

**Sea Music for 10:00 AM Service**  
**Lynn Noel, chanteysinger**  
**Portsmouth UU Church 7/22/2001**

## **Prelude**

### **Offshore            Celia Loughton Thaxter (1835-1893) arr. L.E. Noel**

*This setting of a favorite poem by the "Rose of the Isles" is part of a project for this year's upcoming Portsmouth Maritime Folk Festival (Sept. 29-30). **Landlocked and Offshore** will explore the sense of place in the work of this Portsmouth poet, in musical settings of her poetry dating from the 1870s to the present as well as maps and photos of the landscapes she traveled.*

Rock, little boat, beneath the quiet sky;  
Only the stars behold us where we lie, --  
Only the stars and yonder brightening moon.

On the wide sea tonight alone are we;  
The sweet, bright summer day dies silently,  
Its glowing sunset will have faded soon.

Rock softly, little boat, the while I mark  
The far off gliding sails, distinct and dark,  
Across the west pass steadily and slow.

But on the eastern waters sad, they change  
And vanish, dream-like, gray, and cold, and strange,  
And no one knoweth whither they may go.

We care not, we, drifting with wind and tide,  
While glad waves darken upon either side,  
Save where the moon sends silver sparkles down,

Yonder slender stream of hanging light,  
And now white, now crimson, tremulously bright,  
Where dark the lighthouse stands, with fiery crown.

Thick falls the dew soundless on sea and shore.  
It shines on little boat and idle oar,  
Wherever moonbeams touch with tranquil glow.

The waves are full of whispers wild and sweet;  
They call to me, -- incessantly they beat  
Along the boat from stern to carved prow.

Comes the careering wind, blows back my hair,  
All damp with dew, to kiss me unaware  
Murmuring, "Thee I love," and passes on.

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Sweet sounds on rocky shores the distant rote;  
Oh could we float forever, little boat,  
Under the blissful sky drifting alone!

## **Offertory**

### **Chantey Medley (all sing)**

**trad.**

#### **To Portsmouth**

*We will sing this 18th c. round to the English Portsmouth town as a call-and-response. Listen to the leader "line out" each line and then sing it back, one line at a time.*

To Portsmouth, to Portsmouth, it is a gallant town  
And there we will have a quart of wine with a nutmeg brown, diddle down!  
Our gallant ship the Mermaid, the Lion hanging stout  
Will make us to spend there our sixteen pence all out!

#### **Roll the Old Chariots Along**

*This capstan chantey is still used to take up anchor, but suits just as well for a long car ride. Watch your chantey leader and not these printed words, as half the fun is making new verses on the fly. There's no guarantee that we'll sing what's written here, or in what order--if you have a verse that fits, raise your hand and call it out when you're called on.*

#### **CHORUS:**

So we'll roll the old chariots along  
We'll roll the old chariots along  
We'll roll the old chariots along  
And we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
And we'll all hang on behind. CHORUS

Oh, a wind in the sails wouldn't do us any harm...  
Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm...  
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm...  
Oh a night on shore wouldn't do us any harm...  
And one more chantey wouldn't do us any harm...

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**Piscataqua River (Essequibo River)**

**trad.**

*The original of this hauling chantey comes from the slave trade, where the Essequibo River flows from the west coast of Guyana. This version was coined for last year's Portsmouth Maritime Folk Festival. Again, watch out for unprinted verses, and sing along with what you hear.*

Oh, Piscataqua River is the king of rivers all  
Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh.  
Oh Piscataqua River is the king of rivers all  
Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh.

**CHORUS:**

Somebody oh Johnny, somebody oh  
Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh.

Piscataqua captain is the king of captains all...  
Piscataqua bo'sun is the king of bo'suns all...  
Piscataqua sailor is the king of sailors all...  
Piscataqua ladies is the queen of ladies all...

## **Prayer Response**

### **Land-Locked**

**Celia Thaxter arr. L. E. Noel**

*As a young mother at 21, Celia moved to Newtonville, MA, where Lynn went to high school. More recently, I worked down the street from her house at the corner of California and Nevada Streets, and spent much of last summer "following" the Charles River to Celia's imagined sea.*

Black lie the hills; swiftly doth daylight flee;  
And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,  
Through the dusk land for many a changing mile  
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!  
O yearning heart, that never can be still!  
O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,  
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and songs of birds,  
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,  
All summer's glory thine from morn till night,  
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

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Neither am I ungrateful; but I dream  
Deliciously how twilight falls to-night  
Over the glimmering water, how the light  
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind, sea-scented, on my cheek,  
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail  
And dip of oars, and voices on the gale  
Afar off, calling low, my name they speak

O Earth! Thy summer song of joy may soar  
Ringing to heaven in triumph. I but crave  
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave  
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

## **Postlude**

### **Crossing the Bar (all sing)      Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1883)**

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

REFRAIN:  
When I put out to sea, when I put out to sea  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home. REFRAIN

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark; REFRAIN

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar. REFRAIN

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**For More Information**

**About Celia Thaxter**

<http://www.seacoastnh.com/celia/index.html>

Don't miss the Celia Thaxter art exhibit at the Portsmouth Athenaeum!

<http://www.seacoastnh.com/events/feature.html>

**About the Portsmouth Maritime Folk Festival Sept. 29-30, 2001**

<http://home.earthlink.net/~elsafbox/pmff.htm>

**About Lynn Noel**

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