

**Dobro Doshle** (Macedonia)

Kim, Laura

traditional wedding song

"Welcome, brightly dressed wedding guests. You arrive 100, you leave 101."

**Main Rue Platz** (Yiddish)

Anne, Laura, Mary, guitar: Kim

arr. Ethel Raim, text by Morris Rosenfeld

"Don't look for me in the beautiful places, where birds sing, where fountains splash. My place is not there. Look for me where lives are wasted at machines, where people struggle to live, where tears flow. But if you love, come to me, beloved, and ease my heart."

**Tabada Dabada** (Bulgaria)

traditional, adapted by Daniela Ivanova

Tabada dabada, tabada dabada, tai dabada da!

**I Dumai Zlato** (Bulgaria)

arr. Philip Koutev

"Speak to your mother, Zlata, and ask her to give you to me in marriage," he said. And I answered him, "I have spoken to my mother and my father, but they refuse because you are a poor man." "Then I will go far away and earn money, so speak to your mother, Zlata."

**Ergen Deda** (Bulgaria)

Peter Lyondev, traditional folk text

An old bachelor dresses up as a young man and goes to the dance. But when he arrives, all the girls run away, leaving only the youngest, little Angelina. A lot of gossiping follows!

**Sadi Moma** (Bulgaria)

traditional

A girl planted a white grape vine. For one day she planted, for two she regretted it. The vine grew up and filled nine barrels with wine, the tenth with clear, strong rakia (liquor).

tamburas: Chrissy, Kim

tupan: Anne; gaida: Susan

**Prexvr'kna Ptichka** (Bulgaria)

arr. Maria Kouteva

The bird flies over the young bride, bringing her happiness. The fields are full of wheat, the bees are making honey, the ewe has given birth to twin lambs, and all the children are healthy.

**Pevano Kolo** (Croatia)

traditional

"Hey bachelors, spread wide your shirtsleeves and come dance with me! What good is fine bedding if only bachelors sleep on it? You can judge the calf by the bull, and I know you, my black-haired darling, by your spotted bull. The lamp is lit, the fire is crackling, and Mama wants a rich son-in-law!"



## Community Arts Center

March 15, 2008

8:00 p.m.

# S A M I D L E

**Oz Dol, Idu Shareni Koltsa** (Bulgaria)

source: Mary Kay Brass

This is a children's song about a many-colored cart jumping and bumping down a hill. The rough ride of the cart is likened to the ups and downs of love.

**Oi Shope, Shope** (Bulgaria)

traditional

Coming down from the mountains, the Shope bachelors are wearing their pigskin opantsi on their feet and their sheepskin hats. They walk along, saying, "There's no mountain higher than Vitosha! There's no river wider than the Iskar!"

**Vido, Vido, Byala Vido** (Bulgaria)

solo: Laura; duet: Petia, Kayla

arr. Maria Kouteva

Vida's mother tells her, "The pipes are playing the horo. Dress up and go enjoy the dancing!" Vida replies, "Mother, how can I dance when my darling is in deep in the woods with his battalion? His hand holds a rifle, but fair Vida is in his heart. When the sun warms him he thinks, 'Vida is waiting for me!' When the dew falls he thinks, 'Vida is crying, she misses me.'"

**Momiche Malo Hubavo** (Bulgaria)

arr. unknown

A man asks a young lady, "Why is it that you are so beautiful? Has a sculptor or a painter created you?" She replies, "No. When I was born, my mother looked at a rose."

**As Ya Merr** (Kranje, Albania)

solo: Anne; duet with Kim

traditional wedding song

"Sing for me just once, Nightingale! Why have you come near me? As a tambura stirs a young girl's heart, you have made me sad." The nightingale sings in the rosebush for the wedding of Ali bey and to make his mother happy.

**Na Vulytsi** (Ukraine)*Anne, Kayla, Susan**traditional, adapted by Kimberly Fedchak*

“On the street the fiddle is playing, people are singing, but my mother won’t let me out to have fun! Let me go, mother, to play on the street and joke around with the young men!”

**Oi Na Hori** (Ukraine)*solo: Mary; tupan: Anne**traditional*

On the hill there is a vineyard, in the valley a cherry orchard. A nightingale sits in the kalyna tree. “Oh, little nightingale, sing for me, for I am alone in a strange land. I walk and search, but my people are nowhere to be found.”

**Devoiche, Devoiche** (Macedonia)*traditional*

A young man says, “Hey, girl, you little red apple, don’t stand across from me, for I’m burning up for you!” She replies, “Burn, young man, burn, for I am burning, too, as flax thirsts for water, and as basil thirsts for dew.”

**Tr’gnal Mi Yane Sandanski** (Sandanski, Bulgaria)*solo: Laura**source: A. Lozanski**doumbek: Kim*

Yane Sandanski is a hero of the late 19th century rebellions against the Ottoman Empire. In this song, Yane was walking through the Pirin Mountains and asked a young shepherd, “Have you seen my army?” The shepherd responded, “Yane, commander, your army is on the peaks of the Pirin Mountains.”

**Shen Khar Venakhi** (Eastern Georgia)*hymn text from King Demetre I, 12<sup>th</sup> century*

Perhaps the best known of Georgian hymns, this text praises Mary, mother of Jesus. “You are a grapevine in blossom, a beautiful plant in Eden, a fragrant poplar in Paradise. You, blessed by God, are a shining sun.”

**Moi Dragane** (Croatia)*solo: Anne; tamburas: Chrissy, Susan**traditional*

A young man teases a young woman, “My dearest, my blossom, how can you live without me? Without you, I’ll do just fine! But you without me—not so good! My sweet yellow pear, don’t you wish you were a man so you could kiss the girls?”

**Svadebnaya** (Siberia, Russia)*solo: Chrissy**adapted Kimberly Fedchak*

This wedding ritual song is a lament for the departure of the bride from her childhood home. “There was no wind; then suddenly it began to blow. There were no guests; then suddenly they arrived in great numbers. The wide gates were opened, and our beloved Mariushka began to cry.”

**Shto Garit** (Russia)*solo: Mary**arr. unknown*

“What is burning that does not burn out? What is smoldering in the fir grove? Why does my brother run to me?” “Oh sister, my white swan, don’t you know that the matchmakers are sitting in our courtyard? Our own father has arranged it, our own mother has commanded it; they are sending you away to a stranger’s home.”

**Po Polyu** (Russia)*doumbek: Anne; guitar: Susan**source: Ural Folk Chorus*

A little pigeon calls out to his sweetheart across the courtyard and says, “Oh, my little pigeon, come here, I love you so much! You sail across the courtyard like a swan! I love you for your little walk, and I love you for the things you say. Things like, ‘How’s it going?’”

*Intermission***Shto Mi e Milo** (Struga, Macedonia)*doumbek: Kim**traditional, arr. Ethel Raim*

“How dear it is to me, mother, to have a shop in the village of Struga, where I can sit and watch the young girls go down to the well with their many-colored pitchers to collect water and talk with their friends.”

**Teften Kate** (Bulgaria)*traditional*

The moon shines. Whose round dance is the most beautiful? The girl’s round dance is most beautiful!

**Oi U Lisi** (Ukraine)*doumbek: Chrissy**source: Mariana Sadovska*

This song celebrates the spring ritual of Kupalo. In the forest, on a walnut tree, a calling bird built her nest. She flew away and called out, “Oh, who will share my nest with me? Oh, who will be a father for my children?”

**Cyhany** (Ukraine)*guitar: Kim; balalaika: Susan**source: Wydymo*

Some Gypsies (cyhany) were standing on a hill. A young Gypsy girl stood in thought. One of the men does not drink or dance, but looks at her and asks, “My Gypsy girl, what is your sorrow?” She replies, “My beloved is going beyond the blue sea.”

**Otche Nash** (Ukraine)*arr. N. Kedrov*

An old Slavonic setting of the Lord’s Prayer with Ukrainian text.