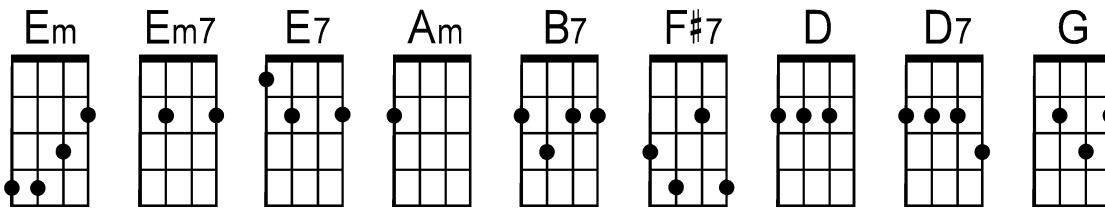


# Those Were the Days (Key of G no key change)

(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 ta-vern, 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 dreamed of all the great things we would do.

| 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-ev-er 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. (slower)  
. | Em . . . | 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 bu-sy years went rush-ing by us. We lost our star-ry no-tions on the way.  
| . . . | Em . . . | F#7 . . . | B7 . . .  
If by chance, I'd see you in the ta-vern, we'd smile at one a-noth-er and we'd say...

| 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-ev-er 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. (slower)  
. | Em . . . | 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 . . .  
Just to-night I stood be-fore the ta-vern. No-thing seemed the way it used to be.  
| . . . | Em . . . | F#7 . . . | B7 . . .  
In the glass, I saw a strange re-flec-tion. Was that lone-ly per-son rea-lly 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-ev-er 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 . . . . .  
 Da da da Da da da da da da da da da da da da da da  
 . . . | B7 . . . . . | Em . . . . .  
 da da da da da da da da da da

*(slower)*

Em\ . . . . . \ . . . | Em7\ . . . \ . . | E7\ . . . . . \ . . . | Am . . . . .  
 Through the door, there came fa-mil-iar laugh-ter. I saw your face and heard you call my name.  
 | Am\ . . . . . \ . . . | Em\ . . . \ . . | F#7 . . . . . \ . . . | B7\ . . . . .  
 Oh, my friend, we're ol-der but no wis-er, 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-ev-er 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 . . . . .  
 Da da da Da da da da da da da da da da da da da da  
 . . . | B7 . . . . . | B7 . . . . . | B7 . . . . . | Em\  
 da