**THE PIRATES OF BRIXHAM**

**by Arthur Gordon**

On the south coast of Devon,

Lies the port of Brixham, a thriving town,

The Brixham Pirate Festival is held in spring,

For the annual gathering of pirates it is renown.

Pirates from afar and the local galleon, the ‘Golden Hind,’

They sail across the seas from far and wide,

To shelter from the wild sea in Torbay,

They come ashore on the incoming tide.

With strong wind in their sails,

Many tall ships arrive on dry land,

They drop anchor in the harbour,

Or on the beach in the sand.

Pirates arrive in their droves,

Clad in their curly wigs and velvet suits,

Bearing cutlasses and pistols,

And wearing knee high leather boots.

Pirates and ship mates gather,

Old sea shanties they sing and dance,

Musicians play the violin and accordion aloud,

The pirates bring colour and romance.

Folks muster in the quayside pubs,

The Blue Anchor, the Sprat and Mackerel,

The Bullers Arms, the Rising Sun and the Crown and Anchor,

The pirates have exciting salty stories to tell.

By the fireside, in shelter from the wind,

They sup the hearty local ale,

Overlooking the harbourside,

You will hear many an old sea dogs tale.

For the local Devon lassies,

Many presents the dashing pirates bring,

Thoughts of love and happiness,

Soon many lassies will show off a gold wedding ring.

The pirates dress in the height of cavalier fashion,

And show their dazzling smiles,

From their hard lives of piracy,

Treasure chests and gold dubloons, they have piles.

With their cavalier hats and ostrich feathers,

They have laughter in their eyes,

By the Brixham quayside they make merry,

In the sunshine and azure blue skies.

With their tall ships moored in the harbour,

Or at anchor on the sea shore,

Brave sailors of the icy seas,

The pirates are a part of Brixham folklore.

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