

Barrett's Privateers

Stan Rogers

Oh, the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

Chorus: **God damn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's privateers**

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

Chorus:

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

Chorus:

On the King's birthday, we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus:

On the ninety-sixth day, we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders, we made to fight

Chorus:

The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Chorus:

Then at length, we stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball, the Yank stove us in

Chorus:

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

Chorus:

So here I lay in my twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Chorus: x2