



Katusha

Выполнила :
Соловьева Ж.В.
МОУ ОГ № 25

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Katyusha

Music by M.Blanter. Words by
M.Matusovsky. Translated by Walter May.

Apple-trees and pear-trees were a-blooming,
Mists were floating on the river deep,
And Katyusha's gone out in the gloaming, }
twice
On the river bank so high and deep



She went out, and sang so sweet and clearly,
Of the soft grey eagle of the steppes,
Of the one, the lad she loves so dearly,}
twice
Of the one whose letters stills she keeps.



Song, oh maiden song above the water,
Fly forward the sunset bright and fair,
To the soldier on the distant border,
Bring Katyusha's greetings on the air. }



May he think of her, so young and lovely,
May he hear her sing her song above,
May he guard and keep his native country, }
twice

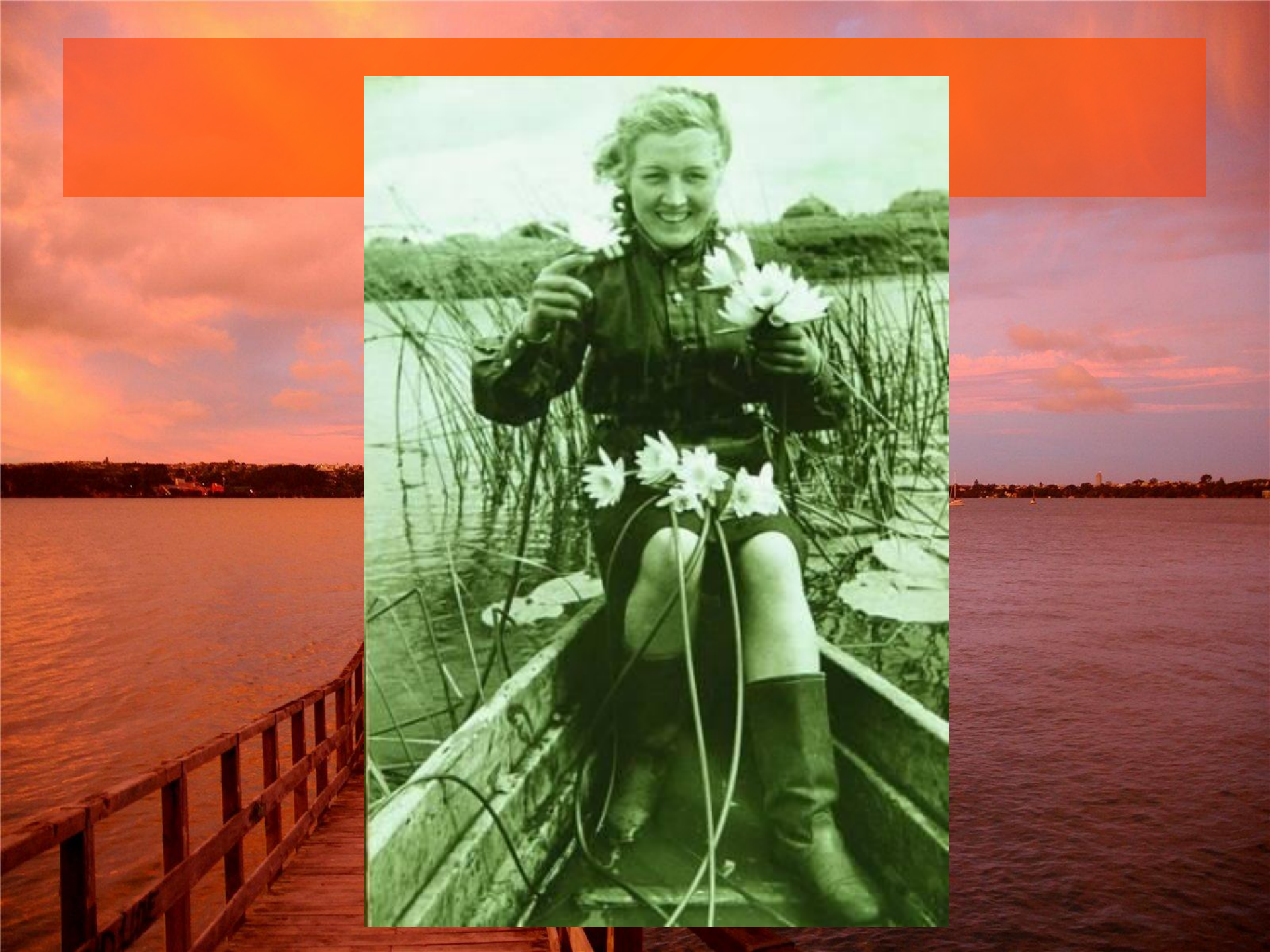
As Katyusha guards and keeps her love.



Apple-trees and pear-trees were a-blooming,
Mists were floating on the river deep,
And Katyusha's gone out in the gloaming,}
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On the river bank so high and deep

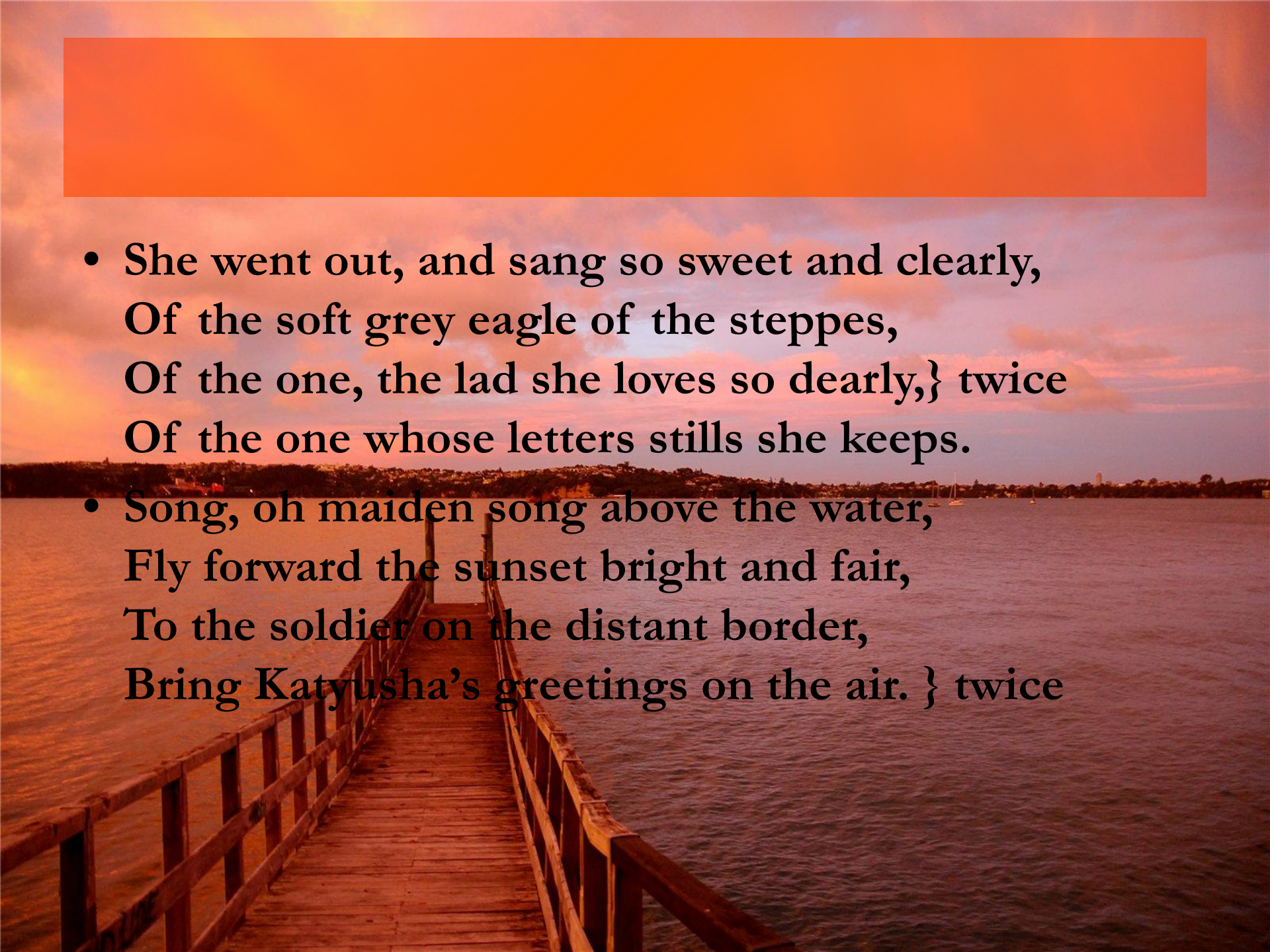


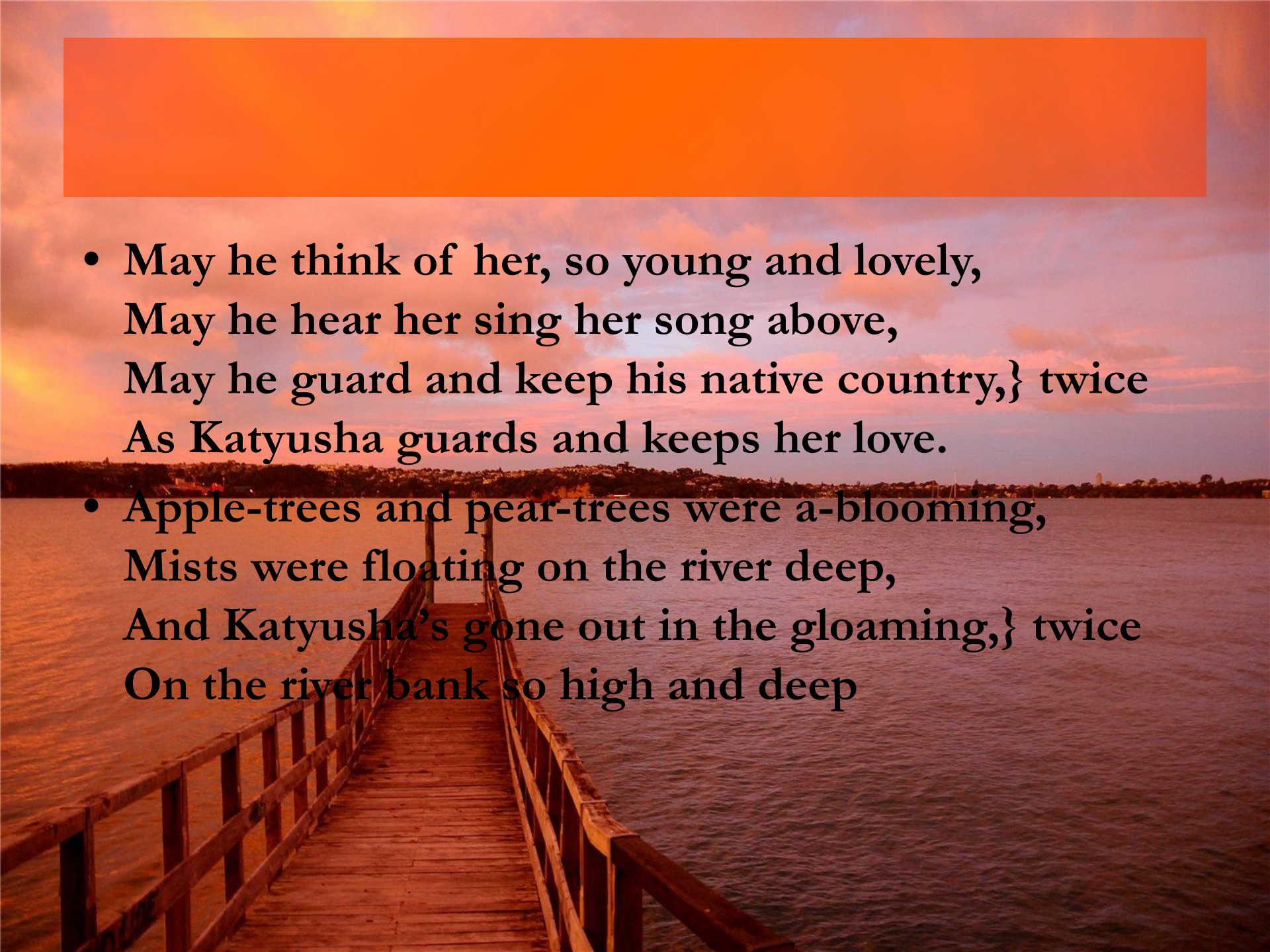


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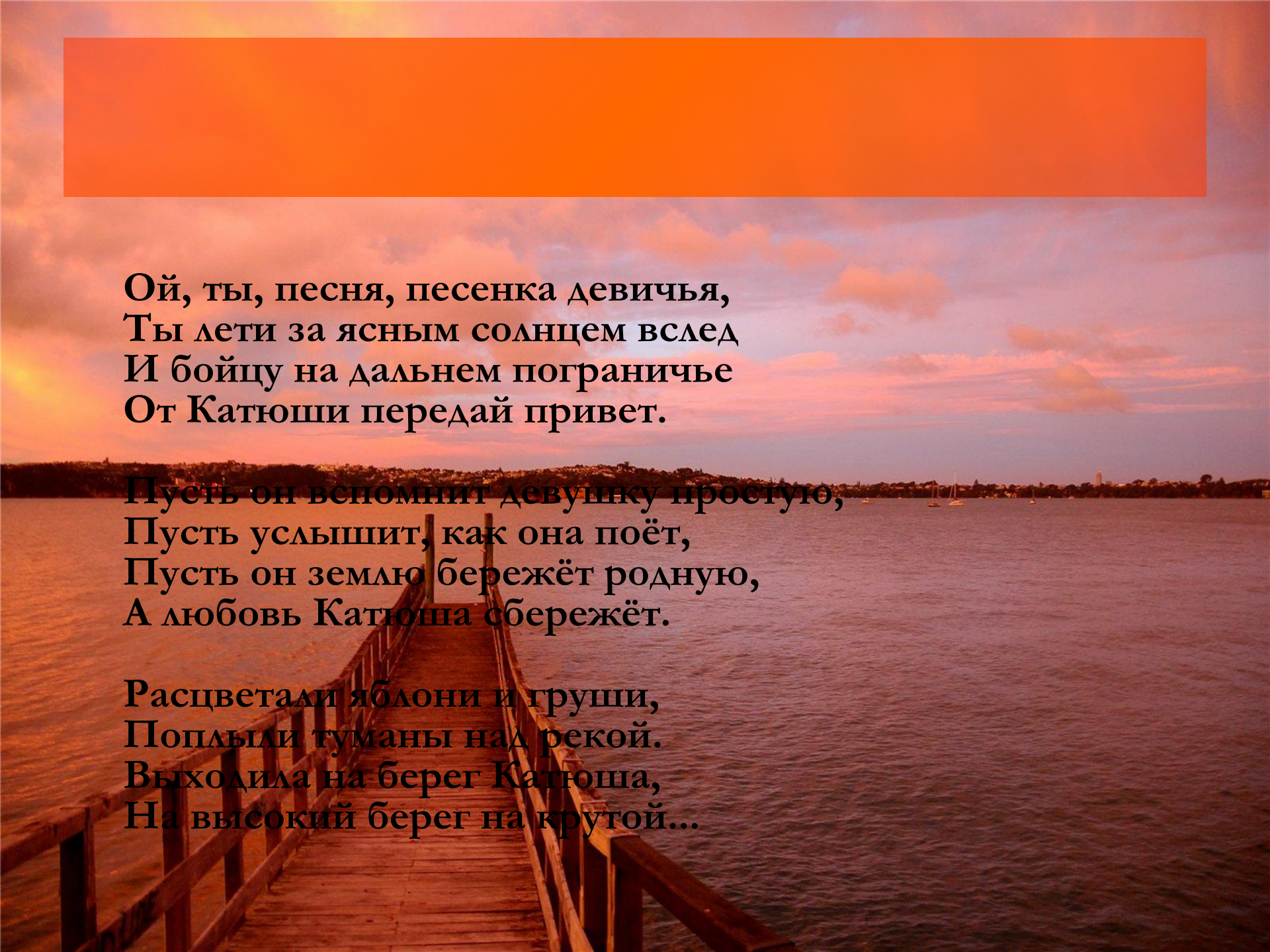
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May he hear her sing her song above,
May he guard and keep his native country,} twice
As Katyusha guards and keeps her love.
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Mists were floating on the river deep,
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Катюша

Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег на крутой.

Выходила песню заводила
Про степного сизого орла,
Про того, которого любила,
Про того, чьи письма берегла.





**Ой, ты, песня, песенка девичья,
Ты лети за ясным солнцем вслед
И бойцу на дальнем пограничье
От Катюши передай привет.**

**Пусть он вспомнит девушку простую,
Пусть услышит, как она поёт,
Пусть он землю бережёт родную,
А любовь Катюша сбережёт.**

**Расцвели яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег на крутой...**

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