

Cuckoo and Thorn

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You've heard of the cuckoo who lives in these parts
Her nest isn't easy to see
It's protected by thorn bushes, safe and secure
While she sings in a different tree, so they say
While she sings in a different tree

The cuckoo she sings and she's lovely to hear
But a glimpse isn't given to all
She sits in her thorn bush, you know that she's there
But she's not going to come when you call, so they say
She's not going to come when you call

The cuckoo lays eggs in another bird's nest
And leaves them for others to raise
But if two came together to raise their own young
That's a thing that would leave you amazed, so they say
That's a thing that would leave you amazed

The boys go birds-nesting in spring every year
They boast of each nest that they raid
But the cuckoo she knows that her nest is quite safe
So she sings in her thorns unafraid, so they say
She sings in her thorns unafraid

Here's blackthorn and whitethorn, here's hornbeam and ash
Of blossom there's elder and may
But the thorn you first see when the cuckoo is new
You'll remember the rest of your days, so they say
You'll remember the rest of your days

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While she sings in a different tree