

Heroes of the Someș River

On the banks of the Someș River
Downstream from Lăpuș
On a fine spring day
Proud and brave men gathered
With handled axes
With iron hatchets
And before them stood
An old man and so he spoke:
„All of us , let’s unite
And let’s write Iancu a letter
To announce him from afar
That in our region
Young and old
All of us are under his command
To break free
And wipe away the shame of slavery.”

Reciter:

Ionuț, the village leader
Has been sent as delegate
Straight to Blaj, to the Assembly
To hand Iancu a letter

Iancu reads the letter
And feels his heart grow in his chest
Upon seeing the words:
„We want to be united with the country!”
The blue of the river
The yellow of the wheat fields
The whisper of the stream
The humming of the wind
Through the evergreen trees

By the time the frost appears
Chișu returns to Baia Mare
Bringing word that
When destiny’s bells ring
All should rise

Under the mayor's orders
And unite with the country
Like wheat is united in the fields
Under the sunlight.

Reciter:

When the soldiers read this
They immediately froze
And went into Merișor
Surrounded the village
And used their bayonets
To kill babies, old men, women and girls...

And the soldiers' leader
The boyars' loyal dog
Sent the village heads
To the hangman

Reciter (to the sound of music):

Petrea Roman asked:
Who went to Iancu?
Tell me this and you'll be the village registrar
Otherwise woe betide you!

Answer:

I don't know... and if I knew,
I would never tell you.
Cause Romanian blood runs through my veins,
Not boyar dog's blood!

Reciter (to the sound of music):

Florea Pop, do tell
Since you're the teacher!
And then you're free to go home
With an even bigger wage!

Answer:

I'd rather be hanged
Than become a traitor!
May those who betray their brothers like Judas,
Never find rest in their graves!

Reciter (to the sound of music):

And you, Mayor,
Nuțu Pop, from Merișor...
Should you tell me, then you'll stay mayor
Otherwise, I'll have you hanged!

This is the country
Called Romania
After the people who work its land
After the language they speak
And the faith they hold.
Let lancu know,
That we died
For a duty we've known
Since childhood.
Shortly after saying this
All three men we're hanged
The crowd wept,
The soldiers were enraged
Only the wheat,
The blue of the river
The whisper of the stream
The humming of the wind
Through the evergreen trees
And the grief of the flute
Still speak their language.