

Our pirate ship, the *Midnight Belle*
was looking a terrible wreck.
The captain called Bosun and Cabin Boy Dick
and me to parade the deck.
He called us a dastardly desperate crew
and bawled out a long list of things we must do.
“Splice the mainbrace! Launder the sheets!
And then paint the portholes bright blue!
Shiver me timbers! Lock up your chest!
And anything else pirates do!”
We started at lunchtime, the Bosun and me,
with a Yo Ho Ho and Ho.
We thought we’d be finished by quarter to three,
And the captain would say we could go.
But even by sundown, we’d scarcely begun
with our dusters and mops; and the bottle of rum
didn’t help us as much as we thought that it would.
“I hate cleaning!” said Bosun. “I don’t see it should
always be my turn. I do my fair share!
Why do I have to? It just isn’t fair!”
We were caulking the decks with a cauldron of tar.
It’s a job that’s terrifically skilled.
It doesn’t look much, but goes ever-so-far.
When it accidentally spilled.
I shouted in panic for Cabin Boy Dick,
“Help! Lend a hand! I’m starting to stick!”

