

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

STAN ROGERS ARR. B. FARMER

D G A D D G

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

4 D A Bm A D

SHER-BROOKE NOW, A LET-TER OF MARQUE CAME FROM THE

6 G D

KING TO THE SCUM-MI-EST VES-SEL I'VE EV-ER SEEN, GOD DAMN THEM ALL!

9 G A D G D

I WAS TOLD WE'D CRUISE THE SEAS FOR A - ME-RI-CAN GOLD, WE'D FIRE NO GUNS,

13 Bm D G Bm

SHED NO TEARS! BUT I'M A BRO-KEN MAN ON A HAL-I-FAX PIER, THE

16 G A D

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