

FEAST SONGS

BOOK OF LITHUANIAN FOLK SONGS, VOL. 24

SUMMARY

The 24th volume of *Lietuvių liaudies dainynas* (the Book of Lithuanian Folk Songs) is dedicated to feast songs. The primary motifs of these songs include food preparation, beer brewing (the main Lithuanian traditional drink), greeting the guests, offering them food, and seeing them off. In other instances the guests beg to be fed, give thanks for the food, and bestow all kinds of good wishes, including a wish for a good harvest, upon the hosts. At the end of the volume one can find songs that were probably sung not in the houses of Lithuanian peasants, but rather in urban taverns where people would gather for various occasions.

The emergence of feast songs in traditional Lithuanian culture can be variously dated: the oldest songs have survived more than several centuries, while the newest were created in the first half of the 20th century. Just as is the case with other Lithuanian folk songs, feast songs were most actively documented and published starting in the 19th century.

The folkloric motifs mentioned above and the specific occasions of singing feast songs (they were most often sung when community members gathered around a table and passed a drink around, encouraging each member to drink it to the end) show that the feast songs of traditional Lithuanian culture were not just a musical background for community gatherings, but a means of encouraging community solidarity, positive emotions, folkloric playfulness, human commonality and expressing friendship and good will.

Feast songs differ from other genres of Lithuanian folkloric songs because of their humorous and particular expressivity. They are rife with playful dialogues and slogans, vivid hyperboles, and word play that is difficult to translate into other languages. The majority of feast songs are short compositions, which were sung to each guest individually. Overall, a mood of celebration and joy pervades all Lithuanian feast songs that were sung for special occasions when relatives and neighbors gathered at a table, and thus undoubtedly marked a tradition of community solidarity that was passed down through the generations.

Lithuanian feast songs did not have a strictly defined time or space of performance. Along with other folk songs, they were sung at various occasions: family and calendrical holidays (weddings, baptisms, name days, Easter, Pentecost, etc.), in celebration of the harvest and completion of seasonal work (haycutting, rye-cutting, etc.), as well as at various other gatherings of people at home and in public places. Some of the motifs (such as toasts, well-wishing, and encouragement to drink to the bottom of the glass — which was then slammed upside-down or rolled along the table) have retained some indirect links to more ancient community-based drinking rituals.

This volume of “Feast songs” contains 855 songs, 575 of which have melodies. They are supplemented with academic commentaries on the song and detailed data about the singers, song collectors, and the context the song was recorded in. The publication comes with a CD with 58 authentic recordings of feast songs.

Vita Ivanauskaitė-Šeibutienė prepared the volume. Bronė Stundžienė edited the texts. The melodic transcriptions were prepared by Živilė Ramoškaitė and edited by Aušra Žičkienė. Bronė Stundžienė is the overall scholarly editor of the volume.

Below are annotations of types of feast songs. Each annotation begins with a number corresponding to its sequence in the volume, and is followed by a summary of each type. The index of the type (Vš) of feast songs is indicated in the parenthesis, along with the number of variations that comprise that song type.

The English-language summary was translated by Vaiva Aglinskas.

WE'LL MAKE BEER AND GATHER THE GUESTS

GREETINGS, GUESTS (1–36)

1–3. **I made beer from oats** (Vš 1 – 29 var.), and invited my relatives. The oat beer is delicious, the family of poor peasants is great.

4–5. **Oh trouble, what trouble** (Vš 2 – 7 var.), that I cannot even invite my guests; I will need to send a messenger on a steed, only then can I invite them. What trouble, that I cannot seat all my guests; I'll have to set the tables, cover them with tablecloths – only then can I seat them. What trouble that I cannot feed my guests; I'll have to pour shots of vodka – then I can feed them. What trouble that I cannot entertain my guests; I'll have to invite musicians, and then I can entertain them. What trouble that I cannot put up my guests for the night; I'll have to make the beds and fluff the covers, then I can let them sleep. What trouble that I cannot wake my guests; I'll have to pound on drums, and that will wake them up. What trouble that I cannot get the guests to leave; I'll have to scatter the bottles and break the glasses – then I can kick them out and see them off down the road.

6. **The wheel rolled down the road** (Vš 3 – 3 var.), my great relatives were coming to visit me, they sat at the table and drank beer.

7. **Please, guests, come sit at the table** (Vš 4 – 1 var.), if you don't sit at the table, then at least sit at the end of it.

8. **Sweet vodka** (Vš 5 – 1 var.) made from rye. My family is great, even if they drink too much. When we gather, we will party, sing, and as we part, we'll sweetly kiss each other goodbye.

9. **The froth of that beer is white** (Vš 6 – 1 var.). I wish my beloved were here. The beer is turning red, my beloved is arriving.

10. **Greetings, guests** (Vš 8 – 1 var.), we were awaiting you. We longed to see you and give you a heartfelt greeting. It seems as though it's been a hundred years since guests last came. Now a happy time has come.

11. **This Sunday I caught partridges** (Vš 9 – 4 var.); I boiled one, baked the other, and waited for my father and mother to arrive. I waited, and waited, but they did not come, so I ate the partridge myself.

12–13. **I'm simple by nature** (Vš 10 – 11 var.), my heart and thoughts are simple, I speak and dress simply, and entertain my guests in a simple way. I have neither silver nor gold. I have no serious education and my home is simple. Today we are happy, and who knows where we will be a year from now – perhaps dead. Guests, please eat and drink. And once you've eaten, sing, and thank the Lord.

14–19. **I beat straw without grains** (Vš 11 – 42 var.), and made beer from oats. While I was making the beer, children drank all the sweet wort. As I disciplined the children, a crow destroyed the drying rack. As I fixed the drying rack, my wife ran away. My wife is fast, she bathed in the sauna while wearing furs, she kneaded the dough while wearing gloves. We found out that the lord died, and that the piglet was boiled. Let's go mourn the lord, and steal the piglet. Once we've eaten the piglet, we'll spend the night at our uncle's.

20–24. **The kvass barrel's** (Vš 12 – 66 var.) bottom ring is falling off. –Bring me a brick, wife, once I pound it, it will stay in place. He hit it with the brick, the barrel broke. The kvass began to pour, and the wife began to scream: – You drunkard, you broke the barrel, you lost the kvass! We won't be able to make beer. The wedding is soon, and what will we offer guests? – Shush, wife, the barrel was old. Don't nag and chide, I'll fix it. – What can you possibly do when drunk? You broke our last barrel, we won't buy another soon. –Even better for me, I'll get to sleep in! We won't need beer, give the guests vodka.

25–26. **They are shooting in the woods** (Vš 13 – 3 var.), and fishing in the lakes in preparation for a feast. The table is full of dishes. The hearth is stoked since morning. Pots are boiling, cooks are swarming. The dogs, having smelled the meat are sneaking into the kitchen. Crows are cawing all around, catching bits of meat. The guests are coming and climbing out of their carts.

27. **I boiled some cabbage** (Vš 14 – 5 var.), eat up, my neighbors, our cabbage is delicious. I butchered a mole, boiled its heel, butchered a fly, boiled half of it, butchered a mosquito, boiled a whole potfull. Eat up, my neighbors.

28. **We'll make a party, invite guests** (Vš 15 – 2 var.), butcher a sparrow, and boil some lunch. We'll eat the lungs and liver ourselves, and give the sparrow's knees to the guests. We'll boil some mushrooms, and scoop off the fat; we'll give food to the family working in the fields.

29. **My guests are invited** (Vš 16 – 1 var.), seated at the table, drinking wine.

30. **Come by, brother-in-law** (Vš 17 – 1 var.), on Saturday evening. I will butcher a bug and make a stuffed sausage to feed the brother-in-law.

31–34. **Please, guests, come over** (Vš 18 – 8 var.). We have beer and sweet words for you. Is the beer not delicious? Are the words not sweet? Is your heart not happy?

35. **I'll make the beer** (Vš 21 – 1 var.), and invite all my neighbors. I will offer them all I have, as they are the first to help, whenever help is needed. By the time I reach my relatives, I won't wade out of my troubles. My neighbors are nearest and dearest, and first to help out. That's why I will offer them all I have, and not be stingy with the beer.

36. **The whole estate is full of guests** (Vš 22 – 1 var.). I don't know where to put them, or how to feed them all.

I WILL SIT AND TALK WITH MY RELATIVES (37–79)

37–59. **I didn't come to drink** (Vš 29 – 237 var.) nor to have a good time, but simply to visit my dear neighbor. I didn't come empty-handed: I brought a head of a herring and put it on the table.

60–61. **We've heard, uncle, that you butchered a sheep** (Vš 30 – 10 var.), – so here we are at your place. We've heard, uncle, that you boiled blood soup, since you butchered a piglet yesterday. If you would butcher a couple ducks, we could eat our fill; if you would butcher a couple more chickens, perhaps the guests would eat their fill. Once they regain their strength, then they will head on out.

62–64. **I'm singing, singing a little song** (Vš 31 – 17 var.), I won't sing anymore. I have a gray mare and I will sell it. Go on, little mare to the yard of a rich man, there, where there's beer, mead, and sweet cakes.

65–69. **Oh Mathew, Mathew** (Vš 32 – 20 var.), I've come to your place. I didn't find you, so I turned around and left.

70. **I baked bread from rye grains** (Vš 34 – 1 var.), and made a beer from barley.

71. **The guests arrived** (Vš 35 – 1 var.), guests big and small. They sit at the table, drink vodka and dance. They say goodbye and drive away.

72. **The magpie told me to come over** (Vš 36 – 1 var.). I went there Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and never found her at home. I went on Saturday, she told me to come tomorrow. On Sunday I found the magpie at home, and she brought me beer.

73. **At my father's place** (Vš 37 – 2 var.) are three cherry orchards. We will sit and pleasantly converse with our relatives. Father sits at the first table, mother at the second. Brother is at the third, sister at the fourth, and at the fifth table are my neighbors. We will sit and pleasantly converse.

74. **My brother invited me** (Vš 38 – 2 var.) to harvest the barley. Lord knows, brother, maybe I won't come. Brother invited me to drink beer. Lord knows, brother, maybe I will come. My mare will run, even though she hasn't eaten, my wheels will roll, even though they aren't greased. My whip is snappy, even though it's without knots.

75. **We will drive over** (Vš 39 – 1 var.): my husband to his father-in-law, I to my father, my children to their grandfather. We will drink: my husband – vodka, I – beer, children – wine. We will play: my husband – a bagpipe, I – the trumpet, children – with little flutes. We will dance all sorts of dances.

76. **How tasty is this mead** (Vš 41 – 1 var.), how beautiful is our gathering. But of this whole crowd, only my sister is dear to me.

77. **Birds sing in the green forest** (Vš 43 – 1 var.), I, a young girl, am in the middle of the woods. I will meet a young lord. He will lead me by the hand, seat me at the table, pour me sweet vodka. Our goblet is beautiful, decorated by my brothers.

78–79. **I hear that my sister made some beer** (Vš 44 – 3 var.), she made some vodka, and doesn't want to drink alone. I will go to my sister's, even uninvited. I went over and sat in the corner. The beer is sweet and tasty, even though it's made from oats; our family is beautiful, even though they're orphans.

GLORY TO THE BARLEY AND HOPS

THE HOPS WILL MAKE FACES FLUSH (80–128)

80–95. **What did the hop say** (Vš 50 – 171 var.) as it grew out of the ground? – If you don't support me, I will role along the ground. What did the hop say as it grew on the stakes? – If you don't pick me, I will turn to pollin. What did the hop say as it was dried? – If you don't stir me, I will grow moldy. What did the hop say as it was boiled in the kettle? – If you don't cover me, I will evaporate. What did the hop say while in the barrel? – If you don't cork me, I won't be tasty. What did the hop say while in the glass? – If you don't get the better of me, I'll get the better of you. If you don't have me, I'll have you!

96–106. **The hop grew in father's orchard** (Vš 51 – 130 var.). I will pick the hops, make beer, invite guests. I will get all the guests drunk and let them sleep where its cold. When I wake them up, I will give them drink again, and drive them out.

107–120. **I drank beer, and sang beautifully** (Vš 52 – 120 var.), what made my face flush? The hops, and barley grain made me flush.

121–124. **Oh you hop** (Vš 53, 54 – 29 var.), it's because of you that grains don't last in the granary. Hop, there's dew upon you, it's because of you that money won't stay in my pocket. There are buds on you, even nuns leave the convent because of you.

125–126. **Hop, when you grew** (Vš 55 – 16 var.), the old and young were amazed. When they planted you, the women buried you with their hands. When they built a fence around you, the old and young women gossipped. When you flourish, you coax coins out of pockets.

127. **You hop, four-cornered** (Vš 56 – 15 var.), without you there is never a feast. You are very bitter, I made a beer that turned out especially fresh and powerful.

128. **The hop along the fence** (Vš 58 – 1 var.) asked its owner as it grew to support it with a stake – Owner, if you don't support me, I won't grow, if you do – I will provide buds. The owner will get beer from one bud, and mead from the other. The neighbors drink at the table, and are having a good time. The young wives dance drunk.

129–135. **The barley spoke, while growing in the field** (Vš 64 – 43 var.): – I am a really strong grain. The hops replied while climbing up the stakes: – I am really smart, and really great. The yeast replied while fermenting in the barrel: – You’re all nothing without me. When we combine, we will be equal, and make humans weak. The old will roll, the young will embrace.

136–146. **What sort of barley grain is this** (Vš 65 –164 var.), that the beer is so strong? The hops are very strong as well. I didn’t even finish my glass, and still could not keep my head up. Take me to sleep, don’t let me perish. Whichever girl is rich, that one is prickly as a fir tree. The girl who is poor, her words are sweet.

147–151. **I sowed barley** (Vš 66 – 32 var.), and asked God for rain. I harvested the barley, and made beer. The beer is red, the glass is yellow – it was delicious. I got a girl drunk.

152–155. **From a grain and a half of barley** (Vš 67 – 22 var.) – five barrels of beer. The beer was really good. The hostess brings a bowl of eggs. We will let one of the three hostesses hatch eggs. She filled the house with chicks.

156–159. **Who will compare** (Vš 68 – 28 var.) to the women of Puponys. They stoked the stove with straw, baked a cake. From one tail of a calf they made five dishes of meat jelly.

160–161. **You spiky oat** (Vš 70, 71 – 10 var.), where did you get a child by your side? You yellow-grained wheat, who made a groove down your belly? You round little pea, why did you jump around in the clay earth? You flat lentil, in each pod you have two grains. You white-blossomed buckwheat, why did you bloom in the sandy lands?

162. **What would happen** (Vš 72 – 1 var.) if father plowed the fields? What would happen if he sowed rye and barley? What would happen if the barley grew, and they cut it, brought it, beat it, made beer, invited guests, and drank the beer? Then everyone would sing lots of songs.

163. **Uncle sowed a brown barley** (Vš 73 – 1 var.), the boys cut it, the girls thrashed the brown barley, mom fermented it, and we will drink beer with gusto.

164. **There is this tasty thing** (Vš 74 – 1 var.) called beer. It invites each person over to itself. Beer, you give vitality, you never get old, without you, nothing is dear. The child isn’t born yet, but the malt is germinating. The steeds neighed in the yard – the matchmakers have come, the pitcher with beer comes from the cellar. Beer, you never get old.

165. **I made beer** (Vš 75 – 4 var.) – beautiful yellow; I got a girl drunk – bright red.

URGING TO DRINK UP

DRINK, BELOVED BROTHER (166–200)

166–168. **A peony blooms in our garden** (Vš 81 – 37 var.), our brother drank wine. Drink, beloved brother. A rosehip blooms in our garden, our sister drank wine. Drink, beloved sister. Once you drink this, you’ll make merry, oh vivat!

169–173. **Drink, dear girl** (Vš 82 – 54 var.), since you can still drink, your mind is splendid, and you can hold your own. Dance, dear girl, since you can still dance. Your shoes are made of good leather, so you can stomp vigorously. Drink dear boy, since you can still drink, your mind is splendid, and can handle it. Dance, since you can still dance. Your shoes are made of thick leather, and you can stomp vigorously.

174–176. **Drink beer without spilling it** (Vš 83 – 10 var.), I gathered the rye heads without dropping any. I piled up the large and little ones. I made a yellow beer, and greeted the girl. – What made your white face blush? – The foam of the beer.

177–178. **Drink and sing** (Vš 84 – 9 var.), for that there is no price. I made the beer, and gathered the guests, I want to treat you. I will stand a barrel of beer, and won't ask the guests to leave. There are horses in my stable, and money in my pocket, I will keep feeding the guests. One guest broke a pitcher, another broke the honey jar, another ruined the gates, another stepped on the children, and in the end they all scattered on their own.

179–182. **Greetings, brother, be happy** (Vš 85 – 17 var.), there is vodka, and hell has caved in, there are no more devils. The young devils left for war, the old ones stayed behind and have just about demolished hell.

183–185. **Drink up, all men, for now is the perfect time** (Vš 86 – 12 var.). Sickness will come without warning, and your head will hurt from a hangover.

186. **The vodka is sweet and tasty** (Vš 87 – 5 var.), our sister is a drinker. I drank without noticing, I will have to suffer a hangover. You little glass, here in my hand, vodka that flushes faces. Drink the whole glass to the bottom.

187. **Oh you men, drink the beer** (Vš 88 – 6 var.), finish off the barrel. The end of the barrel is nowhere in sight. Men, you will make fools of yourselves.

188–189. **Drink, dear sister** (Vš 89 – 3 var.), you're not drunk yet. Neither yesterday, nor today did I drink at your place. We'll drink, sister, tomorrow and the next day: the malt is already dry and ready.

190–193. **Oh, doodle-doo, straw without grains** (Vš 90 – 18 var.), we'll make a sweet beer. – Drink, dear daughter-in-law, you'll turn red. Whether you drink or not, at least you'll sit at the table and lift the golden goblet.

194. **Lift your glasses** (Vš 91 – 1 var.), vivat, company! Drink to the half, drink to the bottom. Put the shot glass on the table, vivat, company!

195. **Drink the whole shot** (Vš 92 – 1 var.), so that your face would be bright and red.

196. **Drink up, my dear** (Vš 93 – 1 var.), pour another for the one you promised to. May you and all our friends thrive!

197. **How not to drink** (Vš 94 – 1 var.) vodka, when the boy asks so nicely.

198. **Beloved sister** (Vš 95 – 3 var.), held in high regard. Your hands are for lifting the glass, your bright face is for drinking vodka. The more I drink, the better it gets, and the redder my face.

199. **Whoever wants to drink beer** (Vš 97 – 2 var.) has to take a kerchief by the knot (a table game).

200. **Drink, guests, don't gag** (Vš 98 – 1 var.), once you get home, don't just sit and stare.

DRINK UP, BROTHER, TO THE BOTTOM (201–264)

201–205. **An apple tree grew in the birch grove** (Vš 105 – 47), it bloomed and brought forth apples. Let's sip and tip the goblet on its side one after another.

206–209. **Beyond the blue sea** (Vš 106 – 24 var.) peonies bloomed, goblets glistened in our brothers' hands. Beyond the sea lilies bloomed, goblets glistened in our sisters' hands.

210–218. **Misfortune has befallen our neighbor** (Vš 107 – 123 var.), there is a glass in his hand. He doesn't know where to put it, and has promised to hand it over to his neighbor. Drink it all!

219–223. **Drink, beloved neighbor** (Vš 108 – 43 var.). If you don't drink, and sit a long while, the goblet will begin to bloom in your hands. May the barley and rye blossom, may the wheat turn gold, may your faces turn red.

224–225. **Who is drinking here** (Vš 109 – 10 var.)? Brother is drinking. What is he drinking? Wine. And how is he drinking? All of it at once.

226–230. **The table is uneven – the glass never arrives** (Vš 110 – 66 var.). We'll even out the table, so the glass would come around. The road is uneven – the boy never comes. We will smooth out the road, so that he'd come around. The meadow isn't even – the girl doesn't come. We will even out the field, so that the girl would come around.

231–235. **Drink all of it, brother** (Vš 111 – 27 var.), don't leave any for the bee or drone. They'll find feast foods in the cherry orchard and in the rue garden. Drink up, girl, don't leave any for the bee or drone.

236–237. **Drink the full cup, drunkard** (Vš 112 – 19 var.). You can't drink the full one, drunkard. – I will drink the full cup.

238–240. **To sow, or not to sow the oat grain** (Vš 113 – 36 var.), to drink or not to drink the glass to the bottom? One must sow, one must drink.

241–245. **I drank a full one** (Vš 114 – 45 var.). I drank a full one, at the bottom I found wool. Shake it out, fluff it up – your pockets will be full.

246–247. **My brother will drink** (Vš 115 – 14 var.) to the bottom. – I won't drink, brother. My head hurts from a hangover. – Walk a hundred miles on the road. – I cannot, my feet hurt walking just a short distance.

248. **Our father will drink** (Vš 116 – 4 var.) beer and wine, slowly and to the bottom. He liked it and there's none left. If only everyone would like it as much.

249. **Red vodka** (Vš 117 – 10 var.), which makes faces flush. Goblet, which clings to the fingers. Drink up, beloved godmother, closest neighbor. So that we'd be healthy and always drink vodka.

250. **Sister, drink the whole thing down** (Vš 118 – 3 var.), I like to watch a glass get drunk. – I will take it and drink it to the bottom.

251–252. **What tasty wine** (Vš 119 – 7 var.), what a good-looking brother. Drink the wine to the bottom, roll the glass along the table. The glass rings as it rolls, the wine went down smoothly.

253. **Pour at least one, my beloved** (Vš 120 – 7 var.), you who are in my heart. – Take the glass in your hand, drink it to the bottom and roll it across the table.

254. **Drink, brothers, all three of you** (Vš 121 – 3 var.). Drink up, all three brothers, your mother will top you off. Drink up, brothers, all four of you, mother still has drinks.

255. **To your health, brothers** (Vš 123 – 4 var.). Let's stand up, clink our glasses, and drink them to the bottom.

256–258. **Oh dear boy, what's wrong with you** (Vš 124, 125 – 18 var.), I don't see you drinking. Drink the glass and show me the bottom of it.

259. **Drink, my sister** (Vš 126 – 5 var.), down to the very bottom. When you finish drinking that one, I'll pour you another. You will drink it willingly, I will pour it for you with love.

260. **Fuzzy wuzzy furs** (Vš 127 – 2 var.), a shirt of new weave, a coat of wool. Pour the glass full. Drink this one and pour another, even more full than the last.

261. **Drink the whole thing, pour a full one** (Vš 128 – 2 var.). Place the glass near me.

262. **A viburnum grows on the hill** (Vš 129 – 4 var.), and beneath the hill something's moving around. On the hill they ground the flour, at the foot of the hill, they brewed vodka.

263. **Whoever is born in January please stand up** (Vš 130 – 4 var.). Those born in January (February....December), please stand up, take a glass, drink it to the bottom and kiss your neighbor at the table.

264. **Drink, drink, my dear** (Vš 131 – 1 var.), you drank the beer, drink the yeast as well.

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DRINK, GO PLOW THE FIELD (265–273)

265–269. **Drink up, my guests** (Vš 137– 42 var.), don't get sleepy. I've never had such guests as you before. If you don't want to drink, go plow the field – I've already made plenty of maple plows. If you don't want to drink, go cut the hay – I've already made plenty of steel scythes; go rake the hay – I've made many rakes; go grind the rye grains – I've dried plenty of rye; go lay down in the barn – I've already made soft beds for you.

270–271. **Whoever doesn't drink this glass** (Vš 138 – 18 var.), a wolf will eat the boyfriend of that girl. I'd agree to drink five or six, if only the wolf wouldn't eat my young man. Whoever doesn't drink this glass, a wolf will eat the girlfriend of that boy. I'd drink five or six if only the wolf would not eat my girlfriend.

272–273. **Teetotalers with hollow teeth do not drink** (Vš 139 – 14 var.). We won't keep a teetotaler in our midst, we'll chase him out beyond the fence.

THE GUESTS DEMAND FOOD AND DRINK

GIVE US SOME BEER TO DRINK (274–306)

274–275. **Give me some beer to drink** (Vš 144 – 11 var.), give me some cake to eat, a bed to lay in, and a blanket to cover myself. Give me a girl to sleep by my side.

276. **Give us some red vodka** (Vš 145 – 3 var.), and if you won't give vodka, then give us some yellow beer. We won't drink the moonshine, we won't even touch that stuff.

277–279. **Give me beer, give me beer** (Vš 146 – 14 var.), if you don't give me any, I'll go home.

280. **I scream and shout – I want vodka** (Vš 147 – 6 var.). If you don't give me vodka, I'll go home. – Wait at least an hour; if the rooster digs up some vodka out of the pile of woodchip, oh boy, will we drink!

281–282. **My head hurts, and a worm is gnawing my gut** (Vš 148 – 13 var.). Give at least a drop of vodka – that'll kill the worm. I have no health when I don't drink. Lords, priests, and beggars all drink. John and Anthony were pleased that the vodka got cheaper.

283–285. **Greet me, give me food and drink** (Vš 149 – 25 var.) – then I won't make a ruckus and I won't break any windows. If you don't feed me, I will cause a racket and break the windows.

286. **Pour the beer, spoon out the honey** (Vš 150 – 3 var.). Pour the beer, spoon out the honey, young girl, take me in, feed me, give me drink. Sit at my side.

287. **The host will come** (Vš 151 – 3 var.) and uncork the barrel. The hostess will hobble over, and will confiscate that same barrel.

288. **The brothers drank vodka** (Vš 152 – 1 var.). They drank, because they wanted to. They rolled the glasses across the table. They rolled them because they wanted another. Sisters drank vodka. They drank because they wanted to.

289. **Drink, dear friend, drink, dear sister** (Vš 153 – 1 var.), you won't have to pay for this. – If I only knew that I wouldn't have to pay, I'd drink it to the bottom. I will go to the guest room, pour a full glass – we will drink, dear friend.

290. **Dear neighbor** (Vš 154 – 3 var.), lend me a barrel. I don't mind if it's without rings, as long as it's from your hands.

291. **There's beer – but no drunkards** (Vš 155 – 1 var.). I look here and there – not a single drunkard. There's no more beer – the drunkards are here.

292. **Give us yellow vodka** (Vš 156 – 7 var.), so that once we drink it, we would turn red.

293–294. **I'm not a fool, nor am I blind** (Vš 157 – 3 var.), I cannot sing – my throat is dry.
295. **Five barrels haven't been lifted** (Vš 158 – 1 var.), the beer has not been drunk.
Let's go lift the barrels, and drink all through the night.

296. **Saint John from Rome** (Vš 159 – 1 var.) will give a barrel of beer. We will drink beer in a circle around this table.

297. **What a beautiful song** (Vš 160 – 1 var.) without end. I would sing – but I didn't have the strength. What will I sing with such an empty throat?

298. **Why are you sad, guests, why don't you sing** (Vš 161 – 1 var.), why are you sitting at the table and leaning on your hands? – How can we sing if we want food. Our tables are empty and our stomachs are shriveled.

299. **Where is that father of ours** (Vš 162 – 9 var.), for the pitcher is already empty. Here he comes – the pitcher will soon be full.

300–303. **The beer rotted beneath the grindstone** (Vš 163 – 20 var.): it's neither this nor that – just mediocre.

304. **Father, there is no vodka** (Vš 164 – 2 var.)! – Wait a minute, children, I'll bring you a bowl of beer and a bottle of vodka.

305. **There's a bug in the pitcher** (Vš 165 – 1 var.)! I will call upon Raphael, so that he'd take the bug out.

306. **Hey, call Velichka over** (Vš 166 – 1 var.), and tell him to bring a cup. I will break that cup and lap up the sweetness.

BEER IS GOOD, BUT VODKA IS BETTER (307–333)

307–316. **Beer makes the head hurt** (Vš 171 – 123 var.), mead even more so. If only someone would give me vodka, then maybe I would get better. If they give it, it will be fine, if they don't give it – even better: my heart is happy even without that vodka.

317–318. **If it's beer – it's delicious** (Vš 172 – 13 var.), if it's mead, then it's sweet. If I got some vodka, maybe I would come back to life.

319–320. **I drank beer and mead** (Vš 173 – 9 var.), my stomach aches on the inside. Give me a taste of vodka – I must rescue my stomach.

321–322. **I drank beer and sweet mead** (Vš 174 – 21 var.), but I cannot get drunk without wine. I love my father and mother, but I cannot love them as much as I do my young man. I love my mother-in-law, but I cannot love her as I do my mother. I love my father-in-law, but I cannot love him as I do my father. I love my sister-in-law, but I cannot love her as much as my sister. I love my brother-in-law, but I cannot love him as my brother.

323–324. **The flowing vodka** (Vš 175 – 8 var.) brought me to slumber and calmed me down.

325. **We will drink beer across the table** (Vš 176 – 3 var.), and vodka – across a plate.

326. **A sweet vodka is delicious to drink** (Vš 177 – 6 var.) – it's good for the heart. A bitter vodka is not tasty – the peppers harm the heart. – My boy, where did you put the barrel? – My dear girl, high in the barn beneath the covers. – Where did you put the bottle of vodka? – In the bed beneath the pillows. – We'll drink it, dear boy, from a little cup.

327. **The vodka brought back from the tavern is the dearest** (Vš 178 – 5 var.), the best solace for drinking boys. Drink one glass – you'll be bright red. I drink the sweet vodka and love the pretty girl.

328. **Rumor has it** (Vš 179 – 1 var.) that vodka is flowing like a river. It will be the mother of the world. If there weren't vodka, it would be the end of the world.

329. **Hey, I want, I want** (Vš 180 – 5 var.), I want some vodka. Don't be surprised, dear boy, that I want some vodka. We got everything, but we didn't get any vodka, we went home without tasting it.

330. **Vodka, dyllo** (Vš 182 – 4 var.), yesterday you were in the drying room, today you are in my hand. Yesterday you were in the barrels, today you are in my gut. Yesterday you went through the pipes, today you move through my lips.

331–332. **Little vodka, čiučo** (Vš 183 – 4 var.), I found you as I was being born, and I'll leave you as I die.

333. **We sit here and doze off** (Vš 184 – 3 var.), as we wait for vodka. – Neighbours, don't doze off, but lift your glasses.

HOSTESS, HURRY UP (334–367)

334–340. **The guests arrived** (Vš 188 – 41 var.), the windows clanged. – We are four guests; bring out the cheese, if you have some. – I don't have cheese, but I will butcher a piglet. – Don't ruin the piglet for us. Boil some soup instead.

341. **Where did these guests come from** (Vš 189 – 10 var.)? We will seat them at the table, and feed them. The beer is tastiest here. We will keep drinking until there will be no more on the table, then we will ask for more. The host will get bored of serving the beer, then we will have to go home.

342–347. **Hey there, dear friend, give us some vodka** (Vš 190 – 109 var.), put the cheese on a plate. If not cheese, then sausage, and we will sing for you.

348–354. **Hostess, hurry up** (Vš 191 – 142 var.), understand that this is no joke: it's guests – and not oxen – who have arrived. Go to the barn, bring some vodka, pile the cheese onto a plate, add some butter and feed the guests. The guests are in good cheer and eat willingly. When we finish the drink, bring some more. The guests will regain their strength and go home.

355–357. **Hostess of this house** (Vš 192 – 63 var.), be pleasant to the guests: bring them the cheese that's in your cupboard. Host of the house, be kind to the guests: give at least half a bottle of vodka. Son of this house, bring some hard nuts. Daughter, be kind to the guests: bring some sweet apples.

358–359. **Hostesses of the house** (Vš 193 – 8 var.), feel sorry for your guests: give them at least half a glass of vodka. Once we drink that we will ask the hostess for some meat. If she has a generous heart, she will cut up some cheese, bring out the butter, cake, and half a bag of biscuits. Guests, please eat what has been put before you. She intends to bring some more – she's butchering a rooster. The women will chew on the stomach and legs. When she makes blood soup, she'll put in some butter. The meat of a rooster is like that of a calf – it will be enough for all the guests. The rooster was splendid, until they caught him. He crowed with his eyes closed and ordered the host to wake up. To wake him up, we'd have to prepare a whole second party.

360. **I sit and look out the window** (Vš 194 – 1 var.), I watch who comes driving across the field. Is it a flock coming home, or is it guests? It's not a flock, the guests have come.

361. **If you love me, sister** (Vš 195 – 2 var.), I will drink, make merry and sit here for another hour. If you hate me, I will leave and go home.

362–363. **Hostess, tu tu tu** (Vš 196 – 7 var.), make sure that there is food for the guests: vodka, cake, pretzels.

364. **Hostess, bring some vodka** (Vš 197 – 1 var.), look here – your guests are dozing off. Hostess, bring some beer, let them rinse their stomachs. Daughter, bring some cabbage so their stomachs would bloat. If you don't stop the ruckus, guests, tomorrow you won't get any food.

365. **There's big trouble for the host** (Vš 198 – 1 var.): the guests won't eat lard. They decided they want sausage.

366. **The calf stood above a pit** (Vš 199 – 1 var.). Where will we bury it? Will we take it to the woods or bury him in the ground? Pridas from Prussia is coming home and bringing lots of sausages. We will praise you, Pridas, for as long as we eat sausage!

367. **What's going on here** (Vš 200 – 1 var.), that brother is missing? If he were here, he would offer some wine. If sister were here, she would offer cake.

THE HOSTS DON'T LOVE THEIR GUESTS (368–383)

368–376. **We know the host** (Vš 207 – 107 var.) and hostess, who love their guests: they walk around the table, and coax the guests to eat. We know the host and hostess who do not love their guests: they sit near the stove and scowl in silence.

377–380. **God will give more beer** (Vš 207 – 46 var.), because yesterday it rained beer and snowed hops. You argue and bicker, but when nobody's looking – you kiss. Go ahead and bicker, and once we leave – do as you wish.

381. **When we went to the wedding** (Vš 208 – 3 var.), we broke into the kitchen. We both are brothers. When we went into the pantry, we broke off the end of the cheese. When we went into the guest room, we poured ourselves a drink. We both are brothers.

382. **Everything is available** (Vš 209 – 2 var.), but there's no more request. There's everything before us, but no more appetite.

383. **The dogs barked, the roosters crowed** (Vš 210 – 2 var.), our hostess has already hidden herself.

WE HAVE A GOOD HOST (384–391)

384–385. **To our host's health** (Vš 216 – 20 var.) we will eagerly drink beer. To our hostess's health we will empty three glasses. The hostess is quick, she brings the cheese and bustles about. The host pours enough beer. We don't care what's going on in the pantry, as long as there's enough of everything. Let's drink, make merry, and thank the hosts.

386. **Dominic is a great guy** (Vš 217 – 2 var.), for putting bottles on the table. His wife is even better, for putting scrambled eggs on the table.

387. **They gave cheese and cake** (Vš 218 – 2 var.), and even put some in our pockets: take it home to the kids.

388. **The host is good** (Vš 219 – 2 var.), he doesn't skimp on the vodka. We don't need much, just one bottle. The hostess is good, she doesn't skimp on the cheese. We don't need much, just one big cheese.

389. **Thank you, for preparing the food** (Vš 220 – 3 var.) and salvaging my stomach. If you had died, someone else would have made some food.

390. **Over at Sir Grigas' place** (Vš 221 – 5 var.) the pitcher is full. That is why he is a lord, because his pitcher is full. Meanwhile, his neighbor's hearth is falling apart.

391. **Good evening to you** (Vš 222 – 2 var.), were you waiting for us? Whether you wanted them or not, here you've got some guests. The host told the guests to sit, the hostess brings a bowl of meat and a bottle of vodka. We drink it – she brings a second bottle. The host nudges his wife: give a third bottle. For good health she brings a fourth. A fifth is needed, and when we drink the sixth, we will shout *vivat!* To your health! Our heads are spinning.

GUESTS DRINK AND BOAST

WE WILL DRINK AND MAKE MERRY (392–454)

392. **Little by little I drank** (Vš 228 – 2 var.) – the glass just twinkled. Little by little I sat down – beneath me, the chair creaked. Little by little I danced – beneath me, the ground rumbled.

393–396. **At times I drank, at times I didn't** (Vš 229 – 24 var.), and now I will drink the glass to the bottom.

397–400. **The vodka is yellow** (Vš 230 – 21 var.), we will drink it. When I die, I will leave you behind, vodka, you will weep for me.

401–402. **Beer, I drink you** (Vš 231 – 9 var.). And while I'm alive, I'll drink you. When I die, I'll kick you over.

403–408. **A pigeon told me** (Vš 232 – 51 var.) that there is a bottle on the table. We will drink it, make merry, and not share it with anyone. A swallow told me, that there's a shot glass on the table.

409–410. **I drank a glass willingly** (Vš 233 – 6 var.), it went down gurgling.

411–413. **I drank because I wanted to** (Vš 234 – 25 var.), I drank willingly. I drank because I liked it, I didn't leave a drop.

414. **Glass to glass** (Vš 235 – 4 var.), head to head. My head can take some more.

415–416. **It moves, moves, moves**, (Vš 236 – 8 var.) and wiggles, wiggles, wiggles. There's still some drink left in that glass. We will drink it to the bottom.

417–422. **The flask of vodka is my friend** (Vš 237 – 56 var.), the bottle – my brother, the glass – my sister, I must drink it. I drank one – I understood nothing. I drank a second – I understand a bit more. I drank a third – my head hurts. I went home swaying. The child is weeping, my young man is angry – I don't know whom to comfort.

423. **Into the drunkard's throat** (Vš 238 – 8 var.), as though into hell, clanged a glass of vodka.

424. **Sweet beer is tasty** (Vš 239 – 3 var.), the girls are tickling me – I can't take it.

425. **I can drink and make merry** (Vš 240 – 2 var.), because the plow is fixed and the oxen are fed.

426. **Our celebration is beautiful** (Vš 241 – 1 var.), but the guests won't sit at the table, and won't eat bread nor salt. Let's sit at the table, brothers, we will drink mead and beer. We will drink and sit the whole day through. Our father will find more drink in the cupboard.

427. **I sat at the table** (Vš 242 – 4 var.), I gazed at the beer: beer, you were tasty to me. I sat at the table, and gazed at the girls: girls, you were beautiful to me.

428–429. **Greetings, mouth, don't be a fool** (Vš 243 – 11 var.), pour it down the throat as if down to hell.

430–432. **Clink clink, lifting the glass** (Vš 244 – 13 var.), clank clank pouring into the throat. Here's to everyone's health, and here's to my life, vivat!

433. **We will drink the full glass, we'll drink half** (Vš 245 – 2 var.), both the full and the half.

434. **A miraculous thing** (Vš 246 – 1 var.) – greetings, Lauras! – When I'm in good health, I drink from the full glass. I would sit by the barrel of beer alone, as beer is dear to my heart. I drink and still want more, there's nothing in my head. When I pour a second, I sing as I grow warm, I'm happy when I see the girls.

435. **Yesterday was a good day** (Vš 247 – 3 var.), now is an even better day to drink vodka. Yesterday I drank from a new spoon, today from a tall glass. Pour more vodka for the women early in the morning. Pour some for the men as well, as if it's medicine.

436. **To your health, fatso** (Vš 248 – 3 var.), we will drink a shot. It's a good shot, and good vodka, and the drinkers are good too.

437. **Two hop buds** (Vš 249 – 1 var.), six barrels of beer. Let's drink, men, for now the times are good.

438. **Oh you little bottle** (Vš 250 – 1 var.), your neck is long. The vodka is sweet, we must drink it.

439–441. **At the end of the barn, on the side** (Vš 252 – 6 var.) there is a small window. I would ask brother to make the window bigger. At the edge of the bed there is a shelf, upon it stands a pot of milk. On the table stands a bottle of wine. I drank the red drink, bring out the yellow one.

442. **I drank the beer little by little** (Vš 253 – 5 var.) through the night until the morning roosters crowed. Five pitchers are plenty for me, but I still can't seem to leave. It froths high and tempts everyone; whoever drinks it will be happy.

443–448. **Oh, where have you been, old man of mine** (Vš 254 – 116)? – I was in Vilnius, my old lady. – What did you bring back? – A bottle of wine. – Where did you put it? – Beneath the pillow.

449–453. **We will drink a shot each** (Vš 255 – 39 var.) from this tiny bottle. Oh Suzannah, my heart, how beautiful is life! All the dogs are barking except for one lone Rudis. All the fish are swimming except for this one herring. Oh Suzannah, how beautiful is life!

454. **Brothers drink wine** (Vš 256 – 1 var.) as they sit around the table. That table is covered with a white cloth.

SOME DRINK BEER, AND OTHERS – VODKA (455–480)

455–461. **Some drink beer** (Vš 262 – 77 var.), but I drink vodka; some kiss an old woman, but I kiss a young girl.

462. **Brothers were drinking vodka** (Vš 263 – 1 var.), and sisters drank wine. When the brothers got drunk, the sisters looked on with surprise. The brothers' faces are red, and the sisters' faces turned white.

463. **Whoever drank – is a drinker** (Vš 264 – 12 var.), whoever poured – is a pourer, whoever dallied with the girl – he's a flirt. Some drank beer, but I drank vodka, some kissed an old woman, but I kissed a young girl. Let's go home at night and beat a rooster: why did you, rooster, make a habit of visiting others' hens?

464–472. **I don't drink vodka** (Vš 265 – 99 var.), I don't eat cabbage, I don't love spinsters, and I don't get any young girls.

473–474. **I drink vodka, because it's tasty** (Vš 266 – 22 var.), I love a girl because she's pretty. I drink the vodka in secret, I love the girl only at night.

475. **The beer is good** (Vš 267 – 4 var.), the food is even better. When I drank a shot, my heart grew happier. When the beer stops working, we will need vodka.

476. **I won't drink poor vodka** (Vš 268 – 4 var.), nor will I give three coins. I will drink beer and mead, my head will hurt. I will drink yellow beer, so that I would turn red after drinking it.

477–479. **Give me wine, not beer** (Vš 269 – 16). I've had enough beer, and not enough wine.

480. **Vodka, you are clear** (Vš 270 – 1 var.), distilled through three pipes. You flowed through the gutter, sat in the bowl, and now you are in my throat.

WHOEVER DRINKS BEER, THEIR BARLEY GROWS WELL (481–538)

481–494. **Where my father drank** (Vš 271 – 168 var.), there, the rye sprouted. A bee flies around the green grasses and white clovers. Where my mother drank, there the flax grew. Where brother drank, there the wheat grew. Where sister drank, there rue grew.

495–497. **Whoever drinks beer** (Vš 276 – 73 var.), their barley will do well. Whoever doesn't drink, theirs won't. Whoever drinks vodka, their rye will do well, whoever doesn't drink, theirs won't.

498–499. **I constantly drink and live well** (Vš 277 – 14 var.). If I drink more, I will live even better. The mice will thrash the rye and barley, the ducks will sweep it up, and the hens will eat it.

500–501. **I constantly drink** (Vš 278 – 17 var.), and it keeps getting better – my glass is fuller than the rest. I always plow, and it keeps getting better – my land is darker than the rest. I sow and the luck keeps coming – my grains are greener than the rest. I love, and the luck keeps coming – my girl is the loveliest of all.

502–503. **The more I drink, the better it gets** (Vš 279 – 12 var.) – my face becomes more and more red.

504–505. **We always drink – there's always more** (Vš 280 – 4 var.), we watch – and it's always full. How tasty is the mead, the youth are dancing in the yard. How numerous are those youths, how beautiful are those girls! There's not a single one that compares to my girl. She's the most beautiful of all.

506. **Whose are those white tables** (Vš 281 – 2 var.), and the glasses full of wine? Drink, father. As he drank, he got ready to sow the rye and plow the field. Drink, mother. As she drank, she prepared to sow the flax and weave and bleach the shrouds. Drink, brother. As he drank, he prepared to feed the horse, and ride to his girl's place. Drink, sister. As she drank, she prepared to pick the rue and make herself a wreath to wear.

507–512. **Our bees are like heifers** (Vš 282 – 32 var.), and the drones are like oxen. They carried honey in baskets, built combs in the garden sheds. When we open up the garden shed, we will drink sweet vodka. We will drink and sing and give some to the neighbors.

513–515. **I would drink, but I have no one to drink with** (Vš 283 – 14 var.), my wise father isn't around. People's oxen are moaning, those of my father – are jumping around. My wise mother isn't around. People's cows are wailing, – those of mother are jumping around. My wise brother isn't around. People's steeds are neighing, those of my brother are jumping. My wise sister isn't around. People's dowry chests are empty, my sister's are full. There is no wise girl to give advice. People's rue has gotten woody, my girl's grows curly.

516–517. **Why shouldn't I drink** (Vš 284 – 10 var.) – I have a mother, father – they will tend to the house.

518. **Let's drink beer from the pitcher** (Vš 285 – 1 var.), barley will grow from unfarmed soil. Maybe God will give a good year – the barley spreads its wide leaves.

519–521. **Even though I'm drunk** (Vš 286 – 25 var.), I won't spend the night here. I have two steeds – I will return home. My son will greet me, my daughter will make the bed, my wife will lay down beside me.

522. **I drank the vodka willingly** (Vš 287 – 1 var.), I loved the hostess lying down. And Pureckis knows it all, because he tasted some of the same as well.

523. **I wouldn't drink vodka** (Vš 288 – 1 var.), if it weren't so sweet; I wouldn't love a girl if she wasn't so pretty.

524. **If we drink vodka with caraway** (Vš 289 – 1 var.), we will sing hymns with the Bernardine priests. If we don't drink, we won't sing.

525. **How not to drink beer** (Vš 290 – 1 var.), if it's so tasty; how not to love a boy, if he's handsome? My young man knows how to plow the field and fix the plow. How not to drink beer if it's tasty; how not to love a girl if she's pretty? My girl knows how to weave cloths and fix the loom.

526. **If I had vodka** (Vš 291 – 1 var.), then I would get drunk, and if I had a good wife, then I would really live.

527. **Oh dum diddle dee** (Vš 292 – 2 var.), everything was put before me. I would ask sir supervisor, to cook a rooster. I would ask the supervisor's wife to scramble some eggs.

528. **How tasty it is to drink the yellow stuff** (Vš 293 – 2 var.), how good it is to drive on the even road, how good it is to love my beloved.

529. **I drank beer and wine** (Vš 294 – 1 var.) at my beloved girl's place. She begged me to come and sit by her side. She wasn't joking when she invited me to lay down in the feather bed.

530. **What sort of a year is this** (Vš 295 – 1 var.) – the mead got cheaper, and I don't know where to put it. I put it in the garden shed, the neighbor's boys took to tasting it. Get out of here, boys, my mead isn't for you. I put the mead in the closet, the flies took to tasting it. Get out of here, flies! My mead isn't for you. I hid the mead beneath my apron, the neighbor's girls took to tasting it. Girls, get out of here, my mead isn't for you.

531. **I got drunk from drinking beer** (Vš 296 – 3 var.), didn't make it home. Who will escort me back and lead me by the hand? Mother, brother, and sister will escort me. I also have a boyfriend: – Go, my girl, into the high barn and lay down in the new bed.

532. **I drank a full shot** (Vš 297 – 1 var.), not half, and my boy still didn't grow a mustache.

533–534. **We used to drink and sing** (Vš 298 – 8 var.), and would drive into Skuodas. Now we're old, and I live with my wife.

535. **As we finish celebrating st. John's (Midsummer)** (Vš 300 – 1 var.), and as we await St. Bartholomew's day, we will invite the friends and offer them vodka. The friends told me not to drink vodka. If I don't drink, then I won't have a friend.

536. **Brothers are drinking vodka** (Vš 301 – 2 var.). The brothers' vodka is tasty. The brothers love the girls.

537. **Oh, how beautiful** (Vš 302 – 1 var.) it is to live in this world! There's beer and mead – I can't drink it all.

538. **Drink up, men, drink even more** (Vš 303 – 1 var.), so that it'd be easier once you die. Then you won't have to plow nor harrow, only stroll through paradise.

I DRANK BEER AND NO LONGER FEAR MY HUSBAND (539–559)

539–542. **I drank beer** (Vš 309 – 19 var.), and no longer fear my husband. My husband and I have little to say to each other – I stomp, and he falls silent. I stomp one foot, then stomp the other – and that husband of mine is under my heel.

543. **Oh when I drink, then I drink** (Vš 310 – 7 var.), and I even compliment myself. I have a good habit – I drink to the bottom. My husband opened the door and glared at me. I'm not afraid of him, I drank it to the bottom.

544–545. **I got drunk all on my own** (Vš 311 – 6 var.), I am not afraid of you, husband. I didn't drink with your money, I drank with my own wages.

546. **Little shot glass, what have you done** (Vš 313 – 3 var.): it's because of you that my husband scolded me. He didn't so much scold as strictly teach me, and sat me by his side.

547–548. **Where is that little barrel** (Vš 314 – 5 var.), where there used to be vodka? It's lying in the entranceway beneath the bench, overgrown by grasses. Husband of mine, don't hit me when I'm drunk, beat me when I'm sober.

549. **This shot glass is too full for me** (Vš 315 – 1 var.). I look and see how my husband is shouting and angry. He's ashamed that his wife drinks vodka.

550. **Husband of mine, heart of mine** (Vš 316 – 1 var.), when you come back from the fields, compliment me: what a wife I have, what a hostess – she's lying in bed. Heat up some beer, put some honey in it. My husband, come love me.

551. **A crooked cane is not a problem** (Vš 317 – 1 var.). Marrying a drunkard will be fine. He will drink, and give some to me, and kiss me as he holds me tight.

552. **Oh, when I drank** (Vš 318 – 1 var.), I drank away my skirt. I would go home to sleep – but I’m afraid of my husband. Husband of mine, don’t shout at me when I’m drunk. Scold me when I’m sober in the high granary. If you really scold me, I will drink even more and make a ruckus.

553. **I can drink and make merry** (Vš 319 – 1 var.), I just can’t do hard work. I ground up the rye, and drove my husband to the grave. By the time I sifted the flour, I got myself another man.

554–555. **How could I not drink** (Vš 320 – 7 var.), how could I not sing? My husband promised to give me three dollars. I will spend one on drink, the second on song, and the third I’ll save for the hangover.

556. **Oh why wouldn’t I drink** (Vš 321 – 1 var.), if the vodka is tasty? Why wouldn’t I dance if I have a good husband? A tit came flying and bit my finger; I have a good husband – he shooed it away with a baking peel. That’s why I’ll drink, sing and dance – I got myself a good husband.

557. **I’m not small** (Vš 322 – 10 var.), a tiny little glass is not enough for me. A big one is better when I drink it to the bottom.

558–559. **I got drunk on wine** (Vš 323 – 9 var.) and no longer fear my angry husband. I went to the orchard, made myself a whip and gave my angry husband a lashing.

EVERYONE DRINKS, NOT JUST ME (560–590)

560–565. **Vodka – isn’t milk** (Vš 328, 329 – 33 var.), everyone drinks, not just me. Both lords and lowlives drink.

566–567. **Men drank, men will drink** (Vš 331 – 16 var.) until the earth turns upside-down. When the earth turns upside-down, men will drink atop the ruins.

568. **My husband ordered me** (Vš 332 – 5 var.) not to go to the party. Why shouldn’t I go if all the women are going? My husband ordered me not to drink vodka. Why wouldn’t I drink if all the women are drinking? My husband ordered me not to sing. Why wouldn’t I sing if all the women are singing? He ordered me not to lay down when I come home. Why wouldn’t I lay down if my head hurts? He ordered me not to scold the family. Why wouldn’t I scold them if they don’t listen to me?

569. **Whoever speaks ill of beer and vodka** (Vš 333 – 2 var.), he will have no friends here. Lords, kings, and priests drank everywhere, wherever there was a party.

570–581. **The beer is sweet, the foam is white** (Vš 334 – 140 var.), my girl is pretty. Why not drink, and why not be happy once I’ve drunk? Why not drink when you want to, why not kiss when the lips are sweet? Who could resist a hug, who could refuse a kiss?

582–583. **Our father was Noah** (Vš 335 – 20 var.), and he didn’t die from drink. You must drink, you must dance, you just shouldn’t get drunk. God liked Noah, and that’s why he saved him from the flood. As he exited the arch, he had a bottle in his hand. You must drink, but you shouldn’t get drunk.

584. **Noah and Moses drank** (Vš 336 – 3 var.), so let’s drink as well, it won’t be a sin. Lords and priests drink, let’s us, simple people, drink as well. Lords drink beer and mead, we drink beer. When we get drunk we won’t raise a ruckus.

585. **Priests and lords drink** (Vš 337 – 6 var.). Priests and lords drink, and so do all kinds of creatures. How will you not drink, if you have a glass in your hand?

586. **Wherever I see a glass** (Vš 338 – 1 var.), I quickly sit down beside it. May everyone look at me and promise me drink. May they say: –Greetings, Veruté – then my heart would

be happy. I would drink one, then another, so my head wouldn't hang. I will slide my way over to the barrel. Even if I scratch up my belly, I will drink the vodka.

587. **Father, father, why do you drink** (Vš 339 – 2 var.), do you have no brain? – I've got a brain just like you, I just want to be drunk.

588. **Father will buy a small bottle** (Vš 340 – 7 var.), mother will buy one, all the children will buy one. Father, mother, and the kids will drink the bottle. Father's, mother's and all the children's stomachs hurt.

589. **Oh hell, my head hurts** (Vš 341 – 1 var.) – I'll never drink again. But six days from now, there will be better news. Maybe some will remain without a head, but we will drink forevermore.

590. **They tell me that I'm pretty** (Vš 342 – 1 var.). When they dress me up, then I'm pretty, when they don't – then I'm not. They say I sleep. When someone lulls me, then I sleep, when they don't – I don't sleep. They say I'm angry. When they infuriate me, then I'm angry, when they don't – I'm not. They say that I dance. When they ask me for a dance, I dance, when they don't – I don't. They say I drink. When they give some, I drink, when they don't give any – I don't.

I DRANK ONE, I DRANK A SECOND (591–614)

591–596. **The first shot went down like sweet milk** (Vš 348 – 219 var.), have mercy – pour another, I'll drink down a second. I drank the second shot – I understand nothing. I drank a third while loving a guest. I drank a fourth and feel that my heart is strong. I drank a fifth – one leg buckled. I drank a sixth – and caught a ferret. I drank a seventh – broke a closet. I drank an eighth – my scalp is getting hot. I drank a ninth – the day is dawning. I drank a tenth and saw one hundred devils. Have mercy, don't pour anymore, I won't drink again.

597. **I drank one, and drank a second** (Vš 349 – 18 var.), my heart still doesn't understand. I'd drink a third while offering some to the guest.

598–601. **I'll drink this one, and pour myself another one** (Vš 350 – 18 var.). Little hand, my dear friend, hurry up and bring it to my mouth.

602–607. **I drank seven, and I will still drink nine** (Vš 351 – 98 var.), my head is still empty. And even if there were something in it, that's no problem, my heart would be happier.

608. **I drank a shot** (Vš 352 – 3 var.), so that the mother would promise me her daughter. I drank another one so that nobody would see. I drank a third so that the mother would stoke the stove. I drank a fourth so that the mother would bring out the boiled meat. I drank a fifth so that no one would take away my drink. I drank a sixth so that mother would pluck the chicken clean. I drank a seventh so that no one would take it away. I drank an eighth so that no one would shove me outside.

609. **When I drank, and I liked it** (Vš 354 – 1 var.), I drank it all and left nothing, hey, bottoms up! I drank one, then a second, and my head still doesn't understand. I would drink a third, offering some to a guest. Don't consider me a drunkard. I can still drink more, I can handle it.

610–613. **One glass is not enough for me** (Vš 356 – 54 var.), if there were two or three, then it would be good. One boy is not enough for me, if there were two or three, then that would be good. One girl is not enough for me, if there were two or three, that would be good.

614. **My father has a fine estate** (Vš 357 – 1 var.), on that estate, there is a cherry orchard. In that orchard there are beehives full of bees. If sister is good, she will warm up and boil some sweet vodka. In one hand, five glasses – in the other, five more. I drank ten shots while I loved the boy. In one hand, five candles – in the other, five more. I lit ten candles while I got to know the boy. In one hand, five canes – in the other, five more. I broke ten canes while I punished my boy.

ALL THE DAYS ARE HOLIDAYS (615–620)

615–617. **And again it's Sunday, a holiday** (Vš 365 – 116 var.). On Monday, Tuesday we will all be drunk. Wednesday and Thursday, we will be sick with hangovers. Friday, Saturday we will work hard jobs. And again it's Sunday, a holiday.

618. **On Sunday we will eat sausages** (Vš 366 – 2 var.), on Monday – nothing but cabbage soup. On Tuesday – only lard, Wednesday – cheese and butter. Thursday – ham, Friday – fish, Saturday – only milk. Oh mother, it will be so fine.

619. **If only it would always be so** (Vš 367 – 6 var.), that all the days were holidays. That there would only be one work day, and even that would be spent drinking.

620. **On Sunday – mutton** (Vš 368 – 5 var.), on Monday – lard, Wednesday is for eggs, Thursday – ham, Friday – mushrooms, and Saturday – butter and cheese.

GIVE THE SINGERS BEER (621–645)

621–623. **Beer, beer for the singers** (Vš 371 – 35 var.), and onions and garlic for the onlookers.

624–627. **Whoever knows how to sing** (Vš 372 – 37 var.), we must give them beer, and whoever doesn't know how to sing along needs to be kicked out the door.

628–633. **My whole life through** (Vš 373 – 135 var.), I never sang that song; when I got drunk, I began to sing. Everyone loves a singer, they pour two pints of beer so that he'd get drunk and start to sing. The singer got drunk, his head drooped – he can't drink anymore, he can't sing either.

634–639. **The girls' singing is beautiful** (Vš 374 – 109 var.), so is the greenness of their rye. Sing on, girls, your rye are green. The boys' singing is beautiful, so is the neighing of their steeds. Sing on, boys, your steeds are neighing. The women's singing is beautiful, so is the greenness of their carrots. Sing on, women, your carrots are growing. The old men's singing is beautiful, so is the greenness of their rye. Sing on, old men, your rye is growing.

640–642. **We keep drinking, but we're still not singing** (Vš 375 – 33 var.). We will stop drinking and begin to sing. We keep sowing and never harrow. Once we stop sowing, we will harrow. We keep mowing and never raking. Once we stop mowing, we will start raking. We keep grinding but not baking. We will stop grinding and start baking. We keep baking and never eating. We will stop baking and start eating.

643. **Let's sit at the table** (Vš 376 – 2 var.), let's drink beer. While drinking beer, we sang beautifully. The lovely girls sing beautifully. It is good to look at them and listen to them.

644. **Oh, I drank and drank** (Vš 377 – 1 var.) the whole night through. The beer is sweet, the froth is white. Oh, the barley grain is growing well, oh, the brown ale is so tasty. Let's drink, brothers, let's make merry; tomorrow is still a holiday – let's keep singing.

645. **We are singing a table song** (Vš 379 – 5 var.). Dear sister, dear brother, please start it, and we are ready to join in and help. If you don't want to sing, we'll send you out to do some chores.

LET'S MAKE MERRY TODAY, ONE AND ALL (646–670)

646–648. **Tasty is the beer that's made from oats** (Vš 384 – 59 var.) and three hop buds. I would drink and taste it if only father would offer some. Father sits at the table with a belt in his hand – he's scolding, threatening, and not giving me any beer. I would drink if mother would offer some. Mother sits with a whip in her hand and scolds; she's not offering beer. I would drink if brother would offer some. Brother sits with a peony in his hand,

scolding and not offering beer. I would drink if sister would offer some. Sister sits with rue in her hand, scolding and not offering beer. I would drink if my boy would offer some. My boy sits with a glass in his hand, invites me, and asks me to drink beer with him.

649. **We know and sense** (Vš 385 – 7 var.) what men need: boiled spirits and peppers. We know and sense what women need: beer, mead, and new spinning wheels. We know and sense what girls need: wine, pounding looms, and young men. We know and sense what boys need: vodka, steeds, and beautiful girls.

650–656. **Drink up, my brother** (Vš 386, 388 – 84 var.), today might be your last. Our days run by like water, nobody knows the hour of their death. There is no end to hardship, we are happy when we sit at the table. When we die, they'll cover us with earth, and our friends will drink for us.

657–658. **The days rush by like the wind** (Vš 387 – 12 var.), each of us waits for death. Dear friends, we will drink wine while the glass is full on the table. There is no end to our worries, we are happy while we're together at the table. Today we are here, tomorrow we won't be, perhaps we'll be rotting underground. Death did not forget our parents, we too will have to part with friends. Let's thank God for health, and give him praise by singing. We'll drink wine while the glass is full.

659. **Old man, what shall we do?** (Vš 389 – 1 var.) – We will buy a flute, and play it. – Where will we be? – We will harness the horse and drive around. – What will we eat? – I will bake a cake, and we'll eat it. – What will we drink? – I will make beer. – What will we do? – We will dance merrily.

660. **There were good times, there were bad** (Vš 390 – 1 var.), the old times have vanished. Drink up, don't be stingy, offer some to your good old friend.

661. **I drank yellow beer** (Vš 391 – 1 var.), so that I'd turn bright red. I drank frothy beer, so that my heart would be happy. I drank a glass of each, so that I would speak nicely and the boys would ask me to dance. The girls and boys dance, so do the greying elders. We dance and sing and praise brown beer. If it weren't for beer, there'd be no desire to make merry.

662. **Greetings, host** (Vš 393 – 1 var.). Greetings, Bartholomew and Isidor. Set out a pitcher of beer, and we will sing hymns. Give us beer, vodka, and cheese and sausages on a plate. We'll ask Saint Hyacinth to serve us some potato dumplings. Saint Anne offers cheese. Mary Magdalene lit the hearth, Saint George skewered the dragon. And Martin with Katharine are dancing in the host's meadow. Greetings, Peter, Roch, you two are not drunkards.

663. **Away, away, sadness** (Vš 394 – 2 var.), the bottles are already lined up. Let's make merry now, these are our days. When we empty the bottles, we will ask for pitchers and the host will bring them. The hostess will bring out a ham. What a happy day today is: everyone is lovingly speaking and kissing. People walk down the village streets, and fill the yards. They buzz like bees.

664–665. **It's a happy time** (Vš 397 – 5 var.), a wonderful day, as we sit here in friendship. My guests, my heart's comfort, we cannot ask for anything more. Your faces, your songs are filling our home with joy. Listen to us sing, God, and keep us healthy. So that we would gather where there is one shepherd and we'd sing all the days through. Glory to you, Father on High, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Let's drink and make merry, let's not go anywhere, and spend the night right here.

666. **Greetings, Dominic** (Vš 399 – 1 var.), there's a bottle on the table. It will be enough for you, and me, and our children's children. Let's drink, brothers, sisters. Once we've drunk, we'll make merry, sing songs, and dance to the hired band.

667–668. **Make merry today** (Vš 401 – 14 var.), old lady, even though you're not worth a handful of chaff. – Am I not old? Is my hat not pretty? – Make merry, old man, even though

you're not worth a leaf of tobacco. – Am I not old, is my hair not mussed? – Make merry, young lady, even though you're not worth a rue branch. – Am I not young? Is my hair not nicely combed and decorated with ribbons? – Make merry, dear boy, though you're not worth a steed. – Am I not young, with nice shoes and a saddled horse?

669. **We can drink and make merry** (Vš 402 – 2 var.), we can be happy. While we are still young and not married, we cannot stand hardship.

670. **There were many at the party** (Vš 403 – 1 var.) – all kinds of women who filled the corners with birch canes. Drink up, dear ones, don't leave your spittle in the glass. The vodka is tasty.

ENOUGH FEASTING

HAVE MERCY – DON'T POUR MORE (671–678)

671. **Don't pour a full glass, I won't drink it all** (Vš 408 – 8 var.) – my head is like an old hen's.

672. **I don't want to – I don't drink, I don't even touch it** (Vš 409 – 8 var.) If I knew that everything will be fine, I'd go ahead and drink and roll the glass along the table.

673. **I won't drink vodka** (Vš 410 – 5 var.), I'd rather sing. That way my head won't hurt and I won't complain tomorrow.

674. **I drank beer, and that's enough for me** (Vš 411 – 1 var.), I won't drink anymore. I loved a girl, and that's enough for me, I won't love anymore. I sang a song, and that's enough for me, I won't sing anymore.

675. **Have mercy – don't pour more** (Vš 412 – 9 var.), I can't drink anymore. Give me a hug and a kiss and we'll end the party. Or maybe pour a little more from the tiny pitcher, pour some, offer it, and talk a while with me.

676. **I would drink – but I don't want to** (Vš 413 – 2 var.), I would dance, but I don't know how to, Oh my Lord.

677. **On the high hill** (Vš 414 – 6 var.) the grass is green, the dew is cold. The boy let his steeds drink water, the girl brought him food. – Dear girl, where have you been until now? – I was at my mother's, washing my hands in the stream, pouring drinks into glasses. All the glasses are full, the guests are drunk and full. The glasses got knocked over, and the guests went on their way.

678. **Oh my God, my head aches** (Vš 415 – 2 var.), my heart yearns. My girl will remain admired but unwed. My neighbors will remain invited but unfed. My beer will be made, but not drunk.

THE SHOT GLASS PLAYED A TRICK ON BROTHER (679–711)

679–683. **The bottle is colorful, the vodka is sweet** (Vš 418 – 68 var.) – Drink, my dear boy. If you drink with me, you won't drink your mind away. The bed is nice, the sheets are white – lay down, dear boy. If you lay with me, you'll sleep sweet and sound. The dogs start to bark, the roosters crow – get up, dear boy. My father will come and beat your sides – run, dear boy. When you run through the puddles, lift up your pantlegs. He ran across the village, all the dogs barked, and the girls clapped their hands.

684–686. **You crystal glass** (Vš 419 – 35 var.), I will taste you. – When you taste me, I will trick you. – Little glass, I will drink you. – When you drink me, I will scold you. – I will drink half of you. – When you drink half of me, I will knock you over a pile of straw. – I will drink you to the end. – When you drink me to the bottom, I will dunk you in a puddle.

687. **The shotglass is small, the mead is tasty** (Vš 420 – 16 var.). I barely drank one and then reached for another. I drank the tiniest little glass, and fell in love with the most beautiful girl. Shot glass, help me tempt the girl. So that I'd be braver when I meet her, I drank a glass bigger than myself. I went to the market feeling fine, but my legs gave out and my head began to spin. I did not meet the girl, but I kissed the post by the street. Shot glass, it's your fault that I lost the girl.

688. **Drink vodka, men** (Vš 421 – 13 var.), and bonk your bellies against the wall. – Why would we bonk such a treasure against the wall?

689–690. **Sweet beer, white froth** (Vš 422 – 21 var.), whoever drank it went mad. While I was drinking, I didn't feel it. Once I drank it – I went mad.

691–697. **Here comes the shot glass rolling down the table** (Vš 423 – 112 var.), Oh lord, I'm going to have to drink it. I drank a glass smaller than myself, and mucked up a mud puddle much bigger than myself. I don't feel sorry for the glass that I drank, I just feel sorry for the muddy plot that I mucked up.

698–699. **Did I not tell you** (Vš 424 – 10 var.) – don't drink strong vodka. It will make your head spin.

700. **You dark-browed vodka** (Vš 425 – 7 var.), you tempted me so young and dunked me in the mud puddle.

701. **Fair vodka** (Vš 426 – 7 var.), where will you lay me down to sleep? On the green grass or with a young girl?

702. **Oh dear boy** (Vš 427 – 4 var.), why did you drink it all? It was boiled in the cauldron with a frog leg added to it, why did you drink it all? We are ashamed to even look at you.

703. **Little bottle ku ku ku** (Vš 428 – 4 var.), may your eyes fall out, and may I receive vodka.

704. **I drank beer and got drunk** (Vš 430 – 1 var.). Hey, young girl, I want to sleep. – Dear boy, go to the barn, there are sheets and covers. – Girl of mine, I slept so well.

705. **I woke early** (Vš 431 – 2 var.), drank vodka, and didn't work. A fox washed spoons for me, and the cat looked after the hearth. The hare calmed the departing guests and brought them back. Crystal shot glass, you frothed when you were full and wanted to trick me. Bottle, you gurgled as I poured you.

706. **I want vodka** (Vš 435 – 1 var.), if they don't give me any, I act foolish. You must drink, but you mustn't get drunk. I drank and swallowed a bug. That's what you get for drinking, fool – you can't even lift your head.

707. **I got drunk and had a good time** (Vš 436 – 6 var.), forgot all my woes. In the early morning I was hungover, all my woes stood before me.

708–709. **My head hurts** (Vš 437 – 30 var.), I don't know why. Yesterday I drank vodka, perhaps that's why. My feet hurt, I don't know why. Yesterday I danced all day, perhaps that's why. My hands hurt, I don't know why. Yesterday I baked cakes, perhaps that's why. My heart hurts, I don't know why. It's been a while since I saw my beloved, maybe that's why.

710. **I dance and dance until I no longer can** (Vš 439 – 1 var.), my leg and knee hurt. I got drunk – I can't take it anymore. Tie me up with the end of rope.

711. **The beer's foam is white** (Vš 440 – 4 var.), if only my beloved were here. The beer is turning red, my beloved is arriving.

WHEN I DRANK – I GOT DRUNK (712–726)

712–718. **I got drunk as a rooster** (Vš 445 – 133 var.), who is going to shoo me away? I have neither a wife, nor a daughter-in-law, so who will give me a kiss?

719–722. **I got drunk as a bee** (Vš 446 – 57 var.), my legs are like spindles, don't be surprised, girl, that they're crooked.

723. **I got drunk from beer and mead** (Vš 447 – 7 var.) and all kinds of drink. My head hurts, I see no way out. Cooks arrived from Warsaw to chop cabbage, a fly came by and ate the cabbage. We will catch that fly and skin it alive, make a coat from it. Two furs from one fly, from another – just the sleeve. Sew on, tailors, just don't steal any.

724. **When I drank – I got drunk** (Vš 448 – 6 var.), and lost my black hat. If you found it, give it back, don't make me, a young drunkard, weep.

725. **You black-whiskered cat** (Vš 449 – 18 var.), why did you brew the beer so strong, why did you get my father, mother, brother, and sister drunk?

726. **My mother got drunk** (Vš 450 – 2 var.), she swayed as she crossed the yard. If she fell, daughter-in-law would laugh. Her daughter came up to her and took her by the hand. Mother didn't fall over, she didn't make daughter-in-law laugh.

END OF THE FEAST

TAKE A HINT, GUESTS, HEAD ON HOME (727–745)

727. **I gathered many berries** (Vš 454 – 3 var.), invited many guests. It was hard to gather them all here, it was even harder to kick the guests out. The host scolded the hostess: there is no cake or butter in the granary – there's nothing to offer the guests. Make dinner, and let them go home. The host encouraged the servants: harness the horses, open the gate, let them go home.

728–729. **Guests, don't be pests** (Vš 455 – 72 var.). You had the sense to come here, have the good sense to leave. You drank the beer – time to go home. You ate the pig with the hair still on it, and the goat with its horns.

730–731. **The hostess has everything** (Vš 456 – 10 var.), but doesn't want to share a thing, and the guests don't want to leave. Heat up a pot of beer, put in a pound of honey and offer it to the guests. Boil some roosters, bake some chickens. May they eat and drink. Let the satisfied guests leave, don't get in their way. May they head home healthy and happy.

732–733. **A red rose** (Vš 457 – 19 var.) bloomed beside the road. The noble lords came riding and cut the red rose and yellow lily. They threw the rose into the lake and the lily into the sea. Float along the shore, rose, – guests, go home.

734. **I'd go out onto the yard to have a look** (Vš 458 – 2 var.), if the sun is still high. If it is, I will go home, but if it's low, I will spend the night here, at my relatives' place.

735–736. **They gave us everything** (Vš 460 – 5 var.), and didn't beat us with a stick. We will leave having received everything without being kicked out.

737. **The wooden plank is rattling** (Vš 461 – 2 var.) – the vodka has run out. Once the vodka runs out, we will bake five oxen – it will be fine for us. When we run out of oxen we will bake five hogs, geese, sparrows, peas. When we ate those peas, we all left for home.

738. **I won't go home until the dawn** (Vš 462 – 2 var.), I'll return as the sun rises. I got drunk as a bee, now offer me a match for marriage; I wore down my shoes, now buy me a new pair.

739. **Lay down, guests, don't leave yet** (Vš 463, 469 – 2 var.). Lay around guests, don't leave yet. We will butcher a colt and sheep and boil them so we will have something to offer you, don't leave yet.

740. **Let's ask the hostess** (Vš 464 – 1 var.), if we will have to go home, is the wine cellar empty already, are the glasses and pitchers empty?

741. **There's no more vodka** (Vš 465 – 1 var.), what will we do? We will tie up the hosts and chase them outside. There's no more cake, what will we do? We will tie up the hostesses and chase them behind the hearth. There are no more sausages, what will we do? We will tie up a pig and make some sausages.

742. **Oh, what will happen** (Vš 466 – 1 var.), when there will be no more vodka? No problem about the vodka – we will bring some from Seda. And we'll bring the family and kids from Žerniai.

743. **Juniper, green little tree** (Vš 470 – 8 var.), it will drive out and prick the guests.

744. **For that samogitian** (Vš 471 – 1 var.), I would heat up some beer and mix it with honey. May he drink it and then head home.

745. **I worked hard to make the food** (Vš 473 – 6 var.) and invite all the guests. It's an even greater worry to get them to leave. There is no more beer or vodka. The tables are picked clean, the guests are dressed, the horses harnessed – it's time to go home.

THE BARREL ARGUES WITH THE PITCHER (746–776)

746–747. **The shot glass scolded the bottle** (Vš 479 – 57 var.): you long-necked bottle, you can't handle it. The bottle scolded the pitcher: you, multi-quarted pitcher, you can't handle it. The barrel scolded the granary, the granary scolded the barn, the barn scolded the field, the field scolded the oxen. The oxen scolded the farmer: farmer, you drunkard, why didn't you feed us? The farmer scolded the host: host, why didn't you plant the field? The host scolded the rooster: why didn't you crow and wake me up? The rooster scolded the hostess: you lazy hostess, why didn't you feed me?

748–749. **The shot glass asks the bottle for some vodka** (Vš 480 – 28 var.), but he doesn't have a drop left.

750–765. **I walk through the pantry** (Vš 481 – 328 var.), and overhear someone arguing. The barrel is beating the pitcher because he coaxed the last drop out of her. The shot glass says: I'd rather fall and break than stand empty before the guests. Harness the horses, let the guests go home.

766. **The sun is setting, evening is near** (Vš 482 – 1 var.), get ready, guest, it's time to go home. The night grew dark, the glasses dried out. The beer turned bitter, the vodka evaporated. We will thank the caretaker and the host himself for the bread, salt, beer, honey and wine. Lead the way, show me where home is. I fell three times onto the grass, and on the fourth – into the mud. When the day dawned, father saw and scolded me. Don't scold me, father, for I am your only son, you promised me silk clothes and the estate. That's why I will drink and sing, for I am the son of my father.

767–770. **The guests aren't going home** (Vš 483 – 75 var.), the hosts complain. Leave, guests, while it's still light out. When the dark night comes, you won't find your way.

771. **The barrel gives no vodka** (Vš 484 – 13 var.), the shameless guests won't go home.

772. **The bottle won't give vodka** (Vš 485, 490 – 2 var.), go home, guests, go home. The potatoes rotted, there's no more vodka, go home, guests.

773. **When I prepare herring** (Vš 486 – 8 var.), the guests drag themselves over. When I prepare meet, the guests sit and stare. When I prepare an onion, the guests lay all around. When I prepare garlic, my guests begin to talk.

774. **The host and hostess** (Vš 487 – 3 var.) head for the pantry together. They ask the barrel if it is full or empty. The barrel harshly replies: sirs, what's wrong with you, why are you asking – I'm already empty!

775. **The ladle bent, the vodka ran out** (Vš 488 – 1 var.). Let's go home, guests. The barrel is empty, the beer ran out. The empty plate and empty pitcher remain on the table.

776. **My pitcher** (Vš 489 – 1 var.), if you don't listen to me, I will break you.

WE WILL GO HOME, BROTHERS (777-799)

777-779. **Please leave, dear guests** (Vš 496 – 85 var.), while it's still light out. When the night falls, you won't find the way. The guests fidget, they don't want to leave: the hostess has everything, but doesn't want to share a thing.

780. **Let's go home at night** (Vš 497 – 26 var.), and beat a rooster. – Why did you take to foreign hens, rooster? – Why should I not take to them if the neighbor's lovely hens tempted me?

781-782. **We will go home, brothers** (Vš 498 – 96 var.). We will find father waiting with a belt in his hand. We will go home, sisters. We will find mother waiting, with a whip in her hand.

783. **That's enough partying** (Vš 499 – 2 var.), it's time to go home. We will find the family sleeping, and the parents waiting. They will scold us for partying so late and wandering in the dark night.

784. **Oh we will go home** (Vš 500 – 3 var.), and find them awake at home. We will find mother waiting, spinning flax. Spin it thin, mother, you will marry your daughter off very far away.

785-790. **Drink, drink** (Vš 501 – 102 var.), and hurry home to bed – your wife is beautiful, your children are young, make sure no one else lays at her side, and that no one kidnaps the kids.

791-793. **While I drink, everything's fine** (Vš 502 – 15 var.), once I'm drunk, I worry about home. When I return to my wife, she lunges at my eyes like a cat.

794-795. **Home, brothers, home** (Vš 504 – 36 var.), your plows are growing rusty. – It's not a problem; we will plow the field in the daytime and not at night. – Home, sisters, your looms are growing moldy. – It's not a problem, we will weave the cloths in the daytime and not at night.

796-797. **I can drink, but I can't take a lot** (Vš 505 – 18 var.). I must wake early tomorrow, spin the flax, weave the cloths, dress the family. – Don't worry, mother. Your son will bring home a young daughter-in-law and she will dress them. – Where will she get cloth from? – God will help the daughter-in-law. May she work and not be lazy – she will dress the family. I'm worried about paying taxes. – Don't worry, mother. Your daughter will bring home a son-in-law, and he will pay. – Where will he get the money? – God will help the young son-in-law.

798. **Enough drinking and making merry** (Vš 506 – 11 var.), it's time to go home. I drove through one field – shepherds are tending a flock. I drove through a forest – a woodpecker is cutting firewood. I drove through a field – the boys are cutting the hay, and a girl stands beside them. The girls are cutting the wheat, and a boy stands beside them.

799. **We'll head home as best we can** (Vš 507 – 2 var.), there is no way we will stay here. Here the girls are no good, they won't make a bed for us.

THANKS TO THE HOST (800-817)

800-804. **Harness the horses, we're about to leave** (Vš 514 – 50 var.). Farewell, hosts. However many glasses we drank here, may God give you as many years and barns full of steeds and cattle. Father, mother, brother, sister, hired help, shepherds, – may you all be healthy. Farewell, sister. May your flax grow well, may the cloths in your chest not grow moldy, may you marry young. God, bless this house, bring gifts to the hosts for their good heart.

805. **Goodnight goodnight** (Vš 515 – 6 var.) – as guests leave, they must drink a shot. We must part, though there is no desire to. My heart hurts, we must say goodbye.

806–812. **I drank all day, I drank all night** (Vš 516 – 161 var.) at my neighbor baldy's house. Thanks to him and his children; thanks to his barrel and its rings.

813. **The rooster crows in the village street** (Vš 517 – 2 var.), thank you, hostess, for the beer and vodka. The dogs bark, the hosts see their guests off. When we crossed the field, a warm wind blew.

814. **Thanks to that sir** (Vš 520 – 3 var.), who gave us lots of vodka. I will waddle home like a duck, and crouch in the corner like an owl.

815. **Many cakes are on the table** (Vš 521 – 1 var.). There is a great feast in this house. Plenty of pressed cheese is piled on the plates. Plenty of honey mead was made and beer poured into glasses. The horses are harnessed and face the gates. We will have to go home.

816. **We will sing a pretty song** (Vš 522 – 3 var.), we will thank the person who wrote it. We will thank the hostess for the lovely company, for the white table, for the cake, meat and cabbage. We will thank the host. We went into the pantry, and saw that the barrels are overturned. We are the ones who drank them, not anybody else. May God pay the hosts back.

817. **Oh how our hearts ache** (Vš 523 – 4 var.), we hear the steeds neigh as they drive up to the gate. We wait for the guests to leave. Please wait a while, listen to our songs. Thank you, guests, for speaking with us. If we talked too much, we are sorry and say goodbye.

FEAST IN THE TAVERN

BESIDE THE ROAD STANDS A TAVERN (818–841)

818. **Bitter vodka** (Vš 529 – 7 var.), feed me; ringing wallet, free me. Bay steed, bring me home; dear girl, lay me down; little pillow, put me to sleep.

819. **I cannot not drink** (Vš 530 – 4 var.). But I have no way to pay for drink. I have poor trousers, I will have to sell them. Mistress of the tavern, pour a full glass, my heart is still empty. Let's drink a full glass.

820–822. **I sit at the table** (Vš 531 – 54 var.), beside a crystal glass like a bird in paradise. Don't consider me a drunkard – I can still drink much, much more. The Jewish tavern owner took my coat as a debt. I will sell a cow to redeem my coat.

823–836. **Drink up, brothers, and I will drink too** (Vš 532 – 341 var.), when it comes time to pay, I will leave. The vodka is tasty, the glass is pretty. The beer is delicious and the great family is all here. The branches of the birch tree drooped, the whole family gathered. The branches of the birch tree grew leaves, the relatives left. The tavern mistress will take my hat off, as debt for our drinks. Hold on, mistress, wait for autumn, I'll bring you wheat instead.

837. **If you're drinking, then drink** (Vš 536 – 5 var.), if you're giving it to me – give it here. I won't lurk like a buzzard waiting for a drop of vodka. Can I not drink with you? Do I not have a coin in my pocket? I climbed the fence, and lost the coin. When I climbed over another, I found a coin and became rich.

838. **I drank vodka from a golden horn** (Vš 541 – 12 var.), I kissed a girl and received a cake.

839. **In Rozalimas town, in the tavern** (Vš 549 – 2 var.), I drank a bottle. He gave me herring mixed with pepper.

840. **I drank for a coin** (Vš 551 – 1 var.), and got all shook up. If I could drink for a second coin, I would start to talk. A hundred million won't soothe me, my hardships and worries will rip up my heart.

841. **We'll go home unwillingly** (Vš 552 – 1 var.), tomorrow we will be hungover. While we overcome the hangover, we will pull a coin from our pockets.

GO HOME AND WORK (842–855)

842–850. **Homeward, young brothers** (Vš 558 – 172 var.), don't drink in the tavern anymore. The field isn't plowed, the hay isn't cut, the plow isn't fixed. – Don't worry, dear girl, about our work. We will plow the field, cut the hay, fix the plow. – Homeward, young sisters, don't drink in the tavern anymore. The flax isn't spun, the cloths are not woven, the looms are not fixed. – Don't worry, dear boy, about our work. We will spin the flax, weave the cloths and fix the loom.

851. **Today I am here** (Vš 559 – 2 var.), but tomorrow I will be drinking in a tavern in Rusnè. While sitting at the white table, beside a glass, my head began to ache. – Wake up, my girl, don't sleep in. Your loom will overgrow with cobwebs, the cloths will become musty. People are gossiping about us. – Let them gossip, I don't care. Once I quit drinking in the tavern, then I will weave the cloths.

852–853. **The night will grow dark** (Vš 560 – 7 var.), the brothers will drink in the tavern. A girl arrives to drive her boy home. – Go home, dear boy, your unfed steeds are neighing from hunger. – At home, father is the master, while I am the ruler of the tavern.

854. **Oh you lazy boy** (Vš 561 – 1 var.), go home and do work. The fields aren't plowed yet, the pastures aren't mowed. – Don't worry, dear girl, the work will get done.

855. **Homeward, brothers** (Vš 562 – 3 var.), it's time to go. – We don't need to hurry – the rye isn't dropping on the hill yet. – Homeward, girls. – We don't need to hurry, the wheat isn't dropping yet.