

The village blacksmith.

Weiss, W. H. (Willoughby Hunter), 1820-1867; Longfellow, Henry
Wadsworth, 1807-1882
London, UK: B. Williams, 19 Paternoster Row, 1869

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50,000TH EDITION.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Song.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

L O N G F E L L O W.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

AND

DEDICATED TO

Edward Coleman Dray Esq.

BY

W . H . W E I S S .

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 3/-

London.

B. WILLIAMS, 19, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Georgia: A. Weiss

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THE POETRY BY
LONGFELLOW.THE MUSIC BY
W. H. WEISS.*Allegro
Moderato.*

mf

Under a spreading ches-nut tree The vil-lage smithy stands; The

Musical notation for the first line of the song. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody is in C major, 2/4 time, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic.

smith a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands; And the

Musical notation for the second line of the song. The vocal line continues the melody, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

muscles of his brawny arms are strong as i-ron bands. His

Musical notation for the third line of the song. The vocal line concludes the phrase, and the piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His

brow is wet with honest sweat, He earns whate'er he can, And

rall.
looks the whole world in the face For he owes not a ny man....
rall. *Tempo.*

ff Week

in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow; You can

hear him swing his heavy sledge; With measured beat and slow, Like a

sexton ringing the vil...lage bell, When the evening sun is low. And

children coming home from school Look in at the o..pen door; They



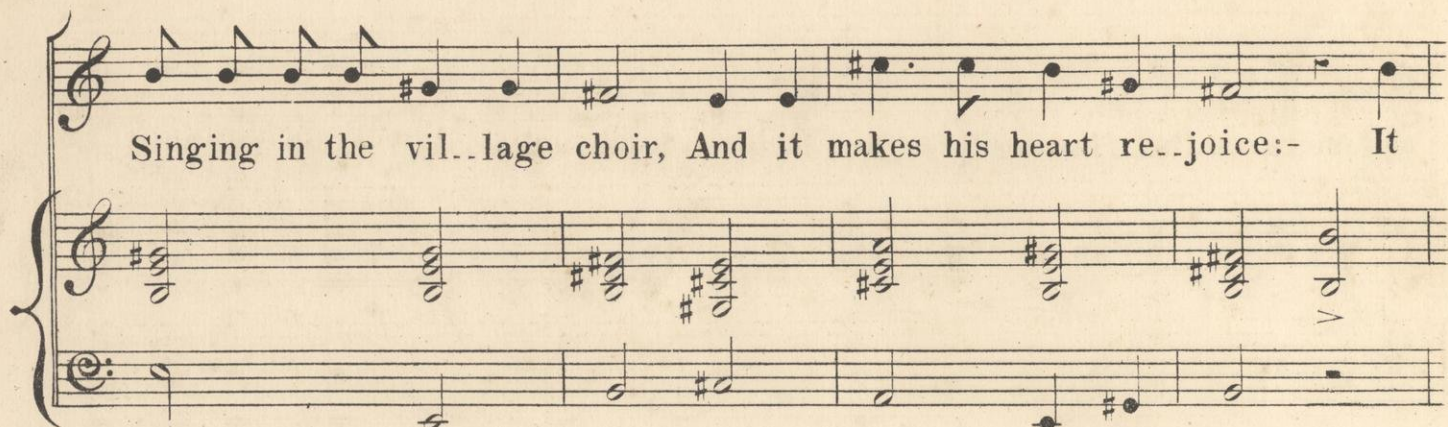
love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar, And catch the burning

sparks that fly Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sun-day to the Church, and sits among his

boys; He hears the parson pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice

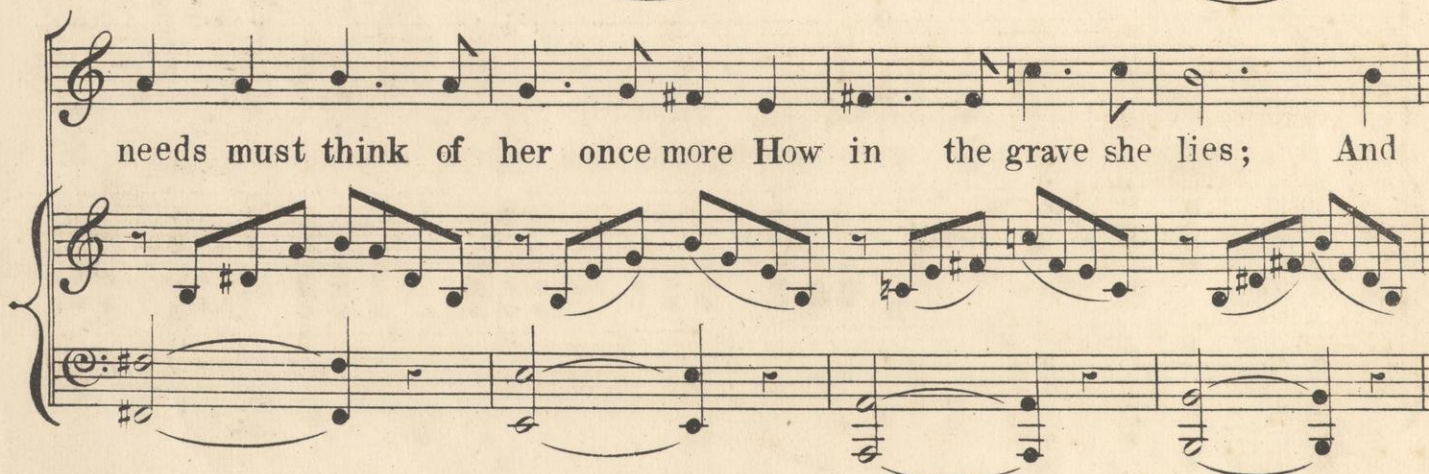
OLD HUNDREDTH PSALM.



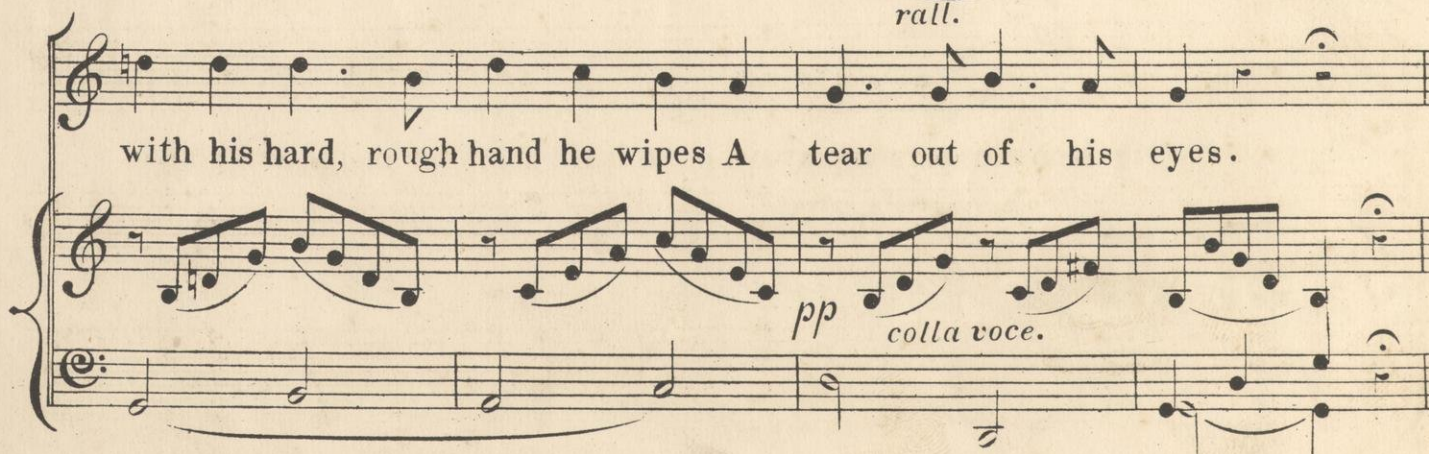
Singing in the vil..lage choir, And it makes his heart re..joice:- It



p sounds to him like her mother's voice Singing in Pa-ra-dise! He



needs must think of her once more How in the grave she lies; And



with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

rall.

pp *colla voce.*

f *Tempo.*

Toiling - re-joic-ing, sor-row-ing, Onward thro' life he goes; Each

rall.

morning sees some task begin, each evening sees it close; Something at-

colla voce.

..tempted, something done, Has earn'd a night's re... pose....

f *f* *Tempo.* *f*

ff

Songs

COMPOSED BY

W. H. WELLS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	WORDS BY	LONGFELLOW
THE SLAVE'S DREAM	D°	D°
THE DAY IS DONE	D°	D°
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS	D°	D°
THE MILLER	D°	J. WODDERSPOON
WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER	D°	J. P. MORRIS
THE SENTINEL	D°	P. SMITH
WILL THE WARRENER	D°	W. H. BELLAMY
WHEN THE SILVER MOON	D°	A. SIMPSON
KATE OF CANNOBIE	D°	J. P. DOUGLAS
IT WAS MANY & MANY A YEAR AGO	D°	EDGAR ALLAN POE
THE STAR THAT LIGHTS THE SAILOR HOME	D°	FREDERICK ENOCH
KING CANUTE	D°	W. H. BELLAMY
WHEN THE TIDE ROLLS IN		BARCAROLE

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LUCCER (THE)	by Sparte 2/-	WOLF IS OUT	T. Cooke 2/-

Songs

COMPOSED BY

J. L. HATTON.

THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WATRY NEST	WORDS BY	SIR W. DAVENANT IN CAND. E.
O RIVER ONWARD AS THOU WINDEST	D°	W. H. BELLAMY
I AM NOT OLD	D°	WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.
I WILL LOVE HER TILL I DIE	D°	J. FORD.

Song

COMPOSED BY

G. L. N. L. E. Y.

ON AN AUTUMN MORNING EARLY

Song

COMPOSED BY

G. A. MACFARREN.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST. WORDS BY BURNS