THREE SALT-WATER BALLADS

THE WORDS BY
JOHN MASEFIELD

THE MUSIC BY
FREDERICK KEEL

1. PORT OF MANY SHIPS
2. TRADE WINDS - LOW HIGH
3. MOTHER CAREY

Price $1.25 net

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AND

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PORT OF MANY SHIPS.

It's a sunny pleasant anchorage, is Kingdom Come,
Where crews is always layin' aft for double-tots o' rum,
'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of ev'ry kind o' sort,
It's a fine place for sailor-men is that there port.

'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

The winds is never nuthin' more than jest light airs,
'N' no-one gets belay'in'-plained, 'n' no-one never swears,
Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe a'tween yer lips,
Lollin' on the fo'c'le, sonny, lookin' at the ships.

'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

For ridin' in the anchorage the ships of all the world
Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails furled.
All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died
They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide.

'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

Drowned old wooden hookers green wi' drippin' wrack,
Ships as never fetched to port, as never came back;
Swingin' to the blushin' tide, dippin' to the swell,
'N' the crews all singin' sonny, beatin' on the bell.

'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
(From 'Salt-water Ballads'.)

Music by
FREDERICK KEEL.
King-dom Come, Where crews is al-ways lay-in' aft for dou-ble tots o' rum, 'N' there's danc-in' 'n' fid-dlin' of ev-ry kind o' sort, It's a fine place for sail-or-men is that there port. 'S' I wish— I wish as I was there.
"The winds is ne-ver noth-in' more than jest light airs, 'N'

no-one gets be-lay-in' plan'd, 'n' no one ne-ver swears, Yer

free to loaf 'n' laze a-round, yer pipe a-tween yer lips,

Lol-lin' on the fo'-cle'le, son-ny, look-in' at the ships. 'N' I
wish— I wish as I was there.

"For rid'in' in the anchorage the

ships of all the world Have got one anchordown 'n' all sails furled.

All the sunk'en hook-ers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died They
I say there merry sonny, swingin' to the tide. 'N' I wish—

I wish as I was there.

"Drown'd old wood'en hookers green wi' drippin' wrack, Ships as ne-ver fetch'd to port, as
never came back, Swing-in' to the blush-in' tide, dipp-in' to the swell, 'N' the crews all sing-in', son-ny, beat-in' on the bell. 'N' I wish— I wish as I was there, I wish— I wish as I was there!
TRADE WINDS

In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, the old sail's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the soughing in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
(From "Saltwater Ballads")

Music by
FREDERICK KEEL.

No. 1 in E♯

With a smooth flowing rhythm.

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tiny white houses and the orange trees, And
day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze Of the
stead-y Trade Winds blowing.
There is the red wine, the num-ty Span-ish

ale, The shuf-fle of the da-nec-ers, and the old sail's tale, The squeak-ing fiddle, and the sough-ing in the sail Of the steady Trade... Winds blow-ing...
And o'

nights through the fireflies and the yellow

moon, And in the ghostly palm trees the

sleepy tune Of the quiet voice
calling me, the long low croon... Of the steady Trade Winds blow...
MOTHER CAREY.

Mother Carey? She's the mother o' the witches
"N' all them sort o' rips;
She's a fine gell to look at, but the hitch is,
She's a sight too fond of ships.
She lives upon a iceberg to the norred,
"N' her man he's Davy Jones.
"N' she combs the weeds upon her forred
With pore drowned sailors' bones.

She's the mother o' the wrecks, 'n' the mother
Of all big winds as blows;
She's up to some deviltry or other
When it storms, or sleets, or snows.
The noise of the wind's her scrammin';
"I'm arter a plump, young, fine,
Brass-buttoned, beady-ribbed young seamun
So as me 'n' my mate kin dine'

She's a hungry old rip 'n' a cruel
For sailor-men like we,
She's give a many mariners the gruel
"N' a long sleep under sea.
She's the blood o' many a crew upon her
"N' the bones of many a wreck,
"N' she's barnacles a-growin' on her
"N' shark's teeth round her neck.

I ain't never had no schoolin'
Nor read no books like you,
But I knows 't ain't healthy to be foolin'
With that there grizzly two.
You're young, you thinks, 'N' you're lairy,
But if you're to make old bones,
Steer clear, I says, o' Mother Carey
"N' that there Davy Jones.

Words by
JOHN MASSFIELD.
(From "Salt-water Ballads")

Music by
FREDERICK KREEL.

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fine gill to look at, but the hitch is, She's a sight too fond of ships. She
lives up on a iceberg to the nor-red, 'N' her man be-- Davy Jones, 'N' she
combs the weeds up on her for-red With pore drownd-sail-ors bones.

She's the
mother o' the wreck's, 'n' the mother Of all big winds as blows; She's
up to some deviltry or other When it storms, or sleets, or snows. The
noise of the winds her screamin', "I'm ar-ter a plump, young, fine, Brass-
but-torn'd, beef-y ribb'd young sea'min So as me 'n' my mate kin dine."

15
She's a hungry old rip 'n' cruel For sailors men like we, She's
give a many mariners the grief 'N' a long sleep under the sea. She's the
blood o' many a crew up on her 'N' the boxes of many a wreck, 'N' she's
barnacles growing on her 'N' shark's teeth round her neck.

I ain't never had no schoolin' Nor

read no books like you, But I know it ain't health-y to be fool-in' With
that there grist-ly two. You're young, you think, and you're lai-ry, But...

If you're to make old bones. Steer clear, I says, of Mo-ther Ca-rey "N"

that there Da-vy Jones.
DUNA is without doubt one of the most effective songs I have ever known. Without a "cheap" line in it, it has that wonderful appeal that reaches the heart of every listener. The day I received that song I shall always count a most fortunate one for me.

John McCormack, Francis Rogers, Cantor Joseph Rosenblatt and scores of other leading singers enthuse over this most charming song of recent years.

The Words by
MARJORIE PICKTHALL

The Music by
JOSEPHINE MCGILL

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