

The Pentangle, The Cuckoo

The Cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies.
She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no lies
She sucketh white flowers for to keep her voice clear
And she never sings "cuckoo" till summer draweth near

As I once was a-walking and talking one day
I met my own true love as he came that way
Though the meeting him was pleasure, though the courting was woe
For I've found him false hearted, he'd kiss me, and then he'd go.

I wish I was a scholar and could handle the pen.
I'd write to my lover and to all roving men
I would tell them of the grief and woe that attend on their lies
I would wish them have pity on the flower, when it dies