



HEENAN,

THE BOLD

BENICIA BOY.

I am a bold Benicia Roy, and Heenan is my name,
To lick the English champion, from America I came.
Upon the 16th of April next I will show Tom Sayers fun,
Because I mean to give him what my ancestors gave the drum.

I am the bold Benicia Boy, quite free from pain or fears,
I mean to win, and in the ring I'll tip it into Sayers.
My father was an Irishman, in Kingstown bred and born;
One of Erin's sons who business done and weathered many a storm.

Though I was born in America, and reared up from a child,
I always did and always will respect old Erin's isle.
I mean to fight your champion, and I mean the belt to win,
I can fib away right manfully when I am in the ring.

I never dib fear any man, Great Britain I'll surprise,
I'll send my Yankee mauleys in between poor Tommy's eyes.
Tom Sayers may be clever, but he shall not conquer me,
I did not come three thousand miles for nothing o'er the sea.

I'm an Irish American, though not possessed of wealth,
I will fight him for the Championship, and expect to wear the belt.

I well can play and fib away, and Tommy Sayers tease,
I can knock the bridge off his nose down his breeches knees;

I can lick him like a gander at any time I choose,
I can knock his very eyeballs from his forehead to his shoes.
Brave Donnelly was an Irishman who did for no man care,
Just as he wollopped Cooper, I mean to beat Tom Sayers.

I have some Irish blood in me, and if I get some play,
The Championship of England I mean to take away.
Now when I've your Champion licked, and pocketed the wealth,
The gallant bold Benicia Boy shall wear the British belt.

The American boys and Irish lads shall conquered be—no, never
Sining, Yankee doodle doodle and old Ireland for ever.
I am the bold Benicia Boy, who never danger felt,
I'm come to fight your Champion, and to gain the English belt