

Cranes

Журавлі (Zhuravli)

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$\text{J} = 80$

4

7



File PDF

9

Mnye ka-zhet-sya pa - ro - yu, chto sol -

da - ty S kra - va - vikh nye pri_shed - shi ye pa -

ley Ne v zem - lyu na_ shu pa-lyeg - li ka -

gda - ta A prye vra ti_ lis'v bye - likh zhu ra_

17

vley. A ni da sey pa ry s vryemyen tyekh

19

dal - nikh lye_ tyat i pa_ da_yut nam ga la_

21

sa Nye pa_ta_ mu l'' tak ch - sta i pye_

23

chal_ no my za_mol - ka yem glya_dya v nye_bye_

25

sya?

A

A

27

A

A

Lye_

30

tit, lye-tit pa nye - bu-klin u_ sta_ lyy

Lye -

32

tit v tu_ma_nye na is - kho - dye nya I

34

v tom stra_yu yest' pra mye_zhu_tok ma_lyy byt'

36

mo_zhyet e_ta mye_stadlyamye_nya Na_

sta nyetdyn, i zhu - ra vli_ noy sta_ ye_ ya

pop - ly vu v ta_koy zhye si_zoy mglye, Iz-pod nye_

byes pa_p_ chi o_ kli_ ka_ ya vsyekhvas, ka_

44

go a sta vil na zyem - lye A

46

A A A

49

Mnye ka-zhet-sya pa - ro - yu, chto sol -

51

da - ty S kra - va - vikh nye pri_shed - shi ye pa -

53

ley Ne v zem - lyu na_ shu pa-lyeg - li ka -

55

gda - ta A prye vra ti_ lis'v bye - likh zhu ra -

57

vlyey A A

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A A

Мне кажется порою, что солдаты
С кровавых не пришедшие полей,
Не в землю нашу полегли когда-то,
А превратились в белых журавлей.

Они до сей поры с времен тех дальних
Летят и подают нам голоса.

Не потому ль так часто и печально
Мы замолкаем глядя в небеса?

Летит, летит по небу клин усталый,
Летит в тумане на исходе дня.

И в том строю есть промежуток малый -
Быть может это место для меня.

Настанет день и журавлиной стаей
Я поплыву в такой же сизой мгле.
Из-под небес по-птичьи окликая
Всех вас, кого оставил на земле.

Мне кажется порою, что солдаты
С кровавых не пришедшие полей,
Не в землю нашу полегли когда-то,
А превратились в белых журавлей.

Mne kazhet-sya poroyu, chto soldaty
S krovavykh ne prishedshiye poley,
Ne v zemlyu nashu polegli kogda-to,
A prevratilis' v belykh zhuravley.

Oni do sey pory s vremen tekhn dal'nikh
Letyat i podayut nam golosa.
Ne potomu l' tak chasto i pechal'no
My zamolkayem glyadya v nebesa?

Letit, letit po nebu klin ustalyy,
Letit v tumane na iskhode dnya.
I v tom stroyu yest' promezhutok malyy -
Byt' mozhet eto mesto dlya menya.

Nastanet den' i zhuravlinoy stayey
Ya poplyvu v takoy zhe sizoy mgle.
Iz-pod nebes po-ptich'i oklikaya
Vsekh vas, kogo ostavil na zemle.

Mne kazhet-sya poroyu, chto soldaty
S krovavykh ne prishedshiye poley,
Ne v zemlyu nashu polegli kogda-to,
A prevratilis' v belykh zhuravley.

Sometimes I feel that all those fallen soldiers,
Who never left the bloody battle zones,
Have not been buried to decay and molder,
But turned into white cranes that softly groan.

And thus, until these days since those bygone times,
They still fly in the skies and gently cry.
Isn't it why we often hear those sad chimes
And calmly freeze, while looking in the sky?

A tired flock of cranes still flies – their wings flap.
Birds glide into the twilight, roaming free.
In their formation I can see a small gap –
It might be so, that space is meant for me.

The day shall come, when in a mist of ashen
I'll soar with cranes, and final rest I'll find,
From the skies calling – in a bird-like fashion –
All those of you, who I'll have left behind.

Sometimes I feel that all those fallen soldiers,
Who never left the bloody battle zones,
Have not been buried to decay and molder,
But turned into white cranes that softly groan

Cranes Piano, file .PDF

*** Credit**

- Name: Cranes Piano.
- Author/Composer: Yan Frenkel
- Link: <https://truongca.com/nhac/26273-cranes-piano>
- Email: info@truongca.com
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