



# LEGENDS OF GYPSY MUSIC

FROM MACEDONIA



*ferus mustafov / esma redžepova*



**'KING FERUS' (Ferus Mustafov)**, born in Shtip, a small town in eastern Macedonia, is one of the greats of today's Balkan popular folk music. His Roma (gypsy) family has been involved in music for generations. His father Ilmi Jasharov was a well-known musician and reputedly the first to introduce the saxophone into folk music in the southern Balkans.

The young Ferus followed his parents and studied at the junior musical academy in his home town, firstly on violin and then clarinet. By the age of seventeen he was invited to tour with the band of Toma Chrehev. The success of this tour inspired him to become a professional musician.

After his military service he returned to Macedonia and together with the accordionist Mite Stoilkov started his own group. He worked with various different bands, and finally was invited by band-leader Micha Radivanovich to join him in Sarajevo (Bosnia & Herzegovina), which was a centre of folk-based popular music and of musical experimentation.



Micha eventually went to America and Ferus returned to Macedonia, where he became one of the directors of musical programming for the Rom language programmes at Radio and Television in Skopje.

At Peter Barbarich's invitation Ferus went to Slovenia to play at the festival in Ljubljana. After that he and accordionist Milan Zavkov began to tour and participate in many festivals.

**ESMA REDŽEPOVA** was born in Skopje, Macedonia. Her extraordinary voice and her talent as a dancer and actress were noticed at an early age. At the age of fourteen she was discovered by the famous musician and band leader Stevo Teodosievski, who furthered her talent and educated her voice. The Stevo and Esmā Ensemble soon became one of the most successful ensembles in the whole Balkan region. Esmā performed in the world's most prestigious concert halls, won numerous awards and was nominated the "Queen of Gypsy Music" with over 400 recordings in total. Esmā, her husband Stevo and the ensemble have travelled widely, filling stadiums, halls and squares to the last seat. Sharing her gift of music, Esmā and the ensemble Teodosievski have performed thousands of charity concerts.







**‚KING FERUS‘ (FERUS MUSTAFOV)** wurde in Shtip, einer kleinen Stadt im östlichen Mazedonien, in eine Romafamilie (Zigeuner) geboren, deren Mitglieder seit Generationen Musiker sind. Heute ist Ferus Mustafov einer der Stars in der Folkmusik des Balkans. Sein Vater Ilmi Jasharov war ein bekannter Musiker, und angeblich war er der erste, der das Saxophon in der Folkmusik des südlichen Balkans einsetzte.

Der junge Ferus folgte dem Vorbild seiner Eltern und studierte zuerst Geige und später Klarinette an der Musikakademie in seiner Heimatstadt. Mit siebzehn Jahren wurde er eingeladen, mit der Band von Toma Chrehev auf Tournee zu gehen. Der Erfolg dieser Tournee regte ihn dazu an, ein professioneller Musiker zu werden.

Nach seinem Militärdienst kehrte er nach Mazedonien zurück und gründete zusammen mit dem Akkordeonspieler Mite Stoilkov seine eigene Gruppe. Ferus arbeitete mit zahlreichen Bands und wurde schließlich von Bandleader Micha Radivanovich eingeladen, nach Sarajevo (Bosnien & Herzegowina) zu kommen, einem Zentrum für auf Folk basierende Populärmusik und musikalische Experimente.

Als Micha nach Amerika zog, kehrte Ferus nach Mazedonien zurück und wurde einer der Programmdirektoren der Sendungen in Roma in Rundfunk und Fernsehen in Skopje.

Auf Einladung von Peter Barbarich spielte er auf einem Festival in Ljubljana (Slowenien). Danach ging er auf Tournee und trat bei vielen Festivals zusammen mit dem Akkordeonspieler Milan Zavkov auf. Sein Erfolg setzt sich bis heute fort.

**ESMA REDŽEPOVA** wurde in Skopje, Mazedonien, geboren. Schon in frühem Alter erregten ihre hervorragende Stimme und ihr Talent als Tänzerin und Schauspielerin Aufmerksamkeit. Mit vierzehn Jahren wurde sie von dem berühmten Musiker und Bandleader Stevo Teodosievski entdeckt, der ihr Talent förderte und ihre Stimme ausbildete. Das Stevo und Esma Ensemble wurde bald eines der berühmtesten Ensembles im ganzen Balkan. Esma trat in den größten Konzerthallen der Welt auf; sie bekam viele Auszeichnungen und wurde zur ‚Königin der Zigeunermusik‘ ernannt, mit insgesamt über 400 Aufnahmen. Esma, ihr Mann Stevo und das Ensemble sind weit gereist; sie füllen Stadien, Hallen und Plätze bis auf den letzten Sitz. Esma und das Ensemble Teodosievski gaben Tausende von Wohltätigkeitskonzerten.





## 1. ČEKAJ ŽIVOTE – WAIT, OH MY LIFE / WARTE, OH MEIN LEBEN

A song of sorrow about the speed with which life passes. The singer begs life to slow down. When she is gone her sons will remain. She tries to slow the passage of time with a song.

Das Lied klagt darüber, wie schnell das Leben vorübergeht. Die Sängerin wünscht sich, daß es langsamer verstreichen sollte. Wenn sie nicht mehr ist, bleiben nur ihre Söhne. Sie versucht, den Strom der Zeit mit einem Lied zu verlangsamen.

*Hey wait, oh my life  
Don't hurry, I want to live!  
Hey, hear me, oh my life  
Esmā's heart will sing with grief.*

*I fought and burned  
I walked the world alone with song  
I gave my soul completely  
I gave as much as I could*

*Hey wait, oh my life  
Don't hurry, I want to live!  
Hey, hear me, oh my life  
Esmā's heart will sing with no grief.*

*What will remain of me, oh God  
All was given from the heart, with no  
regrets  
And after me new men remain  
They are sons of mine.*

*Hey wait, oh my life  
Don't hurry, I want to live!  
Hey, hear me, oh my life  
Esmā's heart will sing with no grief.*

*REF:*

*Eeej, čekaj živote  
ti ne brzaj se, mi se živee.  
Eeej, slušaj živote,  
srce Esmīno ke ti zapee.*

*Sum se borela i sum gorela,  
sama svetot jas so pesna sum go odela.  
Jas sum dala, duša cela,  
što sum možela.*

*REF:*

*Eeej, čekaj živote  
ti ne brzaj se, mi se živee.  
Eeej, slušaj živote,  
srce Esmīno ke ti zapee.*

*Što će ostane bože od mene,  
se od srce ja sum dala, ništo ne žalam.  
A po mene ljudje novi,  
moite sinovi.*

*REF:*

*Eeej, čekaj živote  
ti ne brzaj se, mi se živee Eeej, slušaj živote,  
srce Esmīno ke ti zapee*



### 3. KLETA SUDBA – ACCURSED DESTINY / VERFLUCHTES SCHICKSAL

A story about the unhappy love of two young people. The man has to live and work abroad, while the woman stays at home and the children carry a picture of their father, so they know that they are not orphans.

Die Geschichte einer unglücklichen Liebe. Der Mann muß im Ausland Arbeit finden, und die Frau bleibt in der Heimat zurück. Die Kinder tragen ein Foto ihres Vaters bei sich, um sie daran zu erinnern, daß sie nicht Halbwaisen sind.

*I have nobody to tell my story  
To ease the lump of sorrow in my chest  
We were young, we were crazy, and were in love  
'Eternal love till death do us part' we promised each other.*

*Someone said eternal love cannot be  
Accursed destiny cut our love as with a sword*

*He left for damned abroad  
Left behind an empty house,  
Little children, the children grew  
And wished to see their father*

*My life passed without beauty  
I hide my tears so they won't be seen  
The children keep his picture with them  
To know they are not orphans*

*Someone said eternal love cannot be  
Accursed destiny cut our love as with a sword*

*He left for damned abroad  
Left behind an empty house,  
Little children, the children grew  
And wished to see their father.*

*Nemam komu da ja kažam mojta prikazna.  
Grutka v gradi što mi teži da si olesnam.  
Mladi bevme, ludi bevme i se sakavme.  
Večna ljubov dur do groba si vetuvavme.  
Nekoj rekol večna ljubov da ne ja bide.  
Kleta sudba kako sabja nas ne preseče.*

REF:

*Toj si zamina pusta tudjina.  
A zad nego prazna kuća, mali dečinja.  
A dečinjata si porasnaa.  
Da go vidat svojot tatko si posakaa.*

*Mojot život taka mina bez ubavina  
Jas gi krieg moite solzi da ne gi vidat  
Dvete deca slika nosat slika negova  
Za da znaat deka ne se siračinja*

*Nekoj rekol večna ljubov da ne ja bide  
Kleta sudba kako sabja nas ne preseče*

REF:

*Toj si zamina pusta tudjina.  
A zad nego prazna kuća, mali dečinja.  
A dečinjata si porasnaa.  
Da go vidat svojot tatko si posakaa.*



## 5. EJ, SUDBINO – HEY, MY DESTINY / EY, MEIN SCHICKSAL

A dark prophesy delivered by a black bird. It foretells sorrow and hardship for both youth and old age. The house will be empty, nobody to spend life with.

Eine düstere Prophezeiung, die von einem schwarzen Vogel überbracht wird. Sie sagt Sorgen und Not für die Jugend und das Alter voraus. Das Haus wird verlassen sein, und es wird niemanden geben, mit dem man das Leben teilen kann.

*On the window a black bird landed  
And told me of a destiny damned,  
That my star that follows me  
Will shine strongly for me no more.  
That whatever as a youth I had,  
As old I will have nothing.*

*Hey, oh destiny, why have you punished me  
For some their houses are full, and mine is empty.  
Their houses are full, houses full,  
And mine, mine is empty.*

*On the window a black bird landed  
And told me of a destiny damned,  
That in youth I will cry each day  
And in old age I will suffer.  
All the wishes a women has  
Will be a cursed destiny for me.*

*Hey, oh destiny, why have you punished me  
For some the houses are full, and mine is empty.  
Their houses are full, houses full,  
And mine, mine is empty. (x2)*

*Ej, na prozor ptica crna sleta  
i mi kaža za sudbina kleta,  
deka mojta zvezda što me sledi  
nema veće silno da mi sveti.  
Deka mlada što i da si imam,  
kako stara ništo jas da nemam.*

*Ej, sudbino, zošto ti me kazni,  
nekomu kući polni, a na mene prazni,  
nekomu kući polni, kući polni,  
a na, a na, mene prazni.*

*Ej, na prozor ptica crna sleta  
i mi kaža za sudbina kleta,  
deka mlada sekoj den će plačam,  
a na starost sama će se mačam.  
Site želbi, žena što si čuva,  
da mi bidat kletata sudba.*

*Ej, sudbino, zošto ti me kazni,  
nekomu kući polni, a na mene prazni.  
nekomu kući polni, kući polni,  
a na, a na, mene prazni,...(x2)*



## 7. MOITE ZLATNI 50 – MY GOLDEN 50 / MEINE GOLDENEN 50

Esma sings about her 50 years on stage. She expresses sorrow about how very quickly the years flew by, like dry leaves on the wind. Her children left one by one as they grew up. She still wants to sing and she wants to continue singing for the land of her fathers, Macedonia.

Esma singt über ihr 50. Bühnenjubiläum. Sie drückt ihren Kummer darüber aus, daß die Jahre so schnell verstrichen sind, wie Blätter im Wind. Ihre Kinder sind erwachsen und ausgezogen. Sie will nicht aufhören zu singen und will weiterhin für ihr Heimatland Mazedonien singen.

*I was born in Skopje, but left young,  
And God gave me talent, a soul like a mountain,  
I sang, cried, had a hard time, together with my Stevo,  
But I gave bread and knowledge from the heart to the people of my blood.*

*Day after day, with pain and songs, the years flew by,  
Day after day like shining stars, my children glowed.  
Day after day, like dry leaves, the wind blew them away,  
Day after day on my soul I carry my golden 50.*

*So, half a century passed like half a year  
My blessing to sing to you has not yet passed  
To anyone asking where is my father's birthplace  
I say Skopje, my dear, my Macedonia.*

*Day after day, with pain and songs, the years flew by,  
Day after day like shining stars, my children glowed.  
Day after day, like dry leaves, the wind blew them away,  
Day after day on my soul I carry my golden 50.*

*Day after day, with pain and songs, the years flew by,  
Day after day like shining stars, my children glowed.  
Day after day, like dry leaves, the wind blew them away,  
Day after day on my soul I carry my golden 50.  
My golden 50.*

*Rodena sum jas vo Skopje, ama mlada zaminav,  
a za darbi gospod dari, duša kako planina,  
peev, plačev i se mačev, zaedno so Stevo moj,  
ama leb i uka dadov, od srce na rodot svoj.*

*Den po den, so bol i pesni, godini mi letnaa,  
den po den, ko sjasni zvezdi, mojte deca svetnaa.  
Den po den, ko suvi lisja, veterot gi odnese,  
den po den na duša gerdan, moite zlatni pedeset.*

*Eve pola vek si mina, kako pola godina,  
mene merak, da Vi peam, ušte ne mi pomina,  
koj me prašal, koja li e rodna grutka tatkova,  
jas mu velam Skopje milo, moja Makedonija.*

*Den po den, so bol i pesni, godini mi letnaa,  
den po den, ko sjasni zvezdi, mojte deca svetnaa.  
Den po den, ko suvi lisja, veterot gi odnese,  
den po den na duša gerdan, moite zlatni pedeset.*

*Den po den, so bol i pesni, godini mi letnaa,  
den po den, ko sjasni zvezdi, mojte deca svetnaa.  
Den po den, ko suvi lisja, veterot gi odnese,  
den po den na duša gerdan, moite zlatni pedeset,  
moite zlatni pedeset.*



## 9. DOBRE DOJDE NAJMILO – WELCOME, MY DEAREST / WILLKOMMEN, MEIN LIEBLING

A song welcoming a long-awaited lover. The song tells about the passion of love, the heartaches, and all the other feelings which come with pure love.

Ein Willkommenslied für einen Geliebten, auf den man lange gewartet hat. Das Lied erzählt von der leidenschaftlichen Liebe, dem Kummer und allen anderen Gefühlen, die reine Liebe mit sich bringt.

*So, it happens even to me after so many years  
Gentle sounding music pierces my heart  
Slowly as a thief it moves in my soul.  
It must be love – I feel crushed to pieces.*

*Welcome my dearest here in my heart  
I waited long enough, oh my prince.  
But I knew there must be someone, to stop the time  
Welcome my dearest here in my heart  
I kept it for you, nobody touched it  
It is clean as a tear, welcome my dearest.*

*If I am not young any more, I have the right, oh God,  
At least for a blink to return to your castle of love  
And you should see those warm eyes and the love  
for me in them.  
A little fire in my nights brings me back to life.*

*Welcome my dearest here in my heart  
I waited long enough oh my prince.  
But I knew there must be someone, to stop the time  
Welcome my dearest here in my heart.  
I kept it for you, nobody touched it  
It is clean as a tear, welcome my dearest.*

*Ete i mene mi se sluči posle mnogu godini  
Muzika so nežni zvuci srce mi zatreperi.  
Poleka ko nekoj kradec v duša mi se preseli,  
mi se vrza kako jadec ljubov će e bezbeli*

REF:

*Dobre dojde najmilo ovdeka vo srceto.  
Dolgo čekav princu moj,  
ama znaev ima koj da go zapre vremeto.  
Dobre dojde najmilo ovdeka vo srcevo.  
Jas go čuvav za tebe nikoj ne mi go dopre,  
kako solza čisto e dobre dojde najmilo.*

*Ako ne sum veće mlada imam pravo gospode  
Barem mig jas da se vratam, vo tvojot dvorec ljuboven.  
A da gi vidiš tie oči topli i me sakaat,  
plamenče vo moite noći vo životot me vraćaat.*

REF: *Dobre dojde najmilo ovdeka vo srceto.  
Dolgo čekav princu moj,  
ama znaev ima koj da go zapre vremeto.  
Dobre dojde najmilo ovdeka vo srcevo.  
Jas go čuvav za tebe nikoj ne mi go dopre,  
kako solza čisto e dobre dojde najmilo.*



## 11. LJUBOVNA – LOVE SONG / LIEBESLIED

A girl asks a boy if he was the one beneath the window the night before and the boy answers that he was there with his friends, singing to her. The girl says that her mother approved of their love, but her father wouldn't. The boy says that her mother should be praised and her father should be shamed.

Ein Mädchen fragt einen Jungen, ob er es war, der vergangene Nacht unter ihrem Fenster stand. Er antwortet, daß er mit seinen Freunden für sie gesungen hat. Das Mädchen sagt, daß ihre Mutter nichts gegen ihre Liebe einzuwenden hat, daß aber ihr Vater nicht einverstanden ist. Der Junge sagt, ihre Mutter sei gepriesen, ihr Vater sollte sich schämen.

*ESMA:*

*Hey you foolish boy, pretty boy  
Did you walk last night, waiting under the window? (x2)*

*NAUM*

*Hey most beautiful girl, cutest girl  
Under your window we sat, and songs we sang. (x2)*

*Duet REF:*

*As many songs for her are sung, as many necklaces.  
As many stars in the skies, as much love for him,  
As many songs for her are sung, as many necklaces  
As many stars in the skies, as much love for him,*

*ESMA:*

*Hey you foolish boy, pretty boy  
My mother will agree, hard persuasion there will be with  
my father (x2)*

*NAUM*

*Hey you lovely girl, little girl  
Your mother be praised, your father be shamed (x2)*

*REF: (x2)*

*Esmā*

*Ej more momče budalo, momče najubavo,  
ti li se snošti šetaše, pod pendžer čekaše... (x2)*

*Naum*

*Ej mori mome najlično, mome simpatično,  
pod tvojot pendžer sedevme, pesni ti peevme... (x2)*

*Duet – REF:*

*Kolku se pesni peani, tolku za nea gerdani,  
kolku se zvezdi na nebo, tolku pak ljubov za nego,  
kolku se pesni peani, tolku za nea gerdani,  
kolku se zvezdi na nebo, tolku pak ljubov za nego.*

*Esmā*

*Ej, more momče budalo, momče najubavo,  
kolaj će bide so majka mi, teško so tatko mi... (x2)*

*Naum*

*Ej, mori mome kalešo, ti mome malečko,  
alal da i e na majka ti, aram na tatko ti... (x2)*

*REF:... (x2)*



### 13. PROSTI MI – FORGIVE ME / VERZEIH MIR

A song asking forgiveness. The singer admits her fault, and says that she feels very bad, worse even, than her beloved. She begs forgiveness and hopes that her pain would ease.

Ein Lied, in dem um Verzeihung gebeten wird. Die Sängerin gibt ihre Schuld zu und sagt, daß sie sich sehr schlecht fühlt, sogar schlechter als ihr Liebster. Sie bittet um Verzeihung und hofft, daß ihr Schmerz nachläßt.

*Forgive, oh beloved, I slipped  
My mouth be banished, my word is no good,  
I offended you greatly.  
Forgive, oh beloved, I slipped  
For all the years spent in love,  
Please forgive me.*

*If you believe me, it is harder for me than for you  
Where do I go, my heart is aching  
To apologise to you.  
If you believe me, it is harder for me than for you  
The pain in my soul to ease,  
Please forgive me.*

*Believe, I want not, I meant not to offend you,  
For what I said, let my life be harsh,  
I already denied it.  
Believe, I want not, I meant not to offend you,  
For all the years spent in love,  
Please forgive me.*

*If you believe me, it is harder for me than for you  
The pain in my soul to ease,  
Please forgive me.  
If you believe me, it is harder for me than for you  
The pain in my soul to ease,  
Please forgive me.  
The pain in my soul to ease,  
Please forgive me.*

*Prosti mi ljuben moj, prosti mi, izleta,  
ustava da e pusta, zborot ne mi vredi,  
mnogu te navrediv.  
Prosti mi ljuben moj, prosti mi, izleta,  
za site godini, so ljubov minati,  
te molam prosti mi.*

*Ako mi veruvaš, od tebe poteško mi e,  
koj pat da minam, srce si kinam,  
da ti se izvinam.  
Ako mi veruvaš, od tebe poteško mi e,  
na duša bolka da mi se smiri,  
te molam prosti mi.*

*Veruvaj ne sakav, jas da te navredam,  
za toa što ti rekov, neka mi teži vekov,  
veće go odrekov.  
Veruvaj ne sakav, jas da te navredam,  
za site godini, so ljubov minati,  
te molam prosti mi.*

*Ako mi veruvaš, od tebe poteško mi e,  
koj pat da minam, srce si kinam,  
da ti se izvinam.  
Ako mi veruvaš, od tebe poteško mi e,  
na duša bolka da mi se smiri,  
te molam prosti mi,  
na duša bolka da mi se smiri,  
te molam prosti mi.*



## 15. SVADBA MAKEDONSKA – MACEDONIAN WEDDING / MAZEDONISCHE HOCHZEIT

A classic Macedonian folk song about a wedding, which is not happy, since it has to take place abroad, away from the loved ones, and there is nobody to share the couple's happiness. The singer wishes to return to her country so her relatives may be present at the wedding.

Ein klassisches mazedonisches Volkslied über eine Hochzeit, bei der keine fröhliche Stimmung aufkommt, da sie im Ausland stattfindet und keine Verwandten anwesend sind, um am Glück des Hochzeitspaares teilzuhaben. Die Sängerin möchte gerne in ihr Heimatland zurückkehren, so daß alle ihre Verwandten bei der Hochzeit dabei sein können.

*Macedonian wedding to make  
Macedonian boy I would take,  
With golden coins I am covered  
And finest cloth, oh mother, I wear.*

REF:

*Macedonian girls should sing a song  
Macedonian boys should strike a dance  
Macedonian girls should sing a song  
Macedonian boys should strike a dance*

*No friends, oh mother, no relatives,  
In foreign land no wedding can be held,  
Who will, oh mother, lead the dance,  
Who will, oh mother, be maidens of honour,  
Who will, oh mother, lead the dance,  
Who will, oh mother, be maidens of honour.*

REF:

*It is my wish to come home  
Brothers, sisters, relatives to see,  
Macedonian song to sing  
Macedonian dance to join.  
Macedonian song to sing  
Macedonian dance to join.*

REF:

*Svadba makedonska da napravam,  
momče makedonče jas da zemam,  
so dukati jas sum naredena  
i so srma, mamo, nakitena.  
So dukati jas sum naredena  
i so srma, mamo, nakitena.*

REF:

*Momi makedonki, pesna da zapejat,  
momci makdeonci, oro da igrat.  
Momi makedonki, pesna da zapejat,  
momci makedonci, oro da igrat.*

*Ni drugari, mamo, ni rodnini,  
vo tudjina svadba ne se pravi,  
koj oroto, mamo će go vodi,  
koj svatovi, mamo će mi bidat.  
Koj oroto, mamo će go vodi,  
koj svatovi, mamo će mi bidat.*

REF:

*Merak mi e doma da si dojdam,  
braća, sestri, rodnini da vidam  
pesna makedonska da zapejam,  
oro makedonsko da zaigram.  
Pesna makedonska da zapejam,  
oro makedonsko da zaigram.*

REF:



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*Compilation:* **Karin Tubbesing**

*Mastering:* **Diz Heller**

*Cover design:* **Sarah Ash**

*Liner notes:* **Mister Company, Diz Heller**

*Typesetting / layout:* **Sarah Ash**