

Американац Путује за стари край, дио 1
Amerikanac Putuje za stari kraj, deo 1

STOJAN: Mileva, donesi puno jela I piće! Ja I moj seljak da se veselimo danas i neka se zna kada Stojan polazi za stari kraj. I tu iz duše mi svirajte “Zavičaju, mili kraju.” Evo ti pejnera, pa sviraj! Ej, moj Gavro, zar da su dvadeset i tri godine prošle otkako smo u Ameriku. A ja ћu skoro vidjeti Perler.¹

Zavičaju, mili kraju u kom da se rodio, Bože moje, ko te ne bi volio?

STOJAN: Dosta Dušane, ja sam zadovoljan. Ajde da pijemo, u dobro zdravlje.

GAVRO: Ej seljače, nek ti je za zdravlje.

ALL: Zdravlje, zdravlje!

GAVRO: Ali ti mogu kazati da mi je jako žao što ja ne mogu sa tobom ići u stari kraj. Sećam se još kako smo zajedno došli u Ameriku.

STOJAN: A ko ti je vrag kriv? Da si ti bio *bootlegger* kao ja, sad bi i ti išao u kraj.

GAVRO: Ej Stojane, da mogu, odmah bi sebi glavu razbio što te nisam poslušao da s tobom radim kao *bootlegger*.

STOJAN: Neka. Dobro to za tebe. Bar se budиш svako jutro I šapa² ne svira ti svaki dan. A meni šapa nikad nije svirala kao ti tamburaši.

GAVRO: Ej, blago tebi seljače. Pa idi, i nikad da se vratiš.

STOJAN: Ej, moj Gavro, znašda su mnogi otišli za naše vreme u kraj i sa mnogima pa je *brokiraо* i danas su opet u Ameriku za dolar. A kako ћu ja ostati u kraju kada imam devetdeset *dolara*. Ja ћu vrlo brzo *brokirati*. Kada vidim da *dolari* nestaju, ja *šif* kartu uzmem a što me ne ima za Ameriku. A *citizen paper* imam. Kada se vratim šapa se neće vidjeti a s *moonshine* opet početi.

GAVRO: A kada polaziš seljače?

¹ name of the village

² šapa (lit., the paw) is slang for the cops

STOJAN: Tek što *taxi* nije stigao. U četr sati posle podne se krečem, u jedanaest sati sam u New Yorku, u ponoć se krečem za Cherbourg sa *Farragutijom*. *Taxi* je tu, moram da putujem. Još jedan *drink* ćemo popiti, pa *good bye*.

ALL: Zdravlje, zdravlje.

GAVRO: Ej, da si zdrav I živ Stojane. Nek ti je sretan put.

STOJAN: Ej, fala seljače. Sad ti Dušane, zasvirajte me “Je'l ti žao što se rastajemo.” Evo ti *cvanciger* pa zasvira. Ostaj zbogom braćo moja, ja odoh.

GAVRO: Zbogom seljače, zbogom Stojane. Pozdravi mi sve roditelje i moje poznati.

STOJAN: Hoću Gavro. Bye bye.

Ej, je'l ti žao što se rastajemo...

An American Croat goes to Europe

STOJAN: Sweetheart, bring us plenty of food and drink so that my paisan and I can make merry today. And let it be known that Stojan is heading for the Old Country. And also [musicians] play for me from the soul “My homeland, dear country.” Here’s some money, so play! Hey, my Gavro, it’s been twenty-three years since you and I came to America, hasn’t it, and soon I will see Perner again.

Oh dear homeland where I was born, dear God, who wouldn’t love you?

STOJAN: Enough Dušan, I’m satisfied. Let’s drink to good health.

GAVRO: Hey paisan, health to you. But I must say that I’m very sorry that I can’t go with you to the Old Country. I remember how we came to America together.

STOJAN: And who the devil’s fault is that? If you had been a bootlegger like me, now you too would be going to the Old Country.

GAVRO: Hey Stojan, if I could I’d break my head right now because I didn’t listen to you and work with you as a bootlegger.

STOJAN: Maybe that’s just as well for you. At least you woke up every morning without [worrying about] the cops after you. At least the cops never played for me like you *tamburaši*.

GAVRO: Well, that’s good for you. Now go and never [may you have to] return.

STOJAN: My Gavro, you know that many have left for the Old Country during our time here, and then they went broke and today they are back in America chasing after the dollar. So how can I stay in the Old Country when I’ve got just \$90? I will quickly go broke. When I see that the dollars are disappearing, I’ll get a ship ticket and head back to America. And I’ve got *citizen paper*. When I return the cops won’t even notice me and I’ll start up with the *moonshine* again.

GAVRO: When do you depart, paisan?

STOJAN: As soon as the taxi arrives. At four in the afternoon I leave and at 11:00 PM I’ll be in New York and at midnight I’ll sail for Cherbourg on the Farragut. The taxi is here. I’ve got to travel. Just one more drink and good bye. Good health to everyone.

ALL: Health, health

GAVRO: May you be in good health and bon voyage.

STOJAN: Thanks, paisan. Now Dušan, play for me “Are you sad that we are parting?” Here’s a twenty, so play! Adieu brothers, I’m off.

GAVRO: Go with God, paisan. Greet my parents and all my friends and relatives.

STOJAN: I will, Gavro. Bye bye.

Transcription and translation by Richard March