

## Barrett's Privateers

### The Longest Johns

Oh, the year was 1778  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
When 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 her sails in rags  
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and 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  
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On the King's birthday we sailed away  
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now  
We were ninety-one 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  
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On the ninety-sixth 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  
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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

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  
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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  
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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

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  
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So 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

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