

**Filip Višnjić:**  
**B U N A PROTIV DAHIJA**  
izbor, redosled stihova i podela:  
Rajko Maksimović

**Filip Visnjić:**  
**UPRISING AGAINST DAKHIAS**  
selection, order of verses and casting  
Rajko Maksimović

English translation: W.A. MORISON, Ph.D. Lecturer  
in Comparative Slavonic Philology, University of London  
Cambridge University Press, 1942

**I**

**PROLOG**

**KAZIVAČ**

Bože mili, čuda velikoga!  
Kad se ćaše po zemlji Srbiji,  
Po Srbiji zemlji da prevrne...

Po Srbiji zemlji da prevrne  
I da druga postane sudija.

**HOR**

Zeman došo, valja vojevati,  
Za krst časni krvcu proljevati,  
Jer je krvca iz zemlje provrela.

**KAZIVAČ**

Tu knezovi nisu radi kavzi,  
Nit su radi Turci izjelice,  
Al' je rada sirotinja raja,  
Koja globa davati ne može,  
Ni trpjeti turskoga zuluma...

**HOR**

Al' je rada sirotinja raja,  
Jer je krvca iz zemlje provrela.  
Zeman došo, valja vojevati,  
Za krst časni krvcu proljevati,  
Svaki svoje da pokaje stare.

**DAHIJE**

**ŽENSKI HOR**

Načiniše od stakla tepsiju,  
Zavatiše vode iz Dunava,  
U tepsiju zvjezde povataše,  
Nad tepsijom lice ogledaše,  
Ni na jednom glave ne bijaše!

**HOR**

Ala, kardaš, čudnijeh prilika!  
Ono, joldaš, po nas dobro nije!  
Dišer, more, hodže i vaizi,  
Ponesite Knjige indžijele,  
Te gledajte što nam knjige kažu.

**I**

**PROLOGUE**

**NARRATOR**

God in Heaven! The stupendous wonder!  
When 'twas time throughout the land of Serbia  
That a mighty change should come about...

That a mighty change should come about  
And new ways of ruling be established.

**CHOIR**

The time was come for battle  
For the Holy Cross to shed one's life-blood;  
For the blood of innocents had bubbled from the earth;

**NARRATOR**

Here the knezes want no quarrel,  
Neither would it Turkish tyrants,  
But the pauper rayah want it  
Which could pay no longer fines and taxes,  
Neither suffer more the Turkish tyrants...

**CHOIR**

But the pauper rayah want it  
For the blood of innocents had bubbled from the earth;  
The time was come for battle  
For the Holy Cross to shed one's life-blood;  
Every man should now avenge his forebars.

**DAKHIAS**

**FEMALE CHOIR**

They of glass a vessel quickly fashioned,  
Gathered in it water from the Danube,  
Caught the starlight in the water's surface  
In it they beheld their troubled faces,  
Not one bore his head upon his shoulders!

**CHOIR**

"Now, by Allah! See the wondrous omens  
Evil, comrades, they for us betoken!"  
"Gather quickly here, ye priests and preachers,  
Bring with you the holy books of Islam  
Study closely what the Koran teaches".

## Knjige indžijele

DECA

Miloš ubi za Lazu Murata,  
Al; ga dobro Miloš ne dotuče,  
Već sve Murat u životu bješe:

### Muratov zavet

MUŠKI HOR

Ja umrijeh, vama dobih carstvo...  
Što je mene Miloš rasporio,  
To je sreća vojnička donjela!  
Ne može se carstvo zadobiti  
Na dušeku sve duvan pušeci...

Vi nemojte raji gorki biti,  
Ne iznoste globa ni poreza,  
Ne iznoste na raju bijeda,  
Ne dirajte u njihove crkve,  
Ni u zakon, niti u poštenje.

## Knjige indžijele II

DECA

Ne bojte se kralja ni jednoga,  
Kralj na cara udariti neće,  
Niti može kraljevstvo na carstvo.

HOR

Čuvajte se raje sirotinje!  
Kad ustane kuka i motika,  
Biće Turkom po Mediji muka,  
Da će vaše kuće izgoreti  
Vi dahije glave pogubiti;

DECA

Drumovi će poželjet Turaka  
A Turaka nigde biti neće!

## II ZAVERA

HOR

Dišer, more, hodže i vaizi!  
Poćićemo iz našega grada,  
Isječ' ćemo sve srpske knezove,  
Sve knezove srpske poglavice  
I kmetove što su za potrebe  
I popove srpske učitelje,

DECA

Samo ludu djecu ostaviti,  
Ludu djecu od sedam godina.

## The Holy Books

CHILDREN

Then did Milos, Serbia's king avenging,  
Slay the Sultan, but his blow was faulty  
And the mighty Murat still was living:

### Murat's Testament

MENS CHOIR

I am dying, leaving you the Empire;  
If a Serbian hand hath cut me open,  
Such was e'er the fortune of a soldier,  
For an empire never can be conquered  
On soft cushions, smoking fine tobacco...

Never be ye bitter to the rayah  
Do not grind them down with fines and taxes;  
See ye never make their life a burden,  
Never meddle with their Christian churches  
Nor their laws, nor trample on their honour.

## The Holy Books 2

CHILDREN

Ye need have no fear of kings and princes,  
King will never aim a blow at Sultan,  
Nor can kingdom strike a blow at empire.

CHOIR

But beware ye of the pauper rayah:  
When arise the striplings with the aged  
Ill will fare the Turks from here to Mecca,  
That your houses will be burnt to ashes  
And ye dakhias all will be beheaded;

CHILDREN

For the Turks the highways will be yearning  
But the Turkish armies will have vanished!

## II PLOT

CHOIR

Get ye gone, ye Turkish priests and preachers  
We will sally out from Belgrade fortress  
We will slaughter all the Serbian knezes  
All the knezes, all the Serbian leaders,  
All the kmets\* who are a danger to us,  
All the village priests, those Serbian teachers,

CHILDREN

Only will we spare the helpless children,  
Children weak of seven years and under

---

\* Sheadmen of villages

## Memed-aga

### MEMED-AGA

Dok pogubim kneza Palaliju  
Iz lijepa sela Begaljice,  
On je paša, a ja sam subaša ...

### ŽENSKI HOR

On je paša, a ja sam subaša...

### MUŠKI HOR

Dok pogubim i Jovana kneza  
Iz Landova sela malenoga,  
I Stanoja kneza od Zeoka;  
Dok pogubim Stevu Jakovljeva  
Iz Lijevča gnijezda hajdučkoga  
I Jovana kneza iz Krsnice;  
Dok pogubim do dva Čarapića  
Iz Potoka Bijelog od Avale,  
Koj' su kadri na Vračar izići.  
U Biograd Turke zatvoriti;

### MEMED-AGA

Dok pogubim Crnoga Djordjija  
Iz Topole sela ponosita,  
On je kadar na nas zavojštiti!  
On caruje a ja subašujem!

### ŽENSKI HOR

On caruje a ja subašujem...

### MUŠKI HOR

Dok pogubim protopop Nikolu  
Iz lijepa sela Ritopeka;  
Dok pogubim Djordjija Guzonju  
I njegova brata Arsenija  
Iz lijepa sela Železnika,  
Koj' je kadar Topčider zatvoriti;  
Dok pogubim do dva igumana  
Adži Djeru i Adži Ruvima,

### ŽENSKI HOR

Oni s' paše, a mi smo subaše...

### MUŠKI HOR

Koji znadu zlato rastapati  
I sa njime sitne knjige pisat,  
Nas dahije caru opadati,  
Oko sebe raju sjetovati.

### MEMED-AGA

Dok pogubim i Aleksu kneza  
Iz lijepa sela Brankovine;

## Memed-aga

### MEMED-AGA

Till I put to death Knez Palalija  
From Begaljica, the beauteous village,  
He is pasha, I am but subasha \*\* ...

### FEMALE CHOIR

He is pasha, I am but subasha ...

### MENS CHOIR

Till I put to death knez Jovan  
From the small village of Landovo  
And Stanoje knez of Zeok;  
Till I Steva Jakovljević have slaughtered,  
Him of Lijevca, that nest of haiduks;  
And knez Jovan from Krsnica;  
Till I kill the two Čarapic brothers  
From the Beli Potok at Avala  
Who can easily go out on Vračar  
Shut up the Turks in Belgrade fortress;

### MEMED-AGA

Till I put to death proud Kara-Djordje  
From the haughty village of Topola,  
Who can easily make war upon us!  
He is emperor, I am but subasha!

### FEMALE CHOIR

He is emperor, I am but subasha...

### MENS CHOIR

Till I put to death priest Nikola  
From Ritopek, the beauteous village;  
Till I put to death Djordje Guzonja  
And his brother Arsenije  
From Železnik, the beauteous village.  
Who can easily shut Topchider up;  
Till I put to death Serbian abbots  
Hadži-Djera and old Hadži-Ruvim,

### FEMALE CHOIR

They are pashas, we are but subashas ...

### MENS CHOR

Who know how to melt down golden vessels  
And with molten gold to write epistles  
And denounce us dakhias to the Sultan,  
And to counsel all the rayah round them.

### MEMED-AGA

Till I from this world move Knez Aleksa  
From the beauteous village Brankovina;

---

\*\* Turkish village overseers instituted by the dakhias

**ŽENSKI HOR**

On je paša, a ja sam subaša

**MUŠKI HOR**

I Jakova brata Aleksina;  
Dok zapalim Raču ukraj Drine  
I pogubim Adži-Melentija;  
Dok pogubim kneza Grbovića,  
Dok pogubim kneza mačvanskoga,  
Dok pogubim kneza pocerskoga...

**MEMED-AGA**

Dok pogubim Birčanin Iliju!  
Obor-kneza ispod Medjednika;  
Evo ima tri godine dana  
Otkako se vrlo posilio:  
On buzdovan o unkašu nosi  
A brkove pod kalpakom drži,  
A kad nama porezu donese,  
Pod oružjem na divan izidje,  
Desnu ruku na jatagan metne,  
A lijevom porezu dodaje:

**BIRČANIN (off)**

Memed-aga, eto ti poreze!  
Sirotinja te je pozdravila:  
Više tebi davati ne može!

**MEMED-AGA**

Ja porezu započnem brojati,  
A on na me očima strijelja:

**BIRČANIN (off)**

Memed-aga, zar ćeš je brojati?  
Ta ja sam je jednom izbrojio!

**STARAC FOČO****DECA**

Nuto momka i nuto pameti!  
Mani slamom preko vatre žive,  
Ili ćeš vatru sa tim ugastiti,  
Ili ćeš je veoma raspaliti...  
Jednog kneza prevarit možete  
I na vjeru njega domamiti -  
Svoju ćete vjeru izgubiti,  
Jednog posjeć' a dva uteći,  
Dva posjeci - četiri odoše!

**S E Č A****KAZIVAC**

Nji' četiri velike dahije,  
Nji' četiri ko četiri brata,  
Na dukate pokupiše vojsku,  
Pak na gradu otvoriše vrata  
I odoše s vojskom po teftiču;

**FEMALE CHOIR**

He is pasha, I am but subasha...

**MENS CHOIR**

And kill Jakov, brother to Aleksa;  
Till I burn down Rača by the Drina  
And till I slay Hadži-Melentije,  
Till I put to death knez Grbović,  
Till I put to death knez of Mačva,  
Till I put to death knez of Pocerje ...

**MEMD-AGA**

Till I slaughter Birčanin Ilija!  
That proud oborknez of Medjednik;  
He has in the last three years grown mighty,  
Grown in strength has Birčanin Ilija:  
On his saddle-bow a mace he carries  
His moustaches reach beneath his bonnet,  
And when he delivers us the poll-tax  
Fully armed he strides before the council,  
On his yataghan his right hand places,  
With his left hand thrusts at us the taxes:

**BIRČANIN (OFF)**

"Memed-aga, here I bring the taxes;  
All the rayah send their greetings,  
Not another coin can they spare thee!"

**MEMED-AGA**

And when I begin to count the taxes  
With his eyes he flashes lightning at me:

**BIRČANIN (OFF)**

"Memed-aga, wilt thou count the taxes?  
Have I not once counted them already?"

**OLD MAN FOČO****CHILDREN**

"See the hero! Listen to the thinker!  
Wave a straw above a bonfire:  
Wilt thou in that way the flames extinguish,  
Or perchance make them to burn the brighter? ...  
Make one knez into your trap to tumble  
Lure him to destruction with a promise;  
But your word of honour will have suffered,  
One will ye behead, while two escape you,  
While two heads are hewn, four fly for safety.

**SLAUGHTER****NARRATOR**

All the four great dakhias together,  
As if they had been four brothers,  
With ducats gathered mighty forces,  
Opened wide the gateways of the fortress,  
Set out on a journey of inspection;

## HOR

Prvog srpskog kneza prevariše -  
Domamiše kneza Palaliju  
I u Grockoj njega pogubiše;  
I Stanoja kneza od Zeoka  
Prevariše pa ga pogubiše;  
Prevariše Marka Čarapića,  
Prevariše, te ga pogubiše;  
I Gagića Janka buljubašu  
Iz Boleča sela malenoga,  
Prevariše, te ga pogubiše;  
Pogubiše kneza Teofana  
Iz Orašja, Smederevske na'je,  
Ta i kneza Petra iz Resave;  
Prevariše Mata buljubašu  
Iz Lipovca blizu Kragujevca  
Te i njega mlada pogubiše.  
Moravcima crkvi dopadoše  
I tu Adži-Djera pogubiše  
A Ruvima u grad opremiše  
I u gradu njega pogubiše.

### Naricanje

(Jaoj meni, kuku, lele!)

### KAZIVAČ

Memed-aga u Valjevo dodje:  
Grbović se bješe osjetio,  
Pa Grbović na stranu pobježe,  
Al' dodje mu obor-knez Aleksa  
I dodje mu Birčanin Ilija.

### Na mostu

### MUŠKI HOR

Obojicu vata Memed-aga,  
Bijele im savezao ruke,  
Pa ih vodi na most Kolubari;

### KAZIVAČ

A kad vidje obor-knez Aleksa  
Da će Turci oba pogubiti  
Tad on reče Fočić Memed-agi:

### ALEKSA (off)

Gospodaru, Fočić Memed-aga,  
Pokloni mi život na mejdanu,  
Evo tebi šeset kesa blaga!

### MEMED-AGA

Ne mogu te, Aleksa, pustiti  
Da mi dadeš i sto kesa blaga!

## CHOIR

The first Serbian knez they hoodwinked –  
They lured knez Palalija to destruction  
And at Grocka cruelly beheaded;  
Then the knez of Zeok, Stanoje,  
They deceived, and cruelly beheaded;  
And the third one, Čarapiću Marko,  
They deceived, and cruelly beheaded.  
And the buljubaša\*, Gagić Janko  
Out of Boleč village, they beheaded,  
They deceived, and cruelly beheaded;  
And knez Teofan they too beheaded,  
Him from Orašje near Smederevo;  
Peter knez of Resava they slaughtered;  
Buljubaša Mato they outwitted,  
Him from Lipovac near Kragujevac,  
Yea, the youthful Mato they beheaded.  
To the church at Moravci they hastened  
And there Hadži-Djera they beheaded;  
Ruvim they despatched to Belgrade fortress  
And in the fortress cruelly beheaded.

### Wailing

(no text)

### NARRATOR

Out to Valjevo came Memed-aga:  
Grbović had wisely scented danger,  
Grbović had fled away to safety,  
Came to Memed obor-knez Aleksa,  
And to him came Birčanin Ilija.

### On the Bridge

### MENS CHOIR

On them both seized Fočić Memed-aga,  
Led them, their white arms secured behind them,  
To the bridge that spans the Kolubara;

### NARRATOR

Oborknez Aleksa now perceiving  
That the Turks intended to behead them,  
Spake he to Fočić Memed-aga:

### ALEKSA (off)

«Lord and master, Fočić Memed-aga!  
Grant my life upon the field of battle \*\*:  
Here are sixty bags of ducats for thee.»

### MEMED-AGA

I should not now let you go, Aleksa,  
Didst thou give a hundred bags of ducats!

\* Leader of a buljuk or troop

\*\* Stereotyped phrase, here out of place

BIRČANIN (off)  
Evo tebi i sto kesa blaga,  
Pokloni mi život na mejdanu!

MEMED-AGA  
Ne budali, Birčanin Ilija,  
Tko bi gorskog upustio vuka?

KAZIVAČ  
Memed-aga viknu na dželata,  
Dželat trže sablju ispod skuta,  
Te Iliji odsiječe glavu;  
A Aleksa sjede na ćupriju,  
Pa ovako poče govoriti:

### **Kletva Aleksina**

ALEKSA PA HOR  
Bog ubio svakog rišćanina  
Koji drži vjeru u Turčinu!

KAZIVAČ  
Još Aleksa govoriti šćaše,  
Ali dželat govorit' ne dade:  
Trže sablju, odsječe mu glavu.

### **III HAJKA**

KAZIVAČ  
Kada do dva kneza pogiboše  
Na ćupriji nasred Kolubare,  
Viš' njih jarko pomrčalo Sunce;  
Kad to vide Fočić Memed-aga,  
Odmah pozna da gore uradi,  
Pa povika dvanaest delija;

MEMED-AGA  
Čujete li moji sokolovi:  
Brzo dobre konje posjednite,  
Pak trčite u selo Topolu,  
Ne bi l' Crnog pogubili Djordja;  
Ako li nam sad uteče Djordje,  
Neka znate - dobra biti neće.

HOR  
Kad to čuše dvanaest delija,  
Odmah dobre konje posjedoše,  
Otidoše u selo Topolu,  
U subotu, uoči nedjelje,  
Na osvitak nedjelji dodjoše,  
Prije zore i bijela dana...  
I Djordjine opkoliše dvore.

KAZIVAČ  
Udariše s obadvije strane,  
A sa dvije strane povikaše:  
Izadj' amo Petroviću Djordje!

BIRČANIN (off)  
I will give a hundred bags of ducats:  
Grant my life upon the field of battle!

MEMED-AGA  
Be not foolish, Birčanin Ilija,  
Who would let a mountain-wolf escape him?

NARRATOR  
To the headsman Memed cried an order,  
From his cloak the headsman drew his sabre  
And beheaded Birčanin Ilija;  
As Aleksa on the bridge was sitting  
These words Aleksa began to utter:

### **Aleksa's Curse**

ALEKSA, then CHOIR  
May God kill every Christian  
Who depends upon a Turkish promise!

NARRATOR  
Other words Aleksa wished to utter  
But the headsman would not let him say them:  
Swung his sabre, cut Aleksa's head off.

### **III CHASE**

NARRATOR  
When the two Serbian knezes were beheaded  
On the bridge that spans the Kolubara,  
In the sky the shining sun was darkened;  
And when Fočić Memed-aga saw this  
He perceived that he had reckoned badly,  
Then he called his bravos, twelve in number;

MEMED-AGA  
Come, and listen carefully, my falcons:  
Put the saddles on fleet-footed horses,  
Hurry to the village of Topola,  
See if ye can murder Kara-Djordje;  
For if Kara-Djordje now escape us,  
Know that certain evil will befall us.

CHOIR  
When the bravos twelve heard Memed's order,  
Speedely they mounted rapid horses,  
Galloped to the village of Topola  
On the Saturday, the eve of Sunday  
And when Sunday in the east did glimmer  
Just before the dawn and the bright daylight,  
They surrounded Kara-Djordje's dwelling.

NARRATOR  
They from either side beset the dwelling,  
From both sides to Djordje loudly calling:  
«Come out hither, Petroviću Djordje!»

## CRNI DJORDJE

ŽENSKI HOR, DECA, HOR  
Tko će ljuta zmaja prevariti,  
Tko li njega spavaćiva naći?

KAZIVAČ  
Djordje se je junak naučio  
Prije zore svagda uraniti,  
Umiti se i Bogu moliti  
I popiti po čašu rakije;

DECA, HOR  
Čašu popi, a pušku potpraši,  
Uze dosta praha i olova,  
Te sakupi jošte više društva;  
Na sve strane Djordje knjige posla:  
"Svaki svoga ubijte subašu,  
Žene, djecu, u zbegove krijte!"  
Kad je Djordje Srblje uzbunio,  
Sve palanke on turske popali  
Žensko, muško – sve pod mač udari,  
Teško Srblje s Turcima zavadi.  
Usta raja ko iz zemlje trava,  
U gradove saćeraše Turke.  
Te gradove raja načinila,  
Gradila ih po devet godina,  
Kadra ih je za dan oboriti  
I sa carem kavgu zametnuti;  
A kada se s carem zavadimo  
Bićemo se, more, do jednoga!

## KARA-DJORDJE

FEMALE CHOIR, CHILDREN, CHOIR  
Who can hope to dupe a furious dragon?  
Who can ever come upon him sleeping?

NARRATOR  
Djordje the hero long had been accustomed  
Much before the dawn to leave his cushions,  
Wash himself, and send a prayer to Heaven,  
And to drink a glass or so of brandy;

CHILDREN, then CHOIR  
He his brandy drank, prepared his musket,  
Took sufficiently of lead and powder,  
And then he gathered more of his men;  
On all sides sent Djordje letters speeding:  
"Let each headman kill his own subasha,  
Hide in safe retreats the babes and women."  
And when Kara-Djordje had roused the Serbs,  
Every Turkish village he burned to ashes,  
Men and women with his sword he slaughtered,  
Serious strife aroused 'twixt Turks and Serbians.  
Rose the rayah countless like the grass-blades,  
To the cities forced the Turks;  
All these cities, which the toiling rayah  
For the space of nine long years were building,  
They can in a single day demolish  
And will pick a quarrel with the Sultan;  
But when we pick a quarrel with the Sultan,  
To our dying breaths we will fight him!