

Unknown

"The Cuckoo"

Visit "[The Cuckoo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Cuckoo

Oh it's night-o after night love

I do lay on me bed

With a feathery pillow all under my head

Neither waking nor sleeping

No rest can I find

For the thoughts of that young man

He still troubles my mind.

I will rise up and meet him

As the evening draws nigh

I will meet him as the evening,

As the evening draws nigh

And if you love another, your mind for to ease

Oh why can't you love the old one

Til the young's learned to please?

It's like the flowers all in your garden

When their beauty's all gone.

Can't you see what I've come to

By your loving that one?

Oh the grave he will rot you

He will turn you to dust.

There's not one young man out of twenty

That a poor girl can trust.

Oh the cuckoo ain't she a merry bird

Don't she sing as she flies

She brings us glad tidings

And she tells us no lies

She sucks the small birds' eggs

For to keep her voice clear

And whenever she hollers "Cuckoo"

Don't the summer draw near.

Collected from Gypsy singer Queen Caroline Hughes

Recorded by Frankie Armstrong

@love @bird @animal

filename[CUKOO2

SF

===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY

Visit [Unknown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.