

The Blacksmith

Words & Music:
Traditional Irish
Arr: Loreena McKennitt

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 quite clever
And if I was with my love I'd live for ever.

But where is my love gone with his cheeks like roses
And his good black Billycock on decked round 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 flys up and down that my love is married.
I wish them both much joy though they can't hear me
And may God reward him well for the slighting of me.

Don't you remember when you lay beside me
And you said you'd 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 not deny you.

No witness have I none save God Almighty
And may he reward you well for the slighting of me
Her lips grew pale and wan it made a poor heart tremble
To think she loved a one and he proved deceitful.

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