

The Blacksmith



A ___ black-smith court-ed me, nine months and bet - ter ___



He ___ fair - ly won my heart, wrote me a let - ter ___



With his ham-mer in his hand, he looked so clev - er ___



And if I was with m - y love, I'd live for ev - er. ___

A blacksmith courted me, nine months and better.
He fairly won my heart, wrote me a letter.
With his hammer in his hand, he looked so clever,
And if I was with my love, I'd live forever.

And where is my love gone, with his cheeks like roses,
And his good black billycock on, decked with primroses?
I'm afraid the scorching sun will shine and burn his beauty,
And if I was with my love, I'd do my duty.

Strange news is come to town, strange news is carried,
Strange news flies up and down that my love is married.
I wish them both much joy, though they don't here me,
And may God reward him well for the slighting of me.

'What did you promise when you sat beside me?
You said you would marry me, and not deny me.'
'If I said I'd marry you, it was only for to try you.
So bring your witness love, and I'll never deny you.'

'Oh, witness have I none save God Almighty.
And He'll reward you well for slighting of me.'
Her lips grew pale and white, it made her poor heart tremble
To think she loved one, and he proved deceitful.