

Crazy Man Michael

Firkin

Within the fire and out upon the sea
Crazy man, Michael was walking
He met with a raven with eyes black as coal
And shortly they were talking
Your future, your future, I will 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 he beat at the four winds with his fists-o
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and he swore

For his mad mind entrapped him with a fist-hold
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 fine and broad steel
And he struck down the raven through the heart-o
The bird fluttered long and the sky, it did spin
And this cold earth did wander 'round startled

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