

Cornish Lads


By Roger Bryant

CHORUS

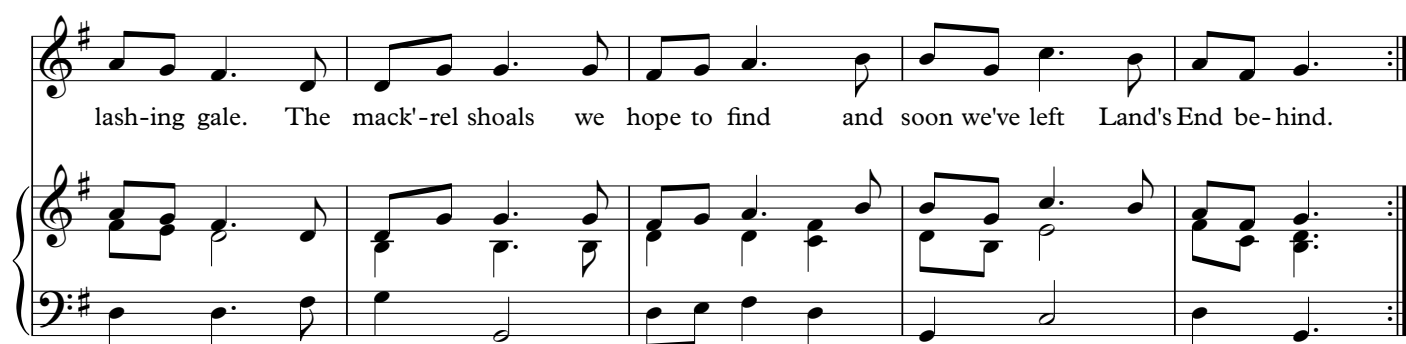


Well Corn-ish lads are fish-er-men and Corn-ish lads are min-ers too, but when the fish and

VERSE



tin are gone what are the Corn - ish boys to do? From New-lyn town we used to sail through rain and mist and



lash-ing gale. The mack'-rel shoals we hope to find and soon we've left Land's End be-hind.

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 mist and lashing gale
The mackerel shoals we hoped to find
And soon we've left Land's End behind

I've searched the seven stones all around
But not a sign or shoal we've found
Round Island light is now in sight
But Scillies are a barren ground

The winding engines used to sing
A melody to Cornish tin
And Geevor lads they all would grin
At pay day on a Friday

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

The hammer of the auction man
Is the only sound we soon will hear
And visitors will make the noise
And order drinks from Cornish boys

We'll do as we have done before
Go out to roam the wild world o'er
Wherever sea or ship 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***