

The Angel Gabriel

A ballad sung to the tune of
“Our Nobel King in His Progress”

Attend you and give ear awhile, and you shall understand
Of a battle fought upon the seas, by a ship of brave command;
The fight it was so famous, that all men’s heart doth fill,
And makes them cry, “To sea, with the *Angel Gabriel*.”

The captain, famous Netheway, so was he call’d by name;
The master’s name John Mines, a man of noted fame;
The gunner Thomas Watson, a man of perfect skill:
With other valient hearts, in the *Angel Gabriel*.

The lusty ship of Bristol sail’d out adventurously,
Against the foes of England, their strength with them to try;
Well victual’d, rig’d, and man’d, and good provision still:
Which makes men cry, “To sea, with the *Angel Gabriel*”!

They waving up and down the seas, upon the ocean main;
“It is not long ago,” quoth they, “since England fought with Spain!
Would we with them might meet, our minds for to fulfill;
We would play a noble bout with our *Angel Gabriel*.”

They had no sooner spoken, but straight appear'd in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels of warlike force and might;
With bloody resolution they sought our men to spill,
And vow'd to make a price of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Then first came up their admiral, themselves for to advance;
In her she bore full forty-eight piece of ordnance;
The next that then came near was their vice-admiral,
Which shot most furiously at our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our gallant ship had in her full forty fighting men;
With twenty pieces of ordnance we play'd about them then;
And with powder, shot, and bullets we did imploy them still,
And thus began the fight with our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our captain to our master said, "Take courage, master bold."
The master to the seamen said, "Stand fast, my hearts of gold";
The gunner unto all the rest, "Brave hearts, be valient still,
Let us fight in the defence of our *Angel Gabriel*."

Then we gave them a broadside, which shot their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit of their ship, which made the Spaniards wonder;

And caused them for to cry, with voices loud and shrill,
“Help! Help! or else we sink, by the *Angel Gabriel*.”

Yet desperately they boarded us, for all our valient shot;
Three score of their best fighting men upon our decks were got,
And then at their entrance full thirty we did kill,
And thus we clear’d the decks of the *Angel Gabriel*.

With that their three ships boarded us again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen cry’d out, “A fig for Spain!”
Though seven times they boarded us, at last we shew’d our skill,
And made them feel the force of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Seven hours this fight continued, and many brave men lay dead,
With purple gore and Spanish blood the sea was coloured red;
Five hundred of their men we there outright did kill;
And many more were maim’d by the *Angel Gabriel*.

They seeing of these blood spoils, the rest made haste away.
For why? they saw it was no boot any longer for to stay;
They then fled into Cales and there they most lye still,
For they never more will dare to meet our *Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our English ship but only three men slain;
And five men hurt, the which, I hope, will soon be well again;
At Bristol we were landed, and let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our men and our *Angel Gabriel*.

Now let me not forget to speak of the gift given by the owner
Of the *Angel Gabriel*, that many years has known her;
Two hundred pounds in coyn and plate he gave with free good will
Unto them that bravely fought in the *Angel Gabriel*.

Probably by Lawrence Price. Bristol: Arrowsmith, Ltd., 1930, pp. 70-73.

Printed in the Master's thesis by Warren Curtis Riess on the *Angel Gabriel* at Texas A & M Univ., 1980.

