

# Crazy Man Michael

## PoitÃ-n

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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