Песня у костра

Andantino

Now the day is slowly ending, Sun has set beyond the hill, And the darkness is descending, And the river too is still. Smoke is rising, golden fires in the night, Pale moon, silver moon, Pale moon above...

gаснет, дого-ра-я, скрывает солнце вда-ле-ке, хо-дит рыба золотая в за-ти ха-юшей ре-ке Вьет-ся
rising slow From the fire’s glow, There is calm and peace for us
here, And the horses neigh, As we start to play The song of our land so
dear. And the
horses all are stamping, Birds are flying in the trees, All these
topot jerebenka, shorok picyv te ni vettvey. Na be -
nois-es while we're camp-ing, Sound so pleasant in the breeze. Smoke is rising slow From the fire's glow, There is calm and peace for us here, And the horses neigh, As we start to play The song of our land so dear.

ре-зел-хнул звон-ко наш зна-ко-мый соло-вей. Вьет-ся легкий дым над костром седым. Хорошо нам здесь тиши

петь о родной стране.