

Captain Swing

Graham Moore

Vln.

5

8
 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

8
 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

8
 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

8
 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 A E A D E⁷

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.

Vln.

27 A D A D E⁷ 1. A

8
ricks are burn - ing, Who's the cause? Cap - tain Swing not I!

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

Bas.

Vln.

31 2.

Alt.
I!

Bas.
I!

(Repeat to finish)

Vln.
A G A A G A