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ANN GLANVILLE

(Anna Murphy/Claire Ingleheart)

Chorus: X2

Row Ann row

There's another child on the way.

There were thirteen last time when we looked

So row Ann Glanville row.

There were four strong women in a boat,

The fastest crew ever afloat.

Out rowed the men by a hundred strokes

And left that French crew stranded.

Chorus: X2

Well your arms as strong as old oak trees

Not till your last breath will you take your ease

Up the Tamar and back to shore

You will row 'till your heart can beat no more.

Chorus: X2

Now there's fourteen mouths to be fed

And your poor Johnny's taken to his bed

There's cargo to take up the river,

And we'll all die if you don't deliver.

Chorus: X2

BLACK AND GOLD

(Music by Robin Holmes. Lyrics by Will Coleman)

Chorus:

Go cut furze, flames on the fuzzy bush

Go cut furze, fill up the cloam

Go cut furze, flames on the fuzzy bush

Kissing's out of fashion when the furze is out of bloom

'Twas one Midsummer's Eve, as I strolled down from Trevalga
And I met, would you believe, the man with the golden tree

We went house to house for furze, when some grumpy old curmudgeon
Tried to dole us with a curse, so we rolled him into the sea

When we'd doused out every spark, from Polrunny to Penally
There upon the highest mark, we set our wildfire flying free

Axe me down and burn my bones, turn my milk and sour my butter
Fill my pockets full of stones, watch my ills all fly from me

I could see the seven brands, driving off the burning dragons
Scattering ashes over the land, from the smoke the spriggans flee

For it's black breaks the thorn, and it's gold bursts the blossom
And it's not long now till dawn, dances back from under the sea

When I leapt the failing flames, gold my head and black my body
Things can never be the same, now the wheel goes rolling free

Hear the words the Chieftain said, raise the rod and fill the belly
Wipe the tears you never should shed, for the death of the golden tree

BLACK-EYED DOLL

Well I met my pretty little black-eyed doll, say where,
Down by the river-side, say where,
Down by the river-side, down by,
Down by the river-side,
Well I met my pretty little black-eyed doll, say where,
Down by the river-side, down by,
Down by the river-side, down by the river-side,

Chorus:

She said "Have patience little man, I know you'll understand,
I hardly know your name, and maybe,
Maybe some sweet day, love will come your way,
Your name and mine will be the same forever,"

Well I asked her for a little kiss, say where,
Down by the river-side, say where,
Down by the river-side, down by,
Down by the river-side,
Well I asked her for a little kiss, say where,
Down by the river-side, say where,
Down by the river-side, down by,
Down by the river-side, down by the river-side,

Chorus:

Ain't gonna study war no more,
Study war no more, no Lord I ain't,
Ain't gonna study war no more, war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Study war no more, no Lord I ain't,
Ain't gonna study war no more,

CADGWITH ANTHEM

(Traditional Cornish)

Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry
For to rob and to plunder it is our intent

Chorus:

As we roam through the valleys, where the lilies and the roses
And the beauty of Kashmir lay drooping his head
Then away (then away), then away (then away), then away
To those caves in yonder mountains where the robbers retreat

Hark, hark in the distance, there's footsteps approaching
Stand, stand and deliver, it is our watch-cry

It's your gold and your silver, or your lives in resisting
We'll laugh at your anger and scorn your distress

Cornish Chorus:

Ha ni owth erya dre nansow may tyv an bleujennow,
Ha'n lilis ha'n brialli ha'n rosennow hweg.
Deun dhe-ves (deun dhe-ves), deun dhe-ves (deun dhe-ves),
deun dhe-ves
Bys y'n fowys y'n menydhadow may kyv an ladron kres.

CAMBORNE HILL

(Trad. Cornish, about Trevithick's engine's first run 'Up Camborne Hill')

Chorus: Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down. x2
The horses stood still, the wheels went around.
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.

White stockings, white stockings she wore. x2
White stockings she wore, the same as before.
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.

Old Bessy she stood in the way x2
She stood in the way, they found her next day
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.

And when they were up they were up x2
And when they were only half way up
They were neither up nor down

I knawed her old father, old man. x2
I knawed her old man, he blawed in the band.
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.

Old Georgie he stood an' he stared x2
He stood an' he stared, and waggled his beard
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.

They heaved in the coal for the steam. x2
They heaved in the coal the steam hit the beam.
Goin' up Camborne Hill, comin' down.

And they pushed the damper in, and they pulled the damper out,
And the smoke went up the chimney all the same.
And they pushed the damper in, and they pulled the damper out,
And the smoke went up the chimney all the same.
And the smoke went up the chimney, x3
And the smoke went up the chimney all the same.

CORNISH LADS

Composed Roger Bryant 1994, verses often sung solo

Chorus:

Well Cornish lads are fishermen
And Cornish lads are miners too
But when the fish and tin are gone
What are the Cornish boys to do.

From Newlyn town we used to sail
Through rain and wind and lashing gale
The mackerel shoals we hoped to find
And soon we've left Land's End behind
Chorus: For Cornish Lads.....

We've searched the Seven Stones around
But not a sign or shoal we've found
Round Island light is now in sight
But Scillies are a barren ground
Chorus: For Cornish Lads....

The winding engine used to sing
A melody to Cornish tin
And Geevor lads they all would grin
At pay day on a Friday
Chorus: For Cornish Lads

The water now reclaims the mine
And young men talk of old men's time
And go to work in gold or coal
Or face a life upon the dole
Chorus: For Cornish lads

The hammer of the auctioneer
Is the only sound you soon will hear
And visitors will make the noise
And order drinks from Cornish boys
Chorus: For Cornish lads...

We'll do as we have done before
Go out and roam the wide world o'er
Wherever sea or ships are found
Or there's a hole down underground

Last chorus:

Well Cornish lads are fishermen
And Cornish lads are miners too
So when the fish and tin are gone
That's what.....the Cornish boys will do

Repeat last line (often a solo)

CORNWALL MY HOME

(By Harry 'Safari' Glasson)

I've stood on Cape Cornwall in the sun's evening glow,
On Chywoone Hill at Newlyn to watch the fishing fleets go
Watched the sheave wheels at Geevor as they spun around
And heard the men singing as they go underground

Chorus:

And no one will ever move me from this land
Until the Lord calls me to sit at his hand
For this is my Eden and I'm not alone
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home

I've left childish footprints in the soft Sennen sand
And I've chased the maids there, all lovely and tanned
I've stood on the cliff top in a westerly blow
And heard the waves thunder on the rocks far below

First thing in the morning on Chapel Carn Brea
To gaze at the Scillies in the blue far away
For this is my Cornwall and I'll tell you why
Because I was born here and here I shall die

DOLLY PENTREATH

(Natalie McGrath/Claire Ingleheart)

Sops: Dolly Pentreath was a Mousehole maid

All: Whey hey, a Mousehole maid

Sops: She was Cornish of tongue and a fish jowster by trade

All: Whey hey Dolly Pentreath

All Chorus:

Lay down them fish 'gainst the cellar wall

Then don't forget the salt to cover them all

Lay down then fish 'gainst the cellar wall

There's seven more baskets from this day's haul.

Sops: With her 'cowal' strapped daily , against her back

All: Whey hey against her back

Sops: She moves through the day 'til dark shadows crack

All: Whey hey Dolly Pentreath

All Chorus:

Sops: This weight of labour scored lines on her face

All: Whey hey, lines on her face

Sops: All the gathering and carrying, all over the place

All: Whey hey Dolly Pentreath

All Chorus:

Basses: When Dolly was old , to be lain in the ground

All: Whey hey lain in the ground

Sops: They found pilchards in her pockets for a jowster she was bound

All: Whey hey Dolly Pentreath

All Chorus: X2

FAREWELL SHANTY

(Lyrics as sung at Calstock May Revel 2012)

Its time to go now
Haulaway your anchor (x2)
It's our sailing time

Get some sail upon her
Haul away your halyards (x2)
It's our sailing time

Get her on her way now
Haul away your foresheets (x2)
It's our sailing time

Waves are surging under
Haul away down channel (x2)
It's our sailing time

When my days are over
Haul away to heaven (x2)
God be at my side

THE FINEST SHIP

(By Len Davis, in memory of Henry and Shadrach Gale)

1. Tin and copper's on the wane, new ground we had to find
Brother, I've hit silver ore, all ready to be mined
I have journeyed here again, back home from far off shores
You and I will sail away, we won't see home no more.

Chorus:

The finest ship that ever sailed, will take us overseas
Take us to another land, to live just as we please.

2. German Joe can do the job and so can Pete the Swede
But you can't beat Cornish boys: they are the ones I need.
We're the masters of hard rock, we have the engineers
We know how to work a mine of that I have no fears.

3. We won't let them sing that air, the Soldier's Farewell song
And though we follow our old trade it's here we do belong
We'll take our songs, we'll take our sport, we'll take our love of
Cornwall's shore
Still I'll miss the golden furze all glowing on the moors.

4. Say goodbye to mother dear we'll send for her quite soon
We'll have a jar with all the boys and shout out one last tune
We will travel far from here to work our lonely claim
On the White Star's finest ship, Titanic is her name.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

(Henry Clay Work 1876)

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor
It was taller by half than the old man himself
But it weighed not a pennyweight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
It was always his pleasure and pride

Chorus:

But it stopped short never to go again, when the old man died
Ninety years without slumbering, tic-toc tic-toc
His life seconds numbering, tic-toc tic-toc
But it stopped short never to go again, when the old man died

While watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had spent as a boy
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy
For it struck twentyfour when he entered in the door
With his charming and beautiful bride

Now my Grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found
For it kept perfect time and it had but one desire
At the end of each week to be wound
For it stood in its place not a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side

It rang an alarm at the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was blooming for flight
And his hour of departure had come
But the clock kept its time with a soft and mellow chime
As we silently stood by his side

And when the old man died x 3.....*leading into Old Time Religion*

OLD TIME RELIGION

..Now he's dead, now he's gone,

Chorus:

Won't you give me that old time religion

Won't you give me that old time religion

Won't you give me that old time religion

And it's good enough for me.

And it was good for me mother, (x3)

And it's good enough for me.

And it was good for me father, (x3)

And it's good enough for me.

It will save you from the fiery furnace, (x3)

and its good enough for me.

And it will take you up to heaven, (x3)

And it's good enough for me.

And it was good for the Cornish, (x3)

And it's good enough for me.

HARD ROCK CORNISH MINERS

Tune: Merv Davey. adapted Neil Davey/Will Coleman

Arranged: Neil Davey. Lyrics: Will Coleman

1. Copper, silver, lead and tin
Can't you feel em 'neath yer skin?
One and All we've always been
Hard rock Cornish miners.

Chorus

Cousin Jacks both great and small
Raise your voice, sing One and All
Round this world we send our call
'Health to the Cornish Miner!'

2. Deep and dark down Caradon
Mine
William Crago's aged just nine
8 hours work then 2 hours climb
Hard rock Cornish miner.

3. Alfie Crowle he made his name
Mexico's first football game
Gave our pasties' worldwide fame
Hard rock Cornish miner.

4. Clung to life when 3 men died
Telfer Mitchell bikes with pride
One foot dancing one foot tied
Hard rock Cornish miner.

5. Our Jane Harvey's a Foundry maid
White Hart Hayle's her cast-iron trade
Deals get done and money gets made
Hard rock Cornish miner.

6. London churchtown from
Penzance
Humphrey Davy leads the dance
Invented more than Safety Lamps
Hard rock Cornish miner.

7. Copper, silver, lead and tin
Can't you feel em 'neath yer skin?
One and All we've always been
Hard rock Cornish miners.

KERRA KERNOW

(Composed Richard Gendall, verses often sung solo)

Chorus:

Kerra Kernow ha gwith ow holon
ha'n mor a-dro dhe jy,
menydh ha logh, karrek hag avon
pup-prys y'th karav vy.

Py le pynag my a wra mones
prest y teu hwelav y'th herwydh klos
rag nyns eus par dhe'th tir plegadow
yn le may fynnav mos.

Y'th balyow down, ena y'th karav
y'th weythva vysi ha war an kay
ha war bup tu dha dus karadow
a dharbar dhymmo tre

Dha hynsyow owr, dha hallow mellys
dha wel, dha brasow, dha beurva wyr'
ty yw ow bro, ha dhys y trelyav
Kernow, ow mammvro ger.

Translation:

*Chorus: Beloved Cornwall keeping my heart, And the seas all around you,
Mountain and lake, rock and river, Always I love thee*

- 1. Wherever I do go, Always I return, close to thee, For there is no equal to
your pleasing land, Wherever I go or wish to*
- 2. In thy deep mines, there I love thee, In thy busy work places, and on the quay, And
on every side, your loving people, Prepare to me a home*
- 3. Thy golden lanes, thy honeyed moors, Thy fertile land, meadows, thy green
pastures, Thou art my country, and to thee I turn, Cornwall my dear Motherland.*

KESCANA KESCOLON

(Julie Tonkin/Jane Harris)

Await the dying of the storm
Await the calming of the seas
Embrace the ones you love goodbye
Kescana Kescolon, the spirit runs high
Kescana Kescolon Kescana Kescolon
Kescana Kescolon, the spirit runs high.

Cast out the net into the deep
Shout loud above the creaking rig
Inhale the salt, the oil, the spray
Kescana Kescolon, advancing the day
Kescana Kescolon Kescana Kescolon
Kescana Kescolon, advancing the day

All hands upon the net to haul
All faces set to timeless task
Set forth the fruiting of the deep
Kescana Kescolon, for hunger at bay to keep
Kescana Kescolon Kescana Kescolon
Kescana Kescolon, for hunger at bay to keep

LAMORNA

(Traditional Cornish)

So now I'll sing to you, it's about a maiden fair
I met the other evening at the corner of the square
She had a dark and roving eye, and her hair hung to her shoulder
We roved all night, in the pale moonlight, away down to Lamorna

Chorus:

'Twas down in Albert Square, I never shall forget
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, and the evening it was wet,
wet, wet
Her hair hung down in curls, she was a charming rover
We roved all night in the pale moonlight, away down to Lamorna
As we got in the cab, I asked her for her name
And when she gave it to me, well mine it was the same
So I lifted up her veil, for her face was covered over
To my surprise, it was my wife, I took down to Lamorna
She said, "I knawed 'ee well, I knawed 'ee all along
I knawed 'ee in the dark, but I did it for a lark
And for that lark you'll pay, for the taking of your doner
You'll pay the fare, I do declare, away down to Lamorna

Cornish Chorus

Plen Albert o an le, ankevi bydh ny wrav
Dewlagas ow terlen tri ha'n gorthugher glyb yn hav (hav, hav, hav)
Oll krollys o hy blew ha hudel hi ow kwandra,
Dres oll an nos y hwren ni mos alemma dhe Lamorna.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

(Long popular in Cornwall, originally a spiritual song from the American plantations. Verses often sung solo)

Chorus:

He's the lily of the valley, oh my Lord

He's the lily of the valley, oh my Lord

King Jesus in his chariot rides, oh my Lord

With four white horses side by side, oh my Lord

What kind of shoes are those you wear? oh my Lord

That you can walk upon the air, oh my Lord

These shoes I wear are gospel shoes, oh my Lord

And you can wear them if you choose, oh my Lord

LITTLE EYES

(Traditional Cornish)

I had a dream, the other night, the strangest dream of all
I dreamt that I was kissing you, behind the garden wall

Chorus:

And she said, little eyes I love you, little eyes I love you

I love you in the spring time and the fall

Little eyes I love you, little eyes I love you,

I love you the best of all

Now tell me honey, tell me true, who is your turtle dove?

Oh, tell me honey, tell me do, who is the one you love?

I took my honey home last night, beneath the spreading pine

I placed my arms around her waist, and pressed her lips to mine

It was not me you kissed last night, behind the garden wall

It was not me it was my wife, she is so big and tall

I went around to her back yard, her bulldog flew at me
And bit me by the old back door, beneath the maple tree
I loved you in the summer time, I loved you in the fall
But in between these two white sheets, I loved you the best of all

Cornish Chorus: Dewlagas Vyghan – Little Eyes

Yn-medh hi: dewlagas vyghan (melder), dewlagas vyghan,
war oll an norvys nyns eus hwath dha bar;
(melder, melder, melder)
Dewlagas vyghan, dewlagas vyghan,
bys vykken my a'th kar (melder, melder, melder)

LOWER LIGHTS

(By Phillip Bliss, sung around Cornwall)

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From his lighthouse evermore
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore

Chorus:

Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save!

Dark the night of sin has settled
Loud the angry billows roar
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore

Trim your feeble lamp my brother
Some poor sailor, tempest tossed
Trying hard to make the harbour
In the darkness may be lost

MAGGIE MAY

(Cornish Version)

The Spring had come, the flowers in bloom, the birds sang out
their lay,

Twas by a little running stream I first met Maggie May.

Chorus:

My little witching Maggie, singing all the day

Oh, how I loved her none can tell, my little Maggie May.

Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue, and honest as the day

Her heart was ever pure and true, my little Maggie May.

Chorus:

And though her voice was sweet and low, twas like an angel's lay

I hear it now where e'er I go, the voice of Maggie May.

Chorus:

The years have flown, my eyes grow dim, my hair is scant and
grey,

Yet never shall I cease to love my long lost Maggie May.

Chorus:

MARTIN SAID

(Traditional)

Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie

Martin said to his man, who's the fool now

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can

Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now

I saw the man in the moon, fie, man, fie

I saw the man in the moon, who's the fool now

I saw the man in the moon, Clouting of St. Peter's shoon

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw the hare chase the hound, fie, man, fie

I saw the hare chase the hound, who's the fool now

I saw the hare chase the hound, Twenty miles above the ground

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw the mouse chase the cat, fie, man, fie

I saw the mouse chase the cat, who's the fool now

I saw the mouse chase the cat, Saw the cheese eat the rat

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw a goose ring the hog, ...etc

I saw a goose ring the hog, and a cat bite the dog

I saw a flea heave a tree,etc.

I saw a flea heave a tree, twenty miles out to seaetc

I saw a snail drive a nail,etc.

From Penzance up to Hayleetc.

I saw a maid milk a bull, ...etc.

I saw a maid milk a bull, at every pull a bucket full.....etc.

Repeat First Verse

MINER'S ANTHEM

(Roger Bryant)

Well a miner's life is short and hard
When you're working underground
But share your faith with the other men
And let your soul be found

Chorus:

So place yourself in the Saviour's hands
And let His good grace flow
Sing out His name at the working face
And trust the God you know
And trust the God you know
And trust the God you know
Sing out His name at the working face
And trust the God you know

In sin and sorrow once we dwelt
And bestiality
But Wesley came with a burning flame
And set us sinners free

Well he brought joy into our hearts
Our spirits now are raised
At last we walk the narrow path
And all our souls are saved

Sing out his hymns as you go below
And help the work along
So let our Lord on earth be praised
In prayer and deed and song

MINERS LAMENT

Words by Dennis Shilson

I left my home on a bright summer morning,
Went down to the mine where tin had been found.
Stuck to my hat I had just one small candle,
To lighten the dark as I worked underground.

Inside my croust pail I carried a pasty,
My wife baked with taters and turnip and beef,
Left a bit for the knockers, so they would protect me,
From rocks falling down as I worked underneath.

Chorus

*I see the mine owners in their big fancy houses,
As I take the risks when I go down below.
But still I go down there, like my father before me,
For I am a miner and it's all that I know.*

One day the tin ended and the mine it was finished
So I boarded the train bound for Southampton's quays,
And I left my Lizzie and I left my Cornwall,
And young Jack and Jenny, to work overseas.

Although in Australia I'm earning good money,
My heart lies thousands of miles away.
For I'm missing my family and missing my Cornwall,
And hoping that I can go back there some day.

Chorus

*I see the mine owners in their big fancy houses,
As I take the risks when I go down below.
But still I go down there, like my father before me,
For I am a miner and it's all that I know.*

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

Written by Sir Hugh S. Robertson in the 1930's

Chorus:

*Heel ya ho boys, let her go boys,
Heave her head round now all together
Heel ya ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.*

What care we though white the Minch is?
What care we boys for wind or weather?
Pull her round boys every inch is
Heading homeward to Mingulay.

Chorus:

Wives are waiting by the harbour
Looking seaward from the heather
Heave her round and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets at Mingulay

Chorus:

Bairns are sleeping, by the fireside
Rocking gently in their cradles
There's a candle, in the window
'Ere the menfolk return from sea.

Chorus:

OLD GREY DUCK

(Traditional Cornish)

The old grey duck, she stole 'er nest and laid out in the fields
And when the young ones they came forth, they 'ad no tails nor bills
They 'ad no tales nor bills, they 'ad no tails nor bills
And when the young ones they came forth, they 'ad no tails nor bills
Two eggs was scat and one was addled, and they we thrawed away
And them that couldn't clunk nor swim, they all died that same day... etc
Now them that wad'n addled nor broke, they didn't know what to do
They didn't even 'ave the sense to chaw their shells right through... etc
Next time we'll put 'er in the barn, and tie 'er by the 'eels
The young ones then'll 'ave the chance, to graw their tails and bills... etc

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

(Traditional Cornish, known in various forms in other parts of Britain)

How pleasant and delightful on a bright summer's morn
When the fields and the valleys are laden with corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes, sang from every greenwood tree
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of day.

Now, a sailor and his true love were walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love "I am bound far away
I am bound for the Indies, where the loud cannons roar
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl I adore"

Then the ring from her finger she hastily drew
Saying "Take this, dear William, my heart shall prove true"
And as he embraced her, tears from her eyes they fell
Saying "May I go along with you?" "Nay Nancy, farewell"

"Fare thee well, dearest Nancy, I can no longer stay
For the topsail is hoisted and the anchors are weighed
And the good ship lies waiting, for the next flowing tide
And if ever I return again, I shall make you my bride"

RAISE THE CUP

(Ali Burns)

Tune (and lower harmony)

Oh let's raise the cup of kindness
and toast another year
To friendships old and friendships new
and to those who can't be here
And as we raise our glasses and drink the moment in
I'll keep it in our memory until we sing again.

High harmony

Oh let's raise the cup and toast the year
And drink to friendship and those who are missing
And as we raise - and drink this moment
I'll keep the memory until we sing again

SHINING DOWN ON SENNEN

(Mike O'Connor)

In Wallaroo it's mighty fine, in Moonta, and Kadina
And they remind of the time when first I was a streamer
But when at night my eyelids close, my mind to far off places goes
The Southern Cross its soft light glows, shining down on Sennen.

Underground it's all the same, as Crofty or Seleggan
The dust, the dark, the flickering flame, it might just be Illogan
The same old songs are heard again, the tales, the tunes, the family names
The stars hear Nightingale's refrain when shining down on Sennen

Christmas is the bravest time, we sup a pint of Tawny
And Fiddler Jim will lead the mine when we sing Trelawny
We've sung it all the world around where tin and copper may be found
The stars will hear that very sound, when shining down on Sennen

At home the mines have closed their gates, or so said last year's letter
Redruth town is no great shakes and Pool is not much better!
But in my mind I see them still, forever climbing Camborne hill,
And stars above the gas light will be shining down on Sennen

South Australia's been real good to cousins Jack and Jenny
And many a Cornishman can say he's earned a pretty penny
But Jacky this, and Jacky that, this cousin Jack would eat his hat
To see the stars that even yet, are shining down on Sennen.

(Repeat 1st verse)

SHOSHOLOZA

(Mining song brought to South Africa by Zimbabwean miners)

Shosholoza

Ku lezontaba

Stimela siphum' e South Africa

Wen' uyabaleka

Ku lezontaba

Stimela siphum' e South Africa

A rough translation

Go Forward

On those mountains

Train to South Africa

You are running away

On those mountains

Train to South Africa

SLOOP JOHN B

(Brian Wilson/Beach Boys)

We sailed on the Sloop John B
My Grand pappy and me
Over the seven seas we did roam
Drinking all night, we got in a fight
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

Chorus:

So hoist up the John B's sails, see how the main sail sets
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home,
I wanna go home, I wanna go home
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk, and broke in the captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

Chorus

Now the captain's a wicked man, gets drunk whenever he can.
And he don't give a damn for grand pappy and me
He kicks us around and he knocks us about
Well I feel so broke up; I wanna go home.

Chorus:

The cook he got the fits, and threw away all the grits
And then he took and ate up all of my corn
I wanna go home, I wanna go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus:

SONG FOR CORNWALL

(Harry 'Safari' Glasson)

When I sing of Cornwall, It's one way to begin,
To tell the story of the men, Of copper, fish and tin.
From the sea that's all around us, To way below the ground,
The memory of these mighty men, Is gathered all around.

Chorus

So let's hear it for Trelawny, may his army never die.
Let's hear it for Trevithick, with his engine steaming by.
Let's hear it for the farmers, and for the fishermen.
Let's hear it for the miners, who we hope will mine again.

Oh from the engine houses, That lay scattered 'round Carn
Brea,
To the white St Austell landscape, Sculpted in the china clay.
From the harbours here at Newlyn, At Portreath and at Looe.
The lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, Proves what Cornishmen
can do.

Chorus

Cornish past is mighty, It was built by mighty men,
And as Cornishmen we yearn, For those times to come again.
Or do we let our mining, And our fishing 'round us fall,
Not if we stick together, In our motto, "One And All".

Chorus

Now when you cross the Tamar, Into this promised land,
There's one thing to remember, One thing to understand.
That Cornwall's not a county, Just sited in the west.
That Cornwall is a country, The land we love the best.

Chorus

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus:

Haul away you rolling king
Heave away, haul away
Haul away you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair
Heave away, haul away
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair
We're bound for South Australia

I shook her up, I shook her down
Heave away, haul away
I shook her all around the town
We're bound for South Australia

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
Heave away, haul away
To leave that fair Miss Blair behind
We're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop around Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been born
We're bound for South Australia

Repeat first verse

SWEET BY AND BY

(Sankey Hymn by S F Bennett and J P Webster)

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there

Chorus:

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gifts of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days

SWEET NIGHTINGALE

(Traditional Cornish)

My sweetheart come along, don't you hear the fond song
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As she sings in the valley below

Pretty Betty don't fail, for I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cott as we go,
You shall hear the fond tale...

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my own
And along with you, Sir, I'll not go,
For to hear the fond tale...

Pray sit yourself down, with me on the ground
On the banks where the primroses grow,
You shall hear the fond tale...

So she sat herself down, with him on the ground
On the banks where the primroses grow,
And she heard the fond tale...

The couple agreed to be married with speed
And along to the church they did go
Now no more she's afraid, for to walk in the shade
Or to lie in the valleys below, or to lie in the valleys below

Cornish Chorus

A ny glewydh hy lev, a-woles a sev
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?
Y'n nansow ow kana mar deg?

THOUSANDS OR MORE

(Traditional Cornish, other versions known elsewhere)

Now time passes over more swiftly and gay
Since we found a new act to drive sorrows away
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away
Since we found a new act to drive sorrows away

Bright Phoebe arises, all up in the sky
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye
Sparkling eye...

You ask for my credit I'll say I have none
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home
Find me at home...

Now although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as them that's got thousands or more
Thousands or more...

TRELAWNY

(The Song Of The Western Men, R.S.Hawker 1835)

A good sword and a trusty hand, a merry heart and true
King James' men shall understand what Cornish lads can do
And have they fixed the where and when, and shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason
why

Chorus:

And shall Trelawny live? And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men shall know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold, a merry wight was he
If London's tower were Michael's hold, we'd set Trelawny free
We'll cross the Tamar land to land, the Severn is no stay
With 'One and All' and hand in hand, and who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London Wall, a merry sight to view
Come forth, come forth ye cowards all, here's better men than you
Trelawney he's in keep and hold, Trelawny he may die
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold, will know the reason why!

Cornish Chorus

'Verow Trelawny bras?
'Verow Trelawny bras?
Ottomma ugens mil Gernow
A wodhvydh oll an kas.

THE WHITE ROSE

(Traditional Cornish, verses often sung solo)

Chorus: I love the white rose in it's splendour,
I love the white rose in it's bloom
I love the white rose, so fair as it grows,
It's the rose that reminds me of you
The first time I met you my darling,
Your face was as red as the rose
But now your dear face has grown paler,
As pale as the lily white rose
As fair as the Spring, oh my darling,
Your face shines so bright, so divine
The fairest of blooms in life's garden
Oh lily white rose, you are mine
Her hair was as gold as the cornfield
Her eyes like the blue skies above
Her voice like the nightingale singing
Oh lily white rose that I love
But now that you've left me my darling
From your grave one single flower grows
I'll always remember you darling
When I gaze on that lily white rose
Now I am alone my sweet darling
I walk through the garden and weep
But spring will return with your presence
Oh, lily white rose mine to keep

Cornish Chorus:

My 'gar an rosen wynn,
Mar hweg, mar deg del dyv hi,
An rosen wynn, mar splann, mar vryntin,
A dhre dha gov omma dhe-vy!