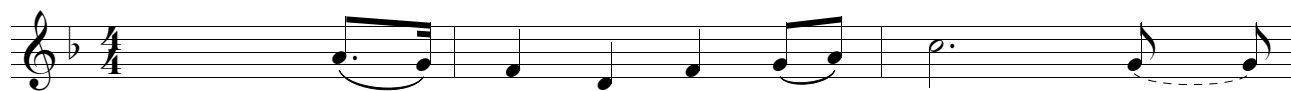
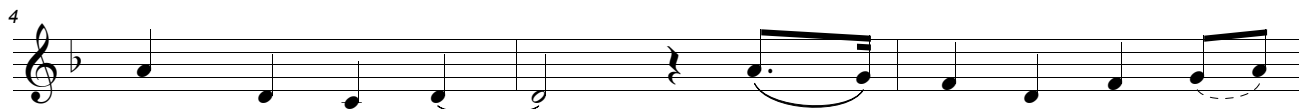


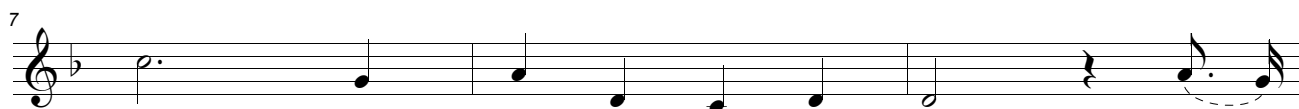
The Blacksmith



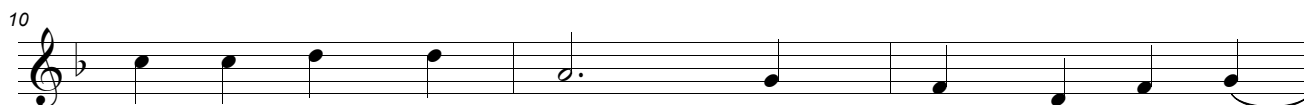
1. A black - smith court - ed me, nine
 2. And where is my love gone, with his
 3. Strange news is come to town, strange
 4. What did you pro - mise when you



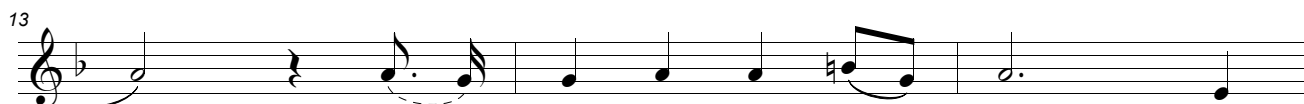
months and bet - ter. He fair - ly won my
 cheek like ro - ses, and his good black bil - ly - cock
 news is car - ried. Strange news flies up and
 sat be - side me? You said you would mar - ry



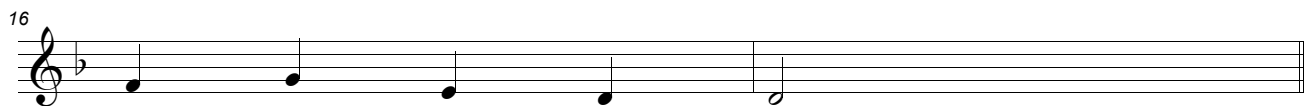
heart, wrote me a let - ter with his
 on decked with prim - ro - ses. I'm a -
 down that my love is mar - ried. I
 me and not de - ny me. If I



ham - mer in his hand he looked so clev - er
 fraid the scorch - ing sun will burn his beau - ty.
 wish them both much joy thought they don't hear me,
 said I'd mar - ry you 'twas only for to try



and if I was with my love I'd
 And if I was with my love I'd
 and may God re - ward him well for
 you. So bring your wit - ness, love, I'll



live for - ev - er.
 do my du - ty.
 slight - ing of me.
 nev - er deny you.