

We Are Ye Banished Privateers

Ye Banished Privateers

In a filthy old tavern in the port of Belfast
There sat a drunken laddie, he was tall as a scooner's mast
He said "My name is Charles and I am your king
An' my royal arse on your ship you shall bring!"

Well I said "You sure can swagger, but a king you are not"
And if I had that fucker here, I'd sure have him shot!
"But I need one more swabber, and we're leavin' tonight
And you'll find the pay is good, can you sail, can you fight."

We are Ye Banished Privateers
We are King Charlie's rovers, we're sailors besmeared
We are Ye Banished Privateers
We'll be hanged by the neck if near England we steer

But Charlie was a weak one, a real worthless prick
He threw up all the time 'cause the salt made 'em sick
And when we were plundering a rich merchant ship
He ran into hiding, trembling his lip

But sea legs can grow on the weakest of lads
It turned out some talent in fencing I had
Once I grew fond of the pirate charade
I'd be the first to dive into the fray

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We roamed all over the seven seas
We plundered wherever there riches may be
From ye coast of Tortuga to ye shores of Cape Horn
We looted n' pillaged both poor and well born

For each passing year an' each bottle of rum
Had Charlie a more vicious pirate become
One with the laddies so fearful and great
He advanced to the rank of first mate

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But each thing so good, must come to an end
And Charlie a letter from England was sent
It turned that rascal was truly our king
He returned from his exile during the spring

I gave them my blessing to rove n' I said
"A yearly wager in gold you'll be paid
But back home to England you cannot return
For you are the scum of the Earth I have learned!"

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