He's come
He's come
He's come
He's come
Who’s here
Who’s here
The Magician's come
The Magic one!
What's he like?
The cap he wears is decked with flowers
The clothes he wears have many colours
His moustache, it's wavy
His eyes, half crazy
His clothes are of many colours
There’s green, there’s plum
There’s blue, there’s yellow
The Magician’s come
A colourful fellow
Stout and strong
Is his moustache
The Magician's come
The moustachioed one!
Moustaches too

Some are full

Some are half

Others are black

And some are white

Some are straight
Some are simple

Some like forests

Others crooked (Don't they look very wicked?)

Some are thick

And others small
The Magician’s brought a wand
And a bag
Not like the dhobi’s

Or yours

Or mine
His is a special kind
But things came out of the bag...
How strange, for it nothing had
Surely the bag was empty
So it is strange
How out of it came
So much money, so much change
What else came out of the bag?
Hankies
Two red shoes
A little watch
A policeman’s lathi

A pigeon

An egg
A rabbit that pranced
A man in a trance
Out even comes a railway train
With which the man can entertain
I ask for more—but “No! My friend,”
He smiling says, “My show must end!”