



## Korobushka

Oi, palna, palna korobushka  
yest i sitits i parcha.  
Pazhalei dusha zaznobushka  
maladyets kava plich!

Vidi, vidi v rozh visokuyu.  
Tam do nochki pasizhu  
i zavizhu chernaokuyu  
fsye tavari 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  
raspyamis ti rosh visokaya  
taynu svyata sokhranyi.

Oi likhka, likhka karobushka,  
plyech nye ryezhet ryemeshok!  
A fsyevo vzyala zaznobushka  
biryuzovi pirstyenyok.

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 peddlar 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.

RUSSIA