

Song of the Ship-Builders

John Greenleaf Whittier

Two-Part Canon

Gustav Holst

Moderato *mf*

1st Voice

Hark! roars the bel - lows, blast on blast, The soot - y smithy—

2nd Voice

Hark! roars the bel - lows, blast on blast, The

Piano

mf

6

jars, And fire-sparks ri - sing far and fast, Are fad - ing with the—

soot - y smith-y— jars, And fire-sparks ri - sing far and fast, Are

10

stars. All_ day for us the smith shall stand Be - side that flash - ing

fad - ing with the_ stars. All_ day for us the smith shall stand Be -

cresc.

forge; All day for us his hea - vy hand The groan - ing an - vil
 side that flash - ing forge; All day for us his hea - vy hand The

scourge. From far - off hills the pant - ing team For us is toil - ing—
 groan - ing an - vil scourge. From far - off hills the pant - ing team For

near; For us the rafts - men down the stream Their is - land barg - es—
 us is toil - ing— near; For us the rafts - men down the stream Their

steer. Rings— out for us the axe-man's strokes In for - ests old and
 is - land barg-es— steer. Rings— out for us the axe-man's strokes In

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

still, For us the cen-tu-ry cir - cled oak Falls crash - ing down his
 for - ests old and still, For us the cen-tu-ry cir - cled oak Falls

f

f

f

hill. Wher - e'er the keel of
 crash - ing down his hill. Wher -

mf

mf

mf

our good ship The sea's rough field shall plough, Wher e'er her toss - ing
 e'er the keel of our good ship The sea's rough field shall plough, Wher

spars shall drip With salt-spray caught be - low, That ship must heed her
 e'er her toss - ing spars shall drip With salt spray caught be - low, That

mas - ter's beck, Her helm o-bey his hand, And sea - mentread her
 ship must heed her mas - ter's beck, Her helm o-bey his hand, And

reel - ing deck As if they trod the land. Be hers the Prair - ie's
 sea - mentread her reel - ing deck As if they trod the land. Be

mf
mf
dim.
mf

gold - en grain, The De - sert's gold - en sand, The clustered fruits of
 hers the Prair - ie's gold - en grain, The De - sert's gold - en sand, The

sun - ny Spain, The spice of Morn - ing - land! Her path - way on the
 clus - tered fruits of sun - ny Spain, The spice of Morn - ing - land! Her

cresc.
cresc.

o - pen main May bless - ings fol - low free, And glad hearts wel - come
 path - way on the o - pen main May bless - ings fol - low free, And

cresc. *f*

back a - gain Her white sails from the sea!
 glad hearts wel - come back a - gain Her white sails from the sea!

cresc. *f*