Marigolds

Song by V. Virmenych. Arrangement for carillon by Iryna Riabchun

Marigolds were planted by my mom
In my morning native land
And she taught me how to sing spring songs
About my flowering hope

When I look at those marigolds
I see my aging mother
I see your hands, mommy,
Your kind words I hear, my dear

I've known partings and encounters
In the foreign lands
Marigolds from the native land
That you planted in the spring

When I look at those marigolds
I see my aging mother
I see your hands, mommy,
Your kind words I hear, my dear

Cranes are flying towards our fields
From lands far away
Flowers and destiny are blooming
On my Ukrainian lands

When I look at those marigolds
I see my aging mother
I see your hands, mommy,
Your kind words I hear, my dear















