

STEREO

MFS 600
VOCALS IN RUSSIAN

JOURNEY INTO RUSSIA

WITH

YULYA



COMPLETE
TEXT
ENCLOSED

 **monitor**
MUSIC OF THE WORLD

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JOURNEY INTO RUSSIA

... "Russia spreads out widely . . ." — this is a line from the popular Soviet song, *Far Away, Far Away*, that opens this album. Yulya takes you as your personal guide on an exciting musical journey through that . . . Russia.

You will start your journey from Moscow where Yulya herself was born after the revolution and spent the biggest part of her life. And in the song, *Love in Moscow*, with words and lyrics written by Yulya herself, you will walk with her in the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest, down Gogol Boulevard, and in other places well known to Muscovites. The broad and fertile Ukraine will be your second stop and there Yulya will take you back to the troubled times of the civil war and you will watch together the mad ride of a young machine gunner with his red-maned horses as Yulya sings *Tachanka*, a famous Russian song arranged by her in a rhythm not unlike the twist. Odessa — fabulous seaport on the Black Sea, home of some of the greatest musicians of the world, will welcome you next with the tender and wistful ballad, *Golden Lights*. And from there you will board a ship and sail across the Black Sea while listening to an old and famous Russian sailor song in waltz rhythm — *Broadly Stretches the Sea*.

Your first port of call on this voyage will land you in the country of the Kuban cossacks — the North Caucasus — where you will be entertained by a famous Soviet humorous love song from the postwar cinema, *The Kuban Cossacks*. The song's title is *Such as You Were*.

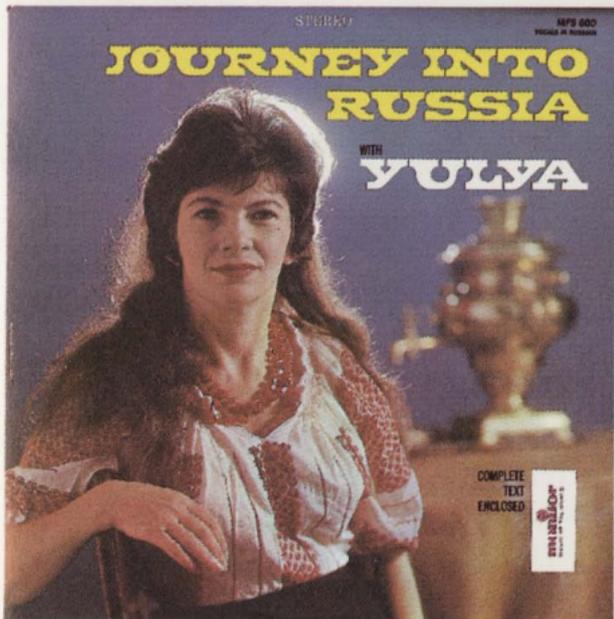
And then — with the first song of the second side of the album — you will proceed on to legendary Georgia where Yulya will introduce you to the story of the young Georgian lover who is seeking his beloved — the song *Suliko*. From warm and sunny Georgia you will fly all the way across Russia to Lake Baikal to follow the musical story of the lucky escape of a young prisoner from exile in the mountains of Akatui — a folk song entitled *Holy Baikal* which dates from prerevolutionary times, outstanding for its beautiful melody line. And, next, on to Western Siberia where you will proceed on a slow and painful march beside a column of

— continued on back

51600
Vocals in Russian



Stereo Cassette



JOURNEY INTO RUSSIA with YULYA

Russian Text Enclosed

JOURNEY INTO RUSSIA WITH YULYA

51600



- Side One: 1. FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY Daleko. Daleko (Popular Soviet Song) 2:55 2. LOVE IN MOSCOW Moskovskaya Lyubov 2:26 3. TACHANKA (Popular Soviet Song) 1:50 4. GOLDEN LIGHTS Zolotyie Ogoni! (Popular Soviet Song) 2:36 5. BROADLY STRETCHES THE SEA Raskinulos' Morye Shiroko (Old Russian Song) 2:45 6. SUCH AS YOU WERE Kakim Ty By! (Popular Soviet Song) 2:30
- Side Two: 1. SULIKO (Old Georgian Song) 2:35 2. HOLY BAIKAL Svyashchyenyi Baikal (Old Russian Song) 1:55 3. CLINK-CLANK Din'-Bom (Old Russian Song) 3:11 4. BEYOND THE RIVER KAMA Kak Za Kamoyi Za Ryekoyi (Popular Soviet Song) 2:30 5. ON THE BROAD VOLGA Na Volge Shirokoyi (Popular Soviet Song) 2:30 6. WHITE NIGHTS Belye Nochi 2:47

prerevolutionary Russian exiles led by prison guards and chanting their mournful song, *Clink-Clank*, in a rhythm to the clinking of their chains. Then comes a complete change of pace — a fast joking song about a lovesick girl from the northern Urals, entitled *Beyond the River Kama*.

Further west again you will find yourself on the famous Volga River — at the city of Gorky where a beautiful waltz called *On the Broad Volga* will carry you away on its wings.

And the last stop before you leave Russia — mysterious and romantic Leningrad, where you will wander in the white nights beside June lovers along the rolling Neva River and through the slumbering summer garden of the Tsars, a popular public park. This song, for which Yulya herself wrote both music and lyrics, is entitled *White Nights*.

Yulya chose the repertoire of this album from among hundreds of Russian popular and folk songs beloved by all the peoples of Russia written about those places to which she takes you in the course of this record. It is her own very personal choice — intended to leave with the listener a vivid impression of the rich cultural variety and musical heritage of the Russian land. Yulya's arrangements for this particular album blend, like Yulya herself, East and West. They combine the depth and richness of the Russian soul with the dynamic, rhythmic style of modern Western European and American popular music.

For complete Russian listing write:
MONITOR RECORDS, 226 Washington Street,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553

Journey into Russia

WITH

Yulya



MFS 600

СТОРОНА 1.

1. ДАЛЕКО, ДАЛЕКО

Далеко, далеко,
Где кочуют туманы,
Где утрами роса
Покрывает траву,
В низком домике я,
У степного кургана,
Одиноко и тихо,
Как прежде живу.

От далёкого друга,
День и ночь непрестанно
Дорогой и желанной
Я всё весточки жду.

Небосвод над тобой
Опрокинулся синий,
Плещут быстрые реки,
Вздыхают моря.
Широко протянулась
Большая Россия,
Дорогая отчизна
Твоя и моя.

О тебе, моём милom,)
Моём друге красивom,)
В эту тёмную полночь) 2 раза
Вновь задумалась я.)

В твоей жизни тревожной
Пограничной заставы
Ты, мой милый, навеки
Не забудешь меня.

2. МОСКОВСКАЯ ЛЮБОВЬ

По Московским тихим переулкам
Зимним вечерком,
Мы с тобой столько раз бродили,
Веселились и грустили,
Ссорились, мирились и любили,
Ты и я - вдвоём.

На бульваре Гоголевском милom
Старая скамья.
На скамейке этой мы сидели
День за днём, неделю за неделей,
Всё в глаза друг другу мы глядели,
Ты да я.

Парк Культуры вечером весенним,
Первые цветы,
Помню как с тобой расставались,
Целовались, обнимались,
Помнить до могилы обещались,
Я и ты.

Видно, никогда нам не придётся
Повстречаться вновь.
Где ты, что с тобой я не знаю,
Но я часто вспоминаю,
Древние Московские Куранты,
Первую любовь.

1. ДАЛЕКО, ДАЛЕКО

Daleko, daleko,
Gdye kachuyut tumany,
Gdye utrami rosa
Pakryvayet travu,
V nizkom domike ya,
U styepnovo kurgana,
Odinoko i tikho,
Kak pryezhde zhivu.

Ot dalyokovo druga,
Dyen' i noch nyeprestano
Darogoyi i zhelannoyi
Ya vsyo vvestochki zhdu.

Nyebosvod nad tobroy
Aprokinulsya sinyi,
Plyeshchut bystryie ryeki,
Vzdykhayut morya.
Shiroko protyanulas'
Bolshaya Rossiya,
Darogaya otchizna
Tvoya i moya.

O tyebe, moyom milom,)
Moyom другe красивom,)
V etu tyomnuyu polnoch) twice
Vnov' zadumalas' ya.)

V tvoeyei zhizni tryevozhnoyi
Pogranichnoyi zastavy
Ty, moyi milyi, navyeki
Nye zabudyesh myenya.

2. МОСКОВСКАЯ ЛЮБОВЬ

Po Moskovskim tikhim pereulkam
Zimnim vyecherkom,
My s taboyu stol'ko raz brodili,
Vyeselilis' i grustili,
Sorilis', mirilis' i lyubili,
Ty i ya - vdvoym.

Na bulvare Gogolyevskom milom
Staraya skamyaya.
Na skameike etoyi my sidyeli
Dyen' za dnyom, nyedyelyu za
nyedyeleyi,
Vsyo v glaza drug drugu my glyadeli,
Ty da ya.

Park Kultury vyecherom vesenim,
Pyervyie tsvyety,
Pomnyu kak s taboyu rastavalis',
Tselovalis', abnimalis',
Pomnit' do mogily abeshchalis',
Ya i ty.

Vidno, nikogda nam nye pridyotsa
Povstryechatsa vnov'.
Gdye ty, chto s taboyu ya nye znayu,
No ya chasto vspominayu,
Dryevniye Moskovskiyе Kuranty,
Pyervuyu lyubov.

SIDE 1.

1. FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY

Far away, far away,
Where the clouds are roaming,
Where in the morning the dew
Covers the grass -
In a low little house I,
At a mound on the steppes,
Lonely and quiet,
Wait as before.

From a distant friend
Day and night, incessantly,
A dear, desired one,
I'm always waiting for a note.

The canopy of heaven above you
Has overturned blue,
Swift rivers are splashing
And seas are sighing.
Big Russia -
Spread broadly out
Dear fatherland
Yours and mine.

Of you, my darling one,
My handsome friend,
In this dark midnight
Once again I've been pondering.

In your unquiet life
Of the border post
You, my dear one, forever,
Will not forget me.

2. LOVE IN MOSCOW

On Moscow's quiet side streets
Of a winter's evening
How many times you and I
wandered,
Were gay and were sad,
Quarreled, made peace and loved,
You and I - together.

On friendly Gogol Boulevard
An old bench.
On that bench we sat
Day after day, week after week,
Ever looking into each other's
eyes
You and I.

The Park of Culture on a
spring evening,
The first flowers,
I remember how you and I parted
How we embraced, kissed,
Promised to remember each other
to the grave
I and you.

Evidently we will never have
the chance
To meet again.
Where you are and what's with
you I don't know,
But I often remember
The ancient Moscow chimes
First love.

3. ТАЧАНКА

Ты лети с дороги, птица,
Зверь, с дороги уходи,
Видишь, облако клубится,
Кони мчатся впереди.
И с налёта, с поворота,
По цепи врага густой
Застрочил из пулемёта
Пулемётчик молодой.

Припев:

Эх, тачанка, киевлянка,
Наша гордость и краса,
Пулемётная тачанка,
Все четыре колеса.

Как за Волгой да за Доном
Мчался степью золотой
Загорелый, запылённый
Пулемётчик молодой.
И неслась неудержимо
С гривой рыжего коня
Грива ветра, грива дыма,
Грива бури и огня.

Припев.

По земле грохочут танки,
Самолёты петлю вьют,
О тачанке киевлянке
В небе лётчики поют.
И врагу понныне снится
Дождь свинцовый и густой,
Боевая колесница,
Пулемётчик молодой.

Припев.

3. TACHANKA

Ty lyeti s darogi, ptitsa,
Zvyer, s darogi ukhodi,
Vidish, oblako klubitsa,
Koni mchatsa vperedyi.
I s nalyota, s pavorota,
Po tsyepi vraga gustoiy
Zastrochil iz pulyemyota
Pulyemyotchik malodoyi.

Refrain:

Ekh, tachanka, kiyevlyanka,
Nasha gordost' i краса,
Pulyemyotnaya tachanka,
Vsye chetyre koleasa.

Kak za Volgoyi da za Donom
Mchalsya styepyu zalotoyi
Zagoryelyi, zapylyonyi
Pulyemyotchik malodoyi.
I nyeslas' neudyerzhimo
S grivoyi ryzhevo konya
Griva vyetra, griva dyma,
Griva buri i agnya.

Refrain.

Po zymlye grakhochut tanki,
Samolyoty pyetlyu vyut,
O tachanke kiyevlyanke
V nyebe lyotchiki poyut.
I vragu ponyne snitsa
Dozhd' svintsovyi i gustoiy,
Boyevaya kolyesnitsa,
Pulyemyotchik malodoyi.

Refrain.

3. TACHANKA *

Fly out of the way, bird,
Beast, get out of the road,
You see, a cloud is swirling,
The steeds are dashing ahead.
And while flying along, on
the turn,
On the thick line of the enemy,
Shooting away from the machine
gun
The young machine gunner.

Oh, Kiev tachanka,
Our pride and beauty,
A machine gun tachanka,
All four wheels.

As beyond the Volga, beyond
the Don,
There hurtled across the
golden steppe
The tanned, dusty
Young machine gunner.
And there rushed on irrepressibly
The steed with the red mane,
mane of wind, mane of smoke,
Mane of storm and fire.

Chorus

Across the earth there
thunder tanks,
Airplanes curl in loops,
And of the Kiev tachanka
Pilots sing in the heaven.
And the enemy is still
dreaming
Of a thick rain of lead,
battle chariot,
Young machine gunner.

Chorus

*The "tachanka" was a typical
Russian peasant horse-drawn
cart with a machine gun mounted
on its rear. Used in the Civil
War 1918-21.

4. ЗОЛОТЫЕ ОГОНЬКИ

В тумане скрылась милая Одесса,
Золотые огоньки.
Не грустите ненаглядные невесты,
В синем море вышли моряки.

Напрасно девушки на них гадают
Вечерком в родном краю,
Моряки своих подруг не забывают,
Как отчизну милую свою.

Как вечерком в матросский шумный
кубрик
Старшина гармонь принёс,
И поёт про замечательные кудри
Черноморский молодой матрос.

Так не грустите милые невесты,
Возвратятся моряки
В край родной,
Где возле города Одессы,
Золотые светят огоньки.

5. РАСКИНУЛОСЬ МОРЕ ШИРОКО

Раскинулось море широко,
Лихь волны бужут вдаль.
Товарищ, мы едем далеко,
Подальше от нашей земля.

"Товарищ, я вахты не в силах
держат"
- Сказал коцегар коцегару -

4. ZOLOTYIE OgonKI

V tumanye skrylas' milaya Odessa,
Zolotyie ogonki.
Nye grustite nyenaglyadnyie
nyevesty,
V sinye morye vyshli moryaki.

Naprasno dyevushki na nikh
gadayut
Vyecherkom v radnom krauy,
Moryaki svaikh padrug nye
zabyvayut,
Kak otchiznu miluyu svayu.

Kak vyecherkom v matroskii
shumnyi kubrik
Starshina garmon' prinyos,
I poyot pro zamychatylnyie
kudri
Chernomorskiyi malodoyi matros.

Tak nye grustite milyie
nyevesty,
Vazvratyatsa moryaki
V krayi radnoyi,
Gde vozlye goroda Odessy
Zolotyie svyetyat ogonki.

5. RASKINULOS' MORYE SHIROKO

Raskinulos' morye shiroko,
Lish volny bushuyut vdali.
Tovarishch, my yedem dalyoko,
Podalshe ot nasheyi zymli.
"Tovarishch, ya vakhty nye v
silakh dyerzhat,"
- Skazal kochehar kocheharu -

4. GOLDEN LIGHTS

Dear Odessa disappeared into
the mist,
Golden lights.
Don't be sad, beloved fiancées,
The sailors have gone out into
the blue sea.

It's in vain that the girls
tell their fortunes
At evening time in their
native land.
The sailors won't forget
their girl friends,
As they won't forget their
dear homeland.
At evening time in the noisy
sailors' quarters
The petty officer brought
the accordion,
And there sings about wonderful
curls

A young Black Sea sailor.
So don't be sad, dear fiancées,
The sailors will return
To their homeland,
Where near the city Odessa
Golden gleam the lights.

5. BROADLY STRETCHES THE SEA

Broadly stretches out the sea,
And the waves storm in the
distance.
Comrades, we're travelling far,
Further from our own land.
"Comrade, I'm unable to stand
watch,"
Said the stoker to the stoker.

"Огни в моих топках совсем
не горят,
В котлах уже нет больше пару".

Окончив кидать, он напился воды,
Воды опреснённой, не чистой,
С лица его падали сажи следы,
Услышал он речь машиниста:

"Ты вахты, не кончив, не смеешь
бросать,
механик тобой недоволен.
Ты к доктору должен пойти и
сказать,
Лекарство он даст, если болен".

На палубу вышел, сознания уж нет,
В глазах у него помутилось,
Увидел на миг ослепительный свет.
Упал. Сердце больше не билось...

Напрасно старушка ждёт сына домой.
Ей скажут, она зарыдаёт...
А волны бегут от винта за кормой,
И след их вдали исчезает.

6. КАКИМ ТЫ БЫЛ

Каким ты был, таким ты и остался,
Казак лихой, орёл степной.
Скажи, зачем со мной ты
повстречался,
Зачем нарушил мой покой?

Свою судьбу с твоей судьбой
Зачем связать я не смогла,
Но я живу, живу одним тобой,
Я всю войну тебя ждала.

Но ты взглянуть,
Взглянуть не согладался,
Умчался вдали казак лихой.
Каким ты был,
Таким ты и остался,
Но ты и дорог мне такой.

СТОРОНА 2.

1. СУЛИКО

Я могилу милой искал,
Но её найти не легко.
Долго я томился и страдал,
Где-же ты, моя Сулико?

Над любимой розой своей
Прятался в ветвях соловей.
Я спросил, вздохнув глубоко,
Не видал ли ты Сулико?

Клывом к лепесткам он прильнул,
И, лесов будя тишину,
Зазвенела трель соловья,
Будто он сказал: "это я".

Я могилу милой искал,
Но её найти не легко.
Долго я томился и страдал,
Где-же ты, моя Сулико?

"Agni v maikh topkakh sovseyem
nye goryat,
V kotlakh uzhe nyet bolshe
paru."
Akonchiv kidat, on napilsya vody,
Vody opresnyonoyi, nye chistoyi,
S litsa yevo padali sazhi
slyedy.
Uslyshal on ryech mashinista:

"Ty vakhty, nye konchiv, nye
smyeyesh brosat,
Mekhanik taboyi nyedovolyen.
Ty k doktoru dolzhen poyiti
i skazat,
Lyekarstvo on dast, yesli bolen."

Na palubu vyshel, soznanya uzh
nyet.
V glazakh u nyevo pomutilos,
Uvidyel na mig oslyepityelny
svyet.
Upal. Syertse bolshe nye
bilos...

Naprasno starushka zhdyot syna
damoyi.
Yeyi skazhut, ona zarydayet...
A volny begut ot vinta za
karmoyi,
I slyed ikh vdali izchezayet.

6. КАКИМ ТЫ БЫЛ

Kakim ty byl, takim ty i
ostalsya,
Kazak likhoyi, oryol styepnoyi.
Skazhi, zachem so mnoyi
ty povstrechalsya,
Zachem narushil moyi pakoyi?

Svayu sudbu s tvayeyi sudboyu
Zachem svyazat ya nye smagla,
No ya zhivu, zhivu odnim taboyu,
Ya vsyu voyinu tyebya zhdala.

No ty vzglyanut, vzglyanut
nye dogadalsya,
Umchalsya vdal kazak likhoyi.
Kakim ty byl, takim ty i
ostalsya,
No ty i dorog mnye takoyi.

1. СУЛИКО

Ya mogilu miloyi iskal,
No yevo nayiti nye lyehko.
Dolgo ya tomilsya i stradal,
Gdye-zhe ty, moya Suliko?

Nad lyubimoyi rozoyi svayeyi
Pryatalsya v vetvyakh soloveyi.
Ya spasil, vzdokhnuv gluboko,
Nye vidal li ty Suliko?

Klyuvom k lyepestkam on prilnul,
I, lyesov budya tishinu,
Zazvuyenela tryel' solovya,
Budto on skazal: "eto ya".

Ya mogilu miloyi iskal,
No yevo nayiti nye lyehko.
Dolgo ya tomilsya i stradal,
Gdye-zhe ty, moya Suliko?

"The fire in my fire-box has
gone out completely,
And there's no more steam in
the boilers."
Having finished his stoking,
He gulped down water -
Distilled water which wasn't
clean.
From his face there streamed
the traces of soot.
He listened to the speech of
the engineer:
"Don't dare to leave your
Watch without completing it.
The mechanic is angry at you.
You have to go to the doctor
and tell him.
He'll give you medicine if
you're ill."
He went out on deck -
unconscious.
In his eyes everything
grew murky.
He saw for a moment a
blinding light.
He fell. His heart beat no
longer...
It's in vain that the old woman
Waits for her son to come home.
They'll tell her and she'll sob.
And the waves run astern from
the propeller,
And their traces disappear
in the distance.

6. SUCH AS YOU WERE

Such as you were, so you have
remained,
A wild Cossack, a steppe eagle.
Tell me why you met me,
Why you disturbed my peace?
My fate with your fate
Why couldn't I link?
But I live, live only for you,
I waited for you the whole
war long.
But you didn't even guess
To glance, to glance at me,
The wild Cossack dashed off
into the distance,
Such as you were, so you have
remained,
But you are dear to me
such as you are.

SIDE 2.

1. СУЛИКО *

I sought the grave of my
sweetheart,
But it is not easy to find it.
For long I wandered and
suffered.
Where are you, my darling?
Over his beloved rose
There hid in the branches
a nightingale.
I asked, sighing deeply,
"Have you seen my Suliko?"
With his bill he clung to
the petals,
And, awakening the quietude
of the forest,
There rang out the trill of
the nightingale,
As if he said: "It is I."
I sought the grave of my
sweetheart,
But it is not easy to find it.
For long I wandered and
suffered.
Where are you, my darling?

* Suliko - a Georgian word
meaning darling.

2. СВЯЩЕННЫЙ БАЙКАЛ

Славное море, священный Байкал,
Славный корабль - омулёвая бочка,
Эй, баргузин, пошевеливай вал, -
Молодцу плыть недалечко.

Долго я звонкие цепи носил,
Долго страдал я в горах Акатуя,
Старый товарищ бежать пособил,
Ожил я, волю почуя.

Шёл я и ночь и средь белого дня,
Вкруг городов озираюсь зорко.
Хлебом кормили крестьянки меня,
Парни снабжали махоркой.

Славное море, священный Байкал,
Славный мой парус - кафтан дыро-
ватый,
Эй, баргузин, пошевеливай вал, -
Слышатся грома раскаты.

3. ДИТЬ-БОМ

Спускается солнце за степи,
Вдали золотится ковыль,
Колодников звонкие цепи
Взметают дорожную пыль.
Идут они с бритыми лбами,
Шагают вперед тяжело,
Угрюмые сдвинули брови,
На сердце раздумье легло.

Припев:

Дить-бом, дить-бом,
Слышен звон кандалный.
Дить-бом, дить-бом,
Путь сибирский дальний.
Дить-бом, дить-бом,
Слышно там и тут,
Нашего товарища
На каторгу введут.

Идут с ними длинные тени,
Две клячи телегу везут.
Лениво сгибают колени,
Конвойные рядом идут.
- Что ж, братцы, затыните песню,
Забудем лихую беду!
Уж, видно, такая невзгода
Написана нам на роду!

Припев.

И вот повели, затамили,
Поют, заливаясь, они
Про Волги широкой раздолье,
Про даром минувшие дни.
Поют про широкие степи,
Про дикую волю поют...
День меркнет всё боле, а цепи
Дорогу метут да метут...

Припев.

2. SVYASHCHYENYI BAIKAL

Slavnoye morye, svyashchnyeni
Baikal,
Slavnyi korabl' - omulyovaya
bochka,
Ei, barguzin, poshevelivayi val,
Molodtsu plyt' nyedalyechko.

Dolgo ya zvonkiye tsepi nosil,
Dolgo stradal ya v gorakh
Akatuya,
Staryi tovarishch bezhat'
posobil,
Ozhil ya, volyu pachuaya.

Shol ya i noch i sryed' byelovo
dnya,
Vkrug gorodov oziralsya ya zorko.
Khlyebom karmili kryestyanki
menya,
Parni snabzhali makhorkoyi.

Slavnoye morye, svyashchyenyi
Baikal,
Slavnyi moyi parus - kaftan
dyrovatyi,
Ei, barguzin, poshevelivayi val,
Slyshatsa groma raskaty.

3. DIN'-BOM

Spuskayetsa solntse za styepi,
Vdali zolotitsa kovyl',
Kolodnikov zvonkiye tsepi
Vzmyetayut dorozhnuyu pyl'.
Idut oni s britymi lbami,
Shagayut vpyereod tyazhelo,
Ugryumyie sdvinuli brovi,
Na syertse razdumye lyeglo.

Refrain:

Din'-bom, din'-bom,
Slyshen zvon kandalnyi.
Din'-bom, din'-bom,
Put' sibirskiyi dalnyi.
Din'-bom, din'-bom,
Slyshno tam i tut,
Nashevo tovarishcha
Na katorgu vyedut.

Idut s nimi dlinnyie teni,
Dvye klyachi telyegu vyezut.
Lenivo sgibaya koleni,
Konvoyniyie ryadom idut.
- Chtozh, bratsy, zatyanyemte
pyesnyu,
Zabudyem likhuyu byedu!
Uzh, vidno, takaya nyevzgod
Napisana nam na rodu!

Refrain.

I vot povyeli, zatyaniuli,
Poyut, zalivayas', oni
Pro volgi shirokoyi razdolye,
Pro darom minuvshiyie dni.
Poyut pro shirokiye styepi,
Pro dikuyu volyu poyut...
Dyen' myerknyet vsyo bole, a tsepi
Dorogu myetut da myetut...

Refrain.

2. HOLY BAIKAL

Glorious sea, holy Baikal,
Glorious ship - a salmon
barrel,
Oh, you chap from the Barguzin,
move your oar
The brave lad has only a
little ways to sail.
I wore the clanking chains a
long time,
I suffered a long time in the
mountains of Akatui.
An old comrade helped me to
escape,
And I became enlivened with
the smell of freedom.
I traveled by night and by
light day.
Around the cities I looked
Behind myself vigilantly.
Peasants fed me with bread
And lads gave me makhorka.
Glorious sea, holy Baikal,
Glorious my sail - a kaftan *
full of holes.
Oh, you chap from the Barguzin,
move your oar -
The peals of thunder can be
heard.

* Kaftan - A Russian peasant
coat.

3. CLINK-CLANK

The sun sinks down the steppe.
In the distance the steppe
grass gleams golden.
The ringing chains of the
prisoners
Raise up the dust on the road.
They go with shaven heads,
Stepping forward heavily,
Knitting their gloomy brows,
Thoughtfulness lay on their
hearts.

Clink-clank, clink-clank,
Hear the ring of shackles!
Clink-clank, clink-clank,
Long is the road to Siberia!
Clink-clank, clink-clank,
Hear it here and there!
They're taking away our
Comrade to penal labor!

With them there go long
shadows.
Two broken-down horses pull
a cart.

Lazily bending their legs
The guards walk alongside.
"Well, brothers, let's
sing a song,
Let's forget evil misfortune!
Well, after all, such
misfortune
Was predestined for us
from birth."

Chorus

And there they moved along,
dragged along,
They sing, buoyantly
Of the broad expanse of
the Volga,
Of the days past in vain.
They sing of the broad steppe,
And of wild freedom...
The day grows ever dimmer -
And the chains
Sweep and sweep the road.

Chorus

4. КАК ЗА КАМОЙ ЗА РЕКОЙ

Как за Камой за рекой
Потеряла я покой.
Возле города Тагила
Я Ванюшу полюбила.

Припев:

Ты ли меня, я ли тебя не забуду,
Ты всегда в моих мечтах.
Ты ли меня, я ль тебя помнить
буду

Во далёких во краях.
Эх, Ванюша, душа моя, Ванюша,
Ты ли меня, я ль тебя помнить
буду

В продолжение двух лет
Я вожу его портрет.
Я вожу его портрет,
Может зря, а может нет.

Припев.

Посылаю песню я
В те уральские края,
И обнять любовь мою
Я доверенность даю.

Припев.

5. НА ВОЛГЕ ШИРОКОЙ

На Волге широкой, не стрелке
далёкой,
Гудками кого-то зовёт пароход.
Под городом Горьким, где ясные
зорьки,
В рабочем посёлке подруга живёт.

В рубашке нарядной, к своей
ненаглядной
Пришёл объясниться хорошим дружок.
Вчера говорила - навек полюбила,
А нынче не вышла в назначенный
срок.

Свиданье забыто, над книгой
раскрытой
Склонилась подруга в окне золотом.
До утренней смены, до первой сирены,
Шуршат осторожно шаги под окном.

А утром у входа родного завода
Влюблённому девушка встретится
вновь,
И скажет: - "Немало я книжек читала,
Но нет ещё книжки про нашу любовь".

6. БЕЛЫЕ НОЧИ

Ночь или день невозможно сказать,
Трепетный свет такой.
Белые ночи колдуют опять,
Шепчутся над рекой.

Пары влюблённых, цветов аромат,
Дремлющий Летний Сад.
Старые липы в тиши сторожат
мраморных статуй ряд.

4. КАК ЗА КАМОЙ ЗА РЫЕКОЙ

Kak za Kamoyi za ryekoyi
Potyeryala ya pokoyi.
Vozlye goroda Tagila
Ya Vanyushu polyubila.

Refrain:

Ty li myenya, ya li tyebya
nye zabudu,
Ty vsyegda v moikh mechtakh.
Ty li myenya, yal' tyebya
pomnit' budu

Vo dalyokikh vo krayakh.
Ekh, Vanyusha, dusha moya
Vanyusha,
Ty li myenya, yal' tyebya
pomnit' budu
Vo dalyokikh vo krayakh.

V prodolzheniye dvukh lyet
Ya vozhu yevo portret.
Ya vozhu yevo portret,
Mozhet zrya, a mozhet nyet.

Refrain.

Posylayu pyesnyu ya
V tye uralskiye kraya,
I obnyat' lyubov' mayu
Ya doveryennost' dayu.

Refrain.

5. NA VOLGE SHIROKOYI

Na Volge shirokoyi, na
stryelke dalyokoyi,
Gudkami kovo-to zovyot
parokhod.

Pod gorodom Gorkim, gde
yasnyie zor'ki,
V rabochyem posyolke
padruga zhivyot.
V rubashke naryadnoy, k
svayeyi nyenaglyadnoy
Prishol obyasnitsa kharoshiy
druzhok.

Vchera gavorila - navyek
palyubila,
A nynchye nye vyshla v
naznachenyi srok.

Svidanye zabyto, nad knigoyi
raskrytoy
Sklonilas' padruga v aknye
zlotom.

Do utryeneyi smeny, do
pyervoi sireny,
Shurshat ostorozhno shagi
pod aknom.

A utrom u vkhoda radnovo zavoda
Vlyublyonomu dyevushka
vstryetitsa vnov',
I skazhet: - "Nyemalo ya knizhek
chitala,
No nyet yeshcho knizhki pro
nashu lyubov".

6. BELIYE NOCHI

Noch ili dyen' nyevozmozhno
skazat',
Tryepetnyi svyet takoyi.
Belyie nochi kalduyut opyat',
Shepchutsa nad ryekoyi.

Pary vlyublyonykh, tsvyetov
aromat,
Dryemlyushchiyi lyetniyi Sad.
Staryie lipy v tishi storozhat
Mramornykh statuyi ryad.

4. BEYOND THE RIVER KAMA

Beyond the River Kama
I lost my peace of mind.
Near the city of Tagil
I fell in love with Vanyusha.

Neither you nor I shall
forget each other,
You are always in my dreams.
Both you and I will
remember each other
In distant regions.
Oh, Vanyusha, my soul, Vanyusha,
Both you and I will
remember each other
In distant regions.

For two years
I carry with me his
photograph.
I carry with me his
photograph
Maybe in vain and maybe not.

Chorus

I am sending my song
To those Ural regions,
And to embrace my love
I am giving authority.

Chorus

5. ON THE BROAD VOLGA

On the broad Volga,
At the distant crossing
The steamboat is calling
Someone with whistle blasts.

Below the city of Gorky
Where the dawns are clear,
In a workers' settlement
Lives the girl friend.

In his best shirt,
To his beloved,
There came a good friend
To make a declaration.
Yesterday she said that she
Had fallen in love forever,
And now she didn't come
At the appointed time.
The rendez-vous was forgotten,
And over an open book
The girl friend bowed her head
In the golden window.
Till the morning shift,
Till the first siren,
Steps sound carefully
Beneath the window.
And in the morning at the
Entrance of their factory
The girl will meet
Once again her beloved
And say that she had read
no few books,
But not yet the book
about our love.

6. WHITE NIGHTS

It's impossible to say
Whether it's night or day,
So trembling is the light.
The white nights are working
their magic again
And above the river they
are whispering.

Pairs of lovers, the aroma
of flowers,
The dozing Summer Garden,
Old lindens guard in the
quietude
The rows of marble statues.

Вдоль по Неве
Лодка плывёт,
Спит Ленинград,
В голубой тишине
Спит Ленинград.

В белые ночи любить да любить,
Нежным огнём гореть,
По Ленинградским проспектам
бродить,
Сердце у сердца греть.

Губы смеются и губы дрожат,
Счастье сплелось с тоской.
Белые ночи опять ворожат,
Шепчутся над рекой.

Vdol' po Nyeve
Lodka plyvyot,
Spit Leningrad,
V goluboyi tishine
Spit Leningrad.

V belyie nochi lyubit' da
lyubit',
Nyezhnym ognym goryet',
Po Leningradskim prospektam
brodit',
Sertse u sertsya gryet'.

Guby smeyutsa i guby drozhat,
Schastye splyelos' s taskoyi.
Belyie nochi opyat' vorozhat,
Shepchutsa nad ryekoyi.

Down along the Neva
A boat floats,
Leningrad sleeps
In blue quietude
Leningrad sleeps.

In the white nights to love
is really to love,
To burn with tender flame,
To wander along Leningrad's
boulevards,
To warm one another's hearts.
Lips laugh and lips tremble,
Happiness has mingled with
longing.
The white nights are working
their magic again
And above the river they
are whispering.

Chorus

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