



Gift Of The Magi

Author: Mia Ortlieb

DADF#AD, 'Joni' Tuning: x75435, Capo 3

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Capo up 3 frets (or 1 fret depending on which version you listen to).

Joni wrote this song based on the short story "The Gift of the Magi," originally written by O. Henry (William Sydney Porter 1862-1910). It appears that Joni composed this song as a kind of libretto with singing parts for the wife, the husband, and the narrator or cast. Other than a few exceptions, there are 2 main chord shapes throughout the song that only change fret positions. For the higher fret positions, I have listed them as follows:

- 10th fret = A
- 11th fret = B
- 12th fret = C

Intro: 087800 065600 000000 (repeat 4 times)

087800 076700 087800 0CBC00 0A9A00
I remem-ber Mon-day rising up to pack his lunch,

087800 076700 087800
We kissed good - bye, *sing*

888888 777777 555555 444444 555555 065600 000000
What a fool-ish girl was I, *sing* what a fool was she

087800 076700 087800 0CBC00
Near the store where I go shopping on display

0A9A00 087800 076700 087800
There was a gol - den watch chain

888888 777777 555555 444444 555555 065600 111111 000000
All that week it had me stop- ping, What a fool was she

087800 076700 065600 000000
Almost Christmas, we were so poor. . . .

087800 076700 065600 000000
Where there was will, there were ways, I was sure.

0CBC00 0A9A00 078700 067600
In the paper written plain, I saw an ad, I caught a train,

012100 000000 0A9A00 0CBC00 000000
And sold my hair to buy the chain, what a fool was she. . . .

087800 065600 000000 (Repeat 4 times before the next verse)

(The ending on the last verse goes like this:)

065600 000000 065600 000000
And wise men lost their way, Wisemen lose their way,

065600 000000 076700 087800 076700 087800 000000
Merry Christmas Day.

Outro:

087800 065600 000000 (repeat 4 times, then play:) 087800 076700 087800

Complete lyrics:

I remember Monday rising up to pack his lunch
We kissed goodbye
Sing What a foolish girl was I
Sing What a fool was she
Near the store where I go shopping
On display there was a golden watch chain
All that week it had me stopping
What a fool was she
Almost Christmas, we were so poor
Where there was will
There were ways
I was sure

In the paper written plain
I saw an ad, I caught a train
And sold my hair to buy the chain
What a fool was she

(and he says:)

I remember Monday rising with her hair
reflected in my eyes
It caught the sun a million times
What a fool was he
In a window near the office was a comb
of pearls and beads and tortoise
Oh, the devil'd come to court us
What a fool was he
Almost Christmas, we were so poor
Where there was will
There were ways
I was sure

In the pawnshop coming home
I stopped inquiring for a loan
And sold the watch to buy the comb
What a fool was he

Christmas came up cold and glum
There were no visions of sugarplums
There were no joyous carols sung
Oh, what fools were they
He sat glaring at her bob
As she lay weeping by a chain and fob
And sadly burned the Yule log
And wise men lost their way
Wisemen lose their way
Merry Christmas Day