

## POETIC LYRICS OF SONGS

1,2.

### I WILL SING MY SONGS & I WILL SAY FLOWER

I will sing my songs

*O, dear, o, dear,*

I will gather all in sack.

*Dear flower, dear, dear.*

Go around in villages,

*O dear flower, dear,*

I will find my beloved,

*Dear, dear, o dear.*

My darling looks so good,  
He wears a belt of gold,  
In the name of God, brethren,  
Take me to my love.

Almonds flower is almonds  
The smell of rose is sweet,  
Blessed be the virgin  
That will meet her love.

3.

### THE RING MISFIT MY FINGER

The ring misfit my finger,

*Ah, le, le, le, le, le, le,*

The bridegroom is not to my heart,

*Ah, wi, le, le, le, le, le, le.*

Dry off the seamstress' hand,  
The clothes mismatch me.

Jeweler, shame on you,  
My belt does not fit me.

Be damned groom's father,  
My fiancé I abhor.

4.

### WILL A STEED A HORSESHOE NEED?

Will a steed a horseshoe need?  
Will a beauty need a mole?  
If she marries her beloved,  
She will need nothing at all.

Woe is great, o dear me,  
Love is young, what will it be?  
My dear in the army serves,  
What shall I do the next four years?

Will I need a pomegranate?  
Can I live without him?  
Let my love come back and stay,  
Give me please a patterned scarf.

No coral or gold for me,  
No residence of prince,  
Only my love should there be  
No fear will be then.

There should be no rose to rose,  
No leaves should be to rose,  
My love is away off course  
Shall I wait until it comes?

5.

### CLOUDS IN A VAULT

- Clouds loaded in a vault  
On your back a golden belt,  
I have fasted seven years  
*Dear, dear,*  
Only for the sake of yours.

- I will die for you, my dear.  
All your kin to me are near.  
*O, dear, dear.*  
We shall marry right this year.

6.

### ALAGIAZ

In clouds is Alagiaz Mountain,  
*Wi le, le, le, le, le, le.*  
My brother bridled the steed,  
*O mother dear, my mother.*

My brother bridled the steed,  
Past the house gate he galloped.

Past the house gate he galloped,  
In the wide field he pranced.

In the wide field he pranced,

He got wet through in the rain,  
But then he dried up in the sun.

But then he dried up in the sun,  
And opened up like a flower.

7.

**INCENSE TREE**

In my yard an incense tree,  
*My little flower,*  
And in your yard an incense tree,  
*My little flower,*  
The incense spawned,  
*My little flower,*  
Beauty love is undergrown,  
*My little flower.*

Incense tree is blooming  
Nightingale is singing,  
I would go back and forth  
Singing to my darling song.

Incense tree is blooming  
Nightingale is singing,  
I would go back and forth  
And would touch my sweetheart's hand.

Incense tree is blooming  
Nightingale is singing,  
I would give her a red fruit,  
I would give her a red flower.

8.

**SHOGER, MY DEAR**

The clouds gathered but it snows not,  
*Shogher dear,*  
Coming not down from the mountains,  
*Shogher dear,*  
*You shine and flash.*  
*Shogher dear,*  
*Under clouds snow will show,*  
*Shogher dear.*

The heart is full of glow.  
*Shogher dear,*  
The eyes don't fall asleep,  
*Shogher dear,*  
*You shine and flash.*  
*Shogher dear,*  
*Under clouds snow will show,*  
*Shogher dear.*

He got wet through in the rain.  
The fire goes from the height,  
I am burned by your love.  
Upon the feast of water bring  
Snow from the mountains.

9.

**THERE IS MARO AT THE GATES**

There is Maro at the gates,  
She is loaded with Gandzak pomegranates,  
Her arms in a cross, and her head is half-bowed,  
The heart has been kindled, love ready to sprout.

Flower on the breast,  
Thoughts all in quest,  
People around  
Are talking their worst.  
The rose is open,  
The eyes are in tears,  
The words of the evil  
Are hurting like spears.

The sky is in clouds, and snow is white,  
On mountain meadow the snow will lie,  
Maro and her soul are caught in the throes,  
She is trembling with love, and it rapidly grows.

10.

**COOL DOWN**

Mountains dear, cool down my woe.  
The mountains never hear,  
They never cool my woe.

Clouds, clouds, dispel this heat,  
Drop down your rain, make a sea of it,  
So that the man of vile  
Stay down there for quite a while.

11.

**I TOOK MY JUG  
A HILL WITH A PITCHER GO**

I took a jug to go up the mountain,  
But the brave man could not be found.  
If I meet him,  
I will see it all around.

With no cool of mountains I will die,  
Without you I die.  
Haven't seen you for a year,  
One who has seen, for him I die.

The nightingale is in the night,  
The apple in the tree is found,  
The lover with the lover has to be  
Upon a bed of stones or on the ground.

**12.**  
**YOU ARE A PLANE TREE**

You are a plane tree, do not try to escape,  
*Yar, Yar, Yar,*  
Do not run quickly from my door,  
*Yar, Yar, Yar,*  
*Yar, na nai, nai nai, nai nai.*  
*Nai nai, nai nai, nai.*  
Always love God, do not forget,  
*Yar, Yar, Yar,*  
You left me, I am crying  
*Yar, Yar, Yar,*  
*Yar, na nai, nai nai, nai nai.*  
*Nai nai, nai nai, nai.*

Your garden door is gaping,  
From due my feet are aching,  
You left me all behind,  
The tears make me blind.

**13.**  
**GO, WALK**

Go, walk, I am your slave,  
I praise you go by until I die.  
*The quail of love,*  
*The quail of wounded love,*  
*My meek and tender quail,*  
*You walk, and others pale.*

And with your gait and stature  
You are just standing' like a tree of plane.

**14.**  
**I CAME TO THE MOUNTAIN**

On my way back from the mountains  
Standing at the door,  
With hand pressed to you busom,  
You bitterly sigh oh, woe to me,  
*Wi, wi, wi, I burn,*  
*Wi, wi, wi, I melt,*  
*I burn and melt.*

I was quite firm, but then  
You dropped a tear,  
That pierced  
Me like a spear.

**15.**  
**NO DANCING FOR ME**

No, no, no dancing for me.  
No, no, no dancing for me.  
My booties bother, they creak.  
The hungry belly is starting to speak.

No, no, no dancing for me.  
No, no, no dancing for me.  
The rosy shoe will creak,  
The hag his mother will freak.

**16.**  
**AH, MY DOE**

*Akh, Maral jan,*  
My bud has withered long ago,  
*Jan, Maral jan,*  
My heart remains in fire,  
*Akh, Maral jan, this life,*  
I don't need it,  
*Jan, Maral jan.*  
My tears are unabated.

You loved me,  
But then hated,  
I was strong,  
But you killed me unarmed.

I am alone,  
No friend.  
And my thirst  
For wealth is dead.

**17.**  
**QUAIL**

In the field I caught a quail,  
And I saw a virgin face,  
Apple red and sweet in taste.  
*Quail-Lorik,*  
*Stones of the spring*  
*You have made into red roses,*  
*Virgin beauty, you Lorik.*  
*Like an apple, you Lorik,*  
*Virgin beauty, you Lorik.*

Like red apples,  
*Quail, quail, quail,*  
*Lovely quail,*  
*The stones in spring*  
*You turned into roses,*  
*Quail.*

Sun is heating and is bright  
Partridge sitting on a stone,  
And a quail flying high.

On the stone murmurs brook,  
Through the scarf I cannot see,  
Why don't you ask about me?

Don't chase away the bird.  
Let it go down at your cheek,  
And dry bush will soon be burned.

**18.**  
**ZULO**

Come to my rescue, quick Zulo,  
I saw you and I burned, Zulo,  
Blossom and bloom,  
Flourish, my flower, Zulo.

*Open, please, open,  
My little rose, Zulo.*

Young disk of sun has risen high.  
The virgin wears a belt of gold,  
For you I will with pleasure die,  
Come to my rescue, my Zulo.

She came to field, she is so good,  
White face and slender, very slim.  
But I can see, in tears your soul,  
Come to my rescue, my Zulo.

The plowman goes after plow,  
Zulo brings bread to plowman,  
She can drive crazy any man,  
Come to my rescue, o Zulo.

**19.**  
**LE, LE YAMAN**

*Le, le, yaman.*  
My house and yours standing eye to the eye.  
*Le, le, yaman.*  
Bothered of signs to do, you and I.  
*Yaman, yaman yar.*

As soon as the sun hits to top of Masis,  
My love, it is you, it is you that I miss.

**20.**  
**THE SKY WAS**

The cloudy skies show grace,  
I will go past her gaze.  
My soul is there in place.

Cloudy is the sky  
Wet is the scene,  
She is asleep, my love,  
Her face is seen.

The clouds in heaven  
Earth covered in dew,  
I love you forever,  
The magic is you.

**21.**  
**THE CRANE**

Crane, whence doest thou come?  
I am servant, of thy voice.  
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?  
Run not to thy flock, thou wilt arrive soon enough:  
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

I have left my possessions and vineyard, and  
I have come hither:  
How often do I sigh, it seems that my soul is torn from me:  
Crane, stay a little, thy voice is in my soul:  
Crane, hast thou not news from our country?

The autumn is near, and thou art ready to go:  
Thou hast joined a large flock:  
Thou hast not answered me and thou art flown!  
Crane, go from our country, and fly far away!

*English by Alishan, "Armenian popular songs, translated into English", Venice, 1852, p. 48-52.*

**22.**  
**HABRBAN**

**Lad.** *Habrban!*  
**Girl.** *Jane-jan!*

**L.** Her face is what I most love.  
It is like a flower petal.  
One who denies to me my love  
Will not remain long enough.

**G.** *Habrban!*  
**L.** *Jane-jan!*

- G.** Better go gather sorrel  
But you seize honey and sugar.  
On a tender girl like that  
Should your eyes be never set.
- L.** You are my zest and thrill,  
Your hair like I never seen.  
You only tease, but you will I know  
To take me for a husband though.
- G.** Spring is rushing through the stones  
Feeding many flowers.  
One who loves me is strong man,  
Found not in thousands.
- L.** In my orchard you are standing  
In the midst of melon row,  
Day and night and night and day  
You are always in my song.
- G.** Be a minstrel, sing aloud!  
Pour me sounds, nightingale!  
I am worthy of your laud,  
It will never wane.

**23.**  
**A GROUSE SINGS**

Words by *H. Tumanian*

The sun ray hit from over the cloud,  
The grouse slid from top the mountain green.  
Tall mountain, from the summit,  
Brought hail from the flowers,  
The grouse, beauty of flowers.

**24.**  
**WHAT SHALL I GIVE**

What shall I give to the swimmer,  
Who would get from sea my comb?  
I shall give my scarf to swimmer  
So that he quickly get my comb.  
*Didn't like it, didn't take it,  
Never got the comb from sea.*

What shall I give to the swimmer  
Who would get from sea my comb?  
I will give my belt to swimmer.  
So that he quickly get my comb.  
*Didn't like it, didn't take it,  
Never got the comb from sea.*

What shall I give to the swimmer  
Who would get from sea my comb?  
I will give my shirt to swimmer  
So that he quickly get my comb.  
*Didn't like it, didn't take it,  
Never got the comb from sea.*

What shall I give to the swimmer  
Who would get from sea my comb?  
I will give a kiss to swimmer.  
So that he quickly get my comb.  
*He did like it, and he took it,  
He got me my comb from sea.*

**25.**  
**APRICOT TREE**

Apricot tree, no fruit is due,  
*Wi,*  
Your branches make too much ado,  
*Wi,*  
When I go stalking you,  
My pain will start anew.

*Give it back to me, give it back,  
The mountains are again cool,  
The joy of heart went down to the pool.  
Go and never come this hour back,  
The woe that struck my heart is black..  
It has become so cool.  
The joy sank in the pool.*

I have been working way too much,  
To water and weed a garden patch.  
No leaves are left on naked trees,  
There is no drug for my disease.

**26.**  
**LULLABY**

You are good, no fault at all.  
Who with no fault shall I call?  
*Bye-bye.*

From heaven the moon shall I call,  
And stars of the light with no fault.  
*Bye-bye.*

You are good, no fault in you,  
And all of you with no fault.  
*Bye-bye.*

But in you, too, there is one fault.  
You lie and lie, and sleep you don't want.

**27.**  
**CALL, CRANE**

Call, crane, call, it is the time of spring,  
In clots of blood the pilgrim's heart will sink.  
    My dear crane, my dear crane,  
        sing, it is the time of spring,  
    My dear crane, my dear crane,  
        sing, it is the time of spring,  
    My heart is all in blood.

**28.**  
**IN SPRING**

In spring it is all snow,  
    *Wi, le, le, wi, le, le,*  
    *Wi, le, le, le, le,*  
My love has cooled, he will go by,  
    *Ah, black, Vakh, love,*  
    *The tongues of evil men will dry.*

The wind, it blows hard, pagh-pagh,  
The pain burns inside, so rude,

Love, you no longer loved me first,  
And then abandoned me for good.

**29.**  
**HE WALKED SHINING**

*He walked around, my love.*  
    *In the sunlight*  
*He walked around, my love.*  
    Habitual to the mounts,  
    And single,  
    Come dear,  
    You sunray,  
    You light,  
    Come dear.

*He walked around, my love.*  
    *About the spring*  
*He walked around, my love.*  
    Across green fields,  
    Across the meadows,  
    Come dear,  
    Through orchards in the dawn,  
    Come dear.

*He walked around, my love.*  
    *The scythe upon the shoulder,*  
*Went by, shined my love.*  
    Beneath a cool tree  
    In the shadow

*Bye-bye.*  
You have mowed,  
    All in sweat,  
    Come near.

*He walked around, my love.*  
    *Dear, ray of light.*  
*He walked around, my love.*  
    Go and sleep, it is cool,  
    You have to rest.  
    Come dear.

All in sweat,  
No strength left,  
Come near.

**30.**  
**HOI, NAZAN**

*Hoi, Nazan my, Nazan mine,*  
*Jan Nazan my, Nazan mine,*  
    *Nazan, you came in time.*  
    *You came through green woods,*  
    *Through deep gorges you came.*

A beautiful flower of spring, you,  
    *Hoi, Nazan my, Nazan mine,*  
Hoi, Nazan my, Nazan mine,  
    *Jan Nazan my, Nazan mine,*  
For me, you are a dove,  
    *Hoi, Nazan my, Nazan mine,*  
Go around on my head,  
    *Jan Nazan my, Nazan mine,*  
You go, dove  
    *Welcome, my dear love.*  
    *Nazan, you came in time.*  
    *You came through green woods,*  
    *Through deep gorges you came.*

**31.**  
**RED SCARF**

**Girl.** My scarf has been lost on your ground,  
    The loss has been awful to me,  
    My fate has tossed me around,  
    Dear, o dear me.  
    Good boy, give me back what you found.

**Lad.** The red scarf of yours I couldn't have got.  
    I tell you that frankly, I swear by God.  
    It was found by someone, but let it be brought.  
    Dear, o dear,  
    The beauty's red scarf will be here.

Come dear

**G.** Red scarf was a present, its loss makes me sad,  
He trimmed all the edges with golden thread,  
He pictured my image in colors of red  
Give back me my scarf, o my beautiful lad.

**L.** Young minstrel, I trample and cold endure,  
My ailing heart is in search of a cure  
For only your love will provide me allure,  
If you will present me your crimson couture.

**G.** Ah, what shall I say to my evil stepmother,  
Or what shall I say to my dearest father.  
Of that will inquire my brother,  
Without red scarf my life is a bother.

**L.** You swarthy please wear the clothes of white.  
Your scarf for my wound will the cover provide  
The captive of love, you will do what is right,  
Take up your scarf, you fiery maid.

**32.**

**SWALLOW/TSITSERNAK**

Swallow, Tsitsernak,  
You are a little bird of spring,  
Where do you fly so quickly and why?  
Where so quickly and why?

Fly, swallow, fly,  
To my birth place, Ashtarak,  
There make your nest,  
In your home land.

In that far-away land  
Lives my father grey-headed and mourning,  
Waiting for his son  
To appear day in and day out.

When you see him,  
Tell him of me,  
Let him sit and cry  
For his destitute son.

Tell him he is  
Abandoned and lonely,  
And always in tears,  
Tell him how unhappy and sad I am.

Go, beautiful swallow,  
Fly away and be quick.  
To Armenian land go back,  
To the place of my birth Ashtarak.

**33.**

**SPRING**

**folk fable**

A thrush once heard a young dove's moan.  
Why are you shedding tears, he spoke.  
With tears your beak is overflowed.  
Pour them in stream, down the slope.  
He hears again the dove complain:  
Ah, the fall imprisoned everyone.  
No grass, the meadow has been done,  
No water, spring is drained.  
And no sound from poor quail.  
I have to cry so long and bitter  
Blood will be dropping from my eyes,  
My little ones are eating litter.

He said: Don't cry because of fall,  
Tomorrow kind spring will call,  
The light will open once again,  
The poor people will be saved.  
I will take you upon my wings,  
Fly to the throne in great heights,  
We shall be screened by rocky sides.  
I'll weave a nest inside a crown,  
Open a window to the winds,  
There will be also a hearth,  
Merging the fogs of snow covers,  
The south wind will scatter drowse.

The fall has gone, there comes the spring,  
The drops of water fall and ring,  
The empty bed full to the brim,  
All water pieces shake and sing,  
On top is yellow daffodil,  
Bunches of violets are in the valley.  
And many shades of red and green,  
And multi-colored fields meet swarming birds of wing.  
The spring will come full swing,  
And what is due to us, heaven will bring.

**34.**

**HOMELESS**

My heart is like a broken stock,  
A pile of rubble and a sunken log,  
A place for wild fowl.  
But floating in the river one day in spring,  
The fishes will abound.

*With no one around.*

35.

**ALAGIAZ**

*Lyrics by H. Hovhannisian*

High Alagiaz, oh high,  
Snow, deep snow on top  
O, love, o, love.

Oh, mountains, you, mountains,  
*Woe, bloody mountains,*  
*Woe, mountains white,*  
*Green grazing mountains*  
*O, love, o, love*  
*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.*

Ah, stony is my way, ah,  
My heart is there, o love.  
Black are the cursed days,  
For love, darling, is crazy.

I saw my love crying,  
Crying, beating the head, crying.  
Open the way, mountains,  
I beckoned she was coming.

Stony my way, hard rocks  
Heart dripping in blood.  
O, my bird, give me the wing,  
I fly and reach my beloved.  
*Woe, bloody mountains,*  
*Woe, mountains white,*  
*Green grazing mountains*  
*O, love, o, love*  
*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.*