

TOSKA -- Macedonia (Vardar Valley)

(Line dance for men, no partners)

Translation: A man's skirt.

Rhythm: 7/8 (♩♩♩) counted 1-and, 2-and, 3, and-ah, or
"slow slow quick slow".

Record: Folkraft LP-25, side A band 2 (2:34); Zurla (2) & tupan.

Starting Position: "T" position. Left foot free.

Music 7/8

Measure

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1 | | Lift on right foot in place (count 1),
Step slightly sideward left on left foot (count 2),
Cross and step on right foot directly in front of
left (count 3),
Step back on left foot in place (counts and-ah). |
| 2 | | REPEAT pattern of measure 1 reversing direction and
footwork. |
| 3 | | REPEAT pattern of measure 1. |
| 4 | | Lift on left foot (count 1),
Turning to face slightly and moving right, step forward
on right foot (count 2),
A slight leap forward on left foot (count 3),
Step forward on right foot (counts and-ah). |
| 5 | | A high leap forward on left foot (count 1),
Step forward on right foot (count 2),
A slight leap forward on left foot (count 3),
Turning to face center, a slight leap on right foot
in place (counts and-ah). |

Note: When tempo speeds up at the end dancers release hands and perform individual solo leaps, squats, etc. Note also this dance is similar to Zensko Krsteno.

TOSKA - Song Words

U Kruševu ogin gori,
 U Kruševu Grčka mala,
 Mečkin Kamen krv se lee
 Tam' se bijat tri vojvodi.
 S' Turska vojska tri iljadna,
 Prvi beše Pitu Guli,
 Vtoriot beše Karandzulo,
 Tretiot beše Alebakot.

Patronite im svršia,
 Malikeri gi skršija,
 Ušte eden im ostana,
 Za sami da se ubijat.
 Za sami da se ubijat
 Na tiran da se ne davat,
 Da gi nosat da gi besat,
 Niz Bitola da gi šetat.

Niz Bitola da gi šetat,
 Na at-pazar da gi nosat,
 Da se borat anenite,
 Da se smeet cergarite.

In Krušhevo a fire is burning,
 In Krušhevo, Grchka mala,
 At the Bear's Rock blood is
 flowing,
 There three of our commanders
 are fighting.
 With the Turkish army of three
 thousand,
 The first was Pitu Guli,
 The second was Karandzhule,
 The third was Alebakot.

They were out of ammunition,
 They broke their guns,
 One was left,
 To kill themselves with.
 To kill themselves with,
 Not to give up to the tyrant,
 To be carried off to be hanged,
 To be marched through Bitola.

To be marched through Bitola.
 To take them to the hotte bazaar
 Where the Turkish waves would
 gather,
 Where the gypsies would laugh.