

# The Cuckoo (Bird)

*Traditional*

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1. Gonna build me a log cabin,  
On a mountain so high,  
So I can see Willy,  
As she goes walking by.

*chorus:* Oh, the cuckoo, she's a pretty bird,  
Lord, she warbles as she flies,  
But you never, hear the cuckoo,  
'til the fourth day of July.

2. Well I played cards in old England,  
And I've gambled over in Spain,  
And I'll bet you ten dollars,  
That I'll beat you next game.
3. My horses they ain't hungry,  
And they won't eat your hay,  
I'll drive home just a little further,  
Wondering why you treat me this  
way.
4. Oh, the cuckoo she's a pretty bird,  
Lord, she warbles as she flies,  
She'll cause never more trouble,  
And she'll tell you no lies.
5. There's one thing that's been a puzzle,  
Since the day that time began,  
A man's love for, for his woman,  
And her sweet love for her man.