

THE PENIEL SERIES.

The Village Blacksmith



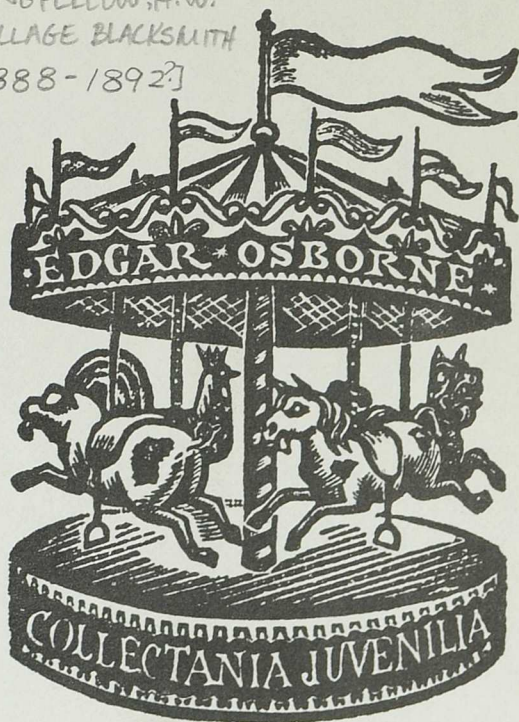
CASTELL BROTHERS,
LONDON.

Printed in Bavaria.

(P) (7)

LONGFELLOW, H. W.
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

[1888-1892]

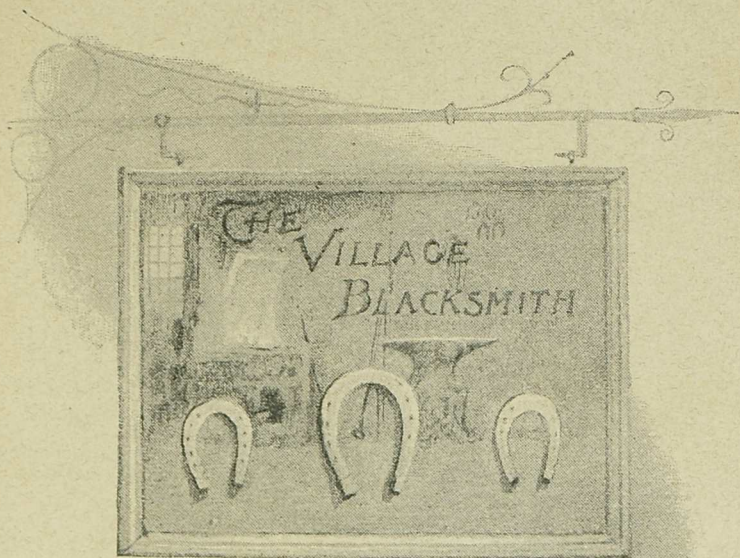


37131048 630 594

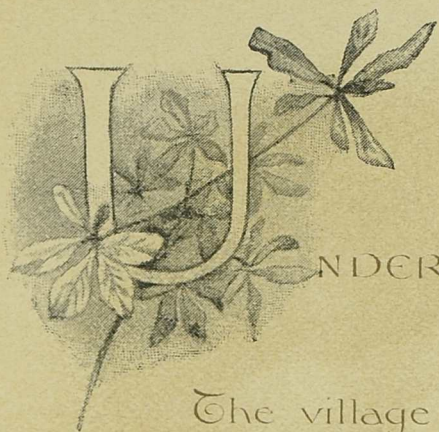
TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Presented to the
Osborne Collection by*

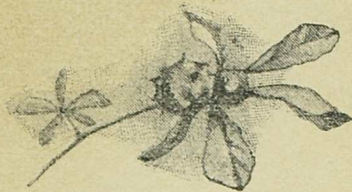
Mrs. Edith Rabillard
in memory of her mother
Mrs. Florence Aldred





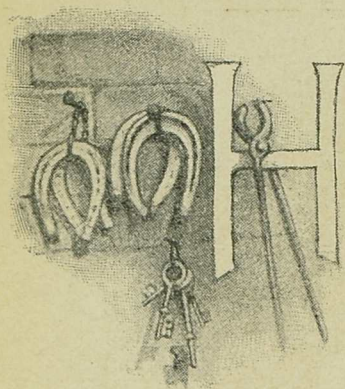


UNDER a spreading
chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.



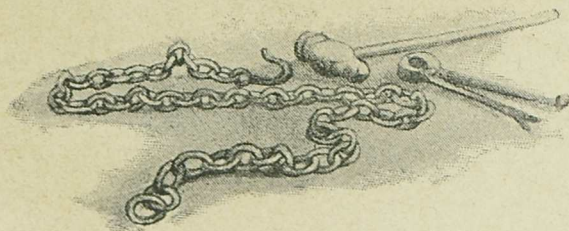


His hair is crisp,
and black, and long,
His face is like the tan,

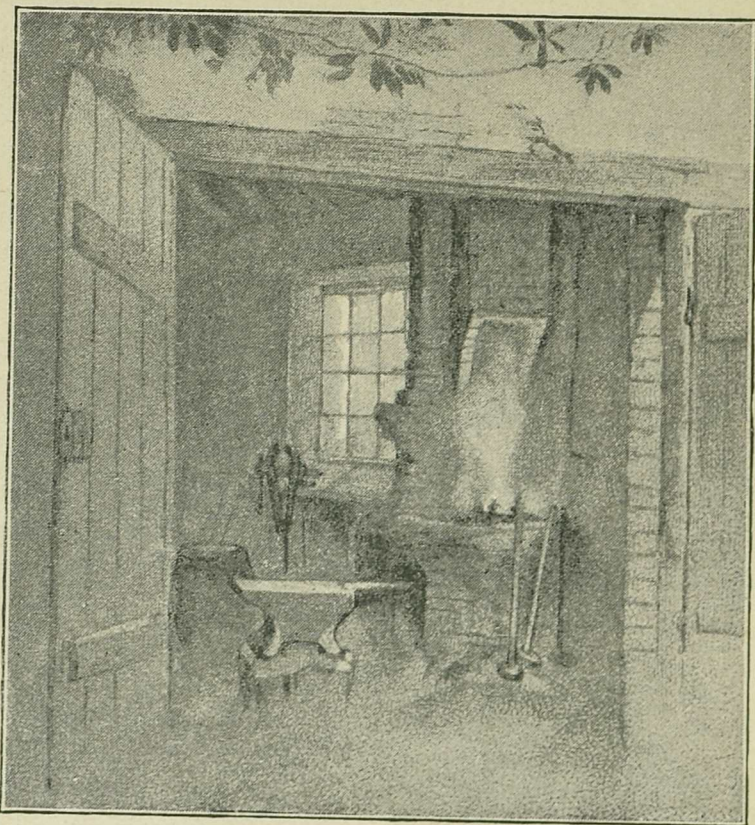


is hair is crisp,
and black, and long,
His face is like
the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

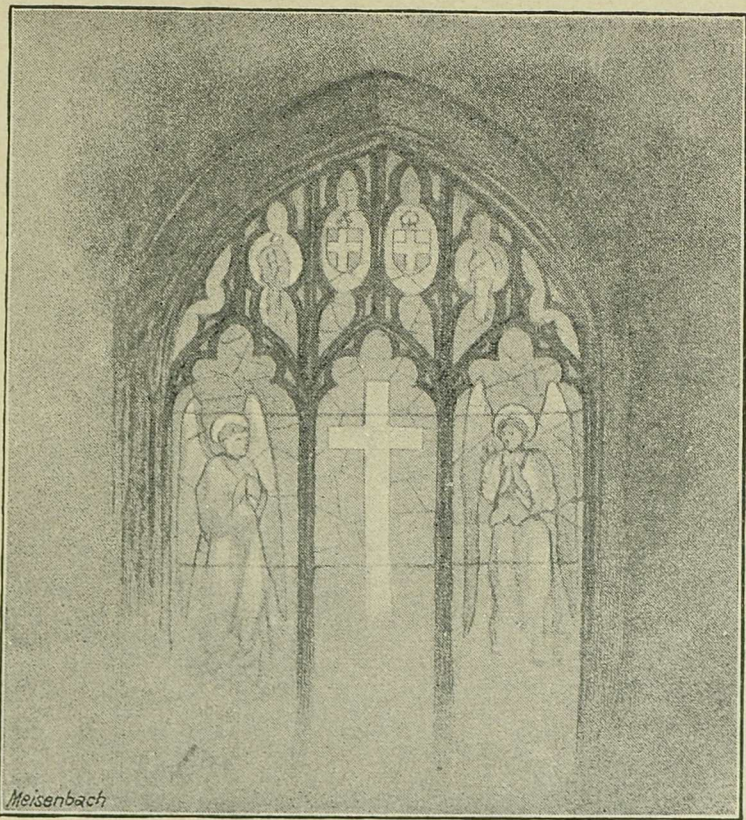


Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

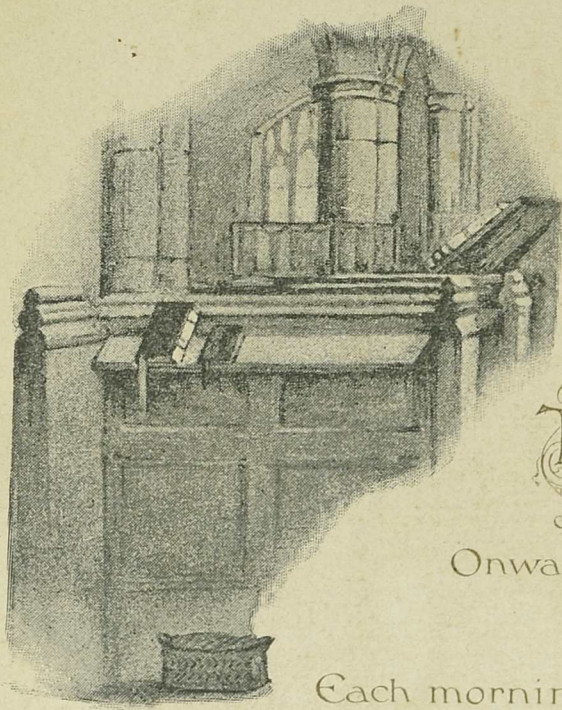


And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.



It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
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.

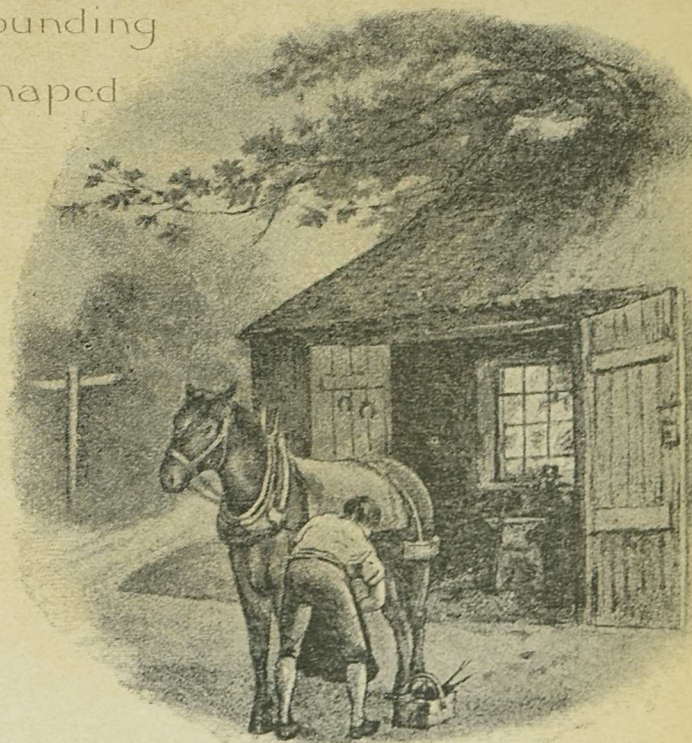


Toiling-rejoicing-
sorrowing,
Onward through
life he goes;
Each morning sees some
task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.



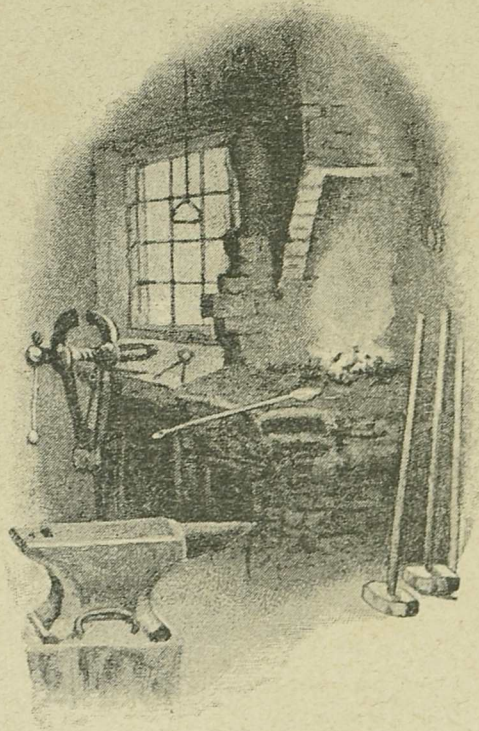
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding
anvil shaped
Each burning
deed and
thought.





Singing in the Village Choir.



Castell Brothers
London.

New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

Printed in Bavaria.

