

## A Poem Turned into a Beautiful Song

Recently it has been raining a lot in Ruse, Bulgaria. This made me remember a poem from the time I was a student. It is called "Prikazka" "A Fairytale" and was written by Veselin Hanchev.

The first verse of the poem says:

Under the rain that pitter-patters invisible on the leaves,  
we two walk without a path and alone.  
There is no call of a woodcutter, no familiar path.  
Only the dark wind howls.

This is a poem about two people who are in love. They are walking through a forest. It's raining. Everything looks beautiful and magical and the lovers are trying to find the magic flower, that works good miracles. They are dreaming that when they find it, they would tell the flower that they want to stay together forever. They would ask the flower to protect them from becoming indifferent to each other and the world around them. The flower could take from them their home and food but leave the warmth within them. But unfortunately, this is just a dream, a fairytale. The rain stops and the forest loses its magical powers.

This poem was turned into a very beautiful song by the composer Josif Tsankov who was born in Ruse. He is considered to be one of the best Bulgarian song writers who created many popular songs in the 1960s and 1970s. He is the father of the Bulgarian pop music, and his songs are still performed today.

[https://youtu.be/2WUjvqj\\_6cM](https://youtu.be/2WUjvqj_6cM) This is the original song written in 1968.

<https://youtu.be/1NwjJxZKE4> This is a modern arrangement of the song, following the classic jazz standards.

## ПРИКАЗКА

Под дъжда, който чука невидим в листата,  
двама крачим без път и сами.  
Няма вик на дървар, ни пътека позната.  
Само тъмният вятър шуми.

Вземам тихо ръката ти, хладна и бяла  
като гълъб, спасен от дъжда.  
Отстрани на косата ти свети изгряла  
една малка дъждовна звезда.

Стой така, стой така. Нека тя да ни свети.  
Нека тя да ни води в леса.  
Може би ще намерим вълшебното цвете,  
дето прави добри чудеса.

Ще му кажем тогава: "Недей ни разделя.  
Равнодушни недей ни прави.  
Ако искаш, вземи ни и хляб, и постеля,  
топлинка само в нас остави!"...

Но в косата ти вече звездата не свети.  
Мълчаливи вървим из леса.  
Ах, къде да намерим вълшебното цвете,  
дето прави добри чудеса?