



Name: Serbian Medly

Origin: Serbia

Lyrics:

Poskok :

/Hajd' povedi veselo nase kolo sareno! / x2
/Momci, cure u kolo, nek' se ori veselo! / x2

Ti momo:

Ti mom oj ti devojko,
Ti moga brata mamis,
Na tvoje belo lice,
Na tvoje carne oci.

Sam se je prevario,
Na moje belo lice,
Na moje carne oci,
Na moja medna usta.

Durdevka:

Oj devojko, dusa moja,
Sta govori majka tvoja?
Oce l' tebe meni dati?
Oce l' mene zetom zvati?

Ne da mene moja nana,
Ne da jos godinu dana,
Nece mene tebi dati,
Nece tebe zetom zvati.

/Oli dala il' ne dala,



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Ti se moja uvek zvala. / x2

Igrale Se Delije:

Igrale se delije,
Nasred zemlje Srbije.

Chorus:
Sitno kolo do kola,
Culo se do Stambola.

Svira frula iz dola,
Frula moga sokola.

Igra kola do kola,
Ne haje za Stambola.

Translation:

Poskok :

Come, gaily lead our colorful kolo!
Lads, lasses to the kolo! Let it resound with joy!

Ti momo:

You maiden, you girl,
You are luring my brother,
With your fair face,
With your dark eyes.

He has fooled himself,
With my fair face,
With my dark eyes,
With my honeyed lips.



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Durdevka:

Oh girl, my darling,
 What does your mother say?
 Will she give you to me?
 Will she call me son-in-law?

My mama won't give me.
 She won't for another year,
 She won't give me to you,
 She won't call you son-in-law.

Whether she gave or not,
 You would always be mine.

Igrale Se Delije:

Heroes have danced,
 Within the land of Serbia.

One little kolo after another,
 It can be heard all the way to Istanbul.

A flute plays from the valley,
 The flute of my falcon.

Dancing kolo after kolo,
 Don't give a damn for Istanbul!

