

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.

SONGS OF A ROVER.

I.

SEA FEVER.

448083

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

Music by
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.

Slowly, with breadth. ♩ = 88.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Con Tred.

Vigorously.

I must down to the seas a - gain, To the lone - ly sea and the

sky, And all I ask is a

tall ship And a star to steer her

Ped *

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

f *

white sails shak - - ing, And a

p

grey mist on the sea's face And a grey dawn break -

ff p p

- ing. I must down to the

f a tempo

seas a - gain, For the call of the run - ning

tide Is a wild call and a

ff

clear call That may not be de - nied; And

f

all I ask is a wind-y day With the white clouds

fly - ing, And the flung spray, and the blown spume

p rall. *ten. rit.* *a tempo*
And the sea-gulls cry - ing.

I must down to the seas a-gain To the va - grant gyp - sy

life, To the gulls' way and the whales' way Where the

wind's like a whet - - ted knife; And all I ask is a

mer - ry yarn From a laugh - ing fel - low - ro - ver, And a

qui - et sleep and a sweet dream When the long trick's* o - - ver.

* 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. ♩ = 80.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Hea - ven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky =

p Earth's jest a dus - ty road.

ten. Dun - no the names o' things,

f *ten.*

And *

nor what they are, Can't say's I ev - er will.

ff rall. *ten.* *in time*

Dun - no a - bout God - He's jest the nod - din'

ff rall. *ten.* *in time*

Lead. * *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

p *rit.*

star A - top the win - dy hill.

p *rit.* *mf*

Lead. *

mf

Dun - no 'bout Life - it's

mf *p* *8*

jest a tramp a - lone From

f

wak - in'-time to doss. *ten.* *p* Dun - no 'bout Death - it's

jest - a quiet - stone *pp* All o - ver

grey wi' moss. *f* *rall.* *ten.* An' why I

live, an' why the old world spins, *p* Are

p rall. things I nev - er knowed; *f* *ten.* My mark's the

p rall. gyp - sy fires, the lone - ly inns, *p* An'

jest the dus - ty road.

pp L.H.

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* *

THE GOLDEN CITY OF St. MARY.

Out beyond the sunset, could I but find the way,
Is a sleepy blue laguna which widens 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.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

VOICE.

PIANO.

Out be - yond the sun - set, could I but find the way, Is a

sleep - y blue la - gu - na which wi - dens to a bay, And_

there's the Bless - ed Ci - ty - so the sail - ors say - The -

Gold - en Ci - ty of St. Ma - - -

ry. It's

built of fair mar - ble - white with - out a stain, And in the

cool twi - light when the sea winds wane, The bells chime faint - ly, like a

p

rit *pp in time*

soft, warm rain, In the Gol - en Ci - ty of St.

Ma - - - ry.

f

And.

A - mong the green palm-trees where the fire - flies shine Are the

f

white tav - ern ta - bles where the gal - lants — dine, Sing - ing

rit. slow Span - ish songs — like — old — mull'd — wine, *in time* In the

Gold - en Ci - ty of St Ma - - -

- ry. Oh

fp

I'll be ship - ping sun - set - wards and West - ward - ho! Through the

fp

rit.

green top - pling comb - ers a - shat - ter - ing in - to snow, Till I

with the voice rit.

ten.

f

rit.

p rall.

come to qui - et moor - ings, and a watch be - low, In the

p rall.

ten.

f rall.

ten.

f with the

p rall.

Gold - en Ci - ty of St. Ma - ry.

ff

voice

ff in time

voice

ff

ff in time