

SKULL AND BONES

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WHERE are all the merry men that put their curse on Spain,
Drake's and Flint's and Morgan's men that sailed the Spanish Main?
Where are all their gold doubloons, where their fancy free—
Gentlemen Adventurers? Underneath the seal

Theirs were days for hardy hearts; red-cap, ear-ring days;
Hairy men with tarry hands, chanting shameless lays;
Doing shameless deeds as well, all the way to France,
Laying down the keel in blood of our good ship *Romance*.

Irons, rum and cutlasses, flaming towns ashore,
Planks to walk and yard-arm shifts, love and gold and war;
Then the New World isles were young, then the ocean free,
Gentlemen Adventurers underneath the sea.

'Vast! A yellow galleon! Here's your work to do:
Run the *Jolly Roger* up! See, she's heaving-to!
Pipe all hands for boarding her! It's over ere the dark;
She's raided, ravaged, scuttled, sunk—a palace for a shark.

O, my boyhood heroes, bred on a purple lee,
Gentlemen Adventurers underneath the sea,
How I dreamed and dreaded you, what my love and fears
In the days I read your lays, bearded buccaneers!

Don't you also have your dreams? Aren't you dreaming true?
Give us back the old *Romance*; we have need of you;
Send your stories up to us; set our spirits free,
Gentlemen Adventurers underneath the sea!