

# **Song of the Shipbuilders**

**Words by John Greenleaf Whittier**

**Music by Gustav Holst**

Hark! roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
The sooty smithy jars,  
And fire-sparks rising far and fast,  
Are fading with the stars.  
All day for us the smith shall stand  
Beside that flashing forge;  
All day for us his heavy hand  
The groaning anvils scourge.  
From far-off hills the panting team  
For us is toiling near;  
For us the rafts men down the stream  
Their island barges steer.  
Rings out for us the axe man's stroke  
In forests old and still,  
For us the century-circled oak  
Falls crashing down his hill.  
Where e'er the keel of our good ship  
The sea's rough field shall plough,  
Where e'er her tossing spas shall drip  
With salt-spray caught below,  
That ship must heed her master's beck,  
Her helm obey his hand,  
And seamen tread her reeling deck  
As if they trod the land.  
Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning land!  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea!

**Thank you!**

**Song of the Shipbuilders**

Is in the soundtrack of the top drawer and is

**Sung** by

Hannah Castle,

Charlotte Corderoy

Anahita Falaki

Freya Ireland,

Lorna Merrett-Underwood

Holly Scrivener

Rosie Weston

**From Pate's Grammar School**

Head of Music: Ellie Lane

**John Greenleaf Whittier (words) 1807-1892.**

Known as a 'fireside poet', Quaker and ardent slave trade abolitionist, his writings reflect lives of the hard working poor.

**Gustav Holst (music) 1874-1934**

Composer Gustav Holst was a socialistically-minded, good teacher, who believed in music, education and art being accessible to all. Admirer of William Morris, he belonged to the Hammersmith Socialist Club at Kelmscott House, and conducted the Hammersmith Socialist choir. This is where he met his wife to be, Isobel Harrison.