Cornish Lads

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 Newly 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