

BRANDY (You're A Fine Girl)

Words & Music by ELLIOT LURIE

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Moderately

There's a port on a west-ern bay — and it serves a hun - dred ships a day — Lone - ly sail - ors pass
Brandy wears a braid - od chain, made of finest silver from the north of Spain — A lock - et that
time a - way — and talk a - bout — their homes. There's a girl in this har - bor town, and she works lay -
bears the name of the man that Bran - dy loves. — He came on a sum - mer's day — Bring - ing gifts from
night when the bars close down. Bran - dy walks thru
whis - key down — They say "Bran - dy, fetch an - oth - er round," she serves them whis - key and wine. The sail - ors say "Bran - dy you're a
far a - way. But he made it clear he could - n't stay, — no har - bor was his home. The sail - ors say "Bran - dy, you're a
si - lent town and loves a man who's not a - round She still can hear him say, She hears him say.)
— girl, — what a good wife — you would be; — Your — eyes could steal a sail - or from the sea. —
— girl, — what a good wife — you would be; — but my life, my lover, my la - dy is — the sea. —
last time to Coda
Bran - dy used to watch his eyes. when he told his sail - or's sto - ry. — She could feel the o - cean
fall and rise — she saw its rag - ing glo - ry. — But he had al - ways told — the truth, — Lord, he was an hon - est
man; — Bran - dy does her best to un - der - stand. — At

CODA

D.S. al Coda

BOOK OF LOVEWords & Music by WARREN DAVIS,
GEORGE MALONE & CHARLES PATRICK

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S II

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