

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Then brighter grows the magpie
As he sits there stiff and stark.
Whoever sees him there alone,
When the moon has hid her face,
Will meet with disappointment,
And get left in fortune's chase.

"But surely, said Pop Clohessy,
"You do not mean to say
That such a bird can prophecy
What happens me today.

I never saw it in a book,
So I don't be'lieve that tale,
That the lone magpie brings bad luck,
That sits there on the rail.
I think 'tis superstition,
Are we crazy by the by?
To think that our condition
Depends on a magpie."

"The magpie," said the seanachie,
Is not at all to blame;
It is the number not the bird
That figures in the game.
One always was unlucky,
Though you may think it strange;
But if you see a pair of them,
Your luck at once will change.
Two is the lucky number,
Three means a wedding cake;
But if you should see four of them,
Get ready for a wake.

Pat Darcy was a man well known
For industry and pluck;
But since he saw the magpie
He hadn't any luck.