

Smith Of Bristol
The Dubliners

[D]Smith was a Bristol man and a rare old sort was he
With his [G]cutlass and his [A]pistols, heave-ye-[D]ho
With a noble crew of cut-throats he used to scour the sea
A'[G]plundering and a'[A]robbing high and [D]low
He [A]swore 'twas no concern, he did not give a herrin'
About right or wrong or any holy [D]show
He swore that grabbing [G]booty was [D]Britain's foremost [G]duty
Wher[D]ever she could [A]get it, heave-ye-[D]ho

Chorus

Heave-ye-[A]ho, heave-ye-[D]ho
He swore that grabbing [G]booty was [D]Britain's foremost [G]duty
Wher[D]ever she could [A]get it, heave-ye-[D]ho

For [D]Smith had a noble soul and lofty was his pride
With his [G]cutlass and his [A]pistols, heave-ye-[D]ho
He'd watch his beaten foe-men jump out into the tide
Call you [G]beggars who had [A]nowhere else to [D]go
And [A]hanging from his lanyards were Portuguese and Spaniards
And beaten Frenchmen jumping to and [D]fro
Right along the blazing [G]story shown [D]allure in England's [G]glory
[D]Pirate Smith of [A]Bristol, heave-ye-[D]ho

Chorus

But [D]accidents will happen even to heroes such as he
With his [G]cutlass and his [A]pistols, heave-ye-[D]ho
He was standing at his capstan as happy as could be
Hoping [G]soon to have a[A]nother prize in [D]tow
When a [A]whistling Spanish bullet came and caught him in the gullet
And very sad to say, laid him [D]low
He was only ninety-[G]seven but his [D]soul had gone to [G]heaven
To [D]rest on Nelson's [A]bosom, heave-ye-[D]ho