THE REVENGE
A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

BY
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SET TO MUSIC FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

BY
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.
(Op. 24.)

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

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### THE REVENGE

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Matri dilectissimae

C. V. S.
THE REVENGE
A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

Allegro giusto e pesante.

Piano.

Chorus, Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

At Flor - es in the A -

And a pin - nace, like a

...
flutter'd bird, came fly-ing from far a-way: 

Spanish

came fly-ing from far a-way: 

Spanish

Spanish

Spanish

shhips of war at sea! we have sight-ed fifty-three!

shhips of war at sea! we have sight-ed fifty-three!

shhips of war at sea! we have sight-ed fifty-three!

shhips of war at sea! we have sight-ed fifty-three!

A:

Basses.

Thee aware... Lord Thomas Howard: "For God I am no coward; But I
cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear.
And the half my men are sick.
I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know... you are no coward; you fly... them for a..."
moment to sight with them again. But I've ninety men and
more that are lying sick ashore. I should

count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.
So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day, and he
melted like a cloud in the silent summer heav'n;
Chorus.

Chorus.

Piu lento e pesante.

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land. Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon, And we laid them on the ballast down here.

Men of Bideford in Devon, And we laid them on the ballast down here.
For we brought them all a-
low:

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
board, And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
board, And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
And they blest him, that they were not left to

8117.
Andante sostenuto. Soprano. mp

He had only a hundred seamen to

Andante sostenuto. Altein. mp

He had only a hundred seamen to

work the ship and to fight, And he sailed away from Flores till the

work the ship and to fight, And he sailed away from Flores till the

Spaniard came in sight, With his huge sea-castles

Spaniard came in sight, With his huge sea-castles

Till the Spaniard came in sight, With his

Till the Spaniard came in sight, With his

8117.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly? Good Sir Richard, tell us now, for to fight is but to die! There'll be little of us left by the time this sun..."
CHUBB.

Tempo I mo. (Allegro giusto.)

And Sir Richard said again:

And Sir Richard said again:

"We be all good Englishmen.

Let us hang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turned my back upon

Allegretto con moto.

Bon or devil yet."
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed,
and we
and so The little Revenge ran on sheer
Into the heart... of the foe...

With her hundred fighters on deck... and her ninety sick below:

For half of their fleet... to the right...

For half of their fleet... to the right...

For half of their fleet... to the right...
and half to the left were seen . . . And the little Revenge ran on . . . tho' the right,

right,

long sea-lane . . . . be-tween.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
cres.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
cres.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
cres.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
cres.
decks and laugh'd, Thousands of their seamen

made mock at the mad little craft

on and on, till de-lay'd By the mountain-like San Philip That of fifteen hundred

8117.
tans, And up-shadowing high 'bove us with her yawning tiers of guns,
tans, And up-shadowing high 'bove us with her yawning tiers of guns,
tans, And up-shadowing high 'bove us with her yawning tiers of guns,
tans, And up-shadowing high 'bove us with her yawning tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails,
Took the breath from our sails,
Took the breath from our sails,
Took the breath from our sails,

Adagio molto.
and we stay'd.
and we stay'd.
and we stay'd.
And while now the great San

Adagio molto. \( \text{\textfraktur}{69} \). And while now the great San

8117.
Phineas hung above us like a cloud, whence the thunder-bolt will fall long and loud.

Four galleons drew a-way From the Spanish fleet that day, And the two up-on the star-board lay, And the two up-on the lar-board lay.

From the Spanish fleet that day, And the two up-on the star-board lay, And the two up-on the lar-board lay.
Having that within her womb that had

Philip, she betook herself and went, and went,

And the rest they came aboard us, and they

left her ill content,

ill content;

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to

fought us hand to hand, hand to hand, and they

8117.
hand to hand, For a dozen times they came with their
pikes and musqueteers, And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
dog that shakes his ears When he leaps

8117.
from the water to the land.

and the sun went down, the

sun went down, and the stars came

out far over the summer sea,

But
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back, drew back with her;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back, drew back with her;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back, drew back with her;

dead and her shame.
dead and her shame.
dead and her shame.
dead and her shame.

For some were sink.
many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever

battle like this in the world be—fore!
Tho' his vessel was
For he said "Fight on! fight on!"

all but a wreck; And it chanced that, when half of the short summer

night was gone, With a grisly wound to be dress he had
left the deck, But a bullet struck him that was dressing it
suddenly dead, And himself he was wounded again in the side.
and the head, And he said, "Fight

8117.
Chorus.
Allegro tranquillo ma con moto.

And the night went down, and the sun.
And the night went down, and the sun smiled.
And the night went down, the night went down, and the sun.

And the night went down, went down, and the sun.

Allegro tranquillo ma con moto. 132.

...smiled out...far o-ver the sum-mer sea.
...the sun smiled out...far o-ver the sum-mer.

...smiled out...far o-ver the sum-mer.

8117.
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay

round, us all in a ring;

But they dared not touch us again.
For they fear'd that we still could sting. So they
gain, For they fear'd that we still could sting.

watch'd what the end would be. So they watch'd what the end
would be. So they watch'd what the end.
Fin musso.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we.

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain, And half of the rest of us maim'd for life In the crash of the cannonades

and the desperate strife; And the sick men down in the hold

8117.
And the pikes were all broken or bent,
were most of them stark and cold,

and the powder was all of it spent;

masts and the rigging were hanging over the side;

Richard cried in his English pride,

We have fought such a
fight for a day and a night As may never be fought a-

gain! We have won great glo-

day less or more at sea or a-shore, We

does it matter when? Sink me the ship... Master Gun-

sink her, split her in twain! Fall in to the hands of God...
not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay,

but the seamen made reply:

"We have children, we have

wives, and the Lord hath spared our lives. We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us

We shall live to fight again and to strike another
And the lion there lay dying,
and they yielded to the foe.

Adagio molto. \( \text{Chorus} \)

Allegro maestoso. \( \text{dim.} \) \( \text{pp} \) \( \text{mp pescante} \)
And the state-ly Span-ish men to their flag-ship bore him

then, Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Rich-ard caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their court-ly
fo - reign grace;
fo - reign grace;
fo - reign grace;
fo - reign grace;

Allegro giusto.
SOPRANOS.

But he rose up on their decks, and he cried:

Allegro giusto. $\frac{3}{4}$ 112.
Soprano.....

Altos.

But he rose up on their decks, and he cried:

Molto maestoso.
TENORS.

Molto maestoso. $\frac{3}{4}$ 92. "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a

val - iant man and true;
Tenor.

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do; so Sir Richard Grenville died.

With a joyful spirit.

Pia lento.

Col. Pod Chorus.

And he fell upon their decks,

Alto.

And he fell upon their decks,

Tenor.

And he fell upon their decks,

Bass.

And he fell upon their decks,
and he died.

And they stared at the dead . . . that had been so valiant and

S117.
true, And had held the power and glory of
true, And had held the power and glory of
true, And had held the power and glory of
true, And had held the power and glory of

Spain so cheap That he dared her with one little ship and his
Spain so cheap That he dared her with one little ship and his
Spain so cheap That he dared her with one little ship and his
Spain so cheap That he dared her with one little ship and his

English few; Was he devil or man? He was
English few; Was he devil or man? He was
English few; Was he devil or man? He was
English few; Was he devil or man? He was
Allegretto maestoso.

Devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his

Devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his

Devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his

Devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his

Allegretto maestoso. \( \text{\textit{mf pesante.}} \)

Body with honour down into the deep,
And they

Body with honour down into the deep,
And they

Body with honour down into the deep,
And they

Body with honour down into the deep,
And they

Man'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her

Man'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her

Man'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her

Man'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her

8117.
Allegro moderato.

When a wind from the lands they had ru инд аwoke from

When a wind from the lands they had ru инд аwoke from

When a wind from the lands they had ru инд аwoke from sleep,

And the wa ter be gan to

And the wa ter be gan to

And the wa ter be gan to heave

And the wa ter be gan to heave...
heave and the weather to moan.

And ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
ff Piu Allegro e con fuoco.

Till it smote on their hulls ... and their
sails ... and their masts ... and their
flags ... and the whole sea plunged and

8117.
Molto moderato e tranquillo.

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags To be

lost evermore in the main.

Lost... evermore in the main.

Lost... evermore in the main.

Lost... evermore in the main.

Col. Ped.

Col. Ped.

THE END.

January, 1942.
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Drink little England dry.
Ye sons of Albion.
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May song.
Cupid, the pretty ploughboy.
The old isomer.
The honest ploughman.
The birds in the spring.
The Masque hymn.
The seasons.
Someretshire hunting song.
Tally ho! bark away.
The barrel.
Go from my window.
The nightingale.

Derry-down Dale.
Honey light horseman.
The soldier’s farewell.
The jolly waterman.
Saucy sailor boy.
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William and Mary.
Britons, strike home.
Ward, the pirate.
Marblehead.
Polka maid.
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The punch lady.
The churchwarden’s song.
A lay of this.
The lost lady found.
Mary of the Moor.
Undaunted Mary.
Bards of sweet princesses.
The cockle.
New garden fields.
Go no more a-rushing.
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Old Rinin the beau.
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What does little birdsie say? (B).
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When I am laid in earth.

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3. Freda and strong the brook is blowing.
4. When duties pined.
5. Thou soft-dreaming dream.
6. When youth’s sprightly flood.
7. Despairing inside a clear stream.
8. The Sycamore shade.
9. The popsils sliver in the wind.
10. The Shepherd.
11. The Soldier tired.
12. Where the bee sucks.
13. When forced from dear Hebe.
15. The Miller of Mansfield.
17. Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
18. Water poured.
19. Under the greenwood tree.
20. By the gaily stringing glass.

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4. Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry.
5. Jolly Dick, the Lamplighter.
6. I stuck my all on treasure.
7. Blues high, blues low.
8. White the feet of the village.
9. True courage.
10. Poor Jack.
11. Tom Tough.
12. The Token.
13. The Anchorsmiths.
15. All’s one to Jack.
16. The jolly young Waterman.
18. The sailor’s Journal.
19. The tar for all weathers.
20. To sa’t us venture die-hards.
21. The last that loves a sailor.

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3. Here the clustered rosebushes.
4. Uber den Ruh der Rose.
6. The lonely lake—Am schwachen Teich.
7. Peace—Frieden.

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1. None but a lonely heart.
2. What torment, what capture.
3. The heavy rain.
4. Why so pale are the roses.
5. This only once.
6. The song that you sang long ago.
7. What matters?
8. The sleep of sorrow.
9. Knowest thou the land?
10. Canary birds! would you but for one short hour.
11. The Shepherd.
12. Invocation to sleep.
13. Never leave me, sweet friend.

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NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLICITORS FOR THE U.S.A.