

* 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.* Out a - long from old Mev - a -

Poco meno mosso (rhythm well marked). *mp*

- 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

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—Drift-net fishermen.

2 Brazzle—Foamy top of a wave.

3 Plonkin'—Beating.

4 Dimsey—Twilight.

5 Tummals—Heaps.