

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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The last of Barrett's privateers.