

# Portugal Beach

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

$\text{d} = 50$

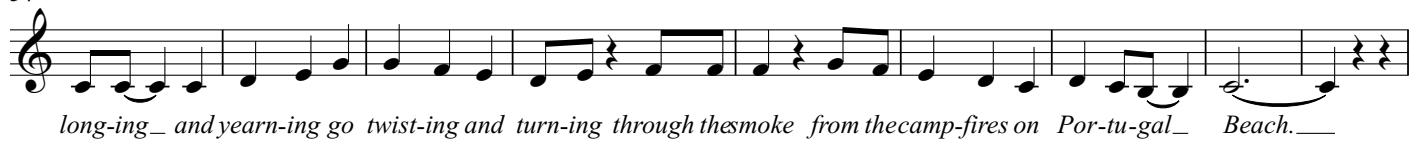
Acc. 

12 Acc. 

26 [A]

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

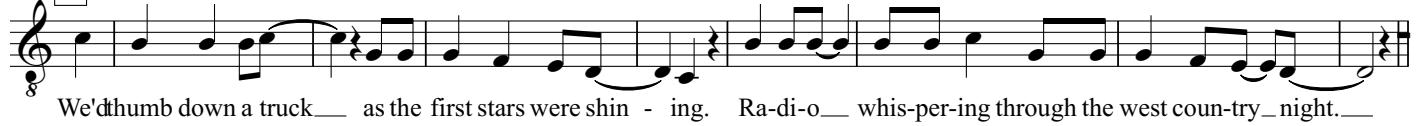
34

A. Solo   
*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. 

51 [B] Verse 1

T. Solo   
*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.*

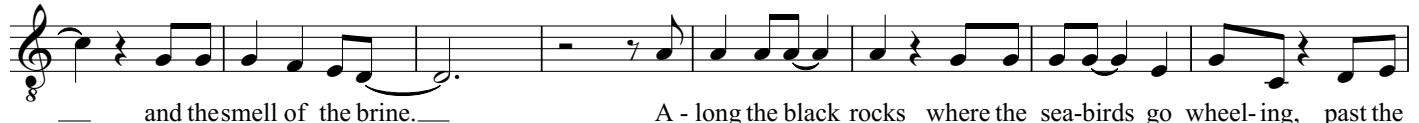
61

T. Solo   
*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. And we*

70

T. Solo   
*did-n't mind\_walk-ing those miles. And as we grew near-er\_\_ our sen-ses\_went reel-ing.. With the cry of the gulls*

79

T. Solo   
*and the smell of the brine.\_\_ A - long the black rocks where the sea-birds go wheel-ing, past the*

87

T. Solo   
*tow-er of Wheal Jen-nny stand-ing guard on the mine.\_\_ We were com-ing\_ back in-to\_\_ our time. On*

96 **C** Chorus 2

T. Solo

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

102

T. Solo

songs and the tunes.\_\_ All the long-ing\_\_ and yearn - ing go twist - ing and

107

T. Solo

turn-ing through the smoke from the camp-fires on Por - tu - gal\_\_ Beach.

113

Acc.

## 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

F1.

F2.

128

A. Solo

down to the shore. Ooo

F1.

F2.

135

A. Solo

We were liv-ing our own law-less law.

F1.

F2.

142

A. Solo

Like Rain-y Day Jane on the run from the thun - der, too young for

F1.

F2.

149

A. Solo

lov-ing but too wise to care. Ooo

F1.

F2.

157

T. Solo

shows you that new worlds are found an-y-where. And shemakes you feel free

F1.

F2.

164 **E** Chorus 3

S/A

On Por-tu-gal Beach  
Ooo

173

S/A

lov ing-  
leav -ing  
Ooo

181

S/A

Por-tu-gal\_ Beach.

Acc G

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.

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.

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

217

A. Solo

- ions, And grieve for a few who got lost on the way. But now when the cold world seems

225

A. Solo

locked in con-fus - ion. My mind journeys back to some bright Corn - ish

230

A. Solo

day. As the wes - tern sun sinks in - to the bay.

**G Chorus 4**

236

A. Solo

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

F1.

F2.

244

A. Solo

All the long ing yearn ingtwist ing\_ twisting turn ing through the smoke from the camp fires on Por tu-gal\_ Beach.

F1.

F2.

1.

252

A. Solo

Beach.

D

Acc

F1.

F2.