

# Magpie

Patrick Wolf

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 nameThere's no name for us  
Still we singAnd still we sing  
Little boy, little boy, lost and blue  
Listen now, let me tell you what to doYou 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 nameWe will sing and we will sing  
One for sorrow two for joy  
Three for a girl, four for a boy  
Five for silver, six for gold  
Seven for a secret, never to be told

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