

Cuckoo is a Pretty Bird

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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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 She sings as she flies
 She brings us glad tidings
 And tells us no lies