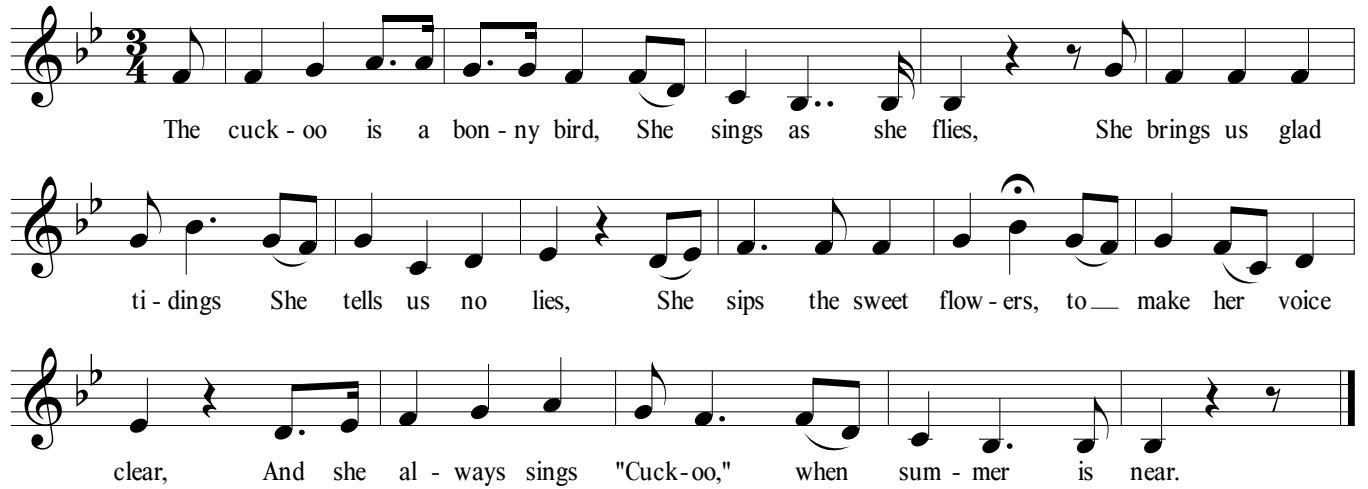


The Cuckoo



The cuck - oo is a bon - ny bird, She sings as she flies, She brings us glad
ti - dings She tells us no lies, She sips the sweet flow - ers, to — make her voice
clear, And she al - ways sings "Cuck-oo," when sum - mer is near.

Our meetings are pleasure,
Our partings are grief,
But a false-hearted young man
Is worse than a thief,
For a thief can but rob you
And take all you have,
But a false-hearted young man
Will bring you to the grave.

The grave it will rot you
And bring you to dust.
A false-hearted young man
No maiden can trust.
They will kiss you and court you,
Fair maids, to deceive,
And there's not one in twenty
That you can believe.

Oh, I can love little
Or I can love long,
I can love a new sweetheart
When the old one is gone.
I can tell them I love them
To give their hearts ease,
And when their back's to me,
I will love whom I please.