

# Blacksmith

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 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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Wrote me a letter  
With his hammer in his hand  
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