

The Cuckoo (is a pretty bird)

English Folk Song

Traditional

The cuck-oo is a pret-ty bird, she sing - eth as she flies

5 She bring - eth us good tid - ings, she tel - leth us no lies.

10 She suck - eth at sweet flow-ers to keep her throt-tle clear,

15 and ev'- ry time she sing-eth cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo the summer draweth near.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies;
She bringeth us good tidings, she telleth us no lies.
She sucketh at white flowers to make her throat so clear.
And when we hear her singing,
'Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' The summer draweth near.

The cuckoo is a giddy bird, no other is as she,
She flits across the meadow, and sits in every tree.
A nest she never buildeth, a vagrant she doth roam;
Her music is but sorrow, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
I nowhere have a home.

The cuckoo is a witty bird, she cometh with the spring.
When autumn winds are blowing, she spreadeth wide her wing.
The winter she disdaineth, she shuns the rain and snow.
With her I would be singing, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
And off with her I'd go.