SHE SELLS SEA-SHELLS

Words by Terry Sullivan
Music by Harry Gifford

Moderato

VERSES

just had a letter to say I'm engaged To appear in the pantomime; The
sea-shells she sells are a terrible sell; And the song is a "sell" also. The
part I've to play is the 'principle boy', So I'm in for a beautiful time. The
authors both say it will go very big, But I fear I am all that will go. The
pan-to's "Dick Whittington" suffered from lock-jaw, and I'm Dirty Dick, The fellow who once rode to York The
Manager says I must get a good song. About which the public will talk. I've come
making me lisp, but I shy to my shelf. The song's sure to go with a shwing. I'm

Bb  F7  Bb(dim)  Bb  G7(5b)  F  C7  F7

misioned some authors to write me a song; A very fine chorus they've sent me along. I
dreaming of sea-shells when I am in bed. I only wish she would sell matches instead.

Em  Bb  Em  Bb  G9  C7  C7  F7

CHORUS

She sells sea-shells on the shore, The shells she sells are sea-shells, I'm sure, For if

Bb  Gm  C7  F7  Bb  Bb(dim)  Bb

she sells sea-shells on the shore, Then I'm sure she sells sea-shore shells.

Bb  Cm  C7  Bb(dim)  F7  Bb  Bb

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