

The Last of Barratts Privateers

Stan Rogers

Oh, the year was seventeen seventy-eight
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
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Well, 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 birth-day we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were ninety-one days to Mon-tego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed a-gain
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 we stood two cables a-way
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 me twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed a-way
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Chorus