

Have you heard the Great
Ethiopian Oddity?

**A BULLFROG
AM NO NIGHTINGALE**

BY

Geo. Schleiffarth

AND

Harry B. Smith,

*The Authors of that famous Waltz Song:
"WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED?"*

"The BULLFROG SONG" is without excep-
tion the funniest and best "Negro-Comicality"
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Dedicated to the distinguished Baritone,
GEO. H. BRODERICK.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Words by LONOFELLOW.

Music by GEO. SCHLEIFFARTH.

INTRODUCTION.
Allegro Moderato.

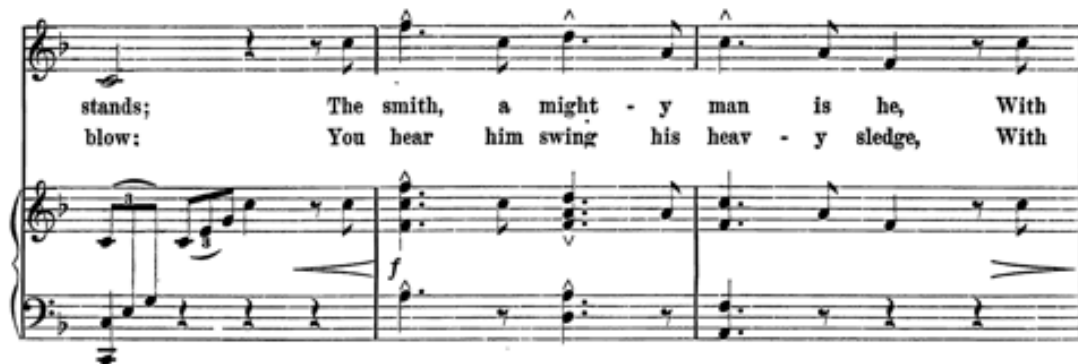


Musical notation for the introduction, featuring piano and bass staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *ritard.*



1. Un - der a spread - ing chest - nut tree, The vil - lage smith - y
2. Week in, week out, from morn till night, You hear his bel - lows

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.



stands; The smith, a might - y man is he, With
blow: You hear him swing his heav - y sledge, With

Musical notation for the final two lines of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

large and si - newy hands; And the mus - cles of his
 meas - ured beat and slow; Like a sex - ton ring - ing the

de - cres - cen - do. sf

braw - ny arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His
 vil - lage bell, When the eve - ning sun is low. And

p marcato. (anvil.) rall.

hair is crisp and black and long. His face is like the tan, His brow is wet with hon - est sweat, He
 children com - ing home from school Look in at the o - pen door, They love to see the flam - ing forge, And

mf ritard.

earns whate'er he can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not an - y man. And
 hear the bellows roar, And catch the burn - ing sparks that fly, Like chaff from a threshing floor, And

looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not an - y man.
 catch the burn - ing sparks that fly. Like chaff from a thresh - ing floor.

INTERLUDE.

mf *rit.* *FINE.*

3

He goes, on Sunday, to the church,
 And sits among his boys,
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
 It sounds to him like mother's voice,
 Who sings in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

The Village Blacksmith. — 2.

4

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes,
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.
 Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped,
 Each burning deed and thought!