:FISHERFOLK:

Words by
Ethel B. Kelly.

Music by
Claude Arundale.

Contents:-

		page
No 1	THE LITTLE OLD INN BY THE SEA	3.
" 2	THE BAR PARLOUR	7.
" 3	OLD MOTHER SEA	13.
" 4	LITTLE BROWN SAIL	19.
" 5	FOLKS WHO LIVE BESIDE THE SEA	25.

Published Separately 2/- each nett.

Claude Arundale

PRICE 3/6
NETT CASH.

J.B. CRAMER & Co LTD
139, New Bond Street
LONDON, W.

New York: Chappell & Co Ltd 41, East 34th Street.

Printed in England.

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Nº 1.

THE LITTLE OLD INN BY THE SEA.

There's a little, old Inn stands up on a hill,
And though it is far I remember it still,
The cunning old windows look down on the foam,
As if they were calling the fishermen home.

I came to that little, old Inn by the sea,
When life . . . up in London. . . was torment to me,
Its weather-stained walls, coloured pink as a rose,
Like a kindly old Mother just cuddled me close.

I paid for my room with the black oaken beam,
For cider, and comfort, and sweet Cornish cream,
But I never can pay for the peace that you gave
My little, old Inn by the side of the wave.

ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

THE LITTLE OLD INN BY THE SEA.

WORDS BY
ETHEL B. KELLY.

MUSIC BY
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

rall.

rall.

There's a lit - tle, old Inn stands up on a hill, And though it is

a tempo

p

rall.

a tempo

far I re - member it still, The cunning old windows look down on the foam, As

a tempo

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rall.

if they were call_ing the fish_er_men home.

rall.

mf a tempo

p a tempo

I__ came to that lit_tle, old

p a tempo

rit.

Inn by the sea, When life-up in Lon_don-was tor_ment to me. Its

rit.

p

rit.

weath_er-stainedwalls, coloured pink as a rose, Like a kind_ly old Moth_er just

p

rit.

molto rall.

cud - dled me close, Like a kind - ly old Moth - er just cud - dled me close. I —

molto rall.

a tempo

paid for my room with the black oak - en beam, For ci - der, and com - fort, and

p a tempo

rall. e crescendo

sweet Cornish cream, But I ne - ver can pay for the peace that you gave My lit - tle, old

rall. e crescendo

Inn by the side of the wave. —

f a tempo

Nº 2.

THE BAR PARLOUR.

Panelled walls and sanded floor,
Ingle nook and oaken door,
Windows that wink a welcome kind
When Evening lowers the crimson blind,
How many a burden is shaken free
In that old Bar Parlour beside the sea.

Corners dim, the firelight glow
Fails to lighten shadows low,
How many a shyly whispered "aye"
Has sent a lover content away,
And Cupid has crowned a bride-to-be
In that old Bar Parlour beside the sea.

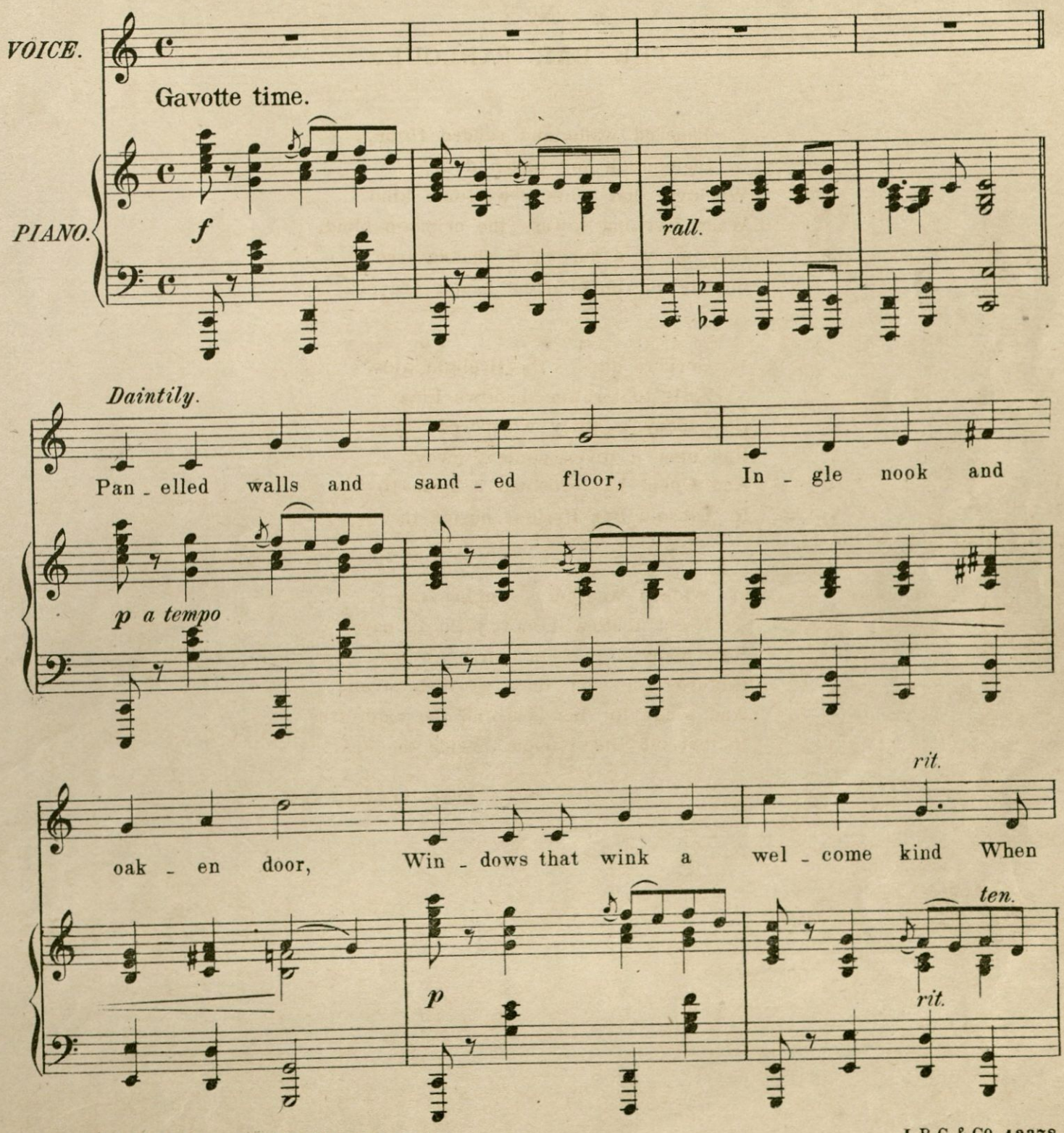
Wicked weather, stinging spray,
Night that will not yield to day,
How many a man in a foreign land
Pictures the surf on a Cornish strand,
And longs for his lass and the cider free
In that old Bar Parlour beside the sea.

ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

THE BAR PARLOUR.

WORDS BY
ETHEL B. KELLY.

MUSIC BY
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.



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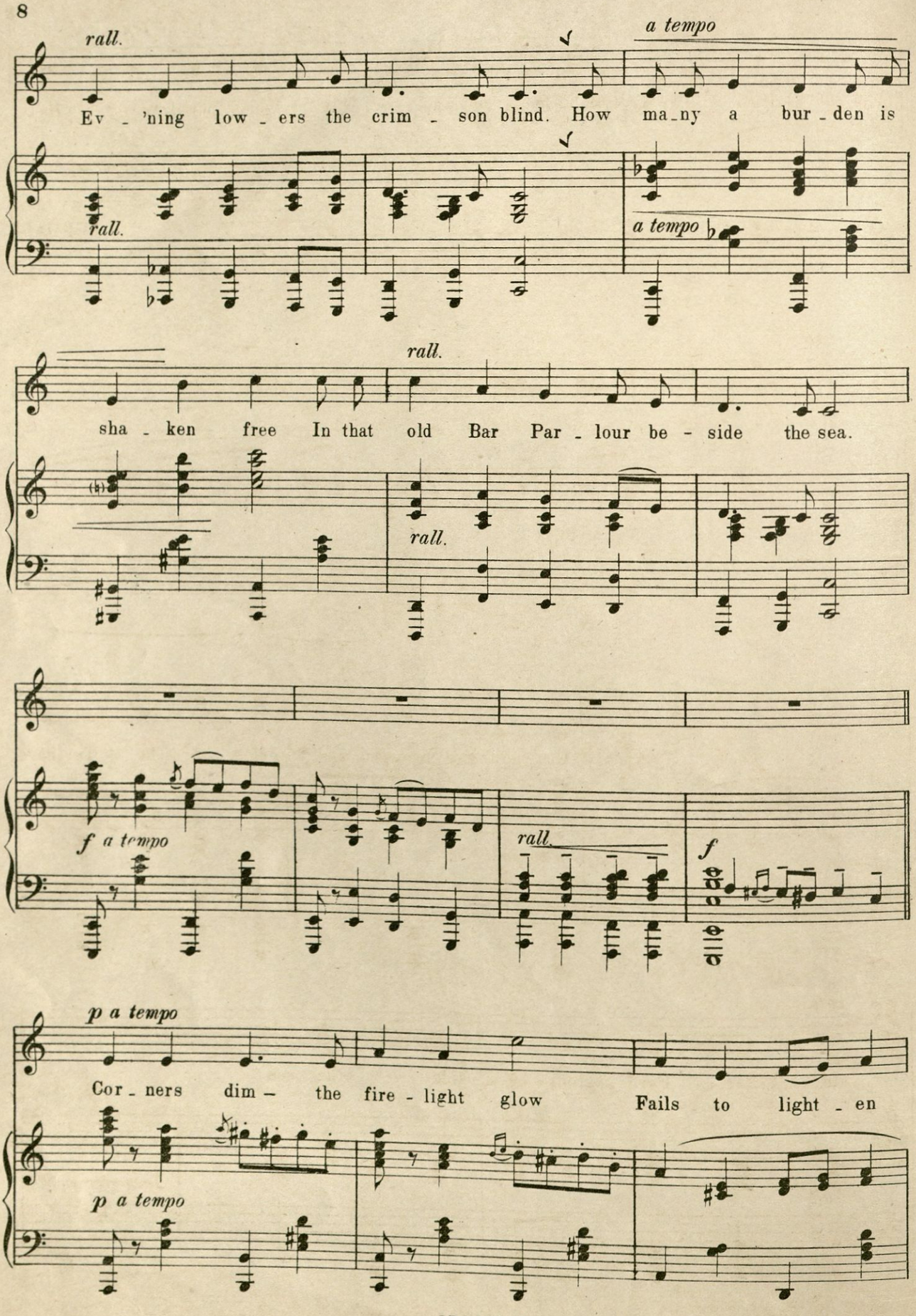

rall.
a tempo
Ev - 'ning low - ers the crim - son blind. How ma - ny a bur - den is
rall.
a tempo
rall.
sha - ken free In that old Bar Par - lour be - side the sea.
rall.
f a tempo
rall.
f
p a tempo
Cor - ners dim - the fire - light glow Fails to light - en
p a tempo

ten.

shad - ows low, How ma - ny a shy - ly whis - pered "aye" Has

ten.

rall.

sent a lov - er con - tent a - way,

rall.

rit.

And Cu - pid has crowned a bride - to - be In that

a tempo

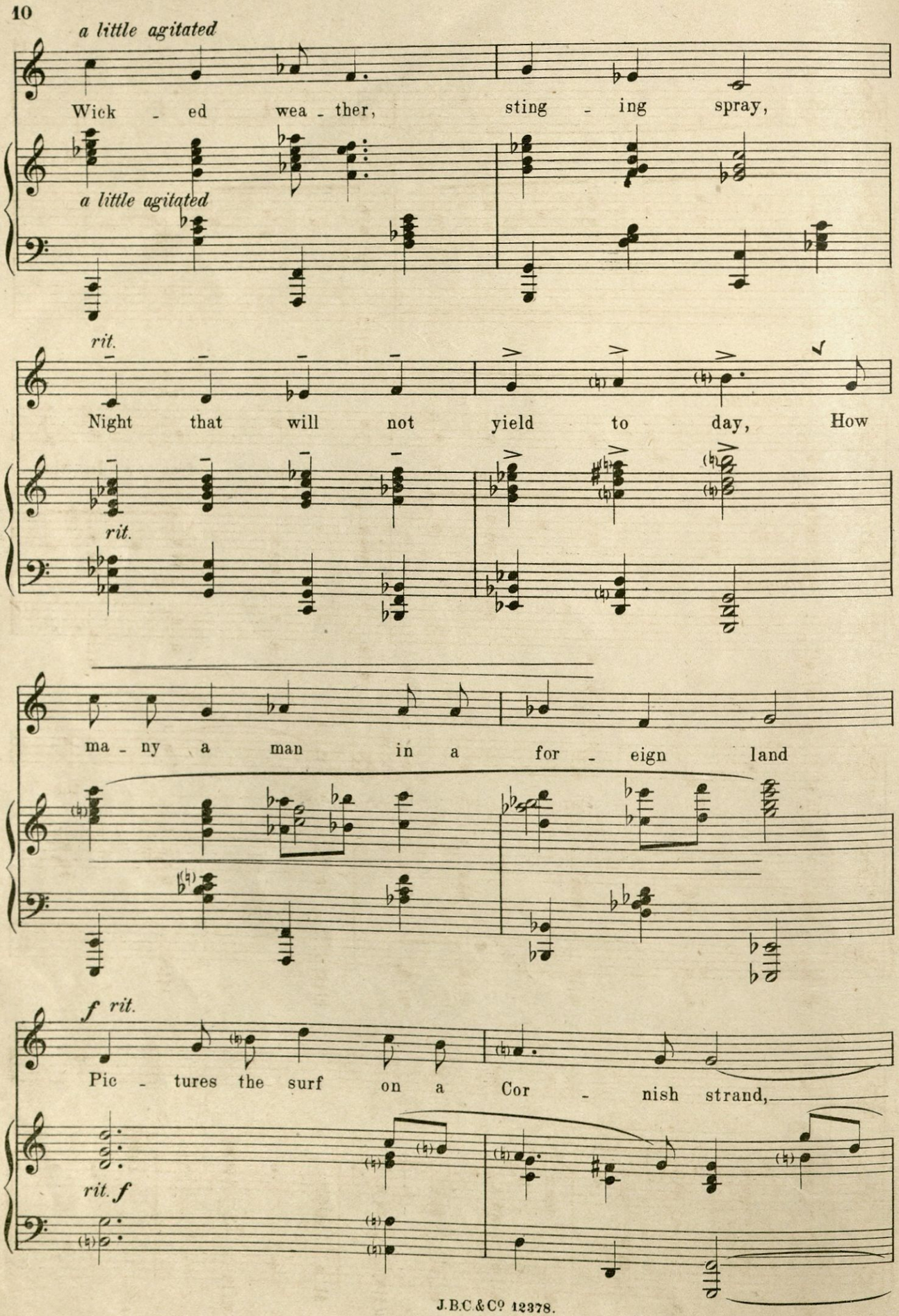
rit.

rall.

old Bar Par - lour be - side the sea.

rall.

Turn over quickly


a little agitated
Wick - ed wea - ther, sting - ing spray,
a little agitated
rit.
Night that will not yield to day, How
rit.
ma - ny a man in a for - eign land
f rit.
Pic - tures the surf on a Cor - nish strand,
rit. f

And

a tempo

rall.

Tranquillo

rit.

longs for his lass and the ci - der free In that

Tranquillo

rit.

rall.

old Bar Par - lour be - side the

rall.

sea

f a tempo

ff

Nº 3.

OLD MOTHER SEA.

I cannot sing thee to sleep dear babe
As I cuddle each tiny limb
My voice is tuned to the tempest's whine,
Out in the storm is a mate o' mine
Out on the sea he thinks of me,
My thoughts must be all for him.

I'll open the window and through the night
A lullaby brave will float,
Salt with the smell of the tireless foam,
Fit for the babe in a Fisher's home,
Old Mother Sea must be nurse to thee
While I watch for thy Father's boat.

ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

OLD MOTHER SEA.

WORDS BY
ETHEL B. KELLY.

MUSIC BY
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Slowly. *(but with subdued emotion)*

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

I can - not sing thee to

rall.

a tempo

sleep dear babe As I cud - dle each ti - ny limb. My

Cópyright, MCMXIX, by J.B.Cramer & Cº Ltd.

voice is tuned to the tem - pest's whine,

agitato poco a poco e crescendo

Out in the storm is a mate o' mine

agitato poco a poco e crescendo

Out on the sea he thinks of me, My

thoughts must be all for him.

a tempo

Out on the sea is a mate o' mine My

a tempo

rall.

thoughts must be all for him.

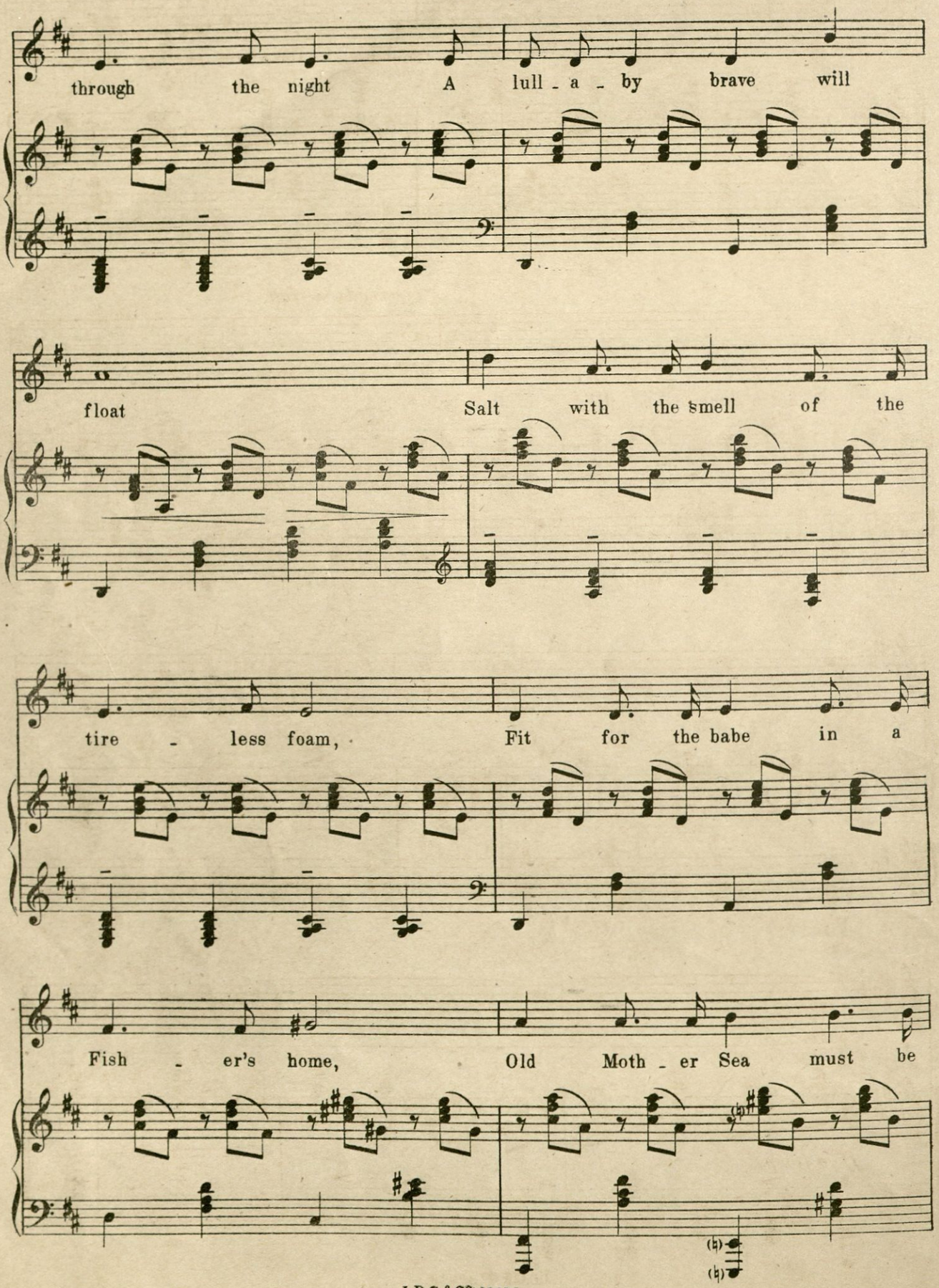
rall.

mf a tempo

rall.

I'll o - pen the win - dow and

p a tempo


through the night A lull - a - by brave will
float Salt with the smell of the
tire - less foam, Fit for the babe in a
Fish - er's home, Old Moth - er Sea must be

nurse to thee While I watch for thy Fa - ther's

boat.

crescendo e rall.

Old Moth_er Sea must be

crescendo e rall.

nurse to thee While I watch for thy Fath - er's

boat.

ff a tempo

8

No 4.

LITTLE BROWN SAIL.

Grey mist veiling the morning,
Fierce spume lashing your warning,
Where is the sail, bent to your wail,
The little brown sail that is braving your storming?

Storm song cease your alluring,
Sea mist hold from obscuring,
One little sail, daring the gale,
Bringing my cargo of love to its mooring.

ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

LITTLE BROWN SAIL.

WORDS BY
ETHEL B. KELLY.

MUSIC BY
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Breezily.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Grey mist veil_ing the

morn _ ing,

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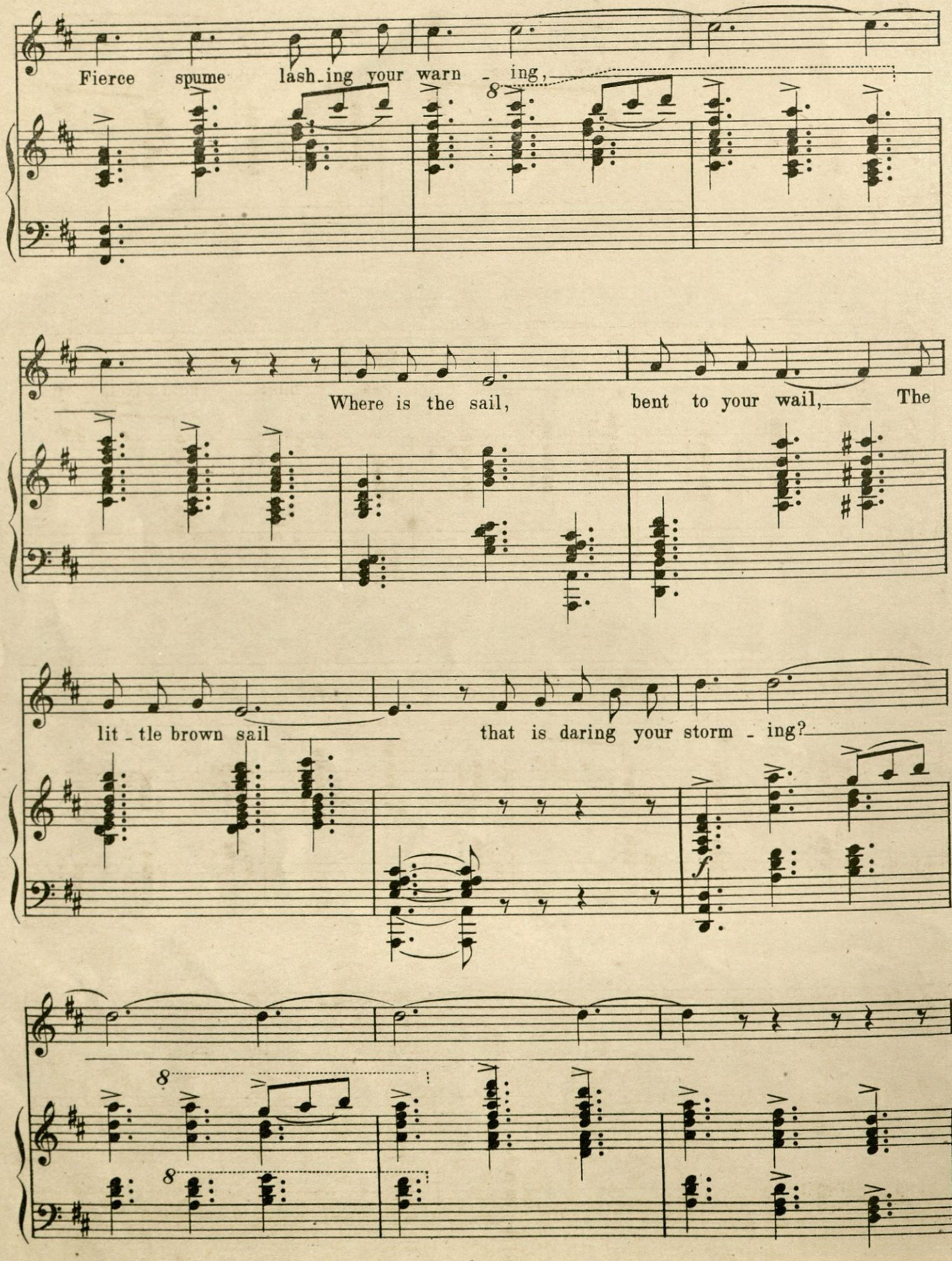
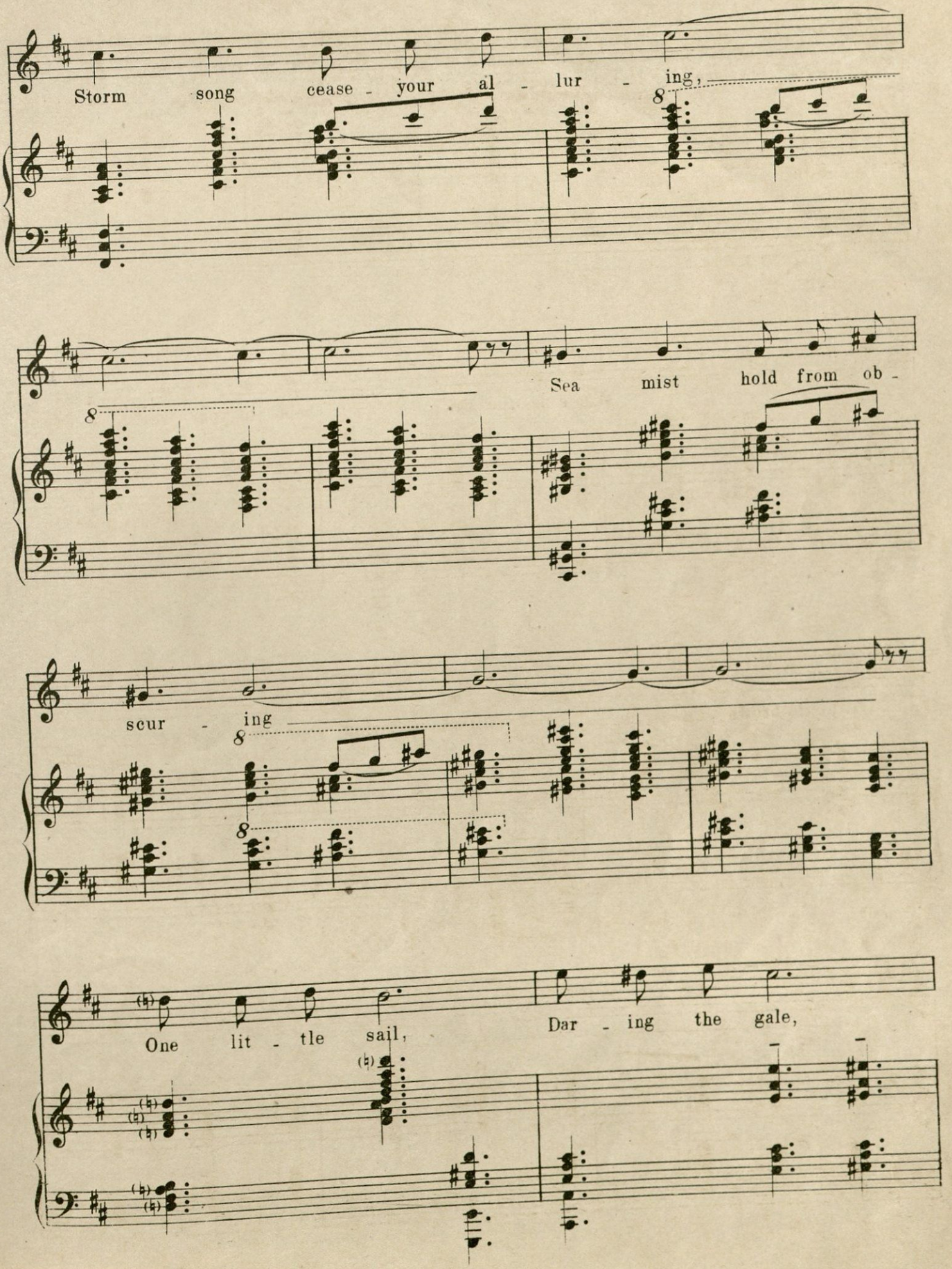
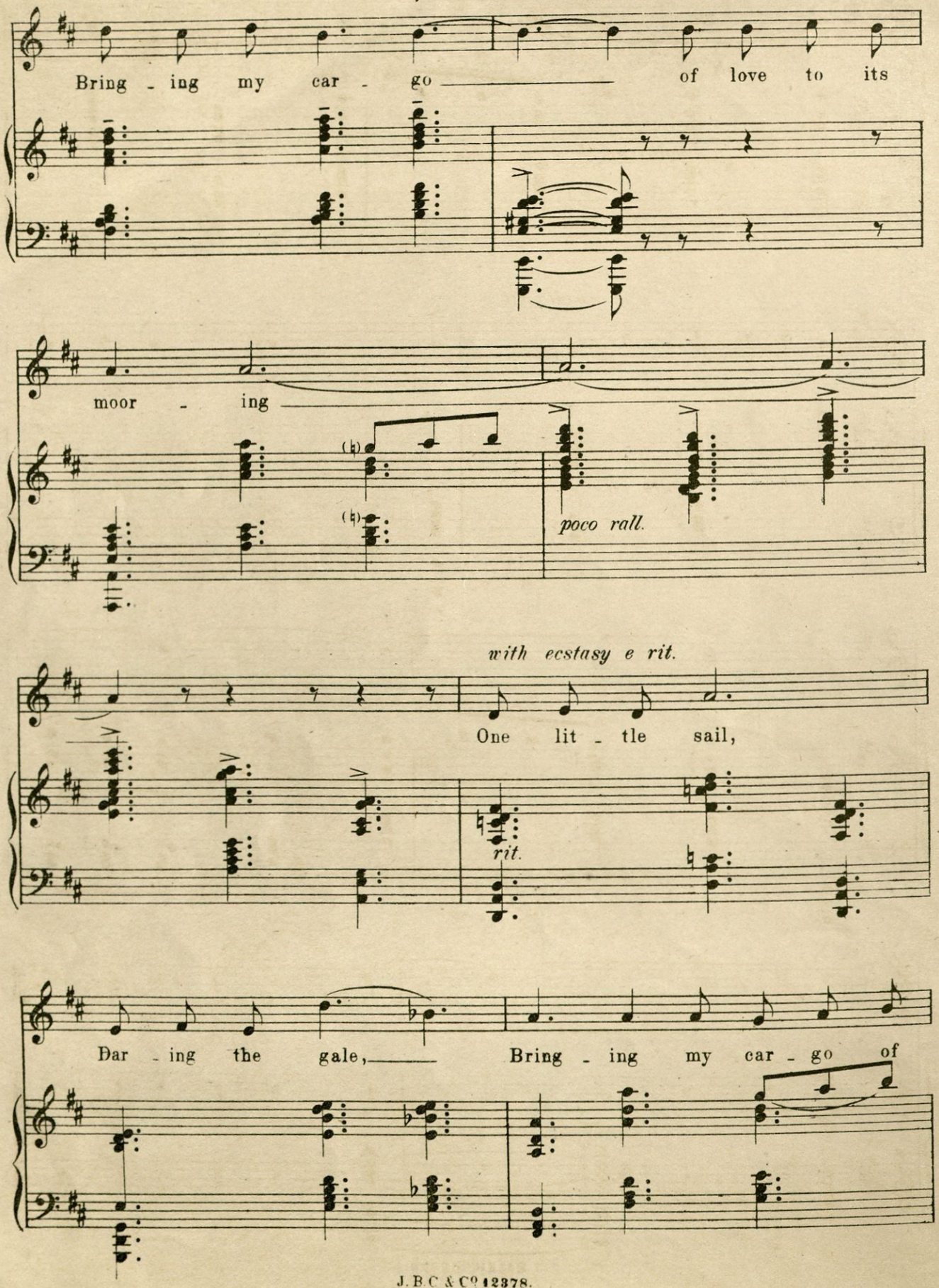
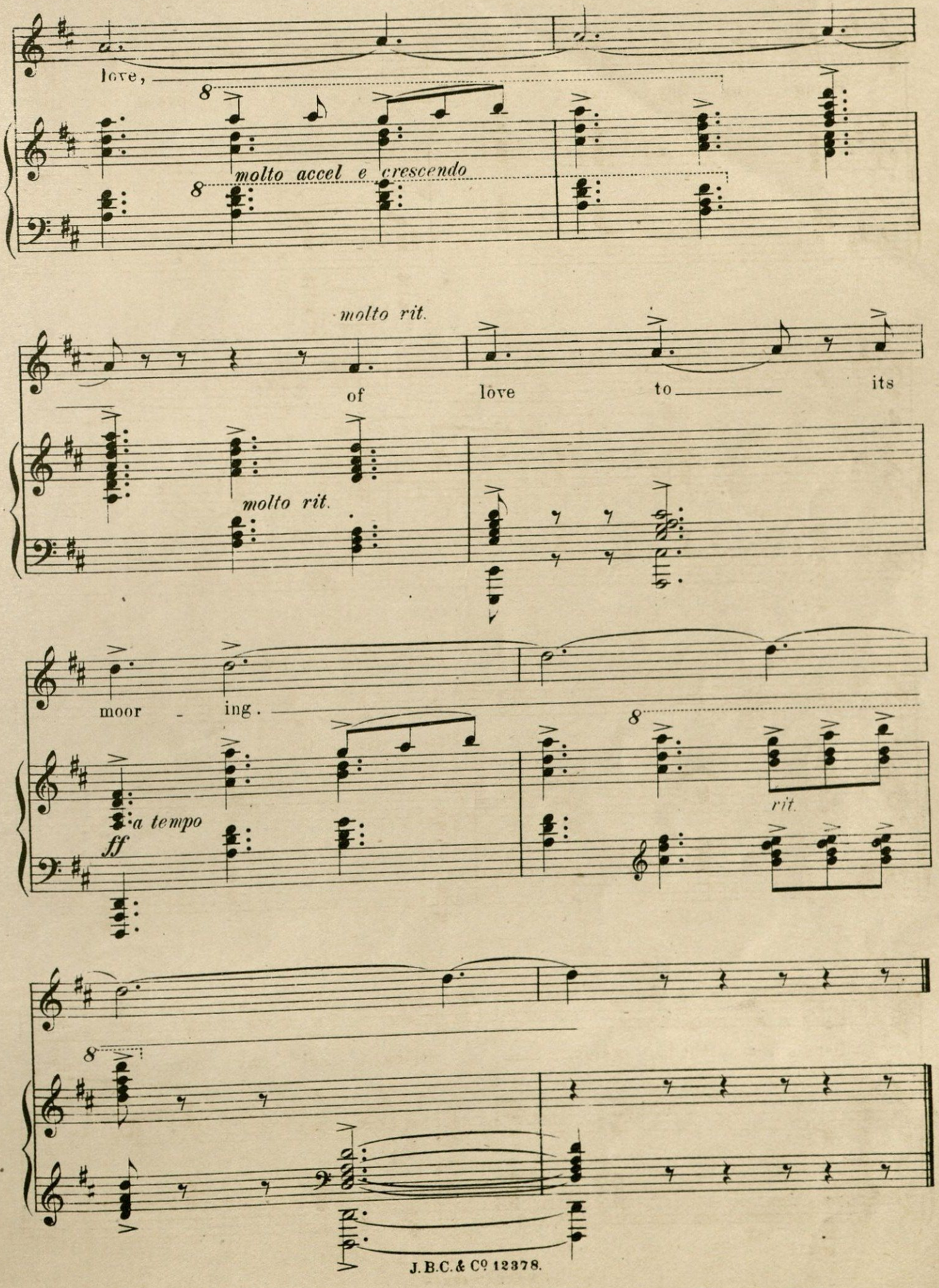

Fierce spume lash_ing your warn _ ing,
Where is the sail, bent to your wail, The
lit _ tle brown sail that is daring your storm _ ing?
f


Storm song cease - your al - lur - ing,
Sea mist hold from ob -
scur - ing
One lit - tle sail,
Dar - ing the gale,


Bring - ing my car - go of love to its
moor - ing
poco rall.
with ecstasy e rit.
One lit - tle sail,
rit.
Dar - ing the gale, Bring - ing my car - go of


love,
molto accel e crescendo
molto rit.
of
love
to
its
molto rit.
moor - ing.
a tempo
ff
rit.

Nº 5.

FOLKS WHO LIVE BESIDE THE SEA.

Looking out to sea for the warmth that day is bringing,
Watching for the primrose clouds that tell us dawn is near;
All the world is sorrowing but we can go a-singing,
Folks who live beside the sea have never learnt to fear.

Looking out to sea for the ship that never started,
Golden hull and silver sail bringing treasure new,
All the world is grumbling while we are happy-hearted,
Folks who live beside the sea can make a little do.

Looking out to sea for any kind of tiding,
Looking for the little boat that never comes again;
... ...
Snuff the candle sadly – it will never need our guiding,
Folks who live beside the sea have learnt to hide their pain.

ETHEL BERNARD KELLY.

FOLKS WHO LIVE BESIDE THE SEA.

WORDS BY
ETHEL B. KELLY.

MUSIC BY
CLAUDE ARUNDALE.

Dreamily.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

p

Look-ing out to sea for the warmth that day is bring-ing,

Watch-ing for the primrose clouds that tell us dawn is near;

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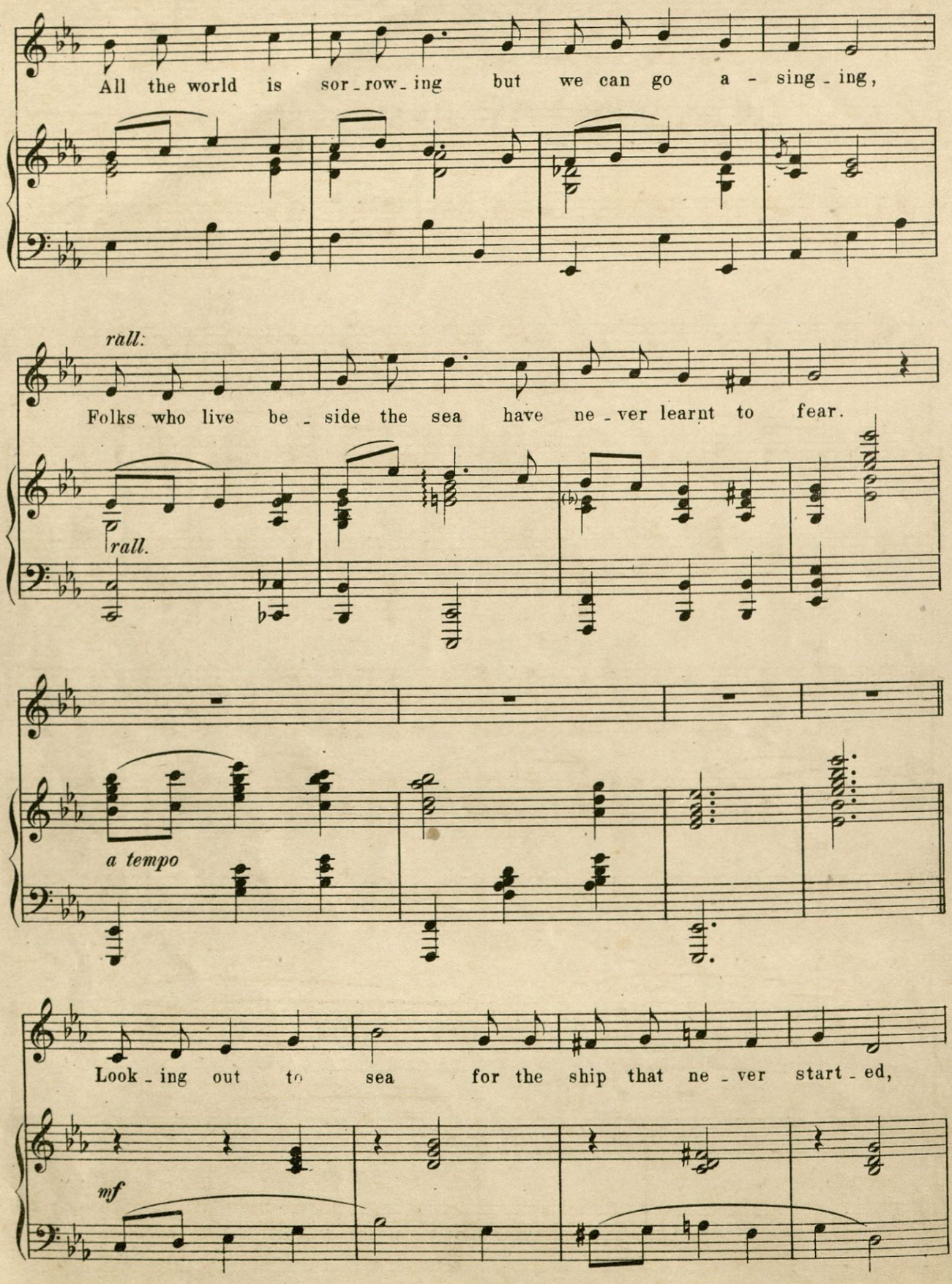
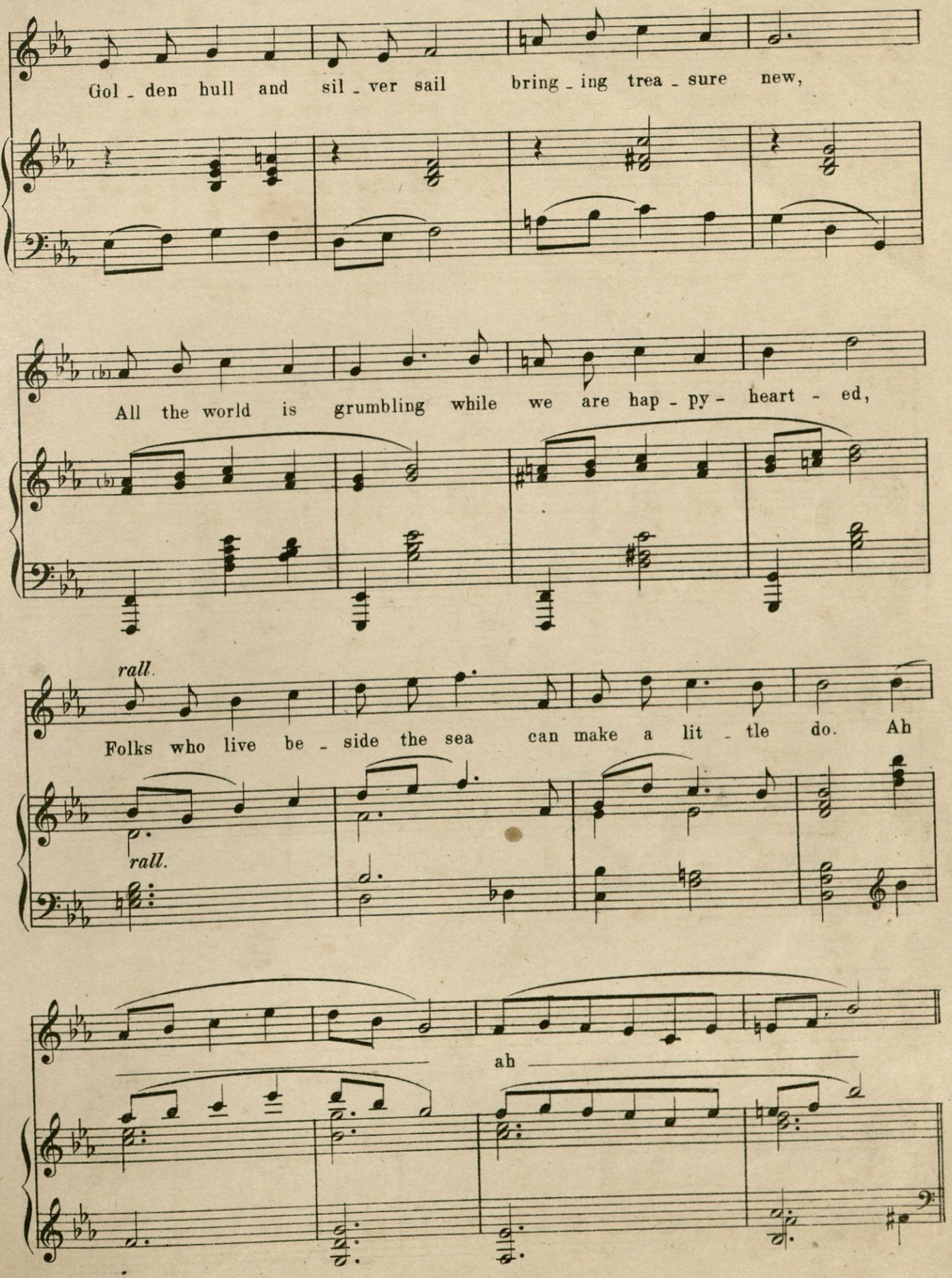
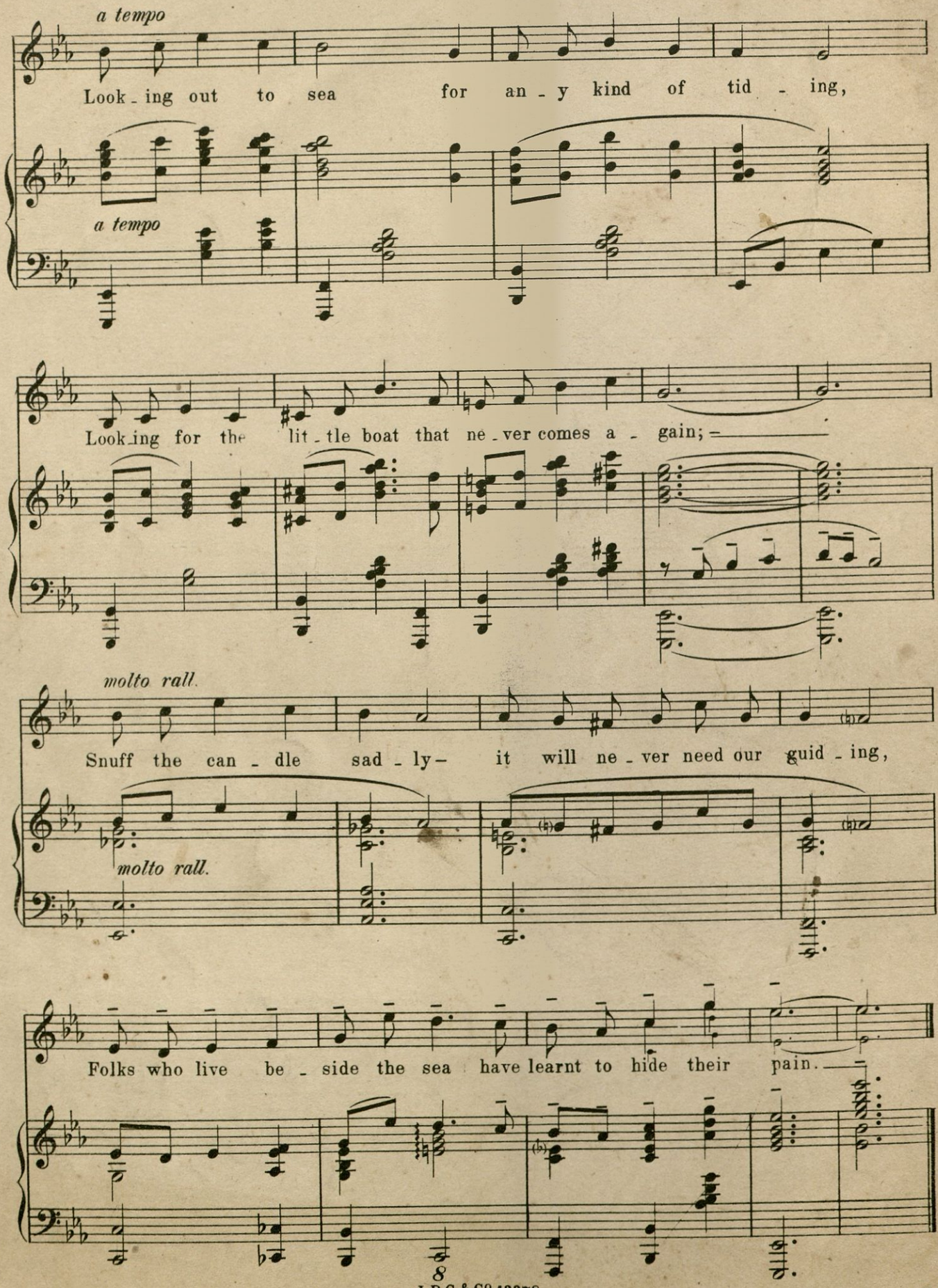

All the world is sor - row - ing but we can go a - sing - ing,
rall:
Folks who live be - side the sea have ne - ver learnt to fear.
rall.
a tempo
Look - ing out to sea for the ship that ne - ver start - ed,
mf


Gol - den hull and sil - ver sail bring - ing trea - sure new,
All the world is grumbling while we are hap - py - heart - ed,
rall.
Folks who live be - side the sea can make a lit - tle do. Ah
rall.
ah



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