Smugglers

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Cho: Smugglers drink of the Frenchman's wine
And the darkest night is the smuggler's time
Away we run from the exciseman
It's the smuggler's life for me
It's the smuggler's life for me

The boat rides off frae Ailsa Craig in the waning o' the light
There's thirty men in Lendalfoot tae mak' our burden bright
And there's thirty horse in Hazel Home, either ha' turns on her e'e
Or sit this night upon yon high if wind or waters be

And when at last the dawn comes up and the cargo's safely stored
Like sinless saints to church we'll go God's mercy to afford
It's champagne fine for communion wine, and the parson drinks it too
With a sly wink prays, Forgive these men, they know not what they do

Oh lads ye hae a cosy bed, and cattle ye hae ten
Can ye no live a lawful life and live like lawful men
What must I live with homely food when there's foreign gear so fine
Must I drink at the waterside and France sae full of wine

Ian McCalman found this in an old book - could have been called 'Scottish Minstrelsy', I'll have to ask him again - and added the chorus and tune.
SKW
oct99