

Birds' Weddings by Viktor Kalabis
English translation by Zuzana Ruzickova

1. Pigeon, little pigeon
Looking for your true love –
Over hills, over dales
Where are you my blue dove
Where are you my true love?
Where are you my true love
Oh my blue dove.

2. I know of a red-breast,
scarlet its small eggs are spotted
It will soon start breeding
I'll get the young ones, red dotted!

I know of a birdie
It has its nest in the oak tree
I shall send there our wee Willie
With his sharp nose he will kill it
I shall send there our wee Willie
With his sharp nose he will kill it
I know of a bird nest
our Zebedee I shall send,
then with his sharp eyes he'll descry it
Day or night he will espy it.

3. High upon a fir tree
Two grey doves are sitting
Neighbors are envious
Of the lovers' meeting.

Dear folks do not envy
Neighbors do not bother
For it is a good thing
So one loves the other.

4. Flitting are the red wings of a starling
Flirting are the blue eyes of my darling
Flitting are the gold wings of a birdie
Flirting is the young heart of a laddie
What, my dear lass are you busy doing,
Little pigeon
Oh, where are you cooing
Oh, where are you?

Winding garlands, Oh my little grey dove,
Fragrant garlands, oh my dear, my sweet love

Would I had one, my own heart's desire
Give it to me, my heart is a-fire!

Oh, I dare not, no, my darling ever
Mother, father would forgive me never.

5. Hey, fly little swallow,
Fly, Oh swallow dear,
Looping, circling through the heavens far and
near.

Little kestrel comes a-wooing on the wing
Swallow, little swallow will you marry me?
Never shall I little kestrel marry thee
Until blue leaves grow upon our linden tree.

Hurry, hurry, little kestrel, fair and true
In the town you can buy silk of azure blue.
Will you, little swallow, will you marry me
Now that blue leaves grow upon our linden
tree?

Never will I little kestrel marry thee
Until red leaves grow upon our linden tree.
Hurry, hurry little bird on wings of speed
In our shop you buy three ells of scarlet
tweed.

Now my own dear swallow you can marry me
Now that there are red leaves on the linden
tree.

Aye, my little kestrel
I will marry thee,
Now all scarlet has become my linden tree
Now that there are red leaves on my linden
tree.

6. Drives a peasant through the woodland,
At him owls are hooting
"Oh, our father, pray do tell us,
What means all this tooting?"
Owls, they have a wedding,
Feathers they are shedding,
They have singing, they have dancing,
But they have no bedding.
Hoo hoo hoo-oo, thirty two-oo,
Thirty two owls hooting.

7. Plaintive song sounds over heather
Two birds sitting of one feather.
My nest broken, my song tethered,

My soul's mate is gone forever.

Harken, goshawk, little goshawk
Don't go nesting near a wood walk!
Build your nest in distant valleys
Where the peasant never tarries
There you will be safe and resting
There the lads won't come a nesting.

8. Magpie chattering
Black and pattering
She'll fly to turkey,
There shall eat turkey
She shall eat turkey
She'll marry Tom Twitt
He is a tomtit,
She is called Dorrit,
Her dresses don't fit
They are of real gold –
'Cause she is piebald
Bridesmaids are fishes,
They bring huge dishes
Carps will be best men –
They look like chessmen –
Who is the father?
No one will bother.