The Cuckoo (4)

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O, it's night after night, love, I do lay on my bed,
With the feathery pillows all under my head;
Neither sleeping nor waking, no nor worse (rest?) can I find,
But the thought of that young man, he still troubles my mind.

Now, I will rise then and meet him as the evening draws nigh;
I will meet him in the evening, as the evening draws nigh ;
And if you think you love a iittle girl, your mind for to ease,
O, can't you love the old one, till the young one came on (can please?)

It's like the flowers all in your garden when the beauty's all gone
Can't you see what I'm come to by a-loving that one?
Now, the grave he will rot you, he will rot you all away,
Not one young man out of twenty can a young maiden trust.

Now, I'll take my week's wages, to the alehouse I'II go,
O, and there I'll set drinking till my money's all gone;
Here's my wife and little family at home, starving too,
And me in this alehouse, a-spending all that I earn.

Now, the cuckoo, she's called a merry bird, for she sings as she flies,
O, she brings us good tidings and she tells we no lies;
She sucks all small birds' eggs for to keep her voice clear,
And every time she hollers "cuckoo!" , don't the summer draw nigh?

From Travellers' Songs, MacColl & Seeger
Collected from Caroline Hughes
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