

FOLKWAYS

STEREO

SEA FESTIVAL SERIES #2



# SEA SONGS



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H436  
1980

MUSIC LP



SEA FESTIVAL SERIES # 2

# SEA SONGS

Hearty renditions of  
traditional songs and chanteys  
sung at the Newport Chantey Festival



## CUP-DEFENDERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE story of the *America's Cup*, how it was won in 1851, and since defended, is an oft-told tale, and no attempt will be made here to go into details that are familiar to every American yachtsman. The tables below have been compiled with the idea of giving at a glance to those interested the history of the cup's defence, and should be valuable as a mere matter of record.

Come what may this cup must always remain our most treasured trophy, for all our magnificent development in yacht-designing is directly traceable to the contests to keep it on this side of the Atlantic. Eight times have we accepted challenges for this blue ribbon of the ocean—six from England and two from Canada, and seven times have we successfully defended it—the eighth remains to be decided next week.

The history of these races is the history of marine architecture, and the characteristic progress of the Yankee and the perseverance and sportsmanship of our British cousins are evidenced in every one of the struggles. With each challenge the interest has spread wider and wider, until today, it may be said, the eyes of the yachting world will follow the grand struggle between *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant*, which begins on the 5th.

It was vastly different in 1850 when Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, then in its infancy, ordered the *America* from George Steers, the first and one of the most famous of American designers. The building of pleasure yachts at that time was a struggling industry, while racing was confined chiefly to the pilot-boats, which were justly renowned. There was, indeed, some desultory yacht-racing, and there had been even ten years earlier, but it was only beginning to be recognized as a sport when the *America* was put overboard.

George Steers deserves more than a passing notice; he was of a family of builders, and a designer as independent and original as Edwin Burgess and the Herreshoffs who came after him. He revolutionized yacht-designing in his day, and built many boats that became noted. Besides the *America*, he designed the sloop *Julia* (a cut of her in her original rig is produced in this issue), which in her day was as much of a marvel and as unbeatable as was *Gloriana* in her first season.

Each of these two famous boats has an interesting history. *America* was sold to an Englishman after her conquest in '51, and for a time did service as a yacht. She was turned into a blockade-runner when the Civil war broke out, but in this rôle she was not a success, and to escape capture was sunk in the St. Johns River, Florida. After the war she was raised by the government, and put into commission as a training-school for the naval cadets. When the *Cambria* came over to race

for the cup, in '70, she was refitted as a yacht and competed, winning fourth place, while the English yacht got no better than tenth; thus did the old boat, handicapped as she was, show that after twenty years she was still faster than the latest and fastest British creation. Later she became the property of General Benjamin F. Butler, and is still in possession of his son Paul, who should, by all means, bring her down to New York during the International race next week.

### "AMERICA'S" CUP RECORD.

This cup was offered for competition by the Royal Yacht Squadron at their regular regatta in 1851, and won by the schooner *America* over the *Isle of Wight* course against a fleet of fifteen. Having been presented by the owners of the *America* to the New York Yacht Club, to remain a perpetual international challenge trophy, it became known, and properly, as the *America's Cup*. It was not offered by the Queen at the '51 regatta, as many have supposed, and has consequently been wrongly called, from time to time in early writings, the Queen's Cup.

#### CHALLENGERS.

	Type.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.	Owner.
1870, <i>Cambria</i> ...	Keel Sch.	100.	20.5	12.4	James Ashbury.
1871, <i>Livonia</i> ...	Keel Sch.	115.	23.7	12.6	James Ashbury.
1876, <i>Cut's of Dufferin</i> ...	Centreboard	107.	24.	6.6	C. Gifford.
1881, <i>Atlanta</i> ...	Sloop	64.	19.	5.6	Alex. Cathbert.
1885, <i>Genesta</i> ...	Cutter	81.	15.	18.6	Sir R. Sutton.
1886, <i>Galatea</i> ...	Cutter	86.	15.	18.6	Lieut. Henn, R.N.
1887, <i>Thistle</i> ...	Cutter	86.46	20.4	18.6	James Bell.
1893, <i>Valkyrie</i> ...	Cutter	85.50	20.6	16.6	Lord Dunraven.

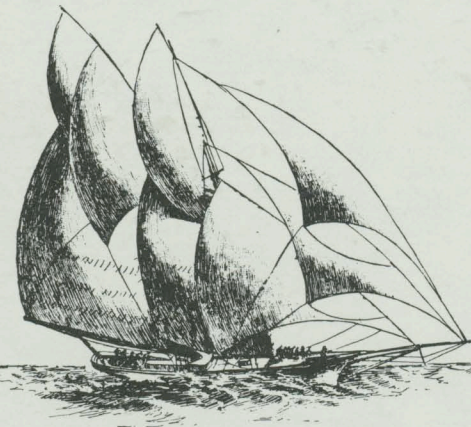
\* Against fleet.

#### DEFENDERS.

	Type.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.	Owner.
1870, <i>Magic</i> ...	Cutrid Sch.	78.11	20.9	6.7	Franklin Osgood.
1871, <i>Sappho</i> ...	Keel Sch.	119.4	27.4	12.8	W. P. Douglass.
1871, <i>Columbia</i> ...	Cutrid Sch.	96.	25.1	6.	Franklin Osgood.
1876, <i>Madeline</i> ...	Cutrid Sch.	95.2	24.	7.4	J. S. Dickerson.
1881, <i>Mischief</i> ...	Sloop	61.	19.10	5.4	J. R. Busk.
1885, <i>Puritan</i> ...	Sloop	85.13	22.7	8.6	J. M. Forbes.
1886, <i>Mayflower</i> ...	Sloop	85.7	23.6	9.6	C. J. Paine.
1887, <i>Volunteer</i> ...	Sloop	85.88	23.2	10.	C. J. Paine.
1893, <i>Vigilant</i> ...	Sloop	86.12	26.	14.	N. Y. Syndicate.

*Julia*, after a very successful career as a sloop, was sold, and turned into a schooner. Later she became the property of Edward M. Brown, Esq., then Rear-Commodore, and always one of the most prominent members of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Brown restored the *Julia's* old rig as nearly as possible, and raced her a bit, but her day had gone by, and she became a memory of our first yachting triumphs.

Nor were the winnings of these two wonderful boats, and the success of those chosen to defend the *America's Cup*

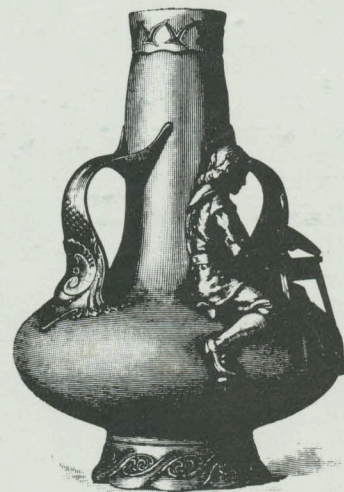


MAGIC.

from time to time in the early races, the only facts to show the marked superiority of our designers. Americans may remember, with pardonable pride, that not only did the *America*, after twenty years of adventure, beat *Cambria* (an especially prepared boat), but all of our defenders in the races of '70, '71, '76, and '81 were yachts built for their owners' pleasure, and with no idea of defending the cup. On the other hand, at least the *Livonia*, *Countess of Dufferin*, and *Atlanta* were designed and built especially to

sail for the *America's Cup*, and each represented the latest and best skill of English and Canadian designers.

We held trial races to choose a defender for the first time in '81, and *Gracie*, *Mischief*, and *Hillegarde* were the contestants. Between '81 and '85 the standard of both Ameri-



CUP PRESENTED TO THE "PURITAN"

can and English racing-yachts was advanced greatly by the designing of Edwin Burgess and Beavor Webb. The former began the career that gave us three defenders which made a radical change in designing on this side, and Mr. Webb showed lines far in advance of previous British designing in the *Genesta* and *Galatea*. Especially was the awakening noticeable in England, whence *Muriel*, *Orica*, *Bedouin*, *Ileen*, and the clever little Scotch cutter, *Madge*, followed one another in rapid succession.

With this evidence of activity in mind, we built two—*Puritan* and *Priscilla*—boats especially to defend the cup when Sir Richard Sutton challenged with the *Genesta* in '85. In '86 we built two more, *Mayflower* and *Atlantic*, and the former was so much better than *Puritan* as to be considered good enough, and in '87 *Volunteer* showed in her turn such an increase of speed over *Mayflower* that we believed the cup safe in her defence. Each one of these successful defenders was presented by the New York Yacht Club with a cup from the Whiting Company's designs. Since the days of the *Volunteer*, American yacht-designing has undergone another revolution, brought about by the *Gloriana* in '91, and, compared with the new class, the defenders of the eighties seem as ancient in their lines as at that time those of the seventies must have appeared. This year to defend the *America's Cup* we

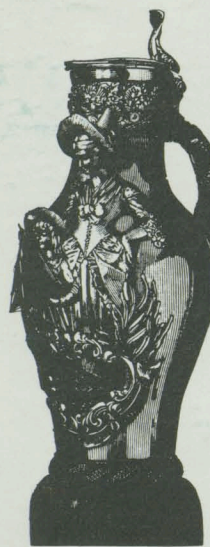
have built four boats, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, at a gross outlay of over three hundred thousand dollars. England has sent over a boat in the *Valkyrie* infinitely superior to any ever built abroad, and one that shows they have learned well the lessons.



CUP PRESENTED TO THE "VOLUNTEER"



"AMERICA'S" CUP.



CUP PRESENTED TO THE "MAYFLOWER"

SIDE ONE	TIME
<b>Paddy Lay Back</b> Stan Hugill	4:16
<b>Ye Mariners All</b> David Jones	2:18
<b>Lower The Boat Down</b> Dan Aguiar	2:17
<b>Columbo</b> Tom Towline	3:22
<b>Wreckers' Prayer</b> Dan Aguiar	1:47
<b>Saucy Sailor</b> Cathy Katzberg & Stephen Snyder	1:36
<b>Topman &amp; Afterguard</b> Charlie O'Hegarty	1:30

SIDE TWO	TIME
<b>The Argo</b> Cathy Katzberg & Steven Snyder	1:47
<b>The California</b> David Baumgarten	2:42
<b>The Island Lass</b> Bernie Klay	1:43
<b>The Oda G</b> Tom Towline	2:22
<b>Donegal Danny</b> Paddy Herson & John Townley	5:17

CHORUS: Frank Woerner, Taffy Roberts, Talitha Claypool, Peter Marston, Clark Branson, Bernie Klay, John Townley, Dan Aguiar, David Jones, Cathy Katzberg, Stephen Snyder, David Baumgarten, Paddy Herson.

Producers: JOHN & CHRISTINE TOWNLEY  
Engineer: JOHN KILGORE  
Recorded at VISCOUNT STUDIOS, Cranston, R.I.

This album was jointly commissioned by The National Maritime Historical Society and The Sea Heritage Foundation.

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254-26 75 Avenue  
Glen Oaks, NY 11004

The Sea Heritage Foundation is a non-profit organization which: Preserves the folk music of the sea, Supports Maritime Museums, Works for the World Ship Trust

From HARPERS WEEKLY—Oct. 7, 1893

Cover Illustration—"Haul Aft The Jib Sheet" drilling the crew of the "*Vigilant*".

Drawn by M.J. Burns.



**The Singers**

Bernie Klay  
Shenendoah, The Drunken Sailor, Eddystone  
Light, and Amsterdam  
Dan Aguiar  
Boney, Advertised in Boston and Rio  
Frank Woerner  
New York Girls, Greenland Fisheries, Haul  
Away Joe and The Mermaid  
John Townley  
High Barbaree and Rolling Home

**The Instrumentalists**

Larry Cole  
Northumbrian Pipes  
Tom Cerone  
Drums  
Dan Aguiar  
12 string banjo  
John Townley  
Guitar, Mandolin, Piano, Harmonica, Anglo  
Concertina, and The banjo

**The Chorus**

(Individually and collectively)  
Charles O'Hegarty, Chris Burke, Christine Townley,  
Laura Fandino, Larry Cole, Nancy Julius, David  
Larcey, Lisa Roth, Kristen Douglas and Dan Milner.

**The Producers**

John & Christine Townley  
Associate Producers  
Captain George C. Salley, Walter Handelman,  
Al Burns, Charles & Patricia Amyx,  
Clark Branson.  
Assistant Producers  
Elliot Lippin, Antonia Nofi,  
John & Nancy Dodge.

**Engineers**

John Kilgore  
Jerry Epstein (Amsterdam)

**Cover Drawing**

Bill Waithe

**Layout Design**

Michelle Roberge

**Recorded At:**

J & J Studios, New York City  
Except for Amsterdam which was recorded in  
Don Wade's living room.

**Conception:**

The Sea Heritage Foundation, a not-for-profit,  
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Glen Oaks, NY 11004

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ALBERTAENSIS



Moses and Frances Asch Collection  
Gift of Moses Asch,  
Director, Folkways Records,  
and of Frances Asch  
November 1985



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X114  
S438  
1981  
MUSIC AV

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Volume Two of the Sea Heritage Cassette Library of Sailing Songs

# SEA SONG FAVORITES

Sung by *The X Seamen and Friends*







## THE X SEAMENS INSTITUTE

is the rollicking chanteymen quartet founded on the docks of South Street in 1968 by Bernie Klay.

Frank Woerner guides the folkloric aspects of the group.

John Townley is the instrumental spine & musical director.

Dan Aguiar is basic.

They carry forward the 100 year old tradition of singing songs from the *Age of Sail* for sweet satisfaction.

With this album the X Seamen invite you to raise your voice and join the tradition.

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## Sailors' Slangue on Ship and Shore

**CAPE HORN FEVER** — An imaginary disease of a sojer, created to avoid work.

**SOJER** — A sailor with the above infirmity who more than likely was shanghaied into the maritime service by a crimp.

**CRIMP** — An employment agent in the Age of Sail who frequently associated with a boarding house master.

**BOARDING HOUSE MASTER** — A harbor entrepreneur who provided Jack Tar with swipes, lodging, lobscouse, and flash gals at his stone frigate.

**STONE FRIGATE** — A landside establishment.

**FLASH GAL** — A lady of the evening specializing in the service of marine personnel.

**LOBSCOUSE** — Good food, particularly a stew of meat, potatoes, onions and broken biscuits.

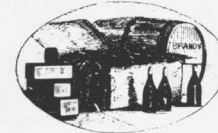
**SWIPES** — Intoxicant fluids sometimes also known as Nelson's blood.

**NELSON'S BLOOD** — Whiskey casks were broached by miscreant thirsty tars and their contents surreptitiously sucked in silence. After his fatal fight at Trafalgar Horatio Nelson's body was bunged in a barrel of brandy. Considering the reverence in which Lord Nelson was held it is hard to believe a Royal Navy Tar would drink Horatio's embalming fluid. However anything is possible when Jack is half seas over and under the gunnels.

**HALF SEAS OVER** — Half drunk.

**UNDER THE GUNNELS** — Overloaded with work or drink. Dead drunk. Totally bombed.

Reprinted from Sea Heritage News Issue #3




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## SEA HERITAGE NEWS

**“...an excellent newsletter covering a wide range of salty subjects which should make interesting reading for the many people whose hearts are in the sea.”**

Harry Allendorfer  
Director, Maritime Preservation  
National Trust for Historic Preservation



**At last! A contest worthy of the Sea Heritage crew:  
NAME THE VESSELS**

We'll give you one hint. All of the vessels shown existed prior to 1858, for that is the date this engraving was published in *Bellou's Pictorial Room Companion*. First prize is a matted print of the America's Cup Race. Prizes two and three are record albums. Prizes four to seven are X Seamen Songbooks.



*Sea Heritage News*

Reprinted from *Sea Heritage News* Issue #7

page 12

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**SONGBOOK**

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## **SEA SONG FAVORITES And Foc'sle Songs from Newport**

An auxiliary to the Cassette Album—Folkways 7 37325

**SEA HERITAGE FOUNDATION**



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**SEA SONG  
FAVORITES**

**SHENENDOAH**

*slowly, freely* **F**

Oh, Shen-en-doah, I long to hear you — A —

way — you rol-ling riv-er. — Oh,

Shen-en-doah — I long to hear you. — A —

way, I'm bound a-way

'cross the wide Mis-sour-i..

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F** **D<sup>m</sup>** **F** **C<sup>7</sup>** **F**

**SHENENDOAH**

Lead BERNIE KLAY

Oh Shenendoah, I long to hear you.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenendoah, I long to see you  
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.

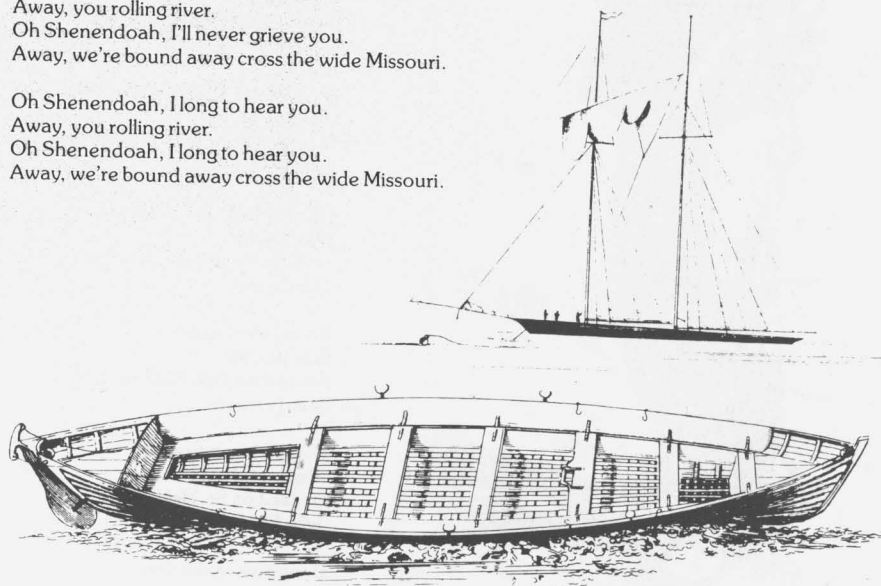
The White man loved the Indian Maiden.  
Away, you rolling river.  
With notions his canoe was laden.  
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenendoah, I love your daughter.  
Away, you rolling river.  
I'll take her cross the raging waters.  
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.

Missouri she's a mighty river.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Missouri, she's a mighty river.  
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenendoah, I'll not deceive you.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenendoah, I'll never grieve you.  
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenendoah, I long to hear you.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenendoah, I long to hear you.  
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.





**BONEY**

Lead: DAN AGUIAR

Boney was a warrior.  
Way hay ah.  
A warrior a tarrier.  
Jean Francois.

Boney beat the Prussians.  
Way hay ah.  
The Austrians the Russians.  
Jean Francois.

Boney went to school in France.  
Way hay ah.  
Learnt the Russians how to dance.  
Jean Francois.

Boney marched to Moscow.  
Way hay ah.  
He lost his army in the snow.  
Jean Francois.

We licked him in Trafalgar bay.  
Way hay ah.  
Shot his main topmast away.  
Jean Francois.

'Twas on the Plains of Waterloo.  
Way hay ah.  
He met the boy who put him through.  
Jean Francois.

He met the Duke of Wellington.  
Way hay ah.  
And then his downfall was begun.  
Jean Francois.

Boney went a crusin.  
Way hay ah.  
Aboard the Billy Ruffian.  
Jean Francois.

He sent him into exile.  
Way hay ah.  
He died on St. Helen's Isle.  
Jean Francois.

Boney was a warrior.  
Way hay ah.  
A warrior a tarrier.  
Jean Francois.

**THE MERMAID**

Lead: FRANK WOERNER

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail.  
And we were not far from the land.  
When the captain he spied a fishy mermaid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

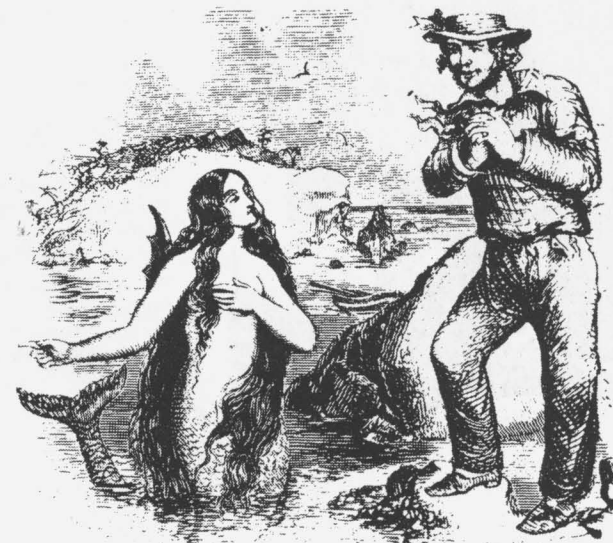
Oh the ocean waves may roll,  
And the stormy winds may blow.  
While we poor sailors go skippin' to the top.  
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below.  
And the landlubbers lie down below!

Then up spoke the captain of our famous ship.  
And a well spoken captain was he.  
This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom.  
And tonight we drownded shall be.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our famous ship.  
And a well spoken cabin boy was he.  
I've a mother and a father in Salem by the sea.  
And tonight they childless shall be.

And up spoke the cooky of our gallant ship.  
And a well spoken cooky was he.  
I care much more for my pots and my pans,  
Then I do for the bottom of the sea.

Then three times around went our gallant ship.  
And three times around went she.  
Ah three times went our gallant ship,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.





## THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

Lead: BERNIE KLAY

Second Voice: JOHN TOWNLEY

What shall we do with the drunken Sailor.  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor.  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor.  
Early in the morning.

### THE CHORUS

Way hay and up she rises.  
Way hay and up she rises.  
Way hay and up she rises.  
Early in the morning.

Tie him in a knot in a running bowline.  
Tie him in a knot in a running bowline.  
Tie him in a knot in a running bowline.  
Early in the morning.  
chorus.  
Put him in the scuppera and wet him all over.  
Put him in the scuppera and wet him all over.  
Put him in the scuppera and wet him all over.  
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over.  
Early in the morning.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.  
Early in the morning.

Put him in the longboat till he's sober.  
Put him in the longboat till he's sober.  
Put him in the longboat till he's sober.  
Early in the morning.

Give him a hair of the dog that bit him.  
Give him a hair of the dog that bit him.  
Give him a hair of the dog that bit him.  
Early in the morning.

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.  
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.  
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.  
Early in the morning.

Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter.  
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter.  
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter.  
Early in the morning.



## HIGH BARBAREE

Lead JOHN TOWNLEY

There were two lofty ships from old England came.  
Blow high, blow low and so sail we.  
One was the *Prince of Luther* and the other *Prince of Wales*,  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

Aloft then, aloft then, our gallant captain cried.  
Blow high, blow low and so sail we.  
Look ahead, look astern, look a weather, look lee.  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

Well there is nought head, and there is nought lee.  
Blow high, blow low and so sail we.  
But there's a lofty ship to windward and she's blowin' fast and free.  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

Ahoy then, ahoy then, our gallant captain cried.  
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.  
"Are you a man of war or a privateer?" cried he,  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

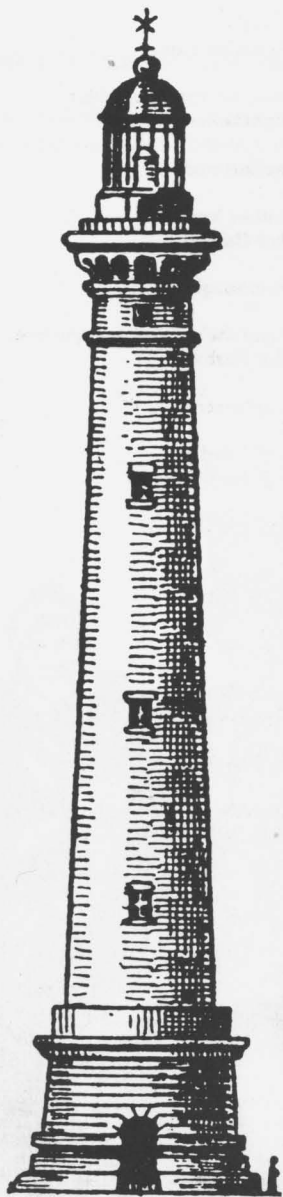
"I'm not a man-of-war or a privateer," cried he.  
Blow high, blow low and so sail we.  
I am a lofty pirateship come lookin' for my fee.  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

Then broadside to broadside a long time we lay.  
Blow high, blow low and so sail we.  
Until the *Prince of Luther* shot the pirate's mast away.  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

Have mercy, have mercy, the pirate then did plea.  
Blow high, blow low and so sail we.  
But the mercy that we showed to them we sank 'em in the sea.  
Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.







## THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Lead: BERNIE KLAY

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light.  
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night.  
From this union there came three,  
A porpoise, and a porgie,  
and the other was me.  
Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free.  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea.

One night as I was trimming of the glimm,  
A singing a song from the evening hymn.  
Heard a voice shouting "Ahoy,"  
And there was me mother just a sitting on a buoy.  
Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free.  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea.

"Oh what has become of my children three?"  
Me mother then she asked of me.  
"One was exhibited as a talking fish,  
The other was served in a chafing dish."  
Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free.  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea.

Oh the phosphorous gleamed in her seaweed hair,  
I looked again and my mother was there.  
Heard a voice echoing out in the night,  
"The hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light."  
Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free.  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea.

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,  
and he slept with a mermaid one fine night.  
From this union there came three,  
A porpoise, and a porgie and the other was me.  
Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free.  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea.

## NEW YORK GIRLS CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA

Lead: FRANK WOERNER

Oh shipmates listen unto me.  
I'll tell you in my song.  
Things that happened to me,  
When I come home from Hong kong.

THE CHORUS  
And away you Santy.  
My dear Annie.  
Oh you New York girls,  
Can't you dance the polka.

As I walked down through Chatham street,  
A fair maid I did meet.  
She asked me for to see her home.  
She lived on Bleeker street.

And when we got to Bleeker street  
We stopped at forty four.  
Her mother and her sister there,  
To greet us at the door.

And when we got inside the house,  
The drinks was passed around.  
The liquor was so awful strong,  
My head went round and round.

And then we had another drink.  
Before we sat to eat.  
The liquor was so awful strong,  
I quickly fell asleep.

When I awoke next morning  
I had an aching head.  
There was I, Jack all alone,  
Stark naked in me bed.

My gold watch and me pocketbook  
And a lady friend were gone.  
There was I, Jack all alone,  
Stark naked in the room.

On looking round this little room,  
There's nothing I could see.  
But a woman's shift and apron,  
That were no use to me.

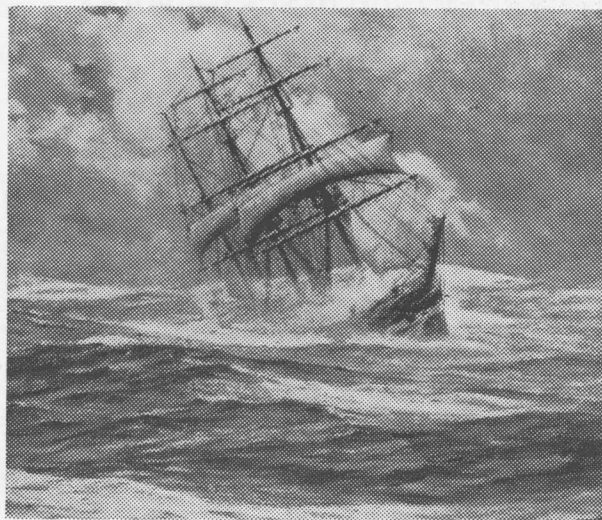
With a barrel for a suit of clothes,  
Down Cherry street forlorn.  
There Martin Churchill took me in,  
And sent me around Cape Horn.

Now I don't mind the money,  
As some other fellows might.  
But I wish I could remember,  
If I had some fun that night.

And away you Santy.  
My dear Annie.  
Oh you New York girls,  
Can't you dance the polka.







## ROLLING HOME

Lead: John Townley

Call all hands to man the capstan.  
See your cable flank down clear.  
We are sailing homeward bound boys.  
For the channel we shall steer.

### THE CHORUS

Rolling home, rolling home,  
Rolling home across the Sea.  
Rolling home to dear old England.  
Rolling home dear land to thee.

Goodby girls we're bound to leave ya.  
All the tow-rope all aboard.  
We shall leave old Aussi sternward.  
Clap all sail we can afford.

Round Cape Horn on a winter's morning.  
All among the ice and snow.  
You can hear our shellbacks singing.  
Sheet her home boys, let her go.

Now the Lizard Light is shining.  
And we're bound up for the north.  
With our canvas full and drawing.  
Soon we'll be on England's shore.

Rolling home, rolling home,  
Rolling home across the sea.  
Rolling home to dear old England.  
Rolling home dear land to thee.

## BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Lead: DAN AGUIAR

As I was awalking down Paradise street.  
To me way, hay, blow the man down.  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow.  
To me way, hay, blow the man down.  
So I took in all sail & cried "Way enough now."  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

### THE CHORUS

Blow the man down bullies, blow the man down.  
To me way, hay, blow the man down.  
Blow him right back to Liverpool town.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

So I tossed her me flipper & took her in tow.  
To me way, hay, blow the man down.  
Yardarm to yardarmaway we did go.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

But as we was a walking  
Way, hay, blow the man down.  
"There's a spanking full-rigger just ready to see.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar.  
To me way-aye, blow the man down.  
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.  
Give me some time to blow the man down!

So I give you fair warning before we belay,  
To me way-aye, blow the man down  
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say.  
Give me some time to blow the man down!

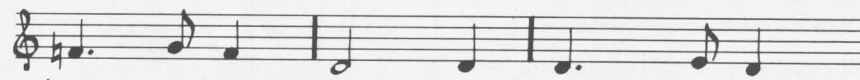
As I was awalking down Paradise street.  
To me way, hay, blow the man down.  
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.



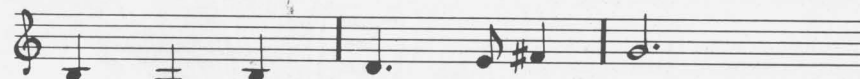
Oh, blow the man down, bul-lies, blow the man



down. To me way, aye,



blow the man down. Oh, blow the man



down, bul-lies, blow the man down.



Give me some time to blow the man down.



## HAUL AWAY JOE

Lead: FRANK WOERNER

When I was a little lad,  
And so me mother told me,  
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

That if I did not kiss the girls,  
Me lips would grow all mouldy,  
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
King Louis was the king of France,  
Before the revolution,  
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
And then he got his head chopped off,  
It spoiled his constitution,  
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,  
He came from decent people,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
He built a church in Dublin town,  
And on it put a steeple,  
Away haul away, well haul away Joe.

Once I was in Ireland  
adigging turf and taties,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
But now I'm on a Yankee ship,  
Ahauling on the braces,  
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Once I had a German girl,  
But she was fat and lazy,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
But now I got a Yankee gal,  
She damn near drives me crazy,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Way haul away, rock and roll me over,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
Way haul away well roll me in the clover,  
Away haul away we'll haul away Joe.

Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.  
Way haul away we'll haul away together,  
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.



## ADVERTISED IN BOSTON

Lead: DAN AGUIAR

Tis advertised in Boston,  
New York and Buffalo,  
500 hundred brave Americans,  
A whaling for to go.

THE CHORUS  
Singing blow ye winds of the morning,  
And blow ye winds hi ho,  
Clear away the running gear,  
And blow, boys, blow.

They send you to New Bedford,  
That famous whaling port,  
And give you to the land sharks,  
To board and fit you out.

They tell you of the clipper ships,  
A sailing in and out,  
And say you'll have 500 whales,  
Before you're six months out.

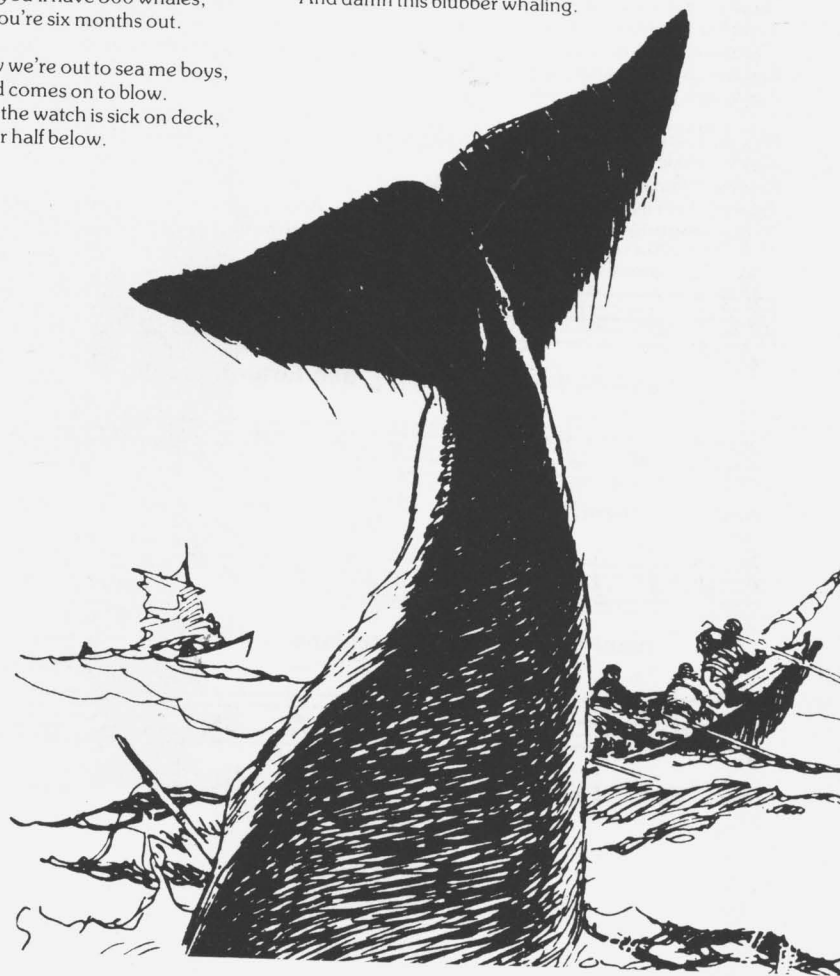
And now we're out to sea me boys,  
The wind comes on to blow,  
One half the watch is sick on deck,  
The other half below.

The skipper's on the quarterdeck,  
A squinting at the sails,  
While up aloft a lookout spots,  
A mighty school of whales.

Then lower down the boats me boys,  
And after him we'll travel,  
But if you get too near his flukes,  
He'll kick you to the devil.

And now the whale is ours me boys,  
We'll tow him alongside,  
And over with our blubber hooks,  
Then rob him of his hide.

And when we're back at home me boys  
And done with all our sailing,  
A winding glass around we'll pass,  
And damn this blubber whaling.





## GREENLAND FISHERY

Lead: FRANK WOERNER

Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,  
And of June the fourteenth day,  
That our gallant ship her anchors away,  
And for Greenland bore a way, brave boys,  
And for Greenland bore a way.

A lookout stood in the crosstrees high,  
With a spyglass in his hand.  
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a  
whalefish," he cried,  
"And she blows on every span, brave boys,  
And she blows on every span."

The captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
And a fine little man was he.  
"Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles fall,  
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys,  
And launch your boats for sea."

Now the boats were lowered and the men aboard,  
And the whale was in full view.  
Resolved, resolved was each seaman bold,  
To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys,  
To steer where the whalefish blew.

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

"To lose part of my gallant men,  
It grieves my heart full sore.  
But the losing of an 80 barrel whale,  
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,  
It grieves me ten times more."

The winter star doth now appear,  
So, boys, we'll anchor way.  
It's time to leave this cold country,  
And homeward bear away, brave boys,  
And homeward bear away.

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place,  
A place that's seldom green.  
Where there's ice and snow, and the  
whalefishes blow,  
And daylight's seldom seen brave boys,  
And the daylight's seldom seen.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three, On June the  
fourteenth day, We hoisted our colors to the  
top mast high, and Greenland bore a way, brave  
boys, For Greenland bore a way.

## RIO GRANDE

Lead: DAN AGUIAR

Oh, say were you ever down Rio Grande,  
To me Way Rio.  
It's there that the rivers roll down golden sands,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

## THE CHORUS

And away, Rio, away Rio,  
Sing fare thee well, me bonny young girls,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Oh, New York town is no place for me,  
To me Way Rio.  
I'll pack up me bag and go to sea,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

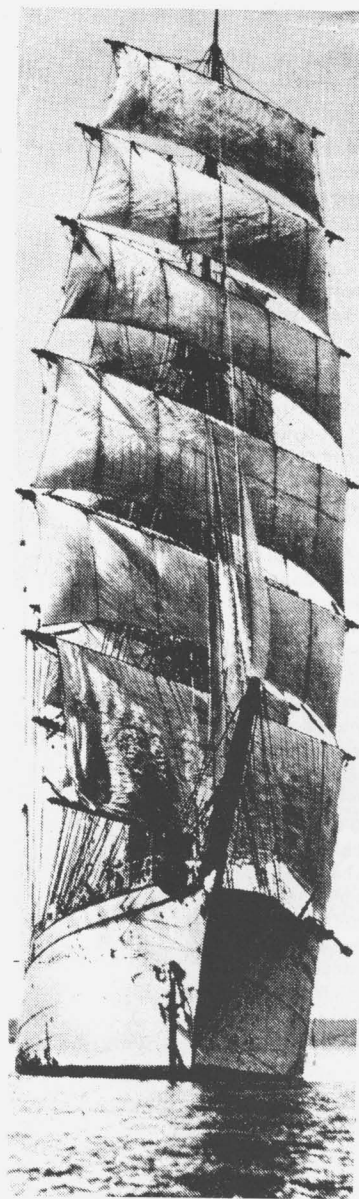
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of town,  
To me Way Rio.  
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

You New York ladies, I'll have you to know,  
To me Way Rio.  
We're bound for the southard, O Lord let her go,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,  
To me Way Rio.  
And you that are listening, well goodbye to you,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our good ship's a-going out over the bar,  
To me Way Rio.  
And we'll point our bow to the Southern Star,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

And away, Rio, away Rio,  
Sing fare thee well, me bonny young girls,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.





**MAID OF AMSTERDAM**

Lead: BERNIE KLAY

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
Mark well what I do say.  
In Amsterdam there lived a Maid,  
And she was the mistress of her trade.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

**THE CHORUS**

A roving, a roving,  
Since roving's been my ruin,  
I'll go no more a roving,  
With you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk.  
Mark well what I do say.  
I took this fair maid for a walk.  
And we had such a loving talk.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand around her waist.  
Mark well what I do say.  
I put my hand around her waist.  
She says young man you're in great haste.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand all on her knee.  
Mark well what I do say.  
I put my hand all on her knee.  
She said young man you're very free.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand around her thigh.  
Mark well what I do say.  
I put my hand around her thigh.  
She said young man you're drawing nigh.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand upon her patch.  
Mark well what I do say.  
I put my hand upon her patch.  
She says young man that's my main hatch.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

In consequence of our fine spree.  
Mark well what I do say.  
In consequence of our fine spree,  
She swore she would be true to me.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

In three weeks time I was badly bent.  
Mark well what I do say.  
In three weeks time I was badly bent.  
And off to sea I sadly went.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.

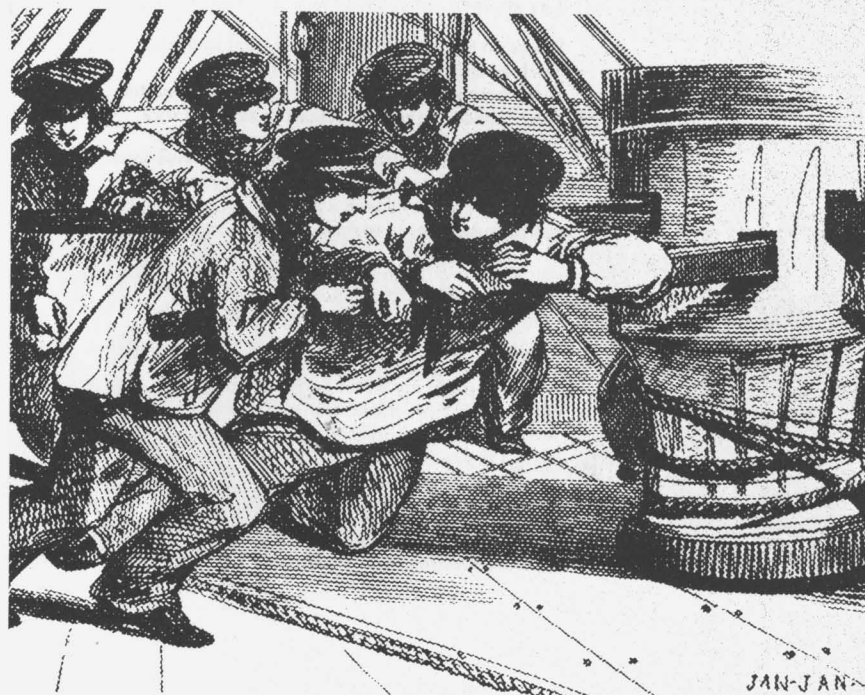
Now scarce had I been gone to sea.  
Mark well what I do say.  
Now scarce had I been gone to sea.  
A soldier took her on his knee.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid.  
A roving, a roving,  
Since roving's been my ruin.  
I'll go no more a roving,  
With you fair maid.



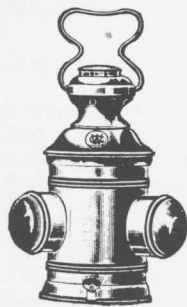

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**FOC'SLE SONGS FROM  
THE NEWPORT FESTIVAL**


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## PADDY LAY BACK

'Twas a cold and dreary morning in December (December)  
And all of me money it was spent (it was spent)  
Where it went to Christ I can't remember (remember)  
So down to the shipping office went (went, went)

Chorus: Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)  
Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)  
Take a turn around yer capstan, heave a pawl (heave a pawl)  
'Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy)  
We're bound for Valparaiso 'round the Horn.

That day there was a great demand for sailors  
For the colonies and for Frisco and for France.  
So I shipped aboard a limey bark, the Hotspur,  
And got paralytic drunk on my advance.

Now some of our fellas had been drinkin'  
And I meself was heavy on the booze  
And I sat upon me old sea chest a'thinkin'  
I'd turn into me bunk and have a snooze

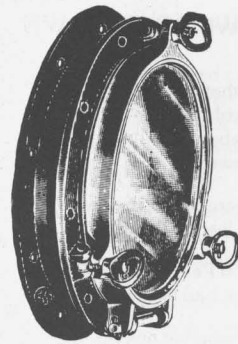
Oh I woke up in the morning sick and sore,  
And I knew I was outward bound again.  
And I heard a voice a callin' at the door  
Lay aft, men, and answer to your name.

'Twas on the quarterdeck where I first saw 'em.  
Such an ugly bunch I never seen before.  
Sure there was a bum and stiff from every quarter.  
And it made me poor old heart so sick and sore.

There were Spaniards, a Dutchman, and Russians,  
And Johnny Krapoos just across from France.  
And they couldn't speak a goddam word of English,  
And they answered to the name of month's advance.

Know I knew that in my box I had a bottle.  
By the boarding master 'twas put there.  
And I wanted something for to wet me throttle  
Something for to drive away dull care.

So down upon my knees I went like thunder,  
Put me hand into the bottom of the box.  
And what was my great surprise and wonder—  
Found only a bottle of medicine for the pox!



## YE MARINERS ALL

Ye mariners all, as you pass by,  
Come in and drink if you are dry.  
And spend, me lads, your money brisk,  
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Ye tipplers all, if you've half a crown,  
You're welcome all for to sit down.  
Come in me lads and think not amiss,  
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh when I'm old and can scarcely crawl,  
With an old grey beard and a head that's bald,  
Crown my desire and fulfill my wish,  
A pretty young girl and a jug of this.

And when I'm dead and in me grave,  
No costly tombstone will I crave.  
Transport me then into a fish,  
And let me swim in a jug of this.

Ye mariners all, as you pass by,  
Come in and drink if you are dry.  
Come in me lads, spend your money brisk,  
And pop your nose in a jug of this.





## LOWER THE YAWL BOAT DOWN

There's only one thing that grieves me.  
Oh, lower the boat down!  
It's my poor wife and baby.  
Lower the yawl boat down!

Seven old schooners were drivin' the bay.  
And ugly old Alice was leadin' the way.

We drove her so hard off Penaquid Neck.  
The old man thought we had broken her back.

Now there's only one thing that grieves me.  
It's my poor wife and baby.

We was drivin' ten knots as thick as a hedge.  
We grounded her board on the Bass Harbour Ledge.

We lowered her mains'l and tore her fore.  
That dear old wagon won't sail anymore.

That crazy old woman in Buzzards Bay  
She drove her to hell, left her to stay.

Now there's only one thing that grieves me.  
It's seein' old Alice go away.



## COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred ninety two, in the city of Genova,  
Lived Isabella, Queen of Spain, a real Spanish Lady.  
She fell in love with a sailor bold who swore the world was round-O  
That man whose name, well known to fame, was Christopher  
Columbo.

And he knew the world was round-O  
He knew the world was round-O  
That navigatin', calculatin' sailor man Columbo.

Now in fourteen hundred ninety two the Gob from old Italy  
Was wandering through the streets of Spain a-peddling of tamale.  
He met the queen of Spain and said, just give me ships and cargo  
And he swore he'd kiss the royal arse if they'd let him find Chicago.

Now Columbo strode into her court, his stockings of bright yellow  
Bulging at the trousers for he was a randy fellow.  
Queen Isabella sent for him, she knew his reputation  
She swooned and cried, take what you want, I'll do it for the nation.

Now for forty days and forty nights they sailed the broad Atlantic  
There was no woman aboard that ship and the crew were well nigh  
frantic.

They spied a mermaid on the rocks and off went coats and collars,  
And when that mermaid swam away she had ten thousand dollars.

Now in fourteen hundred ninety two, clap cures they weren't many,  
And the only doctor Columbo had was a damned old fool called  
Benny.

He purged the crew with castor oil and he sent them to their station  
And Mussolini's doing it still to the whole Italian nation.

Well when they finally reached Americay, they roamed about the  
nation.

And when they sailed they left behind ten times the population.  
One thirty-second grandson, whose name was Al Caponey,  
In old Chicago there he planted the flag of old Italy.





## WRECKER'S PRAYER

Give us a wreck or two good Lord  
For winter in Topsail Tickle is hard.  
With grey frost creeping like mortal sin,  
And perishin' lack of bread in the bin,  
And perishin' lack of bread in the bin.

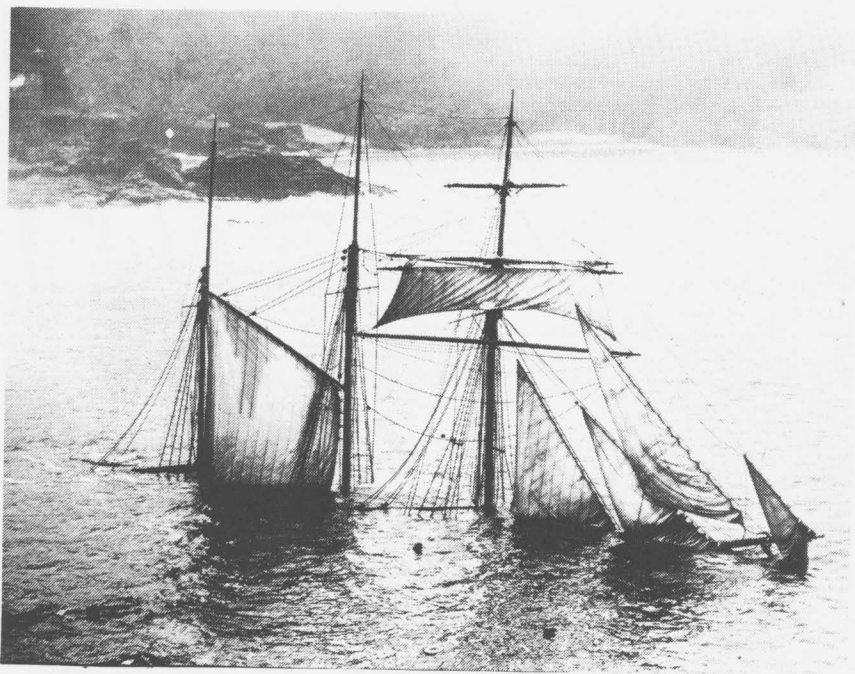
A grand, rich wreck we do humbly pray,  
Busted abroad at the break of day.  
And hove clear in cross Topsail Reef  
With victuals and gear to beguile our grief,  
With victuals and gear to beguile our grief.

God of reefs, and tide, and sky,  
Heed you our need and hark to our cry  
Bread by the bag and beef by the cask  
Ease for sore bellies is all we ask,  
Ease for sore bellies is all we ask.

One grand wreck, or maybe two.  
With victuals and gear to see us through  
Tis spring starts up like the break of day  
And the fish strike back into Topsail Bay.  
And the fish strike back into Topsail Bay.

One rich wreck, for thy hand is strong.  
A bark or a brig from up along.  
Bemused by the twisting tides, oh Lord  
For winter in Topsail Tickle is hard,  
For winter in Topsail Tickle is hard.

Loud and long we sing your praise.  
Merciful Father, oh ancient of days.  
Master of fog, and tide, and reef,  
Heave us a wreck to beguile our grief,  
Heave us a wreck to beguile our grief.



## SAUCY SAILOR

Come my dearest, come my fairest,  
Come and tell unto me  
Will you pity a poor sailor  
Who has just come from sea?

I can fancy no poor sailor,  
No poor sailor for me.  
For to cross the stormy ocean  
Is a terror to me.

You are ragged love, and you're dirty love,  
And your clothes they smell of tar.  
So be gone you saucy sailor,  
So be gone you Jack Tar.

If I'm ragged, love, and I'm dirty, love,  
And my clothes they smell of tar,  
I have silver in my pocket,  
And of gold a bright store.

When she heard those words come from him  
On her bended knees she fell.  
To be sure I'll wed my sailor,  
For I love him so well.

Do you think that I am foolish,  
Do you think that I am mad?  
For to wed with a poor country girl  
Where no fortune's to be had.

I will cross the briney ocean,  
Where the meadows they are green.  
Since you have refused the offer, love,  
Another shall have the ring.

For I'm young, love, and I'm frolicsome,  
I'm good tempered, kind and free.  
And I don't care a fig, love,  
What the world says of me.

Come my dearest, come my fairest,  
Come and tell unto me  
Will you pity a poor sailor  
Who has just come from sea?





## THE TOPMAN AND THE AFTERGUARD

Now a topman and an afterguard out walking one day,  
Said the topman to the afterguard, I mean for to pray,  
For the rights of all sailors, and the wrongs of all men,  
And whatever I do pray for, you must answer, Amen.

First we'll pray for the bosun and his little stick,  
He shouts out all hands, and gives us a lick,  
Strikes many a good fellow, and kicks him a main,  
May the Devil double-triple damn him, said the afterguard, Amen.

Now we'll pray for the purser, who gives us to eat  
Spew bargow, rank butter and musty horsemeat,  
And weevily old biscuits, that he gets the gain,  
May the Devil double-triple damn him, said the afterguard, Amen.

Then we'll pray for the officers who hold up our due,  
They own three years money and our prize wages, too,  
Let them fight their own wars, over and over again  
And may the Devil double-triple damn them, said the afterguard,  
Amen.



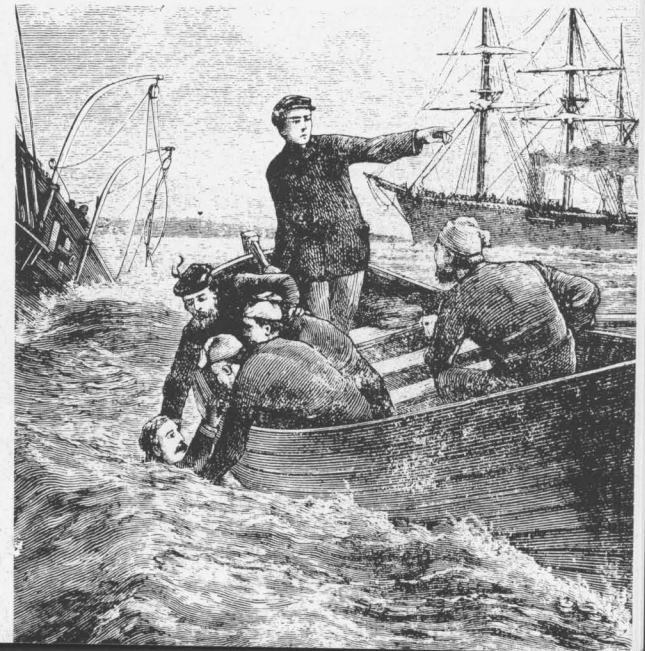
## THE ARGO

'Twas a terrible night when the Argo went down,  
'twas a cruel and horrible sight,  
The captain and crew they did scream to the gods,  
to keep their ship floating aright.  
Their cargo was precious, the King's royal twins,  
who were bound for the land cross the sea,  
Though a hundred brave travelers left,  
by the morning there lived only three.

Oh, how low it did blow,  
That Tyrrhenian current did take the Argo.

The captain did strap herself to the mainmast,  
a deserter she never would be,  
While her two royal passengers clung to her side,  
the rigging did blow out to sea.  
The brother and sister, alike as a pea, held fast to the mast,  
it gave o'er.  
And the last three survivors, a'tripped in the sea,  
tried swimming their way to the shore.

When the Argo went down in that terrible storm  
three survivors they swam for their lives,  
Though his sister was safe in the captain's good care,  
young Sebastian was adrift all the night,  
At last he was fished from the cold, icy sea  
by a ship with a renegade flag,  
And when he touched shore young Sebastian swore,  
that he'd never again leave the land.



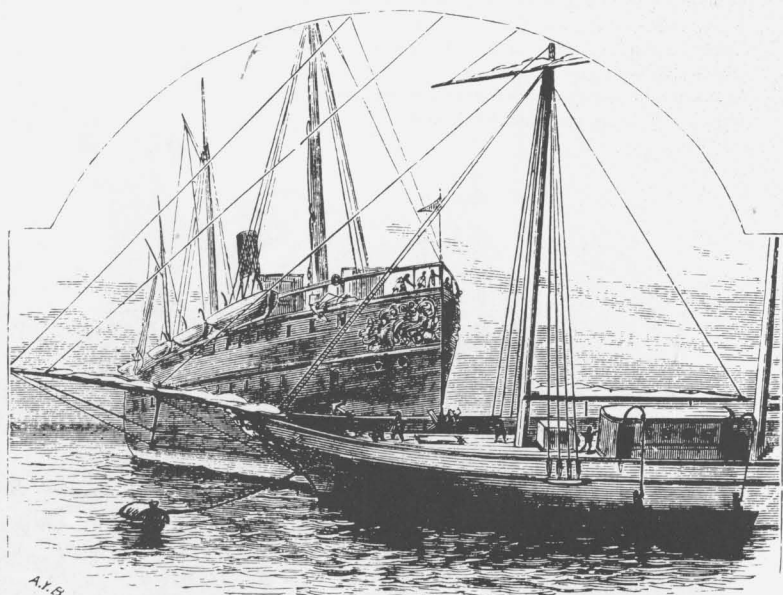


## THE CALIFORNIA

Ah, me boys it's California.  
 Girl of the summer, and sons of the sea.  
 Pack your gear for the California.  
 Winds are seldom free.  
 And now you got a breeze.  
 I must go where the tall ships go,  
 Climb aloft in a gale.  
 Shanty loud for the bygone sailing days.  
 When I gave chase to the whale.  
 You know I followed the whale.

So hoist a sail on this barkentine.  
 We're outward bound to the sea.  
 Farewell to you landlubbin' sons of a rock  
 Our birds are flying free.  
 They've forgotten all your dreams.

So come all you poets, you dreamers, too  
 Tack your sail to the line.  
 Set your course for a star found lattitude  
 Hang all your sorrows behind  
 The sea, she's heady wine.



## ISLAND LASS

Our packet is the Island Lass.  
 Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, low.  
 There's a laddie howlin' at the main topmast,  
 Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, low.

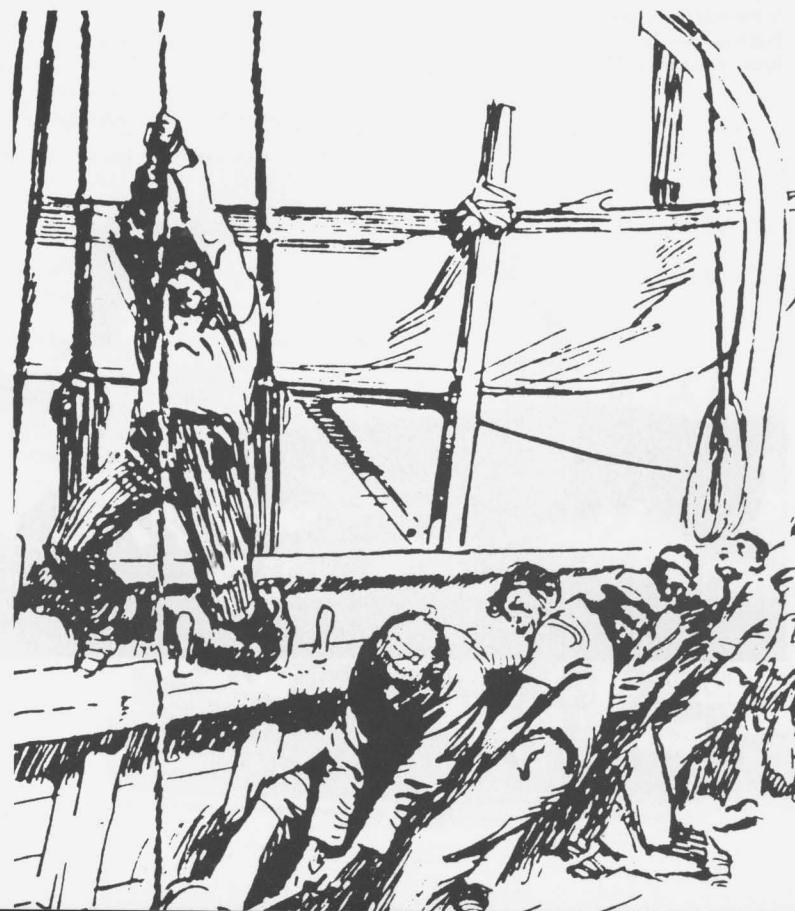
Our captain hails from Barbados.  
 Lowlands. . . .  
 He's got the name Old Hammertoes.  
 Lowlands. . . .  
 He feeds us a bread as hard as brass.  
 His bacon salt is Balaam's ass.

It's up aloft this yard must go.  
 It's up aloft from down below.

It's up aloft against the sky.  
 Oh trice it up and let it dry.

That monkey's rigged in sailor's clothes.  
 And where he got 'em from, God only knows.

Our packet is the Island Lass.  
 Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, low!





## ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

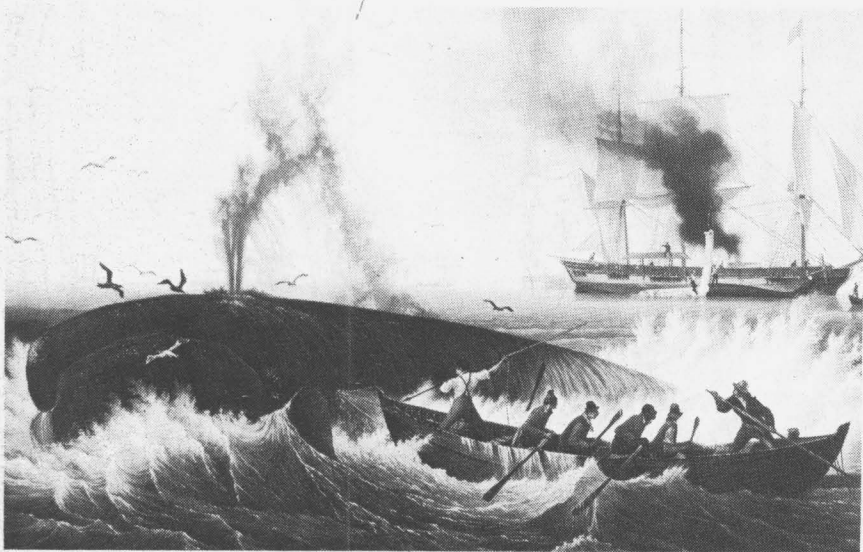
'Tis a rough, tough life of toil and strife  
 We whalemens undergo.  
 And we don't give a damn when the gale is done  
 How hard the winds do blow.  
 Sure we're homeward bound,  
 'Tis a damn fine sound.  
 With a good ship taut and free.  
 We don't give a damn when we drink our rum  
 With them girls of old Maui.

Rollin' down to old Maui, me boys,  
 Rollin' down to old Maui.  
 We're homeward bound from the arctic ground  
 Rollin' down to old Maui

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head  
 Looms up on old Wahoo.  
 Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice  
 And our decks are hidden from view.  
 Six hellish months have passed away  
 In the cold Kamchatka Sea.  
 But now we're bound from the arctic ground  
 Rollin' down to old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale  
 Through the ice and sleet and rain.  
 And them cocoanut fronds in the tropic lands  
 Oh we soon shall see again.  
 Oh the horrid ice of the sea-cut isles  
 That deck the arctic sea  
 Are miles behind in the frozen wind  
 Since we steered for old Maui.

How warm the breeze on the tropic seas  
 Now the ice is far astern.  
 And the native maids in them island glades  
 Are awaiting our return.  
 And their big black eyes  
 Even now look out  
 Hoping some fine day to see  
 Out baggy sails running fore the gales  
 Rollin' down to old Maui.



## ODA G

By Stanley Triggs

Come all of you lazy young tugboat men,  
 And listen unto me.  
 And I'll tell you a story of hardships and glory  
 And a terrible time on the deep briney sea.

Now there once was a stalwart called tugboat.  
 Her name was the Oda G.  
 And all that you know boys, from running a tow boys,  
 There wasn't no huskier tugboat than she.

She came off the ways in '89,  
 For storms she cared not a damn.  
 It was boasted around, was the talk of the town,  
 That she knew that old coastline as well as a man.

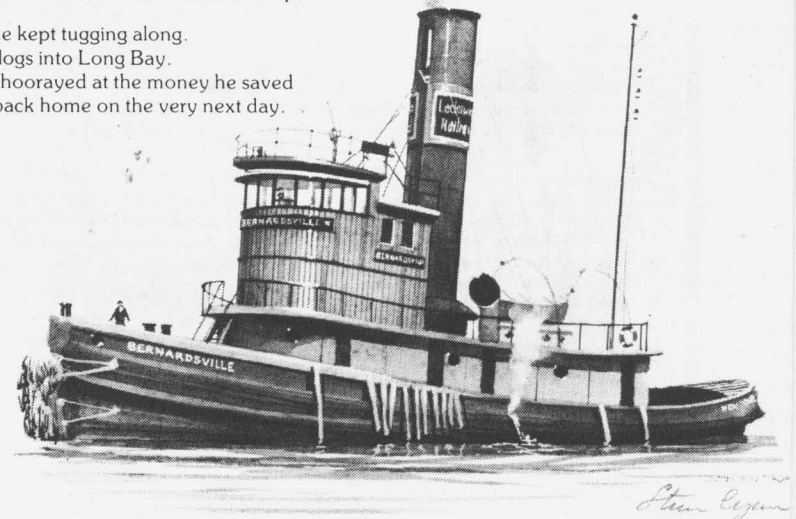
Well the engineer was a lazy young tramp,  
 All day he did nothing but read.  
 On the fantail he sat, on his young lazy prat,  
 Til a big roaring wave swept him to the seaweed.

And the mate was an expert at running the logs.  
 He ne'er seemed to come to no harm.  
 But he run outta luck when he fell in the chuck  
 With an old rusty boom chain wrapped round his left arm.

And the deckhand was painting the bulwarks a-fine,  
 Painting so carefully.  
 But he met his fate, when to admire his paintin'  
 He took a step back and fell into the sea.

And the skipper he was a very fine man,  
 At seafarin' he was a pip.  
 But without a crew he didn't know what to do  
 So he grabbed up a lifebot and abandoned his ship.

But the Oda G she kept tugging along.  
 She towed them logs into Long Bay.  
 And Boss Penny hoorayed at the money he saved  
 And he sent her back home on the very next day.





## DONEGAL DANNY

I remember the night that he came in,  
The wind breathed cold and damp.  
A giant of a man in an oilskin coat  
and a bundle that told he was a tramp.  
He stood at the bar and he called a pint,  
And he turned and gazed at the fire.  
On a night like this, to be safe and dry,  
Is me one and only desire.



So here's to those that are dead and gone,  
The friends that I loved dear.  
And here's to you, and I'll bid you adieu  
Saying Donegal Danny's been here, me boys,  
Donegal Danny's been here.

Well it's then in a voice that's hushed and low  
He said, listen, and I'll tell you a tale.  
How a man of the sea became a man of the roads  
And never more will set sail.  
I've fished out of Howth and Kerry Beggs,  
Ardnath and Baltimore.  
But the cruel sea has beaten me,  
And I'll end me days on the shore.

One fateful night in the wind and the rain  
We set sail from Kerry Beggs town.  
There were five of us from sweet Donegal,  
And a man from county Down.  
We were fishermen who worked the sea  
And we never counted the cost.  
But I never thought ere that night was done  
That all me friends would be lost.

Then the storm it broke and it drove our boat  
To the rocks about 12 miles from shore.  
And we often sighed as we fought the tide  
To see our homes once more.  
But the ship struck a rock  
And we hove the bow  
And we all knew that she would go down  
So we jumped right into the icy sea  
And we prayed to God we wouldn't drown.  
But the ragin' sea was rising still  
And we struck out for the land.  
And she fought with all her cruelty  
To claim our gallant band.  
Well by St. Johns Point in the early dawn  
I dragged myself on the shore.  
And I cursed the sea for what she'd done  
And I vowed I'd sail her nevermore.

Now it's ever since that night I've been on the road,  
Traveling, and trying to forget  
That awful night I lost all me friends,  
Why, I see their faces yet.  
And still at night when the sea runs high  
And rain is tearing at my skin,  
Why, I hear the cries of drowning men  
Come floating over the wind.

## A Cape Horn Experience

July 28, 1901 - Midwinter in the southern hemisphere



Anton Otto Fischer, circa 1905

Anton Otto Fischer was 19 years old and an able bodied seaman aboard the square rigger, *Gwydr Castle*. This is the recollection of his trip around Cape Horn.

Thinking back on the two nightmarish months it took the *Gwydr Castle* to get around Cape Horn, I often wonder how we survived at all. It was a succession of westerly gales, the ship hove to half the time under topsails, making two feet south or north to every foot west; blizzards when we couldn't see 30 yards beyond the bowsprit and huge gray seas loomed to windward like nebulous monsters; sleet storms when rigging and footropes coated with ice and when sails were as stiff as boards and unmanageable. The *Gwydr Castle* justified all our fears. Deeply laden with cargo badly stowed, she lay in the

water like a dead weight. The deck was never free of water and the men went to their watch below soaked through. Many times the whole watch would be caught at the leebraces when the ship rolled, taking tons of green water aboard and washing everybody off their feet. There would be a mad scramble to catch hold of something and hold on while the water swirled and tugged determined to claim a victim. The scuppers could not cope with the volume of water that poured on the deck. Work, other than shifting the sails, was out of the question.

There were days of respite when the wind moderated and slanted to the south or north so that the ship could inch her way west. The seas ran in enormous swells, even in moderate weather. With the prevailing westerlies, the seas never calmed. One morning my weary port watch went below at 4 a.m. Damp and uncomfortable and I tossed restlessly in my bunk when there came a report like the cracking of a gun. It roused everyone, and we heard, "All hands on deck. The lower foretopsail has given way."

"All hands aloft and furl the topsail." It was pitch dark as we clawed our way to the weather foreshrouds. The gale moaned and howled through the rigging and the sail slatted and banged. The deckwatch was already aloft, along with the apprentices, the second mate, the bosun and the carpenter. Painfully we made our way up the weather rigging over the futtock shrouds to the sleet covered yard.

There we were, twenty men strung out along the slippery yard, clinging desperately to the jackstay and trying to deal with the demon sail. It had blown clean out of its bottom leach and stood out horizontally, snapping with whiplash cracks. It was frozen stiff and impossible to hold. The ship rolled furiously, the foreyard arm almost touching the crest of huge waves thundering to leeward. There would be an occasional lull, and we would get hold of a fold only to have the gale, with renewed fury, tear the canvas from our grasp and leave us bloody fingernails. We lost all track of time when the mate appeared yelling to cut the sail free from the jackstay. A few slashes with sheath knives and the gale did the rest. With a demoniacal roar, the sail tore itself loose and disappeared in the spume.



## "The Yankee Clipper Cookbook"

**OCEAN  
VICTUALS  
ENDANGERED SPECIES**

By John Townley

If anyone is to be credited for starting a number of different sea creatures on the road to becoming endangered species it is Jack Tar himself. Not only did his officers and backers find seals, whales, turtles, and other currently scarce creatures a profitable source of income, the sailor himself found them exquisite to the palate, particularly when compared with the standard rations of salt pork, hard tack, and scouse. It made life aboard the square-rigger a bit more bearable.

Practical use of these ancient recipes for most these days is unlikely, but if you find yourself stranded in a small boat in arctic



waters or afloat on a raft in the Pacific, it could be you or them—and it's all in vain if you don't know how to prepare them properly.

### BAKED SEAL

Skin your seal (the hide makes superior sea boots). Select a suitable steak from the hind quarters and prepare accordingly:

Soak meat in water with soda for 1/2 hour. Remove excess fat. Place in roaster with 2 strips salt pork. Bake at 350° until tender—about 2 1/2 hours. Make gravy with dissolved hard tack. Serve with vegetables or seaweed if available.

### TURTLE

Sea turtles are troublesome to prepare, but it's worth the trouble as they are a delicacy for officers and men alike. Place the turtle in a large cauldron (you'll need one, they're big) on deck and bring to a boil for 10 minutes. Drain, and allow to cool. Now scrub it down to rid it of excess algae and then plunge it into boiling water and cook it for an hour or so—a really big one will require longer. Remove it from the cauldron and place it on its back (to keep the juices in) and remove the flat ventral shell plate with a knife and crowbar. Up near the head you will find the liver and gall, the latter to be thrown away. Retain liver, eggs (if any), small intestines, and meat from carapace and skinned legs. All of these may be prepared in a thousand ways, with soup or stew the most popular, but some old salts say the only way to really enjoy it is to completely cook it whole for a number of hours, and then eat it directly out of the shell backyard barbecue fashion.

### PORPOISE BRAINS

Though modern sensibility may recoil from such a dish, in the days of sail this was the number one delicacy to be foraged at sea, so much so that the common sailor never tasted it, as it was the sole privilege of the captain and ranking officers when such a creature was caught. And in those days, the harpooneer had no idea he was destroying a creature probably more intelligent than himself.

*Preparation beforehand:* Soak raw brains in vinegared water (lemon juice or wine will do), after skinning to remove all blood. After draining, blanch in acidified water (as above) for about 20 minutes, but do not allow to boil.

This delicacy can be sauteed (using standard pork fat rationing) or better, baked. When sauteeing, cook in sizzling fat 2 minutes on each side, then cover and cook on low flame for 10 minutes. Baking takes about 15 minutes at 400°. Cook or garnish with lemon juice and available spices to enhance the delicate flavor.

It is hoped you will not have the opportunity to try out these recipes on their original species although other substitute meats such as pork or beef will do quite well. Nevertheless, were you a sailor looking for an alternative to hard-tack in the 1840's you would have welcomed the culinary bonanza—and back then, it wouldn't have made a dent in the animal population.

Times have changed.

## SEA SONG FAVORITES is dedicated to STAN HUGILL

### STAN THE CHANTEYMAN



Stan Hugill is known to sea history buffs as the most noted scholar of sea music alive today. His books, such as *Shanties From The Seven Seas* just recently rereleased (Routledge & Keegan Paul), chronicle the chanteys, ballads, and forebitters of sailors from all over the world in a half a dozen languages.

But as far-reaching as Hugill's sea music scholarship is, chanteys are only a small part of the story of this remarkable man. At last year's Newport National Maritime Heritage Festival, I had the privilege of getting to know some of the other sides of Stan as we travelled together both before and after the festival.

Even the most devoted sea music fan can tail on traditional chanteys only so long before wanting to take a break for some ale and good conversation at the local pub. Stan and I had plenty of opportunity for just that, and I was delighted to find that we shared several different ranges of interest and experience that aren't generally found among your average deck hands. Stan is a knowledgeable linguist, specializing in the

languages of the South Pacific but with plenty of background in the ancient languages of Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit. Through many a pleasant hour of conversation I silently thanked my prep school teachers for pounding Latin and Greek into my head. At least I was able to keep up with Stan, albeit just barely!

But it was in another area, even further removed from the sea, that I found the most common ground with the 74-year-old Welshman: Theosophy. To my delight I discovered his mother had been an avid Theosophist and close friend of Annie Besant, one of the early lights of the movement. Stan and I spent hours discussing lost Atlantis and ruminating about spiritually magnetized shrines and the myriad creatures of the astral and mental planes. Stan had even visited the mysterious Batu Cave in Malaya — the only other person I'd ever met who had even heard of the volcanic Hindu shrine that had so moved me as a child. Remarkable!

Stan Hugill is a man of numberless talents. I have listened, astounded, to lengthy conversations on Egyptology and admired reproductions of the hundreds of oil seascapes Stan has produced in the few short years since his official "retirement."

Stan is hardly what you would normally call retired. He is away from his snug cottage in Aberdovy, Wales, touring sea festivals and maritime museums for a good part of every year. Stan is working on several major books simultaneously when at home, in between turning out paintings of seagoing craft that span the entire history of sailing.

So when you read passages from *Shanties From The Seven Seas*, or *Songs Of The Sea*, or any of Stan Hugill's other books, you are ingesting more than reminiscences of an old salt — you are privy to the insight of one of the most remarkably wide-ranging scholars of our time.

— John Townley



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Models	Coins	Exploration

and in writing for *The Sea Heritage News* the bi-monthly newsletter of the Sea Heritage Foundation.

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John Stobart is the premier maritime artist of this generation. He has researched and painted 57 scenes of American port cities in their hey-day. These scenes have been published as limited edition signed and numbered lithographs during the past fifteen years. These lithographic prints are acclaimed and worthy to hang on your wall. Not only are they beautiful but they have escalated wildly in market value. For example "Maiden Lane" which could have been bought for \$200 in 1977 now costs \$2500 if you can find some collector who will part with his copy.

"Vineyard Haven" which came out in November 1984 for \$400 had a market value of \$700 when this was written in April of 1985. The historical price guide was also composed in April of 1985. The Sea Heritage Foundation is a not-for-profit organization which encourages the appreciation and collection of maritime art. To this purpose we buy, sell, and trade the sailing and steamboat prints of John Stobart. We are prepared to help you secure your John Stobart signed and numbered limited edition print whether it is one of the rare lead prints like Maiden Lane or the strategically placed low price ones.

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AMERICA	200	1000	60	1967
AMERICA'S CUP 1983	750	300	300	1984
ARCTIC WHALING (Cutting In)	750	300	300	1982
BARK W. B. FLINT, East Boston	750	400	300	1982
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BOSTON LIGHTNING leaving	750	300	300	1980
BOSTON, Long Wharf in 1865	750	1500	400	1983
CHARLESTON over the rooftops in 1870	750	400	300	1981
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