

Mother your children are like birds

February 10, 2026

Verse 1

For as long as I can remember,
The windows always glowed for me,
In the room filled with quiet spring,
And embroidered towels on the wall.
In that sacred, peaceful chamber,
A child's heart would read and know
Shevchenko's kind and watchful eyes,
And golden patterns in a row.

Chorus

**Mother, your children are like birds,
Spreading wings into the sky.
Mother, to your tender room,
We'll return again by and by.**

Verse 2

That endless childhood temptation –
Open the door and you will see,
A table dressed in Sunday white
And mother waiting patiently.

Verse 3

For as long as I can remember,
That white cloth always shone so bright.
In your room, dear mother, I know,
Every day felt like Sunday light.

Chorus

**Mother, your children are like birds,
Spreading wings into the sky.
Mother, to your tender room,
We'll return again by and by.**

Verse 4

Maybe far from home and shelter,
My wings will falter in the air.
The star will fade, and after that –
No more nightingales anywhere.

Verse 5

Son, remember this, my son –
No matter where life takes your flight,
All may leave their mother's home,
But none forget its gentle light.

Chorus (x2)

**Mother, your children are like birds,
Spreading wings into the sky.
Mother, to your tender room,
We'll return again by and by.**