

## 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've 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  
For twenty brave men all fishermen who  
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening site  
She'd list to the port and her sails in rags  
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

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

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

The Yankee lay low down with gold  
She was broad and fat and loose in stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length she stood two cables away  
Our cracked four-pounders made awful din  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

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

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