

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

---

Maine Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

---

9999

## Down by the Locker of Davy Jones

Helen Cooper Lord

*Composer*

Dorothy Lathrop Beedy

*Lyricist*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me>

---

### Recommended Citation

Lord, Helen Cooper and Beedy, Dorothy Lathrop, "Down by the Locker of Davy Jones" (9999). *Maine Sheet Music Collection*. Score 540.

<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me/540>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact [um.library.technical.services@maine.edu](mailto:um.library.technical.services@maine.edu).

Davy Jones

DAVY JONES  
(Dorothy L. Beedy)  
Song  
Helen Cooper Lord

MADE COMPOSE BY  
*Helen Cooper Lord*  
DEPARTMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC  
MAINE FEDERATION OF MUSIC CLUBS

Dorothy Lathrop Beedy.

Down by the Locker of Davy Jones.

Helen Cooper Lord.

O I know a world far,

*Amplified with good rhythm*

*Ritard*

*Tempo*

far from here Deep down in the dark blue sea, — Where lives in a house of

shimmering salt & large moist foam — by they sing and splash the long day through, by a

stress of pale pink shells, Close by the lock-er of Da-vy Jones And some



Carl Fischer, New York  
No. 10-12 lines.

Mrs Helen C Lord  
601 The Ontario

Vc Me.  
000259  
Lor

si- lent rus- ky bells.

In skin- tight skirts of sil- ver doth *mp* flounced with dark fringe rare, And

sea pearl crimson their ki- ny heads of gol- den floor- ing hair, They

greet each dry- world sin- ning guest with a wel- come that nev- er fails; And

si- lent rus-ty bells.

mp  
 In skin-tight skirts of sil-ver cloth  
 Flounced with dark fringe rare, And  
 non legato

sea pearl crowns on their ki-ny heads  
 Of gol-den flow- ing hair, They  
 no.

greet each dry-world sin-ning guest  
 With a wel-come that nev-er fails; And  
 no.

pilot her home with shouts of joy In a Kor-koise boat manned by snails. She is

ritard Tempo

dined at night 'neath star fish light mid flow-ers by wind un-blomp; On

jet-ty-fish jell and kor-rie eggs In dain-ty green boats of stone. She is

lur-led to sleep in a moo-ey owing By an oc-to-pus nurse age-wise; And

*p colla voce*



tied - a - loft is a kelp - weed shade Near a moon - beam shine in her eyes.

smile, little moth - ers who live by the tide Great though your los - ses be; For those hap - py guests of the

*merciful*

mer - maid world Are dol - lies dear Dol - lies dear -

*mp* *p* *pp*

lost at sea!

*ff* *ff*

Both pedals