

Smith Of Bristol



- D**
1. Smith was a Bristol man and a rare old sort was he
G A D
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho
With a noble crew of cut-throats he used to scour the sea
G A D
A'plundering and a'robbing high and low
A
He swore 'twas no concern, he did not give a herrin'
D
About right or wrong or any holy show
G D G
He swore that grabbing booty was Britain's foremost duty
D A D
Wherever she could get it, heave-ye-ho
- A D**
- R *Heave-ye-ho, (heave-ye-ho)*
G D G
He swore that grabbing booty was Britain's foremost duty
D A D
Wherever she could get it, heave-ye-ho
2. Smith had a noble soul and lofty was his pride
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho
He'd watch his beaten foe-men jump out into the tide
Call you beggars who had nowhere else to go
And hanging from his lanyards were Portuguese and Spaniards
And beaten Frenchmen jumping to and fro
Right along the blazing story shown allure in England's glory
Pirate Smith of Bristol, heave-ye-ho
3. But accidents will happen even to heroes such as he
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho
He was standing at 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 the gullet
And very sad to say, laid him low
He was only ninety-seven but his soul had gone to heaven
To rest on Nelson's bosom, heave-ye-ho