

## LUSTY YOUNG SMITH

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing,  
His hammer laid by but his forge still aglow.  
When to him a damsel came smiling and smiling,  
And asked if to work at her forge he would go.

Chorus: With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.  
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

"I will," said the smith, and they went off together,  
Along to the young damsel's forge they did go.  
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hard work and hot weather.  
They kindled a fire and she soon made him glow.

CH

Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her.  
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.  
"Well," said the smith, "mine are in very good order,  
And I am now ready my skill for to show."

CH

Red hot grew his iron, as both did desire,  
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.  
Said she, "What I get, I get out of the fire,  
So prithee, strike home and redouble the blow!"

CH

Six times (!!!) did his iron, by vigorous heating,  
Grow soft in her forge in a minute or so,  
But as often was hardened, still beating and beating,  
Yet the more it was softened, it hardened more slow.  
[aside: "That's the metallurgy verse, there."]

CH

When the smith rose to go, quoth the dame full of sorrow:  
"Oh, what would I give could my husband do so.  
Good lad with your hammer come hither tomorrow,  
But pray could you use it once more ere you go!"

CH x 2

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