

# *The Relentless Rhythm of the Hammer*

[Music and Lyrics by Kathryn Wheeler]

1. *Enter the zone..*

*Where every hope and  
dream lies in your grasp*

*Where time has flown..*

*In a blissful state of  
focus on your task*

*You've signed the deal,*

*Sealed the pact*

*Now its time for you to act..*

*Chorus*

*The relentless rhythm of the  
hammer*

*The tireless toil of the  
tradesman's skill*

*The relentless rhythm of the  
hammer*

*Doomed to suffer the Eternal's  
will*

2. *No need to pause...*

*To eat, to drink, to think of other  
things*

*No hunger gnaws....*

*No ache, no throbbing pain,  
no blister stings*

*You've struck the bargain,*

*Guaranteed*

*You'd do your utmost to succeed...*

*Chorus*

3. *No space to breathe...*

*You suffocate in torment while  
you toil*

*You scream, you seethe...*

*Yet, bound by blood, you're  
chained,*

*..and that blood boils*

*You've signed with tears*

*Made the bet*

*Now its time for you to sweat..*

*Chorus*

4. *This endless night*

*Where only victory or death  
await you now*

*No sense, no sight*

*Only the pressing need to execute  
your vow*

*You dream of death*

*In your distress*

*A final breath...*

*Or else, success*

*Chorus*

5. *The day awaits*

*And, blearily, you're led into the  
light*

*You cannot think*

*You cannot speak, you cannot  
see, it's all too bright*

*You soon forget*

*Your wounds will heal*

*You bend again to hammer steel*

## *Blacksmiths*

*(From the point of view of someone hearing the work going on all night!) - read this out in a ranting style!*

*Smut-smirched smiths, smothered with smoke  
Drive me to death with distraction and din.  
No one ever heard such noise in the night:*

*Clamouring of knaves and clattering knocks,  
The hog-nosed hobgoblins hollering, "Ho! Coal!"  
And blowing their bellows fit to burst brains.*

*"Huff! Puff!" howls one, "Haff! Paff!" another,  
Gnashing and gnawing and groaning together,  
Hitting out hotly with mad hammers,  
Roundly wrapped in rawhide aprons,  
Their shanks hard-clad against sparks.*

*They heft heavy hammers - hard to handle -  
And bang on anvils with angry smacks:  
"Luss! Buss! Luss! Dass!": chorus of crashing!  
Devils are doomed by so dreadful a din!*

*He lengthens by belting, he smelts and he snips,  
He twists and he twines, striking three times:  
"Tik! Tak! Hic! Hac! Tiket! Taket! Tik! Tak!*

*Luss! Buss! Luss! Dass!" Such lives they lead:  
Mad, blackened farriers! Be merciful, Christ!  
They plunge iron in water; ravage the night.*

(translation of 14thc poem by Giles Watson)