COMPOSED FOR AND SUNG BY

MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

SONGS OF THE SEA,

THE POEMS BY

HENRY NEWBOLT,

SET TO MUSIC

FOR SOLO VOICES (AND MALE CHORUS *AD LIB.*)

BY

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

(OP. 91.)

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

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SONGS OF THE SEA.

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SONGS OF THE SEA.

(HENRY NEWBOLT.)

DRAKE'S DRUM.

DRAKE, he's in his hammock, and a thousand mile away,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Yonder lumes the island, yonder lie the ships,
With sailor lads a-dancing heel-an'-toe,
And the shore-lights flashing, and the night-tide dashing,
He sees it all so plainly as he saw it long ago.

Drake, he was a Devon man, and ruled the Devon seas,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
Roving tho' his death fell, he went with heart at ease,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,
Strike it when your powder's running low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port of Heaven,
And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, list'ning for the drum,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plying and the old flag flying,
They shall find him ware and waking, as they found him long ago!

This poem, as originally written, and as published in "Admirals All" and "The Island Race," contained indications of West-Country dialect, which for musical purposes are here eliminated.

II.

Outward bound.

Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,
The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed,—
O Mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails are set
To misty deeps
The channel sweeps,—
O Mother, think on us who think on thee!
Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

III

Devon, O Devon, in Wind and Rain.

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
Treading his dear Revenge's deck,
Watch'd, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.
"Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
Faggot and Father, Saint and chain,—
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,
Knowing the night that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
This for a sign before he slept:—
"Pride of the West! what Devon hath kept
Devon shall keep on tide or main;
Call to the storm and drive them flying,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,
Far in a South-land brought to bay,*
Locked in a death-grip all day tight'ning,
Waited the end in twilight gray.
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way!
Drake from his long rest turn'd again,
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

* Waggon Hill, January 6th, 1900.

IV

HOMEWARD BOUND.

AFTER long labouring in the windy ways,
On smooth and shining tides
Swiftly the great ship glides,
Her storms forgot, her weary watches past;
Northward she glides, and thro' the enchanted haze
Faint on the verge her far hope dawns at last.

The phantom sky-line of a shadowy down,
Whose pale white cliffs below,
Thro' sunny mist a-glow,
Like noonday ghosts of summer moonshine gleam—
Soft as old sorrow, bright as old renown,
There lies the home of all our mortal dream.

V

THE "OLD SUPERB."

THE wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,
The Straits before us opened wide and free;
We look'd towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.
The French are gone to Martinique with four and twenty sail,
The "Old Superb" is old and foul and slow;
But the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the trail,
And where he goes the "Old Superb" must go.

So Westward ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again
With a lame duck lagging all the way.

The "Old Superb" was barnacled and green as grass below,
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.
Four year out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port,
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright;
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport,
For he never yet came in too late to fight.

So Westward ho! &c.

"Now up, my lads," the Captain cried, "for sure the case were hard
If longest out were first to fall behind;
Aloft, aloft with studding-sails, and lash them on the yard,
For night and day the Trades are driving blind."
So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;
But ev'ry night the "Old Superb," she sail'd while others slept,
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest.

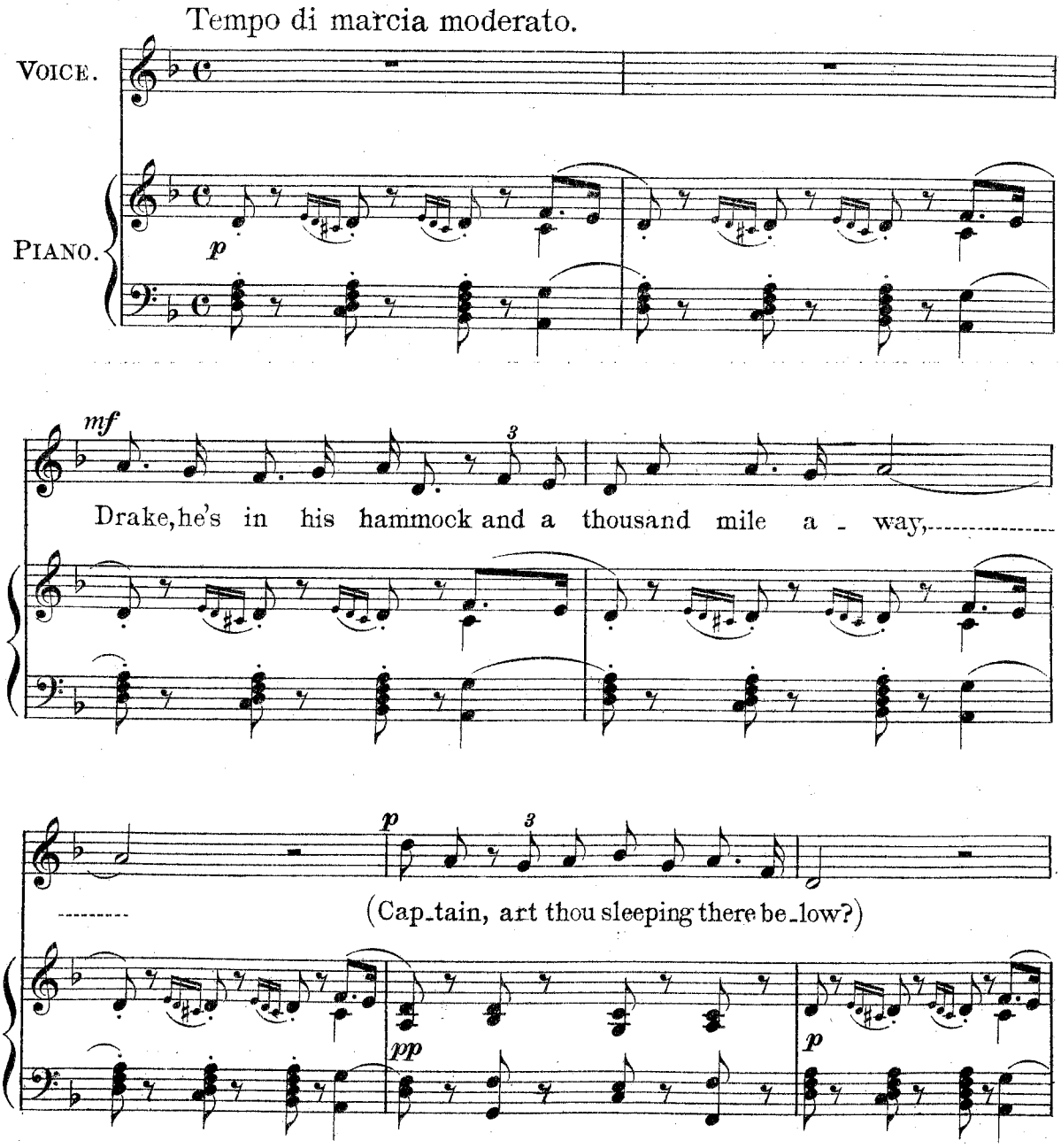
O 'twas Westward ho! &c.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

Nº 1. Drake's Drum.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD. Op. 91.



N.B. A chorus is not essential for the performance of these songs. Nos 1 & 5 are provided with an alter_nate ending when they are sung by the Solo Voice only.

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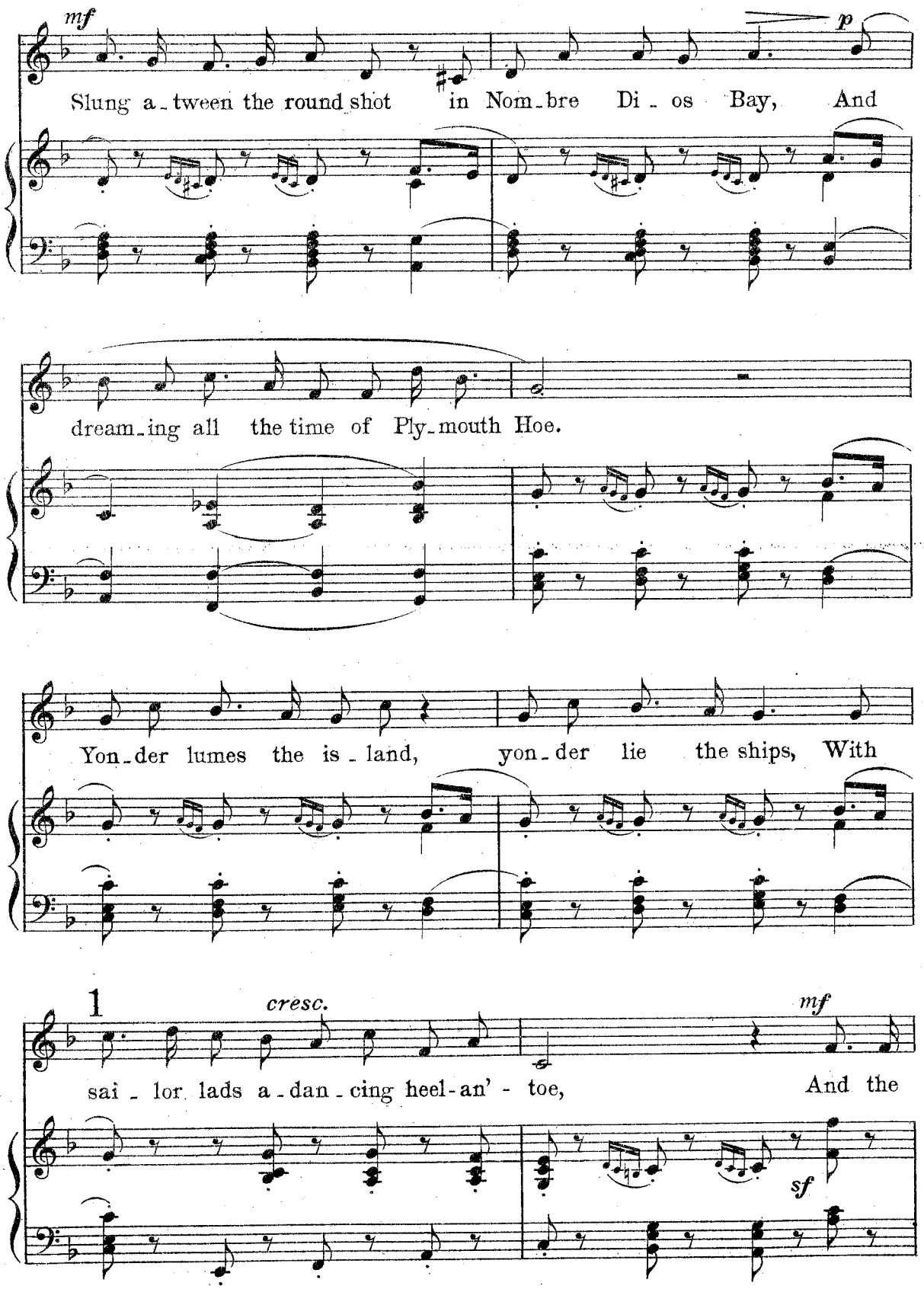
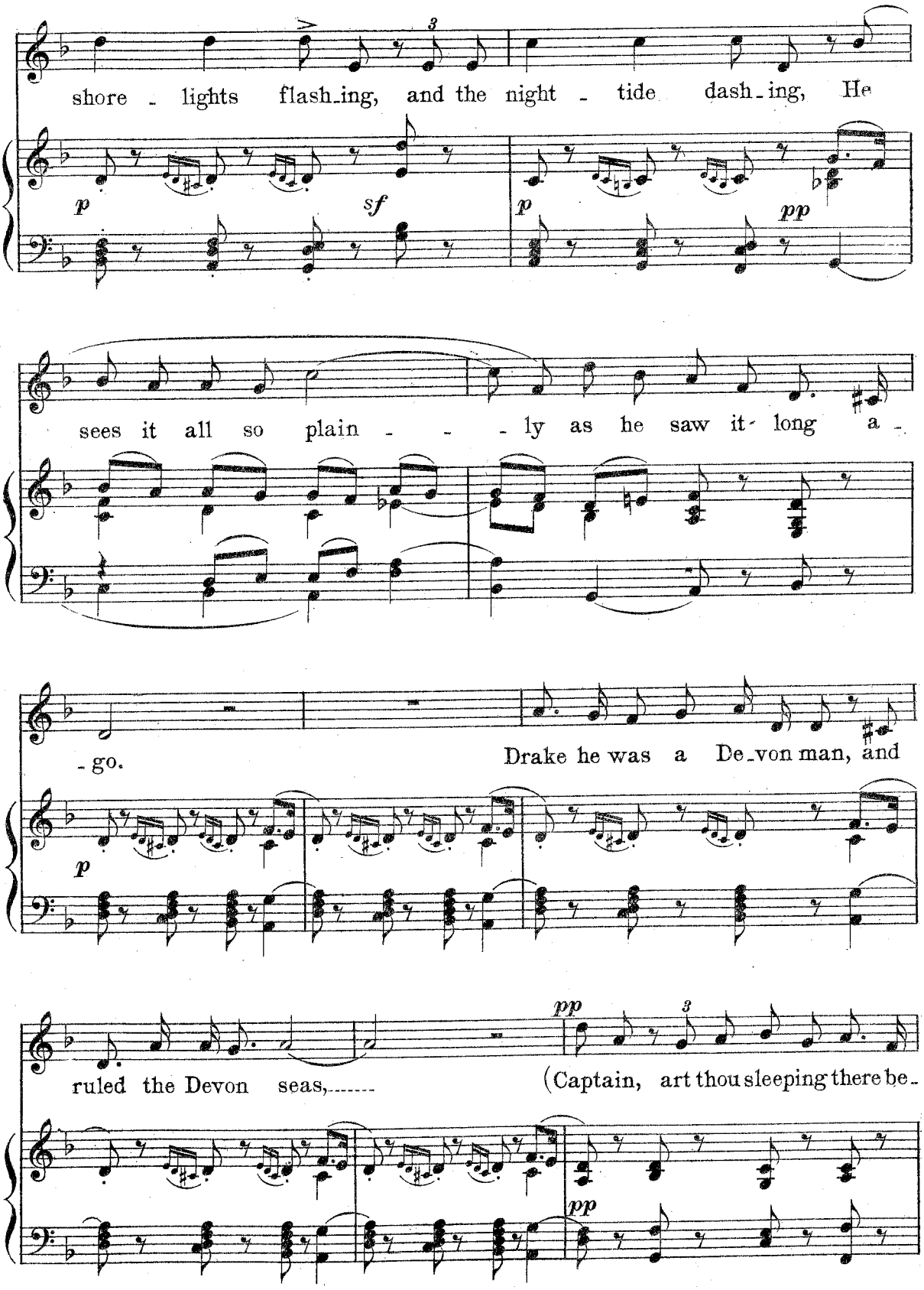
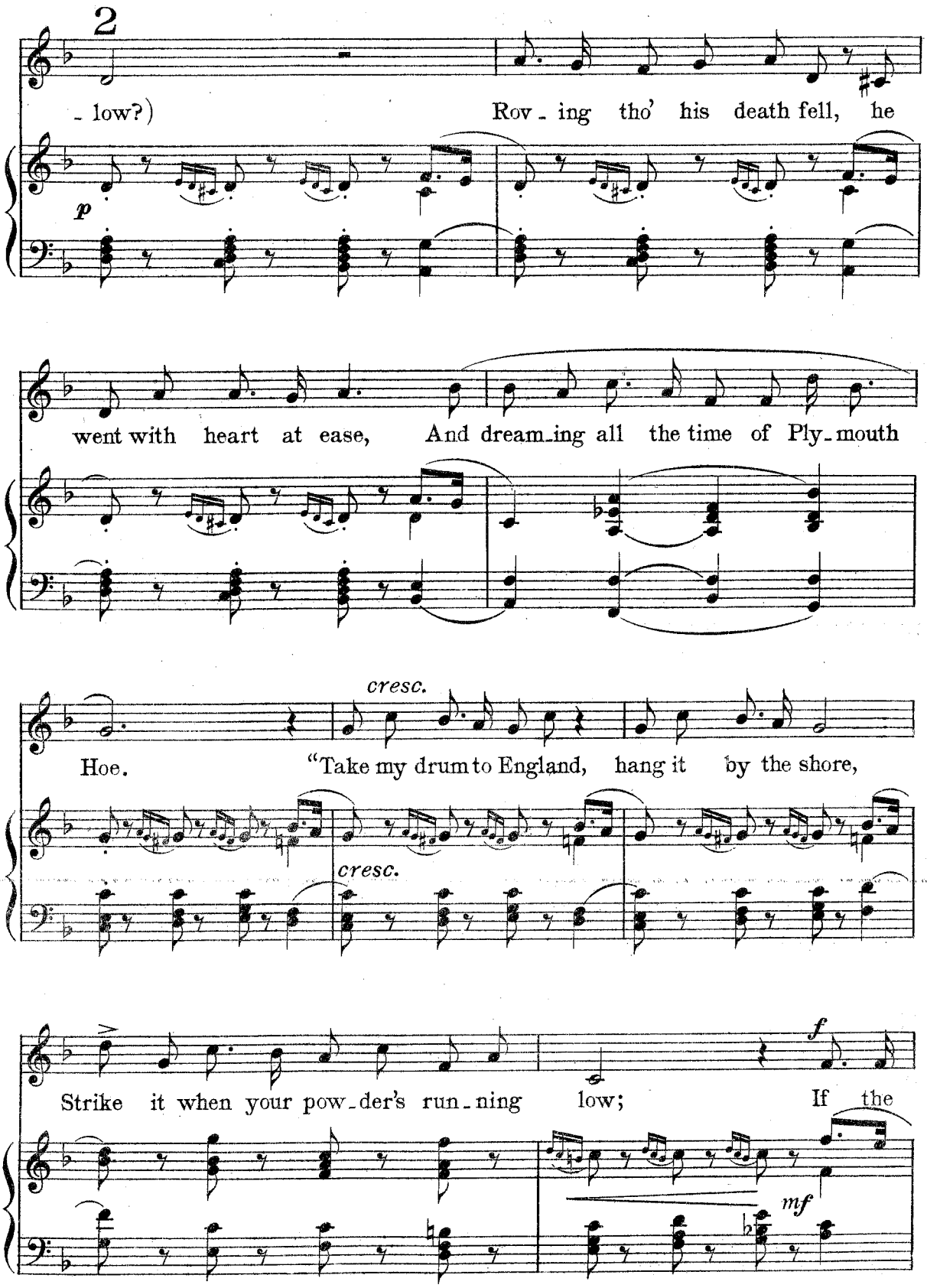
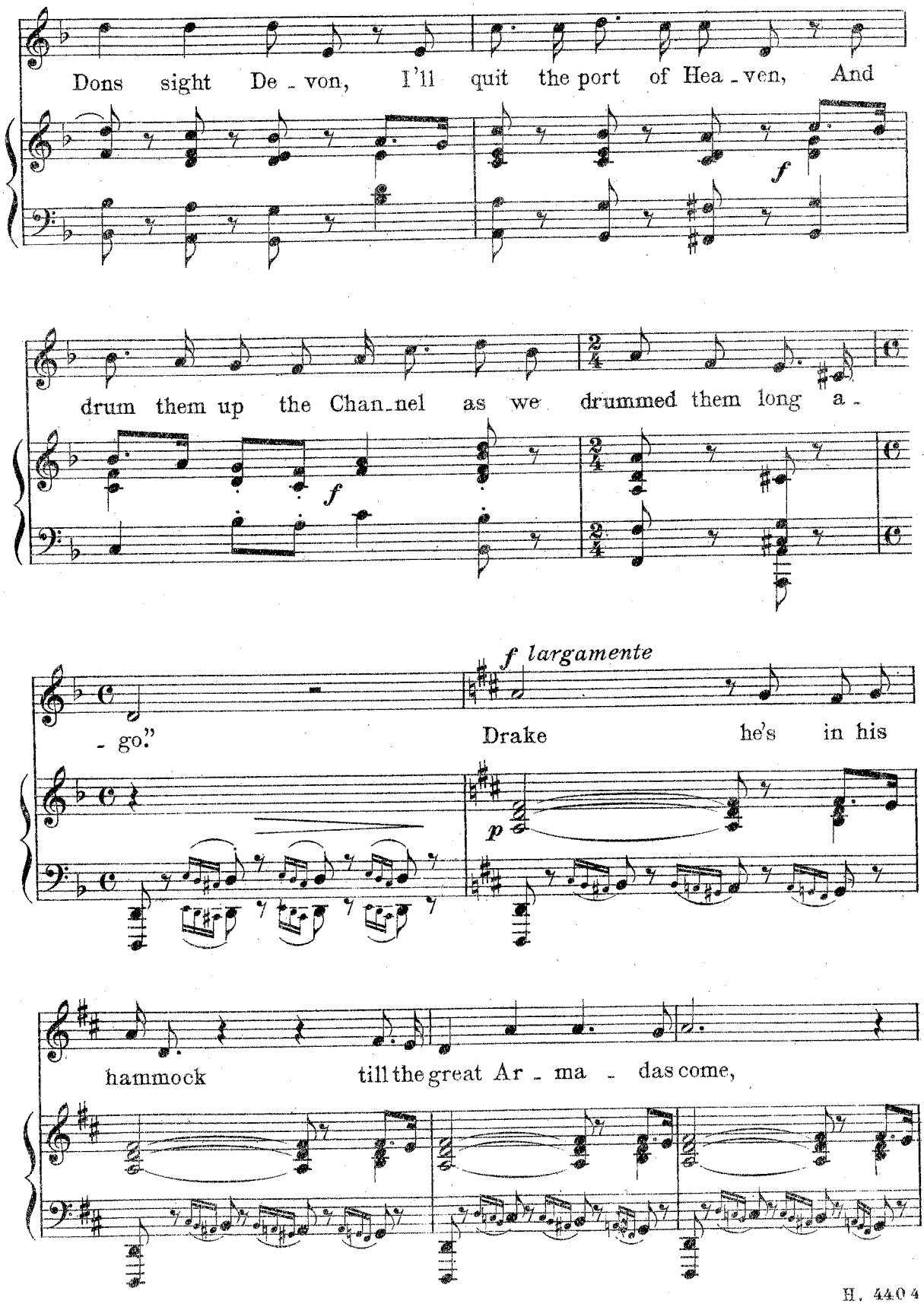
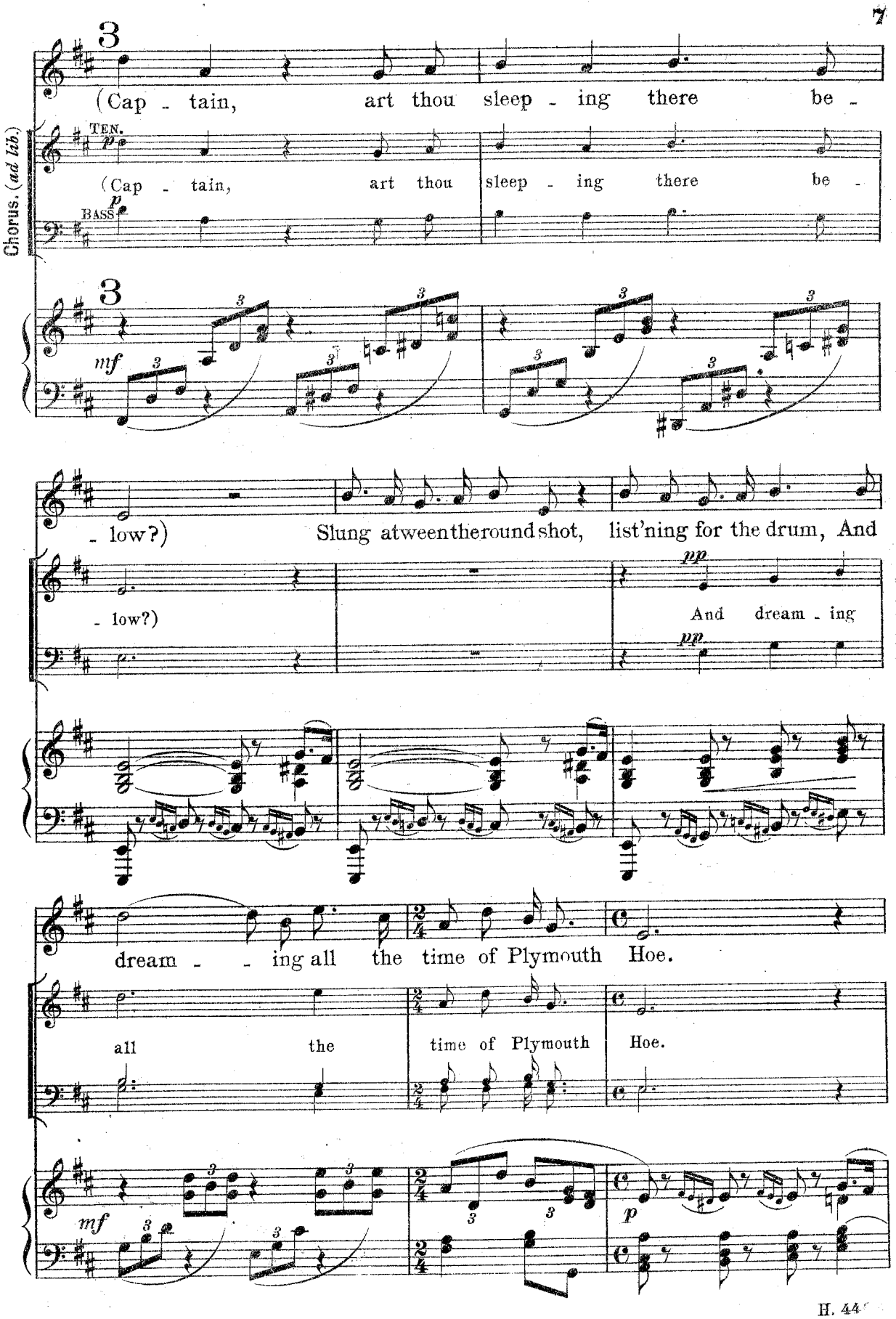
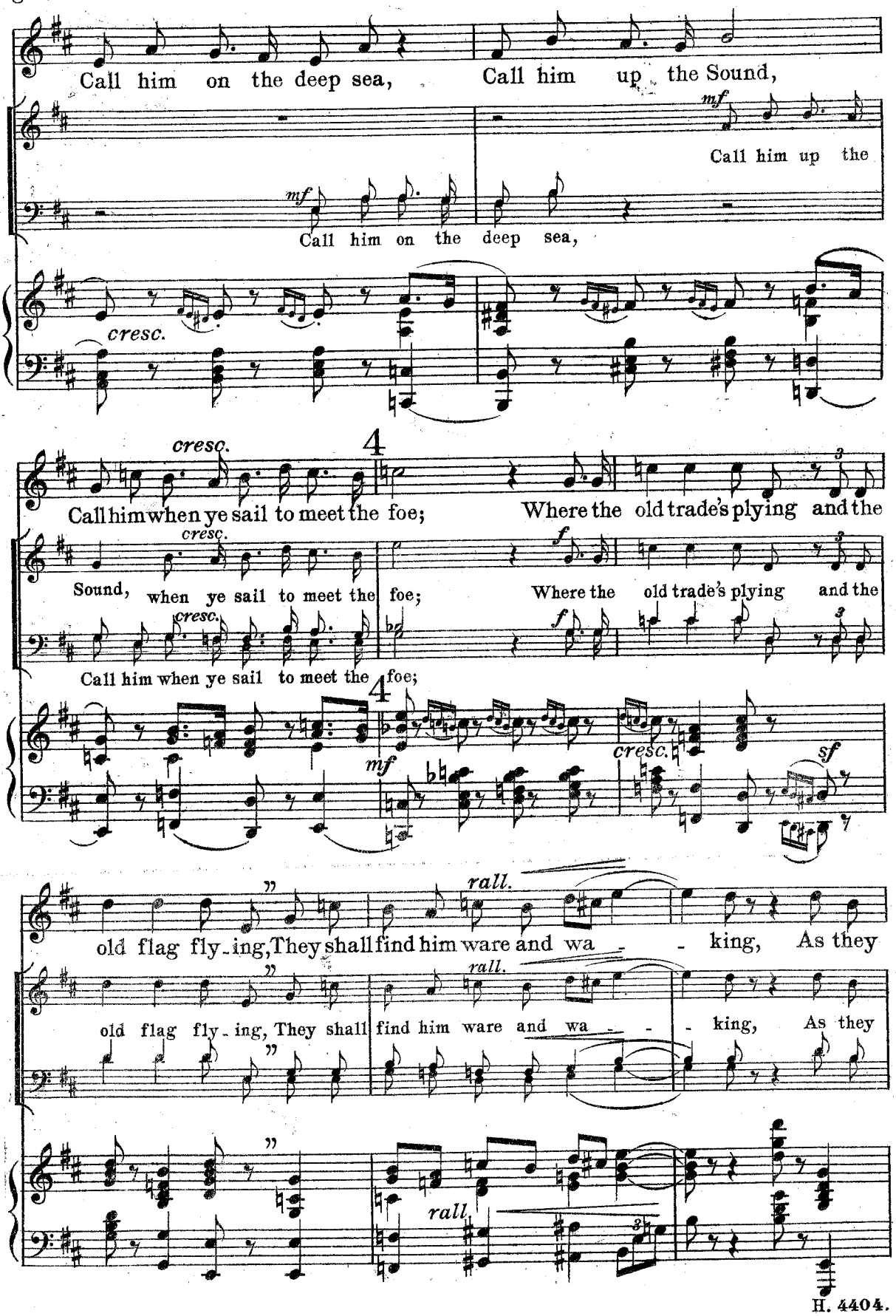

mf
p
Slung a-tween the round shot in Nom-bre Di-os Bay, And
dream-ing all the time of Ply-mouth Hoe.
Yon-der lumes the is-land, yon-der lie the ships, With
1
cresc.
mf
sai-lor lads a-dan-cing heel-an'-toe, And the
sf

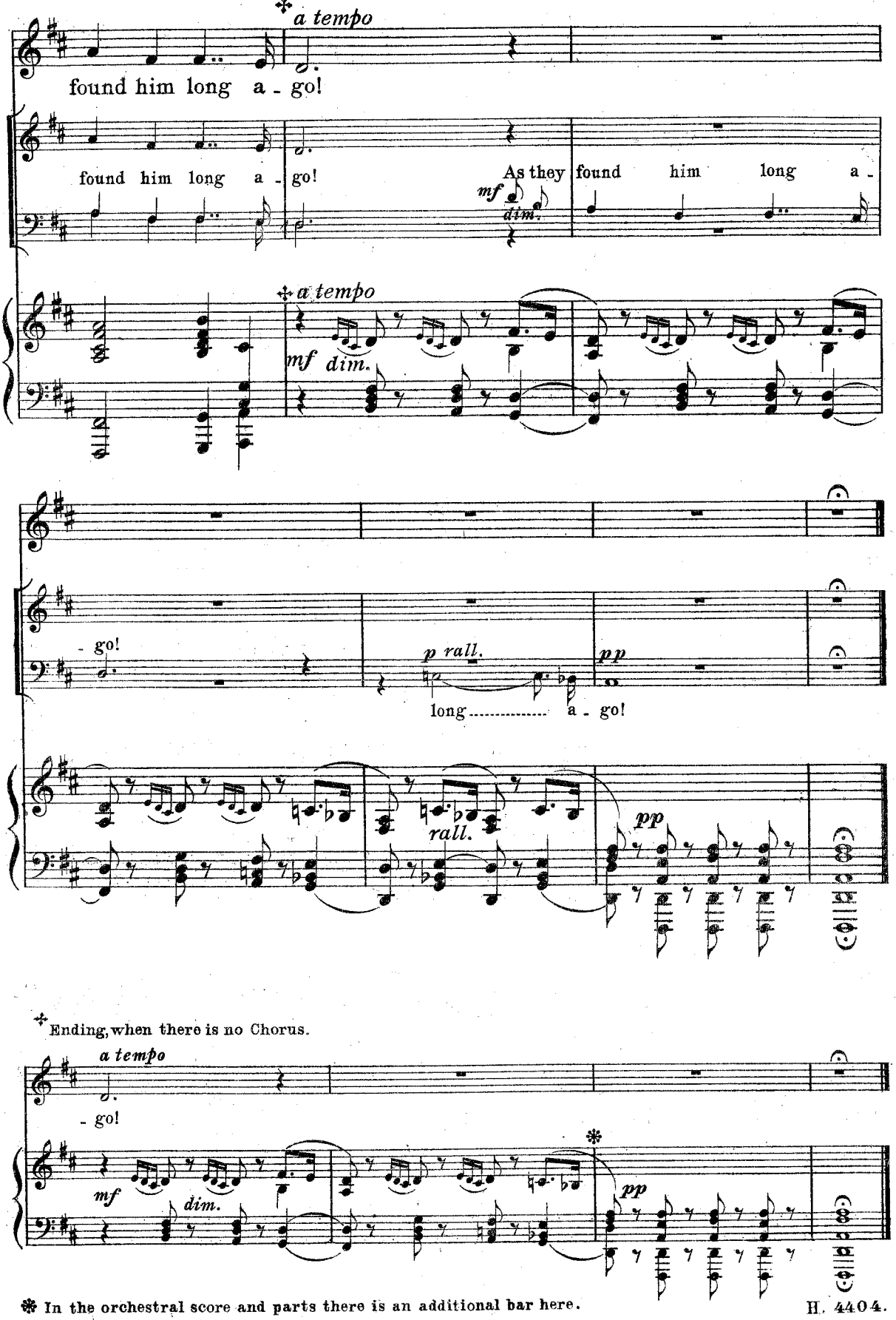

shore - lights flash-ing, and the night - tide dash-ing, He
p
sf
p
pp
sees it all so plain - - - ly as he saw it long a -
- go.
Drake he was a De-von man, and
p
ruled the Devon seas,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there be-
pp
pp


2
- low?)
Rov - ing tho' his death fell, he
p
went with heart at ease,
And dream-ing all the time of Ply-mouth
cresc.
Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,
cresc.
Strike it when your pow-der's run-ning low;
If the
f
mf


Dons sight De - von, I'll quit the port of Hea - ven, And
f
drum them up the Chan-nel as we drummed them long a -
f
- go."
f largamente
Drake he's in his
p
hammock till the great Ar - ma - das come,


Chorus. (ad lib.)
3
(Cap - tain, art thou sleep - ing there be -
TEN.
p
(Cap - tain, art thou sleep - ing there be -
BASS
p
3
mf
- low?)
Slung atweentheround shot, list'ning for the drum, And
- low?)
pp
And dream - ing
pp
dream - - ing all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
mf
p

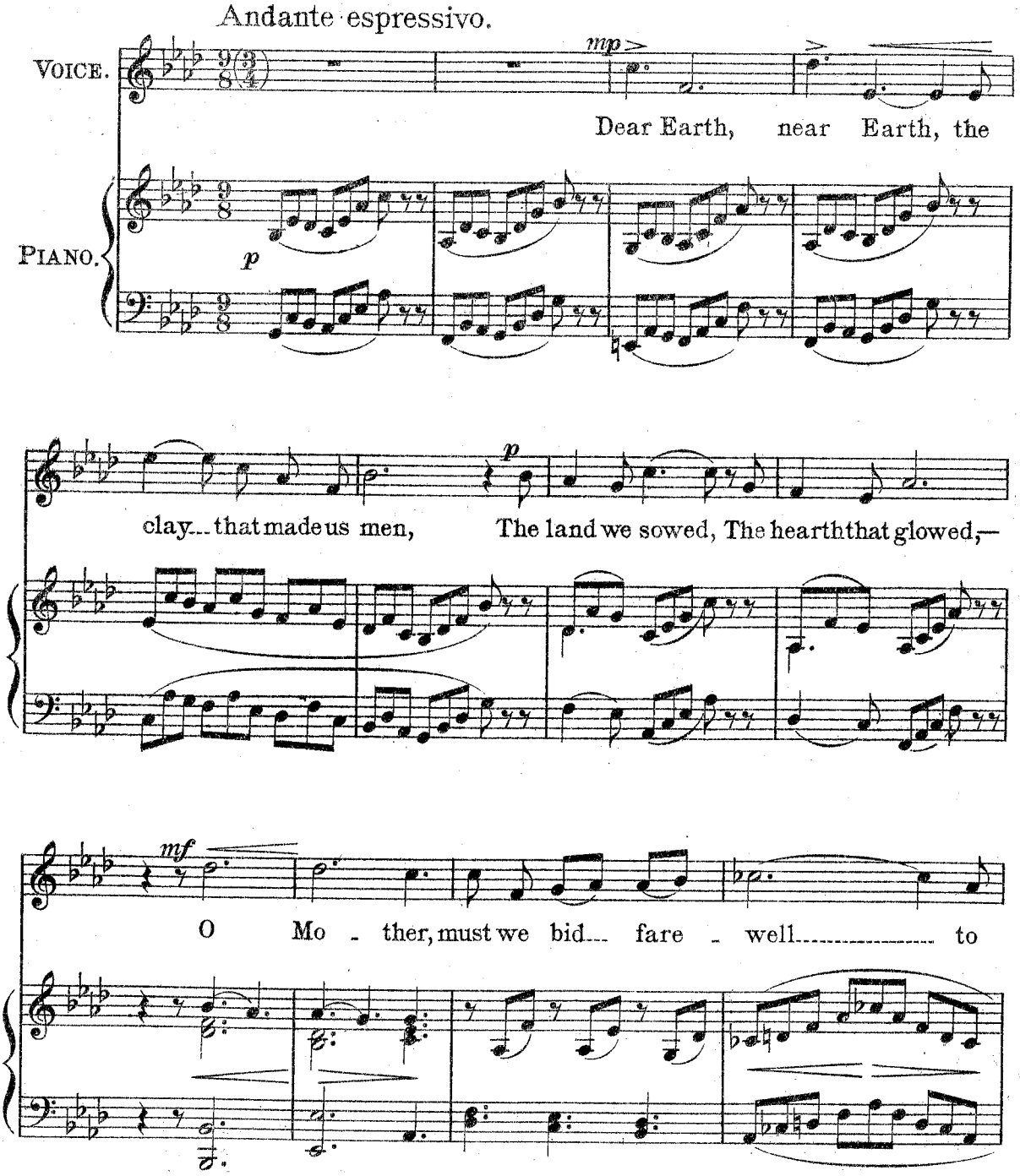

Call him on the deep sea, Call him up the Sound,
mf
Call him up the
mf
Call him on the deep sea,
cresc.
cresc.
4
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe; Where the old trade's plying and the
cresc.
Sound, when ye sail to meet the foe; Where the old trade's plying and the
f
cresc.
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
4
mf
cresc.
sf
rall.
old flag fly-ing, They shall find him ware and wa - - king, As they
rall.
old flag fly-ing, They shall find him ware and wa - - king, As they
rall.



✣ Ending, when there is no Chorus.

✽ In the orchestral score and parts there is an additional bar here.

Nº 2. Outward bound.



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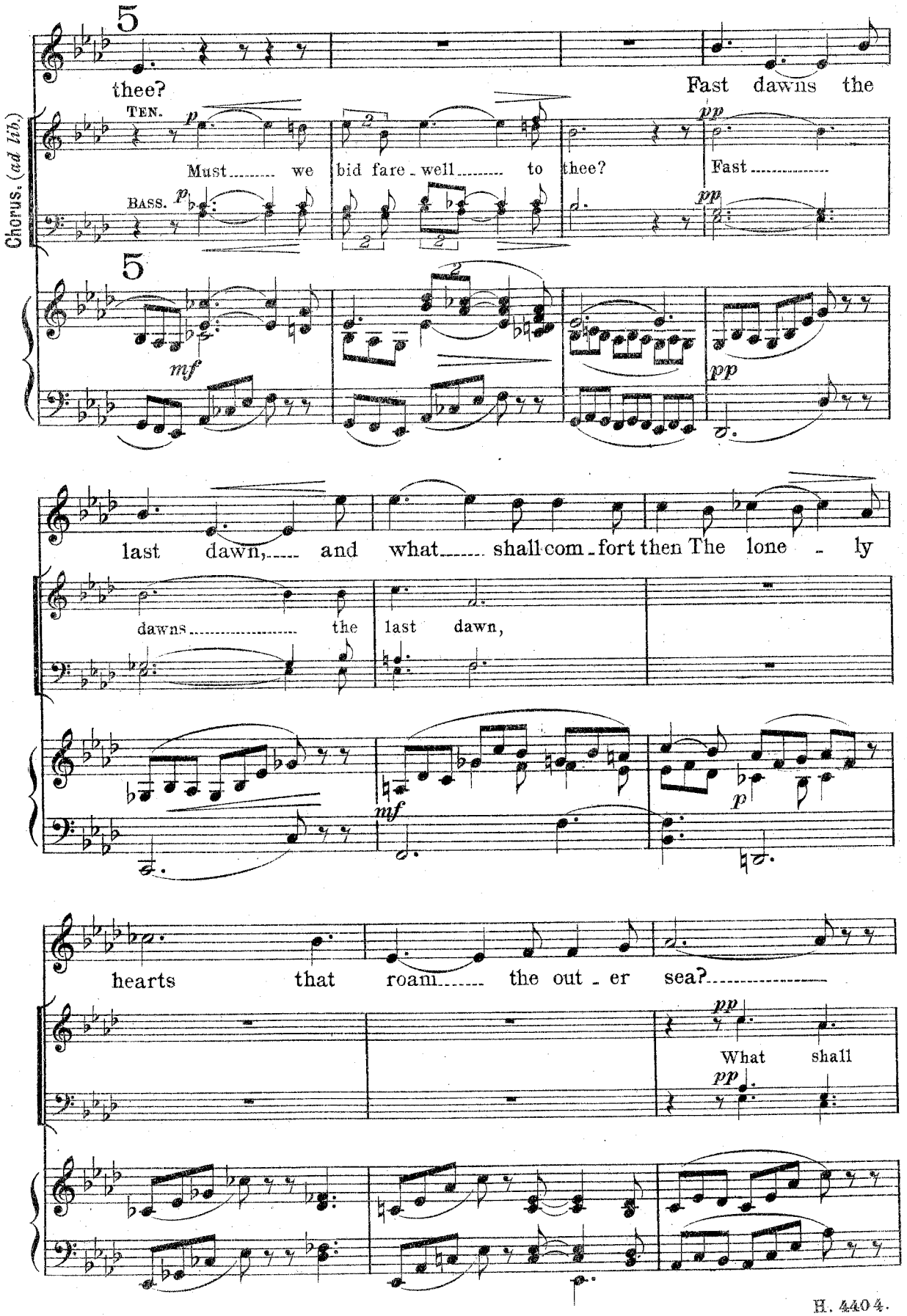
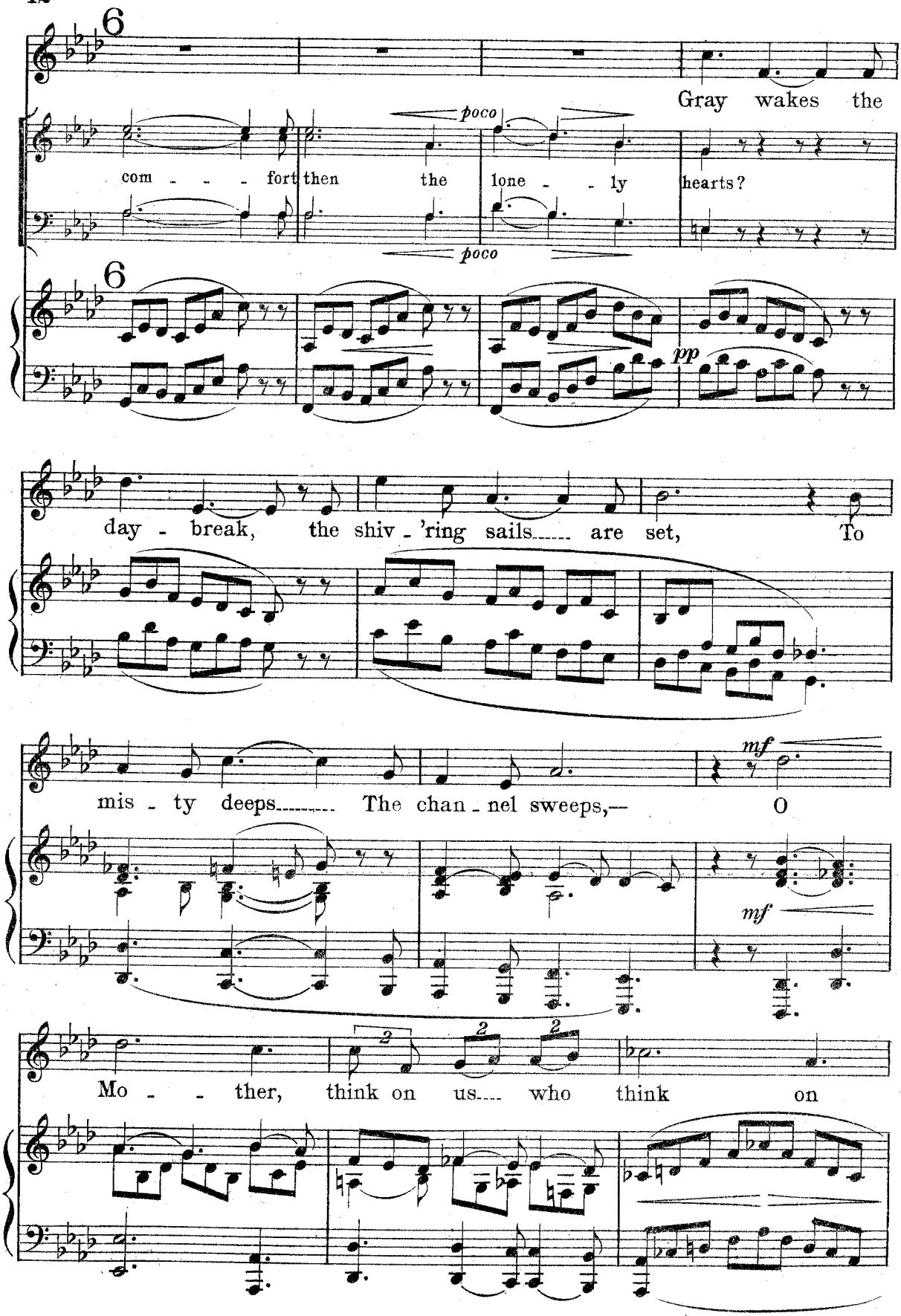
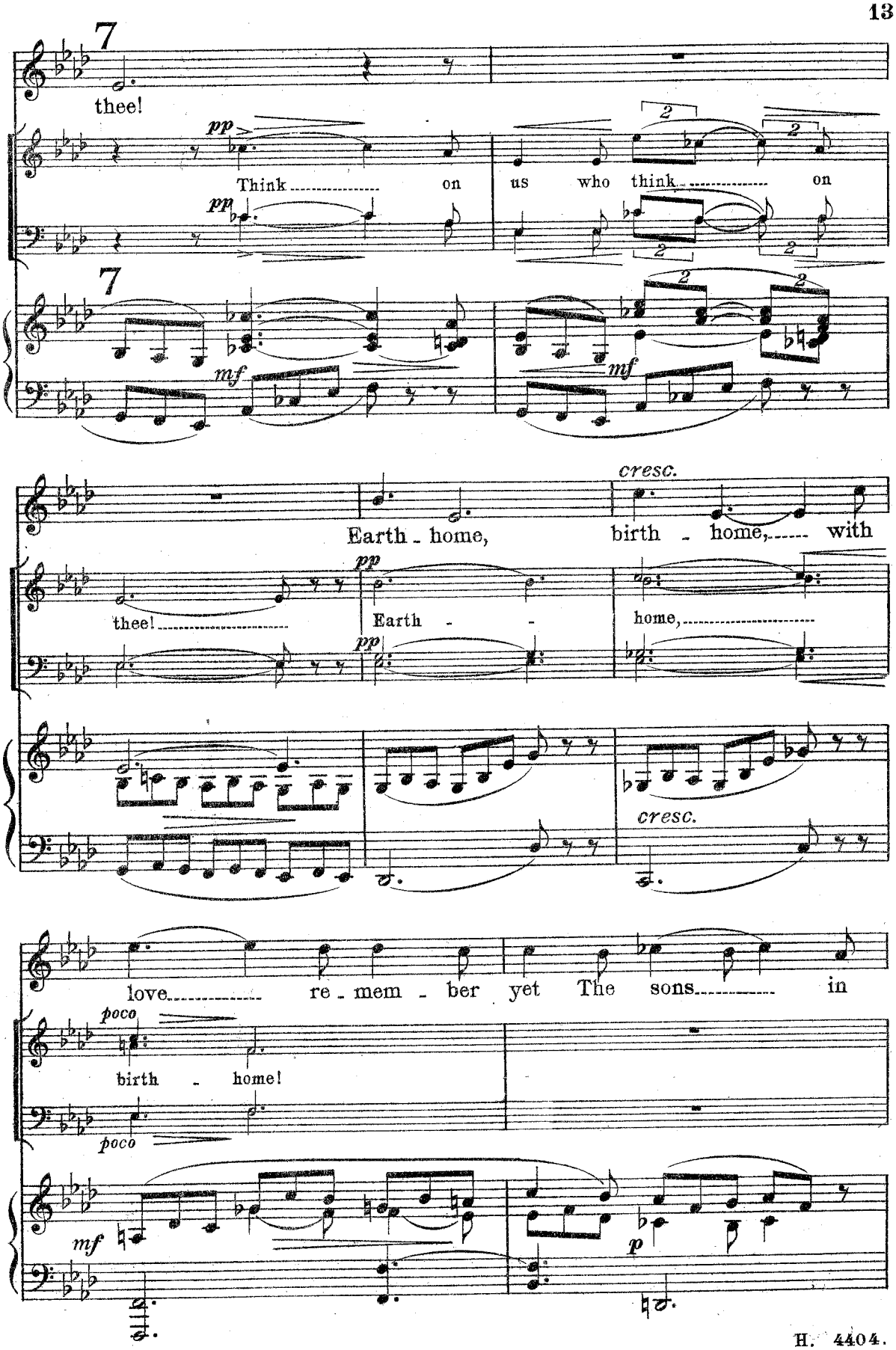
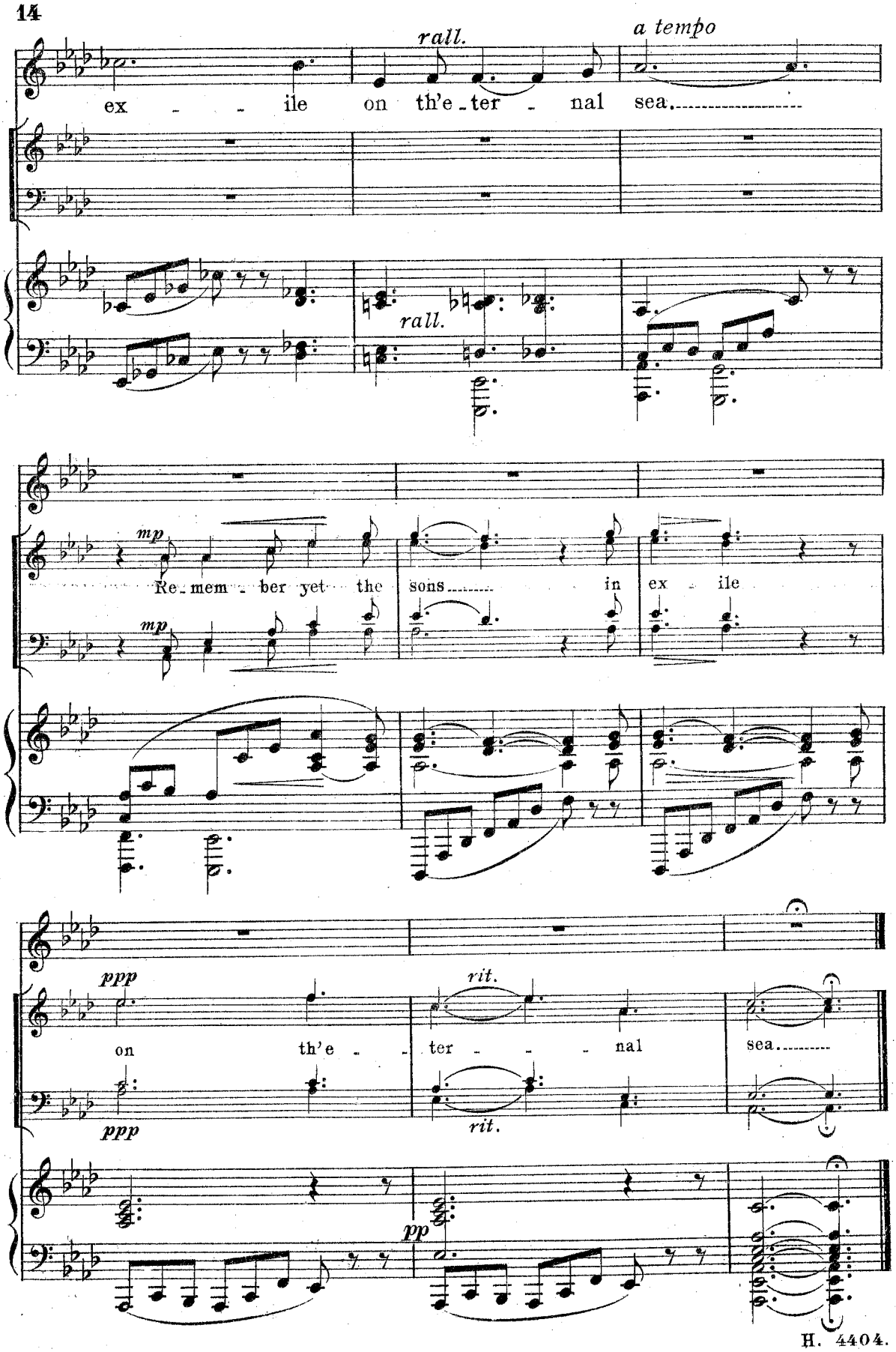
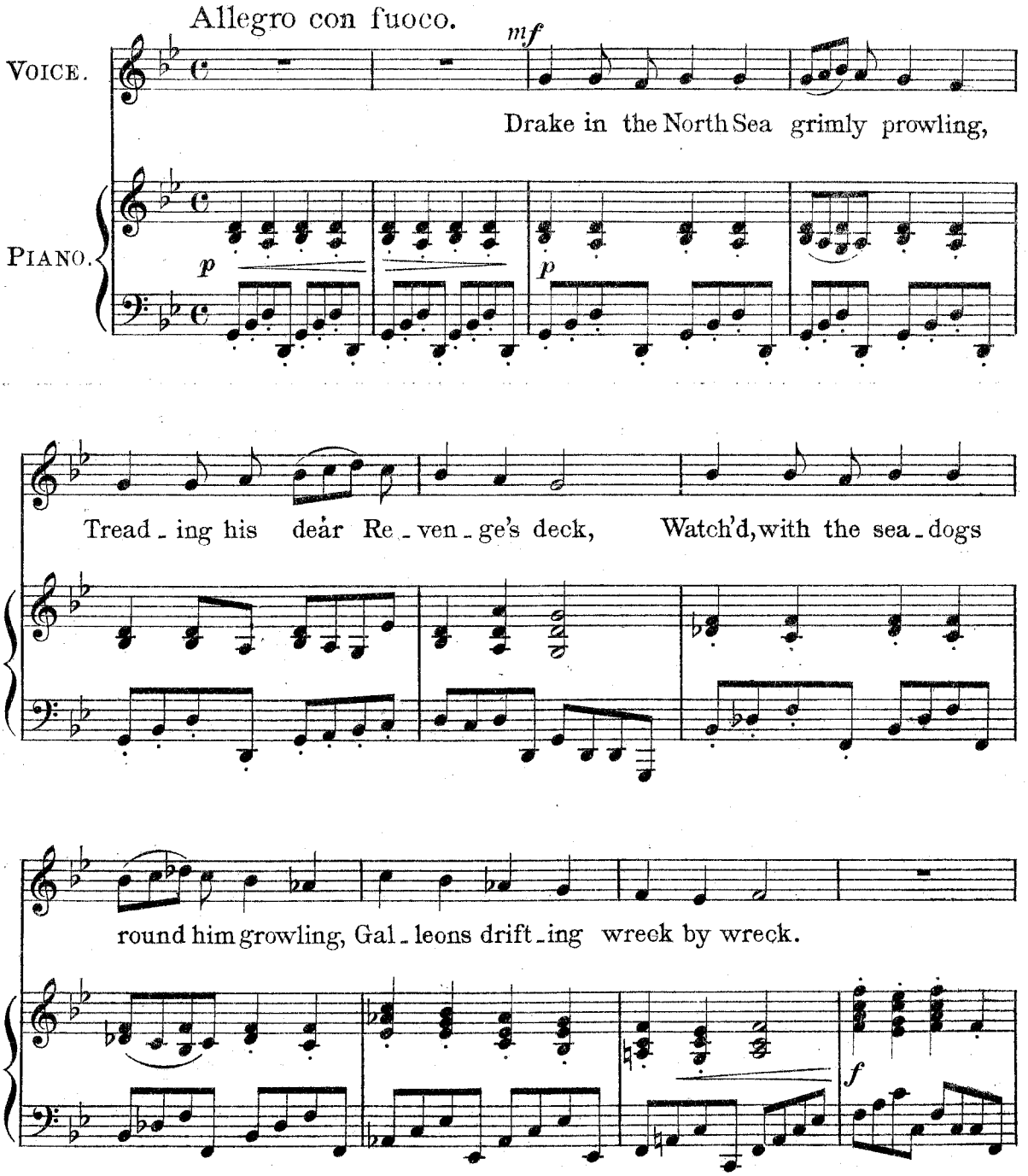

Chorus. (ad lib.)
5
thee?
Fast dawns the
TEN.
Must we bid fare - well to thee?
Fast
BASS.
5
last dawn, and what shall com - fort then The lone - ly
dawns the last dawn,
hearts that roam the out - er sea?
What shall


6
Gray wakes the
com - - - fort then the lone - - ly hearts?
poco
poco
6
pp
day - break, the shiv - 'ring sails..... are set, To
mis - ty deeps..... The chan - nel sweeps,— O
mf
mf
Mo - - ther, think on us.... who think on


7
thee!
pp
Think on us who think on
pp
7
mf
mf
cresc.
Earth - home, birth - home, with
pp
thee!
Earth -
pp
home,
cresc.
love re - mem - ber yet The sons in
poco
birth - home!
poco
mf
p


rall.
a tempo
ex - - ile on th'e - ter - nal sea.
rall.
mp
Re - mem - ber yet the sons in ex - ile
mp
ppp
rit.
on th'e - ter - - nal sea.
ppp
rit.
pp

N° 3. Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain.



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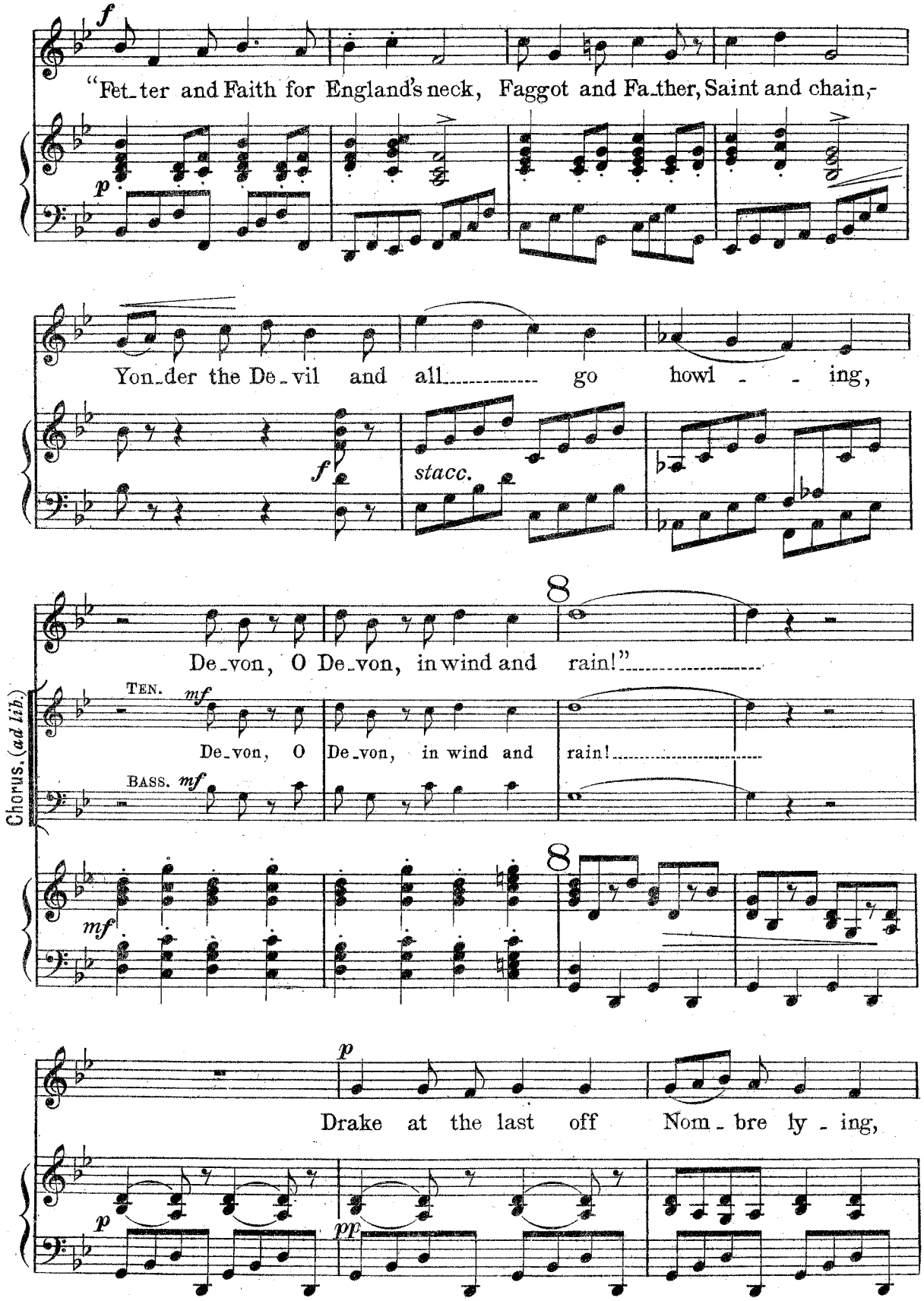
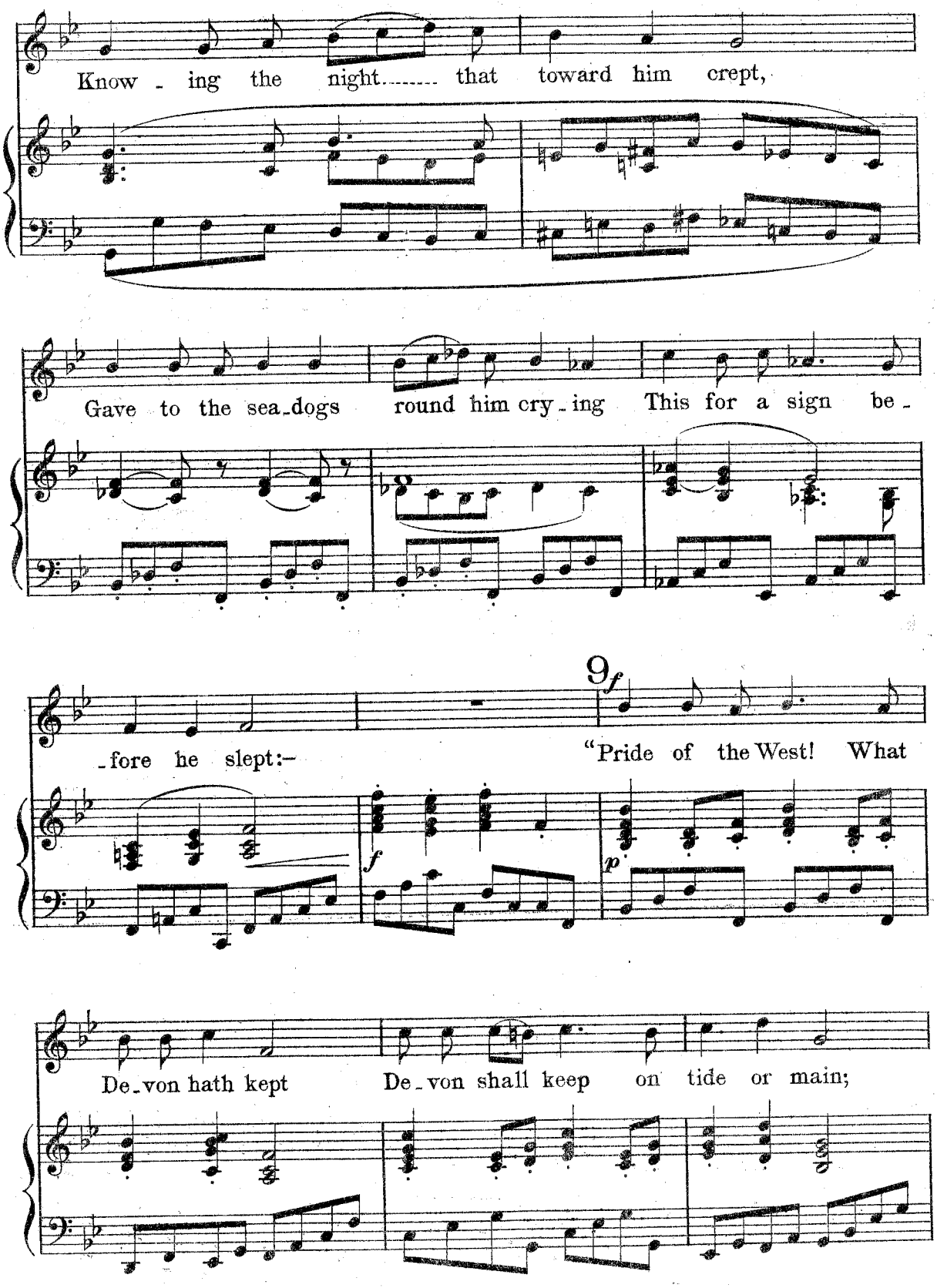
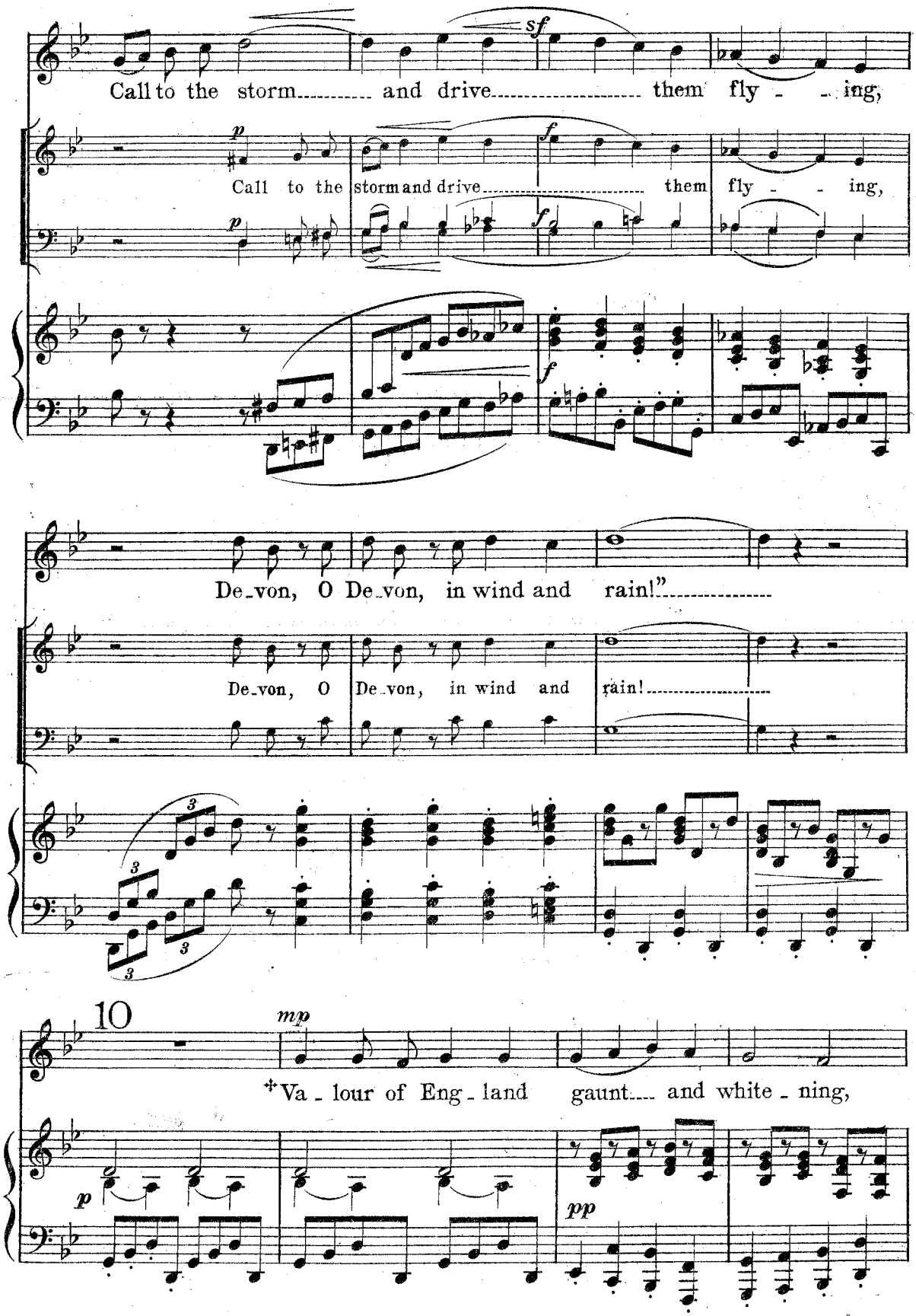
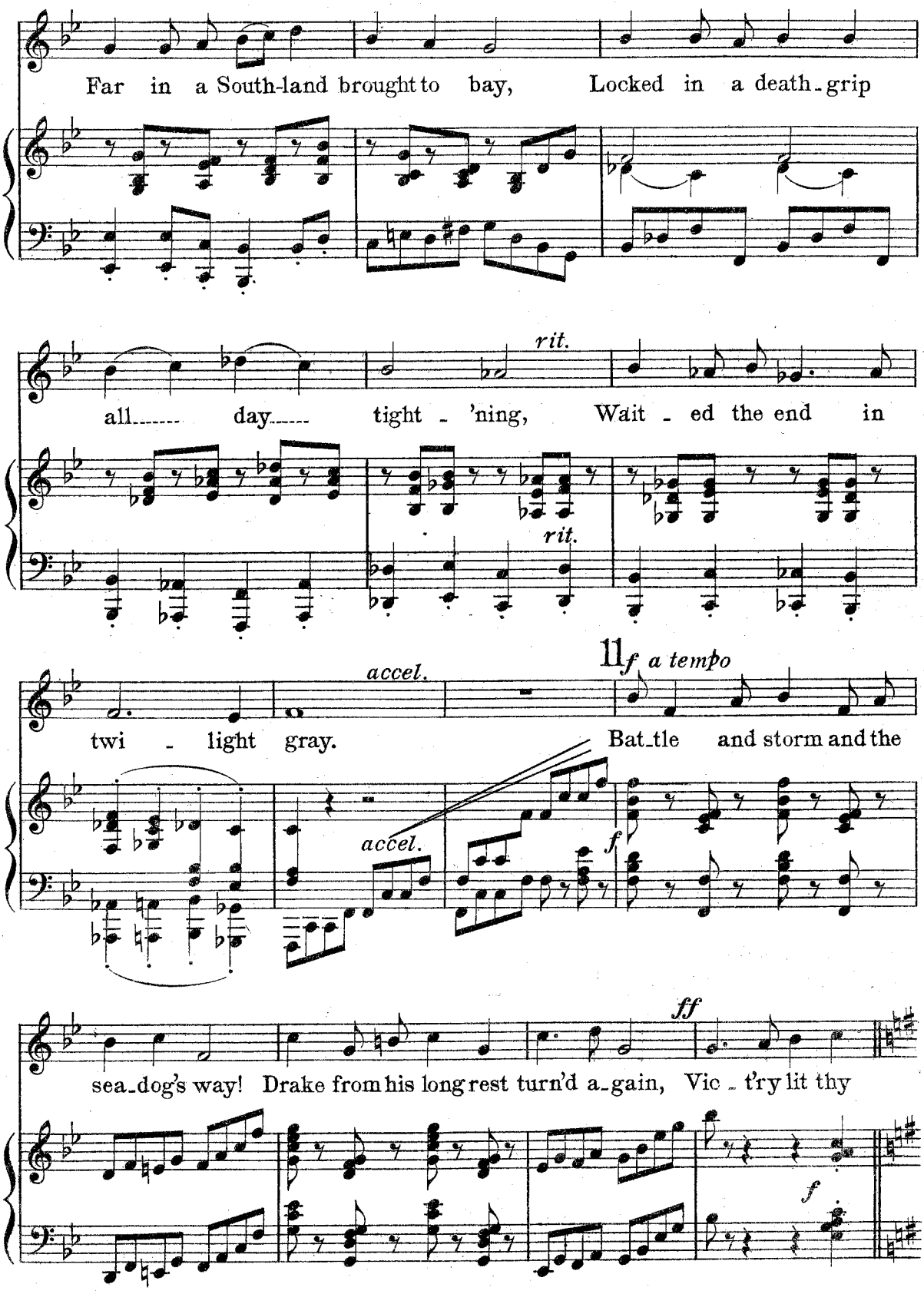
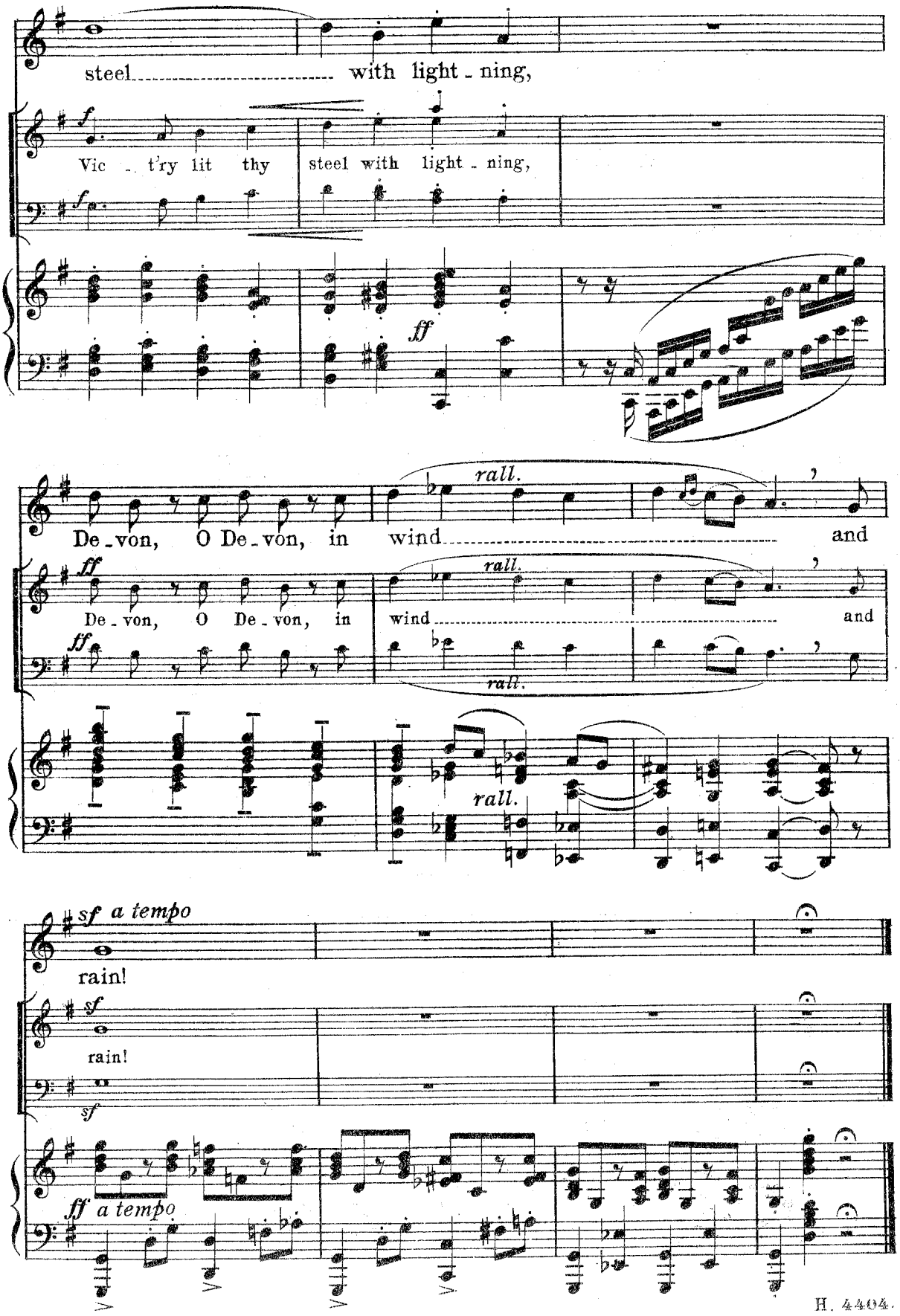

"Fet_ter and Faith for England's neck, Faggot and Fa_ther, Saint and chain,-
Yon_der the De_vil and all go howl - - ing,
stacc.
De_von, O De_von, in wind and rain!"
Chorus. (ad lib.)
TEN.
BASS.
De_von, O De_von, in wind and rain!
Drake at the last off Nom_bre ly_ing,


Know - ing the night..... that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him cry - ing This for a sign be -
- fore he slept:-
9
f
"Pride of the West! What
f
p
De - von hath kept
De - von shall keep on tide or main;

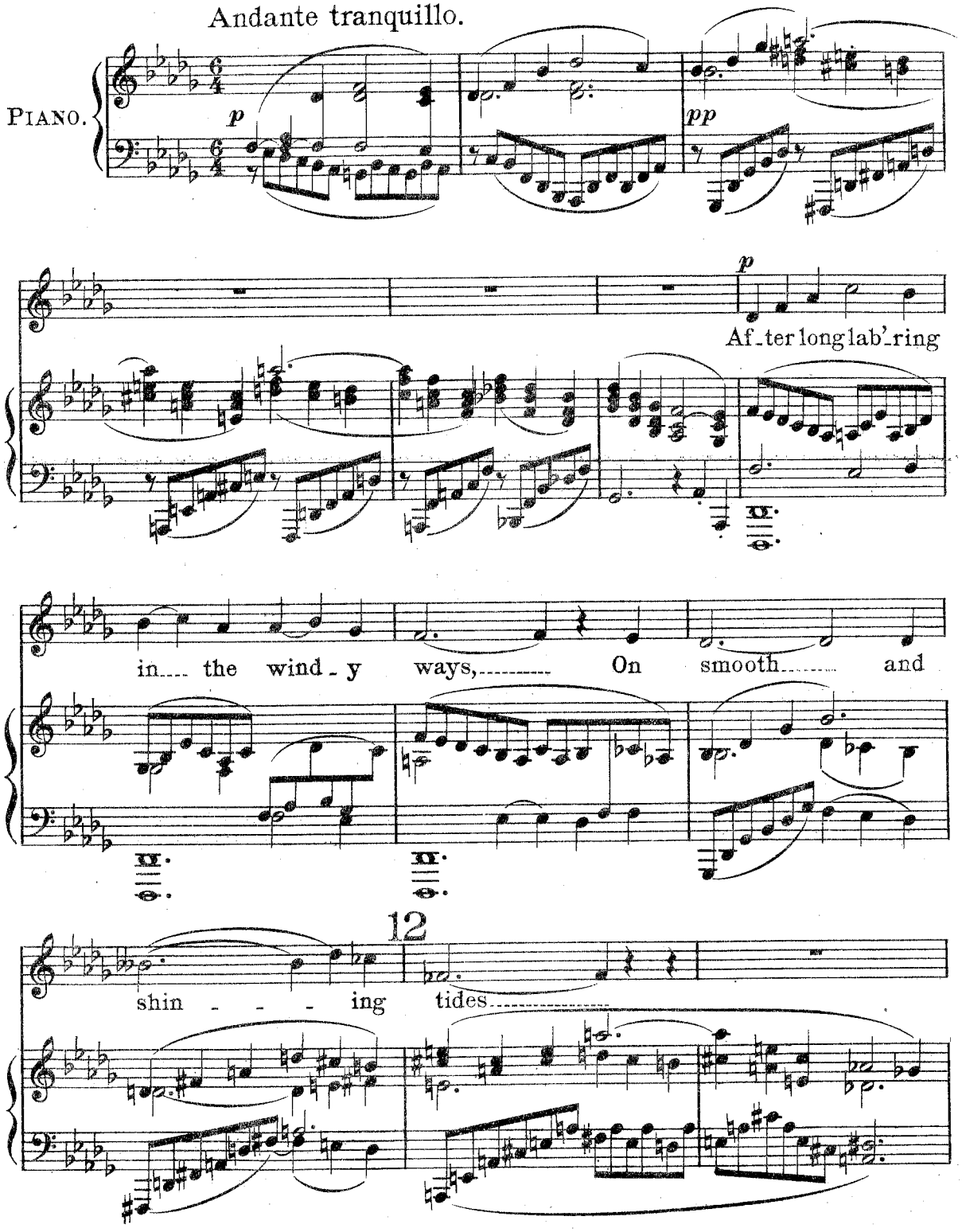


† Waggon Hill. January 6, 1900.


Far in a South-land brought to bay, Locked in a death-grip
rit.
all day tight - 'ning, Wait - ed the end in
rit.
accel.
twi - light gray.
11 f a tempo
Bat-tle and storm and the
accel.
f
ff
sea-dog's way! Drake from his long rest turn'd a-gain, Vic - t'ry lit thy
f


steel with light - ning,
Vic - t'ry lit thy steel with light - ning,
De - von, O De - von, in wind and
rall.
rain!
a tempo

No. 4. Homeward bound.



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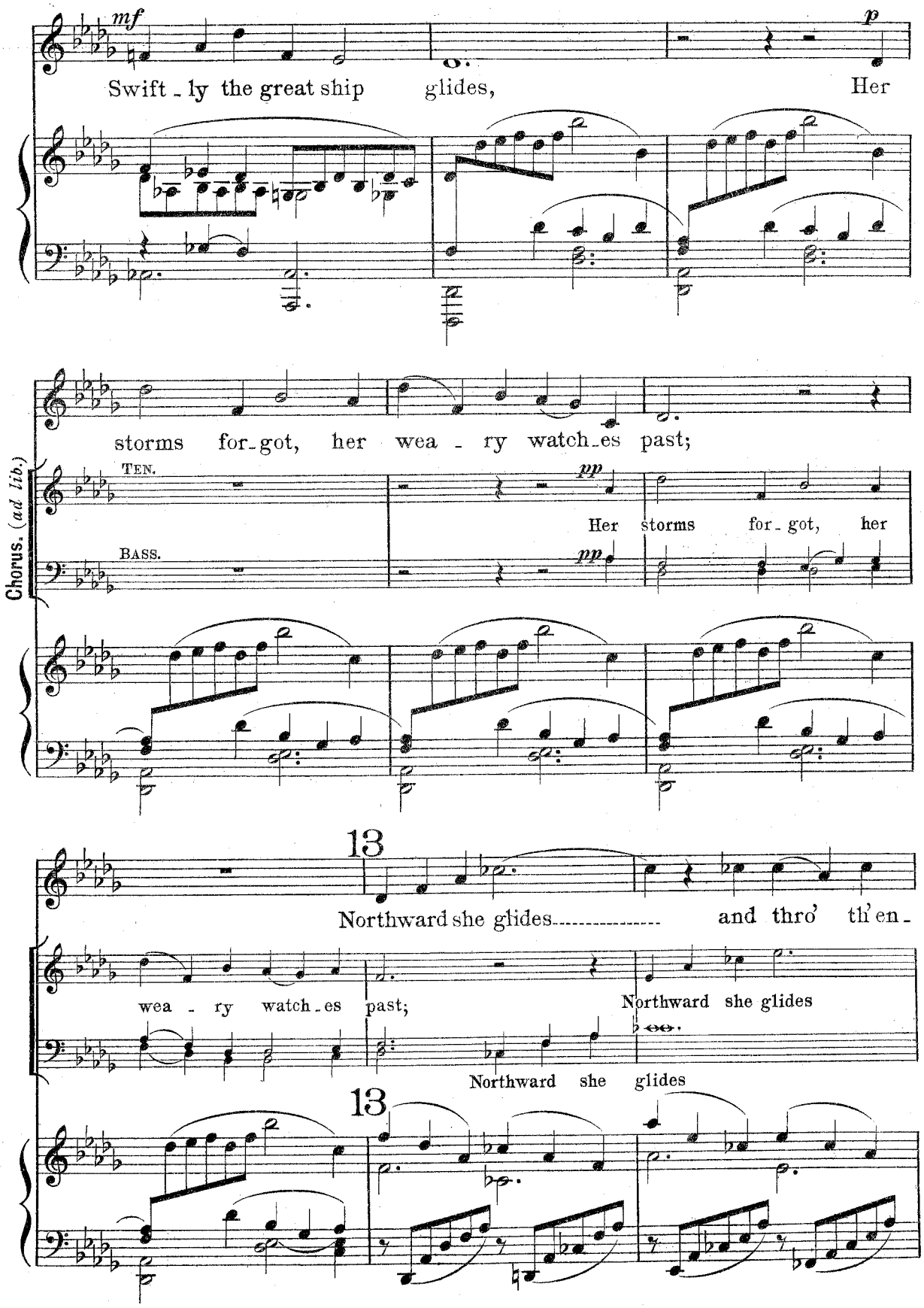
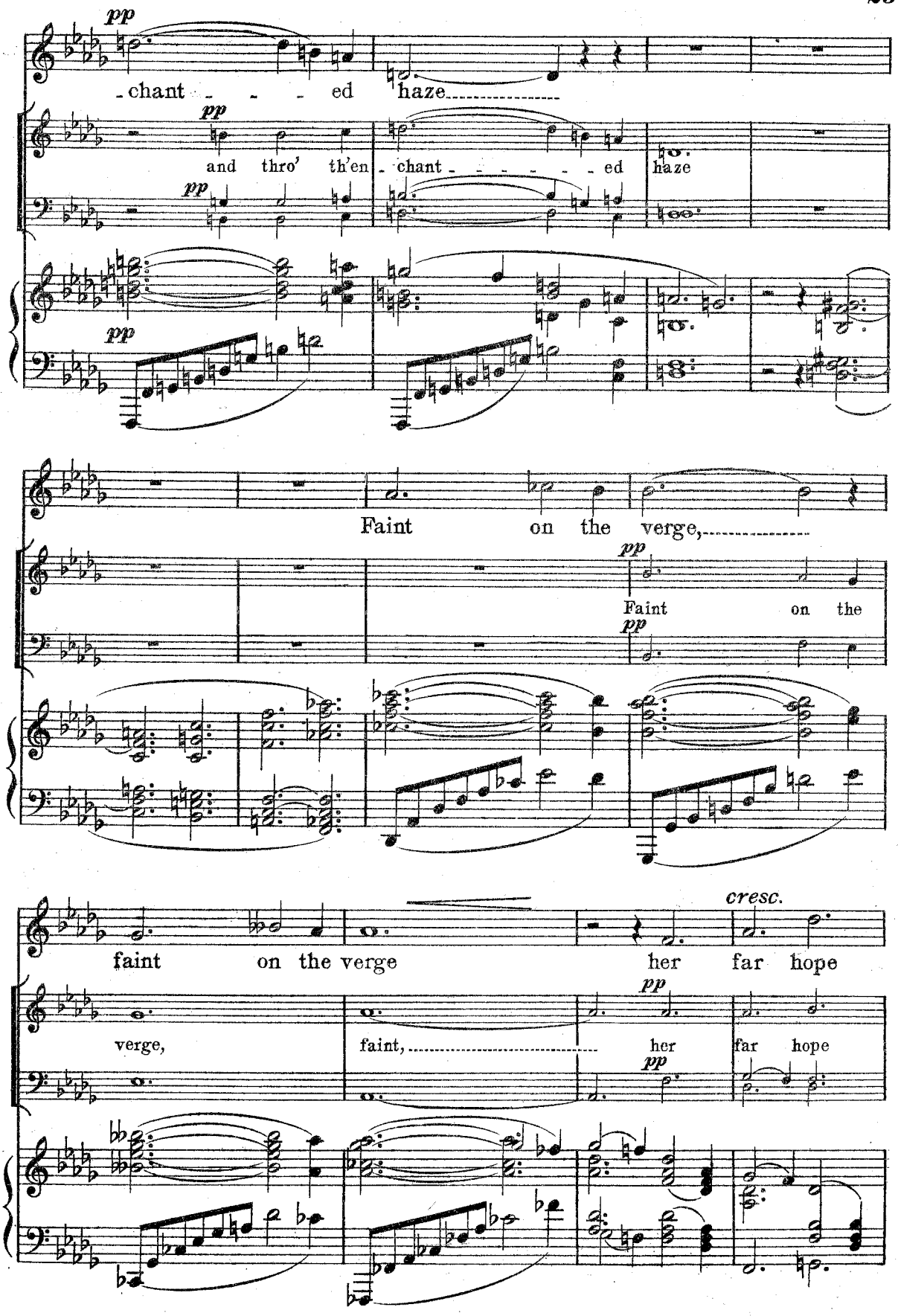
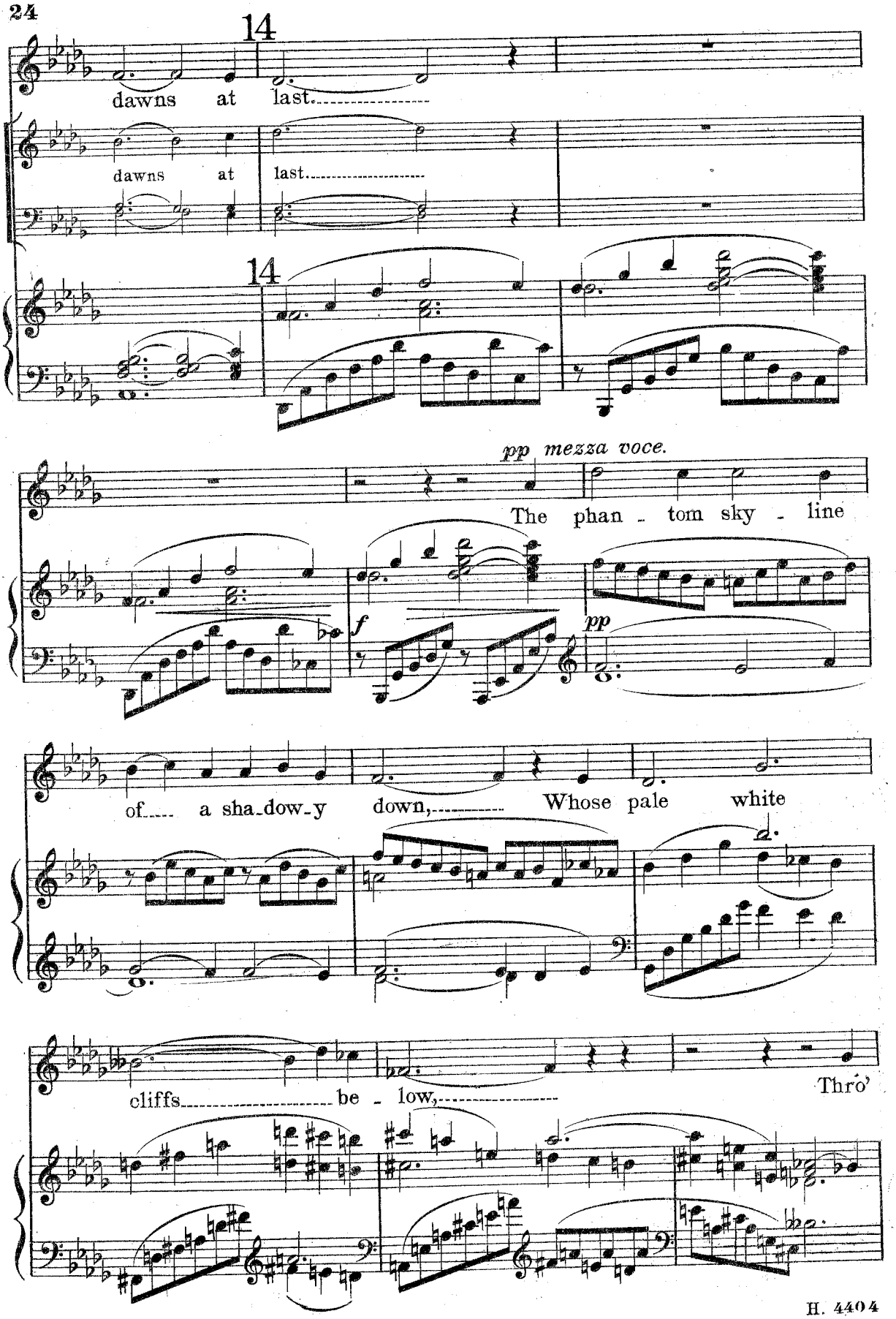
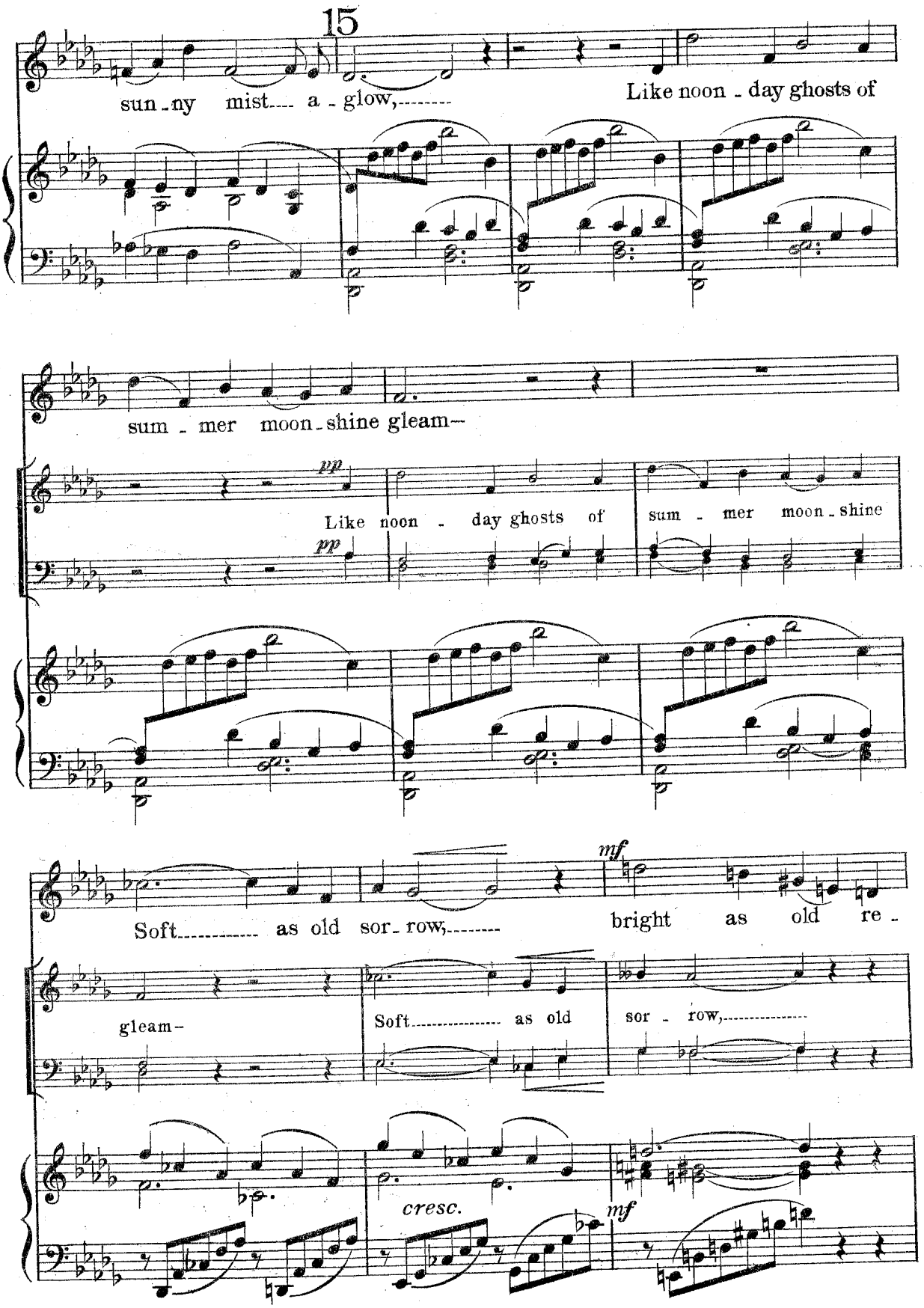
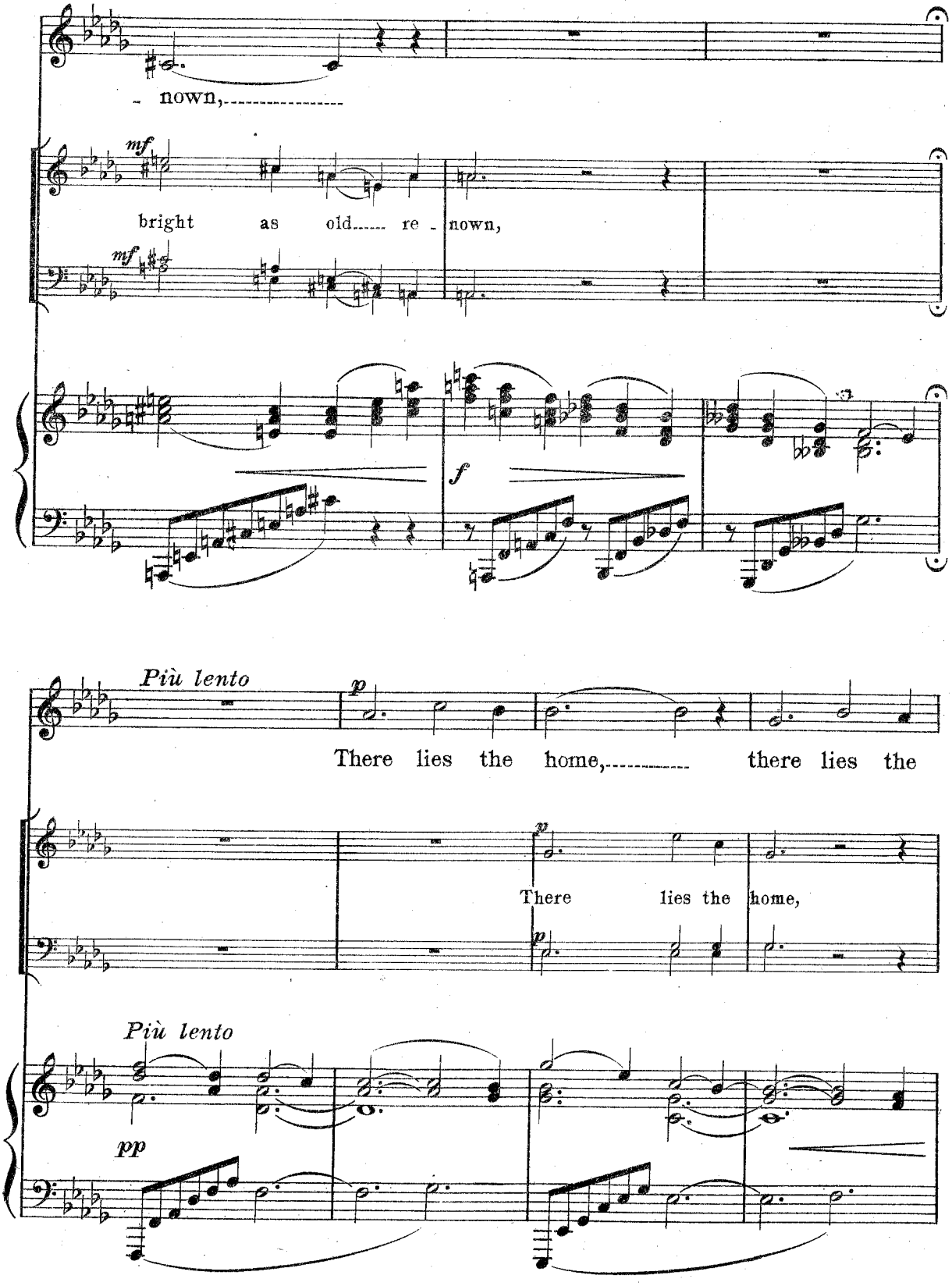
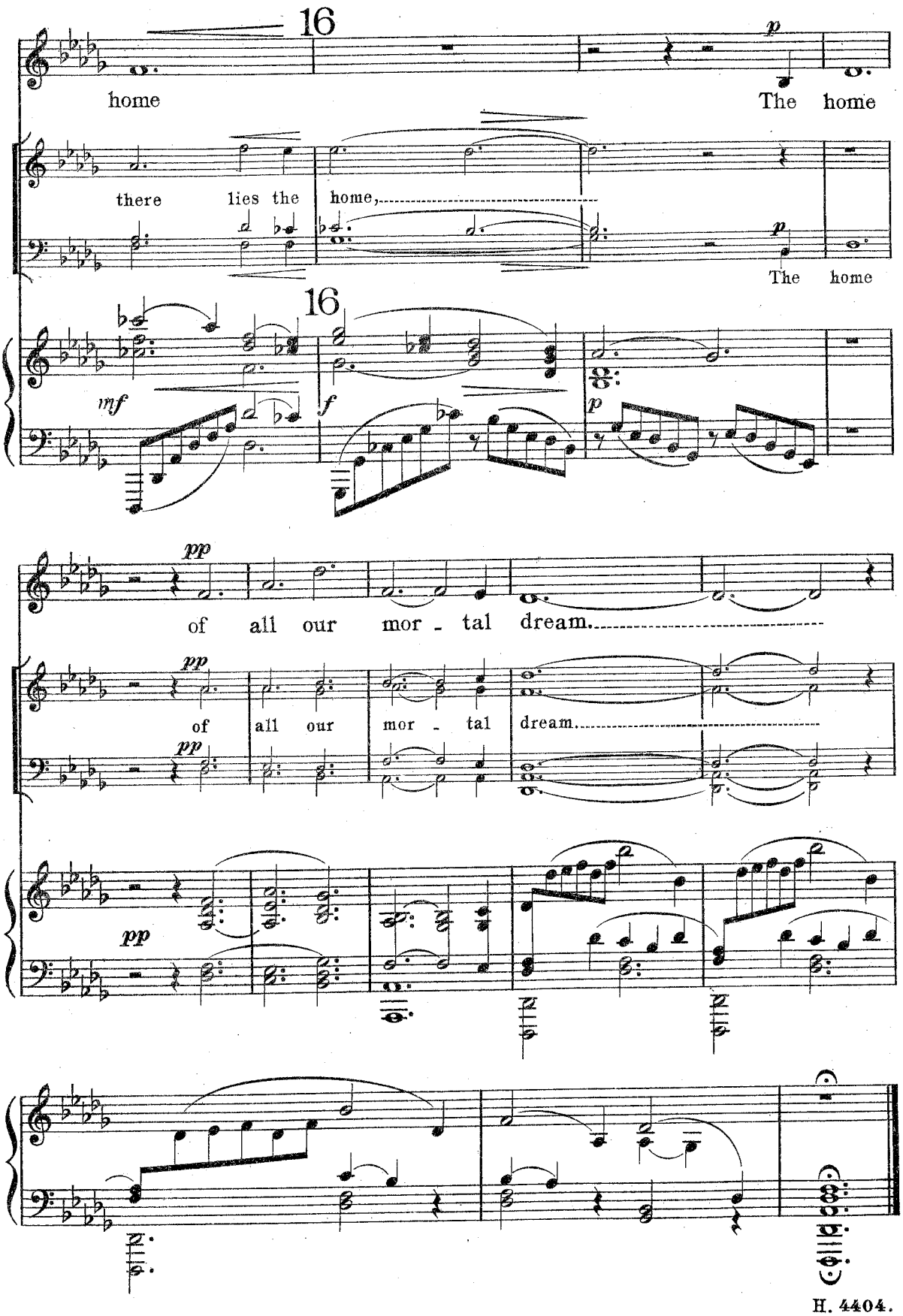

mf
Swift - ly the great ship glides,
p
Her
storms for - got, her wea - ry watch - es past;
Chorus. (ad lib.)
TEN.
BASS.
pp
Her storms for - got, her
13
Northward she glides and thro' th'en -
wea - ry watch - es past;
Northward she glides
Northward she glides
13


pp
-chant - - - ed haze
pp
and thro' th'en - chant - - - - - - ed haze
pp
Faint on the verge,
pp
Faint on the
pp
faint on the verge her far hope
cresc.
verge, faint, her far hope
pp
pp

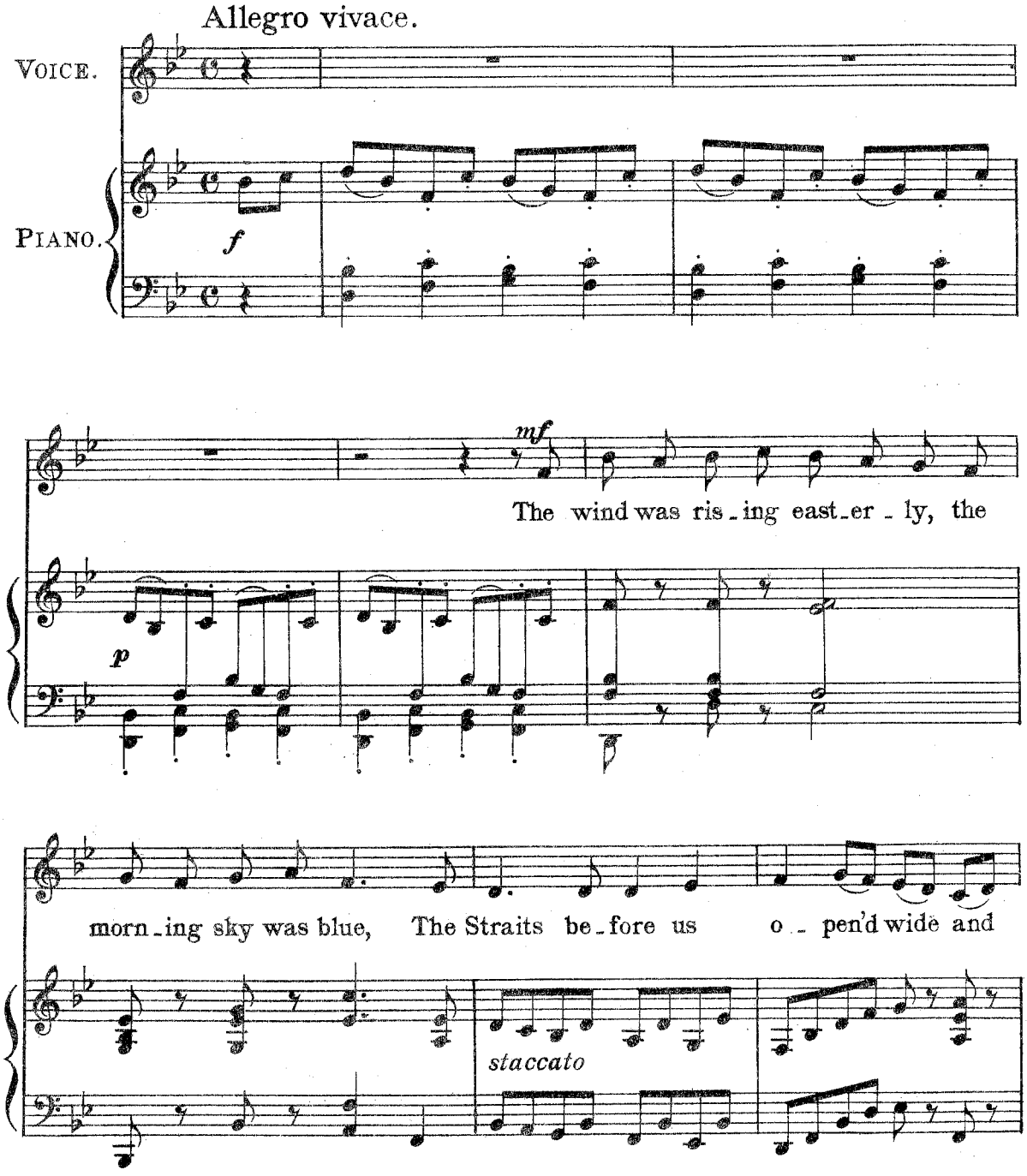

14
dawns at last.
dawns at last.
14
pp mezza voce.
The phan - tom sky - line
f
pp
of a sha-dow-y down, Whose pale white
cliffs be - low,
Thro'


15
sun - ny mist---- a - glow,--------
Like noon - day ghosts of
sum - mer moon - shine gleam--
pp
Like noon - day ghosts of
pp
sum - mer moon - shine
Soft---------- as old sor - row,--------
mf
bright as old re -
gleam--
Soft---------- as old
sor - row,----------
cresc.
mf


- nown,
mf
bright as old..... re - nown,
mf
f
Più lento
p
There lies the home,..... there lies the
p
There lies the home,
p
Più lento
pp


16
home
The home
there lies the home,
The home
16
mf
f
p
pp
of all our mor - tal dream.
of all our mor - tal dream.
pp
pp

No. 5. The Old Superb.



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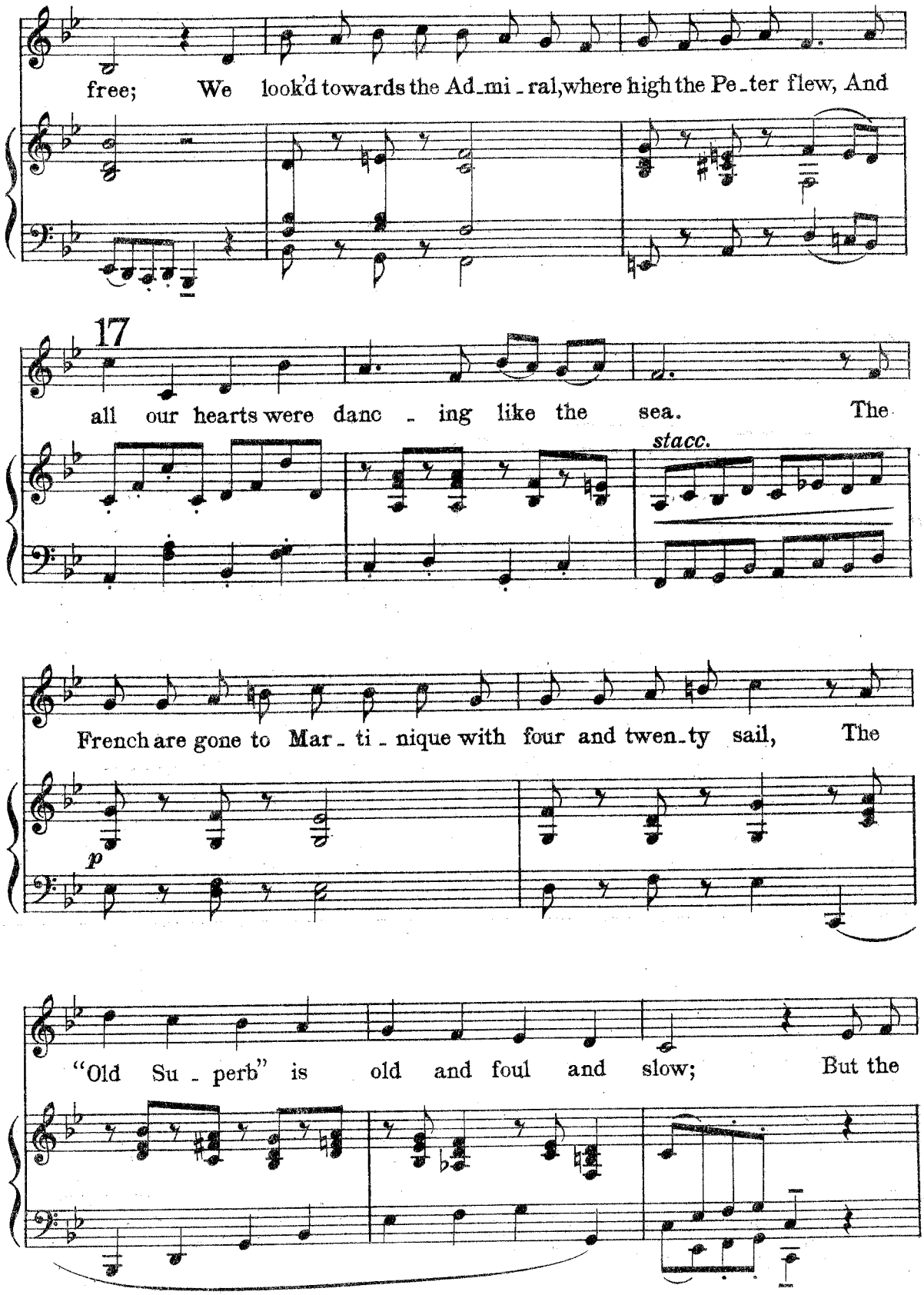
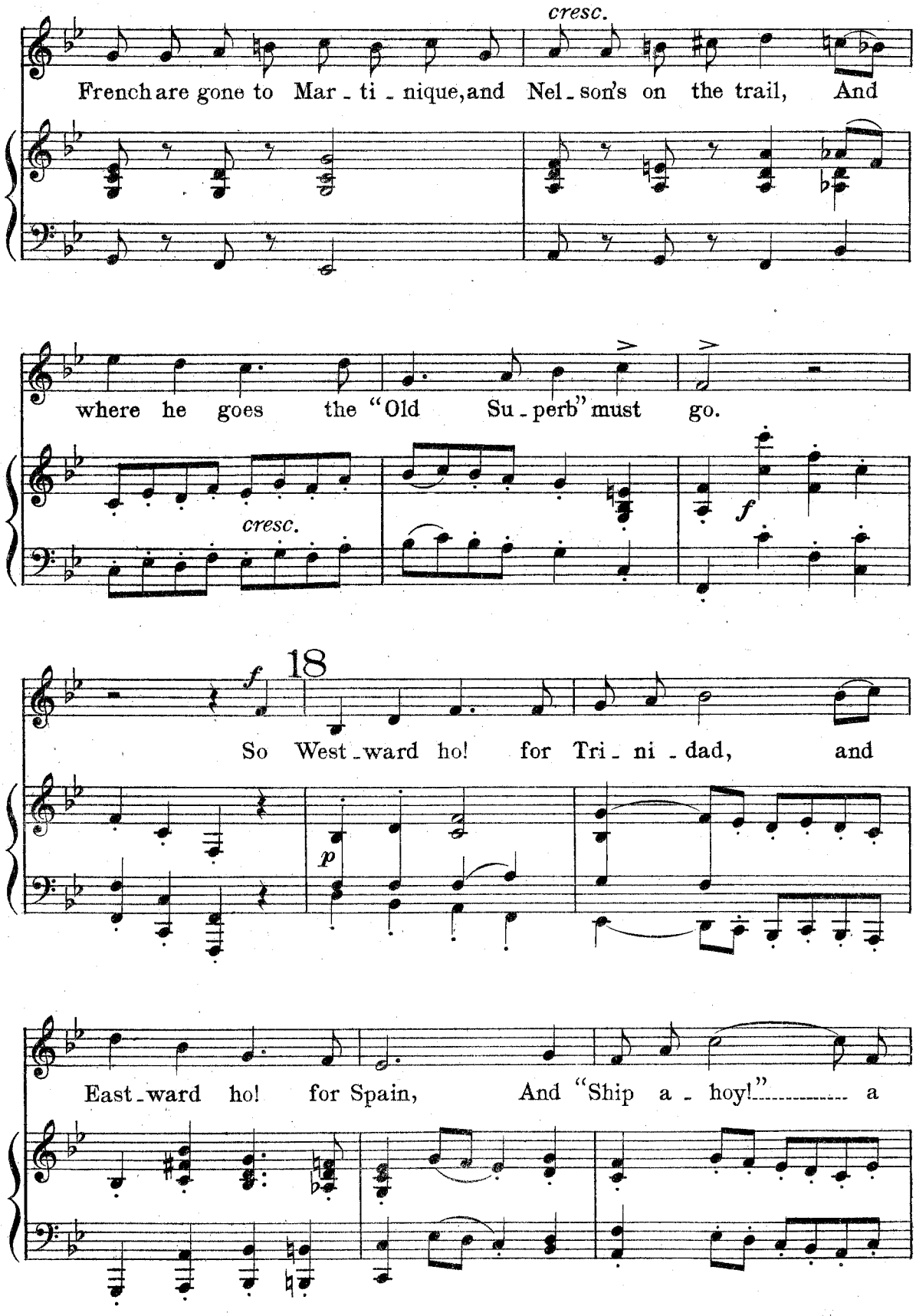
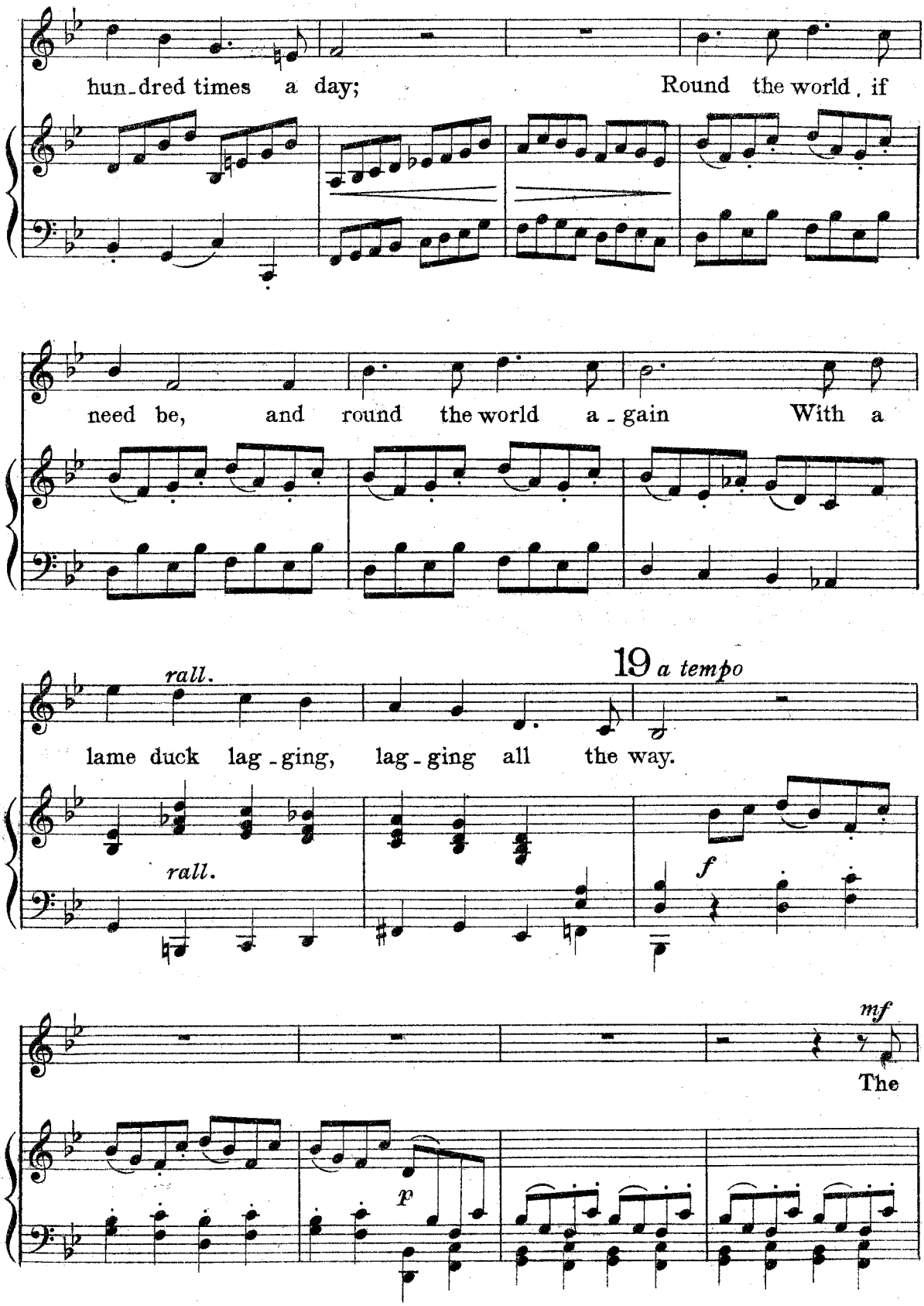
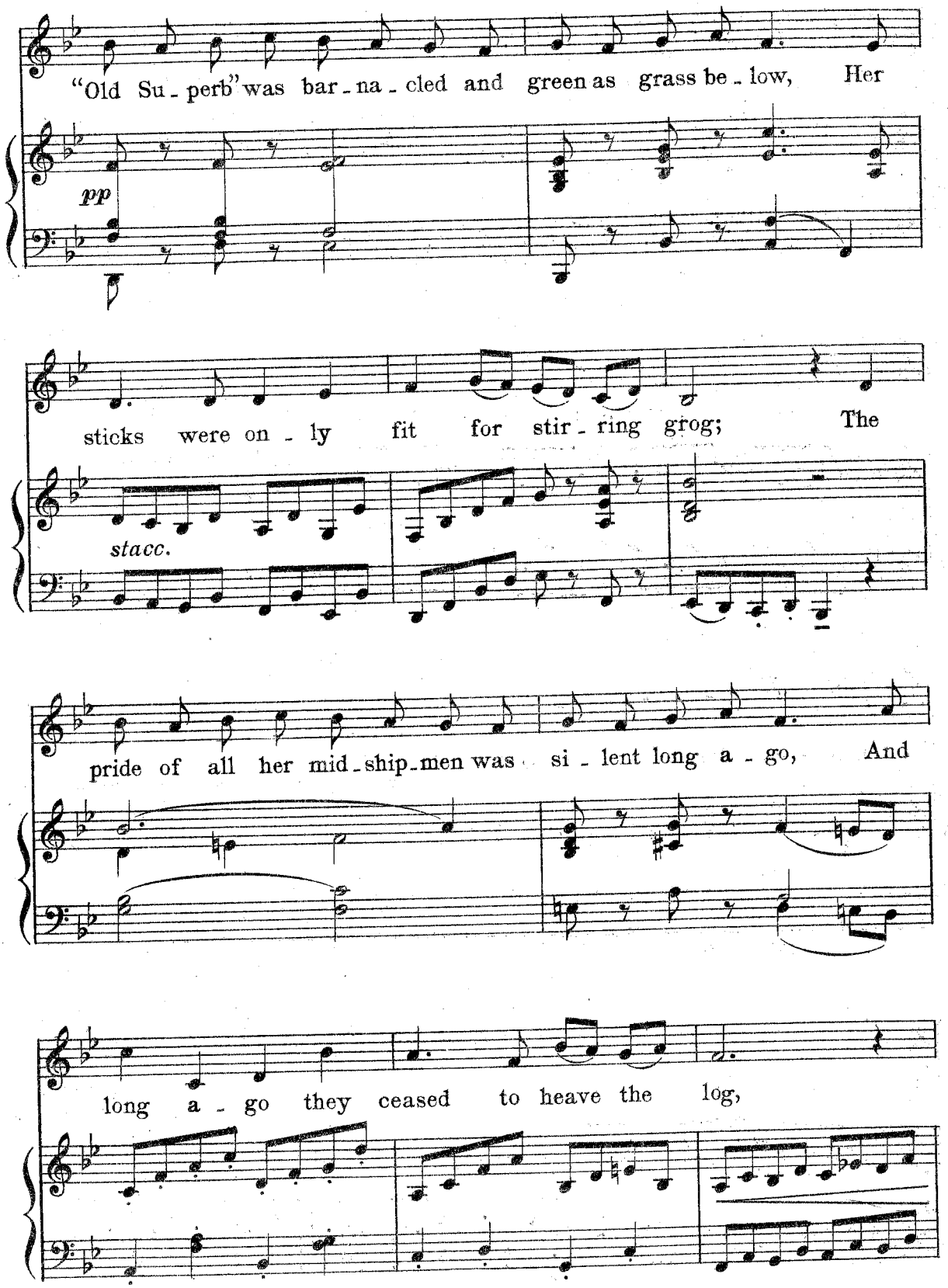
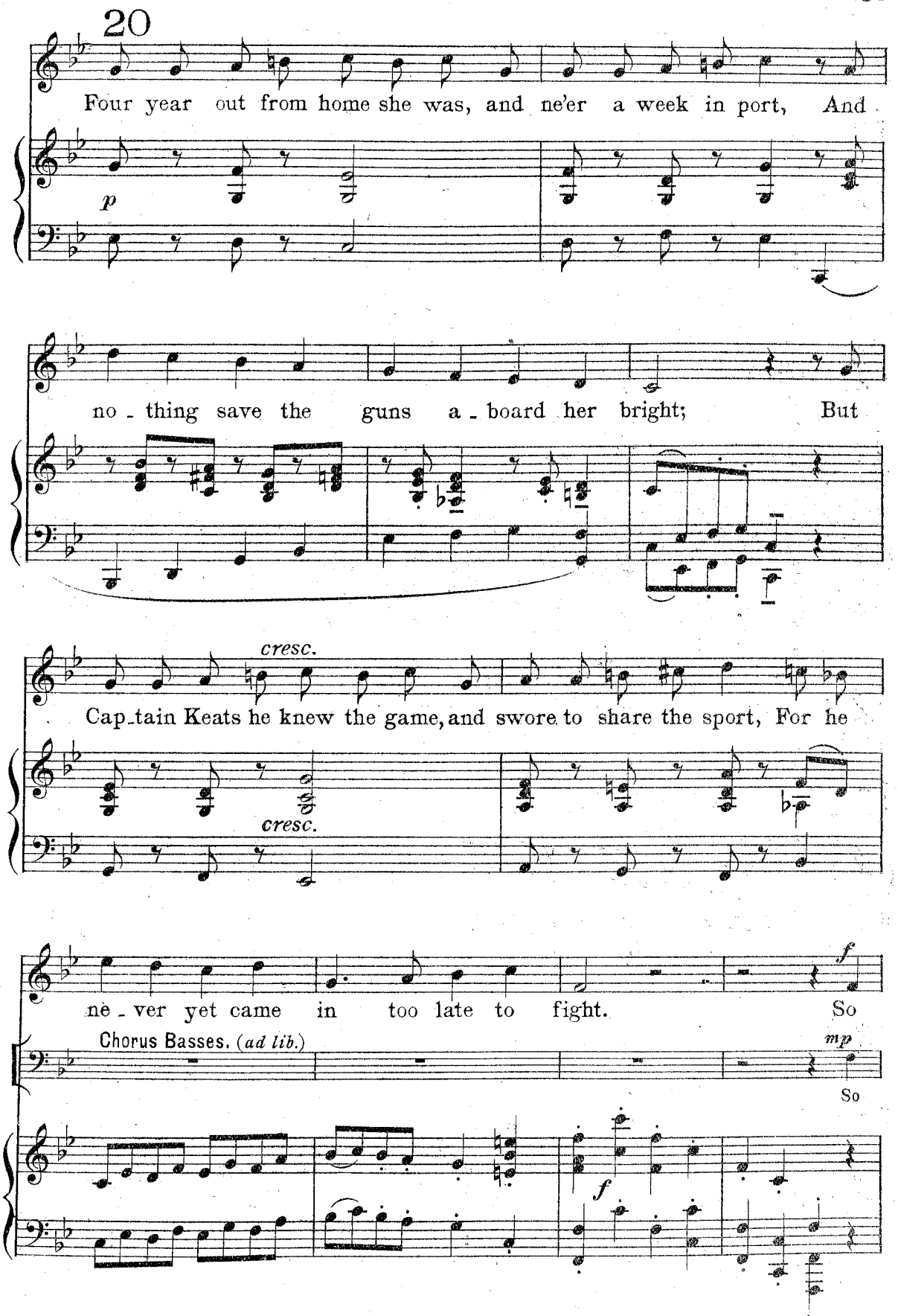
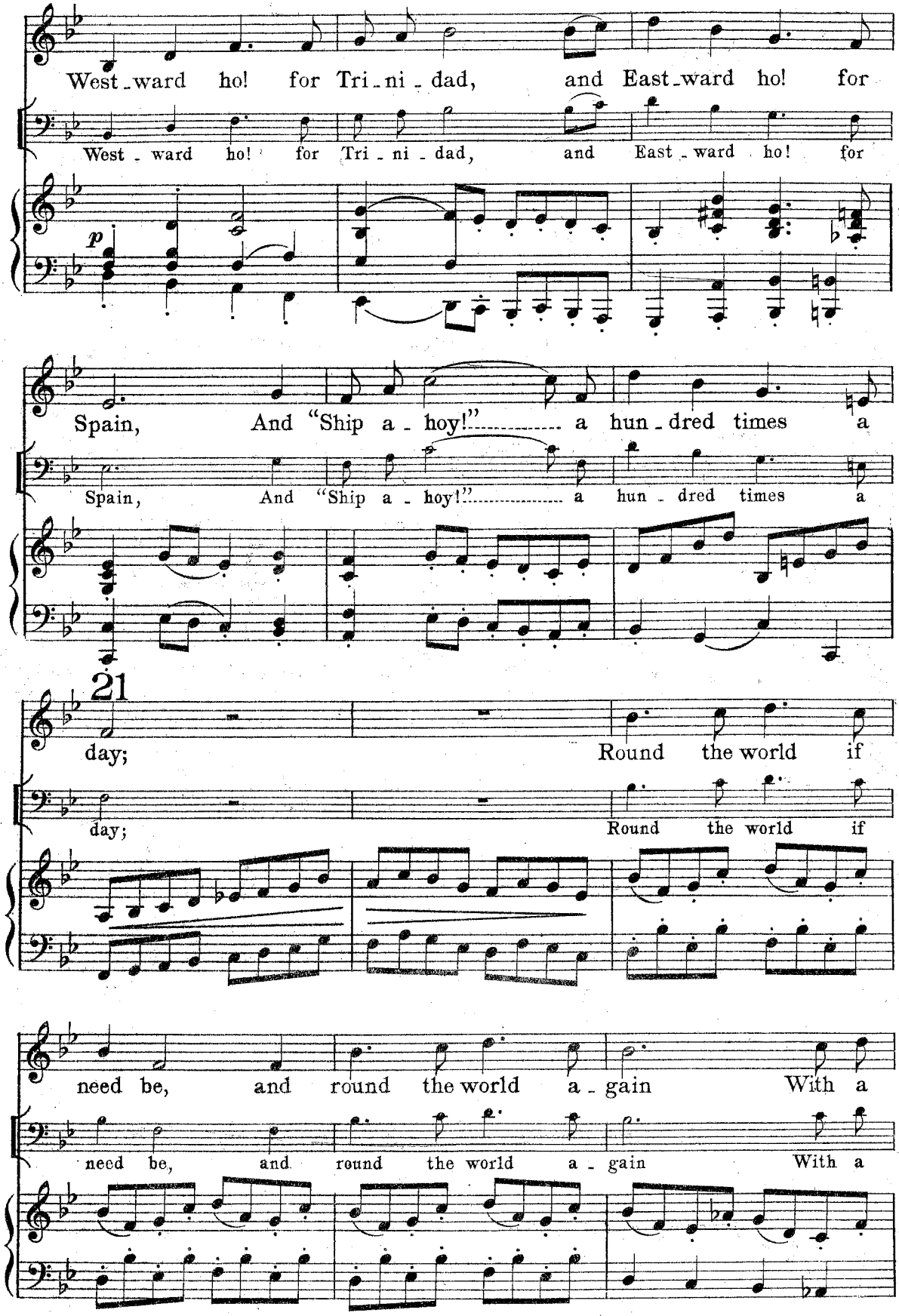

free; We look'd towards the Ad_mi_ral,where high the Pe_ter flew, And
17
all our hearts were danc _ ing like the sea. The
stacc.
French are gone to Mar_ti_nique with four and twen_ty sail, The
p
"Old Su _ perb" is old and foul and slow; But the

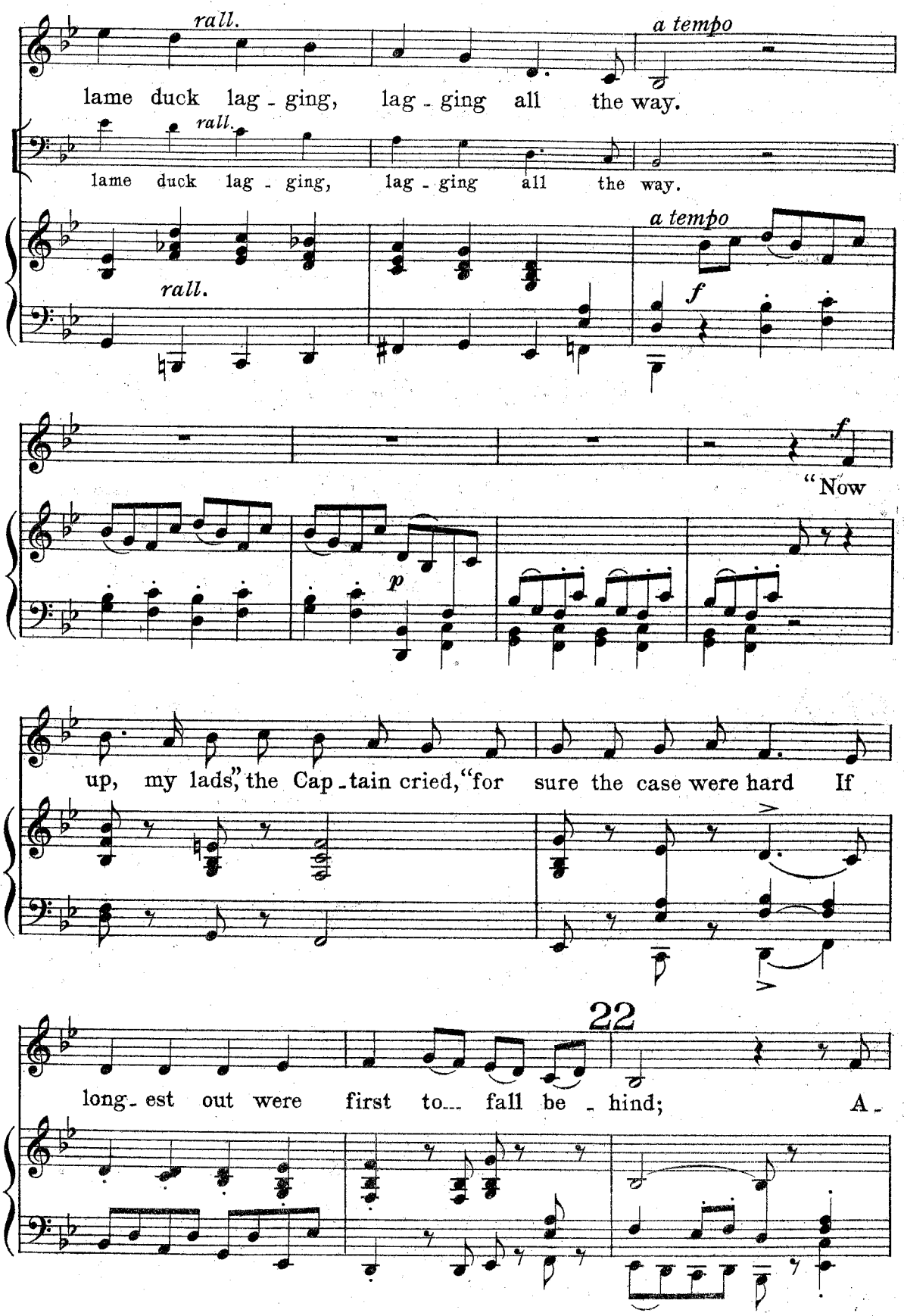

cresc.
French are gone to Mar - ti - nique, and Nel - son's on the trail, And
where he goes the "Old Su - perb" must go.
cresc.
f
18
So West - ward ho! for Tri - ni - dad, and
p
East - ward ho! for Spain, And "Ship a - hoy!" a

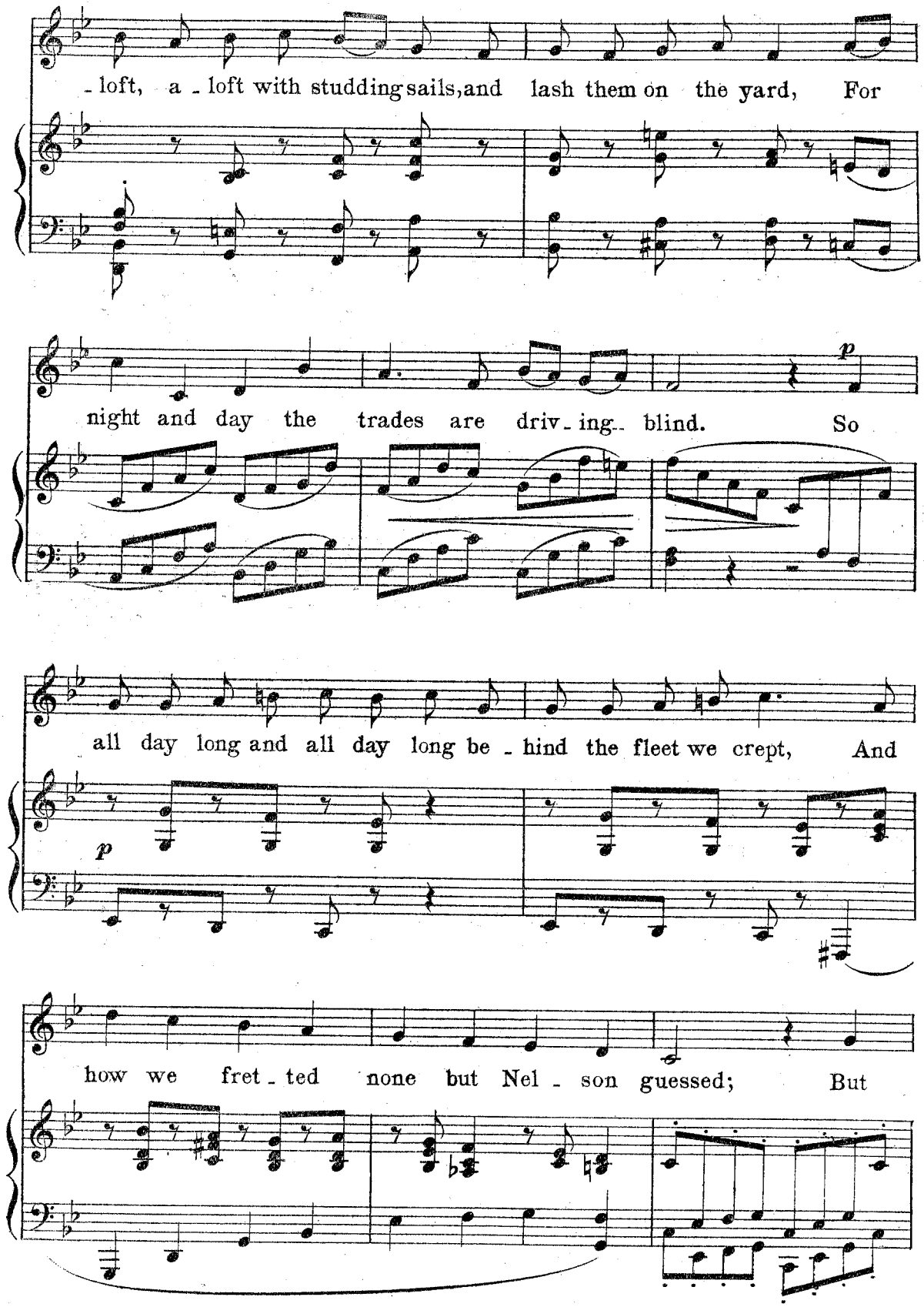

hun-dred times a day; Round the world, if
need be, and round the world a-gain With a
rall.
19 a tempo
lame duck lag-ging, lag-ging all the way.
rall.
f
mf
The
p

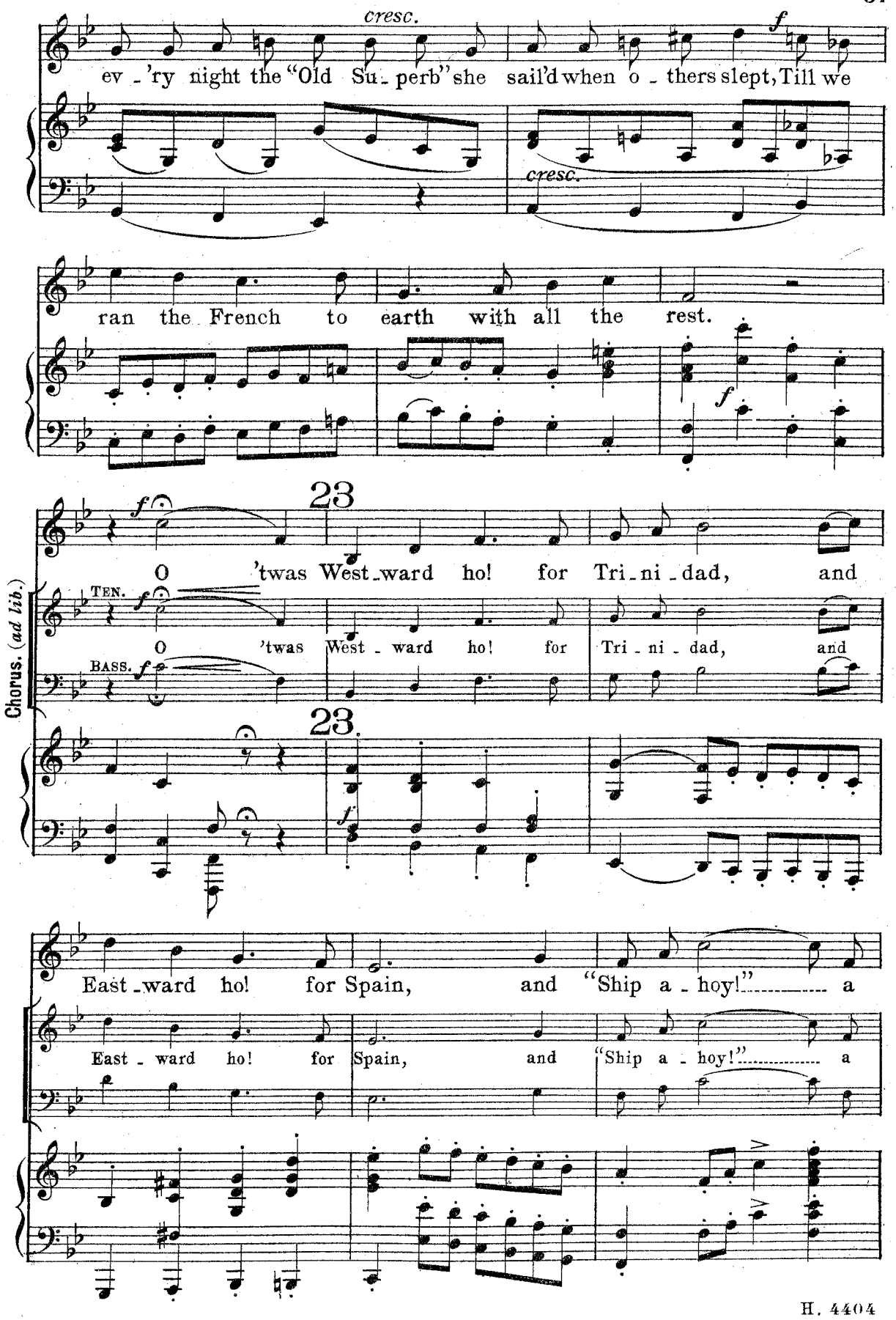

"Old Su - perb" was bar - na - cled and green as grass be - low, Her
pp
sticks were on - ly fit for stir - ring grog; The
stacc.
pride of all her mid - ship - men was si - lent long a - go, And
long a - go they ceased to heave the log,

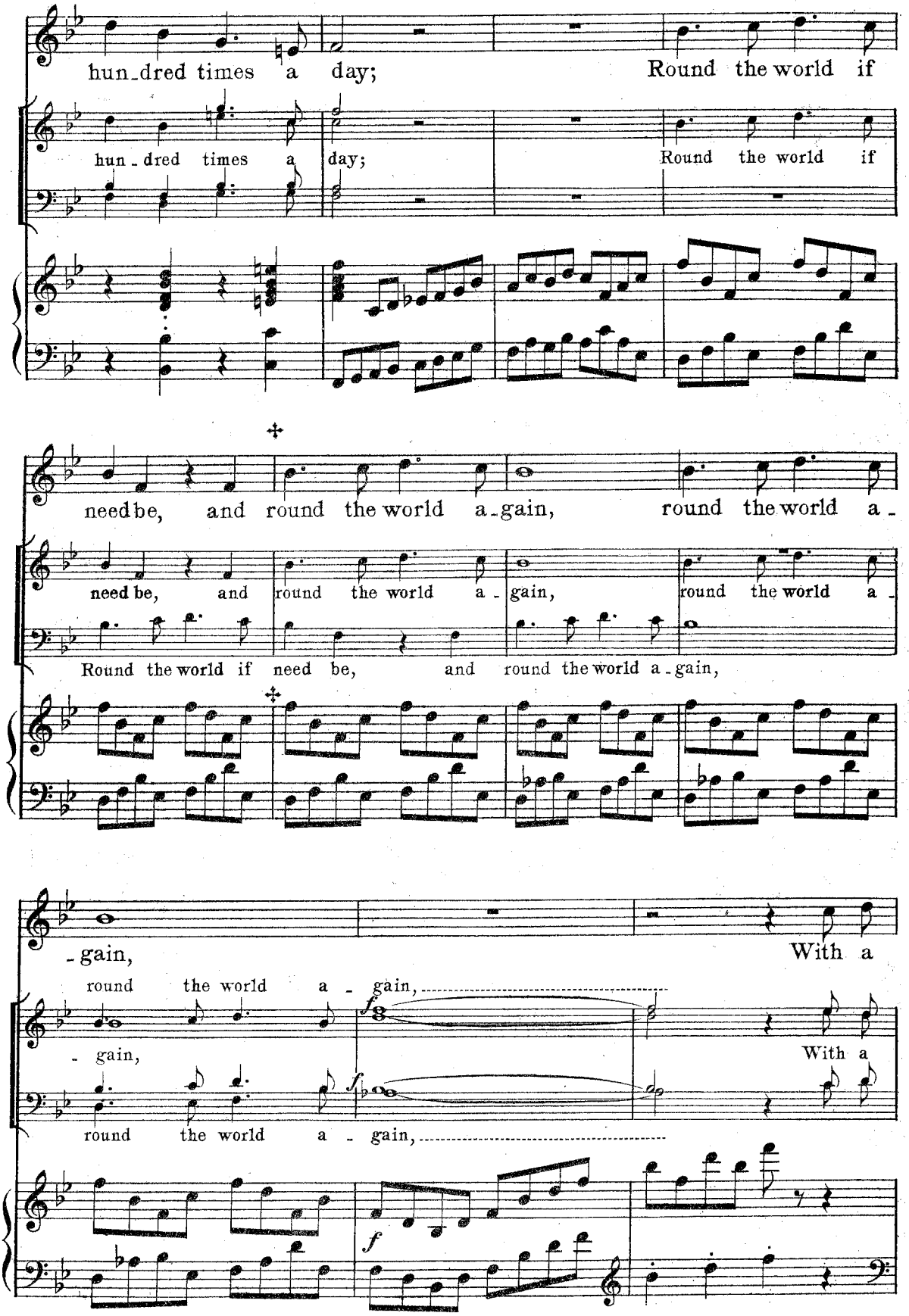

20
Four year out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port, And
p
no - thing save the guns a - board her bright; But
cresc.
Cap - tain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport, For he
cresc.
ne - ver yet came in too late to fight. So
f
Chorus Basses. (ad lib.)
mp
So
f


West - ward ho! for Tri - ni - dad, and East - ward ho! for
West - ward ho! for Tri - ni - dad, and East - ward ho! for
p
Spain, And "Ship a - hoy!" a hun - dred times a
Spain, And "Ship a - hoy!" a hun - dred times a
21
day; Round the world if
day; Round the world if
need be, and round the world a - gain With a
need be, and round the world a - gain With a

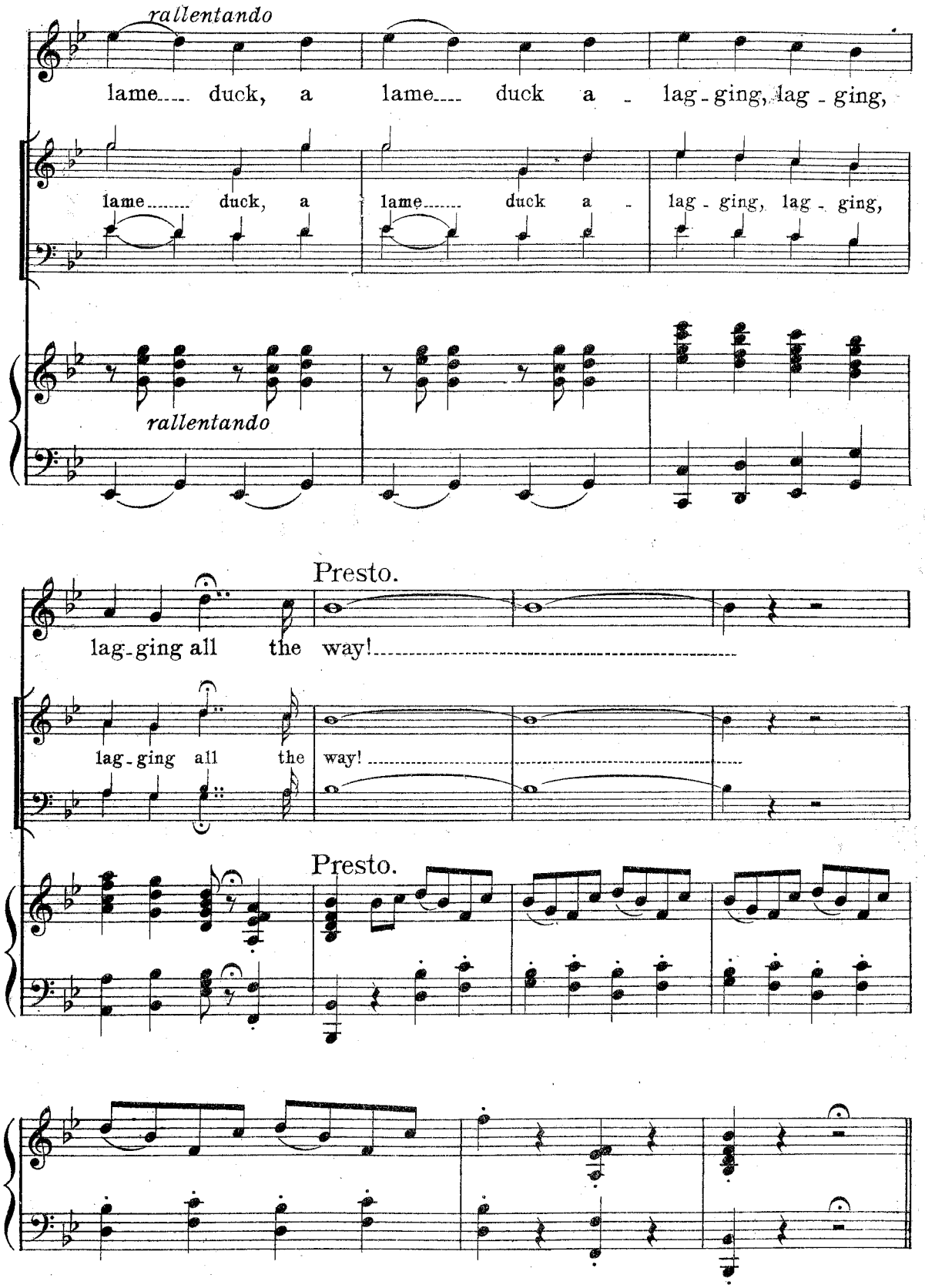
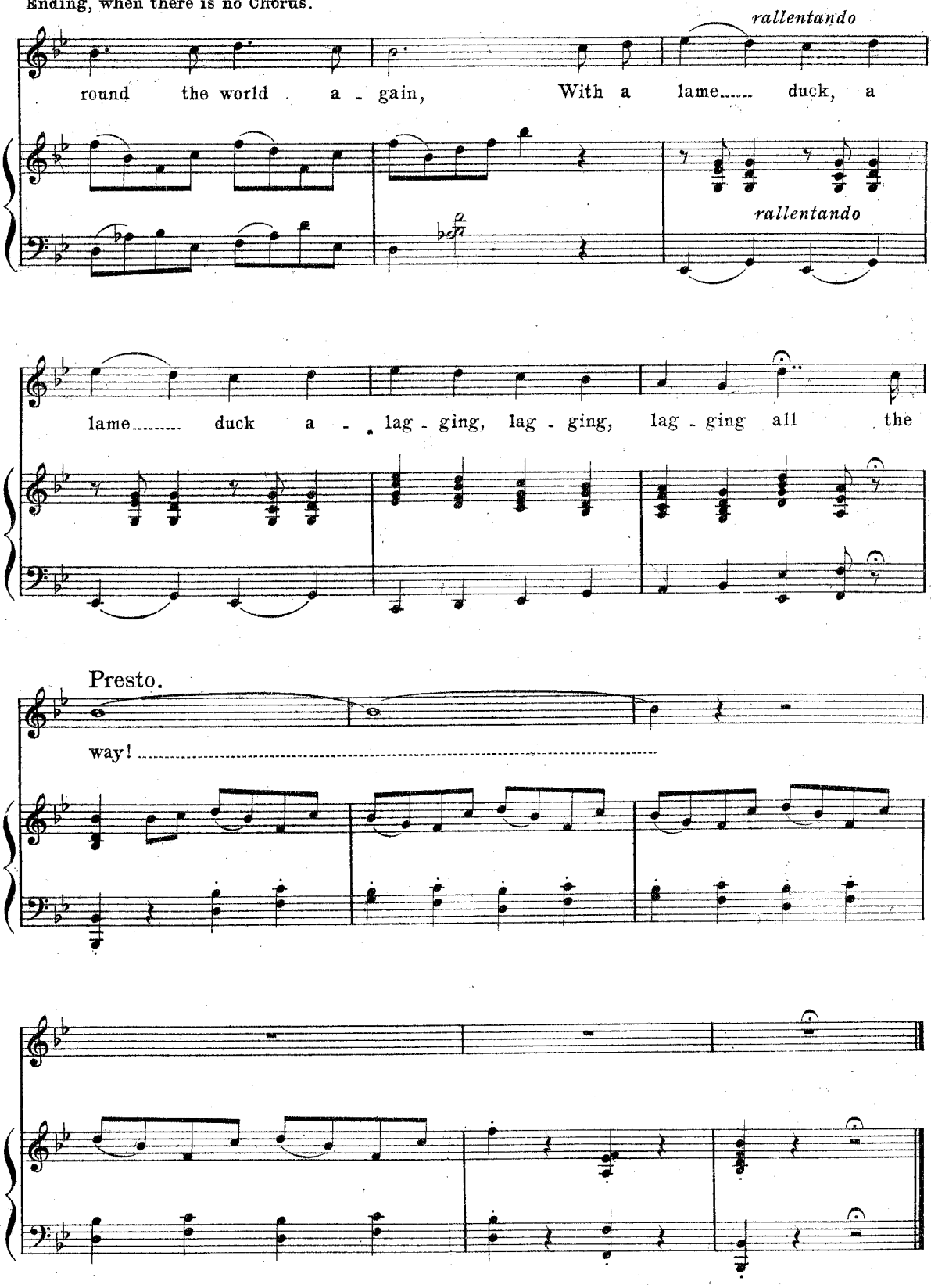

rall.
a tempo
lame duck lag - ging, lag - ging all the way.
rall.
lame duck lag - ging, lag - ging all the way.
rall.
a tempo
f
f
"Now
p
up, my lads," the Cap - tain cried, "for sure the case were hard If
22
long - est out were first to... fall be - hind; A -


- loft, a - loft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard, For
night and day the trades are driv - ing blind. So
p
all day long and all day long be - hind the fleet we crept, And
p
how we fret - ted none but Nel - son guessed; But


cresc.
ev - 'ry night the "Old Su - perb" she sail'd when o - thers slept, Till we
cresc.
f
ran the French to earth with all the rest.
f
23
O 'twas West - ward ho! for Tri - ni - dad, and
Chorus. (ad lib.)
TEN.
BASS.
f
O 'twas West - ward ho! for Tri - ni - dad, and
23
East - ward ho! for Spain, and "Ship a - hoy!" a
East - ward ho! for Spain, and "Ship a - hoy!" a


hun-dred times a day; Round the world if
hun-dred times a day; Round the world if
need be, and round the world a-gain, round the world a-
need be, and round the world a-gain, round the world a-
Round the world if need be, and round the world a-gain,
-gain, With a
round the world a-gain,
-gain, With a
round the world a-gain,
f
f
f

✣See page 40.


rallentando
lame..... duck, a lame..... duck a - lag - ging, lag - ging,
lame..... duck, a lame..... duck a - lag - ging, lag - ging,
rallentando
Presto.
lag - ging all the way!.....
lag - ging all the way!.....
Presto.

✣ Ending, when there is no Chorus.