SONGS OF THE FLEET

FOR

Baritone Solo and Chorus

THE POEMS

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

Set to Music

BY

CHARLES V. STANFORD

OP. 117.

Nº 1. SAILING AT DAWN	Nº 3. THE MIDDLE WATCH .....
Nº 2. THE SONG OF THE SOU'-WESTER	Nº 4. THE LITTLE ADMIRAL

Nº 5. FAREWELL

Nº 1. SAILING AT DAWN. Nº 2. THE SONG OF THE SOU'-WESTER AND Nº 4. THE LITTLE ADMIRAL
ARE PUBLISHED SEPARATELY PRICE 2/- NET CASH EACH.

PRICE 4/- NET CASH.

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53047

SONGS OF THE FLEET.

(HENRY NEWBOLT.)

SAILING AT DAWN.

—:o:—

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.

———:o:———

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 be who you please!
Gunner and guns may all be right,
Flags a-flying and armour 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.

———:o:———

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.

———:o:———

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 sailormen;
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.

V.

FARE WELL.

———:o:———

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.'

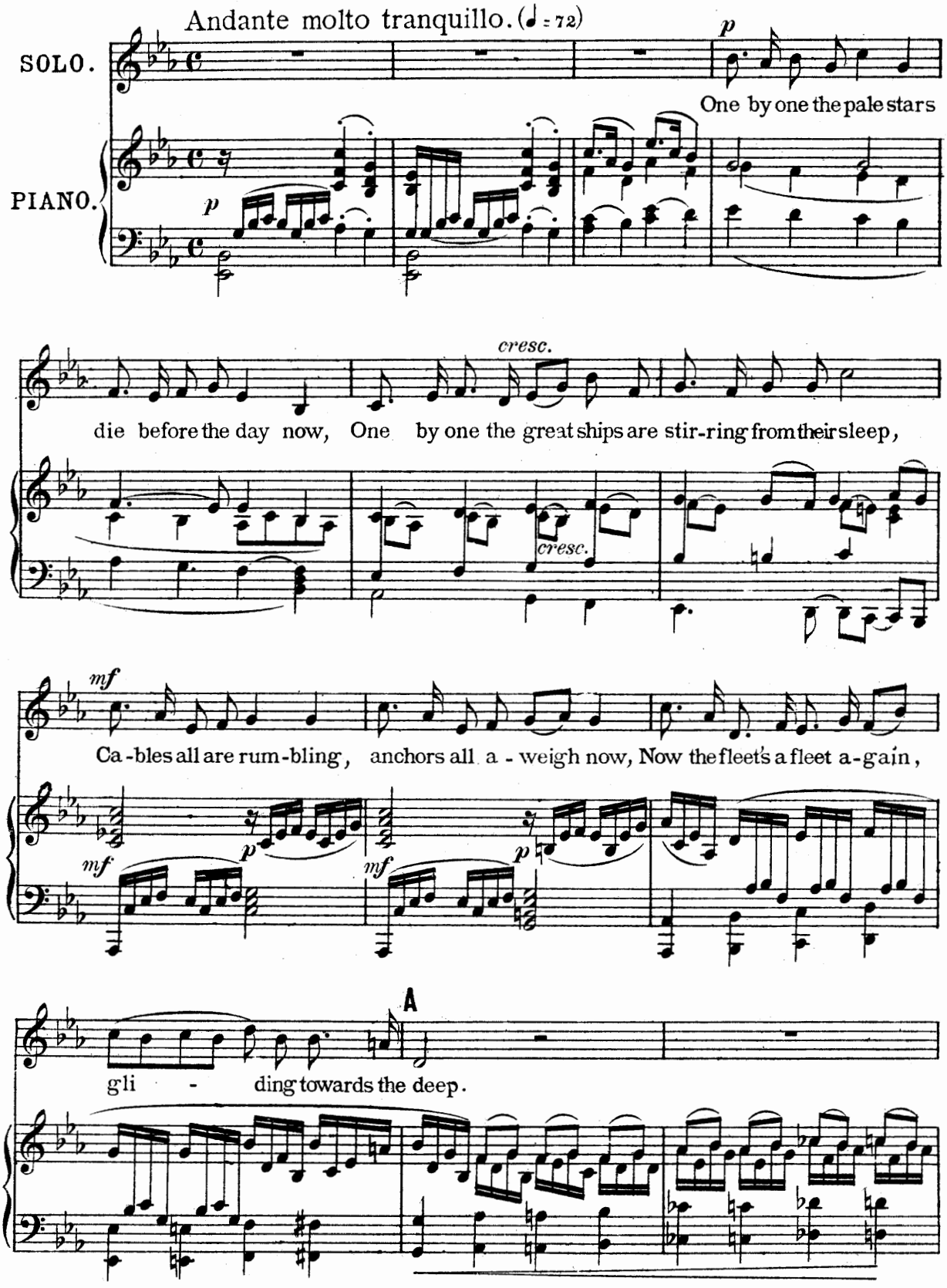
So greet thou well thy dead
  Across the homeless sea,
And be thou comforted
  Because they died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done
For evermore their life and thine are one.

No. 1.

Sailing at Dawn.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

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



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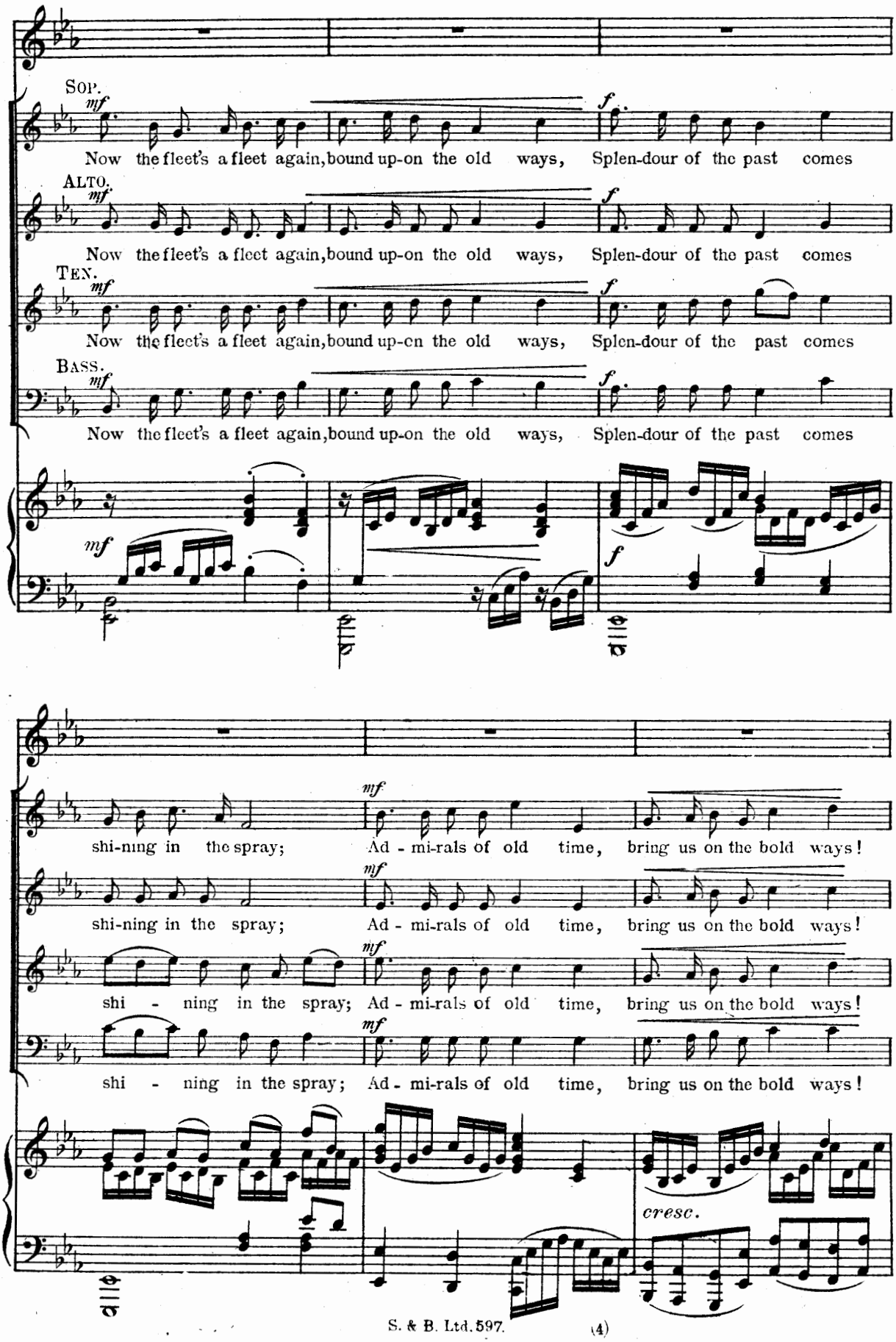
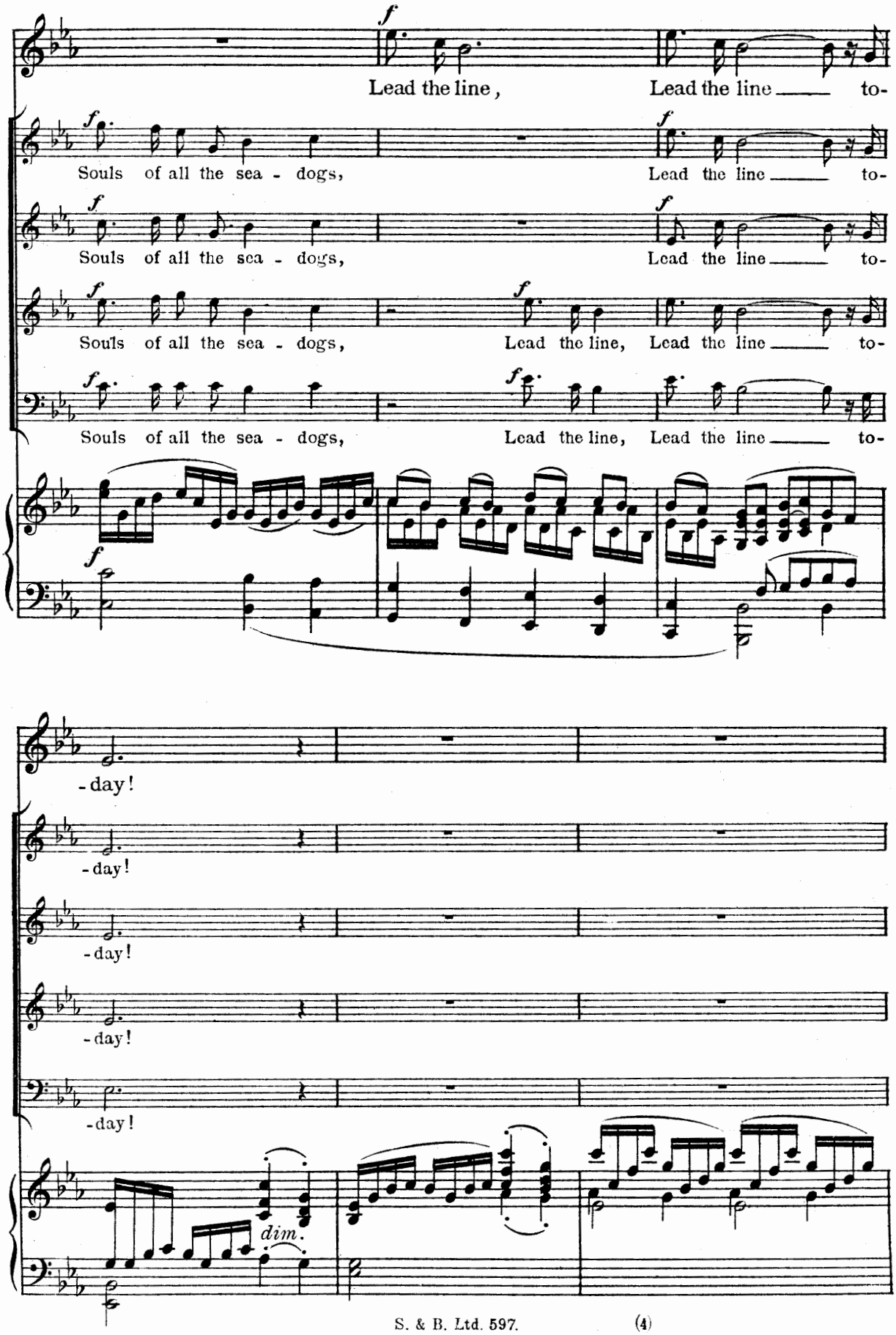
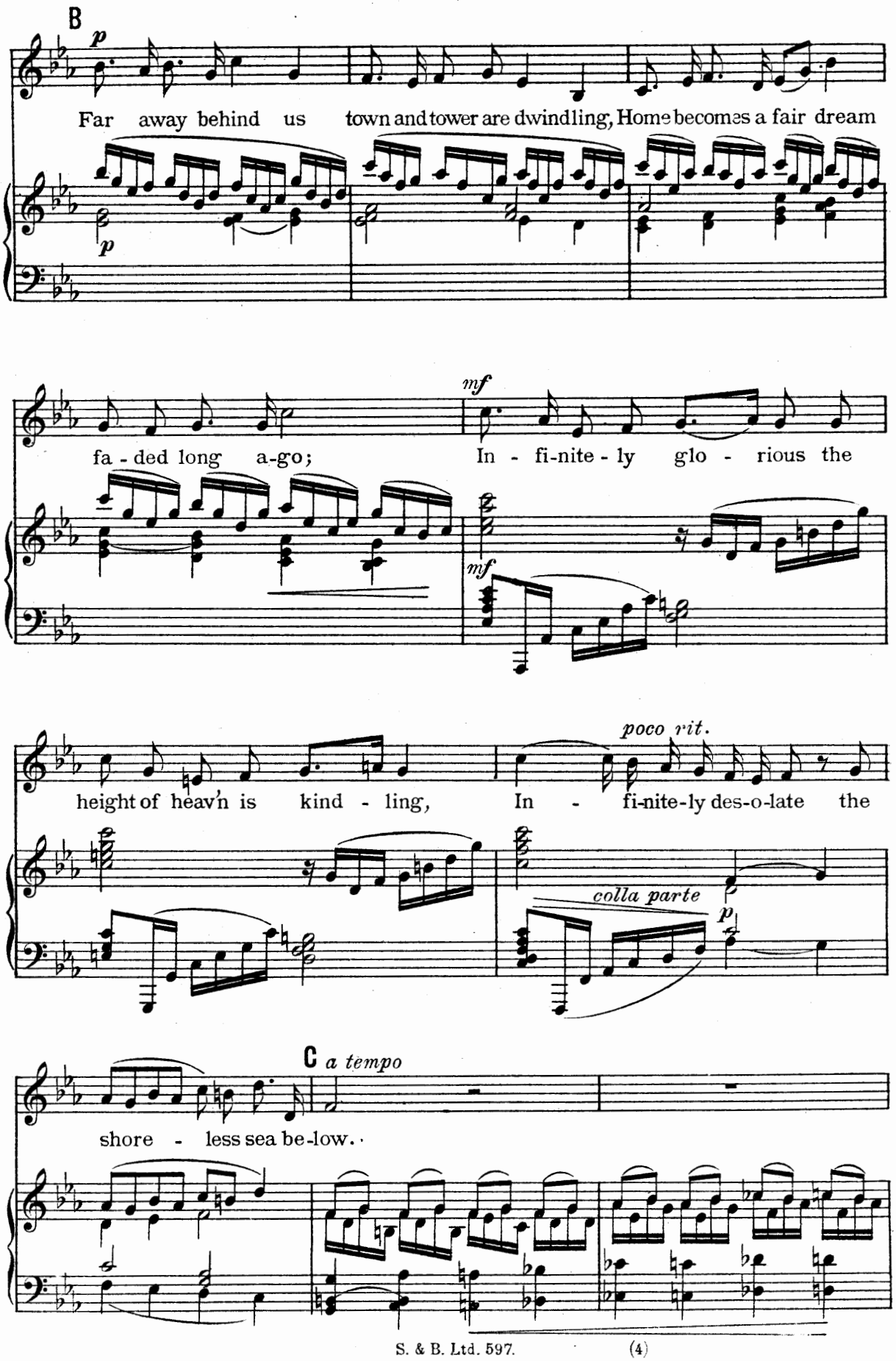
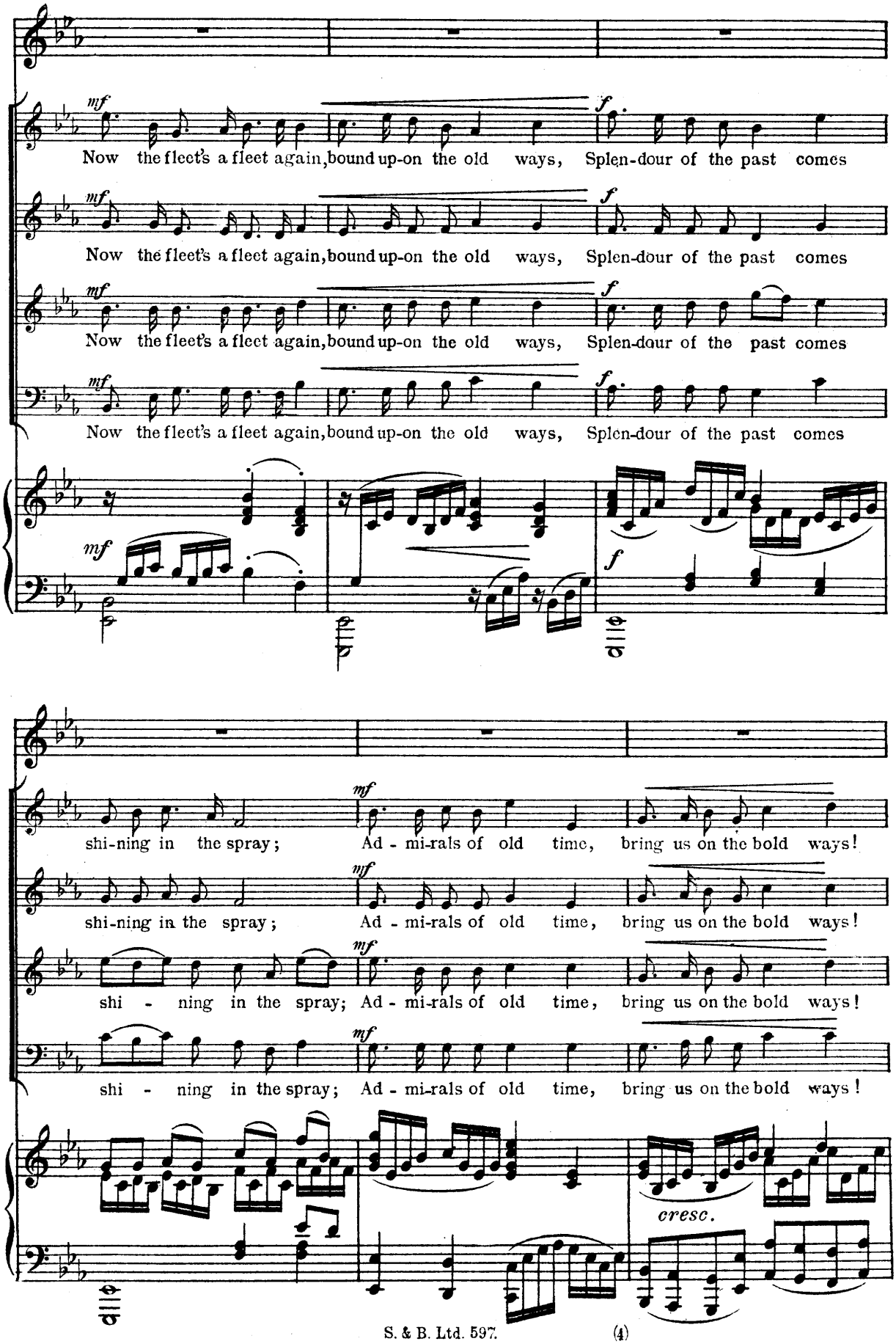
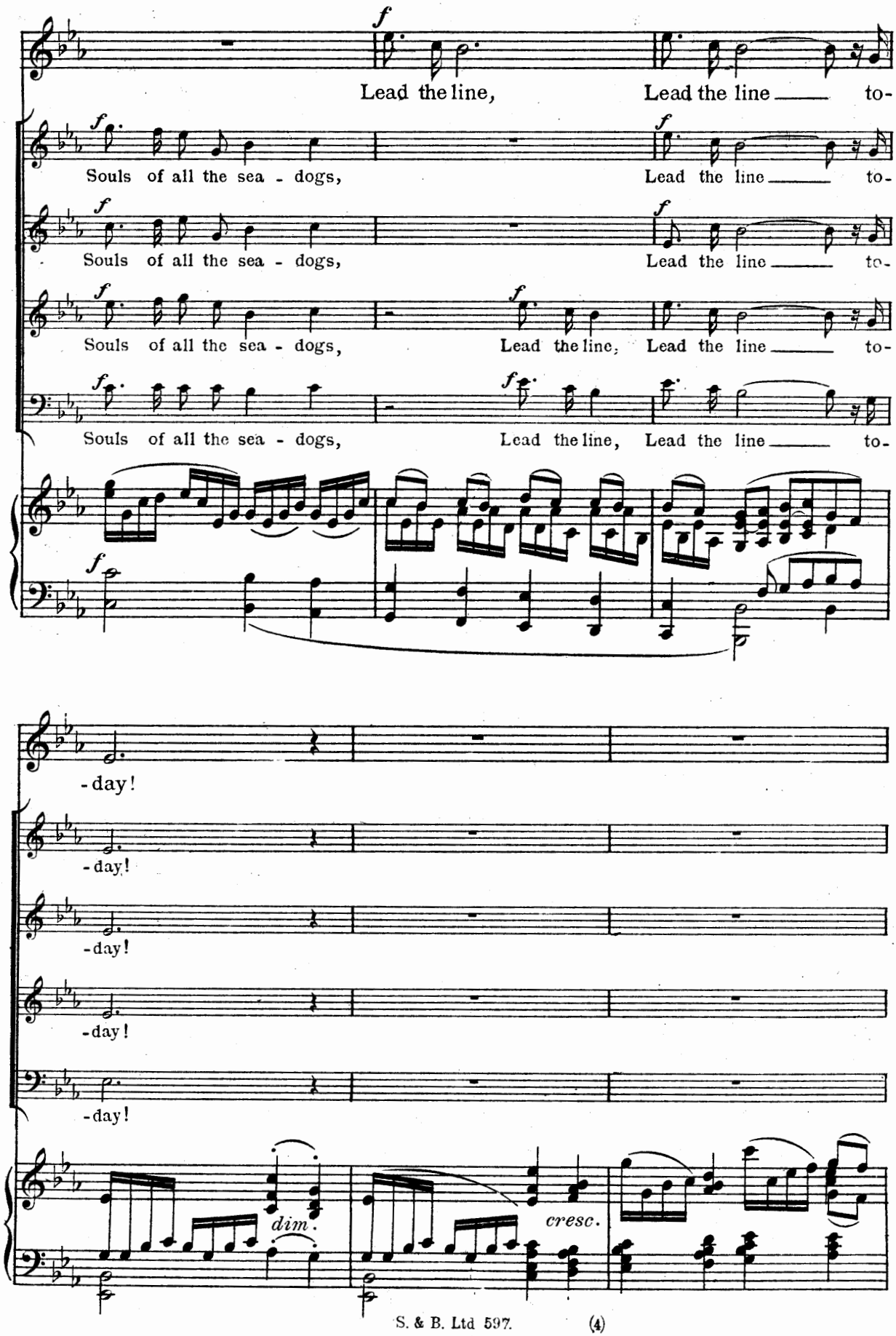
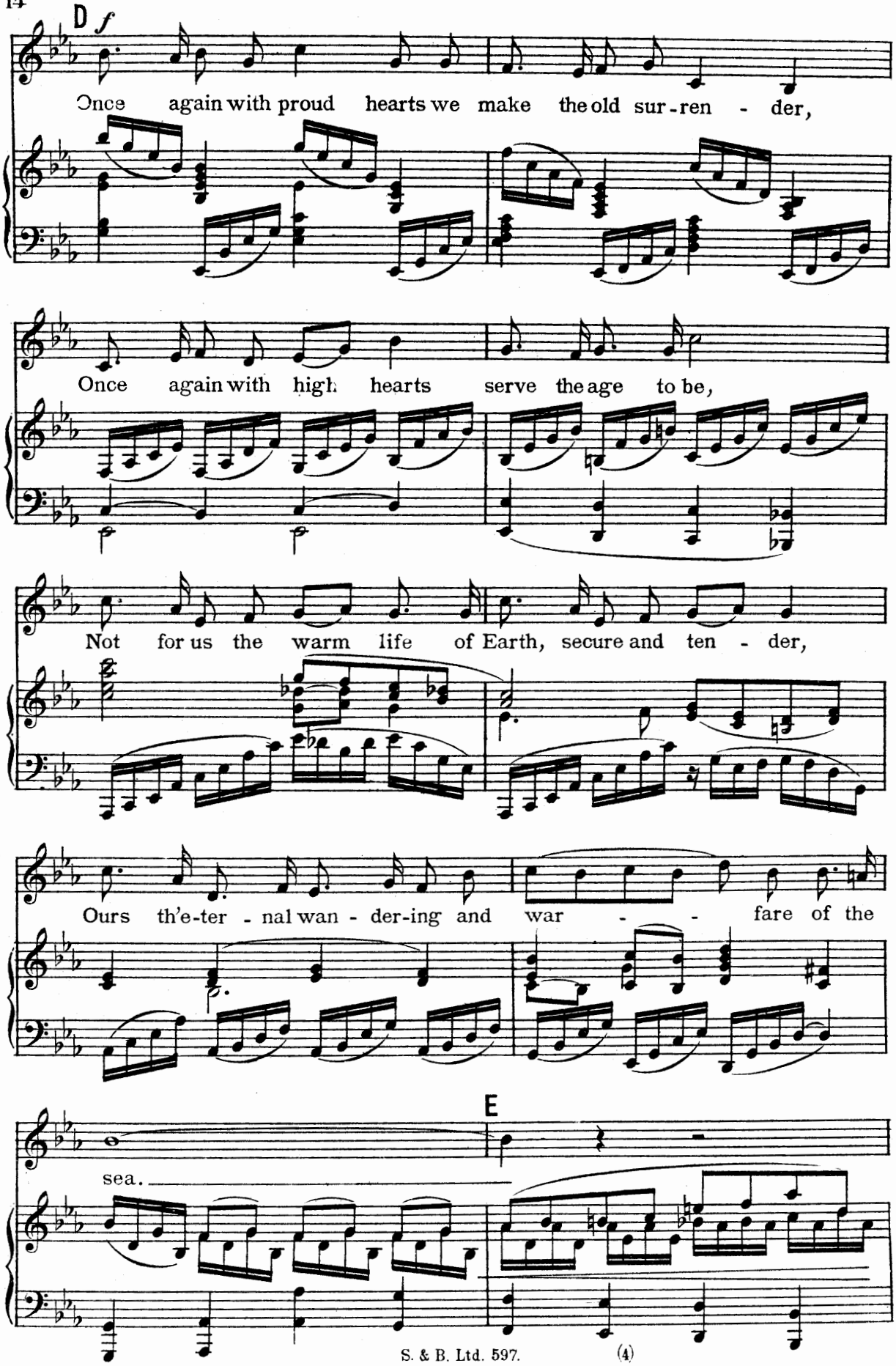

Sop.
mf
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
f
Alto.
mf
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
f
Ten.
mf
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
f
Bass.
mf
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
f
mf
f
mf
shi-ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
mf
shi-ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
mf
shi - ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
mf
shi - ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
cresc.

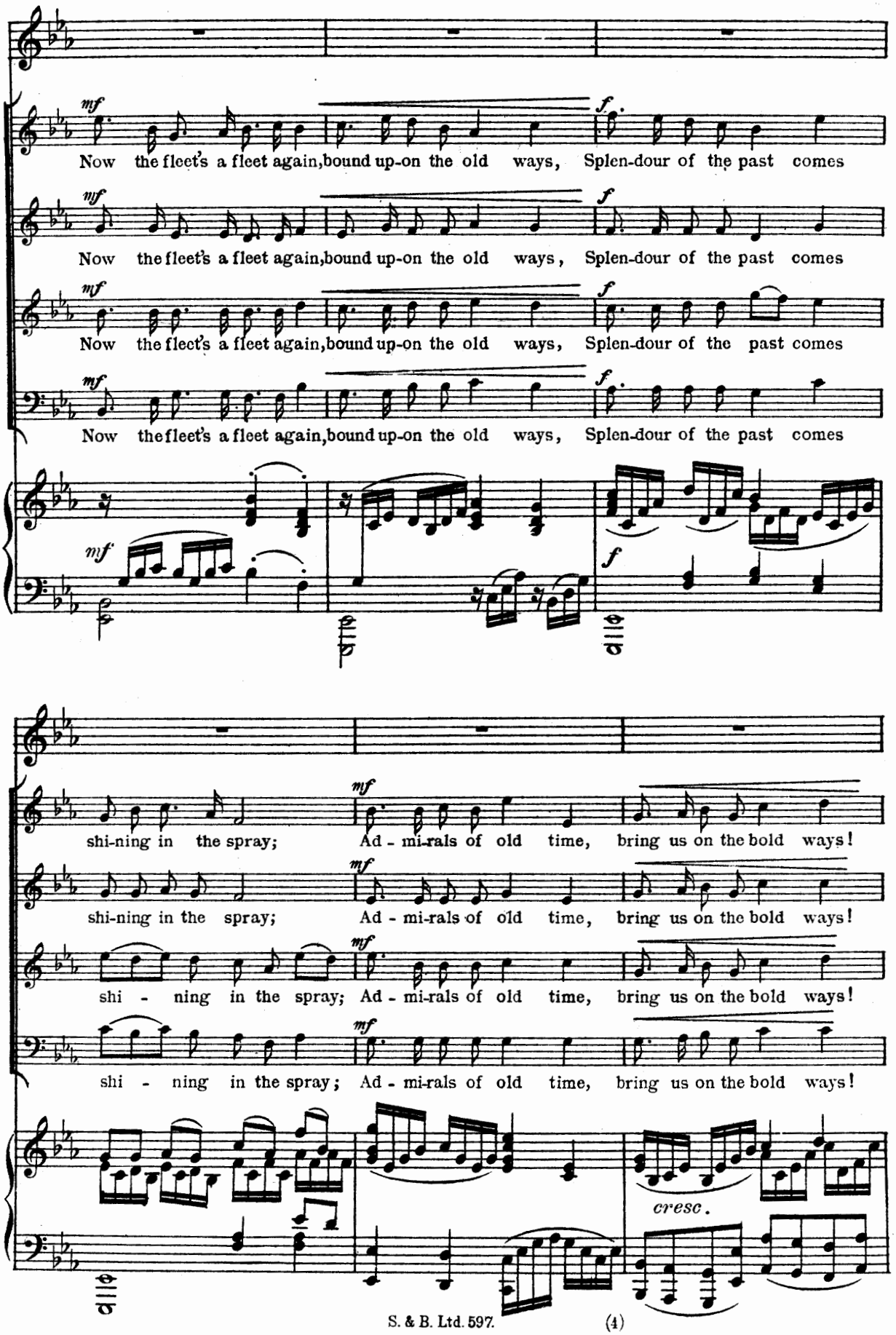

Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line, Lead the line to-
- day!
- day!
- day!
- day!
- day!
dim.

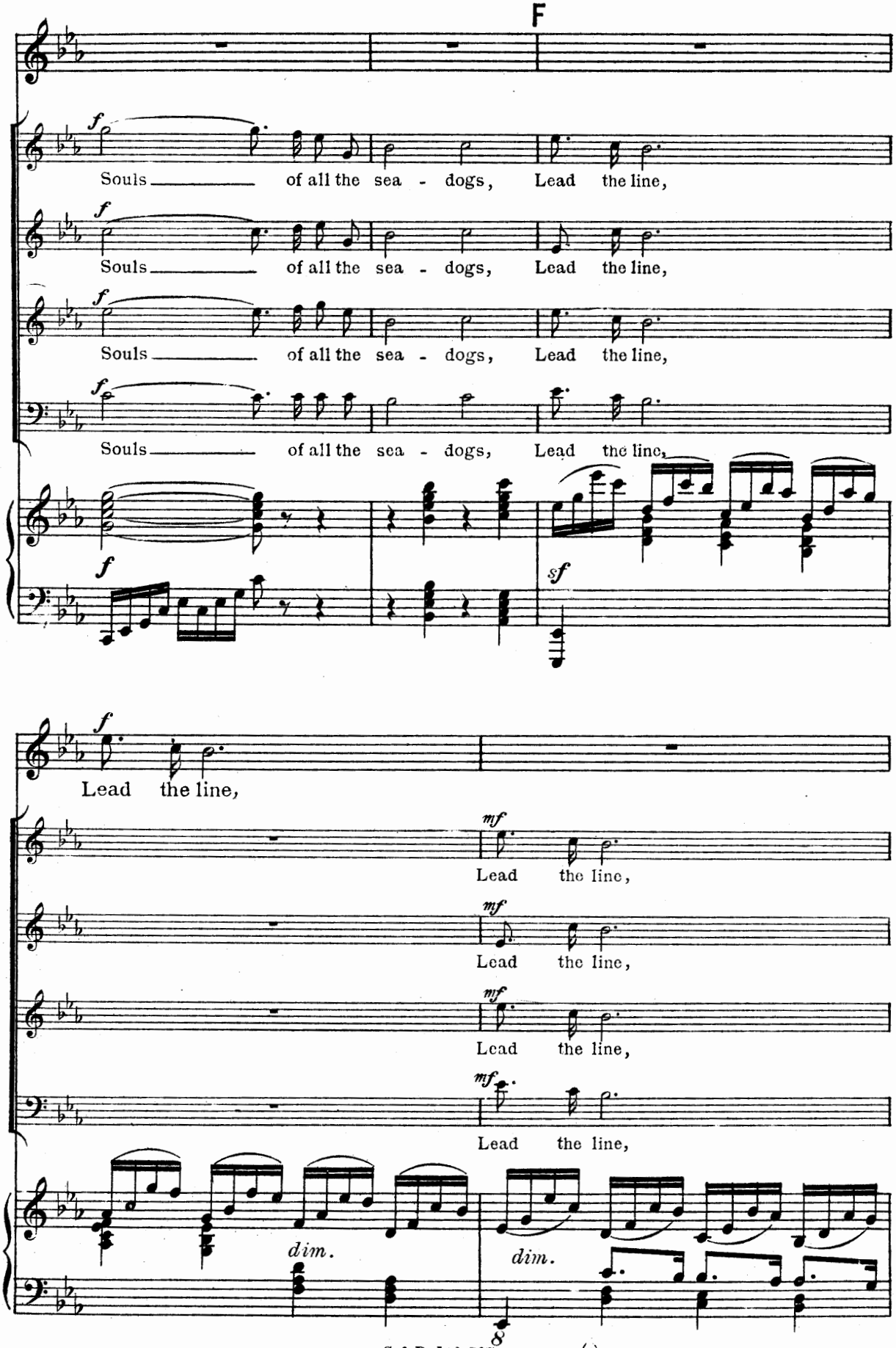

B
p
Far away behind us town and tower are dwindling, Home becomes a fair dream
p
mf
fa - ded long a-go; In - fi-nite - ly glo - rious the
mf
poco rit.
height of heav'n is kind - ling, In - fi-nite-ly des-o-late the
colla parte
p
C a tempo
shore - less sea be-low.

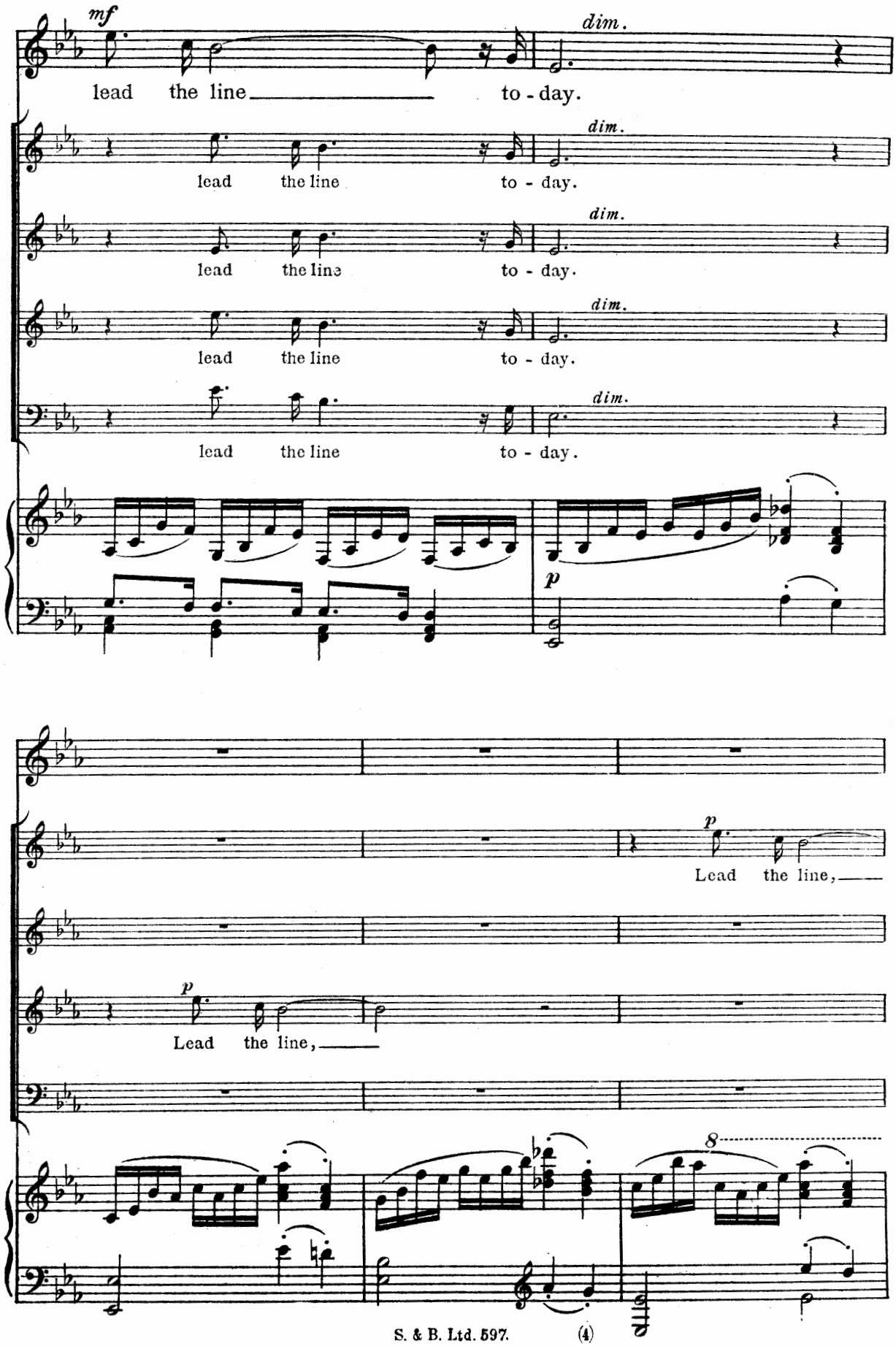

mf
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
f
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
mf
f
shi-ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi-ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi - ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi - ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
cresc.

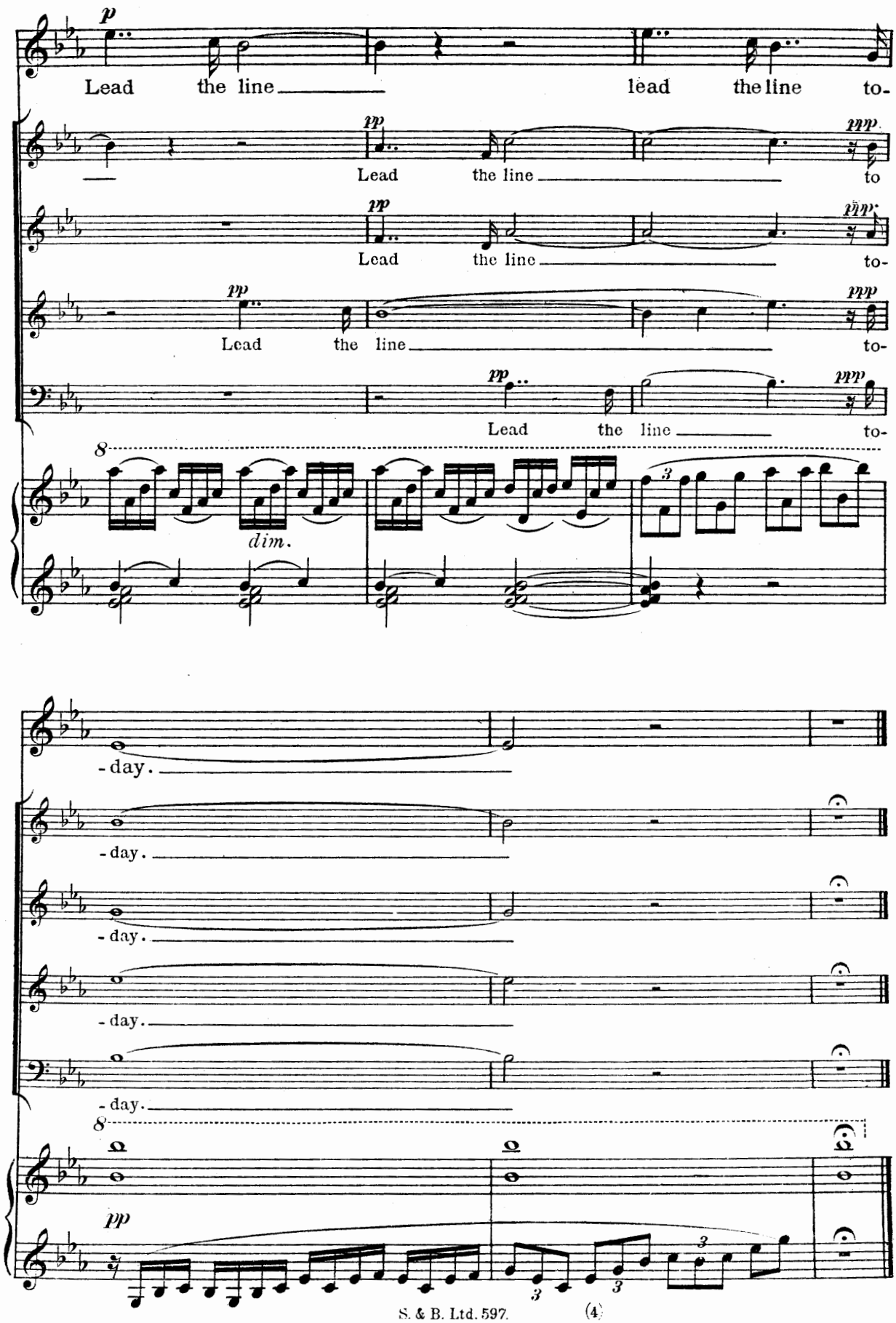

Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line, Lead the line to-
-day!
-day!
-day!
-day!
-day!
dim.
cresc.


D
f
Once again with proud hearts we make the old sur - ren - der,
Once again with high hearts serve the age to be,
Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and ten - der,
Ours th'e-ter - nal wan - der-ing and war - - fare of the
E
sea.


mf
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
f
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound up-on the old ways, Splen-dour of the past comes
shi-ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi-ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi - ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi - ning in the spray; Ad - mi-rals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
cresc.


F
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,
Souls of all the sea - dogs, Lead the line,
Lead the line,
Lead the line,
Lead the line,
Lead the line,
Lead the line,
dim.
dim.


mf
dim.
lead the line to - day.
lead the line to - day.
lead the line to - day.
lead the line to - day.
lead the line to - day.
p
p
Lead the line,
p
Lead the line,
8

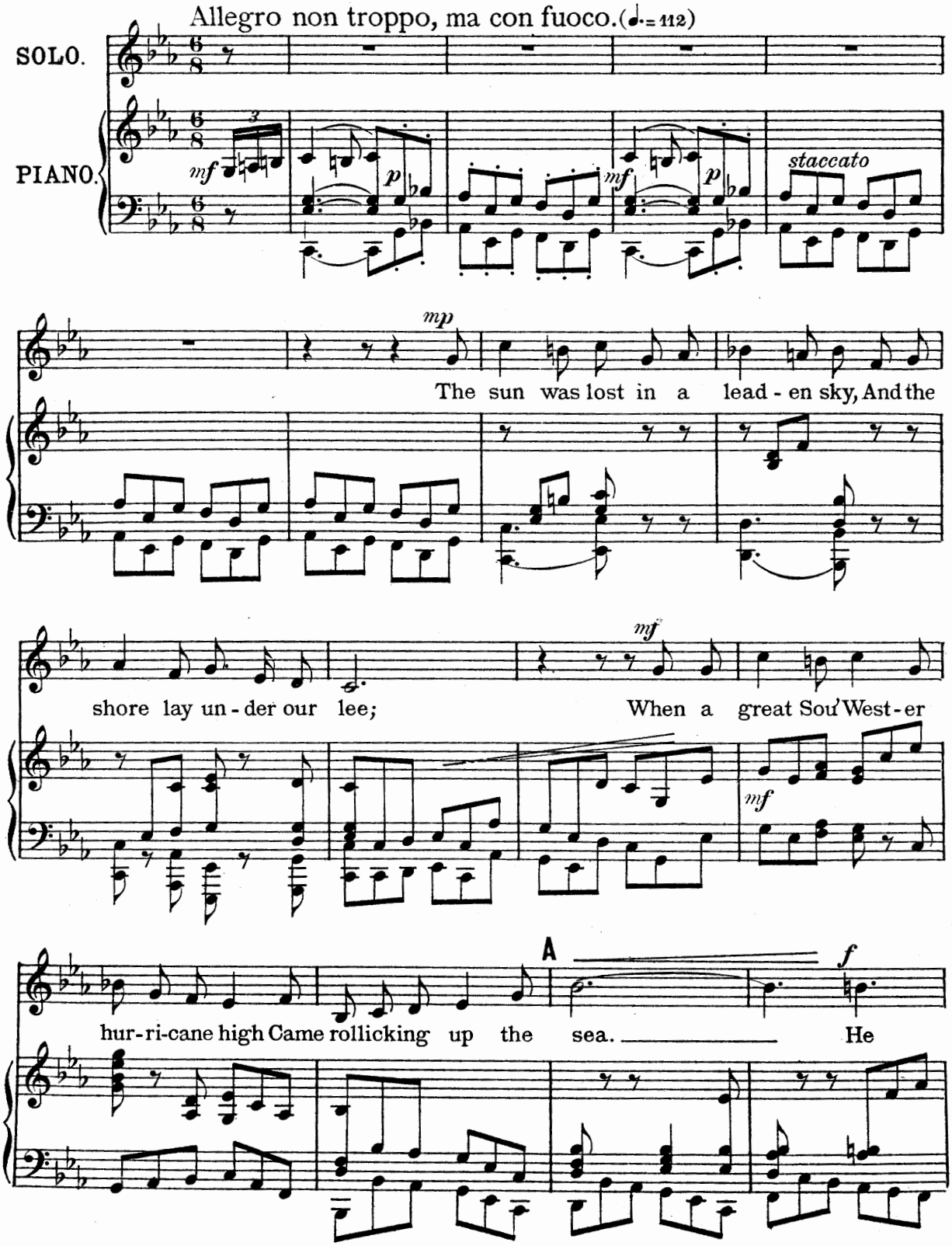

p
Lead the line lead the line to-
pp ppp
Lead the line to
pp ppp
Lead the line to-
pp ppp
Lead the line to-
pp ppp
Lead the line to-
8
dim.
3
- day.
- day.
- day.
- day.
8
pp
3
3
3

No 2.

The Song of the Sou' Wester.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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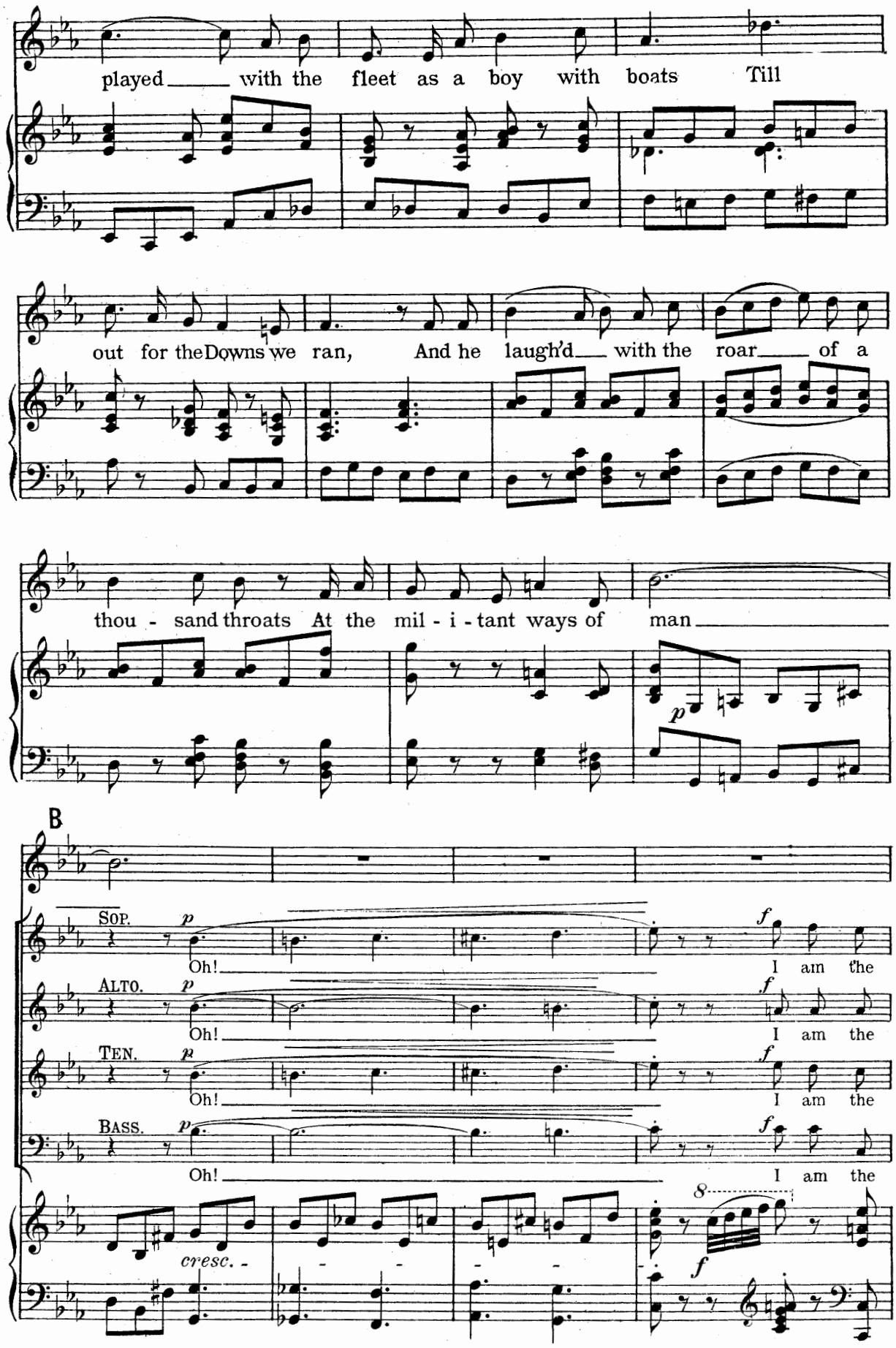
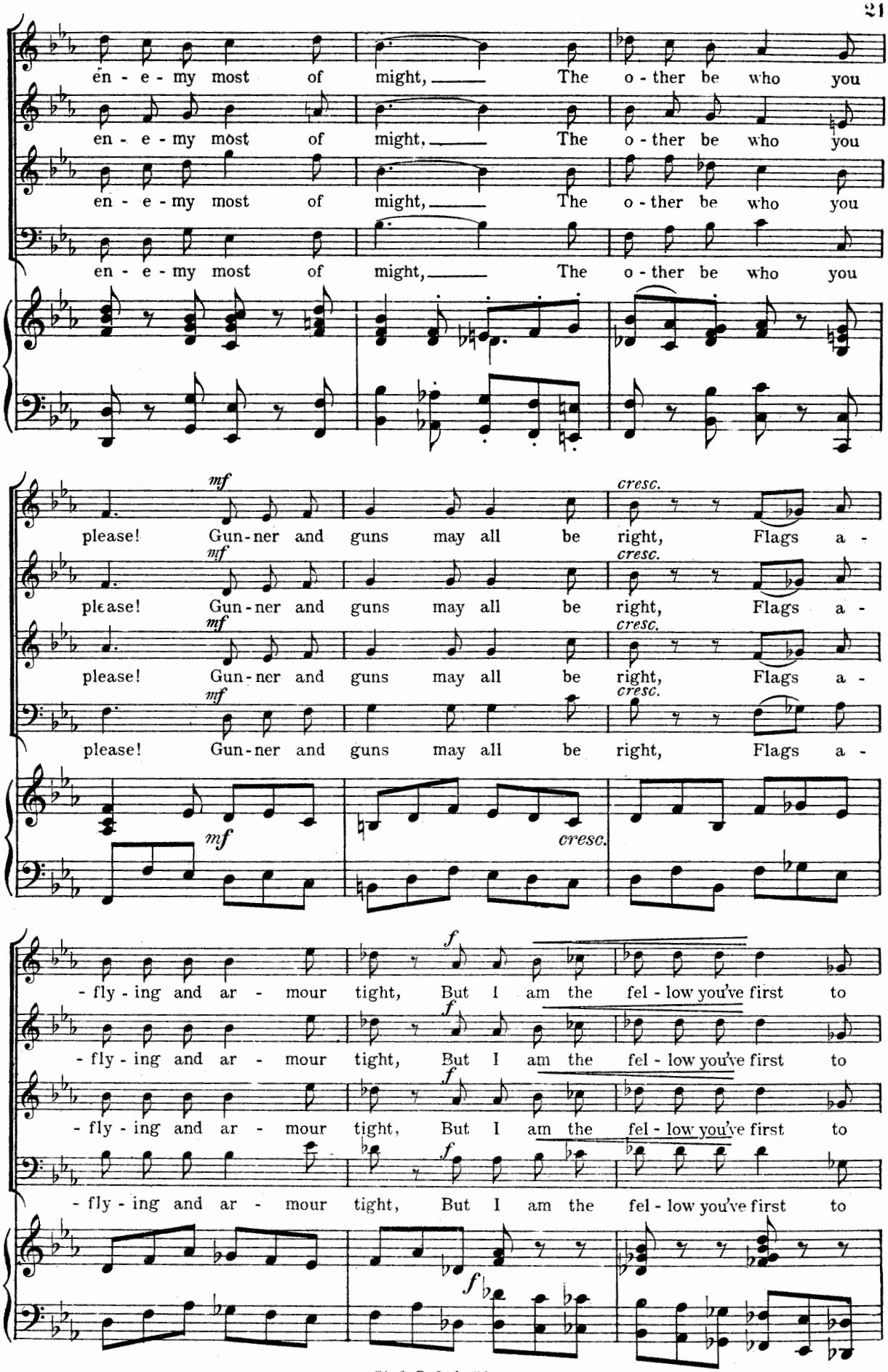
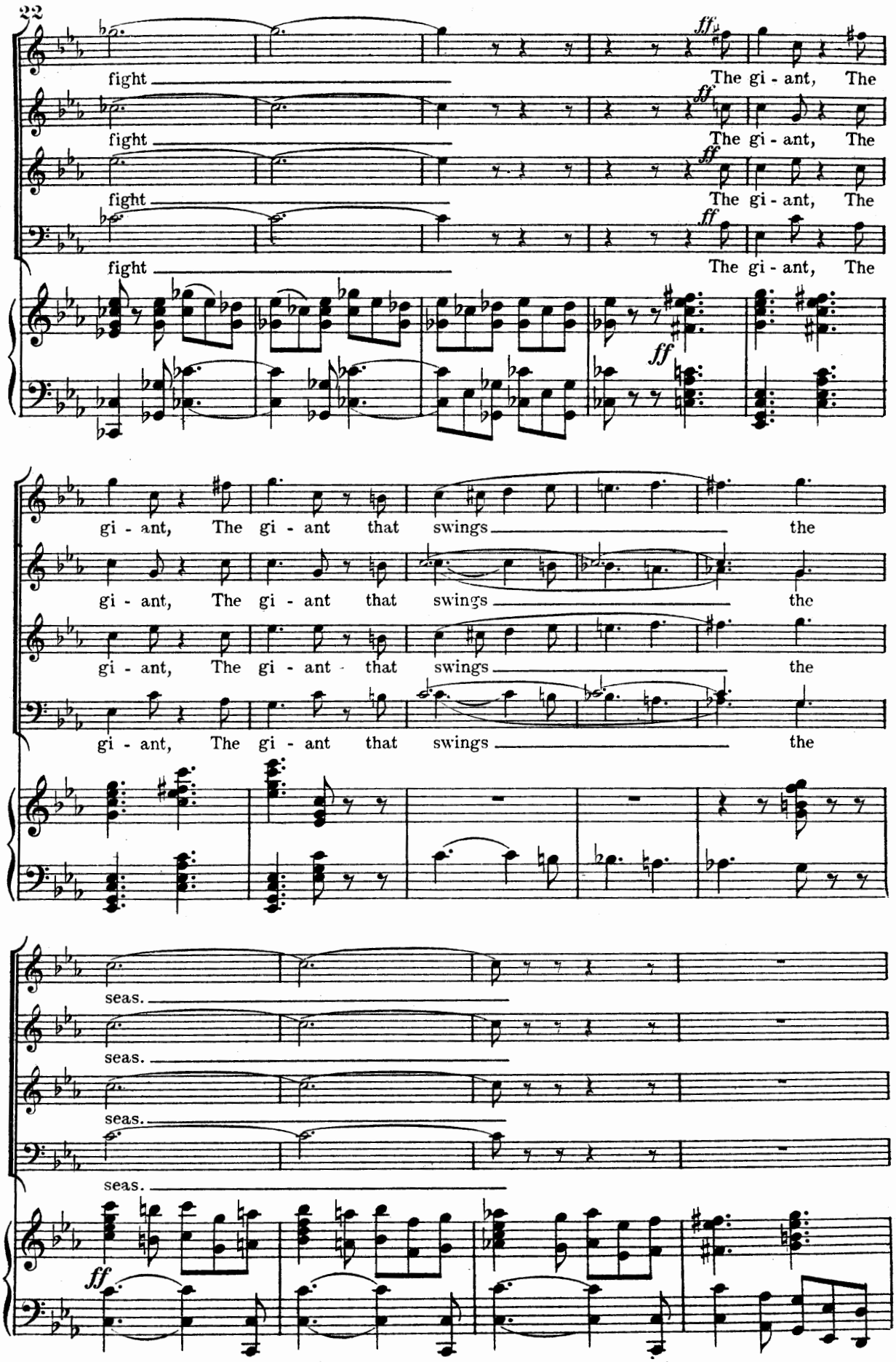
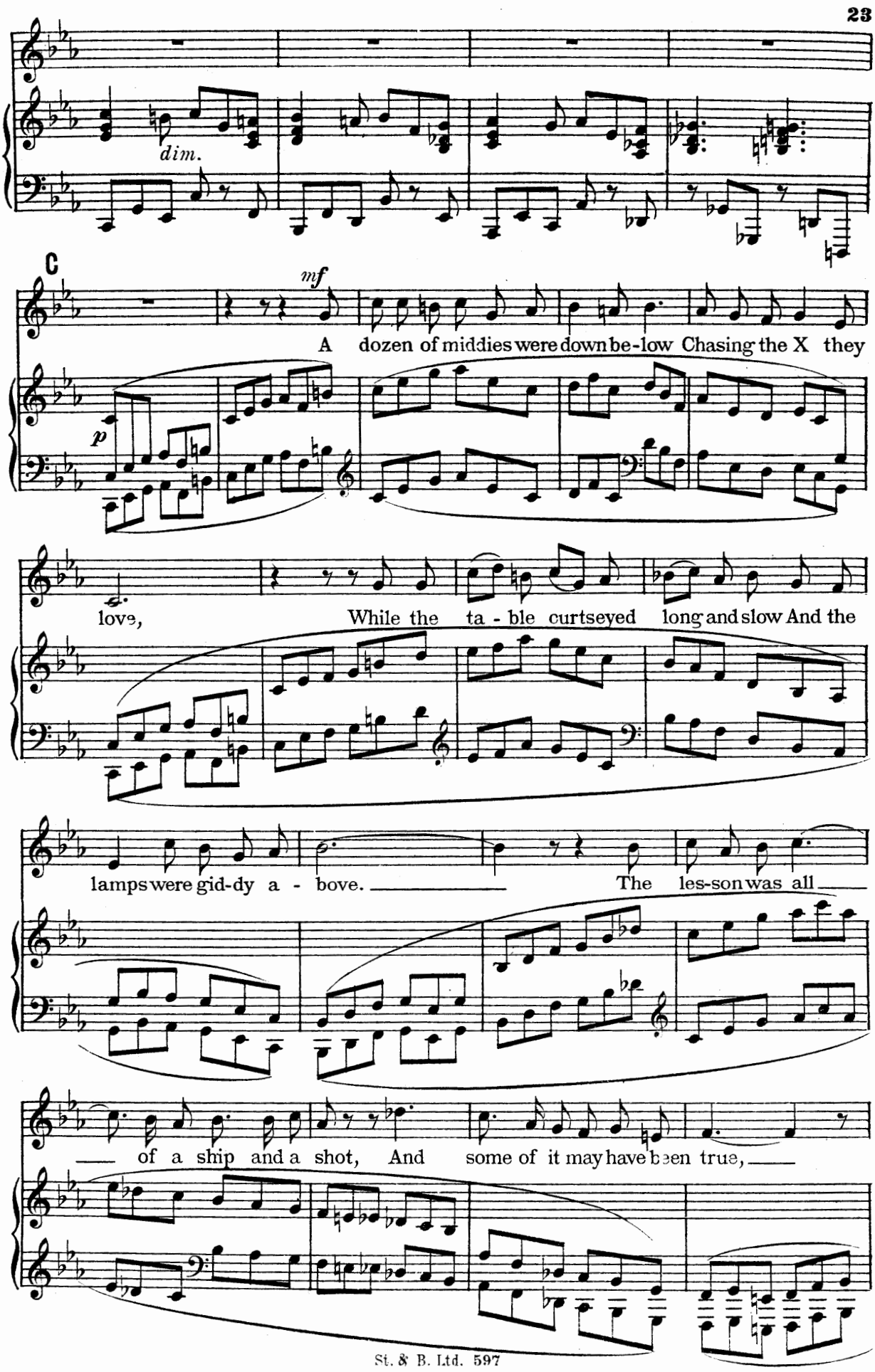
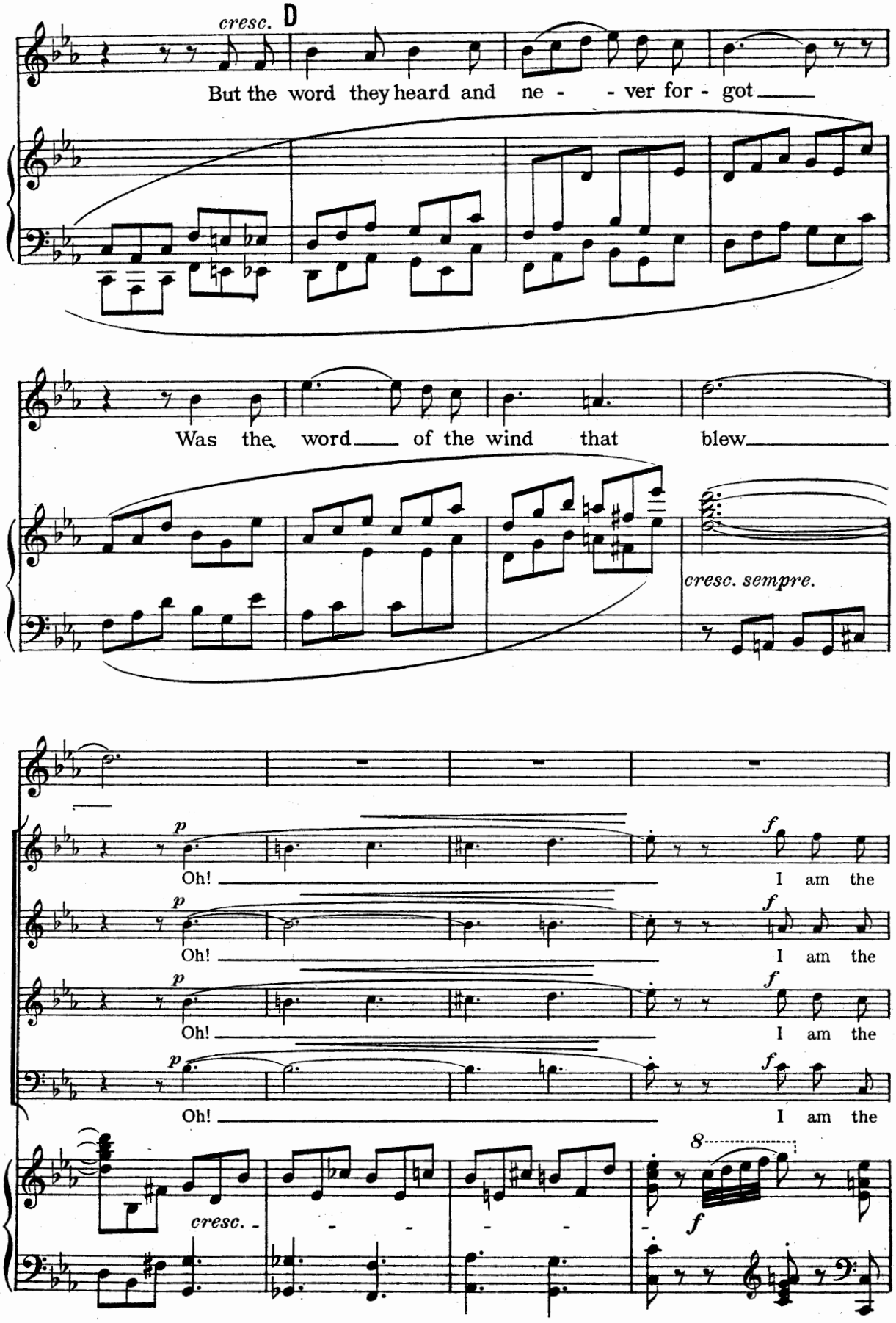
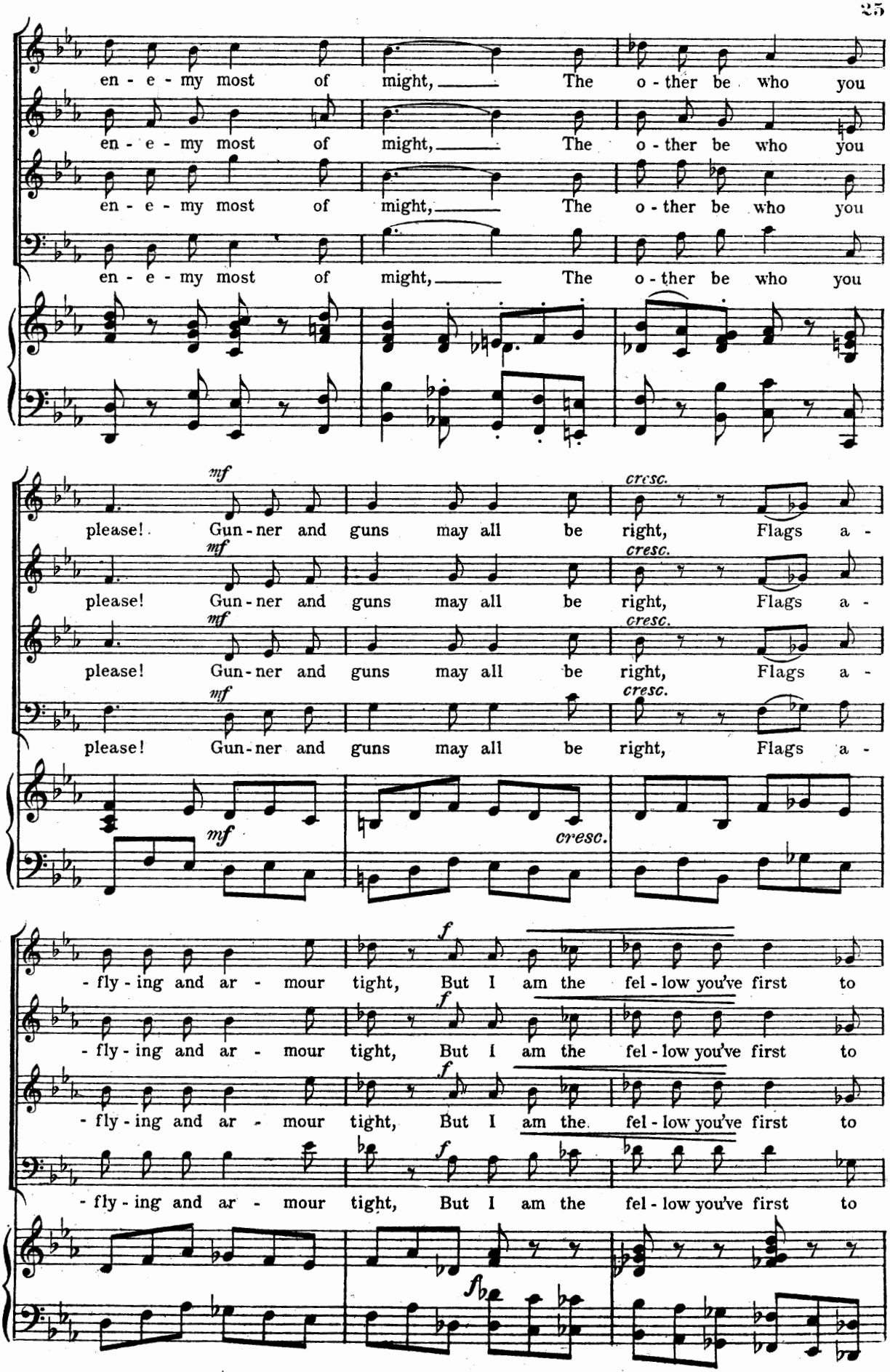

played with the fleet as a boy with boats Till
out for the Downs we ran, And he laugh'd with the roar of a
thou - sand throats At the mil - i - tant ways of man
p
B
Sop.
p
Oh!
f
I am the
Alto.
p
Oh!
f
I am the
Ten.
p
Oh!
f
I am the
Bass.
p
Oh!
f
I am the
cresc.
8
f

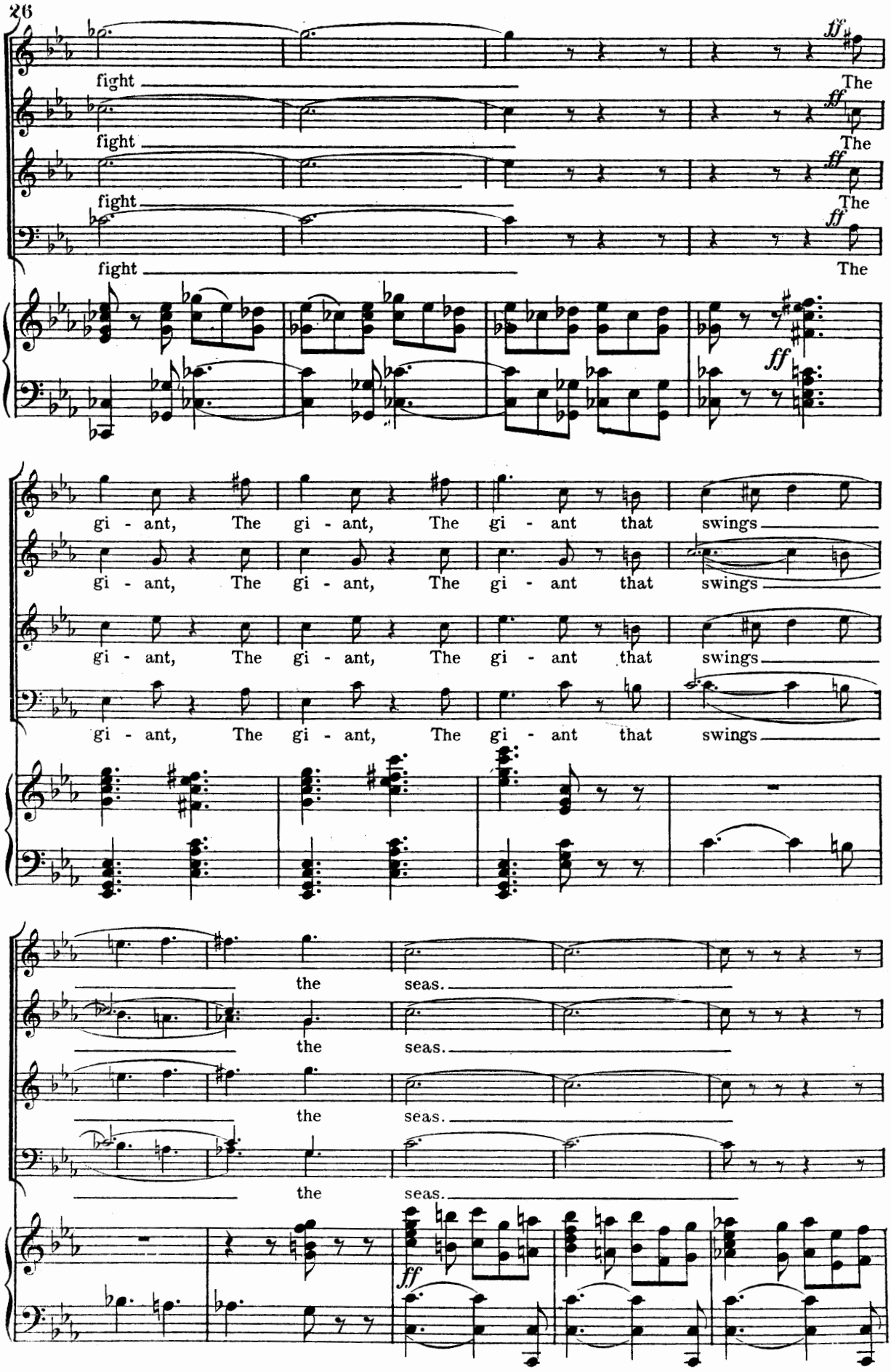

en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
mf
please! Gun - ner and guns may all be right, Flags a -
cresc.
please! Gun - ner and guns may all 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 -
mf
cresc.
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
f
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
f

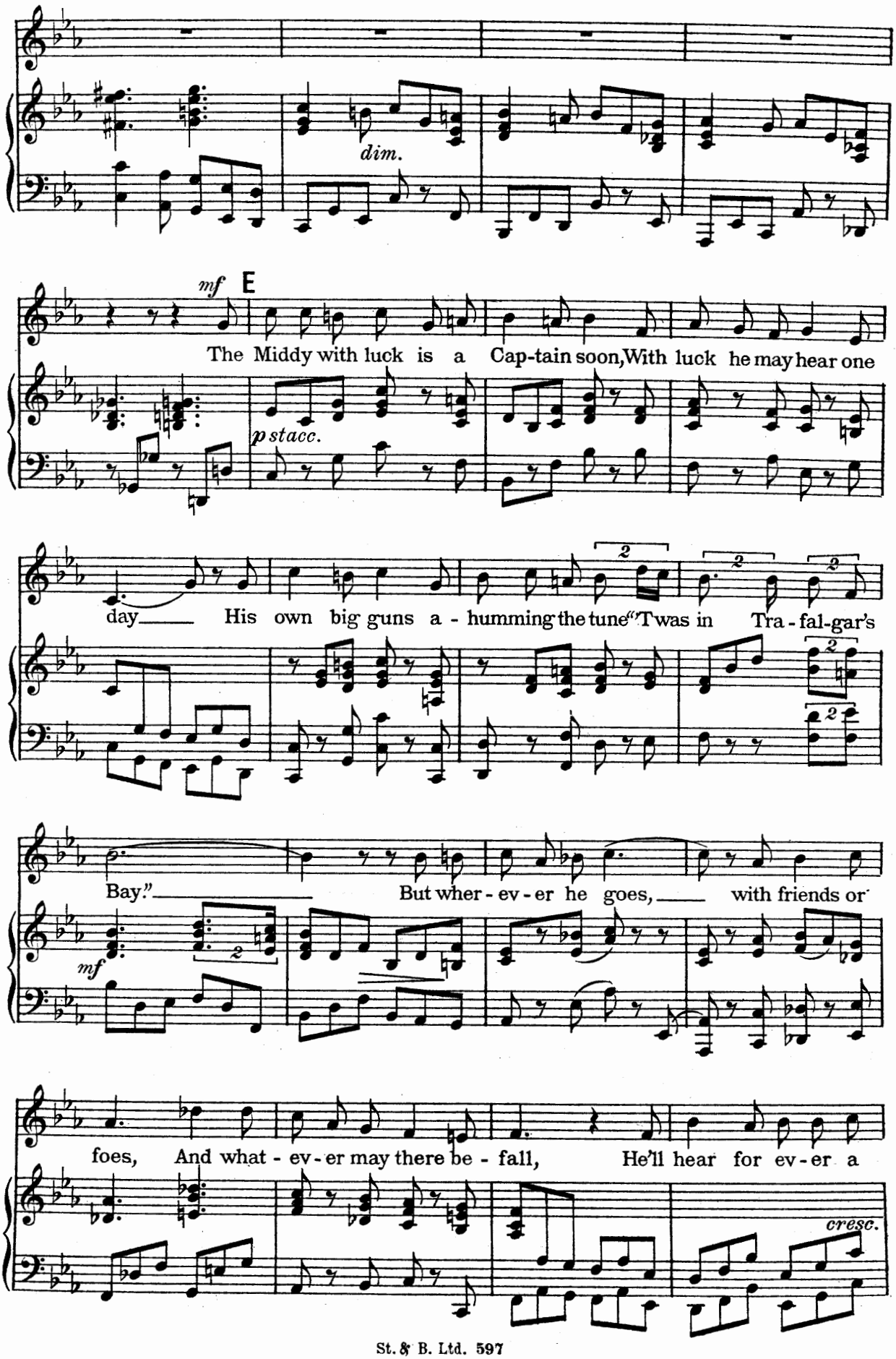

22
fight
The gi - ant, The
ff
gi - ant, The gi - ant that swings the
seas.

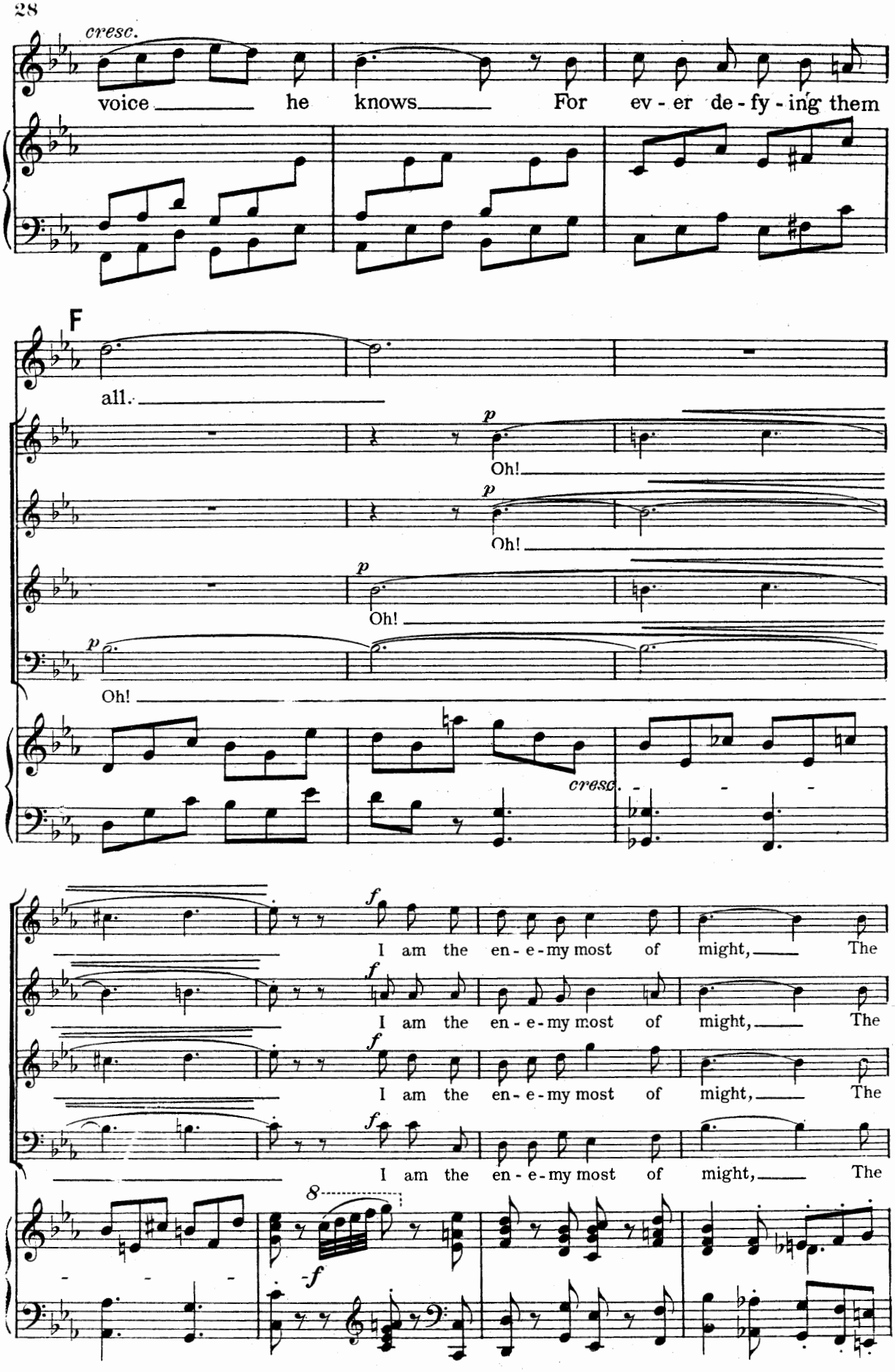

dim.
C
mf
A dozen of middies were down be-low Chasing the X they
p
love, While the ta - ble curtseyed long and slow And the
lamps were gid-dy a - bove. The les-son was all
of a ship and a shot, And some of it may have been true,


cresc.
D
But the word they heard and ne - - ver for - got
Was the word of the wind that blew
cresc. sempre.
p
Oh!
f
I am the
cresc.
8
f


en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
en - e - my most of might, The o - ther be who you
mf
please! Gun - ner and guns may all be right, Flags a -
cresc.
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 -
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to
- fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the fel - low you've first to


fight
fight
fight
fight
The
The
The
The
ff
ff
ff
ff
gi - ant, The gi - ant, The gi - ant that swings
gi - ant, The gi - ant, The gi - ant that swings
gi - ant, The gi - ant, The gi - ant that swings
gi - ant, The gi - ant, The gi - ant that swings
the seas.
the seas.
the seas.
the seas.
ff


dim.
mf
E
The Middy with luck is a Cap-tain soon, With luck he may hear one
p stacc.
day His own big guns a - humming the tune "T was in Tra - fal-gar's
Bay." But wher - ev - er he goes, with friends or
mf
foes, And what - ev - er may there be - fall, He'll hear for ev - er a
cresc.


cresc.
voice he knows For ev - er de - fy - ing them
F
all.
p
Oh!
p
Oh!
p
Oh!
p
Oh!
cresc.
f
I am the en - e - my most of might, The
f
I am the en - e - my most of might, The
f
I am the en - e - my most of might, The
f
I am the en - e - my most of might, The
8
f

o - ther be who you please! Gun - ner and guns may all be

o - ther be who you please! Gun - ner and guns may all be

o - ther be who you please! Gun - ner and guns may all be

o - ther be who you please! Gun - ner and guns may all be

mf *cresc.*

right, Flags a - fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the

right, Flags a - fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the

right, Flags a - fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the

right, Flags a - fly - ing and ar - mour tight, But I am the

f

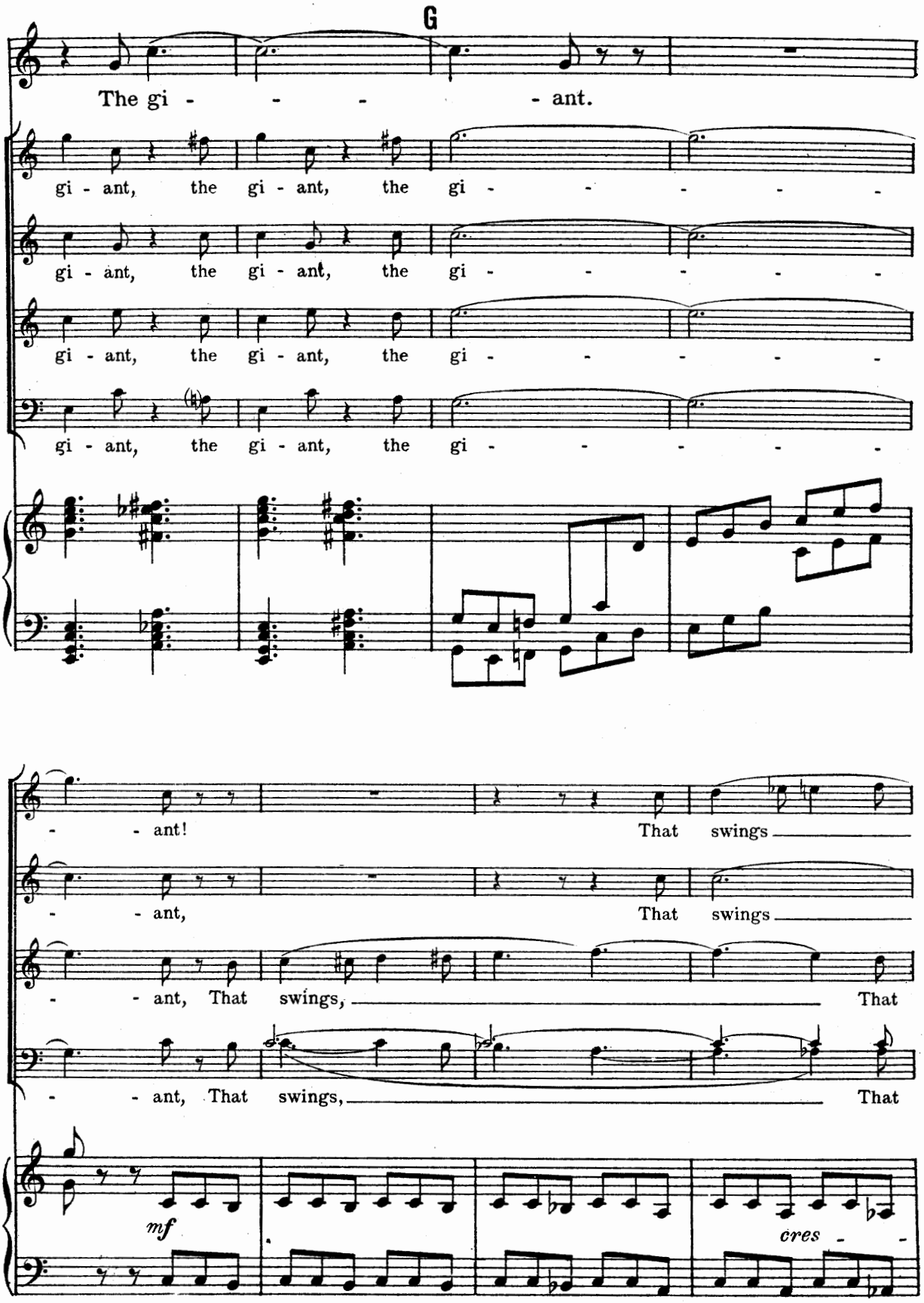
fel - low you've first to fight. The

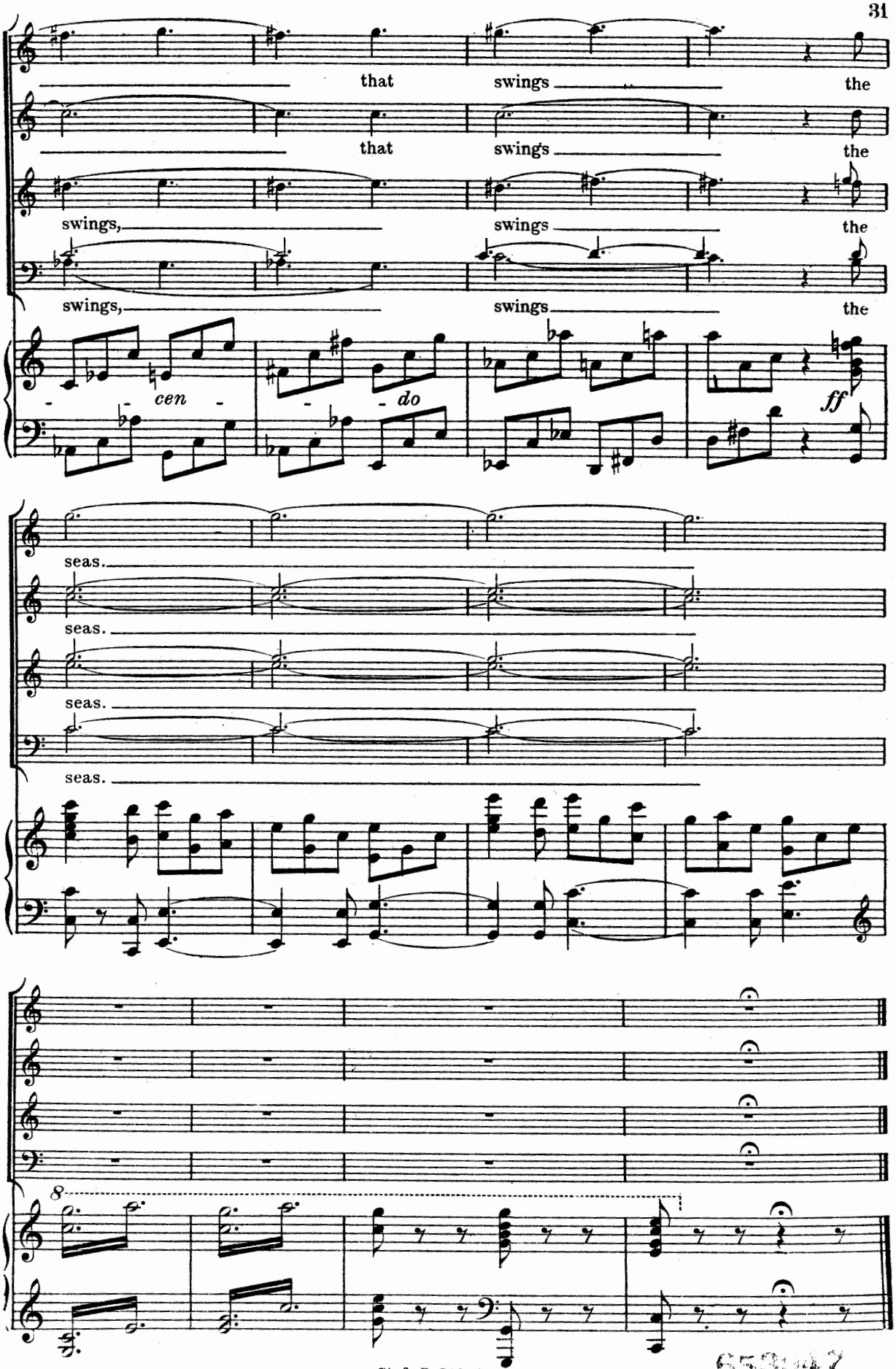
fel - low you've first to fight. The

fel - low you've first to fight. The

fel - low you've first to fight. The

ff


G
The gi - - - - ant.
gi - ant, the gi - ant, the gi - - - - - -
gi - ant, the gi - ant, the gi - - - - - -
gi - ant, the gi - ant, the gi - - - - - -
gi - ant, the gi - ant, the gi - - - - - -
- - ant! That swings
- - ant, That swings
- - ant, That swings, That
- - ant, That swings, That
mf
cres - -

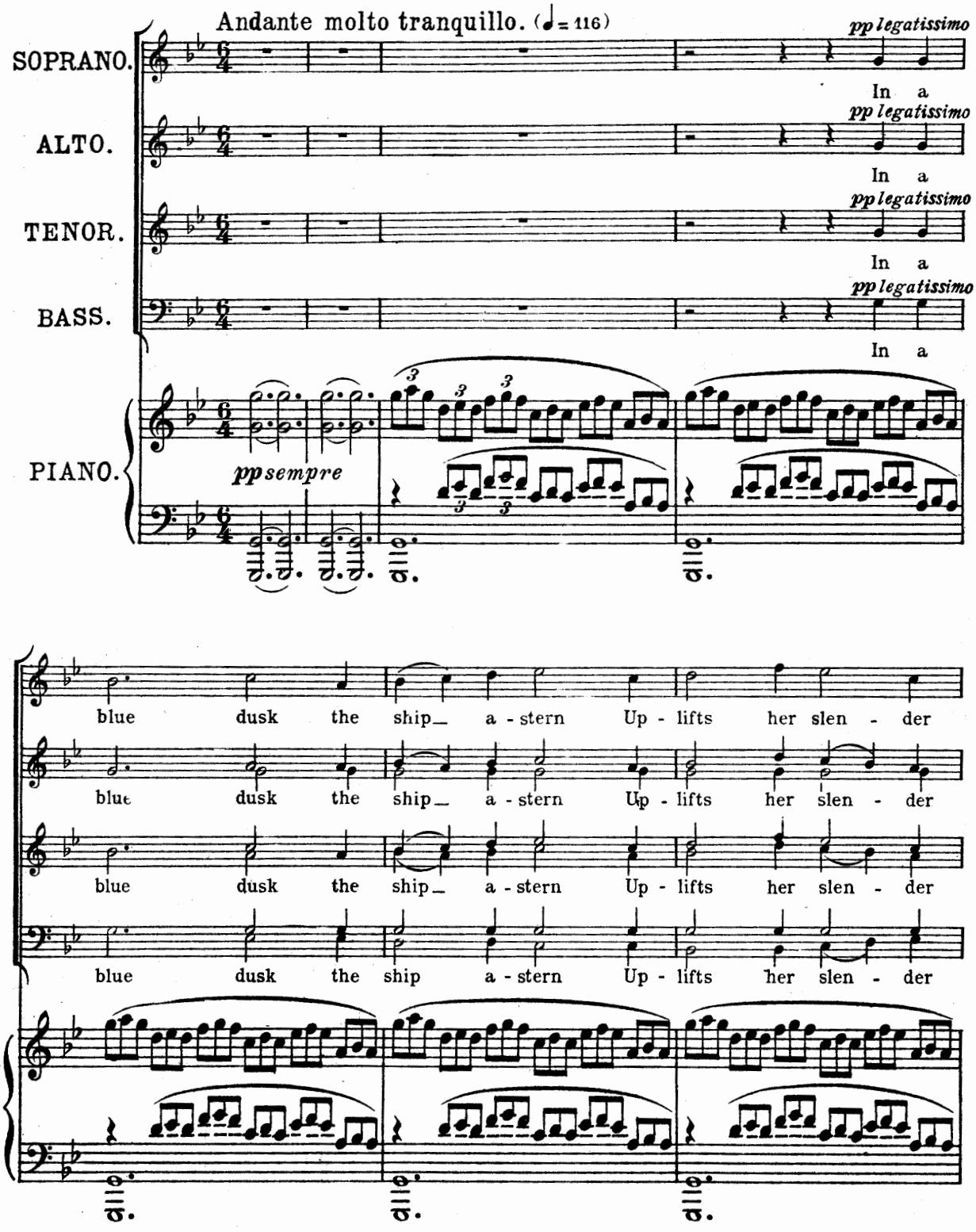

that swings the
that swings the
swings, swings the
swings, swings the
cen - do
ff
seas.
seas.
seas.
seas.
8

No 3.

The Middle Watch.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.



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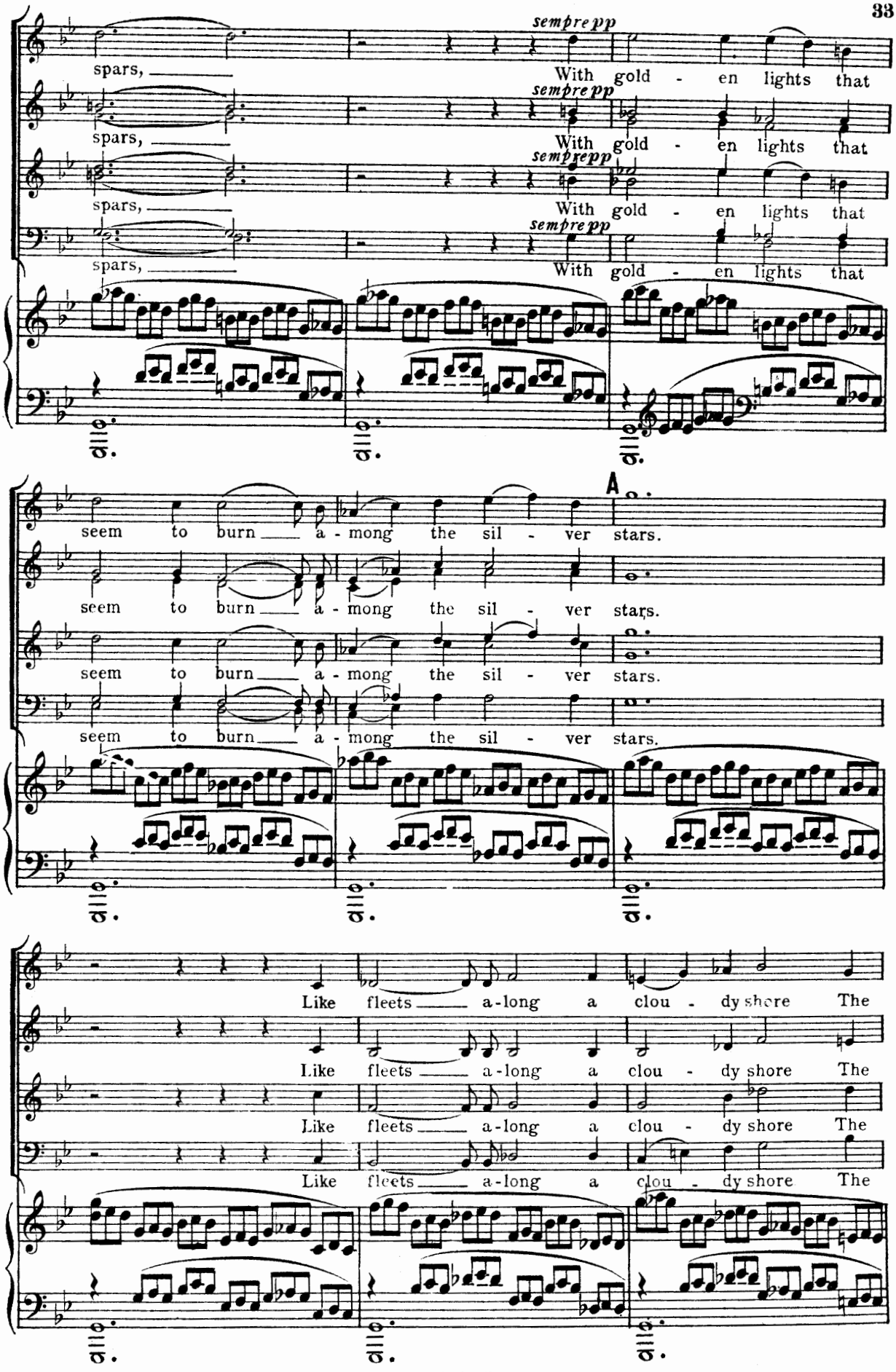
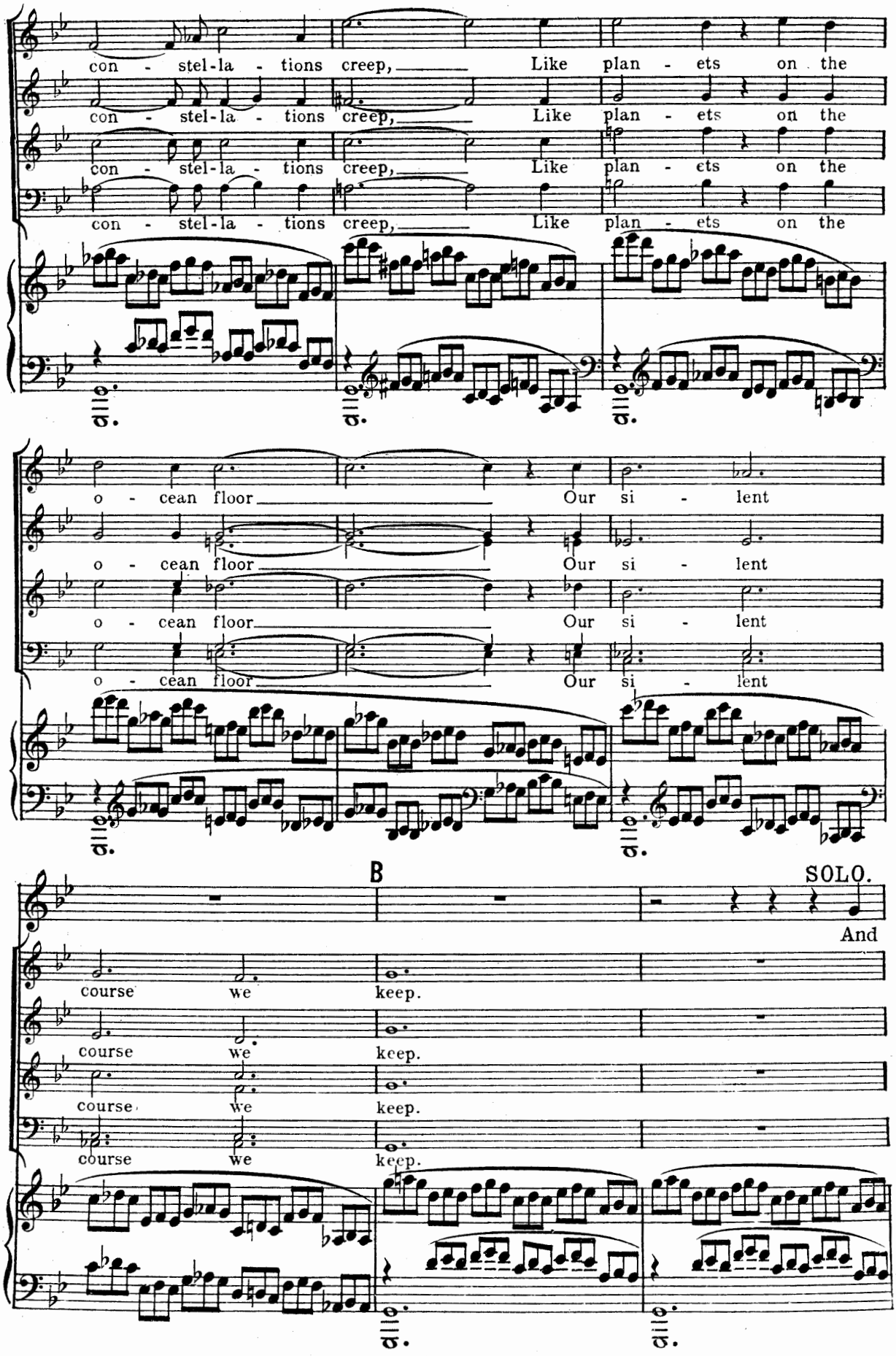
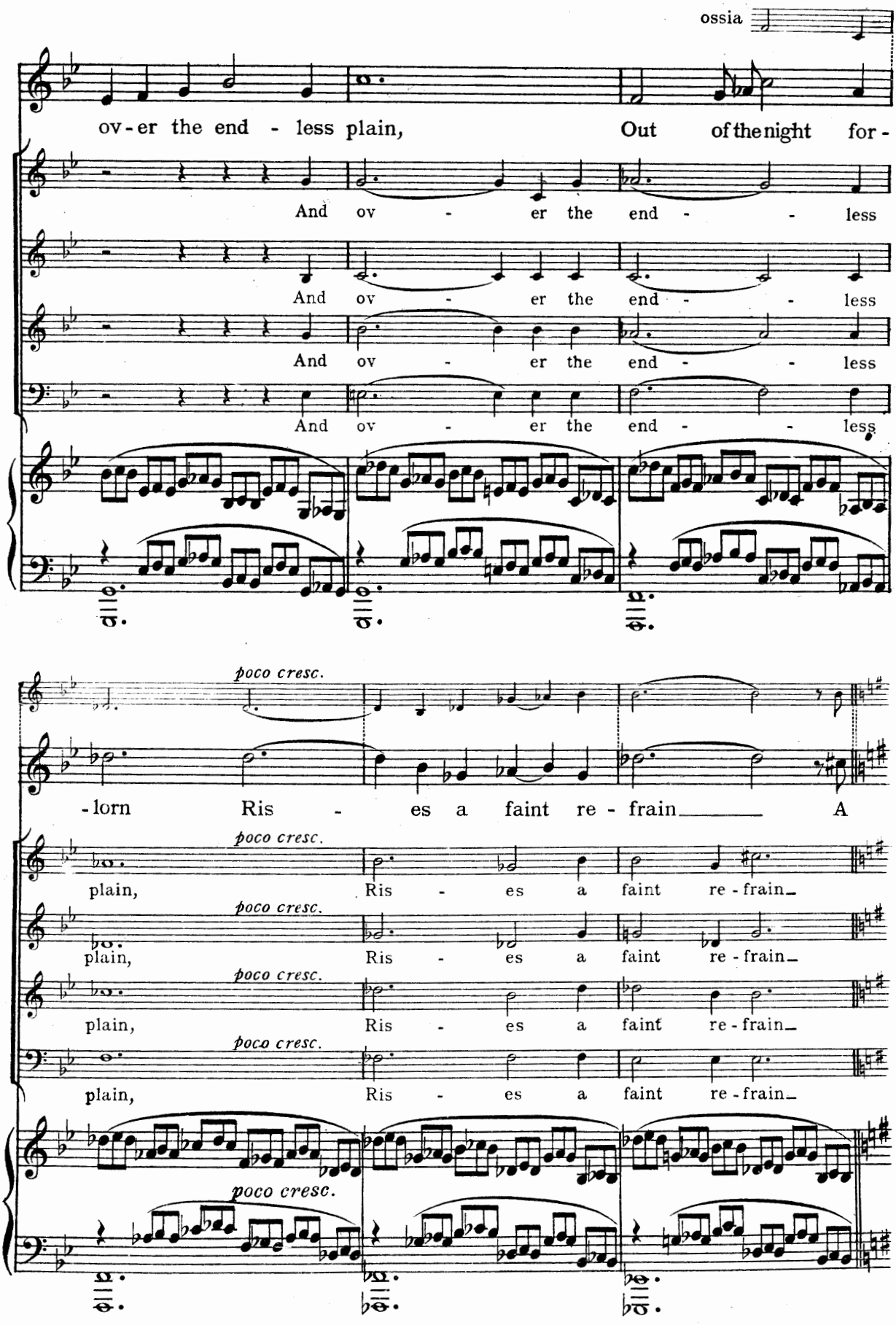
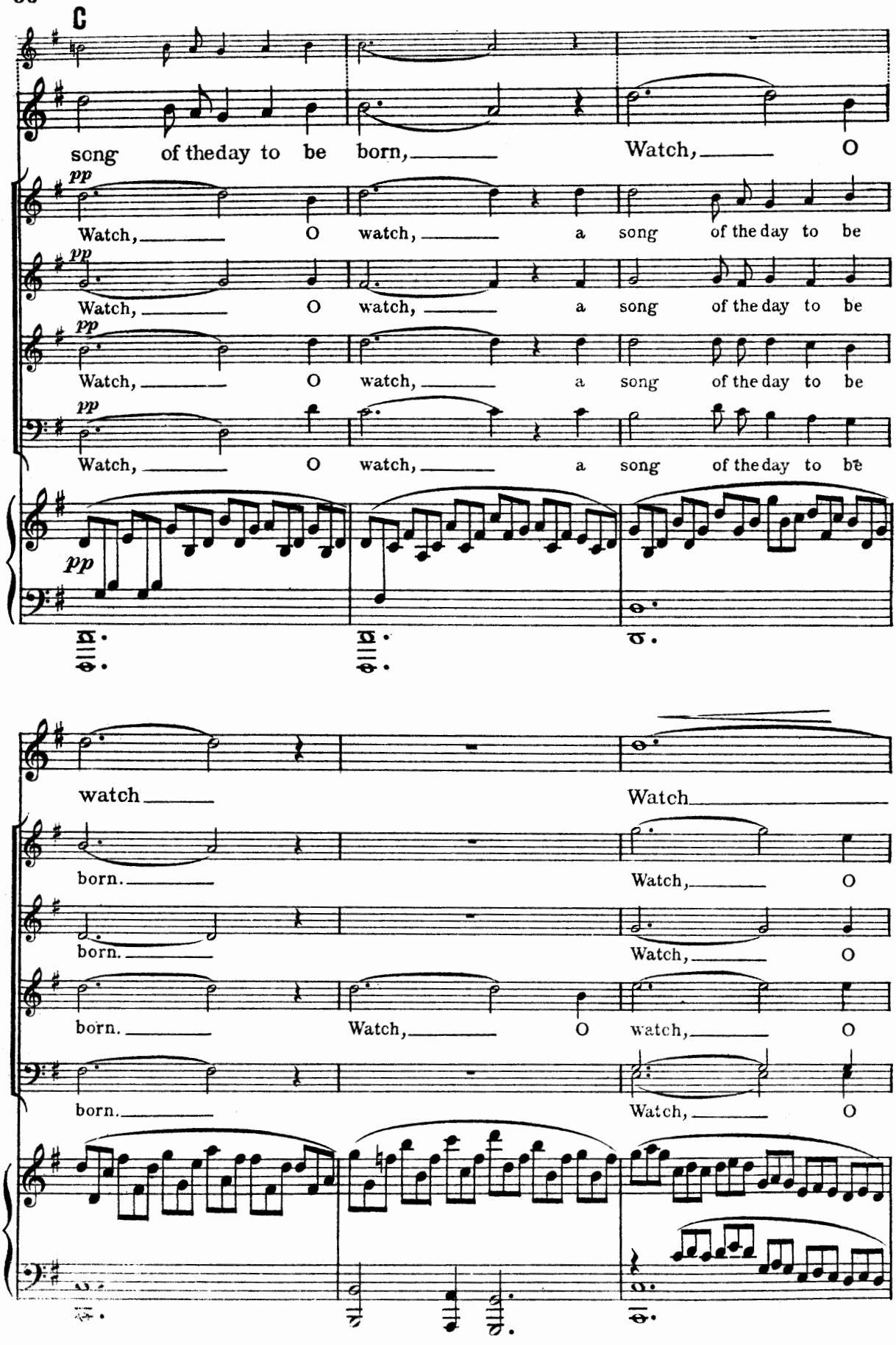
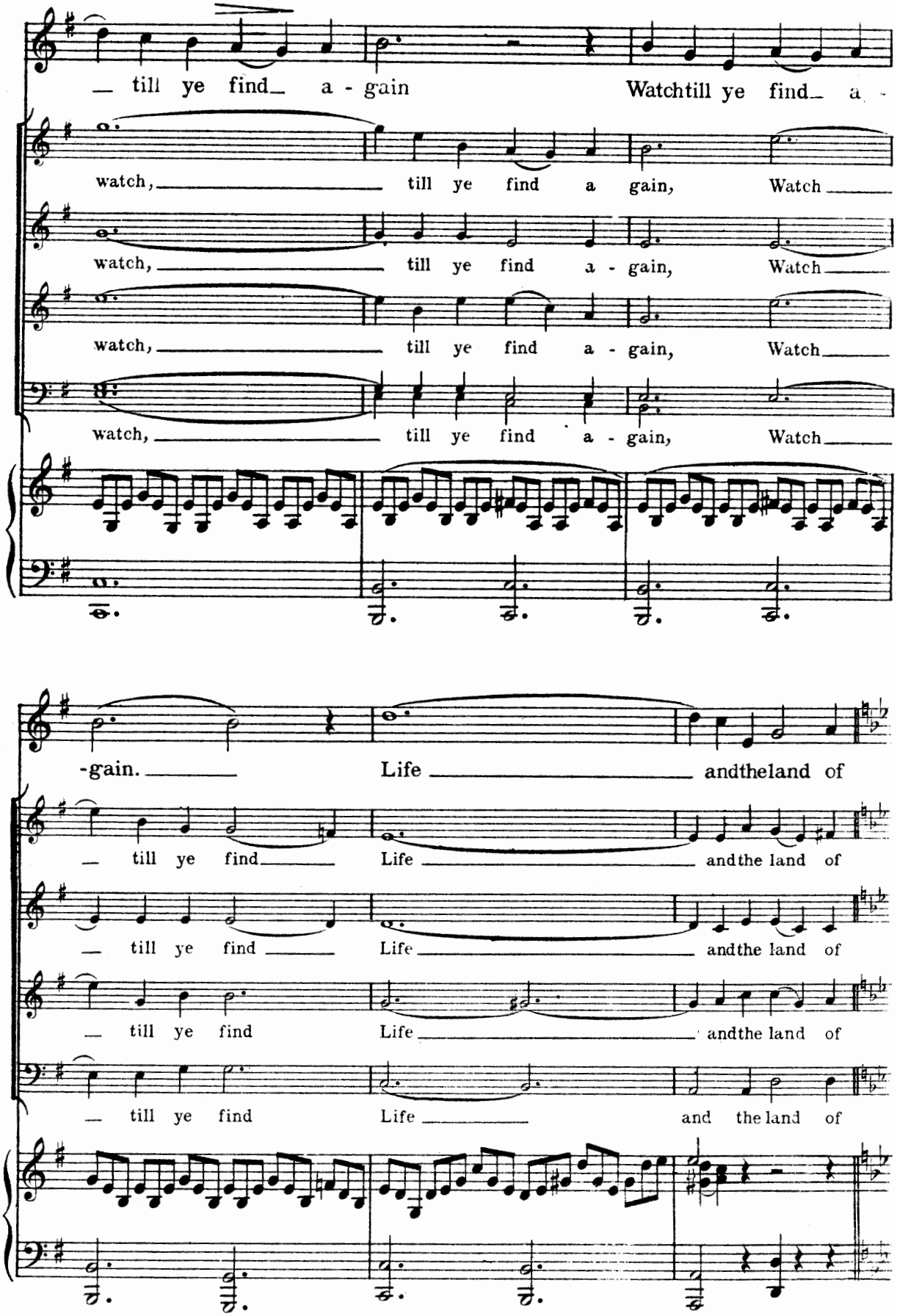
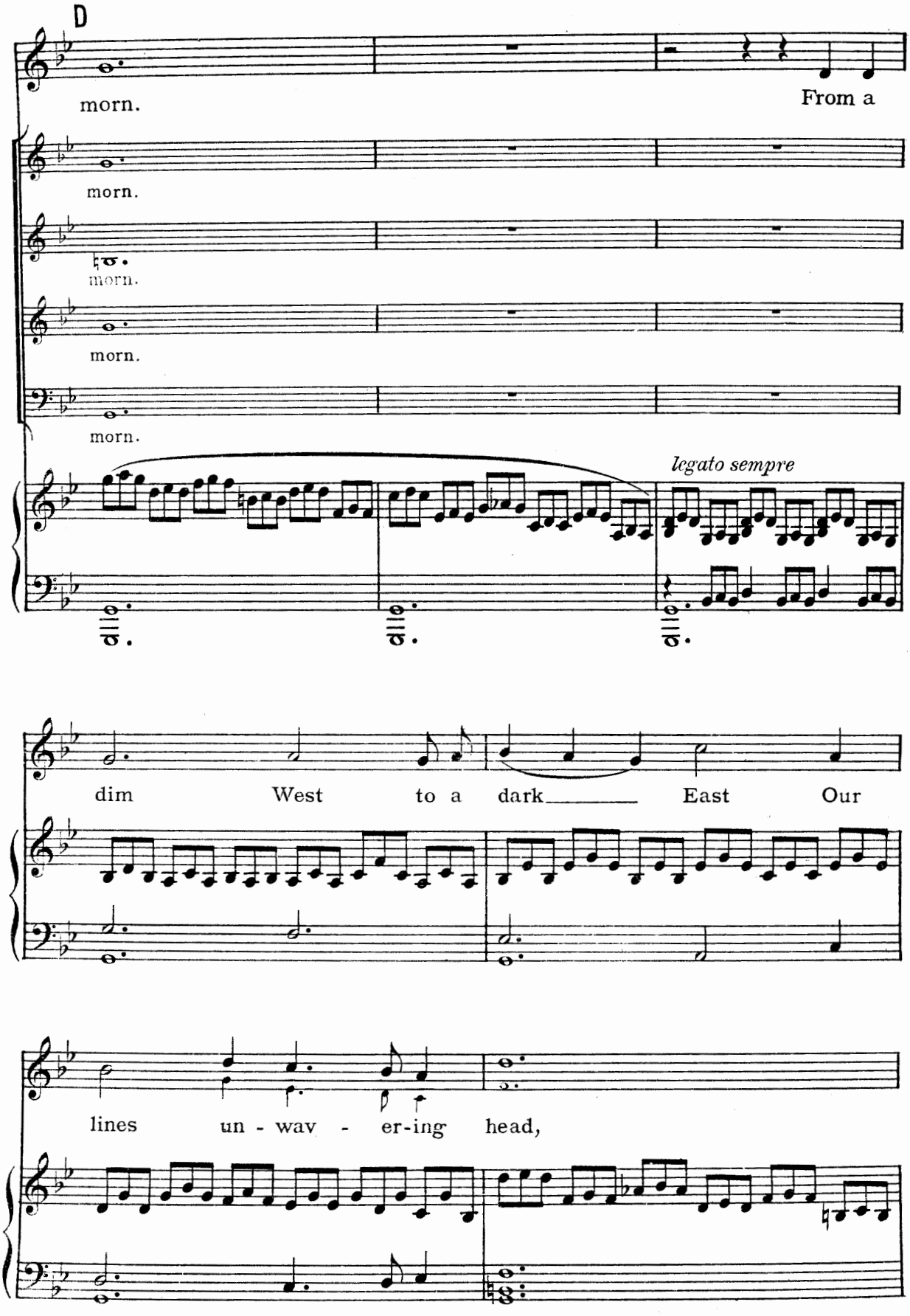

sempre pp
spars, With gold - en lights that
spars, With gold - en lights that
spars, With gold - en lights that
spars, With gold - en lights that
A
seem to burn a - mong the sil - ver stars.
seem to burn a - mong the sil - ver stars.
seem to burn a - mong the sil - ver stars.
Like fleets a-long a clou - dy shore The
Like fleets a-long a clou - dy shore The
Like fleets a-long a clou - dy shore The
Like fleets a-long a clou - dy shore The

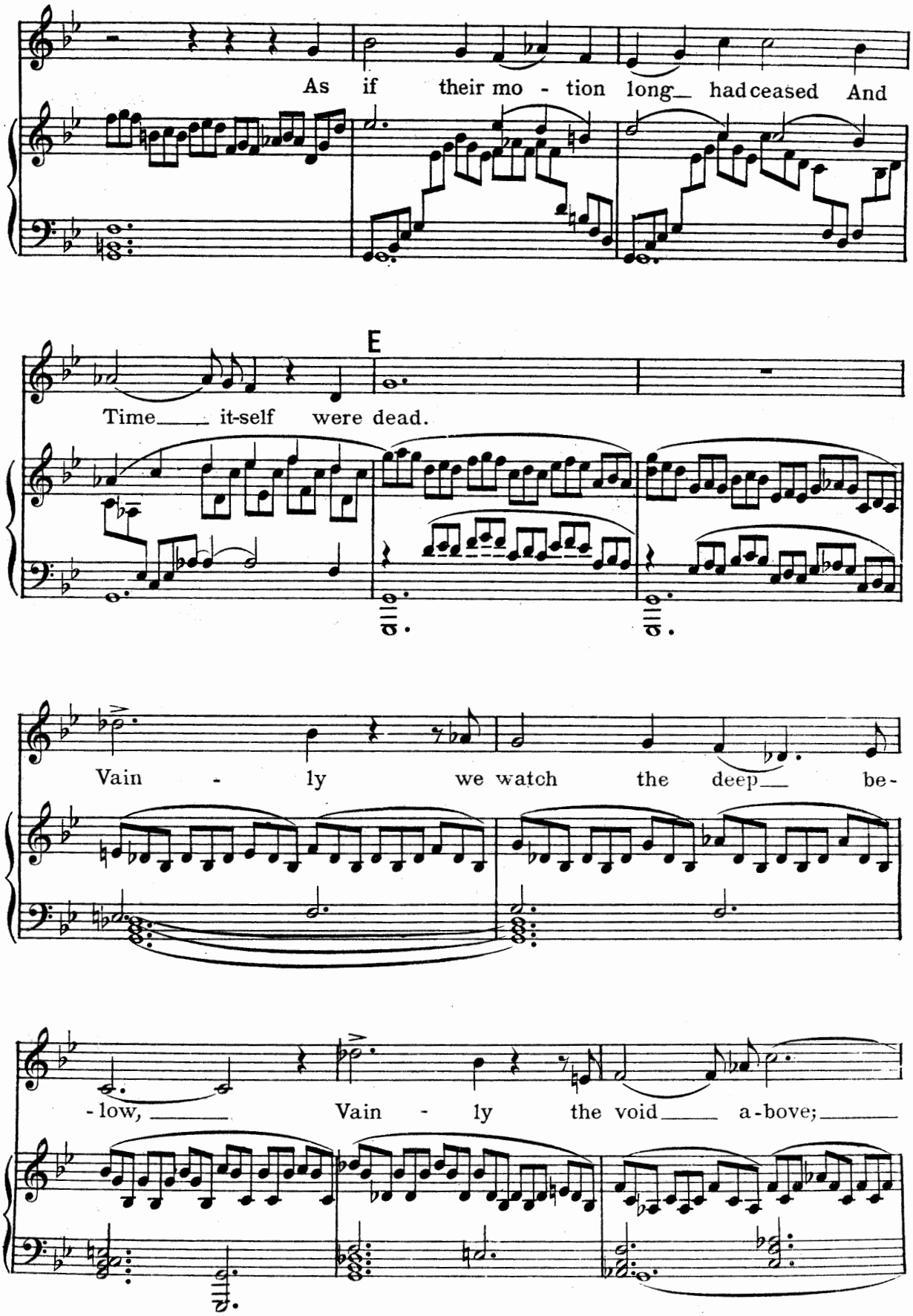

con - stel-la - tions creep, Like plan - ets on the
con - stel-la - tions creep, Like plan - ets on the
con - stel-la - tions creep, Like plan - ets on the
con - stel-la - tions creep, Like plan - ets on the
o - cean floor Our si - lent
o - cean floor Our si - lent
o - cean floor Our si - lent
o - cean floor Our si - lent
B
SOLO.
And
course we keep.
course we keep.
course we keep.
course we keep.

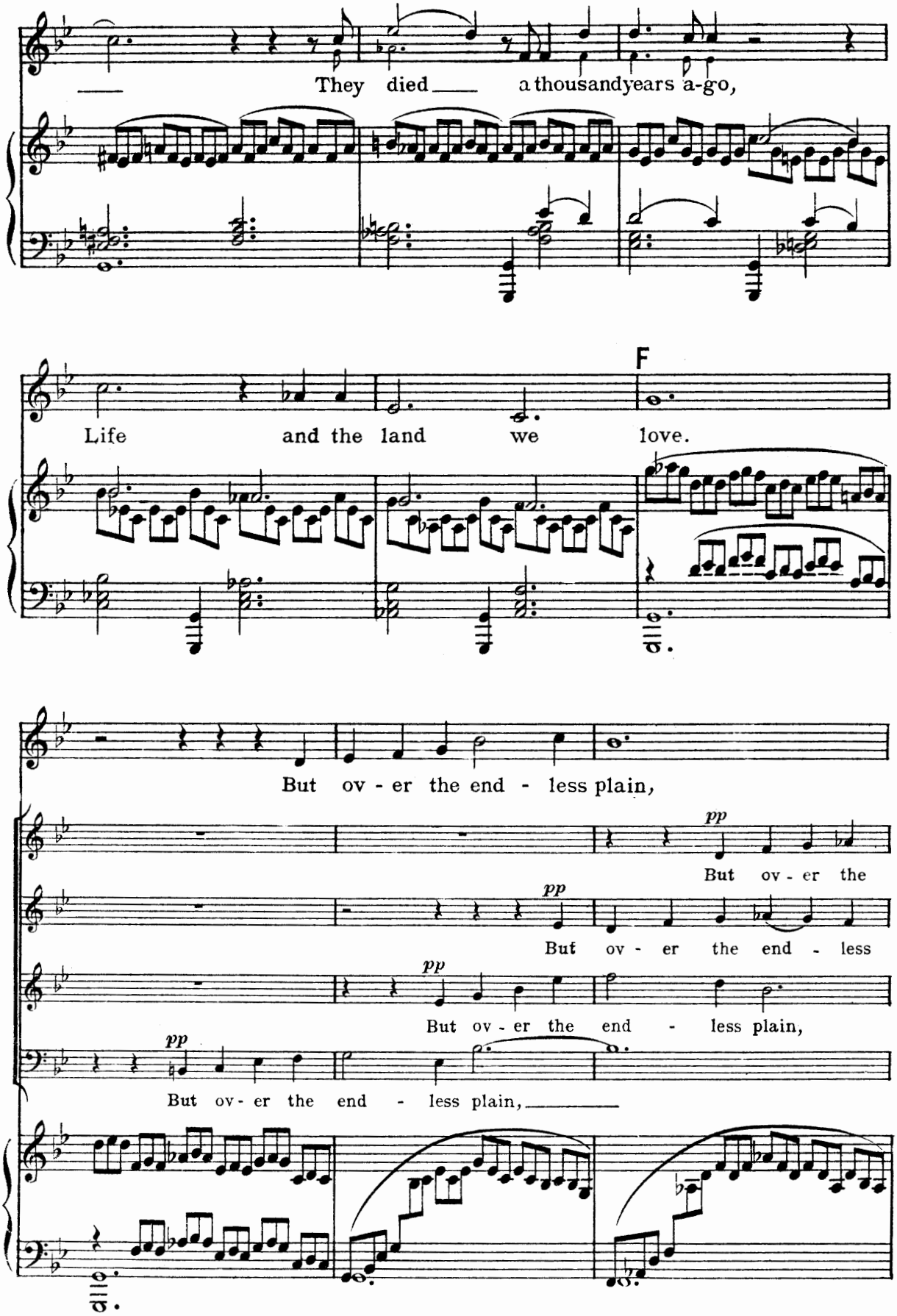

ossia
ov-er the end - less plain, Out of the night for-
And ov - er the end - - less
And ov - er the end - - less
And ov - er the end - - less
And ov - er the end - - less
poco cresc.
-lorn Ris - es a faint re - frain A
plain, Ris - es a faint re - frain
plain, Ris - es a faint re - frain
plain, Ris - es a faint re - frain
plain, Ris - es a faint re - frain
poco cresc.

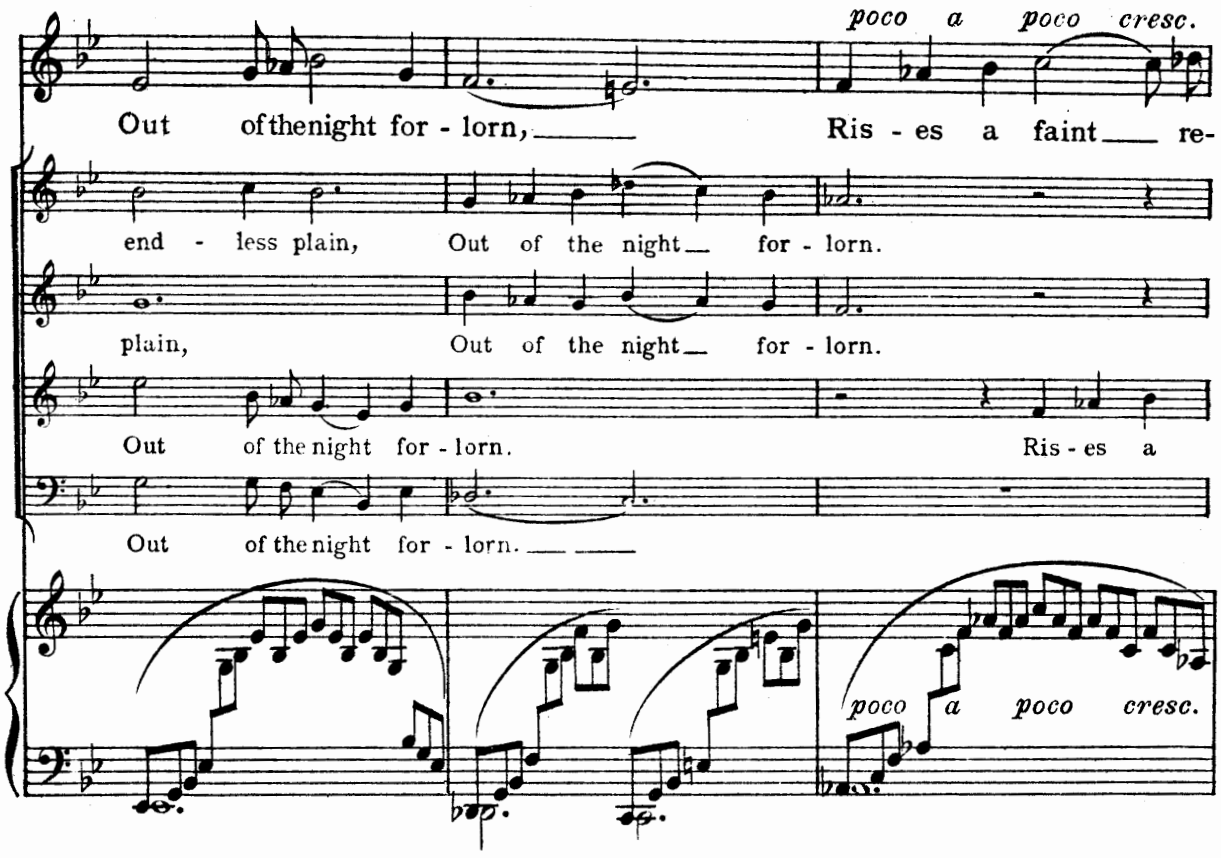

C
song of the day to be born, Watch, O
pp
Watch, O watch, a song of the day to be
Watch, O watch, a song of the day to be
Watch, O watch, a song of the day to be
Watch, O watch, a song of the day to be
pp
watch Watch
born. Watch, O
born. Watch, O
born. Watch, O watch, O
born. Watch, O

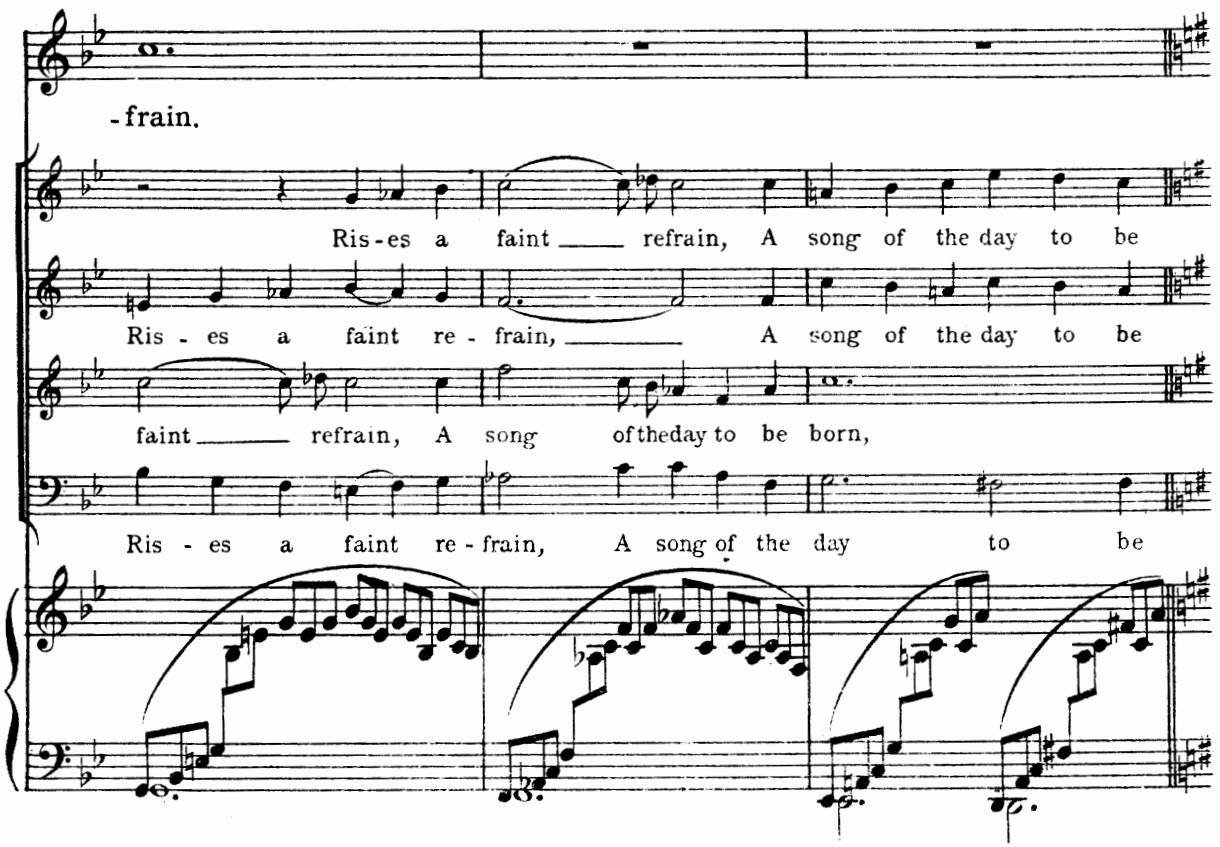

till ye find a - gain
Watchtill ye find a -
watch, till ye find a gain, Watch
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
-gain.
Life andtheland of
till ye find
Life andthe land of
till ye find
Life andthe land of
till ye find
Life and the land of
till ye find
Life
and the land of

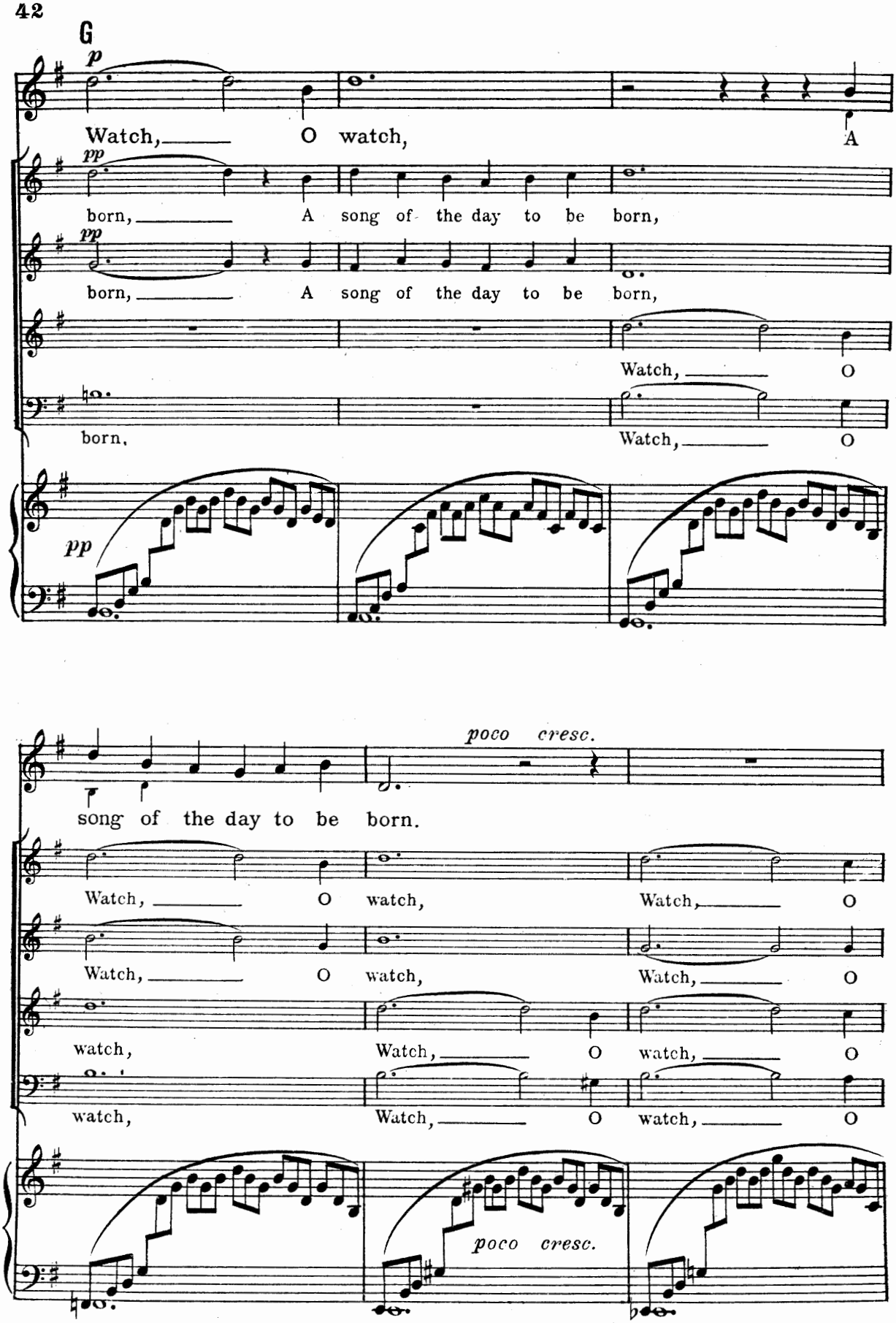

D
morn.
From a
morn.
morn.
morn.
morn.
legato sempre
dim West to a dark East Our
lines un - wav - er-ing head,

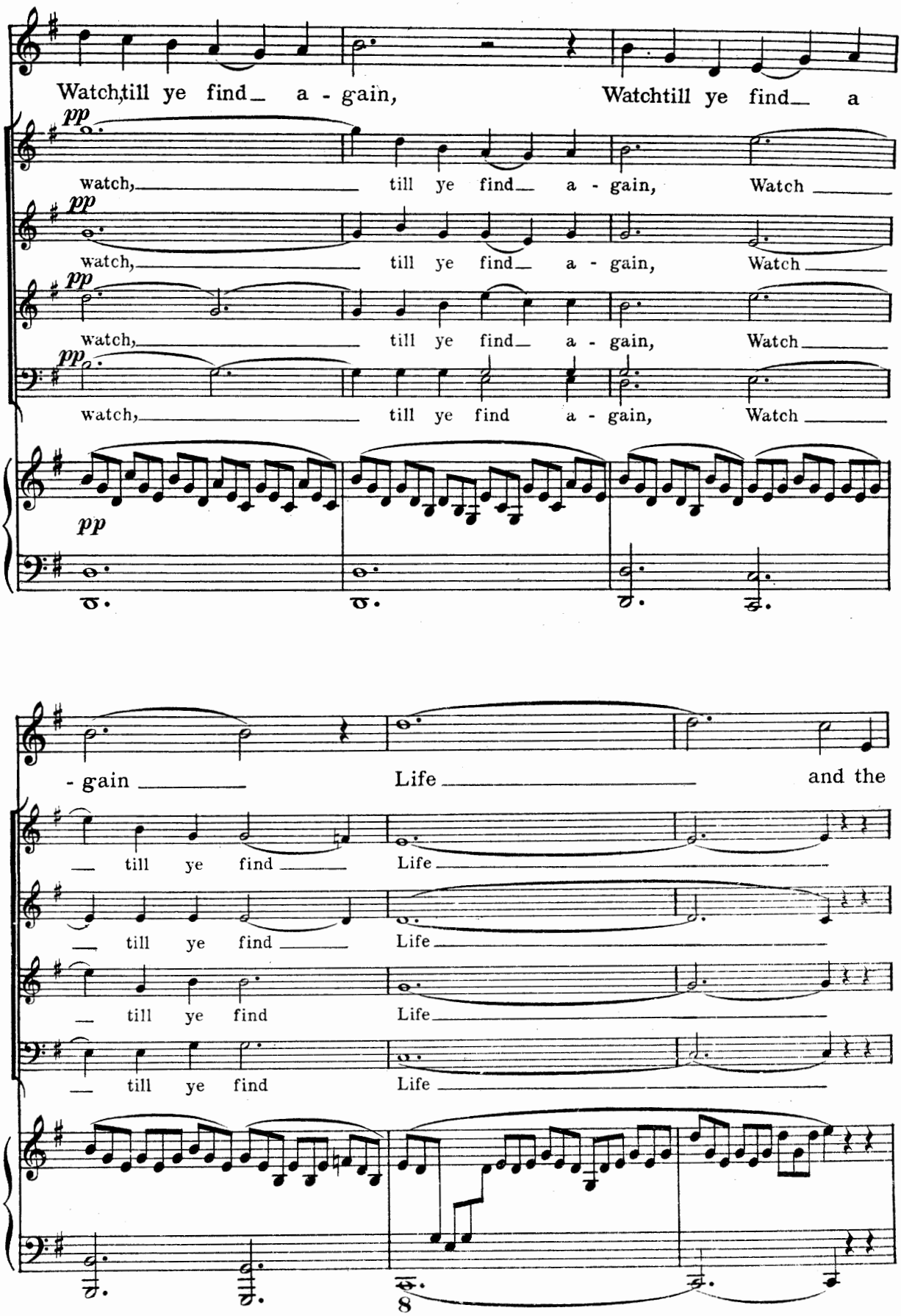

As if their mo - tion long had ceased And
E
Time it-self were dead.
Vain - ly we watch the deep be-
- low, Vain - ly the void a-bove;

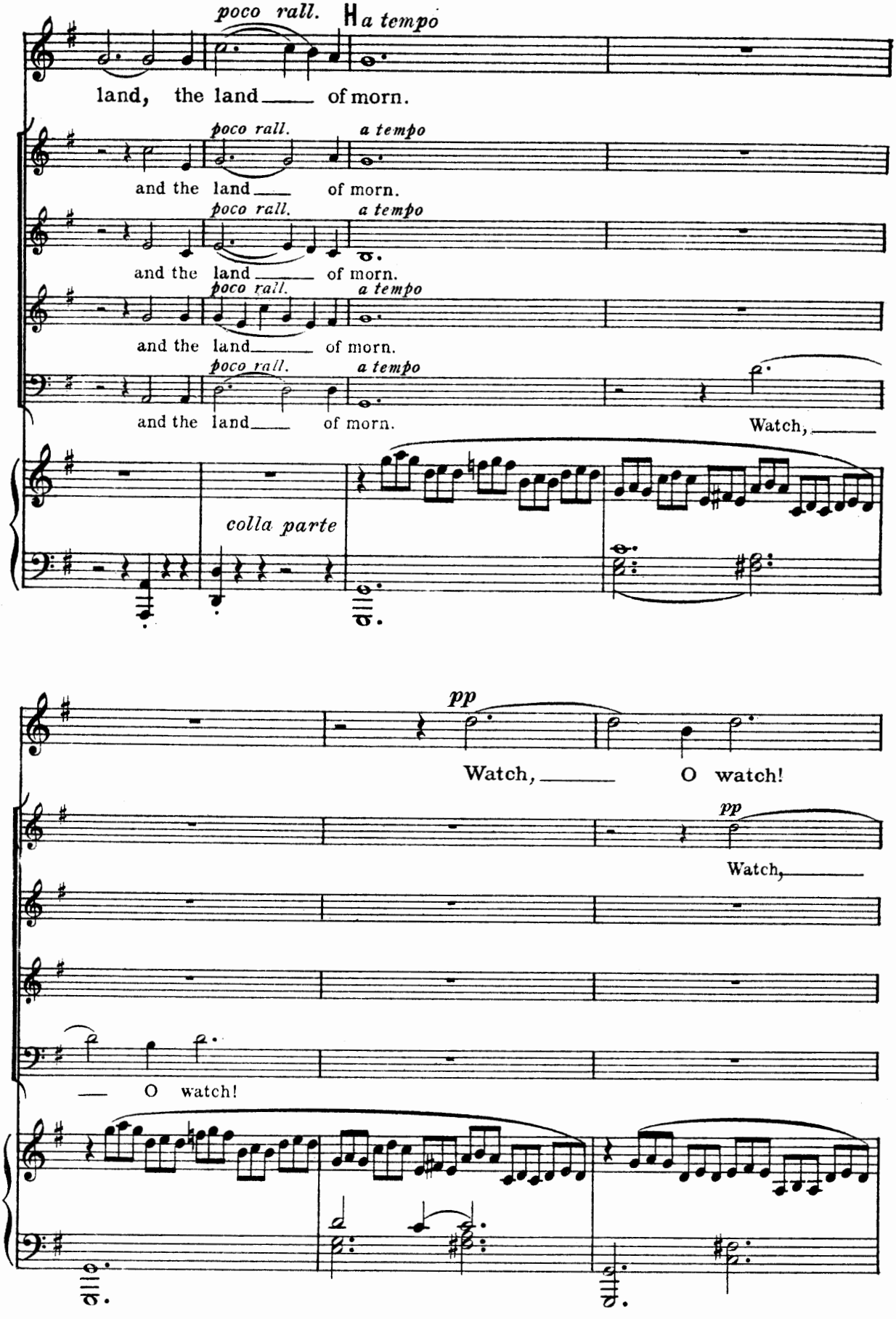

They died a thousandyears a-go,
F
Life and the land we love.
But ov - er the end - less plain,
pp
But ov - er the
pp
But ov - er the end - less
pp
But ov - er the end - less plain,
pp
But ov - er the end - less plain,

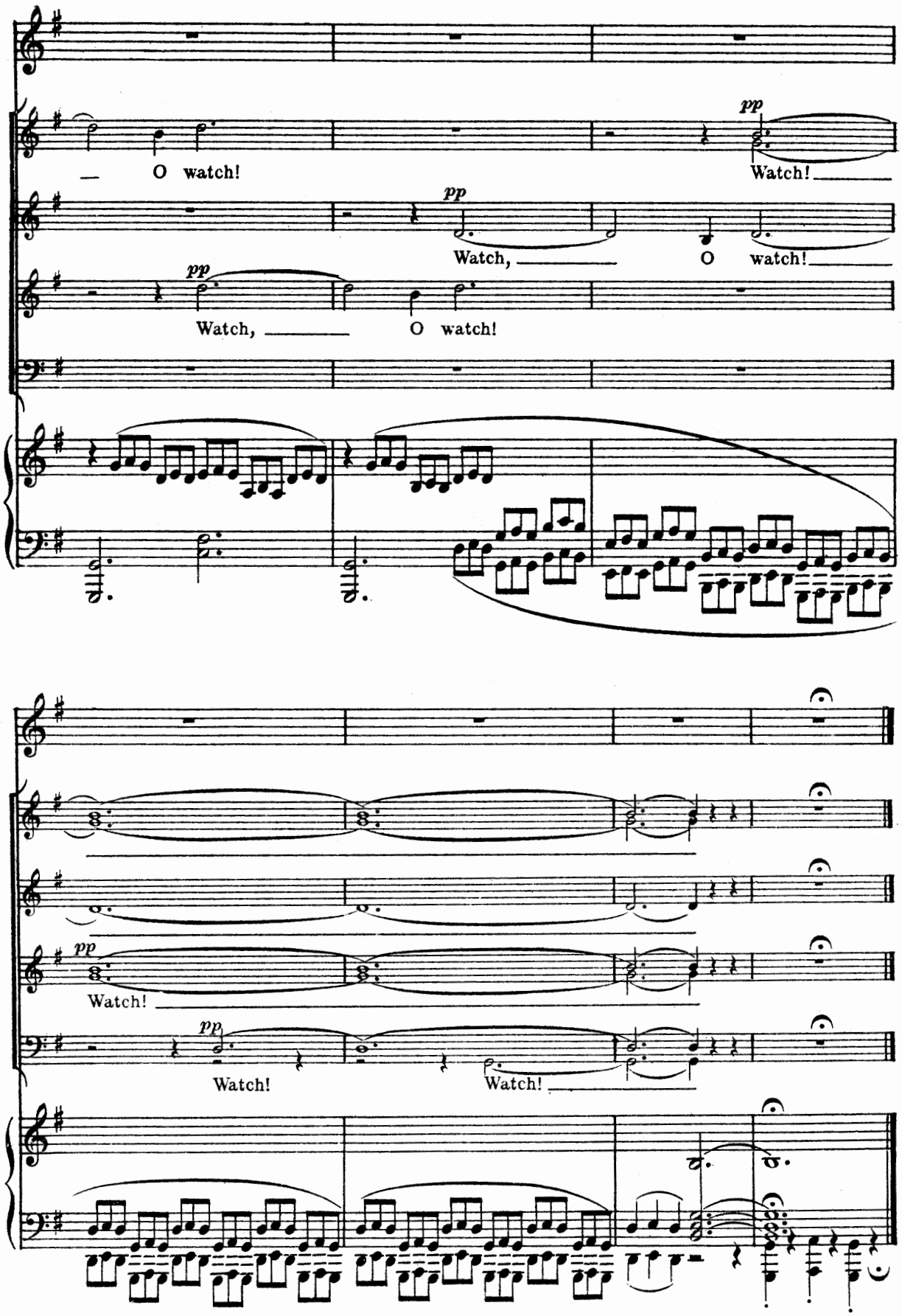

poco a poco cresc.
Out of the night for - lorn, Ris - es a faint re-
end - less plain, Out of the night for - lorn.
plain, Out of the night for - lorn.
Out of the night for - lorn. Ris - es a
Out of the night for - lorn.
poco a poco cresc.


-frain.
Ris-es a faint refrain, A song of the day to be
Ris - es a faint re - frain, A song of the day to be
faint refrain, A song of the day to be born,
Ris - es a faint re - frain, A song of the day to be


G
p
Watch, O watch, A
pp
born, A song of the day to be born,
pp
born, A song of the day to be born,
Watch, O
born.
Watch, O
pp
poco cresc.
song of the day to be born.
Watch, O watch, Watch, O
Watch, O watch, Watch, O
watch, Watch, O watch, O
watch, Watch, O watch, O
poco cresc.


Watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch till ye find a
pp
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
pp
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
pp
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
pp
watch, till ye find a - gain, Watch
pp
- gain Life and the
till ye find Life
till ye find Life
till ye find Life
till ye find Life
8


poco rall.
a tempo
land, the land of morn.
and the land of morn.
and the land of morn.
and the land of morn.
and the land of morn.
Watch,
colla parte
pp
Watch, O watch!
pp
Watch,
O watch!

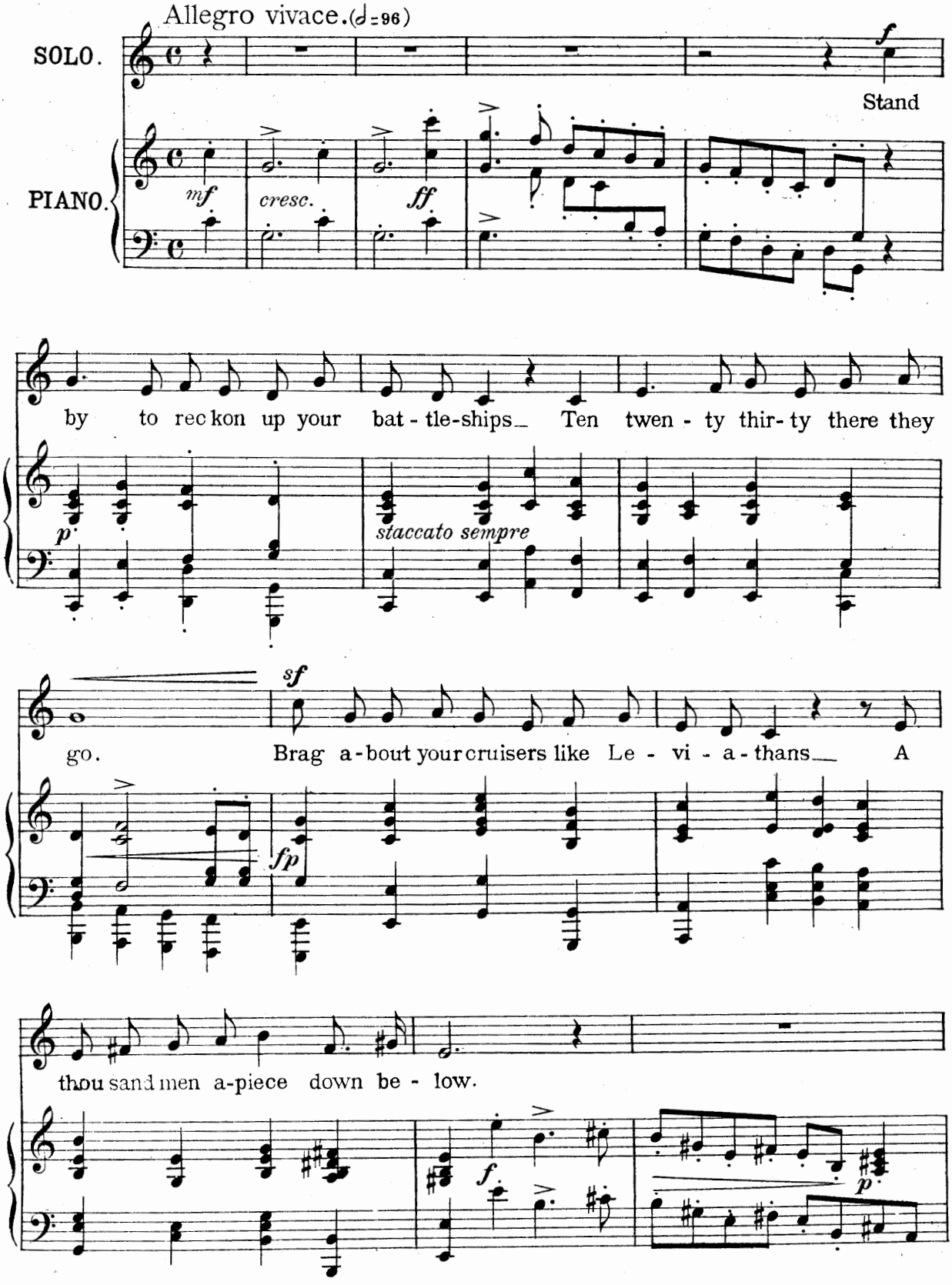

pp
O watch!
Watch!
pp
Watch,
O watch!
pp
Watch,
O watch!
pp
Watch!
pp
Watch!
Watch!

No 4.

The Little Admiral.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C.V. STANFORD.



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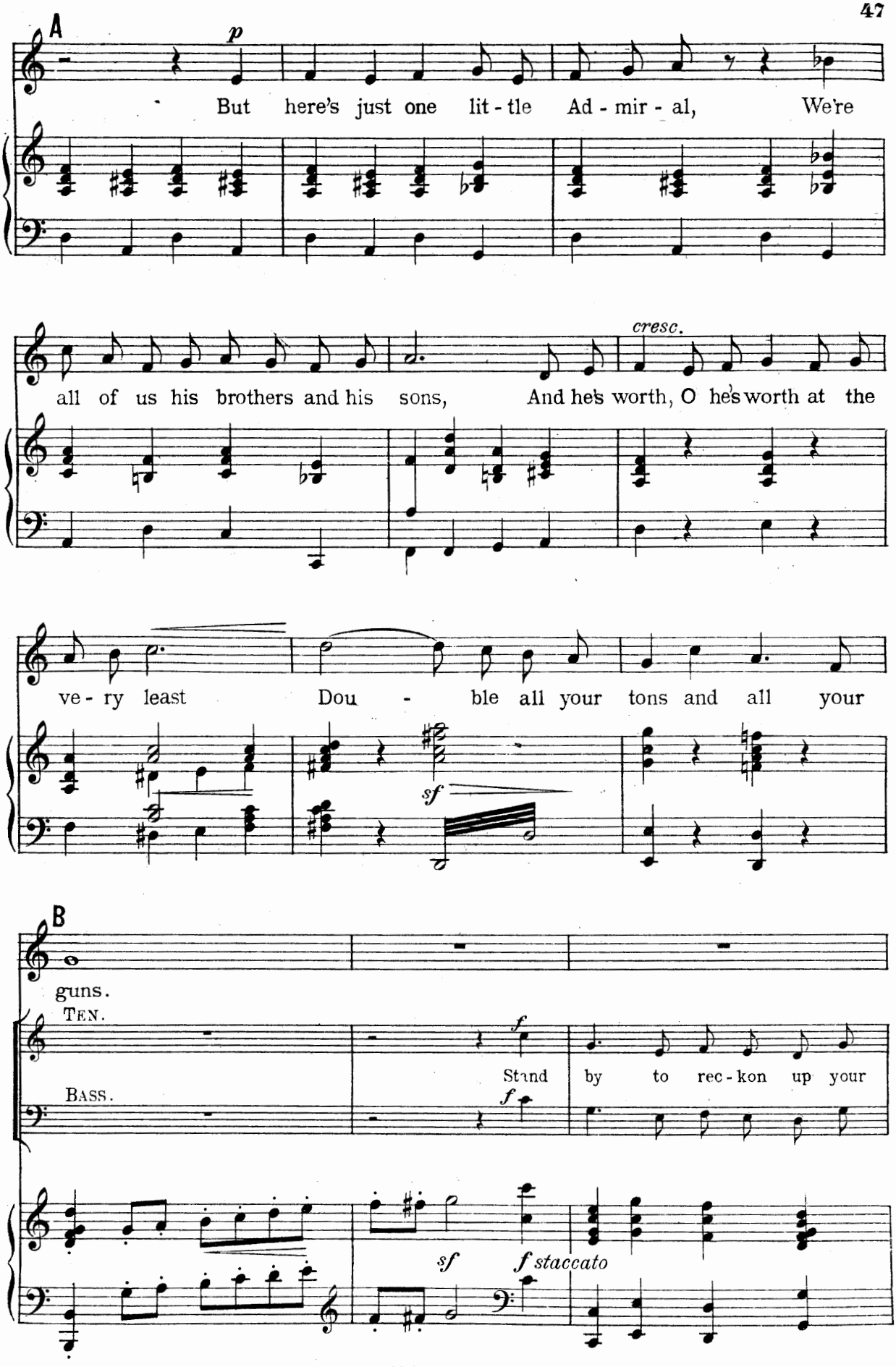
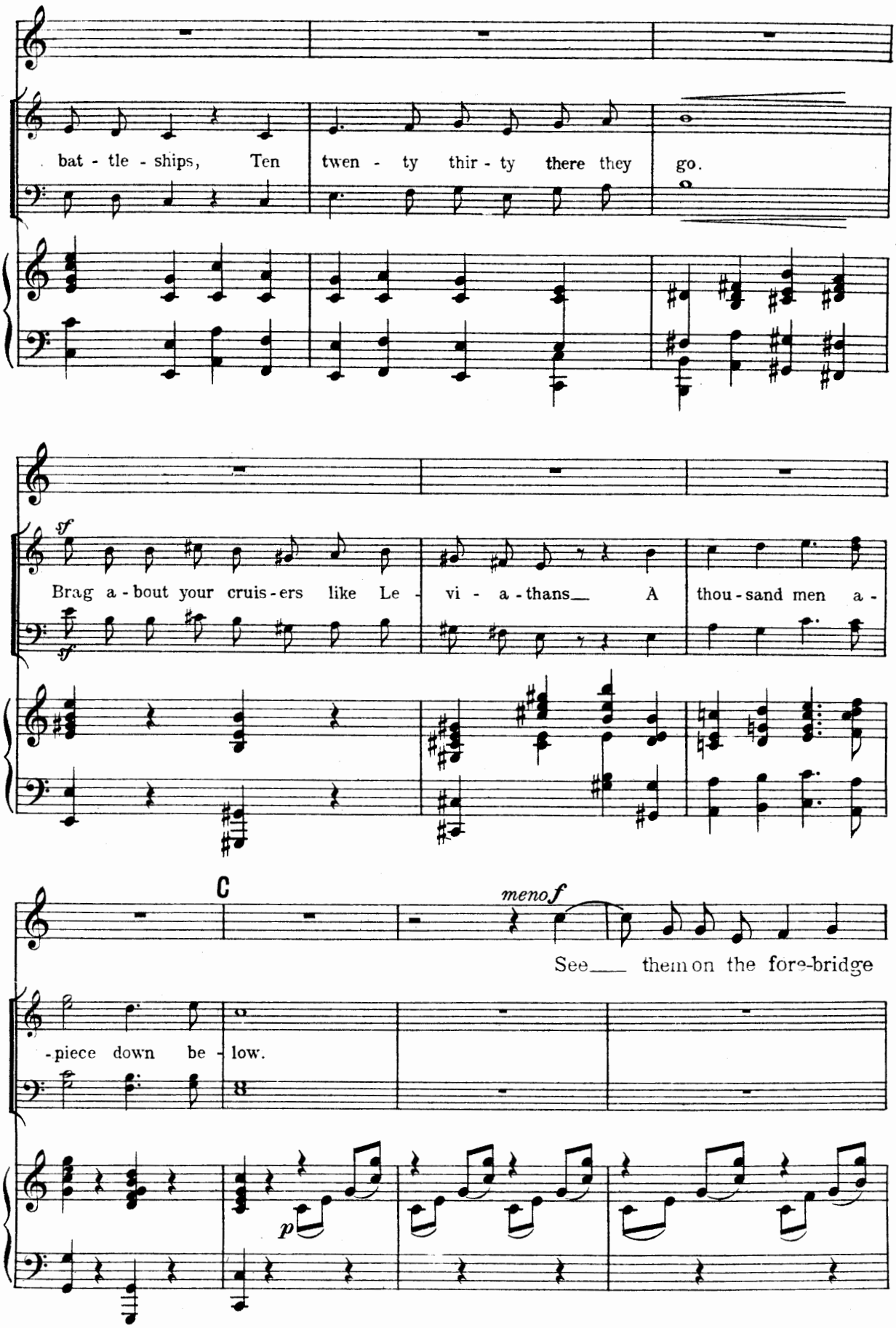
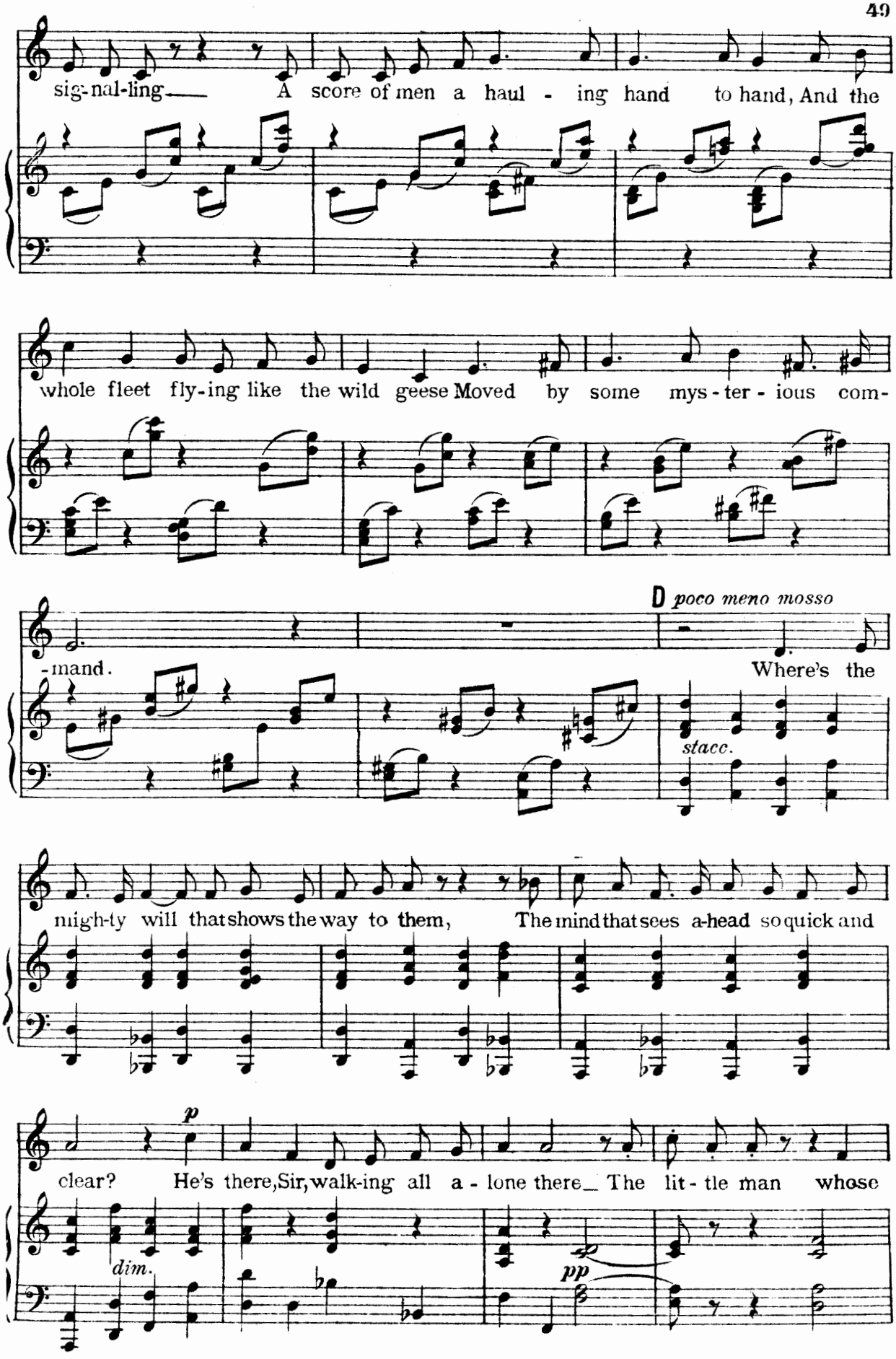
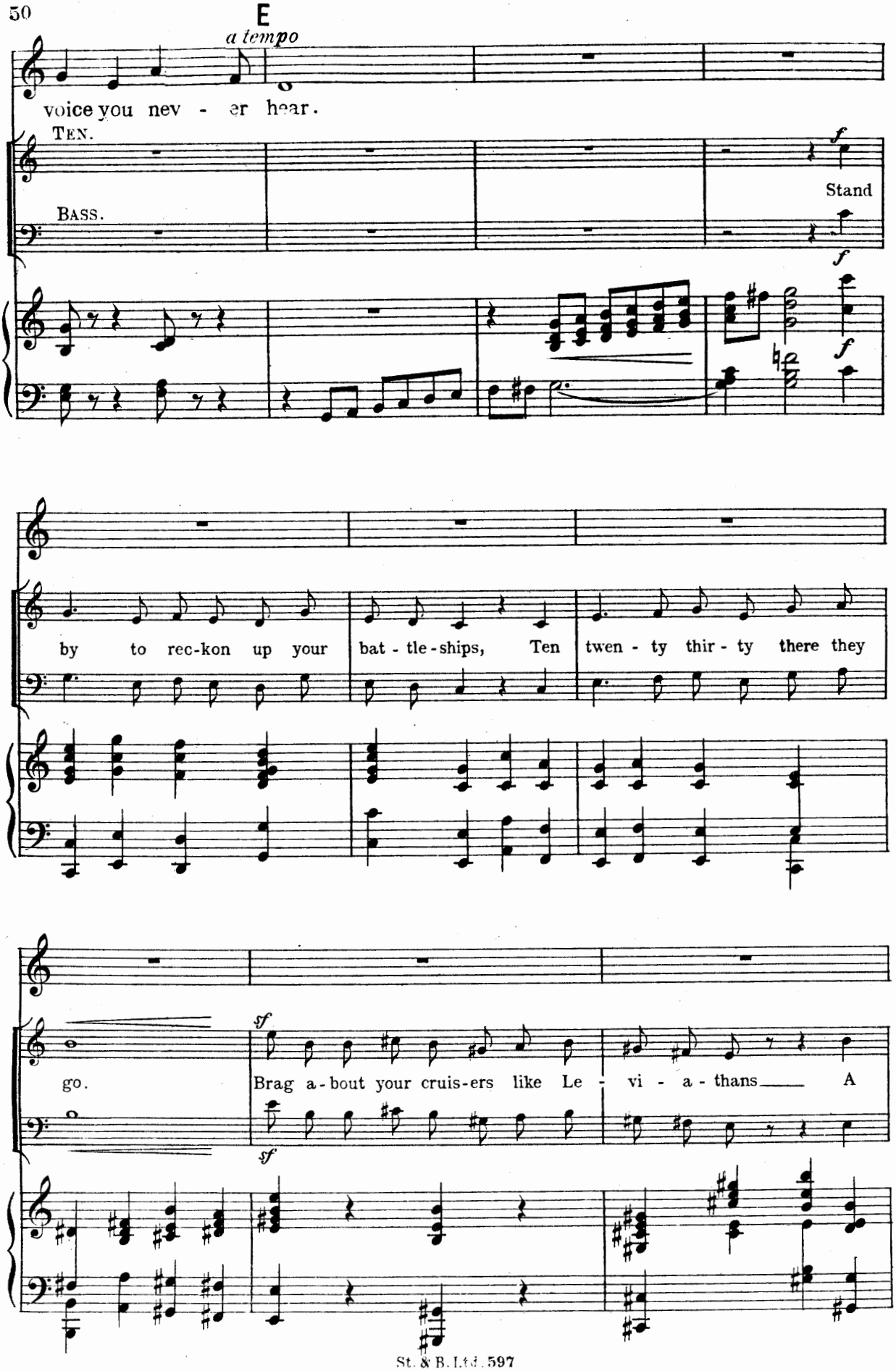
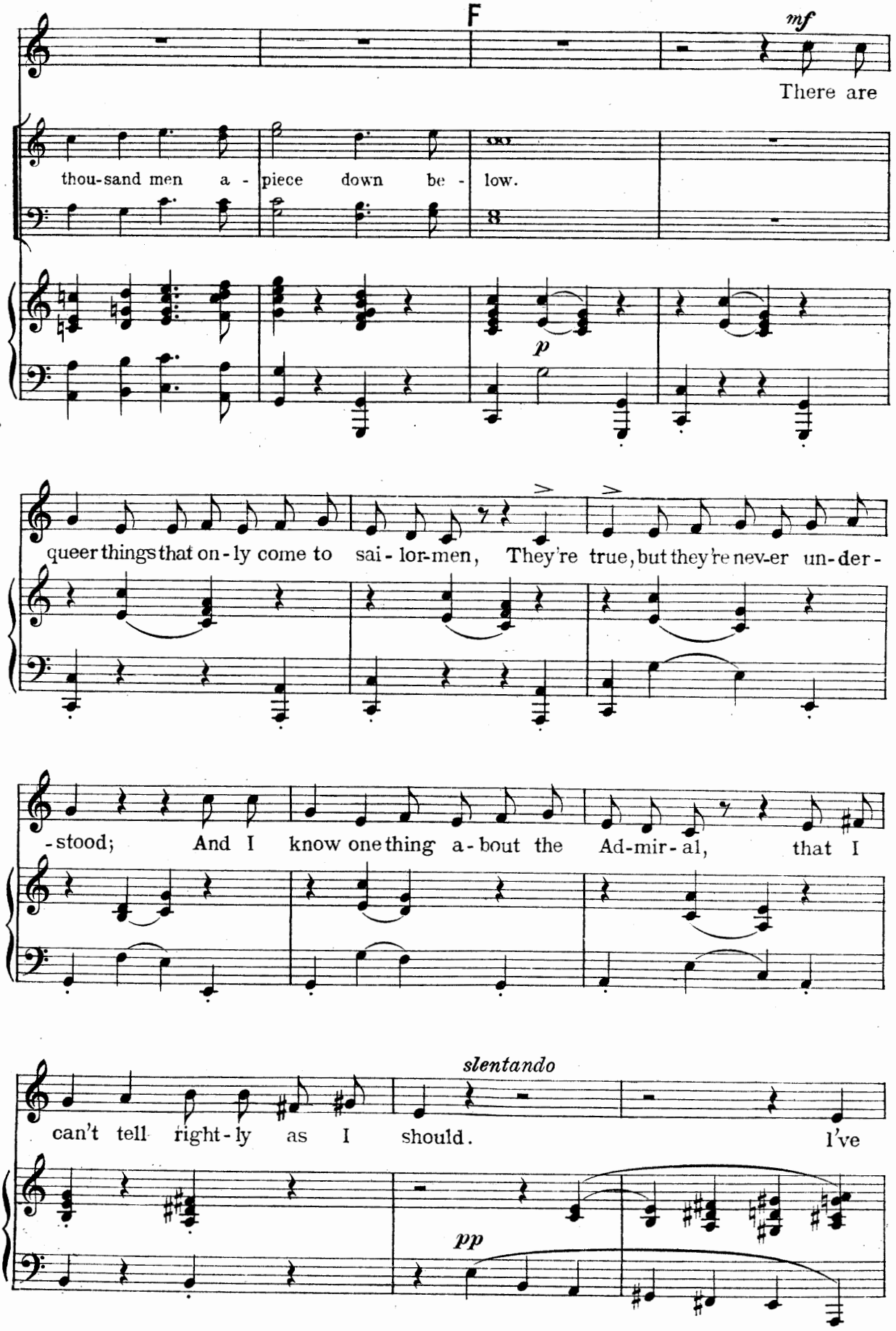
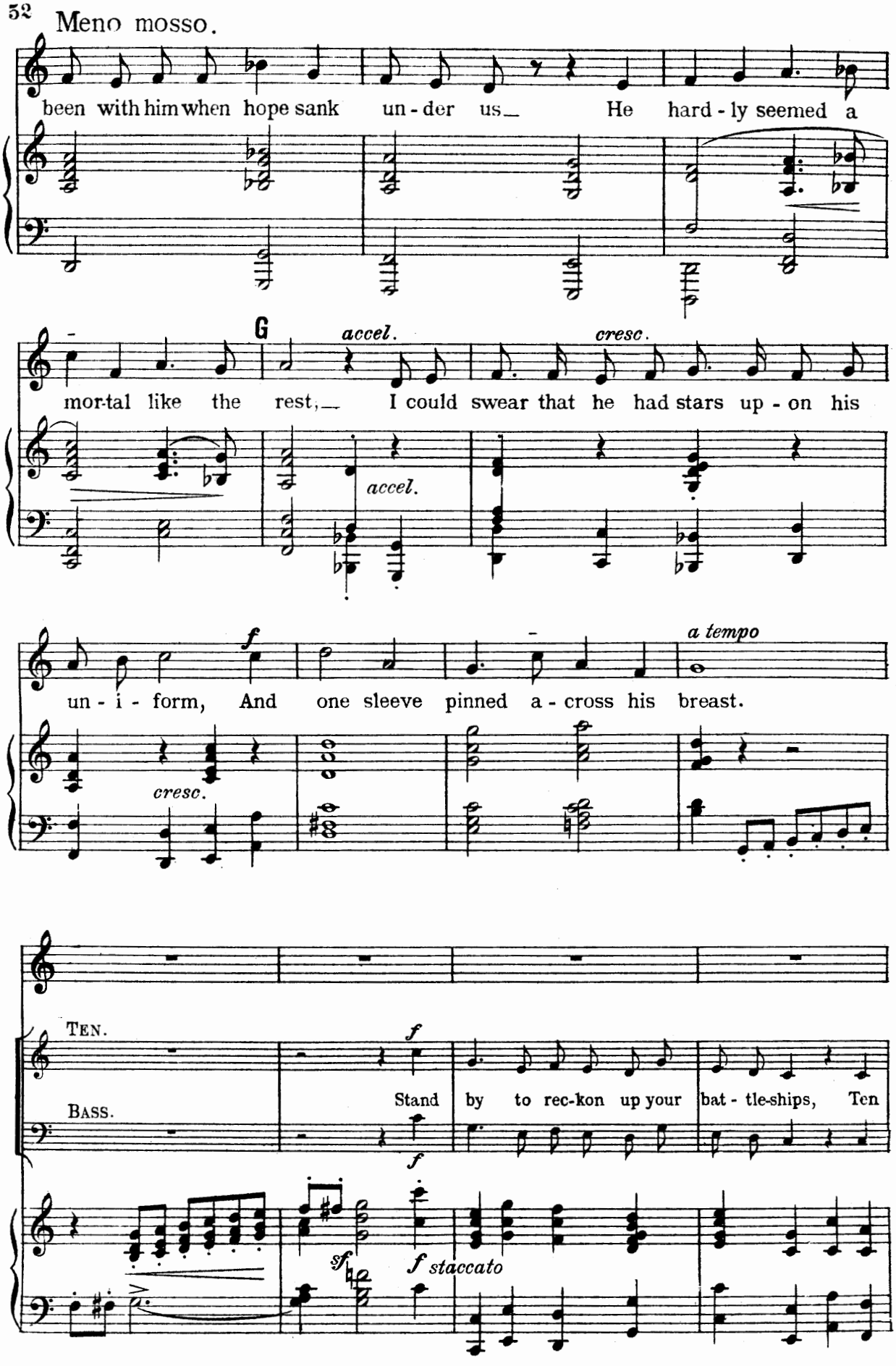

A
p
But here's just one lit - tle Ad - mir - al, We're
all of us his brothers and his sons, And he's worth, O he's worth at the
cresc.
ve - ry least Dou - ble all your tons and all your
sf
B
guns.
TEN.
BASS.
f
Stand by to rec - kon up your
f
sf
f staccato

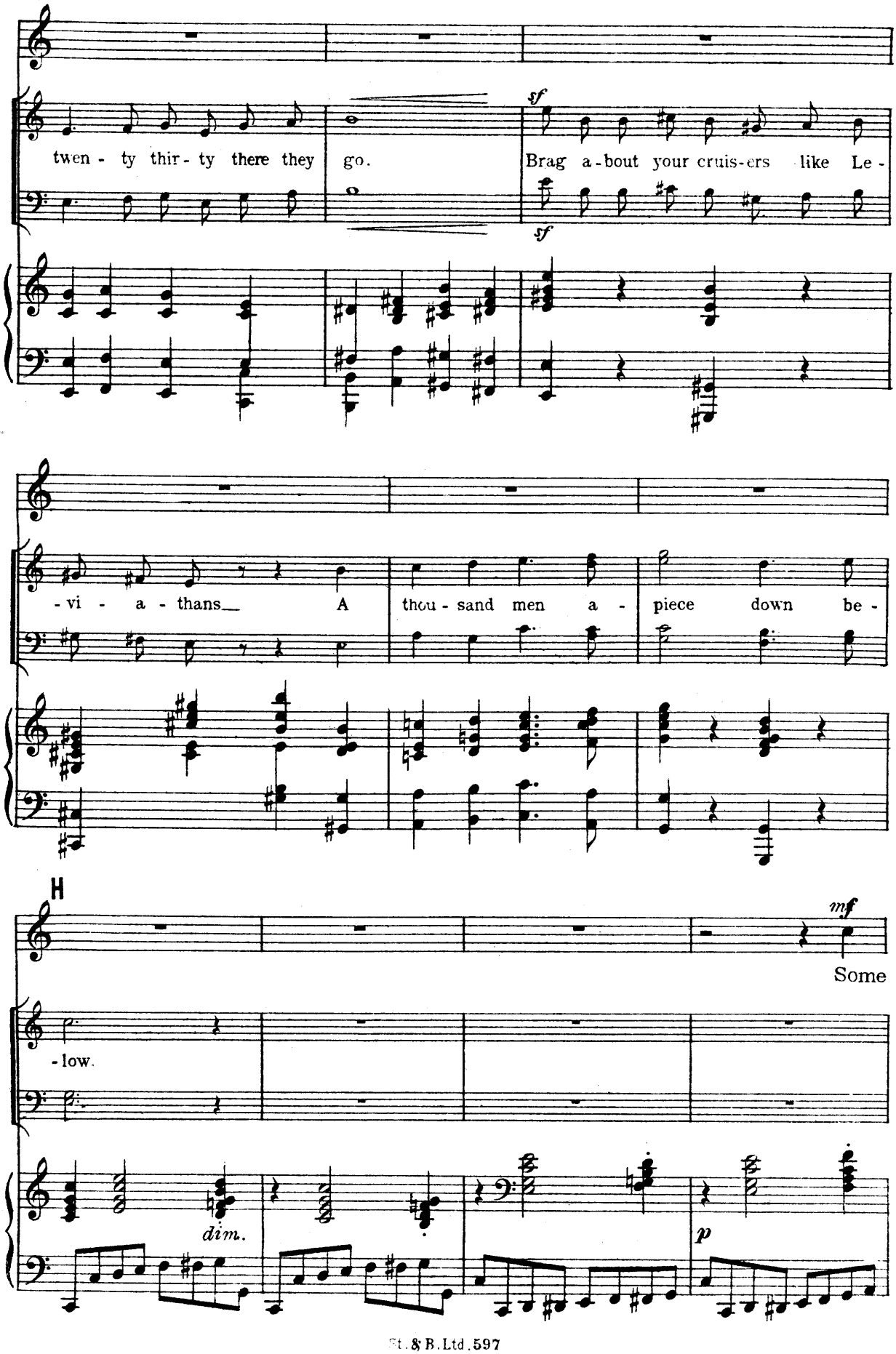

bat - tle - ships, Ten twen - ty thir - ty there they go.
sf
Brag a - bout your cruis - ers like Le - vi - a - thans A thou - sand men a -
C
meno f
See them on the fore-bridge
- piece down be - low.
p

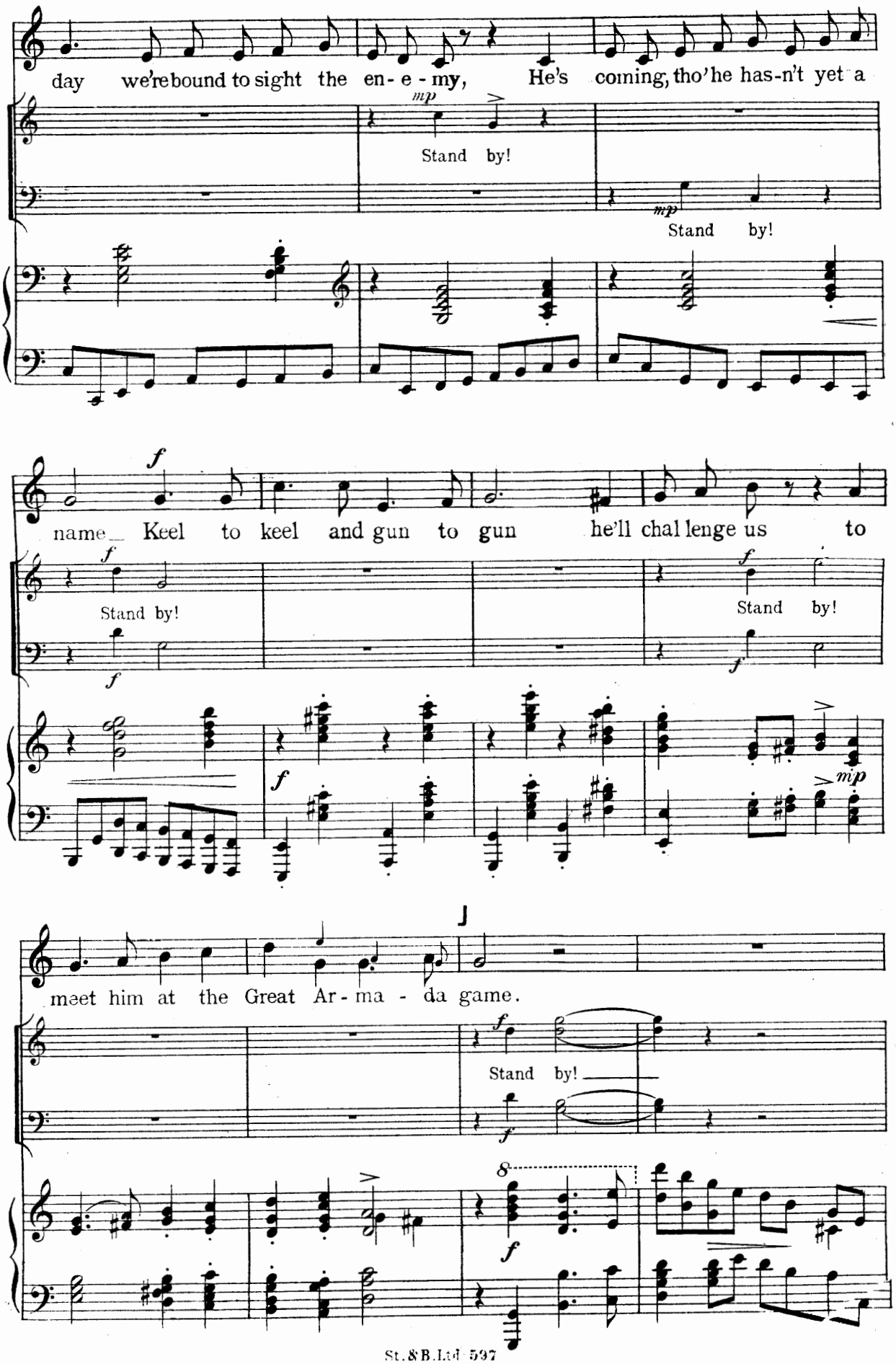

sig-nal-ling— A score of men a haul - ing hand to hand, And the
whole fleet fly-ing like the wild geese Moved by some mys - ter - ious com-
-mand.
D poco meno mosso
Where's the
stacc.
nigh-ty will that shows the way to them, The mind that sees a-head so quick and
p
clear? He's there, Sir, walk-ing all a - lone there— The lit - tle man whose
dim.
pp

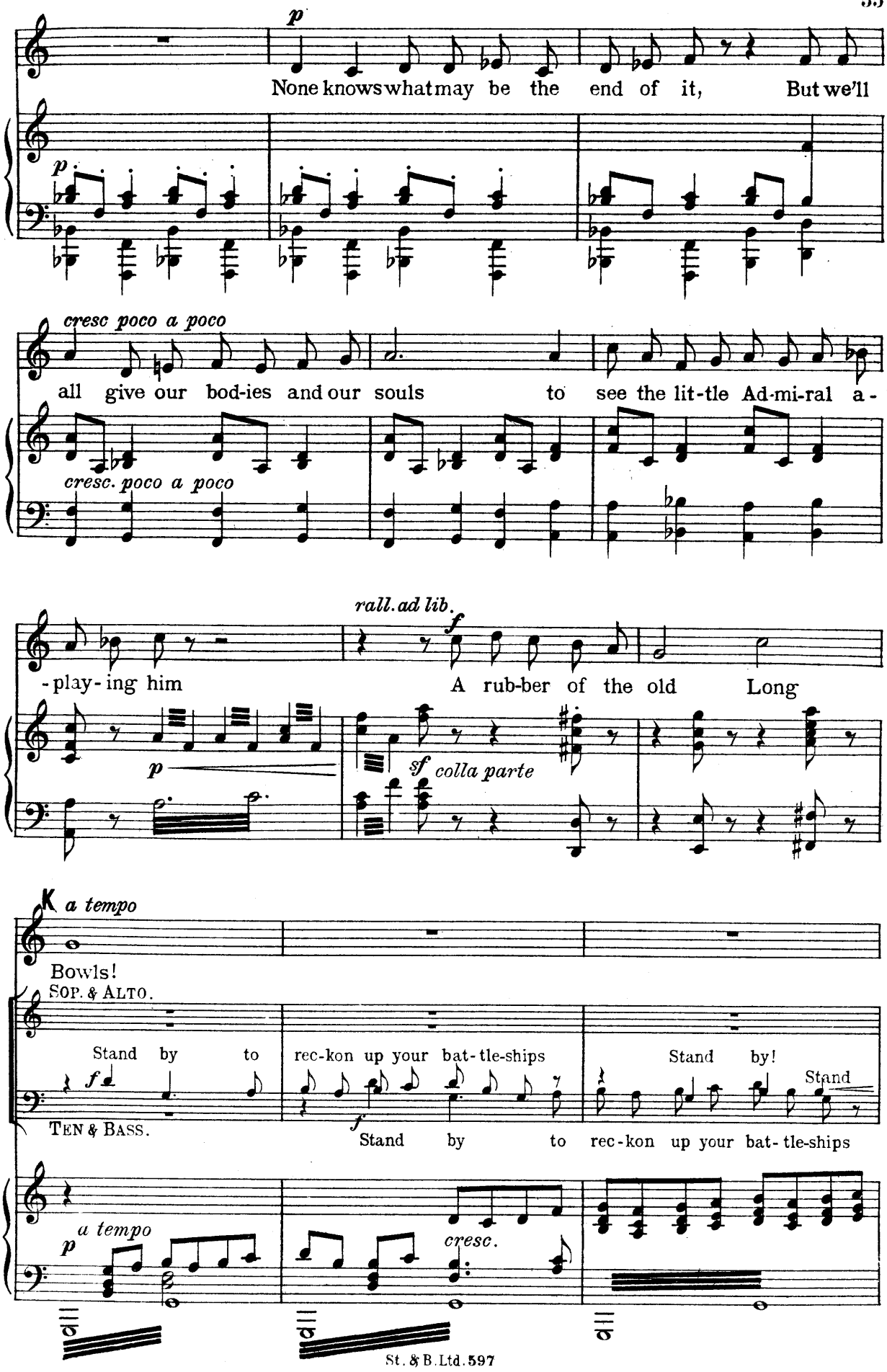

E
a tempo
voice you nev - er hear.
TEN.
BASS.
Stand
f
by to rec-kon up your bat - tle-ships, Ten twen - ty thir - ty there they
go.
sf
Brag a-bout your cruis-ers like Le - vi - a-thans A

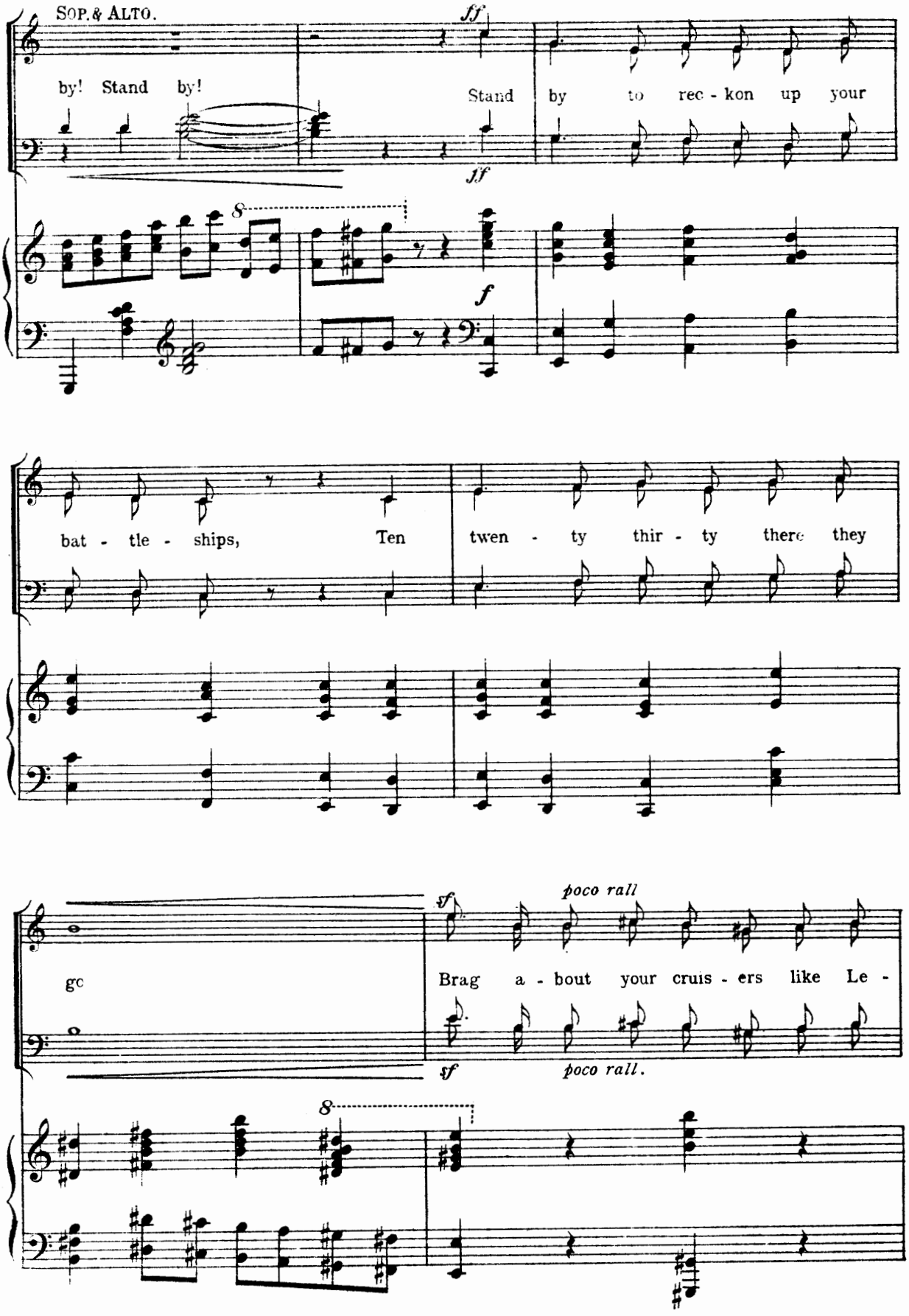

F
mf
There are
thou-sand men a - piece down be - low.
p
queer things that on-ly come to sai-lor-men, They're true, but they're nev-er un-der-
-stood; And I know one thing a-bout the Ad-mir-al, that I
slentando
can't tell right-ly as I should. I've
pp

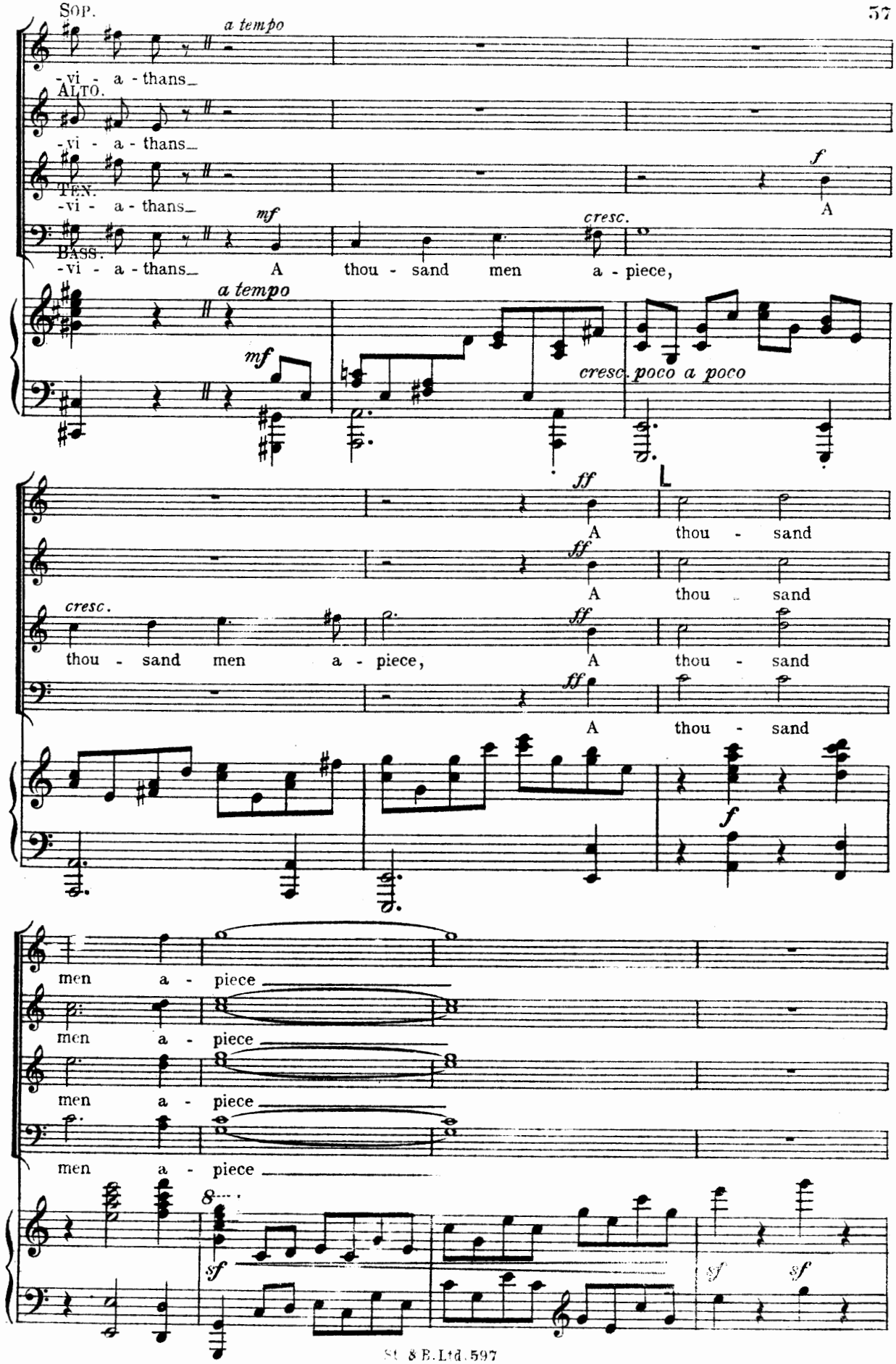

Meno mosso.
been with him when hope sank un - der us_ He hard - ly seemed a
G
accel.
cresc.
mor-tal like the rest,_ I could swear that he had stars up - on his
accel.
f
a tempo
un - i - form, And one sleeve pinned a - cross his breast.
cresc.
TEN.
BASS.
f
Stand by to rec-kon up your bat - tle-ships, Ten
f
sf
f staccato

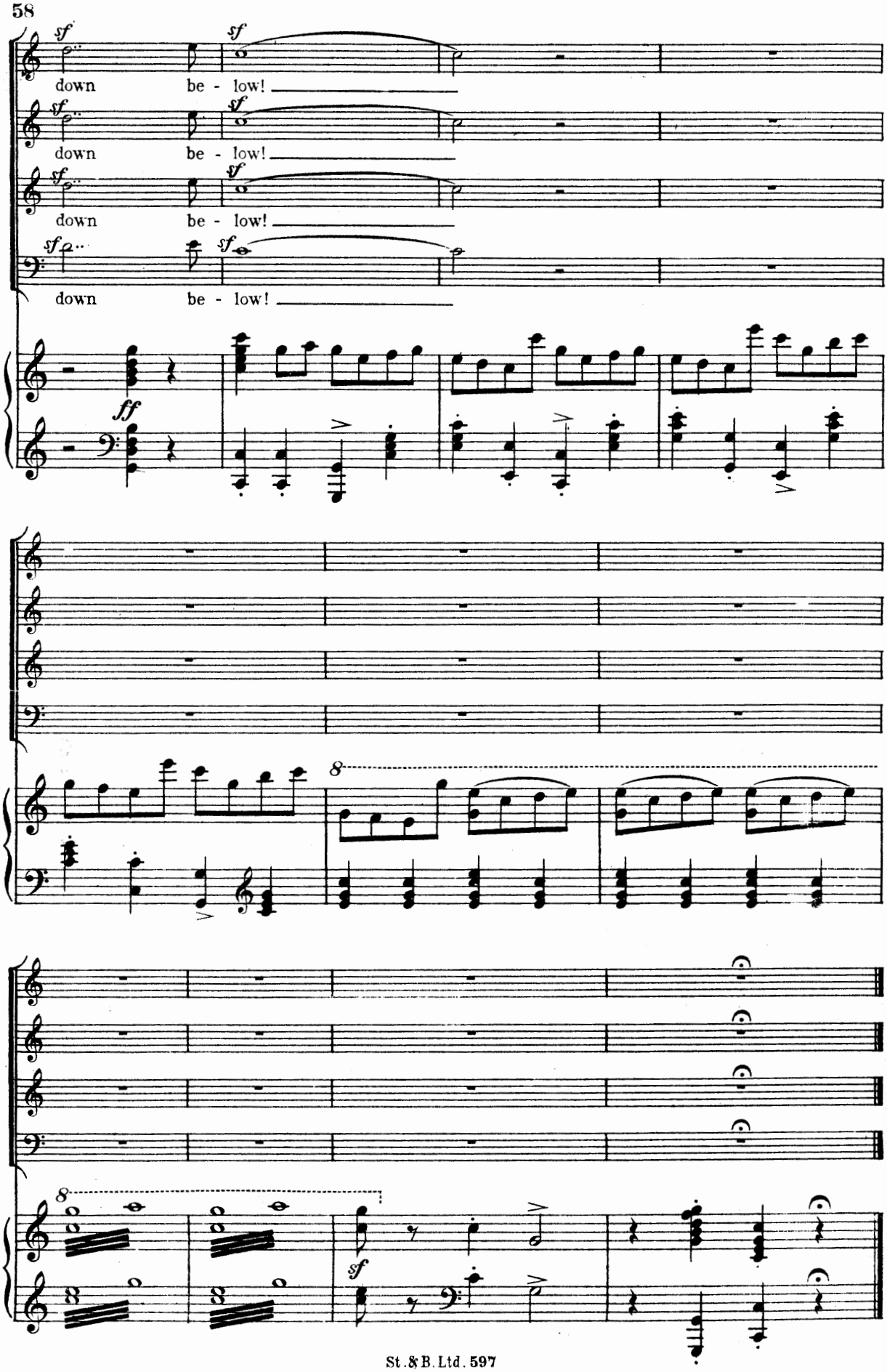

twen - ty thir - ty there they go.
sf
Brag a - bout your cruis - ers like Le -
sf
- vi - a - thans A thou - sand men a - piece down be -
H
mf
Some
- low.
dim.
p


day we're bound to sight the en- e - my, He's coming, tho' he has-n't yet a
mp
Stand by!
mp
Stand by!
name_ Keel to keel and gun to gun he'll chal lenge us to
f
Stand by!
f
f
Stand by!
f
f
mp
meet him at the Great Ar - ma - da game.
f
Stand by!
f
8
f


p
None knows what may be the end of it, But we'll
p
cresc poco a poco
all give our bod-ies and our souls to see the lit-tle Ad-mi-ral a-
cresc. poco a poco
rall. ad lib.
f
-play-ing him A rub-ber of the old Long
p
sf colla parte
K a tempo
Bowls!
SOP. & ALTO.
Stand by to rec-kon up your bat-tle-ships Stand by! Stand
f
TEN & BASS.
f
Stand by to rec-kon up your bat-tle-ships
a tempo
p
cresc.


Sop. & Alto.
by! Stand by!
Stand by to rec - kon up your
bat - tle - ships, Ten twen - ty thir - ty there they
go
Brag a - bout your cruis - ers like Le -
poco rall
poco rall.


SOP.
a tempo
-vi - a - thans_
ALTO.
-vi - a - thans_
TEN.
-vi - a - thans_
mf
f
A
BASS.
-vi - a - thans_ A thou - sand men a - piece,
cresc.
a tempo
mf
cresc. poco a poco
ff
A thou - sand
cresc.
thou - sand men a - piece,
men a - piece
8
sf

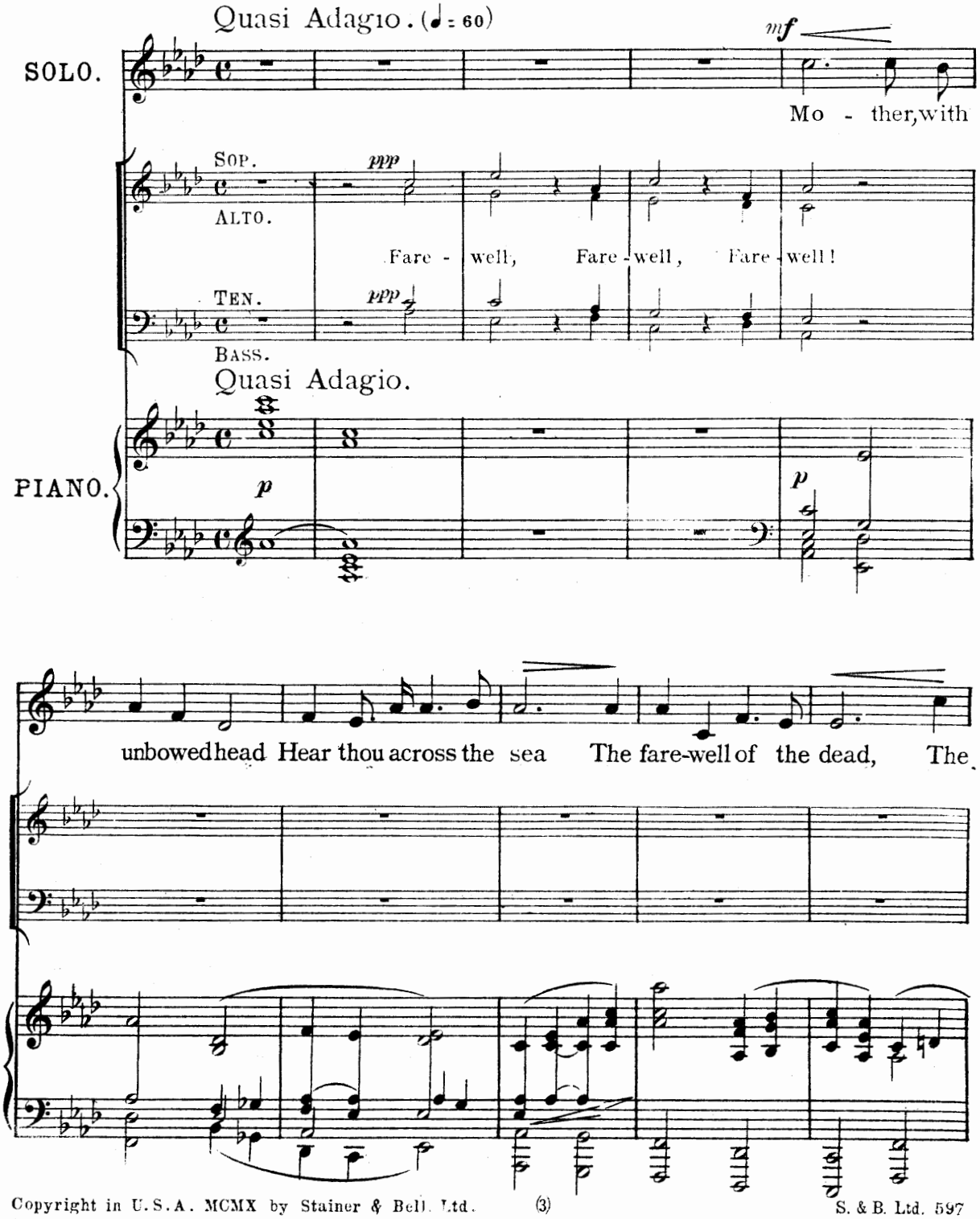

sf
down be - low!
ff
8
sf

No 5.

Fare Well.

Words by
HENRY NEWBOLT.

Music by
C.V. STANFORD.



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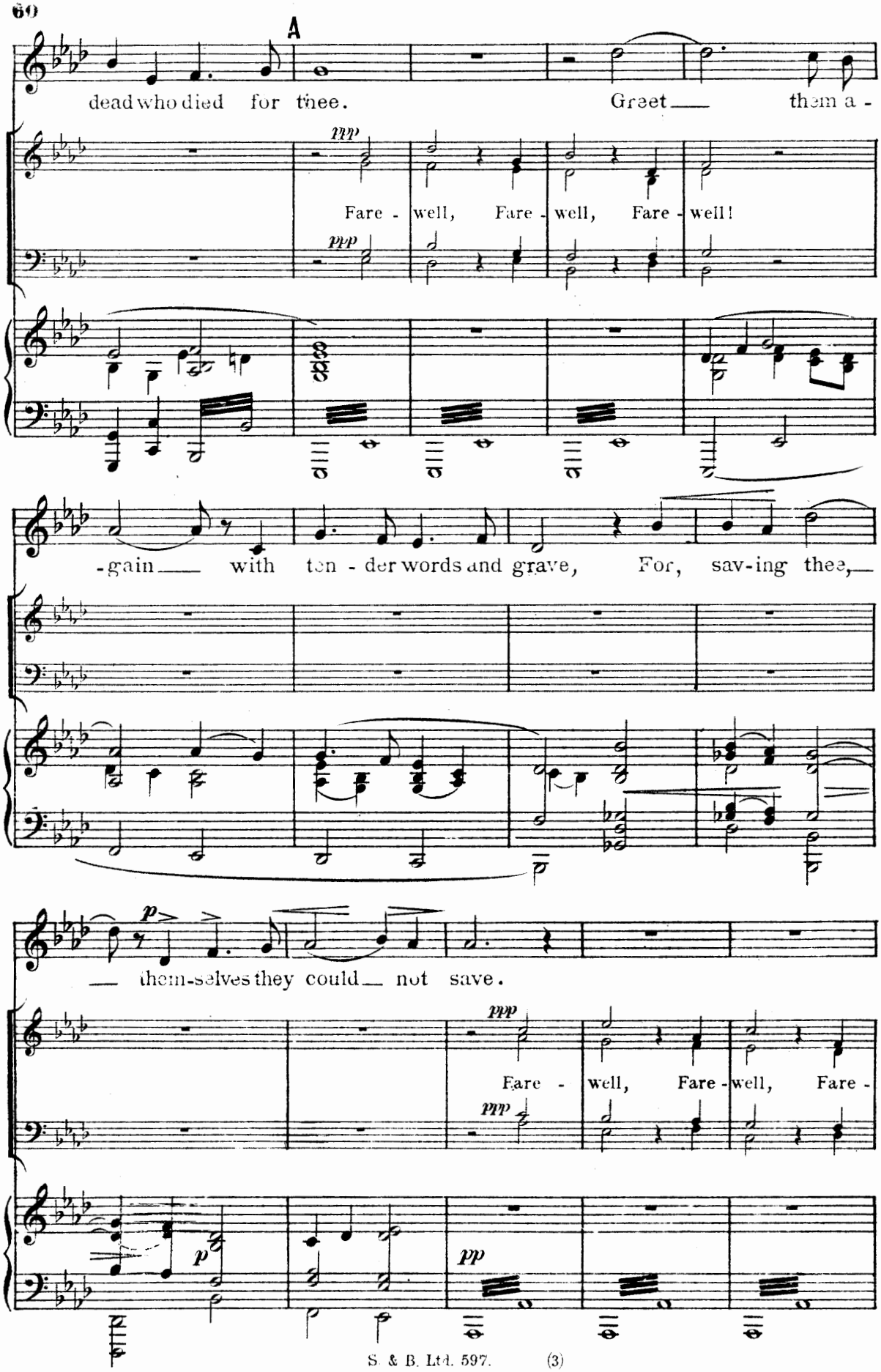

A
dead who died for thee. Greet them a -
ppp
Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare - well!
ppp
- gain with ten - der words and grave, For, sav-ing thee,
p
them-selves they could not save.
ppp
Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
ppp
p
pp

B Poco più mosso. (♩ = 72)

f

To keep the house un - harmed Their fa - thers built so

p

- well!

Poco più mosso.

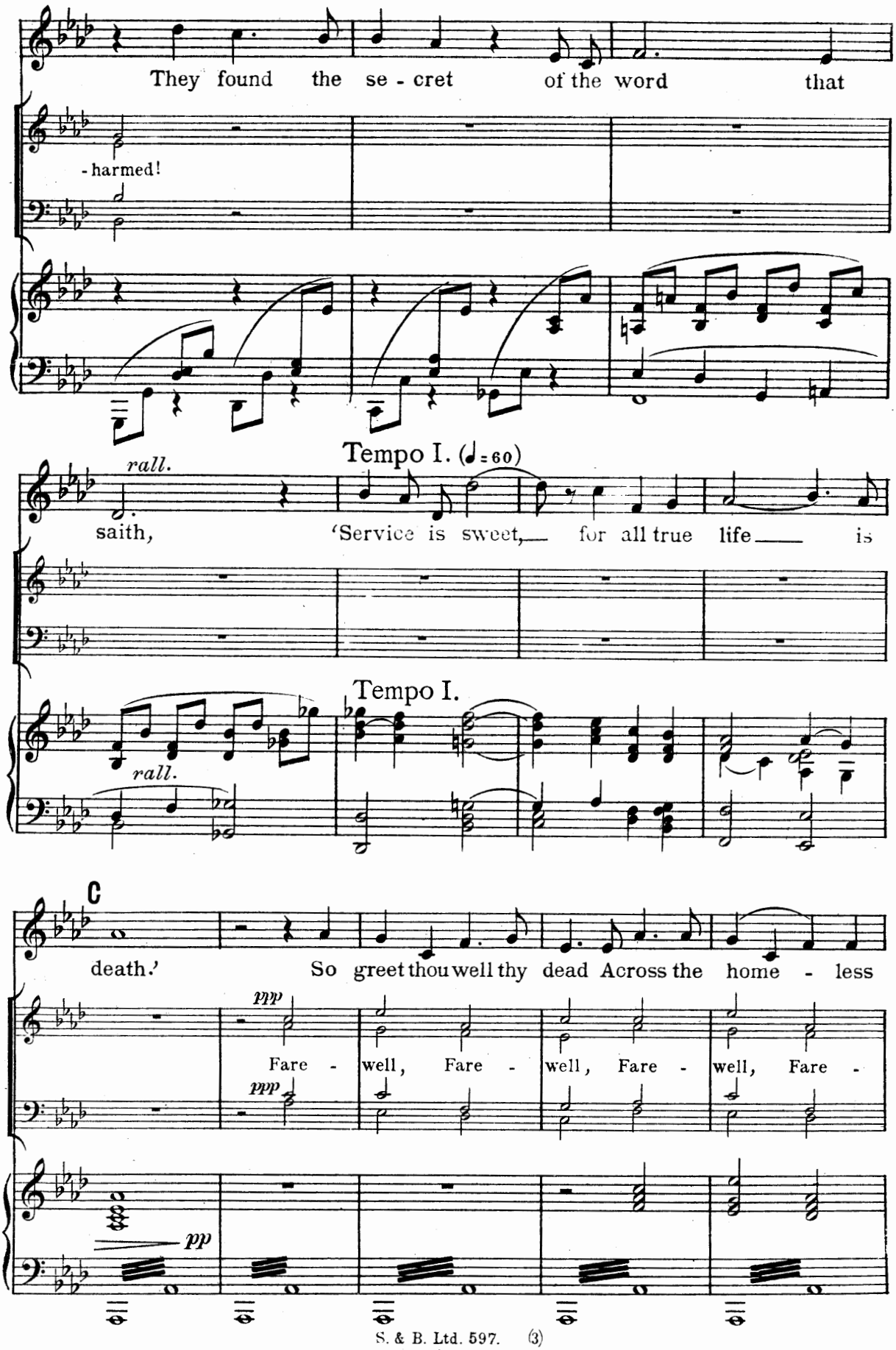
fair, Deem - ing en - du - rance armed Bet -

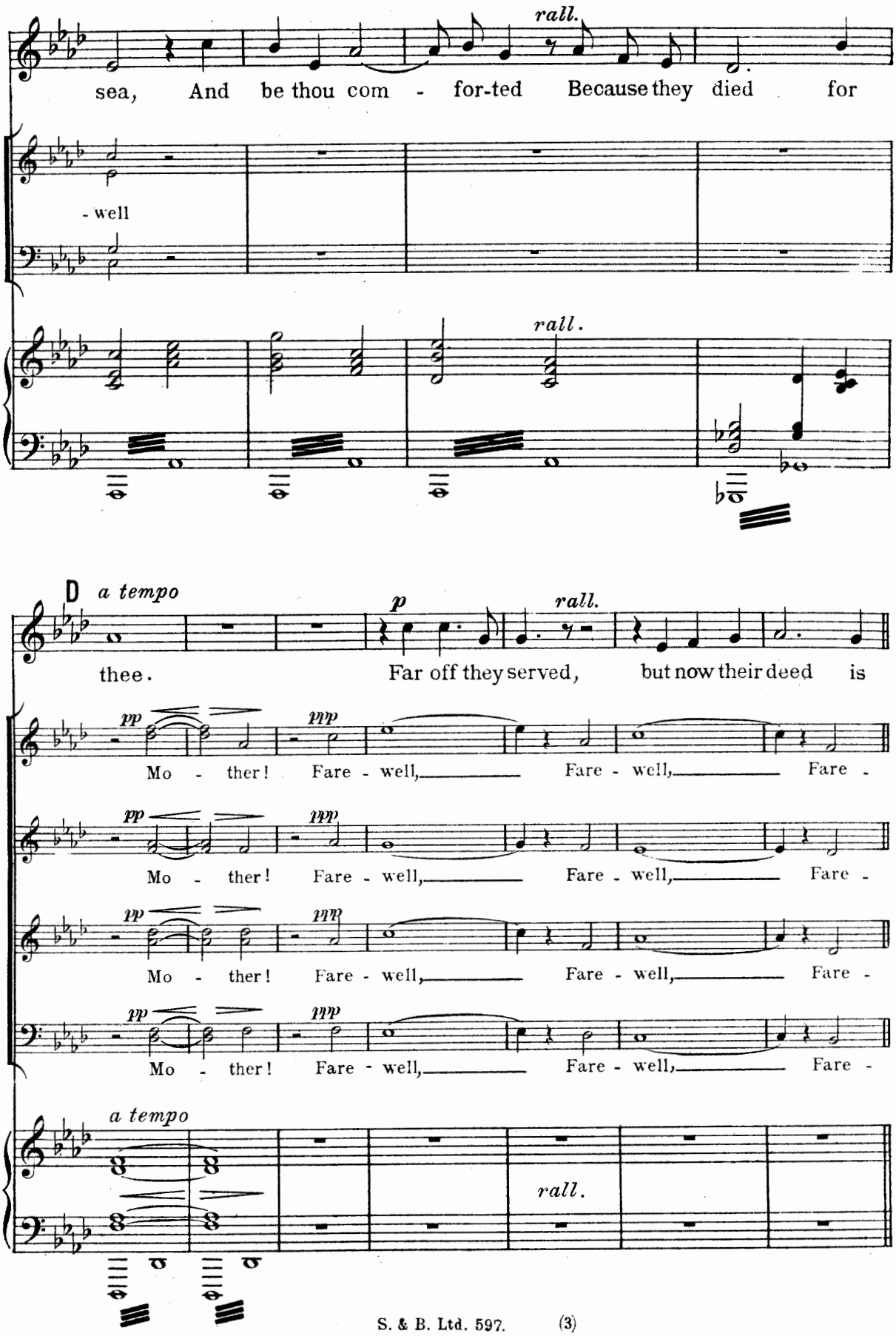
cresc.

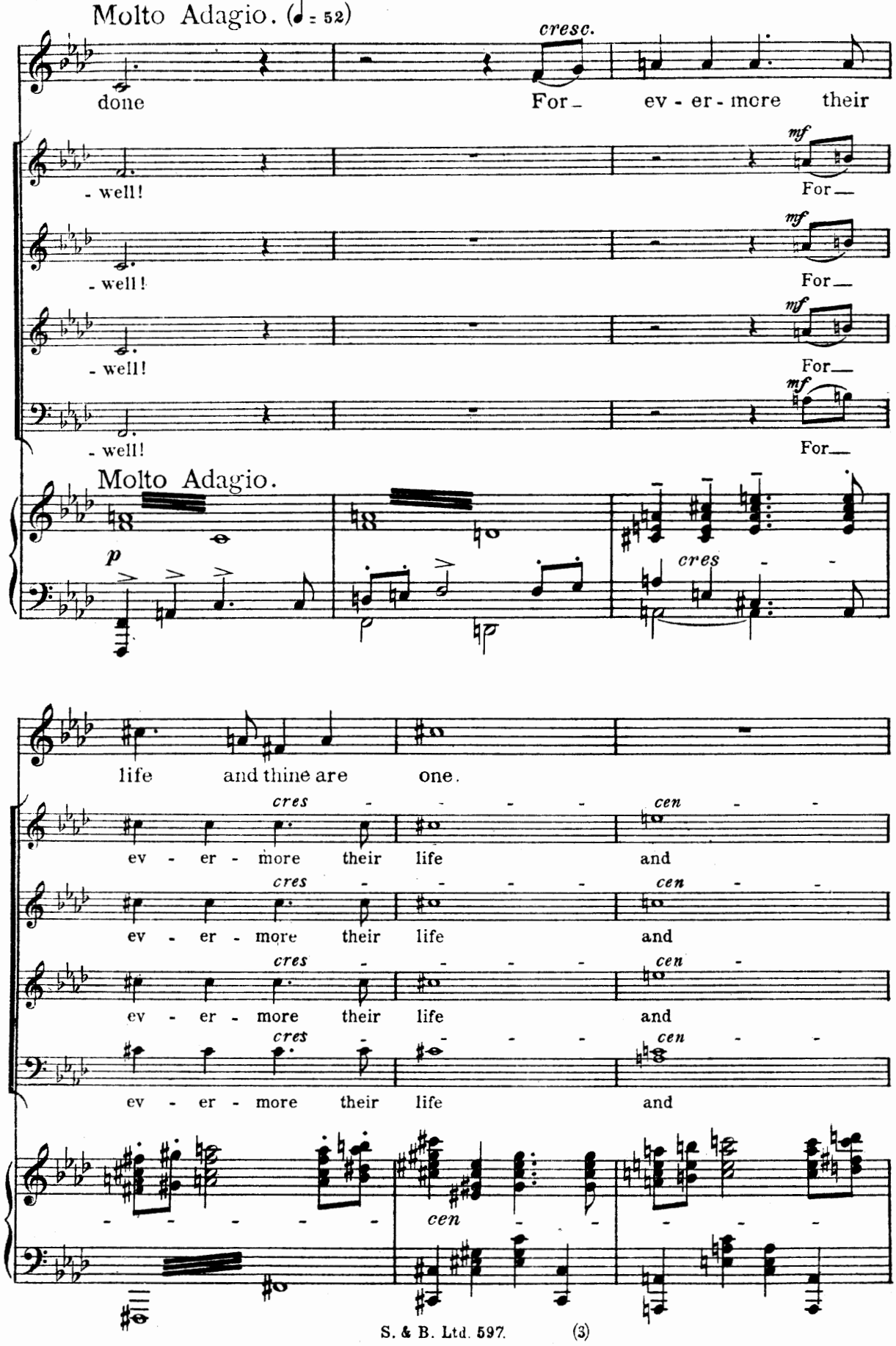
- - ter then brute des - pair,

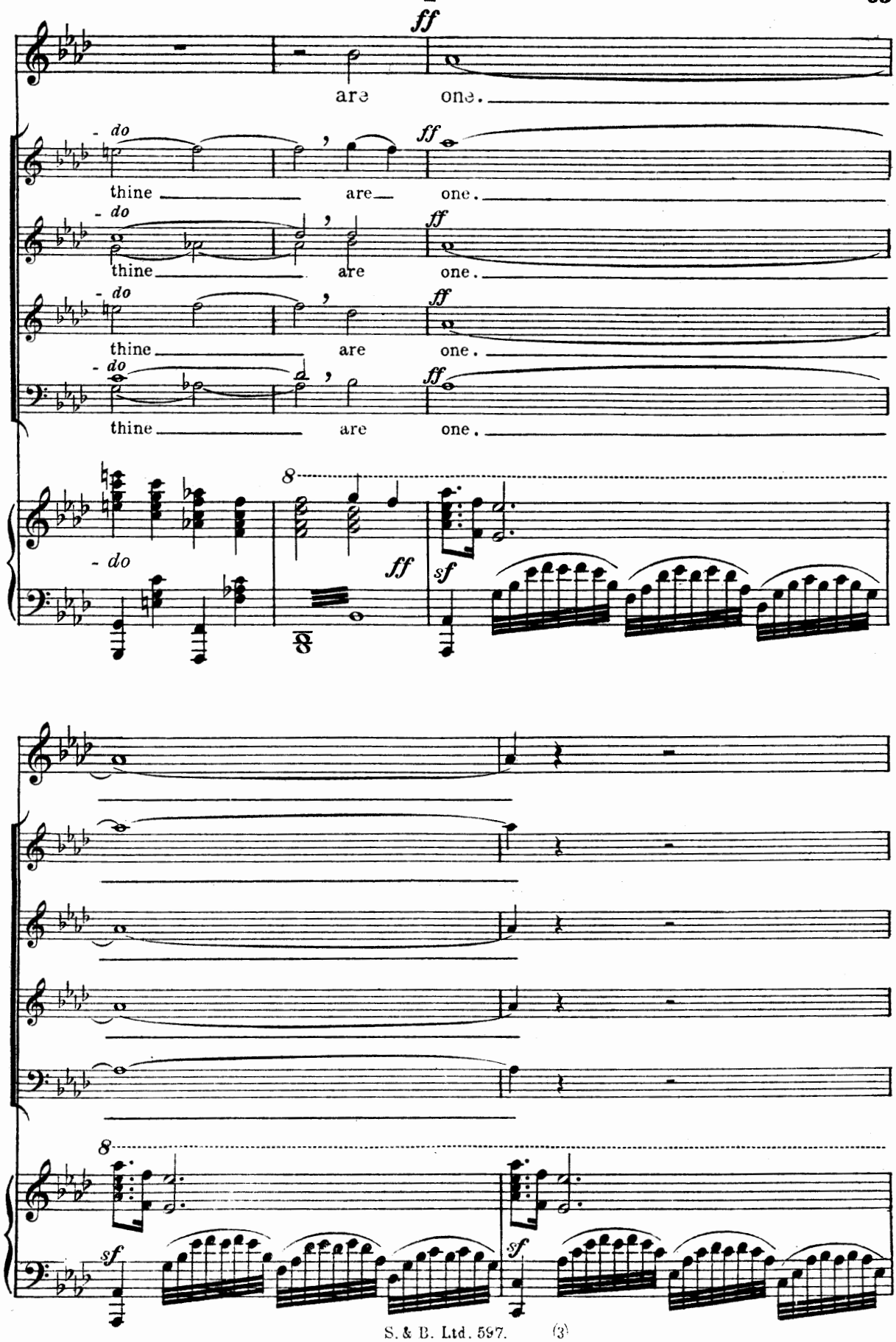
p

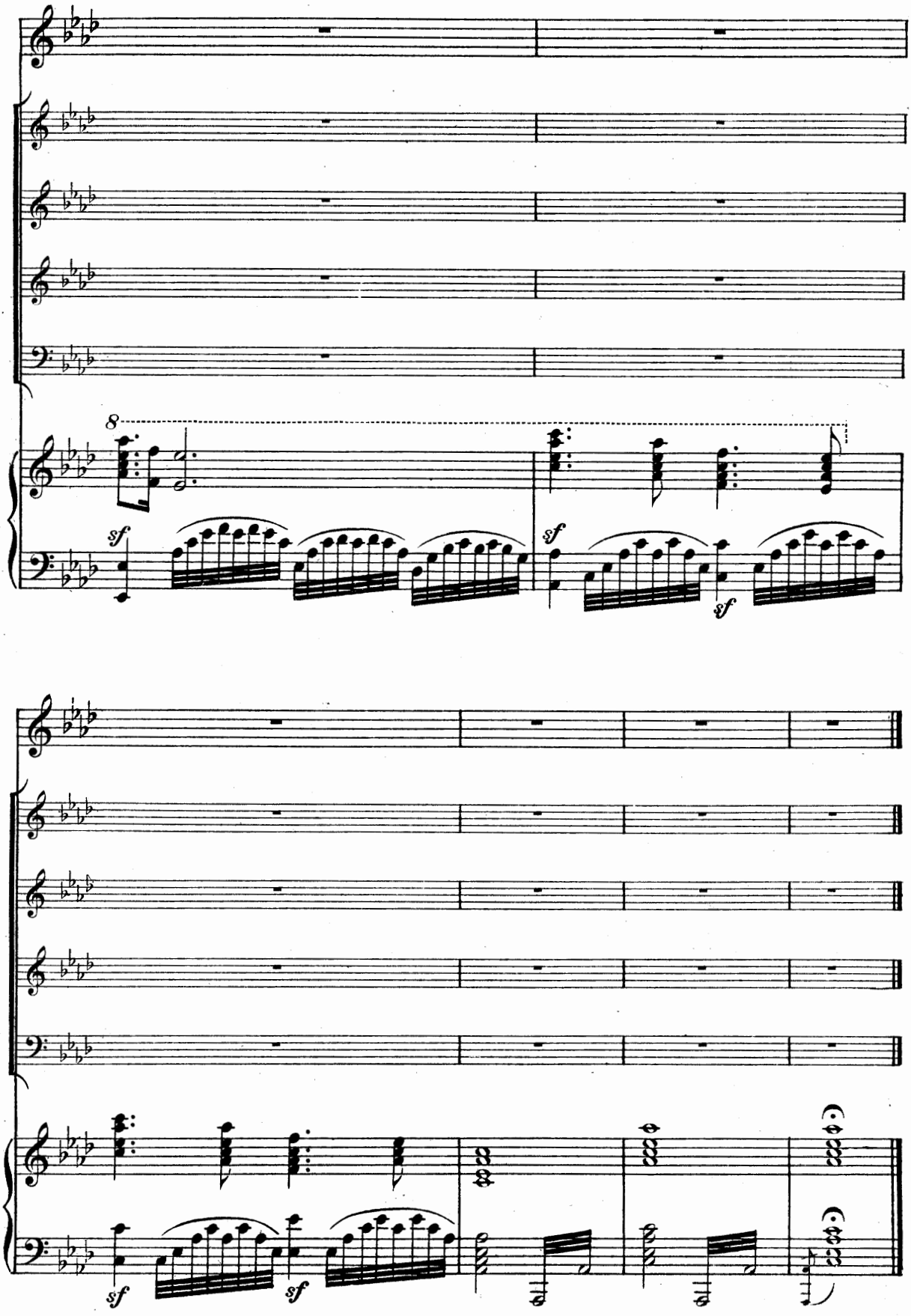
Keep the house un -


They found the se - cret of the word that
- harmed!
rall.
saith, 'Service is sweet, for all true life is
Tempo I. (♩= 60)
rall.
Tempo I.
C
death.' So greet thou well thy dead Across the home - less
ppp
Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
ppp
pp


rall.
sea, And be thou com - for-ted Because they died for
- well
rall.
D a tempo
p
rall.
thee. Far off they served, but now their deed is
pp ppp
Mo - ther! Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
pp ppp
Mo - ther! Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
pp ppp
Mo - ther! Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
pp ppp
Mo - ther! Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
a tempo
rall.


Molto Adagio. (♩ = 52)
cresc.
done
For_ ev - er - more their
mf
- well!
For_
- well!
For_
- well!
For_
- well!
For_
Molto Adagio.
p
cres
life and thine are one.
cres
cen
ev - er - more their life and
ev - er - more their life and
ev - er - more their life and
ev - er - more their life and
cen


ff
are one.
- do
thine are one.
- do
thine are one.
- do
thine are one.
- do
thine are one.
- do
8
ff
sf
8
sf
sf


8
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

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