

Stan Rogers "The Nancy"

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[There were countless skirmishes on the Great Lakes between ships and boats of all makes and sizes during the War of 1812-14. "Well", Stan said, "we won the damned war but from some of the accounts you'd really have to wonder how!"]

The clothes men wear do give them airs, the fellows do compare.

A colonel's regimentals shine, and women call them fair.

I am Alexander MacIntosh, a nephew to the Laird
And I do disdain men who are vain, the men with powdered hair.

I command the Nancy Schooner from the Moy on Lake St. Claire.

On the third day of October, boys, I did set sail from there.

To the garrison at Amherstburg I quickly would repair
With Captain Maxwell and his wife and kids and powdered hair.

Aboard the Nancy

In regimentals bright.

Aboard the Nancy

With all his pomp and bluster there, aboard the Nancy-o.

Below the St. Clair rapids I sent scouts unto the shore
To ask a friendly Whyandot to say what lay before.

"Amherstburg has fallen, with the same for you in store!

And militia sent to take you there, fifty horse or more."

Up spoke Captain Maxwell then, "Surrender, now, I say!
Give them your Nancy schooner and make off without delay!

Set me ashore, I do implore. I will not die this way!"

Says I, "You go, or get below, for I'll be on my way!"

Aboard the Nancy!

"Surrender, Hell!" I say.

Aboard the Nancy

"It's back to Mackinac I'll fight, aboard the Nancy-o."

Well up comes Colonel Beaubien, then, who shouts as

he comes near.
"Surrender up your schooner and I swear you've
naught to fear.
We've got your Captain Maxwell, sir, so spare yourself
his tears."
Says I, "I'll not but send you shot to buzz about your
ears."
Well, they fired as we hove anchor, boys, and we got
under way,
But scarce a dozen broadsides, boys, the Nancy they
did pay
Before the business sickened them. They bravely ran
away.
All sail we made, and reached the Lake before the
close of day.
Aboard the Nancy!
We sent them shot and cheers.
Aboard the Nancy!
We watched them running through the trees, aboard
the Nancy-o.
Oh, military gentlemen, they bluster, roar and pray.
Nine sailors and the Nancy, boys, made fifty run away.
The powder in their hair that day was powder sent their
way
By poor and ragged sailor men, who swore that they
would stay.
Aboard the Nancy!
Six pence and found a day
Aboard the Nancy!
No uniforms for men to scorn, aboard the Nancy-o.

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