

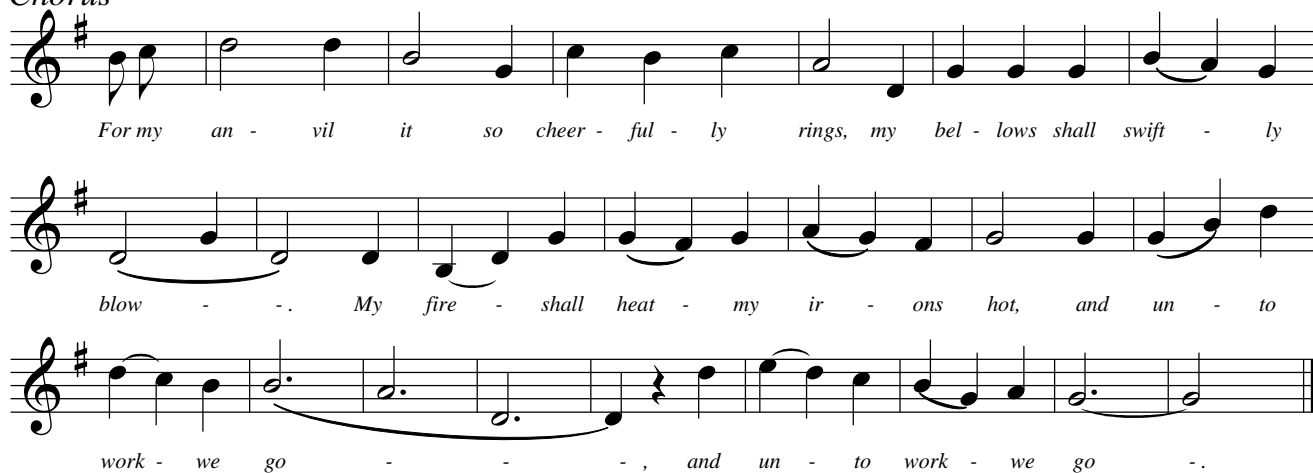
07 Blacksmith - Mr Carter

Verse



I am - a black - smith by - my trade, from Lon - don I - came down - ; I
am an ob - stin - ate swag - ger - ing blade, not like some coun - try clown - . -

Chorus



For my an - vil it so cheer - ful - ly rings, my bel - lows shall swift - ly
blow - . - . My fire - shall heat - my ir - ons hot, and un - to
work - we go - - - , and un - to work - we go - .

1
I am a blacksmith by my trade,
from London I came down;
I am an obstinate, swaggering blade,
not like some country clown.

*For my anvil it so cheerfully rings,
my bellows shall swiftly blow.
My fire shall heat my irons hot,
and unto work we go,
and unto work we go.*

2
There's Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
these are the days we smite..

There's Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
and welcome Saturday night.

3
Then we receive our weekly wage
and pay our alehouse score.
On Sunday we take our repose;
on Monday we work once more.

4
Sometimes I've money in my purse,
sometimes I am without,
but I am none the worse for that,
can work for more, no doubt.