

# Our Village

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, nor 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.

*Found by Yvonne Cleave in a box of Uncle Bill Brown's bits*