A CORNISH HAUL

A Set of Five Songs

THE WORDS BY

BERNARD MOORE

The Music by

WILFRID SANDERSON.

Price 5/6 net

Boosey & Co
295 Regent Street, London W.
AND
9 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

These songs may be sung in public without fee or license.
The public performance of any parodied versions, however, is strictly prohibited.

Copyright 1917 by Boosey & Co
A CORNISH HAUL

Contents

COBBLIN' .......................... 1

A MEVAGISSEY HAUL ............ 9

LONGSHORE ......................... 21

GALLOPIN' JOE ..................... 29

CORNISH CLAY .................... 41
COBBLIN'.

Down along to Tere Street, a'most any day,
Inside a winder peepin' on the way,
Old Tom Trevanick he workin' away,
Makin' am mendin'.

He's a passin' he do wish we well,
He's a abidin' he's for a spell,
He've slid a morn' o' tales to tell,
Am' yarns un mendin'.

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

When he's a hammerin' he do sing,
Hymn as makes the 'lads to spring,
Tis 'Glory to God' an' 'The Heavenly King',
An' 'Saints ascension'.

Sunday he'm on the Circuit plan,
He preaches good as passum can,
He tells 'ee straight as man to man,
Am' no pretendin'.

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

Tis'f in a stockin' his treasure be stored,
But he be a-layin' up a heavenly hoard,
Alas! for men an' men's Good Lord
Makin' am' mendin'.

He see he're workin' till God's bell tolls,
Solin' am' healin' am' healin' souls.
An' then he'm goin' where the Big Tide rolls
To joys un mendin'.

From "A Coarse Hazel," by
BEZARD MOORE.
Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Con moto. Rhythm well marked.

Down along to Fore Street,

almost any day. Inside a window peepin' on the Kay.
Ole Tom Trev-in-nick be work-in' a-way, Mak-in' an'
mend-in! Be 'ee a pass-in' he do wish 'ee well,
Be 'ee a-bid-in' he'm for a spell, He've sich a mort o'

Cobbin'.

H. 9292.
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

Cobbins

R. Bray.
"Glo-ry to God" an"The Heaven-ly King" An' "Saints a-scend in." "U tempo.

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

sostenuto.

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

molto rit.
man to man, An’ no pretend in! He sez as how our souls get thin With rack-et-in’ round on the

molto rit., incisively.

Stones o’ Sin, An’ how God drives His sharp swe’ in, To
do His mend-in’!
'Tis n' in a stock-in' his treasure be stored, But
he be a-layin' up a heavenly hoard,

Alas for men an' men's Good Lord
Makin' an' mending! He
Getting gradually slower.

Pensante.

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

Lento maestoso.

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

rit.  

Big Tide rolls To joys unend -

rit.  

Tempo I  molto rit.

Cobbett.

H. 9292.
A MEVAGISSEY HAUL.

(A Million Pilchards, August 8th 1912.)

A Soul! Soul! West was blown up to more than half a gale,
An' a pretty lot o' blaw' talk fell ashore.
But there baint no use for 'seiners as be afoard to sail,
When the catches have been runnin' light an' poor, —
So we plugged out oar to oar.
Out along from old Mevagissey, O,—
Bestin' out from old Mevagissey, O,—
With a sky full o' soul blowin' over us,
An' a sticky 'brazzle 'plonkin' at the bow.

'We shut the seps, an' watched the lights a-dancin' green an' red,
An' walled our first to starboard then to port,
Until the linnery touched the West an' we was blowin' dead,
An' then we knowed twas 't' unner us we had caught,
For the corks was bobbin' short
Out along from old Mevagissey, O,—
Low by old Mevagissey, O,—
When the grey down showed the shadows over us,
An' the brazzle came a-dippin' at the bow.

We logged the silver net aboard until the blight was hid,
For cates was little use for such a haul,
An' then we let the main sheet go, an' home along we slid,
With the helum nearly buried in a squall,
But we didn't care at all,
For twas home to old Mevagissey, O,—
Back along to old Mevagissey, O,—
With the dangers o' the night blowin' over us,
An' a MILLION PILCHERS 'silverin' below.

We tacked into the harbour with the ground-say grindin' hard,
An' we leaped to berth at last 'longside the Kay.
Which was checkered up with barrels so you couldn't step a yard.
When we brought our shinbin' harvest from the say:—

'Now 'tis salt an' sloshed away
An' we're home in old Mevagissey, O,—
Home again in old Mevagissey, O,—
With the cloud o' winter east blown over us,
Whatever winter winds may blow.

BERNAVD MOORE.

1 'Seiners—Drift-net fishermen.
2 'Brazzle—Penny top o' a wave.
3 'Plonkin'—Dippin'.
4 'Twilight—Twilight.
5 'Unner us—Under us.
"A MEVAGISSEY HAUL."

Words from "Cornish Catches" by BERNARD MOORE. Music by WILFRID SANDERSON.

Moderato.

Voice

Piano

A Sou'West was blowin' up more than half a gale, An' a

prut-ty bit o' bil-low talked a-shore, But there

Copyright 1917 by Bonny C9

E. 90599.
baint no use for *seiners* as be a-feared to sail, When the

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

poco rit.

Poco meno mosso (rhythm well marked).

plugg'd out car to car. Out a-long from old Mev-a-

poco rit.

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

*A Mevagissey houl.*

*Seiners — Drift-net fishermen.*
Mervin'sey hoil, With a sky full of scud blowin' o'er us, An' a steady 'braz-zle-'plonk-in' at the}

Tempo I.

* Brazzle – Foamy top of a wave.
† Plonk' – Beating

A Mervin'sey hoil.
shut the seine, an' watch'd the lights a-dancing green an' red, An'

wallow'd first to star-board, then to port, Un-

-till the dimsey touched the West, an' we was slowin' dead, An'

then we knewed 'twas tummals we had caught, For the

† Dimsey—Twilight.
* Tummals—Mumps.

A Menagissey haul.
corks was bob-bin' short. Out a -

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

Low lay old Mev-a-gis-sey, O,- When the
grey dawn show'd the shadows o-ver us, An' the

A Mevagissey haul.
Tempo I.

brazzle came a-lippin' at the bow

senza rall.

We

lugg'd the silver net a-board until the bilge was hid, For

crates was little use for such a haul, An'

A Mevagissey haul.
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

did-n' care at all! For 'twas
home to old Mev-a-gis-sey, O, Back a-

A Mevagissey haul.
long to old Mevagissey, O-
With the dangers o’ the night blown

over us, An’ a MILLION PILCHERS slitherin’ be-

low

Meno mosso.

We tack’d into the harbour with the

A Mevagissey haul.
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' stop a yard. When we brought our shin-in' harvest from the

A Merseyside baul.
Slower than before.

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

cresc. poco rit

gain in old Mev-a-gis-sey, O,— With the cloud o’ winter care blown

cresc. poco rit

molto rall.

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

Vivace

fu tempo.

A Mevagissey haul.
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're 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' turbell 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,

(In a swaying, plaintive manner)

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'

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

bits o' shattered spar, Come whisht-ly in to

mind... us That we be set to

Longshore.
war.

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

boats go east an' west, In shore we'm bus-y

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

Longshore.
farmer saves his harvest, The childer happy
play, It seems as foes an’ figh’in’ Must
all be far away.

But bits o’ wreck come

Longshore.
tell in' That while so safe we be, There's death an' turb-le dan-ger.
wait in' in the sea.
Largo maestoso \((\text{trattenuto})\)

O, may the Lord of Sail-ors, Whose

ten cresc.

watch-es ne-ver cease,

Guide them thro' all the dan-gers

Length.
cresc. \textit{ten.} In to the Port of Peace, L.H.

Guide them, guide them into the Port of Peace.

\textit{p} \textit{pp} cantabile.
GALLOPIN' JOE.

Gallopin' Joe be the fancy name us calls him in the Port; Tho' lin' for looks he've got the name, he baint the hurrying sort; He's lastest out an' lastest home when us do lounch 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 don't werrit 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 don't go longside o' Joe, an' 'Braces be dang'd,' 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 ago, 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 cho' es, Joe said 'An' what's the hurry?'

'Steady an' 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 it 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 bellum about;
An' off her goes to Hendra's Farm, an' afore a month was done,
He'd stood in front o' Passum Geake an' married old Hendra's son.

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

'Tis years ago, Young Hendra does exactly as he'm told;
He doesn' drink, he duren' smoke, he's awnly growin' old;
While Gallopin' Joe straws around the Port an' tells what he do know.
There isn't 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: 

In a somewhat casual style.

Gal-l-o-p-in' Joe be the fancy name us calls him in the Port, Tho'

Copyright 1917 by Boosey & C°
'tis-n' for looks he've got the name, he baint the hurry-in'

He'm last-est oet an' last-est home when

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

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

Gallegher Joe.
"Steady and slow be the way to go,

All the clever-est folk do know,

That's my motto' sez Gallopin'

Joe.

His

Gallopin' Joe.
jersey be a packet of holes, but

that don't worry Joe, for he always goes with his

jumper on so his jersey shouldn't show. An' he

wears a rope around the place where his waist belongs to

Gallopin' Joe.
be, For buttons don't go 'long side o' Joe, An' rall.

"Braces be danged," sez he "Steady and slow be the rit. mf Steadily way to go.

cresc. cresc.

All the clever-est folk do know.
That's my motto' sez Gallopin' Joe.

Now years agone when Joe was young, and maids was easy to get, He used to walk with a
vitty maid, but they baint married

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

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

rall. saved her clo’es, Joe said “An’ what’s the hur-ry?” rall. rit.
“Steady and slow be the way to go,
All the cleverest folk do know,
That's my motto 'sez Gallopin'.
Meno mosso.

(minore)

Gallop in' Joe don't worry his-self what people sez an' thinks;
When plaguey var- mints calls him names, he awn- ly smiles an' winks.

For

Galloping Joe.
“Steady an' slow,” sez Gallopin' Joe, be a handy motto to keep. An’ ‘If ‘ee looks for

long e-nuff, there baint no need to leap.”

Steadily.

“Steady an' slow be the way to go.
All the cleverest

folk do know,

That's my motto, sez Gallop-in' Joe

Gallop in Joe.
CORNISH CLAY.*

I reckon the war would be over soon, when another two hundred 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 hundred 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 pleased 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 reckon 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 refused to have a body in London.—Daily Paper.")
CORNISH CLAY.*

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Marziale.

Piano.

f marcato.

dim.

reck'nd the war would be o-ver soon, when an-
other two hundred men Went up a-long to list in Lon-
den Town. An'

Copyright 1917 by Bocoy & Co.

*A second two hundred Cornish Clayworkers enlisted in a
body in London. - Dicky Pether.
but "Good bye" to the Menagew Stone, an' Tre an' Pol an' Pen, To
change their milk-y white for kha-ki brown; They
left the Car-claze streams to run, and whiten all the bay, At

Cornish Clay.
Charles-town Port they left the boats to lie, An' the
gal-lant two hundred Com-lish men just bid "Good-bye" to the clay, An' I
reck-on that some do know the rea-son why! I
reck on that some do know the reason why!

I've heerd the General stepp'd a long to meet 'em by the train, An'

Cornish Clay.
sez 'I'm pleased to see you'm look-in' well!' An'

wanted to have a bit of advice about the old campaign. So

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

Cornish Clay.
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.

Cornish Clay.
### BOOSEY & CO.’S New and Standard Songs and Ballads.

**Price Two Shillings Each Net.**

The contents of the first key only is given; from this the Key of the other keys can be readily found.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Key</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A.F. O’DONOHUE</td>
<td><em>The Irish Rover</em></td>
<td>D</td>
<td>Mr. John Gilmour</td>
<td>2s.0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. J. OWEN</td>
<td><em>Rice of the Ward</em></td>
<td>E</td>
<td>Mr. John Gilmour</td>
<td>2s.0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. M. D. CLARKE</td>
<td><em>The Silver Bells</em></td>
<td>F</td>
<td>Mr. John Gilmour</td>
<td>2s.0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.C. G. BISHOP</td>
<td><em>The Three Jolly Lads</em></td>
<td>G</td>
<td>Mr. John Gilmour</td>
<td>2s.0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. C. HANNAN</td>
<td><em>The Three Blind Mice</em></td>
<td>A</td>
<td>Mr. John Gilmour</td>
<td>2s.0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. E. GUTHRIE</td>
<td><em>The Queen’s March</em></td>
<td>B</td>
<td>Mr. John Gilmour</td>
<td>2s.0d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### Additional Songs

- *The Little Bight Glee* by A. R. G. SMITH
- *The Marching Song* by A. C. HANNAN
- *The Sailor’s Song* by A. C. HANNAN
- *The Sailor’s March* by A. C. HANNAN
- *The Sailor’s Dance* by A. C. HANNAN

---

**BOOSEY & CO., 295, Regent Street, London, Music Publishers & Band Instrument Manufacturers.**

*The above Songs may be sung in public without fee or license. The public performance of any parodied versions, however, is strictly prohibited.*