

GYPSY CAMPERS

P.P. Slaveikov

Near to the Struma-river
stopped a gypsy caravan,
merry women, men and children
have decided here to camp.

Fires twinkled round the region,
shadows trembled here and there,
happy voices loudly echoed,
full of joy and with no care.

Flames are fighting with the darkness-
dark in flame, and flame in dark,
rugged figures strangely motion,
all enchanting with their mark.

Violin was playing slowly,
shortly sounded a tune,
in a trice a joyful dancing
started stormy as typhoon.

Tact with tact is interfering,
tremble as by wings to fly,
hand in hand the people hasten,
accompanying song with cry.

With a smile of good will critics
old men fume their pipes aside,
and the sparks are piercing darkness
in a sudden rising light.

Here are now but tomorrow?
No one knows where shall they stay.
They are homeless merry-makers
that endure their heavy way.

(Translated from Bulgarian by Stefan K. Robev)