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A CORNISH HAUL

— A —

Set of Five Songs

THE WORDS BY

BERNARD MOORE

The Music by

⋮

WILFRID SANDERSON.

PRICE 5/6 NET

Wilfrid Sanderson.

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A CORNISH HAUL



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COBBLIN'.

Down along to Fore Street, a'most any day,
Inside a winder peepin' on the Kay,
Ole Tom Trevinnick be workin' away,
Makin' an' mendin'.

Be 'ee a passin' he do wish 'ee well,
Be 'ee abidin' he'm for a spell,
He've sich a mort o' tales to tell,
An' yarns unendin'.

Sometimes he sets on a stool an' sews
Stiff say boots with copper-lined toes,
Us do see him there with his nose,
Over 'em bendin'.

When he'm a hammerin' he do sing,
Hymns as makes the slats to spring,
'Tis "Glory to God" an' "The Heavenly King"
An' "Saints ascendin'."

Sunday he'm on the Circuit plan;
He praiches good as passun can;
He tells 'ee straight as man to man,
An' no pretendin'!

He sez as how our souls get thin
With racketin' round on the Stones o' Sin,
An' how God drives His sharp awl in,
To do His mendin'.

'Tisn' in a stockin' his treasure be stored,
But he be a-layin' up a heavenly hoard,
Allays for men an' men's Good Lord
Makin' an' mendin'.

He sez he'm workin' till God's bell tolls,
Solin' an' heelin' an' healin' souls.
An' then he'm goin' where the Big Tide rolls
To joys unendin'.

From "A Cornish Haul," by

BERNARD MOORE.

COBBLIN'

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Con moto. Rhythm well marked.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

Down a - long to Fore Street,

R.H.

a'-most an - y day, In - side a win - der peep - in' on the Kay,

Ole Tom Trev-in-nick be work-in' a-way, Mak-in' an'

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "Ole Tom Trev-in-nick be work-in' a-way, Mak-in' an'". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

mend-in' Be 'ee a pass-in' he do wish 'ee well,

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a treble clef and the lyrics "mend-in' Be 'ee a pass-in' he do wish 'ee well,". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, maintaining the same key signature and time signature as the first system.

Be 'ee a-bid-in' he'm for a spell, He've sich a mort o'

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a treble clef and the lyrics "Be 'ee a-bid-in' he'm for a spell, He've sich a mort o'". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment in the latter part of the system.

rit. ten. tales to tell, An' yarns un-end-in'

rit. ten. a tempo. dim.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line has a treble clef and the lyrics "rit. ten. tales to tell, An' yarns un-end-in'". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. Dynamic markings include *rit.* (ritardando), *ten.* (tenuto), *a tempo.* (return to tempo), and *dim.* (diminuendo) throughout the system.

mp

Some-times he sets on a stool an' sews Stiff say-boots with

p

cop-per-lined toes, Us do see him there with his nose,

mf

O - ver 'em bend - in'. When he'm a ham-mer-in'

mf pesante.

cresc.

he do sing, Hymns as makes the slats to spring, 'Tis

f

with enthusiasm. rit - en - u - to. ff molto rall

"Glo - ry to God" an' The Heaven - ly King" An' "Saints a - scend -

cresc. rit - en - u - to. ff molto rall

- in?"

f a tempo. p

mp

poco rit. Sun - day he'm on the Cir - cuit plan; He

mp sostenuto.

f boldly. molto rit.

praiches good as pas - sun can; He tells 'ee straight as

(par - son)

f > molto rit.

ten. *a tempo.* *mf*

man to man, An' no pre - tend - in' He

sez as how our souls get thin With rack - et - in' round on the

mf

molto rit. incisively.

Stones o' Sin, An' how God drives His sharp awl in, To

molto rit.

ten.

do His mend - - in'

mf a tempo. *rit. e dim.*

mf sostenuto.

'Tis - n' in a stock - in' his trea - sure be stored, But

mp molto legato.

he be a - lay - in' up a hea - ven - ly hoard,

cresc. *poco rit.*

All - ays for men an' men's Good Lord

cresc. *poco rit.*

a tempo. *f*

Mak - in' an' mend - - in' He

a tempo.

Getting gradually slower.
Pesante.

sempre rall.

sez he'm work - in' till God's bell tolls, Sol - in' an'heel - in' an'

f Pesante.

Lento maestoso.

heal - in' souls, An' then he'm go - in' where the

rit.

ff *molto rall.*

Big Tide rolls To joys..... un - end -

rit. ***ff*** *molto rall.*

ff **Tempo I.**

molto rit.

- in'.....

ff **Tempo I.** *molto rit.*

A MEVAGISSEY HAUL.

(A Million Pilchards, August 6th 1912.)

A Sou' Sou' West was blowin' up to more than half a gale,
An' a prutty bit o' billow talked ashore,
But there baint no use for ¹seiners as be afeared to sail,
When the catches have been runnin' light an poor, —
 So we plugged out oar to oar.
 Out along from old Mevagissey, O, —
 Beatin' out from old Mevagissey, O, —
 With a sky full o' scud blowin' over us,
 An' a stiddy ²brazzle ³plonkin' at the bow.

We shut the seine, an' watched the lights a-dancin' green an' red,
An' wallowed first to starboard, then to port,
Until the ⁴dimsey touched the West, an' we was slowin' dead,
An' then we knawed 'twas ⁵tummals we had caught,
 For the corks was bobbin' short.
 Out along from old Mevagissey, O, —
 Low lay old Mevagissey, O, —
 When the grey dawn showed the shadows over us,
 An' the brazzle came a-lippin' at the bow

We lugged the silver net aboard until the bilge was hid,
For crates was little use for such a haul,
An' then we let the main sheet go, an' home along we slid,
With the hellum nearly buried in a squall,
 But we didn' care at all.
 For 'twas home to old Mevagissey, O, —
 Back along to old Mevagissey, O, —
 With the dangers o' the night blown over us,
 An' a MILLION PILCHERS slitherin' below.

We tacked into the harbour with the ground-say grindin' hard,
An' we bumped to berth at last 'longside the Kay,
Which was chockered up with barrels so you couldn' step a yard,
When we brought our shinin' harvest from the say:—
 Now 'tis salt an' stawed away.
 An' we'm home in old Mevagissey, O, —
 Home again in old Mevagissey, O, —
 With the cloud o' winter care blown over us,
 Whatever winter winds may blow.

BERNARD MOORE.

1 Seiners—Driit-net fishermen.

2 Brazzle—Foamy top of a wave.

3 Plonkin'—Beating.

4 Dimsey—Twilight.

5 Tummals—Heaps.

*A MEVAGISSEY HAUL.

Words from "Cornish Catches" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

f *mf*

mf *mp*

A Sou' Sou' West was blowin' up to more than half a gale, An' a
prut - ty bit o' bil - low talked a - shore,..... But there

* A Million Pilchards, August 6th 1912.

baint no use for *sein - ers as be a-feared to sail, When the

catch - es have been run - nin' light an' poor,----- So we

poco rit. plugg'd out oar to oar. *ten.* *Poco meno mosso (rhythm well marked).* *mp* Out a - long from old Mev - a -

- gis - sey, O, - Beat - in' out from old Mev - a -

cresc.

- gis - sey, O,— With a sky full o' scud blow - in'

cresc.

senza rall.

o - ver us, An' a stid - dy *braz - zle †plonk - in' at the

senza rall.

Tempo I.

bow.....

f

mf

We

mp

* Brazzle - Foamy top of a wave.
 † Plonkin' - Beating.

shut the seine, an' watch'd the lights a - dan - cin' green an' red, An'

wal - low'd first to star-board, then to port, Un -

- til the [†]dim-sey touch'd the West, an' we was slow-in' dead, An'

then we knawed 'twas ^{*}tummals we had caught, For the

poco rit. *ten.* *Poco meno mosso.*

corks was bob - bin' short. Out a -

poco rit. *ten.*

mp

- long from old Mev - a - gis - sey, O, —

mp

cresc.

Low lay old Mev - a - gis - sey, O, — When the

cresc.

grey dawn show'd the sha - dows o - ver us, An' the

Tempo I.

brazzle came a - lippin' at the bow.....

senza rall.

f

mf

We

mf

lugg'd the sil - ver net a - board un - til the bilge was hid, For

crates was lit - tle use for such a haul,..... An'

then we let the main sheet go, An' home a - long we slid, With the

hel - lum near - ly bur - ied in a squall,..... But we

poco rit. did - n' care at all! For 'twas
ten.

poco rit.

mp home to old Mev - a - gis - sey, O, - Back a -

mp

- long to old Mev - a - gissey, O, - With the dangers o' the night blown

cresc.

o - ver us, An' a MILLION PILCHERS slith - er - in' be -

cresc.

senza rall.

- low

f

mf

Meno mosso.

f

We tack'd in - to the harbour with the

f pesante.

ff

ground-say grind-in' hard, An' we bumped to berth at last'longside the

Kay..... Which was chocker'd up with barrels so you

could-n' step a yard, When we brought our shin-in' har-vest from the

say:..... Now 'tis salt an' stawed a - way. An' we'm

molto rall. *mf lunga* *ten.*

molto rall. *mf* *ten.*

Slower than before.

home in old Mev - a - gis - sey, O, - Home a -

- gain in old Mev-a - gis-sey, O, - With the cloud o' win-ter care blown

cresc. poco rit

cresc. poco rit

o - ver us, What e - ver win - ter winds may blow.....

f molto rall.

ff (dr)

Vivo ff a tempo.

sf

sf

LONGSHORE.

WE picks up bits o' wreckage,
From Pentire to Port Quin,
An' longshore to Tregardock
Sad store be washin' in.

'Tis planks an' crates an' life belts,
An' bits o' shattered spar,
Come whishtly in to mind us
That we be set to war.

Off shore about the Channel
The boats go east an' west;
In shore we'm busy fishin'
The grounds we know the best.

The farmer saves his harvest,
The childer happy play,
It seems as foes an' fightin'
Must all be far away.

But bits o' wreck come tellin'
That while so safe we be,
There's death an' turble danger
Awaitin' in the sea.

O may the Lord of sailors,
Whose watches never cease,
Guide them thro' all the dangers
Into the Port of Peace.

BERNARD MOORE.

LONGSHORE.

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

Piano.

(In a swaying, plaintive manner).

mp
sostenuto

mp

We picks up bits o'

wreck - age, From Pen - tire to Port Quin, An'

'long-shore to Tre - gar - dock Sad... store be wash - in'

cresc.
in. 'Tis planks an' crates an' life - belts, An'

cresc.

bits o' shat - tered spar, Come whisht - ly in to

dim.

dim.

mind..... us That we be set to

war.
mp

mp
Off shore a - bout the Chan - nel The....

boats go east an' west; In shore we'm bu - sy

fish - in' The.... grounds we know the best. The

cresc.

farm - er saves his har - vest, The child - er hap - py

cresc.

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

dim.

play, It seems as foes an' fight - in' Must

dim.

Leg. *

all be far a - way.....

mf

But bits o' wreck come

mf *legato.*

cresc.

tell - in' That while so safe we be, There's

cresc.

f *agitato.*

death an' tur-ble dan - ger..... A -

f *cresc.* *ff*

dim. e rall. *mp a tempo.*

wait - in' in the sea.....

mp a tempo.

dim. *fp* *lunga pausa.*

senza Ped.

Largo maestoso. (*trattenuto*).

O, may the Lord of Sail - ors, Whose

mf trattenuto.

watch - es ne - ver cease,

ten. cresc.

*

Guide them thro' all the dan - - - gers

f

cresc. *ten.*

In - to the Port of Peace, -

L.H.

cresc.

f *cresc.* *ff* *ten.* *molto rall.* *dim.*

Guide them, guide them in - to the Port.... of

f *cresc.* *ff* *molto rall.*

p *pp*

Peace

p cantabile. *pp* *ppp*

Red. *

GALLOPIN' JOE.

GALLOPIN' Joe be the fancy name us calls him in the Port,
Tho' 't isn' for looks he've got the name, he baint the hurryin' sort;
He'm lastest out an' lastest home when us do launch an' haul,
Exceptin' when he be so last he doesn' start at all.

"Steady an' slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto," sez Gallopin' Joe.

His jersey be a packet of holes, but that dont worrit Joe,
For he allays goes with his jumper on so his jersey shouldn' show:
An' he wears a rope around the place where his waist belongs to be,
For buttons dont go 'longside o' Joe, an' "Braces be danged," sez he.

"Steady an' slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto," sez Gallopin' Joe.

Now, years agone, when Joe was young, an' maids was aisy to get,
He used to walk with a vitty maid, but they baint married yet,
For money were scarce an' housen scarce, but still Joe didn' worry,
An' tho' the maid had saved her clo'es, Joe said "An' what's the hurry?"

"Steady and slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto," sez Gallopin' Joe.

Gallopin' Joe don't worry hisself what people sez an' thinks;
When plaguey varmints calls him names he awnly smiles an' winks,
For "Steady an' slow," sez Gallopin' Joe, "be a handy motto to keep";
An' "If 'ee looks for long enuff, there baint no need to leap"

"Steady an' slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto," sez Gallopin' Joe.

The following are not set to music.

Now, maids don't count to wait too long when they'm been walkin' out;
An' Joe's maid sees the rocks ahead an' puts her hellum about,
An' off her goes to Hendra's Farm, an' afore a month was done,
Her'd stood in front o' Passun Geake an' married old Hendra's son.

"Steady an' slow be the way to go,
That's my motto," sez Gallopin' Joe.

'Tis years agone. Young Hendra does exactly as he'm told;
He doesn' drink, he dursn' smoke, he'm awnly growin' old;
While Gallopin' Joe strawls round the Port an' tells what he do know.
There isn' a motto that's half so good as his'n "Steady an' slow."

Steady an' slow be the way to go,
"That's my motto," sez Gallopin' Joe.

BERNARD MOORE.

GALLOPIN' JOE.

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Allegretto. (Not too fast).

Voice.

Piano.

f

In a somewhat casual style.

mf

Gal - lop - in' Joe be the

dim.

fan - cy name us calls him in the Port,..... Tho'

cresc.

'tis-n' for looks he've got the name, he baint the hur-ry-in'

cresc.

sort;..... He'm last - est out an' last - est home when

dim.

us do launch an' haul,..... Ex - cep - tin' when he

dim.

rall. *rit.*

be so last he does-n' start at all!.....

rall. *rit.*

mp *Steadily.*

"Steady and slow be the way to go,

mp

All the clever - est folk do know,

cresc.

cresc.

f *senza rall.*

That's my mot - to' sez Gal - lop - in'

f *senza rall.*

mf

Joe. His

f *dim*

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jer - sey be a pack - et of holes, but

that don't worrit Joe,..... For he all - ays goes with his

jump - er on so his jer - sey shouldn' show:..... An' he

wears a rope a - round the place where his waist be - longs to

be,..... For but - tons don't go..... 'long - side o' Joe, An' *f*

rall.

"Braces be danged," sez he..... *rit.* *mf* Steadily "Steady and slow be the

rit.

way to go,.....

cresc. All the clev-er-est folk do know,..... *cresc.*

cresc.

senza rall.

That's my mot - to' sez Gal - lop - in'

f

senza rall.

Joe.

f

dim.

Now years a - gone when Joe was young, an'

maids was ai - sy to get,..... He used to walk with a

vit - ty maid, but they baint mar - ried

yet,..... For mo - ney were scarce an' hous - en scarce, but

still Joe did - n' wor - ry,..... An' tho' the maid had

saved her clo'es, Joe said "An' what's the hur - ry?".....

r *rall.* *rall.* *rit.*

Steadily.

mp

"Steady and slow be the

mp rit.

f

mp

way to go,.....

cresc.

All the clev - er - est folk do know,.....

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

senza rall.

That's my mot - to' sez Gal - lop - in'

senza rall.

Joe

poco rit.

f

dim.

Meno mosso.
(*minore.*)

Gal - lop in' Joe don't worry his-self what

peo - ple sez an' thinks;..... When pla - guey var - mints

calls him names, he awn - ly smiles an' winks,..... For

“Stea - dy an' slow,” sez Gal - lop - in' Joe, be a

hand - y mot - to to keep, An' “If 'ee looks for

rit. *poco rall.*
long e - nuff, there baint no need to leap”

Steadily.
“Stea - dy an' slow be the way to go,”

cresc.
All the clev - er - est

cresc.
folk do know,

f That's my *molto rall* mot - to,' sez Gal - lop - in' Joe
f *molto rall.* *f a tempo.*

CORNISH CLAY.*

I reckoned the war would be over soon, when another two hunderd men
Went up along to 'list in London Town;
An' bid "Good-bye" to the Menagew Stone, an' Tre an' Pol an' Pen,
To change their milky white for khaki brown.
They left the Carclaze streams to run and whiten all the bay,
At Charlestown Port they left the boats to lie,
An' the gallant two hunderd Cornish men just bid "Good-bye" to the clay,
An' I reckon that some do know the reason why!

I've heerd the General stepped along to meet 'em by the train,
An' sez "I'm plaised to see you'm lookin' well;"
An' wanted to have a bit of advice about the old campaign,
So marched 'em to the White Hall for a spell.
An' I reckoned the war would be over soon, with the men like Cornwall sends,
An' Cornwall's "One an' All" do bless the day;
An' now that all the fightin' in a happy Peacetime ends
You'll count there's somethin' good in Cornish Clay.

BERNARD MOORE.

(*A second two hundred Cornish Clayworkers enlisted in a body in London:— Daily Paper.)

CORNISH CLAY.*

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Marziale.

Piano. *f marcato.*

reckon'd the war would be o - ver soon, when an - o - ther two hunderd men Went

up a - long to 'list in Lon - don Town; An'

bid "Good bye" to the Menagew Stone, an' Tre an' Pol an' Pen,..... To

mp

change their milk - y white for kha - ki brown;..... They

ten.

f

left the Car-claze streams to run, and whit - en all the bay,..... At

sf *mp*

Charles - town Port they left the boats to lie, An' the.

gal-lant two hunderd Corn - ish men just bid "Good-bye" to the clay, An' I

reck-on that some do know the rea - son why! I

rall. ten. a tempo.

reck-on that some do know the rea - son why!

ten.

rall

f a tempo.



mp

I've

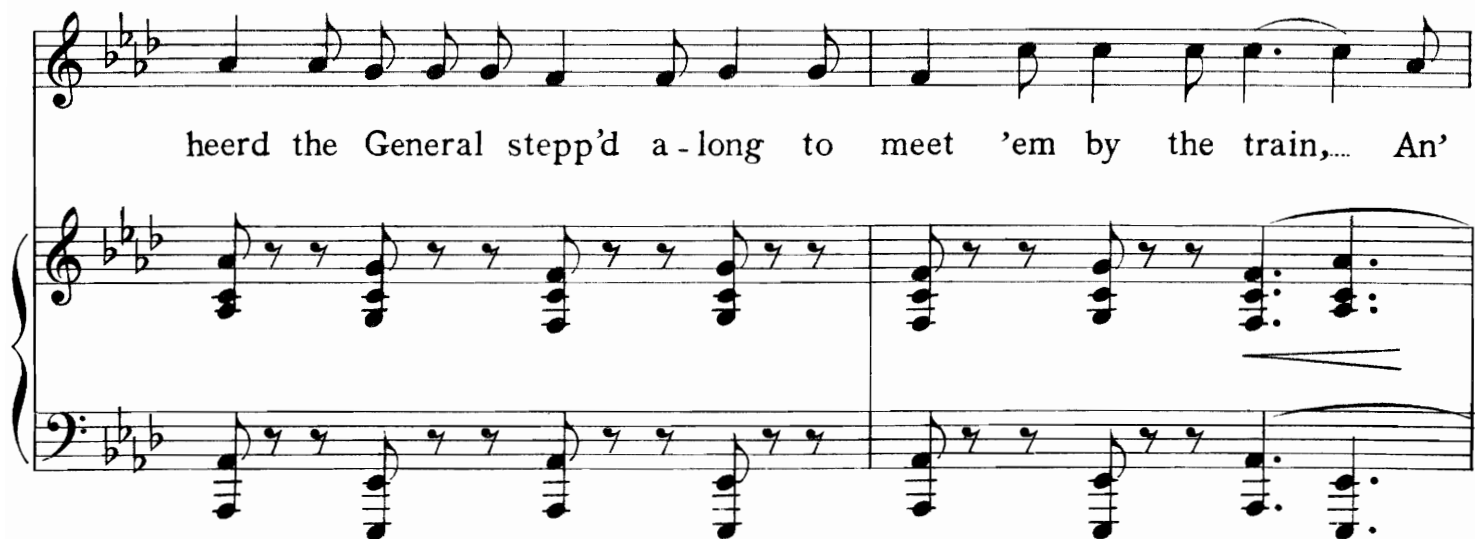
mf

mf

dim.



heard the General stepp'd a - long to meet 'em by the train, ... An'



sez "I'm plaised to see you'm look - in' well," An'

wanted to have a bit of advice a - bout the old cam - paign,.... So

cresc march'd 'em to the White Hall for a spell. An' I

reckon'd the war would be o - ver soon with the men like Cornwall sends,.... An'

Cornwall's "One an' All" do bless the day;..... An'

rall - en - tan - do.
now that all the fight - in' in a hap-py Peace-time ends You'll

rall - en - tan - do.

a tempo.

count there's somethin' good in Cor-nish Clay,..... You'll

a tempo.

f

molto rall.

count there's some-thin' good in Cor-nish Clay.....

molto rall.

ff a tempo.

accel.

sf

sf

sf

