

BITOLA, MOJ RODEN KRAJ

(Lesnoto)

♩ = 120

INTRO

VOCAL

①

INTERLUDE

PATTERN: Intro
AB Interlude AB

The vocal harmony may be played by instruments while the singers do the melody only.

Rhythm accompaniment is



ALTERNATE INTRO & INTERLUDE



Bitola, moj roden kraj
Vo tebe sum roden, mene si mi drag.

Bitola, my birthplace,
You gave birth to me, to me you are dear.

/Bitola, moj roden kraj,
Jas te sakam, za tebe pejam/

Bitola, my birthplace,
I love you, I sing of you.

Otido'v daleken kraj
Daleku od mojot roden grad.

I went to a far land,
So far from my native town.

Bitola, moj roden kraj
Jas te sakam, za tebe pejam.
Bitola, moj roden kraj
Jas te sakam, od srce znaj.

Bitola, my birthplace,
I love you, I sing of you.
Bitola, my birthplace,
I love you with all my heart.

Bolen leži mlad Stojan
Bolen leži i će umre.
Nad glava mu, mlada ta nevesta
S'maško dete na ruce.
Solzi roni, solzi će i kapat
Po Stojanovom lice.

Stojan se porazbudi
I tiho i govori:
"Neveno le ti mlada nevesto
Što mi ladi licevo?
Da li sitna rosa podrosuva
Ili silni doždovi?"

A Nevena mu veli:
"Stojane, bre, stopane
Nitu sitna rosa podrosuva
Nitu silni doždovi.
Mojte solzi po lice ti kapat
Od selenski nepravdini.

Sinojka kaj češmata
Selani se zbiraja
Zbor zborveja koga ti će umreš
Dete da mi zadavat
Mene me grabnat daleku odnesat
Za pari me prodadat."

Young Stojan lies down sick,
He is sick and will die.
Beside him is his wife
With the young child near her.
She cries bitterly and the tears fall
On Stojan's face.

Stojan awakes
And whispers:
"Nevena, young wife,
What falls on my face?
Is it drizzling
Or raining?"

Nevena answers:
"Stojan, my husband,
It neither drizzles
Nor rains.
These are my tears falling on your face,
For the villagers are gossiping.

Last night beside the well
The villagers were together and said
When you die they will take away
My son and kill him.
And me, they will send me away
And sell me into slavery."

