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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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# The Pirate

by R. Jere Black, Jr.

We lowered him down to the dismal deep,  
By the light of a midnight moon;  
We smiled as he sullenly sank to sleep,  
In the bed of the lone lagoon.

We lowered him down to the dismal dead,  
The scourge of a thousand ships,  
A weight at his feet and a hole in his head,  
And a grin on his livid lips.

We lowered him down to the dismal deep,  
As dead as a man can be,  
But every midnight I wake from sleep,  
And scream at the sight I see—

For there he's standing beside my bed,  
The scourge of a thousand ships,  
The weight at his feet and the hole in his head,  
And the grin on his livid lips!

