

The Cuckoo

Anne Briggs

The cuckoo's a pretty bird, she sings as she flies.
She brings us good tidings, tells us no lies.
She sucks the little birds' eggs to keep her voice clear,
And when she sings "cuckoo" the summer draws near.

As I walked down by the side of a bush
I heard two birds whistling, the blackbird and the thrush.
I asked them the reason so merry they be,
And the answer they gave me, we are single and we are free.

A-walking, a-talking, a-walking was I,
To meet my true lover, he'll come by and by,
To meet him in the meadows is all my delight,
A-walking and talking from morning till night.

Meeting is pleasure but parting is a grief
And an inconstant lover is worse than a thief.
A thief can but rob me and take all I have,
But an inconstant lover sends me to my grave.

And the grave, it will rot me and bring me to dust,
An inconstant lover no maiden can trust,
They'll court you and kiss you and vow they'll be true
And the very next moment they'll bid you adieu.

The cuckoo's a pretty bird, she sings as she flies,
She brings us glad tidings, tells us no lies,
And when her time is come, her voice we don't hear,
And where she goes we do not know until another year.