# The MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook

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Argentina

Viva Jujuy (Bailecito)

/ Viva Jujuy, viva la Puna,  
viva mi amada.  
Vivan los cerros pintados rojeados  
de mi quebrada. /  
De mi quebrada  
Humahuaca.  
No te separes de mis amores,  
tú eres mi dueña.  
La, la ...  
No te separes de mis amores,  
tú eres mi dueña.  

Long live Jujuy,¹ long live the Puna,²  
long live my beloved.  
Long live the rosy painted hills  
of my valley.  
Of my valley  
of Humahuaca.  
Don’t withdraw yourself from my love,  
you are my master.

/ Viva Jujuy y la hermosura  
de las jujeñas,  
Vivan las trenzas bien renegridas  
de mi morena. /  
De mi morena,  
Coyita mía.  
No te separes de mis amores,  
tú eres mi vida.  
La, la ...  
No te separes de mis amores  
Tú eres mi vida.

Long live Jujuy and the beauty  
of the Jujeñan women.  
Long live the jet-black braids  
of my dark woman.  
Of my dark woman,  
my little Coya.³  
Do not separate yourself from my love,  
you are my life.

¹ *a province in the northwest corner of Argentina*  
² *Puna de Atacama—a high plateau area in the border region of Argentina, Bolivia, and Chile*  
³ *member of an Indian tribe*
Armenia

Guhneega

/ Ashkharin usgispen, ayspes günigû. / 
/ Martus külkhn misht paduhatz, badızh günigû. / 

Chorus: 
Aman ah-h-h-h-h-h 
/ Günigû, günigû, ayspes günigû. / 
/ Martus külkhn misht paduhatz, badızh günigû. / 

/ Günğan hamarhech, pagvatz dur chûga. / 
/ Amen durin meg panali, uni günigû. / 

/ Inkû satana, otzi shabigov, / 
/ kheghj atamû khûndsr ov khabetz, 
  yeva günigû. / 

Karun, karun

/ Char lezunerin havatatc im yarû 
  artzunkhnerov lütetzret sev sev acherû. / 
/ Es achkhârû shat foonch banû herana 
  uzumehi heranal u moranal. / 

Chorus: 
/ Karun, karun, karune, 
  sirûn, sirûn, sirûn e. 
Et kho sev, sev acherov, 
yar jan in tz tú ayrumes. / 

/ Et kho seritz molorvatzem kun chunem 
  Bolar kisher artzunkhnerov khanchumem. / 
/ Yar jan indznitz mi herana sîrumem. 
  Antznnotzerû chartzumen te yar kuzem. / 

From the beginning of the world, such is a woman. 
On the head of a man she always brings punishment. 

Woman, woman, such is a woman. 
On the head of a man she always brings punishment. 

There’s no closed door for a woman. 
For every door she has a key, a woman does. 

She, a satan, in a snake’s shirt, 
poor Adam she misled with an apple, 
the woman Eve did. 

My love listened to the evil tongues, 
and filled her black, black eyes with tears. 
This world is a very worthless thing, 
I wanted to get away, to get away 
and to forget. 

Spring, spring, it’s spring, 
lovely, lovely, it’s lovely. 
With those black, black eyes, 
my love, you burn me. 

From this love of yours, I am lost, can’t sleep, 
I cry out in tears all night long. 
My love, don’t turn away from me; I love you. 
The passers-by think I want love.
Dari mena

Dari mûne chem tese
inchpes dimanam?
Dari mûne chem tese
chem kûrner dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
dardegh dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
nazde dimanam.

It’s a year I haven’t seen you,
how can I endure it?
It’s a year I haven’t seen you,
I can’t endure it.
You’re here, I’m there,
with sorrow I endure.
You’re here, I’m there,
your whim I endure.

Namak mû ches küre
inchpes dimanam?
Namak mû ches küre
chem kûrner dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
derdegh dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
nazde dimanam.

You haven’t written a letter,
how am I supposed to know?
You haven’t written a letter,
I can’t endure it.
You are here, I am there,
with sorrow I endure.
You are here, I am there,
your whim I endure.

/ Tashkûnakût ches khûrke
vor yes lûvanam. /
Tun im sîrdes kotretzîr
inchpes dimanam?
Tun im sîrdes kotretzîr
chem kûrner dimanam.

You haven’t sent your kerchief
so that I can wash it.
You broke my heart,
how can I endure it?
You broke my heart,
I can’t endure it.

/ Achkirût dzev, matût yerka
yerazis petke tesnam. /
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
inchpes dimanam?
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
chem kûrner dimanam.

The shape of your eyes, your long fingers,
in my dreams I’ll be seeing.
You are here, I am there,
how can I endure it?
You are here, I am there,
I can’t endure it.
Sirun akhchik (Sweet girl)

/ Sirun akhchik, sirun yar yekur, yekur, hokis ar. / Pretty girl, pretty love, come, come, take my soul.

/ Arantz kezi chem kürna ur vor yertas hetot tar. / Without you I can’t be, wherever you go take me with you.

/ Hetet tar indz mürushik tas mů haner anushik. / Take me with you, O sweet one, even if it’s for ten years.

/ Shaghar es tu anushik tur vodkerud tam pachik. / You are a sugar, my sweet one, let me kiss your feet.

/ Yes khu motů ül-lahi patut matnů antzněhi. / If only I were with you, I’d even stay under your wall.

/ Pachik mů kezi tayi heto kyankhů azdehi. / If I could kiss you once, I’d even give my life.
Assyrian

Aino kchume

Look at my face with your black eyes, 
even though it be but once a year. 
I have lost my hope and my strength. 
Why don’t you come near me, cruel girl?

At the thought of your trim figure and your black eyes 
I’m pained and thin, a young man like me. 
Just remembering your name I lose myself, just thinking of a girl as lovely as you. 

You went walking one holiday, 
your black eyes and eyebrows, your trim figure... 
Beautiful girl, help or I die. 
Give me one passionate kiss.

When you went walking with your sister, 
your hair trickling over your eye, 
I wanted to speak to you, 
but I was afraid of your sister.
Bulgaria

Hodih gore, hodih dolu (Četvorno šopsko horo)

Hodih dolo, mamo, hodih gorja.
Nijde selo, mamo, ne namerih
/ kato selo Marijkin, / Marijkin, mamo, Marinovo. /

Marijčica, mamo, po dvor hodi,
po dvor hodi, mamo, horo vodi, / primenena, nagizdena, po rizčica, mamo, koprinen. /

Kad ja vidjah, mamo, kail stana!
Svedoh klonče, mamo, vüržah konče,
če sū hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamo, pri Marijka,
Če sū hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamo, do Marijka.

Če po hlopnah, mamo, če potropnah a Marijka, mamo, mi govari:
“Ne mi lopaj, ne mi tropaj,
če mi upraši, momko, želti čejli,
če mi upraši želti čejli,
želti čejli, momko, i šiti poli.”

Če si brüknah, mamo, u džoboci,
če izvadih, mamo, testmelci,
če i orih želti čejli,
želti čejli, mamo, i šiti poli,
i pak se hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamo, do Marijka.

I went everywhere
and I found no village, mother,
like Marijka's village,
Marijka's, mother.

Little Marijka was walking about,
walking about the yard, leading the dance,
all dressed up, beautiful,
in a silk chemise.

When I saw her, mother, that was it!
I bent a branch and tied up my horse
and got into the dance,
into the dance, mother, near Marijka,
got into the dance,
into the dance, mother, next to Marijka.

I jumped, mother, I stamped
and Marijka said to me, mother:
“Don’t jump, don’t stamp,
for you’ll get my yellow slippers dusty, lad,
for you’ll get my yellow slippers dusty,
my yellow slippers and embroidered skirts!”

I reached into my pocket, mother,
and pulled out a handkerchief
and wiped her yellow slippers,
yellow slippers, mother, and embroidered skirts
and got into the dance again
into the dance, mother, next to Marijka.
Snošti si Rada pristana (Kjustendilska rűčenica)

Snošti si Rada pristana, műri,
na edno momče dalečno.
Tri denja pűtja vůrvjali, műri,
a na četvůrtija stignali.

Kaçi se Rada, Rado ljo, műri,
a visokite čerdači.
da vidi Rada majka si, műri,
majka si ošte tatko si.

Ne vîdja Rada majka si, műri,
majka si, ošte tatko si.
Naj vîdja beli gůlůbi, műri,
obeli gůlůbi fůrcaha.

Rada gůlůbi dumahë, műri:
“Gůlůbi, kato fůrchte,
ne vîdjahte li majka mi, műri,
majka mi, ošte tatko mi?”

Gůlůbi Rada dumaha, műri,
“Rado ljo, bela Rado ljo,
kato fůrcahme vîdjahme, műri,
majka ti, ošte tatko ti.

Majka ti dvori meteše, műri,
za tebe, Rado, plačeše.
Tatko ti na stol sedeše, műri,
červeno vino piješe.”

Last night Rada eloped
with a boy living far away.
Three days they were on the road,
on the fourth day they arrived.

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

Rada did not see her mother,
her mother and her father.
All she saw were white doves,
white doves flying.

Rada said to the doves:
“Doves, as you fly,
have you not seen my mother,
my mother and my father?”

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

Your mother was sweeping the courtyard.
She was crying for you, Rada.
Your father was sitting at the table.
He was drinking red wine.”
Sadi moma

A girl planted a vine,
a white wine grape vine.

For one day she planted, for two she
regretted
the white wine grape vine.

The vine grew up,
the white wine grape vine.

It filled nine barrels
with wine,

The tenth with clear, strong
rakija¹.

A young soldier learned
to drink.

He drank for two days, he drank for three days,
for a week.

He drank up his black horse
from under him.

¹brandy made from grapes or plums
Hodila mi je Bojana (Pravo)

Hodila mi je Bojana
devet godini hajdutin.
Na deseta se sgodila
za Mirčo mlada vojvoda.

Sednala mi je Bojana
koprina da se prepreda,
tunki darove da pravi
junaci da si daruva.

Mirčo v gorata otiva
družina da si sëbirata.
Tam si go turci hvânaši,
vûv Tûrnovo go otkarva.

Kad se Bojana nauči,
zahvûri kurtka srebûrna.
Obleći drehi junaški,
prepazja sabja frengija.

Če si turcite nastigna
i im glavite izrjava.
Mirčo Bojana dumâše:
“Halal ti struva vojvodstvo.”

Gjura beli belo platno (Pajduško)

Gjura beli belo platno
na rekata pod dûrvoto.

Chorus:
/Ej he he he a ha ha ha
o ho ho ho i hi hi hi /
ps ps pš pš jihu!

/Promûkno ga, natopa ga. /
Pa doteče mûtna voda
ta otvleče belo platno.

/Ohno Gjura za platnoto. /
“Lele male za platnoto
što sûtum tkala tri godini.”

Bojana wandered
nine years as a hajduk.
On the tenth she became engaged
to the young chieftain Mirčo.

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

Mirčo went into the forest
to gather the company.
There the Turks caught him.
They carried him off to Tûrnovo.

When Bojana learned of this,
she threw off the tunic of silver.
She put on the garb of a warrior,
belted on her sword of Frankish steel.

She reached the Turks
and cut off their heads.
Mirčo said to Bojana,
“You are worthy of the chieftainship.”

Gjura was bleaching white cloth
at the river under a tree.

She wrung it and soaked it.
And then muddy water came along
and carried away the white cloth.
Gjura groaned for the cloth.
“Oh Mama, the cloth
that I spent three years weaving!”
Trügenala Rumjana

Trügenala Rumjana za voda studena, lele
trügenala Rumjana za voda studena
vse sutorin rano, po ladovina, lele,
vse večer küsno, po mesečina.

Nasrešta ide edno ludo mlado, lele,
nasrešta ide edno ludo mlado.
Ta na Rumjana tihom govori, lele,
ta na Rumjana tihom govori:

"Ja kazi, Rumjano, kakvo da ti storja, lele,
ja kazi, Rumjano, kakvo da ti storja?
Kitki da ti zema, drugi šte nabereš, lele,
kitki da ti zema, drugi šte nabereš.

Stomni da ti ščupja, drugi šte si kupiš,
lele, stomni da ti ščupja, drugi šte si
kupiš, hem po-hubavi, hem po-šareni, lele,
hem po-hubavi, hem po-šareni.

Ja togaz, Rumjano, daj da te celuna, lele,
ja togaz, Rumjano, daj da te celuna,
če celuvkata se s pari ne kupuva, lele,
če celuvkata se s pari ne kupuva.

Če celuvkata e mehlem na sürcesto, lele,
če celuvkata e mehlem na sürcesto,
mehlem na sürcesto, balsam na dušata, lele,
mehlem na sürcesto, balsam na dušata."

Rumjana went for cool water
early each morning in the morning coolness,
late each evening in the moonlight.

Towards her came a young lad.

He said quietly to Rumjana:

"Tell me now, Rumjana, what shall I
do to you?
If I steal your flowers, you’ll just pick others.

If I break your jugs, you’ll buy yourself
new ones,
even prettier and more colorful.

So now, Rumjana, let me kiss you,
for a kiss cannot be bought with money.

For a kiss is a salve for the heart,
a salve for the heart, a balm for the soul.”
Okol Pleven (Pravo)

Okol Pleven, okol Pleven,
okol Pleven Rusi snovat,
Rusi snovat, Rusi snovat,
Rusi snovat Turci gonat.

Zagraden je, obsaden je,
obsaden e [Pleven] grada.
Rusi go sa zagradili,
zagradili, obsadili.

Osman Paša, Osman Paša
Na stol sedi, kniga piše:
"Oj sultane, moj sultane,
oj sultane, naši carju!

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

Če topove izzrošeni.
A sultana otgovarja:
"Nemam vojska da ti prata,
nito puški, ni topove."

Around Pleven
the Russians are bustling about,
chasing the Turks.

It is surrounded, it is besieged,
the city of [Pleven] is besieged.
The Russians have surrounded it,
surrounded it, besieged it.

The Turkish lord Osman
sits at a table, writes a letter:
"O sultan, my sultan,
O sultan, our emperor!

Send me a bit of army,
for my army has shrunk,
shrunk and become naked,
become naked and barefoot.

And the cannons are broken."
But the sultan answers:
"I have no army to send you,
neither guns, nor cannon."

1 a city in northern Bulgaria
Petruna, bright little bird,  
little lambie.

Petruna’s eyes  
are worth a handful of golden coins.

“You crazy young thing,  
God didn’t drop me here  
nor did I spring up in the garden.

My mother bore me  
just as yours did.

While she was bearing me  
she walked in the garden,  
she held onto a poplar tree,  
she looked at an apple.

That’s why I am thin and tall,  
That’s why I am fair and rosy.”
Majka Rada (Pravo)

Majka Rada sitno plete,  
sitno plete, ljuto kūlne:  
“Šterko Rado, bjala Rado,  
tvojta, Rado, rusa kosa.

Tvojta Rado rusa kosa,  
kaj šte i e pūrvo libe?  
Dali ergen ili vdoc  
ili turčin drugovec?”

Rada mama tihom duma:  
“Mamo, mamo, milna mamo,  
ze e ergen nito vdoc  
nito turčin drugovec.

Naj šte mi e naj-junače,  
a junaci bajraktarče.”

Rada’s mother plaits her hair finely,  
plaits her hair finely, scolds her angrily:  
“Daughter Rada, fair Rada,  
your blond hair, Rada.

Your blond hair, Rada,  
who will be its first love?  
A bachelor or a widower  
or a Turkish infidel?”

Rada softly answers her mama:  
“Mama, mama, dear mama,  
neither a bachelor nor a widower  
nor a Turkish infidel.

He will be the most heroic one of all,  
the heroes’ standard-bearer.”

Karamfil

Kaži mi, kaži, mladi le momko,  
kaži mi, alen Karamfil,  
de rasna, momko, rasna porasna,  
sila i hubost koj li ti dade?

Chorus:  
Eh, eh, Karamfil,  
partizanski majko, slaven komandir.

Az veren sin sūm, sin na Balkana  
i Rozovata Dolina.  
Sila i hubost dar mi dariha,  
ak da se borja te me učiha.

Goro le goro, goro hajduška  
i ti graniten naš Balkan,  
dnes nije rasnem mladi junaci  
a Karamfila verni potomci.

Tell me, tell me, young man,  
tell me, red Karamfil\(^1\),  
where did you grow up?  
Who gave you strength and beauty?

Eh, eh, Karamfil,  
partisan mother, true commander.

I am a true son of the Balkan mountains  
and the Valley of the Roses.  
Strength and beauty they gave to me,  
it was they who taught me how to fight.

Forest, forest of the Hajduks,  
and you, our granite Balkan.  
Today we are raising young heroes,  
true descendants of Karamfil.

\(^1\) nom de guerre, literally ‘carnation’
Truñnal mi Jane Sandanski

Jane Sandanski set out on the Pirin mountain.

He met a shepherd coming towards him, a young shepherd, Jane asked him, a young shepherd.

“Shepherd, young shepherd, haven’t you seen the band, haven’t you seen the band of Jane Sandanski?”

Molih ta, majço, i molih (Pravo)

I begged you, mother, I begged you, but I could not persuade you but I could not persuade you not to betroth me or marry me off this year, this summer, this spring, not until autumn comes, not until autumn comes, and the girls gather, and the girls gather, at their spinning parties so I could go about unmarried and wear my fancy clothes.

But, mother, you betrothed me, betrothed me and married me off.
Suvata rjaka oda priteče

/ Suvata rjaka oda priteče /

Chorus:
/ Ej taj ej taj če pa ej taj /

/ če mi zateče malko čobanče /
/ malko čobanče s sivoto stado. /
/ Malko čobanče rjaka pripluva /
/ suvata rjaka stado otnese /
/ ta go otnese v Černoto more /

In the dry river water began to flow
A little shepherd got caught in it,
a little shepherd with his gray flock.
The little shepherd swam across the river
but the dry river carried away the flock,
carried it away to the Black Sea.

Zn zn ganke le (Pravo)

/ Libe ako dojdeš, sega da mi dojdeš, /
če njama majka, če njama tate,
če njama tate, če njama bati. /

Chorus:
/ Džuń džuń ganke le džuń bajovata hop trop momite rip bajovite. /

/ Če majka otišla na vodenica, /
na vodenica s kriva magarica.
Dano dade Gospod magare da padne magare da padne, majka da zabavi za da se poljubja sūs mladi ergeni, sūs mladi ergeni, sūs mladi serbezi. /

Lover, if you’re going to come,
come to me now,
for Mother isn’t here, for Daddy isn’t here,
for Daddy isn’t here, for brother isn’t here.

For Mother went to the well,
to the well with a lame donkey.
May the Lord grant us that the donkey fall,
that the donkey fall and that Mother be delayed
so that I can fool around with the boys,
with the boys, with the wild boys.

Lover, if you’re going to come,
come to me now,
for Mother isn’t here, for Daddy isn’t here,
for Daddy isn’t here, for brother isn’t here.

For Daddy went to herd goats.
May the Lord grant us that he lose the goats,
so that he’s delayed and I can fool around with the boys, with the wild boys.
Stojan na Rada dumaše:
"Rado ma, ljube, Rado ma, dneska je, Rado, pon'delnik, dneska se kladat sedjanki.

Nakladi, Rado, sedjanka pred baštini si dvorove. Pokani, Rado, pokani tvoite družki drugarki.

Navedi, Rado, podredi / do vsjaka moma i jergen / pak mene, Rado, do tebe.

Az šte s kavala zasvirja, ti šte da vikneš pesenta. Tvoite družki drugarki še pejat ši ti priglasat.

Kad se sedjanka razturi, / ti šte mi, Rado, pristaniš / na mene bulka da staniš.”

Stojan said to Rada,
"Rada, my love, Rada, today is Monday, the day for having sedenkas.¹

Call together a sedenka, Rada, at your father’s house. Invite, Rada, invite, all your girlfriends.

Arrange them all, Rada—a boy beside every girl, and me beside you.

I’ll play my kaval,² you’ll lead the song. Your girlfriends will sing along with you.

When the sedenka breaks up, you’ll run away with me, Rada, and become my wife.”

¹ work parties
² end-blown flute
Lenče was throwing an apple and saying:
“Whoever the apple falls on is the one I’ll marry.”

The apple fell on an old man.
The old man [was very pleased], curled his mustache up and his beard down.

Lenče burst out crying:
“Oh, Mama, Mama, what’ll I do with the old man?”

Mama said to Lenče:
“Be quiet, Lenče, don’t cry.
The woodcutters will go into the forest and we’ll send the old man (with them).

The woodcutters will go into the forest and we’ll send the old man.
Let’s hope a tree kills him, let’s hope the bears eat him up.”

The woodcutters are coming back from the forest, our old man in the lead—carrying a tree on his shoulders, leading a bear by the ear!
In our village there’s a house with a hedge, oh beautiful girl, a brightly decorated room, oh beautiful girl, a brightly decorated room.

There all the boys have gathered together along with the girls.

I waited at home for my boyfriend to come and take me.

I waited and waited, and he didn’t come so I went to the sedenka\(^1\) myself.

I knocked softly, the door opened, and what did I see? My boyfriend there!

How easy it is for a girl to be led on, but how hard it is for a boy to commit himself.

\(^1\)work party
Trakijska rŭčenica

Stojne, Stojne, bjala Stojne
zaljubila bjala Stojna
vakŭl Ivan, vakŭl ovĉar.

Dokato se zaljubili
/toj pri stado ne otide /
stadoto si di obidi.

Če otide vakŭl Ivan
/stadoto si do obidi /
na ovĉari hljab da nosi.

Kuĉeta go ne pusnali
ne pusnali, zalali go
stadoto si razprŭsnalo
ovĉari go zarjukali.

Če izvadi meden kaval
ta zasviri žalno, milno
ta osmiri kuĉetata
ta zavŭrna sivo stado.

Stojna, fair Stojna!
Fair Stojna fell in love
with black-eyed Ivan
black-eyed Ivan, the black-eyed shepherd.

While they were falling in love
he didn’t go to be with his flock
to look over his flock.

Black-eyed Ivan went out
to look over his flock
and to bring bread to the shepherds.

The dogs didn’t let him in,
didn’t let him in and barked at him.
The flock scattered
and the shepherds swore at him.

Ivan brought out his honey-sweet kaval\textsuperscript{1}
and began to play sweetly, sadly.
He calmed down the dogs
and brought back the gray flock.

\textsuperscript{1}end-blown flute
Canada

La bastringue

Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser la bastringue, la bastringue?
Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser?
La bastringue va commencer.

Oui, Monsieur, je veux bien danser la bastringue, la bastringue.
Oui, Monsieur, je veux bien danser la bastringue, si vous voulez.

Mademoiselle, il faut arrêter la bastringue, la bastringue.
Mademoiselle, il faut arrêter.
Vous allez vous fatiguer!

Non, Monsieur, j’aime trop danser la bastringue, la bastringue.
Non, Monsieur, j’aime trop danser.
Je suis prête à r’commencer!

Mademoiselle, je n’ peux plus danser la bastringue, la bastringue.
Mademoiselle, je n’ peux plus danser, car j’en ai des cors aux pieds!

Mademoiselle, would you like to dance the bastringue, the bastringue?
Mademoiselle, would you like to dance?
The bastringue is about to start.

Yes, Monsieur, I would like to dance the bastringue, the bastringue.
Yes, Monsieur, I would like to dance the bastringue, if you wish.

Mademoiselle, we must stop the bastringue, the bastringue.
Mademoiselle, we must stop.
You will tire yourself!

No, Monsieur, I like too much to dance the bastringue, the bastringue.
No, Monsieur, I like too much to dance.
I’m ready to start again!

Mademoiselle, I can’t dance any more the bastringue, the bastringue.
Mademoiselle, I can’t dance any more, because I have corns on my feet!
La Ziguezon (An dro)

Chorus:
Fille en haut, fille en bas.
Fille, fille, fille, femme,
femme, femme, femme aussi!
Pis la bottine -tine -tine,
le rigolet ha! ha!
/ Son p’tit porte-clef tout rouillé, tout rouillé,
son p’tit porte-clef tout rouillé gaiement. /

M’en va à la fontaine
pour y pêcher du poisson.
La ziguezon zun zon.

La fontaine est profonde;
Je me suis coulé au fond.

Par vut il lui passe
trois cavaliers baron.

Que me donneriez-vous belle
si je vous tirais du fond?

“Tirez! Tirez!” dit-elle,
“Après-ça nous verrons.

Quand la belle fut à terre
se sauve à la maison.

S’assoit à la fenêtre
compose une chanson.

“Mon petit coeur engage
n’est pas pour un baron,

mais pour un homme du guerre
qui du poil au menton.”

“Tirez! Tirez!” dit-elle,
“Après-ça nous verrons.

Quand la belle fut à terre
se sauve à la maison.

S’assoit à la fenêtre
compose une chanson.

“Mon petit coeur engage
n’est pas pour un baron,

mais pour un homme du guerre
qui du poil au menton.”

The pattern of the song is first verse twice,
second verse once, chorus; second verse
twice, third verse once, chorus; and so on.
Every verse ends with the line
La ziguezon zun zon.

I went to the fountain
to catch some fish.
The ziguezon.

The fountain is deep;
I sank to the bottom.

By chance she caught sight of
three baron horsemen.

“What would you give me, beautiful,
if I pull you from the bottom?”

“Pull! Pull!” she said,
After that we shall see.”

When the fair one was on the ground,
she ran off home.

Seated by the window,
she composed a song.

“My heart is engaged
not for a baron,

but for a man of war
with hair on his chin.”

Girl on top, girl on the bottom.
Girl, girl, girl, woman,
woman, woman, woman, too!

Then the little booty-boot-boot,
the rigolet ha! ha!

Her little keychain all rusty, all rusty,
her little keychain gaily all rusty.
Croatia

Hop žica žica

Oko moje plavo i garavo, dosta si mi svita izvaralo.

Chorus:
/ Hop žica žica žica drma mi se kabanica. /

Lipo ti je ljubiti starije, al’ je slađe poljubiti mlađe.

Bečar nisam, a bečar mi kažu. Sad ću biti, pa neka ne lažu.

Lipo ti je ljubit u šljiviku, doli trava gori šljiva plava.

Garavušo kad bi moja bila, moja bi se želja ispunila.

Oh my eye, blue and dark, you have deceived enough people for me.

Hop žica žica žica, my cape shakes.

It is nice to kiss someone older, but it is sweeter to kiss someone younger.

I am no bečar, but bečar they call me. Now I will be one, so they won’t be lying.

It is good to kiss in the plum orchard, the grass below, the blue plums above.

Dark girl, if you would be mine, my wish would be fulfilled.

1 The bečari were the “swinging” young bachelors of the village who spent much time in the local tavern, drinking, singing, and playing the tamburitza.

Lepa moja Milena

Kupil sem joj čizmice da bi bolša bila. Čizmice je ponosila, Još je gorša bila.

/ Ne kupuj, ne trošuj, tvoja neću biti. /

/ Trninaj, trninaj, trninica moja. /

I bought her little boots so she’d be nicer. She wore the little boots and was even worse.

Don’t buy, don’t spend the money, I will not be yours.

Blackthorn bush, blackthorn bush, my little blackthorn bush.

Second and third verse substitute lajbečec (vest) and pantlečec (ribbon) for čizmice.
Ličko kolo

/ Pjevaj mi, pjevaj, sokole, / šalaj sokole.
/ k’o što si sinoć pjevao, / šalaj pjevao.
/ pod moje drage pendžerom, / šalaj pendžerom.
/ Moja je draga zaspala, / šalaj zaspala.
/ studen joj kamen pod glavom. / šalaj pod glavom.
/ Ja sam joj kamen izmak’o, / šalaj izmak’o.
/ a svoju ruku podmak’o, / šalaj podmak’o.
/ Neka se draga naspava, / šalaj naspava.
/ i nek se mene nasanja / šalaj nasanja.

Sing to me, sing, O falcon
as you sang last night,
under my sweetheart’s window.
My sweetheart fell asleep,
cold was the stone under her head.
I took away the stone
and put my arm there.
May my sweetheart have a good sleep
and dream of me!

Kolo kalendara

/ Meni kažu kalendari
da s’ u kolu svi bećari. /3
/ Meni kažu stare knjige
da s’ u kolu sve nebrige. /3
/ Meni kažu stari ljudi
da s’ u kolu dobro sudi. /3
/ Meni kažu stare debe

da s’ u kolu sve barabe. /3
/ Meni kažu mlade snaše
da se kola suše plaše. /3

Calendars tell me
that in the kolo all men are bećari.
Old books tell me
that in the kolo everyone is carefree.
Old men tell me
that in the kolo one can judge well.
Old women tell me
that in the kolo all are scoundrels.
Young wives tell me
that nerds are afraid of the kolo.
Hej, ni momaka nad naših seljaka.
/ Nit curica nad naših šokica. /

Bolje mi nego vi,
vi ste malo šašavi.
Vidi vam se po nogama
da ne znate složit s nama!
Bojji naši nego vaši,
naši vaše nadigraše!

Hey, there are no finer lads than our village lads,
and no girls finer than our Slavonian girls.
We are better than you are,
you are a little crazy.
One can see by your feet
that you can’t keep in step with us.
Our dancers are better than yours,
ours have out-danced yours.

Hej, kad zaigra pusta Slavonija
/ pod njima se zemlica uvija. /

Uze baba vriču maka
pa metnula kraj didaka.
Kad se didak probudio
vriču maka zagrlio.
Tud su ruke, tud je glava
kom je vragu noge dala?

Hey, when great Slavonia starts to dance,
the earth moves beneath them.
Grandma took a bag of poppyseed
and put it next to grandpa.
When grandpa woke up,
he hugged the bag of poppyseed.
Here are the arms, here’s the head,
what the devil has she done with her legs?

Hej, gospodine, čitaj sad novine,
/ da gradimo prugu omladine. /

Hey, mister, read the newspapers.
We are building the youth railway.
Hey, running around like crazy,
That guy would steal a kiss if he could.
The gajda¹ player would steal one, too,
if only you would give them out, girl!

Hej, majka pište brigadiru sinu
/ da izgradi novu domovinu. /

Hey, a mother writes to her son in the
work brigade
that he should build a new homeland.
Hey, chee-choo, I’m going to jump.
Hold me down, I’m going to take off,
into a sack or into a bag,
or into a corner with my sweetheart!

¹bagpipe
Kiša pada (Posavski drmeš)

Precveli su plavi tulipani,  The blue tulips have bloomed.
ženite se garavi derani,  Get married, you dark guys.
ženite se garavi derani,  
precveli su plavi tulipani.

Chorus:
Ana ana ini nena,  Here’s my sweetheart.
evo mojega dragana.
Ana ana ana nana,  
evo mojega draga.

Kiša pada, neven vene,  Rain falls, the marigold wilts.
zaboravi diko mene.  Forget me, sweetheart.

Višnja zrije, polje se zeleni,  The cherry is ripe, the field is green.
hoće noćas dika doći meni?  Will my sweetheart come to my place tonight?

Sukačica

/ Sukačica gledi strica,  The cook looked at the old man,  
zgorela joj gibanica. / and her gibanica\(^1\) burned.

Chorus:
/Dunaj, dunaj, dunaj ve, dunaj vodo ladna. / Danube, cold water!

/ Sukačica, domarice,  Cook, housewife,  
zgorele vam gibanice. / your gibanica has burned.

/ Zgorele vam gibanice,  Your gibanica has burned,  
prismudile i purice. / the turkeys have gotten singed.

/ Sukačica pile peče,  The cook roasts a chicken,  
iz pileta voda teče. / and all the water comes out of it.

/ Tancale su celu nočku,  They danced the whole night  
pojele su s perjem kvočku. / and ate a hen, feathers and all!

\(^1\) a cheese pie
Ajd’ na lijevo

A jd’ na lijevo, ajd’ na desno,
ajd’ na ono isto mjesto.

Ni t’ na lijevo, nit’ na desno,
već na ono isto mjesto.

Moja nana, stari đavo,
pod tarabom dr’jema
da uvat i mene s lolom.
Bolje da me nema.

Sjela cura kraj jarčića
uvatila šarančića.

Šarančić se frlja, frlja,
hoće mala da nadrlja.

Dođi, diko, zarana,
ispeć ti šaran.

Ispeć ti ribu malu
od šarana glavu

Dođi, draga, oko lo
ja ću priko bašte.

/ Paćemo se poljubiti
moje milo ranče. /₃

Lindo

U selu, u selu kolo igrala.
Tu igra, tu igra dragi sa dragon,
Tu igra, tu igra sele sa braton.
Tu stoji, tu stoji mlada kod kola.
Pita ju, pita ju momče iz kola,
“Zašto ti, zašto ti mlada ne igraš?”
Veli mu, veli mu mlada kod kola,
“Ja dok sam, ja dok sam draga imala
vazda sam, vazda sam mlada igrala,
mlada igrala.”

Let’s go left, let’s go right,
let’s dance in place.

Neither left nor right,
but in the very same place.

My mama, the old devil,
is napping by the fence
to catch me with my boyfriend.
Better that I’m gone.

A girl sat down by the creek
and caught a little carp.
The carp wriggled and wriggled.
The girl wanted to fool around.
Come early in the morning, dear,
I’ll bake you a carp.
I’ll bake you a little fish
out of the head of a carp.
Come by, sweetheart,
I’ll be on the other side of the garden.
And we’ll kiss a little,
my darling.

In the village they were dancing a kolo.
There sweetheart dances with sweetheart,
there sister dances with brother.
There a young girl stands by the kolo.
A boy in the kolo asks her,
“Why, young girl, aren’t you dancing?”
The young girl says to him at the kolo,
“While I had a sweetheart
I danced all the time.”
Hopa hopa

Hopa, hopa, hopa, 
procvala se gopa, 
našega popa, 
curo garava! /

Hopa, hopa, hopa, 
cura voli popa. 
Ja bi kapelana 
al’ mi ne da mama! /

Hopa, hopa, hopa, 
na tavanu klopa, 
upodrumu vino, 
al’ će biti fino. /

Hopa, curo, skoči, 
da ti vidim oči, 
da ti vidim očice, 
garava djevojčice. /

Hopa, hopa, hopa, 
cura voli popa, 
a ja popadiju, 
i-ju-ju-ju-ju! /

The snowball bush has bloomed, 
at our priest’s house, 
dark-skinned girl!

The girl loves the priest. 
I’d love the chaplain, 
but mama won’t let me.

In the loft there’s eats, 
and in the cellar wine, 
oh, it will be fine!

The girl loves the the priest, 
and I the priest’s wife!

Krići krići tiček

Krići, krići, tiček, na suhem grmeku. / 
Kaj je tebi, a moj tiček, kaj si tak turoben? /

Repeat first verse.

Kaj si zgubil dragu, kaj te je lubila? / 
Kaj je tebe, a moj tiček, draga ostavila? /

Nije mene moja, draga ostavila. / 
Nije mene moja mila draga ostavila. /

Več sam zgubil krila, nem’rem poleteti. / 
Več sam zgubil laka krila, nem’rem poleteti. /

Zato tebe, draga, v jesen nem’rem zeti. / 
Zato tebe, mila draga, v jesen nem’rem zeti. /

Chirp, chirp little bird, on the dry branch. 
What’s the matter, my little bird, why are you so sad?

Did you lose your sweetheart who loved you? 
Did your sweetheart leave you, my little bird?

My dear sweetheart did not leave me. 
My dear sweetheart did not leave me.

I have lost my wings, I can no longer fly. 
I have lost my light wings, I can no longer fly.

That’s why, darling, I can’t marry you this fall. 
That’s why, darling, I can’t marry you this fall.
Moja diridika

Moja diridika
/ jore na volololove /
 jore na volove

a ja igirgigam
/ i pivam za njigirgime /
 i pivam za njime.

Mene diridika
/ zove večeralgagati /
 zove večerati!

Fala, diridiko,
/ ja sam večeralgagala /
 ja sam večerala

bela, bela 'leba,
/ i žuta pasuljgugulja /
 i žuta pasulja,

pa me, pa me nešto
/ po trbuvu žuljgugulja /
 po trbuvu žulja...

Dva krumpirgirgira,
/ za lukom maširgirgira, /
 za lukom mašira.

My sweetheart
is plowing with oxen
is plowing with oxen

and I dance
and sing after him
and sing after him.

Sweetheart
invites me to dinner
invites me to dinner.

Thank you, sweetheart,
I have eaten
I have eaten

white bread
and brown beans
and brown beans,

but something
in my belly pinches
in my belly pinches...

two potatoes
and a scallion
and a scallion.

Vrličko kolo

/ Mi smo rekle zapjevati ovde. /3
/ Bilo veče, bilo usrijed podne. /3
/ Mi smo seke skupa vojovale. /3
/ A za jednim obe tugovale. /3
/ Dalmatinci, hrabri ste vojnici. /3
/ Hrabro ste se borili u Lici. /3

We said we could sing here.
Be it evening or high noon.
We sisters fought alongside the men.
And we both mourned one of them.
Dalmatians, you are brave soldiers.
You fought bravely in Lika.

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Oj ’rasti´cu šušnjati

/ Oj ´rasti´cu šušnjati
nauˇ ci me igrati. /
/ Ja b´ se hcela udati
a još ne znam igrati. /

/ Ajde malo Korova, 
deder malo Korova, /
/ de posviraj Korova, 
da igramo Korova. /

/ Čaj, čaj, čapove, 
tavanice ´rastove, /
/ jelove grede, 
na me momci glede. /

Koga ´cemo da šta ´cemo? 
Te te nevolje. 
Koga toga do toroga? 
Te te nevolje.

Gledala sam stare babe 
gde se ljube uz tarabe. 
A ja svoga ´vegiju 
pritisnula uz kapiju.

Sviraj mista ´cica Rista, 
ako ne´ceˇs izgore´ceˇs. 
Ovako se kupus gazi, 
ako ne znaˇs a ti pazi.

Sviraj svirko makar crko 
a zaˇsto si mi vamo vrko? 
Sada sviraj do zore, 
mene noge ne bole.

O rustling oak tree, 
teach me to dance. 
I want to get married, 
but I still don’t know how to dance.

Hey, a little Korova¹, 
let’s have a little Korova. 
Well, play Korova music 
so we can dance Korova.

Hey, hey laths, 
oak ceilings, 
pine fences! 
The boys look at me!

Whom shall we and what shall we? 
Oh woe, oh woe. 
This one or that one or that one? 
Oh woe, oh woe.

I have seen old women 
getting kissed by the fence. 
But I hugged my bridegroom 
by the doorway.

Play Mista, old man Rista, 
if you don’t, you’ll burn up. 
This is how to walk on cabbage: 
if you don’t know it, then watch out!

Play musician, even if you die! 
Why did you drag me back here? 
Now play till dawn, 
my feet don’t hurt!

¹literally “weeds,” but apparently refers to a dance

Lepa Anka kolo vodi

/ Lepa Anka kolo vodi, /4
/ kolo vodi i govori, /4

/ “Alaj su mi oˇ ci ˇ carne, /4
/ oˇ ci ˇ carne, usne male.” /4

Pretty Anka leads the kolo, 
leads the kolo and says:

“Oh what dark eyes I have, 
dark eyes and small mouth.”
Pevano kolo

/Ej, širite se široki rukavi./ Spread out, my wide sleeves.
/Ej, vatajte se do mene bećari./ Bećari, join in next to me.
/Ej, uzalud ti curo šlingeraji./ Girl, your petticoat is useless
/Ej, kad na njima spavaju bećari./ when bećari sleep on it.
/Ej, poznam svoje lane po govedi./ I recognize my sweetheart by his herd.
/Ej, šaren bik i garava dika./ The ox is bright colored, my sweetheart is dark.
/Ej, Bizovac je selo najmilije./ Bizovac is the nicest village.
/Ej, najljepše je selo Slavonije./ It is the prettiest village in Slavonia.
/Ej, gori lampa cilinder pucketa./ The lamp burns, the fire crackles.
/Ej, hoće nana bogatoga zeta./ Mama wants a rich son-in-law.

Oj poved’ kolo

Oj poved’ kolo
/moja noga liva./ Oh, lead the kolo,
my left foot.

Oj stara lolo
/jesi l’ gdjegod živa? /
Oh, old sweetheart
are you alive somewhere?

Oj bilo lice
/i žuta marama./ Oh, white face
and yellow scarf.

Oj to pasira
/nama Gundinkama./ Oh, that is what suits
us women of Gundinci.

Oj kad poигра
/mlada Šokadija, /
Oh, when the young people
of Šokadija dance,

Oj pod njima se
/zemljica uvija./ Oh, beneath them
the ground trembles!
/ Kad se Ćiro oženio
čabar masti potrošio. /

Chorus:
/ Čaj Ćiro sedi s mirom, u cure ne diraj. /

/ Sedi Ćiro za odžakom
namaz’o se sa kajmakom. /

/ Sedi Ćiro za trpezom
namaz’o se sa pekmezom. /

/ Sedi Ćiro navrh slame brkovima plaši vrane. /

Repeat first verse.

When Ćiro got married
he used up a whole tub of butter.

Hey Ćiro, sit quiet,
leave the girls alone!

Ćiro sat behind the chimney
and smeared himself with kajmak¹.

Ćiro sat at the table
and smeared himself with jam.

Ćiro sat atop a haystack
and scared the crows with his moustache.

¹ a food similar to butter or sour cream
Czech

Hulan


I had a hulan¹, my darling hulan, I loved him so. I had a silver ring, silver ring, I gave it to him. I had a silver ring, silver ring, I gave it to him.


Riding, riding, hulans go from Brandejs to Prague. Riding, riding, even more, they’ll ride to Prachatice.

Můj ty milej huláne kde se spolu setkáme? Setkáme se s hulánem na lavici u kamen.

Oh my hulan, my darling, where shall we meet again? My hulan and I shall meet on a bench by the stove.

Louky

Mé zlaté dolanské louky vy jste mě těšívaly. /
Když jste mě potěšit měly, vy jste mě zarmoutily. /

Oh, my golden Dolany meadows, you used to please me so. But when you should have brought me pleasure you brought me only grief.

Včera když padala rosa a bledý měsíc vysěl, /
travou jsem chodila bosa můj milý za jinou šel. /

Yesterday, when the dew was falling and a pale moon rose, I walked barefoot through the grass my darling went to see another girl.

¹ cavalry soldier
Čerešničky

/ Čerešničky, čerešničky, čerešně,
vy jste se mi rozsypaly na cestě! /
/ Kdo vás najde, kdo vás pozbierá?
Ja som mala včera večer frajera! /

/ Bol to frajer malovaný jak růža,
 toho som si vyvolila za muža. /
Ani bych mu robí nedala,
lenom ako růžu bych ho chovala.

/ Ako růžu, ako růžu červenú,
 já bych bola jeho ženú milenú, /
/ Já bych bola jeho Lália,
 ako moja růža, růža červená. /

Little cherries, little cherries, oh cherries,
you spilled and scattered all over the road!
Who will find you, who will pick you up?
Last night I had a lover!

He was handsome like a rose,
I picked him to be my mate.
I wouldn’t let him work,
I’d only keep him as the rose.

As the rose, as the red rose,
I would be his beloved wife,
I would be his Lalia,
as my rose, my red rose.
France

Quand j’étais jeune (Hanter dro)

Quand j’étais jeune à dix-huit ans, quand j’étais beau et gallant, gué.

Les amoureuses voulaient me voir le soir dedans ma chambre, gué.

La plus jeune des amoureuses m’a apporté une orange, gué.

L’orange est tombée sur mon pied. Elle a cassé ma jambe, gué.

On fit venir un médecin de Paris ou de Nantes, gué.

Le médecin qui me soignait voulut couper ma jambe, gué.

Non, ma jambe ne sera pas coupée car je vis de mes rentes, gué.

When I was young, eighteen years old, I was handsome and gallant, oh.

The love-sick women wanted to see me at night in my room, oh.

The youngest woman brought me an orange, oh.

The orange fell on my foot. It broke my leg, oh.

They sent for a doctor from Paris or from Nantes, oh.

The doctor who treated me wanted to cut off my leg, oh.

No, my leg will not be cut off because I live on my private income, oh.

Each verse follows the pattern of the first verse.

Bal de Jugon

Monsieur l’ curé n’ veut pas que les gars embrassent les filles. Mais il ne défend pas que les filles embrassent les gars.

Monsieur l’ curé n’ veut pas que les gars embrassent les filles. Mais monsieur l’ maire a dit d’ les embrasser malgré lui.

The pastor doesn’t want the boys to kiss the girls. But he doesn’t forbid the girls to kiss the boys.

The pastor doesn’t want the boys to kiss the girls. But the mayor said to kiss them in spite of him.

Tra la la . . .
Le mois de mai (Laridée)

/ Voici le mois de mai,  
les fleurs qui volent au vent,  
les fleurs qui volent au vent, /  
le fils du roi d’Espagne  
s’en va les ramassant.  

Chorus:  
/ Jamais je n’aurai mon âge de quinze ans.  
Jamais je n’aurai mon amour de vingt ans. /  

/ Le fils du roi d’Espagne  
s’en va les ramassant,  
s’en va les ramassant. /  
Qu’il en ramasse tant,  
qu’il en remplit ses gants.  

/ Qu’il en ramasse tant  
qu’il en remplit ses gants,  
qu’il en remplit ses gants.  
S’en va les porter,  
à celle qu’il aime tant.  

/ Il s’en va les porter  
à celle qu’il aime tant,  
à celle qu’il aime tant. /  
Tenez, voici, ma mie,  
tenez voici des gants.  

/ Tenez, voici ma mie,  
tenez voici des gants,  
tenez voici des gants. /  
Et vous n’ les porterez  
que deux, trois fois par an.  

/ Et vous n’ les porterez  
que deux, trois fois par an,  
que deux, trois fois par an, /  
la fête de la Pentecôte,  
et la fête de Saint-Jean.  

/ La fête de la Pentecôte,  
et la fête de Saint-Jean,  
et la fête de Saint-Jean, /  
le jour de votre noce,  
qui sera le plus grand.  

Here is the month of May,  
flowers blowing in the breeze,  
flowers blowing in the breeze,  
the son of the king of Spain  
passes by, gathering them.  

Never will I be fifteen again.  
Never will I have the love I had at twenty.  

The son of the king of Spain  
passes by, gathering them,  
passes by, gathering them.  
He gathers so many,  
he fills his gloves with them.  

He gathers so many,  
he fills his gloves with them,  
he fills his gloves with them.  
He goes to bring them  
to the one he loves so.  

He goes to bring them  
to the one he loves so,  
to the one he loves so.  
Here you are, my love,  
here are some gloves.  

Here you are, my love,  
here are some gloves,  
here are some gloves.  
And you will wear them  
only two or three times a year.  

And you will wear them  
only two or three times a year,  
only two or three times a year,  
the feast of Pentecost,  
and the feast of St. John.  

The feast of Pentecost,  
and the feast of St. John,  
your wedding day,  
which will be the grandest of all.
Le maître de maison

/ Où reste-donc le maître de la maison? / Il descend la rue, oublié sa charrue, bien qu’il serait temps d’ labourer les champs. Where is the master of the house? He goes down the street, forgets his plow even though it is time to work the fields.

/ Où est donc la maîtresse de la maison? / Elle fait la cuisine sans œufs, sans farine, vend la poule au pot et gard’ le magot. Where is the mistress of the house? She is cooking without eggs, without flour, sells the boiled chicken and keeps the dough.

/ Où reste donc le fils de cette maison? / C’est un petit ange qui chasse les mésanges avec son pipeau. Il crie comme un crapaud. Where is the son of this house? He is a little angel who chases titmice with his little pipe. He sounds like a toad.

/ Où reste donc la fille de la maison? / Elle est à la messe et reçoit caresses d’un ou deux amants d’tout un régiment. Where is the daughter of the house? She is at mass and is being caressed by one or two lovers out of a whole regiment.

/ Où est donc la servante de la maison? / En battant la chatte avec sa baratte, elle répand la crème partout et le maître l’aime. Where is the servant of the house? Beating the cat with her butter churn, she spills the cream all over and the master loves her.
Bannielou Lambaol (Ridée)

This song is in Breton, the language of Brittany.

Me’m eus bet plijadur e Lambaol awechou
Oc’h ober tro an iliz gant an holl bannielou.

Chorus:
Jopo popo landibi dibi
Jopo popo landibi do
Manturla ridodenig
Jopirei piralla.

Hag o stouiñ ganto dirak an aoter vras
hag ouzh o sevel kerkent er vann ken dres all
o’hoazh.

Plijadur am beze, pa veze ar pardon
oc’h ober tro ar vered gant an dud a galon.

Eno ’vêze gwelet pa groge an avel
piw oa ar baotred wellañ da zougen ar
banniel.

Ha dre ma tremened a bep tu d’ar vali
gant o zeod flour ar merc’hed a roe o ali.

Hag a rae o dibab e-touez ar baotred vrao
a welent en o o’haerañ o tremen dirazo.

I used to have so much fun at Lambaol once,
going around the church with all
the banners.

And dip them before the great altar,
then lift them back again straight in the air.

I had so much fun the day of the pilgrimage,
going around the cemetery with men
of good faith.

It was there we saw, when the wind was up,
who were the best to carry the banners.

As we passed on both sides of
the Grande Allée
the girls gave judgment in their soft voices.

They made their choice of the proud lads
who passed before them in their finest array.
Germany

Schneider, Schneider (Zwiefacher)

/ Schneida, Schneida, singts oans gehts weita weita, singts a schöns Liad. / Tailor, tailor, sing one, go on! /
/ Bügln—bügln—bügln macht mua, go on, sing a pretty song! /
Schneida, Schneida, singts a schöns Liad. /

/ Bügln, bügln, d’ Kuah dö braucht striegln currying, currying, currying makes one tired, striegln und möchten an Klee. /
/ Striegln, striegln, striegln tuat weh. tailor, tailor, sing us one, go ahead! /
Schneida, Schneida, d’ Kuah möchten an Klee. /

/ Nodln, nodln, d’ Wies dö braucht odln, Sewing, sewing, the meadow needs fertilizing, odln, d’ Goas möchten a Gros. /
/ Nodl, nodl, nodl ’s drauf los, fertilizing, the nannygoat wants grass. /
Schneida, Schneida, d’ Goas möchten a Gros! /

Die alte Kathe (Zwiefacher)

/ Unsa oite Kath möchte aa no—aa no, Our old Katy wants one, wants one, too, unsa oita Kath möchte aa no oan. / our old Katy wants a man, too. /
/ Wart no a bissl—wart no a bissl, Wait a bit—wait just a bit, kriagst scho—kriagst scho. you’ll get one, get one. /
Wart no a bissl—wart no a bissl, Wait a bit—wait just a bit, kriagst scho oan! / you’ll get one. /

/ Unsa oite Kath, dö hot jetz—hot jetz, Our old Katy—she has one, has one, unsa oita Kath hot jetz an Mo. / our old Katy has a man now. /
/ Schiaglt a bissl—hinkt schon a weng, A little cross-eyed—limps a little, tuat’s grod—tuat’s grod. gets by—gets by. /
Schiaglt a bissl—hinkt schon a weng A little cross-eyed—limps a little, tuat’s grod no! / but he gets by.
Eisenkeilnest (Zwiefacher)

/ Im Woid draust is a Eisenkeilnest,  
  san dreizehn-vierzehn Junge drin g’west.  
Dös Deifisnest—dös Deifisnest,  
dös Dunna-deifis-Eisenkeilnest! /

Out there in the woods is a kingfisher’s nest,  
there’ve been thirteen or fourteen little ones in it.  
That devil’s nest, that devil’s nest,  
that thunder-devil-kingfisher’s-nest.

/ Da Micherl is an Woid ’naus ganga.  
  Er möcht so gern a Keiderl fanga.  
Er möcht so gern—er möcht so gern,  
er möcht so gern a Keiderl fanga. /

Mickey went out into the woods.  
He wanted so much to catch a kingfisher  
He wanted so much, he wanted so much,  
he wanted so much to catch a kingfisher.

/ Host du den schwarzn Miche net kennt,  
  der Tog und Nocht de Deandl nachrennt?  
Der Tog and Nocht, der Tog und Nocht,  
der Tog und Nocht de Deandl nachrennt? /

Didn’t you know black-haired Mickey,  
who chased the girls day and night?  
Who, day and night, day and night,  
who chased the girls day and night?

Wirt vo Stoa (Zwiefacher)

/ I bin da Wirt vo Stoa,  
i trink mei Biar alloa,  
ja ganz alloa. /

I’m the innkeeper of Stein,  
I drink my beer alone,  
yep, all alone.

/ Wenn oba d’ Fuahrleut kemma,  
  tu i mei Kreidan nemma,  
schreib dös mei’ aaf! /

But whenever the coachmen come,  
I take my chalk in hand  
and I write down what’s mine.

/ I bin da Wirt vo Stoa.  
  Feine Gäst hob i koa,  
naa hob i koa. /

I’m the innkeeper of Stein.  
Fine guests have I none,  
no, I have none.

/ D’ Fuahrleut und d’ Schwärza—  
d’ Holzknecht  
Schmusu und Bauersknecht  
dö san mir recht! /

Coachmen, smugglers—lumberjacks,  
matchmakers and farmhands,  
they are my types.

/ I bin da Wirt vo Stoa  
i bleib aiwei alloa,  
ja ganz alloa. /

I’m the innkeeper of Stein.  
I always stay alone,  
yep, all alone.

/ Wenn i a Weiberl hom taat  
dö mit dö Gäst schee taat,  
da wer i faad! /

If I brought home a wench for a wife  
who made eyes at the guests,  
I’d become grouchy!
s’ Suserl (Zwiefacher)

/ Tanzn dat i gern, tanzn dat i gern,
  wann i nur des Deandl hätt,
  Suserl will goa net hean,
  Suserl des net. /
/ Weil’s niat deaf niat alloa fuatgeh deaf,
  Weil’s niat deaf niat alloa fuatgeh deaf
  des wa schei.
  Hob i glei d’Muata g’ fragt
  deaf i mim Suserl geh.
  Ja hot sie g’ sagt. /

I’d like to dance,
if I had that girl;
Suserl doesn’t want to listen,
no, not Suserl.
Because she is not allowed to go out alone,
because she is not allowed to go out alone,
this would be nice.
So I asked her mother
whether I can go out with Suserl.
She answered: Yes!

/ Tanzn damma heit, tanzn damma heit.
  Weil i nua des Deandl ho
  s’ Suserl is halt mei Freid,
  weil’s tanzn ko. /
/ Musi spuit, heit seit mi goa koa Geld,
  musi spuit, heit seit mi goa koa Geld.
  Liaba Bua,
  etz wiad glei so lang draht,
  bis da Hahn in da Fruah,
  s’ erste Moi kraht. /

We are dancing today!
I’m so happy to have this girl.
Suserl is my joy
because she knows how to dance.
The music’s playing, today I’m not stingy,
the music’s playing, today I’m not stingy.
Dear boy,
now we are going to turn around
until the cock crows
for the first time (in the morning).

/ Tanzn is etz aus, tanzn is etz aus
  nachat is zum Hoamgeh Zeit
  hob mi aufs Hoamgeh mim
  Suserl scho g’ freit. /
/ Liaba Bua i geh mit dia aloa
  Liaba Bua, i geh mit dia aloa
  üba d’ Leit’n
  da is da Weg so schön
  da bleib ma hie und da
  ar amal steh. /

The dance is over,
it’s time to go home.
I already anticipated the joy
of walking home with Suserl.
Dear boy, I’ll walk with you alone,
dear boy, I’ll walk with you alone,
on the path.
This path is so nice,
that we are going to stop
every now and then.
Greece

Tsakonikos

/ Su ipa, mana, kale mana
   su ipa mana, pandrepse me /
   su ipa, mana, pandrepse me
   spitonikokirepseme /

/ Yeron andra, kale mana
   yeron andra mi mu dhosis, /
   yeron andra mi mu dhosis,
   yati tha to metaniosis /

/ Yati o yeros, kale mana
   yati o yeros ta 'ksetazi /
   yati oyeros ta 'ksetazi,
   sto psilo ta loghariazi /

I told you, mother
to marry me to someone,
to marry me to someone,
so that I would become a housewife.

But on no account
marry me to an old man,
marry me to an old man,
because you’ll regret it.

Because an old man
is always examining everything,
is always examining everything,
and has nothing but words.

Karagouna

Ajde perase, ena kalokeri
ajde ke de mou, de moustiles hamberi.

Aj Gounam, aj Gounam
aj Gounam Karagounam.
Esena, su prepou,
metaksata sigounia
Ajde ti hambe, hamberi na su stilo,
ajde poupyases, pyases kenourio filo.

Am’posda, am’tida
tin prokopis tin ida.
Am’posda, am ti da
sto parathyri s’ida.

Aide, what news shall I send you,
aide, now that you have a new lover?

Aide, one summer has passed
and you haven’t sent me any news.

Indeed, how now,
I saw purpose,
Indeed, how now,
I saw you in the window.

Aide, I will sell, I’ll sell the flock of sheep,
aide, to buy, to buy you a skirt.

Aj Gounam, aj Gounam,
aj Gounam Karagounam.
Esena, su prepou,Me taksu vazi vouna.
me taksata sigounia.

Aj Gouna, aj Gouna,
your Karagouna,
you deserve
silken sigounia.¹

¹ embroidered vest or jacket
Tin agapi mu

Tin agapi mana mu, manula mu.
/ Tin agapi mu, mu tin eklepsane /
stin ameriki mu tin patrepsane.

Ena yero, mana mu, manula mu.
/ Ena yero plusioti dhose me ke tin emorfia tis
stin sklavosane.

Ti na kano, mana mu, manula mu.
/ Ti na kano, mana mu, tin agapo /
Ke y’after, manula mu, tha trellaf tho.

My love, mother of mine, mother of mine,
my love they have stolen;
in America they have married her on me.

An old man, mother of mine, mother of mine,
They gave her to a rich old man
and they have enslaved her beauty.

What can I do, mother of mine, mother of mine,
what can I do, mother, I love her,
and for her, mother, I will go crazy.

And’aman palikari

Adaman palikanari, dhodheka hronon
genitsaro me piran pera stin frangja.

Na matho to dhoksari, ke to polemo
midhe dhoksari matha, midhe polemo.

Mon matha tin agapi tin paterimi
ta sidhera patousa, ke vgaza nero.

When I was a young man of twelve
they took me as a Janissary to foreign lands.

To learn the bow and war.
Neither the bow did I learn nor war.

Only did I learn of love of [?].
I pressed iron and drew water.

Trava trava

Trava trava trava, karotseri trava
/ ke sto Kalamaki, kops eia ouzaki.
E vre dounia. /

Trava trava trava, sti Glyfada trava
/ yia kalo krasaki, ke yia barbounaki.
E vre dounia. /

Yirna piso trava, stin Athina trava
/ k’akou bouzoukaki, apo to Yiannaki.
E vre dounia. /

Pull, pull, little carriage, pull
and at Kalamaki, cut off for a little ouzo.
What a world!

Pull, pull, pull to Glyfada
for good wine and barbounaki.
What a world!

Go back, towards Athens, go,
and listen to Yiannaki play bouzouki.
What a world!
Yerakina

Kinise i Yerakina
ya nero krio na feri.

Chorus:
Drun drun drun drun drun
ta vrakhiolya tis vrondhun.

Ki'epese mes sto pigadi
ki'evghale foni megali.

K'etrekse o kosmos olos
k'etreksa ki’ego o kaimenos.

Yerakina tha se vghalo
ke yineka tha se paro.

Yerakina took off
to bring cold water.

Drun drun drun drun drun
Her bracelets jingle.

And she fell into the well
and she let out a loud scream.

And everybody ran
and poor me, I ran too.

Yerakina, I shall take you out
and I shall make you my wife.

Samyotisa

Samyotisa, Samyotisa,
pote tha pao sti samo,
/ rodha pa rikso sto yialo, Samyotisa
triandafila stin amo. /

Ke me tin varka pu tha pas
khrisa pania tha valo,
/ malamatenya ta kupia Samyotisa
ya nartho, na se paro. /

Samyotisa me tis elyes
ke me ta mavra matia
/ mu 'kanes tin kardhula mu, Samyotisa,
sarandadhyo komatya. /

Samyotisa, o erotas,
den theli parakalia
/ Ekhi ky’ala portokalies, Samyotisa,
pu kanoun portokalia. /

Girl from Samos,
when I get to Samos,
I’ll throw roses on the seashore,
roses on the sand.

And in the barque in which you go,
golden sails I’ll put,
golden oars, Samiotisa,
so I can come and take you.

Girl from Samos with the black
beauty marks\(^1\)
and the black eyes,
you’ve broken my heart, Samiotisa
into forty-two pieces.

Samiotisa, passion
doesn’t need begging.
There are other orange trees, Samiotisa,
that produce oranges.

\(^1\) literally olives
Nina nai nai (Syrtos)

Siko, khorepse, kukli mu,
na se dho, na se kharo.
/ Tsifteteli turkiko
nina nai yavrum, nina nai nai. /

*Chorus:*
Hop a nina nina nai, nina nai nai
Nina nai yavrum, nina nai nai.

Tha su traghudhiso pali
ton asikiko khava.
/ Kuna ligho to kormi su,
nina nai, yavrum, nina nai nai. /

Mya fora monakha zume
mes’ ton pseftiko dunya.
/ Prepi ligho na kharume
nina nai, yavrum, nina nai nai. /

Get up and dance, darling
so I can see you and rejoice in you.
Turkish tsifteteli¹
nina nai yavrum, nina nai nai.

I shall sing for you again
that robust melody.
Shake your body a little,
nina nai yavrum, nina nai nai.

We live but once
in this false world.
We ought to enjoy ourselves a little
nina nai yavrum, nina nai nai.

¹ affectionate expression for loved one, literally a dance

Zonaradhikos (Macedonian syrtos)

Vangelitsa, Vangelio
thelo kati na su po.

Thelo ya na su miliso
ke na se glikorotiso.

M’ekhis kani palavo.
Vangelitsa, s’agapo.

Vangelitsa, Vangela
I have something to tell you.

I want to talk to you
and ask you questions in a sweet way.

You’ve made me crazy
Vangelitsa, I love you.

Ta mavra rukha (Kritikos syrtos)

Akh, oso varun ta sidhera aman aman
oso varun ta mavra rukha.

Akh, etsi ta foresa k’egho, aman aman
ya mya aghapi pu 'kha.

Akh ikhya ke isterithika aman aman
thimume ke stenazo.

Akh, anikse yis mesa na vo, aman aman
kosmo na min kitazo.

Ach, as much as the irons ring, aman aman
so do the black clothes.

Ach, thus, I also wore them, aman aman
for a love I once had.

Ach, I had and I lost
I remember and I sigh.

Ach, open up, earth, so that I may enter, aman aman
so that I do not see the world.
Strose to stroma su (Hasapikos)

O dromos ine skotinos
ospu na s’andamoso.
Kseprovale me sto strati
to khyeri na su dhoso.

Chorus:
Strose to stroma su ya dlho
ya sena ke ya mena
/ n’angalyastume ap’ tin arkhi
na ’n’ ola anastimena. /

The road is dark
until I meet you.
Meet me in the road
that I may give you my hand.

S’angalyasa m’angalyases.
Mu pires ke su pira.
Khathika mes sta matya su
ke sti dhiki su mira.

I embraced you, you embraced me.
You took from me and I took from you.
I lost myself in your eyes
and in your fate.

Sta dhio

Dhem boro, manula, dhem boro.
/ Akh sire na feris, to yatro. /
Ipe tha min pethano i mavri ke khatho.

I am not well, Mother, I am not well.
Ach, go fetch the doctor.
He said I won’t die, I the poor one,
and won’t fade away.

Agapisa, mana, agapisa.
/ Pikra i mavri, to metanyosa /
akh, manula mu dhen, s’akusa.

I have loved, mother, I have loved.
Bitterly, I the miserable one have
regretted it,
ach, mother, I didn’t listen to you.

Par to yumi ke ela Litsa
na to yemisome, na to yemisome
mes sti vrisi, sto mesokhori
na simfonizome, na simfonizome.

Bring the decanter and come, Litsa
to fill it, to fill it
from the fountain in the middle of town,
so we can come to an understanding,
to agree.

Litsa, Litsa, Vangelitsa,
mi farmakonese, mi farmakonese.
Kiropi proi se perno,
s’ eleftheronese, s’ eleftheronese.

Litsa, Litsa, Vangelitsa,
don’t poison yourself, don’t poison yourself.
Sunday morning I’ll take you,
you’ll be free, you’ll be free.

Litsa, Litsa, Vangelitsa,
tha fero ke violia tus adhelfus Khalkya
na glendiso olos kozmos
me kefi me khara, me kefi me khara.

Litsa, Litsa, Vangelitsa,
I’ll bring also violins of the Khalkya brothers
so that everyone can have a good time
with joy and gladness.
Thesaloniki mu

My Thessaloniki, great poverty, mother.
You who have the very best children.
My Thessaloniki, great poverty, mother.
Wherever I may go, you are always in my heart.

Chorus:
My Thessaloniki, never will I leave you.
You are my native land, I say it and boast of it.
My Thessaloniki, never will I leave you.

Thessaloniki, and if I'm far away from you, always I remember your sweet name.
Ach, how I long to come near you again and to die before the white tower.

Misirlu

Misirlu, your sweet glance, has lit a flame in my heart.
akh yakhabibi, akh ya leleli, akh, your lips trickle of honey, oyme!

Ah, Misirlu, magical, enchanting, beauty!
Craze will come to me, I can endure no longer, akh! that I might steal you from Arabia.

My Misirlu, crazy, black-eyed one of your kisses lights a flame in me akh yakhabibi, one little kiss from your sweet mouth, oyme!

Ah, Misirlu, magical, enchanting beauty!
Craze will come to me, I can endure no longer. Akh! that I might steal you from Arabia.
St. George of Skyros

My St. George of Skyros, 
grand-martyr of Lavra 
and pride of the island, 
silver horseman.

Your steps are tall, 
your palaces are in the rocks 
and you sit on the citadel 
As if you were the neighbor of the stars.

/ Maraye, Maraye 
Maraye mou kanakari 
Maraye. /

Maraye, my only son, ¹ 
Maraye, my only son, 
which woman will take you, 
which woman?

Which woman will take you, 
Maraye, my only son, 
Maraye?

/ Pya kira, pya kira 
pya kira ke pya mandon 
pya kira? /

Which lady, which lady 
which lady and which madonna, 
which lady?

Which lady and which madonna 
will lay out the sheets for you 
will lay out?

Will lay out the sheets for you 
which lady and which madonna, 
which lady?

¹ affectionate phrase for a loved or precious one
Somogyi karikázó

Éva szívem Éva
most érik a szílva.
Terítve az alja.
Felszedjük hajnalra.

Bárcsak ez a hajnal
sokáig tartana
hogy a szerelemnek
vége ne szakadna.

Szerelem, szerelem
átkozott gyötrelem.
Miért nem termettél volt
minden falevélén?

Azért jöttem ide karikázni.
Na a babám itt találna lenni
keze lába kitalálva törni
nékem köllne arról számot adni.

Mit ér annak a legénynek élete
kinek mindig nadrágzsebben a keze?
Nem meri a lányokat megölélni
mert azt hiszi, hogy a fene megeszi.

Piros alma beleesett a sárba.
Beleesett a sáros pocsolyába.
/ Piros almát kiveszem és megmosom
a babámat százszer is megcsókolom. /

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Beleesett a sáros pocsolyába.
/ Piros almát kiveszem és megmosom
a babámat százszer is megcsókolom. /

I came here to do the karikázó.¹
Should my sweetheart be here and
should his arms and legs break
by any chance,
I would be the one responsible.

What is the worth of a fellow’s life
who always keeps his hands in his pockets?
He is afraid to embrace the girls
because he thinks the pox will take him.

A red apple fell into the mud,
fell into the muddy puddle.
I’ll take out the red apple and wash it,
and kiss my sweetheart a hundred times.

¹ women’s circle dance
Csanádi leánytáncc

Aranyalmás az én selyem keszkenőm.
Van is nekem Csanádon szép szeretőm.

My silk handkerchief is the color
of a golden apple.
I have a handsome lover in Csanád.

Meg a föld is reng amerre én járok.
Legény legyen kivel beszédbé állok.

Even the earth trembles wherever I step.
Whoever I talk to should be a strong young man.

Tiszta búzát szemezget a vadgalamb
de szépen szól a Csanádi nagy harang.

The wild pigeon pecks at pure wheat,
but the big bell in Csanád sounds very
beautifully.

Azt veri az mind a két oldalára
a Csanádi leánynoknak nincs párja.

What it rings out to all sides
is that none are equal to the girls of Csanád.

Oláhos

A barátok, a barátok,
facipőbe járnak.
Azok élik világukat
akik ketten hálának.
/ Lám én szegény árva gyerek
csak egyedül hálánk,
Akármerre kaparászok
csak falat találók. /

The monks, the monks
walk about in wooden shoes.
The ones who enjoy their lives
are those who sleep in twos.
I am a poor lonely child,
I sleep alone.
No matter which way I stretch
I only touch walls.

A csikósok, a gulyások
kis lajbiban járnak.
Azok élik világukat
akik ketten hálánk.
Lám megmondtam, Angyal Bandi,
ne menj az Alföldre.
Mert megtanulsz csikót lopni,
s elhajtanak érte.
De már mostan jó van dolgom,
nem parancsol senki:
Mikor mondjátk, “Mars ki, Jankó!”
ne kem ki kell menni.

The horseherds, the cowherds
go about in small vests.
The ones who enjoy their lives
are those who sleep in twos.
Bandi Angyal\footnote{a famous bandit and folk hero in
nineteenth century rural Hungary}—haven’t I told you—
do n’t go to the lowlands.
Because you’ll learn to steal colts,
and you’ll be banished because of that.
But now I am having a good time,
nobody’s ordering me around:
When they tell me “Get the hell out,
Johnny!”
I must go out.

\footnote{a famous bandit and folk hero in
nineteenth century rural Hungary}
Adjon az Isten

Adjon az Isten szerencsét,
szerelmet, forró kemencét
üres vékámba gabonát,
árva kezembe parolát,
lámpáamba lángot, ne kelljen
korán az ágyra hevernem,
kérdésre választ ő küldjön,
hogy hitem széjjel ne düljön,

/ adjon az Isten fényeket,
temetők helyett életet—
ne kem a kérés nagy szégyen,
adjon úgyis, ha nem kérem. /

—Nagy László

Let God give luck,
love, hot ovens,
wheat into my empty barns,
a handshake into my orphaned hand,
flames into my lantern
so that I don’t go to bed early.
He should send an answer to my question
so that I don’t lose my faith.
Let God give light,
life instead of cemeteries—
I’m ashamed to ask
so give without asking.

Ne félj lányom

Ne félj lányom, ne félj,
mert én eladtalak.
Kinek anyám, kinek?
Egy csobán legénynek.

Nem kell anyám, nem kell,
inem tudok aludni.
Hát mé’ lányom, hát mé’?
A sok juhbjögéstől.

Ne félj lányom, ne félj,
mert én eladtalak.
Kinek anyám, kinek?
Egy deák legénynek.

Nem kell anyám, nem kell,
inem tudok aludni.
Hát mé’ lányom, hát mé’?
A sok imádságtól.

Don’t fear, daughter, don’t fear,
because I sold you.
To whom, Mother, to whom?
To a poor lad.

I don’t want him, Mother, I don’t want him,
I can’t sleep.
And why, daughter, and why?
From all the sheep crying.

Don’t fear, daughter, don’t fear,
because I sold you.
To whom, Mother, to whom?
To a student.

I don’t want him, Mother, I don’t want him,
I can’t sleep.
And why, daughter, and why?
From all the prayers.
Menet táncc

I would like to visit you, darling, one evening if only your dog were tied up on a short leash. Tie up that dog, sweetheart, on a short leash, on a short leash so that it doesn’t bark at an honest lad.

I would like to visit you, darling, one evening if your bed were softly made up. Make your bed, darling, softly up against the wall because I intend to stay there till morning after tomorrow.

I would like to visit you again, one evening, if only your house weren’t full of debris. My boots throw up the dirt, the dirt kicked up from the floor. How could I tie my life to yours, my darling?

Dear God, how cheerful I used to be when my lover used to pass by my gate. She stopped walking by and I don’t know what happened. She would like to, but her mother doesn’t let her.

Sej Haj! Our house is painted yellow. The cimbalom player visits every Saturday night. He plays in my ear the same song over again on the cimbalom—Sej Haj! “Don’t think, sweetheart, of your old lover.”

Sej haj! It’s raining and thundering. Lightning hit the thatched tavern in Kisbékás. The tavern is on fire; there’s no music, nor cimbalom.

Sej Haj! Still my sweet dove is out merrymaking!

Lassú sergő

The Danube is a wide river. A narrow plank is upon it. Don’t go that way, my sweetheart, because you’ll fall off it.

/ Széles víz a Duna. / Késeny palló rajta. / Ne menj arra, rózsám / mert beesel róla .

MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook • Hungary 51
Israel

Lach Yerushalayim

Lach Yerushalayim, bein chomot ha’ir, lach Yerushalayim, or chadash ya’ir.
For you Jerusalem, between city walls, for you Jerusalem, a new light will shine.

Chorus:
/ Belibeinu, belibeinu rak shir echad kayam, lach yerushalayim, bein Yarden vayam. /
In our hearts only one song exists, for you Jerusalem, between the Jordan and the sea.

Lach Yerushalayim, nof k’dumim vahod, lach Yerushalayim, lach razim vasod.
For you Jerusalem, an ancient and glorious view, for you Jerusalem, a riddle and a secret.

Lach Yerushalayim, shir nisa tamid, lach Yerushalayim, ir migdal David.
For you Jerusalem, we bear a song for you Jerusalem, city of David’s tower.

Zemer atik (Nigun atik)

Od nashuva el nigun atik vehazemer yif veye’erav.
We will return again to an ancient melody and the song will linger on.

Od gavia meshumar nashik, nashik, alizei einayim ulevav.
When we raise our glasses together our eyes and hearts will be bright.

Tovu, tovu ohaleinu ki machol hiftsi’a.
How good are our tents because there’s dancing there.

Tovu, tovu ohaleinu, od nashuva el nigun atik.
How good are our tents, still we return to an ancient melody.

Eretz zavat chalav

Eretz zavat chalav, chalav u’dvash.
A land flowing with milk, milk and honey.
Hinei ma tov

/ Hinei ma tov
u’m a’ ma’ im
shevet achim gam yachad. /

Hinei ma tov, hinei ma tov
La, la, la . . .

Hinei ma tov u’m a’ ma’ im
La, la, la . . .

Behold how good
and how pleasant it is
for brothers to dwell peacefully together.

Likrat kala (Likrat Shabat)

Lecha dodi likrat kala.
P’nei shabat nekabela.
Ve’aba mesalsel kolo beshirei shabat.
Dror yikra leven im bat.

U’mapa tschora nifreset,
vedolkim nerot,
u’chehed min he’avar
hamanginot chozrot.
U’male pitom habayit
be’otan zemirot.

A white tablecloth is spread,
the lights are kindled,
and like an echo from the past
the melodies return.
And the house is again filled
with those same songs.

Lecha dodi likrat kala.
Shabat malka hinei ola.
Al hashulchan chala
ve’olah tefilah.
Sharim kol b’nai habayit
bemakhela gedola.

Let us go, my beloved, toward the bride.
Welcome the Shabbat.
Father’s voice is ringing with Shabbat songs.
A day of freedom for men and women.

Lochashot sfo tav shel aba
ve’e inav orot,
u’che hed min he’ avar
hamanginot chozrot,
U’malei pitom habayit
be’otan zemirot.

A day of freedom for men and women.
Father’s lips are whispering
and his eyes shine,
and like an echo from the past
the melodies return,
and the house is again filled
with those same songs.
Ad or haboker

/ Ad or haboker
ad shachar yenatsnets,
shechem el shechem,
sova ad ein kets. /

Lanu lev echad
eshet yetsuka,
yachad bechedva,
yachad bimtsuka.

Koach yesh—bitchonenu bo.
Merets esh—lo nazuz mipo.
Im ayafnu—banu ein koshel.
Hitrofafnu—nitchashel.

Until the light of morn,
until the dawn breaks,
shoulder to shoulder,
circle without end.

We have one heart
of molded steel,
together in joy,
together in trouble.

We have strength—our safety is in it.
Strength of fire—we won’t move from here.
Even if we tire—none of us will stumble.
If we are bent—we’ll be forged.
Li lach

Lach—einei techelet
    veli—rak hatochelet.
Lach hu—hapele
    veli—hatimahon.
Lach—hamatnayim
    veli—mechol machanayim.
Lach—kad hayayin
    veli—hatsima’on.

Chorus:
Lach—levavi nitar
    li—tsamotayich.
Lach—bedami shokek pere meshulach.
Lach—chalomi niftar
    li chidotayich
et kochavim noshrim bein sichei li-lach.

Lach—hatapu’ach
    veli—tarmil patu’ach.
Lach—hamapuach
    veli—hagechalim.
Lach—hatsameret
    veli—sufa so’eret.
Lach hu—hakerem
    veli—hashu’alim.

Lach yonat bayit
    veli—chitsim vatsayid
Lach—ale zayit
    veli—mabul kadmon.
Lach—hanicho’ach
    veli—kotsim vacho’ach.
Lach—hashilo’ach
    veli—hasambatyon.

You have blue eyes
   and I only have hopes.
You have the miracle
   and I astonishment.
You have hips
   and I have the dance.
You have the wine jug
   and I am thirsty.

You make my heart skip
   and I love your braids.
You make my blood boil wildly.
You are the interpretation of my dreams,
   and I have your riddles
when the stars fall amidst the lilac shrubs.

You have the apple
   and I an open knapsack.
You have the bellows
   and I the embers.
You have the tree top
   and I a raging storm.
You have the vineyard
   and I the foxes.

You have a dove
   and I hunting arrows.
You have an olive branch
   and I an archaic deluge.
You have the spices
   and I the thorns.
You have the sparkling spring (Shiloach)
   and I the roaring river (Sambatyon).

Vedavid

/ Vedavid yafe einayim,
    hu ro’eh bashoshanim. /
Hika Sha’ul ba’alafav,
Vedavid berivevitav,
Ben Yishai chai vekeyam.

And David had beautiful eyes,
a shepherd among the lilies.
Saul smote thousands,
and David tens of thousands.
The son of Yishai lives on.
Machar

Machar ulai nafiga basfinot
mechof Eilat ad chof ShenHAV.
Ve’al hamashchatot hayeshanot
yatinu tapuchei zahav.

Chorus:
Kol zeh eino mashal velo chalom:
zeh nachon ka’or batsohorayim.
Kol zeh yavo machar im lo hayom,
ve’im lo machar, az mochrotayim.

Machar ulai bechol hamisholim
ari be’eder tson yinhag.
Machar yaku be’elef inbalim
hamon pa’amonim shel chag.

Machar keshehatsava yifshot madav
libeinu ya’avor ledom.
Machor kol ish yivne beshtei yadav
et ma shehu chalam hayom.

Naomi

Klei neshifa u’meitarim
sovevim bachalomi
sharim shirei tehila lach,
ken shirei tehila, Naomi.
Naomi, ani shelach.

U’berechov haramzonim
kol hazman rak adumim.
Kol hatnu’a mechaka lach,
pa-pam-pa-pam rak lach, Naomi,
kol ha’ir hazot shelach.

Chaki imdi od rega kat, Naomi.
Rak bachalom at po iti.
U’chshehaboker ya’aleh, Naomi,
eheyekan levadi.

Tomorrow, perhaps, we’ll sail in boats
from the shore of Eilat to the Ivory Coast.
And the old destroyers
will be loaded with oranges.

All this is not a legend or a dream:
it is as certain as the light of noon.
All this will come tomorrow, if not today,
and if not tomorrow, then the next day.

Tomorrow, perhaps, in all the paths
a lion will lead a flock of sheep.
Tomorrow a thousand clappers
will peal in holiday bells.

Tomorrow when the army takes off their
uniforms
our hearts will stand at attention.
Tomorrow every man will build with his two hands
what he has dreamed of today.

Wind and string instruments
spin in my dream,
singing songs of praise to you.
Yes, psalms, Naomi.
Naomi, I am yours.

And in the street the traffic signals
are red all the time.
Even the traffic waits for you—
only for you, Naomi,
the whole city is yours.

Stay with me another moment, Naomi.
Only in a dream are you here with me.
And when the morning comes, Naomi,
I will be here alone.
Erev ba

Shuv ha’eder noher
bimvo’ot hakfar.
Ve’oleh ha’avak
mishvilei afar.

Veharchek od tsem ed inbalim
melave et meshech hatslalim.
/ Erev ba. /

Shuv haru’ach lochesh
bein gidrot ganim.
Uvtsameret habrosh
kvar namot yonim.

Veharchek al ketef hagva’ot
od noshkot karnayim achronot.
/ Erev ba. /

Shuv havered cholem
chalomot balat.
Uforchim kochavim
bamarom at at.

Veharchek ba’emek ha’afel
melave hatan et bo halel.
/ Layil rad. /

Again the flock streams
through the entrance of the village.
And the dust rises
from dirt paths.

And far away a pair of bells
accompanies the lengthening of the shadows.
Evening has come.

Again the wind whispers
among the garden fences.
And in the tops of the cypress trees
doves are already sleeping.

And far away, the last rays of sunlight still
kiss
the shoulders of the hills.
Evening has come.

Again the rose dreams
its dreams in secret.
And stars flower
little by little in the sky.

And far away, in the dark valley,
the jackal accompanies the coming of night.
Night has fallen.

Orcha bamidbar

Yamin u’smol, rak chol vachol
yats-hiv midbar lelo mishol.
Orcha ovra, dumam na’ah
kidmut chalom sham mufla’ah.

U’tslil oleh, yored katsuv,
Gemalim pos’im benof atsuv.

Din dan din dan; ze shir hanedod,
shatok vaset tafof utsod.

To the right and left, just sand and sand,
yellow desert without a path.
A caravan passes, moving silently,
like a dream there, so strange.

The tinkling of bells rises and falls rhythmically.
Camels plodding through a depressing landscape.

Din dan din dan, this is the song of the wanderer,
to carry without a murmur, beat the drum
and march on.
**Lech lamiidbar**

Lech, lech lamiidbar,  
hadrachim yovilu.  
Layil terem ba  
lech achi el hamidbar.

Shuv, shuv nachazor  
hatsukim yari’u.  
Shemesh gedola shel or  
od tizrach aleynu.

Chorus:
/ Lamidbar eretz lo mayim.  
Ho at admati, shavnu elayich. /
Eretz melecha ruach veza’am.  
Halochanim chazru, ho kesa’ar.

Go to the desert,  
the roads will lead you.  
Before the night descends,  
go, my brother, to the desert.

Again we will return,  
the rocks will echo our coming.  
A bright shining sun  
will spread its light on us.

To the desert—land without water.  
O my land, we have returned to you.

Salt-filled lands, wind and wrath,  
the warriors returned like a storm.

**Kinor David**

Lifnei shanim rabot shamu be’eretz Yisrael  
kolot nigun shira u’nimzorim,  
beitsil ko meyuchad u’vinima tova  
keshir tsipor zamir bein he’alim.

Chorus:
Ze kinor David beyad David hamelech,  
haporet al meitarav.  
Ketov libo bayayin le’et erev  
melaveh hu et shirav.

Many years ago they heard in the land of Israel  
the sounds of melody, singing, and psalms,  
music unequaled with a beautiful tune,  
like the song of a nightingale in the trees.

This is the lyre of David, in the hand of  
David the king,  
plucking the strings.  
As his heart is glad with wine, until evening  
he accompanies his songs.

Lifnei shanim rabot besha’arei Yerushalem  
nitsva nifemet bachalon Michal  
Hibita bamishol u’ve’eineiha or,  
roked David u’veyado kinor.

Many years ago in the gates of Jerusalem  
Michal stood ecstatic at the window.  
She watched the path with bright eyes,  
for David danced, with his lyre in hand.

Chalfu shanim rabot betehila batehilim  
od meitarai kinor David nognim.  
Omrim yeshno makom u’vo hatsadikim  
im erev et kinor David shomim.

Many years have passed, but in the praises of psalms  
the strings of David’s lyre still ring.  
They say there is a place the righteous go  
where David’s lyre can be heard come evening.
Fred Abud,

Fred Abud had fifteen camels,
three of them knew calculus.
Fred said “It’ll cost fifteen camels!”
or else he’d have to take the bus.

/ —Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—Tza-Tza!! /

Fifteen camels, Fred Abud,
I wouldn’t pay that if I could.
Egged’s got a cheaper rate
even if you get there three days late.

Shove it off your plate when your mother serves pizza.
She don’t know that it don’t taste good.
She don’t know that the law of the desert says
you can’t serve pizza to Fred Abud!

I was a poor boy running in the desert,
eating a zucchini
Fred’s got a mother not quite like any other.
She kept on trying to feed me
humous and tehina,
et your clementina,
hit that ballerina, play your
mandolin–a!

Walla Walla, Walla Walla Washington
is not the place you want to be!

—Ed Kaplan
Shibolim

/ Chad chad mecher ev /
chermeshi lo ya’atsor.

/ Ad ad ha’erev /
shiboley zahav niktsor, niktsor.

Chorus:
Shibolim, shibolim, shibolim,
omarim navi hagorna,
bar ba’osem ne’egor na.
Shibolim, shibolim, shibolim.

Rav rav hagodesh /
Bakama halahav yach.

Ze ze hachodesh /
gam niktsor vegam nismach, nismach.

Sharper than a sword,
my scythe won’t stop.
Until the evening
we’ll cut golden sheaves.

Sheaves, sheaves, sheaves.
We’ll bring in the grain
and gather the grain in the barn.
Sheaves, sheaves, sheaves.

The harvest is plentiful,
the blade strikes the corn.
This is the month
both to reap and to rejoice.

Hora medura

Banu bli kol vachol
anu aniyei etmol.
Lanu hagoral masar
et milionei hamachar.

Tsena lama’agal,
ten na shir mizmor ladal.
Hena ne’esfu lirkod
b’nai ha’oni vehashod.

Hora ali, ali!
Esh hadliki beleili,
T’hora rabat ora,
hora medura.

We came with nothing,
we, the poor of yesterday.
Fate gave us
the millions of tomorrow.

Come out to the circle,
give a song to the poor.
Here gathered to dance,
sons of poverty and the spoils.

Hora arise, arise!
Light a fire in my night,
pure and full of light,
hora of the campfire.

Ma navu

/ Ma navu al heharim
raglei hamevaser, ho . . . /

/ mashmi’a yeshua
mashmi’a shalom. /

How beautiful on the mountains
are the steps of the messenger
bringing tidings of deliverance,
bringing tidings of peace.
Eten bamidbar

Eten bamidbar neta erez
shita vahadas ve’etz shamen
/ Asim ba’arava brosh /
Tidhar utashur yachdav.

I will plant cedar in the desert, acacia, and myrtle, and the olive tree.
I will put cypress in the wilderness, elm and box-tree together.

Bo dodi

Bo dodi alufi hagorna
Sham simcha sham tsohola.
Bo’i yafati bimcholot netse’a
Hechatan vehakala.

Tnu tzilchem harei Efrayim,
zmru zemer lakotsrim.
ve’atem kochevey shamayim,
ronu, ronu ladodim.

Girl: Come, my beloved, to the barn—
there’ll be laughter, there’ll be joy.
Boy: Come out to dance, my pretty one,
like the groom and bride.

Make your sounds on the hills of Ephraim,
sing a song to the reapers,
and you, the stars of the heavens,
rejoice for these lovers.

Hora Agadati

Hasimcha belev yokedet
veraglienu gil shofot.
Kach nidroch admat moledet
venashira tov lichyot.

Hashira beron zoremet
al harim vegey’ayot.
Bechazeinu od po’emet
hakria ki tov lichyot.

Joy burns in our heart
and our feet flow with gladness.
Thus we tread our homeland’s earth
and sing: It’s good to live!

The song streams exultingly
on mountains and valleys.
In our breast still beats
the call that it’s good to live.

We won’t stop because there is
plenty of strength and energy.
Our whole body burns fire
and our heart quakes.

Be gone every pain.
We’ll drive away every mishap
and we’ll go around and around
in a hora without end. Because . . .
Mechol hashakeyt

Kvar acharei chatsot
Od lo kibu et hayare’ach
ki lifnei kibuy orot,
orot shel kochavim
notnim od rega kat la’ohavim.

It’s already past midnight.
They haven’t yet put out the moon,
because before lights out,
starlight
gives another short moment to lovers.

Chorus:
Machar yiheyeh ze yom chadash
uma efshar miyum chadash kvar letsapot
Az ten lanu od rega,
rak od rega,
af al pi shekvar acharei chatsot.

Tomorrow will be a new day.
and what can be expected from a new day?
So give us another moment,
just another moment,
even though it’s already past midnight.

Kvar acharei chatsot
Od lo hidliku et haboker.
Ki lifnei shemenakim
et ha’etmol min harchovat
notnim od rega kat la’ahavot.

It’s already past midnight.
Morning is not yet kindled.
Because before
yesterday is cleaned from the streets,
another short moment is granted for loving.

Kvar acharei chatsot.
Od lo hidliku et hashamesh.
Ki lifnei shemechalkim
et ha’iton vehechalav,
notnim lanu od rega shenohav.

It’s already past midnight.
The sun is not yet kindled.
Because before
the newspaper and the milk are delivered,
another moment is granted us, that we may
love.
Shibolet basadeh

Shibolet basadeh kora baru’ach
Me’omes garinim ki rav.
Uv’emerchav harim yom kvar yafu’ach
hashemesh ketem vezahav.

Uru, ho uru,
shuru b’nai kfarim.
Kama hen bashla kvar
al pney hakarim;
Kitsru, shilchu magal
et reishit hakatsir.

Sdey se’orim tama
zer chag oteret,
shefa yevul u’vracha
likrat bo hakotsrim
bezohar mazheret
cheresh la’omer mechaka.

Havu, hanifu, niru lachem nir
Chag lakama et reishit hakatsir.
Kitsru, shilchu magal
et reishit hakatsir.

Hashachar

Hashachar
et telalim ofef adayim
Tofu raglayim,
keren or tishak alma.

Hanachal,
yemalel shira belachash,
yelatef berachash,
tsel gevo shel elem shach.

Shir tsipor taron
ve’elem yechabek alma,
/ zik tsama cholef
veretet yad
yamtiku sod ha’ahava. /

The sheaf in the field bends in the wind,
it’s seed heavy and full,
and on the far hilltops daybreak comes,
the sun a stain of gold.

Awake, awake,
let the village sons go forth;
How the sun has ripened
the face of the fields!
Swing the scythe and gather in
the first fruits of the harvest.

The field of barley
is crowned with a holiday wreath,
plenty of grain and blessing
in anticipation of the harvesters
shining in light,
quietly waiting for the harvest.

Swing, harvest,
a holiday for the grain—the beginning of the harvest,
harvest, swing the scythe,
it is the time of harvest.

The dawn,
covered with pearly dew,
dancing feet,
a light ray on a laughing girl.

The spring
will quietly whisper prayers,
will feelingly caress
the shadow of a bending boy.

The bird will sing
as the boy embraces the girl,
a mischievous braid,
a clasping hand,
whispering love’s secrets.
Shecharchoret

Shecharchoret yikre’uni
tsach hata uri.
Rak milahat shemesh kayitz
Ba li shechori.

“The dark one” they call me,
but my skin was white.
Only from the fire of summer sun
came my dark complexion.

Chorus:
Shecharchoret
yafyafit kol-kach
be’eynayich esh bo’eret
libi kulo shelach.

O dark one,
you are indeed beautiful.
In your eyes a fire burns.
My heart is all yours.

Shecharchoret yikre’uni
kol yordei hayam
Im od pa’am yikre’uni
chish elech itam.

“The dark one” they call me,
all the seafarers.
If they call me once again
I shall join them.

Shecharchoret yikre’eni
ben le’av molech.
Im od pa’am yikre’eni
acharav elech.

“The dark one” he calls me,
the prince.
If he calls me once again,
I shall follow him.

Bat Yiftach

Sach yomi la’erev
yafim harei gilad
veleyli hu teref
lagai shebamorad.

The day tells the evening
the beauty of the Gilead mountains,
and the night falls prey
to the valley below.

Liroti nichsafu
talyot asher nahagti el shoket
chodashi chalafu
el avi im shachar elakach.

To see me they have come,
the lambs I guided to the spring.
My months have elapsed,
I will be taken to my father at dawn.

Uri bat, bat Yiftach
al harim od lan hasheket,
hen nitsach vayitslach
kol am Gilad.

Arise, daughter of Yiftach—
silence still slumbers in the mountains
for they have won and succeeded,
the nation of Gilead.

Uri bat, bat Yiftach
mikravot kvar shav haneshek,
ki lakachat,
lo nishkach,
alumayich, bat.

Arise, daughter of Yiftach—
the weapons have returned from battle,
for they will take away,
assuredly,
your youth, daughter.
Hora habika

Chorus:
Elef zemer poh hevenu
le'achinu hakatan.
Elef zemer ve'od zemer
Nachal Na'aran.

We have brought a thousand songs
to our young brother,
a thousand and one songs
to Nachal Na'aran (new Nachal settlement).

Migilgal gilgalhu hena,
mayim vegam shir mizmor.
Bo achinu, smach itanu,
Sheyhiye lanu ha'or.

We have rolled here from Gilgal
water and a melody.
Come, brother, celebrate with us,
bring us light.

U’mimasu’a nasanu
yedidut min haschenim.
Bo achinu, smach itanu
vehasbet lanu panim

From Masu’a we brought
friendship and good neighbors.
Come, brother, celebrate with us,
cheer us up.

Me’argaman lecha aragnu
shefa or mikan yivka
Bo achinu, smach itanu
vetismach kol habika

From Argaman we have woven
a bright emanating light.
Come, brother, celebrate with us,
and the entire valley will celebrate.

U’mikalya shelo day la
yesh bracha, kevirka av
bo achinu, smach itanu
yismechu harei Mo’ov

And if that is not enough, Kalya
sends a fatherly blessing.
Come, brother, celebrate with us,
and the mountains of Mo’ov will celebrate.

Erev shel shoshanim

Erev shel shoshanim,
netze na el habustan.
Mor besamim ulevona
leraglech miftnan

Evening of roses,
let us go out to the garden.
Myrrh, spices, and incense
are a carpet for your feet.

Chorus:
Laila yored le’at
veruach shoshan noshva.
Hava elchash lach shir balat
zemer shel ahava.

Night comes upon us slowly
and a breeze of roses is blowing.
Let me whisper a song to you quietly,
a song of love.

Shachar homa yona.
Roshech maleh telalim.
Pich el haboker shoshana,
ektfenu li.

It is dawn, a dove is cooing.
Your hair is filled with dew.
Your lips are like a rose to the morning.
I’ll pick it for myself.
Ki tinam

Who is coming up towards me?
Come, my sister, O bride.
You have captured my heart more than other brides.
You are beautiful for me,
you are beautiful for me in dances.

I am a bride, I am a bride.
I am fairer than the daughters of the deer.
Come, let’s dance, for my heart willed it,
for love is pleasant in the dance.

Who will brighten his face to me?
That’s my beloved, who will awaken my son.
He is pre-eminent and strong.
I look for him.
I look for him since then.

Here is your beloved.
When he approaches you, he walks faster.
Come, let’s dance, for my heart willed it,
for love is pleasant in the dance.

Al tira

Don’t be afraid, my servant Jacob—
Oh, I have dreamt a dream—
Don’t be afraid, my servant Jacob—
How full of awe is this place.

The ladder is set up
with angels of heaven,
all of them descending and ascending
with white wings.

Be strong, brother Jacob,
arise to your way eastward.
Go forth, don’t be afraid.
Go your way
because this land will become
yours and your seed’s.
Dayagim

Ruach yam vehod galim
el chofayich ma kalim.
Dayagim parsu rishtam.
Havi nerda layam!

Gal vasela ushchafim
vesira mul shachak
levein risayich nishkafim.
Gil oshrech kayam.

Tmu od reshet
ki hamtsula rogeshet.
Raba, raba degat hayam.
Se’u se’u mashot,
alu ki et limshot.
Ali habat mechof umigalim
Ali ki—

The breeze of the sea, the glory of the waves
yearn for your shores.
Fishermen spread their nets.
Let’s go down to the sea!

Waves, rocks, and seagulls
and a boat facing heaven
are reflected beneath your eyelashes.
Your joyous happiness is like the sea.

Give out more net
because the sea is roaring in its depths.
The fish of the sea are plentiful;
carry the oars.
Come out, for it is time to pull in the nets.
Come out, my girl, from the waves and surf.

Na’ama

Emek choresh sod yilbashu
shemesh kvar chovka harim.
Merchavim yachdav yirgashu
Mi yorda el hakramim.

Valley, grove will envelop in secret,
the sun is already embracing the mountains.
Plains will together wonder
who is descending to the vineyards.

Chorus:
An telechi
Auri levadech . . .
Ei darkech yorda
Sapri li, Na’ama . . .

Where are you going?
Where are you heading alone?
Where is the road leading you?
Tell me, Na’ama.

I have a small secret.
I will walk alone,
tell the winds my secret.

Habotsrim shiram yarona
bakramim haru’ach shat.
Tsiporim afot tsafona
Na’ama shara balat.

The vintners’ song joyously rises,
the wind travels in the vineyards.
Birds travel northward,
Na’ama softly sings.
Mi li yiten

Mi li yiten
Shtey ahavot kekedem
kach etchazak be’etsev
hane’urim?

Mi li yiten
shtey avukot shel zohar,
kach edalek keno’ar
ha’avar?

Chorus:
/ Galgal hazman golesh
ve’ish le’ish lochesh
tir’eh hazman avar. /

Mi li yiten
shtey alamot shel chemet,
shtey anavot hachesed
hashkia?

Mi li yiten
chet mechayech baboker
chet mechayech ba’osher
ha’ahava?

Who will give me
two loaves as of yore
so I will strengthen in the grief
of youth?

Who will give me
two torches of light,
so I will be kindled like the youth
of the past?

Time’s wheel turns
and man whispers to man,
watch the time go by.

Who will give me
two pretty girls,
two lovely flowers
in sunset?

Who will give me
a sinful smile in the morning,
a mischievous happy smile
of love?
It came to pass after the death of Moses in the desert
that the Lord called to Joshua and said
“Rise, take the people and cross the Jordan
into the land which I have given you.
Every place that your footsteps fall,
as I promised, is given to you.”

Chorus:
“Be strong and courageous, and do not fear,
for this land, this one land, is yours.”

Now Jericho secured itself before the children of Israel.
The priests carried the ram’s horn
and the people went out and surrounded the wall
with the tribes of Reuben and Gad in the vanguard.
The shofar trumpeted a mighty blast
and the wall of Jericho collapsed beneath her.

The kings of the Emorites assembled, and brought with them
a multitude as numerous as the grains of sand on the seashore.
Joshua came upon them suddenly
and, in Gibeon, said to the sun, “Halt!”
The moon stood still in the valley of Aijalon
and the kings of Lachish and Eglon fled.

Joshua smote the king of Dor
and the king of Makkedah and the king of Hazor
and the king of Adullam and the king of Hebron
and the king of Achshaph and the king of Samaria
and the king of Horma and the king of Arad,
all the thirty-one kings.
Songs from the Song of Songs

Al tir’uni

/ Al tir’uni she’ani shcharchoret 
sheshzafatni hashamesh. /
/ Shechora ani vena’ava /
/ Shechora ani. /
/ Vena’ava benot Yerushalayim.

Don’t stare at me because I am dark,
because the sun has graced me.

I am dark and beautiful,
I am dark,
and beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Keshoshana

Keshoshana bein hachochim, 
ken rayati bein habanot.
Ketapuach ba’atsei haya’ar 
ken dodi bein habanim.

As a rose among thorns,
so is my love among the daughters.
As an apple tree among the trees of the
forest,
so is my beloved among the sons.

Dodi li

Chorus:
/ Dodi li, va’ani lo 
haro’eh bashoshanim. /

Mi zot ola min hamidbar?
Mi zot ola,
mekuteret mor,
/ mor ulevona? /

Libavtini achoti kala
libavtini kala. /

Uri, tsafon,
u’vo’i teiman. /

My beloved is mine, and I am his,
a shepherd among roses.

Who is this coming up from the desert?
Who is this coming up,
perfumed with myrrh,
myrrh and frankincense?

You have captured my heart, my sister,
you have captured my heart, my bride.

Awake, north wind,
and come south.

Hinach yaffa

Hinach yaffa rayati
Hinach yaffa einayich yonim.
/ Miba’ad letsamatech 
sa’arech ke’eder ha’izim. /
/ shegalshu mehar, 
Har Gilad.

You are beautiful, my love.
You are beautiful, your eyes are doves.
From behind your scarf
your hair is like a flock of goats
streaming down the mountain,
Mount Gilad.
Libavtinee

Libavtinee achothi kala.
Libavtinee ba’achat me’einayich.
Ma yafu dodayich achothi kala
vereiach samotayich kereiach Lebanon.

You have captured my heart, my sister, my bride.
You have captured my heart with one of your eyes.
How fair was your love, my sister, my bride,
and the scent of your garments like
the scent of Lebanon.

Dodi dodi

/ Dodi dodi tsach ve’adom,
dagul merevava. /
Rosho ketem paz,
kyutsotav taltalim.
Shechorot shechorot
shechorot k’o’rev,
dodi, dodi, dodi, vere’i.

My beloved is white and ruddy,
distinguished above ten thousand.
His head is like the finest gold;
his locks are curly.
Dark, dark,
dark as a raven,
my beloved, my love.
Yemenite songs

Laner velivsamim

Laner velivsamim
nafshi meyachela
im titnu li kos yayin
lehavdala.

Solu derachim li
panu lenavocha.
Pitchu she’arim li
kol malachei ma’ala.

Einai ani esa
el el belev kosef
mantsi tserchai li
bayom u’valayla.

For the candles and spices
my soul is yearning
you will give me a wine cup
for Havdalah.

Pave a road for me,
clear it for the lost one.
Open the gates for me,
all heavenly angels.

I will raise my eyes
with yearning heart toward God,
who satisfies my needs
day and night.

Dror Yikra

/ Dror yikra leven im bat
veyintsarchem kemo vavat. /
/ Ne’im shimchem velo yushbat.
Shevu venuchu beyom Shabat /

/ Drosh navi ve’ulami
ve’ot yeshah aseh imi. /
/ Netah sorek betoch karmi.
Sh’e’ei shavat benai ami. /

/ Elohim ten bamidbar har
Hadas shitah berosh tidhar. /
/ Velamazhir velanizhar
shelomim ten kemei nahar /

He’ll proclaim freedom to son and daughter
and will keep you as the apple of his eye.
Pleasant is your fame and it will not be erased.
Sit and rest on the Sabbath day.

Seek my Temple and my Hall
and give me a sign of salvation.
Plant a branch in my vineyard.
Listen to the cry of my people.

God, let there bloom on the desert and
mountain
myrtle, acacia, cypress, and box trees.
To the exhorters and the scrupulous
(Sabbath observers)
give peace as flowing as a river’s waters.
S’ee yona

/ S’ee yona weshimini / bechinor najeni. /
/ Ufischi zameri roni / beshir hithboneni. /
/ Umaheri we’al thifni / lederech soteni. /
/ Gechi seda wenisa’a / Wenithaden wenisba’a. /
/ Wenashira alei nevel / wezemer titheni /
wenikanes letoch jano / bethomor ta’ali
wenocheza besansinaw / ufiryo tocheli.

Go, dove, and listen to me,
with the harp of my playing.
And open your mouth and sing
a heavy song.

And hurry and don’t turn
to the path of your enemy.
Take food and let’s go.
We’ll eat delicacies and be satisfied.

And we’ll sing on the lyre
and our song will go forth,
and we’ll enter into a garden,
climb up a palm tree
and grab its fronds,
and we’ll eat its fruit.

Ahavat Hadassah

/ Ahavat Hadassah al levavi niksherah /
Va’ani betoch golah, p’amai tsolelim. /
/ Lu yesh reshut li e’eleh etchaberah /
Toch sha’arei tsion asher hem nahalalim. /
/ Shacharit v’aravit bat nedivim ezkerah /
Libi vera’ayonai becheshek nivhalim. /
/ Binim zemirot minedod etorerah /
Va’ani verayati berinah tsohalim. /

The love of Hadassah (Israel) is tied to my heart
and my steps are sunk deep in the exile.
If I could I would go up and join
within the gates of Zion which are praised.
Morning and evening I’ll remember the
daughter of Israel.
My heart and thoughts are shaken with desire.
With music of psalms I’ll wake up from wandering,
My love and I will sing for joy.

Ki eshmera / Oneg Shabat

Ki (Im) eshmera shabat el yishmereni.
Ot hi le’olmei ad beino uveini.
As (If) I observe the Sabbath, God protects me.
It is an everlasting sign between him and me.

Asur metsochefetz la’asot derachim
gam miledaber bo divrei tserachim.
It is forbidden to do business or chores,
or to speak of material needs.

Bo emtse’ah tamid nofesh lenafshi.
Hineh leder rishon natan kedoshi.
In it I shall find a soul for my soul.
He gave its holiness for the first generation.

Etpalelah el el aravit veshacharit,
musaf vegam mincha hu ya’aneni.
I shall pray to God evening and morning,
morning and afternoon, and he will answer me.
Sapari / Bat Teman / Sapri tama / Tama tamima

Tell me, innocent one,
tell me, we will rejoice in innocence.
Daughter of wise kings,
where is your hiding place? Tell me.

My dove answered: Sa’adya,
I went up to the palaces.

And I,
though secretly I am poor,
still I am robed in beauty.

A wonderful fruit tree is in my garden,
juicy and winy.

Take,
take from my right hand
the poured cup that was chosen for me.

Tell me,
tell me, innocent one
tell me, we will rejoice in innocence.

My dove answered: Sa’adya,
I went up to the palaces.

Shir zmirot (Adon hakol)

Covered in his purity’s clouds
and showering plenty over all the earth.

Master of the Universe
who revives all spirits
will deliver his kindness
to the wise daughter of the Prince (Israel).

Songs we have heard from Earth’s eve
of the righteousness in east and west.

The righteous always walk in straight paths.
They are pure without sin and guilt.
Italy

Cicerennella (Neapolitan tarantella)

Qualche mago, qualche fata
Cicerennella s’ha rubata
uhe guaglione piccerilli
Vui avite da strillà.

Suone e cante, alluche e strille
fin che s’aggiada trovà
Cicerennella, Cicerennella
Cicere Cicere Cicerenne.

Cicerennella, chi s’a pigliata?
Cicerennella, Cicerenne,
Cicerennella, chi s’a pigliata?
Cicerennella ca nun ce sta.

Se nun te trovo, Cicerennella,
Cicerennella, Cicerenne,
se nun te trovo, Cicerennella,
Voglio ca subito presto muri!

Some magician, some fairy
has taken Cicerennella away
and a young street urchin
is shouting.

Sounds and songs, screams and yells,
until we find her
Cicerennella, Cicerennella,
Cicere Cicere Cicerenne.

Cicerennella, who has taken her?
Cicerennella, Cicerenne
Cicerennella, who has taken her?
Cicerennella is not here.

If I don’t find you, Cicerennella
Cicerennella, Cicerenne,
If I don’t find you, Cicerennella
I want to die right away!
Tarantella di Peppina

Chorus:
Come son bello-lo,
Come sei bella-la,
dimmi la ballo-lo, la tarantella-la.
Oh Pippinella la tarantella,
oh balla bella, balla bella, balla con me.

How handsome I am,
how beautiful you are.
Tell me the dance, the tarantella.
Oh little Peppina, the tarantella,
dance, beautiful girl,
dance with me!

'A ballamo la tarantella,
la ballamo a' la paisana,
la ballamo alla siciliana,
che di meglio non ci sta.
Oh Pippinella, balla bona
che la gente sta a guardare,
a la vesta non pensare
se de' sopra se ne va.

Let's dance the tarantella,
let's dance it the old country way,
let's dance it in Sicilian fashion,
'cause that's the best.
Oh little Peppina, dance it well
because people are watching.
Don't think about
your skirt going up.

Oh guarda, balla lu ziu Ninu
cò Beatrici balla bona.
'A tarantella è un bellusone
ed è un piaciri de ballà.
Salta, salta, Pippinella
che cun mia nun po' cascere.
Ma te voglio ricordare
li miei piedi di papà.

Oh look, your uncle Nino
dances well with Beatrice.
The tarantella is a good sound
and a delight to dance.
Jump, jump, little Peppina,
'cause with me you can't fall.
But I want to remember you,
your father's feet!

Oh se a ballando un po' si suda,
Pippinella lassa stare.
'A tarantella fa passare
tutti i guai che ci so
e di guai ce n'è tanti.
Pippinella bella bella,
oh chi ci vole la tarantella
po' non morire e campà.

Oh, if dancing makes you sweat a bit,
little Peppina, don't worry about that.
The tarantella makes
all worries disappear,
and there are plenty of troubles.
Little Peppina, beautiful, beautiful,
he who wants the tarantella
can't die but live!
This song is in the Rezian dialect of Slovenian.

Lipa ma Marýca,
Rýnina si ty.
Ko ta-na Růšće pójdeš,
u fylo éon ti pryt.

Ko ta-na Růšće si došyl,
Marýca me je ni.

Te húdi júdi so paršľý,
Marýco so nesľý.

Či bej to bila háuža,
to bila mákoj ma.

Ja měšon bil se zbudil,
da drúgin na plažá.

Za ne prýt notou húšy,
ta-z gözd ja si jo dal.

Za prý horé u Zagáto,
tri óre ja si stal.

Lipa ma Marýca,
lipa ti si ty,
lipa ti si bila,
lipa ti češ byt.

My beautiful Marýca,
you are Rýnina’s (girl).
When you go to Růšće
I’ll come to serenade you.

When I arrived in Růšće,
there was no sign of Marýca.

Bad people had come
and taken Marýca away.

What was the reason?
I was the only reason!

I should have known that
others fancy her too.

So as not to enter the house,
I ran into the woods.

It took me three hours
to get to Zagáto.

My dear Marýca,
you are beautiful,
you always were beautiful,
you always will be beautiful!
Macedonia

Iz dolu ide (Lesnoto)

Iz dolu ide edno nevestence, / belo, belo, male, belo ta crveno, tünkko, tünkko, male, tünkko ta visoko.

A maiden walks along, fair and rosy, slender and tall.

Oj kato odi na zemja ne stüpvva, / glava ne navežda mene si pogležda.

As she walks she doesn’t touch the ground, she doesn’t bend her head, she looks at me.

Mene si pogležda s crnite oči, / s crnite oči, crni čerešovi, s vitite veždi, ibrišim gajtani.

She looks at me with dark eyes, with dark eyes, dark as cherries, with slender eyebrows like silk lace.

Oj male male, stara le male, / što ti me, male, ot nego razdeli, ot nego razdeli celi tri nedeli?

Oh old mother, why have you kept me from her, kept me from her three whole weeks?

Što mi e milo (Lesnoto)

Što mi e milo, milo i drago / vo Struga grada, mamo, dušan da imam. /

How pleased and happy I would be to have a shop in the town of Struga.

Chorus:
Lele varaj, mamo, mome Kalino, / vo Struga grada, mamo, dušan da imam.¹ /

Hey, Kalina.

Na képencite, mamo, da sedam / stružkite momi, mamo, momi da gledam. /

To sit in front of my shop and watch the girls of Struga.

Koga na voda, voda mi odat / so tia stomni, mamo, stomni šareni. /

When they go for water with their bright-colored jugs.

Na ovoj izvor, izvor studeni / tam da se s družki, mamo, s družki soberat. /

To that cold well to meet there with their friends.

¹ The second line of each verse is repeated in the chorus.
Mi go zatvorile (Lesnoto)

Mi go zatvorile mladiot Jordanče
/ mi go zatvorile vo temni zandani. /

Vo zandani ima voda do kolena,
/ voda do kolena, kosa do ramena. /

Vreme de ké dojde¹ Jordan da se pušta,
/ pravo on si trga vo negovo selo. /

Koga dojde Jordan do domašni porti,
/ dva pati mi ĉukna, tri pati mi vikna. /

Koga go doĉula negovata majka,
/ porti otvorila, sina pregrnila. /

“Kade mi je, majko, mojto verno libe,
/ porti da otvori, mene da pregrne?” /

“Tvojto verno libe snošti se omaži,
/ za tvojot komšija, za tvojot pobratim.” /

¹Another version has Koga dojde vreme here.

Bitola, moj roden kraj (Lesnoto)

Bitola, moj roden kraj,
vo tebe sum roden, mene si mi mil.

Chorus:
Bitola, moj roden kraj,
jas te sakam od srce znaj.
Bitola, moj roden kraj,
jas te sakam, za tebe peam.

Ej roden kraj, koj bi možel
zbogum da te reče, da ne zaplače?

Mnogu sela i gradovi jas projdov,
kako tebe poubav nigde ne najdov.

Vo tebe sum odel, gol i bos,
vo tebe porasnav, jas ne sum ti gost.

Bitola, my birthplace,
I was born in you, you are dear to me.

Bitola my birthplace,
know that I love you from the heart.
Bitola, my birthplace,
I love you, I sing of you.

Hey, birthplace, who could possibly
say goodbye to you and not cry?

I have passed through many towns and cities.
I have nowhere found one more beautiful than you.

I have walked in you, naked and barefoot.
I grew up in you, I am no stranger.
Oj ti pile (Lesnoto)

Oj ti pile, slavej pile,
ja zapej mi edna pesna,
edna pesna žalovita.

Oh bird, nightingale bird,
sing me a song,
a mournful song.

Što se čuje na daleku,
na daleku preku Vardar?
Tam se bije slaven junak,
slaven junak Pitu-Guli.

What’s that we hear far away,
far beyond the Vardar?
There fights the glorious hero,
the glorious hero Pitu-Guli.

Prsten mi padne

Prsten mi padna, male,
prsten mi padna,
prsten mi padna, male,
otade reka.

My ring fell, mother
on the other side of the river,
on the other side of the river, mother
in the sand.

otade reka, male,
vo pesočina.

In the sand, mother,
by moonlight.

vo pesočina, male,
na mesečina.

A shepherd passed by, mother,
he found it for me.

Ovčar pomina, male,
toj mi go najde.

Promise him, Neša,
what will you promise him?
Promise him, Neša,
your fair face.

Taksaj mu, taksaj Nešo,
što ke mu takaš?
Taksaj mu, taksaj, Nešo,
beloto lice.

What will you promise him, mother?
Your dark eyes.

Što ke mu takaš, male?
Crnite oči.

And if I promise him, mother,
it will do him no good.

I da mu taksam, male,
fajda si nema.

Verses 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7 follow the pattern of verse 1
More sokol pie voda na Vardaro (Lesnoto)

/ More sokol pie voda na Vardaro. / The falcon drinks water from the Vardar.

Chorus:
/ Jane, Jane le belo grlo. / Oh Jana, white-throated Jana.
/ More oj sokole, ti junačko pile, / O falcon, hero’s bird,
/ More ne vide li, junak da premine? / Have you not seen a hero go past?
/ Junak da premine s devet ljuti rani? / A hero go past with nine angry wounds?
/ S devet ljuti rani, site kuršumliji. / Nine angry wounds, all from bullets,
/ A deseta rana s nož e probodena. / and a tenth wound, stabbed with a knife.

Vrni se, vrni

Vrni se, vrni, libe Mariče, Go back, go back dear Mariče,
ne idi ti so men’. don’t go with me.
/ Aj pred nas ima najgasta gora, Before us is the thickest forest,
ne mojž’ da premines. / you can’t cross it.

Jas kë se storam šareno pile I will make myself into a colorful bird,
gora kë preletam. I will fly across the forest,
/ I pak so tebe, libe, kë dojdam and then I will go with you, love,
i tvoja kë bidam. / and I will be yours.

Vrni se, vrni, libe Mariče, Go back, go back dear Mariče,
ne idi ti so men’. don’t go with me.
/ Aj pred nas ima dalboka reka, Before us is a deep river,
ne mojž’ da preplivaš. / you can’t swim across it.

kë se pretvoram vo riba mrenka, I will transform myself into a little barbel fish,
reka kë preplivam. I will swim across the river,
/ I pak so tebe, libe, kë dojdam and then I will go with you, love,
i tvoja kë bidam. / and I will be yours.
**Tino mori**

Bog da bie, Tino mori,
Tino mori, tvoj’ta stara majka,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
tvojot stari tatko de.

Što mi te armasaja, Tino,
Tino mori, mnogu na daleku,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
dur na Čevgelija de.

Dur na Čevgelija, Tino,
Tino mori, za Deljo Turundžula,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
za Deljo Turundžula de.

Deljo bolen leži, Tino,
Tino mori, Deljo ke da umri,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
Deljo ke da umri de.

Nad glava mu stoji, Tino,
Tino mori, trujca ikindžii,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
trujca ikindžii de.

May God strike, Tina,
oh Tina, your old mother,
oh Tina, Tina,
your old father.

For they married you off, Tina,
oh Tina, very far away,
oh Tina, Tina,
all the way to Čevgelija.

All the way to Čevgelija, Tina,
oh Tina, to Deljo Turundžula,
oh Tina, Tina,
to Deljo Turundžula.

Deljo lies sick, Tina,
oh Tina, Deljo is going to die.
oh Tina, Tina,
Deljo is going to die.

At his head are standing, Tina,
oh Tina, three doctors,
oh Tina, Tina,
three doctors.

**Ordan sedi (Deninka)**

/ Ordan sedi na kulata /
/ pa si gleda gore dole, 
gore dole niz seloto. /

/ Mi dogleda crni asker, /
/ crni asker bašibozuk. /4

/ Frli bomba u seloto. /
/ Go zatrese celo selo. /4

/ Izvikaja seljanite, /
/ “Ščo je ova od Ordana, 
od Ordana Piperkata?” /

/ Ordan nosi cesno drvo. /
/ Nego kuršum ne go dupi, 
egog sabja ne go seći. /

Ordan sits in the tower
and looks up and down,
up and down the village.

He sees a dark Turkish soldier,
a dark Turkish soldier, a bashibozouk.1

He throws a bomb into the village.
It shakes the whole village.

The villagers call out,
“What is this that Ordan’s done, 
Ordan Piperkata?”

Ordan carries a piece of holy wood.
A bullet will not pierce him,
a sword will not cut him.

1 *Turkish irregular soldier, noted for brutality*
Legnala Dana

Legnala Dana, zaspala, lele Božë,
vo edna mala gradina.
vo edna mala gradina, lele Božë,
pod edno drvo maslinka.

Poduvna veter od more, lele Božë,
otkrši granka maslinka.
otkrši granka maslinka, lele Božë,
udri mi Dana po lice.

Vikna mi Dana, zaplačë, lele Božë:
“Of lele le le do Boga.
što bev si slatko, zaspala, lele Božë,
i sladok son si sonuva.

Na son dojdoja tri ludi, lele Božë,
tri ludi, tri adžamii.
Prvi mi dade zlat prsten, lele Božë,
drugi mi dade jabolko.

Toj što mi dade zlat prsten, lele Božë,
niz nego da se provira.
Toj što mi dade jabolko, lele Božë,
zelen da bide do groba.
Toj što me mene celuna,
so nego da se vekuvam.”

Dana lay down and fell asleep, oh Lord,
in a little garden,
in a little garden, oh Lord,
under an olive tree.

The wind blew from the sea, oh Lord,
and broke off an olive twig,
and broke off an olive twig, oh Lord.
It hit Dana in the face.

Dana called out, began to cry, oh Lord,
“Oh God,
I had just fallen asleep, oh Lord,
and was dreaming a sweet dream.

In the dream three men came, oh Lord,
three men, three young lads.
The first gave me a gold ring, oh Lord,
The second gave me an apple,
the second gave me an apple, oh Lord.
The third kissed me.

They gave me a gold ring, oh Lord,
he can go crawl through it.
The one that gave me an apple, oh Lord,
may he be green till the grave.
The one that kissed me, oh Lord,
let me spend forever with him!”

Chorus:

Vie se vie oro makedonsko
golem sobor mi se sobral kraj Vardaro.

Dance and song, sun and love
that is our Macedonia.

Siot narod se nasobral makedonski,
pregnati bratski da se razveselat.

The whole Macedonian people has gathered
to celebrate arm in arm as brothers.

Dali gledaš, milo Skopje, dali slušaš?
Kakva makedonska pesna se pee.

Do you see, dear Skopje, do you hear?
They’re singing a Macedonian song!

Vie se vie (Ivanica)

They’re dancing a Macedonian oro,
a great crowd has gathered by the Vardar.

Chorus:

/ Oro i pesna, solnce i ljubov,
toa e naša Makedonija. /
Jovano, Jovanke #1

Jovano, Jovanke,
/kraj Vardarot sediš, mori,
belo platno beliš,
se nagore gledaš, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

Jovano, Jovanke,
/tvojata majka, mori,
tebe ne te dava,
kaj mene da dojdeš, dušo
srce moje, Jovano. /

Jovano, Jovanke,
/jas te doma čekam, mori,
doma da mi dojdeš.
Ti mi ne dohodiš¹, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

¹ another version has dovaša here

Jovana,
you sit by the Vardar,
you bleach white cloth,
you keep looking up, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovana,
your mother
doesn’t let you
come to me, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovana,
I wait for you at home,
for you to come to me.
But you do not come, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovano, Jovanke #2

Jovano, Jovanke,
/kraj Vardarot sediš, mori,
belo platno beliš.
Belo platno beliš, dušo,
se nagore gledaš. /

Jovano, Jovanke,
/jas te tebe čekam, mori,
doma da mi dojdeš.
A ti ne doaša, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

Jovano, Jovanke,
/tvojata majka, mori,
tebe ne te pušta
so mene da dojdeš, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

Jovana,
you sit by the Vardar,
you bleach white cloth.
You bleach white cloth, my soul,
you keep looking up.

Jovana,
i wait for you
to come home to me.
But you do not come, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovana,
your mother
doesn’t let you
come to me, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.
Makedonsko devojče (Kosovsko lesno oro)

Makedonsko devojče,
kitka šarena,
vo gradina nabrana,
dar podarena.

Chorus:
Dali ima n’ ovoj beli svet
poubavo devojče od makedonče?
Nema, nema ne ´ ke se rodi
poubavo devojče od makedonče!

Nema dzvezdi po-liˇ cni
od tvoj’te oˇ ci.
Da se no ´ ke na nebo
den ke razdeni.

Koga kosi raspletiˇ s
kako koprina
liˇ cna si i poliˇ cna
od samovila.

Koga pesna zapee,
slavej natpee.
Koga ora zaigra,
srce razigra.

Janino oro

/ Izlegla Jana po pole, /
da vidi Jana poleto,
dali e pole stasalo. /

/ Ako je pole stasalo, /
da fati Jana argati,
argati mladi žetvari. /

/ Argati mladi žetvari, /
da žnijat bela pˇ senica,
da jadat bela pogaˇ ca. /
Žalna majka (Lesnoto)

Žalna majka, v sebe plače,
vnucite gi teši.
Boj vo gradi lut ja vie,
a nim im se smeši.

Ah, spite, vnuci moj',
pak, pak ké dojde toj.
Ke vi pee za Bitola,
za naš rodên kraj.

Spijat vnuci, majka plače,
ocí solzi leat.
Kaj si, sinko da gi vidiš,
tvoj' te miši deca?

Ah, spijat deca tvoj',
v son go slušaat tvojot poj.
Stani, sinko, da gi vidiš,
stani, sine moj.

Majka plače, solzi tečat,
sinot svoj go žali,
Blagoj Petrov Karağule,
vo misli go gali.

/ Ah, edinec moj ti,
v grad bolka ti mi si.
Stani, čedo, pej mi pesna,
stani, ne i spij. /

The grieving mother weeps to herself and consoles her grandchildren.
The aching in her heart is unbearable, but she smiles at them.

Ah, sleep my grandchildren,
he will come back again.
He will sing to you of Bitola,
of our native town.

The grandchildren sleep, the mother weeps,
tears pour from her eyes.
Where are you, my son, to see them,
your dear children?

Ah, your children are sleeping,
and in their dreams they hear your singing.
Get up, my son, and see them,
get up, my son.

The mother weeps, her tears flow,
she mourns her son,
Blagoj Petrov Karağule,
in her thoughts she caresses him.

Ah, you are my only one,
you are the pain in my heart.
Get up, child, sing me a song,
get up, do not sleep.

The famous Macedonian singer Blagoj Petrov Karağule was killed in the 1963 Skopje earthquake.

Slavej mi pee

/ Slavej mi pee, male ma
v temni osoji. /₄

/ V temni osoji, male ma
v temni dolovi. /₄

The nightingale sings, Mama,
in dark shaded spots.

In dark shaded spots, Mama,
in dark valleys.
**Dodek je moma pri majka (Kostursko oro)**

While a girl lives with her mother, 
  she is fair and rosy.

She goes walking, 
  she sings girls’ songs.

She sings girls’ songs, 
  dances girls’ dances.

She gets engaged, turns black (unhappy), 
  gets married, is buried.

And what are father-in-law, mother-in-law? 
  They are black ink (unhappiness).

And what are brother-in-law and sister-in-law? 
  They are yellow dye (sickness).

And what are the little children? 
  They are little chains.

And what is the many-colored bouquet? 
  It is her true love (husband).

---

**Čerešna**

The cherry tree is pulled from its roots, 
  the daughter is separated from her mother.

Forgive me, Mother, forgive me, 
  if I’ve done you any wrong.

Until now I’ve obeyed you, 
  from now on I’ll obey my mother-in-law.

From now on I’ll obey my mother-in-law, 
  brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law.

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**MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook • Macedonia**
Zajko kokorajko (Arap)

Storil nijet zajko, zajko kokorajko, 
zajko da se ženi, zajko serbezlija. 
Si natresol gafety, uprčil mustački, 
nagrnal đamadan, kapa fiškulija. 
More, tokmo mladoženja!

Mi posvršil zajko lina udovica, 
kitka nakite, maza razmažena, 
poznata đimrijka, svetska isposlica, 
more, selska vizitarka!

Mi pokanil zajko kiteni svatovi, 
mečka mesarija, vučica kumica, 
žaba zurldžijka, eço tupandžija, 
oven esapčija, mrdžo aberdžija. 
Zajko kokorajko 
si natresol gafety, uprčil mustački, 
nagrnal đamadan, kapa fiškulija, 
more, tokmo mladoženja!

Pa mi trgnal zajko niz Solunsko pole 
da si vidi zajko lisa udovica. 
Tam si najde zajko mesto lindralija, 
kvacoka so pišinja, teška meravdžika, 
liči za nevesta!

Koga vide zajko toa čudno čudo, 
apa mi letna zajko nazad na tragovi. 
Tam si sretna zajko do dva-tri lovdžii, 
em oni si nosat puški sačmalii, 
more, ’rti em zagari!

Pa mi presnal zajko, zajko da mi bega, 
si iskinal gafety, razmrsil mustački, 
iskinal đamadan, vikna se provikna: 
More, nesum mladoženja!

Rabbit made a plan, popeyed Rabbit, 
that he would get married, hot-shot Rabbit. 
He pulled on his trousers, twirled his mustache, 
Got into his jacket and his fez. 
hey, just like a bridegroom!

Rabbit got engaged to Widow Fox, 
a flowery bouquet, a spoiled pet, 
a well-known fussy eater, an avoider of work, 
the village fussbudget!

Rabbit invited his wedding party: 
a she-bear butcher, a she-wolf godmother, 
a frog to play zurla, a hedgehog for drummer 
a ram for bookkeeper, a watchdog wedding-crier. 
Popeyed Rabbit 
pulled on his trousers, twirled his mustache, 
got into his jacket and his fez. 
Hey, just like a bridegroom!

Then Rabbit set off through the region 
of Salonika 
to see Widow Fox. 
There Rabbit found, instead of a sleek fox, 
a hen with chicks, a heavy dowry, 
it looks like the bride!

When Rabbit saw this wondrous wonder, 
Rabbit flew back on his tracks. 
Then Rabbit met with two or three hunters, 
and they had guns, 
and hunting dogs!

Rabbit shot off running, 
lost his trousers, messed up his mustache, 
threw off his jacket, cried out, 
“He, I’m not a bridegroom!”
**Tri godini (Devetorka)**

Tri godini se ljubevme, 
loša duma ne rekovme.

*Chorus:*
Zar ne ti je 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 čukat tapanite, 
mene, milo libe, kambanite.

Tvojta majka pesni pee, 
mojta majka solzi lee.

---

**Što imala kūsmet Stamena (Skopsko zaramo)**

/ Što imala kūsmet Stamena, Stamena, 
majka je bolna padnala, padnala. /

/ Majka je bolna padnala, padnala, 
posakala voda studena, studena. /

Stamena zema stomnite, stomnite, 
/ otiše na česma šarena, šarena, / 
da napolni voda studena, studena.

/ Vo selo oro igrale, igrale, 
na tanec mladi Stojane, Stojane. /

---

**Ogrejala mesečina (Rūčenica)**

/ Ogrejala mesečina šekerna. /

*Chorus:*
/ Aleno galeno dragaj dušo medena. /

/ Ne mi bila mesečina šekerna. /

/ Tuk mi bila maloj mome ubavo. /

/ Poranilo za vodica studena. /

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MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook • Macedonia 89
Kajo Kalino

/ Kajo, Kalino, devojče, / Kaja, Kalina girl, 
viši viši, crni oči, / raise your black eyes, 
viši viši, crni oči, / raise your black eyes, 
na visoko, na široko. / high and wide. / 

/ Kade Turci kafe pijat, / Where the Turks drink coffee, 
Arnauti baš rakija, / the Albanians strong rakijia, 
Arnauti baš rakija, / the Albanians strong rakijia, 
a ergeni, rujno vino. / and the bachelors red wine. / 

/ Samo edno ludo mlado / One young lad 
nitu jade, nitu piše. / neither eats nor drinks, 
Samo mene poglednuva, he only looks at me, 
so oko mi namignuva / he winks his eye at me. / 

Kalja, Kaljino

/ Kalja, Kaljino, devojčko, / Kaja, Kaljina girl, 
viši viši, crni oči, / raise your black eyes, 
izviši gi na visoko, raise them high, 
na visoko, na široko. / high and wide. / 

/ Kade Turci kafe pijat, / Where the Turks drink coffee, 
Arnauti baš rakija, / the Albanians strong rakijia, 
Arnauti baš rakija, / the Albanians strong rakijia, 
a ergeni, rujno vino. / and the bachelors red wine. / 

/ Edno ludo, ludo mlado / One young lad 
nitu jade, nitu piše, / neither eats nor drinks, 
nitu jade, nitu piše, but keeps looking at Kalja, 
često Kalja poglednuva. / 
često Kalja poglednuva, But keeps looking at Kalja 
so oko i namignuva, / winks his eye at her, 
so oko i namignuva, winks his eye at her, 
so raka i zaminuva. / waves his hand at her. / 

/ Često Kalja poglednuva, / 
so oko i namignuva, / 
so raka i zaminuva. / 

/ Ajde Kaljo da begame, / Come, Kalja, let’s run away 
našto selo, arno selo. / to my village, a good village— 
Od tri strani sonce greje, the sun shines on three sides, 
od četvrta mesočina. / and on the fourth the moon shines. 

/ Našto selo, arno selo, / Our village is a good village, 
dva pati se žetva žnejte. / we have two harvests, 
Dva pati se žetva žnejte, we have two harvests, 
tri pati se grozde bere. / we harvest grapes three times. /
More, čičo reče da me ženi (Pajduška)

More, čičo reče da me ženi;
more, čera reče, sega nekè.
/ More, čera reče, sega nekè;
a pa strina Sava ič ne dava. /

More, ne davaše, ne davaše;
/ more, najposle se saglasiše. /
More, mi zgodiše bela Neda.
More, bela bela kako arapka;
more tünkak tünkak kako mečka.

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. /

Devojče, devojče

/ Devojče, devojče, crveno jabolče, /
/ ne stoj sproti mene, izgorev za tebe. /
/ Izgorev za tebe kako len za voda, /
/ kako len za voda, bosilok za senka. /
/ Gori, ludo, gori, i jas taka goram, /
i jas taka goram kako len za voda,
kako len za voda, bosilok za senka.

Uncle said he would marry me off—
yesterday he said so, now he doesn’t want to.
Yesterday he said so, now he doesn’t want to;
and Aunt Sava won’t agree to it at all!

They wouldn’t agree and wouldn’t agree,
and finally they did agree.
They betrothed fair Neda—
she’s as fair as an Arab,
as thin as a bear.

They put her in the carriage;
the carriage started to creak.
The carriage started to creak;
the buffalo staggered along (pulling it).

When they got going with Neda in it,
it broke in two.
It broke in two,
and the buffalo were frightened.

Girl, girl, little red apple,
don’t stand near me—I am burning for you.

I am burning for you like the flax-plant for water,
like the flax-plant for water, the sweet-basil
for shade.

Burn, fellow, burn—I am burning, too,
I am burning, too, like the flax-plant for water,
like the flax-plant for water, the sweet-basil
for shade.
Young Stojan lies sick,  
he’s sick and will die.  
At his head is his young wife,  
with a baby boy in her arms.  
She weeps, her tears fall  
on Stojan’s face.

Stojan wakes  
and says softly to her:  
“Nevena, my young wife,  
what is it that cools my face?  
Is it the fine dew falling,  
or strong rain?”

And Nevena says to him,  
“Stojan,  
it is neither the fine dew falling  
nor strong rain.  
My tears are falling on your face  
because of the injustices of the villagers.

Last night by the fountain  
the villagers gathered.  
They said that when you die,  
they will drown my child,  
seize me and carry me far away,  
and sell me for money.”
Katuše, mome, Katuše

// Katuše, pusto Katuše
šo ti bilo crno pisano /
baš pijanica da zemiš,
toj Nikola ot kocareta. //

// Site momčinja na gurbet,
tvojto momče na mejana. //
Oj lele, lele, Katuše,
izgorev, jagne, za tebe. //

// Site momčinja na bazar,
tvojto momče kraj bočki. //
Oj lele, lele, Katuše,
izgorev, jagne, za tebe. //

// U robeta nizi florini,
u kocareta lele nizi piperki. //
Oj lele, lele, Katuše,
izgorev, jagne, za tebe. //

Katuše, beautiful Katuše,
look what was fated for you—
to marry the biggest drunkard of all,
that Nikola the bum.

All the men have gone away to earn a living,
your man’s gone to the tavern.
Oh, Katuše,
I’m burning up for you, dearie.

All the men have gone to the market,
your man has gone to the wine-barrels.
Oh, Katuše,
I’m burning up for you, dearie.

The ones that have gone away to work have
strings of florins,
the bums have strings of peppers.
Oh, Katuše,
I’m burning up for you, dearie.

Tri godini, Kate

Tri godini, Kate, bolen ležam,
ti ne dojde, Kate, da me vidiš, /
ponadica, Kate, da mi doneseš.

Ponadica, Kate, da mi doneseš /
srede zimo, Kate, lubenica, /
srede leto, Kate, žolta dunja.

Šukur Gospod, Kate, te donese,
da mi doneseš, Kate, ponadica.
Otvori go, Kate, pendžereto
da go vidam, Kate, ezeroto.

Kako fūrla, Kate, dalgi dalgi /
taka fūrla, Kate, moevo srce, /
moevo srce, Kate, za tvojeto.

For three years I’ve lain sick, Kate,
you haven’t come, Kate, to see me,
to bring me, Kate, a little present.

To bring me, Kate, a little present,
in winter, Kate, a watermelon,
in summer, Kate, a golden quince.

Thank God who brought you, Kate,
to bring me, Kate, a little present.
Open the window, Kate,
so that I can see the lake, Kate.

How the waves toss about, Kate,
the way my heart, Kate, tosses about,
for yours, Kate.
Kopačka

Dimna Juda, mamo

/ Dimna Juda, mamo, grad gradila /3
/ na planina, mamo, na Vlaina. /

/ Što je kolje, mamo, pobivala
sè ergeni, mamo, za glavenje /
 sè ergeni, mamo, za glavenje.

/ Što je pliče, mamo, zapličala1
se devojke, mamo, za mažene /
 se devojke, mamo, za mažene.

Repeat first verse.

1 The dialect of this song was misunderstood
by Tanec’s early annotators, and the words
in their recording, which is transcribed here,
are not completely correct. This line should
be
Što je praške, mamo, zaplikala
with the same translation.

Derviško, Viško mome

/ Derviško Viško, mome, Derviško dušo /3

Rob ké ti bidam, mome, rob ké ti bidam,
/ rob ké ti bidam, mome, vreme tri godini. /

Samo da ti vidam, mome, samo da ti vidam,
/ samo da ti vidam, mome, beloto liko. /

I da go vidiš, ludo, i da go vidiš,
/ i da go vidiš, ludo, fajda si nema. /

Repeat entire song, then first two verses
again.
Sevdalino, maloj mome

Sevdelike, maloj mome, Sevdelika, girl

Chorus:
sûm sûm sûm, maloj sûm
deb ti, mano, šep ti li čuke
maloj mome, de.

Doma li si? Sama li si? Are you at home? Are you alone?
Doma sum si, ne sum sama. I’m at home, I’m not alone.
Pri mene e stara majka. My old mother is with me.

Za majku ti kolaj biva. It’s easy to deal with your mother.
Ke u kupu kilo kruške. We’ll buy her a kilo of pears.

Neka jade neka trae. She can eat them and keep quiet.
Zašto s tûpan ke igrae. Otherwise the news will be all over town.

Vodarka

/ Kraj kladenc bistra voda
momie se sobraja. /
/ Voda crpat so lejkite
i si zborat za Todorka. /

/ Todorka je izbegala
mogu nadaleku. /
/ Ostavila stara majka
i prvo si verno libe. /

Sram da i e na Todorka
što e izbegala. /
/ Ostavila masko dete
da plaka deset meseci. /

By the well there’s a swift stream,
the girls gathered there.
They fill their gourds with water
and talk about Todorka.

Todorka ran away,
very far away.
She left her old mother
and her husband.

Shame on Todorka
who ran away.
She left her baby son
to cry for ten months.
Dedo mili dedo

Dedo odi na pazar
konja java bez samar
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba java na mule
dedo puše so lule
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Dedo odi na bostano
baba praša sa fustano
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba ide od nivata
dedo gleda vo tavata
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Dedo ide na ručok
baba peče cel kravčo
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba prede na vreteno
dedo jade pečeno
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Dedo odi za piperki
baba gali dvete kerki
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba jade piperka
dedo sviri na šupelka.
    dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
    dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Grandpa goes to market
riding a horse bareback.
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.
Grandma rides a mule,
Grandpa smokes a pipe.
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.

Grandpa goes to the melon patch,
Grandma dusts [?] off her apron.
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.
Grandma comes in from the field,
Grandpa looks in the pot.
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.

Grandpa goes to breakfast,
Grandma’s roasting a whole cow[?].
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.
Grandma’s spinning with a spindle,
Grandpa’s eating baked goods [?].
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.

Grandpa goes for peppers,
[?] 
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.
Grandma’s eating peppers,
Grandpa’s playing a šupelka.
    Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
    dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s sweetie.

This is an intentionally silly song, built on rhyme.
Kaleš Dončo (Lesnoto)

Mi tovaril kaleš Dončo, pritovaril oriz pa se trgnal kaleš Dončo za pusta Bitola.

Chorus:
Le, le, le, le, le, le, Dončo za žalenje.
Of, of, of, of, of, of, Dončo Štipljančeto.

Na pat go sretnale Dončo turski karakoli mu najdoa pusti Turci, bombi i patroni.

Go frlija kaleš Dončo vo temni zandani, go mačija pusti Turci vo tesni dolapi.

/ Aferim bre kaleš Dončo, nikoj ne izdade. /

Dončo loaded up rice and then set off for damn Bitola.

To bad, Dončo.
Dončo from Štip.

On the road Turks rode around Dončo, they found him with bombs and bullets.

They threw him into a dark dungeon, the damn Turks tortured him [?].

Congratulations, brave Dončo, you didn’t give anyone away!

Ne se fakaj, Done, Donke (Lesnoto)

Ne se fakaj, Done, Donke, do mene, srce mi izgore, Donke, za tebe!

Chorus:
/ Ej, što te zaljubiv, ej, što te izgubiv! /

Koga vojnik, Done, Donke, jas odev ti oroto, Done, Donke, go vodev.

Ti do mene, Done, Donke zaigra, srceto mi, Done, Donke, razigra.

togaj zbor mi, Done, Donke, ti dade, po godina srceto si prodade.

Ni godina, Done, Donke, ne projde, za drugo, Done, Donke, ti pojde.

Ne se igraj, Done, Donke, ne zbori, o ti znaeš, Done, Donke što stori.

Trgni raka, Done, Donke, od mene, srce veke ne mi igra za tebe.

Don’t grab on (in the dance line) next to me, my heart is burning, Donke, for you.

Why did I fall in love with you?
Why did I lose you?

When I went off as a soldier you led the dance.
You danced next to me, my heart danced.

Then you gave me your word but after a year you sold your heart.
Not a year went by and you went to another.

Don’t dance, don’t talk, oh, you know what you did.
Take your hand away from me, my heart will no longer dance for you.
Eleno, kërko Eleno (Lesnoto)

Eleno, kërko Eleno, ti edna na majka,
/ što stoiš, kërko, što misliš
što knjiga pišuvaš? /

Pišuvaš, majko, pišuvaš
do gradot Edrene,
/ Edrene, majko, Edrene,
na moeto libe. /

Da kupy, majko, da kupy
na mene kapela,
/ kapela, majko, kapela
od trista groša. /

Elena, daughter,
my only daughter,
why are you standing there, what are you thinking?
Why are you writing a letter?

I’m writing, Mother,
to the city of Odrin,
to Odrin, Mother,
to my love,

asking him to buy me
a straw hat,
a straw hat, Mother, for
three hundred groš.

Ajde red se redat (Lesnoto)

Ajde red se redat male
ajde red se redat
kočanski sejmeni, mila male
kočanski sejmeni.

/ Ajde kë mi odat male /
/ pokraj Kriva Reka mila male. /

They’re all getting lined up, Mother,
they’re all getting lined up,
the Kočan [guard?], Mother,
the Kočan.

They’re going to go
down by Kriva River
to look for Iljo the brigand.

He was not down by Kriva River.

Iljo was here in Salonika
in a cool tavern.

Iljo was drinking
wine and rakija.

Serving him was
a Macedonian girl.

Each verse follows the pattern of the first.

1 literally ‘crooked’
Tropnalo oro

Tropnalo oro golemo, golemo
pred popovata vratica, vratica.

Site devojki dojdoja
Stojna popova ne dojde, ne dojde.

Majka i biser nižiše, nižiše
i si ja Stojna učeše, učeše.

Stojno le, mila kerko le, kerko le,
koga ke pojdiš no oro, na oro,

do tanec da se ne fajkás, ne fajkás.
Na tanec ti e ludoto, mladoto.

So oko ke ti namigni, namigni,
so noga ke te podgazi, podgazi.

A big dance was going on
in front of the priest’s door.

All the girls came
except Stojna, the priest’s daughter.

Her mother was stringing pearls
and teaching Stojna:

“Stojna, dear daughter,
when you start going to the dance,
don’t join in at the head of the line.
That crazy young lad is there—

He’ll wink at you,
he’ll step on your toes.” ¹

¹a courtship stunt
Poland

Na wierzbowym listku (Ada’s kujawiak no. 1)

Na wierzbowym listku słowik list pisze, a gdy już napisał, przerwał wiatr ciszę, przerwał listek, przerwał, zaniósł go wiośnie, potem przysiadł na sośnie.

I skinęła ręką i wnet wyszło słońce, słowik strzepnął piórka i po łące dana, dana poszła piosnka od samego rana.

Księżyc już się jasną czapką chmur skłonił, kiedy wiosna listek wzięła w swe dłonie, przeczytała słowa, w których był smutek, żal słowika i nuty.

The Nightingale wrote a letter on a willow leaf, when he finished it the wind interrupted the silence, the Nightingale cut off the leaf and carried it to spring and then sat on a pine.

Spring waved her hand and the sun came out, the Nightingale fluttered his feathers and a song “dana, dana” burst forth in the meadow on that morning.

The moon already bowed with his light cap of clouds when Spring took the leaf in her hands and read the words which contained the sadness and sorrow of the Nightingale and musical notes.
Romania

Alunelul

/ Alunelu, alunelu hai la joc, 
  să ne fie, să ne fie cu noroc!/ 
  Cine-n hora o să joace 
  mare, mare se va face. 
  Cine n-o juca de fel 
  va rămâne mititel.

/ Alunelul, alunelu hai la joc, 
  să ne fie, să ne fie cu noroc!/ 
  Joacă joacă tot pe loc, 
  să răsară busuioc. 
  Joacă joacă tot așa, 
  joacă și nu te lăsa.

1 the name of the dance, literally ‘little hazelnut tree’

Ardeleana

Hei, plâng-e-mă, maică, cu dor, 
hei, că ți-am fost voinic fecior, măi. 
Hei, și de grijă ți-am purtat, 
covorul ți-l-am lucrat, măi. 
Hei, iar de când m-am câtănit 
viață mi s-a otrăvit, măi, 
hei, și prilegsesc prin țări străine. 
Și-o să mor gândind la tine! 
Hei, mult ți-e dor, mâncuță, dor, 
hei, de cel codru frațior, 
de cea țară ce-am lăsat, măi, 
hei, de cel codru-nstrăinat.

Hei, drăguț car cu patru boi, 
hei, mult ți-e drag mie de voi, mă. 
Mi mai drag de cin’ vă mâne, 
că țiine biciu-ntr-o mână, 
hei, și troznenește, bocânește, 
hei, și mândruța și-i iubește. 
Hei, mândruțo, ce te-aș bate, 
hei, dar mi-s mâmile legate, 
hei, cu un fir da așa neagră, 
hei, nu te pot bate de dragă.

Cry for me, mother, in longing, 
for I was your strong son. 
I took care of you, 
I wove your carpet. 
But since I’ve been made a soldier 
my life has been poisoned, 
and I wander in foreign lands. 
I shall die thinking of you! 
How I long, mother, 
for that brotherly forest, 
for that land I have left, 
for that forest grown unfamiliar to me.

“Hey sweet little carriage with four oxen, 
I like you very much! 
I like even more the one who drives you, 
who holds the whip in one hand 
and snaps and cracks it 
and loves his sweetheart.”

“Hey sweetheart, I would beat you, 
but my hands are tied 
with a line of black thread. 
I can’t beat you, out of love.”
Mândra mea de la Ciubud (De-a-lungul)

Mândra mea de la Ciubud,
multe vorbe-n sat se-aud.
Spune lumea pe la noi
că fac seara drum pe voi, mă.

Spune lumea, bat-o-vina
c-ar fi ochii tăi pricina.
Ochii tăi ca două mure
inima vor să-mi-o fure.

Dar eu lumii-n ciudă-i fac
când le spun că ochii-mi plac.
Ș-o veni mai des la voi
să-ți dau, mândră, buze moi, măi.
Și-am să te cer de mireasă
mândra mea, floare aleasă.

Invîrîtita din Luna-Turda

Că ți-o-fi, bădița dragă,
cu păr-n năfârma albă,
cu flori roșii podobită
ca să știi că-ți sunt iubită.

Că și io, bade, ți-o coase
tot cu fire de mătase
pe câmașa ta cea albă
multe flori care-o să-ți placă.

Chiu, fete, ști-o cânta
pină-ne-om împreuină
Și-om munți, munci cu spor
împreună pe ogor.

Amânâdoi ne vom iubi
viață nouă-ne-om clădăi,
viață în gospodărie,
tineri-n tovărâșie.

Each line ends with
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Ciuleandra

Foaie verde siminoc  
țineți ciuleandra pe loc.

Chorus:
Și-nc-odată, măi băieți,  
hoooop s’așa, s’așa.

Țineți-o, flăcăi, așa  
până n-ajunge puica.

Întărit-o liță lus  
c-ajunge acuș, acuș.

Mai întăriti-o de un pas,  
c-ajuns și n-a rămas.

Două fire, două paie,  
luaiți ciuleandra la bătaie.

Tot așa că nu mă las,  
că sunt cu puica de-un pas.

Două fire, două paie,  
luaiți ciuleandra la bătaie.

Ca la Baltă

Uite-o, uite-o.  
Nu e, nu e.  
Și-nc-odată.  
Treī acuu!

Look, look.  
Is not, is not.  
One more time.  
Three now!
Russia

Korobushka

Oi, palna, palna karobushka
yest i sitits i parcha.
Pazhalei dusha zaznobushka
maladyets kava plichha!

Hey! Full, full is my box,
I've got cotton and brocades, too!
Have pity, my sweetheart,
on a fellow's shoulder.

Vidi, vidi v rozh visokuyu.
Tam do nochki pasizhu
i zavizhu chernaokuyu
fsye tavari razlazhu.

Come, come out into the field of
high-growing rye.
I will wait there till nightfall,
and when I see my black-eyed beauty,
I'll spread out all my wares.

Tsenyi sam platil ney malie.
Nye targuyysa, nye skupis.
podstavlyay-ka gubi alie,
blyizhe k milamu sadis!

I paid good prices for them.
Don't bargain, don't be stingy,
come, hold out your bright red lips,
nestle closer to your sweetheart.

Vot i pala noch tumananaya
shchyon udal maladyets.
Chu idyot prishla zhilanaya,
pradayot tavar kupyets.

The misty night has fallen,
the bold young fellow is waiting.
Hark, here she comes! She has come,
the beloved.
And the peddlar sells his wares.

Katya byeryezhna targuyitsa,
syo bayitsa piridat'.
Parin' zdivitsi tsilyuitsa
prosit tsenu nabavlyat'.

Katya bargains with discretion,
afraid of paying too much.
The boy kisses the girl
and begs her to raise the price.

Znayit tol'ka noch glubokaya,
kak paladili anyi
rasprryamis ti rosh visokaya
taynu svyata sokhranyi.

The night alone
knows how they came to terms.
Straighten up, high-growing rye
keep your secret faithfully!

Oi likhka, likhka karobushka,
plyech nye ryezhet ryemeshok!
A fsyevo vzyala zaznobushka
biruyuzovi pirstyenok.

“Hey, light, light is my box,
the strap doesn’t cut into my shoulders!
Yet all my sweetheart took
was a turquoise ring.”

This song is an excerpt from the poem
Korobeinikov (“The Peddlars”) by Nikolai
Nekrasov.
Katia

/ Nashi Kati gorya mnoga. / Our Katia has many sorrows.

Chorus:
Kalina-malina, cheryamukha lyebyeda Cranberry-raspberry, bird cherry, goosefoot, konfeta moya, lyedinistaya.
my piece of candy, frozen.
Polyubila ya takova nyezistovo.
I fell in love with such a one,
nyezistovo.
he’s not much to look at.

/ Gorja mnoga, muzh guljaka. / Much sorrow, the husband is a playboy.

/ Pozdno vyecher on gulyayet. / He carouses late at night.

/ Pro Katyusha zabivayet. / He forgets about Katyusha.

/ A Katyusha nye univayet. / But Katyusha isn’t depressed.

/ Zaprigay-ka mili troyku. / Do harness, dear one, a troika!

/ Troyku konyi voronie. / A troika, raven-black horses.

Byelalyitsa, kruglalyitsa (Khorovod)

Byelalyitsa kruglalyitsa krasnaya divyitsa A white-faced, round-faced beautiful girl

/ Pri dalyinushkye stayala kalinu lamala / stood by a valley, broke a guilder-rose.

/ Na darozhinku brasala druga vazvrasala / She threw it on the road to return to her

/ Varatyisya moy lyubyezni varatyisya friend.

 syertse /

/ Ni varotyisha moy mili hatya aglyinyisya / Come back, my beloved, come back, my

/ Ni aglyanyisha moj mili makhni hot heart.

 rukoyu /

Makhni pravyu rukoyu shlyapay puhatyisya My darling did not come back, but looked back.

Don’t just look back, my darling, but wave your hand.

Wave your right hand with your fur hat.
Scotland

Mairi’s wedding

_Chorus:_
Step we gaily on we go,
heel for heel and toe for toe,
arm in arm and row on row,
all for Mairi’s wedding.

Over hillways up and down,
myrtle green and bracken brown,
past the sheiling through the town,
all for the sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
bright her eye as any star,
fairest of them all by far,
that’s our darling Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
plenty peat to fill her creel,
plenty bonnie bairns to weel,
that’s our toast to Mairi.

Road to the Isles

Oh, a far croonin’ is a-pullin’ me away
as take I wi’ my cromak to the road.
Oh, the far Coolins are puttin’ love on me
as step I wi’ the sunlight for my load.

_Chorus:_
Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and
Loch Aber I will go,
by heather tracks wi’ heaven in their wiles.
If it’s thinkin’ in your inner heart the
braggart’s in my step,
you’ve never smelt the tangle o’ the Isles.

It’s by Sheil water the track is to the west,
by Aillort and by Morar to the sea.
The cool cresses I am thinkin’ o’ for pluck,
and bracken for a wink on Mother’s knee.

It’s the blue islands are pullin’ me away,
their laughter puts the leap upon the lame.
The blue islands from the skerries
to the lews
wi’ heather honey taste upon each name.
Serbia

Šano dušo (Vranjanka)

/ Šano dušo, Šano mori, otvori mi vrata, / otvori mi, Šano, vrata da ti dam dukata. / Šana, my soul, open the door to me, open the door to me and I will give you coins.

Chorus:
Oj le le le le le le, izgore za tebe, izgore mi, Šano, srce za tebe.

My heart is burning for you, Šana.

/ Noć li hodi, divno Šano, ja si tuga vijem, / ubavinja tvoja, Šano, ne da mi da spijem. / When night comes, marvelous Šana, I twist in sadness.

Your beauty, Šana, will not let me sleep.

/ Tvoja lice belo, Šano, sneg je sa planine, / tvoje čelo, gidi Šano, kako mesečina. / Your fair face, Šana, is snow from the mountains, your forehead, Šana, is like moonlight.

/ Ona usta tvoje, Šano, kako rujne zore, / ono oko, dušo moja, mene me izgore. / That mouth of yours, Šana, like a deep red sunset.

That eye, my darling, makes me burn.

Ajde lepa Maro

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar te zove. / Ja ne mogu doći, kolo ostaviti. / Come, pretty Mara, the master is calling you.

I can’t come and leave the kolo.

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar je gladan. / Hleba u ormanu, a nož u astalu. / Come, pretty Mara, the master is hungry.

There’s bread in the cupboard and a knife on the table.

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar je žedan. / Voda u bunaru, čaša na ormanu. / Come, pretty Mara, the master is thirsty.

There’s water in the well, a cup in the cupboard.

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar je bolan. / Ja ne mogu doći, kolo ostaviti. / Come, pretty Mara, the master is sick.

I can’t come and leave the kolo.

Šestorka

Oj lele stara planino,
po tek’ sam često hodio,
po tek’ sam često hodio,
s devojkom ovce čuvao.

O old mountain,
I have often wandered about you,
I have often wandered about you,
with the girls, tending sheep.
Fatiše kolo

/ Fatiše kolo vranjske devojke, / The girls of Vranje started a kolo,
/ Vranjske devojke na tu vranjsku česmu. / the girls of Vranje, at the Vranje well.

/ Na čelu kola, čičkova Taša, / At the head of the kolo Čičko’s (daughter) Taša,
/ Čičkova Taša, lepotinja naša. / Čičko’s Taša, our beauty.

Savila se bela loza

Savila se bela loza vinova / uz tarabu vinova. / The white wine grapevine wound around the fence.

Chorus:
/ Todo Todi podvalio / Todor tricked Toda,
tri put curu poljubio. / kissed the girl three times.

To ne beše bela loza vinova / uz tarabu vinova. / That was not the fair grapevine around the fence.

Već to beše dvoje mili i dragi, / dvoje mili i dragi. / Rather, that was two lovers,

Alternate last verse:
Već to bilo dvoje milo i drago, / dvoje milo i drago. / two lovers.

Ajde Jano

Ajde Jano, kolo da igramo, / ajde Jano, ajde dušo, kolo da igramo. / Come on, Jana, let’s dance the kolo.

Ajde Jano, konja da prodamo, / ajde Jano, ajde dušo, konja da prodamo. / Come on Jana, let’s sell the horse.

Ajde Jano, kuću da prodamo, / ajde Jano, ajde dušo, kuću da prodamo. / Come on Jana, let’s sell the house.

Da prodamo, samo da igramo, / da prodamo, Jano dušo, samo da igramo. / We’ll sell them just so we can dance.
Šetnja

/Dodi Mile u naš kraj
pa da vidiš šta je raj. /
/Hej, haj, u naš kraj
pa da vidiš šta je raj. /

/Mile passes through and starts singing
as he drives his cattle.
Hej, haj, starts singing
as he drives his cattle.

Tamo daleko

/Tamo daleko, daleko kraj mora,
tamo je selo moje, tamo je ljubav moja. /

/Far off there, far off by the sea
there is my village, there is my love.

/Tamo daleko gde svetu nema kraj,
tamo su deca moja, tamo je pravi raj. /

/Far off there where there’s no end to the
world,
there are my children, there is true paradise.

/Tamo daleko, kraj Save i Dunava,
tamo je selo moje, tamo je ljubav moja! /

/Far off there, next to the Sava and Danube,
there is my village, there is my love,

Daleko sam ja, daleko si ti

/Svud je cveće, svud mirišu jorgovani,
ja se pitam gde su naši sretni dani. /

/Flowers are everywhere; lilacs smell sweet.
I wonder where our happy days went.

Chorus:
Daleko sam ja, daleko si ti,
daleko smo sad moja ljubavi.
Daleko sam ja, daleko si ti,
daleko su sad naši davni sni.

/I am far away, you are far away.
We are far away now my love.
I am far away, you are far away,
so far away are our ancient dreams.

/Sečaš li se nekada smo sretni bili?
Voleli se, ljubili se i grlili. /

/Do you remember how happy we once were?
We loved each other, we kissed and embraced.

Ljubav naša prođe kao tople kiše,
i proleća našeg nema, nema više.

/Our love passed as the warm rains
and our spring is gone, it is no more.
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.

Chorus:
/ Aj Ramo,
Ramo, Ramo druže moj,
Ramo, Ramo druže moj,
da li čuješ jecaj moj? /

U tami sad živim sam
ko ugašen sunčev plam,
jer ti si otisao
bolji život našao.

Al’ ja ipak nadam se
i zovem te: Vrati se!
Vrati mi se, Ramo, ti
sudbine smo iste mi!

When I met my friend,
my only friend,
it was my happiest day
since I was no longer alone.

Song has comforted us,
sorrow has smiled on us.
But the wind of wicked fate
sent him away from me.

Hey Ramo,
Ramo, Ramo my friend,
Ramo, Ramo my friend,
do you hear my lament?

I’m wandering and living alone
as a burnt-out sun’s flame
since you left
and found a better life.

But I’m still hoping
and calling you to return.
Come back to me, Ramo,
our destinies are the same.
**Serbian Medley #1**

**Jelke**

/ Jelke tamničarke, ostavi tamnicu, /  
/ ostavi tamnicu mladom tamničaru. /  
/ Hajde da igramo, hajde da pevamo. /  

Jelka, jailor-woman, leave the jail,  
leave it to the young jailor-man.  
Come let’s dance, come let’s sing.

**Poskok**

/ Hajd’ povedi veselo naše kolo šarena! /  
/ Momci, cure, u kolo, nek’ se ori veselo! /  

Come, gaily lead our colorful kolo!  
Lads, lasses to the kolo! Let it resound with joy!

**Ti momo, ti devojko**

Ti momoj ti devojko,  
ti moga brata mamis,  
a tvoje belo lice,  
a tvoje čarne oči.

You maiden, you girl,  
you are luring my brother  
with your fair face,  
with your dark eyes.

Sam se je prevario,  
na moje belo lice,  
na moje čarne oči,  
na moja medna usta.

He has fooled himself  
with my fair face,  
with my dark eyes,  
with my honeyed lips.

**Đurđevka**

Oj devojko, duša moja  
šta govori majka tvoja?  
Oče l’ tebe meni dati?  
Oče l’ mene zetom zvati?

Oh girl, my darling  
what does your mother say?  
Will she give you to me?  
Will she call me son-in-law?

Ne da mene moja nana.  
Ne da još godinu dana.  
Neće mene tebi dati.  
Neće tebe zetom zvati.

My mama won’t give me.  
She won’t for another year.  
She won’t give me to you.  
She won’t call you son-in-law.

Oli dala il’ ne dala  
ti se moja uvek zvala.  

Whether she gave or not  
you would always be mine.
Igrale se delije

Heroes have danced within the land of Serbia.

Chorus:

One little kolo after another; it can be heard all the way to Istanbul.

Sitno kolo do kola,
čulo se do Stambola.

A flute plays from the valley, the flute of my falcon.

Svira frula iz dola,
frula moga sokola.

Dancing kolo after kolo; don’t give a damn for Istanbul!

Igra kola do kola,
ne haje za Stambola.

Prizren-Vranje Medley

Razgranjala grana jorgovana

A lilac branch grew out.

/ Razgranjala grana jorgovana, /
/ oj lane, Milane, grana jorgovana. /

Under it sits pretty Juliana.

/ Pod njom sedi lepa Juliana, /
/ oj, lane, Milane, lepa Juliana. /

In front of her is an embroidery hoop of coral.

/ Pred njome je đerđef od merdžana, /
/ oj lane, Milane, đerđef od merdžana. /

On the hoop is a silk scarf.

/ Na đerđefu svilena marama, /
/ oj lane, Milane, svilena marama. /

The scarf is embroidered in all kinds of threads.

/ Na marami svakojaka svila, /
/ oj lane, Milane, svila đumdušija. /

Coko, coko crno oko

Hey darkeyes, red apple, go ask your mother if she’ll give you to me.

/ Coko, coko, crno oko, crvena jabuko, /
/ idi prašaj na majka ti 'oće li te dati. /

“My mother would give her house. She won’t give me.”

/ “Moja majka kuću dava, mene te ne dava.” /
/ “a ja, a ja kuću neću, Tebe, dušo, 'oču.” /

“But I don’t want her house, I want you, my darling.”
**Du-Tam Medley**

*Vasino kolo*

/Kolo vodi Vasa,  
kol se talasa.  
Vasa pored Dese,  
vse se kolo trese. /  

/Vasa leads the kolo,  
the kolo weaves back and forth.  
Vasa beside Desa,  
the whole kolo shakes. /

/Na Marini seferini,  
a u Đoke zlatne toke. /  

/Marina is wearing sovereigns (English coins),  
and Đoka is wearing gold disks. /

**Divna Divna**

/Divna, divna, ˇ carne o´ ci ima, /  
da me ho´ ce, da me ho´ ce pogledati njima. /  

/Divna has charming eyes,  
may she wish to look at me with them. /

/Divna, divna, medna usta ima, /  
da me ho´ ce, da me ho´ ce poljubiti njima. /  

/Divna has honeyed lips,  
may she wish to kiss me with them. /

/Divna, divna, bele ruke ima, /  
da me ho´ ce, da me ho´ ce zagrliti njima. /  

/Divna has fair arms,  
may she wish to embrace me with them. /

**Pirot Medley**

*Što mi omilelo*

/Što mi omilelo, nane, što mi omilelo,  
Pirotkoto pole, nane, pirotkska momˇ ceta. /  
O-o! I-i! Ju!  

/What has enchanted me, Mama,  
the countrysides of Pirot, Mama,  
the boys of Pirot. /

**Pošla Rumena**

/Pošla Rumena, nane, rano na vodu, /  
Oj le le lele, rano na vodu. /  

/Rumena went out early for water. /

/Rano na vodu, nane, po ladovina, /  
Oj le le lele, po ladovina,  
po ladovina, po meseˇ cina.  

/Early for water, in the morning darkness,  
in the morning darkness, in the moonlight,  
to dip up water to cool her throat,  
to pour water to wash her face. /
Slovakia

Horehronský Čardáš

Tota Hel’pa, tota Hel’pa
to je pekné mesto.
Av tej Hel’pe, av tej Hel’pe
švárných chlapcov je sto.
Koho je sto, toho je sto
ne po mojej vôle.
Len za jednym, len za jednym
srdiečko ma boli. /

Za Janíčkom, za Pavlíčkom,
krok by nespravila.
Za Duričkom, za Mišičkom,
Dunaj preskočila.

/Dunaj, Dunaj, Dunaj, Dunaj,
aj to širo pole,
len za jednym, len za jednym,
potěšenie moje. /₄

Prídi, Janík premilený

Prídi, Janík premilený, prídi k nám,
já ti za klobúčik pierko dam,
/červenú ružičku, rozmarinčok zelený.
Prídi šuhajko milený. /

Nevolaj ma, bo falošné oči máš.
Ráda za inými pozeraš.
/Netrhaj ti pre mňa rozmarinu zelenú,
ani ružu červenu. /

Prídi, Janík premilený, prídi k nám,
já ti za klobúčik pierko dam,
/červenú ružičku, rozmarinčok zelený.
Prídi šuhajko milený. /

Come, Janík darling, come to our place.
I will give you a feather for your hat,
red rose and green rosemary.
Come, my lad, come.

Do not invite me, for your eyes are false.
You like to look at others.
Do not pick green rosemary for me,
nor red rose.
Singing hambo

Spel opp, ni spelemän, en hambo
för mig och min brud.
Vi har tillsammans bara denna natt,
för i morgon bitti så är vi skilda.
På livets ocean vi möttes,
och kärlakens bud
det är att finna lyckans ögonblick
denna korta natt som vi fått bli stilla.

Tryck dig intill mig tätt,
min lilla hjärtavän,
om du håller av mig.
Låt mig få njuta
fullt av den stulna lycka
som stunden gav mig.
Genom din tunna blus
fornimms varenda slag av
ditt unga hjärta.
Som slår i takt med mitt,
rört av samma oro
och samma smärta.

/ Skall du minnas när jag farit
än en vecka vad som varit?
Kyssarna du fått och att i natt det är
mig du håller kär,
mig som du är när.
Öka spelmän öka takten.
Snart så randas morgonvakten
då är ruset över då är febern slut.
Så, öka spelmän öka takten. /

Play, you musicians, a hambo
for me and my bride.
We have together this night only,
for tomorrow we will be separated.
We met on the ocean of life,
and the law of love
is to find the happiness of the moment
this brief night of rest.

Come close to me
my little darling,
if you are fond of me.
Let me enjoy
fully the stolen happiness
which this moment brings.
Through your thin blouse
every beat of your
young heart is felt.
It beats in unison with mine,
moved by the same worry
and the same pain.

Will you remember when I’m gone
still another week what has been?
The kisses you have gotten and tonight it is
me whom you love,
me whom you are near.
Musicians, step up the tempo.
Soon the morning will glow,
then the intoxication is over and the fever ended.
So, musicians, step up the beat!
Alle vackre jängers

Kom där en speleman
som kan få lov till fela strängen.
Kom den som spela kan
den lilla norska hambo svängen.
Alle i norges land
fra byman opp till bonde drängen,
kom om du vill så ska du se.
Har du först på slagen får du icke fred.

Hör vor de låter fångande
utöver ängarna.
Dansen gör felesträngerna,
alle vackre jängers hambo.

Gubbarna kommer farande
fra alle garende.
Hej ropar alla karlarna
alle vackre jängers hambo.

Har du gott humör
och är du i vigör,
här dricksnock ej likör
för dansen gör dig yr.
Kom då lille vän,
on och om igen,
till sola sprätter
ska vi danse den.

Runt om fra alle svennerne
byarne, gränene,
dans, rop och spelemänene,
alle vackre jängers hambo.

För far en hivande takt
känn för en enkene makt.
Sen åter alle synnene
lockar fram mimene.
Den gör selv gamlingen sprak.
Dansen går lätt son en lek.
Kam alle vackre jänter kom igen
och la oss få en lustig hambo.

Here comes a fiddler
who is allowed to bow the string.
Come, then, you who can play
the little Norwegian hambo-swing.
Everyone in Norway
from the old man to the farmhand,
only if you want, so you can see.
If you are ready, you will get no rest.

Listen, it sounds so fascinating
all over the meadows.
The fiddlers make the dance;
all the pretty lasses hambo.

The men are coming
from all the neighborhoods.
“Hi!” all the men shout,
all the pretty lasses hambo.

If you are in a good mood
and if you are in shape,
you don’t need to drink
because the dance makes you dizzy.
Come dear friend,
over and over again
until sunrise
we shall dance.

From all of the relatives [?]
villages, alleys,
dancing, screams, and fiddlers,
all the pretty lasses hambo.

Father plays a lifting rhythm;
feel the simple power.
Then all the impressions
bring up the memories.
It makes even the eldest young.
The dance is child’s play.
Come all you pretty lasses,
come on, and let’s have a funny hambo.
Runt i departemangerne och restaurangerne, förer för denne gangerne.
Alle vackre jänters hambo.

Till och med diplomaterna och advokaterna lysstrar med frid i gaterna.
Alle vackre jänters hambo

Denne melodi är ingen symfoni.
Nej den är lys och fri och gör dig glad och fin.
Fine klare kväll med kastebåte skräll.
Du danser den i stråk och fele gnäll
Ut över alle hejarne och sätervejarne, där trallar över dejerne.
Alle vackre jänters hambo

All around in the departments and the restaurants, it’s going [?].
All the pretty lasses hambo.

Even the diplomats, and the lawyers are listening in peace in the streets.
All the pretty lasses hambo.

This melody is not a symphony.
No, it’s light and free, and makes you feel happy and good.
It’s a nice clear night with fiddle music.
You are dancing to the squeak from string and fiddle.
Out over all the hills and the country roads, there they are singing over the [?].
All the pretty lasses hambo.
Güzelleme


Delisin görün delisin, güzellikle cilvelisin, bu işleri bilmelisin.
/Çiçek olsan derilmen mi? Çiçek olsan derilmen mi? /

/İnce’leken elenirsin, diyar diyar dolanırsın. Akar çğlarınulanışın. Hiçbir zaman durulman mı? /

Yüce dağın meleklesi, sesin güzeller neşesi, gönlümün billûr şişesi,
/taşa çarpsam kırılmanmı, taşa çarpsam kırılmanmı? /

/Söyleme garip Veyseli, candan sevdiğim güzeli, kâhi uslu kâhi deli tenha bulsan sarılman mı? /

Delisin görün delisin, güzellikle cilvelisin, bu işleri bilmelisin,
/çiçek olsam derilmen mi? çiçek olsam derilmen mi? /

My wild heart, why do you wander? Wandering, wandering, do you never tire? What have you gained from this passion? If I said give it up, would you not be angry?

You are crazy, my heart, you are crazy, you are flirtatious with the beauties. You ought to know these affairs.

If you were a flower, would you not be picked?

You keep on being sifted through a fine sieve. You keep meandering from region to region. You flow, you rush like a waterfall, you are joined, do you not ever settle down?

Violet of the high mountain, your voice is a joy to the beautiful. O crystal glass of my heart, if I should throw you against a rock, would you not shatter?

Don’t ask lonesome Veysel1 to speak, O beautiful one whom I love with all my soul, sometimes well-behaved, sometimes wild, if you found a secluded spot, wouldn’t you embrace me?

You are crazy, my heart, you are crazy, you are flirtatious with the beauties. You ought to know these affairs.

If you were a flower, would you not be picked?

1author of this song
Ali Paşa

I sowed barley, but couldn’t harvest it.
I had a dream, but couldn’t figure it out.
I am accustomed to cold water, couldn’t take the warm.

I have three horses, one fit for riding.
Friends, let’s be on our way.
They’ve shot Ali Pasha.
Let’s tell his children.

Pasha wore two furs,
one is sable, one is fox.
They’ve shot Ali Pasha,
All of Van is in ruins.

The soldiers beat the cooking pots.¹
The officers were offended.
Don’t be offended, officers,
they’ve shot Ali Pasha.

¹ traditional sign of mutiny in the army

Çıt-çıt

I planted grain in the desert,
didn’t let strangers harvest.
I fell in love with a fifteen-year-old
and became the talk of the town.

I planted grain, a rosebush bloomed.
On its branches a nightingale sang.
If only you hadn’t sung, O nightingale!
My love has gone away.

I planted grain, it will grow.
My love will be enough for me.
This love of ours
will last until we die.
Turkish hora

Bak kardeşim elini ver bana.
Gel kardeşim neşe getirdim sana.
Al kardeşim ye, iç, gül, oyna.

Sar kardeşim kolumu boynuma.
Sev kardeşim, canım feda yoluna.
Tap kardeşim tüm insanlara.

* Dünyaya geldik bir kere.
Kavgayı bırak hergün bu şarkımi söyle
sevdiğe güler her çehre.
Amaçlar hep bir olsun kalpler birlikte.
Dünyaya geldik bir kere.
Kavgayı unut hergün bu şarkımi söyle.
Sevdiğe güler her çehre.
Müthülükler bir olsun acı birlikte.

Repeat entire song, then from * to end.
Finish with:
Dünyaya geldik bir kere!

Kendime

Kuzuya sordum derdimi, meeledi.
Tilkiye sordum da yalan söyledi.
Bülbüle açıldım ne kâr eyledi.

Chorus:
Bulamadım bir tek çare derdime, derdime.
Arayıp sordum hep kendi, kendime, kendime.
Söyle sazım ne söylersin,
Yelelêlîiîi, yelelêlîi—
Yelelêlîiîî, yelelêlîi.

Toprak ile dostluk kurdum tozuttum.
Rüzgâr ile dere tepe gezindim.
Yağmur oldum şu dağlardan süzüldüm.

Bir yâr sevdim ismi ile avundum.
Doğru söze kârmet verdim savundum.
Ben bu yüzden dokuz köyden kovuldum.

Look, my friend, give me your hand.
Come, my friend, I bring you joy.
Take, my friend, eat, drink, laugh, dance.

Wrap, my friend, your arm round my neck.
Love, my friend, I offer you my life.
Worship, my friend, all of mankind.

We come to this world only once.
Leave the quarreling, sing my song every day.
The more you love the more you are happy.
Let our hearts and goals be the same.
We have come to this world only once.
Forget about the quarreling, sing my song every day.
The more you love the more you are happy.
Let our happiness be one, our sorrow, one.

We come to this world only once!

I asked the lamb about my problem—it baa’d,
I asked the fox—it lied,
I confided in the nightingale—it did not help.

I couldn’t find a single cure for my ailment,
I asked and searched by myself, just myself.
Tell me my saz

I made friends with the earth and made dust.
With the wind, I roamed the hills,
I became rain and came down the mountains.

I loved someone, consoled myself with her name.
I valued truth and defended it.
That’s why I was chased from nine villages.

1 a long-necked lute played with a plectrum
Sallama

Edremit Vana bakar
içinde çaylar akar.
Oyle bir yar sevdim ki
her gören ona bakar.

Chorus:
O susam o sümbül
o giül o bağümüzdür,
oynamak ziplamak
eğlenmek çağımızdır.
O inci o mercan
beyaz gerdanınızdır.
oynamak ziplamak
eğlenmek çağımızdır.

Kale dibi kayalık
denizde oynar balk.
Kızın gönül oğlanda
oğlanına kızı yanık.

Derhule

// Oynayın kız oynayın durmanın ne kârı var? /
// Ah bu köyün içinin acayıp bekârı var. /
// Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

// Oy Kemençeci dayı soktun gözümü yayı. /
// Kör ettin gözlerımı göremedim dünyayı. /
// Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

// Çek aşağı yukarı amannı piturluni. /
// Niye konuşmayız, kuş mu yedi diluni? /
// Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

Dance, girls, dance, why should you stop?
It’s a marvel there are bachelors in
this village!

Hey kemençe¹ player, you’ve stuck your bow
in my eye.
You’ve blinded my eyes, I can’t see the world.

Pull, up and down, [piturluni].
Why don’t we talk, has a bird eaten
your tongue?

¹an oblong 3-stringed small fiddle, played like
a cello

¹a town in western Turkey
²a town in eastern Turkey

MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook • Turkey 121
Rampi, rampi

/ Çadırımın üstüne şp dedi damladı. /
/ Allah canımı almadi almadi. /

Chorus:
/ Heeey /
Rampi rampi rampi rampi
Geliyora bakdı. /

/ Veresiye vere vere kalmadi kalmadi. /
/ Allah canımı almadi almadi. /

/ Kuru kuru cilveler kaynasın kaynasın. /
/ Gelin güveyi oynasın oynasın. /

İşte hendek, işte deve

I came to the well,
thinking my Zeyneb would be waiting.

Kuyu başına vardım,
zeynebim bekler diye.

Nasıl haberin almışsa,
dayı emmi hep orda,

Dediler ne ararsın?
Kızı almak mı’istersin?
Sana bir çift sözümüz var,
Hele buysa niyetin.

Chorus:
İşte hendek, işte deve,
ya atlarsın ya düşersin,
baktın olma vazgeçersin,
zordur almak bizden kızı.

İşte Halep, işte arşın,
ya aşarsın ya biçersin,
baktın olma vazgeçersin,
zordur almak bizden kızı.

Söğüdün dalı uzun,
barış’ın gönlü hüzünum,
elim eline değmedi,
varın anlayın gayri.

“Here is a ditch, here is a camel.
Either leap over (on camelback) or fall in.
If you think you can’t, then give up.
It’s hard to get our daughter from us!
Here’s Aleppo (a distant city), here’s the yardstick.
Either you get there or you try to measure up.
If you think you can’t, then give up!
It’s hard to get our daughter from us!”

The branch of the willow is long.
The heart of Barış¹ is sad.
I never even touched her hand with mine.
I’ll let you figure out the rest.

¹ author of this song
Tin tin tini mini hanım

Chorus:
/ Tin tin tini mini hanım / 
/ seni seviyor camım. / 
/ Tin tin tini mini hanım / 
/ Seni seviyor camım. / 

/ Şeftali ağacıkları. / 
/ Gülüllü çiçek başları. / 
/ Yaktığınındırıbeni / 
/ yarin hilâl kaşları. / 

/ Bahçalarda ibrişah. / 
/ Boyu uzun, kendi şah. / 
/ İki gönül bir olsa / 
/ ayıramaz padişah. /

Oh my tiny little lady,
my very soul is in love with you.

Peach trees are blooming
with so many flowers.

Her crescent eyebrows
burned me to ashes.

In the gardens climbing vines
so very tall, so royal.

If two hearts entwine
even a sultan cannot separate them.

Songs like this one were created by traveling
musicians who gathered at different villages.
One would start the song, the next one
around the room would add another verse,
and so on. To gain time, they would throw
in the first line that rhymed with what they
had in mind, even though it might not mean
much. The second line, rhyming with the
first and the fourth, would touch the general
subject. Finally the last two lines would
make the statement.
United States

Salty Dog Rag

Away down yonder in the state of Arkansas
where my great-grandpa met my great-grandma,
they drink apple cider and they get on a jag
and they dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag.
They play an old fiddle like you never heard before.
They play the only tune that they ever did know.
It's a ragtime ditty and the rhythm don't drag,
now here’s the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag:

Chorus:
One foot front, drag it back,
then you start to ball the jack.
You shake and you break and then you sag,
if your partner zigs you’re supposed to zag.
Your heart is light, you tap your feet
in rhythm with that ragtime beat.
(Just) pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
and dance all night to the Salty Dog Rag.

Away down South 'neath the old Southern moon
the possum’s up a tree and the hounds treed a coon.
They’ll hitch up the buggy to a broken down nag
and go out dancing to the Salty Dog Rag.
They tune up the fiddle and they rosin up the bow.
They strike a C chord on the old banjo
and holler hang on 'cause we ain’t gonna drag
'cause here’s the way you dance to the Salty Dog Rag.
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