

**The cuckoo bird**

The cuckoo is a funny bird, ahe sings as she flies  
She'll bring you glad tidings, she'll tell you no lies  
She sips from the pretty flowers to make her voice clear  
And she'll never sing cuckoo till the spring of the year

A-walking and a-talking, and a-wonderling go I  
A-walking for my true love, he'll come by and by  
I'll meet him in the morning for he's all mu delight  
I could walk with my true love from morning to night

Come all you fair maidens, take warning from me  
Don't place your affection on a young man too free  
For leaves they do wither, and roots they do die  
And your love he will leave you and he'll never say why

But if he will leave me, I'll not be forlorn  
And if he'll forswear me, I'll not be forsworn  
I'll get myself up in my best finery  
And I'll walk as proud by him as he walks by me