



SUNG BY
MR. EDWARD MILLS.



THE LONGSHOREMAN.

S O N G

THE WORDS BY

PHILIP DAYSON.

MUSIC BY

EDWARD M. CHESHAM.

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THE LONGSHOREMAN.

SONG.

Words by
PHILIP DAYSON.

Music by
EDWARD M. CHESHAM.

Allegro Moderato. ♩ = 96. Time well marked.

PIANO: *MINORE.* *fff* *dim:* *a* *p* *tempo.*

I'm Long-shore-man Bil - ly o' Ports-mouth town, A fine old skip-per I

be; ... And I wor - ry the lubbers as they come down To spend a few hours at the

sea. With glass to my eye, ev'ry ship I descry, From a "P. an' O." boat to a

poco rall: *p* *poco rall:*

a tempo.

Whaler; I yarn all the while in true nau - ti - cal style, And all think that Bil - ly's a

p colla voce.

p a tempo.

ritard:

MACCIGRE.
p tempo primo.

sail - or! a sail - or, .. a sail - or! But I aint no sail - or bold, And I

mf colla voce.

dim:

p

never was upon the sea; If I chanc'd to fall there-in, it's a fact, I could nt swim! And I

quickly at the bottom should be. But we'll give three hearty cheers For the sail - or ro - ving

a tempo.

cres:

8 - In strict time throughout.

free; With a heave ho haulee, and a cheer for little Polly, The Queen, and our ships at sea!

No pause. Go straight on.

MINORE.

fff *dim:* *a* *p* *tempo.*

My yarns about shipwrecks and foes made to fly Al-ways pay, as a mat-ter of

course; While a-board o' the Vic-to-ry, was-'nt it I Who with Nel-son held friendly dis-

p *p*

rall: parlante. *rall:*

- course! And Nel-son he'd oft-en say "Billy, you dog," When he come up on deck from be-

p *colla voce.* *p* *rall:*

- low, sir "Here's some baccy to chew, and the price o' some grog;" The

pp colla voce.

rall: same as you might, yer know, sir! yer know, sir... yer know sir! But I

ritard:

mf colla voce. *dim:*

MAGGIGRE.
p tempo primo.

aint no sail - or bold, And I never was up - on the sea; If I

p

chan'd to fall therein, it's a fact, I couldnt swim! And I quickly at the bottom should be. But we'll

a tempo.

give three heart - y cheers For the sail - or rov - ing free; With a

cres:

In strict time throughout.

heave ho haullee, and a cheer for lit - tle Pol - ly, The Queen, and our ships at sea!

No pause. Go straight on.

MINORE. Now there's

fff *dim:* *p a tempo.*

many at_tend_ing my song, who may say What a fraud_u_lent skipper am I. . . . But some

p

Lords o' the Adm'ral_ty, Westminster way, With Long_shore man Billy might vie! Of our

p

rall:

drawing-room captains, I'd have ye to larn Some 'ad better by far 'ave been tailors, Like

p *p*

a tempo.

Billy, they've al_ways got plen_ty o' yarn; But there aint man_y of 'em are sail_ors! are

p *p a tempo.*

*ritard:*MAGGIORE.
p tempo primo.

sail - ors, are sail - ors! And I aint no sail - or bold, And I

*mf colla voce.**dim:**p*

never was upon the sea; If I chanc'd to fall therein, it's a fact, I could'nt swim! And I

quickly at the bottom should be. But we'll give three hearty cheers For the sail-or roving

*ritard:**a tempo.**cres:*

8

free; With a heave ho haulee, and a cheer for lit_tle Polly, The Queen, and our ships at

f colla voce. ff

8

sea!

*fff a tempo.**a tempo.**fff*