

1741 (The Battle of Cartagena)

Alestorm

Sailing the raging seas
To distant lands unknown
Porto Bello fell in a day
Now Britannia rules the waves
Thirty thousand men at arms
Red Ensign in the sky
To Cartagena we set sail
With blood and plunder we'll prevail
Twice struck, and twice we've failed
But third time works a charm
The greatest fleet the world has seen
To fight the War of Jenkins' Ear
Waters lash across the bow
Through Caribbean Seas
The year is 1741
The final battle has begun
The skies are burning with thunder
The seas are ablaze with flame
Set the course for Cartagena
The sands of time will remember our names
The skies are burning with thunder
The seas are ablaze with flame
Set the course for Cartagena
History is written today
Across the sea-lashed deck
Our captain gives a cry
"Cartagena lies ahead
The Spanish foe will soon be dead!"
Portents of coming doom
Engulf the battle line
High above, the heavens sigh
A red light burning in the sky
An omen of dread
Which no man can deny
The legends hold true
We must turn back or die
Superstitious fools
Be gone from my sight
Blast the trumpets of war
And prepare for the fight
The skies are burning with thunder
The seas are ablaze with flame
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The sands of time will remember our names
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History is written today
Hard to starboard
Man the cannons
And on my command, unleash hell!
FIRE! Show them your steel
Bring them to death on the battlefield
Ride on the wind, and conquer the foe
The legends be damned, to our deaths we will go
The skies are burning with thunder
The seas are ablaze with flame

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