

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37321

BY LAND OR BY SEA



MORRIGAN

⌘⌘ MUSIC IN THE TRADITION OF THE BRITISH ISLES ⌘⌘

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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Here's A Health 2:06

MORRIGAN: Marc Bridgham, Mary Malloy, William Pint

Producer: Stuart M. Frank

Recording Engineers: Greg Haverfield and Paul Wager

Recorded and Mixed at: Big and Famous Studios

625 West McGraw

Seattle, WA 98119

Photography: Susan Fegan

Cover design and graphics: Richard Prior

Polar Star Crew Photo: William Pint

Additional Instruments: Deanna Holdren, Mariide,
and Jolly Wally Wahlstrom of Duluth

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Stuart Frank, Paul Wager, Greg
Haverfield, Pat Cowen, Mariide, Susan Fegan, Steve
Crosier, and Richard Prior. By their generosity and
support these friends have made this album possible.

MORRIGAN was formed in the fall of 1978 in Seattle, pooling
the talents of three successful solo musicians of differing
backgrounds but similar goals. Marc Bridgham had been a
popular entertainer in the Northwest for ten years, excelling
in sea songs and shanteys, and possessing a huge repertoire of
traditional songs. Mary Malloy was a music major at the
University of Washington with a strong classical background
and a family tradition of Irish song. William Pint came from
the Midwest with a folk-rock background and experience from
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Since it's inception, MORRIGAN has grown to become one of the
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Canadian radio broadcasts.

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Music in the Tradition of the British Isles

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FTS 37321

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SIDE 1

MARY MACK/JULIA DELANEY

Marc can't remember where he got this Scottish song of contracted marriage, but he's been singing it for years. We have paired it here with "Julia Delaney," a reel from O'Neill's Music of Ireland.

There's a wee fair lass and her name is Mary Mack
Make no mistake she's the girl I'm going to take,
A lot of other chaps would get up on her track
But I'm thinking they'd have to get up early.

Mary Mack's father's making Mary Mack marry me,
My father's making me marry Mary Mack.
I'm going to marry Mary to get married and take care of me,
We'll all be merry when I marry Mary Mack.

This sweet lass she's got a lot of brass,
Got a lot of gas and her father thinks I'm class,
I'd be a silly ass to let the matter pass,
Her father thinks she suits me fairly.

Mary and her mother gang an awful lot together
In fact you never see the one, or one without the other.
The fellows often wonder if it's Mary or her mother
Or both of them together that I'm courting.

The wedding day's on Wednesday and everythings arranged,
Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her mind be changed.
When making the arrangements I'm very much deranged
For marriage is an awful undertaking.

It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair
A coach and pair for rich and peer and every pair that's there.
We'll dine on finest fare and I'm sure to get my share
And if I don't I'm very much mistaken.

Marc: vocals, 12 string guitar

Mary: fiddle, bodhran, vocals

William: mandolin, vocals

ADIEU SWEET LOVELY NANCY

One of many songs of Jack Tarr's farewell to his love left on shore.

Here's adieu sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu
For I'm going over the ocean to seek for something new.
Come change a ring with me dear girl, come change a ring with me
For it might be a token of true love while I am on the sea.

When I am far upon the sea you'll know not where I am
Kind letters I will write to you from every foreign land
The secrets of your heart dear girl are the best of my good will
So let your body be where it might, my heart is with you still.

There's a heavy storm arising, see how it gathers round
Whilst we poor souls on the ocean love, are fighting for the crown.
Our officers commanded us and to them we must obey
Expecting every moment for to get cast away.

There are Tinkers, Tailors, and Shoemakers lie snoring fast asleep
Whilst we poor souls on the ocean, love, are plowing through the deep.
There's nothing to protect us love, or to keep us from the cold
On the ocean wide where we must bide like jolly seamen bold.

And when the war is over, there'll be peace on every shore
We'll return to our wives and our families and the girls that we adore.
We'll call for liquor merrily and spend our money free
And when our money is all gone, we'll boldly go to sea.

Marc, Mary, William: vocals

CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA?

Stan James of Seattle inspired this combination of words and music. The verses are from the forebitter "Jack All Alone," the tune and chorus line from "New York Girls," a capstan shantey from the mid-nineteenth century, when the Polka soared to popularity. We have added six Irish Polka's: "Maggie in the Woods" and "Tralee Gaol," two popular tunes among Irish Session musicians in Seattle, and "Dennis Murphy's," "Tom McVickers," "Captain Byng's," and "Kerry #2" from the three volumes of Irish Dance Tunes.

You 'prentice lads and seamen bold come listen to my song,
I'll tell you how I met my fate when I was very young.

And away you Santee, my dear Annie,
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the Polka?

'Twas on the day I came from sea a flash girl I did meet,
She kindly asked me to a dance, 'twas up on Peter Street.

Some gals passed by along the way these words to me did say,
"Oh you young chap, you'll lose your cap if you do steer that way."

And when we reached the barroom boys the liquor was brought in,
And every man waltzed round the room as the dancing did begin.

When the dancing it was over, we straight to bed did go,
Little did I ever think she'd prove my overthrow.

When I came to my senses, oh nothing could I spy
But a lady's skirt and apron that on the bed did lie.

My watch and clothes and eighty pounds with my fancy one had fled
And there was I, Jack All Alone, stark naked on the bed.

Everything was silent, the hour was twelve o'clock,
I put the skirt and apron on and hauled out for the dock.

My shipmates saw me come aboard, these words to me did say,
"Well, well, old chap, you've lost your cap since last you went away."

The old man cried, "Why Jack my boy, I'm sure I could have found,
A better suit than that, by far, to buy for eighty pounds."

"Sure I could buy a better suit if I'd only had the chance,
But I met a girl on Peter Street, she took me to a dance."

I danced to my destruction, got stripped from head to feet
So I swore an oath I'd go no more to a dance on Peter Street.

William: vocals, mandolin
Marc: vocals, 12 string guitar, concertina, tin whistle
Mary: vocals, fiddle

THE WILD GEESE

This air, found in O'Neill's Music of Ireland is a tribute to the followers of Patrick Sarsfield, who left Ireland in 1691 after their defeat at Limerick. The second fiddle part was inspired by the playing of the Crehan family.

Mary: 1st and 2nd fiddles
William: Guitar

FIRE MARENGO

"Fire Marengo" was collected and printed by Charles Nordhoff in The Merchant Vessel, A Sailor Boy's Voyage. It is one of four "chants" he heard sung while seamen stowed cotton in the hold of ships bound out from the Gulf Ports. The cotton was stuffed into the hold by means of a jack screw and press, sometimes so tightly that ships burst at the seams.

Lift him up and carry him along
Fire Marengo, fire him away
Lay him in the hold where he belongs
Fire Marengo, fire him away.

Lay him in his hold below
One more turn and away we'll go.

Ease him in and let him lay
One more turn and there he'll stay.

When I get back to Liverpool town
I'll throw a line to little Sally Brown.

Sally she's a pretty little craft
Cut sharp to the fore and rounded in the aft.

We'll haul her high and haul her low
We'll bust her blocks and away we'll go.

Screw the cotton, screw it down
Let's get the hell back to Liverpool town.

Lead: Marc
Chorus: Mary and William

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

A powerful whaling song from Stan Hugill, who learned it from his shipmate Paddy Griffiths.

It's a rough, tough life of toil and strife, we whalemens undergo.
We don't give a damn when the gale is done how hard the winds do blow;
We're homeward bound is a damn fine sound, with a good ship taut and free,
We don't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of old Maui.

Rolling down to old Maui me boys, rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground rolling down to old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale through the ice and sleet and rain,
And them coconut fronds in them lands, we soon shall see again,
Six hellish months have passed away in the cold Kamchatka Sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to old Maui.

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head looms up on ol'Wahoo,
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice, our decks are hid from view,
The horrid ice of the sea-cut tiles that deck the Arctic Sea,
Are miles behind in the frozen wind since we steered for old Maui.

How soft the breeze of the tropic seas now the ice is far astern,
And them native maids in them island glades are awaiting our return.
Their big black eyes even now look out, hoping some fine day to see,
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales, rolling down to old Maui.

And now we're anchored in the bay with the Kanakas all around,
With chants and soft aloha oes they greet us homeward bound,
And now ashore we'll have good fun, we'll paint them beaches red,
Awaking in the arms of an Island Maid with a big fat aching head.

William: vocals, mandolin
Marc: 12 string guitar, vocals
Mary: fiddle, vocals

SIDE TWO

THE DERBY RAM/THE KILLARNEY BOY'S PLEASURE

Our version of this English song is from several sources. The tune and chorus are from Bawdy British Folksongs, and William got the verses from the singing of the Watersons. We end this set with "The Killarney Boy's Pleasure," a reel Mary learned at a session with the Boys of the Lough in Seattle.

As I rode down to Derby, 'twas in the month of May,
I spied the biggest ram me boys that ever was fed on hay.

It's true me lads, it's true me lads, I've never been known to lie
And if you'd have been in Derby you'd have seen it the same as I.

The wool on that ram's back me lads, it reached up to the moon,
A little boy went up in January and he didn't come down till June.

The horns that on this ram did grow they reached up to the sky,
The eagles built their nests in them, you could hear the young ones cry.

And all the men of Derby came searching for his tail
To ring St. George's Chapel bell from the top of the Derby jail.

The man who butchered this ram me boys, was drowned in his blood
And the little lad who carried the bowl was washed out in the flood.

It took all the boys in Derby to carry away his bones,
It took all the girls in Derby to roll away his stones.

Mary: vocals, fiddle, bodhran
William: vocals, electric guitar
Marc: vocals, 12 string guitar

THE PIPER O'DUNDEE/LORD MAYO

Though secret meetings and bagpiping would seem to be mutually exclusive, this song from the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 describes just that. The piper, Carnegie of Dundee, gathered the clans in Amurlie with the tunes listed. Marc learned this song from Hogg's Jacobite Relics. The tune in the middle is an Irish march "Lord Mayo."

The piper came to our town, to our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town and he played bonnily.

He played a spring, the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas,
And then he gave his pipes a squeeze
And played another key.

And wasna he a roguey, a roguey, a roguey?
Wasna he a roguey, the piper o' Dundee?

He played "The Welcome O'er the Main," And some had swords and some had nane
And "Ye's Be Fou and I'se Be Fain," And some were dancing in the lane.
And "Auld Stuart's Back Again," Many a vow of war was ta'en
With mickle mirth and glee. That night in Amurlie.

He played "The Kirk," and "The Queer," There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
"The Mullin Dhu," the "Chevalier," Stuart, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And "Lang Awa' But Welcome Here," Brave Carnegie, wha' but he
Sae sweet, sae bonnily. The Piper O'Dundee.

Marc: vocals, 12 string guitar, tin whistle
William: mandolin, vocals
Mary: fiddle, bodhran, vocals

BULLY IN THE ALLEY

This West Indian halyard shantey is performed here with the able assistance of 26 sailors from the USCGC Polar Star. We first met the crew at Doc Maynard's Public House in Seattle, shortly after they had rounded Cape Horn on their way back from breaking ice in Antarctica. It has been exciting to see the old shanteys and sea songs so eagerly picked up and enjoyed by this new breed of sailor. This recording was made just before the Polar Star left port on a six-month mission to "save lives and property at sea" in the frozen North.

Help me Bob I'm Bully in the Alley
Way, Hey, I'm Bully in the Alley,
Help me Bob I'm Bully in the Alley
Bully down in Shinbone Al.

Sally is the girl that I love dearly
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly.

I'll leave Sal and I'll be a sailor
I'll leave Sal and ship aboard a whaler.

Lead: Marc

Chorus: William, Mary, and crew members of the USCGC Polar Star:
Ens. Bill Meyne, LTJG Jim Dale, Ens. Frank Sturm, Ens. Doug Riggins,
Ens. Rob Stephens, Mike McElroy, Tom Corrigan, Lewis Monti, Tom Page,
Tim Elliott, Tom Tatum, John "Baby Boats" Nichols, Kevin Madison,
Ralf Verhaaren and Jim Adams of Anderson Island, Leif Jenkinson,
Curtis Basket, Tim Poe, Mark Bessett, Mike Curren, Mark Donahue,
Mike Colangelo, Phil Rogalin, Tom Postal, Peter Thomas, and Tim
Dennis. Our special thanks to Captain Tom Volkle for his help.

THE FOXHUNTERS (Dido Bendigo, John Peel)

"Dido Bendigo," an English song of hounds and hunting leads off this set, with two Irish tunes following closely on it's heels. We learned "Dido Bendigo" from Jon Bartlett of Vancouver, B.C., and found both "The Foxhunter" slipjig and "The Nine Points of Roguery" reel in Whistle and Sing. The second song, "John Peel," is a classic English traditional song that Mary remembers hearing her Uncle Red Malloy sing in Anaconda, Montana when she was young, and we learned by osmosis.

Well as I went a walking one morning last Autumn
I overheard some noble foxhunting
Between some noble men and the Duke of Wellington
It was early, just as the day was dawning.

And there was Dido Bendigo, Gentry he was there oh,
Traveler, he never looked behind him.
There was Countess, Rover, Bonny Lass and Jover,
These were the hounds that could find him.

The first fox being young and his trials just beginning
He's made straight away for his cover,
He's run over highest hill and along the lowest rill
Thinking he could find his freedom there forever.

The next fox being old and his trials past the dawning
He's made straight away for the river
The fox he jumped in but a hound jumped after him
It was Traveler, he straightened him forever.

They've run across the plain, but they soon came back again,
The fox and the hounds never failing,
It's been just twelve months today since I heard the squire say
"Hark! Forward my brave hounds forever."

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel in his coat of grey?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far far away
With his horse and his hounds in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
The cry of his hounds has me oft times led
And his view "Haloo" would waken the dead
When he calls with his horn in the morning.

Yes I ken John Peel and his Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman so true,
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch who's teeth were death?
D'ye ken her sons of fearless faith?
D'ye ken that fox with his very last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning.

I've followed John Peel both often and far
O'er the rasper fence and the gate and the bar,
From the low Denton Holme up to Scratchmere Scar
Where we vied for the brush in the morning.

So here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Fill, oh fill him a flowing bowl.
We'll drink to John Peel through fair or foul
When he calls with his horn in the morning.

Mary: vocals, fiddle

William: vocals, mandolin

Marc: vocals, 12 string guitar, bodhran

WHEN I WAS A FAIR MAID/LEAVE HER JOHNNY

This unlikely song deals with a liberated 17 year old's quest for adventure. Implausible as it seems, the subject has some basis in fact, as several women are known to have shipped out disguised as men and to have lived aboard ship undetected. We have paired it with "Leave Her Johnny," a capstan or pump shantey Marc first heard sung by "Little John" of Vancouver, B.C.

WHEN I WAS A FAIR MAID

Oh when I was a fair maid about seventeen
I enlisted in the Navy for to serve the Queen,
I enlisted in the Navy a sailor for to stand
For to hear the cannons rattling and the music so grand.

Well the officer that enlisted me was a fine and handsome man,
He said, "You'll make a sailor, so come along my lad,"
My waist being tall and slender, my fingers long and slim,
The minute that they learned me I had exceeded them.

They sent me to bed and they sent me to bunk,
To lie with the sailors I never was afraid,
But putting off my blue coat, well it oft times made me smile,
To think I'd laid with a thousand men, and a maiden all the while.

They sent me to London for to guard the Tower,
I think that I would be there till my very dying hour
But a lady fell in love with me, I told her I was a maid,
She went up to my Captain and my secret she betrayed.

The Captain he came up to me and he asked if it was so,
I dare not, I dare not, I dare not say no,
It's a pity we should lose you, such a sailor lad you made,
It's a pity we should lose you such a handsome young maid.

So it's fare thee well Captain you've been so kind to me,
And likewise to my shipmates I'm sorry to part from thee,
But if ever the Navy needs a lad, a sailor I'll remain,
I'll put off me hat and feathers and I'll run the rigging again.

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

Oh the times were hard and the wages low,
Leave her Johnny, leave her,
It's time for us to roll and go,
And it's time for us to leave her.

There was rotten meat and weavily bread,
So pump or die the old man said.

Leave her Johnny, leave her,
Oh leave her Johnny, leave her,
For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

She would not wear nor would she stay,
She took great seas both night and day.

I thought I heard the old man say,
"We'll go ashore and spend our pay."

Mary: vocals, bodhran

William: electric guitar, mandolin, vocals

Marc: 12 string guitar, vocals

HERE'S A HEALTH

And finally, a toast.

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
Come lift up your glasses in chorus with mine
Come drink and be merry, from grief we'll refrain
For we know not when we will all meet again.

So here's a health to the company, and one to my lass
We'll drink and be merry all out of one glass,
We'll drink and be merry, from grief we'll refrain
For we know not when we will all meet again.

Here's a health to the fair lass that I love so well,
Her spirit and beauty there's none can excell,
She smiles on my countenance as she sits on my knee
There is no one on earth who's as happy as me.

My ship lies in harbor and she's ready to dock
And I wish her safe landing without any shock
And if I should leave you by land or by sea,
I will always remember your kindness to me.

Mary, William, Marc: vocals

NOTES BY MORRIGAN

