

# ELEGY on the Death of a BLACKSMITH

September 18, 1793

WITH the nerves of a Sampson this son of the sledge,  
By the anvil his livelihood got:

With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge;  
And struck--while his iron was hot.

By *forging* he liv'd, yet never was tried,  
Or condemn'd by the laws of the land;

But still it is certain, and can't be denied,  
He often was *burnt in the hand*.

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claim'd,  
With the last he had nothing to do;

He handled no awl, and yet in his time  
Made many an excellent shoe.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still  
His bellows was always in blast;

And I will acknowledge (deny it who will)  
That one *Vice*, and but *one*, he possess'd.

No actor was he, or concern'd with the stage,  
No audience to awe him appear'd;

Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)  
The voice of a *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steeling* of axes was part of his cares,  
In thieving he never was found;

And tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,  
No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas and alack! And what more can I say  
Of Vulcan's unfortunate son?-

The priest and the sexton have bore him away,  
And the sound of his hammer is done!