

An Cat Dubh "Smugglers"

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C G C F C G

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

F G C a F G

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

C G C F C G

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

F G C a F G C

All set this night upon your life if wind and water speed.

Ref:

A C

Smugglers drink of the frenchmens wine

A C G

And the darkest night is the smugglers time

F C a

Away we ran from the excise man

C F

It's a smugglers life for me

C G C

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
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
or goal

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

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

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