo said to Bojana,  
 "You are truly a worthy leader!"

## Stojane, Lele, Stojane

Stojane, lele, Stojane,  
 Stojane, luda gidijo,  
 Pustata tvoja gŭdulka  
 Koga s neja zasviriš.

Koga s neja zasviriš,  
 Staro i mlado igrae,  
 Babite hurki strošiha  
 Smeti na deto predjaha.

Momite horo izviha,  
 Momcite drugo skŭršiha,  
 Ripnaha starci da skačat,  
 Da skačat, starci, da tropat.

Stojane, luda gidijo,  
 Stojane, lele, Stojane,  
 Pustata tvoja gŭdulka,  
 Cjaloto selo razigra.

*Tŭrgovište, Bulgaria, as sung by Radka Radeva, BHA 10824*

Stojan,  
 you wild guy,  
 Curse your gŭdulka  
 When you start playing it.

Old and young dance,  
 Grandmas smash their distaffs  
 Where they spun into smithereens.

Girls start to dance the horo,  
 The boys break something else,  
 The old ones leap,  
 Jump and stomp

Stojan, you wild guy,

Curse your gŭdulka  
 That made the whole village dance.



**Stanjo Perčam Reši**

//Stanjo perčam reši,  
na sedenki š' idi, //

Stanjo combs a lock of hair,  
He'll be going to the work parties.

*Refrain:*

//Stanjo le, Stanjo luda gidijo,  
ta ne lale zjumbjul. //

Stanjo, wild guy,  
tulip, hyacinth.

//Na sedenki š' idi  
dolu v dolna mah'la, //

He'll be going to the work parties  
in the lower section of the village,

Dolu v dolna mah'la,  
do Nedini porti.

near Neda's gates.

Do Neda šti sedni,  
do hubava Neda.

He'll sit near Neda,  
Beautiful Neda.

//Neda ša mu dade  
kitka ot glavata, //

Neda will give him  
a bouquet from her head,

//Kitka ot glavata,  
kitka bosilkova //

a bouquet of basil.

*Veliko Turnovo, Bulgaria, as sung by Mita Stoičeva, BHA 1132*

**Dve Si Momi Živovale**

Dve si momi, mori, živovale,  
Živovale, družkovale.

Two girls lived together  
And were friends.

Naedno si, more, platno tkale,  
Platno tkale, dar gotvile.

They wove cloth together  
their dowry to prepare.

Pa se dvete, more, zgovarale:  
—Ajde, Jano, ajde, Janke,

The two made a plan:  
“Come on, Jana,

Da ideme, more, gore dole,  
gore dole, po seloto,

Let's go up and down  
and around the village,

Da čekame, more, popovite,  
Popovite dvata sina.

and wait for the priest's  
two sons,

Da staneme, more, dve etŕvi,  
Dve etŕvi, popske snahi.

To become sisters-in-law,  
The priest's daughters-in-law.”

*Pazardžik, Bulgaria, Balkanton BHA 10888*

## Tudoro Tudorke

—Tudoro, Tudorke,  
večerjala li si, (2)  
vino pila li si?

—Ni sŭm večerjala,  
ni sŭm vino pila  
snošti sŭm sedjala,  
Georgi sŭm čakala  
Georgi sŭm čakala,  
lov da mi donese, (2)  
drebni slavejčeta,

Drebni slavejčeta,  
deto rano pejat, (2)  
da me rano budjat.

*Eastern Thrace, Bulgaria, as sung by Janka Taneva, Nonesuch H-72011*

“Tudora,  
have you eaten dinner?  
Have you drunk wine?”

“I have not eaten dinner  
Nor have I drunk wine.  
Last night I sat  
And waited for Georgi

To bring me his hunt—  
Small nightingales

Who sing early  
Who awaken me early.”

## Snošti Si Rada Pristana

Snošti si Rada pristana, mŭri,  
Na edno momče dalečno.  
Tri denja pŭt sa vŭrvjali, mŭri,  
Na četvurtija stignali.

Kači se Rada, Rado ljo, mŭri,  
Na visokite čerdaci  
Da vidi Rada majka si, mŭri,  
Majka si, ošte tatko si.

Ne vidja Rada majka si, mŭri,  
Majka si, ošte tatko si.  
Naj vidja beli gŭlŭbi, mŭri,  
Beli gŭlŭbi hvŭrčaha.

Rada gŭlŭbi dumaše, mŭri:  
—Gŭlŭbi, kato hvŭrčihte,  
Ne vidjahte li majka mi, mŭri,  
Majka mi, ošte tatko mi?

Gŭlŭbi Rada dumaha, mŭri:  
—Rado ljo, bela Rado ljo,  
Kato hvŭrčahme vidjahme, mŭri,  
Majka ti, ošte tatko ti.

Majka ti dvori meteše, mŭri,  
Za tebe, Rado, plačeše.  
Tatko ti na stol sedeše, mŭri,  
Červeno vino pieše.

*Strandža, Bulgaria, as sung by Ivan Simeonov*

Last night Rada eloped  
With a young man from far away.  
They traveled for three days  
And on the fourth day they arrived.

Rada climbed up  
to the high balconies  
to see her mother  
and father.

She didn't see  
her mother and father.  
Rather, she saw white doves  
white doves, flying.

Rada said to the doves,  
“Doves, while you were flying  
Didn't you see my mother  
and my father?”

The doves said to Rada,  
“Rada, fair Rada  
While flying, we saw  
your mother and your father.

Your mother was sweeping the courtyard  
crying for you, Rada  
Your father was sitting in a chair  
Drinking red wine.”

## Slūnceto Trepti Da Zajde

Slūnceto trepti da zajde, Stojanke le, Slūnceto trepti da zajde,	The sun is flickering and ready to set, Oh, Stojanka,
Horoto da se rasturja, Stojanke le, Horoto da se rasturja,	The dance is breaking up.
A to si se zasūbira, Stojanke le, A to si se zasūbira.	But it has only just started.
Dve nevesti oro vodjat, Stojanke le, Dve nevesti, dve etūrvi,	Two young wives are leading the dance, Two young wives, two sisters-in-law.
Po meždu im kalinčica, bjala Rada, Po meždu im kalinčica.	Between them is their husbands' young unmarried sister, fair Rada.
Tja nevesti progovarja, Stojanke le, Tja nevesti progovarja:	She says to the young wives,
—Hej vi vaze dve nevesti, Stojanke le, Dve nevesti, dve etūrvi,	“Hey you two young wives, two sisters-in-law
Dobro li e ženiloto, Stojanke le, Dobro li e ženitoto?	Is marriage good?”
A te Radi otgovarjat, Stojanke le, A te Radi otgovarjat:	And they answer Rada,
—Oženi se, ti šte vidiš, Stojanke le, Oženi se, ti šte vidiš!	“Get married yourself, you’ll see!”

*Panagjurište, Bulgaria, as sung by Veska Burlakova, Balkanton 10191*

## Tez Malkite Momi

Tez malkite momi, tez černite čumi (2) buenek igrajat sūs smin zakičeni, sūs sminovi kitki.	These young girls, These black plagues, They dance the buenek, Bedecked in jasmine, With jasmine bouquets.
Kitkite im padat, ovčari gi sbirat, na ovce gi davat, (2) i na ovce dumat: (2)	Their bouquets fall, Shepherds gather them up And give them to the sheep, And say to the sheep,
—Jažte, ovce, jažte dano izpukate (2) za dva dni po dvesta, za tri dni po trista. (2)	“Eat, sheep, eat , Let’s hope you explode In two days, two hundred, In three days, three hundred.”

Ne sa izpukali,  
 naj sa navuđili (2)  
 za dva dni po dvesta,  
 za tri dni po trista. (2)

*Provadija, Bulgaria, as sung by Sonja Kůnčeva*

They didn't explode,  
 Instead they bred  
 In two days, two hundred apiece,  
 In three days, three hundred apiece.

### Suata Reka Oda Priteč

Suata reka oda priteče, (2)

*Refrain:*

Ej taj ej taj če pa ej taj, (2)

Če mi zateče malko čobanče,  
 malko čobanče s sivoto stado.  
 Malko čobanče reka pripluva,  
 suata reka stado otnese,  
 ta go otnese v Černoto more.

*Strandža, Bulgaria, as sung by Tudora Varimezova*

In the dry river water flowed

so that it caught a young shepherd,  
 a young shepherd with his grey flock.  
 The young shepherd swam across the river,  
 the dry river carried off the flock,  
 and carried it off to the Black Sea.

### Podi, Podi, Male

Podi, podi, male, (2)

Podi, oglavi me (2)

za ubava Donka.

'Ku me Donka zeme,  
 sedi, zabavi se.

Ako ne me zeme,  
 skoro da si dojdeš,

če ke ida, male

dolu v čeršijata

pri baš terzijata

drehi da poračam,

drehi kalugerski.

V manastir ke ida,

kaluger ke stana

*Strandža, Bulgaria, as sung by Tudora Varimezova*

Go, go, mother,  
 engage me  
 to the beautiful Donka.  
 If Donka will have me,  
 sit down and enjoy yourself.  
 If she won't have me,  
 come home soon  
 so that I can go, mother,  
 down to the marketplace  
 to the best tailor  
 to order clothes  
 monk's clothes.  
 I will go to a monastery  
 To become a monk.

## Išala Mašala

Išala mašala, momina male,  
dobro si, dobro si čedo gledala.  
Majka si, majka si ne posramila.  
Na snaga, na snaga tünka i visoka,  
na lice, na lice bela i červena,  
i mnogo, i mnogo dari zgotvila  
da dari, da dari zülva i etürvi.

*Strandža, Bulgaria, as sung by Tudora Varimezova*

Congratulations, bravo, girl's (bride's) mother—  
You've raised a fine child  
She caused her mother no shame.  
She's slender and tall,  
her face is fair and rosy.  
And she has prepared many gifts  
To give her sisters-in-law.

## Naučilo Se Žoreto

Naučilo se Žoreto, Žore le,  
kūsno za oda da odi, Žore le.

*Refrain:*

Gjuselim bjalo Žore le,

Ot večer večer po kūсно,  
i snošna večer naj-kūsno.  
Tam si Žoreto zavari  
trista mi mladi junaka  
sūs sedem beli bajraka.  
Kato Žoreto videja  
sički ì divan stanaja  
i ì siljama zimaja,  
i na Žoreto dumaja:  
—Žore le bjalo, ubavo,  
vašeto selo goljamo,  
kato e tolkoz goljamo,  
imate le momi ubavi  
i ot tebe po ubavi?  
—Imame belki njamame.  
Junaci Žore pak dumat:  
“Kato imate momi ubavi  
imate le mnogo boljari  
boljari i čorbadžii?  
—Imame belki njamame.  
I naš je tejno boljarin,  
a čičo baš boljarina:  
sūs šinik meri parite  
sūs poluvjako žültici.  
Žore junaci dumaše:  
—Čičova plevne na kraja,  
čičo za slama ke dojde.

Žore (Todora) was in the habit  
of going late for water

beautiful white Žore,  
later and later each evening,  
and last evening the latest of all.  
There Žore found  
three hundred young men  
with seven white banners.  
When they saw Žore  
they all stood up respectfully  
and greeted her  
and said to Žore,  
“Žore, fair, beautiful  
in your large village  
since it is so big  
are there beautiful girls  
even more beautiful than you?”  
“Maybe yes, maybe no.”  
The young men again said to Žore,  
“Since there are beautiful girls,  
are there many rich men,  
rich men and merchants?”  
“Maybe yes, maybe no.  
Our father is a rich man  
but my uncle is richest of all  
he measures his money in barrels  
half filled with gold coins.”  
Žore said to the young men,  
“My uncle's barn is at the edge of the village.  
My uncle will come for hay.

Vie čičote fanete  
i mu parite zemete.  
Kak gi Žoreto izlaga,  
če vŭv plevnika otišli,  
tja si plevnika zapali,  
tam si junaci izgori.

*Strandža, Bulgaria, as sung by Tudora Varimezova*

You grab my uncle  
and take his money."  
How Žore deceived them,  
for they went to the barn,  
she set the barn on fire,  
and burned up the young men.

## Dŭrgana Odi Za Oda

Dŭrgana odi za oda  
a Stojan ide ot niva.  
Stojan Dŭrgani dumaše:  
—Ljube Dŭrgano, Dŭrgano,  
kakvi se konje razhoždat  
iz vašte ljubimi dvorove,  
se beli konje, Dŭrgano,  
se koprineni čuluve  
i pozlateni julari?  
Dŭrgana дума Stojana:  
—Ljube Stojane, Stojane  
olko me pitaš da kaža,  
tebe ke pravo da kaža.  
Žandari, ljube, dojdeja  
i se angarja pisuvat.  
—Ljube Dŭrgano, Dŭrgano,  
da kažeš, ljube, majci si  
a pak majka ti tejno ti  
da pišat kogo da pišat  
a mene da ne pišuvat  
i mojta kola kovana  
sŭs mojte brezi bivole.  
Dŭrgana дума Stojana:  
—Ljube Stojane, Stojane,  
pisaja kogo pisaja,  
tebe naj napreš pisaja  
Ti ke naprede da vŭrviš  
i ke kervana da vodiš,  
s teova svirka ke sviriš,  
i az ke, ljube, da dojda,  
ke dojda da ti otpjavam.  
Stojan Dŭrgani dumaše:

Dŭrgana went for water  
and Stojan came from the field.  
Stojan said to Dŭrgana,  
“Dear Dŭrgana,  
what are those horses  
in your beloved yard,  
all white horses, Dŭrgana  
with silk saddle blankets  
and golden reins?”  
Dŭrgana said to Stojan,  
“Dear Stojan  
since you ask me to tell you,  
I will tell you the truth.  
Gendarmes, dear, came  
and are taking recruits.”  
“Dear Dŭrgana,  
please tell, dear, your mother  
your mother and your father  
to enlist whomever they please,  
but not to enlist me  
and my iron-wheeled cart  
with my pair of oxen.”  
Dŭrgana said to Stojan,  
“Dear Stojan  
they enlisted whom they pleased,  
they enlisted you first.  
You will go at the front  
and will lead the caravan  
and will play your father’s flute  
and I will come, dear,  
I will come and sing for you.”  
Stojan said to Dŭrgana,

—Ne dudaj, ljube, ne dudaj,  
 če ima ergen lefteri  
 i ima skoro ženeni,  
 ta ke ti njakoj bendisa,  
 bendisa da te otkradne.

*Strandža, Bulgaria, as sung by Tudora Varimezova*

“Don’t come, dear, don’t come,  
 for there are bachelors  
 and there are recently married men, too,  
 and one will take a liking to you  
 and will steal you away.”

### Krifkono Fesče Vidiš Li

—Krifkono fesče vidiš li?  
 Aga go nose gališ li?  
 —Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?  
 Kolkono iskaš nosi go.

—Velko kolanče vidiš li?  
 Aga go nose gališ li?  
 —Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?  
 Kolkono iskaš nosi go.

—Kuprina riza vidiš li?  
 Aga ja koškam gališ li?  
 —Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?  
 Kolkono iskaš koškaj e.

—Alen mindilček vidiš li?  
 Aga go nose gališ li?  
 —Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?  
 Kolkono iskaš nosi go.

—Rusi šalvare vidiš li?  
 Aga gi futam gališ li?  
 —Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?  
 Kolkono iskaš futaj gi.

—Ljaskate kundri vidiš li?  
 Aga gi tropkam gališ li?  
 —Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?  
 Kolkono iskaš tropkaj gi.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria, Columbia Bulgaria*

“Have you seen my little tilted fez?  
 When I wear it, do you like it?”  
 “Like it, like it, how could I not like it?  
 Wear it as much as you please.”

“Have you seen my wide belt?  
 When I wear it, do you like it?”  
 “Like it, like it, how could I not like it?  
 Wear it as much as you please.”

“Have you seen my silk chemise?  
 When I fill it out, do you like it?”  
 “Like it, like it, how could I not like it?  
 Fill it out as much as you please.”

“Have you seen my scarlet apron?  
 When I wear it, do you like it?”  
 “Like it, like it, how could I not like it?  
 Wear it as much as you please.”

“Have you seen my yellow Turkish trousers?  
 When I swish them, do you like it?”  
 “Like it, like it, how could I not like it?  
 Swish them as much as you please.”

“Have you seen my shiny shoes?  
 Do you like the way I stamp them?”  
 “Like them, like them, how could I not like them?  
 Stamp them as much as you please.”

## Tudoro, Mehandžijko Ljo

Tudoro, mehandžijko ljo, mŭri,	Oh, innkeeper Tudora,
Sipi mi vino da pija,	Pour me some wine to drink,
Sipi mi vino da pija, mŭri,	
Vino i bela rakija.	Wine and clear brandy,
Sipi mi vino da pija, mŭri,	
Vino i bela rakija,	
Vino i bela rakija, mŭri,	
Da piem, da sa napiem.	So we can drink, and get drunk,
Da piem, da se opiem, mŭri,	
Balnoso da si izkažem,	So we can confess our sorrows to each other,
Balnoso da si izkažem, mŭri,	
Kak sŭ sme druguŝ galili.	How we loved each other,
Kak sŭ sme druguŝ galili, mŭri,	
Pŭk sŭ sŭs tebe ni zjohme,	But never married,
Pŭk sŭ sŭs tebe ni zjohme, mŭri,	
Ot opusteli duŝmane.	Because of our cursed enemies.
<i>Rhodopes, Bulgaria, as sung by Hristina Ljutova, Balkanton 1822</i>	

## Gizdi Sa, Kiči, Tudoro

—Gizdi sa, kiči, Tudoro,	“Dress yourself up, Todora,
dano ta majka bendisa (2)	So my mother will take a liking to you
za snoha, za domovnica.	For a daughter-in-law, for a homemaker.”
—I da sa gizdja, junače,	“And if I do dress up,
majka ti mene ni rači (2)	Your mother wouldn’t want me
za snoha, za domovnica.	For a daughter-in-law, for a homemaker.”
—Kak da ta rači, mome le,	“How could she want you?
aga be mežo rukala, (2)	When she called a work party
gorna i dolna mahala,	in the upper and lower districts.
Drug beha preli, napreli,	All who were there had spun
koj po dve, po tri vretena.	two, three spindles full.
Pŭk ti be edno naprela,	But you had only spun one,
i to neuprešneleno.	And that was unfinished.”
<i>Levočevo, Rhodopes, Bulgaria, as sung by Nadežda Hvojneva</i>	



## Molih Ta, Majčo, I Molih

Molih ta, majčo, i molih,  
 ne možih da ta izmolja (2)  
 da ma ni glaviš ni ženiš (2)  
 barem juj saja godina, (2)  
 juj sova leto, proleto, (2)  
 dorde ne dojde podzime, (2)  
 da sa sūbirat momine, (2)  
 momine na poprelkine,  
 leftera da si pohodja,  
 gizdilo da si ponosja.  
 A ti ma, majčo, joglavi,  
 joglavi, jošte oženi.

I begged you, mother,  
 but I couldn't convince you  
 not to betroth me nor to marry me off,  
 at least not this year,  
 not this spring and summer,  
 at least not before autumn comes  
 when the young women gather  
 at the spinning-bees,  
 so that I could go about unmarried,  
 and wear all my finery.  
 But you, mother, betrothed me,  
 Betrothed me and married me off.

*Smoljan, Bulgaria, as sung by Rhodope Ensemble, Nonesuch H-72034*

## Stiga Mi Sa, Momne Le

Stiga mi sa, momne le, navdigaj, navdigaj,  
 Barem da ne ta poznavam, poznavam.

I've had enough of your boasting, girl,  
 If only I didn't know you.

Čija si, mari, došterja, došterja,  
 Či nosiš čuždo gizdilo, gizdilo.

Whose daughter are you  
 To be wearing someone else's finery?

Griškana ti e lelina, lelina,  
 Korpana ti e čičina, čičina.

That bracelet of yours is your aunt's,  
 That scarf of yours is your uncle's.

Stiga mi sa, momne le, navdigaj, navdigaj,  
 Če imaš novi konduri, konduri.

I've had enough of your boasting, girl,  
 That you have new shoes.

Otgore sa, momne le, ljaskati, ljaskati,  
 A pak otdolu razprati, razprati

They're shiny on the surface  
 But underneath they're torn.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria, BHK 2578*

## Šinka Na Voda Tornala

Šinka na voda tornala,  
 Ala e poten sborkala (2)  
 Niz krivo-levo sokače.

Šinka went for water,  
 But she took the wrong path  
 Through a narrow, crooked stone lane.

Vův sokačeno kavače,  
 Na kavačeno pilence, (2)  
 Pilence, postro slavejče.

On that lane was a poplar tree,  
 On that tree, a bird,  
 A colorful nightingale.

To na Šinka si dumaše:  
 —Šinko ljo, mari hubava,  
 Kajno si bela černočka,  
 Imaš li ljube da ljubiš?

It said to Šinka,  
 "Šinka, beautiful one  
 As you are fair and dark-eyed  
 Do you have someone to love?"

Šinka na slavej dumaše:  
—Slavejče, postro pilence,  
Stado bez ovčar biva li?  
Šinka bez ljube da biva?

*Levočevo, Rhodopes, Bulgaria, as sung by Nadežda Hvojneva, BHM 5884*

Šinka said to the nightingale,  
“Nightingale, you colorful bird  
Can a flock exist without a shepherd?  
Can Šinka exist without a lover?”

### Otišel Mi E Karadža

Otišel mi je Karadža,  
Kara kadijo na dvori,  
Tamo je fanal dva sina,  
Dva sina, dva čelebije.

Če mu je ročel, poročel:  
—Nosite zdrave kadijo,  
I na kadijo kažete  
Da mi provodi, provodi

Mečkina kože altone,  
Mandova kože grošove,  
Da si mu pusna dva sina,  
Dva sina, dva čelebije.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

Karadža went out,  
Drove the Turkish judge into the courtyard,  
There he seized his two sons,  
Two sons, two gentlemen.

Then he ordered them:  
“Carry my greetings to the judge,  
And tell him  
To send to me

A bear’s skin filled with gold coins,  
A buffalo’s skin filled with pennies,  
So that I will release his two sons,  
Two sons, two gentlemen.”

### Čereška E Cvet Cvetila

Čereška e cvet cvetila,  
Cvet cvetila, rod rodila, (2)  
I ot rožba e prekrivila (2)  
Kaj momaška devojčica (2)  
Kad sa vrašta ot horono (2)  
I zasvalja gizdilono, (2)  
Gizdilono kičilono, (2)  
Ot šigana gerdančeno, (2)  
Ot gradčeno kovančeno.

*Široka Lūka, Rhodopes, Balkanton 214*

The cherry tree has blossomed,  
Blossomed and borne fruit,  
And has bent over from bearing,  
Like a young girl  
Returning from the dance,  
beginning to remove her jewelry  
jewelry and finery,  
a necklace from a Gypsy  
forged in the town.

### Momne Le, Mari Hubava

//—Momne le, mari hubava,  
Pokaži si čornite oči.//  
//Čornite oči, čorni li ti sa,  
Či galjam da gi pogljodam.//

“Hey you, young girl,  
Show me your dark eyes.  
Are they really black?  
I want to see them.”

//—A bre momče adžamiče,  
Ja idi dolu v gradinka.//  
Tam ima čorni, čorni čereši,  
Gljodaj gi kolkoto iskaš,  
Tam ima čorni, čorni čereši,  
Gljodaj gi ta sa nagljodaj.

//—Momne le, mari hubava  
Pokaži si beloto lice.//  
//Beloto lice, belo li ti e  
Či galjam da go pogljodam.//

//—A bre momče, adžamiče,  
Ja idi gore v planina.//  
Tam ima beli, beli snegove,  
Gljodaj gi kolkoto iskaš,  
Tam ima beli, beli snegove,  
Gljodaj gi ta sa nagljodaj.

//—Momne le, mari hubava,  
Pokaži si tjonkata snaška.//  
//Tjonkata snaška, tjonka li ti e,  
Či galjam da ja pogljodam.//

//—A bre momče adžamiče,  
Ja idi dolu pri grada.//  
Tam ima tjonki, tjonki topoli,  
Gljodaj gi koloto iskaš,  
Tam ima tjonki, tjonki topoli,  
Gljodaj gi ta sa nagljodaj.  
*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

//Karaj, majčo, kogo karaš,  
mene, majčo, nimoj kara.//  
//Mene moma udražela,  
udražela, umilela,//  
//kajnu kitka peruniška  
ot Zagore dunesena,//  
//vův gradinka zasadena,  
vův gradinka pod kalinka.//  
//Ot vorši hi rosa rosi,  
ot vorši hi Dunav teče,//  
//Dunav teče, moma vleče.  
Pokraj Dunav ovčar pase.//

“Hey you, naive young man,  
Go down into the town.  
There are lots of black cherries there.  
Look at them all you want.

Get your fill of them.”

“Hey you, young girl,  
Show me your white face.  
Is it really white?  
I want to see it.”

“Hey you, naive young man,  
Go up into the mountains.  
There is a lot of white snow there.  
Look at it all you want.

Get your fill of it.”

“Hey you, young girl,  
Show me your slender waist.  
Is it really slender?  
I want to see it.”

“Hey you, naive young man,  
Go down into the town.  
There are slender poplar trees.  
Look at them all you want.

Get your fill of them.”

## Karaj, Majčo

Scold whomever you want, mother,  
but don't scold me.

For a young girl is dear to me,  
dear and precious to me,

like a bouquet of irises  
brought from Thrace,  
planted in the garden,  
in the garden under the rowan tree.

On its tips dew formed,  
from it, the Danube flowed,  
And carried a girl away.

A shepherd was grazing by the Danube,

//Moma mu se želno moli:  
 —Bre ovčarju, bre stadarju, //  
 //Izvadi ma ot bel Dunav,  
 ža ta darja kjonka riza. //  
 //Izvadi ma ot bel Dunav,  
 ža ta darja kjonka riza. //  
 //Kjonka riza koprinjana,  
 kjonak aglok, i toj takov. //  
*Stojkite, Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

and the girl cried out to him sorrowfully:  
 “Oh you shepherd,  
 pull me out of the white Danube,  
 I will give you a fine shirt,  
 pull me out of the white Danube,  
 I will give you a fine shirt,  
 a fine silken shirt,  
 and a fine kerchief, also of silk.”

### Dimitro, Sino, Dimitro

—Dimitro, sino, Dimitro,  
 Izljazi, sino, pogljadni (2)  
 Kakvo e horo stanalo (2)  
 Na Radinine dvorove.  
 Do kata moma i junak,  
 Do tvoja Ruska dvamina, (2)  
 Dvamina ludi i mladi.  
 —Da igrajat, majčo, da igrajat,  
 Ruska e moja, pak moja, (2)  
 Ruskin e porsten u mene.  
*Rhodopes, Bulgaria, Nonesuch H-72034*

“Dimitür, my dear son,  
 Come out and see  
 What’s happening in the dance  
 In Rada’s courtyard.  
 There is a lad by every girl  
 And by your Rada there are two,  
 Two wild and crazy guys.”  
 “Let them dance, mother,  
 Ruska is mine and will be mine,  
 Her ring is here with me.”

### Pustono Ludo I Mlado

—Pustono ludo i mlado  
 Išti mi, majčo, armagan, (2)  
 Čornise oči da mu dam.  
 //Dali da gi dam, či kak da gi dam,  
 Ga ma gljoda majka ot tam. //  
 //—Daj mu gi momne le, daj mu gi,  
 Toj ima merak na tebe. //  
 —Pustono ludo i mlado  
 Išti mi, majčo, armagan, (2)  
 Beloso lice da mu dam.  
 //Dali da go dam, či kak da go dam.  
 Ga ma gljoda tejko ot tam. //  
 //—Daj mu go momne le, daj mu go  
 Toj ima merak na tebe. //

“That cursed wild young man  
 wants a present from me, mother,  
 wants me to give him my black eyes  
 Shall I give them to him, how can I,  
 when mother is watching?”  
 “Give them to him, young girl,  
 for he is longing for you.”  
 “That cursed wild young man  
 wants a present from me, mother,  
 to give him my fair face.  
 Shall I give it to him, how can I,  
 when father is watching?”  
 “Give it to him, young girl,  
 for he is longing for you.”

—Pustono ludo i mlado  
 Išti mi, majčo, armagan, (2)  
 Tjonkasa snaška da mu dam.  
 //Dali da ja dam, či kak da ja dam  
 Ga šta ja stori darmadan?//  
*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

“That cursed wild young man  
 wants a present from me, mother,  
 to give him my slender body.  
 Shall I give it to him, how can I.  
 when he’ll make havoc of it?”

### Na Mene Li Si, Ruso

—Na mene li si, Ruso,  
 Sordna i gnevna?  
 Na mene li si, Ruso,  
 Ili na selo?

“Is it with me, Rusa,  
 That you are angry and furious,

—Ne sūm na selo, ludo,  
 Naj sūm na tebe,  
 Či ma izmami, ludo,  
 Ta ma izvede,  
 Či ma izmami, ludo,  
 Ta ma izvede  
 Ta ma izvede, ludo,  
 Izvon selono,

Or is it with the whole village?”

Ta mi obljubi, ludo,  
 Beloso lice,  
 I mi obkorši, ludo,  
 Tjonkasa snaška.  
 Am da malčeše, ludo,  
 Ta lju kak šteše,  
 Am sa pohvali, ludo,  
 Na mehandžijka,

“I’m not angry at the village,  
 But at you.  
 For you tricked me.  
 You led me

Am sa pohvali, ludo,  
 Na mehandžijka.  
 Mehandžijka e, ludo,  
 Majčina sestra.

Outside of the village

And you kissed  
 my fair face  
 and encircled  
 my slender waist.

If only you had kept it to yourself  
 as you said you would,  
 but instead you bragged about it

*Levočevo, Rhodopes, Bulgaria, as sung by Nadežda Hvojneva*

to the innkeeper’s wife,

my mother’s sister.”

### Zagukala E Siva Gurgulica

Zagukala e siva gurgulica, (2)	The grey dove started to coo,
ta izguka saja čorna vojna. (2)	He announced the cursed war.
Zaplakalo e dete pelenāče. (2)	The little baby in diapers begins to cry.
Molči, molči, dete pelenāče. (2)	“Hush, hush, little baby.
Aga sa vorne tetko ot vojnona, (2)	When your father returns from the war
tebe šte celune, mene šte pregūrme. (2)	He will kiss you and embrace me.”

*Čepelare, Rhodopes, Bulgaria, on Columbia Bulgaria*

### Kitko Zelena, Kravena

Kitko zelena, kravena,	Lush bouquet of green
Sega mi stanva, kitko ljo, (2)	I'm about to turn
Osemnadeset godini.	eighteen years old.
Kak si te prašnam, zalivam,	How I've cultivated you, watered you,
I večerno ta pokrivam, (2)	and in the evenings covered you
Sūs koprinenā korpica.	With a silken cloth,
Sūs koprinenā korpica,	
Da te ne pari slanona, (2)	So the frost shouldn't bite you,
Da te ne due veteron.	So the wind shouldn't blow on you.
Sega te, kitko, ostavjam	And now, bouquet, I leave you
Na po-malkana sestrica, (2)	To my younger sister.
Tja da te praši, zaliva,	She will cultivate you, water you,
//Tja da te praši, zaliva,	
I večer da te pokriva.//	And at night, cover you.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

### Jano Le, Jančice

Jano le, Jančice,	Jana, dear Jana,
mājka si Janka glavila,	Jana's mother engaged her
Jano le, Jančice,	
sūbota sreštu nedelja.	On Saturday night.
Jano le, Jančice,	
do pladne hodi glavena,	Until noon she was engaged,
Jano le Jančice,	
sled pladne kitka vornala.	After noon she returned her bouquet.
Jano le Jančice,	
do pladne hodi glavena,	Until noon she was engaged,
Jano le, Jančice,	
sled pladne porsten vornala.	After noon she returned her ring.

Jano le, Jančice,  
 majka si Janka pitaše:  
 —Jano le, Jančice,  
 oti si porsten vornala?

—Male le, majčice,  
 ga si ma, majčo, glavila,  
 Oj lele, majčice,  
 oti ne si ma pitala,

Male le, majčice,  
 oti ne si ma pitala,  
 Male le, majčice,  
 da li go galjam ili ne?  
*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

Janka's mother asked her,  
 "Jana, dear Jana,  
 why did you return the ring?"

"Mother, dear mother,  
 when you engaged me

why didn't you ask me

whether or not I loved him?"

### Oreško Zelen Ta Kraven

Oreško zelen ta kraven,  
 Naemaš li sa, oreško, (2)  
 Listenu da mi udūržiš?

Listenu da mi udūržiš,  
 Ot Kasūmta do Gergjovden?  
 Če šte mi mine ljubeno,  
 Pod teb na senka da sodne,

Pod teb na senka da sodne,  
 Studena voda da pie, (2)  
 Kitčica da si zakiči.  
*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

Walnut tree, green tree full of sap,  
 Would you take it upon yourself  
 to hold onto your leaves

From Dimitrovden to Gergjovden?  
 For my sweetheart will pass  
 To sit beneath your shade,

To drink cold water,  
 To gather a bouquet.

### Ot Men Ti Izin, Junače

Ot men ti izin, junače,  
 Kogono srošneš da gališ,  
 kogono srošneš da gališ,  
 I mene da ne zabarjaš,

I mene da ne zabarjaš,  
 Če sa sme mnočko galili,  
 Če sa sme mnočko galili,  
 Galili i dragovali,

Galili i dragovali,  
 Pūk nema da sa zomime,  
 Pūk nema da sa zomime,  
 Ot seja pusti dušmane.

*Levočevo, Rhodopes, Bulgaria, as sung by Nadežda Hvojneva, Balkanton BHA 159*

You have my permission, young man,  
 to love whomever you meet,

But you must never forget me,

For we were very much in love,

But we couldn't marry

Because of those cursed enemies.

## Večerjaj, Rado

Večerjaj, Rado, večerjaj, Rado,	Finish your dinner, Rada,
Večerjaj, Rado, mori,	
Vonka izlizaj (2)	And come outside.
Da ta popitam, Rado, da ta popitam,	So I can ask you, Rada,
Da ta popitam, Rado,	
Ti čula li si	
Za men da gulčot.	
Ti čula li si, ti čula li si,	Whether you've heard
Ti čula li si, Rado	
Za men da gulčot,	them talking about me,
Če sūm bil hodil,	Saying that I went around
Če sūm bil hodil, Rado,	
Če sūm bil hodil,	
Če sūm bil čukal, Rado,	knocking
Po čuždi porti	on strangers' doors
I na vašana.	and on yours.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria, as sung by the Kušlevi Sisters, BHA 11431*

## Hajda Kalino, Da Idem

Hajda, Kalino, da idem	Let's go, Kalina,
V letnana gora zelena,	Into the green summer forest.
Tam ima voda studena,	There's cold water there,
Tam ima senka dibela.	and thick shade.
Pod senkana štime da sjodnim,	We'll sit in the shade
Studena voda ža piem,	We'll drink cold water,
Studena voda ža piem,	
Pečeno jegnja ža jadem,	
Pečeno jegnja ža jadem,	We'll eat roast lamb,
Balnoso ža si kazvame.	And talk of our sorrows.
Hajda, Kalino, da idem	Let's go, Kalina,
V letnana gora zelena.	Into the green summer forest.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*



**Ličko Ljo**

Ličko ljo, Stanjovičkina,  
 Da moga, Ličko, da moga,  
 Da si ta, Ličko, izmamja,  
 Da si ta, Ličko, izveda,  
 Izvon selono v gorona,  
 Da si ta, Ličko, popitam,  
 Komu štiš lišen da vruštaš,  
 Komu štiš da sa presmivaš,  
 Komu štiš napūk da dumaš.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

Lička, woman of the Stanjov family,  
 If only I could  
 trick you  
 And lead you  
 out of the village into the forest,  
 To ask you, Lička,  
 To whom you will return your engagement ring,  
 Whom you will make fun of,  
 To whom you will speak out of spite.

**Da Znaeš, Majčo**

—Da znaeš, majčo, da znaeš,  
 kakva sūm moma zagalil. (2)  
 Nijde e nema v selono (2)  
 na snaška tjonka, visočka, (2)  
 na lice bela, černočka.

—Gali ja, sino, vzemi ja,  
 i tja e naša rodnina:

Ujčova mi e došterja.

—Majčinko, moja majčinko,

Sevdjo rodnina ne znae.

Aga ja, majčo, spomena,

Sitna ma treska zatrisa,

tevena ma mŭgla prikriva.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

“You should know, mother,  
 what kind of girl I’ve fallen in love with.  
 There’s no one like her in the village,  
 Her body is slender and tall,  
 Her face, fair and dark-eyed.”

“Love her, son, marry her,  
 shes a relative of ours  
 my uncle’s daughter.”

“Mother, my mother,  
 Love doesn’t know about relatives.

When I think of her  
 I shake from excitement  
 and a dense fog covers me.”

**Gajdana Sviri, Horo Se Vie**

Gajdana sviri, horo se vie, (2)

Horo se vie, moma go vodi. (2)

Otdolu ide ludo i mlado, (2)

Horo si ima, horo igrae. (2)

—A bre junače, ludo i mlado, (2)

Da vieme nie horoto. (2)

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

The bagpipe plays and the dance winds  
 A girl leads the line  
 Along comes a wild and crazy guy  
 He has his own dance line and dances  
 “Hey, you wild and crazy guy,  
 Let’s entwine the dance line.”

## Snošta Si Behme, Zlatko Ljo

—Snošta si behme, Zlatko Ljo, na bunarja,  
Na bunarja, Zlatko Ljo, na čišumjona.

Vsički si dumi, Zlatko Ljo, izdumahme,  
Za edna дума, Zlatko Ljo, zaburihme.

—Kakva si дума, Ivane, zaburihme,  
Zaburihme, Ivane, ne si kazahme?

—Zaburih si, Zlatko Ljo, da ta popitam,  
Glavena li si, Zlatko Ljo, ženjana li si?

—Ni sum glavena, Ivane, ni sum ženjana,  
Az ga mislja, Ivane, da sa oženja.

Az ga mislja, Ivane, da sa oženja.  
Da sa oženja, Ivane, tebe da zoma.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

“Last night, Zlatka dear, we were at the well,  
at the fountain.

We spoke about everything,  
except we forgot one thing.”

“What did we forget,  
What didn’t we say, Ivan?”

“I forgot, Zlatka dear, to ask you  
if you’re engaged, if you’re married.”

“I’m not engaged, Ivan, nor am I married,

But now I’m thinking of getting married,  
And I think I’ll marry you.”

## Rado Mori, Rado

—Rado mori, Rado, bela Rado,  
pustine ti čorni oči,(2)  
čorni sa, čorni kat’ čereši. (2)  
Kojno gi vide za tja plače, (2)  
az gi vidjah, az zaplakah.

Rado mori, Rado, bela Rado,  
pustono ti belo lice, (2)  
belo e, belo kat’ belilo. (2)  
Kojno go vide za nego pita. (2)  
—Ti go vidja, ti popita.

—Rado mori, Rado, bela Rado,  
pustana ti tjonka snaška, (2)  
tjonka je, tjonka kat’ fidanka. (2)  
Kojno je vide za neja pita. (2)  
—Ti ja vidja, ti popita.

*Rhodopes, Bulgaria*

“Rada, fair Rada,  
your damned black eyes,  
they’re black as cherries.  
Whoever sees them cries for them.  
I saw them, I burst out crying.

Rada, fair Rada,  
your damned white face,  
it’s white as powder.  
Whoever sees it asks about it.”  
“You saw it, you asked about it.”

“Rada, fair Rada,  
your damned slender body,  
it’s slender as a sapling.  
Whoever sees it asks about it.”  
“You saw it, you asked about it.”

## Gajdexhiu

Sot ka fest koperativa  
Vit i mbar, vit i begat  
me grurë plot, koperativa,  
përshëndet bukën e re.

Today the cooperative is having a party.  
A rich, and prosperous year  
With much wheat for the cooperative farm.  
Enjoy your new bread!

*Refrain:*

Të lumt dora gjajdexhi  
 bjeri, mos tu thaftë dora.  
 gjajdexhi, esmer i ri,  
 po, të pres e gjura

Vit i mbar, vit i begat  
 lum e lum për fshatin ton  
 jet e re që po agon  
 bie gjajdja deri von

Ato vasha, vasha t' reja  
 hedhin vallen shëndever.  
 Bie gjajda e gjajdeja  
 eja me ne gjajdexhi.

*Contemporary Albanian song, on "Vaj Moj Lule," Jugoton LPY-V-853*

Bless your hand, bagpiper!  
 Play without stopping.  
 Young and swarthy bagpiper,  
 the flute is waiting for you.

A rich, and prosperous year,  
 Good luck to our village,  
 A new life is dawning:  
 The bagpipe plays until late.

The girls, young girls  
 Are dancing with spirit.  
 The bagpipe plays joyfully.  
 Come on bagpiper!

**Dhen Boro, Manoula**

Dhen boro, manoula, dhen boro,  
 Akh, sire na feris to yhiatro, (2)  
 Min pethano, mana m', ke khatho.

Aghapisa, mana m', aghapisa,  
 Pikra i mavros to metaniosa, (2)  
 Akh, manoula mou, dhe s'akousa.

Zilepsa, mana m', tin omorfia,  
 Tora ime arosti varia, (2)  
 Tha pethano i mavri ki ime nia.

Sopa, kori m', ki min kles esi,  
 Tha fero to yhiatro takhia proi, (2)  
 Yhiati s'ekho, i mavri, monakhi.

Fer tone, manoula m', to ehiatro,  
 Na mou yhiani, mana m', ton kaimo, (2)  
 Pou 'kho mesa stin karkhoula mou.

*Epirus, Greece*

"I can't, mother, I can't.  
 Drag me, bring me the doctor.  
 So I shouldn't die and become lost.

I fell in love, mama,  
 I repented for this black grief.  
 Oh mother, I didn't listen to you.

I envied her beauty, mother,  
 And now I am seriously ill.  
 I will die a black death—I am still young."

"I'll save you, my girl, don't cry.  
 I'll bring the doctor tomorrow morning.  
 Because I have only you."

"The doctor will bring a cure to heal me, mama,  
 and this sadness, sweet mother,  
 that I have in the middle of my heart."

**Itan Pendi Ex' Daidhes**

Itan pendu ex' daidhes (2)  
 //Bre, bre, bre, pend' ex' daidhes,  
 Hahaha, pend' ex' daidhes, //

Piran oli tous baltadhis, (2)  
 //Bre, bre, bre, tous baltadhis,  
 Hahaha, tous baltadhis, //

There were five or six tough guys

They all took their axes

Piran mor' tou rema-rema //Bre, bre, bre, tou rema-rema, Hahaha, tou rema-rema,//	And started walking alongside a creek.
Vriskoun ena koufiou dhendrou, (2) //Bre, bre, bre, koufiou dhendrou, Hahaha, loufiou dhendrou,//	They found a hollow tree,
Ihi mesa koukouvayhis, (2) //Bre, bre, bre, koukouvayhis, Hahaha, koukouvayhis.//	Inside of which were owls.
Ekatsan ki tis miraskan, (2) //Bre, bre, bre, ki tis miraskan, Hahaha, ki tis miraskan.//	They began to divide the owls amongst themselves.
Piran oli apon dhio, (2) Bre, bre, bre, apon dhio, Hahaha, apon dhio.	All but two were taken.
Tou Yianaki toun dhosan mia, //Bre, bre, bre, toun dhosan mia, Hahaha, toun dhosan mia.//	They gave one of those to their Yianaki.

*Thrace, Greece, as sung by Hronis Aidhonidhis and the Doitsidhis Sisters*  
*"Mousika Kendimata Tis Thrakis," Intersound 2052*

### Thalassaki

Thalassa, thalassa, tous Thalassinous, thalassaki mou, Mi tous thalassodhernis. Thalassonoume, Yhia sena ksimeronoume.	Sea, sea, Sea-faring ones, my little sea, Don't be turbulent for them. We become sea-bound; For you, we stay awake.
<i>Refrain:</i> Thalassa, kialmiro nero, Na se ksehaso dhen boro.	Sea and salt water, I am unable to forget you.
Rodhostamo, rodhostamo, Na yhinise, oh! aman, aman, Tin borta tous na renis, Thalassaki mou, Ke fere to poulaki mou.	Rose water, rose water Will you become, oh! alas, alas, In order to sprinkle their door, My little sea, And to bring my little bird to me.
Thalassa, thalassa pou Ton epnikses, oh! aman, aman, Tis kopellias ton andra, Thalassaki mou, Ke fere to poulaki mou.	Sea, sea which Has drowned, oh! alas, alas, The young girl's husband, My little sea, And bring my little bird to me.

Ki kopellia, ki kopellia  
 Ine mikri, oh! aman, aman,  
 Ke dhen tis pan da mavra,  
 Thalassaki mou,  
 Ke fere to poulaki mou.  
*Kalymnos, Greece*

And the girl, and the girl  
 Is young, oh! alas, alas,  
 And black does not become her,  
 My little sea,  
 And bring my little bird to me.

### Samiotissa

Samiotissa, Samiotissa,  
 Pot tha pas sti Samo?  
 Na stroso rodha sto yialo,  
 Triandafilla stin ammo.  
 Me ti varkoula pou tha pas,  
 Hrisa pania tha valo.  
 Malamatenia ta koupia, Samiotissa,  
 Tha stilo na se paro.  
 Samiotissa, me tis elies  
 Ke me ta mavra matia,  
 Mou kanes tin kardhoula mou, Samiotissa,  
 Saranda dio kommatia.  
*Samos, Greece*

Samiotissa, Samiotissa,  
 When will you go to Samos?  
 I'll cover the seashore with roses,  
 And the sand with carnations.  
 And on the little boat that you will take,  
 I will put golden sails.  
 And gilded oars, Samiotissa;  
 I will send the boat for you.  
 Samiotissa, with the olives  
 And with the black eyes,  
 You have broken my heart, Samiotissa,  
 Into forty-two pieces.

### Psaropoula

Ksekina mia psaropoula  
 Apto yialo, apto yialo,  
 Ksekina mia psaropoula;  
 Aptin Idhra ti mikroula  
 Ke pigheni yia sfoungaria  
 Olo yialo, olo yialo.  
 Ehi mesa palikaria  
 Apto yialo, apto yialo,  
 Ehi mesa palikaria  
 Pou voutane yia sfoungaria,  
 Yiousel ke omorfia korallia  
 Apto yialo, apto yialo.  
 Yia hara sas, palikaria,  
 ke sto kalo, ke sto kalo,  
 Nas mas ferete sfoungaria,  
 Yiousel ke omorfia korallia  
 Apto yialo, apto yialo.  
*Greek Islands*

A fishing boat leaves  
 From the shore, from the shore;  
 A fishing boat leaves;  
 A little one from Hydra  
 Goes to fish for sponges  
 In the sea, in the sea.  
 On it are brave men  
 From the shore, from the shore;  
 On it are brave men  
 Who dive for sponges,  
 Black and beautiful coral,  
 From the sea, from the sea.  
 Good luck to you, brave men,  
 And good journey, good journey to you;  
 May you bring us sponges  
 Black and beautiful coral,  
 From the sea, from the sea.

## Karaghouna

Aide kande pera,  
Pera na peraso,  
Aide to horo,  
Horo sas mi halaso.

*Refrain:*

Am pos dha, am ti dha,  
Sto parathiri sidha.  
Am pos dha, am ti dha,  
Sto parathiri sidha.

Aide tha pouli, pou-  
Liso ta katsikia.  
Aide na sou pa-  
Sou paro skoularikia.

Aide tha pouli, pou-  
Liso to ghourouni.  
Aide na sou pa-  
Sou paro na seghouni.

Aide tha pouli, pou-  
Liso ke ti stani.  
Aide na sou pa-  
Sou paro na foustani.

Aide tha pouli, pou-  
Liso ke ta ghidhia.  
Aide na sou pa-  
Sou paro daktilidhia.

Aide Karaghouna,  
Ghouna, Karaghouna.  
Aide de sou pre-  
Sou prepoun ta seggounia.

Aide dhio elies, e-  
Lies ke mia domata.  
Aide agapo,  
Aghapo mia mavromata.  
*Thessaly, Greece*

Make way, move over  
So that I might pass;  
Make way, so I  
Won't spoil the dance.

Can it be, can it be,  
I saw you at the window.  
Can it be, can it be,  
I saw you at the window.

Make way! I will, I  
Will sell the goats.  
Make way! I will buy,  
Buy you earrings.

Make way! I will, I  
Will sell the pig.  
Make way! I will, I  
Will buy you a woolen coat.

Make way! I will, I  
Will sell the sheepfold.  
Make way! I will, I  
Will buy you a skirt.

Make way! I will, I  
Will sell the goats.  
Make way! I will, I  
Will buy you rings.

Make way! Karagouna,  
Gouna, Karagouna;  
Make way! You should not,  
You should not wear woolen coats.

Make way! Two olives,  
Olives and one tomato.  
Make way! I love,  
I love a dark-haired girl.

## Pano Se Psili Rahoula

Pa-, more, pano se psili rahoula, pano se psili rahoula kathete mya vlahopoula.	Above on the high cliffs Sits a Vlach girl
Ke, more, ke ti roka tis kratai, ke to roka tis kratai provata ki arnya filai.	She is holding a distaff And watching her sheep and lambs
Ki' o, more, ki' o tsobanos apo pera, ki' o tsobanos apo pera tragouthondas ti floyera.	A shepherd from afar Plays the flute
Vla-, more, vlaha, t'ise skoumboumeni, vlaha, t'ise skoumboumeni, ke varya valandomeni?	Vlach girl, why are you so sad And heavily weighted down?
Vla-, more, vlaha, t'ehis ke fonazis, vlaha, t'ehis ke fonazis, olo kles ki'anastenazis? <i>Greece</i>	Why do you shout And always cry and sigh?

## Dheropolitisa

Mor Dheropolitisa, mor kaymeni, mor Dheropolitisa, zi mor zilemeni.	Woman of Deropolis, sad one, proud one.
Sinda pas stin eklisya, mor kaymeni, Sinda pas stin eklisya, zi mor zilemeni.	At the church
Me lambadhes, me kerya, mor kaymeni, Me lambadhes, me kerya, zi mor zilemeni.	with candles and lamps
Ke me moskho thimatya, mor kaymeni, Ke me moskho thimatya, zi mor zilemeni.	and with incense burners
Ya proskina ke ya mas, mor kaymeni, ya proskina ke ya mas, zi mor zilemeni.	to pray for us,
Ke yhia mas tous Khristyanous, mor kaymeni, ke yhia mas tous Khristyanous, zi mor zilemeni.	for us Christians
Pou mas sfazi ni Tourkya, mor kaymeni, pou mas sfazi ni Tourkya, zi mor zilemeni.	Whom the Turks slew
San t' arnya tis Paskhalya, mor kaymeni, san t' arnya tis Paskhalya, zi mor zilemeni. <i>Northern Epirus, Greece</i>	like the Paschal lamb.

## Sou Ipa, Mana

Sou ipa, mana m', kale mana m',  
 Sou ipa, mana m', pandrepse me, (2)  
 Spitonikokirepse me.

Yheron andra, kale mana m',  
 Yheron andra mi moudosis (2)  
 K'istera tha metaniosis.

Yhiat' o yheros, kale mana m',  
 Yhiat' o yheros to ksetazi, (2)  
 Sto psilo to loghariazi.

*Peloponessos, Greece*

Mother, I told you to get me married.

I want to have my own home.

Don't give me an old man as a husband

Because you'll be sorry later.

Because the old man examines

and calculates everything.

## Liano Khourtaroudhia

'Dho sta lia-, ki' aman, aman,  
 'Dho sta liano khourtaroudhia (2)  
 Ti tranos khoros tha yheni.

Sa ghaïtan, ki' aman, aman,  
 Sa ghaïtani tha payheni. (2)  
 Pendi perdhikes petousan.

Mes' to kam-, ki' aman, aman,  
 Mes' to kambo 'lo yhirmousan, (2)  
 Yhia ti mas ta dhio rotousan.

Pian i n'as-, ki' aman, aman,  
 Pian i aspri, pian i rousa, (2)  
 Pian i ghaïtanofridhousa?

*Thrace, Greece, Pan Vox X33 SP 16101*

In the tall

In the tall grasses

what a great dance will occur.

Like a wreath,

Like a wreath it will be

Five partridges were flying.

They were always going about

In the plains

Asking for the two of us.

Which is the blonde?

Which is the redhead?

Which is the one with the arched brow?



## Simera Ine Kiriaki

Ner simera, i-, simera ini Kiriaki, pouli mou, Ner ki' avrio ini Dhiftera. To pouli mou t'aghapimenou.	Today is Sunday, my bird And tomorrow Monday My bird, my love.
Ner simera kse-, simera ksehourizoundai, pouli mou Ner mana ki thighatera. To pouli mou, t'aghapimenou.	Today they are separated, my bird, Mother and daughter. My bird, my love.
Ner mana khouri, man khourizi ap'to pedhi, pouli mou Ner ke to pedhi p' ti mana. To pouli mou, t'aghapimenou.	Mother separates from the child And the child from the mother. My bird, my love.
Ner k'i mana i-, k'i mana itan perdhika, pouli mou Ner k'i kori khilidhona. To pouli mou, t'aghapimenou.	And the mother was a partridge And the daughter a swallow. My bird, my love.
Ner ki eki a pou pai, ki eki a pou pai, ki konipsi, pouli mou Stou ghambroudhi ta sarayhia, To pouli mou, t'aghapimenou. <i>Thrace, Greece, SDDM 106</i>	And she has gone to make a new home At the bridegroom's house. My bird, my love.

## Kondula Lemonia

Mori kondu-, mori kondula lemonia Me ta polla lemo-, lemonia, Vissaniotissa, se filissa ki' arostissa, Ki' oute yhiatro dhe fonaksa.	Dear little lemon tree with many lemons I kissed you and fell ill (with love) And didn't even send for a doctor.
Hamilose, hamilose tous klonas sou, Na kopso ena lemo-, lemoni, Vissaniotissa, se filissa ki' arostissa, Ki' oute yhiatro dhe fonaksa.	Lower your branches so I may cut a lemon off. I kissed you and fell ill (with love) And didn't even send for a doctor.
Yhia na to sti-, yhia na to stipso, na to pio, Na mou dhiavoun i poni, poni, Vissaniotissa, se filissa ki' arostissa, Ki' oute yhiatro dhe fonaksa.	To squeeze it and drink it, To give me pain. I kissed you and fell ill (with love) And didn't even send for a doctor.
Pote mikri, pote mikri meghaloses, Ke ine yhia stefana-, stefani, Vissaniotissa, se filissa ki' arostissa, Ki' oute yhiatro dhe fonaksa. <i>Epirus, Greece</i>	When did you grow so fast To be used for wedding crowns? I kissed you and fell ill (with love) And didn't even send for a doctor.

## Adijo Kerida

Tu madre kuando te pario  
I te kito al mundo  
Korason eja no te dio  
Para amar segundo

Adijo, adijo kerida  
No kero la vida  
Me l'amargates tu

Va buskate otra amor  
Aharva otras puertas  
Aspera otra ardor  
Ke para mi sos muerta  
Adijo...

*Sephardic Jewish song sung in Bosnia, Macedonia, Bulgaria, and Turkey*

When your mother bore you  
And brought you into the world,  
She gave you no heart  
To love another.

Farewell, farewell, beloved,  
I no longer wish to live.  
You made life bitter for me.

Go and look for another love,  
Knock on other doors,  
Wait for other ardor,  
Because for me you are dead.  
Farewell...

## Avram Avinu

Kuando el rey Nimrod al kampo salia,  
Mirava en el sielo y en la estrejeria  
Vido una luz santa en la džuderia  
Ke havia de naser Avraham avinu.  
Avram avinu, padre kerido  
Padre bendičo, luz de Israel  
La mužer de Tera kedo prinjada.  
De dia en dia el la preguntava,  
—De ke tenež la kara tan demudada.  
Eya ya saviija el bien ke tenia.  
Avram avinu, padre kerido  
Padre bendičo, luz de Israel.

*Sephardic Jewish song*

When King Nimrod went out into the fields  
he looked at the heavens and at all the stars.  
He saw a holy light above the Jewish quarter,  
a sign that Abraham our father was about to be born,  
Abraham our father, beloved father,  
Blessed father, light of Israel.  
The wife of Terah was pregnant.  
From day to day he asked,  
“Why is your face so changed?”  
He knew of the goodness within.  
Abraham our father, beloved father,  
Blessed father, light of Israel.

**Los Bilbilicos**

Los bilbilicos kantan  
Con sospiros de amor;  
Mi nešama mi ventura  
Estan en tu poder.

La rosa enflorese  
En el mes de mai.  
Mi nešama s'escurese  
Sufriendo del amor.

Mas presto ven palomba  
Mas presto ven con mi,  
Mas presto ven kerida,  
Kore i salvame.  
*Sephardic Jewish song*

The nightingales sing  
With sighs of love;  
My soul and my fate  
Are in your power.

The rose blooms  
In the month of May.  
My soul and my fate  
Suffer from love's pain.

Come more quickly, dove,  
More quickly come with me,  
More quickly come, beloved,  
Run and save me.



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