[Александр Городницкий](http://moskva.fm/music/%D0%B0%D0%BB%D0%B5%D0%BA%D1%81%D0%B0%D0%BD%D0%B4%D1%80-%D0%B3%D0%BE%D1%80%D0%BE%D0%B4%D0%BD%D0%B8%D1%86%D0%BA%D0%B8%D0%B9%22%20%5Co%20%22%D0%90%D0%BB%D0%B5%D0%BA%D1%81%D0%B0%D0%BD%D0%B4%D1%80%20%D0%93%D0%BE%D1%80%D0%BE%D0%B4%D0%BD%D0%B8%D1%86%D0%BA%D0%B8%D0%B9)Жена Французского Посла

Текст песни

ЖЕНА ФРАНЦУЗСКОГО ПОСЛА

Who’s missing our Tanyas or our Galyas,

Who’s pining for native woods and fields?

In Senegal, my friends, in Senegal you’ll see

the most spectacular things.

Ox, not bad at all, my brothers, not bad at all:

the play of waves, oars sparkling in the mist,

crocodiles, palms, baobab trees …

and the French ambassador’s wife!

Granted I don’t speak French, and she –

not a word of Russian,

But just look at those high white breasts

and that long naked leg!

I no longer need any other women,

Africa has swallowed my soul,

crocodiles, palms, baobab trees …

and the French ambassador’s wife!

Brothers and sisters, my friends –

what has happened to me?

I keep dreaming this one same dream,

techno-color and big as life:

on a bed, sheets torn aside,

is the French ambassador’s wife!

Мне не Тани снятся и не Гали,
Не поля родные, не леса,-
В Сенегале, братцы, в Сенегале
Я такие видел чудеса!
Ох, не слабы, братцы, ох, не слабы
Плеск волны, мерцание весла,
Крокодилы, пальмы, баобабы
И жена французского посла.

Хоть французский я не понимаю
И она по-русски - ни фига,
Но как высока грудь её нагая,
Как нага высокая нога!
Не нужны теперь другие бабы -
Всю мне душу Африка свела:
Крокодилы, пальмы, баобабы
И жена французского посла.

Дорогие братья и сестрицы,
Что такое сделалось со мной?
Всё мне сон один и тот же снится,
Широкоэкранный и цветной.
И в жару, и в стужу, и в ненастье
Всё сжигает он меня дотла,-
В нём постель, распахнутая настежь,
И жена французского посла!

18 мая 1970, 'Дмитрий Менделеев'

Here’s the story (by Gorodetsky himself, a marine geologist), on how the song came about:

 *In April 1970, having the finished the second phase of our expedition, our ship stopped off in the port of Dakar, the capital of the Republic of Senegal. On the day of Senegal’s big holiday – their Independence Day – our captain ordered one side craft to be lowered, and a few of us chosen ones got in.*

 *With our red Soviet flag flying high, we steered our little boat right into the center of the harbor, where the Senegalese navy fleet was sailing by in its regalia. On the shore, all the officials were observing…*

 *SHE was standing in the central grandstand, not far from the President of Senegal, Leopold Sedara Sengoro, and next to her husband, the Plenipotentiary and Ambassador from France to Senegal.*

 *I could see her through the spyglass that my captain has given me. All I had time to glimpse was her long white dress, and wide-brimmed white hat, from which a gauzy scarf was fluttering.*

 *As far as our Soviet ambassador, who was also standing in grandstand, when he saw how we’d steered our way practically into the ranks of the Senegalese navy, he glowered and threatened us with his fist.*

 *Stretched out on my stomach, I barely managed to grab up our anchor and we headed back for our ship.*

 *Nevertheless, we were in a holiday mood. That evening, after my friend Igor Belousov and I had finished off a bottle of astringent, dark red Senegalese win, I thought up my naughty little song about the French ambassador’s wife, whose luminous image continued to flit around in my not-very-sober imagination for a long time.*

 *Interrogations on account of this song started about a year later, and lasted for many years thereafter….*