

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 name

there's no name for us

PATRICK:] still we sing

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

we 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