Folksongs of Maine sung by Sandy Ives Liner Notes

Edward D. Ives

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FOLKSONGS OF MAINE
sung by SANDY IVES

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE
by SANDY IVES

I have taken the liberty of limiting the word Northeast to Maine, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, because these are the areas with which I am well-acquainted (although I feel that Nova Scotia and Newfoundland should be included too). It can easily be extended to include New Hampshire, Vermont, parts of Quebec, and even southern New England. But the Maine-Maritimes area is its center.

Let us take Maine as typical of the whole Northeast. Basically Maine was (and still is, largely) the woods and the seacoast—the big spruce and pine coming right down to the rocky, many-harborred coast. As the settlers came—the English, Scotch, Irish, and, of course, the French—they began fishing and cutting timber (especially mast timber at first). Slowly the land was cleared back and men started farming; even today, Maine is a state of many small farms, and there are few urban areas of any size. But always there have been the woods and the sea, and they have given Maine its unique character.

Anyone who collects songs in Maine and the Maritimes is struck by the homogeneity of the material. With the exception of the many local songs, a song that is known in Maine will also be known in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and what is more, often to the same tune. Horace Beck pointed this out in an article in Midwest Folklore ("Folksong Affiliations of Maine," VI: 151-166), and he also pointed out that the general drift of these songs is from the North to the South. This he explains, quite correctly, by the fact that people from the Maritimes tended to settle in Maine more than people from Maine tended to settle in the Maritimes. New Brunswickers and "P. I.'s" came to Maine to work in the woods and in the mills; further there was a constant exchange among fishermen, as Maine vessels often put in to Maritime ports.

With the exception of the shanties, which were work songs, these songs were sung for fun. Often at a party, everyone present would be required to perform in some manner: sing a song, step-dance, play a fiddle-tune, recite, or tell a story. Certain songs also often became associated with certain people, and he also pointed out that the general drift of these songs is from the North to the South. This he explains, quite correctly, by the fact that people from the Maritimes tended to settle in Maine more than people from Maine tended to settle in the Maritimes. New Brunswickers and "P. I.'s" came to Maine to work in the woods and in the mills; further there was a constant exchange among fishermen, as Maine vessels often put in to Maritime ports.

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On board ship, the men would sing when they were off duty in the forecastle; hence the name "forecastle song" for any song sung on shipboard that was not a chanty. In the woods, the men would sing after supper. Often there would be one or two men in camp who were known as singers and they would likely do most of the entertaining in this line. But anyone who could sing was welcome to try. One man in particular I recall hearing described as one who "couldn't sing worth a darn, but he knew a lot of songs and was always willing."

A few notes on the manner of singing. With one exception, all the songs I have found were sung unaccompanied. Further, I have had singers insist that this is the way they were meant to be sung, and old songs are sometimes made uncomfortable by hearing the songs sung to any accompaniment. The rhythm is what is called rubato parlando, the singer moving faster or slower as the words seem to demand, holding a note unexpectedly, "hitching," and using grace notes aplenty. The delivery is generally described as "flat" and "undramatic" and these words are adequate as far as they go in indicating that no obvious dramatics or dynamics are used. Yet I often wish for some other words, because to hear some of these singers is to gain a new concept of dynamics and a new understanding of the dramatic. A good singer (not every singer by any means) has a feeling for the rise and fall of his story, and he builds up to the climax and moves away from it in a way that I find very exciting, even though I can neither explain nor duplicate it. The spoken ending, i.e. the speaking of the last word, phrase, or even line, seems to be peculiar to the Northeast, and even here it is moribund. I seldom hear it here in Maine, but I have found it among older singers in New Brunswick, and it is even common on Prince Edward Island.

The songs and ballads I have selected to sing here are all songs that were sung, here in Maine, are about Maine, or can qualify on both counts.

Notes by SANDY IVES and KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE I, Band 1: LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

In April of 1725, Captain John Lovewell left from Dunstable, Massachusetts, with some forty-odd men on an Indian raid. Near the present-day village of Fryeburg, Maine, stood the Indian village of Pigwacket. On the shore of that pond, Lovewell and his men saw a lone Indian, and, since Indian scalps were worth something, they decided to go after him. Lovewell's blunder in having his men leave their packs by the pond before going after the Indian is only too obvious from the song; a party of Indians discovered them and set an ambush -- and into this ambush the returning soldiers walked. The fight went on all day. Along about nightfall the Indians withdrew, but later returned again. After the Indians left for a second time, the English waited until midnight, and then started back to Dunstable. It was a victory of sorts, albeit a Phrrhic one.

Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstorm believed the ballad was written to cover up a scandal. She points out that the date has been deliberately changed from Sunday, May 9th, to Saturday, May 8th. She says: "A rumor, which Seth Wyman, arriving late on saturday, May 15, had to have had to confirm, was spreading like wildfire that there was a scandal connected with the fight.....Something had happened, which even if true, must be hushed up; something which even in our time would raise a tempest of talk. The minds of the people must be diverted from the victims of the Fight and the one responsible for their death, else the effects of a notable victory would be dissipated in family rows and recriminations." Parson Symmes, she feels, is the prime mover here.

Who wrote the ballad? Mrs. Eckstorm presents an interesting case showing that Benjamin Franklin's uncle, whose name was also Benjamin, was very likely the author.

The text and tune for this ballad, as well as Mrs. Eckstorm's comments, were taken from an article in BULLETIN THE FOLK-SONG SOCIETY OF THE NORTHWEST, Number 4, 1932, pp. 6-8. The text has been shortened by the singer, who also notes that: "...after a couple of years of singing this song, my tune varies slightly from the one printed in the BULLETIN.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing, How valiantly he fought for his country and his king; He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide, And hardships they endured to quell the Indians' pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket upon the eighth of May, They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day; He on a bank was standing, upon a neck of land, That leads into a pond as we're made to understand.

Then up spoke Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed," said he. "This rogue is to decoy us I very plainly see. Let us march in order, each man leave his pack, That we might better fight them when they make their attack."

Then having scalped this Indian, they went back to the spot Where they had left their packs, but there they found them not; For the Indians having spied them when they them down did lay, Did take them for their plunder and carry them away. The Indians lay in ambush in a spot nearly, And one of the British soldiers did one of them easy, And cried out, "There's an Indian!" At that they started out; As hideously as lions they fearfully did shout. Then up spoke Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began, "Fight on, my gallant heroes, you see them fall like rain." As we are informed, the Indians were so thick A man could scarcely fire a shot and not some of them hit.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight began, And fiercely did continue until the set of sun; And then those rebel Indians, about the hour of night, Did draw off in the bushes and cease then for to fight.

But still our valiant English 'till midnight did remain To see whether those Indians would have a fight again; But they no more returning, they started for their home, And carried off their wounded as far as they could come.

Now worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die; They killed Lieutenant Robbins and wounded young.

He was our English chaplain, he many Indians slew, And some of them he scalped while bullets round him flew.

Young Fullam too I'll mention because he fought so well: Endeavoring to save a man a sacrifice he fell. And yet our valiant English in fight were ne'er dismayed, But bravely kept their order and Wyman captain made.

Who killed the old chief Pegas and did the foe defeat, Then put his men in order and brought off the retreat; Then bravery many dangers and hardships by the way, They all arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth day of May.
SANDY IVES has collected could remember fragmentary little Acadian fishing village of Minninigash (Ebbsfleet), the ballad—was found printed (perhaps as a broadside) on an old sheet of paper, in a trunk in a house in Prince Edward Island. In his guitar accompaniment, Ives has tried to reproduce 'Long Joe's' beating time heavily with his foot, and sings 10 of the 14 stanzas learned from Long Joe (the printed version referred to above contained 21 stanzas).

**THE AROOSTOOK WAR SONG**

The Aroostook War of 1839, resulting from a boundary dispute between Maine and New Brunswick, appears to have inspired the creation of at least three songs, though it is unknown at this late date whether any of them ever had any currency in tradition.

The war seems to have been set off by the seizure of a Maine land agent by some armed New Brunswickers on the night of February 12, 1839. The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick issued a proclamation stating that the province had been invaded, and called for a draft of soldiers. The Maine governor regarded this as a declaration of war, and, under orders from him, a large number of Maine men had taken up arms. The war, however, appears to have been a bloodless one. Within five days of the original incident, two New Brunswick officials were captured and brought to Bangor. By April, negotiations resulted in the withdrawal of Maine troops, and the question was finally settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

This song was learned from Roland P. Gray's SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS, 1924, pp. 156-157. Gray reports that these verses were found among the papers of a Colonel Charles Jarvis, of Ellsworth, Maine, who had been appointed by the Maine governor to take over the position of the kidnapped Maine land agent in 1839. It is believed that one of the Maine soldiers wrote these lines while sitting at a campfire shortly after the kidnapping incident. No tune was given for this song, and the singer has supplied his own.

**AROOSTOOK WAR SONG**

Ye soldiers of Maine,
Your bright weapons prepare:
On your frontier's arising
The clouds of grim war.

Your country's invaded,
Invaded the soil
That your fathers have purchased
With life blood and toil.

Then "Hail the British!"
Does anyone cry?
"Move not the old landmarks,"
The settlers reply.

"Move not the old landmarks,"
The scriptures enjoin,
For our sons of Columbia
Are west of the line.

**THE MIRAMICHI FIRE**

The Miramichi River, second longest river in New Brunswick (and one of the greatest salmon rivers in the world), is the largest river to lie entirely within the boundaries of that province. It has two main branches: the 'Sou'west', which begins two miles below Black River near the town of Black River, and joins the 'Sou'west' just above the great lumbering and shipbuilding port of Newcastle. The river broadens out into Miramichi Bay.

The story told in the ballad of "The Miramichi Fire" is extremely accurate. The fall of 1825 is reported to have been a very dry one, and there were many serious fires in both New Brunswick and Maine.

The ballad was found printed (perhaps as a broadside) on an old sheet of paper, in a trunk in a house in the little Acadian fishing village of Minninigash (Ebbsfleet), and shipbuilding port of Newcastle. A few miles below Newcastile, on the south side of the river, is Chatham, another great lumber and shipping port. Below this the river broadens out into Miramichi Bay.

The version given here is essentially as cited in Joanna C. Colcord's SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN, 1938, pp. 84-85, as having been the final shanty sung on board the last whaling ship to return to New Bedford.

SIDE I, Band 2: AROOSTOOK WAR SONG

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SANTY ANNA
O Santy Anna gained the day,
Away, Santy Anna,
And General Taylor ran away,
All on the plains of Mexico.

Oh, Santy Anna fought for fame,
And that's how Santy won his name.

Oh, Santy Anna fought for gold,
The deeds he done have oft been told.

Oh, Santy Anna's day is o'er;
How Santy will fight no more.

I thought I heard the old man say,
Away, Santy Anna,
He'd give us grog this very day,
All on the plains of Mexico.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE STATELY SOUTHERNER

This Civil War ballad commemorates the valiant fight of the Union ship Cumberland with the Confederate iron-clad Merrimac off Newport News, Virginia, on March 8th, 1862. The Cumberland, a wooden-hulled ship, sank rapidly after being rammed by the iron prow of the Merrimac. Many sick and wounded men were drowned in the sinking, and the crew of the Cumberland is said to have fought to the very end.

Numerous poems were written describing the battle, including those of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and George H. Boker. But none of these literary descriptions became as popular in the public mind as did two broadside ballads published shortly after the incident. The best-known of these was "The Cumberland's Crew", which became a favorite with sailors and lumbermen.

Sandy Ives learned this version from William Bell of Brewer, who reports having learned it on Prince Edward Island over fifty years ago.

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW
Oh shipmates come rally and join in my ditty
Of a terrible battle that happened of late;
Let each good Union tar shed a tear of sad pity
As he lists to the once gallant CUMBERLAND's fate.

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning,
The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun;
The drums of the CIWBERLAND sounded a warning,
Bidding each gallant seaman to stand by his gun.

As the Confederate iron-clad Merrimac
Determined to conquer the CUMBERLAND crew,
Out booms upon the Southerner, spread out your canvas
We'll be the envy of your vessels and crew.

Then slowly she sank 'neath Virginia's dark waters,
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more;
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters,
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore.

In their battle-stained graves they are silently lying,
Their souls have forever to each bade adieu;
But the star-spangled banner above them was flying,
It was nailed to the mast by the CUMBERLAND crew.

SANTY ANNA

Several broadsides and orally circulated ballads concerning the feats of John Paul Jones, America's leading naval hero of the Revolutionary War, sprang up on both sides of the Atlantic in the days when Jones harassed British warships in their own home waters. One of the best of these songs describes an incident in which the Ranger, a fast privateer built on Badger's Island, Maine, and commanded by John Paul Jones, made a foray into British waters where it suddenly encountered a British warship of vastly superior size and guns; the ballad proceeds to describe the escape of the faster and more maneuverable Ranger.

When a Yankee built ship should have been referred to as "the Stately Southerner" has puzzled numerous collectors who have come across the song. William Doerflinger, in his SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS, 1951, pp. 131-133, gives the explanation that the term was first applied not to the ship but to Jones, who had settled in Virginia after having been born in Scotland.

The version given here was learned from Eckstorm & Smyth's MUSIKREISEL OF MAINE, 1927, pp. 209 ff. as taken down from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Isleford, Maine, in 1925. Mr. Ives has omitted various stanzas (without effecting the ballad story), and has substituted the last two lines for those found in Spurling's version.

THE STATELY SOUTHERNER
'Tis of a stately southerner that carried the stripes and stern,
A whistlin' wind from west-nor-west blew through her pitch-pine spars;
Her longboard tack we had on board were heavy on the gale,
One autumn night we raised the light on the Old Head of Kingsale.

What rose on our weather bow? What hangs upon the breeze?
'Tis time our good ship hailed her wind abreast of the Saltees;
And by her wondrous spread of sail, her sharp and tapering spars,
We knew our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

"Out boom upon the Southerner, out boom and give her sheet!
The fastest keel that cuts the deep and the pride of the British fleet
Come bearing down upon us with a high foam at her prow.
Out boom upon the Southerner, spread out your canvas now!"
The morning mist had just arisen that scarce obscured
the shore,
A heavy fog hung o'er the land from Erin to Kingshore;
Paul Jones down in North Channel did steer, his sharp
will cut the spray.
We left that British ship astern soon after the break
of day.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE SHANTY BOYS

This is one of the most widespread of all lumbering
songs. Versions have been collected from Pennsylvania,
Ontario, Michigan, North Dakota, Wisconsin, New-
foundland, and very frequently from Maine. Many
of the deep woods lumbering camp songs were
patterned on this model, describing conditions
and the daily routine in terms familiar to all
woodsman. Such songs may have been suggested
by similar pieces of occupational lore sung by
British peasants; certainly, at least one stanza
of the song given here can be traced back to a 19th
century carter's song from England, Jim, the
Carter's Lad (see stanza three of The Shanty Boys).

The version sung here was learned from an old
Penobscot woodsman, Charles Sibbly of Argyle,
Maine. Sandy Ives has collected the song Fre-
quently in the Northeast, almost always sung to
this same tune.

THE SHANTY BOYS

Come all ye good jolly fellows, come listen to my
song,
It's all about the shantyboys and how they get
along;
We're all good jolly fellows as you will ever find,
To wear away the winter months a whaling down the pine.
The chopper and the sawyer, they lay the timber
load,
The swamp and the teamster, they haul it to and
from;
You'd ought to hear our foreman soon after the break
of day,
"Load up your team two thousand feet— to the river
you'll steer away."

Crack! Snap! goes my whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my timber load as happy as a king;
My horses they are ready and I am never sad,
There's no-one now so happy as the jolly shanty lad.

Noon will soon be over, to us the foreman will say
"Put down your saws and ax my boys, for here's your
pork and beans."
Arriving at the shanty, 'tis then the fun begins,
A'dippelin' in the water pail and dinglin' of the tin.
And then to us the cook will say, "Come fellas, come
fly, come Joe;
Come pass around the water pail as far as the water
goes."
As soon as lunch is over, to us the foreman will say,
"Put on your coat and cap, my boys, to the woods we'll
bear away."

We all go out with a cheerful heart and a well-
contented mind,
The days don't seem so long among the wavy pine;
You ought to hear our foreman, soon after the sun
goes down,
"Put down your saws and ax, my boys, to the shanty we
are bound."

Arriving at the shanty with wet and damp cold feet,
We all pull off our larrigans, our suppers for to eat;
We all play cards till nine o'clock, then into our
bunks we climb—
To wear away the winter months a-whaling down the pine.

SIDE II, Band 2: A TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS

Fishing schooners from New England frequently made
(summer-long trips to the Grand Banks
of Newfoundland to pull in rich harvests of cod,
halibut and other food fish. The Yankee fishermen
who made these trips joined in a spirit of comrade
and mutual interest rarely found aboard merchant ships.
Life on board ship during a trip to the Grand Banks
is graphically described in this fine ballad which
Phillips Barry first printed in the BULLETIN OF THE
FOLK-SONG SOCIETY OF THE NORTHEAST, Number 4, 1932,
p. 16.

The ballad was written by Amos Hanson of Orlando,
Maine. Hanson, a fisherman all of his life, was
born in Penobscot and disappeared at sea in the
1890s. He had a reputation for making up songs
and verses around town, and was known as a great
character. "Penobscot boys", referred to in the
first stanza, may be men from Penobscot town (on
the Penobscot River), or men from the Orland-
Bucksport area. "Hagulls and careys" are skua
gulls and stormy petrels, respectively, and
"snoepyes" are small codfish, so-called because
they bite at fish-eyes used for bait.

A TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS

Early in the spring when the snow is all gone,
The Penobscot boys are anxious their money for to
clear,
They'll fit out a fisherman a hundred tons or nigh,
For the Grand Banks of Newfoundland their luck for
to try.

Sailing down the river, the weather being fine,
Our families and friends we leave far behind;
We pass the Sable Island as we have done before,
Where the waves dash tremendous on a storm-beaten
shore.

We make for the shoals and we make for the rocks,
The hagulls and careys surround us in flocks;
We drop our best anchor where the waves run so high,
On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for snoepyes to
try.

Early in the morning before the break of day,
We jump into our dories and saw, saw away;
The snoepyes steal our bait and we curse and we rave,
And we swear if we get home again we'll give up the
trade.
A Maine woods crew sixty years ago.

It's thus we pass the summer through dread and through fear,
Through fog-sails and gales of wind and big ships passing near;
They sometimes run our schooners down and sink them in the deep—
The thought of such scenery is horrid to repeat.

Our salt is all wet but one half a pen,
Our colors we will show and the mainsail we will bend;
Wash her down, scrub the decks and the dories we will stow,
Then it's haul up the anchor, to the westward we go.

SIDE II, Band 3: THE BOYS OF THE ISLAND

Boys from the Island (Prince Edward Island) sometimes travelled into Maine looking for lumbering work, and, as frequently as not would be recognized for the greenhorns that they were by the clean, well-made homespun clothing that they wore. This song, describing the trials and tribulations of the boys from the Island, was composed by Larry Gorman, himself an Island boy, and one of the best songwriters in the Northeast.

Gorman was born in Trout River (now Tyne Valley), Prince Edward Island, in 1836 and died in Brewer, Maine, in 1897. He had worked in the woods and on the drives in Ninianville, in Maine (especially on the Union River), and for a short while in New Hampshire. Everywhere he went he made up songs and poems about the people he worked for and with. People still remember him and his songs today. And he seems to have made as many enemies with his songs as he did friends, for many of his songs were biting-ly satirical.

This version was collected from Arthur Dalton in Rumford, Maine. Dalton, too, had been a "boy from the Island".

A 'Kennebecker' (stanza 3) was a carpet bag. Timothy O'Leary, mentioned in stanza 7, was a well-known Bangor policeman, an ex-river-driver himself, who had the best down in the old 'Devil's Half Acre', Haymarket Square in Bangor.

SIDE II, Band 4: SALLY BROWN

This is another capstan shanty known widely in the northeast. The heroine of this sometimes bawdy song has never been determined, but that she was a woman of many vices and easy virtues seems to have been well established in the numberless versions of the song dating back to at least the first half of the 19th century. Most frequently she is described as a mulatto, though occasionally she is referred to as a blue-eyed and curly-haired maiden, or even as a 'nice old lady'.

After the days of sail disappeared, the shanties began to pass slowly out of tradition, until, at the present time, it is only rarely that one can find a person who remembers more than a few lines of any one of them. It should be remembered that shanties were worksongs, and as such were undoubtedly sung a great deal slower than anyone sings them today.

SALLY BROWN

Sally Brown was a Creole lady, Way, hey, roll and go!
Dark enough but not too shady,
Spent my money on Sally Brown!

Seven years I courted Sally,
Seven years she would not marry.
I bought her gowns, I bought her laces,
I took her out to all the places.
Sally swore she would never leave me,
And that she would not deceive me.
Now I'll court me a bright mulatte,
Way, hey, roll and go!
What drinks run and chewa tobacco,
Spent my money on Sally Brown!

SIDE II, Band 5: THE OLD BEGGAR MAN (Child #17)

The Northeast has been one of the finest collecting grounds for the classic British ballads canonized by Francis James Child in his monumental compilation, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads", 1882-1898 (reprinted in 1956). One of the rarest of these ballads to be found in America is that of "Hind Horn" (Child #17). The ballad is based on various medieval metrical romances, concerning the adventures of a legendary King Horn, which date from the 13th century, and involving only one of the many incidents related in the romances. Hind Horn serves the king for seven years and falls in love with his daughter. The king is angry and
What news, what news have you got for me?" 

And I gave it to my love on her wedding day."

A glass of wine all in her hand, 

And as he was riding along the plain, 

That begged it all till it went on; 

That she might rule in her own countree; 

Rings on her fingers and gold in her hair, 

But from them all you need take none 

He took the glass and drank the wine, 

And in the glass he slipped the ring. 

Or did you get it off a drowned one's hand?"

"Neither got it by sea or by land, 

Neither did I get it off a drowned one's hand; 

I got it in my courting gay, 

And I gave it to you for to steal my jade?"

"Oh ruddy tootle, it wasn't I."

"You shamed old rascal, now you lie!"

Old Josiah knocked him down, 

He banged his nose again the ground. 

The saddle and bridle are on the shelf, 

If you want any more, go sing it yourself.

Between the kitchen and the hall The diner's coat he did let fall, All a-shining in gold amongst them all, And he was the fairest in the hall.

SIDE II, Band 6: TITTYRY HAN

This delightful little ballad seems to be completely localized to the Northeast. It is said to be popular and widely known in Maine, and most collected versions have come from that state. It may well be a product of this century, as no versions of it have been reported before 1920. The version given here is a combined text made up of stanzas appearing in Linescott's FOLK SONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND, 1939, pp. 296-299, and BULLETIN OF THE FOLK-SONG SOCIETY OF THE EAST, Number 6, 1933, p. 13.

TITTYRY HAN

On Saturday night the wind blew west Tittyry Han an Tarlo There was a husking in the east Doory dan, doory noll Tittyry Han an Tarlo.

Old Joe Dingle he was there, He stole Josiah's old gray mare.

Old Josiah after him took, He caught him down by Bawmill Brook.

Old Josiah to him said, "How come ye for to steal my jade?"

"Oh ruddy tootle, it wasn't I." "You shamed old rascal, now you lie!"

Old Josiah knocked him down, He banged his nose again the ground.

The saddle and bridle are on the shelf, If you want any more, go sing it yourself.
My name is Peter Emberly as you may understand, I was born on Prince Edward's Island down by the ocean strand. In eighteen hundred and eighty when the leaves wore a brilliant hue I left my native island, my fortune to pursue. I landed in New Brunswick in the lumbering counteree I hired to work in the lumbering woods on the Sou'west Miramichi; I hired to work in the lumbering woods and bring the tall spruce down, And while loading two-sleds in a yard I got my fatal wound. Adieu unto my father, 'twas he that drove me here; He used to treat me very mean, his punishment was severe. Don't ever press a boy too hard to try to keep him down; 'Twill only cause him to leave home when he is far too young. Adieu unto my best friend, I mean my mother dear; Adieu to Prince Edward's Island and the Island girls so dear. Oh little did my mother think as she sang lullaby, What countries I might travel to or what death I might die. Now there is just one more thing that in this world I crave; It's that some holy father will come and bless my grave. Nearby the city of Boiestown my mouldering bones do lay, A-waiting for the saviour's call on that great judgement day.