POSTOLAR I VRAG
Prema povijesti Augusta Šenoe

Bi jednom postolar,
Pošten čovjek ali već star.

Mnogo djece mnogo treba,
A u kući nema hijebe.

Bi to kruha?

Pomoć, ma i tko si!
Baš da vrag mi pomoć nosi.

Tek si majstor rječi reče,
Iznenađa kuc! na vrata.
Eto vraga

Pomoć laka: Svega blaga preko mjere

Nije dobro...
Slab užitak starci šilo.
A u kući loše stvari;
Bi li pomoći, vraže, bilo?
Al to znaš da ruka svaka
Drugu ruku opeć pere;
Zato poslije sedam ljeća
Sa mnom doš
put mogu svijetati!

Sila Boga ne moli,
Glad ne piha tko ga hrani,
Na sve majstor moj privoli
I dušu si utamani;

Bit će
kruha!!!

Al' u kući - bijela kruha,
Žuta zlata, lijepa ruha.

Sinak Božji zakasnio,
Mnogo puta jošđ do neba;
Tu prenočit putem treba,

Majstoru se
navratio...

De počinka,
domačino!

Gsco daje staro vino
I pečenu jarebicu
I mekanu posteljicu.
Bog osvemu prije zore
Pa besjedi:

Oj, majstoro!
Ne svemu ti hvala moja,
Pa mi reci do tri želje.
- Riječ istina bit će tvoja -
  Bile male ili velje!

Hvala ti na tvojem daru,
Pa kad hoćeš da ti kažem,
Ove želje, gospodaru,
Pred mogućnost tvoju slažem.

Na tronošku tko mi pane,
Bez mene nek ne ustane!

U prozor tko mi zaluče,
Bez men' glave ne izvuče

Tko u vrtu krušku tekne,
Bez mene se ne odmakne!

Čudni ljudi!
Ali što želiš, to ti budi.
Ide vrijeme, dođe rok:
Eto vraga skok na skok,
Kuc! na vrata iznenada.

Dobro veče, stari goso!
Voć je hora, pusti pos'o;
Brže-bolje 'ajmo sada!
Puna mjera, sedam ljeta,
Rat mojega treba svijeta.

Čekaj dokle večeramo;
Tko će gladan sad u pak'o?
Na trončku sjedi tamo!

Vrag ca skoči, pa se trza,
Baca tamo, baca sjemo,
Biošno škripi, lud se vrza,

Oj, računi tebi pusti!
Sedam jošte dajem jleta
Ivoj duši ovog svijeta
Al' me, goso, pusti, pust!

Id', ludače, do nedrage!

Psiče, puše, kune, psuje,
Grize, plače, jadikuje:
Al' badvai! - kako so,
K'o prikovan da je cjo.
Čekaj dokle večeramo; Tko će gladan sad u paklo? Pod prozorom čekaj tamo!

Vrag da skoči, pa se trza, Baca tamo, baca sjemo, Bijesno škrip, iud se vrza, Kšo tamarom da ga kadiš Ili svetom vodom hladši.

Oj, računi tebi pusti! Sedam jošte đajem ljeta Tvogu duši ovoj svijeta. Al' me, goso, pusti, pusti!

U prozor: ti vraže luče, Svoje glave na izvuče.

Iđi, luđače, do nedraža! Al' kad dođeš, ne budalil! Kraj je onda svake šali.

Ide vrijeme, dođe rok: Eto vraća skok na skok,


Lija majstor stiska oči: U ljebo čas mi došlo jesi! Gie tam krušku, dedat skoč. Pa krušek se natre! I kruške mi nosi sino. Da se putem osadino.
Vrag da skoći, pa se trza,
Treše tamo, treše sjemo,
Bijesno šeplju, lud se vrza,
Ko' tamjanom da ga kadiš,
Ili svetom vodom hlađiš. 
Peše, puše, kune, pauje, 
Grize, plaće, jediško. 
Zalud! – krušku utvrio, 
Ko' da si ga priljeplio.

Oj, računi tebi pusti!
Sedam jošte dajem ljeta,
Tvoj duši ovog svijeta, 
Ali me, goso, pusti, pusti!
Kraj je sada svakoj šal,  
Ja ti rekoh, ne budi!

Pa sve više čeljad gipka  
Zamahnula to remenje,  
A sve više kac šipka  
Vrag se trese, vraže stenje

Vrag se vije,  
Jecat briznu:  
Jao! jao! costa! costa!  
Nek ti duša bude prost!

Id', ludaće,  
do nemila!

Istina vam sve to bila:  
Od majstora sam je sluš'o  
Kad sam kod rjepl'vinu kuš'o!

Majstor reče, vrag do vraga;  
Nikad njemu više traga.
The Cobbler and the Devil

Once upon a time there was a cobbler,
An honest man with a heart of gold,
But rather old.

A lot of hungry children with many a need
And no bread their mouths to feed.

No sooner had he uttered a word
when the Devil’s KNOCK! on the door he heard.

Not good...
Weak joy old bodkin.
And at home bad things;
Oh, devil, can you help me?

To help is easy;
all sorts of goods!

There’s no bread!
Bread!
Bread...

Somebody please help me this instance
I’d even accept the Devil’s assistance!
But you know well, I'll scratch your back if you do the same. So when the seven summers expire you're off with me to my empire.

Beggars can't be choosers. Hungry mouths don't ask much. The cobbler agreed to it all. And to the devil he promised his soul.

There will be bread!!!

At home he found white bread And beautiful clothes of golden thread.

The Son of God was running late. It's a long journey to heaven's gate. He must find a place to stay.

He stopped at master's home...

My good master of the house May I stay with you tonight, I pray?

The cobbler provides him with Some old wine, roasted partridge And soft linen.
God got up before dawn
And said:

My good master,
I give you my thanks for your kindness.
So tell me your wishes three,
They'll all come true
However big or small they may be.

Thank you for your gift, my lord,
And at your command
Here's what I demand!

Whoever dares on this stool sit
May not get up without my hint!

Whoever puts his head on my windowsill
May never be released without my will!

Whoever plucks the pear tree in my garden
May not move without my pardon!

Some people are very strange,
but what you wish, I can arrange!
The time has flown
The deadline passed
Here comes the Devil as a blast!

Good evening, my old chum,
The time has come, put your work down
Hurry up, we must run
Seven summers did expire
You're off with me to my empire!

Wait, first we'll eat.
Who goes hungry hell to meet?
On the stool, find your seat!

The devil tries to leave the stool.
Here a yank, there a yank!

To your soul in this world
I'll give another seven years,
Just let me go, please, please!

The time has flown
The deadline passed
Here comes the Devil as a blast!

Grinds his teeth in anger, twitches like a fool!
He's hissing, blowing, cursing, biting, wailing
But in vain! - Where he found his seat
He remained as riveted!

Go away, you fool!
Wait, first we'll eat. Who goes hungry hell to meet? Or that windows find your seat.

The devil wants to jump and twitch, He throws out there, throwing here, Enraged squeaks, like crazy twitching, as if you smoked him with the incense Or cool him down with holy water.

To your soul in this world I'll give another seven years, Just let me go, please, please!

The Devil sticks his head Through a window pave, Forever there to remain.

You fool, get out of here, But when you come, better not jest And put all your jokes to rest!

Willy master grip his eyes: Your timing is right! There's a tree in sight, Go and get some pears to eat, On our trip to have a treat!

Good evening, my old chum, The time has come, put your work down Hurry up, we must run Seven summers did expire You're off with me to my empire!
The Devil leaps as a crazy beast,  
Shaking madly for the upcoming feast,  
The madman grabs the pear from the tree,  
Never again to be set free!

Grinds his teeth in anger, twitches like a fool!  
He's hissing, blowing, cursing, biting, wailing!

grrrr??!!?  
**!@**!!

To your soul in this world  
I'll give another seven years,  
Just let me go, please, please!

The more those guys  
Swung their ties,  
The more the Devil  
Shakes and cries.

The Devil sobs and moans  
And through the tears and pain he spoke.

Oh, don't do it!  
My back is burning.  
Stop it, please!

Not even the Devil is made of stone,  
For the remedy of my broken bone,  
Twenty more summers in this world  
I give you!
The end is now for every joke, I told you not to be a bicker!

The more those guys swung their lines, The more the Devil Shakes and cries!

The Devil burst out sobbing:
Oh, oh, it's enough! Enough! Your soul is free, with no bluff!

Go, you fool! Get out of my sight!

It's all true I say, From the master I did hear while toasting his wine, To make it clear.

The master sent the devil back to hell, Never to be seen again, it all went well!

The End

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