

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Three Cherry Sisters Karamazov

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His name was Boris Makaloff
Alexis Gregor Mackaloff,
His neighbors called him Grisha
In their quaintly Russian style.
His life was sad but lecherous
Mid landscape bleak and treacherous
Where Nevsky Prospekt pleases
And only man is vile.

He loved his cousin Anushka
Andreiovanya Babushka,
A gloomy dipsomaniac
Called Sonia by all.
A girl of low mentality
Which, in that grim locality,
Did not impair a maiden's
Popularity at all.

With ardent love did she adore
A student known as Fyodor,
A circumstance that filled our hero
Grisha with dismay;
So when his love she threw aside
He threatened sudden suicide
(A popular diversion
In a merry Russian play).

"Alas," he muttered sourly,
"I'm growing madder hourly.
Don't spurn me, little mother,
For this unattractive guy.
I may say, without vanity,
For unalloyed insanity
You'll have a job to find a lad
As lunatic as I."

"Although," retorted Anushka
Andreiovanya Babushka,
"Your maudlin, drunken lunacy
My girlish heart has swayed,
Though Fyodor's inferior,

He's gloomier and drearier,
A prime consideration to
A simple Russian maid."

Her ancient servant, Rubinoff,
Irked "You're hardly boob enough
To want to wed a student
So devoid of worldly goods."
Said Fyodor dejectedly,
Arriving unexpectedly,
but a simple Muscovite,
But how I love the woods!

"This life is all futility
And chronic imbecility;
It's desolate and empty as
A broken samovar."
"Alas! alack!" cried Sonia,
"I've galloping pneumonia!"
And burst into a melancholy
Tune on the guitar.

"Now, by our good St. Nicholas,
This all is too ridiculous!"
Cried Grisha with asperity, and
Drew a murderous gun.
"My paranoid tendency
Is gaining the ascendancy.
Let's kill this fellow Fyodor
In clean and playful fun."

"Alas," retorted Anushka
Andreiovanya Babushka,
"That pistol is unloaded
That you're pointing at his head."
Cried Grisha, sad and tearfully,
fates have tricked me fearfully.
Let's get a flask of vodka, and
Get ossified instead."

So, as this project germinates
The play abruptly terminates.
(A custom of the Russians to
Leave everything in doubt.)
Although I've seen the best of them
By Tchekoff and the rest of them
I've not the slightest notion what
The devil they're about.

The lyrics are by Newman Levy, published in Theatre Guyed, 1933,
Alfred A. Knopf, NY. It can easily be sung to the tune of STENKA
RAZIN.

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