Capo 3

**Am**

Yon's my privateer see how trim she lies

To every man a lucky hand and to every man a prize

**C** **G**

I live to ride the ocean the mighty world around

**Am** **G** **Am**

To take a little plunder and to hear the cannon sound

**F** **C** **G** **Dsus2**

To lay with pretty women, to drink Madeira wine

**Am** **G** **Am**

to hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine

**Chorus**

**Am**

Privateering, we will go

Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho!

Privateering, we will go

Yeah! oh! oh! ho!

The people on your man o'war are treated worse than scum

I'm no flogging Captain my God I've sailed with some

Come with me to Barbary we'll ply there up and down

Not quite exactly in the service of the Crown

To lay with pretty women, to drink Madeira wine

To hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine

**Chorus**

Look here there's my privateer she's small but she can sting

Licensed to take prizes with a letter from the King

I love the streets and taverns of a pretty foreign town

Tip my hat to the dark eyed ladies as we sally up and down

To lay with pretty women, to drink Madeira wine

To hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine

Britannia needs her privateers each time she goes to war

Death to all her enemies no prizes matter more

Come with me to Barbary we'll ply there up and down

Not quite exactly in the service of the Crown

To lay with pretty women, to drink Madeira wine

To hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine

**Chorus**