

The Red Blacksmith

Part I

The noise was loud and deafening
The hammer hits the sword
Tools are hung up in the hut,
A hammer on a cord.

Somewhere in the Caribbean,
A port on an island,
Works an impressive blacksmith
Red curly hair, strong hand.

*'The sword is now just perfect,
One hit and it'll be fine,'*
The high voice murmurs slowly;
'The beauty sword of mine!'

Part II

An odd noise makes her shiver,
The blacksmith turns around,
Her red mane flips around her,
Her skirt reaches the ground.

She hears a deadly crying
The boat's sails loudly flap,
She looks out of her window
Above her bed to nap.

She stumbles out of her hut,
Sees pirates being hanged,
Prisoners pass by her hut,
Metal around their hand.

The first one walks so proudly
Ignoring all his pain,
He seems to be their captain,
Above him flies a crane.

'They're pirates, they deserve it!'
Shouts out the noisy guard,
The pirates growl and mutter,
Something else they would prefer!

The blacksmith hears her hammer,
It's talking steadily,
*'They're worth a better treatment,
They're just like you and me!'*

Part III

She went down there at nighttime,
She knew there was the key,
She's making up a plan now
And hurrying quietly.

*'Poor guard, you must be tired,
Lay down to take a nap,
I'll guard those thieves 'till you wake,
Lay down and give your cap!'*

As soon as he starts snoring,
She was hiding her mane,
She locks him up so strongly,
And turns the key again.

She's running down the stairs now,
Her plan is just perfect,
But in her mind, a question:
'Is my action correct?'

Part IV

She hears the crew's rough pleading,
She sees, they soon will die,
She shows the key in her hand,
And hears their happy cry.

She freed their captain firstly,
And then his crew came free,
She told them to be quiet,
They ran out noisily!

Part V

They knew their ships' location,
The guards, they were alarmed!
They came running after them,
The guards were fully armed!

They reached their ship, sailed away,
The guards were after her,
She fled into her small hut,
She's hidden here for sure!

Part VI

Oh no, it was a nightmare:
They came into her hut,
They stuffed her in the prison,
The heavy door went shut.

She realized it too late,
She'd done a big mistake,
She knew the pirates were gone,
She knew their smiles were fake!

She's sitting in a dark cell,
As gloomy as the night,
The sleepy guard is snoring,
For freedom she would fight!

The dazzling dust is dancing,
She is caught in a net,
She's lying down at the ground
Just where the captain sat.

They call her out, they tug her:
She's going to be hanged,
She's passing down the dark street,
A drum is being banged.

She stands upon the podium,
The rope around her neck,
In front, millions of people,
Behind, an old ship wreck.

Her life is fading away,
Her time to die has come,
She fails to breathe in some air,
In her head voices hum.

Part VIII

What is that, a pistol shot?
The rope loosens her neck,
She falls into the ocean,
Her life is coming back!

A hand reaches to help her,
She sees a pirates face,
Part of the crew she rescued,
His captain calls him Grace.

The captain wants to see her
She's been asked: '*Join the crew.*'
Her eyes, they ask him questions,
She nods, but, well, who knew...?

*'You've proved you are a pirate,
We pirates know us each,
We all row the ship like one,
Until we reach the beach...*

*We pirates hold together,
We pirates don't forget,
We come and rescue the one,
Who saved us from the dead!'*