

37325

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.

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.

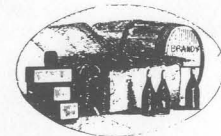
SWIPES — Intoxicant fluids sometimes also known as Nelson's blood.

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



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 *Balou'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 Sea-men Songbooks.



SONGBOOK

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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 Editor Bernie Klay
 Design Burt Wenk
 Michelle Roberge
 Typography Robert Burns
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 Alexander & Pamaro
 Stanley Teller
 Al Tenzer
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THE SEA HERITAGE FOUNDATION is a not-for-profit, educational, membership organization for the preservation of the tradition of the Sea through participation.

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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^b **F**
B^b **F**
B^b **F**
B^b **F**
D^{im} **F** **C⁷** **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.

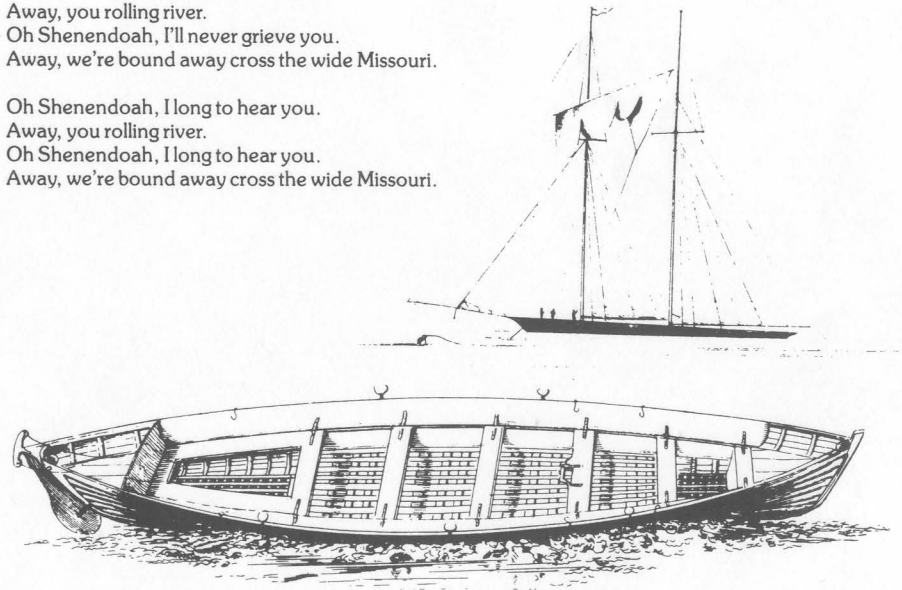
The White man loved the Indian Maiden.
Away, you rolling river.
With notions his canoe was laden.
Away, we're bound away cross the wide Missouri.

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.

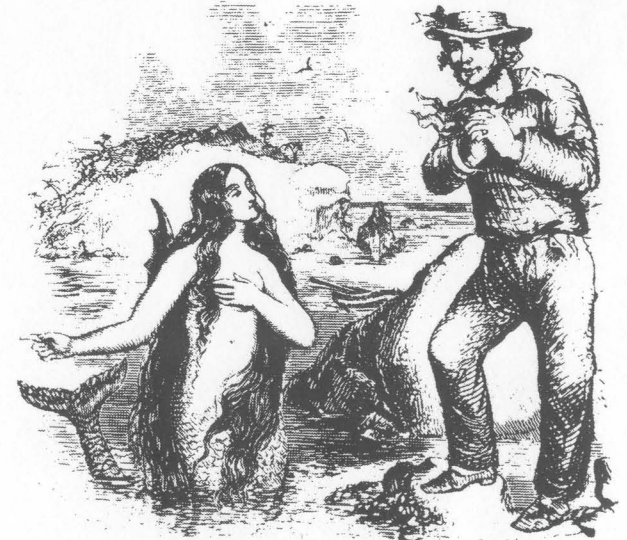
Oh the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow.
While we poor sailors go skippin' to the top.
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below.
And the landlubbers lie down below!

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 scupper and wet him all over.
 Put him in the scupper and wet him all over.
 Put him in the scupper 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.

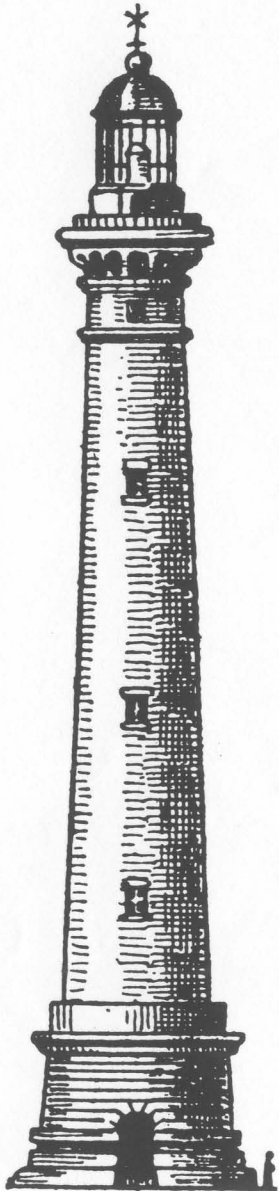
Ahoy then, ahoy then, our gallant captain cried.
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.
 "Are you a man of war or a privateer?" cried he,
 Cruising down along the coast of High Barbaree.

"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.

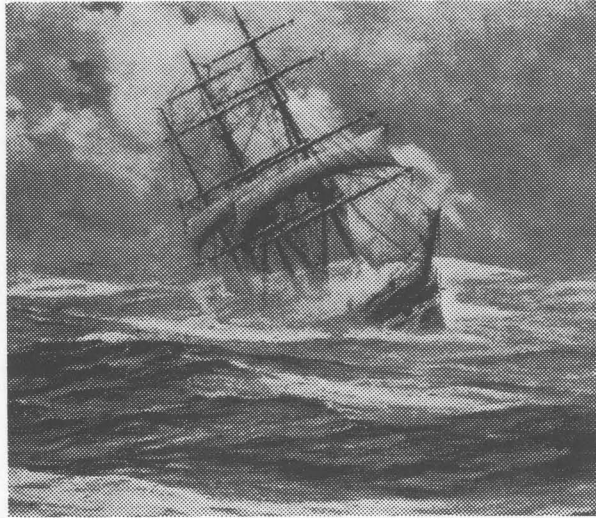
On looking round this little room,
There's nothing I could see.
But a woman's shift and apron,
That were no use to me.

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.

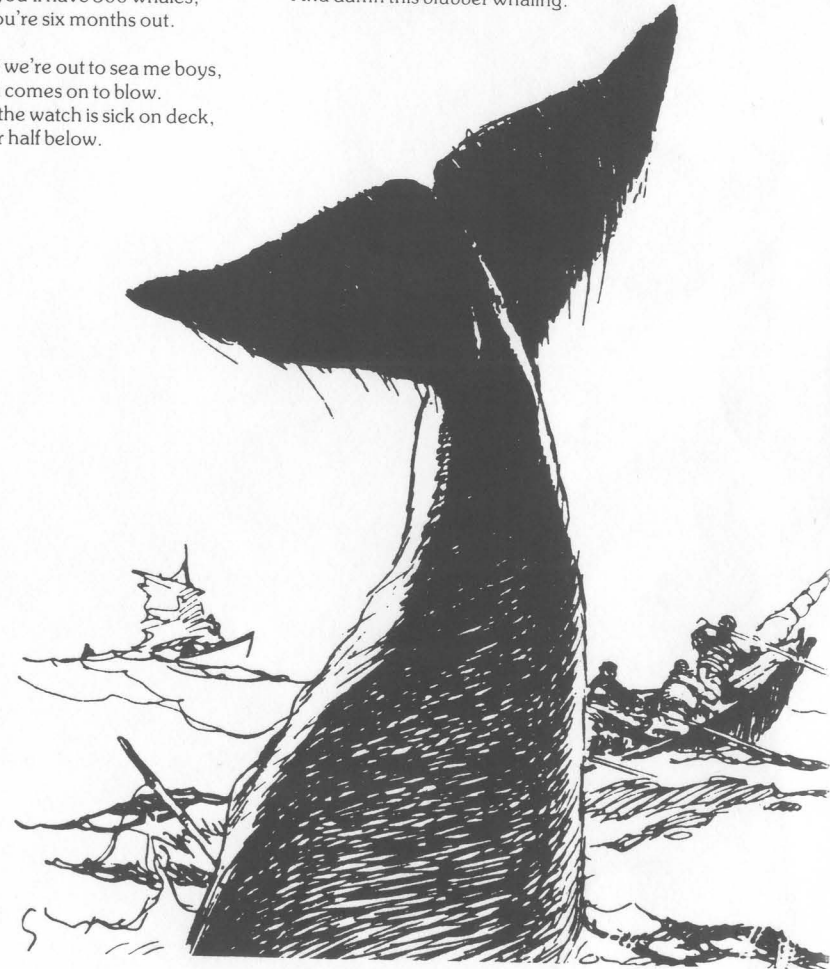
And now we're out to sea me boys,
The wind comes on to blow.
One half the watch is sick on deck,
The other half below.

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

Tw'as 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.

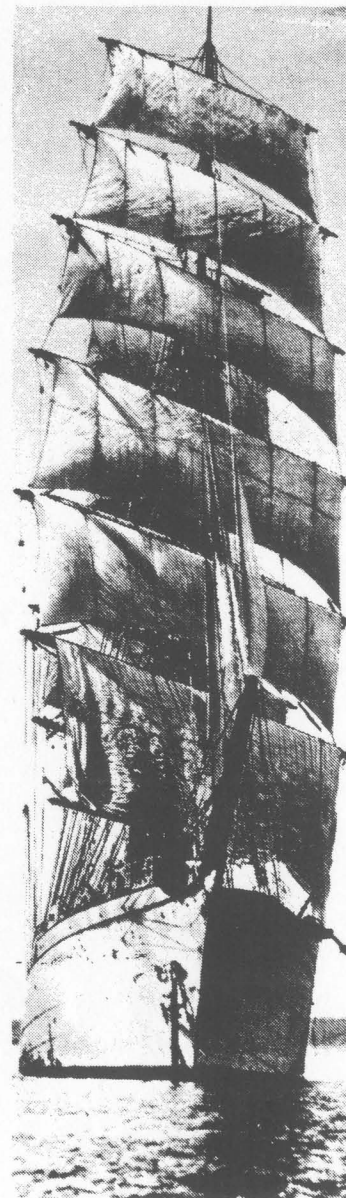
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of town,
To me Way Rio.
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

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.

