

**Cuckoo, The**  
**by Donovan**

The cuckoo she's a pretty bird  
She sings as she flies  
She brings us glad tidings  
And tells us no lies  
She sucks all sweet flowers  
To make her voice clear  
She never sings cuckoo  
Till summer is near

She flies the hills over  
She flies the world about  
She flies back to the mountain  
She mourns for her love

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