

## **My mother tongue**

My mother tongue is my conscience, my pride,  
Your fate is so long and so heavy.  
Kazakh is my tongue, my flesh and blood,  
I'm bowing to you proudly and bravely.

My mother tongue is echo of my steppe,  
My mother tongue is stream of our rivers,  
This tongue is wonderful, and it's kept  
In our heart so there it always lives.

Spirituality in you is our strength,  
I wish you endless life length,  
You are free and flying in your freedom  
You are rich and living of about your wisdom.

## **Before the night**

The sun is moving to the west,  
Its rays are hiding behind mountains  
The sun is alone, its beauty is fancying  
Like red ball which is slowly dancing.

Sun meets with Moon in its dark way,  
Now it is in captivity of mysterious night.  
Red gloom is taking daylight away  
Leaving the nature on Moon's high flight.

Everything is calm, peace is all around,  
Silence is reigning hypnotizing the town  
Dream is coming to people, to nature,  
Everything is calm, peace is all around.