

"Barrett's Privateers" –Stan Rogers

Oh, the year was 1778,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
A letter of marque come from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd 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's a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in 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 maintruck 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