

P.S. to the letter of András Sütő (Haász Albert/ Galla Miklós)

They haven't heard of God, and steep the land in blood
Tears and suffering, chains and shivering.
This nation can not win, but their only sin
Is that they're alive, and have a different tongue.

/There are/Some who try to fight, but others think it's right
Some just sit and wait, and think it's not too late.
Some leave all behind, lover and the child,
The place where they were born is being tattered and torn.

Long is the road.
Far is the goal.
He has to go
Go through it all
/His/Friend is the sun,
The moon and the win.
Hope is his food
Desire is his drink

*Diószeg, Nagyszeben,
Szalonta, Segesvár,
Nagyvárad, Torockó,
Beszterce, Temesvár
Kolozsvár, Nagyenyed,
Szelistye, Kovászna,
Nagybánya, Szerdahely,
Belényes, Szováta*

/ instruments /

Your conscience makes you think, have you done what you could?
Have you really done everything you should?
Common is the word, common is the past
Despite all the despair courage is a must.

You see now what it's worth to complain and to sigh
/To/Pocket all the lies and still to remain shy.
/Do/Something while you can to wipe away the sin
So that they get back their land of origin.