

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

(Stan Rogers)

Oh the year was seventeen seventy eight

I wish I were 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,

I wish I were 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.

I wish I were in Sherbrooke now!

She'd a list to port and her sails in rags,
And a cook in the scuppers with staggers & jags.

Chorus

On the King's birthday we put to sea.

I wish I were 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.

I wish I were 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.

I wish I were in Sherbrooke now!

She was broad and fat and loose in stays,

But to catch her took the Antelope 2 whole days.

Chorus

Then at length we stood two cables away.

I wish I were 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.

I wish I were 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.

I wish I were in Sherbrooke now!

It's been six years since we sailed away,

And I just made Halifax yesterday.

Chorus