



Name: Slavonsko Kolo

Origin: Croatia

Lyrics:

Hej, ni momaka nad nasih seljaka.
/ Nit curica nad nasih sokica. /

Bolje mi nego vi,
Vi ste malo sasavi.
Vidi vam se po nogama,
Da ne znate slozit s nama!
Bolji nasi nego vasi,
Nasi vase nadigrase!

Hej, kad zaigra pusta Slavonija.
/ Pod njima se zemlica uvija. /

Uze baba vricu maka,
Pa metnula kraj didaka,
Kad se didak probudio,
Vricu maka zagrlio,
Tud su ruke, tud je glava,
Kom je vragu noge dala?

Hej, gospodine, citaj sad novine,
/ Da gradimo prugu omladine. /

Hop, jore, na vijore,
Ljubio bi sam' da more,
Ljubio bi i gajdas,
Samo seko da se das!

Hej, majka pise brigadiru sinu.
/ Da izgradi novu domovinu. /



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Hop, cicu, poskocicu,
 Pridrz'te me, odleticu,
 Il' u vricu il' u dzak,
 Il' sa dragim u bud·zak!

Translation :

Hey, there are no finer lads than our village lads,
 And no girls finer than our Slavonian girls.

We are better than you are,
 You are a little crazy.
 One can see by your feet,
 That you can't keep in step with us.
 Our dancers are better than yours,
 Ours have out-danced yours.

Hey, when great Slavonia starts to dance,
 The earth moves beneath them.

Grandma took a bag of poppyseed
 And put it next to grandpa,
 When grandpa woke up,
 He hugged the bag of poppyseed.
 Here are the arms, here's the head,
 What the devil has she done with her legs?

Hey, mister, read the newspapers.
 We are building the youth railway.

Hey, running around like crazy,
 That guy would steal a kiss if he could,
 The gajdal player would steal one, too,
 If only you would give them out, girl!

Hey, a mother writes to her son in the work brigade,



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That he should build a new homeland.

Hey, Chee-Choo, I'm going to jump,
Hold me down; I'm going to take off,
Into a sack or into a bag,
Or into a corner with my sweetheart!



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