

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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