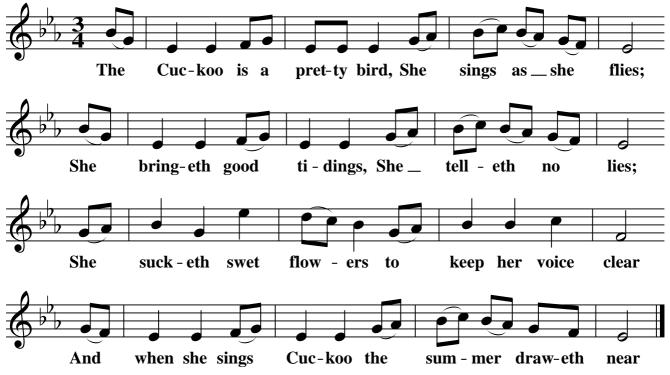
The Cuckoo



The cuckoo is a pretty bird, She sings as she flies; She bringeth good tidings, She telleth no lies; She sucketh sweet flowers To keep her voice clear, And when she sings Cuckoo, The summer draweth near.

O meeting is a pleasure And parting is a grief; An inconstant lover Is worse than a thief; A thief can but rob me Of all that I have, But an inconstant lover, Will bring me to the grave. The grave it will recieve me And bring me to dust. An inconstant lover
No maiden can trust;
He'll court you, cajole you
Poor maids to decieve;
There is not one in twenty
A maiden can believe.

Come all you sweet maidens
Wherever you be,
Your hearts - do not hang them
On a sycamore tree.
The leaf it will wither,
The root will decay;
Alack! I'm foresaken
And wasting away