

GARLAND III

A maid is asleep, o,
On a hilly rock, o,
And a youth is waking her.
Awake, fair lass, rise up,
Hasten, fair lass, to the water,
Come, fair lass, make haste...
Fair has your maple-tree blossomed.
The Tekelija-stream flows swiftly -
Let me stop to rest, } (refrain)
To let my soul have pause!
A peach-tree grows beside it -
Let me stop...
Neath the tree sits Andjelija -
Let me stop...
Oh! Mother's Grivna is sick,
Alas, Mother's Grivna.
... Is Tekelija-stream fit to drink?
Let me stop...
...She's sick and will die,
Alas, Mother's Grivna.
... May I kiss Andjelija?
Let me stop...
Oho, Nena, how pretty you are,
My desire, how wild you are.
I dance, and sing, and glad am I,
None can know how well I feel!
A pretty kerchief you have given me;
What fine hair you have, beshrew you,
Let me rumple it, Kata, my love,
And that of the maid next to you!
Your eyes are like sloes!
"God gave them me.
So help me, my mother gave them birth.
Let me be, young blade,
Don't heave such sighs!"
O, Ho, Ho! This is how you make a home,
Every night in the tavern.
(The band there plays,
While at home I have no peace).
Oho, Nena, how pretty you are,
My desire, how wild you are.
I dance and sing, and pleased am I,
No one knows how well am I.