

**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.