

# Stan Rogers, Barrett's Privateers

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,

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

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.

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
She'd a list to the port and and her sails in rags  
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

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.

On the King's birthday we put to sea, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
We were 91 days to Montego Bay  
Pumping like madmen all the way

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.

On the 96th 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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

So here I lay in my 23rd year, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
It's been 6 years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday

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.