Running Wild, Jennings' Revenge

1714 that was the year
The Spanish fleet ran out of luck
The weather was stormy
The sea was lashing, furious
Lightning and thunderstruck
Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

The 'Flotilla' was driven
Down to the reefs
The wooden hulls of the vessels
Were cracked
300 000 'pieces of eight'
The fleet of that year
Was totally wrecked

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

The viceroy commanded
To furnish a squad
60 soldiers to dreg up the plate
Fool all their salvage
To a small camp ashore
Lack of suspicion
No thought of a raid
Jennings came up
With a hazardous plan
The Spanish garrison
Was taken by guise
Three sailing vessels
Three hundred men
300 000 their glittering prize

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
The Spanish plate hauled off by raid
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jennings' trick a painful kick

During their escape
They happened to spy
A gorgeous Spanish merchant ship
'In for a penny, in for a pound'
They got them in their steely grip
And several thousand
'Pieces of eight'
To fill their ships up to the deck

Jennings' fleet sailed out to sea
No one ever found his track

Three hundred men
Fighting hand in hand
Abandonment or raid
Tons of 'pieces of eight'

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
The Spanish plate hauled off by raid
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jennings' trick a painful kick
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Impudent tries will win the prize
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
No soldier pack will find his track