

# The Ugly Duckling

Danny Kaye

There once was an ugly duckling  
With feathers all stubby and brown  
And the other birds said in so many words

Get out of town  
Get out, get out, get out of town  
And he went with a quack and a waddle and a quack  
In a flurry of eiderdown

That poor little ugly duckling  
Went wandering far and near  
But at every place they said to his face

Now get out of here, get out, get out, get out of here  
And he went with a quack and a waddle and a quack  
And a very unhappy tear

All through the wintertime he hid himself away  
Ashamed to show his face, afraid of what others might say  
All through the winter in his lonely clump of wheat  
Till a flock of swans spied him there and very soon agreed

You're a very fine swan indeed!  
A swan? Me a swan? Ah, go on!  
And he said yes, you're a swan  
Take a look at yourself in the lake and you'll see  
And he looked, and he saw, and he said  
I am a swan! Whee!

I'm not such an ugly duckling  
No feathers all stubby and brown  
For in fact these birds in so many words said  
The best in town, the best, the best  
The best in town

Not a quack, not a quack, not a waddle or a quack  
But a glide and a whistle and a snowy white back  
And a head so noble and high  
Say who's an ugly duckling?

Not I!  
Not I!