

# MY YOUNG MAN'S A CORNISHMAN

Charles Causley

My young man's a Cornishman  
He lives in Camborne town,  
I met him going up the hill  
As I was coming down.

His eye is bright as Dolcoath tin,  
His body as china clay,  
His hair is dark as Werrington Wood  
Upon St. Thomas Day.

He plays the rugby football game  
On Saturday afternoon,  
And we shall walk on Wilsey Down  
Under the bouncing moon.

My young man's a Cornishman,  
Won't leave me in the lurch,  
And one day we shall married be  
Up to Trura church.

He's bought me a ring of Cornish Gold,  
A belt of copper made,  
At Bodmin Fair for my wedding-dress  
A purse of silver paid.

And I shall give him scalded cream  
And starry-gazey pie,  
And make him a saffron cake for tea  
And a pasty for by and by.

My young man's a Cornishman,  
A proper young man is he,  
And a Cornish man with a Cornish maid  
Is how it belongs to be.