

Beggar Wiseman Or Thief

Isobel Campbell

Early one day
On a Tuesday
Met a wolf king across a plain
And I kissed him
I caressed him
Will I see you again?
I shall roam far across the land
If you shan't be my husband

Beggar, wiseman
Beggar, wiseman
Beggar, wiseman, or thief

So he led her 'Cross the river
To his kingdom
And back again
Played a fine lute
And as night fell
They returned to the plain
"Sweetest maid you are right for me
Though God wills me be free
Sweetest maid let a human boy
Gather roses for thee
To a wolf you cannot be wed
Choose a young man instead"

Beggar, wiseman
Beggar, wiseman
Beggar, wiseman, or thief

No other one
I'd rather be blind
If I missed your eyes of rabbinic blue
You have caused me
Much despair, Sir
Since I lay here with you
To a beggar I shan't be wed
Wisemen live in their head
Dearest wolf king
Thou art the thief
Who has loved me so brief
And as night fell
Some folks looked as
She crossed a river
Down by the plain
'Twas there the current
Held her under
Never to be seen again

On the plain sprang
A red rose tree
The wolf was never so free
Now he roams far across the land
Howling for his bride-to-be
He shall roam far across the land
For he shan't be a husband
Beggar, wiseman

Beggar, wiseman
Beggar, wiseman or thief