“Musick on the Brain”
Frederick Howland Smith’s Shipboard Tunes
1854 - 1869

A garland of fiddle tunes and dance tunes from authentic historical sources, with extensive historical annotations.

compiled and edited by

Stuart M. Frank

The Kendall Whaling Museum Sharon, Massachusetts USA 2000
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The Kendall Whaling Museum
Sharon, Massachusetts USA
2000
For
Buck Ramsey
up there somewhere
breakin' broncs

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COVER ILLUSTRATION:
"Jack at Play." Watercolor by H. Noyes Lewis, from his sketchbook as a seaman out of Liverpool in the sailing ships Pandora, Sheila, and British Nation, and later in a series of British Pacific & Orient Line steamships, circa 1875-88.
[Kenneth R. Martin Collection. KWM Photo by Mark Sexton.]

BACK COVER ILLUSTRATION:
Scrimshaw made aboard ship by Frederick Howland Smith, circa 1854-75. Unconventionally, he made sailcloth dustjackets for his journals, with special pockets for his whale-stamps and his take-along scrimshaw, including an ivory fid and a souvenir vial of precious ambergris.
[Collection of the Kendall Whaling Museum. KWM Photo by Mark Sexton.]
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Frederick Howland Smith's Tune List. Facsimile of the page of Fred Smith's journal on which he wrote the names of popular and folk tunes as a boatsteerer in the whaling bark Roscius of New Bedford during 1858-61. He carried the volume with him to sea for the next forty years. [Collection of the Kendall Whaling Museum.]
"Musick on the Brain"
Frederick Howland Smith's Shipboard Tunes,
1854-1869

We had a fiddler on board N. Durfee was his name
He used to keep us well supplied with musick on the brain
Next he got a Cornet to match with that above
Anyone would think that the ship was in a fog

— B. Morrison, from an anonymous journal of
the New Bedford bark Mermaid, 1883-90.¹

Captain Frederick Howland Smith was one of the most interesting and versatile fellows ever to carve out a niche for himself aboard a Yankee whaler. However, his terse autobiography hardly does justice to his experiences:

Sailed in the Lydia Oct 9th 1854 Capt. John W. Leonard gone 4 years—Cabin Boy—1300 bbls. bbls [barrels of oil]. In 1858 sailed as Boatswain in Bark Roscias, Capt Fred Howland, on Sept 1. Arrived Home in August 1861. 1800 bbls. Enlisted in 18th Mass Volunteers Aug 6th 1862. Discharged in August 1864. Shipped as 3d Mate and sailed April 16 1865 in Ship Herald Capt John Hunnewell [sic] gone 19 months 575 bbls. Sailed again in the Herald as Second Mate Capt Seth Nickerson on a Two years voyage. I cleared on this Voyage 1966$, about the first money made Whaling. In August the 31st I sailed in the Barque Hecla as Master; on the morning of Dec 29th 1870 struck on Bird Island and ship & cargo were a total loss. Came home by way of Suez & England. Expecting to be hung; But the same Owners gave me the Barque Petrel and July 20th 1871 I started for another Voyage. May first 1874 arrived home—1800 Bbls. July 5th 1875 sailed in Barque Ohio was gone 38 months and arrived with 2000 Bbls., Oct 17th 1878—May 24th 1882 sailed in John P. West, arrived home May 22nd 1886, 2000 bbls. sperm. June 19th 1900 sailed in the Barque Kathleen arrived home Sept 28th 1901 Dismasted, 920 bbls sperm ²

Beyond this rough outline, Smith's career was a colorful one in which music and the arts played a significant role. An able scrimshaw artisan and skilled marlinespike seaman (maker of fancy rope work), he was also a collector of songs and tunes and a shipboard musician in his own right. Raised in Dartmouth, Massachusetts, just outside New Bedford, he first went to sea as a cabin boy at age 14, conscientiously learned the art and craft of whaling, applied himself to the study of navigation, and rose through the ranks. At 22 he enlisted in the Union Army, saw action in the field and served a term in a Confederate military prison. After the war he resumed whaling and continued his progress in the fishery. Shipwrecked on his first command, he returned home via the new Suez Canal—as he put it, "expecting to be hung"—but thanks to enlightened owners he was exonerated from blame, given another command, and emerged as a respected and beloved whaling captain for over thirty years. His wife, Sallie, accompanied him on a couple of whaling voyages and appears to have been as accomplished as he, collaborating with him on scrimshaw, macramé, journal-writing, even celestial navigation. Fred was evidently a violinist, and certainly a fiddler; uncorroborated lore suggests that Sallie played the piano and the guitar. After Captain Smith finally retired, he was widowed and remarried; then part of his assets were wiped out in the wreck of the Kathleen—of which he was one of the owners at the time and which he had actually commanded on the voyage immediately previous—when in 1902, Pequod-like, she was struck by a sperm whale and sank "in less than half an hour."

Most of Fred Smith's song and tune collecting was done during his first four voyages, when he was a cabin boy, seaman, boatswain (harpooneer), and deck officer in three whaleships and before he ascended to the responsibilities and distractions of marriage and command. He kept

— 1 —
journals of all four voyages in a single volume, which also became his reference library of song texts and tunes (he transcribed several; see Appendix 3). It also became his notebook and study-guide in matters of seamanship and celestial navigation. In one instance, as second mate, he carefully recorded, in the manner of a legal document, a complaint evidently lodged against him by the captain about some aspect of his work—apparently for future reference should the issue ever be brought up before the owners or consul. An intriguing and endearing feature of this volume is its preoccupation with The Education of Frederick Howland Smith, Mariner, and his own earnest conscientiousness, tempered by a wry wit and an irrepressible love of drawing, sketching, and music. This provides an instructive contrast to the sober and more self-confidently professional tone of Smith’s mature journals, written in the full flower of command, but which, though they contain few drawings and no songs, nevertheless retain the easy style, keenness of perception, and tendency toward humor and irony apparent in his more youthful manuscripts.

It would undoubtedly delight folklorists and performers today had Fred Smith or some other whaleman seen fit to transcribe shipboard fiddle and dance tunes, note-for-note, just as he knew them, preferably with grace notes and ornamentation, exactly the way they were played in the forecastle and in the aftercabin at sea. But, so far, no such transcriptions have emerged, and Smith’s mere list, inscribed on a single page of his journal, is about the best and most extensive documentation of such tunes on American whalers. Fortunately, the list is detailed enough, and the contemporaneous musical literature sufficiently explicit, to enable a comprehensive and virtually complete reconstruction. Twenty tunes are presented here in the order in which the diarist listed them; unfortunately, one additional title was omitted as illegible. Several of the melodies have no words; others are popular songs that do have lyrics, and though Fred Smith did not elect to transcribe them himself, the words are provided wherever they could be found in the journals of his fellow-whalemen. As a service to singers and historians, lyrics not transcribed by the whalemen themselves (and for which evidence that they were actually sung on board is at best inconclusive) are provided from contemporaneous sources in Appendix 3.

It is difficult to know precisely what original purpose Smith intended his list to serve; but it seems to be just the kind of inventory that many musicians regularly maintain, if only to remind them of what tunes—and the names of the tunes—they already know and might be called upon to play. This bit of organization in the often chaotic world of tune-playing and tune-remembering imparts a kind of structure to any programme of tune-learning. In Smith’s case, judging from the context of his shipboard journals—tools he employed conscientiously and scrupulously in his steady rise from cabin boy to Master Mariner—his compendium of tunes appears to be yet another List of Things Learned a-Whaling between 1854 and 1869, probably written down while serving as third mate of the ship Herald just after the Civil War. He carried this early journal of four voyages with him on subsequent cruises over many years as captain, and so perpetually had the songs and tune list with him at sea, including the voyages with his musician-wife on board.

Illustration: Scrúinshaw violin attributed to whaleman Daniel Weeks, Cape Cod, Mass., circa 1840. [Kendall Whaling Museum.]
1.

Fisher's Hornpipe
(O'Neill #1575, #1576)

Our blacksmith—we called him “Smut”—was one of the “darndest fiddlers,” as Shanks expressed it, that I ever knew. He was born a-fiddling, he said, and it came so natural to him that he couldn’t help it—he had to fiddle. He used to tell us that he had done nothing but kill cats for a month, before beginning the voyage, so that he would be sure to have strings enough for his fiddle. The old Toms made the best of strings, but he preferred the little kittens for the upper notes.

— “Whaling on the Crozets” by ‘An Old Salt’ (1876)

Setting A: “FISHER’S HORNPIPE (CRANCIUIL FISUIR) - 1st SETTING.” O’Neill #1575.

Setting B: “FISHER’S HORNPIPE (CRANCIUIL FISUIR) - 2nd SETTING.” O’Neill #1576.

Setting C: “FISHERS’ OR SAILORS’ HORNPIPE.” Lucien O. Carpenter, J.W. Pepper's Universal Dancing Master, 1889, p. 92: “First couple down the outside, back; down the centre, back; cast off; swing 6 hands quite round; right and left.” (1000 Fiddle Tunes, 95: tune and dance figure similar to New England form reported by Linscott, 76ff).
2.

The White Cockade
(O'Neill #1803)

A hornpipe and march traditional in the British Isles and North America, published in David Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc.* in 1776, "The White Cockade" is sung in Ireland with a traditional Gaelic text and is used for a variety of dances, including the Virginia Reel and a contra dance known as "The White Cockade." There are two theories about the significance of the title. One is that it is derived from a decorative embellishment on military headgear, "a knot of ribbons or a rosette worn as a badge.... The Stuart badge was a white rose, and the resulting white cockade figured in Jacobite songs after the downfall of the dynasty.... Originally, the wearing of a cockade, as soon as it had become a badge, was restricted to soldiers, as 'to mount a cockade' was 'to become a soldier'" (Enc. Brit.). This explanation is strengthened by the Northern English folk ballad "The White Cockade," which concerns army recruitment and specifically mentions the white cockade as a military insignia; and by the historic military associations of the hornpipe and its frequent use as an army and navy march. An alternative theory is; "'The White Cockade' (Cnotah Ban) means literally a bouquet, and has nothing to do with the military cockade, as some authorities state, but is a bouquet or plume of white ribbons with which the young women of Munster adorn the hair and headdress on wedding and other festive occasions. The custom prevailed early in the seventeenth century" (Fitz-Gerald, 358).

Setting A. "THE WHITE COCKADE." From Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 120; associated with a contra dance of the same name. Similar to Linscott, p. 117, there given for the Virginia Reel.

Setting B. "THE WHITE COCKADE (AN CNOTAN BAN)." O'Neill #1803.
3.

**Zip Coon**

[Old Zip Coon; Turkey In the Straw]

Every night in pleasant weather, Smut would bring up his fiddle, and "make it talk." Then things would be lively. The waist of the ship was the ball-room, and every one who could dance a jig, hornpipe, or breakdown, performed; while Smut sat on the carpenter's bench, and fiddled and cracked his jokes. I used to think that sometimes he would fiddle too much. But no ill effects ever came from his music, and I am quite sure now that a fiddle is a good thing to have at sea.

— "Whaling on the Crozets" by 'An Old Salt' (1876)

One of the most popular American tunes of all time, this unascrbed "Negro" minstrel song was first published in 1834 and blazed through the blackface era. Several early editions of sheet music allege that it was introduced and popularized by George Washington Dixon (1808-1861), the "celebrated buffo singer," who was performing by 1827 and introduced "Coal Black Rose" in 1829; but rival minstrel Bob Farrell also claimed to have introduced it. According to S. Foster Damon, Farrell "is usually credited with the authorship" even though Dixon, "who also featured it, insisted that it was his." A New York edition published by Thomas Birch, dated 1834 (and thus certainly one of the first), advertises itself as the version "sung by all the celebrated comic singers." The original text is riddled with the kinds of racial stereotypes characteristic of the genre. An alternate form of the tune, with some variations, is known as "Turkey in the Straw," after a text written for it in 1861 by minstrel Dan Bryant (né Daniel W. O’Brien, 1833-1875).

"ZIP COON." From Minstrel Songs, Old and New, Boston, 1882, pp. 120f, where it appears with a full text.
4.

Rory O'More

[Rory O'Moore]

(O'Neill #856)

The song "Rory O'More," written by the celebrated Irish novelist, painter, lyricist, and tunemaker Samuel Lover (1797-1868), was first published in 1826. It became extremely popular, was adapted as a jig (likely the form in which Fred Smith knew it), and circulated in many forms and variants on both sides of the Atlantic, becoming the source of several imitations and "sequels"—such as the "Rory O'Moore Quickstep... as performed by the Boston Brigade Band, arranged for the pianoforte by B.A. Burdett" (Boston: C.H. Keith, circa 1837-46). Lover later expanded his character into a novel, entitled *Rory O'More, a National Romance* (1837). The novel, in turn, was made into a play, with Tyrone Power (1797-1841) in the title role (*Webster, 924*), which ran for 108 nights on the London stage (B.E. Smith 1897, 625).

Setting A. "RORY O'MOORE (RUADBRI UI MORGAD)" O'Neill #856.

Setting B. "RORY O'MORE—JIG." From *1000 Fiddle Tunes*, p. 62. A representative American setting.
5.

Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?

[What Can the Matter Be?; Johnny’s So Long at the Fair]

According to William Chappell, “This song must have come into favour not later than 1792. The Bristol Lyre or Muses' Repository, Jan. 5th, 1793, calls it the favourite duet. It is thought not to be much older than the first date.” It is still in tradition in the late twentieth century, where it has often been relegated to the nursery.


6.

Harvest Home Waltz

What Fred Smith intended by “Harvest Home Waltz” has not been definitively ascertained. It is probably “Harvest Home,” an English song which is customarily printed in 6/8 time, which for practical purposes is virtually undistinguishable from 3/4 (“waltz”) time, especially when learned from performance transmission rather than from printed music. “Harvest Home” is also the name of a well-known Irish hornpipe that is easily rearranged into waltz time, and it could be to such an adaptation that Smith refers (a similar metrical transformation is entitled “Home as a Waltz,” a waltz-time adaptation of “Home Sweet Home” [#19], with sheet music issued by C.H. Keith, Boston, circa 1843-46). Alternatively, Smith may have had in mind an extremely obscure tune entitled “The Joys of Harvest Home. Adapted to the Much Admired Hungarian Waltz. Written by S. Richards. Arranged by T. Munro,” which was still available at the time in sheet music published at Boston by C. & E.W. Jackson, circa 1822 (Dichter #952), but which has long since fallen out of print and out of use.

7.

**Soldier’s Joy**

(O’Neill #1642)

This hornpipe was in ubiquitous circulation in the British Isles and America. A circle-dance of the same name is particularly associated with the tune: “‘Soldier’s Joy’ is one of the earliest dances recorded in England, but no date of origin has been established” (Linscott, 110).


Setting B: “SOLDIER’S JOY.” From Eloise Hubbard Linscott, *Folk Songs of Old New England*, 1939, p. 110; given as a circle-dance of the same name (compare another setting on p. 341).

“Jimmy Ducks filing.” This anonymous woodcut appeared as an illustration in American editions of Captain Frederick Marryat’s *Smarleysow* (1837) and *Complete Works* (1852), and in Captain George Little’s *American Cruiser’s Own Book* (1846), where it is credited only “Illustrations by Billings.” The artist has not been further identified. [Author’s Collection.]
8.

Pop! Goes the Weasel

This is an English tune that takes its name from the text, a venerable occupational song where weasel (in the title and the chorus) refers both to the wily animal and, more specifically, to a component of the hatter’s and shoemaker’s apparatus named for the animal. Linscott identifies it as a popular singing game of unknown origin dating “as far back as the seventeenth century.” It was quite popular during the minstrel era of the middle 1800s, when several editions of sheet music were issued and it was often performed on stage. However, it is now usually regarded as a children’s song and is so classified in the Song Index. The melody makes a nice jig but is most often published as a reel. A set-dance format traditional in New England may be the form in which whaleman Fred Smith knew it in the 1850s. At around the same time, fellow-whaleman George Edgar Mills transcribed in his journal the text of a comic parody entitled “Matrimony,” addressing a rather more adult perspective on gamesmanship. Mills was a prolific poet, and the parody may be his own original composition, though it does reflect a rather higher order of literary sophistication than even the prolific Mills was ordinarily capable. In any case, his lyrics have not been located anywhere else.

“POP GOES THE WEASEL.” Composite: compare Lucien O. Carpenter, J.W. Pepper’s Universal Dancing Master, 1889, p. 97; Linscott, Folk Songs of Old New England, p. 107 (contra dance of the same name) and p. 117 (a quite similar setting given for the Virginia Reel, but with fewer embellishments).

“MATRIMONY.” George Edgar Mills, third mate, bark Aurora of Westport, Massachusetts, 1858.

1. Matrimony is a must
   For every man’s digestion
   When the shell is fairly cracked
   Pop, goes the question

2. Pretty girls will sigh and blush
   Simper all they can sir
   Till from out their pouting lips
   Pop, goes the answer

3. Cupid fans the bold flame
   Rankest kind of arson
   When it gains a certain height
   Pop, goes the parson

4. Quite throughout the honeymoon
   Made of rosy colors
   Into sundry good [sic] till
   Pop, goes the dollars

5. When a year has shown its tail
   Round the corner maybe
   Out upon the happy world
   Pop, goes a baby

6. Mother gives it catnip tea
   Father gives it Brandy
   And adown its gastric tube
   Pop, goes the candy

7. All the sweets the earth can yield
   Wont suffice to calm it
   Daddy screws his lips and then
   Pop, goes a Damn it.

March 28th [18]58
9.

Yankee Doodle

...Hautboy forthwith got out his dented old fiddle and, sitting down on a tall rickety stool, played away right merrily at "Yankee Doodle" and other off-handed, dashing, and disdainfully carefree airs. But as common as were the tunes, I was transfixed by something miraculously superior in their style. — Herman Melville, "The Fiddler."

The persistent story that "Yankee Doodle" was introduced... by one mischievous Dr. Richard Shuckburgh of the British army" in 1755 (Nason) may be apocryphal; so, too, the contention that it was later adopted by the King's troops to ridicule the rebellious colonists, thus giving rise to the ostensibly pejorative epithet "Yankee." But with lyrics playfully reverent of George Washington and the Continental Army, the song was proudly and with more than a bit of irony adopted as the virtual national anthem of the American Revolution, and the epithet was embraced as a badge of honor. The unvaryingly stable tune has been immensely popular and has hosted an enormous assortment of lyrics. It has been vigorously anthologized, reprinted, and parodied, mostly along patriotic lines, extolling American naval prowess in the War of 1812, commemorating milestones of national history (like the latter-day Boston Tea Party variant below), or lampooning political opponents. It seems to have been as popular at sea as on shore. John Jones alludes to it in his meandering journal of the Eliza Adams of New Bedford 1852, it appears on Fred Smith's tune list a few years later, and seaman John Martin mentions it as a kind of eddiesing chantey in use aboard the whaler Lucy Ann of Wilmington, Delaware, in 1842. A clipping pasted into John Marble's journal of the Pilgrim of Somerset, Massachusetts, that same year attributes the music to "one Dr. Shuckburgh, an English surgeon" in 1775 and gives lyrics purporting to be original, taken "from Farmer & Moore's Historical Collections, published in 1820." Marble also reports "Yankee Doodle" being ill-used as a whaleboat chantey by the captain on some previous voyage:

Saturday Sept 10th [1842] Blowing a gale of wind from the N & W. laying to... In the evening Jim a color'd fellow was amazing us by telling us how the old man acted on board ship when the boats were about to fasten. he says he sings to the tune of Yankee doole such words as these: O pull my good fellows, you dont pull a bit. O you molly horns pull, there he stands up give it to him solid, he's fast, he's fast. there he launches him there he spouts thick blood; cocka doodoo—threw up his arms about & kicking up his heels. I expect he sang a different song when he saw us come alongside with no whale. Lat 34.48. S Long: 123° 58' E.

In the summer of 1775 the British army, under command of Abercrombie, lay camped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States, previous to marching upon Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equaled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their outreappearance furnished great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shachburg, and English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle, and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer & Moore's Historical Collections, published in 1820, we have not, however, met with before in many years:—

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving greets to all his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnation finey,
I wanted teakily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they had a swampin' gun,
As big as a log of maple,
On a deuced little cart
A load for father's cattle.

And every one then fired it off
It took a ton of powder
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's underpinning,
And father went as near again—
I thought the devil was in him.

And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather;
They knock'd upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All bound around their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
Its scar'd me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smoother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.
10. 

Russian Waltz

Fred Smith lists “Russian Waltz” among his tunes; however, even though a set of lyrics in the *Universal Songster* (London, circa 1825) entitled “My Love Is Returned” specifies “Russian Waltz” as the air, no trace of the melody has been found.

11. 

The Poor Old Slave

An American minstrel song with abolitionist sentiments, the words and music are by G.W.H. Griffith, published in 1851. The fraudulent racial stereotyping that typifies many of the merrier so-called “plantation” songs of the blackface-minstrel era tends to be less prevalent—or at least more subtle—in such tear-jerkers as this. It must have been fairly popular on shipboard, for not only does it appear on Fred Smith’s tune list, but full texts are transcribed in five other journals in the museum collection.


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A.

“THE POOR OLD SLAVE.” George Edgar Mills, third mate, bark *Aurora* of Westport, Massachusetts, 1857. Dated “June 15th 1857 / Galipagos [sic] Islands,” text A begins “It is just one year ago today” and comprises elements of the other whalmen’s texts, with variations suggesting an oral source; transcribed as 3 stanzas of 8 lines each (like B), but the final 2 lines of the chorus arc: “Now side by side they take their sleep / Way down in Tennessee.”

B.

“THE POOR OLD SLAVE.” Robert Nathaniel Hughson, bark *Java* of New Bedford, 1857-60. Standard text much like the others, beginning “Twas just one year ago to day that I remember well,” and (like A) transcribed as 3 stanzas of 8 lines each, but with the standard chorus (as in C); stanza 3 has “But since that time how things have changed.”
C.

"THE POOR OLD SLAVE." George M. Jones and Albert F. Handy, bark *Waverly* of New Bedford, 1859-63. This is a slightly eccentric text, resembling text E with minor variations (note stanza 3). The chorus (absent in A) is usually transcribed as four lines, but is given as two in the MS. "Toiled" in stanza 1 tends to impart a more sympathetic and compassionate view of the slave than the corresponding "lived" in D and E.

1. Twas just one year ago to day that I remember well
   I sat down by Nelly's side a story she did tell
   Twas about a poor unhappy slave that had toiled for many a year
   But now he's dead and in his grave no master does he fear

   *Chorus:* The poor old slave has gone to rest we know that he is free
   Disturb him not but let him rest way down in Tennessee

2. She took my arm we walked along to an open field
   Twas there she paused to breathe and then to his grave did steal
   And kneeling down upon that little mound she softly whispered there
   Come to me father she said and gently dropped a tear

3. Many a change has taken place since Nelly was my bride
   For now she's dead and in her grave with her father by her side
   I planted there upon their graves a weeping willow tree
   And bathed its roots with many a tear that it might shelter me

D.

"POOR OLD SLAVE." Horace Wood, bark *Andrews* of New Bedford, 1866-67. A standard text of three stanzas, similar to E, with the standard chorus transcribed as four lines, exhibiting only minor variations.

E.

"THE POOR OLD SLAVE." George W. Piper, ship *Europa* of Edgartown, 1868-70. Apart from Piper's tendency to deconstruct contractions ("now he is dead," rather than "now he's dead") and formalize syntax ("Away down in Tennessee," rather than "Way down..."), few variations from C. However, such differences of emphasis as those in the last line of stanza 2 and throughout stanza 3, are worthy of comparison.

1. It is just one year ago today, that I remember well
   I sat down by Nelly's side, a story she did tell
   Twas about a poor unhappy slave, that lived for many a year
   But now he is dead and in his grave, no master does he fear

   *Chorus:* That poor old slave has gone to rest
   We know that he is free
   Disturb him not, but let him rest
   Away down in Tennessee

2. She took my hand we walked along, into an open field
   Twas then she paused to breathe awhile, and to his grave did steal
   She sat down on that little mound, and softly whispered there
   Come to me father, it is your child, and gently dropt a tear

3. But since that time all things have changed, poor Nelly that was my bride
   Now lies beneath the cold green sod, close by her father's side
   I planted near that little spot, a weeping willow tree
   And I bathed its roots with many a tear, that it might shelter me.
12.

Nelly Gray
[Nellie Gray; Darling Nelly Gray]

This minstrel song with abolitionist overtones, published in 1856 and widely disseminated in print and on stage for at least a decade thereafter, is the most famous composition of Benjamin Russell Hanby (1833-1867), “the Stephen Foster of Ohio.” The author claimed that it was based on actual events in his own family’s history. It is also a prime example of how even a professionally composed, commercially viable piece can enter oral tradition and tenaciously remain there, spawning numerous progeny (including at least one authentic sea chanteys, at least one original sailors’ parody, and, indirectly, an entire family of authentic cowboy songs).

The historical basis for “Nelly Gray” is said to be “a runaway slave named Joseph Selby who died at the home of Hanby’s father while on his way to Canada to earn money to buy the freedom of his lover named, yes, Nelly Gray” (R. Jackson, 267). “A fairly elaborate story about the background of the song and the real-life prototypes of the characters,” together with an account of “Hanby’s brief career and family background,” was read into the Congressional Record (89th Congress, First Session, 1965): “a long address by Judge Earl R. Hoover entitled “Benjamin R. Hanby—The Stephen Foster of Ohio”’” (Ibid, 267).

In the eleven decades intervening between its publication and its apotheosis in the House of Representatives, the song had developed a national appeal and exerted great influence, much of it anonymous and unacknowledged. In the Northeast, ‘‘Darling Nelly Gray’ and ‘The Girl I Left Behind Me’ are two square dances which originated in New York State... [and] became established throughout southern New England” (Tolman & Page, 78). Out West, when the great cowboy poet-songwriter Jack Thorp wrote the lyrics to his classic “Little Joe the Wrangler” in 1898, he claimed W.S. Hays’s “Little Old [Log] Cabin in the Lane” (1871) as the inspiration for the tune. What Thorp evidently did not realize, and what cowboy-song historians (e.g., Fife, 214; Lomax & Lomax, 91-93; Tinsley, 84-86) have not realized ever since, is that “Little Old [Log] Cabin in the Lane” is derived from “Nelly Gray”—so much so that Mr. Hays is indeed fortunate at not having been prosecuted for plagiarism. (Perhaps is was the Confederate sympathies of much of the Old West at the time that obliterat ed the abolitionist Hanby legacy.) Thorp’s “Little Joe the Wrangler,” which is definitely an improvement on both originals, in turn provided the melody for “The Cowboy’s Dance Song,” “Roy Bean,” and, as late as the 1940s, “Reuben James”—all of which can trace their ancestry through Thorp, to Hays, and ultimately to Hanby’s “Nelly Gray.”

Meanwhile, soon after “Nelly Gray” was published in 1856 it was in circulation at sea. American sailors in uncommonly large numbers transcribed the words into their journals, indicating a hit-parade level of popularity on shipboard in the 1850s and ’60s. Also, almost certainly within the first couple of years after its first publication, the derivative “Maggie May” (Hugill, 307) arose as a chanteys, likely debuting on British merchant ships; and on a voyage out of New Bedford during 1857-59, whaleman Charles B. Swain wrote a parody of his own (text E).

"DARLING NELLY GRAY." From the original sheet music, Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 1856.
A.

"NELLY GRAY." Substantial fragment transcribed between voyages by Helen M. Tinkham in the journal of Daniel L. Tinkham, bark *Samuel & Thomas* (1852) and brig *March* (1855-56) of Mattapoisett, 1855. (5/4 + cho./4)

B.


C.


D.

"NELLY GRAY." George W. Piper, ship *Europa* of Edgartown, 1868-70. Line 3 of stanza 4 is obviously corrupt; C has "Hark's: there's somebody knocking at the door"; in stanza 4, line 2, C has "And I never shall see her any more."

1. There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore
   Where I have wiled many happy hours away
   A setting and a singing by the little cabin door
   Where lives my darling Nelly Gray

   *Chorus:* O my poor Nelly Gray
   They have taken you away
   And I will never see my darling any more
   I am setting on the river
   And I'm weeping all the day
   For you have gone from the old Kentucky shore

2. When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars are shining too
   I will take my darling Nelly Gray
   I will paddle down the river in my little light canoe
   And so sweetly the banjo I will play

3. One night as I went to see her she had gone the neighbors say
   The white man had bound her with a chain
   They have taken her to Georgia, for to wear her life away
   As she toils midst the cotton and the cane

4. My canoe is on the river and my banjo is unstrung
   I am tired of living any more
   My song shall be ended, and my banjo unstrung
   While I stay on the old Kentucky shore
5. My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way
   I am tired of living any more
   I hear the angels calling and I see my Nelly Gray
   Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

Chorus: O my poor Nelly Gray
   It is up in Heaven so they say
   And they will never take you from me any more
   I am coming, coming, coming
   And the angels clear the way
   Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

E.

1. Neath the shady forest trees by the silent river side
   Stood the cabin of my darling Nelly Gray;
   There in our light canoe, on its gently rippling tide
   Together us have floated all the day.

Chorus: But my poor Nelly Gray! / They have taken her away;
   Ne'er shall see my darling Nelly more,
   Now I'm sitting by the river, and weeping all the day,
   Farewell! to my old Kentucky shore.

2. Where the wild roses blossom, and the violets twine,
   And the lily reigns queen among them all;
   There on a mossy bank together we'd recline,
   And we envy'd not the master in his hall.

3. On that old cottage doorsill, my Nelly sat and spun;
   Singing joyous and happy as a bird;
   Now all is lone and silent since my darling Nelly's gone,
   And that song now there never more is heard.

4. Now weary sad and lonely, I would lay me down and die,
   For my heart it is breaking here alone;
   Theres no one heeds or listens to my wild entreating cry,
   Oh! take me where my darling Nelly's gone.

5. Oh dig me a grave in yonder shady grove
   That stands near my Nelly's cabin door
   There my rest shall be so peaceful whilst the wild flowers wave alon[ ]
   Near the river by the old Kentucky shore
13.  
Nelly Bly

With words and music by Stephen Collins Foster (1826-1864), “Nelly Bly” was copyrighted in 1849 and was introduced by Christy’s Minstrels in 1850. Like everyone else, whalen in the 1850s and ’60s were evidently quite fond of Foster’s songs, several of which appear in their journals.  

“NELLY BLY.” From the original sheet music, New York: Firth & Pond, 1849 (also repr. in R. Jackson 1974, 77ff).

“NELLY BLY.” George W. Piper, ship Europa of Edgartown, 1868-70.

1.  
Nelly Bly Nelly Bly bring the broom along  
Sweep the kitchen clean my dear, we will have a little song  
Poke the wood my lady love, and make the fire burn  
And while I get my banjo down just give the mush a turn

Chorus:  
Hi Nelly Ho Nelly / Listen love to me
I will sing for you, play for you / A dulcet [dulcet] melody

2.  
Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep  
And when she wakens up again, her eye balls begin to peep  
The way she walks she lifts her foot and then she puts it down  
And when it lights, there is music up there, in that part of the town

3.  
Nelly Bly has a voice like the turtle dove  
I hears it in the meadow I hears it in the grove  
Nelly Bly has a heart warm as a cup of tea  
And bigger dan the sweet potato away down in Tennessee

4.  
Nelly Bly Nelly Bly never never sigh  
Never bring the tear drop to the corner of your eye  
For the pie is made of pumpkins and the mush is made of corn  
And there is corn and pumpkins plenty love a lying in the barn
14.
Augusta’s Favorite
[Ah! Vous Derai-je, Maman; Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star]

In English-speaking countries the eighteenth-century French traditional air “Ah! Vous Derai-je, Maman” (to which both Mozart and Dohnanyi wrote sets of well-known variations) is formally known as “Augusta’s Favorite.” But nowadays it is most often identified with a modest poem by Jane Taylor (1783-1824) first published in 1805; originally entitled “The Star,” it is better known by its first line, “Twinkle, twinkle, little star.” The fundamental simplicity of the tune, perhaps, has made it a fixture in the nursery, universally coupled with Taylor’s innocuous lyrics.

“AUGUSTA’S FAVORITE.” From Paul de Ville, The Concertina and How to Play It, [1915], p. 20; variants omitted.

D. C. al coda

15.
Oh! Susanna
[Susanna]

This Stephen Foster classic, published in 1848, was soon transformed by sailors of the Gold Rush era into a Cape Horn chantey localized to Salem, Massachusetts, “I Come from Salem City” (Shay 1948, 114; Frank 2000, 24). Colcord (with Hugill in her wake) presents a fragment of another mid-century American chantey adaptation of “Oh! Susanna” used for holystoning the deck, localized to the clipper-ship Sovereign of the Seas. Hugill advances the theory that “Oh! Susanna” is essentially derivative and, with “Camptown Races” (also by Stephen Foster), may descend from what he calls a “Negro” chantey, “The Sailor Fireman”; but the extraction is almost certainly in the opposite direction. Text, tune, and variants have had a remarkable international circulation, having close cognates in what Shay calls “hog-German” (“Ich komm dem Salem City mit dem waschbowl auf dem knee...”) and also several in Swedish, notably “Susannavisan” (“The Susanna Song”), of which Sternvall makes the spurious claim that “both text and melody can be traced back to the 1750s”! (Sång under Segel, quoted by Hugill). Oddly, perhaps, none of the whalemen, not even the exhaustively acquisitive George Wilbur Piper or George Edgar Mills—each of whose song and poem transcriptions runs into the hundreds—saw fit to transcribe the words into their journals. (See Appendix 2.)

“OH! SUSANNA.” From the original sheet music, New York: C. Holt, Jr., 1848 (also repr. in R. Jackson 1974, 89ff).
16.

Fanny Elssler Leaving New Orleans

The florescence of sailors' chanteys in the nineteenth century is closely tied to the influence of black stevedores in the Southern cotton ports, with whom deepwater sailors increasingly came into contact in the expansionary post-Napoleonic era. Deckside worksongs grew out of age-old call-and-response traditions imported from Africa, enhanced by the related phenomenon of the so-called Negro Spirituals. These were nurtured as cultural touchstones through the anguish of slavery and transmuted through generations of singing at hard labor in the cotton fields and canebreaks. Mixed and blended with the songs of the sailors themselves—Irish tunes, English music-hall pieces, American stage-minstrelsy, and the miscellaneous singing traditions of a remarkably polyglot class of sea-laborers—the result was a piquant soup of worksongs, respecting which the only rule was that they provide utilitarian, workable rhythms and some slight diversion from the labor at hand. Many authentic chanteys survive; probably at least as many have been lost since steam propulsion supplanted the sailing ships on which chanteys had once thrived. But comparatively few unadulterated cargo-loading songs remain. "Fanny Elssler Leaving New Orleans" appears to be one of these, evidently originating with African-American longshoremen in New Orleans and occasioned by the much-acclaimed American tour of the Viennese dancer Fanny Elssler (1810-1884) during 1840-42. The lyrics are preserved through ephemeral publication in The Negro Singer’s Own Book (circa 1845). That the song may also have been making rounds on the music-hall circuit is suggested by an allusion on an earlier page of the same songster (196), in a section entitled "Comedrums," intended as a collection of vaudeville-like dialect quips for "Negro" musicians. It is attributed to the so-called "Black Apollo," whose real name was Charles White, "and all the Colored Savoyards at the Principal theatres in the United States":

Why is Fanny Elssler like the Bunker Hill Monument?
Because they are both out ob town.

Fanny (1810-1884) and her sister Therese (1808-1878) were daughters of Johann Elssler, described as the factotum of composer Joseph Haydn. Their successful careers as ballerinas led both to wealth and fame. Therese, after several morganatic liaisons, married Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and eventually Friedrich Wilhelm IV conferred upon her the title Baroness von Barnim. The "Divine Fanny... was far from beautiful, but her figure and her technique were unsurpassed. She was the first European danseuse to invade the American wilds" (Kane, 174), and the first European celebrity to create an American sensation since Lafayette’s 1824 tour. Her popularity prefigured the subsequent greater success of the Swedish Nightingale, chanteuse Jenny Lind—about whom songs were written and after whom tunes were named. If Fanny was similarly honored, the accolades were less luminous and few of the pieces can have survived. Her portrait and some small notices appeared on the lithographic cover-art of a few generic compositions not named for her—such as "La Cachucha," which an 1845 New York edition of the sheet music bills as a "Celebrated Castanet Dance by Fanny Elssler" (Dichter & Larrabee #1005f). (In a recent catalogue entry, Boston bookseller Sam Morrill describes the cover art of this piece as a picture of "Fanny cachucha-ing around"). Apart from these, the obscure heaving-and-hauling song is the only notable remnant of an American musical tribute to Fanny Elssler.

The agent for the New Orleans portion of her tour was local entrepreneur James Caldwell, "Napoleon of the Southern Stage." His St. Charles Theatre was "the grandest the South had ever known, perhaps the biggest the nation had seen to that time. It contained four thousand seats and four tiers of plush-lined boxes, topped by vast galleries... He raised admission prices sky-high, and auctioned off choice seats for incredible amounts" (Kane, 175f), prefiguring or perhaps even inspiring P.T. Barnum’s tactics managing Jenny Lind’s North American tour in the 1850s. There were incidents of pandemonium and street riots, and by the time Fanny Elssler left New Orleans she seems to have had as many detractors there as admirers. Back in Europe over the next few years she "amassed a fortune and retired from the stage in 1851" (Webster).
The search for other manifestations of "Fanny Elssler Leaving New Orleans" or any cognate worksongs revealed that whatever survived into the field-collecting era did so in the West Indies, where the old cotton-steving and cargo-loading chanteys persisted long after becoming extinct in the Southern states. Sailors' and longshoremen's worksongs arrived with American, African-American, British, and Irish mariners well before the 1830s, at which time the anonymous author of Service Afloat—who identifies himself only as "A Naval Officer"—remarked on local singing practices at work (as quoted by Abrahams, 11; italics added):

Rowing in boats or other kind of labour, when a simultaneous effort is required, they have generally a song formed of extempore verses, the improvisatore being the stroke oar, the driver, or one superintendent among the rest for the talent. He in a minor key gives out a line or two in allusion to any passing event, all the rest taking up the burden of the song, as a chorus, in a tenor, and this produces a very pleasing effect.

These chanteys were anything but stable and canonical; rather, they were adopted, adapted, and reconfigured in the various islands, and the words altered and extemporized with "a line or two in allusion to any passing event." The "grog time of day" refrain in the example that the author of Service Afloat gives to typify Antigua is clearly related to the chorus of "Fanny Elssler":

Massa lock de door, and take away the key,
Hurra, my jolly boys, grog time a day.
CHORUS—Grog time a day, my boys, grog time a day
Hurra, my jolly boys, grog time a day, &c.

Hugill also quotes a snippet of Service Afloat, reiterated by Abrahams, in which the same song is specifically presented in a cargo-loading context:

The harbor work was performed by a gang of Negroes. These men will work the whole day at the capstan under a scorching sun with almost no intermission. They beguiled the time by one of them singing one line of an English song, or a prose sentence at the end of which all the rest join in a short chorus...

Grog time of day, boys
Grog time of day
Ch. Hurro, my jolly boys,
Grog time of day. 6

Unfortunately, the author of Service Afloat did not see fit to provide tunes for these boat-rowing and cargo-loading chanteys; but another British commentator, touring the West Indies at around the same time, graciously prints the words and melody of "Fine Time o' Day," a boat-song that is certainly a parallel version of the "Fanny Elssler" cargo-loading chantey. It is evidently the only extant tune than can be attributed to "Fanny Elssler Leaving New Orleans," perhaps the very tune that Fred Smith played on board the Herald thirty-five years later.

Hur-ra my jol-ly boys,
Fine time o' day.
We pull for San Thamas, boys.
Fine time o' day.

"FINE TIME O' DAY," from Trelawney Wentworth, The West India Sketch Book (Loudon, 1834), II:240; quoted by Abrahams 1974, p. 18.

\[\text{Hur-rah, my jol-ly boys, Fine time o' day. We pull for San Thamas, boys. Fine time o' day}\]
17.
Off She Goes
(O'Neill #914)

"Are you ready there forward?"
"All ready, Sir."
"Heave away. What kind of a drawling tune is that you Fifer? Strike up Off She Goes or Drops of Brandy. Aye, that is the tune. Keep step there, all of ye, stamp and go. Light round the messenger there, aft, hand forward the nippers, you boys.

— Robert Hay, Landsman Hay, with reference to the sailing of HMS Culloden for the East Indies, 1804.

A traditional jig, probably Irish in origin, "Off She Goes" is widely circulated throughout the British Isles and North America. It has been a military march since the eighteenth century and, as the quote from HMS Culloden illustrates, was occasionally used to coordinate work-rhythms on shipboard—especially in the Navy, where chanting was not generally permitted.

Setting A. "OFF SHE GOES! (TA SIAG AMTEACD)." O'Neill #914.

Setting B. "OFF SHE GOES—JIG." From 1000 Fiddle Tunes, p. 58.

["Skylarking."] Anonymous seaman's watercolor, circa 1835. [Collection of W.H. Dinges. Photo by Mark Sexton.]

— 21 —
18.

Leather Breeches
[The Old Leather Breeches; Nell Flaherty’s Drake]
(O’Neill #167, #763)

Often called “The Old Leather Breeches” or simply “Leather Breeches,” this traditional Irish air is also widely known in modern times by the names of several texts that became attached to various forms of it, notably “Nell Flaherty’s Drake,” a metaphorical ballad associated with the Irish Republican patriot Robert Emmet (1778-1803): “The main character of this anonymous nineteenth-century ballad [‘Nell Flaherty’s Drake’] is said to be a secret code name for Robert Emmet, an exceptionally charming youth who led a small uprising in Dublin in 1803, for which he was publicly hanged” (Clancy 1964, 47).

Setting A. “THE OLD LEATHER BREECHES (AN SEAN BRISTE LEATAIR),” O’Neill #167. Compare O’Lochlainn 1939 #67A, entitled “The Old Leather Breeches (Nell Flaherty’s Drake),” annotated: “To the same tune [as ‘Nell Flaherty’s Drake’] or one very like it...”; also Ward 1947, #30 (“The Old Leather Breeches”), which differs significantly from Ward #47 (“Nell Flaherty’s Drake”).

Setting B. “NELL FLAHERTY’S DRAKE (RARDAL EIBLIN NI FLAITEARTAIG),” O’Neill #763. Compare O’Lochlainn 1939 #67A; Clancy 1964, 47; and Ward 1947 #47 (“Nell Flaherty’s Drake”), which differs significantly from Ward #30 (“The Old Leather Breeches”).

Setting C. “NELL FLAHERTY’S DRAKE.” Learned from Tommy Makem at Newport, R.I., 1965.
19.

Home, Sweet Home

With the classic lyrics by the American actor and dramatist John Howard Payne (1792-1852) set to music by Englishman Henry Rowley Bishop (1786-1855), “Home, Sweet Home” debuted in the operatic melodrama *Clari, or the Maid of Milan* in 1823. It took hold with an enthusiastic public and rode a groundswell of popularity through the next several decades and well into the next century, becoming the most universally-known popular song of its era and the most widely anthologized. The tune also had independent status and was often published separately in musical instrument tutors, sheet music, and dance-music books. Not only did Fred Smith list it among his tunes, but John Jones alludes to it in his journal of the New Bedford ship *Eliza Adams* in 1852, as have many other sailors before and after. Captain Samuel Bunker and seaman George Wilbur Piper actually transcribed the lyrics into their journals; but in this case one of the reasons that the words do not appear more often in the journals may be that the song was so frequently committed to memory and was so widely available in print that one hardly needed to make a manual copy.


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\[\text{music notation image}\]
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A.

“HOME SWEET HOME.” Samuel Bunker, master, ship Alexander of Nantucket, 1824-27. An early transcription of four stanzas + chorus, produced when the song was new; phonetically corrupt but otherwise orthodox.

B.

“SWEET HOME.” George W. Piper, ship *Europa* of Edgartown, 1868-70. A text of two stanzas transcribed around the time that Frederick Howland Smith compiled his tune list.

1. Mid pleasures and palaces Though we may roam Be it ever so humble There is no place like home A charm from the skies Seems to hallow us there Which search through the world Is not met with elsewhere

2. An exile from home Pleasure dazzles in vain O give me my lovely Thatched cottage again For birds are gaily singing They come at my call O give me these with peace of mind That’s dearer than all

*Chorus:* Home Home Sweet Sweet Home
Be it ever so humble
There is no place like home

— 23 —
Fred Smith drew this in his journal as master of the Petrel and inscribed it, "This is the house that Jack built. / July 16th 1873 trying to get to Johanna [Island] / and cannot make it at all." [Collection of the Kendall Whaling Museum.]

20.

Old Folks at Home
[Swanee River; Song to S.D. Oliver; All the Whales Are Wild and Ugly]

This was one of Stephen Foster's best-known and most influential hits, published in 1851. As late as 1870 it was fraudulently attributed to Edwin P. Christy (1815-1862), who purchased the rights from the composer and whose minstrel troupe, the Christy Minstrels, popularized it on stage (Dichter # 184). It was ubiquitous on shore and seems to have been suitably popular at sea. Two of the whalmen's renditions (A and B) are variants of the standard lyrics. The third (C) is an original parody — a whaling song written somewhere in the Pacific in 1855 by the prolific George Edgar Mills, third mate of the New Bedford whaleship Leonidas. It takes the form of a plea addressed to Captain Samuel D. Oliver; that, instead of continuing to waste time contending with ornery and cantankerous gray whales, he should please take the ship north into the Arctic Ocean, where they can hunt the more valuable and more docile bowhead whale. "Old Folks at Home," which had been published only four years before, was at the time still climbing the heights of its long-lived popularity. There must surely have been other whalmen's parodies that did not survive or that have not yet been recovered.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME." From the original sheet music, New York: Firth & Pond, 1851 (also repr. R. Jackson, 101).
A.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME." George W. Piper, ship *Europa* of Edgartown, 1868-70.

1. Away down upon the Swaney River  
   Far far away  
   There is where my heart is turning over  
   There is where the old folks stay  
   All up and down the whole creation  
   Sadly I roam  
   Still longing for the old plantation  
   And for the old folks at home

   *Chorus:*  
   All the world is sad and dreary  
   Everywhere I roam  
   O darkies how my heart grows weary  
   Far from the old folks at home

2. All up and down the hills I wandered  
   When I was young  
   Many is the happy days I squandered  
   Many is the song I've sung  
   When I was playing with my brother  
   Happy was I  
   O take me to my kind old mother  
   There let me live and die

3. One little cot among the bushes  
   One that I love  
   Still fondly to my memory rushes  
   No matter where I rove  
   When shall I see the bees a humming  
   All around the comb  
   When shall I hear the banjo tumming  
   Down in the good old home

B.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME." Harvey R.C. Phillips, ship *Gladiator* of New Bedford, 1853. Partial adaptation after Stephen Foster, beginning "Away down by the deep flowing river."

C.

"SONG...TO CAPTAIN S.D. OLIVER." George Edgar Mills, third mate, ship *Leonidas* of New Bedford, 1855.

1. Far, Far to the Arctic Ocean  
   Where the Bow Heads Blow,  
   There's where my mind am turning ever  
   There's where I want to go.  
   All this Ocean am sad and dreary  
   Every where we stray  
   O Captain will you go to that Ocean  
   Go where the Bow heads Lay

   *Chorus:*  
   All these whales are wild and ugly  
   All those we see  
   O Captain will you go to that Ocean  
   Go where the Bow heads Be.

2. All up and down this sea we've wandered  
   Since I've been with you  
   Then Captain let us go to the Northard  
   Then we will see something new  
   All the whales that are in this ocean  
   All are wild we see  
   Then Captain will you go to the Northard  
   To where the Bow heads Lay

3. When shall I see the hills and valleys  
   Far away on the Nor'west shore  
   O Captain let us leave this Ocean  
   And not cruise here anymore  
   All this ocean am sad an dreary  
   Every where we stray  
   O Captain will you go to that Ocean  
   Go where the Bow Heads Lay
Appendix 1: Biographical Note on Frederick Howland Smith

A Renaissance Man among whalemen, Fred Smith had a colorful career in which music and art loomed large. A dedicated and able professional whaler in his youth and a venerated whaling master for more than thirty years, he was a collector of songs and a musician in his own right, a scrimshaw artist, marlinespike seaman, and compelling diarist whose work is preserved in the Kendall Whaling Museum, Mystic Seaport, and several private collections. His beloved wife Sallie, who accompanied him on several voyages, seems to have been equally accomplished and collaborated with him on scrimshaw, macramé, journal-keeping, and even celestial navigation.

He was born in 1840 at Dartmouth, Massachusetts, adjacent to New Bedford, and at age 14 shipped for the 1/200th lay as boy in the ship *Lydia* of Fairhaven in 1854. He must have shown aptitude, as Captain John Leonard promoted him to seaman before the ship returned to Fairhaven in 1858. After a second voyage, as boatsteerer for a 1/90th lay in the New Bedford bark *Roscius* (1858-61), he enlisted as a private in the 18th Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers. During his two years of service he saw some action, spent several months as a prisoner of war before being exchanged, and mustered out with an honorable discharge in 1864. After the war he returned to whaling as third mate in the *Herald*, and was second mate on her next voyage when he received a share of a reasonably good catch of oil and a bonus for 70 pounds of ambergris that brought $97.50 per pound. (A thimble-sized specimen of this ambergris is preserved in a glass vial with a stopper of sperm-whale ivory, of his own making: the vial and other pieces of his scrimshaw he fastened to the hand-sewn canvas dustjackets he made to protect his shipboard journals. The ensemble is now among Fred Smith’s papers and scrimshaw at the Kendall Whaling Museum.)

It was on these first four early voyages, during his rise from cabin boy to second mate in the *Lydia, Roscius*, and *Herald*, from a lad of 14 to a man of 29—with a hitch in the infantry and a stint in a Confederate prison between times—that he transcribed his songs and compiled his list of tunes. The journals—with the song lyrics and tune list, along with his handmade whale-stamps and scrimshaw attached to the covers—went to sea with him on each successive voyage. For a span of 47 years they provided a kind of scrapbook, reference library, and comprehensive record of his career and lifelong self-education.

Upon his return in the *Herald* in 1869 he was given his first command, bypassing the usual intermediate stint as chief mate. But the way his voyage as master of the bark *Hecla* turned out, his first command might well have been his last. Four months at sea, on 29 December 1870, the *Hecla* went aground on Bird Island in the Indian Ocean. The crew got off safely but ship and cargo were a total loss. His passage home brought him through the Persian Gulf into the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal, which had opened only the year before. Traversing the length of the Mediterranean, they passed through the Straits of Gibraltar and called at England, providing Fred a once-in-a-lifetime glimpse at Europe. The cruise might have been idyllic under happier circumstances; but, in his own words, Fred was “expecting to be hung” for the loss of his ship. In the end the owners did not assign him the blame, assigning him instead command of the bark *Petrel* (1871-74). His journal on that voyage is punctuated with romantic verse centered on love for his wife Sallie (née Sarah G. Wordell, 1840-1896). Homeward bound in March 1874 after 32 months at sea—five weeks before they arrived at New Bedford—he penned the following lines:

Home again with Sallie

Home again! spared the perils of years,
Spared of rough seas and rougher hands,
And I look in your eyes once, once again,
Hear your voice and grasp your hands

Not changed the least, least bit in the world,
Not changed a day, as it seems to me!
The same dear face, the same old home—
All the same as it used to be.

March 22nd 1874   F.H.S.
This and his next two voyages were quite successful, and he did not leave his dear Sallie home again. The lucrative outing in the Petrel was followed by another in the bark Ohio (1875-78), this time with Sallie at his side; then, after a hiatus of three and a half years, they went together in the bark John P. West (1882-86)—"greasy luck" voyages in which Fred and Sallie maintained parallel journals, carved scrimshaw, and did fancy ropework. Though there is no specific record of it one way or the other, Fred must have continued the long-standing interest in poetry and music that characterized his earlier cruises.

Captain Smith retired from whaling at the hoary age of 46. Sadly, he lost Sallie ten years later, in 1896. Fred afterwards remarried, and in 1900 he came out of retirement to become master and 2/32nds owner of the famous old New Bedford bark Kathleen. On this, his last active whaling voyage, he returned in slightly over 15 months with a handsome catch. In accordance with the prevailing custom for senior whaling masters at the time, he retained his owner's share on the Kathleen's next voyage, which turned out to be her last—one of the most infamous disasters in the annals of the whale fishery. For, under the command of Thomas H. Jenkins, a monstrous fate befell her that had only two precedents, in the ships Essex of Nantucket in 1820 and Ann Alexander of New Bedford in 1851 (just after Moby-Dick was published). On Saint Patrick's Day, 17 March 1902, the Kathleen was stove by a whale and foundered at sea; she "went down in less than a half hour. Captain and Mrs. Jenkins and the crew took to the boats" (Hegarty 1959, 35). While no lives were lost and some insurance compensation was likely forthcoming for the loss of vessel and cargo, Smith's shares had gone the way of the Pequod.

The strange accident put an ironic end to a whaling career that, despite occasional setbacks, had been little less than brilliant. He seems to have spent his remaining years in quiet retirement, collecting a military pension for his Civil War service. He died in 1924.
Appendix 2: Additional Lyrics for the Tunes (supplied from sources other than the sailors' journals)

2. The White Cockade

From Alexander Whitelaw’s Book of Scottish Song (1875), 44: “These are the old Jacobite verses to the popular tune of ‘The White Cockade.’” His lyrics differ in minor details from those given by John Farmer (Scarlet and Blue: Songs for Soldiers and Sailors, 1896, #75, 146), who calls it “A favourite Jacobite song, supposed to have been written by a lady of Aberdeenshire.”

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e’er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts to ‘sad—
He’s ta’en the field with his white cockade.

Chorus: O, he’s a raving, roving blade!
O, he’s a brisk and bonnie lad!
Bide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi’ his white cockade.

O, lezie me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garter’d leg!
But aye the thing that glads my e’e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

I’ll sell my rock, I’ll sell my reel,
My rippling kane, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braidsword and a white cockade.

I’ll sell my rokley and my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawket cow,
That ev’ry loyal Buchan lad
May tak’ the field wi’ his white cockade.

6. Pop Goes the Weasel

A. Helga Sandburg (Sweet Music, 1953, 127) gives lyrics as I remember them from childhood. She indicates that the first stanza is canonical, others are commonly improvised.

All around the cobbler’s bench
The monkey chased the weasel;
The monkey thought ’twas all in fun;
Pop! goes the weasel.

Papa’s got the whooping cough;
Mama’s got the measles;
That’s the way the money goes;
Pop! goes the weasel.

All around the American flag,
All around the eagle,
The peddler kissed the preacher’s wife;
Pop! goes the weasel.

B. A variant in minstrel dialect—with the lyrics unascribed but the music arranged by Charley Twiggs. This manifestation was popularized on stage and published as sheet music in Fred Smith’s own tune (“Pop Goes de Weasel,” Berry & Gordon, New York, 1853; another edition, by Stephen T. Gordon, New York, 1859, reprinted in R. Jackson 1976, 176ff). Rather than recognizing the title and original text as alluding to tools of the hatter’s and/or shoemaker’s trade, it takes the animal references at first literally, then turns them to political and comical purpose. Ever since it first appeared the tune has been recruited for political jingles, satires, and parodies—including whaler George Edgar Mills’s lyrics entitled “Matrimony.”

1.
When de night walks in, as black as sheep,
And de hen and her eggs am fast asleep.
Den into her nest wid a serpent’s creep.
“Pop goes de Weasel!”
Oh, all de dance dat ebber was planned;
To galvanize de heel and de hand,
Dar’s none dat moves so gay and grand
As “Pop goes de Weasel!”

De lover, when he pants t’rough fear,
To pop de question to his dear,
He joins dis dance, den in her ear,
“Pop goes de Weasel!”

2.
John Bull tells, in de ole cow’s hum,
How Uncle Sam used Uncle Tom,
While he makes some white folks slaves at home,
By “Pop goes de Weasel!”
He talks about a friendly trip
To Cuba in a steam war-ship,
But Uncle Sam may make him skip
By “Pop goes de Weasel!”

He’s sending forth his iron hounds
To bark us off de fishin’-grounds—
He’d best beware of Freedom’s sounds
Oh “Pop goes de Weasel!”

3.
De Temperance folks from Souf to Main,
Against all liquor spout and strain,
But when dey feels an ugly pain
Den “Pop goes de Weasel!”
All New York in rush now whirls
What de World’s Fair its flag unfurls,
De best World’s Fair am when our girls
Dance “Pop goes de Weasel!”

Den form two lines as straight as a string,
Dance in and out, den three in a ring—
Dive under like de duck, and sing
“Pop goes de Weasel!”
10. Russian Waltz

"My Love Is Return'd. 'Air.—'Russian Waltz.'" From *The Universal Songster*, London, 1825-27, II.263. The lyrics are attributed to William Ball (author of "Dear Native Home").

My love is return’d from his exile afar,
From the strife of the wave, and the toil of the war;
And the village, once more, shall be happy and gay,
Where Pleasure came never while he was away.

The bells’ merry peal now, delighted I hear,
And the glad echose tell that my dearest is near;
Oh! to meet him I’ll haste to the oaks of the glen.
Where parting, we feared, to meet never again.

The aged appear at the shout of the young,
And the name that I love is on every tongue;
The air is all full of the joy of the scene,
The feast they prepare, and they dance on the green.

Sweet garlands they hang on his favourite tree,
Our maidens have twined them for him and for me:—
They bind me for aye to the youth I adore—
Oh! welcome, my own! we will never part more!

15. Oh! Susanna

A.

Stephen Foster’s original lyrics are widely available. As some of the stanzas are bedeviled with racial stereotypes, there is little reason to reproduce any more than one stanza and chorus here. In addition to the sheet music (New York C. Holt Jr., 1848; reprinted in R. Jackson 1974, 88ff) and numerous anthologies with the original words, there are also sanitized versions suitable for modern-day singers.

I come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I’m g’wan to Louisiana My true love for to see,
It rain’d all night the day I left, The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don’t you cry.

Chorus: Oh! Susanna,
Oh! don’t you cry for me,
I’ve come from Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee.

B.

A sailor-made parody of Gold Rush vintage, very shortly after original publication of the song transforming it into a Cape Horn chantey localized to Salem, Mass. Composite, based on the singing of Stan Hugill; and Shay 1948, 114.

I come from Salem City
With my wash-bowl on my knee;
I’m going to California,
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Oh, brothers, don’t you cry!

Chorus: California! That’s the land for me!
I’m bound for San Francisco
With my wash-bowl on my knee.

I jumped aboard the 'Lizy ship
And traveled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home
I wish’d it wasn’t me.
The vessel reared like any horse
That had of oats a wealth;
I found it wouldn’t throw me so
I thought I’d throw myself.

I thought of all the pleasant times
We’ve had together here,
I thought I ought to cry a bit
But couldn’t find a tear.
The pilot bread was in my mouth,
The gold dust in my eye,
And though I’m going far away,
Oh, brothers, don’t you cry!

I soon shall be in Frisco
And there I’ll look around,
And when I see the lumps of gold
I’ll pick them off the ground.
I’ll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I’ll drain the rivers dry,
And a pocket full of rocks bring home,
So, brothers, don’t you cry!

C.

Another fragmentary chantey adaptation, evidently used for holystoning the deck, localized to the California clipper *Sovereign of the Seas, circa the 1850s*. Joanna Colcord (p. 169) calls these "a few tag ends of the verses"—all she was able to locate.

Holystone the cabin and get down upon your knees;
None of your lime-juice touches in the *Sovereign of the Seas*.

Oh, Susanna, darling take your case,
For we have beat the clipper fleet—the *Sovereign of the Seas*.

16. Fanny Elssler Leaving New Orleans


Fanny, is you gwyn up de riber,
Grog time o’ day;
When all deese here got Elssler feber,
Oh, hoist away.

De Lord knows what we’ll do widout you,
Grog time o’ day;
De toe an’ heel won’t dance widout you,
Oh, hoist away.

Dey say you dances like a fedder,
Grog time o’ day;
Wid tree thousand dollars al togedder,
Oh, hoist away.
Appendix 3: Itinerary of Song Lyrics Transcribed by Frederick Howland Smith in His Journals

In addition to his list of tunes, Smith transcribed into his shipboard journal the words to 13 songs of widely varying types. While indications in the multi-volume journal are equivocal about which particular transcription was made on which particular voyage, it appears that most or all of them were made during his outing as boatsteerer in the Roscius (1858-61). Whatever the dates of the transcriptions may have been, the journal itself remained with him on all of his subsequent voyages, over a period of more than 40 years. The songs are listed here alphabetically by title [with alternate titles in brackets], followed by the first line [in parentheses and quotation marks], followed by historical and contextual notes, followed by references [the full citations can be consulted in the Bibliography].

All Around The Room [Ellen Taylor] (“All around the room I waltzed with Ellen Taylor...”). Extremely obscure English music-hall song interspersed with spoken passages. The type was in vogue in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, but this song is known in only one other manifestation, a partial transcription collected in rural Hampshire, lacking a tune (Alfred Williams, Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames, London: Duckworth & Co., 1923, p. 173). It is certainly a parody of “All Around My Hat” (“All Round My Hat”), an Anglo-Irish street song of the 1830s which was also issued in sheet music (“All Around My Hat. A New Comic Song... as Sung by Jack Reeve, with the most Unbounded Applause. Written by John Hansell Esqr., the Melody Arranged by John Valentine”; sheet music published by George Endicott, New York, circa 1837-39). The popular nineteenth-century collegiate song “Around Her Hair She Wore a Purple [or Yellow] Ribbon” is an American comic parody of “All Around My Hat.” Frank 1985 #87; Frank 1995, 13; Frank 1999 #112.

Annie Laurie (“Maxwellton’s braes are bonny...”). Scottish song of unrequited love; poetry by William Douglas of Fingland (17th Century), music added by Lady John Scott [née Alicia Anne Spottiswoode] (1810-1900) circa 1838; popularized by Jenny Lind, “the Swedish Nightingale,” on her American tour of 1850-51, and thereafter immensely widely distributed throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In the KWM collection, two additional transcriptions were found: Captain Joseph W. Tuck, whaling bark F. Bunchinia of Provincetown, 1857-58; and William H. Keith, seaman, in his journal of miscellaneous whaling and merchant voyages out of Boston and Wellfleet, Mass., 1865-71. Sears, Song Index: Havlice 1975; Havlice 1978; de Charms #3405; Richter #1017, #1477; Richter & Larrabee #1112, #1114; Beadles' N° I; Frank 1985, #85; Frank 1999 #235; Gleadall 80; Good Old Songs 1:81; Johnson 364; Miller's 7; Wier 1918, 28; etc.

The Blue Juniata [Bright Alfarata] (“Wild roved an Indian girl bright Alfarata...”). American parlor song, words and music by Marion Dix Sullivan, published 1844. Listed by Laws among “ballad-like pieces” (I:277). Sears, Song Index: de Charms #3673; Havlice 1975; Richter & Shapiro 74; Frank 1985 #62; Frank 1999 #247; Rosenberg #136; Beadle N° 6; McCaskey v3; Heart Songs 154; Good Old Songs 1:93; Johnson 279; Wier 1918, 35.

Do They Miss Me at Home? [We Miss Thee at Home] (“Do they miss me at home...”). American parlor song, words by Caroline Atherton [née Briggs] Mason (1823-1890), music by Sidney Martin Grannis (1827-after 1906), published 1852. At least one edition of the sheet music indicates that it was in the repertoire of the Amphions (Boston: Oliver Ditson, 1853). It was evidently quite popular at sea, at least aboard whalers. In the KWM collection, five whalers’ transcriptions were found: Captain Joseph W. Tuck, bark F. Bunchinia of Provincetown, 1858; Robert Nathaniel Hughes, bark Java of New Bedford, 1857-60; George Edgar Mills, third mate, bark Aurora of Westport, 1858; Frederick H. Smith, boatsteerer, bark Roscius of New Bedford, 1858-61; and George W. Piper, ship Europa of Edgartown, 1868-70. Sears, Song Index: de Charms #1350; Havlice 1975; Richter #83; Richter & Larrabee #110; Richter & Shapiro 142. Beadle's N° 1; Frank 1985 #79; Frank 1999 #277; Johnson 68; McCaskey; Good Old Songs 1:127; Randolph #858, IV:385; Wier 1918, 110.

Gentle Annie (“Thou wilt come no more gentle Annie...”). Words and music by Stephen Collins Foster, 1856. Sears, Song Index: de Charms #1114; Havlice 1975; Richter #103; Richter & Larrabee #1856; Frank 1985 #74; Frank 1999 #304; Rosenberg #441; Whittlesey & Sonneck 17; McCaskey v7; Good Old Songs II:127; Heart Songs 354; Jackson 33; Minstrel Songs 52; Randolph #701, IV:159; Wier 1918, 172.

Green Mossy Banks of the Lea [The American Stranger] (“When first I arrived in this country...”). Irish broadside ballad set in England, known in several versions and variants in the British Isles and North America. Smith’s transcription is evidently from oral tradition (note the unconventional opening line). In the KWM collection there is another transcription with the usual first line (“‘When first in this country I landed...'”), probably copied directly from
a printed source, in the journal of Robert Nathaniel Hughson, bark Java of New Bedford, 1857-60. Laws #0-15; Havlice 1975; Journal of the Folk-Song Society (distinguishes between "Green Mossy Banks of the Lea" and "American Stranger"); Creighton 1933 #77; Frank 1985 #125; Frank 1999 #99; Gardner #70; Mackenzie #47; O Lochlainn 1965 #98.

Kathleen Mavournen ("Kathleen Mavournen the bright day is breaking..."). Tremendously popular parlor song on an Irish theme; words by Mrs. Louisa Matilda Jane [née McCartney or Monlange] Crawford (1790-1858) (sometimes wrongly attributed to Anne Barrie Crawford, 1731-1801); music by Frederick William Nicholls Crouch (1808-1896), published in 1837 or 1839. In the KWM collection, another transcription was found in the journal of seaman William H. Keith on miscellaneous whaling and merchant voyages out of Boston and Welfleet, Mass., circa 1865-71. Sears, Song Index; de Charms #734; Havlice 1975; Havlice 1978; Dichter #1367; Beadle N° 2; McCaskey v2; Frank 1985 #145; Frank 1999 #345 Good Old Songs I:148; Heart Songs 376; Johnson 333; Page 46; Singer's Gem 106; Wier 1918, 242. See "Kathleen Mavournen" and 'Katty Avournen."' Fitz-Gerald, 132-145. An earlier song "Kathleen Ma Mounseen Cuhshah Ma Chee" is sung to the air "The Humours of the Glen" (Universal II:271).

The Sailor On the Ocean Wide ("The sailor on the ocean wide / Thinks little of his life..."). Likely an original composition by the diarist, at age about 20 as boatsteerer in the Roscias, 1861. Not found elsewhere; air unknown. Frank 1985 #21; Frank 1999 #225.

Lee's Invasion of Maryland ("The Rebel hordes by thousands came / To Maryland, My Maryland..."). Anonymous Civil War ballad, one of many based on the 1861 poem by James Ryder Randall (1839-1908), "Maryland, My Maryland," sung to the German air "O'Tannenbaum" ("Oh Christmas Tree"). Captain W.B. Whall observes, "Never was there a war so prolific of song. "Dixie," 'Maryland,' 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' and a score of others were sung, not in the States alone, but all over the world. The two chiefly used as shanties were, I think, 'Dixie' and 'Maryland.' The latter was sung both by Confederates and Federals, with, of course, different words to suit either side, for Maryland was 'on the fence,' and both sides wore her." Frederick Howland Smith's transcription (which he may have copied out of a newspaper or magazine) may be unique, as it is the only manifestation of this particular text anywhere located. Oddly, Robert E. Lee is mentioned by name in the title only. Frank 1985 #60; Frank 1999 #58. There was also a contemporaneous "Northern Reply" to the original "Maryland, My Maryland," which is drawn on lines similar to "Lee's Invasion of Maryland" and is attributed to Septimus Winner (1827-1902).

Maggie By My Side ("The land of my home is flitting flitting from my view..."). Words and music by Stephen Collins Foster, 1852. In the KWM collection, in addition to Smith's text, two other whalemen's transcriptions were found: in the collaborative journal of George M. Jones, Albert F. Handy, and George E. Sanborn, bark Waverly of New Bedford, 1859-62; and John S. Coquin's journal aboard the whaling bark Pacific of New Bedford (1867-68) and on subsequent merchant voyages out of Boston (1860's-70's). Sears, Song Index; Havlice 1975; Dichter #156; Rosenberg #866; Whittlesley & Sonnever 31. Beadle's N° 7; Frank 1985 #25; Frank 1999 #359; Heart Songs 135; Jackson 59, 176; Wier 1918, 307.

The Rakish Young Fellow ("As I walked out one May morning / My fortune for to seek"). Broadside-type ballad thematically related to "The Nightingale" ("One Morning in May") (Laws #P-14) but unrecorded elsewhere than in Smith's journal; air unknown. This transcription of Smith's may be the only surviving relic of a once-popular ballad, now otherwise extinct. Frank 1985 #127; Frank 1999 #107.

The Roscias Outward Bound [The Ohio Outward Bound] ("Brightly the morning sun..."). Whalemen's outward-bound song originally written aboard the New Bedford bark Ohio on a voyage undertaken in 1850. Smith acquired the song in 1858 aboard the bark Roscias, almost certainly from fellow-boatsteerer Matthew A. Chadwick, who had been in the Ohio in 1850 (at which time Fred Smith was a mere ten years old). Chadwick may be the original author. Smith himself produced a second version localized to the Ohio, which he likewise transcribed into his journal. Not found elsewhere; air unknown. Frank 1985 #172; Frank 1999 #28.

The Sailor's Grave ("A Bark was far far from land..."). Sentimental song with words by British poet Eliza Cook (1818-1889). There are two musical settings: an obscure one composed specifically for use in the U.S. Navy by Edward A. Hopkins (1845); and another by John C. Baker (1847), which became the popular standard and is always the one anthologized and (evidently) the one that seeped into oral tradition. Sears, Song Index; Havlice 1975; Dichter #1861. Colcord 161; Doerrflinger 161; Fowke 1981, 47 (errs in claiming that "starry flag" is original to the text, the lyrics are of English origin and only later were altered to reflect American patriotism); Frank 1985, #33; Frank 1999 #412; Hugill, Songs of the Sea, 55 (errs in claiming 1859 as the date of publication); Wier 1918. The text also published anonymously in The Sailor's Magazine, 23: 2 (Oct. 1850), p. 56.
References for the Tunes and Lyrics

1. Fisher’s Hornpipe: O’Neill #1575 and #1576; Dichter #1390; Carpenter 1889, 92; Collins 292; Frank 1985 #186; Frank 1999 #163; Krassen 168; 1000 Fiddle Tunes, 95; Linscott 76. Dance figures: Carpenter 92; Linscott 76; 1000 Fiddle Tunes, 95; Tolman & Page 120.

2. The White Cockade: O’Neill #1803; Collins 338; Frank 1985 #187; Frank 1999 #164; Linscott 117, 120; Tolman & Page 114. Ballad text “The White Cockade” (“My love was born in Aberdeen...”) to the same air: Farmer #27; Whitelaw 1875, 44. Not to be confused with another ballad of the same name (also known as “The Summer Morning” and “The Soldier’s Farewell”): Dichter #7203; Copper 282; Kidson 1893, 114.

3. Zip Coon: The song has been frequently anthologized and widely disseminated; definitive texts can be found in the original sheet music and in Minstrel Songs Old and New, 1882, 120f. As the lyrics indulge in offensive racial stereotypes and odious epithets that are no longer even marginally acceptable, the song has fallen into a richly-deserved disuse. As the lyrics have no place in a responsible modern repertory and have no historical bearing on the context of Fred Smith’s shipboard tunes (and as historians can find them widely reprinted elsewhere), the lyrics are omitted here. (Singers are referred to the inoffensive “Turkey in the Straw,” which is sung to the same tune.) Sears, Song Index: de Charms #7893; Dichter #1672, #1673; Dichter & Shapiro 53; Rosenberg #1604; Brown Coll. of North Carolina Folklore, 3 &5: #94; Damon #20; Frank 1985 #188; Frank 1999 #165; Jackson 261; Linscott 83, 101; Speth 1:18. “Texts vary widely and constantly” (Damon, n.p.). Sheet music: G. Willig, Jr., Baltimore, circa 1834; J.L. Hewitt & Co., New York, circa 1834; Firth & Hall, New York, circa 1834-37 (all three of these and evidently several others “as sung by Mr. G.W. Dixon”); also Thomas Birche, New York, 1834, “as sung by all the celebrated comic singers” (Harris Collection, Brown Univ.): compare citations in Damon, Jackson, and Speth. Dance figures in Tolman & Page: “French Four” (92); “Wild Goose Chase” (93); “Devil’s Dream” (112).

4. Rory O’More: O’Neill #856; Accordion Music 86; Collins 159; Frank 1985 #189; Frank 1999 #166; Krassen 34; 1000 Fiddle Tunes, 62; Tolman & Page 104. For the song by Samuel Lover, see: Sears, Song Index: de Charms #2195; Beadle’s Dime Songbook No 2; Johnson 415; Wier 1918, 436.

5. Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?: Sears, Song Index: de Charms #4708; Brown Coll. 3 &5: #122; Chappell II:732; Creighton 1971 #85; Frank 1985 #190; Frank 1999 #167; Heart Songs 140; McCaskey v1; Wier 1918, 365.


7. Soldier’s Joy: O’Neill #1642; Collins 305; Frank 1985 #192; Frank 1999 #169; Krassen 183; Linscott 109, 341 (2 versions); Roche II:12; 1000 Fiddle Tunes, 24. Dance figures in Linscott 110; Tolman & Page 148; 1000 Fiddle Tunes, 24.

8. Pop Goes the Weasel: Sears, Song Index: de Charms #4735; Dichter #1651; Dichter & Shapiro 149. Carpenter 1889, 97 (dance figure, 22); Frank 1985 #193; Frank 1999 #170; Huntington 1966 #21; Jackson 176; Linscott 107; Randolph #556, III: 368; Tolman & Page 94; 1000 Fiddle Tunes, 24.

9. Yankee Doodle: Sears, Song Index: de Charms #8150; Dichter & Shapiro, passim; Sonneck 1909, 79-156; Sonneck & Upton, 479f; Frank 1985 #194; Frank 1999 #171; mentioned in Melville’s “The Fiddler.” Nason (18-29) colorfully extols its virtues and follows its course through parodies and spinoffs; Fitz-Gerald (108-116) presents a detailed history; but Sonneck’s skeptical notes are classic. Lawrence (321f) discusses the provenance of the air and presents a wide variety of variants and applications, especially in the broadside literature.

10. Russian Waltz: Frank 1985 #195; Frank 1999 #172; Universal Songster, 1:263; see also Dichter #926. Despite the similarity of titles, the waltz named “La Russe” by Frederick Bold, with dance instructions by W.F. Mittmann (Carpenter 1889, 186), is an unlikely candidate for the missing piece.

11. The Poor Old Slave: Sears, Song Index: Dichter & Shapiro 149; Frank 1985 #196; 1999 #173; Wier 1918, 388.

12. Nelly Gray: Sears, Song Index: de Charms #1515; Dichter & Shapiro 142; Rosenberg #269; Frank 1985 #197; Frank 1999 #174; Good Old Songs II:50; Heart Songs 116; Wier 1918, 112; Tolman & Page 62, 71, 78. Not to be confused with the much older comic ballad by Thomas Hood, “Faithless Nelly Gray,” which is said to contain “more puns than any poem of similar length in the language” (G.B. Smith E:220).

13. Nelly Bly: Sears, Song Index: de Charms #122; Frank 1985 #198; Frank 1999 #175; Jackson 77; Taylor & Howard 71; Wier 1918, 328; Whittlesey & Sonneck.
This fragment is almost certainly intended to be sung to the air of the popular whaling ballad “Blow Ye Winds” (“‘Tis Advertized in Boston”), of which the words and music are descended from an earlier English sea song known as “Blow Ye Winds in the Morning.” The tune is essentially the same as an air used for “The Derby Ram” (e.g., Waites I.37), which according to Whal is based on a much older ballad, “The Baffled Knight” (Child #112), as published in Percy’s Reliques (1765). From its frequent occurrence in the whalers’ journals and published literature, the American whaling version appears to have been a whaler’s anthem and was sometimes actually used as a chantry (shipboard work-song) on merchant ships. Song Index: Colcord 191; Frank 1985 #160, A-B; Frank 1999 #139 (2 texts, 2 tunes); Harlow 1986, 130, 211 (2 variant tunes, 3 texts); Hugill 219-223 (3 texts, notes); Huntington 1966, 42; Palmer 1985, #118; Shay 1948, 126; Whal 1910, 21.

Transcribed in its entirety from the untitled original of Smith’s one-page autobiography, in Smith’s own hand.

The owners were, of course, responsible in part for determining or approving the advancement of any seaman’s career and his eventual promotion to the quarterdeck. In a foreign port, the American Counsel (or, in the absence of a consul, a designated surrogate) was the local authority for the adjudication of any dispute between captain and crew. This was effective only in varying degrees, and a sailor’s fate was often in the hands of an official far more sympathetic to the masters’ and owners’ interests than to seaman’s rights or enlightened labor practice.

Smith’s early journals are in the collection of the Kendall Whaling Museum [Illustrated with some of his scrimshaw, page 32]. Fred and Sallie Smith’s parallel journals of the barks Ohio and John P. West, and Sallie’s scrapbook (begun circa 1877), are preserved in the G.W. Blunt White Library at Mystic Seaport Museum.

In addition to “Nelly Bly,” “Oh! Susanna,” and “Old Folks at Home,” which are on Smith’s tune list, one or more transcriptions of each of the following Foster compositions were encountered in whalers’ journals in the KWM collection: “Dolley Jones” (1849); “Ellen Bayne” (1854); “Farewell, My Lilly Dear” (1851); “Gentle Annie” (1856); “Hard Times Come Again No More” (1854); “Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair” (1854); “Maggie By My Side” (1861); “My Old Kentucky Home” (1833); “Nelly Bly” (1849); “Oh! Lemuel” (1850); “Oh! Willie We Have Missed You” (1854); “Old Dog Tray” (1853); “Ring, Ring the Banjo” (1851); and “Under the Willow She’s Sleeping” (1860).

Hugill 8; Abrahams 16. Grog was a concoction of rum, water, sugar, and lime juice, served as a daily ration in the Royal Navy and, generally, in the British merchant service (the practice was not so formally instituted in the American services, and there were many teetotaling Yankee ships). The introduction of the lime juice (at the time not yet definitely known as an effective antiscorbutic) is credited to Admiral Edward Vernon (1684-1757), under whom George Washington’s elder brother served as an officer. The term is ostensibly derived from the Admiral’s nickname, Old Grog, from the grogram cloak that was his trademark attire in foul weather.

Given often stultified English reserve, “Fine Time o’ Day” may be a euphemism for “Grog Time o’ Day.”

Quoted by Hugill, 7.
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Acknowledgements

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Author’s Vita

Stuart M. Frank has been Director and Chief Curator of the Kendall Whaling Museum since 1981 and has been teaching, performing, and lecturing about sea music and occupational songs since 1972. With his wife Mary Malloy he has presented sea music and cowboy songs across the USA and in Canada, Europe, Australia, and Japan, and has recorded Sailors' Songs and Ballads (published by Whalers Village, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii) and Pirate Songs (Grey Horse Productions, Lubbock, Texas). He is the author of numerous articles and monographs on nautical art, music, history, and culture, as well as the books Herman Melville's Picture Gallery, Dictionary of Scrimshaw Artists, More Scrimshaw Artists, and The Book of Pirate Songs, and is currently completing The Wealth of Seven Shores: Japanese Woodblock Prints of Whales and Whaling and Ballads and Songs of the American Sailor, the latter expanded from his Ph.D. thesis at Brown University, Ballads and Songs of the Whale-Hunters, 1825-1875.