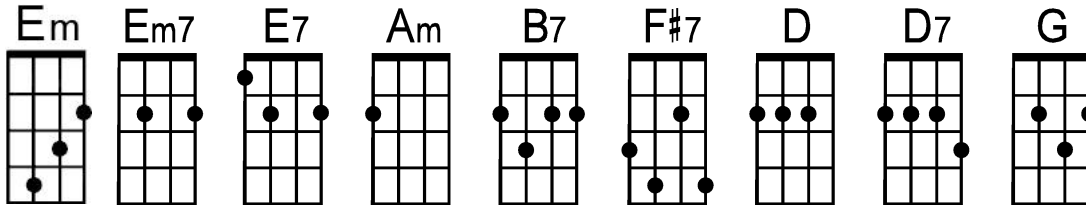


# Those Were the Days (Key of G - no key change)

(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 \ --- --- | 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 \ --- --- | 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-----

| Em . . . | F#7 . . . | B7 \ --- --- |  
In the glass I saw a strange re-flection--- Was that lonely person really me-----?

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

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

Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da da— da da-da da-da da—  
 Da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da da-da da da-da Da— da da-da da-da Da—