

SITNO MALIŠEVSKO

Ситно Малишевско

(Bulgaria - Pirin)

A dance from the border region of Bulgaria and Macedonia. It is related to other dances such as *Berovka*, *Mališevsko* and *Delčevsko*.

Pronunciation: SEET-noh Mah-lee-SHEFF-skoh Hoh-ROH
Music: Yves Moreau CD
Rhythm: 2/4
Formation: Mixed lines, hands down at sides. Face LOD wt on L.
Style: Small, earthy steps, slight knee bend.

Meter: 2/4

Pattern

- 1-16 Introduction (tambura music): No action.
- 1. Basic pattern**
- 1 Travelling in LOD, step on R (1) step on L (2)
2 Repeat pattern of meas 1
3 Facing LOD, do three small steps R-L-R, slightly to R side (1&2)
4 Same as in meas 3 with opp ftwrk
5-8 Repeat pattern of meas 1-4
9 Repeat pattern of meas 1
10 Travelling and facing LOD, three small running steps (R-L-R)
11 Still travelling LOD, three small running steps (L-R-L)
12 Facing ctr heavy step onto R (1) swing L leg across R, with slight lift onto R (2)
13 Facing ctr, step on L to L (1) step on R behind L (2)
14 Facing RLOD, heavy step onto L (1) small hop or lift onto L, extending R leg fwd (2)
15 Strong flat step onto R, upper body leaning slightly fwd (1) sharp step onto ball of L (and) sharp stamp on R with wt (2)
16 Hop onto R ft, extending L leg fwd straight and straightening body (1) pivot onto R ft swinging L leg around to end up facing LOD and step onto L (2)
17-24 Repeat pattern of meas 9-16

Repeat dance from beginning

Presented by Yves Moreau

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(Bulgaria-Pirin/Macedonia)

Ot doma do čarsija
tragnah s gajda šarena
na rabota da joda
i na gajda da sviram

*From my house to the market
I went with my colorful gajda
to go to work
and play bagpipe*

Chorus:

Šarena gajda izpisana
sas manista nagizdana
sviram pejam oro igram
Rum-ba rum-ba-ba

*Colorful bagpipe adorned
decorated with beads
I play, I sing, I dance*

//Canih se u popa
da mu pasam gâskite//
Otkarah gi po luni
deto treva ne raste (2)
deto voda ne teče
//Ot dolu ide popište
varti oči da plači//
//Dva šamara mi udri
gajdata mi ja zema//

*I was hired at the priest's
to graze the geese
I took them out in the moonlight
where grass does not grow
where water does not flow
Along came the priest
Rolling his eyes and crying
He slapped me twice
and took my bagpipe*