

Smuggler

C G C F C G
The boat ride south o' Ailsa Craig, in the waning of the light,
F G Em Am F C G
There's thirty men in Lendalfit, tae mak our burden light.
C G C F C G
There's thirty horse at Hazelholm, with the halters on their heads,
F C
All set this night upon you hight, if wind and water speed.

Am Em
Smugglers drink of the Frenchman's wine,
Am Em G
And the darkest night is the smuggler's time,
F Em Am
Away we ran from the excise man,
C F
It's a smuggler's life for me,
C G C
It's a smuggler's life for me.

O lass ye hea a cosy bed, and cattle ye has ten,
Can ye no live a lawful life, and live wi' lawful men.
But must I live with hamely goods, while there's foreign gear sae fine
Must I drink at the waterside, and France sae full of wine.

Smugglers drink...

O weel I like tae see ye Kate, with the bairnie on thy knee,
But my heart is now wi' the gallant crew, that plough thro' the angry sea,
The bitter-gales, the tightest sales, the sheltered bay our goal,
It's the wayward life, it's the smuggler's strife, it's the joy of the smuggler's soul.

Smugglers drink...

And when at last the sun comes up, and the cargo safely stored,
Like sinless saints to church we go, God's mercy to afford,
And it's champagne fine for communion wine, and the parsons drinks it too,
With a sly wink prays, 'Forgive these men, for they know not what they do'.

||: *Smugglers drink...* :||