

Barrett's Privateers

Oh the year was Seventeen Seventy Eight
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
When a letter of marque was sent from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

Chorus (nach jeder Strophe):

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

T'was then Cid Barret cried the town
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope crew

Now the Antelope sloop was sickening sight
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
With a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

On the King's birthday we sailed away
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
When a great big Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope three whole days

But at length we stood two cables away
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck away both me legs

So here I lay in my twenty-third year
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
It's been six years since we sailed away
and I just made Halifax yesterday

Chorus normal

God damn them all.... shed no tears
I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
Sailed the seas for many a long year
You'll never find a better man far or naer

I'm the last of Barrett's Privateers