

VEDA SLOVENA
Bulgarian folk songs from
pre-historical and pre-
Christian time. Discovered
in Thrace and Macedonia
and published by
Stefan I. Verkovich

The author has been collecting these songs for more than 10 years from 2 main regions – Rodopi, the biggest mountain in Thrace, where the Bulgarians, speaking the pomashki dialect (therefore others call them pomatsi) were living. And the other is Eastern Macedonia, where the Bulgarians who lived there spoke marvashki dialect (marvatsi). “These tribes live in the most isolated places and despite all changes of time, somehow or other, they have saved their authentic folklore. They have small idea of Christianity. And others know some Muslim prayers but basically they continued to follow their old tradition.” Doctor Shafarick, a friend and a sponsor of the first edition - 22 July 1874. And in that book there are a couple of songs about Orpheus, as well. One of them is from a village named Eleshnitsa, East Macedonia, nowadays – Greece. It is No. 13 in the collection and consists of 625 lines. I’ll quote a few of them:

The Birth of Orpheus

“Brava krale... si se molli:
Oi ti Boje, Vishnu Boje!
Ja dai si mi Boje,
na staro vreme edno chedo
Lu da si gu vide pa da si um
Toi da si mi zeme nasledi...”

“Dete yunak...sha si furka na
nebetu, sus svirka Vishnu Boga
da si fail. Sova dete moshtne
nishanlie sha si bode, sha zaptisa
sita zeme I planini, da si bode
purva krale na zemeta.”
Reche staru dedu ne otreche,
pa si furkna gore na nebetu,
du si fail Vishnu Boga,
shto si pravi chuda na zemeta.

“An old king was praying:
Oh, Great God, Vishnu
Please give me oh, God
a child in my old age.
Let me see him and then I die,
Let him inherit my land...”

Later, a saintly person came
down from the sky and said
predicting:

“You’ll have a son from heaven,
he’ll glorify Lord Vishnu with
his flute.
This child will have all good
qualities,
He’ll pacify all lands and
mountains,
He’ll be the king of the earth.”
The saintly man said all that,
and flew back in the sky
to glorify Lord Vishnu
who’s performing His miracles
on earth.

Verkovich had collected 56 songs
and they published only 15. Later
he selected the best from the
unpublished songs and sent them to
the French Consul in Plovdiv –
August Dozon and he published
them as “Unpublished Bulgarian
Folk songs” – “Chanson populaires
Bulgares inedites” Paris, 1875.
They are now found in the archives
of the Bulgarian Academy of
Science. There’s another interesting
song about Orpheus, who was
heartbroken after his wife’s
departure. It consists of 462 lines.
Here are a few of them:

Orpheus finds his wife Dana

Orpheus was wondering why and
how she disappear?d and a voice
from the sky told him:

“Ni ta klel Siva boga
ya ta klel Visnu boga”...
“Vishnum Dana Defina
Defina mi trisuletna...”

“It is not done by Lord Siva,
but it is done by Lord Vishnu
“Dana became a servant of
Vishnu, servant for three years.”

Although he understood this, he
had a strong desire to see her and
he started praying:

“Vishnu le Boje
tebe sa Boje mole
che na tebe dumilevam!”
Orfei sa molba molli
Vishnu mu molba chue...”

“Oh, my dear Lord Vishnu
I’m praying unto You
You are my only shelter!”
Orpheus is humbly praying
And Lord Vishnu hears him

Vishnu mercifully fulfills his
desire and He takes him back in
His palace in the upper sky.

By the way the name VISHNU is
mentioned hundreds of times in all
of the songs and he’s always
depicted as the Supreme Lord
(Gulema Boga). There are other
interesting songs about Siva, Durga,
Surva (Surya), Agne, etc.

Atheists and communists call them
mythology or mystification...
Christians anathemize as *eres*,
paganism – and therefore the
Bulgarian Ministry of Education
rejects their publication until 1997.
But the serious scientists agree and
confirm that they are authentic and
are pre-christian.

Krishna is not mentioned in the
songs about Orpheus, but he
appears on the pages of Veda
Slovena under the name Kolada
(which means the Young or little
Krishna) and the name Krusni (the
cowherd boy, who became the king
of the earth).

60 Lines for Krishna from
Volume 2 VEDA SLOVENA:

Bre li mi Kirusnyu,
bre mi na pole tsare
mene sa lyutum kani,
chi da si rodi mujku dete,
zlatna si sabe vie,
ta mi dete seche.

Oh my dear Krishna,
Look, this evil king
Who wants to kill me badly
'cos of the son I'll bring.
Golden sword he's waving,
He wants to kill my kid.

F sarae mu star bilarin,
blirna mu kniga pee,
blirna mu kniga kitape,
chi sha rode mujku dete.

A prophet in his fancy palace,
Sings an ancient book for him.
And the ancient book is saying,
That I will bear a male kid.

Tsaryu sa dosta nalyuti,
nalyuti sa, razedi sa,
ta ma metna u zandana
da ma seche zaluk pu zaluk.

The king is really angry
Angry - really mad!
He threw me in the prison,
And will cut me bit by bit

“Stara mi maika u gora,
u gora u Vida
mujku si dete rodila,
mujku hi dete Krusna.
Chi hi sa tsare kani
da hi dete seche.”

“My old mother in the woods,
In the woods of Vida,
Gave birth to a shiny son,
And His name is Krishna.
And the king he does
Want to chop her son.”

Malu mi mlogu devet godini
sivu mi stadu pase...

More or less nine twelve months
Krishna tends His countless
cows...

Krusna mi mlada pastuha
sivu mi stado pase,
Veda si kniga pee,
ta si mi yuda mae.

Krishna, my cowherd boy,
Tends gray herds, oh my,
And he's singing Veda book,

Charming all the goddesses in
wood.

Pa mi na pole sleva
tsare mu na urdie,
ta mi sa borba bori,
ya gu s karlika nadbori,

Then he walks down at the ring,
At the challenge of the king.
After a very terrifying fight,
With a stick He showed his
might.

Ta mu sarae pleni.
Krusna mi mlada tsare

And he conquered the court.
Krishna – young king of the
world,

pusta zeme zaselil,
pusta mi zeme Zain,
det mu chuvek ni fodil,
det mi pile ni furkanalu.

Populated the desert land,
The desert land before the end,
Where no one has ever been.
Neither birds do fly nor sing.

Pa mi sa Krusna ni jeni,
chi e na nebe Vedyu,
Vedyu mi diven.
Krusna mi kniga pee,

By then Krishna never wedded,
He's omniscient and divine.
He's the Knower of the Veda,
Krishna sings it all the time.

ta si tsare nadbori
ta mu pleni saraete,
Krusna mi mlada tsare.

he defeated the evil king,
and took over his nice courts.
Krishna – my young Lord!

Ya mi sedi malu-mlogu,
malu-mlogu tri godini,
zakara si mladi yunatsi,
mladi yunatsi, malki momi,

Years passed not more or less,
He ruled there for three twelve

months.

Then accompanied by His brave
friends,
His brave friends and His young
wives,

ta mi utide na pole,
det' mi e pole pustu,
pustu mi zapustenu,
Zaina mi zeme zaseli.

Went where no one else has
been,
Desert land no one has seen.
To populate that wasted land,
Which is just before the end.

Krusna mi veke stara,
ya mu dusha ni izleze,
lu si furkna na nebetu,
ta mi na nebe Vedyu,

Krishna lived for many years,
But His Soul did never leave,
He rose to heaven – as He is,
Beyond the sky is where He
lives.

Vedyu mi diven.
Subrali sa malki momi,
subrali sa av sarae,
ta mu pesna,
ta mu pesna ustanala.

Oh, my Lord omniscient and
divine!

Young girls gathered,
Gathered in the palace,
And they sang a song,
And it stayed forever.

*These poems and more history
can be found at:*

[http://www.radhe.net/
history/index.html](http://www.radhe.net/history/index.html)

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<http://www.radhe.net/>
