

poses. It is one of these that is the sole surviving song which steam-ship crews ever use. They would have shown better taste had they chosen for preservation the ballad of Jean François, whoever he may have been.

SOLO. *Allegro.*

O drive her, cap - tain, drive her!

CHORUS. SOLO.

Way - a - yah! O drive her, cap - tain,

CHORUS.

drive her! To my Johnnie Fran - swaw.

It was in the windlass songs that the accomplished shanty-man displayed his fullest powers and his daintiest graces. When he began a song, he usually began by singing the first chorus as an announcement of what he expected of the men, who, being thus duly warned, joined in the second chorus. He was always careful to rest his voice while the others were singing, and it was considered the proper thing for him to begin his lines so closely after each chorus as to make his first note a prolongation of the last note of the preceding chorus. His lines were expected to rhyme, but he was prudently economical of them, generally using only one line, repeated twice, for each verse.

One of the best known of the windlass songs was the "Shanandore":

SOLO. *Andante.* CHORUS.

You Shan - a - dore, I long to hear you. Hur - rah, you roll - in' riv - er!

SOLO.

You Shanandore, I

CHORUS.

long to hear you. Ah, ha, you Shan - a - dore.

This is clearly of negro origin, for the "Shanandore" is evidently the river Shenandoah. In course of time some shanty-man of limited geographical knowledge, not comprehending that the "Shanandore" was a river, but conceiving that the first chorus required explanation, changed the second chorus. Thus the modified song soon lost all trace of the Shenandoah River, and assumed the following form, in which it was known to the last generation of sail-

SOLO. *Andante.*

For seven long years I... court-ed Sal - ly.

CHORUS. SOLO.

Hur - rah, you roll - in' riv - er! I

CHORUS.

court-ed Sally down in you val - ley. Ah, ha!

SOLO.

I'm bound a-way on the wild Mis-sou-ri.

Perhaps the wildest, most mournful, of all sailor songs is "Lowlands." The chorus is even more than usually meaningless, but the song is the sighing of the wind and the throbbing of the restless ocean translated into melody.

SOLO. *Adagio.*

I dreamt a dream the oth - er night.

CHORUS. *ritenuto molto.* SOLO.

Lowlands, Lowlands, Hurrah, my John. I dreamt I

CHORUS.

saw my own true love. My Lowlands a - ray.

Much care was evidently given to "Lowlands" by the shanty-men. It has often been improved. In its original form the first chorus was shorter and less striking, and the words of the second chorus were, "My dollar and a half a day." It is to be regretted that no true idea can be given on paper of the wonderful shading which shanty-men of real genius sometimes gave to this song by their subtle and delicate variations of time and expression.

Of the same general character as "Lowlands," though inferior to it, is the song that was usually known as "Across the Western Ocean." There were, however, several variations of the second chorus, none of which could be called improvements.

SOLO. *Adagio.* CHORUS.

I wisht I was in Lon - don town. O

SOLO.

say where you bound to? That highway I'd cruise

CHORUS.

round and round. A - cross the western o - cean.