



Name: Korobushka

Origin: Russia

Lyrics:

Oi, palna, palna karobushka
Yest i sitits i parcha.
Pazhalei dusha zaznobushka
Maladyets kava plich!

Vidi, vidi v rozh visokuyu.
Tam do nochki pasizhu
I zavizhu chernaokuyu
Fsye tavori razlazhu.

Tsenyi sam platil ney malie.
Nye targuysa, nye skupis.
Podstavlyay-ka gubi alie,
Blyizhe k milamu sadis!

Vot i pala noch tumanaya
Shchyot udali maladyets.
Chu idyot prishla zhilanaya,
Pradayot tavar kupyets.

Katya byeryezhna targuyitsa,
Vsyo bayitsa piridat'.
Parin' zdivitsi tsiluyitsa
Prosit tsenu nabavlyat'.

Znayit tol'ka noch glubokaya,
Kak paladili anyi
Raspryamis ti rosh visokaya
Taynu svyata sokhranyi.

Oi likhka, likhka karobushka,
Plyech nye ryezhet ryemeshok!
A fsyevo vzyala zaznobushka
Biryuzovi pirstyenyok.



BALKAN FOLKDANCE SOCIETY



Translation:

Hey! Full, full is my box,
I've got cotton and brocades, too!
Have pity, my sweetheart,
On a fellow's shoulder.

Come, come out into the field of
High-growing rye.
I will wait there till nightfall,
And when I see my black-eyed beauty,
I'll spread out all my wares.

I paid good prices for them.
Don't bargain, don't be stingy,
Come, hold out your bright red lips,
Nestle closer to your sweetheart.

The misty night has fallen,
The bold young fellow is waiting.
Hark, here she comes! She has come, the beloved.
And the peddler sells his wares.

Katya bargains with discretion,
Afraid of paying too much.
The boy kisses the girl
And begs her to raise the price.

The night alone
Knows how they came to terms.
Straighten up, high-growing rye
Keep your secret faithfully!

Hey, light, light is my box,
The strap doesn't cut into my shoulders!
Yet all my sweetheart took
Was a turquoise ring."

