

At the little house next to the valley

At the little house next to the valley, dear Ileana

The girls are gathering, dear Ileana

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They weave

and yes and no

The girls set fire with twigs, dear John

So boys to visit them, dear John

The girls set fire with twigs, dear John

So boys to visit them, dear John

But boys didn't go at the gathering

At the log house

And the girls are older

Our house is made of twigs

The girls are younger

And the boys are afraid of them

We have girls, we don't have boys, dear Ileana,

But we will build two of them of wood

And the legs of corn cob

And tell that they are not from our village.

Romanian brothers from all over the world

Romanian brothers from all over the world

You tremble at the thought of longing

And sing a hymn of glory

For the king of the mountains

Oh, Christ, guard us from

Enemies and pagans

And sprinkle Your peace

Much desired by Romanians.

You calm the storm

Extinguish the fire between the brothers

And let us sip love

Those of us in the Carpathians.

Disturbed by great hatred,

Our Romanian nation

The brothers have no peace

They hate each other.

God, You gave us a command

To keep our dignity,

Let us love the land of our country,

And to sing Glory to Thee.