

An Analysis of R. Paul Drummond's *None of Us Care for Kate*

By

Dr. Amy Dunker

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Voicing: TBB a cappella (Tenor divisi on last note)

Composer: R. Paul Drummond

Text Author: William Shakespeare (from *The Tempest*)
Verse 2 by Don Eidson

Language: English

Harmonic Language: Tonal (Bb Major)

Duration: 1 ½ Minutes

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www.apimusic.org

Copyright Date: 1996

Dedication: For Richard Eichenberger and the Men of McCluer North High School –
Florissant, Missouri

Composer Biography:

Dr. Robert Paul Drummond (d. 2007), long-time ACDA member and Central Methodist University professor of music and director of choral activities since 1981, held a doctorate of arts in choral conducting and literature from the University of Northern Colorado. He held a master's degree in music from Eastern New Mexico University and a bachelor's degree in music education from North Texas State University.¹ He received the 1994 Outstanding Music Educator Award from the National Federation of High School Associations at the 1995 Missouri Choral Directors Association Convention.

¹ American Choral Directors Association <http://www.acdaonline.org/news/drummond-memorium.shtml>
(accessed 01/27/08).

Form:

A	ms. 1 – 20	Verse 1
A'	ms. 21- 40	Verse 2
Coda	ms. 41 - 47	

Theme (Tenor, ms. 1 – 4):

♩ = 120

mf

Tenor

The Mas-ter, the swab ber, the bo'-sun, and I, the gun-ner, and his mate |

Tessitura:

Tenor	F3 – F4
Baritone	F3 – Eb4
Bass	Bb2 – C4

Text:

The Master, the swabber, the bo'sun and I,
 The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
 But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savor of tarmor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where
 She did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
 Go hang!
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

A sailor must go where the sea winds blow,
Hard bisquit for his fare.
But the girls in each port are a comfort of sort
To ease a sailor's care.
We've a girl in each port of call
 Sweet as Margery, Meg or Mall.
But Kate has a heart that is harder than stone
To a comfortless sailor in port alone.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

The Master, the swabber, the bo'sun and I,
 Say to sea!
To sea, boys, and let her go hang!
 Go hang!

*Dr. Amy Dunker is an Associate Professor of Music at Clarke College in Dubuque, IA, USA
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