

# State Radio, Story Of Benjamin Darling, Pt1

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.  
And 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 he left him breathin', left him breathin' dry.

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

I should be forsaken for what I have done.

Somewhere off the Maine coast,  
At the mouth of the New Meadows River there's a 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 never seen anybody save  
The very person who kept him enslaved.  
God damn it Ben,  
You should have your freedom for what you have done.