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

FOUR SONGS

"THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET"

THE POEMS BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THE MUSIC BY EDWARD ELGAR

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

Full Score

TRANSCRIBED BY JOHN MORRISON

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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 she 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.























Fate's Discourtesy.

Be well assured that on our side Our challenged oceans fight,
Though headlong wind and heapng 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 !



The Fringes of the Fleet - Fate's Discourtesy



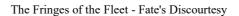
The Fringes of the Fleet - Fate's Discourtesy





The Fringes of the Fleet - Fate's Discourtesy









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.













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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.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

Double Bass

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The Sweepers. Song.

Music by EDWARD ELGAR.



The Fringes of the Fleet - The Sweepers



























Transcribed by John Morrison, 2019.