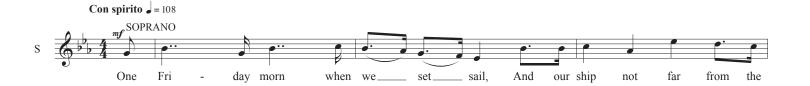


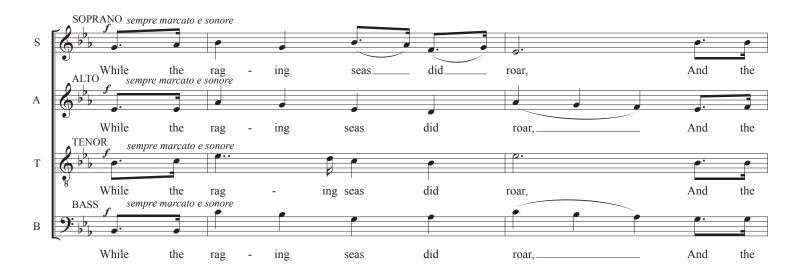
George **Pyson** (1883–1964)

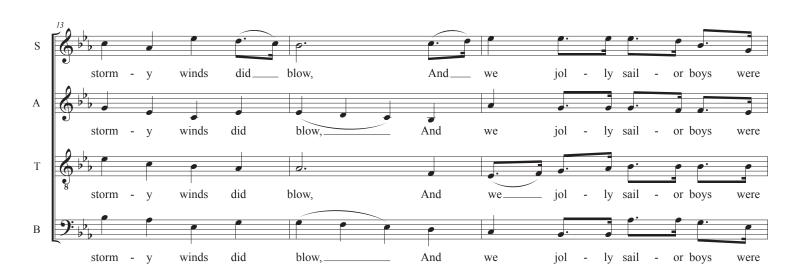


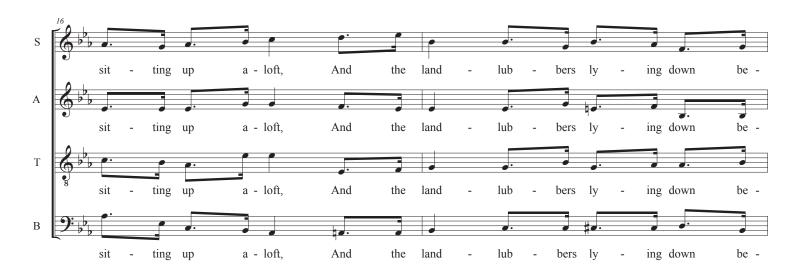


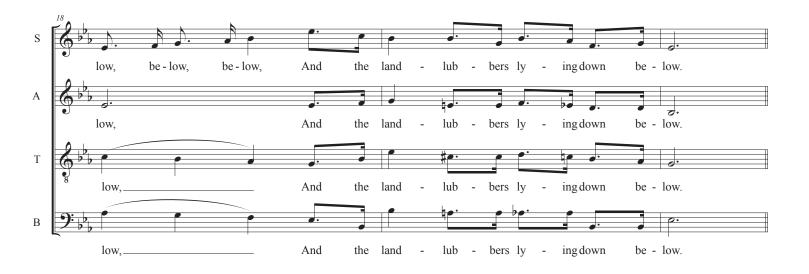


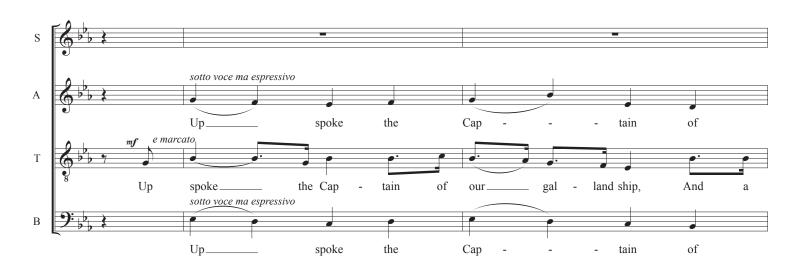


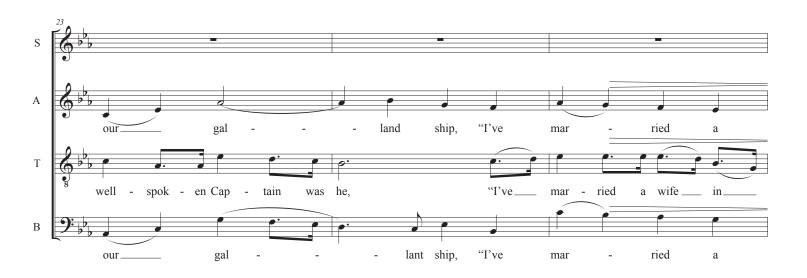


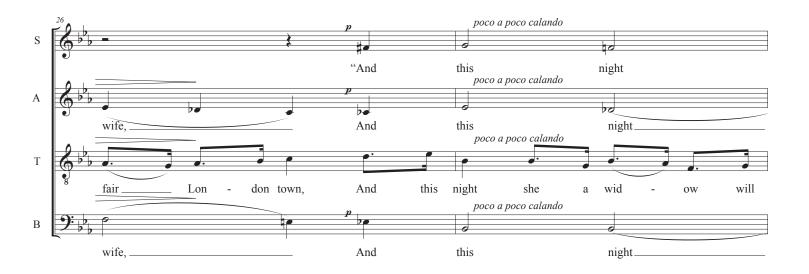


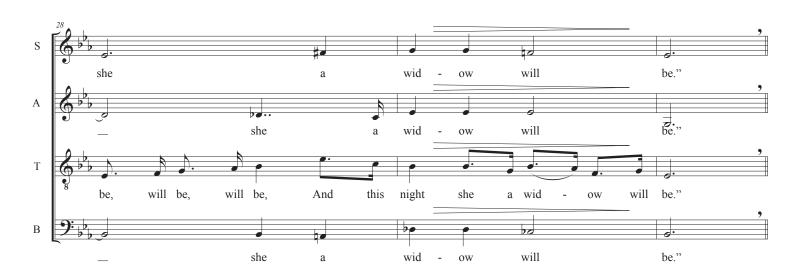


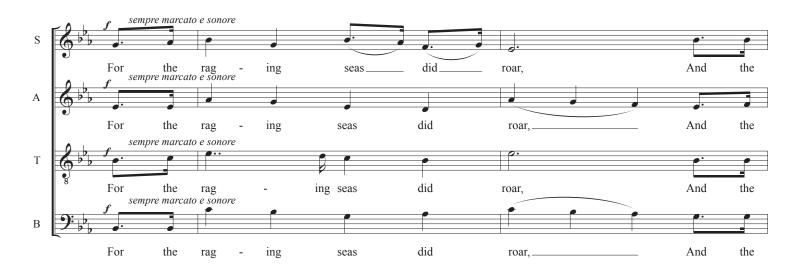


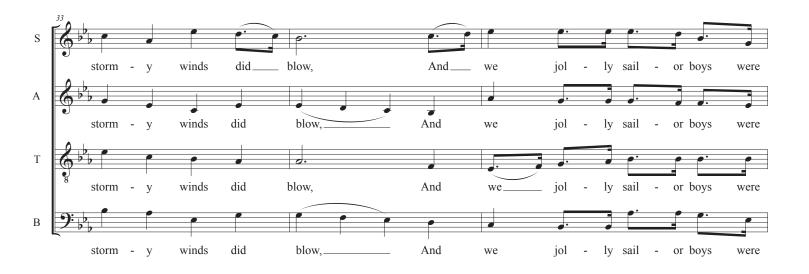


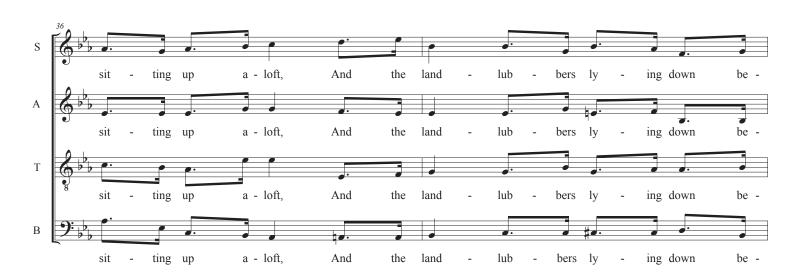


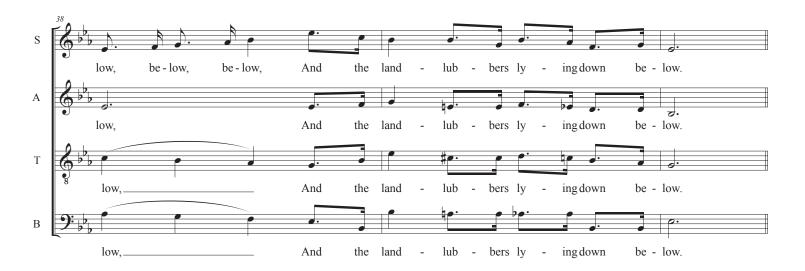


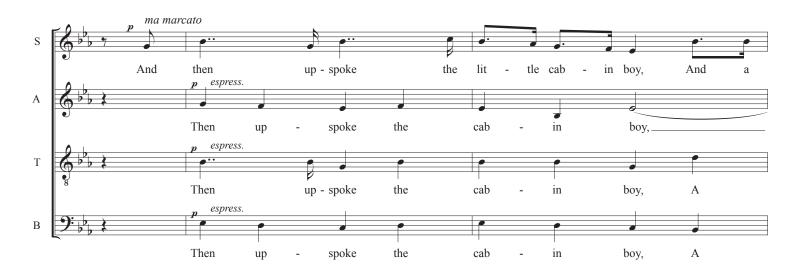


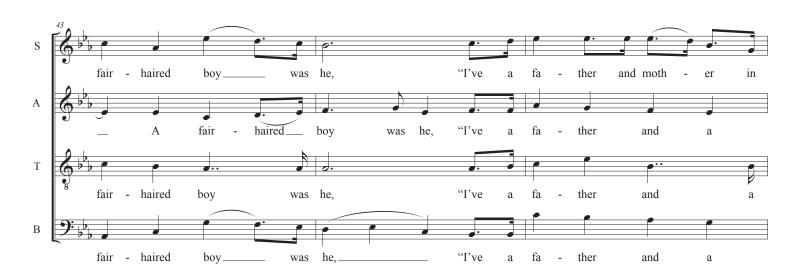


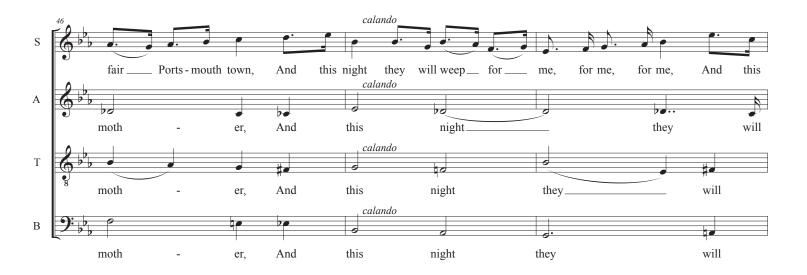


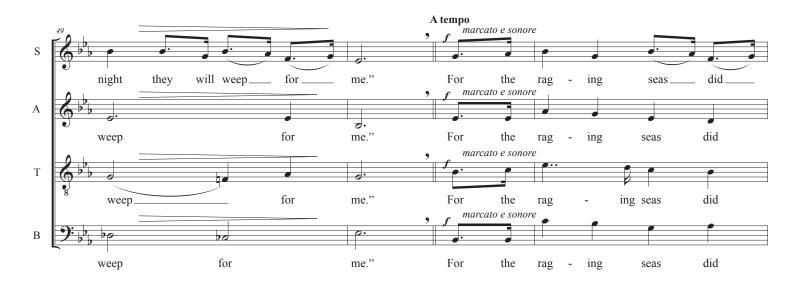


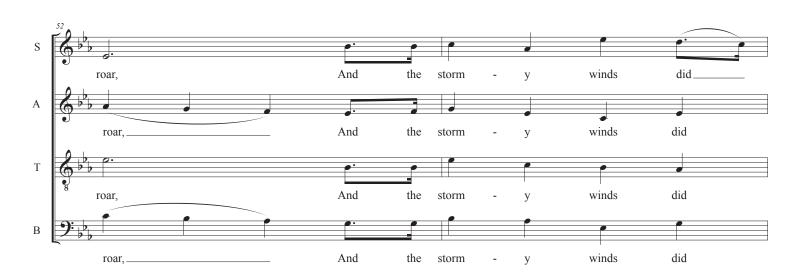


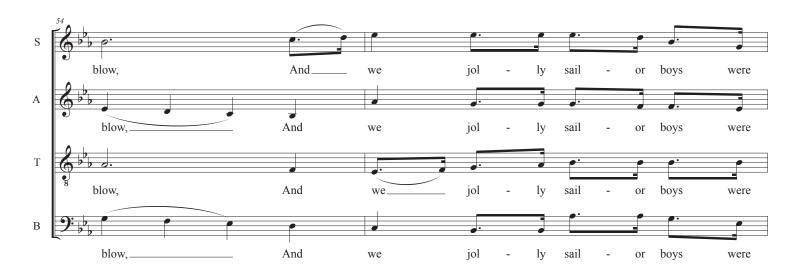


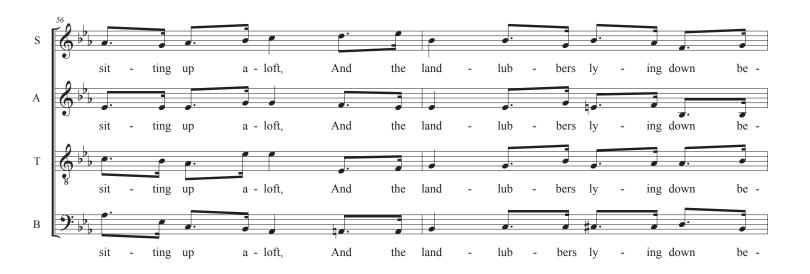


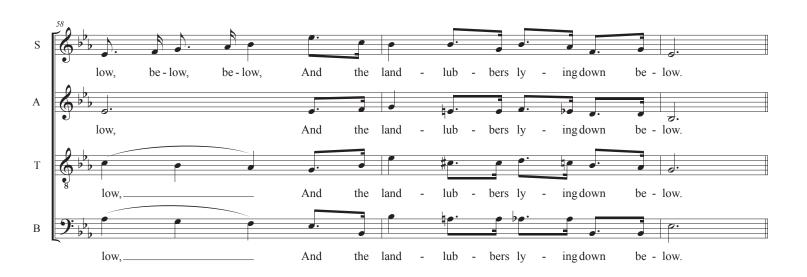


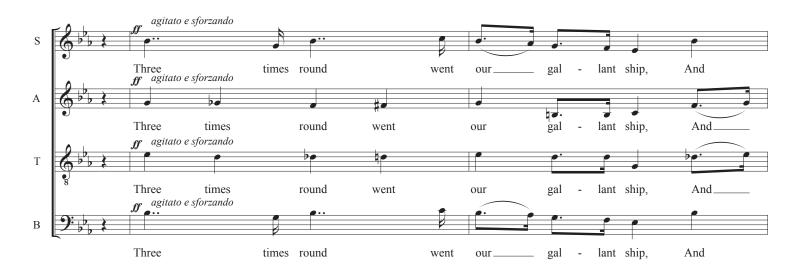


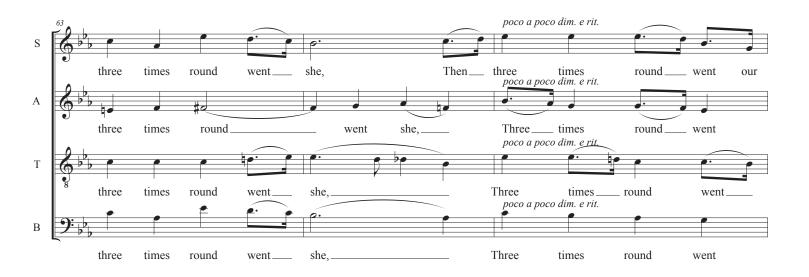


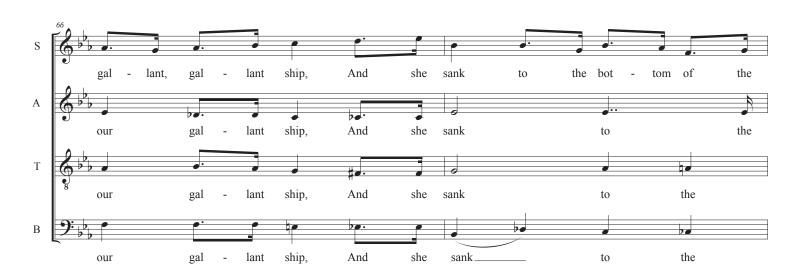


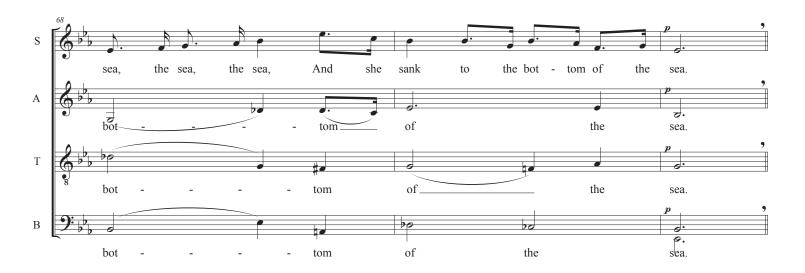


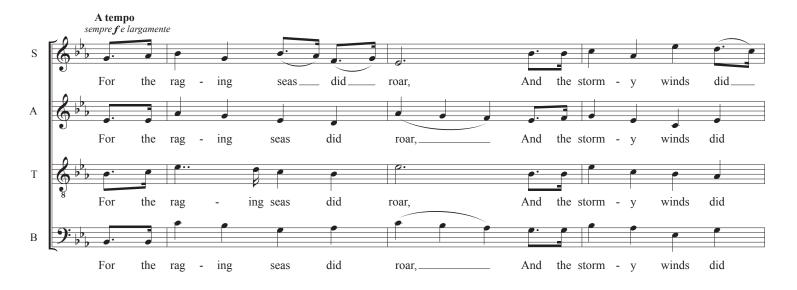


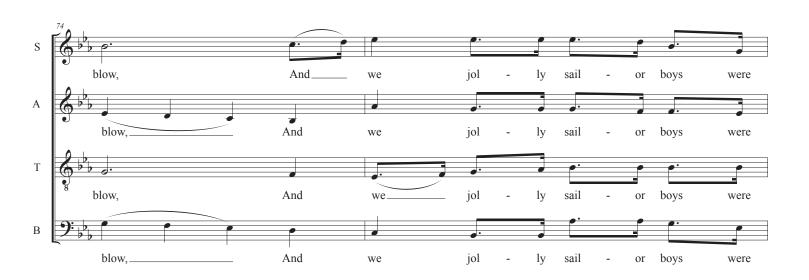


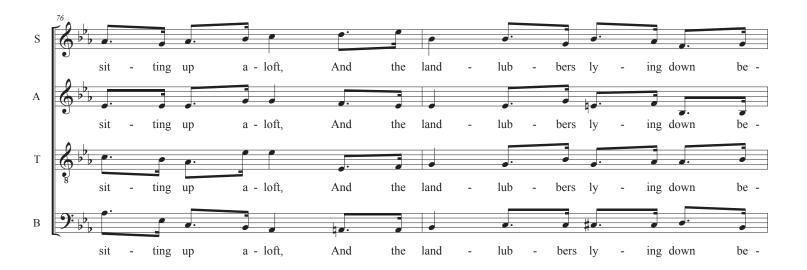


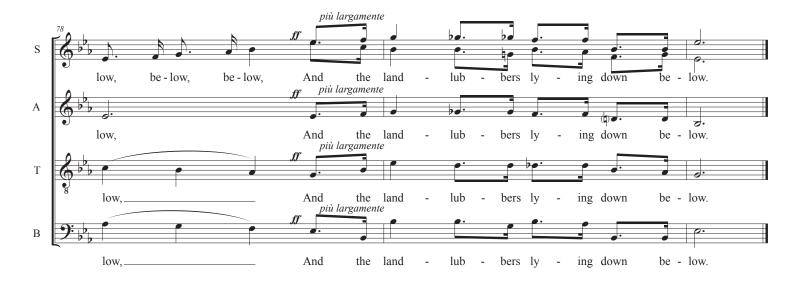












Stainer & Bell (1922)

Sir George Dyson (1883–1964) was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, England. A church organist by age 13, he trained at the Royal College of Music and served as assistant organist at St. Alfege Church, Greenwich. Winning scholarships, he studied also in Italy, Austria and Germany. He was appointed director of music at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, then at Marlborough College. After traumatic military service in WWI and convalescence, he graduated from Oxford, was a schoolmaster and college lecturer at Wellington College, the RCM, and Winchester. He later became director of the RCM. He was conductor of an adult choral society, and a visiting lecturer at Liverpool and Glasgow universities. He died in in Winchester. His compositions include numerous pieces in a wide variety of genres.

This folksong appears in many versions, the earliest known as *The Seamen's Distress* in a 1765 publication *Newcastle Garland*. In most versions, the sailors sight a mermaid, a sign of bad-luck, before their ship is wrecked. It is sometimes titled *The Sailor's Song* or *Our Gallant Ship*. It also appears in comic versions.

One Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from the land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.
While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were sitting up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

Up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken Captain was he,
"I've married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be."
For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were sitting up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

And then upspoke the little cabin boy,
And a fair-haired boy was he,
"I've a father and a mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And this night they will weep for me."
For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were sitting up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were sitting up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

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