The Cuckoo

The cuckoo she's a merry bird, she sings as she flies
She brings us good tidings and tells us no lies
She sucks all the small birds eggs to make her voice clear
And she never sings 'cuckoo' till the summer draws near

As I was a walking and talking one day
I met my own true love as he came that way
Oh to meet him was a pleasure though the courting a woe
For I found him false hearted; he would kiss me and go

If I was a scholar and could handle a pen
I'd write to my true love and to all roving men
I would tell them of the grief and woe that attend on their lives
I would ask them to have pity on the flow'r when it dies

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