

**Leposava Gligorjeva (PR Macedonia)****FOLK SONGS FROM PRESPA<sup>1</sup>****Collected by:** L. Gligorjeva

1949. X, 20

**Recorded from:**

Kata Geleva Gjorgjjeva, age 70, village of Stenje, 22 May 1949

Stevanka Nancho Talevska, age 60, village of Konjsko, 23 May 1949

Dinka Petrova, age 60, village of Leskoec, 24 May 1949

Evda Jordanova Andrieva, village of Oteshevo, 25 May 1949

Sandre Gegadakovski, age 62, Pokrvenik, 26 May 1949

Preljublje, 27 May 1949

Tanas Ilievski, age 30, Drmeni, 28 May 1949

Vasa Nechovska, age 55

Rosa Jovanoska, age 50

Vela Shindoska, age 41 — 29 May 1949

Mara Kakareska, age 80

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1 The manuscript titled “*Folk Songs from Prespa*” by Leposava Gligorjeva was handwritten as a seminar paper in 1949, during her studies in ethnology at the Faculty of Philosophy in Skopje, under the mentorship of Prof. Branislav Rušić, PhD. The text was authored by the well-known ethnologist Leposava Spirovska, whose maiden name was Gligorjeva. Leposava Spirovska belongs to the first generation of ethnologists in socialist Macedonia who graduated in the class of Prof. Branislav Rušić, PhD. She spent her entire professional career as an ethnologist and researcher in the Department of Folk Literature and the Department of Folk Customs and Games at the “Marko Cepenkov” Institute of Folklore in Skopje.

Throughout her career, L. Spirovska participated in all areas of the Institute’s research activities. She took part as a researcher in several scholarly projects, among which the project “*Research of the Folklore of Our Compatriots Abroad, USA and Canada*” from the late 1970s deserves special mention. During the implementation of this project, together with several other researchers from the Institute, L. Spirovska spent around forty days conducting fieldwork in the United States and Canada. Her engagement as co-editor of Volume IX, *Folk Beliefs: Children’s Games*, within the ten-volume edition of the collected ethnographic and folkloric materials of Marko Cepenkov published in 1972 should also be highlighted.

The text of the seminar paper has been preserved thanks to the careful treatment of all materials by Prof. Branislav Rušić, PhD, whose manuscript legacy is kept in the “Haralampije Polenaković” Archive at the Macedonian Academy of Sciences and Arts (MANU). The transcription of the manuscript was prepared by Prof. Ljupcho S. Risteski, PhD, and Prof. Ines Crvenkovska Risteska, PhD. The language and text are reproduced in their entirety in the original form, without editorial interventions, in order to preserve the linguistic features of the Macedonian language of that period.

Dinka Risteska, age 68  
Carev Dvor

*Komita Song*

1. May God smite the Bulgarians,  
the Bulgarians and the Germans,  
the Germans and the Austrians,  
and after them the accursed Turks.  
The accursed Turks only shout,  
they shout and they rumble,  
and then the commander saw them:  
“Hey, you wretched Turks!  
This is not a Turkish wedding —  
this here is my position.  
Tighten up, get inside,  
get inside the trenches!  
The Frenchman has reached Leskoec.”  
*(Recorded in Leskoec, 24 May 1949)*

2. Mother, old mother,  
hand me the long dulbiyana,  
so I may look up and down the mountain

What is that thing that shines white?  
What is whitening, what is glittering?  
Is it fire, is it a flame?

It is not fire, nor a flame,  
nor the bright moonlight —  
it is my little rifle,  
my little rifle Jordan's,  
a sharp sabre of pepper-steel.

3. .Strange, oh strange it has happened  
on the mountain of Dojran —  
a whole company has fallen.

The soldiers cried in longing:  
“Hey, rise, company commander!”  
“I cannot rise, my brother —  
a French bullet pierced me.  
Soldiers, my brothers dear,  
when you go home on leave,  
do not make noise with your horses,

do not fire your rifles,  
 lest my mother see you.  
 She will come asking you:  
 ‘How is my son Ivancho?’  
 Ivancho has finished (his life),  
 the black earth is his bride,  
 white stones are his wedding guests.”  
 (Oteshevo, recorded 25-5-1949)

4. Delche, the voivode, has gone out  
 onto the Kozhuv mountain.

On his shoulder a Berdanka rifle,  
 and a gray cloak on his back,  
 row after row of cartridges.  
 There he found a little shepherd boy,  
 a shepherd boy tending sheep.  
 “Have you seen a company?  
 A faithful, loyal band?”  
 “Yes, I have seen the company —  
 they were sitting under a beech tree.”  
 Then Delche rejoiced,  
 he embraced his little rifle.  
 (Pokrvenik, recorded 26-5-49)

5. Young captain,  
 where do you come from?  
 I come from war,  
 from the battlefield.

Young captain,  
 do you perhaps know  
 a simple soldier,  
 his name was Jovan?  
 Young beautiful maiden,  
 how could I not know him —  
 he was in my company,  
 and he fell dead before me.  
 Young captain, is that the truth?  
 Oh my Jovan, now I am left without him...  
 Young beautiful maiden,  
 do not cry, Jovana —  
 I was a simple soldier,  
 and now I am a captain.  
 (Pokrvenik, 26-5-1949)

6. Mountain, sorrowful mountain,  
I have walked upon you enough,  
leading komita bands  
through the Baba mountain.

First among them went Jovancho,  
Jovancho, an old voivode.  
Jovancho was caught  
by the cursed Turkish Albanians.  
They caught him and bound him,  
took him into the mountain,  
there they slaughtered him,  
slaughtered him and roasted him,  
and gave him to his mother.  
They gave her the meat to eat.  
When his mother ate it,  
she sang a sorrowful song,  
she shed tears,  
and she spoke to Jovan:  
“Jovancho, my son Jovancho —  
are you a lamb for St. George’s Day,  
or a Christmas pig,  
or a young hen?”  
(Ljubojno)

7. In prison lies Gjorgi the murderer —  
by day he lies there,  
at night they interrogate him.

“Tell us, tell us, Gjorgi the murderer,  
where did you earn your wealth,  
your riches and possessions?”  
“You ask me, Turk —  
I will tell you the truth.  
I have slain beys,  
cruel tyrant beys.  
I have taken their money —  
English liras.  
I have uncrossed their cradles,  
I have baptized their children,  
I have kissed their maidens —  
that is how I gained  
my great wealth.”  
(Ljubojno)

8. Black was the fate written for him —  
for Aleksandar Turungev,  
a sixteen-year-old voivode.

At seventeen they captured him  
and took him to Bitola,  
to the upper prison cells.  
They placed iron shackles on his hands  
and heavy chains upon his feet.  
They brought him out in Bitola,  
into the middle of the marketplace.  
“Speak, speak, Turunge,  
what evil have you done,  
what deed in your young years?”  
“I speak, I speak, people —  
what evil I have done  
in my young years:  
I have slain Turks,  
I have unveiled their women,  
I have terrified their children.”  
They took him from the marketplace,  
they placed the noose upon him,  
upon Aleksandar Turungev.  
All of Bitola wept  
for Aleksandar Turungev.  
(Drmeni)

9. In the year one thousand nine hundred and three,  
a fire was burning above the town of Krushevo.

There the famous Pitu Gulev was fighting —  
the famous Pitu Gulev with three voivodes.  
The first was the famous Pitu Gulev,  
the second was Gjorgji Slavjanče,  
the third was Krste Krušjanče.  
Then the famous Pitu Gulev cried out  
to his loyal comrades:  
“Hold firm, shoot straight —  
I have only three bullets left.  
I will kill myself, I will not surrender to them.”  
Then he ordered a sharp command:  
“Let us make a cherry-wood cannon,  
and see what sound it will give.”  
They made a cherry-wood cannon,  
the cannon fired, the Turk jumped.  
(Drmeni)

*Easter Songs*

10. What is a flower in springtime?  
 In spring two brothers were born.  
 At the same time both were christened,  
 at the same time both grew up,  
 at the same time both became engaged,  
 at the same time both were married.

They took two young brides,  
 and sent them to fetch water.  
 When the two had just crossed the water,  
 they bitterly cursed each other:  
 “May you bear up to nine jars (children),  
 . . . with one left empty.  
 May you bear one male child,  
 and send him to the church for a wedding —  
 and may a serpent slither from the altar,  
 and bite him in his dark eyes.”  
 (Oteshevo)

11. A blue cuckoo cried,  
 its lament was heard far away.

It cursed its own mother:  
 “On your soul, mother, on your God —  
 why did you give me a son, a bandit?  
 A bandit, mother, a robber:  
 at night he goes as a bandit,  
 by day he goes as a thief.”  
 (Carev-dvor)

*Wedding Songs*

12. Fog fell, Stojane,  
 fog across the field.

But it was not, Stojane,  
 heavy fog across the field —  
 it was, Stojane,  
 a great village wedding.  
 At the head of the wedding, Stojane,  
 a gray horse was leading.

On the horse, Stojane,  
 three pigeons fluttered.  
 On the horse, Stojane,  
 a handsome young man was sitting.  
 (Carev-dvor)

13. A cloud came,  
 it brought no star.

Where is your star delayed?  
 It is delayed in the wide meadows,  
 gathering silken hay,  
 to feed the godfather's swift horse.  
 (Stenje)

14. Bride, bride, your mother-in-law awaits you,  
 she demands a great gift,  
 she demands a great gift —  
 a white shirt like fine reed-linen.

(Stenje)

15. A maiden sits on a silver chair —  
 as she sits, she prays to God:

“Give me, God, a larger dowry,  
 so I may sit among my father's in-laws,  
 so I may walk through my father's courtyards.”  
 (Before Taking the Bride, Carev-dvor)

16. A shadow has fallen  
 from Neven Mountain  
 into Petrei's courtyard.

But it was not a shadow —  
 it was two pairs of wedding guests.

17. When the elder brother-in-law came, when he sat,  
 what orders he gave:

“Do not eat, do not drink,  
 do not get drunk, elder brother-in-law!  
 Pay, pay elder brother-in-law —  
 pay for the meal!”

(As the Groom arrives, Carev-dvor)

*Day of Saint Ivan, Ivandenska*

18. Jovo fell asleep in the green forest,  
in the green forest, in a meadow,  
in a meadow with feather-grass up to the knees.

Who passed by? A quick young girl passed —  
but none awakened Ivan.

A falcon-bird flew down,  
it landed on Ivan's shoulders,  
from his shoulders it slid to his knees.

It shook its wings and woke Ivan:

“Rise, rise, Ivan, brave hero.”

(Carev-dvor)

19. Ivano, Ivan, maiden —  
climb up onto the divan,  
look up and down:

Is the field harvested?

All the fields are harvested —  
only the Solun plain is unharvested.

The soldiers of Salonika lay sick,  
the soldiers were struck with fever.

(Carev-dvor)

*Shepard Songs*

20. Pelin mountain, O mountain —  
what you have been for sheep and shepherds!

For one small shaggy shepherd-boy:  
where he lay down, he fell asleep;  
with a woolen cloak he covered himself,  
the green forest spread beneath him,  
a white stone he placed beneath his head.

(Carev-dvor)

*Love songs*

21. Two young lovers embraced  
by the well, beneath the willow.

They stood a little, stood a while —  
the summer sun struck and set.

Only once they saw each other;  
 the moon cast down its swarm of rays,  
 tiny stars hammered through the sky.  
 “How can I go home now?  
 How can I tell my mother?”  
 A fine black cord unraveled —  
 I must spin it, I must thread it,  
 while the summer sun strikes and sets.  
 (Carev-dvor)

22. Frosina, beautiful maiden, my dear —  
 what guests did you have last night?

Were they matchmakers  
 who came to arrange your marriage?  
 “By God, my dear, by my soul —  
 they were not matchmakers  
 to betroth me  
 or to take me away from you.  
 They were my uncles,  
 my mother’s brothers.”  
 “Frosina, beautiful maiden —  
 as they were arranging you,  
 I stood all night by the window,  
 looking at you constantly.  
 When you took the ring,  
 I took a gun in my hand  
 to kill your father —  
 but pity for you struck me:  
 that I might not blacken your body,  
 might not mar your lovely face.  
 When you kissed his hand,  
 I took a sabre in my hand  
 to kill your brothers —  
 but pity again came over me:  
 those brothers I left for you.  
 Frosina, beautiful maiden —  
 you have burned my heart.  
 Take me, Frose, take me —  
 you’ll regret not taking me;  
 you’ll run barefoot after me.”  
 (Carev-dvor)

23. Poor Mirka died young.  
 Her beloved sat at her grave,  
 sat at her grave and lamented:

“Rise, rise, my poor Gjinka —  
 your newborn child cries in the cradle.”  
 “I cannot rise from the grave, my love —  
 a snake has drunk my bright eyes,  
 a nest is woven in my blond hair.”  
 (Carev-dvor)

24. Bride, thin and tall,  
 why do you walk so heavily to the water?

Do the water-jugs weigh on you,  
 or does your necklace weigh on you?

“It is not the jugs that weigh on me,  
 nor does the necklace weigh on me —  
 and the necklace is not strung  
 with tiny water-beads,  
 nor with old silver coins.

What weighs on me is longing —  
 my longing lies in the prison:  
 my beloved is in the dungeon.

Until he turns nine years,  
 he has not read from a book,  
 nor been seen with his eyes —

with heavy irons on his legs,  
 with those shackles on his hands,  
 and a small chain at his throat.”

25. Angelina was betrothed far away.  
 Angelina has nine brothers.

“By your soul, mother, by your God —  
 why did you give me away so far?”  
 “If you are far away, my daughter —  
 you have nine brothers.  
 We will warm you every day,  
 we will saddle our horses.”  
 Poor Angelina —  
 all her brothers came to see her,  
 only the youngest did not come.  
 (Carev-dvor)

26. Jankula finished his work  
and invited all his kin.

He forgot Janika, his sister —  
forgot her and did not invite her.  
“Mother, old mother,  
bring a white loaf of bread,  
pour red wine —  
I will go to invite her.”  
He went and invited her:  
“Janika, sister Janika,  
come to the shore, come to the feast.”  
“I cannot come, brother —  
I will send you my granddaughter,  
your niece, white Maria.  
Maria — her mother braided,  
and taught her with these words:  
‘Maria, daughter Maria,  
when you walk along the road,  
cast away the garments of mourning,  
cast away the yellow from your face,  
for your uncle is a man of no faith.  
When you pass by the village edge,  
cast away the coarse black cloth,  
and wear garments like silk;  
cast a face like an apple (rosy cheeks).’”  
But Maria did not obey her mother.  
And when she reached the gate:  
“Mother, come out and see —  
the bride has come alone!  
Strike up the pipes and drums —  
the bride has come by herself.”

27. Marko saddles his horses  
early on Sunday.

He loads his thin rifles,  
sharpens his keen sabres,  
and far he will go —  
he will go for poor Dragana.  
Dragana has no one —  
only one sister, Janika,  
only one brother, Nikola.  
When they went to ask for Draga,  
the cherry trees were blossoming;

when they returned,  
 the cherry trees were shedding petals.  
 In Dragana's lap hope trembled —  
 in Dragana's lap, close to her bosom.  
 (Konjsko)

28. The elm blossomed and spread,  
 it spread its wide branches —  
 it covered nine mountains,  
 only one mountain it did not cover.  
 Under it sat craftsmen,  
 craftsmen from Constantinople;  
 they were sewing a fine saddle,  
 planning to travel far,  
 to go for poor Dragana.

29. Jana went out into the field  
 to gather workers,  
 young reapers,  
 young brides working in the fields.  
 Jana went out to see  
 whether the field was harvested.  
 A young Turk came out,  
 the young Turk spoke to Jana:  
 "Throw off your veil, Jana,  
 so I may see your face."  
 "Step aside, young Turk —  
 I do not take a Turk,  
 I do not change my faith."

30. Give me, God, autumn rains,  
 spring winds —  
 to build this stone house,  
 and this stone staircase.  
 That brother and sister might take the keys —  
 a fresh young maiden like clover.  
 Her brothers arrived,  
 some ran up, some went down:  
 some went for lime and plaster,  
 others for young craftsmen,  
 others for lime and stones,  
 others for flint blocks.  
 They built a flint tower  
 and locked inside sister Angelina.  
 White mold covered her face,  
 dark mildew seized her eyes,

she sat inside for nine years —  
 until God pitied her,  
 until the earth mourned for her.  
 Give me, God, autumn rains,  
 give me, God, spring winds —  
 to topple this flint tower,  
 so that sister Angelina may come out.

31. The hero's heart rejoiced —  
 like a mother with a newborn son,  
 like a ring on a hero's hand,  
 like a bear with her cubs,  
 like a rabbit on green grass,  
 like a snail on green grass,  
 like an otter on the green hill,  
 like a fish in the deep sea,  
 like a deer on the mountain peak.  
 (Konjsko)

32. The forest did not weave nor spin,  
 nor did it rise early,  
 nor sit up late —  
 yet it dressed itself in ridges,  
 all in deep blue dye,  
 all in blue and green,  
 all in yellow dye,  
 all in white and red.

33. The fox lay herself down,  
 with twelve little fox cubs.  
 What does the smallest say —  
 the smallest, the cleverest:  
 "O mother, fox-mother,  
 do not lie down below the village,  
 do not lie down in the village —  
 the villagers will catch you,  
 they will make a mottled fur-coat from you."  
 (Carev-dvor)

## Names of Individual Body Parts in the Prespa Region

### Village of Stenje

- **Usta – buzi** (mouth – cheeks)
- **Veği – veždi** (eyebrows)