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WANDERLUST

I am a victim of wanderlust,
Around the world I go,
And these are the wings that carry me on
Wherever the wild winds blow.

PIRATES vs. GRINDSTONES

Come listen my lads and I'll tell you a story, A piping sea story of days long ago. Of the clipper Sea Queen in the days of her glory. So pipe the lads aft from aloft and alow.

Our skipper was Yankee, a deep water sailor, The mate was a bucko, two fisted and tough. The second was French but the son of a whaler, Whose pride was his skill when the weather was rough.

Our crew was a riffraff of all seven oceans, A motley collection of deep water salts. The cook was a dago with Bolshevik notions, But the beggar could cook and had very few faults.

We sailed from Jamaica with 'lasses and sugar, And also some grindstones, for times they were slack, 'Two days out of port we were chased by a lugger, A swift sailing rascal, suspiciously black.

We cracked on top gallants, a jib and a spanker, Our lee rail awash as we tore through the blue. As for fighting the pirate our Cap. didn't hanker, For powder was scarce and our men were too few.

In spite of our swiftness, the rascal o'erhauled us, His longboats were out and were coming our way. And then to the poop deck our old skipper called us, And told us a plan to make pirate boy pay.

We brought up some grindstones and hid by the gun'll While pirates in longboats hove to alongside. Our Captain stood by with his hands like a funnel And then of a sudden he laughingly cried,

"Heave over the grindstones," they smashed through the longboats. And down to the bottom sank pirates and all. It was lucky for us that they didn't build strong boats. Our foemen were gone, but 'twas sure a close call.

We flew at the pirate to give him a mauling, But losing his longboats, he turned tail and fled. And just about then the long shadows were falling, We returned to our quarters and all went to bed.

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