

# Lloyd, The Two Magicians

## THE TWO MAGICIANS

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 maiden head  
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 maiden head should have  
Crying . . .  
So the lady, she curled up her hand  
And swore upon the mold  
That he'd not have her maiden head  
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 maiden head  
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 maiden head  
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.  
This song is a derivative of Child Ballad 44, with a tune by  
A. L. Lloyd. It was recorded by John Roberts & Tony Barrand on  
Dark Ships in the Forest, Folk Legacy 65 in the key of C.  
also by Frankie Armstrong on Bird in the Bush and by Carthy  
Child #44  
filename( MAGICN2  
DC  
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===