

CRANES BUSHLEN ЖУРАВЛИ

Music - Yan Frenkel. Lyrics - R. Gamzatov

Translation to Russian - Naum Grebnev Translation to Yiddish - A. Vergelis

The poem was originally written in Gamzatov's native Avar language, with many versions surrounding the initial wording. Its famous 1968 Russian translation was soon made by the prominent Russian poet and translator Naum Grebnev, and was turned into a song in 1969, becoming one of the best known Russian-language World War II ballads all over the world.

Translation by American poet ©Leo Schwartzberg 2018

Sometimes I feel that all those fallen soldiers,
Who never left the bloody battle zones,
Have not been buried to decay and molder,
But turned into white cranes that softly groan.

And thus, until these days since those bygone
times,
They still fly in the skies and gently cry.
Isn't it why we often hear those bell chimes
And calmly freeze while looking in the sky?

A tired flock of cranes still flies - their wings flap.
Birds glide into the twilight, roaming free.
In their formation I can see a small gap –
It might be so, that space is meant for me.

The day shall come, when in a mist of ashen
I'll soar with cranes, and final rest I'll find,
From the skies calling – in a bird-like fashion –
All those of you who I'll have left behind

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are placed below each staff, aligned with the corresponding musical notes. The first staff contains the Russian text "А - а - а а - а и т.д." (A - a - a a - a and so on). The second staff contains the Russian text "Мне ка-жет-ся по-ро-ю, что соп-па - ро - ю, сhto sal-", and the Yiddish text "da-tы, скро - ва - вых не при-шед - ши - е по - лей, не". The third staff contains the Russian text "да - ту, скроп - вав - вых не при - шед - ши - ји по - леј, не" and the Yiddish text "взем-лю на - шу по - лег - ли ко - гда - то, а пре - вра - ти - лись вбельх жу - раб - а при - вра - ти - lis' v b'e - lykh zhu - rav". The fourth staff contains the Russian text "л'еј. А - ни да сеј ра - гу s vri - m'on t'ekh dal' - nikh li - плеј. О - ни до сей по - ры свре - мён тех даль - них ли - плеј.". The fifth staff contains the Russian text "т'ат i па - да - жут нам ga-la - sa. Ni па - та - му l' tak cha - sta i pi - тят и по - да - ют нам го - ло - са. Не по - то - му л' так ча - сто и пе -". The sixth staff contains the Russian text "chal - na my za - mal - ka - jim, gl'a - d'a v ni - bi - sa? I - a - a чаль - но мы за - мал - ка - јим, гл'ядя в ни - би - са? И - а - а".

Russian

Мне кажется порою, что солдаты,
С кровавых не пришедшие полей,
Не в землю нашу полегли когда-то,
А превратились в белых журавлей.

Они до сей поры с времён тех дальних
Летят и подают нам голоса,
Не потому ль так часто и печально
Мы замолкаем, глядя в небеса.

Летит, летит по небу клин усталый,
Летит в тумане на исходе дня,
И в том строю есть промежуток малый,
Быть может, это место для меня.

Настанет день и с журавлиной стаей
Я поплыву в такой же сизой мгле,
Из-под небес по-птичьи окликая
Всех вас, кого оставил на земле.

Mne kazhits'a paroju, shto saldaty,
S kravavykh ni prishedshiji pal'y,
Ni v z'eml'u nashu paligli kagda-to,
A privratilis' v belykh zhuravlej.

Ani da s'ej pary s vrimen tekh dal'nikh
Lit'at i padajut nam galasa.
Ni patomu l' tak chasta i pachal'na
My zamalkaim gl'ad'a v nabisa?

Litit, litit pa n'ebu klin ustalyj,
Litit v tumani na iskhodi dn'a.
I f tom straju jest' pramizhutak malyj -
Byt' mozhit, eto m'esta dl'a min'a.

Nastanit den', i zhuravlinaj stajej
Ya paplyvu f takoj zhe sizoj mgle.
Iz-pad nibes pa-ptichji aklikaja
Fsekh vas, kago astavil na z'ml'e.

Yiddish

1 Mir dukht, az di soldatn, velkhe hobn
Nit umgekert aheyym zikh fun transhey,
Zey lign in di griben nit bagrobn,
In bushlen zikh farvandlt hobn zey.

2 Un khotsh s'iz vayt azoy shoyn di milkhome,
Dokh flien zey un shrayen tsu undz hoykh,
Es tut bay undz a tsapl di neshome,
Mir kukn af di fraynt, vi durkh a roykh.

3 Es flit, es flit iber mayn kop a staye,
In shtrenge shures – bushlen on a shir,
Un ikh derze dos eyntsike dos fraye –
Ken zayn, dos ort, vos iz fargreyt far mir.

4 Ven kumen vet mayn tsayt – mit bushlen hoykhe
Avekgeflieni, vi yedn is bashert,
Den vel ikh funem himl shrayen oykhet
Tsu dir, vos kh'hob gelozn af der erd.

*Sometimes it seems that the soldiers
Who never came home from war
Were not just buried, but
Transformed into pure white cranes*

*It happened so long ago
They have been crying and flying ever since
Maybe that's why we often find ourselves
Sadly looking quietly to the sky.*

They fly, they fly sadly, slowly.

מיר דוכט, אוֹזְדַּי סָלְדָאַטָּן, ווּלְכָעַ האַבָּן
נִיט אָמְגַעְקָעַרְתָּ אֲהִים זִיד פֿוּן טְרָאַנְשִׁי,
זֵי לִיגּוּן אַיְן דִּי גְּרִיבְּעָרָן נִיט באָגָּרָּבָן,
אַיְן בּוּשְׁלָעָן זִיד פָּאַרְוּוֹאַנְדָּלָטָן זֵי.

אוֹן כָּאַטְשָׁ סְאַיְן ווִינְטָ אָזְוִי שְׂוִין דִּי מִילְבָּאָמָּעָ,
דָּאַרְ פְּלִיעָן זֵי אוֹן שְׁרִיעָן צְוּ אָונְדָּן הוּוִין,
עַט טּוֹט בָּא אָונְדָּן אַ צָּפָל דִּי נְעַשְּׁאָמָּעָ,
mir kookn af di fraynt, voi dorukh a roik.

עַס פְּלִיט, עַס פְּלִיט אַיבְּעָרָן מִינְזָן קָאָפָ אַסְטִיעָעָ,
אַיְן שְׁטְרָעָנְגָּעָ שְׁוּרָעָס – בּוּשְׁלָעָן אָן אַ שִּׁירָ,
אוֹן אַיךְ דָּעַרְזָעָ דָּאָס אַיְנְצִיקָּעָ דָּאָס פְּרִיעָע –
קָאָן זִיְּגָן, דָּאָס אַרְטָן, ווֹאָס אַיְן פָּאַרְגְּרִיעָטָ פָּאָרָ מִירָ.

וּזְעָן קּוּמָעָן ווּעַט מִינְזָן צִיְּטָ – מִיט בּוּשְׁלָעָן הוּוִיכָעָ
אוּוּקְפְּלִיעָן, ווי יְעַדְן אַיְן באַשְׁעָרָטָ,
דָּאַן ווּלְ אַיךְ פּוֹנְעָם הִימָּלֶרֶת שְׁרִיעָן אוּכְלָעָט
צְוּ דִּי, ווּלְ אַיךְ כְּהָאָבָ גַּעֲלָאָן אַף דָּעַרְ נְדָרָ.

mir ducet, אוֹזְדַּי סָלְדָאַטָּן, ווּלְכָעַ האַבָּן
נִיט אָמְגַעְקָעַרְתָּ אֲהִים זִיד פֿוּן טְרָאַנְשִׁי,
זֵי לִיגּוּן אַיְן דִּי גְּרִיבְּעָרָן נִיט באָגָּרָּבָן,
אַיְן בּוּשְׁלָעָן זִיד פָּאַרְוּוֹאַנְדָּלָטָן זֵי.

*From early morning 'til the setting sun
They leave an empty space between them
Perhaps, my friend they are saving it for me

The day will come; it may be close for me to join
them
To fly with them high in that deep, blue sky
And then will I cry with a crane's voice
For those I love; for those I left behind*

Andantino

Musical score for "Mir duxl az di soldatn" in A major, 12/8 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics in a foreign language. The lyrics are as follows:

Mir duxl az di soldatn, vel xe ho bn
nit um ge kert a hejm zix fun tran
šej, zej li gn in di gri bernit ba gro bn,
in bušlenzix far van dlt ho bn
zej. Un xoc siz vajta zoj sojn di mil xo me,
dox fli en zej un strajen cu undz
hojx, estut ba undz a ca pl di ne so me,
mir ku en af di fragt vi durx a
rojx.

The score includes various chords (Am, E7, F, H7, Es) and rests, with a repeat sign and double bar line at the end of the page.