

Oh, little midnight star,
I am Marina, the chaste!

Eh, come on, play, play, Serge!

26. AH, THOSE BLACK EYES!

(Akh, Eti Chiornye Glaza)

On an autumn day the leaves

Were falling off sadly;

But grief was unknown to us,

We were in love

And for us the spring was here!

Ah, those black eyes loved me!

It is not possible to forget them

They always sparkle before me!

The one who falls in love with you,

Oh black eyes, will be losing for ever

His happiness and peace!

On a spring day everything was in

bloom;

The bluish lilacs aroused sleeping

dreams.

Endlessly I shed tears,

I was so very much in love

But you were saying good-bye to me.

27. I REMEMBER

(Pomnyu Ya Eshcho

Molodushkoi Byla)

I remember I was still an unmarried

young girl, when one evening our

army came marching by.

Night was falling. I sat at the gates

watching the cavalry in the streets.

A young officer rode up to me and

asked for a drink of water. He
quenched his thirst, tenderly pressed
my hand, bent down and kissed me.
For a long time I followed him with
my eyes, when he looked back the
whole world became dim.

That night I could not fall asleep, I
dreamed the whole night about the
handsome officer.

And then one day much later when I
was already a widow, my four
daughters married off, a general came
to our house. He was exhausted and
moaned sadly. I peered at him - it
was the same officer, the same daring
sparkle was in his eyes, only his
mustache had turned grey.

And once more I felt like a young
girl, and again I could not fall asleep
that night. I dreamed the whole night
about the handsome officer.

English Text by Anna Michaels.

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Monitor Records

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A Treasury of **RUSSIAN**
GYPSY
SONGS

MARUSIA

Vocals

SERGEI

Guitar

MCD 71565

A Monitor International Compact Disc

monitor
A TREASURY OF
RUSSIAN GYPSY SONGS

1. DARK EYES (*Ochi Chernye*)

Dark eyes, passionate eyes,
Fiery and beautiful eyes;
How I love you, how I fear you,
Evidently I met you
At an ill-omened hour
Without knowing you,
My life would have been happy
And I would not have suffered so,
But you ruined me, oh dark eyes,
And took away forever, my happiness.

2. NO, NO, I DON'T

(Net, Net, Ya Ne Khochu)

Would you like, my dear,
To go out, to get dressed up,
To have a good time?
No, no, I don't!
Why are you so haughty?
Why do you reject my love?
Take my whole life,
No, no, I won't!
Money is nonsense,
Merry-making is not happiness;
Give me at least one kiss!
I still might be of use to you,
When you need shelter
On bad, rainy days!

3. WE LOST OUR LIBERTY

(Ekha, Poteryali Volyu)

Life passes quick as an arrow
Taking along all the songs
Of love, sorrow, joy,

Of the free days,
Of the sleepless nights
Of fun, happiness and youth.
We lost our liberty,
We suppressed the cries of our hearts,
We forgot the Gypsy songs
And the music of guitars.
Old Gypsy, where are you singing
now?

In taverns or just wandering around?
Or are you asking alms on church
steps,
Far away from your family and
country.

4. THE CORNFLOWERS

(Vasilyochki)

Do you remember the sunny field,
That looked like blue velvet?
We walked there together,
I picked cornflowers
And you were near me.
I still remember our kisses
And how we laughed
When we bent down
To pick the cornflowers.
And now when we parted
The dried out cornflowers
Are all there is left to me
As memory of those happy days.

5. I SEE WONDERFUL SPACES

(Vizhu Chudnoye Privolye)

I see wonderful spaces,

I see fields and meadows.
This is the Russian spaciousness
This is my native land.
I hear songs and dance music,
This is Russian gaiety.
I see gigantic mountains,
I see rivers and seas,
I hear songs of birds,
These are Russian pictures.
This is my native land.

6. COACHMAN, DON'T RIDE THE HORSES SO HARD

(Yamshchik, Ne Goni Loshadei)

Sadness is all around me,
The road ahead is cheerless,
The past seems to be a dream
Which torments my sore heart.
Looking at this dreary landscape
I wish I could forget
Love and faithlessness
But my memory is my enemy
And it keeps the past awake.
Coachman, don't ride
The horses so hard,
I have nowhere to rush,
I have no one to love,
So don't drive so fast.

7. FAREWELL NEW VILLAGE

(Proshchai Ty Novaya Derevnnya)

Farewell new village,
Farewell Gypsy family,
Farewell my dear friend,

God knows if I'll ever see you again.
You will meet a new family
And forget all about poor me!
Farewell my dear friend
Farewell Mother-Russia,
Farewell domes of Moscow,
God knows if I'll ever see you again.

8. LITTLE SNOWBALL BUSH

(Kalinushka)

A little snowball bush
Grew and bloomed in a grove.
A young lad and his girl-friend
Came often to this grove.
He plucked all the flowers
From the blooming bush
To present garlands to his beloved.
The snowball bush lost its splendour,
Whereas the girl is blooming.

9. MISTY MORNING

(Utro Tumannoye)

Misty, gray morning,
Barren fields covered by snow.
Past memories are coming back . . .
One remembers faces long since
forgotten,
One remembers long, passionate
talks,
The first meeting . . .
The last meeting . . .
The sound of a beloved voice.

10. WHY FALL IN LOVE

(*Zachem Bylo Vlyublyatsya*)

Why fall in love?

Why be in love?

You want to get married,

So why did you have

To ruin my life?

You are cold,

You are frozen,

It means you love some one else.

11. I WON'T TELL YOU

(*Ya Ne Skazhu Tebe*)

I won't tell you

How avidly I try to meet you,

How I love to be near you,

How I like to hear your laugh,

How I tremble when I touch your

hand,

How my heart beats

When I hear your voice.

I won't tell you

How I suffer

When you speak to another woman

Or when you even unintentionally

Cast a glance at someone else.

I won't tell you how I cry . . .

No, I won't tell you —

You would not understand.

12. THE GYPSIES WENT AWAY

(*Yekhali Tsyganiye*)

The gypsies were going to the fair.

They stopped under an apple tree
And the young men drank and drank
And had a merry time in their new
shirts.

And to whom does he belong?

Come along maidens,

Let's drink joyfully,

For when autumn comes

It will be a sad time.

13. TWO GUITARS (*Dve Gitary*)

Behind the wall

Two guitars cry and moan

And remind me of a tune

Heard in my childhood.

I am bewitched

And my heart aches

Through sleepless nights.

Oh, evil fate,

I could break you,

But have no will to do so.

14. ON THE MOLDAVIAN STEPPE

(*V Stepi Moldavanskoi*)

The wagon moves slowly down a
slope.

At a well, overlooking the roads,

Stands a crucifix.

All this is so well known to me,

I find so many familiar signs in these

pictures.

Two swallows, reminding me of

school-girls,

Escort me to the concert.

How good is the wind in the
Moldavian steppe;

The earth sings under my feet;

I have a Gypsy soul and love no one.

That's why it is easy for me to roam.

I listen to the ringing of far-away
bells,

And looking from a green meadow

I recognize across the river Dniester

The Russian soil.

And in the quiet of the evening.

When the birch-trees and the fields

Drop off to sleep,

It is painful and sweet,

With tears in my eyes,

To cast a glance at my native land.

15. THE FELT BOOTS (*Valenki*)

The felt boots are torn,

They are old.

There is nothing to sole the boots

with.

How shameful it is to go

To my dearest in such boots.

What kind of a boy friend are you,

Loving all my girl friends!

Don't come this way,

Don't bring me earrings and rings.

The felt boots have no soles,

They are old.

Oh, Kolia, Kolia, Nikolai,

Better stay home,

Don't go carousing!

16. SCATTERED RINGS

(*Rassypannye Kolechki*)

The golden and turquoise rings

Rolled on the meadow.

You went away and your shoulders

Disappeared in the darkness of the
night.

The scattered rings are lost

In the high green grass,

There is no more love, no more fun,

And that means the end of happiness.

Twang, twang, my guitar,

Disperse my sadness and my grief!

I have no more wishes

And no regrets!

17. KISS ME, DON'T FROLIC!

(*Nu Tselui, Ne Balui!*)

Why are you so thoughtful?

What are you thinking of?

Embrace me and hold me tight.

As long as through my veins

Flows hot blood

It only can be someone else

Who will send you to the devil.

Come on, kiss me, don't frolic!

Why think of tomorrow!

Give me happiness and tenderness,

As long as we live,

Let's make our life a dream.

Wake up! Have more ardour!

Throw away all unnecessary worries,

Let the guitar in your hands

Fill us with merriment!
With a kiss blow away your sorrows,
Let the joy of living
Sparkle in your eyes!

18. CHRYSANTHEMUMS

(Khrisantemy)

In the garden where we met
Your favorite chrysanthemums were
in blossom.

It was then that the feeling of tender
love

Began to bloom in my heart.

The chrysanthemums died long ago
in the garden,

But love is still alive in my poor
heart.

Our garden is empty, you left long
ago.

Alone I wander around, I am all worn
out,

And my bitter tears fall

Over the withered chrysanthemum
bush.

19. TROIKA

I will harness a team

Of three fleet-footed horses.

I will give the coachman a tip

To hurry on.

By force of habit the horses go

To my sweetheart's house.

The snow flies from under their
hoofs,

The coachman sings a song:
"Oh, you black horses,
Speed along faster,
Don't waste the golden days,
There are so very few of them
In our life!"

20. BUBLICHKI

The night is approaching.
The crowd is walking unsteadily,
The light is shining
Through the darkness of the night.
Unkempt, covered with rags,
Worn out, I can hardly move.
Bublichki, buy hot bublichki!
Toss the money over here!
And on this rainy night
Take pity on an unfortunate pedler!
My father is a drunkard,
He boasts about it,
It kills him,
But he still drinks.
My sister is a loose woman,
My mother disappeared,
And look at me, here I am
Smoking a cigarette!

21. ON A LONG ROAD

(Dorogoi Dal'neyu)

We drove in a troika with bells,
Lights gleamed in the distance,
If it only would be possible
To disperse my grief on this journey!
On a long road a moonlit night

With a song that rings far in the
distance,
And with my old seven-stringed
guitar
Which torments me at night!
Everything was in vain:
All our songs and
The many nights we spent away;
If we are through with the past
These nights are also gone.

22. OH, MY HEART!

(Serditse)

There are many beautiful maidens,
There are many tender names,
But there is only one that disturbs
And robs you of peace and sleep
When you are in love!
Oh, my heart, you don't want
To be at peace!
Oh, my heart, how good it is
To be alive!
Oh, my heart how wonderful
That you are like that!
Oh thank you, my heart,
That you can love the way you do!
Love comes suddenly upon you,
When you expect it least of all;
And every evening becomes
entrancing,
And you start to sing.

**23. IN THE FIELD STOOD A
BIRCH TREE**

(Vo Pole Berioza Stoyala)

In the field stood a birch tree.
The white snow came down,
The hunters came out,
They caught the pretty maiden.
Don't run away, beautiful,
Stay and sing a song with us!
There is no one to break the birch
tree.

24. WEeping WILLOWS

(Dremlyut Plakuchye Ivy)

Bending low over the brook
The weeping willows slumber.
The rivulets flow rapidly
Whispering under cover of night.
They call up memories
Of the remote past.
And my lonely grieving heart
Longs for the old days.
Where are you, my beloved?
Do you remember me?
Do you also suffer and cry
In the silence of the night
As I do?

25. LITTLE MIDNIGHT STAR

(Zvioletochka Polunochnaya)

The rain is coming.
The snow storm is coming.
And somebody is going
To stay for the night.

A Treasury of RUSSIAN GYPSY SONGS

MCD 71565

- | | | | |
|--|------|--|------|
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| 2. NO, NO, DON'T | 1:32 | 16. SCATTERED RINGS | 1:41 |
| Net, Net, Ya Ne Khochu | | Rassypannye Kolehki | |
| 3. WE LOST OUR LIBERTY | 2:40 | 17. KISS ME, DON'T FROLIC! | 2:33 |
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| 8. LITTLE SNOWBALL BUSH | 2:21 | Vo Pole Beryioza Stoyala | |
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| Zachem Bylo Vlyublyatsya | | 26. AH, THOSE BLACK EYES | 2:46 |
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| Ya Ne Skazhu Tebe | | 27. I REMEMBER | 2:27 |
| 12. THE GYPSIES WENT AWAY | 2:07 | Pomnyu Ya Eshcho Molodushkoi Byla | |
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| 13. TWO GUITARS | 2:07 | | |
| Dve Gitary | | | |
| 14. ON THE MOLDAVIAN STEPPE | 2:50 | | |
| V. Stepi Moldavanskoi | | | |

MARUSIA GEORGEVSKAYA, Vocals

SERGEI KROTKOFF, Guitar

Total Timing: 62:30

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RUSSIAN GYPSY SONGS**

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