The Village Blacksmith

By O. W. Holmes

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 brazen arms
Are large and 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 all that he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him, driving his heavy sledge,
With measured beat, and slow,
And his golden hammer clanging,
Like a siren ringing the old city chimes,
When the evening sun is low.

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