

TO NE VETER VETKU KLONIT

ТО НЕ ВЕТЕР ВЕТКУ КЛОНИТ...

It's not the wind bowing a branch

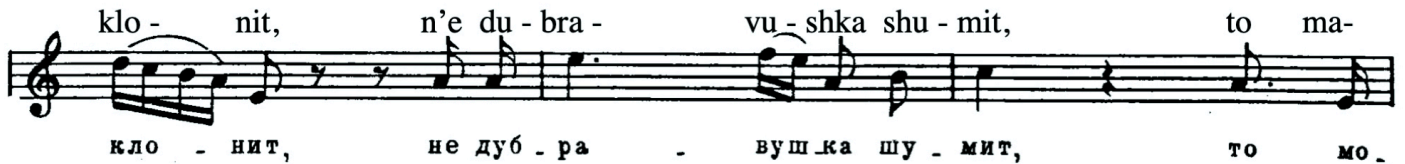
Lyrics - Semyon Stromilov (around 1830-40)

Music - Alexander Varlamov (published in the 1840s)

1. To ni v'e - tir v'e - tku



1. То не ве - тер вет - ку



2. Izvila min'a kruchina,
Padkalodnaja zmija.
Dagaraj maja luchina,
Dagar'u s taboj i ja!

2. Извела меня кручина,
Подколотная змея...
Догорай, моя лучина,
Догорю с тобой и я!

3. Ni zhit'jo mn'e zd'es' biz milaj.
S k'em pajdu tiper' s vintsu?
Znat', sudili mn'e s magilaj
Abvinchatsa malatsu.

3. Не житье мне здесь без милой;
С кем теперь пойду к венцу?
Знать, судили мне с могилой
Обвенчаться молодцу.

4. Rasstupis', ziml'a syraja!
Daj mn'e molotsu pakpj!
Prijuti jevo, radnaja,
F tikhaj kelje grabavoj!

4. Расступись, земля сырая!
Дай ты молодцу покой!
Приюти его, родная,
В тихой келье гробовой!

*It's not wind that's flexing pine boughs,
It's not oak grove's whine in grief,
That's my heart that moans about lost love vows,
Trembling like an autumn leaf.*

*I've been drained by my affliction,
Hidden enemy of mine,
Burn on down, burn bright my torching splinter,
I shall fade with your flame shine.*

*I can't live without beloved one,
With whom I'll walk down the aisle?
It appears that my fate preordained me
With a grave to wed in style.*

*Open up, the wet dark ground,
Give me, fine lad, cold repose.
Shelter my corpse under mound,
In a quiet grave enclose.*

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