



Bill—His Adventures with Pirates

Young Bill had been naughty—a habit with Bills!

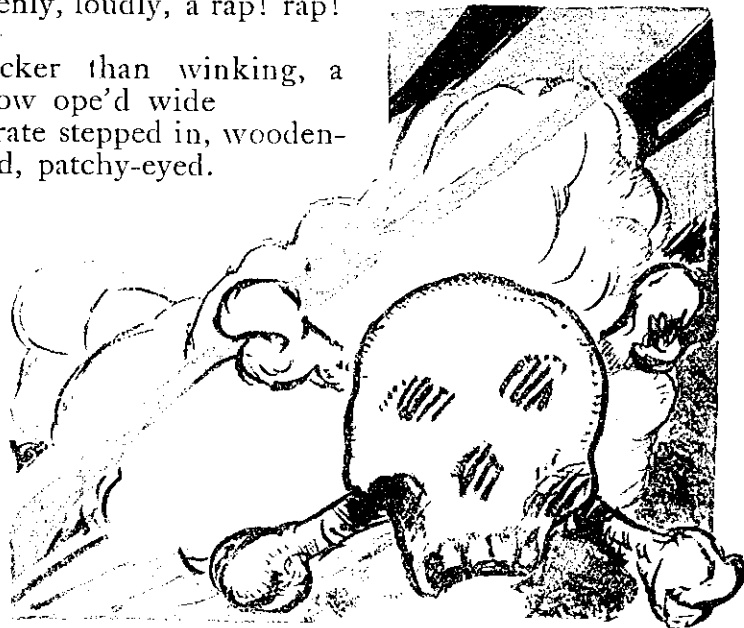
His mother had given him Dreamy Drop pills;
He went (or was sent) to his bed with a smack
That hit where his backbone forgot to be back.
Said William the naughty—or otherwise Bill,
“If it's naughty I am, I'll be more naughty still.”

The clock struck the hour, and struck it again;
Yet Bill could not sleep for both anger and pain.
Till he heard at his window a quite gentle tap,
And suddenly, loudly, a rap! rap!

And, quicker than winking, a window ope'd wide
And a Pirate stepped in, wooden-
legged, patchy-eyed.

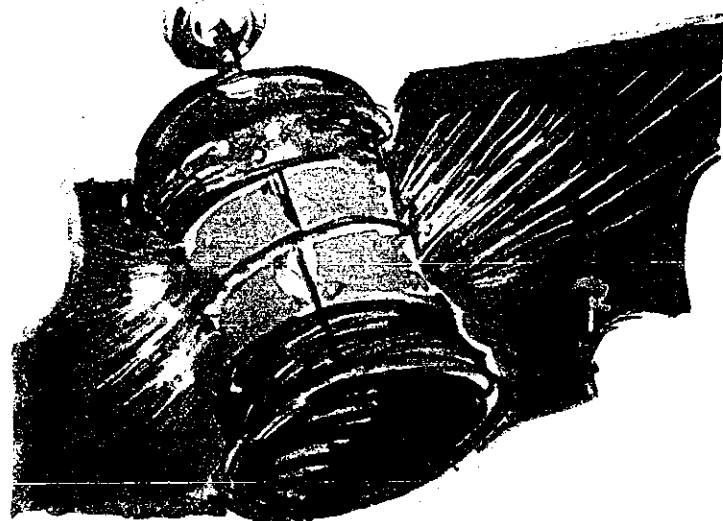
Bill and the Pirate

“Yo! Ho!” roared the Pirate, “You're joining my crew.
My frigate needs boys who are naughty as you.”
Said Bill, in pyjamas, “We'll start right away
If it's Pirates you're wanting, then Hip, hip, Hoo-ray!”
“Shake a leg,” said the Pirate, and winked his one eye,
“Beneath the Black Flag we will do or we'll die.”



They rowed to the frigate, and leaping aboard,
“Let her go, merry cut-throats!” the pirate, he roared.
The anchor was weighed, and with “Yo, lads, yo ho!”
They hoisted the sail, and they *did* let her go.
But, alas for young William (this tale must be told),
They dumped him, pyjamas and all, down the hold.

It's sad, you'll admit, that a hero like Bill
Should have suffered this very undignified spill;
But, 'mid scuttling of rats, and though bruised by the fall,
Young Bill didn't worry or whimper at all.
By a red lantern's glimmer, a cutlass he found.
“I'll fight that bad pirate,” he swore, “or be drowned.”



But a great storm arose, and oh! loud was the blast.
Great waves swept the rigging and shattered the mast.
Then Bill saw his chance: as the ship made a lurch
He scaled up a hatchway as safe as a church,
And, waving his cutlass, that Pirate he sought,
And, in spite of the tempest, together they fought.