

Cuckoo, cuckoo calls from the wood:
Let us sing,
Let us dance!
Spring will soon be here.

Cuckoo, cuckoo does not cease calling:
Come to the fields,
The meadows and woods!
Spring, don't be long in coming!

Cuckoo, cuckoo, gallant hero!
Your refrain
Was not in vain:
Winter is on the run.