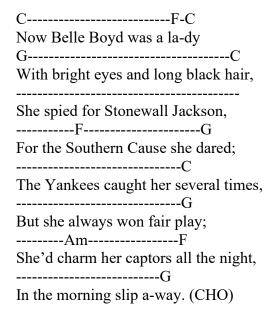
Key: F (5/C)

Belle Boyd on the Run



Chorus:

C------G--C
Belle, she's on the run,
G------C
Belle, she's on the run,
-------G-C
At the break of day she'd slip a-way,
F------G
Belle, she's on the run!

She shipped on board the *Greyhound*, One dark and stormy night; With dispatches for the British, To aid the Rebel fight; They steamed out from the harbor, Yankee gunboats all around, Bound first for Bermuda, And then to London Town. (CHO)

Now the *Greyhound* was a flyer, With rakish masts and slender keel; She'd cut right through the combers, And rattle out the reel; From Wilmington to St. George Bay She'd steam a three-day run; Unload her bales of cotton, Return with powder and gun. (CHO)

The *Greyhound* crept on through the night Through the blockade she did run; 'Twas only at the break of day They found they were undone; Up hove a Yankee gunboat, Shell fire 'round them 'rose; Captain Henry struck his colors, And surrendered to his foes. (CHO)

Belle burned her dispatches 'Fore the Yankees pulled 'longside; They questioned all the sailors And the Captain they did chide; But she charmed the prize-master Who soon fell 'neath her sway, And after reaching Boston, Once more she slipped away. (CHO)

There's still more to this story,
For Belle she'd fallen in love,
But with the Yankee Skipper,
And they were soon betrothed;
He'd followed her to London,
Where they married happily,
While Belle she wrote her memoirs,
They began a family. (CHO)