

Song of the Armourer [sɑŋ ʌv ði 'ɑːmə.ɹə]

Text by *Frances V. Hubbard* [Am?]

Set by *George Balch Nevin* (1859-1933) [Am]

I **forge** **the** **sword,** **I** **shape** **the** **steel,**
[a:ɪ fɔːdʒ ðə sɔːd ʔa:ɪ ʃe:ɪp ðə stɪl]

While **the** **gleaming** **sparks** **take** **flight,**
[wa:ɪl ðə 'ɡlim.ɪŋ spɑːks te:ɪk fla:ɪt]

A hundred strokes my strong right arm
Raining down on armour bright,

On shield, on corslet and chains of mail,
Music grand my hammer swings,
And a hearty song, both loud, gay and strong,
To the tune thus the workman sings.

Chorus

Oh, ring, ring merrily steel on steel,
The forge is glittering bright,
As, with clang and with cling, thus I gaily sing,
While the weapons I forge for fight.

My trusty blades I temper well
'Mid the roaring bellows blast,
Thro' links welded strong, thro' plate and mail,
They will find their way at last.

I weld and I forge with the anvil's clang,
While the hammer thus I swing
With a kling, kling, kling and klang, klang, klang,
Keeping time with the tune I sing...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

