

Rogers Sally "The Magpie"

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THE MAGPIE

(A) Dm Am / Dm Am Dm Am / Am Dm Am / Am Dm Am
Dm

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 barley, wheat, and corn.
She knows when we'll go to our graves
How we shall be born.

Dm Am / Dm Am Dm Am / Dm A / Dm Am Dm

One's for sorrow, Two's for joy,
Three's for a girl and four's for a boy.
Five for silver, Six for gold,
And seven for a secret never told.

Dm - Am G Am / Dm - Am Dm / Dm Am G Dm

Devil, devil, I defy thee.

Devil, devil, I defy thee.

Devil, devil, I defy thee.

She brings us joy when from the right,
Grief when from the left.

Of all the news that's in the air

We know to trust her best.

For she sees us at our labor,

And she mocks us at our work.

She steals the egg from out of the nest,

And she can mob the hawk.

CHORUS

The priest, he says we're wicket

To worship the devil's bird.

Ah, but we respect the old ways

And we disregard his word.

For we know they rest uneasy

As we slumber in the night;

And we always leave a little bit of meat

For the bird that's black and white.

CHORUS

Written by Dave Dodds, copyright Folktracks

Recorded on SATISFIED CUSTOMERS, Sally Rogers and

Howard Bursen,

Thrushwood Records 003.

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