

I'm not deaf to your earnest appealing,
 But thrilled with an answering glow,
 And the myst'ry I'll soon be revealing,
 Be sure, when 'tis fit you should know.

Refrain.—Do not my own, &c.

TRIO.

BOMBARDOS.

The breeze is fresh as, in the offing,
 The pirate schooner spies her prey,
 And out to sea, all danger scoffing,
 Through crested billow ploughs her way.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

His story fills us with dismay.

BOMBARDOS.

See on the deck two dapper figures
 With eager gaze they scan the foe,
 The handspikes ready, cock'd each trigger,
 Prepare to send them down below.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

Prepare to send them down below.

BOMBARDOS.

Now deadly weapons, without number,
 The ladies for the fight prepare ;
 While knives and guns their forms encumber,
 A cutlass here, a dagger there.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

A cutlass here, a dagger there.

BOMBARDOS.

The crew await their captain's orders,
 Prepared for murder to a man,
 The word is given : " Away there, boarders ! "
 The pirate ladies lead the van.