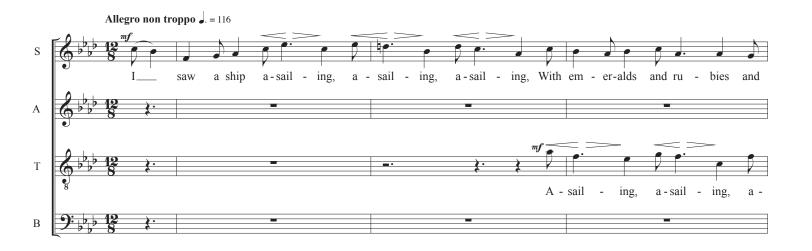


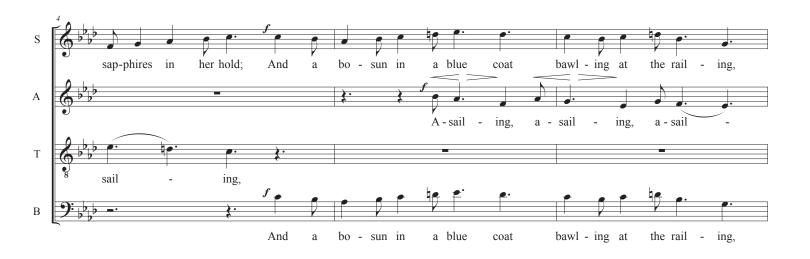
An old song re-sung

Henry Balfour Gardiner (1877–1950)

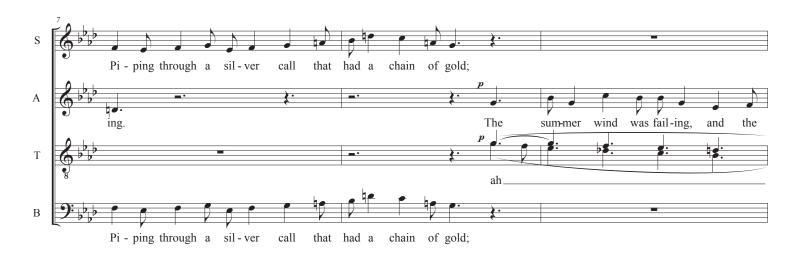
An old song re-sung

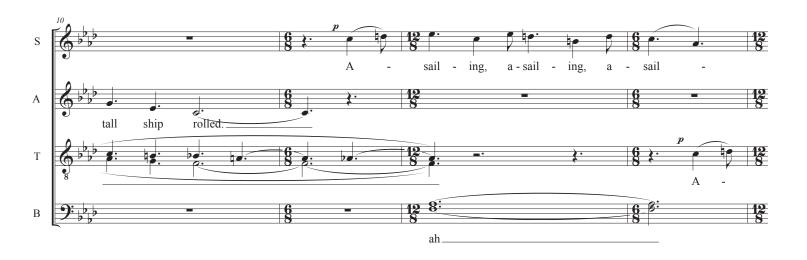
H. Balfour Gardiner

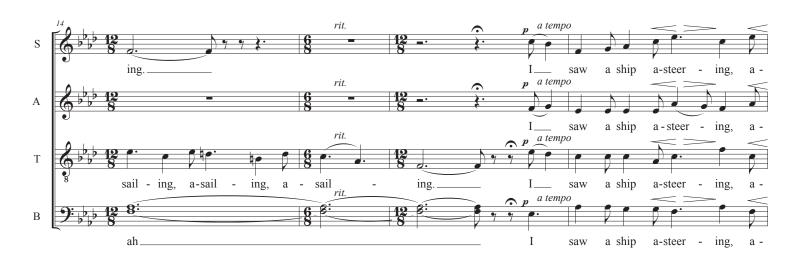


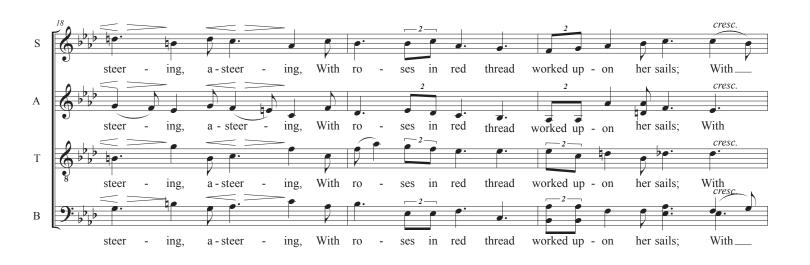


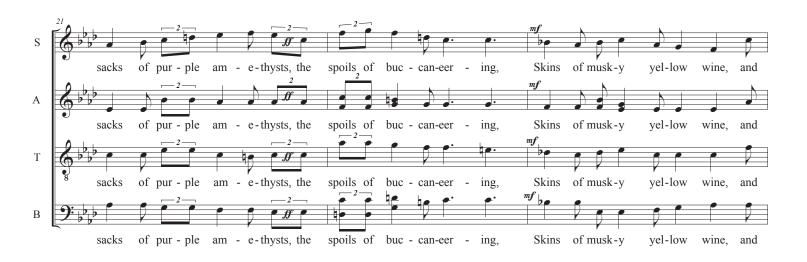




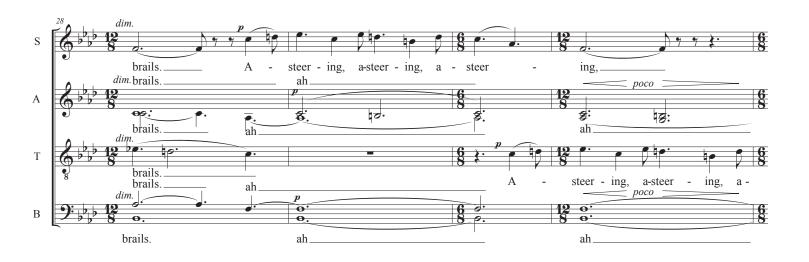


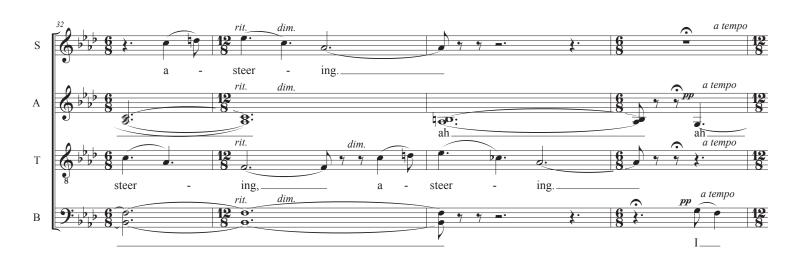


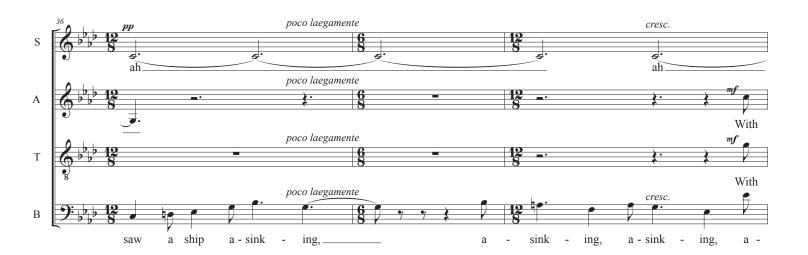


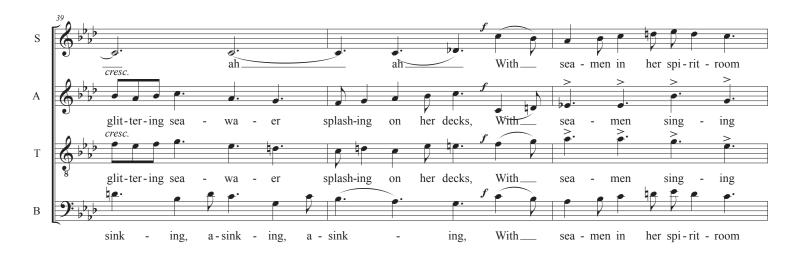


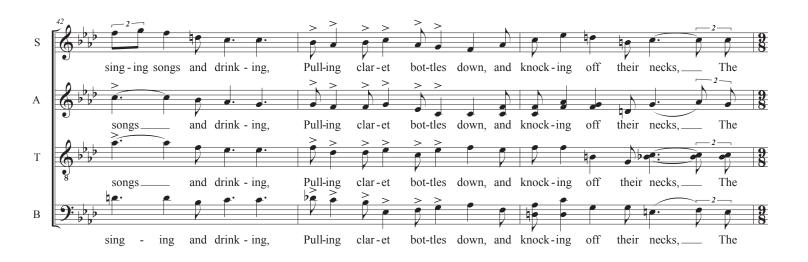


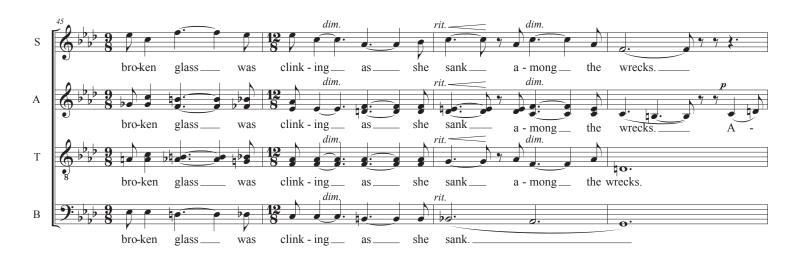


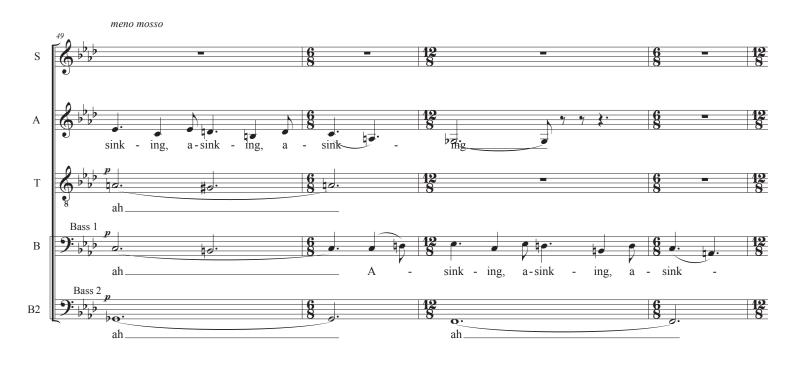


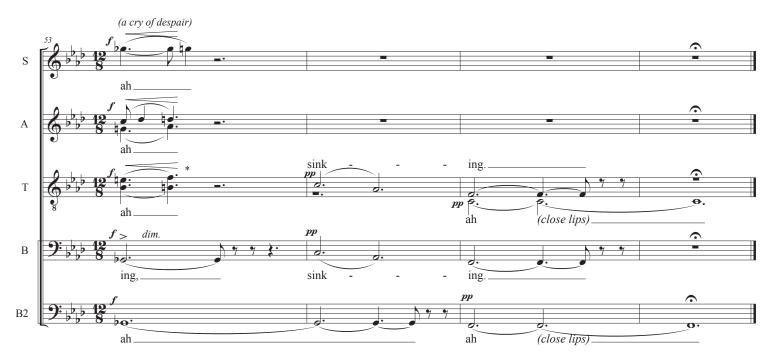












Novello and Co. (1920)

* If, in small choirs, this should prove ineffective, it may be omitted, and only the Bass part sung.

Henry Balfour Gardiner (1877-1950) was born in London. He began learning piano at age five and was composing music by age nine. He attended the Charterhouse School and New College, Oxford. He was a piano student at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt am Main and studied conducting at Sondershausen. Gardiner collected folk songs in Hampshire (1905-1906) and taught music briefly at Winchester College (1907). He had dreams of being a concert pianist but is mostly known as a composer. His works included compositions in a variety of genres, including two symphonies. Many of his scores are lost and only a very limited amount of his music survives. As a conductor, he promoted contemporary British and colonial composers; particularly Bax, Holst, Grainger, Quilter, and Scott. He financed these concerts himself and was generous with his personal fortune; he paid for a private benefit performance of *The Planets* for Gustav Holst in 1918 and purchased Frederick Delius's house at Grez-sur-Loing to enable him to continue living in it at the end of his life. He gave up composing in 1925: in part, from self-criticism and the belief that he could not flourish as a composer in the post-war culture. He was the great-uncle of the conductor Sir John Eliot Gardiner.

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing, With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold; And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing, Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold; The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering, With roses in red thread worked upon her sails; With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of buccaneering, Skins of musky yellow wine, and silks in bales. Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.

I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking, With glittering sea-water splashing on her decks, With seamen in her spirit-room singing songs and drinking, Pulling claret bottles down, and knocking off their necks, The broken glass was clinking as she sank among the wrecks.

John Edward Masefield (1878-1967) Poet Laureate of the UK from 1930-1967

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