

## Hem "The Cuckoo"

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(Traditional)

Gonna build me a log cabin on a mountain so high  
So I can see my darling as she goes passing by  
Oh the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird and she warbles as  
she flies  
But she never says cuckoo 'til the fourth day of July  
Now my horses, they ain't hungry and they won't eat  
your hay  
So I'll ride on just a little further and feed them on the  
way  
Oh the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird and she warbles as  
she flies

She will cause you never no trouble and she'll tell you  
no lie  
You can see that I have wandered by the dust that's on  
my feet

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