

The birds' carol



A Czech folk carol, 'Žežulka z lesa vylítla', translated by Percy Dearmer. There are several carols of the birds from around the world, but I like this one for its simplicity. Arranged by Dany Rosevear.

1. Žežulka z lesa vylítla, kuku, u samých jesliček sedla, kuku. Čest vzdává a prozpěvuje, Pána svého vychvaluje, kuku, kuku, kuku.

2. Holoubek sedí na báni, vrků, dal se silně do houkání, vrků. Je tomu také povděčen, ž. Ježíšek je narozen, vrků, vrků, vrků.

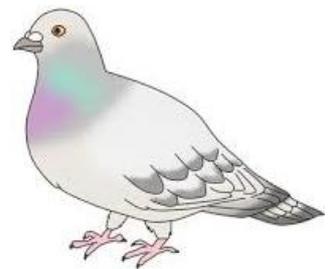
3. Hrdlička nad chlívem lítá, cukrů, líbezně Ježíška vítá, cukrů, až jí nabíhá volátko, svým hlasem ctí Jezulátko, cukrů, cukrů, cukrů.

From out of the wood did a cu - ckoo fly, "Cu - ckoo!" He came to the
man - ger with joy - ful cry, "Cu - ckoo!" He hopped, he curt - sied, 'round — he
flew And loud his ju - bil - a - tion grew, "Cu - ckoo! Cu - ckoo! Cu - ckoo!"

From out of the wood did a cuckoo fly, "Cuckoo!"
He came to the manger with joyful cry, "Cuckoo!"
He hopped, he curtsied, 'round he flew
And loud his jubilation grew,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"



A pigeon flew over to Galilee, "Vr-rereroo!"
He strutted and cooed and was filled with glee, "Vr-rereroo!"
And showed with jeweled wings unfurled
His joy that Christ was in the world,
"Vr-rereroo! Vr-rereroo! Vr-rereroo!"



A dove settled down upon Nazareth, "Tsueroo!"
And tenderly chanted with all his breath, "Tsueroo!"
"Oh You," he cooed, "so good and true,
My beauty do I give to you.
Tsueroo! Tsueroo! Tseroo!"

