

Magpie

Patrick Wolf

Magpie, was it you who stole the wedding ring? or what other th
ieving 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, liste
n now, let me tell you what to do. you can run on, run along, a
lone or home between the knees of her; all among her bracken an
d 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