

My Cornwall

Cornwall, land of legend and myth
With tales from Morrwenstow to Penwith,
Granite is your very heart,
The rock that really sets you apart
Yet torn from your body by the ton
To form London's bridge and Diana's water run.

Pyramids of grey and white sand
On your heartland majestic'ly stand;
Proud of an industry stretching to times past,
Of paper and china trinkets all made to last.
Within your bowels lie empty caverns
Where miners mined and drank in taverns.

King Arthur's home and castle also stands
As bastions looking out on other lands;
While Lyonesse lies under your western shore,
Once his kingdom but now no more.
The mystic Choughs soar above your cliffs again,
With their 'chi-ow' - 'chi-ow' sweet refrain.

Arthur into a Chough, they say was turned,
As they laid him in the ground, or was he burned?
Whatever his spirit, it now soars high,
As Choughs circling your cliffs again do fly
As a spirit that lingers with us still,
Within those stories that we so often tell.

Out on Goonhilly and way down west,
The fogue and the tumuli stand breast to breast,
There the fields are laid out so neat
Once a place where warrior drums did beat.
Today this place is quieter and still,
And a place for the rambler his day to fill.

St. Michael's Mount guards your southern lay,
As it did when men walked the Pilgrims' Way.
Lofty castle high up on the southern shore
Once received Victoria who walked there before.
Today the ferry boats bob to and fro'
With loads of trippers who merrily go.

These are the Pilgrims for now, visitors we'd say,
Just like those of yore they're the Pilgrims of today.
And so it is now, that man must follow
Former Pilgrims along their trodden hollow,
Sharing in their joys and looking for their treasures
Without a thought for those past evil pleasures.

Your rugged coastline clings like skin
Thus protecting all that lies within.
But why do we look back to times long past?
Why backwards do we our memories cast?
Some say it's to do with our culture,
"It's our distinctiveness," so says another.

Are we so different to the rest
That we think earlier times were best?
Really we should not be looking back,
"Cornwall for ever," that's the crack;
Fasten your eyes upon the Morning Star
For it's tomorrow that we ought to admire.

Fly the flag with fifteen bezants,
Fly St Piran's, it makes good sense,
Fly any such flag that will uphold
Cornish tin is richer than pure gold!
As Trelawney was behind London's wall
We say "Cornwall forever, One and All"!

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