

**The Breeze is blowing now
the spring is on its way
wild tulips blossoms are blossoming crimson red;
will the magic spring triumph over the stone and snow?**

**The breeze is blowing now
the spring is on its way
the migrating birds will return again
and will build nests
and will sing
all over the plain of green sympathy
the atmosphere breathes of freedom
and the seasons are lengthy seasons of free excursions in
the gardens
and singing the songs
for there is no trace of the cage
and the spring is on its way**