



Our Village

found in a box of Uncle Bill Brown's bits

On Cornwall's grand and rugged coast,
 'tween sheltering cliffs it nestles there -
 with harbour small, and screaming host
 of circling gulls, and foreshore where
 from time unknown, brave men have plied
 their silver trade, save when in war
 they fought for all they loved, and died
 brave men, not feared to cross the bar.

Close housed, with narrow winding ways
 of white walled cots, where years ago
 old fisherfolk live out their days
 in haven fair, and peace - hard won.

And now to this dear spot they come
 from far and wide, to see and love
 this cove, these steeply streets, and some
 to paint its shingled roofs above
 quaint angled walls. So ever will
 this beauty live, and take its place
 in England's fame, and Cornwall still
 her charm uphold, by God's own grace.