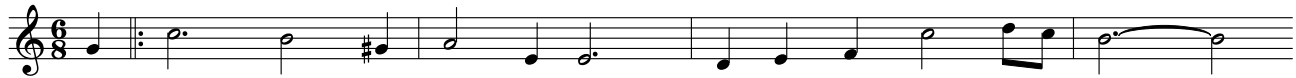


# The Gay Balalaika

Words: by Safiya bin Suleiman (Koshka) (mka Maya Heath) and Wolfgang

Music: Safiya bin Suleiman



The gay ba - la - lai - ka plays Flo - wers bloom bright in the day.  
The bat - tle is left be - hind, A vi - sion is fixed in his mind



In the warm sum - mer heat His mem 'ries are sweet As the sol - dier comes home from the fray.  
A tall pea - sant girl With a soft gol - den curl His dear one at home he shall find

## Chorus



Weep not my lo - ve - ly, shed not your tears.



Soon I'll be with you to ba - nish your fears

The gay balalaika plays  
Flowers bloom bright in the day.  
In the warm summer heat  
His memories are sweet  
As the soldier comes home from the fray.

The battle is left behind,  
A vision is fixed in his mind  
A tall peasant girl  
With a soft golden curl  
His dear one at home he shall find

*Weep not my lovely, shed not your tears.  
Soon I'll be with you to banish your fears*

She sits by the window sill  
And dreams of his handsome young face  
Her lover returning  
An eager heart yearning  
For his touch like a delicate lace

Long has she waited here  
With doubting fear cold as the grave  
She knows in her heart  
That her thoughts never part  
From her soldier so dashing and brave.

*Soon now my sweetheart, you'll be here with me  
I'll ease your loneliness with a kiss tenderly.*

The steppe lands are vast and green  
As only in Russia they be  
And soon he'll arrive  
With his heart so alive  
For his Princess he's waiting to see.

The gay balalaika plays  
For the lovers embraced in their joy  
In their hearts they remained  
The love they maintained  
That the loneliness could not destroy.