

Jaromir Nohavica, Three Small Piglets

Lined up in a row
Three small piglets go
In the mud they plod on
Through rain, sleet or snow
With no bags they go
The way they don't know
Setting off into the world,
singing gladly as they go
Ui, ui, ui (oink, oink) (squeal, squeal)
Left and right foot step
Now front and the rear
Three small piglets go, go
going together
Munching rye they go
Ears ring to and fro
Setting off into the world,
Singing gladly as they go
Ui, ui, ui, (oink, oink)
Cars are going there
Here the lorries go
Three small piglets, go, go
following their nose
Staring as they go
People do not know
For what these small piglets here are
Singing so gladly as they go
Ui ui ui
When it starts to rain
a break in the cloud
They snuggle together
snout to little snout
In a lightning show
drops patter as they go
in the rain and in foul weather
singing gladly as they go
Ui Ui Ui
When they're out of breath
When their hooves are sore
They sit at a small well
high above the shore
Looking down their nose
At their splashing toes
They rest there just for a moment
and on again as they go
After many years
since the world was named
three times they crossed the globe
there and back again
Lined up in a row
Look there there they go
Let's go along with them and sing
gladly their song as we go