

The MIT Folk Dance Club Songbook

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Argentina

Viva Jujuy (Bailecito)

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

/ 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,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.

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

¹ *a province in the northwest corner of
Argentina*

² *Puna de Atacama—a high plateau area in
the border region of Argentina, Bolivia,
and Chile*

³ *member of an Indian tribe*

Armenia

Guhneega

/ Ashkharin usgispen, ayspes gūnigŭ. /
/ Martus kŭlkhun misht paduhatz, badizh
gūnigŭ. /

Chorus:

Aman ah-h-h-h-h
/ Gūnigŭ, gūnigŭ, ayspes gūnigŭ. /
/ Martus kŭlkhun misht paduhatz, badizh
gūnigŭ. /

/ Gūngan hamarhech, pagvatz dur chŭga. /
/ Amen durin meg panali, uni gūnigŭ. /

/ Inkŭ satana, otzi shabigov, /
/ kheghj atamŭ khŭndsrov khabetz,
yeva gūnigŭ. /

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

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

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

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

Karun, karun

/ Char lezunerin havatatz im yarŭ
artzunkhnerov lŭtzretz sev sev acherŭ. /
/ Es achkharŭ shat foch banŭ herana
uzumehi heranal u moranal. /

Chorus:

/ Karun, karun, karune,
sirun, sirun, sirun e.
Et kho sev, sev acherov,
yar jan intz tu ayrumes. /

/ Et kho seritz molorvatzem kun chunem
Bolar khisher artzunkhnerov khanchumem. /
/ Yar jan indznitz mi herana sirumem.
Antznotznerŭ chartzumen te yar kuzem. /

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

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

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

Dari mena

Dari mŭne chem tese
inchpes dimanam?
Dari mŭne chem tese
chem kŭrner dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
dardegh dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
nazde dimanam.

Namak mŭ ches kŭre
inchpes dimanam?
Namak mŭ ches kŭre
chem kŭrner dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
derdegh dimanam.
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
nazde dimanam.

/ Tashkŭnakŭt ches khŭrke
vor yes lŭvanam. /
Tun im sirdes kotretzir
inchpes dimanam?
Tun im sirdes kotretzir
chem kŭrner dimanam.

/ Achkirŭt dzev, matŭt yerkar
yerazis petke tesnam. /
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
inchpes dimanam?
Tun hozdegh, yes hotegh
chem kŭrner 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.

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.

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.

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 kūrna
ur vor yertas hetot tar. /

Without you I can't be,
wherever you go take me with you.

/ Hetet tar indz mūrushik
tas mŭ 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 motŭ ũl-lahi
patut matnŭ antznehi. /

If only I were with you,
I'd even stay under your wall.

/ Pachik mŭ kezi tayi
heto kyankhŭ 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 garboni zalum chaporta.

Ben ainakh kchumnaye bdo komerkh daika
minder dakh moblitervat 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 myatuh vundj.

/ Pluta vut lukhdara amkhavar takh /
embikyukh kyertani raprope lepatakh,
/ 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, mamó, hodih gorja.
Nijde selo, mamó, ne namerih
/ kato selo Marijkino,
Marijkino, mamó, Marinovo. /

Marijčica, mamó, po dvor hodi,
po dvor hodi, mamó, horo vodi,
/ primenena, nagizdena,
po rizčica, mamó, koprinena. /

Kad ja vidjah, mamó, kail stana!
Svedoh klonče, mamó, vŕzah konče,
če sŭ hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamó, pri Marijka,
Če sŭ hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamó, do Marijka.

Če pohlopnah, mamó, če potropnah
a Marijka, mamó, mi govori:
“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 brŭknah, mamó, u džoboci,
če izvadih, mamó, testimelci,
če i otrih želti čejli,
želti čejli, mamó, i šiti poli,
i pak se hvanah na horoto,
na horoto, mamó, 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 rüčenica)

Snošti si Rada pristana, müri,
na edno momče dalečno.
Tri denja pütja vürvjali, müri,
na četvürtija stignali.

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

Ne vidja Rada majka si, müri,
majka si, ošte tatko si.
Naj vidja beli güľübi, müri,
beli güľübi fürčaha.

Rada güľübi dumaše, müri:
“Güľübi, kato fürčite,
ne vidjahte li majka mi, müri,
majka mi, ošte tatko mi?”

Güľübi Rada dumaha, müri,
“Rado ljo, bela Rado ljo,
kato fürčahme vidjahme, müri,
majka ti, ošte tatko ti.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sadi moma

/ Sadi moma bela loza
vinena, libe, vinena. /

/ Den ja sadi, dva se kaje
vinena, libe, vinena. /

/ Porasnala bela loza
vinena, libe, vinena. /

/ Napūlnila devet būčvi
sūs vino, lele, sūs vino, /

/ I deseta bistra, ljuta
rakija, lele, rakija. /

/ Naučil se mlad soldatin
da pije, lele, da pije. /

/ Pil e dva dni, pil e tri dni
nedelja, lele, nedelja. /

/ Ta si izpil vrano konče
pod sebe, lele, pod sebe. /

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

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

The vine grew up,
the white wine grape vine.

It filled nine barrels
with wine,

The tenth with clear, strong
rakija¹.

A young soldier learned
to drink.

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

He drank up his black horse
from under him.

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,
tũnki darove da pravi
junaci da si daruva.

Mirčo v gorata otiva
družina da si sũbira.
Tam si go turci hvanali,
vũv Tũrnovo go otkarva.

Kad se Bojana nauči,
zahvũrli kurtka srebũrna.
Obleči drehi junaški,
prepazja sabja frengija.

Če si turcite nastigna
i im glavite izrjaza.
Mirčo Bojana dumaše:
“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 Tũrnovo.

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 dũrvoto.

Chorus:

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

/ Promũkno ga, natopa ga. /

Pa doteče mũtna voda
ta otvleče belo platno.

/ Ohno Gjura za platnoto. /

“Lele male za platnoto
što sũm 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!”

Trŭgnala Rumjana

Trŭgnala Rumjana za voda studena, lele
trŭgnala Rumjana za voda studena
vse sutrin rano, po ladovina, lele,
vse večer kŭšno, po mesečina.

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

“Ja kaži, Rumjano, kakvo da ti storja, lele,
ja kaži, Rumjano, kakvo da ti storja?
Kitki da ti zema, drugi ŝte nabereš, lele,
kitki da ti zema, drugi ŝte nabereš.

Stomni da ti ŝčupja, drugi ŝte si kupiš,
lele, stomni da ti ŝčupja, drugi ŝte si
kupiš, hem po-hubavi, hem po-šareni, lele,
hem po-hubavi, hem po-šareni.

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

Če celuvkata e mehlem na sŭrceto, lele,
če celuvkata e mehlem na sŭrceto,
mehlem na sŭrceto, balsam na dušata, lele,
mehlem na sŭrceto, balsam na dušata.”

Rumjana went for cool water

early each morning in the morning coolness,
late each evening in the moonlight.

Towards her came a young lad.

He said quietly to Rumjana:

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

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

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

For a kiss is a salve for the heart,
a salve for the heart, a balm for the soul.”

Okol Pleven (Pravo)

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

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

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

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

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

Around Pleven¹
the Russians are bustling about,
the Russians are bustling about,
chasing the Turks.

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

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

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

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

¹ *a city in northern Bulgaria*

Petruno, pile šareno

/ Petūruno, pile šareno, / / de gidi, jagne galeno. /	Petruna, bright little bird, little lambie.
/ Petūruninite jočici / / te činat šapa žültici. /	Petruna's eyes are worth a handful of golden coins.
“Petūruno, pile šareno, kato si tolkoz jubavo, jot Boga le si padnalo ili si v gūrdinka niknalo?”	“Petruna, little turtledove, since you're so beautiful, did God drop you here or did you spring up in the garden?”
/ “Ludo le ludo ta mlado, / ne sūm ot Boga padnalo nito sūm v gūrdinka niknalo.	“You crazy young thing, God didn't drop me here nor did I spring up in the garden.
/ I mene majka rodila, / / i mene kakto i tebe. /	My mother bore me just as yours did.
/ Koga me mama rodila / / v gūrdina se je hodila, /	While she was bearing me she walked in the garden,
/ za topola se je dūržala, / / kūm jabuka je gledala. /	she held onto a poplar tree, she looked at an apple.
/ Za tuj sūm tūnka, visoka, / / za tuj sūm bela, cūrvena.” /	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 kŭlne:
“Šterko Rado, bjala Rado,
tvojta, Rado, rusa kosa.

Tvojta Rado rusa kosa,
koj ŝte i e pŭrvo libe?
Dali ergen ili vdovec
ili turĉin drugoverec?”

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

Naj ŝte mi e naj-junaĉe,
na junaci bajraktarĉe.”

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

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

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

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

Karamfil

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

Chorus:

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

Az veren sin sŭm, sin na Balkana
i Rozovata Dolina.
Sila i hubost dar mi dariha,
kak da se borja te me uĉiha.

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

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’*

Trŭgnal mi Jane Sandanski

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

Nasrešta sreštnal ovčarče, lele,
ovčarče, mlado čobanče,

ovčarče, mlado čobanče, lele,
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
dorđe ni dojde pozime

dorđe ni dojde pozime
da sa sŭbirat momine

da sa sŭbirat momine
momine na poprelkine

leftera da si pohodja
gizdilo da si ponosja.

A ti ma, majčo, joglavi
joglavi, jošte oženi.

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 priteče

/ Suvata rjaka oda priteče /

In the dry river water began to flow

Chorus:

/ Ej taj ej taj če pa ej taj /

/ če mi zateče malko čobanče /

A little shepherd got caught in it,

/ malko čobanče s sivoto stado. /

a little shepherd with his gray flock.

/ Malko čobanče rjaka pripluva /

The little shepherd swam across the river

/ suvata rjaka stado otnese /

but the dry river carried away the flock,

/ ta go otnese v Černoto more /

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.

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.

Chorus:

/ Dzün dzün ganke le dzün 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 s s mladi ergeni,
s s mladi ergeni, s s mladi serbezi.

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.

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.

/ Če tate otišul kozi da si pase. /
Dano dade Gospod kozi da izgubi,
za da se zabavi za da se poljubja
s s mladi ergeni, s s mladi serbezi.

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 šū 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 jabŭlka (Rŭčenica)

/ Mjatalo Lenče jabŭlka /
mjatalo i naričalo:
/ “Na komu padni jabŭlka /
za nego ŝu sa uženja.”

Lenče was throwing an apple
and saying:
“Whoever the apple falls on
is the one I’ll marry.”

/ Jabŭlka padna na starec. /
Stareca mnogo [zaradva]
/ zasuka mustak nagorja /
[zaplati] brada nadolu.

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

/ Viknalo e Lenče da plače: /
/ “O lele, mamu, mamičko,
kakvo ŝte pravja [to] starec?” /

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

/ Majka na Lenče dumaše: /
“Ja, mŭlči, Lenče, ne plači.
/ Dŭrvari v gora ŝu idat /
i nie starec ŝte pratim.

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).

/ Dŭrvari v gora ŝu idat /
i nie starec ŝte pratim.
/ Dano go dŭrvo ubie, /
dano go mečki izjadat.”

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.”

/ Dŭrvari ot gora se vrŭŝtat /
naŝija starec naj-napred—
/ na ramo dŭrvo noseŝe /
mečka za uho vodeŝe!

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 tamol

Kolku lesno bilo moma da se laže,
de, dilber mo' i!
ama 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 sedenka¹ 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 rüčenica

Stojne, Stojne, bjala Stojne
zaljubila bjala Stojna
zaljubila vakül Ivan
vakül Ivan, vakül ovčar.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ivan brought out his honey-sweet kaval¹
and began to play sweetly, sadly.
He calmed down the dogs
and brought back the gray flock.

¹*end-blown flute*

Canada

La bastringue

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mademoiselle, I can't dance any more
the bastringue, the bastringue.
Mademoiselle, I can't dance any more,
because I have corns on my feet!

La Ziguezon (An dro)

Chorus:

Fille en haut, fille en bas.
Fille, fille, fille, femme,
femme, femme, femme aussi!
Pis la bottine -tine -tine,
le rigolet ha! ha!

/ Son p'tit porte-clef tout rouillé, tout rouillé,
son p'tit porte-clef tout rouillé gaiement. /

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

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

Par vut il lui passe
trois cavaliers baron.

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

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

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

S'assoit à la fenêtre
compose une chanson.

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

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

*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.

Chorus:

/ Hop žica žica žica drma mi se kabanica. /

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

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

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

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

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

Hop žica žica žica, my cape shakes.

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

I am no bećar¹, but bećar they call me.
Now I will be one, so they won't be lying.

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

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

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

Lepa moja Milena

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

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

/ Trninaj, trninaj,
trninica moja. /

*Second and third verse substitute lajbećec
(vest)
and pantlećec (ribbon) for čizmice.*

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

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

Blackthorn bush, blackthorn bush,
my little blackthorn bush.

Ličko kolo

/ Pjevaj mi, pjevaj, sokole, / šalaj sokole.	Sing to me, sing, O falcon
/ k'o što si sinoć pjevao, / šalaj pjevao.	as you sang last night,
/ pod moje drage pendžerom, / šalaj pendžerom.	under my sweetheart's window.
/ Moja je draga zaspala, / šalaj zaspala.	My sweetheart fell asleep,
/ studen joj kamen pod glavom. / šalaj pod glavom.	cold was the stone under her head.
/ Ja sam joj kamen izmak'o, / šalaj izmak'o.	I took away the stone
/ a svoju ruku podmak'o, / šalaj podmak'o.	and put my arm there.
/ Neka se draga naspava, / šalaj naspava.	May my sweetheart have a good sleep
/ i nek se mene nasanja / šalaj nasanja.	and dream of me!

Kolo kalendara

/ Meni kažu kalendari da s' u kolu svi bećari. / ₃	Calendars tell me that in the kolo all men are bećari.
/ Meni kažu stare knjige da s' u kolu sve nebrige. / ₃	Old books tell me that in the kolo everyone is carefree.
/ Meni kažu stari ljudi da s' u kolu dobro sudi. / ₃	Old men tell me that in the kolo one can judge well.
/ Meni kažu stare babe da s' u kolu sve barabe. / ₃	Old women tell me that in the kolo all are scoundrels.
/ Meni kažu mlade snaše da se kola šuše plaše. / ₃	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 šašavi.
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 zemlica uvija. /

Uze baba vriću maka
pa metnula kraj didaka.
Kad se didak probudio
vriću 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,
pridrži'te me, odletiću,
il' u vriću il' u džak,
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?

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?

Sukačica

/ Sukačica gleda 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 peče,
iz pileta voda teče. /

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

The cook looked at the old man,
and her gibanica¹ 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.

Nit' 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 šarana.

Ispeću ti ribu malu
od šarana glavu

Dođi, draga, okolo
ja ću priko bašte.

/ Pa ćemo se poljubiti
moje milo ranče. /₃

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

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

My mama, the old devil,
is napping by the fence

to catch me with my boyfriend.
Better that I'm gone.

A girl sat down by the creek
and caught a little carp.

The carp wriggled and wriggled.
The girl wanted to fool around.

Come early in the morning, dear,
I'll bake you a carp.

I'll bake you a little fish
out of the head of a carp.

Come by, sweetheart,
I'll be on the other side of the garden.

And we'll kiss a little,
my darling.

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,
cura voli popa.
Ja bi kapelana
al' mi ne da mama! /

/ Hopa, hopa, hopa,
na tavanu klopa,
u podrumu vino,
al' će biti fino. /

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

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

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

Hopa, hopa, hopa!
The girl loves the priest.
I'd love the chaplain,
but mama won't let me.

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

Hopa, girl, jump!
Let me see your eyes,
let me see your little eyes,
dark-skinned little girl!

Hopa, hopa, hopa!
The girl loves the the priest,
and I the priest's wife!

Kriči kriči tiček

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

Repeat first verse.

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

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

/ Već sam zgubil krila, nem'rem poleteti. /
/ Već sam zgubil laka krila, nem'rem poleteti. /

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

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

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

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

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

That's why, darling, I can't marry you this
fall.
That's why, darling, I can't marry you this
fall.

Moja diridika

Moja diridika
/ jore na volololove /
jore na volove

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

Mene diridika
/ zove večeralgagati /
zove večerati!

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

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

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

Dva krumpirigirgira,
/ za lukom maširigirgira, /
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 večer, 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

/ Oj 'rastiću šušnjati
nauči me igrati. /
/ Ja b' se hćela udati
a još ne znam igrati. /

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

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

Koga ćemo da šta ćemo?
Te te nevolje.
Koga toga do toroga?
Te te nevolje.

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

Sviraj mista čiča Rista,
ako nećeš izgorećeš.
Ovako se kupus gazi,
ako ne znaš a ti pazi.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹*literally "weeds," but apparently refers to a
dance*

Lepa Anka kolo vodi

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

/ "Alaj su mi oči čarne, /₄
/ oči čarne, usne male." /₄

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

"Oh what dark eyes I have,
dark eyes and small mouth."

Pevano kolo

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

Oj poved' kolo

Oj poved' kolo / moja noga liva. /	Oh, lead the kolo, my left foot.
Oj stara lolo / jesi l' gdje god 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!

Ćiro

/ Kad se Ćiro oženio
ćabar masti potrošio. /

Chorus:

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

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

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

/ Sedi Ćiro navrh slame
brkovima plaši vrane. /

Repeat first verse.

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

Hey Ćiro, sit quiet,
leave the girls alone!

Ćiro sat behind the chimney
and smeared himself with kajmak¹.

Ćiro sat at the table
and smeared himself with jam.

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

¹*a food similar to butter or sour cream*

Czech

Hulan

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

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

/ Tralala lalala la la la
tralala lalala la la.
Jedou, jedou ještě víc,
pojedou do Prachatic. /

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

/ Tralala lalala la la la
tralala lalala la la.
Setkáme se s hulánem
na lavici u kamen. /

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

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

Tralala lalala la la la
tralala lalala la la
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.

Tralala lalala la la la
tralala lalala la la
My hulan and I shall meet
on a bench by the stove.

¹ *cavalry soldier*

Louky

/ Mé zlaté dolanské louky
vy jste mě těšily. /
/ 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.

Čerešničky

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

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

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

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

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

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

France

Quand j'étais jeune (Hanter dro)

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

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

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

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

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

The youngest woman
brought me an orange, oh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Each verse follows the pattern of the first
verse.*

Bal de Jugon

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

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

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 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.

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

Chorus:

/ Jamais je n'aurai mon âge de quinze ans.
Jamais je n'aurai mon amour de vingt ans. /

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

/ 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.

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.

/ 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.

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

/ 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.

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

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

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

/ 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.

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

/ 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.

The feast of Pentecost,
and the feast of St. John,
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 oeufs, sans farine, vend la poule au pot et gard' le magot.	Where is the mistress of the house? She is cooking without eggs, without flour, sells the boiled chicken and keeps the dough.
/ Où reste donc le fils de cette maison? / C'est un petit ange qui chasse les mésanges avec son pipeau. Il crie comme un crapaud.	Where is the son of this house? He is a little angel who chases titmice with his little pipe. He sounds like a toad.
/ Où reste donc la fille de la maison? / Elle est à la messe et reçoit caresses d'un ou deux amants d'tout un régiment.	Where is the daughter of the house? She is at mass and is being caressed by one or two lovers out of a whole regiment.
/ Où est donc la servante de la maison? / En battant la chatte avec sa baratte, elle répand la crème partout et le maître l'aime.	Where is the servant of the house? Beating the cat with her butter churn, she spills the cream all over and the master loves her.

Bannielou Lambaol (Ridée)

This song is in Breton, the language of Brittany.

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Germany

Schneider, Schneider (Zwiefacher)

/ Schneida, Schneida, sings oans gehts weita
weita, sings a schöns Liad. /

/ Bügln—bügln—bügln macht müad,
Schneida, Schneida, sings a schöns Liad. /

/ Bügln, bügln, d' Kuah dö braucht striegln
striegln und möcht an Klee. /

/ Striegln, striegln, striegln tuat weh.
Schneida, Schneida, d' Kuah möcht an Klee. /

/ Nodln, nodln, d' Wies dö braucht odln,
odln, d' Goas möcht a Gros. /

/ Nodl, nodl, nodlt 's drauf los,
Schneida, Schneida, d' Goas möcht 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 möcht aa no—aa no,
unsa oita Kath möcht 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, 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)

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

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

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

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.

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.

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

Wirt vo Stoa (Zwiefacher)

/ I bin da Wirt vo Stoa,
i trink mei Biar alloa,
ja ganz alloa. /
/ Wenn oba d' Fuahrleut kemma,
tu i mei Kreidan nemma,
schreib dös mei' aaf! /

/ I bin da Wirt vo Stoa.
Feine Gäst hob i koa,
naa hob i koa. /
/ D' Fuahrleut und d' Schwärza—
d' Holzknecht
Schmusa und Bauersknecht
dö san mir recht! /

/ I bin da Wirt vo Stoa
i bleib aiwei alloa,
ja ganz alloa. /
/ Wenn i a Weiberl hom taat
dö mit dö Gäst schee taat,
da wer i faad! /

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'm the innkeeper of Stein.
Fine guests have I none,
no, I have none.
Coachmen, smugglers—lumberjacks,
matchmakers and farmhands,
they are my types.

I'm the innkeeper of Stein.
I always stay alone,
yep, all alone.
If I brought home a wench for a wife
who made eyes at the guests,
I'd become grouchy!

s' Suserl (Zwiefacher)

/ Tanzn dat i gern, tanzn dat i gern,
wann i nur des Deandl hätt,
Suserl will goa net hean,
Suserl des net. /

/ Weil's niat deaf niat alloa fuatgeh deaf,
Weil's niat deaf niat alloa fuatgeh deaf
des wa schei.
Hob i glei d'Muata g' fragt
deaf i mim Suserl geh.
Ja hot sie g' sagt. /

/ 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Karagouna

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

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

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

Ajde da pouli, pouliso ke ti stani,
ajde na soupa, souparo 'na foustani.

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

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.

Aj Gouna, aj Gouna,
my Karagouna,
you deserve
silken sigounia.

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 megali.

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

Yerakina tha se vghalo
ke yineka tha se paro.

Yerakina took off
to bring cold water.

Drun drun drun drun drun
Her bracelets jingle.

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

And everybody ran
and poor me, I ran too.

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

Samyotisa

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

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

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

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

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

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

Girl from Samos with the black
beauty marks¹
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 tsifteteli¹
nina nai yavrum, nina nai nai.

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

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

¹*affectionate expression for loved one,
literally a dance*

Zonaradhikos (Macedonian syrτος)

Vangelitsa, Vangelio
thelo kati na su po.

Thelo ya na su miliso
ke na se glikorotiso.

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

Vangelitsa, Vangela
I have something to tell you.

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

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

Ta mavra rukha (Kritikos syrτος)

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

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

Akh ikhya ke isterithika aman aman
thimume ke stenazo.

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

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

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

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

Ach, open up, earth, so that I may enter, aman aman
so that I do not see the world.

Strose to stroma su (Hasapikos)

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

Chorus:

Strose to stroma su ya dhyo
ya sena ke ya mena
/ n'angalyastume ap' tin arkhi
na 'n' ola anastimena. /

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

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

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.

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.

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

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

Litsa, Litsa, Vangelitsa,
mi farmakonese, mi farmakonese.
Kiriaki proi se perno,
s' eleftheronese, s' eleftheronese.

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

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.

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

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,
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,
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.

Chorus:

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

Thesaloniki mu kyan ime makria su
panda thimame to onoma su to gliko.
Akh pos' nostalyisa na ksanartho konda su
ky'as ksepsikhiso pros to pirgo ton lefko.

Thesaloniki me ta tosa su merakia
vghazis ta pio omorfa koritsia ston dunya.
Vrakya boemika, traghoudhya sta sokakia
ksenikhya, glendia me' stin kathe yitonya.

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.

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

Akh Misirlu, mayiki soviki omorfia.

Trela tha murthi, then ipofero pia
akh na se klepso mes ap tin arapia.

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.

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

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

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

Ah, Misirlu, magical, enchanting, beauty!

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

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

Ah, Misirlu, magical, enchanting beauty!

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

St. George of Skyros

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'astru

/ Maraye, Maraye
Maraye mou kanakari
Maraye. /

Maraye mu kanakari
pya yineka tha se pari
pya yine?

pya yineka tha se pari
Maraye mu kanakari
Maraye?

/ Pya kira, pya kira
pya kira ke pya mandona
pya kira? /

Pya kira ke pya mandona
tha su stroni ta sentonia
tha su stro?

Tha su stro ni ta sentonia
pya kira ke pya mandona
pya kira?

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, 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?

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*

Hungary

Somogyi karikázó

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

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

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

Azért jöttem ide karikázni.
Na a babám itt találna lenni
keze lába kitalálna törni
nékem 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 megeszi.

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

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.

¹women's circle dance

Csanádi leánytánc

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 élnek világukat
akik ketten hálnak.
/ Lám én szegény árva gyerek
csak egyedül hállok,
Akármerre kaparászok
csak falat találok. /

A csikósok, a gulyások
kis lajbiban járnak.
Azok élnek világukat
akik ketten hálnak.
Lám megmondtam, Angyal Bandi,
ne menj az Alföldre.
Mert megtanulsz csikót lopni,
s elhajtának érte.
De már mostan jó van dolgom,
nem parancsol senki:
Mikor mondják, "Mars ki, Jankó!"
nekem ki kell menni.

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.

The horseherds, the cowherds
go about in small vests.
The ones who enjoy their lives
are those who sleep in twos.
Bandi Angyal¹—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.

¹ a famous bandit and folk hero in
nineteenth century rural Hungary

Adjon az Isten

Adjon az Isten szerencsét,
szerelmet, forró kemencét
üres vékamba gabonát,
árva kezembe parolát,

lámpámba lángot, ne kelljen
korán az ágyra hevernem,
kérdésre választ ő küldjön,
hogyan hitem széjjel ne düljön,

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

—Nagy László

Let God give luck,
love, hot ovens,
wheat into my empty barns,
a handshake into my orphaned hand,

flames into my lantern
so that I don't go to bed early.
He should send an answer to my question
so that I don't lose my faith.

Let God give light,
life instead of cemeteries—
I'm ashamed to ask
so give without asking.

Ne félj lányom

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

Nem kell anyám, nem kell,
nem tudok aludni.
Hát mé' lányom, hát mé' ?
A sok juhbögestől.

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 imádságtól.

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

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

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

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

Menet 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.

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

Édes jó Istenem de víg voltam 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 cimbalmos úr minden szombaton este.
Mindig csak azt cimbalmozza cimbalmával fülembé
Sej haj gondolj kislány a régi szeretődre.

Sej haj esik eső hull a ménkű rakásra.
Beütött a kisbékási nádfedeles csárdába.
Ég a csarda nem hallik a muzsika szó cimbalom.
Sej haj mégis mulat az én kedves galambom.

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

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

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

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

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

Sej haj! It's raining and thundering.
Lightning hit the thatched tavern in Kisbékás.
The tavern is on fire; there's no music, nor
cimbalom.
Sej Haj! Still my sweet dove is out merrymaking!

Lassú sergő

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

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 veve'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'ma na'im
shevet achim gam yachad. /

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

Hinei ma tov u'ma na'im
La, la, la . . .

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

Likrat kala (Likrat Shabat)

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

U'mapa tschora nifreset,
vedolkim nerot,
u'chehed min he'avar
hamanginot chozrot.
U'malei pitom habayit
be'otan zemiroth.

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

Lochashot sfohav shel aba
ve'einav orot,
u'chehed min he'avar
hamanginot chozrot,
u'malei pitom habayit
be'otan zemiroth.

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—banu ein koshel.
Hitrofafnu—nitchashel.

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

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

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

Li lach

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vedavid

/ Vedavid yafe einayim,
hu ro'eh bashoshanim. /
Hika Sha'ul ba'alafav,
Vedavid 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 nafliga basfinot
mechaf Eilat ad chof Shenhav.
Ve'al hamashchatot hayeshanot
yatinu tapuchei zahav.

Chorus:

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

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

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

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 bachalom at po iti.
U'chshehaboker ya'aleh, Naomi,
eheye kan 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 hatslalom.
/ Erev ba. /

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orcha bamidbar

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lech 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.
Halochamim chazru, ho kesa'ar.

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

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

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

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

Kinor David

Lifnei shanim rabot shamu be'erezt 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 nifemet bachalon Michal
Hibita bamishol u've'eineiha or,
roked David u'veyado kinor.

Chalfu shanim rabot betehila batehilim
od meitarei kinor David nognim.
Omrin yeshno makom u'vo hatsadikim
im erev et kinor David shomim.

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.

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 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 /
chermeshi lo ya'atsor.
/ Ad ad ha'erev /
shiboley zahav niktsor, niktsor.

Chorus:

Shibolim, shibolim, shibolim,
omarim navi hagorna,
bar ba'osem ne'egor na.
Shibolim, shibolim, shibolim.

/ Rav rav hagodesh /
Bakama halahav yach.
/ Ze ze hachodesh /
gam niktsor vegam nismach, nismach.

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

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

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

Hora medura

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ma navu

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

/ mashmi'a yeshua
mashmi'a shalom. /

How beautiful on the mountains
are the steps of the messenger

bringing tidings of deliverance,
bringing tidings of peace.

Eten bamidbar

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

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

Bo dodi

Bo dodi alufi hagorna
Sham simcha sham tshola.
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,
zamru 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 vameretz.
Kol gufeinu lahat 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.

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.

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

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.
They haven't yet put out the moon,
because before lights out,
starlight
gives another short moment to lovers.

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.

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.

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

Shibolet basadeh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Chorus:

Shecharchoret
yafyafit kol-kach
be'eynayich esh bo'eret
libi kulo shelach.

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

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

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

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

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

“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.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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 gilgalnu hena,
mayim vegam shir mizmor.
Bo achinu, smach itanu,
Sheyihye 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.

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Al tira

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dayagim

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

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

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.

Chorus:

An telechi
Auri levadech . . .
Ei darkech yorda
Sapri li, Na'ama . . .

Sod li kat.
Asu'ach li badad
laruchot egal sodi . . .

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

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

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.

The vintners' song joyously rises,
the wind travels in the vineyards.
Birds travel northward,
Na'ama softly sings.

Mi li yiten

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

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

Chorus:

/ Galgal hazman golesh
ve'ish le'ish lochesh
tir'eh hazman avar. /

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Joshua

Vayehi acharei mot Moshe bamidbar
vayikra Elohim liY'hoshua vayomar:
"Kum avor im ha'am et ha'Yarden
El ha'arets asher anochi noten.
Kol makom asher tidroch kaf raglechem
ka'asher dibarti netativ lachem."

Chorus:

"Chazak ve'emats ve'al techat
ki lecha ha'arets hazot ha'achat."

VaYericho sogeret mipnei bnei Yisrael,
vayisu hakohanim et keren hayovel.
Veha'am lasov et hachoma yotsim
uvene Re'uven veGad chalutsim.
Vayari'a hashofar t'rua gedola
vechomat Yericho tacheteha nafla.

Vaykabtsu malchei ha'Emori ve'imam
am rav kachol asher al sfat hayam
vayavo aleihem Yehoshua pitom
vayomar be'Givon lashemesh dom.
Vayare'ach amad be'emek Ayalon
vayanusu malkei Lachish ve'Eglon.

Vayach Yehoshua et melech Dor
ve'et melech Makeda ve'et melech Chatsor
ve'et melech Adulam ve'et melech Chevron
ve'et melech Achshaf ve'et melech Shomron
ve'et melech Chorma ve'et melech Arad,
kol hamlachim, shloshim ve'echad.

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'ainayich.
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 taltalim.
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.

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

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

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

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

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

Dror Yikra

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

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

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

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

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

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

S'ee yona

/ S'ee yona weshimini
bechinor najeni. /
/ Ufichi zameri roni
beshir hithboneni. /

/ Umaheri we'al thifni
lederech soten. /
/ Gechi seda wenisa'a
Wenithaden wenisba'a. /

/ Wenashira alei nevel
wezemer titheni /
wenikanes letoch jano
bethomor ta'ali
wenocheza besansinaw
ufiryo tocheli.

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

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

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

Ahavat Hadassah

/ Ahavat Hadassah al levavi niksherah
Va'ani betoch golah, p'amai tsolelim. /

/ Lu yesh reshut li e'eleh etchaberah
Toch sha'arei tsion asher hem nahalalim. /

/ Shacharit v'aravit bat nedivim ezkerah
Libi vera'ayonai becheshek nivhalim. /

/ Binim zemirot minedod etorerah
Va'ani verayati berinah tsohalim. /

The love of Hadassah (Israel) is tied to my heart
and my steps are sunk deep in the exile.

If I could I would go up and join
within the gates of Zion which are praised.

Morning and evening I'll remember the
daughter of Israel.
My heart and thoughts are shaken with desire.

With music of psalms I'll wake up from wandering,
My love and I will sing for joy.

Ki eshmera / Oneg Shabat

Ki (Im) eshmera shabat el yishmereni.
Ot hi le'olmei ad beino uveini.

Asur metso chefetz la'asot derachim
gam miledaber bo divrei tserachim.

Bo emtse'ah tamid nofesh lenafshi.
Hineh leder rishon natan kedoshi.

Etpalelah el el aravit veshacharit,
musaf vegam mincha hu ya'aneni.

As (If) I observe the Sabbath, God protects me.
It is an everlasting sign between him and me.

It is forbidden to do business or chores,
or to speak of material needs.

In it I shall find a soul for my soul.
He gave its holiness for the first generation.

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.

/ Zemirots miknaf erez shamanu
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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If I don't find you, Cicerennella
Cicerennella, Cicerenne,
If I don't find you, Cicerennella
I want to die right away!

Tarantella di Peppina

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

Oh guarda, balla lu ziu Ninu
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 Režian dialect of Slovenian.

Lipa ma Marýca,
Rýnina si ty.
Ko ta-na Rüşće pøjdeš,
u fýlo óon ti pryt.

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

Te hüdi júdi so paršlý,
Marýco so neslý.

Či bej to bila háuža,
to bila mákoj ma.

Ja mēšon bil se zbüdil,
da drúgin na plažá.

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

Za prý horë u Zagáto,
tri óre ja si stal.

Lipa ma Marýca,
lipa ti si ty,
lipa ti si bila,
lipa ti ćeš byt.

My beautiful Marýca,
you are Rýnina's (girl).
When you go to Rüşće
I'll come to serenade you.

When I arrived in Rüşće,
there was no sign of Marýca.

Bad people had come
and taken Marýca away.

What was the reason?
I was the only reason!

I should have known that
others fancy her too.

So as not to enter the house,
I ran into the woods.

It took me three hours
to get to Zagáto.

My dear Marýca,
you are beautiful,
you always were beautiful,
you always will be beautiful!

Macedonia

Iz dolu ide (Lesnoto)

/ Iz dolu ide edno nevestence, /
belo, belo, male, belo ta crveno,
tŭnko, tŭnko, male, tŭnko ta visoko.

A maiden walks along,
fair and rosy,
slender and tall.

/ Oj kato odi na zemja ne stŭpva, /
/ glava ne naveŭda mene si pogleŭda. /

As she walks she doesn't touch the ground,
she doesn't bend her head, she looks at me.

/ Mene si pogleŭda s crnite oči, /
s crnite oči, crni čerešovi,
s vitite veŭdi, 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, mamu, dukan da imam. /

How pleased and happy I would be
to have a shop in the town of Struga.

Chorus:

/ Lele varaj, mamu, mome Kalino,
vo Struga grada, mamu, dukan da imam.¹ /

Hey, Kalina.

/ Na kepercite, mamu, da sedam
struŭkrite momu, mamu, momu da gledam. /

To sit in front of my shop
and watch the girls of Struga.

/ Koga na voda, voda mi odat
so tia stomni, mamu, stomni šareni. /

When they go for water
with their bright-colored jugs.

/ Na ovoj izvor, izvor studeni
tam da se s druŭki, mamu, s druŭki
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 pregnila. /

“Kade mi je, majko, mojto verno libe,
/ porti da otvori, mene da pregrne?” /

“Tvojto verno libe snošti se omaži,
/ za tvojot komšija, za tvojot pobratim.” /

¹ *Another 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 porasnay, 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.

*Verses 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7 follow the
pattern of verse 1*

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.

More sokol pie voda na Vardaro (Lesnoto)

/ More sokol pie voda na Vardaro. /

The falcon drinks water from the Vardar.

Chorus:

/ Jane, Jane le belo grlo. /

Oh Jana, white-throated Jana.

/ More oj sokole, ti junačko pile, /

O falcon, hero's bird,

/ More ne vide li, junak da premine? /

Have you not seen a hero go past?

/ Junak da premine s devet ljuti rani? /

A hero go past with nine angry wounds?

/ S devet ljuti rani, site kuršumliji. /

Nine angry wounds, all from bullets,

/ A deseta rana s nož e probodena. /

and a tenth wound, stabbed with a knife.

Vrni se, vrni

Vrni se, vrni, libe Mariče,
ne idi ti so men'.

/ Aj pred nas ima najgasta gora,
ne mojž' da premineš. /

Go back, go back dear Mariče,
don't go with me.

Before us is the thickest forest,
you can't cross it.

Jas ké se storam šareno pile
gora ké preletam.

/ I pak so tebe, libe, ké dojdám
i tvoja ké bidam. /

I will make myself into a colorful bird,
I will fly across the forest,
and then I will go with you, love,
and I will be yours.

Vrni se, vrni, libe Mariče,
ne idi ti so men'.

/ Aj pred nas ima dalboka reka,
ne mojž' da preplivaš. /

Go back, go back dear Mariče,
don't go with me.

Before us is a deep river,
you can't swim across it.

ké se pretvoram vo riba mrenka,
reka ké preplivam.

/ I pak so tebe, libe, ké dojdám
i tvoja ké bidam. /

I will transform myself into a little barbel fish,
I will swim across the river,
and then I will go with you, love,
and I will be yours.

Tino mori

Bog da bie, Tino mori,
Tino mori, tvoj'ta stara majka,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
tvojot stari tatko de.

Što mi te armasaja, Tino,
Tino mori, mnogu na daleku,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
dur na Ğevĝelija de.

Dur na Ğevĝelija, Tino,
Tino mori, za Deljo Turundžula,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
za Deljo Turundžula de.

Deljo bolen leži, Tino,
Tino mori, Deljo ke da umri,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
Deljo ke da umri de.

Nad glava mu stoji, Tino,
Tino mori, trujca ikindžii,
Tino mori, Tino mori,
trujca ikindžii de.

May God strike, Tina,
oh Tina, your old mother,
oh Tina, Tina,
your old father.

For they married you off, Tina,
oh Tina, very far away,
oh Tina, Tina,
all the way to Ğevĝelija.

All the way to Ğevĝelija, 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 česno drvo. /
/ Nego kuršum ne go dupi,
nego sabja ne go seči. /

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 bashibozuk.¹

He throws a bomb into the village.
It shakes the whole village.

The villagers call out,
"What is this that Ordan's done,
Ordan Piperkata?"

Ordan carries a piece of holy wood.
A bullet will not pierce him,
a sword will not cut him.

¹ Turkish irregular soldier, noted for brutality

Legnala Dana

Legnala Dana, zaspala, lele 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 dojdaja tri ludi, lele Bože,
tri ludi, tri adžamii.
Prvi mi dade zlat prsten, lele Bože,
drugi mi dade jabolko.
Drugi mi dade jabolko, lele Bože,
treki me mene celuna.

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

Dana lay down and fell asleep, oh Lord,
in a little garden,
in a little garden, oh Lord,
under an olive tree.

The wind blew from the sea, oh Lord,
and broke off an olive twig,
and broke off an olive twig, oh Lord.
It hit Dana in the face.

Dana called out, began to cry, oh Lord,
“Oh God,
I had just fallen asleep, oh Lord,
and was dreaming a sweet dream.

In the dream three men came, oh Lord,
three men, three young lads.
The first gave me a gold ring, oh Lord,
The second gave me an apple,
the second gave me an apple, oh Lord.
The third kissed me.

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!”

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.

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 dohodiš¹, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

¹ *another version has dovaĝaš here*

Jovana,
you sit by the Vardar,
you bleach white cloth,
you keep looking up, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovana,
your mother
doesn't let you
come to me, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovana,
I wait for you at home,
for you to come to me.
But you do not come, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovano, Jovanke #2

Jovano, Jovanke,
/ kraj Vardarot sediš, mori,
belo platno beliš.
Belo platno beliš, dušo,
se nagore gledaš. /

Jovano, Jovanke,
/ jas te tebe čekam, mori,
doma da mi dojdeš.
A ti ne doaĝaš, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

Jovano, Jovanke,
/ tvojata majka, mori,
tebe ne te pušta
so mene da dojdeš, dušo,
srce moje, Jovano. /

Jovana,
you sit by the Vardar,
you bleach white cloth.
You bleach white cloth, my soul,
you keep looking up.

Jovana,
I wait for you
to come home to me.
But you do not come, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Jovana,
your mother
doesn't let you
come to me, my soul,
my heart, Jovana.

Makedonsko devojče (Kosovsko lesno oro)

Makedonsko devojče,
kitka šarena,
vo gradina nabrana,
dar podarena.

Chorus:

Dali ima n' ovoj beli svet
poubavo devojče od makedonče?
Nema, nema neke se rodi
poubavo devojče od makedonče!

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

Koga kosi raspletiš
kako koprina
lična si i polična
od samovala.

Koga pesna zapee,
slavej natpee.
Koga ora zaigra,
srce razigra.

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.

Janino oro

/ Izlegla Jana po pole, /
/ da vidi Jana po leto,
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. /

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 nim im se smeši.

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

Spijat vnuci, majka plače,
oči 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 žali,
Blagoj Petrov Karađule,
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 Karađule,
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 Karađule 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.

While a girl lives with her mother,
she is fair and rosy.

Do tu je odila šetala,
mominski pesni pejala.

She goes walking,
she sings girls' songs.

Mominski pesni pejala,
mominski ora igrala.

She sings girls' songs,
dances girls' dances.

Godi se, zacrnela se,
oženi se, zakopa se.

She gets engaged, turns black (unhappy),
gets married, is buried.

A što se svekor, svekrva?
Tova je crno crnilo.

And what are father-in-law, mother-in-law?
They are black ink (unhappiness).

A što se dever i zolva?
Tova je žolto žoltilo.

And what are brother-in-law and sister-in-law?
They are yellow dye (sickness).

A što se malkite deca?
Tova se sitni sindžiri.

And what are the little children?
They are little chains.

A što je kitka šarena?
Tova je prvoto libe.

And what is the many-colored bouquet?
It is her true love (husband).

Čerešna

/ Čerešna se od koren korneše
moma se od majka deleše. /

The cherry tree is pulled from its roots,
the daughter is separated from her mother.

/ Proštevaj, majko, proštevaj,
ako sum ti nešto zgrešila. /

Forgive me, Mother, forgive me,
if I've done you any wrong.

/ Do sega sum tebe slušala
od sega ké slušam svekrva. /

Until now I've obeyed you,
from now on I'll obey my mother-in-law.

/ Od sega ké slušam svekrva
deveri, dzolvi, i jatrvi. /

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 gakí, uprčil mustakí,
nagnal 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 zurladžijka, ežo tupandžija,
oven esapčija, murdžo aberdžija.
Zajko kokorajko
si natresol gakí, uprčil mustakí,
nagnal 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,
kvačka so pilinja, 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 lovdžii,
em oni si nosat puški sačmalii,
more, 'rti em zagari!

Pa mi presnal zajko, zajko da mi bega,
si iskinal gakí, razmrsil mustakí,
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.

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

Chorus:

Zar ne ti je žal, bre libe, aman i za mene?
Jas da umram se zaradi tebe.

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

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

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

Tebe ti čukat tapanite,
mene, milo libe, kambanite.

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

Tvojta majka pesni pee,
mojta majka solzi lee.

Your mother sings songs,
my mother weeps tears.

Što imala kŭsmet Stamena (Skopsko zaramo)

/ Što imala kŭsmet Stamena, Stamena,
majka je bolna padnala, padnala. /

Stamena had the misfortune that
her mother fell sick.

/ Majka je bolna padnala, padnala,
posakala voda studena, studena. /

Her mother fell sick,
she asked for cold water.

Stamena zema stomnrite, stomnrite,
/ otide na česma šarena, šarena, /
da napolni voda studena, studena.

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

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

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

Ogrejala mesečina (Rŭčenica)

/ Ogrejala mesečina šekerna. /

The sugary moon rose.

Chorus:

/ Aleno galeno dragaj dušo medena. /

My fair sweetheart, my darling, sweet as honey.

/ Ne mi bila mesečina šekerna. /

It was not the sugary moon.

/ Tuk mi bila maloj mome ubavo. /

but a beautiful young girl.

/ Poranilo za vodica studena. /

She got up early for cold water.

Kajo Kalino

/ Kajo, Kalino, devojče,
viši viši, crni oči, /
/ viši viši, crni oči,
na visoko, na široko. /

/ Kade Turci kafe pijat,
Arnauti baš rakija, /
/ Arnauti baš rakija,
a ergeni, rujno vino. /

/ Samo edno ludo mlado
nitu jade, nitu pije. /
/ Samo mene poglednuva,
so oko mi namignuva /

Kaja, Kalina girl,
raise your black eyes,
raise your black eyes,
high and wide.

Where the Turks drink coffee,
the Albanians strong rakija,
the Albanians strong rakija,
and the bachelors red wine.

One young lad
neither eats nor drinks.
He only looks at me,
he winks his eye at me.

Kalja, Kaljino

/ Kalja, Kaljino, devojko,
viši viši, crni oči, /
/ izviši gi na visoko,
na visoko, na široko. /

/ Kade Turci kafe pijat,
Arnauti baš rakija, /
/ Arnauti baš rakija,
a ergeni, rujno vino. /

/ Edno ludo, ludo mlado
nitu jade, nitu pije, /
/ nitu jade, nitu pije,
često Kalja poglednuva. /

/ Često Kalja poglednuva,
so oko i namignuva, /
/ so oko i namignuva,
so raka i zaminuva. /

/ Ajde Kaljo da begame,
našto selo, arno selo. /
/ Od tri strani sonce greje,
od četvrta mesočina. /

/ Našto selo, arno selo,
dva pati se žetva žneje. /
/ Dva pati se žetva žneje,
tri pati se grozde bere. /

Kaja, Kaljina girl,
raise your black eyes,
raise them high,
high and wide.

Where the Turks drink coffee,
the Albanians strong rakija,
the Albanians strong rakija,
and the bachelors red wine.

One young lad
neither eats nor drinks,
neither eats nor drinks,
but keeps looking at Kalja.

But keeps looking at Kalja
winks his eye at her,
winks his eye at her,
waves his hand at her.

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.

Our village is a good village,
we have two harvests,
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 neke.
/ More, čera reče, sega neke;
a pa strina Sava ič ne dava. /

More, ne davaše, ne davaše;
/ more, najposle se saglasiše. /
More, mi zgodiše bela Neda.
More, bela bela kako arapka;
more tünka tünka 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 leži i ke umre.
Nad glava mu mladata nevesta,
s maško dete na race.
Solzi rani, solzite i kapat,
po Stojanovo lice.

Stojan se porazbudi,
i tiho i govori:
“Neveno li, ti mlada nevesto,
što mi ladi licevo.
Dali sitna rosa podrosuva,
ili 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 ke umreš
dete da mi zadavat,
mene me grabnat, daleku odnesat,
za pari me prodadat.”

Young Stojan lies sick,
he's sick and will die.
At his head is his young wife,
with a baby boy in her arms.
She weeps, her tears fall
on Stojan's face.

Stojan wakes
and says softly to her:
“Nevena, my young wife,
what is it that cools my face?
Is it the fine dew falling,
or strong rain?”

And Nevena says to him,
“Stojan,
it is neither the fine dew falling
nor strong rain.
My tears are falling on your face
because of the injustices of the villagers.

Last night by the fountain
the villagers gathered.
They said that when you die,
they will drown my child,
seize me and carry me far away,
and sell me for money.”

Katuše, mome, Katuše

/ Katuše, pusto Katuše
šo ti bilo crno pisano /
/ baš pijanica da zemiš,
toj Nikola ot kocareta. /

/ Site momčinja na gurbet,
tvojto momče na mejana. /
/ Oj lele, lele, Katuše,
izgorev, jagne, za tebe. /

/ Site momčinja na bazar,
tvojto momče kraj bočki. /
/ Oj lele, lele, Katuše,
izgorev, jagne, za tebe. /

/ U robeta nizi florini,
u kocareta lele nizi piperki. /
/ Oj lele, lele, Katuše,
izgorev, jagne, za tebe. /

Katuše, beautiful Katuše,
look what was fated for you—
to marry the biggest drunkard of all,
that Nikola the bum.

All the men have gone away to earn a living,
your man's gone to the tavern.
Oh, Katuše,
I'm burning up for you, dearie.

All the men have gone to the market,
your man has gone to the wine-barrels.
Oh, Katuše,
I'm burning up for you, dearie.

The ones that have gone away to work have
strings of florins,
the bums have strings of peppers.
Oh, Katuše,
I'm burning up for you, dearie.

Tri godini, Kate

Tri godini, Kate, bolen ležam,
/ ti ne dojde, Kate, da me vidiš, /
ponadica, Kate, da mi doneseš.

Ponadica, Kate, da mi doneseš
/ srede zimo, Kate, lubenica, /
srede leto, Kate, žolta dunja.

Šukur Gospod, Kate, te donese,
da mi doneseš, Kate, ponadica.
Otvori go, Kate, pendžereto
da go vidam, Kate, ezeroto.

Kako furla, Kate, dalgi dalgi
/ taka furla, Kate, moevo srce, /
moevo srce, Kate, za tvojeeto.

For three years I've lain sick, Kate,
you haven't come, Kate, to see me,
to bring me, Kate, a little present.

To bring me, Kate, a little present,
in winter, Kate, a watermelon,
in summer, Kate, a golden quince.

Thank God who brought you, Kate,
to bring me, Kate, a little present.
Open the window, Kate,
so that I can see the lake, Kate.

How the waves toss about, Kate,
the way my heart, Kate, tosses about,
for yours, Kate.

Kopačka

Dimna Juda, mamó

/ Dimna Juda, mamó, grad gradila /₃
/ na planina, mamó, na Vlaina. /

/ Što je kolje, mamó, pobivala
sè ergeni, mamó, za glavenje /
sè ergeni, mamó, za glavenje.

/ Što je pliće, mamó, zapličala¹
se devojkje, mamó, za mažene /
se devojkje, mamó, za mažene.

Repeat first verse.

¹ *The dialect of this song was misunderstood by Tanec's early annotators, and the words in their recording, which is transcribed here, are not completely correct. This line should be*

*Što je praké, mamó, zaplikála
with the same translation.*

Dimna Juda¹ built a city
on the mountain, on Vlaina.

The posts she drove
were all youths ready to be engaged,
were all youths ready to be engaged.

The wands she plaited
were all maidens ready for marriage,
were all maidens ready for marriage.

¹ *an evil wood nymph*

Derviško, Viško mome

/ Derviško Viško, mome, Derviško dušo /₃

Rob ké ti bidam, mome, rob ké ti bidam,
/ rob ké ti bidam, mome, vreme tri godini. /

Samo da ti vidam, mome, samo da ti vidam,
/ samo da ti vidam, mome, beloto liko. /

I da go vidiš, ludo, i da go vidiš,
/ i da go vidiš, ludo, fajda si nema. /

*Repeat entire song, then first two verses
again.*

Derviška, girl, my darling,

I will be your slave, girl, I will be your slave,
I will be your slave, girl, for three years.

Just so I can see, girl, just so I can see,
just so I can see, girl, your fair face.

Even if you see it, fellow, even if you see it,
even if you see it, fellow, it'll do you no good.

Sevdalino, maloj mome

Sevdelike, maloj mome,

Sevdelika, girl

Chorus:

sŭm sŭm sŭm, maloj sŭm
deb ti, mano, ŝep 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.
Pri mene e stara majka.

I'm at home, I'm not alone.
My old mother is with me.

Za majku ti kolaj biva.
Ké u kupu kilo kruške.

It's easy to deal with your mother.
We'll buy her a kilo of pears.

Neka jade neka trae.
Zašto s tŭpan ké igrae.

She can eat them and keep quiet.
Otherwise the news will be all over town.

Vodarka

/ Kraj kladenec bistra voda
momi se sobraja. /
/ Voda crpat so lejkite
i si zborat za Todorka. /

By the well there's a swift stream,
the girls gathered there.
They fill their gourds with water
and talk about Todorka.

/ Todorka je izbegala
mnogu nadaleku. /
/ Ostavila stara majka
i prvo si verno libe. /

Todorka ran away,
very far away.
She left her old mother
and her husband.

Sram da i e na Todorka
što e izbegala. /
/ Ostavila maško dete
da plaka deset meseci. /

Shame on Todorka
who ran away.
She left her baby son
to cry for ten months.

Dedo mili dedo

Dedo odi na pazar
konja java bez samar
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba java na mule
dedo puše so lule
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Dedo odi na bostano
baba praša sa fustano
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba ide od nivata
dedo gleda vo tavata
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Dedo ide na ručok
baba peče cel kravčo
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba prede na vreteno
dedo jade pečeno
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Dedo odi za piperki
baba gali dvete kërki
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.
Baba jade piperka
dedo sviri na šupelka.
dedo mili, zlatni, babina prva ljubov
dedo mili, zlatni, babino bombonče.

Grandpa goes to market
riding a horse bareback.
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.
Grandma rides a mule,
Grandpa smokes a pipe.
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.

Grandpa goes to the melon patch,
Grandma dusts [?] off her apron.
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.
Grandma comes in from the field,
Grandpa looks in the pot.
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.

Grandpa goes to breakfast,
Grandma's roasting a whole cow[?].
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.
Grandma's spinning with a spindle,
Grandpa's eating baked goods [?].
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.

Grandpa goes for peppers,
[?]
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.
Grandma's eating peppers,
Grandpa's playing a šupelka.
Dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's first love,
dear Grandpa, golden one, Grandma's sweetie.

This is an intentionally silly song, built on rhyme.

Kaleš Dončo (Lesnoto)

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

Dončo loaded up rice
and then set off for damn Bitola.

Chorus:

Le, le, le, le, le, le, Dončo za žaljenje.
Of, of, of, of, of, of, Dončo Štipljančeto.

Too bad, Dončo.
Dončo from Štip.

Na pat go sretnale Dončo turski karakoli
mu najdoa pusti Turci, bombi i patroni.

On the road Turks rode around Dončo,
they found him with bombs and bullets.

Go frijia kaleš Dončo vo temni zandani,
go mačija pusti Turci vo tesni dolapi.

They threw him into a dark dungeon,
the damn Turks tortured him [?].

/ Aferim bre kaleš Dončo, nikoj ne izdade. /

Congratulations, brave Dončo, you didn't
give anyone away!

Ne se fakaj, Done, Donke (Lesnoto)

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

Don't grab on (in the dance line) next to me,
my heart is burning, Donke, for you.

Chorus:

/ Ej, što te zaljubiv,
ej, što te izgubiv! /

Why did I fall in love with you?
Why did I lose you?

Koga vojnik, Done, Donke, jas odev
ti oroto, Done, Donke, go vodev.

When I went off as a soldier
you led the dance.

Ti do mene, Done, Donke zaigra,
srceto mi, Done, Donke, razigra.

You danced next to me,
my heart danced.

togaj zbor mi, Done, Donke, ti dade,
po godina srceto si prodade.

Then you gave me your word
but after a year you sold your heart.

Ni godina, Done, Donke, ne projde,
za drugo, Done, Donke, ti pojde.

Not a year went by
and you went to another.

Ne se igraj, Done, Donke, ne zbori,
o ti znaeš, Done, Donke što stori.

Don't dance, don't talk,
oh, you know what you did.

Trgni raka, Done, Donke, od mene,
srce veke ne mi igra za tebe.

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,
/ što stoiš, kerko, što misliš
što knjiga pišuvaš? /

Pišuvam, majko, pišuvam
do gradot Edrene,
/ Edrene, majko, Edrene,
na moeto libe. /

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

Elena, daughter,
my only daughter,
why are you standing there, what are you thinking?
Why are you writing a letter?

I'm writing, Mother,
to the city of Odrin,
to Odrin, Mother,
to my love,

asking him to buy me
a straw hat,
a straw hat, Mother, for
three hundred groš.

Ajde red se redat (Lesnoto)

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

/ Ajde 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. /

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 Kriva¹ River

to look for Iljo the brigand.

He was not down by Kriva River.

Iljo was here in Salonika
in a cool tavern.

Iljo was drinking
wine and rakija.

Serving him was
a Macedonian girl.

Each verse follows the pattern of the first.

¹literally 'crooked'

Tropnalo oro

Tropnalo oro golemo, golemo
pred popovata vratica, vratica.

Site devojki dojdoja
Stojna popova ne dojde, ne dojde.

Majka i biser nižiše, nižiše
i si ja Stojna učeše, učeše.

Stojno le, mila kerko le, kerko le,
koga ke pojdiš no oro, na oro,

do tanec da se ne fajkas, ne fajkas.
Na tanec ti e ludoto, mladoto.

So oko ke ti namigni, namigni,
so noga ke te podgazi, podgazi.

A big dance was going on
in front of the priest's door.

All the girls came
except Stojna, the priest's daughter.

Her mother was stringing pearls
and teaching Stojna:

“Stojna, dear daughter,
when you start going to the dance,

don't join in at the head of the line.
That crazy young lad is there—

He'll wink at you,
he'll step on your toes.” ¹

¹ *a courtship stunt*

Poland

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

Na wierzbowym listku słowik list pisze,
a gdy już napisał, przerwał wiatr ciszę,
przerwał listek, przerwał, zaniósł go wiośnie,
potem przysiadł na sośnie.

I skinęła ręką i wnet wyszło słońce,
słowik strzepnął piórka i po łące
dana, dana poszła piosnka
od samego rana.

Księżyc już się jasną czapką chmur skłonił,
kiedy wiosna listek wzięła w swe dłonie,
przeczytała słowa, w których był smutek,
żał słowika i nuty.

The Nightingale wrote a letter on a willow leaf,
when he finished it the wind interrupted the silence,
the Nightingale cut off the leaf and carried it to spring
and then sat on a pine.

Spring waved her hand and the sun came out,
the Nightingale fluttered his feathers
and a song "dana, dana" burst forth in the meadow
on that morning.

The moon already bowed with his light cap of clouds
when Spring took the leaf in her hands
and read the words which contained
the sadness and sorrow of the Nightingale
and musical notes.

Romania

Alunelul

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

/ Alunelul, alunelul hai la joc,
să ne fie, să ne fie cu noroc! /
Joacă joacă tot pe loc,
să răsară busuioc.
Joacă joacă tot așa,
joacă și nu te lăsa.

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.

Alunelu, alunelu, come to the dance!
Let it be lucky for us.
Dance, dance, right in place,
let the sweet-basil bloom,
dance, dance, just like this,
dance and don't let up!

¹*the name of the dance, literally 'little hazelnut tree'*

Ardeleana

Hei, plânge-mă, maică, cu dor,
hei, că ți-am fost voinic fecior, măi.
Hei, și de grijă ți-am purtat,
covorul ți l-am lucrat, măi.
Hei, iar de când m-am cătănit
viața mi s-a otrăvit, măi,
hei, și pribegesc prin țări străine.
Și-o să mor gândind la tine!
Hei, mult mi-e dor, măicuță, dor,
hei, de cel codru frățior,
de cea țară ce-am lăsat, măi,
hei, de cel codru-nstrăinat.

Hei, drăguț car cu patru boi,
hei, mult mi-e drag mie de voi, mă.
Mi mai drag de cin' vă mână,
că ține biciu-ntr-o mână,
hei, și troznește, bocănește,
hei, și mândruța și-o iubește.
Hei, mândruțo, ce te-aș bate,
hei, dar mi-s mâinile legate,
hei, cu un fir da ață neagră,
hei, nu te pot bate de dragă.

Cry for me, mother, in longing,
for I was your strong son.
I took care of you,
I wove your carpet.
But since I've been made a soldier
my life has been poisoned,
and I wander in foreign lands.
I shall die thinking of you!
How I long, mother,
for that brotherly forest,
for that land I have left,
for that forest grown unfamiliar to me.

"Hey sweet little carriage with four oxen,
I like you very much!
I like even more the one who drives you,
who holds the whip in one hand
and snaps and cracks it
and loves his sweetheart."
"Hey sweetheart, I would beat you,
but my hands are tied
with a line of black thread.
I can't beat you, out of love."

Mândra mea de la Ciubud (De-a-lungul)

Mândra mea de la Ciubud,
multe vorbe-n sat se-aud.
Spune lumea pe la noi
că fac seara drum pe voi, mă.

Spune lumea, bat-o-vina
c-ar fi ochii tăi pricina.
Ochii tăi ca două mure
inima vor să mi-o fure.

Dar eu lumii-n ciudă-i fac
când le spun că ochii-mi plac.
Ș-o veni mai des la voi
să-ți dau, mândră, buze moi, măi.
Și-am să te cer de mireasă
mândra mea, floare aleasă.

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.

Învîrtita din Luna-Turda

Că ți-oi fi, bădița dragă,
cu păru-n năframă albă,
cu flori roșii podobită
ca să știi că-ți sunt iubită.

Că și io, bade, ți-oi coase
tot cu fire de mătase
pe cămașa ta cea albă
multe flori care-o să-ți placă.

Chiu, fete, și-om cânta
pînă ne-om împreuna
Și-om munci, munci cu spor
împreună pe ogor.

Amândoi ne vom iubi
viață nouă ne-om clăddi,
viața în gospodărie,
tineri-n tovărășie.

Each line ends with

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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

Foaie verde siminoc
țineți ciuleandra pe loc.

Chorus:

Și-nc-odată, măi băieți,
hooooo ș'așa, ș'așa.

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

Întăriți-o liță lus
c-ajunge acuș, acuș.

Mai întăriți-o de un pas,
c-ajuns și n-a rămas.

Două fire, două paie,
luați ciuleandra la bătaie.

Tot așa că nu mă las,
că sunt cu puica de-un pas.

Două fire, două paie,
luați ciuleandra la bătaie.

Green leaf of century plant,
dance ciuleandra on the spot.

And once again you fellows,
hooooop like this and that.

Hey you guys, dance it like that
until my girl catches up.

Play it again a bit faster now,
because she's already outdone me.

Play it again, one more step,
she caught up and then went on.

Two stalks, two husks,
beat ciuleandra as fast as you can.

Play it like that, I won't give up.
I'm at the same place as my girl.

Two stalks, two husks,
beat ciuleandra as fast as you can!

Ca la Baltă

Uite-o, uite-o.
Nu e, nu e.
Și-nc-odată.
Trei acuu!
k

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

Russia

Korobushka

Oi, palna, palna karobushka
yest i sitits i parcha.
Pazhalei dusha zaznobushka
maladyets kava plichka!

Vidi, vidi v rozh visokuyu.
Tam do nochki pasizhu
i zavizhu chernaokuyu
fsye tavari razlazhu.

Tsenyi sam platil ney malie.
Nye targuysa, nye skupis.
podstavlyay-ka gubi alie,
blyizhe k milamu sadis!

Vot i pala noch tumanaya
shchyot udali maladyets.
Chu idyot prishla zhilanaya,
pradayot tavar kupyets.

Katya byeryezhna targuyitsa,
vsyo bayitsa piridat'.
Parin' zdivitsi tsiluyitsa
prosit tsenu nabavlyat'.

Znayit tol'ka noch glubokaya,
kak paladili anyi
raspyamis ti rosh visokaya
taynu svyata sokhranyi.

Oi likhka, likhka karobushka,
plyech nye ryezhet ryemeshok!
A fsyevo vzyala zaznobushka
biryuzovi pirstyenyok.

“Hey! Full, full is my box,
I’ve got cotton and brocades, too!
Have pity, my sweetheart,
on a fellow’s shoulder.

“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.

“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.”

The misty night has fallen,
the bold young fellow is waiting.
Hark, here she comes! She has come,
the beloved.
And the peddler sells his wares.

Katya bargains with discretion,
afraid of paying too much.
The boy kisses the girl
and begs her to raise the price.

The night alone
knows how they came to terms.
Straighten up, high-growing rye
keep your secret faithfully!

“Hey, light, light is my box,
the strap doesn’t cut into my shoulders!
Yet all my sweetheart took
was a turquoise ring.”

*This song is an excerpt from the poem
Korobeinikov (“The Peddlars”) by Nikolai
Nekrasov.*

Katia

/ Nashi Kati gorya mnoga. /

Chorus:

Kalina-malina, cheryamukha lyebyeda
konfeta moya, lyedinistaya.
Polyubila ya takova
nyezistovo.

/ Gorja mnoga, muzh guljaka. /

/ Pozdno vyecher on gulyayet. /

/ Pro Katyusha zabivayet. /

/ A Katyusha nye univayet. /

/ Zaprigay-ka mili troyku. /

/ Troyku konyi voronie. /

Our Katia has many sorrows.

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)

Byelalyitsa kruglalyitsa krasnaya divyitsa

/ Pri dalyinushkye stayala kalinu lamala /

/ Na darozhinku brasala druga vazvrasala /

/ Varatyisya moy lyubyezni varatyisya
syertse /

/ Ni varotyisha moy mili hatya aglyinyisya /

/ Ni aglyanyisha moj mili makhni hot
rukoyu /

Makhni pravayu rukoyu shlyapay puhavoyu

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 mesečina.

Your fair face, Šana, is snow from the mountains,
your forehead, Šana, is like moonlight.

/ Ona usta tvoje, Šano, kako rujne zore, /
ono oko, dušo moja, mene me izgore.

That mouth of yours, Šana, like a deep red sunset.
That eye, my darling, makes me burn.

Ajde lepa Maro

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar te zove. /
/ Ja ne mogu doći, kolo ostaviti. /

Come, pretty Mara, the master is calling you.
I can't come and leave the kolo.

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar je gladan. /
/ Hleba u ormanu, a nož u astalu. /

Come, pretty Mara, the master is hungry.
There's bread in the cupboard and a knife
on the table.

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar je žedan. /
/ Voda u bunaru, čaša na ormanu. /

Come, pretty Mara, the master is thirsty.
There's water in the well, a cup in the
cupboard.

/ Ajde lepa Maro, gospodar je bolan. /
/ Ja ne mogu doći, kolo ostaviti. /

Come, pretty Mara, the master is sick.
I can't come and leave the kolo.

Šestorka

Oj lele stara planino,
po 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, /
/ Vranjske devojke na tu vranjsku česmu. /

The girls of Vranje started a kolo,
the girls of Vranje, at the Vranje well.

/ Na čelu kola, čičkova Taša, /
/ Čičkova Taša, lepotinja naša. /

At the head of the kolo Čičko's (daughter) Taša,
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
tri put curu poljubio./₃

Todor tricked Toda,
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,
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.

Šetnja

/ Dođi Mile u naš kraj
pa da vidiš šta je raj. /
/ Hej, haj, u naš kraj
pa da vidiš šta je raj. /

/ Prođe, 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 cveće, svud mirišu jorgovani,
ja se pitam gde su naši sretni dani. /

Chorus:

Daleko sam ja, daleko si ti,
daleko smo sad moja ljubavi.
Daleko sam ja, daleko si ti,
daleko su sad naši davni sni.

/ Sečaš li se nekada smo sretni bili?
Voleli se, ljubili se i grlili. /

Ljubav naša prođe kao tople kiše,
i proleća našeg nema, nema više.

Flowers are everywhere; lilacs smell sweet.
I wonder where our happy days went.

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.

Do you remember how happy we once were?
We loved each other, we kissed and embraced.

Our love passed as the warm rains
and our spring is gone, it is no more.

Ramo, Ramo

Kad sam sreo druga svog,
prijatelja jedinog,
najsrećniji beše dan,
jer ne bejah više sam.

Pesma nas je tešila,
tuga nam se smešila.
Ali vikor sudbe zle
od mene ga odvede.

Chorus:

/ Aj Ramo,
Ramo, Ramo družo moj,
Ramo, Ramo družo 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: Vрати se!
Vрати mi se, Ramo, ti
sudbine smo iste mi!

When I met my friend,
my only friend,
it was my happiest day
since I was no longer alone.

Song has comforted us,
sorrow has smiled on us.
But the wind of wicked fate
sent him away from me.

Hey Ramo,
Ramo, Ramo my friend,
Ramo, Ramo my friend,
do you hear my lament?

I'm wandering and living alone
as a burnt-out sun's flame
since you left
and found a better life.

But I'm still hoping
and calling you to return.
Come back to me, Ramo,
our destinies are the same.

Serbian Medley #1

Jelke

/ Jelke tamničarke, ostavi tamnicu, /
/ ostavi tamnicu mladom tamničaru. /
/ Hajde da igramo, hajde da pevamo. /

Jelka, jailor-woman, leave the jail,
leave it to the young jailor-man.
Come let's dance, come let's sing.

Poskok

/ Hajd' povedi veselo naše kolo šareno! /
/ Momci, cure, u kolo, nek' se ori veselo! /

Come, gaily lead our colorful kolo!
Lads, lasses to the kolo! Let it resound with joy!

Ti momo, ti devojko

Ti momoj ti devojko,
ti moga brata 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?

Ne da mene moja nana.
Ne da još godinu dana.
Neće mene tebi dati.
Neće tebe zetom zvati.

My mama won't give me.
She won't for another year.
She won't give me to you.
She won't call you son-in-law.

Oli dala il' ne dala
ti se moja uvek zvala.

Whether she gave or not
you would always be mine.

Igrale se delije

Igrale se delije,
nasred zemlje Srbije.

Heroes have danced
within the land of Serbia.

Chorus:

Sitno kolo do kola,
čulo se do Stambola.

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

Svira frula iz dola,
frula moga sokola.

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

Igra kola do kola,
ne haje za Stambola.

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. /

A lilac branch grew out.

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

Under it sits pretty Juliana.

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

In front of her is an embroidery hoop of
coral.

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

On the hoop is a silk scarf.

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

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. /

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

/ "Moja majka kuću dava,
mene te ne dava." /
/ "a ja, a ja kuću neću,
Tebe, dušo, 'oću." /

"My mother would give her house.
She won't give me."
"But I don't want her house,
I want you, my darling."

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, čarne 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, pirotška 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. /

/ 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. /

Rumena went out early for water.

Early for water, in the morning darkness,
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
švarných chlapcov je sto.

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

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

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

Za Janičkom, za Pavličkom,
krok by nespravila.
Za Duričkom, za Mišičkom,
Dunaj preskočila.

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

/ Dunaj, Dunaj, Dunaj, Dunaj,
aj to širo pole,
len za jedným, len za jedným,
potěšenie moje. /₄

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

Prídi, Janík premilený

Prídi, Janík premilený, prídi k nám,
já ti za klobúčik pierko dam,
/ červenú ružičku, rozmarinčok zelený.
Prid šuhajko milený. /

Come, Janik darling, come to our place.
I will give you a feather for your hat,
red rose and green rosemary.
Come, my lad, come.

Nevolaj ma, bo falošné oči máš.
Ráda za inými pozéráš.
/ Netrhaj ti pre mňa rozmarinu zelenú,
ani ružu červenú. /

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.

Sweden

Singing hambo

Spel opp, ni spelemän, en hambo
för mig och min brud.
Vi har tillsammans bara denna natt,
för i morgon bitti så är vi skilda.
På livets ocean vi möttes,
och kärlekens 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
förmimms varenda slag av
ditt unga hjärta.
Som slår i takt med mitt,
rört av samma oro
och samma smärta.

/ Skall du minnas när jag farit
än en vecka vad som varit?
Kyssarna du fått och att i natt det är
mig du håller kär,
mig som du är när.
Öka spelmän öka takten.
Snart så randas morgonvakten
då är ruset över då är febern slut.
Så, öka spelmän öka takten. /

Play, you musicians, a hambo
for me and my bride.
We have together this night only,
for tomorrow we will be separated.
We met on the ocean of life,
and the law of love
is to find the happiness of the moment
this brief night of rest.

Come close to me
my little darling,
if you are fond of me.
Let me enjoy
fully the stolen happiness
which this moment brings.
Through your thin blouse
every beat of your
young heart is felt.
It beats in unison with mine,
moved by the same worry
and the same pain.

Will you remember when I'm gone
still another week what has been?
The kisses you have gotten and tonight it is
me whom you love,
me whom you are near.
Musicians, step up the tempo.
Soon the morning will glow,
then the intoxication is over and the fever ended.
So, musicians, step up the beat!

Alle vackre 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.

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

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

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

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

För far en hivande takt
känn för en enkene makt.
Sen åter alle synnene
lockar fram minnene.
Den gör selv gamlingen sprak.
Dansen går lätt son en lek.
Kam alle vackre jänter kom igen
och la oss få en lustig hambo.

Here comes a fiddler
who is allowed to bow the string.
Come, then, you who can play
the little Norwegian hambo-swing.
Everyone in Norway
from the old man to the farmhand,
come if you want, so you can see.
If you are ready, you will get no rest.

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

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

If you are in a good mood
and if you are in shape,
you don't need to drink
because the dance makes you dizzy.
Come dear friend,
over and over again
until sunrise
we shall dance.

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

Father plays a lifting rhythm;
feel the simple power.
Then all the impressions
bring up the memories.
It makes even the eldest young.
The dance is child's play.
Come all you pretty lasses,
come on, and let's have a funny hambo.

Runt i departemangerne
och restaurangerne,
föret för denne gangerne.
Alle vackre jänthers hambo.

Till och med diplomaterna
och advokaterna
lysstrar med frid i gaterna.
Alle vackre jänthers hambo

Denne melodi
är ingen symfoni.
Nej den är lys och fri
och gör dig glad och fin.
Fine klare kväll
med kastebåte skräll.
Du danser den i
stråk och fele gnäll
Ut över alle hejarne
och sätervejarne,
där trallar over dejerne.
Alle vackre jänthers 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

/ Deli gönül ne gezersin?
Geze geze yorulman mı?
Ne kazandın bu sevdadan?
Vazgeç desem darılman mı? /

Delisin gönül delisin,
güzellere cilvelisin,
bu işleri bilmelisin.
/ Çiçek olsan derilmen mi?
Çiçek olsan derilmen mi? /

/ İnce'lekten elenirsin,
diyar diyar dolanırsın.
Akar çağlar ulanırsın.
Hiçbir zaman durulman mı? /

Yüce dağın menekşesi,
sesin güzeller neşesi,
gönlümün billûr şişesi,
/ taşa çarpsam kırılmanmı,
taşa çarpsam kırılmanmı? /

/ Söyletme garip Veyselî,
candan sevdiğim güzeli,
kâhi uslu kâhi deli
tenha bulsan sarılman mı? /

Delisin gönül delisin,
güzellere cilvelisin,
bu işleri bilmelisin,
/ çiçek olsam derilmen mi?
çiçek olsam derilmen mi? /

My wild heart, why do you wander?
Wandering, wandering, do you never tire?
What have you gained from this passion?
If I said give it up, would you not be angry?

You are crazy, my heart, you are crazy,
you are flirtatious with the beauties.
You ought to know these affairs.
If you were a flower, would you not be
picked?

You keep on being sifted through a fine sieve.
You keep meandering from region to region.
You flow, you rush like a waterfall, you are joined,
do you not ever settle down?

Violet of the high mountain,
your voice is a joy to the beautiful.
O crystal glass of my heart,
if I should throw you against a rock, would
you not shatter?

Don't ask lonesome Veysel¹ to speak,
O beautiful one whom I love with all my soul,
sometimes well-behaved, sometimes wild,
if you found a secluded spot, wouldn't you
embrace me?

You are crazy, my heart, you are crazy,
you are flirtatious with the beauties.
You ought to know these affairs.
If you were a flower, would you not be
picked?

¹ *author of this song*

Ali Paşa

/ Arpa ektim, biçemedim,
bir düs gördüm, seçemedim. /
/ Alışmışım soğuk suya
ıssıg sular içemedim. /

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

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

/ Karavanaya vurdular.
Yüzbaşılar darıldılar. /
/ Darılmayın yüzbaşılar,
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 dillere. /

Chorus:

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

/ Ekin ektim gül bitti de
dalında bülbül öttü. /
/ Ötmeydin a bülbül de
yarım elimden gitti. /

/ Ekin ektim bitecek de
sevdam bana yetecek. /
/ İkimizin sevdasında
ölenedek 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 nightingale!
My love has gone away.

I planted grain, it will grow.
My love will be enough for me.
This love of ours
will last until we die.

Turkish hora

Bak kardeşim elini ver bana.
Gel kardeşim neşe getirdim sana.
Al kardeşim ye, iç, gül, oyna.

Sar kardeşim kolunu boynuma.
Sev kardeşim, canım feda yoluna.
Tap kardeşim tüm insanlara.

*

Dünyaya geldik bir kere.
Kavgayı bırak hergün bu şarkımı söyle
sevdikçe güler her çehre.
Amaçlar hep bir olsun kalpler birlikte.
Dünyaya geldik bir kere.
Kavgayı unut hergün bu şarkımı söyle.
Sevdikçe güler her çehre.
Mutluluklar bir olsun acı birlikte.

*Repeat entire song, then from * to end.*

Finish with:

Dünyaya geldik bir kere!

Look, my friend, give me your hand.
Come, my friend, I bring you joy.
Take, my friend, eat, drink, laugh, dance.

Wrap, my friend, your arm round my neck.
Love, my friend, I offer you my life.
Worship, my friend, all of mankind.

We come to this world only once.
Leave the quarreling, sing my song every day.
The more you love the more you are happy.
Let our hearts and goals be the same.
We have come to this world only once.
Forget about the quarreling, sing my song every day.
The more you love the more you are happy.
Let our happiness be one, our sorrow, one.

We come to this world only once!

Kendime

Kuzuya sordum derdimi, meeledi.
Tilkiye sordum da yalan söyledi.
Bülbüle açıldım ne kâr eyledi.

Chorus:

Bulamadım bir tek çare derdime, derdime.
Arayıp sordum hep kendi, kendime,
kendime.
Söyle sazım ne söylersin,
Yelelelliiii, yeleelelli—
Yelelelliiii, yeleelelli.

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

Bir yâr sevdim ismi ile avundum.
Doğru söze kıymet verdim 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 saz¹,
Yelelelliiii, yeleelelli—
Yelelelliiii, yeleelelli.

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 bağımır,
oyynamak zıplamak
eğlenmek çağımır.
O inci o mercan
beyaz gerdanımır.
Oynamak zıplamak
eğlenmek çağımır.

Kale dibi kayalık
denizde oynar balık.
Kızın gönlü oğlанда
oğlansa kıza yanık.

Edremit¹ looks toward Van².
Streams flow through it.
I love such a woman that
whoever sees her stares at her.

She's a sesame, she's a hyacinth,
she's a rose, she's my vineyard.
This is my time of life
to dance, leap, have fun.
That pearl, that coral,
is your white neck.
This is my time of life
to dance, leap, have fun.

The base of the fortress is of rock.
In the sea the fish play.
The girl has her heart set on the boy.
As for the boy—he's burning for her.

¹a town in western Turkey

²a town in eastern Turkey

Derhule

/ Oynayın kız oynayın durmanın ne kârı var? /
/ Ah bu köyün içinin acayıp bekârı var. /
/ Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

/ Oy Kemeñceci dayı soktun gözüme yayı. /
/ Kör ettin gözlerumi göremedim dünyayı. /
/ Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

/ Çek aşağı yukarı amanın piturluni. /
/ Niye konuşmayız, kuş mu yedi diluni? /
/ Derhule dem derhule, derhule dem derhule. /

Dance, girls, dance, why should you stop?
It's a marvel there are bachelors in
this village!

Hey kemeñce¹ player, you've stuck your bow
in my eye.
You've blinded my eyes, I can't see the world.

Pull, up and down, [piturluni].
Why don't we talk, has a bird eaten
your tongue?

¹an oblong 3-stringed small fiddle, played like
a cello

Rampi, rampi

/ Çadırımın üstüne şıp dedi damladı. /
/ Allah canımı almadı almadı. /

Chorus:

/ Heeey
Rampi rampi rampi rampi
Geliyora bakdı. /

/ Veresiye vere vere kalmadı kalmadı. /
/ Allah canımı almadı almadı. /

/ Kuru kuru cilveler kaynasın kaynasın. /
/ Gelin güveyi oynasın oynasın. /

On the top of my tent the rain went shpp shpp.
Allah did not take my soul away.

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

I gave and gave, all for promises, till there
was nothing left.
Allah did not take my soul away.

Empty, empty flirtation, let it boil.
Let the bride and bridegroom dance, let
them dance.

İşte hendek, işte deve

Kuyu başına vardım,
zeynebim bekler diye.
Nasıl haberin almışsa,
dayı emmi hep orda,
Dediler ne ararsın?
Kızı almak m'istersin?
Sana bir çift sözümüz var,
Hele buysa niyetin.

Chorus:

İşte hendek, işte deve,
ya atlarsın ya düşersin,
baktın olmaz vazgeçersin,
zordur almak bizden kızı.
İşte Halep, işte arşın,
ya aşarsın ya biçersin,
baktın olmaz vazgeçersin,
zordur almak bizden kızı.

Söğüdün dalı uzun,
barış'ın gönlü hüüzün,
elim eline değmedi,
varın anlayın gayri.

I came to the well,
thinking my Zeyneb would be waiting.
Somehow her uncles found out
and they were already there.
They said "What are you looking for?
Do you want to marry the girl?
We have a few words to say to you
if this is indeed your plan."

"Here is a ditch, here is a camel.
Either leap over (on camelback) or fall in.
If you think you can't, then give up.
It's hard to get our daughter from us!
Here's Aleppo (a distant city), here's
the yardstick.
Either you get there or you try to measure up.
If you think you can't, then give up!
It's hard to get our daughter from us!"

The branch of the willow is long.
The heart of Barış¹ is sad.
I never even touched her hand with mine.
I'll let you figure out the rest.

¹author 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. /
/ Yaktıyandırdıbeni /
/ yarin hilâl kaşları. /

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

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