



<p>Da joj nje bi šćerka vogladnila.  jEvo njega na kulu bijelu --  Primače se srgu vi haljinam';  Slabo svlači va dobro d'oblači.  vA najprije gaće vi košulje,  Nisu skate, niti su skovate  Vet' od žice zlatne jispлетene.  Pa po njima kovče djumišlije,  Krk-čakšire, kovče djumišlije --  Kažu da su veza stambolskoga,  Kažu da su kroja bugarskoga;  Kudgod šavi sve varčevi zlatni --  Nidje nje bi pritisnuo palco'  Dje mu nije napuljkano zlatom.  vA na pleći tri tanke košulje:  Prva mu je vod mekane svile,  vA druga je vod žice zlatane,  vA treća je vod čelenke ljute.  vUteže se mukademom pasom  vOd bedara do muški' njedara,  vA privali muškoga silaha:  Tri su lista kajisera žuta  vA četiri vod zlata čistoga.  Za njeg' bači dva čifta pušaka,  Dva jingleza ji dva venedika,  hIzmedju nji' vandžar od čelika;  hIz handžara četiri sindžira,  Četiri ji' momak zavi puta  wOko sebe, loko srca ljuta.  vA na pleći fermen čelebiju,  Na ko' stoje troje toke šajne,  Troje toke vod četiri voke;  Na nji' puče trides' i četiri,  Trides' srme va četiri zlata;  Svaka puca pa vod kvarta bješe,  Jedna puca, što je pod grocem,  vOna nosi ji tri kvarta zlata,  vU njoj ima puna čaša vina.  vOna stoji puca na čekrku --  Momak vino za rezervu nosi:  vAko bi mu do rureta bilo,  Pa bi momak v'oma vožednijo,  vA da pije vod rezerve vino!  vA na glavu kalpak i čelenke,  Jedan kalapak, dvan'es' čelinaka;  vA vokolo dvan'es' perunica,  Medju njima ptica sokolica.  Pa pripasa lokovanu palu  vA vu džepe nasipa cekina,  vA na noge čizme ji mamuze,  vA prigru moraču dolamu.  vU bečara nema hizmečara,  Poče momak zatvorati vrata,</p>	<p>50</p> <p>55</p> <p>60</p> <p>65</p> <p>70</p> <p>75</p> <p>80</p> <p>85</p> <p>90</p> <p>95</p> <p><u>3/8:02</u></p> <p>100</p>	<p>So her little girl wouldn't go hungry.  Now here was Djerdelez Alija at his white tower --  He approached his clothes-tree and garments;  He doffed his poor garments and donned grand ones.  And first of all his underclothes and shirts,  Neither woven nor forged  But knit of golden thread.  On top of these were silver hooks,  Ash-gray trousers with silver hooks --  Some say they're of Istanbul fashion,  Some say they're of Bulgarian style;  Wherever there were seams there were golden braids --  One couldn't press a thumb anywhere  Without touching a golden button.  And on his shoulders were three fine shirts:  The first was of soft silk,  And the second of golden thread,  And the third of hard <i>chelenka</i>.  He girded himself with a weapon-belt  From his thighs to his manly chest,  And to it he attached his heroic weaponry:  Three of the loops were made of yellow goatskin  And four were made of pure gold.  Behind him he slung two paired guns,  Two English and two Venetian pistols,  Between them a long steel dagger;  From the dagger hung four chains,  Which the young man wrapped four times  Around himself, around his fierce heart.  On his shoulders he bore a nobleman's vest,  On which stood three shining silver plates,  Three silver plates weighing four okas each;  On them were thirty-four buttons,  Thirty of sterling silver and four of gold;  Each button was itself a measure of metal,  And one button, which was below his neck,  Bore another three measures of gold,  And on it was etched a full glass of wine.  That button was located by a winch --  The young man was carrying wine as reserve:  If things really happened as in this image,  Whenever the young man got very thirsty  He could drink wine from his reserve!  And on Alija's head were a fur cap with <i>chelenke</i>,  A cap with twelve <i>chelenke</i>;  Encircling it were twelve irises,  And in their midst a tiny falcon-image.  Then he strapped on his forged blade  And into his pockets he poured some sequins,  And on his feet he put boots and spurs,  And he threw a purple cloak over himself.  A bachelor has no maidservant,  So the young man began to close the doors,</p>
---	---	--

Naponaše o' svake vodaje.		One by one for each room.
Dok sv' odaje bijo zatvorijo,		When he had closed all the rooms,
vOnda sidje momak na vavliju.		Then down to the courtyard the young man went.
vOnda dodje do podruma svoga,	105	Then he arrived at his cellar,
Pa von pušća dva hrta zelena,		Released his two spirited greyhounds,
vA ji momak svede na vavliju.		And up to the courtyard the young man led them.
Dobra konja za dizgine jama,		He collected the good horse by its reins
Pa ga vodi pred avlinska vrata.		And led it out in front of the courtyard gates.
Pa vondaka vrata zatvorijo,	110	Then after that he closed the gates,
## vOndaka vrata zaključava,		And finally he locked them up
vU vavliju ključe preturijo.		And threw the keys back into the courtyard.
Momak svoga konja zajašijo,		The young man mounted his horse,
vA za njime dva hrta zelena.		And behind him the two spirited greyhounds.
vA vudari von od Visokoga;	115	So then he struck out from Visoko;
Pa veto ga šever Sarajevu.		Now here he was at the great city of Sarajevo.
Sve Saraj'vo zdravo prolazijo,		He passed safely through all of Sarajevo,
vUstipračí, vonda vokrenuvo,		Dancing his horse, then turned onward,
Pa vondaka Višegradu kletu.		Then after that toward accursed Višegrad.
Kad dopade Drini na vobalu,	120	When he got as far as the river Drina's shore,
Došla voda vod brda do brda,		The water was rushing from bank to bank
Kurla Drina drvlje ji kamenje.		And tossing trees and stones all about.
Gaza nema, va ćuprije nema,		There was no ford, there was no bridge,
Ne zna momak kud će pregaziti.		And the young man didn't know where to cross.
Tu se momak malo zamislijo;	125	So he pondered things for a bit;
Sve mislijo, na jednu smislijo:		He weighed all the options and made up his mind:
"Bože mili -- na svemu ti fala! --		"Dear God -- thanks to you for all things! --
Kud ću konja nagoniti moga,		Where shall I spur my horse,
Moga konja, pretila dorata?		My horse, my stout bay horse?
Huoće li mi vodu preplivati?"	130	Will he swim across the water for me?"
vA vovakuo momak govoraše:		And in this way the young man spoke:
"Moj dorate, krilo desno moje,		"O my bay horse, my right wing,
Mogu li se povuzdati vu te,		Can I place my trust in you
Ja na vonu nosit' mene stranu?"		To carry me to the opposite shore?"
Dobar bješe, vali znadijaše:	135	His horse was obedient, but it knew what to do:
vAgi svome dizgine votima,		Seizing the reins from his master the aga,
Pa vu Drinu vodu o'skočijo,		The animal leaped over the river Drina
Na vonu ga stranu prenosijo.		And bore him to the opposite shore.
Momak konja svoga vodjašijo		The young man dismounted his horse
hIz čizama vodu hiscijedi;	140	And squeezed the water from his boots;
Momak sijo vi jodpočinuvo:		The young man got down and took a rest:
vA rujna se vina napojijo,		He quenched his thirst with dark red wine
Dvije lule spržijo duvana.		And he smoked two pipefuls of tobacco.
Pa vondaka šede na vajvana,		After that he got back up on his mount,
Pa vudari niz ta Raca stara,	145	Then struck out toward ancient Ratsa,
To su Raca, Šumadija kleta;		This was Ratsa, accursed Shumadija;
Šumadiju dorat pregazijo --		His bay horse passed through Shumadija --
*hI* junačka ga sreća nanijela --		A hero's good fortune guided him --
Pa nastupi na široku Liku,		Then Alija came out onto the wide Lika,
Do pod kulu ličkog Mustajbega.	150	Below the tower of Mustajbey of the Lika.
Beg Mustajbeg bješe na čardaku,		Mustajbey sat on his enclosed porch,
Šejir polje čini ji livode.		Gazing out over the plain and the meadows.
vOko bega sedam bajraktara;		Around the bey were seven standardbearers;
Davulhana na sedmero tuče,	154	Drummers were beating in sevens,

vA vud'ruju zile ji borije --		4/11:53 While others clashed cymbals and blew horns --
vA sviraju kako mu vezira.		They played as if they were playing for the vizier.
'Vako pazi poljem konjenika,		So Mustajbey spied the rider in the field
Pa govori lički Mustajbeže:		And he spoke in this way:
"Moj Djuliću, Djula te rodila,		"O my Djulić, Djula bore you,
*hI* jev' ozdala jednog momka mlada	160	Now here is a young man approaching
Na doratu konju kosatome;		On a long-maned bay horse;
Dobro jaše pretila dorina --		He rides that stout, red-brown horse well --
Dobar momak a dobar mu dorat.		A brave young man and his brave bay horse.
Na prsima carevi nikšani:		The tsar's own medals decorate his chest:
More biti neko vod Stambola,	165	He must be someone from Istanbul,
vOd Stambola, stojna carigrada,		From Istanbul, the tsar's steadfast city,
Da je soja turskoga sultana.		If he belongs to the Turkish sultan's lineage.
Nije čudo momka pa ni konja,		I do not wonder at the young man or his horse,
Čudo mi je dva zelena vuka --		But I do wonder at the two spirited wolves --
Ako je pa ji' pripitomijo	170	If he tamed the wolves
vA da vidu pa za njim vukovi,		So that they follow behind him
Pa da skaču sve na krilo momku."		And jump right into the young man's lap."
vA zavika beže vod Lijeke:		Then the bey of the Lika began to shout:
"Hajde, sine, Djuliću Nuvane,		"Hurry, my son, Djulić Nuhan,
Hajde sidji na našu vavliju,	175	Hurry down to our courtyard
vOtvori mu na vavliji vrata.		And open the courtyard gates for him.
vAko bude kuli mušterija,		If he is a petitioner to this tower,
vAko pita bjega vu Grbave,		If he is seeking the bey of Grbava,
Neka jide na kulu bijelu."		Then let him enter our white tower."
Skoči Djulić, 'izmet mu vučini:	180	Djulić jumped up and performed the service:
Sidje Djulić na vavliju kletu,		He went down to the accursed courtyard
Pa votvori na vavliji vrata --		And opened the courtyard gates --
Kad evo ti careve gazije		Now here was the tsar's hero
Na doratu konju kosatome.		On his long-maned bay horse.
Pade momak begu vu vavliju;	185	The young man came down into the bey's courtyard;
Kako pade, turski selam dade,		As he came down, he gave a Turkish <i>selam</i> ,
vA beg njemu selam prifatijo.		And the bey received his <i>selam</i> .
Tad zavika momak sa dorata:		Then the young man began to shout from his horse:
"Je li vovo krvava Grbava?		"Is this blood-soaked Grbava?
Je li doma beg Mustajbeg lički?"	190	Is Mustajbey of the Lika at home?"
A šede mu momak govoriti:		Then Djulić began to speak to him:
"vOvo ti je krvava Grbava,		"Indeed this is blood-soaked Grbava,
vOvo kula bega Mustajbega --		And this is bey Mustajbey's tower --
Eno bega gori na čardaku.		Now there's the bey up on his enclosed porch.
vOko bega sedam bajraktara;	195	Around the bey are seven standardbearers;
Davulhana kako mu vezira,		Drummers are playing as if for the vizier,
Davulhana na sedmero mlati."		Drummers are beating in sevens."
Kada momak riječ otkitijo,		When the young man grasped his words,
Pa pretila konja vodjašijo,		Then he dismounted from his stout horse,
Dizgine mu na dva rama tura.	200	Casting the reins over its two shoulders.
Šćadijaše Djulić primaknuti,		Djulić wished to move closer,
Mladu momku 'izmet učiniti.		To perform service for the young man.
Polećeše dva hrta zelena;		The two spirited greyhounds were lying down;
vA da na nje vAlija ne viknu,		But because Alija did not call to them,
Šćadijavu njega razmaknuti;	205	They would have wandered away from him;
A zavika Djerdelez Alija:		So Djerdelez Alija began to shout:
"Lež'te doli, dva hrta zelena!"		"Lie down, my two spirited greyhounds!"

A zavika Djerdelez Alija: “Nemoj kretat’ u konja dorina!”		Then Djerdelez Alija began to shout: “Don’t move toward my red-brown horse!”
Dva dizgina na vavliju bači; vA hrti mu dizg’e prifatīše, ## Počeše vadati dorina Po vavliji tamo vi jovamo. vEvo momka na kulu bijelu: Kada momak pade na vodaju, Kak’ upade, vaga selam dade. Tuka šedi lički Mustajbeže, vA do njega sedam bajraktara; vA se mače jedan do drugoga, Pa metnuse njega do vodžaka, Ko’ vodžaka mjesto načiniše. A beg njemu ka/vu natočijo -- Jednu, dvije, pa mu dosta nije, Tri, četiri, čejif ugrabijo, vOnda reče beg Mustajbeg lički: “vO gazijo, vo ti jabandžijo, Na čardaku ji konaku mome Sramota je ja ću teb’ upitat’, Daj mi, kaži ko si dji kako si.” A šede mu momak govoriti: “vOj Turčine, beže sa Grbave, Ja sam otud sa Bosne ponosne -- vAj! U glavu Djerdelez Alija. Dajidža mi gazi Hrustanbeže; vU Saraj’vu, vu bijelu gradu. Ja sam samac ost’o na vrh’ kule, vA ja, beže, nidje nikog nemam, Samo Boga ji dorata moga. Pa sam za te čuo na Lijeci, Da si, beže, dobar za mladjega, Pa se tebi doš’o pridvoriti, Da mi krojiš krpū si barnjaka, Da ja budem četi bajraktare.” vA zavika lički Mustajbeže: “vA ti li si, careva gazijo! Ni za tebe krpa ni barnjaka; Za tebe je, sine, buljubaštvo. Vid’ u tebe carskije nikšana -- Njisi njija lako zaradijo: Ti si carsku zemlju proširijo, vA djavursku vazda tijesnijo.” vA zavika lički Mustajbeže: “Beže će ti sreću okušati. vA ja jimam sina Bećirbega, Pa ću njega sada voženiti: Ja sam brata Mevu vopravijo Do Kanidže grada bijeloga, vU Turčina, kanidžkog ajana; jI mu njega plemenita Zlata. Bi Zlatija bila za vezira,	210 215 <u>5/16:18</u> 220 225 230 235 240 245 250 255 260	He threw the two reins to the courtyard ground; His greyhounds seized them, And they began to lead the red-brown horse Through the courtyard here and there. Now here went the young man up the white tower: When he came to the bey’s room, As he came in, the aga gave him a <i>selam</i> . There sat Mustajbey of the Lika, And by him were seven standardbearers; Then each one took his seat beside the next, And they put Alija by the hearth, Near the hearth they made a place for him. And the bey poured coffee for him -- One, then two cups, not enough for him, Three, then four, the spark seized him. Then the bey Mustajbey of the Lika spoke: “O hero, stranger among us, Here on my enclosed porch and in my palace It is shameful for me to ask you, But grant me -- tell us your name and condition.” And the young man began to speak to him: “O Turk, bey of Grbava, I am from over there, from proud Bosnia -- Aj! I am none other than Djerdelez Alija. The hero Hrustanbey is my mother’s brother; He lives in Sarajevo, in that white town. I have remained a bachelor at the top of my tower, And I have no one at all, bey, Just God and my bay horse. But then I heard about you in the Lika, That you are generous toward youth, bey, And so I have come to offer you service, So that you would cut me banner-cloth and a standard, So that I might be standardbearer to your company.” Then Mustajbey of the Lika began to shout: “But consider who you are, tsar’s hero! Neither banner-cloth nor standard for you; For you, my son, an imperial command. Look at the tsar’s own medals on you -- You didn’t win those easily: You expanded the tsar’s lands, While always shrinking Christian territory.” And Mustajbey of the Lika began to shout: “The bey will now test your good fortune. For I have a son named Bećirbey, And I’m in the process of marrying him off: I have dispatched my brother Meho To the white town of Kanidža, To that Turk, the champion of Kanidža; And the noble Zlata is his daughter. Zlata would be a fit bride for the vizier,

<p>Kamol' ne bi za moga Bećira  Da mi prosi plemenitu Zlatu.  Tamo joj je mahana velika:  Sreću ima pod kamenom guja,  vA Zlata je plemenita nema!  Sedmeri je vodili svatovi,  Vazda svedi na polje Zečevo.  vA dočeka j' Baturiću bane  Su čet'er'es' hiljada vordije;  Pa von razbi kitu vi svatove,  vA sijeci curi mušteriju,  vA pobjegni lijepa djevojka  Na ćaćinu pretilu bjelanu  Do Kanidže grada bijeloga.  Sad sam i ja curi mušterija,  Da mi joj je vobraz otvoriti  Da mi joj je pute razčistiti.”  Tad zavika careva gazija:  “Ja ću, beže, mu svatove poći.”  vU tom vaktu vi ju tom govoru,  Kad evo ti brata Mehmedage  Na njegovu debelu gavranu.  Pravo jide vuz rosnu livodu,  Pravo jide pod begovu kulu;  vU vavliji konja razjašijo,  Mladji njemu konja prifatiše.  jEvo momka na kulu bijelu,  jEvo nosi hegbe sa mrkalja.  Kak' upade, pa jim selam dade,  vA beže mu selam prifatijo.  vA vovako momak bešedijo:  vA Boga ti, beže Mustajbeže,  Ko ti j' ovo na tvojoj odaji?”  vA zavika lički Mustajbeže:  “vOvo nam je momak jabandžija  Po jimeni Djerdelez Alija;  vEt' otuda sa Bosne ponosne,  vO' Saraj'va pa sa Visokoga.  Pa se nama junak potežijo --  Jesi li mi curu jisprosijo?”  “Jesam, brate lički Mustajbeže.”  “vA kad ćemo po djevojku poći?”  “Ma, moj beže, do petn'ejes' dana.”  Poče beže sitne knjige pisat',  Knjige piše na četiri strane.  Prvu piše paši do Budima,  Još ovakoj njega poselami:  “Pobro dragi, paša sa Budima,  vOdi meni, vu svatove podji,  Povedi mi dvades' hiljad' druga.  Ja ću sina voženiti moga,  vOženit' ga kanidžko' djevojkom,  jEj! Zlatijom kanidžkog ajana.”</p>	<p>265</p> <p>270</p> <p>275</p> <p><u>6/20:14</u></p> <p>280</p> <p>285</p> <p>290</p> <p>295</p> <p>300</p> <p>305</p> <p>310</p>	<p>Not to mention for my Bećirbey  If he asked me for the noble Zlata's hand.  There is one great drawback to her:  A snake under a stone has some good fortune,  But noble Zlata has none!  Seven wedding attendants were guiding her,  Leading her steadily toward Zečevo field.  But Baturić ban was waiting for her  With fourteen thousand troops;  He scattered our forces and wedding attendants  And beheaded the girl's patron,  And so the beautiful maiden fled  On her father's stout white horse  To the white town of Kanidža.  Now it is left to me to be the girl's patron,  So I must maintain her honor  And clear the pathways for her.”  Then the tsar's hero began to shout:  “I will go join the wedding guests, bey.”  At that time and as they spoke,  Now here was the bey's brother Mehmedaga  On his well muscled raven horse.  Straight up the dewy meadow he came,  Straight up under the bey's tower;  In the courtyard he dismounted,  And a boy received his horse.  Now here went the young man to the white tower,  Now here he carried his black mount's saddlebag.  As he came in, he gave them a <i>selam</i>,  And the bey received his <i>selam</i>.  Then the young man addressed him in this way:  “By your God, bey Mustajbey,  Who is this here in your room?”  And Mustajbey of the Lika began to shout:  “Here we have a young stranger  By the name of Djerdelez Alija;  He hails from over there, from proud Bosnia,  From Sarajevo and from Visoko.  The hero Meho has also hastened to us --  Did you ask the girl's hand in marriage for me, Meho?”  “Yes, my brother, Mustajbey of the Lika.”  “And when will we go for the maiden?”  “Well, my bey, in fifteen days.”  So the bey began to write brief letters,  He wrote letters to the four compass-points.  The first he wrote to the pasha in Budim,  And in this way he saluted him:  “O dear bloodbrother, Pasha from Budim,  Journey to me, come join the wedding,  And lead twenty thousand comrades to me.  I will be marrying off my son,  Marrying him to a Kanidža maiden,  Ej! To Zlata, daughter of the Kanidža champion.”</p>
---	---	--

vOnu spremi, modma' drugu piše		He prepared that one, immediately wrote another
Do vOsika gazi jOsmanbegu.	315	To the hero Osmanbey in Osijek.
vOvako ga beže selamijo:		In this way the bey saluted him:
“Pobratime silan Osmanbeže,		“O bloodbrother, powerful Osmanbey,
vU tebe mi tri tarafa kažu,		They tell me you command three precincts,
Tri tarafa na tvome vOsiku,		Three precincts within your Osijek,
Svaki taraf dvanajes' hiljada:	320	Each of them with twelve thousand men:
Jedan taraf beratli spavija,		The first of chartered landowners,
Drugi taraf vArnavuta ljuta,		The second of fierce Albanians,
Treći taraf vaga vOsičana;		The third of Osijek agas;
Dva vostavi, treći mi povedi.		Leave the first two behind, lead the third to me.
Pa ti mjeni vu svatove podji,	325	So come to me, join the wedding,
Da ja sina ženim Bećirbega.”		For I am marrying off my son Bećirbey.”
vOnu spremi, vodma' drugu piše,		He prepared that one, immediately wrote another,
Pa je šalje na Jercegovinu,		And he sent it to Hercegovina,
Do Mostara, Bišća kamenoga,		To Mostar, to rocky Bišće,
vA na ruke Bišćević Aliji.	330	To the very hand of Bišćević Alija.
Još ovako njega poselami:		And in this way he saluted him:
“Pobro dragi, Bišćević Alija,		“O dear bloodbrother, Bišćević Alija,
Kupi meni mlade Bišćevčane,		Gather your young supporters for me,
Kupi meni stotinu momaka;		Gather one hundred young men for me;
Pa ti meni na Grbavu sadji,	335	Then come down to me in Grbava,
vA ja sina da voženim svoga.”		For I am marrying off my son.”
vOnu spremi va četvrtu piše,		He prepared that one, then wrote a fourth,
Pa je šalje buljubaši Muji:		And he sent it to Captain Mujo:
“vO Turčine, buljubaša Mujo,	<u>7/24:35</u>	“O Turk, Captain Mujo,
vOdi meni, sidji na Grbavu,	340	Journey to me, come down to Grbava,
vOdi meni, mu svatove podji;		Journey to me, come join the wedding;
Ti ćeš meni biti selambaša,		You will be my official greeter,
Selambaša, Mujo buljubaša.”		My official greeter, Captain Mujo.”
Kad sve knjige beže rasturijo,		When the bey had sent all the letters off,
vOnda knjigu jednu nakitijo,	345	Then he composed a special letter,
Pa je šalje vod Pokrajla knezu;		And he sent it to the King of Pokrajlo;
*I* još ovako njega pozdravljaše:		And in this way he greeted him:
“Čuješ, djido, vod Pokrajla kneže?		“Do you hear me, stalwart hero, King of Pokrajlo?
/Eto tebi knjige ji pozdravi.		Here are a letter and greetings for you.
Dobro gledaj sta ti knjiga piše:	350	Heed well what this letter tells you:
Nametni mi namet na vilajet --		Impose a tax in my name on your province --
Na kmetove krave ji volove,		On the peasants for their cows and oxen,
Na brdjane drva ji sijeno,		On the mountain dwellers for their wood and hay,
Na poljake bjelicu 'šenicu,		On the farmers for their white wheat,
Na bačvare vinovu rakiju,	355	On the barrelmakers for their plum brandy,
Da se goni pod begovu kulu		To cause a quarrel beneath the bey's tower
vOd dnev' do dnev' prije dvan'es' dana.”		From one day to the next for twelve days.”
Pa von poslala Djulića Nuvana.		Then he sent off his messenger Djulić Nuhan.
Još je knjigu nakitijo šestu,		Now Mustajbey composed a sixth letter,
Pa je spremi pobratimu svome	360	And prepared it for his bloodbrother
Na vOtoku, Topalović Husu,		In Otok, Topalo's son Huso,
vI jovako njemu progovara:		And thus he declared to him:
vO moj brate, Topalović Huso,		“O my brother, Topalović Huso,
Kupi meni vage na vOtoci,		Gather the agas in Otok for me,
Kupi vaga što ji' više jima,	365	Gather of the agas as many as there are,
Vodi meni na široku Liku;		And lead them to me in the wide Lika;



<p>vI jodnijo lokovanu palu hI jodve/o dvanajes' bešlija, Pa da meće palu na točilje." vA kad začu Djuliću Nuvane, vU potoke puta produljijo. Kada nadje Budalinu Talu, vA von sablju drži na točilju vA vokreće dvanajes' bešlija. Pa se krivi vu potoku Tale: vO bešlije, lako vokrećite, jA da mi je z brido' sastaviti." ## Zavika Djuliću Nuvane: "Brate jIbro vod Orašća kleta, Selam ti je beže vučinijo vA da vodma' jideš na Grbavu, Na Grbavu begu liječkome, Da povedeš dvanajes' bešlija." Tad zavika Budalina jIbro: "vOću doći, vajde begu kaži." vA se Djulić na Grbavu vrati: vOde momak, konja vigrājući, vIgrājući, popijevājući. vA kad sidje na široku Liku, vA von priča ličkom Mustajbegu. vA kolju se krave ji volovi, vEj! jAščiye kotle nastavile, mA ciganjke kupe žigarice; Jeka stoji na četiri dana. Sve gotovo, samo Tale nema. Dok evo ti Budaline Tale Na kulašu konju kosatome! A vuzd'o ga šarenom uzicom -- A na njemu pa ni sedla nema, Vet' gunjinu samu prebačijo. vUteg'o ga šarenijem užem, jA vo njemu ćorbe vobjesijo, vA vu njima brašno proševina. vI još kažu da je junak Ibro, vA za njime dvanajes' bešlija, Sve vu srmi ji čistome zlatu.</p>	<p>420 425 430 435 440 445 450 455 33:20</p>	<p>He even took his plated blade with him And was leading twelve horsemen, So he could put his saber to the whetstone." And when Djulić Nuhan heard this, He continued along the path to the stream. When he found Budaline Tale, He was holding the saber to the whetstone While the twelve horsemen turned it. And Tale was in the stream railing at them: "O horsemen, turn the whetstone easily, So that it meets my saber's edge." Then Djulić Nuhan began to shout: "Brother Ibro from accursed Orašac, The bey has sent you a <i>selam</i> That you come immediately to Grbava, To Grbava to the bey of the Lika, And that you bring your twelve horsemen." Then Budaline Ibro began to shout: All right, I'll come; hurry and tell the bey." So Djulić returned to Grbava: The young man rode off, dancing his horse, Dancing his horse and even singing a little. And when he got down to the wide Lika, He told the story to Mustajbey of the Lika. And steers and oxen were butchered, Ej! the cooks set the kettles on the fire, And gypsies gathered kindling; The din lasted for four days. Everything was ready, except for Tale. Then here was Budaline Tale On his long-maned dun-colored horse! He reined in his mount with a motley string -- There was no saddle at all on the beast, He'd thrown on only a coarse blanket. He pulled it up with the motley halter, And hung knapsacks over the horse's flanks, And in them sifted flour-meal. But still they swore it was the hero Ibro, And behind him were his twelve horsemen, All in sterling silver and pure gold.</p>
<p><b>[Instrumental prelude and re-entry]</b></p> <p>vO! Za Talom dvanajes' bešlija, Sve vu srmi vi čistome zlatu. Kako Tale nagoni kulaša! Koliko ga Tale ražljutijo! Sve mu travu voko puta pase, Dobar kulaš, s oblje dvije strane. Kada Tale vu svatove dodje, vA bir dodje, von ružno zavika: "Beg Mustajbeg -- da mu jebe staru! -- vO Turčine, silan Osmanbeže,</p>	<p>9/33:21  33:32 465</p>	<p>O! Behind Tale were his twelve horsemen, All in sterling silver and pure gold. How Tale was driving his dun-colored horse! How Tale enraged the poor beast! It kept on grazing on grass all along the way, The good horse, from both sides of the road. When Tale arrived among the wedding attendants, The moment he arrived, he began to shout and curse: "Bey Mustajbey -- let him screw some old woman! -- O Turk, O powerful Osmanbey,</p>

<p>Jeste l' došli bega viskopati,  vIskopati jali zakućiti?  vAko jesmo ljudi za svatova,  Kratki danci, kaloviti klanci:  Postajući, kasno ćemo doći;  Pomičući, nekad ćemo doći.  Da jidemo sada putovati!"  vA zavika beže Mustajbeže:  "De voćemo, Budalina Tale!"  vA vuktaše zile ji borije,  Zavikaše kićeni čavuši:  "vAzurula, kita vi svatovi!  Ko je pješak, priteži vopanke;  Konjenici, na spone kolane."  vA vu noge skočiše junaci,  vA jamiše bajraki bajrake.  vA se svaki bili vodredili:  Stari svate silan Osmanbeže,  Selambaša Mujo buljubaša;  A tu bili kad su polazili.  Tad zavika silan Osmanbeže:  "vO Turčine, Narlanović Mujo,  vAjde prodji na tijesna klanca,  Pa ti jami divit i papira,  Pa ti voćeš tefteriti vojsku --  vA koliko bojne vojske jima,  vE! koliko vu bega svatova  Što se danas puno viskupilo,  Što je zvano vi što nije zvano;  Puno ji' je ji još dolazilo  Koga nije lički beže zvavo.  jIma vojske puno preko reda."  vA da vidiš Narlanović Muje,  Koji znade sve sedam jezika --  Pa propade proščemu klancu,  Pa von tefter tuka rasklopijo:  Rasklopi ga vOsmanu na glavi,  vA zaklopi pa Tali za vratom,  Jer najzad'i Tale nalazijo.  Dvades' i pet pa po broju bilo,  Dvades' i pet pa bilo hiljada,  vE! jU bega kićeni' svatova.  Kad su prvi na Mezevo bili,  Tu su odma' vatre položili;  vAj! jAščije vatru naložiše,  vA na vatru kazane metnuše,  Jer večera treba svatovima  Večerati, pa vonda spavati.  vA se društvo bilo viskupilo,  vEj! Klanjaše, vonda večeraše,  vA legoše Turci da spavaju.  vA ne spava lički Mustajbeže;  Vet' on sejri sedam turbetova,</p>	<p>470 475 480 485 490 <u>10/36:02</u> 495 500 505 510 515 520</p>	<p>Have you come here to dig the bey's earth,  To dig earth or to build a house?  If we are men headed for a wedding,  The days are short and the gorges fearsome:  By lingering here, we'll get there late;  By moving along, we'll get there sometime.  Let's start our journey now!"  And the bey Mustajbey of the Lika began to shout:  "Well, then we shall, Budaline Tale!"  The cymbals and the trumpets sounded,  And the elegant officers began to shout:  "Prepare yourselves, forces and wedding attendants!  Footsoldiers, tighten your boots;  Horsemen, buckle your girths."  Then the heroes jumped to their feet,  And the bearers grabbed the standards.  Then each and every one was appointed:  The eldest witness was to be powerful Osmanbey,  The official greeter Captain Mujo;  And there they were as the company departed.  Then powerful Osmanbey began to shout:  "O Turk, Narlane's son Mujo,  Hurry ahead to the narrow gorge,  And take a writing-box and some paper with you,  So you can record the army's strength --  How many brave soldiers there are,  E! how many of the bey's wedding attendants  Who have gathered here today in abundance,  Those invited and those uninvited;  The army was complete and still more have arrived  Whom the bey of the Lika did not invite.  There are soldiers in abundance throughout the ranks."  But you should have seen Narlane's son Mujo,  Who knew all the seven languages --  He went on ahead to the jagged gorge,  And there he opened his account book:  He opened it with Osman at the head  And closed it with Tale at the rear,  Since Tale came along last of all.  Twenty-five by number there were,  Twenty-five thousand there were,  Of the bey's elegant guests.  When the first of them reached Mezevo,  They immediately kindled fires there;  Aj! the cooks ordered the fires,  And on the fires they placed cauldrons,  For the wedding attendants needed to eat supper,  Eat supper and then turn to sleep.  When the company had gathered,  Ej! they prayed and then they ate supper,  And then the Turks lay down to sleep.  But Mustajbey of the Lika did not sleep;  Instead he gazed out over the seven tombstones,</p>
--	--	---

Dje je sedam 'zginulo momaka, Sve momaka curi mušterija. Svaki bijo jedi/nak u majke; *jE!* Nije majka drugoga jimala, Neg' onoga što je poginuvo. Tuka bješe puno haremluka, Dje je turska sila nizginula; nIzginuli sedmeri svatovi, Na hiljade pa ji' na stotine. Šejir čini lički Mustajbeže, vA sa njime silan Osmanbeže, vA sa njima paša sa Budima, Još sa njima buljubaša Mujo. vUs koljeno privodi Halila, vA Halila lukom udaraše: "Moj Halile, brate vod matere, Vidi vove pa Turske propasti, Šta radijo Baturiću bane; Turskoj curi sreću zazaftijo. jO tako mi mača ji junaštva, vO tako mi mojega bjelana, vO tako mi četer'es' godina, Ja ću vovo šutra vosvetiti jAli šutra, brate, jal' prek' šutra. Ja ću pitat' Baturića bana Čijoj curi pa sreću zastavlja." Tu noćiše, dobro podraniše. Kad su bili dobro podranili, Sve naprijed careva gazija, vEj! Gazija Djerdelez Alija; vA za njime silan Osmanbeže, vOsmanbeže starosvat svatovim'; vA za njime Mujo buljubaša -- Buljubaša bješe selambaša; vA za njima paša sa Budima; Pored njega lički Mustajbeže; vA za njima beže Bećirbeže Na ćaćinu debelu golubu -- Još kako se Bečko napravijo! -- vA za njima kita vi svatovi, vA po broju dvades' i pet hiljad'. Kad su bili do Kanidže bili, vA dobro ji' tamo dočekaše; Dočeka ji' kanidžki vajane Na valaju ni turskom selamu: "Poglavare na gornje vahare, vA svatove niz rosne livode; Svakom svatu konak i večera!" vOdrediše sedam djeverova, Ko će biti djever' uz djevojku. Tu jim fino na konaku bilo: Vazdi svu noć ljudi prešedješe, Prešedješe, piju rujno vino;	525 530 535 540 545 550 555 560 565 570 575	Where the seven young men had perished, All those serving as Zlata's patron. Each was his mother's only son; No mother had any other son Besides the one who was killed. Abundant was their suffering there, Where the Turkish army had perished; The wedding attendants perished by sevens, By the thousands and by the hundreds of them. Mustajbey of the Lika gazed out over this sight, And with him powerful Osmanbey, And with them the Pasha from Budim, And also with them Captain Mujo. Mujo leaned to nudge Halil's knee, And struck Halil with his hand: "O my Halil, brother from the same mother, Look at these Turks who have fallen, What Baturić ban has wrought; He has spoiled the Turkish girl's good fortune. O by my sword and by my heroism, <u>11/40:07</u> O by my white steed, O by my fourteen years, I will avenge this tomorrow, Either tomorrow, brother, or the day after that. I will demand of Baturić ban That he restore the girl's good fortune." There they spent the night, then got themselves up. When they had gotten themselves up, Out in front of all was the tsar's hero, Ej! the hero Djerdelez Alija; Then behind him powerful Osmanbey, Osmanbey eldest witness among attendants; Then behind him Captain Mujo -- The captain was the official greeter; Then behind them the Pasha from Budim; Next to him Mustajbey of the Lika; Then behind them Bećirbey On his father's well-muscled dove of a horse -- What a handsome figure Bečko cut! -- And behind them the forces and wedding attendants, By number twenty-five thousand. When they reached white Kanidža, Their hosts received them well; The Kanidža champion received them With a procession and a Turkish selam: "Chieftains to the upper quarters, And wedding attendants to the dewy meadow; Shelter and supper for every attendant!" They appointed seven sponsors, Who would serve as sponsors to the maiden. Everything was provided in the shelter: All through the night the men sat up, They sat up drinking red wine;
--	---	---



vA preda se prostr'o kabanicu; *u* Oba šljepac oka zatvorijo, vUteg'o se bijelijem pasom. vA to bješe Baturiću bane, vA se bane tako napravijo vA da njega ne bi poznavali. Kad napade careva gazija, Tada vika slijepac za puta: "vOj! Boga ti, careva gazijo, Daruj meni moju kabanicu, Daj ti meni, turi napojnicu!" vA momak mu tri dukata bači. ## Napade Mujo buljubaša, vA vovako sljepac govoraše: "Daruj meni moju kabanicu, Daj ti meni, bači napojnicu!" Sad mu Mujo tri dukata bači. Kad napade silan Osmanbeže -- vA na njemu bjevu vordenovi vA na njemu carski nikšanovi -- Tad zavika slijepac za puta: "vO Turčine, lički Mustajbeže, Daruj meni moju kabanicu!" Tad zavika lički Mustajbeže: "A svak' daruj slijepca za putu, vA svak' podaj šta ga srce steže!" Sve svatovi redom prolazili. Dok evo ti sedam djeverova, vI medju nji' plemenite Zlate. vA zavika šljepac sa puta: "vO Zlatijo kanidžkog ajana, Daruj meni moju kabanicu -- vA za zdravlje Bećiragi svome, Šta ti Bećir bude vazda zdravo, Sta Bog da ti poljubijo lišće, jI mu njega na ruci zaspala!" Kada cura riječ otkitila, Pa zalampa vu džepove ruke, Stotina mu bači madžarija. Kad napade momak na golubu, Na golubu beže Bećirbeže, Sad zavika slijepac za puta: "vO Turčine, Bečko mladoženja, Bog t' uzdrž'o staru ocu tvome! Tebe ćaća nema vet' jednoga, nA da Bog da pa da mu poživiš!" Daruj meni moju kabanicu, Ti Zlatiji vobljubijo lice!" Tada momak konja zastavijo, Pa von dade stotinu dukata. vA zavika Vide bajraktare: "Kupi, bane, vajde da jidemo!" "Neka, Vide, još Turaka jima,	630 635 640 645 650 655 660 <u>13/48:13</u> 665 670 675 680	And spread out his cloak in front of him; The blind man had both eyes closed, He girded himself with a white belt. The beggar was actually Baturić ban, But the ban had so disguised himself That they couldn't recognize him. When the tsar's hero came up, Then the blind beggar shouted from the road: "Oj! By your God, tsar's hero, Give me something on my cloak, Give me something, toss me an offering!" So the young man threw him three ducats. Then Captain Mujo came up, And the blind beggar spoke to him in this way: "Give me something on my cloak, Give me something, throw me an offering!" So now Mujo threw him three ducats. When powerful Osmanbey came up -- And on him were heroic decorations, And on him were the tsar's medals -- Then the blind beggar began to shout from the road: "O Turk, Mustajbey of the Lika, Give me something on my cloak!" Then Mustajbey of the Lika began to shout: "Each of you give to the blind man on the road, Each of you donate whatever his heart urges!" The wedding attendants came forward all in order. Then here were the seven sponsors, And in their midst noble Zlata. The blind beggar began to shout from the road: "O Zlata, daughter of the Kanidža champion, Give me something on my cloak -- For the health of your Bećiraga, So that your Bećirbey might always be healthy, So that God might allow him to kiss your face, And you to fall asleep in his arms!" When the girl grasped his words, She thrust her hands into her pockets And threw him one hundred madžarijas. When the young man came up on his dove of a horse, The bey Bećirbey on his dove of a horse, Now the blind beggar began to shout from the road: "O Turk, bridegroom Bečko, May God preserve you for your aged father! Your father has no other son but you, May God grant you long life for his sake!" Give me something on my cloak, And may you caress your Zlata's face!" Then the young man halted his horse, And he gave him one hundred ducats. Then Vide the standardbearer began to shout: "Gather up your donations, ban, hurry, let's go!" "Let me be, Vide, there are more Turks to come,
---	--	---

A dje su jim sada <i>sajisane</i> .”		And now they have pack-horses with them.”
Kad se neko vuz <i>bogazde</i> krivi,		Then someone bellowed up the mountain passes,
Preka <i>prvu</i> jali majku ‘suje;		Through the first pass, but cursing his mother;
Prva kriva, zadnja <i>prevaljiva</i> .	685	The first was twisted, the last pass up and down.
Kad evo ti <i>buljubaše</i> Tale!		Then here he was -- Captain Tale!
Dje von goni <i>dvan’es’ sajisana</i> .		Well, he drove twelve pack-horses forward.
Kad napade Tale vuz <i>bogade</i> ,		When Tale came up the mountain pass,
vA zavika <i>Baturiću</i> bane:		Baturić ban began to shout:
“Kakva j’ ono <i>turska</i> neprilika,	690	“What sort of Turkish disaster is this,
Što no jaše <i>pretila</i> kulaša,		Who rides a stout dun-colored horse,
*u* Oblje <i>noge</i> pa na jednu stranu		With both legs hanging over the same side
vA na drugu <i>čavlena</i> baketa?”		And on the other a nail-studded walking-stick?”
vA zavika <i>Vide</i> bajraktare:		Then Vide the standardbearer began to shout:
“vOno ti je <i>Budalina</i> Tale;	695	“That is Budaline Tale;
vU njega ti <i>jišti</i> napojnicu.”		Go seek an offering from him.”
Kad napade Tale na kulašu,		When Tale came up on his dun-colored horse,
vA zavika <i>Baturiću</i> bane:		Baturić ban began to shout:
“vO ti <i>čuješ</i> , <i>buljubaša</i> Tale!		“O hear me, Captain Tale!
Daj ti meni, <i>bači</i> napojnicu,	700	Give me something, throw me an offering,
Daruj meni moju <i>kabanicu!</i> ”		Give me something on my cloak!”
vA zavika <i>buljubaša</i> /Ibro:		But Captain Ibro began to shout:
“Čekaj malo, <i>slijepče</i> na putu --		“Wait a minute, blind beggar in the road --
Velik me je <i>trošak</i> osvojijo		A huge expense overtook me
vU <i>Kanidži</i> , <i>bijelome</i> gradu --	705	In Kanidža, in that white town --
Dok upitam <i>čavlene</i> bakete		While I ask my nail-studded walking stick
Je li koji <i>dinar</i> ostanuvo.”		Whether any dinars remain.”
Poče Tale <i>noge</i> namješčati;		Tale began to plant his feet for balance;
vA <i>podize</i> <i>čavlenu</i> baketu,		Then he raised up the nail-studded walking stick,
vU kojoj je <i>trideset</i> <i>heksera</i> .	710	On which there were thirty spikes.
Vide bane da će <i>poginuti</i> ,		The ban saw he would be killed,
Pa <i>pobježe</i> <i>sasred</i> <i>druma</i> puta;		So he fled from the middle of the roadway;
*u* <i>Osta</i> <i>banu</i> <i>kabanica</i> kleta,		But the ban’s accursed cloak remained behind,
<i>jI</i> <i>jostade</i> <i>nebrojeno</i> blago.		And his countless riches stayed behind as well.
Sad se <i>savi</i> Tale <i>nis</i> kulaša:	715	Now Tale leaned down from his dun-colored horse:
Sva četiri <i>roglja</i> <i>sastavijo</i> ,		He gathered all four coners of the cloak together,
Pa sve blago <i>vu</i> <i>bisage</i> skrenu,		Then stashed all the riches in his saddlebags
<i>Kabanicu</i> vuz <i>ledja</i> <i>privali</i> .	<u>14/52:08</u>	And rolled the cloak up over his shoulders.
Još ovako, Tale <i>progovara</i> :		Adding these words, Tale declared:
“ <i>Fala</i> <i>Bogu</i> i <i>današnjem</i> danu!	720	“Thanks to God for this day today!
vEvo <i>njesam</i> im’o <i>kabanice</i> ,		Here I had no cloak of my own,
Pa mi <i>dade</i> <i>dušmanine</i> bane!”		And the enemy ban given me one!”
Kad su <i>prvi</i> na <i>Mezeva</i> bili,		When the first Turkish troops got to Mezevo,
<i>Polju</i> <i>polu</i> <i>vojska</i> <i>pritisnula</i> ,		The ban’s forces were swarming over half the plain,
<i>Redom</i> <i>vojska</i> <i>Baturića</i> bana.	725	Baturić ban’s army arrayed in order.
<i>Namještili</i> <i>vod</i> <i>boja</i> <i>topove</i> ,		They had set the war cannon in place,
vU <i>turbeta</i> <i>grla</i> <i>vokrenuli</i> .		And aimed the muzzles toward the tombstones.
Kad su <i>Turci</i> na <i>Mezeva</i> bili,		When the rest of the Turks arrived at Mezevo,
<i>Saštevili</i> <i>redom</i> <i>iskupili</i> ,		Assembled, gathered themselves in order,
vA da <i>vidiš</i> <i>buljubaše</i> <i>Muje</i> --	730	Then you should have seen Captain Mujo --
Dje <i>vovako</i> <i>Mujo</i> <i>progovara</i> :		Well, in this way Mujo addressed the bey:
“vO <i>Turčine</i> , <i>silan</i> <i>Osmanbeže</i> ,		“O Turk, powerful Osmanbey,
<i>jA</i> šta ćemo <i>nočas</i> od <i>djevojke</i> ?		What will we do with the maiden tonight?
<i>Mogli</i> bi nam <i>ukrasti</i> <i>devojkju</i> .”		Our enemies might steal her from us.”

<p>vA zavika silan Osmanbeže:  “hIzaberi stotinu momaka  jI djevojku za bijelu ruku;  Pa ti vodi curu vu trubeta.  Ti je čuvaj, buljubaša Mujo,  Čuvaj curu svu noj do sabaha.”  Jami curu buljubaša Mujo  vI jodabra stotinu momaka;  Vodi curu vu turbeta kleta,  vA tu čuva svu noj do sabava.  ## Svanu i jogranu sunce,  Kad se vidi crvena čadora,  Crven čador Baturića bana.  vA pred njime bedevija vrana,  vA bedevija za džidu svezana:  Ja vrana je kako gavran crni,  vEj! Na trku stiže lastavicu,  Sve vušima vedro nebo striže;  Ja dobra je vrana bedevija:  vU oba je voka čakarasta,  vU četiri noge kalčinasta.  vA jiza njegov’ ima silna vojska,  Silna vojska jima vi topovi.  Kad se nijma dade pogledati,  Kad evo ti knjigonoše mlade;  Dje von nosi knjigu šarovitu.  Pa von pita Bećka Bećirbega:  “Dje je beže ličkog Mustajbega?  Što je momak, curi mušterija?  Neka banu bude džebelija!”  vA to začu beže Bećirbeže,  Preda nj’ štade vi zavika “Ja sam!”  vA da njemu knjigu napisanu,  Ka’ što mu je bane nakitijo:  “vO Turčine, beže Bećirbeže,  Misliš, Ture, vodvesti djevojku?  Nećeš nikad preko mene živa;  Ta moja je plemenita Zlata!  <u>*u*</u> ‘Odi meni na megdan junački --  Zubim’ ću ti zvalu viskopati  vA handžarom srce vizvaditi;  Ja ću Zlatu moju vugrabit!”  Kada momak knjigu prečitavo,  Z druge strane potpis udarijo:  “Čekaj, djido, Baturiću bane;  Ti si, bane, v’oma povasijo.  hA si, djida, puna tikva vina!  Ja ću tebi na megdan izići!”  vA se vrati staru vocu svome,  Svome vocu zajiska halala:  “vOdo’, babo, babu na megdana;  Ja ću banu na megdan izaći.”  vA beže mu vajir-dovu dava:</p>	<p>735 740 745 750 755 760 765 770 <u>15/56:08</u> 775 780 785</p>	<p>And powerful Osmanbey began to shout:  “Select one hundred young men  And take the maiden by her white hand;  Then lead the girl toward the tombstones.  See that you guard her, Captain Mujo,  Guard the girl all night until morning.”  Captain Mujo brought out the girl  And selected one hundred young men;  He led the girl to the accursed tombstones,  And there he guarded her all night until morning.  When day broke and the sun rose,  Then the crimson tent appeared,  The crimson tent of Baturić ban.  And out in front of it was a black mare,  A mare tied up to a spear:  She was as black as a black raven,  Ej! Swift enough to outpace a swallow,  Pricking her ears up toward the clear sky;  Indeed, that black mare was handsome:  Both her eyes were many-colored,  All four legs sported cloth gaiters.  And behind the tent there was a powerful army,  A powerful army and cannon as well.  When one of the Turks began to look around them,  Then here was a young messenger;  Well, he was carrying a multicolored letter.  Then he demanded of Bećirbey:  “Where is the son of Mustajbey of the Lika?  Which one is the young man, the girl’s patron?  May he be a warrior worthy to confront the ban!”  And when bey Bećirbey heard this,  He stood before him and shouted “I am!”  The messenger gave him the inscribed letter,  Just as the ban had composed it for him:  “O Turk, bey Bećirbey,  Do you intend to lead away the maiden, Turk?  You’ll never do so while I’m living;  The noble Zlata is mine and mine alone!  Come to me in heroic combat --  I’ll dig the teeth out of your jaws  And cut out your heart with my dagger;  Thus will I lay claim to my Zlata!”  When Bećirbey finished reading the letter,  On the opposite side he penned this reply:  “Hold on, hothead, Baturić ban;  You’ve gotten very arrogant.  But you, hothead, are a full gourd of wine!  I will indeed come meet you in combat!”  Then he returned to his aged father  And asked his father’s blessing:  “O father, I would go off to combat with the ban;  I wish to meet the ban in combat.”  So the bey gave him a prayer for good fortune:</p>
--	--	--

<p>“vAjde, sine, vu sto dobri’ časa!”  vA kad Bečko pritišće goluba,  vIz ordije konja vizgonijo.  Čeka tamo careva gazija,  vEj! Gazija Djerdelez Alija.  Pa po’ njime konja vu’vatijo,  vI jovako vAlija govori:  “Daj se vrati, beže Bećirbeže!  Ti se vrati, ja ću vići za te.”  “Neću, bogme, momak jabandžija;  Ne dam nikom plemenite Zlate!  Ja ću banu na megdan izaći.”  vAlija mu dizgine priřati,  vA zavika beže Bećirbeže:  “Pušti, more, dizgine golubu!  Ja ću vići, da neću ni doći!”  vA zavika lički Mustajbeže:  “Svi jimami na dovu stanite,  vA kurbane sinu voborite!”  Tada njemu padoše kurbani,  vA na dovu stadoše jimami;  Bećirbegu moliše za zdravlje.  Bliž’ to bliže, primaće se blizu;  Kad zavika beže Bećirbeže:  “vO djidijo, Baturiću bane,  Jaši tvoju pretilu kobilu  Da mi, bane, megdan dijelimo.”  vA kad skoći Baturiću bane,  vA priřati koplje koštunovo --  Na kome je vod med’jeda glava,  vA vu glavi dva filova zuba,  vA voko nji’ trista praporaca --  Čijem plaši konje vi junake.  Pa zajava <i>debeviju</i> vranu,  Još zavika Baturiću bane:  “Bježi ćaći, beže Bećirbeže;  Jazuk ti je poginuti mladu,  vI ti jesi jedinak u babe.”  “Neću, bane, megdan da činimo!”  vOnda reče Baturiću bane:  “Čekaj mene, beže Bećirbeže --  vA ću moju vigrati kobilu,  ** Ja ću, junak, udariti na te;  vAko li mi, Bečko, ne pobjegneš,  vOnda ti ćeš udarati na me.”  vA na piku Bećirbeg ostade;  Ban odigra bedeviju vranu,  Pa je brzu nazad okrenuvo.  Bala bane koplje’ koštunovim,  Čijem plaši konje vi junake;  Stadijaše golub pobjegnuti,  vA ne dade beže Bećirbeže:  “Stoj, golube, dobar od megdana!</p>	<p>790 795 800 805 810 815 820 825 <u>16/60:04</u> 830 835 840</p>	<p>“Hurry, my son, and one hundred victories to you.”  So then Bečko rushed to his dove of a horse,  And drove it out from his army’s ranks.  The tsar’s hero waited there,  Ej! the hero Djerdelez Alija.  He took hold of the horse underneath Bečko,  And Alija spoke to him in this way:  “Give up and go back, bey Bećirbey!  Go back and I will go on in your place.”  “By God, I won’t, young stranger;  I’ll yield the noble Zlata to no man!  I will enter into combat with the ban.”  Alija seized the reins of Bečko’s horse,  But bey Bećirbey began to shout:  “Let my dove’s reins go, I order you!  I will go, even if I will not come back!”  Meanwhile, Mustajbey of the Lika shouted orders:  “All you imams start up your prayers,  Slaughter animals for my son’s sake!”  Then animals were sacrificed for him,  And the imams started up their prayers;  They prayed for Bećirbey’s health.  Closer and closer, he came near;  Then bey Bećirbey began to shout:  “O stalwart hero, Baturić ban,  Mount up on your stout mare  So that we can fight a duel, o ban.”  But when Baturić ban jumped up,  He grabbed his bone-hard spear --  On which was a bear’s head,  And in the head two ivory tusks,  And around them three hundred wether-bells --  With which he terrified both horses and heroes.  Then he mounted his black mare,  And once again Baturić ban began to shout:  “Run back to papa, bey Bećirbey;  It’s a pity for a young man to perish,  And you are your father’s only son.”  “<u>I will not, ban; let’s fight the duel!</u>”  And then Baturić ban spoke:  “Wait a moment for me, bey Bećirbey --  I will move my mare around,  Then like a hero I’ll attack straight at you;  If you do not flee from me, Bečko,  Then you will attack straight at me.”  Bećirbey stayed at the starting place;  The ban finished moving his black mare around,  Then he quickly turned his horse back.  The ban feinted with his bone-hard spear,  With which he terrified both horses and heroes;  Bečko’s dove of a horse started to flee,  But the bey Bećirbey did not permit it:  “Stop, my dove, my fine battle steed!</p>
---	--	---

Stoj, golube, nemoj pobjegnuti!		Stop, my dove, do not flee!
Pa nemoj se, dobar, prepanuti;		Don't be frightened, my fine one;
Ta dosta ti nogam' pogazijo."		Your hooves have trampled dangers enough."
Kad dotrča Baturiću bane,		When Baturić ban came charging up,
Manu kopljem, polećeše glava,	845	He waved his spear, and its head took flight,
vA poleće vod med'jeda glava.		The bear's head spear took flight.
*u* Ona pade pred konja goluba,		It landed in front of that dove of a horse,
vA golub je nogam' pogazijo.		And the dovelike horse trampled it.
vA zavika Baturiću bane:		Then Baturić ban began to shout:
"Sad ti najde, beže Bećirbeže,	850	"Now hurry, bey Bećirbey,
Sad ti najde, vudaraćeš na me!"		Now hurry, attack straight at me!"
"Čekaj mene, Baturiću bane."		"Wait a moment for me, Baturić ban."
Prevari se beže Bećirbeže!		But Bećirbey was about to be deceived!
## mA 'digra ćaćina goluba.		So he finished moving his father's dove around.
mA kad viknu vila viz oblaka:	855	Meanwhile, a vila shouted from the clouds:
"Bože mili, čudnoga megdana!		"Dear God, what a wondrous combat!
Već dvojica megdan dijeliše,		This pair just fought a duel,
Dijeliše, pa se rastadoše --		They fought and then they parted --
Dje pobježe jedan od drugoga!"		Well, one of them fled from the other!"
Kad s' okrenu Bećko na golubu,	860	When Bećko turned around on his dove of a horse,
Kad mu bane vimlu vučimijo:		Then the ban played a cheating trick on him:
Bježi bane vu svoju vordiju.		The ban fled into his army's ranks.
Tada Bećko konja vokrenuvo,		Then Bećko turned his horse around,
Pa za njime poljem poletijo.		And flew across the plain after him.
vA zapuca' čet'er'es' topova;	865	Fourteen cannon began to shoot;
Salkum kuca, crnu zemlju buca.		The heavy cannon struck, tore up black earth.
Tu Bećiru dobra sreća bila --		But Bećirbey enjoyed great good fortune --
Niti pade ni dopade rana.		He neither fell nor suffered any wound.
Pod topove junak ujagmijo,		The hero reached the cannon with all speed,
Pa za njime momak poletijo,	870	While behind him a young man flew in pursuit,
hEj! Gazija Djerdelez Alija!		Ej! the hero Djerdelez Alija!
Zavikaše turske buljubaše:		Meanwhile, the Turkish captains began to shout:
"Pa na noge, turski krajišnici!		"To your feet, Turkish borderguards!
Blag' onome ko danas pogine,		Eternal reward to he who perishes today,
vA ćabulu ledja ne vokrene!	875	And to the blessed one who does not turn his back!
Dženetu su vrata votvorena		The gates to paradise stand open
vA jizlišle dženetske vurije;		And the immortal houris have come out;
vU rukam' im krzli peštemalji	<u>17/64:12</u>	In their hands they hold red shrouds
Što 'vaćaju današnje šenite."		To receive those martyred in battle today."
vA na noge momci vuvuriše.	880	Then the young men rose to their feet.
Juriš udri sa četiri strane:		The assault struck toward the four compass-points:
vA kad momak na topove sidje,		When a young man reached the cannon,
vUči momak ezan na topovim',		He offered a prayer over them,
Na topovim' i na toprakmarim'.		Over the cannon and the trenches where they sat.
Da još kako vuči žalovito,	885	Even as he prayed mournfully,
## jOvako momak progovara:		The young man addressed his comrades in this way:
"Naprijed te, naša braćo draga,		"Onward then, our dear brothers,
Danas naša sila zadobila!		For today our army has triumphed!
Ja sam samac uzevo topove,		I myself have taken these cannon,
Sve topove lešom zavalijo	890	Blocked all the cannon with corpses
Toprakmare krvi napojijo."		And filled up the trenches with blood."
vA naprijed sila svakolika.		So onward charged the entire army.
Jeka stala za četiri zata --		The din lasted for four hours --

Bože mijo, nevuredna jada!		O dear God, such chaos and grief!
Sve proljeću konji <i>prez</i> junaka	895	Everywhere horses flew by without their riders
<i>j</i> Ali <i>monci prez</i> dobrije konja		Or young men without their fine steeds.
Stoji zveka pale <i>ji jandžara</i> ,		The clang of blade and daggers arose,
Stoji jeka ranjena junaka.		As did the screams of wounded heroes.
Brežine se glavam' <i>odkitile</i> ,		The hills were decorated with heads,
<i>v</i> Ej! Doline krvi napojile.	900	Ej! and the valleys filled with blood.
A kad bilo po četiri sata,		But when four hours had elapsed,
Tada puška bila <i>vudefila</i> .		About that time the shooting slackened.
<i>v</i> A ranjeni krajem puta ječe;		And next to the road the wounded moaned;
Neko viče, "Podigni me, <i>družo!</i> "		One shouted, "Lift me up, comrade!"
Neko viče, "Ne nagoni na me;	905	Another shouted, "Don't rush toward me;
<i>v</i> Ubiću te da ti <i>vjenčan za me!</i> "		I'll kill you even if you're married to me!"
A kad bilo pa se <i>zgotovilo</i> ,		But when his meal had been prepared,
<i>v</i> Onda veli silan <i>Mustajbeže</i> :		Then powerful <i>Mustajbey</i> spoke:
"Bože dragi, daj mi <i>vjetar 'ladan</i> ,	910	"Dear God, grant me a cold wind,
Da' mi pu'ne s mora <i>provijenca</i> ,		Grant me a gusty wind blowing off the sea,
## Da goni tamu sa <i>Mezeva</i> ,		To drive the darkness off from <i>Mezevo</i> ,
Da ja vidim čija sila dobi,		So that I can see whose army has triumphed,
Čija danas sila <i>zadobila.</i> "		Whose army was victorious today."
* <i>u</i> * Od Boga mu <i>magbul dova bila --</i>		His prayer was answered by God --
Pa mu s mora <i>provijenca pu'nu</i> ,	915	The gusty wind blew from off the sea for him,
Pa <i>voćera vus planine tamu</i>		And it drove the darkness toward the mountains
Kako <i>vuci prebijele vovce</i> .		Like wolves chasing after snow-white sheep.
<i>v</i> A kad vidje silan <i>Osmanbeže</i>		And when powerful <i>Osmanbey</i> saw
Da je <i>turska sila zadobila</i> ,		That the Turkish force was victorious,
<i>v</i> A su <i>vonda pošli do turbeta</i> .	920	He and his comrades went at once to the tombstones.
Kad <i>turbetu bili silazili</i> ,		But when they had reached the tombstones,
Kada <i>nikog vu turbetu nema --</i>		They found not a single person there --
<i>Niti jima lijepe djevojke</i>		Neither the beautiful maiden
<i>Niti jima momka nijednoga;</i>		Nor even a solitary young man;
<i>Sva su turbe' krvi poštrapano.</i>	925	All the tombstones were splattered with blood.
" <i>v</i> Ama'!" ječi <i>buljubaša Mujo</i> ;		"Mercy!" Captain <i>Mujo</i> cried out;
<i>v</i> A rane ga <i>vosvojile ljute</i> .		His severe wounds had overcome him.
<i>v</i> A <i>zavika silan Osmanbeže</i> :		And powerful <i>Osmanbey</i> began to shout:
" <i>Brate Mujo, po jiljadu puta</i> ,	930	"Brother <i>Mujo</i> , a thousand times over,
<i>Kamo tebi stotinu momaka?</i>		Where are your hundred young men?
<i>Kamo li ti plemenita Zlata?"</i>		And where indeed is your noble <i>Zlata</i> ?"
Tad <i>zavika Mujo buljubaša</i> :		Then Captain <i>Mujo</i> began to shout:
" <i>v</i> O Boga mi, silan <i>Osmanbeže</i> ,	<u>18/68:06</u>	"O by my God, powerful <i>Osmanbey</i> ,
Kad je danas oko <i>podne bilo</i> ,	935	It was earlier today, about noon,
<i>v</i> A <i>vudari Baturiću bane</i> ,		That <i>Baturić ban</i> attacked us,
<i>j</i> I pred njime pa pe' <i>stotin' druga</i> .		And before him some five hundred comrades.
Kad pe' <i>stotin' udri na stotina</i> ,		When those five hundred attacked our hundred,
Pa sve brani <i>dva puna skavata</i> .		Our force held them all off for two full hours.
Dok je bilo pa sve <i>nizginulo</i> ,		But when our force had all perished,
<i>Jami bane plemenitu Zlatu</i> ,	940	The ban seized the noble <i>Zlata</i> ,
Pa <i>pobježe vus planinu š njome</i>		And with her he fled toward the mountain
Na <i>kobili vitkoj bedeviji.</i> "		On his slender black mare."
Tad <i>zakuka beg Mustajbeg lički --</i>		Then the bey <i>Mustajbey</i> of the <i>Lika</i> began to lament --
Tad <i>zakuka silan Osmanbeže</i> :		Then powerful <i>Osmanbey</i> began to lament:
"Bože mili, <i>zaludu junaštvo!</i> "	945	"Dear God, their heroism was in vain!"
<i>Potekoše putem us planinu.</i>		So the Turks rushed along the road to the mountain.

<p>Kada gori vu planinu bilu,  Kad nadjoše Mujina Valila,  Dje ve' ran'e' krajem puta lječi;  Lječi Valil, al' je ranjen teško.  vA zavika silan Osmanbeže:  "vO Turčine, Mujagin Halile,  Je li davno proš'o Baturiću?"  "vA jest', davno, lički Mustajbeže."  "Je li njega viko vočeravo?"  "vOčera ga careva gazija,  /Ej! Gazija Djerdelez Alija  Na doratu konju kosatome.  Pocrnijo kako čavka crna;  Nem' na njemu ruba ni valjina,  Na doratu grive ni perčina."  Sta to začu lički Mustajbeže,  jI sa njime silan Osmanbeže,  vOdma' dalje konje proćerali.  Kad su moni na Jabuku bili,  <u>*u*</u> Oklen s' ono vidi do Kotara --  Kada bježi Baturiću bane,  mA vone goni bedeviju vranu,  mA von nosi plemenitu Zlatu;  vA za njime Djerdelez Alija,  vA za njime kletim poljem trče.  Tad zavika silan Osmanbeže:  "vO Turčine, Djerdelez Alija,  Nemoj pušćat' plemenite Zlate!"  Stad' udarat' konja pretiloga;  Kud ga kuca, sve mu koža puca  A vondolen' krvca zalijeva.  Kad poleće dorče vod megdana,  Pa von stiže Baturića bana;  Dje ga stiže, pa pred njega prodje,  vA von ide pa prsi vu prsi.  Jami bane dvije puške male  Da vubije Djerdelez Aliju,  vU Alije gole prši klete.  Pa vovako junak progovara:  "vUdri, bane, ne žali volova;  jEvo prsi što će dočekati,  jI jodje se volovo saviti."  Kad mu dvije puške zagrmleše,  vEj! Aliju vu prsi vudriše;  vUdriše ga va ne navudiše.  Sad Alija nadžaćinu jami;  Pa von njome vuždi puštimice.  vU zličicu vudari junačku  vI stavi ga na zelenu travu.  Pa mu rusu vosiječe glavu,  Navambira kobu na dorina.  Pa se momak vrati na Mezevo.  Kad evo ti bega Bećirbega;</p>	<p>950  955  960  965  970  975  980  984  <u>19/72:08</u>  990  995</p>	<p>When they reached the top of the mountain,  Then they found Mujo's brother Halil,  Where, already wounded, he lay next to the road;  Halil lay there, but he was grievously wounded.  Then powerful Osmanbey began to shout:  "O Turk, Mujo's brother Halil,  Has it been long since Baturić passed by here ?"  "Yes, it was long ago, Mustajbey of the Lika."  "Was anyone pursuing him?"  "The tsar's hero was pursuing him,  Ej! the hero Djerdelez Alija  On his long-maned bay horse.  Alija had turned black as a black jackdaw;  He had with him neither belongings nor clothes,  On his horse neither mane nor braided tail."  Well, Mustajbey of the Lika heard this,  And with him powerful Osmanbey,  And they immediately drove their horses onward.  When they got as far as Jabuka,  They could see all the way to Kotar --  How Baturić ban was fleeing,  And he was urging his black mare forward,  And he was bearing the noble Zlata with him;  And behind the ban was Djerdelez Alija,  And behind him Alija galloped over the accursed plain.  Then powerful Osmanbey began to shout:  "O Turk, Djerdelez Alija,  Don't let him make off with the noble Zlata!"  Alija started whipping his stout horse;  Wherever he struck him, the hide split  And blood poured out from the welts.  So the bay battle-horse flew on,  And Alija overtook Baturić ban;  Well, he overtook him, then got out in front,  And he forced him into hand-to-hand combat.  The ban brought out his two small pistols  To shoot Djerdelez Alija,  Aiming at naked, accursed Alija's chest.  Then in this way hero addressed him:  "Attack, ban, don't spare your lead;  Now here is a chest that will await,  And will bend your lead back at you."  When the two pistols began to thunder,  Ej! they struck Alija in the chest;  They struck him but did not harm him.  Now Alija brought out his battle hatchet;  Then he launched the wooden-handled missile.  He struck that heroic blackguard  And toppled him onto the green grass.  Then he cut off the ban's fair-haired head,  And hitched the mare to his own red-brown horse.  Then the young man returned to Mezevo.  Then here was bey Bećirbey;</p>
--	--	---

