

Respectfully dedicated to the
Utica Reform Club.

The

REFORMED BLACKSMITH

Joseph Higgins, Rome N.Y.

Song AND Chorus

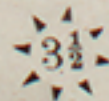
Words by

JOHN PIPER



Music by

W. P. MADOC



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THE REFORMED BLACKSMITH.

Words by John Piper.

Music by W. Apmadoc.

Allegretto.

1 I'm a
2 My
3 My

temp.'rance man, I'm a temp.'rance man, How hap - py, how hap - py am
shop and my house are both neat as a pin, How hap - py, how hap - py am
wife is so glad as our sun - ny days glide, How hap - py, how hap - py am

I I've ban - ished the bot - tle, the pois - 'nous can, That was
 I I've cash in my pock - et, I've coal in my bin, And a
 I She joins in my songs as we sit, walk or ride, And our

short - ning my life to half of its span, Re - deem'd, to my la - bor I
 right hearty shake for a friend who comes in, And a laugh when the sher - iff is
 lit - tle ones now are our treas - ure and pride, Hope beams in each bright laughing

CHORUS
 (Sop. and Alto.) (Ten. and Bass.) (Sop. and Alto.) Unison.

hie;
 nigh;
 eye;

I hammer, I hammer, I hammer a - way I

Sop. =

hammer, I hammer, I hammer a-way At the dawn, at the dawn of day..... For the

Alto. =

Tenor. =

Bass. =

Piano. =

pledge has driven my sorrows a-way, How happy, how hap-py, am I.....

am I, how happy am I.

pledge has driven my sorrows a-way, How happy, how hap-py, am I, how hap-py am I.

am I.....

cresc. *f* *mf*