

O the year was Seventenn Seventy-Eight
Barrett's Privateers
Stan Rogers

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How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've 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

2. O 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:

3. The Antelope sloop was a sickening site
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:

4. On the King's birthday we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
Chorus:

5. On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a great big Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight
Chorus:

6. 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:

7. 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:

8. 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:

9. Now 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: