

Smith Of Bristol

The Dubliners

Smith was a Bristol man and a rare old sort was he
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ya ho
He'd a noble crew of cut-throats who used to scour the
sea
A plunderin' and a robbin', high and low
He swore 'twas no concern', he didn't give a herrin'
Bout right or wrong or any holy show
He swore that grabbin' booty was Britain's foremost
duty
Wherever she could get it, heave-ya ho

Heave-ya ho, Heave-ya ho,
He swore that grabbin' booty was Britain's foremost
duty
Wherever she could get it, heave-ya ho

Smith had a noble soul and lofty was his pride
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ya ho
He'd watch his beaten foe-men jump out into the tide
Call ye beggars who had no where else to go
And hanging from his lanyards swung Portuguese and
Spaniards
And beaten Frenchmen jumping to and fro
Right along the blazin' glory, shall illumine in
England's glory
Pirate Smith of Bristol, heave-ya ho

Heave-ya ho, Heave-ya ho,
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duty
Wherever she could get it, heave-ya ho

But accidents they happen even to heroes such as he
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ya ho
He was standing on his capstan as happy as could be
Hoping soon to have another prize in tow
When a whistling Spanish bullet came and caught him in
his gullet
And very sad to say it laid him low
He was only ninety-seven, but his soul has gone to
heaven
To rest on Nelson's bosom, heave-ya ho

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