

The Two Magicians

Damh the Bard

The lady sits at her own front door
As straight as a willow wand
And by there come a lusty smith
With his hammer in his hand
Crying bide lady bide
For there's a nowhere you can hide
For the lusty smith will be your love
And he will lay your pride.
Why do you sit there lady fair
All in your robes of red
I'll come tomorrow at this same time
And have you in me bed
Crying . . .
Away away you coal black smith
Would you do me this wrong
For to think to have me maidenhead
That I have kept so long
I'd rather I was dead and cold
And me body laid in the grave
Than a lusty, dusty, coal black smith
Me maidenhead should have
Crying . . .
So the lady, she curled up her hand
And swore upon the mold
That he'd not have her maidenhead
For all of a pot of gold.
But the blacksmith he curled up his hand
And he swore upon the mast
That he would have her maidenhead
For the half of that or less
Crying . . .
So the lady she turned into a dove
And flew up into the air
Ah, but he became an old cock pigeon
And they flew pair and pair
Cooing . . .
So the lady she turned into a mare
As dark as the night was black
Ah, but he became a golden saddle
And he clumb upon to her back
Itching . . .
So the lady she turned into a hare
And ran all over the plane
Ah, but he became a greyhound dog
And ran her down again
Barking . . .
So the lady she turned into a fly
And fluttered up into the air
Ah, but he became a big, hairy spider
And dragged her into his lair
Spinning . . .
So the lady she turned into a sheep
Grazing on yon common
Ah, but he became a big horny ram
And soon he was upon her.
Bleating . . .
So she turned into a full dress ship

And she sailed all over the sea
Ah, but he became a bold captain
And aboard of her went he
Ordering . . .
So the lady she turned into a cloud
Floating away in the air
Ah, but he became a lightning flash
And zipped right into her
Shocking . . .
So she turned into a mulberry tree
A mulberry tree in the wood
Ah, but he came forth as the morning dew
And sprinkled her where she stood.
Dripping . . .
So the lady she ran into the bedroom
And she changed into a bed
Ah, but he became a green coverlet
And he gained her maidenhead
And once she woke he took her so
And still he bad her bide
And the lusty smith became her love
For all of her mighty pride.