

# The Magpie

Harry Hunter

Melody: John Drinkwater; Arr.: Peter Warlock / AMW

*Fast*  $\text{♩} = 96$  *mf* *mp* *p* *mp*

La la la la, (etc.) I lin-gered near a cot-tage door, And the  
La la, (etc.) near a cot-tage door, And the  
La la la la, (etc.) *p* *mp* And the

6 *cresc.*

mag-pie said "Come in! Come in!" And the mag-pie said "Come in!" The door was o-pen,  
The door was o-pen,

11 *mf* A-

I went in And I saw stand-ing there A mai-den with a dim-pled chin

16 *dolce*

comb-ing her black hair, black hair, a- comb-ing her black hair. A sweet sur-prise was  
A- comb- ing her black hair, a- comb- ing her black hair. Sur-prise was  
a- comb- ing her black hair.

21 *mp*

in her eyes, But still she did not frown, And the  
in her eyes, But still she did not frown, But e-ven smiled, the pret-ty child,  
But still she did not, did not frown,  
But still she did not frown,

26 mag- pie said "Sit down! Sit down!" And the mag- pie said "Sit down!" *mf*

*mp* The mag- pie said "Sit down!" And the mag- pie said "Sit down!" I sat down in her

I sat

31 fa- ther's chair And the mag- pie said "Kiss her! Kiss her!" And the mag- pie said "Kiss her!" *mf*

Kiss her!" And

And the mag- pie said "Kiss her! Kiss her!"

down

36 *mp* Ah! ah! *mf*

yet the mai- den did- n't speak, which made me think "I will!" For as the red rushed

made me think "I will!"

41 She looked more love- ly still, she looked more love- ly still.

to her cheek she looked more love- ly still, she looked more love- ly still. But

she looked more love- ly still, more love- ly still.

46 *f* She screamed out "No no! no!" *mf* tenuto.....

when in haste I clasped her waist, She screamed! "No! no! no!" no! no!" But 'twas so nice I

But when I

..... *a tempo*  
And the mag- pie said "Bra- vo! bra- vo!" And the mag- pie said "Bra- vo!" *rallentando*

51

kissed her twice And the mag- pie said "Bra- vo! bra- vo! bra- vo! And the mag- pie said "Bra- vo!" The mag- pie said "Bra- vo!"

The mag- pie said "Bra- vo! bra- vo!" The mag- pie said "Bra- vo!"

*Slightly faster* ( $\text{♩} = 108$ )

56

Her fa- ther then came rush- ing in, And the mag- pie said "Get out! get out!" And the bra- vo!" Her fa- ther then came rush- ing in And the mag- pie said, and the said "Bra- vo!" Her fa- ther then came rush- ing in, And the mag- pie said "Get out! get out!"

bra- vo!" Her fa- ther then came rush- ing in And the mag- pie said,

61

mag- pie said "Get out! get out!" Her fa- ther's voice was like a rasp And swear- ing he be- mag- pie said "Get out!" Her fa- ther's voice was like a rasp And swear- ing mag- pie said "Get out! get out!" Her fa- ther's voice was like a rasp And swear- ing mag- pie said "Get out!" Her fa- ther's voice like a rasp And swear- ing

*mf*

66

gan, And I ex- per- i- enced the grasp, The grasp of an hon- est he be- gan, And I ex- per- i- enced the grasp, The grasp of an he be- gan, And I ex- per- i- enced the grasp, The grasp of an he be- gan, And I ex- per- i- enced the grasp, The grasp of an

The grasp of an hon-est man. *pesante, largamente* *tempo I*

70

man, man, man, The grasp of an hon-est, hon-est man. He rained such blows, blows! I

hon-est man, The grasp of an hon-est man. He rained such blows, blows! I

8 hon-est man, The grasp of an hon-est man. He rained such blows up- on my clothes I  
He rained such blows, blows! I

hon-est man, The grasp of an hon-est man. He rained such blows up- on my clothes I

75

feel, feel them to this day; He kicked me too as out I flew And the mag-pie said "Hoo-

feel, feel them to this day; He kicked me too as out I flew And the mag-pie

8 feel them to this day; He kicked me too as out I flew And the mag-pie

feel them to this day; He kicked me too as out I flew And the mag-pie

80 *accel. e cresc. al fine* *ff*

ray! hoo-ray!" And the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said "Hoo- ray!"

said "Hoo-ray! And the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said "Hoo- ray!"

said "Hoo-ray! And the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said "Hoo- ray!"

said "Hoo-ray! And the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said, and the mag-pie said "Hoo- ray!"

A Norfolk roadmender named John Drinkwater sang *The Magpie* to E J Moeran, saying that he had found the words in an old newspaper and that the tune had just come to him. Moeran notated it and later showed it to Peter Warlock, who made an arrangement for voice (or unison choir) and piano. It transpired that the words were actually from a music hall act, *The Mohawk Mistrels*; copyright permission was refused. Hal Collins, who lived with Moeran and Warlock at Eynsford, Kent, wrote a new text, *Yarmouth Fair*, to fit Warlock's arrangement, published in 1924. A version with the original text was published in 1989.