

Blacksmith Rag

WITH THE "ANVIL CHORUS"



Featured by the
Eight
Royal Ballerinas
in

J. C. Williamson's
Gorgeous Pantomime

"Babes in the Wood"

Lyric by
WILL R. GARTON
and
LEO WOOD
Music by
REDNIP



Produced by
CHAS. A. WENMAN

Leo. Feist Inc., New York.

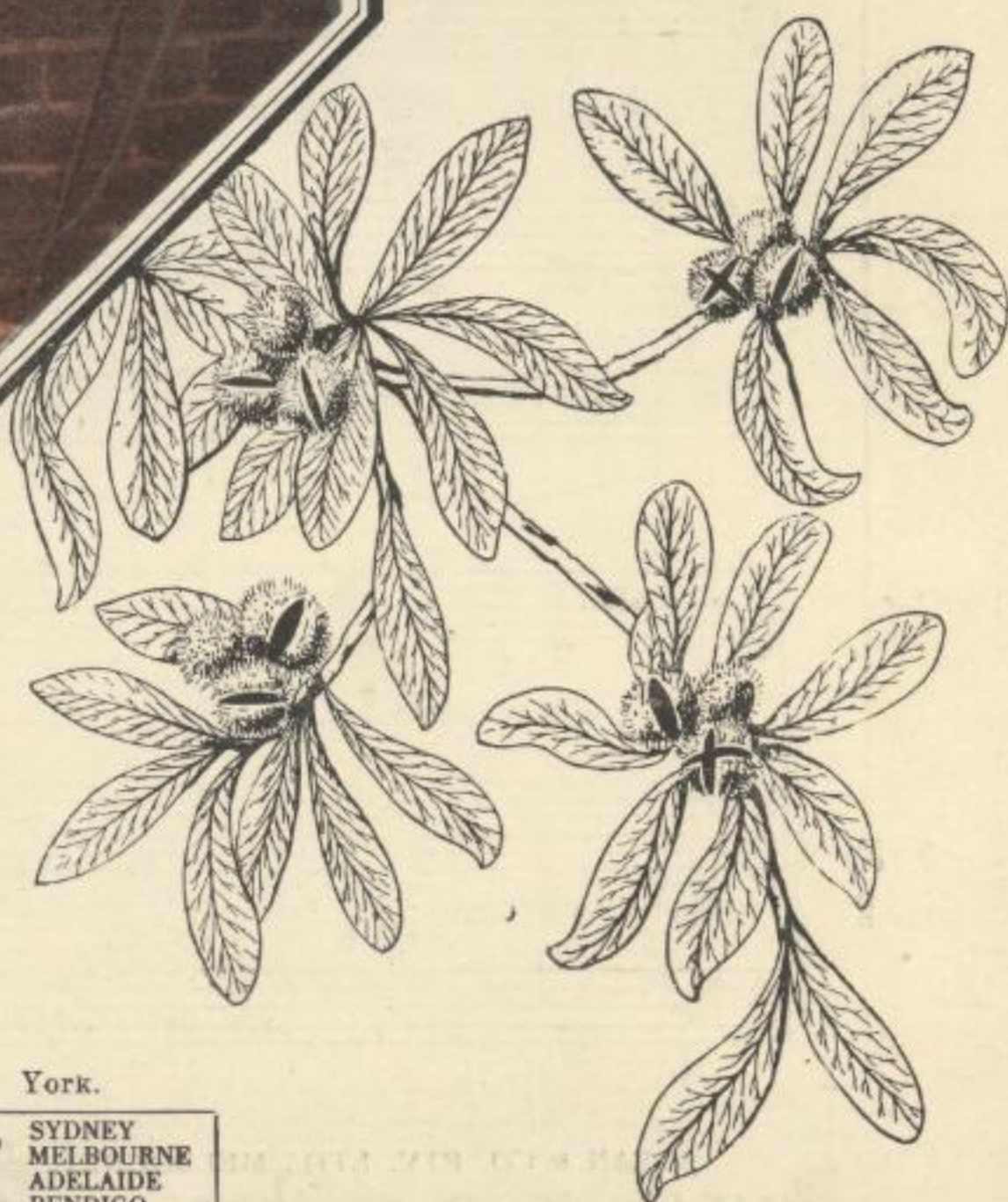
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The Blacksmith Rag

Lyric by
WILL R. GARTON
and LEO WOOD

With The "Anvil Chorus"

Music by
"REDNIP"

Arranged by George L. Cobb

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked *ff* (fortissimo) in the key of D major. The first vocal line is accompanied by piano chords. The lyrics are: "Down in the shade of an old spreading chest-nut tree, Close to a field where the His is the song that I long most of all to hear, Therewould I be where that". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second vocal line is accompanied by piano chords. The lyrics are: "dai - sies grow, — There stands a smith and a great might-y man is he, mel - o - dy, — Rings on the air, while its blare, ech - oes long and clear,". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody. The third vocal line is accompanied by piano chords. The lyrics are: "Clang - ing on an an - vil in the fi - res glow Sing - ing some - thing like a rag - gy tune to me...". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody. The score ends with a final piano chord.

4606-3

This Composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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Oh, how he sings as his ham-mer he swings, The sparks a-fly-ing while the bel-lows moan,

Sounds like a tune that a rag-pick-er'd croon, When he is blue and he is all a-lone.

How I long to hear it, Long to lin-ger near it, Clang, Clang, Clang, Clang.

TRIO

Hear the an-vil ring-ing, Hear the smith a-sing-ing, Makes me want to laugh and cry For

Clang, 2 + 3 + 4 Clang, 2 + 3 + 4 Clang, I cry For

that is sure some black - smith drag,

that is sure some black - smith drag, I love to hear him play it,

Oh, what syn - co - pa - tion, Best in all cre - a - tion, I could lis - ten till I

Clang, Clang, Clang, I

die, Oh, when I hear that Black-smith Rag.

sigh, Oh, when I hear that Black-smith Rag.

sf

Clang, Clang, Don't you love to lis - ten to the Black-smith Rag, Clang!

ff *sf*