

Cântec din Chioar
A song from Chioar

Rough translation

Damn you, the feeling of longing!
I wish I had an axe to kill you
I wish I had a hatchet to cut you into
pieces,
So that you wouldn't hurt me anymore
And damn you, my sweetheart,
Because you take me by the hand
And lead me to hell

No matter how many feelings of longing
There might be on earth,
None is as sweet as yours
Whenever I miss you, I stop and laugh
And start to cry
Damn you, vows, as I can't keep my word

Whoever I love is not unpleasant to me
As hideous as they may be.

Phonetic transcription

['ardəte 'foku de dor
nam to'por sə te o'mor məj
'ardəte 'foku de dor
kə nam to'por sə te o'mor
niʃ sə'kure sə te taj
da sə ,num' 'faʃ' a'tita baj
məj 'dorule
ʃi 'ardəte 'foku om drag
tu de 'minə mə 'duʃ' la jad
aj laj laj laj laj laj laj
məj 'dorule / məj dor

'kite 'dorur' is pe 'lume
ka al 'təu nu sint de 'bune
'kite 'dorur' is pe 'lume
da ka al 'təu nu sint de 'bune
kə 'dorul ,təu ,unde ma'zundʒe
'stau ʃi rid ʃin'ʃep a 'plindʒe
məj 'dorule
kə 'ardəl 'foku ,zurə'mint
kə nul pot tsi'neə la rind
aj laj laj laj laj laj laj
məj 'dorule / məj dor

ʃe mij drag nu mij u'rit
da 'batər kit ar fi de hid
aj laj laj laj laj laj laj
məj 'dorule / məj dor]