

# Mother your children are like birds

June 16, 2025

## 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.**