SONGS OF THE GREAT LAKES
Collected by Edith Fowke

INTRODUCTION

I owe this collection of Great Lakes songs largely to two Toronto friends: Mr. C. H. J. Snider and Mr. Stanley Bby, who for many years have been in the habit of meeting occasionally with other ex-sailors and their wives to enjoy an evening of singing. Since 1956 when I first met Mr. Snider, I've sat in on a number of these sessions, and from them have come most of the songs on this record.

Mr. Bby learned his songs from his father, Captain James William Bby (1855-1946). Their family name is French: it was originally Bb de Ranville, and their ancestors were among the earliest Europeans to settle on the shores of Lake Ontario back in the seventeenth century.

Mr. Bby's father started sailing in 1871 when he was sixteen. He sailed first in the Albatross and then in the Carlingford. When he was twenty he joined the crew of the E.C. Roberts, going in before the mast with his friend Dan McLeod. When the captain took sick toward the end of the season, McLeod moved up to skipper and Bby became the mate.

Mr. Snider, a renowned authority and writer on nautical matters, has made every effort to discover and preserve the Great Lakes songs, and I am indebted to him not only for singing them for me but also for providing background information and for supplying the pictures of sailing vessels used to illustrate this booklet.

Unfortunately, the Great Lakes songs that have survived seem to be far fewer than those that tell of life in the lumber camps. In preparing "Lumbering Songs from the Ontario Shanties" (Folkways FH 4052), I selected those used in the album from a much larger number that are still in circulation. However, for this album I've used practically all the Great Lakes songs that are still remembered in Ontario, with the exception of two shipwreck songs, "The Loss of the Belle Sheridan" (which Mr. Snider sings to the tune he uses for "The Maggie Hunter") and "Lost on the Lady Elgin".

Thus, while I should have preferred to present here only songs dealing specifically with sailing adventures on the Great Lakes, it has been necessary to include also a few songs originating on other bodies of water which were popular with the Great Lakes seamen: for example, "The Dreadnought", "The Cumberland's Crew", and "The Merrimac".

During the great days of sail, the Lakes sailors sang many shanties then common on deep-sea vessels, and some of these acquired a local flavor. However, by the late 1860s when the donkey engine was introduced to do the heaving formerly done by men, shantying became less common, and it died completely when the schooners were converted into barges to be towed by steamboats. As shanties were not normally sung for entertainment, they have not been preserved in the memories of any singers I have met, and except for the fragment of "Homeward Bound", they are not represented in this album.

The fo'c's'le songs or forebitters, which were used to while away leisure hours aboard ship and in the waterfront saloons, proved much more durable. Unlike the lumberjacks, who sang both land and sea songs with equal pleasure, the sailors seemed to prefer songs with a nautical flavor, like "The Flying Cloud", "The Bold Princess Royal", "Wanan the Pirates", and "The Sailor's Return", "William Taylor", and the songs included here: "The Dreadnought", "The Cumberland's Crew", and "The Merrimac".

Most popular of all were the songs of the Lakesmen themselves which, as Mr. Bby points out, fall into two main groups: songs about fast passages like "The E. C. Roberts" and "The Trip of the Biplane", and songs of marine disasters like "The Persian's Crew", "The Maggie Hunter", "The Wreck of the Asia", and "The Loss of the Antelope".

The remaining ballad, "James Bird", originated on land and was probably more popular in the lumbercamps than aboard ship, but it has been included here because it deals with events that took place on Lake Erie during the War of 1812.

REFERENCES


The following account of the great days of sail is condensed from an article by Professor Ivan H. Walton:

"The golden era of sailing vessels upon the Great Lakes, the era from which came the most characteristic marine lore, was the period from the close of the Civil War through the 1890s. The industrial boom the Lakes region experienced at that time enormously increased water-borne commerce, particularly bulk freight, a type in which the sailing vessels could carry much more economically than could the side-wheel steamers. In the year following the close of the war, more than a million and a half tons of grain were sent by way of the Lakes to Buffalo alone, and about 400,000 tons of lumber were shipped to Chicago, and 300,000 tons of ore, mostly to Cleveland. Fifteen years later, lumber shipments had greatly increased, grain traffic had doubled, and ore shipments had increased sevenfold.

"The sailing vessels that carried this produce were built in large numbers all about the Lakes, nota�ly along the Detroit, St. Clair and Saginaw Rivers of Michigan and also along the western shore. Barkers, barquentines, fore-'n'-afters, three and four-masted schooners and various ocean-going vessels, built by small boat builders, almost monopolized this bulk freight traffic and held it for several decades until near the end of the century they were driven off the Lakes by the competition of the larger steamers. The weather, particularly in the Lakes, was often severe, but in the hands of experienced skippers, who knew the Lakes and their moods, and least of all the weather, the Laker became a legend.

The large ship-owning corporations had not yet appeared on the Lakes. The masters chartered their vessels for individual trips with any cargoes that were at hand, and in the late 1870s no single company was able to support about 1,000 of these vessels. The crews of the larger vessels usually consisted of one master, one or two mates, from eight to twelve sailors, a cook, and a 'boy'. The master, who owned or shared in the ownership of the vessel and was a part of the crew, was invariably local men. They had complete charge of chartering their vessels. The men before the mast however, were at least in the early part of the period, for the most part from 'down below'-that is, from the Atlantic...

"The trip varied in length from a few days to several weeks. The grain trade was chiefly from Chicago and Milwaukee to Buffalo, and, depending upon the build of the vessel and weather conditions, trips required from one to three weeks. The ore trade, the most of which was from Escanaba, Marquette and Houghton to Detroit and Cleveland. The woods trade was not measured in miles and could last for months. Most of the lumber was taken in short trips from upper Michigan and Wisconsin to Chicago. Some, however, was taken the length of the Lakes to the St. Lawrence and from there sent on to the Atlantic and to Europe.

"Sailing on the Lakes was at that time and still is quite different from sailing on the ocean. Lake navigation has always been largely a matter of dead reckoning which is checked when possible by landmarks. The large size of the Lakes, particularly the three upper ones, the irregularity of the Lakes, the length of lakes and rivers, and the wide diversity of weather conditions required that the officers who sailed the 'wind ships' have unusual skill both as sailors and as pilots.....

Disasters on the Lakes were all too common. There are probably no equal areas of commercial waterways that, if drained, would reveal as many lost vessels as would the Great Lakes. The lakes are large, and serious storms are not unknown in the autumn. The large number of vessels, the natural dangers of the men spurned on by the high wages, and the lack of aids to navigation all tended to swell the list of disasters..... (8, pp. 111, 114, 117, 129).

"SKIPPER" SNIDER'S STORY

"G. H. J. Snider, Author-Publisher" his passport has read since 1915. Off Bayview he has been "Jerry" and "Skipper" in large circles longer; ever since, indeed, at seventeen he became the breadwinner for a family of six. (More precisely, he is Charles Henry Jeremy Snider, and he was born in 1897.)

From his fifth year paradise to his has meant sailing anything that would float. Toy boats in a puddle--his first was a schooner-rigged, painted bright blue with yellow deck--to the fat silver cigar-shaped airship H-100 in which 177 hours, August 13-15, 1930, he sped to Cardington, England from Montreal, all craft filled him with delight. A wide mother sent him sailing under Home Ec., the Alibore of St. Catharines, Capt. Jno. Hart of Cobourg, master, when he was eleven.

That voyage to Fairhaven, N. Y. for 729 tons of anthracite for Toronto welded him, heart and soul, to schoonerdom, life of the Great Lakes under sail. By the time he had left school, five years later, he had contrived to make three more voyages in large vessels, plus a dozen day trips in stonecutters. There were days when schooners and schooners then building 19th century Toronto's pier, wharves, house and factory foundations, street pavements, gravel roofs, cribwork and concrete construction, with all the pain and public acclaim which they wrung laboriously from the Lake beaches, in defiance of riparian rights and farmers' shotguns.

One of these--stonecutters, not schooners--a pioneer sandecow with bilges or chimies made by quartering a magnificent white pine trunk, bore the intriguing Inscription "BARREL SHALLOW OF FORT CREDIT" on her stern. She was destined to mould the future of the school and to give the Inscription to be unconventional and unique, he had inquired into her history, and made a line drawing of her. Greatly daring, he submitted a little article about her, and the illustration, to John Ross Robertson, founder of the Toronto Telegram. He made his "submission" on the way to school one morning. It found favour.

After months of despairing search for painful employment when honour-mutilated from Jarvis Street Collegiate, with five months to fill in addition to his own, and no bread in prospect until navigation should open next year, the sail-loving matriculant considered the half-dollar Mr. Robertson offered for this primal effusion seemed from Heaven. Four months later a Telegram job as cub reporter at $10 a week seemed positively apocalyptic. From that day, Feb. 17, 1897, to this, he has often said, he has never known want, though before he had never known anything else.

In spite of all temptations, to the groaning Telegraph he stuck for the next 50 years. Ultimately, as associate editor, one of its publishers, and a trustee of Mr. Robertson's estate, he participated in the sale of the paper to its present management at three or four times the promoted valuation of the whole estate at the time of the Founder's death. It went to charity, the Hospital for Sick Children, as Mr. Robertson had willed.

It was a happiness to share in giving so great a man so great a monument. Our hero had found in the one newspaper a wonderful life, of travel and adventure abroad as correspondent in two great wars and some smaller ones, in coronations, world conferences, and so on, and at home in telling the tale of public and private enterprises. Though he worked till he broke down and took three years to get up again, his nose was not kept to the grindstone so closely by his increasing responsibilities that his passion for ships and sails abated.

In fifty years of newspaperdom he studied nautical life from within, both on the Great Lakes and other waters, salt and fresh. He pulled an ear and joined in Arab charties on the Sea of Galilee, sailed Irish hookers in Galway, was Capt. Angus Walters' timer in twelve winning races in the Atlantic champion fisherman Elusene, and helmed the champion in a 40-mile trial brush from Lunenburg to Halifax against the new Haligonian, which was built to beat her but couldn't. In his 60 foot ketch Kinsagar, about the same dimensions as La Salle's Griffon, pioneer of the Seaway in 1797, he went everywhere La Salle had gone, sailing his own
in a continuous Great Lakes voyage of 2,240 miles. His ship's company was five. La Salle had thirty-one. He sought Kingarvie and company home safely in four weeks. She is now in the West Indies.

He was able to specialize on last trips of the season in sail and steam on the Great Lakes, and learned by experience the darkest, lightest, coldest, warmest, happiest, forecastles, cabins, firesides, and bridge wings in the lake trade. He bought, rebuilt and operated the sloop White Wings and schooner Wood Duck in stonehooking. He listed 1,500 sailing vessels in his acquaintance, and sailed in turn in the schooners Albatross, Vienna, Loretta Rooney, Oliver Nowak, Jessie Drummond, Antelope, and Stuart H. Dunn, the largest Canadian on the Lakes. His steam experience was limited to the A. A. Hudson, Robert F. Durban and Assiniboia in December trips on Lake Superior.

His verdict? "No money--but a goldmine of personal satisfaction, profitable experience, and priceless friendships."

He has also produced a dozen books of nautical history on the Great Lakes, including *In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelves. The Story of the Narcissus and other Eighteen-Twelves*. Under the Red Cap, *Red Log of the Narcissus*. *Annuals of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Faded Flags of Faded Fame, One Hundred Years Royal. R.H.S. St. Lawrence, The Griffon, and Larry Breaks and Velvet Carters*, the first of a three-part series about the days of sail on the Great Lakes. He is now working on the "Second Book of Schooner Days": *Topgallants and Tornaways*. For twenty-five years, from 1931 to 1956, he wrote for the Telegram a regular weekly column under the heading, "Schooner Days."

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**STANLEY BABY'S STORY**

The ballads or folk-tale songs of the Great Lakes, sometimes nicknamed come-all-ye's, were composed and sung by sailorsmen. They spoke the language of the sailors, each song telling the story of some nautical happening; however, the majority of them seemed to have been inspired by two main themes, namely, the tragedy of wrecks and drownings and by the much happier subject of fast passages. The former were strange old dirges but the latter theme produced lively songs with a good swing to them.

I learned the words and music of "The E. C. Roberts" and "The Trip of the Bigler" at an early age for my father, Captain James W. Baby, sang them often when he was home during the winter months. These were his favorites and were probably the most popular songs of the lakes. He had been mate of the Roberts in his early twenties and everything he did was wonderful and heroic in my eyes.

These were fast passage songs. In the case of the Roberts term was justified for she was indeed a fighter. "The Trip of the Biugler" was something quite different. The composer of this song was a bit of a wag, for the Bigler was a bluff-bodied, slab-sided timber schooner which under the best of conditions could not be driven very fast. However, with the strong fair wind prevailing she would make a fine pother in the water and throw a big bow wave:

"And far before her foaming bows the fiery waves did fling with every stitch of canvas set and her courses wing and wing."

and again, with his tongue in his cheek, as she approached the Strait of Mackinac:

"Skilligalee and Wobbly Shank, the entrance to the Strait. She might have passed the fleet ahead if they'd hove to and wait."

Her passage was just a fast one for a timber vessel.

My father belonged to the generation of ship masters who began their careers in sail. His started in 1871 as horse boy in the Canadian timber schooner Albatross and ended the sailing vessel part of it as mate in the fast American schooner E. C. Roberts. Sail on the lakes reached its peak and started its decline in the 1870's. In the spring of 1879 he went into steam ships, reaching command in 1892. A good number of Lake Captains and their families lived in Fort Huron at the foot of Lake Huron, and when their steam commands were safely laid up, mostly in Lake Erie ports, these jovial, hearty men would arrive home amid great rejoicing, in time for Christmas. During the winter months our house seemed to be a sort of gathering place and many a wonderful evening was spent singing the old songs and reliving the great days of their youth, the days of sail.

During his eighty years in sail, my father served in the following vessels: the timber schooner Albatross, the fine three-masted grain-carrier Carlingford, the three-masted scow Moses Gage, barkentines Kingfisher and Oneonta, schooners John G. Colfage, Otterbein, Sarah Jane, Ganges, Betty Woodward, and the fast-sailing E. C. Roberts.

I was born and raised in Fort Huron in a real nautical atmosphere. Shortly before the first world war we moved to Hamilton, Ontario, where father went into business. When the United States entered the war, I went to sea in the U.S. Merchant Marine and for a time felt this would be my career. In 1919 it was not hard to foresee a slump in shipping and I obtained work in the big Standard Oil refinery at Bayway, New Jersey. From there I returned to Canada where I was employed by Imperial Oil Limited at Hamilton, London, and Toronto until my retirement. My love of the water has never faltered and sailing will probably be my main hobby for as long as I am able.

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**SING I: Band in THE "E. C. ROBERTS"**

Sung by Stanley Baby, Toronto.

This ballad of "The E. C. Roberts", which is commonly known as "Red Iron Ore", was one of the most popular Great Lakes songs on both United States and Canadian vessels. Carl Sandburg, one of the first to print it, gives this characteristic note:

"Three of the Great Lakes (see any atlas) are traversed in this odyssey of red iron ore. It is a log, the diary of a ship and its men on one cruise. The facts are specific. The E. C. Roberts was a boat. So was the Minch. Riding up Lake Michigan they passed through the lake storms. The lake storms were ugly. At Escanaba loading red ore they 'looked like red devils'. The crew of the Minch thumbed their noses and taunted 'well see you in Cleveland next fourth of July'. But the E. C. Roberts got there ahead of the fleet. A crew of bold boys they were even if they say so themselves. The singer is humble. 'Now my song is ended, I hope you won't laugh'. The tune is old Irish; the repeated line with each verse, 'derry down, down, down derry down', is in old ballads. It is a virile song, a tale of grappling with harsh elements and riding through, a rattling tune and a devil-may-care time beat. It may, at first, seem just a lilt with a matter of fact story. It is more than that; it is a little drama; the singer should know what it is to shovel red iron ore; the singer should know the wide curves of that ship from Chicago to Cleveland on three Great Lakes (see any atlas)."

(5, p. 176)

As noted earlier, Mr. Baby's father served as mate on the E. C. Roberts, so this is naturally a favorite song with him. The version he sings is quite similar to the one Sandburg gives. "Skilligalee" in stanza 8 was a folk idea for "Isle aux Galets".

For comparative versions see Laws: Native American Balladry, D 9.

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**THE "E. C. ROBERTS"**

1. Come all ye young fellows who follow the lakes
In iron-ore vessels your livings to make:
I shipped in Chicago, goodby to the shore,
Bound for Escanaba and red iron ore,
Derry down, down, it's high derry down.

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**STANLEY BABY**

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**THE "E. C. ROBERTS"**

1. Come all ye young fellows who follow the lakes
In iron-ore vessels your livings to make:
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**STANLEY BABY**
"We flew through Louse Island And all round the Roberts did roar And on Wednesday morning she sailed through Death's Door, Derry down, down, it's high derry down.

Through Louse Island Passage it blew a fresh breeze, Past the Foxes, the Beavers and Skillagalee. We flew by the Minch just to show her the way And she never gave in sight until off Thunder Bay, Derry down, down, it's high derry down.

The tug Escanaba she towed out the Minch. The Roberts they thought they had left in a pinch. They gave us three cheers as they passed us by "We'll meet you in Cleveland next Fourth of July." Derry down, down, it's high derry down.

When they got into Cleveland, made fast stern and stern, And over the bottle we'll spin a good yarn, And Captain Harve, we thought should oughta stand treat For getting in Cleveland ahead of the fleet, Derry down, down, it's high derry down.

We went the North Passage, O Lord, how it blew! And all round the Denny a large fleet hove to. The night it was dark, Old Nick it would scare, But we hove up next morning, and for Cleveland did steer, Derry down, down, it's high derry down.

Oh, sad and dismal is the tale to you I will relate. 'Tis of the Maggie Hunter, her crew and their sad fate. How they sank beneath the deep, in life to rise no more. In one of the fearful gales that sweep Ontario's dreary shore.

2. They left Oswego on their lee, the whitecaps high And spread it to the breeze. As they their canvas all did make and spread it to the breeze.

3. They sang their songs so merrily as she dashed the way, delivery soon. And little did this gallant crew think so soon they'd pass away. It's little thought this gallant crew that they were doomed to die.

4. When they got well outside the pier it blew a lively gale. By orders of the captain 'tis supposed they shortened Of all the captains on the lake Frank Nixon reigned as chief, So they sailed on for Toronto with their canvas closely reefed.
She was built at Newburyport, Mass., in 1853, and was 1,413 tons register; a very large ship for those days. During her first eight trips, her average eastern passage was 21 days 15 hours and for the western passage, 21 days 12 hours. She once ran from (Bishop) Hook Light to Sandy Hook in 19 days. Captain Samuel Samuels, her commander for ten years, has published an account of his interesting career in a book entitled From the Forecastle to the Cabin. He died in Brooklyn in 1908.

"Captain Clark, in The Clipper Ship Era says: The Dreadnought was strikingly handsome and well designed, though by no means a sharp ship. Her masts, yards, sails, ironwork, blocks, and standing and running rigging were of the best material, and were always carefully looked after. She was a ship that would stand almost any amount of driving in heavy weather and her fast passages were in a measure due to this excellent quality, though mainly to the unceasing vigilance and splendid seamanship of her commander. She was wrecked in 1869, while under the command of Captain F. N. Mayhew; her crew were rescued after being adrift fourteen days in the boats, but the noble old packet ship went to pieces among the rugged cliffs and crags and roaring breakers of Cape Horn."

(1, p. 170)

The ballad was popular not only aboard ship but also in the lumberwoods of both Canada and the United States. Mr. Béby's version was sung on the Great Lakes but I have recorded another from a 90-year-old man near Peterborough who learned it in the lumbercamps.

Mr. Béby's version is very similar to the one Miss Colcord quotes. Most notable variations are in the second line of the fifth stanza where hers reads:

"Where the high roaring seas roll along her black side;"

in the substitution of "Liverpool liner" for "packet" in the final lines of the fifth and seventh stanzas, and in the substitution of "White Star and Black Ball" for "Swallowtail and Black Ball" in the second last line.


1. There is a flash packet, a packet of fame,
She sails from New York and the Dreadnought's her name.
She sails to the westward where stormy winds blow,
Bound away in the Dreadnought to the westward we'll go.

2. Now the Dreadnought is hauling down the Waterloo Dock
Where the boys and the girls to the pierhead do flock.
They gave us three cheers as the tears down do flow,
Bound away in the Dreadnought to the westward we'll go.

3. Now the Dreadnought she lies in the river Mersey,
Awaiting the tugboat to take us to sea,
Out round the rock light where in salt tides do flow,
Bound away to the westward in the Dreadnought we'll go.

4. Now the Dreadnought's a-bowling down the wild Irish sea,
Her passengers are merry with hearts full of glee.
Their sailors like lions walked the decks to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go!

5. Now the Dreadnought is sailing the Atlantic so wide
Where the green rolling billows sweep by her smooth side,
With her sails partly set for the red cross to show,
She's the Liverpool Liner, O Lord, let her go!

6. Now the Dreadnought is crossing the banks of Newfoundland
Where the water's so green and the bottom's all sand,
Where the fish of the ocean they swim to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go!

7. And now she is sailing down the Long Island shore
Where the pilot will board us as he's oft done before.
Pull away her main topsail, fill your main tack also,
She's the Liverpool Liner, O Lord, let her go!

8. Now the Dreadnought's arrived in New York once more,
Let's go ashore, shipmates, on the land we adore,
With wives and with sweethearts so happy we'll be,
And drink to the Dreadnought wherever we be.

9. Now a health to the Dreadnought and all her brave crew,
To bold Captain Samuel's and his officers, too.
Talk about your flash packets, White Star and Black Ball,
The Dreadnought's the flyer that outsails them all!

C. H. J. Snider (center) with friends at Penetanguishene, Ontario, on an expedition to try to find the Scorpion.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE "DREADNAUGHT"
Sung by Stanley Béby, Toronto.

In Songs of American Sailormen Joanna Colcord notes: "It was singular that with all the vast pride and delight of the sailor in his ship, so few songs were sung in celebration of the qualities of individual vessels...Only one such ballad has survived in its entirety: the grand old song of the Dreadnought.

"Although not the fastest of the Western Ocean packets, the Dreadnought was probably the best known of them all.
Sung by O. J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec.

"James Bird," which dates from the War of 1812-14, is one of the most widely known of the native American ballads. Its author, Mr. Charles Kiner (1780-1865) printed it in his own paper, The Gleaner, Wilkesbarre, Penn., late in 1814. It shortly passed into oral tradition and has been collected in Ohio, Michigan, New York, California, Utah, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia as well as in Canada.

The Battle of Lake Erie which the ballad describes took place on Sept. 10, 1813. Captain Oliver Hazard Perry commanding a small American fleet headed by the Lawrence engaged the British fleet under Captain Barclay. After fierce fighting the Lawrence was forced to strike her flag, but Perry managed to withdraw to the Niagara and continued the battle until the British ships were captured. He then sent the famous message, "we have met the enemy and they are ours."

James Bird fought with Perry on the Lawrence and was subsequently listed among the wounded. In the Journal of American Folklore (XXV, p. 320) Albert H. Tolman refers to two articles by C. B. Galbreath in the Ohio Archeological and Historical Publications: "The Battle of Lake Erie in Ballad and History" (No. 20, 1911) and "The Ballad of James Bird" (No. 26, 1917), and concludes "the ballad gives the facts of Bird's career accurately and with considerable fullness."

The ballad is indeed accurate as far as it goes, but it gives a more sympathetic picture of Bird than the actual record seems to justify. Legend has it that Bird was charged with desertion simply because he was delayed in returning to his ship after visiting his family. The facts were somewhat different as Captain W. W. Dobbs reports in his History of the Battle of Lake Erie and Reminiscences of the Flagship Lawrence and Niagara (Ashley Printing Co., Erie, 1876). This was the source of the facts as cited in Galbreath's article, and as the book may not be generally available it seems worthwhile to quote the account in full:

"Much has been said and sung in regard to the execution of Sergeant James Bird. The truth is something like this: The writer having heard frequent conversations between the officers in regard to this affair, as also has heard his father, who was an officer attached to the squadron, relate the same.

"Bird came to Erie with a brigade of volunteers from the interior of the State, and was detailed with a squad of men to guard stores in a small blockhouse at the Cascades, where the large vessels were built. Though in command he sanctioned the pillarng of the stores he was sent to protect; and when information was given to the military commander he, with the party, made numerous demonstrations, but soon was conquered. Lieut. Brooks of the marines was recruiting for the squadron, and Bird being a man of pluck Brooks wished to secure him. Bird, with others was told that the offence would be overlooked providing they would enlist as marines", which they did. Bird served gallantly on board the Lawrence during the action and was wounded. At the time the squadron was preparing for the Mackinaw expedition Bird was placed with a file of marines to guard the government stores, and from where he deserted, taking John Rankin, one of the guard, with him. A younger belonging to Erie was on his way to school at Washington, Penn., on horseback, having spent his vacation at home, and passed the two men at a tavern near Butler. Having seen the men while on duty at the store, he knew them. He pushed on his journey, and soon met Sailing Master Colwell with a draft of seamen in wagons, destined for Erie to join the squadron, and to whom the younger gave the information. Colwell sent a party in advance in disguise, captured and brought them to Erie. They, with a sailor named John Davis who had deserted a number of times and had committed other offenses, were tried by court martial on board the Niagara while on the passage of the squadron to Detroit. They were all three condemned to death.努力 were made to have Bird's sentence commuted to imprisonment in consequence of his gallantry in the action of the 10th of September, but without success. The President claimed that 'he had deserted from off his post while in charge of a guard, in time of war, therefore must suffer as an example for others.' They were all three executed on board the Niagara while at anchor in the roadstead at Erie in October, 1813."

The version Mr. Tolman gave in JAFI (see above) contained 22 short stanzas, and he noted that "it reproduced the original poem of Mr. Kiner with substantial accuracy, except for stanzas. Mr. Abbott's version, which he learned in the lumberwoods of northern Ontario some sixty-five years ago, has dropped seven of the original 22 couplets, but has added a final couplet which does not appear in other versions.

For comparative versions see Laws: Native American Balladry, A.5.

1. You sons of freedom listen to me, and you daughters too give ear, You a sad and mournful story as was ever told shall hear. Hull you know his troops surrendered and defenceless left to resist, Our forces quick assembled the invaders to resist.

2. There was one amongst the number tall, graceful and serene, Firm his step, his look undaunted, ne'er a servant youth was seen. One fond kiss he snatched from Mary his mother's prayer once more, Pressed his father's hand and left them for Lake Erie's distant shore.

3. Soon he came where noble Perry had assembled all his fleet. Here this noble Bird enlisted expecting soon the foe to meet. Where is Bird when battle rages? Is he in the strife or no? Hark! the cannon's roar tremendous, here we meet our furious foe.

4. But behold a ball has struck him, see the crimson current flow. "Leave the deck!" exclaimed brave Perry. "No! cried Bird, I will not go. Here on deck I took my station, Bird will never his colors fly. I will stand by you, brave Perry, till we conquer or we die."

5. And did Bird receive a pension or was he to his friends restored? No, nor ever to his bosom clasped the maid his heart adored. But there came most dismal tidings from Lake Erie's distant shore. Better there that brave Bird had perished after the battle's awful roar.

6. "Dearest father, tell my mother when this letter reaches her! Not to mourn, her first beloved oh dearly bide his last adieu. I'm a sufferer for deserting from the brig Niagara. Dearest mother, read this letter, 'tis the last you'll hear from me."

Dark and dismal was the morning Bird was ordered out to dice. Where's the heart that would not pity or for him would have a sigh? See his knees upon his coffin, sure his death can do no good. Spare him! Hark! 0 God, they've shot him, see his bosom stream with blood.

8. Farewell, Bird, farewell forever! Home nor friends you'll see no more. Now his mangled corpse lies buried on Lake Erie's distant shore. Bird will ever be remembered, eyes unto this present day. Oh what can beset or wrong them who engage in war or fray?
Mr. Boly learned these lines from his father who had heard them on shipboard. He understood that they had been part of a song, but he did not know the tune. Mr. Snider picked up another stanza of the same piece from Captain John Williams:

"They'll wish themselves in Dixie Land
Or that they had ne'er left town
When the snowflakes are a-flying
Aboard the schooner Fayette Brown."

1. The dirty sucker of the fleet, what does he do for fame
But ship a crew of Africans to immortalize his name
Whitemasters, aye, and barbers too he picked up 'round
the town,
He stuffed their heads and he loaded the beds of the schooner Fayette Brown.

2. Here's a health to all ship-owners and all good captains too,
And every lofty schooner that carries a union crew.
May favoring gales fill all their sails and success their efforts crown.
But bad luck attend the dirty scoundrel that sails the Fayette Brown.


SIDE I, Band 6: "THE LOSS OF THE "ANTHOLOPE"

Sung by C. H. J. Snider, Toronto

This is another of the many ballads about shipwrecks on the Great Lakes. Mr. Snider learned it from Henry McConnell, an old sailor widely known in Prince Edward County as "Uncle Henry," He sang it in 1916 when he was about 76. He had learned it in his youth and thought the wreck a recent occurrence in his time, therefore probably about 1870. It is believed that the ship went aground on the east shore of Lake Michigan near Point Betsie, Professor Walton who printed a version notes: "Round down Lake Michigan from Chicago with a late autumn cargo of grain, she was caught in a storm and wrecked on the Michigan shore." (8, p. 126)

Mr. Snider sings this ballad to the same tune he uses for "The Wreck of the Asia"--a typical Irish come-all-ye melody that has also been used in the lumber camps for "The Jam on Gerry's Books".

1. You all may bless your happy hearts that dwell safe on the shore
Free from the ill-will and the blasts that round your tower.
Little do you think of the hardships poor sailors bear,
Not less you understand The stormy nights we did endure on the Lake of Michigan.

2. On the seventeenth of November from Chicago we did sail.
The sun shone bright, the breeze was light with no sign of a gale.
With our canvas set unto the wind and our hearts as light as air
We left Chicago far behind, our colors flying fair.

3. On the eighteenth in the evening a storm there did arise,
The bilows raging round our vessel and dismasted the skies.
We reached her down, made all things fast, and then contrived a plan
To try and save the Antelope from the shores of Michigan.

4. On the very same evening as we all on deck did stand,
Each man he stood beside his post and he gave his duty grand.
Little did we think in twelve short hours or twelve more hours to come
That some of us would be froze to death and more of us be drowned.

5. On that very next morning, and what I say is true,
Our soul in the fore-rigging froze by the fiercest wind that blew.
Our ship had sprung a leak, my boys, to the pumps went every man,
To try and save the Antelope from the shores of Michigan.

6. On the very next evening, between the hours of four and five
Our ship just like a sea-bird on those angry waves did ride.
The water had its muddy look caused by the clay and sand
That lines the shores for many a mile on the lake of Michigan.

7. On the very next morning as we on deck did stand,
The captain says to his brother John, "I think I see the land!"
"Oh yes," said John, "I see the land, I see the people stand,
But there's only one can save us now, from the shores of Michigan."

8. On the very same morning our ship she struck stem on,
Our mainmast by the deck did break, our mizen it was gone.
The captain tried to swim ashore his brother's life to save,
And through his bold and manful work he met a watery grave.

9. Besides our captain and our mate there was sight of us on board.
Two lads we shipped in Chicago, their names were never heard,
But they were two gay and lively lads as from Ireland were came,
Their friends may weep them in the deep, and they'll never see them again.

SIDE I, Band 7: "HOMeward BOUND"

Sung by Stanley Boly, Toronto

Mr. Boly remembers fragments of several widely known sea shanties and forecastle songs that he heard in his father's song, and this is a sample. As Captain Whall notes, "In sailing ship days this song was a prime favourite and was sung all the world over."

These two stanzas correspond fairly closely to two of the nine that Whall gives except that he mentions the "Dog and Bell" instead of the "Devil and Bell" and names the landlord.
"old Grouse" (9, p. 5). Doerflinger gives practically the same lines in the form of a capstan shanty with the familiar "Goodbye, Fare You Well" refrain (2, p. 87).

1. When we come up to the "Devil and Bell" Where good liquor they do sell, Up comes the landlord all of a smile Saying, "Drink my lad for it's worth your while, For you are homeward bound, my boy, For you are homeward bound.

2. And when at last your money's all spent And there's none to be borrowed and none to be lent, Up comes the landlord all of a frown, Saying, "Get up, Jack, let John sit down, For you are outward bound, my boy, For you are outward bound."

SIDE II, Band 1: THE "CUMBERLAND'S CREW (1)

Sung by Stanley Bäby, Toronto

The United States frigate Cumberland commanded by Lieut. George Morris was sunk by the Confederate Merrimac off Newport News, Virginia, on March 8, 1862. This battle and its significance have been described by Doerflinger in the following passage:

"After its centuries of proud service, the wooden warship was rendered suddenly obsolete when on March 8, 1862, the ironclad Merrimac, secret weapon of the Confederacy, sank the U.S. sloop-of-war Cumberland, and next day was repulsed in turn by the North's armored Monitor.

"Describing the gallant Cumberland as he watched her being towed up river from Hampton Roads one day to shell a rebel battery, George Edward Clark writes in Seven Years of a Sailor's Life: 'Keat and trim she appeared to us...the long, black, polished cannon peering from the ports, the crew lounging on the 'gallant forecastle, and the hull, and bright-metal-work gleaming in the sun...'

"On March 8, the weird, arlike Merrimac steamed boldly into Hampton Roads, taking by surprise the Union squadron lying at anchor there. She drove the frigate Congress, which had got under way, hard aground and pounced the Cumberland with gunfire at close range. The men in the big square-rigger's gun crews saw their shot and shells glancing harmlessly off the enemy's armor plate as the Merrimac forged in and rammed the Cumberland amidships with her underwater beak. The stricken vessel rapidly filled and sank, flag flying and spar-deck guns firing until the last moment. Her hull had torn away the ram of the Merrimac, starting a leak at the latter's stem head which contributed to her defeat the following day by the Monitor. Casualties on the Cumberland were heavy, especially since over one hundred sick and wounded who could not be removed went down with her. The bravery and loyalty of her crew, which will long live in the traditions of the navy, made them national heroes overnight, and inspired this song." (2, p. 133)

The extent to which the battle between the Cumberland and the Merrimac captured the imagination of the folk who preserve songs is indicated by the fact that not one but two separate ballads about it have been preserved to the present, and they were sung not only throughout the northern United States as might be expected, but also in the Canadian maritimes and Ontario.

Mr. Bäby's version, which he learned from his father, is very close to the one Doerflinger quotes. Most notable variation is in the last two lines where Doerflinger's text reads:

"We'll be kept for by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters And never forgotten," sang the Cumberland's crew."

1. Now then shipmates, come gather and join in my ditty Of a terrible battle that happened of late When each Union tar shed a tear of sad pity When he heard of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.

2. On the eighth day of March told a terrible story And many brave tars to this world bid adieu. Our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

3. On the ill-fated day about ten in the morning The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun, The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning That told every seaman to stand by his gun.

4. Then an ironclad frigate down on us came bearing And high in the air the Rebel Flag flew, The percent of treason she proudly was wearing, Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

5. Then up spoke our captain with stern resolution, Saying, "Boys of this monster now don't be dismayed. We've sworn to maintain our beloved Constitution And to die for our country we are not afraid."

6. Our noble ship fired, our guns dreadfully thundered, Our shot on the Rebel like hail did we pour. The people on shore gazed with terror and wonder As the shots struck her sides and glanced harmlessly o'er.

7. Now the pride of our Navy can never be daunted Though the dead and the wounded our decks they did strewn. "We'll die at our quarters or conquer victorious," Was answered in cheers by the Cumberland's crew.

8. We've fought for the Union, our cause it is glorious, To the Star-Spangled B anner we'll ever be true. Wheresoever we are we'll make tyranny tremble Or we'll die by our guns like the Cumberland's crew.

SIDE II, Band 2: THE "CUMBERLAND'S CREW (2)

Sung by Orlo Brandon, Peterborough.

Orlo Brandon's version of this Civil War ballad was current in the lumberjams rather than on the lake boats. It obviously springs from the same original as Mr. Bäby's, but is a strikingly different version. His first four stanzas correspond roughly to stanzas 3, 4, 6, and 5, in Mr. Bäby's

Shooner W. T. Greenwood, built 1867, could carry 300 tons of coal.
In, while his fifth stanza parallels lines found in Booth and Britches (7, p. 358). Although it has at several of the original stanzas, it has preserved the dramatic story very well: a good example of the effect of oral tradition.

1. I'm on the first day of April 'bout ten in the morning, Oh the day it was cloudless and bright shine the sun, When a drum on the Cumberland thundered its warning For all true-hearted seamen to stand by their guns.

2. That iron-bound monster came bearing down on us And high in the air her Rebel flag flew, And her pennants of treason so proudly a-waving Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

3. Our ports we threw open and our guns we made thunder And onto those rebels the broadside did pour, But her flag of secession still proudly a-waving As our shots struck her sides and bounced harmlessly o'er.

4. Then up spoke our captain with firm resolution, Saying, "Boys, of this monster now don't be afraid, We are sworn to defend our beloved Constitution And to die for our country we are not afraid."

5. Then those rebels found cannon and never could quell us, We were fighting them bravely with God on our side, And the flag of secession still proudly a-waving While the blood from our swimmers it crimsoned the tide.

SIDE II, Band 3: THE MERRIMAC
Sung by Orlo Brandon, Peterborough

This second ballad about the memorable naval battle of March 8, 1862, is rarer than "The Cumberland's Crew." It was interesting to find that Mr. Brandon, a Canadian of Irish descent, has preserved both ballads to the present day. For a more complete version see Songs of the Civil War (6, p. 256).

1. Oh what's that that like out yonder just like a turtle's back? It's that infernal steamer they call the Merrimac.

2. It was then that she backed off four hundred yards or more And with all her whistles screaming through our wooden works she bore, She struck us right amidships and her bow came crushing in And the water came a-rolling on our brave and hardy men.

3. Our captain's eyes did glisten and his cheeks grew pale with rage. "Oh I'll never strike my colors while my good ship rides the waves, I'll go down with flags a-flying, down to a watery grave, But you my noble comrades may seek your lives to save."

4. Oh they vowed they never would leave him, then manned their guns a-fresh While broadside unto broadside as the waters reached their breast, And as they sank down, down in the briny deep, Oh the Stars and Stripes were flying from their mainmast's highest peak.

SIDE II, Band 4: THE "PERSIAN" CREW
Sung by Stanley Baby, Toronto

This is the most widely known of the many ballads about shipwrecks on the Great Lakes, but unlike some of the others, it has never been satisfactorily documented. Mr. Baby's father, who learned the ballad during his sailing days, heard the vessel called the Persian. Mr. Snider reports that George Bongaard of Piton, sailing about the same time, recalled her as the Persian. Neither knew the vessel herself. Mr. Snider comments: "I have learned of only one Persian, built in Oswego, 1859, and three Persians, one lost on Racine reef, 1879; one lost in Lake Ontario, 1864; one built in Chicago in 1868, of fate unknown, unless she was the one lost on Racine reef." Nickkey terms it "aSelect ballad commemorating a tragedy shrouded in mystery." (4, p. 225) Walton speaks of "the Oswego schooner Persian which was lost with all hands off the Michigan shore of Lake Huron in the autumn of 1869. (8, p. 126)

Whatever its origin, this tragic ballad was the most popular Great Lakes song in Ontario, being sung both on the lake ships and in the lumber camps. Mr. Baby and Mr. Snider knew it in substantially the same form, and I've recorded two other versions from Napasoo and Brimsville which were somewhat shorter but still well preserved, and set to different tunes.

For comparative versions see Laws: Native American Balladry, D. 4

1. Oh and did diurnal is the tale I now relate to you, 'Tis of the Schooner Persian, her officers and crew. They sank beneath the dark blue waves to rise in life Where winds and desolation sweep Lake Huron's rock-bound shore.

2. They left Chicago on their lee, their songs they did resound, Their hearts were filled with joy and glee for homeward they were bound. How little they thought the sword of death would meet them on their way! Down in the deep they all do sleep far from their friends away.

3. Her captain he is now no more, he lost his precious life, He now lies on Lake Huron's shore far from his home and wife. That barren coast now hides from view his manly lifeless form, Though he with heart so brave and true had weathered many a storm.

4. No mother's hand was there to press his cold distracted frame, No loving wife was there to kiss his cold lips warm again, No brother nor no sister nigh, no little ones to mourn, Down in the deep he now does sleep far from his friends and home.

5. Oh, Daniel Sullivan was the mate's name, a man as bold and brave As ever was compelled by fate to fill a sailor's grave, O Dan, your many friends will mourn, your hand they'll clasp no more, For now you sleep down in the deep, lost on Lake Huron's shore.

6. O Dan, your many friends do mourn, for fate has on you frowned. They look in vain for your return back to Oswego town. They'll miss that glad look of your eye, your hand they'll clasp no more, For now you sleep beneath the deep by Lake Huron's rock-bound shore.

7. The sailors' names I did not know excepting one or two, Down in the deep they all do sleep, they were a luckless crew. Not one of them escaped to land to tell these mysteries o'er, But each one found a watery grave by Lake Huron's rock-bound shore.
8. The mystery of their fate is sealed. Did they collide some way? But this will never be revealed until the Judgment Day, when the angels shall take their stand upon those waters blue. And summon forth by Heaven's command the schooner Persian's crew.

9. Oh it's all around the Presqu'ile buoys the lake gulls flit and skim, They all join in the chorus of the Persian's funeral hymn. They skim along the water's edge and then aloft they soar, In memory of the Persian's crew lost on Lake Huron's shore.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE WRECK OF THE "ASIA"

Sung by C. H. J. Snider, Toronto

On Sept. 14, 1882, the paddlewheeler, Asia, sank in broad daylight less than twenty miles from the shore of Georgian Bay, with the loss of more than 200 passengers and crew. She had left Owen Sound the previous evening, heavily laden with freight and passengers, and in the morning ran into a sudden storm.

The following details of the trip are drawn from an article entitled "The Georgian Bay Tragedy" by Rosemary Pitcher which appeared in the Toronto Evening Telegram for Oct. 19, 1956.

Captain Savage was carrying more freight than on any other trip. The lower deck was filled and the overflow had been piled on the hurricane deck. Merchants in northern towns had ordered most of their winter stores in preparation for their five-month winter isolation. Even horses were carried for use in the lumber camps. Also cheaper fall rates had encouraged more than the usual number of passengers. Cabins were overflowing and steerage passengers crowded the lower deck, some using packing boxes for beds.

Twelve hours after the Asia left Owen Sound it ran into the worst equatorial gale ever to hit the Great Lakes. Torrents of rain fell with such force that trees on the banks of the Bay were uprooted. Mountainous waves dashed over the decks, threatening to engulf the passengers. The horses in the hold were stamping and jumping, adding to the hysteria of the ship.

"The Asia had by this time nosed into the gap, the roughest part of the crossing. No islands were in this area to afford protection and the full sweep of Lake Huron was behind the waves which battered the ship.

"Captain Savage then made a mistake which sealed the doom of the vessel. Instead of continuing to head into the gale he swerved the Asia toward French River. The full impact of the cyclonic wind was received on the ship's starboard side. Finally, caught in the trough of the sea, she sprang a leak and then as wave after wave swept over the side, the lifeboats were lowered. Before one quarter of the passengers could scramble into them the last towering wave struck and the Asia careened over, dumping passengers, cargo and hogshead into the water. The Asia sank within minutes. Some of the struggling passengers managed to cling to pieces of timber and other wreckage, prolonging their lives a few moments. Others crawled into lifeboats. But two of the boats overturned and sank within a stone's throw of the sinking Asia.

"This was reported by one of the two sole survivors of the Asia, Dunk Tinkias, who was pulled into the last remaining lifeboat containing 10 persons—the captain, mate, and 8 other passengers. The little boat was tossed about like a matchstick in the stormy sea. Only Tinkias and a 19-year-old girl, a Miss Morrison, survived. Clinging to the overturned boat they eventually drifted to shore where they were found by an old Indian who escorted them to Parry Sound."

Next to "The Schooner Persian's Crew", "The Wreck of the Asia" seems to be the most widely remembered of tragic ballads of the Great Lakes. It was naturally most popular around Georgian Bay. Mr. Snider first heard it in 1891 from Mabel and Annie McIntosh of Meaford, a Georgian Bay port, and later collected versions from people who learned it in Port McNicoll, Owen Sound, Midland, Orillia, and Manitoulin Island. He was told that "Jack O'Brien, who went with a canoe, used to peddle copies of the song on the streets of Orillia for nickels and dimes." Apparently the ballad also circulated in the lumber camps for Mr. Snider recorded a somewhat shorter version from a 90-year-old man living east of Peterborough.

1. Loud roared the dreadful tumult, and stormy was the day when the Asia left her harbor to cross the Georgian Bay. One hundred souls she had on board, likewise a costly store; And on that trip this gallant ship she sank to rise no more.

2. With three and thirty strong men, all hearty stout and brave, They were all bound for French River, but found a watery grave. Men tried to save the Captain as the waters round him raged, "Oh, no!" cried he, "ne'er think of me all on board are saved."

3. I'll never forget MacDougall, which was his honored name, Immortalized by balladry and handed down to fame. The cabin boy next passed away, so young, so true, so brave, His parents weep while his body sleeps in the Georgian's watery grave.

4. And likewise Willie Christie, with his lately-wedded bride, Were bound for Manitoulin where the parents did reside. "If we had only left this boat last eve at Owen Sound, O Willie dear, why came we here to in these waters drown?"

5. "Mamma will say, 'Why such delay'? But she must be excused; 'Twill make her sad, likewise my dad to hear the awful news.' Of all the souls she had on board two only are alive. Miss Morrison and Tinkus, who only did survive.

6. Miss Morrison and Tinkus—these names I'll ne'er forget; Protected by a lifeboat which five times did upset. The boat was seen to hold eighteen, which into her did climb, But it upset and down they went, there were seven at one time.

7. Now in the deep their bodies sleep, their earthly trials are o'er. And on the beach their bones do bleach along the Georgian shore. Around each family circle how sad the news to hear, The founding of the Asia left sounding in each ear.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE TRIP OF THE "PIGLET"

Sung by Stanley Bfby, Toronto

This popular song of the Great Lakes boatmen dates from the years when sailing barges known as timber droghers or drovers carried square timber from the lumber ports on the Upper Lakes to the St. Lawrence to be rafted down the river for transhipment to Europe, or to eastern lakes cities to be used for construction, and returned carrying goods for the new settlements on the western plains.

Professor Walton writes: "Timber drogers had large ports in their staves that could be opened to receive the timbers, and they also carried one or two horses or mules forward on the forecastle deck, to haul timber aboard and to tow
1. My boys if you will listen, I will sing to you a song,
   So sit you down beside me and I won't detain you long.
   In Milwaukee last October I chanced to get a site
   In the timber drogner Bigler belonging to Detroit.

   CHORUS: Watch her! Catch her! Jump on a juba-ju!
   Give her sheet and let her boil, the boys'll put her through!
   You oughta seen her bowling as the wind was blowing free
   On her passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee.

2. 'Twas on a Sunday morning about the hour of ten
   The Robert Emmett towed us out into Lake Michigan.
   We made sail where she left us in the middle of the fleet.
   And the wind came from the sou'ward so we had to
   give her sheet.

3. That night the wind came down, my boys, and blew both stiff and strong,
   And swiftly through Lake Michigan the Bigler she ploughed on,
   And far before her foaming bows the fiery waves did fling,
   With every stitch of canvas set and her courses wing and wing.

4. But the wind it came ahead before we reached the Manitous,
   Two-and-a-half a day, my boys, just suited the Bigler's crew.
   From the Foxes to the Beavers we steered her full and by
   And we held her to the wind just as close as she would lie.

5. At Skillagalee and Wabbleshanks, the entrance to the straits,
   We might have passed the fleet ahead if they'd hove to and wait,
   But we drove them all before us, the handiest ever you saw
   Right into Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinaw.

6. When in Lake Huron we made Presqu'ile and then we bore away,
   The wind was fair and we soon flew by the Isle of Thunder Bay.
   The wind came from the westward and we on the starboard tack
   With a good look-out ahead for the light on Point aux Barques.

7. We made the light, we kept in sight of the Michigan shore,
   A-piking for the river like we'd oft times done before.
   Aboard of Port Huron our anchor we let go
   And the Sweptastes she came and took the Bigler in tow.

8. The Sweptastes she took eight in tow, barques, brigs, and fore-and-aft’s,
   She hauled us down to Lake St. Clair and stuck us on the flats.
   We parted the Hunter's towline in trying to get relief
   When the Bigler went slam-bang into the stern of the Maple Leaf.

9. The Sweptastes she has left us outside of the river light
   Lake Erie for to roam and the blustery winds to fight.
   The wind was blowing fair and we put on our own canoe,
   And our nose points for the Dummy on our way to Buffalo.

10. We made the Eau, flew by Long Point, the wind was blowing free,
    And down along the Canada shore, Port Colborne on our lee.
    Oh what's that looms in the distance? We all know, as we drew near,
    For like a guiding star shone the light on Buffalo pier.

11. And now, my boys, we're landed safe in Buffalo Creek at last,
    At Reed's elevator the Bigler she's made fast,
    And in Tim Doyle's saloon the bottle it will pass
    For we are jolly shippmates and we'll drink a social glass.

12. We soon received our stamps from our skipper Call Mkee
    And with our bags we went ashore but not to go on a spree.
    To Abe's and Nee's we started where we arrived in quiet repose
    And the boats fixed us up with a splendid suit of clothes.

13. And now my song is ended and I hope that I've pleased you.
    Let's drink unto the Bigler, her officers and crew,
    And may she sail next fall in command of Call Mkee
    Between the ports of Buffalo and Milwaukee.
Balladry, D 8.

For outfitting store sheet and distributed by Abe's and Mr. Snider's, and "Wabbleshanks" in the same line is Waugochance.

Mr. Snider learned the song from Amilus Jarvis who learned it on the Lakes in 1875, and believes it dates from around 1871. Mr. Boby remembers it from his father's singing. Although this song was also current in the lumbercamps at one time, I have so far found no Ontario singers who remember it today except Mr. Snider and Mr. Boby.

Incidentally, Mr. Boby explains the twelfth stanza by the fact that the ballad was one time printed on a single sheet and distributed by Abe's and Noe's, a sailors' outfitting store in Buffalo. However, this early taint of commercialism doesn't seem to have affected the oral tradition: Mr. Snider's version of the song parallels Mr. Boby's, stanza for stanza, but hardly a line is exactly the same. His would indicate that other shops had got into the game for he sings of "Garon's" instead of the enterprising Abe's and Noe's, and of Tom Quest's saloon instead of Tim Douglas'.

For comparative versions see Laws: Native American Balladry, D 8.

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   And swiftly through Lake Michigan the Bigler she ploughed on,
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