

WEST VIRGINIA
MUSIC
HALL OF FAME



Hazel Dickens sings this song a capella, with no instruments, in the old mountain style she learned from her father. She wrote it in 1972, when she was 37 years old. She had moved from West Virginia to work in the Baltimore area. "I envied the little bird sitting on the high wire," she said. "It could fly away at any given moment and be free."

Hazel Dickens



Pretty Bird

by Hazel Dickens

Fly away little pretty bird
Fly, oh fly away
Fly away, little pretty bird
And pretty you'll always stay.

I see in your eyes the promise
Your own tender love you'll bring
But fly away, little pretty bird
Cold runneth the spring

Love's own tender flames warm this meeting
And love's tender songs you'd sing
But fly away little pretty bird
And pretty you'll always stay

I cannot make you no promise
Love is such a delicate thing
Fly away little pretty bird
For he'd only clip your wings.

Fly away little pretty bird
Fly, fly away
Fly away, little pretty bird
And pretty you'll always stay.

Fly far beyond the dark mountain
To where you'll be free evermore
Fly away, little pretty bird
Where the cold winter winds don't blow.