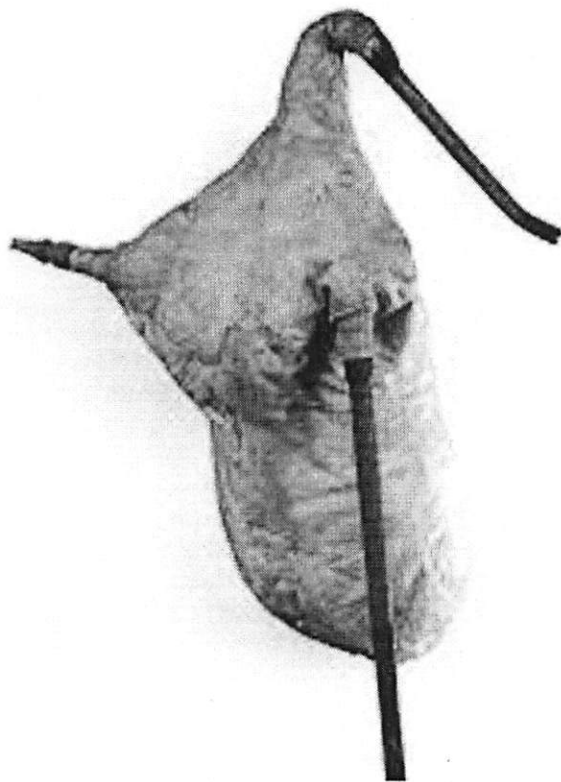
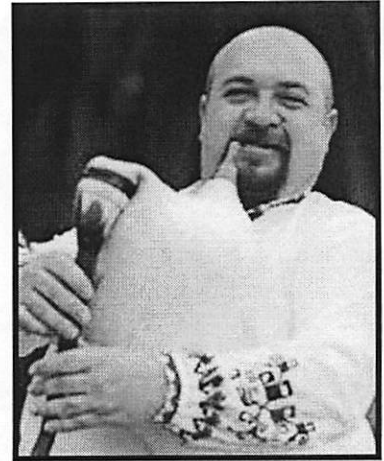


Rhodope Singalong Lyrics



In Memory of Vassil Bebelev (1960 – 2016)

Vassil Bebelev, beloved husband, adoring father, cherished son, loving brother, gracious friend, generous teacher, and master musician passed away suddenly on July 31, 2016 in Mendocino, CA, where he was performing and teaching at Lark Camp. Always loving, encouraging, supporting, and challenging his family, friends, students, and colleagues, Bati Vasko brought out the best in us. The songs in this booklet are a small part of Vassil's wonderful legacy to the community.



In honor of Vassil, here is a glimpse into his life and legacy:

A pillar of the global Bulgarian community and true bearer of the living Bulgarian heritage, his musical legacy impacted countless students and peers. Born in the Rhodope mountain town of Devin, he was inspired to a life of folk music by village traditions and his grandfather, who played kaba gajda, a low pitched majestic sounding bagpipe specific to his home region in southern Bulgaria. Vassil joined Sto Kaba Gaida, an ensemble of 100 bagpipes, at age 11. He went on to graduate from the folk music school in Shiroka Luka, a special high school dedicated to preserving traditional music, songs, and dance. Vassil continued his musical education and graduated with honors from the Plovdiv Folk Music Conservatory, the highest level of traditional music education obtainable in Bulgaria.

Vassil toured with the well-known Ensemble Trakia throughout Europe, Asia, and the Middle East, appearing in more than 300 performances. He also performed and produced records, cassettes, and CDs during three seasons with the Philipopolis Ensemble and recorded extensively for National Radio Sofia and Radio Plovdiv. He taught at the Shiroka Luka Music School for many years, before immigrating to the United States.

Once in America, he served as a visiting professor in the Ethnomusicology Department at UCLA. He was a frequent teacher at the Eastern European Folklife Center's Balkan Music and Dance Workshops, on both the East and West coasts. Always a performer, he continued to participate in traditional Bulgarian music tours throughout the Americas with Sredets, Kef Orchestra, Bebelevi Family, Trio Zulum, Bulgarika, and Grupa Maistori ensembles.

His consummate musicianship shown ceaselessly through his open heart and open mind, not to mention his exquisite playing. One of the greatest musicians many of us have ever met in any genre, he embodied his tradition with respect, bravery, innovation, humor, and inimitable soul. His work as a performer and educator brought Bulgarian traditional music into the hearts, souls, and hands of countless people, both in Bulgaria and in his adopted home here in the United States.

Karai Maicho

Stoikite, Rhodopes Bulgaria

|| Karai, maicho, kogo karash
Mene, maicho, nimoi kara ||

|| Mene, moma udrazhela
Udrazhela, umilela ||

|| Kainu kitka perunishka
Ot Zagore dunesena ||

|| Vŭv gradinka zasadena
Vŭv gradinka pod kalinka ||

|| Ot vorshi hi rosa rosi
Ot vorshi hi Dunav teche ||

|| Dunav teche, moma vleche
Pokrai Dunav ovchar pase ||

|| Moma mu se zhelno moli
Bre ovcharyu, bre stadaryu ||

|| Izvadi ma ot bel Dunav
Zha ta darya kyonka riza ||

|| Izvadi ma ot bel Dunav,
Zha ta darya kyonka riza ||

|| Kyonka riza koprinyana
Kyonak aglok i toi takov ||

Gajdana Sviri, Horo Se Vie

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

||: Gajdana sviri, horo se vie: ||

||: Horo se vie, moma go vodi: ||

||: Otdolu ide ludo i mlado :||

||: Horo si ima, horo igrae. :||

||: A bre junache, ludo i mlado :||

||: Da vieme nie horoto: ||

The bagpipe plays and the dance winds
The girl leads the line
Along comes a wild and crazy guy
He has his own dance line and dances
"Hey, you wild and crazy guy,
Let's entwine the dance line."

Source: EEFC Songbook

Da Znaesh, Maicho

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Da znaesh, maicho, da znaesh
Kakva sŭm moma zagalil
Kakva sŭm moma zagalil
Niide e nema v selono

Niide e nema v selono
na snashka tyonka, visochka
na snashka tyonka, visochka
na litse bela, chernochka

Gali ya, sino, vzemi ya,
I tya e nasha rodnina
uichova mi e doshterya
Maichinko moya maichinko

Sevdyo rodnina ne znae
Aga ya, maicho, spomena
Sitna ma treska zatrisa
tevna ma mŭgla prikriva

You should know mother, what kind of girl I've fallen in love with.
There's no one like her in the village. Her body is slender and tall, her face, fair and dark-eyed.
"Love her, son, marry her, she's a relative of ours, my uncle's daughter."
"Mother, my mother, love doesn't know about relatives. When I think of her I shake from excitement and a dense fog covers me."

Jano le, Janchitse

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Jano le, Janchitse, maika si Janka glavila
Jano le, Janchitse, sûbota sreshtu nedelya

Jano le, Janchitse, do pladne hodi glavena
Jano le Janchitse, sled pladne kitka vornala

Jano le, Janchitse, do pladne hodi glavena
Jano le, Janchitse, sled pladne porsten vornala

Jano le, Janchitse, maika si Janka pitashe
Jano le, Janchitse, oti si porsten vornala?

Male le, maichitse, ga si ma maicho, glavila
Oy, lele, maichitse, oti ne si ma pitala

Male le, maichitse, oti ne si ma pitala,
Male le, maichitse, da li go galyam ili ne?

Jana, dear Jana, Jana's mother engaged her on Saturday night
Until noon she was engaged. After noon, she returned her bouquet
Until noon she was engaged. After noon she returned
Jana's mother asked her,
Jana, dear Jana, why did you return the ring?"
"Mother, dear mother, when you engaged me,
why didn't you ask me whether or not I loved him?"

Krifkono Fesche Vidish Li

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Krifkono fesche vidish li?
Aga go nose galish li?
// Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?
Kolkono iscash nosi go. //

Have you seen my (tilted little fez)?
When I (wear it), do you like it?
Like it? Like it? How could I not like it?
(Wear it) as much as you please.

Velko kolanche vidish li?
Aga go nose galish li?
// Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?
Kolkono iscash nosi go. //

... wide belt? ... wear it ...

Kuprina riza vidish li?
Aga ja koshkam galish li?
// Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?
Kolkono iscash koshkay e. //

... silk chemise? ... fill it out ...

Alen mindilichek vidish li?
Aga go nose galish li?
// Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?
Kolkono iscash nosi go. //

... scarlet apron? ... wear it ...

Rusi shalvare vidish li?
Aga gi futam galish li?
// Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?
Kolkono iscash futay gi. //

... yellow Turkish trousers? ... swish them ...

Lyaskate kundri vidish li?
Aga gi tropkam galish li?
// Galem, galem, kak da ne galem?
Kolkono iscash tropkay gi. //

... shiny shoes? ... stamp them ...

Gizdi Sa Kichi Tudoro

Levochevo, Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Gizdi sa kichi, Tudoro
Dano ta maika bendisa
Dano ta maika bendisa
Za snoha za domovnica.

*Dress yourself up, Todor
So my mother will take a liking to you
So my mother will take a liking to you
For a daughter-in-law, for a homemaker*

I da sa gizdya, yunache,
Maika ti mene ni rachi
Maika ti mene ni rachi
Za snoha za domovnica.

*And if I do dress up
Your mother wouldn't want me
Your mother wouldn't want me
For a daughter-in-law, for a homemaker*

Kak da ta rachi, mome le,
Aga be mezho rukala
Aga be mezho rukala
Gorna i dolna mahala.

*How could she want you?
When she called a work party
When she called a work party
In the upper and lower districts*

Drug beha preli napreli
Koi po dve, po tri vretena.
Pûk ti be edno naprela
I to neu-preshneleno.

*All who were there spun
Two, three spindles full
But you spun only one
And that was unfinished.*

Molih ta, majčo, i molih
ne možih da ta izmolja (2)
da ma ni glaviš ni zeniš

da ma ni glaviš ni zeniš
barem juj saja godina
juj sova leto, proleto
dorđe ni dojde podzime

dorđe ni dojde podzime
da sa sŭzbirat momine (2)
momine na poprelkine

leftera da si pohodja
gizdilo da si ponosja.
A ti ma majčo joglavi
joglavi, jošte oženi

Momne le mari hubava

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

//Momne le mari hubava Pokazhi si chornite ochi//

//Chornite ochi, chorni li ti sa Chi galjam da gi pogljodam//

//A bre momche adzhamiche Ja idi dolu v gradinka//

Tam ima chorni, chorni chereshi Gljodaj gi kolkoto iscash

Tam ima chorni, chorni chereshi Gljodaj gi ta sa nagljodaj

//Momne le mari hubava Pokazhi si beloto lice//

//Beloto lice, belo li ti e Chi galjam da go pogljodam//

//A bre momche adzhamiche Ja idi gore v planina//

Tam ima beli, beli snegove Gljodaj gi kolkoto iscash

Tam ima beli, beli snegove Gljodaj gi ta sa nagljodaj

//Momne le mari hubava Pokazhi si tjonkata snashka//

//Tjonkata snashka, tjonka li ti e Chi galjam da ja pogljodam//

//A bre momche adzhamiche Ja idi dolu pri grada//

Tam ima tjonki, tjonki topoli Gljodaj gi kolkoto iscash

Tam ima tjonki, tjonki topoli Gljodaj gi ta sa nagljodaj

Hey you, young girl, show me your dark eyes. Are they really dark? I want to see them.

Hey you, naive young man, go down into the town. There are lots of black cherries there. Look at them all you want, get your fill of them.

Hey you, young girl, show me your white face. Is it really white? I want to see it.

Hey you, naive young man, go up into the mountains. There's a lot of white snow there. Look at it all you want, get your fill of it.

Hey you, young girl, show me your slender waist. Is it really slender? I want to see it.

Hey you, naive young man, go down into the town. There are slender poplar trees. Look at them all you want, get your fill of them.

Source: EEFC Songbook

Otishol Mi e Karadže

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Otishol me e karadže
Karakadiyo na dvori
Karakadiyo na dvori
Ta mu e fanal dva sina

Ta che e rochel, porochel
Nosim ti zdrave kadiyo
Da mi kadiye provodi
Mechkina kozhe s altone

Da mi kadiye provodi
mechkina kozhe s altone
mechkina kozhe s altone
vaklyova kozhe groshove

Da si mu pusna dva sina
Dva sina, dva chelebiye
Otishol mi e karadže
Karakadiyo na dvori

Отишол ми е карадже

Отишол ми е карадже
каракадийо на двори.
Каракадийо на двори,
та му е фанал два сина.

Та че е рочел, порочел
носим ти здраве кадийо.
Да ми кадийе проводи
мечкина коже с алтоне.

Да ми кадийе проводи
мечкина коже с алтоне.
Мечкина коже с алтоне,
вакльова коже грошове.

Да си му пусна два сина,
два сина, два челебийе.
Отишол ми е Карадже,
каракадийо на двори.

Source: www.kabagaida.com



Momne le mari hubava

1. // Momne le, mari hubava,
pokazhi si chornite ochi!//
//Chornite ochi, chorni li ti sa,
Chi galiam da gi pogliodam!//

//---“A bre momche adzhamijche,
ya idi dolu v gradinka!//
Tam ima chorni, chorni chereshi,
gliodai gi kolkoto iskash!
Tam ima chorni, chorni chereshi,
gliodai gi ta sa nagliodai!”

2. // Momne le, mari hubava,
Pokazhi si beloto litse!//
// beloto litse, belo li ti e,
Chi galiam da go pogliodam!//

//---“A bre momche adzhamijche,
ya idi gore v planina!//
Tam ima beli, beli snegove,
gliodai gi kolkoto iskash!
Tam ima beli, beli snegove,
gliodai gi ta sa nagliodai!”

Pustono Ludo I Mlado

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Pustono ludo i mlado, Ishti mi, majcho, armagan
Ishti mi, majcho, armagan Chornise ochi da mu dam.

// Dali da gi dam, chi kak da gi dam,
Ga ma gljoda majka ottam. //
// Daj mu gi, momne le, daj mu gi,
Toj ima merak na tebe. //

Pustono ludo i mlado, Ishti mi, majčo, armagan
Ishti mi, majcho, armagan Beloso lice da mu dam.

// Dali da go dam, chi kak da go dam,
Ga ma gljoda tejko ottam. //
// Daj mu go, momne le, daj mu go,
Toj ima merak na tebe. //

Pustono ludo i mlado, Ishti mi, majcho, armagan
Ishti mi, majcho, armagan, Tjonkasa snashka da mu dam.

// Dali da ja dam, chi kak da ja dam,
Ga shta ja stori darmadan? //

That cursed young man wants a gift from me, mother. He wants me to give him my black eyes. Shall I give them to him; how can I, when mother is watching from over there? Give them to him, young girl, for he is longing for you. He wants me to give him my fair face . . . He wants me to give him my slender body. Shall I give it to him, how can I, when he'll make havoc out of it?

Source: EEFC Songbook

Ripni Kalinke

Ripni Kalinke, da tropnime,
||: da sa pukat dushmanine
hem i moyne hem i tvoyne: ||

Рипни, Калинке, да тропнине,
да са пукат душманине,
хем и мойне, хем и твоине.

Bre, yunache, ludo mlado,
||: kak da ripna, kak da tropna
ga vish maika otde glyoda!: ||

Бре, юначе, лудо младо,
как да рипна, как да тропна,
га виж майка отде гльода!

Ku ta glyoda, da ta glydo
Tebe maika, mene baba
||: Ripni Kalinke, da tropnime
da sa pukat dushmanine!: ||

Ку та гльода, да та гльода
тебе майка, мене баба,
Рипни, Калинке, да тропнине,
да са пукат душманине!

Bre yunache, ludo mlado
||: Kak da ripna, kak da tropna
Vish bubaiko otdi glyoda!: ||

Бре, юначе, лудо младо,
как да рипна, как да тропна,
виж бубайко отди гльода!

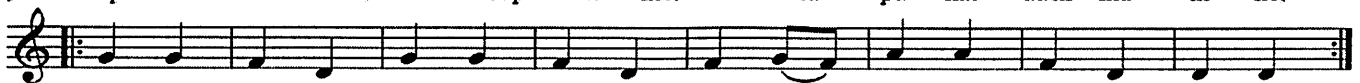
Ku ta glyoda, da ta glyoda
Teb bubaiko, mene dedo
||: Ripni Kalinke da tropnime, da
sa pukat dushmanine!: ||

Ку та гльода, да та гльода
теб бубайко, мене дедо.
Рипни, Калинке, да тропнине,
да са пукат душманине!

Source: www.KabaGaida.com



9 Rip - ni Ka - lin - ke. da trop - ni - me. da sa pu - kat dush - ma - ni - ne.



da sa pu - kat dush - ma - ni - ne. hem i moi - ne. hem i tvoi - ne

Stiga Mi Sa, Momne Le

Rhodopes, Bulgaria

Stiga mi sa, momne le, navdigaj, navdigaj
Barem da ne ta poznavam, poznavam

Chiya si, mari, doshterya, doshterya
Chi nosish chuzhdo gizardo gizardo

Grishkana ti e lelina, lelina
Korpana ti e chichina, chichina

Stiga mi sa momne le, navdigaj, navdigaj
Che imash novi konduri, konduri

Otgore sa, momne le, lyaskati, lyaskati
A pak otdolu razprati, razprati

I've had enough of your boasting, girl.
If only I didn't know you.
Whose daughter are you
to be wearing someone else's finery?
That bracelet of yours is your aunt's
That scarf of yours is your uncle's
I've had enough of your boasting, girl,
That you have new shoes.
They're shiny on the surface
But underneath they're torn.

Source: *EEFC Songbook*