SONGS OF THE FLEET

FOR

Baritone Solo and Chorus

THE POEMS

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

Set to Music

BY

CHARLES V. STANFORD

OP. 117.

№ 1. SAILING AT DAWN

№ 2. THE SONG OF THE SOU-WESTER

№ 3. THE MIDDLE WATCH

№ 4. THE LITTLE ADMIRAL

№ 5. FAREWELL

№ 1. SAILING AT DAWN, № 2. THE SONG OF THE SOU-WESTER, № 3. THE MIDDLE WATCH, № 4. THE LITTLE ADMIRAL are published separately price 2/6 net each.

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...DO... (ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES) 1/6...

...DO... TONIC SOL-FA 1/6...

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SONGS OF THE FLEET.

(HENRY NEWBOLT.)

SAILING AT DAWN.

One by one the pale stars die before the day now,
One by one the great ships are stirring from their sleep,
Cables all are rumbling, anchors all a-weigh now,
Now the fleet's a fleet again, gliding towards the deep.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray;
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day!

Far away behind us town and tower are dwindling,
Home becomes a fair dream faded long ago;
Infinitely glorious the height of heaven is kindling,
Infinitely desolate the shoreless sea below.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, &c.

Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender,
Once again with high hearts serve the age to be,
Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender,
Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, &c.
II.

THE SONG OF THE SOU' WESTER.

The sun was lost in a leaden sky,
And the shore lay under our lee;
When a great Sou'Wester hurricane high
Came rollicking up the sea.
He played with the fleet as a boy with boats
Till out for the Downs we ran,
And he laughed with the roar of a thousand throats
At the militant ways of man:

Oh! I am the enemy most of might,
The other he who you please!
Gunner and guns may all be right,
Flags a-flying and amour tight,
But I am the fellow you've first to fight—
The giant that swings the seas!

A dozen of middies were down below
Chasing the X they love,
While the table curtseyed long and slow
And the lamps were giddy above.
The lesson was all of a ship and a shot,
And some of it may have been true,
But the word they heard and never forgot
Was the word of the wind that blew:

Oh! I am the enemy most of might, &c.

The Middy with luck is a Captain soon,
With luck he may hear one day
His own big guns a-humming the tune
"Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."
But wherever he goes, with friends or foes,
And whatever may there befall,
He'll hear for ever a voice he knows
For ever defying them all:

Oh! I am the enemy most of might, &c.
III.

THE MIDDLE WATCH.

---∞---

In a blue dusk the ship astern
Uplifts her slender spars,
With golden lights that seem to burn
Among the silver stars.
Like fleets along a cloudy shore
The constellations creep,
Like planets on the ocean floor
Our silent course we keep.

And over the endless plain,
Out of the night forlorn
Rises a faint refrain,
A song of the day to be born,—
Watch! Oh watch, till ye find again
Life and the land of morn!

From a dim West to a dark East
Our lines unwavering head,
As if their motion long had ceased
And Time itself were dead.
Vainly we watch the deep below,
Vainly the void above;
They died a thousand years ago,—
Life and the land we love.

But over the endless plain, &c.
IV.

THE LITTLE ADMIRAL.

Stand by to reckon up your battleships
Ten, twenty, thirty, there they go.
Brag about your cruisers like Leviathans—
A thousand men a-piece down below.
But here's just one little Admiral,
We're all of us his brothers and his sons,
And he's worth, O he's worth at the very least
Double all your tons and all your guns.

Stand by, &c.

See them on the forebridge signalling—
A score of men a-hauling hand to hand,
And the whole fleet flying like the wild geese
Moved by some mysterious command.
Where's the mighty will that shows the way to them
The mind that sees ahead so quick and clear?
He's there, Sir, walking all alone there—
The little man whose voice you never hear.

Stand by, &c.

There are queer things that only come to sailors;
They're true, but they're never understood;
And I know one thing about the Admiral,
That I can't tell rightly as I should.
I've been with him when hope sank under us,—
He hardly seemed a mortal like the rest,
I could swear that he had stars upon his uniform,
And one sleeve pinned across his breast.

Stand by, &c.

Some day we're bound to sight the enemy,
He's coming, tho' he hasn't yet a name.
Keel to keel and gun to gun he'll challenge us
To meet him at the Great Armada game.
None knows what may be the end of it,
But we'll all give our bodies and our souls
To see the little Admiral a-playing him
A rubber of the old Long Bowls!

Stand by, &c.
MOTHER, with unbowed head
   Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
   The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.

To keep the house unharmed
   Their fathers built so fair,
Deeming endurance armed
   Better than brute despair,
They found the secret of the word that saith
   'Service is sweet, for all true life is death.'

So greet thou well thy dead
   Across the homeless sea,
And be thou comforted
   Because they died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done
For evermore their life and thine are one.
No. 1.

Sailing at Dawn.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD. Op. 117.

Andante molto tranquillo. (d=72)

SOLO.

One by one the pale stars
die before the day now,
One by one the great ships are stir-ling from their sleep,

Ca-bles all are rum-bling,
anchors all a-weigh now,
Now the fleet's a fleet a-gain,
gli-ding towards the deep.

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Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways, Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray; Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!

S. & F. Ltd. 597 (4)
Far away behind us town and tower are dwindling, Home becomes a fair dream

fa-ded long a-go; In-finite-ly glo-rious the

height of heav'n is kind-ling, In-finite-ly des-o-late the

shore- less sea be-low..
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways, Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray; Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
Lead the line, Lead the line
to-
Souls of all the sea-dogs,
Lead the line, Lead the line
to-
Souls of all the sea-dogs,
Lead the line, Lead the line
to-
Souls of all the sea-dogs,
Lead the line, Lead the line
to-

S. & P. Ltd 597. (4)
Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender,

Once again with high hearts serve the age to be,

Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender,

Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways, Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray; Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
Souls of all the sea-dogs, Lead the line,
Souls of all the sea-dogs, Lead the line,
Souls of all the sea-dogs, Lead the line,
lead the line to-day.

lead the line to-day.

lead the line to-day.

S. & B. Ltd. 597
Lead the line, lead the line to-
Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Lead the line, Lead the line to-

-day.
-day.
-day.
-day.
-day.

S. & B. Ltd. 597. (4)
The Song of the Sou’Wester.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.

Allegro non troppo, ma con fuoco. (\( \text{\textit{d=66}} \))

PIANO:

The sun was lost in a leaden sky,
And the shore lay under our lee;
When a great Sou’Wester hurricane high
Came rollicking up the sea.

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played with the fleet as a boy with boats Till out for the Downs we ran, And he laughed with the roar of a thousand throats At the militant ways of man.
A dozen of middies were down below
Chasing the X they love,
While the table curtseyed long and slow
And the lamps were giddy above.

The lesson was all of a ship and a shot,
And some of it may have been true.
But the word they heard and never forgot

Was the word of the wind that blew

Oh! I am the
Oh! I am the
Oh! I am the
Oh! I am the

St. & B. Ltd. 597
enemy most of might, The other be who you
enemy most of might, The other be who you
enemy most of might, The other be who you
enemy most of might, The other be who you

please! Gun-ner and guns may all be right, Flags a-
please! Gun-ner and guns may all be right, Flags a-
please! Gun-ner and guns may all be right, Flags a-
please! Gun-ner and guns may all be right, Flags a-

-flying and armour tight, But I am the fellow you've first to
-flying and armour tight, But I am the fellow you've first to
-flying and armour tight, But I am the fellow you've first to
-flying and armour tight, But I am the fellow you've first to

St. & B. Ltd. 597
fight

fight

fight

fight

fight

fight

fight

fight

fight

The giant, The giant, The giant that swings

the seas.

the seas.

the seas.

the seas.

St. 8 B. Ltd. 587
The Middy with luck is a Captain soon, With luck he may hear one day.
His own big guns a-humming the tune. Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
But wherever he goes, with friends or foes, And whatever may there befall,
voice he knows. For ev-er de-fy-ing them

all.

Oh!

Oh!

Oh!

I am the en-e-my most of might, The

I am the en-e-my most of might, The

I am the en-e-my most of might, The

I am the en-e-my most of might, The

St. & B. Ltd. 597
o-ther be who you please!  Gun-ner and guns may all be

right,  Flags a-fly-ing and arm-our tight, But I am the

fellow you've first to fight.  The
The giant, the giant, the giant,
That swings, that swings, that swings.

Giant, giant, giant,
That swings, that swings, that swings.
No. 3.

The Middle Watch.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.

Andante molto tranquillo. (d = 116)

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

blue dusk the ship a-stern Up-lifts her slender
With golden lights that seem to burn among the silver stars.

Like fleets along a cloudy shore The
constellations creep, Like planets on the
constellations creep, Like planets on the
constellations creep, Like planets on the
constellations creep, Like planets on the
ocean floor. Our silent
ocean floor. Our silent
ocean floor. Our silent
ocean floor. Our silent

SOLO.
And
course we keep.
course we keep.
course we keep.
course we keep.

St. & B. Ltd. 597
ov-er the end-less plain,

Out of the night for-

And ov-

And ov-

And ov-

And ov-

poco cresce.

- lorn Ris-
es a faint re-frain A

poco cresce.

plain, Ris-
es a faint re-frain-

plain, Ris-
es a faint re-frain-

plain, Ris-
es a faint re-frain-

plain, Ris-
es a faint re-frain-

St. S B. Ltd. 597
song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

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O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

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O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

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O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,

O watch, a song of the day to be born, Watch,
morn.

From a

morn.

to a

morn.

morn.

dim.

West to a dark

East

Our

lines un-wav-er-ing head,
As if their motion long had ceased
And

E

time itself were dead.

Vainly we watch the deep below,

Vainly the void above,
They died a thousand years ago,

Life and the land we love.

But over the endless plain,
Out of the night forlorn,
Rises a faint refrain.

Out of the endless plain, Out of the night forlorn.

Out of the night forlorn.
Rises a

Rises a faint refrain, A song of the day to be

Rises a faint refrain, A song of the day to be

Rises a faint refrain, A song of the day to be

St. L. R. Ltd. 597
Watch,
O watch,
born,
A song of the day to be born,
born,
A song of the day to be born,

poco cresc.
song of the day to be born.

Watch,
O watch,
Watch,
O watch,
Watch,
O watch,
Watch, till ye find again,

Life and the
O watch!

Watch, O watch!
Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C.V. STANFORD.

The Little Admiral.

Allegro vivace (d=96)

SOLO.

PIANO.

by to reckon up your battle-ships. Ten twenty thirty there they go.

Brag about your cruisers like Leviathans. A thousand men a-piece down below.

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But here's just one little Admiral, We're all of us his brothers and his sons, And he's worth, O he's worth at the very least Double all your tons and all your guns.

Stand by to reckon up your

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Battleships, Ten twenty thirty there they go.

Brag about your cruisers like Leviathan. A thousand men a-

See them on the fore-bridge piece down below.
signalling. A score of men a hauling hand to hand, And the whole fleet flying like the wild geese moved by some mysterious command.

Where's the mighty will that shows the way to them, The mind that sees ahead so quick and clear? He's there, sir, walking all alone there. The little man whose
E a tempo

voice you nev-er hear.

Ten.

Bass.

Stand

by to rec-koa up your bat-tle-ships, Ten twen-ty thir-ty there they go.

Brag a-bout your cruis-ers like Le-vi-a-thans A
There are thousand men a-piece down below.

queer things that only come to sailor-men, They're true, but they're never understood;

And I know one thing about the Admiral, that I can't tell rightly as I should.

stentando
Meno mosso.

been with him when hope sank under us. He hardly seemed a mortal like the rest. I could swear that he had stars upon his

uniform. And one sleeve pinned across his breast.

TEN.

Stand by to reckon up your battleships, Ten.

BASS.
twenty thirty there they go. Brag about your cruisers like Leviathan.

A thousand men a piece down below.

Some
day we're bound to sight the enemy, He's coming, tho' he hasn't yet a name.

Keel to keel and gun to gun he'll challenge us to meet him at the Great Armada game.
None knows what may be the end of it, But we'll
cresc. poco a poco
all give our bodies and our souls to see the little Admiral a-
cresc. poco a poco
rall. ad lib.
—playing him A rubber of the old Long

a tempo
Bowls!
SOP. & ALTO.
Stand by to reckon up your battleships

TEN & BASS. Stand by to reckon up your battleships

St. & B Ltd. 597
by! Stand by!

Stand by to reckon up your

battleships,

Ten twenty thirty they

Brag about your cruisers like Le -

St. & B. Ltd. 597
A thousand men a-piece,
Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C.V. STANFORD.

Quasi Adagio. (J. 66)

Mother, with

Farewell, farewell, farewell!

Quasi Adagio.

unbowed head Hear thou across the sea The farewell of the dead, The.

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dead who died for thee.  Great them all

Farewell, farewell, farewell!

again with tender words and grave; For, saving thee,

themselves they could not save.

Farewell, farewell, farewell.
To keep the house unharmed Their fathers built so well!

Poco più mosso.

fair, Deem-ing en-du-rance armed Bet ter then brute des-pair,

Keep the house un-

S & B Ltd 597.
They found the secret of the word that harmed!

Tempo I. \( \text{\textit{(d=60)}} \)

saith, 'Service is sweet, for all true life is

death?' So greet thou well thy dead Across the homeless

Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell.
sea, And be thou com-
forted Because they died for
well

D a tempo
p rall.
thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is

Mother! Farewell, farewell, farewell,

Mother! Farewell, farewell, farewell,

Mother! Farewell, farewell, farewell,

Mother! Farewell, farewell, farewell,

Mother! Farewell, farewell, farewell,

Mother! Farewell, farewell, farewell,

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Molto Adagio. (d: 52)

done
well!
well!
well!
well!

Molto Adagio.

life and thine are one.

ever more their life and

ever more their life and

ever more their life and

ever more their life and

S. & B. Ltd. 597.
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Soloist—Mr H. PLUNKET GREENE

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