

# Portugal Beach

Tony Eardley (2006) (Arr. Maria Dunn, 2016)

$\text{♩} = 50$

Acc.  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.

11  
Acc.  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.

18  
Acc.  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.

26 **A**  
A. Solo  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.   
*Por - tu-gal Beach as the sun gives way to the moon— and we call up the songs and the tunes.— All the*

34  
A. Solo  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.   
*long-ing— and yearn-ing go twist-ing and turn-ing through the smoke from the camp-fires on Por-tu-gal— Beach.—*

43  
Acc.  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.

51 **B** *Verse 1*  
T. Solo  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.   
*We'd thumb down a truck— as the first stars were shin - ing. Ra-di-o— whis-per-ing through the west coun-try— night.—*

61  
T. Solo  $\frac{3}{4}$   
B. Cl.   
*Cof-fee and ci-ga rettes in the pale— hours of mor-ning. As we limbed down to walk the last four crook-ed— miles.—*

69

T. Solo *8*

And we did-n't mind\_ walk-ing those miles. And as we grew near-er\_ our sen-ses\_ went reel-ing.\_ With the

B. Cl.

78

T. Solo *8*

cry of the gulls\_ and the smell of the brine.\_ A - long the black rocks where the sea-birds go

B. Cl.

86

T. Solo *8*

wheel-ing, past the tow-er of Wheal Jen-ny stand-ing guard on the mine.\_ We were com-ing\_ back in-to\_ our time. On

B. Cl.

96 **C** *Chorus 2*

T. Solo *8*

Por - tu-gal Beach as the sun gives way to the moon\_ and we call up the songs and the tunes.\_ All the

B. Cl.

104

T. Solo *8*

long-ing\_ and yearn - ing go twist - ing and turn-ing through the smoke from the camp-fires on Por-tu-gal\_ Beach.\_

B. Cl.

112

Acc.

B. Cl.

121 **D** *Verse 2*

A. Solo

And it did-n't\_ look much\_ with its tin works and tail - ings, heath-er\_ and gorse\_ strag-gling down to the shore.\_

B. Cl.

130

T. Solo *8*

But there's a spring gives sweet wa-ter\_ and a stream full of laugh-ter and we ne-ver\_ thought then we'd want

B. Cl.

137  
 T. Solo an - y - thing\_ more.\_ We were liv - ing\_ our own law - less law.\_ Like  
 B. Cl.

144  
 A. Solo Rain-y\_ Day Jane\_ on the run from the thun - der,\_ too young for lov-ing\_ but too wise to care.\_  
 B. Cl.

153  
 T. Solo box crammed with trea - sures\_ and a heart filled with won-der she shows you that new worlds are  
 B. Cl.

159  
 T. Solo found an - y - where. And she makes you feel\_ free\_ just be - ing there. On  
 B. Cl.

167 **E** *Chorus 3*  
 T. Solo Por - tu-gal Beach as the sun gives way to the moon\_ and we call up the songs and the tunes.\_ All the  
 B. Cl.

175  
 T. Solo lov-ing\_ and leav - ing go whirl - ing and weav-ing through the smoke from the camp-fires on Por-tu-gal\_ Beach.\_  
 Acc. G  
 B. Cl.

183  
 Acc.   
 B. Cl.


192 **F** *Verse 3*  
 A. Solo From the four\_ winds\_ on the wings of kind weath-er,\_ root-less re - jec-tors of so - ci - e - ty's\_ claims.\_  
 B. Cl.


200

A. Solo  On Por-tu-gal\_ Beach\_ we were birds of a\_ feath-er, read-ing\_ our for-tunes in the dance of the flame.\_


B. Cl. 


209

A. Solo  Not know-ing it could ne-ver\_ be\_ the same. And from the dis-tance of years\_ we can mock our il-lus - ions, And

B. Cl. 

218

A. Solo  grieve for a few who got lost on the way. But now when the cold\_ world seem locked in con-fus - ion\_ My


B. Cl. 


227

A. Solo  mind jour-n-ys back\_ to some bright Corn-ish day. As the wes-tern sun\_ sinks in - to the bay.


B. Cl. 


236 **G** *Chorus 4*

A. Solo  On Por - tu-gal beach to the moon\_ and we call up the songs and the tunes.\_ All the


B. Cl. 

245

A. Solo  long-ing\_ yearn-ing twist-ing\_ twist ing turn-ing through the smoke from the camp-fires on Por - tu - gal\_ Beach. 1.

B. Cl. 

252

Acc.  2.

B. Cl. 