Blacksmith

CyHi The Prynce

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 forever.
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 coming to town
Strange news is carried
Strange mews 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.
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 be proved deceitful.
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