

The Cuckoo

Hem

Gonna build me a log cabin on a mountain so high
So I can see my darling as she goes passing by
Oh the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird and she warbles as she flies
But she never says cuckoo 'till the fourth day of July
Now my horses, they ain't hungry and they won't eat your hay
So I'll ride on just a little further and feed them on the way
Oh the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird and she warbles as she flies
She will cause you never no trouble and she'll tell you no lie
You can see that I have wandered by the dust that's on my feet