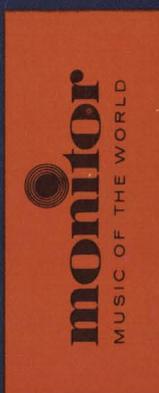


RE-RECORDED TO SIMULATE
STEREO

MFS 759

YULYA SINGS SONGS OF RUSSIAN STREET URCHINS

**PESNI
BEZPRIZORNIKOV**



*COMPLETE RUSSIAN AND
ENGLISH TEXT ENCLOSED*

YULYA Sings

Songs of the Russian Street Urchins

Pesni Bezprizornikov

THE RUSSIAN STREET URCHINS

Here is how Yulya herself has described one of her sharpest impressions of childhood:

"On the street on which I lived, the Arbat, the Moscow City Council was carrying out a big repair job. The streetcar rails were being removed. The street was being paved with asphalt. In each block there stood immense boilers in which the asphalt was heated.

"Little homeless waifs used these boilers as shelters. There were dozens of these children—tattered, half-famished, dirty, all of them sneaking around these big warm boilers like little animals.

"They sang funny and pitiful songs, accompanying themselves on spoons, two spoons held together and used like castanets.

"Sometimes these urchins were dangerous. Sometimes they were quite harmless. But it was always horrifying to have one of those thin, black, grimacing figures jump straight at one suddenly out from behind a corner."

Where had they come from, these waifs?

By 1921 tormented Russia had been living for seven years through a supreme trial: devastating defeat in World War I, Bolshevik Revolution, bitter Civil War. Millions upon millions of Russian soldiers and civilians died. Then when civil war ended in 1921 came terrible famine and millions upon millions more died. In the upshot all of Russia was inundated by a flood of orphans, waifs, homeless children—left without parents to survive as best they could. They quickly acquired their own special nickname—the "bezprizorniki"—which is to say "little ones without home or supervision." By official figures there were *seven million* of these homeless waifs in the years of 1922 and 1923 in young Soviet Russia. They flocked to the cities, the big cities particularly. They found shelter wherever they could—even in asphalt cauldrons, as Yulya remembered them. They ganged together—comrades in misery and poverty. They begged. They stole. They became natural recruits for the adult underworld of thieves, pickpockets and gangsters who were almost equally numerous in those days of the NEP—the New Economic Policy of the Soviet Government.

This underworld of the Russian thieves and the street urchins constituted for the time a whole vital and flamboyant subculture. The criminals and street urchins of Russia acquired their own special repertoire of songs—perhaps the most vivid outgrowth of this whole subculture. These songs the street urchins sang were their own—"the three copeck opera" as one might describe them. Many originated in their milieu. The monotonous little tunes expressed the barrenness of their own lives and the words often expressed the doleful moods of their despair—and sometimes the desperate boasting of children who wished to present to the world outside their own milieu a picture of themselves as merciless and bloodthirsty desperadoes which, of course, some of them were.

These songs acquired their own special label in Russia. They were and are called the "blatnye pesny"—"songs of the underworld." They were particularly associated with one great Russian city, Odessa, where this subculture flourished with particular vigor.

These are the songs which Yulya sings in this album. They are a part of Russian history—but they live on today as an integral portion of the whole of the great and wonderful culture of Mother Russia.

YULYA

The tape which was the basis for this present album of Yulya was presented by her to me as a gift on our twentieth anniversary on August 11, 1964. It was something I had asked her to do—for me and for herself. She envisioned it as the basis of a full album of 12 songs instead of the 9 here recorded on it—which she would do for MONITOR under studio conditions later on. It had a special significance for her and for me in that in it she dealt with a very special genre of Russian folk art which even though it has a particular place in the hearts of Russians—today as yesterday—has been suppressed for public performance inside the Soviet Union for decades, and still is.

As fate would have it this present tape was all that came out of this project of Yulya's. At the time she gave it to me she was already ill with the illness of which she died one year later, almost to the day, on August 13th. Before she died she knew that she

would never complete this album in the way she had originally envisioned it—but knowing all too well the technical imperfections of her tape she nonetheless wanted it issued just as it was as an album. She knew that it was perhaps the most important collection of Russian songs that she had ever performed. She knew that what she had done in her gift to me was not only good—but even great. What Yulya has done here is to recapture for presentation to a modern public a very significant and little known segment of Russian folk art.

Yulya herself knew about this segment of Russian folk art at first hand. She had been a child in Moscow in the early twenties and she had seen the Russian street urchins—the "bezprizorniki." They had left an indelible impression on her and her younger brother, Victor, who used to collect the songs of the street urchins and sing them himself.

Moscow was Yulya's home—her full name was Yulya Zapol'skaya. She became by the time of World War II a professional musician and a composer and singer of Russian popular songs and a performer of Russian folk songs. She accompanied herself on piano or accordion. Even at a very young age she had become well known on the Moscow stage.

It was in Moscow that I met her myself. She was in her early twenties. It was wartime. Russia and the United States were allies. I was an attache of the American Embassy in Moscow. I fell in love with Yulya and she fell in love with me. I had a hard time getting Yulya out of the Soviet Union—it took me nine years. We had to wait till Stalin died. In the meantime I had become a foreign correspondent with the Associated Press of America in Moscow. Yulya and I came to New York in 1953—where she resumed her interrupted musical career and I continued my own work as a journalist, writer and translator.

Yulya died in 1965—but her voice and her music live on. This present album is MONITOR'S ninth Yulya album. All of them continue to sell well. For Yulya is a classic of Russian folk and popular music. In this field there has never been anyone quite like her.

Thomas P. Whitney

Side One

1. The Song of the Russian Street Urchin

This is a song chanted by a poor beggar lad who is telling his mournful story to passers-by while holding out his cap in the hope that they will give him a few copecks with which he can allay his hunger. Yulya accompanies herself in this with a pair of metal spoons—as she used to see Russian street urchins do while singing this and other similar songs. She interrupts the singing, just as they always did, to beg plaintively.

This lovely and haunting folk song was the theme song of the famous Russian motion picture, *The Road to Life*. Though the music of the song is heard twice in this film the words, though sung once, are totally indecipherable on the cinema's sound track. Yulya memorized them in childhood.

2. From Jailhouse in Odessa

This folk song, at the same time comic and poignantly sad, is the story of two Odessa thieves who escaped from prison only to come under the machine gun fire of their pursuers before they had made their getaway.

This particular ballad was popularized throughout the Soviet Union by the famous Russian jazz musician and singer, Leonid Utyesov, who was himself from Odessa.

Yulya accompanies herself here on the accordion.

3. Marusya She Took Poison

This is a worker's ballad telling the sad story of Marusya who committed suicide—and of her lover who was the cause of it and who repented too late.

Yulya accompanies herself on the guitar.

4. When I Was Just a Small Lad

This is a ballad of braggart of a young desperado describing the macabre fate he dealt out to his own family. Yulya accompanies herself, in the style of Russian street urchins, by snapping her fingers.

Side Two

1. Murka

Murka is a girl's name—in the given case the name of a gang moll who fell for a cop and squealed and was rubbed out. But it is also, as it happens, a cat's name, since it is derived from the Russian verb meaning to "meow." And Murka, the moll, is by no means unfeline, as can be seen from the song itself.

This is perhaps the most renowned song of the whole genre of Russian street songs—but not renowned in print since it has remained unpublished. Just about every musically inclined Russian—and many Russians are both musically inclined and interested—knows this song. And not unnaturally there are dozens of versions.

The version here performed by Yulya and learned by her and her brother from street urchins definitely dates the song back to the period of NEP—the "New Economic Policy" of the early twenties. This is established by the use of the term "Gub-Cheka" which means "the Province Secret Police Agency." "Cheka" was an abbreviation derived from two Russian letters—"Ch" pronounced "Che" and "K" pronounced "Ka." And together they stood for the initials of the agency set up by V. I. Lenin in the days of the Civil War to combat counter-revolutionary activity, political dissent, and also, as the activities of this powerful agency expanded, speculation, private trade and organized crime.

2. The Russian Convict's Lament

More than one prisoner's lament has been written in more than one language. This is perhaps the most plaintive Russian prisoner's lament which there is to be found in the store of modern Russian musical folklore.

The music from this song—but not the words!—can be heard in the Russian film entitled "Pedagogical Poem" which was produced in 1955" by the Kiev Film Studios. It is the only piece of authentic "street urchin" musical folklore to appear in this film dealing with rehabilitation of Russian street urchins in the twenties.

3. An Odessa Incident

This song which might also be titled "The News on Derebasovskiy" is a short and humorous Odessa ballad about the allegedly

vigorous response of a virgin centenarian to her rape by seven Odessa thugs. Yulya accompanies herself on the piano.

4. Bublitchki

"Bublitchki" are Russian bagels. This song has become famous in the United States and all over the world in what one can call its "Second Avenue" version. In this "Second Avenue rendition, so effectively popularized here, it is always fast, gay, rollicking, like a typical tune from a New York musical comedy. It has in this Westernized interpretation lost all of its native quality of sadness and stark tragedy, its whole authenticity.

It is a very different "Bublitchki" which Yulya sings here in Russian, accompanying herself on the accordion. As Yulya sings it this is the original Russian folk song of the NEP Period—sad and poignant as it was meant to be.

An impoverished "unwashed" woman, evidently from a bourgeois family now deprived of all its position and security, offers her hot bagels to passers-by. She delivers her pitch in a half-voice, furtively, because she is a "private trader," black-marketing, selling illegally. She pleads with people, appealing rather frankly to their class sympathies one might gather, and as she does she tells her sad story in doleful, long and drawn-out lamentations.

5. The Little Bricks

This is a beautiful, touching, and in essence terribly sad song about a young girl who went to work at 15 in a brickyard. She was one of those many Russian girls who in this century have been drawn, by economic necessity, into the loneliness of life as an urban manual worker. Like many others she fell in love with her factory, in this case just a brickyard. Like many others she fell in love with one of the boys or young men working there too—in this case a chap named Senka whom she used to meet in hiding places among the bricks every night after work. But then came the "bourgeois" war and people turned vandals—and they stole away brick by brick the whole brickyard. And that was that! This is a ballad of the Russian urban proletariat of this century.

The music of this song is well known though evidently unrecorded. The words are very rarely to be heard or found anywhere. Yulya knew them because she learned them from one of her aunts in youth.

Yulya accompanies herself on the piano.

Yulya Sings

Songs of Russian Street Urchins

monitor
MUSIC OF THE WORLD

MFS 759

СТОРОНА 1

1. ПЕСНЯ БЕСПРИЗОРНИКА

Так в саду, при долине,
Звонко пел соловей.
А я мальчик на чужбине,
Позабитый у людей.

Позабитый, позаброшен,
С молодых юных лет,
Я остался сиротой,
Счастья доли мне нет.

Ах, умру я, умру я,
Похоронят меня.
И никто не узнает,
Где могилка моя.

И никто не узнает,
И никто не придет.
Только ранней весной
Соловей пропоет.

Пропоет и засвищет
И опять улетит.
И никто не узнает,
Где сиротика лежит...

Граждане, подайте копейчку
маленькому мальчику
беспризорнику! Дяденька,
дяденька, тетенька, подай
копейчку, а? а?
Позабитый, позаброшен...
(свистит)

Тетенька!

Счастья доли мне нет.

Ах, умру я, умру я,
Похоронят меня.
И никто не узнает,
Где могилка моя.

2. С ОДЕССКОГО КИЧМАНА

С Одесского кичмана
Сорвались два уркана,
Сорвались два уркана на заре.

На княжеской малине
Они остановились,
Они остановились отдыхать.

"Товарищ, товарищ,
Болят мои раны,
Болят мои раны на боке.

"Одна нарывает,
Другая заживает,
А третья открылась в глубоке.

"Товарищ, товарищ,
Товарищ малохольный,
За чтож мы проливали нашу кровь?

"За крашенные губки,
Коленки ниже юбки,
За эту распроклятую любовь.

"Они то там гуляют,
Карманы набивают,
А мы попадаем в переплет.

"По нам уже стреляют,
А нас уж догоняют,
По нам уже стреляет пулемет.

SIDE 1

1. PESNYA BESPRIZORNIKA

Tak v sadu, pri doline,
Zvonko pel solovoi.
A ya malchik na chuzhbine,
Pozabytyi u lyudei.

Pozabytyi, pozabroshen,
S molodykh yunykh lyet,
Ya ostalsya sirotouy,
Schastya doli mnye nyet.

Akh, umru ya, umru ya,
Pokhoronyat menya.
I nikto ne uznayet,
Gde mogilka moya.

I nikto ne uznayet,
I nikto ne pridoyt.
Tolko ranneyu vesnoyu
Solovoi propoyot.

Propoyot i zasvishchet
I opyat ulyetit.
I nikto ne uznayet,
Gde sirotika lyezhit...

Grazhdane, podajte kopeyechku
malenkomu malchiku
besprizornomu! Dyadenka,
dyadenka, tyotenka, podai
kopeyechku, ah? ah?

Pozabytyi, pozabroshen...
(svistit)

Tyotenka!

Schastya doli mnye nyet.

Akh, umru ya, umru ya,
Pokhoronyat menya.
I nikto ne uznayet,
Gde mogilka moya.

2. S ODESSKOVO KICHMANA

S Odesskovo kichmana
Sorvalis dva urkana,
Sorvalis dva urkana na zare.

Na knyazheskoi maline
Oni ustanovilis,
Oni ustanovilis otdykhhat.

"Tovarishch, tovarishch,
Bolyat moi rany,
Bolyat moi rany na boke.

"Odna naryvayet,
Drugaya zazhivayet,
A tretya otkrylas v gluboke.

"Tovarish, tovarishch,
Tovarishch malokholnyi,
Za chto zh my prolivali nashu krov?

"Za krashennyye gubki,
Kolyenki nizhe yubki,
Za etu rasproklyatuyu lyubov.

"Oni to tan gulyayut,
Karmany nabivayut,
A my popadayem v pereplyot.

"Po nam uzhe strelyayut,
A nas uzhe dogonyayut,
Po nam uzhe strelyayet pulemyot.

SIDE 1.

1. THE SONG OF THE RUSSIAN STREET URCHIN

In the grove in the valley
Loud the nightingale sang -
I'm a child lost and lonesome
Long forgotten far from home.

Long forgotten and abandoned
From early early years
I was left a tiny orphan
And my lot was grief and tears.

Oh, I'll die here, I'll die here,
Be buried neath the ground,
Not a soul will remember
Where my little grave is found.

Not a soul will remember
And come no one will,
Only early in the springtime
Loud the nightingale will trill.

He will sing and he'll whistle
And then off he will fly -
Not a soul will remember
Where the orphan does lie...

Citizen give a little copeck
To a little homeless waif.
Uncle, uncle, aunty,
Give a copeck please?

Long forgotten and abandoned
(whistles)

Aunty, please!

And my lot was grief and tears.

Oh, I'll die here, I'll die here,
Be buried neath the ground
Not a soul will remember
Where my little grave is found.

2. FROM JAILHOUSE IN ODESSA

From jailhouse in Odessa
Two jailbirds fled a flying
Two jailbirds fled at sunup all pellmell.

Out at the Prince St. hideout,
They stopped to fall a panting
They stopped to catch a breath and take a spell.

"Oh, comrade, oh my comrade!
My wounds they all are aching,
My wounds they're all a aching in my side.

"One is all a fester,
Another's set to healing,
The third of them is bleeding deep inside.

"Oh, comrade, Oh my comrade!
My comrade so neglected!
For what it is we gave our blood to flow?

"For lips asmeared with lipstick,
Short skirts with knees ashawing,
That cursed love that brought us so much woe!

"Those gals, they're still astrutting,
Their pockets still they're filling,
And here we are like rabbits run to ground.

"They're firing always closer,
They're pressing ever nearer,
Machine gun bullets spraying all around.

"Товариш, товариш,
Скажи моей тм маме,
Что сын ее погубил на посте."

"С винтовкою в рукою,
И с шашкою в другою,
С улыбкою веселой на усте."

3. МАРУСЯ ОТРАВИЛАСЬ

Вот вечер вечереет,
Все с фабрики идут.
Маруся отравилась,
В больницу повезут.

В больницу привозили,
И клали на кровать.
Два доктора с сестрицей
Старались жизнь спасти.

"Спасайте, не спасайте,
Мне жизнь не дорога.
Я милого любила --
Такого подлца."

Пришли ее подружки,
Хотели навестить,
А доктор отвечает:
"Без памяти лежит."

Пришла ее мамаша,
Хотела навестить,
А доктор отвечает,
Что при смерти лежит.

Пришел и друг любимый,
Хотел он навестить,
А доктор отвечает:
"В часовенке лежит."

Входил милой в часовню,
Там черный гроб стоит,
А в этом черном гробе
Марусенька лежит.

"Маруся, ты Маруся,
Открой свои глаза.
А если не откроешь,
Умру с тобой и я."

"Маруся, ты Маруся,
Открой свои глаза."
А сторож отвечает:
"Давно уж померла."

А вечер вечереет,
Колыхнется трава.
Маруся отравилась,
Маруся померла.

4. КОГДА Я БЫЛ МАЛЬЧИШКОЙ

Когда я был мальчишкой
Носил я брюки-клевш,
Соломенную шляпу,
В кармане финский нож.

Я мать свою зарезал,
Отца своего убил,
Сестренку гимназистку
В колодце утопил.

Эх, мать лежит в больнице,
Отец в сырой земле,
А младшая сестренка
Купается в воде.

(Свистит.....
.....)
А младшая сестренка
Купается в воде.

Когда я был мальчишкой
Носил я брюки-клевш,
Соломенную шляпу,
В кармане финский нож.

СТОРОНА 2

1. МУРКА

Тихина ночная,
Только ветер воет,
А в развале собрался совет.
Это хулиганы,
Злые уркаганы,
Собирали срочный комитет.

"Tovarishch, tovarishch,
Skazhi moyei ty маме,
Chto syn eye pogibel na poste."

"S vintovkoyu v rukoyu,
I s shashkoyu v drugoyu,
S ulybkoyu vesyoloi na uste."

3. MARUSYA OTRAVILAS

Vot vecher vechereyet,
Vsye s fabriki idut.
Marusya otravilas,
V bolnitsu povezut.

V bolnitsu privozili,
I klali na krovat.
Dva doktora s sestritsei
Staralis zhizn spasat.

"Spasaite, ne spasaite,
Mnye zhizn ne doroga.
Ya milovo lyubila --
Takovo podletsa."

Frishli eye podruzhki,
Khoteli navestit,
A doktor otvechayet:
"Bez panyati lyezhit."

Frishla eye manasha,
Khotela navestit,
A doktor otvechayet,
Chto pri smerti lyezhit.

Frishel i drug lyubinyi,
Khotel on navestit,
A doktor otvechayet:
"V chasovenke lyezhit."

Vkhodil miloi v chasovnyu,
Tam chyornyi grob stoit,
A v etom chyornom grobe
Marusyenka lyezhit.

"Marusya, ty Marusya,
Otkroi svoi glaza.
A yesli nye otkroyesh,
Umru s toboi i ya."

"Marusya, ty Marusya,
Otkroi svoi glaza."
A storozh otvechayet:
"Davno uzh pomerla."

A vecher vechereyet,
Kolyshetsa trava,
Marusya otravilas,
Marusya pomerla.

4. KOGDA YA BYL MALCHISHKOI

Kogda ya byl malchishkoi
Nosil ya bryuki-klyosh,
Solomennuyu shlyapu,
V karmane finskii nozh.

Ya mat svoyu zaryezal,
Otsa svojevo ubil,
Sestryonku gimnazistku
V kolodtse utopil.

Ekh, mat lyezhit v bolnitse,
Otyets v syroi zemle,
A mladshaya sestryonka
Kupayetsa v vode.

(Svistit.....
.....)
A mladshaya sestryonka
Kupayetsa v vode.

Kogda ya byl malchishkoi
Nosil ya bryuki-klyosh,
Solomennuyu shlyapu,
V karmane finskii nozh.

SIDE 2

1. MURKA

Tishina nochnaya,
Tolko vetyer voyet,
A v razvale sobralsya sovyet.
Eto khuligany,
Zlye urkagany,
Sobirali srochnyi komitet.

"Oh, comrade, oh my comrade,
Please tell my dear old mother,
Her son he died a hero in the war."

"His carbine in his right hand,
His sabre in the other,
His merry lips a smiling to the end."

3. MARUSYA SHE TOOK POISON

Oh, nightfall is a falling,
The factory day is done,
Marusya she took poison
To hospital she's gone.

To hospital they took her
And laid her on a cot.
Two doctors and a sister
To save her life they fought.

"Save me or do not save me --
It's all the same to me.
I loved a darling lover --
And what a rat was he!"

Her girl friends came a running
To see her lest she die.
The doctor only answered:
"Unconscious she does lie."

Her mama came a running
To see her ere she die.
The doctor only answered:
"A dying she does lie."

Her lover came a running --
He had to see her so!
The doctor only answered:
"The morgue is where to go."

The morgue her lover entered --
A coffin it stood by.
And in that black black coffin
Marusya she did lie.

"Marusya, my Marusya,
Please open up your eyes!
And if you do not open them
With you your lover dies!"

"Marusya, my Marusya,
Please open up your eyes!"
The guard he only answered:
"Tis long since dead she lies!"

Oh nightfall is a falling
The rustling grass does sigh --
Marusya she took poison
Marusya she did die.

4. WHEN I WAS JUST A SMALL LAD

When I was just a small lad
Bell-bottomed jeans I wore,
Straw hat set high up on my head,
And a Finnish knife I bore.

I carved my mother up but good,
And sent my dad to hell,
My sister from the ladies' school
I shoved right down the well.

My ma's she's still a healing,
And pa's in the cold cold ground,
And sister's in the water still --
She hasn't yet been found.

"(Whistles.....
.....)
And sister's in the water still
She hasn't yet been found.

When I was just a small lad
Bell-bottomed jeans I wore
Straw hat set high up on my head
And a Finnish knife I bore.

SIDE 2.

1. MURKA

Middle of the nighttime --
The wind it was a howling --
At the hideout was a meeting of the gang.
These were desperadoes,
Hooligans and convicts --
There to find out who it was that sang.

С ними была баба,
Звали ее Мурка,
Хитрая и ловкая была.
Даже злые урки
Остерегались Мурки --
Ах, воровская жизнь ее влекла.
Даже злые урки
Остерегались Мурки --
Ах, воровская жизнь ее влекла.

Как то вечерочком
Встретились два урки
И один другому говорит:
"В темном переулке
Ах мы ее сморали,
В кожаной тузурочке лежит."

"Здравствуй, моя Мурка,
Здравствуй, дорогая,
Здравствуй, моя Мурка, и прощай.
Ты зашухорила
Всю нашу малину,
А теперь маслину получай.

"Разве тебе плохо
Жилось промежду нами,
Разве мало было барахла?
Ах, что с тобой стало,
С лягавым ты связалась
И пошла работать в Губ-Чека.
Ах, что с тобой стало,
С лягавым ты связалась
И пошла работать в Губ-Чека.

"Ганьше ты носила
Лаковые туфли --
Лаковые туфли на большой.
А теперь ты ходишь
В порванных спортсменках
И чулок нет пары ни одной.

"Здравствуй, моя Мурка,
Здравствуй, дорогая,
Здравствуй, моя Мурка, и прощай.
Ты зашухорила
Всю нашу малину,
А теперь маслину получай.
Ах, ты зашухорила
Всю нашу малину,
А теперь маслину получай."

2. ПЕСНЯ ЗАКЛЮЧЕННОГО

Сиху я цельный день и скучаю,
В окно тюремное гляжу.
А слезы катятся, братишки,
Потихоньку,
По исхудалому лицу.
А слезы катятся, братишки,
Потихоньку,
По исхудалому лицу.

Сиху я цельный день в халате,
Одни сплошные да рукава,
Ношу я шапку порванну на вате,
Чтоб не зазябла голова.
Ношу я шапку порванну на вате,
Чтоб не зазябла голова.

Ах,чтож ты ходишь перед тюрьмой?
Ах,чтож ты мучаешь меня?
Катись ты ум-па ум-па ум-па
Ум-па ум-па-па,
И даже дальше от меня!
Катись ты ум-па ум-па ум-па
Ум-па ум-па-па,
И даже дальше от меня!

3. СЛУЧАЙ В ОДЕССЕ

Как на Дербассовской
Угол Ришельевской,
В восемь часов вечера
Пронеслася весть,
Что семеро налетчиков
У одной старушки,
Бабушки столетней,
Похитили честь.

Уу аа, уу аа!
Она здорова!
Уу аа, уу аа!
До сих пор живет!
Уу аа, уу аа!
И мечтает снова!
Уу аа, уу аа!
Да пережить налет!

S nimi byla baba,
Zvali eye Murka,
Khitraya i lovkaya byla.
Dazhe zlyie urki
Osteregalis Murki --
Akh, vorovskaya zhizn eye vlekla.
Dazhe zlyie urki
Osteregalis Murki --
Akh, vorovskaya zhizn eye vlekla.

Kak to vecherochkom
Vstretilis dva urki
I odin drugomu govorit:
"V tyemnom pereulke
Ky eye smorali,
V kozhanoi tuzhurochke lyezhit."

"Zdravstvui, moya Murka,
Zdravstvui, dorogaya,
Zdravstvui, moya Murka, i proshchai.
Ty zashchukhorila
Vsyu nashu malinu,
A tyeper maslinu poluchai.

Razve tyebe plokh
Zhilos promezhdu nami,
Razve malo bylo barakhla.
Chto s tobouy stalo,
S lyagavym ty svyazalas
I poshla rabotat v Gub-Cheka.
Akh, chto s tobouy stalo,
S lyagavym ty svyazalas
I poshla rabotat v Gub-Cheka.

"Ranshe ty nosila
Lakovye tuffli --
Lakovye tuffli na bolshoi.
A tyeper ty khodish
V porvanykh sportsmenkakh
I chulok nyet pary ni odnoi.

"Zdravstvui, moya Murka,
Zdravstvui, dorogaya,
Zdravstvui, moya Murka, i proshchai.
Ty zashchukhorila
Vsyu nashu malinu,
A tyeper maslinu poluchai.
Ty zashchukhorila
Vsyu nashu malinu,
A tyeper maslinu poluchai."

2. PESNYA ZAKLYUCHENNOGO

Sizhu ya tselnyi dyen i skuchayu,
V okno tyuremnoe glyazhu.
A slyozy katyatsa, bratishki,
Potikhonku,
Po iskhudalomu litsu.
A slyozy katyatsa, bratishki,
Potikhonku,
Po iskhudalomu litsu.

Sizhu ya tselnyi dyen v khalate,
Odni sploshnye da rukava,
Noshu ya shapku porvannu na vate,
Chtob ne zazyabla golova.
Noshu ya shapku porvannu na vate,
Chtob ne zazyabla golova.

Akh,чтож ты ходишь перед тыурмоу?
Akh,чтож ты muchayesh menya?
Katis ty um-pa um-pa um-pa
Um-pa um-pa-па,
I dazhe dalshe ot menya!
Katis ty um-pa um-pa um-pa
Um-pa um-pa-па,
I dazhe dalshe ot menya!

3. SLUCHAI V ODESSE

Kak na Dербассовской
Uгол Rишельевской,
V vosem chasov vechera
Proneslasya vvest,
Chto syemero nalyetchikov
U odnoi starushki,
Babushki stolyetnei,
Pokhitili chyest.

Оо аа, оо аа!
Она здорова!
Оо аа, оо аа!
До сих пор живет!
Оо аа, оо аа!
И мечтает снова!
Оо аа, оо аа!
Да пережить налет!

Their moll she was there with them --
Murka twas they called her --
Quick and sly and bold and tough was she.
Mean and surly cutthroats
They watched their step with Murka --
The underworld was where she loved to be.
Mean and surly cutthroats
They watched their step with Murka
The underworld was where she loved to be.

Onetime of a nighttime --
Two cons they got together --
And one of them he passed along the word:
"Down in a dark alley --
We caught her and we killed her --
And there she lies a swimming in her blood.

"Hello, oh my Murka!
Hello, oh my darling!
Hello, oh my Murka, and goodbye!
You squealed, you turned a stooily!
You sang on us so cruelly!
So take your bullet now, for you must die!

"Was it all that awful --
Here with us together?
Were all the rags we gave you still too few?
So what was it that made you
Take to that police dog --
And go and turn us in to the Cheka?
So what was it that made you
Take to that police dog --
And go and turn us in to the Cheka?

"You used to dress in satins --
In pumps of patent leather --
Patent leather pumps and all the same.
So now ycu wear torn sneakers
And tattered leather jacket
And nary a silk stocking to your name.

"Hello, oh my Murka!
Hello, oh my darling!
Hello, oh my Murka and goodbye!
You squealed and turned a stooily --
You sang on us so cruelly!
So take your bullet now for you must die.
You squealed and turned a stooily --
You sang on us so cruelly!
So take your bullet now for you must die.

2. THE RUSSIAN CONVICT'S LAMENT

I sit here lonesome in my cell and waste away
Through bars I seek the light of day!
The tears they flow, they flow,
Oh brothers, oh how quietly --
And my wan cheeks they ne'er are dry.
The tears they flow, they flow,
Oh brothers, oh how quietly--
And my wan cheeks they ne'er are dry.

I sit the days away all wrapped around in jail robes --
They look as if they were all sleeves.
I wear a jail hat,
Torn right to the lining --
So my poor head and ears won't freeze.
I wear a jail hat,
Torn right to the lining --
So my poor head and ears won't freeze.

Why do you walk out there where I can see you?
Why do you torment me so?
So go to oom pah, oom pah --
Oom pha, oom pha, oom pah pah --
And further still away from me!
So go to oom pah, oom pah --
Oom pah, oom pah, oom pah pah --
And further still away from me!

3. AN ODESSA INCIDENT

Once where Dербассовский
Crosses Reshelevsky
Early of an evening
The story swiftly spread --
That seven husky cutthroats
Stole from a poor spinster,
A hundred-year-old-virgin,
Her chastity, twas said.

Ooh, ah, ooh, ah!
She's none the worse, they say!
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah!
She's still alive -- the same!
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah!
She's dreaming now today --
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah --
Of getting raped again!

4. БУБЛИЧКИ

Ночь надвигается,
Фонарь качается,
Все разбредаются
В ночную мглу.
А я разбитая,
Тряпьем прикритая,
И неумятая,
Одна бреду.

Эх, бублички!
Горячи бублички!
Гоните рублички,
Народ, скорей!
И в ночь ненастную,
Меня несчастную,
Торговку частную,
Ты пожай.

Отец мой пьяница,
За рюмкой тянется,
А мать уборщица --
Какой позор!
Сестра гулящая --
Да настоящая!
Братишка маленький
Карманный вор.

Купите бублички,
Горячи бублички!
Гоните рублички,
Народ, скорей!
И в ночь ненастную,
Меня несчастную,
Торговку частную,
Ты пожай!
И в ночь ненастную,
Меня несчастную,
Торговку частную,
Ты пожай!

Горячи бублички!
Купите бублички!

5. КИРПИЧКИ

Где-то в городе, на окраине,
Я в рабочей семье родилась.
Горемыка я, лет пятнадцати,
На кирпичный завод нанялась.
Горемыка я, лет пятнадцати,
На кирпичный завод нанялась.

Трудно было мне время первое,
Но потом, проработавши год,
За веселый гул, за кирпичики,
Полюбила я этот завод.
За веселый гул, за кирпичики,
Полюбила я этот завод.

На заводе том - Сеньку встретила,
И бывало, услышав гудок,
Руки вымою и бегу к нему
В мастерскую, накинув платок.
Руки вымою и бегу к нему
В мастерскую, накинув платок.

Каждо ноченку с ним встречались,
Где кирпич образует проход --
Вот за Сеньку-то, за кирпичики,
Полюбила я этот завод.
Вот за Сеньку-то, за кирпичики,
Полюбила я этот завод.

Поднялась война буржуазная,
Огрубел, опустился народ.
И по винтику, по кирпичику
Расташили кирпичный завод.
И по винтику, по кирпичику
Расташили кирпичный завод.

4. BUBLICHKI

Noch nadvigayetsa,
Fonar kachayetsa,
Vsye razbryedayutsa
V nochnuyu mglu.
A ya razbitaya,
Tryapym prikrytaya,
I neumytaya,
Odna bredu.

Etch, bublichki!
Goryachi bublichki!
Gonite rublichki,
Narod, skorei!
I v noch nenastnuyu,
Menya neschastnuyu,
Torgovku chastnuyu,
Ty pozhalei.

Otetz moi pyanitsa,
Za ryumkoi tyanetsya,
A mat uborshchitsa --
Kakoi pozor!
Syestra gulyashchaya --
Da nastoyashchaya!
Bratishka malyenkii
Karmani vor.

Kupite bublichki,
Goryachi bublichki!
Gonite rublichki,
Narod, skorei!
I v noch nenastnuyu,
Menya neschastnuyu,
Torgovku chastnuyu,
Ty pozhalei!
I v noch nenastnuyu,
Menya neschastnuyu,
Torgovku chastnuyu,
Ty pozhalei!

Goryachi bublichki!
Kupite bublichki!

5. KIRPICHKI

Gde-to v gorode, na okraine,
Ya v rabochei semye rodilas.
Goremyka ya, lyet pyatnatsati,
Na kirpichnyi zavod nanyalas.
Goremyka ya, lyet pyatnatsati,
Na kirpichnyi zavod nanyalas.

Trudno bylo mne vremya pervoye,
No potom, prarabotavshi god,
Za veselyi gul, za kirpichiki,
Polyubila ya etot zavod.
Za veselyi gul, za kirpichiki,
Polyubila ya etot zavod.

Na zavode tom - Syenku vstretila,
I byvalo, uslyshav gudok,
Ruki vymoyu i begu k nyemu
V masterskuyu, nakinuv platok.
Ruki vymoyu i begu k nyemu
V masterskuyu, nakinuv platok.

Kazhdu nochenku s nim vstrechalisya,
Gde kirpich obrazuyet prokhod --
Vot za Syenku-to, za kirpichiki,
Polyubila ya etot zavod.
Vot za Syenku-to, za kirpichiki,
Polyubila ya etot zavod.

Podnyalas voina burzhuaznaya,
Ogrubel, opustilsya narod.
I po vintiku, po kirpichiku,
Rastashchili kirpichnyi zavod.
I po vintiku, po kirpichiku,
Rastashchili kirpichnyi zavod.

4. BUBLITCHKI

Nighttime is falling now
Streetlamps are drifting slow
People are drifting slow
Into the murk.
And here am I adrift
Dressed in a burlap shift
Unwashed and ruined too --
Alone I lurk.

Oh, bublichki!
Hot, tasty bublichki!
Please bring your rubles here!
Please buy from me!
On such a nasty night,
Pity my awful plight --
Please help poor pedlar me!
Please hear my plea!
On such a nasty night,
Pity my awful plight --
Please help poor pedlar me!
Please hear my plea!

Dad's just a drunken sot
D-T's his daily lot.
Mother's a charwoman
Oh what a grief!
Sister has gone to bad --
She's just a whore -- tis sad.
And younger brother too --
He's turned a thief.

Oh buy my bublichki!
Hot tasty bublichki!
Please bring your rubles here!
Please buy from me!
On such a nasty night
Pity my awful plight --
Please help poor pedlar me!
Please hear my plea.

Hot tasty bublichki --
Please buy my bublichki!

5. THE LITTLE BRICKS

In the town somewhere
On its outskirts there
In a workers' home I was sired
Always poor we'd been --
When I came fifteen --
To the brickyard nearby I was hired.
Always poor we'd been --
When I came fifteen --
To the brickyard nearby I was hired.

Oh at first I'll say --
It was so hard to stay
But a year there I somehow did live --
For the mixing sticks
And the little bricks
With that brickyard I fell right in love --
For the mixing sticks,
And the little bricks
With that brickyard I fell right in love.

At the brickyard there
I met Senka dear
And it happened the whistle did blow
How I'd wash and prim
And then run to him
Still a tying my kerchief below.

Every evening there
We used to meet somewhere
Where the bricks made a tunnel above
And for Senka dear
And for the little bricks
With that brickyard I fell right in love
And for Senka dear
And for the little bricks
With that brickyard I fell right in love.

Came, alas, the war,
Called the bourgeois war,
And people got all out of hand
And by nut and stick
And by bolt and brick
That brickyard they stole to the end.
And by nut and stick
And by bolt and brick
That brickyard they stole to the end.