

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

STAN ROGERS ARR. B. FARMER

VIOLONCELLO

D G A D

OH THE YEAR WAS SE-VEN-TEEN SE-VEN-TY NINE, HOW I

3 D G D A

WISH I WAS IN SHER-BROOKE NOW, A

5 Bm A D

LET-TER OF MARQUE CAME FROM THE KING TO THE SCUM-MI-EST VES-SEL I'VE

7 G D G A

EV-ER SEEN, GOD DAMN THEM ALL! I WAS TOLD WE'D CRUISE THE SEAS FOR A-

11 D G D Bm

ME-RI-CAN GOLD, WE'D FIRE NO GUNS, SHED NO TEARS! BUT I'M A

14 D G Bm

BRO - KEN MAN ON A HAL - I - FAX PIER, THE

16 G A D

LAST OF BAR-RETT'S PRI - VA - TEERS OH EL -