

Captain Swing

Graham Moore (Harmonies: Wayne Richmond)

Vln.

5 *Verses* G C G C D7

The sun's gone down, the shut ters_ drawn, the cur - few bell has tolled. The
 The sheep are safe - ly in the_ fold, the shep-herd deep-ly sleeps. The
 The labour-ing man is on his_ knees, no-where can he get hired. Since

Vln.

10 G C G C D7

fox is lurk - ing 'round the farm, the barn owl's wings un - fold. In the
 plough-man reels back from his drink, through woods the poach - er creeps. The_
 new mach-ines that do the work, the far - mer has ac - quired. But_

Vln.

14 G C G C D7

can - dle light_ to - night you might, hear to your_ a - larm, The
 squire re - tires_ on bed of brass, with one thing on_ his mind, If
 how he sweats when he reads the threats, on pa - per morn - ing brings, De -

Vln.

18 G C G C D7 G

mid - night band of Cap tain_ Swing as he rides from farm_ to farm.
 Cap - tain Swing's this way to - night there'll be no corn_ to grind.
 stroy your gear or else I_ swear you'll pay Signed Cap - tain Swing.

Vln.

Chorus

22 G D G C D7

Ten/Sops. 8
All o - ver Dor - set, the flames are leap - ing high, The

Alt.
All o - ver Dor - set, the flames are leap - ing high, The

Bas.
All o - ver Dor - set, the flames are leap - ing high, The

Vln.
8

27 G C G C D7 1. G

Alt.
ricks are burn - ing, Who's the cause? Cap - tain Swing not I!

Bas.
ricks are burn - ing, Who's the cause? Cap - tain Swing not I!

Vln.
7

31 2.

Alt.
I!

Bas.
I!

(Repeat to finish)

Vln.
8