

State Radio

"Story of Benjamin Darling, Pt1"

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On a brig loaded with timber headed for the north
Maine coast,
They took on some rough seas.
The captain and his slave fought back the heavy
waves,
But they were threatening to break her up so badly.

See two days before they left the outer banks,
And made good time up to Boston.
But just north of Essex the sky grew dark,
He missed his mark he was making,
And life can change so fast.

The captain had seen many a day,
When the winds blew and the waters raged.
But it was just a part of the life he made for himself,
Running the coast of New England.

The ship heaved and cracked,
Threw the men on their backs as the water came
rushing in.
The captain fought hard yet.
He yelled above the splintering wreck, I have done you
wrong son.
I should be forsaken for what I have done.

But Ben reached a timber to stay afloat.
He grabbed the captain's braided coat.
He swam him to the nearest shore.
Dragged him up 'til he couldn't pull no more,
And left him breathin', yeah left him breathin' dry.

The captain said in all my days,
I have never seen anybody save the very person who
kept him enslaved.
God dam it Ben, you should have your freedom
For what you have done.

And I should be forsaken for what I have done.

Somewhere off the Maine coast,
At the mouth of the New Meadows River there's an

island,
Where a marooned man lived out his life quietly under
tied and sky.
Never forgetting when the sea rose up so high.

The captain said in all my days,
I have never seen anybody save the very person who
kept him enslaved.
God dam it Ben, you should have your freedom
For what you have done.

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