

Oh, in the cherry garden,
A nightingale chirped there.
I asked to go home
And you didn't let me go.

Oh my dear, and I'm yours
Look at the rising star
My mother will wake up -
She will ask where I was.

And you give her this answer:
What a wonderful May night.
Spring comes, brings beauty,
And everyone rejoices at that beauty.

My daughter, that's not the point
Where did you walk all night, -
Why untied braid,
Are there tears in your eyes?

My braid is untied,
Her friend untied,
And a tear comes to my eyes,
We had a separation from a loved one.

My mother, you are already old
And I'm happy and young
I want to live, I love!
Mother, do not scold your daughter.