

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.

Oh where has my love gone with his cheeks like roses
He is gone across the sea gathering primroses
I'm afraid the shining sun might burn and scorch his beauty
And if I were with my love I would 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 them well for the slighting of me.

What did you promise me when you lay beside me
You said you'd marry me and not deny me
If I said I'd marry you 'twas only to try you
So bring your witness love and I'll not deny you

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.