

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!