

## Spavaj mi, spavaj, Ančice

$\text{♩} = 126$

1

7

Spa - vaj mi, spa-vaj, An - či - ce, spa-  
Tvo - ja će maj-ka spa - va - ti, tvo-  
Ta tvo - ja cr - na o - ka dva, ta  
Ta tvo - ja med-na us - taš - ca, ta

12

vaj mi, spa - vaj, An - či - ce, spa - vaj mi, spa - vaj, An - či-  
ja će maj-ka spa - va - ti, tvo - ja će maj-ka spa - va-  
tvo - ja cr - na o - ka dva, ta tvo - ja cr - na o - ka  
tvo - ja med-na us - taš - ca, ta tvo - ja med-na us - taš-

15

ce, na kri - lu svo - je maj - či - ce!  
ti, a mi će - mo se ju - bi - ti.  
dva mo - je su sr - ce ra - ni - la.  
ca ko - ja su me - ne ju - bi - la.

18

Tu - li - pan, jor - go - van, to su cvi - ta dva,

22

vo - li - lo se dvo - je mla - dih k'o dva go - lu - ba.  
te - be, dra - ga, za - bo - ra - vit ne - ću ni - ka - da.



Of the many versions I've heard, the version presented here is a result of trials through many generations of performers and its admirers. Musicians and poets alike polished this song through generations until it reached a form in which it became so popular that it became a kind of hymn for the city of Sarajevo. It reached that well-balanced form of a mature work of art to which and from which no one can add or take away anything. Like so many other songs and poems from Bosnia, this song speaks at a level which is more universal than concrete. Its role is to convey concepts, feelings, human conditions and acts of fate which are easily recognizable – with which everyone can identify.

.....

## **Kad ja pođoh na Bembašu** (translation by Dick Crum)

When I went to Bembaša\*, to Bembaša by the riverside,

I led a white lamb, a white lamb with me.

All the Bembaša girls were standing at their courtyard gates;  
my beloved was alone at her latticed window.

I said to her, "Good evening, girl!"

She replied, "Come see me this evening, my darling!"

I didn't go that evening, but went the next day;  
the next day my beloved married another!

\* *Bembaša* (accent on first syllable: **Bem**-bah-shah) is an area in Sarajevo, at the point where the Miljacka river enters that city.

---



---

## **Spavaj mi, spavaj, Ančice** (translation by Dick Crum)

Sleep, sleep, my Ančica,  
on your mother's lap.

Those two dark eyes of yours  
have wounded my heart.

Your mother will sleep,  
and we will bill and coo.

That honey-sweet mouth of yours  
that kissed me.

Tulip, lilac, those are two flowers; two young lovers loved each other like two turtle doves.

Tulip, lilac, those are two flowers; my darling, I'll never forget you!