

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Minx From Pinsk

The Minx From Pinsk
(Vera Johnson)

The Russian steppes are cold and bare, they have no escalators
And when the winter blizzard blows you need fur boots and gaiters
The wind howls like a banshee ghost, but inside we're as warm as toast
We sit around the samovar, and this is what we sing:

cho: That minx from Pinsk, I never shall forget
So young, so plump, I'm dreaming of her yet
In her red babushka she was beautiful and gay
That minx from Pinsk, she stole my heart away
Hoi!

If I lived a thousand years, I'd not forget my Olga
The many happy hours we spent canoeing on the Volga
She would paddle, I would sing, and pluck the balalaika string
And the song I sang to her it always was the same
That Minx...

I was then her lover bold, she called me brave and daring
And she kissed me when I gave her gifts of pickled herring
When she saw them in the brine, 'twas then she swore that sh'd be mine
It was so romantic that it makes me want to cry
That Minx...

Then there came a rival by the name of Stanislavsky
He took her out on winter nights, joy-riding in his droshky
When the winter turned to spring he gave her a diamond ring
All my happiness was gone, it turned to black despair
That Minx....

If you want a happy life, take my advice tovarish
Never look at girls and never ever think of marrish
Just as you hear wedding bells she runs off with someone else
Better you should cut your throat before that day arrives
That Minx....

If you require more precision, I'll dig out the record and give it a
hear-through. I occasionally do the song as a party piece for my
Hungarian erstwhile teachers of Russian/now students of English: how
much of the words I've changed I haven't a clue. The jokes are all in
the rhymes (and in Vera's asides, also on the record), so all the
punchlines are there except for the rich general-purpose Slav accent. AR

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