

The Cuckoo

Doc Watson

Gonna build me a log cabin
On the mountain so high
So I can see my honey babe
As she goes walking by

Oh the cuckoo
She's a pretty bird
And she warbles as she flies
She never says coo-coo
'Till the fourth day of July

I played cards in old England
And I gambled over in Spain
And I'll bet you ten dollars
That I beat you next game

Jack of diamonds, jack of diamonds
And I know you from old
You robbed my poor pockets
Of my silver and my gold

Oh the cuckoo
She's a pretty bird
She warbles as she flies
And she never says coo-coo
'Till the fourth day of July

My horses, they're hungry
And they won't eat your hay
I'll ride on little bird
And feed 'em on my way

Oh the cuckoo
She's a pretty bird
She warbles as she flies
And she never says coo-coo
'Till the fourth day of July