

ILIYA FIDAN BOILIYA

as sung by Vasilka Damyanova

Iliya na pŭt otiva
Iliya vŭv Yambol grada

Iliya was about to set off for
Yambol city

Iliya fidanboyliya
Iliya edin na maika

Iliya, young strapping,
mother's only son

Maika mu drehi vadeše
Bašta mu konče stegaše

His mother was laying out his clothes
His father was getting his horse ready

Iliya fidanboyliya
Iliya edin na maika

Iliya, young strapping,
mother's only son

Lelya mu pita meseše
sestra my perčem rešeše

His aunt was kneading bread
His sister was combing the mane

Iliya fidanboyliya
Iliya edin na maika

Iliya, young strapping,
mother's only son

Libe mu kitka kicheše
I na Iliya dumaše

His true love was making a bouquet
and said to Iliya:

Iliya fidanboyliya
Iliya edin na maika

Iliya, young strapping,
mother's only son