

Pirate Poems

Meet Captain Blackbeard, Snip the apprentice smuggler, Pete the Pirate, and of course the Jolly Roger, in this exciting collection of poetry.



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Compiled by John Foster

PIRATE Poems



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I wish I was a pirate

I wish I was a pirate
With a long beard hanging down,
A cutlass dangling from my belt,
My teeth all black and brown.

A parrot on my shoulder.
A patch upon one eye,
A pirate ship to sail on,
A pirate flag to fly.

The rolling waves would be my home,
I'd live through many wrecks.
I'd always have the best of maps –
The one's marked with an X!

Pirates don't have parents,
They don't get sent to school.
They never have to take a bath,
For them there are no rules.

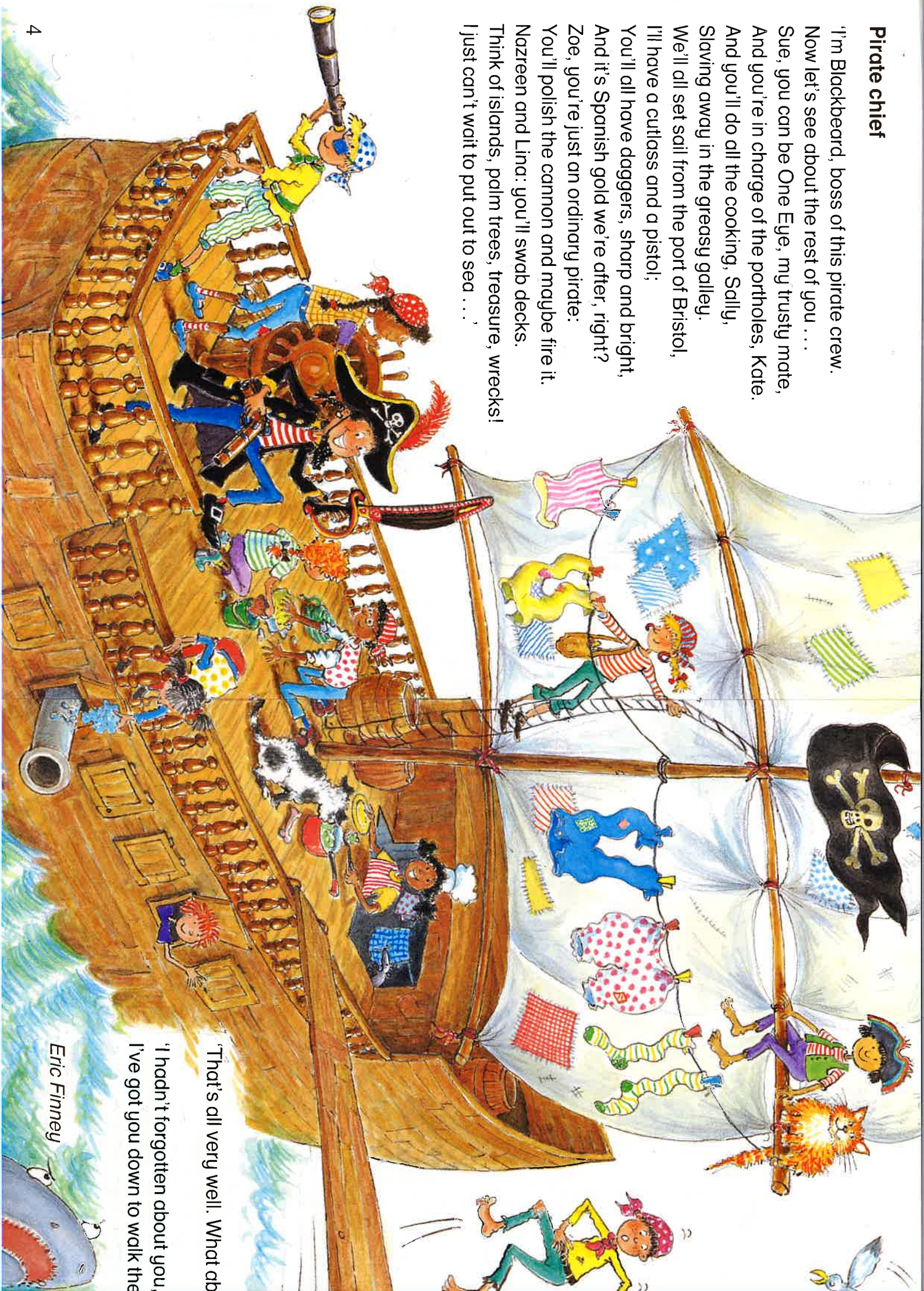
Yo-ho-ho me hearties!
It's a pirate's life for me . . .
Pistols in my pockets,
Salt-pork for my tea!

Tony Bradman



Pirate chief

'I'm Blackbeard, boss of this pirate crew.
Now let's see about the rest of you ...
Sue, you can be One Eye, my trusty mate,
And you're in charge of the portholes, Kate.
And you'll do all the cooking, Sally,
Slaing away in the greasy galley.
We'll all set sail from the port of Bristol,
I'll have a cutlass and a pistol;
You'll all have daggers, sharp and bright,
And it's Spanish gold we're after, right?
Zoe, you're just an ordinary pirate:
You'll polish the cannon and maybe fire it.
Nazreen and Linc: you'll swab decks.
Think of islands, palm trees, treasure, wrecks!
I just can't wait to put out to sea ...'



'That's all very well. What ab

'I hadn't forgotten about you,
I've got you down to walk the

Eric Finney

Pirates

The Jolly Roger's flying
And the wind is from the east
And we'll sail right down the garden
And we'll have a mighty feast.

We'll eat our pirate picnic
And we'll drink our lemonade
And we'll pretend it's pirate rum
Pinched in our latest raid.

We'll chase the Spanish galleons
And we'll shoot them full of lead
And we'll bury chests of treasure
Underneath the flower bed.

And then we'll hoist the mainsail
In a fresh south-wester breeze
And we should just get home again
In time to have our teas.

Ian Larmont



Pirate song

Yo ho ho, we're off to sea!
Hoist the skull and bones!
The wild waves pull,
the sails are full,
the wind in the rigging moans.

*Silk and satin, silver, gold;
fill up the cabbins,
fill up the hold!
With a YO HO HO
the wild waves roll.*

Yo ho ho, we're off to sea
to search for silk and gold!
The wild waves pull,
the sails are full,
the wind in the rigging cold.

*Silk and satin, silver, gold;
fill up the cabbins,
fill up the hold!
With a YO HO HO
the wild waves roll.*

Yo ho ho, we're off to sea
under the stars and moon!
The wild waves pull,
the sails are full,
the wind will take us soon.



*Silk and satin, silver, gold;
fill up the cabbins,
fill up the hold!
With a YO HO HO
the wild waves roll.*

Yo ho ho, we're off to sea,
racing under the cloud!
The wild waves pull,
the sails are full,
the wind howls long and loud.

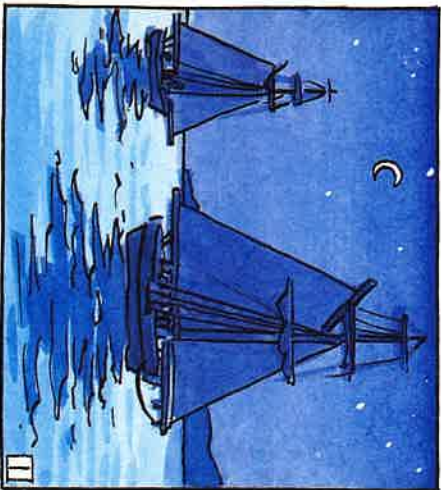
*Silk and satin, silver, gold;
fill up the cabbins,
fill up the hold!
With a YO HO HO
the wild waves roll.*

Yo ho ho, we're off to sea
to sail in the wild wind's roar!
The wild waves pull,
the sails are full;
may the wind blow us back to shore.

*Silk and satin, silver, gold;
fill up the cabbins,
fill up the hold!
With a YO HO HO
the wild waves roll.*

The smugglers

Through the sea-mist
Two small boats glide,
Slipping ashore
On the evening tide.



A man with a lantern
Flashes a light
To warn those on shore,
'We're coming tonight.'



They watch and wait,
Not saying a word,
Until the sound
Of the oars is heard.



Then, quickly, they hurry
Across the sand.
The barrels are passed
From hand to hand.



A messenger hurries
From door to door,
Whispering softly,
'They're coming ashore.'



Down the cliff path
Six shadows glide
To the foot of the cliff
Where they crouch and hide.



They are stacked in the cave
And hidden away
Till it's safe to move them
Another day.



Then, back to their beds
Six shadows glide,
While the boats slip away
On the outgoing tide.

John Foster

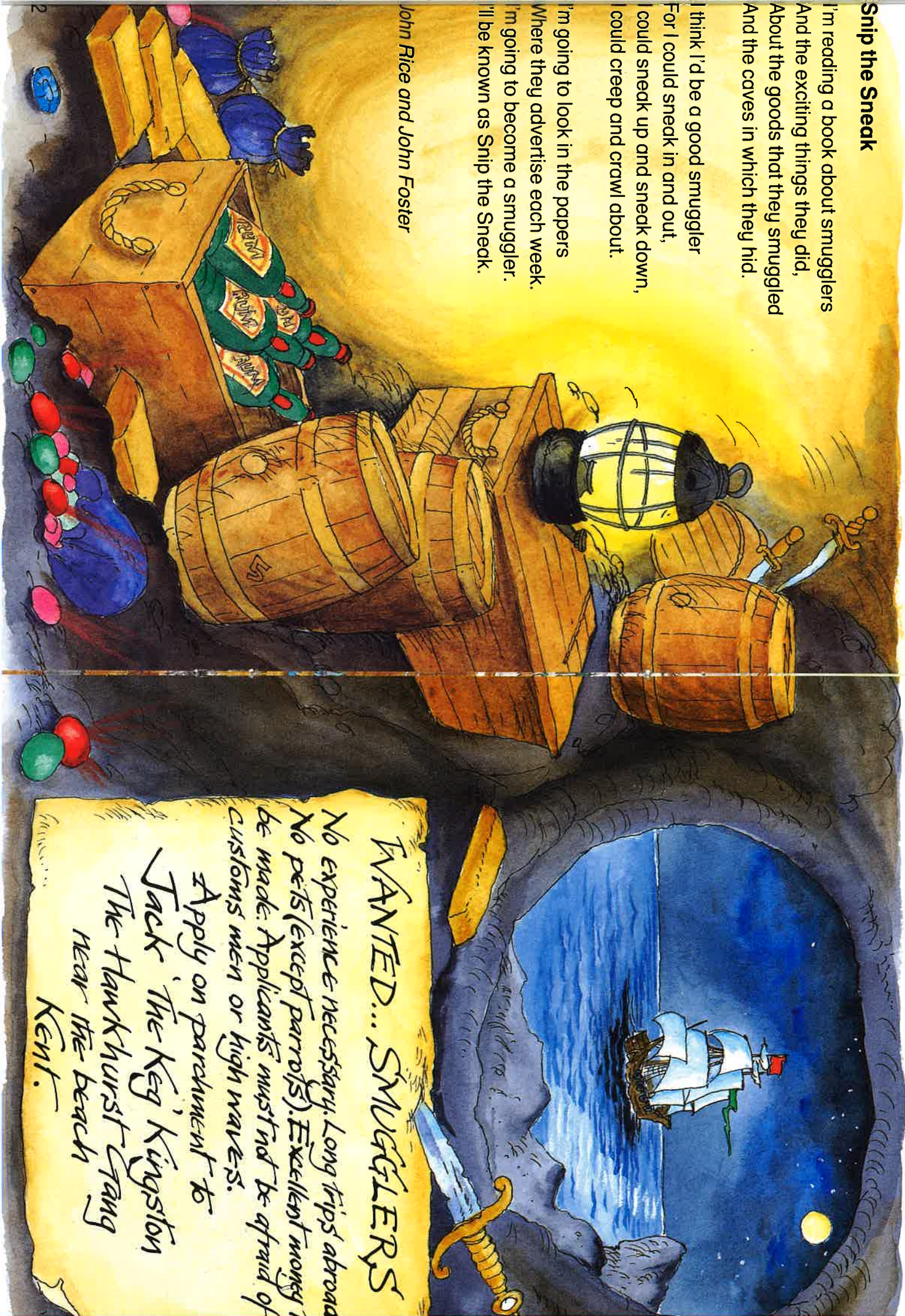
Snip the Sneak

I'm reading a book about smugglers
And the exciting things they did,
About the goods that they smuggled
And the caves in which they hid.

I think I'd be a good smuggler
For I could sneak in and out,
I could sneak up and sneak down,
I could creep and crawl about.

I'm going to look in the papers
Where they advertise each week.
I'm going to become a smuggler.
I'll be known as Snip the Sneak.

John Rice and John Foster



WANTED... SMUGGLERS

No experience necessary. Long trips abroad
No pets (except parrots). Excellent money to
be made. Applicants must not be afraid of
customs men or high waves.

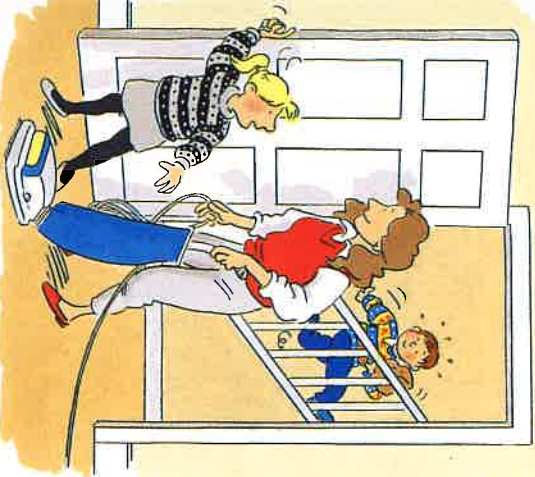
Apply on parchment to
Jack 'The Key' Kingston
The Hawkurst Gang
near the beach
Kent.

Smugglers

This morning,
While Mum was having a lie-in,
Because it's Saturday,
My sister and I
Emptied our money-boxes
And went down town
To buy the scarf
We know she'll like.



When we got home,
My sister went in first
And kept her talking,
While I smuggled the scarf upstairs
And hid it in the shoe-box
Under my bed.



Tonight,
We'll write the cards
We smuggled in
Earlier in the week
And wrap up the scarf.



Then, in the morning,
We'll give ourselves up,
Hand over the smuggled goods
And watch Mum's face
As she opens her presents
On Mother's Day.

John Foster



There was an old pirate

There was an old pirate called Pete
Who captured a whole fishing fleet.
He said 'Don't be scared,
All your lives will be spared.
I only want something to eat!'

Wendy Larmont

