

THE LAST OF BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Stan Rogers

Whistle



Oh, the year was sev-en-teen sev-en-ty eight How I wish I was in Sher-brooke

8



now. — A let-ter of mar-que came from the king to the scum-mi-est ves-sel I've

16



ev - er seen God damn them all, — I was told we'd cruise the sea for Am - er - i-can

25



gold. We'd fire no gun; shed no tears, Now I'm a bro-ken man on the Hal-i-fax

34



piers, the last of Bar - rett's Pri - va - teers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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