

Young Rider

Verse 1

Young rider, apple-cheeked one, Oh, whither riding? On your steed so proud and prancing, Oh, whither riding?

Chorus

No matter where I ride, Slovak mountains at my side. Duschamoya, Duschamoya.

Verse 2

Young rider, apple-cheeked one, Oh, whither riding? On your steed so black and handsome, Oh, whither riding?

Chorus

Hey!

Traditional





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