



WHO KNOWS WHY

И КТО ЕГО ЗНАЕТ



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music by V. ZAKHAROV

Slowly

D7 G Am G

mf

Musical score for piano, featuring treble and bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The chords D7, G, Am, and G are indicated above the staves. The dynamic 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is shown.

Am B7 Em Am

Ev'-ry eve - ning near my
На за - ка - те хо- дит
Na za - ka - te kho-dit

Musical score for piano, featuring treble and bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The chords Am, B7, Em, and Am are indicated above the staves. The lyrics 'Ev'-ry eve - ning near my' and their Russian equivalent 'На за - ка - те хо- дит' are written below the staff.

Em F#7 Bm

home — A young lad he comes stroll-ing by
на — рень Воз - ле до - ма — мо - е - го,
ра — ren' Voz - le do - ma — mo - e - vo,

Musical score for piano, featuring treble and bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The chords Em, F#7, and Bm are indicated above the staves. The lyrics 'home — A young lad he comes stroll-ing by' and their Russian equivalents are written below the staff.

G Am D7 G A7

Not one word does he say to — He just looks and winks his
По-мор - га - ет мне гла - за - ми И не ска - жет ни - че -
Po-mor - ga - et mne gla - za - mi I ne ska - zhet ni - che -

Musical score for piano, featuring treble and bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The chords G, Am, D7, G, and A7 are indicated above the staves. The lyrics 'Not one word does he say to — He just looks and winks his' and their Russian equivalents are written below the staff.

D E7 Am (Am 6)

eye. Who knows why he's wink - ing,— What can he be
 го. И кто е - го зна - ет,— За - чем он мор -
 vo. I kto e - vo zna - et,— Za - chem on mor -

Em G A7 D G A7 D

think-ing? Oh, why is he wink - ing,— Oh, why is he wink - ing?
 га - ет,— За - чем он мор - га - ет,— За - чем он мор - га - ет.
 ga - et,— Za - chem on mor - ga - et,— Za - chem on mor - ga - et.

Fine
D.C. except last time

2. When I meet him at a party,
 Singing, dancing—he is gay.
 Later on when we say good night,
 He just sighs and turns away.
 Who knows why he's sighing.
 He's practically crying.
 Oh, why is he sighing,
 Oh, why is he sighing?

2. Как приду я на гулянье,
 Он танцует и поёт,
 А простимся у калитки,
 Отвернётся и вздохнёт.
 И кто его знает,
 Чего он вздыхает,
 Чего он вздыхает,
 Чего он вздыхает.

2. *Kak pridu ia na gulian'e,*
On tantsuet i poët,
A prostimsia u kalitki,
Otvernëtsia i vzdokhnët.
I kto evo znaet,
Chevo on vzdykhaet,
Chevo on vzdykhaet,
Chevo on vzdykhaet.

3. When I ask him, "Why so gloomy,
 Doesn't life have joy for you?"
 "Oh, I've lost—" he murmurs sadly,
 "My poor heart—it's broke in two."
 Who knows why it's broken,
 He shows me no token.
 Oh, why is it broken,
 Oh, why is it broken?

3. Я спросила: «Что невесел?
 Иль не радует житьё?»
 «Потерял я — отвечает,
 Сердце бедное своё.»
 И кто его знает,
 Зачем он теряет,
 Зачем он теряет,
 Зачем он теряет.

3. *Ia sprosila: "Chto nevesel?"*
Il' ne raduet zhii'ë?"
"Poterjal ia—otvechaet,
Serdse bednoe svoë."
I kto evo znaet,
Zachem on teriaet,
Zachem on teriaet,
Zachem on teriaet.

4. Yesterday he sent by mail
Two letters puzzling me so much.
Every line just dots and dashes—
I just think he's lost his touch.

Who knows what he's saying,
What game is he playing?
Oh, what is he saying,
Oh, what is he saying?

5. I could never guess the riddle,
I could never pass the test.
Only for some reason my heart
Is pining sweetly in my breast.
Who knows why it's pining,
What meaning divining?
Oh, why is it pining,
Oh, why is it pining?

4. А вчера прислал по почте
Два загадочных письма:
В каждой строчке — только
точки,
Догадайся, мол, сама.
И кто его знает,
На что намекает,
На что намекает,
На что намекает.

5. Я разгадывать не стала,
Не надеялся и не жди.
Только сердце почему-то
Сладко таяло в груди.
И кто его знает,
Чего оно таet,
Чего оно таet,
Чего оно таet.

4. *A vchera prislat po pochte*
Dva zagadochnykh pis'ma:
V kazhdoi strochke—tol'ko t
Dogadaisia, mol, sama.
I kto evo znaet,
Na chto namekaet,
Na chto namekaet,
Na chto namekaet.

5. *Ia razgadyvat' ne stala,*
Ne nadeisia i ne zhdi.
Tol'ko serdtse pochemu-to
Sladko taialo v grudi.
I kto evo znaet,
Chevo ono taet,
Chevo ono taet,
Chevo ono taet.