

Brandy from the Wood

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*Brandy from the wood, me boys
Brandy from the wood
What a way to earn your pay
With brandy from the wood*

My father was a boat-man,
He worked the old canal
He told us how they earned their pay
Him and all his pals
They carried coal and timbers
And anything they could
And underneath the cargo
They had brandy from the wood
(Chorus)

The freighter came from Normandy
They called her *Cochon Noir*
That's *Mochyn Du* to you and me
But *Black Pig* to the law
She brought in timber for the pits
And took the coal away
But left them something in the wood
To help them pay their way
(Chorus)

{pronounced "Mockin Dee"}

There's Solemn Sam the excise man
He watches every run
He knows there's brandy on a boat
But doesn't know which one
He stopped them once near Maliphant
My father didn't mind
The brandy wasn't on his boat
But the other one behind
(Chorus)

But shifting timbers from a boat
Is never very fast
And by the time they'd cleared the deck
A dozen boats were past
So wave farewell to the excise man
And if one day we could
We'd drink a health to father's trade
In brandy from the wood.

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