

## The Twa Magicians (Child 44)

- 1 The lady stands in her bower door,  
As straight as willow wand;  
The blacksmith stood a little forebye,  
Wi hammer in his hand.
- 2 'Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,  
Into your robes o red;  
Before the morn at this same time,  
I 'll gain your maidenhead.'
- 3 'Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,  
Woud ye do me the wrang  
To think to gain my maidenhead,  
That I hae kept sae lang!'
- 4 Then she has hadden up her hand,  
And she sware by the mold,  
'I wudna be a blacksmith's wife  
For the fun o a chest o gold.
- 5 'I 'd rather I were dead and gone,  
And my body laid in grave,  
Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith  
My maidenhead shoud have.'
- 6 But he has hadden up his hand,  
And he sware by the mass,  
'I 'll cause ye be my light leman  
For the hauf o that and less.'  
O bide, lady, bide,  
And aye he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
For a' your muckle pride.
- 7 Then she became a turtle dow,  
To fly up in the air,  
And he became another dow,

And they flew pair and pair.  
O bide, lady, bide,  
And aye he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
For a' your muckle pride.

8 She turnd hersell into an eel,  
To swim into yon burn,  
And he became a speckled trout,  
To gie the eel a turn.  
O bide, lady, bide,  
And aye he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
For a' your muckle pride.

9 Then she became a duck, a duck,  
To puddle in a peel,  
And he became a rose-kaimd drake,  
To gie the duck a dreel.  
O bide, lady, bide,  
And aye he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
For a' your muckle pride.

10 She turnd hersell into a hare,  
To rin upon yon hill,  
And he became a gude grey-hound,  
And boldly he did fill.  
O bide, lady, bide,  
And aye he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
For a' your muckle pride.

11 Then she became a gay grey mare,  
And stood in yonder slack,  
And he became a gilt saddle.  
And sat upon her back.  
Was she wae, he held her sae,  
And still he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith her leman was  
For a' her muckle pride.

- 12 Then she became a het girdle,  
And he became a cake,  
And a' the ways she turnd hersell,  
The blacksmith was her make.  
Was she wae, he held her sae,  
And still he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith her leman was  
For a' her muckle pride.
- 13 She turnd hersell into a ship,  
To sail out ower the flood;  
He ca'ed a nail intill her tail,  
And syne the ship she stood.  
Was she wae, he held her sae,  
And still he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith her leman was  
For a' her muckle pride.
- 14 Then she became a silken plaid,  
And stretchd upon a bed,  
And he became a green covering,  
And gaird her maidenhead.  
Was she wae, he held her sae,  
And still he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith her leman was  
For a' her muckle pride.