

The Blacksmith

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.

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 them well for the slighting of me.

Oh witness have I none, save God almighty;
and He'll reward you well for the slighting of me.
Her lips grew pale and wan; it made her poor heart tremble
to think she loved a man and he proved deceitful.