

Cântec de haiducie
Song about outlawry

Rough translation

Outlawry gets me out of poverty
Damn landlordry!

I took a musket and some bullets
Held my landlords' way
And took their coats
Their most expensive coats,
Which thing broke their hearts

But we will get you,
We will catch you,
All you landlords together,
We will get your brains out
And fry them on fire!

Phonetic transcription

[hajdu'ʃiə hajdu'ʃiə
tu mə 'skap' de sərə'ʃiə
haj li li li li li li ʃi da da da

hajdu'ʃiə hajdu'ʃiə
'mɔtsij təj de ,gəzdə'ʃiə
'prinsej 'puʃka ʃi plum'bu
tsi'nuj gazdelor dru'mu
ʃi le lu'aj koz'oku
,koʒo'ʃelʊ skump plə'tit
'inima din 'pjept la fript
da və 'prindem
haj li li li li li li ʃi da da da
tsa tsa tsa tsa
da və 'prindem noj o'datə tsa
pe tots' 'domnij ,lao'laltə
və 'frizem 'krejerij pə ʃpɔr
in 'virfu ku'tsitelɔr tsa]