

# Sea Shanties and Loggers' Songs



sung by SAM ESKIN accompanying himself with guitar

A SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE  
RIVERDRIVERS' SONG  
THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS  
THE PINERY BOY  
POOR PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

THE RIO GRANDE  
CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULGINE RUN  
HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY  
BONEY  
JOHNNY COMES DOWN TO HILO

THE SAILOR LOVES  
PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS  
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN  
(IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER)

## FOLKWAYS

FEA 2019



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# Sea Shanties & Loggers' Songs

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# Loggers' Songs and Sea Shanties

## FORESTS AND LOGGING

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN ASCH

FROM THE SEED THAT FALLS TO THE GROUND IN THE AUTUMN AND IS COVERED WITH LEAVES AND SOIL, A TREE IS BORN. THIS TREE IS A THING TO MARVEL AT. OUR FORESTS ARE THE GRANDEST IN THE TEMPERATE ZONES OF THE EARTH. WE HAVE THE TALLEST AND MIGHTIEST TREES. THERE ARE ABOUT 1,200 DIFFERENT KINDS, AND THERE IS NO ONE WHO CAN SAY THAT HE HAS SEEN THEM ALL IN HIS LIFETIME. WE STILL HAVE THE DENSEST STANDS OF MERCANTILE TIMBER IN THE WORLD.

WHEN THE FIRST EUROPEANS CAME TO OUR SHORES OUR VIRGIN FORESTS STRETCHED FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN AND FROM ARCTIC BAND TO TROPIC. FIRST THE TREES WERE BARRIERS AND AMBUSHES. THE COLONISTS HAD TO CUT TREES TO MAKE ROOM FOR THEIR HOMES AND THEIR FIELDS, SO LOGGING WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST ACTIVITY OF WHITE MEN ON THIS CONTINENT. BLOCKHOUSES, CABINS, STOCKADES, BRIDGES, SHIPS, CRADLES, CHRISTMAS AND MASTS WERE BUILT OF LOGS THAT WERE EVERYWHERE AVAILABLE. LATER, WHEELS, STRUCTURAL SUPPORTS FOR MINES, TANNINS TO TREAT LEATHER, CONTAINERS, SHINGLES, AND COKE WERE MADE. THE ADVANCES MADE IN THE SCIENCE OF CHEMISTRY DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS HAVE ENABLED SCIENTISTS TO CHANGE

LOGGING CAMP - NORTHWEST, 1900



LEAVES, FRUITS, BARK, WOOD AND INTERNAL JUICES INTO COMPOSITION BUILDING MATERIALS, NEWSPAPERS, PLASTICS, PLYWOOD, SUGAR, MEDICINE, CLOTHING, COLORS, ESSENCES AND INNUMERABLE OTHER COMMODITIES. OUR FORESTS REMAIN OUR GREATEST RENEWABLE RESOURCE, AND AS EVERY MONTH BRINGS FORTH FRESH AND MORE SPECTACULAR DISCOVERIES IN WOOD TECHNOLOGY OUR FORESTS MAY CLAIM TO BE THE MOST VERSATILE OF ALL CROPS. THEY ALWAYS HAVE BEEN AND ALWAYS WILL BE THINGS OF BEAUTY. THEY ARE THE BEST WE HAVE LEFT OF OUR WILDERNESS. TREES STILL STANDING HAVE SHELTERED AND FELT THE HANDS OF WASHINGTON AND PENN, LEWIS AND CLARKE, BOONE AND LINCOLN.

## LOGGING

THE DATE OF THE FIRST SAWMILL IS A MATTER OF DEBATE; SOME CONTEND THAT THE FIRST SETTLERS IN VIRGINIA WERE USING ONE SOMETIME BETWEEN 1608 AND 1620. THERE IS AN AUTHENTIC RECORD OF A SAWMILL THAT WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1634 NEAR THE SITE OF SOUTH BERWICK IN MAINE.

QUALITY LUMBER WAS IN HEAVY DEMAND BY THE BRITISH NAVY. WHITE PINE FROM NEW ENGLAND AND YELLOW PINE FROM THE COLONIES IN THE SOUTH, BEGAN TO MOVE TO ENGLAND IN SHIPS BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR THIS TRADE. THE COLONISTS' LOGGING EQUIPMENT AND METHODS WERE RUDIMENTARY IN CHARACTER. THE EARLY MILLS AND SHIPPING DOCKS WERE MOSTLY ON TIDEWATER, AND HEAVY STANDS OF TIMBER GROWING ON STREAM BANKS OR ON SLOPES PROVIDED LOGS WHICH COULD READILY BE PUT ON WATER BY HAND AND FLOATED TO MILLS AND SHIPSIDE. TIMBER THAT WAS MORE DISTANT FROM THE WATERCOURSES, AND HARDWOOD LOGS THAT WOULD NOT FLOAT, HAD TO BE SKIDDED EITHER BY BRUTE STRENGTH OF MEN OR BY THE USE OF OXEN THAT PULLED THE FARMERS' PLOWS. THE COLONISTS SOON FOUND THAT SKIDDING COULD BE DONE MOST EASILY ON ICE AND SNOW, AND WINTERTIME BECAME THE TRADITIONAL SEASON FOR SUCH WORK. SCANDINAVIAN AND DUTCH COLONISTS ADDED THEIR SKILL TO THE LESS EXPERIENCED ENGLISH.

THE AX, AND OX TEAM, ARE PRIMITIVE LOGGING TOOLS. WHEN A LOGGER GOT HOLD OF A REALLY GOOD AX HE GUARDED IT JEALOUSLY AND WOULD EVEN TAKE IT TO BED WITH HIM. HE KEPT IT SO SHARP THAT HE WAS ABLE TO SHAVE WITH IT. THE CROSS CUT SAW WAS INTRODUCED ABOUT 1875, AND WAS AT FIRST A CRUDE CUTTING TOOL.

MAINE LOGGERS DEVELOPED THE ART OF CHIP-CHOPPING IN FELLING TREES AND IN CUTTING THEM INTO LOGS. THEY LEARNED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF GRAVITY, AND SNOW AND ICE, IN SKIDDING THE LOGS TO THE WATER COURSES. THEY DEVELOPED THE ART OF DRIVING THE LOGS DOWN THE STREAMS TO SORTING BOOMS AT TIDEWATER, LIVING IN ROUGH CAMPS FAR BACK FROM THE TOWN AND FARMING COUNTRY. THEY WERE A TOUGH AND HARDY BROOD - NOW WELL CELEBRATED IN SONG AND STORY.



MESS, MICHIGAN LUMBER CAMP



LUMBER RAFTS ON THE OHIO RIVER



LOG TRAIN - RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN

THE CENTER OF LARGE SCALE LUMBERING BEGAN TO MOVE WESTWARD FIRST TO THE HEADWATERS OF THE CONNECTICUT, THEN THE HUDSON, THEN THE SUSQUEHANNA AND THE OHIO. RAFTING WAS DEVELOPED ON THE MORE PLACID WATERS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AND OHIO, NOT ONLY TO KEEP THE LOGS TOGETHER, BUT TO KEEP AFLOAT THE CHOICE HARDWOODS THAT WERE BOUND INTO THE RAFTS WITH PINE.

WINTER LOGGING AND STREAM DRIVING WERE DEVELOPED STILL FURTHER IN THE LAKE STATES TO KEEP PACE WITH THE INCREASING CAPACITY OF THE SAWMILL AND THE EVER EXPANDING DEMAND FOR LUMBER. THERE, TOO, THE FIRST LOGGING RAILROAD CAME INTO USE AND CABLE SKIDDING WAS DEVELOPED. AS THE VIRGIN TIMBER STANDS OF THE LAKE STATES NEARED DEPLETION THE TIDE OF THE LUMBER INDUSTRY MIGRATION SPLIT. SOME OF IT MOVED INTO THE FLATLAND PINE STAND OF THE SOUTH. SOME OF IT MOVED ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO THE GREAT CONIFEROUS FORESTS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE. ALONG THE PATH OF THE MIGRATIONS, THE PIONEER LOGGERS WERE JOINED BY HARDY MEN FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY AND BY A LARGE NUMBER OF IMMIGRANTS FROM SCANDINAVIA, FRENCH CANADA, AUSTRIA AND MEN FROM THE BALKANS AND RUSSIA. ALL CONTRIBUTED TO THE GROWING STORE OF LOGGING LORE.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS INTRODUCED THE TRAVOIS OR DRAY - AN IDEA THEY HAD BORROWED FROM THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS. THE AUSTRIANS BROUGHT IN THE LOG CHUTE AND SLIDE FOR USE ON STEEP SLOPES. THE IDEA OF CABLEWAYS CAME FROM SWITZERLAND. THE ENGLISH DEVELOPED THE CRAWLER TRACK, FIRST USED IN MAINE. SOME OF THE BEST KNOWN LUMBER COMPANIES OPERATING TODAY ON THE WEST COAST AND IN THE SOUTH ORIGINATED IN MAINE, IN PENNSYLVANIA, AND IN THE LAKE STATES.

#### LIFE IN LOGGING CAMPS

AS LATE AS THE 20TH CENTURY MANY LOGGING CAMPS WERE MORE PRIMITIVE THAN THE FIRST COMMUNITIES IN MASSACHUSETTS AND VIRGINIA. THEY WERE CRUDELY BUILT AND CONSISTED OF AS FEW BUILDINGS AS POSSIBLE. THE LOGGING MEN OR LUMBERJACKS LIVED IN ROUGH SHACKS OR BUNK HOUSES WHERE VENTILATION WAS AFFORDED BY LEAVING AN INCH OR MORE SPACE BETWEEN THE PLANKS THAT MADE UP THE WALLS. AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL THE INTERIOR OF THE BUNK HOUSES WAS COVERED WITH A LAYER OF SNOW. AS THE LUMBERJACK WAS PAID BY PIECE WORK, HE GOT UP AT FIVE IN THE MORNING AND WORKED UNTIL NIGHTFALL. THE MEN WERE SO TIRED WHEN THEY HAD FINISHED THEIR SUPPER THAT THEY JUST FELL ONTO THEIR BUNKS IN THEIR CLOTHING. THEY TOOK MUCH BETTER CARE OF THEIR TOOLS AND OXEN THAN THEY DID OF THEMSELVES.

LOGGING IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF OCCUPATIONS AND MANY A LUMBERJACK WAS MAIMED AND MANY KILLED DUE TO CARELESSNESS, SLIPPING, FALLING TRUNKS, ROLLING LOGS, LOOSENED-ENTANGLED-BROKEN CHAINS, AND DOZENS OF OTHER CAUSES.



SAM ESKIN HAS BEEN TRAVELING ACROSS THE UNITED STATES FOR THIRTY FIVE YEARS, LEARNING SONGS FROM ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE IN ALL SORTS OF PLACES. HE GREW UP IN BALTIMORE ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACKS, FASCINATED BY THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AROUND HIM AND PASSIONATELY CURIOUS ABOUT WHERE ALL THOSE TRAINS WENT. AT SEVENTEEN HE LEFT HOME TO FIND OUT.

AN ITCHING HEEL KEPT HIM MOVING, AND HE OFTEN TOOK OFF ACROSS THE COUNTRY BY THUMB AND ROD, AND EVENTUALLY OUT TO SEA. HE WORKED HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD, LISTENING TO STRANGE MUSIC AND ENJOYING STRANGE PEOPLE IN EVERY PORT. FOR A WHILE HE WORKED FOR A CANNERY IN ALASKA; ANOTHER TIME HE DID A STINT ON LOUISIANA BAYOU DREDGES. HE HAS HERDED SHEEP AS WELL AS CATTLE, HAS WORKED IN LUMBER CAMPS AND ON ROAD GANGS. ALL THIS TIME HIS INVISIBLE BURDEN OF SONGS WAS GROWING, AND WHEREVER HE WENT PEOPLE ASKED HIM TO SING THEM. IT WAS YEARS BEFORE HE HEARD HIS SONGS CALLED FOLK SONGS. HE JUST THOUGHT OF THEM AS SONGS IT WAS GOOD TO SING.

EARLY IN THE 1930'S HE GOT INTERESTED IN USING A RECORDING MACHINE TO GATHER SONGS FOR SINGING, AND HE THEN BEGAN THE RECORDED COLLECTION WHICH IS NOW HOUSED WITH HIS FOLKLORE LIBRARY IN AN OLD BARN IN WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK -- A COLLECTION WHOSE IMPORTANCE HAS NOW FAR OUTGROWN HIS ORIGINAL INTEREST IN RECORDING JUST THE SONGS HE WANTED TO LEARN HIMSELF. NOWADAYS HE TRAVELS ABOUT THE COUNTRY IN A TRAILER, SAVORING SONGS AND PEOPLE, SINGING TO COLLECT AND COLLECTING TO SING. FRIENDS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES WATCH FOR HIS COMING, SAVING UP NEWS OF SONGS AND PEOPLE TO ADD TO HIS EVER-CIRCULATING STORE.

## LOGGER'S SONGS

## A SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE

THE LOGGER, LIKE THE COWBOY AND SAILOR,  
SANG ABOUT THE RIGORS OF HIS WORK AND LIFE;  
BUT HIS GRIPE WAS NOT SO MUCH SELF-PITY AS  
IT WAS A BRAG OF HIS ABILITY TO STAND THE  
GAFF, AND WELL HE MIGHT BRAG.

[FROM "BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY"  
COLLECTED AND EDITED BY FRANZ RICKABY,  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1926]

A SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE IS A WEARISOME ONE,  
ALTHOUGH SOME SAY IT'S FREE FROM CARE.  
IT'S THE SWINGING OF AN AXE FROM MORNING  
TILL NIGHT  
IN THE FORESTS WILD AND DREAR.

OR SLEEPING IN OUR BUNKS WITHOUT CHEER  
WHEN THE COLD WINTER WINDS DO BLOW,  
BUT AS SOON AS THE MORNING STAR DOES  
APPEAR  
TO THE WILD WOODS WE MUST GO.

TRANSPORTED AS WE ARE FROM THE LADIES  
SO FAIR  
TO THE BANKS OF SOME LONELY STREAM,  
WHERE THE WOLF, BEAR AND OWL WITH THEIR  
TERRIFYING HOWL  
DISTURB OUR NIGHTLY DREAMS.

HAD WE ALE, WINE OR BEER OUR SPIRITS FOR  
TO CHEER,  
WHILE WE'RE IN THOSE WOODS SO WILD,  
OR A GLASS OF WHISKEY SHONE WHILE WE'RE  
IN THE WOODS ALONE,  
FOR TO PASS AWAY OUR LONG EXILE.

SHANTYING I'LL GIVE O'ER WHEN I'M LANDED  
SAFE ON SHORE,  
AND I'LL LEAD A DIFFERENT LIFE.  
NO MORE WILL I ROAM BUT CONTENTED STAY  
AT HOME,  
WITH A PRETTY LITTLE SMILING WIFE.

[FROM FRANZ RICKABY: "BALLADS AND SONGS  
OF THE SHANTY-BOY", CAMBRIDGE, HARVARD  
UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1926. THIS SONG WAS  
GIVEN TO MR. RICKABY BY MR. M. C. DEAN  
OF VIRGINIA, MINNESOTA, WHO HAD PUBLISHED  
IT EARLIER IN A PAMPHLET COLLECTION OF  
WOODSMEN'S SONGS AND SEA SONGS CALLED  
THE FLYING CLOUD.]



SUNG FOR SIDNEY ROBERTSON BY PAT FORD AT  
CRANDON, WISCONSIN IN 1937, WHEN PAT RE-  
CORDED THIS SONG HE SAID: "NOW THIS SONG  
WAS WRITTEN BY A FEW RIVER DRIVERS ON THE  
WOLF RIVER IN WISCONSIN, WHILE WORKING  
FOR WALLACE WAITE, AND I DON'T KNOW EX-  
ACTLY THE NAMES. I THINK ONE WAS FORD AND  
THE OTHER KIMBALL THAT MADE THIS SONG".  
OF COURSE, THESE MEN HAD HEARD THE  
"TARRIER'S SONG" FROM WHICH THEIR VERSION  
DERIVES; IT PROVIDED AN OPPORTUNITY TO  
MAKE A SLY DIG AT THE BOSS WHO DROVE HIS  
MEN HARD WITHOUT EVEN THE LUXURY OF SUGAR  
FOR THEIR TEA.

WALLACE WAITE WAS THE WALKING BOSS,  
HELL TO PAY WHEN HE GETS CROSS;  
HE TRIES HIS BEST HIS MEN TO KILL  
SAYING, "COME DOWN HEAVY ON THE OLD  
CHUCK BILL",

CHORUS: ROLL, YOU TIGERS, ROLL,  
ROLL, YOU HEROES, ROLL,  
ROLL ALL DAY, NO SUGAR IN  
YOUR TAY,  
WHILE WORKING FOR WAITE  
BOYS' ROLLWAY.

JOHNNY WAITE WAS A FINE YOUNG MAN,  
MARRIED TO A HANDSOME DAME,  
BAKED HER BREAD AND SHE BAKED IT WELL,  
BUT SHE BAKED IT HARDER THAN THE HUBS  
OF HELL,

ROLL, YOU TIGERS, ROLL, ETC.

WALLY WAITE WENT TO TOWN ONE DAY,  
T'GET SOME SUGAR T'PUT IN OUR TAY.  
WHEN HE GOT THERE IT WAS TOO DEAR,  
SO WE HAD TO DRINK OUR OLD TAY CLEAR.

ROLL, YOU TIGERS, ROLL, ETC.

[SUNG FOR SIDNEY ROBERTSON COWELL BY PAT  
FORD FROM CRANDON, WISCONSIN, AT CENTRAL  
VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1936]

## THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS

SUNG FOR SIDNEY ROBERTSON BY ROB WALKER,  
CRANDON, WISCONSIN IN 1937. THIS POPULAR  
OLD BALLAD RECALLS THE DAYS WHEN OXEN AND  
MEN WERE THE ONLY SOURCE OF POWER AVAIL-  
ABLE FOR SKIDDING TIMBER TO WATER WHERE IT  
WAS FLOATED DOWN TO THE MILLS. PHYSICAL  
COMPETITION BETWEEN THE MEN WAS KEEN SO IT  
WAS INEVITABLE, WHEN SUCH COMBINATIONS AS  
MC CLUSKEY WITH HIS BIG SPOTTED STEERS AND  
GORDON WITH HIS LITTLE BROWN BULLS CAME  
TOGETHER, THAT A CONTEST SHOULD ENSUE.  
THIS IS EMPHASIZED WHEN MC CLUSKEY "TORE  
UP HIS BEST MACKINAW" TO MAKE A CHAMPION-  
SHIP BELT FOR HIS TEAM, AFTER THE MANNER OF  
THE PRIZE RING OF HIS DAY. "THREE TO THE  
THOUSAND" WAS THE WOODS PHRASE FOR THE  
NUMBER OF LOGS THAT MADE A THOUSAND FEET  
OF LUMBER; NO SMALL LOGS IN THIS CASE.

NOT A THING IN THE WOODS HAD MC CLUSKY TO FEAR,  
AS HE SWUNG HIS GORED STICK O'ER THE BIG SPOTTED STEERS.  
THEY WERE YOUNG, SOUND AND QUICK, GIRDLING EIGHT FOOT AND THREE.  
SAID MC CLUSKY THE SCOTSMAN, "THEY'RE THE LADDIES FOR ME!"

OH, IT'S NEXT CAME BULL GORDON, THE SKIDDING WAS FULL  
WHEN HE HOLLERED, "WAH-HUSH!" TO HIS LITTLE BROWN BULLS.  
THEY WERE SHORT-LEGGED AND SHAGGY, GIRDLING SIX FOOT AND NINE.  
"TOO LIGHT", SAID MC CLUSKY, "TO HANDLE OUR PINE".

"FOR IT'S THREE TO THE THOUSAND OUR CONTRACT DOES CALL.  
OUR SKIDDING 'TIS GOOD AND OUR TIMBER 'TIS TALL".  
SAID MC CLUSKY TO GORDON, "TO MAKE THE DAY FULL,  
I WILL SKID TWO TO ONE OF YOUR LITTLE BROWN BULLS".

"OH NO," SAID BULL GORDON, "THAT YOU NEVER CAN DO,  
BUT MIND YOU, MY LADDIE, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL  
THOUGH YOUR BIG SPOTTED STEERS ARE THE PETS OF THE CREW,  
WHEN YOU SKID ONE MORE LOG THAN MY LITTLE BROWN BULLS".

ON THE DAY WAS APPOINTED, AND SOON DID DRAW-NIGH,  
FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS THEIR FORTUNES TO TRY.  
BOTH EAGER AND ANXIOUS THAT MORNING, 'T WAS FOUND,  
THE BOSS AND THE SCALER APPEARED ON THE GROUND.

WITH A WHOOP AND A HOLLER CAME MC CLUSKY IN VIEW  
WITH THE BIG SPOTTED STEERS, THE PETS OF THE CREW,  
SAYING: "CHEW YOUR CUDS WELL, BOYS, AND KEEP YOUR MOUTHS FULL,  
FOR TODAY WE WILL CONQUER THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS".

THEN UP CAME BULL GORDON WITH A PIPE IN HIS JAW,  
AND THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS WITH A CUD IN THEIR JAWS.  
SAID GORDON TO SANDY: "WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR,  
FOR WE'LL NEVER BE BEAT BY THE BIG SPOTTED STEERS".

WELL AT SUNDOWN THAT EVENING THE FOREMAN DID SAY,  
"TURN IN, BOYS, TURN IN, YOU'VE ENOUGH FOR TODAY --  
ALL NUMBERED AND SCALED, EACH MAN AND HIS TEAM".  
AND WE THOUGHT THAT WE KNEW WHICH HAD KNOCKED DOWN THE BEAM.

WHEN SUPPER WAS OVER, MC CLUSKY APPEARED, WITH A BELT READY MADE FOR BIG SPOTTED STEERS;  
TO MAKE IT HE'D TORE UP HIS BEST MACKINAW, HE WAS BOUND TO CONDUCT IT ACCORDING TO LAW.

THEN UP JUMPED THE SCALER: "HOLD ON, BOYS, YOU'RE WILD!  
THE BIG SPOTTED STEERS ARE BEHIND JUST A MILE.  
YOU'VE SKIDDED ONE HUNDRED AND TEN AND NO MORE,  
WHILE GORDON HAS BEAT YOU BY TEN AND A SCORE".

HOW THE BOYS THEY ALL HOLLERED! AND MC CLUSKY DID SWEAR!  
AS HE PULLED OUT IN HANDFULS HIS LONG YELLOW HAIR,  
SAID: "I'LL JUST KILL THEM AND TAKE OFF THEIR SKINS,  
AND I'LL DIG THEM A GRAVE AND I'LL TUMBLE THEM IN!"

SO HERE'S TO BULL GORDON AND BIG SANDY JOHN  
FOR THE BIGGEST DAYS' WORK ON THE WOLF RIVER WAS DONE.  
SO FILL UP YOUR GLASSES AND FILL THEM PLUMB FULL,  
AND WE'LL DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS.

[RECORDED FOR SIDNEY ROBERTSON COWELL BY BOB WALKER, CRANDON, WISCONSIN, SPRING, 1937; AND BY WARDE FORD OF CRANDON, AT CENTRAL VALLEY, CALIF., CHRISTMAS DAY, 1938]



OXEN HAULING LOGS - DAYTONA, FLORIDA

## THE PINERY BOY

SOMETIMES, IN OTHER VERSIONS OF THIS SONG, THE PINERY BOY BECOMES A SAILOR BOY OR A 'BOY' OF SOME OTHER OCCUPATION. BUT THE SONG ORIGINALLY COMES FROM ENGLAND WHERE IT WAS KNOWN AS SWEET WILLIAM, OR THE SAILOR BOY.

[FROM "BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY" COLLECTED AND EDITED BY FRANZ RICKABY; HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1926]

OH A RAFTSMAN'S LIFE IS A WEARISOME ONE,  
IT CAUSES MANY FAIR MAIDS TO WEEP AND MOURN,  
IT CAUSES THEM TO WEEP AND MOURN,  
FOR THE LOSS OF A TRUE LOVE THAT NEVER CAN RETURN.

"O FATHER, O FATHER, BUILD ME A BOAT,  
THAT DOWN THE WISCONSIN I MAY FLOAT,  
AND EVERY RAFT THAT I PASS BY,  
THERE I WILL ENQUIRE FOR MY SWEET  
PINERY BOY".

AS SHE WAS ROWING DOWN THE STREAM  
SHE SAW THREE RAFTS ALL IN A STRING,  
SHE HAILED THE PILOT AS THEY DREW NIGH,  
AND THERE SHE DID ENQUIRE FOR HER SWEET  
PINERY BOY.

"O PILOT, PILOT, TELL ME TRUE,  
IS MY SWEET WILLIE AMONG YOUR CREW?  
O TELL ME QUICK AND GIVE ME JOY,  
FOR NONE OTHER WILL I HAVE BUT MY SWEET  
PINERY BOY".

"OH AUBURN WAS THE COLOR OF HIS HAIR,  
HIS EYES WERE BLUE AND HIS CHEEKS WERE FAIR,  
HIS LIPS WERE OF RUBY FINE,  
AND MANY THOUSAND TIMES THEY'VE MET  
WITH MINE".

"O MY DEAR LADY HE IS NOT HERE,  
HE'S DROWNED IN THE DELLS, I FEAR.  
'T WAS AT LONE ROCK AS WE PASSED BY,  
OH THERE IS WHERE WE LEFT YOUR SWEET  
PINERY BOY".

SHE WRUNG HER HANDS AND TORE HER HAIR,  
THIS LADY WAS IN GREAT DESPAIR.  
SHE ROWED HER BOAT AGAINST LONE ROCK,  
AND THAT WAS WHERE THIS FAIR LADY'S  
HEART WAS BROKE.

"DIG ME A GRAVE BOTH LONG AND DEEP,  
PLACE A MARBLE AT MY FEET,  
AND ON MY BREST A TURTLE DOVE,  
TO LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT I DIED FOR  
LOVE".

[FROM FRANZ RICKABY: "BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY" HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1926. SUNG BY MRS. M. A. OLIN, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.]

## POOR PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

THE IRISH WORKERS CAME TO THIS COUNTRY IN GREAT NUMBERS. THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM MANY SONGS AND MANY OTHER SONGS WERE MADE ABOUT THEM. THIS SONG FOUND ITS WAY, AMONG OTHER PLACES, INTO SHIPS FOC'S'LES AND WAS FAMILIAR TO THE LOGGERS.

IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE  
I DID WHAT MANY MEN HAVE DONE,  
I SENT MY BOY, THE YOUNGEST ONE,  
TO WORK UPON THE RAILWAY -- THE RAILWAY!

CHORUS: OH I'M WEARY OF THE  
RAILWAY!  
OH! POOR PADDY WORKS  
ON THE RAILWAY!

IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO  
I SAILED AWAY WITH AN IRISH CREW,  
BECAUSE I HAD SOME WORK TO DO,  
TO WORK UPON THE RAILWAY -- THE RAILWAY!

OH I'M WEARY, ETC.

IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE  
I SAILED AWAY ACROSS THE SEA,  
I SAILED TO NORTH AMERIKEE  
TO WORK, ETC.

IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR  
I LANDED ON COLUMBIA'S SHORE,  
I HAD A PICK-AXE, NOTHING MORE,  
TO WORK, ETC.

IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE  
TO BREAK MY LEG I DID CONTRIVE,  
THE WONDER IS I KEPT ALIVE  
TO WORK, ETC.



PULP WOOD - ALABAMA



HAULING LUMBER - BRITISH COLUMBIA

## SEA SHANTIES

### RIO GRANDE

THIS IS A FAVORITE OUTWARD BOUND CAPSTAN SHANTY ALTHOUGH IT IS UNLIKELY THAT ANY SALT WATER SAILOR EVER ONCE ENTERED THE RIO GRANDE IN THE LINE OF DUTY. BUT THERE WAS MAGIC IN THE NAME AND LIKE A TRUE POET THE SHANTYMAN ADOPTED IT AND SANG IT ACROSS THE SEVEN SEAS.

SOLO

O SAY, WAS YOU EVER IN RIO GRANDE,

CHORUS

WAY LOVE RIO

SOLO

IT'S THERE THAT THE RIVER RUNS DOWN  
TO THE STRAND,  
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

CHORUS

THEN AWAY LOVE, AWAY,

WAY LOVE RIO

SO FARE YE WELL, MY PRETTY YOUNG GIRL,  
O WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

OUR SHIP IT WENT SAILING OUT OVER

THE BAR

WAY LOVE RIO

WE POINTED HER NOSE FOR THE SOUTHERN  
STAR

AND WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

CHORUS

THEN AWAY LOVE, AWAY, ETC.

WE'LL SELL OUR SALT COD FOR MOLASSES

AND RUM,

AND GET BACK AGAIN 'FORE THANKSGIVING  
HAS COME.

CHORUS

THEN AWAY LOVE, AWAY, ETC.

[CAPSTAN SHANTY "OUTWARD BOUND"; LARGELY FROM "SEA SONGS AND SHANTIES"; W. B. WHALL BROWN, FERGUSON & SON, LTD., 52 DARNLEY ST., GLASGOW. 2ND VERSE FROM "MUSIC OF THE WATERS" PUB. 1888]

### CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULGINE RUN

THIS LIVELY SHANTY IS CLAIMED BY WHALL TO BE OF MINSTREL ORIGIN WHILE CECIL SHARP MAINTAINS THAT THE AIR IS A VARIANT OF THE IRISH "SHULE AGRA". WHATEVER ITS ORIGIN, THE NEGRO HAS HELPED MAKE IT A GOOD ROLLICKING SONG TO WORK BY.

SOLO

O THE SMARTEST CLIPPER YOU CAN FIND

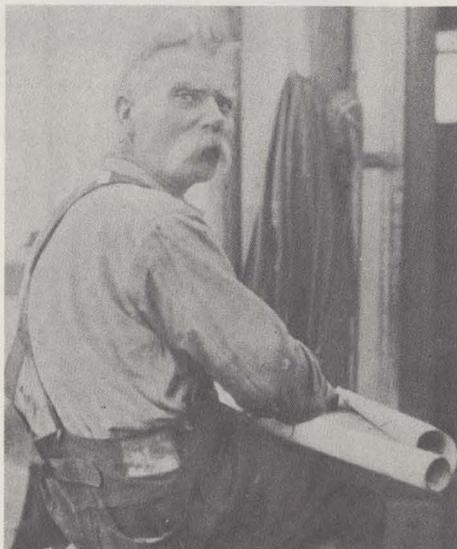
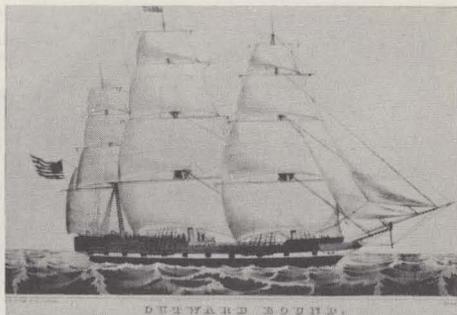
CHORUS

O HO, WAY HO, ARE YOU MOST DONE.

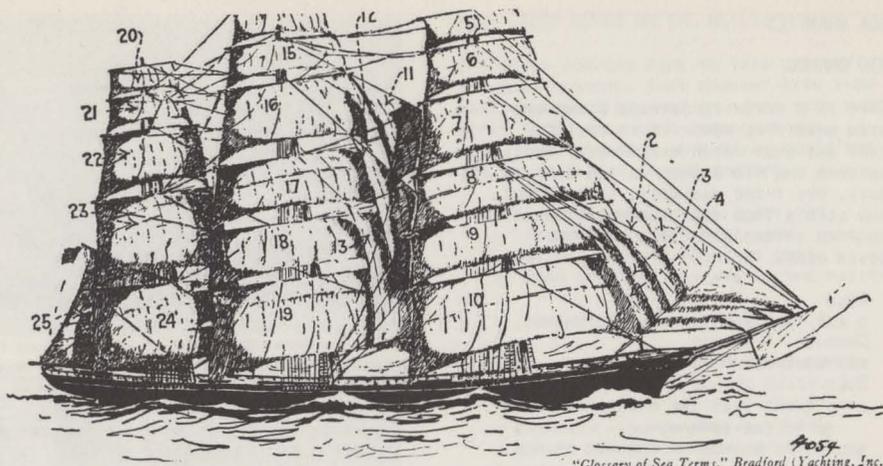
SOLO

IS THE MARGET EVANS OF THE BLUE CROSS LINE,

CHORUS



4-MASTED STEEL BARQUE



"Glossary of Sea Terms," Bradford (Yachting, Inc.)

Sails of a sailing ship

(SEE BACK PAGE)

SO CLEAR THE TRACK LET THE BULGINE RUN.  
 SOLO  
 TIBBY HEY RIG A JIG IN A JAUNTING CAR  
 CHORUS  
 O HO, WAY HO, ARE YOU MOST DONE.  
 SOLO  
 WITH LIZA LEE ALL ON MY KNEE.  
 CHORUS  
 SO CLEAR THE TRACK LET THE BULGINE RUN.

SHALL I GO WITH YOU, MY FAIR PRETTY MAID?  
 I UNTO HER DID SAY.  
 O YES, IF YOU PLEASE, KIND SIR, SHE SAID,  
 ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

O THE MARGET EVANS OF THE BLUE CROSS LINE,  
 SHE'S NEVER A DAY BEHIND HER TIME.

O WHAT IS YOUR FATHER, MY FAIR PRETTY MAID?  
 I UNTO HER DID SAY.  
 MY FATHER'S A FARMER, KIND SIR, SHE SAID,  
 ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

O WHEN I COME HOME ACROSS THE SEA,  
 IT'S LIZA YOU WILL MARRY ME.

O WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE, MY FAIR PRETTY MAID  
 I UNTO HER DID SAY.  
 MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR, SHE SAID,  
 ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

[WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN; "THE SHANTY BOOK"  
 TERRY]

THEN I CANNOT MARRY YOU, MY PRETTY MAID,  
 I UNTO HER DID SAY.  
 NOBODY ASKED YOU, SIR, SHE SAID,  
 ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY

[FOLK SONGS, CHANTEYS AND SINGING GAMES,  
 EDITED BY CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH AND  
 CECIL J. SHARP. NOVELLO & CO., LTD.,  
 LONDON. H. W. GRAY CO., NEW YORK, AGENTS.]

THIS SHANTY, FROM A CECIL SHARP COLLECTION,  
 DERIVES FROM A MUCH OLDER ENGLISH FOLK SONG.  
 IT INVOLVES THE WOOING OF A COUNTRY LASS BY  
 A SAILOR WHO FINDS MUCH MORE SPIRIT IN THE  
 "FAIR PRETTY MAID" THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

SOLO. AS I WALKED OUT ONE FINE MORNING  
 ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY,

CHORUS. HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY,  
 HEAVE AWAY.

SOLO. I OVERTOOK A FAIR PRETTY MAID,  
 AND UNTO HER DID SAY.

CHORUS. HEAVE AWAY, MY JOLLY BOYS,  
 WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY.

O WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?  
 I UNTO HER DID SAY.  
 I'M GOING A MILKING, SIR, SHE SAID,  
 ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY.



## BONEY

THE ADVENTURES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE COULD NOT FAIL TO CATCH THE IMAGINATION OF THE SAILOR AND BONEY BECAME ONE OF THE FAVORITE "SHORT HAUL" SHANTIES. PERHAPS "BONEY" RECEIVED BLUNT TREATMENT FROM THE SHANTYMAN, BUT EVEN THOUGH RESPECT WAS LACKING, MR. BONAPARTE SERVED A USEFUL PURPOSE.

SOLO

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

CHORUS

AWAY WHO YA!

SOLO

A WARRIOR A TARRIER

CHORUS

JOHN FRANSWAR.

BONEY BEAT THE PROOSHIAN

AND THEN HE FOUGHT THE ROOSHIAN.

MOSCOW WAS A BLAZING

AND BONEY WAS A-RAGIN.

BONEY WENT TO WATERLOO

AND THERE OLD BONEY'S CHANCE WAS THROUGH.

BONEY BROKE HIS HEART THEY SAY,

DOWN IN ST. HELENA WAY.

## JOHNNY COMES DOWN TO HILO

THIS CAPSTAN OR WINDLASS SHANTY COMES FROM TERRY'S "SHANTY BOOK" AND IS ANOTHER FINE EXAMPLE OF THE KIND OF SHANTY THE NEGRO MADE AND SANG. AS CAPTAIN ROBINSON TOLD ME "THE NEGROES WERE FINE SINGERS AND EXCELLENT SEAMEN".

SOLO

I NEVER SEE THE LIKE SINCE I BEEN

BORN,

WHEN A BIG OLD HOOKER WITH THE SEA-

BOOTS ON,

CHORUS

SAYS JOHNNY COMES DOWN TO HILO,

POOR OLD MAN.

O WAKE HER, O, SHAKE HER,

O WAKE THAT GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON,

WHEN JOHNNY COMES DOWN TO HILO,

POOR OLD MAN.

I LOVE A LITTLE GAL ACROSS THE SEA,

SHE'S A RADIANT BEAUTY AND SHE SEZ TO ME,

O WAS YOU EVER DOWN IN MOBILE BAY?

WHERE THEY SCREWS THE COTTON ON A  
SUMMER'S DAY?

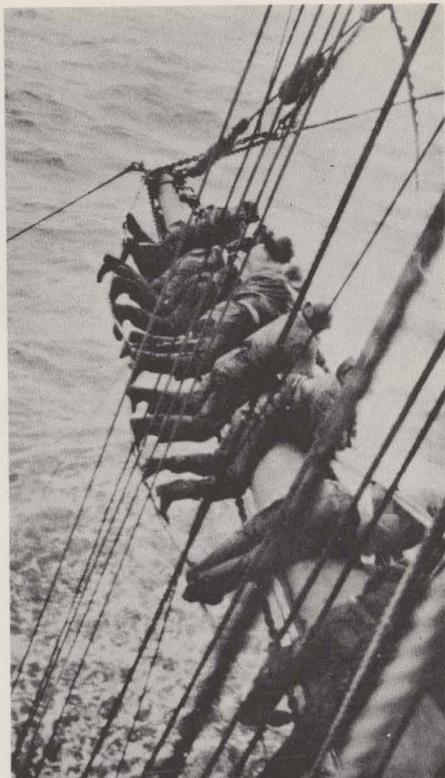
DID YOU EVER SEE THE OLD PLANTATION

BOSS

AND THE LONG TAILED FILLY AND THE BIG

BLACK HOSS?

[WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN; "THE SHANTY  
BOOK", TERRY]



GETTING IN THE MAINSAIL



## THE SAILOR LOVES

SOLO. THE MAIDEN, OH, THE MAIDEN, OH,  
THE SAILOR LOVES THE MAIDEN, OH,  
SO EARLY IN THE MORNING  
THE SAILOR LOVES THE MAIDEN, OH.

CHORUS. A MAID THAT IS YOUNG, A MAID  
THAT IS FAIR,  
A MAID THAT IS KIND AND PLEAS-  
ANT, OH,  
SO EARLY IN THE MORNING  
THE SAILOR LOVES THE MAIDEN, OH.

SOLO. TOBACCO, OH, TOBACCO, OH,  
THE SAILOR LOVES TOBACCO, OH,  
SO EARLY IN THE MORNING  
THE SAILOR LOVES TOBACCO, OH.

CHORUS. A PACKET OF BIRD'S-EYE, PACKET  
OF CUT,  
A PLUG OF HARD TOBACCO, OH,  
SO EARLY IN THE MORNING  
THE SAILOR LOVES TOBACCO, OH.

SOLO. THE MAIDEN, OH, THE BOTTLE, OH,  
A PIPE OF GOOD TOBACCO, OH,  
SO EARLY IN THE MORNING  
THE SAILOR LOVES ALL THESE,  
HEIGH-HO.

CHORUS. A BOTTLE OF SPIRIT, A MAIDEN FAIR,  
A PLUG OF GOOD TOBACCO, OH,  
SO EARLY IN THE MORNING  
THESE ARE THE SAILOR'S LOVES,  
HEIGH-HO.

[HALLIARD OR HAULING SHANTY; P.S.N.C.  
MAGAZINE]

## PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS

PADDY DOYLE, AS THE STORY GOES, WAS A  
FAMOUS BOARDING-HOUSE MASTER IN LIVER-  
POOL DURING THE DAYS OF SAIL. THE SAILORS  
WERE USUALLY IN HIS DEBT BY THE TIME THEY  
WERE OUTWARD BOUND AND THIS SHANTY, ALWAYS  
USED FOR BUNTING UP A LARGE SAIL, BOISTER-  
OUSLY ACKNOWLEDGES THE DEBT.

YES AYE! AND WE'LL HAUL, AYE!  
TO PAY PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS  
WE'LL TAUTEN THE BUNT AND WE'LL FURL, AYE!  
AND PAY PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS.

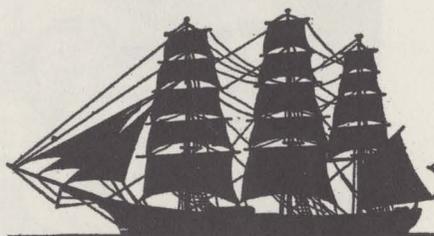
YES AYE! AND WE'LL SING, AYE!  
TO PAY PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS.  
WE'LL BUNT UP THE SAIL WITH A FLING AYE!  
AND PAY PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

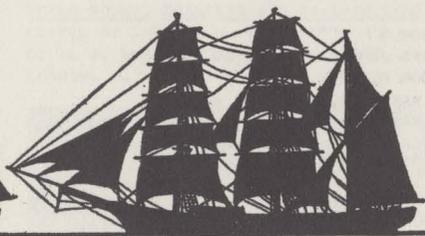
THIS WAS OFTEN USED AS A CAPSTAN  
SHANTY; IT GAVE THE SAILOR A CHANCE  
TO COMMENT ON THE ODD MANNERS AND  
THOUGHTS OF OTHERS IN HIS WORLD.

A HUNDRED YEARS IS A VERY LONG TIME  
HO, YES, HO.  
A HUNDRED YEARS IS A VERY LONG TIME,  
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THEY THOUGHT THAT THE STARS WERE SET A  
LIGHT  
HO, YES, HO.  
BY A PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EVERY NIGHT  
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



Sailing Ship.



Barque.



Barquentine.



Brig.

THEY HUNG A MAN FOR MAKING STEAM  
HO, YES, HO.  
THEY CAST HIS BODY IN THE STREAM  
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[DAVIS-TOZER]

ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN (IT'S TIME FOR  
US TO LEAVE HER)

AMID THE RATTLE AND WHINE OF THE CAPSTAN  
THE SHANTYMAN SINGS OUT "O THE TIMES ARE  
HARD AND THE WAGES LOW" AND THE MEN COME  
IN LUSTILY ON THE CHORUS. FOR THIS WAS THE  
HOMEWARD BOUND SHANTY AND PERHAPS MARKED  
THE LAST TASK AFTER A LONG HARD VOYAGE.  
SPIRITS ARE HIGH AND ANTICIPATION KEEN FOR  
THE CHANGE AND PLEASURE ASHORE, AND FOR A  
BRIEF HECTIC SPELL HE WILL HAVE HIS  
FLING, BUT ALL TOO SOON HE WILL HEAR THE  
FAMILIAR WORDS OF THE OUTWARD BOUND SHANTY  
"O SAY WAS YOU EVER IN RIO GRANDE"? AND  
WHO KNOWS WHAT HIS HEART MEANS WHEN HE RE-  
SPONDS: "WAY! LOVE RIO!"

SOLO

O THE TIMES ARE HARD AND THE WAGES LOW,

CHORUS

AMELIA, WHAR' YOU BOUND TO?

SOLO

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IS MY HOME

CHORUS

ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

THAT LAND OF PROMISE THERE YOU'LL SEE,

AMELIA, WHAR' YOU BOUND TO?

I'M BOUND ACROSS THAT WESTERN SEA,

IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

TO LIVERPOOL I'LL TAKE MY WAY,

LEAVE HER, BULLIES, LEAVE HER;

TO LIVERPOOL THAT YANKEE SCHOOL,

IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

THERE'S LIVERPOOL PAT WITH HIS TARPAULIN

HAT,

AMELIA, WHAR' YOU BOUND TO?

AND YANKEE JOHN THE PACKET RAT,

IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

BEWARE THESE PACKET-SHIPS, I PRAY,

AMELIA, WHAR' YOU BOUND TO?

THEY STEAL YOUR STORES AND CLOTHES AWAY,

A-CROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

[HAULING SONG; HOMEWARD BOUND AND  
PUMPING. "SEA SONGS AND SHANTIES"  
BY W. B. WHALL, BROWN, FERGUSON & SON,  
LTD., 52 DARNLEY ST., GLASGOW!]

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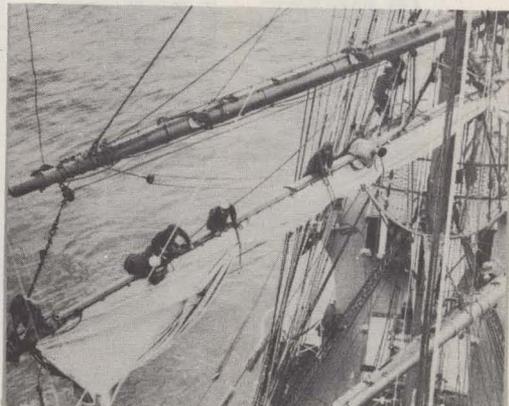
PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR - MOSES ASCH



RIGGING



THE "JOSEPH CONRAD"



RIGGING



**FOLKWAYS Records**

AKD SERVICE CORP., 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.

Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33-1/3 RPM

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**LOGGERS SONGS and SEA SHANTIES**

sung by SAM ESKIN accompanying himself with guitar

**SEA SHANTIES**

SIDE 1

FA-2019-A  
(FP19A)

1. THE RIO GRANDE (outward bound Capstan Shanty)
2. CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULGINE RUN  
(Windlass and Capstan)
3. HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY
4. BONEY (Short Haul Shanty)
5. JOHNNY COMES DOWN TO HILO (Wind'ass & Capstan)
6. THE SAILOR LOVES (Halliard or Hauling Shanty)
7. PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS (Short Haul or Bunt)
8. A HUNDRED YEARS AGO (Capstan Shanty)
9. ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN,  
(IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER)  
(homeward bound Hauling & Pumping Shanty)

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**LOGGERS SONGS and SEA SHANTIES**

sung by SAM ESKIN accompanying himself with guitar

SIDE 2

FA-2019-B  
(FP19B)

**LOGGER'S SONGS**

1. A SHANTY-MAN'S LIFE
2. RIVER DRIVER'S SONG
3. THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS
4. THE PINERY BOY
5. POOR PADDY WORKS ON  
THE RAILWAY