

The Magpie

I lin - gered near the cot - tage door and the mag - pie said 'Come in! Come in!'
and the mag - pie said 'Come in!' I sat me down in the old arm - chair and the
maid - en there was a - comb - ing her black hair, black hair, was a - comb - ing her black hair.
And the mag - pie said 'Kiss her! Kiss her!' and the mag - pie said 'Kiss her! Kiss her!'
and the mag - - pie said 'Kiss her!' I
clasped my arms up to her waist, she screams 'Oh No! No! No!'
But it was so nice, I kissed her twice and the
mag - pie said 'Bra - - vo! Bra - vo!' and the mag - pie said 'Bra - - vo!'
Her fa - ther he came rush - ing in and a - swear - ing he be - gan, be - gan, and a - swear - ing he be - gan.
He raised his blows up - on my nose and I feel them to this day. 'Twas the hands of that hon - est
man, man, man, 'Twas the hands of that hon - est man, man, man, 'Twas the hands of that hon - est man.
He picked I up and he put I in with a pick - up stand - ing by. Me - head went down and me



heels went up and the mag-pie said 'Good - bye! Good-bye!' and the mag-pie said 'Good - bye!'

Source: Mrs Moabey, Quenington, collected by Brian Ballinger 16 November 1957.

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