

SMUGGLER. The McCalmans. Maj 2016.

D

The boat rides South of Ailsa Craig, in the waning of the light,
 there`s thirty men in Lendalfit, to make our burden light.
 An` there`s thirty horse at Hazelholm, with their halters on their heads,
 all set this night upon you height, if wind and water speed.

***Chorus: Smugglers drink of the Frenchman`s wine,
 and the darkest night is the smuggler`s time.
 Away we run from the excise man.
 It`s a smuggler`s life for me, it`s a smuggler`s life for me.***

Oh, lass you have a cosy bed, and cattle you have ten.
 Can you no live a lawful life, an` live with lawful men?
 But must I live with homely goods, while there`s foreign gear so fine?
 Must I drink at the waterside, and France so full of wine?

Chorus:

Oh, will I like to see you Kate, with the bairnie on thy knee,
 but my heart is now with the gallant crew, that plough through the angry sea
 The bitter gales, the tightest sails, 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

Chorus:

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 parson drinks it too,
 With a sly wink prays, "Forgive these men, for they know not what they do!"

***Chorus: Smugglers drink of the Frenchmen`s wine,
 and the darkest night is the smuggler`s time.
 Away we run from the excise man.
 :/: It`s a smugglers life for me, it`s a smuggler`s life for me :/:***