

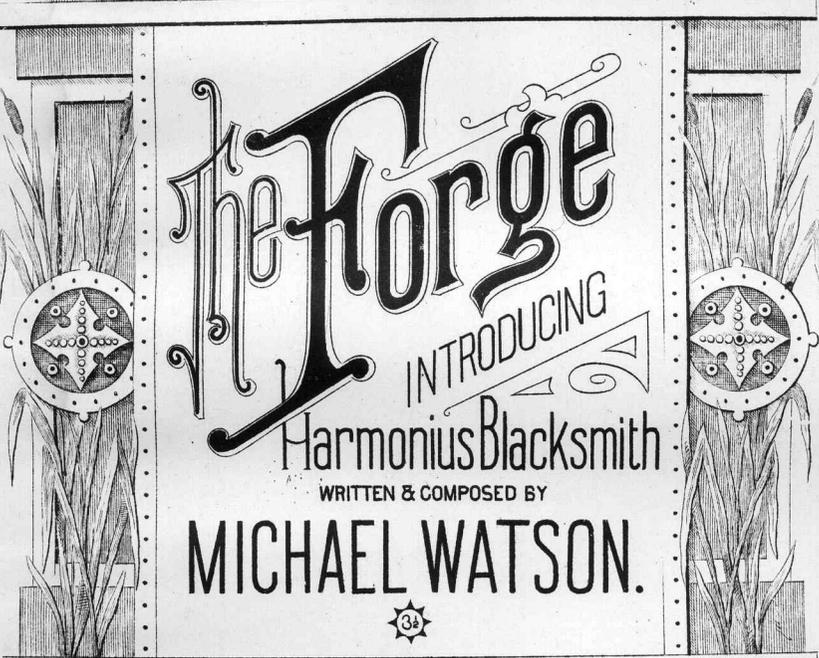
# The Forge

INTRODUCING

Harmonius Blacksmith

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

## MICHAEL WATSON.



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# THE FORGE.

Written and Composed by

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*Moderato.*

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. Dynamics range from *mf* to *sf*. The piece concludes with a *cres.* marking.

Vocal line starting with a *p* dynamic. The melody is simple and rhythmic, ending with a *cres.* marking.

A quaint old place is the blacksmiths forge, Where the children love to be. The stalwart smith makes the

Piano accompaniment for the first phrase, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. Dynamics include *cres.*

Vocal line starting with a *f* dynamic. The melody is more active, with eighth and sixteenth notes.

an-vil ring, As he swings his hammer free, He swings his ham-mer free!

Piano accompaniment for the second phrase, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. Dynamics include *f*.

Vocal line starting with a *mp* dynamic. The melody is simple and rhythmic, ending with a *cres.* marking.

The roar of the fur-nace is mu-sic to him, For it tells there is work in

Piano accompaniment for the third phrase, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. Dynamics include *mp*, *cres.*, and *f*.

*f*

hand, He sings as he strikes with right good will, No heart more gay in the land, No

*poco rit.* *Andante con moto.* The Harmonious Blacksmith.  
*mp*

heart more gay in the land. Toil brings comfort, Rest follows labor, Up with the lark and the

*colla voce.* *rall.* *mp*

*cres.*

rising sun. Days are passing, Life is fleeting, Work is half finish'd when once be-gun;

*cres.* *p* *mf*

*f* *rall.*

Strike then, bravely, Strike then, boldly, A day's toil done is a day's wage won!

*f* *rall.* *a tempo*

The Forge.

*ff*

*p tranquillo.*

And when the eve-ning sun has set, And the toil-er takes his rest, In the

*p*

chimney cor-ner then he'll sit, With those he loves the best. And I doubt if more eloquent

*p* *cres.*

words are heard E'en from preacher of high degree, Than those that spring from this honest man's heart, To his

*rall.*

chil- dren round his knee, His chil- dren round his knee.

*Andante con moto.*  
*mp*

Toil brings comfort, Rest fol- lows la- bor, Up with the lark and the rising sun. Days are passing,

*f*

Life is fleet ing, Work is half finish'd when once begun; Strike then, bravely, Strike then, boldly, A

*molto rall. al fine.*

day's toil done is a day's wage won!

# **Scanning Target**

## **Edison Sheet Music**

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