

## The 'I'm Alone'

Remember, yes, I remember well  
The most famous rum-runner of them all,  
Remember, yes, I remember well  
The most famous rum-runner of them all  
She was the schooner from Lunenburg, I'm Alone  
And in the Gulf of Mexico she went down  
Under fire from a Yankee cutter  
On the high seas, outside treaty water

Oh, I'm Alone  
A long way from Lunenburg she went down  
Because skipper John Randell wouldn't heave-to  
On the I'm Alone

It was nineteen hundred and twenty-nine  
When the smuggling of liquor was a profitable pastime.  
Many a Maritimer didn't see why  
He shouldn't turn a profit - Uncle Sam was dry  
Many a family took on style  
Because Prohibition made it very worthwhile  
To be a good Samaritan  
To long-sufferin', thirsty Americans

The schooner's captain was a wild Newfoundlander,  
A hard-drivin' man, name of John Thomas Randell.  
A decorated veteran of the First World War  
And a sea-goin' gentleman adventurer.  
From Belize he would take the I'm Alone  
Towards the coast of Louisiana  
And he'd anchor south of Trinity Shoal  
Where he'd meet his man  
And discharge the cargo according to plan

It was all clear sailing for the I'm Alone  
With the profits from six or seven trips salted down.  
The coast guard had bothered her a couple of times,  
But skipper John's seamanship had left 'em behind.  
One March morning, in the wind and the swell,  
She was reachin' along under jumbo, jib and storm trysail  
When the cutter Dexter  
Swept in on the I'm Alone's starboard quarter

Now the Dexter's captain was a very rough man;  
He had sworn that he'd never lose the I'm Alone again.  
He ran a string of signals, saying: How do you do?  
Now you know that I'll fire if you don't heave-to!  
Skipper John semaphored immediately:  
I'm on the high seas and you have no jurisdiction over me.  
So the Dexter's captain  
Sent several volleys through the I'm Alone's riggin'

The bullets tore the booms and the sails and the lines -  
They even tore a hole in the Red Ensign.  
When skipper John saw it, he was fit to be tied  
At the disrespect shown to his national pride.  
The crew said, "Sir, don't you trouble your mind;  
We'll all go down together with the old Red Ensign a-flyin'!"  
So he signaled to the Dexter:  
Shoot and be damned to you, for I'll not surrender!

Well the Dexter opened fire; it didn't take long  
When her guns stitched a seam along the I'm Alone's waterline.  
Skipper John ordered every man to sea -  
There was water on the bridge when he himself jumped free.  
Stern in the air, the I'm Alone went down:

Such a heavy sea a-runnin'  
It's a wonder only one man was drowned -  
The bo'sun was the one  
Who was pulled aboard the cutter when his life was gone

And that's how it happened; there isn't much more.  
The I'm Alone became an international affair.  
Skipper John and his seamen were all released  
Because the U.S. government couldn't make a case.  
That kind of violence is bound to happen  
When a law like Prohibition sits up and begs to be broken.  
And we still recall  
The story of the I'm Alone and skipper John Randell