

TSP: Popular and Unpopular Music from Around the World, with Rob Weisberg, WFMU, 91.1 MHz FM

just sit there up on top of the haystack

*I will sing for myself, alone,
and for someone else
for my father and also for my mother
for my richness and also for god*

*I will sing for myself,
only I know for whom I am singing
and also for the owner of the house
whose guest we are now*

*I wish to the host and his wife
that God will grant them a baptism soon*

*yes, that day is very soon
and they were waiting patiently
during that time we were tending to them
we were treating them*

*and maybe we also have
some sour cabbage in our basket
and I wish to the stubborn girl
a living sausage!*

*I recall now my tree rings
Plenty of you don't have as many
and mine are very fragile*

*If you are also not in any doubt
give me another one gently...*

*I was travelling and wandering
between many different valleys and mountains
but there is nowhere that has such a big problem
as I have between my legs*

*ok you lovely girl
you are god, and your dresses too
I started to like you very much
would you come to my house?*

*Oi that lady which can bend fire
and we can hear her from the side
with one she is fighting
and with the old man dating
and she is going to the orchard*

*in a wide field
there is a lot of red spring grass
kiss me my beloved one
I am searching for someone
if you could if you would*

*if you are the one of my heart
you would feed my animals
from the front of your house*

*I would take care of them
even from the spring
and I would bring my love
even behind the borderline*

*If I would remember
who I used to love
those liars turned my soul
into the nothingness
If i would remember
I would drown myself*

*you would destroy my soul
you young forester*

*would I dive into the circle of water
from the riverbank
it's my own fault
I have noone else to blame for it*

*because how you are going from one
then to the other
my aunties and uncles
are turning their backs on me*

*I am surprised myself
how bad people could be
because on your beautiful cheek
someone else will shit again*

*The brother and sister
sit below the birch tree
the brother plays Duda
and the sister is sewing a scarf
and the sister is sewing a scarf*

*And her tears are racing down
her brother says "my dear sister
why are you crying?
do you want to sleep
in my house tonight?"*

*Onana Onana
Mother you never had a sorrow
as I have today
Onana Onana
Our mother gave you four bulls
those bulls are like eagles*

*And she gave me
a space for storing mushroom
and some cucumbers
You were given four bulls
I was given four things to eat
and a bowl with mushrooms*

*This is a very bitter salary for me
I have to work very hard
to earn my bitter money
so I can raise my children*

I have my own children, and I had to take care of some more I have my own children and I have seventeen grandchildren

*Didn't I tell you my dear slob?
You take me or leave me I am not able to work
I won't sweep nor make a bed either
I won't wash cloth nor grind down my hands
I won't cook food, cause I do not want to
I won't clean, won't wash now wet my hands
No idea about hank, I do not understand it
I will not needle your shirt do not know how
I was telling you my beloved husband
You should have chosen a working soul
Oy, my poor head, what I have done?
I made a love with shepherd for piece of cheese
Oy, when I was young I had my wings
Jaj, rumors about my small hunger, but why I wouldn't fly?
If I had wings, I would flew away
I would milk my lover's sheep*

*I was unmarried for forty years
I was unmarried for forty years
I married at forty one,
what a mistake I have done.*

*I took a poor women
I took a poor women
yet stupid one
what a mistake a young man I have done.*

*I will go to Bazar
I went to Bazar, trying to sell my misery
I married too young*

*None buys that women
none buys that women
he is honored to share his misery
he got married to young.*

*If I do not sell my misery
If I do not sell my misery
I will make a drum of it.
I married too young.*

*If I do not sell my misery
I will make a drum from my misery
I got married too young.*

*To sing not to write, I am able to sing
One year have already past,
since I have sang last time on holly Sunday (haha)
One year has past,
when I sang last time for Virgin Mary
I will sell half of the bottle and will buy a cow
A cow for the half and the rest will stay,
I will sing just for myself again.*

*good people christians bring your children into the world]
because you will be sitting in a hell here*

*jesus christ came and he was singing for people for people
he said my dear brothers there is no life eternal*

*jesus christ said children should be able to go to the school
and that people should not forget a small bowl for the poor*

*jesus christ said to you that you should meet with a glass of red
that alcohol will damage those who depend from it*

*have a good life and take good care of your closest ones
so the darkness will not overgrow*

*so the darkness and the ugly one will not fall upon you
she is seeing everything and has caught people already*

*when you are standing around the grave in May
you will know who, in two years, is going to prepare his wreath*

*when you will digging a grave
dig dig thats when you start to shine*

*hurry good people thats where she will be leading you
who else will sign up here?
you last judgement will be howled to you*

*Hey people did you hear this tragic news
someone in Kovalivci killed the boy and his girlfriend*

*it happened between Monday and Tuesday
and their names were Mikas and Mariya*

*Mikas served in the army for two years
he gave his word to Marichka that he'd marry her*

*and she answered him back I will wait for you
because at that point I can't look elsewhere*

*he was serving in the army for one year and half
and he left Marichka with a little child*

*He returned to the house and started to ask
may I give an offer to Marichka*

*No you are not allowed to go to her, give a gift
because you will not live with that bitch*

*you will not marry this bitch
we can't make a wedding or party for you right now*

*It happened on that day, on that Monday
when Marichka was visited by Mironov's daughter*

*She came to visit Marichka to make sure
that Marichka is going to work in the coal mine*

*She was from a very old father
and she didn't realise she sold her own brother*

*For that money she got a beautiful scarf
She helped make a small child an orphan*

*They saw Moroniv coming to the lovers shaft and take off the screw
and the elevator fell to kill Marichka*

*In a few hours Michasko came back to himself
the guests who he got drunk with were gone*

*"There is no brother in law, my father is missing, what should I do,
they definitely went to the elevator to kill Marichka"*

*At that moment he ran to the shaft where coal is being mined
and exactly there the murderers of his Marichka are trying to hide her body*

*he started to scream at his brother in law,
what do think your doing my son?*

*she left a small child at home
the brother in law looked at the father and asked what should we do?*

*he said to the Mirons that they are murders he has to be killed too
because tomorrow he will tell everyone and we will be judged*

*They broke his hands and feet, they killed Milkasko
then both bodies from nowhere covered with the apron*

*when they got home they told the case to the mother
that they killed Marichka but also the son*

*she started to feel wary that they covered the bodies with the apron
what a holy mother, you've done it well*

*from the house to the house, women will clean it somehow
but one of them decided to run to Kolomyia*

*all the judges came together and started to talk
we will not prosecute anyone for that murder*

*is that murder or not a murder? or maybe a suicide?
so let the people live their life the corpses were rotten anyway*

*the crow is flying from the far away land its crowing sadly
a small child is sitting and crying for his father*

*Let the child cry, a child should cry he could cry a river
but his mother will never come again and hug him (there some warmness in the coldness)*

*Oi grey horses were passing by and they start to cuckoo
if that wouldn't be true people wouldn't sing it*

*Let them sing let them count because this strange to all people
that Olenka the little child will grow up an orphan*

*Khroniky is an ongoing improvisation initiated by artists Lucia Nimcova and Sholto Dobie who work together
with video, field recording, text, photography and archival material.*

<http://khroniky.sittcomm.sk/>

