

The Cuckoo

Donovan

Well, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird and she warble as
she fly
And she never warble cuckoo till the fourth day of July
Jack of diamonds, jack of diamonds, well I know you of
old
Well, you robbed my poor pocket of the silver and the
gold.

Well, the cuckoo is a pretty bird and she warbles as
she fly
But she never warble cuckoo till the fourth day of July
Well, I've gambled in London and I've gambled in Spain
And I bet you, my silver saddle, that I'll beat you
next game.

Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird and she warble as
she fly
But she never warble cuckoo till the fourth day of July
Well, she brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies
Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird and she warble as
she fly.

Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird and she warble as
she fly
But she never warble cuckoo till the fourth day of July
Little darlin', little darlin', I miss you on the road
Well, you are my only darlin', my one and only true
abode.

Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird and she warble as
she fly
And she never warble cuckoo till the fourth day of
July.

Oh yeah, oh yeah.