

Barrett's Privateers

Alestorm

Oh, the year was 1778,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
A letter of marque came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns—shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns—shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns—shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

On the King's birthday we put to sea,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns—shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

On the 96th day we sailed again,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns—shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Yankee lay low down with gold,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Then at length we stood two cables away,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs

God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.