

Iuvenes "Ubi Sunt..."

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Can you hear the stories
Told by the melody of horns
Can you see the swords
Shiny like evening stars
Can you see the horses
Running like morning breeze
In the fires of battle
Death called lords and servants
Brave warriors sleeps
The long-lasting sleep
Underneath the earth
Where the great river's bank
Was the colour of mother's tears
Wake up you heroes of forgotten days
Arise you valiant warriors

It's time to fight, the night descends
Saddle your horses
And blow the horns
Ahead Slavonic tribe
Mothers don't waste your tears in vain
As the warrior who's gone was bold
And death he met the noble way
Out on the battlefield
Over his grave far away in the woods
Let women bow down their heads
Cause men are called
By the mighty horns
To go back and fight again

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