

Russian Folk "Steppe All Around"

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Steppe, endless steppe,
The way lies far before us,
And in that dense steppe
A coachman lay dying.

He summoned up all his strength,
As he felt death approaching,
And he gave an order
To his comrade:

"My dear friend,
Do not think of the bad times,
But bury me here
In this dense steppe.

Give to my wife
A word of farewell;
And give back to her
This wedding ring.

And tell her that I died here,
In the freezing steppe,
And that I have taken her love
Away with me."

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