

John Carter, the Smuggler

#15

Of Prussia Cove, where I was born, a song I'll here begin
Me father is a smuggler bold, a well to do, not him
To land a cargo of the goods he never thought a sin

And 'tis my delight on a moonless night to run the cargo in
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John Carter is me father's name; the king of all his kin
He is an honest man and keeps his word through thick and thin
For mounted men and cutlass guard, he doesn't care a pin

Our Lugger is the Rose and Crown; we've brought to wrack and ruin
A double-Burton too, is she, as snug as any been
To see the kegs she brings from France would make a donkey grin

No mark of kegs nor sinking stone is ever seen within
Across the channel rough or smooth, so sweetly she does spin
What joy, me boys, to land the goods nor lose a kilderkin

We've friends galore along the shore; there's dear old Squire Prynne
And every farmer near or far, a mate there at the inn
And Parsons never do despise a case of Hollands gin

For speed from all preventing eyes from Praa Sands to Newlyn
They'd saw a poor man's boat in half and joy to do him in
Why should they take the bread away we work so hard to win

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