

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Bold Daniels

Bold Daniels

It was on the fourteenth day of January
From England we set sail,
With the favoring Heavens to guard us
And a sweet and pleasant gale;
The Roving Lizzie we are called,
Bold Daniels is my name,
And we sailed away to La Guayra
All out on the Spanish Main.

And when we reached La Guayra,
Our orders they ran so,
For to discharge our cargo,
And sail down to Ri-o.
Our Captain called all hands right aft,
And unto us did say,
"Here is money for you today, my lads,
For tomorrow we'll sail away."

We had not been a sailing
Past days two or three,
When the man up at the masthead
A strange sail he did see
With a black flag under her mizzen peak,
Come bearing down this way;
"Damn my eyes, she's a pirate,"
Bold Daniels he did say.

It was early the next morning,
This pirate ranged alongside,
With his loud speaking,-trumpet,
"Where are you from!" he cried.
"The Roving Lizzie we are called,
Bold Daniels is my name,
And I am bound out from La Guayra
All on the Spanish Main."

"Come, back your topsails to your mast,
And heave your ship under my lee."
"I would see you damned," cried Daniels,
"I would sooner sink at sea."
They hoisted up their bloody flag,
Our hearts to terrify.

With their big guns to our small arms,
At us they did let fly.

She mustered twelve twelve-pounders,
And a crew of a hundred men,
The time the action did begin,
It was just about half-past ten;
We mounted six six-pounders,
Our crew being twenty-two;
In the course of an hour and a quarter,
Those pirates we did subdue.

And now our prize we've taken
Unto Columbia's shore,
We will sail for a port in America,
Called the city of Baltimore;
We'll drink success to Daniels,
Likewise his gallant crew,
That fought and beat that pirate
With his noble twenty-two.

DT #567

Laws K34

From Colcord, Songs of American Sailormen

SOF

oct96