

The Smugglers Song

The boat rides South on the early tide in a wan and noble light,
There's thirty men in Lendle Cove, with lanterns burning bright.
And there's thirty horses in hazle hole, with their halters o'er their
heads,
You ken this night upon your life, if willing waters keep.

Chorus

*Smugglers drink of the Frenchmen's wine
And the darkest night is the smugglers time
Away we run from the Excise Man
It's a smuggler's life for me. It's a smugglers life for me.*

And we don't lie in a cosy bed, nor cattle we do tend,
For we don't live a lawful life, nor live with lawful men.
For what's the use of homely goods, or a good wife for your bride,
It's a sly drink at the waters edge, and your fancy full of wine.

And I may lie in a cold prison cell, with a price upon my head,
But my heart is now with the gallant crew, that plough the angry sea.
The bitter gales, the tightest sails, and the sheltered bay our port.
It's a wayward life, it's the smugglers life, it's the joy of the smugglers
call.

And when the blast of dawn comes up, and our cargo's safely stowed,
Like sinless saints, to church we'll go, as martyrs to our cause.
And there's Champagne wine for communion wine, and the parson
drinks it too.

With a sly wink prays, "Forgive these men, for they know not what
they do."