

MAGPIE, THE by Dave Dodds

(Songbooks 2008)

The magpie brings us tidings
Of news both fair and foul
She's more cunning than the raven
More wise than any owl
She brings us news of the harvest
Of the Barley, wheat and corn
She knows when we'll go to our graves
And when we will be born

CHORUS

One for sorrow, two for joy
Three for a girl and four for a boy
Five for silver, six for gold
Seven for a secret never told
Devil, devil, I defy thee
Devil, devil, I defy thee
Devil, devil, I defy thee

The priest, he says we're wicked
To worship the devil's bird
But we respect the old ways
And disregard his word
We know they rest uneasy
As we slumber in the night
But we always leave a little bit of meat
For the bird that's black and white

She brings us joy when from the right
And grief when from the left
Of all the birds that are in the air
We know and trust her best
For she sees us at our labour
And she mocks us at our work
She steals the eggs from out of the nest
And she can mob the hawk.