

Blacksmith

Sheila Chandra

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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