



«Blacksmith»

by Rose McCan

Irish Folk | Single | 6.3.2026

Product info

Label	iMusician Rose McCan
Sales Date	6.3.2026
Genre	Irish Folk
Subgenre	Acoustic Folk/Celtic
Format	Digital (Single)
EAN	406 94936 5232 1
Explicit	No

Tracklist

Blacksmith (3:27) CH6542625011

Credits

Composer/Author:

Orig. «The Blacksmith» (auch bekannt als «A Blacksmith Coured Me» (trad./engl./unknown), Editing by Rose McCan

Musicians:

Rose McCan (Vocals, Guitar, Bodhrán, Mandola)

Deean Andreas Utzinger (Keys/Progr.)

Jamie Jordan (Irish Flute)

Producing/Mastering:

Deean Andreas Utzinger

(mm-productions studios, Dübendorf)

Links

Releases: www.rosemccan.com/de/releases
www.instagram.com/rosemccanmusic

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Song

“ I am fascinated by melodies and lyrics that have endured for centuries. No one knows how old this song, originally titled ‘The Blacksmith’ (also known as ‘A Blacksmith Courted Me’, really is, as the composer remained unknown. What we know is that it comes from England and was noted down in 1909 by Ralph Vaughan Williams, who collected it from Ellen Powell.

My love for this piece is also rooted in the fact that it is told from a woman’s perspective – a rarity among old Irish folk songs. It was also the song with which I first ventured into melodic fingerpicking. Although many other fingerstyle pieces followed, whenever I try out an unfamiliar guitar, the ‘Blacksmith pattern’ is still in my fingers.

In terms of content, the song tells of a blacksmith who courted a woman and promised to marry her, but then went off with another woman instead. For a long time, I could not understand why the rejected woman continued to speak of this unfaithful man with such love. I am certain she would have forgiven him unconditionally if he had returned to her.

For quite some time, I wondered whether I should adapt the song’s ending to reflect my own perspective. In the end, however, I decided against it, as there are still countries where women have to remain quiet and friendly because they depend on finding a good husband.”

Lyrics

① *A blacksmith courted me
 Nine months and better
 He fairly won my heart
 Wrote me a letter
 With his hammer in his hand
 He looked so clever
 And if I was with my love
 I would live forever*

② *But where is my love gone
 With his cheeks like roses
 And his good black Billycock on
 Decked around with primroses
 I fear the shining sun
 May burn and scorch his beauty
 And if I was with my love
 I would do my duty*

③ *Strange news is come to town
 Strange news is carried
 Strange news flies up and down
 That my love is married
 I wish them both much joy
 Although they can’t hear me
 May the future reward him well
 For the slighting of me*

④ *Don’t you remember when
 You lay beside me
 And you said you’d marry me
 And not deny me
 If I said I’d marry you
 It was only for to try you
 So bring your witness love
 And I’ll not deny you*