

The Bold 'Trincomalee'

There's a storm on the go and we're haulin' sail
Through a mountain of spray with the wind on our tail
Like an eagle flies through the teeth of a gale
Here comes Trincomalee.

Its out of the storm and into the sun
All in full sail and away we run
Through every trough in command of the sea
The Bold Trincomalee

*Tak' er out me lads and away me boys
Stand clear of the guns don't you hear the noise
She 's a mighty ship and a queen of the sea
The Bold Trincomalee*

From her timbers of teak to the bottom of her keel
She's a mighty ship of the Kings Navy
Just watch us fly with the wind at our heel
The Bold Trincomalee

We're beating out of Frisco Bay
To cruise down California
Those yankee ships are making a way
For the Bold Trincomalee.

Atlantic grey tropical blue
Alaska down to Oahu
Do you mind all the bonny lasses waiting at the quay
For the Bold Trincomalee

Words and Music by Richard Grainger 2007

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