Песня о тачанке

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Allegro con brio

MUSIC by K. LISTOV

1. See, a cloud of dust is rising, Where the horses dash ahead,
2. Through the steppes the gunner's rushing, Where the Don and Volga flow,
3. In the airplanes, ev'ry flier sees the waste tachanka bring,

And their danger recognizing, Bird has flown and beast has fled.
With the tachanka he'll be crushing, Ev'ry enemy and foe.
Then while soaring ever higher, With delight will gaily sing.

Ви дні: обла́-ко клуби́т-ся, Ко-ни мчать-ся впе́ре-ди.
О Бу-ден-нов-ской тача́нке В не-бе-ле-лет чи-ки по-ют.
Straight from Rostov comes the tachanka,
Of its beauty we are proud,
It's our factory's tachanka,
Dashing wildly through the crowd.

Эх, тачанка ростовчанка,
Наша гордость и крае,
Приказов скажая тачанка,
Вече четьре колеса.

Ah

r's tachanka,
ry's tachanka,

Dashing wildly through the crowd.