Four Sea Songs

The Poems by
John Masefield

The Music by
Paul Corder

1. Hell's Pavement.
2. The Turn of the Tide.
3. The Emigrant.
4. Captain Stratton's Fancy.

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FOUR SEA SONGS.
I.
Hell's Pavement.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD.

Music by
PAUL CORDER.

Piano.

Allegro.

When I'm discharged in Liverpool and draws my bit o'

pay, I won't come to sea any more.

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E.S.S. 5244.
court a pretty little lass and have a weddin' day. And settle

somewhere down a shore. I'll never fare to sea again a-

temptin' Davy Jones, A-heapin' to the cruel sharks a-

hangin' for my bones, I'll run a blushin' dairy farm er
go a-crack-in' stones, Or buy an' keep a little liquor

store, (so he said,) Or buy and keep a little liquor

They
towed her into Liverpool, we made the hooker fast, And the copper-bound ef-
-
- fic- tials paid the crew. And Billy drew his money, but the

money didn't last, For he painted the a-long-story blue.

It was rum for Poll, and rum for Nan, and gin for jolly Jack. He
cresc e stringendo.

slipped a fortnight later in the clothes upon his back; He had to pinch a

cresc e stringendo

little straw; he had to beg a sack to sleep on when his watch was through; (So he did) To sleep on when his watch was through.

f (free) rall.

E.B.S. 5248.
The Turn of the Tide.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD

Music by
PAUL CORDER.

Molto tranquillo.

Piano.

An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my knife; You can

divy up the dungarees an' bed; An' the ship can have my

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E. & S. 5048.
bless-ing an' the Lord can have my life, An' sail an' fish my body when I'm dead. An' dream in' down be low there in the tangled greens an' blues, Where the sun-light shudders golden round about, I shall hear the ship complain an' the cursin' of the crews, An' be
sor-ry when the watch is tumbled out. Poco più mosso.

I shall

hear them hilly-lying the weather crow-jick brace, An'the

suck-ing of the wass about the hull; When they

E. d. s. 5249.
Chanty up the top-sail I'll be haulin' in my place. For my soul will follow seawards like a gull.

I shall hear the blocks a-g gruntin' in the bumpkins o-ver-side,

An' the slatting of the storm-sails on the stay,
An' the rippling of the cat's paw at the making of the tide, An' the swirl an' splash of porpoises at play.

Tempo I.
An' Bill can have my sea-boots, Nigger Jim can have my knife,
You can div- vy up the whack I have, it scoffs, An' the
ship can have my blessing and the Lord can have my life, for it's time I
quit the deck and went a-loft.
III.
The Emigrant.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD.

Music by
PAUL CORDER.

Allegro.

Piano

\[ \text{Going by Dal. y's shan-ty} \]

\[ \text{heard the boys with-in} \]

\[ \text{Danc-ing the Spanish horn pipe to Dris-coll's vi-o-lin,} \]
heard the sea-boots shaking the rough planks of the floor.

But

I was going westward, I hadn't heart

for more.
All down the windy village the noise rang in my ears,

Old sea boots stamping, shuffling,

Brought the bitter tears.

Old tune piped and quav'ring, the lipline so clear and strong,

But
I was going westward, I could not join the song.
Andante moderato.

There were the grey stone houses, the night wind blowing keen, The

hill-sides pale with moon-light, the young corn springing green; The hearth-cokes lit and

kindly, with dear friends good to see, But I was going westward,

and the ship waited me.
IV.
Captain Stratton's Fancy.

Poem by
JOHN MASEFIELD.

Music by
PAUL CORDER.

Moderato.

Piano:

Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French, And

some'll swallow tar and stuff fit only for a wench, But I'm for right Jamaica till I

roll beneath the bench, Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

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Oh

some are for the lily and some are for the rose, But I am for the sugar cane that

in Jamaica grows, For it's that that makes the honey drink to warm my copper nose, Says the

cresc.

old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.
Oh, some that's good and god-ly ones they

hold that it's a sin To troll the joly bowl a round and make the dol'sars spin; But

poco a poco animando.

I'm for tol er a tion and for drinking at an inn, Says the old, boid mate of Henry

poco a poco animando, cresc.

Mor gan.
Oh some are fond of dancing, and some are fond of dice,
And some are all for red lips and pretty lass's eyes, But a right
Jamaica punchoon is a finer prize To the old, bold mate of Hen-ry
Mor gan.
Mezzo mosso (andante.)

Oh, some are sad and wretched folk that

poco a poco animando.

...go in silken suite, And there's a sort of wicked rogues that live in good reputes, But

I'm for drinking honestly and dying in my boots. Like an old, bold mate of Henry

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"The Fringes of the Fleet."

The Sweepers.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Moderato. (d. crot. 80.)

Dawn off the Fore-land—
the young flood making
Jumbled and short and steep—

Back in the hollows and bright where it's breaking—
Awk-ward wa-tor to sweep.

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