

Viški vâlcer

Ivica Roki

Jo son Višanin i volin Vis,
njegova poja, barda, moce,
maslinu, aloj i tamaris,
mendule, bore i rogoce.

Svaki Višanin voli svoj Vis,
njegovu more, vale, sike,
žoromod, smokvu, javor i vris,
levondu, lozu i planike.

Volimo Vis i višku rivu,
‘ve store kuće i štitic jata,
svaku gomilu i stinju sivu,
is gradel ribu po sri pijata.

Jo volim Vis jer cvit je svita,
liposti take ninder vej ni,
divnja njegova svaka je lipa,
oci guštaju, sarce dunji.

Vis to je roj, belega, pisma,
letrat kakov se ni ispenso,
puna je vecer kolica tisna,
vino se toci, a klapa kanto.

The Waltz of Vis

trans. by Mirna Čudić

I am a native of Vis and I love Vis,
its fields, hills, plains,
olive-trees, aloe, and tamarisk,
almonds, pine-trees, and carob-trees.

Every native of Vis loves his town,
its sea, bays, rocks,
its rosemary, fig-tree, maple-tree, and heather,
its lavender, vine, and macchia.

We love Vis and its sea promenade,
its old houses and flights of birds
every mound of stones and grey rock,
grilled fish served on a plate.

I love Vis because it is the flower of the world,
nowhere else can one find such beauty,
its every young maiden is beautiful,
making the eyes rejoice, and the heart throb.

Vis – it is a paradise, beauty, song,
a picture as yet unconceived,
the evening is full, the streets narrow,
wine is pouring while the merry company sings.

RJEČNIK

jo son	ja sam
moce	plodna oranica
mendula	badem, bajam
rogoc, rogoci	rogač, rogači
vala, vale	uvala, uvale
žoromod	ružmarin
vriss	vrijes
levonda	lavanda
planika	česta biljka među makijom
've store kuće	ove stare kuće
štitica	ptica
gomila	veća hrpa kamenja
stinja	stijena, kamen
gradele	roštilj
po sri pijata	posred tanjura
cvit	cvijet
svit	svijet
lipost	ljepota
ninder vej ni	nigdje drugdje nema
divnja	djevojka
lipa	lijepa
oci guštaju	oči uživaju
sarce dunji	srce tuče, bije
roj	raj
beleca	ljepota
pisma	pjesma
letrat	slika
kakov se ni ispenso'	kakav se nije izmislio
vecer	večer
kolica	kaleta, uličica
tisna	tijesna
toci	toči
kanto'	pjeva