

Joc din Rebrîșoara

(Bistrița-Năsăud, Transylvania, Romania)

Pronunciation: ZHOK deen reh-bree-SHOHAH-rah

Music: 2/4 meter *Sonia Dion & Cristian Florescu Romanian Realm Vol. 8, Track 14 or Sonia Dion & Cristian Florescu, Special Edition Vol. 2, Track 3*

Formation: Small circles of 8-10 dancers, spread out on the dance floor. Dancers stand facing ctr, hands in V-pos.

Steps & Styling: Proud

<u>Meas</u>	<u>2/4 meter</u>	<u>Pattern</u>
16 meas	<u>INTRODUCTION</u> No action, begin with singing.	
I.	<u>FIGURE I</u>	
1	Step R to R (ct 1); step L next to R (ct 2).	
2	Step R to R (ct 1); touch L next to R (ct 2).	
3-4	Repeat meas 1 with opp ftwk and direction.	
5	Step R to R (ct 1); step L next to R (ct &); step R to R (ct 2).	
6	Step L crossed in front of R (ct 1); step R to R (ct 2); step L next to R (ct &).	
7	Step R to R (ct 1); step L crossed in front of R (ct 2).	
8	Step and sway R to R (ct 1); sway L (ct 2).	
II.	<u>FIGURE II</u>	
1-3	Repeat Fig 1, meas 1-3	
4	Step and sway L to L (ct 1); step and sway on R (ct 2).	
5	Step L crossed in front of R (ct 1); step R to R (ct 2); step L next to R (ct &).	
6	Step R to R (ct 1); step L crossed in front of R (ct 2).	
7	Step R to R (ct 1); step L next to R (ct &); step R to R (ct 2).	
8	Step L crossed in front of R (ct 1); step and sway R to R (ct 2).	
9-16	Repeat meas 1-8 with opp ftwk and direction. At the end of the dance, step on L next to R.	

Sequence: Repeat as written above until the end of the music (five times).

Presented by Sonia Dion and Cristian Florescu

Lyrics

De la Rebrîșoara* în jos mândru-i locul și mănos.
De la Rebrîșoara în jos omu-i mândru și mănos.
De la Rebrîșoara în sus Dumnezeu raiul l-o pus
Iară eu copcilul lui în mijlocul raiului.

Doamne cât om-ni de dor de casă și de ogor
De târnaț și de cuptor și de oala cu groștior**.
Mi-e dor de părinții mei c-am crescut pe lângă ei
De-aș putea m-aș duce în zbor
ca să m-ăstâmpăr de dor.

Mi-amintesc copcil eram doamne cât ne mai jucam.
Se lăsa sara pe sat noi venem de la scăldat.
Era plină ulișoara de copcii din Rebrîșoara
În cămeșă și desculți Doamne cât eram de mulți.

Plăcinte mama făce cu dulceață le unge,
Luam în mână doua tri și-apoi fugeam la copcii.
Făcem lanț de gălbinele și cununi de sânziene.
Atunci era lumea me ș-alta nu-mi mai trebuie.

Iarna frigul și-l lăsa dar nouă nu ne păsa
Că nu ne mai dădem duși ziua de la săniuș.
Și ninge prin Rebrîșoara de nu vedeai ulișoara
Prin omăt ne tăvălem nici-o grijă nu avem.
Unde s-o dus Doamne tăte aș căta da-n care parte,
Sat frumos unde ești Rebrîșoară din povești.

Rebrîșoara* is a beautiful, fertile place.
Down in Rebrîșoara, men are proud and hardworking.
Up above Rebrîșoara is God's heaven.
And I, its child, am in between.

Oh, Lord, how I miss my house and my land,
The veranda, the kitchen and the huge pot of *groștior***.
I miss my parents with whom I grew up,
If I could, I would fly to them to ease my heart.

I remember when I was small — oh, how we loved to play!
We would swim until sundown.
The lane teemed with the children of Rebrîșoara,
In shirts and barefoot. Oh, there were so many of us!

My mother made delicious jam tarts.
I would grab two or three and run out to my friends.
We'd make crowns of wildflowers.
At that moment I was King of the World and I was fulfilled.

The winter was freezing but we didn't care,
We spent the whole day sliding on our sleds.
It snowed so hard in Rebrîșoara we couldn't see the lane,
We played in the snow without a care.
Oh, my goodness, where has the time gone? I would like to
look for it, but which way should I go?
My beautiful Rebrîșoara, where are you, the village of
my childhood?

*The name of a village.

**A local specialty similar to cheese.