

Richard Thompson, Sumer Is Icumen In

Summer has come in
Sing loudly, cuckoo!
Seed grows and meadows bloom
And the wood springs forth anew.
Sing, cuccu!

The ewe bleats after the lamb
The cow lows after the calf
The bull leaps, the buck farts.
Murie sing, cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu,
You sing well, cuccu.
Never be quiet now, ever!

Sing cuccu nu, sing cuccu!
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu nu!