

# Sailing Westward.

QUARTET.

S. A. T. B.

Poem by  
ALFRED NOYES.

Music by  
EDWARD ELGAR.

Brightly.

SOPRANO. Hoist your sails, ad-venturous captains!

ALTO. Hoist your sails, ad-venturous captains!

TENOR. Hoist your sails, ad-venturous captains!

BASS. Hoist your sails, ad-venturous captains!

Vivace.

PIANO. Drums.

Out and chase the set-ting sun! Boundless as the deep be-fore you

Out and chase the set-ting sun! Boundless as the deep be-fore you

Out and chase the set-ting sun! Boundless as the deep be-fore you

Out and chase the set-ting sun! Boundless as the deep be-fore you

Red. \*

Shines the dream that calls you on. Sky to sky, ad - venturous captains,

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Shines the dream that calls you on. Sky to sky, ad - venturous captains,

*mf cantabile*

Calls you, as the won - der grows; Ev' - ry sun-down as it deep - ens,

Calls you, as the won - der grows; Ev' - ry sun-down as it deep - ens,

Calls you, as the won - der grows; Ev' - ry sun - down as it deep - ens,

Calls you, as the won - der grows; Ev' - ry sun - down as it deep - ens,

*cresc.* *ff*

Ev' - ry sun-down as it deep - ens, Red - d'ning to an Eng - lish rose.

Ev' - ry sun-down as it deep - ens, Red - d'ning to an Eng - lish rose.

Ev' - ry sun-down as it deep - ens, Red - d'ning to an Eng - lish rose.

Ev' - ry sun-down as it deep - ens, Red - d'ning to an Eng - lish rose.

Are there worlds be - yond the dark-ness? West-ward, through the thun-d'ring gales,

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Are there worlds be - yond the dark-ness? West-ward, through the thun-d'ring gales,

Are there worlds be - yond the dark-ness? West - ward, through the thun-d'ring gales,

West - ward go the shi - ning sail - ors! West - ward plunge the

West - ward go the shi - ning sail - ors! West - ward plunge the

West - ward go the shi - ning sail - ors! West - ward plunge the

West - ward go the shi - ning sail - ors! West - ward plunge the

tat - tered sails! O - cean o - pens out of o - cean,

tat - tered sails! O - cean o - pens out of o - cean,

tat - tered sails! O - cean o - pens out of o - cean,

tat - tered sails! O - cean o - pens out of o - cean,

*mf cantabile*

Eng-land fades be-hind them far, Are there worlds be - yond the dark - ness,

Eng-land fades be-hind them far, Are there worlds be - yond the dark - ness,

Eng-land fades be-hind them far, Are there worlds be - yond the dark - ness,

Eng - land fades be-hind them far, Are there worlds be - yond the dark - ness,

Worlds of light be - yond the dark - ness? Eng - land sails be -

Worlds of light be - yond the dark - ness? Eng - land sails be -

Worlds of light be - yond the dark - ness? Eng - land sails be -

Worlds of light be - yond the dark - ness? Eng - land sails be -

*cresc.* - yond the dark - ness *ff* West - ward, steer - ing by a star.

*cresc.* - yond the dark - ness *ff* West - ward, steer - ing by a star.

*cresc.* - yond the dark - ness *ff* West - ward, steer - ing by a star.

*cresc.* - yond the dark - ness *ff* West - ward, steer - ing by a star.



Tune : "SAILING WESTWARD."

## GLORIANA.

All the Fleets of Spain are broken!

All the streets of London cry,—  
*Gloriana! Gloriana!*

*Gloriana draweth nigh.*

She that broke her heart for England,  
Broke the might of England's foes;  
And, when midnight closed around us,  
Like the star of morning rose.

Gloriana! Gloriana!

(Clash the belfries, near and far!)

Riding on her milk-white palfrey

Up to Paul's from Temple Bar;  
Hand upon the helm of England;

Light of England through the war!  
*Are there worlds beyond the darkness,  
Worlds of dawn beyond the darkness,  
Light and joy beyond the darkness?*

Look at England's morning star.

All their arrogant Fleets are broken

And the trumpets rend the sky,—  
*Gloriana! Gloriana!*

*Gloriana passeth by!*

ALFRED NOYES.

Tune: "SAILING WESTWARD."

## THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Round the Cape our storm-beat galleons  
Strove to find the old sea-way,  
Sailing round the coasts of darkness  
East, for India and Cathay.  
Here awhile they dropped their anchors,  
Here the sea road eastward turned.  
Here a star of hope to cheer them  
Over Table Mountain burned.

Cape of Hope, Good Hope to guide them,  
Though they looked to eastward then,  
Here to northward, through the darkness,  
Rolled a world beyond their ken.  
Northward, o'er the glorious mountain  
Dawns the hope they never knew.  
*Are there worlds beyond the darkness,  
Mightier worlds beyond the darkness?*  
Look, O, look beyond the darkness,  
And Good Hope shall answer you.

ALFRED NOYES.

Tune: "SAILING WESTWARD."

## INDIAN DAWN.

Eastward now the sails of England  
Cleave their darkly shining way,—  
Royal sails that meet the sunrise  
Rolling westward from Cathay,  
Till the dawn-wind softly whispers  
Over scented Indian seas,—  
"Queen of all the Gates of Morning,  
Take and guard our shining keys."

Now, like moons, the droning temples  
Over murmuring palms arise;  
Now, along the Sacred River,  
Flows a dream of deeper skies:  
Guard of all the Gates of Freedom,  
In thy hands our freedom lies!  
*Are there worlds beyond the darkness,  
Worlds of dawn beyond the darkness?*  
England looks beyond the darkness  
And the dawn is in her eyes!

Havelock, Outram, proud companions,  
In your souls the splendour glows:  
Every sunrise as it wakens,  
Every sunrise as it wakens,  
Deepening to an English rose.

ALFRED NOYES.



Tune: "SAILING WESTWARD."

## THE ISLANDS.

Southward now, the radiant islands  
O'er the golden ocean rise;  
Peaks of snow, and happy valleys  
Where eternal summer lies;  
Flocks that drift like clouds in heaven;  
Lakes that gleam like fallen skies;  
And the four great rivers rolling  
Through the ferns of Paradise.

Yet, O yet, a shadowy island  
Throned on misty Northern seas  
Calls across the world for ever,  
Calls us—to our mother's knees.  
Ocean severs; Ocean binds us;  
Every whisper of the foam  
Breaking on our shores reminds us  
That an island was our home.

ALFRED NOYES.