**Russian Folklore: Cuckoo Bird**

**Translation by: Olga Goubanova**

In the field there stand a birch tree, curly birch.

And on that birch a cuckoo bird is cuckooing

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This is not a cuckoo bird but a dear mother,

She was seeing her son off to serve as a soldier.

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Go, go, my son, go and fight,

After a year or two come back.

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Here passed one year.

Here passed another.

And on the third year her son came back.

And on the third year her son came back.

He returned with his young wife,

With his young wife, oh, with the unloved daughter-in-law.

With his young wife, oh, with the unloved daughter-in-law.

Sit down, my son, at the oak table.

The unloved daughter-in-law is standing at the threshold.

Son is given a glass of wine.

The unloved daughter-in-law is given a green poison.