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 to 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 and 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 Main trunk 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.

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