

SKARALI MI SA

Skarali mi sa skarali
zulva i boulia dven kite
za edna riza

lenena lenena len koprinena
Za edna riza
lenena lenena len koprinena

lenena hej
Hej
shivki a lena

Zulvata douma moia e
moia e bratova mi e
bouliata douma
moia e moia e muzhova mi e
bouliata douma
moia e moia e muzhova mi e

muzhova hej
Hej
muzhova mi e

Che sa si riza hvanali
Rizata da si razdeliat
Riazali oshte kroili
Delili shiti kenari

Zulvata vzela iakata
iakata sus rukavite
Bouliata vzela polata
Polata sus kenarite

Otde gi zachou Nikola
Nikola sestrin mil bratetz
Nikola douma
prodouma houbava boulka Marijke
Houbava boulka Marijke i mila sestro Kalinke

Houbava boulka Marijke
I mila sestro Kalinke
Kato ste tolkoz
Houbavi zashto ste tolkoz gloupavi
Zashto ste tolkoz gloupavi ta si mi riza Zashto ste tolkoz gloupavi ta si mi ta si mi riza

Sriazahte!

I got a **new translation** from Dr. Elly Triplett, my dental hygienist (as well as a dentist in her own practice):

A young bride and a sister-in-law had an argument over a shirt. Over a linen and silk shirt.

The sister-in-law said, "This is my shirt. It belongs to my brother." The bride said, "It's mine; it belongs to my husband."

They grabbed the shirt and started dividing it. So they cut it and divided it between them.

The sister-in-law took the collar and the sleeves. The bride took the rest with the embroideries.

Nikola heard the fight. (Nikola is the brother of the sister and the husband of the bride.) Nikola said, "Beautiful bride Marika and dear sister Kalinka.

If you are so beautiful, how could you be so stupid. You are so stupid that you cut my shirt in pieces.