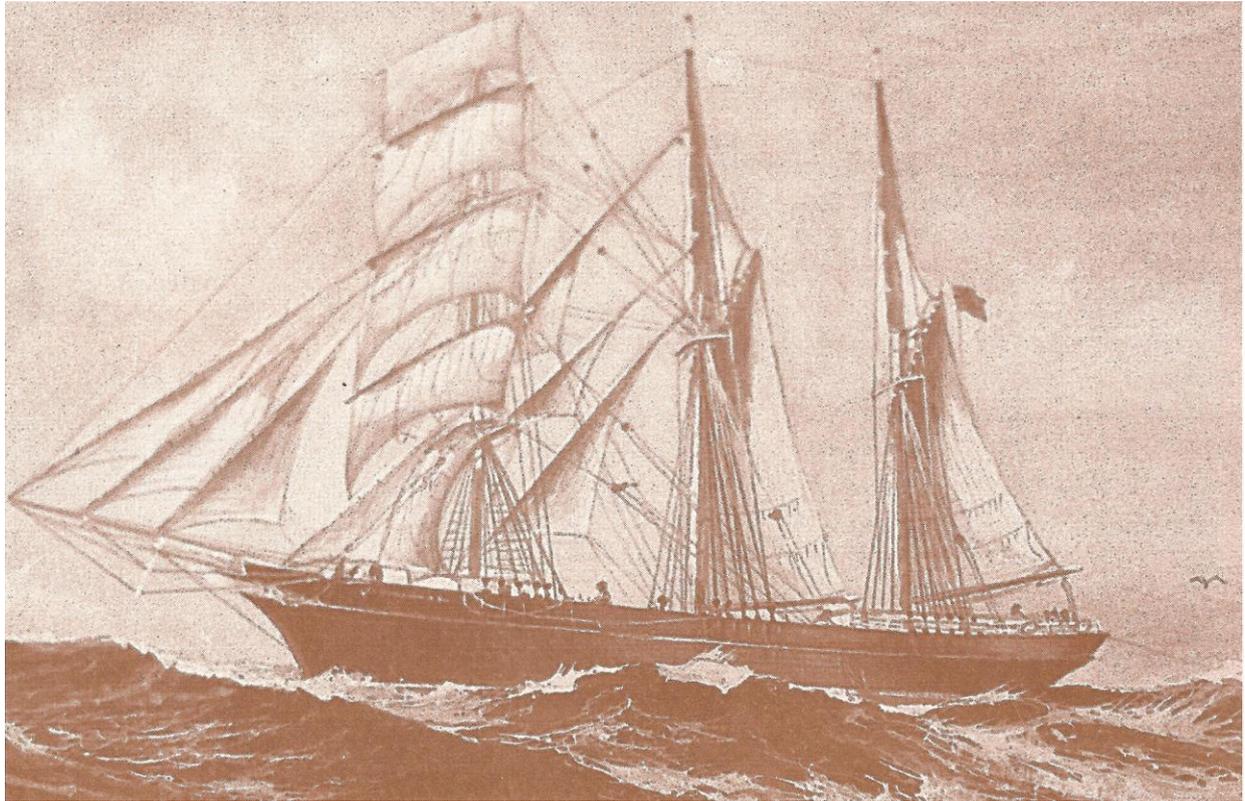


Carols of the Cornish Diaspora



**Truro
Cathedral**
sacred space, common ground

Thursday, 20th December 2018 at 7.30pm

Front cover illustration:

The Empress of China, built at Padstow, which took hundreds of Cornish migrants to Australia

CAROLS OF THE CORNISH DIASPORA

Introduction by Bert Biscoe

When Cornish people emigrate, they don't just up and go! They take all that they are, and all which they cherish of their deep and wide-ranging culture.

As well as food, engineering, skills, yarns, humour, folklore and wrassling, the folk who left Cornwall in the nineteenth century as mining collapsed and tolerance of non-conformity lessened, took the carols from their parishes to the chapels and churches they buult, in the shafts they mined, and on the journeys they made. They adapted and they preserved. Today they form a worldwide treasure of musicology, folklore and history.

Kate Neale has visited Cornish communities in Australia and the USA to collect and study their carols. It is Kate's acquired knowledge which informed the carols which the community choirs, brought together by Emma Mansfield and Hilary Coleman, will sing at tonight's special service in this, the cathedral heart of Cornish life. Singers from all over Cornwall, from the ages of 18 to 80, have come together to make this possible. Kate, herself, provides the introductory notes before each set of carols in tonight's service.

The Cornish diaspora is a worldwide community, with Cornwall at its core, and the cathedral increasingly at its centre. The diaspora gives of its culture and ability, of its knowledge and intellect, to the nations which, in many cases, it has helped to form. It celebrates itself, and it celebrates those values of fairness, inclusion, respect and tolerance which are the bedrock of Cornish life. The spirit of Cornwall courses through the diaspora, no matter how many generations ago they departed Cornish shores – and this passion, together with the Cornish love of music and religious expression, will sing out tonight – this is a very special service to celebrate a very rich cultural tradition which had helped, and continues to help, to make our world. Kernow bys vykken!

The Rescue by John Harris

Hast ever seen a mine? Hast ever been
Down in its fabled grottoes, walled with gems,
And canopied with torrid mineral belts,
That blaze within the fiery orifice?
Hast ever, by the glimmer of the lamp,
Or the fast-waning taper, gone down, down,
Towards the earth's dread centre, where wise men
Have told us the earthquake is conceived,
And great Vesuvius hath his lava-house,
Which burns and burns for ever, shooting forth
As from a fountain of eternal fire?
Hast ever heard, within this prison-house
The startling hoof of Fear? The eternal flow
Of some dread meaning whispering to thy soul?
Hast ever seen the miner at his toil,
Following his obscure work below, below,
Where not a single sun-ray visits him,
But all is darkness and perpetual night?
Here the dull god of gloom unrivalled reigns,
And wraps himself in palls of pitchy dark!
Hast ever breathed its sickening atmosphere?
Heard its dread throbbings, when the rock has burst?
Leaped at its heavings in the powder-blast?
And trembled when the groaning, splitting earth,
Mass after mass, fell down with deadliest crash?
What sayest thou? – Thou hast not? – Come with me;
Or, if thou hast, no matter, come again,
Don't fear to trust me; for I have been there
From morn till night, from night till dewy morn,
Gasping within its burning sulphur-cloud,
Straining mine eyes along its ragged walls,
And wondering at the uncouth passages
Dashed in the sparry cells by Fancy's wand;
And oft have paused, and paused again, to hear
The Eternal echo of its emptiness.

Part One: Carols of Cornwall, sung by the Choir from West Cornwall

Cornwall has a long and important association with Christmas carols. Gilbert, a Cornish author and antiquary, is credited as the instigator of the 19th century carol revival after he published a collection of carols collected around his home in Penwith in 1822. However, a grassroots culture of composing in a characteristic style grew up in Cornwall during the 19th century, leading to an outpouring of publications that became classics for many towns and villages across Cornwall. This joyful music would have been sung in chapels and pubs, in the streets and outside houses, by communities coming together to celebrate the season in song. These three carols were, and are known, across Cornwall, and continue to be favourites with both singers and audiences alike.

Awake Ye Nations by T. Broad

Awake Nations of The Earth
And celebrate the Saviour's birth
With grateful hearts salute the morn
On which the Saviour Christ was born

The shining hosts on wings of love
Flew swiftly from the courts above
With acclamations from the skies
And seized the shepherds with surprise

The heavenly choir around did sing
This day is born the Saviour, King
They swell their notes of praise again
Glory to God, good-will to men

Hail! Sacred Day, Auspicious Morn by T. Merritt

Hail! sacred day, auspicious morn,
On which the Prince of life was born ;
Messiah leaves his Father's throne,
The glorious Lord of Life comes down.

Arise, my soul and hail the day,
Nor sleep the solemn hours away;
Let heavenly hosts arise and sing,
Hosanna to the new-born King.

Peace now resumes her gentle reign,
Good-will and love are given to men;
Thus sang the bright angelic host,
While shepherds were in wonder lost.

Glory to God who reigns on high,
Proclaim glad tidings through the sky;
Let earth and heaven salute the morn,
On which the Prince of Life was born.

Lo! The Eastern Sages Rise by S. Stanley

Lo! the eastern sages rise,
At a signal in the skies,
Brighter than the brightest gem,
'Tis the Star of Bethlehem! (x2)

Balaam's mystic words appear
Full of light, divinely clear;
And the import wrapp'd in them,
'Tis the Star of Bethlehem! (x2)

Rocks and deserts can't impede
On they press, no aid they need
Day and night a guide to them.
'Tis the Star of Bethlehem! (x2)

Now the Holy Wise Men meet
At the Royal Infant's feet
Offerings rich and made by them,
To the Star of Bethlehem! (x2)

Joyful let us quickly rise!
Still the signal's in the skies
David's rod of Jesse's stem, 'Tis the Star of Bethlehem (x2)

The Winds of Exile by Mercedes Kemp

When I was a child my father would send me to sleep by singing me a song. The song told the story of a woman carrying an infant child, walking the dusty road of exile. Along the way she came upon an orange grove where all the trees were laden with fruit. She sang to the gardener, begging for some fruit to quench her thirst and her child's. The gardener welcomed her and asked her to take as many fruits as she would like. As the woman and child resumed their walking, the final image was of all the oranges in the grove turning to gold. And every night I went to sleep with the scent of orange blossom and the vision of the golden grove that, in my infant mind, I conflated with the Garden of Eden. As I grew up I found that the melody my father sang was an ancient Sephardim tune, the music of the Jews of Spain. The words, however, came from the oral tradition of the Romancero, the narrative poems told by the Christians of XVth century Castille.

Many years later I was working in Cyprus, making a theatre show on the Green Line in Nicosia, a narrow corridor flanked by rusty oil drums and rolls of barbed wire, and long deserted houses blinded with sandbags and peppered by gun fire. Our community of performers came both from the Turkish North and the Greek South. They were young. They did not even share a common tongue. They were suspicious of each other. We asked that someone play a song from their village. A melody started. As one, Greeks and Turks found themselves dancing the same dance to the same tune that they both recognised as the sound of home. In that song they remembered a time when both their peoples lived as neighbours, before they were violently scattered across the island.

Last summer, in the Lost Gardens of Heligan, we made work that commemorated the Centenary of the end of WW1 and also reflected on more contemporary conflicts. I remember two extraordinarily moving moments. The first was a Cornish Choir singing The Soldier's Farewell, a song sung at Padstow's 'Obby 'Oss, arriving there by way of Germany and, perhaps, the American Civil War, now very much part of this most time honoured Cornish tradition. The second was one of our performers, an Iranian refugee, singing a Farsi lament across the fields, towards the sea.

We are all people of Diaspora and, with song, we combat the fear of forgetting. The ones who left may not return, but the songs travel free, they know no borders. Songs drift across the plain, the gold sky, the forest, they come to the shore and at last, the freedom of the ocean. Like migratory birds they fly, back and forth, bringing the sound of home, returning tinged with the longing of the traveller, and something else: transformed by the winds of exile.

Arriving somewhere does not mean leaving behind somewhere else. We are never completely away. We may leave behind our mother's tongue and the graves of our ancestors. We may leave behind mother, house, brother, friends, a deep horizon. But we carry with us the memory of home, the taste, the scent, the dream, the song.

Part Two: Carols of the Diaspora: the USA

Sung by the Choir from mid-Cornwall

Grass Valley, which sits high in the Sierra Nevada mountains of north eastern California, drew hundreds of Cornish miners after the 1840 gold rush. The community that grew up around the gold mines there had a particularly Cornish flavour, and newspaper reports from the late 19th century show that carolling was a staple part of the town's Christmas activities, with two different choirs eventually merging to become the Grass Valley Carol Choir. Members of this choir treasured carol books that arrived from Cornwall, painstakingly copying out music and words into handwritten music books that survive in local archives, showing how treasured this music was to the singers and their audiences. These three carols were part of the choir's repertoire from the early 20th century, and are still performed by the revived choir today.

Seraphic Minstrels by W.B.Ninnis

Sound, Sound your instruments of joy!
Sound, sound, your instruments of joy, of joy!
To triumph, shake each string (x2)
Let sounds of universal joy, of universal joy
Welcome, welcome, welcome a new-born king!

See, see the gladdening dawn appears!
See, see the gladdening dawn appears, appears!
Bright angels deck the morn (x2)
Behold the great "I am" is giv'n, the great "I am" is giv'n
The King, the King, the King of Glory's born!

Recall the scene, reveal the love!
Recall the scene, reveal the love, the love!
The Lord of Life descend (x2)
He left His glorious realms above, His glorious realms above!
He is, He is, He is the sinner's friend!

Let heaven, earth and sea proclaim!
Let heaven and earth and sea proclaim, proclaim!
The wondrous love abroad (x2)
And all the universal frame, the universal frame!
Sing praise, sing praise, sing praises to our God!

Bethlehem by J. Williams

Shepherds keeping watch by night
Saw around a glorious sight
Heard an Angel then proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Soon by many an heavenly tongue
Glory be to God was Sung
Peace on Earth goodwill to men
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Joyful tidings to mankind
Richest grace they now may find
Children to this grace may claim
Christ is born in Bethlem.

Prince of Life by J.Coad

Come let us lift our hearts and voice
To him who reigns above
Let all in songs of praise rejoice
And shout redeeming love.

Now may cease to weep and mourn
Good news has come from heaven
For unto us a child is born
To us a Son is given.

He is our Father and our Friend
The Prince of life and peace
And since his mercy knows no end
His praise shall never cease.

How Joe coped in a crisis by Bert Biscoe

We'll just pull in here – I've gotta few bob for the parkin' –
We'll just try 'ere –
There might not be anywhere else for miles!
Is it hurtin, Maid? How often now?
You stay 'ere a minute – of course I'll be back!

Landlord! Landlord!
We've been on the road for days!
Missus is nine months gone and contractin'!
Got a doctor in the 'ouse 'ave 'ee?
And a room we can have for a couple of days?
I know its busy; but Man, this is kinda urgent!

'Ess! I got money to pay –
A barn out the back? Is that all?
Busy! Busy! Busy!
'Ee'll do! Ow much? Will 'ee do it on my card?

Come' us on Maid, Let's get 'ee inside!
'Ee ain't much, but 'ee'll do – 'ere's some straw and a couple of
blankets!
Christ Maid! 'Ee's eager, I'll say that!

Breathe! Like the archangel said. Push, Maid! Push!
And again. Breathe – Push – Breathe – Push – Push – Push
A ten pounder! No need t'slap'un! Ee's breathing fit for a king!
Snuggle'un up Maid – you rest –

Darn'ee who's that? This time of night?
Go away! We'm busy in 'ere!
You see'd a what? A star! You followed a star
All the way to this barn behind the Herod's Head –
You' mad, are 'ee?
Gifts? You brought gifts! Brought nappies 'ave 'ee,
Or a buggy? Gold! Frank 'oo? In where? Giss on!

And who are you lot? You're stinkin!
You stink like a farmyard!
You been chasing a star as well I spawse?
I might've guessed – well, you'd better come in –
W'ass that you say? Have the babe got a name?
'Ere Mary, maid! What are us gonna call'un?

Well lads, seems the archangel,
Who brought the result of her test awver from th' Heaven Clinic
'Ee told her ee'd be a boy
And he told her he'd be called 'Jesus'!
So! Tha's that then!
Who am I to argue with angels?
At least 'ee do begin with a 'J'!

Part Three: Carols of the Diaspora: Australia

Sung by the Choir from East Cornwall

Cornish miners migrated to South Australia in the mid-nineteenth century following the discovery of copper on the Yorke Peninsula north of Adelaide. The communities that grew up around the Copper Triangle towns of Kadina, Moonta and Wallaroo became known as Australia's little Cornwall, and all enjoyed a vibrant musical culture – aided in no small part by the tenaciousness of carol singing in the streets amongst the Cornish migrants, their families and descendants. This tradition was so ingrained in the communities as a bond between the old and the new that local composers wrote new Cornish carols in

the same style as the music they had brought with them from home. These three carols were composed by Joseph Glasson, John Henry Thomas and James Leslie Davey - all Cornish migrants (or their descendents) who were contemporaries of each other in the Copper Triangle during the turn of the nineteenth century.

Awake, Arise, Rejoice and Sing by J.H. Thomas

Awake, arise, Rejoice and Sing
To see the blessed morn,
Awake, awake, lift up your voice,
Our Saviour Christ is born.

Oh happy night that brought forth light,
Which made the blind to see,
The dayspring from the high came down,
To cheer and visit thee.

Come let us join with angels then,
Our God to glorify,
Peace be on earth, good-will to men,
Glory be to God on high.

Come and Worship by J. Glasson

Angels from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er the earth.
Ye who sang creations story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
*Come and worship, come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the newborn King. (Repeat)*

Shepherds in the fields abiding
Watching o'er your flocks by night.
God with man is now residing
Under shines the infant light
*Come and worship, come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the newborn King. (Repeat)*

Sages leave your contemplation
Brighter visions beam afar

Seek the great Desire of nations
Ye have seen His natal star.

Chorus

*Come and worship, come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the newborn King. (Repeat)*

High Let Us Swell Our Tuneful Notes by J.L. Davey

High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng :
For angels no such love have known
T'awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given:
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace, in sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
" To us a child is born."

Glory to God, in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

Address by the Dean

A Cornish Lord's Prayer

*Let us Praa...Sands
Chandour Trebarth
Looe art in St Keverne
Porthallow be thy Rame
Thy Kingsand Come-to-Good
Thy Withiel be Dunheved
In St Erth as it is in Porthleven
Geevor us St Day our Gribben Head
And Relubbus our Tresparretts
As we St Ive Trevose Gugh*

*Trespearne Relubbus
But Trelever us from St Eval
For Constantine is the Ding Dong
Pendower and the Cury
St Clether and St Clether.*

All Land's End

Stand

**Hymn: While shepherds watched their flocks by night
Tune: Lyngham**

**While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.**

**“Fear not!” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.**

**“To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:**

**“The heav’nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”**

**Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:**

**“All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heav’n to men
Begin and never cease!”**

Please take this order of service away with you

The service is supported by Gorsedh Kernow, the Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, Truro Old Cornwall Society, FEAST, Arts Council of England.

Truro Old Cornwall Society is very grateful to all those who have made this service possible – especially Kate Neal and her family, Emma Mansfield, Hilary Coleman and all the singers and facilitators.

Some material is taken from Common Worship: Services and Prayers for the Church of England, © 2000–2010 the Archbishops' Council, and is used with permission.

Copyright hymns are reproduced under CCLE Licence 46493 and Calamus Licence 1758

The organisers wish to acknowledge the support given by the following organisations for making this service possible. We are most grateful for their contributions and support.

**Truro City Council
Cornwall Council
Truro Old Cornwall Society
Gorsedh Kernow
Cornwall Music Education Hub
Feast
Arts Council England**



Truro Old Cornwall Society



Supported by
Cornwall Music
Education Hub



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

