

Barrett's Privateers

Stan Rogers

IV-10

A Cappella in C, starts on E

Oh, the year was 1778,
A letter of marque come from the King
to the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

Chorus:

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

O, Elcid Barrett cried the town
For twenty brave men, all fisherman, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

On the King's birthday we put to sea
We were ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

The Yankee lay low down with gold
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days
Then at length we stood two cables away
Our cracked 4-pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

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

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

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

(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)

Chorus