Mother planted marigolds

In its dawn land.

And she taught me singing a spring-song

About her blooming hope.

As I look at those marigolds,

I see an old mother

I see your hands, my mother,

I hear your kindness, my dear.

I know separations and meetings -

Saw abroad

Marigolds from the native land,

What was you sown in the spring

As I look at those marigolds,

I see an old mother

I see your hands, my mother,

I hear your kindness, my dear.

They fly to our field

Cranes from distant lands,

Both flowers and fate are blooming

On my Ukrainian land.

As I look at those marigolds,

I see an old mother

I see your hands, my mother,

I hear your kindness, my dear.