

# The Cuckoo

**Ross Moore**

oh the cuckoo (oh the cuckoo)  
she's a pretty bird (she's a pretty bird)  
she wore holes, as she flies  
she never says cuckoo  
till the fourth day of Julyjack of diamonds (jack of diamonds)  
jack of diamonds (jack of diamonds)  
I know you, from old  
you've robbed my poor pockets  
of my silver and my goldmy horses ain't hungry  
they won't eat your hay  
I'll ride them a little further  
I'll feed them along the way

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