

The Blacksmith

Irish Folk
Arr. Andy Irvine

Em D C D Em

A black-smith court-ed me nine months and bet-ter. He

Em D C D Em G D Em

fair-ly won my heart, wrote me a let-ter. With his ham-mer in his hand he

D Em G D Em

looked quite cle-ver. And if I was with my love I'd live for e-ver.

*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 has 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 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.*

*Oh 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 to tremble,
To think she loved a one and he proved deceitful.*