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Admiral Benbow (2)

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Come all you seamen bold, landed here, landed here,
It is of an Admiral brave called Benbow by his name,
How he ploughed the raging main
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Last Tuesday morning last, Benbow sailed, Benbow sailed,
What a sweet and pleasant gale when Benbow he set sail
And the enemy they turned tail
In a fright, in a fright.

Great Reuben and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,
See the boats go up and down and the bullets whizzing round
And the enemy they knocked down,
There they lie, there they lie.

Oh, Benbow lost his legs, by chain-shot, by chain-shot,
Down on his stumps did fall and so loud for mercy called,
Oh, fight on my British tars,
It is my lot, it is my lot.

When the doctor dressed the wounds Benbow cried,
Benbow cried,
Oh, pray pick me up in haste to the quarter deck my place
That the enemy I might face
Until I die, until I die.

Last Tuesday morning last, Benbow died, Benbow died,
What a shocking sight to see when they carried him away
They carried him to Se'm's'on church
There he lays, there he lays.

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