

Roscha Zolotaya

Contributed by Allan Reko
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This beautiful piece usually has our resident guitarist, Lev Frayman, accompanying us, along with piano. Second verse contains a solo male part.

>I0 >;>B00.

!;>20 !. A5=8= -
 C7K:0 . >=><0@5=:>

Roscha Zolotaya

Words S. Esenin - Music - G. Ponomarenko

Russian
 RuGlish
 English

B3>2>@8;0 @>I0 7>;>B00

5@57>2K<, 25A5;K< O7K:><,<

6C@02;8, ?5G0;L=> ?@>;5B00,

#6 =5 60;5NB 1>;LH5 =8 > :><.

!B>N >48= A@548 @02=8=K 3>;>9,

6C@02;59 >B=>A8B 25B5@ 240;L,

/ ?>;>= 4C< > N=>AB8 25A5;>9,

> =8G53> 2 ?@>H54H5< <=5 =5 60;L

5 60;L <=5 ;5B, @0AB@0G5==KE =0?@0A=>,<

5 60;L 4CH8 A8@5=52CN F25BL.

A04C 3>@8B :>AB5@ @O18=K :@0A=>9,<

> =8:>3> =5 <>65B >= A>3@5BL.

Otgovorila roscha zolotaya

Berezovym veselym yazykom,

I juravli, pechalno proletaya,

Yj ne jaleut bolshe ni o kom.

Stou odin sredi ravniny goloj,

A juravlei odnosit veter vdal,

Ya polon doom, o yunosti veseloi,

No nichego v proshedshem mne ne jal.

Ne jal' mne let, rastrachennyh naprasno,

Ne jal dushi sirenevyu zvet'.

V sadu gorit koster ryabiny krasnoi,

No nikogo ne mojet on sogret.

A golden valley is done telling
stories

In a joyous language of birch
trees.

A pack of goose is quietly
departing

Not feeling sorry for anyone.

Alone I stand among an empty
field

The wind pushes the geese further
away

I am full of thoughts about
joyous youth

But have no remorse about the
past

I don't care about all the years
put to waste

I don't care about Spring that's

in my soul

There is a fire dancing in the
garden

But it no longer can warm up
anyone.