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Four Sea Songs

The Poems by

John Masefield

The Music by

Paul Corder

1. Hell's Pavement.
2. The Turn of the Tide.
3. The Emigrant.
4. Captain Stratton's Fancy.

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FOUR SEA SONGS.

I.

Hell's Pavement.

Poem by
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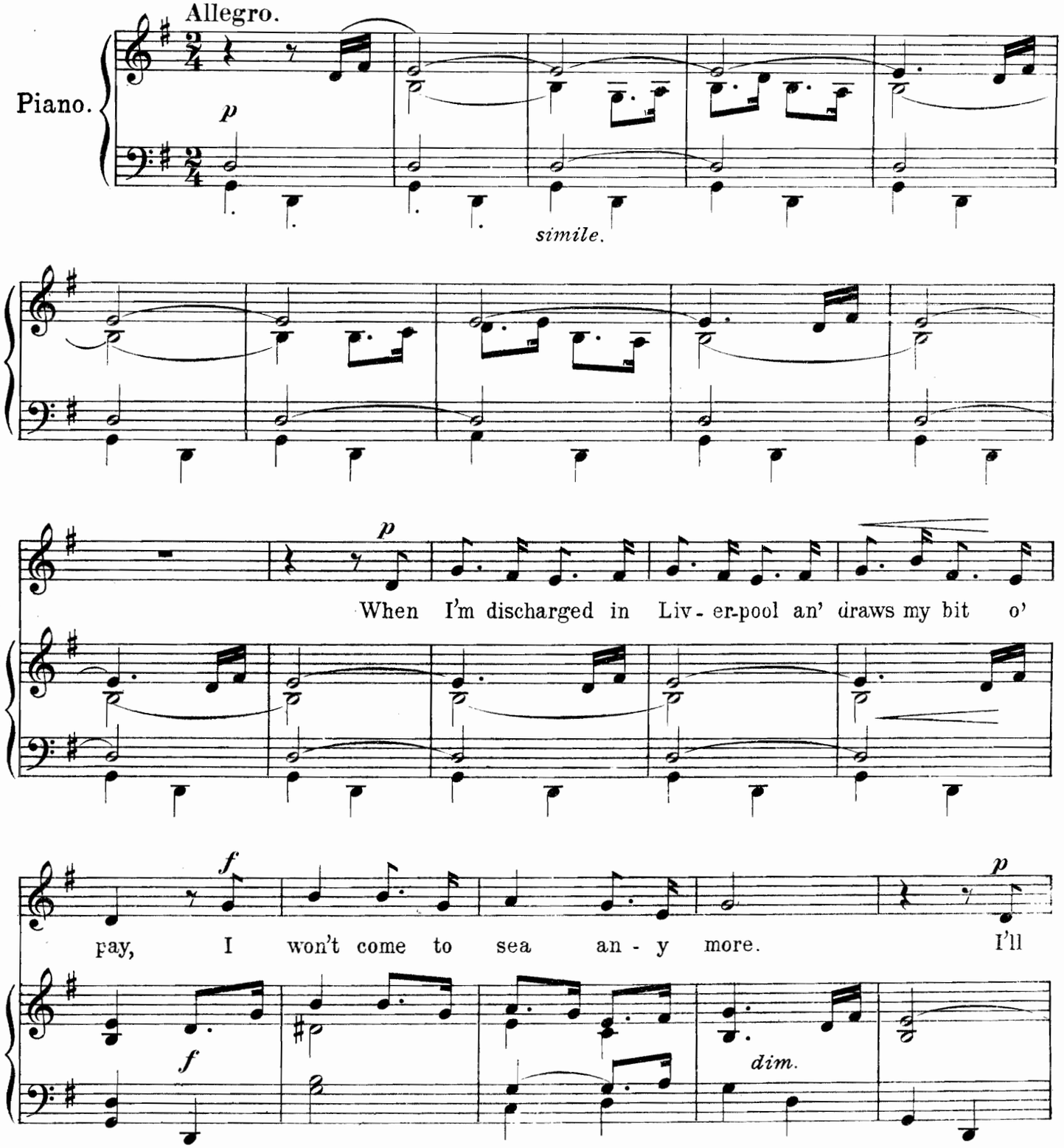

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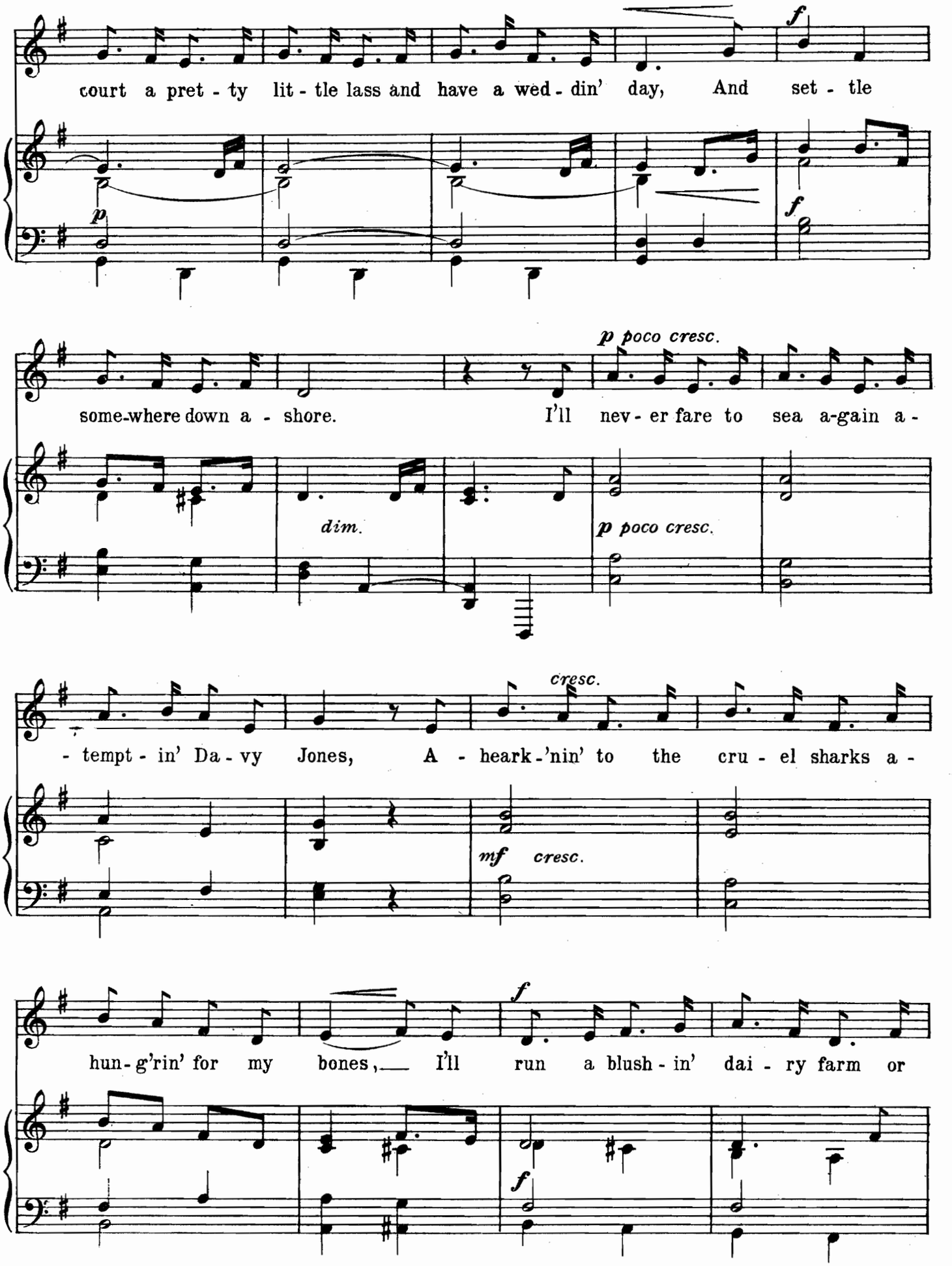
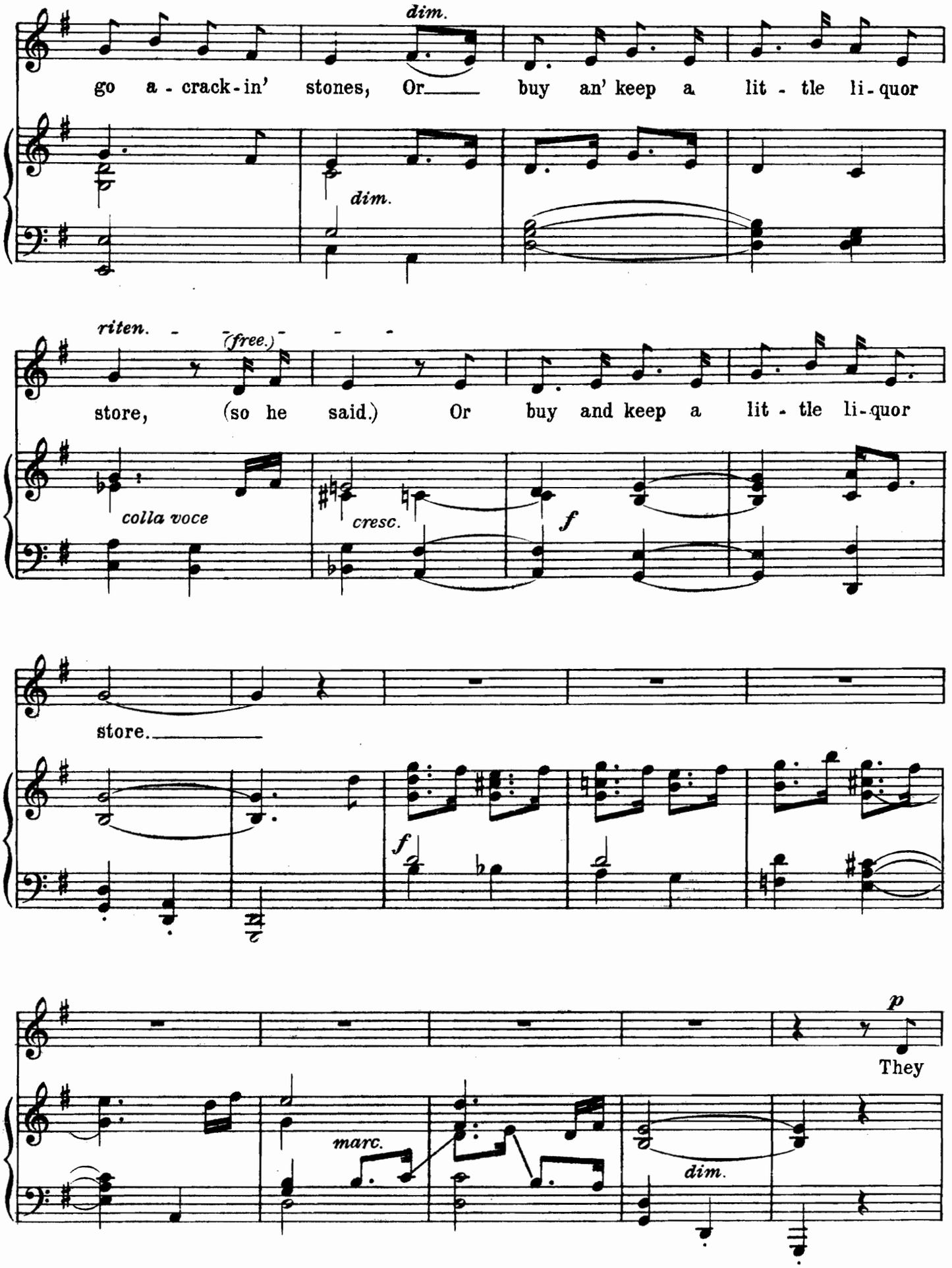
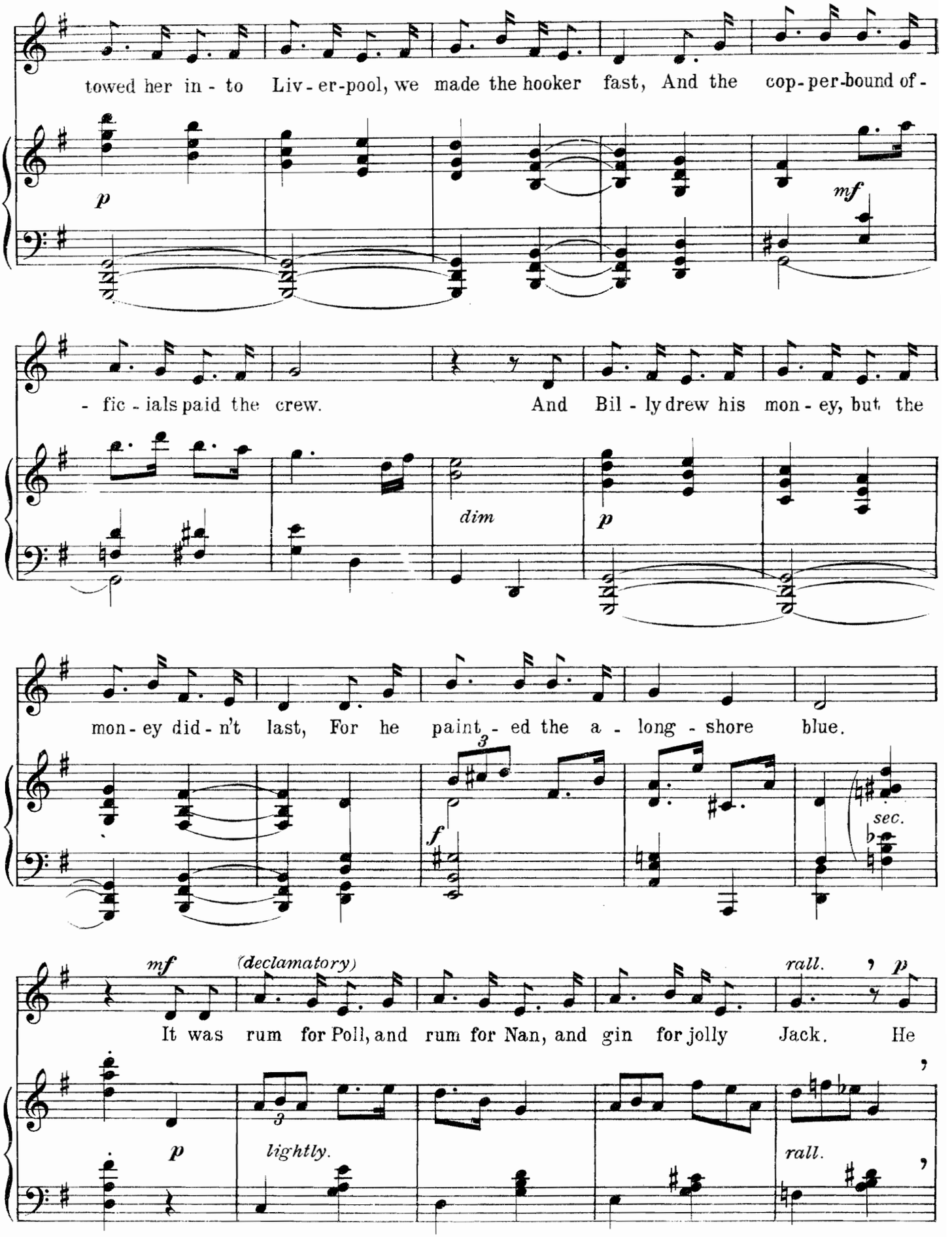
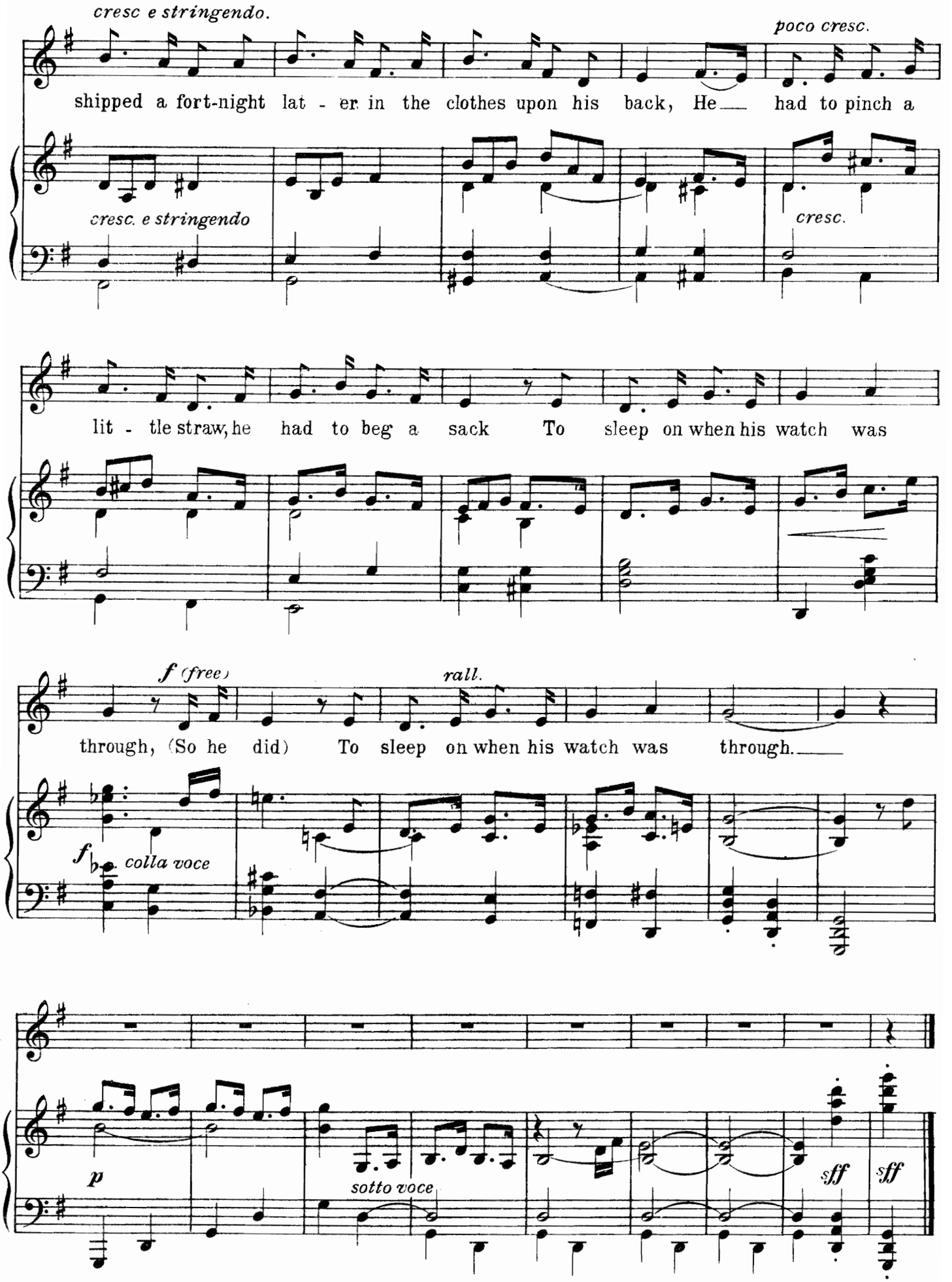

court a pret - ty lit - tle lass and have a wed - din' day, And set - tle
p
f
p poco cresc.
some-where down a - shore. I'll nev - er fare to sea a-gain a -
dim.
p poco cresc.
cresc.
- tempt - in' Da - vy Jones, A - heark - 'nin' to the cru - el sharks a -
mf cresc.
f
hun - g'rin' for my bones, I'll run a blush - in' dai - ry farm or
f


dim.
go a - crack - in' stones, Or buy an' keep a lit - tle li - quor
dim.
riten. (free.)
store, (so he said.) Or buy and keep a lit - tle li - quor
colla voce
cresc.
f
store.
f
p
They
marc.
dim.


towed her in - to Liv - er-pool, we made the hooker fast, And the cop-per-bound of -
p
mf
- fic - ials paid the crew. And Bil - ly drew his mon - ey, but the
dim
p
mon - ey did - n't last, For he paint - ed the a - long - shore blue.
3
f
sec.
mf
(declamatory)
It was rum for Poll, and rum for Nan, and gin for jolly Jack. He
rall.
p
p
3
lightly.
rall.

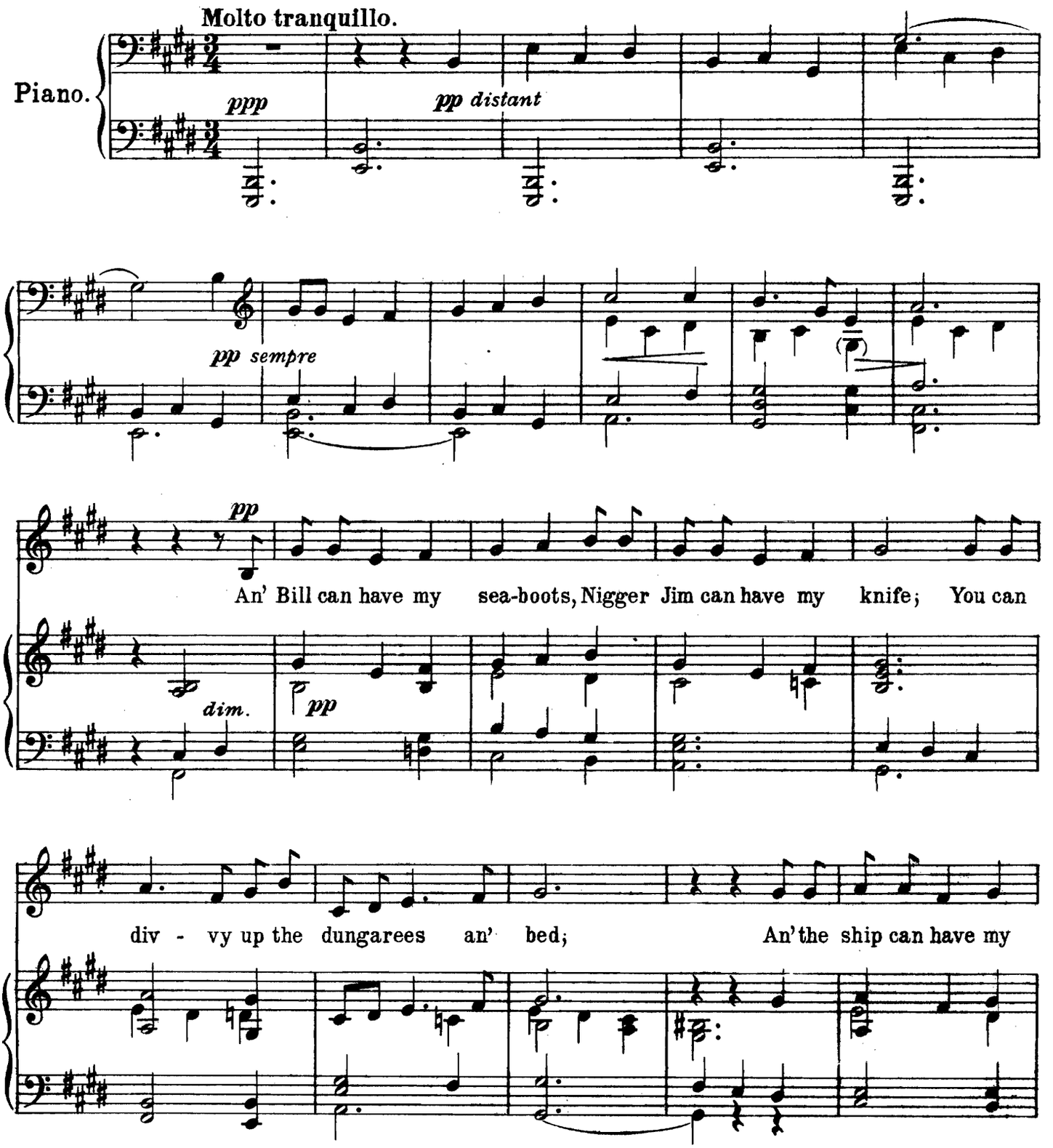

cresc e stringendo.
poco cresc.
shipped a fort-night lat - er in the clothes upon his back, He had to pinch a
cresc. e stringendo
cresc.
lit - tle straw, he had to beg a sack To sleep on when his watch was
f (free)
rall.
through, (So he did) To sleep on when his watch was through.
f
colla voce
p
sotto voce
sff
sff

II.

The Turn of the Tide.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD.

Music by
PAUL CORDER.



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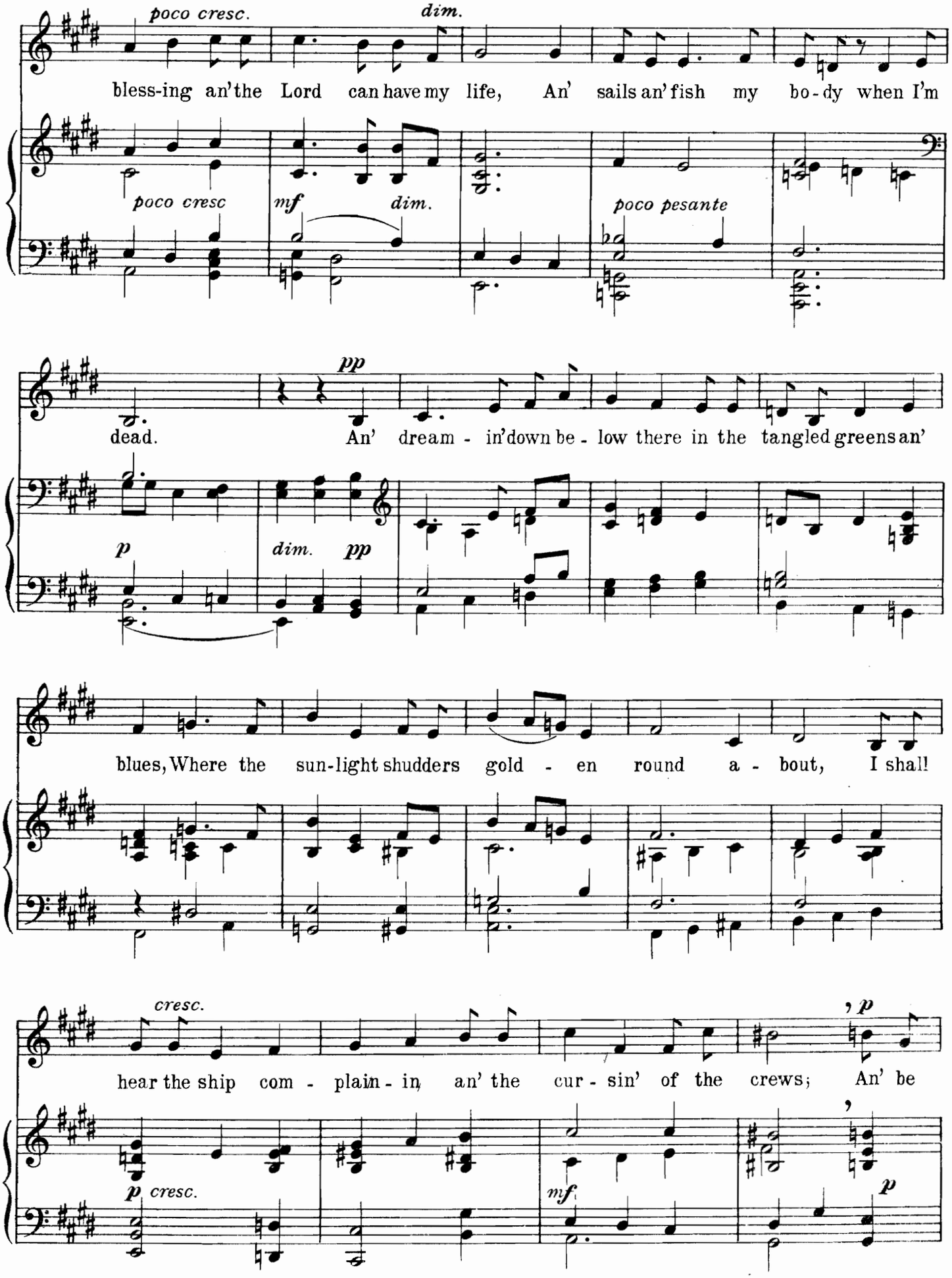
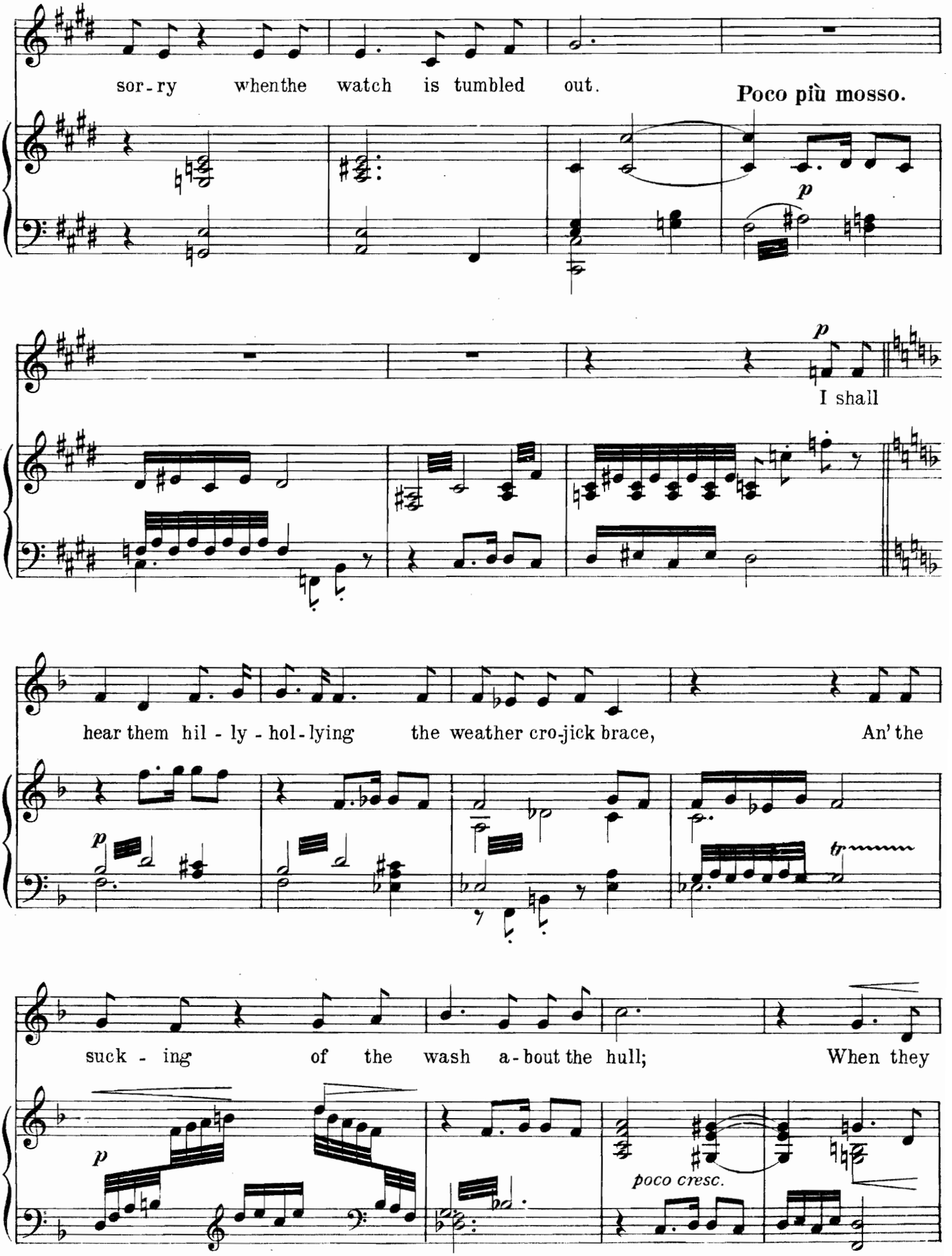
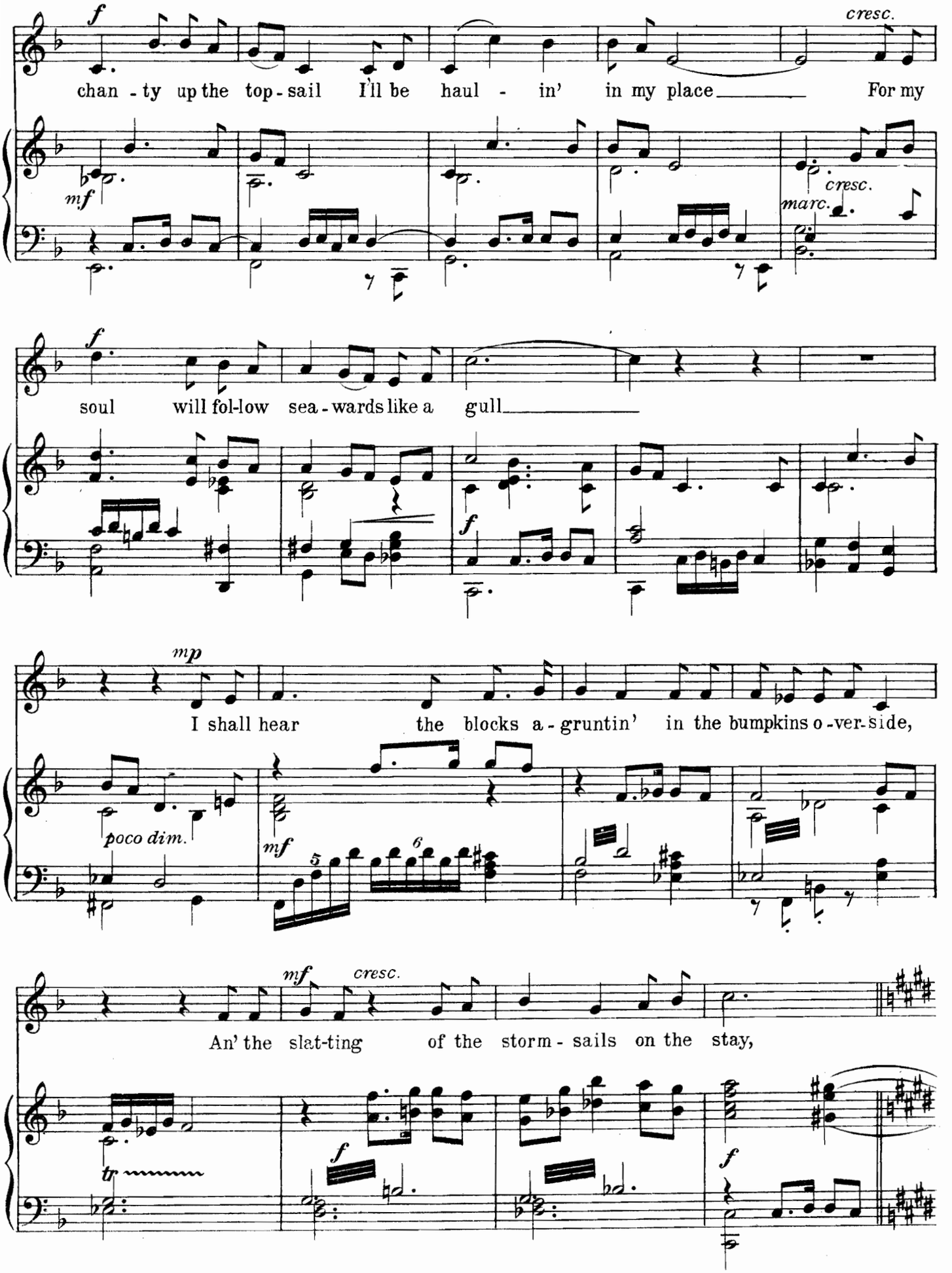
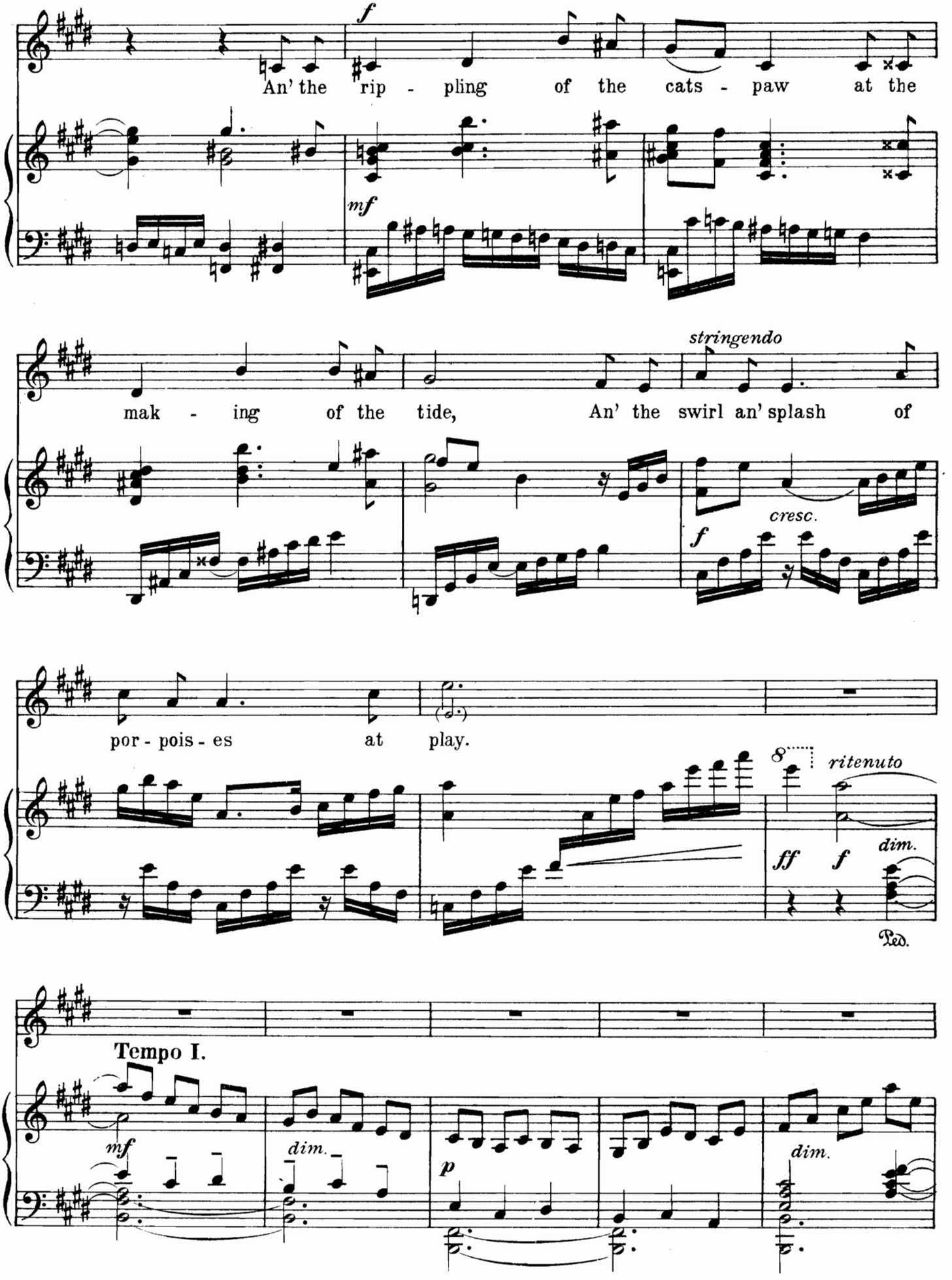
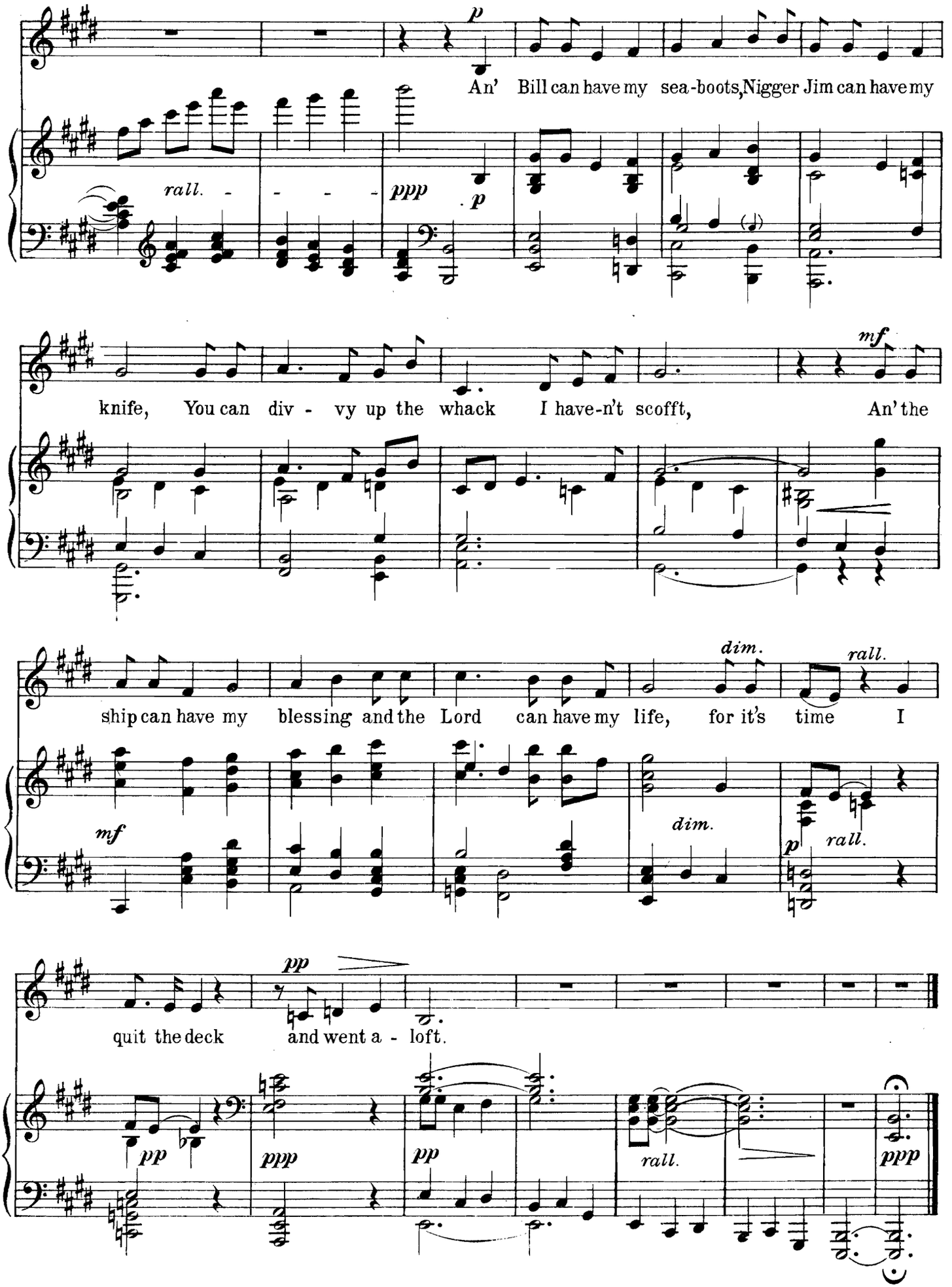

poco cresc.
dim.
bless-ing an' the Lord can have my life, An' sails an' fish my bo-dy when I'm
poco cresc
mf
dim.
poco pesante
pp
dead. An' dream - in' down be - low there in the tangled greens an'
p
dim. pp
blues, Where the sun-light shudders gold - en round a - bout, I shall
cresc.
hear the ship com - plain - in, an' the cur - sin' of the crews; An' be
p cresc.
mf
p


sor - ry whenthe watch is tumbled out.
Poco più mosso.
p
p
I shall
hear them hil - ly - hol - lying the weather cro-jick brace, An' the
p
tr
suck - ing of the wash a - bout the hull; When they
p
poco cresc.


f
cresc.
chan - ty up the top - sail I'll be haul - in' in my place For my
mf
cresc.
marc.
f
soul will fol-low sea - wards like a gull
f
mp
I shall hear the blocks a - gruntin' in the bumpkins o - ver - side,
poco dim.
mf
5
6
mf
cresc.
An' the slat-ting of the storm - sails on the stay,
tr
f
f

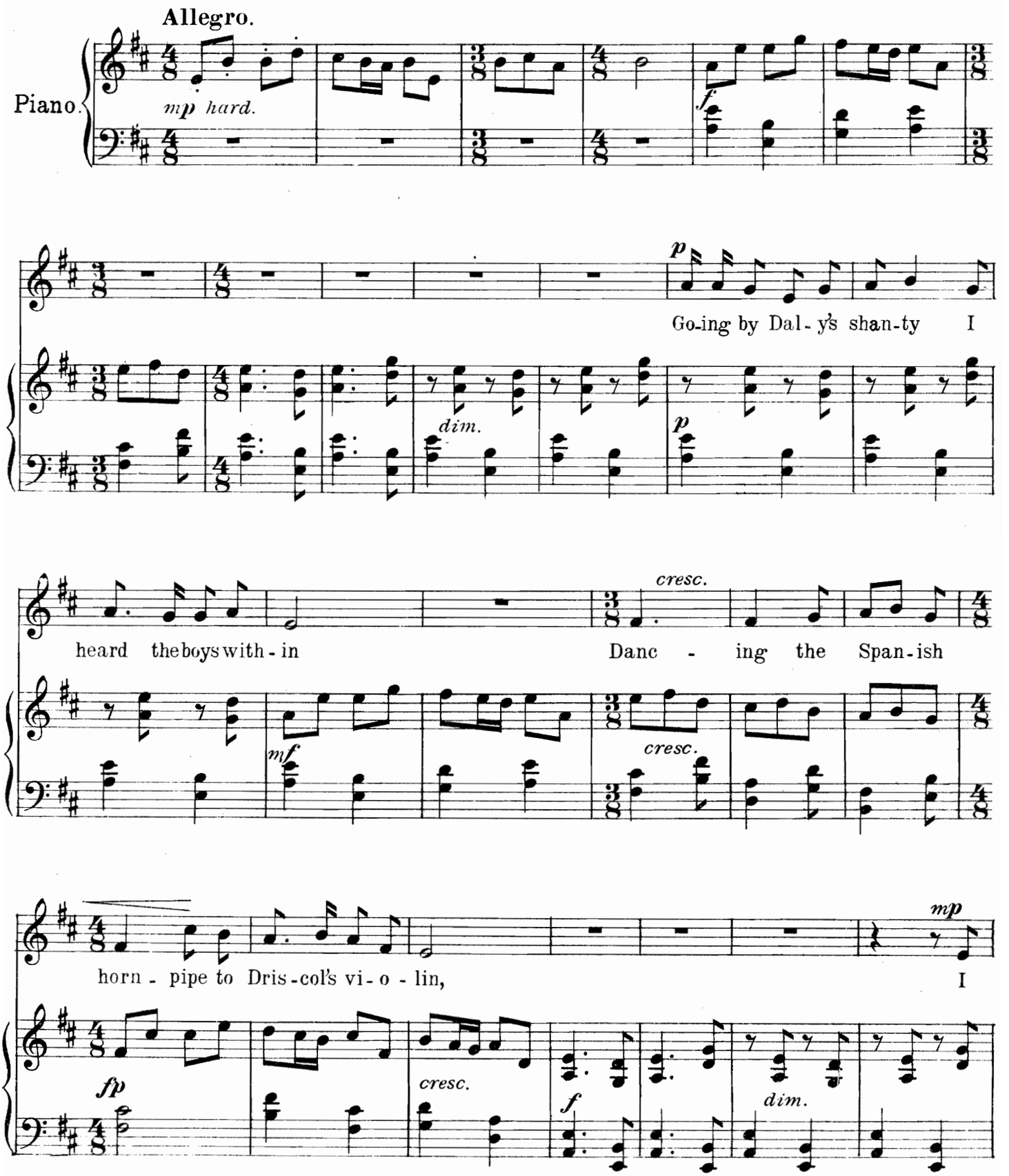

f
An' the rip - pling of the cats - paw at the
mf
stringendo
mak - ing of the tide, An' the swirl an' splash of
cresc.
f
por - pois - es at play.
8
ritenuto
ff
f
dim.
Ped.
Tempo I.
mf
dim.
p
dim.


p
An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my
rall. - - - -
ppp
p
knife, You can div - vy up the whack I have-n't scofft, An' the
mf
ship can have my blessing and the Lord can have my life, for it's time I
dim.
rall.
mf
dim.
p
rall.
quit the deck and went a - loft.
pp
pp
ppp
pp
rall.
ppp

III.
The Emigrant.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD.

Music by
PAUL CORDER.



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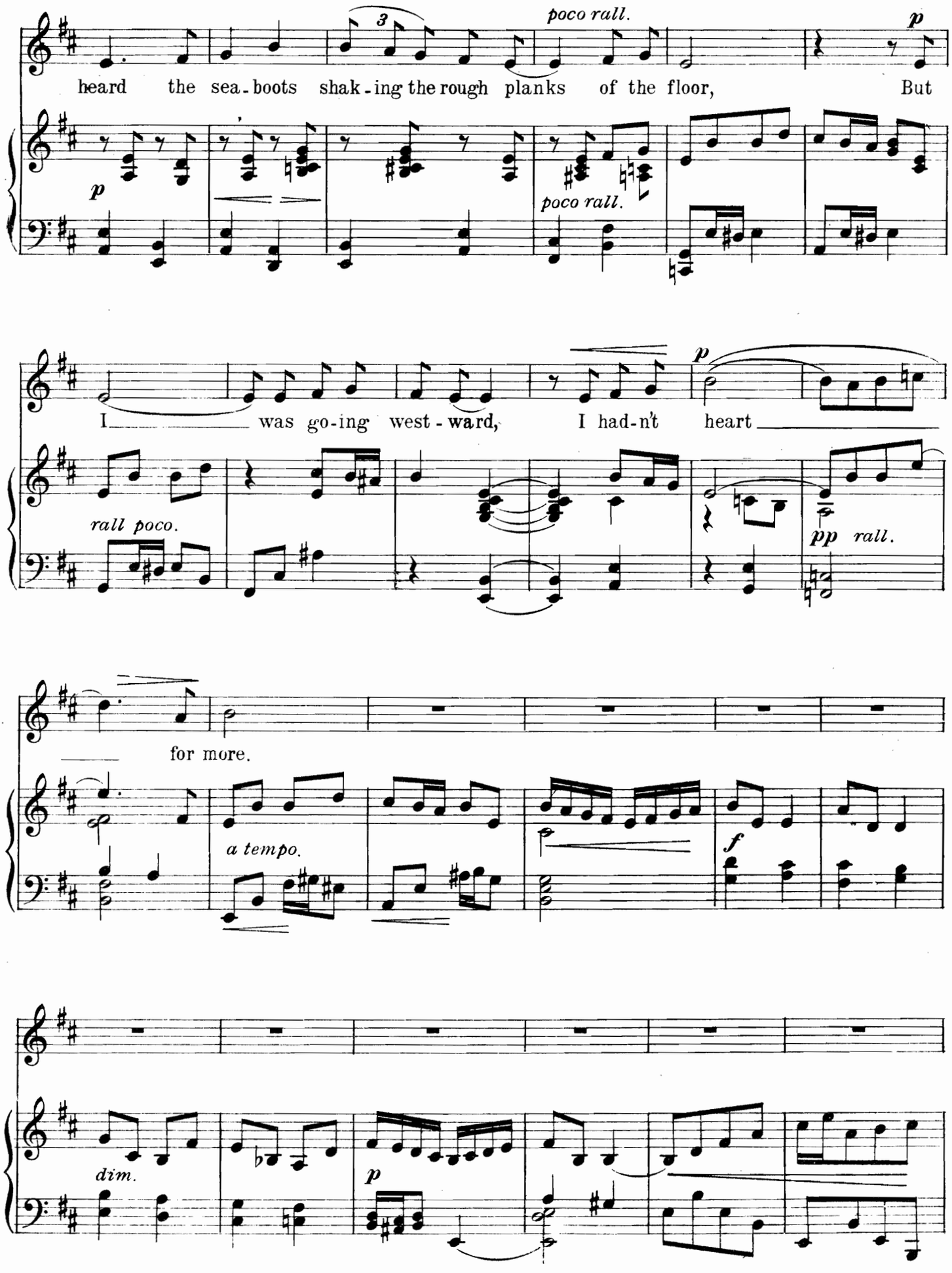
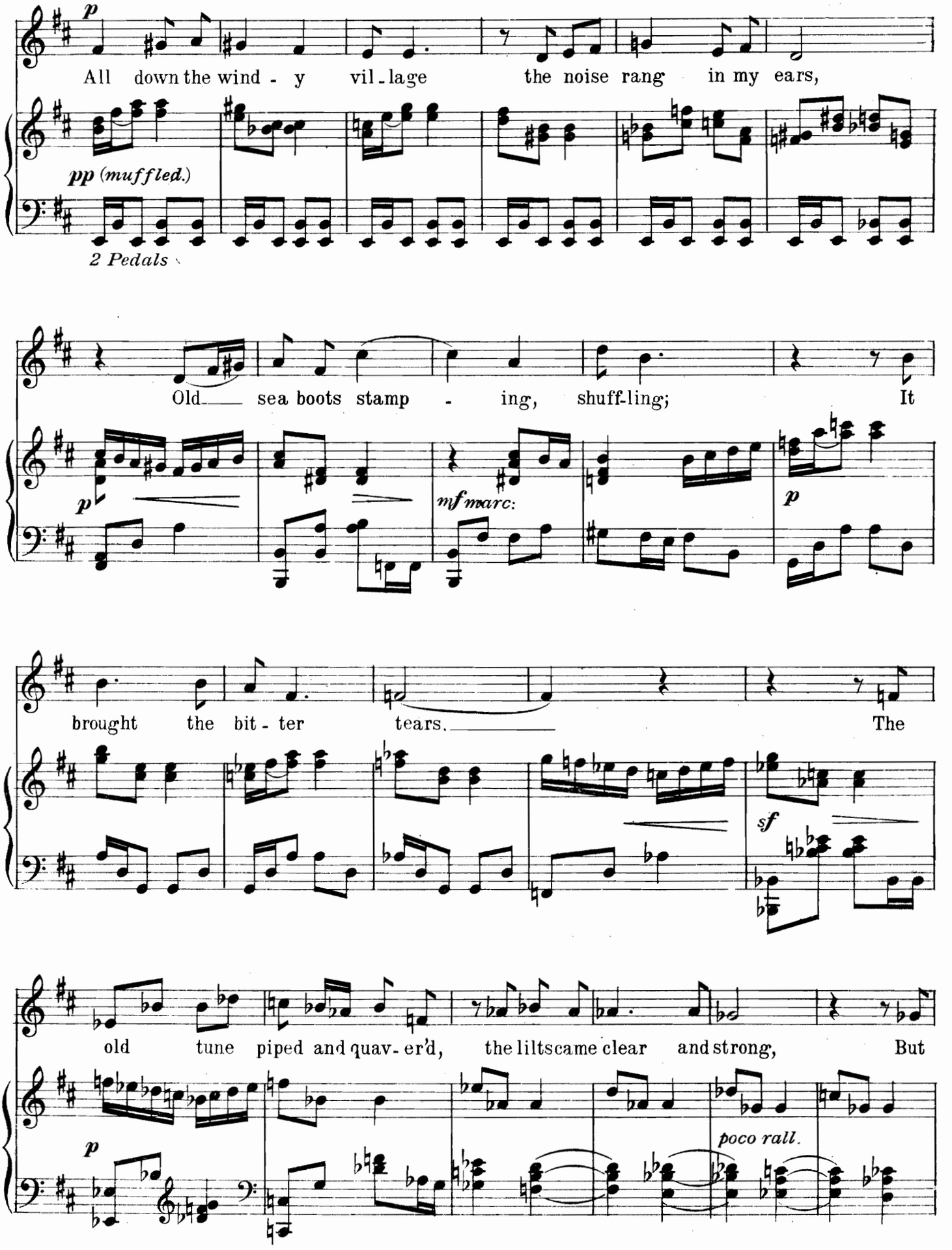
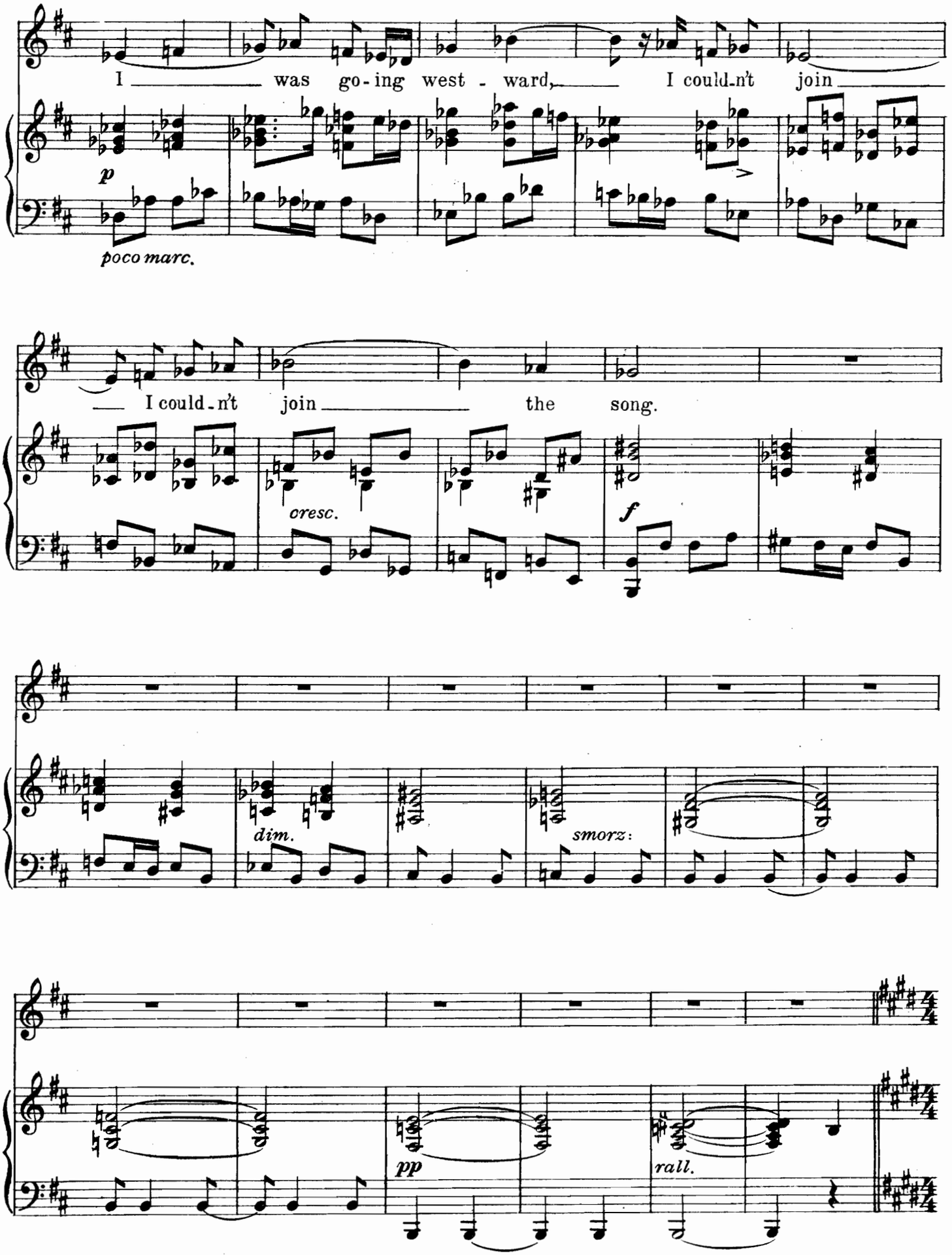
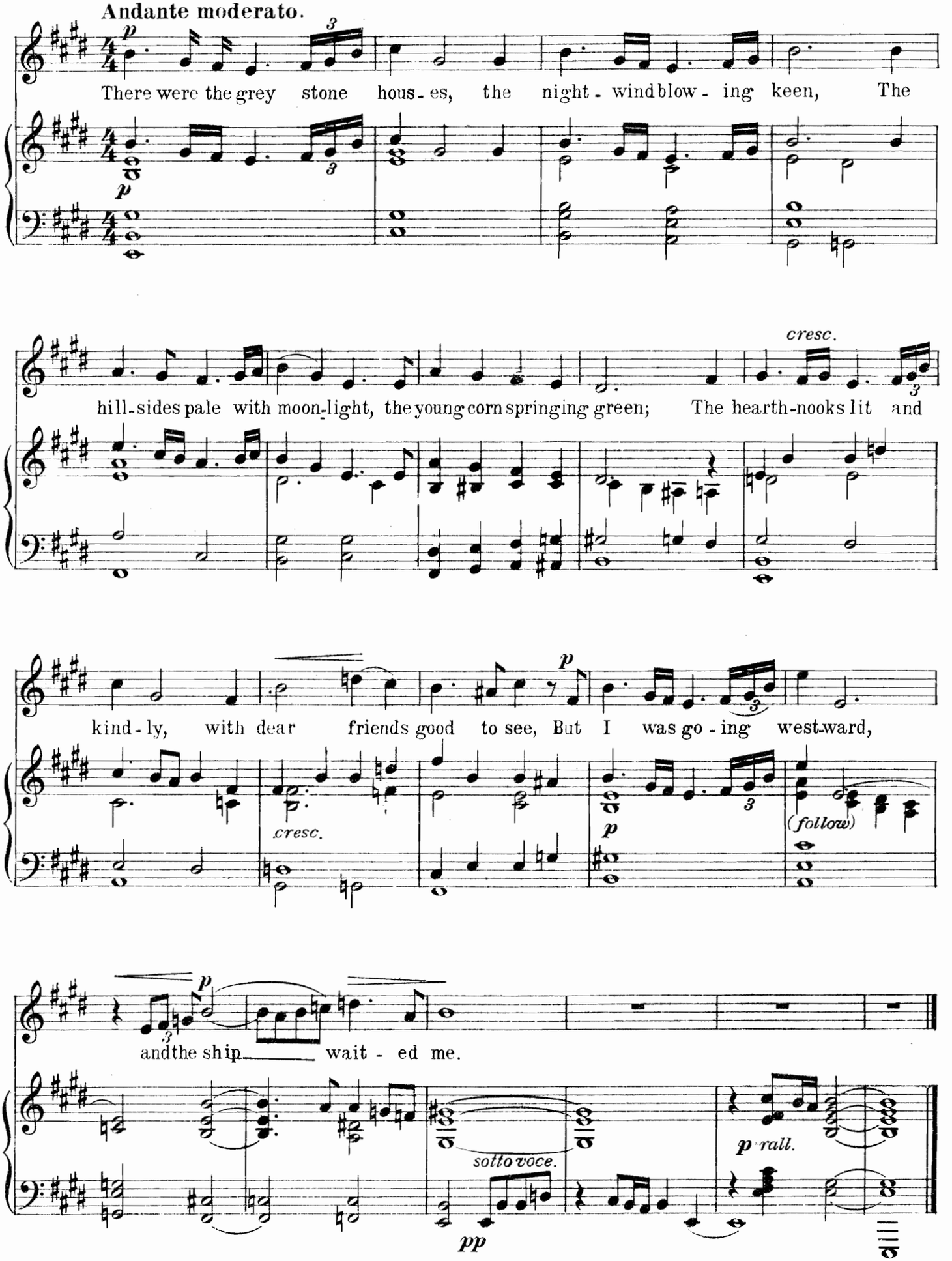

poco rall.
p
heard the sea-boots shak-ing the rough planks of the floor, But
p
poco rall.
I was go-ing west-ward, I had-n't heart
p
rall poco.
pp rall.
for more.
a tempo.
f
dim.
p


p
All down the wind - y vil - lage the noise rang in my ears,
pp (muffled.)
2 Pedals
Old sea boots stamp - ing, shuff-ling; It
p
mf marc:
p
brought the bit - ter tears. The
sf
old tune piped and quav - er'd, the liltscame clear and strong, But
p
poco rall.


I was go-ing west - ward, I could-n't join
p
poco marc.
I could-n't join the song.
cresc.
f
dim.
smorz:
pp
rall.

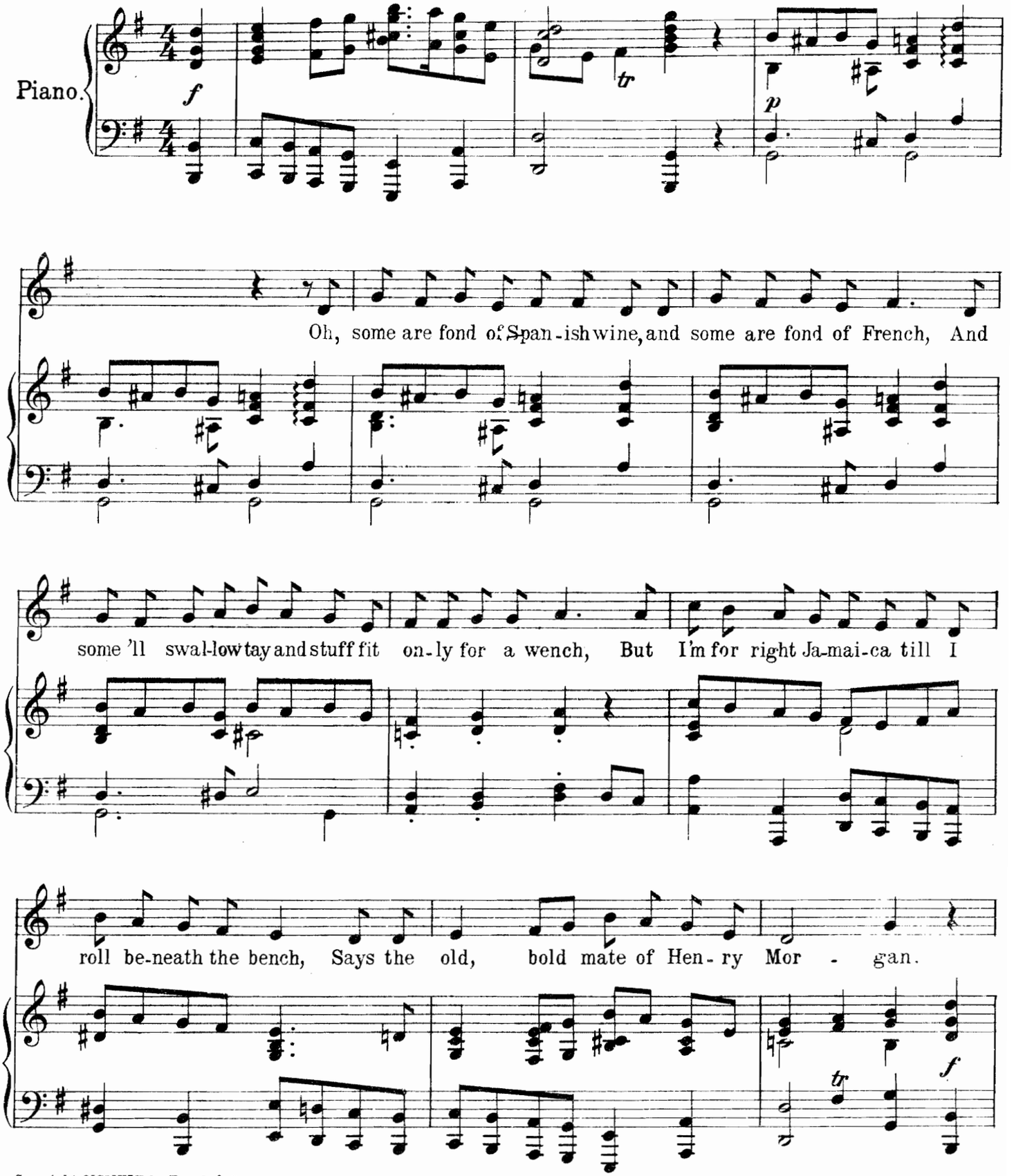

Andante moderato.
p
There were the grey stone hous - es, the night - wind blow - ing keen, The
cresc.
hill-sides pale with moon-light, the young corn springing green; The hearth-nooks lit and
p
kind - ly, with dear friends good to see, But I was go - ing west-ward,
cresc.
p
(follow)
p
and the ship wait - ed me.
sotto voce.
pp
p rall.

IV.
Captain Stratton's Fancy.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD.

Music by
PAUL CORDER.

Moderato.



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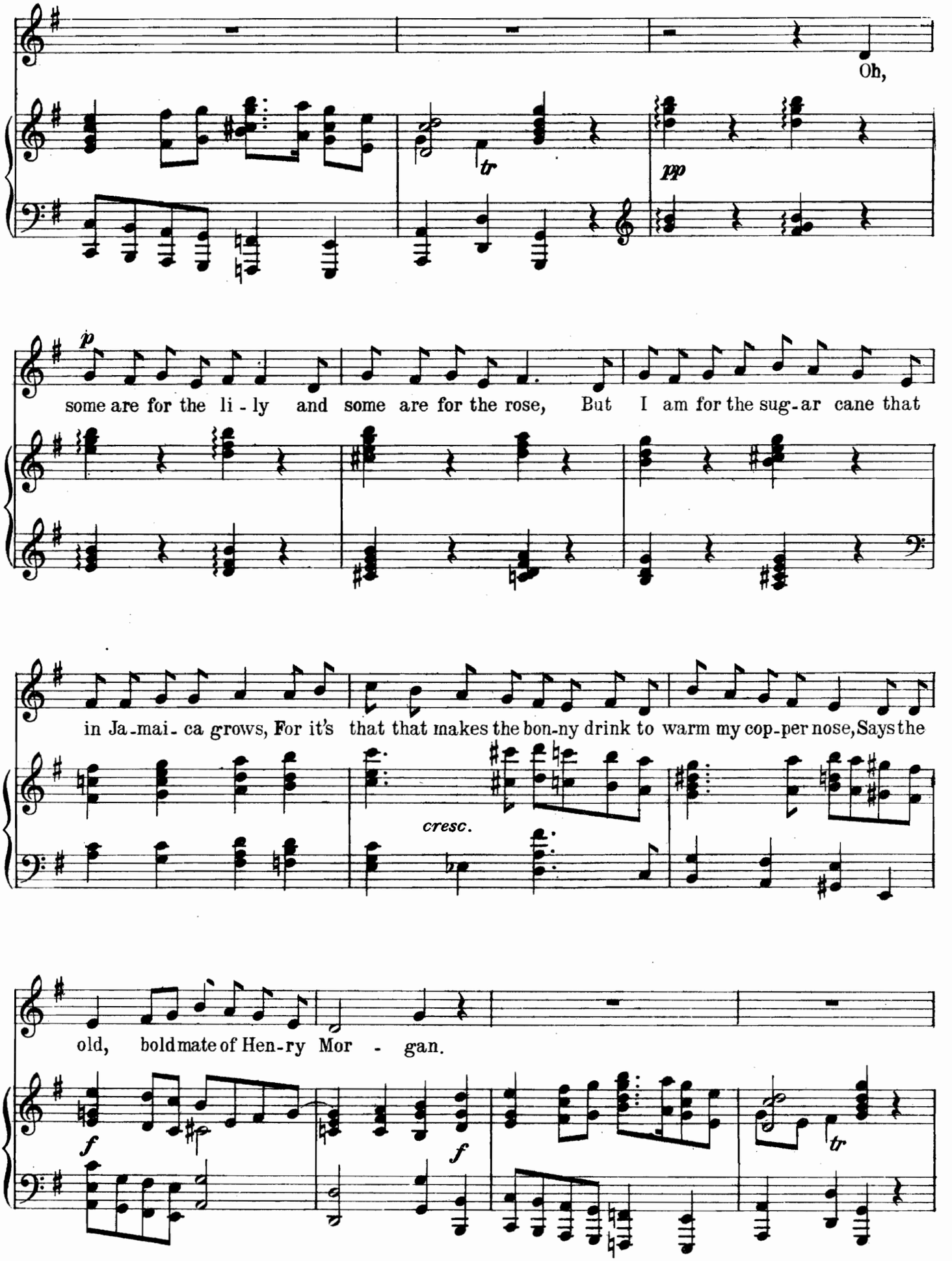
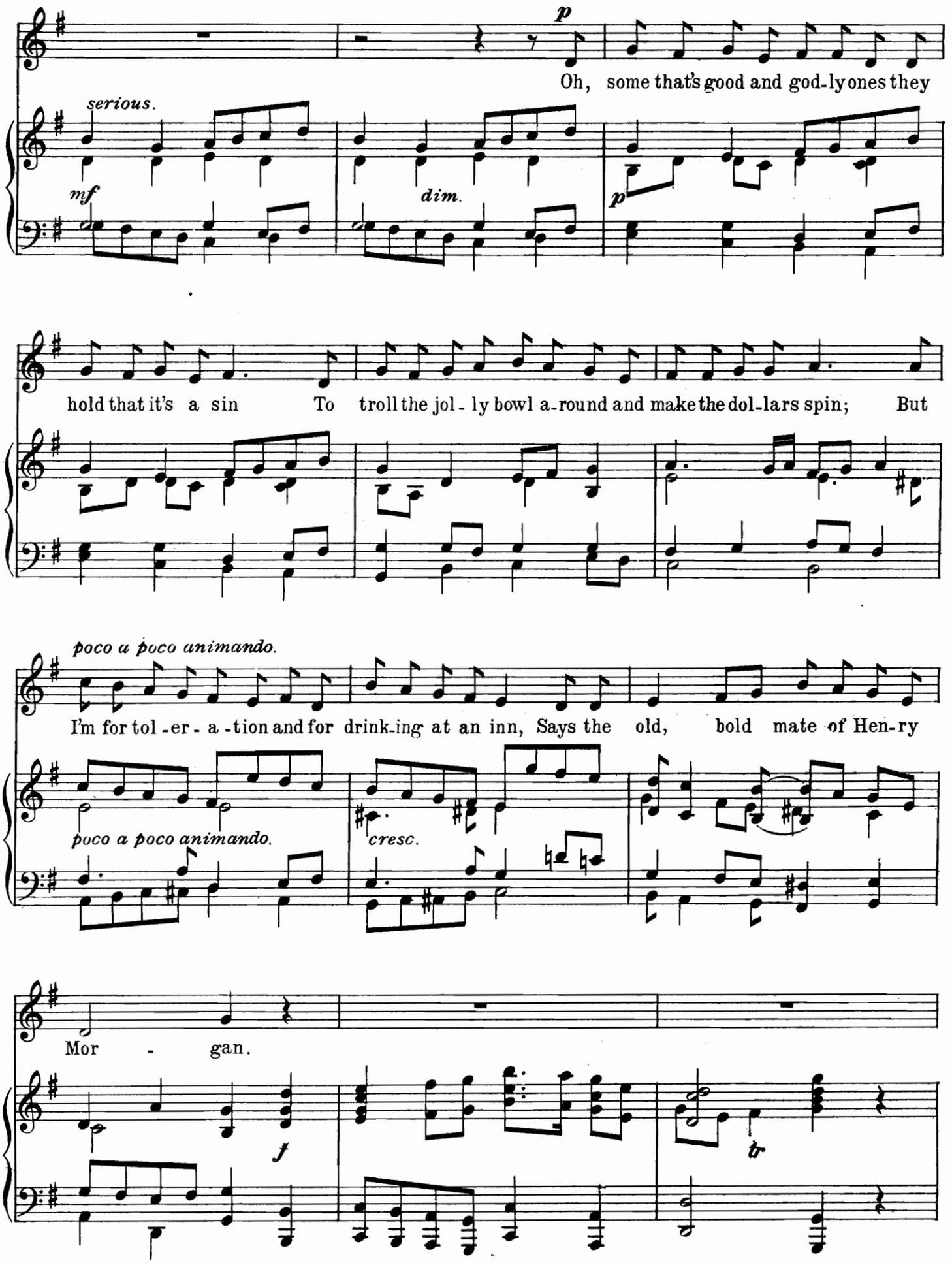
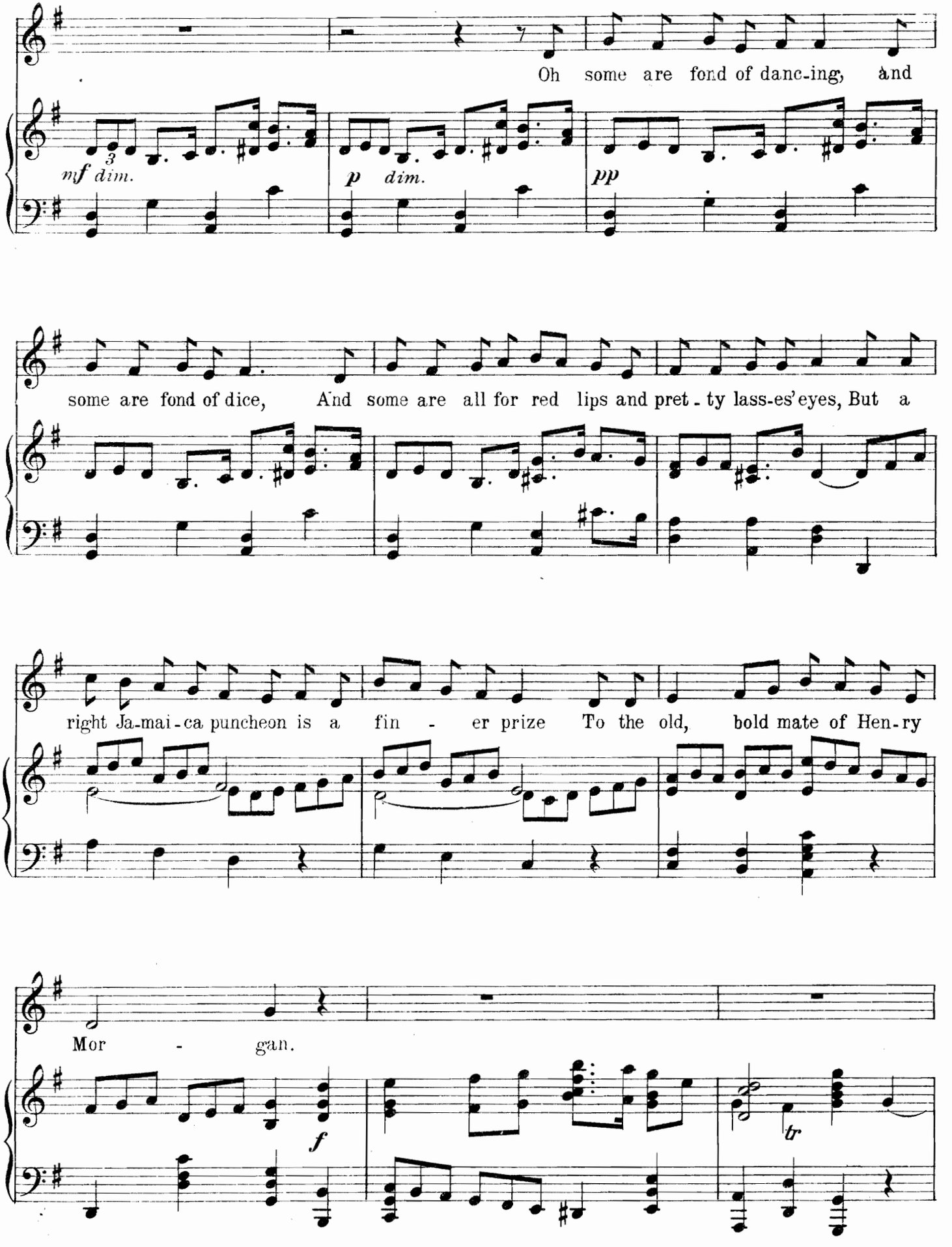
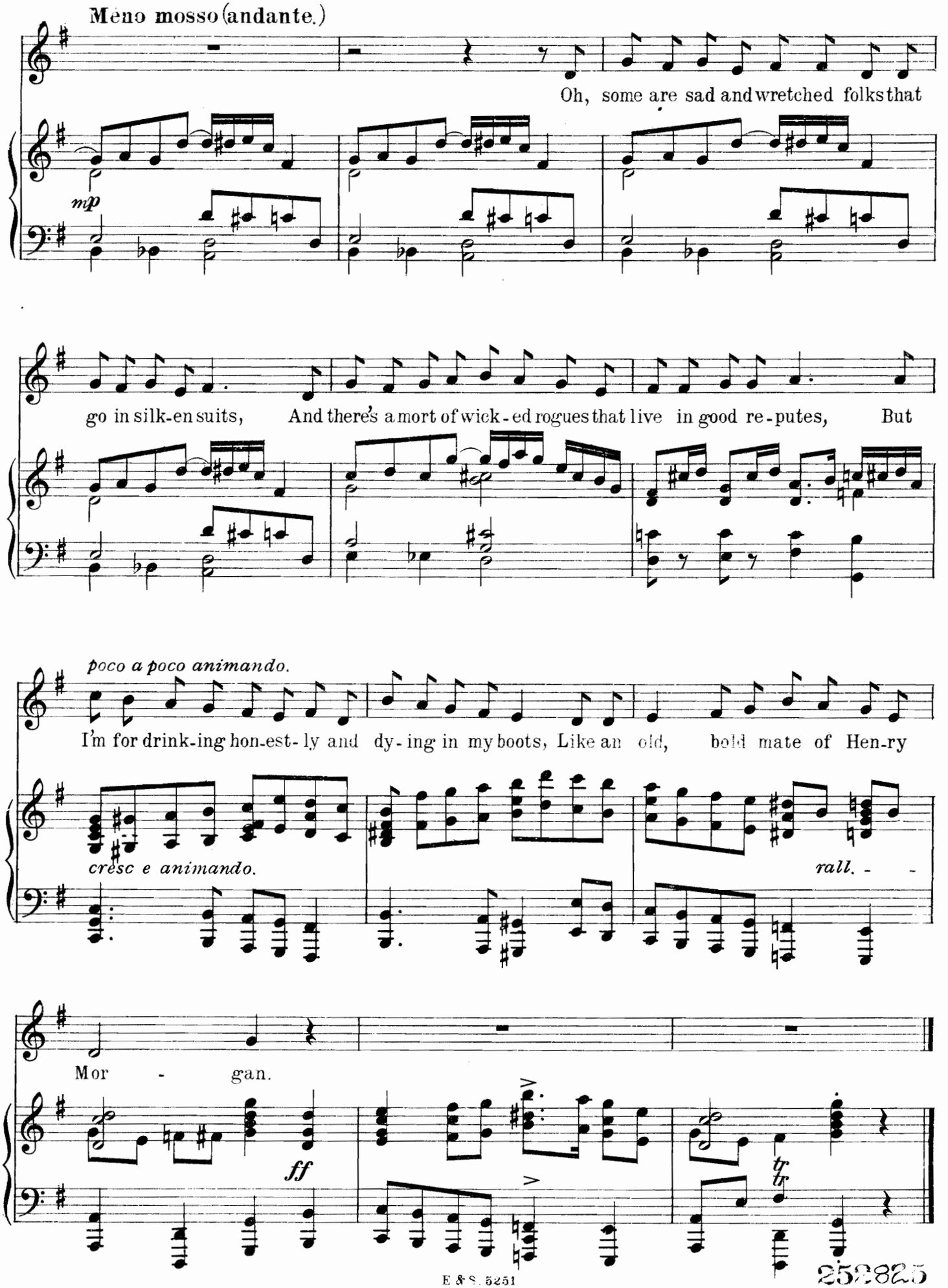

Oh,
tr
pp
p
some are for the li - ly and some are for the rose, But I am for the sug-ar cane that
in Ja-mai- ca grows, For it's that that makes the bon-ny drink to warm my cop-per nose, Says the
cresc.
old, bold mate of Hen-ry Mor - gan.
f
f
tr


p
Oh, some that's good and god-ly ones they
serious.
mf
dim.
p
hold that it's a sin To troll the jol - ly bowl a-round and make the dol-lars spin; But
poco a poco animando.
I'm for tol - er - a - tion and for drink-ing at an inn, Says the old, bold mate of Hen-ry
poco a poco animando.
cresc.
Mor - gan.
f
tr


Oh some are fond of danc-ing, and
mf dim.
p dim.
pp
some are fond of dice, And some are all for red lips and pret - ty lass-es' eyes, But a
right Ja-mai-ca puncheon is a fin - er prize To the old, bold mate of Hen-ry
Mor - gan.
f
tr


Meno mosso (andante.)
Oh, some are sad and wretched folks that

go in silk-en suits, And there's a mort of wick-ed rogues that live in good re-putes, But
poco a poco animando.
I'm for drink-ing hon-est-ly and dy-ing in my boots, Like an old, bold mate of Hen-ry
cresc e animando.
rall.
Mor - gan.

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ENOCH & SONS, 58 Gt. Marlborough Street London W.

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

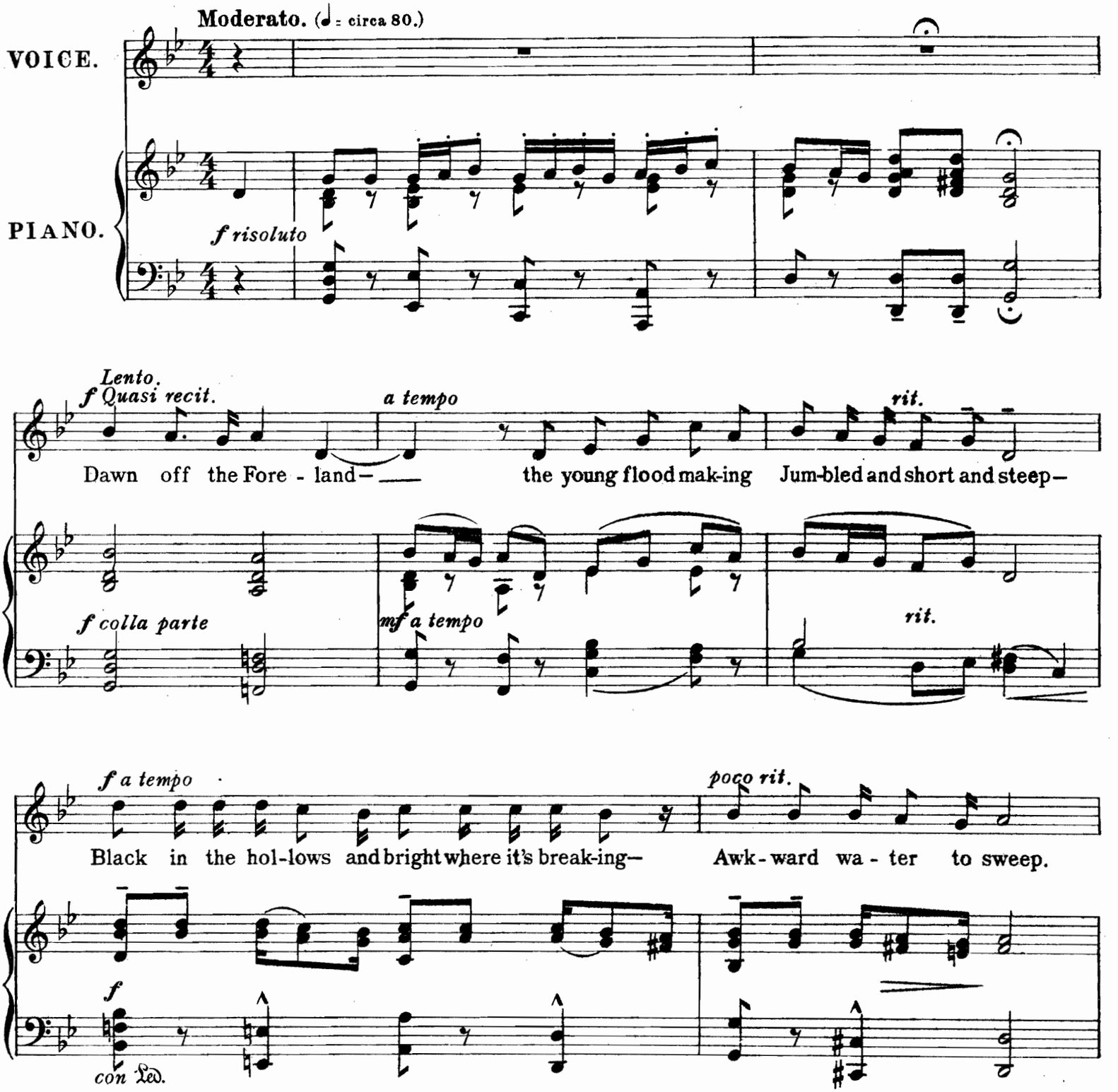
4.

The Sweepers.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.



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