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4 курс

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About my mother.

Sometime I think about all About nature, space and home, About the only chance for life, Which give us God and dear mum.

We should be grateful mums for happiness For sunny, pleasant, lucky days Which they gave us in spite of sadness, And troubles, more than boundless space.

I don't forget mum's strong will, care When we, my sister, brother, me, Were little gadabout babies Who couldn't be obeyed Mummy

We've never seen that mum had rest, Or walked outside without haste. She gave us all her spare time She thinks about our mind.

One life to live gave us a fortune, Presented with mother, loving me. She always helps in every moment Whenever I feel need for it.