

The Blacksmith

Traditional

Arr. Brian Evans

Dulcimer (DAD)

5

9

13

Dul.

2. But where is my love gone with his cheeks like roses?
 He's gone across the sea gathering 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.
3. Strange news is come to town, strange news is carried.
 Strange news flies up and down that my love is married.
 I wish them both much joy although they cannot hear me.
 And may God reward him well for the slighting of me.
4. 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.
5. No, witness have I none save God Almighty,
 And may he reward you well for the slighting of me.
 Her cheeks grew pale and wan it made her poor heart tremble,
 To think she loved that one and he proved deceitful.