

## The Log of a Record Run “The Mary L. McKay”

“The name changed to protect the guilty”

*Come all ye hardy haddockers that winter fishin’ go,  
An’ brave the seas upon the Banks in stormy wind and snow.  
To all that love hard drivin’ – come an’ listen to my lay  
Of the run we made from Portland in the Mary L. Mackay.*

*We hung the muslin on her, as the wind began to hum;  
Twenty hard-case deep-sea fishermen ‘most full of Portland rum.  
Main and fores’l, jib and jumbo, on that tough December day,  
And out past Cape Elizabeth we slugged for Fundy Bay.*

*We slammed her to Monhegan as the gale began to scream,  
And the vessel started jumpin’ in a way that was no dream,  
With a howler o’er the taffrail, boys, we steered her east away,  
Oh she was a hound for runnin’ was the Mary L. Mackay.*

*Storm along! An’ drive along! An’ punch her through the rips!  
Never mind the boardin’ combers an’ the sold green she ships!  
“Just mind yer eye an’ watch yer wheel!” the Skipper he would say.  
“Clean decks we’ll sport to-morrow on the Mary L. Mackay!”*

*We lashed the hawser to the rack and chocked the cable box,  
An’ overhauled the shackles on the fore an’ main sheet blocks.  
We double griped the dories as the gang began to pray,  
For a breeze to rip the bitts from out the Mary L. Mackay.*

*The sea was runnin’ ugly and the crests were heavin’ high,  
Our main-boom useter swipe them ‘til we thought the spar ‘ud fly,  
The stoo’ard moused his pots an’ pans and unto us did say,  
“Ye’ll get nawthin’ else but mug-ups on the Mary L. Mackay.*

*Then we warmed her past Matinicus and the skipper hauled the log,  
“Sixteen knots! Lord Harry! Ain’t she just the gal to jog?”  
And the half-canned wheelman shouted, as he swung her on her way –  
“Jest watch me tear the mains’l off the Mary L. Mackay!”*

*The rum was passing merrily and the gang were feelin’ grand,  
With long-necks dancin’ in our wake from where we cleared the land,*

*But the skipper he kept sober, and he knew the time o' day,  
So he made us furl the mains'l on the Mary L. Mackay.*

*Under fores'l and her jumbo we tore plungin' through the night  
And the white-capped waves that chased us, in the moonshine made a sight  
To fill yer heart with terror, boys, an' wish ye were away  
At home n bed, and not aboard the Mary L. Mackay.*

*Over on the Lurcher Shoals the sea was piling strong.  
In wind and foamin' breakers – full three to four miles long,  
And in this devil's horse-pond, boys, there soon was hell to pay,  
But they didn't care a dam' aboard the Mary L. Mackay.*

*To the box was lashed the wheelsman as he socked her through the gloom  
And a big sea hove his dory-mate nigh over the main-boom,  
It ripped the oil-pants off his legs an' we could hear him say,  
"There's a power of water flyin' o'er the Mary L. Mackay."*

*The skipper didn't care to have our folks a'wearin' crape  
So he stripped her to the fores'l and made for Yarmouth Cape,  
And past Forchu that morning we shot in at break of day,  
And soon in shelter harbor lay the Mary L. Mackay.*

*From Portland, Maine to Yarmouth Sound, two hundred miles we ran  
In nineteen hours, my bully boys, and beat that if you can!  
The gang, they said, "Twas seamanship!" The skipper he was mum,  
For he knew that Mary traveled on the power of bootleg rum!*