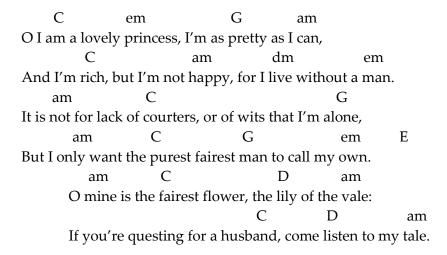
The Lily of the Vale II



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.