

Monotonously the bell is sounding

Ad - na-zvutsh-no gre-mit ka - la - kol-tshik,

i da-ro-ga pý - lit - sa slekh - ka,

i u - ný - lo po rov - no - mu po - lyu

raz - li - va - yet - sa pyesn yam-shtshi - ka.

Adnazvutshno gremit kalakoltshik,
i daroga pýlitsa slekhka,
i unýlo po rovnomu polyu
razlivayetsa pyesn yamshtshika.

Stolko tshufstva v toi pyesnye unýloi,
stolko tshufstva v napyewe radnom,
shto v grudyi moyey khladnoi, astýloi,
razgaryelosya sertse agnyom.

I pripomnil ya notshi drugiye
i rodnýe palya i lyesa,
i na otshi, davno uzh sukhiye,
nabyezhala, kak iskra, slyeza.

Adnazvutshno gremit kalakoltshik,
izdalj otdavayas slekhka,
i umolk moi yamshtshik, a daroga
predo mnoi daleka, daleka.

Monotonously the little bell is sounding,
and the dust on the way is stirred up a bit,
and sadly over the plain field
flows the song of my coachman.

There was so much feeling in this song,
so much feeling in the familiar tune,
that in my cool breast
my heart inflamed.

And I recalled other nights,
and the fields, and the woods of my home,
and into my eyes which had been dry so long
a tear rose like a spark.

Monotonously the little bell is sounding,
slightly echoing from afar,
and my coachman fell silent, but the way
in front of me is still so long, so long.

Words and Music: Russian folksong, arranged by A. Sveshnikov

Pronunciation:

a as in "bar", *e* as in "bed", *i* as in "bid", *o* as in "bore", *u* as in "blue"

y = as in "yellow" / *ý* = dull *i*, as in "bill"

s = always voiceless, as in "son" / *z* = voiced, as in "zone"

sh = voiceless, as in "mesh" / *zh* = voiced, like the *s* in "measure"

kh = mostly rough, like the *ch* in Scotch "loch", but smooth when "e" or "i" follows

a, e, i, o, u, y = the underlined vowel signifies the stressed syllable of a word.

Arrangement for balalaika, musical notation, transcription and analogous translation: Kai Kracht

Comment:

The monotonous bell belongs to a troika – three horses side by side in front of a light coach – which is usually dashing along the far Russian roads at such a speed that clouds of dust are stirred up. The little bell which is tinkling all the way keeps the horses running, and the coachman has time enough to sing one of these soulful Russian folksongs.

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