

The last of Barrett's Privateers

Stan Rogers

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

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

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

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

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