

## Dubinushka

Mnogo pyesen slýkhal  
ya v radnoi staranye,  
v nikh pro radost' i gorye mne pyeli.  
Iz fsyekh pyesen odna  
f pamat' vrezalas mnye,  
eta pyesnaya rabotshey arteli:

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!  
Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

I ot dyedof k otsam,  
ot otsof k synovyam  
eta pyesnaya idyot po nasledstvu.  
I lish tolko kak stanet  
rabotat' nyevmotsh,  
my k dubine, kak vernomu sredstvu.

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!  
Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

Anglitshanin mudrets:  
Shtob rabote pamotsh,  
isabryol za mashinoy mashinu.  
A nash ruski muzhik,  
kol robotat' nyevmotsh,  
tak zatyamet radnuyu dubinu.

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!  
Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

Tyanet s lyesom sudno  
il zhelezo kuyot  
il f Sibiri rudu dobyvayet:  
S mukoi, s bolyu v grudyi  
adnu pyesnyu payot,  
pro dubinushku v nyey vspominayet.

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!

I have heard a lot of songs  
in my native place,  
they sang of joy and sorrow.  
But one of all these songs  
has sunk into my mind,  
this is the song of the working people:

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!  
Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

From the grandfather to the father,  
from the father to the son  
this song has been handed down.  
And always when  
the work became too hard  
we reached for the cudgel, our true help.

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!  
Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

The Englishman is cute:  
To make the work easier  
he invented machine by machine.  
But our poor Russian peasant,  
when his work gets too hard,  
still sings the song of the cudgel:

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!  
Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

If he has to tow a barge with wood,  
or if he has to forge iron,  
or if he is mining ore in Siberia:  
With strain, and with pains in his chest  
he sings this song again and again  
and thereby remembers the cudgel:

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!

Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

I na Volge rekye,  
utopaya f peskye,  
on lomayet i nogi i spinu,  
nadrývayet tam grud',  
i stob lekhtshe tyanut',  
fsyo payot pro radnuyu dubinu.

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!  
Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

Po darogye bolshoi,  
po bolshoi stolbovoi,  
shto Vladimirskei zdrevle zavvyotsya,  
zvon tsepyey razdayotsya  
glukhoi, rakavoi,  
i Dubinushka stroino nesyotsya:

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!  
Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

No nastala para,  
i prosnulsya narod,  
razognul on mogutshuyu spinu  
i stryakhnul s pletsh daloi  
tyazhki gnyot vekavoi,  
na wragof pripodnyal on dubinu:

Ekh, dubinushka, ukhnem!  
Ekh, zelyonaya sama paidyot!  
Padyornim! Padyornim!  
Da ukhnem!

Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

And on the towing-paths along the Volga,  
nearly sinking in the sand,  
breaking his legs and his spine,  
chafing his chest,  
only to tow a bit easier  
he keeps singing the song of the cudgel:

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!  
Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

And along the big road,  
along the big post road,  
which is named after Vladimir long since,  
there the sound of chains is to heard,  
dull, fateful,  
and in the same rhythm the song of the cudgel:

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!  
Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

But the time has come,  
and the people rose,  
and it straightened its mighty spine,  
and it shook off from its shoulders  
the heavy yoke that had been there for centuries,  
and now it raised the cudgel against its enemies:

Hey, oaken cudgel, come on!  
Hey, the green cudgel moves by itself!  
Let's pull, let's pull  
together!

Words after a poem by B. Bogdanov, 1865

Music: Russian traditional

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" / *y* = 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.

Transcription and analogous translation: Kai Kracht

Comment:

"Dubinushka" probably is an old worksong: The oaken cudgel could serve as lever and increase one's own power, or even multiply it if there came others to help – the commands for the whole group to put their back into it are still visible in the refrain. But today only the poetical version is known which was given to this song by V. Bogdanov in 1865.

Just before, in 1861, tsar Alexander II had yielded to the growing riots of the peasantry and repealed the serfdom in Russia officially. But in fact the peasants got only three fifth of the land they had cultivated before, they had to buy it from the big landowners, and until they had not paid the whole price they were forced to do compulsory labour for the landowners as before. The peasants felt that the landowners had deprived them of the new freedom which "Father Tsar" had granted them, the riots turned into revolts and armed rebellion, and the army needed two years to put down the many insurrections all over country.

But the commotion grew, while Bogdanov wrote this song, pauperization and famine caused a new rebellion of the peasants in 1885 – and "Dubinushka", the oaken cudgel which can remove even the biggest obstacles if people unite their power, became a symbol of the common struggle against injustice and exploitation.

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