

## Smugglers

D A D G D A

The boat rides south of Ailsa Craig in the waning of the light

G A D Hm G D A

There's thirty men in Lendalfit to make our burden light

D A D G D A

And there's thirty horse in Hazleholm with the halters on their heads

G A D Hm G D

All set this night up on your life if wind and water speed

Hm

F#m

Hm

D A

Smugglers drink of the Frenchmen's wine And the darkest night is the smugglers time

G D Hm Hm D G

Away we ran from the excise man It's a smugglers life for me

D A D

It's a smugglers life for me

Oh lass you have a cozy bed, and cattle you have ten

Can you not live a lawful life and live with lawful men?

But must I use old homely goods while there's foreign gear so fine?

Must I drink at the waterside and France so full of wine

Chorus

Though well I like to see you Kate, with a baby on your knee

My heart is now with gallant crew that plough through the angry sea

The bitter gale, the tightest sail, and the sheltered bay our goal

It's the wayward life, it's the smugglers strife It's the joy of the smugglers soul STOP

Instr. over Verse + Chorus a Capella

And when at last the dawn comes up and the cargo safely stored

Like sinless saints to church we'll go. God's mercy to afford

And It's champagne fine for communion wine and the parson drinks it too

With a sly wink prays "forgive these men, for they know not what they do" STOP

Chorus

Smugglers drink of the Frenchmen's wine,

And the darkest night is the smugglers time

Away we ran from the excise man

D G D A Hm

It's a smugglers life for me, It's a smugglers life for me

D G D A D

It's a smugglers life for me, It's a smugglers life for me (STOP on first me)