

# GARLAND X

Biljana whitened her linen,  
By the waters of the Ohrid source,  
Some vintners came along.  
"Vintners from Belograd,  
Gently drive your caravan,  
My linen not to trample.  
It is my wedding-dower."  
"Biljana fair maiden,  
If we trample your linen,  
With wine we'll pay you!"  
"Oh, vintners from Belograd,  
I don't seek your wine:  
but the handsome young man,  
Who's driving your caravan,  
With fez tilted over his eye,  
His glance bent on Biljana!"  
Three rifle shots were fired -  
Alas, oh, sorrow,  
Three heroes have fallen, alas, oh, sorrow,  
Three mothers, oh sorrow, are weeping!  
Dinka sweeps the halls,  
Sad teardrops falling,  
Dinka, the priest Ikonomov's daughter, o!  
Sad teardrops falling,  
Slender hands wringing,  
Dinka, the priest Ikonomov's daughter.  
Let me out, Mother dear,  
To the street, to see:  
The passer-by. Mother dear,  
The bonny youth...  
He, Mother dear,  
Is whom I seek!  
Gay flowers have blossomed,  
On the maiden's window-sill,  
In she day, the maid grow them,  
At night, the young blade steals them.  
"Upon my soul, you foolish bachelor:  
You don't know how to love a maid -  
You only know how flowers to steal!"