

October 26, 1939

RUSSIAN WHEAT-FIELDS

Passing through the Russian wheat-fields,
Miles and miles of golden grain,
Meadows swaying in the sunlight,
Amber covering hill and plain,

Cloudless skies of azure blueness,
Workers toiling in the sun,
How their faces shine with gladness!
Ah, what pride when work is done!

Through the wheat-fields happy workers
Tilling joyously the land,
With sincere and true devotion
Make their mighty nation stand.