



**PREVIEW ONLY**

the Diane Loomer Choral Series  
*Canadian folksong favourites*

**Barrett's Privateers - by Stan Rogers**  
- arr. Ron Smail



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Canada

## Barrett's Privateers

Music and Lyrics  
by STAN ROGERS

Arranged by RON SMAIL

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$\text{♩} = 86$

Solo 


Oh, the year was sev-en-teen sev-en-ty - eight (How I wish I was in

4 

Sher-brooke now!) A let-ter of marque came from the King to this scum-mi-est ves-sel I've

8 

ev - er seen... God\* damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas for A -

12 

mer-i-can gold; we'd fire no guns! Shed no tears! But I'm a bro-ken man on a

16 


Hal - i - fax pier, the last of Bar - rett's Pri - va - teers. Oh,

20 **verse two** 

El - cid Bar - ret cried the town (How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!) For



(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)



(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!)

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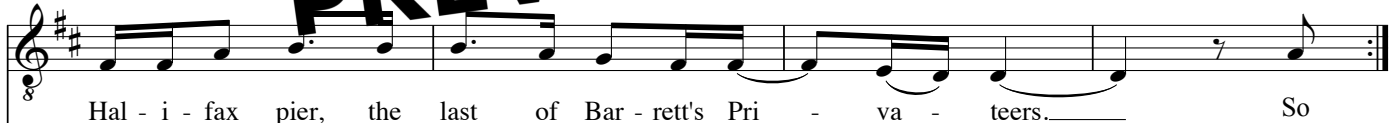


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35



verse nine



choir repeats



Hal - i - fax pier, the last of Bar - rett's Pri - va - teers.

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## verse nine - last verse

39

here I lay in yew - wood - the old year. How I wish I was in Sher-brooke now!) It's

(How I wish I was in Sher-brooke now!)

(How I wish I was in Sher-brooke now!)

43

been six years since we sailed a - way, and I just made Hal - i - fax

46

yes - ter - day, God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas for A -

God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas for A -

God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas for A -

50

mer - i - can gold; we'd fire no guns! Shed no tears! But I'm a bro - ken man on a

mer - i - can gold; fire no guns! Shed no tears! bro - ken man on a

mer - i - can gold; fire no guns! Shed no tears! bro - ken man on a

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Slower ♩ = 60 *emphatically*

54 rit. FIN 5

Hal - i - fax pier, the last of Bar - rett's Pri - va - teens.

Hal - i - fax pier, the last of Bar - rett's Pri - va - teens.

Hal - i - fax pier, the last of Bar - rett's Pri - va - teens.

Performance notes:

\*option: "Gall darn them all"

The choir can sing through eight verses of the song without turning a page.

The verses can be sung by a soloist, solosits taking turns or a small group. Barrett's Privateers is all about the story. The text is crucial, so soloists are encouraged to be very expressive and dramatic.



Stan Rogers  
1949 - 1983

Historically, the distinction between a "privateer" and a "pirate" has been vague. A **privateer** is a private person or ship authorized by a government by letters of marque to attack foreign shipping during wartime. Privateering was a way of mobilizing armed ships and sailors without having to spend public money or commit naval officers. They were of great benefit to a smaller naval power or one facing an enemy dependent on trade: they disrupted commerce and pressured the enemy to develop warships to protect merchant trade against commerce raiders. The cost was borne by investors hoping to profit from prize money earned from captured cargo and vessels. The proceeds would be distributed among the privateer's investors, officers and crew. It has been argued that privateering was a less destructive and wasteful alternative, because the goal was to capture ships rather than to sink them.

**Barrett's Privateers** is a modern folk song in the style of a sea shanty, written and performed in 1976 by Canadian musician, Stan Rogers. The song is full of many authentic details of privateering in the late 18th century. It is regarded as one of the Canadian Navy's unofficial anthems and has gained popularity as a drinking song.

Barrett's Privateers is sung from the point of view of a young fisherman who enlisted on Elcid Barrett's ill-fated *Antelope*. The *Antelope* is described as the "scummiest vessel he'd ever seen", and the song describes the many faults of the decrepit sloop.

After describing the initial voyage to Jamaica seeking American merchantmen and the problems with the *Antelope*, the unnamed narrator sings about how he finally found one, loaded down with gold. Unfortunately, the *Antelope*'s main-mast is knocked down with one volley from the American vessel and Barrett is killed. The remainder of the song conveys the narrator's disillusionment with privateering and how he's a "broken man on a Halifax pier, the last of Barrett's privateers". The last two stanzas reveal that he is only 23 three years old and has lost both his legs in the battle six years earlier. It has taken all six years to beg his way home.

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solo lyrics

verse one

choir joins

Oh the sea was ever ten sev-en - ty - eight (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) A let-ter of marque came from the King to the scum-mi-est ves-sel I've  
ev - er seen. God\* damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas for A -  
mer-i-can gold; I'd find the sun shed no tears! But I'm a bro-ken man on a  
Hal-i-fax pier, the last of Bar-rett's Pri - va - teers. Oh,

verse two

choir joins

El - cid Bar - rett cried (How I wish I was in  
Sherbrooke now!) For twen-ty brave men, all fish-er-men, who would make for him the  
An - te-lope's crew. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

verse three

choir joins

The An - te-lope sloop was a sick-en-ing sight (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags, and the cook in the scup-pers with the  
stag-gers and jags. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

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verse four

choir joins

On the King - bro - day we set to sea (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) We were Nine - ty - one days to Mon - te - go Bay, pump

Chorus

- ing like mad-men all the way. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

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verse five

choir joins

On the nine - ty - sixth day we sailed a - gain (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) When a bloody red Yan - kee - hove in sight; with our

Chorus

cracked four pounders we made to fight. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

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verse six

choir joins

Th Yan - kee lay low down with gold (How I wish I was in  
Sher brooke now!) She was broad and fat and loose in stays; but to catch her took the An - te-lope

Chorus

two whole days. God damn them all! was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

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verse seven

choir joins

Then at length we took two boxes a way (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) Our cracked four-pound-ers made an aw-ful din, but with

Chorus

one fat ball the Yank stove us in. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

verse eight

choir joins

The An-te-lope shook and pitched on her side (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) Our car was smashed in a bowl of eggs and the

Chorus

main truck car-ried off both me legs. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

verse nine

choir joins

So here I lay in my Twen-ty-third year (How I wish I was in  
Sher-brooke now!) It's been six years since we sailed a-way and I

Chorus

to the conclusion

just made Ha-li-fax yes-ter-day. God damn them all! I was told we'd cruise the seas (etc.)

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