Stan Rogers, The Nancy

What clothes men wear do give them airs, the fellows do compare.
A colonel's regimentals shine, and women call him fair.
I am Alexander MacIntosh, 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."

Well up comes Captain Maxwell then, "Surrender, now, I say!
Give up your Nancy schooner and make off without delay!
Set me ashore, I do implore. I will not die this day!"
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 draws near.
"Give up your Nancy schooner and I swear you've naught to fear.
We've got your Captain Maxwell, sir, spare yourself his tears."
Says I, "I'll not but send you shot to buzz about your ears."

We fired as we hove anchor, boys, and we got under way,
But scarce a dozen broadsides, boys, the Nancy did them 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 on 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 pound a day
Aboard the Nancy!
No uniform for men to scorn, aboard the Nancy-o
(x2)