



6 CHORAL FOLK-SONGS
H. 136, Op. 36b
4.

The Song of the Blacksmith

Gustav Holst
(1874-1934)

The Song of the Blacksmith

Gustav Holst

S *ff*
Kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

A *ff*
Kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

T *ff*
Kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

B *ff*
Kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

S ³
kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

A
kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

T
kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

B
kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang



The Song of the Blacksmith

5

dim.

S kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

A

mf

T kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

B kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

For the

7

p

S kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

A black - smith court - ed me, nine months and bet - ter; And

T kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

B kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

9

S kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

A first he won my heart, till he wrote to me a let - ter, With his

T kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

B kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

The Song of the Blacksmith

11

S kang kang kang kang kang

A ham - mer in his hand, for he strikes so mighty and clever, He

T kang kang kang kang kang

B kang kang kang kang kang

13

S kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang For the

A makes the sparks to fly all round his middle,

T kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

B kang kang kang ki ki kang kang kang ki ki kang kang

15

S black - smith court - ed me, nine months and bet - er; And

A kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang

T kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang

B kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang

The Song of the Blacksmith

17

S first he won_ my heart, till he wrote to me a let - ter. With his *cresc.*

A kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang

T kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang

B kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang

19

S ham - mer in__ his__ hand, as he strikes so__ migh - ty and clev - er,

A *cresc.* kang kang kang kang

T *cresc.* With his ham - mer in__ his__ hand, as he strikes so__ migh - ty and

B *cresc.* kang kang kang kang

21

S migh - ty and clev - er, migh - ty and clev - er. kang kang kang kang kang kang kang

A kang kang kang kang kang kang kang kang kang kang

T clev - er, migh - ty and clev - er, migh - ty and clev - er. kang kang kang kang kang

B kang kang kang kang kang kang kang kang kang kang

The Song of the Blacksmith

23

fff

S
ki ki kang. kang kang kang ki ki kang

A
ki ki kang For the black - smith court - ed me, nine

T
ki ki kang For the black - smith kang kang kang ki ki kang
court - ed me, nine

B
ki ki kang. kang kang kang ki ki kang

25

S
kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang ki ki kang

A
months and bet - ter, And first he won my heart, till he

T
kang kang months and bet - ter, kang kang kang kang kang ki ki kang
And first he won my heart, till he

B
kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang ki ki kang

27

S
kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang kang

A
wrote to me a let - ter. With his ham - mer in his hand, for he

T
kang kang wrote to me a let - ter. ki kang kang kang kang kang kang kang
With his ham - mer in his hand, for he

B
kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang kang

The Song of the Blacksmith

29

S — kang kang — kang kang kang ki ki kang

A strikes so migh - ty and clev - er, He — makes the sparks to fly all —

T — kang kang — kang kang kang kang ki ki kang
strikes so migh - ty and clev - er, He — makes the sparks to fly all —

B — kang kang — kang kang kang kang ki ki kang

31

S kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang kang ki ki kang kang.

A round his mid - dle. — kang kang ki ki kang kang.

T kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang kang ki ki kang kang.
round his mid - dle. —

B kang kang ki ki kang kang kang kang kang ki ki kang kang.

J. Curwen & Sons
(1917)

For the blacksmith courted me, nine months and better;
And first he won my heart, till he wrote to me a letter.
With his hammer in his hand, as he strikes so mighty and clever,
He makes the sparks to fly all around his middle.

Hampshire Folksong
Collected by George Barnet Gardiner (1852-1910)

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