

Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy 35
Is to slay their fellow-man.”

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low. 40
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, “Hurra for my handicraft!” 45
And the red sparks lit the air;
“Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;”
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands; 50
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, “Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he:
And for the ploughshare and the plough 55
To him our praise shall be;
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!” 60

(From G. B. Smith, ed. *Illustrated British Ballads, Old and New*. Vol. 2. London, 1881)