The Village Blacksmith.

By H. W. Longfellow

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

Week out, week in, 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 old kirk chimes,
When the evening sun is low.

IV.

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

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