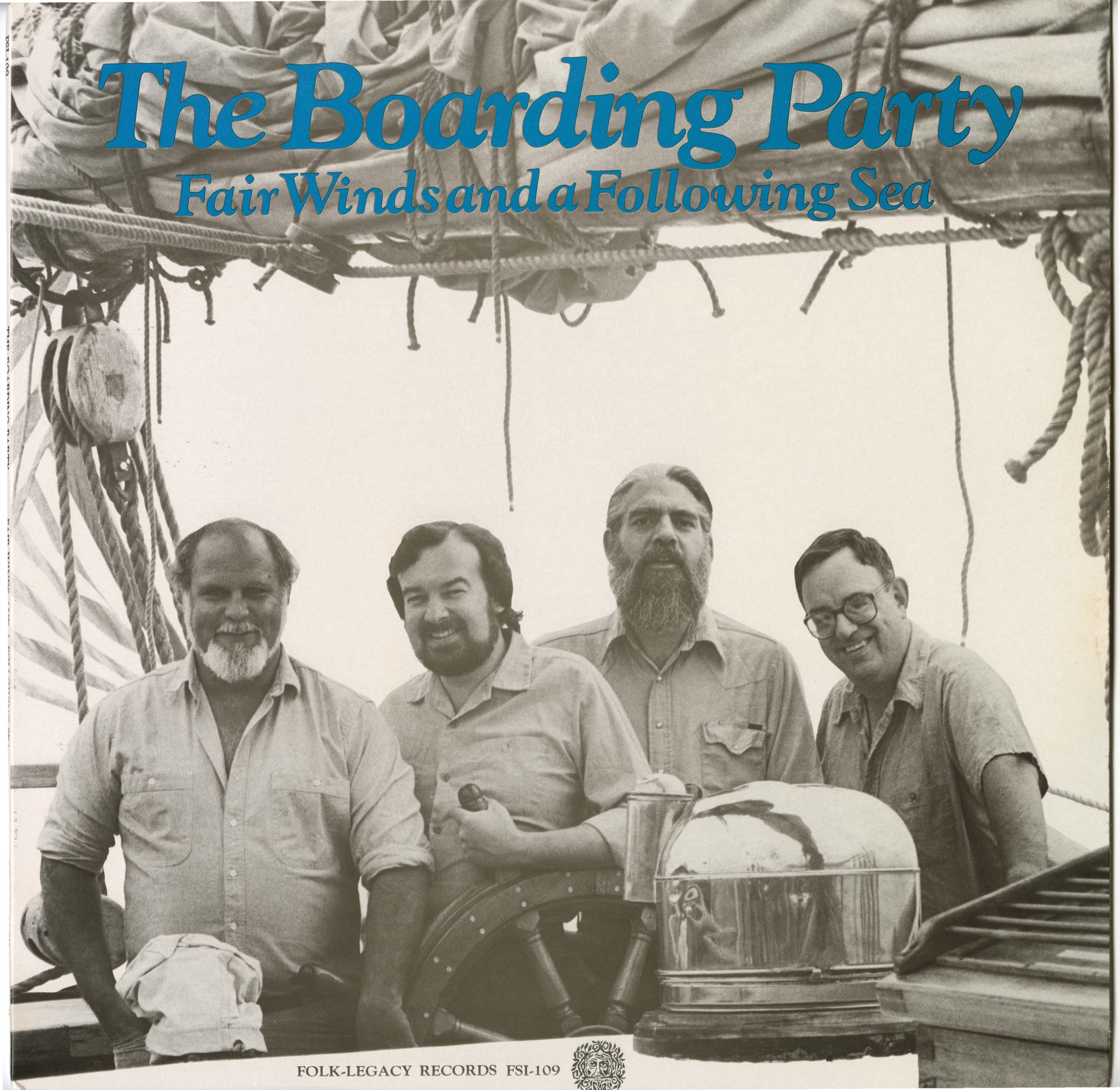


The Boarding Party

Fair Winds and a Following Sea





The Boarding Party

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"In these days of writers plagiarizing with glee, it is rare to come across people in print who go to the root of the matter and spend time researching to the same extent as I have discovered The Boarding Party do. They have that itchiness within them that takes their curious minds deep within historical and geographical fields until they locate every source known to man. I have thought this about them for several years, and now this most recent of their discs caps the matter.

"An unusual and great sea song record; may it set forth with a fair wind and reach a port full of eager shantymen!"

(Stan Hugill, born in England of a seafaring family in 1906, served in sail and steam for more than a quarter-century and amassed years of experience as a working, deepwater shantyman. The author of several respected shanty collections and other books on the sailor's life, he has also generously offered his comments—excerpted in the enclosed booklet—about several of the songs on this record.)

SIDE 1:

Tommy's Gone to Hilo	2:39
The Old Peacock	2:48
Let the Bullgine Run	2:22
Mauling Live Oak	2:36
Soran Bushi	1:40
Hudson River Steamboat	3:02
Come Along Down	1:38
Go It Jerry	2:06
Starbuck's Complaint*	1:55

SIDE 2:

Randy Dandy O	3:24
C'est L'Aviron	2:42
Coming Down the C&O**	2:20
Saltpetre Shanty	1:58
Heise, All**	0:51
One More Day	2:00
Lowlands Away	2:37
Survivor Leave (Stevens)	5:03

*(Verse: Trad. Eng. Chorus:
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With notes by:
Jonathan Eberhart
Bob Hitchcock
K. C. King
Tom McHenry

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover photograph by Bob Anderson
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz

The Boarding Party

*Fair Winds
and a Following Sea*

FSI-109



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The Boarding Party

Bar Winds
and a Following Sea

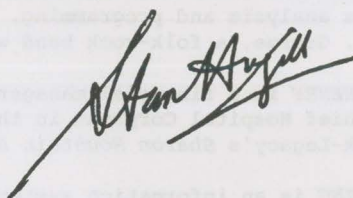
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INTRODUCTION

"In these days of writers plagiarizing with glee, it is rare to come across people in print who go to the root of the matter and spend time researching to the same extent as I have discovered The Boarding Party do. They have that itchiness within them that takes their curious minds deep within historical and geographical fields until they locate every source known to man. I have thought this about them for several years, and now this most recent of their discs caps the matter.

"An unusual and great sea song record; may it set forth with a fair wind and reach a port full of eager shantymen!"

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Stan Hugill". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial 'S' and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

(Stan Hugill, born in England of a seafaring family in 1906, served in sail and steam for more than a quarter-century and amassed years of experience as a working, deepwater shantyman. The author of several respected shanty collections and other books on the sailor's life, he has also generously offered his comments — excerpted in this booklet — about several of the songs on this record.)

ABOUT THE BOARDING PARTY

Those of you who have The Boarding Party's first album, *'Tis Our Sailing Time* (Folk-Legacy FSI-97), have already been introduced to its members, both in music and word. But for newcomers, here is a short version of who comprises the group. The four men whose voices and interest in songs of the sea and other waters make possible this outstanding collection of songs are:

JONATHAN EBERHART, a journalist, is the Space Sciences Editor of *Science News* magazine. A singer, guitarist and songwriter, he has his own Folk-Legacy album, *Life's Trolley Ride* (FSI-82).

BOB HITCHCOCK comes from Sussex, England. He is a manager of information systems analysis and programming. Bob plays guitar and mandolin with The New St. George, a folk-rock band which performs English music.

TOM MCHENRY is a financial manager with the Navy. He spends many hours as a Chief Hospital Corpsman in the Naval Reserve. Tom can also be heard on Folk-Legacy's *Sharon Mountain Harmony* (FSI-86).

K.C. KING is an information systems architect. His concertina and banjo accompany him on his many travels. The Boarding Party combines his love for good music, sailing and good times all into one, says K.C.

(David Diamond, who sang with them on their first album, has been living in London and Mexico City since then. They stay in touch and get together whenever he is in the Washington, D. C., area.)

The Boarding Party educate audiences with their informative introductions, radiate enthusiasm for the music in their presentation, and delight all who listen with their harmonious blend of voices. Fair Winds and a Following Sea gives you a wonderful sampling of this. Their quest for new/old songs of the sea is continuous, as is the serious research done into the history and details of all that they sing. My own admiration and enjoyment of The Boarding Party's musicality and collective knowledge grow with the years.

Mia Gardiner

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To all of us in *The Boarding Party*, *Fair Winds* and *a Following Sea* has meant considerably more than the "mere" act of cutting a record. The gathering and researching of these songs has been a fascinating and sometimes demanding project, for which our sincere thanks go to the large number of people and organizations who helped.

A number of these songs have heretofore existed neither on recordings nor in songbooks, nor has information about their backgrounds been collected with their value as songs in mind. In most cases, we have identified our own as well as pre-existing sources in the notes to the songs with which they are associated, and we mean those acknowledgements as more than just polite thank-yous. We hope you will share our appreciation of the contributions cited there, realizing that much more remains to be learned, even from unsuspected corners, about this wide and vital body of folk music and lore.

But our list doesn't end there. Thanks to the Alexandria Seaport Foundation in Virginia for allowing us access to the site of this album's cover photo, a 175-foot Balkan Trader built in Sweden in 1929 and now owned by the Foundation as the Schooner Alexandria. Thanks, too, to Bob Anderson for the vision he brings to the cover photograph, the second he's done for *The Boarding Party*. Sandy and Caroline Paton, who have been bestowing their Folk Legacy for a quarter of a century, have our gratitude for their support and for a comfortable recording environment — as well as for a booklet with enough pages to enable these notes. We all appreciate the valuable support given by Nancy King and Gail McHenry, including their accommodation to the sometime conflicts between *The Boarding Party's* schedule and married life.

Our special thanks, finally, go to Mia Gardiner, who has added help with research, note-writing and more to her already considerable and caring involvement with this group, a long-range commitment to fair winds and a following sea.

The Boarding Party

THE SONGS

TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO Side 1, Band 1.

Here's one of those songs that lend themselves so well to what we think of as "fattening" harmonies, which we love to sing just because they, well, feel so good. Some versions feature a "Johnny" who does all the traveling, but Tom sings "Tommy's gone" (fair enough, we suppose, so long as he keeps coming back before we weigh anchor). The song is often said to have been a topsail halyard shanty, though its leisurely pace was probably appreciated more by the crew than by the master and mates.

"Hilo" is almost certainly not the Hawaiian port (properly pronounced "Hee-low") on Maui, but "Ilo" ("Ee-low"), one of the Peruvian nirate ports. The question keeps coming up, but Joanna Colcord noted in *Songs of American Sailormen* (W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., N. Y., 1938) that "this is a very old shanty, and antedates the use of local Hawaiian place-names in the sailor's vocabulary. He knew them only as the 'Sandwich Islands.'" There's also a different version of the song that contains the line "Hilo town is in Peru," which again, Colcord wrote, "makes it probable that the place referred to is that same 'Ylo' which Bartholomew Sharp, the buccaneer, captured in his raid upon the Peruvian

coast in 1681, as told in Dampier's *Voyages* (*A Collection of Voyages*, by William Dampier, London, 1729).

In the verses, the shantyman would try to think of as many ports as he could with three-syllable names, and come up with rhymes for each of them before the pace of the work — for which he was responsible — caught up with him. He could also borrow lists of place-names from similarly patterned shanties such as "Donkey Riding" and "Hieland Laddie," but you can still imagine why setting sail might sometimes have been less than brisk. We'd suggest getting into practice first to the more measured tempo of heaving at the capstan to weigh anchor in a nice, deep harbor.

The long, drawn-out passage that follows the fourth verse, by the way, could have been to offer the hands a chance to get a better grip on the halyard. Or perhaps not.

Oh Tommy's gone — what shall I do?
Away, Hilo.

Oh, Tommy's gone, and I'm going, too.
Tommy's gone to Hilo.

Oh, Tommy's gone on a whaling ship.
Oh, Tommy's gone on a damn long trip.

Oh, Tommy's gone to Callao.
He won't come back from there, I know.

Oh, Tommy's gone to Montreal
In a packet ship with skys'ls tall.

Hilo, you all, Hilo —
Tommy's gone — what shall I do?

Oh, Tommy's gone to old Rio
To see them Spanish girls, I know.

Oh, Tommy's gone to Singapore.
He won't be back for evermore.

Oh, Tommy's gone — what shall I do?
Oh, Tommy's gone, and I'm going, too.

THE OLD PEACOCK
Side 1, Band 2.

In November, 1985, an exhibit opened at the National Museum of Natural History honoring the U. S. Expedition of 1838-1842, led by Lieutenant Charles Wilkes. The exhibit was the result of four years of research by a team of scholars from the Smithsonian Institution, the Library

of Congress, the National Archives and the Historical Division of the Navy. Headed by Herman Viola of the Museum of Natural History, the team located hundreds of objects relating to the Expedition and sifted through cartons of diary entries, correspondence and official records to tell the remarkable story of this Expedition. The Expedition had many accomplishments — the exploring of the Antarctic coast; the charting of the Oregon coast; the collection of thousands of natural history specimens; the documentation of newly discovered cultures; as well as being the first official U. S. Navy expedition which allowed civilian scientists on board.

During the research for the exhibit, descendants of men aboard the Expedition's six ships were contacted. One of them was Mrs. Robert Cummin of Villanova, Pa., a descendant of James Dwight Dana, who was the voyage's civilian geologist and mineralogist and a distant cousin to Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. She sent to Herman Viola copies of song manuscripts that came from a book she had of Dana's music. The songs were about the ships in the Expedition. The Boarding Party was contacted by Laura McKee of the Educational Division of the Museum of Natural History and asked if we would learn some of these songs. We would, and we did, and we were honored to be able to premiere two of them at the exhibition's opening, 150 years after they were written, in a room with an Antarctic mural behind us, a model of the ship *Peacock* in front of us, a replica of Captain Wilkes' cabin to one side and journals and logs around us. One of these songs is "The Old *Peacock*." Apparently, James Croxall Palmer, USN, naval officer and acting surgeon to the Wilkes Expedition, and Dana collaborated on several songs, with Palmer writing the words and Dana writing the music.

"The Old *Peacock*," a Breeze from the Unpopular Opera of the Icebergs, U. S. Exp. Exp. — 1840, words by J.C.P., music by J.D.D." is what is titled on the manuscript. The poem from which the words of the song come can be found in J. C. Palmer's book, *Antarctic Mariners Song*. Palmer writes of this song: "Our men's periods of enlistment for the *Peacock* expired at Honolulu; and, as sailors were a 'happy-go-lucky' set, we tried to buy them back 'for a song.' This gave origin to 'The Old *Peacock*.'" Palmer's narrative of the incident reads: "We were backed by the wind and current, against an immense ice-floe tearing the rudder clean off; and the ship drifted helplessly against an island containing 32 square miles of solid ice, and about a hundred and eighty feet high; this carried away the taff-

rail and bulwarks, into the starboard gangway; and so the Peacock was despoiled of her tail."

As is our wont, we became intrigued with the circumstances surrounding this incident and wanted to know more about it. "*Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periculum* — If anyone says this yarn is not true, let him go there himself some day." Going down to Antarctica was not appealing or feasible, but reading the detailed description in the ship's log was. So Mia tracked down the log of the U. S. S. *Peacock*, 8/19/1838 — 7/18/1841, in the military reference section of the National Archives and was handed this piece of the past to read, from which we now quote (thanks to Erik and Fiona Illott, who used their nautical knowledge to help us decipher the handwriting in the log):

January 24, 1840. Latitude 80°S, ___ miles from the South Pole. From the log of the U. S. S. *Peacock*: "... At 8:30 while attempting to box the ship off from the ice ahead... she got stern way on her and backed with considerable force against a piece of ice (which unfortunately split our rudder head clean off making it completely useless...) ... Many terribly large pieces of ice carrying away one bowsprit shroud... Frequent were the collisions and not a few with great violence, jarring the whole vessel... At 10:30 ... she broke her hold and drifted stern-on... to a large ice island... She struck with great violence, carrying away her stern davits, crushing a boat hung to them. Snapped the spanker boom... On examination it was ascertained that the island we had struck was about 120 feet high ... which of course endangered our mizzens and what was more alarming might from the jar fall on our quarter deck — which no doubt would have ended our ship — but God is good and without any further loss than the beforementioned we succeeded in clearing and in a short time were again forging our way through the broken masses of ice..."

We gathered a twig from the live-oak tree
For a relic of love and of home,
And away we stood for the polar sea,
With spirits as light and with hearts as free
As the crest of its snow-white foam.

In the happy old *Peacock*, the hearty
old *Peacock*,
We'll jump to the pipe's merry call,
And spread to the gale her saucy tail
And dash through the ice and all, me boys,
And dash through the ice and all.

We got down at last where the sea froze fast
And warned us to put her about,
But we thought it a shame for a fowl of her
fame

To turn straight back on the course she came,
So we thumped her right in and out.

Our pluck did not fail till we lost our tail,
And then was high time to belay.
But we stuck her clean through, and it came
out anew,
And if any man says this yarn is not true,
Let him go there himself some day.

(chorus twice)

LET THE BULLGINE RUN
Side 1, Band 3.

This well-known shanty embodies both American and British influences, and was a favorite of sailors in the Yankee packet-boats during the early 1800's. It is found in many collections, though the version Bob sings here has been put together primarily from verses gathered by Stan Hugill. An exception is the name of the ship (here, the *Margaret Evans* of the Blue Star Line), which is cited in John Sampson's *The Seven Seas Shanty Book*. Such details as that often varied widely, often because they were simply misremembered, or because a shantyman chose to insert some vessel for reasons of his own. Joanna Colcord says that the *Margaret Evans* was "a well-known American packet-ship," but assigns it to the "Black X Line," while other versions list the *Rosalind* of the Blackball Line, the *Wild Cat* of the Swallowtail Line and more.

A variant of the whole song, reported by Whall offers a list of religious verses suggesting black gospel influence ("Oh, de world was made in six days and ended on de seventh,/But accordin' to de contract it ought of been eleven.") The tune has been compared to the Irish song, "Shule Agra," and Hugill suggests that the folk-processing of the song took place in the seaports of the U. S. Gulf Coast. "Bullgine" appears to be a 19th-century slang expression for a railroad steam engine.

Oh, the smartest packet that you can find
A-hey, a-ho, are you most done?
Is the *Margaret Evans* of the Blue Star Line.
Clear away the track and let the bullgine
run.

To me hey, rig-a-jig, and a low-back car,
 A-hey, a-ho, are you most done?
 With Liza Lee all on my knee,
 Clear away the track and let the
 bullgine run.

Oh, the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line,
 She's never a day behind her time.

Oh, we're outward bound for New York town.
 Them Bowery gals we'll waltz around.

Them gals are walking on the strand.
 Oh, heave a pawl and lend a hand.

When we get back to Liverpool town,
 I'll stand ye whiskey all around.

MAULING LIVE OAK Side 1, Band 4.

Live oak is a lot more than merely an undead tree. It is an actual species (*Quercus Virginiana*), which has been known in American shipbuilding since the early 18th century, when its properties of great strength and uncommon resiliency were first discovered. From that time until the replacement of wooden ships by steel hulls in the 1870's, the sounds of "live-oakers" and their axes could be heard over much of the country's southeastern coastline. In fact, says Virginia Steele Wood in her book, *Live Oaking — Southern Timber for Tall Ships* (Northeastern University Press, 1981), "For over a century thousands of skilled craftsmen worked in the live-oak hummocks, and the results of their labor — naval vessels, whaleships, packets and clipper ships — could be found in seaports around the world."

Some of the first ships of the U. S. Navy, in fact, such as the *Constellation*, still afloat in Baltimore harbor, and the *Constitution* — "Old Ironsides" — out of Boston, benefitted from live oak construction in the 1790's. It's last use by the Navy did not occur until 1927-31, when the *Constitution* was restored using live oak timbers that had been cut before the Civil War and stored underwater for 70 years at Pensacola Naval Station.

Cutting the stuff, however, in its steamy, insect-ridden, disease-infested surroundings was no picnic, as this song bears out. Our very special thanks go to Mrs. Wood, whose book is an invaluable source of information on live oak and the men who mauled it, and who provided us with a copy of the words to "Mauling Live Oak" as they appear in *Minstrelsy of Maine*, collected by Fannie Hardy

Eckstorm and Mary Winslow Smyth (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1927). It was an unexpected pleasure when she later just happened to be at a gathering of the Potomac River Pilots' Association where we just happened to be doing a program — the first time she had ever actually heard the song.

The song tells the story of a fellow on hard times who went from New England to the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida to cut live oak for shipbuilding — a saga of disillusionment not all that different from the one related in "The Range of the Buffalo." The song's Captain Swift is a reference to the Swift family of Cape Cod and New Bedford, Mass., one of the foremost of those in the trade. From Elijah, who took it up in the early 1800's, to his grandson, Elijah, Jr., they hired crews to go live-oaking in the southland every year until the mid-1870's. Their timber helped build much of the wooden-hulled Navy prior to the Civil War. (The Boarding Party's previous album, *'Tis Our Sailing Time* — Folk-Legacy FSI-97 — offers two songs written only 26 years apart that present before-and-after glimpses of the live oak business's demise: the tale of the June 1864 fight between "The Alabama" and the *Kearsarge*, the last sea battle between wooden-hulled ships, and an 1890 commemorative about "The Cruiser *Baltimore*," ushering in the steel-armored "protected cruisers" of the New Navy.)

The version of "Mauling Live Oak" that Tom sings here, by the way, he blended himself, using parts of verses from each of the three variants in *Minstrelsy of Maine*, which were gathered in 1925 and '26. One came from Mrs. William Young of Cambridge, Me., who learned it in 1896 from "an old gentleman, now dead." It is nearly complete except for one part of the verse about Mosquito Lagoon. A fragmentary version was collected from Franz Blanchard of Brewer, who had learned it in 1894 — exactly a century after construction had begun on the *Constellation* — from Ad Pomeroy, a Down-Easter who had gone south to work, presumably as a live-oaker. The third variant was sent in by Frank Carr of Monmouth, about whom no other information was given.

(The game of "Bluff" in the song, by the way — and according to Hoyle — is the original name for what we now call straight or draw poker.)

Live oak is a dense wood, weighing nearly 75 pounds to the cubic foot when green. This property makes it difficult to cut — you do "need iron handles for mauling live oak" — and suggests an imposing task when you consider that a first-class frigate such as *Constellation* or

Constitution could require 23,000 cubic feet of timber for the frames alone, approximately 460 trees. Consider the sad case of John T. Morgan, a Boston shipwright who was sent to St. Simons Island, Ga., in 1794 to supervise the mauling for those early vessels. Setting things up during the summer was tough enough, but then he was joined in October by 60 New England axemen — 57 of whom left before the month was out. Furthermore, he reported, the whole area was almost under water. "Never," he wrote, "was so much rain known in this Country." Then he got a letter from Chief Naval Constructor Joshua Humphreys in Philadelphia, complaining about the lack of progress. "I cannot stand it," Morgan shot back. "You say that if I was there I shou'd be mortified, if you was here you wou'd curse Live Oak."

One day I was traveling — I happened to think,
 "My pockets are empty, I can't buy a drink.
 I am an old bummer, completely dead broke,
 And there's nothing to do but go mauling
 live oak."

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Well, I went right away for to see Captain
 Swift,
 To see and find out could he give me a lift.
 He looked me all over from top unto toe.
 Said he, "You're the boy that live-oaking
 must go."

Then he brought out the contract that both
 of us signed
 To keep and secure if we both were inclined.
 But the very best wages that he could afford,
 'Twas only five dollars a month and my board.

Well, I had to get ready without much delay,
 For the schooner was sailing the very next
 day.
 With two pints of whiskey, a pipe and a spoon,
 Away we set sail for Mosquito Lagoon.

Now, bluff was the game that we played every
 night,
 And in it Charles Douglass he took great
 delight.
 He won my tobacco, while others cracked jokes.
 He said, "You'll get more when you're mauling
 live oak."

Now, mauling this live oak, I'll say it's
 great fun,
 Especially the dry ones that makes the sweat
 run.
 It'll make your axe handles to glimmer and
 smoke —
 You need iron handles for mauling live oak.

It's mosquitos by day, and it's minges by
 night.
 The sand fleas and bedbugs, they bother me
 quite,
 And if ever back home my head I do poke,
 To Hell I'll kick Swift and his Goddam
 live oak.

SORAN BUSHI
 Side 1, Band 5.

This Japanese net-hauling shanty may have originated in Tsugaru, on the northern end of the country's main island of Honshu, according to folksong collector Ryutaro Hattori. The same possibility was echoed to Jonathan, even as these notes were being written, by Tsugaru-born musician Chikuzan Takahashi, in Washington for a concert as part of the respected *shamisen* master's first trip to America in his 76 years. For generations, however, it has been most commonly associated with the fishermen barely 12 miles away across the strait facing the northernmost island of Hokkaido, where every year the herring come to spawn along the shore in such profusion as to change the color of the sea to silver. Now largely replaced by less musical but more efficient fishing methods, "*Soran Bushi*" is an old *ondo*, or rhythmic song, which helped the crews of the small boats gather in their heavy catch. Hauling together for such a task was every bit as important there as it was on larger vessels for setting sail or weighing anchor, "and that," Hattori has written, "can hardly be expected if there were not this lively song marking their time."

Widely known on its native shores, "*Soran Bushi*" has been recorded in numerous versions from jazz to the unaccompanied *minyo* style in which it served its original purpose. In 1970, Jonathan appeared with Andy Wallace and Mike Rivers on a radio program in Japan, during which he remarked (through a translator) that what interested him most about folk songs was their varied traditional singing styles. Several members of the youthful audience in the studio asked whether he meant a style that the translator merely repeated as "pipiyane." That produced blank stares, until Japanese folksinger Tomoya Takaishi, with whom the Americans had been visiting, smilingly and carefully pronounced the word again: P P 'an M. When understanding dawned (Peter, Paul and... ohhh), Jonathan asked Takaishi to sing the song in *minyo* style, after which he asked the program's producer to play a version from the most non-traditional recording he could find. The point could not have been better made: from within an album cover adorned with colored lights, ruffled sleeves and maracas the audience was treated to a rendering by a

group of *Nihonjin* (Japanese) called the Cuban Rhythm Boys of Tokyo.

Translating Japanese songs into English often poses problems, even when the result does not have to rhyme (rare in Japanese anyway) or even fit the tune. Some of the words in the chorus of "*Soran Bushi*," for example, are merely what are called *hayashi kotoba* — essentially "instrument-sound words" like tra-la-la, not all that different from the role of doo-wops in rock and roll. Others are the equivalents of grunts and other sounds: "*Soran*" represents the rhythmic shouting that accompanies the hauling of the nets, "*choi*" means little more than "oomph," while "*dokkoisho*" is a sound of exertion meant to suggest grappling with a heavy weight, like that of a good catch.

In addition, Japanese is filled with "pivot words," or *kake kotoba*, referring to words with two or more meanings, each of which can subtly alter the message of a phrase or even a whole song. The god or gods (*inari* — the rice god, or in Hugill's terms, "a god of the harvest and also of prostitutes") mentioned in "*Soran Bushi*'s" first verse, for example, are often associated with foxes, and the word *kon* can be either a colloquial way of saying "won't come" or the Japanese onomatopoeic word for the sound made by a fox, like "yip" or "grrr." Thus, with characteristic Japanese ambiguity — thought by some *Nihonjin*, in fact, to embody a kind of beauty — the phrase can be taken to mean that the gods either complain as they come, or complainingly stay away.

As with many traditional worksongs, there are numerous versions of this one, of which ours is from Hattori's oft-reprinted *Japanese Folk Songs*. (A version once collected by Hugill, for example, offers an interesting variation on the first verse of Hattori's: "*Nishin kita kato/Kamome ni toeba/Watasha tatsu tori/Nami ni kika. Choi!*" Or, "When the seagull was asked/If the herrings had come,/He said, 'I'm just leaving./Ask the waves. Choi!'") We have not attempted to reproduce the striking, "constricted" vocal style associated with many *minyo*. Our special thanks go to Kyoko Okamoto, dedicated president of the Washington Toho Koto Society, for help in interpreting the linguistic and other subtleties necessary to make even such a well-known song as this one properly meaningful to a non-Japanese audience.

Chorus part 1:

Yāren sōran, sōran, sōran, sōran, sōran —
Hai, hai!

Nishin kuruka to Inari ni kikeba
Doko no Inari mo "kon" to naku, choi!

Chorus part 2:

Yasa e, en yan sano dokkoisho,
A dokkoina, dokkoina, ā

(Chorus 1)

Oki no kamome no naku koe kikeba
Funanori kagyō wa yamererarenu, choi!

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 1)

Yoichi yoi toko ichido wa gozare
Umi ni kogane no nami ga tatsu, choi!

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 1)

Oki no kamome ga mono yū naraba
Tayori kiitari, kikasetari, choi!

(Chorus 2)

(The horizontal lines over certain vowels do not change their pronunciation, but are a convention in transliterated Japanese, indicating that those sounds should be held longer.)

Translation (verses only):

Regardless of whether the herring come,
we ask the gods to the harvest.
Each and every god complains,
"Kon! Won't come!" Choi!

Hear the songs of the seagulls
over the ocean waves,
And you can't give up
the life on the sea.

Yoichi is a goodly town —
everyone should visit it at least once
Golden waves
arise from the sea.

If the seagulls on the offing
could speak as we do,
They would carry your message to me,
Or mine to you.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT

Side 1, Band 6.

This is a case of "waters of home" for K.C., who grew up along the Hudson River valley and learned this song in the 1950's. The sleek, gleaming, white side-wheelers of the Hudson River Day Line, on one of which K.C. spent VJ Day, he says were among the most beautiful ships afloat.

The song in its present form comes via the then-and-still struggling periodical *Sing Out!* from the singing of John Allison and his wife Lucy, who appeared on radio in the New York/New Jersey area in the 1930's and '40's, as well as on recordings. "Hudson River Steamboat," according to an article by Susan Rhodes Slyman in *New York Folklore* (Winter, 1983), is one of several songs adapted by John, who was born in 1893, from the singing of his father William. "My father... had a remarkable memory for jingles and folksy bits of Americana in song," John wrote once, "learned from Hudson River boatmen and quarry-workers where he was born at the feet of the (New Jersey) Palisades in the (18)40's."

Indeed, a steamboat named *General Sedgwick*, presumably the same as the *Sedgwick* mentioned in the song's last verse, was running on the lower Hudson in the summers of 1867, '68 and '69, according to one of several helpful sources graciously consulted for us by Donald C. Ringwald of the Steamship Historical Society of America, Inc. Built in 1862 and launched as the *Jacob H. Vanderbilt* (later renamed), she was 188 feet long, and driven by a powerful engine having a cylinder 44 inches in diameter with a stroke of 10 feet.

Yet no wonder the beautiful behemoth was, as the song says, less than successful as a racer. Described in John H. Morrison's *History of American Steam Navigation* as the last steamboat in operation on the East Coast to have a calliope, she carried an impressive instrument, "of the largest size," which was even displayed at the American Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. One can imagine the conflict of trying to run the vessel at speed on the same steam supply that was charged with getting sound out of the crowd-pleasing music machine. Only a few years earlier, notes a source cited by the Hudson River Maritime Center, President Abraham Lincoln had been known to tell of a steamboat on the Mississippi whose whistle — never mind a whole calliope — was so big that every time it blew, the boat stopped.

The Dutch names contained in the song, by the way, such as "kill" (formerly spelled "kuyll") for "creek," Spuyten Duyvil for "spite the devil" and Dunderberg for Thunder Mountain, are found throughout the region, harkening back to the 17th century days of the Dutch colony of Nieuw Holland. (Thanks to Joe and Kathy Hickerson for their assistance.)

Hudson River steamboat, steamin' up and down.
New York to Albany or any river town.
Choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back 'er.
Captain and the first mate, they both chew
tobacker.

Oh, choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to
back 'er.
Packet boat, towboat, and a double-stacker.
Choo-choo to Tarrytown, Spuyten Duyvil all
around.
Choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back
'er.

Shad boat, pickle boat, lyin' side by side.
Fisherfolk and sailormen waitin' for the tide.
Raincloud, stormcloud over yonder hill.
Thunder on the Dunderberg — the rumble's
in the kill.

The Sedgwick was racin', and she lost all hope.
Used up her steam on the big calliope.
She was hoppin' right along, she was hoppin'
quick,
All the way from Stony Point to Popalopen
Creek.

(final chorus):

Aww, choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to
back 'er.
Packet boat, towboat, and a double-stacker.
New York to Albany, Rondout and Tivoli.
Choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to
back 'er.

COME ALONG DOWN
Side 1, Band 7.

"Between the devil and the deep blue sea" you'll often find... oakum. For at least 500 years, this mixture of tar and old bits of frayed or unraveled rope has been a common material used in caulking the seams of sailing vessels, with the term "oakum" evolved from a 1,000-plus-year-old Anglo-Saxon word, *aecumbe*, that once referred to the "off-combings" of flax. "The seam known as 'the devil,'" says Stan Hugill, "was one between the sheer strake and the upper deck beneath the bulwark. It was in an awkward position, in which the caulker had to crawl between the deadeyes and lanyards of the rigging, hence the expression, 'between the devil and the deep blue sea!'" Hugill also notes that "the French have many songs about their 'calfats' (caulkers), whereas the Anglo-American nautical scene omits them entirely. Therefore this American 'horsing chant' is a great find for the collectors."

It came from the singing of John Mantley, a black man born in 1901, who learned and used the song when he took up the job at Colonna's Shipyard in Norfolk, Va., at the age of 17. Horsing was a two-man task (and about the best paying work available for blacks in the Norfolk area at the time, paying up to \$2.75 a day). One fellow would hold a tool called a "horsing iron" against the seam being worked on, while another struck it with a heavy, oaken mallet called a "beetle" and set the pace for both of them with songs such as this one.

The quest for this song began with a tip from Don Rouse, who plays wonderful clarinet in Washington's Sunshine Skiffle Band and who knew about our water-song interests because Jonathan plays jug (Pusser's rum, not water) in the same group. That led to folklorist Glenn Hinson, who had come upon the song while gathering material for a record of Virginia worksongs being produced for the Blue Ridge Institute at Ferrum College in Ferrum, Va. The album didn't even exist yet, but Institute director Roddy Moore graciously sent us a copy of Glenn's field recording, made right at Colonna's.

Working together in rhythm was just as important for horsing as it was to many of the jobs aboard the great ships of the age of sail. "With that singing," says Mantley in Glenn's wonderful liner notes (nominated for a Grammy in 1984 for "best historical booklet"), "you keep the group together, keep your mind together. It's what they say, it's soothing to the ear, very soothing. And you working hard, and you work long, this fella down there singing — if you just caulking, he there horsing, but it makes you work. It makes you kind of hit on, you know."

Even more telling is a story recounted by Lee Wynn, a long-time worker at Colonna's who also backed up Mantley's song. As Wynn recalls it, the men were singing while caulking the seams on a barge, when the barge's captain happened by. "The fellas were singing and horsing," says Wynn, "and he thought, I guess, that they were goofing off, 'cause he up to the offices there and told Mr. Colonna, said, 'Mr. Colonna, you go down there and stop them fellas from singing. I'm not paying for them singing, I'm paying them for caulking.'" Colonna knew what would happen and protested, but to no avail. After a while, says Wynn, "the fella came 'round there, and didn't hear the mallets going... and his boat looked like was getting behind time. He went up to the office running and told Mr. Colonna, 'Please, Mr. Colonna, go there and tell the fellas to sing some more... If they don't sing, they don't work.'"

Colonna passed the word, "so the fellas started singing and horsing, and looked like the man was kind of happy, he went back up on deck. Came back down there and the fella was singing our praise; I overlooked and he was patting his feet to it. So I guess he was satisfied with the way them fellas was working."

(That album, by the way, is now available as #007 from BRI Records, Ferrum College, Ferrum, Va. 24088, for \$9.98 plus \$1.50 p&h. Roddy Moore calls it "the only album of water-related worksongs of the East Coast performed by traditional singers.)

Horsing chants like this one are rarely, if ever, heard today, alas. When Mantley moved to New York in 1920, he found that most of the caulking was being done by first-generation European immigrants who did not sing to carry on their work's rhythm. Two decades later he returned to Norfolk, only to see that the beetle and iron had been largely replaced by the welder's torch on steel hulls. The song he sang for Glenn Hinson in 1980 was one he had not thought of in 60 years, yet it flowed forth, Glenn says, "as if the intervening time was but weeks."

Thank you, John.

*Come along down, buddy; come along down,
big boy.*

*Come along down, buddy; come along down,
big boy.*

*Come along down, buddy; come along down,
big boy.*

Drive 'em down, buddy; drive 'em down, buddy.

*That's the blow, buddy, makes him go, big boy.
That's the blow, buddy, makes him go, big boy.
That's the blow, buddy, makes him go, big boy.
All day long, buddy, all day long, buddy.*

*Sally got great long bangs, hangs way down,
buddy.*

*Sally got great long bangs, hangs was down,
buddy.*

*Who gonna curl them bangs, after I'm gone,
buddy?*

*Who gonna curl them bangs, after I'm gone,
buddy?*

*One more time, buddy; one more time, big boy.
One more time, buddy; one more time, big boy.
One more time, buddy; one more time, big boy.
Drive 'em down, buddy; drive 'em down, buddy.*

*One more time, buddy; one more time, big boy.
One more time, buddy; one more time, big boy.
One more time, buddy; one more time, big boy.
That's all right, buddy; that's all right,
buddy. Sit down! Sit down one time.*

GO IT JERRY
Side 1, Band 8.

There is rarely a Boarding Party concert without a song found in an old trunk. This is usually accompanied with a call for all who may have old trunks stashed away in their attics to check them out for some songs of the sea. One afternoon Mia was arranging a Boarding Party concert with Judy Basso, coordinator of an excellent concert series, "A Little Noon Music," at the Handley Library in Winchester, Va. Judy asked what the sources for our songs were and, of course, old trunks were mentioned as we chatted. "Oh, I have music from my grandfather's trunk in the attic," she exclaimed. Have you guessed the rest of the story? Indeed, there from the bottom of the trunk was a collection of early 19th-century parlor songs, several of which pertained to water. "Go It Jerry" was our hands-down favorite, a welcome addition to our list of "found-in-a-trunk" songs.

The song is one that represents our local waters, specifically the York River off the western shore of the Chesapeake Bay. It is a round for four voices as sung for the Anacreontic Society of Baltimore, composed and arranged and published by John Cole, copyright February 22, 1827, State of Maryland. John Cole was a composer and owner of a music store in Baltimore in the 1820's and 30's. The Anacreontic Society was an association of private gentlemen of various professions and walks of life, who were fond of music and met to sing and hear glees, catches, etc., each Tuesday at 7:00 p.m. Meetings were always held in Baltimore. Founded in 1820, reconstituted in 1823, it probably ceased about 1827. The Society met at Mr. Clifton's, and later at the Barnum's Hotel. Sometimes known as "The Harmonists," the club — named after the Greek god of drinking, carousing and good times — had many songs at their meetings. Perhaps the best known is their theme song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," which just happens to be the tune to which Francis Scott Key's words for "The Star Spangled Banner" were set!

Judy Basso's family history on her father's side shows ancestors from Pennsylvania, specifically the town of Erwin, near Pittsburgh, which was founded by her family. The Erwins and the Sculls were the first editors of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. There were many musicians throughout the generations, including composer Spencer Scull who collected songs along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Music was a very important part of her family's lives and was always played and exchanged in their homes throughout the 19th

century. The trunk was inherited from her paternal grandparents and came from the family estate, Brush Hill, in Erwin, Pa. Much of the music found in the trunk was hand-copied, and we speculate that perhaps her grandfather belonged to the Anacreontic Society and that they traded musical pieces.

Our only change to this four-part round has been to add harmony to the last four notes, the last time through. By far the most intriguing part of Cole's round, however, is its words. It includes an oyster vendor's street cry, an alarm for calling out the volunteer fire department, and a soothing "all-is-well" from the night watchman — three different folk-musical traditions, all woven together in Cole's multi-layered setting.

Thanks to Baltimore City Archivist Tom Hollowak and Susan Weinandy of the manuscript division of the Maryland Historical Society, and a special thanks to Judy Basso.

By the way, do any of you readers and listeners out there have an old trunk to check out?

*Go it, Jerry! Keep it up!
There's nothing like a spree, sir.
Holler, "Fire and oysters, boys!"
And then some fun you'll see, sir.*

*Oysters! Fine oysters!
Buy my fine chucked oysters!
York-River-fresh and fat
As e'er you saw, sirs.*

*Fire! Fire!
Fire, fire, fire!
Bring out the engine, boys,
There's fire, fire, fire!*

*Past twelve
o'clock,
And a starlight
morning.*

STARBUCK'S COMPLAINT
Side 1, Band 9.

There are songs on this record that were written in old books, music manuscripts from old trunks and other such sources. This one was "written," all right, but not on paper.

During a concert tour of New England a couple of years ago, we were at the New Bedford Whaling Museum in Massachusetts when Jonathan's eye was

caught by a whale's tooth engraved in scrimshaw, the art practiced by many whalers as a way of passing their often idle months at sea. Unlike most examples, this one bore no whaling scenes, no portraits of ships, but some verses of a poem or poems. Soon all were gathered 'round trying to see what the next words were, as they curved around the tooth and clearly were continued on the other side. The following week, Rebecca Holmes (who was working at the museum at the time) prevailed on the museum's curator to open the case so she could send us the rest.

Altogether, the tooth carried two stanzas of one form and a third, slightly shorter one — a pattern suggestive of a song. Bob chose an English traditional song, "Up to the Rigs," to fit the six line verse, while for the shorter part — now the chorus — we've adapted a tune that reminds us of a Sacred Harp song, though it is as yet unidentified.

The museum had no record of the origins of the tooth other than that it was a part of a large collection of artifacts contributed to them with no written source. The inscription reads "To Captain E. Smith from his affectionate nephew E. C. Starbuck."

With this inscription being all the concrete information we had to go on, a search was made to see if the uncle and nephew and their ships could be identified. The tooth had been dated at approximately the 1840's by the museum. Talk about a search for a needle in a haystack! All you genealogy buffs out there — here is one for you: Find a Captain E. Smith who had a nephew named E. C. Starbuck, or find an E. C. Starbuck who had an uncle named Captain E. Smith!

Starbucks and Smiths abound in Massachusetts. The Starbuck family is one of the original settlers in the Nantucket area, as well as being major whale oil merchants in the mid-1800's. In the 1850 *Massachusetts Census Index* there is listed an Edward Starbuck, Norfolk County, town of Quincy, as well as an Elijah Smith, Norfolk County, town of Quincy. Same county and town, but not a very conclusive finding. Checking with the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Massachusetts Genealogical Society, the Nantucket Town clerk, the genealogical division of the National Archives and the Library of Congress, as well as the gold mine of information available through the Mormon Church's genealogical library, leads us to believe that sooner or later our answer could be found. But not in time for these liner notes. Perhaps our biggest clue to date was found in *The History of the American Whale*

Fishery (from its earliest inception to the year 1876) by Alexander Starbuck. A table from the report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries lists returns of whaling vessels sailing from American ports. The only Captain Smith with a first name beginning with an "E" was Captain Ezra Smith, whose ship, the *Octavia*, tonnage - 211, managed (or owned by) Rodney French and A. R. Nye, hunted in the whaling grounds of the Indian Ocean. It sailed 11/4/1845, returning 5/1/1846 with 200 Bbls (barrels) of sperm oil, 1600 Bbls whale oil and 12,000 lbs. of whale bone. If indeed this was the Captain Smith in question, we can only conclude that his nephew most likely did not follow in his uncle's footsteps to make the sea his life... "When will kind fortune set me free, That I can quit the boistrous sea?"

(Stan Hugill, who lives by the sea in the Welsh town of Aberdovey, notes that "in America's Civil and 1812 wars, many whale ships made their base in Pembrokeshire, Wales. There is even a Starbuck Street in Milford Haven! Perhaps the Starbuck in question may have descendants in this Welsh port.")

Many thanks to Rebecca Holmes for getting us the rest of the words, as well as for trying to obtain further information on the origin of the whale's tooth. Thanks also to Keith Gardiner for hours spent with Mia searching through books of Starbucks, Smiths and whalers.

*While on the sea, my days are spent
In anxious care, oft discontent.
No social circles here are found;
Few friends to virtue here abound.
I think of home, sweet home, denied,
With her I love near by my side.*

*See hoisted high the flag of love,
By heavenly breezes waved.
Here, sailors, stop, and orders hear.
Obey and you'll be saved.*

*When will kind fortune set me free,
That I can quit the boistrous sea?
I love my friends, I love the shore,
I long to leave the ocean's roar.
Then home, sweet home, shall be my pride,
With her I love near by my side.*

(chorus)

RANDY DANDY O
Side 2, Band 1.

Though this capstan (and possibly halyard)

shanty is better known these days as "Rollicking Randy Dandy O," we shortened the title a little merely because the first word is probably an expurgation of a somewhat bawdier British one. Found in various versions (this one is from Huggill), the song was first heard by Bob more than 20 years ago when, being too young to drink in public houses, he managed to find a way to get into a folk club that was being held in a pub. (Bob thinks it was the Springfield, at Brighton's Preston Circus.) Following a break in the entertainment, a floor singer stood up and sang this song with the audience joining in on the chorus. The impression was made and Bob has had a love of sea songs ever since. We think it is only reasonable that we include here the song that, for Bob, started it all.

Now we are ready to head for the Horn.

Way, hey, roll and go.

Our boots and our clothes they are all in
the pawn.

To me —

Rollicking randy dandy, O.

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away.

Way, hey, roll and go.

The anchor's on board and the cable's all
stored.

To me —

Rollicking randy dandy O.

Soon we'll be warping her out through the
locks,

Where the pretty young gals all come down
in their frocks.

Man the stout capstan and heave with a will,
For soon we'll be drivin' her 'way down the
hill.

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums.
Take your hands from your pockets and don't
suck your thumbs.

Roust her up, bullies, the wind's drawin'
free.

Let's get the glad rags on and drive her to
sea.

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay.

Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way.

C'EST L'AVIRON
Side 2, Band 2.

This is Tom's effort at cultural exchange —
a French Canadian song sung by a West Virginian.

"C'est L'Aviron" was used as a paddling song by the *voyageurs de bois*, the woodsmen who penetrated the Canadian interior, using large canoes on her lakes and rivers, trapping and trading for furs. The refrain means approximately "This is the paddle, which moves us along." Like deep-water shanties, the song was a device to ensure that all the paddlers in such a canoe would be pulling together. (One can imagine a prospective *voyageur* learning the ropes from a more experienced hand as part of his training program and being told, "C'est L'Aviron, stupide!")

The version we sing is a condensed version of one collected by E. Z. Massicote in 1927, which appears in *Folk Songs of Canada* by Edith Fowke and Richard Johnston. Tom paired rhyming lines from the original twelve verses to tell the story in six.

Laura A. Smith, in her unusually wide-ranging 1888 book, *Music of the Waters*, has a song called "En Revenant de la Jolie Rochelle," which is similar to "C'est L'Aviron," but without a refrain. That song in turn is described in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* as one of the French relatives of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight" (Child #4).

In the ballad, a young man meets a young woman, they ride off on horseback till they come to a body of water (river/lake/ocean), where he announces that he has killed many young women at this spot, and that he plans to kill her also. She somehow persuades him to turn his back on her, usually to allow her to remove her clothing, which she claims is too good to rot in the water. When he does so, she pushes him in, where he drowns and joins those he has previously murdered. The ballad is found in nearly every language in Europe. (Child alone gives nine French ballads and songs with the same theme in greater or lesser detail. There are many French rowing songs, in fact, Huggill points out, "a type of song singularly absent from Anglo-American collections. In the main they are very rhythmic, and 'C'est L'Aviron,' although from the *Voyageurs of Canada*, I find comes into this category. One of the most popular French rowing songs runs 'Tire, tire, marinier, / Tire, va dans sur les avirons.'")

By the time we get to "C'est L'Aviron," however, or at least to this version, all reference to murder has been lost. Instead, after the meeting, the two ride to a fountain, where the young woman merely refuses a drink of water. They continue on to her father's house, where she toasts the young man as her own true love.

*M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle (2X)
J'ai recontre trois jolies demoiselles.*

*C'est l'aviron qui nous mene, qui nous
mene,
C'est l'aviron qui nous mene en haut.
(sung twice)*

*J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus
belle (2X)
J'y fis monter derrier' moi, sur ma selle.*

*Je l'ai menee aupres d'une fontaine (2X)
Quand ell' fut la, ell' ne voulut point
boire.*

*Je l'ai menee au logis de son pere (2X)
Quand ell' fut la, ell' buvait a pleins
verres.*

*A la sante de son pere et sa mere (2X)
A la sante de ses soeurs et ses freres.*

*A la sante de ses soeurs et ses freres (2X)
A la sante d'celui que son coeur aime.*

COMING DOWN THE C&O
Side 2, Band 3.

It was more than a decade ago that Jonathan first heard a song about Maryland's Chesapeake and Ohio canal, an important part of our home waters, and thought it would be fun to find a bunch of them and get them published as a book. Hen's teeth, it turns out, are only slightly less numerous. We recorded that first one, which we call "Otho's Song," on our first album ('Tis Our Sailing Time). Now, we're pleased to say, here's another. And like the first, which long-time canaller Otho Swain said was the only one he knew, we think it's a treasure.

For us it began with a single verse and no tune, heading an article in the short-lived *Georgetown Magazine* (Georgetown is at the foot of the few miles that are all that remain of the C&O's original 185-mile length). An eager call to the author produced the recollection that the tantalizing fragment had come from a book of reminiscences by people who had lived along the Canal in the 19th century. That the book had a soft cover... that it was brown (or maybe blue) ... but not (gnashing of teeth) the title of the book. Subsequent searching, including people at the National Park Service, which administers the Canal, has still failed to turn it up.

Special thanks to John Singleton, who has

played a lot of music on the C&O's barges, working for the Park Service, and who knew exactly where to look. It was on what the Park Service calls an "interpreter's sheet," providing information on a variety of subjects, which in this case meant that same initial verse — and three more.

Together, they cover four well-known spots along the Canal's route. Big Pool is about 71 miles toward Washington from what used to be the C&O's far end at Cumberland, Md. At the foot of Big Pool there used to be a "swinging bridge," recalls Lester M. Mose, Sr., of Sharpsburg (whose brother J. P. is another C&O veteran, a bountiful source of Canal recollections and a treasured friend of ours). "A farmer at Fort Frederick, he had ground on the towpath side between the Canal and the (Potomac) river," he said in an interview in Elizabeth Kytte's *Home on the Canal* (Seven Locks Press, Cabin John, Md., 1983). "He'd come down there and swing that bridge around, and he'd go across with his team. Then he'd take the bridge back, and they had a little overhead bridge, a little walk that he could walk back on to get to his team. The team went across the swinging bridge; it was wide enough for a wagon. Then he put the bridge back; in case a boat would come it wouldn't be in the way."

As many as 500 boats a day would pass through Big Pool and the rest of the Canal, freighting lumber, granite, and other cargo. "Pocket book and manifest" were the tools of the trade. (There was also a Little Pool, about six miles up, and even another Big Pool, in a wholly different spot.)

About twelve miles farther you came to Williamsport — at least until the C&O stopped working. Begun in 1828, it was not completed until 22 years later; it finally stopped being a working canal in 1924, due to a combination of a flood and competition from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Log Wall was literally that: "The river curved in at this spot," writes Kytte, "and, in order to get the canal in, the builders put up a large fill about 60 feet high. First they made a cribbing — a framework, a hollow wall, of logs — and then filled it with rubble and earth and laid logs in front of that. The canal here, then, was lined with logs." (The "hames" in this verse was essentially the mule version of a horse-collar, mounting the tow-rope with which the mules did their patient work.)

Georgetown was — and still is — the end. And the beginning, where you can sometimes take a ride. If you've never been on the short canal-boat trip that remains (about an hour out and back), don't miss it. As you leave the noise and pollution of the city behind, you'll think you're slipping back a comfortable century into the past.

The tune — almost forgot — is our own. The "real" one, however, is out there somewhere, as are other songs about the C&O. If you ever get to take that ride, you'll want to help us hunt.

*Come down to Big Pool, water mighty wide.
Pitch out a quarter and you see the cat fly.
Captain, captain, water mighty small.
Get out your pocketbook, your manifest
and all.*

*And a ram-jam now, get along Old Bones.
And a ram-jam now, get along Old Bones.*

*Come down to Williamsport, eight o'clock
at night.
First word I heard is, "What boat's that?"
I'm left-foot-and-lousy, gettin' mighty fat.
Mule gave a holler, and ate the captain's
hat.*

*Come down to Log Wall, give a mighty yell.
The hames ketched afire, and the driver
rang the bell.
Now, the captain played the fiddle, and the
steersman played the flute,
And the cook poured coffee in the Old Man's
boot.*

*On the Georgetown level, the boat ketched
afire.
The captain cussed the cook, and he called
him a liar.
The cook cussed the driver, and the driver
cussed the mule.
Hell, the mule cussed 'em all — he says,
"Who's a damn fool?"*

*And a ram-jam now, get along Old Bones.
And a ram-jam now, get along Old Bones.*

*And a ram-jam now, get along Old Bones.
And a ram-jam now, get along Old —
ram-jam now, get along Old Bones.*

SALTPETRE SHANTY
Side 2, Band 4.

Spike Sennit was his name. He was an able-

bodied seaman, much of whose experience had been amassed while serving in the guano-and-saltpetre trade along the west coast of South America. Many sailors had followed that route, carrying cargo that would become fertilizer and other products. Few shanties have been preserved in print that reflect the travails of that less-than-idyllic existence, however, primarily, says Stan Hugill, who got this one from Sennit himself, because not much was printable. We've bowdlerized Hugill's version one step further, in fact, using "flash girls" to replace a Spanish word that is considerably more coarse than English equivalents such as prostitute.

Then there was Mike O'Rourke, another of Hugill's shipmates, who had shipped in many "Yank-ee blood boats" — hard-case sailing ships from which crews would desert and fresh ones be supplied by the medium of shanghaiing. O'Rourke's contribution was another shanty from the same part of the world, "Them Gals of Chile," from two of whose verses we adapted lines to add another element to Sennit's grim song. It was verse #4 that came from O'Rourke, however. The reference to "Pedro the Crimp" (essentially a kidnapper) was part of Spike's original. Doping the beer in portside hangouts could lead to drugged sailors who would wake up hours later, only to find themselves at sea in a totally different vessel, having been bought like barrels of salt-horse from procurers like Pedro. Sometimes, in fact, they might end up not at sea at all, but working ashore in such unsavory locales as Las Chinchas, a group of tiny islands off the Peruvian coast.

The tune, like those of many shanties, could have come from almost any source that stuck in the shantyman's mind long enough for him to feel like setting words to it. Joanna Colcord pointed out the remarkable similarity between this one (or her version, which is close) and a 16th century German folksong called "Drei Reiter am Thor" ("Three Riders at the Gate"). Nor is it all that far from some American songs such as "Cryderville Jail."

You can find both Sennit's and O'Rourke's songs, by the way, in Hugill's *Shanties from the Seven Seas* (Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., 1961 and later editions), the undisputed champion of shanty collections, particularly if you want only one. More to the point, however, with a growing stack of recordings of the same finite repertoire, the book offers many lesser-known but equally exciting examples. Find a copy, take a deep breath, and start in on the ones you've never heard.

To old Callao we are bound away,
 Oh, roll.
 To old Callao we are bound away,
 Oh, roll.
 We're bound away from Liverpool Bay,
 Where the flash girls o' Chile will steal
 all our pay.
 Oh, roll, rock your bars,
 Heave her high, oh, rock her, oh, roll.

Old Pedro the Crimp, boys, we know him of old.
 Old Pedro the Crimp, boys, we know him of old.
 He's primin' his vino and dopin' his beer —
 To the Chinchas he'll ship us if we don't
 steer clear.

Them flash girls of Chile, they're hard to
 beat.
 Them flash girls of Chile, they're hard to
 beat.
 They'll greet us and love us and treat us
 to wine,
 But the bastards are robbin' us most of
 the time.

So keep a sharp watch and a keen weather-eye,
 So keep a sharp watch and a keen weather-eye
 On the girls from Coquimbo to old Coronel,
 With their red-hot senoras from the far side
 o' Hell.

HEISE, ALL
 Side 2, Band 5.

For all that has been written about the work-
 songs of the Age of Sail, their origins are
 largely shrouded (or drowned) in antiquity.
 Though many songs of other kinds were often
 written down in far earlier times, true work-
 songs seldom received such notice. Thus it is
 a particular pleasure for us to be able to pre-
 sent this ancient Scottish halyard shanty from
 a curious book, more than four centuries old,
 that has been called the earliest work known to
 contain the actual words to shanties, and of
 whose original edition only four copies are
 even known to exist.

Called *The Complaynt of Scotland*, it was
 printed in 1549 and hardly mentions ships or
 sailing at all, being instead a turgid political
 tract about tensions between Scotland and England
 at the time. Partway in, however, the author
 (whose identity is disputed) declares himself
 fatigued by such heavy stuff and decides to go
 for a walk — about which he reports to the
 reader in fascinating detail, ranging from a
 tally of the birds of the field to a shepherd's

discourse on meteorology and pre-Copernican
 cosmology.

During his sojourn (much of which was included
 only as a fortunate afterthought, by cutting out
 some of the book's original, already-printed
 pages and replacing them with others), the author
 wanders down by the seaside, where he "sat doune
 to see the flouyng of the fame." There he
 catches sight of a ship called a galliasse,
 probably a cross between an oared galley and a
 sail-equipped galleon, lying at anchor and fitted
 out for battle. Suddenly, a sailor sent aloft
 on watch cries, "I see a grit schip!", whereupon
 the master of the galliasse promptly begins issu-
 ing orders in preparation for giving chase.

What follows is action-packed, jargon-filled
 and historically priceless — particularly in-
 cluding the four shanties that the author hears
 and writes down (ostensibly verbatim) as he looks
 on. Surrounded by detailed descriptions of the
 handling of the rigging, the first is used for
 weighing anchor, followed by a shorter one for
 "cattin'" or "fishing" it. The next accompanies
 the hauling of the main bowline (though Captain
 W. B. Whall, in his *Ships, Seasonings and Shanties*,
 unaccountably assigns its latter lines to a separ-
 ate shanty for hoisting the lower yard).

The last, and the one we've recorded here,
 appears to be for raising the main yard (though
 Whall seems to have made two shanties out of
 this one as well). Among the unanswerable ques-
 tions about it is the basic one of whether it is
 even a shanty at all, in the conventional sense
 of having a tune (no music appears in the *Com-
 playnt*), or merely a "sing-out," which is more
 of a call-and-response shouting. With no trust-
 worthy reason to rule out a tune, we have given
 it a simple, modal one.

The possibility that it originally had harmony
 in the chorus is a separate matter, about which
 shanty-singers on either side will be glad to
 argue. We take the "why not?" view, noting, for
 example, the Gaelic psalm-singing of the Scottish
 Hebrides, some of whose practitioners think of
 what they sing as unison even though their free-
 flowing vocal ornamentation produces harmonic
 textures sometimes as rich as those of the Georgia
 Sea Islands. Looking for the simplest way in
 which harmony might have come to happen, given a
 musically unsophisticated crew in the 16th cen-
 tury, ours consists merely of a repetition of the
 melody line, combined with an even more simple
 part in which the tune's first two notes are
 simply repeated over and over.

The words, however, are the toughest part of all, and not just because the original *Complaynt* is written in 400-year-old lowland Scottish nautical terminology. Some terms have changed, and the author admits that "I heard many words among the mariners, but I knew not what they meant." James A. H. Murray (later to become the editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, no small credential) prepared a version for the Early English Text Society in 1872, but called himself "a landsman barely knowing starboard from larboard" and received only limited help from a consultant of "ample naval experience." (If you'd like to know more without going through all this, we heartily recommend a study of the sea scene alone by Alan Moore in the British Navy Records Society's *Navy Miscellany*, Vol II, in 1912.)

More than a year has gone into our version, with invaluable help from many people including Dean Robert Kellogg of the University of Virginia; Jim Capua, vice-president of the American Society of Marine Artists; Norman Kennedy; Seamus Forquer of the Lionhart Pipe Band; staff members of the Folger Shakespeare Library and the U. S. Navy Department Library; and Carly Gewirz Clamons at Catholic University. We hope that anyone we've inadvertently omitted will be aware of our appreciation.

Here are the words to the original just as they appeared in the *Complaynt*, with no capital letters and without being arranged into separate lines. The piece's call-and-response structure is indicated by the fact that each phrase appears twice, with the repetitions separated by commas. All three of the other shanties — whose lines were also written twice — were preceded in the book by a phrase such as "and as one (mariner) cried (out), all the rest cried in that same tune, as it had been an echo..." The words written "lāg" actually represented the word "lang", with the line over the "a" being essentially a "contraction" in writing the "ng" sound. The letter "ȝ" in the words "ȝong" and "ȝallou" is a now-obsolete letter called a "yogh," which sometimes represented a "y" (almost certainly in these cases) and sometimes a "z". One further complicating factor is that the Roman type-font used in the *Complaynt* had no written "w", so a "v" was used instead. Sometimes, however, a "v" actually meant a "v" — one of many uncertainties confronting the translator:

heisau, heisau. vorsau, vorsau. vou, vou.
ane lag draucht, ane lag draucht. mair maucht,
mair maucht. ȝong blude, ȝong blude. mair mude,
mair mude. false flasche, false flasche.
ly a bak, ly a bak. lāg suak, lāg suak. that
that, that that. thair thair, thair thair.
ȝallou hayr, ȝallou hayr. hips bayr, hips bayr.
til hym al, til hym al. viddefullis al,
viddefullis al. grit and smal, grit and smal.
ane and al, ane and al. heiseau, heisau. nou
mak fast the theyrs.

In our translation, we've chosen words whose sounds resemble those of the original as closely as possible. "Heiseau," for example, could be "hoist all" or "heist all," but we prefer "heise," a variation of the British "heize," which eliminates the "t". "Viddefullis" could more familiarly be "gallows bords" (a "widdy" is a hangman's noose), but again, we took advantage of the similarity between the Scottish word for "fowl" and its English equivalent, and simply opted to keep the plural "s". "Vorsau" is a mystery, but when we tried trading the "v" for a "w", Norman Kennedy suggested "warsle," meaning wrestle or grapple, not improbable as an exhortation in a halyard shanty. (Hugill differs, by the way, with our choice of "lie aback" as the response to line 9, even though it was spelled "ly a bak" in the original. "Sails only were 'a-back,'" he maintains. "Men hauling on a rope have always shouted out, 'Lie [or lay] back, ye loafers!'")

Leader: Heise, all!	(Crew: Heise, all!)
Warsle!	(Warsle!)
Wow!	(Wow!)
A long draft!	(A long draft!)
More might!	(More might!)
Young blood!	(Young blood!)
More mood!	(More mood!)
False flesh!	(False flesh!)
Lie ye back!	(Lie aback!)
Long swack!	(Long swack!)
That! That!	(That! That!)
There! There!	(There! There!)
Yellow hair!	(Yellow hair!)
Hips bare!	(Hips bare!)
To him, all!	(To him, all!)
Widdy-fowls, all!	(Widdy-fowls, all!)
Great and small!	(Great and small!)
One and all!	(One and all!)
Heise, all!	(Heise, all!)

Now! Make fast the tyers!

ONE MORE DAY
Side 2, Band 6.

This powerful, rolling shanty has been linked with almost any shipboard task for which shantying was used at all — at the capstan, pumps, windlass or halyards. The version K.C. lines out here even identifies the capstan (in the second verse), but we tend to suspect that its most common — or at least earliest, and therefore formative — function was probably for pumping. More often than not, this might have been at what is called a "brakebar" pump, with several hands pushing up and down on each of the two big, horizontal bars, or brakes, thus impressing on the shanty its see-saw cadence.

Heard at the pumps, the song captures not only the perspective of the crew, but also, perhaps, the motivational subterfuges of management. Grousing about higher-ups (captain, mates, bosses, foremen, etc.) is one of the most common themes in traditional worksongs, whether ashore or afloat. Using "one more day" or "one more time" or "one more mile" even though there are months or leagues to go is a time-honored motivational tool to summon up just a little more effort. It has often been said that this shanty was sung only on the day prior to arriving at what Hugill calls the "payin'-off port," where a condition of being discharged and paid off was that the bilges first had to be "sucked" dry. Hugill adds that "'One More Day' was, I am sure, more common in American ships (than in British ones), where it took the place of 'Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her,' both being sung on the day previous to tying up at the end of the voyage and garnished with grievances." We suggest, on the other hand, that it's too good a shanty with too many uses to have been reserved for a single occasion.

Only one more day, me Johnny.
One more day.
Come rock and roll me over,
One more day.

Oh, can't you hear the old man growlin'?
Oh, can't you hear the mate a-howlin'?

Oh, can't you hear the capstan pawlin'?
Oh, can't you hear them gals a-callin'?

Only one more day a-howlin'.
Oh, can't you hear the pilot bawlin'?

Then put on your long-tailed blue, me Johnny.
Make your port and take your due, me Johnny.

Oh, pack your bags today, me Johnny,
And leave her where she lays, me Johnny.

LOWLANDS AWAY
Side 2, Band 7.

The word "lowlands" appears in so many songs of the great oceans that it's scarcely even worth identifying as a common theme among them, unless you narrow it down still further to something like sinking the "Golden Vanitee" in the "Lowland Sea." Bob sings a halyard shanty called "Lowlands Low" that has a far more lively tempo than the version of "Lowlands Away" we offer here, and it's difficult in either case to know whether the lowlands in question are those of Holland, Scotland, Virginia, or who-knows-where.

This one is labeled a pump or windlass shanty by various collectors, and it certainly does lend itself more readily to those "smoother" tasks than to the metered bursts of energy needed when raising sail. It probably derives its story — of a drowned lover's ghost returning for one last visit — from an earlier English or Scottish ballad, though Whall says without hedging that his variant is "of American origin." Nor is ours the most bleak of all: In one, the dead lover tears her hair and cuts her breasts, while in another, she is merely a false love, with the sailor well rid of her.

Stan Hugill finds this one "unusually sentimental for seamen," to such an extent, in fact, that it "savors of a shore-ballad." Indeed, Laura Smith, in her 1888 *Music of the Waters*, found in it "the sighing of the wind and the throbbing of the restless ocean translated into melody." But though they did perhaps see things a bit more romantically in the 19th century, and whether you think of the song's origin as wet or dry, singing it at night can give you goose bumps.

I had a dream the other night.
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
My love, she came all dressed in white.
Lowlands away.

My love, she came all dressed in white.
She came to me as like some bride.

And then I saw her standing there,
The seaweed tangled in her hair.

She made no sound — no word she said —
And then I knew my love was dead.

And then on deck I heard the cry:
"The watch on deck! All hands ahoy!"

I had a dream the other night.
My love, she came all dressed in white.

SURVIVOR LEAVE (Ken Stevens)
Side 2, Band 8.

In August of 1982 we spent a few weeks touring England and Wales, performing in folk clubs and festivals. It was raining when we drove into Portsmouth for a concert that night, and took a ride down by the harbor where the ships of the Royal Navy had returned only a few days earlier from participating in the Falkland Islands crisis. The battered vessels appeared to show signs of damage considerably more extensive than had been reported by newspapers in the United States.

When we arrived at the club, we found it was packed with people (including a team of Morris dancers who were attempting to drink all of the beer in the south of England), among them many fine singers who joined in every chorus. One singer in the audience was Ken Stevens, who had just finished writing this song and sang it before our third set. It was so new — an hour? — that he read it from a sheet of paper. As he sang, the club fell silent, with the images of those ships in the harbor surely in everyone's mind.

Survivor Leave has been a tradition in the Royal Navy since at least World War I, and granted 21 days extra leave to any sailor who survived the sinking of his ship. At the outset of the Falklands incident, however, with Britain's seamen actually on their way to the South Atlantic, the regulation was changed, reducing the amount of leave from three weeks to three days. (Ken says he once sang the song at an old sailors' home, and one of the residents asked whether it was written about the Battle of Jutland in 1916.)

*I never really reckoned the ship would die
in seconds —
No time to think or fight or even grieve —
And for some the smoke and fire became a
funeral pyre,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.*

*Survivor leave, survivor leave,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.*

*It isn't so surprising when you scan the
bare horizon
And death's arrived before you've time to
breathe.
Ship's discipline can't waver when there's
no way left to save her,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.*

*Now, me mates that caught the blow never had
a chance to know,
And the aftermath just makes my stomach heave.
We could only call the roll, and attempt some
fire control,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.*

*Now, those moments of pure strife, they're
going to last me all my life,
Though the family's glad I've got this
special leave.
There's nothing more I'm dreading, now I've
come from Armageddon,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.*

*Oh, there's got to be a reason to heal all
the hurts and lesions,
On the killing ground, it's too bad to
believe.
What's the use of disagreeing, when you're
fighting and not seeing,
And the whole world can't be on survivor
leave?*

(Final chorus, sung twice:)

*Survivor leave, survivor leave,
And the whole world can't be on survivor
leave.*

ADDITIONAL COPYRIGHT INFORMATION:

"Starbuck's Complaint" - Text: p.d.
Verse melody: trad.
Chorus melody: copyright
1987, The Boarding Party.

"Coming Down the C&O" - Text: trad.
Melody: copyright 1987
by J. Eberhart. (BMI)

"Heise, All" - Translation and melody copyright
1987 by J. Eberhart. (BMI)

"Survivor Leave" - Text and melody copyright 1982
by Ken Stevens.

In August of 1981 we spent a few weeks at
the England and Wales, performing in folk clubs
and festivals. It was raining when we drove in
to Portsmouth for a concert that night, and took
a ride down by the harbor where the ship of the
Royal Navy had returned only a few days earlier
from participating in the Falkland Islands
campaign. The harbor vessels appeared to show
signs of damage considerably more extensive
than had been reported by newspapers in the
United States.

When we arrived at the club, we found it was
packed with people watching a team of horses
dance who were attempting to drink all of the
beer in the room of England, named from very
long before who joined in every dance. One
woman in the audience was Jan Stewart, who had
just finished writing this song and was at the
time our third act. It was so new -- no one
-- that he read it back a sheet of paper. In
the song, the ship fell silent, with the harbor
of those ships in the harbor surely in very
one's mind.

Subvivor leave has been a tradition in the
Royal Navy since at least World War I. And
granted 21 days extra leave to my sailor who
survived the sinking of his ship. At the outbreak
of the Falklands conflict, however, with Britain's
military activity in the South Atlantic, the
rule, the regulation was changed -- leaving the
amount of leave from three weeks to three days.
Then says he could send the word at an old
sailor's home, and one of the sailors added
whether it was written about the battle of
Gibraltar in 1812.

I never really reckoned the ship would be
in seconds --
no time to think or fight or even arrive --
and for some the smoke and fire became a
familiar sight.
And I'm lucky to be an survivor leave.

Survivor leave, survivor leave.
And I'm lucky to be an survivor leave.

It isn't as surprising when you learn that
this tradition
and death -- arrived before you'd time to
breathe.
Ship's discipline can't relax when there's
no way back to save her.
And I'm lucky to be an survivor leave.

And the silence just before we arrived home.
We could only call the night, and almost home.
Like control.

And I'm lucky to be an survivor leave.
Now, those moments of pure silence, that's
going to last us all my life.
Through the family's glad I've got this
special leave.
There's a wedding song I'm drinking, now I've
come home homecoming.
And I'm lucky to be an survivor leave.

Oh, there's got to be a reason to hear all
the words and language
in the killing ground. It's not just to
believe.
There's the use of language, when you're
fighting and not knowing.
And the whole world can't be an survivor
leave.

Survivor leave, survivor leave.
And the whole world can't be an survivor
leave.

Survivor leave, survivor leave.
And the whole world can't be an survivor
leave.

"Survivor Leave" - Text: P. 5.
Words melody: Lead.
Chorus melody: Copyright
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