



Alison Lee Freeman is a 21st century chantey singer with an extraordinary voice easily heard over gale force winds. She grew up in Bath, the City of Ships, where sea chanteys are a part of the musical curriculum. Shipbuilding is the past and present at the mouth of Maine's Mighty Kennebec River. In 1607 Maine's first ship, the Virginia, was built by the Popham Colony before the settlers gave up and returned to England in 1608. Today the Bath Iron Works builds destroyers for the US Navy and the Maine Maritime Museum offers visitors a journey back in time. History is alive in these songs, please sing along!

In his 1932 book, *Capstan Bars*, David W. Bone says, "Brought on shore together with our discarded spars and canvas, we had thought our working songs would disappear with much of the seamanship they inspired. Strangely, they have been rescued from the junk heap by an uncanny trick of the very power that condemned them. As part of radio programmes broadcast they have become popular. In the process of adapting them to the requirements of professional singers they are in danger of becoming polished and shiny." He goes on to say that he believes that "their purpose may be forgotten". These arrangements may be "polished and shiny", but the purpose of these songs has not been forgotten.

1. Blow Boys Blow
2. Can't Ye Dance the Polka
3. Eight Bells
4. The Maid of Amsterdam
5. Blow Ye Winds
6. Haul Away Joe
7. Hanging Johnny
8. Donkey Riding
9. Song of the Fishes
10. General Taylor
11. John Cherokee
12. Shenandoah
13. Alison's Saab Story

Produced by A L Freeman and Chris Lannon

Recorded at Db Studios, Wiscasset, ME

Engineered and mixed by Chris Lannon

Additional Engineering by Arthur Webster

Except tracks 4, 7, 10, & 11 Engineered by Bill Barrett and Arthur Webster

Track 13 engineered and mixed by Ducky Carlisle, Room 9 from Outer Space

Mastered by Chris Lannon

Alison Lee Freeman - vocals, 12 string guitar, concertina, and percussion

Rick Freeman – vocals

Chris Lannon – Guitar, mandolin, recorders, & percussion

Arthur Webster – string bass & harmonica

Additional vocals – C. Lannon & A. Webster (tracks 2 & 5), Bill Barrett (track 11), and Ducky Carlisle, Austin Nevins, & Mike Welch (track 13)

All songs TRAD

Except Alison's Saab Story - Back River Music Works, BMI

Words by A L Freeman. Music based on the TRAD sea chantey "Randy Dandy-O"

For additional information, credits, and song lyrics please visit www.chantey.net

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Blow, Boys, Blow

Say was you ever on the Kennebec River. *Blow, boys, blow;*
The best built ships we do deliver. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

A Yankee ship came down the river. *Blow, boys, blow;*
Her masts and yards, they shine like silver. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

Oh, how do you know she's a Yankee liner? *Blow, boys, blow;*
By the stars and stripes streaming out behind her. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

How do you know she's a Yankee packet? *Blow, boys, blow;*
When she fires her guns, you can hear the racket. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

Oh, how do you know she's a Yankee clipper? *Blow, boys, blow;*
By the blood and guts that run from her scuppers. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

Oh, what do you think they eats for dinner? *Blow, boys, blow;*
Pickled eels' feet and sandfly's liver. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

And what do you think they get for supper? *Blow, boys, blow;*
Oh, a punch in the mouth and a roll in the skuppers. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

What do you think that they had for cargo? *Blow, boys, blow;*
Why black sheep that have run the embargo. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

Blow today and blow tomorrow. *Blow, boys, blow;*
Blow away all care and sorrow. *Blow, me bully boys, blow.*

Can't Ye Dance the Polka?

Source: Stan Hugill

As I walked down the Broadway
One evening in July
I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I

*Then away you santee
My dear Annie
Oh, you New York Girls
Can't you dance the polka?*

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage door
She this to me did say

My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

He's homeward bound this evening
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get cracking on your way

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn
Don't ever fool around with gals
You're safer off Cape Horn

Eight Bells

English Forbitter. Source: Stan Hugill

Not associated with Artic Whalers, but with the sperm whale fisherman of the south seas. In the Artic the lookout's position was in a barrel at the masthead.
In the South Pacific the lookout stood on the top-gallant crossrees inside two hoops that were secured to the royal mast.

Oh, me husband's a saucy foretop man
Oh, a chum of the cook, don't ye know
He put his head down the cook's funnel
An' he shouted "Come up from below"

Eight bells, eight bells. Rouse out there the watch from below
Eight bells, eight bells. Rouse out there the watch from below

My husband once shipped in a whaler
An' he sailed to the far northern seas
An' bein' a bold-hearted sailor
He cared not for ice, sea, nor breeze

When up in the hoops he wuz dandy
At sightin' a whale when she blows
When out in the whaleboat wuz handy
A smarter young tar never rowed

At the end of his watch, oh his fancy
Wuz to git to his bunk quickly-O
For he wanted to dream o'his Nancy
So he shouted "Come up from below"

An' now he's no longer a sailor
He often wakes up in the night
Thinkin' he's still on that whaler
Shouts out with the greatest delight

The Maid of Amsterdam

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark well what I do say
In Amsterdam there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

I met this fair maid after dark
Mark well what I do say
I met this fair maid after dark
She took me to her favorite park
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

I put my hand upon her knee
Mark well what I do say
I put my hand upon her knee
Said she "young man, you're rather free"
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

I put my hand upon her thigh
Mark well what I do say
I put my hand upon her thigh
Said she "young man, you're rather high"
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

I put my hand around her waist
Mark well what I do say
I put my hand around her waist
Said she "young man, you're in great haste"
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

We sat down on a grassy patch
Mark well what I do say
We sat down on a grassy patch
And I held such a ruddy lass
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

And when I got back home from sea
Mark well what I do say
And when I got back home from sea
A whaler had her on his knee
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid
A roving, a roving since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid

Blow, Ye Winds

Traditional - Lyrics from *Songs of American Sailormen*, by Joanna Colcord

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans, a-whaling for to go, singing

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

They send you to New Bedord, that famous whaling port,
And give you to some land-sharks to board and it you out.

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

They tell you of the clipper-ships-a-running in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred whales before you're six months out.

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

It's now we're out to sea, my boys, the wind comes on to blow;
Half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

The cooper's at the vise-bench, a-making iron poles,
And the mate's upon the main hatch a-cursing all our souls.

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

The Skipper's on the quarter-deck a-squinting at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout sights a mighty school of whales.

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

Lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his fluke, he'll knock you to the devil!"

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

Now that he is ours, me boys, we'll tow him alongside;
Then over with our blubber-hooks to rob him of his hide.

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds, high-o!

Now our ship is full, me boys and homeward bound's our plan,
We'll bend on all our stu'nsails and sail for Yankee land.

Haul Away Joe

My true love wed another girl, and oh how it did grieve me
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
I may not be the prettiest girl, but I never thought he'd leave me
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
Haul away, away, we'll haul for better weather
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
I cut off my hair and changed my name, so I could be a sailor
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
I traveled to New Bedford town and signed aboard a whaler
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
Haul away, away, we'll haul for better weather
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
The cook is in the galley making duff so handy
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
Now I'm in the captain's cabin, drinking wine and brandy
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe
Haul away, away, we'll haul for better weather
Haul away, away, we'll haul away, Joe

Hanging Johnny

Well they calls me Hangin' Johnny. *Away boys away*
They say I hang for money. *And it's hang boys hang*
They say I'd hang me mother. *Away boys away*
Me sister and me brother. *And it's hang boys hang*
They say I'd hang me granny. *Away boys away*
That I'd hang the Holy Family. *And it's hang boys hang*
A rope, a beam, a ladder. *Away boys away*
I'd hang them all together. *And it's hang boys hang*
They calls me hanging Johnny. *Away boys away*
But I never hung nobody. *And it's hang boys hang*
I'd hang all wrong and folly. *Away boys away*
And hang to make things jolly. *And it's hang boys hang*
I'd hang despair and sorrow. *Away boys away*
And hang for peace tomorrow. *And it's hang boys hang*
I'd hang stars for me lover. *Away boys away*
Hang planets to discover. *And it's hang boys hang*
Come hang and sway together. *Away boys away*
And hang for better weather. *And it's hang boys hang*
They calls me hanging Johnny. *Away boys away*
But I never hung nobody. *And it's hang boys hang*

Donkey Riding

"Donkey" refers to a donkey engine, used for loading and unloading cargo

*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever in Quebec launchin' timber on the deck?
Where ya break yer bleedin' neck. *Ridin' on a donkey!*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever 'round Cape Horn where the weather's never warm?
Wished to God you'd never been born. *Ridin' on a donkey.*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Were you ever off Cape Horn where it's always fine and warm?
Where's there's a lion and a unicorn. *Riding on a donkey*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever in Fortune Bay where the folks all shout, "Hooray!"?
"Here comes dad with ten weeks pay. *Riding on a donkey.*"
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever in Miramichi where you tie up to a tree?
And the skeeters do bite wee. *Riding on a donkey*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever down Mobile Bay screwing cotton all the day?
A dollar a day is a man's pay. *Riding on a donkey.*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever in London-town where the Queen is often found?
See the Queen with her golden crown. *Riding on a donkey*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Was you ever in gay Paris where the donkey rides aren't free?
In Marmottan park its kids you'll see. *Riding on a donkey*
*Way hey and away we go. Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go. Riding on a donkey.*

Song of the Fishes

Come all you bold fishermen, listen to me,
While I sing to you a song of the sea.
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

The first was a flat fish they call him a skate
"If you are the captain why I'll be the mate"
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

And next comes the Hake, who was black as a rook
He said "I'm no sailor, but I'll ship as the cook"
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Then comes the catfish, with his chuckle had,
Out in the main chains for a heave of the lead.
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Next comes the flounder, quite fresh from the ground,
Crying: "Blast your eyes, chucklehead, mind where you sound!"
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Then up comes a blue-fish a-wagging his tail,
He come up on the deck and yells: "All hands make sail!"
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Next comes the eels, with their nimble tails,
They jumped up aloft and loosed all the sails.
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Next comes the porpoise, with his short snout,
He jumps on the bridge and yells: "Ready, about!"
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Then comes the mackerel, with his striped back,
He flopped on the bridge and yelled: "Board the main tack!"
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Along came a dolphin, flapping his tail,
He yelled to the boatswain to reef the foresail.
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Along came the shark, with his three rows of teeth,
He flops on the foreyard and takes a snug reef.
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

Up jumps the fisherman, stalwart and grim,
And with his big net he scooped them all in.
*Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow,
We're bound to the southward, so steady we go.*

General Taylor

General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along, John, carry him along

General Taylor he gained the day

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way hey, stormy. Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me way hey, stormy. Carry him to his burying ground

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade

Walk him along, John, carry him along

His shroud of finest silk will be made

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way hey, stormy. Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me way hey, stormy. Carry him to his burying ground

We'll lower him down on a golden chain

Walk him along, John, carry him along

On every inch we'll carve his name

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way hey, stormy. Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me way hey, stormy. Carry him to his burying ground

Into his grave we will throw sticks and rocks

Walk him along, John, carry him along

And we don't give a damn if we break the box

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way hey, stormy. Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me way hey, stormy. Carry him to his burying ground

General Taylor he died long ago

Walk him along, John, carry him along

He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way hey, stormy. Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me way hey, stormy. Carry him to his burying ground

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way hey, stormy. Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me way hey, stormy. Carry him to his burying ground

John Cherokee

This is the tale of John Cherokee

Alabama John Cherokee

An Indian man from Maramoshee

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

They made him a slave down in Alabam

Alabama John Cherokee

He run away every chance he can

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

They caught him and they bound him tight

Alabama John Cherokee

Down in the hold without any light

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

Kept him without any food or drink

Alabama John Cherokee

Until his bones they began to clink

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

Nothing to drink and nothing to eat

Alabama John Cherokee

He fell down dead at the boss's feet

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

And now his ghost it can be seen

Alabama John Cherokee

Around the deckhouse, all wet and green

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

At the break of dawn he goes below

Alabama John Cherokee

That's when the cocks, they begin to crow

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh

Alabama John Cherokee way-oh, uh. Alabama John

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion
Away you rolling river
To sail across the stormy ocean
Away I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

My ship sails free the wind is blowing
Away you rolling river
Braces taugt with sheets a-flowing
Away I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

The old Missouri she's a mighty river
Away you rolling river
When she rolls down, yer topsails shiver
Away I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I'll leave you never
Away you rolling river
Till the day I die I'll love you ever
Away I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Alison's SAAB Story

Here's my SAAB story, it's sad, but true. *To me way, hey, call for a tow*
Gather around, I shall tell it to you. *And to the mechanic my paycheck must go*

I was driving the tractor in '73. *To me way, hey, call for a tow*
When the clutch broke, my father blamed me. *And to the mechanic my paycheck must go*

I bought a Cadillac Cimarron. *To me way, hey, call for a tow*
Stolen and stripped, the insides were gone. *And to the mechanic my paycheck must go*

Next a SAAB 900 was mine. *To me way, hey, call for a tow*
My favorite repair was the leaky fuel line. *And to the mechanic my paycheck must go*

The SAAB 9000 is beautiful car. *To me way, hey, call for a tow*
But the repairs, most expensive, by far. *And to the mechanic my paycheck must go*

Now I drive a SAAB 93. *To me way, hey, call for a tow*
If it breaks down, I can cry "Warranty!". *And to the mechanic my paycheck won't go*

Unless...

On I95 I hit a deer. *And the State Police called for a tow*
To the deer and my car there was damage severe. *And towards the deductible my paycheck must go*