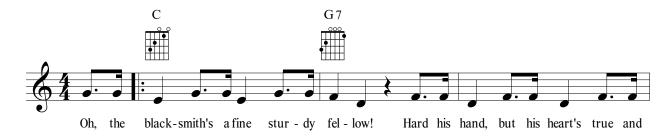
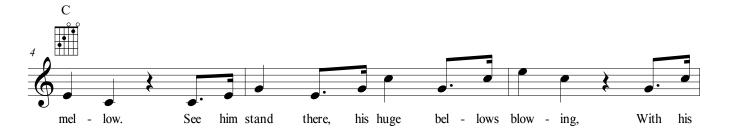
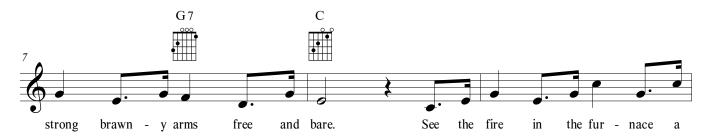
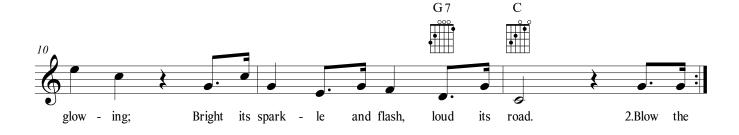


- 2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on; Till the iron's all aglow, let it roar on! While the smith high his hammer's a-swinging, Fi'ry sparks fall in show'rs all around. And the sledge on the anvil is ringing; Fills the air with its clanging sound.
- 3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling, Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling. Oh, the smith he's a fine sturdy fellow! Bravely working from morning till night; Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow; Like his anvil, he stands for the right.

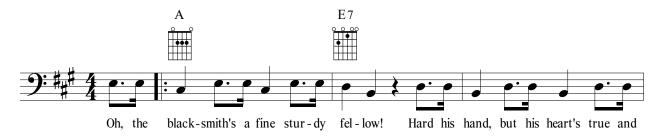


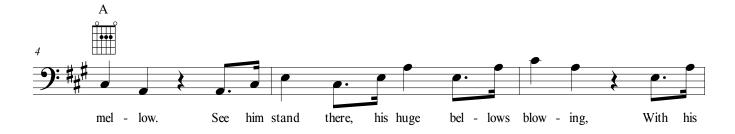


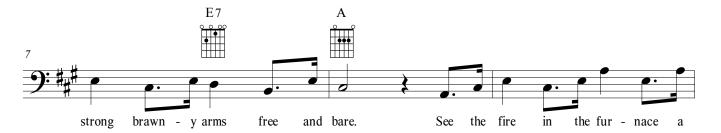


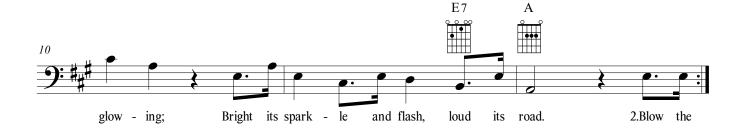


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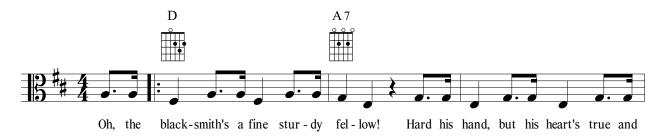


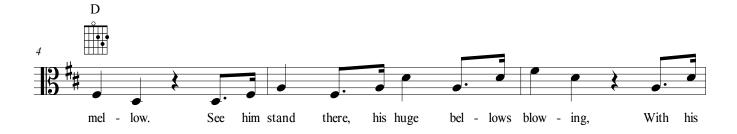


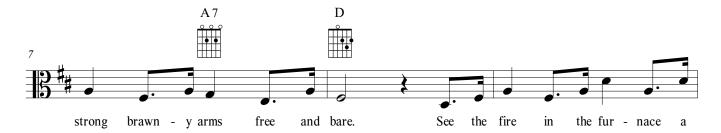




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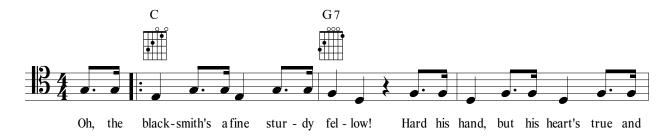


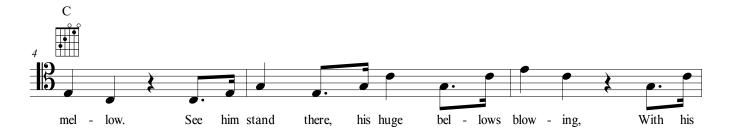


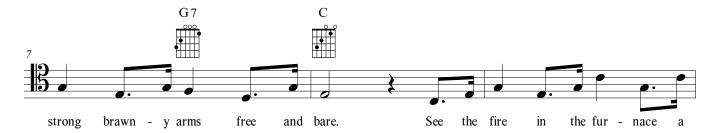


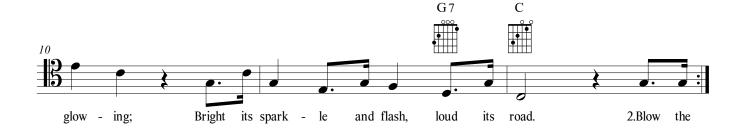
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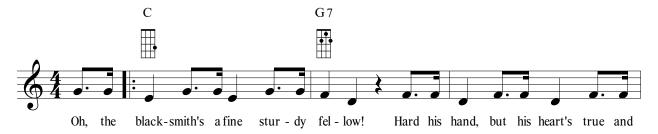


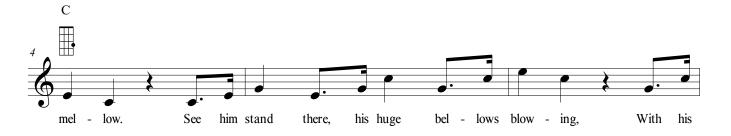


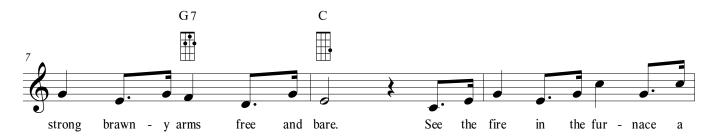


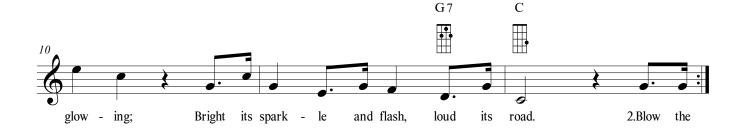
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Ukulele Music: W.A. Mozart
Lyrics: Anonymous









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