

# GARLAND VIII

Dear, in the middle of the village, a gaudy fountain.  
It's water, aga, is flowing, flowing.  
By the fountain sit two, three maids,  
Sitting, aga, sitting.  
"My dear, give me some of that murky water  
To drink, and to go on!"  
"Hear, for you is the clear water,  
To drink, aga, then to sleep."  
Why does the Morava turbid flow,  
Turbid flow and bloody?  
Oh, sorrow mine!  
Three maids were bathing,  
Bathing, sad and wretchedly.  
Oh, sorrow mine!  
The lilac-tree has spread its branch,  
So it may, so it may,  
The lilac branch.  
Neath it sils pretty Julijana,  
So she may, so she may,  
The pretty Julijana.  
"For whom are you embroidering that silken kerchief ?  
So you may, so you may,  
That silken kerchief?"  
Leap high in the kolo,  
Who can, and who can't,  
We others, who can!  
All the way to the straight road,  
To the Oblana river,  
Leap high in the kolo, leap!