

# Current 93, Oh Coal Black Smith

Oh she looked out of the window  
As white as any milk  
But he looked in the window  
As black as any silk  
"Hello hello hello hello  
Hello you coal black smith  
Oh what is your silly song?  
You shall never change my maiden name  
That I have kept so long  
I'd rather die a maid, yes"  
But then she said  
"And be buried in my grave, yes"  
And then she said  
"That I'd have such a nasty  
Husky, dusky, musty, funky  
Coal black smith,  
A maiden will I die"  
Then she became a duck  
A duck all on the stream  
And he became a water dog  
And fetched her back again  
Then she became a hare  
A hare all on the plain  
And he became a greyhound dog  
And fetched her back again  
Then she became a fly  
A fly all in the air  
And he became a spider  
And fetched her to his lair  
And she became a corpse,  
A corpse all in the ground  
And he became the cold grey clay  
And smothered her all around