

Redwinged Whistler

ChicaKree ChicaKree
Mr Redwing Mr Redwing
Coming from the sunny south
Now returns to reeds and rushes
With spring flowing from his mouth
Mr Redwing, Mr Redwing
Kree Kree

ChicaKree ChicaKree
I remember I remember
Last November when you left
Now the cheery trill of crimson
Brings back joy and gives me breath
I remember, I remember
Kree Kree

ChicaKree ChicaKree
Someday soon now someday soon now
All your flock will come back home
And with all their cheerful whistling
They will write a springtime poem
Someday soon now Someday soon now
Kree Kree

ChicaKree ChicaKree
Coming closer coming closer
The night goes to meet the dawn
And between the snow and sunshine
Cheers the sweetness of your song
Coming closer coming closer
Kree Kree