

The Old Village Blacksmith's Shop - song lyrics

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The Old Village Blacksmith's Shop.

Some folks like to visit strange lands and their ways-
"While some go to Paris and Rome;
But the spot I love best, and am longing to see.
Is in Ireland, my own village home.
'Tis there that I spent many hours when a boy.
And 'tis there that I often would stop
To watch the old blacksmith displaying his power.
In the old village blacksmith's shop.

Chorus.

Dang, bang, bang, falls the hammer on the anvil;
All day long at the door I would stop.
Listening to the music made by honest toil,
In the old village blacksmith's shop.

*Tis there, when a boy, that my schoolmates and I
"Would stand 'round the old smithy fire,
And watch the old smith as he swung his huge sled,
And envy his muscular power;
And then the old man would pause in his work,
And his ponderous hammer he'd stop,
To talk to us kindly, and call us his boys,
In the old village blacksmith's shop.- Chorus.

'Tis often I think of the days that are gone,
"When to the old smithy I'd go,
And to help the old man, on a box I would stand.
And with pleasure his bellows I'd blow;
But the old man has gone to his last resting place,
And no more at the door I can stop
To watch the sparks fly from the fire to the sky.
In the old village blacksmith's shop.-Chorus.