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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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