

BAY STATE BALLADS sung by Paul Clayton / Folkways Records FA 2106



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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2106

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

I. CAPE COD GIRLS

HUZZA FOR COMMODORE RODGERS  
THE OCEAN ROVER  
BLOW THE MAN DOWN  
COME ALL YE SHIPMATES  
WHISKEY JOHNNY  
THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE

II. SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

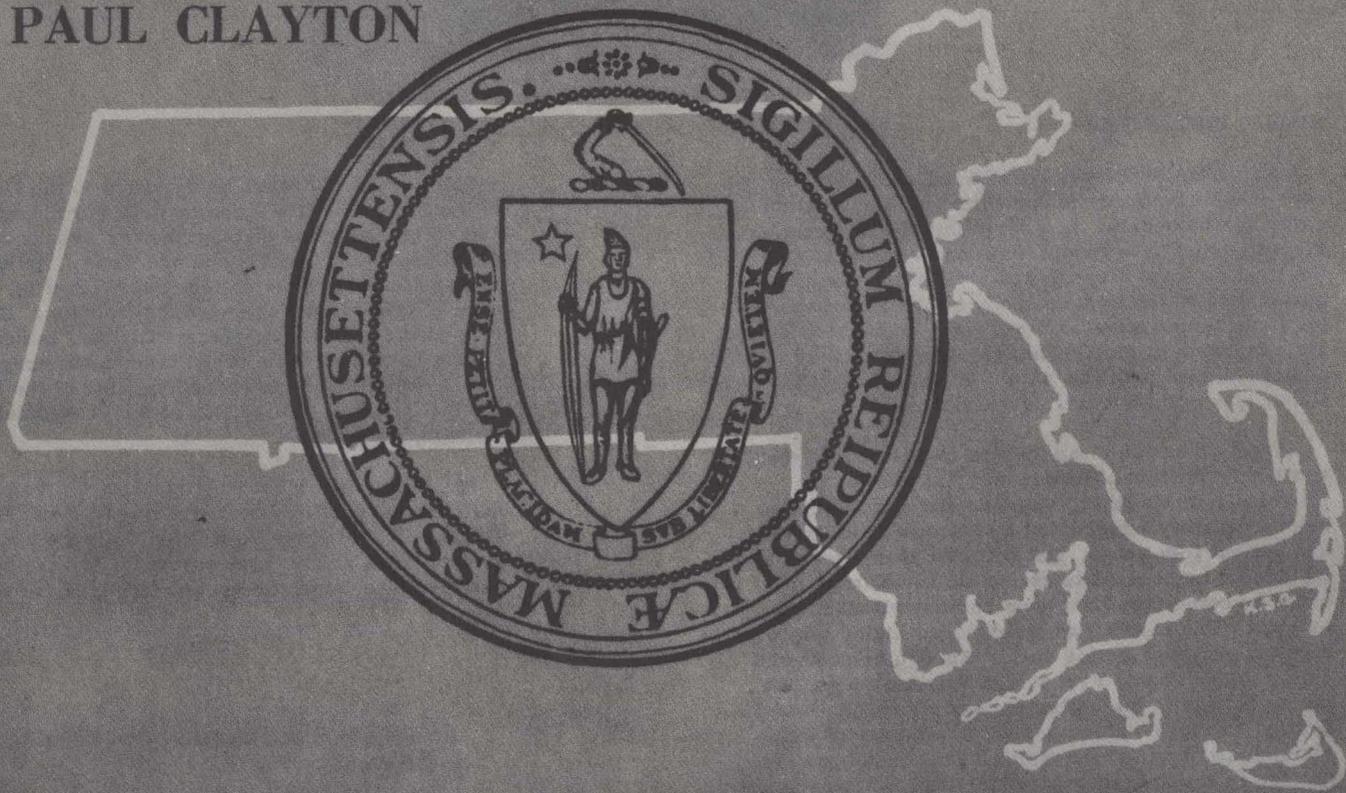
THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON  
THE OLD SOLDIER  
POLLY VAN  
THE EMBARGO  
BACHELOR'S HALL  
AROUND THE INGALS BLAZING

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 2106

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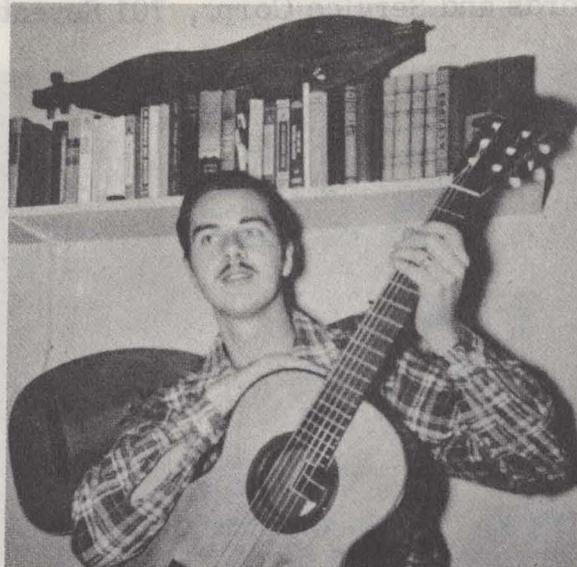
# BAY STATE BALLADS

sung by PAUL CLAYTON



edited by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

Street singing in such places as Rome, Paris, Nice  
and Florence.



#### ABOUT THE SINGER

PAUL CLAYTON was born in the great whaling port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, where at an early age he became interested in ballads through the singing of his grandparents and relatives. By the time he was fifteen years old, he had acquired a guitar with which to accompany himself, and started his first series of radio programs. He has continued his programs at most of his stopping off places, and has performed on radio shows in New York, Canada, Cuba, and various countries in Europe.

Largely because of his desire to absorb the great southern tradition of folk music, he went to the University of Virginia to study. His education has been frequently interrupted by his desire to travel and collect folk songs, and within a year after entering school he decided to strike out for Europe in order to come into first hand contact with British ballads. The result was an extended hiking trip with a guitar and pack on his back. Though he collected numerous German, French and Spanish songs, the main addition to his collection and repertoire was in British balladry. He appeared in a series of Television programs for the British Broadcasting Corporation in which he compared British and American folk songs. Before he returned to the United States and school, he had found time to swap ballads while washing dishes in the Lake District of Britain, collecting waste paper in Paris, or during the course of street singing in such places as Rome, Paris, Nice and Florence.

After a year abroad, he returned to the University of Virginia. He has since made several long hiking and collecting trips through the far west and the deep south, as well as to Canada and Cuba. He has also managed to acquire a college degree and is, at the time of this recording, pursuing another. He has recorded several commercial albums, in addition to having recorded some of the traditional songs of his family for the private recording files of the BBC and for the Flanders Ballad Collection at Middlebury College, Vermont.

Mr. Clayton has not only supplied the voice and instrumentation for this recording of BAY STATE BALLADS, but has also written the excellent background notes and documentation for the two whaling ballads, The Ocean Rover and Come all Ye Shipmates.

Recorded by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN,  
December, 1955

Introduction by PAUL CLAYTON

Edited and Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

## AN INTRODUCTION TO BAY STATE BALLADS

By PAUL CLAYTON

For some time after folk song collecting started earnestly in the early part of this century it was thought that New England was largely devoid of folk songs. The collecting experiences of Phillips Barry, Fannie Eckstorm, Helen Hartness Flanders and Eloise Linscott, among others, have shown that New England has its own share of ballads which rival in richness those of the more fertile Southern Mountains. Unfortunately, the songs of Massachusetts have not been thoroughly collected, or, I believe, many more fine songs would come to light. Since 1949 I have been wandering about collecting songs and making my second home in Virginia where I feel as much at home in the red clay country of the Blue Ridge as I do on the rocky coast of Massachusetts. I have been working with and studying the great ballad tradition of the South, but I have not forgotten the songs of my native state and it is a pleasure to present a sampling of them in this album.

Massachusetts has always been a state of sailors and seafaring men, and perhaps these songs come to mind first when one thinks of its folk tradition. Also important to our state and to our country is the part we played in America's history, and, as with seafaring, the people of Massachusetts sang of this, too. Included in this recording are two historical songs taken from old broadsides, Huzza for Commodore Rodgers and The Embargo. New Bedford, my home, was once the greatest whaling port of the world, and my grandfather, Charles E. Hardy, sang to me songs of the sea that he remembered from the days when he outfitted whalers, and some of these sea songs have been with me so long that it is impossible to remember when I first heard them. Who from Massachusetts does not know Cape Cod Girls, Blow the Man Down, or Whiskey Johnny, which have always been among the most popular shanties of seafaring men.

I have discovered a rich source of old ballads in the whaling logs and journals kept by the men who travelled to the remotest sections of the world to supply the demand for whale oil, and I include three of their songs. One song concerns the unfortunate ship The Ocean Rover and was evidently written by one of the men aboard who was proud of his illfated ship. Another song from an old log is Come All Ye Shipmates, a whaler's protest song from the 1850's. The third song, The Seaman's Grave, is a story the whaler never tires of telling -- the death of a comrade at sea.

Massachusetts also has its land songs, and those recorded here represent a fine cross-section of them. There are The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, a Child ballad as it is sung in Massachusetts, and the old Irish ballad of Molly Baun which came over to Massachusetts as Polly Van, and whose fine text and tune compare favorably with any other version I have heard elsewhere. Songs that I collected from my immediate family include Bachelor's Hall, which comes to me from the singing of my great-aunt, Mrs. William Tillson of Westport, Massachusetts, and The Old Soldier and Around the Ingals Blazing, which are songs my grandfather often used to sing. Of course, the most famous folk song Massachusetts has contributed is Springfield Mountain, commemorating the death of a young man from snake bite in the 17th century. It is sung all over the United States, and I have heard many versions, but this is the Massachusetts variant which I know.

Here, then, are sea songs and land songs, sad songs and humorous songs; all are BAY STATE BALLADS.



Great Seal of the  
Commonwealth of Massachusetts

DESIGN ADOPTED JUNE 14, 1898

The arms consist of a shield having a blue field or surface with an Indian thereon, dressed in a shirt and moccasins, holding in his right hand a bow, and in his left hand an arrow, point downward, all of gold; and, in the upper corner of the field, above his right arm, a silver star with five points. The crest is a wreath of blue and gold, whereon, in gold, is a right arm, bent at the elbow, clothed and ruffled, after the fashion of the time of Myles Standish, with the hand grasping a broadsword.

SAILORS and WHALERS

SIDE I, Band 1: CAPE COD GIRLS

In the days of the square-riggers, when the sailing ability of a ship depended upon canvas and wind, as well as the skill and strength of a ship's crew, sailors made their work load lighter and their leisure time more pleasureable by singing. Students of sea lore are unanimous in their opinion that work songs have been sung aboard ship from the earliest inception of man's adventurous voyages over great bodies of water.

The singing of these work songs, or shanties, reached its heyday during the period between the War of 1812 and the Civil War, when American sailing craft roamed the world, dominating all trade lanes and reaching a peak of efficiency of operation unrivaled during the many centuries of Britain's mastery of the sea. While this period was most prolific in the creation and singing of these songs, the custom has been conclusively traced back to sailing vessels many centuries earlier.

The earliest written passages concerning such songs have been found in the autobiographical writings of a 15th century Dominican friar, who described the singing of Venetian sailors with whom he sailed on a voyage to Palestine. In a 16th century poem, The Complaynt of Scotland, are found the words of a number of songs used to haul up the anchor as well as hoisting sail. And the British poet-laureate and former sailor, John Masfield, in talking of the short drag shanty Haul On the Bowline, says it was "certainly in use in the reign of Henry VIII."

No definite passages referring to the use of shanty-singing aboard American ships appeared until the mention of more than a dozen shanties by Richard Henry Dana, Jr. in his classic Two Years Before the Mast (1840). He refers to their having been sung aboard two American vessels between 1834 and 1836. From that period on, writers of the sea spoke about work-singing aboard ship with a familiarity suggesting its long established usage.

The word shanty or chantey, the source of a great deal of theorizing and discussion by students of this material, first appeared in Charles Nordhoff's Nine Years A Sailor, published in 1856, but referring to the 1840's. A much belabored theory is that the word derives from the French imperative Chantez! -- Sing! Another theory is that the term is simply derived from the word chant. This word had a much

broader meaning before the Civil War than it does today, and often was applied to any type of non-professional singing. Then, too, the word Chaunt was often used to designate Negro and minstrel songs; its usage aboard ship would hardly be strange, therefore, since many seamen on both American and British ships were Negro and often were leading shantymen, evidence of which comes up in the great number of shanties of definite Negro origin. The spelling of this word has been left to the mercy of various compilers of collections of these songs, with the most frequent spelling in recent collections tending to standardize the spelling at Shanty.

There are three main types of shanties, without which none of the sailing vessels from the days of "iron men and wooden ships" would have made much time over the wide expanses of ocean which they crossed.

1. Short-haul or short-drag shanties: These were used when only a few short, lusty pulls were required as in "sweating up" of removing the slack from the halyards (stout ropes used to hoist sail). They were also used in hauling on sheets, tacks and braces (various ropes used for one operation or another in setting or taking in sail.)

2. Halyard shanties: These were pulling jobs too heavy and prolonged for a short-haul shanty, as in hoisting the main sails, catting the anchor, and occasionally for pumping.

3. Windlass or Capstan shanties: These were long rolling songs suited to continuous pushing, as in tramping around the capstan when hoisting anchor or moving the ship against the dock, and also in the back-breaking work of manning the pumps.

Cape Cod Girls, or The Codfish Shanty as it is sometimes called, was a favorite capstan or pumping shanty and one of the most lighthearted of the "outward bound" songs. The text is a rough jest at those sailors on board ship who came from one or another of the fishing towns. Other variants made fun of Gloucester citizens, or of St. John inhabitants.

This song was undoubtedly derived from another capstan shanty, South Australia, which originated, most probably, on British ships carrying wool or colonists (both free individuals and criminals) to Melbourne or Sydney.

Mr. Clayton doesn't remember from whom he learned this song but is sure he was singing it by the time he was 10 years old.

Cape Cod girls, they have no combs,  
Heave away, heave away;  
They comb their hair with codfish bones,  
We are bound for Australia.

Chorus (1):

Heave away my bully, bully boys,  
Heave away, heave away;  
Heave away and make a lot of noise,  
We are bound for Australia.

Cape Cod boys, they have no sleds,  
Heave away, heave away;  
They slide down hills on codfish heads,  
We are bound for Australia.

Chorus (2):

Heave away my bully, bully boys,  
Heave away, heave away;  
Heave away and don't you make a noise,  
We are bound for Australia.

Cape Cod cats, they have no tails,  
Heave away, heave away;  
They blew away in heavy gales,  
We are bound for Australia.

Chorus (1):

Australia is a very fine place,  
Heave away, heave away;  
To come from there is no disgrace,  
We are bound for Australia.

Chorus (2):

Australian girls are very fine girls,  
Heave away, heave away;  
No codfish bones tucked in their curls,  
We are bound for Australia.

Chorus (1):

For additional background and bibliographical information, see:

Doerflinger, William, Shantymen & Shantyboys,  
Macmillan, 1951

Colcord, Joanna C., Songs of American Sailors,  
W. W. Norton & Co., 1938

Shay, Frank, American Sea Songs and Chanteys,  
W. W. Norton & Co., 1948

Broadwood, Lucy E., Early Shanty-Singing and  
Ship-Music, Journal of the Folk Song Society,  
Volume VIII, No. 32, 1928

Ames, Russell, The Story of American Folk  
Song, Grosset & Dunlap, 1955 (See section on  
Sailors' Songs, pp. 181-196)

SIDE I, Band 2: HUZZA FOR COMMODORE  
RODGERS

During the early history of our country almost any event worth commenting upon was memorialized in song. There were two main sources of these songs, though they frequently drew from each other for inspiration. One source of these songs was the drawing room or library. These were songs of patriotic character written by well-to-do personages of the day. Some were highly trained musicians of professional status; others, in the course of their education, had absorbed a sufficient knowledge of music to "play" at composing songs. These songs would be sung at formal and semi-formal gatherings of the upper classes. Occasionally, where the sentiment and musical nature of the songs was of the form for broader appeal, it would filter down to the people, changing in the process, until it might turn up as a popular broadside.

The far more common source of such historical song was the broadside scrivener himself. Any and all events were written up in song with the idea that it was to be sung to one of the popular ditties of the day. These songs were crudely printed on inexpensive paper and sold for a few pennies at the most. The songs circulated freely among the citizens of the community and were sung at inns, on the street, or at any convivial gathering. They were a major source for disseminating news and propaganda and are to this day an excellent source of information to historians.

After the American Revolution, British and American interests were continually vying against each other and it was not long before their respective ambitions and fears exploded into the War of 1812. A number of battles were fought on land with victories more often going to the British than to the soldiers of the young nation. The sea, long a British stronghold, proved to be another thing, however, and every American naval success incited unbounded popular enthusiasm and patriotic fervor. And every one of these victories at sea was quickly celebrated in one or more broadside songs.

One of the most popular heroes of this period was Commodore John Rodgers, with nearly every action of his sure to be written up and distributed in broadside song. Included among the many songs about him are Rodgers & Victory, The Chesapeake Paid for in British Blood, Rodgers and Bingham, Cash in Hand, A Happy New Year to Commodore Rodgers, and Huzza for Commodore Rodgers. The above titles are of broadsides in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society. Any number of additional ballads about this naval hero may be included in other private collections or may have been lost for all time.

Huzza for Commodore Rodgers, as sung here by Mr. Clayton, was printed by the Boston broadside printer, Nathaniel Coverly, and sung to the tune of The Frog and the Mouse, popular in tradition in Britain and America for several centuries. Mr. Clayton sings this ballad to one of the less common variant tunes of The Frog and the Mouse as learned from the singing of his mother.

The ballad concerns the U.S.S. President, a 44 gun frigate commanded by Commodore Rodgers, which sailed from Boston on April 30, 1813. After cruising in the lanes of British West Indian merchantmen, and travelling as far north as Bergen, Norway,, he returned to the U.S. and anchored in Narragansett Bay on September 27, having taken twelve prizes in the five month period. It is interesting to note that though the ship arrived in Providence, the broadside was printed in Boston (very shortly thereafter, we may assume) and that it was probably sold and sung all along the coast between Providence and Boston.

**HUZZA FOR COMMODORE RODGERS,**

*The United States' Frigate, PRESIDENT, Commodore RODGERS, of 44 Guns, has arrived in Providence, after a cruise of nearly five months. She has captured and sent in a great number of Prizes.*

**"TUNE, FROG AND THE MOUSE"**

WEIGHING the anchor's the first thing I tell,  
Yeo, heave ho! said the sailors,  
If we meet JONNY BULL we'll pepper him well,  
And not a single Briton will we leave to tell,  
How our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
Sent 'em Guerriering or bottom.

Now with a brisk gale they left the strand,  
Rol tol der rol dol, said the Yankees,  
We shall do very well when we're clear off the land,  
For we'll handle the enemy hand over hand,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We'll send 'em to old Davy's locker.

Brave RODGERS the captain, went on without fear,  
Heigh ho! said the sailors,  
If we meet Johnny Bull we'll make 'em look queer,  
We'll settle his hash with a flea in his ear,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We'll send him to look for the Java.

Next came along a Frigate and Seventy-Four,  
Heigh ho! says the Yankees,  
By sailing we'll soon beat the Seventy-four,  
Then into the Frigate a broadside we'll pour,  
Of our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We'll give her a dose said the Yankees.

The Frigate sheer'd off, and away she went,  
Holloo! halloo! said the sailors,  
"Where are you ganging," the Yankees did roar,  
Why "Bock again Mun," to the Seventy-four,  
For our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot & powder,  
Soon made her turn tail to the Yankees.

Being shortward for grub, they started home again,  
Yeigh, says the Yankees!  
As we draw near the land of our friends and our kin,  
We took the BRIBFLYER, and made her FLY in,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot & powder,  
Oh! the land of COLUMBIA forever!

They were seen off the channel of old England's isle,  
Yeo, heave ho! said the sailors,  
To see us put Johnny Bull's blood in a boil,  
But to smooth Johnny down we took some of his oil,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We soon made him blubber and pout sir.

Next came along a Frigate and Seventy-Four,  
Heigh ho! says the Yankees,  
By sailing we'll soon beat the Seventy-four,  
Then into the Frigate a broadside we'll pour,  
Of our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
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The Frigate sheer'd off and away she went,  
Holloo! halloo! said the sailors,  
"Where are you ganging," the Yankees did roar,  
Why "Bock again Mun," to the Seventy-four,  
For our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
Soon made her turn tail to the Yankees.

Printed by N. Coverly, 2nd, Mill Street.

"HUZZA FOR COMMODORE RODGERS"  
An Original Broadside in the Collection of  
the American Antiquarian Society.

Various references in the text are of historical interest. Notice the word "Guerriering" in the last line of the first stanza. This refers to the destruction of the British ship Guerriere by the American

ship Constitution, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, on August 19, 1812, and memorialized in The Constitution and the Guerriere, the best known naval ballad to come out of the war. (Full documentation of this battle, as well as the song, appears in Ballads of the War of 1812, Folkways albums FP 48-3 and FP 5002, sung by Wallace House.) The reference to the Java in the third stanza pertains to the destruction off the coast of Brazil on December 29, 1812, of the British ship Java by the Constitution, commanded this time by Captain William Bainbridge.

Weighing the anchor's the first thing I tell,  
Yeo, heave ho! said the sailors,  
If we meet Johnny Bull we'll pepper him well,  
And not a single Briton will we leave to tell  
How our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
Sent 'em Guerriering to the bottom.

Now with a brisk gale they left the strand,  
Rol tol der rol dol, said the Yankees,  
We shall do very well when we're clear off the land,  
For we'll handle the enemy hand over hand,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We'll send 'em to old Davy's locker.

Brave Rodgers, the captain, went on without fear,  
Heigh ho! said the sailors,  
If we meet Johnny Bull we'll make 'em look queer,  
We'll settle his hash with a flea in his ear,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We'll send him to look for the Java.

They were seen off the channel of old England's isle,  
Yeo, heave ho! said the sailors,  
To see us put Johnny Bull's blood in a boil,  
But to smooth Johnny down we took some of his oil,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We soon made him blubber and pout sir.

Next came along a Frigate and Seventy-Four,  
Heigh ho! says the Yankees,  
By sailing we'll soon beat the Seventy-four,  
Then into the Frigate a broadside we'll pour,  
Of our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
We'll give her a dose said the Yankees.

The Frigate sheer'd off and away she went,  
Holloo! halloo! said the sailors,  
"Where are you ganging," the Yankees did roar,  
Why "Bock again Mun," to the Seventy-four,  
For our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and powder,  
Soon made her turn tail to the Yankees.

Being short'ned for Grub, they return'd home agen,  
Heigh ho! Heigh ho! said the Yankees,  
As we drew near the land of our friends and our kin,  
We took the Highflyer and made her Fly in,  
With our iron pills, leaden pills, chain shot and  
powder,  
Oh, the land of Columbia forever!

It is highly unlikely that the above ballad was ever sung at sea. Nevertheless, it has been included on this side of the record because it is certainly a naval ballad - a song about the sea, if not of the sea.

For additional information and other broadside texts, see:

Neeser, Robert W., American Naval Songs & Ballads, Yale, 1938

#### SIDE I, Band 3: THE OCEAN ROVER

The Bark Ocean Rover sailed May 26, 1859, to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and was burned by the Confederate Cruiser Alabama on the return trip of its maiden voyage during September, 1862, in the Azores. Accounts tell how the sailors who were allowed to salvage their personal belongings burst into song as they rowed from their ship - that song may well have been this one.

The starkness of the whaling logs can be indicated by the entries from the log in which this song was found. A ship warned them of the privateer:

"...she soon came on board and told us there was a privateer in sight at 8 o'clock P. M. She took us. Gave us all our personal propity our boats - six in number & sent us on shore at 9 o'clock.

"Sept. 9, 1862. Here we are on the beach flat on our behind without a cent & my shoes all burst out & no signs of getting any more with a devil of a commotion....

"Sept. 10, 1862. Here we are like Roberson Cruso of old almost. No way to get of as I see. Our ship in sight burning. With the other prizes. Took a boat and pulled to Santa Cruz to see the American Consul who allowed us 25 cts a day for our board."

This particular sailor seemed to follow bad luck, for he sailed from Fayal on the Bark Smyrna, another whaler, which met a curiously similar fate and was burned by her crew at St. Helena in 1864.

The original manuscript of this song has chorus mentioned after each verse, an indication that it was sung and was not merely log poetry. It is sung here to a variant of the old sea song The Mermaid.

Oh, many and trim are the whalers that appear  
A-cruising the New Holland ground o'er,  
But of all that is there, there is none to compete  
With the neat little bark, Ocean Rover.

#### Chorus:

Oh, merrily, merrily goes our bark,  
Before the gale she bounds;  
So flies the dolphin from the shark  
Or the deer before the hounds.

Her movements are as graceful as those of a doe,  
She's as fleet as a dove when in motion,  
And she now is acknowledged by all on the ground  
To be the pride of the Indian Ocean.

We have tried them all under close reefed main  
topsail,  
And under top gallant sails, too,  
But, ho, ha, they all cry, the whalers are many,  
But those that can beat us are few.

#### Chorus:

Now there's the Pamelia, they blow on her sailing,  
They say she can not be beat,  
But whenever the Ocean Rover is around  
It is then she is done up so neat.

Why, it's not long since she was running to catch us,  
With her main top gallant sail out,  
With her mizen stay sail, fly gib and gaftopsail  
But after all we had to veer about.

We first took in the main, then the topsail hauled  
back,  
And the thin jib hauled down,  
She couldn't catch us then so the topsail we hauled up,  
So I'll be buggered if the Rover isn't 'round.

#### Chorus:

There may be some can beat us but they must not  
sail slow,  
If they can beat us why then they blow,  
She was named the Rover for she's always 'round  
Wherever there is whalers to be found.

Now to finish my rhyme which is very long,  
She will soon be homeward bound,  
And if you should gam her just bear it in mind  
That the Rover is always 'round.

#### Chorus:

SIDE I, Band 4: BLOW THE MAN DOWN

This halyard shanty is probably the best known and certainly one of the best loved 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 Britain and America. 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. The form sung here by Mr. Clayton has the pattern of repeating the first stanza as a chorus, at the same time that the second and fourth line refrains are repeated in each stanza.

This particular version has a somewhat garbled text, an occurrence not uncommon with shanties, as stanzas could be made up at will by a good shantyman who wished to extend the singing until the topsail was in place. The sailor here claims to be a "Flying Fish" crewman at the same time that he complains of working on the Black Ball Line. Sailors on clipper ships like the Flying Fish considered themselves far above the "packet rats" who sailed the Black Ball Line and the choice would be simple for a sailor lucky enough to be able to choose. The hated captain in this text is O'Bigsby; other versions sung by various shantymen spoke of "Kicking Jack" Williams, or Jack Rogers, or any other skipper whose name happened to occur to the shantyman. As used by sailors in those days, the term "blow" meant "knock".

Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
When Captain O'Bigsby commands the Black Ball  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Come all you young fellows that follow the sea,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
Please pay attention and listen to me,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
A saucy young maiden I chanced for to see,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus:

Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
When Captain O'Bigsby commands the Black Ball  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

I hailed her in English, I hailed her all 'round,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, Lass, where are you bound?  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

I'm a Flying Fish sailor just home from Hong Kong,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
Give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus:

On a trim Black Ball liner I first served my time,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
On a trim Black Ball liner I wasted my prime.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus:

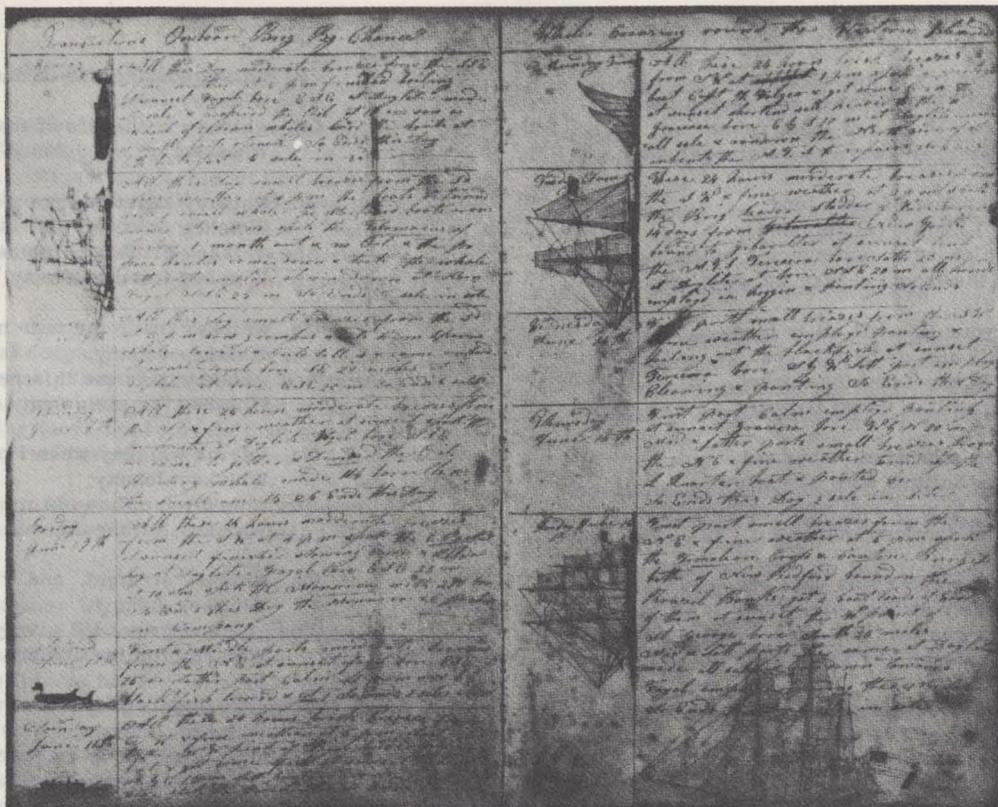
It's attention to orders to you one and all,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
For there right above you there flies the Black Ball,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Come quickly aloft to the break of the poop,  
To me way, hey, blow the man down,  
Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus:

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see:

- Doerflinger, William, Shantymen & Shantyboys, Macmillan, 1951  
Colcord, Joanna C., Songs of American Sailormen, W. W. Norton & Co., 1938  
Whall, W. B., Sea Songs and Shanties, Brown, Son, & Ferguson, Ltd., 1910  
Terry, R. R., The Shanty Book, Part I, J. Curwen & Sons Ltd., 1921



PAGES FROM AN OLD WHALING LOG

SIDE I, Band 5: COME ALL YE SHIPMATES

The words of this early protest song were written in the log of the Ship Pocahontas of Tisbury, Massachusetts, for the voyage from July 10, 1850, to May 7, 1853. The song is sung here to a "Come All Ye" tune, for surely, whoever wrote the words must have had just such a tune in mind, even to the point of having the standard opening for such songs.

The Ship Saint George of New Bedford sailed the South Pacific from 1835 onward, and was finally abandoned in the Arctic in 1876. The background of this song would seem to be as follows. It was quite common to stop at Hawaii and other islands, and often men were added to the crew. In this case, apparently, a harpooner -- always referred to as the "boatsteerer" by whalemens -- was added to the crew, and promoted above the singer who should have had the position. The singer questions the newcomer's ability and courage since his experience has been limited to the Bowhead whales of the North who were less dangerous than the Southern Sperm whales and were hunted differently.

The "whales of indiarubber the boatsteerer swore to be slackblubber" may refer to a tradition among whalers that a whale could tighten his skin causing the harpoon or "iron" to bounce off like rubber. The harpooner in his ignorance claims that the blubber was valueless, as an excuse for his failure. The head of the Sperm Whale would repel a harpoon in this manner and was referred to as slackblubber.

The song ends claiming that a man trained in the northern school cannot succeed in the southern waters.

The words of this song were written on a separate piece of paper in the Log of the Ship Pocahontas with the notation "Read and circulate". This would seem to indicate that the writer thought it unwise to sing the song aloud. The Pocahontas was lost on Cape de Verdes, October 29, 1857.

P. C.

Come all ye shipmates, lend an ear,  
And the truth you soon shall hear  
Of the Ship Saint George in the Yellow Sea  
Who is raising Hell, it seems to me.

The way we try to get our grease  
Is to strike three whales and save a piece,  
Besides two whales of India rubber  
The boatsteerer swore to be slackblubber.

My poor advice I freely lend  
Of a way I highly recommend --  
To take a crowbar and punch a hole,  
Drive in the iron and take the pole.

Hang to your line till all is blue,  
Either kill him or he kill you;  
We want a man upon the docket  
To go ahead like David Crockett.

Promoting men at our expense  
Takes our dollars with our pence,  
Besides it throws our work away,  
This thing I'm sure will never pay.

To see the whales was once the cry,  
They are here where ere you turn an eye;  
They have chased from rise to setting sun --  
Been on a dozen and killed but one.

A man that's taught in a Bowhead school  
Will find himself here but a fool.

#### SIDE I, Band 6: WHISKEY JOHNNY

Here is another halyard shanty which was universally popular; every collection of shanties includes one or more versions of it. It has often been referred to as "one of the oldest shanties" or to having been "traced as far back as the sixteenth century". There seems to be little evidence to support these claims, however, and the earliest known reference to it appears in George E. Clark's Seven Years of a Sailor's Life, published in Boston in 1867 and describing the singing of this shanty at the windlass in 1859.

Praise and deprecation of alcohol and its use seem to be almost equally mixed in this Bacchanalian chant. In an article published in 1909, the late James H. Williams wrote: "This chanty was always a favorite with sailors when they were ordered up on the poop to hoist the mizzen topsail, especially if the captain was present. It was intended, of course, as a hint to the Old Man's liberality". Whether such "apple-polishing" ever succeeded in effecting the captain's personality is not recorded, but it was undoubtedly heartening to the sweating sailors to think about the grog so invitingly mentioned in this shanty.

Oh, whiskey is the life of man,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
Oh, whiskey is the life of man,  
Whiskey for me Johnny.

Oh, whiskey killed me poor old dad,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
And whiskey drove me mother mad,  
Whiskey for me Johnny.

Oh, whiskey made me tear my clothes,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
And whiskey gave me this red nose,  
Whiskey for me Johnny.

Oh, I drink whiskey when I can,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
And whiskey from an old tin can,  
Whiskey for me Johnny.

Oh, whiskey straight, and whiskey strong,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
You give me grog, I'll give you a song  
Whiskey for me Johnny.

I thought I heard the old man say,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
I'll treat my crew in a decent way,  
Whiskey for my Johnny.

A glass of grog for every man,  
Whiskey Johnny;  
And a bottle for the shantyman,  
Whiskey for my Johnny.

Oh, whiskey is the life of man,  
Whiskey Johnny;

Oh, I drink whiskey when I can,  
Whiskey for my Johnny.

For additional texts and references, see:

Doerflinger, William, Shantymen & Shantyboys, Macmillan, 1951

Colcord, Joanna C., Songs of American Sailors, W. W. Norton & Co., 1938

Smith, C. Fox, A Book of Shanties, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1927

The Trident Society, The Book of Navy Songs, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1926

SIDE I, Band 7: THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE

This tragic song of burial at sea is from the log of the Lucy Ann of Wilmington, Delaware, for the period 1837-1839. If a serious accident or illness occurred during the several years a whaler was at sea there was little that could be done but to comfort the dying person until the end. Then he was given a "traceless grave" wherever the ship might be at that time.

Like other burial songs, this one has rather flowery wording not usually found in sea songs. Perhaps the seamen thought the solemnity of the occasion called for something more appropriate than the direct and pointed language of the sea.

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..."

It was on such occasions that songs like The Ocean Burial ("Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea") and The Sailor's Grave would be sung.

This burial song was either written by, or about, a Massachusetts sailor, for the words to the song are followed by the signature "Henry M. Bonney of New Bedford".

The moon rode high in the cloudless sky,  
The ship o'er the billows rolled,  
When silent and slow we bore from below  
The corpse of our shipmate bold.

On the gratings placed in his hammock laced,  
And the ensign floating o'er him,  
We thought of his worth but no words found birth  
To tell of the love we bore him.

And we weighted him well with shot and shell,  
That far beneath the wave,  
His sleep might be secure and free  
In the deep, deep coral cave.

While we stood in a musing mood,  
Then lowered him o'er the side,  
And we wistfully took a parting look,  
As he sank on the dark blue tide.

Some bubbles arose from his place of repose,  
And as quickly forever fled,  
We gave but one tear and that was sincere,  
One sigh for the honored dead.

But the seabirds wail and the stormy gale,  
And the roar of the ocean wave  
Sung deep and long the funeral song  
O'er the seaman's traceless grave.

For additional background information, see:

Doerflinger, William, Shantymen & Shantyboys,  
Macmillan, 1951

Ferguson, Robert, Arctic Harpooner, Edited  
by Leslie D. Staer, University of Pennsylvania  
Press, 1936

This is the most widely known and distributed of all Massachusetts ballads. The details of the actual events it describes and the various ways in which the song has circulated and existed in tradition have been thoroughly analyzed, though several major pieces of information are still missing, namely when and by whom was the song composed.

The brilliant folksong scholar Phillips Barry was the compiler of a vast amount of information pertaining to the ballad and in a series of articles in the Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast he dissected this information and, in general, prepared the finest analysis of any native American ballad ever scrutinized in this manner. The following information is largely derived from this analysis.

According to official town records, Timothy Myrick, son of Lieutenant Thomas Myrick of Springfield Mountains (now Wilberham) Massachusetts, was "Bit by a Ratel Snake on Aug. the 7th 1761, and dyed within about two or three ours he being twenty two years two months and three days old and very near the point of marridge."



GRAVESTONE OF TIMOTHY MYRICK,  
WILBRAHAM, MASS.

He was buried in the Deacon Adams Cemetery, where his grave is marked by a contemporary monument of red sandstone with the inscription:

"Here lies ye Body of Mr. Timothy Mirick Son of Lieut. Thomas & Mrs. Mary Mirick who Died August 7th 1761 in ye 23rd Year of his Age.

"He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down he fleeth also as a Shadow and continueth not." (Job, XIV, 2)

Barry distinguished four variant forms of this ballad relating the above described happening, and identifies them as:

1. Myrick type
2. Curtis type
3. Sally type
4. Molly type

The first two types are based on the names of the young man as found in the two forms of the ballad, and are considered to be the earliest form. In these, the young man is bitten by the snake and dies as a result of the bite. Both of these types were completely serious balladry and from a domestic tradition.

The last two types were comic versions from a stage tradition and are named after the supposed sweetheart of the unfortunate young man. In the Sally type he is borne home to his sweetheart (or wife) who then questions him about going to the field, after which he dies. The Molly type, the most commonly heard today, is the source of the tune to which almost all four types are sung at present. In this form, the young man hurries home to Molly after he is bitten and she tries to save him by sucking the poison from the wound. A rotten tooth, however, results in her being poisoned and they both die. The Sally and Molly variants passed from the stage tradition back to the folk and have circulated there intermingled with the earlier forms since the middle of the 19th century.

It is interesting to note that the Myrick and Curtis types make no mention of our hero's sweetheart. This appears to be quite consistent with the facts for Timothy Myrick's fiancée, Sarah Lamb, does not appear to have been overly affected by the tragedy. She married a year and a half later and lived to the ripe age of 96.

Mr. Barry, unable to trace the author of the ballad, believed it was written sometime in the second quarter of the 19th century. He was unable to convincingly support this theory and many authorities believe that like other traceable ballads it was probably written shortly after the tragedy by some local person.



"THE PESKY SARPENT" Earliest Sheet Music  
Version of "Springfield Mountain" (1840)  
-Harvard Theatre Collection

The version Mr. Clayton sings here is a combination of the Sally and Molly types. He has known it for as long as he can remember, but believes he learned at least part of it from his grandfather.

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell,  
A lovely youth, I knowed him well.  
O roody nay, too roody nay  
Too roody nay, too roody nay.

This lovely youth one day did go  
Down to the meadow for to mow,  
O roody nay, etc.

He had not mowed but a half the field  
When a poison serpent bit his heel,  
O roody nay, etc.

He hurried home to his Molly dear  
And said, "I feel so very queer."  
O roody nay, etc.

"Now Jimmy, dear, why did you go  
Down to the meadow for to mow?"  
O roody nay, etc.

"Oh, Molly, dear, I thought you knowed,  
It was Daddy's hay and it had to be mowed."  
O roody nay, etc.

Now Molly had two ruby lips  
With which the poison she did sip.  
O roody nay, etc.

But Molly had a rotten tooth,  
And so the poison killed them both.  
O roody nay, etc.

His friends all knew it in a minute,  
They dug a hole and rolled him in it.  
O roody nay, etc.

A warning take, each lad and lass,  
Don't go astray in the long grass.  
O roody nay, etc.

And should you not my warning take,  
Then don't get bit by no black snake.  
O roody nay, etc.

For additional texts, background information and bibliographical data, see:

Barry, Phillips, Springfield Mountain, a series of articles printed in the Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast; See Bulletins numbered 7 through 12.

Leach, MacEdward, The Ballad Book, Harper & Bros., 1955

Laws, G. Malcolm, Jr., Native American Balladry, American Folklore Society, 1950

SIDE II, Band 2: THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER  
OF ISLINGTON (Child #105)

The story of this ballad, as summarized by F. J. Child in his great collection, is as follows: "A youth and a coy maid, a bailiff's daughter, having been parted seven years, the maid disguises herself to go in quest of her lover, and meets him on her way. He asks her whether she knows the bailiff's daughter. The bailiff's daughter is dead long ago she replies. Then he will go into a far country. The maid, assured of his faith, reveals herself, and is ready to be his bride."

From the number of broadsides of this ballad which were printed in England, we can suppose it to have been extremely popular there at one time. In recent years, however, it is found to have hardly survived there in popular tradition. At the same time it has been collected rather widely in this country and in the maritime provinces of Canada. The various texts collected show an unusual lack of variation. This is no doubt attributable to the frequency with which it appeared in print in broadsides from the 17th century on.

This ballad is one of several on the returning disguised lover theme which Child included in his collection. It is a counterpart to those ballads found frequently in Southern Europe in which a man tells a woman that her lover is dead and then reveals himself to be the lover after the woman shows despair. In English, the ballad in this form is found in Bishop Percy's The Friar of Orders Gray. It is highly likely that the ballad story of A Pretty Fair Miss and The Love Token, in which long separated lovers meet in a somewhat similar situation, has been strongly influenced by The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

There was a youth a well beloved youth  
And he was the squire's son;  
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear  
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe  
That he did love her so,  
Nor at any time would she to him  
Any countenance show.

But when his friends did understand  
His fond and his foolish mind  
They sent him up to fair London town  
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been for seven long years  
And never his love did see,  
"Oh, many a tear have I shed for her sake  
While she little thought of me."

Then all the maids in Islington  
Went forth to sport and play,  
All but the bailiff's daughter dear  
Who silently stole away.

Then she took off her silken gown  
And she put on a ragged attire,  
And she rode away to fair London town,  
Her sweetheart to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and dry  
She sat upon a little green bank  
And her true love came riding by.

She started up with a color so red,  
Catching hold of his bridle and rein,  
"Oh, one penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,  
"Would ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,  
Pray tell me where were you born?"  
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,  
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"Oh, then do maiden tell to me,  
Oh, tell me whether you know,  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."  
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also,  
For I will go to some far country  
Where no man shall there me know."

"Oh, stay, oh, stay, thou goodly youth,  
She standeth by thy side,  
She is here alive, she is not dead,  
And ready to be thy bride."

"Oh, farewell grief and welcome joy,  
Ten thousand times therefore,  
For now I have found mine own true love,  
Whom I thought I should never see more."

For additional texts, information and bibliographical data, see:

- Child, Francis J., The English and Scottish Popular Ballad, 1882-98, (Reprinted in 1956 by The Folklore Press, New York City)  
Coffin, T. P., The British Traditional Ballad in North America, American Folklore Society, 1950  
Leach, MacEdward, The Ballad Book, Harper & Bros., 1955

SIDE II, Band 3: THE OLD SOLDIER.

This amusing song has been reported from widely scattered parts of the country, sometimes purely as song and at other times as a clever rhyme sung to a fiddle tune. In New England, it seems to be known mainly as song. A version of it was collected by Helen Hartness Flanders in Vermont from an informant who said she remembered her mother singing it some 75 years earlier. This would place the song at least as far back as the Civil War. This is supported by a version in Carl Sandburg's The American Songbag to which he appended the note, "A leading favorite of the Grand Army of the Republic, one of the healthiest survivors of the contest between the Blue and the Gray, and a widely known piece of American folklore."

It seems to be better known as a fiddle tune, however, and has been reported as such from various sections of the country. The use of such verses in old American fiddle dance tunes has no effect on the dance or its calls, but merely supplies merry "fillin" stanzas between the necessary calls in the figure of the set. These rhymes are usually handed down from generation to generation together with the music and may still be heard at old time dances.

The text of the song as recited and sung by Mr. Clayton would suggest that the fourth stanza is probably a parody of a later date than the original three stanzas. At some point in its tradition it seems to have been added on.

Mr. Clayton learned this version with its unique presentation from his grandfather. It is a prime favorite in his family, most members of which still sing and recite it.

Oh, there was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,  
And he had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg;  
Another old soldier just as sly as a fox,  
And he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.

Said the one old soldier, "Won't you give me a chew?"  
Said the other old soldier, "I'll be derved if I do,  
Just save up your money and put away your rocks,  
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."

So the one old soldier he was feeling mighty bad,  
He said, "I'll get even, I will begad."  
And so he grabbed a spike from out his wooden leg,  
And he grabbed the other soldier and he killed him dead.

Now there was an old hen and she had a wooden foot,  
And she made her nest by the mulberry root,  
She laid more eggs than any hen on the farm,  
And another wooden leg wouldn't do her any harm.

For additional information and texts, see:

- Sandburg, Carl, The American Songbag, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927  
Brewster, Paul G., Ballads and Songs of Indiana, Indiana University, 1940  
Flanders, H.H. & Brown, George, Vermont Folk-Songs & Ballads, Stephen Daye Press, 1931  
Ford, Ira W., Traditional Music of America, E.P. Dutton & Co., 1940

SIDE II, Band 4: POLLY VAN

This hauntingly beautiful ballad with its overtones of the supernatural is probably derived from ancient mythology, though the first appearance in print of the ballad itself was not until the end of the 18th century. In 1799, Robert Jamieson, who thought little enough of the ballad, wrote the following in a printed circular letter of his: "The author remembers having, when a child, heard a silly ditty of a young man, who, returning homeward from shooting with his gun, saw his sweetheart and shot her for a swan. This is all he remembers of this piece, of which he has not been able to procure a copy. In 1806, Jamieson again wrote of this ballad, in the meantime having procured a copy as taken down from the recitation of a friend's maidservant. His comment on this second occasion was even more severe: "This seems to be one of the very lowest description of vulgar modern English ballads, which are sung about the streets in country towns, and sold, four or five for a halfpenny, to maidservants and children; and I owe an apology to my readers for attempting to introduce such paltry stuff to their notice...."

Though correct in his description of this ballad as being popular in broadside form (early 19th century broadsides of this ballad have been collected both in England and America) his criticism of it as ballad poetry appears to have been unjustified. Indeed, modern scholars are inclined to disagree both with Jamieson and Francis James Child, who did not believe it worthy of inclusion in his great collection.

If the popularity of the ballad may be considered an index of its worth, then the folk have made a strong claim for rising it to a new level of consideration. The song has been collected throughout the British Isles and even more widely in the U.S. where it is still being sung.

The ballad story follows closely the ancient myth concerning Cephalus and Procris in which the two lovers are hunting together and Cephalus, hearing Procris beating the bush and believing it to be some animal, hurls his spear and kills her. A large body of ancient lore also concerns itself with the transfiguration of people into birds upon death. Such beliefs may still be found in parts of Ireland where it is believed that ducks and other birds flying at night are really souls in bird form, and this theme may have appended itself to the ballad story in terms of the swan element. There are many mythological forms of this story in Gaelic lore, and this undoubtedly led to the conclusion on the part of scholars like Phillips Barry and Cecil Sharp that it may indeed be a translation from a Gaelic ballad. This theory has been given strong support by the reporting of the English collector-scholar Lucy E. Broadwood of a Gaelic song from the Western Highlands of Scotland on the same subject. Of worthy consideration in further support of this theory is the fact that the tunes collected are usually Irish or Scottish in character.

For comparison with an interesting Ohio variant, see Folkways album FP 23-2, Ohio Valley Ballads sung by Bruce Buckley, where it appears under the title Molly Bonder. See also FP 917, English Folk Songs sung by Audrey Coppard, for a Norfolk version with the title Polly Vaughan.

All ye brave huntsmen who follow the gun,  
Beware of a shooting at the setting of the sun,  
For her true love went a-hunting and he shot in the  
dark,  
But, oh, and alas, Polly Van was his mark.

Refrain:  
For she'd her apron wrapped about her and he took  
her for a swan,  
But, oh, and alas, it was she, Polly Van.

He run up beside her when he found it was she,  
His legs they grew weak, his eyes scarce could see,  
He embraced her in his arms when he found she was  
dead,  
And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

Refrain:

He took her in his arms and home ran he,  
Crying "Father, dear father, I've shot fair Polly;  
I've shot that fair female in the bloom of her life,  
And I always intended to make her my wife."

Refrain:

At midnight in his chamber Polly Van did appear,  
Crying "Jimmy, dear Jimmy, you have nothing to fear,  
But stay in your country till your trial comes on,  
And you shall not be convicted for what you have done."

Refrain:

In the midst of his trial Polly Van did appear,  
Crying "Uncle, dear uncle, Jimmy Randall must be  
clear."  
The judges and lawyers stood around in a row,  
Polly Van in the middle like a fountain of snow.

Refrain:

For additional information and bibliographical data,  
see:

Barry, Phillips, Molly Bawn, or The Shooting of  
His Dear, Bulletin of the Folk Song Society of  
the North East, No. 10, 1935

Cox, John H., Folk-Songs of the South, Harvard  
University, 1925

Leach, MacEdward, The Ballad Book, Harper &  
Bros., 1955

Jamieson, Robert, Popular Ballads and Songs,  
Archibald Constable, 1806

## SIDE II, Band 5: THE EMBARGO

Shortly after the end of the American Revolution, Benjamin Franklin prophetically remarked that "the war ending with the surrender of Cornwallis was simply the war of the Revolution, and that the war of Independence was yet to be fought." The event he thus described was to be realized in the War of 1812.

At the turn of the century Britain was, for varying periods of time, at war with every other nation of Europe. On the sea, the United States, in the role of a neutral nation, prospered greatly. This role, not to the liking of British merchants and naval officers, resulted in the adaptation by the British Government in May, 1806, of the Orders in Council, a sweeping system of blockades whose object was to cut off France from receiving essential supplies by sea. In November, Napoleon answered with the "Berlin Decree" in which he assumed to blockade the British Isles, thus beginning his "continental system." Britain replied by forbidding American trade with any country from which the British flag was excluded, unless their vessels first touched at English ports and paid a duty. Napoleon answered with the "Milan Decree", declaring that any vessel having been searched or paid a tax at a British port might be seized as a lawful prize in any French harbor. America was caught in a squeeze play.

Unwilling, at this point, to start a naval war to protect its interests and rights at sea, the United States Government declared an embargo against foreign commerce, hoping in this way to starve Great Britain into a change of policy. Within a year after it was put into effect, United States exports dropped more than 80 percent. This was, of course, highly unpopular with the country as a whole, but especially to the New England merchants and shipping interests. This was relieved slightly by the passage of the Non-Intercourse Law of March 1, 1809, prohibiting commercial dealing with Britain and France, and leaving other foreign commerce open. The Law also forbade the entrance of British and French vessels into any port of the United States. This put New England into further ferment and resulted in attempts to resist the restrictive system. By 1810, the United States was led to believe that France had abandoned its system, serving to limit the restrictive measures of the Non-Intercourse Law to Great Britain alone. This further strained relations between the two governments, already at the breaking point because of the huge number of impressments of American subjects by British ships. Upon the election in 1811-1812 of men determined to declare war against Britain, the inevitable occurred and on June 18th war was declared.

The resentment in New England against the embargo acts in 1807 and 1809, manifested itself in several ways. Numerous ballads protesting the acts and suggesting non-compliance by the New England ports appeared and were sung widely. The Embargo, a broadside ballad of the period, sung here to the tune of Yankee Doodle, is typical of the sentiment of the times. The New England citizenry were as inclined to protest with the same degree of sarcasm any restriction placed upon their independence by the young federal government as it had been to challenge British authority at an earlier period. And, what would be a better vehicle for their protest than the tune of Yankee Doodle to which they had thumbed their noses at the British in the Revolution? (For a full documentation on the use of Yankee Doodle during the American Revolution, see Folkways album FP 5001, BALLADS OF THE REVOLUTION, sung by Wallace House).

Of special interest to the folklorist and historian is the mention made of "Brother Jonathan" in the third and following stanzas. This term has been used as the personification of the people of the United States collectively. It is believed to have derived from George Washington's habit of turning for counsel to Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, during the Revolution. Finding great support in the energetic and wise governor, he developed the habit of saying, in every emergency, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The phrase, familiar to Washington's aides and subordinates, was soon taken up by the

**THE EMBARGO,**  
A NEW SONG—TUNE "YANKEE DOODLE."



**A**TENTION pay, ye bonny lads,  
And listen to my Fargo,  
About a nation deuced thing,  
Which people call Embargo,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
If we can't get French Brandy,  
We'll soak our hide in home made rum.

**I**N BOSTON town, the other day,  
The people all were beating  
And railing too, as thick as hail,  
Away to sea were mustering,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**W**as't the reason of the stir,  
And why they made such pother,  
But deprec a'round they saw a son,  
Of Jonathan my brother,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**A**t last a man with powder'd head,  
Came up and said to me "sir,  
Why stand you gaping here, you rogue,  
Come list and go to see 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**E**ve got a'round at the wharf,  
We'll loiter with a cargo,  
And wait a few more hours to help  
To clear the Cur'd Embargo,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**I**t told him then he need not think,  
I was against a good sir,  
As to throw off for clothes all land's  
By go to shooting out 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**W**hen he had a'round upon his head,  
And said I see country, bumpkin,  
And said I had'nt got more to say,  
Than an old cotton pomper,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

Then Jonathan and I went down,  
To look around the wharf 'em,  
And there we saw a painted man,  
Showing a big boat 'n' 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

Then Jonathan a fellow said,  
How men in that thing dare go,  
The fellow said, "Why d-- is your eye?  
You lubber, that's the EMBARGO!"  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**L**ord, how it was a monstrous thing,  
Big as a Meeting House, 'em,  
And on the top, by gracious there  
We see both Hogs and Cows 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**A**nd in the middle of it grew,  
Three trees high in the air 'em,  
And as the people climb'd 'em up,  
Look! how the sun did wane 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**N**ow Jonathan says I, what we  
Can't come and sell to Newry,  
And Fall, and Toll, and Jack and Jon,  
They'll say it was our Faulty,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**B**ut I can't see 'em all as I see,  
As two and two make four, 'em,  
And if you don't believe it now,  
I'll call a great deal more 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

**N**ow let us eaper share and sing,  
And drink our merry to 'em,  
Because as sure as death and rain,  
The EMBARGO's gone to 'em,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
If we can't get French Brandy,  
We'll soak our hide in home made rum,  
Yankee Doodle keep it up, &c.

"THE EMBARGO" An Original Broadside in the Collection of the American Antiquarian Society.

army, and from there to the population as a whole. Brother Jonathan became the familiar designation of this country, as John Bull is that of England. The expression is in little use today, having been replaced by Uncle Sam, with which it competed for many years after the war of 1812.

Attention pay, ye bonny lads,  
And listen to my Fargo,  
About a nation deuced thing  
Which people call Embargo.

Chorus:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
We'll soak our hide in home made rum  
If we can't get French Brandy.

In Boston town the other day,  
The people were all blustering,  
And sailors, too, as thick as hail  
Away to sea were mustering.

I asked the reason of the stir  
And why they made such pother,  
But deuce a word they answered me  
Or Jonathan, my brother.

At last a man with powdered hair  
Come up and said to me, Sir,  
Why stand you gaping here you rogue,  
Come list and go to sea, Sir.

Chorus:

I've got a vessel at the wharf,  
Well loaded with a cargo,  
And want a few more hands to help  
To clear the cursed embargo.

I told him then he need not think  
I was so great a goat, Sir.  
As to throw off for clothes all tarred  
My go-to-meeting coat, sir.

Then he turned upon his heel  
And called me country bumpkin,  
And said I hadn't got more brains,  
Than an old rotten pumpkin.

Chorus:

Then Jonathan and I went down  
To look around the wharf, sir,  
And there we see a hundred men  
Shoving a big boat, sir.

Then Jonathan a fellow asked  
How men in that thing dare go,  
The fellow said why damn your eyes,  
You lubber, that's the Embargo.

Lord, how it was a monstrous thing,  
Big as a meeting house, sir,  
And on the top, by gracious, there  
We see both hogs and cows, sir.

Chorus:

And in the middle of it grew  
Three trees high in the air, sir,  
And as the people climbed them up,  
Lord, how the men did swear, sir.

Now, Jonathan, says I, when we  
Get home and tell to Nancy  
And Sal and Paul and Jack and Joe,  
They'll say it was our fancy.

But I can vow 'tis all as true  
As two and two make four, sir,  
And if you don't believe it now  
I'll tell a great deal more, sir.

Chorus:

Now let ye caper, dance and sing,  
And drink and merry be, sir,  
Because as sure as death and rates  
The Embargo's gone to sea, sir!

For additional information and broadside texts, see:

De Vere, M. Schele, Americanisms, Charles  
Scribner, 1872  
Neesser, Robert W., American Naval Songs &  
Ballads, Yale, 1938

## SIDE II, Band 6: BACHELOR'S HALL

The number of existing songs on the subject of bachelorhood suggests a popularity for this theme at least equal to that of the old maid theme. Social satire concerning the non-marital status of both men and women seems to be a favorite subject with individuals in courting situations. What better way to disguise actual intentions than to talk lightly concerning them or to present the tempting proposition of remaining single.

To be sure, not all songs on the subject of bachelorhood paint such a pretty picture as the one in Bachelor's Hall. In an Ozark folk song (with the same title) we get a completely different picture of a bachelor:

"Pots, dishes and pans and all such commodities,  
Ashes and prater-skins cover the floor,  
His cupboard a storehouse of comical oddities,  
Things that have never been neighbors before.  
Late in the evening when he goes to bed shivering,  
Never a bit is his bed made at all.  
He creeps like a terrapin under the covers,  
Bad luck to this picture of Bachelor's Hall"

- Randolph, V., Ozark Folksongs, Vol. II

The above must have been the "sourgrapes" complaint of some spinster dissatisfied with her own status in life. Of course, we can not be sure that Mr. Clayton's song on Bachelor's Hall is not also the self-deluding, false pleading of an unsuccessful suitor.

Mr. Clayton learned this version of Bachelor's Hall from the singing of his greataunt Mrs. William Tillson of Westport, Massachusetts.

A bachelor's hall is one of the best,  
Be drunk or be sober you're always at rest,  
No wife for to scold you, no children to squall,  
So happy's the man that keeps Bachelor's Hall.

Chorus:

Singing, ho, row, row,  
Row, diddy oh.

A maid when she's single can live at her ease,  
Get up when she likes and sit down when she please,  
Get up when she likes and sit down on her throne,  
And eat her own cake be it raw or be done.

Chorus:

Needles and pins, needles and pins,  
When a man's married his troubles begin,  
His troubles and trials and that isn't all,  
It makes the gay spirit grow weary and small.

Chorus:

For additional texts and bibliographical information, see:

Morris, Alton C., Folksongs of Florida, Univ. of Florida, 1950  
Randolph, Vance., Ozark Folksongs, Vol. III, Hist. Soc. of Missouri, 1946-50

#### SIDE II, Band 7: AROUND THE INGALS BLAZING

The cold winds of a Scottish winter must have inspired the warm comradeship of this song. In it we find the philosophy "let's be happy while we may" so prevalent in Scottish song and poetry. The blazing fire and friendship are the only elements necessary to keep such folk warm against the freezing breath of winter - and one can not always be too sure of the blazing fire.

Mr. Clayton learned this parting song from his grandfather who reported having heard it sung frequently at the end of parties and get-to-gethers. It would seem the Scots outdo all other peoples in finding beautiful ways to say "parting is such sweet sorrow." This song has not previously been reported in this country.

As around the ingals blazing,  
We're so happy and so free,  
Though the northern winds blow freezing  
Friendship warms both you and me.

Chorus:

Happy we are all together,  
Happy we'll be yang and augh,  
Time shall find us all the blyther  
Ere we rise to gang awa.

See a miser o'er his treasure,  
Gloating with a greedy ee;  
Can he feel the glow of pleasure  
That around us here we see.

Chorus:

ingals - fire, coals      blyther - gayer, happier  
yang and naugh - young and old      ee - eye

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- Band 2. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington
- Band 3. The Old Soldier
- Band 4. Polly Van
- Band 5. The Embargo
- Band 6. Bachelor's Hall
- Band 7. Around the Ingals Blazing

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