

Katyusha

Abney Park

Apple trees and pear trees were aflower,
River mist was rising all around.
Young Katyusha went strolling by the hour
On the steep banks,
O'er the rocky ground.

Oh, my song, my song of a maiden's true love,
To my dear one travel with the sun.
To the one with whom Katusha knew love,
Bring my greetings to him, to him one by one.

By the riverbank she sang a love song
Of her hero in a distant land.
Of the one she'd dearly loved for so long,
Holding tight his letters in her hand.

Let him know that I am true and faithful,
Let him hear that love song that I send.
Tell him as he defends our home that,
True Katyusha our love will defend.