

# Crazy Man Michael

## Fairport Convention

Within the fire and out upon the sea  
Crazy Man Michael was walking  
He met with a raven with eyes black as coals  
And shortly they were a-talking Your future, your future, I would tell to you  
Your future, you often have asked me  
Your true love will die by your own right hand  
And Crazy Man Michael will cursed be Michael he ranted and Michael he raved  
And beat at the four winds with his fists, oh  
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and he swore  
For his mad mind had trapped him with a kiss, oh You speak with an evil, you speak with a hate  
You speak for the devil that haunts me  
For is she not the fairest in all the broad land?  
Your sorcerer's words are to taunt me He took out his dagger of fire and of steel  
And struck down the raven through the heart, oh  
The bird fluttered long and the sky it did spin  
And the cold earth did wonder and start, oh Oh, where is the raven that I struck down dead  
That here'd lie on the ground, oh?  
I see but my true love with a wound so red  
Her lover's heart it did pound, oh Crazy Man Michael, he wanders and walks  
And talks to the night and the day, oh  
But his eyes they are sane and his speech it is clear  
And he longs to be far away, oh Michael he whistles the simplest of tunes  
And asks the wild woods their pardon  
For his true love is flown into every flower grown  
And he must be keeper of the garden

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