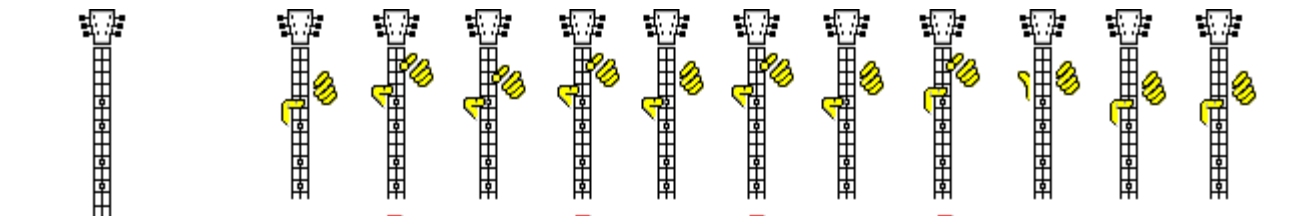



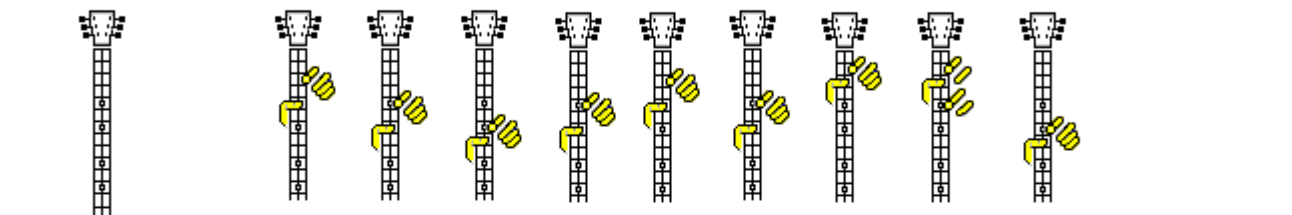
Let the guitar sound




a E a E a E a E a a a



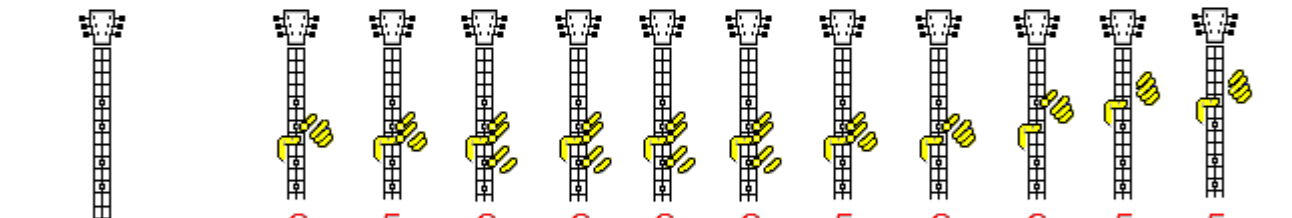
Pust' gi - ta - ra zvu - tshit nye - u - sta - na - ya,




a E⁷ a E⁷ a E⁷ G G a



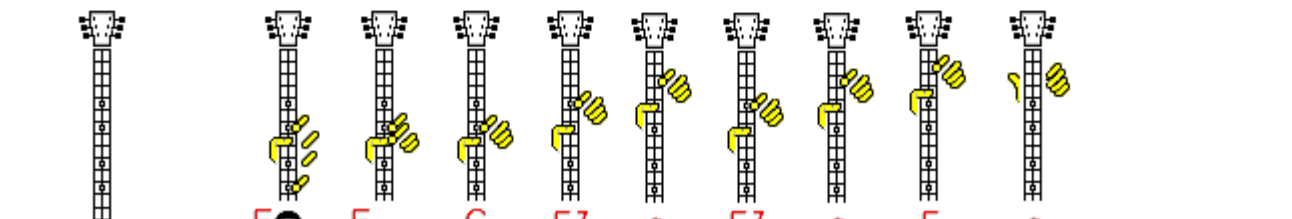
pust' rý - da - yet stru - na za stru - noi!



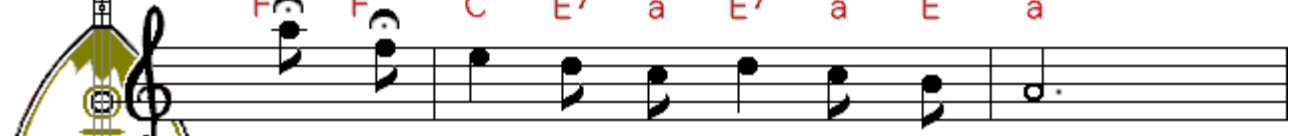
C F C C C C F C G F F



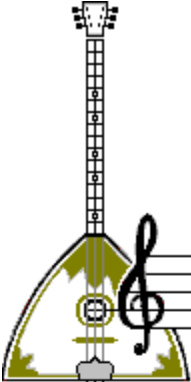
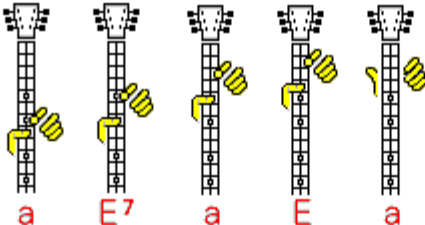
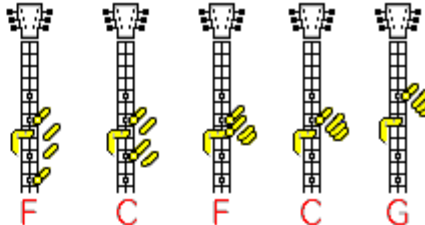
Mozg tu - ma - nyet gla - za tva - yi pya - ný - e,



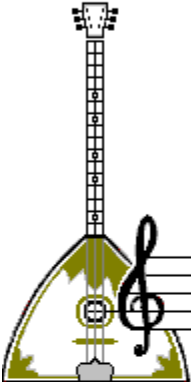
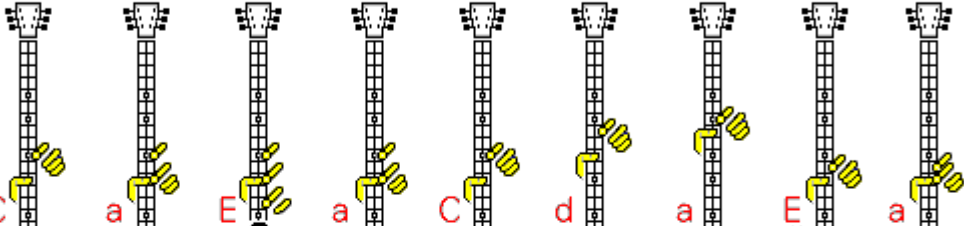
F F C E⁷ a E⁷ a E a



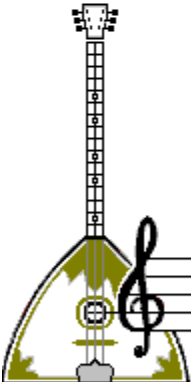
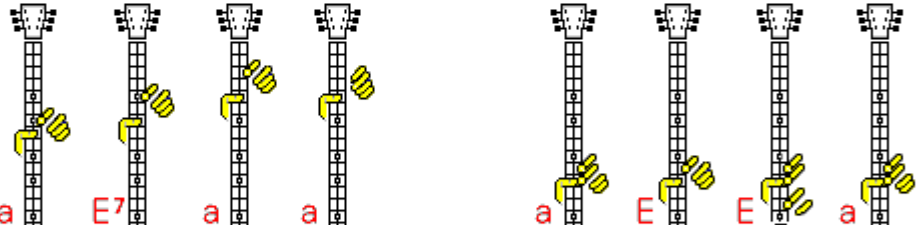
pod na - pyev i tvoi smekh ra - ka - voi.

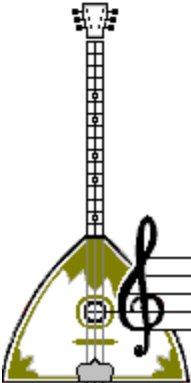
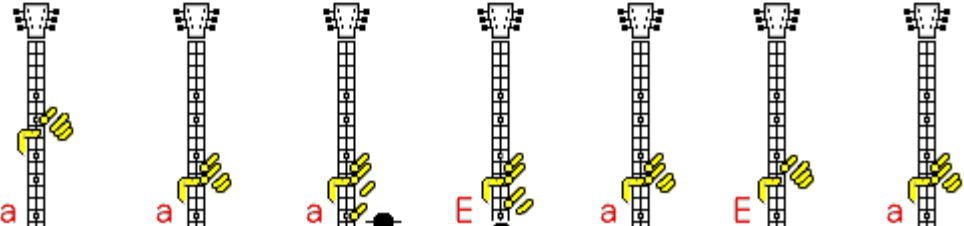
Shto mnye go - rye, v zhi - zni mo - rye

na - do vý - pit' nam do dna. Oi!

Ser - tse ti - she! Vý - she, vý - she

kub - ki sta - ro - vo vi - na!

Pust' gitara zvutshít nye-ustanaya,
 pust' rýdayet struna za strunoi!
 Mozg tumanyet glaza tvayi pyanýe
 pod napyev i tvoi smekh rakavoi.

Let the guitar sound, let it not tire,
 let it cry, string by string,
 I see your drunken eyes through a fog,
 and through the song i hear your fateful laughter.

Shto mnye gorye, v zhizni morye
 nado výpit' nam do dna!
 Sertse tíshe! V́yshe, v́yshe
 kubki starovo vina!

Uzh nye slýshitsya pyesnya tsiganskaya,
 fsye tsiganye usnuli davno.
 No paka yest' v bakalakh shampanskaya,
 zhizn il smert' dla minya fsyo ravno.

Shto mnye gorye, v zhizni morye
 nado výpit' nam do dna!
 Sertse tíshe! V́yshe, v́yshe
 kubki starovo vina!

Nu i stozh, budu vetshno paslúshným ya,
 ot sud'bý, fsyo ravno, nye uidyosh,
 i na shto nam, sud'ba ravnodúshnaya,
 nyet lyubvi, nu i tak, prazhivyosh!

Shto mnye gorye, v zhizni morye
 nado výpit' nam do dna!
 Sertse tíshe! V́yshe, v́yshe
 kubki starovo vina!

What do I care! In our lifetime a whole sea
 we have to drink up down to the ground.
 My heart, be still! Higher, higher
 raise the glasses with old wine!

The gipsy song has died away,
 all the gipsies are asleep long since,
 but as long as there's champagne in the glasses,
 life or death are all the same to me!

What do I care! In our lifetime a whole sea
 we have to drink up down to the ground.
 My heart, be still! Higher, higher
 raise the glasses with old wine!

All the same, I will have to comply eternally,
 you can't escape your fate anyhow,
 fate is indifferent to us,
 there's no love, so let's revel and riot!

What do I care! In our lifetime a whole sea
 we have to drink up down to the ground.
 My heart, be still! Higher, higher
 raise the glasses with old wine!

Words and music: Russian folksong

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:

Like the well known song "Dark eyes", also "Let the guitar sound" is a Gipsy song. The words mention these great musicians, and also the melody shows this characteristic time shifting: To begin the chorus with a rest, to drag the first tone from one beat to the next, and then to return easily to the normal time beat – such audacious rhythms are typical for the virtuosity of Gipsy music.

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