

My Bonny Cuckoo

$\text{♩} = 80$



My bon - - ny cuck - - oo, I
tell thee true That through the groves I'll rove with you:
I'll rove with you un - -
til the next spring, And then my cuc - koo shall sweet - ly sing
Cuc - - - koo, Cuc - - koo, un - -
til the next spring, And then my cuc - koo shall sweet - ly sing.

My bonny cuckoo, I tell thee true,
That through the groves I'll rove with you:
I'll rove with you until the next spring.
And then my cuckoo shall sweetly sing
Cuckoo, cuckoo, until the next spring,
And then my cuckoo shall sweetly sing.

The ash and the hazel shall sadly say,
"My bonny cuckoo, don't go away,
Don't go away, but tarry here,
And make the season last all year.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, pray tarry here,
And sing for us throughout the year."

