# The MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook

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/ Viva Jujuy, viva la Puna,
viva mi amada.
Vivan los cerros pintados rojeados
de mi quebrada. /
De mi quebrada
Humahuaqueña.
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 Jujeña 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.

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

Guhneega

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

Chorus:
Aman ah-h-h-h-h-h
Woman, woman, such is a woman.
On the head of a man she always brings punishment.

Güngan hamarhech, pagvatz dur chûga.
There’s no closed door for a woman.
For every door she has a key, a woman does.

Amen durin meg panali, uni güngû.
She, a satan, in a snake’s shirt,
poor Adam she misled with an apple,
the woman Eve did.

Karun, karun

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.

Char lezunerin havatatz im yarû
My love, don’t turn away from me; I love you.

artzunknerov lûtretz sev sev acherû.
The passers-by think I want love.

Es achkharû shat fooch banû herana
From this love of yours, I am lost, can’t sleep,
uzumehi heranal u moranal.
I cry out in tears all night long.

Chorus:
Karun, karun, karune,
My love, you burn me.
sirun, sirun, sirun e.
With those black, black eyes,
Et kho sev, sev acherov,
my love, you burn me,
yar jan intz tu ayrumes.

Et kho seritz molorvatzem kun chunem
From this love of yours, I am lost, can’t sleep,
Bolar kisher artzunknerov khanchumem.
I cry out in tears all night long.

Yar jan indznitz mi herana sirumem.
The passers-by think I want love.

Antznnotznerû chartzumen te yar kuzem.
Dari mena

Dari műne chem tese inchpes dimanam?
Dari műne chem tese chem kürner 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 mű ches kære inchpes dimanam?
Namak mű ches kære chem kürner 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 kotretzir inchpes dimanam?
Tun im sîrdes kotretzir chem kürner 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 yerkar yerazis petke tesnam. /
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh inchpes dimanam?
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh chem kürner 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 mū 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 motū īl-lahi patut matnū antznehi. /
If only I were with you, I’d even stay under your wall.

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

Aino kchume

/ Ben ainakh kchumnayeh gyashik djopati / Djoshita Khadiaha basela gati. / Gutyeleh omidi ou kheli govati / bes gam let carboni zalum chaporta.

Ben ainakh kchumnaye bdo komerkh daika minder dakh mobilitervat merkh deeyeh djivanta. Imen takhrin shimakh ulekh kitelka Khemtu nadj vudli chara myatevin.

/ Pluta vut lukhdara byomane de ida / aino gnivo kchume gomo rakiduh. / Kheli kha munshukta bhaliba kitelka / kehmta nadjep vhdi chara myatuhe vundj.

/ Pluta vut lukhdara amkhavar takh / embikyukh kyertani rappro lepatakakh, / bwili khakhobra tanouye gatakh / Ina sdeuili men eh kyapurta khatakh.

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 Marijkino,
Marijkino, 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 klonč, mamo, vūrzah konče,
če sū hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamo, pri Marijka,
Če sū hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamo, do Marijka.

Če pohlopnah, 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 brōknah, mamo, u džoboci,
če izvadih, mamo, testemelci,
če i otrih 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 edn momće dalečno.
Tri denja p'utja vůrvjali, műri,
na četvůrtija stignali.

Kači se Rada, Rado ljo, műri,
na visokite čerdaci.
da vidi Rada majka si, műri,
majka si ošte tatko si.

Ne vidja Rada majka si, műri,
majka si, ošte tatko si.
Naj vidja beli gülıubi, műri,
beli gülıubi fůrčaha.

Rada gülıubi dumahse, műri:
“Gülıubi, kato fůrčite,
ne vidjahte li majka mi, műri,
majka mi, ošte tatko mi?”

Gülıubi Rada dumaha, műri,
“Rado ljo, bela Rado ljo,
kato fůrčahme vidjahme, műri,
majka ti, ošte tatko ti.

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

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 rakija\(^1\).

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.

\(^1\) brandy 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
druzina da si súbira.
Tam si go turci hvani,
vuv Túrnovo go otkarva.

Kad se Bojana nauči,
zhváurlkurtka srebúrna.
Obleči drehi junáski,
prepazja sabja frengija.

Če si turci nastigna
i im glavite izrjaza.
Mirčo Bojana dumáše:
“Halal ti struva vojvodstvo.”

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 Túrnovo.

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 beli belo platno (Pajduško)

Gjura beli belo platno
na rekata pod dúrvoto.

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

/Promúkno ga, natopa ga. /
Pa doteče mútna voda
ta otvleče belo platno.

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

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!”
Trügnala Rumjana

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 Turci gonat.

Around Pleven\(^1\) 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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
Petruno, pile šareno

Petruna, bright little bird,
little lambie.

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

“Petruna, little turtledove,
since you’re so beautiful,
did God drop you here
or did you spring up in the garden?”

“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 külne:
“Sterko Rado, bjala Rado,
tvojta, Rado, rusa kosa.

Tvojta Rado rusa kosa,
koj šte i e pîrvo libe?
Dali ergen ili vdovec
ili turčin drugoverec?”

Rada mama tihom duma:
“Mamo, mamo, milna mamo,
ne e ergen nito vdovec
nito turčin drugoverec.

Naj šte mi e naj-junače,
na 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

Kazi mi, kazi, 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.

Tell me, tell me, young man,
tell me, red Karamfil¹,
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’
Trügnal mi Jane Sandanski

Trügnal mi Jane Sandanski, lele,
po taja Pirin planina.

Nasrešta sreštnal ovčarče, lele,
ovčarče, mlado čobanče,
Jane go pita, zapita:

"Ovčarče, mlado čobanče, lele,
ne si li videl četata?

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

Jane Sandanski set out
on the Pirin mountain.

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

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

Molih ta, majčo, i molih (Pravo)

Molih ta, majčo, i molih,
ne možih da ta izmolja
ne možih da ta izmolja
da ma ni glaviš ni ženiš
da ma ni glaviš ni ženiš
barem juj saja godina
barem juj saja godina
juj sova leto, proleto
juj sova leto, proleto
dorde ni dojde pozime
dorde ni dojde pozime
da sa sūbirat momine
da sa sūbirat momine
momine na poprelkine
leftera da si pohodja
gležilo da si ponosja.

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
not to betroth me or marry me off
this year,
this year,
this summer, this spring,
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 priteче

/ Suvata rjaka oda priteче /

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

/ če mi zateče malko čobанче /
/malko čobанче s sivoto stado. /
/Malko čobанче 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:
/Dz’un dz’un ganke le dz’un 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.

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

/ Če tate otišil kozi da si pase. /
Dano dade Gospod kozi da izgubi,
za da se zabavi za da se poljubja 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 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.
Kucinata

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
Mjatalo Lenče jabůlka (Rűčenica)

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!
U našeto selo

U našeto selo kukja čimširova,
   de, dilber mo’ i!
šarena odaja,
   de, dilber, mome,
šarena odaja.

Tamo se sabrali site mladi momci,
   de, dilber mo’ i!
redom sūs momite,
   de, dilber, mome,
redom sūs momite.

Ja si doma čekam libe da mi dojde,
   de, dilber mo’ i!
i mene da vodi,
   de, dilber, mome,
i mene da vodi.

Malo i mnogu čekah i go ne dočekah,
   de, dilber mo’ i!
na sedenkja pojdoh,
   de, dilber, mome,
na sedenkja pojdoh.

Krotko si počukah, vrata se jotvori,
   de, dilber mo’ i!
kakvo da si vidam?
   de, dilber, mome,
mojto libe tamo!

Kolku lesno bilo moma da se laže,
   de, dilber mo’ i!
amo mačno bilo
   de, dilber, mome,
ergen da se ljubi.

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
vakul Ivan, vakul ovčar.

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

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

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

Če otide vakul Ivan
/ stadoto si do obidi /
na ovčari hljab da nosi.

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.

Kučeta go ne pusnali
ne pusnali, zalali go
stadoto si razprušnalo
ovčari go zarjukali.

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

Če izvadi meden kaval
ta zasviri žalno, milno
ta osmiri kučetata
ta zavűrna sivo stado.

I 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 botrine -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 pécher 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.”

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.

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.

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.”
Croatia

Hop žica žica

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

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

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

Hop žica žica žica, my cape shakes.

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

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

Bećar nisam, a bećar mi kažu.  
Sad ću biti, pa neka ne lažu.

I am no bećar\(^1\), but bećar they call me.  
Now I will be one, so they won’t be lying.

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

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

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

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

---

Lepa moja Milena

Kupil sem joj čiznice  
da bi bolša bila.  
Čiznice je ponosila,  
Još je gorša bila.

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

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

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

/ Trninaj, trninaj,  
trninica moja. /

Blackthorn bush, blackthorn bush,  
my little blackthorn bush.

Second and third verse substitute lajbečec  
(vest)  
and pantlečec (ribbon) for čiznice.

---

\(^1\) The bećari were the “swinging” young bachelors of the village who spent much time in the local tavern, drinking, singing, and playing the tamburitza.
Ličko kolo

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

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.
Slavonsko kolo

Hej, ni momaka nad naših seljaka.
/ Nit curica nad naših šokica. /

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

Hej, kad zaigra pusta Slavonija
/ pod njima se zemliča 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?

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

Hop, jore, na vijore,
ljubio bi sam’ da more,
ljubio bi i gajdaš,
samo seko da se daš!

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

Hop, čiću, poskočiću,
pridržte me, odletiću,
il’ u vriču il’ u đžak,
il’ sa dragim u budžak!

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.

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?

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!

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!

¹ bagpipe
Kiša pada (Posavski drmeš)

Precveli su plavi tulipani,
ženite se garavi derani,
ženite se garavi derani,
precveli su plavi tulipani.

Chorus:
Ana ana ini nena,
evo mojega dragana.
Ana ana ana nana,
evo mojega draga.

Kiša pada, neven vene,
zaboravi diko mene.

Višnja zrije, polje se zeleni,
hoće noćas dika doći meni?

Sukačica

/ Sukačica gledi strica,
zgorela joj gibanica. /

Chorus:
/ Dunaj, dunaj, dunaj ve, dunaj vodo ladna. /

/ Sukačica, domarice,
zgorele vam gibanice. /

/ Zgorele vam gibanice,
prismudile i purice. /

/ Sukačica pile peće,
iz pileta voda teče. /

/ Tancale su celu noćku,
pojele su s perjem kvočku. /

The blue tulips have bloomed.
Get married, you dark guys.

Here’s my sweetheart.

Rain falls, the marigold wilts.
Forget me, sweetheart.

The cherry is ripe, the field is green.
Will my sweetheart come to my place tonight?

The cook looked at the old man,
and her gibanica\(^1\) burned.

Danube, cold water!

Cook, housewife,
your gibanica has burned.

Your gibanica has burned,
the turkeys have gotten singed.

The cook roasts a chicken,
and all the water comes out of it.

They danced the whole night
and ate a hen, feathers and all!

\(^1\) a cheese pie
Ajd’ na lijevo

Ajd’ na lijevo, ajd’ na desno,
ajd’ na ono isto mjesto.

Lit’ na lijevo, nit’ na desno,
već na ono isto mjesto.

Moja nana, stari đavo,
pod tarabom dr’jema

da uvati mene s lolom.
Bolje da me nema.

Sjela cura kraj jarčića
uvatila šarančića.

Šarančić se frlja, frlja,
hoće mala da nadrlja.

Dođi, diko, zarana,
ispeću ti šaranu.

Ispeću ti ribu malu
od šaranu glavu

Dođi, draga, okolo
ja ću priko bašte.

/ Pa ćemo 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.”

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, u našega popa, curo garava!/ Hopa, hopa, hopa! The snowball bush has bloomed, at our priest’s house, dark-skinned girl!

/Hopa, hopa, hopa, cura voli popa. Ja bi kapelana al’ mi ne da mama!/ Hopa, hopa, hopa! The girl loves the priest. I’d love the chaplain, but mama won’t let me.

/Hopa, hopa, hopa, na tavanu klopa, u podrumu vino, al’ će biti fino./ Hopa, hopa, hopa! In the loft there’s eats, and in the cellar wine, oh, it will be fine!

/Hopa, curo, skoči, da ti vidim oči, da ti vidim očice, garava djevojčice./ Hopa, girl, jump! Let me see your eyes, let me see your little eyes, dark-skinned little girl!

/Hopa, hopa, hopa, cura voli popa, a ja popadiju, i-ju-ju-ju-ju!/ Hopa, hopa, hopa! The girl loves the priest, and I the priest’s wife!

Kriči kriči tiček

/Kriči, kriči, tiček, na suhem grmeku. / Chirp, chirp little bird, on the dry branch.
/Kaj je tebi, a moj tiček, kaj si tak turoben? / What’s the matter, my little bird, why are you so sad?

Repeat first verse.

/Kaj si zgubil dragu, kaj te je lubila? / Did you lose your sweetheart who loved you?
/Kaj je tebe, a moj tiček, draga ostavila? / Did your sweetheart leave you, my little bird?

/Nije mene moja, draga ostavila. / My dear sweetheart did not leave me.
/Nije mene moja mila draga ostavila. / My dear sweetheart did not leave me.

/Več sam zgubil krila, nem’rem poleteti. / I have lost my wings, I can no longer fly.
/Več sam zgubil laka krila, nem’rem poleteti. / I have lost my light wings, I can no longer fly.

/Zato tebe, draga, v jesen nem’rem zeti. / That’s why, darling, I can’t marry you this fall.
/Zato tebe, mila draga, v jesen nem’rem zeti. / 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 njigirigne /
i pivam za njime.

Mene diridika
/zove večeralgagati /
zove večerati!

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

bela, bela 'leba,
/i żuta pasuljgugulja /
i żuta 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.
Oj 'rastiću šušnjati

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

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 / jesli’ gđegod 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 poigra / mlada Šokadija, / Oh, when the young people of Šokadija dance,

Oj pod njima se / zemljica uvija. / Oh, beneath them the ground trembles!
¡Ciro

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

Chorus:
Hey Ciro, sit quiet,
leave the girls alone!

Sedi Ciro za odžakom
namaz'o se sa kajmakom.

Sedi Ciro za trpezom
namaz'o se sa pekmezom.

Sedi Ciro navrh slame
brkovima plaši vrane.

1 a food similar to butter or sour cream
Czech

Hulan

Měla jsem milého hulána, hulána, měla jsem ho ráda.
Měla jsem stříbrné prstýnek, prstýnek, já jsem mu ho dala.
Měla jsem stříbrné prstýnek, prstýnek, já jsem mu ho dala.

Jedou, jedou huláni od Brandejsa do Prahy.
Jedou, jedou ještě víc, pojedou do Prachatic.

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

/Jedou, jedou huláni od Brandejsa do Prahy.
Jedou, jedou ještě víc, pojedou do Prachatic. /

Měla jsem milého hulána, hulána,
měla jsem ho ráda.
Měla jsem stříbrné prstýnek, prstýnek, já jsem mu ho dala.
Měla jsem stříbrné prstýnek, prstýnek, já jsem mu ho dala.

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Jedou, jedou ještě víc, pojedou do Prachatic.

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

/Jedou, jedou huláni od Brandejsa do Prahy.
Jedou, jedou ještě víc, pojedou do Prachatic. /

I had a hulan¹, my darling hulan,
I loved him so.
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.

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

My hulan and I shall meet on a bench by the stove.

¹ cavalry soldier

Louky

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

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

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

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

Čerešničky

v y jste se mi rozsypaly na cestě!
Kdo vás najde, kdo vás pozbiera?
Ja som mala včera večer frajera!

Bol to frajer malovaný jak růže,
Ani bych mu robit nedala,
enom 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, j’étais beau et gallant, gué.
Quand j’étais jeune à dix-huit ans, j’étais beau et gallant.

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.

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

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

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,
oublie 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 mélanges
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 stoui^n 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 ’vèze 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. /
/ Bügln—bügln—bügln macht müad,
Schneida, Schneida, singts a schöns Liad. /

/ Bügln, bügln, d’ Kuah dö braucht striegln
striegln und möchten an Klee. /
/ Striegln, striegln, striegln tuat weh.
Schneida, Schneida, d’ Kuah möchten an Klee. /

/ Nodln, nodln, d’ Wies dö braucht odln,
odln, d’ Goas möchten a Gros. /
/ Nodl, nodl, nodlt ’s drauf los,
Schneida, Schneida, d’ Goas möchten a Gros! /

Tailor, tailor, sing one, go on!
go on, sing a pretty song!
Ironing, ironing makes one tired,
tailor, tailor, sing us one, go ahead!

Ironing, ironing, the cow needs currying,
currying and wants some clover.
Currying, currying, currying hurts.
Tailor, tailor, the cow wants some clover.

Sewing, sewing, the meadow needs
fertilizing,
fertilizing, the nannygoat wants grass.
Sew, sew, sew right on,
tailor, tailor, the nannygoat wants grass.

Die alte Kathe (Zwiefacher)

/ Unsa oite Kath möchten aa no—aa no,
unsa oita Kath möchten aa no oan. /
/ Wart no a bissl—wart no a bissl,
kriagst scho—kriagst scho.
Wart no a bissl—wart noa bissl,
kriagst scho oan! /

/ Unsa oita Kath, dö hot jetz—hot jetz,
unsa oita Kath hot jetz an Mo. /
/ Schiaglt a bissl—hinkt schon a weng,
tuat’s grod—tuat’s grod.
Schiaglt a bissl—hinkt schon a weng
tuat’s grod no! /

Our old Katy wants one, wants one, too,
our old Katy wants a man, too.
Wait a bit—wait just a bit,
you’ll get one.
Wait a bit—wait just a bit,
you’ll get one.

Our old Katy—she has one, has one,
our old Katy has a man now.
A little cross-eyed—limps a little,
gets by—gets by.
A little cross-eyed—limps a little,
but he gets by.
Eisenkeilnest (Zwiefacher)

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. 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, 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?

der Tog und Nocht de Deandl nachrennt? Der Tog and Nocht, der Tog und Nocht, der Tog und Nocht de Deandl nachrennt?

Wirt vo Stoa (Zwiefacher)

I’m the innkeeper of Stein, I drink my beer alone, yep, all alone. But whenever the coachmen come, I take my chalk in hand and I write down what’s mine.

I bin da Wirt vo Stoa, I’m the innkeeper of Stein. I drink my beer alone, ja ganz alloa. yep, all alone. /

Wenn oba d’ Fuahrleut kemma, But whenever the coachmen come, tu i mei Kreidan nemma, I take my chalk in hand schreib dös mei’ aaf! and I write down what’s mine.

I bin da Wirt vo Stoa. I’m the innkeeper of Stein. Feine Gäst hob i koa, Fine guests have I none, naa hob i koa. no, I have none. /

D’ Fuahrleut und d’ Schwärza— Coachmen, smugglers—lumberjacks, d’ Holzknecht matchmakers and farmhands, Schmusa und Bauersknecht they are my types. dö san mir recht! /

I bin da Wirt vo Stoa / I bin da Wirt vo Stoa i bleib aiwei alloa, I always stay alone, ja ganz alloa. yep, all alone. /

Wenn i a Weiberl hom taat If I brought home a wench for a wife dö mit dö Gäst schee taat, who made eyes at the guests, da wer i faad! 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. /

/ 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. /

/ 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. /

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!

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). 

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

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

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

Ai Gouna, ai Gouna,
my Karagouna,
you deserve
silken sigounia.¹
Aide, what news shall I send you,
aide, now that you have a new lover?

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.

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 tin sklavosane.

Ti na kano, mana mu, manula mu. / Ti na kano, mana mu, tin agapo / Ke y’afti, 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, kopse yia 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 megalı.

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 kardhlula mu, Samyotisa,
sarandadhyo komatya. /

Samyotisa, o erotas,
den theli parakalia
/ Ehki 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:
Hopa 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 tsifteteli
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.

Zonaradhikos (Macedonian syrtos)

Vangelitsa, Vangelio
thelo kati na su po.

Thelo ya na su mil Iso
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
ekosmo 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.

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

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

Make your bed for two,
for you and for me,
that we may embrace each other
from the start
and all will be brought back to life.

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.
Kiriaki 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

Thesaloniki mu, meghali ftokhomana.  
Esi pu vghazis ta kalitera pedhya.  
Thesaloniki mu meghali ftokhomana.  
Ospu ky’an pao, s’ekho panda stin kardhya.

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:
Thesaloniki mu pote dhen s’ aparieme.  
/ Ise i patridha mu, to leo ke kafyeme. /  
Thesaloniki mu pote dhen s’ aparieme.

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.

Thesaloniki me ta tosa su merakia vghazis ta pio omorfa koritsia ston dunya.  
Akh pos’ nostalyisa na ksanartho konda su ky’as ksepsikhiso pros to pirgo ton lefko.

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.

Thesaloniki me ta tosa su merakia vghazis ta pio omorfa koritsia ston dunya.  
Akh pos’ nostalyisa na ksanartho konda su ky’as ksepsikhiso pros to pirgo ton lefko.

Thessaloniki, with your so many places 
you bring out the prettiest girls in the world.  
Bohemian parties, songs in the side streets, 
all night long, we live it up in every neighborhood.

Misirlu

Misirlu mu i glika su i matya  
flogha m’ekhi anapsi mes tin kardia.  
Akh yakhabibi, akh ya leleli akh  
ta dyo su khili stazune meli oyme.

Ah, Misirlu, mayiki, soviki, omorfia.

Trela tha murthi, den ipofero pia  
Akh na se klepso mesa apo tin arapia.

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

Misirlu mu i glika su i matya  
flogha m’ekhi anapsi mes tin kardia.  
Akh yakhabibi, akh ya leleli akh  
ta dyo su khili stazune meli oyme.

Ah, Misirlu, mayiki, soviki, omorfia.

Trela tha murthi, den ipofero pia  
Akh na se klepso mesa apo tin arapia.

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

Misirlu mavromata mu treli  
Flogha m’ekhi anapsi ena su fili.  
Akh yakhabibi ena filaki ya.  
Ap to glika su to stomataki oyme.

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!

Misirlu mavromata mu treli  
Flogha m’ekhi anapsi ena su fili.  
Akh yakhabibi ena filaki ya.  
Ap to glika su to stomataki 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

Aye mou Yorgi skiriane,
megalomarti labriane,
ke tou nisiou kamari,
asimenie kavalari.

Psila in ta skalopatia su,
sto vrakho [en] ta palatia su.
Ke kathese sta kastra
sa na gitonevis t’astra

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, Maraye
Maraye, my only son, ¹
Maraye.

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 mandonah
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.

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

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

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

Éva, my heart, Éva,
the plum tree is now ripe.
Underneath are spread plums.
We will pick them up by dawn.

If only this dawn
would last a long time
so that our love
would never end!

Love, love,
Cursed suffering!
Why didn’t you grow
on every leaf?

I came here to do the karikázó¹.
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 készkenőm.
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 beszédbe 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 hálannak.

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.

/Lám én szegény árva gyerek
csak egyedül hálók,
Akármerre kaparászok
csak falat találók./

The horseherds, the cowherds
go about in small vests.
The ones who enjoy their lives
are those who sleep in twos.
Bandi Angyal\textsuperscript{1}—haven’t I told you—
don’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.

\textsuperscript{1}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,
lámpámaba lángot, ne keljen
korán az ágyra hevernem,
kér désre választő küldjön,
hogy hitem széjjel ne düljön,

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

—Nagy László

Ne félj lányom

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

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

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

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

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.

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 tánc

Elmennék én babám tihozzátok egy este
ha a kutyád övidre volna kötve.
Kösd meg babám a tutyádat rövidre rövidre
ne ugasson babám becsületes legényre.

Elmennék én babám tihozzátok egy este
ha az ágyad puhárvolna vetve.
Vesd még babám az ágyadat puhára a falig
mert én itt maradok holnapután reggelig.

Méreggyszer elmennék tihozzátok egy este
ha a házatok szemetes nem lenne.
Rámas csizmám felveri a szemetet szemetet
Hogy kössem le babám véled az életemet.

Édes jó Istenem de véltem ezelőtt
mig a babám eljárt a kapum előtt.
Most már nem jár nem tudom hogy mi baja
mi baja.
Szeretne ő nagyon édesanayja nem hagyja.

Sej haj a mi házunk sárgára van meszelve.
Oda jár a cimbalom úr minden szombat este.
Mindig csak azt cimbalmozza cimbalmával fülembe
Sej haj gondolj kislány a régi szeretődre.

Sej haj esik eső hull a ménkú rakásra.
Beítött a kisbbenési nádfedeles csárdába.
Ég a csarda nem hallik a muzsika szó cimbalom.
Sej haj mégis mulat az én kedves galambom.

Lassú sergő

/ Széles víz a Duna. /
Keskeny palló rajta.
/ Ne menj arra, rózsám /
ment beesel róla .

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 visitis 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; ther’s no music, nor
cimbalom.
Sej Haj! Still my sweet dove is out merrymaking!

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.
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.
Od gavia meshumar nashik, nashik,
alizei einayim ulevav.

We will return again to an ancient melody
and the song will linger on.
When we raise our glasses together
our eyes and hearts will be bright.

Tovu, tovu ohaleinu
ki machol hiftsi’a.
Tovu, tovu ohaleinu,
od nashuva el nigun atik.

How good are our tents
because there’s dancing there.
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’mi na’im
shevet achim gam yachad. /

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

Hinei ma tov u’mi na’im
La, la, la . . .

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.

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

Lochashot sfotav shel aba
ve’einav orot,
u’chehed min he’avar
hamanginot chozrot,
u’malei pitom habayit
be’otan zemirot.

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

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.

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.

Let us go, my beloved, toward the bride.
Shabbat the queen is rising.
A challah is on the table
and a prayer is rising.
All the household sings
in a great chorus.

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—bamu ein koshel. 
Hitrofenu—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.

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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 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 berivevotav,
Ben Yishai chai vekayam.

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

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.

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 bchalom at po iti.
U’chshehaboker ya’aleh, Naomi,
eheyekan levadi.

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 tsemed 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./

**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.

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.

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 lamidbar**

Lech, lech lamidbar, 
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.  

**Kinor David**

Lifnei shanim rabot shamu be’eretz Yisrael  
kolot nigun shira u’mizmorim,  
betslil 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.  

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

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

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.  

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.  

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

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.  

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,
eat 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 mecherev /
chermehlo yata'sor.
/ Ad ad ha'erev /
shibley 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.

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 veshod.

Hora ali, ali!
Esh hadliki beleli,
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. /

Ma navu

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.

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.

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

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
veraglenu gil shofot.
Kach nidroch admat moledet
venashira 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!

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

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

Lo nechdal ki yesh
od dai oz vamerezt.
Kol gufeinu lahah esh
vehalev go’esh.

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

Hala kol machov.
Negaresh kol pega
venasov halach vasov
hora ad bli sof. Ki . . .

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 miyom 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 harchovot
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

The sheaf in the field bends in the wind,
its 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.

Hashachar

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
yafyaflt 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.

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

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

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

U’mikalya shelo day la
yesh bracha, kevirkat av
bo achinu, smach itanu
yismechu harei Mo'av.

---

Erev shel shoshanim

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

Mi zot likrati ola?
Bo'i achoti kala.
Libavtini mikalot.
Yafyafit li,
yafyafit li bamecholot.

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.

Ki kala ani, ki ani kala,
ki nava ani kivnot ha'ayala.
Bo'a venachula ki liba ava,
ki tinam bamachol ahava.

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.

Mi panav elai yair?
Ze dodi nafshi yair.
Shekulo dagul va'az.
Avakshenu li,
avakshenu mini az.

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.

Ki hinei dodech, ki dodech hino.
Ki yikrav elayich ye'erav chino.
Boi, venachula ki libi ava,
ki tinam bamachol ahava.

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

Al tira avdi Ya'akov.
Ho chalamti chalom.
Al tira avdi Ya'akov.
Ma nora hamakom.

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.

Nitsav lo asulam
im malachei shamayim,
yordim ve'olim kulam
im ts'chorei knafayim.

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

Yishnar kochacha Ya’akov acha
kuma ledarkecha kedma mizrach.
Lech kadima al techata,
lech lecha
ki takum ha'arets ata
lecha ulzaracha.

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.

Tnu 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 leva dech . . .
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?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who will give me
a sinful smile in the morning,
a mischievous happy smile
of love?

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

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 achoti kala.
Libavtinee ba’achat me’einayich.
Ma yafu dodayich achoti kala
vereiach samotayich kereiach Levanon.

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 tallalim.
Shechorot shechorot
shechorot ka’orev,
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.

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

Solu derachim li
panu lenavocha.
P'itchu she'arim li
kol malachie ma'ala.

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

Einai ani esa
el el belev kosef
mamtsi tserchai li
bayom u'valayla.

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 /

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.

/ Drosh navi ve'ulami
ve'ot yeshah aseh imi. /
/ Netah sorek betoch karmi.
She'e shavat benai ami. /

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.

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

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 eshera / 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 metso chefetz la’asot derachim  
gam miledebar 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

Sapari thamo thamimo
/sapari nogil batheimo /
Bath malochim hachachomo
/an magomech sapari li. /

Onetho yeno Sa’adyo
/libafaltherin aliyo. /

/Wa’ani /
/ wa’ani toch lev aniyo /
/ bayafi eto me’ili. /

Etz peri hadar begani
/ wa’asisi sham weyeni. /

/Gabeli /
/ gabeli mitoch yemini /
/ kos asher nimzog bachar li. /

/Sapari /
/ Sapari thamo thamimo /
/ Sapari nogil batheimo /
/ Onetho /
/ Onetho yono Sa’adyo /
/ Li bafaltherin aliyo /

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)

/ Levusha me’ayan to’ar yekaro /
/ u’mashpa’at aley kol ha’adama. /

Chorus:
Adon hakol
mechaye kol neshama,
yetsaw chasdo
Levat nodiv chachomo.

/Zemirot miknaf eretz shamamu /
/tvzi tsadik bemizrocho weyomo. /

/Yesharim holchim tamid beyosher. /
/ Nekiyim hem beli avon we’ashama. /

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If I don’t find you, Cicerennella  
Cicerennella, Cicere,  
If I don’t find you, Cicerennella  
I want to die right away!
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
co’ Beatrici balla bona.
’A tarantella è un bellusone
ed è un piaciri de ballà.
Salta, salta, Pippinella
che cun mia nun po’ cascare.
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,
my 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!
Lipa ma Marýca

This song is in the Rezian dialect of Slovenian.

Lipa ma Marýca,
Rýnina si ty.
Ko ta-na Rúšće pójdeš,
uf ýlo éon ti pryty.

Ko ta-na Rúšće si došýl,
Marýca me je ni.

Te húdi júdi so paršý,
Marýco so neslý.

Či bej to bila háuža,
to bila mákoj ma.

Ja měšon bil se zbúdil,
da drúgin na plažá.

Za ne pryty notou hýšy,
ta-z gözd ja si jo dal.

Za pryú horé u Zagátó,
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 Rúšće
I’ll come to serenade you.

When I arrived in Rúšće,
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 Zagátó.

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,
   tůnko, tůnko, male, tůnko ta visoko. /
A maiden walks along,
   fair and rosy,
   slender and tall.

/ Oj kato odi na zemja ne stůpva, /
   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 kěpencite, 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 čukna, tri pati mi vikna. /

Koga go dočula negovata majka,
/ porti otvorila, sina pregrnila. /

"Kade mi je, majko, mojto verno libe,
/ porti da otvori, mene da pregri ne?" /

"Tvojto verno libe snoshti se omaži, 
/ za tvojot komšija, za tvojot pobratim." /

¹Another version has Koga dojde vreme here.

Young Jordan was imprisoned,
imprisoned in a dark dungeon.

In the dungeon the water reached his knees, 
and his hair reached his shoulders.

When the time came that Jordan was freed, 
he went straight to his village.

When Jordan reached the door of his house, 
he knocked twice and called out three times.

When his mother came, 
she opened the door and embraced her son.

"Where, mother, is my true love, 
to open the door and embrace me?"

"Your true love was married last night, 
to your best friend, to your blood-brother."

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,
ja zapej mi edna pesna,
edna pesna žalovita.

Što se čuje na daleku,
na daleku preku Vardar?
Tam se bije slaven junak,
slaven junak Pitu-Guli.

Oh bird, nightingale bird,
sing me a song,
sing me a song,
a mournful song.

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.

otade reka, male,
vo pesočina.

vo pesočina, male,
na mesečina.

Ovčar pomina, male,
toj mi go najde.

Taksaj mu, taksaj Nešo,
što ke mu taksaš?
Taksaj mu, taksaj, Nešo,
beloto lice.

Što ke mu taksaš, male?
Crnite oči.

I da mu taksam, male,
fajda si nema.

My ring fell, mother
on the other side of the river,
on the other side of the river, mother
in the sand.

In the sand, mother,
by moonlight.

A shepherd passed by, mother,
he found it for me.

Promise him, Neša,
what will you promise him?
Promise him, Neša,
your fair face.

What will you promise him, mother?
Your dark eyes.

And if I promise him, mother,
it will do him no good.

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 junacko 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 kursumliji. / Nine angry wounds, all from bullets,
/ A deseta rana s noz 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 moz’ da premines. / you can’t cross it.

Jas ke se storam sareno pile I will make myself into a colorful bird,
gora ke preletam. I will fly across the forest,
/ I pak so tebe, libe, ke dojdam and then I will go with you, love,
i tvoja ke 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 moz’ da preplivas. / you can’t swim across it.

ke se pretvoram vo riba mrenka, I will transform myself into a little barbel fish,
reka ke preplivam. I will swim across the river,
/ I pak so tebe, libe, ke dojdam and then I will go with you, love,
i tvoja ke 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, mnogo 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 bole lezi, Tino,
Tino mori, Deljo ke da umri,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
Deljo ke da umri de.

Nad glava mu stoji, Tino,
Tino mori, trujca ikimdžii,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
trujca ikimdžii 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, 
egora 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

82 MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook • Macedonia
Legnala Dana

Legnala Dana, zaspala, lele Bože,
vo edna mala gradina.
vo edna mala gradina, lele Bože,
pod edno drvo maslinka.

Poduvna veter od more, lele Bože,
otkrši granka maslinka.
otkrši granka maslinka, lele Bože,
udri mi Dana po lice.

Vikna mi Dana, zaplače, lele Bože:
“Of lele le le do Boga.
što bev si slatko, zaspala, lele Bože,
i sladok son si sonuva.

Na son dojdoja tri ludi, lele Bože,
tri ludi, tri adžamii.
Prvi mi dade zlat prsten, lele Bože,
drugi mi dade jabolko.
Drugii mi dade jabolko, lele Bože,
treki me mene celuna.

Toj što mi dade zlat prsten, lele Bože,
iniz nego da se provira.
Toj što mi dade jabolko, lele Bože,
zelen da bide do groba.
Toj što me mene celuna, lele Bože,
si nego da se vekuvam.”

Vie se vie (Ivanica)

Vie se vie oro makedonsko
golem sobor mi se sobral kraj Vardaro.

Chorus:
/ Oro i pesna, solnce i ljubov,
toa e naša Makedonija. /

Siot narod se nasobral makedonski,
pregnati bratski da se razveselat.

Dali gledaš, milo Skopje, dali slušaš?
Kakva makedonska pesna se pee.

Dana lay down and fell asleep, oh Lord, in a little garden, under an olive tree.
The wind blew from the sea, oh Lord, 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, oh Lord. The third kissed me.
The one that 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!”

They’re dancing a Macedonian oro, a great crowd has gathered by the Vardar.
Dance and song, sun and love that is our Macedonia.
The whole Macedonian people has gathered to celebrate arm in arm as brothers.
Do you see, dear Skopje, do you hear? They’re singing a Macedonian song!
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 dohodiš\(^1\), dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

\(^1\) another version has dovašgja here

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 doašgja, 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 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.

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 ške se rodi
poubavo devojče od makedonče!

Nema dzvezdi po-lični
od tvoj’te oči.
Da se noše na nebo
den ke razdeni.

Koga kosi razpletiš
kako koprina
lična si i polična
od samovila.

Koga pesna zapee,
slavej nadpee.
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 pšenica,
da jadat bela pogača.

Macedonian girl,
many-colored bouquet,
gathered in the garden,
given as a gift.

Is there in this wide world
a more beautiful girl than a Macedonian?
There isn’t, there isn’t, there won’t be born
a more beautiful girl than a Macedonian!

There are no stars more beautiful
than your eyes.
They light up the night sky
as if it were dawn.

When you undo your hair
like silk,
you are lovely,
lovelier than a fairy.

When you sing a song,
you outsing the nightingale.
When you start to dance,
your heart dances.

Jana went out into the field,
to see the field,
whether the field was ripe.

If the field was ripe,
Jana would get the farmhands,
the farmhands, the young reapers.

The farmhands, the young reapers,
to reap the light-colored wheat,
to eat the white bread.
Žalna majka (Lesnoto)

Žalna majka, v sebe plače,
vnucite gi teši.
Bol vo gradi lut ja vie,
a nif im se smeši.

Ah, spite, vnuci moj',
pak, pak ke dojde toj.
Ke vi pee za Bitola,
za naš roden kraj.

Spijat vnuci, majka plače,
ocí solzi leat.
Kaj si, sinko da gi vidiš,
tvoj te mili 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 žalı,
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)

Dodek je moma pri majka,
do tu je bela i crvena.
Do tu je odila šetala,
mominski pesni pejala.
Mominski pesni pejala,
mominski ora igrala.
Godi se, zacrnela se,
oženi se, zakopa se.
A što se svekor, svekrva?
Tova je crno crnilo.
A što se dever i zolva?
Tova je žolto žoltilo.
A što se malkite deca?
Tova se sitni sindžiri.
A što je kitka šarena?
Tova je prvoto libe.

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

/ Čerešna se od koren korneše
moma se od majka deleše. /
/ Proštevaj, majko, proštevaj,
ako sum ti nešto zgrešila. /
/ Do sega sum tebe slušala
od sega ke slušam svekrva. /
/ Od sega ke slušam svekrva
deveri, dzolvi, jatrvi. /

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.
Zajko kokorajko (Arap)

Storil nijet zajko, zajko kokorajko, 
zajko da se ženi, zajko serbezlija.
Si natresol gači, uprčil mustači,
nagrnal džamadan, kapa fiškulija.
More, tokmo mladoženja!

Mi posvršil zajko lina udovica,
kitka nakitena, maza razmažena,
poznata džimrijka, svetska isposlica,
more, selska vizitarka!

Mi pokanil zajko kiteni svatovi,
mečka mesarija, vučica kumica,
žaba zurlažička, ežo tupandžija,
oven esapčiža, murdžo aberdžija.
Zajko kokorajko
si natresol gači, uprčil mustači,
nagrnal džamadan, kapa fiškulija,
more, tokmo mladoženja!

Pa mi trgnal zajko niz Solunsko pole
da si vidi zajko lisa udovica.
Tam si najde zajko mesto lindralija,
kvacak sa pičinja, teška meravdžika,
liči za nevesta!

Koga vide zajko toa čudno čudo,
pa mi letna zajko nazad na tragovi.
Tam si sretna zajko do dva-tri lovžii,
em oni si nosat puški sačmalii,
more, 'rti em zagari!

Pa mi presnal zajko, zajko da mi bega,
si iskinal gači, razmrzil mustači,
iskinal džamadan, 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 moustache,
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,
"Hey, I'm not a bridegroom!"
**Tri godini (Devetorka)**

Tri godini se ljubevme,
loša duma ne rekovme.

*Chorus:*
Zar ne ti je žal, bre libre, aman i za mene?
Jas da umram se zaradi tebe.

Tebe te nosat na venčilo,
mene, milo libre, na besilo.

Tebe ti čukat tanpanite,
mene, milo libre, kambanite.

Tvojta majka pesni pee,
mojta majka solzi lee.

Three years we loved each other,
we never exchanged a harsh word.

Doesn’t it make you sorry for me, love?
I am going to die all because of you.

They are leading you to the altar,
me, my dear, to the gallows.

They are sounding the (wedding) drums
for you;
for me, my dear, the (death) bells.

Your mother sings songs,
my mother weeps tears.

**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,/otide na česma šarena, šarena, /
da napolni voda studena, studena. /

/ Vo selo oro igrale, igrale, /na tanec mladi Stojane, Stojane. /

Stamena had the misfortune that
her mother fell sick.

Her mother fell sick,
she asked for cold water.

Stamena took jugs.
She went out to the multicolored fountain
to fill them with cold water.

In the village they were dancing an oro.
the leader was young Stojan.

**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. /

The sugary moon rose.

My fair sweetheart, my darling, sweet as honey.

It was not the sugary moon.

but a beautiful young girl.

She got up early for cold water.
Kajo Kalino

/ Kajo, Kalino, devojče, viši viši, crni oči, / viši viši, crni oči, na visoko, na široko. / Kajo, Kalina girl, raise your black eyes, raise your black eyes, high and wide.

/ Kade Turci kafe pijat, Arnauti baš rakija, / Arnauti baš rakija, a ergeni, rujno vino. / Where the Turks drink coffee, the Albanians strong rakijia, and the bachelors red wine.

/ Samo edno ludo mlado nitu jade, nitu pije. / Samo mene poglednuva, so oko mi namignuva / One young lad neither eats nor drinks. He only looks at me, he winks his eye at me.

Kalja, Kaljino

/ Kalja, Kaljino, devojčko, viši viši, crni oči, / izviši gi na visoko, na visoko, na široko. / Kaja, Kaljina girl, raise your black eyes, raise them high, high and wide.

/ Kade Turci kafe pijat, Arnauti baš rakija, / Arnauti baš rakija, a ergeni, rujno vino. / Where the Turks drink coffee, the Albanians strong rakijia, and the bachelors red wine.

/ Edno ludo, ludo mlado nitu jade, nitu pije; / nitu jade, nitu pije, često Kalja poglednuva. / One young lad neither eats nor drinks, but keeps looking at Kalja.

/ Često Kalja poglednuva, so oko i namignuva, / so oko i namignuva, so raka i zaminuva. / But keeps looking at Kalja winks his eye at her, waves his hand at her.

/ Ajde Kaljo da begame, našto selo, arno selo. / Od tri strani sonce greje, od četrhta mesočina. / Come, Kalja, let’s run away to my village, a good village—the sun shines on three sides, and on the fourth the moon shines.

/ Našto selo, arno selo, dva pati se žetva žneje. / Dva pati se žetva žneje, tri pati se grozde bere. / Our village is a good village, we have two harvests, we harvest grapes three times.
More, čičo reče da me ženi (Pajduška)

More, čičo reče da me ženi;
more, čera reče, sega neké.
/ More, čera reče, sega neké;
a pa strina Sava ič ne dava. /

More, ne davaše, ne davaše;
/ more, najposle se saglasšiše. /
More, mi zgodiše bela Neda.
More, bela bela kako arapka;
more tûnka tûnka 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. /

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.

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.

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.
Bolen leži mlad Stojan (Lesnoto)

Bolen leži mlad Stojan,  
bolen lež i kë umre. 
Nad glava mu mladata nevesta, 
s maško dete na race. 
Solzi rani, solzite i kapat, 
po Stojanovo lice.

Stojan se porazbudi,  
i tìho i govori: 
“Neveno li, ti mlada nevesto, 
štò mi ladi licevo. 
Dali sitna rosa podrosuva, 
ilì silni doždovi?”

A Nevena mu veli:  
“Stojane, bre stopane, 
nitu sitna rosa podrosuva, 
nitu silni doždovi. 
Mojve solzi po lice ti kapat, 
od selanski nepravdini.

Sinojka kaj češmata,  
selani se zbiraja. 
Zbor zborveja, koga ti kë umreš 
dete da mi zadavat, 
mene me grabnat, daleku odnesat, 
za pari me prodatat.”

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.

[Šo drvoto] Kate, de donese,
da mi doneses, Kate, ponadica.
Otvori go, Kate, pendžereto
da go vidam, Kate, ezeroto.

Kako furla, Kate, dalgi dalgi
/ taka furla, Kate, moego srce, /
moego 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.

[?] 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 / Dimna Juda\(^1\) built a city
/ na planina, mamo, na Vlaina. / on the mountain, on Vlaina.

/ Što je kolje, mamo, pobivala The posts she drove
sè ergeni, mamo, za glavenje / were all youths ready to be engaged,
/ sè ergeni, mamo, za glavenje. were all youths ready to be engaged.

/ Što je pliće, mamo, zapličala The wands she plaited
se devojke, mamo, za mažene / were all maidens ready for marriage,
/ se devojke, mamo, za mažene. were all maidens ready for marriage.

*Repeat first verse.*

\(^1\) *The dialect of this song was misunderstood by Tanec, and the words in their recording, which is transcribed here, are not completely correct. This line should be* 

Što je praške, mamo, zapličala

*with the same translation.*

**Derviško, Viško mome**

/ Derviško Viško, mome, Derviško dušo / Derviška, girl, my darling,
/ Rob ké ti bidam, mome, rob ké ti bidam, I will be your slave, girl, I will be your slave,
/ rob ké ti bidam, mome, vreme tri godini. / I will be your slave, girl, for three years.

/ Samo da ti vidam, mome, samo da ti vidam, Just so I can see, girl, just so I can see,
/ samo da ti vidam, mome, beloto liko. / just so I can see, girl, your fair face.

/ I da go vidiš, ludo, i da go vidiš, Even if you see it, fellow, even if you see it,
/ i da go vidiš, ludo, fajda si nema. / even if you see it, fellow, it’ll do you no good.

*Repeat entire song, then first two verses again.*
Sevdalino, maloj mome

Sevdelike, maloj mome, Sevdelika, girl

*Chorus:*
süm süm süm, maloj süm
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 tūpan ke igrae.
Otherwise the news will be all over town.

Vodarka

/ Kraj kladenec bistra voda
By the well there’s a swift stream,
mom se sobraj /
the girls gathered

/ Voda, [?] so rekite
[?] and beautiful Todorka fell in love.
i s’ izgora đzam Todorka /

/ Todorka je izbegala
Todorka ran away,
’negu nadaleku. /
very far away.

/ Ostavila stara majka
She left her old mother
i pūrvo si verno libe /
and her husband.

/Tam da i e) na Todorka
[?] Todorka
što e izbegala. /
who ran away.

/Ostavila mūžko dete
She left her baby son.
[?] /
Dedo mili dedo

Dedo odi na pazar
konja java bez samar
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.
Baba java na mule
dedo puše so lule
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.

Dedo odi na bostano
baba praša sa fustano
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.
Baba ide od nivata
dedo gleda vo tavata
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.

Dedo ide na ručok
baba peče cel kравčo
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.
Baba prede na vreteno
dedo jade pečeno
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.

Dedo odi za piperki
baba gali dvete kerkì
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.
Baba jade piperka
dedo sviri na šupelka.
dedo mili, zlatni, babin pûrva ljubo
dedo mili, zlatni, babinovo momče.

---

Grandpa goes to market
riding a horse bareback.
   Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s boy.
Grandma rides a mule,
   Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s boy.

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 boy.
Grandma comes in from the field,
   Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s boy.

Grandpa goes to breakfast,
Grandma’s roasting a whole cow[?].
   Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s boy.
Grandma’s spinning with a spindle,
   Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s boy.

Grandpa goes for peppers,
[?] Grandpa’s eating baked goods[?].
   Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma’s boy.

This is an intentionally silly song, built on rhyme.
Kaleš Dončo (Lesnoto)

Mi tovaril kaleš Dončo, pritovari oriz
pa se trgnal kaleš Dončo za pusta Bitola.

Chorus:
Le, le, le, le, le, Dončo za žalenje.
Of, of, of, of, of, Dončo Štipjančeto.

Na pat go sretnale Dončo turski karakoni
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 the [?] with rice
and then set off for damn Bitola.

Too bad, Dončo.
Dončo from Štip.

On the road Turkish [?] met 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 fašaj, Done, Donke (Lesnoto)

Ne se fašaj, Done, Donke, do mene,
srce mi izgore, Donke, za tebe!

Chorus:
/Ej, što te zaljubiv,
jej, što te izgubiv! /

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
[?] I led.

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, kerko Eleno (Lesnoto)

Eleno, kerko Eleno, 
ti edna na majka, 
/ sto stois, kerko, sto mislis 
sto knjiga pisuvas? /

Pisuvam, majko, pisuvam 
do gradot Edrene, 
/ Edrene, majko, Edrene, 
na moeto libe. /

Da kupi, majko, da kupi 
na mene kapela, 
/ kapela, majko, kapela 
od trista gros. /

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 gros.

Ajde red se redat (Lesnoto)

Ajde red se redat male 
ajde red se redat 
kočanski sejmeni, mila male 
kočanski sejmeni.

/ Ajde ke mi odat male / 
/ pokraj Kriva Reka mila male. /

/ Ajde ke go barat male / 
/ Iljo aramija, mila male. /

/ Ajde ne mi bilo male / 
/ pokraj Kriva Reka, mila male. /

/ Ajde tuk mi bilo Iljo / 
vo Soluna grada, mila male, 
vo ladna mejana.

/ Ajde Iljo pilo male / 
/ vino em rakija, mila male. /

/ Ajde go služila male / 
/ moma makedonka, mila male. /

Each verse follows the pattern of the first. 

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.

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 ké pojdiš no oro, na oro,
do tanec da se ne fajklás, ne fajklás.
Na tanec ti e ludoto, mladoto.

So oko ké ti namigni, namigni,
so noga ké 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.”

\[1\] a courtship stunt
Poland

Na wierzbowym listku (Ada’s kujawiak no. 1)

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.

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.
Romania

Alunelul

/ Alunelu, alunelu hai la joc,
   sǎ ne fie, sǎ ne fie cu noroc!/  
Cine-n horǎ o sǎ joace 
mare, mare se va face.
Cine n-o juca de fel 
va rǎmine mititel.

/ Alunelu, alunelu hai la joc,
   sǎ ne fie, sǎ ne fie cu noroc!/  
Joacǎ joacǎ tot pe loc, 
sǎ rǎsarǎ busuioc.
Joacǎ joacǎ tot aśa, 
joacǎ şi nu te lǎsa.

Alunelu¹, alunelu, come to the dance!
Let it be lucky for us.
Whoever dances the hora
big, big will become.
Whoever doesn’t dance, likewise,
will remain small.

¹ the name of the dance, literally ‘little hazelnut tree’

Ardeleana

Hei, plinge-mǎ, maicǎ, cu dor,  
hei, cǎ ţi-am fost voinic fecior, mǎi.  
Hei, şi de grijǎ ţi-am purtat, 
covorul ţi l-am lucrat, mǎi.  
Hei, iar de cind m-am cǎtǎnit  
viaţa mi s-a otrǎvit, mǎi,  
hei, şi pribegesc prin ţari strǎine.  
Şi-o sǎ mor gindind la tine!  
Hei, mult mi-e dor, mǎicuţǎ, dor,  
hei, de cel codru frǎţior, 
de cea ţarǎ ce-am lǎsat, mǎi,  
hei, de cel codru-nstrǎinat.

Hei, drǎguţ car cu patru boi,  
hei, mult mi-e drag mie de voi, mǎ.  
Mi mai drag de cin’ vǎ minǎ,  
cǎ ţine biciu-ntr-o minǎ,  
hei, şi trozneşte, bocǎneşte,  
hei, şi mindruţǎ şi-o iubeşte.  
Hei, mindruţo, ce te-aş bate,  
hei, dar mi-s mǎinile legate,  
hei, cu un fir da aşa neagrǎ,  
hei, nu te pot bate de dragǎ.

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.”
Mindra mea de la Ciubud (De-a-lungul)

Mindra 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
cind le spun că ochii-mi plac.
Ş-o veni mai des la voi
să-ţi dau, mindră, buze moi, măi.
Şi-am să te cer de mireasă
mindra mea, floare aleasă.

Învărtita din Luna-Turda

Că ţi-oi fi, bădiţa dragă,
cu păru-n năframă albă,
cu flori roşii podobită
că să știi că-ţii sunt iubită.

Că şi io, bade, ţi-oi coase
tot cu fire de mătase
pe câmaşa ta cea albă
multe flori care-o să-ţi placă.

Chiu, fete, ş-om cînta
pină ne-om împreuna
Şi-om munci, munci cu spor
împreună pe ogor.

Amîndoi ne vom iubi
viată nouă ne-om clădîi,
viaţa în gospodărie,
tineri-n tovărăşie.

Each line ends with
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

My sweetheart from Ciubud,
rumors are flying in the village.
The world is saying that I keep going too often
in the evening to your place.

People are saying, God bless them,
that your eyes may be the reason.
Your blackberry eyes
want to steal my heart.

But to spite them,
I keep telling them I like your eyes.
I will come to visit you more often,
to kiss you, my sweetheart, with my soft lips,
and I will ask you to be my bride,
my sweetheart, my chosen flower.

I will be, dear sweetheart,
with my hair in a white kerchief,
adorned with red flowers
so that you know I am your beloved.

I will also stitch for you, my sweetheart,
all with silken thread
upon your white shirt
many flowers that you will like.

Shout, girls, and we will sing
until we are united.
And we will work, work prosperously
together in the field.

Both of us will love each other,
we will build our new life,
our life in the household,
young in our comradeship.
Ciuleandra

Foie verde simioc
țieneți ciuleandra pe loc.

Chorus:
Și-nc-odată, măi băieți,
hooop ș’așă, ș’așă.

Țineți-o, flăcăi, așa
pîna n-ajunge puica.

Întărit-o lită lus
c-ajung acuș, acuș.

Mai întărit-o de un pas,
c-ajuns șì n-a rămas.

Două fire, două paie,
luăți ciuleandra la bătaie.

Tot așă că nu mă las,
că sint cu puica de-un pas.

Două fire, două paie,
luăți ciuleandra la bătaie.

Ca la Baltă

Uite-o, uite-o.
Nu e, nu e.
Și-nc-odată.
Treî acui!

Look, look.
Is not, is not.
One more time.
Three now!
Russia

Korobushka

Oi, pahna, pahna karobushka
yest i sitits i parcha.
Pazhalei dusha zaznobushka
maladyets kava plicha!

“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
fye 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 targuysa, 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 udali 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,
vsyo bayitsa piridat’.
Parin’ zdivitsi tsiluyitsa
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
raspryamis 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 fseyo vzyala zaznobushka
biruyzovi pirstyenyok.

“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

Our Katia has many sorrows.

Chorus:
Cranberry-raspberry, bird cherry, goosefoot, my piece of candy, frozen.
I fell in love with such a one, he’s not much to look at.

Much sorrow, the husband is a playboy.
He carouses late at night.
He forgets about Katyusha.
But Katyusha isn’t depressed.
Do harness, dear one, a troika!
A troika, raven-black horses.

Byelalyitsa, kruglalyitsa (Khorovod)

A white-faced, round-faced beautiful girl
stood by a valley, broke a guilder-rose.
She threw it on the road to return to her friend.
Come back, my beloved, come back, my heart.
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 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 mesećina. / 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 teb’ sam često hodio, po teb’ sam često hodio, s devojkam 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./₄ The white wine grapevine wound around the fence.

Chorus:
/ Todo Todi podvalio / Todor tricked Toda,
tri put curu poljubio./₃ kissed the girl three times.

To ne beše bela loza vinova / uz tarabu vinova./₃ That was not the fair grapevine around the fence.

Već to beše dvoje mili i dragi, / dvoje mili i dragi./₃ Rather, that was two lovers,
/ dvoje mili i dragi./₃ two lovers.

Alternate last verse:
Već to bilo dvoje milo i drago, / dvoje milo i drago./₃

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.
Śetnja

/ Dođi Mile u naš kraj  
  pa da vidiš šta je raj. /  
/ Hej, haj, u naš kraj  
  pa da vidiš šta je raj. /  
/ Proče, Mile, propeva  
  i volove protera. /  
/ Hej, haj, propeva  
  i volove protera. /  

Come, Mile, to our region  
  to see what paradise is like.  
Hej, haj, to our region  
  to see what paradise is like.  
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,  
  tam je selo moje, tamo je ljubav moja. /  
/ Tamo daleko gde svetu nema kraj,  
  tamo su deca moja, tamo je pravi raj. /  
/ Tamo daleko, kraj Save i Dunava,  
  tamo je selo moje, tamo je ljubav moja! /  

Far off there, far off by the sea  
  there is my village, there is my love.  
Far off there where there’s no end to the  
  world,  
there are my children, there is true paradise.  
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 cvése, 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.

/ Sečeš 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,  
najšrećniji 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 otišao  
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 pевamo. /

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 šareno! /
/Momči, cure, u kolo, nek’ se orī 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 mamiš, na tvoje belo lice, na 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? Oće l’ tebe meni dati? Oće 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?


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

Igrale se delije,
nasred zemlje Srbije.

Chorus:
Sitno kolo do kola,
čulo se do Stambola.

Svira frula iz dola,
frula moga sokola.

Igra kola do kola,
ne haje za Stambola.

Heroes have danced
within the land of Serbia.

One little kolo after another;
it can be heard all the way to Istanbul.

A flute plays from the valley,
the flute of my falcon.

Dancing kolo after kolo;
don’t give a damn for Istanbul!

Prizren-Vranje Medley

Razgranjala grana jorgovana

/ Razgranjala grana jorgovana, /
/ oj lane, Milane, grana jorgovana. /

/ Pod njom sedi lepa Juliana, /
/ oj, lane, Milane, lepa Juliana. /

/ Pred njome je đerđef od merđana, /
/ oj lane, Milane, đerđef od merđana. /

/ Na đerđefu svilena marama, /
/ oj lane, Milane, svilena marama. /

/ Na marami svakojaka svila, /
/ oj lane, Milane, svila đumulija. /

A lilac branch grew out.
Under it sits pretty Juliana.
In front of her is an embroidery hoop of coral.
On the hoop is a silk scarf.
The scarf is embroidered in all kinds of threads.

Coko, coko crno oko

/ Coko, coko, crno oko, crvena jabuko, /
/ idi prašaj na majka ti 'oće li te dati. /

/ “Moja majka kuću dava,
mene te ne dava.” /
/ “a ja, a ja kuću neću,
Tebe, dušo, 'oču.” /

Hey darkeyes,
red apple,
go ask your mother
if she’ll give you to me.

“My mother would give her house.
She won’t give me.”
“But I don’t want her house,
I want you, my darling.”

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Du-Tam Medley

Vasino kolo

/ Kolo vodi Vasa,
  kolo se talasa.
  Vasa pored Dese,
  sve se kolo trese. /

/ Na Marini seferini,
  a u Đoke zlatne toke. /

Vasa leads the kolo,
the kolo weaves back and forth.
Vasa beside Desa,
the whole kolo shakes.

Marina is wearing sovereigns (English coins),
and Đoka is wearing gold disks.

Divna Divna

/ Divna, divna, će arne oči ima, /
  da me hoće, da me hoće pogledati njima. /

/ Divna, divna, medna usta ima, /
  da me hoće, da me hoće poljubiti njima. /

/ Divna, divna, bele ruke ima, /
  da me hoće, da me hoće zagrliti njima. /

Divna has charming eyes,
may she wish to look at me with them.

Divna has honeyed lips,
may she wish to kiss me with them.

Divna has fair arms,
may she wish to embrace me with them.

Pirot Medley

Što mi omilelo

/ Što mi omilelo, nane, što mi omilelo,
  Pirotskoto pole, nane, pirotska momčeta. /
  O-o! I-i! Ju!

What has enchanted me, Mama,
the countryside 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 mesečina.
  vodu da vadi, nane, grlo da ladi,
  vodu da lije, lice da mije. /

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
švárnych chlapcov je sto.

/ Koho je sto, toho je sto
ne po mojej vóli.
Len za jednym, len za jednym
srdiečko ma boli. /

Za Janičkom, za Pavličkom,
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, rozmarínčok zelený.
Príd šuhajko milení. /

Nevolaj ma, bo falošné oči máš.
Ráda za inými pozeraš.
/ Netrať ti pre mňa rozmarinu zelenú,
ani ružu červenu. /

This Hel’pa, this Hel’pa
is a nice town.
And in Hel’pe there are
a hundred handsome boys.

This hundred, that hundred
are not to my liking.
Only for one, only for one,
my heart aches.

For John, for Paul,
she wouldn’t take a single step.
For George, for Mike,
she’d jump over the Danube.

Danube, Danube,
and a wide field,
only for one, only for one,
my darling.

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 morgen bitti så är vi skilda.
På livets ocean vi möttes,
och kärleksens bud
det är att finna lyckans ögonblick
denna korta natt som vi fått bli stilla.

Tryck dig intill mig tätt,
min lilla hjärtevän,
om du håller av mig.
Låt mig få njuta
fullt av den stulna lycka
som stunden gav mig.
Genom din tunna blus
förnimms 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 spelemän öka takten.
Snart så randas morgenvakten
då är ruset över då är febern slut.
Så, öka spelemän 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 jänters

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.

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,
come if you want, so you can see.
If you are ready, you will get no rest.

Hör vor de låter fängande
utöver ängarna.
Dansen gör felesträngerna,
alle vackre jänters hambo.

Listen, it sounds so fascinating
all over the meadows.
The fiddlers make the dance;
all the pretty lasses hambo.

Gubbarna kommer farande
fra alle garende.
Hej ropar alla karlarna
alle vackre jänters hambo.

The men are coming
from all the neighborhoods.
“Hi!” all the men shout,
all the pretty lasses hambo.

Har du gott humör
och är du i vigör,
här dricks nock ej likör
för dansen gör dig yr.
Kom då lille vän,
on och om igen,
till sola sprätter
ska vi danse den.

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.

Runt om fra alle svennerne
byarne, gränene,
dans, rop och spelemänene,
alle vackre jänters hambo.

From all of the relatives ?
villages, alleys,
dancing, screams, and fiddlers,
all the pretty lasses 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.

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 sättervejarne,
där trallar over 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.
Turkey

Güzelleme

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 Veysel\(^1\) 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?

\(^1\)author of this song
**Ali Paşa**

/ Arpa ektim, biçemedim, 
  bir diş gördüm, seçemedim. /  
/ Alışmışım soğuk suya 
  issız sular içemedim. /  

/ Üç atım var, biri binek. 
  Arkadaşlar kalkın gidek. /  
/ Ali Paşayı vurdular 
  yavrusuna haber verek. /  

/ Paşa giyer iki kürküm, 
  biri samur biri tilki. /  
/ Ali Paşayı vurdular 
  harab oldu Van’ın mülkü. /  

/ Karavanaya vurdular. 
  Yüzbaşlar darıldılar. /  
/ Darılmayan yüzbaşlar, 
  Ali Paşayı vurdular. / 4

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**

/ Ekin ektim çöllere de 
  yoldurmadım ellere. /  
/ Onbeşinde yar sevdim de 
  ondan düştüm dellere. /  

Chorus:  
Çıtçıt çıtçıt çedene de 
  sar bedeni bedene.  
Dünya dolu yar olsa da 
  alacağım bir tane.  

/ Ekin ektim güllü bitti de 
  dalında bülbül öttü. /  
/ Ötmeyeydin a bülbül de 
  yarım elimden gitti. /  

/ Ekin ektim bitecek de 
  sevdam bana yetecek. /  
/ İkimizin sevdasında 
  ölenecek gidecek. /  

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.  

Çıtçıt çıtçıt çedene,  
Wrap the bodies together.  
Even if the world were full of lovers,  
I would still take just one.  

I planted grain, a rosebush bloomed.  
On its branches a nightingale sang.  
If only you hadn’t sung, O nighgale!  
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 kolu boynuma.  
Sev kardeşim, canım feda yoluna.  
Tap kardeşim tüm insanlara.  
*  
Dünyaya geldik bir kere.  
Kavgayı bırak hergün bu şarkıımı söyle 
sevdikçe güler her çehre.  
Amaçlar hep bir olsun kalpler birlikte.  
Dünyaya geldik bir kere.  
Kavgayı unut hergün bu şarkıımı söyle.  
Sevdikçe güler her çehre.  
Mühürlükler 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.  
Bülübüle açıldım ne kâr eyledi.

Chorus:
Bulamadım bir tek çare derdime, derdime.  
Arayıp sordum hep kendi, kendi, kendi.  
Söyle sazım ne syersin,  
Yelelelli, yelelelli—  
Yelelelli, yelelelli.

Toprak ile dostluk kurdum tozuttum.  
Rüzgâr ile dere tepe gezindim.  
Yağmur oldum şu dağlardan süzüldüm.

Bir yâr sevdim ismi ile avundum.  
Doğru söze krymet verdad savundum.  
Ben bu yüzden dokuz köyden kovuldum.

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,  
Yelelelli, yelelelli—  
Yelelelli, yelelelli.

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 gül o bağımız,
oynamak zıplamak
eğlenmek çağımızdır.
O inci o mercan
beyaz gerdanımdır.
oynamak zıplamak
eğlenmek çağımızdır.

Kale dibi kayalıktı
denizde oynar balık.
Kızın gönlü oğlunda
oğlansı kızı yanık.

Derhule

/ Oynayın kız oynayın durmanız ne kârî var? /
/ Ah bu köyün içinin acayıp bekârî var. /
/ Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

/ Oy Kemençeci dayı sokutun gözüme yayı. /
/ Kör ettin gözlermini göremedim dünyayı. /
/ Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

/ Çek aşağı yukarı amannı piturlunı. /
/ Niye konuşmayın, kuş mu yedi dilünü? /
/ Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

1 Edremit looks toward Van. Streams flow through it.
2 I love such a woman that whoever sees her stares at her.

1 a town in western Turkey
2 a town in eastern Turkey
Rampi, rampi

/ Çadırmım üstüne şp dedi damla. / Allah canmı almadi almadi. /
On the top of my tent the rain went shpp shpp.
Allah did not take my soul away.

Chorus:
Heeey
Rampi rampi rampi rampi
He looked at any passer-by.

/ Veresiye vere vere kalmadi kalmadi. / Allah canmı almadi almadi. /
I gave and gave, all for promises, till there was nothing left.
Allah did not take my soul away.

/ Kuru kuru cilveler kaynasın kaynasın. / Gelin güveyi oynasın oynasın. /
Empty, empty flirtation, let it boil.
Let the bride and bridegroom dance, let them dance.

İşte hendek, işte deve

Kuyu bașına vardım, zeynebim bekle diye.
I came to the well, thinking my Zeyneb would be waiting.
Nasl haberin alıusaha, dayı emmi hep orda,
Somehow her uncles found out and they were already there.
Dediler ne ararsın? Kızı almak mııstersin?
They said “What are you looking for? Do you want to marry the girl?”
Sana bir çift sözümüz var, Hele buysa niyetin.
We have a few words to say to you if this is indeed your plan.”

Chorus:
İşte hendek, işte deve, ya atıarsın ya düşersin, baktım olmaz vazgeçersin, zordur almak bizden kızı.
“He 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!”

İşte Halep, işte arısn, ya aşııarsın ya biçersın, baktım olmaz vazgeçersin, zordur almak bizden kızı.
The branch of the willow is long.
The heart of Barsı is sad.
I never even touched her hand with mine.
I’ll let you figure out the rest.

Söğüdın dalı uzun, barışım’ın gönü hüzün, elim eline değmedi, varın anlayım gayri.

1 author of this song
Tin tin tini mini hanım

Chorus:
/Tin tin tini mini hanım /
seni seviyor canım. /
/Tin tin tini mini hanım /
Seni seviyor canım. /

/ Şeftali ağaçları. /
/ Güllü çiçek başları. /
/ Yaktıyandırbenedi /
/ yarin hilal kaşları. /

/ Bahçalarda ibrişah. /
/ Boyu uzun, kendi şah. /
/ İki gönül bir olşa /
/ ayıramaz padişah. /

Oh my tiny little lady,
my very soul is in love with you.
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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