

Negura Bunget "III"

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Colo-n jos catre apus, soare nu-i pe cer in sus;
Ci e nor s-ntunecime, unde muntii varsa foc,
In ogasu din adinc, da fiara rau pazit,
Da naluca, umbra... ocolit.
Natotu, al din tat facut!
Vara-ncuiata, n-codru dasfrunzit.
Vilva padurii, glasu zmeilor, flacara tuna,
Dupa cer ascuns da luna; plina luna.
Si pe suieru vintului, din fundu pamintului
Sura Boghii cind racneste, tat Apusu cotropeste,
Virfu Retezat da munte in cea parte jar arunca,
Lumea-ntreaga o vrajeste, spiritu cum navaleste.
Colo intre Alb si Negru Cris, Codru Muma sa inalta,
Vajnice mioarele haladuiesc-l, peste vai da munti
maiestri,
Magura cea Vinata, intr-o clipa-o bintura.
Si cind baciul incet s-hodineste, intre brazii, carari si
pajuri,
Barba-n boata s-o propteste, oile ii sint prin preajma, in
Barsa Cohanului.
Tat pamint da sub cutremura, tulburi izbucuri imprejur
tisnesc,
In adinc, in vajnice palate, apa navalnic razbate,
modelind pamint si piatra.
Singe d-al naturii-ntrupat.
Sus pe Cerna-n sus, prin muntii carunti,
Prin brazii marunti, prin fagii da munti,
S-aud brazii suspinind si fagii murmurind
Cind vineaza muntii. Muntii, Bucegii!
Bratu-i buzdugan, mintea arunjan.
Vintu il hranea, apa-l imbraca, focu il pazea, da pamint
feraa.
Si la moartea-i, cadea-va o stea,
Un brad rasarea, drept din fruntea-i, inalta.
In padurea bradului, bradului viteazului,
Brad ma-nalta, purta,
Da tat ma dascatusa, d-asta lumea.
Si brad sa fie! D-aci in vecinicie!
Negura-nchegata si dascatusata, da dincolo lin
purtata, asezata...
Da pa bradu codrilor, din sus virfu muntilor
La stina da sub piatra deasa, cu poiana-ntunecoasa

Unde izvora 'neghetata Naruja cea blastamata, intre
nalte drepte stinci
Pa loc magic inconjoara, noaptea ce lin coboara...

[English translation:]

Down there, towards dusk, not a trace of sun.
Only clouds and darkness, where the mountains pour
out fires
On a path in the deep, guarded by the evil beast
By the apparition... shadow... avoided.
Natotu, he who is made of everything!
Locked summer, leafless woods!
The forest's stir, the dragons' voice thunder flames,
A sky hidden behind the moon - full moon.
And the whistle of the wind from the bottom of the
earth...
Sura Boghii yells, it invades the Western world.
The Mountain Retezat throwing embers that way
Charming the world. The spirit rushes in.
Between the Black and White Cris, Codru Muma stands
tall
Brave sheep are rambling through valleys of majestic
mountains,
The Darkened Magura's crossed instantly.
And as the shepherd rests among firs and paths and
griffins,
His chin on his club, sheep all around him, in Barsa
Cohanului.
All below the earth are shaking, muddy streams are
gushing out,
Deep down there, in majestic castles, water cuts it's
way, shaping earth and stone.
Nature's blood embodied.
Upstream, on the Cerna River, through grayish
mountains,
Small firs and the mountains' beech,
Hear the firs sighing and the beeches whispering
When he goes hunting the mountains! The mountains
Bucegii!
The arm's like a mace, the mind acumen.
Wind is feeding him, water's dressing him,
Fire's guarding him, sheltering him from the earth.
And as he dies, a star falls,
Fir tree springs from his forehead.
In the fir tree's forest, fir tree the brave,
A fir's raising me, carrying me,
Unchaining me from this world.
And a fir tree be it! From here... to eternity!
Darkness knit together, now unchained, from beyond in
silence brought, and settled...

From the forest's fir tree, from the mountains high
To the sheepfold where the crag is thick and the glade
is dark
Where the cursed, icy Naruja gushed out, among high
precipices
Magic encircling, night settles in...

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