

# Anne Bonney

by Janie Meneely

They say she stole Black Caesar's rig  
He kept it in the Keys  
She cut away the anchor rode  
And flew off on the breeze  
With a hundred hearty cutthroats  
I know it sounds absurd  
She ran the brig to Martinique  
Past that we haven't heard

## CHORUS:

She'll steal the pennies off your eyes before your corpse is cold  
And wear your guts as garters or so we've all been told  
But generous to a fault, they say, she'd give away her coat  
And if you're caught asleep on watch, she'll slit your bloody throat

The Spanish were full terrified  
She'd cleared away their decks  
And carried off the gold and plate  
And left them nervous wrecks  
The Brits were apprehensive  
For fear she'd come in view  
The pirate queen would pick them clean  
Before they'd quite hove to

## CHORUS

The merchants from the seaport towns  
All shuddered at the thought  
That women such as she went wild  
And simply ran amok  
Shamelessly she'd plunder  
Any ship that came her way  
No scribes, nor bribes, nor diatribes  
Could keep the girl at bay

## CHORUS - Instrumental Break

## BRIDGE:

Anne Bonney is a terror  
She'll swing you from the yards  
Or troll you aft as shark bait  
Or slice you into shards  
For all that, she's a beauty  
And generous with her charms  
For vanquished men have 'riz' again  
But one night in her arms

## CHORUS +

And if you're caught asleep on watch, she'll slit—your—bloody—throat