

Nº 1 FOR LOW VOICE

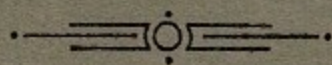
Nº 2 FOR MEDIUM VOICE



FOUR SONGS

FROM

“THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET”



POEMS BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

MUSIC BY

EDWARD ELGAR

ENOCH & SONS

The music is dedicated to my friend Admiral Lord Beresford.
Edward Elgar

◆

FOUR SONGS

FROM

"THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET"

THE POEMS BY
RUDYARD KIPLING
(REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR)

THE MUSIC BY
EDWARD ELGAR

- ◆
1. THE LOWESTOFT BOAT
 2. FATE'S DISCOURTESY _____
 3. SUBMARINES _____
 4. THE SWEEPERS _____

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The Lowestoft Boat.

In Lowestoft a boat was laid,
 Mark well what I do say!
 And she was built for the herring trade.
 But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin',
 The Lord knows where!

They gave her Government coal to burn,
 And a Q. F. gun at bow and stern,
 And sent her out a-rovin', etc.

Her skipper was mate of a bucko ship
 Which always killed one man per trip,
 So he is used to rovin', etc.

Her mate was skipper of a chapel in Wales,
 And so he fights in topper and tails,
 Religi-ous tho' rovin', etc.

Her engineer is fifty-eight,
 So he's prepared to meet his fate,
 Which ain't unlikely rovin', etc.

Her leading-stoker's seventeen,
 So he don't know what the Judgments mean,
 Unless he cops 'em rovin', etc.

Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Home,
 Mark well what I do say!
 And I'm sorry for Fritz when they all come
 A-rovin', a-rovin', a-roarin' and a-rovin',
 Round the North Sea rovin',
 The Lord knows where!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

1.

The Lowestoft Boat. (A Chanty.)

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Allegro. (♩ = 120)

VOICE.

PIANO.

f con spirito

mf

In Low - es - toft a boat was laid,

p

p più lento

Mark well what I do say! And

mf a tempo

p colla parte

mf a tempo

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she was built for the her - ring trade. But —

rit

colla parte

she has gone — a - rov - in'; a - rov - in';

a tempo *dolce* (*slyly*)

p

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

rov - in'; The Lord knows where! —

cresc. (*CHORUS.*) *f* *allargando*

cresc. *f* *colla parte* *a tempo sf* *giocoso*

ped. * *ped.* * *

(*SOLO.*) *mf*

2. They

f

gave her Gov-ern - ment coal to burn, And a

Q. F. gun at bow and stern, And—

rit.

sent her out a - rov - in', a - rov - in',

a tempo *p*

a tempo

Led. * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

rov - in', The Lord knows where!

cresc. *f* *colla parte* *sf a tempo*

cresc. *f*

Led. * *Led.* *

(SOLO.)

3. Her skipper was mate of a buck-o ship Which al-ways killed one
 4. Her mate was skipper of a chap-el in Wales, And so he fights in
 5. Her en-gin-eer is fif-ty-eight, So he's pre-pared to
 6. Her lead-ing-sto-ker's sev-en-teen, So he don't know what the

rit.

man per trip, So he is used to rov-in', a-rov-in',
 top-per and tails, Re-lig-i-ous tho' rov-in', a-rov-in',
 meet his fate, Which ain't un-like-ly rov-in', a-rov-in',
 Judg-ments mean, Un-less he cops 'em rov-in', a-rov-in'.

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

cresc. (CHORUS.) *f*

rov-in', The Lord knows where!

cresc. *f* *colla parte* *sf a tempo*

*Lead. * Lead. **

(SOLO.)

7. Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Home,

f *p*

* In these four stanzas (any of which may be omitted) the tune should be freely adapted, syllabically, to the lilt of the words.

distinto

Mark well what I do say! And I'm sor - ry for Fritz when they

f

Leg. *

f *repeat in Chorus.* *ff*

all come A - rov - in', a - rov - in', a - roar - - in',

ff

(SOLO.) *largamente* (CHORUS.) *allargando*

Round the North Sea_ rov - in', The Lord knows where!_

sf colla parte sf *sf a tempo*

Lento ad lib. with conviction (or spoken).

The Lord knows where!

ff

Fate's Discourtesy.

Be well assured that on our side
 Our challenged oceans fight,
 Though headlong wind and heaping tide
 Make us their sport to-night.
 Through force of weather, not of war,
 In jeopardy we steer.
 Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy
 Whereby it shall appear
 How in all time of our distress
 As in our triumph too,
 The game is more than the player of the game,
 And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though wave and wind
 Have mightier blows in store,
 That we who keep the watch assigned
 Must stand to it the more;
 And as our streaming bows dismiss
 Each billow's baulked career,
 Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy
 Whereby it is made clear
 How in all time of our distress
 As in our triumph too,
 The game is more than the player of the game,
 And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though in our power
 Is nothing left to give
 But time and place to meet the hour
 And leave to strive to live,
 Till these dissolve our Order holds,
 Our Service binds us here.
 Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy
 Whereby it is made clear
 How in all time of our distress
 And our deliverance too,
 The game is more than the player of the game,
 And the ship is more than the crew!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

2.

Fate's Discourtesy.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Allegretto. (♩ = 80)

PIANO. *f*

sonore

f Quasi recit. ad lib.

Be well as-sured that

f colla parte

on our side Our chal-lenged o - ceans fight, Though head - long wind and

mf

heap - ing tide Make us their sport to - night. Through force of wea - ther,

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E. & S. 4992.

not of war, In jeo-par-dy we steer. — Then, wel - come Fate's dis -

rit *p*

colla parte *p*

-cour - te - sy Where - by it shall ap - pear How in all time of

sostenuto mf

mf

our dis-tress As — in our tri-umph too, The game is more than the

f risoluto

f

play - er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew, The

(CHORUS.) *ff*

ff

allargando

game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew!—

allargando

mf

Be well as-sured, though

mf a tempo

mf colla parte

wave and wind Have might-ier blows in store, That we who keep the watch as-signed Must

stand to it the more; And as our streaming bows dis-miss Each bil-low's baulked ca - reer,—

colla parte

p a tempo *mf*

Sing, wel - come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How

sostenuto *f risoluto*

in all time of our dis-tress As_ in our tri-umph too, The

mf *f*

(CHORUS.) *ff*

game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew, The

f *ff*

allargando

game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew!

f a tempo

Be well as-sured, though in our pow'r Is no-thing left to give But

f colla parte

time and place to meet the hour, And leave to strive to live, Till

mf

marcato

these dis-solve our Or - der holds, Our Ser-vice binds us here.

colla parte

Then, wel-come Fate's dis - cour - te - sy Where - by it is made clear How

sostenuto in all time of our dis-tress And our de - liv - 'rance too, The *f risoluto*

game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew, The **(CHORUS.)** *ff*

allargando game is more than the play-er of the game, And the ship is more than the crew!

Submarines.

The ships destroy us above
And ensnare us beneath,
We arise, we lie down, and we move
In the belly of Death.

The ships have a thousand eyes
To mark where we come...
And the mirth of a seaport dies
When our blow gets home.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

3.

Submarines.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Lento. (♩ = 68.)

VOICE. *p* The

PIANO. *p* *tr* *tr*

ships des - troy us a - bove And en -

rit.

snare us be - neath. *pp* We

tr *tr* *pp*

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E. & S. 4994.

ad lib. *a tempo*

rise, we lie down, and we move In the

colla parte *tr* *a tempo* *tr*

poco più animato
cresc.

bel - - ly of death. The

allargando *a tempo* *p*

ships have a thou - sand eyes To

sf *p* *tr*

cresc.

mark where we come, And the mirth of a sea - port

tr *tr* *cresc.*

f *stringendo* *ff* *rit.* *al dim.*

dies _____ When our

f *stringendo* *rit* *p* *al*

Tempo I. *p* *pp* *pp*

blow gets home. We

Tempo I. *p* *pp* *tr* *tr* *tr*

ad lib. ,

rise, we lie down, and we move In the bel - ly of

colla parte *tr* *tr* *tr*

death.

pp *dim.* *rit.* *ppp* *tr*

The Sweepers.

Dawn off the Foreland— the young flood making
 Jumbled and short and steep—
 Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking—
 Awkward water to sweep.
 "Mines reported in the fairway,
 Warn all traffic and detain.
 'Sent up Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,
 Stormcock and Golden Gain.'

Noon off the Foreland— the first ebb making
 Lumpy and strong in the bight.
 Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking
 And the jackdaws wild with fright!
 "Mines located in the fairway,
 Boats now working up the chain.
 Sweepers - Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,
 Stormcock and Golden Gain.'

Dusk off the Foreland— the last light going
 And the traffic crowding through,
 And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing
 Heading the whole review!
 "Sweep completed in the fairway,
 No more mines remain.
 'Sent back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian,
 Stormcock and Golden Gain.'

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"The Fringes of the Fleet."

4.

The Sweepers.

Song.

Words by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Moderato. (♩ = circa 80.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

f risoluto

Lento
f Quasi recit. *a tempo* *rit.*

Dawn off the Fore-land — the young flood mak-ing Jum-bled and short and steep —

f colla parte *mf a tempo* *rit.*

f a tempo *poco rit.*

Black in the hol-lows and bright where it's break-ing — Awk-ward wa-ter to sweep.

f con Ad.

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E & S. 4984.

Lento.
p remote but distinctly.
Recit.

"Mines re - port - ed in the fair - way,

p *colla parte*

cresc. Warn all traf - fic and de - tain?"

accel.

cresc. *accel.*

a tempo
f *risoluto* 'Sent up Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain?"

allargando

(CHORUS.)

ff "Sent up Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an, Storm - cock, and Gold - en Gain"

f *Quasi recit.* *a tempo*

Noon off the Fore - land - _____ the first ebb mak - ing

f *colla parte* *mf* *a tempo*

rit. *f* *a tempo*

Lump - y and strong in the bight. Boom af - ter boom, and the golf - hut shak - ing And the

rit. *f*

poco rit. *Lento.*
p *remote but distinctly.*
Recit.

jack - daws wild with fright! "Mines lo - ca - ted in the fair - way,

p *colla parte*

cresc. *accel.*

Boats now work - ing up the chain.

cresc. *accel.*

f a tempo risoluto

"Sweep - ers— Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an,

f a tempo

(CHORUS.)

Storm-cock and Gold - en Gain?" - "Sweep - ers— Un - i - ty, Clar - i - bel, As - sy - ri - an,

f a tempo

Lento
p Quasi recit.

Storm - cock and Gold - en Gain?" Dusk off the Fore - land—

p colla parte

a tempo *cresc.* *f* *ff*

the last light go - ing And the traf - fic crowd - ing through, And

mf *f* *ff*

distinctly. *poco rit.* Repeat in Chorus.

five damned trawl-ers with their sy-reens blow-ing Head-ing the whole re-view!

colla parte

Lento
f Recit.

'Sweep com-plet-ed in the fair-way, No more mines re-main.

f colla parte

ff a tempo

'Sent back Un-i-ty, Clar-i-bel, As-sy-ri-an, Storm-cock and Gold-en Gain?'

ff

(CHORUS.)

'Sent back Un-i-ty, Clar-i-bel, As-sy-ri-an, Storm-cock and Gold-en Gain?'

fff *rit.* *ff*

* * *