

The Cuckoo

Sung to Cecil Sharp by Mrs. Jarret of Bridgewater, Somerset, April 1908

The cuckoo is a fine bird
She sings as she flies
She brings us good tidings
And tells us no lies

She sucks those sweet flowers
To make her voice clear
And the more that she sings cuckoo
The summer draws near

So come all you fair maidens
Wherever you be
Don't fix your minds on
The top of a tree

For the leaves will soon wither
And the roots will soon die
And I am forsaken
And I know not for why