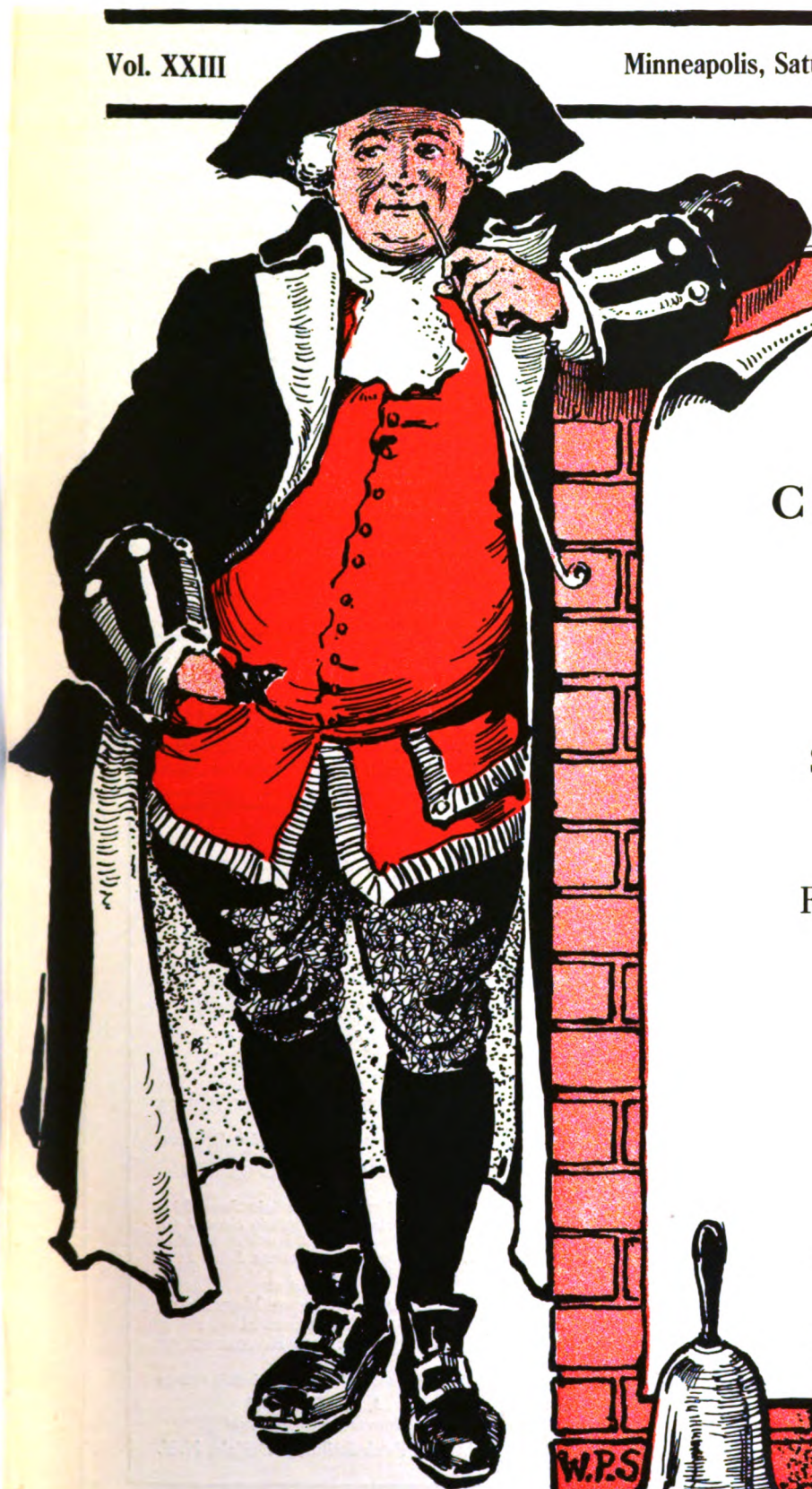


THE BELLMAN

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ANNE UELAND TAYLOR

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CAPTAIN JOHN ROBINSON

From a Yachtsman's Log-Book

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

Immortalis

DAVID MORTON

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SONGS OF THE CHANTY-MAN: IV

CAPTAIN JOHN ROBINSON

Somewhere in the seventies, I think it was, Miss Lydia Thompson and her "Company of British Blondes" crossed the Atlantic to play "The Black Crook" at Niblo's, New York, in the ship Denmark, of the National Steamship Company.

When sail was set, with a good rousing chanty coming from the throats of the men, it gave the company a most delightful surprise. Its members cottoned to the idea from the first, and, without invitation, a number of them tailed onto the fore- and main-topsail halyards. They soon caught the tune of the chanties, and understood the moment when it was time to pull.

Never was "Blow the Man Down," "Whisky for My Johnny" or "Boney Was a Warrior" sung half so well. The sweet soprano and contralto voices of the girls, trained as they were in singing, blended well with the sailors' rough but not unmusical tones, and the effect was most pleasing and greatly enjoyed by all the passengers.

The heavy square sails were often taken in and furled,

loosened and set again; therefore there was ample opportunity for exercise of the muscles and the voice, seldom neglected by Miss Thompson's gay party. They had great fun and much laughter over it, and no one enjoyed the unique performance more than the old shellbacks, the chanty-man and his chorus.

Some of the more venturesome of the girls wanted to go aloft and help throw up the heavy bunt of the foresail, to the tune of "Paddy Doyle" or "Johnny Boker," but the chief officer, a very pleasant and good-tempered man, restrained them, saying: "Not aloft, yet, ladies, until your wings are grown." I think he used to have the topsails lowered a foot or two in order to give the girls a chance to sing a short bowing-up chanty.

The print of the True Briton shown herewith shows a typical English full-rigged ship of forty or fifty years ago. On such vessels as these the chanty was an established institution.

Swansea, where I was born, was a great copper-

To the Spanish Main--Slav Ho!

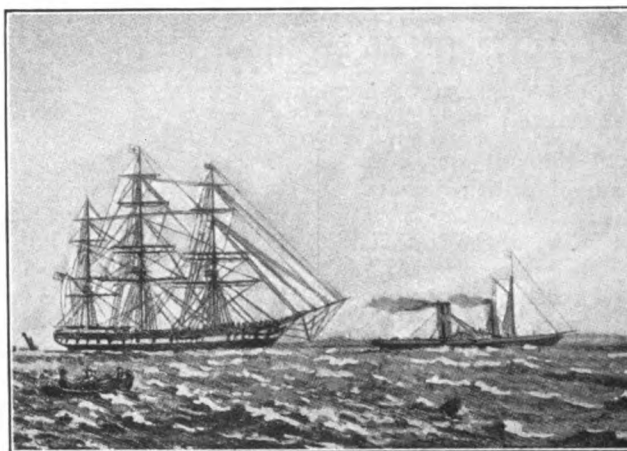
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a 'Solo' section for the voice and a 'Chorus' section marked with a forte (ff) dynamic. The second system continues the 'Chorus' and includes a 'Solo' section marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The third system is entirely a 'Chorus' section marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) below the vocal line. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

Solo.
To the Span - - ish Main we are bound a - way - Slav Ho!.....

ff Chorus.
To the Span - - ish Main we are

mf
bound a - way, Slav Ho!..... We're sail - ing a - way in the ear - ly day, where the swift bo - ni - tos and

f Chorus.
dol - - phins play, Slav Ho! Sla - vi - ta, vrai - men - ti - go slee - ga, Slav Ho!.....



The True Briton

'Tis Time for Us to Leave Her!

Well marked. Solo. *Chorus.* *Solo.* *Chorus.*

Two pound ten is a sailor's pay, leave her, John-ny, leave her, To pump at night, and work all day, 'Tis time for us to leave her!

Paddy Doyle.

Slow and sustained. *f* *Accel. and mark.*

To my way..... Hey - yah, we'll pay Pad - dy Doyle for his boots!

Boney was a Warrior.

Solo. *f* *Chorus.* *ff* *Solo.* *f* *Chorus.* *ff*

Bon - ey was a war - ri - or Way - aye yah. A brave and fear-less war - ri - or. Jean Fran - cois

smelting center, and the Swansea Cape Horn barks were known the world over. They were built of teak and oak, because the nature of their cargo required great strength of construction, and the stormy weather they were forced to encounter off "Cape Stiff," as the Horn was sometimes called, also rendered it necessary. The Swansea Cape Horn barks are all gone; gone also are the

chanty-men that used to make their strong decks melodious.

After its first verse, "The Ox-Eyed Man" goes like this:

"The girl on the shore, whose name is Sall,
Is waiting there, for the ox-eyed man.

We're Homeward Bound.

Solo. *Chorus.* *Solo.*

f Oh Home - ward Bound is a joy - - ful cry. *ff* Good - by, fare you well, Good - by, fare you well. We

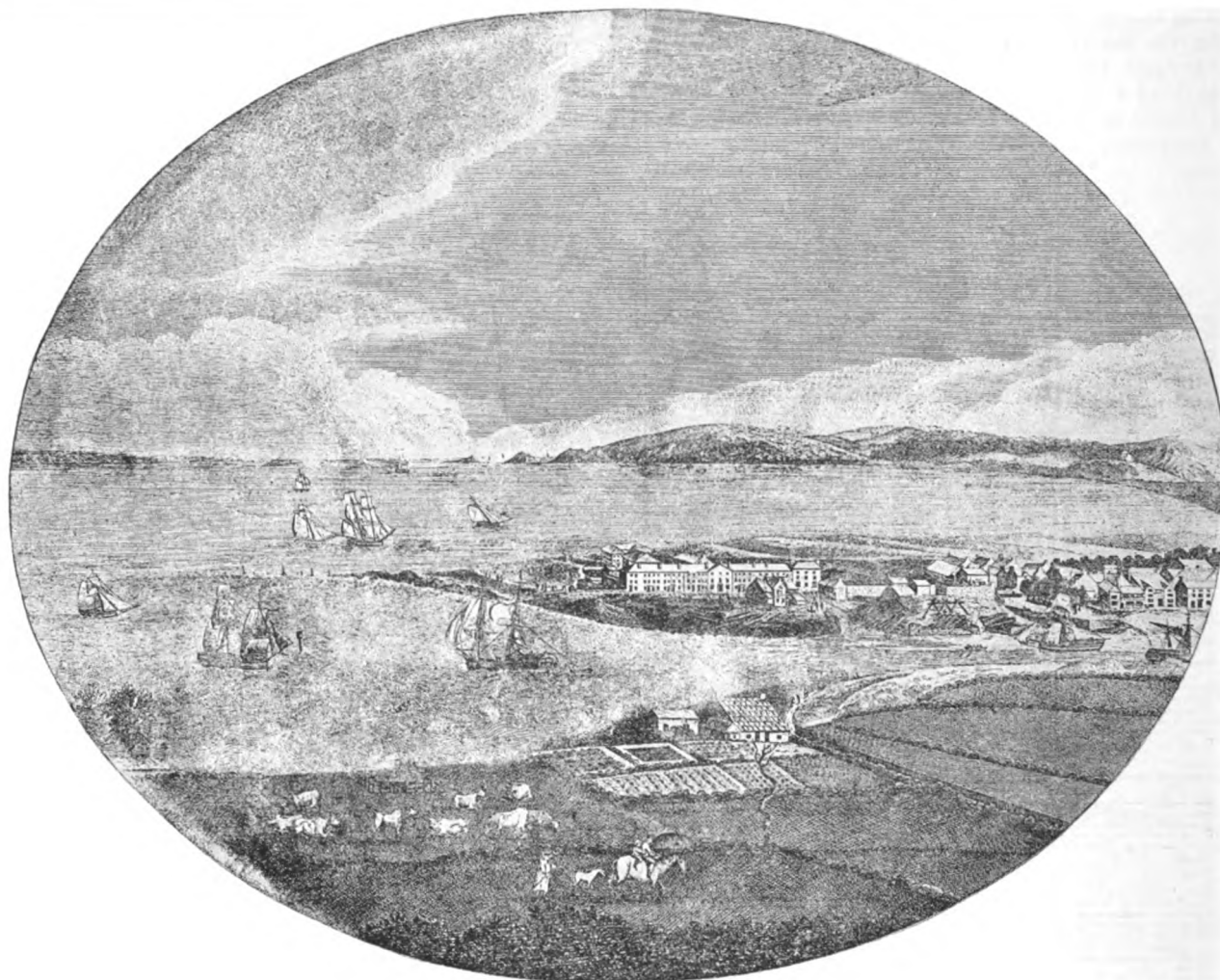
Chorus. *ff* wish you all well, in this hear - ty good - by, Hur - rah my boys, we're Home - ward Bound.

We're Homeward Bound.

Chorus.

The ma - dam in her best silk gown, Says "Get up Jack, let John sit down," For

he is home - ward bound..... Hur - - rah! we're home - ward bound!



Swansea in 1792

The Ox-eyed Man.

Chorus.

The ox-eyed man is the man for me, for he is blind, and he can not see, with his ox-eye. I

knew an old nig-ger with an ox-eye! Row the boat a-shore, with the ox-eye, All she wants is the ox-eyed man!

"Sall is in the garden, picking peas,
Her long brown ringlets hang to her knees.

"Sall is on the beach, a-sifting sand,
And is thinking much of the ox-eyed man.

"Go home, Sall, he will come no more,
For he got drowned, as he rowed ashore."

A favorite chanty in all British ships was "Boney
Was a Warrior":

"He went to fight the Russians,
The Portuguese and Prussians.

"Moscow was a-blazing,
And Boney was a-raging."

Farewell and Adieu.

Solo.

Fare-well and a - dieu, to all you Span-ish la - dies, Fare-well and a - dieu to you la - dies of Spain, For

Chorus.

we're re-ceived or-ders to sail for old Eng-land, But we hope in a short time to see you a - gain. We're

Chorus.

Ramp and we'll rove, like true Brit-ish sea-men, We'll ramp and we'll rove, up - on the salt seas, Un-

til we ar - rive in the chan-nel of old Eng-land, From U - shant to Scil - ly, is thir - ty - five leagues.

"'Tis Time for Us to Leave Her" is a chanty that tells its own story. Often have I heard it as a Quebec drogher rolled into the roadstead, almost waterlogged.

"Two pounds ten is a sailor's pay,
To pump at night and work all day.

"The Bosun shouts, the pumps stand by,
But we can never suck her dry."

The homeward-bound chanties deal generally with the treatment of the returned sailor in the sailors' boarding-houses ashore, where the harpies were always waiting to bleed poor Jack.

"Farewell and Adieu" is a forecandle song, and it was there that I picked it up. The following verses are additional to those given with the notes:

"We hove our ship to, in a gale from the Sou'west,
We hove our ship to, to get sounding clear,
We had forty-five fathoms, on a white sandy bottom,
Oh square in your main yard, up channel we steer.

"The first land we made was called the Deadman;
Start Point, off Plymouth, brought Selsey and the Wight;
We sailed past Beachy, past Fairley and Dungeness,
And then we arrived off the South Foreland Lights.

"The signal was given for our good ship to anchor,
All in the Downs to anchor the fleet.
Stand by your ring-stoppers, slack away your shank
painters,

Man your clue garnets, let fly tacks and sheets.

"Let every man here fill up a full bumper,
Let every man here drink up a full bowl.
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's a good health to each true-hearted soul."

Thus, with "Farewell and Adieu," I arrive, appropriately, at the end of my yarn about chanties.

Some years ago an interesting article on this subject by Mr. William Brown Meloney appeared in an American magazine. Although I do not quite agree with all Mr. Meloney's versions of the chanties he mentioned, it is probably due to the fact that we heard them at different times and under different conditions.

From this article the following paragraphs are quoted: speaking of the chanty-man:

"Often his poetic feet stumbled and his rhymes flattened out like flounders' tails, but he sang bravely and not without purpose. As a long passage wore on he would become a very personal interpreter of the crew's opinions of ship, owners, master, mates, cook, and grub—the lyrical barrister of the forecandle's wrongs.

"Never was the deep-water sailor more interesting than when, with his heart full of wrongs done him ashore by the boarding-house masters, crimps, runners, and shoddy dealers, he cast his chanties in a narrative mood. Woe unfits most folk for work or, at least, makes it all the harder. But the chanty-man made a lay of his personal disasters, and with it lightened his labor.

"With all the old-time sailor's irreverence for most things, one never heard him make boast against or challenge the sea and the elements. His chanties were all of himself—his ships, his masters, his mates, the persons and things ashore which went to make up his hard life; never of the deep or the winds.

"And now I hear a thrilling call: 'All hands on deck! Man the capstan!' What does it mean? Look round you. What could bring such a light into men's eyes, such eagerness into every movement of their bodies? Can't you understand? Why, we're going home! Home!

"But hark! Hear the tramp of feet on the fo'c's'le head, and—and— There he stands—the chanty-man:

"We're homeward bound, oh, joyful sound!

Good-by, fare ye well!

Good-by, fare ye well!

Come, rally the capstan and run quick around,

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

"Our anchor we'll weigh and our sails we will set,
The friends we are leaving, we leave with regret.

"Oh, heave with a will and heave long and strong,
Oh, sing a good chorus for 'tis a good song.

"We're homeward bound, you've heard them say,
Then hook on the catfall and run her away.

"We're homeward bound, may the winds blow fair,

Good-by, fare ye well!

Good-by, fare ye well!

Wafting us true to the friends waiting there,

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!"

FROM A YACHTSMAN'S LOG-BOOK

III: THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Preparations for the cruise had absorbed us for a week. There were but two of us, and the rotund catboat destined—as we trusted—to be our temporary home was under thirty feet long; nevertheless we undertook her provisioning and equipping as seriously as if she had been a square-rigger bound for the Azores. The trip had been contemplated as the outstanding feature of our holiday, so in busy anticipation we joyously made ourselves odious.

On the morning appointed we were out of bed almost as early as we had prophesied; and shortly after sunrise the Lottie—jocosely thus named, by reason of her un-wieldy figure, after a once notorious zoo hippopotamus—started down the bay. Every sign indicated ideal conditions: a brisk north wind, which would be duly followed by a short calm, and then a steadily increasing breeze from the southwest, lasting till sunset.

We were well at sea before the early wind failed. This we had bargained for, so registered no complaint when, round nine o'clock, the Lottie surrendered to the ground swell, and became as a rocking-chair possessed of

a demon, while the sail protested its uselessness in silly flappings. So sure were we of the future that we did not even whistle for a wind—the sea converts every superstition into gospel. Instead, we went in swimming.

By ten this amusement had decidedly palled. A firm faith in the southwest wind restrained us from venturing far afield; for breezes spring up without notice, and even a corpulent catboat, lacking a guiding hand at the tiller, can escape with surprising agility from a crew swimming in pursuit. We demonstrated to one another newly invented methods of diving, but each found his spectator glumly unappreciative. We invited sleep, but there was no shade. The cabin reeked of the multifarious provisions stored in it; the cockpit was as hot as St. Lawrence's griddle.

Gradually we came to loathe each other's society. My comrade's bathing suit—scrupulously worn because, on a certain painful occasion, he had, for an entire day, neglected this precaution, and thus earned the sobriquet of "Broiled Live"—was of a purplish, nauseating hue; and he afterwards confessed that the proximity of my