The Cuckoo

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    Gm            Dm             Gm    F  C   Dm
The cuckoo is a funny bird, she sings as she flies.
      Gm             Dm              Gm   F   C  Dm
She'll bring you glad tidings, she'll tell you no lies.
    Bb            F      Am      C  Dm   C         Dm
She sips from the pretty flowers to make her voice clear,
          Gm         Dm              Gm     F  C   Dm
And she'll never sing cuckoo till the spring of the year.
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A-walking and a-talking, and a-wandering go I,
A-waiting for my true love; he'll come by and by.
I'll meet him in the morning for he's all my delight.
I could walk with my true love from morning to night.

Come all you fair maidens, take warning from me,
Don't place your affections on a young man too free;
For leaves they do wither, and roots they do die,
And your love he will leave you and he'll never say why.

But if he will leave me, I'll not be forlorn,
And if he'll forswear me, I'll not be forsworn;
I'll get myself up in my best finery,
And I'll walk as proud by him as he walks by me.