Magpie

John Shreve

[PATRICK:]
Magpie, was it you who stole the wedding ring? or what other thieving bird would steal such hope away? magpie, I am lost among the hinterland, caught among the bracken and the fern and the boys who have no name

[MARIANNE:] there's no name for us

PATRICK:] still we sing

[MARIANNE:]
And still we sing. little boy, little boy, lost and blue, listen now, let me tell you what to do. you can run on, run along, alone or home between the knees of her; all among her bracken and her ferns and the boy will have a name

[BOTH:] we will sing

[MARIANNE:] and we will sing

[MARIANNE:] one for sorrow

[PATRICK:] two for joy

[MARIANNE:] three for a girl

[PATRICK:] four for a boy

[MARIANNE:] five for silver

[PATRICK:] six for gold

[MARIANNE:] seven for a secret, never to be told

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