

Songs

The Blacksmith's Song

Words from The Newcastle Morning Herald and Miners' Advocate 1886;
Adaptation and tune by David Johnson 2018 because there are very few songs
in the Australian tradition that appreciate the work of tradesmen like the blacksmith.

Verse

With fire-burn'd face and short black hair, With leather apron and elbows bare,
He swings his mighty hammer; He swings his mighty hammer;
There's not a farmer near or far but's glad of his anvil's ring and jar,
For he makes them shoe and share, and bar.

Chorus

Sing hey for the cheery clamour of the Blacksmith's mighty hammer.

In the winter frost, in the summer heat,
You may hear the steady, ringing beat,
With which he swings his hammer;
With which he swings his hammer;
He strikes when the iron's hot, all day ;
He clears his work and he pays his way;
The thing he thinks that thing he'll say.

Of the blacksmith's trade it may be said
He can hit the right nail on the head,
When he swings his mighty hammer,
When he swings his mighty hammer,
The metal he works is as rich as gold,
And though he bloweth both hot and cold,
His heart and his hand are true and bold.

He can forge at will and break no law;
He can temper his work without a flaw,
When he swings his mighty hammer;
When he swings his mighty hammer;
It is bolt, or bar, or nail, or chain,
Harrow or plough or crank or crane ;
For the blacksmith's work is never in vain.

Songs

His work is in every trade and life,
From the field of corn to the field of strife,
Sing hey! for the blacksmith's hammer.
Sing hey! for the blacksmith's hammer.
May the red sparks fly in the smithy hold;
May the anvil never grow still and cold;
May the Hammerman aye be true and bold.