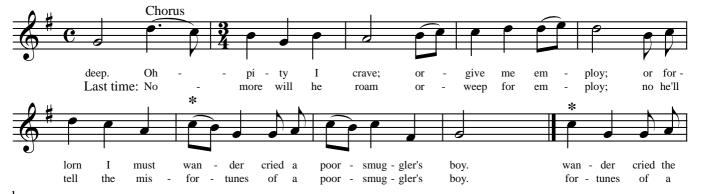
(Poor) Smuggler's Boy - William Debbage ('Barlow')

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









One 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.

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.