

# Garland XII

Where were you, Cveta, today,  
Haven't seen your eyes all day,  
Haven't seen your eyes all day, o, dear!  
Nor a morsel of bread have I eaten.  
"I looked after our vines, Jovo,  
And lost my golden necklace!"  
"Don't cry, Cveta, don't sorrow, girl,  
I've found your necklace:  
By the clear, cool spring,  
While you watered the sheep. Cveta,  
And gazed at me, a youth!"  
Oh, you were walking, Jana,  
Oh, you were walking, good maid,  
Oh, in the narrow streets,  
Oh, among the tall houses!  
Dear my Jana, my sweet sorrow,  
My heart you'll break!  
Oh, tiny pearls you were stringing,  
Oh, round your throat you wore them,  
Oh, round your waist a crimson girdle,  
Oh, you in your coloured silk pantaloons,  
Dear my Jana, sweetest sorrow,  
My heart you are breaking!  
Have I not, have I not  
Fair hair, Mother, say?  
Your son, your son, is a rascal,  
And if found, he'll pay for it,  
For all his excuses!  
In taverns he drinks,  
In the town he sleeps,  
Never at home is he,  
O, Mother!  
Have I not, have I not  
Black eyes, Mother, say?  
Your son, your son...  
Have I not, have I not,  
A fair face, Mother, say?  
Your son, your son...

The flowers have blossomed, Mother,  
In our garden...  
How should I pluck them,  
Mother dear?  
When I'm both glad and sorry,  
To pluck them.  
The maid sits at the window,  
Stretching the silk over the tambour.  
She embroiders the silk and plaits the braid.  
"If I knew, o, my braid,  
That an old spouse will wear it,  
With bast I'd plait it,  
With nettles adorn it.  
If I knew, my braid,  
That a youth will wear it,  
With gold-thread I'd plait it,  
With pearls adorn it,  
If only I knew, o, braid!"