The Female Smuggler - song lyrics

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THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

In sailor's clothing young Jane did go,
Dressed like a sailieur, from top to toe,
With a brace of pistuls all by her side,
Like a female smuguler, like a female smuguler.
That feared not wind or tide.

Chorus.
Like a female smuguler.
Like a female smuguler.
That feared not wind or tide.

"What do you want? " says the commodore.
"I come to fight for my father's store;"
She drew a pistuel, shot him through,
Like a female smugtuler. like a female smuguler.
Then to her parient flew.-Chorus.

Oh, mothier, mothier, make my bed,
In a loving foot-grave have me buried;
Let four young maidens my body bear.
Like a female smuguler, like a female smuguler.
That nothing could scare.-Chorus.