<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Reference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rolling Lion</td>
<td>My beloved walked down the Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Instrumental</td>
<td>Who knows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowing Stream</td>
<td>Oh, mists and dew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinkiang Drum Dance</td>
<td>Farm Dance (instrumental)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Descriptive notes are inside pocket.
About The Chorus

In 1911 Mitrofan Piatnitsky, a young musician and folklorist who earned his living occupying a minor post in a Moscow hospital, spent his summer as usual collecting songs of the Byelorussian villages where he was born and raised, near the towns of Smolensk and Voronets. In addition he realized an old dream; he gathered together a group of talented singers, brought them to Moscow, rehearsed them, and in the fall put on a full scale concert. It won instant critical acclaim. The chorus was augmented by Moscow factory workers from the same region, and future concerts increased the popularity of the chorus. After the revolution of 1917 they became state supported, and with the addition of a folk dance ensemble, and a folk instrument orchestra, toured widely and started making phonograph records.
In 1927 the chorus was plunged into mourning by the death of Piatnitsky. His place was taken by his nephew, the folklorist V. Kazmin, soon after joined by the composer V. Zakharov; they have been co-directors ever since. At present the group numbers well over a hundred members, with a huge library of songs and recordings, and a systematic training and recruiting program for new members.

The chorus usually starts a program in peasant costume. Their songs may range from the ancient and austere ballads about peasant heroes, to love songs and dances. The second half of the program would be in modern dress, and here we might hear some of the new songs composed by Zakharov to words by the poet, Mikhail Isakovsky, which are today immensely popular throughout all the collective farms. In this album we have given a few samples of the many types of songs in their immense repertoire.

Songs and Dances of Central Russia

About The Songs

The songs in this album are based upon the centuries-old music traditions of Slavic peasants. Working long hours in the endlessly flat fields men and women would sing to each other. One voice usually started off; others joined in unison, or simple two or at most three-part harmony. They would be singing together on the weary walk home in the evening, and if there was a party that week one might hear some of the same songs sung in faster tempo, with accompaniment, and also spirited dances with rhythms very similar to American square dances.

But music tastes and traditions change when people's lives change. Further, folksongs tend to change drastically, and often for the worse, when they are transplanted from the fields and kitchens of their origins, to stages and microphones. One of the most remarkable achievements of the Piatnitsky Chorus has been its solution of how to maintain the artistic level of their music under changed performance conditions.

When city-educated performers take up folk music there is a tendency to "improve" a song with self-conscious cuteness and sophistication, which clashes with the song's basic integrity. When country folk musicians live long in the city they add elements which may or may not harmonize with their earlier idiom. We see this in American hillbilly music.

As if aware of both of these problems, the Piatnitsky Chorus stubbornly maintains three basic elements in their style of performing, which might be remembered by any American chorus singing American folk songs:

1) They keep the traditional vocal tone, without any attempt to prettify it. This country-style, "outdoors" voice is very similar, as a matter of fact, to many American folksinging groups, such as the Carter Family, well known to fans of "hillbilly" music.

2) The pianissimo, as it is taught in most music schools, seems unknown to them. True, they sing quiet songs as well as loud ones, but the self-conscious decrescendo or crescendo is abjured. Likewise the accelerando and the ritard.

3) Last, and perhaps most important, they end each song unpretentiously, just as would any unrehearsed group of amateur singers. It's the song that counts, not the flourishes. Perhaps this is one reason that their songs have been picked up everywhere throughout Russia, and amateurs may often be heard singing them, with harmony, almost as well as the Piatnitsky Chorus.
My beloved walked down a road,
   A high road my beloved took.

A high road my beloved took,
And I, young maiden,
     I ran after him.

I ran after him,
I ran and ran
     And called out to him.

I called out to him,
He did not hear my voice,
     I waved to him with my kerchief.

I waved to him with my kerchief.
Oh, my red flower of love
     Why have you withered so early?

Why have you withered so early,
My dearest beloved,
     Why have you stopped loving me?

ШЕЛ МИЛЫЙ ДОРОЖКОЙ
1. Шел ми́лый ок доро... дорожкой,
   Дорожкой ми́лый стольбоой

2. Дорожкой ми́лый стольбоой
   А я за... за ним де... девица
   Следочком за ним бежала

3. Следочком за ним бежала
   Следочком я бежа... бежала
   Я голосом ему кричу

WHO KNOWS?
Every day at sunset
A young fellow walks by my house,
He gives me a wink, but says not a word.
     What does he mean by that wink?
Who knows?

When I come to a party
He dances and sings daily,
But when we part at my gate
He turns away with a sigh.
     What does he mean by that sigh?
Who knows?

I KTO EGO ZNAET?
Na zakate khodit paren'
Vozele doma moego
Pomorgaet mne glazami
I ne skazhet nichego
     I kto ego znaet
Zachem on morgaet

Kak pridu ya na guilan'e
On tantsuet i poet
A prostimsya u kalitki
Otvernetsya i vzdokhnet
     I kto ego znaet
Chego on vzdykhaet
Once I asked him: "Why so unhappy? Isn't life treating you well?"
And he replied: "I've lost my poor heart."
Why did he lose it?
Who knows?

Yesterday I received in the mail
Two mysterious letters from him.
Each line nothing but dots,
He wants me to guess what it means.
What is he hinting at?
Who knows?

I am not going to waste time guessing,
So don't wait and don't hope.
But why should my heart
Be melting so sweetly within me?
Why is it melting?
Who knows?

И КТО ЕГО ЗНАЕТ
1. На задате ходит пирень
Во мне дождь погнало,
Помогает мне глазами
И не смеет ничего
И кто его знает
Зачем он моргает.

2. Как воруя я на глязах
Он танцует и поет
А простенькие у калитки
Отвернись и вдохнешь
И кто его знает
Чего он бьется.

3. Я спросила: "Что не весел?
Пьет не радуется житье?"
"Подарил я, — отвечает, —
Сердце бедное свое.
И кто его знает
Зачем он теряет.

4. А вчера прислал по почте
Два загадочных письма.
В каждой строчке только точки
Догадайся мол сама
И кто его знает
На что намекает.

5. Я разгадывать не стала
Не наделяюсь и не жду
Только сердце почему-то
Сладко тянуло в груди
И кто его знает
Чего он тает.

A STONE MOUNTAIN FEARS NO WIND
A stone mountain fears no winds,
No wind can move it.
We fear no foes,
We shall stand firm as a mountain before any foe.

We have designs against no one.
But no one should touch us
For if they do we shall repulse the blow.
We shall repulse the blow with greater force than before,
For now we are unconquerable.

We shall crush and destroy the enemy.
Our road is stormy and arduous.
But our land will flourish
And our peoples' hearts will be filled with joy.

Ya sprosila: "Chto ne vesel?
Il' ne raduet zhit'e?"
"Poteryal ya, otvechatst.
Serdtse bednoe svoee."
I kto ego znaet
Zachem on teryaet

A vchera prislal po pochte
Dva zagadochnykh pis'ma
V kazhdoi strochke tol'ko tochki
Dogadaisya mol sama
I kto ego znaet
Na chto namekaet

Ya razgadyvat' ne stala
Ne nadejusya i ne zhdi
Tol'ko serd'tse pochemu-to
Sladko tayalo v grudi
I kto ego znaet
Chego ono tает.

A STONE MOUNTAIN FEARS NO WIND
A stone mountain fears no winds,
No wind can move it.
We fear no foes,
We shall stand firm as a mountain before any foe.

We have designs against no one.
But no one should touch us
For if they do we shall repulse the blow.
We shall repulse the blow with greater force than before,
For now we are unconquerable.

We shall crush and destroy the enemy.
Our road is stormy and arduous.
But our land will flourish
And our peoples' hearts will be filled with joy.

OY, TUMANY, RASTUMAN
1. Oy, tumany moi rastumany
Oy, rodnye lesa i luga
Ukhodili v pokhod partizany
Ukhodili v pokhod na vraga.

Na proshchaniy e skazali geroi
Ozhidaite khoroshikh vestei
I po starii Smolenskoj doroge
Povstrechali nezvannykh gostei.

2. Na prasceniiy e skazali geroi
Ozhidaite khoroshikh vestei
I po starii Smolenskoj doroge
Povstrechali nezvannykh gostei.

NE BOITSA VETROV GORA KAMENNA
Ne boitsya vetrov gora kamenna
Ot vetrov gora ne dvizetsya

My ne tronem nikogo, da i nas ne tron'Kak zatronesha nas, my dadim otop

My dadim otop krepche starogo
Teper' silushka u nas nebyvalaya

My s ognom sokrashit' vraga protivnika
Tak velit nash put', burya groznya

Chtob zemlya rastviera s pribyl'tsiyu
Chtob narod nash vkusil sertse radosti
НЕ БОЙТСЯ ВЕТРОВ
ГОРА КАМЕННА

1. Не бойтесь ветров гора каменна
   Ох, надо глядеть
   Не бойтесь врага супротивника
   Не бойтесь врага супротивника
   От врага как гора мы не тронемся.
   От врага как гора мы не тронемся.

2. Мы не тронем никого, да и нас не тронь
   Как заспишь, нас, мы дадим отпор
   Мы дадим отпор краске старого
   Теперь сильника у нас небывалая.
   Мы дадим отпор краске старого
   Теперь сильника у нас небывалая.

3. Мы с отрядом сокрушим врага противника
   Так вестим наш путь, будь грозная
   Чтобы земля распела в прибыльности
   Чтобы народ наш вкусил сердце радости.
   Чтобы земля распела в прибыльности
   Чтобы народ наш вкусил сердце радости.

**Ducks in Flight**

Ducks are in flight, ducks are flying,
and two geese.

Oh, the one I love, the one I love,
I wait in vain for him.

You are so far, oh so far!
Where are you, Oh where?

A message from you
Would be so welcome.

When my darling, Oh my darling
You resolve to forsake me

Do not tell me, Oh, do not tell me
Of your reasons.

**Letят Утки**

Letят утки, letят утки
i dva gusa

Ox kogo lyublu, kogo lyublu
ne dozdusy

Ty daleko, ty daleko
gde ty, gde ty?

Ox khoroshi, Khoroshi
tvoi privety

Kogda milyi, kogda milyi
brosat' stanesh

Ox ne rasstazy... ne rasstazyvay
chto znaesh.

**Letят утки**

1. Letят утки letят утки
   i dva gusa
   Ox kogo lyublu, kogo lyublu
   ne dozdusy

2. Ty daleko, ty daleko
   Gde ty, gde ty?
   Ox khoroshi, khorosi
tvoi privety

3. Kogda milyi, kogda milyi
   brosat' stanesh
   Ox ne rasstazy... ne rasstazyvay
   chto znaesh.

**Balalaika Ditties**

Balalaika strum but do not awaken my beloved.
I will not awaken him
I will just gaze at him.

As I bade farewell to Vanya, I sat by the roadside
And stayed there a long time
Admiring his gait.

Do not shake your leaves, my birch tree, I am hurrying off
Vanyu, darling, do not be shy,
You are the only one I love.

**Balalaika Gudit**

Balalaika gudit, zhalko smilogo budit'
I budit' ne razbuzhu
Zato ne ego poglyazhu

Ya Vanyu praovazhala, sela na dorozhchku
Delgo, delgo ya lubovalas'
Na ego pokhodochku

Ox bereza ne kachaisya, ya v derevnye speshu
Vanya milyi ne stesnaisya
Odnogo tebya lublu.

**Balalaika Gudit**

Я Ваню прозжала, села на дорожку
Долго, долго я любоваться
На его походку.

Ох береза не качалась, я в деревню спешу
Ваня милый не стесняйся
Одного тебя люблю.
LEAVE-TAKING

Partisan fighter rode out on a black horse
A steel sword
Ready for the enemy

(Twice)

He checked his steed, stretched out his hand,
The spirited mount neighed
And pawed the ground.

(Twice)

Two hands locked in handshake for a moment,
"Good-bye, my son,"
Said the old man.

(Twice)

The son pulled the reins, waved his hat,
And off he rode
Toward the din.

(Twice)

MY NEW PORCH

Oh, my porch, my new porch,
My wooden porch with lattice work.
I cannot step out upon my porch
Or bring my darling here.

The young maiden stepped out the gate.
From her right sleeve she released a falcon
Admonishing it as it flew off:

Fly my falcon, fly high and far,
Soar until you come to distant parts,
Until you reach my native hearth
Where my stern father dwells.

Strict and stern and merciless,
He does not let the young maid out
To talk with the young fellows.

I did not heed my father
And went around with a young man.

AKH VY SENI

Akh vy seni moi, seni
Seni novye moi
Seni novye, klinovye, reshechatye.
Kak mne teper po senyam da ne khazhivat
Kak mne mila druga za ruchku da ne vazhivat

Vykhodila moloda za klinovy vorota
Za novye klinovye za reshechatye.
Vypuskala sokolka iz pravogo rukava
Na poselkole sokoliku nakazyvala.

Ty leti, leti sokolik vysoko i daleko
I vysoko, i daleko, na rodimu storonu
Na rodimo na stornke grozen batyushka zhivet
On grozen sudar, grozen, on ne milostivyi

Ne puskaet molodu on na ulitsu khodit
Da na ulitsu khodit s molodtsami govorit
Ya ne slushala otca, spoteshala molodtsa.

АХ ВЫ СЕНИ.

1. Ах вы сени мои, сени
Сени новые мои
Сени новые, клиновые,
Речетчатые,
Как мне теперь по сеним да не хаживать,
Как мне мила друга за ручку да не вазживать.

2. Выходила молодь за клиновые ворота
За новые клиновые за речетчатые
Выпускала сокола из правого рукава
На поселке соколику наказывала.

3. Ты лети, лети соколик высоко и далеко
И высоко, и далеко, на родиму сторону
На родимой на сторонке грозен батюшка живет
Он грозен сударь, грозен, он не милостивый.

4. Не пускает молодь он на улицу ходить
Да на улицу ходить с молодцами говорить
Я не слушала отца, спотешала молодица.