

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FSS 37340
© 1981 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., 43 West 61st St., NYC, USA 10023

Sadly Whisper the Leaves of the Willow

POLISH PARTISAN AND FOLK SONGS SUNG BY

*Aleksander
Kulisiewicz*

Produced and Annotated by Peter Wortsman
English Lyric Adaptations of all Songs by Peter Wortsman © 1980



The Polish Partisan Songs

On September 1, 1939, the armies of the Third Reich invaded Poland. The last Polish battalions capitulated in early October. Already on September 30 of the same year, the first partisan group sprung up, seventy men under the leadership of Major Henryk Dobrzanski, alias "Hubal."

The first known Polish partisan song, "Hubalowa Legenda" (The Legend of Hubal) appeared in June of 1940. In the following years, from 1940 to 1945, hundreds of partisan songs were written, their authors for the most part unknown. Tadeusz Szewera, a noted collector of partisan songs, lists more than 200 in his archive in Lodz, Poland. There are generally thought to be as many as 300 such songs in existence, of which only a small number were sung to their original melodies. These songs are still popular in Poland today, while the songs created in the concentration camps during that same period are all but forgotten.

Polish Folk Songs

From the end of the Eighteenth Century until 1918, Poland was carved up and occupied by Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Polish folk songs were composed and sung in isolated regions separated by the border lines of the three powers. The Polish ethnographer Oskar Kolberg (1814-1890) collected and documented as many as 10,000 melodies in the various occupied regions. From 1919 to 1939, some 20,000 new folk songs were recorded and stored in the Central Archive of Phonograph Recordings in the National Library in Warsaw. But this was only a fragment of the huge Polish musical heritage.

After World War II, ethnographers working under the auspices of the Polish Folk Music Collection in Warsaw, recorded over 60,000 new folk songs. Some of the songs on this album, such as "Góralu" and "Ostatni Mazur" definitely were the work of unknown poets, though in time, these songs were absorbed into the folk tradition.

Most of the partisan- and folk songs on this album are fragments of the originals; verses were lost or forgotten over time.

--Aleksander Kulisiewicz

Aleksander Kulisiewicz, a survivor of the nazi concentration camp Sachsenhausen, is an internationally known singer of songs that were originally written and sung in the camps. He has sung to large audiences all over Europe, Japan, and the United States; and has recorded nine previous albums, among them Songs From the Depths of Hell, Folkways FSS 37700, 1979. This album presents a lighter side of Mr. Kulisiewicz's repertoire.

SIDE I, Band 1: ROZSZUMIAŁY SIĘ WIERZBY

(Sadly Whisper the Leaves of the Willow)

A very well known Polish partisan song absorbed into the folk tradition. The melody is that of Vladimir Agapkin's Russian march "Farewell to the Slovakian Girl." The text was written in 1940 by Roman Slezak.

Rozszumiały się wierzby płaczące
Rozpłakała się dziewczyna ma
Wzniosła w górę swe oczy błyszczące
Na ten smutny, na strasznie smutny świat

Nie szumcie, wierzby, nie
Z żalu, co serce rwie
Nie płacz, dziewczyno ma
Bo w partyzantce nie jest źle!
Do tańca grają nam
Granaty, broni szcęk
Śmierć kosi niby łan
Lecz my nie wiemy, co to lęk!

Do tańca grają nam
Do tańca grają nam

Czy to deszcz, czy słoneczna spiekota
Wszędzie słychać miarowy, równy krok
To maszeruje ta leśna piechota
Maszeruje, ach cały, cały rok
To maszeruje ta leśna piechota
Maszeruje, ach cały, cały rok

Nie szumcie, wierzby, nie
Z żalu, co serce rwie
Nie płacz, dziewczyno ma
Bo w partyzantce nie jest źle!
Do tańca grają nam
Granaty, broni szcęk
Śmierć kosi niby łan
Lecz my nie wiemy, co to lęk!

Do tańca grają nam
Do tańca grają nam

SADLY WHISPER THE LEAVES OF THE WILLOW

Sadly whisper the leaves of the willow
And the girl, she cries and she cries
Lifts her eyes full of tears, eyes that too well know
Just how hard and how sad this world can be

Leave weeping to the trees
And though your heart feels pain
Don't cry, my little girl
The partisans do not complain!
They do a joyous dance
Armed with their handgrenades
And if death mows them down
These brave men are not afraid!

They do a joyous dance
They do a joyous dance

Let it rain, let the bright sun be blazing
Still our quiet steps forever will you hear
You'll recognize us, the boys of the forest
We'll be marching, marching on through the year
You'll recognize us, the boys of the forest
We'll be marching, marching on through the year

Leave weeping to the trees
And though your heart feels pain
Don't cry my little girl
The partisans do not complain!
They do a joyous dance

Armed with their handgrenades
And if death mows them down
These brave men are not afraid!

So do a joyous dance
So do a joyous dance

SIDE I, Band 2: MARSZ GWARDII LUDOWEJ
(March of the People's Battalion)

The divisions of the Polish partisan People's Battalion (Gwardia Ludowa - GL) were organized in 1942 by the Polish Communist Worker's Party (Polska Partia Robotnicza - PPR). This march soon became the hymn of the battalion. Words and music were written by Wanda Ziemeńczyk in 1942.

My, ze spalonych wsi
My, z głodujących miast
Za głód, za krew
Za lata łez
Już zemsty nadszedł czas

Więc żarepetuj broń
I w serce wroga mierz!
Dudni nasz krok
Milionów krok
Brzmi partyzancki śpiew

Więc naprzód, Gwardio, marsz:
Świat płonie wokół nas
I zadrży wróg
I zginie wróg
Z ręki ludowych mas!

MARCH OF THE PEOPLE'S BATTALION

We of the village aflame
We of the hungering towns
For hunger and blood
For long years of tears
The hour of revenge has come

Hold to your weapon tight
Your target's the foe's black heart
Strong is our step
Millions in step
Song of the partisans

Forward, battalion, march:
Around us the whole world burns
The cowardly foe
Will soon be dead
Now it's the people's turn:

SIDE I, Band 3: SZTURMÓWKA
(Storm-Battalion Song)

This song was a favorite of partisan divisions in all of occupied Poland. Stanisław Ryszard Dobrowolski wrote the text in 1942 and Jan Ekier composed the music in the same year.

Hej, po drogach dmie wichura
Słota, błoto -- żadny kram:
Lecz cóż znaczy dla piechura
Choćby nawet diabeł sam
Choćby nawet diabeł sam!

Bo dla naszej kompanii szturmowej
Nie ma przeszków i nie ma złych dróg
Kto na drodze -- granatem wal w głowę!
I bywaj zdrów i prowadź Bóg!

Chłopie, coś pół schodził świata
Żeby Paolse wolność nieść
Nie ociągaj się, u kata!
Śmiało w polskie piachy leż:
Śmiało w polskie piachy leż:

Bo dla naszej kompanii szturmowej
Nie ma przeszkow i nie ma złych dróg
Kto na drodze -- granatem wal w głowę!
I bywaj zdrów i prowadź Bóg!

STORM-BATTALION SONG

Heh! a stormwind blows down mainstreet
Rain and wind and mud be damned!
Storms don't scare the partisans, we'd
March against the devil's band
March against the devil's band!

For among us, the brave storm-battalion men
Neither hardships nor fears long endure
Them that trouble our ranks never will again
A handgrenade's the instant cure

Son, you've marched 'round half the earth to
Bring back freedom to Poland
March! now march for all you're worth
You will tread clean the Polish sand!
You'll tread clean the Polish sand!

For among us, the brave storm-battalion men
Neither hardships nor fears long endure
Them that trouble our ranks never will again
A handgrenade's the instant cure

SIDE I, Band 4: DZIŚ DO CIEBIE PRZYJŚĆ NIE MOGĘ
(I Can't Come To You Today, Dear)

The author of this partisan love song is unknown.
It was sung in central Poland and probably dates
from 1942-43.

Dziś do ciebie przyjąć nie mogę
Zaraz idę w nocy mrok
Nie wyglądaj za mną oknem
W mgłę utonie próżno wzrok

Po cóż ci, kochanie, wiedzieć
Że do lasu idę spać
Dłużej tu nie mogę siedzieć
Na mnie czeka leśna brać

Książyc zaszedł hen, za lasem
We wsi gdzieś szcękają psy
A nie pomyśl sobie czasem
Że do innej tęskno mi

Kiedy wrócę znów do ciebie
Może w dzień, a może w noc
Dobrze będzie nam jak w niebie
Pocałunków dasz mi moc

Gdy nie wrócę, niechaj wiosną
Rolę moją sieje brat
Kości moje mchem porosną
I użyźnią ziemi szmat

W pole wyjdź pewnego ranka
Na snop żyta ręce złóz

I CAN'T COME TO YOU TODAY, DEAR

I can't come to you today, dear
Soon I'll leave for darkest night
Don't look for me out your window
Only fog will greet your sight

Do you really have to know, dear
Where in the woods I make my bed
I can't stay here any longer
In the woods my brothers wait

Behind the trees the moon is sinking
Dogs bark in the village near
Please, my darling, don't start thinking
Another girl could be my dear

When I come back to you, beloved
If by day or if by night
We'll be happy like in heaven
And you'll kiss me through the night

But if in spring I don't come back, dear
Let my brother sow my field
Moss will grow around my bones, and
I will make the home ground yield

Please one morning to the field go
On the rye bed lay your hand
Kiss the rye as 't'were a lover
In the seeds I'll live again

SIDE I, Band 5: PO PARTYZANCIE DZIEWCZYNA PIĄCZE
(A Girl Cries For the Partisan)

A favorite of the People's Battalion, this song was
sung in central Poland near Lublin and Kielce. The
author is unknown.

Po partyzancie dziewczyna piącze
Nie piącz, dziewczyno i otrzyj łzy
Jutro się jeszcze z tobą zobaczę
Będziemy razem ja i ty

Cmurny i smutny los nasz tużaczy
Lecz polskie słońce wciąż świeci nam
Nie chcemy żalu, ani rozpaczcy
Bo każdy los swój wybrał sam

A jeśli spotkasz mogliżę w lesie
Co nad nią szumią te liście z drzew
Niechaj twe słowa wiatr w dal poniesie
O partyzantach zanuć śpiew

A GIRL CRIES FOR THE PARTISAN

My partisan! she just keeps on crying
Don't cry, my girl, wipe those tears away
I'll be here with you again tomorrow
Together we'll be like today

So dark and cloudy this wand'ring path is
Though our bright guide be the Polish sun
There's no complaining, and no despairing
Our fate is shared by everyone

And if you stumble upon a gravestone
Deep in the woods where the leaves all sing
Then give the good wind my parting words to carry
Of partisans then softly sing

SIDE I, Band 6: SIEKIERA, MOTYKA
(Hatchet and Hoe)

This little song was first sung in 1942 in the
courtyards of Warsaw. Its popularity soon spread
to other occupied cities and to the partisan
divisions. The tune is a folk melody. The author
of the text is unknown. There were originally
many more verses.

Siekiera, motyka, bimbru szklanka
W nocy nalot, w dzień łapanka
Siekiera, motyka, światło, prąd
Kiedyz oni pójdą sąd:

Co tu robić, o czym śnić
Szwaby nam nie dają żyć
Im kultura nie zabrania
Na ulicach polowania

Siekiera, motyka, styczeń, luty
Hitler z Dućem gubią buty
Siekiera, motyka, linka, drut
Już pan malarz jest kaput

Siekiera, motyka, piłka, alasz
Przegrał wojne głupi malarz
Siekiera, motyka, piłka, nóż
Przegrał wojnę, już, już, już:

HATCHET AND HOE

Hatchet and hoe and a bottle of vodka
Bombs by night, in the day it's lock-up's
Hatchet and hoe and electric light
When will the German dogs take flight?

What to dream and what to do
Damn Germans make our life a zoo
Their Kultur prohibits not
Hunting people 'round the block

Hatchet and hoe, time brings good news, Herr
Hitler and Duce loose their shoes
Hatchet and hoe, a rope and a wire
Herr Housepainter*is no more for hire
Hatchet and hoe, a drink and a saw
That dumb housepainter lost the war
Hatchet and hoe, a saw and a knife
He lost at last -- now drink to life!

*Hitler was a housepainter by profession.

SIDE I, Band 7: TRĄBIA, TRĄBIA (The Trumpets Blast)

This old folksong from the region of Krakau in Silesia tells of the forced draft of Poles into the Austrian army. Some of the original verses have been lost. Because of its simple melody, the song was sung as a lullaby in many villages.

Trąbią, trąbią, bębny biją
Trąbią, trąbią, bębny biją
Wojackowie maszerują

I ja bym też maszerował
I ja bym też maszerował
Gdyby mi kto konia podał

Starsza siostra usłyszała
Starsza siostra usłyszała
Koniczka mu osiodłała

A ta druga szablę dała
A ta druga szablę dała
A ta trzecia zapłakała

Trąbią, trąbią, bębny biją
Trąbią, trąbią, bębny biją

THE TRUMPETS BLAST

Trumpets blast, the drums are beating
Trumpets blast, the drums are beating
Soldiers march in step to music

How I'd like to march right with them
How I'd like to march right with them
If I had a little horsey

Th' eldest sister went and stole one
Th' eldest sister went and stole one
Stole a horse and gave it to him

Th' second sister stole a sable
Th' second sister stole a sable
The third one cried at home and stayed there

Trumpets blast, the drums are beating
Trumpets blast, the drums are beating

SIDE I, Band 8: CZTERY MILE ZA WARSZAWA (Just Four Miles Away From Warsaw)

A favorite of beggars and organ grinders, this old folk ballad dates back to the Nineteenth Century.

Cztery mile za Warszawą
Starsza siostra wyszła za mąż] repeat
Wyszła za mąż za Henryka] repeat
Okrutnego rozbójnika

On polował w dzień i w nocy
I nie było mu pomocy
Raz jej przyniósł chustkę białą
Całą we krwi zamaczaną

Żonka prała i płakała
Chustkę brata poznawała
To jest chustka brata mego
Wczoraj wieczór zabitego

JUST FOUR MILES AWAY FROM WARSAW

Just four miles away from Warsaw
Th' elder sister met and wed
Four miles beyond old Warsaw town
She met a man of ill renown
Met and married that guy Henry
Oh what a terrible thief was he
Married that guy named Bad Henry
Oh what a terrible thief was he

Hunting booty nightly, daily
None could stop his evil ways
Waylaying people night and day
He would not stop his evil ways
Once he brought his wife a kerchief
White but soaked as red as wine -- he
Brought her a kerchief of cloth so fine
Wet and red with blood, not wine

While she washed it how she cried
The kerchief bore her brother's sign
She washed out the blood and cried such tears
The kerchief belonged to her brother dear
This cloth belonged to my own brother
Whom my husband killed last night
This was my brother's handkerchief
My husband's the killer, the bloody thief

SIDE I, Band 9: CZEMU TY, DZIEWCZYNO
(Why, My Dear Girl)

A folksong mostly sung in the region of Krakow.

Czemu ty, dziewczyno

Pod jaworem stoisz?

Czy cię słonko piecze

Czy się deszczu boisz?

Hop ciup-ciup, bum-straj, laj!

Hop ciup-ciup, bum-chacha!

Hop ciup-ciup, bum-straj, laj!

Hop ciup-ciup, bum!

Kaśka, Maryśka, Margoska, Hanka!

Niech tańczy, niech hula do samego ranka!

Niech tańczy, niech hula do samego ranka!

Ni słonko mnie piecze

Ni sie deszczu boję

Na miżego czekam

Pod jaworem stoję

Hop ciup-ciup, bum-straj, laj!

Hop ciup-ciup, bum-chacha!

Hop ciup-ciup, bum straj, laj!

Hop ciup-ciup, bum!

Kaśka, Maryśka, Margoska, Hanka!

Niech tańczy, niech hula do samego ranka!

Niech tańczy, niech hula do samego ranka!

WHY, MY DEAR GIRL

Why are you, my dear girl
'Neath the maple standing?
Is the sun too bright, or
Do the rain clouds scare you?

Hop jupi-jupi, bum-stry, ly!

Hop jupi-jupi, bum ha-ha!

Hop jupi-jupi, bum-stry, ly!

Hop jupi-jupi, bum!

Kathy, Mary dear, Margaret, Anita

Dance with me, dance now till dawn drowns the beat-ah

Dance with me, dance now till dawn drowns the beat

No, the sun's not too bright

And the clouds don't scare me

For my lover I wait

'Neath this maple where we'll...

Hop jupi-jupi, bum-stry, ly!

Hop jupi-jupi, bum ha-ha!

Hop jupi-jupi, bum-stry, ly!

Hop jupi-jupi, bum!

Kathy, Mary dear, Margaret, Anita

Dance with me, dance now till dawn drowns the beat-ah

Dance with me, dance now till dawn drowns the beat

SIDE I, Band 10: JESTEM SOBIE
(I Am A Fine Young Blade)

With its depth of feeling, this folksong from the region
of Krakow-Kielce is one of the finest songs in the Polish
folk tradition.

Jestem sobie chłopok młody, dy-dy-dy

Niepośleniej jo urody, dy-dy-dy

Na kónia wyskoce, szabelką sie otoce

Szabelką se powywijom, jom-jom-jom

Byde, byde chłopok młody, dy-dy-dy
Niepośledniej jo urody, dy-dy-dy
Nie jodkëm, nie spażem, dtyry nocki myślożem
Cy ty, Maryś, bydies mojã, jã-jã-jã
Cy ty, Maryś, bydies mojã, jã-jã-jã
Cy ty, Maryś, bydies mojã

I AM A FINE YOUNG BLADE

Yes, I am a fine young blade, dee-dee-dee
Handsome, yes, and unafraid, dee-dee-dee
I jump up on my horse, grab my sable--but of course!
Swing my sable as I hum, yum-yum-yum

A fine young blade I'll always be, dee-dee-dee
Handsome, ever unafraid, dee-dee-dee
Couldn't eat, haven't slept, four nights long--will you accept
Me, oh Mary, please be my own, yo-yo-yo
Me, oh Mary, please be my own, yo-yo-yo
Me, oh Mary, please be my own

SIDE II, Band 1: GÓRALU
(Goral, Oh Won't You Feel Sad)

In the Nineteenth Century and the beginning of the Twentieth, thousands of Gorals, people of the Tatra mountains, emigrated to the United States because the ground of their home region was not fertile enough to feed a growing population. There is such pathos to the melody of this song that even SS-men on guard in concentration camps often asked Polish prisoners to sing it.

Góralu, czy ci nie żal
Odchodzić od stron ojczystych
Śmierkowych lasów i hal
I tych potoków srebrzystych?

Góralu, czy ci nie żal?
Góralu, wracaj do hal!

Goral na góry spoziera
I izerękawem ociera
I góry porzucić trzeba
Dla chleba, panie dla chleba

Góralu, czy ci nie żal?
Góralu, wracaj do hal!

GÓRAL, OH WON'T YOU FEEL SAD

Goral, oh won't you feel sad when
You leave your dear home behind you
Your mountains, pastures, pine forests
The silver source of your rivers?

Goral, oh won't you feel sad?
The mountains, Goral--go back!

Goral, he turns to his mountains
And tears encumber the beauty
I must take leave of these mountains
For bread, yes sir, but for bread

Goral, oh won't you feel sad?
The mountains, Goral--go back!

SIDE II, Band 2: IDZIE MACIEK
(Here Goes Our Bold Matthew)

This spirited old folksong comes from the region around Warsaw, the district of Mazowsze. Inhabitants of Mazowsze, Mazurs, are known for their love of music and dance. The famous Polish tenor Jan Kiepura (1902-1966) included this song in his official repertoire.

Idzie Maciek bez wieś z bijokiem za pasem
Podśpiwuje sobie dana, dana casem!
A kto mu w drodze stoi, tego pałka bez żeb złozi

Oj-da, dana, dana, dana!
Dana, dana-da!

Oj, biyda-ż nom, biyda, bo nos Maciek chory
Nie pomogom mu jus zadne hej, dochtory
Oj, kśós nom dziś zaśpiwo, oj kto zarobi chleba

Oj-da, dana, dana, dana!
Dana, dana-da

Umarł Maciek, umarł -- jus leży na desce
Oj! Kiejby mu zagrali, podskoczyłby jescel!
Bo w Mazurze taka dusza, kiej zagajom, to sie ruso
Łoj-da, dana, dana, dana, dana!
Dana, dana, da!

HERE GOES OUR BOLD MATTHEW

Here goes our bold Matthew, a club beneath his buckle
Heh! Now and then he'll sing a "Dana-da" with a chuckle
If you get in his way you'll taste the club or move away

Oy-da, dana, dana, dana, dana!
Dana, dana-da!

Oh God, what'll we do? Our Matthew's dying
All our village doctors helplessly sit sighing
Who will still sing for us now? who will our daily bread earn?

Oy-da, dana, dana, dana, dana!
Dana, dana-da!

Dead is our poor Matthew, stiff is he in bed now
Oy! He would surely jump up, music wakes the dead now
To a Mazur music is for every illness just the cure-oh

Oy-da, dana, dana, dana!
Dana, dana-da!

SIDE II, Band 3: NIE PŁACZ O MNIE
(Don't Cry For Me)

Probably from the Fifteenth or early Sixteenth Century,
from Silesia (near Krakow), the song is hardly known
in Poland today. This version was found in the song
archive of Professor Georg Haydna (father of the composer
Stanisław Haydna, founder of the "Slask" Folk Ensemble
of song and dance.)

Nie płacz o mnie
Iżem księdzem ja
Nie płacz o mnie
Szwarna dziołcho ma

Nie moja wina
Twoja przyczyna
Iżes nie chciała
Pić ode mnie wina
Nie płacz o mnie
Iżem smutny ja
Nie płacz o mnie
Gołąbeczko ma

Jeszcze na świecie
Studentów wiele
Możesz sobie obrać
Którego chcesz śmieie

DON'T CRY FOR ME

Don't cry for me
That priest I have become
Don't cry for me
My pretty little one

The fault's not mine, dear
You are the cause of it
Wouldn't drink my wine, dear
Now suffer the loss of it

Don't cry for me
That I unhappy am
Don't cry for me
My sweet little lamb

In this world there must be
Students other than me
One of them can surely
Please you -- pick him then!

SIDE II, Band 4: OSTATNI MAZUR
(The Last Mazurka)

This song dates back to the time of
the Polish rebellion against Czarist
Russia in 1831.

Jeszcze jeden mazur dzisiaj
Choć poranek świta
Czy pozwoli panna Krysia
Miody ufan pyta
Lecz niedługo błaga, prosi
Boć to w polskiej ziemi
W pierwszą parę ją unosi] repeat
A sto par za nimi

Tam pod lasem brzmi pobudka
Słychać pierwsze strzały
Bywaj dziecię, nie bądź smutna
Wróce jutro cały!
Jeszcze jeden krąg dokoła
Jeden uścisk bratni
Do szeregu trąbka woła] repeat
Mazur to ostatni

THE LAST MAZURKA

Dance another mazurka now
Though the dawn is breaking
Miss Kristina, dance with me now
Though our feet are aching
Young men need not ask too long
We Polish are all dancers
Couple one steps to the song, and] repeat
A hundred couples answer

In the woods they sound alarms, we
Hear the first shots flying
Girl, don't fear, we won't be harmed
There is no cause for crying
Now just one more dance around
The fighting brothers call me
Trumpets call to war the sound, so] repeat
Dance the last mazurka

SIDE II, Band 5: ZASZUMIAŁY GÓRY

(My Mountains Are Roaring)

The melody is that of a Slovakian folksong "Teče Voda, Teče" (The Water Flows), which is also sung in the Polish Tatra Mountains region, near the Slovakian border. The text laments the forced draft of Polish men into the Austrian army. Southern Poland (Galicia) was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire until 1918.

Zaszumiały góry, zaszumiały lasy
Zaszumiały góry, zaszumiały lasy

Ach gdzieś się podziały moje złote czasy?

W zielonym gaiku ptaszkiowie śpiewają
W zielonym gaiku ptaszkiowie śpiewają
Mojego miłego na wojnę wołają

Wołają, wołają smutnymi głosami
Wołają, wołają smutnymi głosami
Oj, daleko skona Jasieńko kochany

MY MOUNTAINS ARE ROARING

Hear my mountains roaring, hear my forests sighing
Hear my mountains roaring, hear my forests sighing
Oh where did they go, my golden times behind me?

In the dark green woods the birds sing like before -- oh
In the dark green woods the birds sing like before -- oh
But they took my lover far from me to war -- oh

They call him, they call with trembling voices high -- oh
They call him, they call with trembling voices high -- oh
Oh so far, far from me will my lover die -- oh

SIDE II, Band 6: PIJE KUBA
(Drinker's Song)

This jolly drinking song is a favorite in Polish villages and towns.

Pije Kuba do Jakuba
Jakub do Michała
Piję ja, pijesz ty
Kompanija cała

A kto nie wypije
Tęgo we dwa kije
Żupu cupu, żupu cupu
Tęgo we dwa kijel

Pije Kuba do Jakuba
Jakub do Michała
Będziesz pił, bedziesz pił
Do samego rana

A kto nie wypije
Tęgo we dwa kije
Żupu cupu, żupu cupu
Tęgo we dwa kijel

THE DRINKER'S SONG

Drink little Jacob with big Jacob
Big Jake drinks with Michael
I drink up and you drink too
The whole gang drinks alike -- gulp

And whoever won't have a glass
We'll give him two kicks in the ass
Bottom's up now, bottom's up
Or take two kicks in the ass -- uh!

Drink little Jacob with big Jacob
Big Jake drinks with Michael
I'll have a drink and you'll have a drink
We'll drink till morning -- last call!

And whoever won't have a glass
We'll give him two kicks in the ass
Bottom's up now, bottom's up
Or take two kicks in the ass -- uh!

SIDE II, Band 7: DWA LUDOWE WALCZYKI
(Two Folkwaltzes)

These two waltz-songs are often sung at weddings in Polish villages. New verses are improvised and repeated in chorus by all the guests. The wreath is an old symbol of the virgin.

Od krzocka do krzocka
Po listecku
Powiędz mi, Marysiu
O wionecku

Joch ci go nie wzion
Ani nie ukrodił
Może ci wionecek
Do wody upodił

Na kapuscie mokre liście
Dałaś buzi, buzi organiście
Organiście na kapuście
Dałaś buzi mu

Ale ona mi nie dała
Bo sie mamy, mamy ona bała
Ale ona mi nie dała
Pocałować sie

Prosiłech jóm roz w piwnicy
Aby dała, dała choć przy świcy
Choć przy świcy roz w piwnicy
Pocałować się

Ale ona mi nie dała
Bo sie mamy, mamy ona bała...

TWO FOLKWAJTZES

A bush is a bush with so
Many fresh leaves
Tell me, my Mary dear
Where is your wreath?

I did not touch it
I did not steal it
Maybe you dropped it, dear
Into the water

No, cabbage leaves don't glisten
Where you kissed, oh where you kissed him
Where you kissed the organist
Amidst the cabbage heads

But I never got your kisses
For your mama, mama thought amiss of
Thought amiss of giving kisses
And you were afraid

Once I asked her in a cellar dark
If she'd kiss me, kiss me while the candle sparked
While candle sparked and sputtered
Kiss me here at last

But I never got her kisses
For her mama, mama thought amiss of
Thought amiss of giving kisses
And she was afraid

W mrowanej piwnicy
Tańcowali zbojnicy
Kozali se piknie grać
I na nózki spozirać
Kozali se piknie grać
I na nózki spozirać

Kozali se, kozali se, kozali se!
Piknie grać, piknie grać
I na nózki spo-zi-rać

Hej!...Hej!...
Tańcowoibych, kiebych mogł
Kiebych ni mioł ksy-wych nóg
A kiej ksywe nogi móm
Co podskoce, to sie gnóm

A kiej ksywe nogi móm
Co podskoce, to sie gnóm
A kiej ksywe, a kiej ksywe, a kiej ksywe...

Pobili sie dwa gorale na dolinie
Pobili sie dwa gorale na dolinie
Hej, gorale, nie bijta sie!
Mo gorolka dwa warkoce
Podzielita sie

W mrowanej piwnicy
Tancowali zbojnicy
Kozali se piknie grać
Piknie grać...piknie grać...

IN ONE WALLED-UP CELLAR DEEP

In one walled-up cellar deep
The robbers danced, they laughed and leaped
How they jumped and how they pranced!
Such limber legs so proud to dance!
How they jumped and how they pranced!
Such limber legs so proud to dance!

How they jumped, oh! -- how they jumped, oh!
how they jumped and

How they pranced! -- how they pranced...
Such limber legs...so proud to dance

Heh!...Heh!...
I'd like to dance too, yes I would
If I only could

But for these twisted legs of mine
I'll dance and bend 'em back in line

But for these twisted legs of mine
I'll dance and bend 'em back in line
These twisted legs, these twisted legs,
these twisted legs...

Two mountaineers they came to blows in a valley
Two mountaineers they came to blows in a valley
Heh, mountainen! why fight as you do?
There's one pigtail for each of you
See, that mountain girl has two

In one walled-up cellar deep
The robbers danced, they laughed and leaped
How they jumped and how they pranced!
How they pranced! -- how they pranced!...

SIDE II, Band 8: W MUROWANEJ PIWNICY
(In One Walled-up Cellar Deep)

An old Nineteenth Century song of the Gorals, people of the Tatra mountains. Its lively spirit is typical of the "robber's dance," a form equally well known to the mountain population of Slovakia, across the border. The third verse is sung with long breaths and dull tones in imitation of the bagpipe.

For Additional Information About
FOLKWAYS RELEASES

of Interest

write to



**Folkways Records
and Service Corp.**

43 WEST 61 ST STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10023

