

Transsylvania on the eve of millenium (Haász Albert / *Galla Miklós*)

/A/ Small village down in the valley
Keeping silent night and day.
/The/ Wind is blowing in the evening
Then it slowly dies away.

On the top of the mountain
There' a wanderer looking down.
It's a long time since he left here
But he's been here in his mind.

As the sun fades in the evening
Lights are shining all around.
And the bell tolls in the church too
Everybody hears the sound.

/At/ Least it was so in the old times.
Oh, my God, how long ago !
Now the village is dark and silent !
Why is it so? Who's to know?

Where have you been tired wanderer?
Have you spent all these years an your own?
How is it you haven't noticed?
Anything of what was going on?

Everything is choked by weed now
Gardens showing a troden down image.
Oh, the crucifix on the hillside
/Has seen/ All the suffering of the small village.

Nothing is left only the pain.
What is it worth crying in vain?

Oh, God please stand by Transsylvania !