



The village
blacksmith

John L. Hatton
(1809-1886)

The village blacksmith

J. L. Hatton

Allegro moderato ♩ = 132

S
Un - der a spread - ing chest - nut tree The vil - lage smith - y stands; The

A
Un - der a spread - ing chest - nut tree The vil - lage smith - y stands; The

T
Un - der a spread - ing chest - nut tree The vil - lage smith - y stands; The

B
Un - der a spread - ing chest - nut tree The vil - lage smith - y stands; The

5
S
smith, a might - y man is he, With large and sin - ewy hands; And the

A
smith, a might - y man is he, With large and sin - ewy hands; And the

T
smith, a might - y man is he, With large and sin - ewy hands; And the

B
smith, a might - y man is he, With large and sin - ewy hands; And the

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9

S mus - cles of his brawn - y arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His

A mus - cles of his brawn - y arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His

T mus - cles of his brawn - y arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His

B mus - cles of his brawn - y arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His

13

S hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His

A hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His

T hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His

B hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His

17

S brow is wet with hon - est sweat, He earns what - e'er he

A brow is wet with hon - est sweat, He earns what - e'er he

T brow is wet with hon - est sweat, He earns what - e'er he

B brow is wet with hon - est sweat, He earns what - e'er he

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20

S can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he

A can, And looks the whole world in the face,

T can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he

B can, And looks the whole world in the face,

23

S owes, _____ he owes not an - y man.

A For he owes, _____ he owes not an - y man.

T owes, _____ he owes not an - y man.

B For he owes, _____ he owes not an - y man.

S *f* Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bel - lows blow; You can

A *f* Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bel - lows blow; You can

T *f* Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bel - lows blow; You can

B *f* Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bel - lows blow; You can

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31

S hear him swing his heav - y sledge With meas - ured_ beat and slow, Like a

A hear him swing his heav - y sledge With meas - ured beat and_ slow, Like a

T hear him swing his heav - y sledge With meas - ured_ beat and slow, Like a

B hear him swing his heav - y sledge With meas - ured_ beat and slow, Like a

35

S sex - ton ring - ing the vil - lage bell, When the eve - ning sun is low. And_

A sex - ton ring - ing the vil - lage bell, When the eve - ning sun is low. And

T sex - ton ring - ing the vil - lage bell, When the eve - ning sun is low. And

B sex - ton ring - ing the vil - lage bell, When the eve - ning sun is low. And

39

S child - ren com - ing_ home from school Look in at the o - pen door; They

A child - ren com - ing home from school Look in at the o - pen door; They

T child - ren com - ing home from school Look in at the o - pen door; They

B child - ren com - ing home from school Look in at the o - pen door; They

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43 *cresc.* *f*

S love to see the flam - ing forge, And hear the bel - lows

A *cresc.* *f*
love to see the flam - ing forge, And hear the bel - lows

T *cresc.* *f*
love to see the flam - ing forge, And hear the bel - lows

B *cresc.* *f*
love to see the flam - ing forge, And hear the bel - lows

46 *ff*

S roar, And watch the burn - ing sparks that fly Like

A roar, And watch the burn - ing sparks that fly

T *ff*
roar, And watch the burn - ing sparks that fly Like

B roar, And watch the burn - ing sparks that fly

49 *ff*

S chaff, like chaff from a thresh - ing - floor.

A *ff*
Like chaff from a thresh - ing - floor.

T *ff*
chaff, like chaff from a thresh - ing - floor.

B *ff*
Like chaff, like chaff from a thresh - ing - floor.

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53 *pp*

S He goes on Sun - day to the church, And sits a - mong his boys; He

A He goes on Sun - day to the church, And sits a - mong his boys; He

T He goes on Sun - day to the church, And sits a - mong his boys; He

B He goes on Sun - day to the church, And sits a - mong his boys; He

58

S hears the par - son pray and preach, He hears his daugh - ter's voice, Sing - ing

A hears the par - son pray and preach, He hears his daugh - ter's voice, Sing - ing

T hears the par - son pray and preach, He hears his daugh - ter's voice, Sing - ing

B hears the par - son pray and preach, He hears his daugh - ter's voice, Sing - ing

62

S in the vil - lage choir, And it makes his heart re - joice. It

A in the vil - lage choir, And it makes his heart re - joice. It

T in the vil - lage choir, And it makes his heart re - joice. It

B in the vil - lage choir, And it makes his heart re - joice. It

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66

S sounds to him like her moth - er's voice, Sing - ing in Par - a - dise! _____ He

A sounds to him like her moth - er's voice, Sing - ing in Par - a - dise! _____ He

T sounds to him like her moth - er's voice, Sing - ing in Par - a - dise! He

B sounds to him like her moth - er's voice, Sing - ing in Par - a - dise! He

70

S needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And

A needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And

T needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And

B needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And

74

S with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

A with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

T with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

B with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

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78 *Con spirito*

S *f* Toil - ing, — re - joic - ing, — sor - row - ing, On - ward thro' life he goes; Each

A *f* Toil - ing, — re - joic - ing, — sor - row - ing, On - ward thro' life he goes; Each

T *f* Toil - ing, — re - joic - ing, — sor - row - ing, On - ward thro' life he goes; Each

B *f* Toil - ing, — re - joic - ing, — sor - row - ing, On - ward thro' life he goes; Each

82

S morn - ing sees some task be - gin, Each eve - ning — sees it close;

A morn - ing sees some task be - gin, Each eve - ning sees it close;

T morn - ing sees some task be - gin, Each eve - ning — sees it close;

B morn - ing sees some task be - gin, Each eve - ning — sees it close;

86

S Some - thing at - tempt - ed, some - thing done, Has earned a night's re - pose.

A Some - thing at - tempt - ed, some - thing done, Has earned a night's re - pose. *p* Thanks,

T Some - thing at - tempt - ed, some - thing done, Has earned a night's re - pose. *p* Thanks,

B Some - thing at - tempt - ed, some - thing done, Has earned a night's re - pose. *p* Thanks,

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90

S *p* For the les - son thou hast taught!

A thanks to thee, my wor - thy friend, For the les - son thou hast taught!

T thanks to thee, my wor - thy friend, For the les - son thou hast taught!

B thanks to thee, my wor - thy friend, For the les - son thou hast taught!

94

S *f* > Thus at the flam - ing forge of life Our for - tunes must be

A *f* > Thus at the flam - ing forge of life Our for - tunes must be

T *f* > Thus at the flam - ing forge of life Our for - tunes must be

B *f* > Thus at the flam - ing forge of life Our for - tunes must be

97

S wrought; Thus on its sound - ing an - vil shaped Each *ff*

A wrought; Thus on its sound - ing an - vil shaped

T wrought; Thus on its sound - ing an - vil shaped Each *ff*

B wrought; Thus on its sound - ing an - vil shaped

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100

S
burn - - - - ing deed, each deed and thought!

A
ff
Each burn - ing deed, each deed and thought!

T
burn - - - - ing deed, each deed and thought!

B
ff
Each_ burn - - - - ing deed, each deed and thought!

Novello, Ewer and Co.
(1860-1885)

John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886) was born in Liverpool. He received a rudimentary music education as a child, but was essentially a self-taught musician. He held several appointments as organist in Liverpool and appeared as an actor on the Liverpool stage. He relocated to London in 1832 as a member of Macready's company at Drury Lane and began to establish himself as a composer. His first operetta, "Queen of the Thames", was successful in 1844; he then went to Vienna and brought out his opera "Pascal Bruno." He wrote several songs on his return to England and appeared at the Hereford festival as a singer. He also undertook piano concert tours at this time. From 1848 to 1850 he was in America, giving public and private concerts in New York City. Notably, in 1848, he shared the stage in Pittsburgh, PA with Stephen C. Foster. Returning to England, he became conductor of the Glee and Madrigal Union and director of music at the Princess's Theatre, London. He wrote operas, cantatas, incidental music, anthems, cathedral pieces, and many songs. His part-songs were regarded as some of the best of the genre. Hatton's daughter, Frances J. Hatton, emigrated to Canada in 1869, where she became a respected composer and the singing instructor at the Hellmuth Ladies College in London, Ontario.

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.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'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 watch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears 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!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

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