

Lesley Garrett

"The Cuckoo"

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Oh the cuckoo she's a pretty bird and she singeth as
she flies.
She brings such good tidings and she tells us no lies.
She sucks the small bird's eggs to keep her voice clear.
And the more she sings "cuckoo" the summer draws
near.

And when I have found him my joy and delight,
I'll welcome him kindly by day and by night.
For the bells shall be a-ringing and the drums make a
noise
To welcome in my true love with ten thousand joys.

For if meeting is pleasure and parting is grief
And an inconstant lover is worse than a thief.
For a thief he will rob you and take all you have,
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

But now I have found him my own heart's delight
I will be true to my love by day and by night.
I will be true to him as the little turtle dove
I never shall propose to my love, propose to my love.

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