

## Rogers Stan "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 distain 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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