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W. G. OWST

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THE WHITE SHIP

RECITATION

WITH

PIANOFORTE

Poem by DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

\$1.50

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER

BOSTON : BOSTON MUSIC CO.

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## THE WHITE SHIP

**B**Y none but me can the tale be told,  
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
*(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)*

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
*(The sea hath no King but God alone.)*

King Henry held it as life's whole gain  
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,  
And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,  
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast  
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one  
He had struck to crown himself and his son;  
And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,  
The poor flung ploughshares on his road,  
And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land  
Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France  
To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy  
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come  
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,  
And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King,  
A pilot famous in sea-faring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,  
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship  
From whose boat your father's foot did slip  
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command  
O'er every rood of English land!"

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now  
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an it be my due,  
Your father's son and his grandson, too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay,  
From Harfleur's harbour she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears,  
And with fifty well-trying mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,  
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship  
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,  
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,  
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,  
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,  
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I, Berold, was the meanest hind  
In all that train to the Prince assigned.

The Prince was a lawless, shameless youth;  
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,  
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;  
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight,  
Though we sail from the harbour at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;  
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;  
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,  
And the White Ship furrowed the water-way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune  
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped,  
Till she flew as the spirit from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she  
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!  
Is a song-bird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,  
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,  
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song—nay, a shriek that rent the sky,  
That leaped o'er the deep!—the grievous cry  
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock  
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar—a shrill, strange sigh—  
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm  
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,  
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,  
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,  
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin,—  
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,  
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.  
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"  
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,  
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,  
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim  
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,  
And thro' the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all  
As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

I, Berold, was clinging anear;  
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,  
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,  
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel  
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,  
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:  
O'er the naked keel as best she might slide,  
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,  
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,  
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:  
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,  
And nothing was there but the surge and the swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,  
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee  
And maugre the Norman fealty!

He was a Prince of lust and pride;  
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,  
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plough;  
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,  
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,  
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

*(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)*

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

*(The sea hath no King but God alone.)*

And now the end came o'er the water's womb  
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,  
The White Ship Sundered on the mid-main:

And what were men and what was a ship  
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I, Berold, was down in the sea;  
And passing strange though the thing may be,  
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand  
When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam  
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat  
When the body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown  
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,  
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,  
And the deep shuddered and the moon shone,

And in a strait grasp my arms did span  
The mainyard rent from the mast where it ran;  
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea-sky,  
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,  
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son  
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we  
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave,  
And we said "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,  
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he.  
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"  
And loosed his hold and sank thro' the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space  
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,  
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead  
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son  
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's fordone!"

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"  
"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,  
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea  
Like an angel's wing that beat toward me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;  
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,  
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher-boat.

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim  
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,  
 Who charged me, till the shrift were released,  
 That I should keep it in mine own breast.  
 And with the priest I thence did fare  
 To King Henry's court at Winchester.  
 We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,  
 And he wept and mourned again and again,  
 As if his own son had been slain:  
 And round us ever there crowded fast  
 Great men with faces all aghast:  
 And who so bold that might tell the thing  
 Which now they knew, to their lord the King?  
 Much woe I learnt in their communing.  
 The King had watched with heart sore stirred  
 For two whole days, and this was the third:  
 And still to all his court would he say,  
 "What keeps my son so long away?"  
 And they said: "The ports lie far and wide  
 That skirt the swell of the English tide;  
 "And England's cliffs are not more white  
 Than her women are, and scarce so light  
 Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;  
 "And in some port that he reached from France  
 The Prince has lingered for his pleasaunce."  
 But once the King asked: "What distant cry  
 Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"  
 And one said: "With such-like shouts, pardie!  
 Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."  
 And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest  
 When the sea-mew misses its young from its nest?"  
 'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread,  
 Albeit they knew not what they said:  
 But who should speak to-day of the thing  
 That all knew there except the King?  
 Then pondering much they found a way,  
 And met round the King's high seat that day:

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,  
 And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.  
 'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware  
 Of a little boy with golden hair,  
 As bright as the golden poppy is  
 That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:  
 Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring,  
 And his garb black like the raven's wing.  
 Nothing was heard but his foot thro' the hall,  
 For now the lords were silent all.  
 And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!  
 Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?"  
 "Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall  
 As though my court were a funeral?"  
 Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,  
 And looked up weeping in the King's face.  
 "O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,  
 For white is the hue of death to-day.  
 "Your son and all his fellowship  
 Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."  
 King Henry fell as a man struck dead;  
 And speechless still he stared from his bed  
 When to him next day my rede I read.  
 There's many an hour must needs beguile  
 A King's high heart that he should smile,—  
 Full many a lordly hour, full fain  
 Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign:—  
 But this King never smiled again.  
 By none but me can the tale be told,  
 The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
 (*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)  
 'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
 Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
 (*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



# THE WHITE SHIP



To my friend Edward Brigham

# The White Ship

## Melodrama

Words by  
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

W. G. Owst

**Introduction**  
Adagio

Piano

*pp*

*cresc. poco a poco*

*f*

*dim.*

*mf*

*mp*

*Allegretto*

*grazioso*

*poco rall.*

*mf a tempo*

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First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The left hand provides harmonic support with chords and moving bass lines. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the first two measures.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with slurred eighth-note figures. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *cresc.* is present in the first measure.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a more active melodic line. The left hand has a prominent bass line. Dynamic markings include *f sempre cresc.* and *ff*. A performance instruction *ben marcato il basso* is written below the bass staff.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand continues with slurred eighth-note patterns. The left hand features a bass line with accents. A first ending bracket labeled '8' is present at the end of the system.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand features a bass line with a dynamic marking of *<sf>*. A *rall.* marking is present in the final measures.

Lento (♩ = 84) Adagio

*fff* *pp* *rall.* *3*

*fff* *3* *cresc.* *mf* *molto rall. senza tempo* *ff a tempo* *3* *Led.*

*p* *pp* *rall. e dim.* *3* *Led.*

By none but me can the tale be told,  
 The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
 (Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)  
 'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
 Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
 (The sea hath no King but God alone.)

Andante, ma non troppo

Maestoso

King Henry

*p* *rall.* *mf*

*red.* \*

held it as life's whole gain That after his death his son should reign. 'Twas

*rall.* *f a tempo*

*red.* \*

so in my youth I heard men say, And my old age calls it back to-day.

*mp*

*red.* \*

King Henry of England's realm was he,  
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast  
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one He had struck to crown himself and his  
Allegro

*mf* *sf* *p* *sf*

son; And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

*poco agitato* *rall.*

And when to the chase his court would crowd, The poor flung ploughshares on his road,

*a tempo*  
*mf*  
*f molto accel. e cresc.*

And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

*rall.*  
*ff poco lento*  
*ppp*  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

But all the chiefs of the English land  
Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France  
To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy  
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come  
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,  
And Christmas now was drawing near.

*Allegretto grazioso*

*p*  
*sempre legato*  
*cresc.*  
*poco rall.*  
*p riten.*  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*mf a tempo*

*Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.* \*

*cresc.*

*Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.*

Stout Fitz - Moderato

*f poco rall.* *ff* *rall.* *f*

*Led.* \*

Stephen came to the King, - A pilot famous in sea-faring; And he held to the King, in all men's sight, A mark

*Led.* \*

of gold for his tribute's right. "Liege Lord! my fa-ther guided the ship From whose boat your



fa-ther's foot did slip When he caught the English soil  
in his grip, And cried: 'By this clasp

Musical score for the first system, featuring piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key with a common time signature. It includes dynamics such as *rall.* and *f poco lento*. The piano part consists of flowing arpeggiated figures in both hands.

I claim command O'er every rood of English land! He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now  
In that ship with the

Musical score for the second system. It begins with a key signature change to a major key. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*. There are dynamics like *mp* and *rall. e dim.*. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

archer carved ather prow: And thither I'll bear, an it be my due, Your father's son and his grandson too.

Musical score for the third system. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern. A *poco rall.* marking is present towards the end of the system.

The famed White Ship is mine in the bay, From Harfleur's harbour she sails to-day, With

Musical score for the fourth system. The tempo is marked *a tempo*. The piano accompaniment maintains its eighth-note accompaniment.

masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears And with fif-ty well-tried ma-ri-ners."

Musical score for the fifth system. The piano accompaniment concludes with a *rall. e dim.* marking. The system ends with a key signature change to a minor key.

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one, But I'll not say nay to

Stephens's son.

My son and

daughter

and

*Allegro*

*Andante*

Musical score for the first system, featuring piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and the left hand has a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. Dynamics include *f*, *poco rall.*, and *mp*. There are triplets and a fermata in the right hand.

fellowship

Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

Musical score for the second system, featuring piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and the left hand has a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. Dynamics include *rall.* and *pp*. There are triplets and a fermata in the right hand.

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,  
 And soon he left that coast behind.  
 The Prince and all his, a princely show,  
 Remained in the good White Ship to go.  
 With noble knights and with ladies fair,  
 With courtiers and sailors gathered there,  
 Three hundred living souls we were:  
 And I, Berold, was the meanest hind  
 In all that train to the Prince assign'd.

The Prince was a lawless,shameless youth; From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

*Vivace*

Musical score for the third system, featuring piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and the left hand has a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). Dynamic is *ff*. There are triplets and a fermata in the right hand.

Eighteen years till then he had seen, And the devils dues in him were eighteen.

Musical score for the fourth system, featuring piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and the left hand has a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). Dynamic is *accel.*. There are triplets and a fermata in the right hand.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;  
 Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:  
 Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight,  
 Though we sail from the harbour at midnight!"  
 The rowers made good cheer without check;  
 The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;  
 The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at mid-night's stroke they cleared the bay, And the White Ship furrowed the water-way.

*mp poco lento*

Led. \*

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

*mp*

Led. \* Led. m. s. \*

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped, Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

*mf cresc e poco accel.*

Led. \* Led. m. s. \* Led. m. s. \*

As white as a lily glimmered she Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea. And the

Led. \* Led. m. s. \* Led. m. s. \*

Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing! Is a song-bird's course so swift on the wing?" And

*cresc.*

Led. \* Led. m. s. \*

under the winter stars' still throng, From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong, The

*f* *accel.* *ff*

knights and the ladies raised a song:

A song- nay, a shriek that rent the sky,  
Vivace

*molto accel.* *ff*

That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry Of three hundred living that now must die.

*sf*

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock  
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill, strange  
sigh — The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Andante

*p*

*mf dim. rall. pp stringendo*

Pale Fitz - Stephen stood by the helm 'Mid all those

*mf largamente*

folk that the waves must whelm. A great King's heir for the waves to whelm, And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

*molto rall. pp*

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,  
 By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierc'd:  
 And like the moil round a sinking cup,  
 The waters against her crowded up.  
 A moment the pilot's senses spin, -  
 The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,  
 Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.  
 A few friends leaped with him, standing near.  
 "Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"

"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

*Allegro f*

Out of the churn of the choking ship,  
 Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,  
 They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the split - - ting bulwarks' brim The Prince's sister

Vivace

*ff*

*staccato il basso*

screamed to him. He gazed aloft, still rowing apace, And

*ff*

thro' the whirled surf he knew her face. To the toppling decks clave one and all As a

*ff*

*cresc.*

fly cleaves to a chamber - wall.

I, Berold, was clinging anear; I

Andante

*p*

*<sf>*

prayed for myself and quaked with fear, But I saw his eyes as he looked at her. He

*<sf>*

*rall.*

*mf*

knew her face and he heard her cry, And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"  
Allegretto

And back with the current's force they reel  
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.  
'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,  
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide: O'er the naked keel as she best might slide, The  
Andante

sister toiled to the brother's side. He reached an oar to her from below, And

stiffened his arms to clutch her so. But now from the ship some spied the boat, And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:

It turned as a bucket turns in a well, And nothing was there but the surge and the swell.

Adagio

*pp legato*

*p*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped.

The Prince that was and the King to come, There in an instant gone to his doom, De -

Lento

*p*

*pp*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped.

spite of all England's bended knee

And maugre

the Norman fealty!

*dim. e rall.*

*<sf>*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

He was a Prince of lust and pride; He showed no grace till the hour he

died. When he should be King, he oft would vow, He'd yoke the peasant to his own plough;

Andante

*mp legato*

Ped. \* Ped. \*



O'er him the ships score their furrows now. God only knows where his soul did wake, But I saw him

*cresc.* *ff* *molto rall.* *p*

*ped.* \*

die for his sister's sake.

Moderato

*p* *mf* *poco rall.*

*ped.* \*

By

none but me can the tale be told, The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold. (*Lands are swayed*

*mp* *più lento* *rall.*

*by a King on a throne.)*

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea, Yet the tale can be told by none but me. (*The sea hath no*

*p* *lento* *dim. e* *rall.* *pp*

*King but God alone.)*

And now the end came o'er the water's womb  
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,  
The White Ship Sundered on the mid-main:

And what were men and what was a ship  
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I, Berold, was down in the sea;  
And passing strange though the thing may be,  
Of dreams then known I remember me.

## Andante assai lento

Blithe is the shout on

*mp sempre legato* *poco rall.* *a tempo*

*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \**

Harfleur's strand When morning lights the sails to land: And blithe is Honfleur's

*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \**

echoing gloam When mothers call the children home: And

*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \*And. \**

high do the bells of Rouen beat When the body of Christ goes down the street.

*rall.* *pp senza tempo*

*And. \**

These things and the like were heard and shown  
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,  
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,  
And the deep shuddered and the moon shone,

And in a strait grasp my arms did span  
The mainyard rent from the mast where it ran;  
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea-sky,  
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,  
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son  
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town"

Then cried we upon God's name, as we  
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave, And we said "Thank God! us three may He

Moderato

*mf*

*f*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

save!" He clutch'd to the yard with panting stare, And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen

*f*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped.

there. He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he. "Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on

Agitato

*ff*

*poco rall.*

me!" And loosed his hold and sank thro' the sea. And soul with soul again in that space We two were together face to face:

*riten.*

*p lento*

Ped. \*

And each knew each, as the moments sped,  
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead  
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son  
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's foredone!

O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"

"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Religioso

*pp senza tempo*

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,

And I

drifted over the sea

alone.

*mf poco lento* *poco rall.*

Andante

*mp* Red. \* Red. \*

*mf* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

At last the morning rose on the sea Like an angel's

*cresc.* *poco rall.*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

wing that beat tow'rds me. Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat; Half

*Allegretto moderato* *<sf>*

Red. \* Red. \*

dead I hung, and might nothing note, Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher - - boat.

*accel.* *rallent.* *f* *p*

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

*Andante*

*mf* *rall.* *ff*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

That day I told my tale to a priest,  
Who charged me, till the shrift were released,  
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence  
did fare To King Henry's court at Winchester. We

Moderato

*mp* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

spoke with the King's high chamberlain, And he wept and mourned again and again, As

*p*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

if his own son had been slain: And round us ever there crowded fast Great

*poco accel.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

men with faces all aghast: And who so bold that might tell the thing  
Which now they knew, to their lord the King? Much

*rall.* *lento* *pp*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

woe I learnt in their communing.

The King had watched with heart sore stirred  
For two whole days, and this was the third:  
And still to all his court would he say,  
"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said:

"The ports lie far and wide That skirt the swell of the English tide; And

*Allegro moderato*

*mf*

And

England's cliffs are not more white Than her wom - - en are, and

And

scarce so light Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright; And

*poco rall.* *ten.* *a tempo*

And

in some port that he reach'd from France The Prince has linger'd for his pleasure."

*f* *dim. e rall.* *pp*

And

But once the King asked:

"What distant cry Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said:

*Poco lento*

*p*

*Allegro moderato*

"With such - like shouts, par - die!

Do the fish-ers fling their nets at

*p*

*ped.* \*

sea."

And one: "Who knows not the shriek - ing quest When the

*poco rall.*

*p a tempo*

*ped.* \*

sea-mew misses its young from its nest?"

'Twas thus till now they had

*poco rall.*

*mf string.*

*ped.* \*



soothed his dread,

Albeit they knew not what they said:

But

*poco rall.* *a tempo* *poco rall.*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

who should speak to-day of the thing That all knew

*f accel.*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

there

ex-cept the King?

*rall.* *p molto lento* *ten.* *pp*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

Then pondering much they found a way,  
 And met round the King's high seat that day:  
 And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,  
 And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

## Marcia funebre

*pp sempre legato*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware Of a lit - tle boy with golden hair,

*mp*

As bright as the golden poppy is That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

*poco rall.*

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring, And his garb black like the raven's wing.

*mf*

*sf*

*f*

Ped. \*

Ped. \*

Nothing was heard but his foot thro' the hall, For now the lords were silent all.

*p*

*rall. e dim. pp*

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!  
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?  
Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall  
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then low-ly knelt the child at the dais, And looked up weeping in the King's face.

"O

pp *lento* *rall.* *rall.*

where-fore black, O King, ye may say, For white is the hue of

*p poco lento*

*Led.* \* *Led.* \*

death to-day. Your son and all his fellowship Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

*molto rall.* *pp*

*Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.* \*

**Allegro con fuoco**

*ff*

*Led.* \* *Led.* \* *Led.* \*

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;  
 And speechless still he stared from his bed  
 When to him next day my rede I read.  
 There's many an hour must needs beguile  
 A King's high heart that he should smile, -  
 Full many a lordly hour, full fain  
 Of his realms' rule and pride of his reign: -

But this King

nev - er smiled

*Lento*

*pp*

*sf*

*And.* \*

a - gain.

*dim. e molto rall.*

*calando*

*ppp*

*And.* \*

*Adagio*

By none but me can the tale be told, The

*pp*

*cresc.*

*f*

*pp*

*cresc.*

*And.* \*

butcher of Rouen, poor Berold. (Lands are swayed by

a King on a throne.) 'Twas a royal train put forth to sea, Yet the tale can be

*ff*

*lento p*

*And.* \*

*And.* \*

told by none but me. (The sea hath no King but God alone.)

*Largo*

*pp*

*ppp*

*And.* \*

*And.* \*







