

Three Mistle Thrush Chicks

'Cheap, cheap, cheap,'
Three Mistle Thrush chicks
Waiting for their mum.
Soft feather down,
Open, yellow beaks,
Their journey's just begun.

'Cheap, cheap, cheap,'
Cry the Mistle Thrush chicks
Stretching to the sky.
'We will flap our wings,'
Say the Mistle Thrush chicks,
'And very soon we'll fly.'

'Cheap, cheap, cheap,'
Cry the Mistle Thrush chicks.
Mum's back in the nest.
She feeds her hungry Mistle Thrush chicks.
Now it is time to rest.

'Cheap, cheap, cheap,'
Cry the Mistle Thrush chicks.
They sit beneath Mum's wing.
'I will keep you safe,' says the Mistle Thrush mum.
'A lullaby, I'll sing.'

