Songs of a Rover

Words by

JOHN MASEFIELD

Music by

ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE

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SEA FEVER.

I must down to the seas again,
    To the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
    And a star to steer her by,
And the wheel’s kick, and the wind’s song
    And the white sails shaking.
And a grey mist on the sea’s face
    And a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again,
    For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
    That may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day
    With the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray, and the blown spume
    And the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again
    To the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gulls’ way and the whales’ way
    Where the wind’s like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn
    From a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream
    When the long trick’s* over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

* Trick: the ordinary two-hour spell at the wheel or on the look-out.
Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
from "Salt Water Ballads."

Music by
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.

I.
SEA FEVER.
448083

Slowly, with breadth, \( \dot{=} \) ss.

I must down to the seas again, To the lonely sea
And the sky,
And all I ask is a
tall ship And a star to steer her

by, And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song And the

white sails shaking, And a

grey mist on the sea's face And a grey dawn break -
I must down to the seas again, For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call That may not be denied;
And
all I ask is a windy day With the white clouds flying, And the flung spray, and the blown spume

And the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again To the vagrant gypsy
lifethe gulls' way and the whales' way Where the
wind's like a whetted knife; And all I ask is a
mer-ry yarn From a laugh-ing fel-low-rov-er, And a
qui-et sleep and a sweet dream When the long trick's o-
ten.

* Trick: the ordinary two-hour spell at the wheel or on the look-out.
VAGABOND.

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,  
Can't say's I ever knowed.  
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky —  
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,  
Can't say's I ever will.  
Dunno about God — He's jest the noddin' star  
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno 'bout Life — it's jest a tramp alone  
From waking time to doss.  
Dunno 'bout Death — it's jest a quiet stone  
All over grey wi'moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,  
Are things I never knowed;  
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lone inns,  
An' jest the dusty road.

JOHN MASEFIELD.
II.

VAGABOND.

Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
from "Salt Water Ballads."

Music by
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.

Slowly \( \text{\textit{j = 80}.} \)

VOICE.

PIANO.

Dun-no a heap about the what an'

why,

Can't says I ever knowed.

26896

Copyright, MCMXIX, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
Heaven to me's a fair, blue stretch of sky.

Earth's jest a dusty road.

dun no the names o' things,
nor what they are, Cant says I ever will.
Dun-no about God-
He's j'est the nod-din'

star A-top the win-dy hill.

Dun-no'bout Life-it's

j'est a tramp a-lone

From
walk in time to doss. Doo no 'bout Death its jest a quiet stone All over grey wi' moss. An' why I live, an' why the old world spins, Are
things I never knew;

My mark's the

gipsy fires,

the lonely inns,

An'

jest the dusty road.
THE GOLDEN CITY OF St. MARY.

Out beyond the sunset, could I but find the way,
Is a sleepy blue laguna which wicens to a bay,
And there's the Blessed City—so the sailors say—
The Golden City of St. Mary.

It's built of fair marble—white without a stain,
And in the cool twilight when the sea winds wane,
The bells chime faintly, like a soft, warm rain.
   The Golden City of St. Mary.

Among the green palm-trees, where the fire-flies shine
Are the white tavern tables where the gallants dine,
Singing slow Spanish songs like old mulled wine.
   The Golden City of St. Mary.

Oh I'll be shipping sunsetwards and Westward-ho!
Through the green toppling combers a-shattering into snow,
Till I come to quiet moorings, and a watch below,
   The Golden City of St. Mary.

JOHN MASEFIELD.
III.

THE GOLDEN CITY OF St. MARY.

Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
from "Salt Water Ballads."

Music by
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{Out beyond the sunset, could I but find the way, Is a}} \) }

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{sleepy blue laguna which widens to a bay. And}} } \)
there's the Blessed City—so the sailors say—The

Golden City of St. Ma

It's built of fair marble—white without a stain, And in the

26896
cool twilight when the sea winds wane, The bells chime faintly, like a soft, warm rain, In the Golden City of St. Mary.

Among the green palm-trees where the fireflies shine Are the
white tavern tables where the gallants dine, Singing

in time

slow Spanish songs like old mull'd wine, In the

Golden City of St Ma

Oh

26896
I'll be shipping sunsetwards and Westward ho! Through the

green toppling combers a-shattering into snow, Till I

with the voice rit.

come to quiet moorings, and a watch below, In the

In the

Golden City of St. Mary.

voice

ff in time