

Žalna Majka

North Macedonia

Lyrics by:

Music by:

arranged by:

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Žal - na maj - ka, v'se - be pla - če, vnu - ci - te gi te - ši.
 Spi - at vnu - ci, maj - ka pla - če, o - či sol - zi le - at.
 Maj - ka pla - če, sol - zi te - čat, si - not svoj go ža - li,

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Bol vo gra - di lut ja vi - je, a nif im se sme - ši.
 "Kaj si, sin - ko, da gi vi - diš, tvoji - te mi - li de - ca?"
 Bla - goj Pe - trov Ka - ra - gu - le, vo mis - li go ga - li.

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Blagoja Petrov - Karađule (Благоја Петров - Караѓуле) (Bitola, 16th January 1924 - Skopje, 26th July 1963) was a Macedonian opera singer (baritone) and an occasional folk singer. Performed as a soloist in the Opera of the Macedonian National Theatre. Died in the Skopje earthquake on 26th July 1963.

Violeta Krnčeva-Tomovska was a niece of Blagoj Petrov-Karađule and sang the song in 1964 .

17 A^b B^bm E^b E^b7

“Aah
“Aah,
“Oof,
spi - te, vnu - ci
spi - at de - ca
e - di - nec moj
moj,
tvoj’,
ti,

21 D^b©JHK2020 E^b A^b

pak,
v’son go
v’grad
pak ke doj - de
slu - šat tvo - jot
bol - ka ti ni
toj.
poj.
svi

25 A^b D^b E^b7 A^b

Ke vi pe - e za Bi - to - la, za naš ro - den kraj.”
sta - ni, sin - ko, da gi vi - diš, sta - ni, si - ne moj.”
sta - ni, če - do, pej ni pes - ma, sta - ni, ne mi spi.”

Ke vi pe - e za Bi - to - la, za naš ro - den kraj.”
sta - ni, sin - ko, da gi vi - diš, sta - ni, si - ne moj.”
sta - ni, če - do, pej ni pes - ma, sta - ni, ne mi spi.”

1. The grieving mother weeps silently and her grandchildren console her. The aching in her heart is unbearable, but she smiles at them. “Ah, sleep my grandchildren, he will come back again. He will sing to you of Bitola, the place of our birth.”

2. The grandchildren sleep, the mother weeps, tears pour from her eyes. “Why are you not here, to see them, your dear children?” Oh, your children are sleeping and in their dreams they hear your singing. Arise, my son, and see them, arise, my son.

3. The mother sobs, her tears stream down, she mourns her son, Blagoj Petrov Karađule. In her thoughts she caresses him. “Oh, you are my only son; our hearts ache for you. Arise my son, sing us a song, arise, do not sleep.”