



Ardeleana de la Otelul Rosa

Cry for me, mother, in longing,
for I was your strong son.
I took care of you,
I wove your carpet.
But since I've been made a soldier
my life has been poisoned,
and I wander in foreign lands.
I shall die thinking of you!
How I long, mother,
for that brotherly forest,
for that land I have left,
for that forest grown unfamiliar to me.

Hey sweet little carriage with four oxen,
I like you very much!
I like even more the one who drives you,
who holds the whip in one hand
and snaps and cracks it
and loves his sweetheart."
"Hey sweetheart, I would beat you,
but my hands are tied
with a line of black thread.
I can't beat you, out of love."

ROMANIA