

## Negura Bunget "II"

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Catre sipotu da piatra, din padurea deasa, deasa si  
intunecoasa  
Pleca dimineata, pa roua, pa ceata, pa roua nepascuta,  
Cu roua-n picioare, cu ceata-n spinare.  
Opspe suliti pin-n apus.  
Sus la naltu cerului, la razele soarelui, 'n revarsatu  
zorilor  
La greu coboris, verde alunis, galban paltinis.  
Foaie da mugur da stinjen eu is baci aci la munte.  
Cind rasare mindru soare ias cu turma pe razoare,  
Cind rasare mindra luna zic, codrului noapte buna,  
Si ma leagana frunza, si m-adoarme lin doina,  
Si ma leagana gindu, si m-adoarme fluieru.  
Mindra matraguna, iarb-a padurii, floarea padurii, lasa-  
ma sa te culeg,  
Sub claru lunii, 'n mijlocu padurii, din gradina Dinsalor.  
La mijloc da noapte deasa, luna singura dascoasa,  
vraja sigura sa iasa.  
Stapinele ale vintului, Dusmanele ale pamintului  
Stati in urma-mi, calea da mi-i da, vraja da la sine sa  
facea.  
Pe nalt virf da magura, ceata si negura  
Da jos, jos din vale, pina hat... in zare...  
Si din munte-n munte, si din plai in plai, pina-n piatra-n  
piatra,  
(Muntii cu risii, codrii cu ursii, magurile cu fiarele,  
bitcele cu ciutele  
Stincile cu vulpile, dumbravi cu izvoarele, tati adinc  
priveau... si sa minunau.)  
In vinturi si-n volburi, din vinturi aruncat, si trimes, in  
putu cu jgheab  
Sa masoare pamintu, pamintu cu umbletu, si ceru cu  
cugetu.  
Si pre calea ratacitilor, inspre Ursu Mare... 'n Tara da  
Sus.  
Ceru megies, sfatosenia graieste.  
(Codru sa cutremura, ulmi si brazii sa clatina, fagi si  
paltini sa pleca,  
Fruntea da i-o racorea, mina da i-o saruta si cu freamat  
da-l plingea.)  
Sa masoare pamintu, pamintu cu umbletu, si ceru cu  
fulgeru.

In cringu cerului, din sorbu pamintului.  
Zau!  
P-un drum in dasis, la vechi alunis  
La picior da munte, pe dealuri marunte,  
Prin plaiuri tacute, da vinturi batute,  
Noaptea-n codrii ma apuca, codrilor le sunt naluca  
Naluca purtata, din vechi vremi uitata.  
Verde mugur brad da munte, pe dealuri marunte,  
Cu plaiuri tacute, da vinturi suflata si da ploi udate,  
Nedei si sintilii, iata, intre munti si deal, glas navalnic  
greu rasuna, din vazduh.  
Pretutindeni 'ncet s-aduna, la foc; da sub clar da luna!  
Hora apriga sa-ncinge, muntilor ii tie chinge,  
Sa unesc, si-n tara asta, cea da dincolo o trec,  
Tirg da dat. Da dind dai, muntelui pe loc te tai. li-esti!

[English translation:]

Towards the rocky spring, in the thick forest, thick and dark  
He left at dawn... dew and fog... not grazed yet,  
Dew on the feet, fog on the meat.  
Eighteen hours till sunset.  
Up in the sky, beams of the sun, daybreak  
A steep descent... the hazel wood's green, the  
sycamore grove's yellow.  
Green is the iris's bud... shepherd am I, here, in the  
mountains.  
When the sun rises I take my flock on the balks  
When the moon rises I tell the woods good night  
And the leaf is swinging me, and the doina's soothing  
me,  
And the thought is swinging me, and the pipe is  
soothing me.  
Fairy Belladonna, grass of the woods, flower of the  
woods, let me pick you up  
In moonlight, in the middle of the forest, in Their  
garden  
In the depth of a thick night, the lonely moon unstitches  
to let the spell take place.  
Masters of the Wind, Earth's Enemies  
Stay behind me, show me my way; make the spell take  
shape, all by itself.  
On the high top hill, fog and darkness (negura)  
From deep down the valley, till far in the distance.  
From mountain to mountain, from realm to realm, from  
stone to stone  
(Mountains' lynx, forests' bears, beasts of the hills  
Foxes of the rocks, springs of the groves, all of them  
were gazing and wondering.)  
From within winds and whirlwinds thrown away towards

the stars  
To measure the earth with his steps and the sky with  
his thought.  
On a path of the lost, towards Ursu Mare... up the Upper  
World.  
The near sky speaks the secret wisdom.  
(Woods were quaking, firs and elms were shaking,  
beeches and sycamores were bending,  
Cooling his forehead, kissing his hand, weeping upon  
him with their sigh.)  
His steps measure the earth, his lightning the sky.  
In the skies' grove... heart of the earth.  
Indeed!  
On a path through the thicket... at the old hazel wood  
At the foot of a mountain, on the lowest hills,  
Through silent fields blown by winds,  
Caught by night in the woods - I am their long-forgotten  
apparition.  
Green fir's bud up in the mountains, on the lowest hills,  
On silent fields blown by winds, and by rains,  
Behold, between the mountains and the hills, a mighty  
voice is echoing from above.  
From everywhere they gather round the fire, in  
moonlight!  
Round dance begins, it holds the mountains,  
They become one, and bring the other land into this  
one,  
A trade! By giving thou give, you're mountain's own...  
you're being it!

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