

Polovtsian dances p71

(Sop)

Ulyetai na kryilyakh vyetra
Tyi vkrai rodnoi, rodnaya pyessnya nasha,
Tuda, gdye myi tyebya svobodno pyeli,
Gdye bylo tak privolno nam stoboyu.

(Alto)

Tam pod znoinyim nyebom
Nyegoi vozdukh polon,
Tam pod govor morya
Dryemlut goryi voblakakh;

(Sop/Alto)

Tam tak yarko solntsye svyedit,
Rodnyiye goryi svyedom zalivaya,
Vdolinakh pyishno roza rasstsvyetaet,
I solovyi poyut vlyessakh zelynyikh,
I sladkii vinograd rasstyot.
Tam tyebye privolneye, pyessnya.
Tyi tuda i ulyetai.