THE PIRATE

By Hugh Chesterman

He walks the decks with a swaggering gait
(There’s mischief in his eye)
Pedigree pirate through and through
With pistols dirk and cutlass too
A rollicking rip with scars to show
For every ship he’s sent below.
His tongue is quick, his temper high,
And whenever he speaks they shout, “AY AY!”
To this king of a roaring crew.
His ship’s as old as the sea itself,
And foggity foul is she.
But what cares he for foul or fine?
If guns don’t glitter and decks don’t shine?
For sailormen from East to West
Have walked the plank at his request,
And if he’s caught you may depend
He’ll dangle high at the business end
Of a tickly, tarry line.