



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

**Pirates own book, or authentic narratives of the lives,  
exploits, and executions of the most celebrated sea  
robbers**

**ELMS, CHARLES**

**New York [u.a.], 1842**

Pirate`s Song.

---

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-61163](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-61163)

ged condition; and pretending that he had been robbed by pirates, Smith, who had been acquainted with him eight or nine years before, provided him with necessaries, and he walked about unmolested for some time. But Captain Joseph Smith, who knew him when a pirate, one day met him, and asked him to go and take a bottle with him; when they were in the tavern he told him that he had been a considerable sufferer by his boarding his vessel "therefore," said he, "as I understand that you are in good circumstances, I expect that you will make me some restitution; which if you do, I will never hurt a hair of your head, because you were very civil to me when I was in your hands." But as this recompense was never given, Weaver was apprehended and executed.

---

#### PIRATE'S SONG.

To the mast nail our flag! it is dark as the grave,  
 Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er the wave;  
 Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared;  
 Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimitar bared:  
 Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,  
 For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.  
 It shall never be lowered, the black flag we bear;  
 If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the air.  
 Unshared have we left our last victory's prey;  
 It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey:  
 There are shawls that might suit a sultana's white neck,  
 And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck;  
 There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will disclose  
 Diametta's fair summers, the home of the rose.  
 I claim not a portion: I ask but as mine—  
 'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.  
 Some fight, 'tis for riches—some fight, 'tis for fame:  
 The first I despise, and the last is a name.  
 I fight, 'tis for vengeance! I love to see flow,  
 At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.  
 I strike for the memory of long-vanished years;  
 I only shed blood where another shed tears.  
 I come, as the lightning comes red from above,  
 O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.

FINIS.