



MUSICAL SCORE FROM THE FILM

FOLKWAYS FS-3850

WHALE OUT OF NEW BEDFORD.

BASED ON THE

ORIGINAL PANORAMA

OF A

WHALING VOYAGE

ROUND THE WORLD.

— — — — —
And Other Songs of the Whaling Era.

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Based on the
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WHALING VOYAGE
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The film was produced by Francis Thompson, Inc.,
documentary film maker of New York, N. Y.

Written and photographed by Adam Giffard.

Arrangements for the film score and sings
by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl.

Sung by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, accompanied
on guitar and banjo by Peggy Seeger.

Tongan music recorded by Dr. James Spillius.

"La Marseillaise" arranged by Paul Fran.

and

SONGS OF THE WHALING ERA

sung by

Ewan MacColl • A. L. Lloyd • Peggy Seeger

Chorus: Lou Killen, Charles Parker, Joe Higgins, John Reavey, Ian Logan
Peggy Seeger (banjo, guitar autoharp); David Swarbrick (fiddle)
All Edwards (English concertina and ocarina)

Band 1: THE FITTING OUT
Band 2: BONEY
Band 3: THE BARK GAY HEAD
Band 4: THE BOSTON-COME-ALL-YE
Band 5: THE COAST OF PERU
Band 6: MARY ANN
Band 7: DESOLATION
Band 8: A HUNDRED YEARS ON THE EASTERN SHORE
Band 9: HOMEWARD BOUND

Whaling commentary by Philip F. Purrington, Curator.

Jacket design: Keturah Kowalke.

The woodcut on the album cover is from the original hand-
bill that was used when the Panorama was displayed in
1848.

The Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Massachusetts, is
maintained by the Old Dartmouth Historical Society.

Folkways Records FS3850

Descriptive Notes are in the Pocket

MUSICAL SCORE FROM THE FILM
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BASED ON THE
ORIGINAL PANORAMA OF A
WHALING VOYAGE
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And Other Songs of the Whaling Era.

SIDE I

THE PANORAMA

During the early 1800's one of the popular forms of entertainment was the travelling panorama. These early 'moving pictures', of which literally hundreds were produced, were painted on huge rolls of muslin, sometimes thousands of feet long, and from five to ten feet in height. Mounted on rollers, the canvas was moved like a giant scroll from one side of the platform to the other. The great popularity of these huge paintings can be understood when one realizes that no photographic or other accurate pictorial representation of distant lands existed for the general public. The painter usually accompanied his panorama as lecturer, and in many cases devised sound effects and lighting changes to enliven his lecture. One such painter-lecturer was the bright-eyed gentleman above, Benjamin Russell, who shipped out from New Bedford in 1841 as cooper on the whaleship KUTUSOFF.

When he returned to New Bedford after a four-year voyage, he enlisted the aid of Caleb Purrington in the prodigious task of painting the 1300 foot PANORAMA OF A WHALING VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. After two years of work, the Panorama was first shown in New Bedford on the evening of December 7, 1848. It has been in the collection of the New Bedford Whaling Museum for fifty years, but because of its size, was not put on public display until 1960. It was hung with the idea of exploring the possibility of making a motion picture based on its wondrous scenes of whaling and faraway islands. Francis Thompson, Inc. was finally engaged by the Museum to produce the film. Its varied and melodic score forms the music and effects on Side 1. The score is comprised of many familiar whaling songs, the first of which is the well-known 'Tis Advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo - 500 Brave Americans a-whaling for to go', as the ship is being fitted out for its long, hard voyage. Shortly after leaving port, the ship runs into a storm, and thunder and wind are heard. Visits to the Hawaiian Islands and Tahiti are shown to the accompaniment of native music that was actually recorded on the Island of Tonga.

When the painted voyage reaches the harbor of Typee, famed as the port where Herman Melville deserted the whaleship Acushnet, a specially arranged and recorded version of La Marseillaise is heard, one that a small amateur band in a lonely outpost might well have played. As the ship starts its homeward voyage the treacherous passage round Cape Horn is accompanied by a spirited rendition of "Blood Red Roses". Rio, as the final port of call, is the signal for a lively jig, with overtones of the ringing of bells in the many steeples of that lovely city. The music comes to a nostalgic close as at last the ship heads home for New Bedford.



SIDE 2

THE FITTING OUT

The majority of whaling songs deal with the actual business of hunting whales or with the hardships and rigors of the whaleman's life. The author of this unique song has used a much smaller canvas and devoted himself to describing and cataloguing the things a whaler needed on a long voyage. From the log of the 'Ocean Rover', New Bedford, 1859. Communicated to A. L. Lloyd by E. G. Huntington of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., in 1960.

BONEY

A short drag shanty. These simple shanties were used when only a few strong pulls were needed, as in boarding tacks and sheets and bunting up a sail in furling, etc. "Boney" was popular both in British and American vessels and in one American version Bonaparte is made to cross the Rocky Mountains.

THE BARK GAY HEAD

The bark Gay Head, named after the cliffs on Martha's Vineyard which are passed as one sails out of New Bedford, was one of the most famous of all New England whaling ships. The song was a great favorite with New Bedford whaling men and the text given here is from the log of the bark "Stella," New Bedford, 1860.

THE BOSTON-COME-ALL-YE

Without a doubt this song, attributing human and superhuman qualities to creatures of the sea, began its life in the fishing fleets, although its popularity has long been established in the merchant,

whaling and commercial shippings. It is widely found in Great Britain today, often with the refrain 'Blow ye wind southerly, but it is essentially the same piece as The Boston-Come-All-Ye.

MARY ANN

A Canadian variant of 'The Turtle Dove', this song is said to have reached the new world in the repertoire of an Irish sailor. It is made up of 'floaters', i.e., verses or lines common to a genre of songs rather than any particular item.

THE COAST OF PERU

This whalerman's favorite narrates the whole action of killing a big sperm whale, from the moment when the whale is sighted by the lookout until the process of trying out and stowing down the oil is complete. The song goes back to the early days of offshore whaling. The version given here is a collation of a text in Concord's Songs of American Whalermen and a text by Doerflinger in Shanty Men and Shanty Boys.

DESOLATION

The island, which gives its name to this song, is in the Strait of Magellan, off South Chile. The right-whale grounds around Desolation gave rise to many whaling songs nearly all of which are of the "protest" type. The text given here was communicated to A. L. Lloyd by E. G. Huntington of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., in 1960.

A HUNDRED YEARS ON THE EASTERN SHORE

This halyard shanty is associated with the Baltimore clippers and is possibly a sailor's remake of the old minstrel song "A Long Time Ago."

HOMEWARD BOUND

This fine old song has, in its time, served both as a fo'castle ballad and shanty. In the latter capacity it was traditionally sung when heaving up anchor, in preparation for the voyage to the home port. The 'Dog and Bell' referred to in the third verse, appears in nearly all the collected versions but the name of the innkeeper differs considerably. This version is from the journal of the ship Minerva Smythe, New Bedford, and was communicated to A. L. Lloyd by E. G. Huntington.

The motion picture of the Panorama, entitled WHALER OUT OF NEW BEDFORD, is a 25 minute color film. Inquiries for rental or purchase should be addressed to Contemporary Films, Inc. 267 West 25th Street, New York 1, New York.

SIDE I

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

CHORUS:

Blow, ye winds, in the morning,
Blow, ye winds, Hi-ho
Clear away the running gear,
and blow, boys, blow.

They send you to New Bedford
to the famous whaling port,
And send you out a-chasing whales
for four long years or more.

Singing:

(CHORUS)

It's down to the south, me boys
then turn the ship about
And maybe take five hundred sperm
Before we're six months out.

Singing:

(CHORUS)

Come all you tarry New England sailor,
Blow, boys, blow!
There's a four-year trip on a southern whaler,
Blow me bully boys, blow!

Her quarters are manned and her riggin' ready,
Blow, boys, blow!
Then heave away and keep her steady,
Blow me bully boys, blow!

Her topsails they shine like silver,
Blow, boys, blow!
We've a buck-o mate and a bronco skipper,
Blow me bully boys, blow!

Now, it's blow, ye winds, I long to hear you,
Blow, boys, blow!
Oh, it's blow, ye winds, I long to hear you,
Blow me bully boys, blow!

My Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Away Hilo!
He's harpeneer on a whaling crew
Tom's gone to Hilo.

It's good-bye, Sal, and good-bye, Sue,
Away, Hilo!
In four years we'll come back to you
Tom's gone to Hilo!

Then fare you well New Bedford Town,
Away, Hilo!
To southern waters we are bound,
Tom's gone to Hilo!

Now pull away and show her clews
Away, Hilo!
One more pull and that will do,
Tom's gone to Hilo!

(Note: Hilo is a town in Peru).

It blew a living gale but we rode out the swell,
And fetched land in the Azores;
With whalermen scarce and water even less
We had to take on more.

Our work being done we tie up again
And the crew all go ashore;
Our advance it was soon spent, on them pretty
girls it went -
We must go to sea once more.

Our anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,
With a sweet and favoring gale;
Our ship it is manned with a keen and lively band,
All for to hunt the whale.

Our lookout in the crosstree stood
With his spyglass in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale,
there's a whale fish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys,
And she blows at every span.

The boats were launched and the men aboard,
And the whale was in full view;
Resolved was each seamen bold
To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys,
To steer where the whalefish blew.

The harpoon struck and the line paid out
But she gave a flourish with her tail,
And the boat capsized and drowned four men,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys
And we never caught that whale.

"The Rover" she passed on our starboard side
And our skipper gave her a hail;
And they talked while the western sun went down
And for Hawaii we set sail, brave boys,
For Hawaii we set sail.

It's time to leave them pretty gals
And go to sea again;
Hawaii's lying on our stern
And the whaling ground's ahead,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

It's pull upon the oars, me boys,
Until your shoulders crack
And when she's fast she'll tow you, boys,
From here to Hell and back,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

Now we have got him turned up and
We tow him along side
We over with our blubber hooks
And rob him of his hide,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

Now clear away the boats, me boys
And after him we'll travel
And mind you watch his fluke
For he'll kick you to the Devil,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

Now clear away the boats, me boys
And after him we'll travel
And mind you watch his fluke
For he'll kick you to the Devil,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

Now comes the stowing down, me boys
'Twill take both night and day
And you'll all have fifty cents a piece
And a hundred and ninetieth lay*,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

We'll bend on all our stuns'ls
When the wind comes on the blow,
We're bound for old Tahiti,
To the southard let us go,
Singing:

(CHORUS)

*The "lay" was the Whaler's share of the takings.

And now for Alaska we are bound
To leave you all behind;
Though we ship it cold and green
Still our blubber hooks are keen,
And we sail before the icy wind.

The northern night begins to fall
And the stars begin to burn;
With the chasing of the whale
And the trying of the oil,
It looks like we'll never return.

When winter comes on we point our bows
Towards the southern sea;

It's good-bye to ice and snow
To the whaling grounds we go
And the harbour of Typee.

It's round Cape Horn we all must go,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!
For that is where them whalefish blow,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

CHORUS:

Oh, ye pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

It's frost and snow and winter storm,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!
And there's many a ship lost round Cape Horn,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

(CHORUS)

It's put your boats to sea again
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!
And rescue them poor whaler men
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

(CHORUS)

Now we're lying in Rio Bay,
We'll sing and dance by night and day.

So fare you well, we're homeward bound,
Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well!
We're homeward bound for New Bedford Town,
Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound, you've heard him say,
Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well;
Then hook on their catfall and run her away,
Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound!

Our ship's full of oil and we're on our way,
Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well!
And each brisk young whaler is reckoning his lay,
Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound.

Her anchor's aweigh and our stuns'ls we'll set,
Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well!
And the whales we are leaving we leave with regret,
Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound!

So fare ye well, we're homeward bound,
Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye, fare you well!
We're homeward bound for New Bedford Town,
Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound!

END OF SIDE I


Something For The Record

In 1775 a bill was introduced into the English Parliament restricting the commerce of New England and prohibiting the colonists from fishing on the Banks of New Foundland or any part of the North American coast. In opposing the bill Edmund Burke argued:

"Pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longi-



60 feet of the New Bedford section of the PANORAMA OF A WHALING VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.



April 24 1849

PURRINGTON & RUSSELL'S

ORIGINAL PANORAMA

April 2 — OF A — 1849

WHALING VOYAGE

ROUND THE WORLD.

THREE MILES OF CANVASS.

The Public is respectfully informed that the GRAND PANORAMA of a
WHALING VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, painted by Messrs. PUR-
 RINGTON and RUSSELL, of New-Bedford, has been completed, after two
 years of studious labor, and will be exhibited at

AMORY HALL, BOSTON,

EVERY EVENING,

And Wednesday & Saturday Afternoons, at 3 o'clock.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE PANORAMA.

SECTION 1.—City of New Bedford; Shipping; Revenue Cutter; Sail Boats; Whale Ship in stream, getting ready for sailing; merchant brig, boats and coasters; Palmer's Island; fishing-boats; inward and outward bound coasters; New York and Boston packets; Salt Works, farm houses; groves of trees; coasters; whaleship James, outward bound; whaleship Niger from a voyage in tow of steamer Massachusetts; Clark's Point Lighthouse; pilot boat; whale-ship India, with sail boats, inward bound; brig, Dumfries; Lightship; fishing-boats; Mosheim Point; fleet of vessels in the distance; Chinese Junk with tug-boat R. B. Forbes; fishing crafts; whale ships; night scene; ships in the moonlight; tug dismasted; bark hove too; English steamer; sunrise; sperm whale scene; ships and vessels in the distance; Island and Peak of Pico; town; Portuguese boats; Island of Graciosa; whale ships; Island of Fayal; town of Fayal; ships at anchor; the harbor; whale ships; whale scenes; Island of St. Michaels in the distance; ships and vessels.

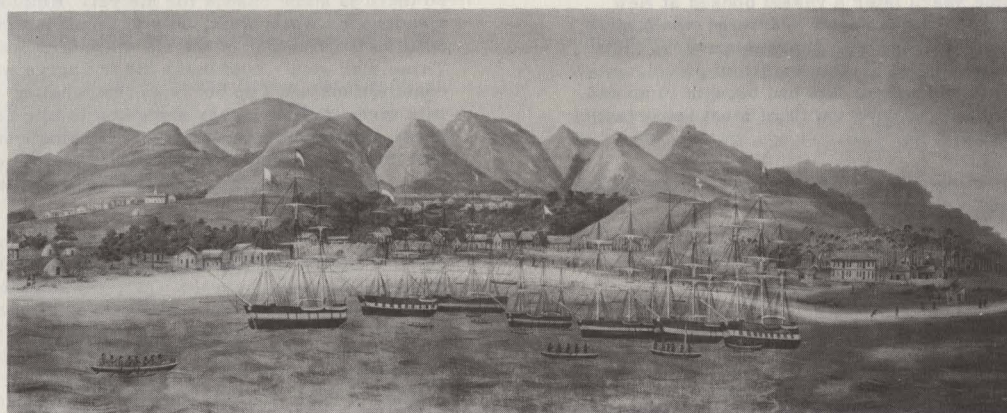
SECTION 2.—Ship; East Indian; St. Nicholas; Ship in the distance; brig in a school of porpoises; Isle of Salt; vessels at anchor in the harbors; flocks of sea fowl; Lyon's Head; ships and vessels outward bound; Island of St. Jago; town of Porto Praya; harbor; shipping at anchor; night volcano of Fogo; reflections of light on the shipping; Island of Beavo; sperm whale scene; ships and vessels of all descriptions on the bay; ship lowering boats for whales; a whale struck; boats stove; Islands of Rio Janeiro; ships and vessels; pleasure boats; yachts; fort Santa Cruz; fort San Pedro; fort Grande; steamboat from St. Catharine; ships of line at anchor; fleet of shipping at anchor and at the docks, of all nations; health officer's barge; mini-dwar horses; steam ferryboat; Old Hulk moved off Island of C. Luis; shipping, barges; market; churches; emperor's palace; city of Rio Janeiro; distant mountain; sugar loaf mountain; fort St. Jago; shipping at anchor; whaling scene off river in Flete; ship cutting in; Market place going up the side.

SECTION 3.—Carcass of a whale; ships trying out; ship gunning; reeling towards; ship in the distance; schooner Sagadahoc's sculling whale ship, hove too, lying by a right whale; bark Mary of Terra del Fuego; ship under juremast; whale ship under close reefed topsails; Cape Horn; merchant-ships, and whaleships weathering the Cape; Islands of fire; whaleship floundering; crew in boats; ships near by rocks; moonlight; ship Lyon; floating ice; seals and land; whaling scene; boats in chase of whales; Juan Fernandez; Robinson Crusoe's Island; the electrical cave; caves of Spanish convicts; strawberry beds; huts; mats; whaleships recutting; Pitcairn's Island, the residence of the descendants of the mutineers of ship Bounty; remains of the Bounty; Juan Adams's grave; detached Run-yun Tree; town; Island of Rapa; one of the Marquesa Islands; Island of Dammier; whale ship and whales; Island of New-Haven; Tiger Bay; French men-of-war and whaleships at anchor; fort; King's residence; Governor's mansion; hospital; barracks; Islands of Oahu and Kure in the distance; Island of the Hurricane; (these three belong to the Society Islands); ship at anchor; raft of cargo; scenes of huts, natives, canoes, &c.; church; Queen Pomare's hut, &c. &c.; loss of ship Essex, destroyed by a whale.

SECTION 4.—Island of Owhyhee, where Captain Cook was killed; his monument; Keshakendia Bay; ships at anchor; natives and canoes; ships arriving winter fall; huts; Island of Maui; Island of Moorea; ships running for town of Loholua; Loholua; ships at anchor; King's palace; ships bound on the North West Coast; Oahu and Atoll in the distance; ship Omeza whaling; ships trying out at night; cutting in; fishing in the boat; whaling scene; boats stove; tropical scene of ship Sacron, of Fairhaven, off Oahu, one of the Peper Islands; native dance; huts; temples, canoes; schooner Alfred whaling; ships in the distance; New Zealand; Bay of Islands; native scene; ships at anchor; fortified canoes—natives and missionaries in the foreground; whale scenes of ship Columbus; ships in the distance; Cape Horn; palm mountain; English frigate and vessels at anchor; French steamer, an American merchant ship bound home; St. Helena—ships and vessels at anchor; Jamestown; Leakey Hill; Long Wood; Napoleon's residence.

Tickets 25 Cents. — Children half price.

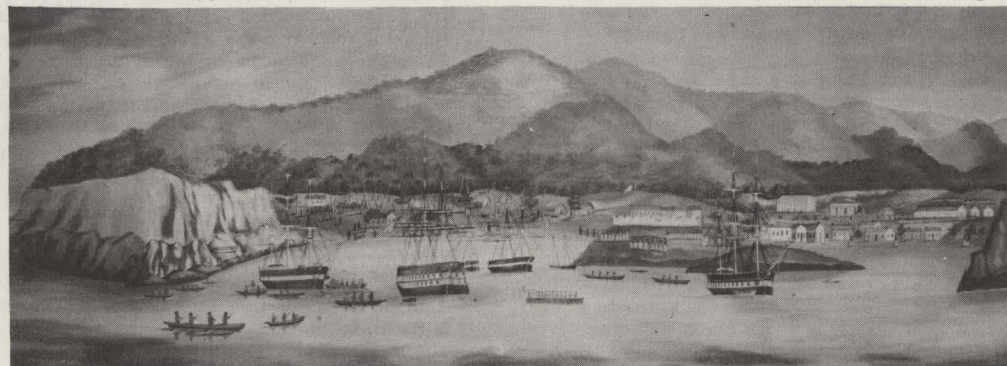
Doors open at 7, Curtain Rises at 7:12 o'clock, precisely.



Harbor at Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, Hawaii Islands. Lahaina was probably the leading Pacific port during the whaling era. The ships put in there to replenish their stores and send home oil or bone on returning ships.



Kealahou Bay, Hawaii - showing Captain Cook's grave marked by the palm tree stump.



Typee Bay, Marquesas Islands - Typee was the place where Herman Melville jumped ship.

tude, and pursue their gigantic game, along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not a witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent People; a People who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone, of manhood."

There was a time when most New Bedford School boys could recite this generous compliment, a time when to become master of a whaling vessel was an ambition one degree above the office of President. In the 1850s the son of a prominent local family turned down a most tempting business career with the words, "I promised my mother I would become a whaleman."

Some time before 1750 New Bedford was sending out whaling vessels, marketing the oil and, thus, in a typical Yankee fashion getting extra income to supplement the product of a stony soil. With a single-mindedness of purpose this seaport town became the center of whaling by 1822 and dominated the trade until the end of this country's participation in the 1920s. Some years later a vessel docked at New Bedford with a curious cargo -- foreign whale oil. An observer remarked with appropriateness, "How the mighty have fallen!" Our wealth of petroleum, vegetable oils and animal fats had brought to an end an industry that was once the third most important in Massachusetts.

As in the opening music of Whaler Out of New Bedford it was indeed

" . . . advertised in Boston,
New York and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans
awhaling for to go."

In whaling heydays there were just not enough local seamen to man over four hundred vessels and a good supply of runaway farm boys or out-of-work youngsters was constantly being pointed toward New Bedford. Herman Melville the author of Moby Dick went whaling for just such a reason (he had a situation as an ill-paid school teacher) and had probably heard some romantic nonsense from his cousin Thomas Wilson Melville who was just home from a three year whaling voyage.

The actual business of catching whales was either an exciting and romantic sport or a dirty slaughtering operation according to the participants. In the 1840s when Benjamin Russell (originator of the Panorama) and Herman Melville were afloat, the average New Bedford whaler was bark or ship rigged, was prepared to lower five boats and carried a crew of twenty seamen, five boatsteerers (harpooners) and five officers. Each boat when lowered for a whale chase had four seamen, boatsteerer and an officer. Competition to get the whale was keen and full of typical American spirit, sometimes so much so that the whale was lost through interference.

Capturing a large sperm whale was not without risk. These big creatures had first to be harpooned and played like a large fish until some of their strength was gone. When struck their first instinct was to dive (and what a dive it was) sometimes to three thousand feet straight down. With this prank over, the slender whale boat was next taken on a lively ride on the surface. When a whale had exhausted itself, the approach was made for final thrusts with a lance. If all went well the creature was towed to the ship and parted from its blubber which was then boiled into oil and stowed in barrels. All this sounds simple but there was often a slip twixt the

cup and the lip. An unco-operative whale could easily destroy a whaleboat with a slap of the flukes (tail) or a snap of the jaws.

Just how dangerous this all could be was nicely put by a New Bedford whaleman writing in his private journal - "Jan. 10, 1853, Comes in with pleasant weather and fine breezes from S. E. but OH LORD wait til I tel you how it ends. At daylight saw a lone sperm whale. Lowered and Larboard boat struck, nex the Starboard boat struck, and he proved an ugly custimer for he rooted 7 planks out of our boat and spilt us all in the drink. Bow and Larboard boats picked us up and took us to the Ship. Got new Boats from overhead and chaised him but could not catch him so our days work consists of having 2 Boats all knocked to pieces, crew half skared to death and all the satisfaction we have got is to think that we have seen a whale and put 5 irons into him. Jan. 11, 1853 - Comes in with strong breezes from the S. E., heading N. E. under short sail. Deck full of lumber of old stoven boats. Wish I was about 3/4 of a mile S. E. of Uncle Nathan's where I do not think I should stand a chance of having my brains knocked out by a whale as I did yesterday. But they say that a man that is born to be hung will not be killed by a whale so there is some chance for me yet. Employed in mending the Waist Boat, only put 9 planks into her. Split up the remains of the old starboard boat. Three men sick - cold baths did not agree with there constitutions and I do not think that whaling will agree with mine, that is if they are going to bite as close to me as they did yesterday. This being knocked 15 feet into the air and coming down alongside of the jaw of an angry whale is not what it is cracked up to be."

Fetching home whale oil to light the world provided more drudgery than profit to the forecandle hands. Weeks of boredom between whale hunts were often made easier by carving whale teeth into ingenious articles called scrimshaw, curious trifles for homecoming gifts. Or, again, plans were hatched and sometimes carried out for deserting ship in the soft climate of South Pacific islands. Sometimes in the evening when the vessel was snugged down under short sail a convivial group gathered on the foredeck for a hornpipe and a salty song, the words of some being reproduced in the score of Whaler Out of New Bedford (tidied up, of course).

Breaking an anchor from the mud sixty fathoms down was often an impossible task until the right sea chanty was struck up. Again, towing a raft of barrels above a river mouth for fresh water, the oarsmen might fail to breast the current until a merry song came forth. And so with the rich material of authentic sea music to draw upon, Whaler Out of New Bedford tells a story in a unique fashion.

It was Advertised in Boston and as a result Tom Went to Hilo and many other strange places. He may have stamped his feet in time to an Hawaiian war chant or clapped his hands in rhythm with a Tahitian hula. But in the end he said goodbye to new acquaintances, perhaps in Rio, and joined his shipmates in a homeward bound tune. The brick try works for boiling oil was thrown overboard, finishing touches were added to scrimshaw gifts and plans were made for a fling on shore in home port. Ambition may have driven him to another whaling voyage or, with empty pockets, he may have returned to the deserted farm chores with the philosophical observation, "I didn't make much money but I had a darn fine sail!"

SIDE II

FITTING OUT

A chest that is neither too large or too small
Is the first thing to which your attention I'll call
The things to put in it are next to be named,
And if I omit some, I'm not to be blamed.

Stow first in the bottom a blanket or quilt,
To be used on the voyage whenever thou wilt,
Thick trousers and shirts, woollen stockings and shoes,
Next your papers and books, lads, to tell you the news.

Good substantial tarpaulins to cover your head,
Just to say, keep it furred, N.C., enough said,
Carry paper and ink, pens, wafers and wax,
A shoemakers last and an awl and some tacks.

Some cotton and thread, silk, needles and palm,
And a paper of pins as long as your arm,
Two vests and a thimble, a lot of large matches,
And plenty old clothes that'll answer for patches.

A Bible, a hymnbook, of course you must carry,
If at the end of the voyage you expect for to marry
Don't forget to take essners, pipes and cigars,
Of the sweetest of butter a couple of jars.

A razor you'll want and a pencil and slate,
A comb and a hairbrush you'll need for your pate,
A brush and some shaving soap, plenty of squills,
And a box of them excellent Richardson's pills.

A podeldoe and painkiller surely you'll need,
And something to stop the red stream should you bleed,
Some things I've omitted but never mind that,
Eat salt junk and hard biscuit and laugh and grow fat.

from the log of the Ocean Rover, New Bedford
1859 communicated to A. L. Lloyd by E. G.
Huntington

BONEY

Solo: Boney was a warrior,

Chorus: Way-aye-yah!

Solo: A warrior, a tarrior,

Chorus: John Franswor.

Boney beat the prooshians,
Boney beat the Rooshians.

Boney marched to Moscow,
Lost his army in the snow.

Marched his army back again,
Moscow was a blazin' then.

We licked him in Trafalgar Bay,
Carried his main topmast away.

'Twas on the plains of Waterloo,
He met the boy who put him through.

Boney went a cruisin',
Aboard the Billy Ruffian.

Boney went to St. Helen,
And he never come back again.

THE BARK "GAY HEAD"

Come all you young Americans, and listen to my ditty
It's all about a whaling bark, belongs New Bedford
City
The bark "Gay Head" it is her name, she's known
both up and down,
Her captain's name is Jennings and by God beware
his frown.

CHORUS:

Cheer, boys, cheer for the "gay head" and crew
For growling and for soldiering when there are things
to do

We never will, we never will, we never can be high
We want three-thousand barrel of oil, ROOT HOG
OR DIE!

We'll cheer, me noble hearties for the jarboard
boat and crew
Mister Hazard is the harpooneer, he's a gentleman
good and true
And when they lower in their boats, they do the best
they can
Ryder's the biggest boaster, likewise the smallest
man.

(CHORUS)

And cheer for the noble starboard boat, whose crew
are very good
Their boat header is a Dartmouth man, they call
him Mr. Wood
And when they lower in their boat, they don't make
any noise
And when you talk of pulling, why, they're the very
boys.

(CHORUS)

THE BOSTON COME ALL YE

Come all you young sailormen, listen to me,
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

CHORUS:

Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southard so steady, she goes.

O first come the whale, the biggest of all,
He clumb up aloft and let every sail fall.

(CHORUS)

And next comes the mackerel with his striped back,
He hauled at the sheets and he boarded each tack.

(CHORUS)

Then come the porpoise with his short snout,
He went to the wheel calling "Ready about!"

(CHORUS)

Then come the smelt, the smallest of all,
He clumb to the poop and sung out, "Topsail haul!"

(CHORUS)

The herring come saying, "I'm king of the seas,
If you want any wind, why I'll blow you a breeze."

(CHORUS)

Next come the cod with his chucklehead,
He went to the mainsheet to heave at the lead.

(CHORUS)

Last come the flounder as flat as the ground,
Says, "Damn your eyes, chucklehead, mind how
you sound."

THE COAST OF PERU

Come all you young fellows who cruise round Cape
Horn,
Come all you young sailormen who follow the sperm,
For our captain has told us and we hope he says true,
That there's plenty whales on the coast of Peru.

'Twas early one morning just as the sun rose,
That a man from the mast-head sung out "There she
blows!"

"Where away?" cries our captain, "and how does
she lay?"

"Two points on our lee, sir; scarce three miles
away."

"Then call up all hands and be of good cheer,
Get your lines in your boats and your tackle-falls
clear,

Hoist and swing fore and aft; stand by, each boat's crew,
Lower away, lower away, as the main-yard swings to".

Our waist-boat got down, and of course she got the start,

"Lay me on, Captain Bunker, I'm hell for a long dart!"

Now bend to your oars and make the boat fly,
But one thing we dread of, keep clear of his eye!

Now the whale has gone down, to the wind'art he'll lay,

Whatever he done, boys, he showed us fair play.
But we fought him alongside and a lance we thrust in,

And in less than an hour he rolled out his fin.

We laid him alongside with many a loud shout,
We began cutting in and then trying out,
The whale is cut in, tried out and stowed down,
He is better to us than five-hundred poun'.

Now our ship she is laden, for home we will steer,
Where there's plenty of rum, boys, and plenty strong beer!

We'll spend money freely with the pretty girls ashore,

And when it's all gone we'll go whaling for more.

Collated from a text in Colcord's "Songs of American Sailormen" and another in Doerflinger's "Shantymen and Shantyboys".

MARY ANN

Then fare ye well, my own true love,
Then fare ye well for a while,
The ship is a - waiting and the wind blows high,
I'm bound away to the sea, Mary Ann,
I am bound away to the sea, Mary Ann.

Ten thousand miles away from home,
Ten thousand miles or more,
The sea will freeze and the earth will burn
If I never no more return to you, Mary Ann. (2)

Do you see the grass that's under your feet
Arise and grow again?
For love it is a killing thing,
Don't you ever feel the pain, Mary Ann? (2)

O, do you see yon crow fly high,
She'll surely turn to white.
If I ever prove false to you, my dear,
Morning turn to night, Mary Ann. (2)

Then fare ye well, my own true love,
Then fare ye well for a while,
The ship is a-waiting and the wind blows high,
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann. (2)

DESOLATION

I'll sing a little rhyme as I have a little time.
'Bout the meanest ship afloat in creation
Her name it is the Mitchel, from Edgartown did sail
And they fitted her out to go to Desolation

Her officers are natives of old Cape Cod,
The place where there is nothing to eat on,
For the product of their land is mackerel bones and sand,
So they had to starve or go to Desolation.

On board of some ships they have plenty to eat,
But its here they put a stop to our rations,
For it is work for nothing and find your own grub
And starve yourself upon Desolation.
The meat on this ship once belonged to a horse
Or some of his damn near relations,
They put us on allowance of a quarter of a pound
They could afford no more on Desolation.

Fearin' flour wouldn't last for bread three times a day
With mincepies to feed the after-guard on,

They cut us short one half and says with a laugh:
That's good enough for Jack on Desolation.

The captains of the whalers, they are such a race,
They are a disgrace to all civilization,
Are our worthy friends who call themselves men
And command these prison hulks on Desolation.

Towards the end of a voyage they treat you mighty rough
They'll cause you trials and tribulations
For if you've any pay, they would have you run away,
Then they'll pocket all you've earned on Desolation.

communicated to A.L. Lloyd by E.G.
Huntington, of The Vineyard, Mass. 1960

Desolation Island is on the Strait of Magellan in South Chile. The right-whale grounds around Desolation gave rise to many songs, including the impressive *Wings of a Goney*. Nearly all the Desolation songs are protest-songs.

A HUNDRED YEARS ON THE EASTERN SHORE

A hundred years on the Eastern Shore,

O yes, O.

A hundred years on the Eastern Shore,

A hundred years ago.

O, when I sailed across the sea,
My gal said she'd be true to me.

I promised her a golden ring,
She promised me that little thing.

I wish to God I'd never been born,
To go rambling round and round Cape Horn.

Around Cape Stiff where the wild winds blow,
Around Cape Stiff through sleet and snow.

Around Cape Horn with frozen sails,
Around Cape Horn to fish for whales.

O, Bully John from Baltimore,
I knew him well on the Eastern Shore.

Oh, Bully John was the boy for me,
A bucko on land and a bully at sea.

Oh, Bully John, I knew him well,
But now he's dead and gone to Hell.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Away we go with a pleasant breeze
Our ship she scuds nine knots at least
With the oil boiled out, stowed down in the hold,
We'll drink greasy luck to us whalermen bold.
Hurrah we're homeward bound.

When we arrive in New Bedford Docks
The bloomers they come down in flocks,
The pretty girls you'll hear 'em say
Here comes my sweetheart with twelve months' pay.
Hurray, we're homeward bound.

Next we go to the Dog and Bell,
Where there's good poison for to sell,
When in comes Archy with a smile,
Drink up, my boys, it's worth your while,
For I know you're homeward bound.

When poor Jack's money is gone and spent
There's none to be had, no more to be lent,
Then in comes Archy with a frown,
Saying: Rise up Jack, let John sit down,
For I know you're outward bound.

from the journal of the ship Minerva
Smythe, New Bedford
communicated to A.L. Lloyd by E.G.
Huntington.