

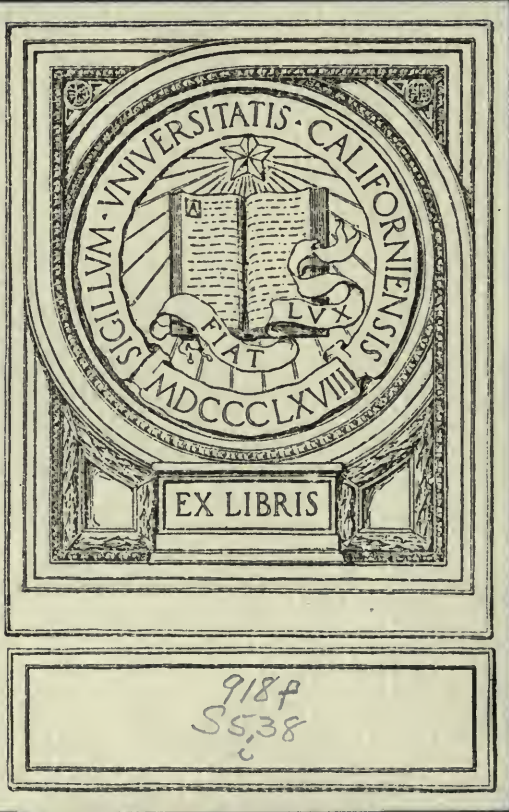
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Gaylord Bros.
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Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

IRON~MEN~AND WOODEN~SHIPS

Sailor Chanties ~ collected by F. S.



SALVO~TWO *Published by*
FRANK~SHAY *4. Christopher St.*
New York City.

TO THREE KINDRED SOULS:
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
LEWIS JACKSON
JOHN GOODWIN KIDD

who, though not of the sea, are of the stuff of deep-water sailors.

IRON MEN AND WOODEN SHIPS are echoes of a bygone day. *The Flying Cloud*, greatest of all clipper-ships, with real men on her decks and real songs in their throats, has made way for the steam-driven ocean greyhound, with half the muck of the world on its decks and the other half shoveling coal into its belly.
—IRON SHIPS AND WOODEN MEN.

A note of explanation may be necessary. The first line of the chanty is sung by a song-leader, or chanty-man; the second line is sung by the crew. In this copy all words and lines in italics may be understood as that part of the chanty sung by the crew.

The present collection is by no means complete. It is merely a few songs which the editor of SALVO felt worth offering its readers. A second collection will be offered later under the title, "Strong Backs and Weak Heads."

—F. S.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

'Twas on a Black Baller I first served my time,
Yo ho, blow the man down!
And on that Black Baller I wasted my prime,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

'Tis when that Black Baller's preparing for sea,
Yo ho, blow the man down!
You'd split your sides laughin' the sights for to see,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

At the tinkers and tailors and sojers and all,
Yo ho, blow the man down!
Who ship as prime seamen aboard a Black Ball.
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

'Tis when the Black Baller is clear of the land,
Yo ho, blow the man down!
The bosun then bawls out the word of command,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

"Lay aft," is the cry, "to the break of the poop,"
Yo ho, blow the man down!
Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

To larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl,
Yo ho, blow the man down!
For "Kicking" Jack Williams commands that Black Ball
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

HAUL AWAY, JOE

*Way, haul away;
Oh, haul away, my Rosey.
Way, haul away;
O, haul away, Joe!*

O, once I had an Irish gal, and she was fat and lazy,
Way, haul away, haul away, Joe!
But now I've got a nigger one she drives me nearly crazy.
Way, haul away, haul away, Joe!

O, once I loved a French girl, she nearly drove me crazy,
Way, haul away, haul away, Joe!
Then I loved a Yankee girl and she was just a daisy.
Way, haul away, haul away, Joe!

*Wāy, haul away;
O, haul away, my Rosey.
Way, haul away;
O, haul away, Joe.*

PADDY DOYLE

To *my*,
Ay,
And we'll *furl*,
Ay,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

We'll *sing*,
Ay,
And we'll *heave*,
Ay,
And all drink brandy and gin.

We'll *heave*,
Ay,
With a *swing*,
Ay,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

PADDY DOYLE—(Second Version)

To my way, hey, hey-yah.
We'll all drink brandy and *gin*.
To my way, hey, hey-yah.
We'll all shave under the *chin*.
To my way, hey, hey-yah.
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his *boots*.

WHISKEY JOHNNY

O whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey! Johnny!
O whiskey is the life of man,
O, whiskey for my Johnny.

I drink it out of an old tin can,
Whiskey! Johnny!
Whiskey from an old tin can,
O, whiskey for my Johnny.

I drink whiskey when I can,
Whiskey! Johnny!
I drink whiskey when I can,
O, whiskey for my Johnny.

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey! Johnny!
Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

Whiskey makes me pawn my clothes,
Whiskey! Johnny!
Whiskey makes me pawn my clothes,
Whiskey for my Johnny.

SALLY BROWN

Oh, Sally Brown was a bright mulatto,
Way, oh, roll and go.

Oh, she drinks rum and chews tobacco,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown's a Creole lady,
Way, oh, roll and go.

Oh, Sally Brown's a Creole lady,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown, I long to see you,
Way, oh, roll and go.

Oh, Sally Brown, I long to see you,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown, I'll ne'er deceive you,
Way, oh, roll and go.

Oh, Sally Brown, I'll ne'er deceive you,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

RIO GRANDE

O, say, was you ever in Rio Grande?
O, you Rio!
It's there that the river runs down golden sand,
For we're bound to the Rio Grande,
It's away Rio,
O, away Rio,
For we're outward bound for the Rio Grande.

Now, you Bowery ladies, we'd have you know,
O, you Rio!
We're bound to the Southward, O Lord, let us go!
For we're bound to the Rio Grande.
It's away Rio,
O, away Rio,
For we're outward bound for the Rio Grande.

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
O, you Rio!
The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.
It's away Rio,
O, away Rio,
For we're outward bound for the Rio Grande.

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum,
O, you Rio!
And get back again 'fore Thansgivin' has come.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.
It's away Rio,
O, away Rio,
For we're outward bound for the Rio Grande.

And good-bye, fare-you-well, all you ladies of town,
O, you Rio!
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.
It's away Rio,
O, away Rio,
For we're outward bound for the Rio Grande.

REUBEN RANZO

Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

Oh, Reuben was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Oh, Reuben was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

He shipped on board a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
He shipped aboard a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

He could not do his duty,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
He could not do his duty,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

The captain was a bad man,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
The captain was a bad man,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

He put him in the rigging,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
He put him in the rigging,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

He gave him six and thirty,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
He gave him six and thirty,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

HANGING JOHNNY

They call me Hanging Johnny,
Away-e-oh;
They call me Hanging Johnny,
So hang, boys, hang.

First I hung my mother,
Away-e-oh;
And then I hung my brother,
So hang, boys, hang.

A rope, a beam, and a ladder,
Away-e-oh;
A rope, a beam, and a ladder,
So hang, boys, hang.

O, hang and haul together,
Away-e-oh;
O, hang for better weather,
So hang, boys, hang.

BLOW, BULLIES, BLOW

A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, boys, blow.

A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

A Yankee ship with a Yankee skipper,
Blow, boys, blow.

A Yankee ship with a Yankee skipper,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

A Yankee crew and a Yankee clipper,
Blow, boys, blow.

A Yankee crew and a Yankee clipper,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Oh, how d'ye know she's a Yankee clipper?
Blow, boys, blow.

Oh, how d'ye know she's a Yankee clipper?
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Because the blood runs from her scuppers,
Blow, boys, blow.

Because the blood runs from her scuppers,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

What d'ye think they have for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow.

What d'ye think they have for dinner?
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Monkey tails and bullock's liver,
Blow, boys, blow.

Monkey tails and bullock's liver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

WILLIAM McFEE'S SEA LIBRARY

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"A good many of these," writes Mr. McFee, "need no comment. Attention is not drawn to the individual items, but to the balance of the whole. That is the test of the list. But there is good balance, a balance of power, and a balance of mere weight or prestige. It is power we are after here.

"Only deep-water sailors would be able to take this suggested library to sea with them, because a sailor only reads at sea. When a landward breeze brings the odor of alien lands through the open scuttle one closes the book, and if one is a normal and rational kind of a chap and the quarantine regulations permit, goes ashore."

OTHER SEA BOOKS WORTH READING

THE CLIPPER SHIP ERA by Arthur H. Clark.
SHIPS AND WAYS OF OTHER DAYS by E. Keble' Chatterton
SEA SONGS AND SHANTIES by W. B. Whall

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