Men They Couldn't Hang "Smugglers"

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

There's thirty men in Lendalfit to make our burden light And there's thirty horse in Hazleholm with the halters on their heads

All set this night up on your life if wind and water speed Smugglers drink of the frenchmens wine and the darkest night is the smugglers

lime

Away we ran from the excise man

It's a smugglers life for me

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 Smugglers drink of the frenchmens wine and the darkest night is the smugglers

time

Away we ran from the excise man

It's a smugglers life for me

It's a smugglers life for me

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 hitter 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

Smugglers drink of the frenchmens wine and the darkest night is the smugglers

time

Away we ran from the excise man

It's a smugglers life for me

It's a smugglers life for me

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"
Smugglers, drink of the frenchmens wine and the darkest night is the smugglers time
Away we ran from the excise man
It's a smugglers life for me
It's a smugglers life for me
It's a smugglers life for me

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