

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Cuckoo's Nest

The Cuckoo's Nest  
(John Shiels)

One morning fair in Janu'ry, as I roamed for curiosity  
Down by a neighboring granary along the flowing tide  
Where the solar rays perplexingly from THE ethereal canopy  
Displayed a bright transparency, this maiden I espied.

She appeared to me some deity, in splendor she was dressed,  
And courteously accosting me, these words she then expressed,  
"If experienced in ontology, relate without tautology  
The pristine aestheology of my cuckoo's nest."

I stood in great astonishment and swore I'd suffer banishment  
Before I to her blandishment would amply comply  
Dreading some calamity had tainted that curst cavity  
Or else that same commodity my member might destroy.

Then instantly she flattered me, she swore she could not rest  
And I candidly avow to you that I thought she was distressed  
For to lay my hand upon her breast she swore she'd be forever blest  
Had I a moment but caress'd her cuckoo's nest.

Now on hearing this repetition of her loose abandon'd condition  
I took a quick transition and I journeyed on my way  
But she then pursued me speedily, exhorting me most wickedly  
Saying, "Sir, you see me sickly, so why DO you not obey?"

Her malady appeared to me an amatory pest  
Unwillingly would I agree unto HER desired behest  
She said, "Sir, your animosity excites my generosity  
To show you the curiosity of my cuckoo's nest."

Then said I, "My lovely she, pray thank your own audacity  
For having thus attracted me or else I'd not avail,  
For it's oft I've heard in history how heroes of antiquity,  
While striving to gain ascendancy, more often they did fail."

"And Solomon, the virtuous man, the wisest and the best  
And Samson, whom the Philistynes in Gaza did arrest  
Oh, Hector, Paris, ACHilles, Petrocleus and Hercules  
All suffered with great Ulysses for the cuckoo's nest.

Then she said, "Kind sir, your colloquy is fraught with vain frivolity  
Desist, unite in gallantry and join in harmony  
And treat me satisfact'rily and I'll sound your name through Cathary  
And all along to Drogheda, each town and barony."

I must confess I did my best, though knowing I transgress'd

And my arms I wrapped around her waist, and I closely her caressed  
From one to ten this maid to me was lovely, pleased, and kind and free  
'Til I at length was forced to flee from her cuckoo's nest.

Now I've travelled through Russia and Germany, and o'er the Alps through Italy  
Around by the isle of Sicily and back again to Spain  
Naples, Rome and Tuscany, DenMARK and Sweden and Normandy  
The Netherlands and Saxony, though France and then Lorraine.

Silesia, Galicia, the Indies, East and West  
Britannia and gay Tartary, which Mohammed did possess  
But in all my rambles ne'er was I reduced to such a low degree  
As I was when trying to satisfy her cuckoo's nest.

SOURCE: Frank Harte (Augusta Heritage Festival, July 1995)

note: Harte says:"the song was written by John Shiels the ballad

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'The Rights of Man' and many others." RPF

RPF  
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