

## Barrett's Privateers

The Real McKenzies

Oh, the year was 1778, how I wish I was in sherbrooke now!

A letter of marque come from the king,  
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,  
God damn them all!

I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well 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 sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's privateers.

Now 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 sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's privateers.

On the king's birthday we sail away,  
How I wish I was in sherbrooke now!

We were 97 days to montego bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way  
God damn them all!

I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's privateers.

On the 98th day we sailed again,  
How I wish I was in sherbrooke now!  
When big fat american hove in sight  
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight  
God damn them all!

I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well 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 big and fat and loose in the stays  
But to catch her took us three whole days  
God damn them all!

I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well 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 sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's privateers.  
Now the antelope shook and she 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 sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well 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!  
Well it's been 6 years since we sailed away  
And I just made halifax yesterday  
God damn them all!  
I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
Well I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's privateers.  
God damn them all!  
I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold  
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears  
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Well I'm a broken man on a halifax pier  
The last of Barrett's privateers.