Cuckoo's Nest

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There is a thornbush in oor kailyard
There is a thornbush in oor kailyard
At the back o' thon bush there stands a lad and lass
And they're busy, busy herrying at the cuckoo's nest

And its hey the cuck and ho the cuck
And hey the cuckoo's nest
And its hey the cuck and hoo the cuck
And hey the cuckoo's nest
I'll gie onybody a shillin' and a bottle of the best
If they'll rumble up the feathers of the cuckoo's nest

It is thorned, it is sprinkled, it is compassed all around
It is thorned, it is sprinkled, and it isn't easy found
She said, "Young man, you're blundering!" I said it wasnae true
But I left her wi' the makings of a young cuckoo.

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