

W.T.B. DONEY

Pasties and Cream



New Cornish Song

:: BY ::

HERBERT THOMAS,

(Editor of "THE CORNISHMAN AND CORNISH TELEGRAPH," "THE CORNISH POST AND MINING NEWS AND REDRUTH EFFECTIVE ADVERTISER," "CORNISH TIDINGS," "HELSTON ADVERTISER," "ST. IVES WEEKLY SUMMARY" and "THE HAYLE MAIL")

MUSIC BY "S."

Price Threepence.

Parade Street, Penzance ; Trevenon Street, Camborne.

PASTIES AND CREAM.

I sing of the County of pasties and cream,
Of pilchards and herrings that sparkle and gleam
In the dear old county of Cornwall!
The land of pasties and cream!
The land of the miners and fishermen bold,
The land of the smugglers in stories of old,
Where men go a'courting, and maids are not cold!
In the dear old county of Cornwall!

REFRAIN.

Cornwall, Cornwall, the dear old county of Cornwall!
Pasties and cream, tin in the stream,
Pilchards and herrings that sparkle and gleam!
Though we may roam, Cornwall's our home,
The dear old county of Cornwall!

Oh! know you the county of pasties and cream,
With hay in the meadow and tin in the stream—
The dear old county of Cornwall?
The land of pasties and cream!
The boats trail their nets through the star-spangled sea,

The miners go down where the nuggies may be,
And black eyes are laughing 'pon you and 'pon me
In the dear old county of Cornwall!

Wherever we go 'tis of pasties and cream,
Of clome and of scrowlers we Cornish will dream—
From the dear old County of Cornwall!
The land of pasties and cream!
No cliffs are so rugged, no seas are so blue,
No sands more like silver, no maidens more true,
No land such a loadstone to me or to you
As the dear old county of Cornwall!

If we watch the grey shores sink down in the sea
No traitors to home and our sweethearts are we—
To the dear old county of Cornwall!

Wherever we travel our home will be dear,
For loved ones we'll toil and for Cornwall we'll cheer,
And we'll send home a smile, though we keep back a tear,
For the dear old County of Cornwall.



LETTERS FROM OVER THE SEA.

Cornishmen! Cornishmen! listen to me—
(I am a wizard and wave my wand!)
Look from your cabin across the sea,
Down the green lane to the cot beyond;
Know you the woman with wistful eyes?
Know you the winsome maiden who sighs?
(How long will the Postman be?)

Postman! Postman! hurry along!
Treasures untold are in your hand;
Words that are sweeter than seraph's song,
Kisses that come from a dream-of-land;
Gold hard-won by a lover true,
Bread for the mother and children too—
Tidings for which they long!

Cornishmen! Cornishmen! One and All,
With toil-stained fingers your letters trace;
Like sun-kissed showers the missives fall
And shadows of care from the old home chase.

You have made the Postman a King to-day
And he scatters benisons on his way—
(Hark to the Postman's call!)

Postman! Postman! step with pride,
The Men of Cornwall are with you now,
Ten thousand strong they walk by your side—
I hear the tramp of their feet I vow!
Ope wide the gates of the gardens of Home,—
Tho' to ends of the earth the wanderers roam
Their Spirits beside you glide!

Cornishmen! Cornishmen! listen to me,
Look from your cabin and tent afar—
I'll sing to you songs, wherever you be,
Of a land that is ever your bright, fixed star;
And sweeter the song when you hold the pen
And write, with the true-love of Cornishmen,
The letter from "Over the Sea!"

PASTIES AND CREAM.

NEW CORNISH SONG.

Words by HERBERT THOMAS.

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The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of several systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I sing of the County of pasties & cream, Of pilchards & herrings that spar- kle and gleam—In the dear old County of Corn-wall! The land of pas-ties and cream! The land of the mi-ners and fish - er-men bold, The land of the smug-glers in sto-ries of old, Where men go a'courting, & maids are not cold, In the dear old Coun-ty of Corn - wall! Corn - wall, Corn - wall, the dear old County of Corn - wall! Pasties and cream, Tin in the stream, Pilchards and herrings that sparkle and gleam! Though we may roam, Cornwall's our home—The dear old County of Corn - wall!" The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff*, *mf*, *p*, *ra*, and *crca*. There are also performance instructions like "Svo." and "REFRAIN."

1 Oh! know you the County of pasties and cream,
With hay in the meadow and tin in the stream—
In the dear old County of Cornwall?
The land of pasties and cream!
The boats trail their nets through the star-spangled sea,
The miners go down where the nuggies may be,
And black eyes are laughing 'pon you and 'pon me
In the dear old County of Cornwall!—REFRAIN.

2 Wherever we go 'tis of pasties and cream,
Of clome and of scrowlers we Cornish will dream—
From the dear old County of Cornwall!
The land of pasties and cream!

No cliffs are so ragged, no seas are so blue,
No sands more like silver, no maidens more true,
No land such a loadstone to me or to you
As the dear old County of Cornwall!—REFRAIN.

3 If we watch the grey shores sink down in the sea
No traitors to home and our sweethearts are we—
To the dear old County of Cornwall!
The land of pasties and cream!
Wherever we travel our home will be dear,
For loved ones we'll toil, and for Cornwall we'll cheer,
For we'll send home a smile, though we keep back a tear,
For the dear old County of Cornwall.—REFRAIN.

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