

The Song of  
Rococo

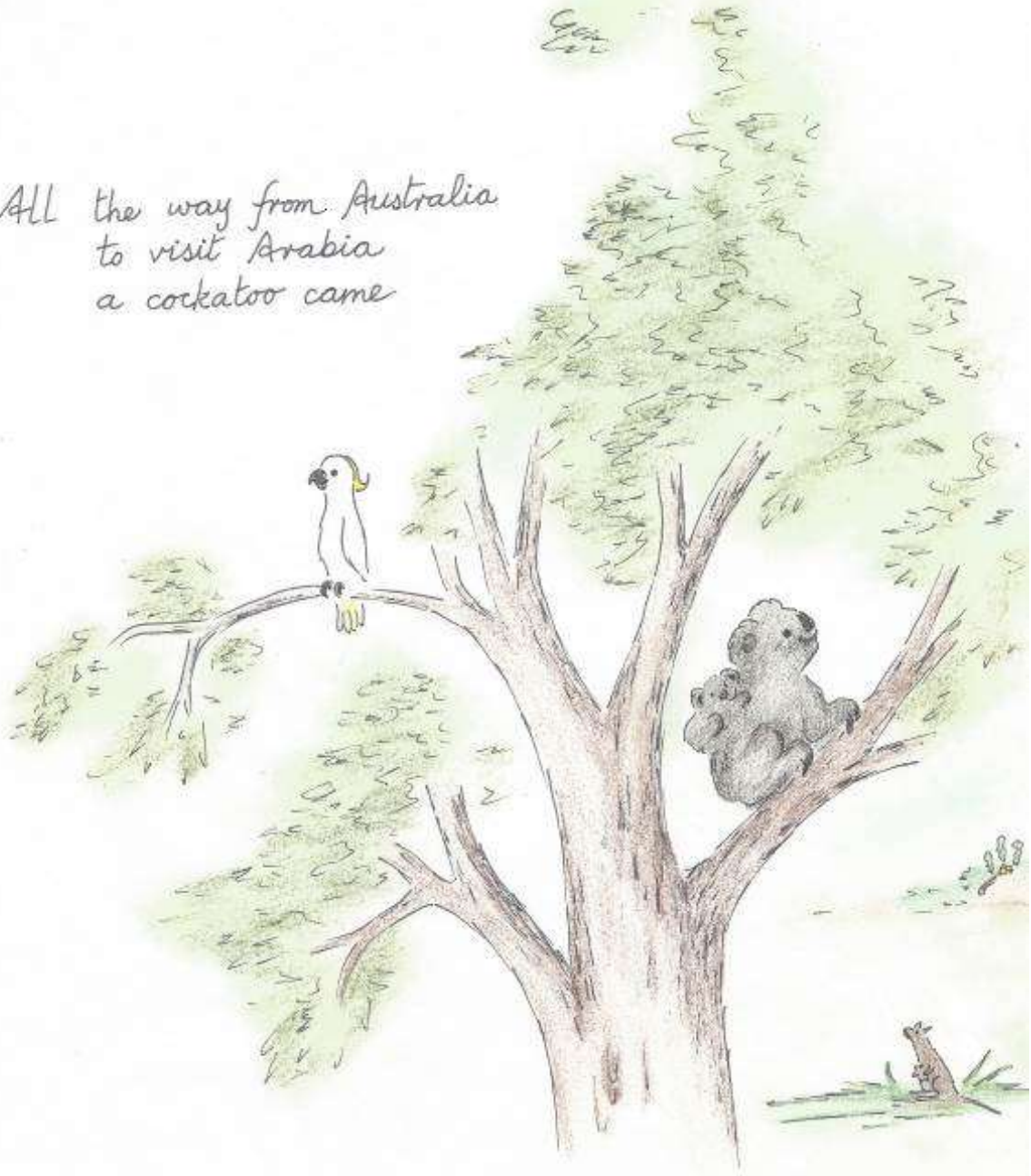
by

Susana Ibarra de Pint



Si

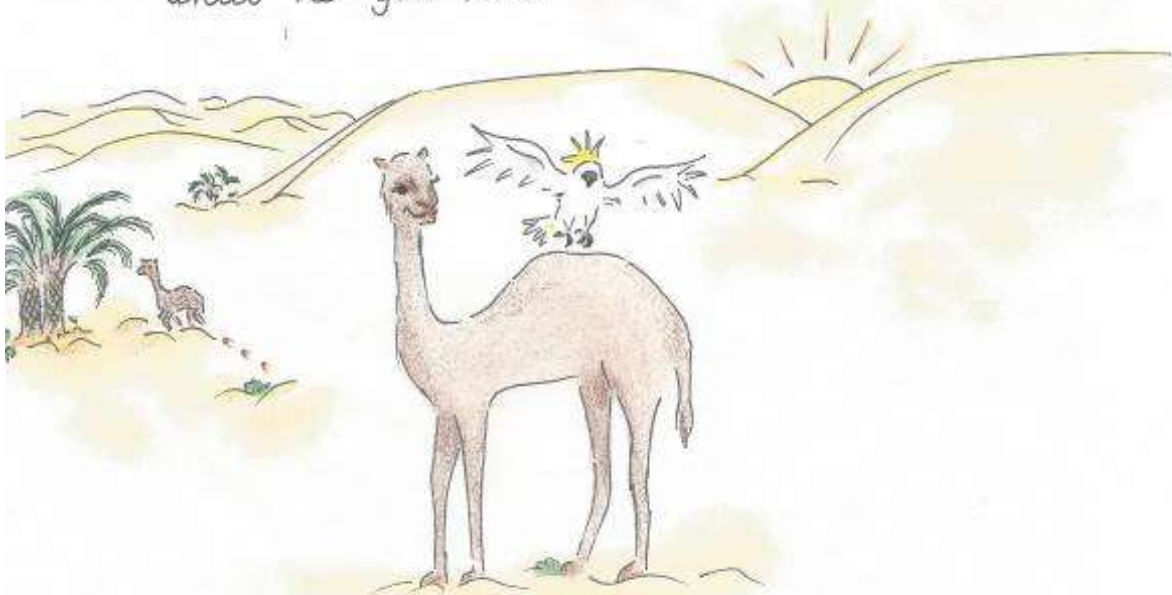
All the way from Australia  
to visit Arabia  
a cockatoo came





*He flew over valleys  
and mountains  
o'er deserts and oceans*

*until he got here*



He found good friends  
and decided here to stay



His secret we learned  
his name was:



Rooco!

Rococo, beautiful bird  
Rococo, beautiful friend



Rococo, if I were a bird

I would marry you for sure

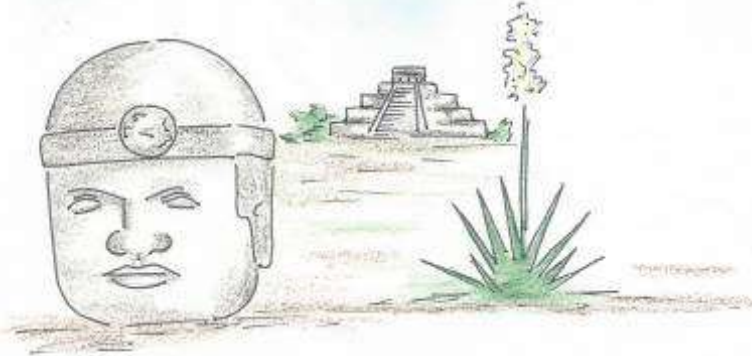


To Africa, Australia

Korea



to Mexico



Spain  
together we'd go



In France we could stop  
for a while  
to visit the woods  
of Plessis-Robinson.



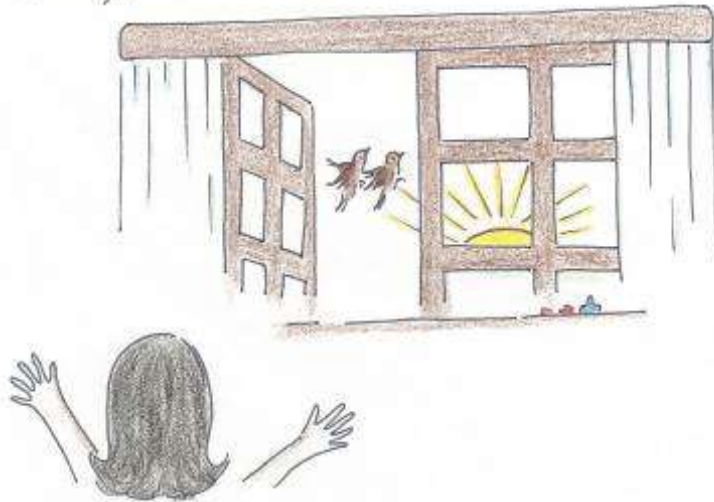
There we'd find  
two tiny little birds





*They lived  
inside our house*

*but escaped in search of the sun*

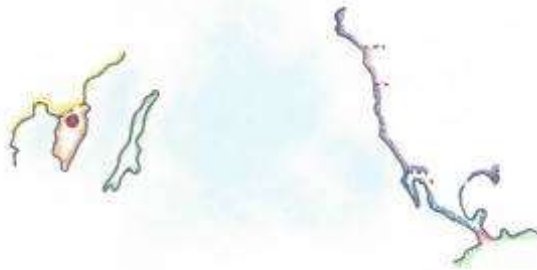




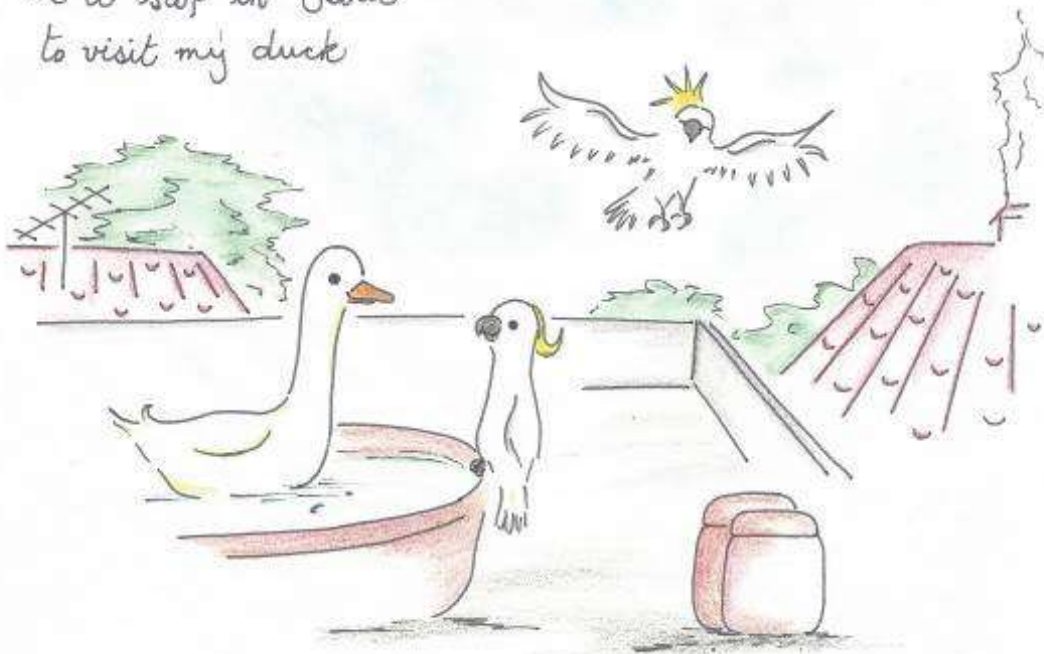
Rococo, beautiful bird... \*



In the summer  
we'd go to Korea



We'd stop in Seoul  
to visit my duck



He's white, he's cute  
he's friendly



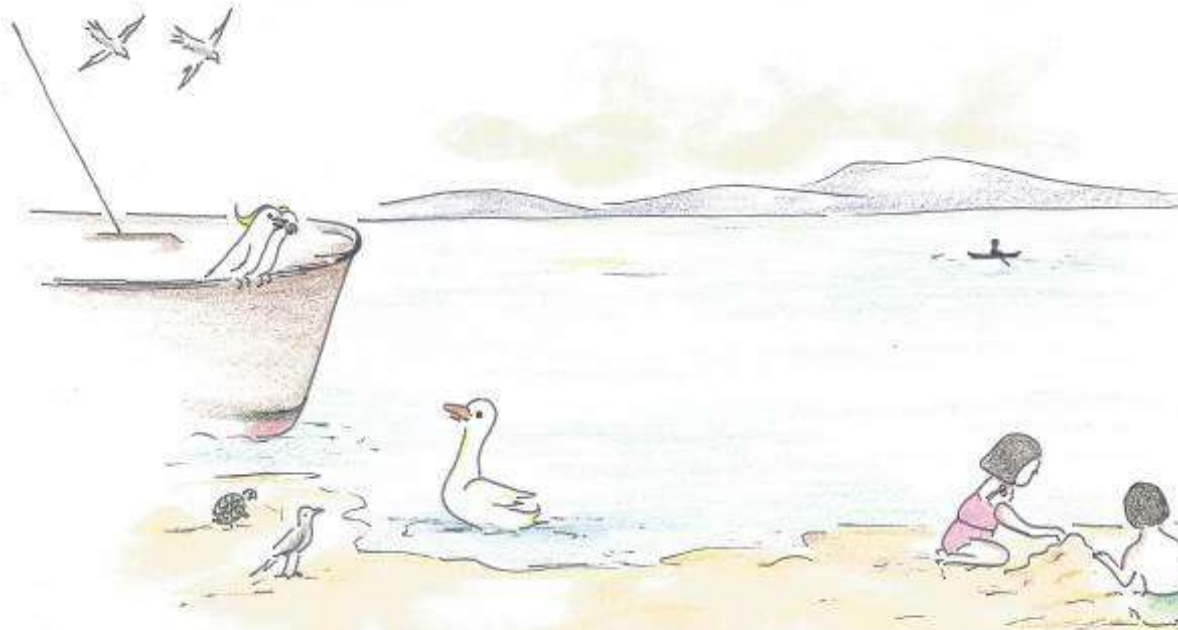
he's sweet  
and ever so soft...



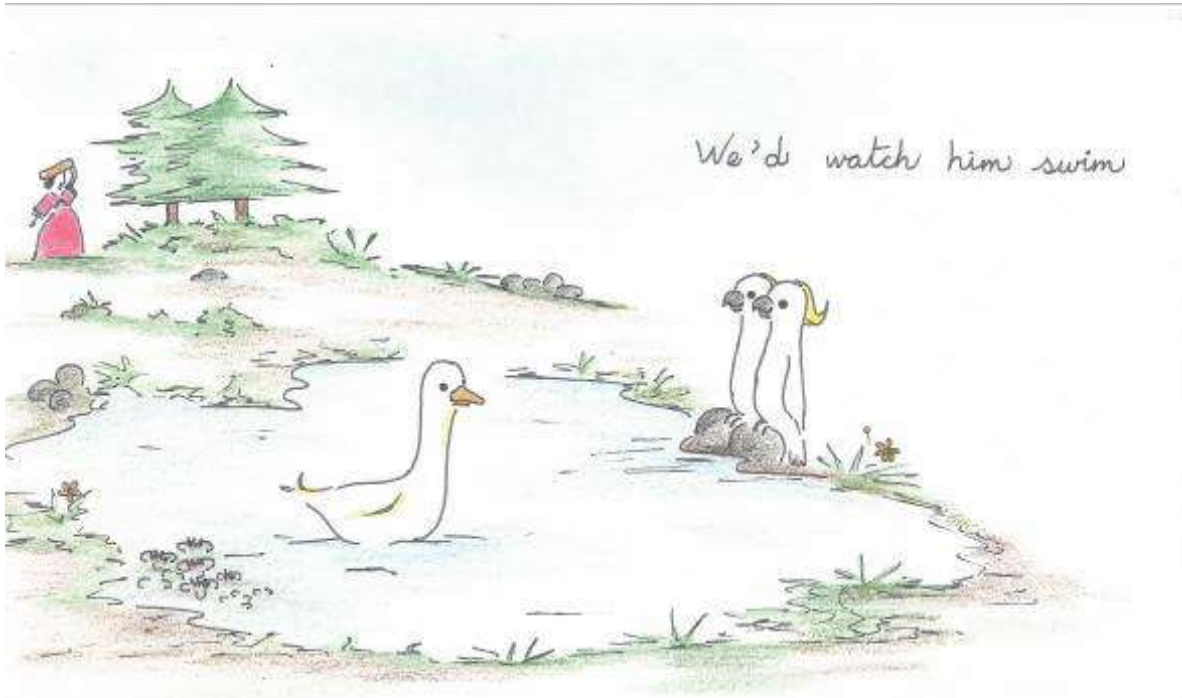
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*just like you!*





We'd visit the beach  
the rivers and the lakes



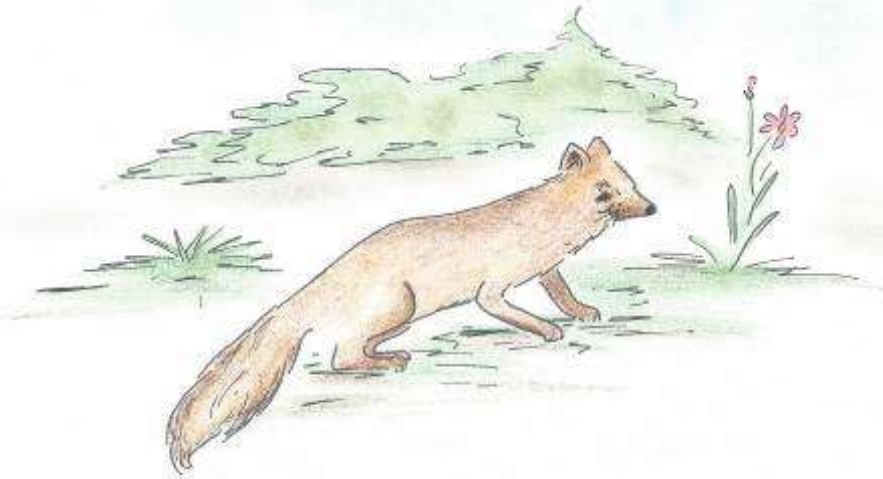
*We'd watch him swim*



*and perhaps we'd swim with him*

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Rococo, beautiful bird... \*

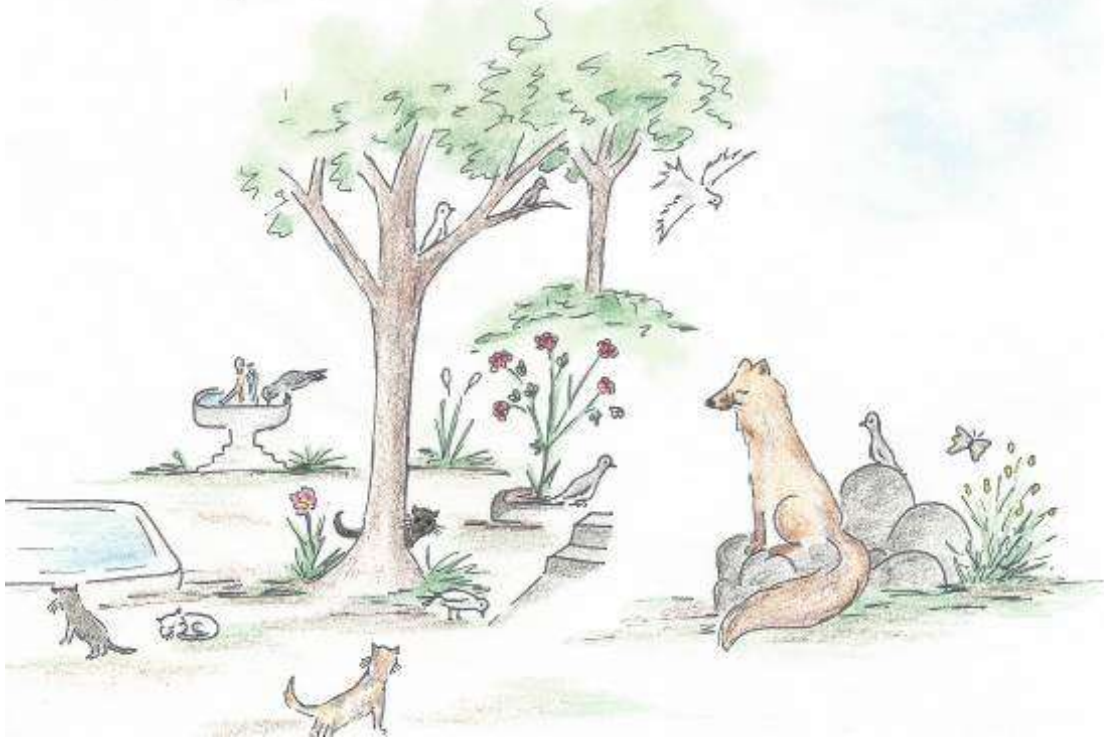


In Spain, close to Barcelona  
up there in Cabrils, we'd visit a fox

He lives in the hills  
in a garden



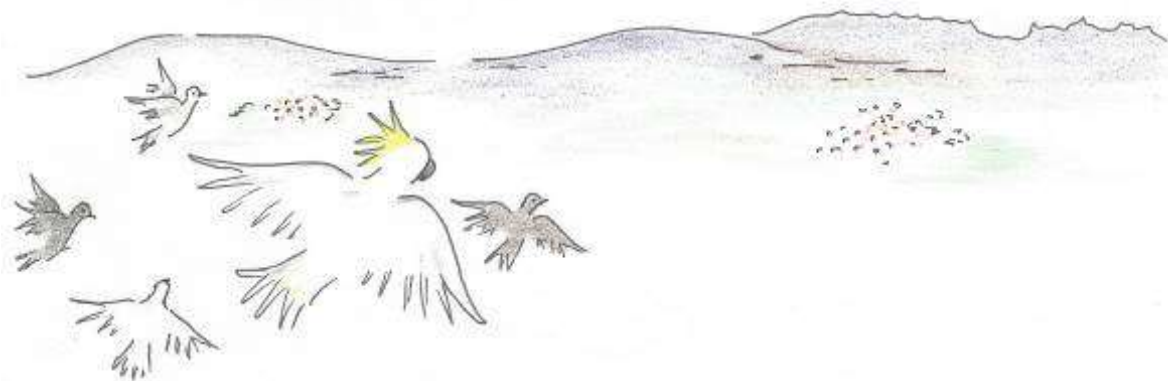
Surrounded by flowers,  
by cats and by doves





They'd be your friends  
I'm very sure of this





The doves would take you around  
to see the nearby towns

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* Rococo, beautiful bird...  
\*

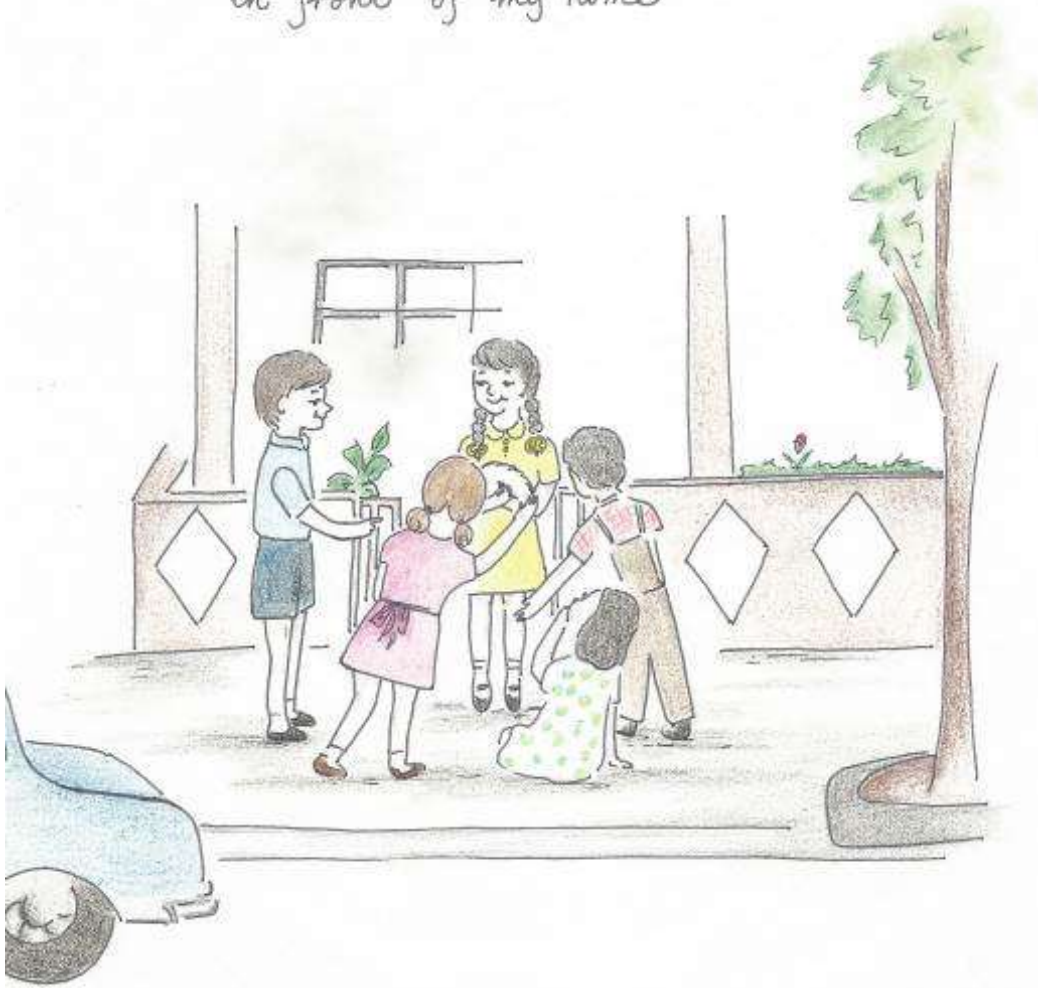


*And guess what we'd see in my country?*



I think you would like him  
and he'd like you too

I met him one day in the morning  
he was with some children  
in front of my home



Two long ears he has



big feet



a small round tail



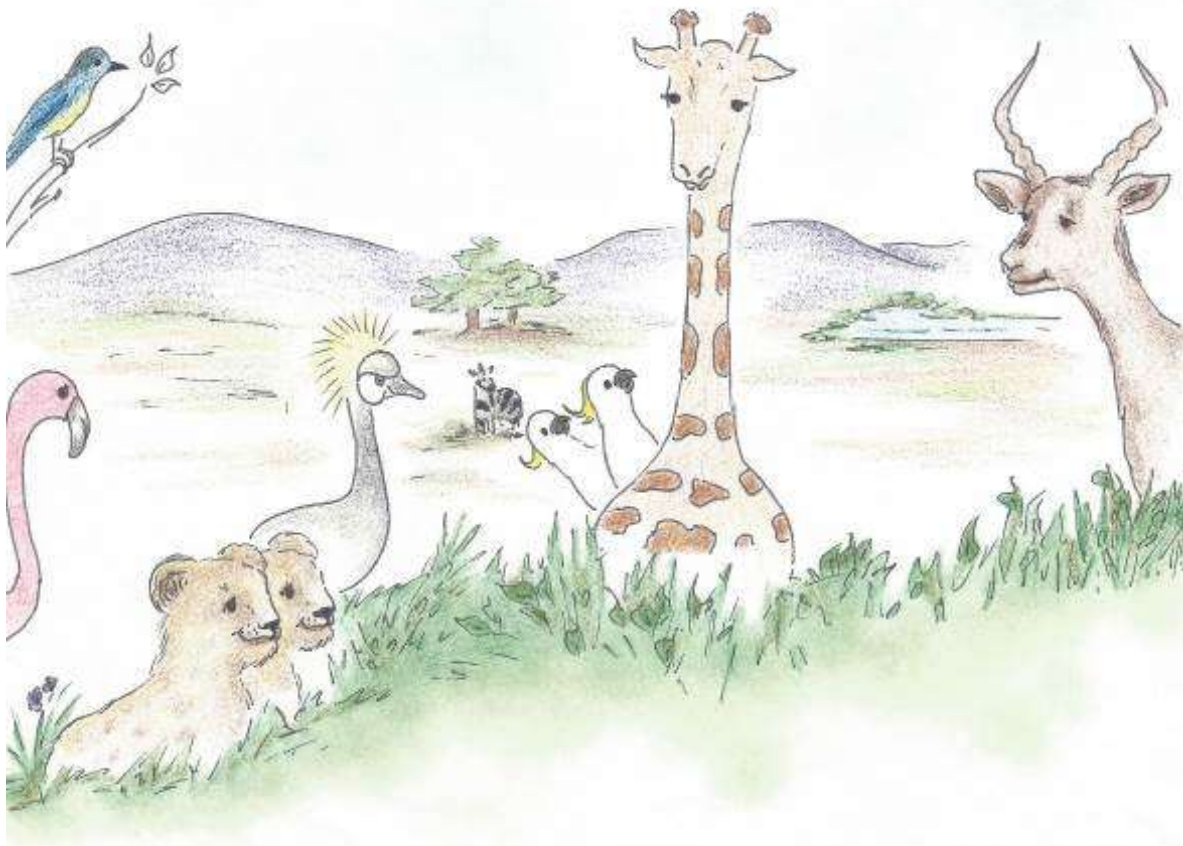


Oh, yes! That's it:  
a rabbit, sure it is!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Roco, beautiful bird... \*

In Africa, down in the jungle  
we'd find lots of friends  
we'd have lots of fun



We'd ask a lion, a panther  
an eagle, a bird  
to give us a tour





Wouldn't it be great?  
perhaps we'd stay right there  
Time would go by  
... time wouldn't count for us!

