

Will Watch the Smuggler,

Pitts Printer Wholesale Toy and Marble Ware
house 6, Great st Andrew street 7 dials

TWAS one morn when the wind from the north
ward blew keenly,
While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main, "A
fam'd smuggler Will Watch kiss'd his Sue then
serenely

Took helm and to sea boldly steered out again
Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip if well ended
should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor on shore
When his pockets were lined why his life should be
mended,

The laws he had broken he'd never break more,

His sea boat was trim made her port took her lading
Then Will stood for home reached her offing and
cried.

This night if I've luck furl the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay serve a friend too beside
Will lay too till the night came on darksome & drea
To crowd every sail then he piped up all hands cry
But a signal soon spied 'twas a prospect uncheery
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land,

The Philistines are out cries Will we'll take no heed
on t (gun,

Attacked who's the man that will flinch from his
Should my head be blown off I shall ne'er feel the
need on t (ruz

We'll fight while we can when we can't boys we'll
Thro the haze of the night a bright flash now ap-
pearing, (down,

Oh now cries Will Watch the Philistines bear
Bear a hand my right tars e'er we think about sheer
ing, (drown

One broadside pour in should we swim boys or

But should I be popp'd off you my mates left be-
hind me,

Regard my last words see em kindly obey'd
Let no stone mark the spot and you friends do you
mind me, (be laid,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would
Poor Will's yarn was spun out for a but let next mi-
nute

Laid him low on the deck and hen ver spoke more
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd
in,

Then sheer'd and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
with, end

Too few known his grave and too few known his
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
with.

He'd the prayers of his Susan the tears of his friend
Near his grave dash the billows the wind loudly be-
low, (bed

Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold
Where Will Watch the bold smuggler that fam'd
lawless fellow

Once feared now forgot sleeps in peace with the dead

