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## National Anthem: Reimagining Whales, Whaling and Political Theory through Song

Amalia Krause  
*Skidmore College*, [akrause@skidmore.edu](mailto:akrause@skidmore.edu)

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**National Anthem: Reimagining Whales, Whaling**  
**and Political Theory through Song**

Amalia Krause

Skidmore College, 2019

Thesis project for Skidmore College History Department 2018-2029  
Professors Tillman Nechtman and Erica Bastress-Dukehart

## Chapter One: *Life on The Ocean Wave*

*The land fades from our view and the clouds begin to frown  
But with our bark and crew, oh let the storm come down  
And the song of our hearts shall be, while the wind and waters rave  
A life on the heaving sea, a home on the bounding wave*<sup>1</sup>  
- "Life on the Ocean Wave," Andrew Hicks, 1879

We begin with a song. A song sung on board the whaleship *Andrew Hicks*, bound from Martha's Vineyard in 1879.<sup>2</sup> A song sung, perhaps on the first day of the voyage, as the ship pulled away from the island, and the cold, surrounding waters turned to chop. The greenhands, not accustomed to the tossing of the deck, held on to what they could as they strained their eyes for one last look at their island home. The officers and seasoned hands stood squarely and unflinching as the spray and wind whipped their faces. The clouds moved in and obstructed all view of shore, a shore they would not lay eyes on again for years, some of them never. We can only imagine what weighed on their minds at that moment: fear, excitement, foreboding. As if whispered by the wind, or borne up on the crashing waves, could be heard by all hands. Lips, as if unbidden, took up the refrain, the song reached their ears, even as the wind and water raged about them, *A life on the heaving sea, a home on the bounding wave*. Their voices together, chorusing with the gale used the water as rhythm and the wind as harmony, lending their song more strength than it could have had on land. The familiarity of the tune brought relief to anxious minds, *but with our bark and crew, oh let the storm come down*.

A sea shanty is perhaps an odd scene with which to begin an analysis into American whaling but, from what this project has revealed to me, in order to tell the history of whaling in North America we must allow our methods of inquiry some flexibility. Narratives that play out

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<sup>1</sup> Gale Huntington, *Songs the Whalemens Sang* (Mystic CT; Mystic Seaport, 2004), 89.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, introduction, first page.

on the oceans – sea tales, if you will – are forever swirling and flowing and are continually difficult to ground to any one historical trend. When we do try to bring these sea tales on shore, we find that they are hard to contain, and that they spill. In chasing them as they leak into other narratives, we find that they implicate more historical trends than we thought. The sea tale I have been working with also washed into historical themes that I did not expect to grapple with. I did not expect an inquiry into song and whaling to implicate so many questions of the Early American Experiment. I was surprised to find the values of industrialism, ingenuity, hard-work, and exploration that founded to American republic, playing out on the seas, far from the battles of the American revolution. We cannot tell the story of the United States on land alone. We must look, not only *from* sea to shining sea, but also *at* those shimmering oceans, for a more complete history of our nation. No American maritime trade encompassed as much of those vast blue backdrops as the American whaling fleet.

I came to this sea tale through my own childhood memories. Songs of the sea have called to me since my childhood, when shanties were my lullabies and I spent my summers on Cape Cod listening to the surf from my bedroom window. The more songs I sang, the more lyrics I heard, the more I came to realize that these songs could elaborate on more historical traditions than I ever imagined. And, in looking in to the songs of the ocean, I came back repeatedly to the story of whaling. The whaling industry took young men from coastal New England and employed them in a perilous but lucrative oil hunt across the world's oceans. The history of these whaleboats is forever braided with the history of the early American Republic even as they sailed thousands of miles from Boston and Philadelphia. The songs the whalemens sang have much to tell us, not only of the whaling process but also of the human condition.

Life on board a whaling vessel was not only remote but also dangerous and unpredictable. As historian Eric Dolin has described the industry, “whaling was a process of punctuated equilibrium,” oscillating between frenzied labor and monotonous boredom.<sup>3</sup> The process of hunting whales was as unpredictable and dangerous as the weather in the South Seas. Men could be drowned when their whaleboat was smashed, could lose a leg or an arm from being tangled in the harpoon line, or could fall victim to the shark feeding frenzy that surrounded the whale during the cutting-in process.

Whalers were the true pioneers of the Pacific. They were not like merchant ships, that sailed as quickly as possible from point A to point B. They were not like Naval ships that cruised in search of other vessels. Nor still were they exploratory missions in search of uncharted lands or fishing boats that left at the break of day and returned in time for supper. Whaling ships had no destination, at least not one on land. Their quarry was no distant isle, no foreign shore; it was the living, breathing, moving, leviathan. The whaling industry necessitated that the men who labored within it leave their home and take to the sea as nomadic hunters. Even *while the wind and waters rave*, these men who took to sea did not wash themselves of their identity of Americans

After a voyage lasting four or five years, the products of the whalers’ labor eventually made their way onto dryland. Barrels of oil were offloaded from the ships onto the docks and boatyards of New England towns such as Nantucket, New Bedford, Boston, and Mystic. One can only imagine the smell and the slick that greased those towns, but it is that same oil that lubricated the economy of the early American colonies. Whale oil and other products from the body of the leviathan became cultural commonplaces in western society. First and foremost,

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<sup>3</sup> Eric Jay Dolin, *Leviathan: The History of Whaling in America* (New York: Norton, 2007), 169.

whale oil was responsible for lighting city streets in the American colonies and across Europe.<sup>4</sup> Lighted streets allowed urban centers to remain bustling even after the sun had set. Lit streets were safer and allowed for urbanization to begin in earnest throughout the American colonies. After illuminating coastal cities and towns, the influence of the whaling industry swam even further inland where whale oil lubricated machinery in textile factories and paper mills and kept those industries running smoothly.<sup>5</sup> Whale oil burned bright in lighthouses and guided mariners safely home. Whale oil, especially the spermaceti taken from the head cavity of the sperm whale, fetched a high price on American markets and throughout Europe. Spermaceti oil was prized because it burned bright and odorless, unlike the tallow candles of the day.<sup>6</sup> Baleen or whalebone, as it was commonly called, made its way into the fashion industry as the ribbing of women's petticoats and corsets.<sup>7</sup> Ambergris found in the intestines and stomach of a whale, was prized for perfume because of its delicate and flowery sent.<sup>8</sup> In this way the whaling industry modernized urban life, from factories to fashion.

Let us recall the whaleship leaving Martha's Vineyard and the men singing on deck. These were the men who made this great industry possible. These were the men who lit the streets and assisted the factories. The revenue generated by the oil they produced liberated a new generation from a life of agricultural subsistence and enabled an urban shift. The economic security provided by the whaling industry emancipated the most brilliant minds of early America to free the attitudes of the enlightenment. The labor these men undertook at sea had great cultural and social implications on land. We can imagine that it was by the light of spermaceti candles

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<sup>4</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan* 120.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid, 120.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid, 35.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid, 120.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid, 86.

and whale oil lamps that our founding fathers penned such crucial documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. We do not need to rely on imagination to see the impact of whaling on the American Revolution. Two of the three ships involved in the Boston Tea Party were owned by a Nantucket company of whalers and candle manufacturers. Rotch and Sons used their ships, *Dartmouth* and *Beaver*, to transport tea from London to the colonies, they were then to stop at Nantucket Island, refill the holds of the ships with whale oil for trade back in London.<sup>9</sup> In this way, the most iconic protest of the American revolutionary era was made possible by the whaling industry. And the same industry that lit the way for enlightenment thought during the revolutionary period continued to lubricate the space for modernity eighty years later.

In the summer of 1841, a 23-year-old man rose from his seat at the anti-slavery convention on Nantucket Island and began to speak.<sup>10</sup> His name was Frederick Douglass, and he spoke about his life as a slave, his fight for freedom, and the injustices that he suffered daily. It is this speech that established him as an orator and spokesperson for the abolitionist cause.<sup>11</sup> It is no coincidence that this speech about freedom and liberty and the inalienable human rights happened on a small island best known for its involvement in the whaling industry. After all, it was whaling that posed so many questions about the extent of industrialization and of labor. It was the success of whaling that allowed northern ports to urbanize and industrialize while southern states remained bound to plantation agriculture and slavery. The same industry that sparked the Boston Tea Party and a great cry for American freedom from tyranny now brought to

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<sup>9</sup> Nathaniel Philbrick, *Away Off Shore: Nantucket Island and its People, 1002-1890* (New York; Penguin Group Publishers, 1994) 147.

<sup>10</sup> Barbara White, "When did Frederick Douglas Visit Nantucket?" Nantucket Historical Association, [nha.org](http://nha.org).

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

light a new question about the freedom of a black American from slavery. On Nantucket Island, Frederick Douglas found a receptive audience. Whale oil greased the wheels of modernity that moved the American Experiment through the Revolutionary period and continued to roll the young nation towards a brutal Civil War.

Themes of freedom, ingenuity, labor, and slavery are all present in the history of whaling. They are particularly obvious because of their on-land implications: a scentless candle, a lighthouse beacon, a bustling city square after dark. If we are willing to give whaling historical agency in the story of the early Republic, then it is our duty as historians and active citizens to learn bit more about this industry. I endeavor to do this not by looking at old whaling logs, the records of captains and ships' owners, but by looking for the voices of the common whalemens; how they lived and how they recognized the industrialism of their day. I've chosen to do it through the songs that they sang.

It is song and singing, more than any written text or prose that provided social cohesiveness for men at sea. It is an art form not damaged by water. Ink, when wet, runs off paper, books are destroyed by salt and sea water, but song is unharmed by the spray. In endeavoring to give full agency to the role of the whaling industry in Early America we must first give voice to the men who sailed the whaling fleet. And what better way to hear their voices than to listen to their songs. These songs echo back to us across the waves and across time. It is my hope to answer this echo, and to restore it to the full voice of the men who sang these songs. Sea shanties have a greater use to us today than just the background music to pirate movies, these songs pose questions to the historian, the ethnomusicologist, and the anthropologist about music's place in a culture and in history.



The songs sung by the whalers can offer historians a view into life on board a whaler that is not candidly expressed in their writings. According to John Blacking, a British ethnomusicologist, music offers “a representation of knowable facts, characteristic not of objective experience itself but of our consciousness of objective experience.”<sup>12</sup> If we accept Blackings analysis of music, then the message of a musical performance is not the performance itself but rather the conscious thought that music produces. This simple notion suggests that music effects the listener more deeply and for a longer time than the duration of the performance. But, the acknowledgement of performance prompts the question: what role does music have in a community beyond its initial recital? The short answer to that question would be “a very large one.” Music had much to do with life on board a whaler, and song reached into almost every corner of the ship. If we drop a pebble into the ocean it quickly disappears beneath the swell but the reverberations on the surface last for some time after. So too does the effect of a song remain after the last note has faded. The spoken (or sung) word occupies a niche in the human experience, especially in the raw and perilous occupation of whaling, that the written word cannot replace. What I wish to offer here is an exploration into the role of music on board whalers with the hope that, if we understand the extent to which music permeated the lives of these men, we can begin to use music and song as historical tools to learn more about this group of men and how they created their *home on the bounding wave*.

Western historians have continually struggled with how to validate oral traditions, such as song, in the historical record. They have good reason for skepticism; oral history and oral traditions do not have dates or authorship. Through the very nature of their transmission, they are subject to change at every retelling. Historian and anthropologist Jan Vansina explains that

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<sup>12</sup> John Blacking, "The Value of Music in Human Experience," *Yearbook of the International Folk Music Council* 1 (1969), 39.

questions of authenticity and authorship are central to western history because “they allow us to establish the context for a critique of their content. With oral tradition these questions receive very different answers. All we have are performances.”<sup>13</sup> Because the criteria for authenticating written sources is not congruent with oral traditions, oral traditions when held to one set of structural criteria appear invalid or useless to the historical record. Perhaps the most difficult part of accepting oral traditions into the historical record is accepting the obviously performative nature of oral tradition. History when presented through story, or monologue, or even song, takes on an overtly performative nature which one may be more likely compare to theater or dramaturgy. However, as Greg Dening points out in his book *Performances*, history is our way of making sense of what has happened,

We do it in all sorts of ways. We sing it, dance it, carve it, paint it, write it. We find different ways to make sense of what has happened according to the different occasions of our telling and the different audiences to which we tell it.<sup>14</sup>

What Dening is articulating here is that any way in which we present the past is inherently performative. It is presented to one audience in the medium through which it will best be received. The legacy of Enlightenment thought has predisposed us to give a higher level of authority to forms of written history. But, for many cultures today and throughout history, the written word is not how they shared their stories. I ask you to allow these whalers to tell their stories to us through the medium which they were most familiar with on deck, song. To tell a history of whaling without remark on this cornerstone of shipboard life is to reduce the narrative of these communities to one that is fettered by our modern, post-Enlightenment view of what is a credible source or historical material.

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<sup>13</sup> Vansina, Jan. *Oral Tradition as History*. (Maddison, WI: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985), 54.

<sup>14</sup> Greg Dening, *Performances*, (Chicago; Chicago University Press, 1996), xiv.

Shantying was an oral tradition that the whalers held on to help to organize their community and establish their relationships with one another as well as with the environment in which they sailed. By giving credit and voice back to the tradition of song on whaling vessels we are also able to understand the functionality behind the tradition. Because of the ambiguity in their occupation – in length, in destination, in peril – whalers sailed the Pacific in a sort of *in-betweenness*. It is these liminal spaces that made room for music on board, not just during labor, but between decks as well. It is these in-between places that necessitated the creation of performative roles between captain and crew. Voyages of solitude and uncertainty lasting several years generated a vantage point to reflect upon humanity's structure particularly when a crew was completely removed from that most human of comforts: dry land. Mankind simply was not meant to live at sea. Just as those who go to space after a time experience muscle atrophy and are forced to return to earth, those who stayed afloat for too long suffered from scurvy and madness that forced them back to land. To maintain a society in an environment physically inclined to anarchy and mental collapse required forging social bonds with enough strength to overcome the strains of the ocean. Song and singing provided social cohesiveness for men at sea. Song helped the sailor create *a life on the having sea*.

My choice of whaling ships as the vessels for this analysis of sea shanties and sea songs is by no means arbitrary. Whaling, by the very nature of the industry, involves voyages of the undeterminable length, nebulous destination, unpredictable prey, and a startling mix of monotonous boredom and mortal peril. The erratic nature of the whaling industry makes it a remarkable platform to analyze human interactions. Imagine again our whaleship from the Vineyard, sailing south through the well-charted waters of the Atlantic. There is value in what

they sang as well and when and why they sang. In order to understand the historical implications of music on whalers, we must first understand the time and place from which this tradition arose. They would see very few whales as they sailed south in the Atlantic, by the latter half of the nineteenth century due to overfishing. They were bound for a more dangerous fishing ground, one that was not so well-mapped. They were bound around the Horn. We must allow our sea tale to spill from the Atlantic Ocean and to the Pacific. *The land fades from view, the clouds begin to frown.* We are about to embark a voyage that will wash away our most precious notions of space and even of time

## **Chapter Two: *From Sea to Shining Sea***

*The Sea, the sea, the open sea, the blue, the fresh, the ever free,  
Without a mark, without a bound, it runneth the earth's wide regions round*

*It plays with the clouds and mocks the skies or like a cradled creature lies*  
- "The Sea," Cortes, 1847<sup>15</sup>

In just one verse this shanty introduces the most powerful actor in whaling history: not the ship's captain, not the whale, but the sea itself. Nothing was more cunning, more deceptive, more serene, or more deadly than the vast ocean on which the whalers sailed. Almost every shanty speaks to the sea: the waves, the weather, the vastness. The ocean was a constant factor in the whalers' daily experience in a way that it is hard for us "landlubbers" to grasp. We who live on land, even in the harshest of climates, can hardly imagine a world in which weather affects the heavens above, but also the ground we walk on. Weather at sea surrounded the whalers from above and below, and no whaling vessel was ever big enough to subdue the constant rocking and rolling. The volatility of the oceans is reflected in the sailor's refrain, *it plays with the clouds and mocks the skies and like a cradled creature lies*.

Nevertheless, wherever the whale went, so followed the whalers. Come wind or weather, dangerous seas, treacherous coasts and reefs, these ships rounded Cape Horn, into the Pacific in search of their quarry. Their "destination" was not only mobile but invisible, save for a small spout on the horizon. Men spent hours keeping watch for a whale, straining their eyes for the familiar sight of a sperm whale sounding (sperm whales being identified from miles off because their spout shoots forward rather than on the vertical axis). But, most likely the men would stand watch in the mast head and see nothing but ocean. Whalers often went weeks or months between sightings.<sup>16</sup> In the absence of their prey, monotony weighed heavy on a crew.

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<sup>15</sup> Huntington, *Songs the Whalers Sang*, 63.

<sup>16</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 129.

Not only were whalers not bound for a particular destination, they rarely put to shore at all, even when in sight of beautiful tropical isles. Herman Melville explains the mandatory solitude of whalers in his semi-autobiographical *Omoo*,

The truth was, that by lying in harbor, he [the captain] ran the risk of losing the remainder of his men by desertion... with judicious officers the most unruly seamen can at sea be kept in some sort of subjection but once get them within a cable's length of land, and it is hard restraining them. It is for this reason, that many South Sea whalers do not come to an anchor for eighteen or twenty months on a stretch.<sup>17</sup>

Keeping to sea for over a year at a time minimized possible desertions but it also meant that, during the four or five-year voyage, the whaleship was home to one of the most isolated communities in the world. Life on board a whaling vessel was not only remote but also dangerous and unpredictable. The absence of continuity in the men's day to day life meant that they greatly valued any customs that did not depend on weather or time or location for their use.

According to the shanty above, the sea *mocks the skies and like a cradled creature lies*. Let us picture, for a moment, a whaleship in the Pacific Ocean. The ship itself is easy to visualize and conceptualize, but the ocean is another matter: amorphous and massive. The vessel of wood and nails is a small piece of *terra firma* afloat in the world's largest ocean, a sturdy craft that allowed men to live, for years, in a climate that would otherwise be deadly for mankind. The ship is not at anchor, not attached to the sea floor, nor is it even in sight of land. The boat and its small crew are at the mercy of the ever-changing ocean, tossed about on the raging sea. We can imagine that the men of this vessel look over the rail at the rolling ocean, a virtual purgatory of blue without even a hint of that most basic human pleasure; the sight of land, *without a mark, without a bound*. I paint you this picture to demonstrate the isolation and lack of agency these

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<sup>17</sup> Herman Melville, *Omoo* (Boston: The Page Company Publishers, 1892), 18.

men experienced as they tossed upon the sea. The disconnection from recognizable landscapes, or any landscape at all created a dependence on other means of familiarity. Song is a human creation that is not land-based, it does not weaken or ruin if it is taken to sea for many years. And so, in this placeless space, it was a refuge for our whalemens.

Whalemens were not the first, nor the last, to experience the sublimity of the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps it is so awe-inspiring because of its size, or its depth, its weather, or its many lush islands. Scholars have been perpetually stumped by how to study the vast Pacific. Pacific history itself is a relatively young discipline, only gaining recognition as an independent movement in the 1950s.<sup>18</sup> Before then western researchers looked at the region through the lens of anthropology or archeology but gave little historical value to what they saw or heard.<sup>19</sup> It is far easier to draw borders around the Atlantic Ocean, using the Americas to the West and Africa and Europe to the East. It is easier to conceptualize the Atlantic as a contained ocean and as a result, Atlantic histories are similarly bordered by land. Further, much of western history has, since the end of the fifteenth century, played out on the Atlantic theater. We have the Black-Atlantic, the story of slavery and its legacy as it crisscrosses the ocean.<sup>20</sup> There is the White Atlantic, the story of Anglo-Saxon movement, and even the Green Atlantic which describes Irish migrations.<sup>21</sup> But, as is evident from the shanty above, the whalemens knew the sea to be *without a bound, it runneth the earth's regions round*.

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<sup>18</sup> Paul D'Arcy, "The Teaching of Pacific History Introduction: Diverse Approaches for Diverse Audiences." *The Journal of Pacific History* 46, no. 2 (2011), 198.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>20</sup> Paul Gilroy, *The Black Atlantic: Modernity and Double Consciousness* (New York: Verso, 1993), 16.

<sup>21</sup> Marcus Rediker, "Toward a People's History of the Sea," *Maritime Empires: British Imperial Maritime Trade in the Nineteenth Century*, ed David Killingray, Margarete Lincoln and Nigel Rigby (Rochester, NY: Boydell and Brewer, 2004), 203.

American whalers, by the nineteenth century, spent most of their cruise in Pacific waters. Any man who made the dangerous voyage around Cape Horn knew that the Atlantic Ocean spilled into its neighbor. But the Pacific offered – and continues to offer - a more difficult quandary conceptually. For one thing, it is far larger. Not only does it not have neat continental “borders,” but it encompasses thousands of islands and a multitude of cultures. As a result, when dealing with the Pacific, our history must be more transnational and much more fluid. It is unfair, after all, to define an entire ocean by the borders of land around it. As we have already discussed, the sea, more specifically the Pacific, was the most powerful actor in a whaler’s life.

During the golden age of whaling in the early nineteenth-century the maps used on board were not always accurate: things were misplaced or simply omitted altogether. The strange cultures and languages that whalers encountered in the Pacific combined with the unreliability of their navigational maps meant that the Pacific felt even larger and more foreign. This did not deter the hunters from the famous South Sea Fishery. Whalers were eventually responsible for adding more than two hundred islands to western maps.<sup>22</sup> The only refuge the crew had from the vastness around them was their ship, those few wooden planks that separated them from the ocean. The boat was their entire world, their place of work, of rest, their mess hall and toilet. The men who they shared this space with were their only companions for months on end. They sailed to uncharted areas and passed by dry land to hunt an elusive animal, and all the while confined to a small boat. All of this combined with the stark contrast between the cramped quarters on deck and the vast expanse of ocean, the whalers, who were years at sea, had a very convoluted idea of space.

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<sup>22</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 240.



With this complicated concept of space came a similarly warped sense of time. Time on a whaler did not pass as it did on shore. While the captain kept a daily logbook that marked the date and day of the week, daily life onboard did not follow such a civil calendar. The day was broken up in to four-hour watches. There were days when the changing of the watches took the place of a clock chime. Ships might go for weeks or months before sighting their first whale.<sup>23</sup> When a whale was sighted the men could expect days of continual labor capturing, cutting in, boiling, and stowing their cargo. Life on a whaleship did not keep to a daily schedule and had even less respect for circadian rhythms. Any remaining trust in the institution of time was further complicated by navigational practices whereby the coordinates of physical location were given in degrees and minutes. While there are always four minutes in every degree, the nature of longitudinal lines means that the distance of one degree, or of one minute, shrinks at the poles and grows at the equator.<sup>24</sup> Through navigational vernacular, time and space became linked.

Navigation also required great confidence in on-board clocks, but the frequent re-setting, measuring and cleaning of the clocks implied to all on board just how delicate and fickle time could be. Herman Melville describes the frustration in reconciling the interwoven, and yet separate, entities of space and time. Monomaniacal Captain Ahab used a quadrant at high noon to determine his latitude at sea, but he lamented that the tool could only tell him where he was at that single moment.<sup>25</sup> He slammed it to the deck and shouted, “the level-dead reckoning, by log and by line *these* shall conduct me and show me my place on the sea.”<sup>26</sup> Though Ahab had gone mad, there is something sound in his thinking. The navigational purposes that work for merchant

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<sup>23</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 129

<sup>24</sup> Dava Sobel, *Longitude: The True Story of a Lone Genius who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of his Time*, (New York: Bloomsbury, 1995), 5.

<sup>25</sup> Herman Melville, *Moby Dick or the Whale* (London: MacMillan Collector’s Library, 1851), 665.

<sup>26</sup> Melville, *Moby Dick*, 665.

ships and voyages of exploration meant less for a whaler. As Ahab said, he preferred to rely more on his gut, (dead-reckoning) and the “log and line” (a tool to gauge a ship’s speed). Whalers were not trying to reach land, what they sought lay just beneath the waves and so Ahab’s frustration with navigational tools that gave stagnant locations is understandable.

C.L.R. James suggests another level of the paradox of whaling navigation. Ahab, as a life-long whaling captain, would have had, at his disposal, all of the charts, maps, and old whaling logs that pertained to the region.<sup>27</sup> And yet, he sacrificed them all to hunt Moby Dick in a manner that omits the scientific navigational technologies that have bound location and time. Ahab’s rejection of navigational practices removed any hope the crew had of orienting themselves in that vast ocean. The *Pequod* and the whale it hunted sailed on the ever-moving sea, *the blue, the fresh, the ever free*. Suffice it to say that the whalemens experienced the passage of time differently than their land-bound contemporaries.

Understanding the relationship of whalers to time and space is crucial to understanding the whalemens’ relation to song and music. Twentieth century composer, Igor Stravinsky extrapolates on the purpose of music saying “music is given to us with the sole purpose of establishing an order in things, including, and particularly, the coordination between *man* and *time*.”<sup>28</sup> The “coordination between man and time” has a two-fold meaning for our purposes. First, this passage articulates the link I hope to forge between the flux in time and space experienced by the whalemens and their use of song. Years onboard a ship dislocated the whaler’s crew from the land and the passage of time. Such complete dislocation in a society has two possible outcomes; utter chaos and anarchy or a re-imagining and reordering of society. As

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<sup>27</sup> C.L.R. James, *Mariners, Renegades, & Castaways: The Story of Herman Melville and the World we Live in* (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1953), 15

<sup>28</sup> Blacking *The Value of Music*, 36.

Stravinsky suggests, and as whalers proved, song and singing can provide the social glue needed to maintain an organized society, even one so immensely separated from the rest of humanity. Bringing together “*man and time*,” as Stravinsky suggests, can be achieved through the tangible sense of rhythm, which designates the timing of the music.

Ethnomusicologist John Blacking explains the function of music as “to enhance in some way the quality of individual experience and human relationships.”<sup>29</sup> If there was one thing that could guarantee the safety and sanity of a whaler on a five-year voyage of one of the most dangerous occupations in the world, it was healthy and well-forged relationships with his crewmates. If, as Stravinsky and Blacking suggest, music is a tool or stabilizing force in a human society, then its prevalence on whalers was all the more valuable. The idea of “coordinating man and time” is relevant more directly in the practice of shantying. Secondly, the coordination of man and time is important in a more literal sense. For what is a sea shanty if not a means by which to coordinate working men through song. Music was used as the glue that bound together the muscular strain of the men and the carefully timed nature of their labor. It was because of the shanties that the whalers pulled or pushed or rowed together in time. Ultimately, it is not enough to say that what whalers sang because they were bored or merely because singing is pleasant; it is more pragmatic to investigate *why* they sang.

Once again we must attempt to peel back our current relationship to the world in order to better understand how the nineteenth century whaler related to his world. Today, modern innovations in travel and communication have eliminated ‘inconveniences’ like boredom. We have been trained, in the twenty-first century to be comfortable with a state of constant stimulation. We have been taught to need it; constant feedback, immediate responses, quickly,

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<sup>29</sup> Blacking *The Value of Music*, 34.

and now. Technologies that allow us to fly across the world in a manner of hours or share a new story on the internet that is immediately accessible to the entire globe can often give the illusion that the world is shrinking. This is, of course, not true. The world is the same size as it was before the internet, or air travel. Humans, though we love to believe ourselves such masters of environment, are not capable of shrinking the world, only of skipping over parts. Linking Los Angeles to Shanghai by plane does not erase the ocean that lies between them. Humans often try to remove spaces that we do not know what to do with. We have been taught to respond to constant stimulation but not how to handle the interstitial times when we are not being prompted by outside stimuli. It is these aspects of modern culture that make it so difficult to give the past back its present, as Greg Dening would have us do. To give whalers *their* present, we must understand what knowledge and technologies they had. Whalers lived in a time when someone looking to travel the world could not overlook the oceans. Traveling across the Pacific Ocean was not an inconvenience; it was an ordeal. As we have already discussed, a whaler's relation to space and time was unique and so too were the liminal spaces created on whale ships. There is something important that happens in the in-between spaces and in the in-between times. It is in these moments of boredom that inspiration and creative thought had time to take root. It is this space of boredom, of nothing-ness, that allows for new depth of thought and feeling. Just as whaling utilized the ocean in a different way than other maritime disciplines, so too can we assume the stories and songs of whalers to be unique.

Herman Melville offers several unique narratives of whalers through his whaling epic, *Moby Dick*. The narrative structure of *Moby Dick* is unlike that of Melville's other South Sea adventure tales, *Typee* and *Omoo*. These two earlier works are linear narratives of adventure. The stories are exciting and easy to follow and were comparatively well-received in Melville's

lifetime. *Moby Dick*, while also a novel, complicates the narrative arc with Melville's musings on philosophy, biology, mathematics, and religion, to name a few topics. While these themes often mask completely the narrative of the story, they also serve to demonstrate the way in which a mind can drift and flow in such a liminal space as a whale ship in the Pacific. Perhaps this is the reason that *Moby Dick* met with markedly less popularity upon its release. Defending the book as a great novel is not, however, my reason for mentioning it here. I do not believe that Melville set out to write a compelling novel and failed. He had already proved that he could sell books with his earlier novels. I believe that *Moby Dick* is a story about what humanity becomes in interstitials.

While Melville's narrator, Ishmael, remains quite calm throughout all that befalls the *Pequod* and its crew, the theme of madness that is a current through the novel reveals the danger of a lifestyle that marginalizes man from society and from dry land. The *Pequod's* cabin boy, Pip, is useful for our analysis here because he is one of the characters of the novel most involved with music. The fortieth chapter of the book, "Midnight, Forecastle," is full of song – a topic we will return to later. In this chapter the sailors on deck roused Pip to play them a song on his tambourine.<sup>30</sup> The sailors danced as Pip played atop the windlass mount, played until the "jinglers" drop from his instrument.<sup>31</sup> The merry scene is then cut short by an approaching squall. Pip and his tambourine are a recurring duo throughout the book, but Pip's music and his mind experienced a drastic change when he jumped out of a whale boat and was left swimming alone. Pip was left without a ship, a mate, a crew, or a captain. He was surrounded by water with nothing to remind him of his humanity. It is as a result of this trauma, the boy lost his mind. After this near-drowning, Pip's music transformed from something sailors can dance to the

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<sup>30</sup> Melville, *Moby Dick*, 249.

<sup>31</sup> Ibid.

babblings of a madman. Pip, ever consumed by his own mortality, commented on Queequeg laying in his coffin, “Form two and two! Let’s make a General of him! Ho, where’s his harpoon? Lay it across here.—Rig-a-dig, dig, dig! huzza!”<sup>32</sup> Once Pip became unmoored from the ship, his song and his music, transformed to reflect his mental state. While Ishmael remained in the boat and retained his sanity, Pip, who was thrown overboard, lost his mind to the sea.

Through Pip’s music, especially when juxtaposed with Ishmael’s stoicism, Melville rationalizes the fine line of humanity that separated whalemens from drifting into madness. The desolate and precarious existence that the whalemens eked out on board their vessels, when measured against the dangers of the surrounding ocean, meant that the whalemens were, to use the common phrase, caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. It is through these Melvillian moments that we can explore the sense of self of these characters, and the whalemens that they fashion to represent. From a reflection of the self, we can reach the mind of these whalemens. *The sea, the sea, the open sea*, this lyric sounded differently to each whaler. To Pip it sounded terror, to Ishmael, adventure. Music had a space on each ship be it to provoke emotion or promote work, and it opens a porthole into the minds of the whalemens for us today.

### **Chapter three: The Learned Whaleman**

*Fathers of the oratory ‘list to my surprising tale  
Hearken to a wondrous story, more than very like a whale  
Each mesmeric marvel monger lend to me your ears likewise  
If for miracles you hunger you should open both mouth and eyes*

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<sup>32</sup> Melville, *Moby Dick*, 642.

- “*The Wonderful Whale*” Ricketson, 1858<sup>33</sup>

Allow me to introduce our whaleman. He has a tale to tell us, *a wondrous story*, or so he says. A story that will reveal a more complex and cultivated mind than history normally allows such sailors to possess. I ask you to imagine a New England coastal town in the early nineteenth century. A white church on a hill, brick and wood homes, perhaps clustered on the water front where fishing vessels bob in the harbor. This is where our whaleman is from. This is the town where he attended school, worshipped, fished, and first saw sailing ships disappear on the horizon. This is a town lit with whale oil, where spermaceti candles burned in the windows of wealthy establishments. The town where women walked about it with whale bone parasols. It is in towns like these that the whale lived on shore. Our whaleman would not set foot onto a whaleship until he was well into his teenage years, but he grew up in a community that was encompassed by the whale. Our whaleman grew up surrounded by the industrialism and exploration that burned brightly in these towns. He came of age in the aftermath of the American Revolution and a new sense of patriotism, of exploration, and of opportunity burned inside. This is the setting that cultivated the mind that would eventually go to sea.

A popular image emerged in the twenty-first century of mariners in the age of sail as boisterous and simple: a multitude of unlearned scallywags held together under the thumb of a domineering captain. While this stereotype is a gross generalization of any naval discipline, it is especially untrue of American whalers. By the mid-eighteenth century, eighty-five percent of white New England men were literate, and, from 1787-1795, that number jumped again to ninety percent.<sup>34</sup> In cities such as Boston, literacy rates reached close to one hundred percent by the end

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<sup>33</sup> Gale Huntington, *The Gam: More Songs the Whalemen Sang*, (Boston; Loomis House Press, 2014), 72.

<sup>34</sup> Jack Lynch, “Every Man Able to Read: Literacy in Early America,” Colonial Williamsburg, history.org (2011) (retrieved, September 29, 2018).

of the century.<sup>35</sup> There is evidence that, even when literacy rates began to drop off in the nineteenth century, literacy among all whaling hands (both skilled and unskilled) stayed above seventy-five percent.<sup>36</sup> Furthermore, there is evidence that whalers, especially masters and mates, took pride in their penmanship and grammar, as is plain by the meticulously kept log books and journals from on board a ship.<sup>37</sup> All ships were required to keep a log book, generally penned daily by the captain or chosen mate or hand. They were filled with the driest details that would be of note to the ship's owners back home: bearings, weather, whales sighted, whales captured, etc.<sup>38</sup> The personal journals of the crew and officers, however, were rarely so bland.

Journaling was a popular pastime on monotonous whaling voyages. Some directly chronicled the voyage, but many drifted into prose, deep personal anecdotes, and longings for home. In 1751, eighteen year-old Nantucket whaler, Peleg Folger, began his journal with this proposal: "Many People who keep journals at Sea fill them up with some trifles or other; for my part, I propose in the following sheets, not to keep an over-strict history of every trifling occurrence that happens (...) and to fill up the rest with subjects either mathematical, theological, Historical, philosophical, or poetical or anything else that best suits mine inclination."<sup>39</sup> This is not the proclamation of a wild and uneducated youth. Folger shows disdain at the trifling happenings of shipboard life and prefers to chronicle his musings on a range of disciplines that demonstrate a level of enlightened thought and education not often attributed to whalers. Herman Melville reveals the dynamic minds of whalers in his character Ishmael. Ishmael is a prime example of a learned whaler who, not only came on board with a stock of education that the

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<sup>35</sup> Ibid

<sup>36</sup> Graham D. Burnett, *Trying Leviathan: The Nineteenth-Century Court Case that put the Whale on Trial and Challenged the Order of Nature* (New York: Princeton University Press, 2011), 101.

<sup>37</sup> Ibid, 101

<sup>38</sup> Ibid.

<sup>39</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 129



common New England man might have had, but also used such knowledge to his advantage while whaling.

Aside from being prolific journalers, whalers were also voracious readers. Whale ships had shipboard libraries that included a small number of well-read titles, most gifted to the crew by religious or temperance groups.<sup>40</sup> When a ship's reading materials had been exhausted whalemen could acquire new ones through "gamming" with other whaleships. Gams, as defined by Eric Dolin, "are deep-sea gossiping sessions" between boats.<sup>41</sup> During a gam, whalers could exchange books and newspapers, yarns and songs. Whaleboats meeting and exchanging materials created a library at sea. It is an amusing thought to consider the books that went to sea in one cabin, then were traded time and time again with other whaleboats, perhaps staying out to sea for decades without reaching land. Whalemen could not afford to be selective about what they read. These men were not only literate, but it is evident by their journals and their libraries afloat that they sought to stimulate their minds with more than just the dissection of the whale. Melville's character "Ishmael" is once again a useful example of the learned whaleman. Ishmael, the school master turned merchant-seaman turned whaler, exemplifies the many possible backgrounds whalers might have had. *Moby Dick* would be a terribly boring novel if it merely recounted the information from a whaling log book: bearings, whales sighted, lays, food rations, etc.. Instead, Melville enriches the story of a whaleship by adding some humanity.

Herman Melville once wrote to fellow author, Richard Henry Dana Jr., "blubber is blubber you know; tho' you may get oil out of it, the poetry runs as hard as sap from a frozen

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<sup>40</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 278.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid*, 276.

maple tree; - & to cook the thing up, one must needs throw in a little fancy.”<sup>42</sup> Any experienced whalers knew that blubber wasn’t just blubber. Blubber was oil, oil was money, and oil in the hold was a ticket home. But to get the oil – the value, the poetry – one must “cook the thing up” and “throw in a little fancy.” *Moby Dick* shows us what happens when the story of American whaling is “cooked up.” What we are left with is a much more colorful and fanciful narrative, much more revealing as well.

Melville goes on for an entire chapter about cetology, in the forty-second chapter he philosophizes about the meaning of whiteness, in the fifty-sixth chapter he analyzes depictions of whales in art. He makes countless references to history and mathematics, biology and religion, references that, at times, overcome the narrative completely. What the reader is left with is the busy mind of Ishmael, a literate, religious, well-read, and scientifically-minded whaler. It is important to make room for narratives like that of Ishmael in the study of whaling. For Ishmael is, in fact, not an atypical whaler. Though he is a fictional character in a fictional book, Melville himself sailed onboard a whaler, and he based his whaling epic on the plight of a very real whaleship, the *Essex*. The story of the whaling industry is simple: men hunt the whale, reduce the carcass to oil, and sell that oil for a profit. But if we “cook the thing up,” we are left with a story that is far more complicated. The life of a whaler is told best in *Moby Dick*: versatile, rambling, aggregate.

Just as the whalers brought on board with them their literacy, so too they brought with them their religious education. *Fathers of the Oratory*, our shanty begins: a peculiarly religious beginning for a shanty sung on an oily whale ship. The famous whaling ports of New London and New Bedford, Mystic, and Boston, and the little island of Nantucket were settled by

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<sup>42</sup> Herman Melville, *Correspondence: The Writings of Herman Melville*, ed. Lynn Horth (Chicago: Northwestern University Press, 1993), 162.

religious dissenters and separationists from England. It was from these religiously-motivated migrants and these coastal ports that whaling began in earnest in North America. These groups fled religious persecution in England for the freedom and isolation of the New World. As a result, the religious landscape of early New England looked very different from the religious turmoil that persisted in Europe. White clapboard churches replaced stone cathedrals, hardwood benches were substituted for ornate pews; there were no altars, no candles, no saints.<sup>43</sup> In her book *Empires of God*, Susan Juster summed up the panorama of Protestant faiths that peppered the New England countryside “It is hard to be an iconoclast without icons to smash.”<sup>44</sup> Indeed, the absence of Catholicism and Anglicanism in the New World coupled with the isolated nature of settlements greatly reduced religious violence.<sup>45</sup>

The Puritans of early New England despised any icons or embellishment in religious worship, preferring to adhere strictly to the interpretation of the gospel. The Catholic church had used images as “books of the illiterate” through which the laity could learn the teachings of Christ, but Protestants found the use of such icons dangerous because the images through which the masses worshipped God threatened to become idols in their own right.<sup>46</sup> By banning images from their churches, Protestant groups, like the Puritans, promoted education because, in the absence of images, literacy was required to spread the message of God to the people. This is the religious landscape that would have yielded such high literacy rates in the generations to come. The whalers’ faith and education, which we see reflected in their songs and their writings, is a

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<sup>43</sup> Editors Susan Juster and Linda Gregerson. *Empires of God: Religious Encounters in the Early Modern Atlantic*. (Philadelphia: University of Penn Press, 2011) 216.

<sup>44</sup> Ibid.

<sup>45</sup> Ibid.

<sup>46</sup> Ibid, 218.

direct result of the religiously devout society they grew up in. As they turned away from images, the Puritans formed a unique relationship to song.

The use of song and music in the Puritan churches of colonial New England is evidence that, while the Puritans wanted to move away from the visual interpretive aspects of religion, they put emphasis on music as a mode of communication that transcends the spoken word. Song, though not a visual art, served a similar role as images in the Catholic Church because of its capacity to evoke emotion and remain in the mind of the worshiper for longer than a word spoken from the pulpit. Puritans believed that Psalms created a connection from the singer to God himself.<sup>47</sup> Psalms lifted the soul and evoked a flood of emotion that brought the worshiper nearer to the divine.<sup>48</sup> At a time when much of North America was a great wilderness, psalmody exemplified religious identity and civilization within the congregation.<sup>49</sup> Using song to establish civilization in otherwise uncivilized surroundings is not the only similarity between the psalms in early New England and shanties on whaling vessels. Puritans also practiced “lining out,” a form of call and response commonly found in sea shanties. “Lining out” is a pattern of singing where the leading voice sings one line and a chorus of voices then sings that line back or replies with another refrain.<sup>50</sup> The Puritans, like the whalers, preferred simple, unadorned tunes to their songs. Puritans believed that complex harmonies or overly appealing melodies would be distracting from the words of the Psalm.<sup>51</sup> Ship’s owners too, when outfitting their crews, did not hire shantymen based on their ability to carry a tune, nor did they expect the crew to respond in

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<sup>47</sup> Glenna Goodman, “The Tears I Shed as the Songs of Thy Church”: Seventeenth-Century Musical Piety in the English Atlantic World.” *Journal of the American Musical Society* 65 no.3 (2012): 692

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*, 694

<sup>50</sup> *Ibid.*, 701.

<sup>51</sup> Goodman, “The Tears I Shed,” 714.

harmony. Instead the emphasis was on rhythm and leadership.<sup>52</sup> In light of the importance of religion in Early American culture, it is no surprise that our whaleman addresses his story to a group of land-bound parishioners.

Despite their bloody, violent occupation, whalers, like most New Englanders at the time, were a pious group. Indeed, Bibles were often gifted to out-bound whaleships by temperance groups. As a result, the Bible was perhaps the most common book in the Pacific Ocean.<sup>53</sup> While reading and writing were excellent ways to while away the hours between watches, these skills were useful to whalers outside of leisure time. Literacy and education were necessary tools in furthering the success of the whaling industry. The rise of the field of natural history in the nineteenth century spurred an interest in both the biology and the anatomy of whales as well as a curiosity in worldwide geography.<sup>54</sup> Proficiency in navigation and cartography was a prerequisite for whaling captains and mates and any ordinary whaleman who wished to work his way up to a higher rank would do well to learn them. As many as two hundred new islands, most in the Pacific, were discovered by whalers.<sup>55</sup> The bearings of many more islands were corrected by whalers, thus updating maps used worldwide.<sup>56</sup> As Graham D. Burnett explains in his book *Trying Leviathan*, “while whalers made their living reducing whales to money via oil, their interest in the animals was by no means merely reductive.”<sup>57</sup> To increase the efficiency and success of their voyage, whalers had a duty to know as much about their prey as they could. Good whalers had to know such anatomical details as the line of sight of

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<sup>52</sup> Frank, Stuart M.. *Sea Chantys and Sailors Songs: An Introduction for Singers and Performers and a Guide for Teachers and Group Leaders* (Sharon MA: The Kendall Whaling Museum, 2000) 3.

<sup>53</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 278.

<sup>54</sup> Burnett, *Trying Leviathan*, 101.

<sup>55</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 240.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>57</sup> Burnett, *Trying Leviathan* 111.

a whale, in order to know how best to approach the cetacean in whaleboats. They had to know to know where to cut in order to peel off the whale's blubber in even folios.<sup>58</sup> The social patterns of whales were also important for whalers to note. For example, female sperm whales swim in pods, and their young calves require them to stay near the surface. Whalemen determined that if they harpooned just one female, her distress would bring the others near making for easy prey.<sup>59</sup> Whalers were not just ships of economic industry, they also had a mutualistic relationship with biological sciences. Land-locked scientists looked to whalers for information on the leviathans of the deep, and, in turn, whalemen relied on the findings and analysis of scientists to better understand the animals they hunted. The success of the whaling industry in the nineteenth century relied on the education and intellectual capacity of whalemen to understand their trade at a level which required not only literacy but also a degree of understanding of biology and oceanography. Our whaleman was not a *mesmeric marvel monger*, constantly surprised or caught off guard by the world around him. He understood the sea and the whale as well as any man ever had and he had, the means to relay his story as well.

Understanding whalers as rudimentary scientists and as literate individuals helps undo the image of a whaler crewed by an amorphous and backward group of sailor-swabs. Given the evidence of the rates of literacy and education at the time as well as the presence of log books and journals it is clear that whalers, on the whole, were a relatively learned group. The persistence of the stereotype is evidence of how little whalemen's voices feature in their own history. The history of whalers has been told too often by captains and owners. The story of whaling has followed the grease and the gore: the money and oil generated by successful voyages, and the occasional terrible tale of whaling gone wrong, such as the account of the

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<sup>58</sup> Burnett, *Trying Leviathan*, 128.

<sup>59</sup> *Ibid*, 131.

whaleship *Essex*. But, the story of whaling has had little to do with the *gam*. What whalers said to one another, their interaction, and their thoughts. Most of the written accounts that exist today are the log books kept by captains and mates, and collected at voyage end by the ship's owners. These abundant whaling logs lay the foundations of an economic history: a bland but indisputable record of the success and profitability of American whaling across the globe. For chronicles of life on board a whaling vessel, one must look in whalemen's journals. These are harder to come by. Having not been carefully collected by titans of industry, many were left to mold and decay in sea trunks or were simply forgotten in the attic or basement of a family member. When these journals do show up, they open a portal into the minds of these men who spent years adrift at sea.

We have met our whaler: walked his ship, heard him sing and explored his mind. But, we have one task left to us, as the song instructs, *if for miracles you hunger you should open both mouth and eyes*. We have already sung with him, but let us now gaze upon him. Let us see our whaleman now as a laborer.

## **Chapter Four: *The Whale and the Working Man***

*Haul line every man, gather in all you can  
Your lance and your spade from the thwarts clear away  
Now take your oars again each now and every man  
Safely and surely hold him in play*

Now we see the whaleman as he pulls at the oar of the small whaleboat. The mate calls out to the six oarsmen to haul back the spent line, *haul line every man, gather all that you can*. They row furiously after the whale, positioning themselves and their small whaleboat within harpooning distance for the fleeing leviathan. If they are successful, they will then have to drag the massive carcass back to the ship, perhaps for miles, before they can try out the corpse, piece by piece. Much was required of their bodies in this occupation. Whalers were no stranger to hard work. But, it is not a coincidence that we discuss the body of the whalemen as this project draws to a close. It is my hope to remove some of the fixation with the structure of labor and class that fogs the lens of maritime history by addressing first the environment and the mind of the whaler. We cannot avoid the labor that was a crucial part of life on a sailing ship; it must be addressed. Nor can the class conflicts be erased from the socially stratified nature of a whaleship. It is my emphasis on the role of the sea, songs, and the mind will help us contextualize labor and class into a broader lens. *Take your oars again, each now and every man, we have not sung our last song*.

Whaling captains used various methods to encourage crews to work efficiently and obediently. The approaches that these captains adopted to promote the respect of their crews was inevitably performative in nature. Captains on whalers did not have formal or absolute power in the same way that naval captains did. There was no higher authority for whaling crews to answer to, no Admiralty Board or court martial awaited them at home. Whaling captains did not make use of physical punishment as liberally as other captains might, they simply could not risk the mutinous

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<sup>60</sup> Huntington, *Songs the Whaleman Sang*, 22.



backlash. Whalers also did not put into shore enough to allow for land-based justice, and, besides, whalers were not crewed with the extra men that would allow for such a discharge. As Greg Dening summarizes, “A whaling captain’s authority was much more nearly negotiated – by being best at what they all did, by kindness in harsh conditions, by conveying a sense of camaraderie in opposition to somebody else, the owners, other whalers, national empires.”<sup>61</sup> The “near negotiations” that captains had to undertake to establish order on their vessel constituted a sort of performance on board. Social structure on the ship was enforced through a series of performances not just by the captain but by the mates, harpooners, and common whalemen each in their own turn. The combination of repetitious and exhausting work needed to try-out a whale and the monotony and boredom that ensued between sightings meant that the captain had to be ready to preside over his crew in all circumstances. Each captain managed his task differently, but the relations between captain and crew are often recorded in the songs sung on board. *Now safely and surely we’ll hold him in play*, might be a line that could speak to the relation of the crew to the captain as much as to the captured whale.

The golden age of the whaling industry in North America corresponded to the American Revolutionary period and its immediate aftermath. The men who labored on board whaleships were born of this moment as well. Questions that Americans were asking during this period such as the extent of governmental authority, and how to separate from despotic power, were applied to ship board life. Americans had made it clear by their actions during the revolutionary period that they were uncomfortable with absolute power invested in one man whose authority had been decided in a manner in which they had no say. As a result of this cultural memory, whaling captains did not gain the respect and obedience of their crew through absolutism. Just as

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<sup>61</sup> Greg Dening, *Beach Crossings: Voyaging across times, cultures and self* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press; 2004) 119.

negotiations at home included who could vote, how the people were represented, and how elected leaders should exercise their power, so too did a level of posturing and performance play out on board a whale ship, thousands of miles away from Boston or Philadelphia.

Let us pause to explore how the community on board a whaler was structured. The commander of the vessel, the captain, enjoyed the most privileges. He had his own spacious cabin in the stern of the ship, and he and the other ship's officers (the mates) ate in the main cabin.<sup>62</sup> The two or three mates on board also had their own cabins but smaller and below the Captain's.<sup>63</sup> The captain and the mates each commanded their own whaleboat while on the hunt.<sup>64</sup> Below them were the skilled hands (cook, carpenter, harpooner, blacksmith, etc..) who slept together in steerage.<sup>65</sup> These men were permitted to eat in the main cabin as well but only after the Captain and mates had dined.<sup>66</sup> Finally, the foremast hands, the common whalemens, slept and ate in the forecabin, a dingy, filthy, and mercilessly hot triangular cabin in the bow of the ship.<sup>67</sup> The social structure of the ship was enforced physically by separating the men into different berths and dining areas based on rank. The manner in which the crew was divided set the stage for the performative posturing that took place on board. It is, in part, due to this socially stratified structure of whaling ships that the whalemens produced such poignant sea songs.

However, it would be another century before these songs were studied and recorded in mass by historians and ethnomusicologists. During the 1950s and 1960s folk music, including sea songs and sea shanties saw a great revival. It is not a coincidence that this revival aligned

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<sup>62</sup> Jennifer Schell, "The Whaling Industry and Its Chains of Command," in *A Bold and Hardy Race of Men: The Lives and Literature of American Whalemens* (Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2013) 116.

<sup>63</sup> "Life on a Whaleship," *New Bedford Whaling Museum*. Whalingmuseum.org

<sup>64</sup> Schell, "The Whaling Industry," 135.

<sup>65</sup> "Life on a Whaleship," *New Bedford Whaling Museum*.

<sup>66</sup> Ibid.

<sup>67</sup> Ibid.

with the rise of labor movements in America. In his book on folk revival, Dave Arthur explains the link between song and politics, “most people with a political agenda realized the power of song in shaping attitudes and opinion.”<sup>68</sup> In the mid-twentieth century song was used by many leftist political groups who felt big businesses was using their size to control the political sphere and promote their own ideological agendas.<sup>69</sup> The connection between far-left political trends and folk music has inspired many Marxist histories of sea shanties and labor song more generally. In many ways the Marxist interpretation of shantying is justified. Generally speaking, work song is an artform of the working class, be that whalers, sailors, miners, or railway men. Song, when used to aid labor, increased productivity, lifted morale, and alleviated the boredom and monotony of the task at hand.<sup>70</sup> However, it is unfair to combine all whalemens into one proletariat lump, nor is it fair to lift the captains and other officers onto a bourgeois pedestal. The repurposing of many shanties and work songs during this time period in the twentieth century saved many old songs from slipping into obscurity, and, for this, we must be thankful.

Marxist historians from the mid-twentieth century did much to rescue these songs from oblivion. Like all historians, they wrote during a specific historical moment and, as a consequence, the songs that they saved have become entangled in Marxist ideologies. But, now, let us try to untangle the sea shanties from the Marxist histories of dissent and rebellion with which they became synonymous. On the whole, the Marxist lens is reductionist when applied to sea shanties, especially onboard whalers. After all, the act of singing in unison does not imply mutinous intent or even disobedience – much less proletarian class consciousness. If we can listen

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<sup>68</sup> Dave Arthur, “The Folk Survival of the Fittest” in *Bert: The Life and Times of A. L. Lloyd* (London: Pluto Books, 2012) 276.

<sup>69</sup> Ibid.

<sup>70</sup> Frank, *Sea Chanteys and Sailors’ Songs*, 3.

to these songs and hear only the voices of the oppressed working class then we have not yet cleared our ears of the influence of the Marxist era. We have not yet given these men back their present. So, I challenge you to ask again: what more is there to these work songs than liberation from oppression? How did whalers of all ranks use music to *safely and surely hold [them] in play*.

Music and singing in unison have powerful effects on the human psyche and were employed by whaling captains to encourage efficiency. William McNeil, whose extensive research into the history of drill and dance is evident in his book *Keeping Together in Time*, explains that there is something intrinsically human about moving or speaking together in time that creates a sort of “muscular bonding.”<sup>71</sup> This interpretation implies that singing together promotes labor efficiency. In both the battlefield and onboard ships, coordinating work in synchronized movements has not only improved productivity but also obedience.<sup>72</sup> Extensive drill increases cohesiveness in the ranks and through repetition of the movements of a task, the individual is “surrendering personal will to the command of another while simultaneously merging mindlessly into a group of fellow subordinates” and, thus, “liberates the individual concerned from the burden of making choices.”<sup>73</sup> Song and music which has long been heralded as a sign of unification against tyrannical oppression, can, in fact, be the very vehicle through which those in power control those they command which can be read as Marxism from the other side. As a result of rehearsed procedures and enforced social hierarchy the men in the whaleboat would not need to hear twice, *your lance and your spade from the thwarts clear away*.

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<sup>71</sup> William H. McNeill, *Keeping Together in Time: Dance and Drill in Human History* (Cambridge MA: Harvard University Press, 1995) 2.

<sup>72</sup> *Ibid*, 127.

<sup>73</sup> *Ibid*, 131.

Whaling captains knew, as well as their men did, the power of words, either sung or spoken. Historian and anthropologist Jan Vansina explains that oral tradition refers to both the process and the products of retelling.<sup>74</sup> That is to say that it is not only the words themselves that carry meaning in oral traditions but also the means in which these messages are communicated. All talk is inherently dramatized, Greg Dening tells us, the spoken word is performative;

“Talk is never bare words, of course. It is all the ways words are symbolized. It is voice and gesture, rhythm and timing, colour and texture... Talk is never just a stream of consciousness either. It is shaped and dramatized – in a dance, a song, a story, a joke. Talk might seem to be blown away on the by the wind on the lip, but it never is. It is always archived in some way in the communities of living. Talk joins past, present, future.”<sup>75</sup>

This passage demonstrates the way in which the meaning conveyed by the spoken (or sung) word is determined by the transmission of the words. We must consider the means of transmission when speaking about song and shantying. Music, melody, and rhythm are their own mnemonic devices that help carry and relay the message in the lyrics in a way that the written word could not express.<sup>76</sup> It is common for people, when they cannot remember the words to a song, to hum the tune to themselves to help the lyrics come to mind. This is an example of how singing words can aid in memory and recall which is crucial to the preservation of oral history.<sup>77</sup> On whaling vessels, for example, songs often contained instructional information about the whaling process or perhaps warnings to new hands about the perils of whaling. Orders, embedded in the songs, such as *from the thwarts clear away* or *now take your oars* did not fall as mere words on the ears of the whalers as it might on our ears today. These were commands the

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<sup>74</sup> Vansina, *Oral Tradition*, 3.

<sup>75</sup> Dening, *Beach Crossings*, 49.

<sup>76</sup> Vansina, *Oral Tradition*, 41.

<sup>77</sup> Vansina, *Oral Tradition*, 46.

whalemen followed, they summarized the labor and danger the men faced in the whale boats. Song is talk, and talk as we know from the passage above, joins past, present, and future.

Today, we are very comfortable with performances that play out on a theater stage. We understand acting, singing, dancing as performative acts, but it requires a bit more imagination to see the performative aspects of life on a whaleship. The performative nature of song and dance is not novel to twenty-first century stage shows; poetry, music, and dance have been performing arts since the beginnings of humanity. In the age of sail, the performances were conducted with the ship itself as the stage and the crew as the cast. As Historian Greg Denning explains in his book *Captain Bligh's Bad Language*,

The ways in which human beings exercise power over one another in an institution such as a ship, whether exaggerating it or fending it off, are subtle and complex. Hegemony is made of trivia. If a description of these trivia deflates and expectancy that high drama is caused only by momentous action, so be it. One defense against the power of exaggerated rage is to watch its boiling theatre with mockery.<sup>78</sup>

Nearly every aspect of life on board a whaling vessel was performative: where one slept, ate, stood on deck or sat in a whaleboat all had symbolic significance to one's rank on board and standing within the crew.

A notable example of the use of performance and music is on board Captain Bligh's bread fruit voyage of 1789, which ended in the infamous mutiny on the *Bounty*. In many ways, the *Bounty's* voyage is very similar to that of a whaler's. Like whaling ships, the *Bounty* set sail for the Great Pacific with no real destination in mind. Parliament's expectation was for the *Bounty* to fill its hold with breadfruit to return to be replanted on the Caribbean islands. Whalers also left port on a quest to the Pacific to fill their holds with a product to be distributed back

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<sup>78</sup> Greg Denning, *Mr. Bligh's Bad Language: Passion, Power, and, Theatre on the Bounty* (Cambridge MA, Cambridge University Press, 1992) 73.

home. The length of the voyages, the size of the crews, the vague and changing course of the expeditions makes the environment of the *HMAV Bounty* comparable to that of a whale ship. Both ships are sent on missions to gather the earth's resources for the betterment of the national economy. The comparison is useful also because of Captain William Bligh's employment of music on his ship. The crew of the *Bounty* did not use music to come together against their tyrannical captain, as Marxist interpretations might suggest. Rather, Captain Bligh himself believed that exercise through dance would be good for the morale of the crew. He went so far as to hire an Irish fiddler, Michael Byrne, to play for the men.<sup>79</sup> The crew loathed the forced performances as unnecessary and demeaning, but, if they refused the dance, the captain reduced their grog ration and threatened further punishment.<sup>80</sup> The use of music and dance enforced by the captain to subordinate the crew is not congruent with Marxist ideas that music was the language through which class could band together to overcome bourgeois oppression. Any comradery that the men of the *Bounty* may have found in singing or dancing together between decks was negated by the mandatory performance that they were forced to do for Bligh. The use of music and song to promote a social agenda is as much a tool of the captain as of the crew. Marxist interpretation fails to account for is what happens when music is the channel through which "upper classes" affect their "tyranny."

Whaling captains also encouraged music on their ships. When fitting out their crews, the captains and owners of the ships looked specifically for good shantymen, experienced seamen who knew all shipboard tasks, were self-assertive and responsible, and had a sense of rhythm and a mind for improvisation.<sup>81</sup> Many ships looked to hire several capable shantymen, one for each

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<sup>79</sup> Denning, *Mr. Bligh*, 71.

<sup>80</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>81</sup> Frank, *Sea Chanties and Sailor's songs*, 3.

watch on deck.<sup>82</sup> Captains and owners hiring shanty singers demonstrates their understanding of music as a catalyst that promoted labor and created cohesion. Music was not just tool of the lowly crewmen. This analysis points to what folk revivalists missed in the mid-twentieth century. Music, even work song, cannot be reduced to a tool of the “lower class” alone. The utility of music and its effect on the human condition can and, historically, have been applied by all levels of society. Afterall, the shanty calls for *every man* to *gather in all you can*. Laborious as the whaling process was it was always a ship-wide effort.

In Melville’s epic *Moby Dick* we can see crew members of the *Pequod* manipulating song in order to convey ideas about the voyage. Melville begins the chapter “Midnight, Forecastle” with the harpooners singing the popular sea song, “Spanish Ladies.” This British naval song was popular because of its use as a capstan shanty as well as a foc’s’le song.<sup>83</sup> In this chapter, it is sung as follows,

“Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies  
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain  
Our captain’s commanded ---”

Then the “First Nantucket Sailor” interrupts: “Oh, boys don’t be sentimental; it’s bad for the digestion. Take a tonic, follow me!” And, he begins another shanty.<sup>84</sup> The last line of “Spanish Ladies” used in this version seems to be unique to *Moby Dick*. In more renditions of this shanty the line is as follows “for we have received orders...” Furthermore, introducing “our captain” as a character in the song rather than the vague “we have received orders” gives the captain more agency on his ship. Ahab, with his monomaniacal hunt for the white whale, was indeed commanding and agentive. The change in lyrics is no accident but is meant to demonstrate the

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<sup>82</sup> Ibid.

<sup>83</sup> Roy Adkins. *Jack Tar: the extraordinary lives of ordinary seamen in Nelson's navy*. (London: Abacus, 2008), 336.

<sup>84</sup> Melville, *Moby Dick*, 246-247.



men's unease with their captain's quest. Because this shanty enjoyed some popularity, the change of this lyric would have been significant to the other whalers on board and to mid-nineteenth century readers. The "First Nantucket Sailor" who cuts across the singers, expresses his distaste for the song the first men were singing. He proposes another shanty in which the captain occupies a more heroic role. The second song begins,

"Our Captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
a spyglass in his hand,  
a viewing of those gallant whales  
that blew on every strand"<sup>85</sup>

The change of song, from lyrics that begrudge the captain's orders, to a song that glorifies that captain implies that the men paid close attention to the lyrics they sang and were willing to adjust songs that they knew to fit the sentiments of the time. The "First Nantucket Sailor"'s discomfort with the first song and suggestion of the second implies that he is aware of the effect of such songs on the men, or maybe even aware that such songs may seem seditious to a captain like Ahab.

It is worth mentioning that this chapter within the novel, and this chapter alone, is written as a play script. The dialogue is written out line by line and stage directions are included, as if the reader suddenly went from reading a novel to reading a play. By reading in this format, the reader is forced to envision the scene at midnight in the fore-castle as a staged play. By using this structure, Melville demonstrates to the reader the performative nature of the interactions on board. Rather than using exposition to say that men were singing in the background, Melville chooses to use dialogue to show the specific songs they chose. The songs themselves were important to the whalers on the *Pequod*; the mood of the sailors is expressed through musical

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<sup>85</sup> Melville, *Moby Dick*, 247.

performance. To make the deliberateness of this performance all the more obvious, Melville changes the format of the chapter.

Melville offers an invaluable view into the life of a whaleman. He experienced Pacific whaling first-hand and also, by nature of being an author, was an expert at relaying his experience in a captivating and illuminating, if fictionalized, manner. The temptation to refer to this process as “story telling” is powerful and not entirely unjust, but as we have already experimented with allowing historical legitimacy access to different sources, let us too allow Melville’s writings to share in that. After all, history is performed by the writer or historian, to an audience. And, as a result of the obligatory performance, the story – perhaps I should say “yarn” – may differ from another telling or recollection of that moment. As Greg Denning puts it, “Shouts and songs die on the wind. Pain and happiness are as evanescent as memory. To catch the lost passions in places, history will have to be a little more artful than being a ‘non-fiction.’”<sup>86</sup> *Moby Dick* demonstrates that Melville was also comfortable with embellishing narratives to give them more historical accessibility. Melville did not sail onboard the *Pequod*, nor under captain Ahab, but he did go whaling. Nevertheless, *Moby Dick* remains an excellent primary source for historians looking to analyze whaling through a more personal lens. History allows for – I would go so far as to say *requires* – a degree of fiction. “Fiction” could go by other names: creative license, bias, assumption. There is, and always will be, fiction within a work of ‘non-fiction.’ We, to quote Greg Denning yet again, “write nothing from scratch.” Every book or song is forever anchored in the time that it was written: no author or musician can write outside his or her historical moment. When one sits down to write the sources one uses, the memories one pulls from, not to mention the inspiration to write in the first place, all require a bit of imagination and

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<sup>86</sup> Denning, *Beach Crossings*, 66.

creativity to create a work that others will read - be it a historian's monograph, Melville's *Moby Dick*, or a poor shantyman's adapted version of an old sea song.

Our whaleman was one of a motley crew. He answered to an almighty captain and several mates. He shared a berth with other able-bodied seamen. He worked and sang alongside them all. The confines of the ship did not erase the cultural identity he embodied on shore, nor did the presence of a captain (tyrannical or not) change completely his manner of thinking. The whaleships were floating factories, but we would do well to think of those who worked on board as more than mechanized laborers. When the whalemen were told: *now take your oars again* they strained at their oars but not as a mindless mass but as a group of individuals who had heard such a song many times before.

### **Chapter Five: *Hurrah We're Homeward Bound***

*Once more we sail with a favoring gale towards our distant home  
Our mainmast sprung, we're almost done, still we ride the ocean's foam  
Our stun'sail booms are carried away, what care we for that sound  
A living gale is after us, hurrah we're homeward bound!*  
- "Rolling Down to Old Maui," *Atkins Adams, 1858*

Now our voyage is at an end. With a hold full of oil, the greasy and tired ship heads for home. Our whaleman is weary from years of toil and anxious to see a familiar coastline. It is time for these men to return to the home that shaped them – that taught them to read, worshipped alongside them, trained them to look seaward for a spout of a whale or the masts of a returning ship. They return home to continue the cycle of knowledge and of music. Song, as amphibious as the whalemen who sang it, came to shore and was heard by ears that had not heard the harsh captain's orders and sung by mouths that had not tasted the salt spray of the Pacific. In the manner that the whalemen were shaped by the land they came from so too did they shape the communities that they returned to. Eyes on shore looked ever seaward for a returning ship just as the whalemen scanned the horizon *towards our distant home*.

Think of all these men would have missed in their three- or five-year voyages. Children and siblings would have been born in their absence. Parents and Grandparents may have died. Presidential elections, declarations of war and peace could have transpired without word ever reaching the isolated whaleship. The return to shore must have been every bit as dislocating as the beginning of the voyage.

Despite the danger, loneliness, and filth, whaling remained a lucrative and thriving occupation for much of the nineteenth century. On Nantucket Island, it was simply the way of life for men and boys. It was common for Nantucketers, when toasting the health of a companion, to chant out this dark rhyme, "*Death to the living, long life to the killers, success to sailors' wives and greasy luck to whalers.*"<sup>87</sup> Another tale tells of a young boy who tries to harpoon the family cat with a ball of linen tied to a fork. Instead of explanation at his mother's

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<sup>87</sup> Nathaniel Philbrick, *In the Heart of the Sea: The Tragedy of the Whaleship Essex* (New York; Penguin Books, 2001), 14.

distress the boy cries, “pay out mother! Pay out! There she sounds through the window.”<sup>88</sup> The peculiar life of a whalermen was not lost on those who lived in the whaling ports of New England. They, more than anyone, understood the reality of whalers and it showed on the docks, the piers, and on the roof-top walkways, as well as in the vernacular of the people, the inscriptions on the gravestones and beyond.<sup>89</sup> Whalermen went to sea and they brought some of the salt back to their communities.

The same can be said for the songs that they sang. Both of Gale Huntigton’s volumes of songs recorded on whaleships have sections titled “Parlor Songs that Went to Sea” and “Popular Songs of or near the Period of the Voyage.” The names of these sea songs demonstrate how the whalermen used song as a way to sustain their familiarity with home. We know already that voices singing in unison is a tool of empowerment for both body and mind, and what better way to get all hands singing than a well-known “pop” song of the day. Song is another way in which the whalermen took their home with them to sea. Titles like “Little Nell of Narraganset Bay,” “Adieu my Native Land,” and “A Song on the Nantucket Ladies” all hint at the memories the whalermen carried with them out to sea, the thoughts that came back to them at their most human moments, the moments when they sang.

Songs sung on whaleships and in whaling ports show the fluid cultural incorporations of whaling life on both sides of the New England beaches. It is no coincidence that the old coastal whaling ports of New England such as Boston, Mystic, and New Bedford were also centers of patriotism and industrialism in Early America. Whale oil and other products derived from the body of the leviathan lubricated the American experiment. It was by the light of whale oil lamps and spermaceti candles that the great early American minds of Thomas Jefferson, Frederick

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<sup>88</sup> Ibid, 13.

<sup>89</sup> Ibid, 14.

Douglas, or Henry David Thoreau penned works that shaped the American Republic. Street lights, light house bacons, corsets, combs, perfume, candles, soaps; it was the whale that yielded all these commodities. And it was the whale that lit the way for the thoughts and cultural practices that came to define the early American experiment. The whaling industry was economically liberating for early New Englanders. Half of all British silver paid to the American colonists before revolution was in exchange for whale products.<sup>90</sup> The success of this industry demonstrated to the American public that they had the skill and the economy to thrive independent of the British Empire. In 1846, at the close of the Golden Age for American whaling, 735 of the 900 whale ships afloat were American.<sup>91</sup> That year the American whaling industry employed over 70,000 people. The commodities produced by the whaling industry gave birth to new cultural practices in the American Colonies. The revenue that flowed through early American whaling ports as a result of these commodities allowed actors at the time of the American Revolution and well into the nineteenth-century emancipation from a subsistence lifestyle and allowed for the development of enlightened thought that has come to characterize the spirit of the Early American Republic.

It is reductionist of us to speak of the whaling industry as an anonymous and amorphous unit, especially after we have spent so long discussing the personal mind and bodies of the whalemens. The American Whaling fleet was manned by a myriad of captains and mates, harpooners, and common whalemens. It is through understanding these individual whalemens that we can understand the whaling industry and, in so doing, understand the influence whaling had on the American experiment. As we have seen, it is difficult to find the voices of the common whalman who have been silenced by the waves of history. I have offered one way that we can

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<sup>90</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 120.

<sup>91</sup> *Ibid*, 206.

hear their voices: through the songs that they sang. If we listen closely we can hear them echoing across the years: *Our mainmast sprung, we're almost done, still we ride the ocean's foam.*

There is a sense of national pride that derives from the history of American republicanism, industrialism, and expansion. One thinks of events like the surrender at Yorktown the opening of the Erie Canal, or an image of a wagon train bound for the wild west as defining moments in American history. But we can tell another tale of American exceptionalism, ingenuity, and global influence through whaling. Whaling can tell the story of the Stone Fleet: twenty-five whale ships, loaded with granite, sunk in the Chesapeake Bay to blockade the Savannah harbor during the Civil War.<sup>92</sup> Whaling can tell us the story of the Spermaceti Trust of 1761, possibly the first industrial monopoly established in the colonies.<sup>93</sup> And, what could be a more dangerous and captivating story of westward expansion than the story of the whaleships that fished the Pacific Ocean, further West than any wagon train ever reached.

If we can look at the whaling industry, at the whaleship itself, and at the captain and crewmen we see reflected in their stories themes central to American history: industry, exploration, work, power, bravery – the list goes on. Ultimately the history of the Early American Republic cannot be written on land alone; it is a tale that plays out on the high seas as well. My inquiry into whaling has revealed to me that the history of America, and of the Pacific, is bound up in the body of the whale. To understand our history we find ourselves looking at the leviathan of the deep, and then at the men who hunted it. It is through understanding these individual whalers that we can understand the whaling industry and, in so doing, understand the influence whaling had on the American Experiment. As we have seen, it is difficult to find the voices of the common whaler who have been silenced by the waves of history. If we

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<sup>92</sup> Dolin, *Leviathan*, 310.

<sup>93</sup> *Ibid*, 114.

listen closely to the songs that they sang we can hear their voices echoing back to us from the deck of a whaleship.

And so, we reach the end of our song, the last rousing chorus is sung out by the men. They have returned to the land and to the communities that raised them. Sailing into port they see families coming down to the docks to welcome the ship, they see white chapels proud on the hill and perhaps smoke drifting lazily out of the chimney of a brick schoolhouse. They bring with them casks of oil to light the streets of American towns as well as for international trade. They bring with them stories and songs of places and events so fantastical and dramatic that they draw audiences. They are sailors, laborers, hunters, singers, breadwinners, fathers, husbands, and brothers: there are infinite factors that shaped them before they left the land and just as many that they met with at sea. They returned changed men, and not only for the better. But, remember, how powerful the sea is as an actor in our story. The sea took these men for years, it turned them 'round, spat them out, and kept some forever. Today's standards of animal cruelty and conservation and navigational technologies do not detract from the incredible journeys these whalemen embarked on. Bloody and unpredictable as their occupation was, still they endeavored to continue: for money, or status, for king at first, and later for country. Our whalemen lived through a harrowing ordeal to sing us his song. Odds are he will return to sea on board another whaling vessel in a few short months, but for now the danger is behind him. *A living gale is after us, hurrah we're homeward bound!*



