

Sea Music of Many Lands: The Pacific Heritage

CANADA, CHILE, CHINA, ENGLAND, IRELAND, JAMAICA, NEW ZEALAND, NORWAY, SAMOA, WEST INDIES, USA.

RECORDED AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO - FESTIVAL OF THE SEA 1980

National Park Service - Golden Gate National Recreation Area

Maritime Humanities Center



Four-Masted Schooner

Fetu O Le Afiafi
Dick Holdstock

Flowing Stream Ensemble
Stan Hugill
Phil Thomas

Gold Ring
Jill King
Bob Webb
Inge Wessels

Grupo Raiz
Jim Nelson



North China Junk



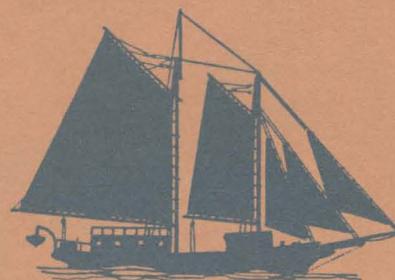
Tongan Tafa'anga 17th Century



Canoa



American Whaling Ship of 1840



Pacific Island Trading Schooner



Modern Five-Masted Steel Bark

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FSS 38405

SEA MUSIC OF MANY LANDS: THE PACIFIC HERITAGE

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Sea Music of Many Lands: The Pacific Heritage

RECORDED AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO - FESTIVAL OF THE SEA 1980

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE - GOLDEN GATE NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

MARITIME HUMANITIES CENTER

Fetu O Le Afiafi Flowing Stream Ensemble Gold Ring Grupo Raiz
Dick Holdstock Stan Hugill Jill King Bob Webb Jim Nelson
Phil Thomas Inge Wessels



C.A. THAYER, National Maritime Museum, San Francisco

Site of Festival of the Sea 1980

Photo by Richard Frear

SEA MUSIC OF MANY LANDS:
THE PACIFIC HERITAGE

With this record the Maritime Humanities Center wishes to broaden the conventional notion of sea music. The waters of the Pacific Ocean have resounded for hundreds of years with songs by a diverse humanity--peoples from the Americas, Asians, peoples from Oceania, and Europeans. They have generated ballads, sea shanties, chants, and other musical forms about a variety of concerns, from immigration to seafaring to fishing and the relationships of lives profoundly touched by the sea. The Pacific Slope has gone through a unique development historically, and its traditions include an exciting variety of races and national origins. The performances herein were recorded at Festival of the Sea 1980, an annual event held at the National Maritime Museum and Historic Ships in San Francisco. The festival attempts to embrace that marvelous scope of sea music, offering new directions shaped by a genuine multiple heritage of the sea.

These songs represent a cultural and historical spectrum, and they sing of people who have always been sea-bound, whether Chinese, Irish, Samoan, New Zealander, English, Scot, Canadian, Norwegian, or South American. The history and human experience imparted are both unique and universal, for the knowledge we take from these songs not only illuminates particular situations and peoples, but also other folk regardless of occupations. The sea song is a folksong in the finest tradition.

The following is a partial discussion of the significant relationships to our heritage that are treated in this record:

-Norwegians and Swedes represented 35-40 per cent of the seafarers on the west coast in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Especially noteworthy in the coastwise trade, their presence generated the sometimes affectionate, sometimes perjorative, term, "Scandinavian Navy."

-Here are two views of whaling, one from New Zealand, about a marginal and little known aspect of the industry, while the other grew out of the Scottish experience, surviving after years of variation in the Antarctic trade.

-Two sea shanties originating during the great immigration movement of the 19th century. As work songs, sea shanties had three major strains, Black, Irish, and English, which explains their remarkable

popularity with today's revivalists. Festival of the Sea 1980 was fortunate to have Stan Hugill, one of the last of the great shantymen, instruct us as solo on the songs, for the verses as well as the chorus.

-Here are Tongans, who, like their neighbors in Oceania, have subsisted on the sea since their beginnings. Their songs and dances reflect universal concerns of the heart and mind, in addition to fishing, one of man's oldest occupations.

-Men, women, and vessels have been part of the interchange between Canada and the west coast of the United States for years. The Canadian experience in timber, mining, fishing, and the transpacific trade was not unlike that of our own western states, differing principally in place-names and the unique cultures of the Pacific Northwest.

-Here are songs of South America. Chile was an important port of call in the 19th and early 20th centuries, offering provisions and repairs in the Cape Horn and coastwise trades. Her merchant and naval fleets are of long duration, and her islands, like others of South America, are wind-swept children of the sea.

-The complaints about unscrupulous "crimps" and boardinghouse masters who exploited seamen mercilessly. San Francisco, like Liverpool, had its share of Shanghai Browns and Calico Jims. Abuses against seamen rose in the latter half of the 19th century, probably in direct proportion to the increase of immigrants in the forecabin. Whether at sea or ashore, immigrants were particularly vulnerable to the greed and cruelty of the age.

-And here is the music of China, representing men and women who labored upon the sea long before Europeans founded their own civilization. During the 19th and 20th centuries Chinese contributed significantly to the maritime development of the west coast, and investigations into that marvelous legacy are still in progress. Chinese fishermen founded the abalone and shrimp industries, established villages along the coast, and Chinese seafarers manned ocean liners for more than forty years, a major contribution to the great movement of transpacific steamships.

Some of the music herein is of known authorship, others are strictly traditional. We hope the listener finds delight and discovery in all, and joins with us in celebrating our unique heritage of the sea.

The Maritime Humanities Center, which plans the festival, is partially funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, and is sponsored by the Fort Mason Foundation in cooperation with Golden Gate National Recreation Area (National Park Service). The Festival of the Sea celebrates the past, present, and promise for the future through oral history panels, panel discussions, concerts, demonstrations, workshops, lectures, exhibits, and presentations of sea poetry, prose, plays, and films. The mission of the Center is to explore, articulate, and share our multiple heritage of the sea, and to encourage maritime studies of the west.

THE PERFORMERS

FETU O LE AFIAFI (EVENING STAR) - This ensemble is from Tonga and has been performing the music from that island, as well as Samoan music, for many years, first in the islands, then in Hawaii, and now in San Francisco.

Peau Fonua - lead male singer
Lavinia Fonua - lead female singer
Nuku Fonua - lead guitarist
Sanipepa Malimali - guitarist
Anna Naufahu - ukelele



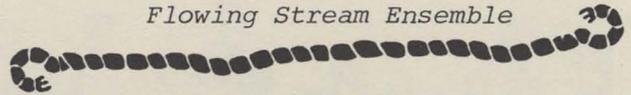
FETU O LE AFIAFI



FLOWING STREAM ENSEMBLE - Although the Flowing Stream Ensemble learns music from many different regions of China and performs on both classical and folk instruments, its members, who live in San Francisco, have received particular training in the authentic style of Cantonese music from its director, Mr. Leo Lew, originally from Canton. Mr. Lew's exceptional knowledge of the music which he brought with him over thirty years ago has been



Flowing Stream Ensemble



the main source of the Ensemble's repertoire. His guidance has given the Ensemble's performances authenticity, and the multi-ethnic membership adds the important ingredient of an "American-born spirit." The members:

Leo Lew on kao-wu (lead Cantonese violin)
Arthur Dong on yeurng kum (butterfly harp)
Bill Douglass on li-tzu (horizontal bamboo flute)
Betty Wong on san-shien (unfretted snake-skin lute)
Laura Wong on chuen kum (Cantonese banjo)
Shirley Wong on willow leaf banjo



GOLD RING consists of:

Terry Corcoran, born in Dublin, learned most of his large repertoire of traditional songs in the ballad scene that was flourishing during his formative years. He was a member of the Circle Folk Group before immigrating to America. He has made his living in San Francisco for the past ten years as a musician, artist, and carpenter.

Cait Reed, born in California, started learning fiddle from George Dawson, a player of power and passion. She has carried on his tradition and plays Irish music on fiddle, flute, and banjo.
Kevin Carr, also a native Californian, was inducted into the world of traditional music on a trip to Ireland, in search of relatives. He found past and future, the study of Irish music filling much of his life now.
Peter Persoff started playing Irish music when he came to California from his native New York in the early 1970's. His

playing is lively and rhythmic, and he is much in demand as a dance musician. He plays accordion, concertina, and piano. Michael Deely, of San Francisco out of Ireland, has had music around all his life. With several members of his family being musicians, it is understandable that Michael is the player of strength and depth that he is. Most known for his playing of the Irish drum, the Bodhran, he also plays the concertina and the Warpipes.



Gold Ring



GRUPO RAIZ (raiz means "root" in Spanish) draws on the traditional music of Latin America and the Nueva Cancion of Chile. The group met and began working together at La Peña Cultural Center in Berkeley. They have recorded an album entitled, "Un Solo Camino" on Rebellion Records. Rafael Manriquez, Fernando Peña, and Quique Cruz all played in musical groups in their native Chile before coming to



Grupo Raiz

the U.S. Denis Schmidt, originally from France, lived in Latin America for several years where he became involved in the music of the region. Ellen Moore was in a bluegrass band before becoming interested in the New Latin American Song Movement in 1978.



DICK HOLDSTOCK - Born and raised in Sittingbourne, Kent, England, Dick has sung his native music all his life. Since immigrating to the U.S.A. he has performed at Folk Clubs and Sea Festivals up and down the coast of the western U.S. and Canada. Dick is a resident singer and founder of the Davis Singers and Pickers-- the Folk Club of the university town of Davis, California. He has sponsored concerts for traditional British and American performers for the past ten years. He generally performs with ALLAN MACLEOD, who was a member of the chorus joining in on "Shallow Brown."



Dick Holdstock & Chorus, Final Concert



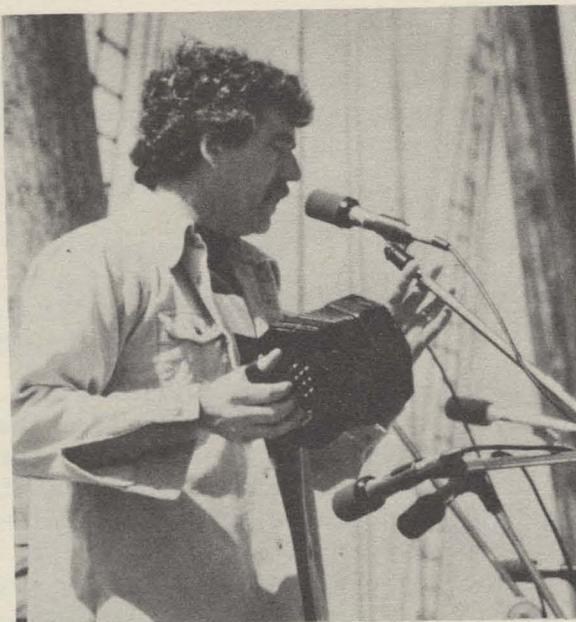
STAN HUGILL has sailed the seven seas, man and boy, for most of his 74 years. He has rounded the Horn under canvas, been shipwrecked on a four-master, and sung many a shanty at work. Born in Hoylake, Cheshire, England, he attended London University and lives now beside the sea in Aberdovey, Wales. His books-- Shanties from the Seven Seas, Sailortowns, Shanties and Sailor Songs, Sailing Ships, Sailormen and Sealore, and Songs of the Sea have established him as a leading authority on the history of life at sea.



Stan Hugill



LOUIS KILLEN was born in Gateshead-on-Tyne in northeastern England. As the youngest of four sons in a family that looked upon singing as its main entertainment, he grew up with a catholic taste in music--one always leavened by the traditional songs that were sung and learned in the home, in the schools, from radio, records, and the people around him. On both sides of the Atlantic, he is an acclaimed performer of British traditional songs, ballads, and stories.



Lou Killen



JILL KING is a New Zealander of mixed English and Maori stock. She is descended from a German deepwaterman who, like many

sailors, jumped ship in New Zealand, married a Maori woman and became loyal to his adopted family and traditions, to the extent of assuming Maori spelling and pronunciation of his name.

BOB WEBB grew up in California and has lived all along the west coast. He is broadly descended from a Royal Marine, a saloonkeeper, an Iowa fiddler, and various respectable members of the community. He lives in Vancouver, B.C. and, with Jill, is active in the Vancouver Folk Song Society.



Jill King & Bob Webb

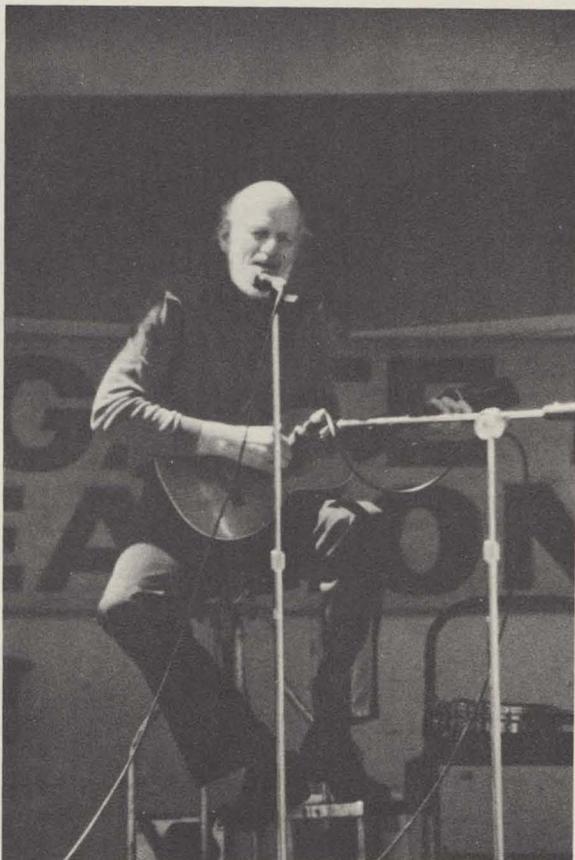


JIM NELSON - The grandson of Norwegian immigrants, Jim Nelson has made a number of trips to Norway to study and collect Norwegian folksongs. He is an instructor in the Department of Scandinavian Languages at the University of Washington.



Jim Nelson

PHIL THOMAS, born in Victoria, B.C. in 1921, has been consciously singing folk-songs since the late 1940's. He began collecting songs in British Columbia in the early 1950's, and his tape-recorded collection is deposited in the Provincial Archive of B.C. Forty-nine of the songs, including "The Wreck of the C.P. YORKE" are published with their social history in his Songs of the Pacific Northwest (Hancock House, 1979). For his work in preserving folksongs in the region, he has recently been awarded a Certificate of Commendation by the American Association for State and Local History.



Phil Thomas



INGE WESSELS comes from a long line of Friesland sailors. Though she always wanted to pilot vessels when she was growing up in Germany, she only started going to sea after immigrating to Vancouver, B.C. in 1970. Inge worked as a tugboat cook on Puget Sound before moving to San Francisco. A former member of folk song clubs, she is most interested in sea songs of her native land.



Inge Wessels



THE MUSIC

SIDE A

1. Medley: Ships Are Sailing, Foxhunters Reel, High Reel - GOLD RING

"'The Ships Are Sailing' is a widespread powerful tune, which Kevin and Cait learned from a great Los Angeles fiddler, Bill Jackson.

"'The Foxhunters Reel' is a lilting tune that always seems to want to have a run of its own. We each learned it from different sources.

"'The High Reel' is a strong reel in A, with a range that suggests a highland pipe origin. We associate this one with Bill Jackson's playing as well."



2. Medley: Seljefløyte, Strilevise, Nøtterøvalsen - JIM NELSON

"Seljefløyte simply means 'willow-flute.' The tune, which is untitled, is from the province of Telemark in southeastern Norway. It is to be used for accompaniment of the halling dance, a solo dance for men. In its present form, the dance consists of a man crouching over and twirling or spinning in a clockwise direction climaxing with his attempting to kick a hat down from a stick held by a young girl at arm's length. If he is successful, the stick is held by degrees higher, testing the agility of the man. My grandfather used to fashion smaller willow-flutes in the springtime. Mine is approximately 24" in length, having no finger-holes; it was acquired in Oslo in

1976.

"A vise is a folksong (Norwegian); the term stril refers to the population of the western Norwegian district of Hordaland, north and south of Bergen. Traditionally, a stril (plural, strilar) made his living by farming summers and fishing fall and winters. I learned it in 1973 from a university student from Nord-Hordland. He was from a fishing family himself.

Eg rodde meg ut på seiagrunnen,
dæ var um morgonen tidleg.
Då kom Ola frå Kåremunnen
og lagde båten for ileg.
Då dreiv eg te han mæ fiskestongji
Så 'n datt i uveite bak i rongji.
Då vart eg glad, tok tel å kvad,
eg rådde grunnen åleine.
Su-de-li, su-de-li, su-de-li, dei-å!

seiagrunnen: sei = coalfish
the letter å is equivalent to o in English:
båt = boat, and the Norwegian vowel is pronounced nearly as the English; more precisely the way a resident of rural northern Wisconsin or upper Michigan would say it.

I rowed out to the fishing-banks,
it was early in the morning.
Then came Ola from Kåremunnen
and handled his boat badly.
Then I struck at him with my fishing-
pike,
so he fell unconscious back into the
stern section.
Then I became happy, began to sing;
I controlled the fishing banks alone.
(Tra-la-la, etc.)

"'Nøtterøyvalsen' was learned from Odvar Klovrud, an immigrant from Toten, Norway, with whom I used to perform in Madison, Wisconsin, in the early 1970's."



3. Greenland Bound - LOUIS KILLEN

"Collected by A.L. Lloyd in the early 1950's from a crew member of an Antarctic whaling factory ship. The song dates back to the Scots fleets which fished the Greenland whaling grounds prior to the 1830's. It says much for the song and the resilience of traditional music that it should survive one whaling era, to appear 120 years later in another."

Once more to Greenland we are bound
for to leave you all behind.
Our boats and ship are green
And our blubber hooks are keen
and we sail before the wintry wind.

We left our sweethearts and our wives
a-weepin' by the pier.
Cheer up now my dears
For we soon will return,
for it's only half a year.

And with tarry dress we reached Stromness
where the boys did go ashore.
For with whalermen scarce
And the water even less
why we had to take on more.

But when we reached the northern ice
we crowded on full sail.
Each boat was manned
With a keen and lively band
all for to hunt the whale.

But it's dark and dreary grows the night
and the stars begin to dawn,
For with the catchin' of the whales
And the trying of the oil,
it seems like we'll never return.

But our six months bein' done we tie up
again and the boys they go ashore.
For with plenty of brass
And a bonny, bonnie lass
and we'll make them taverns roar.

And to Greenland's frost we'll drink a
toast, and to them we hold so dear.
Then across the icy main
To the whaling grounds again,
we'll take a trip next year.



4. Fiafia 'O Lo'u Loto - FETU O LE AFIIFI

Fiafia o lo'u loto, i le manogi o le pua
taunofo,
E onomea tele ae su'i ai sau fa'asolo
Fa'apea a le teine, ole lalelei fa'ao'leo'le,
E mata a'taa'ta, ae tumu ile tau fa'ase'e
Oli'oli ne'i mao, i uiga na e pei o le ao,
Fai mai e alofa, ae mulimuli ane ua sola

Happy is my heart with the plumeria fra-
grance,
Very suitable to weave a lei for you.

It is like a girl, beautiful but fake,
A smiling face, and full of deceit.

Waste not happiness, on what is seen in
light,
Saying she loves, but finally runs away.

Translated by Chief Upolutele Saaga Levi



5. South Australia - STAN HUGILL

"A windlass and brake-pump shanty which came into being during the days of the emigrant ships to Australia, following the 1850's gold rushes. In later days it was used at the wheel of the Downton pump when the words 'heave away' and 'haul away' referred to heaving around the pump wheels and the hauling on the 'bell-ropes' fitted to the wheel-handles and enabling more 'beef' to join in the tiresome job. The older versions only had a 'heave away' refrain. It was the type of shanty lending itself to improvisation, hence many versions are to be found. Down east, in Maine, the 'Codfish' version was popular. Strange to say, I have a version for hauling only, possibly the shape in which it started, with no grand chorus. This latter was sung by Jamaican blacks aboard the bark AKHERA from Pensacola to Nice, when setting topsails."

Oh, in South Australia where I was born
Ch. Heave away, haul away
In South Australia around Cape Horn
Ch. And we're bound for South Australia.
Haul away you rolling king,
Heave away, haul away,
Haul away you'll hear me sing
And we're bound for South Australia.

Oh, South Australia's me native home
From there I never more will roam.

Oh, South Australia's a damn fine place
To get blind drunk is no disgrace.

Oh, South Australia's me native land
Rich in lizards, flies, and sand.

Oh, I wish to hell I'd never been born
Than to go a-rambling around Cape Horn

Oh, there's only one thing grieves me mind
Is leavin' Liza Liz behind.



6. Wreck of the C.P. YORKE - PHIL THOMAS

"I learned this song from Stan Triggs, who for a period worked as a deckhand-cook on tugboats towing barges and log booms on the British Columbia coast. Stan made the words and tune after hearing stories of a tragic accident which took the lives of five men on a stormy night two weeks before Christmas, 1953. Seeking refuge from the storm, the seventy-five foot wooden-hulled C.P. YORKE had struck a reef and been knocked into deep water by the barge it was towing. Stan sang the song for his fellow crew members, and eventually in 1961 recorded it on Folkways FG3569 (Bunkhouse and Forecastle Songs of the Northwest Coast by Stanley T. Triggs). It is used here with his permission."

Oh, come all ye shipmates and listen to me,
To a story that will make you grieve,
Of a tug that went down off Tattenham Ledge,
'Twas on a Christmas Eve.

Now the C.P. YORKE was headed into the
night,
She was headin' north for Duncan Bay,
And though 'twas the mate that stood watch
at her wheel,
'Twas the devil who guided her way.

She was just about five miles up in the
Stretch,
When a south-east gale began to blow.
They headed for shelter in Buccaneer Bay;
That's the only place there was to go.

In Welcome Pass the mate was alert
For sign of the marker ahead,
But he cut 'er too short comin' out of the
Pass,
And grounded on Tattenham Ledge.

Now the barge knocked the tugboat out into
the deep.
She sank twenty fathoms down.
Only the chief and the skipper survived;
The five other men were drowned.

Now they salvaged the tugboat and she's
workin' yet.
She has a new crew brave and bold,
But they'll never forget that cold Christ-
mas Eve
Nor the ghosts of the five in her hold.



7. Mocito Que Vas Remando - GRUPO RAIZ

"This song comes from the island of Chiloe in Chile. The only vehicle of communication the islanders have is the boat, so they have to go anywhere they want to go, for food, even to get married, by boat to another island where the priest is. Written by Rolando Alarcón."

Mocito que vas remando
en tu lancha engalanada,
atracate para el muelle
que quiero ver a mí amada.
Siete días que me espera,
aquella preciosa flor.
El canal no lo he cruzado
por culpa de un ventarrón.

Rema rápido mocito
no vayas a demorar,
que llegando yo a Dalcahue
allí me voy a casar.
Que cara tendrá el curita
co su iglesia preparada,
la cara de las cantoras
con guitarras afinadas.

El acordeon de Don Pedro
que toca de maravillas,
periconas, refalosas,
parabiénes y sirillas.
Quedo todo preparado
un curanto para un rey.
Mocito no te apuraste.
Comienza el viento otra vez.

Mocito que vas remando
en el mitad del canal,
nos pillo la ventolera.
Ya no volverémos mas.
Pobrecita novia mía
quedo vestida de flor
mientras yo duermo en el agua.
Mí parabién no escucho.

Young Man, Rowing

Young man, rowing
in your boat all decked with flags,
pull in to the dock,
for I want to see my love.
For seven days she's been waiting,
that precious flower.
I couldn't cross the channel
because of the stormy wind.

Row quickly, young man,
and don't delay,
for when I reach Dalcahue
I am going to be married.
What a look the priest will wear
with his church all prepared,
the expressions of the singers
with their guitars all tuned.

The accordion of Don Pedro
will play of marvels,
periconas, refalosas,
parabiénes and sirillas.
Everything's been made ready,
with a stew fit for a king.
Young man, you haven't hurried.
The wind has begun again.

Young man, rowing
in the middle of the channel,
the stormy wind has caught us.
Now we will never return.
My poor little bride
was all dressed in flowers
while I sleep in the water.
She never heard my song.

Translation by Aurora Levins Morales



8. The Five Gallon Jar - JILL KING and
BOB WEBB

"Crimps were hiring agents in the days of sail. Well known in San Francisco was Larry Marr, who employed a large jar of doped drink to assist in procuring sailors for service aboard deepwatermen. 'Prior to the earthquake,' Stan Hugill writes in Sailortown (1967), 'sailor boarding houses ... flourished, crowded Davis, Drumm, Front, East, and Battery Streets, with overflows in Vallejo and the lower ends of Pacific, Washington and Jackson. Crimps by the hundreds dwelt in Frisco...' They all had

special tricks for playing the 'shanghai game,' and Marr's was apparently most effective."

On the Barbary Coast there lived a man,
Oh, Larry was his name
And in the days of the Cape Horn trade
He played the shanghai game.
His wife's name was Maryann,
Sailor's knew both near and far
They never missed a lucky chance
To use the big stone jar.
Ch. In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands,
low, in the old Virginia lowlands, low.

Shellbacks and farmers just the same
Sailed into Larry Marr's
And sailed away around the Horn
Helped by the big stone jar.

There was five or six old drunken shellbacks
Standin' in before the bar,
Missus and Larry would prime the beer
From the big five-gallon jar.

From the Barbary Coast steer clear me boys,
And from old Larry Marr,
Or else damn soon shanghaied you'll be
With the big five-gallon jar.
Shanghaied away in a skys'l ship
Around Cape Horn so far,
Goodbye to all the boys and girls
And Larry's five-gallon jar.



SIDE B

1. Décimas del Folklore Venezolano - GRUPO RAIZ

"Décima is a poetic form that originated in Spain, composed of ten lines, each containing eight syllables. With the Spanish conquest of America, the décima form has spread through many countries of our continent. The rhythm of this song is called polo, and comes from the island of Margarita, which is located in the Caribbean region of Venezuela.

La concha dice en el mar,
"Yo mantengo una riqueza,
Una prenda de belleza
Con un brillo natural.
Yo valgo mas que el coral,
Que el diamante y que el rubí
Y no me cambio por ti,
Pues yo valgo donde quiera
Y en regiones extranjeras
Tambien me aprecian amí.

Ch. Dicen que hubo no hubo nada
Me voy pa'l Yopo de madrugada,
De madrugada me voy p'al Yopo
Po'que el guayabo me vuelve loco.
Y Usted, y Usted,
Y Usted la mando poner
Que si la pone, la paga y
Si no, la pone también.

La pata de cabra se queja
Y tambien el caracol.
"Pa' nosotros no hay dolor,"
Eso lo dice la almeja.
También la papa, la reina
Cuentan su historia pasada:
"Que vida más desgraciada
Ecaros Dios en el mundo
En estos mares profundos
Donde no valemos nada."

"Mis dos hermanos queridos
se los llevó la corriente,"
Dice un niño tristemente.
"Que caso tan dolorido.
Marchamos todos unidos
A bañarnos sin temor.
Vino el río con su furor
Se los llevó muy ligero.
Cuando desaparecieron
Cuanto sería mí dolor."

The shell in the sea says,
"I have a rich treasure,
a jewel of great beauty
and natural brilliance.
I am worth more than the coral,
the diamond, or the ruby
and I wouldn't change places with you
for I'm valued everywhere
and in foreign lands
I am also valued."

Ch. They said there was, but there was
nothing.
I'll go to Yopo at dawn.
At dawn I'll go to Yopo
because my hangover will drive me
crazy.
And you, and you,
and you called for the drinks,
and if you call for them then you pay,
and if you don't call for them, too.

The pata de cabra* complains
and also the sea-snail.
"For us there is no sorrow,"
so says the clam.
The papa* and the reina*
tell their stories as well:

"What a miserable life
for God to put us in the world
down in these deep seas
where we are worth nothing.

"My two beloved brothers
were carried away by the stream,"
a small boy says sadly,
"What a sorrowful thing!
We all went down together
to bathe, without any fear.
The river came with its fury
and swept them quickly away.
When they disappeared,
imagine my sorrow and pain!"

*various kinds of sea creatures
Translation by Aurora Levins Morales



2. Come All Ye Tonguers - JILL KING and BOB WEBB

"This song of shore-whaling in New Zealand's early days was collected in the islands by an American, John Leebrick. 'Tonguer' apparently carried variant local connotations along the New Zealand coast. Robert McNab, in The Old Whaling Days (1913) reports two English exiles at Akaroa, near Christchurch, who in 1840 were acting as carcassiers, 'collecting stray floating whales or the intestines of whales already cut up...and melting them down to produce an inferior class of oil, which they sold to the whalers.'

"Farther north at Cloudy Bay (on the northeast corner of the south or 'middle' island), 'tonguers' were interpreters, helping ease communication difficulties between the Maori and Yankee whalers. 'There were two or three such men at Cloudy Bay,' McNab writes. 'Each tonguer had a boat, and had also a number of natives attached to him. On the arrival of a vessel he went on board and canvassed for employment, which consisted of interpreting and furnishing a boat's crew to help tow the dead whales, and to cut them up. The remuneration for these services was the carcass and the tongue of the whale.' In no case was there much opportunity for advancement or escape, and the work must have been at once delicate and horrible."

Come all ye tonguers and land-loving lubbers,
Here's a job cutting in and boiling down blubbers,
A job for the young, the old, the ailing,
The agent would take any man for shore whaling.

Ch. I am paid in soap and sugar and rum
For cutting in whales and boiling down tongue.
The agent's fee makes my blood so to boil,
I'll push 'em in a hot tub of oil.

Go hang the agent, the company too.
They're making a fortune off me and you.
There's no chance of passage out of this place,
And the price of living's a bloody disgrace.



3. Blow the Man Down - STAN HUGILL

"The most popular of all topsail halyard shanties, probably originating during the 1830-40's in the days of the packet ships. There are those who believe that the sailors on hearing German emigrants singing 'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht,' used the tune with salty words for a new halyard song. On the other hand, Negro versions exist which use, instead of 'blow,' 'knock the man down.' The Hoosiers or cottonstowers of the Gulf used this chant when heaving at the bars of the jack-screws forcing the cotton into the holds of the droghers in places such as Mobile Bay and New Orleans. My mother would sing me to sleep as a baby with this ditty and my father would play it, when I was a schoolboy, on his squeeze-box (button accordion). So you see I've been long familiar with it. On going into sail in the early 20's, I learnt several more versions from oldtime seamen-- my favorite, however, being the one I sing here about the Liverpool policeman.

Now as I was a-haulin' down Paradise Street,
Ch. Timme way, hay, blow the man down.
A big Irish scutter I chance for to meet,
Ch. Gimme some time to blow the man down.

Says he, 'Yer a Blackballer by the cut o' yer hair,'
Says he, 'Yer a blackballer by the clothes that yer wear.'

'Ye've signed in some packet that flies
the Blackball,
'Ye've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots,
clothes and all.

'O policeman, O policeman, ye do me great
wrong,
I'm a flyin'-fish sailor just home from
Hong Kong.'

So I stove in his face and I smashed in
his jaw,
Says he, 'Young feller, yer breakin' the
law.'

Now they gave me six months, boys, in
Liverpool town,
For a-bootin' and a-kickin' and a-blowin'
him down.

We're a Liverpool ship with a Liverpool
crew,
A Liverpool mate and a scow-skipper too.

We're Liverpool born and we're Liverpool
bred,
Thick in the arm, boys, and thick in the
head.

We'll blow the man up, bullies, blow the
man down,
With a crew of hard cases from Liverpool
town.



4. The Tugboat Song - INGE WESSELS

"My love for the sea and my desire to make
some 'real money' instead of peanuts made
me work for several years on tugboats,
shipping out of Vancouver, British Columbia.
I wrote 'The Tugboat Song' in 1979 on
board the QUEEN to cheer myself up after
getting hell from the skipper for following
orders from the first mate and hell from
the first mate for his getting hell from
the skipper--does that make sense?"

I looked for adventure and went to the sea,
I didn't know what was in store there for
me.

Now I wish I could get myself off the hook
'Cause I've had bloody well enough as tug-
boat cook.

Ch. Rolling, rolling, rolling,
Everything is rolling,
Rolling the sea
And poor little me,
For god sake why am I a tugboat cook?

We went to Gold River and rounded Cape
Scott,
I cooked a big pot of stew to feed my lot.
But when we had dinner, my crew gave me
heck,
'Cause this lovely stew was spread all
over the deck.

The West Coast is rough, I don't have
enough hands,
To hold on in the washroom and pull up my
pants.
If it goes on like this I'll be losing my
wits,
Don't know what to do because I've got the
shhh...

If the good fairy comes ever to me,
In this cramped little cabin on this awful
rough sea,
I'd ask her politely, often wish I'd be
found,
Please do stop my galley from rolling around.



5. Lord Franklin - GOLD RING

"This song commemorates the tragic death
of English Lord Franklin, who set sail
in 1845 in search of a northwest passage
around North America. His ship was trap-
ped in the ice, and he died in 1847.
Terry learned this song in Dublin-- when
asked where, exactly, and when, he replies
in correct metaphysical language, 'I've
always known it.'"

It was homeward bound one night on the
deep,
Swinging in my hammock, I fell asleep.
I dreamed a dream and I thought it was
true
Concerning Franklin and all his crew.

With one hundred seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May,
To seek the passage around the Pole
Where we poor sailors do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardships they mainly strove,
Their ship on mountains of ice was drove.
Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one that ever came through.

In Baffin's Bay where the whalefish blows,
The fate of Franklin, no man may know.
The fate of Franklin, no tongue can tell,
Lord Franklin along with his sailors do
dwell.

And though me hardship it gives me pain,
For the long lost Franklin, I'd cross the
main.
A thousand pounds I would freely give
For the one on earth that says my Franklin
do live.

6. Evening Song of the Happy Fisherman -
FLOWING STREAM ENSEMBLE

"The piece was composed by Mr. Lui Man.
Sing, possibly the most well-known and
beloved of all modern Cantonese composers.
It exudes the characteristic vitality of
music from Southern China and is especial-
ly appreciated by the large Cantonese pop-
ulation of Chinatowns across America."



7. Grey Funnel Line - LOUIS KILLEN

"This song was written by Cyril Tawney in
1959. The title is a euphemism for the
Royal Navy, equating the color of its fun-
nels with those of company emblems found
on commercial shipping lines. The song,
though romantic, does show the boredom,
loneliness, and longing for home that af-
flicts many who work on modern screw-driven
vessels, whether the sailors be naval or
merchant marine."

Don't mind the wind or the rollin' sea,
The weary nights never trouble me.
The hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it sinks away.
Ch. One more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

Oh, the finest ship that sails the sea,
It's still a prison for the likes of me.
But if I had wings like Noah's dove,
Then I'd fly up harbor to the one I love.

Now there was a time when I was free
Like a floatin' spar on the rollin' sea.
But now that spar is washed ashore,
It comes to rest at my real love's door.

Every time I gaze behind the screws,
How I long to be in Saint Peter's shoes.
Then I'd walk on down that silvery lane
And I'd take my real love in my arms again.

Oh Lord, if dreams were always real,
Then I'd put my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her round
And I'd tell the boys that we're homeward
bound.

So I'll pass the time like some machine
Until the blue ocean turns to green.
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
And I'll sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
I'll sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.



8. Shallow Brown - DICK HOLDSTOCK

"I learned this shanty from a floor singer
in a Newcastle Folk Club in 1976. Unfor-
tunately, I didn't get the name of the
singer, but it was popular with the mem-
bers of the club. I was particularly taken
with the sentiment, which is not often part
of the shanties I have heard. Stan Hugill
has several verses and versions listed in
his Shanties of the Seven Seas and he cre-
dits its origin to the West Indies. In
the latter days of sail it was usually
sung at halyards, yet it started life as a
pumping song."

Fare thee well, my Juliana,
Ch. Shallow, Shallow Brown.
Fare thee well, my Juliana.
Ch. Shallow, Shallow Brown.

Yes it's Shallow in the mornin',
Just before the day is dawnin'.

Yes I put me clothes in order,
For my packet leaves tomorrow.

Yes my packet leaves tomorrow,
And it fills me heart with sorrow.

For you are my only treasure,
And I love ye still full measure.

For I loves to gaze upon yer,
And I spend me money on yer.

In me cradle is me baby,
I don't want no other lady.

Yes my wife and baby grieve me,
And I never will deceive ye.

Fare thee well, my Juliana.
Fare thee well, my Juliana.

Produced by Maritime Humanities Center
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Cover Photo - "Fu Fu" band of Ship, SIRAA,
ca. 1890, in San Francisco Bay. Band consists of button accordions, mandolin, spoons, penny whistle (homemade), cymbals (pot covers), drums (barrel and keg).
National Maritime Museum Photo.

Production

Sound Engineer - Vince Piantanida

Photographs - Myron Gershenson

Location Recording - Phil Bailey and Mary Ward

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Biographies and notes on individual selections written by the performers themselves and edited by the Maritime Humanities Center.

Cover and Booklet Design - Russell Frank and Robert J. Schwendinger



"Fu Fu" band of ship WILLIAM T. LEWIS, ca. 1900, in San Francisco Bay.

National Maritime Museum Photo

NOTES ON BIBLIOGRAPHY

Reference materials for sea music, especially the sea shanty, are numerous, and accompany many books, articles, and record notes. Unfortunately much of the out-of-print materials are difficult or impossible to find. The Center recommends a selected list of materials, in addition to those already mentioned in the notes, particularly materials that are accessible. Particular emphasis is given Stan Hugill's publications, valuable for the serious researcher. They also include titles from various nationality groups, communities that have contributed significantly to the maritime heritage of the United States.

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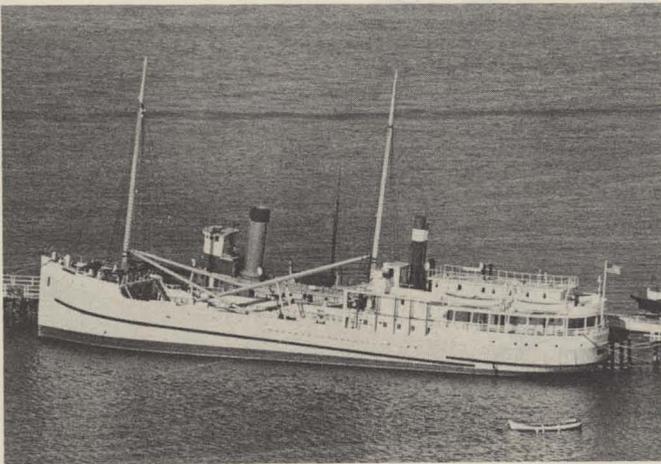
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HISTORIC VESSELS AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM - SAN FRANCISCO

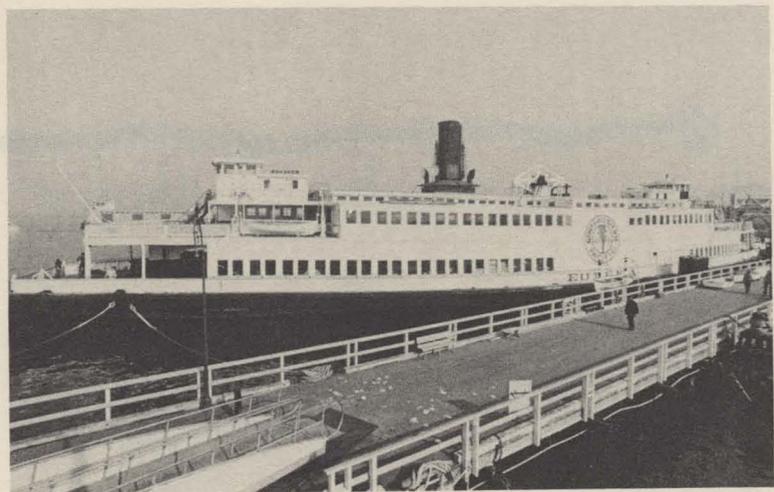


Wapama

A steam schooner, the Wapama plied the Redwood Coast for seventeen years, loading and unloading millions of board feet of lumber. Her runs up and down the coast took her from San Francisco Bay to the coves, bays, and sounds of Oregon and Washington. She went from lumber to the salt salmon trade, next the salt codfishery, then finally as a towing barge in WWII.

Photos by Richard Frear

In 1922, the thirty-two year old ferry, Ukiah, went through a metamorphosis to become the Eureka, the largest passenger ferry in the world. She was the last of the walking beam ferries, "paddling" commuters on San Francisco Bay until her retirement in 1956. Her decks carried men, women, children, railroad cars, trucks, automobiles, cattle, and express carts.



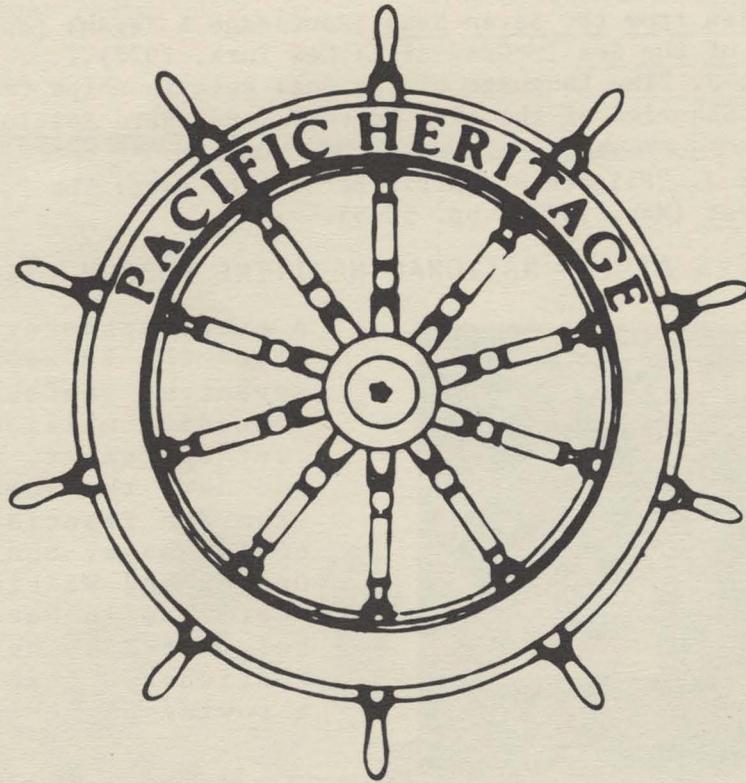
Eureka

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**SEA MUSIC OF MANY LANDS:
THE PACIFIC HERITAGE**

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SIDE 1

FSS 37405 A

1. Ships Are Sailing/Foxhunters Reel/High Reel
Gold Ring
2. Seljeflyte/Strilevise/Nøtterøvalsen
Jim Nelson
3. Greenland Bound Louis Killen
4. Fiafia 'O Lau Loto
Fetu O Le Afiafi (Evening Star)
5. South Australia Stan Hugill
6. Wreck of the C.P. YORKE Phil Thomas
7. Mocito Que Vas Remando Grupo Raiz
8. The Five Gallon Jar Jill King and Bob Webb

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SIDE 2

FSS 37405 B

1. Decimas del Folklore Venezolano Grupo Raiz
2. Come All Ye Tonguers Jill King and Bob Webb
3. Blow the Man Down Stan Hugill
4. The Tugboat Song Inge Wessels
5. Lord Franklin Gold Ring
6. Evening Song of the Happy Fisherman
Flowing Stream Ensemble
7. Grey Funnel Line Louis Killen
8. Shallow Brown Dick Holdstock