

# **The Village Blacksmith**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

**Under the 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;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,**

**And 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 the threshing floor.**

**He goes on Sunday to the church  
And sits among his boys;  
He hear 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 begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.**

**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.**