

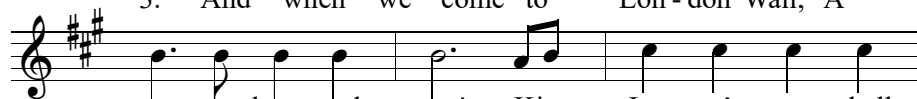
Song of the western men

With spirit

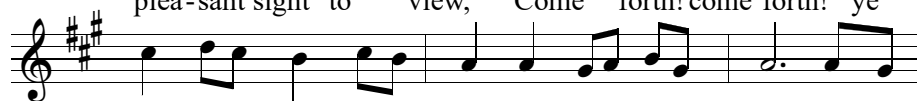
Old Cornish Ballad



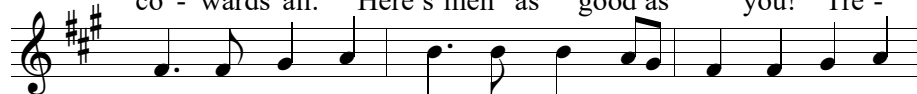
1. A good sword and a trust - y hand! A
2. Out spake their cap - tain brave and bold, A
3. "And when we come to Lon - don Wall, A



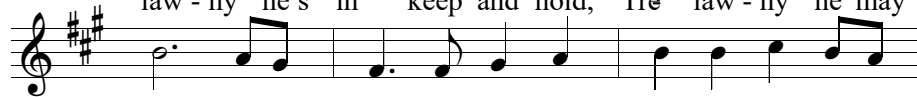
mer - ry heart and true! King Jam - es's men shall
mer - ry wigh was he: "If Lon - don Tow'r were
plea - sant sight to view, Come forth! come forth! ye



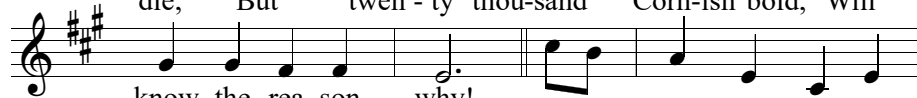
un - der - stand What Corn - ish lads can do. And
Mich - ael's Hold We'll set Tre - law - ny free! We'll
co - wards all. Here's men as good as you! Tre -



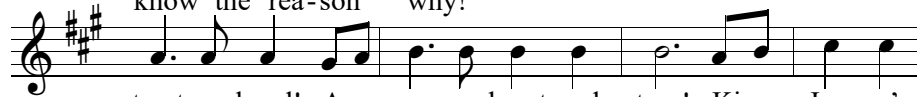
have they fined the where and when? And shall Tre - law - ny
cross the Ta - mar, land to land, The Se - vern is no
law - ny he's in keep and hold, Tre law - ny he may



die? Here's twen - ty thou - sand Corn - ish men Will
stay, With 'One and all', and hand in hand, And
die; But twen - ty thou - sand Corn - ish bold, Will



know the rea - son why!
who shall bid us nay?" A good sword and a
know the rea - son why!"



trust - y hand! A mer - ry heart and true! King Jam - es's



men shall un - der - stand What Corn - ish lads can do.

A good sword and a trusty hand!

(Song of the western man)

Old Cornish Ballad

1

A good sword and a trusty hand!

A merry heart and true!

King James's men shall understand

What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fined

the where and when?

And shall Trelawny die?

Here 's twenty thousand

Cornish men

Will know the reason why!

CHORUS:

A good sword and a trusty hand!

A merry heart and true!

King James's men shall understand

What Cornish lads can do.

2

Out spake their captain brave and bold,

A merry wight was he:

"If London Tow'r were Michael's Hold

We'll set Trelawny free!

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,

The Severn is no stay,

With 'One and all', and hand in hand,

And who shall bid us nay?" (CHORUS)

3

"And when we come to London Wall,

A pleasant sight to view,

Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all.

Here's men as good as you!

Trelawny he's in keep and hold,

Trelawny he may die;

But twenty thousand Cornish bold

Will know the reason why!" (CHORUS)

(Poem rewritten by Rev. R. S. HAWKER)

Bearbeitung unvollständig