

# Deda Mogikvdesa

Dartlo, Akhmet'a region of Tusheti

As recorded by Mzatatmze

Transcribed by Patty Cuyler / Colin Kinlund

*Sung a 5th lower than written pitch*

chem shvilo de-da-i de-da ga-gi-ta-v-da shenta-vi-s de-da-i de-da ga-gi-ta-v-da

De-da mo-gikvde-sa chem shvilo de-da-i de-da ga-gi-ta-v-da shenta-vi-s de-da-i de-da ga-gi-ta-v-da

chem shvilo de-da-i de-da ga-gi-ta-v-da shenta-vi-s de-da-i de-da ga-gi-ta-v-da

6 *Fine*

shenta-vi-s de-da-i gul da-i-t naba-di a-njokhsi-t gas tsire bekht mi hu de bu li

shenta-vi-s de-da-i Shvilo-si-dgastsi-re gul da-i-t naba-di a-njokhsi-t gas tsire bekht mi hu de bu li

shenta-vi-s de-da-i gul da-i-t naba-di a-njokhsi-t gas tsire bekht mi hu de bu li

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a-njokh-si-t gas tsi-re bekht mi hu de bu li sha bu na gir ze da

a-njokh-si-t gas tsi-re bekht mi hu de bu li Shvi-lo me shevs ghmen-tsa sha bu na gir ze da

a-njokh-si-t gas tsi-re bekht mi hu de bu li sha bu na gir ze da

15 *D.C. al Fine*

agh virebs shev-kh-ri tkven ve lad gu shve ba agh virebs shev-kh-ri tkven ve lad gu shve ba

agh virebs shev-kh-ri tkven ve lad gu shve ba agh virebs shev-kh-ri tkven ve lad gu shve ba

agh virebs shev-kh-ri tkven ve lad gu shve ba agh virebs shev-kh-ri tkven ve lad gu shve ba

*Mother would like to die for you, my child. She is destroyed, your own mother.  
Where did you go with your pack and shepherd's coat,  
where did you leave the shepherd's staff that was at your side?  
I will throw the black bridle over your horse, let it out into the forest and field.  
Mother would like to die for you, my child. She is destroyed, your own mother.*