

## **Authentic Ballad from Maramures called „Miorita”**

From the green top of the mountains  
With the grass up to your knees, yes  
Went three shepherds, yes  
Along with their sheep, yes  
The elder ones are cousins, yes  
The younger one is not a relative

They send him back and forth  
To lead the sheep to pasture  
They send him up and down  
To lead the sheep to the water springs  
They decided to kill him

Brothers  
If you really kill me  
I want you to burry me  
On the top of the mountain  
In the middle of the glade  
In my right hand  
Put my pipe  
On the top of my grave put  
The wind flute  
So, when the wind will blow, yes  
The flute will wistle  
The pipe will smoke  
The sheep will cry  
They will know I am dead.  
The Cross Day will come  
You will descend from here and go home  
Mother will ask you:  
Where is the servant?  
We left him in the valleys  
With the white sheep  
We left him in the gorge  
With the criple sheep  
My mother will expect me  
With warm dinner  
And cold water  
And she would wait for the servant to arrive  
Dinner got cold  
Water got warm  
The servant never returned  
He has entered  
The world of the dead.