



Žalna Majka

Žalna majka, v'sebe plače,
Vnucite gi teši.
Bol vo gradi lut ja vije,
A nif im se smeši.

The grieving mother weeps silently
and her grandchildren console her.
The aching in her heart is unbearable,
but she smiles at them.

“Ah spijte, vnuci moj,
Pak, pak ke dojde toj.
Ke vi pee za Bitola,
Za naš roden kraj.”

“Ah, sleep my grandchildren,
he will come back again.
He will sing to you of Bitola,
of the place of our birth.”

Spiat vnuci, majka plače,
Oči solzi leat.
“Kaj si, sinko, da gi vidiš,
Tvojíte mili deca?”

The grandchildren sleep, the mother weeps,
tears pour from her eyes.
“Why are you not here, to see them,
your dear children?”

“Ah, spiat deca tvoj’,
V’son go slušat tvojot poj.
Stani, sinko, da gi vidiš,
Stani, sine moj.”

Oh, your children are sleeping,
and in their dreams they hear your singing.
Arise, my son, and see them,
arise, my son.

Majka plače, solzi tečat,
Sinot svoj go žali,
Blagoj Petrov Karađule,
Vo misli go gali.

The mother sobs, her tears stream down,
she mourns her son,
Dlagoj Petrov Karađule.
In her thoughts she caresses him.

“Of, edinec moj ti,
V’grad bolka toi ni svi
Stani, čedo, pej ni pesma,
Stani, ne mi spi.”

“Oh, you are my only son;
our hearts ache for you.
Arise my son, sing us a song,
arise, do not sleep.”

Macedonia