

# "The Fringes of the Fleet."

1.

## The Lowestoft Boat.

(A Chanty.)

Words by  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by  
EDWARD ELGAR.

Allegro. (♩ = 120)

VOICE.

PIANO.

*f con spirito*

*mf*

1. In Low - es - toft a boat was laid,

*p*

*p più lento*

Mark well what I do say! And

*mf a tempo*

*p colla parte*

*mf a tempo*

The words of this Song are reprinted from Mr Kipling's "The Fringes of the Fleet" by permission of the Author.

she was built for the her - ring trade. But

*rit.*

*colla parte*

she has gone a - rov - in', a - rov - in',

*a tempo*

*dolce (slyly)*

*p*

*p*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

rov - in', The Lord knows where!

*cresc.*

*(CHORUS.)*

*allargando*

*cresc.*

*f*

*colla parte*

*a tempo*

*sf*

*giocoso*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

(SOLO.) *mf*

2. They

*f*

gave her Gov-ern - ment coal to burn, And a

Q. F. gun at bow and stern, And *rit.*

*a tempo* sent her out \_\_\_\_\_ *p* a - rov - in', a - rov - in',

*a tempo*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*cresc.* *(CHORUS) allargando* rov - - - in', The Lord knows where! \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.* *f* *colla parte* *sf* *a tempo*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

(SOLO)

★ 3. Her skipper was mate of a buck-o ship Which al - ways killed one  
 4. Her mate was skipper of a chap-el in Wales, And so he fights in  
 5. Her en - gin - eer is fif - ty - eight, So he's pre - pared to  
 6. Her lead - ing - sto - ker's sev - en - teen, So he don't know what the

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a *p* dynamic marking.

*rit.*

man per trip, So he is used to rov - in', a - rov - in',  
 top-per and tails, Re - lig - i - ous tho' rov - in', a - rov - in',  
 meet his fate, Which ain't un - like - ly rov - in', a - rov - in',  
 Judg - ments mean, Un - less he cops 'em rov - in', a - rov - in',

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

*cresc.*

(CHORUS) *allargando*

rov - in', The Lord knows where!

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamics *f*, *colla parte*, and *sf a tempo*.

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

(SOLO)

7. Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Home,

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamics *f* and *p*.

\* In these four stanzas (any of which may be omitted) the tune should be freely adapted, syllabically, to the lilt of the words.

*distinto* *f*

Mark well what I do say! And I'm sor - ry for Fritz when they

*f* *Leg.* \*

*f* *repeat in Chorus.* *ff*

all come A - rov - in', a - rov - in', a - roar - in',

*ff*

(SOLO.) *largamente* (CHORUS.) *allargando*

Round the North Sea\_ rov - in', The Lord knows where!

*sf colla parte sf* *sf a tempo*

*Lento ad lib. with conviction (or spoken).* *p*

The Lord knows where!

*Fine.*

## Fate's Discourtesy.

Be well assured that on our side  
Our challenged ocean's fight,  
Though headlong wind and heaping tide  
Make us their sport to-night.  
Through force of weather, not of war,  
In jeopardy we steer.  
Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it shall appear  
How in all time of our distress  
As in our triumph too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though wave and wind  
Have mightier blows in store,  
That we who keep the watch assigned  
Must stand to it the more;  
And as our streaming bows dismiss  
Each billow's baulked career,  
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear  
How in all time of our distress  
As in our triumph too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though in our power  
Is nothing left to give  
But time and place to meet the hour  
And leave to strive to live,  
Till these dissolve our Order holds,  
Our Service binds us here.  
Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear  
How in all time of our distress  
And our deliverance too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

# "The Fringes of the Fleet."

2.

## Fate's Discourtesy.

Song.

Words by  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by  
EDWARD ELGAR.

Allegretto. (♩ = 80)

PIANO. *f*

*sonore*

*f* *Quasi recit. ad lib.*

Be well as-sured that

*f* *colla parte*

on our side Our chal-lenged o - ceans fight, Though head - long wind and

*mf*

heap - ing tide Make us their sport to - night. Through force of wea - ther,

not of war, In jeo-par-dy we steer. — Then, wel-come Fate's dis-

*rit.* *p*

*colla parte* *p*

-cour - te - sy Where - by it shall ap - pear How in all time of

*sostenuto mf*

*mf*

our dis-tress As\_ in our tri-umph too, The game is more than the

*f risoluto*

*f*

play - er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The

(CHORUS.) *ff*

*ff*

*allargando*

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew!—

*allargando*

*mf*  
Be well as-sured, though

*mf a tempo*

*mf colla parte*

wave and wind Have might-ier blows in store, That we who keep the watch as-signed Must

stand to it the more; And as our streaming bows dis-miss Each bil-low's baulked ca - reer,—

*colla parte*

*a tempo* *p* *mf*

Sing, wel-come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How

*sostenuto* *frisoluto*

in all time of our dis-tress As\_ in our tri-umph too, The

*mf* *f*

(CHORUS) *ff*

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The

*f* *ff*

*allargando*

game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew!

*f a tempo*

The first system of the score shows a piano introduction. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The tempo is marked *f a tempo*.

Be well as-sured, though in our pow'r Is no-thing left to give But

*f colla parte*

The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The piano part is marked *f colla parte*, indicating it should be played in time with the voice.

time and place to meet the hour, And leave to strive to live, Till

*mf*

The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The piano part is marked *mf*.

these dis-solve our Or-der holds, Our Ser-vice binds us here.

*marcato*

*colla parte*

The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The piano part is marked *marcato* and *colla parte*.

*p*

Then, wel-come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a fermata on a whole note, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note chord and continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Then, wel-come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How".

*sostenuto* *frisoluto*

in all time of our dis-tress As\_ in our tri-umph too, The

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a fermata on a whole note, then a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "in all time of our dis-tress As\_ in our tri-umph too, The".

(CHORUS) *ff*

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The

The third system marks the beginning of the chorus. The vocal line has a fermata on a whole note, then a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew, The".

*allargando*

game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew!

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a fermata on a whole note, then a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "game is more than the play-er of the game And the ship is more than the crew!".

## Submarines.

The ships destroy us above  
And ensnare us beneath,  
We arise, we lie down, and we move  
In the belly of Death.

The ships have a thousand eyes  
To mark where we come...  
And the mirth of a seaport dies  
When our blow gets home.

# "The Fringes of the Fleet."

3.

## Submarines.

Song.

Words by  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by  
EDWARD ELGAR

Lento. (♩ = 68.)

VOICE. *p* The

PIANO. *p* *tr* *tr*

ships des - troy us a - bove And en -

*tr* *tr*

*rit.*

- snare us be - neath. We

*tr* *tr* *pp*

The words of this Song are reprinted from Mr Kipling's "The Fringes of the Fleet," by permission of the Author.

*ad lib.* , *a tempo*

rise, we lie down, and we move In the

*colla parte* *tr* *a tempo* *tr*

*poco più animato*  
*cresc.*

bel - ly of death. The

*tr* *tr*

*allargando* *a tempo* *p*

ships have a thou - sand eyes. To

*sf* *p* *tr*

*cresc.*

mark where we come, And the mirth of a sea - port

*tr* *tr* *cresc.*

*f* *stringendo* *ff* *rit.* *al dim.*

dies \_\_\_\_\_ When our

*f* *stringendo* *rit.* *pp* *al*

*Tempo I.* *p* *pp* *pp*

blow gets home. We

*Tempo I. p* *pp* *tr* *tr* *tr*

*ad lib.* ,

rise, we lie down, and we move In the bel - ly of

*colla parte* *tr* *tr* *tr*

death.

*pp* *tr* *dim.* *rit.* *ppp* *tr*

## The Sweepers.

Dawn off the Foreland— the young flood making  
Jumbled and short and steep—  
Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking—  
Awkward water to sweep.  
“Mines reported in the fairway,  
Warn all traffic and detain.  
'Sent up Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,  
Stormcock and Golden Gain!”

Noon off the Foreland— the first ebb making  
Lumpy and strong in the bight.  
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking  
And the jackdaws wild with fright!  
“Mines located in the fairway,  
Boats now working up the chain.  
Sweepers - Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,  
Stormcock and Golden Gain!”

Dusk off the Foreland— the last light going  
And the traffic crowding through,  
And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing  
Heading the whole review!  
“Sweep completed in the fairway,  
No more mines remain.  
'Sent back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian  
Stormcock and Golden Gain!”

# "The Fringes of the Fleet."

4.

## The Sweepers.

Song.

Words by  
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by  
EDWARD ELGAR.

Moderato. (♩ = circa 80.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

*f risoluto*

*Lento.*  
*f Quasi recit.* *a tempo* *rit.*

Dawn off the Fore - land - — the young flood mak-ing Jum-bled and short and steep -

*f colla parte* *mf a tempo* *rit.*

*f a tempo* *poco rit.*

Black in the hol-lows and bright where it's break-ing - Awk-ward wa - ter to sweep.

*f con sed.*

The words of this Song are reprinted from Mr Kipling's "The Fringes of the Fleet" by permission of the Author.

*Lento.*  
*p remote but distinctly*  
*Recit.*

"Mines re - port - ed in the fair - way,

*p colla parte*

*cresc.*

*accel.*

Warn all traf - fic and de - tain.

*cresc.* *accel.*

*a tempo*  
*frisoluto*

*allargando*

'Sent up Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain.'

(CHORUS.)

"Sent up Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain."

(Cassa.)  
(Sfp.)

*f Quasi recit.* *a tempo*

Noon off the Fore - land - the first ebb mak - ing

*f colla parte* *mf a tempo*

*rit.* *f a tempo*

Lump - y and strong in the bight. Boom af - ter boom, and the golf - hut shak - ing And the

*rit.* *f*

*poco rit.* *Lento. p remote but distinctly. Recit.*

jack - daws wild with fright! "Mines lo - ca - ted in the fair - way,

*p colla parte*

*cresc.* *accel.*

Boats now work - ing up the chain.

*cresc.* *accel.*

*f a tempo risoluto*

Sweep - ers- Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an,

*f a tempo*

(CHORUS.)

Storm-cock and Gold - en Gain? "Sweep - ers- Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an,

*f a tempo*

*Lento. p Quasi recit.*

Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain? Dusk off the Fore - land-

*p colla parte*

*a tempo cresc. f ff*

the last light go-ing And the traf-fic crowd-ing through, And

*mf f ff*

*distinctly* *poco rit.* *Repeat in Chorus.*

five damned traw-ers with their sy - reens blow-ing Head-ing the whole re - view!

*colla parte*

*Lento.*  
*f* *Recit.*

"Sweep com-plet-ed in the fair - way, No more mines re-main.

*f colla parte*

*ff a tempo*

'Sent back Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain'?

*ff*

(CHORUS.)

"Sent back Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain'?

*fff* *rit.*

*Ed.* \*