

Oaspetii caselor noastre, cocostarci si randunele,
Parasit-au a lor cuiburi s-au fugit de zile rele;
Cardurile de cucoare, insirandu-se-n lung zbor,
Pribegit-au urmarite de al nostru jalnic dor.

Vesela verde campie acu-i trista, vestezita,
Lunca, batuta de bruma, acum pare ruginita;
Frunzele-i cad, zbor in aer, si de crengi se deslipeesc,
Ca frumoasele iluzii dintr-un suflet omenesc.

Din tuspatru parti a lumii se ridica-nalt pe ceruri,
Ca balauri din poveste, nouri negri, plini de geruri.
Soarele iubit s-ascunde, iar pe sub grozavii nori
Trece-un card de corbi iernatici prin vazduh
croncanitori.

Ziua scade; iarna vine, vine pe crivat calare!
Vantul suiera prin hornuri, raspandind infiorare.
Boii rag, caii rancheaza, canii latra la un loc,
Omul, trist, cade pe ganduri si s-apropie de foc.

The guests of our homes, the storks and the
swallows,
They have left their nests and fled from bad days;
The cuckoos, on their long flight,
Followed by our pitiful longing.

The green plain is now sad and mournful,
The misty meadow seems rusty now;
Its leaves fall, fly in the air, and its branches are
loosened,
Like the beautiful illusions of a human soul.

From the four corners of the world it rises high to
the sky,
Like fairy tale dragon men, dark, frosty clouds.
The beloved sun is hiding, and under the terrible
clouds
A map of hibernating ravens passes through the
chattering sky.

The day is fading; winter is coming, it's coming on
the ridge!
The wind blows through the chimneys, spreading
cold.
The oxen bellow, the horses gallop, the dogs bark
together,
The man, sad, falls to his thoughts and approaches
the fire.