

# (Poor) Smuggler's Boy - William Debbage ('Barlow')

RVW notes that a pause mark over a crotchet in the MS is 2 beats. I have put them as minims.

One clou - dy, cold - mor - ning as a - broad I did steer; by the wide rol - ling

o - cean that - runs - swift - and clear. I heard a poor - crea - ture that in

sor - row did weep, say - ing, 'Oh my poor fa - ther is - lost - in - the

Chorus

deep. Oh - - pi - ty I crave; or - give me em - ploy; or for -  
Last time: No - - more will he roam or - weep for em - ploy; no he'll

lorn I must wan - der cried a poor - smug - gler's boy. wan - der cried the  
tell the mis - for - tunes of a poor - smug - gler's boy. for - tunes of a

1  
One cloudy, cold morning as abroad I did steer,  
by thate wide rolling ocean that runs swift and clear,  
I heard a poor creature who in sorrow did weep  
saying, 'O my poor father, he is lost in the deep.'

Refrain: 'O pity I cry, won't you give me employ;  
forlorn I must wander!  
cried that poor smuggler's boy.

2  
'My father and mother they so happily did dwell;  
in the neat little cottage where they reared me quite well.  
Poor father he ventured all on the salt sea  
with a keg of good brandy for the land of the free.

3  
From Holland we steered while the thunder did roar  
and the lightning flashed vivid when far from shore;  
our ship smashed her rigging were blown to the waves  
and found, with poor father, a watery grave.

4  
I jumped overboard in the terrible main  
to save my poor old father - it was all in vain.  
I clasped his cold hand; quite lifeless was he,  
then forced for to leave him; he sank in the sea.

5  
I clung to a plank and I reached the shore  
with sad news to my mother - poor father's no more.  
Poor mother did weep; she broken-hearted did die,  
and that now I'm left an orphan, so pity poor I.

6  
A lady of fortune she heard this complaint  
she shelter'd him from the wind and the rain.  
She said, 'I've employment; no parents have I;  
but will care for the orphan till the day I do die.'

7  
He well did his duty and he gained a good name,  
till the lady she died; he the Master became.  
She left him two hundred bright pounds and some land.  
So that all you that are ever so poor you may live to be grand.

Last Refrain:  
No more will he roam nor weep for employ;  
nor tell the misfortunes of a poor smuggler's boy.

Walter Gedge sang 2 line verses with the first refrain as  
verse 3 and the final refrain as verse 16.