

Barrett's Privateers

Words & Music by 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'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 Alcide 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 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 stays But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

[Chorus]

Then at length she stood two cables away *How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!* Our cracked four-pounders made 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]

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