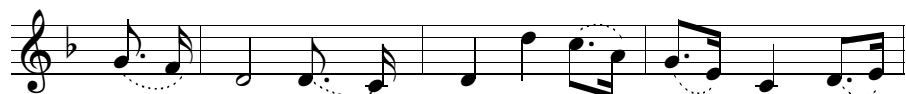


# O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird

Somerset



1. O the cuc-koo she's a pret-ty bird, she\_\_ sing-eth
2. As\_\_ I was a - walk - ing and a - talk-ing
3. I\_\_ wish I were a schol- ar and could han-dle



as she flies. She\_\_ bring-eth good ti - dings, she  
one day I\_\_ met my own true love, as\_\_  
the\_\_ pen. I would write to my lov - er, and to



tell-eth no lies. She\_\_ suck-eth white flow - ers  
he camethat way. O to meet him was a plea - sure,  
all rov-ing men. I would tell them of the grief and woe



for to keep her voice clear; And the more she\_  
though the court-ing was a woe, for I found him  
that a - tend on their lies, I\_\_ would wish them



sing-eth cuc - koo, the sum-mer draw-eth near.  
false - heart - ed, he would kiss\_\_ me and go.  
to have pi - ty\_\_ on the flow-er when it dies.

## O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird

1

O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies. She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no lies. She sucketh white flowers for to keep her voice clear; And the more she singeth cuckoo, the summer draweth near.	Ja, die Frau Kuckuck ist ein hübscher Vogel, sie singt im Fliegen. Sie bringt gute Nachrichten, sie erzählt keine Lügen. Sie saugt aus weißen Blumen, um ihre Stimme klar zu halten. Und je öfter sie ‚Kuckuck‘ ruft, kommt der Sommer heran.
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2

As I was a-walking and a-talking one day, I met my own true love, as he came that way. O to meet him was a pleasure, though the courting was a woe, for I found him false-hearted, he would kiss me and go.	Als ich spazierte und redete eines Tages, begegnete ich meinem Liebsten, als er den gleichen Weg kam. Ja, ihm zu begegnen war eine Freude, aber sein Werben tat weh, denn er erwies sich als falsch, er küsste mich und ging.
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3

I wish I were a scholar and could handle the pen. I would 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 to have pity on the flower when it dies.	Ich wünschte, ich wäre ein Gelehrter, und könnte die Feder führen. Ich würde an meinen Geliebten schreiben und an alle untreuen Männer. Ich würde ihnen berichten von dem Kummer und Schmerz, die durch ihre Lügen entstehen. Ich wünschte, sie hätten Mitleid mit der Blume, die da stirbt.
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KH 130505