

# Portugal Beach


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


$\text{♩} = 50$

Acc. 


12  2


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 

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-ny 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.

A. Solo   
 down to the shore. Ooo

F1.

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

F1.

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

F1.

F2.

A. Solo   
 lov-ing but too wise to care. Ooo

F1.

F2.

T. Solo   
 shows you that new worlds are found an - y - where. And she makes you feel free

F1.

F2.

**E** Chorus 3

164

S/A

On Por - tu - gal Beach Ooo

F1.

F2.

173

S/A

lov ing\_ leav - ing Ooo

F1.

181

S/A

Por - tu - gal\_ Beach\_

Acc

G

F1.

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\_

F1.

F2.

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\_

F1.

F2.

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

F1.

F2.

217

A. Solo

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

F1.

F2.

225

A. Solo

locked in con - fus - ion.\_\_ My mind journ-eyes back\_\_ to some bright Corn - ish

F1.

F2.

230

A. Solo

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

F1.

F2.

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

F1.

F2.

2.

252

A. Solo

Beach.

Acc

D

F1.

F2.