DAVY JONES' LOCKER

BY

H.W. PETRIE

COMPOSER OF "ASLEEP IN THE DEEP" "I DON'T WANT TO PLAY "YOUR YARD"
DAVY JONES' LOCKER.
BARITONE or BASS.

Words and Music by H.W. Petrie.
Composer of "Asleep in the deep."
"I don't want to play in your yard."
eetc. etc. etc.

Con moto.

1. Ho! there, know ye the dangers that lie,
2. Ho! there, fly from the man of the sea,

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Out where white crested waves roll high?

Al ways watch ing for sl aves is he.

There's where mermaids and sea serpents creep,

Ho! there, lost are the sailors who go.

There's where Davy Jones rules the deep.

Down where Davy Jones waits below.

Heed not the call brave rover,

Happy is he to sever.
Wait till the storm is over,
True loving hearts for ever,

Deep down to thee,
Peace to thee,
(lost at sea)

While tempests roar on the sea,
While tempests roar on the shore,

REFRAIN.
Davy Jones, calls all the tars to his locker,
Davy Jones, greetings them with jeers and with laughter,

Have a care, sailors who brave the hereafter,

Or thy bones will go to Davy Jones,

Or thy bones will go to Davy Jones!

marcato col canto.
Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold.

Words by EVA FERN BUCKNER.

REFRAIN.

Music by H. W. PETRIE.

Oh! the old church-bells are ring-ing And the mock-ing birds are sing-ing, As they

sang a-round the place in days of old; . . . . And tho' I am far a-way, All my

rall.

heart has been to-day, Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold. . . . . .