

The Last of Barrett's Privateers

Stan Rogers Arr. Roger Jackson June 2020

How I

On the nine - ty - sixth day we sailed a - gain, How I
 The Yan - kee lay low down with gold How I
 Then at length we stood ten ca - bles a - way
 The Ant - e - lope shook and pitched on her side,

How I

wish I was in Sher - brooke now!

wish I was in Sher - brooke now! When a
 She was
 Our

wish I was in Sher - brooke now!

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blood - y great Yan - kee hove in sight, with our
 broad and fat and loose in stays but to
 cracked four pound - ers made an aw - ful din, But with
 Ba - rrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs and the

Chorus

God damn them all! I was told we'd

cracked four pound - ers we made to fight God damn them all! I was told we'd
 catchhertookthe Ant - e - lope two whole days
 one fat ball the Yank stove us in.
 main - truck ca - rried off both me legs.

God damn them all! I was told we'd

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cruise the seas for A - mer - i - can gold, we'd fire no guns - shed no tears

cruise the seas for A - mer - i - can gold, we'd fire no guns - shed no tears now I'm a

cruise the seas for A - mer - i - can gold, we'd fire no guns - shed no tears

bro - ken man on a Ha - li - fax pier, the last of Ba - rret's pri - vat - eers.

bro - ken man on a Ha - li - fax pier, the last of Ba - rret's pri - vat - eers.

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