Loreena McKennit, 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 forever. But where is my love gone With his cheeks like roses And his good black Billycock on Decked round with 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. Strange news is coming to town Strange news is carried Strange mews 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 him well For the slighting of me. 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. No witness have I none Save God Almighty And may he reward you well For the slighting of me Her lips grew pale and wan It made a poor heart tremble To think she loved a one And be proved deceitful. 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 forever.