

FOLKWAYS RECORDS/NY FA 2032

FOLKSONGS FROM

# Martha's Vineyard

*sung by*

E. G. HUNTINGTON

Rosenhouse

**FOLKSONGS FROM MARTHA'S VINEYARD**

*Descriptive notes are inside pocket*



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 2032

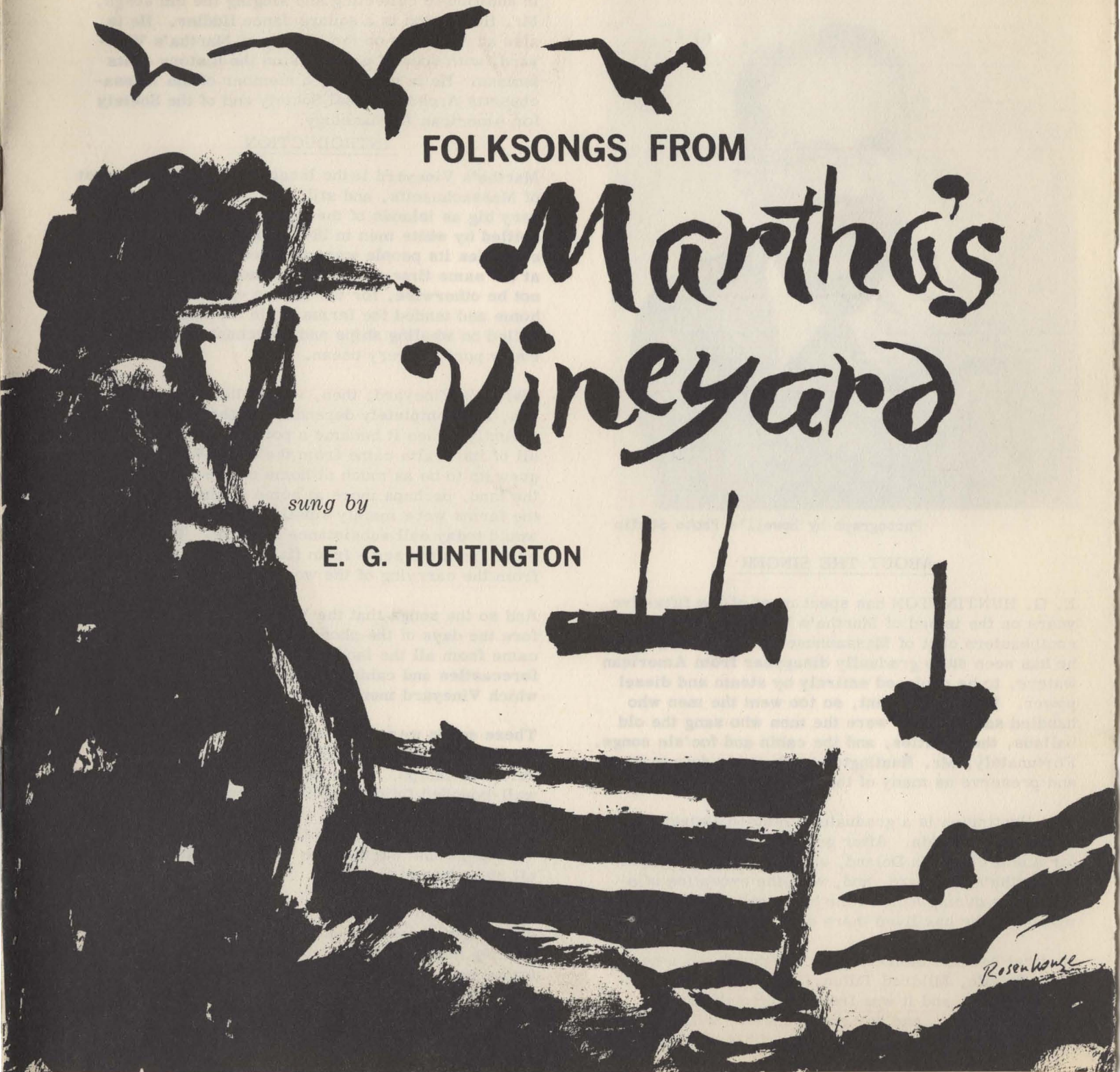
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FOLKSONGS FROM

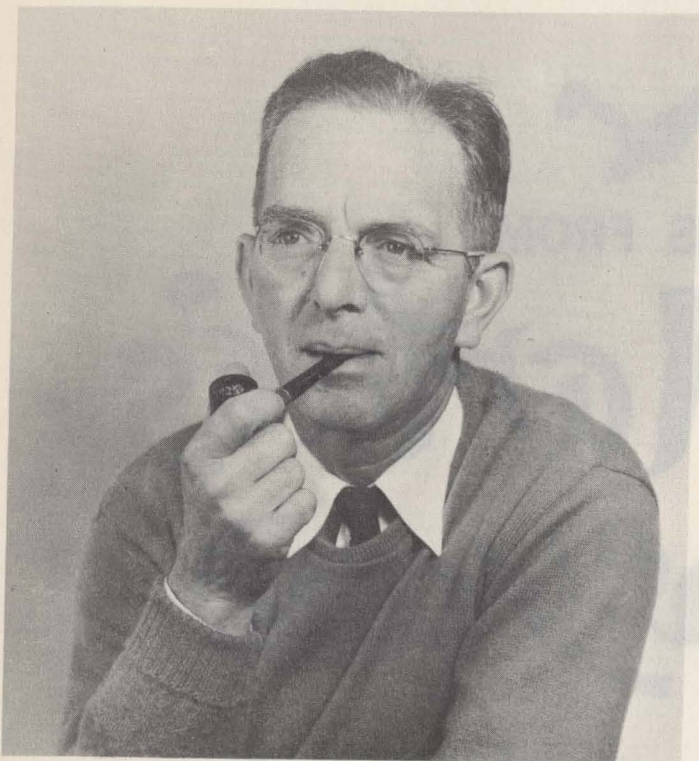
Martha's  
Vineyard

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#### ABOUT THE SINGER

E. G. HUNTINGTON has spent most of his fifty-five years on the island of Martha's Vineyard off the southeastern coast of Massachusetts. In those years, he has seen sails gradually disappear from American waters, to be replaced entirely by steam and diesel power. When sails went, so too went the men who handled sails. They were the men who sang the old ballads, the shanties, and the cabin and foc'sle songs. Fortunately, Mr. Huntington made it his duty to find and preserve as many of the old songs as possible.

Mr. Huntington is a graduate of Stetson University in Deland, Florida. After graduation, he worked for a short time in Deland, after which he returned to Martha's Vineyard, and, with the exception of a few years during which time he taught school on the mainland, he has lived there ever since.

He first became interested in folk music when he met his wife, Mildred Tilton. All of her family was musical, and it was from her grandfather, Welcome Tilton, and her great-uncles, William and Zeb Tilton, that he learned many of his best songs.

In addition to collecting and singing the old songs, Mr. Huntington is a square dance fiddler. He is also an authority on the history of Martha's Vineyard, with special emphasis on the history of its Indians. He is presently a member of the Massachusetts Archaeological Society and of the Society for American Archaeology.

#### INTRODUCTION

Martha's Vineyard is the largest Island off the coast of Massachusetts, and still that does not make it very big as islands of the world go. It was first settled by white men in 1642, and for most of three centuries its people were isolated and insular, and at the same time strangely cosmopolitan. It could not be otherwise, for the women of the Island stayed home and tended the farms while the Island men sailed on whaling ships and merchant vessels to every port of every ocean.

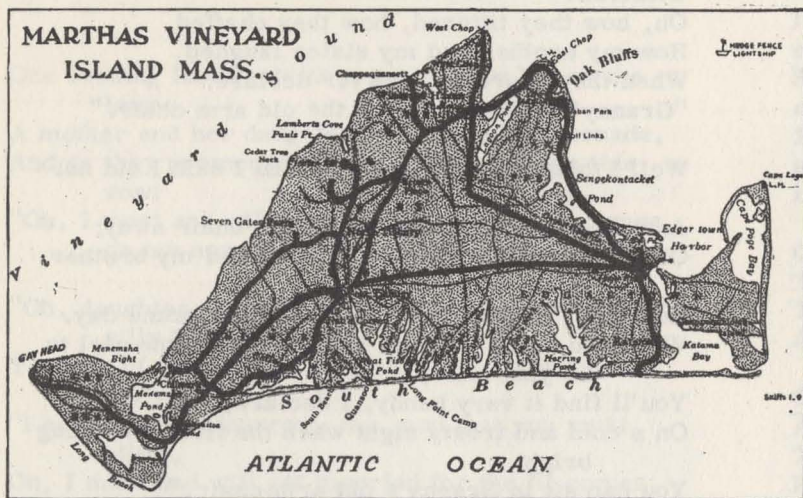
Martha's Vineyard, then, was in the sea, and of the sea, and completely dependent on the sea, and until recently, when it became a popular summer resort, all of its wealth came from the sea. Vineyard boys grew up to be as much at home on the water as on the land, perhaps more at home on the water, for the farms were mainly small, and provided what we would today call subsistence farming. The money came from the sea - from fishing, and whaling, and from the carrying of the world's cargoes.

And so the songs that the Vineyard people sang (before the days of the phonograph, radio or television) came from all the lands of the earth and from the forecastles and cabins of the ships of all nations on which Vineyard men sailed.

These songs were sung about the hearths of Vineyard homes before the days of electricity, or even of kerosene lamps. They were sung in the small stone-wall-bounded fields, and they were sung in the dories and Nomansland boats of the fishermen as they tended their nets and traps, and they were sung in the schooners that carried the cargoes of an earlier day all up and down the coast.

And these are the songs of that earlier day, for most of the men and women who sang them have gone - as whaling has gone and as the schooners and the little farms have gone. They are the product of an earlier time and of a simpler time. They are a part of the heritage of the Island, and as such they are a part of the heritage of New England and of the nation.

- E. G. HUNTINGTON



Oh, says I, "My pretty colleen,  
 I'm tired of a single life,  
 If you'll have no objections,  
 I'll make you my dear wife."  
 Says she, "I'll ask my parents  
 and tomorrow I'll let you know,  
 If you'll meet me in the garden  
 where the shampeens grow."

Oh, her parents they agreed  
 and they blessed our children three,  
 Two boys just like their mother  
 and a girl the image of me;  
 We will bring up our children  
 in the way that they should go,  
 But we'll never forget the garden  
 where the shampeens grow.

Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

### LAND SONGS

#### SIDE I, Band 1: THE GARDEN WHERE THE SHAMPEENS GROW

This favorite Irish song is better known as "The Garden Where Praties Grow." The song is of rather recent origin, probably dating from the end of the last century or the beginning of this century. Though most frequently listed as anonymous, occasionally Irish songbooks list its author as Johnny Paterson. In any case, the song has certainly been part of the folk tradition of both Ireland and of Irish-Americans for several decades. Printed versions usually contain five stanzas and a refrain; the version sung here contains all the essential elements of the longer versions and is much more charming in its simplicity of language and story. This version was learned from Katy Donlon, a servant girl on Martha's Vineyard who had emigrated from the West of Ireland.

Oh, have you been in love, my boys,  
 and have you felt the pain,  
 I'd rather be in jails, my boys,  
 than be in love again;  
 I met her in the garden and  
 I'll have you all to know  
 That I met her in the garden  
 where the shampeens grow.

#### SIDE I, Band 2: GUNPOWDER TEA

One of the most imaginative and exciting incidents to occur during the American Revolution was the Boston Tea Party, and several songs commemorating the feat were sung in popular tradition during and after the War for independence. Americans liked to remember this bit of Yankee ingenuity and during the War of 1812 several songs of a patriotic nature were sung with sarcastic references to that incident. One of these songs is "Gunpowder Tea" which was sung to the tune of the old English country dance and nursery song "Polly, Put the Kettle On."

Like all New Englanders, the residents of Martha's Vineyard remember the Boston Tea Party with great pride. There is a road on Martha's Vineyard called 'Tea Lane', where contraband tea (tea for which a tax had not been paid) could be bought in the troubled years preceding the Revolution.

A version of "Gunpowder Tea", with the note that it was written in 1813, can be found in "Songs, Odes, and Other Poems on Nation Subjects" compiled in 1842 by Wm. McCarthy of Philadelphia. Undoubtedly other pocket-size songsters of an even earlier date included this delightful ditty. The version sung here was learned from one of the Tilton brothers.

Johnny Bull and many more,  
 Soon they say are coming o'er,  
 And as soon as they're on shore  
 They must have tea.

CHORUS:

So Polly, put the kettle on,  
Blow the bellows good and strong,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
We'll give them tea.

They'll want it strong, you need not dread,  
Sweetened well with sugar of lead,  
Perhaps it will go to their head  
And spoil their taste for tea.

As soon as they put foot on shore,  
Their cups we'll fill them o'er and o'er,  
With such as John Bull drank before,  
Nice Saratoga Tea.

So let them come as soon's they can,  
They'll find us at our post each man,  
Their hides we will completely tan  
Before they get their tea.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE OLD ARM CHAIR

This amusing song about an eccentric old lady who leaves an old arm chair as her legacy to her grandson has been traced back some seventy years but little has been discovered concerning its origin. The currency 'pounds' referred to in the song suggests either American antiquity or a British source. Consistent with this last theory is the fact that the song is known by urban Irish and English singers, and it is indeed possible that the song originated in the music halls of one or the other of those countries. The song has been collected from oral tradition in widely separated areas of this country with texts that are nearly identical, suggesting possible standardization resulting from its appearance in print either in old songsters or broadsides.

This version was learned from Zeb Tilton.

Oh, my grandmother she, at the age of 93,  
One day in May was taken sick and died;  
And as soon as she was dead why the will of  
course was read  
By a lawyer as we all stood by his side.  
To my brother, it was found, she had left 100  
pound,  
And the same unto my sister, I declare,  
But when it came to me, that lawyer said, said he,  
"She has left to you the old arm chair."

CHORUS:

Oh, how they tittered, how they chaffed,  
How my brother and my sister laughed,  
When they heard that lawyer declare:  
"Granny's only left to you the old arm chair."

Well I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not  
care,  
And when evening came I took the chair away;  
Oh the neighbors they me chaffed and my brother  
at me laughed,  
He says, "You'll find it handy, John, some day.  
When you settle down in life and find some girl to  
be your wife,  
You'll find it very handy, I declare,  
On a cold and frosty night when the fire is burning  
bright  
You can sit in Granny's old arm chair."

What my brother said come true for in a year or two,  
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;  
Oh, I first a girl did court and then the ring I bought,  
I took her to the church - she was my wife;  
Now as you may guess that we, we were happy as  
could be,  
For when my work was over, I declare,  
Oh, I ne'er abroad would roam but each nite would  
stay at home  
And be seated in the old arm chair.

Well, one day the chair fell down, when I picked it  
up I found  
The seat had fallen out upon the floor,  
And there to my surprise, in a pile before my eyes,  
Lay a lot of notes, 2,000 pounds or more;  
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,  
With rage went nearly wild and he tore his hair,  
But I only laughed at him, and I said, "Now, brother  
Jim,  
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair."

SIDE I, Band 4: THE FIT COMES ON ME NOW

This is another favorite Irish song, probably of 19th century origin. The song is better known and most frequently collected as "The Humor Is On Me Now." The theme appears frequently in both British and Irish songs, and the tale of the young girl who attempts to convince her mother that she is of marriageable age is better known through songs such as "Whistle, Daughter, Whistle" and "Rolly Trudam." This theme is also common in the songlore of various European countries.

This version was learned from Welcome Tilton.

One evening last September as the dew lay on the  
lawn,  
A mother and her daughter went out to promenade,  
And as they promenaded, the daughter made this  
vow;

"Oh, I must and will get married for the fit comes  
on me now."

"Oh, daughter, dearest daughter, please hold your  
silly tongue,  
You talk of getting married when you know you are  
too young:"

"I am sixteen tomorrow, ma, and that you must  
allow,  
Oh, I must and will get married for the fit comes  
on me now."

"Oh, daughter, dearest daughter, where will you  
find a man?"

"Oh, never fear, dear mother, for there is the  
miller John;  
He promised for to marry me, a year or more ago,  
Oh, I must and will get married for the fit comes  
on me so."

"And what if he should slight you as has been done  
before?"

"Oh, never fear, dear mother, in the town there's  
plenty more;  
There's the butcher and the baker and the boy that  
drives the plough,  
Oh, I must and will get married for the fit comes  
on me now."

"Cold winter's coming on, you know, with wind and  
icy weather,  
Oh, 'tis tough to lie alone, you know, when two can  
lie together,  
Oh, 'tis tough to lie alone, you know, 'tis more than  
I know how,  
Oh, I must and will get married for the fit comes  
on me now."

#### SIDE I, Band 5: POP GOES THE WEASEL

The song was a popular singing game in old England  
as far back as the early 17th century, and is popular  
to this day in New England as a contra dance. Though  
British in origin, the text to this version is obviously

indigenous to this country. Of special interest are  
the two topical stanzas, stanzas 3 and 4. Stanza three  
conceivably may date back to the War of 1812.  
Stanza four, utilizing the expression Uncle Tom,  
apparently dates from some time after Harriet  
Beecher Stowe immortalized the name in her anti-  
slavery novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (published  
in 1852).

Of all the dances in the land  
To galvanize the heart and hand,  
There's none that goes a-half so grand  
As "Pop Goes the Weasel!"

#### CHORUS:

All around the mulberry bush,  
The monkey chased the weasel;  
Round and round and round and round,  
Pop goes the weasel.

So draw two lines as straight as a string,  
Dive under like a duck and sing,  
And round and round and three in a ring,  
Pop goes the weasel.

John Bull sends forth his iron hound  
To chase us off our fishing ground;  
He'd better stay within his bounds,  
Pop goes the weasel.

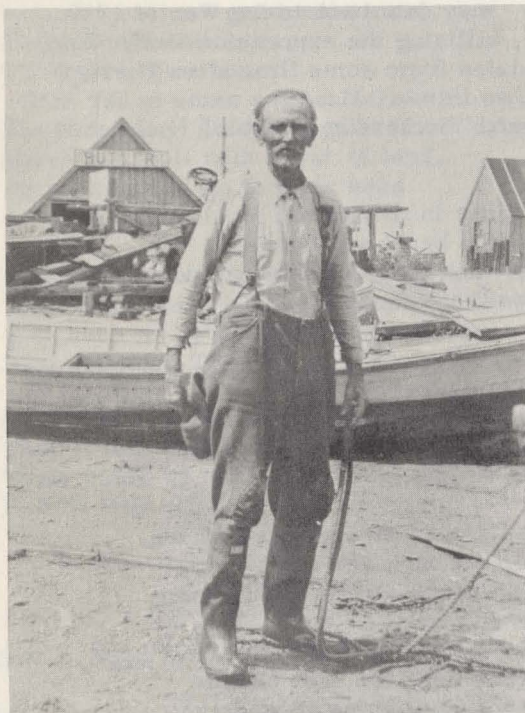
He tells us in a pious hum,  
How we abuses Uncle Tom,  
While he makes white folks slaves to him,  
Pop goes the weasel.

A penny for a spool of thread,  
A penny for a needle,  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes the weasel.

#### SIDE I, Band 6: SCARLET TOWN

This highwayman's goodnight, or execution ballad,  
is probably of Irish origin, and had great vogue in  
the British Isles from the 18th century on. Known  
variously in the Old World as "The Flash Lad",  
"The Rambling Boy", "In Newry Town" and "The  
Robber", the ballad has been reported in this  
country from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee,  
North Carolina, Missouri and Arkansas. This is  
the first text recorded from tradition in the New  
England States.

This version was learned from the singing of Bill Tilton.



The late BILL TILTON

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,  
In Steven's Garden I died with scorn,  
Although I learned the saddler's trade,  
Yet I became a roving blade.

At 19 years I married a wife,  
And I loved her dear as I loved my life,  
And to maintain her both fine and gay  
A-roving went on the broad highway.

I robbed Lord Gorham, I do declare,  
And Lady Mansfield of Golden Square,  
I pulled the blinds, bid them goodnight,  
And took me home to my heart's delight.

My father cried that I am undone,  
My mother wept for her own dear son,  
My wife wrung her hands and tore her hair,  
Saying, "What shall I do for I'm in despair."

Now I'm dead, going to my grave,  
Get six sweet damsels my shroud to weave,  
Get six highwaymen to carry me,  
Give them bright swords and sweet liberty.

And when I'm gone you may tell the truth,  
I was a bold but a wicked youth,  
Yes, when I'm gone you may tell the truth,  
I was a bold but a wicked youth.

SIDE I, Band 7: BOW AND BALANCE TO ME

One of the most widely distributed British traditional ballads found in America, "The Two Sisters" (Child #10), as it is most widely known, has proven to be excellent material for detailed study. Paul G. Brewster has made an extensive analysis of this ballad and believes that it is definitely Scandinavian in origin, from whence it spread to Scotland, England and America.

Francis James Child considered the heart of the ballad to be the making of a musical instrument from the drowned sister's body, the instrument in turn revealing the identity of the murderer. Most recently collected texts have eliminated this supernatural motif entirely.

This version is of particular interest in that not only is the supernatural motif removed but that the heroine is saved from her fate by the miller who pulls her out of the brook. Most American versions end with the miller first saving her, then robbing her of jewelry and pushing her back in to drown.

Mr. Huntington learned this version from his father.

There was an old woman lived by the sea shore,  
Oh, bow down,  
There was an old woman lived by the sea shore,  
Oh, bow and balance to me,  
There was an old woman lived by the sea shore,  
And she had daughters three or more,  
Oh, I'll be true to my love if my love be true to me.

A young man came a-courting there,  
And he made love to the youngest fair.

He bought the youngest a nice new hat,  
And the oldest sister she didn't like that.

Oh, sister, dear sister, let's go to the shore,  
And watch the ships come sailing o'er.

And as they walked along the sea brim,  
The oldest she pushed the youngest in.



Oh, sister dear, come lend me your hand,  
And you can have my house and land.

I'll neither lend you hand nor glove,  
For all I want is your own true love.

But the miller he got him his fishing hook,  
And he fished that fair maiden right out of the brook.



Fishing Village on Martha's Vineyard

### SEA SONGS

#### SIDE II, Band 1: BLOW THE MAN DOWN

This halyard shanty (used mainly for hoisting the main sails) is probably the best known and certainly one of the best loves of all salt-water songs. It may well be one of the oldest of American shanties, dating from the earliest days of the infamous Black Ball Line which it has done much to perpetuate in the sea lore of this country. The Black Ball Line was the most famous of the packet-ship lines running between New York and Liverpool. It began operation in 1818 and its small, but handsomely built ships kept up a rigorous regular sailing schedule. In order to keep to this schedule, the hand-picked captains drove their men and themselves without letup, in the course of which they made a name for themselves as the fastest ships afloat, as well as the most cruelly managed.

These ships kept up their reputations for more than 30 years during which time several distinct forms of this shanty developed. This version was learned from Bill Tilton.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
A pretty young packet I chanced for to meet,  
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down.

She was trim in the counter and bluff in the bow,  
I took in all sail and cried "Way enough now."

I hailed her quite loudly and made her to hear,  
"I'm from the Black Ball and I'm waiting to clear."

I went alongside and I took her in tow,  
And away down the street arm in arm we did go.

My ship was cleared and all ready for sea,  
And that day she sailed, but she sailed without me.

#### SIDE II, Band 2: BLOW YE WINDS

This is one of the most famous of the songs relating to the New England whaling trade. This song was not a work-song or shanty, but was sung when the sailors were off duty in the fore-castle or on deck. Such songs are referred to as foc'sle (fore-castle) songs and were sung by sailors both on ship and off. The song contains an interesting description of recruiting and working a sailor on board a whaler. Most sailors disliked working on whalers and frequently it was necessary to shanghai sailors to fill our crews. Once on board ship, the whaling sailors were extremely overworked and when the end of a voyage was in sight, the men expressed their jubilation in much the same manner as does the sailor in this song.

Many persons of Portuguese ancestry live in Martha's Vineyard, many of them settling there as a direct result of a whaling trade. Frequently, New England whalers would sail for the Azores and pick up Portuguese men to round out their crews before taking off for whaling grounds. When the ships returned to their New England wharfs, the Portuguese whalers would stay on until other opportunities presented themselves, or settle down in their new country.

This version of "Blow Ye Winds" was learned from Welcome Tilton.

Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo,  
Five hundred brave Americans a-whaling for to go.

CHORUS:

Singing, Blow ye winds in the morning,  
Blow ye winds, heigh-o,  
Clear away your running gear  
And blow ye winds heigh-o.

They sends you to New Bedford, that famous whaling  
port,  
And gives you to some landsharks there to board and  
fit you out.

They sends you to a boarding-house, there for a  
spell to dwell;  
The thieves they there are thicker than the fleas are  
thick in Hell.

They tells you of the famous ships a-going in and  
out,  
And says you'll have 500 sperm before you're ten  
days out.

But now we're out to sea, my boys, and the winds  
begin to blow,  
And half the watch is sick on deck and the other half  
sick below.

The captain he is up aloft, a-looking for them  
whales,  
The mate he's on the quarterdeck, a-squinting at  
the sails.

Now over with my boats, my boys, and after him  
we'll travel,  
But don't you get too near his tail or he'll kick you  
to the devil.

And when we've got him upside down, we'll tow him  
alongside,  
And over with our blubber-hooks to rob him of his  
hide.

And when our ship is full of oil and we don't give a  
damn,  
We'll bend on every sail we've got and steer for  
Yankee land.

And when our good ship is made fast and we are  
through our sailing,  
A glass of rum we'll pass around and damn this  
greasy whaling.

SIDE II, Band 3: UNCLE SAM AND JOHNNY BULL

The various stanzas of this song are usually found as part of the ballad of "Heenan and Sayers" (also known as "The Bold Benicia Boy"), a song long popular with the lumberjacks of Maine, Minnesota and Wisconsin. It seems reasonable to suppose, however, that the stanzas sung here were once part of an entirely distinct patriotic song, from which lines were borrowed for the above mentioned ballad some time after 1860 (the year of the fight described in "Heenan and Sayers".) If such was indeed the case, then these stanzas would appear to date from the War of 1812 or shortly thereafter. Patriotic utterances in song were particularly common at the time, for America was proud of its new-found freedom and, with the taste of victory in its mouth, was ready to take on all comers (and especially the hated British.)

Two clues to the possible date of its origin are given in the song. The battle of Lake Erie took place on September 10, 1813, and since the song admonishes the British to remember Lake Erie, the song must date after that incident. The second clue lies in the use of the expression "Uncle Sam" to designate the United States. This term did not come into use until 1812, and the story of its origin is an interesting one. Legend has it that a Mr. Samuel Wilson, called Uncle Sam by his friends and neighbors, was an inspector appointed by the government to receive large supplies for the Army to be delivered at Troy, New York. All cases were marked with the initials U. S., meaning United States government property. A facetious workman, being asked the meaning of the initials, replied in jest: "Uncle Sam". The joke was appreciated by other workmen at the depot, and by them carried to the army, and thence to the population at large. It has never since lost its hold upon the public mind, and Uncle Sam represents the American people in much the same way that John Bull represents the British. It would seem from this legend that the song must have originated long enough after the above mentioned incident for the name to have taken on universal meaning to the American people.

I have been unable to find a version of this song in the many songsters dating from that period through which I have looked, though it is very probable that such a song either originated or found circulation in such songsters. This version comes from the singing of Bill Tilton. Mr. Huntington informs us that Tilton once sang it in a Liverpool bar and barely escaped with his life.

Oh, it was in Merry England, the home of Johnny  
 Bull,  
 When Britains raised their glasses, they raised  
 them brim and full;  
 They sing a song of Britain's fame and this is their  
 refrain:  
 "Oh, we are the champions of the land and likewise  
 of the main."

Then it's up stepped Uncle Sam and he looked across  
 the sea,  
 Saying: "Is that British bulldog a-bellowing at me;  
 Oh, don't he remember the giant that crosses over  
 the pond,  
 Just for to whip the British when his days work is  
 done."

"Oh, don't he remember America, the home of  
 Bunker Hill,  
 And likewise on Lake Erie, 'twas there he cried his  
 fill,  
 Likewise the battle of Brandywine that caused him  
 for to sigh,  
 Beware of Yankee muscle, Johnny Bull 'tis mind  
 your eye."

Then comes the last round up all this world can  
 never beat,  
 Sam took that British champion and he raised him  
 from his seat,  
 And while the people all looked on, he held him in  
 the air,  
 Then from his grasp he flung him, how those  
 Englishmen did stare.

So come all you Yankee heroes now whose fortune it  
 is made,  
 Look on that lofty eagle, boys, and never be afraid;  
 The stars and stripes forever, our flag it is unfur-  
 led,  
 And the star spangled banner soon will wave o'er  
 this wide world.

#### SIDE II, Band 4: CROSS OVER JORDAN

This song has not previously been reported in any of  
 the many volumes of sea songs and shanties and it is  
 probably that it is the creation of Welcome Tilton  
 from whom Mr. Huntington learned it. As Mr.  
 Huntington tells the story, one of Welcome's ships  
 was tied up in the Rappahannock River, in Virginia,



Mending Nets Aboard a Fishing Boat

waiting her turn to load. While waiting, Welcome  
 decided to attend a Negro revival meeting, and there  
 learned the original hymn on which this song is based.  
 Only the first stanza appears to have been retained in  
 its original form, with the additional stanzas being  
 the work of Welcome.

Mr. Huntington further informs us that this song was  
 used as a shanty aboard Welcome Tilton's ship. It  
 is doubtful if it ever achieved any currency aboard  
 other vessels.

Oh, the books of revelation  
 Are a sure foundation

#### CHORUS:

And we'll cross over Jordan, halleluh,  
 And we'll cross over Jordan, halleluh, halleluh,  
 And we'll cross over Jordan, halleluh.

Now we're bound for Massachusetts  
 In the schooner 'Lucy Hewlitts'.

In the Bay of Chesapeake  
 Our vessel sprung a leak.

And our captain said, "Now pump,  
 And you'd better stir your stumps."

If you want a double blessing,  
 You must sleep without undressing.

## SIDE II, Band 5: TARPAULIN JACKET

This sentimental sea song is of 19th century British origin and was sung as a foc'sle song aboard English and American ships. Burial at sea was something dreaded by most sailors, for it meant a traceless grave somewhere in the great expanse of the Ocean.

An excellent description of a sea burial is given in the personal journal of the Yankee Whalerman, Robert Ferguson:

"Monday, October 18, 1880

This morning we took the man who fell from aloft and sewed him up in an old piece of canvas, with iron at his feet to sink him. We laid the body on the gangplank, shoved it out, hauled back the main yard and when the captain said, "All ready," Mr. Gifford tilted the board and let him slide over the side to a sailor's grave, without a word or a prayer or a funeral service...."

This version of "Tarpaulin Jacket" is particularly interesting because of its obvious usage aboard whaling ships. Not found in other known versions of the song, the expression "boatsteerers" links this version with the whaling trade, for boatsteerers in sailor's lingo were the harpooners aboard whaling ships. It is interesting to note that many of the best New England boatsteerers were Indians from Gay Head or Christiantown on Martha's Vineyard.



This version was learned from a member of the Tilton family.

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,  
And say a poor sailor lies low,  
Let six boatsteerers come carry me  
With step that is mournful and slow.

Oh, I know that I won't go to heaven,  
And I don't want to go down below,  
Oh, ain't there some place in between them  
That a poor drunken sailor can go.

Let six boatsteerers come carry me  
With a step that is mournful and slow,  
And give them a bottle of rum, sir,  
To drink to the sailor below.

## SIDE II, Band 6: ROUND CAPE HORN

This little known foc'sle song has a theme common in many sailor's songs - the false lover who barely waits for her sailor to leave before she starts 'cruising' on her own. Short voyage sailors might expect something better of their women, but whalers knew better than to expect their sweet-hearts to remain true for the two to four years that they might be at sea. Certainly this was the case with the whalers who rounded Cape Horn for the sperm whales of the Pacific Ocean. Atlantic or Greenland whalers had it much easier and their trips were usually considerably shorter than those of the Pacific whalers.

This version of "Round Cape Horn" was learned from Welcome Tilton who had forgotten several more stanzas to the song.

Round Cape Horn the young men go,  
When the young men go away,  
Then the young girls dress up neat  
And they go a-cruising down the street.

### CHORUS:

Right fal day, faddle diddle day,  
Right fal rido, faddle diddle day.

Far from the fields are the young men gone,  
Far from home and all forlorn,  
Wish to God they'd never been born  
For to go a-cruising around Cape Horn.

When those young men do get home,  
This is the story that they hear:  
"Oh, come along, you need not fear,  
For no one's courted me, my dear."

Sweet false smile they like for to wear,  
Long false curls and long false hair,  
White satin slippers with a silken bow  
To take those young men all in tow.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE BOLD PRIVATEER

This ballad was popular on penny songsheets hawked about the streets of English seaports during the late 18th and 19th centuries. American sailors quickly adopted it during the War of 1812, for to them its references were apparently to the Yankee privateers who wrought great havoc among British merchant vessels. Many sailors saw in this government-condoned, legalized form of piracy a chance to become wealthy, for the booty on such trips was usually divided among the crew and its officers.

This version was learned from Bill Tilton.

Tis oh, my dearest Polly, now you and I must part,  
I'm going away to leave you and to you I give my  
heart;  
My ship she lies a-waiting, so farewell Polly, dear,  
For I am going to sea on the bold privateer.

Oh, Johnny, dearest Johnny, great dangers must be  
crossed,  
And many a handsome sailor on the high seas has  
been lost;  
You'd better stay at home now, with the girl that  
loves you dear  
Than for to venture out on the bold privateer.

Oh no, my dearest Polly, may heaven spare my life,  
And when this way is over you will be my loving  
wife;  
Yes, then we will get married, my charming Polly  
dear,  
And I'll bid adieu forever to the bold privateer.

For oh, my dearest Polly, your friends me do dis-  
like,  
And you have got two brothers who would gladly  
take my life;  
So change your ring with me now and do not shed a  
tear,  
And that will be my token on the bold privateer.

Yes, I shall have your ring, love, and you, you  
will have mine,  
And do not for me weep, love, and do not for me  
pine,  
For when my ship is sailing your brothers need not  
fear  
For I shall make our fortune on the bold privateer.



**FOLKWAYS Records**

AND SERVICE CORP., 117 W. 46 ST., N. Y. C.

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

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**FOLK SONGS OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD**

Sung by E. G. HUNTINGTON  
accompanying himself on guitar

SIDE I

FA 2032 A

- Band 1. THE GARDEN WHERE THE SHAMPEENS GROW
- Band 2. GUNPOWDER TEA
- Band 3. THE OLD ARM CHAIR
- Band 4. THE FIT COMES ON ME NOW
- Band 5. POP GOES THE WEASEL
- Band 6. SCARLET TOWN
- Band 7. NOW AND BALANCE TO ME

Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein

Custom molded by Plastylite

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**FOLK SONGS OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD**

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SIDE II

FA 2032 B

- Band 1. BLOW THE MAN DOWN
- Band 2. BLOW YE WINDS
- Band 3. UNCLE SAM AND JOHNNY BULL
- Band 4. CROSS OVER JORDAN
- Band 5. TARPULIN JACKET
- Band 6. ROUND CAPE HORN
- Band 7. THE BOLD PRIVATEER

Recorded by Kenneth S. Goldstein

Custom molded by Plastylite