

Smith Of Bristol

D
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

Chorus
A D
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
D
For Smith had a noble soul and lofty was his pride
G A D
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho

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

Chorus

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