

CHANTIES AND OTHER SONGS OF THE SEA

Sung aboard vessels out of Liverpool,
Nova Scotia in the '70's, '80's and '90's,
and recalled in whole or part by William
H. Smith, of Liverpool, N.S. (Born 1867)
The words were taken down and prepared in
typescript by his son T. Brenton Smith,
in the year 1940.

"The Loss of the 'Emma-Jane'"DA LOSSADA HEMMER-JANE

Now 'tis uv a young maiden dis story Oi'll tell,
 And uv 'er young luvyer, an' what dem befell;
 'Er luvyer was a cap'n 'oo sailed da blue sea,
 An' dis is da circumstances o' da departure o' he.

Now da vissil 'e sailed was a-called da Hemmer-Jane,
 T'were in anner o' she, dat 'e give 'er dat name;
 Dat whoile 'e were sailin' all o'er da blue sea,
 Da vissil 'e sailed moight remoid 'im o' she.

Wid a boatload o' shingles our cap'n sailed away,
 Sailed away frum 'e's true luv, arl on a summer's day,
 An' 'e no more was 'eard uv, ner 'e's vissil so brave,
 So T'is figgered pritty ginerall ~~ly~~ 'e found a wat'ry grave.

On a cold starmy marnin' all down boi da sea,
 Hemmer-Jane sot awaitin', sot awaitin' fer he:
 On a cold starmy marnin' 'er body were found,
 So 'tis figgered pritty ginerall ~~ly~~ she went crazy an' drowned.

Dey burrit 'er hup in da buryin' ground,
 An' sot up a stone to say 'ow she were found;
 An' over 'er 'ead dey sot out a willer tree,
 Dat da wind in da branches moight remoid 'em o' she.

Now, not very long arter dese t'ings occurred,
 A stranger come down to where Hemmer-Jane was interred,
 And 'e axed o' da sexton where Hemmer-Jane moight be,
 And 'e hanswered be pintin' to da h'old willer tree.

Nixt marnin' dey found be da soid o' Hemmer-Jane,
 Dey found 'is cold carkiss insensibly a-layin',
 And in 'is breast pockit were an 'ankerchiff uv 'ern,
 So t'were figgered pritty ginerall t'was 'er cap'n 'ad returned.

So dey burit 'im up in da ground close by 'er,
 And over 'is 'ead dey sit out a wild brier;
 Now da wind in da willer's in mim'ry o' she,
 An' da ~~wind~~ brier wound about 'un's in mim'ry o' he.

LAY OUT, TACK SHEETS AND HAUL.

It was a cold day in last November;
Hard up, for my money was all spent;
And it's where it went, I do not wonder,
So it's down to the shipping office went.
Oh it's been a great day among the sailors;
Ships for India, Colonies, China and for France;
So I shipped on board of the Cuban,
And I went on a booze with my advance.

Chorus:

Then it's lay back, take in your slack,
Heave away your capstan, heave a pawl, heave a pawl,
Oh it's about ship, stations, lads by handy,
Lay out, tack sheets, and mainsail haul.

Oh you know that we have been a-drinking;
Irish Kate and I have been upon a booze;
And I sat on my chest a-sadly thinking
Whether to turn in my bunk and have a snooze.
When I heard a voice above me howling;
And oh I listened and I heard the voice again;
It was the mate at the fo'c'sle door a-hollering
Lay aft, bloods, and answer to your name.

Oh when I arrived aft on the quarter,
What a sight there my eyes they did behold;
There was a sailor there almost of every nation,
And it made my heart turn cold.
Then I wished myself back again with my jolly sailors,
Along with Irish Kate a-drinking bitter beer;
And I thought what fools are the sailors,
And went forward to weep a bitter tear.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 5/40.

English ballad, sung out of Liverpool by
our sailors.

Oh you know in my chest I had a bottle
What the boarding-master kindly put in there;
And I thought I'd take a drop to wet my throat-
Just on purpose for to drive away dull care.
Then it's down upon my bended knees like thunder,
A-groping like a pickinenny there;
But imagine my surprise and disappointment
When I found it to be a bottle of patent medicine for a cough.

BOUND TO RIO.

As I walked down fair London Street,
Away you Rio;
A pretty fair maiden I did meet;
And I'm bound for the Rio Grande.

Chorus:

And away to Rio, away to Rio;
Sing fare you well, my bonnie brown girl,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
And away to Rio, away to Rio;
Sing fare you well, my bonnie brown girl,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

And I said : Fair maiden will you go with me?
Away you Rio.
Oh no, kind sir, my lover is here;
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29/40.

Widely known. Sung by all sailors.

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BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

Blow me right up, and it's blow me right down,
To me wey-hey, blow the man down;
We'll blow him right up, and we'll blow him right down;
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29, 1940.

Widely known shanty, sung everywhere.

4.

OLD HOSS.

Old hoss, old hoss, how came you here?
You've carted poles for many a year.
With kicks and cuffs and sore abuse,
You're salted down for sailor's use.

From the foremast to the pump
You'll find me salted down in junks;
Now I think I'm done at last,
But if you think I lie,
You'll find my hoof in the bottom of the harness cask.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 9, 1940.

When he first went to sea, the old Georgina["] had a "harness cask" set up on the after deck, just abaft the mainmast. This was made of oak, ciled, and with brass hoops which were constantly kept polished. The bottom of the cask was about four feet in diameter. It was about four foot high, tapering off at the top to about two feet or slightly better. The bottom part of the cover fitted into the barrel, and the slightly larger top part of the cover lapped the top of the barrel. The cover was hinged, and kept locked. This barrel was for holding salt meat, so that the cook did not have to open up the lazarette to get his daily supply. The name "harness cask" may have been applied derisively, with the reference to the "harness" of a horse.

SCREWING IN SONG.

Before I work for a dollar a day,
Down below, wey-hey, hey-hey,
Grease my screws and put 'em away
Down below, wey-hey, hey-hey.

Down below in the hole below,
Down below, wey-hey, hey-hey,
Screwing sugar all the day
Down below, wey-hey, hey-hey.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To F. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 9/40.

"Screwing-in" song, heard when he first
went to sea. Cargoes were pressed down,
or heavy bales or casks forced into
awkward places by screws.

WAY DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

Farewell you girls of this cold countree;
Farewell you girls of this cold countree;
Farewell you girls of this cold countree;
I'm bound for Tennessee

Chorus:

Away over the ocean;
Away over the ocean;
Away over the ocean;
Way down in Tennessee.
Oh Tennessee is a-rolling;
Tennessee is a-rolling;
Tennessee is a-rolling;
Way down in Tennessee.

I can no longer stay with you;
I can no longer stay with you;
I can no longer stay with you;
For I'm bound for Tennessee.

I left my wife and a baby;
I left my wife and a baby;
I left my wife and a baby;
Way down in Tennessee.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3/40.

A favourite with Liverpool sailormen.

THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

Before I'll be cowed down by you,
I'll fight until I die.

And there was bloody murder on the City of Baltimore.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 5/40.

This was the story of an Irishman, coming out from Ireland, on the "City of Baltimore", who was roughly used, and turned on his attackers, giving a good account of himself. Old Mary Lannin, who kept a rum shop on Water Street, Liverpool, used to get her customers to sing this, with a patter of encouragement for the Irish fighter, and praise also, rather than any commendation to the singers.

AROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN.

I've sailed among the Yankees,
Brazilians and Chinese,
Enjoying myself with those dark-eyed girls
Beneath the tall palm trees.
I've crossed the Line and Gulf Stream,
Way round by Table Bay;
Around the world and home again,
And that's the sailor's way.

At night we see the north star,
A-shining on our bow;
We're steering straight for old England;
My thoughts are in her now.
What a jolly time for the girls on shore,
While we are drawing pay;
Around the world and home again,
And that's the sailor's way.

While Ned goes to his parents,
And Dick goes to his dear,
And Bill to wife and family,
And Tom to pint of beer.
While Jack goes to the dance-hall
To hear the fiddle play;
Around the world and home again,
And that's the sailor's way.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3/40.

Sea ballad sung on our old ships,
British and those out of Liverpool, NS.

OLD MOTHER HEAD'S.

In a boardinghouse across the street,
Where all the hungry boarders meet,
At noon and night, with a winding gash,
To make short work of old Mother Head's hash.

Chorus:

Nobody knows what the sailors eat;
Cast no remarks about your meat;
But eat your pie, and close your mouth,
In the hungry starving boarding house.

^{TRUSS}
Old Thres Lohnes sleeps in the attic, (Theresa)
And through the whole night they raise a hell of a racket;
Gave old Mother Head the run;
Chased her out with a gantling gun.

Hattie, she cried out, "Oh Lord",
And passed us the figgers for three weeks board.

And one of the sailors ran away;
Got so hot he could not stay;
He ran away out on Port Mouton Road;
Thought to get away with the board he owed.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
to T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 17/40.

This was composed by Joe Broadfield (Crooked Mouth Joe), a Cockney sailor, who could neither read nor write, but was a good shanty singer. He married a Roy girl, who worked at Mother Heads. Mother Head did not want her to leave, and Joe composed these verses, and sang them to mother Head. There were more verses to the song. Joe went to sea, and the girl was very sick. When he came back a reconciliation took place, they started up house-keeping in one of the houses at the site of the present Super Service. Joe, later went out of his mind, and was maintained by old Mother head, at Govt expense. It worried him that Mother Head, as he thought, had to support him, and he jumped off a wharf and drowned. Joe used to recite this to W.H.S. when they were shipmates in the "Hyaline."

Mother Head's boarding house was the building later known as the Evangeline Hotel, Liverpool, N.S., on Market Street.

SAUER KRAUT.

Our vessel belongs to Lunenburg;
Her name's der Bella Young;
In der summer we goes a-fishing,
And in winter carries dung.

I.E.
Carries kelp from
Cape Island to their
farms.

Chorus:

Oh, sauer kraut is hunky, boys,
And sauer kraut is fine;
I tinks I ought to know it
'Cause I eats it all der time.

But now we are in Liverpool,
A place dat I knows well;
We has a barrel of sauer kraut,
Which we are goin' to sell.

So come round early in der morning,
And be sure you're not too late;
Give Johnson or Zwicker a quarter,
And dey'll land it at your gate.

Dictated by William H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
Mch 17/40.

This used to be sung by an old fellow from
Port Medway, who sailed in the "Donsella",
pulp boat from Liverpool to Halifax, in
1899. There probably is one or more verses
to this.

J. A. Parker remembers old men singing another: ~~chorus~~

"O, sauer kraut is bully, boys
And sauer kraut is sweet
I tinks we ought to know it
'Cause we stomps it wit' our feet."

Arriving back at Liverpool.

Now we are coming round the Black Rock, (Fort Point)
Our hammocks all packed, and our chests all locked;
We'll haul her in to Tom Day's dock.
Oh Jennie can't you heigh-lo.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
Mch 17/40.
This is all he remembers of a song sung
by the old time sailors of Liverpool,
John Green, John Corby, etc.

*Day's dock was behind the house which
is now the home of Mrs. Beverley Jones,
Lark Point. (1973)
Liverpool, N.V.*

THE MARY.

I shipped in the Mary, belonging to Starr,
Went down blazing drunk, Like a jolly Jack Tar.

Chorus:

And it's go ahead, Mary,
You starve-gutted Mary:
Then it's go ahead Mary,
You're crossing the trade.

With his uplifted hand, and a blessing to the Lord,
We sit down to the table, to rusty salt cod.

Now we are anchored in Liverpool Harbour once more,
Where there's no short allowance of rusty salt cod;
Then to hell with the Mary and Captain Coonrod.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 17/40.

This is all he remembers of a song sung
by the old time sailors out of Liverpool,
John Green, John Corby, etc.

The Mary was owned by a firm in ^{Liverpool N.S.} ~~Halifax~~
by name of Starr.

BRIGANTINE SOROCO.

(Sirocco)

Chorus:

It's watch her and twig her,
 And keep her as she goes;
 Topsails and her staysails set;
 The wind begins to blow.
 She's one of the fastest sailers
 That ever crossed the sea:
 She's the Brigantine Sorocco,
 And belongs to Port Medway.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, NS.
 To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 March 17th, 1940.

This was the chorus of a song sung
 by Port Medway sailors. Captain
 Coheon was the Captain of the
 Sorocco. W.H. S. has seen the ship
 often. Perhaps Herb Morino, watchmen
 at the Mersey Paper may know the rest
 of this. She was a fair sailer, not
 as fast as the chorus might indicate.

THE BIG FIVE GALLON JAR.

The first time I came to Liverpool,
 I got upon a spree;
 'Twas up to old Jack Jennings's,
 Such gallant sights to see.
 There were drunkards in every corner,
 And bummers at the bar;
 And old Cal'line was whacking it out (Caroline)
 Of a big five gallon jar.

In the old Virginia Lowlands, Lowlands, low;
 In the old Virginia Lowlands, Lowlands, low.

And when the jar is empty,
 And the whiskey, it is dry,
 Old Cal'line will renew it again
 With the snapping of her eye.
 With a little alum water,
 And some old Stockholm tar,
 Old Cal'line will renew it again,
 That big five gallon jar.

Old Jackie said to old Cal'line:
 "I'll tell you just what we'll do:
 The Sophie is at McClearn's wharf,
 And I guess she wants a crew.
 We'll go down to Front and Water Street,
 Pick up some drunken tar,
 And we'll shanghai him away, out of Liverpool Bay,
 With a big five gallon jar.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 Mch 17/40.

Heard it when he went to sea from old sailors
 like John Green. They said it was composed by
 some outside sailor, who came here, and was
 taken up by the sailors of that time. There
 may be more verses to it.

The old Jennings house was on the old
 Port Wouton Road. Sailors deserting their ship
 often went here to hide until their ship sailed.
 Could be seen sailing from an old lookout
 rock there.

*"The Sophie" probably refers to the brigantine "Sophia", 225 tons, built at
 Liverpool for John D. McClearn in the year 1869.*

SHILOH BROWN

Oh Shiloh had a baby;
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown;
It was born on a Sunday;
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown;
And they sent it to school on a Monday;
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown.

Oh my Lord, what a baby;
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown;
It's Oh my Lord, what a baby;
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29/40.

Sung by Nova Scotia sailors.
Never heard this sung by foreign sailors.
Jim Hensey, colored man of Liverpool, who
was only one voyage, as far as I know,
foreign, sung it a lot.
Jim Hensey and local sailors sang this
frequently at launchings, quite lately.
(TBS has heard this sung at launchings).

SHANADORE

Shanadore, I love your daughter;
 Away you rolling River;
 We're bound for the green fields and the mossy River;
 Ah, ha, ha. I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

Missouri
 ↙

Dictated by W.H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 March 29 1940.

A widely known, oft sung shanty.

This is, of course the capstan chanty "SHENANDOAH"

WHAT YOU GOING TO DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR.

What you goin' to do with a drunken sailor?
Put him in a long-boat, make him bail her.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, NS.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3/40.

West Indie Nigger shanty. Does not
think there was more to it.

(In hoisting, the West Indies darkies, on
pulling down on a rope used this refrain:
"Come down you bunch of roses".)

Wrong.

This was a famous old chanty, with many
verses, sung in British, Canadian, & American ships.

GOODBYE, FARE YE WELL.

We're homeward bound, and I love that sound;
Goodbye, Fare ye well, Goodbye, fare ye well;
We're homeward bound, and I love that sound;
Away, my boys, we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard our old man say:
Goodbye, fare ye well. Goodbye, fare ye well;
Tomorrow is our sailing day;
Away, my boys, we're homeward bound.

Farewell ye girls of this warm countree;
Goodbye, fare ye well. Goodbye, fare ye well;
I can no longer stay with you;
Away, my boys, we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound, with sugar and rum;
Goodbye, fare ye well. Goodbye, fare ye well;
We're homeward bound, with sugar and rum;
Away, my boys, we're homeward bound.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29, 1940.

Shanty sung by all mariners.

SAY OLD MAN.

Say old man, your horse is going to die;
And they say so, and I know so;
Say old man your horse is going to die;
Oh poor old man.

And if he dies you ride him no more;
And they say so, and I know so;
If he dies you ride him no more;
Oh poor old man.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
Mch 29/40.

Sung by all sailors. Probably introduced
by English sailors.

HARBOUR GRACE.

Harbour Grace is a pretty place,
The bay is full of Islands;
It's won't the girls have lots of fun
When the boys get home from swiling.

(Sealing)

Fadder, he has gone to town;
Bring me a dress of cotton;
And if he don't bring me the flowery kind,
I hope's he brings me nutting.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29/40.

This is a Newfoundland song. It is a dance ^{has}
tune, used by fiddlers. George Strachan,
of Liverpool, N.S., who has spent some time
down there may know more of it.

LIVERPOOL PACKET.

Now we are a-sailing down the wild Irish sea,
Our passengers are merry, their hearts full of glee;
Our sailors aloft, all around, to and fro;
She's the Liverpool Packet, brave boys let her go.

Now we are a-sailing o'er the ocean so wide,
Where the waves of the ocean wash down the ship's side,
And the whales of the ocean come to the surface to blow;
She's the Liverpool Packet, to the westward we'll go.

Now we are a-sailing o'er the Banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water's so blue, and the bottom is sand;
And the fish of the ocean swim around to and fro;
She's the Liverpool Packet, to the westward we go.

Now we are arrived off New York Harbour once more,
The pilot came on board, as he oft did before

I will go see Ellen White, the girl I adore.

And in drinking strong liquors, my toast it will be:
Here's health to the Dreadnaught, in port or at sea.

Dictated by William H Smith Liverpool, N.S.,
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 28th, 1940.

Sung by all sailors, when he first went to sea
and in later days as well. Probably from date
of clipper ships. The first verse is probably
missing, as well as other parts.

FIRE IN THE FORETOP.

Oh fire in the foretop, and don't you go,
To me, wey-hey, hey, hey, hey,
Oh fire in the fore-top, and don't you want to go,
Oh fire down below.

Can repeat, using main-top for second verse,
and mizzentop for third verse.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, NS.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3rd, 1940.

This was a work song, especially used
for pumping. (Working the hand pumps).

SAILOR'S BURIAL AT SEA.

Our bark was out, far, far from land
When the bravest of our gallant band
Grew deathly pale and pined away
Like the twilight of an Autumn Day.

We watched him through long hours of pain;
Our cares were great, our hopes were vain;
Death's stroke, he gave no coward's alarm,
But he groaned and died in his shipmate's arm.

We had no costly winding sheet,
So we placed it around close at his feet;
In his hammock he lay as snug and round
As a King in his costly mantle gown.

Sadly we bore him to his rest,
With a British flag crossed o'er his breast;
And this we gave, as a badge of the brave,
That he was fit for a sailor's grave.

Our hearts were faint, our forms were weak,
Oft tears were shed o'er the bony cheek;
And many a quiver o'er the lips of our pride,
As we lowered him down o'er the ship's dark side.

One splash, and a plunge, and all was o'er,
And the waves rolled on as they did before;
And many the sigh that followed that wave
As he sank beneath a sailor's grave.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 12/40.

This song was frequently sung when he was a
boy, at sing-songs, at houses. He never heard
it sung at sea.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

Go round the Horn to California;
Young girls go round the Horn;
For there's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the Banks of the Sacramento.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
to T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3rd 1940.

Has heard the song, but remembers only this.

ROLLING HOME TO MERRY ENGLAND.

Rolling home to merry England,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home, fair lands, to thee.

Heard this at Rosario in a "free and easy,"
kept by a Scottishman for English sailors.
Had a stage for them to sing, with a piano,
and a German to play the piano. Was there
in the Brigantine Hamelin. Bill Stoutley,
famous Sandy Cove shantyman, practically
took charge of this place when he was there.
He has heard Bill Stoutley, and other
Liverpool sailors, who had picked this song
up, sing it, but it was not a common song
among sailors from out of here.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3/40.

THEN TURN OUT YOU JOLLY TARS.

Then turn out you jolly tars
and go swinging on the yards,
while the land-lubbers lying down below.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
April 3/40.

This is part of a song he heard often
when he first went to sea. Sung on our vessels.
Probably originated in the packets.

WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNIE.

Whiskey gave me a broken nose;
Whiskey for my Johnnie;
Oh whiskey made me wear old clothes;
Whiskey for my Johnnie.

Whiskey in the old tin can;
Whiskey for my Johnnie;
Whiskey is the life of man;
Whiskey for my Johnnie.

Dictated by William H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
Mch 29/40.

A shanty, especially good for hauling on a rope.

Note: Land-lubbers have also found whiskey especially good for pulling on almost anything.

THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Oh I'll cut up my petticoats,
Make mittens for my true loves hands,
To keep him from a-freezing
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

Now we'll wash her down, and scrub her round
With holystone and sand;
Then we'll bid adieu to those north-west winds
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 23 1940.

There is a lot more to this.
Sung by all our sailors, but more so by
the fisherman.

HANGMAN JOHNNIE.

Oh they call me Hangman Johnnie;
Away, hey, hey,
But I never hung nobody;
Oh hang, boys, hang.

Oh they've hung poor Bully Ranger;
Away, hey, hey;
Oh I've hung poor Bully Ranger;
Oh hang, boys, hang.

Oh we'll haul and hang together;
Away, hey, hey;
Oh we'll haul and hang together;
Oh hang, boys, hang.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To F. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29 1940.

Shanty sung by all sailors. Especially
for hoisting topsail yards, mainsail,
or anything in the nature of a halyard.

ON THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

Oh Mexico, fine roses grow;
Away Santa Anna;
Oh Mexico, fair roses grow
All on the Plains of Mexico.

Oh Mexico, I long to go;
Away Santa Anna;
Oh Mexico, I long to go
All on the Plains of Mexico.

Oh Santa Anna's gained the day;
Away Santa Anna;
Oh Santa Anna's gained the day
All on the Plains of Mexico.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29, 1940.

This was sung very often on our ships.
Believes it belongs to this side of the
ocean more than on English ships.

Used for heaving up the anchor, or
walking around the windlass, especially.
Capstan

WE'LL PAY PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS.

To us wey-hey, hey-hip-hey;
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
Mch 29/40.

Old time local sailors used this for furling a topsail or square sail. When the sail was rolled, and ready to come up on the yard, the shantymen gave the first line, then on the words "We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots" all hands lifted the rolled sail to the top of the yard, ready for gaskets.

He understood from old sailors that Paddy Doyle had a store for outfitting sailors with shoes, tobacco, etc. Does not know if the store was in Liverpool or elsewhere, but believes this is local to Liverpool or Nova Scotia.

No. ↗

ISLE OF FUGI.

(Pronounced Foo-gee (soft G))

Then I'm bound for the Isle of Fugi;
Fugi, Fugi;
Then I'm bound for the Isle of Fugi;
And from there to Tennessee.

Dictated by Wm H Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29/40.

Well-known shanty for general work.

OLD ENGLAND'S GAINED THE DAY.

Sebastapol is taken;
Cheer, boys, cheer;
Sebastapol is taken;
Old England's gained the day.

Did ever you hear those cannons roar,
Cheer, boys, cheer.
Did ever you hear those cannon roar?
Old England's gained the day.

Heard this sung aboard an English ship
in Barbadoes. Did not hear sailors out
of here sing it, though some might have
heard the words and have sung it. It was
a song that required a large crew to
give it a good effect.

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
March 29/40.

WALKING IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD.

Aint a-looking to de right;
 Aint a-looking to de left;
 But a-walking in de middle of de road. (All came in on
 this line)
 Keep a-walking;
 Keep a-walking;
 Keep a-walking in de middle of de road. (All came in on
 this line).

Dictated by Wm H. Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 To T. Brenton Smith, Liverpool, N.S.
 March 29/40.

Heard this sung by darkies at Philadelphia,
 digging pitch (from the Trinidad pitch lakes)
 from the Brigantine Hamelin. It was sung
 very low. The darkey tending the hatch would
 have to put his hand to his ear to hear
 the words, so that he could join in with
 those below on "Keep a-walking in de
 middle of de road".