

Jeremiah, Blow The Fire - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Jeremiah, Blow the Fire.

My name is Jeremiah Jones, and when I was a child
I used to play a little game which drove my mother wild ;
I'd take the bellows on my knee, to blow the fire I'd try,
And when the fire began to blaze, I lustily would cry:

Chorus.

Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff;
Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff;
First you do it gently, then you come it rather rough,
Jeremiah, blow the fire, puff, puff, puff.

Then when a little older, to a farrier I was bound.
To learn the art of shoeing which a bootless task I found;
They canceled my indentures, for I raised my master's ire
By shouting out the whole day long, while blowing at the fire-Chorus.

In time I loved a pretty girl, and strange, tho' it may be,
The lady in her younger days was just the same to me;
And when I asked her to be mine, she bowed her lovely head,
And as I pressed my lips to hers, in artful tones she said-
Spoken-You remember the old song of-Chorus.

We're married now, I'm proud to say, and have been many years;
We're very happy, and we've got a dozen little dears;
They're all of them strong-winded, which you'd say without a doubt,
If you came into our domicile and chanced to hear them shout-Chorus.