

Russian Folk

"On The Wild Steppes Beyond The Baikal"

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On the wild steppes beyond the Baikal,
Where people are searching for gold,
A poor man bearing a bag on his back
Waders, bemoaning his fate.

For telling the truth, he found himself in prison.
One dark night he escaped.
He does not have enough strength to go any further.
In front of him there is the Lake "Baikal".

He comes up to it
And climbs on to a fisherman's boat.
There he sings a song,
A sad song about his own country.

He crosses the lake,
His mother comes to meet him.
"O my dear mother let me embrace you,
Are my father and my brother well?"

"Your father has been dead for a long time;
He is at rest in the damp earth.
And your brother is serving his prison sentence,
Wearing chains, somewhere in Siberia.

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