

We rode on the troika

Yekhali na troike s bubentsami
a vdali melkali aganki ...
Ekh, kagda bý mnye tipyer sa vami,
dushu bý rasvyeyit ot toski ...

... darogoi dlinoyu,
pagodoi lunoyu,
da s pyesnyey toi,
shto vdal letyit zvenya,
i s toi starinoyu,
da s semistrunoyu,
shto po notsham
tak mutshila minya.

Da, výkhodyit, pyeli mý zadarom,
po naprasnu notsh sa notshyu zhgli.
Yesli mý pakontshili so starým,
tak i notshi eti ataschli ...

... darogoi dlinoyu,
pagodoi lunoyu,
da s pyesnyey toi,
shto vdal letyit zvenya,
i s toi starinoyu,
da s semistrunoyu,
shto po notsham
tak mutshila minya.

V dal radnuyu novými putyami
nam atnýnye yekhat suzhdeno!
Yekhali na troike s bubentsami,
da tipyer prayekhali davno ...

... darogoi dlinoyu,
pagodoi lunoyu,
da s pyesnyey toi,
shto vdal letyit zvenya,
i s toi starinoyu,
da s semistrunoyu,
shto po notsham
tak mutshila minya.

We rode on the troika with all bells a-ringing
and little lights were blinking from afar ...
Oh, if I only could be with you now
to free my soul from the longing ...

... on the long road,
in the clear moonlight,
and with this song
the sound of which flies far away,
and with this antique
seven-string lute
which in those nights
bothered me so much.

Well, time goes by, we have sung for nothing,
for nothing we have been hot-blooded night by night.
When we finished the old times,
also those nights vanished ...

... on the long road,
in the clear moonlight,
and with this song
the sound of which flies far away,
and with this antique
seven-string lute
which in those nights
bothered me so much.

On new ways back to our distant home
we have got to travel now.
We rode on the troika with all bells a-ringing,
but now we have passed on long since ...

... on the long road,
in the clear moonlight,
and with this song
the sound of which flies far away,
and with this antique
seven-string lute
which in those nights
bothered me so much.

Words: K. Podrevski

Music: B. Fomin, ca. 1800

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.

Transcription and analogous translation: Kai Kracht

Comment:

This melody has become well known in the western world with the English words "Those were the days, my friend" by Gene Raskin. This text was translated several times, and as "C'était le temps des fleurs" or "A aquellos fueron los dias" it soon spread all over Europe. The German version "An jenem Tag, mein Freund" is very popular just now, and several famous singers published their own interpretation on disk just recently. Though all these texts are no true translations of the original Russian words, they express the melancholic, nostalgic mood of this song very well.

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