

The Lily of the Vale II

C em G am
O I am a lovely princess, I'm as pretty as I can,
C am dm em
And I'm rich, but I'm not happy, for I live without a man.
am C G
It is not for lack of courters, or of wits that I'm alone,
am C G em E
But I only want the purest fairest man to call my own.
am C D am
O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
C D am
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

So I went to see a sorcerer, and I told him of my need.
We made up a plan together, and a cunning plan indeed,
And I hired a band of hunters that would scare the hounds of hell,
And I went into the valley where the unicorn would dwell.

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

I pretended to be sleeping, waiting for the unicorn.
When he found I was a virgin, he came to bless me with his horn.
And he fell asleep beside me, and I knew I'd be his wife,
And I waited silent, patient, for my hunters to arrive.

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

O he was so sweet and frightened and the trap he did not know,
And I played my part buzt perfect, even killed one man for show.
Than we ran away together, with the hunters on our back,
And I led him through the valley, to the sorcerer's tiny shack.

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

»Hurry, Sorcerer!« I was crying, »can't you see he's almost dead,
and the riders are approaching!« And the sorcerer scratched his head:
»I know but one thing to help you, but I'll do the best I can.«
And then, just as he had promised, turned the creature to a man.

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

There he stood so fair and handsome with his skin like lily white,
Trembling like a wounded roebuck, and his eyes were dark as night:
He was just what I had wished for, not that macho kind of guy,
And a unicorn no longer, so the riders passed us by.

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

»I am sorry«, said the sorcerer, »but you'll have to live a man:
I could turn you to a human, but can't turn you back again.«
»There's just one thing!« I said quickly, looking at this wretched thing:
»I you cannot make him unicorn, then I'll make him my king.«

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.

It's five years now that we're married, we're as happy as can be.
He believes that I did save him, doesn't know the fiend was me.
Listen, ladies, if you're lonely and you want to be a wife:
Get yourself a golden bridle, catch a unicorn alive!

O mine is the fairest flower, the lily of the vale:
If you're questing for a husband, come listen to my tale.