

BOOK of WORDS

PREPARED FOR THE CONCERT TOUR OF PRAGUE TEACHERS' CHORUS

OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

NOTE: The numbers in front of title correspond with the numbers
on Program

KAREL BENDL:

[1] STAND BY YOUR OWN!

A patriotic song exhorting to the unity of the nation.
Harmony and love, combined with strength and courage,
will assure a happy future for the nation.

Stand by your own! Shoulder to shoulder,
Make now a giant chain,
Though destruction's sword grows bolder,
Each one do your duty plain!
Ev'n though treason black may smolder,
Against us 'twill rage in vain.

Stand by your own! Shoulder to shoulder
From Šumava to Váh's border.
You will, loving native sod,
Perform miracles like God.

One we are for all the days,
One we'll be, for ruin has waited
At the parting of our ways.
We'll not yield, God gave us courage,
Flag of vict'ry let us raise!
Love each other! One's our language,

PAVEL KŘÍŽKOVSKÝ:

[2] THE DROWNED MAIDEN (Traditional text)

"There will be war, there will be war,
And who then will go to it?
The girl who has a sweetheart
Will lament for him.
I might ride along with thee
If I had a horse,
A fine black horse,
And a smart saddle too,
I might mount and ride with thee."

"What could'st thou do, my darling,
What could'st thou do there?"
"I could stand beside the Danube,
I could wash thy shirts for thee,
That's what I'd do there!"

"Hie thee home, my darling,
Leave all in God's care.
When I come back from the wars
Then I'll marry thee."
"My sweetheart from the war will come

And then he'll marry me.
If only God so wills it."
"Seven long years have passed away
And I hear not of my lover.
Ah, God, Ah, God.
I will drown myself."

To the Danube then she ran
And asked of the river:
"Art thou as deep
As I am high
That I may jump into thy flood?"

Her white feet she stretched out
To reach the sand;
With her white hands caught
At the river-banks;
Her black hair
Floated on the water;
Her dark eyes were raised
Towards Heaven!

BEDŘICH SMETANA:

[3] THE THREE RIDERS
(*J. V. Jahn*)

The poem of "The Three Riders", in the style of a ballad, has for its central figure Jan Hus, so dear to the hearts of the Czechs. Three Czech nobles are riding back to their country after witnessing the martyrdom of their hero. Their dialogue is accompanied by the voices of the night, the moaning of the river, which are in keeping with their sorrow and indignation.

Three Riders gallop from Constance
As though by the Furies driven,
And their haste and their wrath
Are mingled with the Rhine's dull roar.
Back to Czechy these men are riding
Filled with foreboding of dreadful vengeance.
Their voices bewail like the tempest,
Only the wild night is listening,
Now timid, now daring,
The wind bears afar the cry:

(*1st Rider*)

"O Jan, thou lime-tree felled and fallen,
Where now have flown thy faithful bees?"

(*2nd Rider*)

"Is thus thy glory buried, my country?
And wilt thou keep silence?"

(*3rd Rider*)

"Altho' I have but a handful of ashes,
In them is borne the instrument of vengeance,
From them will spring up the wild flames,
And to the battle will drive out the slaves."
Thus the third Rider, laughing proudly,
And raced the lightning in his haste;
The while the river moaned and the wind wailed,
Awakened at his voice.

Now, only their wild song
Keeps watch around the prophet's grave.

His soul has taken flight anew
And hastens homeward with the Riders three.

BEDŘICH SMETANA:

[4] RUSTIC SONG
(*Trnobranský*)

The peaceful earth
Sighs with foreboding,
While it quivers with joyous bustle.
For God's bounty
Furrows increase.
The soil is rent by
The iron plough.
Who fills the soil,
Knowest thou him?
'Tis the watchful peasant,
Our friend!

Of ripened corn ears
The sickle gives tidings
And the scythe is striving
With it to vie.
Mighty the labour,
Lo, eager hands
Are weighing and binding
Spoils of the harvest.
Who reaps in the sweat of his brow.

Whose countenance is it?
'Tis the zealous peasant,
Our husbandman!
With stalwart blows
The flails are falling
On heavy sheaves,
Joyous the stir.
Swiftly moves to and fro
The oaken thresher
And the tracks of it
Are seen on the floor.
Who is it threshes,
Knowest thou him?
'Tis the active peasant,
Our friend!

He tills and he sows,
He threshes and winnows,
He toils, as need be,
Joyous and hale.

The pure grains
He gathers in store,
That bread may be ready
For every rank.
Wherefore the question
If knowest thou him?
'Tis the stalwart peasant,
He who feeds us!

As lord on his field,
The inherited soil,
Staunchly he fosters
The soul of the race.
And in troubles the peasant
To the country's banner
Flocks undaunted
as God commands.
Who is this peasant,
Knowest thou him?
'Tis the Czech peasant,
Of our own race.

BEDŘICH SMETANA:

[5] A SONG OF THE SEA
(*Vítězslav Hálek*)

Hallo! The sails are set,
The sheets made fast.
From the deep the anchor's raised,
Now may a fair wind blow!
Our flag plays gaily in the breeze,
The sea is shining and glad,
So now to wheel; pass the wine cups round;
Hallo! Hallo!

One glance back at the haven.
Where 'kerchiefs wave a last farewell,
Where caps are toss'd in the air: "Good-bye!"
The time for parting's all too short.
There I see a last tear linger
On a face that smiles.
Bring the wine, let songs resound —
Hallo! Hallo!

And now we've started merrily,
How the wine-coloured coastline,
With towns and hamlets, fades away;
How soft the air:
How the blue sea,
On which we rock so happily,
Begins to expand the soul.
Hallo! Hallo!

The land has vanished, and the jewell'd sea
Has lost its boundaries, and limitless
Lies under heaven like another sky;
A word without a track or path.
Ah, how it warms the spirit —
We feel that we are blest!
For the first time our song sounds clear and full,
Hallo! Hallo!

Behold, a lovely island
Arising from the foam!
Now steer our ship towards it,
How far its shores extend.
See, we clap our hands,
Toss up your caps, cry "Welcome!"
Hallo! Hallo!

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK:

[6] THE WICKED SWEETHEART
(Traditional Text)

The dear bells chime out sweetly,
The people say what that betokens,
Some say,
The pilgrims are coming,
Others say,
There will be a burial.

There will be a burial of a mother's son,
Who was poisoned by his darling sweetheart.
O, unhappy sweetheart,
Wilt thou go to the burial?
O, unhappy sweetheart,
How thou wilt lament!

ANTONÍN: DVOŘÁK:

[7] THE SPARROW'S PARTY
(Folk-Song)

Once a cock-sparrow
Did brew some strong cider,
Dilly-down, dilly down,
And to his festival,
All birds invited,
Dilly-down, dilly-down.

Then for the polka
He led out Miss Owlet,
Down dilly-down, etc.
But clumsily trod
On Miss Owlet's great toe,
Down dilly-down, etc.

She sued for damages,
Off flew the sparrow!
Dilly-down, etc.

J. B. FOERSTER:

[8] HYMNUS
(*J. V. Sládek*)

Beneath the wings in anguish and distress
We take refuge, O thou, our mighty God.
Thou, who holdest the weak above the abyss
And vanquishest the hosts of evil with a movement of
thy hand,
That they bow them, and the haughty dust is mingled
with the dust.
Thou, God of our fathers, be thou our guard;
Beneath thy shield as in the stronghold upon Zion,
Thy tortured people are free from peril
And scornful enemies and tyrannous Pharaohs,
My sword is only from a faded leaf,
A sword which shattered in exulting of billows
Which once has been and cannot be again!
Thou, God of our fathers, be with us,
Give light of joy, as thou hast given woe
And bread of bitterness, which we eat with tears.
Wherefore thanks be to Thee—but remember thy people,
Grant a drop of grace on the ruined hearth
Restore to thyself the temple, to thy people their native land.

J. B. FOERSTER:

[9] THE SONG OF THE PEOPLE

As turtle-dove flies heavenward
When a hunter's shot rings out,
So, the song has flown from our meadows . . .
Heaven knows where.
Oh, little turtle-dove, come back to us;
Even though laughter thou hast forgotten,
Come thou back, just as thou art.
Utterly saddened, with thy blood-stained feathers,
Oh, little white turtle-dove,
Come back to us.

J. B. FOERSTER:

[10] THE PLOWMAN (CHRIST)

(*J. V. Sládek*)

I am plowing, plowing, plowing,
From sunsets to dawning,
I am plowing, plowing, plowing,
I'm plowing the heart of hills and valleys.

From mornings to sunsets,
I plow till exhausted.
My feet lacerated,
My hands crimson wounds,

Bending low I moisten
The fields with my blood.
I'm sowing sacred grain,
I'm reaping cursed thorns.

Scorned, persecuted,
Smothered by the heather
For two thousand years,
My eyes full of tears
I am plowing . . .

J. B. FOERSTER:

[11] ON THE FIELD PATH

(*J. V. Sládek*)

On the field path without a pall,
Unto the graveyard we bore her.
Around was swaying the young corn.
The skylark sang, the sun blazed,
Upon those fields all open
Upon those eyes fast closed.

From the trees that stood around
Blossoms fell upon her face.
On the evergreen about her brow
Buzzed a straying bee,
We bore her, others were singing,
From the graveyard bells were pealing.

J. B. FOERSTER:

[12] TO ST. VÁCLAV

(*J. V. Sládek*)

(St. Václav is Bohemia's National Saint)

Saint Václav, Czech prince, O hear!
Our voices we raise to Thee in heaven.

'Tis thousand years now that Thou hast been our ruler,
 A procession of ages has been Thy nightly guard.
 But over Thy land within that time
 An ocean of woe has rolled its angry waves.
 But Thou hast known, Thou hast stood by Thy people,
 Thou hast not forgotten the land which Thou hast loved
 so well.

In distress of soul, drinking the bitter cup
 She kept Thy name on her lips—a refuge in her pain.
 In shining armor, refulgent with glory,
 On Thy white steed, black eagles bearing,
 Thou rodest at the head of Thy legions to protect Thy land.
 Saint Václav, Thy people calls Thee:
 Give back Thy children peace and blessing,
 Give them back Thy peace!
 But if fight is forced upon them,
 Lead them in the glare of fiery battle,
 Lead them, Saint Václav, as their fathers Thou didst lead!

VÍTĚZSLAV NOVÁK:

[13] A BALLAD OF RIVER VÁH

By river Váh there walks the pretty step daughter,
 Step daughter Margita, blooming like a rose.
 And as she walks she drops flowers on the water:
 "Ho! Grandfather Váh, thou knowest all,
 Say who will this pretty maid to the altar take?" — —
 From the white cottage there runs like a dragon,
 Like a black cloud, step mother Běsna
 And from the high rock she pushes the luckless maid
 Down into Váh's troubled waters . . .
 The mountain murmurs, the river roars and foams,
 The willows on the bank are weeping:
 The pretty step daughter's no more
 In the white cottage above river Váh
 A fair widow is waiting—waiting for her groom in vain. —
 In the night she does not sleep, a voice is frightening her:
 "What did you do with Margita?"
 Clouds shine with a yellow glare, the storm resounds.
 Bang! Bang! the door flies open, flashes light the road,
 Those that were drowned are coming for their bride . . .
 The widow screams her hair stands on end . . .
 Fright drives her to the river bank,
 She flies to the top of the high rock,
 The wedding procession on her heels,
 Thunder and lightening are playing for the mad rush,
 While with the step mother they leap into the angry stream:
 Ho! and ho! and ho! — — —

Be careful, sailor, when you pass the rock!
 Be sure you bare your head
 When your raft shoots by over the rapids!
 More sacrifice is wanted for poor Margita.

VÍTĚZSLAV NOVÁK:

[14] CHRISTMAS CRADLE SONG

The text by the poet Jan Neruda reflects more sadness than
 Christmas joy, because the salvation of humanity seems still a
 long way off and asks still further crucifixions and betrayals.

Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!
 Again Thou art the poor child of poor folk,
 And only in a manger laid.
 How many times has't Thou been given to Man,
 And always sold by some Judas?
 Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!

Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!
 Sleep sweetly on that scanty hay,
 We standing round with bated breath,
 Because Thou Son of the Eternal God,
 Needest to take Thy rest.
 Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!

Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!
 And in Thy slumber gather strength anew,
 For Thou has still full many a league to go
 Ere the long road shall reach its end,
 That to redemption leads humanity.
 Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!

Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!
 For Thy teaching of brotherhood
 The world will crucify Thee more than once;
 And many deaths will be required
 Before the fetters of mankind are crushed.
 Sleep, Babe Jesus, sleep!

LEOŠ JANÁČEK:

[15] "70.000."

A song by the labour poet Bezruč expressing the despair of the Silesian Czechs.

Seventy-thousand we number,
Here before Těšín, before Těšín.
A hundred thousand of us perished,
A hundred thousand turned into slaves.
A holy peace falls on my heart.
Now seventy-thousand still remain,
Only seventy-thousand —
May we live?

Seventy-thousand graves
They are digging for us round Těšín.
Sometimes a sob goes up to Heaven,
But no help comes to us,
A stranger's god flings laughter in our face.
We stare indifferently, a stolid mass,
The while they lay our head upon the block,
As stares an ox upon a slaughtered ox.

Marquis Géro is very rich,
Let him give us seventy hogsheads —
Nay seventy-thousand hogsheads.
Then we'll follow him as sheep,
Thunder through a hundred lips:
"Hurrah for the Marquis Géro!"

But ere we must perish
Let us drink deep of good red wine,
Mother and daughter, husband and son,
Before Těšín, before Těšín.

LEOŠ JANÁČEK:

[16] MARYČKA MAGDONOVA
(Petr Bezruč)

Old Magdon went home from Ostrava,
At Barta's public house he stopped towards night,
Then drove into the ditch and broke his neck.
Maryčka Magdonova wept.

The wagon, with coal laden, overturned
And Magdon's widow perished under it;
And then five orphans in Old Hamry sobbed —
The eldest was Maryčka Magdonova.

Now who will care for them and give them food?
Will you be Dad and Mother to them all?
Do you think that he who owns the mines
Owns a heart, too, Maryčka Magdonova?

Endless the forest of Marquis Géro,
When in his mines a man is killed
May his orphan gather an armful of sticks?
What think you, Maryčka Magdonova?

Maryčka it freezes; the table is bare;
On the hillsides there's plenty of kindling . . .
And Hochfelder the Mayor saw you gathering wood
Will he keep silence, Maryčka Magdonova?

What a strange bridegroom you've chosen, my lass!
On his shoulder a bayonet, plumes in his cap,
Rugged his forehead; he walks to Frýdek.
Will you walk with him, Maryčka Magdonova?

What a strange bride, with your head hanging low,
With apron to eyes, and the salt, scalding tears
Running down your thin cheeks.
What is wrong with you, Maryčka Magdonova?

The town-folk of Frýdek, the dames and the girls,
Will greet you with mocking and laughter;
Hochfelder, the Jew, will spy you from his hall,
How are you, Maryčka Magdonova?

You have left your young birds in a cold, empty nest,
Who will care for them now? Who will feed them?
The Mayor minds not the poor. Say, what rang in
your heart
As you came here, Maryčka Magdonova?

Maryčka, sharp rocks on both sides line the banks
Where the wild Ostravice to Frýdek flows on,
It surges and roars, do you hear it, my girl?
Understand it—you child of the mountains?

One leap to the left—all is over and done!
Your black hair has caught on a boulder;
Your white hands were stained with your blood;
Goodbye, O Maryčka Magdonova!

Up there in Old Hamry, beneath the north wall,
Are some graves without flowers or crosses,
Where the faithless, the suicides, take their last sleep,
And you lie there, Maryčka Magdonova.

J. KUNC:

[17] OSTRAVA
(Petr Bezruč)

A hundred years I lived in a shaft and kept my peace
A hundred years I mined the coal.
In that hundred years the muscles
In my fleshless shoulder changed to steel.

Coal dust settled in my eyes,
Rubies on my lips faded,
Coal like icicles hangs
From my hair, eyebrows and hair.

Bread with coal is my fare at work,
From drudgery to drudgery I go,
While on Danube rise palaces
From my blood and sweat.

A hundred years in the mine I slaved,
Who will give back those long years?
When I threatened them with my hammer,
Every one began to laugh at me.

I should have sense, they said,
And go back in the mine,
Slave for the masters as before —
I raised my hammer—and all at once
Much blood flowed in Ostrava!

Hear all you Silesians, all, I say,
Whether it's Peter or Paul,
Cover your breast with steel plate,
Command the thousands to rise:

Hear, all you Silesians, all, I say,
You masters of the deep mines:
Some day will fire and smoke come from the mines,
Some day we'll reckon with you!

JOSEF SUK:

[18] MONTENEGRO LULLABYE

The mother is rocking her little son:
"Lullabye, little son, sleep embrace you,
You before your father.
The little woman of dreams is passing by,
She is bringing the little cart of your dreams.
How much is your little cart of dreams, little
old woman?"

'It costs only four golden ducats!
The dreams are quickly bought by Jovan's mother,
She puts them in Jovan's little cradle. — — —
Jovan fell asleep like a little lamb.

OTAKAR OSTRČIL:

[19] A WINTER RIDE

(Jan Neruda)

My eyes are sparkling,
Soft jingle of the bells now haunts me,
Through my soul suddenly passes,
Young, vigorous memory:

"Give me yet the third—and fourth,
And the fifth—the sixth, my child!"
Such a gentle, little flower,
Yet so full of honey, fragrance.

Bright moon, flat fields
Covered by deep snow,
We're returning from the midnight mass
In jingling sleigh.

"And now give me them back, all,"
Says the pretty girl in laughter,
Pleasant is the ride in sleigh,
The heads do not strike together!

By my side a maid is nestling
In her fuzzy, shaggy furs.
She's as warm as pleasant summer breeze,
As pretty as new golden coin.

Pulse was quickened, the heart did beat,
As if it wanted to fly apart, —
I would relieve once again
In my thoughts what happened then.

I had seen her in the church,
Seen her head laid on the pray'r book,
At the prayers sleepy, napping,
Now at kissing fresh and lively.

But the bright moon is paling,
Jingling of the bells grows weaker,
My young smiling memory,
Beyond the snowy fields is flying.

JAROSLAV KŘIČKA:

[20] "THE GRIM GUEST"

The composer had many intimate friends in Russia. One night, during the worst times of the revolution, he had a waking dream that Jakob Mikhailovich stood by his bedside and reproached him with indifference to the sufferings of the people he loved, individually and collectively. The two choirs carry on the broken dialogue, but unite in the end in a chorale, which is typically Russian in character, on the words of Kyrie: *Hospodi pomiluj!*

"Is it a dream?" "No"! It is no dream."
I sit up in my bed: "Who is there?"
Someone stands there in the darkness . . .
He grasps my hand; he gazes in my eyes;
He breathes upon my face; he whispers in my ear:
"You sleep then! Resting on your warm bed in comfort?"
Tell me, do you not know
Where now sleeps Jakob Mikhailovich,
Where sleep Eudocia and little Alyosha?"
. . . "Ah, God! I wrote to him in summer:
Such long, long letters. But never a word in answer.
Now what anguish! Is it a dream?"
"Yet you can eat? Last night you supped and drank . . ."
"May I not eat? Is it a sin?"
"What have we to eat?" "I wished to help—but how?"
"Our whole folk, Orthodox, Moslems, Jews,
gnaw dreadful bones, drink their own blood perchance!"

"Ah God, my God have mercy!"
"And thou hast known it, yet can sleep
And take your ease? And only sigh."
*Hospodi pomiluj. Have mercy, Lord,
On all thy people.
Hospodi pomiluj, Hospodi pomiluj!*

J. JINDŘICH:

[21] I HAVE NO JOY
(Folk Song)

"I have no joy in Klenčí,
No pastimes there at all,"
A lad was heard complaining,
Forsaken by his lass.

But still he plucked up courage
To go into the world,
And there he found were girls enough
To woo, and some to spare.

J. JINDŘICH:

[22] BAGPIPE SONG
(Folk Song)

I have yet at home seventeen kreuzers,
I have yet at home seventeen coins.
Seventeen kreuzers, team of oxen, Sweitzers,
I have yet at home a young wife,
I have yet at home a pretty young wife.

J. JINDŘICH:

[23] THE SHEPHERD
(Folk Song)

A shepherd was grazing his sheep
Down in a little green grove,
Afar he sees a girl coming
In red shoes and stockings white.

As closer and closer she comes,
He looks up at her and he sees,
That she is his sweetheart indeed,
Hanička, his own dearest love.

HYNEK PALLA:

[24] TIT FOR TAT
(Folk Dance)

Behind our barn is a barley field
The wife has tied her husband by a strap.

Woe, woe! Let me go, my dear wife,
Never again will I call you bad names.

F. SPILKA:

[25] SECRET LOVE
(Folk Song)

I shall buy me fine black horses
When I to war must go,
But, alas! you, my only love,
You I shall then forget.

Then I shall jump upon my horse,
My sword will brightly shine,
While your heart, my true beloved
Is breaking with cruel pain.

It's secret love that torments me,
Which will not let me sleep,
Because I'm not allowed to tell,
That I am your sweetheart.

JAN MALÁT:

[26] FURIANT
(A Folk Dance)

The farmer, the farmer, the farmer,
Once more: the farmer.
He broke his plow wheel.
What with will he plow?
With what? H'm, I do not know.

JAN MALÁT:

[27] LITTLE BLUE-EYED MAIDEN
(Folk Song)

Little blue-eyed maiden,
Sit thou not beside the brooklet.
Little blue-eyed maiden,
Do not sit there—pray.

In the brook the whistling waters
Turn blue eyes and lure to danger,
Little maiden.

In the brook are treacherous currents;
They will claim you — ah, the pity,
Little maiden.

JAROSLAV KŘIČKA:

[28] THE EVENING STAR
(Slovak Folk Song)

The folk text is a little dialogue between
a lover and his lass.

(He)

"High is the evening star,
But higher is heaven.
Good-night Anička."

(She)

"The Lord God grant thee the same,
Good night!"

(He)

"Good-night, Good-night,
But not to everyone;
Only to the girl
To whom I go a-courting,
Good-night!"

(She)

"Good-night, Good-night,
But not to everyone,
Only to one dear bonny lad,
Good-night!"

JAROSLAV KŘIČKA:

[29] THE PRESBURG BARRACKS
(Slovak Folk Song)

Oh the Presburg barracks painted!
The boys paint them with songs,
The boys with songs, the girls with tears,
Oh the Presburg barracks painted!

Oh how did mother grieve,
When her son had to go to war.
On his horse he sat, his sabre belt he buckled;
Oh how did his mother grieve.

Do not cry, mother, for I shall come back,
Don't fear, I shall not perish in this war.
And when I come home and find you alive,
Don't fear, dear mother, I shall take care of you.

3727
FINU
N2
JAROSLAV KŘIČKA:

[30] THE SWEETHEART

(Slovak Folk Song)

He who has a faithful sweetheart,
(A star twinkled, angel mine,) —
Peace of mind is ever his,
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —

But I have one who's not so true,
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —
And she makes me often blue,
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —

My dear, my dear, my dearest heart,
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —
What sort of supper we shall have?
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —

We shall sit here cheek to cheek,
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —
We shall greet the evening star,
(A star twinkled, angel mine!) —

FELIX ZRNO:

[31] MILLER'S ANNIE

(A Slovak Folk Song)

Miller's Annie, are your geese home?
Are they? Are they?
Look, they have wandered far beyond the water!

They have wandered far beyond the water —
I got drenched, I got drenched,
When I went to see my sweetheart.

FELIX ZRNO:

[32] BRIDE'S SONG

(A Slovak Folk Song)

Aye, mamma, mamma, my dearest mamma,
Get me now new dresses,
For I shall be married soon.

Aye, daughter, daughter, my dearest daughter,
Let alone the marrying,
For you are very, very young.

Aye, mamma, mamma, my dearest mamma,
Once you too were very young,
But were glad to get married.

V. AIM :

[33] THE PIPER

(A Slovak Folk Song)

Once there was a piper,
He piped for a penny,
And he always piped and piped
From village to village.

Here you are, my little piper,
Here's coin for you!
— O, just give me two, —
One's enough for you!

One penny buys little bread,
Two pennies buy more,
If you'll be a good wife to me,
I shall be a good husband.

What sort of a gay time is this,
When the stove stands whole!
Here you are, my little piper,
Here is coin for you.

He dug out a turnip,
Did not touch the ground,
What sort of a pick is this,
That will not touch the ground?

Here you are, little piper,
Here's a coin for you!

B. POKORNÝ:

[34] DANCE, DANCE, AND WHIRL YE
ROUND

(A Slovak Folk Dance)

Dance, dance, and whirl ye round,
Don't disturb my stove.
The stove is better for the winter,
Not everyone has a feather bed.

The soldier stands on guard
In a tattered uniform,
From the evening till the morning
The dew has fallen upon him.

Unto a gypsy girl I gave
A tattered sleeve,
O little gypsy girl,
Enchant a sweetheart for me.

The gypsy struck the gypsy girl
On her green skirt,
The gypsy girl struck the gypsy
On the back with a pronged fork.

T R A N S L A T I O N S

BY

Rosa Newmarch—Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 23, 24, 28, 34.

Paul Selver—No. 4.

J. J. Zmrhal—Nos. 1, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33.

H. J. John—No. 9.

"NEW YORK LISTY"  201