

The Magpie Duck Polka

C-----F
As I strolled up Tallman Street,
--G-----G7-C
I was surprised to see
-----G7-F
Nine Magpie ducks all in a line,
G-----G7-----C
Fast ap-proaching me.

C
Quack, quack, quack!
F

Quack, quack!
G-----G7-----C
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!
-----G7-F

Nine Magpie ducks all in a line,
G-----G7-----C
Fast ap-proaching me.

They looked me up; they looked me down,
They looked me in the eye;
They looked so very hungry
I feared that they might die.

Quack, quack, quack!
Quack, quack!
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!
They looked so very hungry
I feared that they might die.

But I had a bag of peanuts,
That were raw and shelled;
I offered them a handful,
And they began to yell!

Quack, quack, quack!
Quack, quack!
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!
I offered them a handful,
And they began to yell!

They scarfed up all the peanuts
And did their happy dance;
They circled left and circled right,
Then in a line they pranced.

Quack, quack, quack!
Quack, quack!
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!
They circled left and circled right,
Then in a line they pranced.

They pranced back up Tallman,
Then pranced across High Street;
There they found a puddle,
That was so wide and deep.

Quack, quack, quack!
Quack, quack!
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!
There they found a puddle,
That was so wide and deep.

The moral of this story,
Is quite plain to see:
Life for a Magpie duck is –
All it's quacked up to be.

Quack, quack, quack!
Quack, quack!
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!
Life for a Magpie duck is –
All it's quacked up to be.