Negura Bunget
"IIII"

In padure urla lupii, ger napraznic sa porneste
Tat in cale inlemneste, impietreste si topeste.
Colo sus la nalt da munte, neaua-i d-un genunche,
Vintu cind a bate, prin oi o razbate.
Drept viteaz, sub namete-m sta, baci batrin imi asculta
Daspre tat si toate, intelept il invata,
Ciinele si fluieru alunga-ncet doru, dor da tat si toate
Al de-a lumii date.
D-afara crivatu mugeste, neaua cum cerneste
Intunericu patrunde, neagra noapte inconjoara tat.
Gadinet incet isi misca gitu...
Si dodata... sa porneste!
Haita lupului, chiar din Luparie!
Ceru inghetat si negru, da indata-l trece.
Buturuga, ruga; si bustean. Fa da lumineaza,
Lemnu strimb ce foc-l indreapta,
Cu-a ta putere, si intelepciune, da ma dumireste.
Jos pa deal da vale, 'nalta vale,
Unde cercu-nconjoara, 'nconjoara si dasparte
Ce-i d-afara, da ce-I. Ii! D-al lupului. Si bradului!

[English translation:]

Wolves are howling in the winds, a sudden frost
Freezing, hardening and melting everything in it's way.
Up there, in the mountains high,
As winds start to blow, passing through the sheep.
A true brave, sits under the snow drift, listening to the
old shepherd words
Telling about all things, wisely teaching him.
The hound and the shepherd's flute throw away the
longing
For worldly needs.
Icy north wind roaring outside, sifting the snow
Darkness's crawling in, a black night encloses all.
Slowly the wolf's shaking it's neck... and then, suddenly
moves!
The wolf's pack, deep from the Wolf's Stars
Crossing instantly black and frosty sky.
Stump, and you, log, I'm asking you... she'd the light
upon me
Crooked wood straightened through fire,

Enlighten me with all your power and knowledge.
Down the hill into the valley, a high valley,
Where the circle circles, circles and severs
That which outside from that which Is. It Is! Wolf's! And
Fir's!