

# THE MAN ON THE SHORE

*Very Freely - unaccompanied or sparse guitar countermelody : **NOT** chords!*

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The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of one flat (Bb). It begins with a 5/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score is divided into systems, with measure numbers 5, 9, 14, and 16 indicated at the start of their respective lines. The time signature changes to 4/4 at measure 8 and back to 5/4 at measure 13. The piece ends with a double bar line at the end of the final measure.

5  
There are no fish in the nets, brave boys.. My hands are wea-ry and  
9  
torn. My back is ach-ing and my bell-y's emp-ty and soon we must face the  
14  
morn. And the Man on the shore holds a bas-ket of the fish they call John  
16  
Do - ry Won't you tell me your  
name, oh you Man up - on the shore?

There are no fish in the nets, brave boys. My hands are weary and torn.  
My back is aching, and my belly's empty, and soon we must face the morn

*And the Man on the shore holds a basket of the fish they call John Dory.  
Won't you tell me your name, oh you Man upon the shore?*

The man is waving and calling out. Why can't he leave us alone?  
His fire is burning, and his fish are ready, while we poor sailors have none.  
He says there's fish on the other side. He's interfering as well.  
It's bad enough that we are tired and hungry. I wish he'd just go to hell.

Let's cast the nets on the other side Perhaps he'll leave us alone.  
Let's do his bidding, to make him look stupid. And then we can all go home  
I've never seen fish like that before! We'll have to let some go free.  
How could he know where the fish were hiding? What does he know of the sea?

I'm sure I've seen the man's face before. He has a working man's hands  
Something's familiar in his way of speaking, Something in the way that he stands.  
He gives me food, and he shakes my hand. I cannot ask him his name  
His hands are torn, and his head is bleeding - and somehow, I feel I'm to blame.

You'll see the marks on John Dory's sides They bear the marks that he made  
They are the marks made by a working man's fingers The marks that never will fade