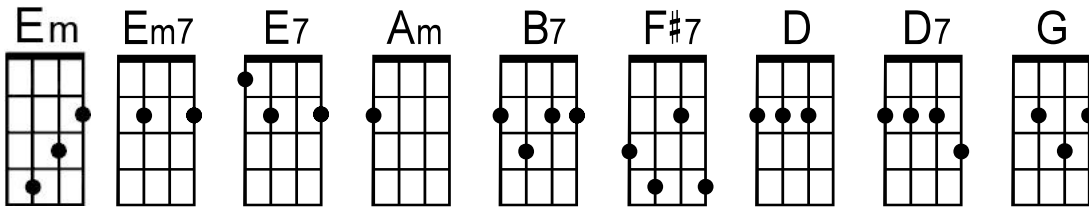


Those Were the Days (Key of G no key change)

(Dorogoi dlinnoyu (Russian "By the Long Road"))

by Boris Fomin (~1925), English lyrics by Gene Raskin



to play Mary Hopkin's version, capo up 2 frets

Intro: -- Em\ \ \ | Em . . . | Am . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . . |

Em\ -- \ -- | Em7\ -- \ -- | E7\ -- \ -- | Am -- \ --
 Once up-on a time, there was a tavern----- where we used to raise a glass or two-----
 | Am\ -- \ -- | Em\ -- \ -- | F#7\ -- \ -- | B7\ - - - |
 Re-mem-ber how we laughed a-way the hours----- and think of all the great things we would do-----

Chorus: B7\ (-----*tacit*-----) | Em . . . | Am . . .
 Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd ne - ver end
 . . . | D . . . D7 . . . | G . . .
 We'd sing and dance--- for-ever and a day-----
 . . . | Am . . . | Em . . .
 We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and ne- ver lose
 . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . .
 For we were young and sure to have our way-----
 . . . | . . . | Am . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . . |
 Da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da da da da da-da Da--- da da-da da-da da-----

Em . . . | Em7 . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . . |
 Then the busy years went rushing by us--- We lost our starry notions on the way-----
 . . . | Em . . . | F#7 . . . | B7\ -- -- -- |
 If by chance, I'd see you in the tavern--- we'd smile at one a-nother and we'd say-----

Chorus: B7\ (-----*tacit*-----) | Em . . . | Am . . .
 Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd ne - ver end
 . . . | D . . . D7 . . . | G . . .
 We'd sing and dance--- for-ever and a day-----
 . . . | Am . . . | Em . . .
 We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and ne- ver lose
 . . . | B7 . . . | Em\ \ \ \ |
 Those were the days--- oh yes those were the days Da Da Da
 . . . | Am . . . | B7 . . . | Em . . . | . . . |
 Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da--- da da-da da-da da-----

Em |Em7 |E7 |Am |
Just to-night I stood be-fore the tavern— Nothing seemed the way it used to be—
Am |Em |F#7 |B7\ -- -- -- |
In the glass, I saw a strange re-flection— Was that lonely person really me—?

B7\ (-----*tacit*-----) |Em |Am
Chorus: Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd ne - ver end
. |D D7 |G
We'd sing and dance— for-ever and a day—
. |Am |Em
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and ne- ver lose
. |B7 |Em
Those were the days— oh yes those were the days—

. |Em |Am |D D7 |G
Da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da da— da da-da da-da da—
. |Am |Em |B7 |Em |
Da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da— da da-da da-da Da—

Em\ -- \ -- |Em7\ -- \ -- |E7\ |Am |
Through the door, there came fa-miliar laughter— I saw your face and heard you call my name—
Am\ -- \ -- |Em\ -- \ -- |F#7 -- \ -- |B7\ -- -- -- |
Oh, my friend, we're older but no wiser— for in our hearts the dreams are still the same—

B7\ (-----*tacit*-----) |Em |Am
Chorus: Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd ne - ver end
. |D D7 |G
We'd sing and dance for-ever and a day—
. |Am |Em
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and ne- ver lose
. |B7 |Em\ \ \ \ |
Those were the days— oh yes those were the days Da Da Da

. |Am |D D7 |G
Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da da— da da-da da-da da—
. |Am |Em |B7 |Em
Da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da— da da-da da-da Da—!