

Men They Could't Hang, The "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
It's a smugglers life for me

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