



**Name:**            **Milica**  
**Origin:**        **Serbia**

### **Lyrics:**

Milica je uranila,  
 I krevet je namestila,  
 /Pa ceka svoga dragana. /2

Mitica je vecercala,  
 I na sokak istracala,  
 Bez marama I bez kecelje,  
 Da doceka svoga dragana.

Mati vice, mati kara  
 Ajde kuci, pile moje,  
 /Veceraj, tolu ne cekaj. /2

Milica je lepo dete,  
 Zasto j momci ne ljubite?  
 /Haj, Mitica, jedinica! /2

### **Translation:**

Milica got up early and made her bed,  
 Then waited for her sweetheart.

Milica ate supper and hurried out onto the street,  
 Without kerchief and without apron, to wait for her sweetheart.

Her mother yelled and scolded her,  
 Cone home, my dear, eat your supper and don't wait for that boyfriend of yours! "

Milica's a pretty child,  
 Why don't you fellows love her?  
 Oh, Milica, mother's one—and—only!



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