

Lock and Key

I have a small treasure I keep in a box.
I keep it well hidden, wrapped up in my drawers.
So now I must search for the key to its lock,
And if you possess it, then it can be yours.

CHORUS: O Locksmith, Locksmith, can you be he?
Can you unlock my treasure for me?
O Locksmith, Locksmith, then you can see
How much of pleasure it will afford thee.

I went to the miller to buy me some bread.
And he tried to sell me some up in his loft.
I hoped for a long crusty baguette; instead
All that he had was too old and too soft. CHORUS

I spoke with an artist of miniatures
Who paints all the lords and the ladies at court.
He said for my portrait a fine brush he'd use.
It was very fine, but was also too short. CHORUS

I met a musician who played the viol,
Who makes merry music with string and with bow.
I asked him to play me a fol-de-ri-ol,
But I wanted "largo" instead of "presto". CHORUS

I went to the blacksmith to buy me some tools,
And his were of iron as hot as the fire,
And it was adorned with two very fine jewels,
And when he did wield it, I had my desire.

CHORUS: O Blacksmith, Blacksmith, yes you are he!
You can unlock my treasure for me.
O Blacksmith, Blacksmith, now you can see,
How much of pleasure it does afford thee!

March 1997

Notes: A great campfire tune, acting out the song with hand gestures. Make the word largo, largo. And the word presto, presto. Have fun complaining to the ladies and flirting with the men. It was inspired by a remark of Lord Kheldar, who said that when a girl loses her virginity, at least she gets to keep the box it came in!

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