

Cornwall My Home

Oll an Gwella

I've stood on Cape Cornwall in the sun's evening glow,
On Chywoone Hill at Newlyn to watch the fishing fleets go,
Watched the sheave wheels at Geevor as they spun around
And heard the men singing as they go underground.

And no one will ever move me from this land
Until the Lord calls me to sit at his hand.
For this is my Eden, and I'm not alone.
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home.

I've left childish footsteps in the soft Sennen sand,
I've chased the maids there, all giggly and tanned.
I've stood on the cliff top in a westerly blow
And heard the wave thunder on the rocks far below.

And no one will ever move me from this land
Until the Lord calls me to sit at his hand.
For this is my Eden, and I'm not alone.
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home.

First thing in the morning, on Chapel Carn Brea
And gaze at the Scillies in the blue far away.
For this is my Cornwall, and I'll tell you why
Because I was born here and here I shall die.

And no one will ever move me from this land
Until the Lord calls me to sit at his hand.
For this is my Eden, and I'm not alone.
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home.

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