

THE SMUGGLER'S BOY

This song is very similar to The farmer's boy, in fact there were many broadsides printed on this theme, The Poor soldier's boy, The poor Fisherman's boy and The poor fisherman's girl.

One cold cloudy morning alone I did steer  
On the wide rolling ocean where it runs swift and clear  
I heard some poor creature in sorrow did weep  
Crying oh my poor father got lost in the deep  
Some pity I crave oh give me employ  
For alone I must wander cried the poor smuggler's boy

The smugglers boy

on one cold cloudy morning alone I did steer on the wide rolling  
ocean where it runs swift and clear I heard some poor creature in sorrow did  
weep crying "O my poor father got lost in the deep Some pity I  
crave o give me employ for alone I must wander cried the poor smugglers boy

THE POOR SMUGGLER'S BOY

PRINTED BY CATNACH

TO THE TUNE HELEN THE FAIR

One cloudy morning as abroad I did steer  
By the wide rolling ocean that runs swift and clear  
I heard a poor creature that in sorrow did weep  
Saying oh my poor father is lost in the deep

O pity I crave or give me employ  
Or forlorn I must wander cried a poor smuggler's boy

My father and mother once happy did dwell  
In a neat little cottage they reared me well  
Poor father did venture all on the salt sea  
For a keg of good brandy for the land of the free

For Holland we steer'ed while the thunder did roar  
And the lightning flashed vivid when far from the shore  
Our ship mast and rigging were blown to the wave  
And found with poor father a watery grave

I jumped overboard to the troubled main  
To save my poor father but all was in vain  
I clasp'ed his cold clay for quite lifeless was he  
Then forc'ed for to leave him sink down in the sea

Clung to a plank and so gained the shore  
With sad news for mother and father no more  
For mother with grief broken hearted did die  
And I was left to wander so pity poor I

A lady of fortune she heard him complain  
And sheltered him from the wind and the rain  
She said I've employment no parents have I  
I will think of an orphan till the day that I die

He well did his duty and gained a good name  
Till the lady she died and he master became  
She left him two thousand bright pounds and some land  
If you are ever so poor you may live to be grand

No more will he roam or weep for employ  
But he'll tell the misfortunes of a poor smuggler's boy