

## Alestorm "Barrett's Privateers"

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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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