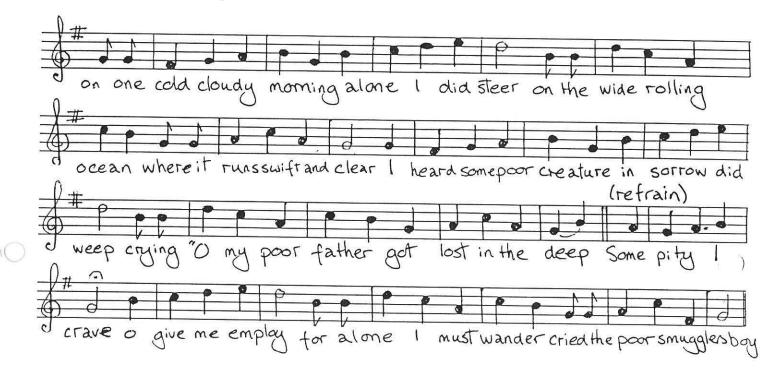
## THE SMUGGLER'S BOY

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 snugglers boy



## BROADSIDE FROM REV SABINE BARING GOULD'S COLLECTION OF BROADSIDE BALLADS VOL 1

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