



I.R.O.N..

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IRON, Song

Dedicated (by Permission) to the
Staffordshire Iron Masters.

THE WORDS BY

JOHN TURNER,

The Music By

JOHN NICHOLLS,

Author of 'Our Naval Hero', &c. &c.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 1/6
J.N.

BIRMINGHAM,

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY THOMAS HARRISON, COLMORE ROW.

PIANO-
FORTE.

f *Maestoso.*

Cres.

tr

Let Summer Bards sing The beauties of spring, With the lark, as he carols the

mf

sky on; But sterner my muse, The subject I choose, Is a song made of nothing but

Iron! I R O N: Iron! I R O N:

f *cres:* *ff* *cres:*

Iron! Precious metals have long Been lauded in song, But the Burthen of mine shall be

ff

1st time. 2nd time.

Iron! Iron!

f

cres: *ff*

ALTO. I R O N: Iron! I R O N: Iron! Precious

TENORE *gva lower.* I R O N: Iron! I R O N: Iron! Precious

BASSO.

metals have long Been lauded in song, But the Burthen of mine shall be Iron!

metals have long Been lauded in song, But the Burthen of mine shall be Iron!

2
When the Earth was new, And spontaneous grew
Her produce for man to rely on;
Ere the Plough or the Spade Had been thought of or
It was then, man needed no Iron! (made)

! I R O N: Iron! :

'Twas a bright sunny clime, And a happy sweet time,
Ere mankind knew the use of cold Iron! *

3
But twilight of Time Was darken'd with crime;
Dimm'd was all that bright Hope fixt her eye on;
Sorely Adam did miss His Eden of bliss,
When into his soul enter'd Iron!

! I R O N: Iron! :

Oh alas for the day When man fled away,
From the sword, flaming red, as hot Iron! *

4
Then the Spade and the Plough "By the sweat of his,
Tubal-Cain all his skill did employ on; (brow,
Mother Earth he explores, For her choicest of Ores,
But none were so useful as Iron!

! I R O N: Iron! :

Both Silver and Gold Are bright to behold,
But the King of all metals is Iron! *

5
When the Roman came o'er, To old Albion's shore,
And his Eagle our Island did fly on; -
Their Chariots of War, Did Britons prepare,
And their Axles were bearded with Iron!

! I R O N: Iron! :

Neither Gunpowder-puff, Nor any such stuff,
Did our fore-fathers fight with - but Iron! *

6
So when blustering foes Our rights would oppose,
And their valour 'gainst Britain would try on;
Soon their pride has been bow'd 'Mid the Cannon-roar
In a hard, pelting shower of Iron! (loud,

! I R O N: Iron! :

Though at times we may spare Our Powder in War,
We could always deal freely in Iron! *

7
Then by "Rails" in a day- But how far shall we say?
Why, from Berwick to Brentford "Red Lion!"
Our land is till'd And our enemies kill'd,
And all by the virtue of Iron!

! I R O N: Iron! :

The Philosopher's stone Is no longer unknown,
When the Earth shall be belted with Iron! *

8
Then do not discard The song of the Bard,-
Let the miser on Gold set his joy on;
Let the myrtle grove wave O'er the land of the slave,
Give me Albion, Freedom and Iron!
! I R O N: Iron! :
Let the Master of Arts Boast his learning and parts,
But success to the Master of Iron! *

* Repeat the three last lines of each
Verse in Chorus.