

CUTE BIRD

music by Valery Beluntsov (op.107 №3, №279, 1990)
lyrics by Svyatoslav Bakis

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Once two birds sat on a tree
As the winter drew close,
One of them all set to flee
South from cold North.
"I don't want my gentle wings
Bitten by the frost,
For I wish forever fly,
In the blue sky lost!"

But the other little bird
Said, "I can't leave this yard.
See that tiny flower red
Blown by wind so hard?
Can I let its petals nice
Covered with ice?
I will guard it from the storm
With my tummy warm!"

Then one bird said, "I must fly
Autumn days are short".
So she waved her wings good-bye
Heading straight southward.
Soon her sight
Was lost,
In blue sky
Was lost...
While her friend flew from the tree
On that flower wan and wee
By the cold wind tossed.