

## Fly Up My Cock

2

Fly Up, My Cock (2)

By the bonny bushes bright on a dark winter's night.  
I heard a fair maid making moan.  
She was sighing for her father, lamenting for her brother,  
And grieving for her true lover John

O, Johnnie he was sweet and had promised her to meet,  
But he tarried on the way an hour too long.  
'He has met with some delay which has caused him to stay.  
And I'm weary,weary waiting all alone.'

Johnny comes at last and he found the door was fast,  
And he slowly, slowly tinkled to get in.  
Then up this maid arose and hurried on her clothes  
In order to let young Johnny in.

His sweetheart gave consent and into the room they went,  
And these lovers they sat talking of their plan;  
Oh John my love, said she, I wish this night to be  
As long as when this world first began.

Fly up, fly up, my pretty little cock,  
And do not crow 'till the break of day,  
And your cage shall become of the very brightest gold,  
And your wings of the silvery grey.

This cunning little cock, so cruel as he was,  
Flew down and crowed an hour too soon;  
You have sent my love away all before the break of day ,  
And it's all by the light of the moon.

Then up this maid arose and hurried after him  
Saying when will you come back to me?  
When the fishes they do fly and the seas they do run dry  
And seven moons shine briefly oe'r the lea.

Once I thought my love was as constant unto me  
As the stones that lie under the ground  
But now that I see that his mind has changed to me  
I would rather far live single than be bound.

from Sam Henry's "Songs of the People" where it's called "The Bonny

Bushes Bright' BJ  
Child #248

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