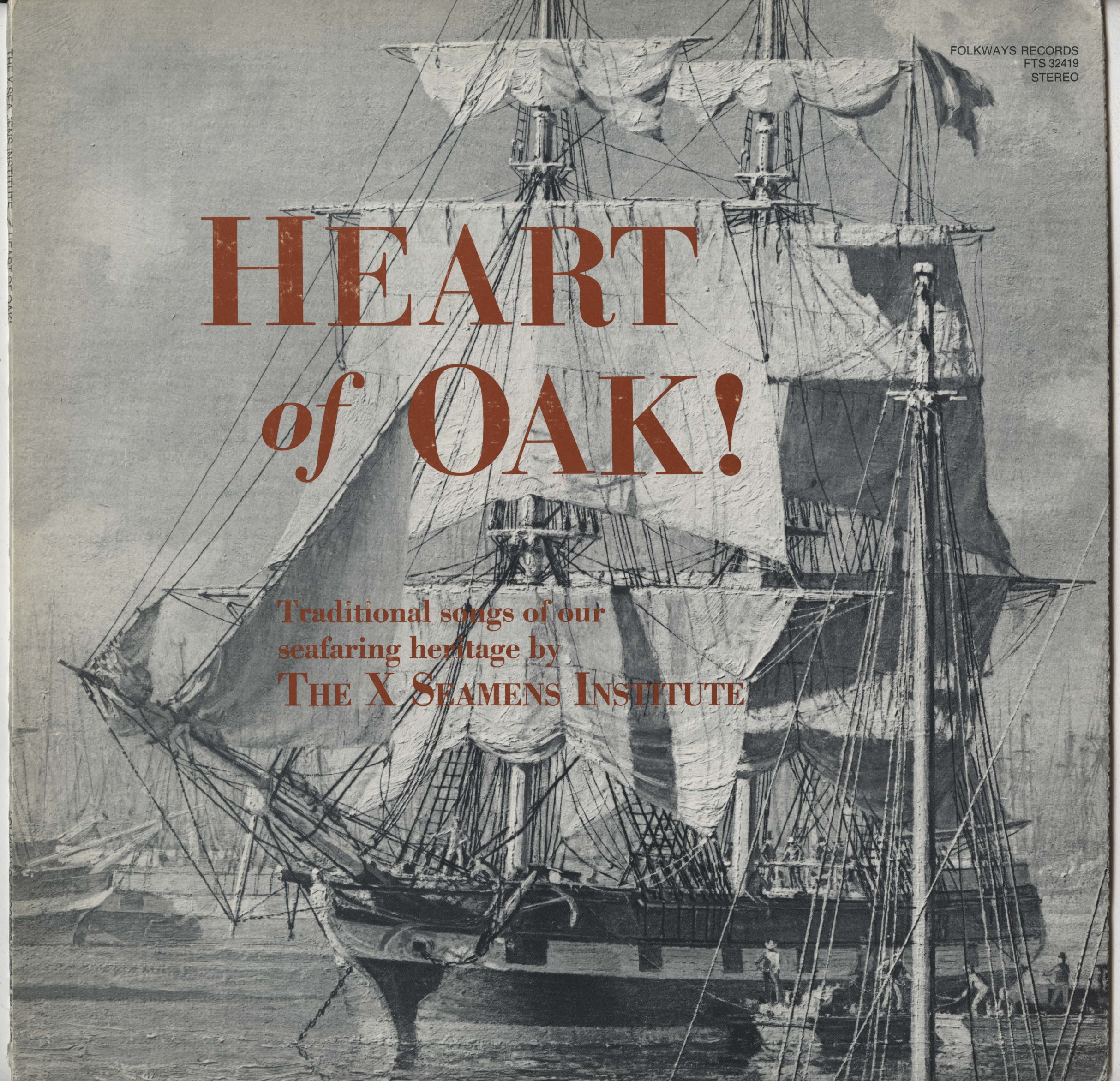


FOLKWAYS RECORDS
FTS 32419
STEREO

HEART *of* OAK!

Traditional songs of our
seafaring heritage by
THE X SEAMENS INSTITUTE



HEART of OAK!

Traditional songs of our seafaring heritage sung by

The X Seamens Institute

With historical notes on the songs and lyrics inside.



BERNIE KLAY

FRANK WOERNER

JOHN TOWNLEY

DAN AGUIAR

A ROLLYING QUARTET, The X Seamens Institute thoroughly enjoy themselves, and that joy spreads whenever they sing their jaunty songs of the sea.

Dan Aguiar is a bass voiced twelve-string guitarist and penny-whistler, born and raised downeast in Biddeford, Maine. Dan also writes songs of the sea, which harken to the chilly spray of the New England coast.

Bernie Klay is co-founder and leader of this salty pack. His voice is lusty, and his instruments are the guitar and sweet potato. He is also a professional engineer, as well as a concert producer and square dance caller.

John Townley is the solid core of The X's musical accompaniment. John plays the mandolin, guitar, recorder, mandola, accordion, tambour and nose flute. Musical director of The X, he produces all their records. John was born in Miami and grew up on a sailboat in southern waters.

Frank Woerner is the banjo-picking co-founder of the group and a scholar of the traditional songs and stories of the sea. Back on shore after long service in the Navy as a nautical engineer, his concertina still smells of seaweed.

Concert hall, pub and folk festival audiences have all applauded wildly and joined in on the choruses. The music of The X has an infectious quality that compels singing along!

VISIT THE SHIPS THAT BUILT A NATION. All across the country, Americans are becoming aware of a shared national treasure — the surviving ships of our maritime heritage. From humble fishing boats and harbor craft to lofty square riggers and schooners, these historic vessels are a vanishing breed, which once gone can never be replaced.

Visit these ships and the many more around the country. Each has a story to tell, and each will welcome your interest and support. As a nation of voyagers, we cannot let these ships slip over our horizon.

Cover: From painting by John Stobart.

Courtesy Maritime Heritage Prints, Ltd., Washington, D.C.

Produced by John Townley for the National Maritime Historical Society and the New York City Folkarts Ring.

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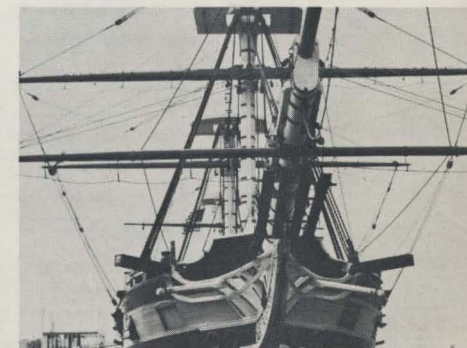
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BALCLUTHA, San Francisco



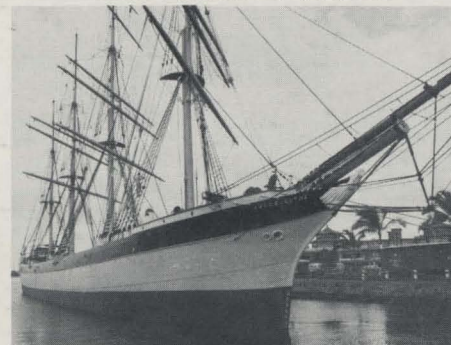
CHARLES W. MORGAN, Mystic, Conn.



CONSTELLATION, Baltimore



CONSTITUTION, Boston



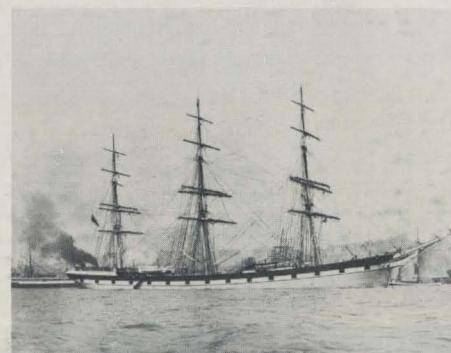
FALLS OF CLYDE, Honolulu



J. T. LEONARD, St. Michaels, Md.



STAR OF INDIA, San Diego



WAVERTREE, New York City



WAWONA, Seattle

HEART OF OAK

Traditional folksongs of the sea

SAGA OF THE X SEAMENS INSTITUTE

Every Tuesday summer evening four rollicking lads sing sea chanties at pier 15 of the South Street Seaport Restoration in NYC. Some people think this is an entertainment. They are wrong.....wrong....wrong. ...THE X SEAMENS INSTITUTE is a serious conspiracy to get everybody in the world to sing sea chanties & enjoy nautical history.

It all started in 1969 when the director of the then newborn museum hired Bernie Klay and Frank Woerner to be second act to the Sailing Ship Sagres which was docked at the South Street pier.

Klay and Woerner sang the few sea songs they knew to the long lines of visitors waiting to board the Sagres. They had one hell of a good time and immediately volunteered to come back to sing more of the same.

Thus was born the longest Sea Chanty concert series in the world today.

To distinguish themselves as singing tars Klay & Woerner chose the name Seamens Institute which was later amended to The X Seamens institute.

THE X worked hard to learn new songs and was soon able to fill an entire evening's concert with maritime music. In the early days the attendance was small and the entire audience joined THE X on the deck of Schooner Lettie B. Howard to sing and to splice the mainbrace.

As the audiences grew so did The X Seamens Institute. At one time there were seven performing members. Today they have a roster of four roisterers: Dan Aguiar, Bernie Klay, Frank Woerner, and John Townley.

THE X repertoire evolves out of the self interest & motivation of the individual X member. Townley researches the oldest sea music extant. Aguiar is into the sea songs of the American revolt in the colonies. Woerner favors long recondite English sea ballads and Klay tends to songs of windjammer whalersmen.

X concerts are never consciously choreographed. In turn each performer steps to center stage and launches into whatever he feels is appropriate for that moment. Each program unfolds as a unique unforced happening of songs, yarns, jokes, & sea talk. The one fixed feature of every program is the philosophy that the audience as an integral part of the performance must sing on every chanty chorus.

In 1973 The Folkways Record Company published their first album The X Seamens Institute Sings at South Street. It never made the charts but has been quietly sailing ever since.

THE X has moored its program at many schools, community arts centers, & yacht clubs all over the East Coast. For good cause they will sing anywhere.

The X Sea Chanty concerts & lectures are a regular feature of "The Folkarts Ring Thing", a cable television program seen in Manhattan Mondays at 5:30pm and Saturdays at 8:30pm. The best of these tapes are carefully preserved and are available for showing by other Cable TV networks and school video systems.

In 1975 THE X presented a college course in THE LORE and SONGS of the SEA for New York University.

In the same year a songbook with 13 of their most requested songs was published jointly by the Tapinta Foundation and the National Maritime Historical Society.

In 1976 THE X inaugurated a weekly radio show entitled The Lore and Lure of the Sea. It is heard every Wednesday night at 11 pm on WNYU in NYC at 89.1fm. THE X and guests talk, sing, and argue on some topic such as; the Clipper ship era, Ghost songs &

stories, exploring Davy Jones locker. the British royal navy, etcetera. Thirteen of these programs are on 7½lps tapes of broadcast quality. They are available to daring programmers at minimal cost.

On October 15 THE X and its minions will fall on a resort in the Berkshires for their semi annual workshop weekend in the folkarts. Sea buffs who sign on for this trip can enjoy sessions in sea song repertoire, boats in bottle building, macrame, sea history and sea archeology.

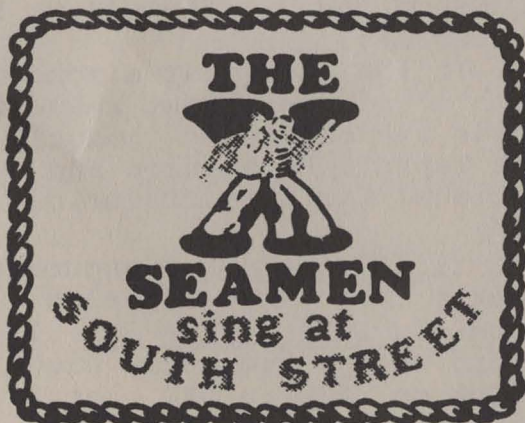
Starting Tuesday September 15, 1976 THE X will start a weekly lecture-concert program at the headquarters of the National Maritime Historical Society.

THE X has prepared a list of resource materials for everyone who wants to know what they know about where to find words & music for sea songs. For your free copy please send a self addressed envelope with a stamp upon it to Bernie Klay, 254-26 75 ave., Glen Oaks, NY 11004. Or if you are in a hurry you may call him at his home at 212 343-9575.

Persons who desire further information about any of the other items mentioned above are advised to write or call Bernie.

THE X SEAMENS INSTITUTE are the performing sea song singers of South Street and everyone who has sung with them and continues to raise his voice in song and revelry.

LISTEN TO THE ALBUM.....
LEARN THE LYRICS.....
JOIN THE JOYFUL JAMBOREE....



Heart of Oak

Come cheer up, me lads,
Tis for glory we steer.
To add something new
to this wonderful year.
To honor we call you,
not press you like slaves.
For who are so free
as the sons of the wave?

Chorus:
Heart of Oak are our ships,
jolly tars are our men.
We always are ready. . . .
steady, boys, steady.
We'll fight and
we'll conquer, again & again.

We ne'er see our foes
but we wish them to stay.
They never see us
but they wish us away.
If they run why we follow
and run them ashore.
But if they won't fight us,
we cannot do more.

Chorus:
They swear they'll invade us,
these terrible foes.
They frighten our women,
our children and beaux.
But should their flat bottoms
in darkness get O'er
still Britons they'll find
to receive them on shore.

Chorus:
We'll still make them fear
and we'll still make them flee.
We'll drub them on land
As we've drubbed them at sea.
So cheer up, me lads
With one heart let us sing.
Our soldiers, our sailors,
Our statesmen our King.

Through the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth *Heart of Oak* was the unofficial anthem of the British royal navy.

Bellanena
(*The Rum Runner*)

Additional Arrangement by Dan Aguiar and John Townley

Bellanena, Bellanena,
Bellanena is in the harbor.
Bellanena, Bellanena,
Bellanena is in the harbor.
They put the Bellanena on the dock
And they paint the Bellanena black, black, black.
Paint the Bellanena black, black, black.
And when she come back, she was white.

Oh the Nagua, Oh the Nagua,
She got stuck in N.Y. harbor.
Oh the Nagua, Oh the Nagua,
She carried a very funny cargo.
They put the MaNagua on the dock
And they made the MaNagua black, black, black.
Made the MaNagua black, black, black.
And when she come back, she was white.

Oh the Mystery, Oh the Mystery,
Little boat oh so pretty
Oh the Mystery, Oh the Mystery,
She was built to carry whiskey.
They put the Mystery on the dock,
And they paint the Mystery black, black, black
Paint the Mystery black, black, black,
When she come back, she was white.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

Strike the Bell

Up on the poop deck,
And walking about.
There is the second mate
so steady & so stout.
What he is a thinking of
he doesn't know himself.
And we wisht that he would
hurry up & strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:
Strike the bell second mate,
Let us go below.
Look well to windward,
you can see its gonna blow.
Look at the glass,
you can see that it has fell.
And we wish that you would
hurry up & strike, strike the bell.

Down on the maindeck
& working on the pumps.
There is the larboard watch,
just longing for their bunks.
Looking out to windward
you can see a great swell.
And we wish that you would
hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

Down in the wheelhouse
Anderson stands.
Grasping at the helm
with his frostbitten hands.
Looking at the compass,
though the course is clear as hell.
And we wish that you would
hurry up & strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

Down in the cabin,
our gallant captain stands.
Looking out to sea,
with a spyglass in his hands.
What he is thinking of,
We know very well.
He's thinking more to shorten sail
Than strike, strike the bell.

Gloucester Boys

Copyright
Dan Aguiar 1973

I love Gloucester and I miss her,
And I'm longing to return.
All the blue skies rise above her.
For her shores I'll always yearn.

Chorus:

Gloucester boys they sail right handy.
All ashore they don't feel right.
Gloucester girls are fair and handy.
Gloucester girls stay up all night.

Nantuckett's boys they had their whalin'
That was many years ago.
Gloucester's ships are still out sailin'.
Every day they're on the go.

Chorus:

I love a girl I call my Nancy.
She's the one I long to see.
Not too plain and not too fancy.
In her arms I long to be.

Chorus:

I drink wine and I drink brandy.
To the maids I'll drink my fill.
Nancy's lips are sweet as candy.
I want her now and always will.

Chorus:

In the trawlers or the catboats.
Gloucester boys they stand alone.
You can name it and if she floats.
Gloucester boys can sail her home.

Hog Eye Man

Oh hand me down my riding cane
For I'm gonna see my darlin Jane.

Chorus:

And a hog eye,
Railroad Navee with a hog eye.
Roll ashore with the hog eye O,
she wants the hog eye man.

Now who's been here since I been gone,
But a railroad navee with his sea boots on.

Chorus:

Sally's in the garden pickin peas.
Her golden hair hanging down to her knees.

Chorus:

Well Bernie's in the garden kickin sand
And Sally's in bed with the Hog eye man.

Chorus:

O a hog eye ship and a hog eye crew,
A hog eye mate and a skipper too.

Santianno

Why do them yellow girls love me so.
Way-hey-Santy Ana
Because I don't tell them all I know.
All on the plains of Mexico

When I was a Young lad in me prime. . .
Way-hey-Santy Ana
I knocked down them yellow girls two at a time. . .
All on the plains of Mexico

When I was a young lad in me prime. . .
Way-hey-Santy Ana
I went to sea and I served me time. . .
All on the plains of Mexico

In Mexico, oh Mexico. . .
Way-hey-Santy Ana
Them yellow girls show you all they know. . .
All on the plains of Mexico

Them Liverpool girls don't use no combs. . .
Way-hey-Santy Ana
They comb their hair with a Kipperback bone. . .
All on the plains of Mexico

Well its one more pull and that will do. . .
Way-hey-Santy Ana
One more pull to see her through. . .
All on the plains of Mexico

To Mexico, oh Mexico. . .
Way-hey-Santy Ana
To Mexico we must go. . .
All on the plains of Mexico



South Australia

In South Australia I was born.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
In South Australia round cape Horn.
We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:

Haul away your rolling king,
To me heave away to me haul away.
Haul away you'll hear me sing.
We're bound for South Australia.

As I walked out one morning fair.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
T'was there I met miss Nancy Blair.
We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:

I shook her up, I shook her down.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
I shook her round and round and round.
We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:

I run her all night, I run her all day.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
I run her before we sailed away.
We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
To leave miss Nancy Blair's behind.
We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:

And as we walloped around Cape Horn.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
I wished to Christ I was never born.
We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:

I wish I was on Australia's strand.
To me heave away, to me haul away.
With a bottle of whiskey in me hand.
We're bound for South Australia.

Grimbsby Town

Methinks I see a host of craft,
spreading there sails alee.
As down the Humber they do glide,
down to the Northern Sea.
Methinks I see on each small craft,
a crew with heart so brave
Going out to earn their daily bread,
upon the restless wave.

Chorus:

And its three score and ten,
Boys and Men,
Were lost from Grimbsby town.
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough,
many hundreds more were drowned.
Their herring craft, their trawlers,
their fishing smacks as well.
They long to fight the bitter night,
and battle with the swells.

October night was such a sight,
was never seen before.
There were masts & yards,
and broken spars,
come drifting to the shore.
There was many a heart of sorrow.
There was many a heart so brave.
There was many a hearty fisher lad,
that met a watery grave.

Chorus:

Methinks I see them yet again,
as they leave the land behind.
Casting their nets into the sea,
the herring shoals to find.
Methinks I see them yet again,
and everythings all right.
With the decks swept clean,
the sails close reefed,
and the sidelights burning bright.

The Diamond

The Diamond is a ship me lads,
For the Davis straits she's bound.
And the pier it is all garnished,
with bonnie lasses round.
Captain Thompson gives the order,
to sail the ocean wide.
Where the sun it never sets me lad,
nor darkness dims the skies.

Chorus:

So its cheer up me lads.
Let your hearts never fail.
For the bonnie ship the Diamond
goes afishin for the whale.

Its on the quay at Peterhead,
the lassies stand around.
Shawls all wrapped around their head.
And salt tears runnin down.
Don't you weep me bonnie lass,
though you be left behind.
For the rose will grow on Greenlands shore,
before we change our mind.

Chorus:

Here's a health to the Resolution,
Likewise the Eliza Swan.
Here's a health to the Battler of Montrose.
And the Diamond ship of fame.
We wear the jackets of the white,
The trousers of the blue.
When we get back to Peterhead,
we'll have sweethearts enoo.

Chorus:

It'll be bright both day & night,
when the bonnie boys come home.
With a ship thats full of oil me boys,
and money to their name.
They'll make the cradles for to rock,
the blankets for to tear.
And all the girls in Peterhead
say hush a bye my dear.

Doodle Let Me Go

Once I was at Madame Gashee's.
Up in Calleo.

Chorus:

Hurrah me yella gals.
Doodle let me go.
Doodle let me go me gals,
Doodle let me go.
Hurrah me yella gals.
Doodle let me go.

She took me in, she gave me gin.
She danced me round the floor.

Chorus:

She chased me round the sofa boys.
Wasn't it a show.

Chorus:

She grabbed me by the bob-stick boys,
wasn't it a show.

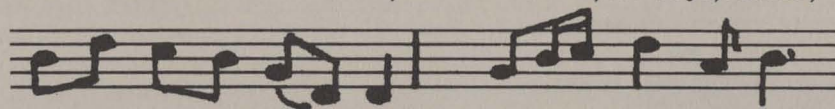
Chorus:

We'll throw a line to Madame Gashee's,
take the place in tow.

Reuben Ranzo



1. Poor old Reuben Ranzo, Cho: Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo,



Poor old Reuben Ranzo, Cho: Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo.

2. Oh Ranzo was no sailor,
He was a New York tailor.
3. Oh Ranzo was no sailor,
But they shipped him aboard of a whaler.
4. Now Ranzo was no beuty,
And he would not do his duty.
5. So they give him lashes thirty,
Because he was so dirty.
6. But the captain's daughter Suzy,
She begged her dad for mercy.
7. Well she give him wine and water,
And a bit more that she oughter,
8. She give him an education,
And she taught him navigation.

Life of A Leaf

What's the life of a man anymore than a leaf.
A man has his seasons, so why should we grieve.
Although in this world we appear bright and gay.
Like a leaf we must wither and soon fade away

As I was a walking one morning at ease.
A viewing the leaves as they hung from the trees.
All in full motion, appearing to be.
And those that had withered, they fell from the trees.

If you had seen the leaves just a few days ago.
How bright and how beautiful they all seemed to grow.
A frost came upon them and withered them all
The rains gently fell and down they did fall.

If you walk in the churchyard its there you will see
Those that have withered like the leaves upon the tree.
Old age and affliction upon them do call
And then like the leaves well down they do fall.



Collected from "Folk Songs of the Upper Thames"

Blackball Line

Oh, the Blackball Line is a damn fine line,
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
On the Blackball line I wasted me prime,
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

Cross the western ocean in the month of May. . .
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
Cross the western ocean is a damn long way. . .
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

For they take you thru the ice and the snow. . .
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
They'll take you where them winds don't blow. . .
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

Oh once there was a Blackball ship. . .
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
That 14 knots in an hour could clip. . .
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

From Liverpool that packet school. . .
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
From Liverpool like any damn fool. . .
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

From Liverpool to Frisco Bay. . .
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
To Frisco Bay it's a damn long way. . .
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

Oh, the Blackball line is a damn fine line. . .
To me way, hey, hey, ho-ri-oh
On the Blackball line I wasted me prime
Hurrah for the Blackball line.

The Big Bow Wow

From Boston Harbor we set sail.
When it was blowing a devil of a gale.
With our ringtail set abaft the mizzenpeak.
And our dolphin striker plowin up the deep.

Chorus:
With a big bow wow.
Tow row row
Fal de ral di -ri do- day.

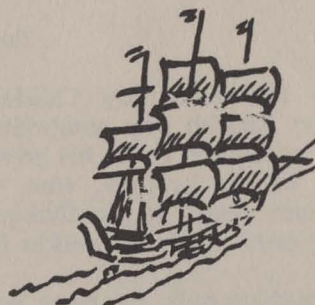
Up comes the skipper from down below.
And he looks aloft and he looks alow.
And he looks alow and he looks aloft.
And its coil up your ropes there fore and aft.

Chorus:

Then down to his cabin he quickly crawls.
and unto his steward he loudly bawls.
Go mix me a drink that will make me cough.
For its better weather here than it is up aloft.

Chorus:

And one thing more which we have to crave.
Is that he may find a watery grave.
So we'll heave him down into some dark hole
Where the sharks will have his body and the devil have his soul.



Fire Down Below

She was just a village maiden
with a red and rosy cheek.
To me way, hey, hee, hi, ho.
She went to church and sunday school
and sung them anthems sweet.
And there's fire down below.

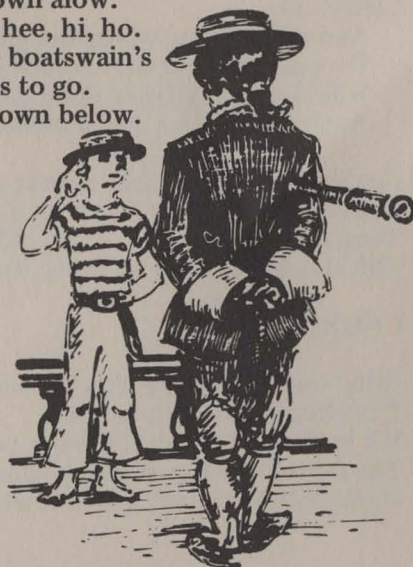
The parson was a misery
so scraggy and so thin.
To me way, hey, hee, hi, ho.
He says all you shellbacks,
if you live a life of sin.
There's fire down below.

He took his text from Malachi
and swung a weary face.
To me way, hey, hee, hi, ho.
I took french leave and sailed away
and then I fell from grace.
And there's fire down below.

But the parson had a daughter
she was sweet as sugar candy.
To me way, hey, hee, hi, ho.
She says all you sailors will
make lovers o so randy.
And there's fire down below.

O there's fire in the cabin
and in the galley too.
To me way, hey, hee, hi, ho.
There's fire in the focsle,
but the coal is the crew.
And there's fire down below.

There's fire up aloft
and there's fire down alow.
To me, way, hey, hee, hi, ho.
There's fire in the boatswain's
whistle time for us to go.
And there's fire down below.



Tom Bowling

Words and music by Charles Dibdin (1745-1814). Probably the greatest English pop songwriter of the 18th century. This song, by many acclaimed to be his greatest, was written to commemorate the death of his brother, who was captain of an East India armed merchant vessel. It was first performed by the author in London at the Lyceum in the Strand in 1790 as a part of his show the *Oddities*.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of a manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.
His soul is gone aloft.



Uncle Nobby's Steamboat

Dolphin Music

Come for a trip on Uncle Nobby's steamboat
Where you can hide your worries on a high float
And we'll take a trip to Leprechauns and shamrocks
And hide our minds and troubles for a while

CHORUS:

And we're going where the grass is growing green
To a mystic land that no one else has seen
Where oblivion takes the mind's reality
And reality fades into a memory

Captain Bluebeard gives a smile at the gangway plank to meet you
The firstmate by his side with a workcard if he needs you
They take you down below your cabin is cool and cosy
Full steam ahead we're ready for to go

CHORUS:

Bring on the dancing girls the show is now in motion
The choo-choo- train is gone
It's halfway through the mountains
The fairies and the witch the banshee's drinking brandy
Uncle Nobby at last is in command



**FTS 32418 X-SEAMENS INSTITUTE
SING AT SOUTH STREET SEAPORT.**
The tradition of sea songs and chanties is revived by the X-Seamens Institute — people who love the salty songs and who have been singing them every summer since 1969 on a New York City pier. Bernie Klay, Frank Woerner, John Townley and Dan Aguiar recreate songs sung 100 years ago by working seamen. Rousing music!
1-12" LP, \$6.98 STEREO